

OH, MY GOD!
IT'S ALL COMING
BACK TO ME NOW!

SOME THINGS WERE MEANT TO BE

WORDS AND PICTURES BY
NEIL R. KING

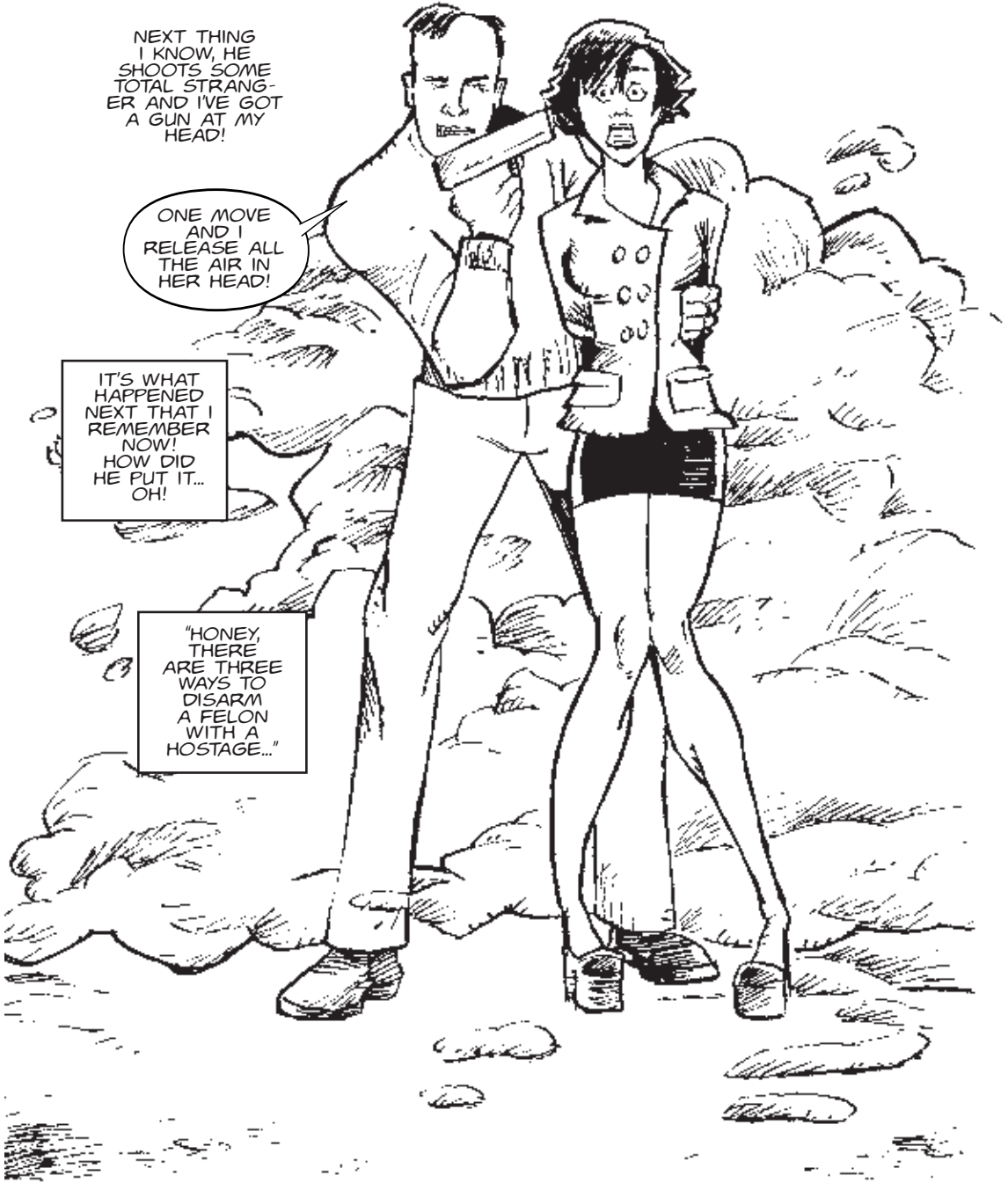
FIRST, I GET
TRASHED AT A
HAPPY HOUR AND
HOOK UP WITH A
GUY NAMED PETE-
HE KINDA LOOKS
LIKE ELVIS.

NEXT THING
I KNOW, HE
SHOOTS SOME
TOTAL STRANG-
ER AND I'VE GOT
A GUN AT MY
HEAD!

ONE MOVE
AND I
RELEASE ALL
THE AIR IN
HER HEAD!

IT'S WHAT
HAPPENED
NEXT THAT I
REMEMBER
NOW!
HOW DID
HE PUT IT...
OH!

"HONEY,
THERE
ARE THREE
WAYS TO
DISARM
A FELON
WITH A
HOSTAGE..."



"ONE..."

LOOK!
A BABY
WOLF!!

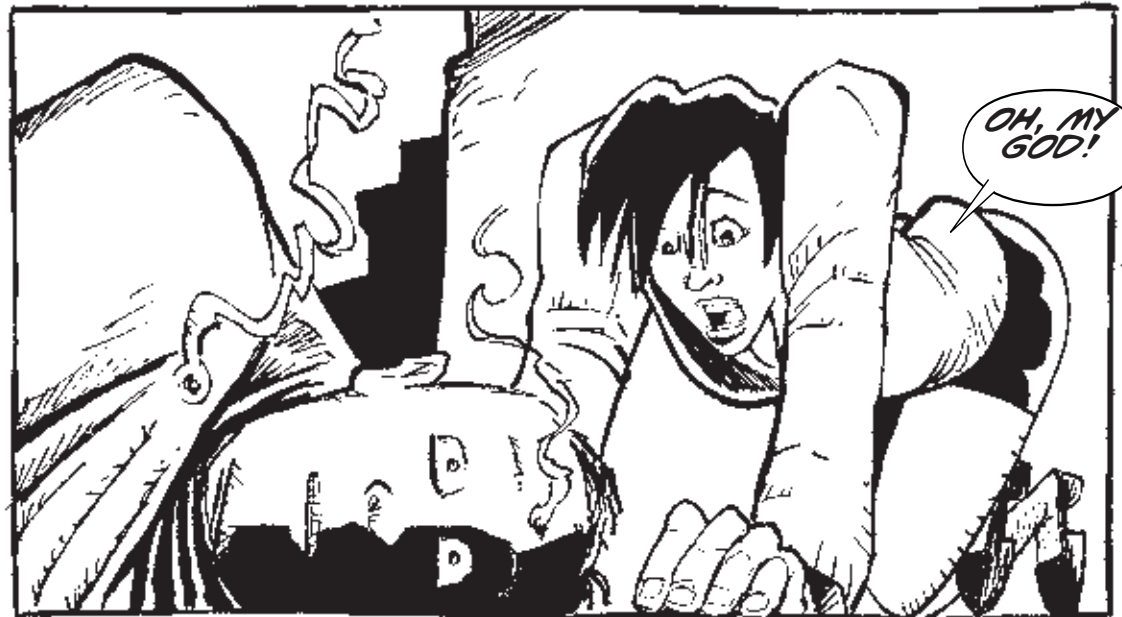
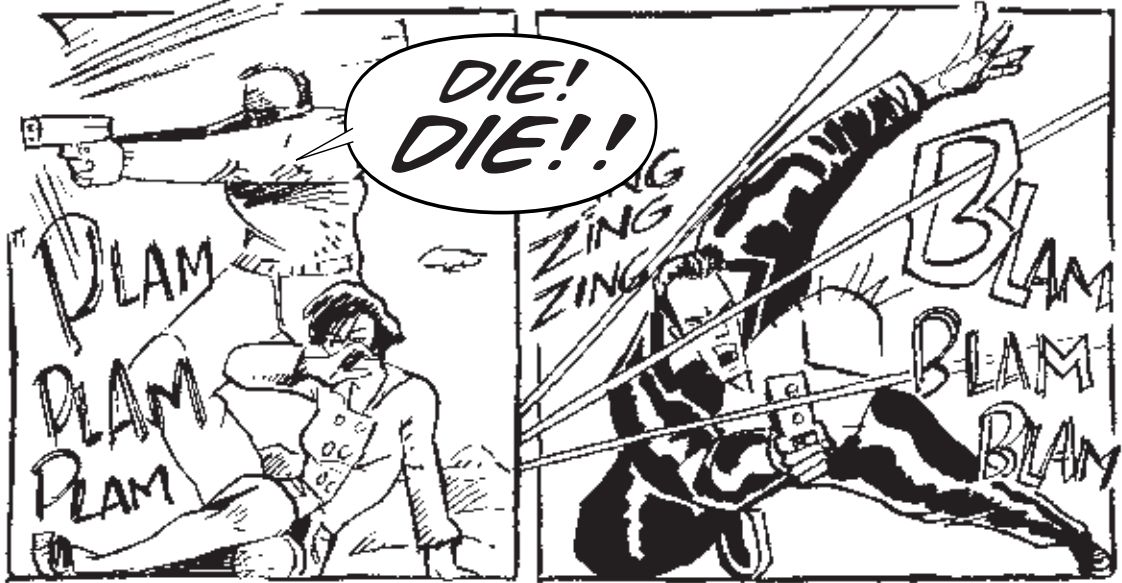
HUH?!



HIIYAAHH!

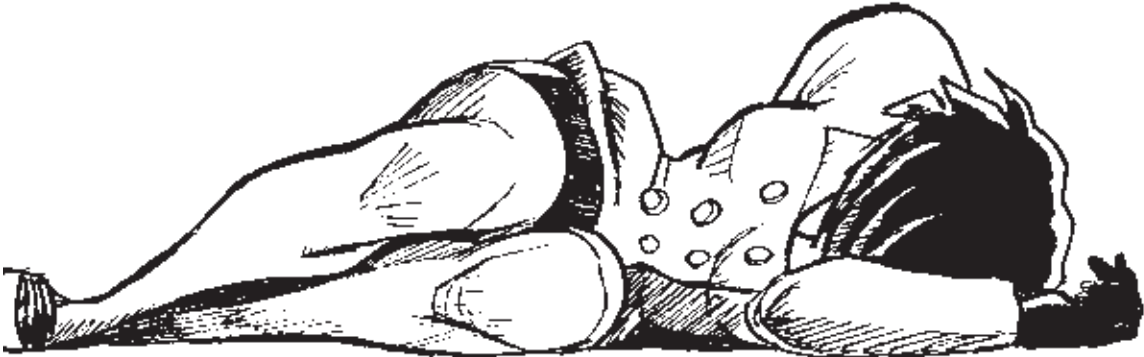
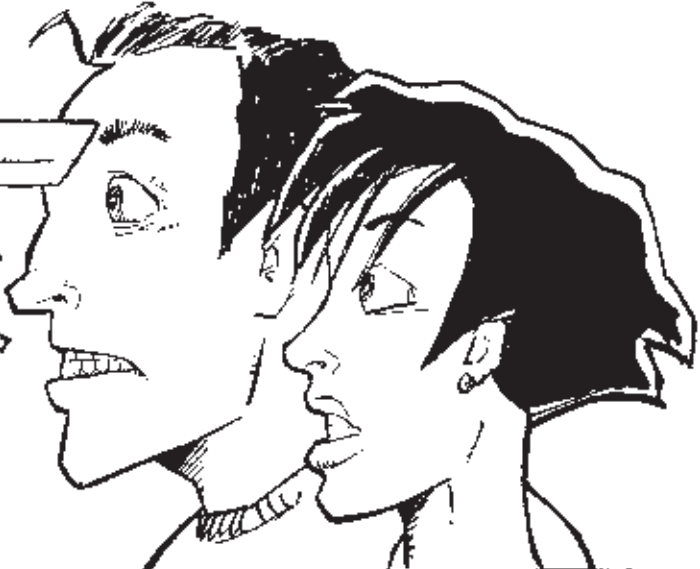


"THEN THERE'S THE..."



"FINALLY..."

THUNK



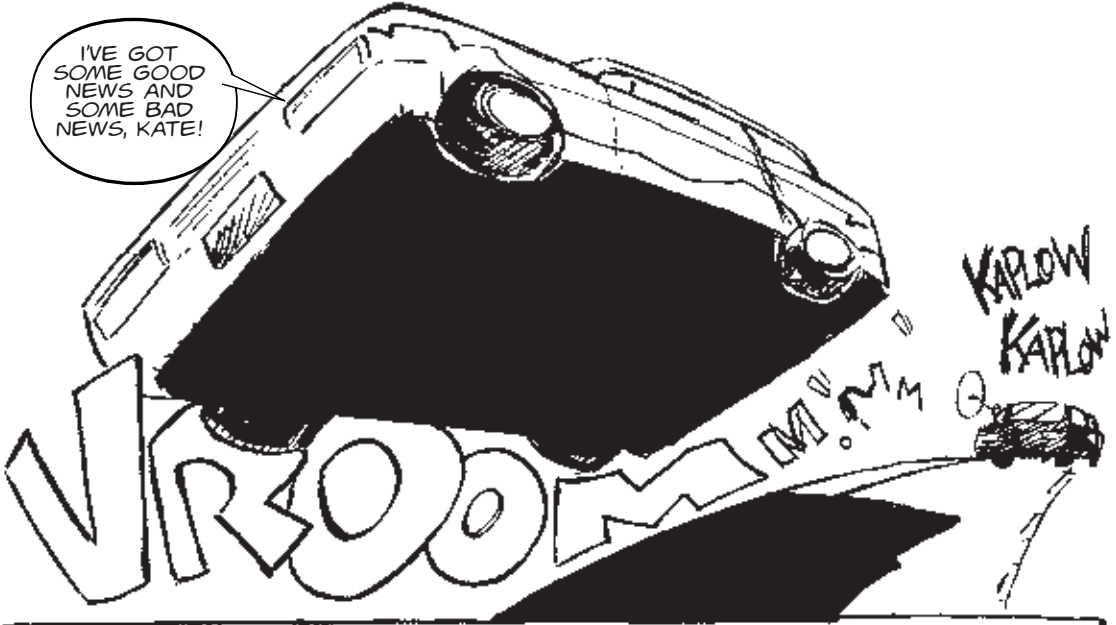
MY EXPERIENCE WITH PASSING OUT IS THAT IT OFTEN PUTS YOU INTO A BETTER, QUIETER PLACE.

HONEY?



...HMM?...

I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS AND SOME BAD NEWS, KATE!

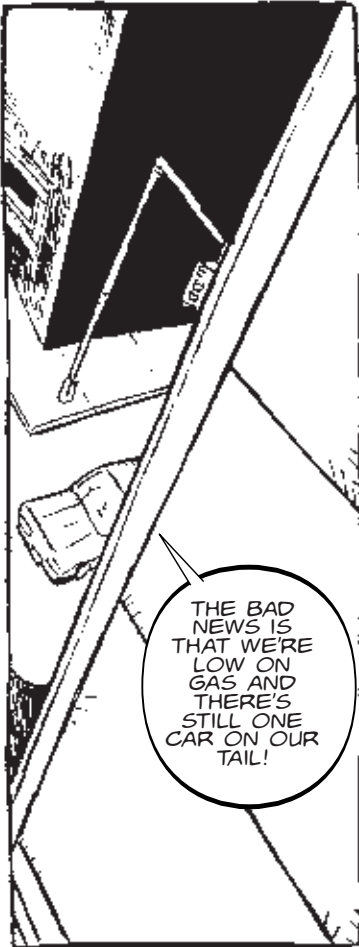


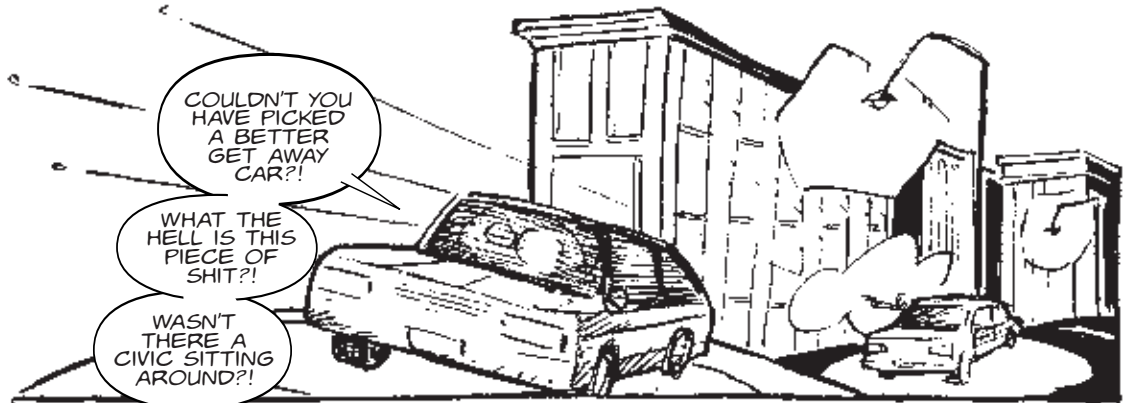
PING

THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT YOU SURVIVED THE GUN AT YOUR HEAD DRAMA!

AND I'VE OUTRAGED TWO CAR LOADS OF ARMED THUGS!







COULDN'T YOU HAVE PICKED A BETTER GET AWAY CAR?!

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS PIECE OF SHIT?!

WASN'T THERE A CIVIC SITTING AROUND?!



CIVIC? BABY I ONLY DRIVE AMERICAN!

HOW MANY OF OUR BOYS DO YOU NEED TO SEE OUT OF WORK?

WHY SHOULD I SUPPORT SOME SLANTY EYED FOREIGNER?!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? MOST OF THE FOREIGN CARS ARE MADE IN THE STATES ANYWAY!

YOU SEE! THE AMERICAN FLAG WRAPPED AROUND A HONDA! MERRY FUCKING CHRISTMAS!



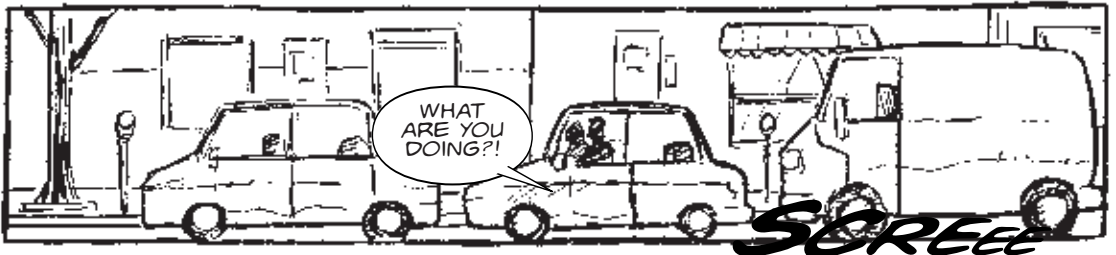
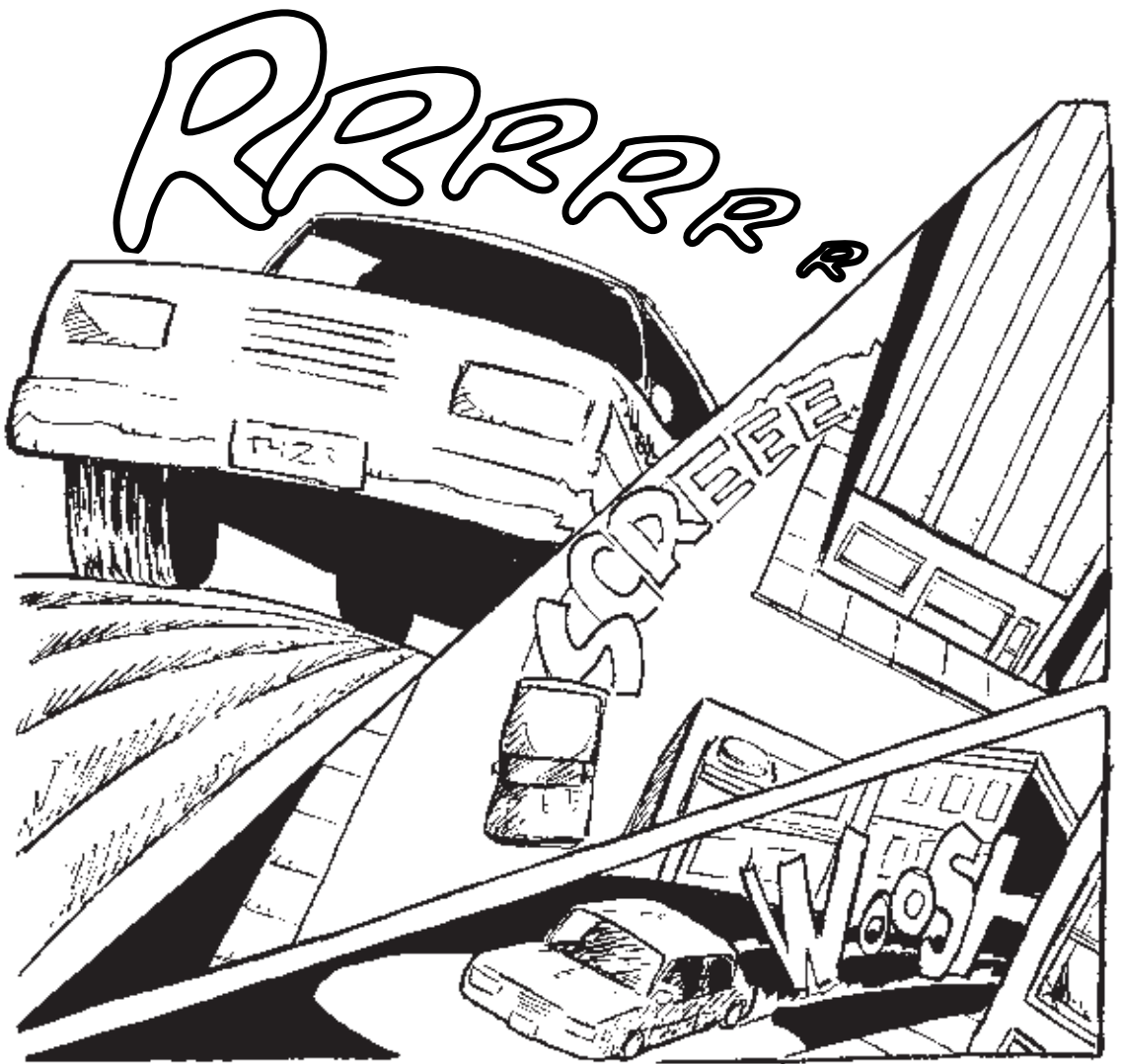
I WOULD BUY ANY PIECE OF SHIT AMERICAN MODEL OVER A PROSTITUTED JAPANESE CAR ANY DAY OF THE WEEK!

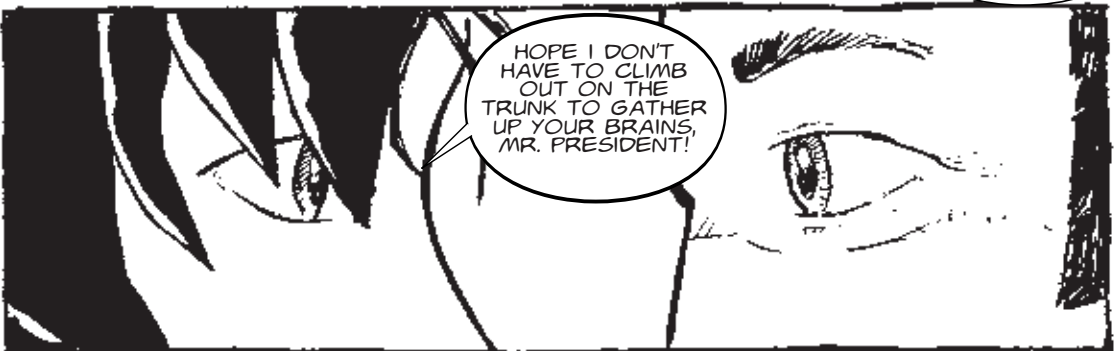
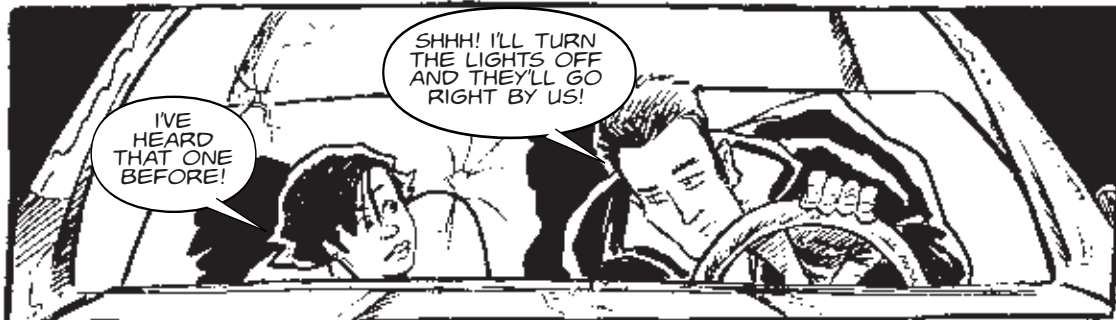
WHERE'S YOUR PRIDE?!

GREAT, WE'RE ABOUT TO GET KILLED BECAUSE WE CAN'T OUTRUN A TOYOTA!



OH, YEAH?







...OKAY...
THAT'S SICK.
I'M SORRY.



THAT'S
NOT GONNA
HAPPEN,
RIGHT?

OF
COURSE,
NOT!

YOU KNOW
THE LAST
DATE I
WENT ON...



IT WAS
WITH
THIS GUY
FROM THE
OFFICE.

WE'D BEEN
FLIRTING
WITH EACH
OTHER
FOR LIKE A
MONTH.

WE WERE
TOUCHY-FEELY
PALS!

ALWAYS
REACHING
ACROSS EACH
ANOTHER...
SMELLING
EACH OTHER...



SO WE GO
OUT. SOME
FRIGGIN'
RESTAURANT
IN THE CITY.
INDIAN, I
THINK.

SHOP TALK
FOR THE FIRST
HOUR. THEN
THERE WE
WERE OUT OF
GOSSIP.

OUT OF THE
"BOSS IS
SUCH A SHIT
HEAD" CRAP.

JUST KATE
AND STEVE.

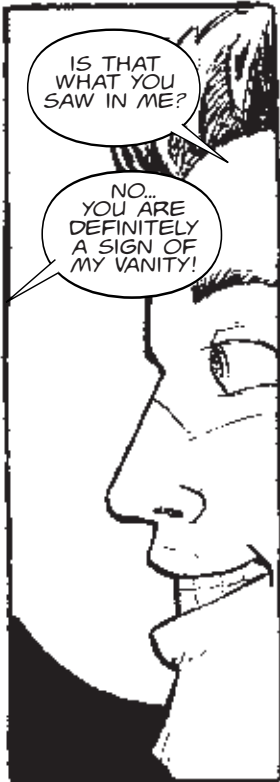


THE PROBLEM
WITH BEING A
WOMAN AT MY
AGE IS THAT YOU
DON'T LOOK AT
GUYS AS MEAT
ANYMORE.

THEY
BECOME
POTENTIAL
SPERM
DONERS.

I WAS
LOOKING
ACROSS
THE TABLE
AT THE GUY
I COULD
MARRY.

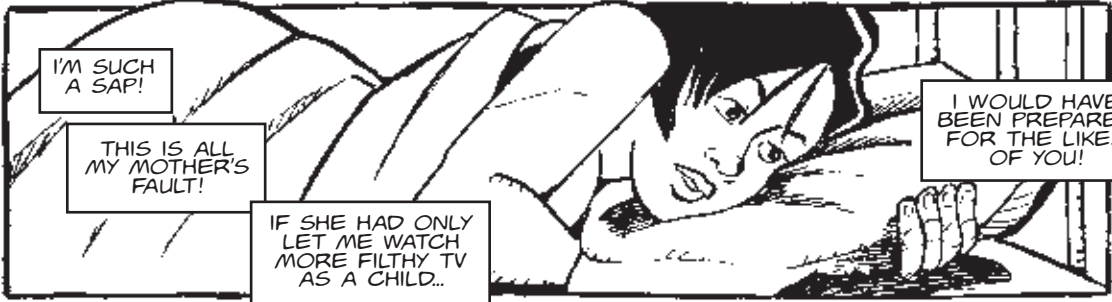
IT SCARED
THE SHIT
OUT OF
ME!



...NOT AS MUCH
AS YOUR SMILE...
STUPID ASS
COWBOY SHIT!



BUT COMING
FROM YOU...
I WANTED TO
CRY.



I'M SUCH
A SAP!

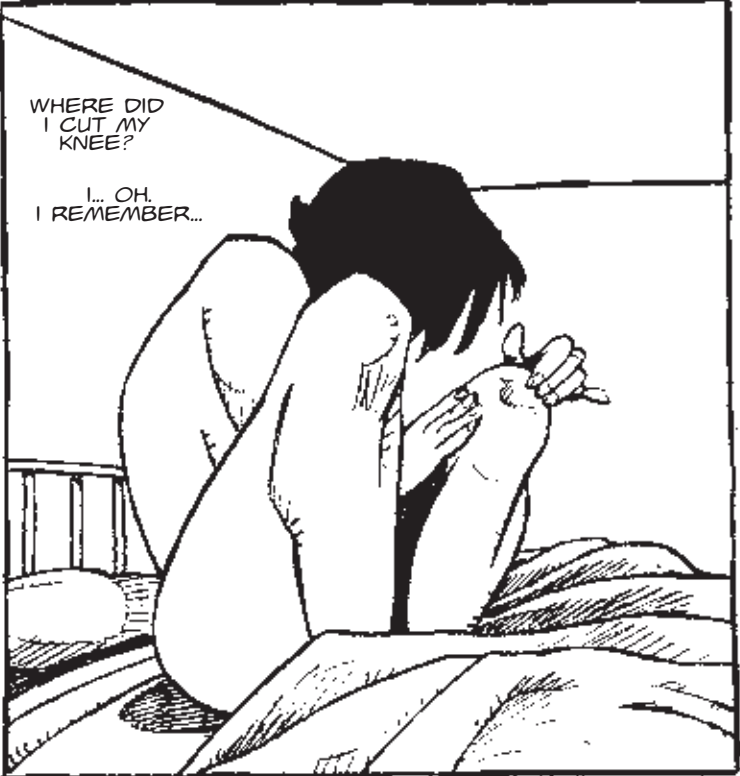
THIS IS ALL
MY MOTHER'S
FAULT!

IF SHE HAD ONLY
LET ME WATCH
MORE FILTHY TV
AS A CHILD...

I WOULD HAVE
BEEN PREPARED
FOR THE LIKES
OF YOU!

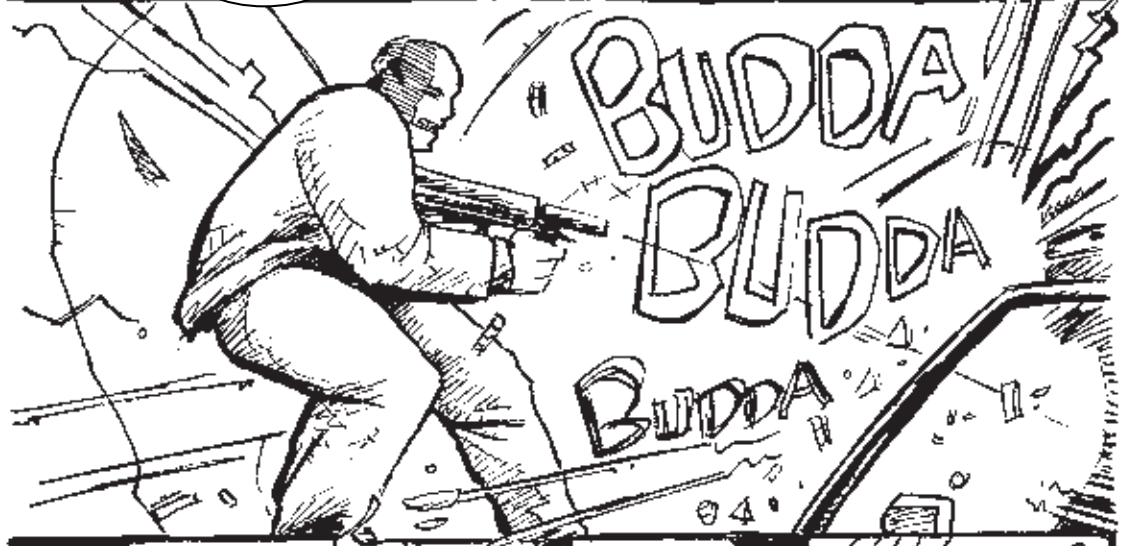


OUCH!!



WHERE DID
I CUT MY
KNEE?

I... OH.
I REMEMBER...





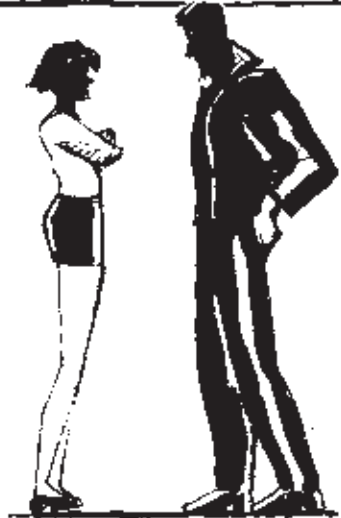
I'D KISS IT,
BABY...

BUT RIGHT
NOW,
I THINK WE
SHOULD GET
A MOVE ON!

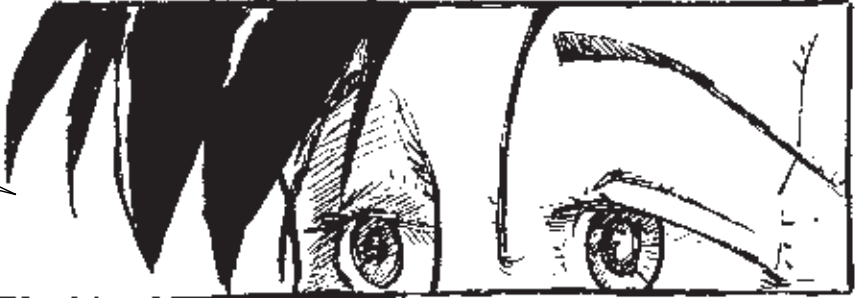


...WHATEVER
YOU SAY, MR.
PRESIDENT...



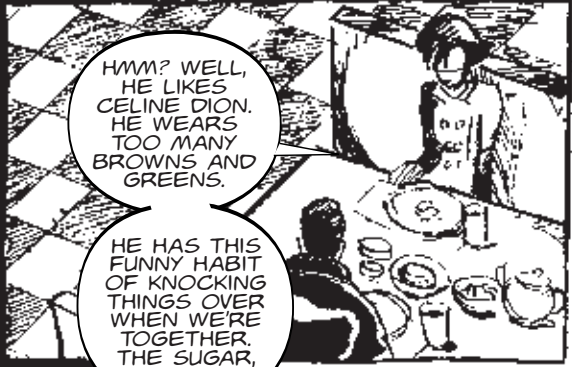


OKAY...
I COULD GO
FOR SOME
NOODLES.



HMM? WELL,
HE LIKES
CELINE DION.
HE WEARS
TOO MANY
BROWNS AND
GREENS.

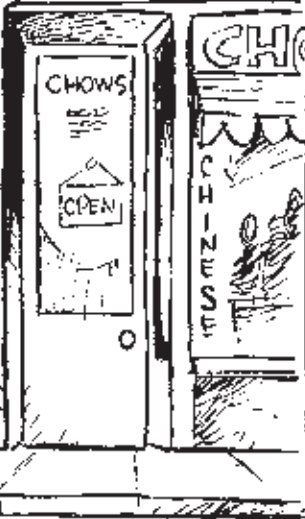
HE HAS THIS
FUNNY HABIT
OF KNOCKING
THINGS OVER
WHEN WE'RE
TOGETHER.
THE SUGAR,
HIS WATER...



SO TELL
ME MORE
ABOUT THE
GUY FROM
WORK.

STEVE?

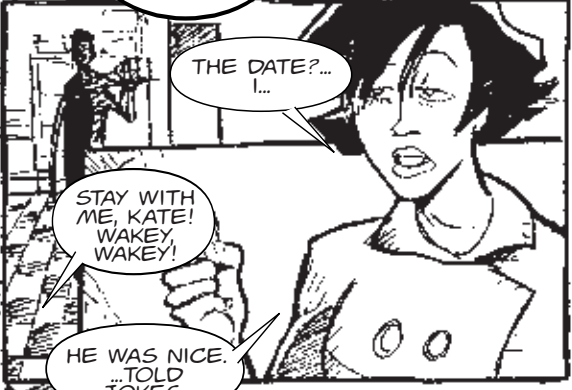
YEAH, HOW
DID THE REST
OF YOUR
DATE GO?
WHAT'S HE
LIKE?



THE DATE?...
I...

STAY WITH
ME, KATE!
WAKEY,
WAKEY!

HE WAS NICE.
...TOLD
JOKES...



DID HE
KISS
YOU?

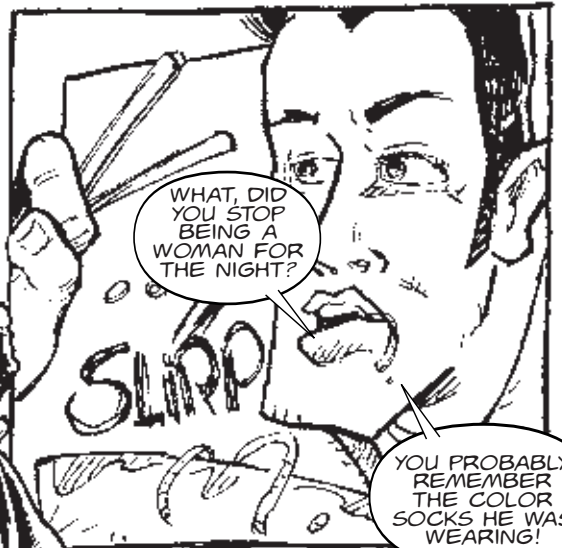
KISS?... I...
I DONT
REMEMBER.





FUCKING LIAR!

NO! REALLY!



WHAT, DID YOU STOP BEING A WOMAN FOR THE NIGHT?

YOU PROBABLY REMEMBER THE COLOR SOCKS HE WAS WEARING!



EVEN I WOULD REMEMBER IF I GOT SOME OR NOT!

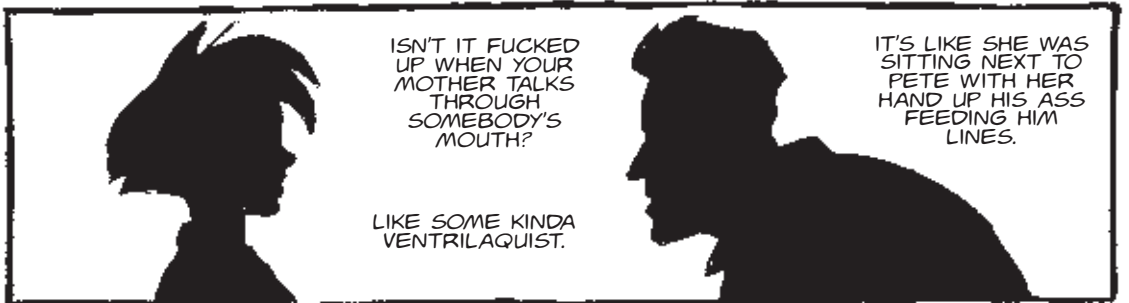
KATE, THERE'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF! SO HE'S JUST A GOOD GUY.

SOMETIMES I WISH I WAS JUST A GOOD GUY.

YOU ARE DEFINITELY NOT!



AND HONEY, THAT'S THE WAY YOU LIKE IT!



ISN'T IT FUCKED UP WHEN YOUR MOTHER TALKS THROUGH SOMEBODY'S MOUTH?

LIKE SOME KINDA VENTRILAQUIST.

IT'S LIKE SHE WAS SITTING NEXT TO PETE WITH HER HAND UP HIS ASS FEEDING HIM LINES.

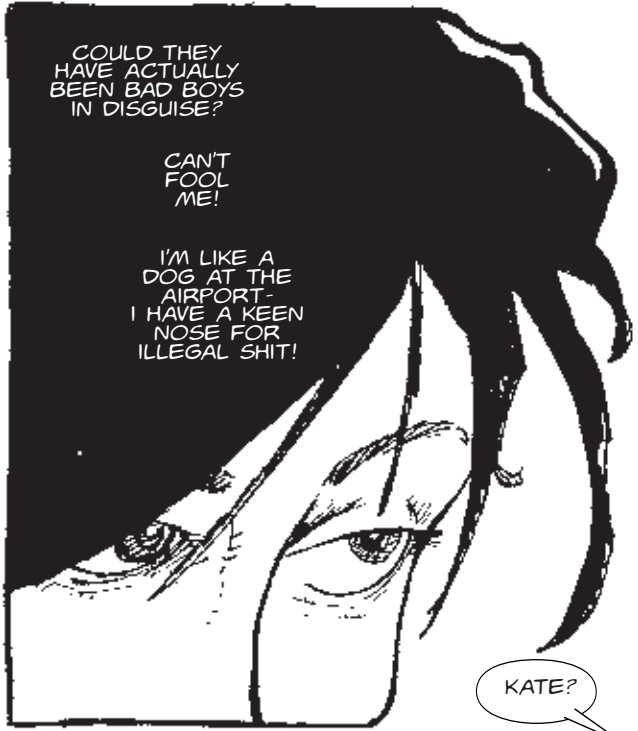
BAD BOYS...
IT'S NOT TRUE!
I'VE HAD SEX
WITH PLENTY
OF NICE GUYS!



COULD THEY
HAVE ACTUALLY
BEEN BAD BOYS
IN DISGUISE?

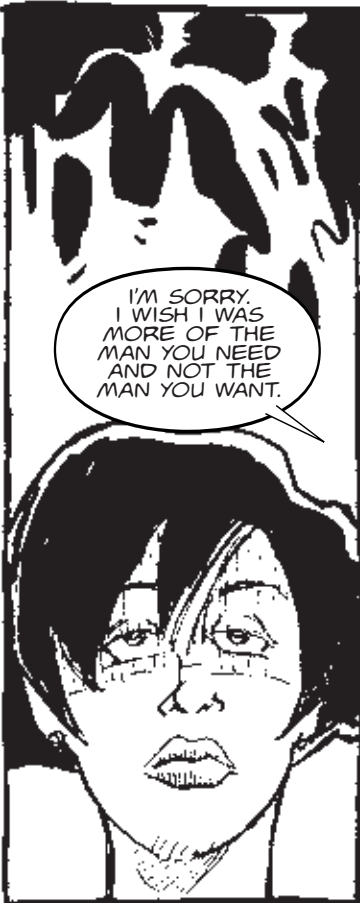
CAN'T
FOOL
ME!

I'M LIKE A
DOG AT THE
AIRPORT -
I HAVE A KEEN
NOSE FOR
ILLEGAL SHIT!



KATE?

I'M SORRY.
I WISH I WAS
MORE OF THE
MAN YOU NEED
AND NOT THE
MAN YOU WANT.



STAY WITH
ME, KATE.
TONIGHT IS
GOING TO BE
A NIGHT TO
REMEMBER

ALL THE
DRAMA FROM
EARLIER?...

FOREPLAY.

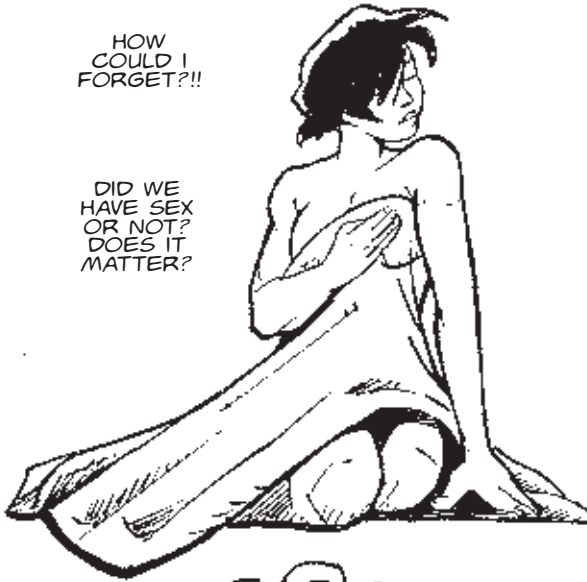


DON'T FORGET,
HONEY.
DON'T
FORGET...

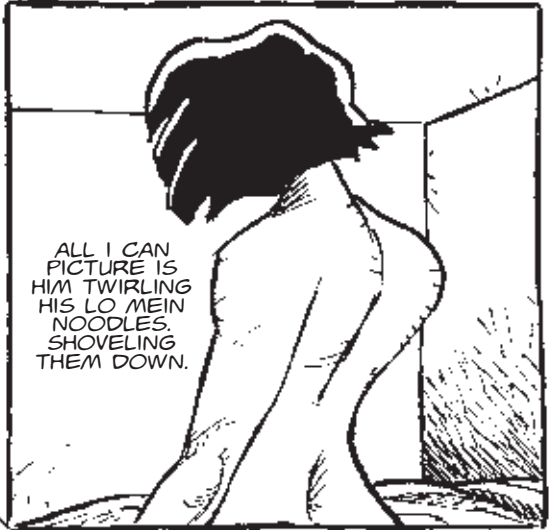


HOW
COULD I
FORGET?!!

DID WE
HAVE SEX
OR NOT?
DOES IT
MATTER?



ALL I CAN
PICTURE IS
HIM TWIRLING
HIS LO MEIN
NOODLES.
SHOVELING
THEM DOWN.



SLIPP.

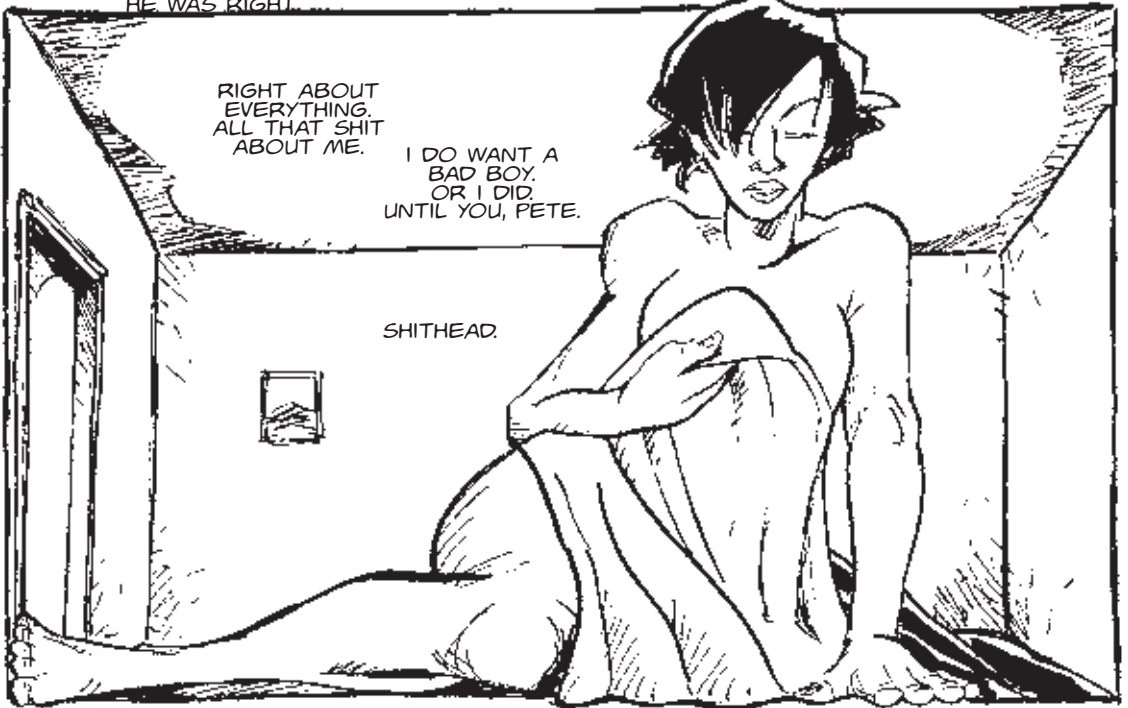


ALL I COULD THINK WAS-
HE WAS RIGHT.

RIGHT ABOUT
EVERYTHING.
ALL THAT SHIT
ABOUT ME.

I DO WANT A
BAD BOY.
OR I DID.
UNTIL YOU, PETE.

SHITHEAD.



YOU WERE RIGHT
ABOUT EVERYTHING,
PETE. EXCEPT ONE.

YOU *WERE* HURT.
HURT BAD.

SO WHY
SPEND THE
REST OF
YOUR LIFE
WITH ME?

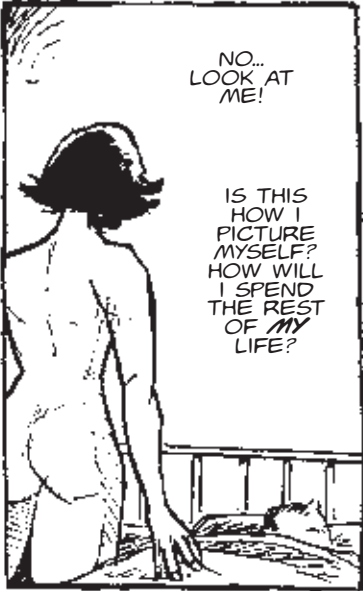


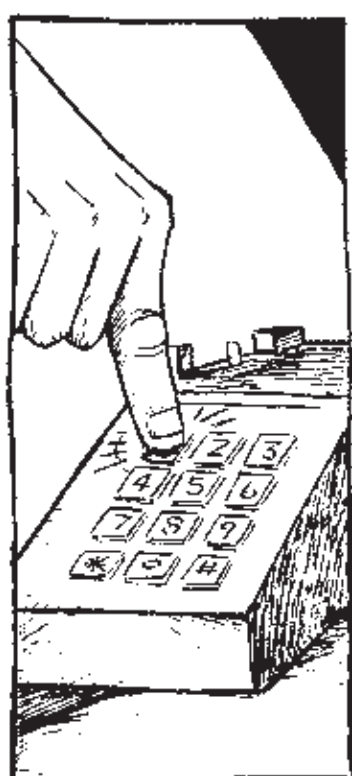
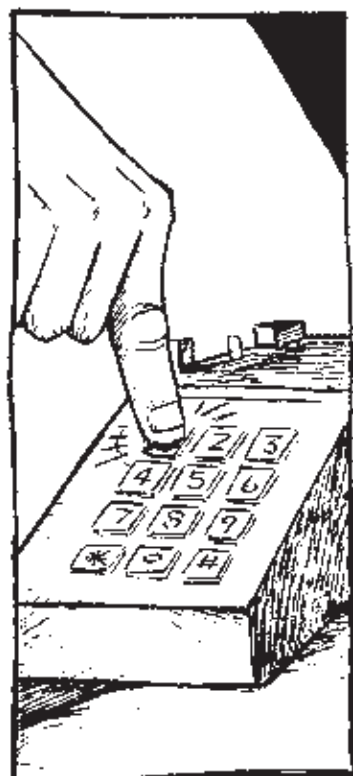
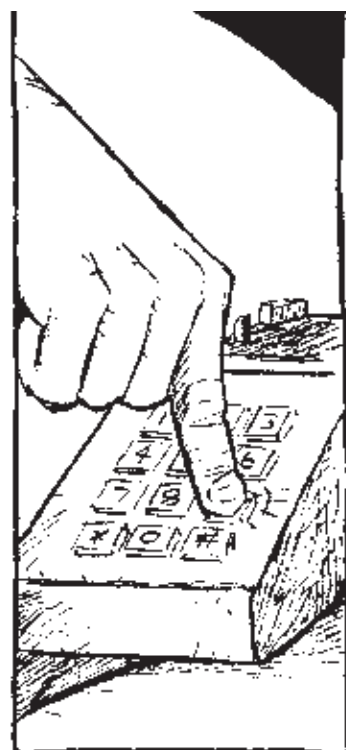
YOU MUST HAVE
KNOWN YOU
ONLY HAD A FEW
HOURS LEFT.
NOW LOOK
AT YOU!



NO...
LOOK AT
ME!

IS THIS
HOW I
PICTURE
MYSELF?
HOW WILL
I SPEND
THE REST
OF *MY*
LIFE?





... YEAH,
THERE'S A
DEAD GUY IN
MY ROOM.
I'LL WAIT.



... HELLO?
STEVE?
IT'S KATE.



SO, WHEN
ARE WE
GETTING
TOGETHER
AGAIN?

DO I HAVE A
FUNNY STORY
FOR YOU.

