

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF THE *SCOTT PILGRIM* SERIES

**BRYAN LEE O'MALLEY**

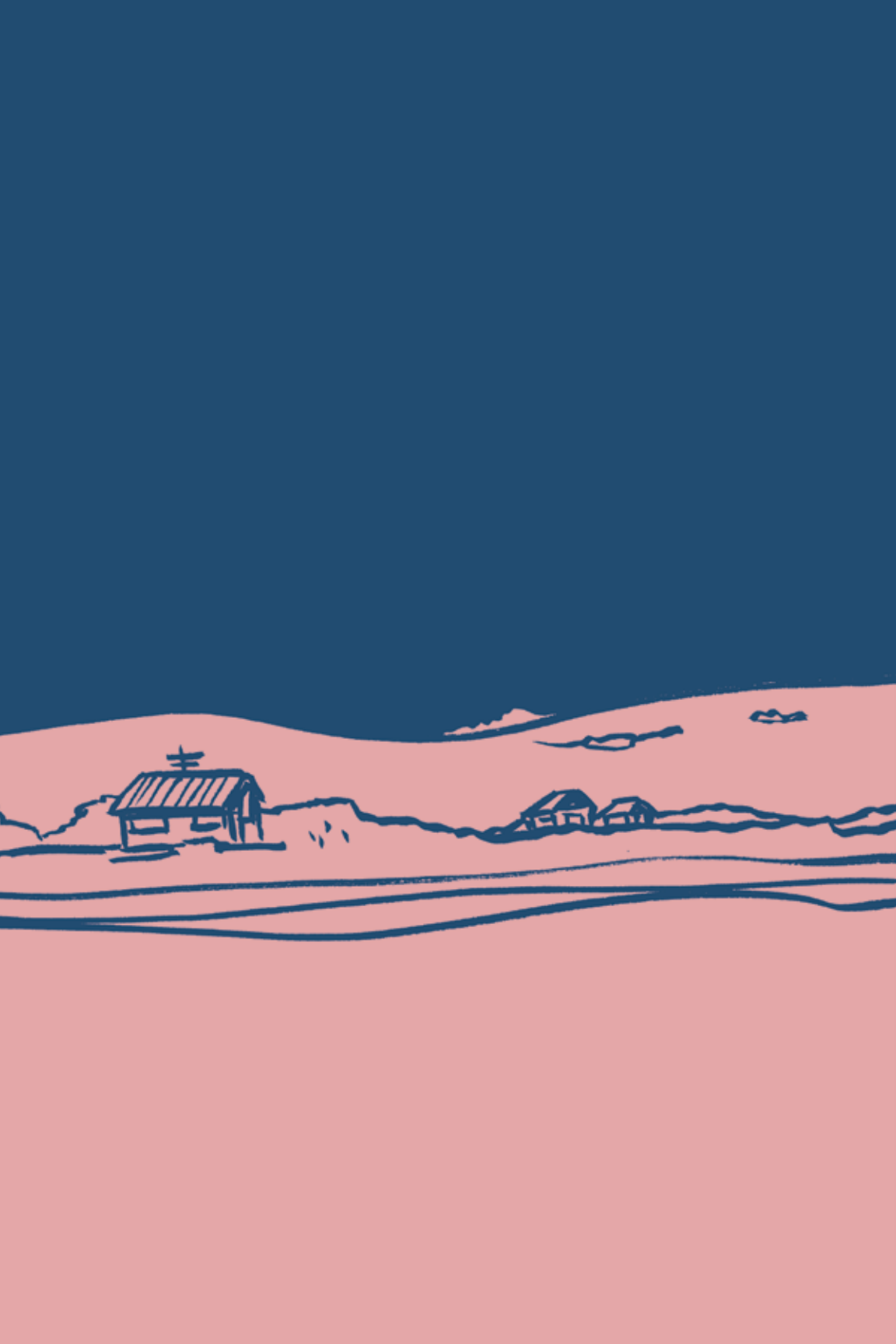
# LOST AT SEA



**10-YEAR ANNIVERSARY EDITION**







# LOST



# AT



# SEA



# BRYAN LEE O'MALLEY



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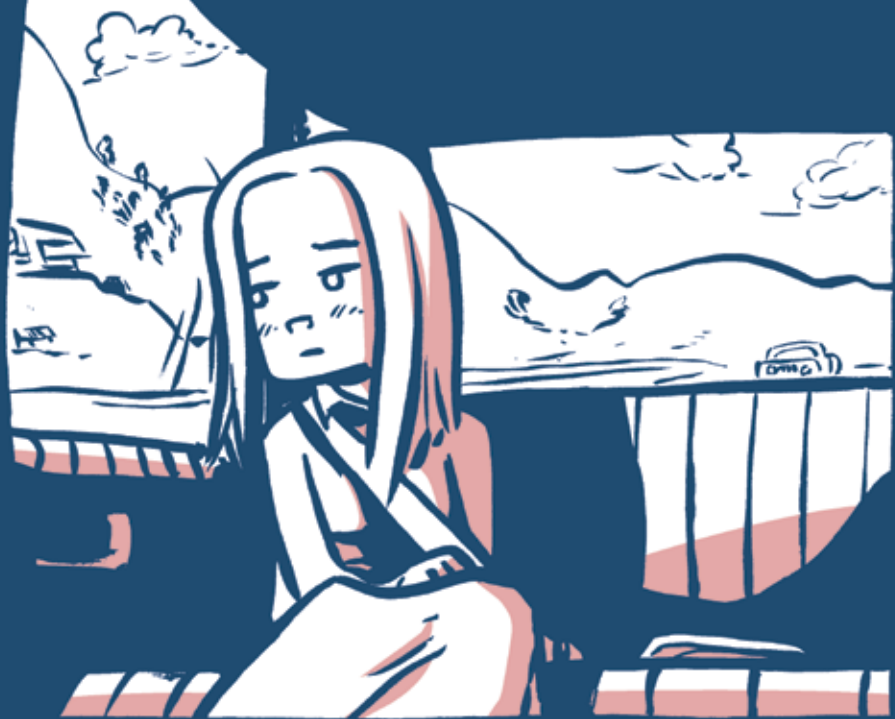
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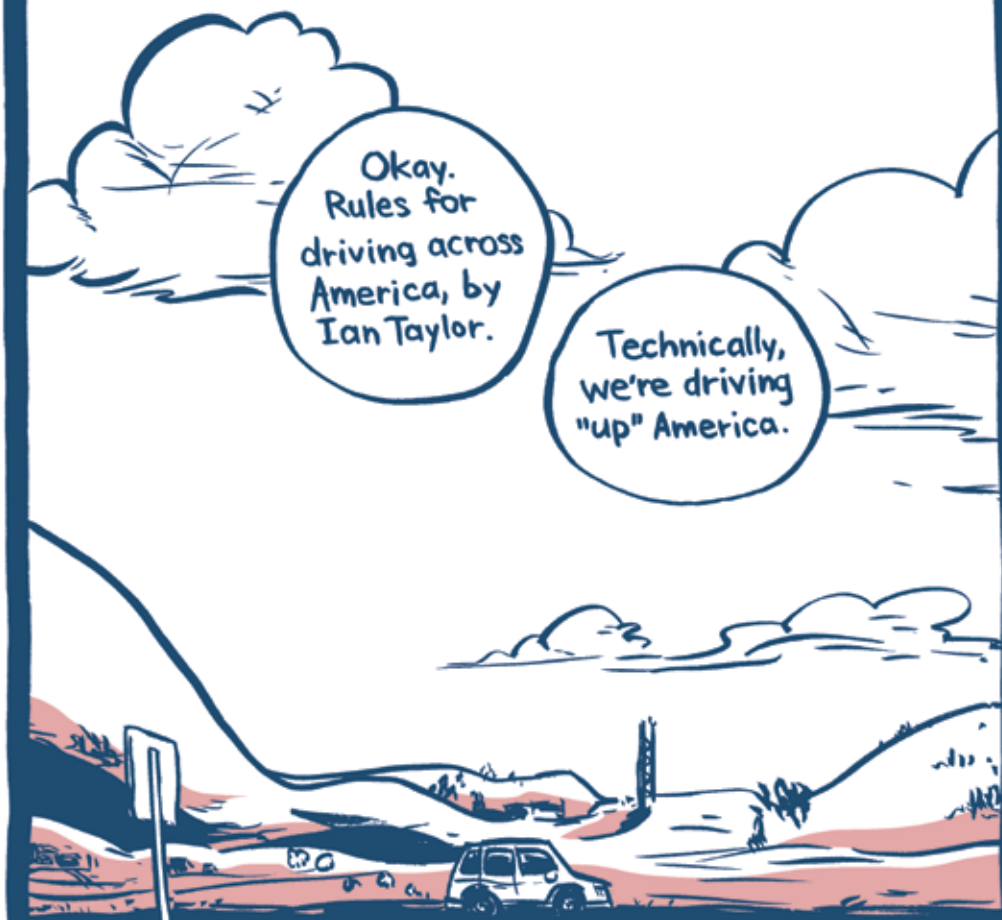
I have a lot on my mind  
and not a lot to do so it's  
going to come out, all of  
it, and then, then, it may  
begin to make a sort of  
sense.



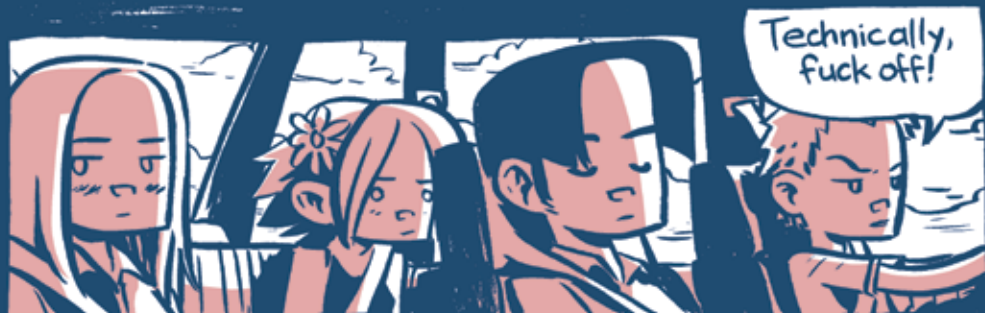
It's not like the  
conversation is  
stimulating:

Okay.  
Rules for  
driving across  
America, by  
Ian Taylor.

Technically,  
we're driving  
"up" America.







Technically,  
fuck off!



Please  
do go  
on.

I'll  
take  
notes,  
watch.

Okay,  
one...

Don't  
drive  
off a  
cliff.

No  
cliffs.



Or into  
a wall  
of flame.

I never  
thought  
about  
the wall  
of flame.

The  
wall of  
flame  
worries  
me.

OK,  
next.



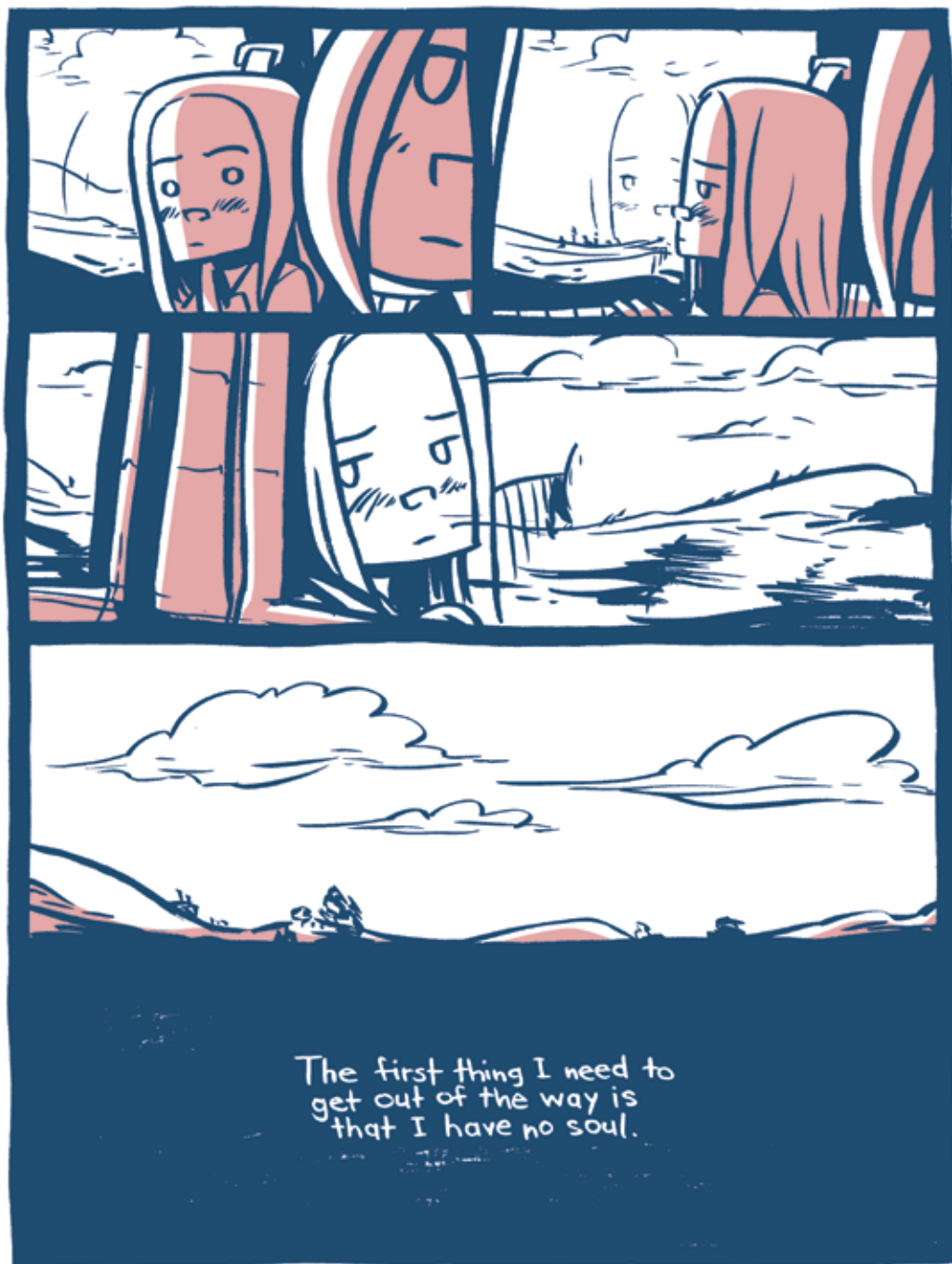
Okay,  
this is on  
the same  
note, but-

-don't  
drive into  
the GRAND  
CANYON.

It's easy  
to do. It's  
fucking  
GRAND. It's  
hard to  
miss.

Grand...  
how is  
that  
spelled?





The first thing I need to  
get out of the way is  
that I have no soul.

I think I have no soul. Logically I think it. I have been thinking it for a long time but now I'm really thinking it. Definitely no soul.

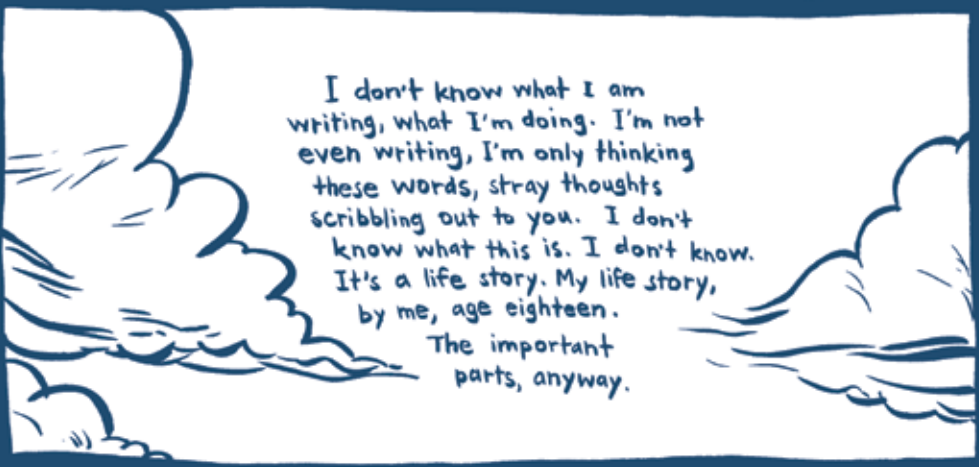


I had a soul when I was little but it's gone now and I have some thoughts as to where it's gone. It all really makes a lot of sense but it's a pain to explain all at once.


My thoughts don't all make perfect sense sometimes and I am bad at putting things in order but maybe you can just take notes or something and piece it together and everything will become quite clear in the future, which I promise will be here soon.






A simple line drawing of two fluffy clouds, one on the left and one on the right, framing the text.

I don't know what I am  
writing, what I'm doing. I'm not  
even writing, I'm only thinking  
these words, stray thoughts  
scribbling out to you. I don't  
know what this is. I don't know.  
It's a life story. My life story,  
by me, age eighteen.  
The important  
parts, anyway.

A cartoon illustration of a bald baby crying with its mouth wide open. The baby is wearing a red and white striped shirt. There are radiating lines around the baby's head to indicate crying.

I guess the  
important parts are what  
make up the life story and  
the rest is just the rest.  
The rest is just stuff that  
happens to everyone,  
like you were born.

A simple line drawing of two fluffy clouds, one on the left and one on the right, framing the text.

And it's not really an important or  
interesting part of the life story unless  
it was important and interesting unto itself,  
like if you were born on a raft on the  
Amazon or during an eclipse.



But excuse my digressing because I do have a life story and it may not be important or interesting but it begins with a best friend and it ended this morning. Sort of. Well it ends with now, technically, or it doesn't really end at all but it doesn't go past now, yet, at least.



But the last raft on the Amazon part was the part with the boy in California who I have not mentioned,



who I will not mention,



who I dare not mention,



whom I skirt around.

Anyway, I was born.

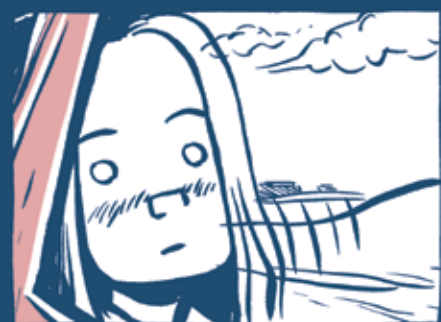
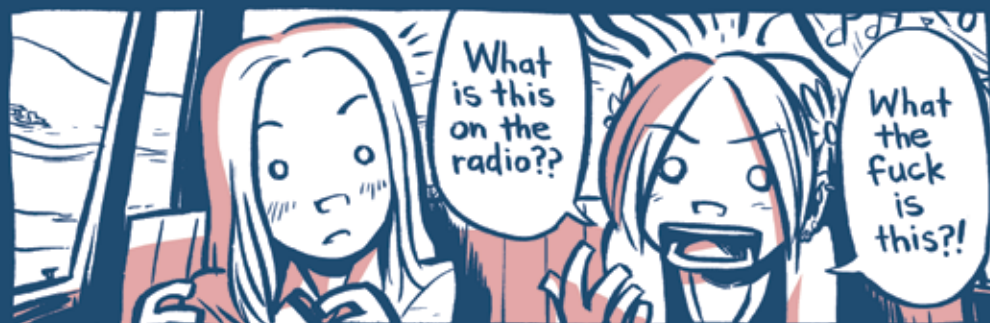
Does anyone need to stop?

I could smoke soon.


Um, I'm okay...

Steph?


Steph's in the zone.








This  
is hard  
to admit  
but I am  
terrified of  
everything.



Sometimes I  
get very scared  
by my own hair  
falling into my  
face.



Where  
I am  
now,  
being  
scared  
is  
easiest.



Where is it?  
A road stop on a highway.  
California, somewhere,  
maybe.

And them? We went to  
the same school. Not here:  
north, in Canada. True  
patriot home sweet faraway  
home. Which is where we're  
going.

I didn't know  
them well. Saw  
them in the  
halls, not much  
more. Once  
Ian and I  
had to do a  
presentation  
together.

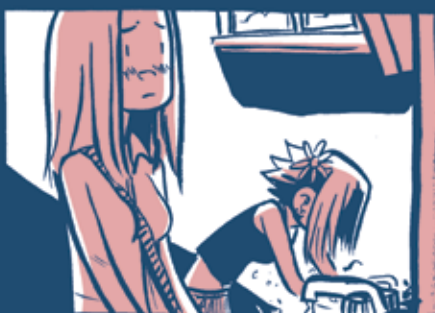
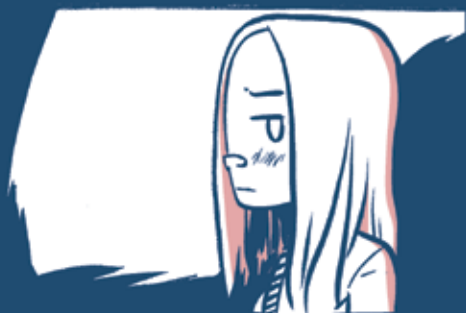


He did all  
the talking.



I've been on the road with them  
for maybe two hours, and every  
minute has been just like this—

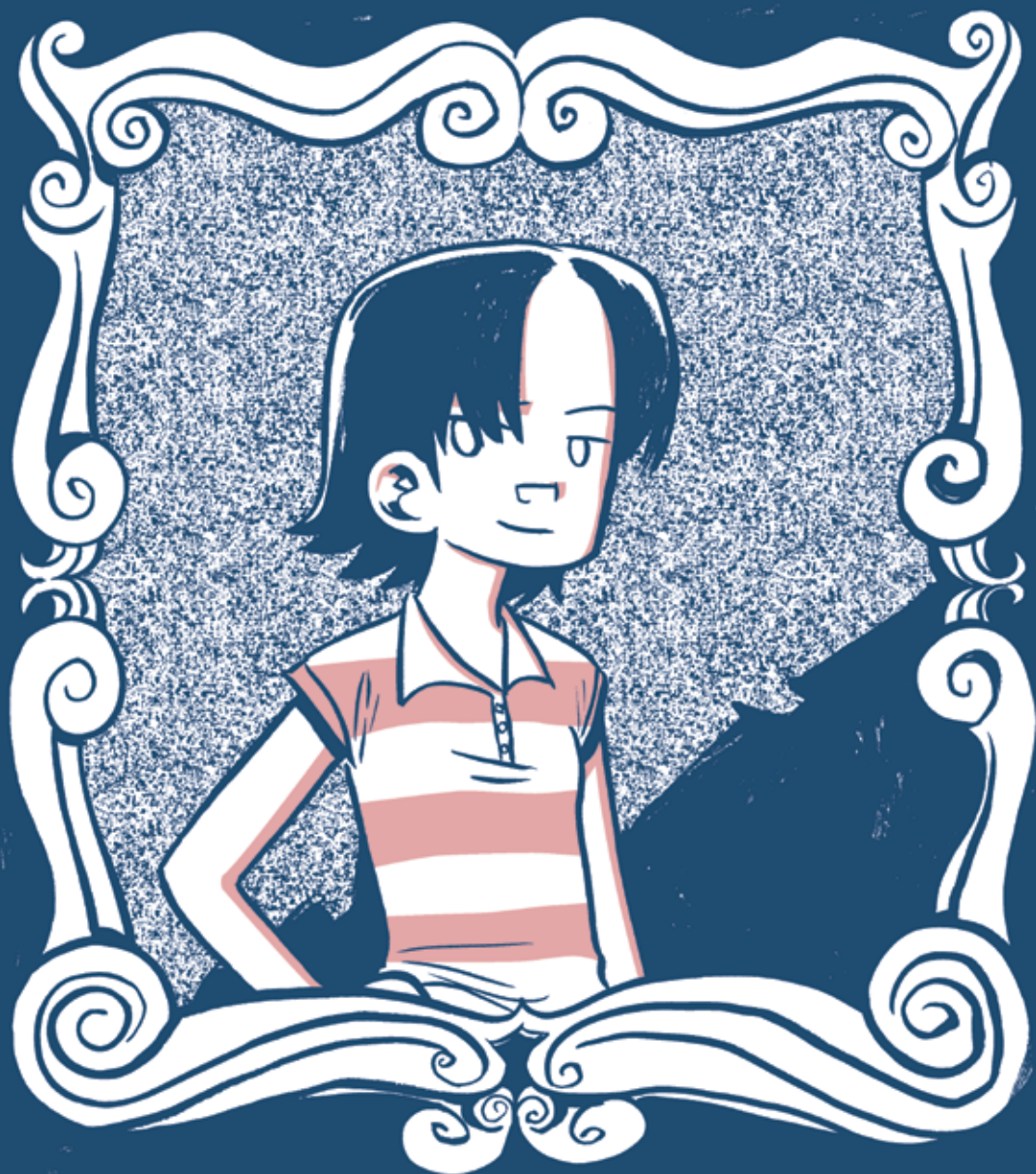




— longer and hotter and smaller  
and darker and more claustrophobic  
and so so much worse  
in comparison.

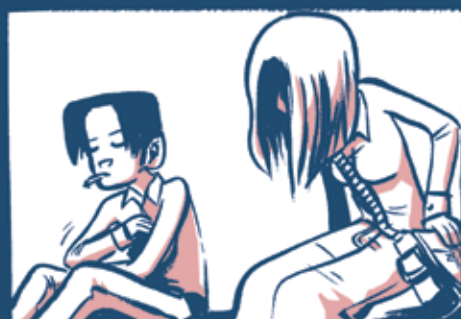
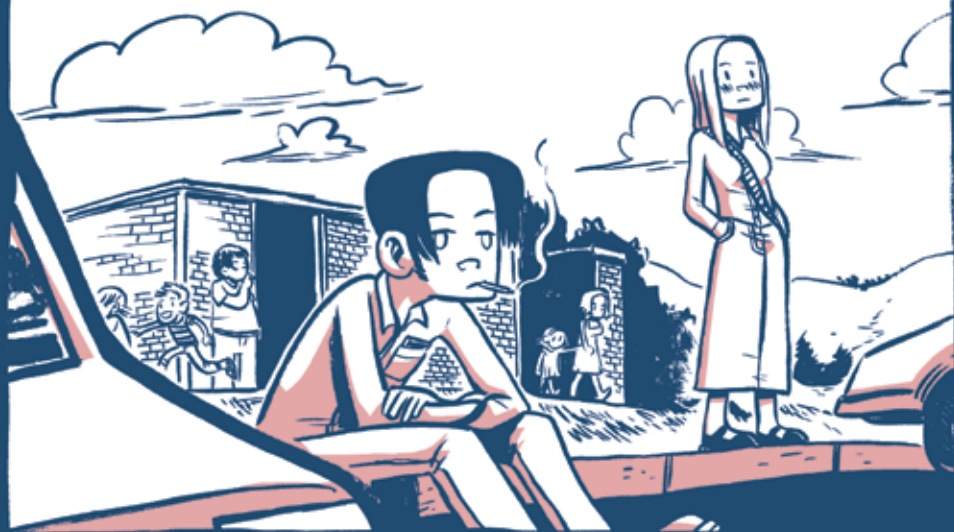


In comparison to what? Yes. Okay:



I used to have a best friend.  
We did everything together, my  
best friend and I.

Things were easier then.



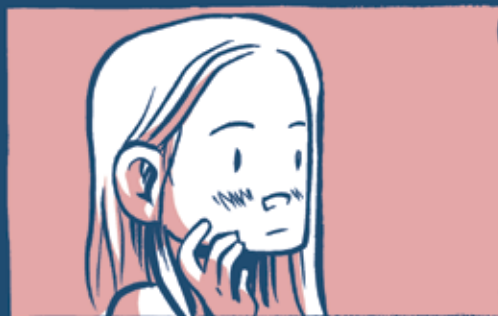
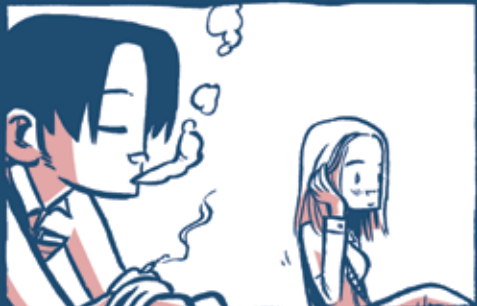
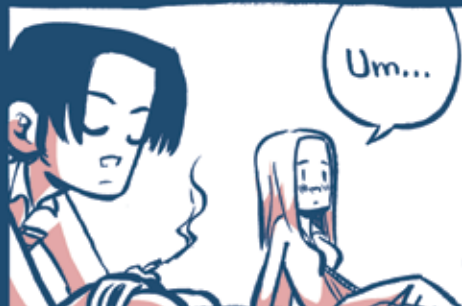
You don't  
have to  
be sorry,  
Raleigh.



Smoking is  
fucking stupid.  
I'm the one  
who should  
be sorry,  
right?



Um...

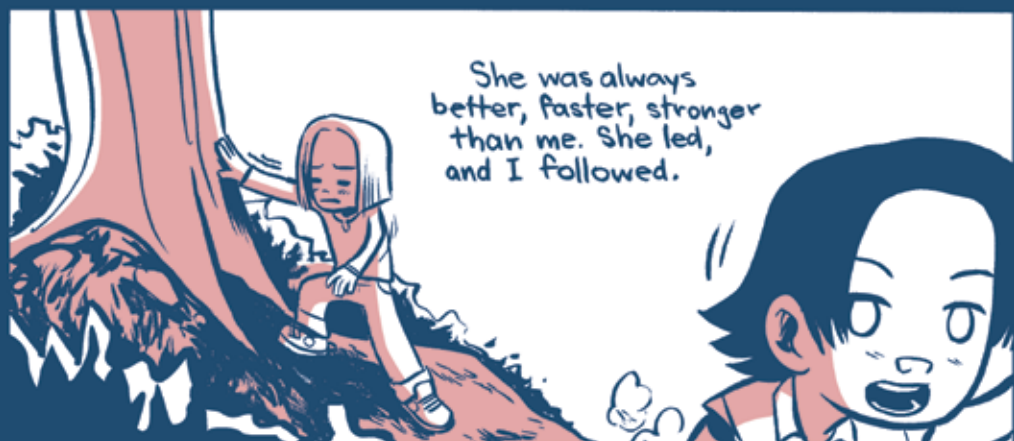


Anyway, I used to have  
a best friend.





We met in  
grade 3; I don't  
remember how.  
We were kids. These  
things happen.



She was always  
better, faster, stronger  
than me. She led,  
and I followed.



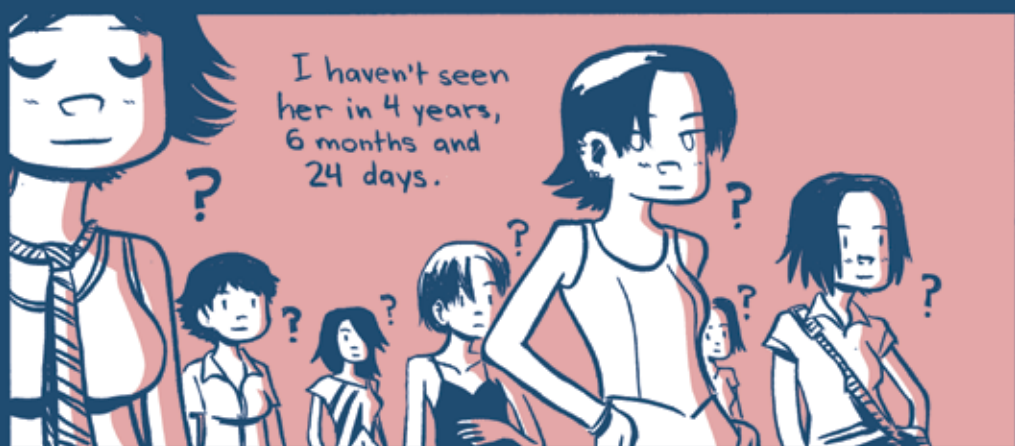
I was reticent, easily spooked, short of breath, awful at climbing things.

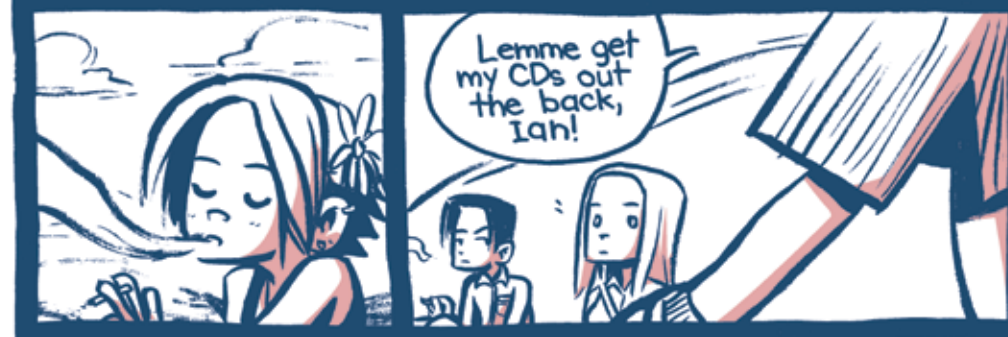


But look: she tolerated me and I tagged along, I always caught up eventually, and our adventures were marvelous.



I haven't seen her in 4 years, 6 months and 24 days.








Yes, she  
is a'ways  
like  
this.



Shit!


Uh,  
Raleigh?



I think  
your bag  
ripped.



I'm  
really  
sorry.



It must  
have caught  
on some-  
thing.



I think  
I have a  
garbage  
bag you  
can use  
for now...

So anyway



I had this dream.  
It felt like I'd had it before,  
or been in that place before, but  
maybe I just dreamed that I  
dreamed, or... or something.  
Anyway, it felt huge.

Ominous and unsettling  
and familiar. The details  
were as follows:



There were  
cats?

NO

Definitely the  
word "NO".

Vague  
uneasiness?





When I woke up in someone else's  
faraway bed ten thousand years ago,  
this morning, it was so clear.  
I close my eyes. I try to  
remember.



They think  
I'm asleep.  
Wouldn't that be  
nice? Some people  
must fall asleep  
really easily.

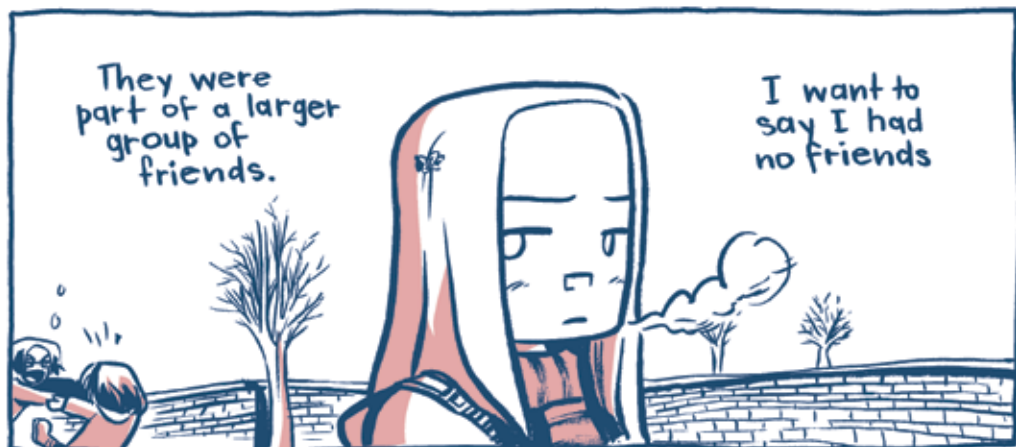
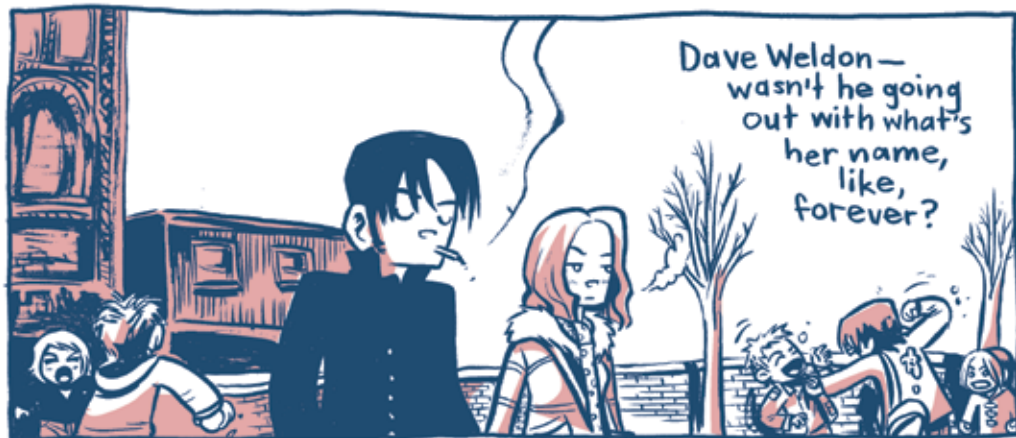
Did  
you ever  
talk to  
her in  
school?

Who,  
Raleigh?  
No.



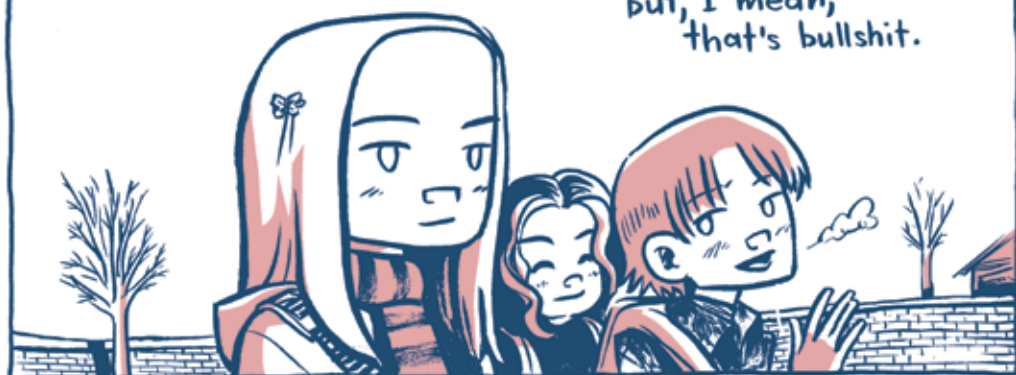


Cold, grey, useless  
Sturton Academy.





but, I mean,  
that's bullshit.



I had cold, grey,  
useless friends



to match  
everything  
else.



What should we get on it?

Meat!

Vickie's  
PIZZA

Raleigh?

Um...

I kind of, um, don't eat meat.

Girls, man...

Awww, Davey.

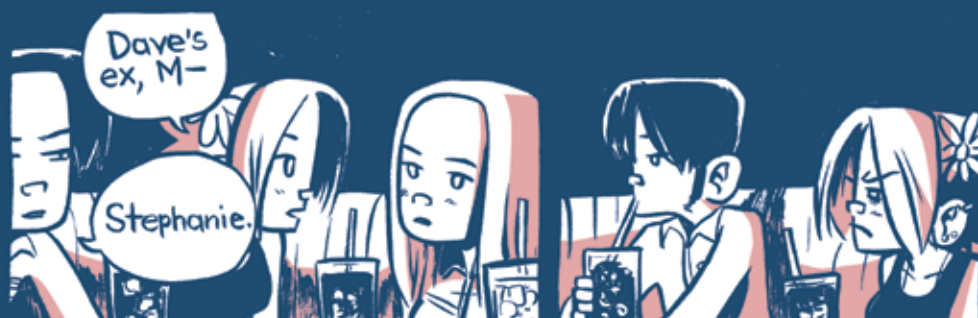
Um, what?

SHE was vegetarian.

Yeah, and so's Steph, so what the fuck do you guys want?

Double cheese and mushrooms, man.

Um, yeah, sounds good.

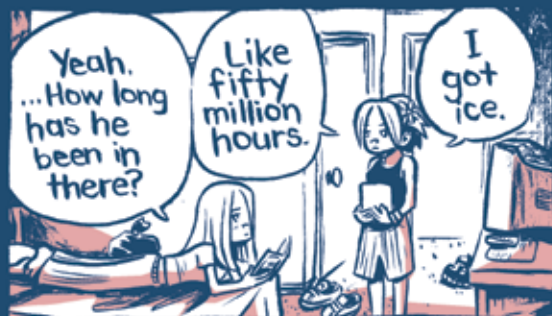




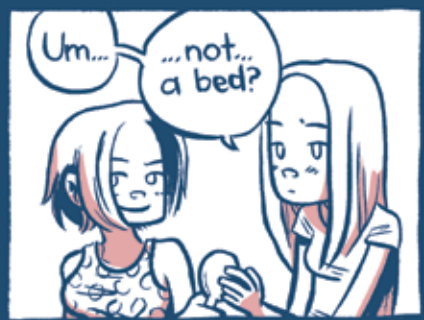
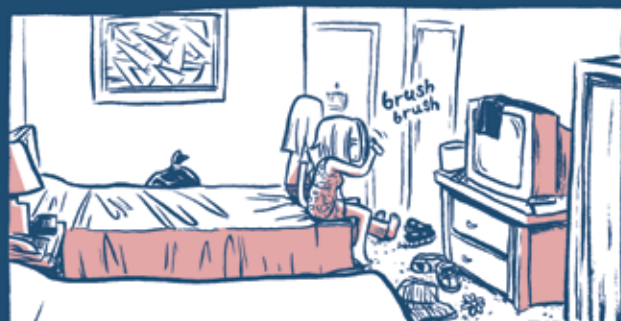
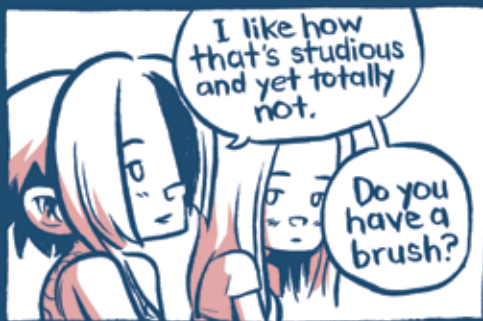
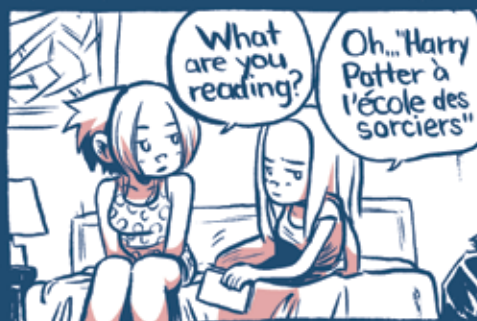
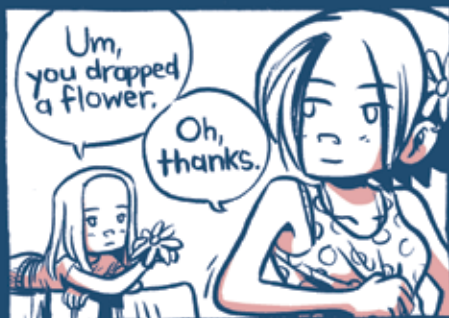
I'm ready for anything.

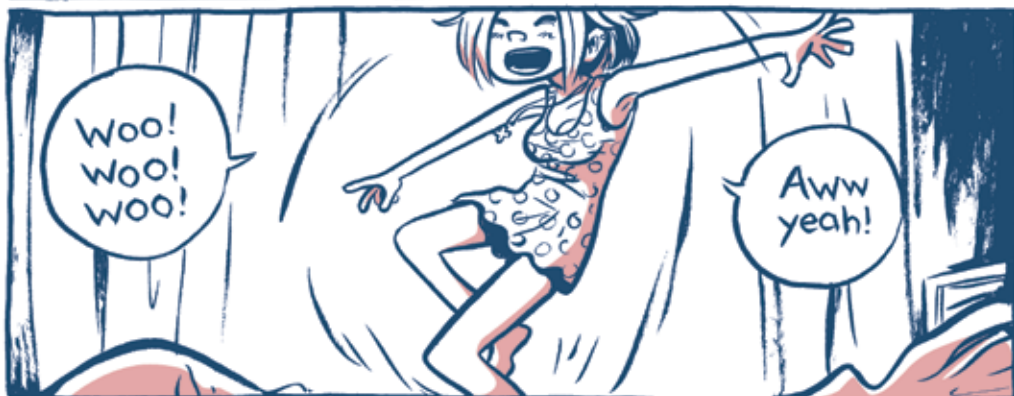


Is Ian still in the bathroom?



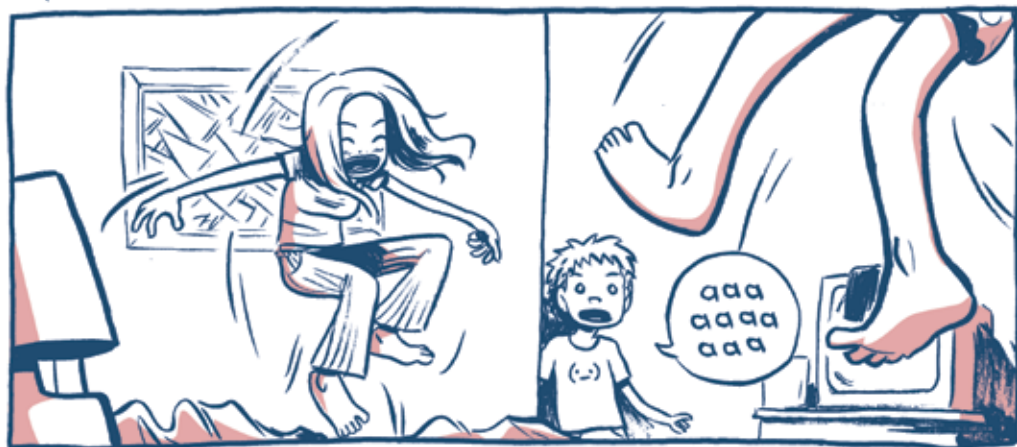
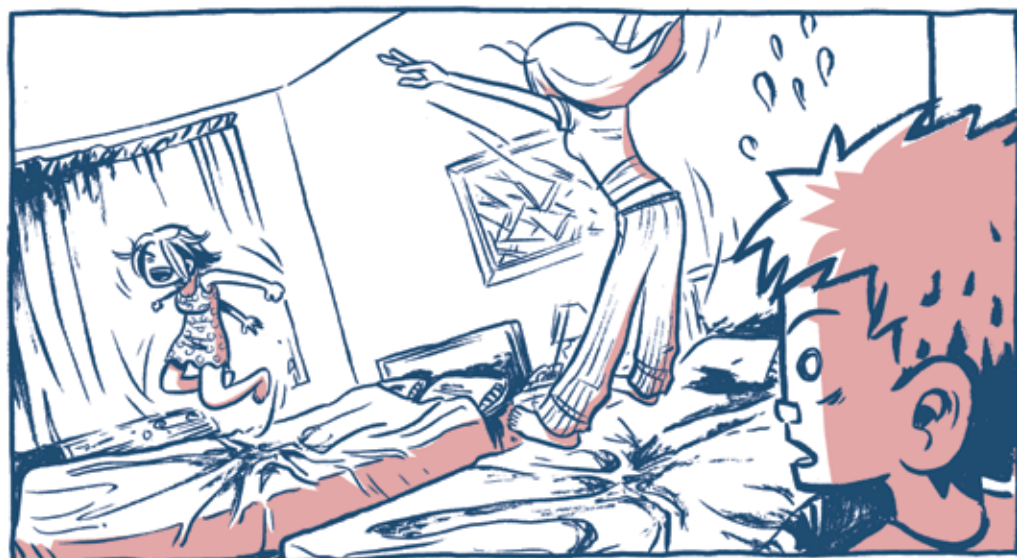
















I dream of  
a zillion cats.

meow  
meow  
meow

meow  
meow

It was something like December of grade 8. The parents were weird. The home situation was falling to bits. At school, my best friend said:

I'm moving.

What?  
Where??

To  
Ottawa.

What??

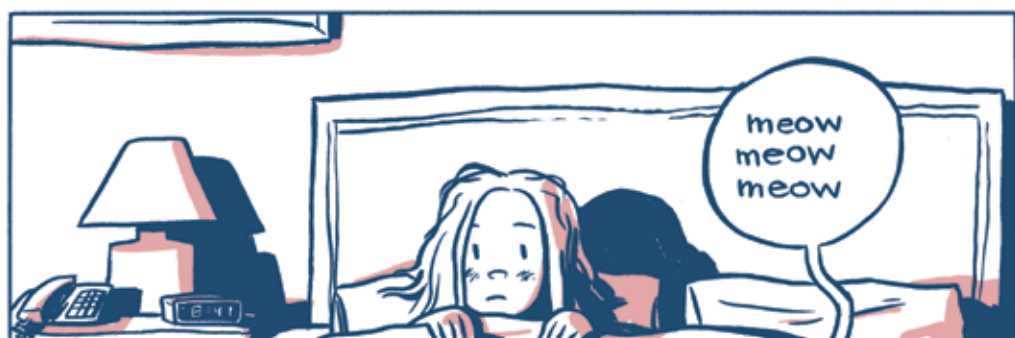
For  
my dad's  
work.

And  
she  
did.

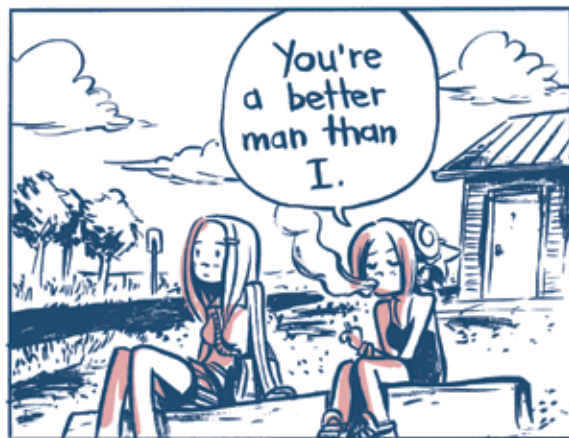
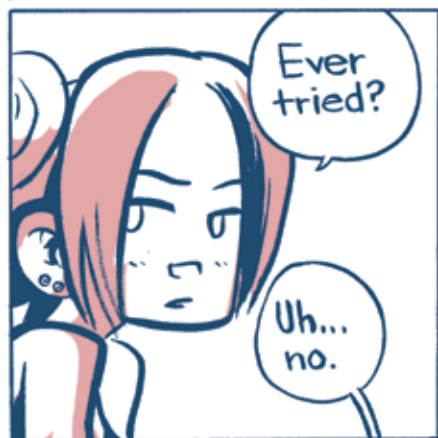
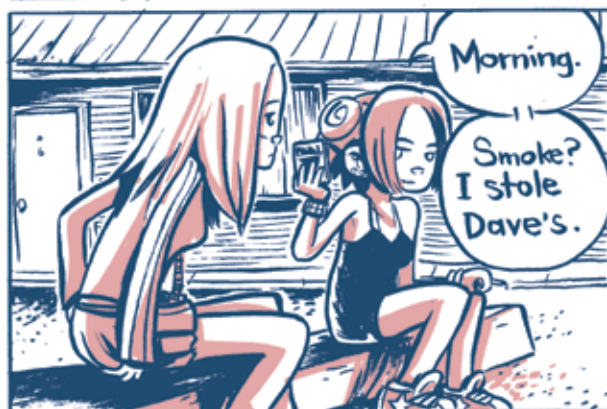
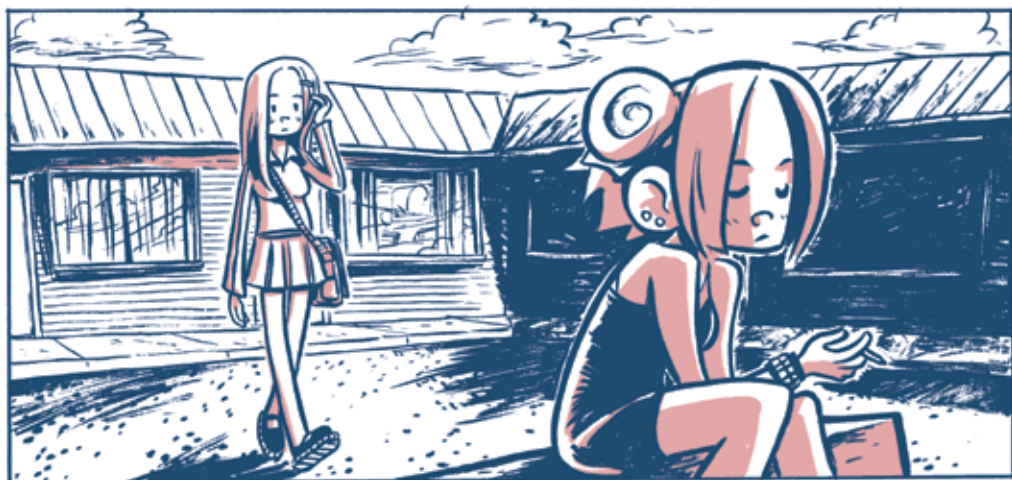
The  
following  
summer is  
when they  
got my  
Soul.

I mean,  
I think.

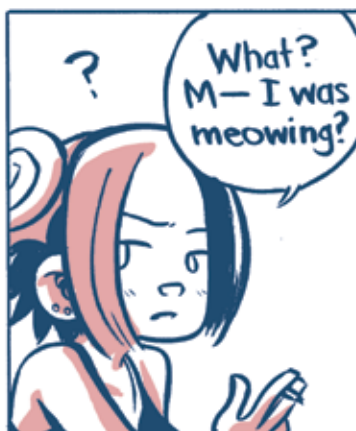
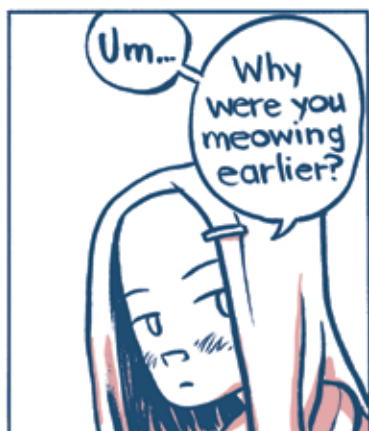
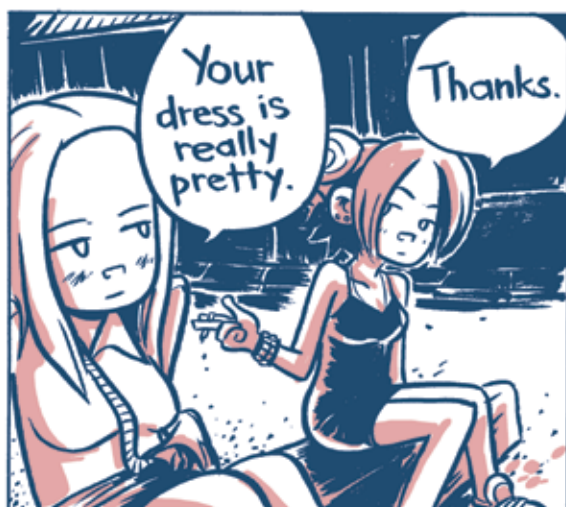


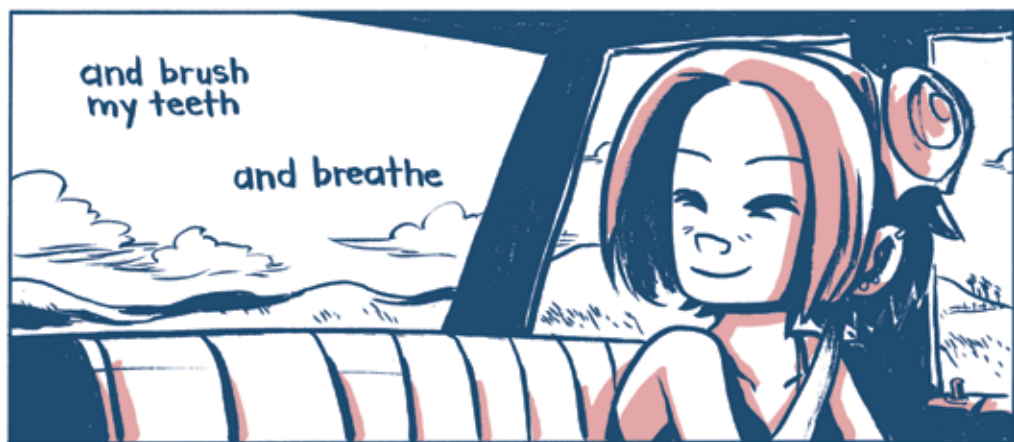
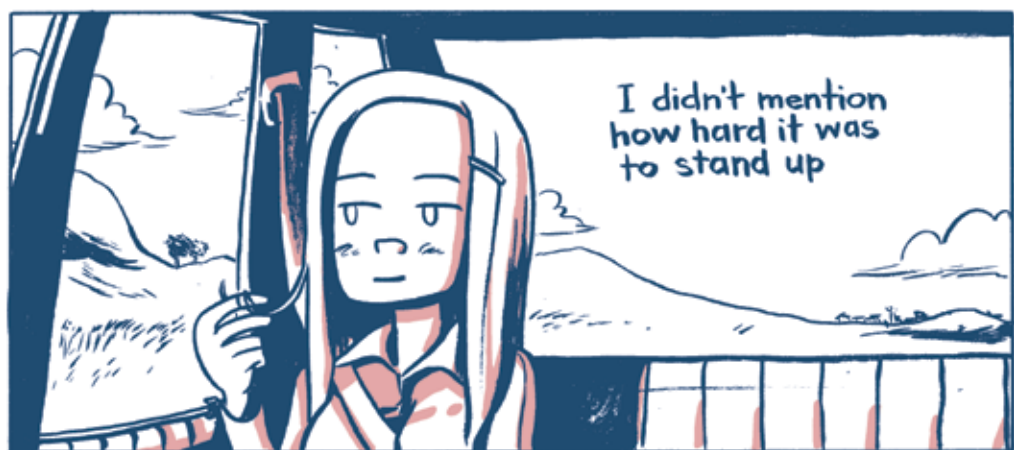












Soon we'll be home.  
We'll be home sweet home  
sweet home sweet home.

And now I want  
to cry again.

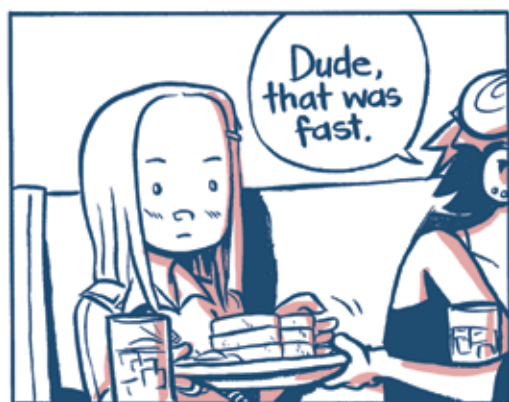
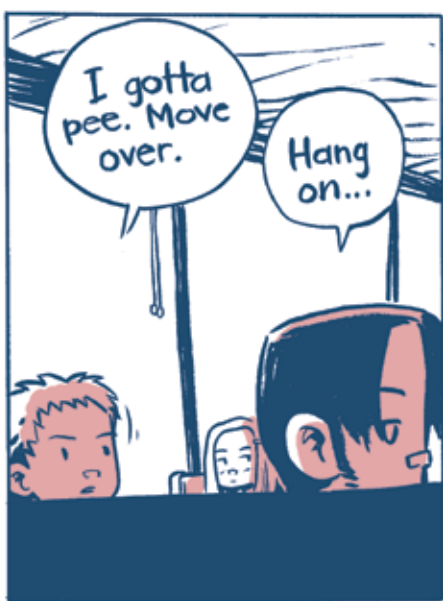


My first name  
is Amal and I'm  
a girl, I'm a  
girl, la la!!!

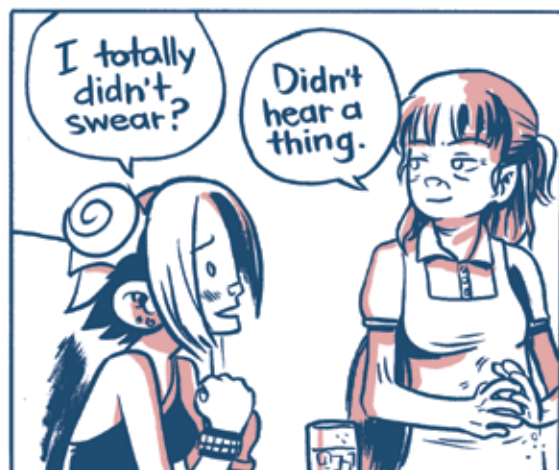
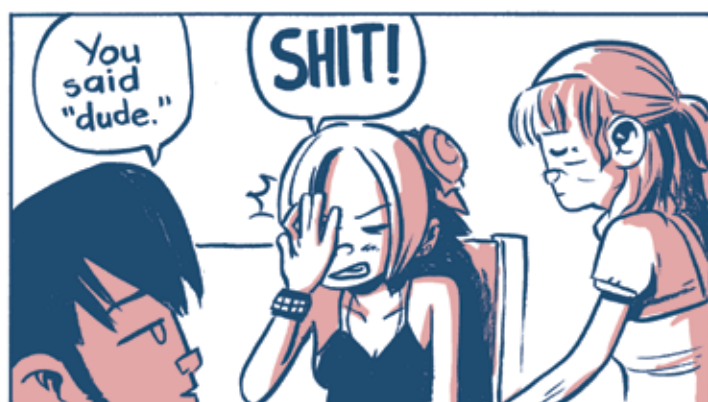


Now I'm laughing.



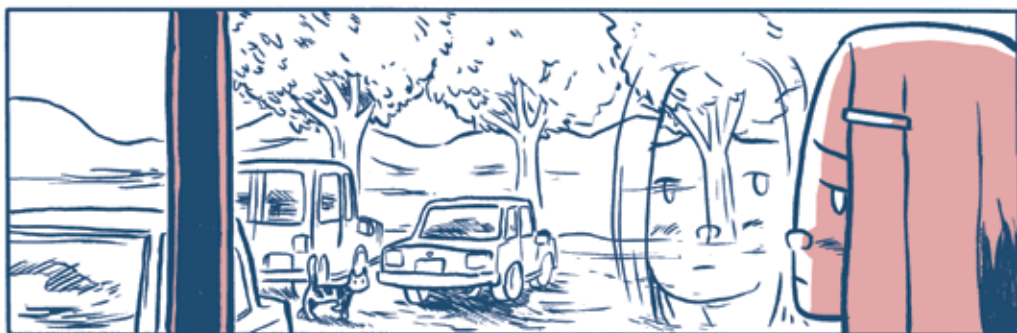
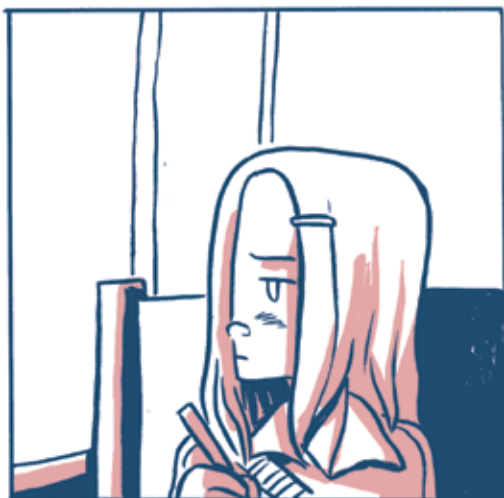
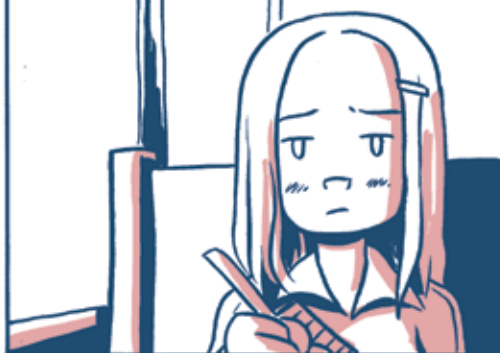








I guess it's not possible  
to just stop eating, right?



Maybe I'll waste  
away. That would  
be very literary.

You want me to tell you why I'm here, in this insane car with these insane people. I want to tell you, too. I'm practically bursting. But we're not ready yet.



It's just, it's such a long story. It's so long and it's not at all straight in my head. Nothing really is at this point.





I told you about the beginning. What happened next was mom and dad split. Mom got me and we moved to the new house and dad took off and mom got a great job and I got to go to Sturton.



And I ignored my boring friends and lost most of them and in grade eleven Mr. Santiago suggested that I visit a writing forum on the Internet and that changed every-thing.

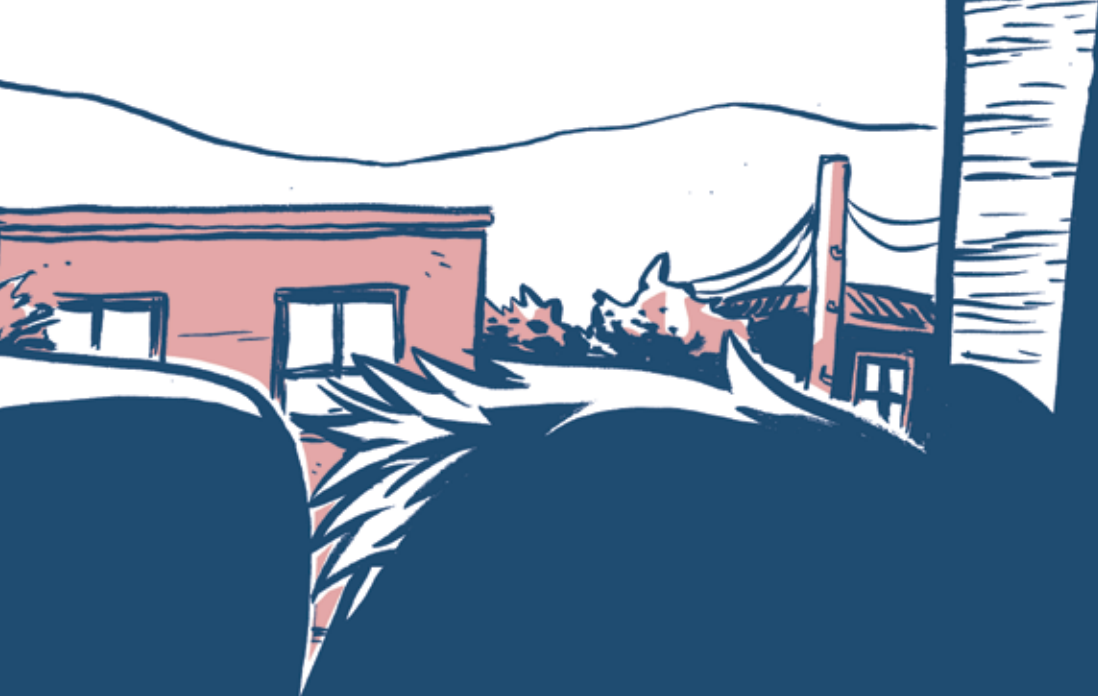


and that  
was where  
I met  
him:





You  
Him  
Stillman  
Your name is Stillman.



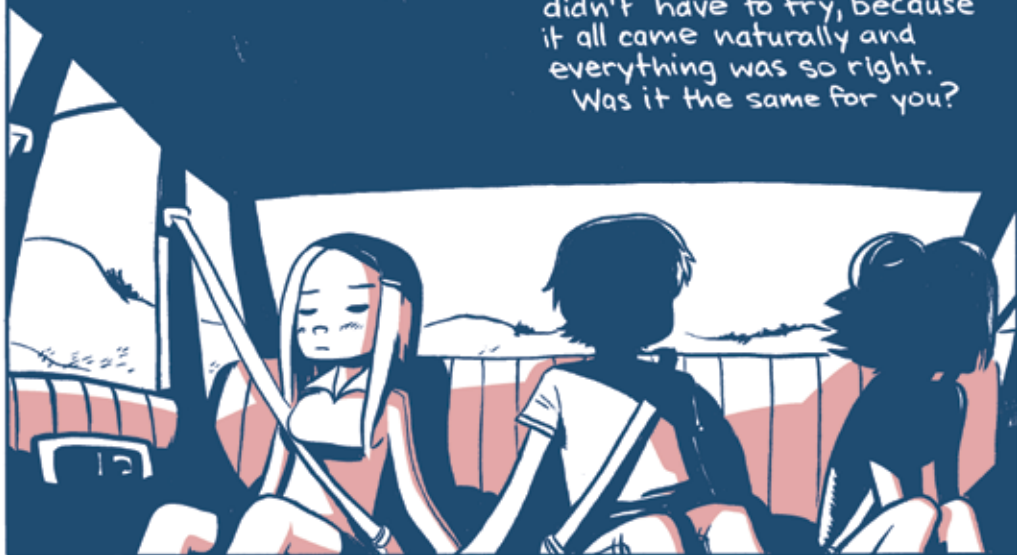
When I was  
with you, I was  
perfect.



I was never good at being with people.  
I never really figured it out

until I met you

and then it was easy. I  
didn't have to try, because  
it all came naturally and  
everything was so right.  
Was it the same for you?



Now I talk to you  
as if you're here, but  
you're not, he's not,  
I'm just talking to  
myself again.



In grade three they took me out of class and told me I was gifted. I think it surprised them as much as me.



They told me everyone else in the gifted class they hastily threw together wasn't "really" gifted.



Sometimes I wonder if they told all those kids the exact same thing.



They were just there to make me feel comfortable.



I have to assume it totally fucked me up.

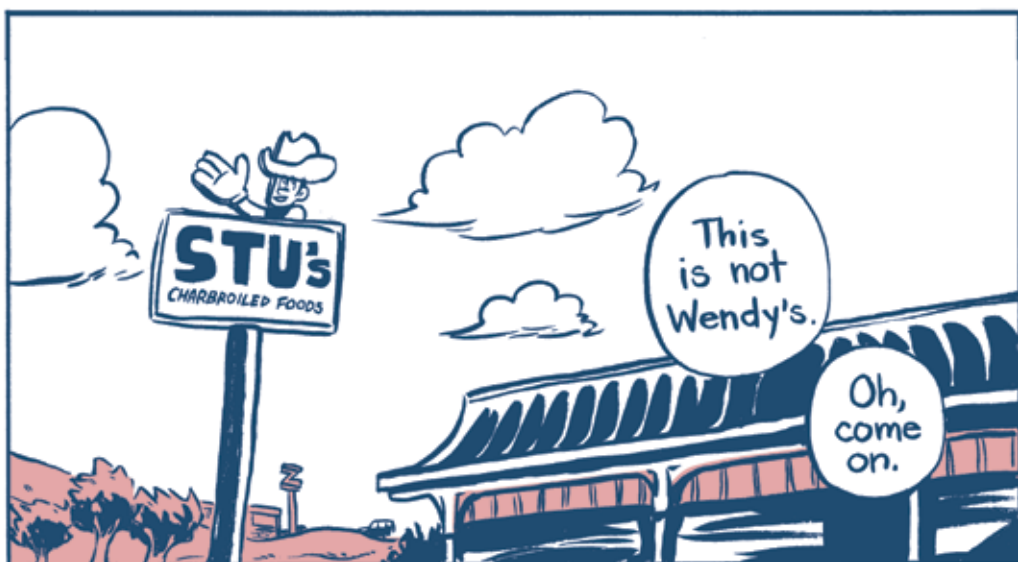
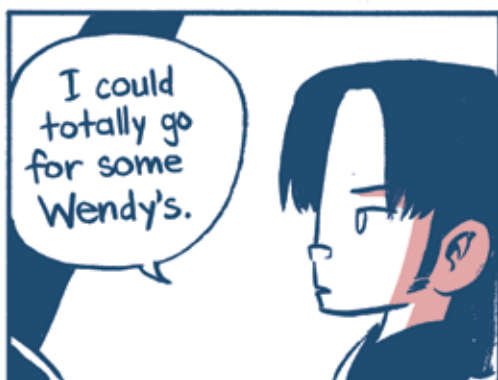
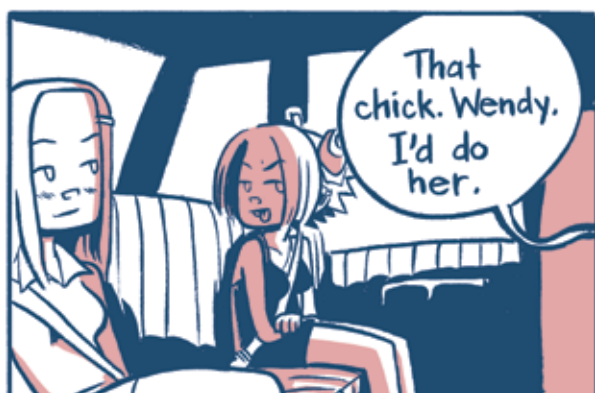


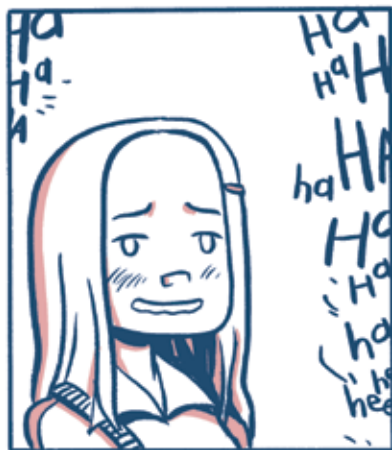
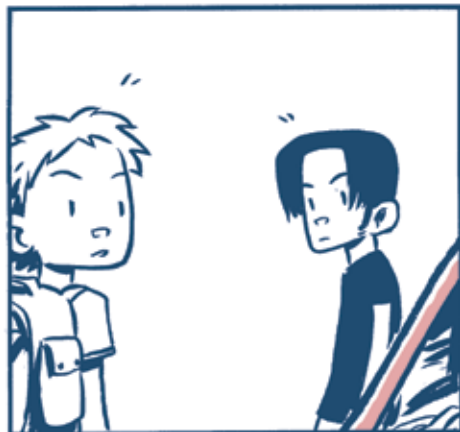
It was a tiny school and I liked it and, yeah, gifted class was probably my favourite.



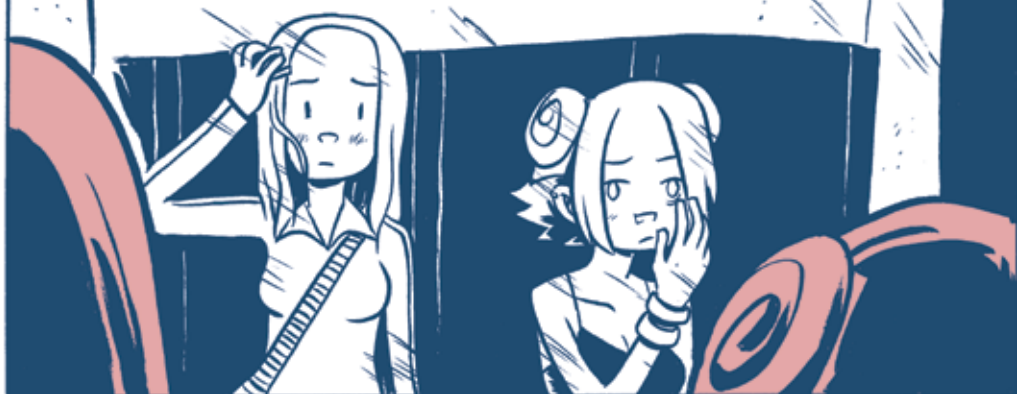






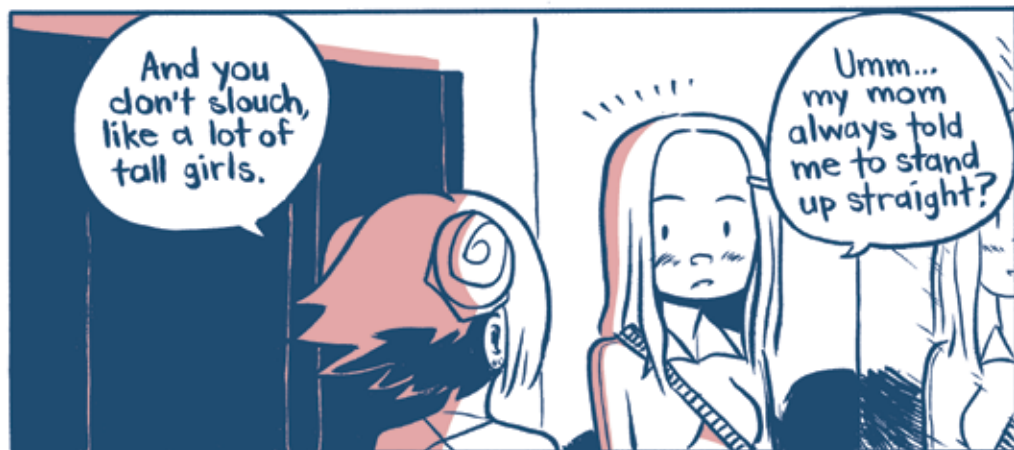
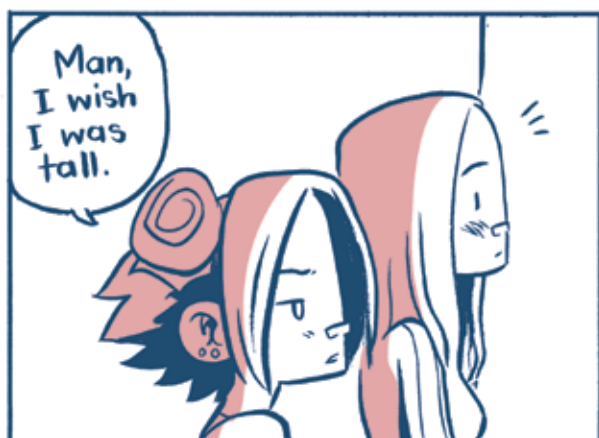


I get thoughts like:  
I look in the mirror and I don't  
belong there. I see myself and  
I look all wrong. Stephanie looks  
bold and bouncy and fresh and  
normal, and I look like something  
else. Too long, too stringy, too  
pasty, too squarish,  
kind of inhuman.

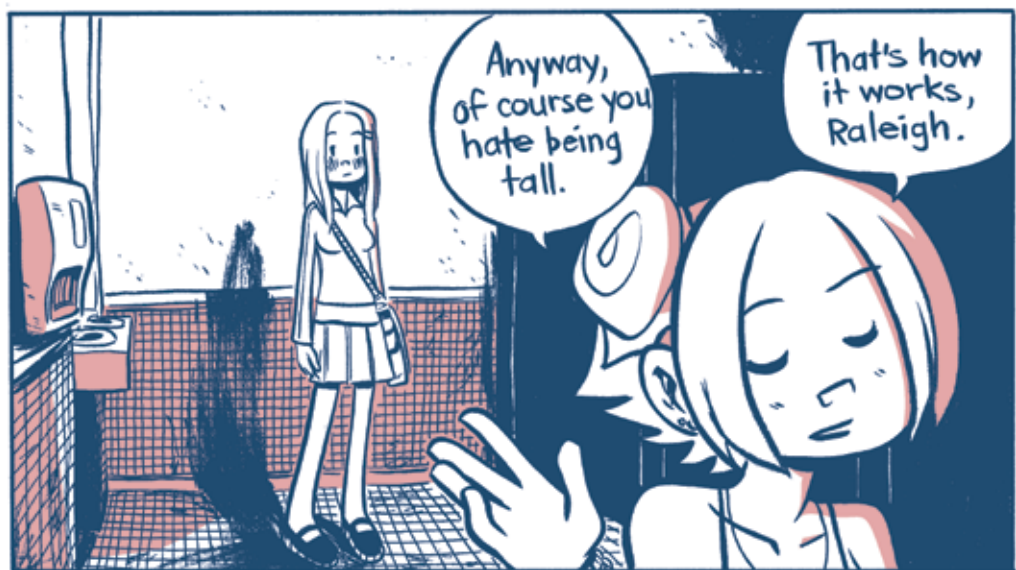
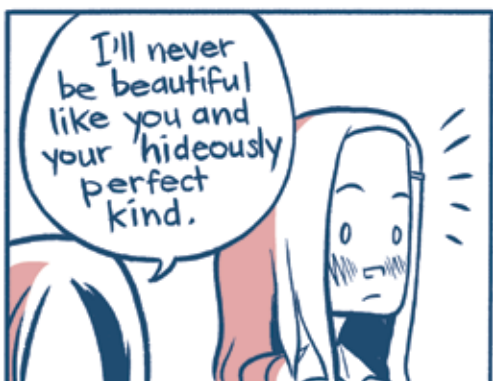


What is it that makes me  
not fit in, and is it in the  
world, or in my head?  
Why do I look like a  
mutant in photographs,  
anyway?

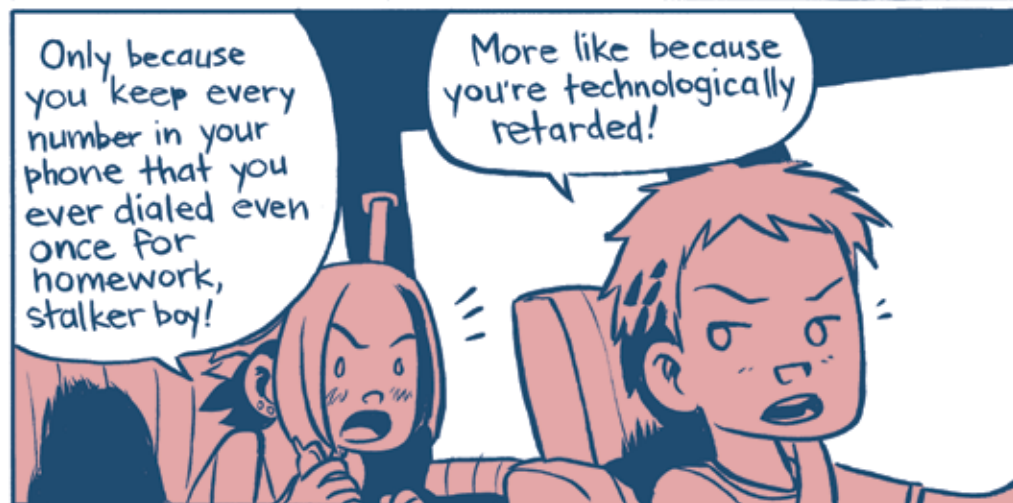


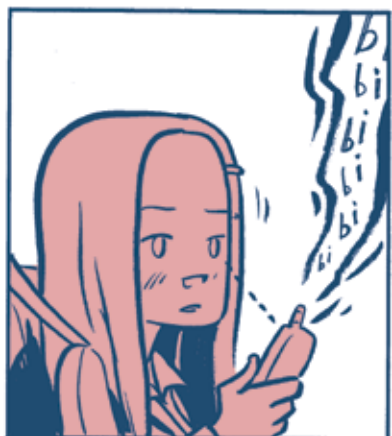
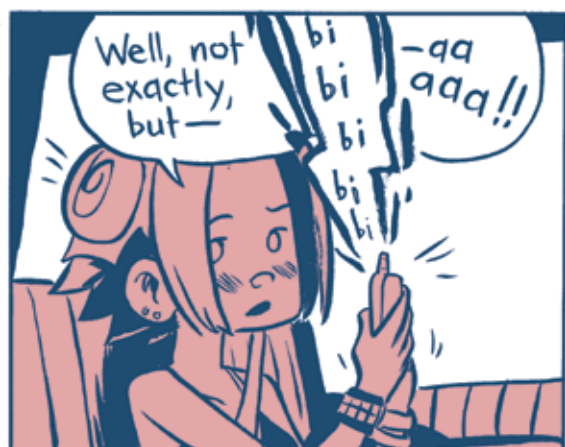


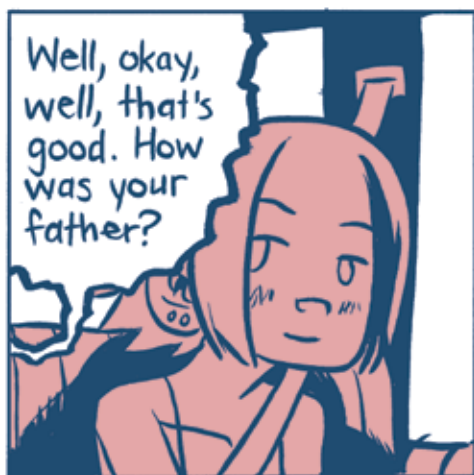
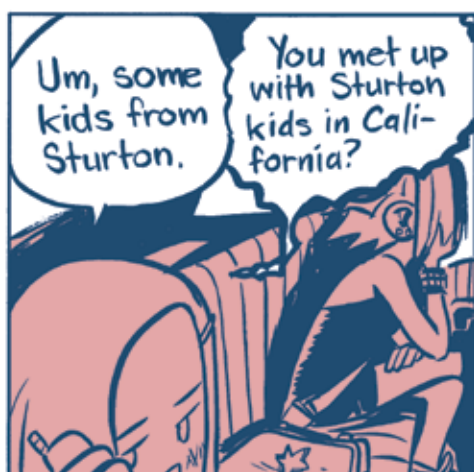


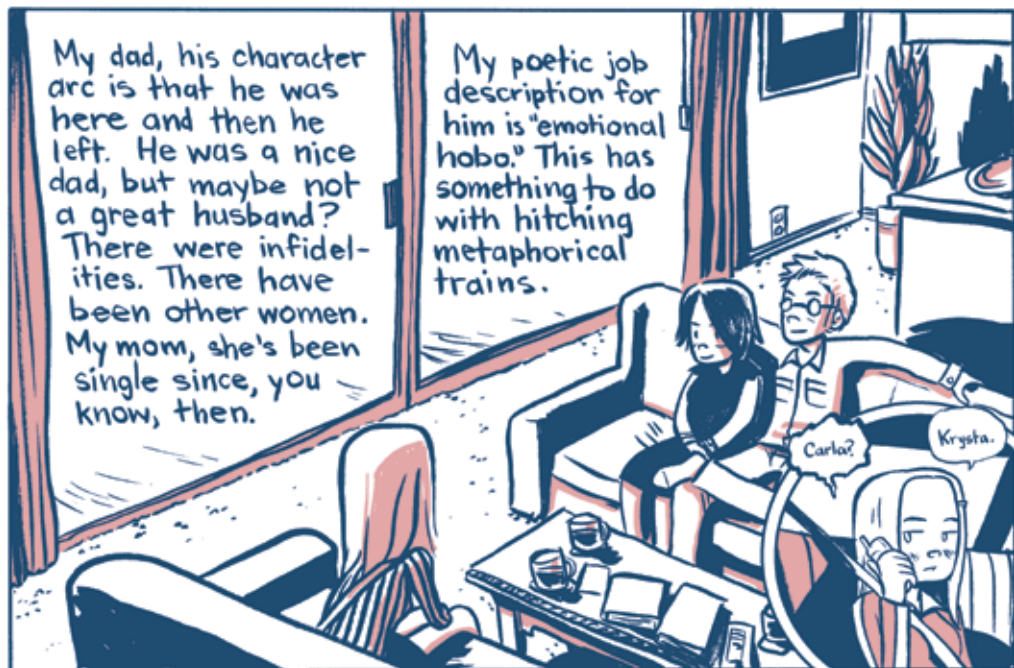




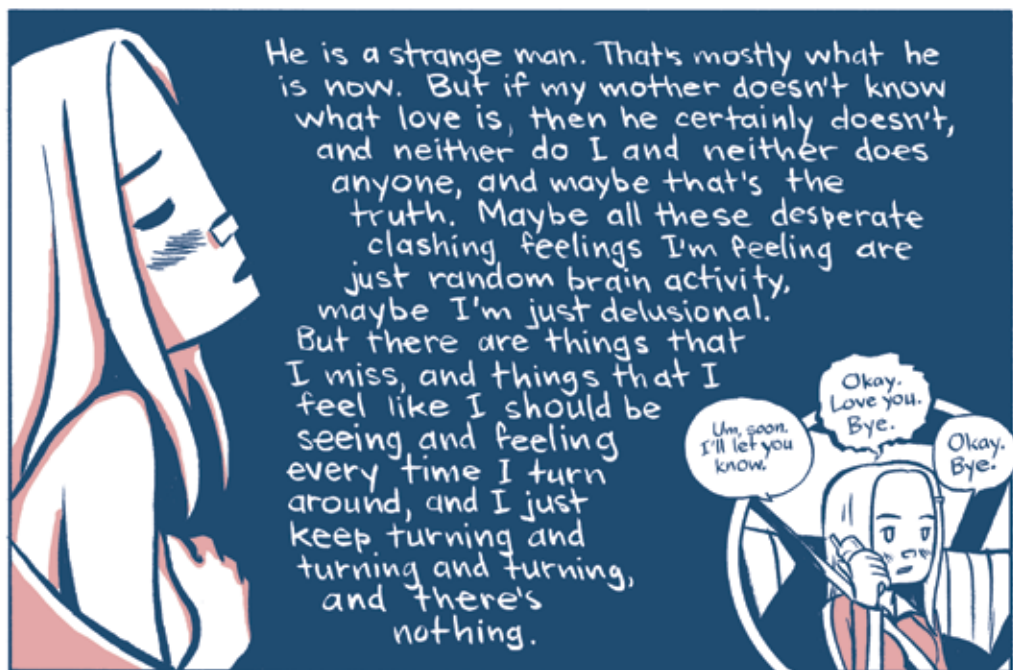
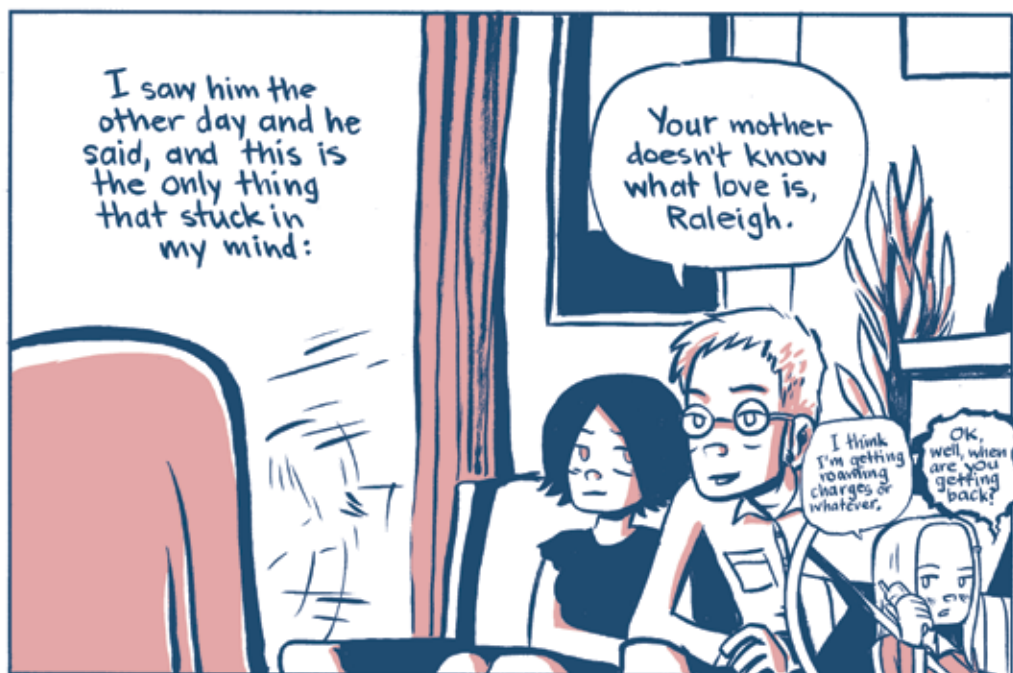


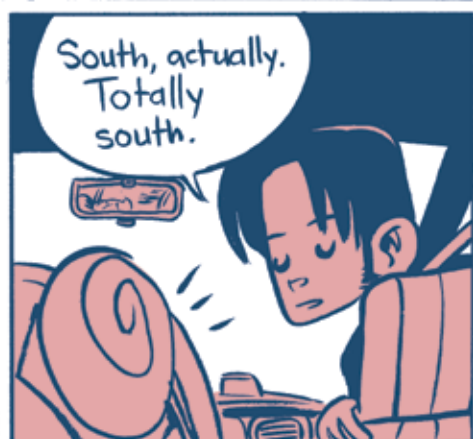
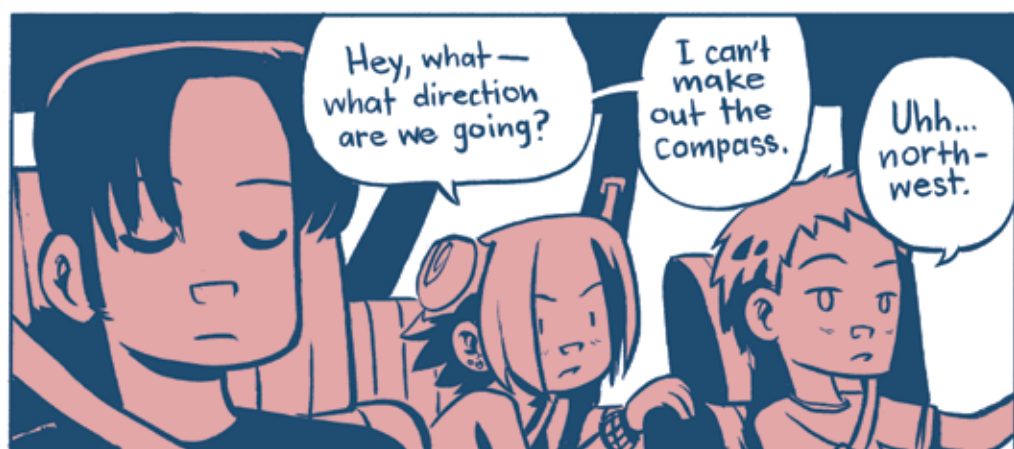


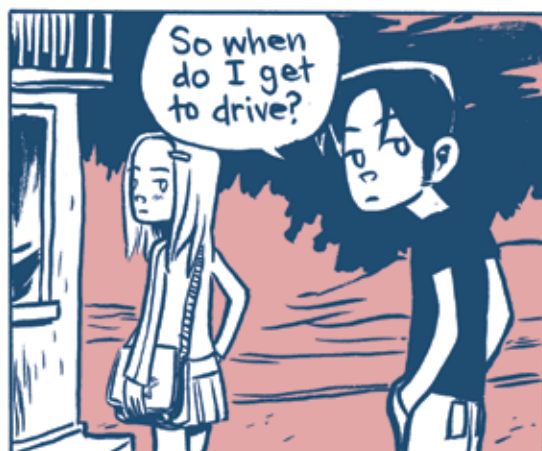


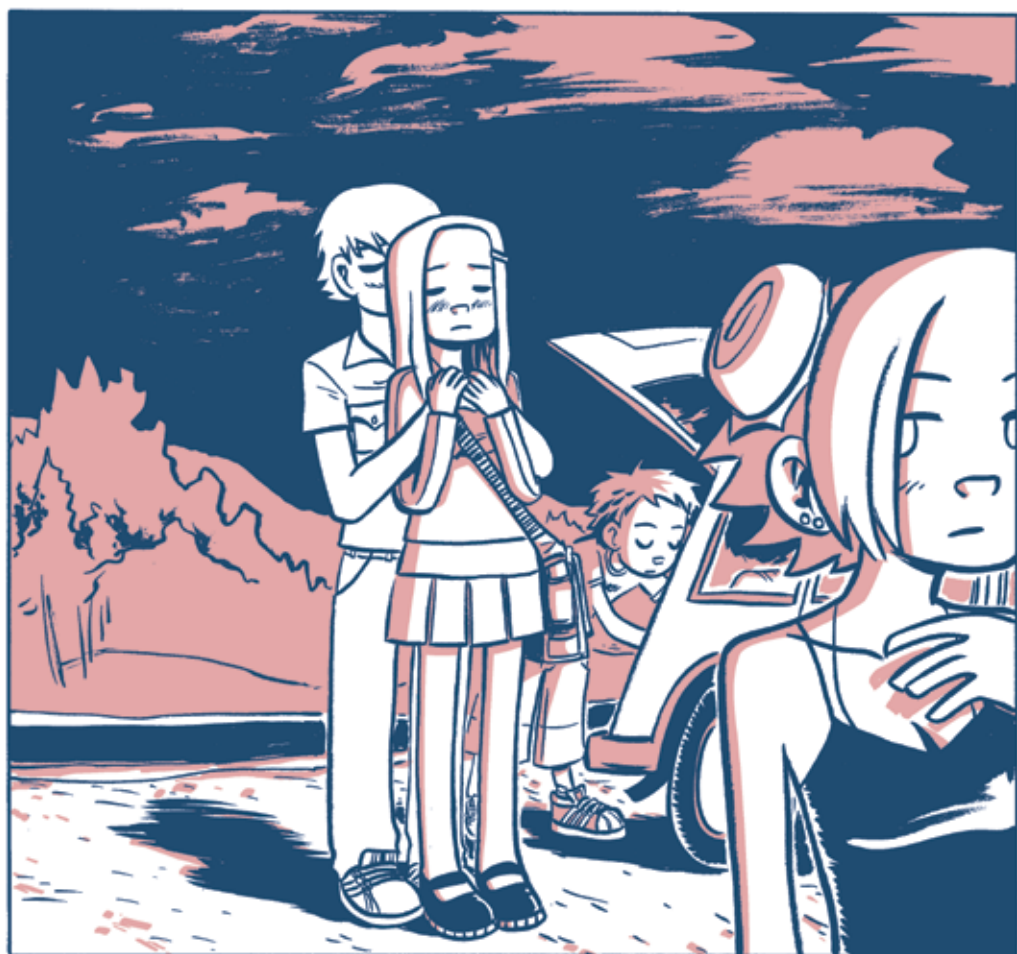




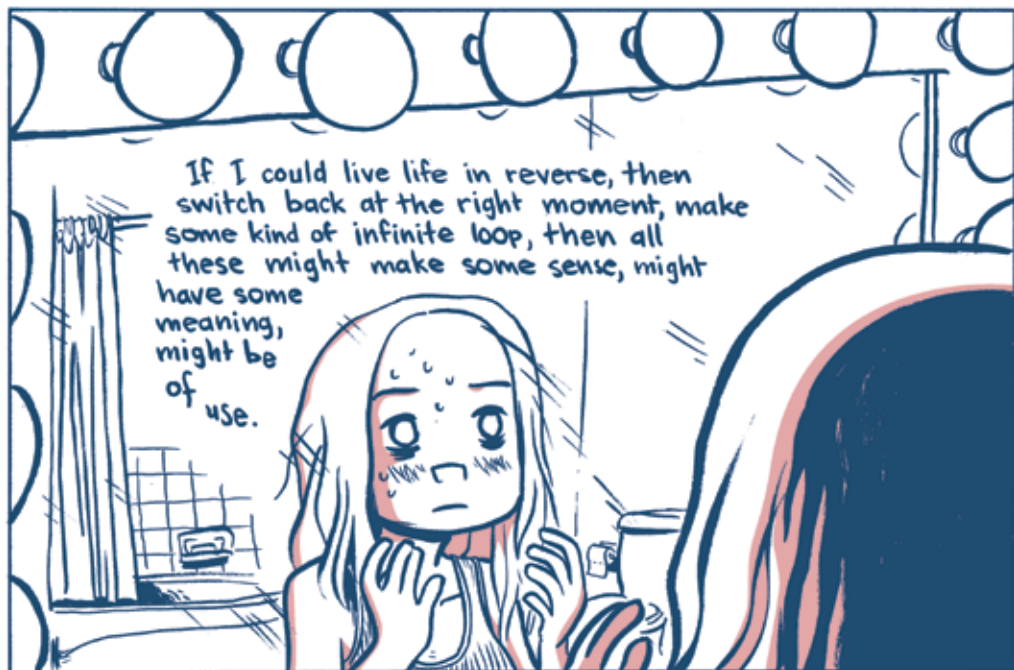
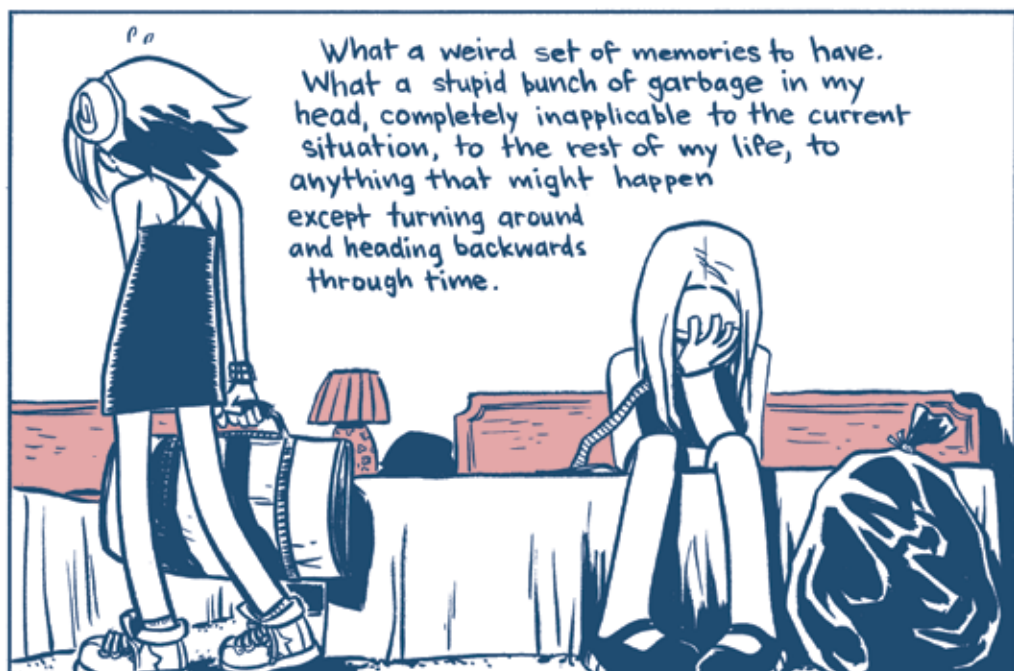






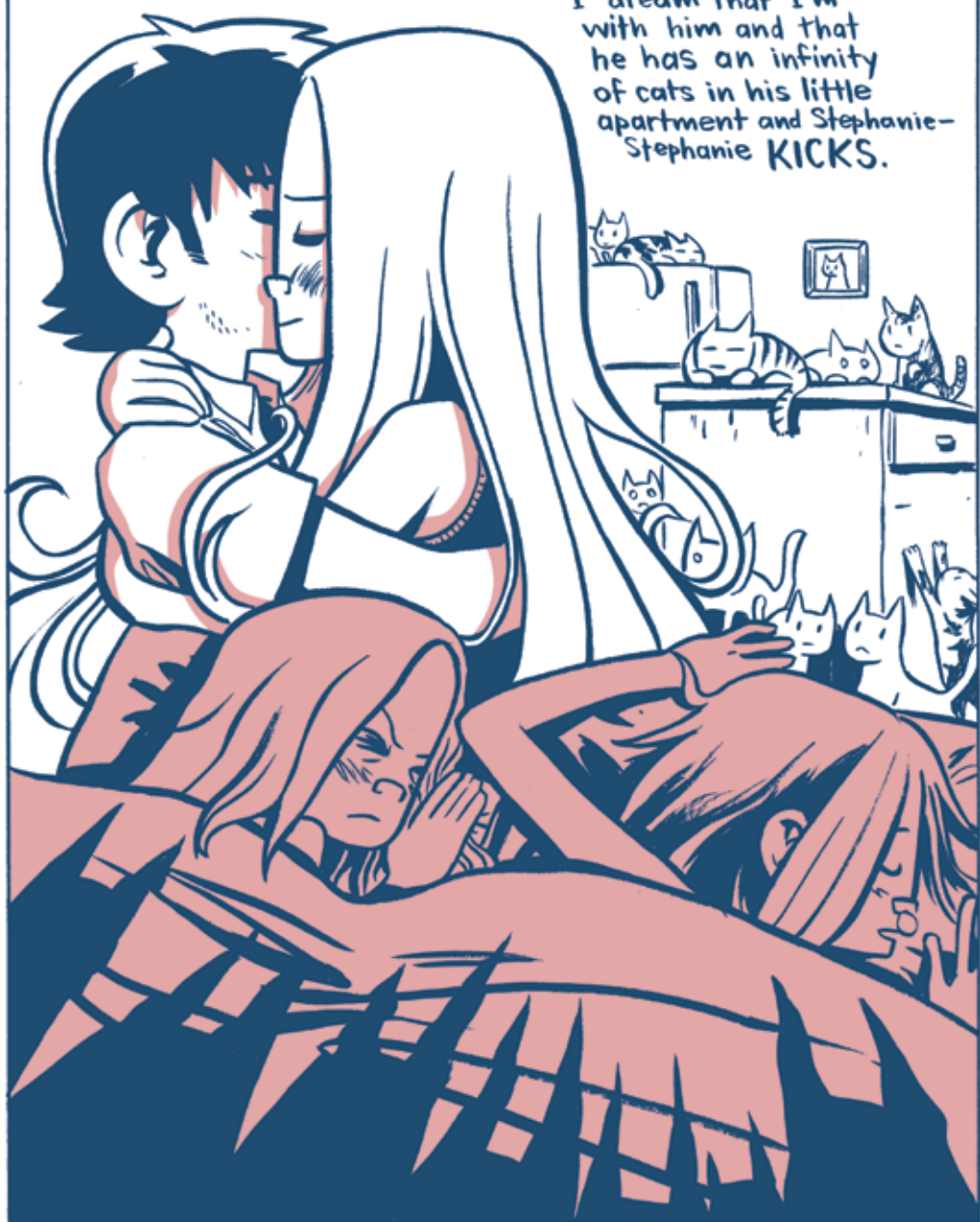




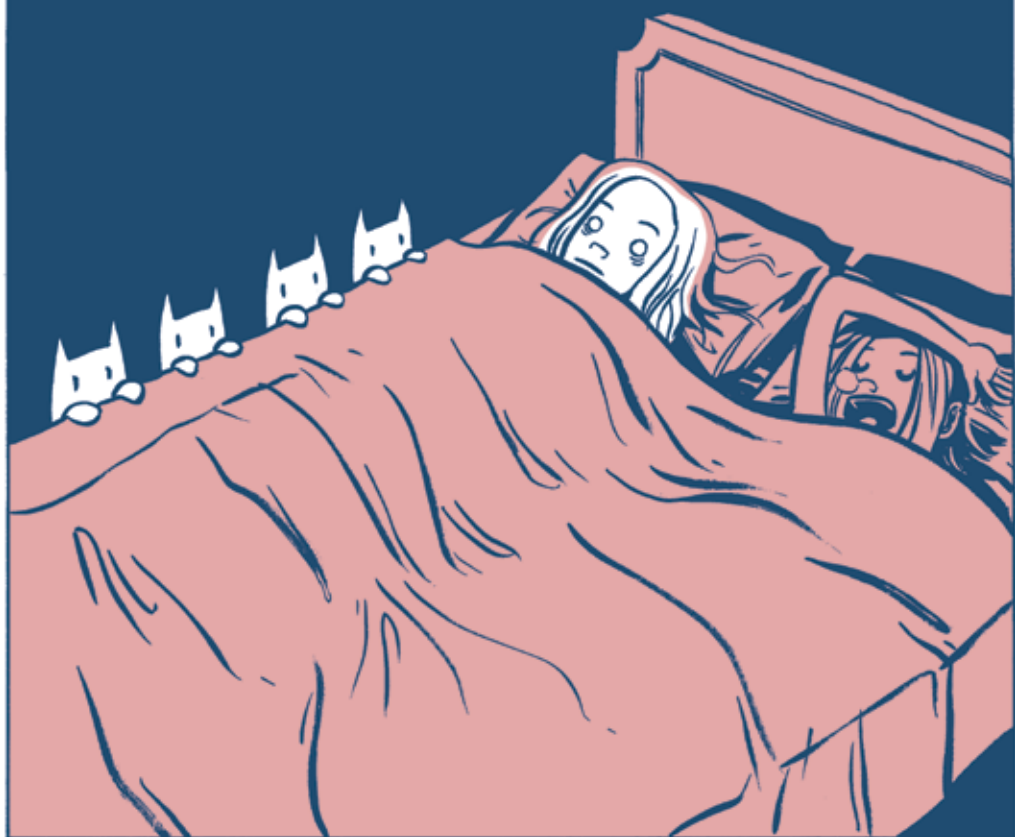



Can life really be like this?

I dream that I'm  
with him and that  
he has an infinity  
of cats in his little  
apartment and Stephanie-  
Stephanie KICKS.



Stephanie kicks me entirely  
awake and keeps me there.  
And I just keep thinking of  
cats, feeling surrounded by cats.  
Cats cats cats. Why cats?  
Why do I keep seeing cats?  
I'm allergic. I have very  
little experience with them.  
It doesn't make sense.



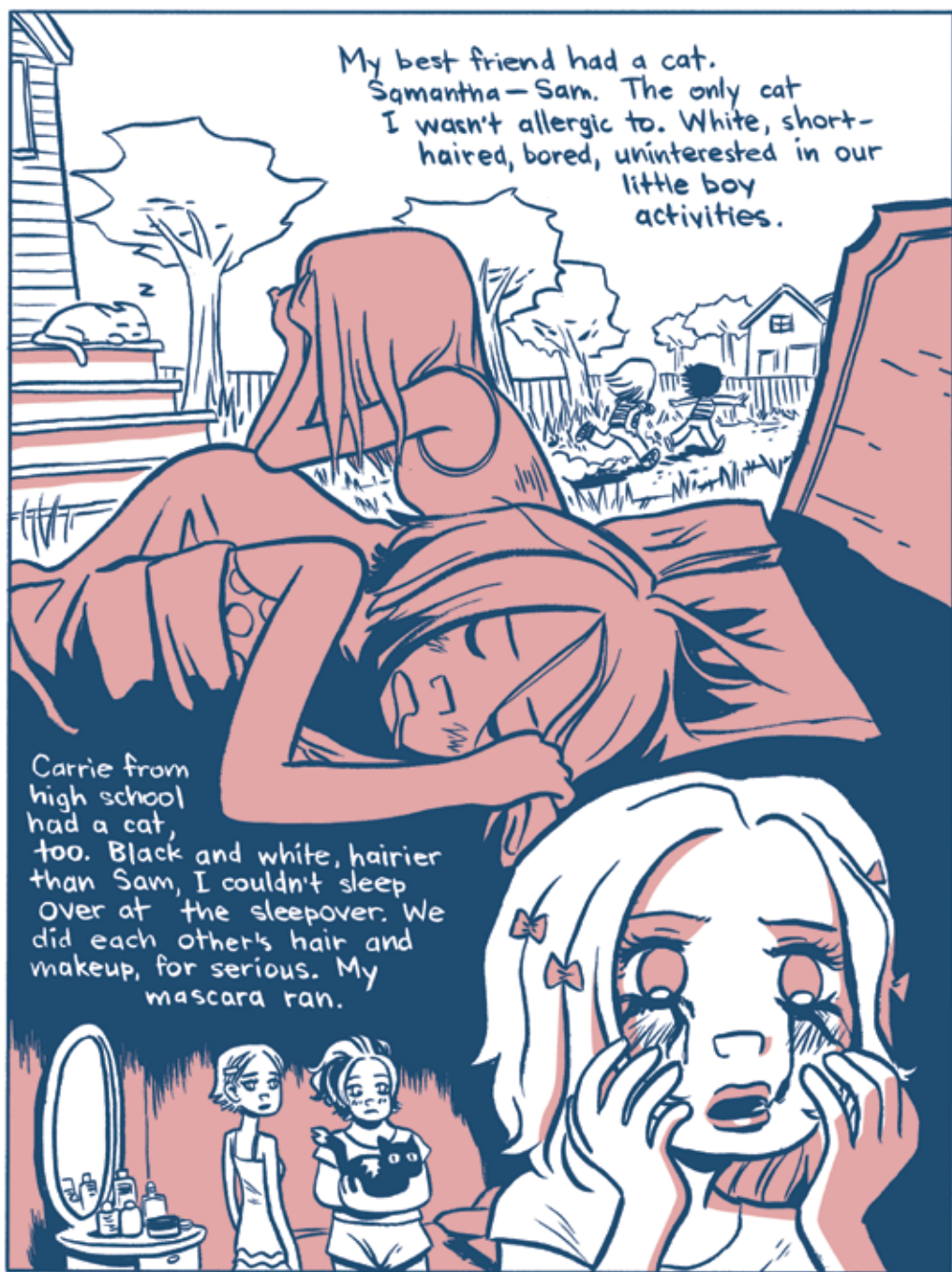


I lie awake. I think of cats.  
I think of Aunt Helen and  
her giant fuzzball under  
the bed, hissing  
and taking swipes at  
l'il Raleigh, age 6.  
We couldn't stay the  
night because my eyes  
wouldn't stop watering,  
my breath stopped coming.

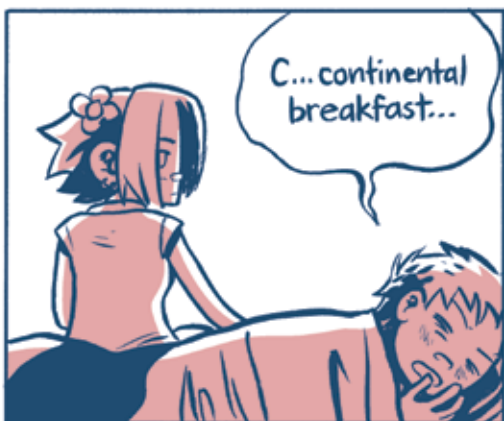
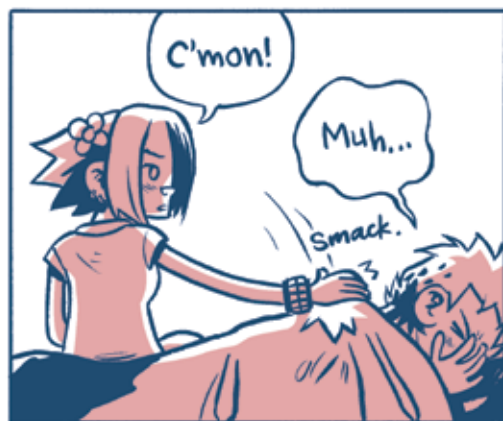
I had a scar on my  
arm my entire life and  
then, this year, I looked at  
that spot and realized  
it was gone.  
No more scar.  
Just a  
memory.

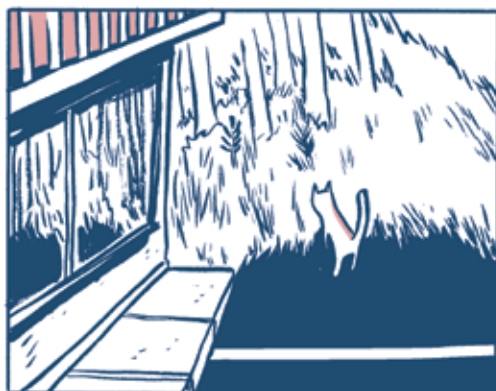


My best friend had a cat.  
Samantha—Sam. The only cat  
I wasn't allergic to. White, short-  
haired, bored, uninterested in our  
little boy  
activities.

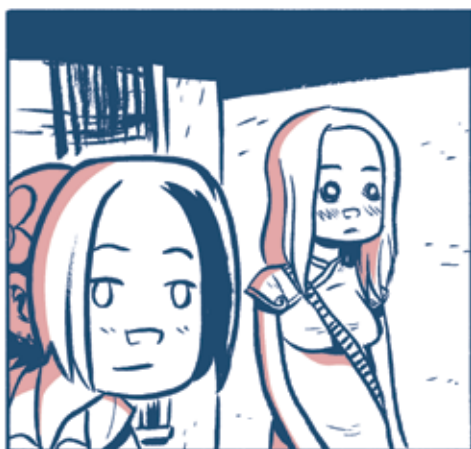
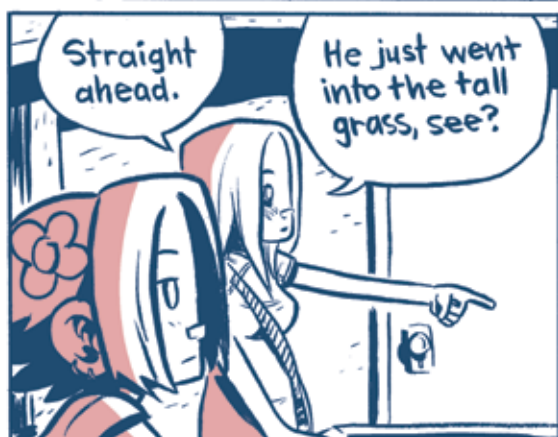
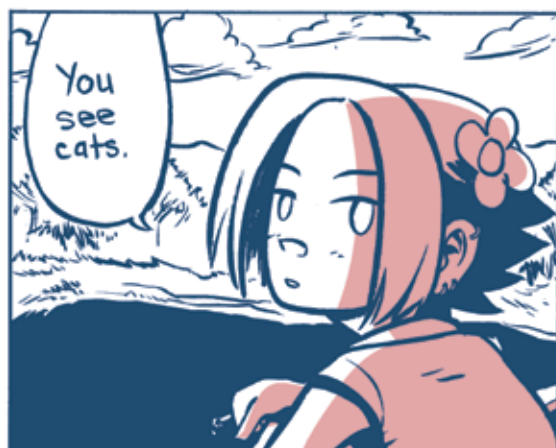


Carrie from  
high school  
had a cat,  
too. Black and white, hairier  
than Sam, I couldn't sleep  
over at the sleepover. We  
did each other's hair and  
makeup, for serious. My  
mascara ran.

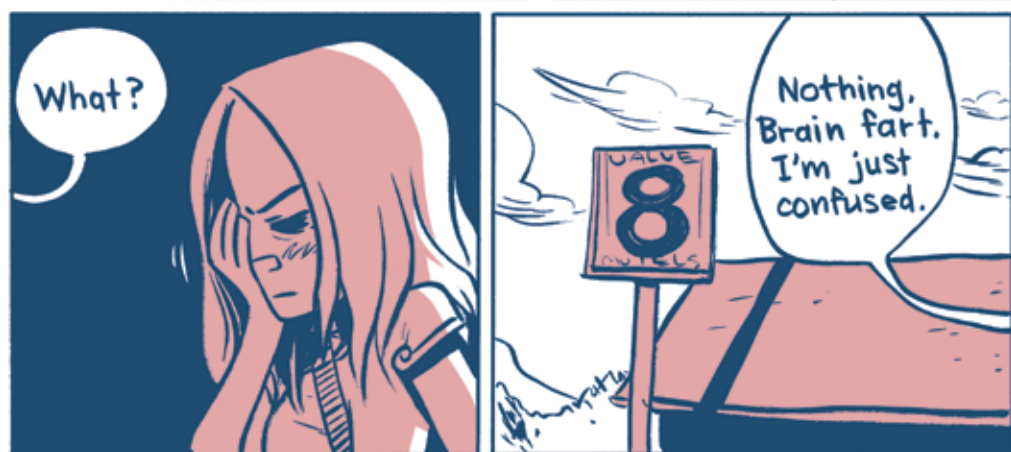
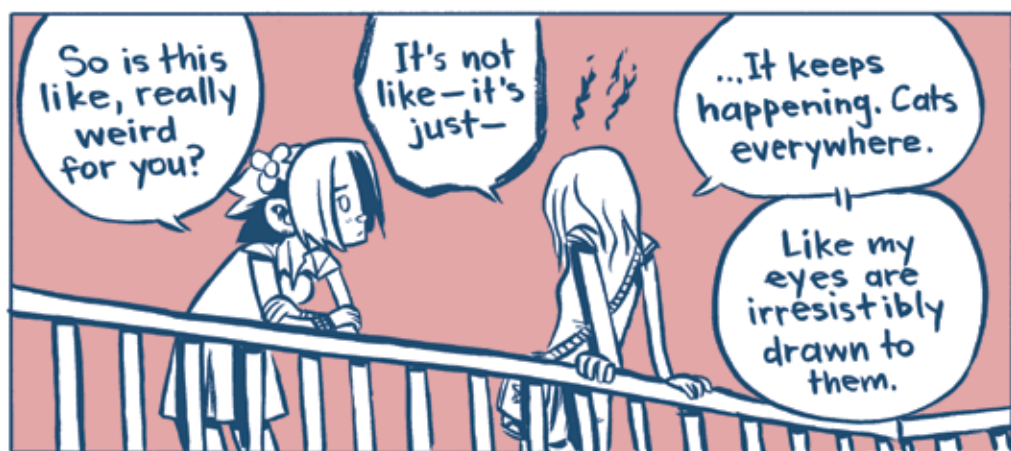












I'm just confused. Everything's confusing.  
Everything beautiful is far away, or maybe  
everything far away is beautiful.

It's like how the grass is  
greener on the other side.  
Grass just looks nicer from the  
other side, you know? Grass  
where you're standing looks  
like dirt with  
green hair.

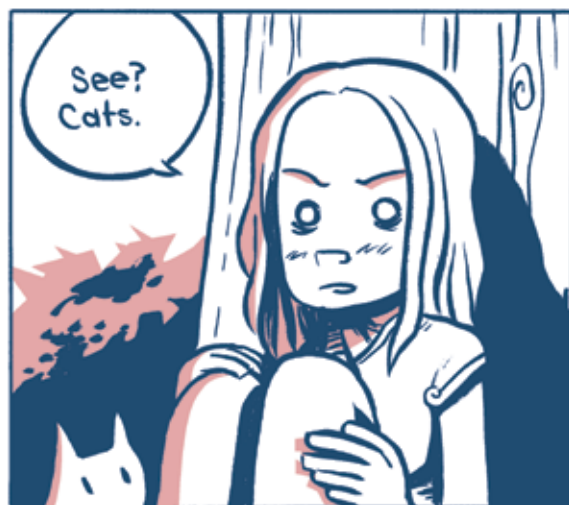


Right now I miss home and I miss  
my mom and my books and my Mac  
and my Stillman. The only  
thing I don't miss is this car  
and these kids. Is it  
weird that we only miss  
things when they're gone,  
or is that inherent in  
the meaning of  
the word?

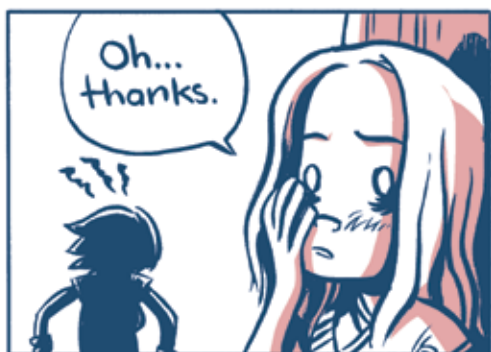


I wish I had my dictionary.













Time is funny today. Everything's kind of fucked. I think Dave and Ian maybe had breakfast at the motel, but Stephanie just smoked, and I just watched. Hours are slipping by in this kind of fugue state. My thoughts are sludge, and now all my favourite dress is doing is bringing back memories of you. Him. whatever.



Something else, something else... I got this dress for the graduation dinner my mom held supposedly for me. She throws dinner parties for scary expensive people. I guess you could call her a socialite? Some of her people are pretty famous and important. I think she knows that one guy. Yeah. Okay. I forget.

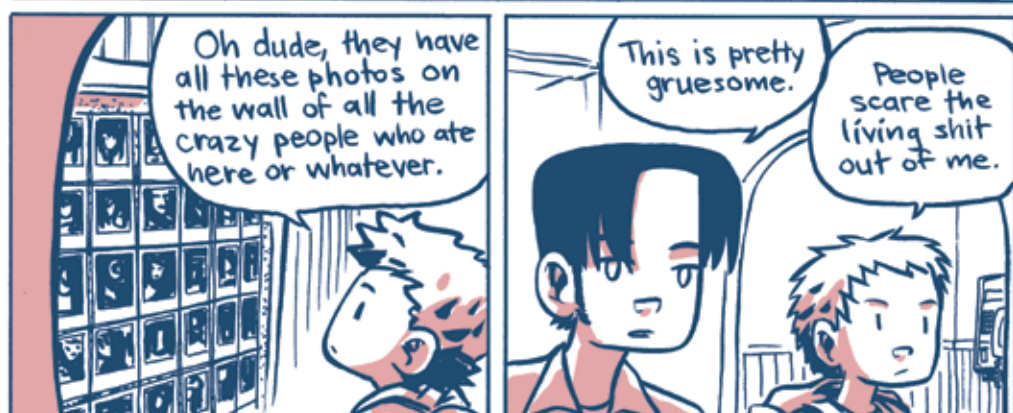
Mom means business; she has a job that I don't even hardly understand, and she hardly talks about it, and I guess I'm generally not that interested. But she makes money. Anytime I had someone over in high school they would comment on the niceness of the house, the things.

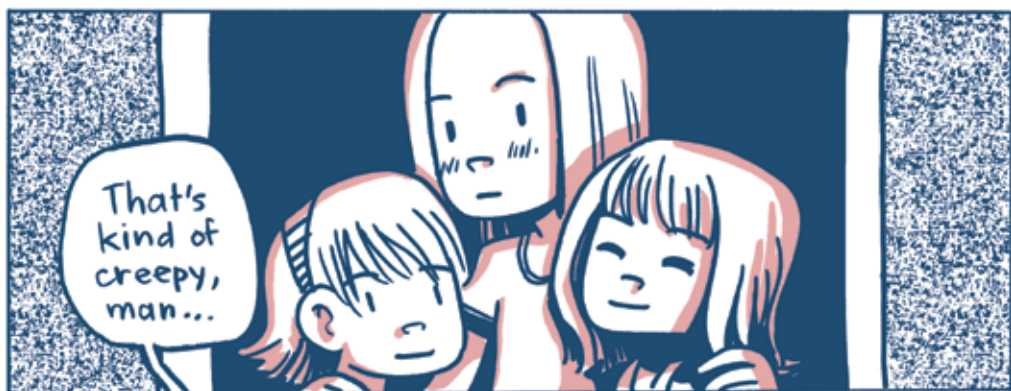
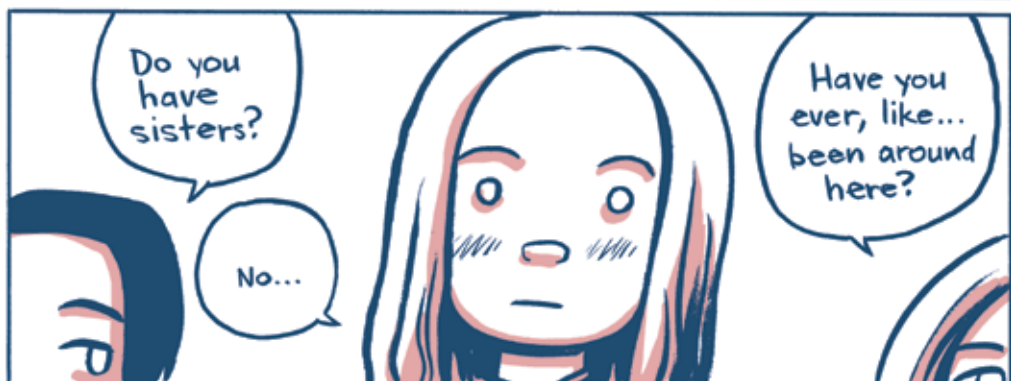
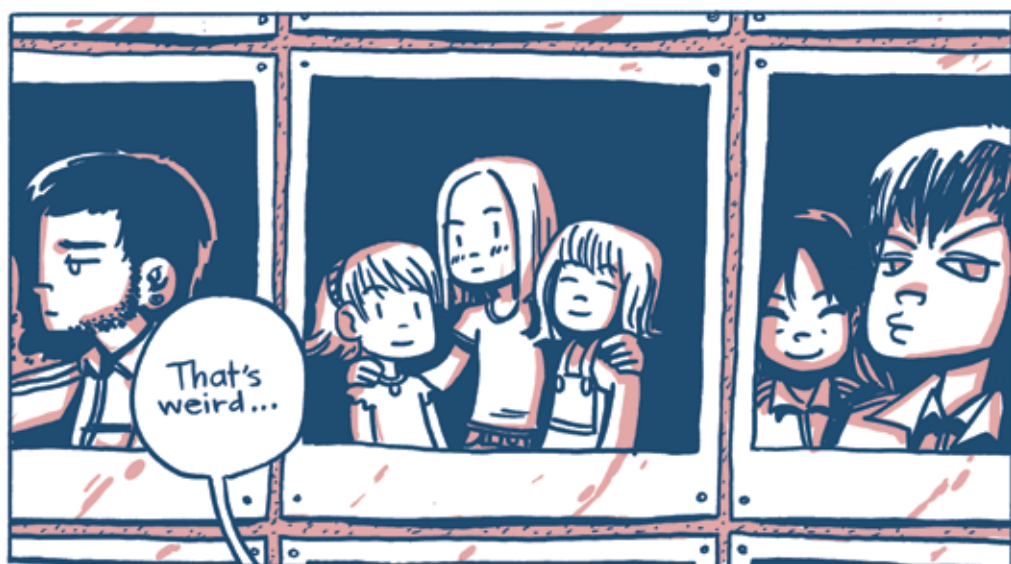


Our things were not as nice before we moved, before the divorce. Something happened in between, she got the nice job or something, that summer, or something.



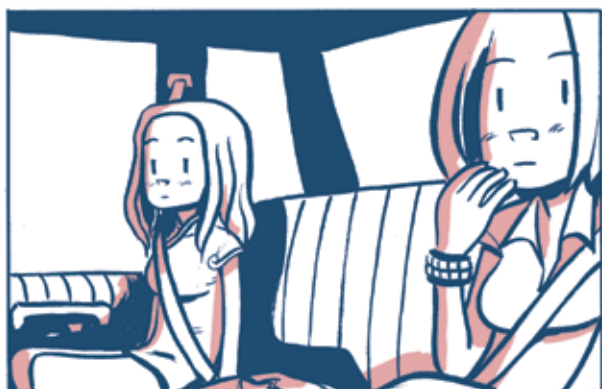




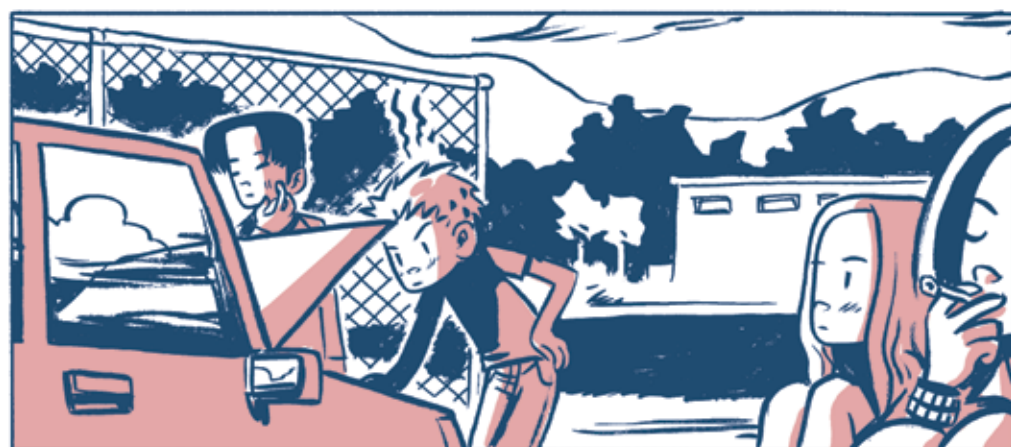
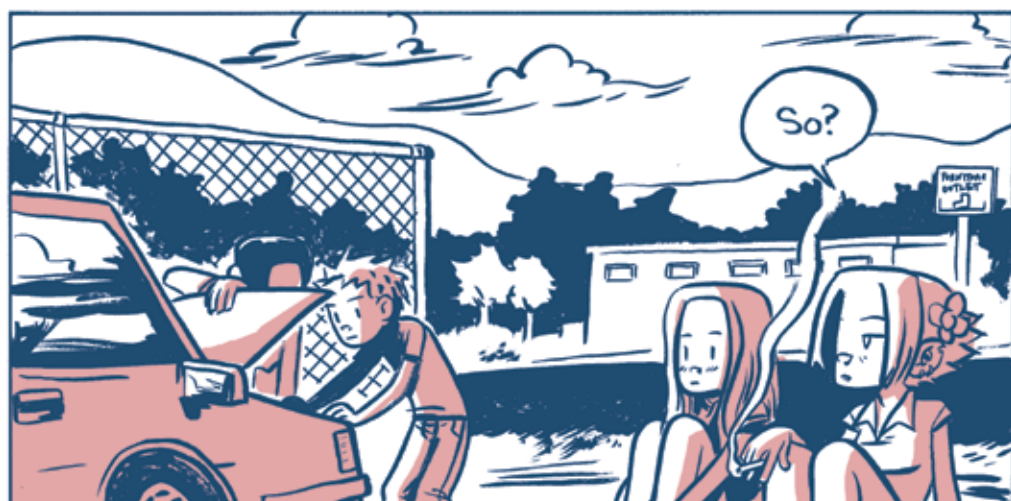


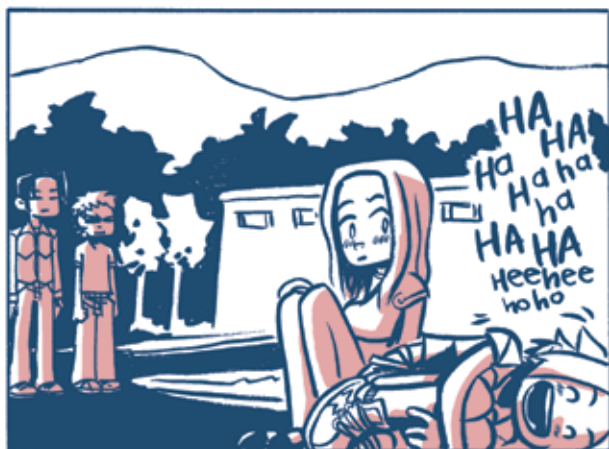
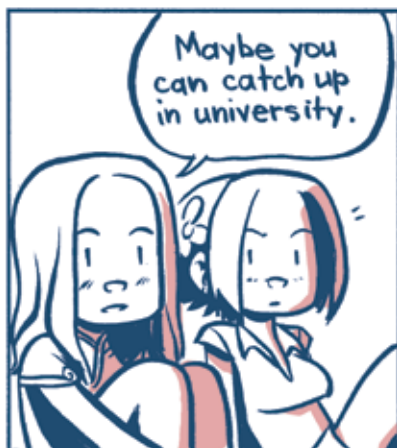
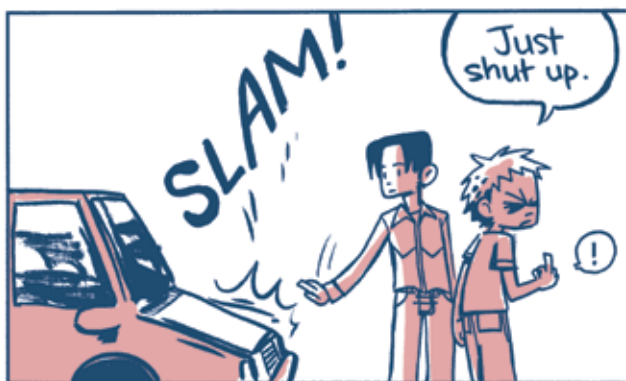




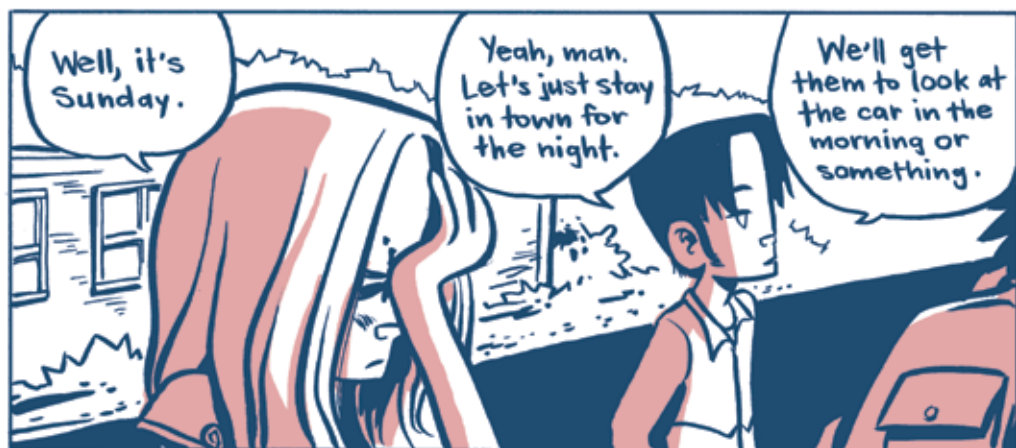






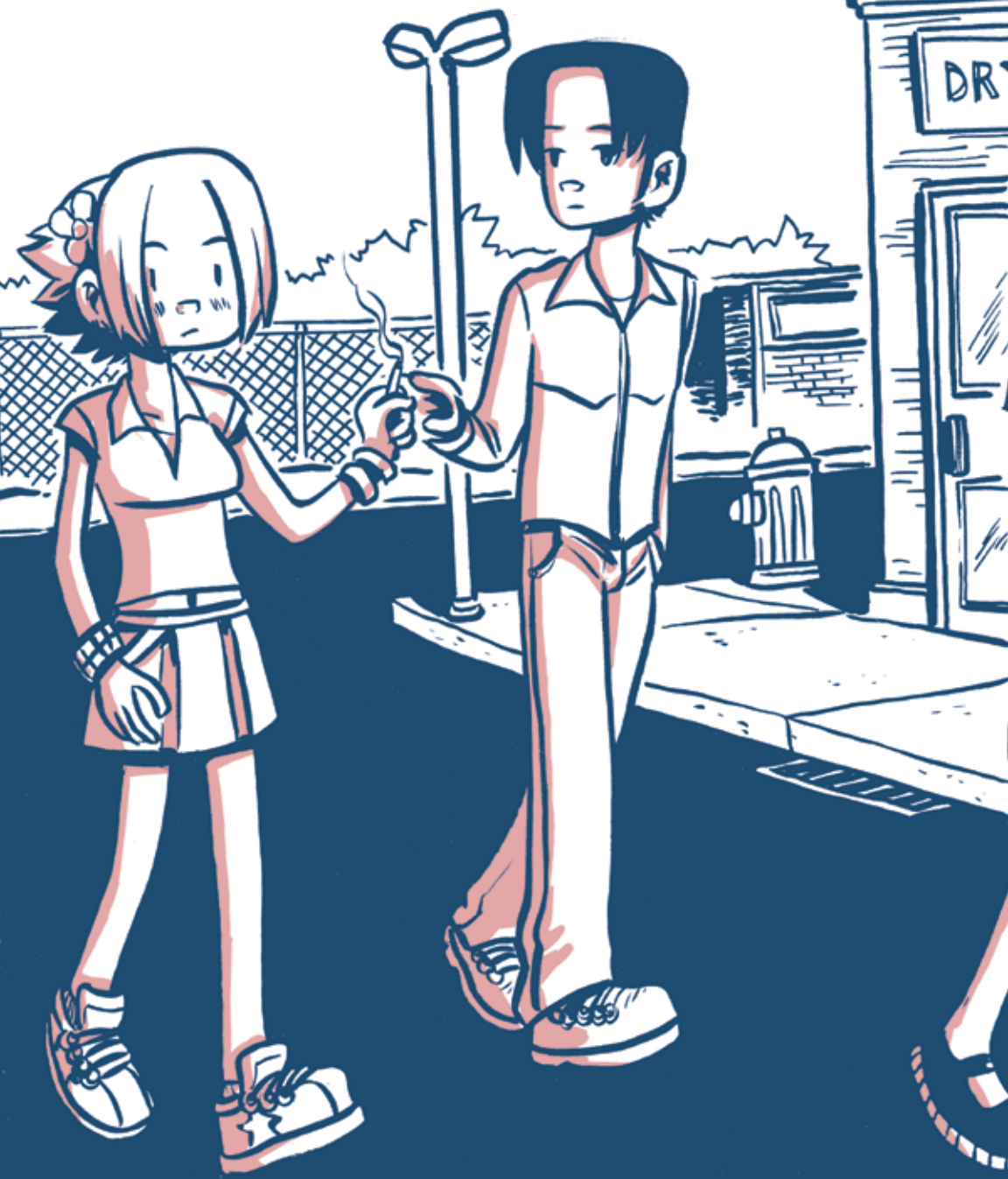


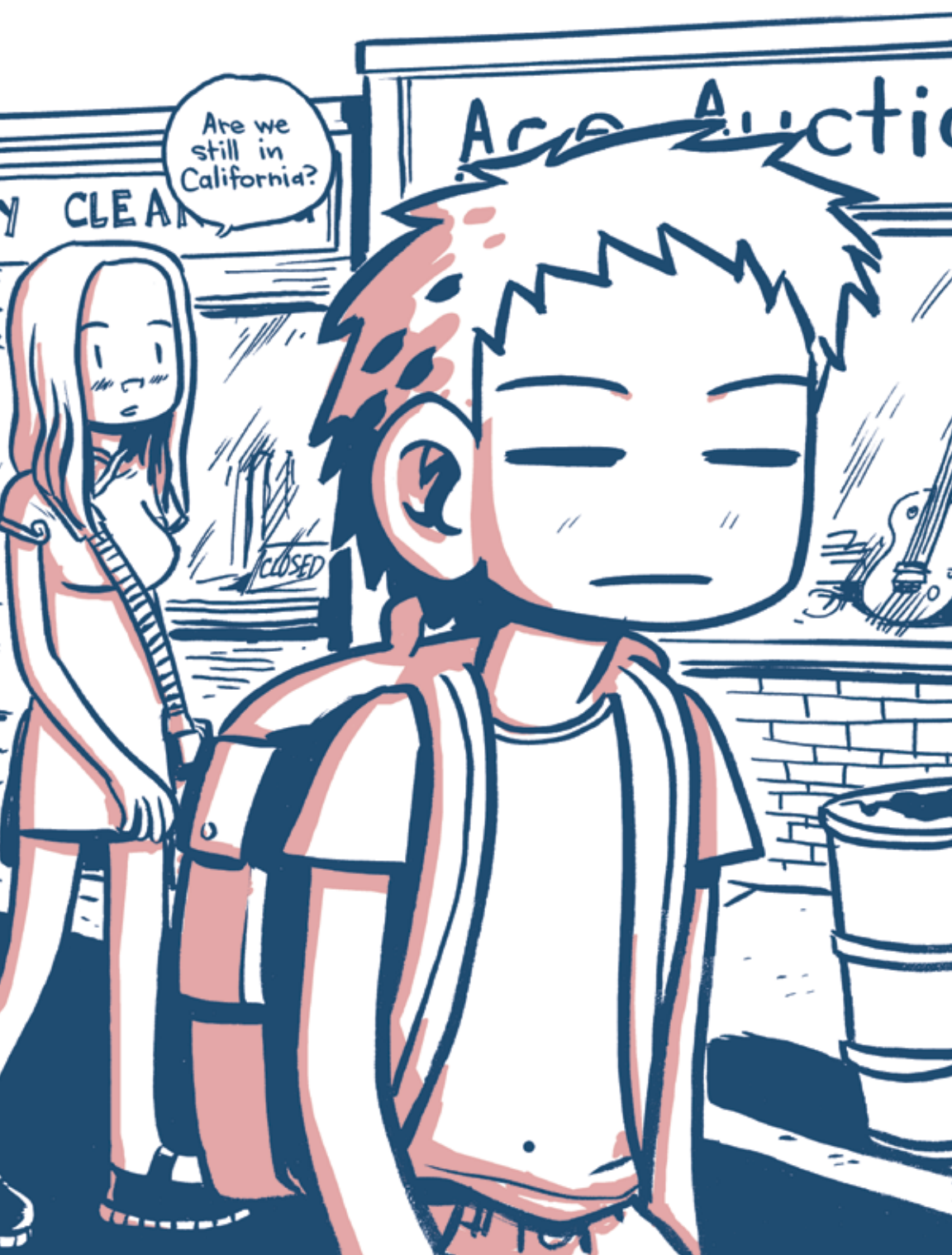


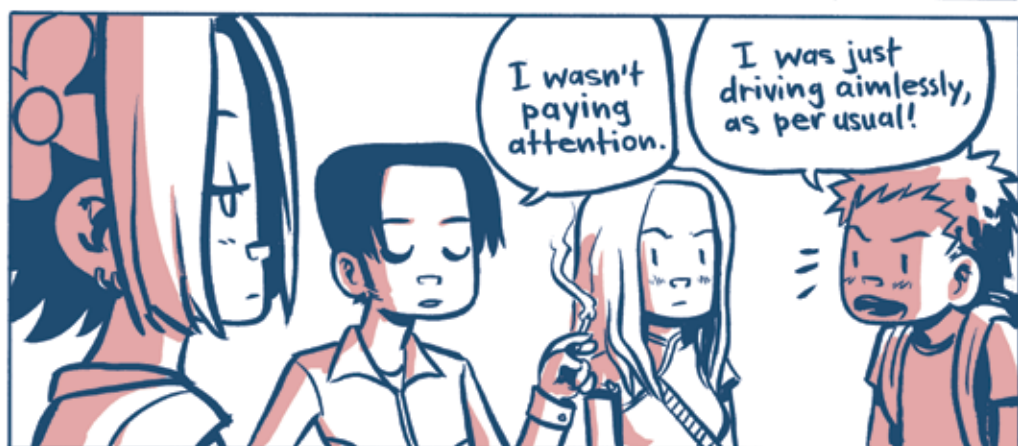
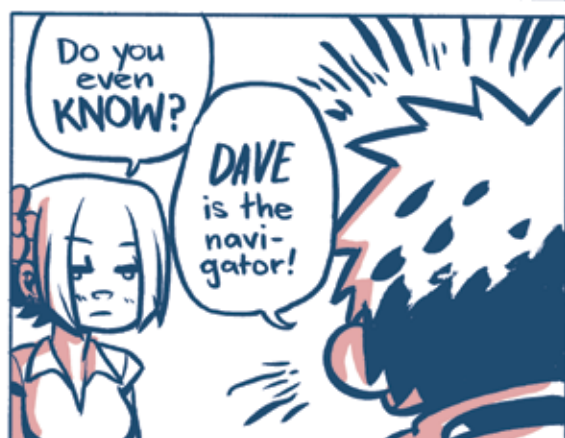
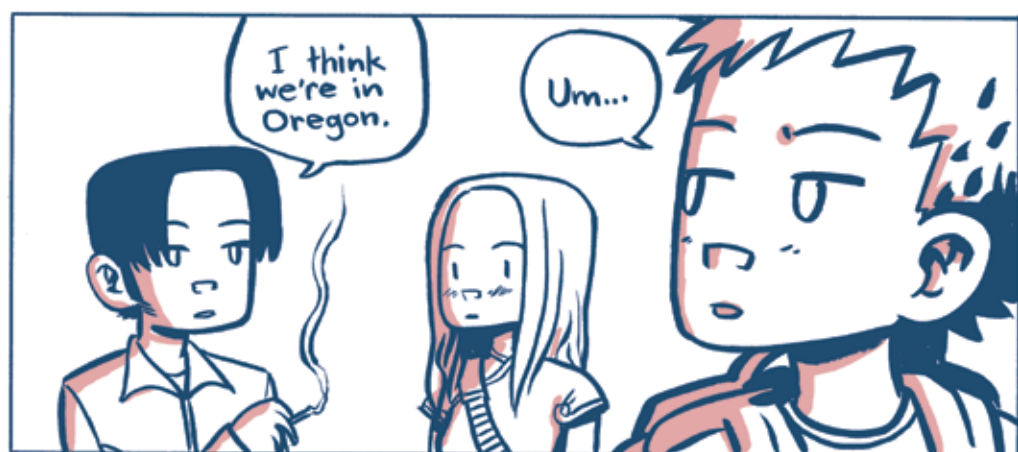


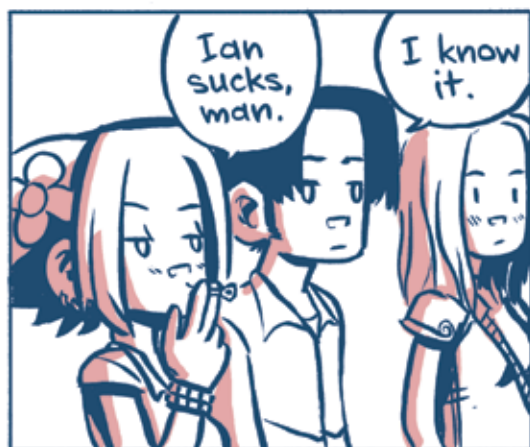
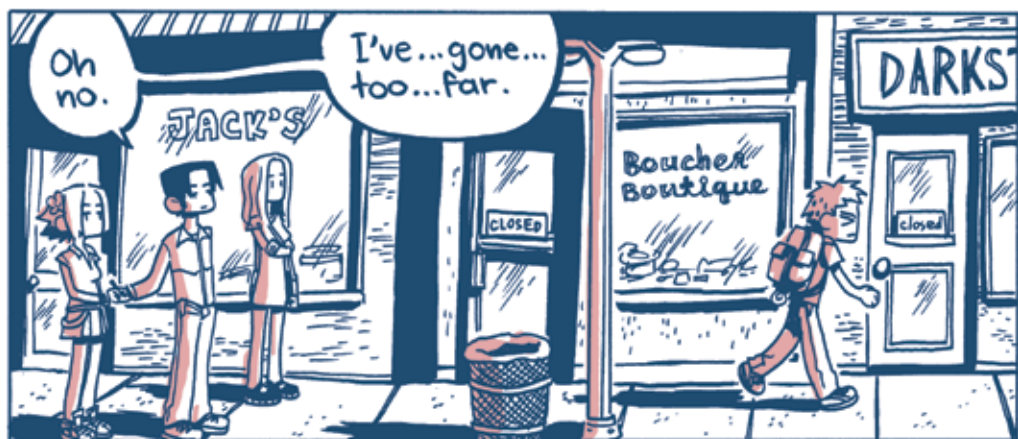
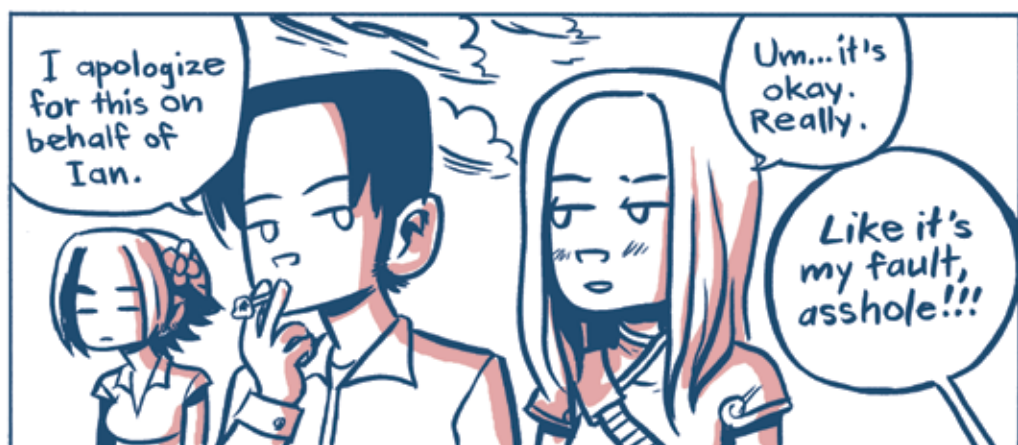


Do you believe in fate? Do I believe in fate?  
Would fate put me in the same places again and  
again, putting all the pieces of the puzzle right  
in front of my nose? Is there even a puzzle?  
Why do I keep asking questions and not  
answering any of them? Where the hell are we?  
Are we still in California?

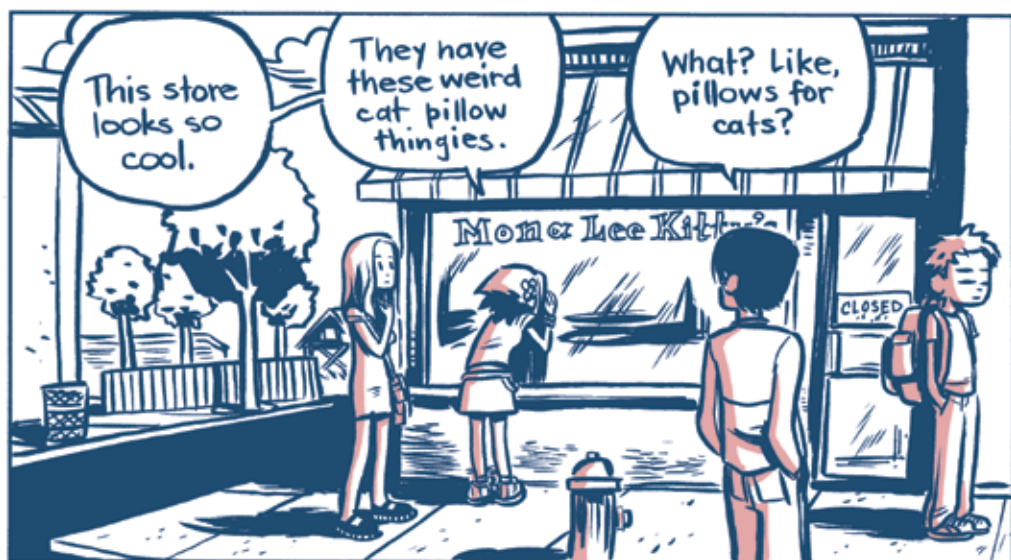




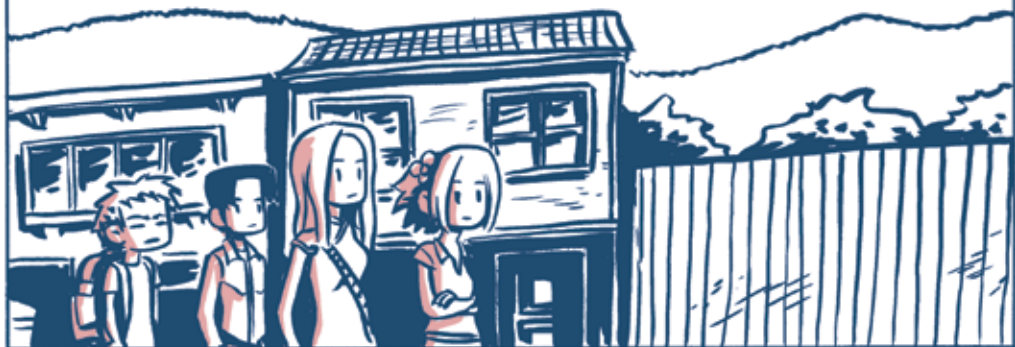








This doesn't bother me, the waiting.  
The meandering. The not getting anywhere. Life is  
like that, right? When we were little, my best  
friend and I would always go down the paths we hadn't  
been down before, even if they usually went nowhere—  
even if we didn't know where we were. Road trips with my  
dad behind the wheel— yeah. You can imagine.  
Aimlessness has been a way of life.



This specific trip, even,  
California to home: this isn't the first time I've taken it.  
This trip is a recurring theme for me. I'm sure it means  
something, but I'm kind of bad at taking meaning from  
things that way. The cats, the road, mom, California,  
Vancouver and everything in between. It means  
something to have no soul and no friends  
and too many cats that I can't even  
touch. What does it mean?



That summer when I was 14, after my best friend left, after my dad left, the summer before high school. I think I still had my soul, because I don't remember being a horrible person. Mom put me in the car and we drove down to Modesto, CA, to Aunt Lynette's. She takes care of foster kids and she took care of us, too, until mom said she was ready to go face the world again.

And then we drove back. The same trip. The same route. The route of not knowing or caring when you'll get home, just sort of assuming you'll get there eventually. Maybe we even stopped in this town. California. Somewhere. Maybe Oregon. And mom had a new purpose, a new drive, and things got better for her. She put things behind her.



This place is pretty sketchy, eh?







I don't want to think about what it's like to be my friend. I don't want to think about Carrie and Leah and the way I'll blow them off all summer and the way we'll never really be close again. Or the way I'll spend more time with Stephanie and the boys and eventually my new UBC friends. How mad Stephanie will get sometimes. How fragile it'll all be. How I'll destroy Dave's heart all over again. I don't want to, but I think about all of it.



NO

All my stupid little thoughts beget stupid little thoughts, rampantly speculating every possible outcome of every possible situation until they're all done to death and none of them could ever be true.

What happened after my best friend left is that I couldn't make friends anymore, or I could make them but I couldn't enjoy them, I couldn't relate to them. And something weird is happening and I can't sleep. This is too familiar. This is too much.

meow.

meow?



# NO

I'm living the dream. Usually when they say that, it's a good thing, right? Maybe this thing that's been comforting me is a nightmare. How messed up am I when my only consolation is a nightmare?

meow

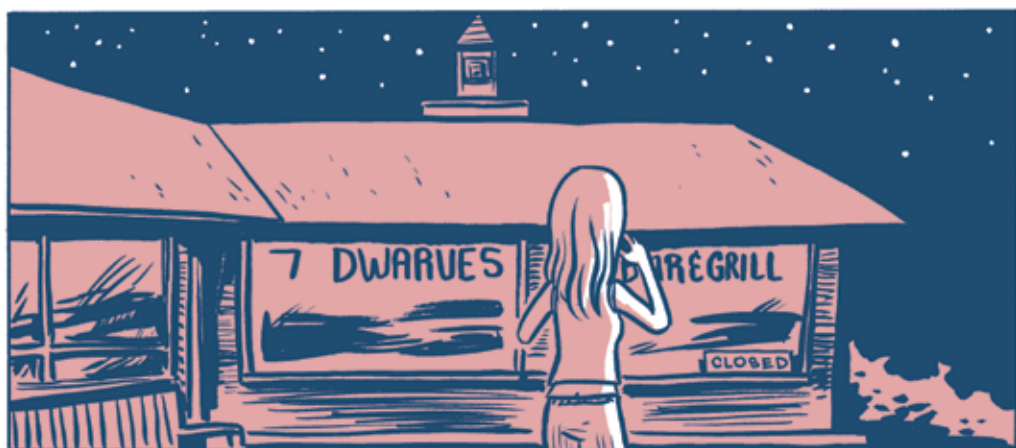
meow  
meow!











My heart is pounding. My mind is racing. My imagination is working overtime. So what if I have no soul? What if there was a bad man in the hotel bar, what if my business-minded mom saw a way to get what she wanted? What if the cats mean something? What if everything is evidence? What if it all makes so much sense?

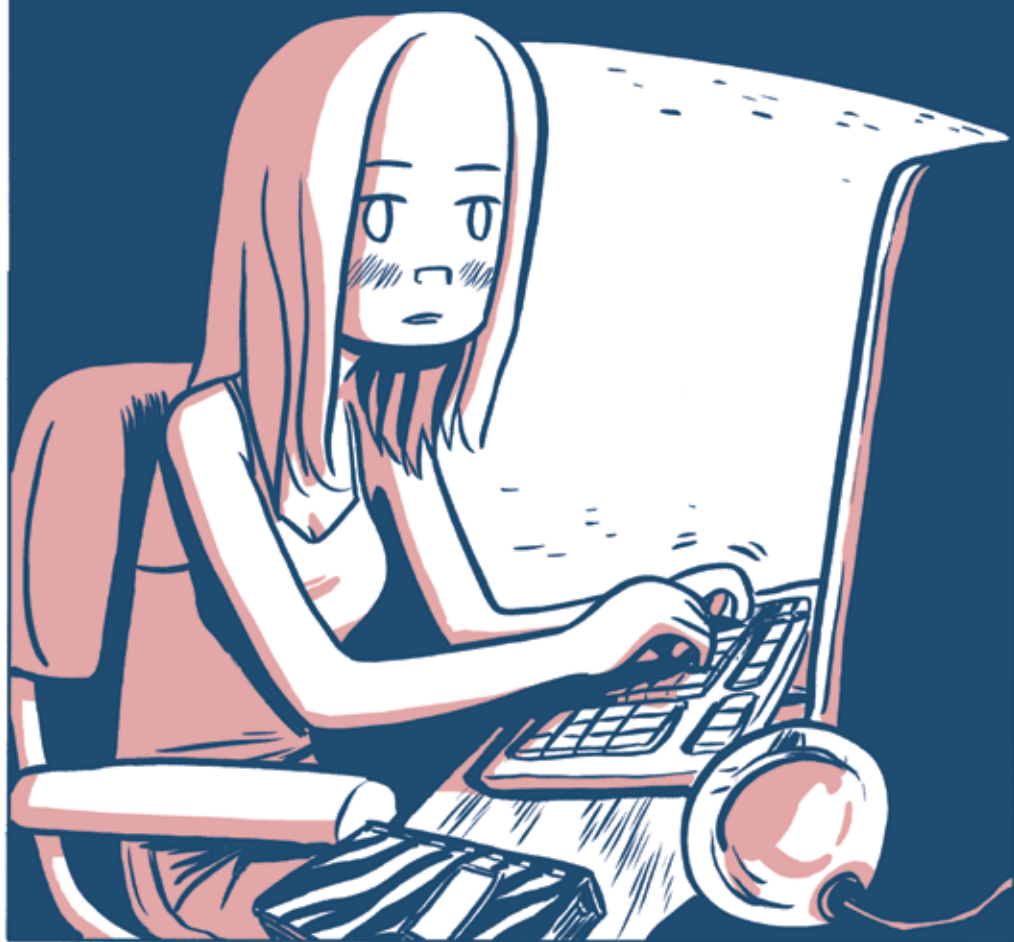




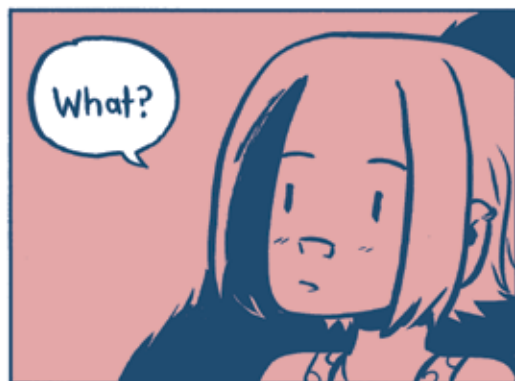
I've never  
thought of  
myself as a  
talker



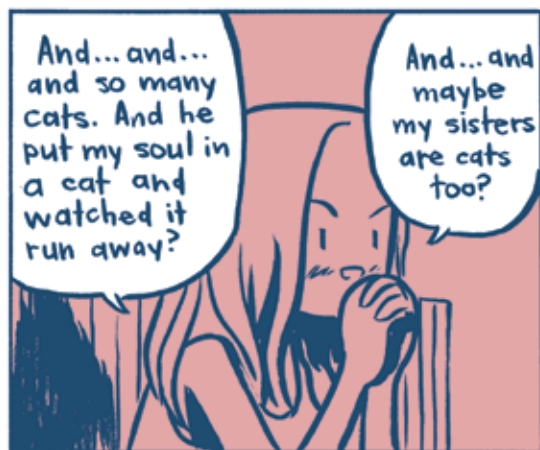
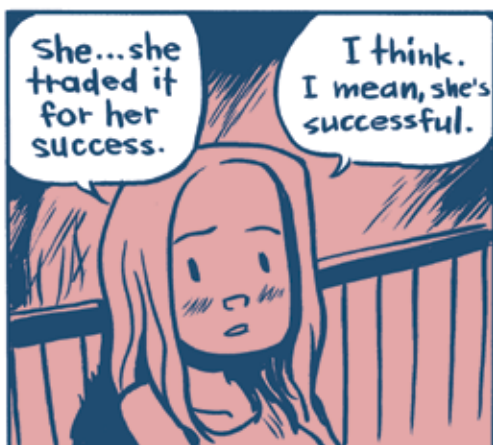
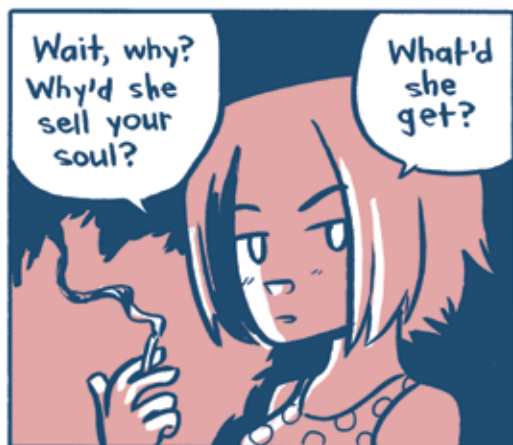
but  
sometimes...



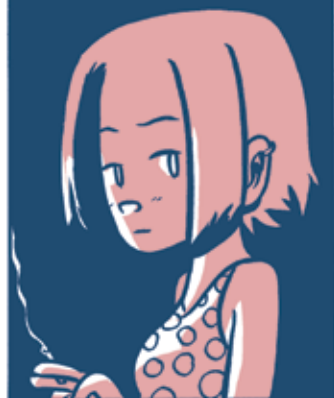








Silence. What's  
she thinking?



Am I insane?



Am I retarded?



Cats,  
eh?



Uh...  
yeah.



I mean,  
I guess my  
soul is in  
a cat.

Somewhere  
in this town,  
or something.

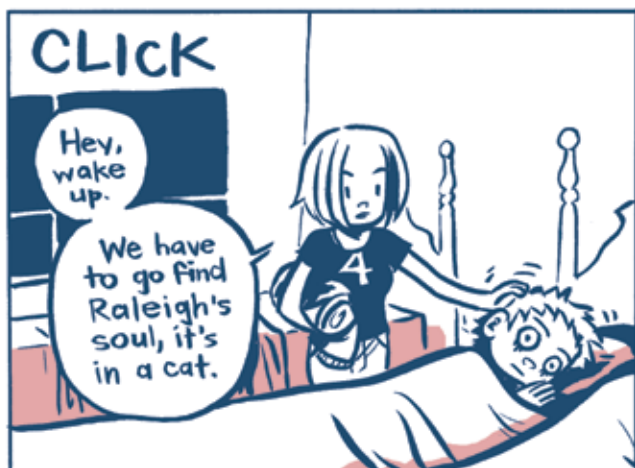
So why  
don't we  
go find  
it?



...What?

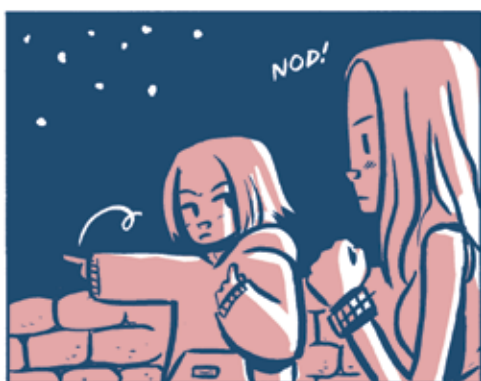
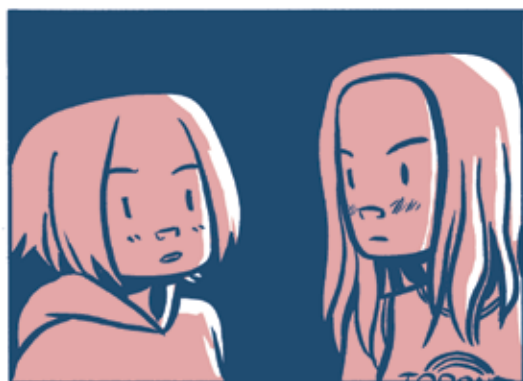




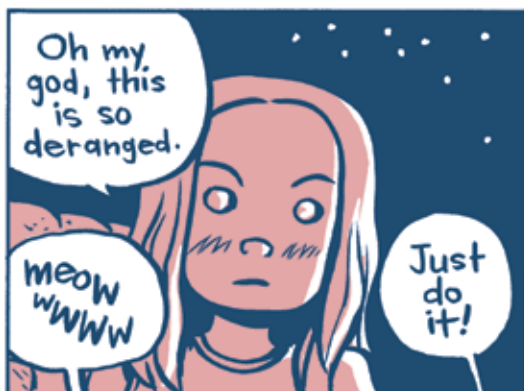


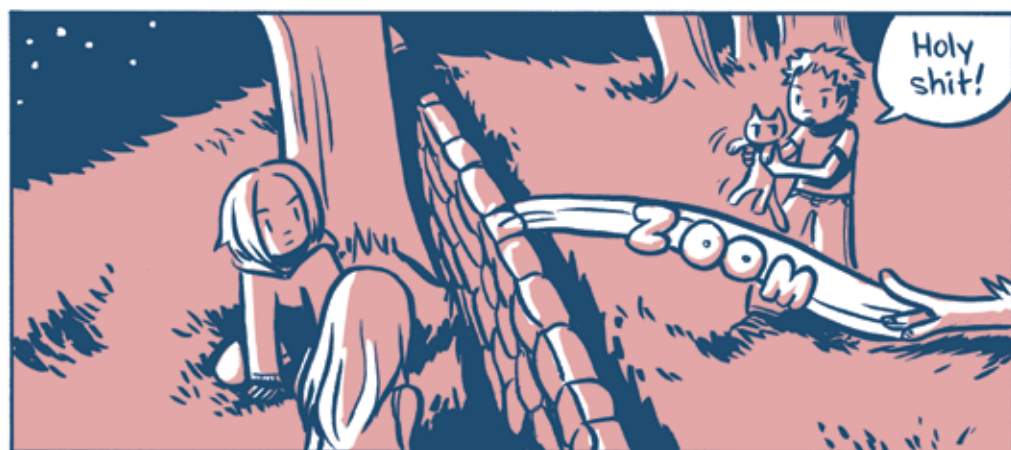


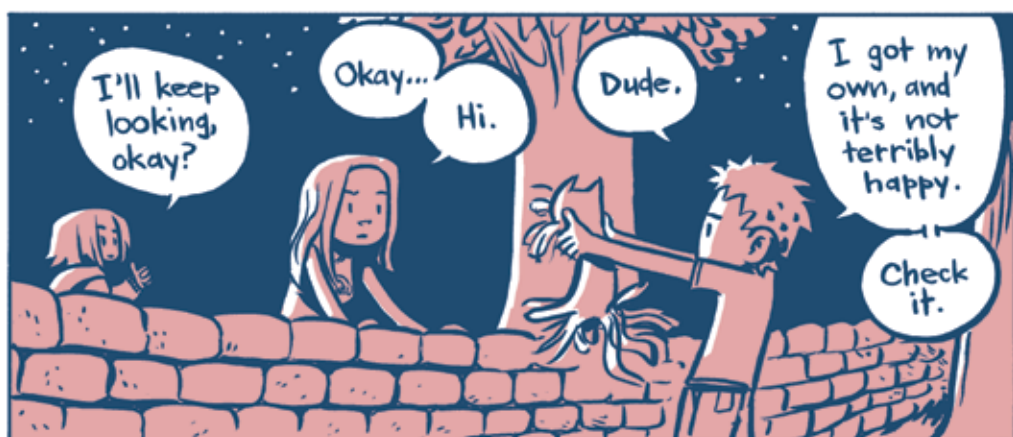


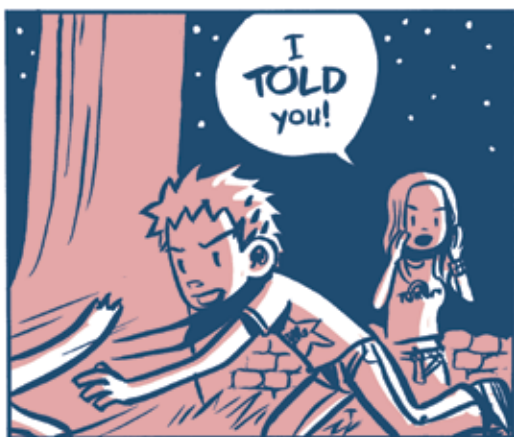
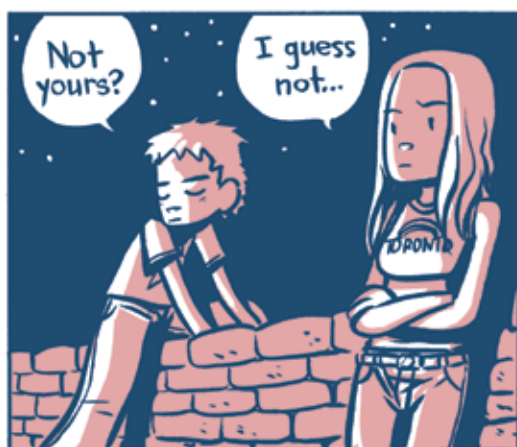

















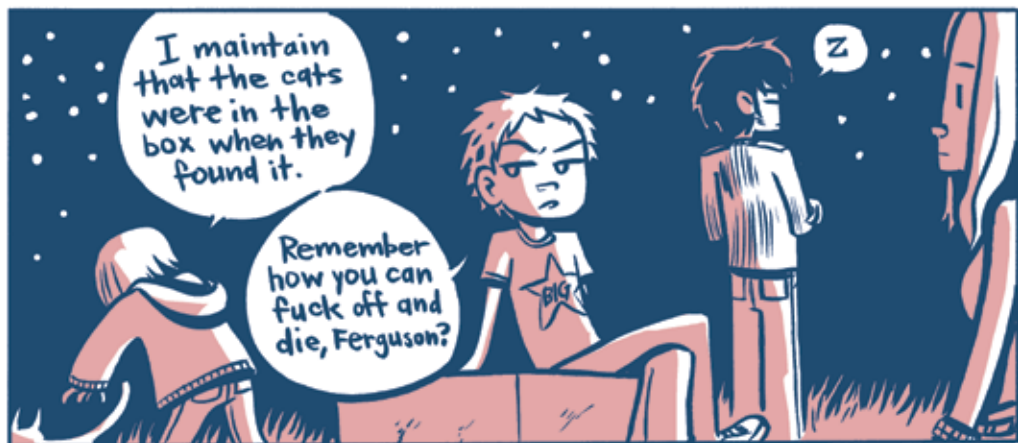


Every time you look up at the stars, it's like opening a door. You could be anyone, anywhere. You could be yourself at any moment in your life. You open that door and you realize you're the same person under the same stars. Camping out in the backyard with your best friend, eleven years old. Sixteen, driving alone, stopping at the edge of the city, looking up at the same stars. Walking a wooded path, kissing in the moonlight, look up and you're eleven again. Chasing cats in a tiny town, you're eleven again, you're sixteen again. You're in a rowboat. You're staring out the back of a car. Out here where the world begins and ends, it's like nothing ever stops happening.









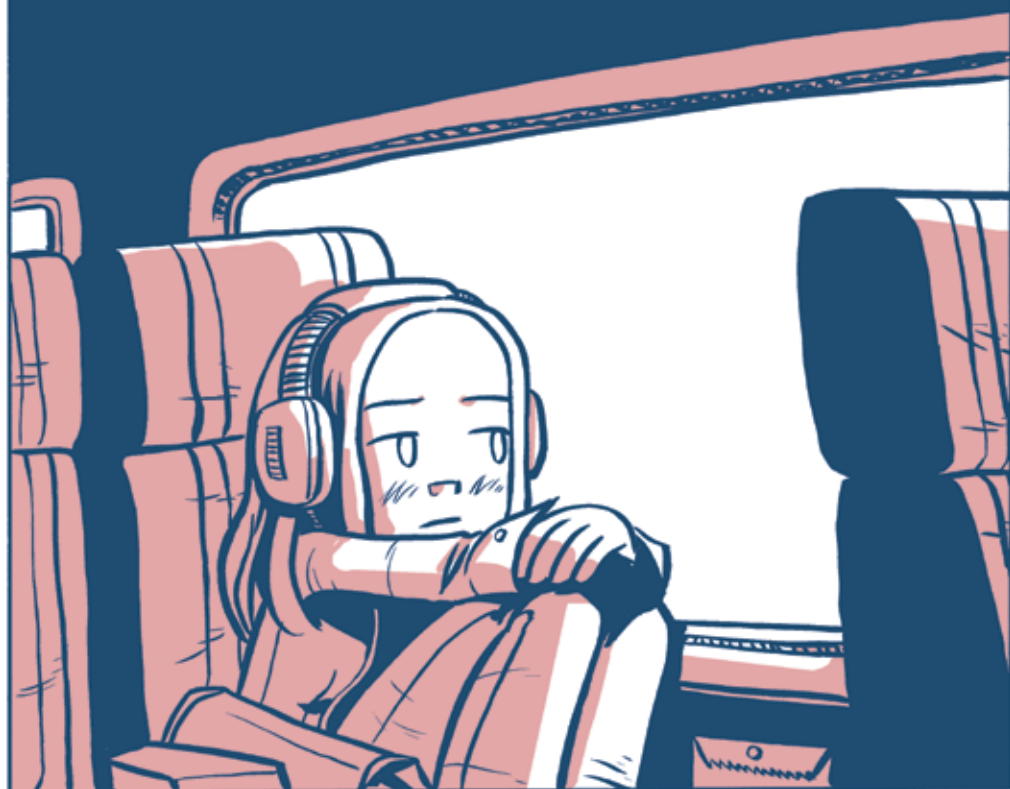






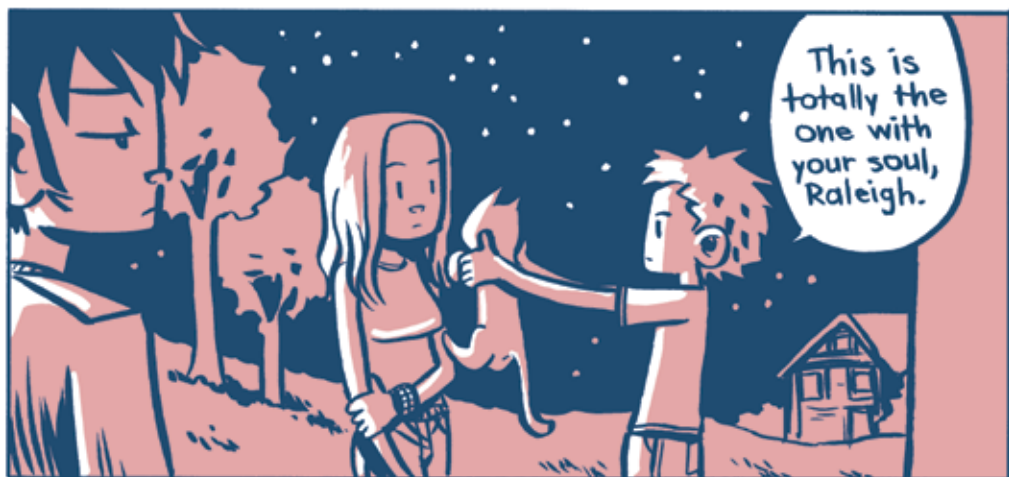


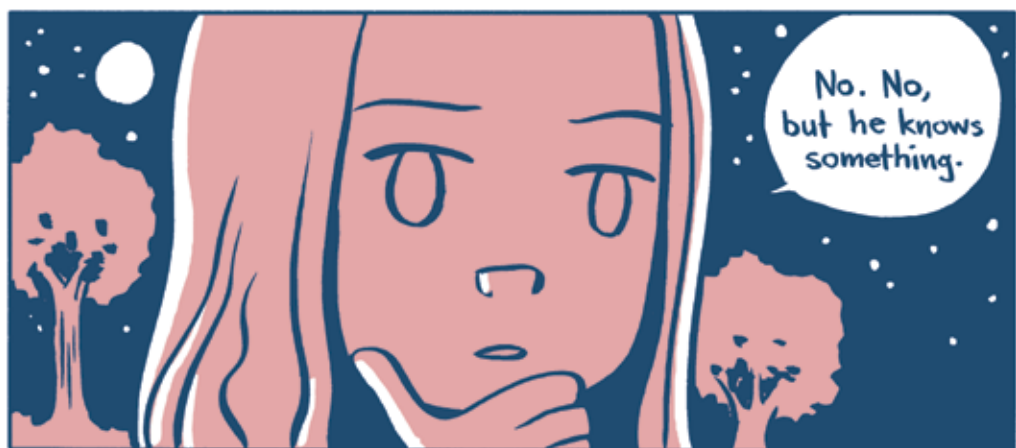
Why am I here, chasing cats in the middle of the night? Why was I in California? Why is anything? The reason, the real reason, the primary secret sort of reason that I went to California, to Berkeley, is because Stillman wanted to meet me. Stillman, Stillman, Stillman. I put myself on a train, told my mother that I was visiting my father, took myself and my things across the horrible border and Washington and Oregon and into his arms.



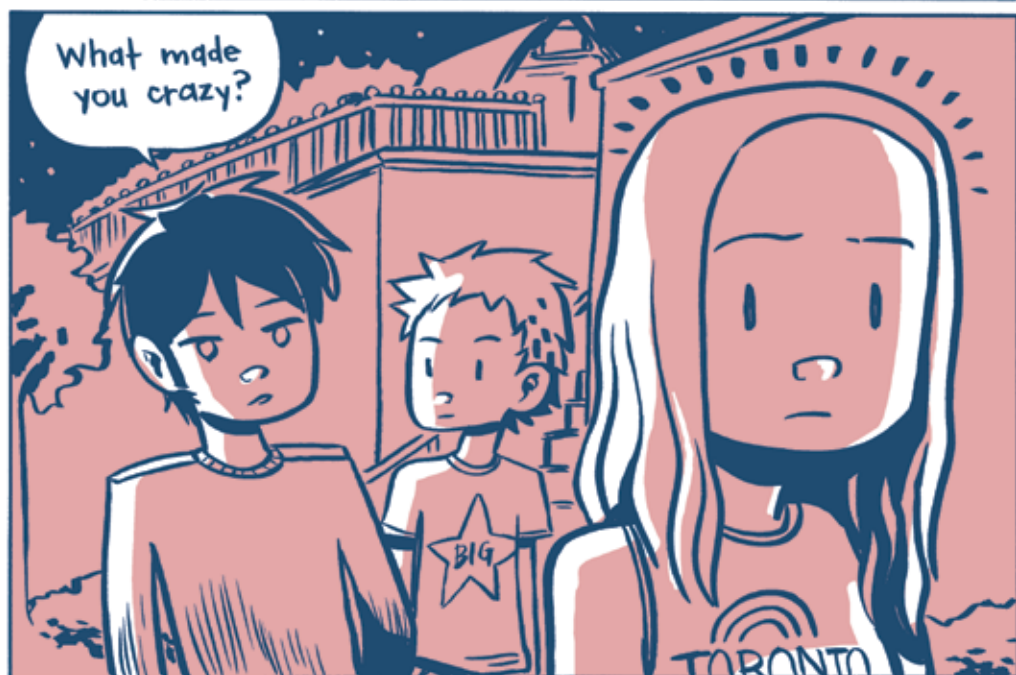


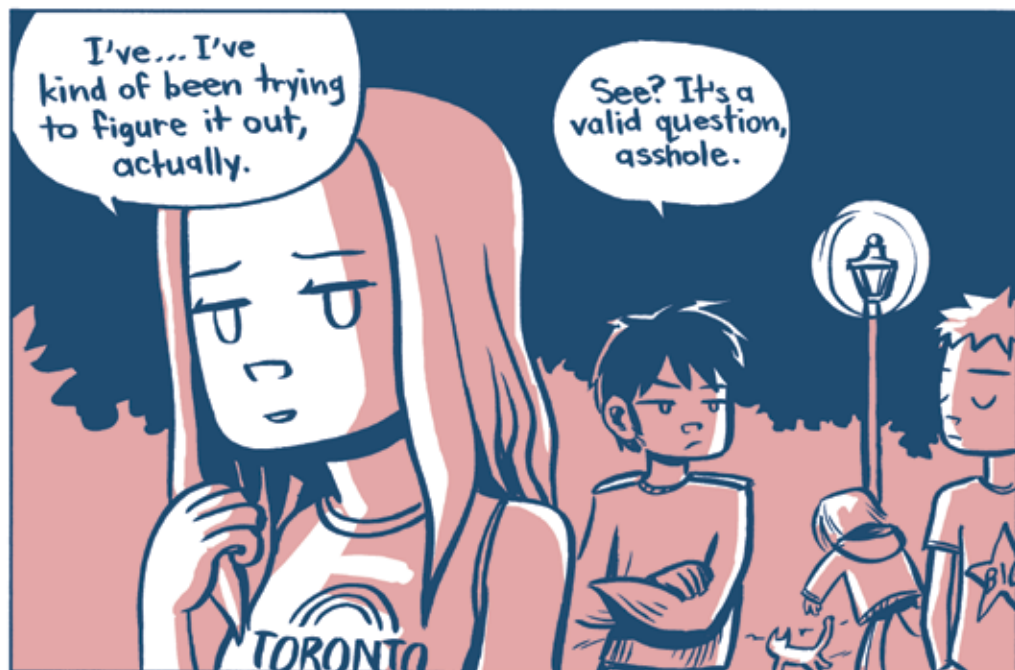
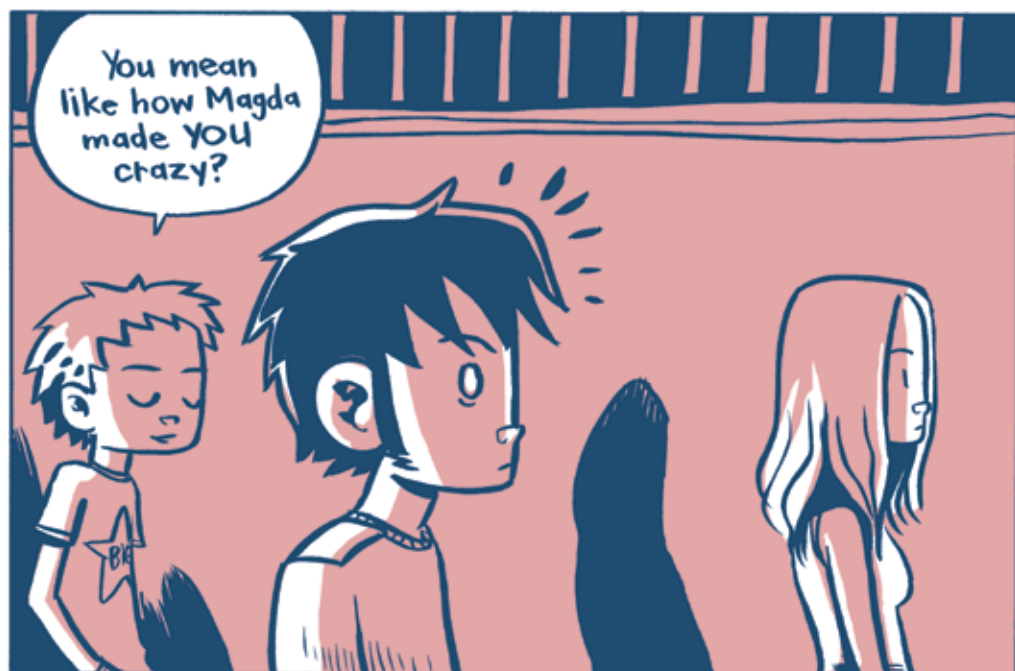
And he was good. He was as good as such a thing ever could possibly be. He was good and right and everything was perfect and painless and I didn't stumble on words or lead conversations into painful dead ends. We made sandwiches and cooked pasta and kissed in the moonlight. The perfect guy turned out to be the perfect guy and we did everything and then I had to leave and—

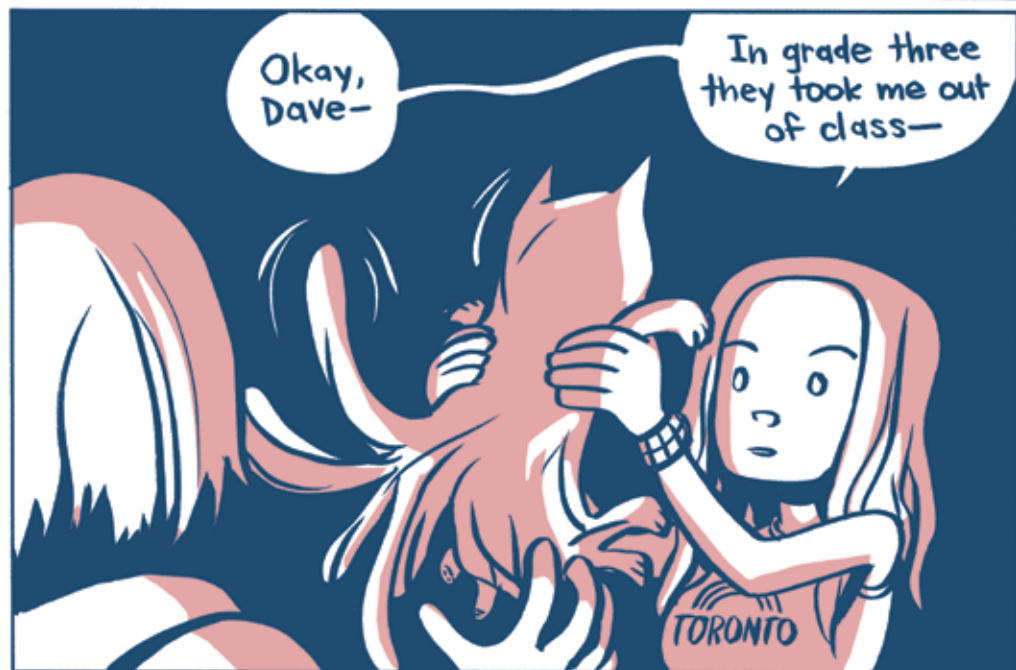


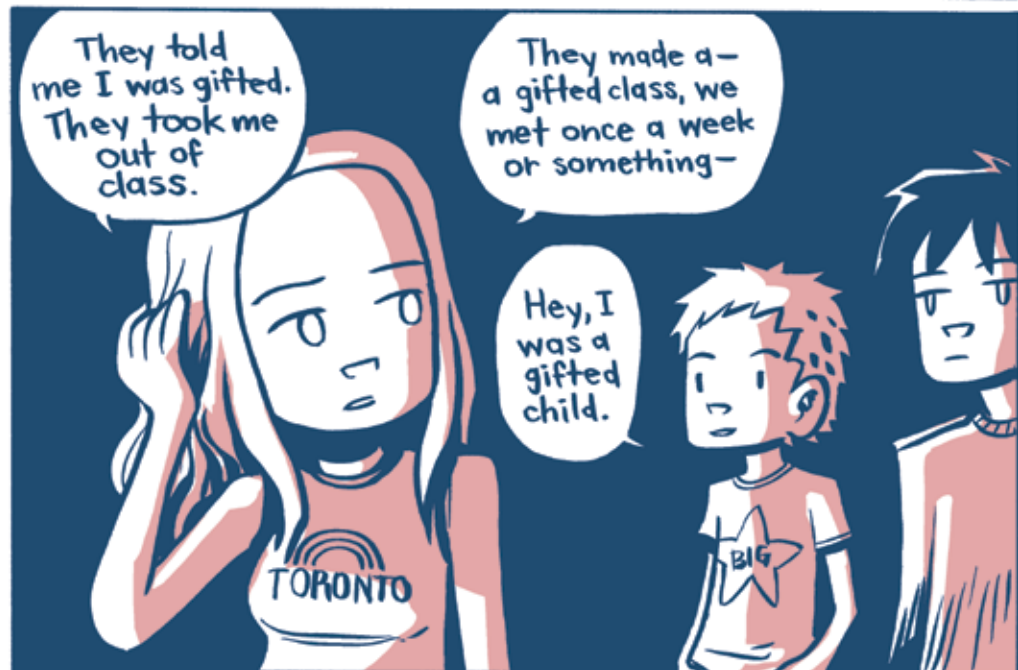
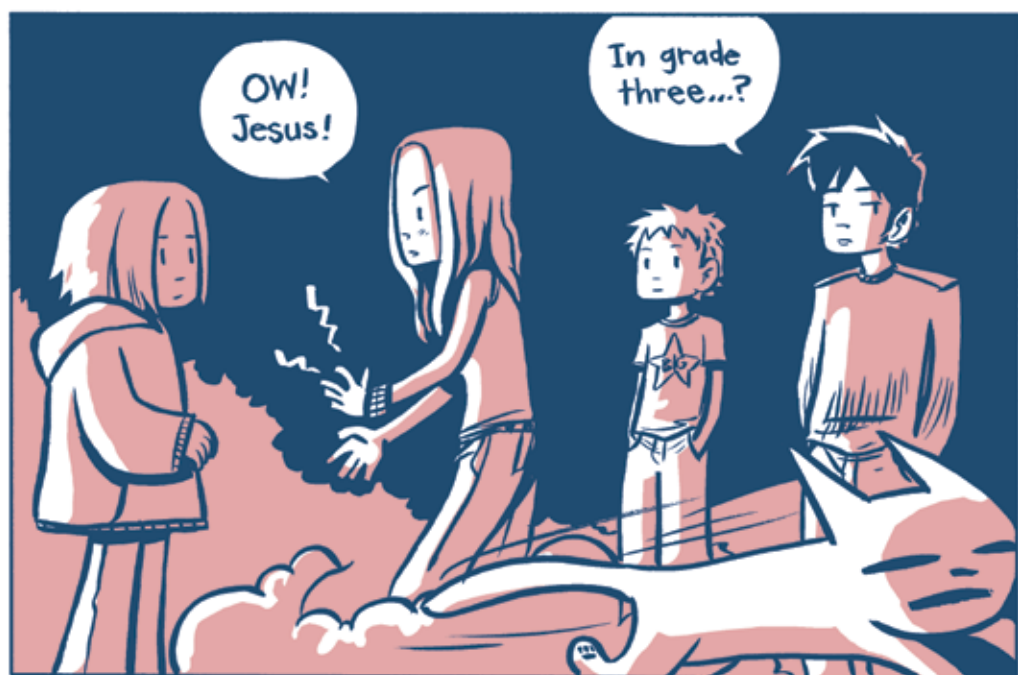




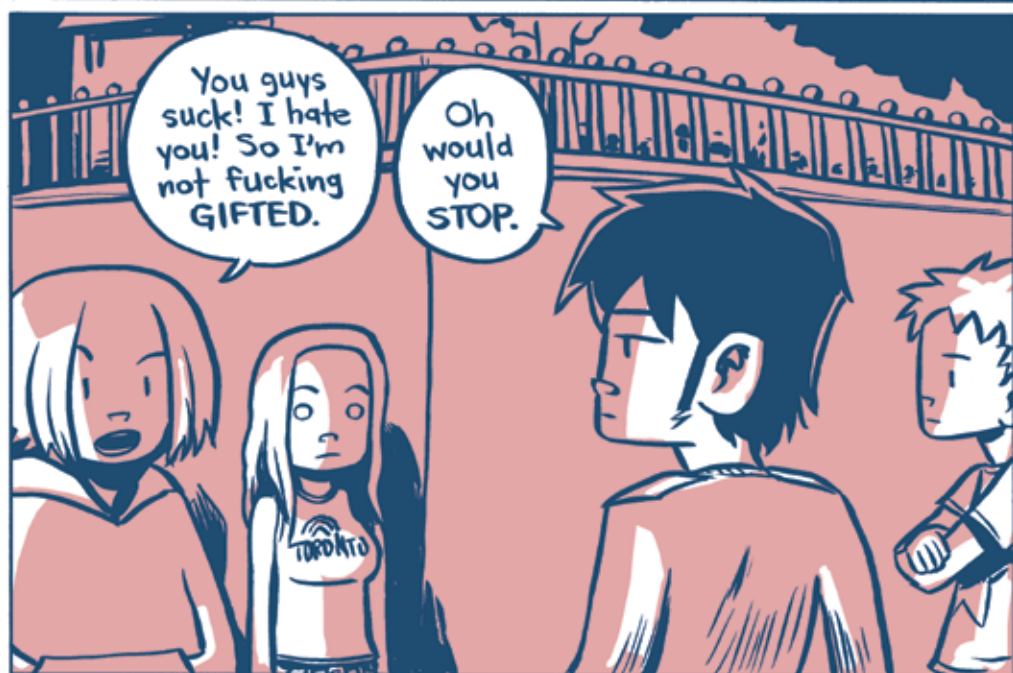
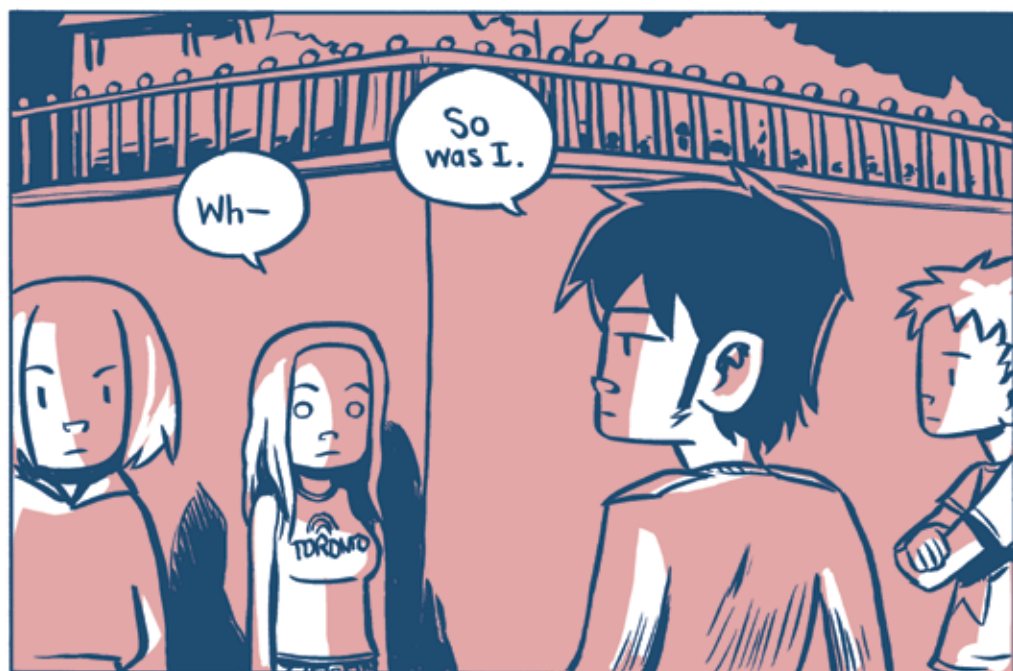




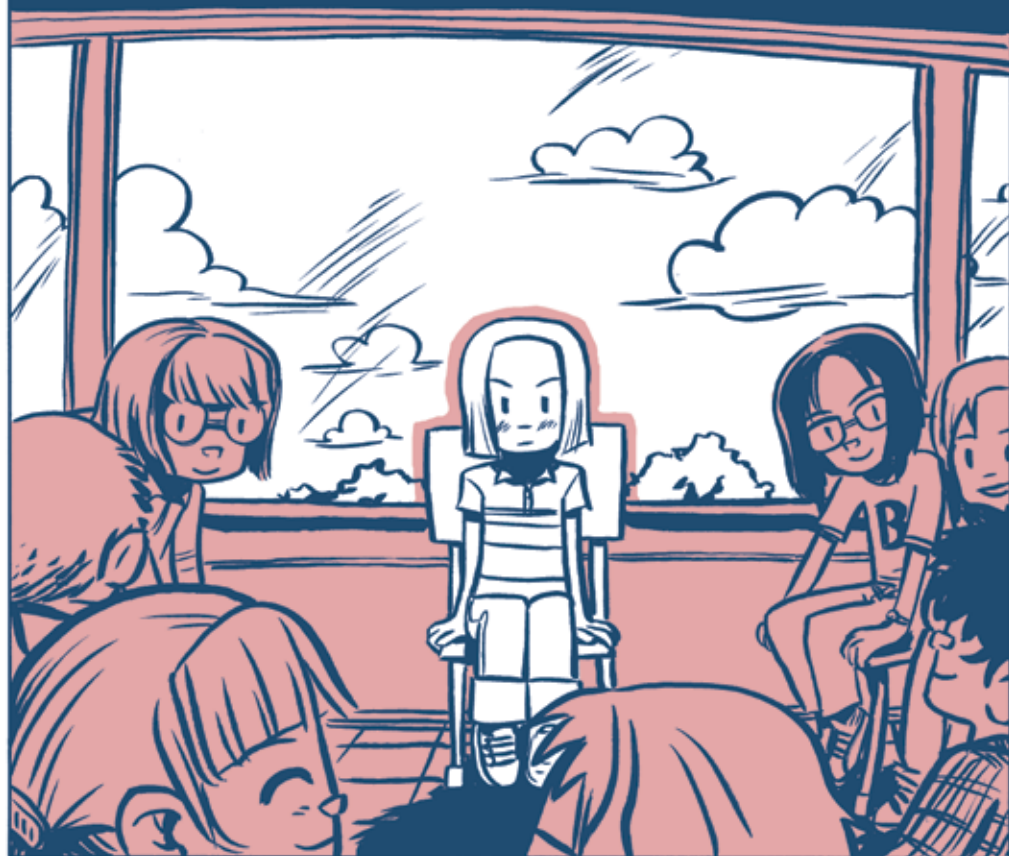


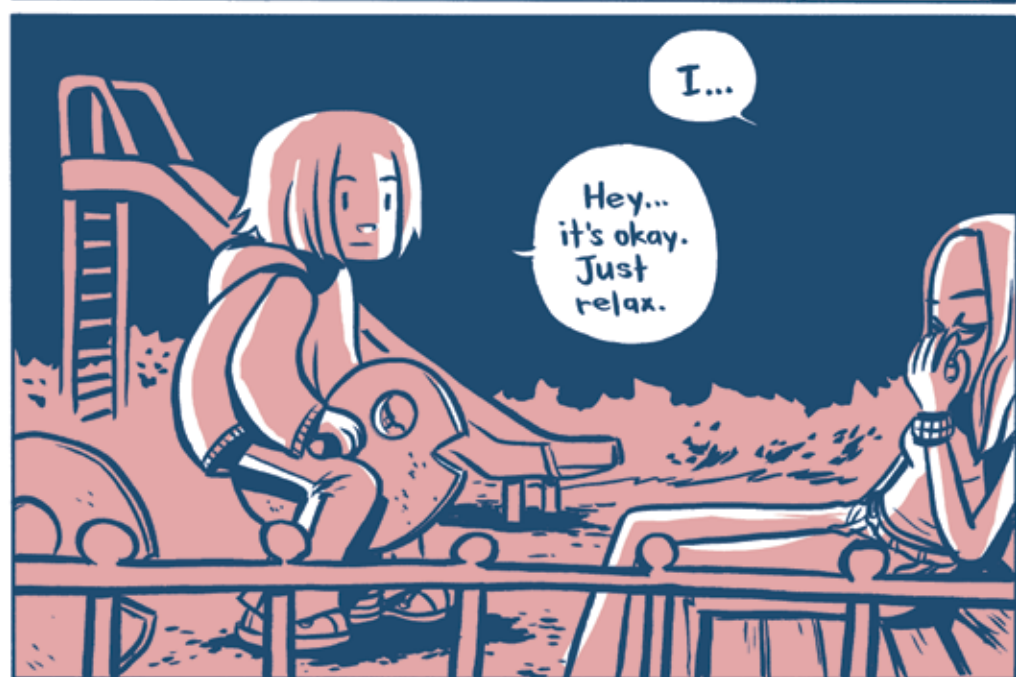


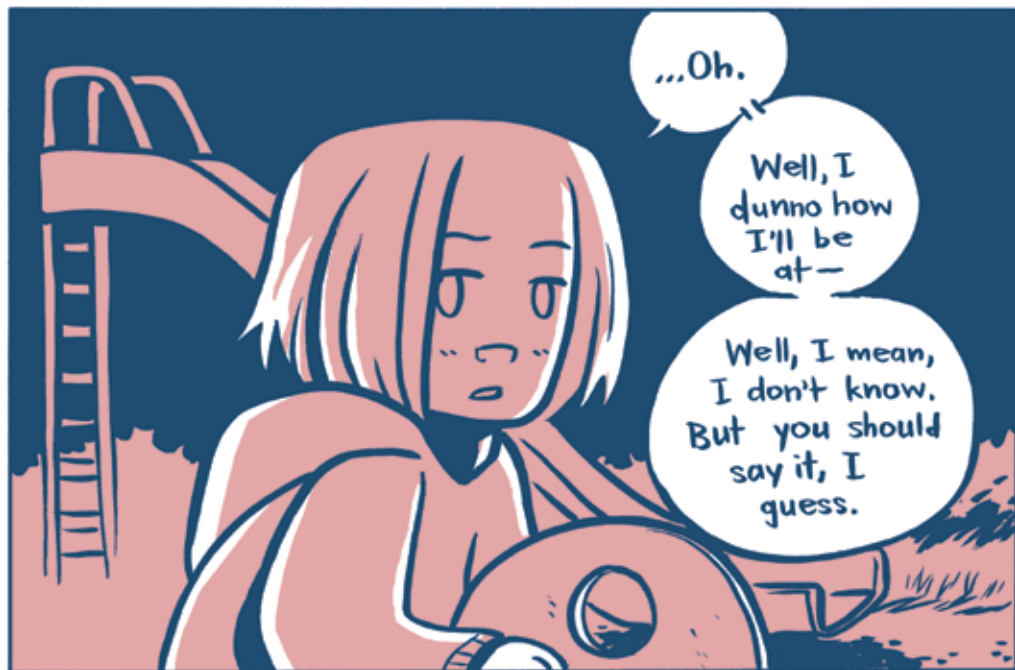
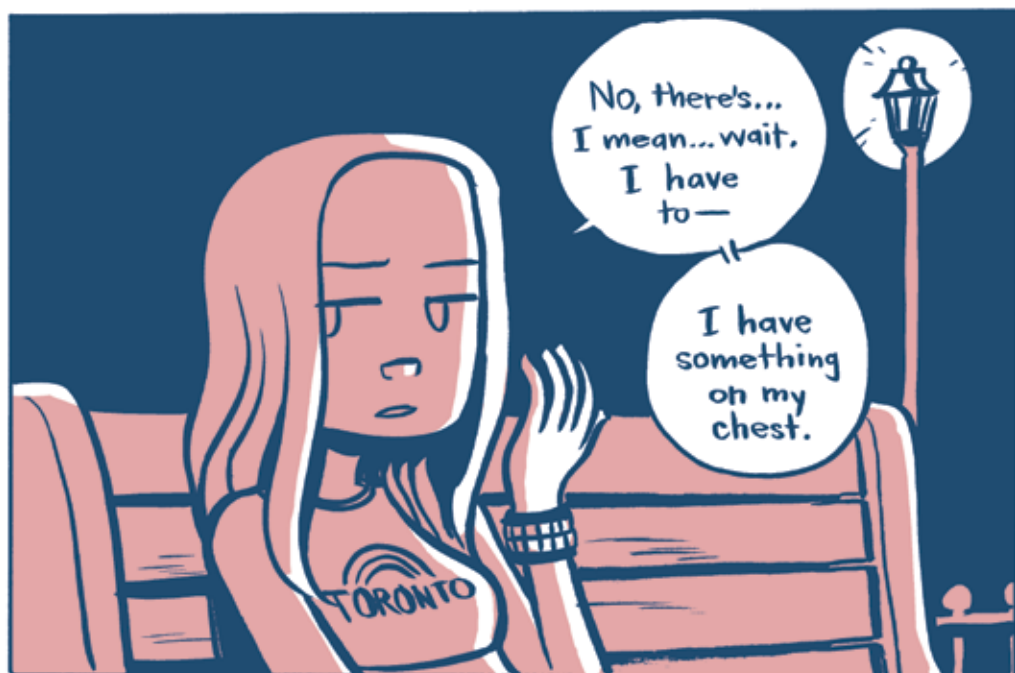




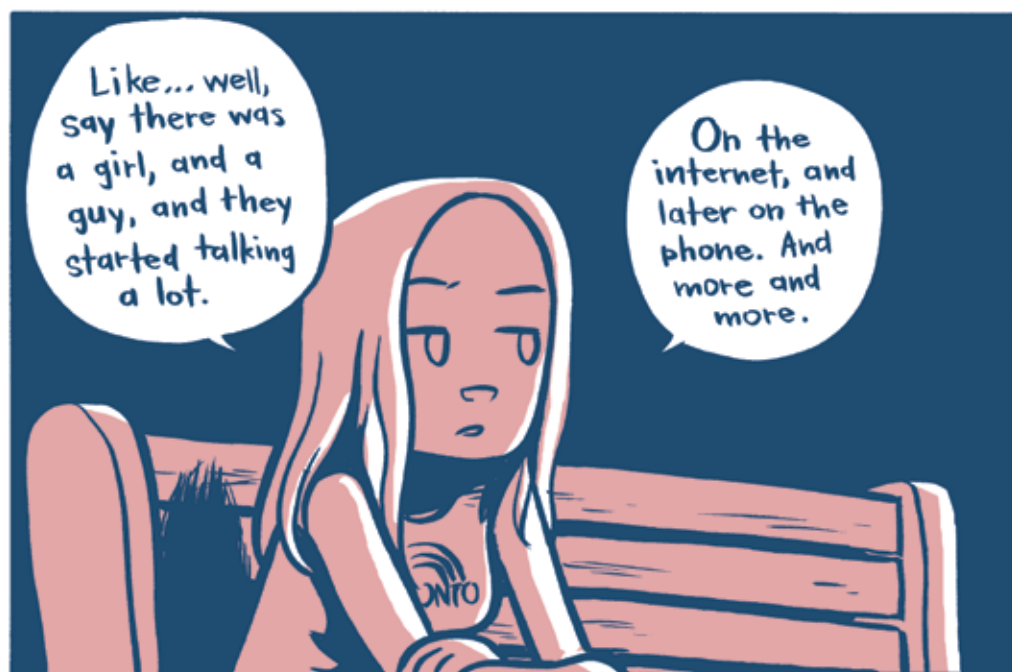
In grade six, the start of middle school, they sent me to gifted class and for the first time I found out that in this wider world there were other actual gifted kids. Real ones, not the fake kind they had in my little elementary school. I found out that I wasn't alone and I wasn't special anymore and although maybe there were kids on my level, who I could maybe relate to, I was resentful. Age eleven and I was completely disillusioned. Age eighteen and nothing's changed.

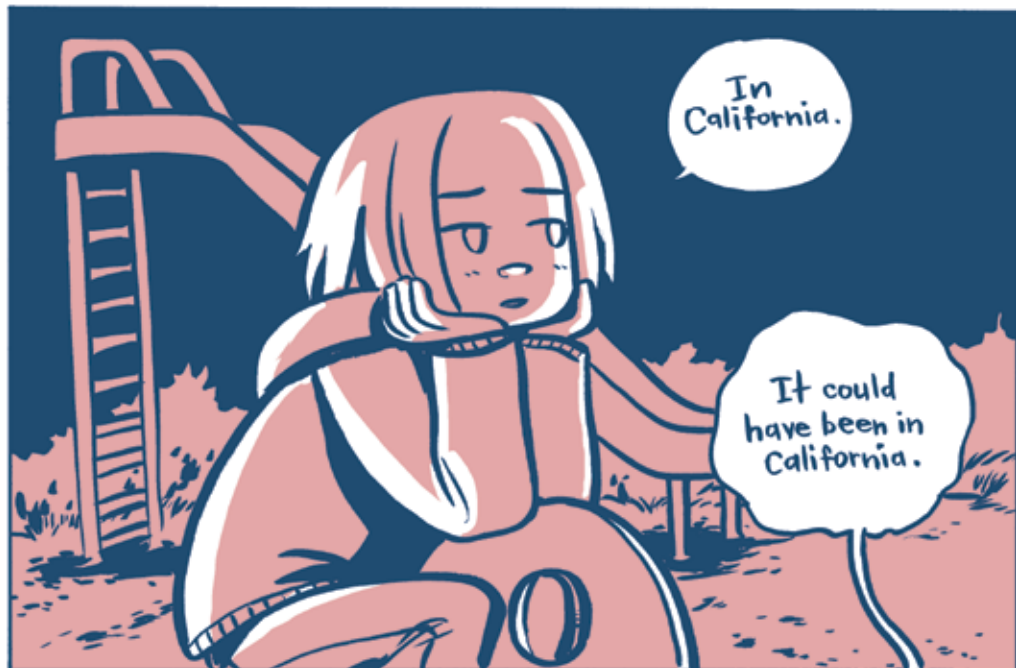


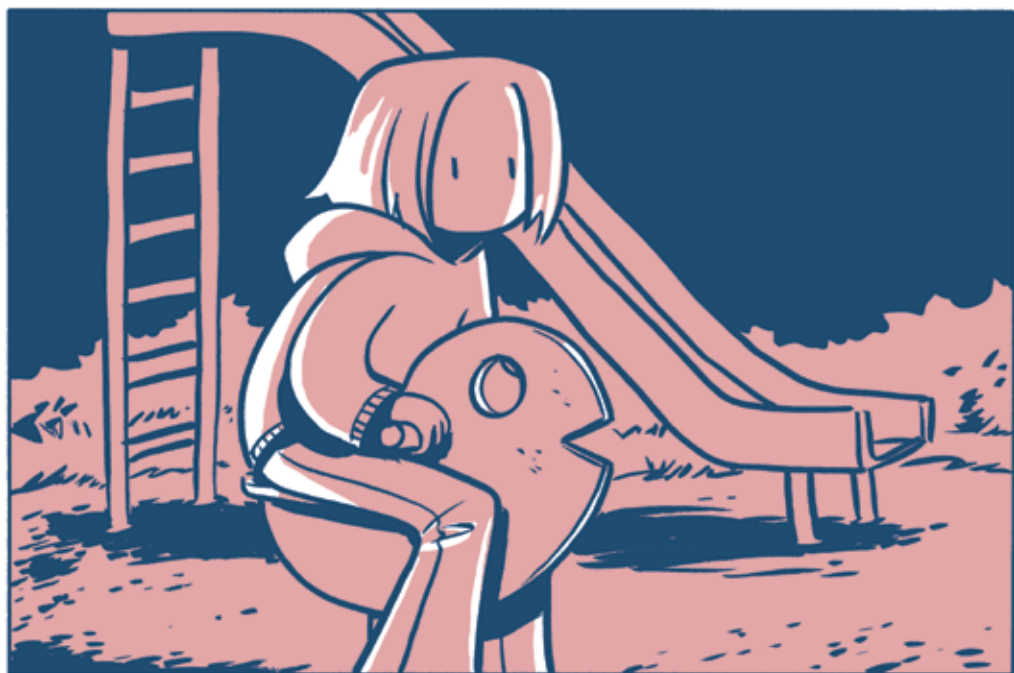






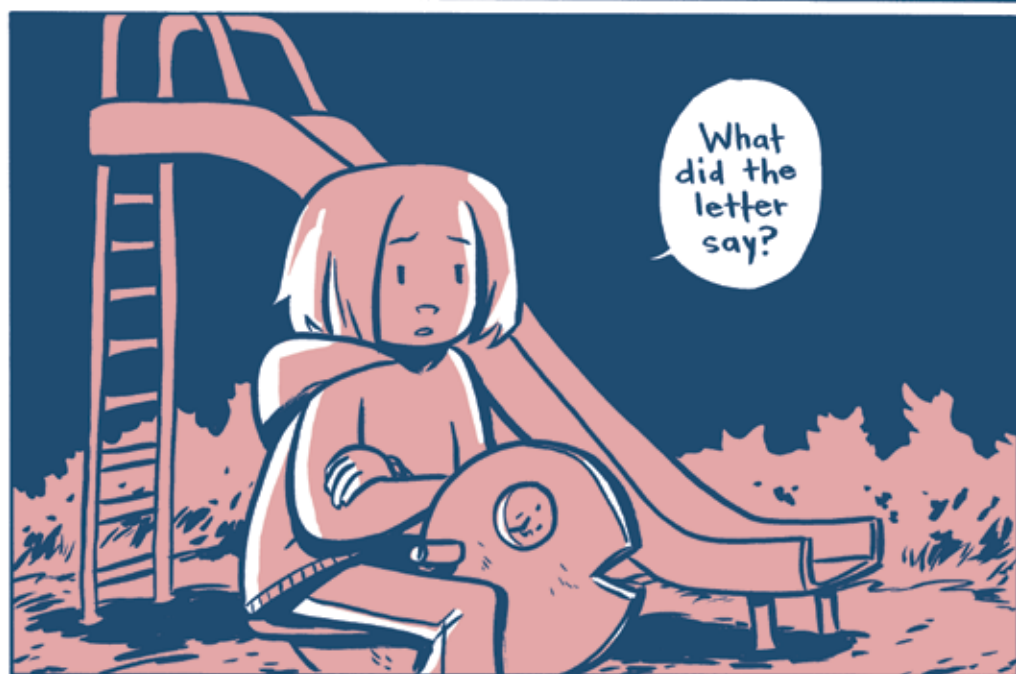






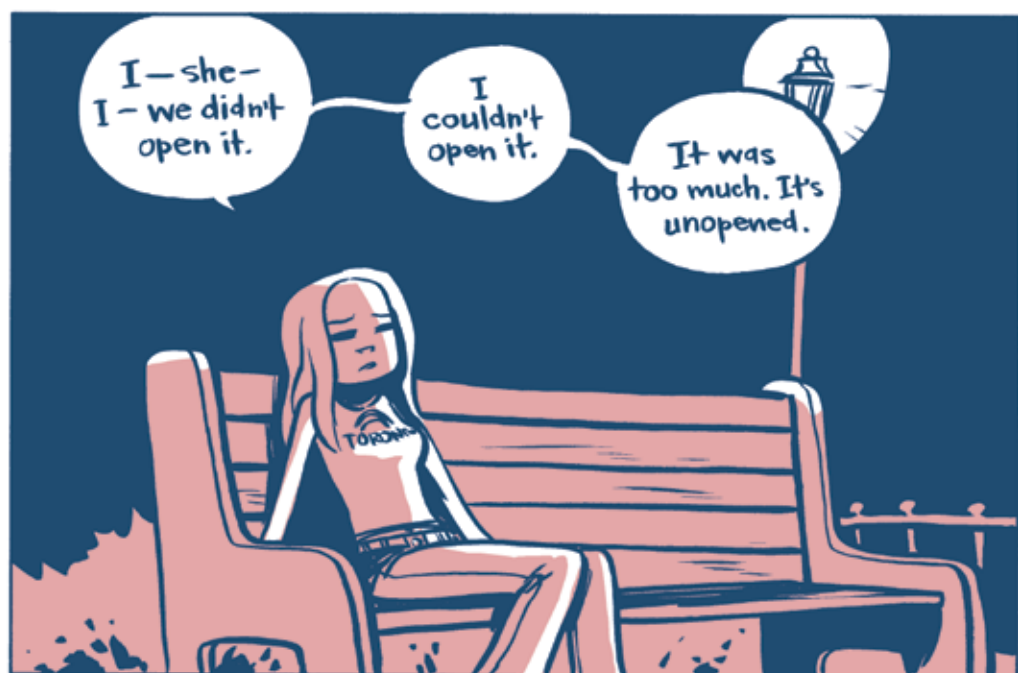


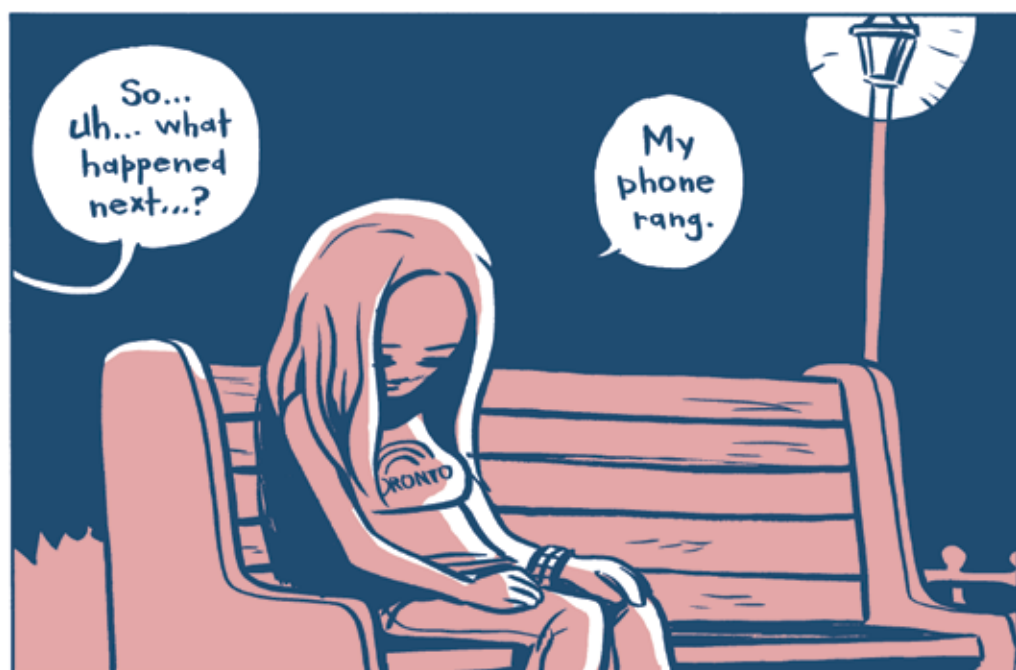
So what if she went to California and met him and everything went beautifully and she left to go home at the predetermined time, with her predetermined return ticket for the train, and he left her at the train station because he had to work, and she found this letter in her bag and she started crying like a baby because she just couldn't help it. And she missed her train. What if that?



What did the letter say?



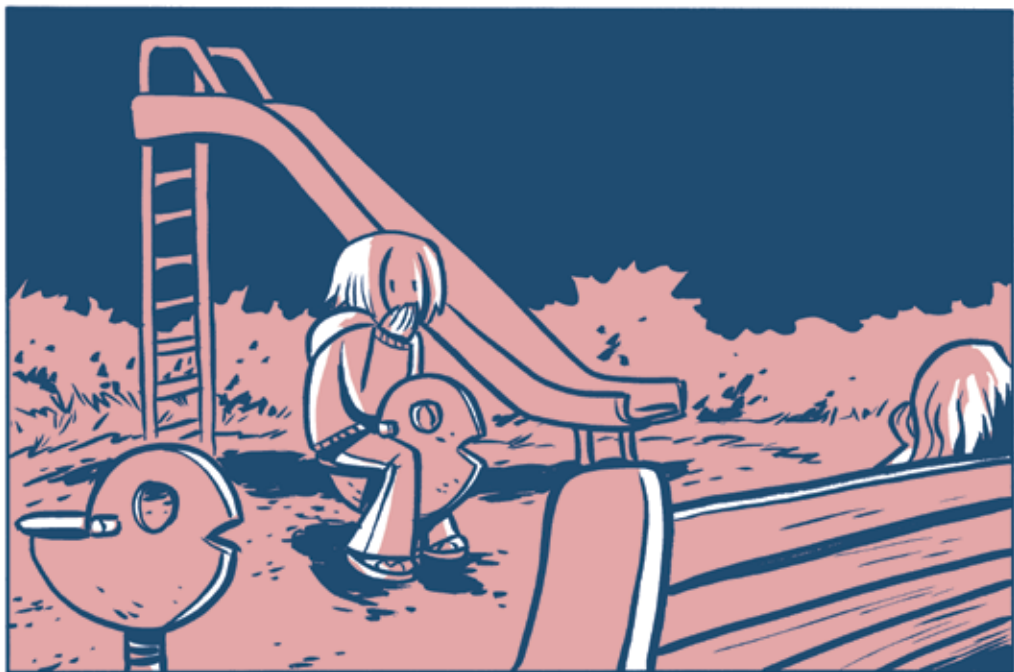


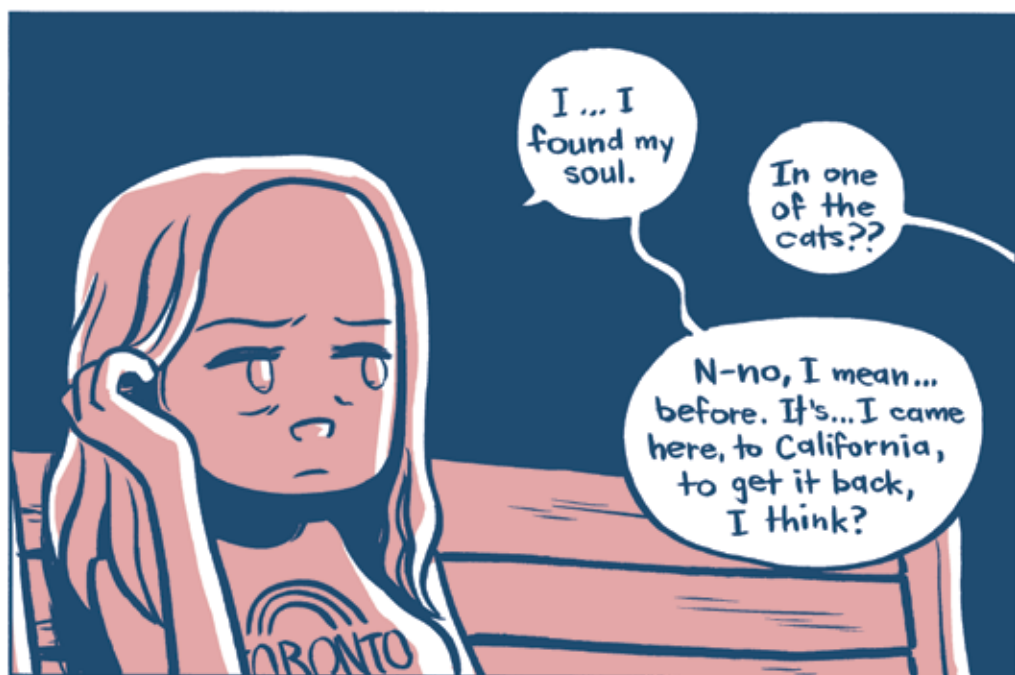




You guys  
were on some  
great end-of school  
self-discovery  
road trip thing,  
and I totally  
fucking crashed  
it.

And it was  
all-it-you called  
me by **ACCIDENT**.  
It was an  
**ACCIDENT!**

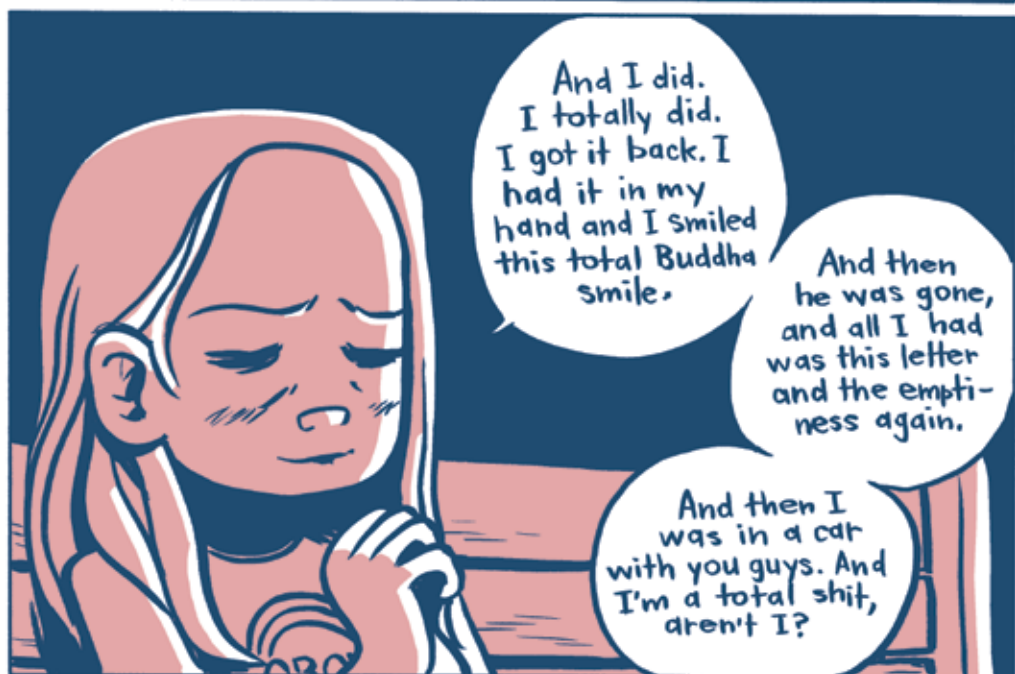




I ... I  
found my  
soul.

In one  
of the  
cats??

N-no, I mean...  
before. It's...I came  
here, to California,  
to get it back,  
I think?

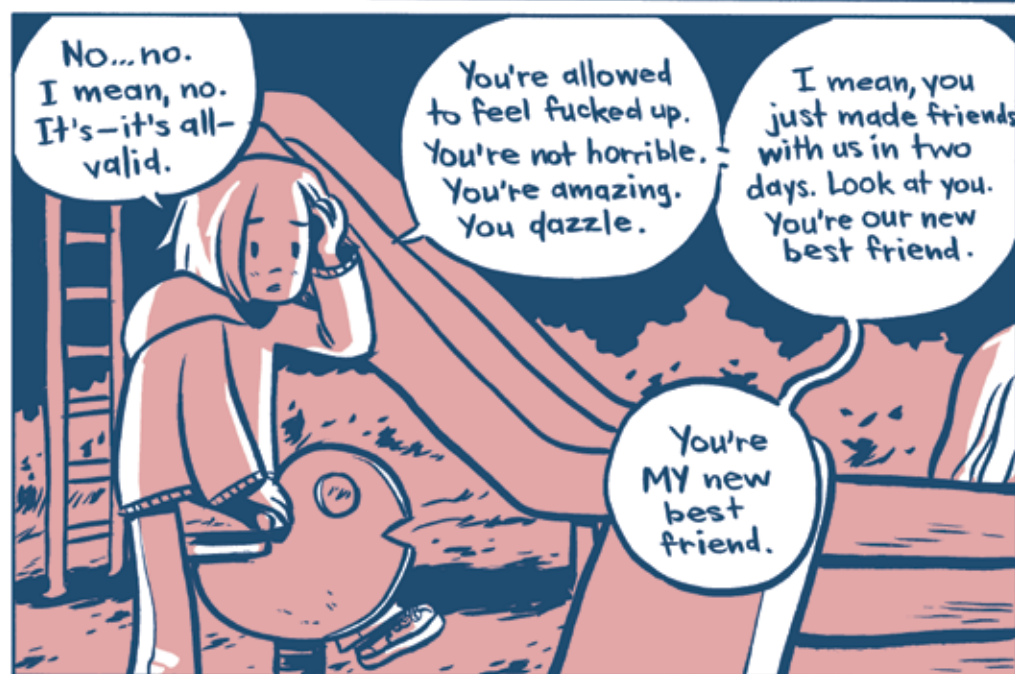


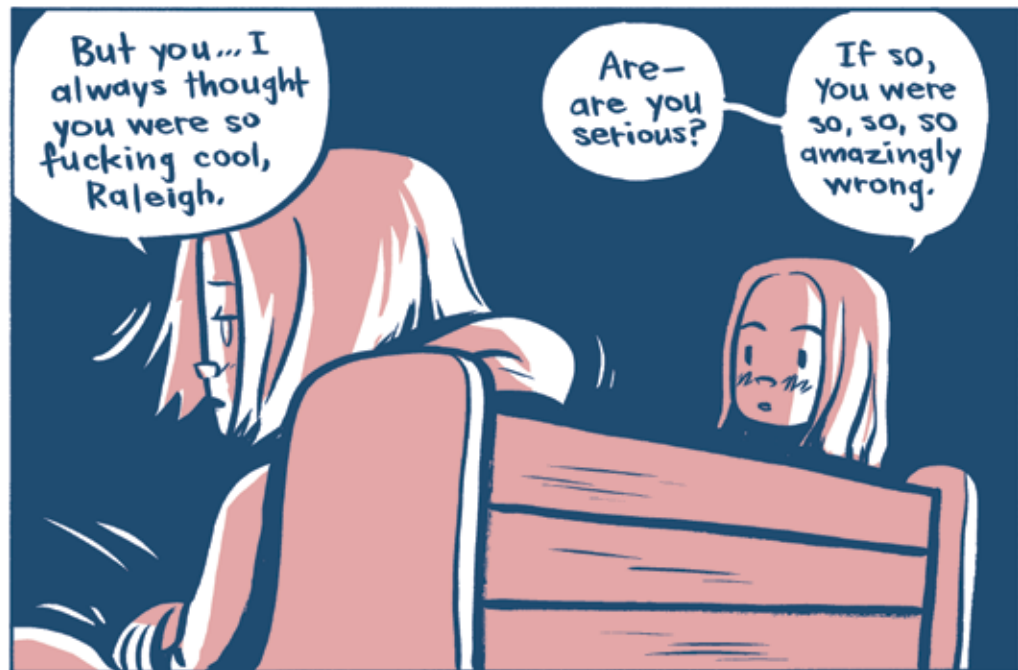
And I did.  
I totally did.  
I got it back. I  
had it in my  
hand and I smiled  
this total Buddha  
smile.

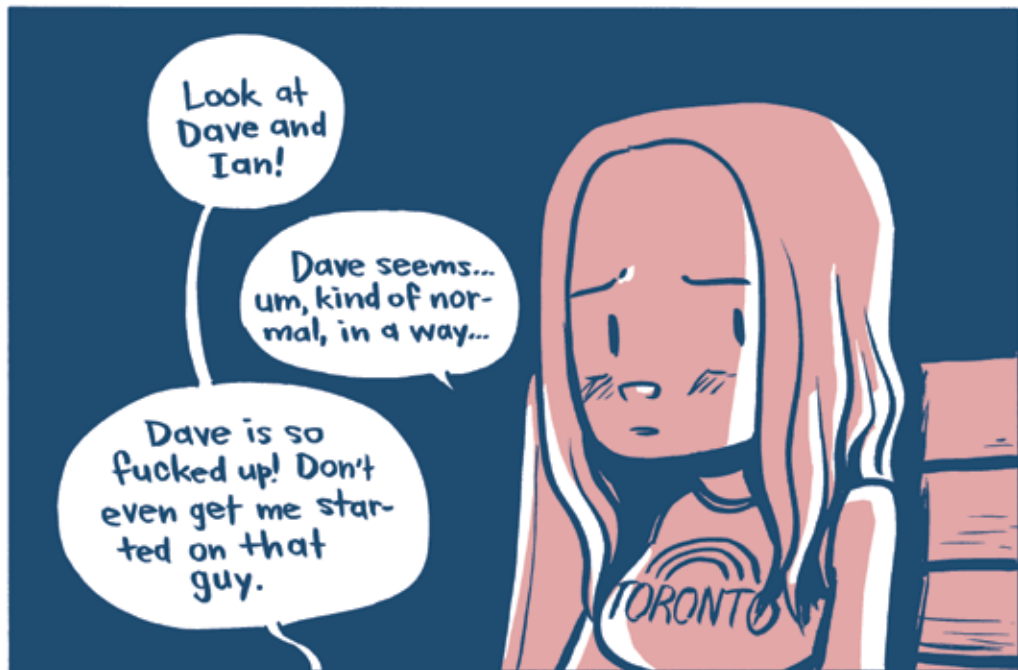
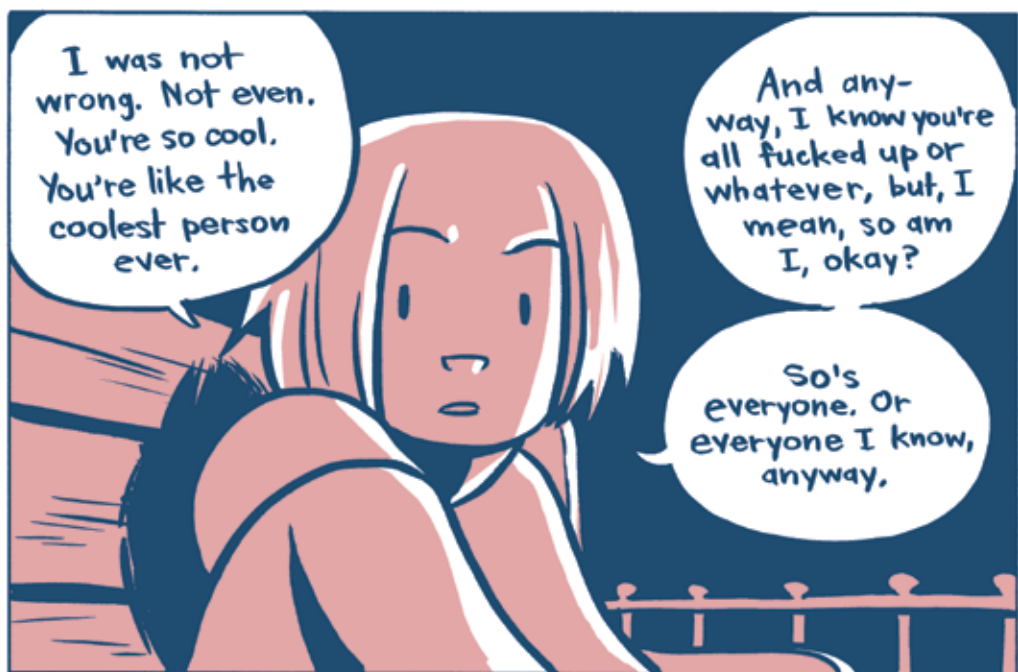
And then  
he was gone,  
and all I had  
was this letter  
and the empti-  
ness again.

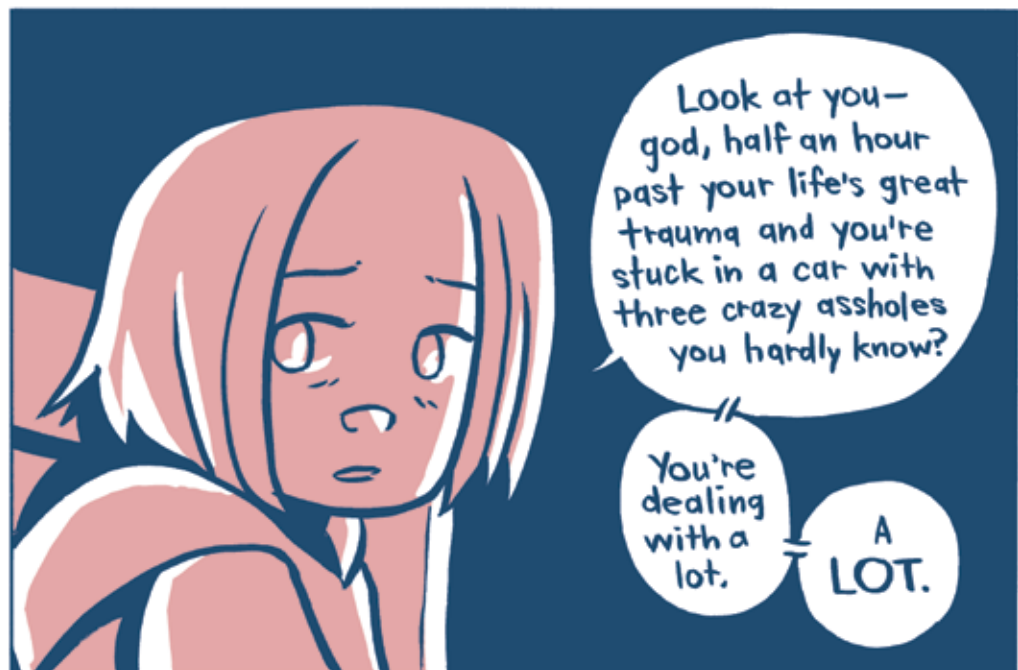
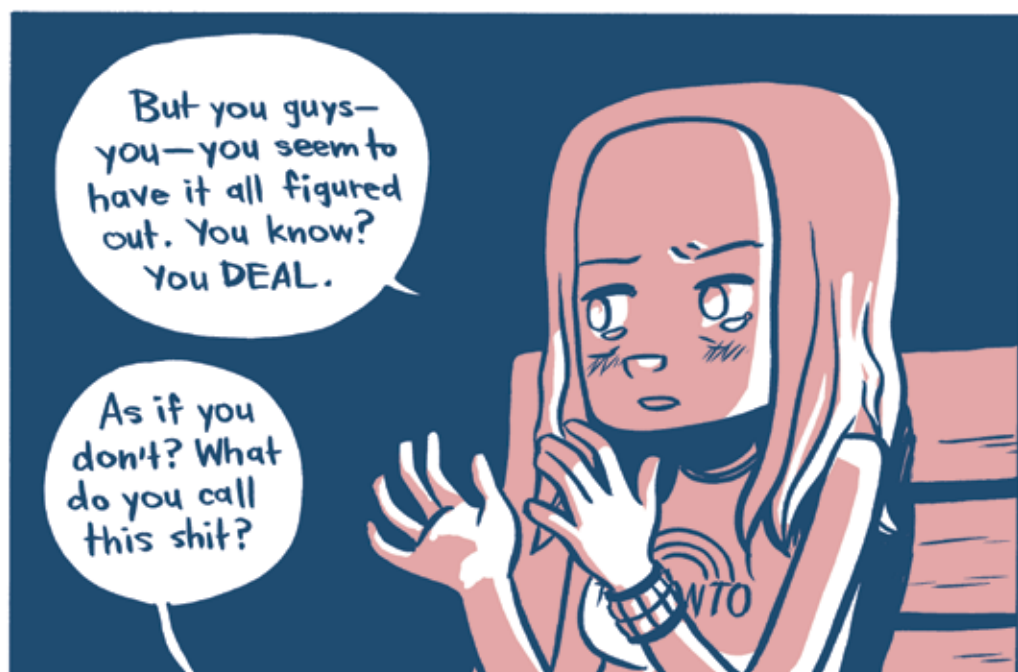
And then I  
was in a car  
with you guys. And  
I'm a total shit,  
aren't I?





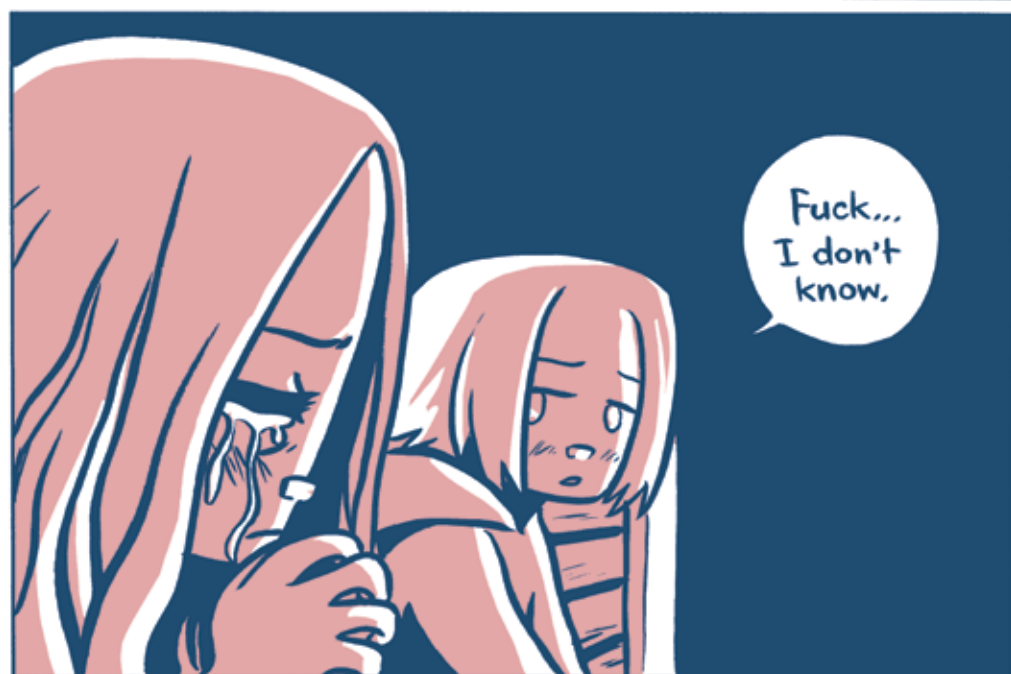








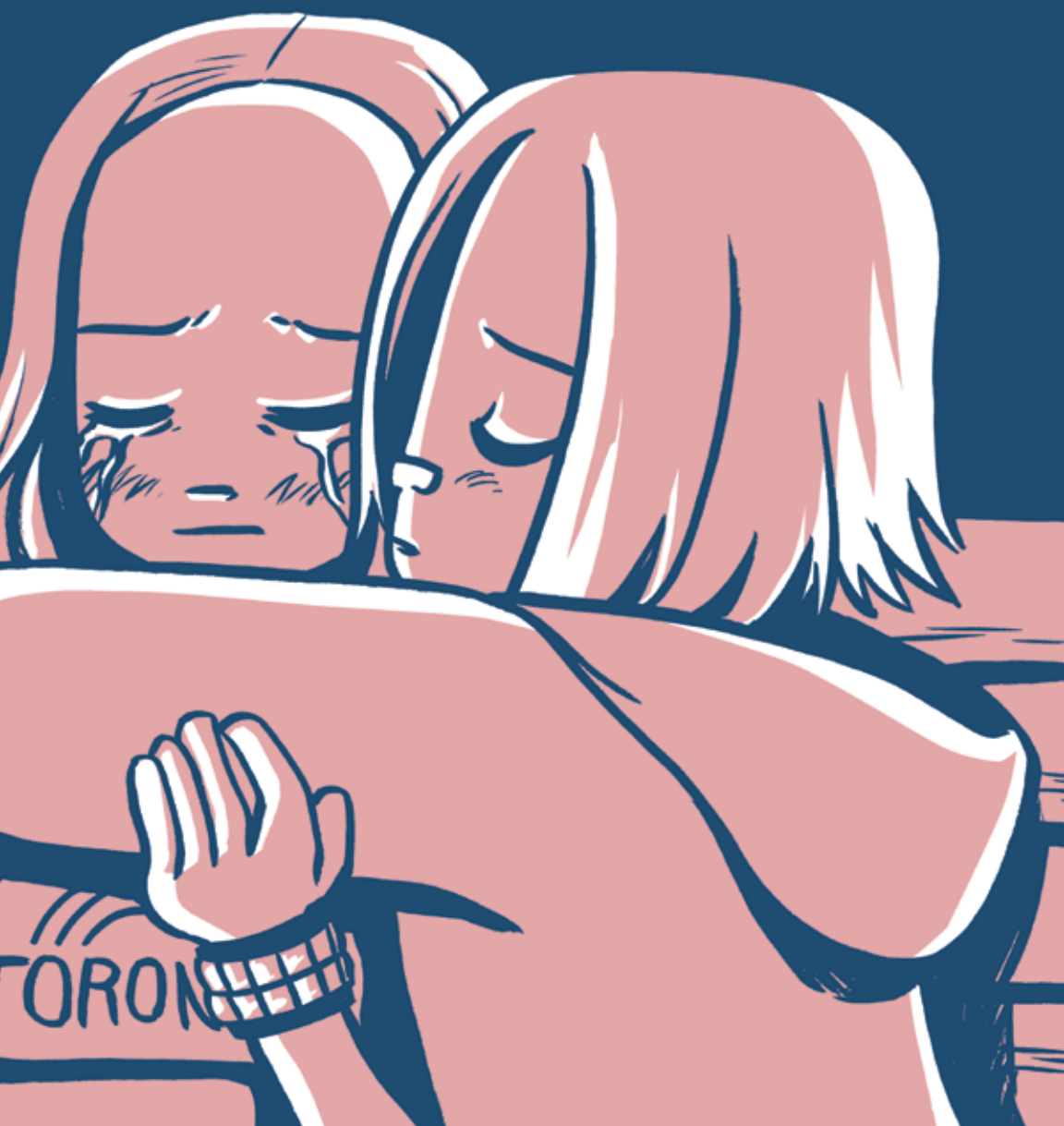




I guess I never have any answers. Just the same pointless question, over and over, every day: why am I so fucked up why am I so fucked up why am I so fucked up why am I so fucked up. Maybe that's just mental. Maybe I should stop. Maybe I already have. Maybe it's important to open up to people—people who are right there with you, not some thousand miles away in another universe. Or maybe it's something else. Maybe I should just settle for not knowing. Maybe it's good just to know that you're not the only one who doesn't know. Maybe... maybe I should stop thinking. Maybe I'll shut the fuck up.

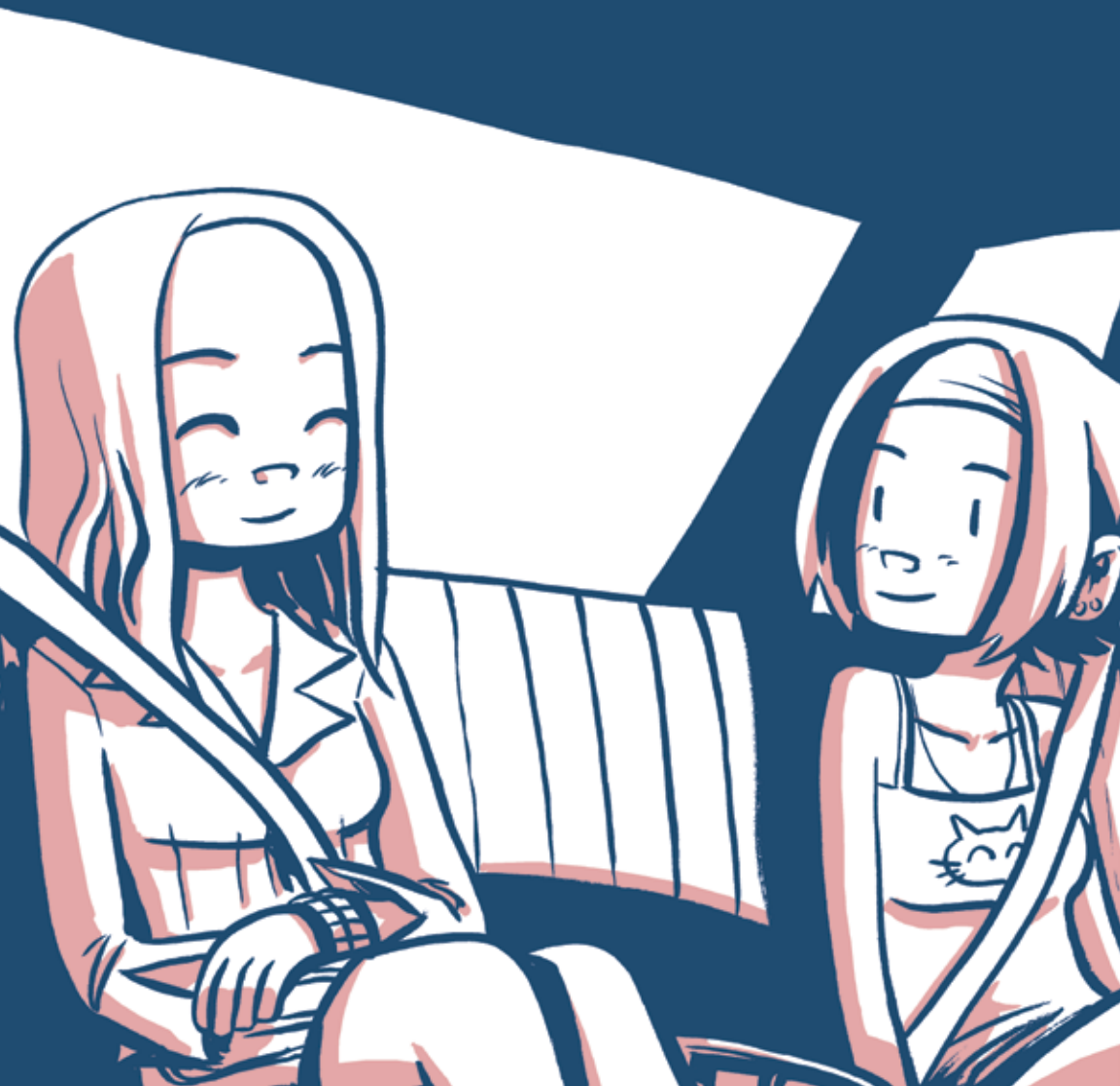


I don't understand exactly what's happened,  
and I'm bad at putting things together in any  
meaningful way, but tonight is important—  
this moment is important.

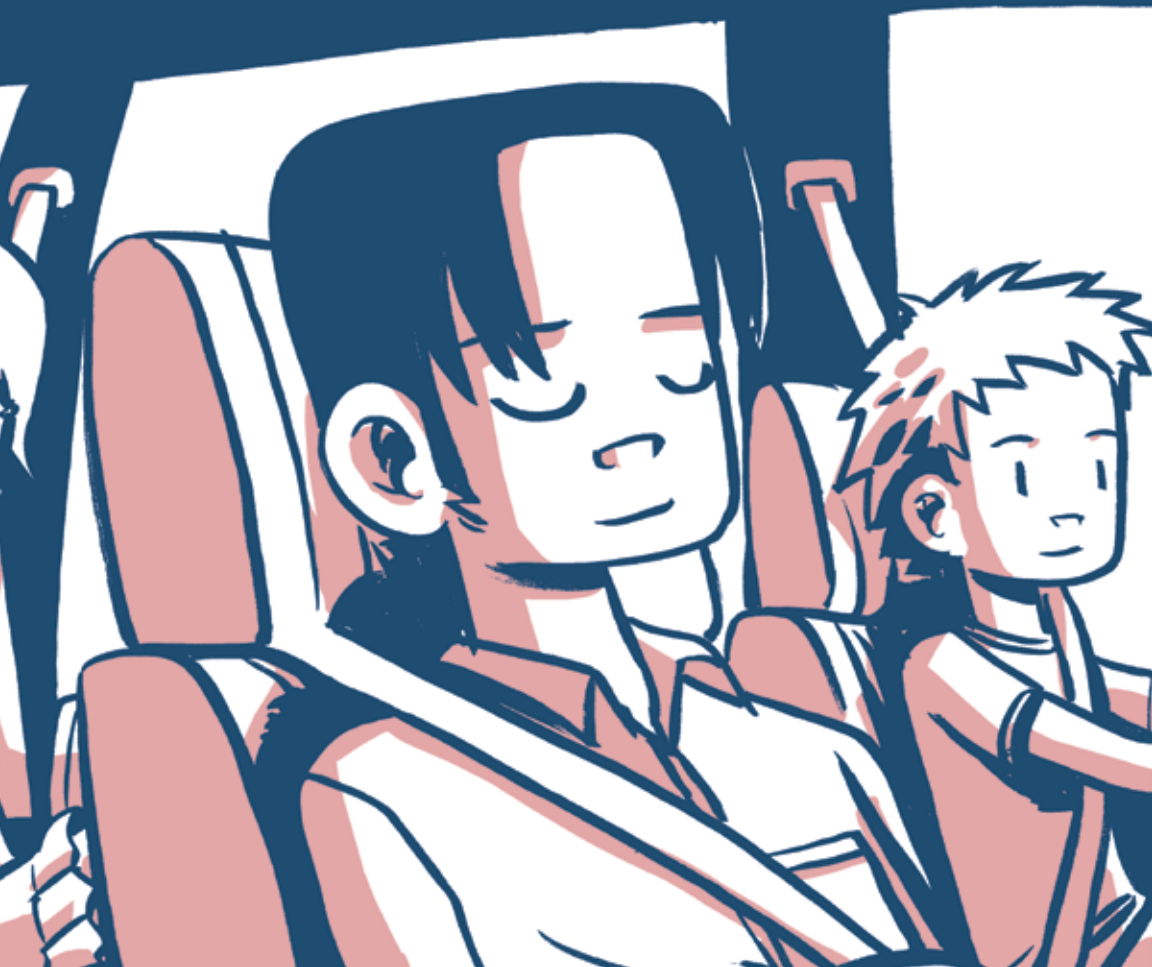




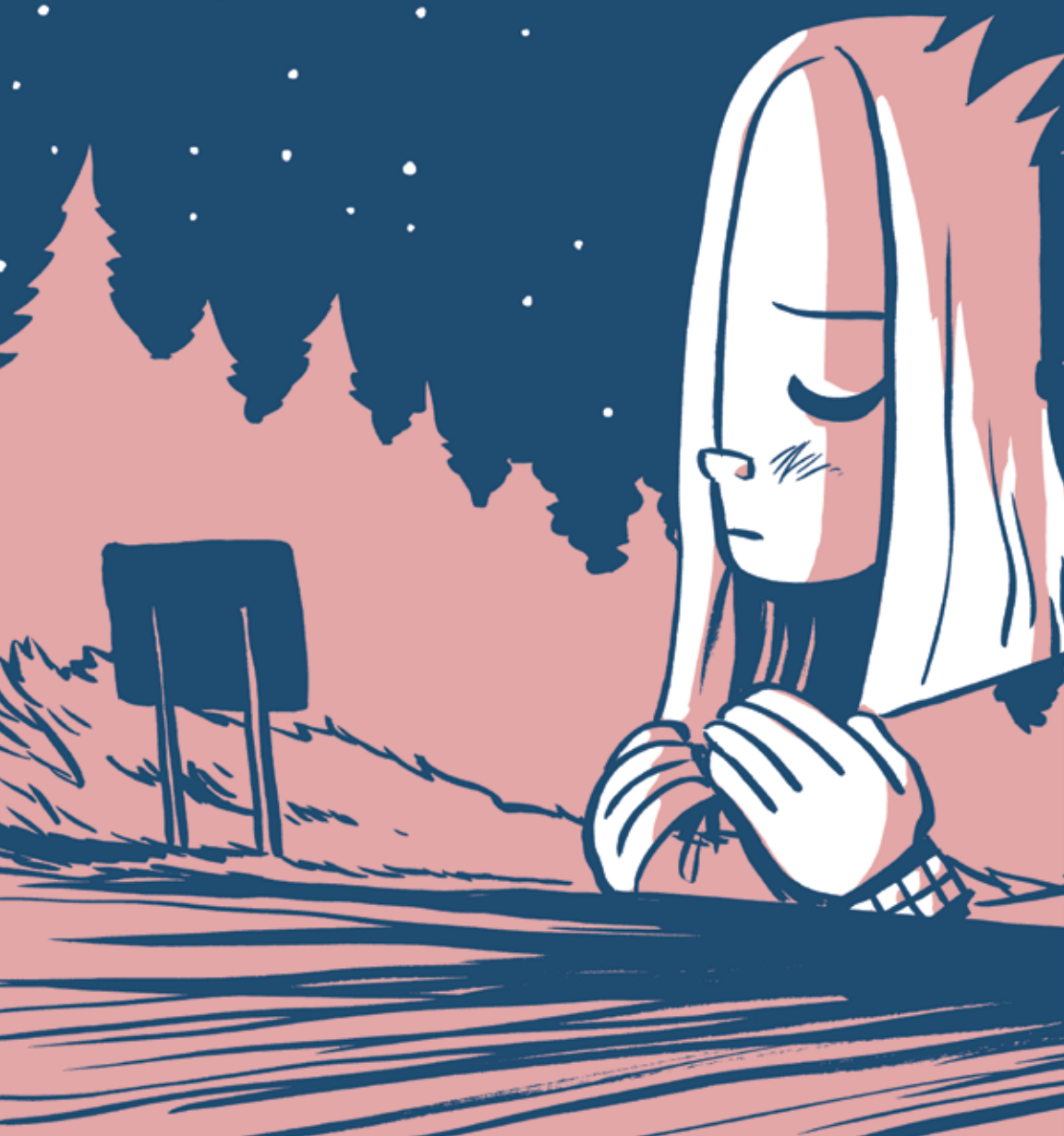
The rest of the story is that they fixed the car and we got back on the road and we talked and we laughed and we went places and probably eventually got home. And after that, every time we saw a cat, it was a thing, and there were so many other things, and having in-jokes was nice. Generally the rest of the story was probably more interesting if you were there and the jokes probably seemed funnier at the time.



And I babbled. I stumbled over words. I wondered if they secretly hated me. I wasn't always happy, and it was a long time before I stopped feeling that feeling of you behind me, around me, inside me, you, him, Stillman — the feeling of us. And I wasn't always happy, but I think I was generally getting better, and if I had no soul, well, maybe I just stopped worrying about it. ...Eventually.



I love this trip, and if I try hard enough to hold onto it, it will maybe never end, the way it feels like my time with you never ended, the way it's still going on in the background. I love the tops of trees, and I love the sound of Jeff Tweedy's voice, and I love the hiss of the wheels on the pavement behind it all going a million miles an hour in the deep dark lovely middle of the night.



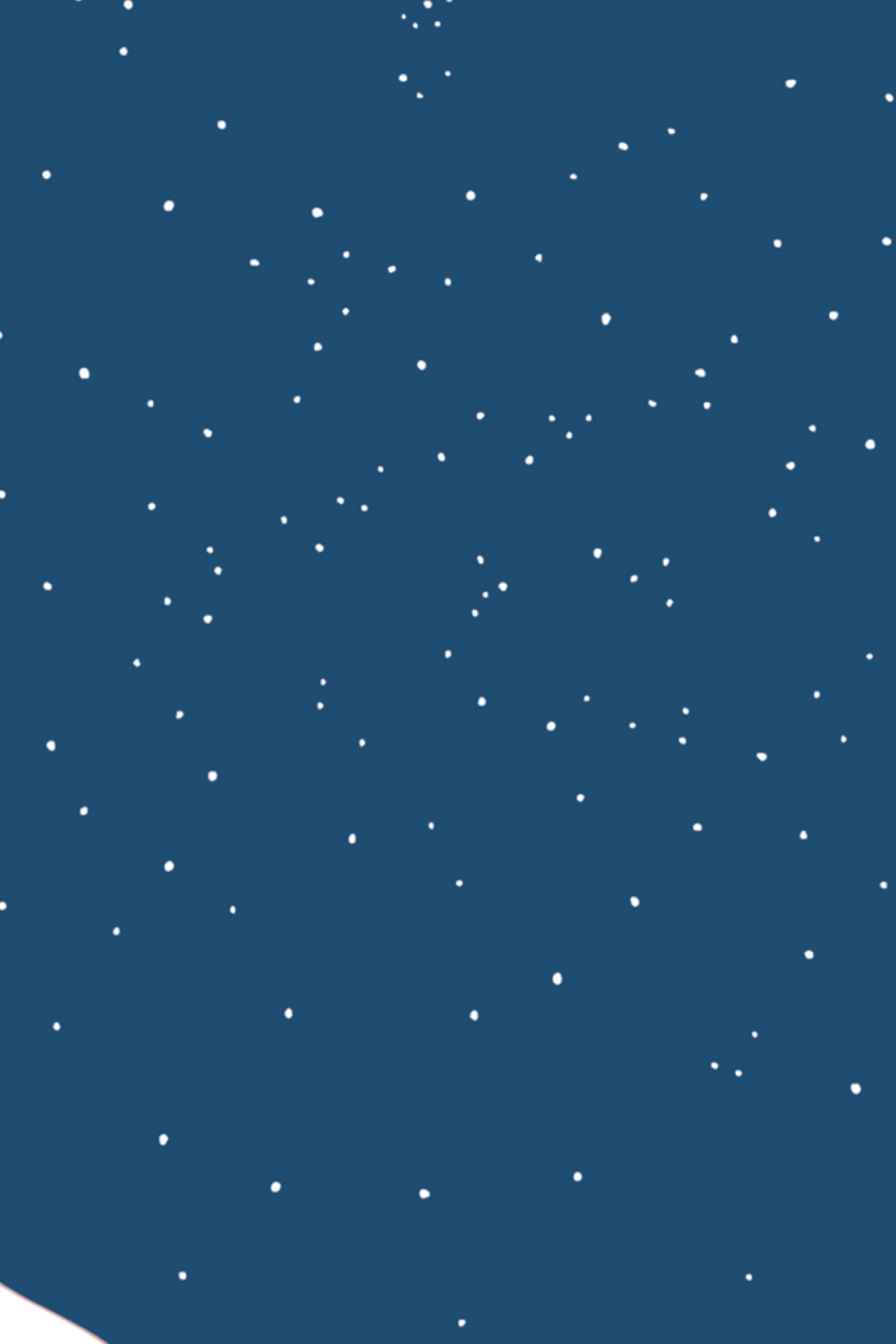
And I will wonder forever if I'll see you again, or for six days, or for eight months, or for five years, or for the rest of my horrible, beautiful life. And other things will happen to me that are just as amazing and lovely and traumatizing as you have been, and I will tell you none of them. Maybe. And sometimes I try to stop speculating the future out of existence, and other times I just lean back and run with it because maybe it's for the best.



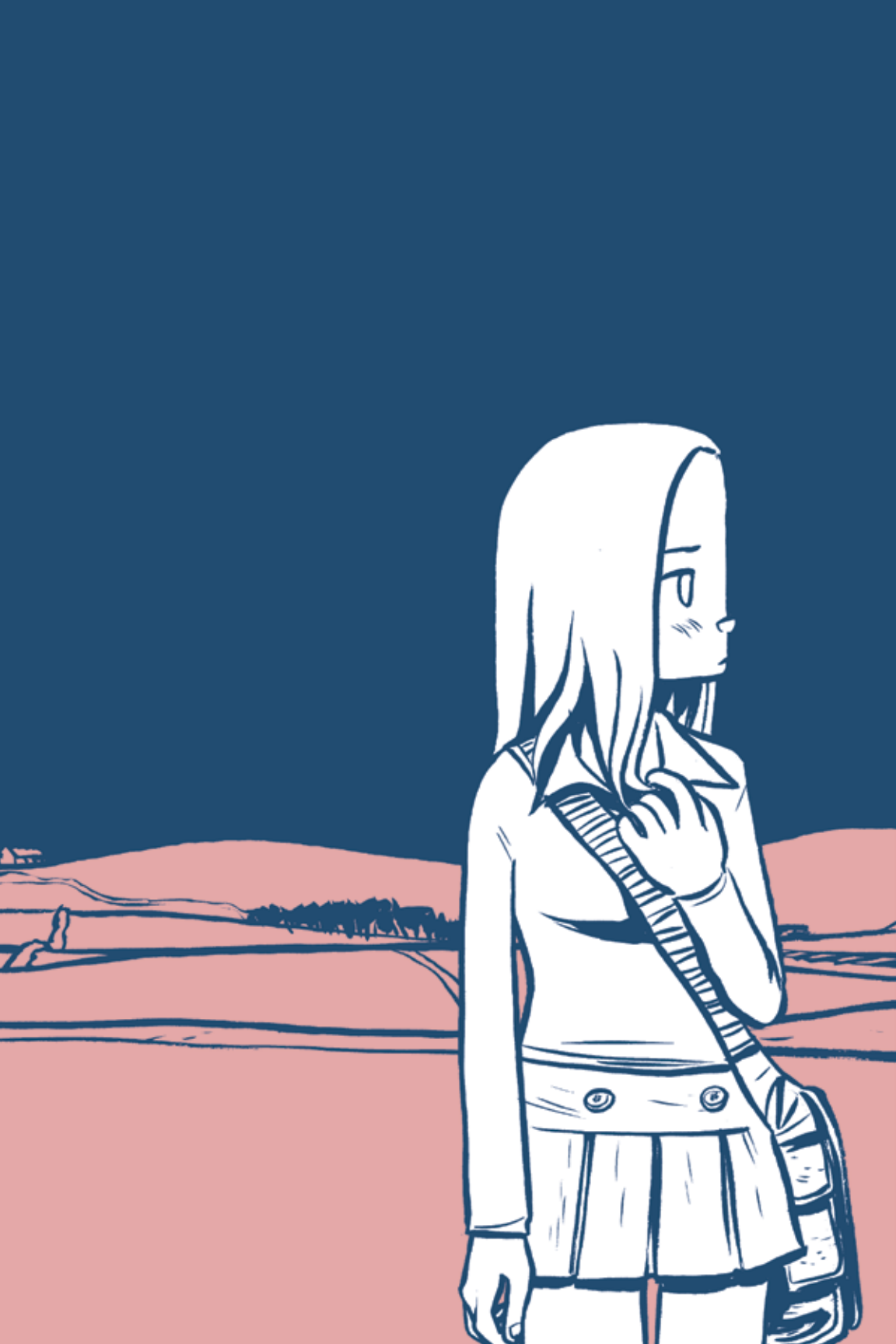


I am leaning back and running with  
it and staring at the stars and I'm  
eleven, I'm sixteen, I'm eighteen,  
I'm a newborn, I'm everyone  
everywhere with you without you  
unbound set free in limbo  
lost at sea.



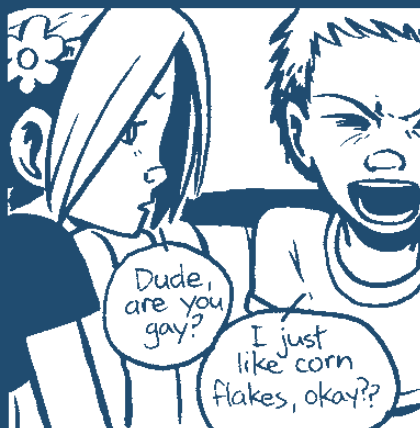
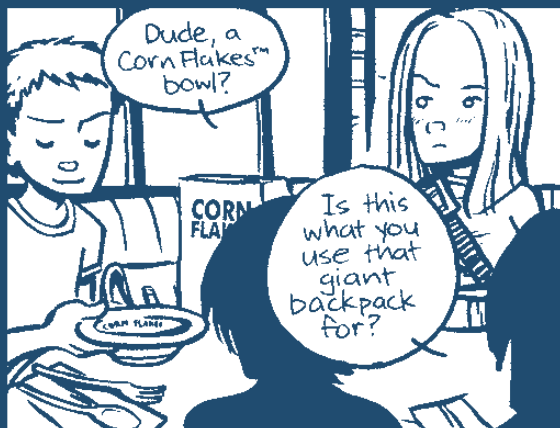
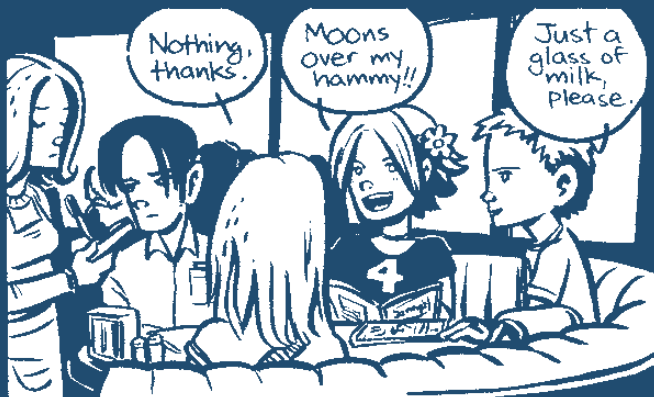
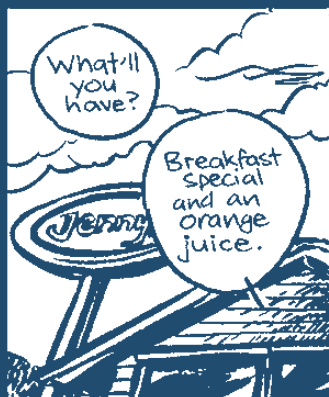


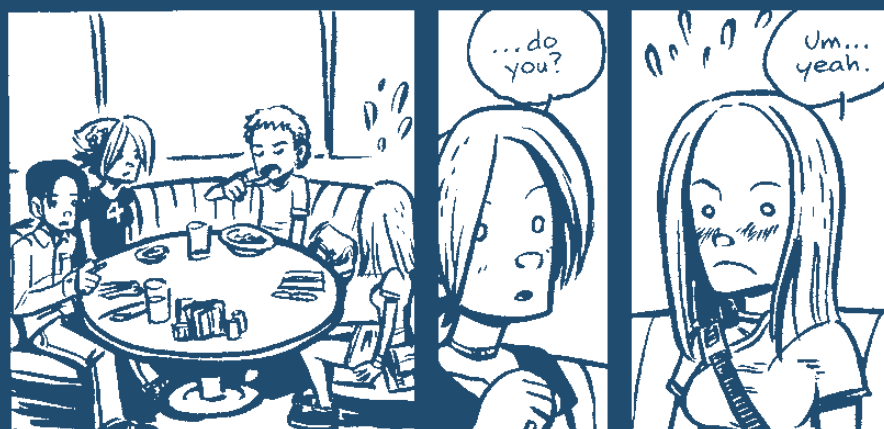
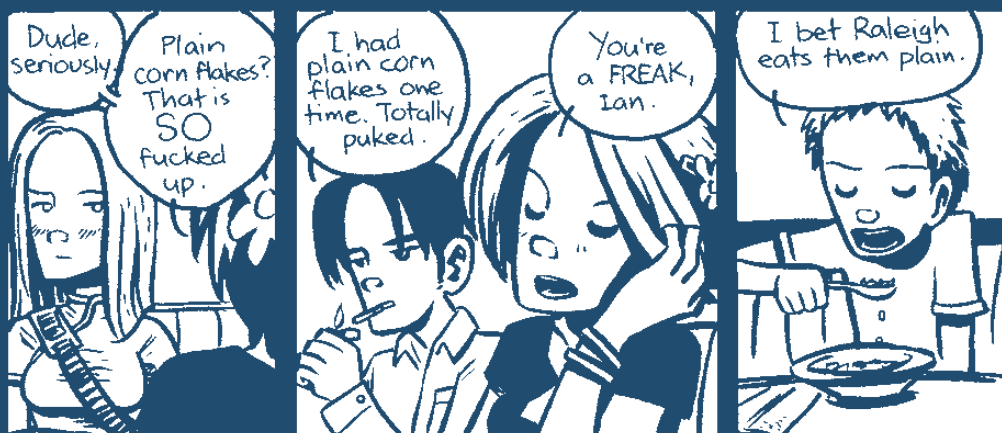
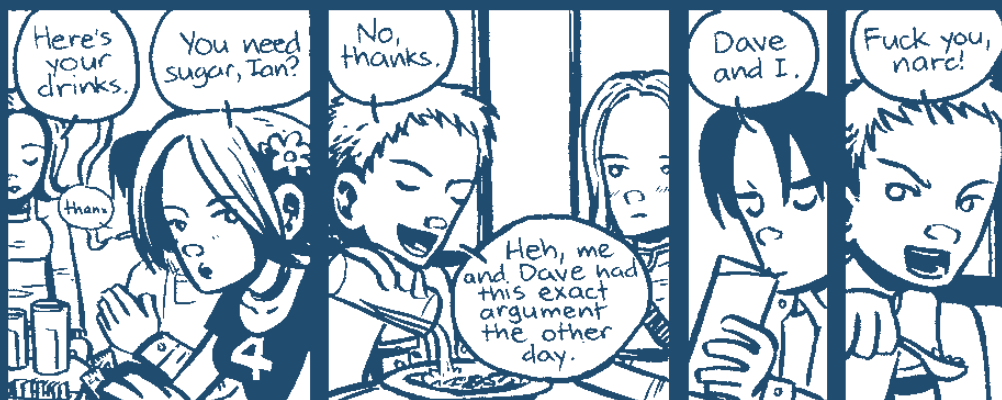






# LOST AT SEA





the  
end

# LOST AT SEA

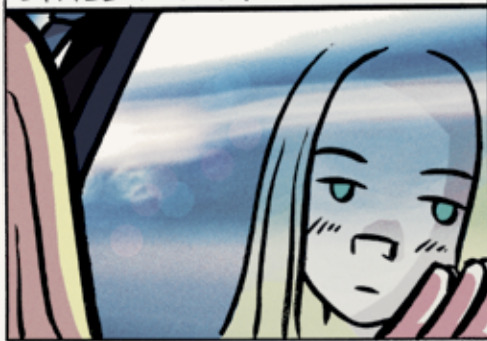
BY: BRYAN LEE O'MALLEY



MIDNIGHT IN SOMEONE ELSE'S CAR GOING WAY OVER THE LIMIT. EVERYONE EXCEPT IAN IS ASLEEP OR PRETENDING TO BE. I AM PRETENDING TO BE. THIS WAY HE DOESN'T TRY TO MAKE CONVERSATION.



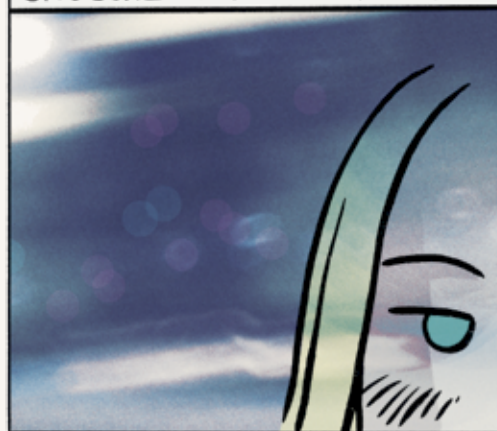
WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GREMLIN I WORE GLASSES AND ON LONG ROAD TRIPS I'D TAKE THEM OFF AND WATCH EVERYTHING TURN TO SOFT FUZZY PUFFS OF LIGHT. AND I WAS SAD BECAUSE I COULDN'T SHARE IT WITH ALL THE PERFECT EYES PEOPLE. THEY COULDN'T SEE MY WEIRD LITTLE WORLD.



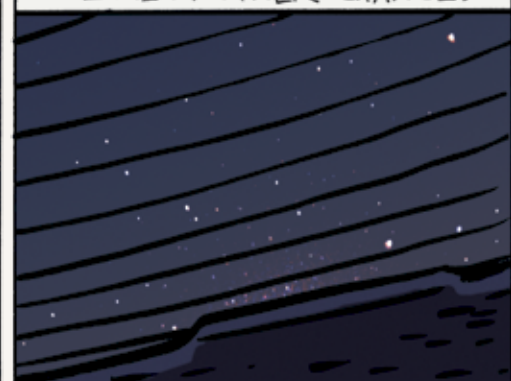




NOW I WEAR CONTACTS AND I CAN'T DO IT BUT YOU WEAR GLASSES AND I SHOULD HAVE ASKED YOU: DO YOU EVER TAKE THEM OFF IN A CAR AT NIGHT AND WATCH THE UNUSUAL BALLS OF LIGHT?



MIDNIGHT IN A CAR AND I LIE BACK AND THERE ARE THE STARS, WAITING WATCHING UNEXPECTEDLY. SOMEWHERE GETTING FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY YOU ARE UNDER THE SAME STARS AND ALL I WANT IS ANOTHER CHANCE. PLEASE GOD JUST GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE.



# SMILING IS SOMETHING THAT OTHER PEOPLE DO

A LITTLE LOST AT SEA STORY

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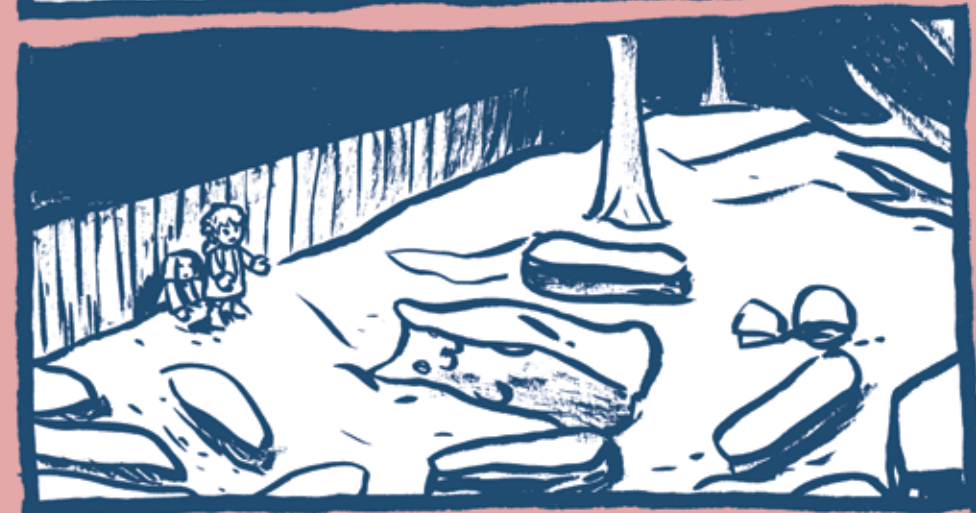
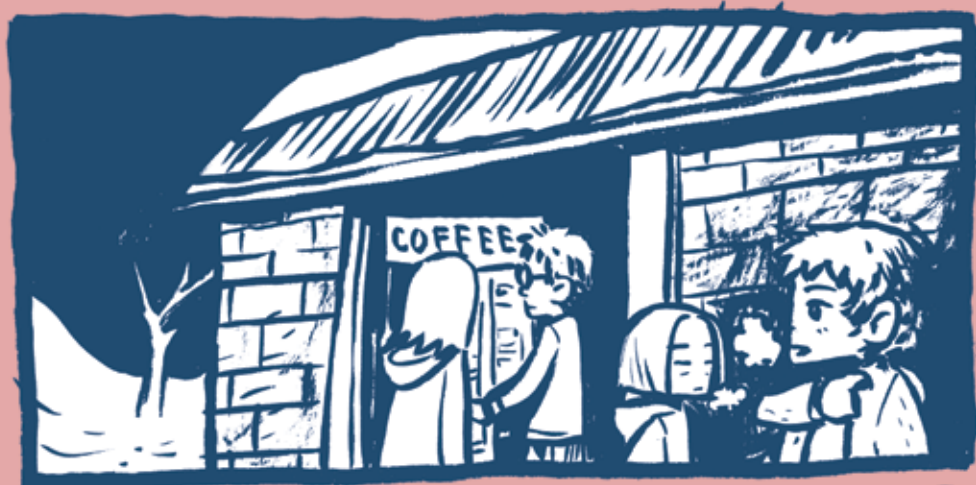
MARCH 2003



*my best friend just told me she's getting married  
and all i can think of is this one time when we were  
ten years old at five a.m. on the interstate*

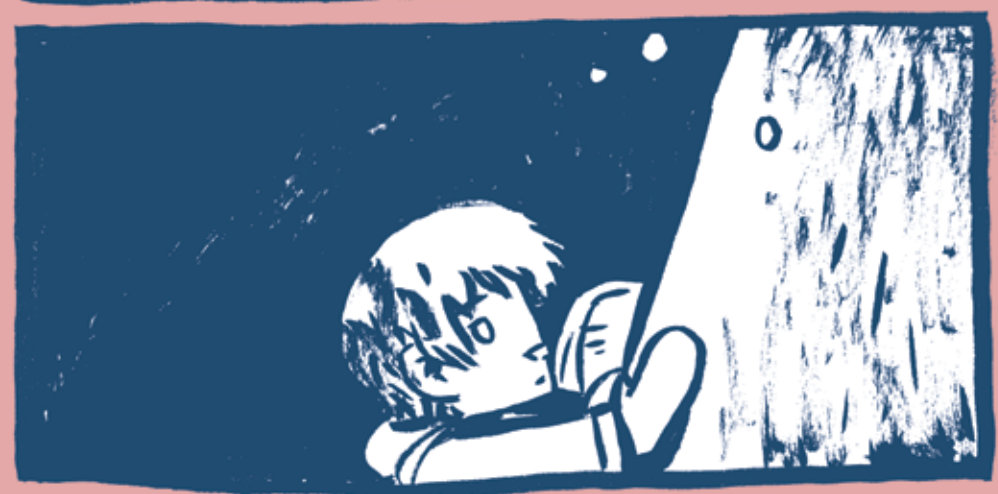
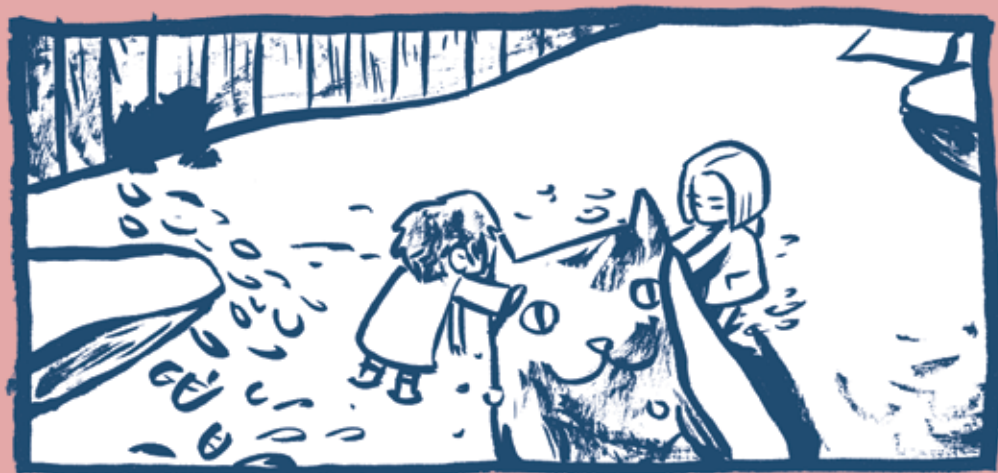




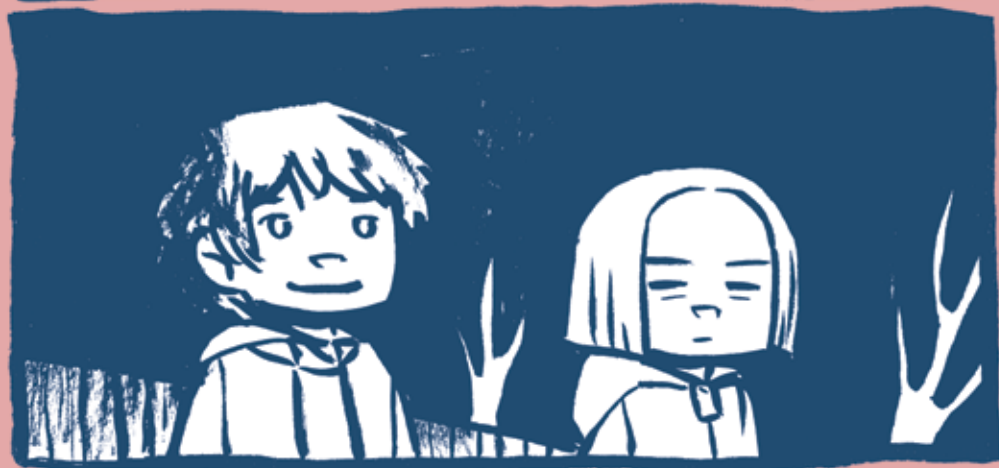


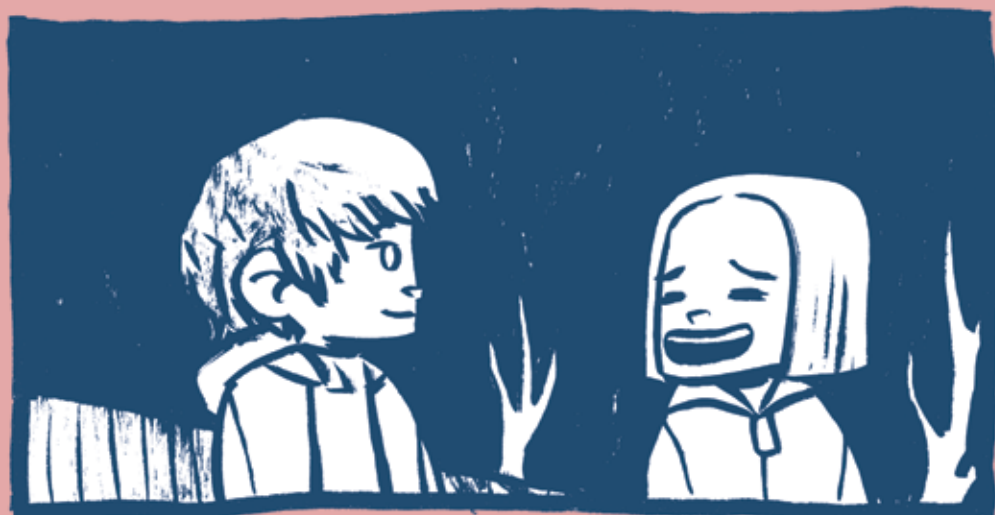








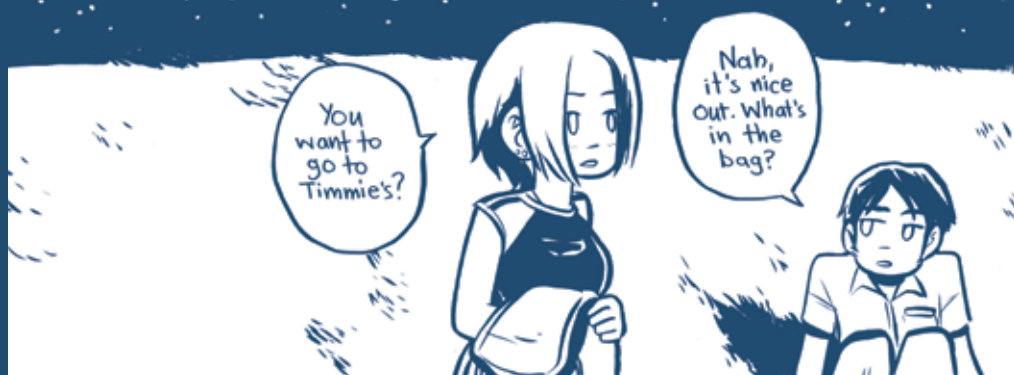






# Babyfood

With Stephanie Ferguson and David Weldon





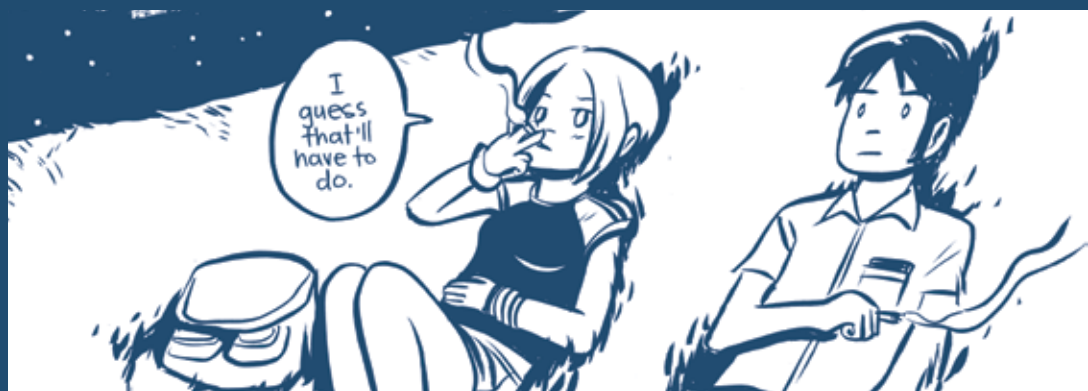


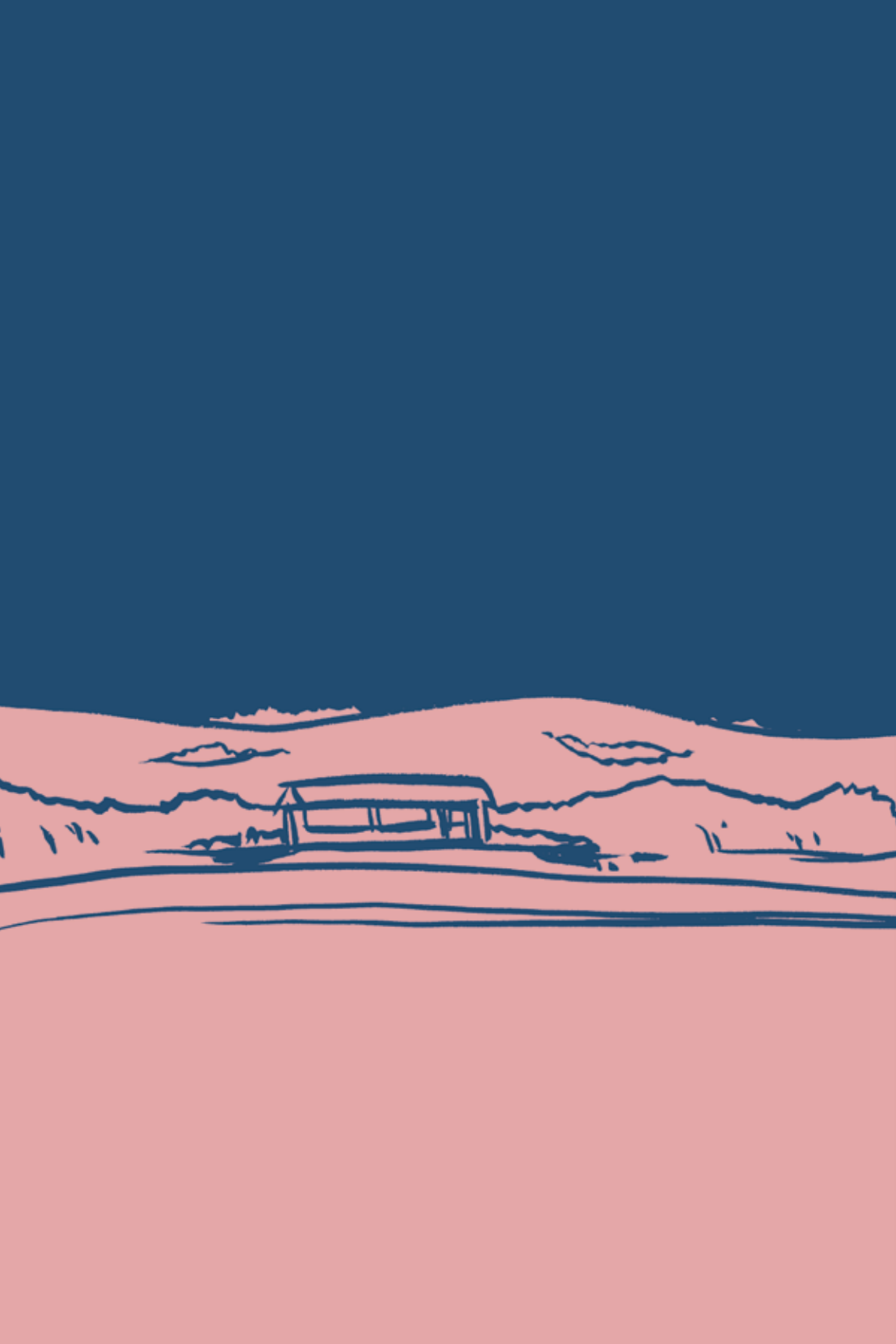












**BRYAN LEE O'MALLEY** is the creator of the bestselling *Scott Pilgrim* graphic novel series, which was adapted into a major motion picture, *Scott Pilgrim Vs The World*, in 2010.

He lives in Los Angeles, where he continues to make comics.





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