

“You fight like a dairy farmer.”

“How appropriate, you fight like
a cow.”

—Monkey Island



Honeydew Syndrome

by autobrig

In case you don't know
them, here is a bit of information
on all the major players.

Metis

Metis would be much better at being emo if he wasn't so spastic. Roughly 1 part smartass mixed with 3 parts dumbass and shaken, not stirred, his big mouth gets him into tons of trouble. His idea of a good time is mocking the resident jock for getting dumped. His idea of a not-so-good time is said resident jock introducing his fist to Metis' face.

Best Subject: English Literature

Worst Subject: Calculus

Birthday: Nov 25

Music: Death Cab for Cutie, Metric, OKGO

Videogames: Devil May Cry 1 and 3, BioShock, Metal Gear Solid

Movies: LotR, Star Wars, Batman, Superman (original)

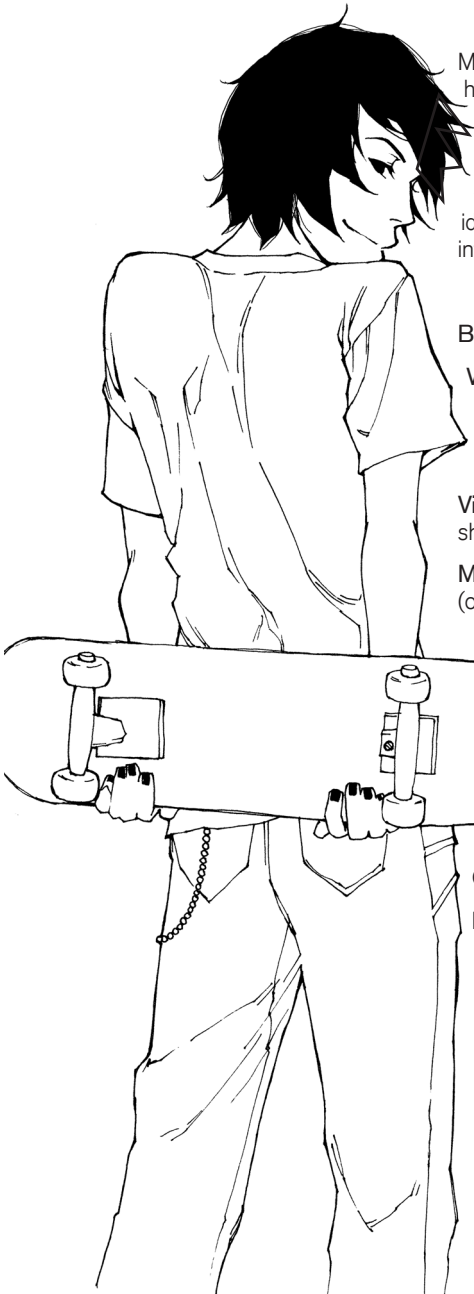
Likes: eating ice cream and fries (at the same time), warm milkshakes, epic fantasies, Alan Moore.

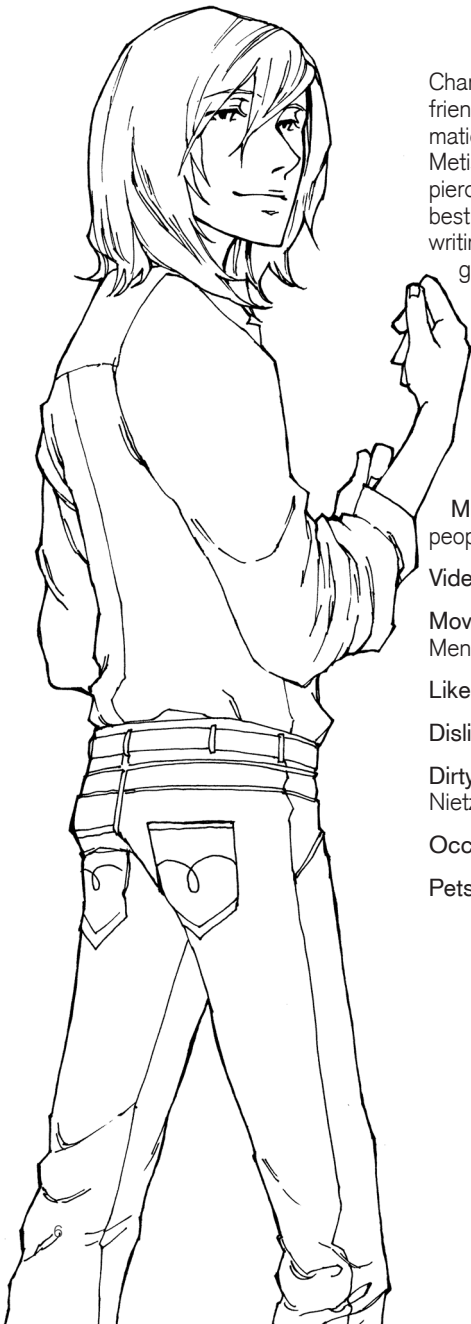
Dislikes: Jocks, being labelled "emo", spam

Dirty Little Secret: Shops at Hot Topic sometimes.

Occupational Aspiration: Transformer

Pets: two mice (Peanut Butter and Jelly)





Charles

Charles loudly protests allegations by his friends that he is “evil”; rather, he’s just “pragmatic”. Calm, collected, and prone to making Metis feel like an insignificant speck with his piercing wit, he’s nonetheless protective of his best friend. He’s secretly a fan of Nietzsche’s writing but avoids letting people know lest he gains a reputation for being a nihilist (or, well, “emo”).

Best Subject: History

Worst Subject: Chemistry

Birthday: Sept 5th

Music: none, he listens to whatever other people send him

Videogames: Civilization III, Age of Empires

Movies: No Country for Old Men, Children of Men, The Machinist, Silence of the Lambs

Likes: PC strategy games, Neil Gaiman

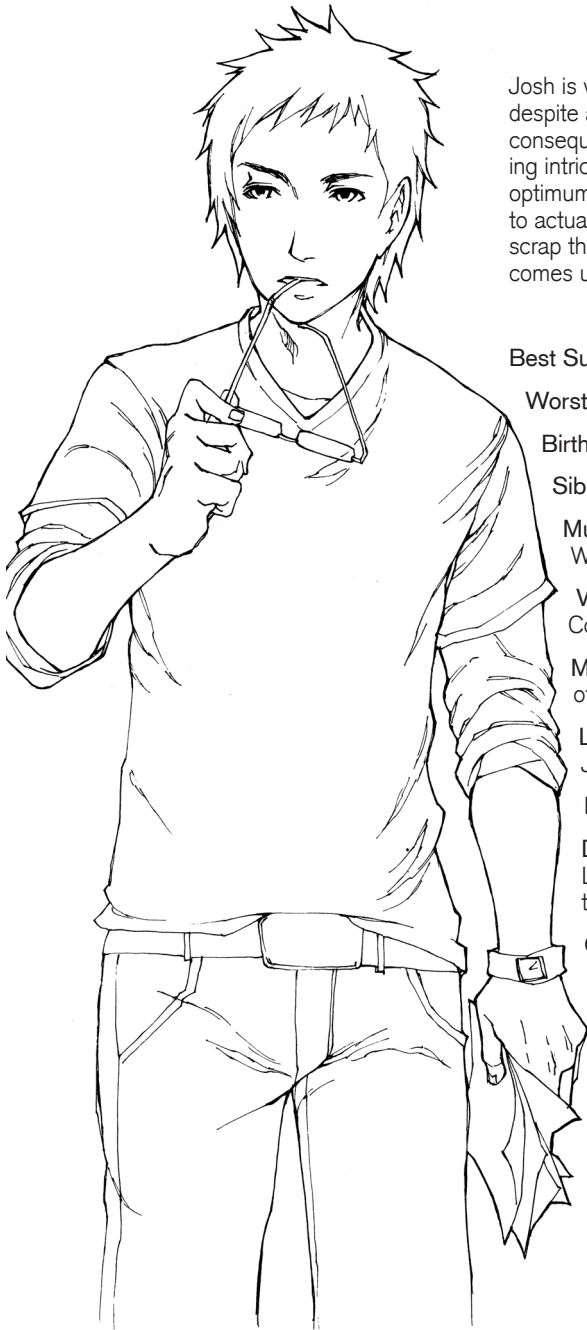
Dislikes: Paris Hilton, smokers, posers.

Dirty Little Secret: he is actually a fan of Nietzsche.

Occupational Aspiration: Big Brother

Pets: doesn’t recall having pets.





Josh

Josh is what most people would call a jock, despite an un-jocklike affinity for math. He consequently abuses this talent by formulating intricate football strategies and calculating optimum kickoff angles. Far too complicated to actually work, his team members secretly scrap them and hurriedly change topics when it comes up. He's a good quarterback, though.

Best Subject: Math

Worst Subject: English

Birthday: Nov 5th

Siblings: younger twin sisters

Music: Chris Brown, Amy Winehouse, White Stripes

Videogames: Halo, Call of Duty 4, Counterstrike

Movies: V for Vendetta, Batman, Shaun of the Dead

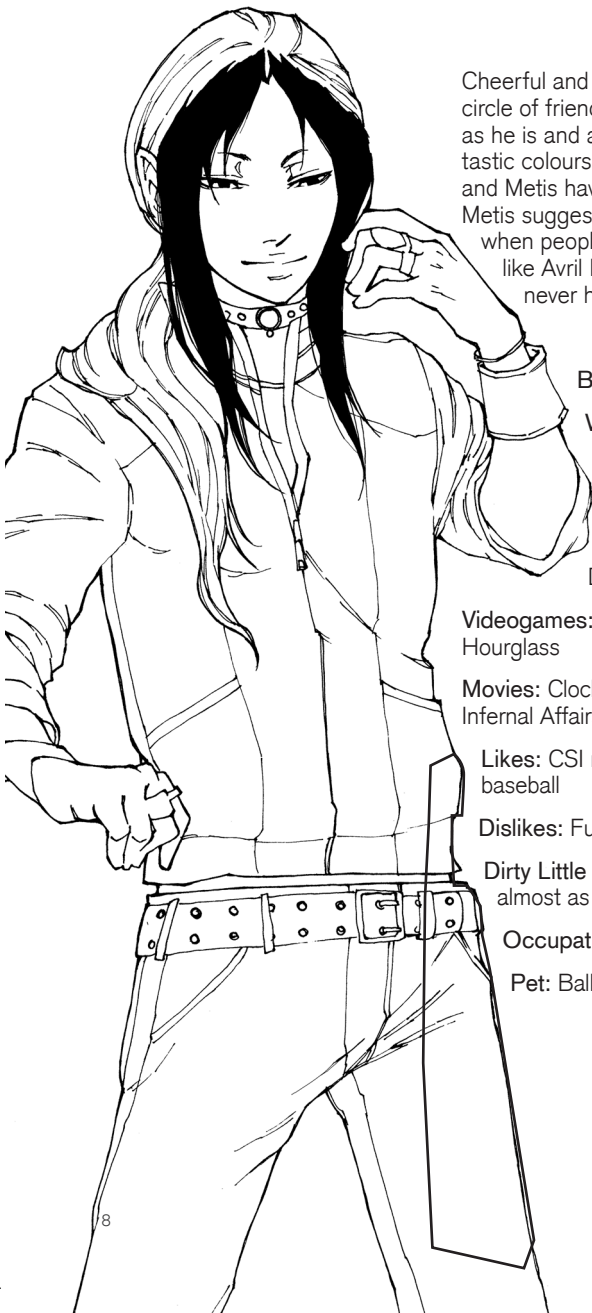
Likes: football, Mike and Ike's Jellybeans

Dislikes: Whipped cream, hangovers

Dirty Little Secret: Listens to Avril Lavigne sometimes. He has the lyrics to "My Happy Ending" memorized.

Occupational Aspiration: Godzilla

Pet: cat (Schrödinger) and dog (Tiger)



Jay

Cheerful and easygoing, Jay has his own close circle of friends, most of whom are as quirky as he is and also enjoy dyeing their hair fantastic colours to stick it to, um, "the man". He and Metis have been good friends ever since Metis suggested to him that he play dumb when people touch on the fact that he looks like Avril Lavigne. Now he insists that he's never heard of any "April Ravine."

Best Subject: Law

Worst Subject: Biology

Birthday: Dec 29

Siblings: older sister

Music: Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Jay Jay Johanson, i heaven

Videogames: Pokemon, EBA, Phantom Hourglass

Movies: Clockwork Orange, The Shining, Infernal Affairs

Likes: CSI reruns, bass, thriller movies, baseball

Dislikes: Fungi, consumerism

Dirty Little Secret: he likes CSI: Miami almost as much as the original.

Occupational Aspiration: Ghost buster

Pet: Ball Python (Eden)





ALTHOUGH
I'VE NEVER
BEEN PICKED
ON AS A KID
...

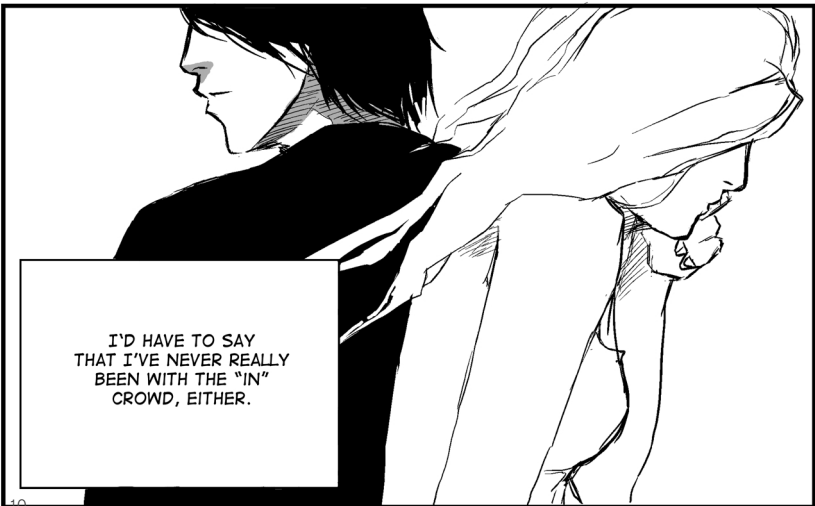


WELL,
FLUCK YOU!!

SHARP!



STAMP
STAMP
STAMP



I'D HAVE TO SAY
THAT I'VE NEVER REALLY
BEEN WITH THE "IN"
CROWD, EITHER.

SO SEEING A JOCK
LIKE JOSH GET DUMPED
BY A CHEERLEADER LIKE
MICHELLE...

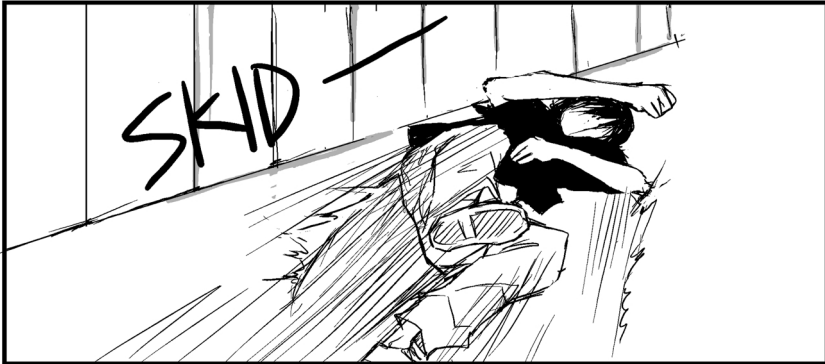
SLAM!

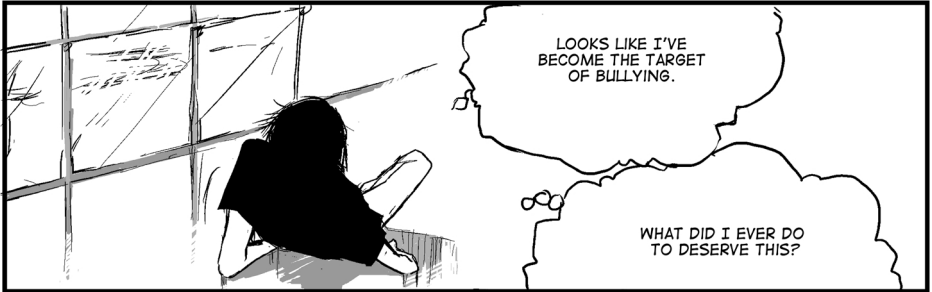
YOU GOT A PROBLEM, KID?

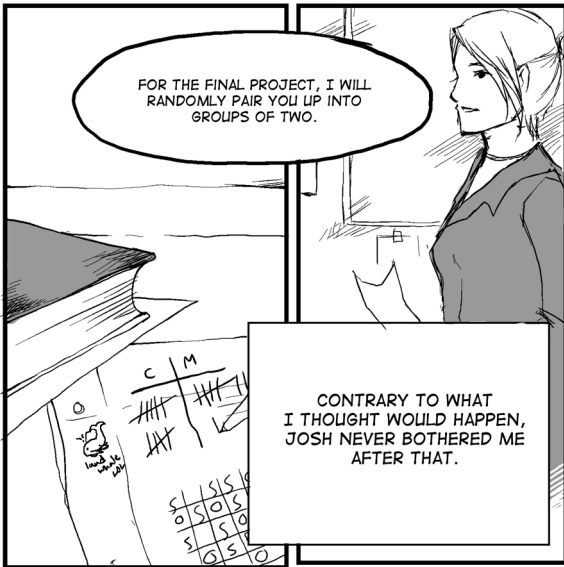
AND SINCE I'M
NOT A MALICIOUS
PERSON AT
HEART...

I DIDN'T WANT TO CAUSE
ANY UNNECESSARY TROUBLE,
OF COURSE.

NOT AT ALL!

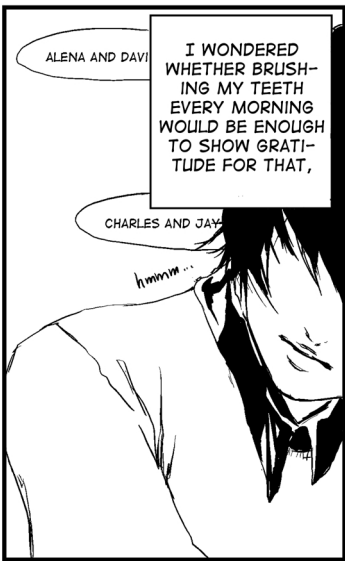






FOR THE FINAL PROJECT, I WILL RANDOMLY PAIR YOU UP INTO GROUPS OF TWO.

CONTRARY TO WHAT I THOUGHT WOULD HAPPEN, JOSH NEVER BOTHERED ME AFTER THAT.



ALENA AND DAVI

I WONDERED WHETHER BRUSHING MY TEETH EVERY MORNING WOULD BE ENOUGH TO SHOW GRATITUDE FOR THAT,

CHARLES AND JAY

hmm...

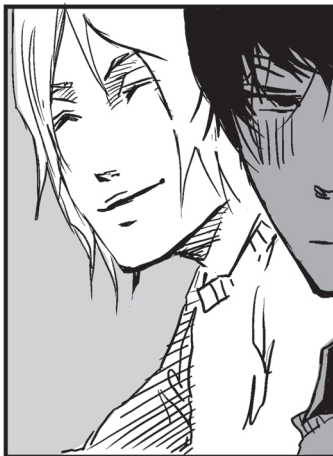
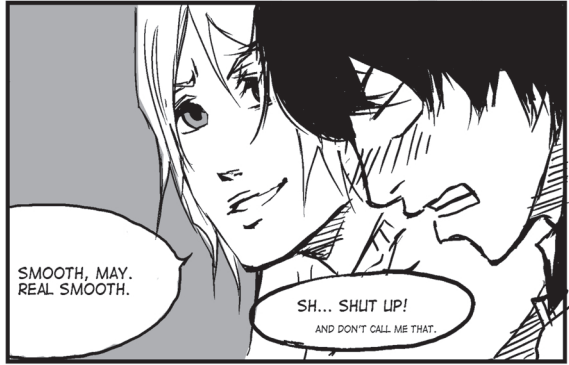
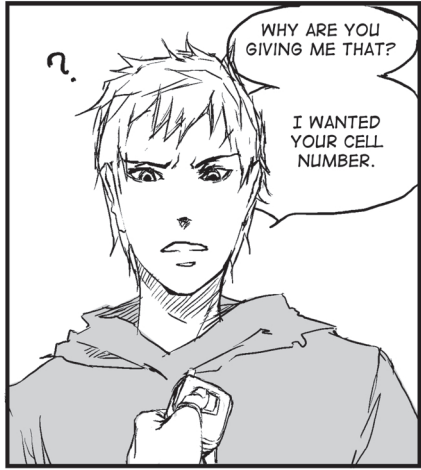
BUT, ALAS, I WAS TOO QUICKLY RELIEVED. ALLOW ME TO TESTIFY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:

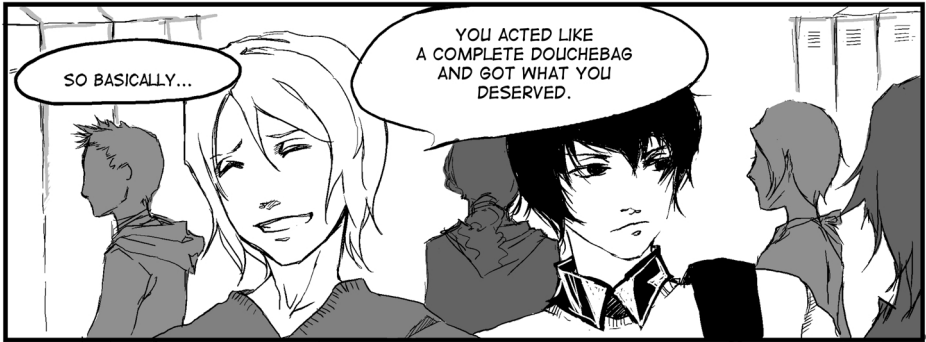
JOSH AND METIS.

THERE IS NO GOD.

Dude, it's your turn

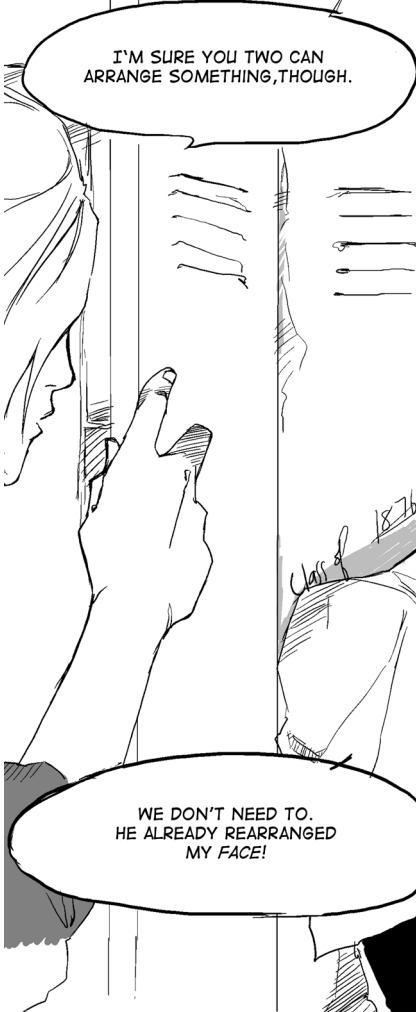






SO BASICALLY...

YOU ACTED LIKE
A COMPLETE DOUCHEBAG
AND GOT WHAT YOU
DESERVED.

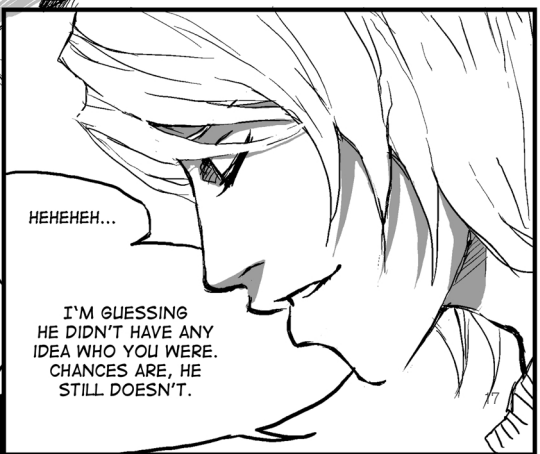


I'M SURE YOU TWO CAN
ARRANGE SOMETHING, THOUGH.

WE DON'T NEED TO.
HE ALREADY REARRANGED
MY FACE!

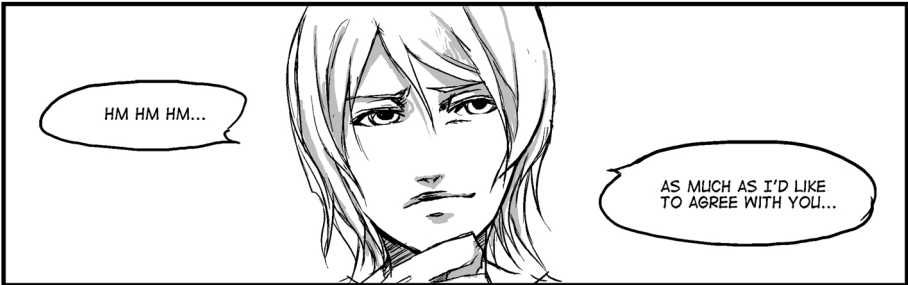
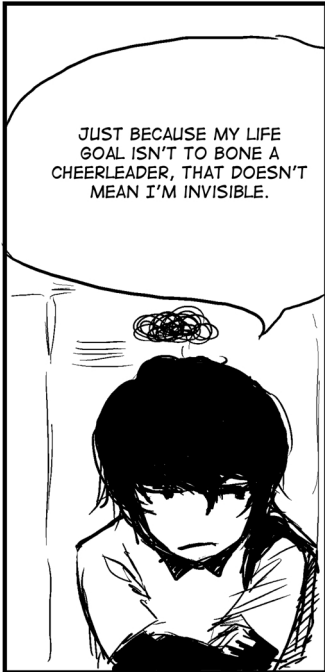


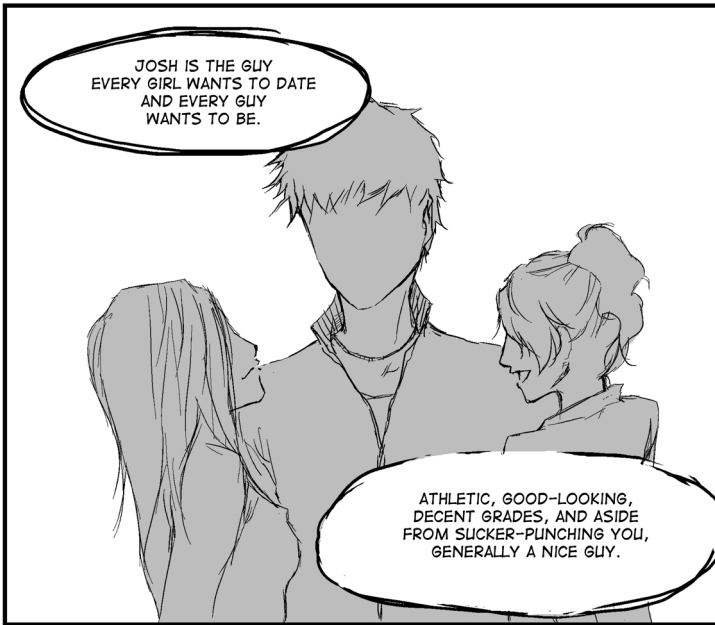
HE DIDN'T ACT WEIRD OR
ANYTHING, THOUGH. THINK HE
FORGOT?



HEHEHEH...

I'M GUESSING
HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY
IDEA WHO YOU WERE.
CHANCES ARE, HE
STILL DOESN'T.





JOSH IS THE GUY EVERY GIRL WANTS TO DATE AND EVERY GUY WANTS TO BE.

ATHLETIC, GOOD-LOOKING, DECENT GRADES, AND ASIDE FROM SUCKER-PUNCHING YOU, GENERALLY A NICE GUY.

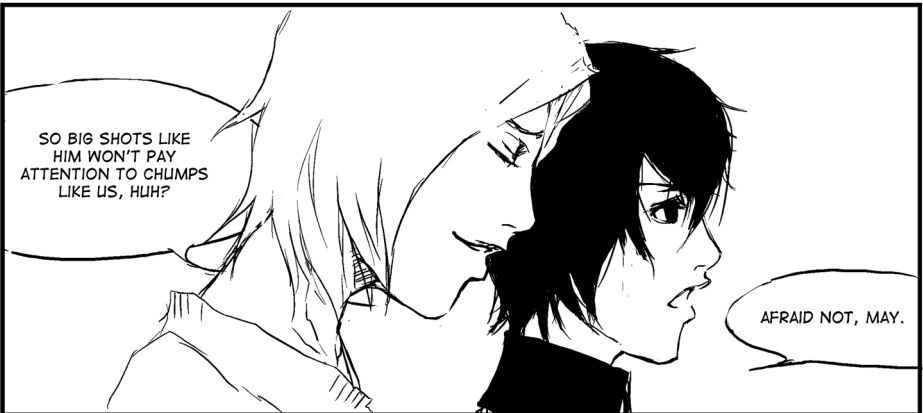


.....



I HATE HIM.

NOW, NOW, MAY. YOU'LL GO TO HELL IF YOU KEEP ACTING THAT WAY.



SO BIG SHOTS LIKE HIM WON'T PAY ATTENTION TO CHUMPS LIKE US, HUH?

AFRAID NOT, MAY.

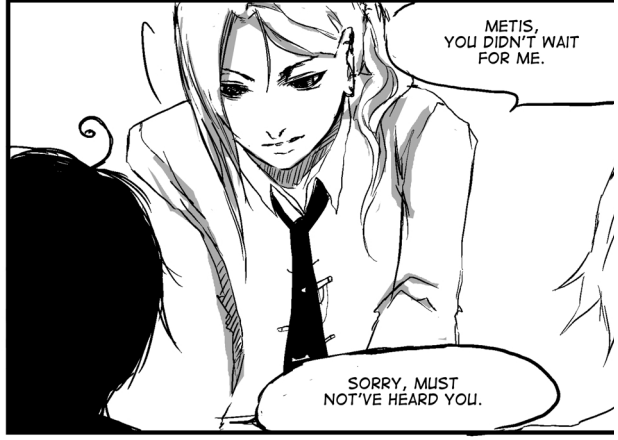


SO WHAT'RE
YOU GONNA DO?



I DUNNO, I GUESS
I'LL JUST...

OH.



METIS,
YOU DIDN'T WAIT
FOR ME.

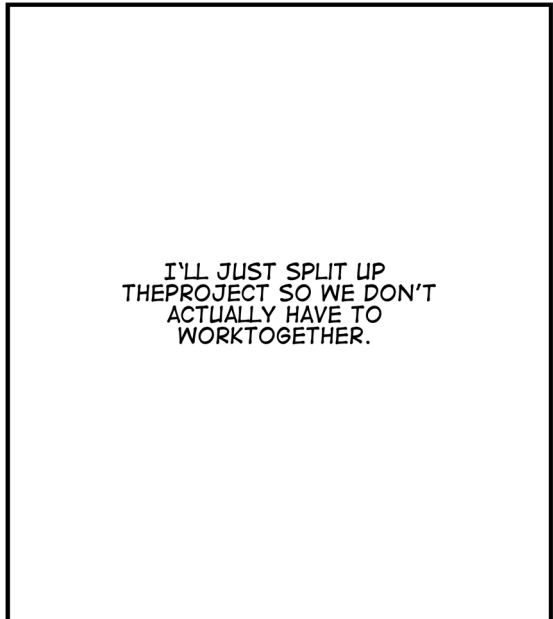
SORRY, MUST
NOT'VE HEARD YOU.



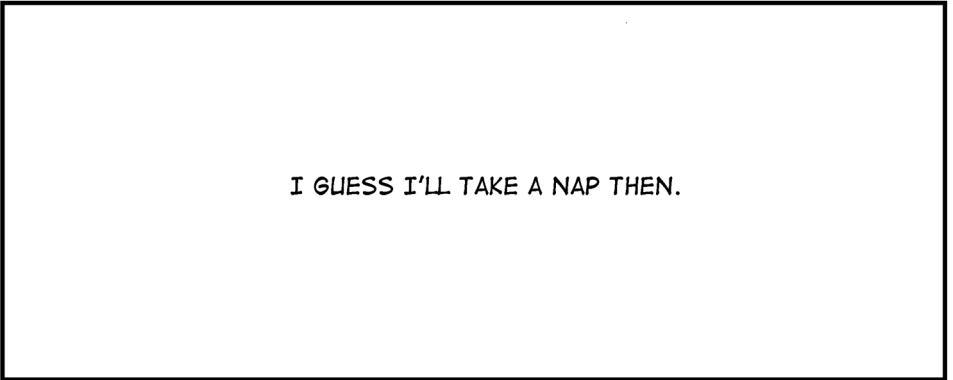
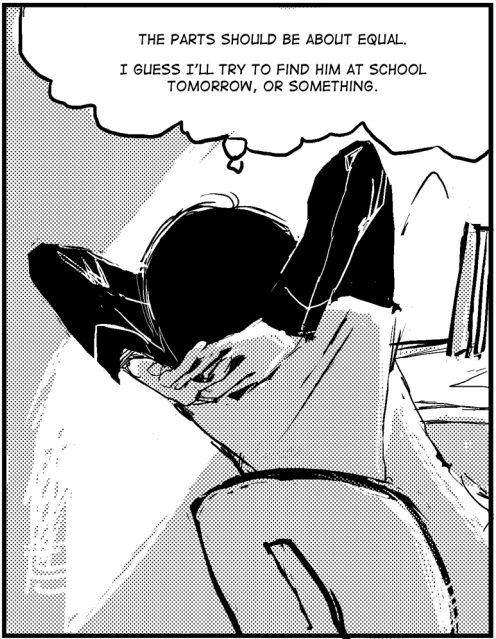
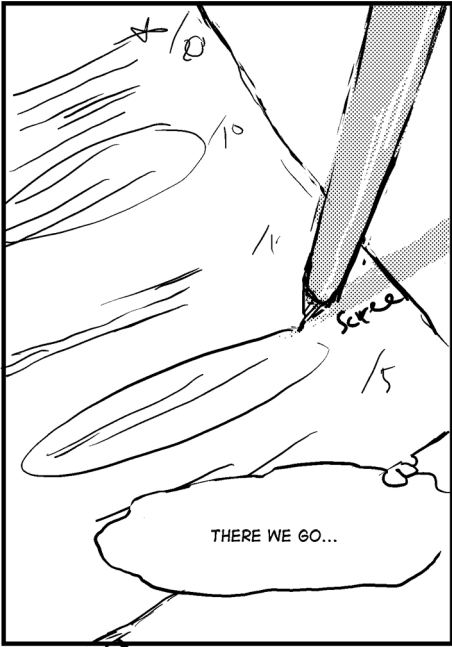
OH WELL, GUESS IT
CAN'T BE HELPED.

CHARLES, MY MAN!
WE'RE TOGETHER ON
THIS PROJECT BUSINESS.

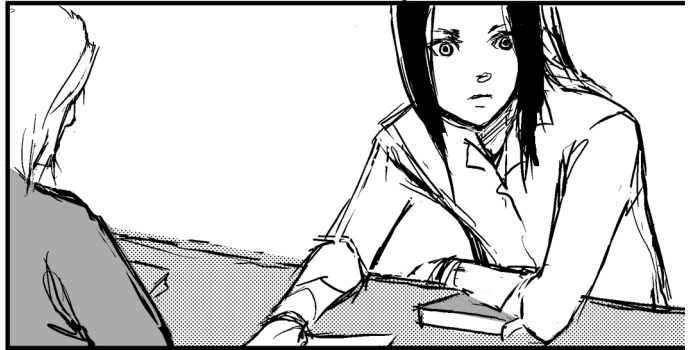
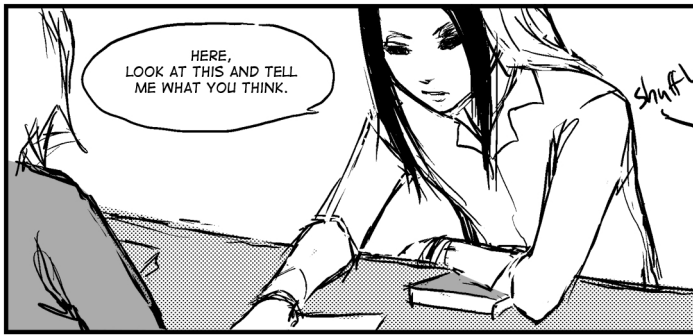
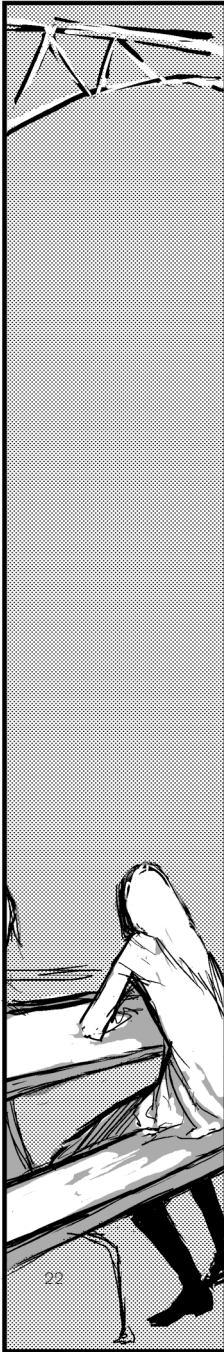
I'M AWARE
OF THAT.



I'LL JUST SPLIT UP
THE PROJECT SO WE DON'T
ACTUALLY HAVE TO
WORK TOGETHER.



I GUESS I'LL TAKE A NAP THEN.



METIS!?

WHAT THE HELL
HAPPENED TO YOU!?

CREAK

YANK



JOSH...



CALM DOWN,
CHARLES.

IT WASN'T JOSH.

ALTHOUGH I WOULD'VE
LIKED TO BLAME HIM...

Bat

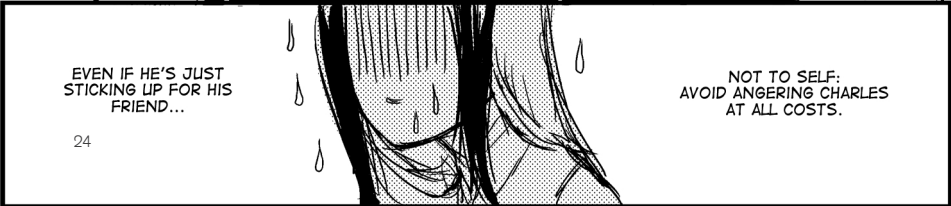


.....

BREAK

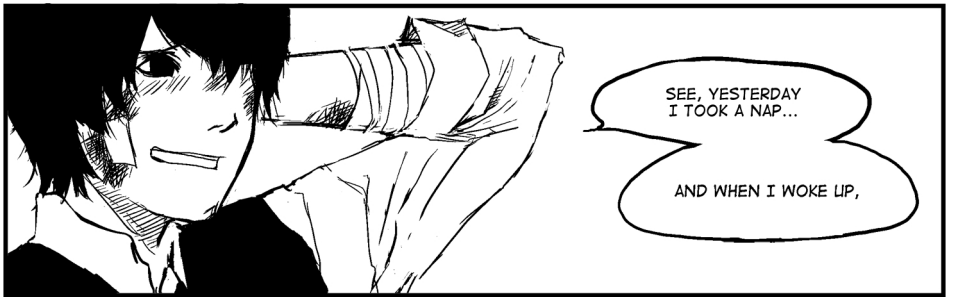
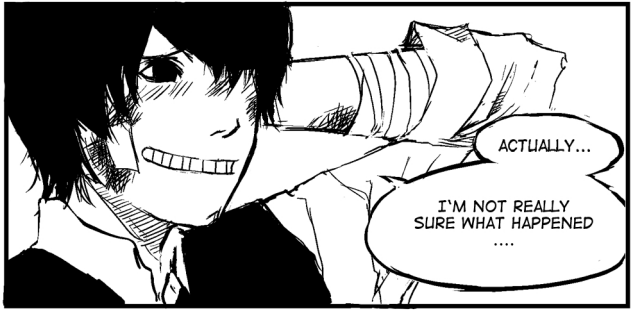


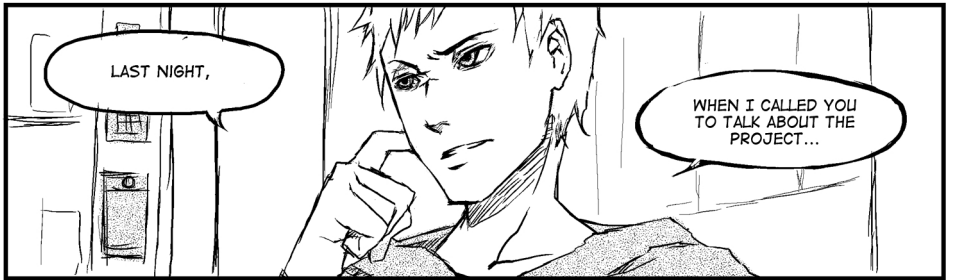
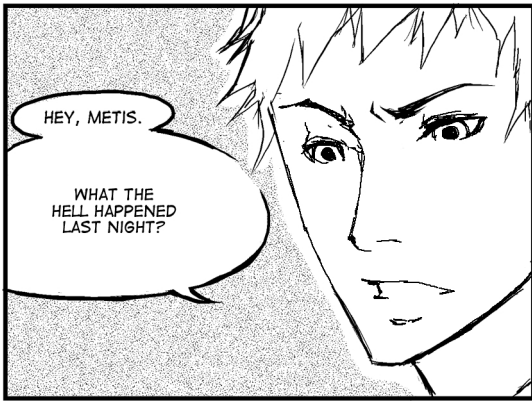
FINE. WELL?

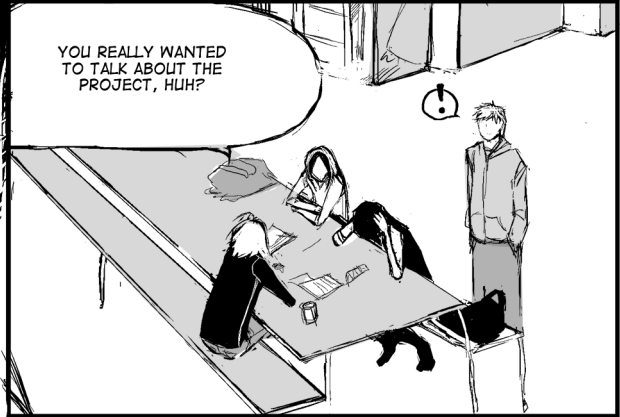


EVEN IF HE'S JUST
STICKING UP FOR HIS
FRIEND...

NOT TO SELF;
AVOID ANGERING CHARLES
AT ALL COSTS.










HM, YEAH.

I'M KINDA WORRIED
ABOUT MY MARKS FOR
THIS CLASS.



IT'S MY WORST COURSE, AND
I THINK THAT IF WE JUST TRIED
TO SPLIT THE PROJECT 50/50,
WE'LL END UP GETTING 60%.

50% FROM YOU,
AND 10% FROM ME.



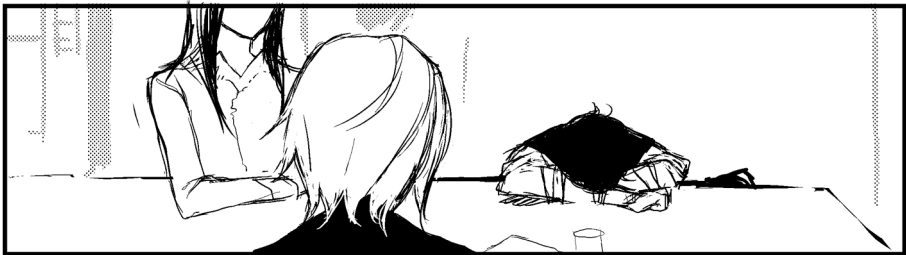
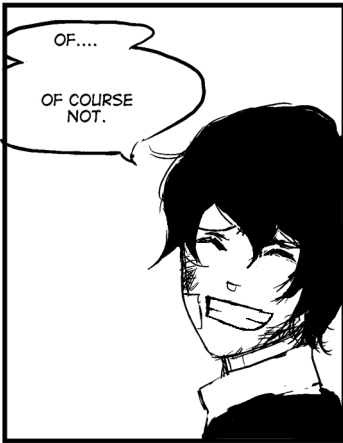
SO, YOU'RE
SAYING THAT...

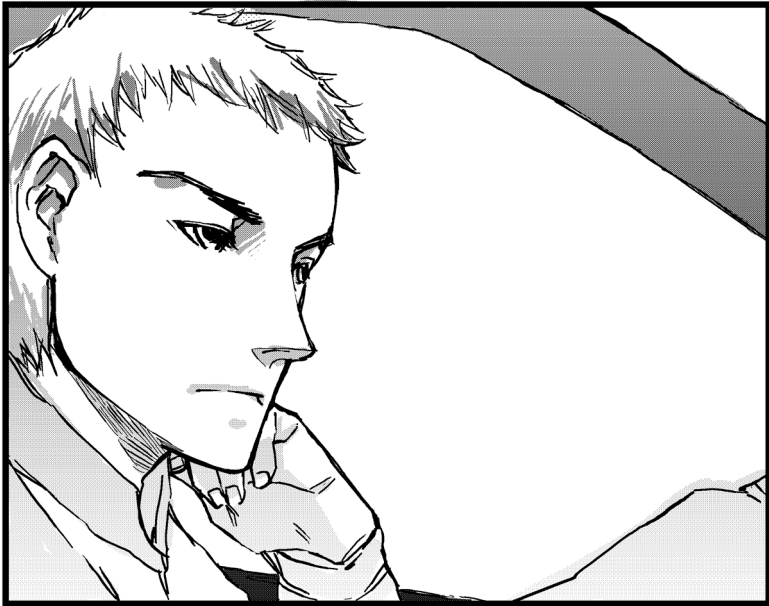
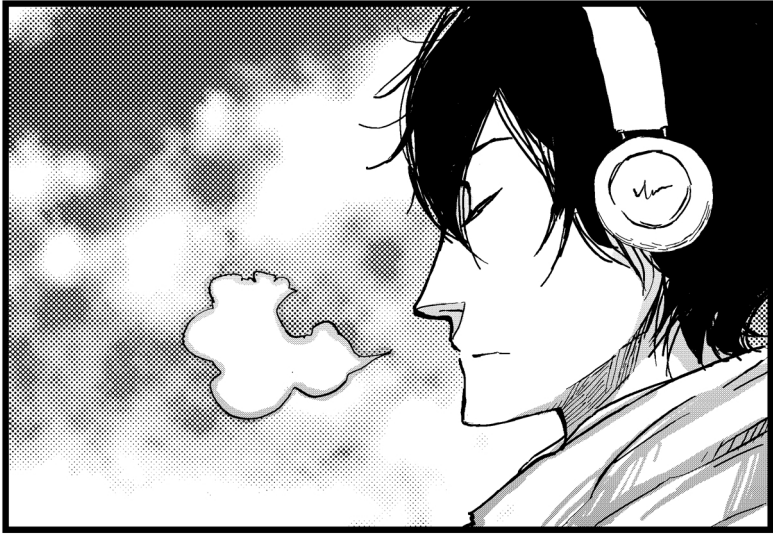
UH OH...

THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU
SO SOON. I WAS HOPING THAT
YOU WOULDN'T TRY TO SLICE THE
PROJECT IN HALF RIGHT
DOWN THE MIDDLE.

I DIDN'T THINK THAT
YOU'D DO IT WITHOUT
TALKING TO ME FIRST...

BUT I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE.
YOU DIDN'T START THE PROJECT
OR ANYTHING, DID YOU?

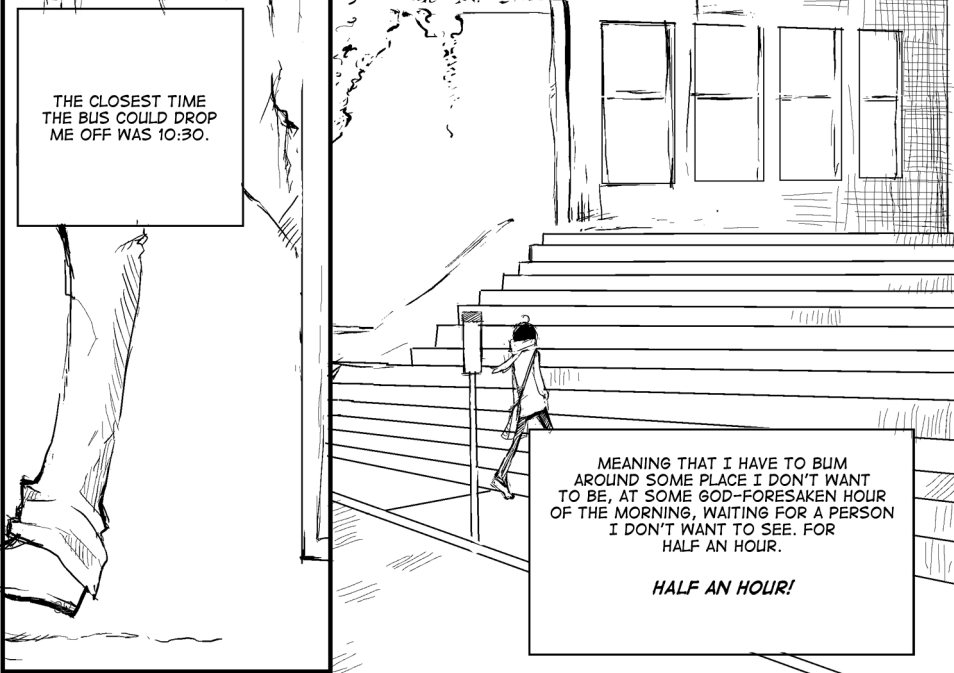
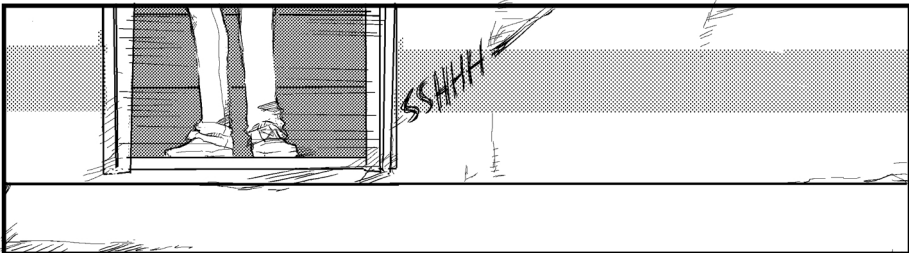






WE AGREED TO MEET
AT THE LIBRARY
ON A CHILLY SATURDAY
MORNING.

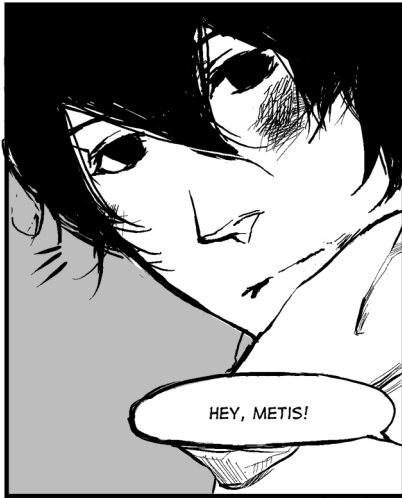
11:00 A.M.



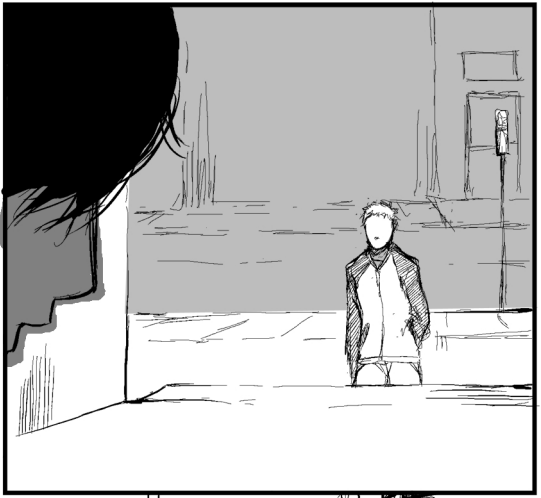
THE CLOSEST TIME
THE BUS COULD DROP
ME OFF WAS 10:30.

MEANING THAT I HAVE TO BUM
AROUND SOME PLACE I DON'T WANT
TO BE, AT SOME GOD-FORESAKEN HOUR
OF THE MORNING, WAITING FOR A PERSON
I DON'T WANT TO SEE. FOR
HALF AN HOUR.

HALF AN HOUR!



HEY, METIS!



Clink
Clink

YOU'RE EARLY.



HE HAS A CAR.
OF COURSE HE HAS
A CAR.

HOW ELSE IS HE
SUPPOSED TO GET
HIS CHEERLEADER GIRL-
FRIENDS TO ALL OF
THOSE PARTIES?



HE CUT HIS HAIR.

YEAH.

IN?



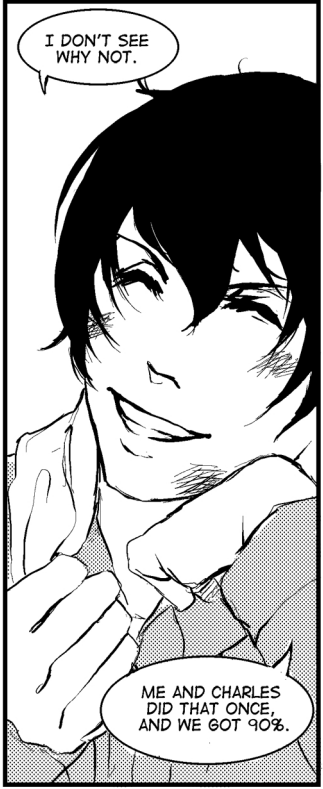
LOOKS EVEN MORE LIKE A JOCK.



SO, WE HAVE TO WRITE THREE ESSAYS.

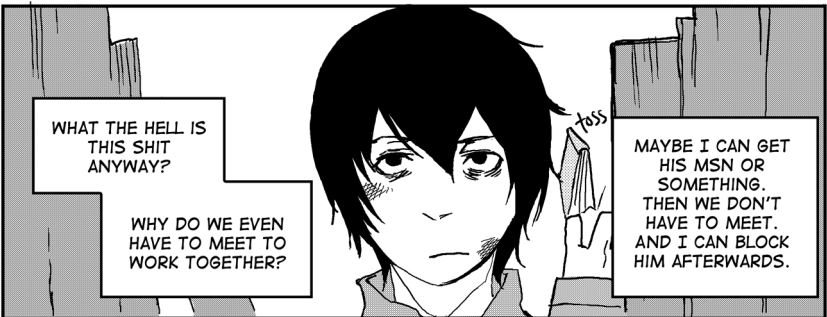
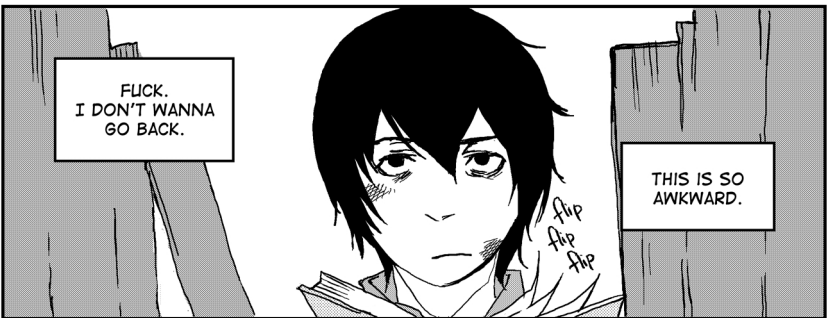
WHAT SAY YOU WRITE THE FIRST HALF, I THE SECOND, AND WE SLAM IT TOGETHER WITH MAGIC AND RAINBOWS?

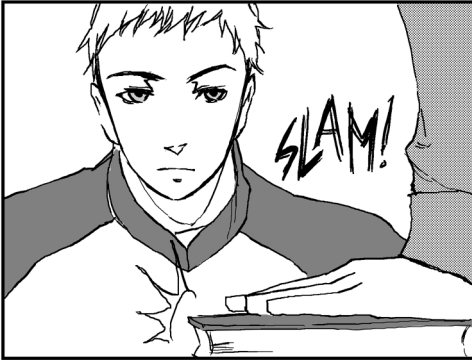
...WOULD THAT WORK?

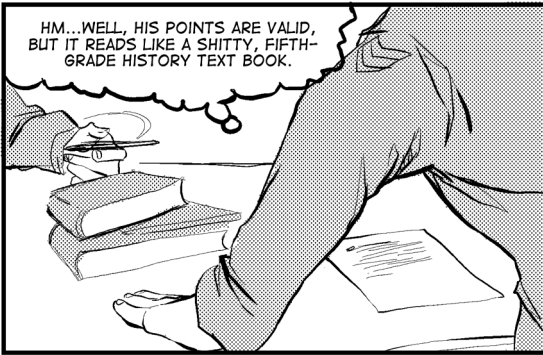


I DON'T SEE WHY NOT.

ME AND CHARLES DID THAT ONCE, AND WE GOT 90%.









JOSH HAD THE ARTISTIC FLAIR OF A BLINDFOLDED MONKEY ON MORPHINE.

SO IT'S ALMOST DARK BY THE TIME WE'RE DONE.


I PROBABLY SHOULDN'T FEEL SO HAPPY ABOUT WALKING INTO THE FREEZING PITCH-DARNESS.

BUT WHO GIVES A SHIT. AT LEAST I WAS OUT OF THERE.




'KAY, I'LL SEE YOU.

WAIT.




DON'T YOU NEED A RIDE HOME?



NOTHING COULD MAKE ME SPEND ANOTHER MINUTE IN THE COMPANY OF THIS BLINKING IDIOT.

NO. THANKS.

I'LL BE FINE.

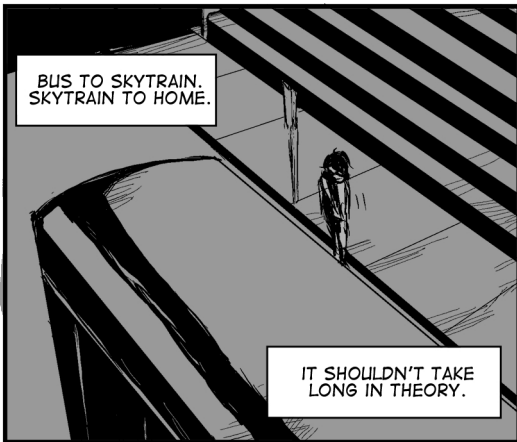


I'D RATHER ENDURE THE PAIN OF BADLY-FUNDED PUBLIC TRANSIT, THANKS.



ALRIGHT,
I'LL SEE YOU AT
SCHOOL, THEN.

BYE.



BUS TO SKYTRAIN.
SKYTRAIN TO HOME.

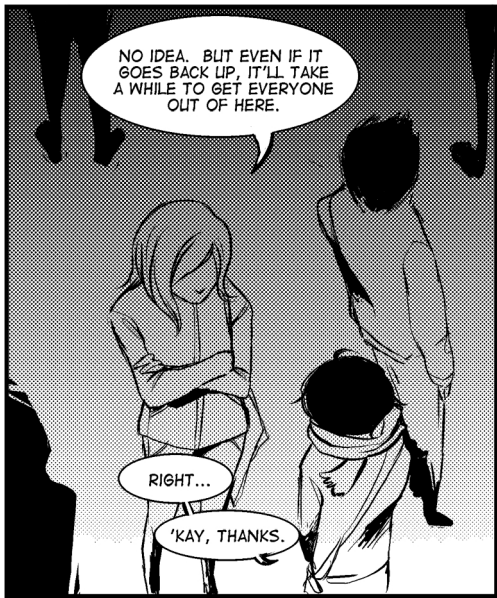
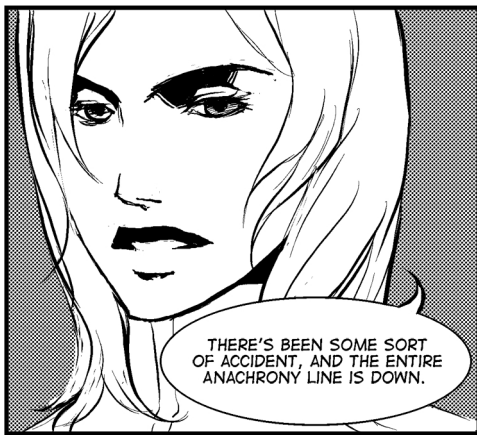
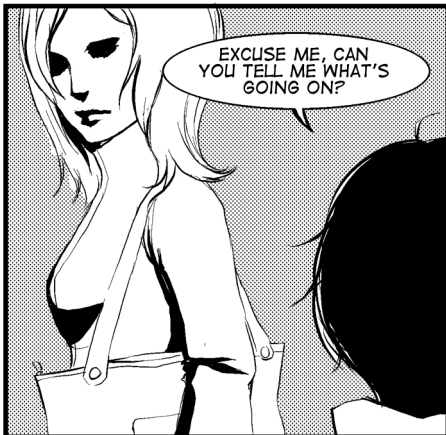
IT SHOULDN'T TAKE
LONG IN THEORY.



AND AT THIS TIME OF
DAY, THERE SHOULDN'T
BE TOO MANY PEOPLE
USING THE SKYTRAIN EITHER.



WHOA.
WHAT THE.





OH WELL, I GUESS
I'LL JUST TAKE THE
BUS HOME.



.....



.....



THAT CAN'T POSSIBLY
BE WHO I THINK IT IS.



THERE HAD BETTER BE
A GOOD EXPLANATION
FOR THIS. SERIOUSLY.







I REALLY DON'T KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH THIS GUY. I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM.



SO, I REALLY APPRECIATE THAT YOU CAME TO PICK ME UP.

DO YOU... JUST LIKE GIVING PEOPLE RIDES?

YOU LIKE TO DRIVE?



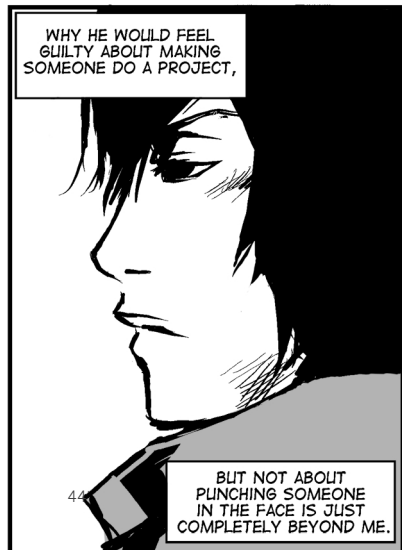
NOT REALLY, ACTUALLY.

I GUESS I FEEL KINDA GUILTY.

FEELS LIKE YOU'RE DOING THE ENTIRE PROJECT.



...WOW.

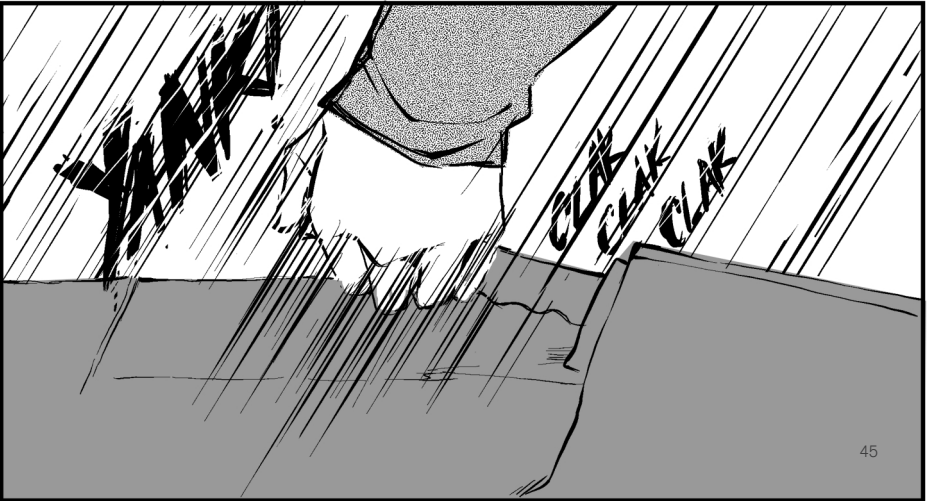
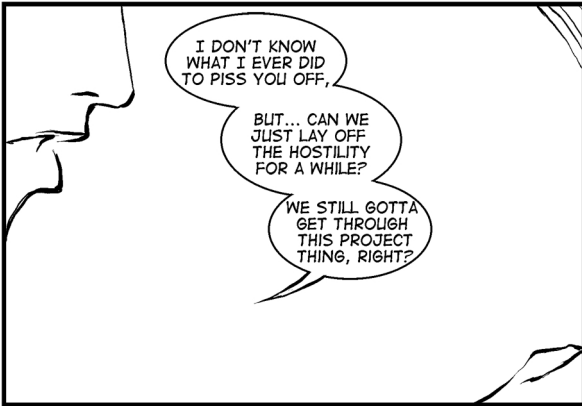


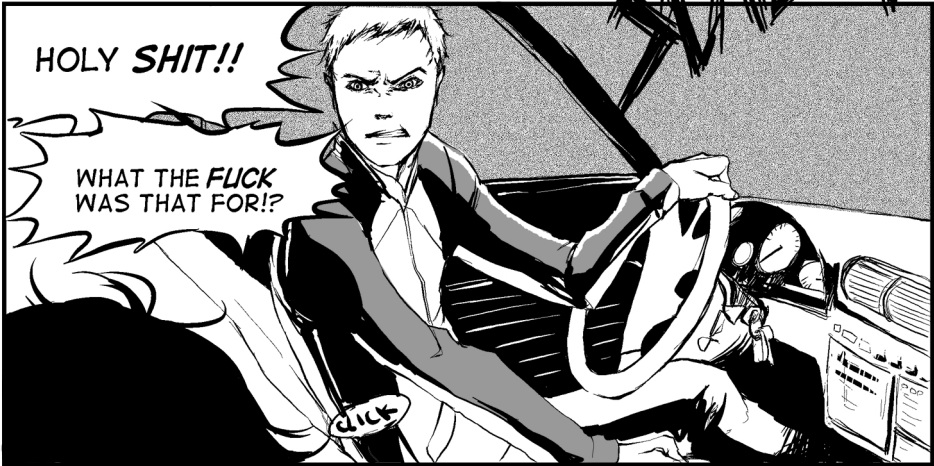
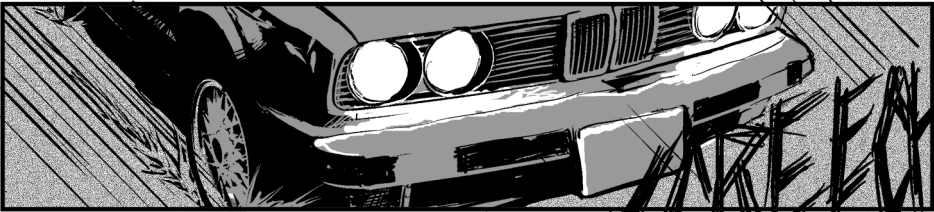
WHY HE WOULD FEEL GUILTY ABOUT MAKING SOMEONE DO A PROJECT,

BUT NOT ABOUT PUNCHING SOMEONE IN THE FACE IS JUST COMPLETELY BEYOND ME.



LOOK,







I CAN FINISH THE PROJECT ON MY OWN.

PLEASE DON'T CALL ME.



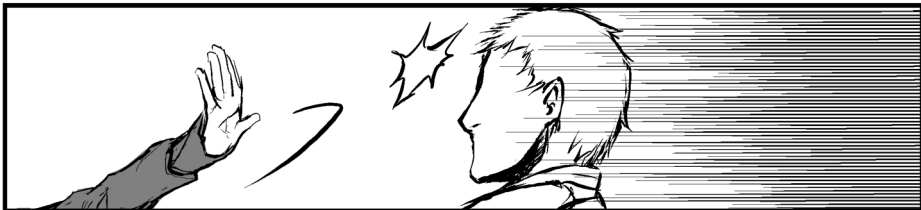
SLAM!

WAIT!

METIS!!

*clack
clack
clack*





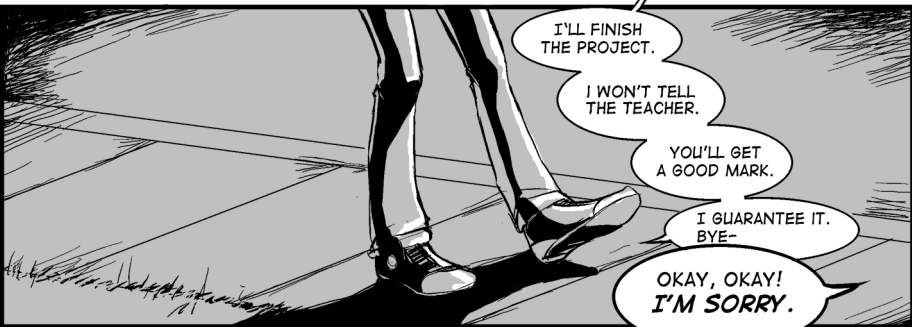
LOOK, THIS IS SIMPLE.

THE ONLY REASON YOU KNOW MY NAME IS BECAUSE WE HAVE THIS PROJECT TOGETHER, RIGHT?

I BET YOU CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME AND ANY GIVEN EMO KID.

SO.





I'LL FINISH THE PROJECT.

I WON'T TELL THE TEACHER.

YOU'LL GET A GOOD MARK.

I GUARANTEE IT. BYE-

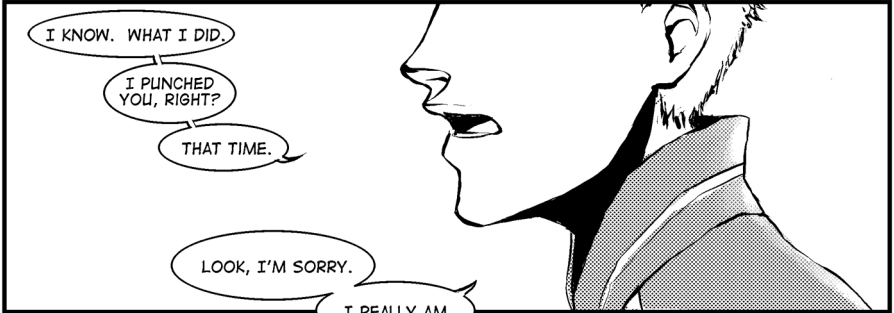
OKAY, OKAY! I'M SORRY.





WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW IF YOU ACTUALLY DID ANYTHING TO ME.



I KNOW. WHAT I DID.

I PUNCHED YOU, RIGHT?

THAT TIME.

LOOK, I'M SORRY.

I REALLY AM.

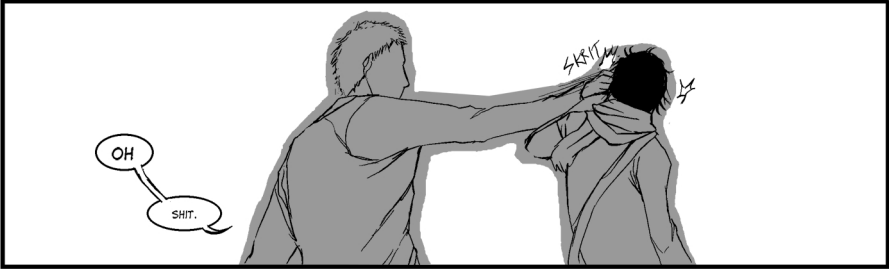
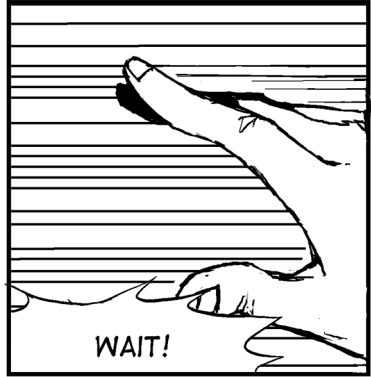


THAT HE HAD KNOWN ALL ALONG...

BUT PRETENDED NOTHING HAD HAPPENED...



THAT'S JUST... DOWNRIGHT INSULTING.

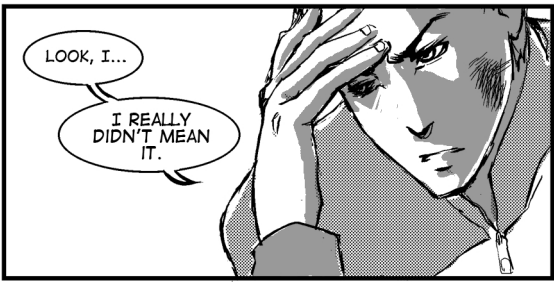






I DON'T KNOW
WHAT KIND OF
WORLD YOU LIVE
IN, JOSH.

OBVIOUSLY, IT'S
VERY DIFFERENT
FROM MINE.



LOOK, I...

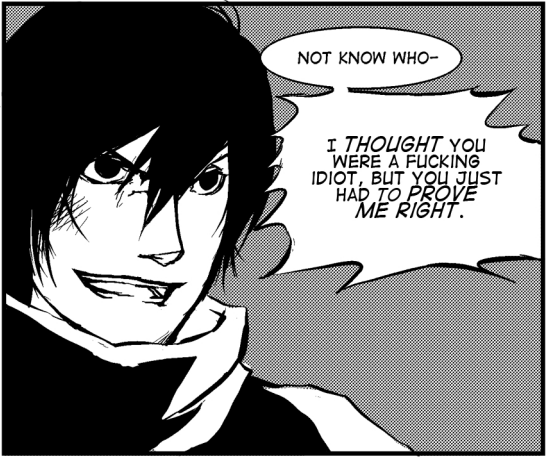
I REALLY
DIDN'T MEAN
IT.



WAIT!

OK, FINE,
I DID MEAN IT.

I WAS KINDA
HOPING THAT YOU
DIDN'T KNOW
WHO I WAS.



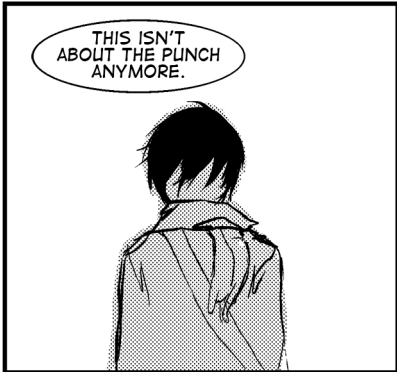
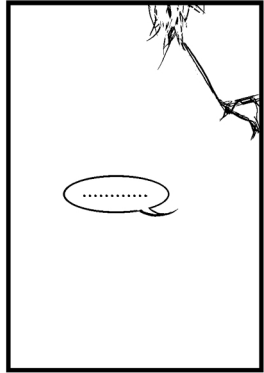
NOT KNOW WHO-

I *THOUGHT* YOU
WERE A FUCKING
IDIOT, BUT YOU JUST
HAD TO *PROVE*
ME RIGHT.



NOT EVERYONE LIVES
YOUR LIFE, **JOSH**,

*THE KIND
WHERE THEY CAN
IGNORE EVERYONE
WHO ISN'T POPULAR
OR IMPORTANT!!*



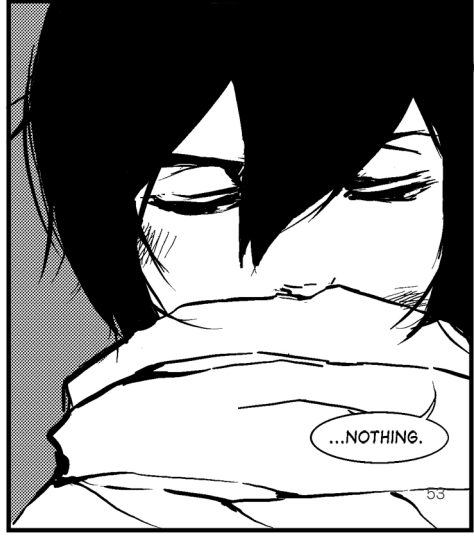
THIS ISN'T
ABOUT THE PUNCH
ANYMORE.




NO.



WHAT CAN
I DO?



...NOTHING.



IF IT'S STILL WORTH ANYTHING, METIS,

I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRERD YOU.

YOU'RE NOT AFRAID TO BE WHO YOU ARE.



IF I SAID IT WASN'T...

I'D ONLY BE LYING TO MYSELF.



THAT'S ALWAYS WORTH SOMETHING.



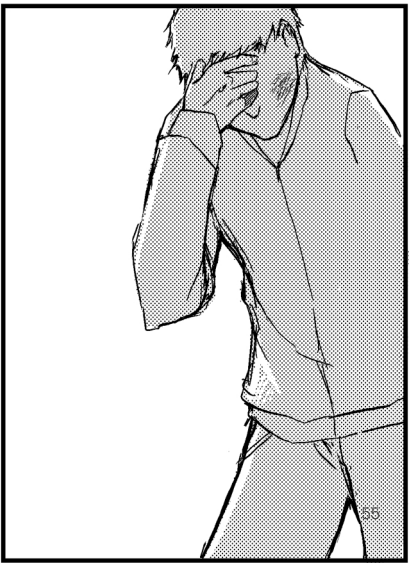
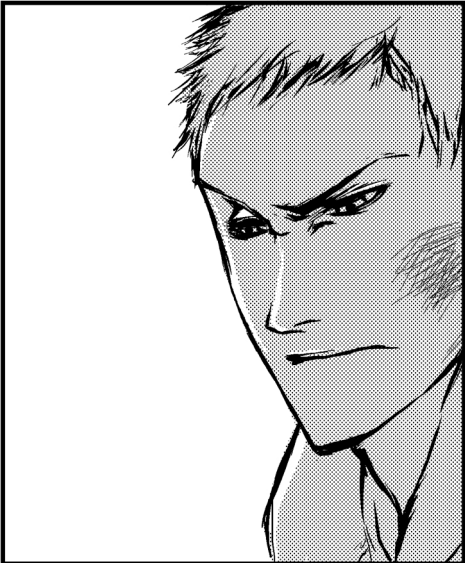
YOU'LL GET A GOOD MARK ON YOUR PROJECT.

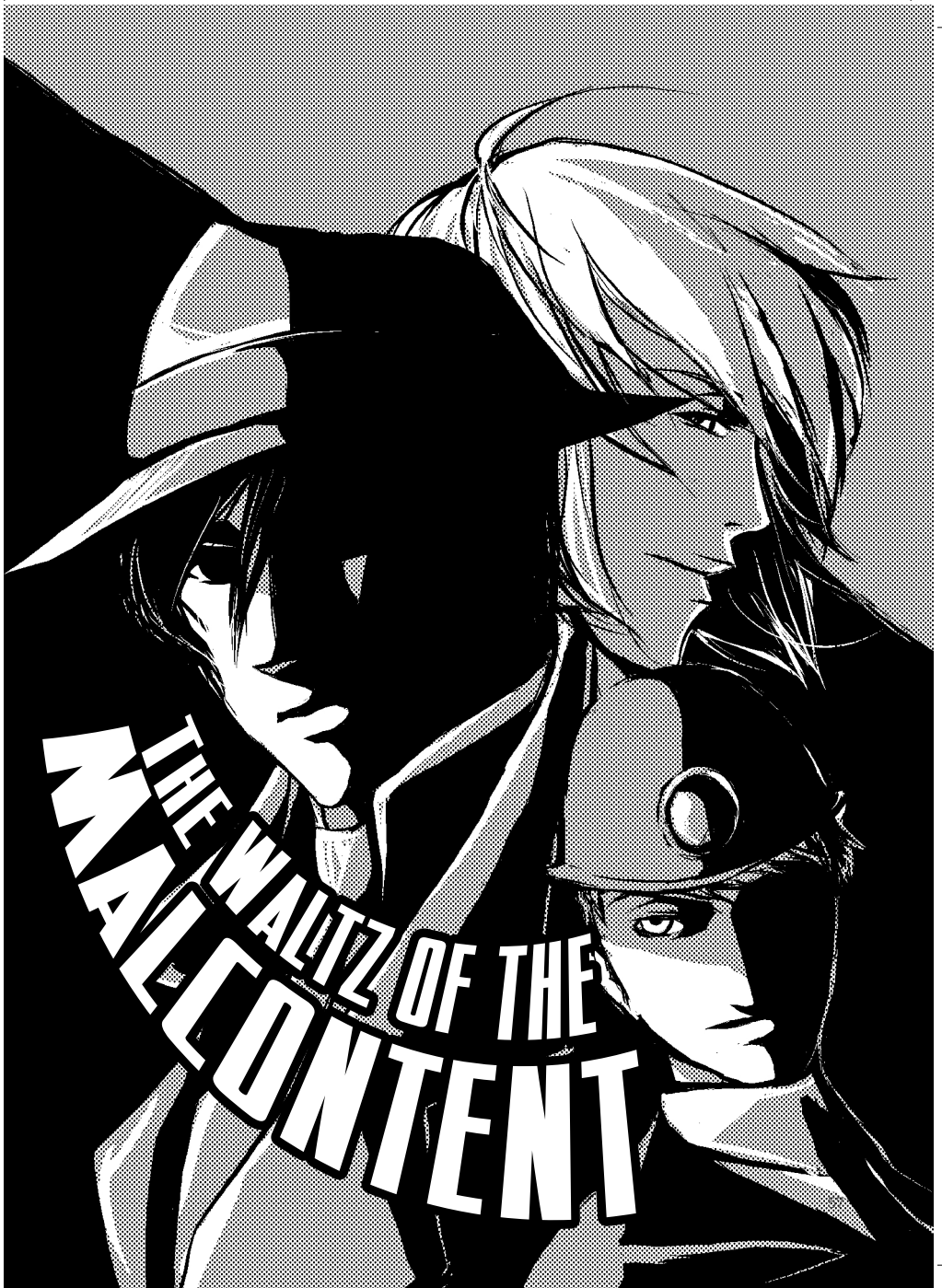
G'NIGHT.

BUT NOT ENOUGH.



TOO LATE TO BE WORTH ENOUGH.





THE WALTZ OF THE
MALL CONTENT



IT WAS A DAY LIKE
ANY OTHER DAY.

IN A CITY RUN BY DOGS
AND THOSE DOGS' DOGS,
WHERE CRIME ISN'T LOOKED
AT TWICE, AND POISONOUS
WORDS ARE THE ONLY KIND,

I RUN A BUSINESS THAT
ISN'T VERY WELL-LIKED.

OF COURSE,
IT WAS RAINING.

IT'S ALWAYS RAINING.



FUNNY, THOUGH,
NO MATTER HOW
MUCH IT RAINS...

THIS CITY IS NEVER CLEAN.

IF IT RAINED ANY HEAVIER,
THE HOMELESS SAPS WOULD
BE FEASTING ON CAT AND
DOG ALL YEAR LONG.

THAT'S MY
PARTNER,
CHARLES.

HE'S FROM A PART
OF TOWN THAT I'D
RATHER NOT GO
INTO WITHOUT THE
FULL LIGHT OF DAY.

CLICK

HE'S A SMARTASS
AND SNEAKIER THAN
THE NORMAL PERSON
BECAUSE OF IT.

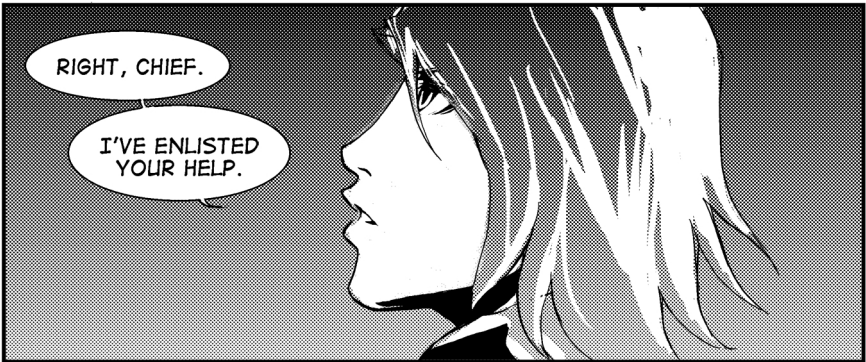
I HAVEN'T SEEN
A DAY OF GOOD
WEATHER SINCE
I MOVED HERE.

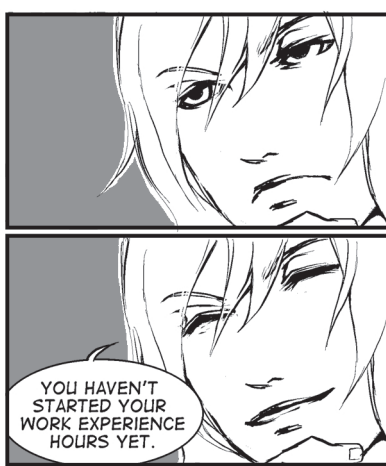
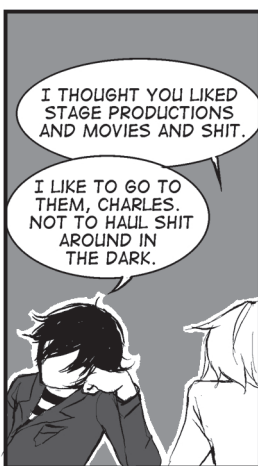
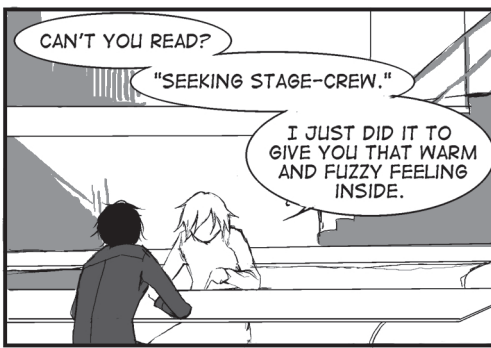
BUT IT ALSO
GIVES HIM STREET
SMARTS THE LIKES OF
I'VE NEVER SEEN.

NOT TO MENTION HE'S
BULLY WITH A KNIFE.

HE HAS A MOUTH
THAT GETS THE
BETTER OF HIM,
BUT HE DOES
WHAT I ASK...
SOME OF THE TIME.

I THOUGHT YOU
WERE BORN HERE.







slacking off

"SHE SAT LIKE PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT, SMILING AT GRIEF. WAS NOT THIS LOVE INDEED?"

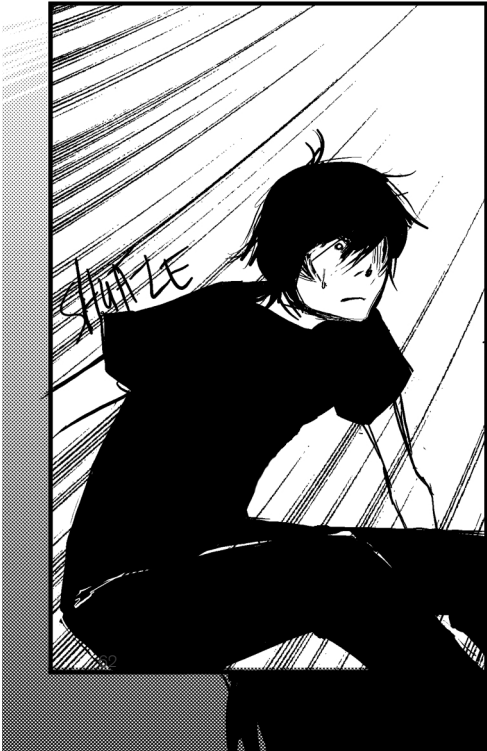
THEY CAN'T EVEN SAY THE LINES PROPERLY.



THIS IS PROBABLY ONE OF THE LAMEST THINGS I'VE EVER HAD TO DO.



CLOP
CLOP



SHAKE



CLOP
CLOP
CLOP

CLOP



.....

OH, IT'S YOU.

WHO DID YOU
THINK I WAS?

DUNNO, A TEACHER
OR SOMETHING.

.....



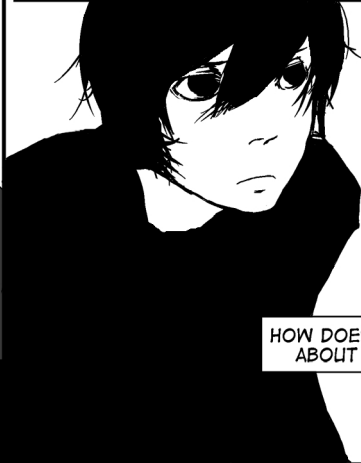
.....

WHERE'S CHARLES?



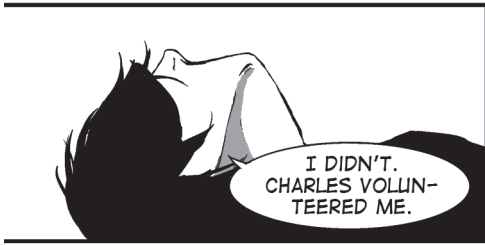
CHARLES...?

DUNNO, OFF WITH
JAY SOMEWHERE,
PROBABLY.



HOW DOES HE KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT CHARLES ANYWAY?





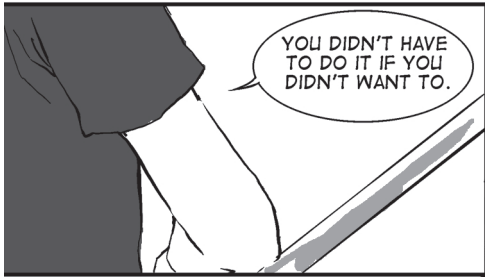
I DIDN'T.
CHARLES VOLLIN-
TEERED ME.



NAH, HE WAS
JUST LOOKING
OUT FOR ME.

HE'S ACTUALLY A
PRETTY NICE GLIY,
Y'KNOW.

ONCE YOU GET
PAST THE SMARTASS
COMMENTS AND HIM MAKING
YOU FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT ALL
THE TIME.



YOU DIDN'T HAVE
TO DO IT IF YOU
DIDN'T WANT TO.

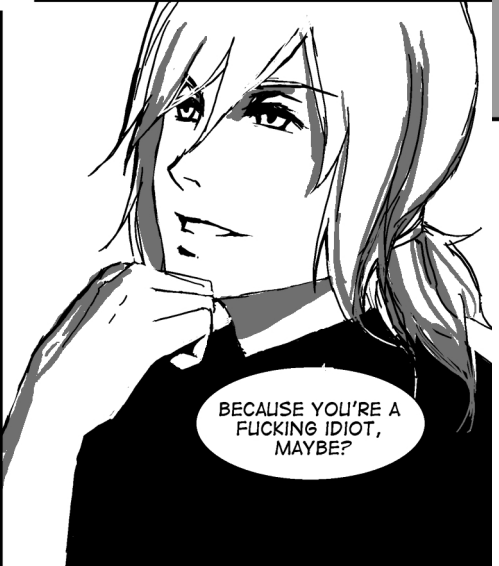
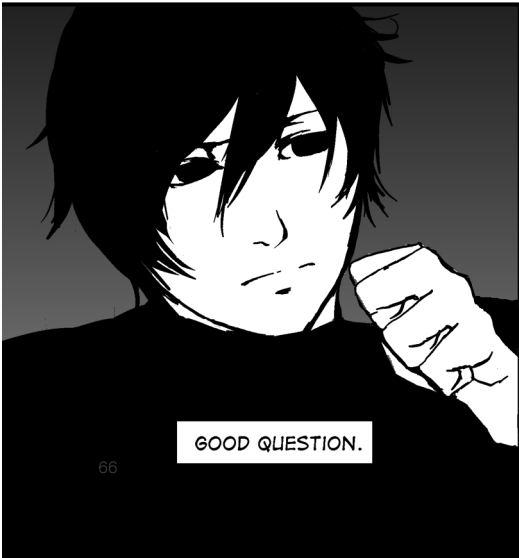
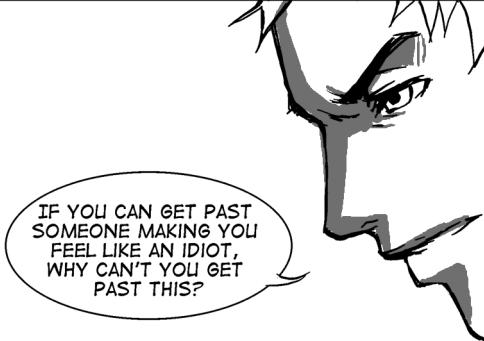
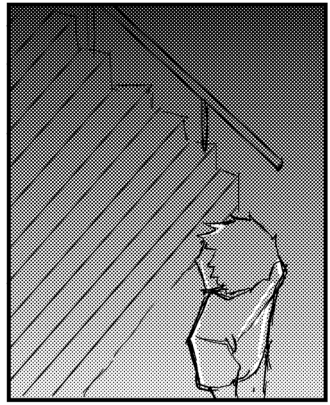
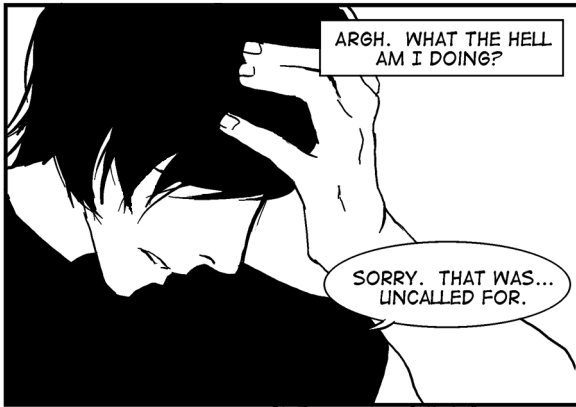


HOW DO YOU GET
PAST SOMETHING
LIKE THAT?



THE SAME WAY YOU
GET PAST SOMEONE
PUNCHING YOU IN THE FACE
THEN FORGETTING THEY DID
IT, I GUESS.





HOW APPROPRIATE,
YOU FIGHT LIKE
A COW.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT KIND OF
HISSYFIT YOU'RE
THROWING, MAY.

DON'T CALL
ME THAT.

BLIT THE MOST POPULAR
GUY IN THE SCHOOL IS
PRACTICALLY PROSTRATING
HIMSELF BEFORE YOUR FEET.

AND YOU'RE KICKING
HIM. IN THE FACE.

METAPHORICALLY
SPEAKING, OF
COURSE.

IT'S NOT
THAT BAD.

LIH-HUH, SURE.

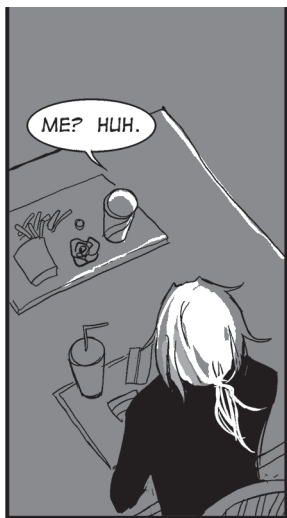
JUST SMARTEN UP
OR SOMETHING.

NEXT TIME HE
STARTS TALKING
TO YOU, DON'T
ATTACK HIS RIGHT
TO EXIST.

HM...

HE KEPT ASKING
ABOUT YOU, THOUGH.
DO YOU TALK TO HIM
A LOT?

munch
munch

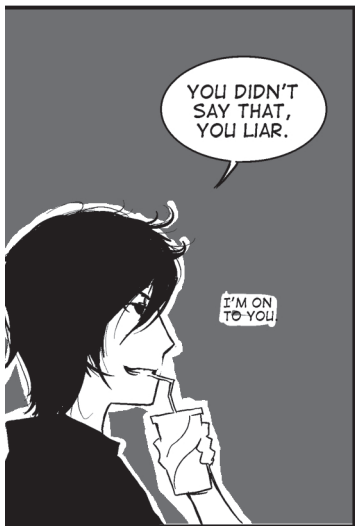


ME? HUH.



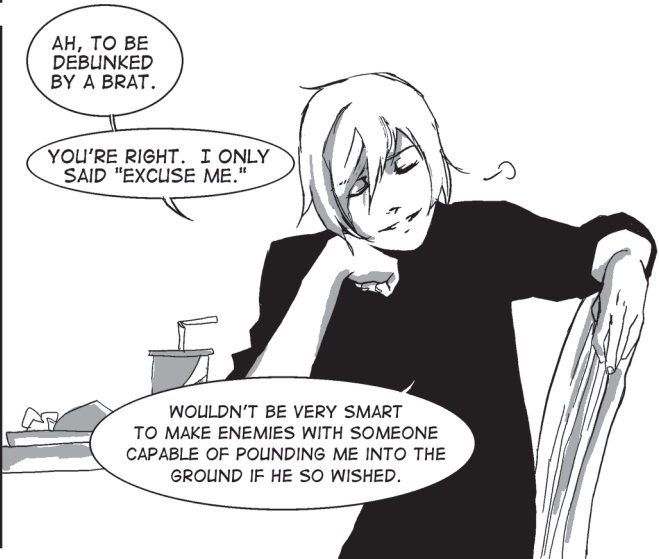
ONCE OR TWICE.

NEVER PAST "CAN YOU PASS ME A HANDOUT" OR "YOU'RE IN MY FUCKING WAY, MORON, AND STOP LISING UP ALL THE OXYGEN."



YOU DIDN'T SAY THAT, YOU LIAR.

I'M ON TO YOU



AH, TO BE DEBUNKED BY A BRAT.

YOU'RE RIGHT. I ONLY SAID "EXCUSE ME."

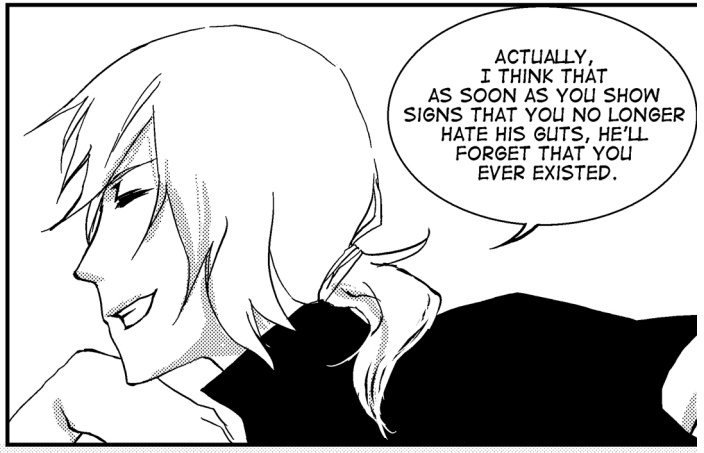
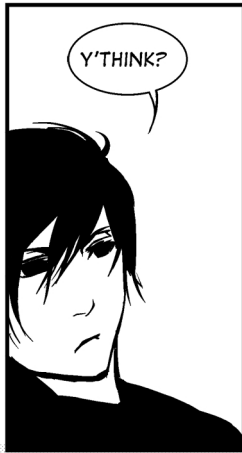
WOULDN'T BE VERY SMART TO MAKE ENEMIES WITH SOMEONE CAPABLE OF POUNDING ME INTO THE GROUND IF HE SO WISHED.



AND I'M NOT EVEN TRYING TO BE SUBTLE HERE.

AREN'T YOU TIRED OF BEING MAD AT HIM YET?

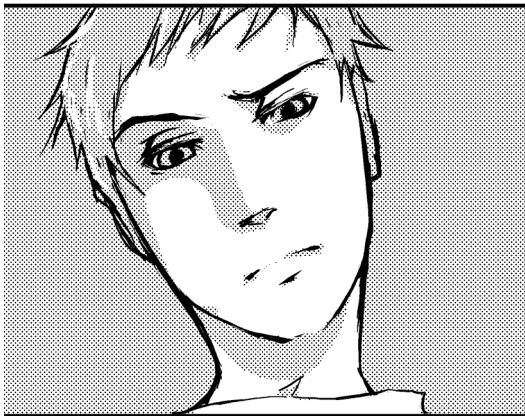
TRY TO BE NICE TO HIM. WHO KNOWS, HE MIGHT EVEN LEAVE YOU ALONE.



SLACKING
OFF AGAIN?



OF COURSE NOT!
THEY JUST...
UH... DON'T
NEED ME RIGHT
NOW!



YEAH, YEAH.

SO, UH...
WHY ARE YOU
HERE AGAIN?

DIDN'T YOU
ALREADY WATCH
THIS LAST
NIGHT?

IT'S THE LAST
DAY OF THE
PRODUCTION.

YEAH.

YEAH.

.....

AND...?

NO.

.....
DID I MISS
SOMETHING?

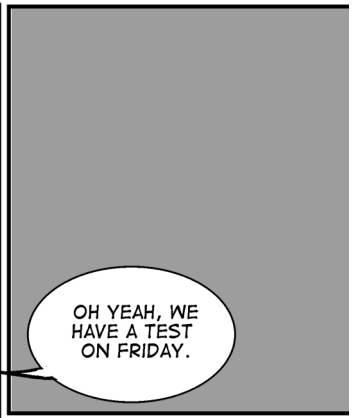




YOU'RE READING....

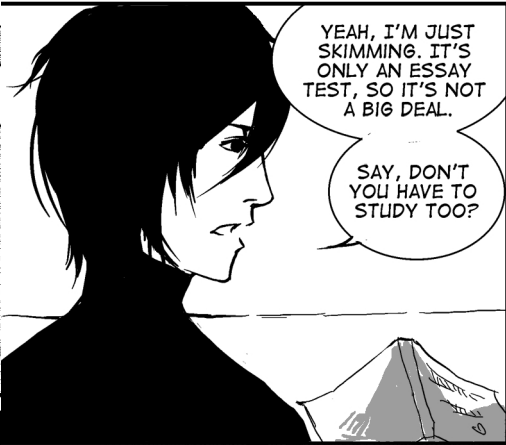


OH.



OH YEAH, WE HAVE A TEST ON FRIDAY.

EAH.
... YOU IN?
U TCH

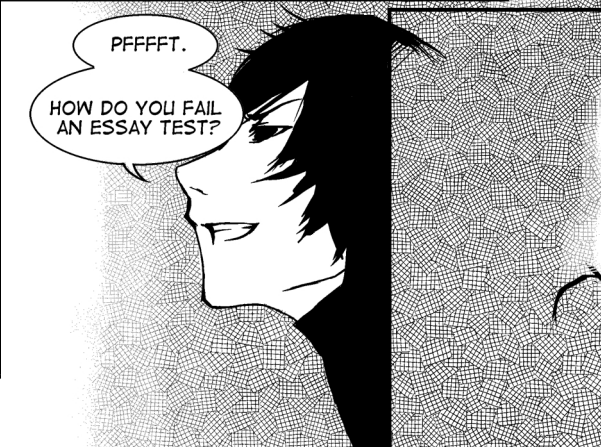


YEAH, I'M JUST SKIMMING. IT'S ONLY AN ESSAY TEST, SO IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL.

SAY, DON'T YOU HAVE TO STUDY TOO?



NO POINT, REALLY. I FAIL EVEN IF I DO.



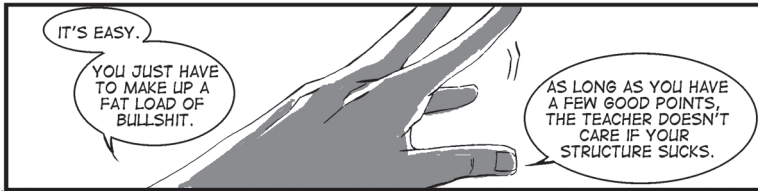
PPFFFT.

HOW DO YOU FAIL AN ESSAY TEST?



Shrug

I DUNNO. BY NOT PASSING?

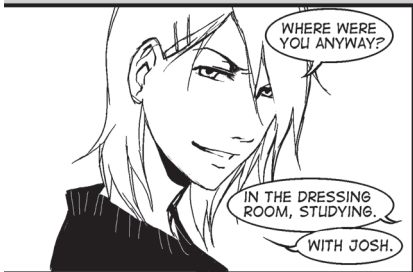




YOU DIDN'T DO JACK SHIT.

YOU WERE ALWAYS GONE.

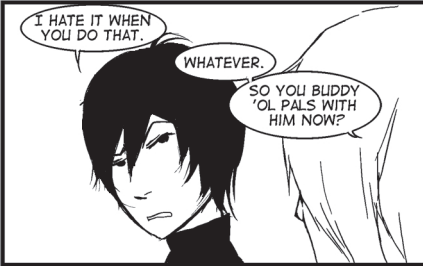
I HAD TO COVER YOUR ASS EVERY TIME DALL LOOKED FOR YOU.



WHERE WERE YOU ANYWAY?

.....

IN THE DRESSING ROOM, STUDYING.
WITH JOSH.



I HATE IT WHEN YOU DO THAT.

WHATEVER.

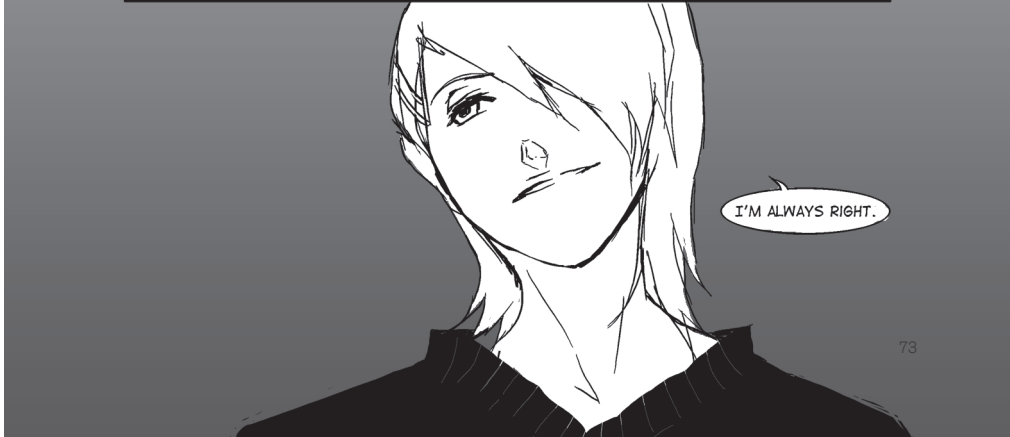
SO YOU BUDDY 'OL PALS WITH HIM NOW?



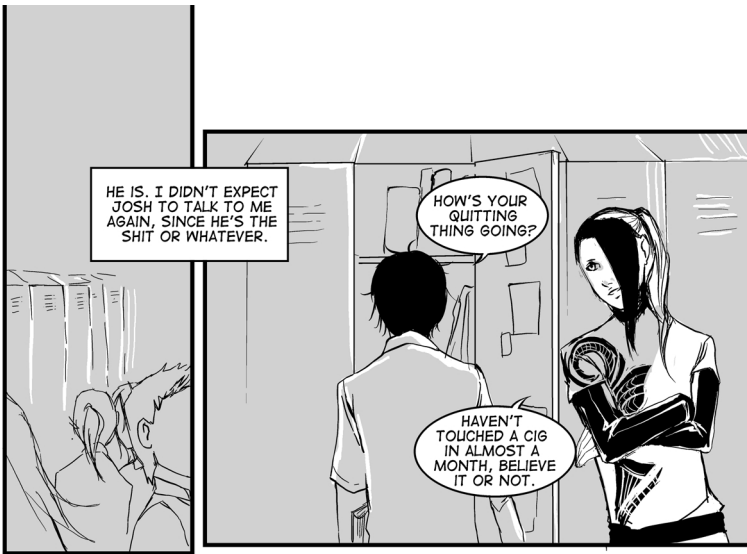
I GUESS SO. COME TOMORROW HE WILL FORGET I EVER EXISTED.

YOU MISS HIM ALREADY?

NO. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S A LOT EASIER THIS WAY.



I'M ALWAYS RIGHT.



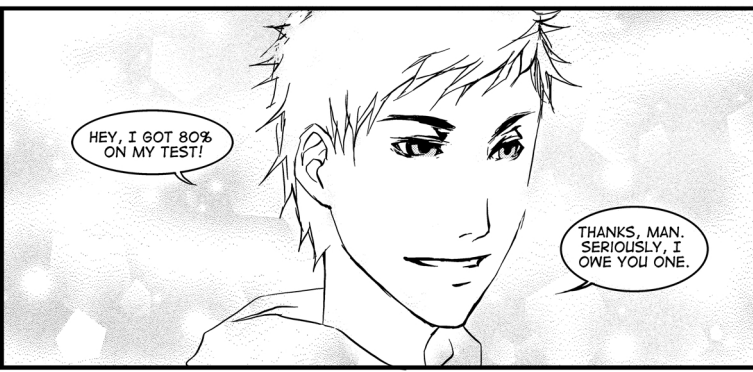
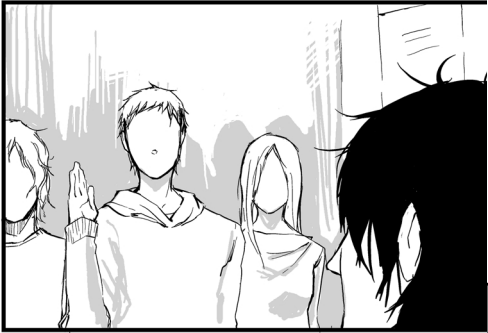
HE IS. I DIDN'T EXPECT JOSH TO TALK TO ME AGAIN, SINCE HE'S THE SHIT OR WHATEVER.

HOW'S YOUR QUITTING THING GOING?

HAVEN'T TOUCHED A CIG IN ALMOST A MONTH, BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

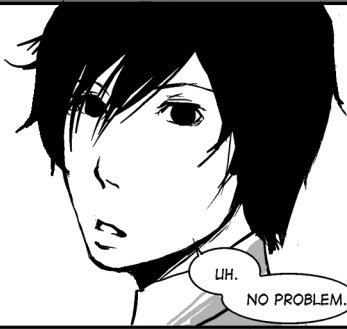


I MIGHT-
HEY, INCOMING AT 11 O'CLOCK.

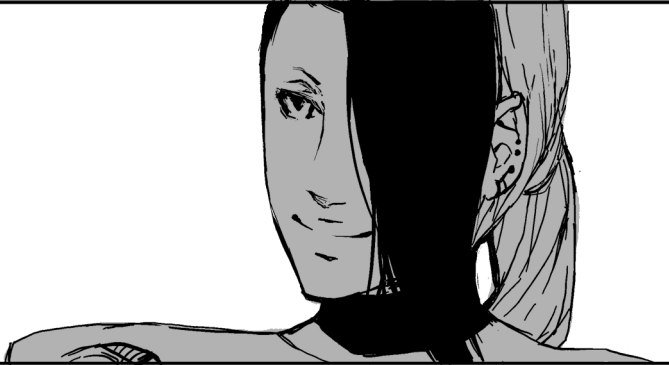


HEY, I GOT 80% ON MY TEST!

THANKS, MAN. SERIOUSLY, I OWE YOU ONE.



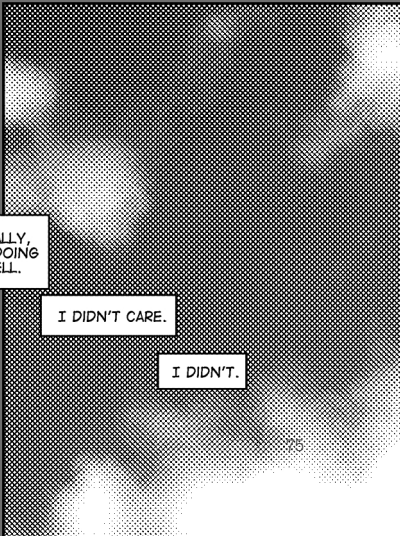
UH.
NO PROBLEM.



BUT HE DID. ONCE.
I DON'T EVEN
REMEMBER ANYMORE.

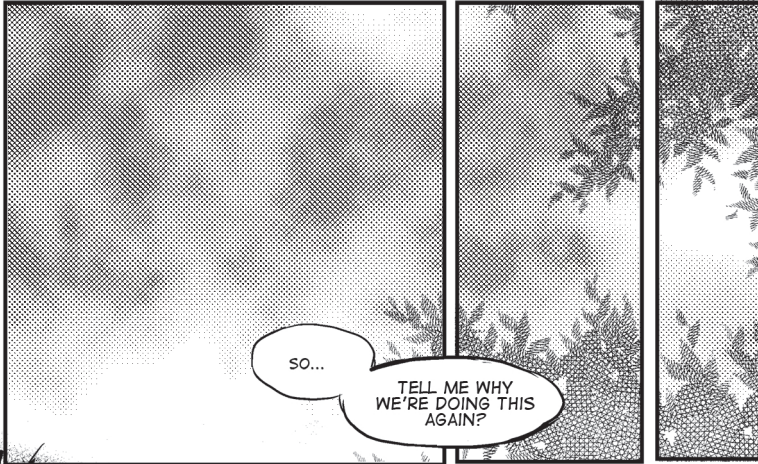
AFTER THAT, WE'D
WAVE IF WE SAW EACH
OTHER IN THE HALLWAY.

AND EVENTUALLY,
WE STOPPED DOING
THAT AS WELL.



I DIDN'T CARE.

I DIDN'T.



SO...
TELL ME WHY WE'RE DOING THIS AGAIN?



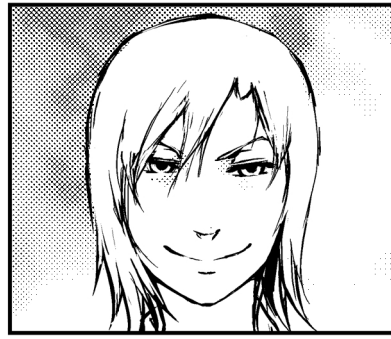
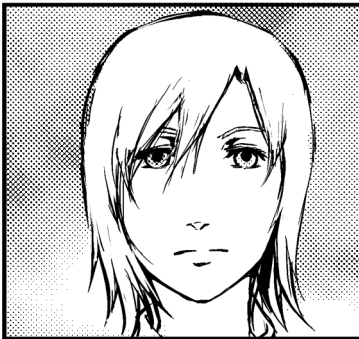
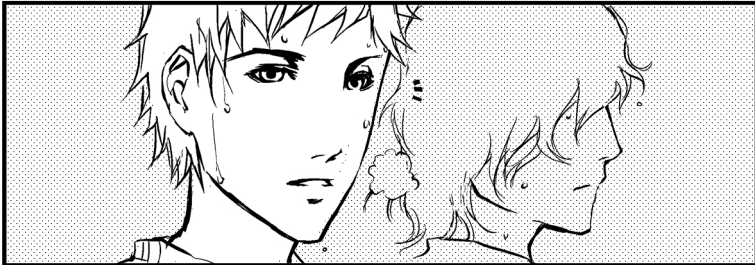
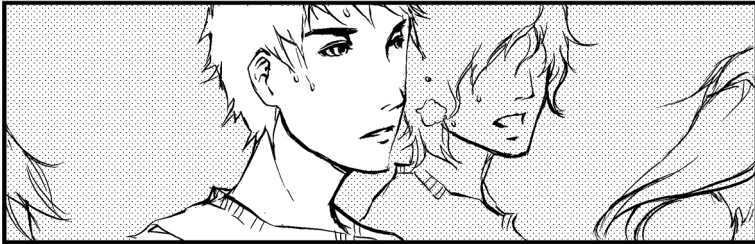
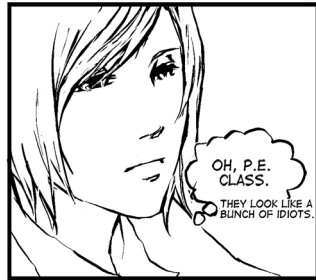
FOR THE VITAMIN D?



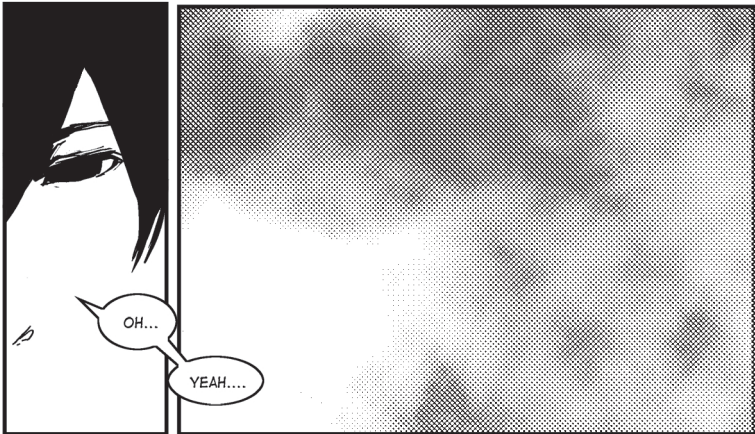
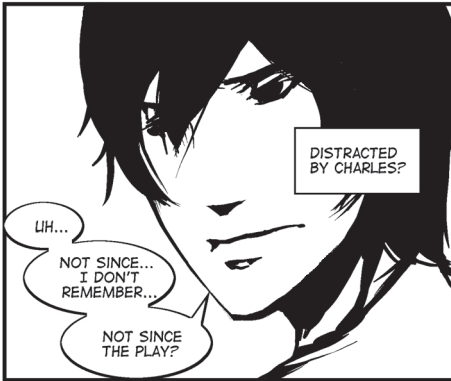
BLEGH.



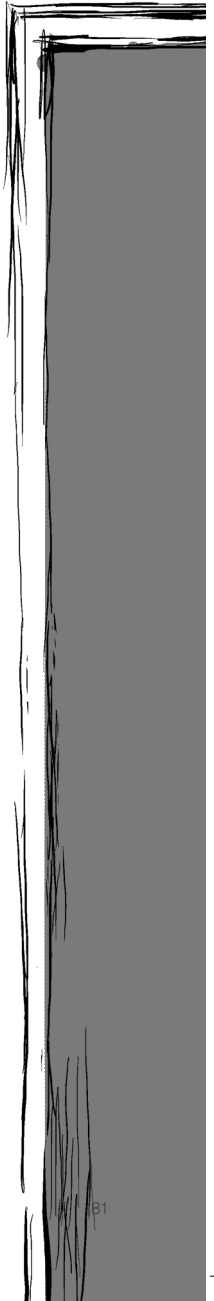
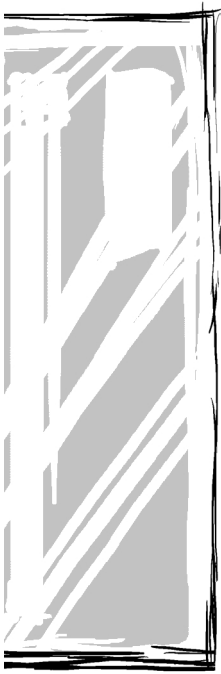
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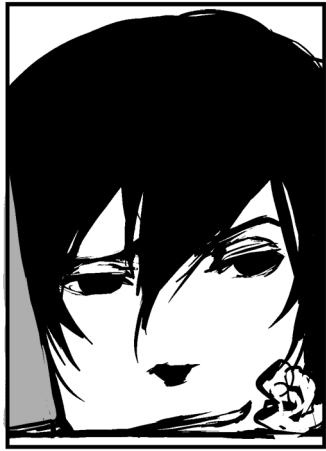
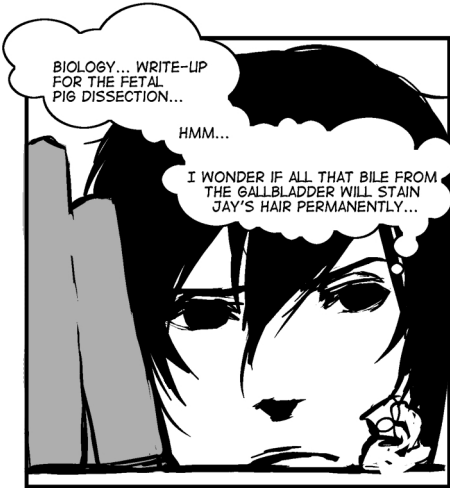


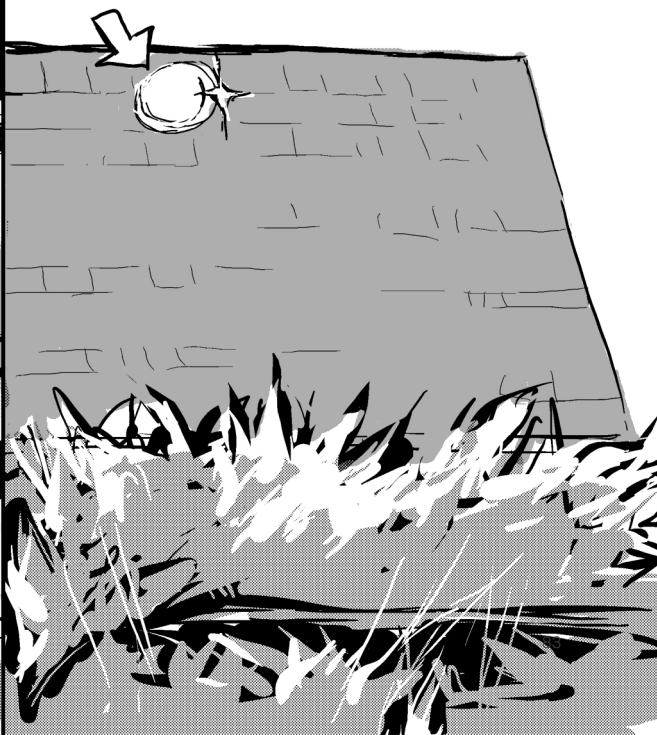


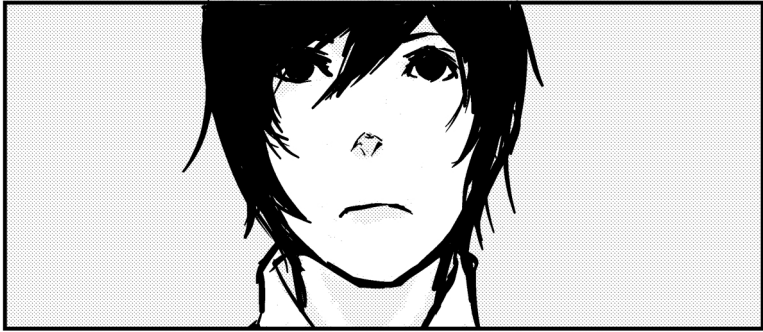










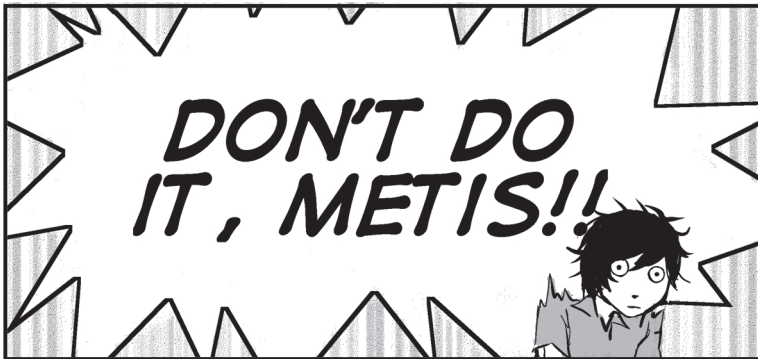




IF I DROP A
MENTOS INTO A BUCKET
OF DIET COKE FROM
UP HERE...

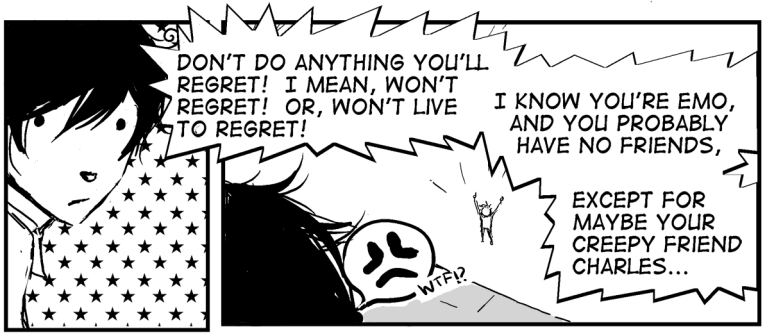
I WONDER IF IT'LL
MAKE THE REACTION
EVEN MORE AWESOME.

*THIS IS A JOB FOR THE BUSTER
OF CURIOUS INQUIRIES.
I WILL BUST THEM GOOD.*



**DON'T DO
IT, METIS!!**

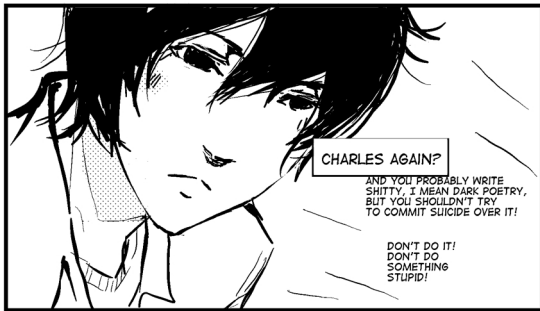




DON'T DO ANYTHING YOU'LL REGRET! I MEAN, WON'T REGRET! OR, WON'T LIVE TO REGRET!

I KNOW YOU'RE EMO, AND YOU PROBABLY HAVE NO FRIENDS,

EXCEPT FOR MAYBE YOUR CREEPY FRIEND CHARLES...



CHARLES AGAIN?

AND YOU PROBABLY WRITE SHITTY, I MEAN DARK POETRY, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T TRY TO COMMIT SUICIDE OVER IT!

DON'T DO IT! DON'T DO SOMETHING STUPID!



LIES! ALL LIES!

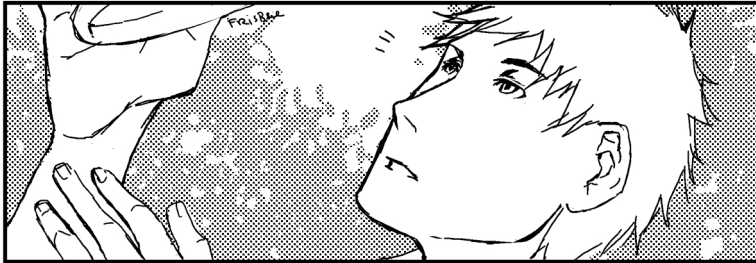
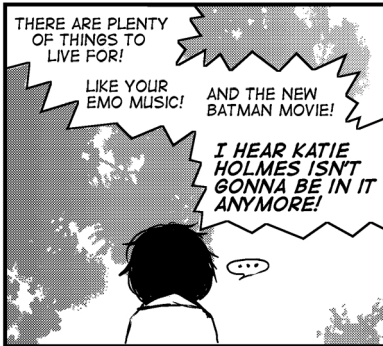
NO ONE UNDERSTANDS ME!

I SHALL GO JOIN THE DARK LORD AND HIS LEGION OF DEATH-EATERS IN THE UNDERWORLD!

GOOD-BYE, CRUEL WORLD!

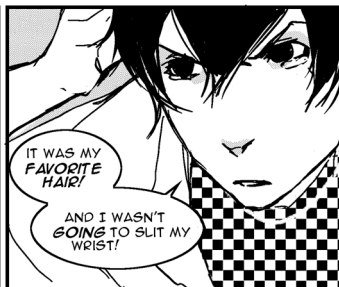
WAIT, NO!

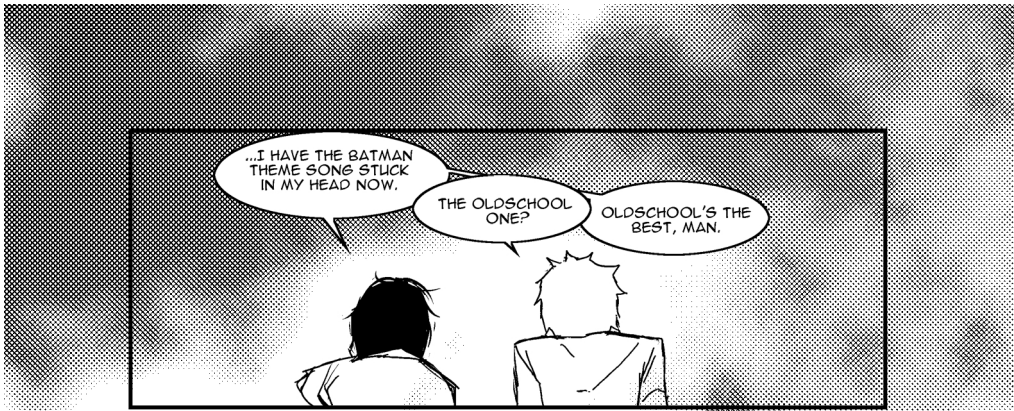
Josh

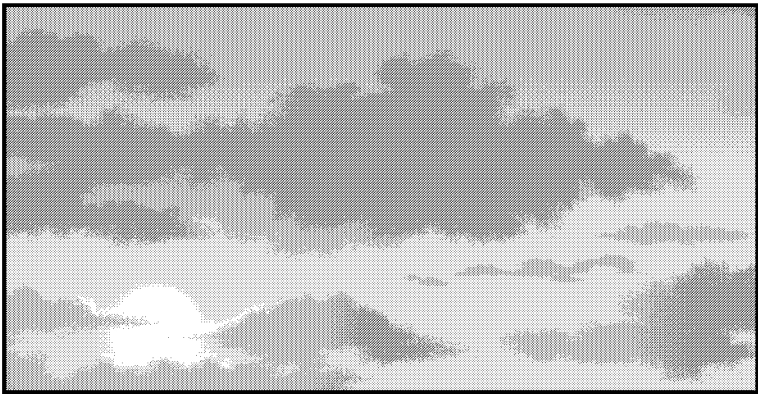
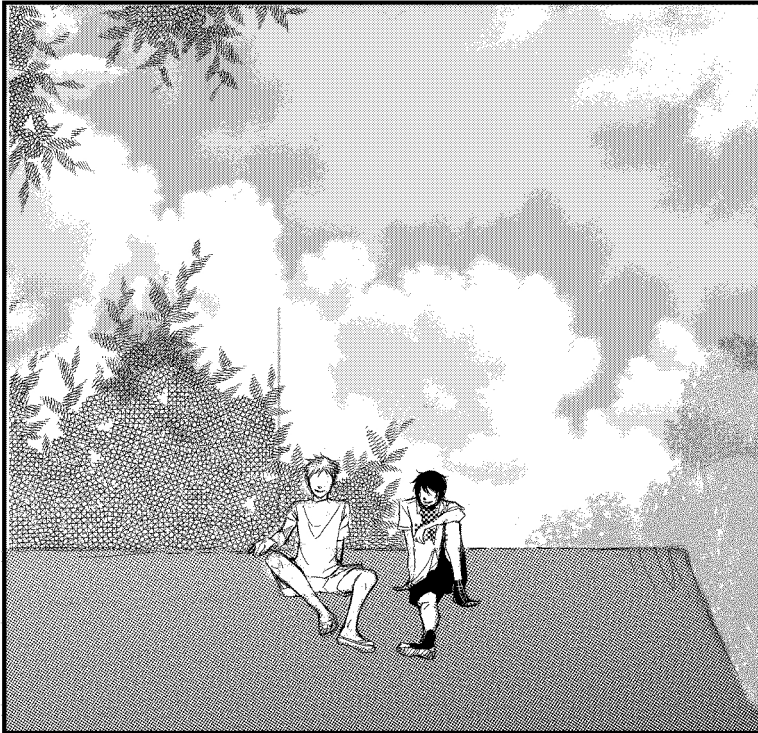


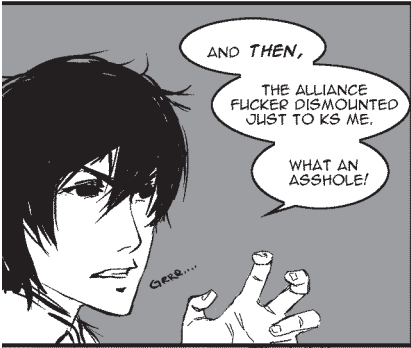
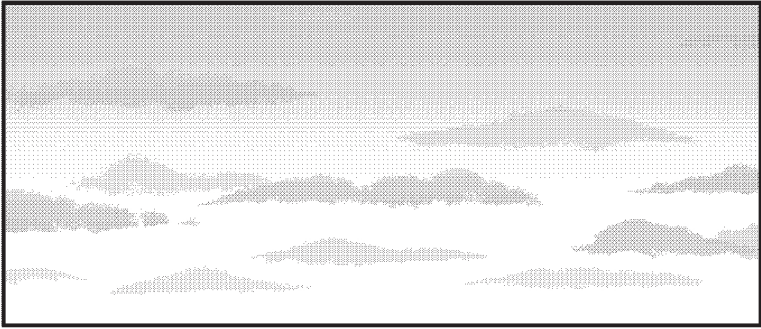


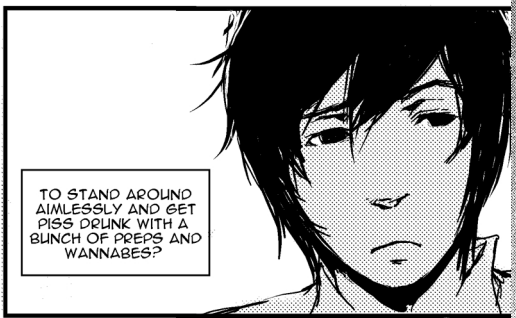
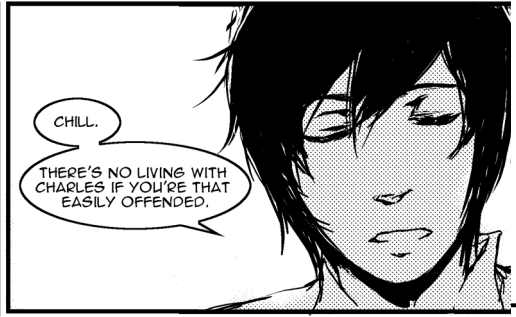


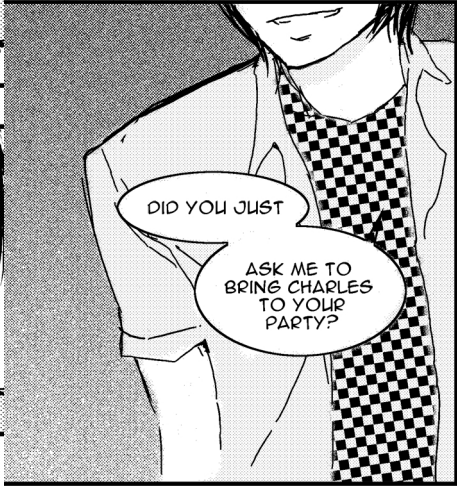
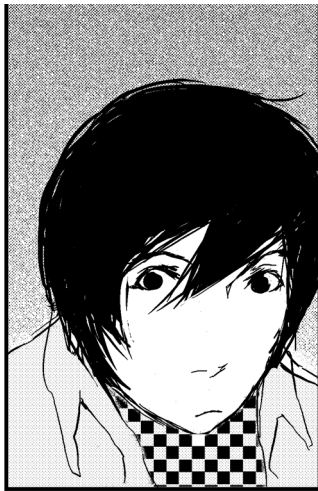
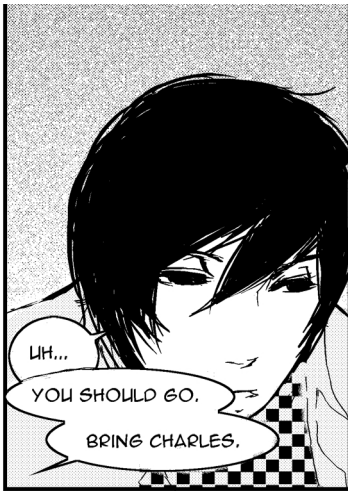














THIS IS THE MOST
FUCKED UP THING
IN THE WORLD.

SURE.

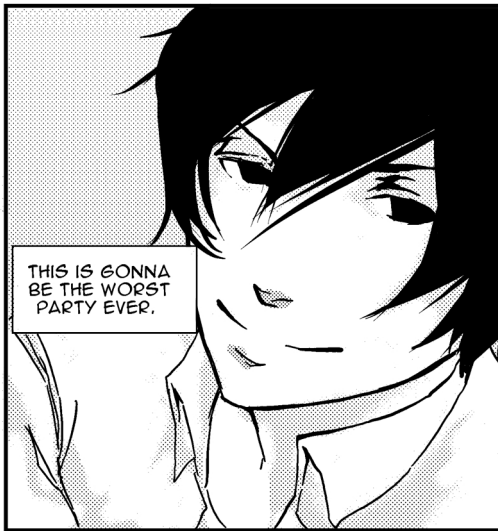


YOU'RE
GONNA GO?

PROBABLY.



GREAT!
SEE YOU
THERE!



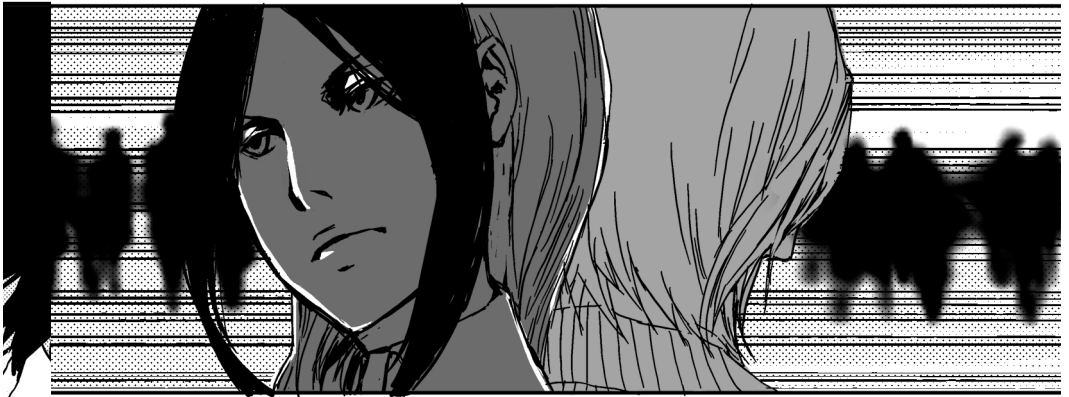
THIS IS GONNA
BE THE WORST
PARTY EVER.

Hey, do you remember that time when we were surrounded
by hoards of faceless men ready to beat the shit out of us?



...Yeah.

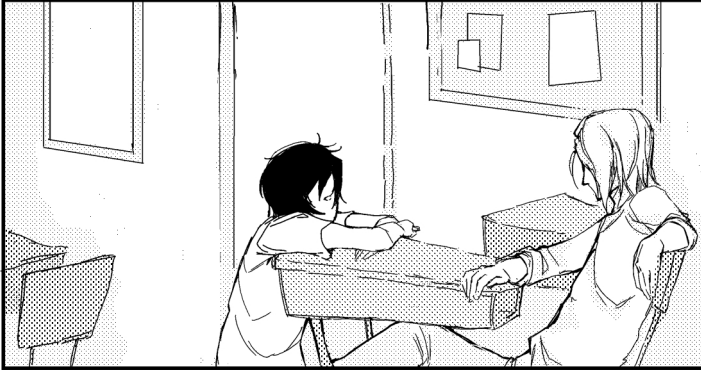
Those were good times, weren't they?



...No.

chapter 5: Vices and Devices

DO YOU HAVE A DATE
THIS WEEKEND?



...NO.

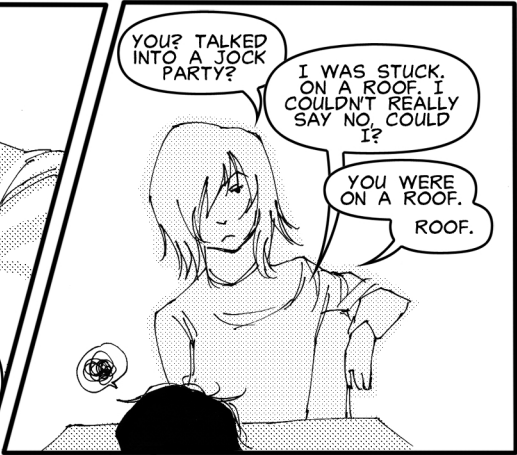
YOU DO
NOW.

YOU DO REALIZE,
YOU USUALLY TELL
PEOPLE YOU LIKE
THEM, OR GIVE
FLOWERS.

DON'T BE
A DICK.



I GOT TALKED INTO GOING TO A TOTAL JOCK PARTY AND I NEED THE SUPPORT OF SOMEONE WHO WON'T TRY TO BENCH PRESS ME.



YOU? TALKED INTO A JOCK PARTY?

I WAS STUCK ON A ROOF. I COULDN'T REALLY SAY NO, COULD I?

YOU WERE ON A ROOF. ROOF.



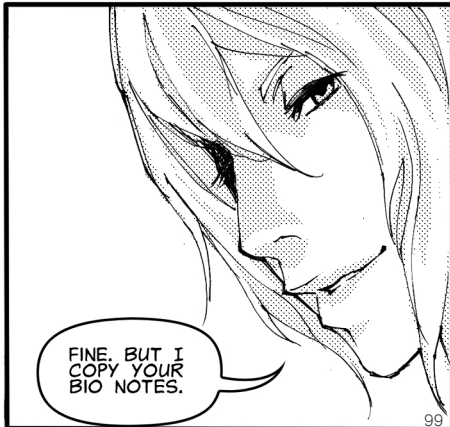
STUPID GIT IS BEING DIFFICULT ON PURPOSE.

THAT'S NOT THE POINT.

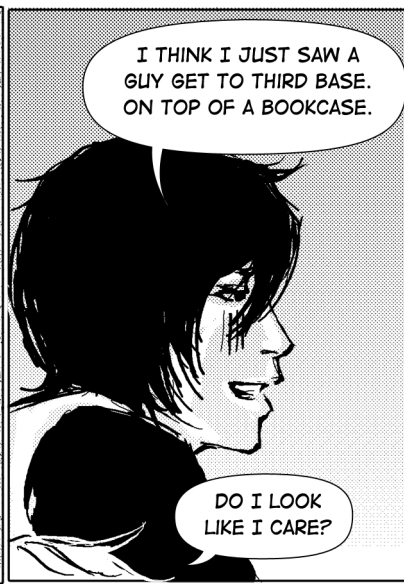
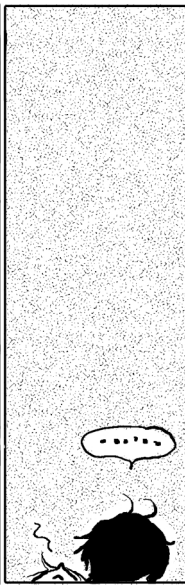
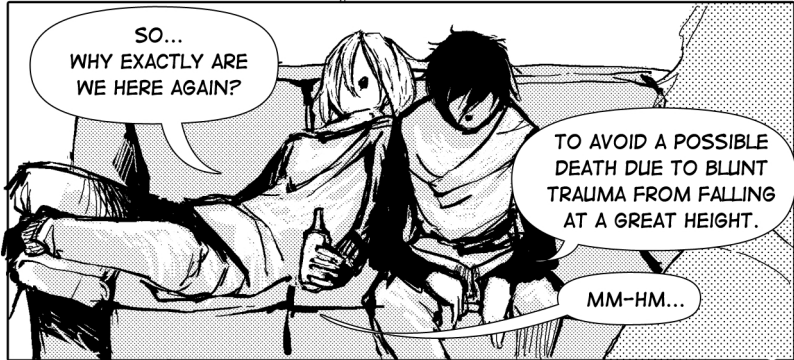
I'M IN NEED OF MORAL SUPPORT.

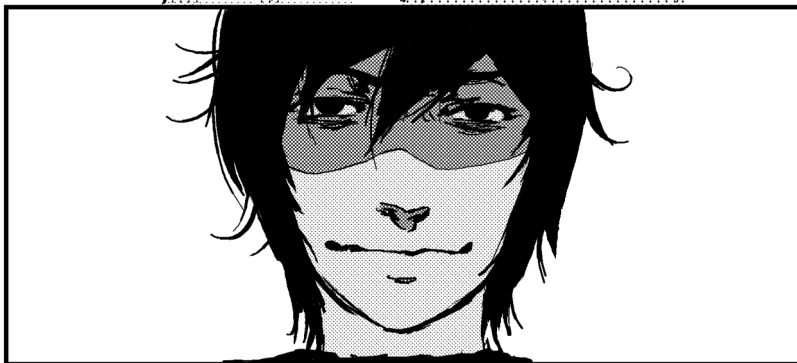
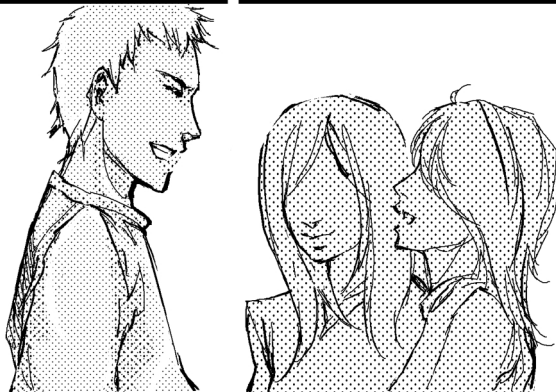


JOSH, HUH...

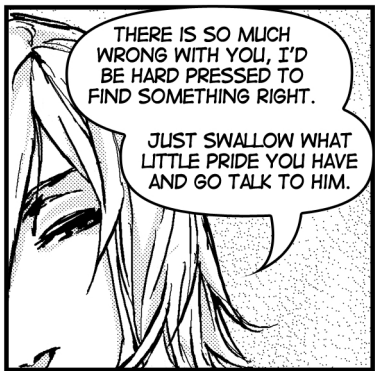
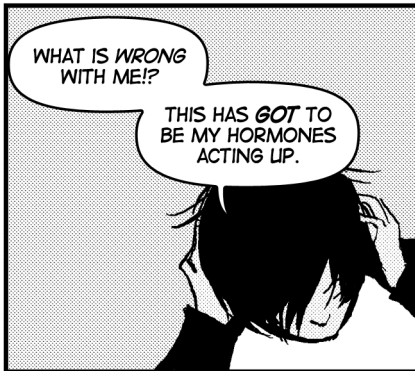
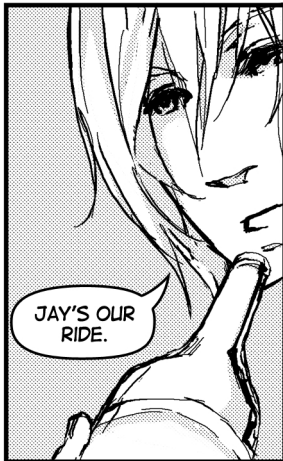


FINE. BUT I COPY YOUR BIO NOTES.





E.
E.





....ARE YOU
OKAY?



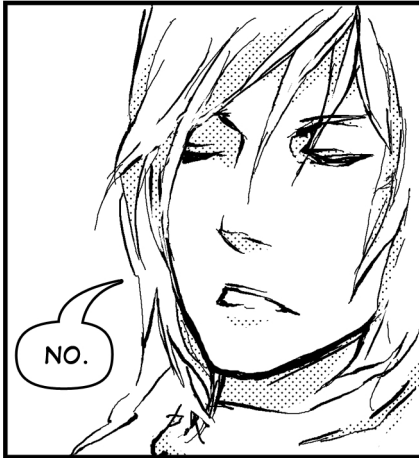
....WORRY ABOUT
YOUR OWN PROBLEMS
FIRST, LOSER.

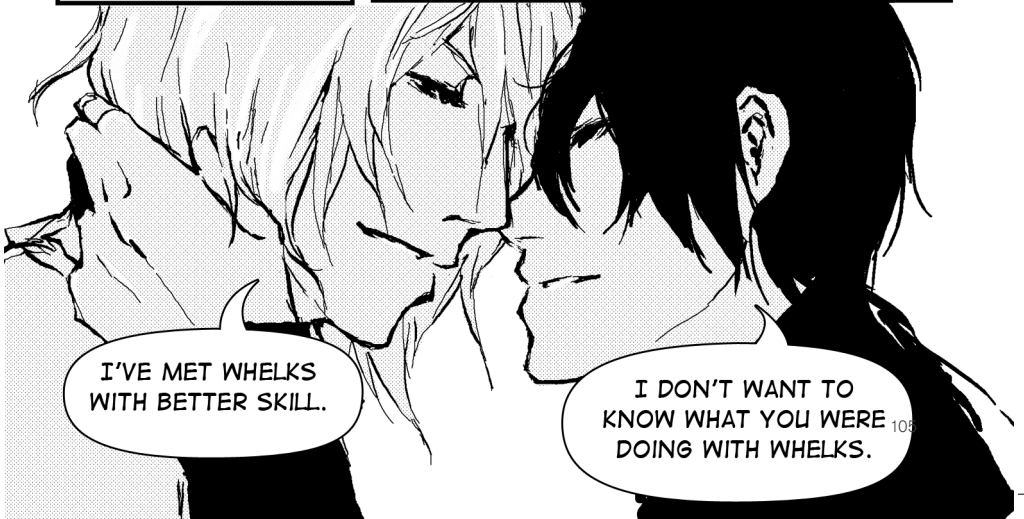


HEY...

CAN I KISS YOU?

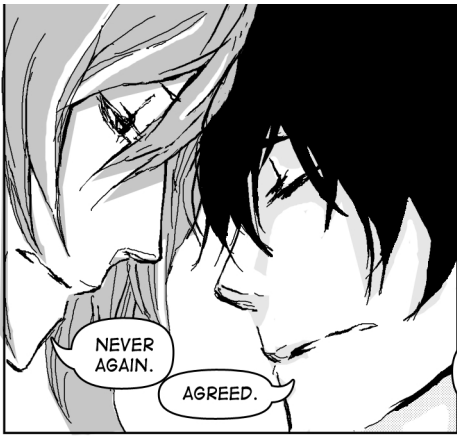






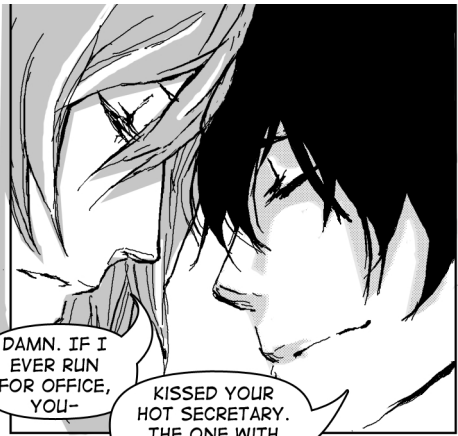
I'VE MET WHELKS WITH BETTER SKILL.

I DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU WERE DOING WITH WHELKS.



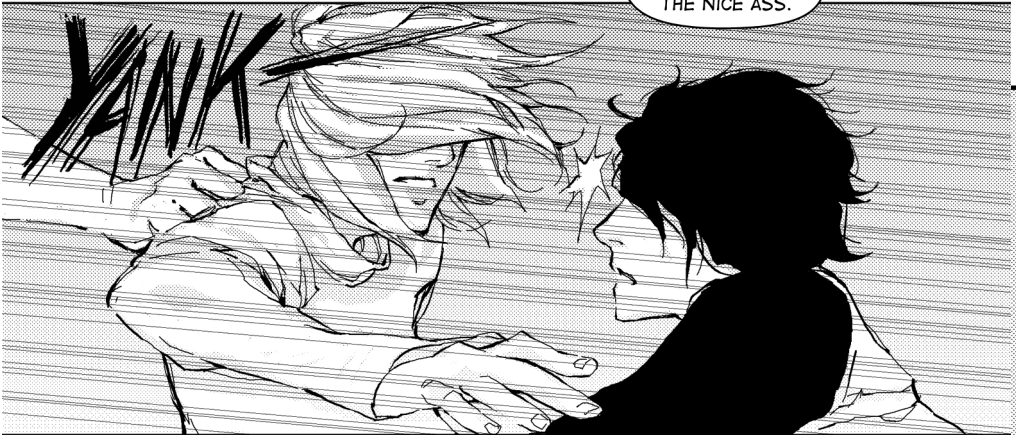
NEVER AGAIN.

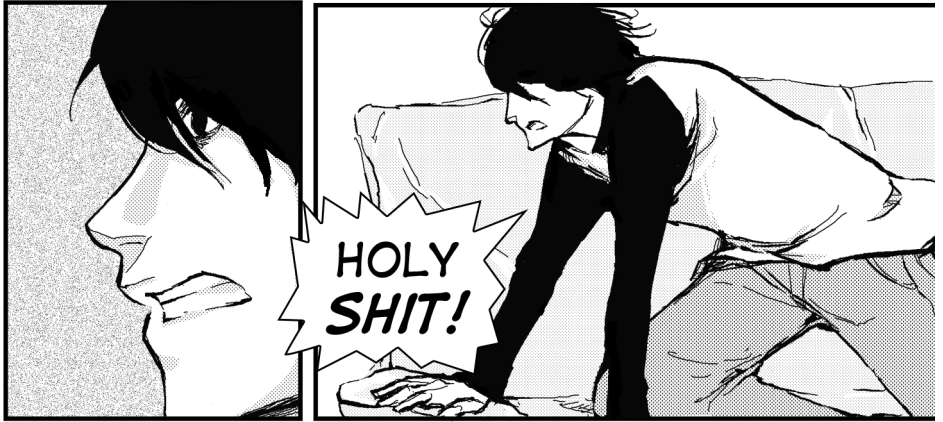
AGREED.



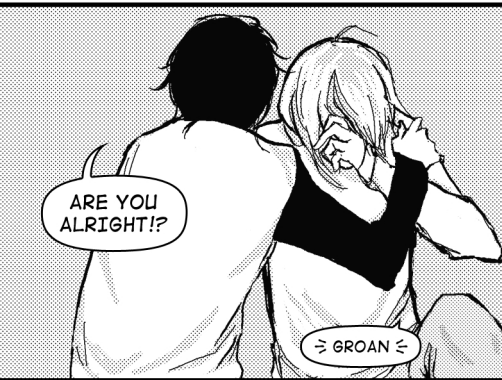
DAMN. IF I EVER RUN FOR OFFICE, YOU-

KISSED YOUR HOT SECRETARY. THE ONE WITH THE NICE ASS.



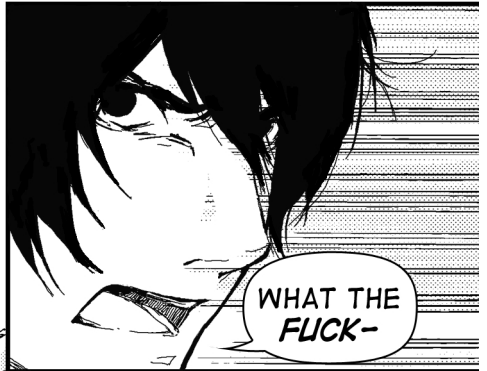


HOLY SHIT!



ARE YOU ALRIGHT!?

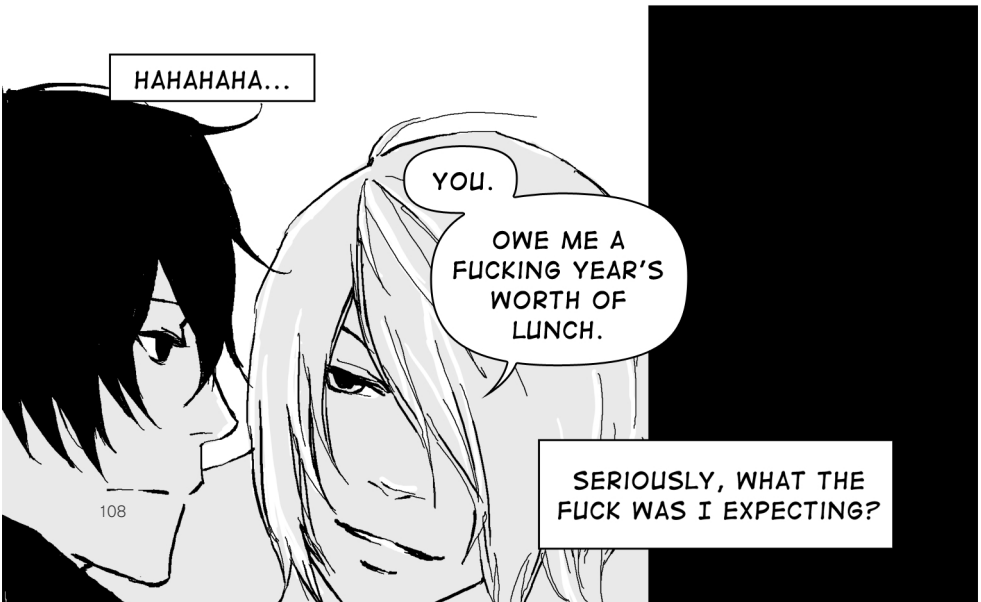
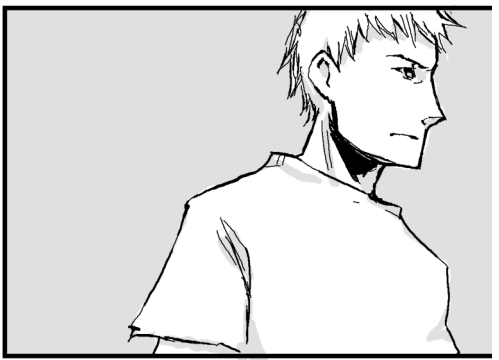
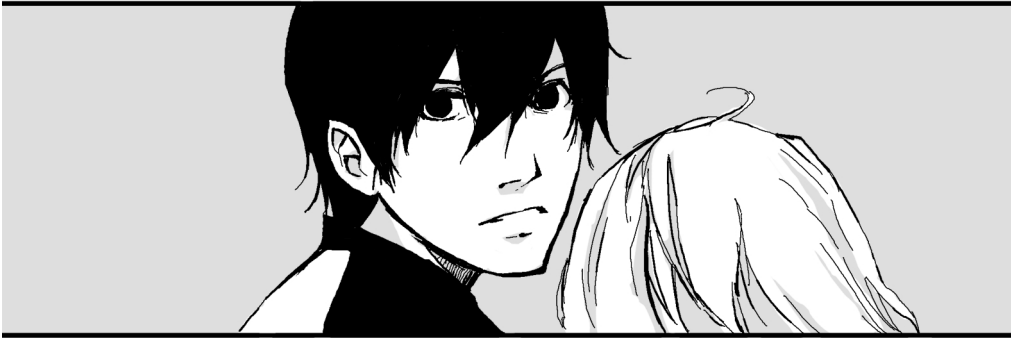
⇒ GROAN ⇐

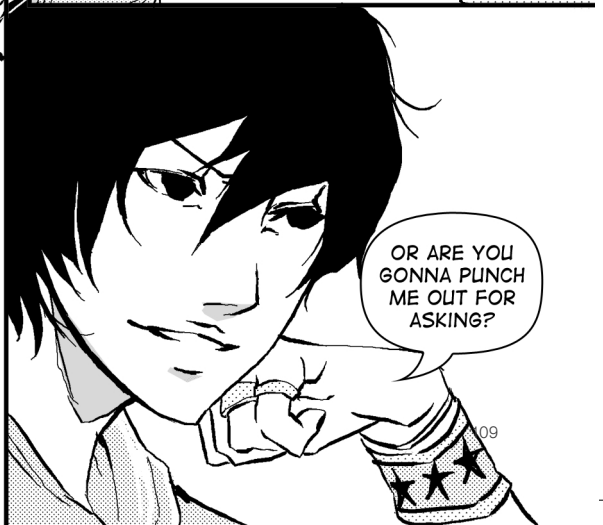
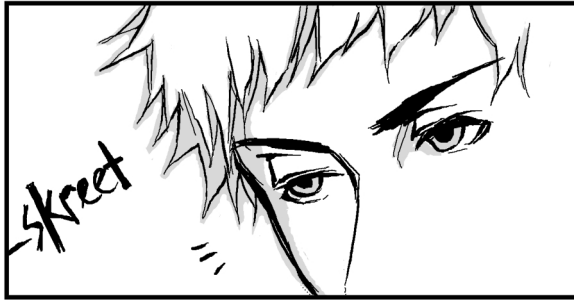


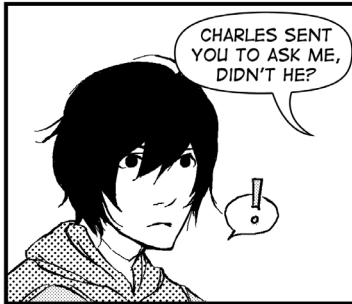
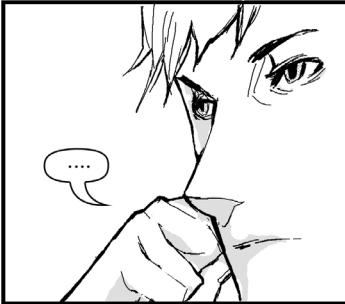
WHAT THE FUCK-

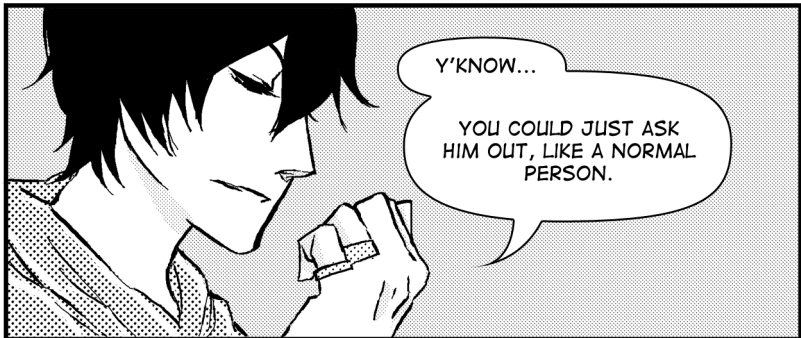
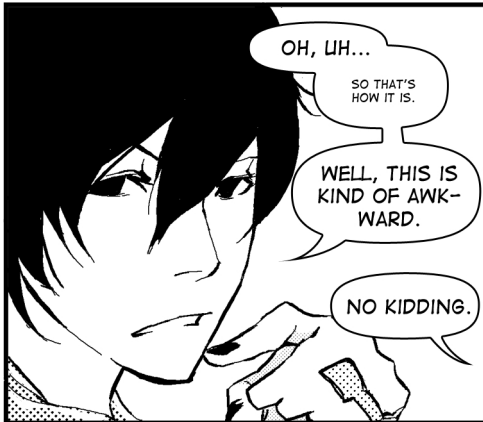


...











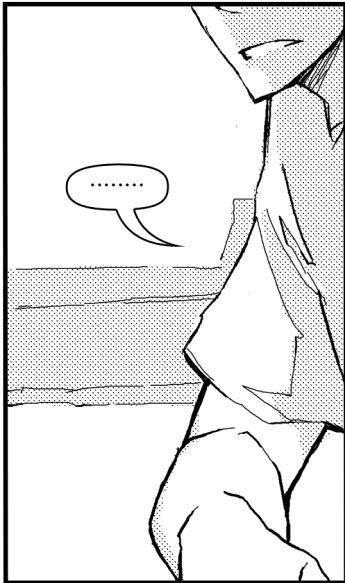
...WHAT?



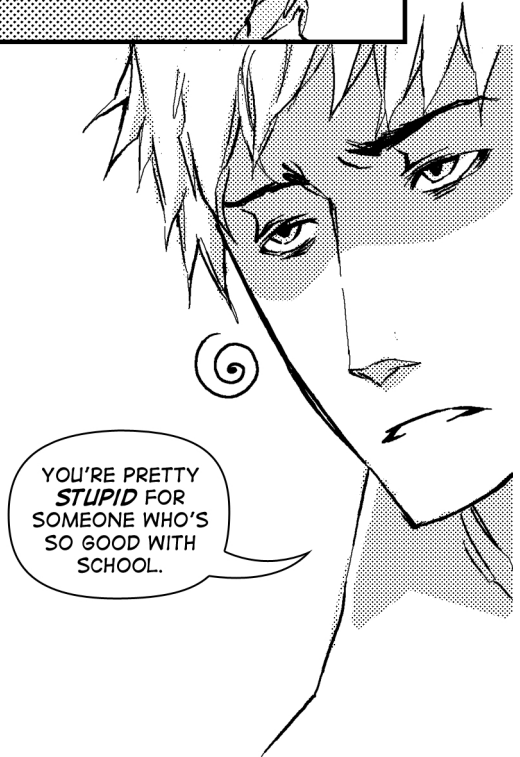
YOU'RE PRETTY **CHICKEN** FOR SOMEONE WHO'S SO BRASH.

HE MENTIONED ONCE THAT HE LIKES FLOWERS OR SOMETHING.

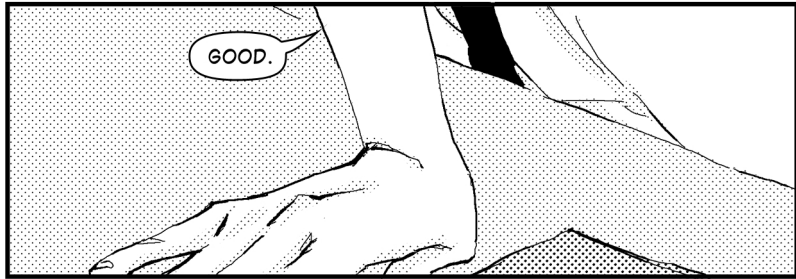
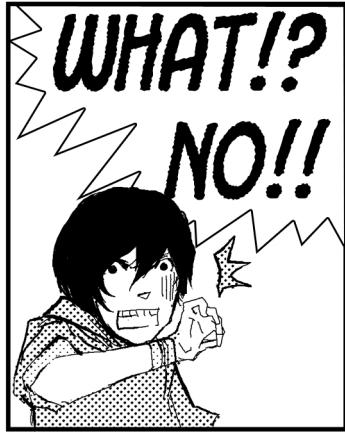
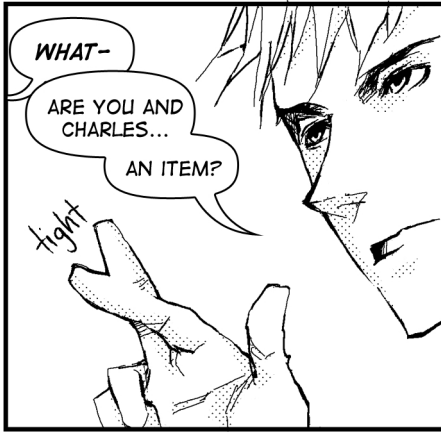
OR YOU COULD JUST THREATEN TO BASH HIS HEAD IN.

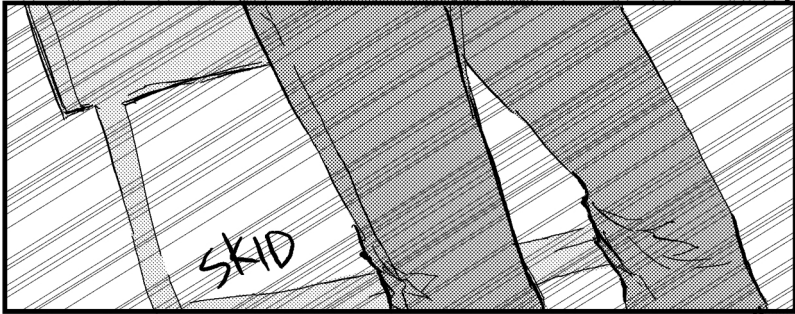


.....



YOU'RE PRETTY **STUPID** FOR SOMEONE WHO'S SO GOOD WITH SCHOOL.

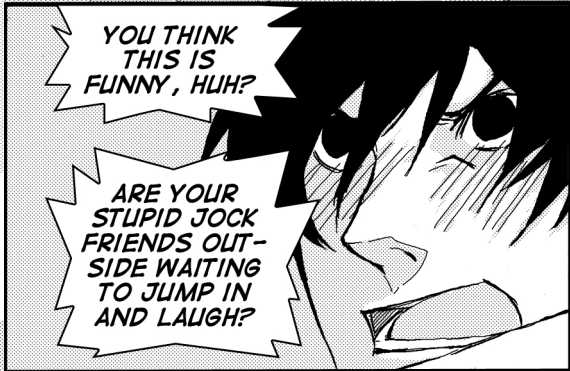






ARE YOU OKAY. IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE!?

Scot Scot Scot



YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY, HUH?

ARE YOUR STUPID JOCK FRIENDS OUTSIDE WAITING TO JUMP IN AND LAUGH?



facepalm

OH, JESUS.
WHY THE HELL WOULD I JOKE ABOUT THIS?



BECAUSE...



BECAUSE JOCKS DATE CHEERLEADERS.

AND YOU THINK I'M A FUCKING EMO AND EVEN IF YOU LIKE BATMAN AND YOUR HAIR DOESN'T LOOK SO STUPID THAT SHORT

AND YOU CAN BE CONSIDERATE IF YOU WANT TO

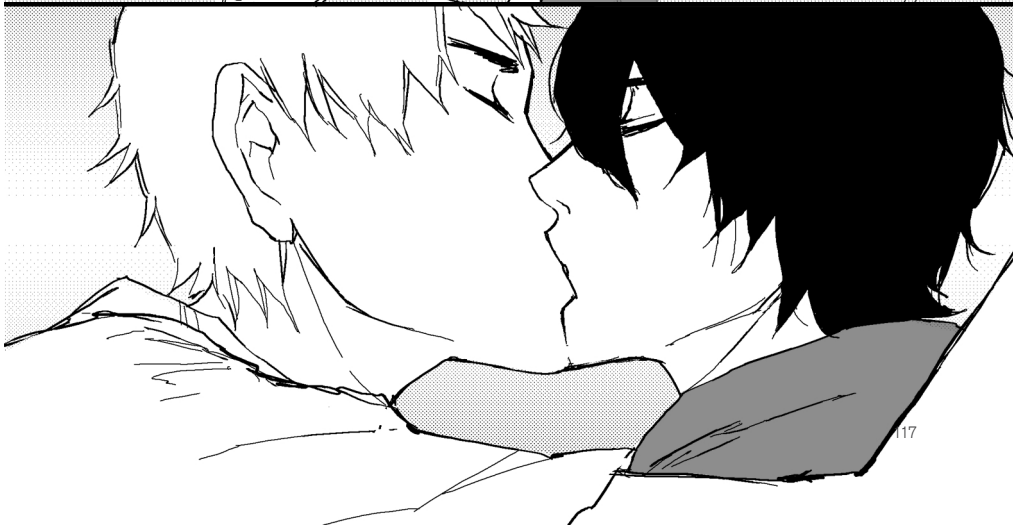
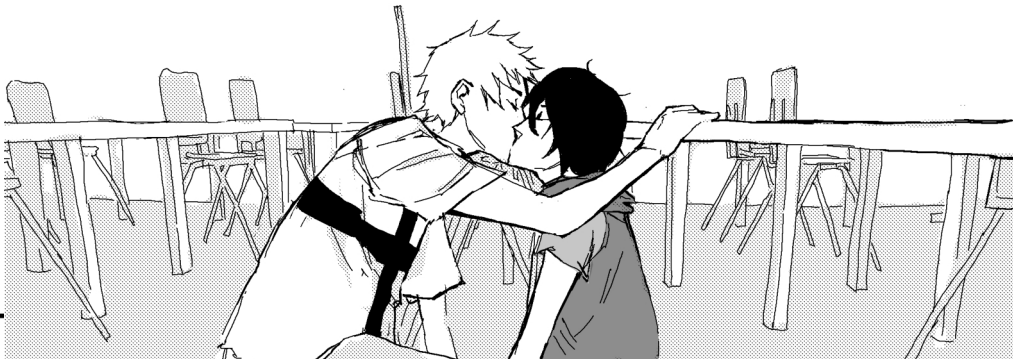
AND SOMETIMES YOU'RE GEEKY AND WHEN YOUR FRIENDS AREN'T AROUND WE GET ALONG...

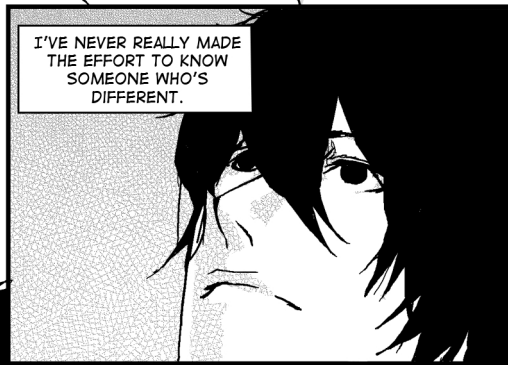
I'M RAMBLING.



...YOU'RE STILL A DUMB JOCK WHO'S POPULAR.

AND PEOPLE LIKE THAT DON'T LIKE PEOPLE LIKE ME.



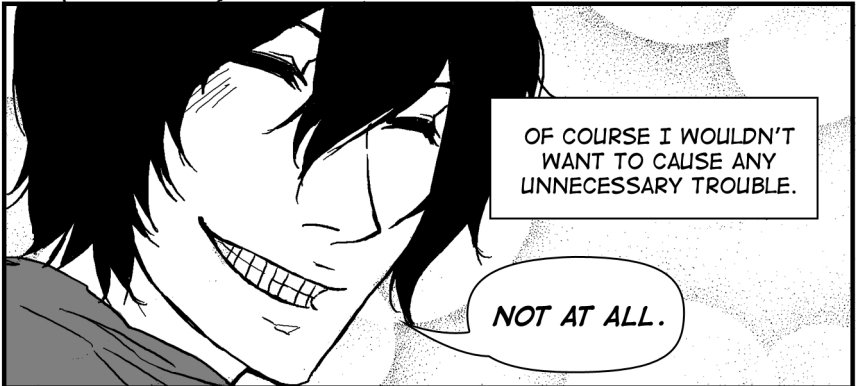




SO THERE REALLY ISN'T ANYTHING BETWEEN YOU AND CHARLES?



AND BECAUSE I'M A MALICIOUS PERSON AT HEART...

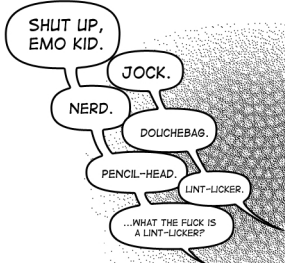
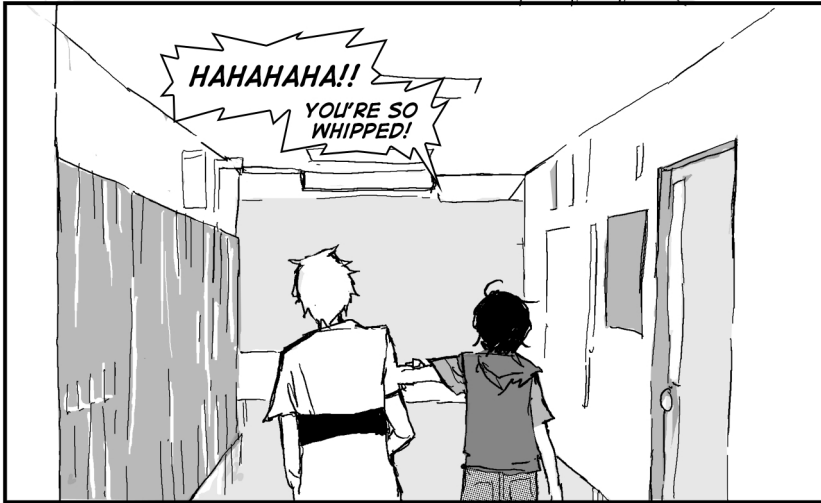


OF COURSE I WOULDN'T WANT TO CAUSE ANY UNNECESSARY TROUBLE.

NOT AT ALL.



Sigh

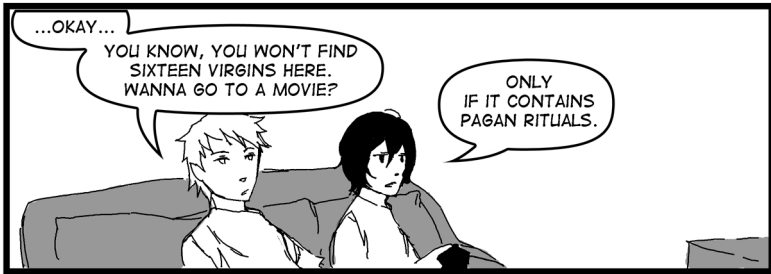


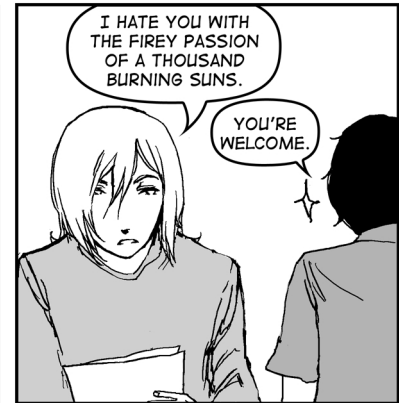
ALTHOUGH MAYBE ONCE IN A WHILE, I COULD HAVE SOME FUN.

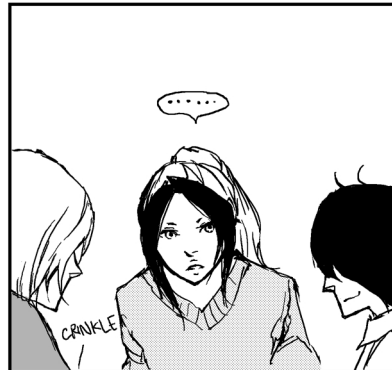
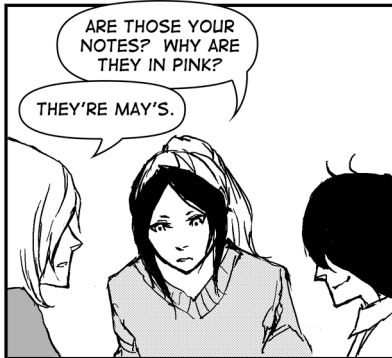
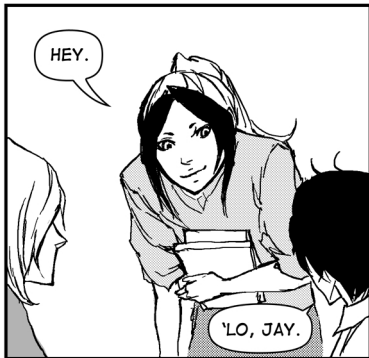
“He attacked everything in life with a mix of extraordinary genius and naive incompetence, and it was often difficult to tell which was which.”

—Douglas Adams









Extra Character Manifesto



Michelle

Josh's ex-girlfriend. Rumor has it that the breakup was very messy, and she was so furious that she hacked into Josh's World of Warcraft account and sold all his pvp gear on eBay. Nobody knows if it's true, but Josh doesn't seem to play WoW anymore.

Nicola

Jay's older sister, who dreams of becoming a famous hairdresser and opening a salon frequented by celebrities. Unfortunately, she's more or less a walking catastrophe who can do things with scissors most people have never dreamed of, but not in a good way. She once managed to break three pairs of scissors while giving someone a trim – said customer has never recovered from the trauma.

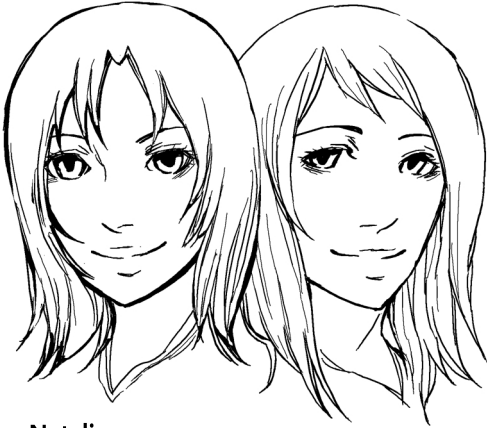


Wagner

Josh's friend, who's in the same P.E. section as he is. His parents were opera fans and he likes his name, but everybody he meets pronounces it wrong. He was so annoyed once that he taped a piece of paper that said "vog-ner" on his forehead. Everyone pronounced his name right that day.



Extra Character Manifesto



Kate and Bianca

Kate and Bianca are twins and Josh's younger sisters. Kate loves so-bad-it's-good movies, which are usually straight to dvd, as well as dramatic sob stories. Bianca is athletic and enjoys soccer, but also likes poetry. They share an interest in shopping and force Josh to drop them off and pick them up. Kate's deadpan and a bit sarcastic, and Bianca, despite her cute front, can be just as sharp. They sometimes rehearse so that they can finish each other's sentences just to creep people out.

Natalie

The lady Metis talked to at the skytrain station. Natalie's tough and independent and still believes in true love despite the string of bad relationships in the past year (34 and counting). She's optimistic about human nature as well as her chances of finding Mr. Right, but it doesn't stop her from beating her bastard, cheating boyfriends to a bloody pulp when they come around again to ask for money.



Dali

He's not Salvador Dali. Seriously, he's not.

Mint Chocolate Chip

(Or, How Josh Got from Point A to Point B
with Some Meandering Along the Way)

Josh was a busy guy. It wasn't so much that he didn't notice anyone other than his friends; rather, he just wasn't able to. It was a general consensus between people of all different groups and cliques at school that, upon an encounter with him, Josh was generally an all-around nice guy. But encounters were all they were. Josh played football, which meant he had practice every day after school, and often on Saturday mornings. Being on the football team, he couldn't ignore his teammates, most of which usually had requests of him such as 'come to this party', 'help me out with this', 'tell me about that cheerleader', etc. And as he spent time with those people, relationships developed, and then it was even more necessary that Josh focus his attention on those of his friends whom he saw most often. Josh was a busy guy, but he was happy to be on good terms with the people he saw everyday.

Josh had a girlfriend, and this also made him busy. Josh, along with being generally considered a friendly guy, was considered a boyfriend of even higher caliber. He took Michelle out every weekend, planned a huge birthday surprise for her (which included organizing every cheerleader on the team and random friends of hers from junior high- a nigh impossible feat), listened to her problems seriously, gave his advice seriously, and even shared some of his problems with her. They got along well. She was intelligent and pretty, and Josh recognized this. He thought Michelle was nice, and treated her accordingly. Not once did Josh think about cheating on her or even look at other girls. Michelle laughed and said it was weird, but she liked that about him.

As a nice guy, Josh was kept so busy by the many people he was nice to, that it was very rare for him to be able to meet or converse with people that weren't in that initial group of friends. That didn't mean he didn't notice people though. In fact, Josh couldn't help but notice the people he wasn't supposed to.

Josh had a vague knowledge that he had been in the same grade level as Metis for all of high school thus far. However, being that they rarely had overlapping schedules, Josh had only ever had Metis in one or two classes. Metis' appearance amused Josh. Metis oozed annoyed nonchalance like it was a natural bodily by-product. But other than that, he had never really given Metis much thought.

Then one day during English class, after countless days of the teacher pestering Metis to read his things aloud in class, or yelling at Metis to wake up, Metis actually did something. The teacher had assigned an opinion essay for the class- six pages- and had given Metis the hardest subject available (the teacher had assigned it himself after he found an unpleasant stick figure sketch of him that had appeared to involve an animal). On top of that, the teacher had given Metis the position to argue on the subject that the teacher absolutely knew Metis did not agree with. Two classes later, the teacher called on Metis to read his aloud.

Metis didn't write the paper. But he stood up in that subtly liquid way he had that made people not quite notice him. Metis ruffled his hair a little, hand behind head (he had to be a good five inches shorter than Josh, Josh noted offhand) and stood facing the teacher. Josh realized Metis must cut his own hair and couldn't help but grin. Chunks were missing from the length at the back. Metis, suddenly possessed with formality for the situation, looked at the teacher, stood stick-straight up, and explained, in full detail, why he was incapable of writing such a shitty paper. Not in those words, of course, but his point was thorough. Josh searched for a sheet of paper on Metis' desk, notes on his arm, anything, but Metis spewed out a perfectly logical, six-pages-worth of bullshit on why arguing that topic was, in itself, pointless. And he appeared to have made it all up on the spot.

The teacher smiled, congratulated Metis on his genius, gave him an automatic 'F' for the assignment, and told him to sit back down. Josh, who sat not far from Metis, listened as Metis' friend heckled Metis from behind.

“That was the biggest load of BS I’ve ever heard from you. That’s saying a lot.”

“I fell asleep last night before I could write the essay. It was pretty big, wasn’t it?” Metis looked almost proud.

It was stupid, but Metis had Josh’s attention during English class from then on.

It really wasn’t anything amazing. Usually Metis would sit pretending to read. Josh wondered if that was because he’d already read the material, or he just didn’t care. Either seemed equally plausible to him and that surprised him. Other times, Metis would play games on note paper with his blonde friend, who seemed to be a more responsible, less caring version of Metis.

Once, while Josh was absentmindedly observing Metis doodle something on his notes, Metis glanced up. Josh, caught in the act, managed a half-smile. Metis stared at him for a second, blinked, then went back to his doodle. Josh thought he saw a picture of Deadpool with ‘nubile Young Avengers’ scribbled next to it, but ignored it. It was a stick figure anyway.

After that, Josh stopped watching Metis as often. He didn’t really do anything anyway. His antics were always completely personal, and on the rare occasion they included another human being, they were shared solely with Metis’ friend Charles.

Josh knew a wall when he saw one and wasn’t stupid enough to try to knock it down. He was a busy person, anyway.

It was during the next semester that Josh had P.E. the same period as Metis. However, unlike Metis, Josh actually bothered to participate. In fact, Josh hadn’t even realized Metis had the same P.E. period as he did until one day he was waiting on the sidelines of the soccer field, and his gaze happened to wander up the hill. There, about fifty feet away, sat Metis, shoes off, looking painfully bored. Josh would have thought he was a statue, except, as he stared, Metis looked right at him, quirked an eyebrow, then flashed a huge grin.

Josh was dumfounded. Metis smiling was like a universal contradiction compared to what Josh had noticed about him. And he was smiling at Josh. Not that Metis was incapable of smiling or anything, he just never smiled around anyone other than his friend Charles, from what Josh had seen. And it wasn't a sarcastic smile, but a big, dorky grin. This being so, Josh was considerably surprised, and a bit embarrassed. Josh was used to attention from people he didn't know, but not people like Metis.

And not only that, but Metis looked good, smiling. As Josh gaped, Metis' smile slowly melted into a sarcastic one, but it took up his whole face and Josh knew it was a real smile. Josh didn't quite know what to do, so he gawped like a retard. He was starting to feel himself go white when Metis stopped smiling and all-out smirked. He dug into his bag next to him and wrote something on a sheet of paper with what looked like a black marker. He held up the sign. It read:

"You've got green on you. lol."

Josh immediately looked down to examine his tee shirt. Behind Josh, somebody snorted. Josh whirled around to see May's blonde friend, Charles, brushing grass stains off his pant legs. There was a slightly annoyed look on his face mixed with amusement. Josh glanced quickly at May, then Charles, and he blushed fiercely. Just then, a team member yelled for Josh and Josh ran onto the field to take his friend's place. As he ran, he heard Charles, as he was walking up the hill, say to Metis, "Yeah, well you look like a smartass hobbit on this hill."

Josh played sweeper with a mighty fury for the rest of the period.

In English class, Josh couldn't look in Metis' general direction for a week. However, it didn't seem as if Metis had noticed him that day on the field. He didn't poke fun or say anything to Josh about the P.E. incident. Either that, or he just didn't care. For once, Josh wasn't amused at the fact that the later was most likely true.

Still, Josh couldn't help it. It took two weeks, but he soon realized that he couldn't help but observe Metis. Metis was entertaining. Far more entertaining than any of his other friends.

One day, as he was passing papers out for the teacher, Josh flipped Metis' over and was happy to see that, yes, it was indeed Dead-pool. And yes, the stick-figure Young Avengers did look quite nubile.

Josh didn't monitor Metis' every move. He was a busy guy. But every P.E. period, Josh would get distracted at least once, trying to locate Metis wherever he'd be sprawled out, not doing what he was supposed to be doing. It wasn't easy to watch the guy's antics when it wasn't a normal class together. It wasn't nearly as fun. After a while, Josh realized there was no point in just watching someone lay around all period (unless Charles was there- then Metis just lay around and talked to Charles and Josh couldn't hear anyway), especially when he had friends falling over themselves to get him on their team. So Josh got distracted less and less during P.E. and kept his Metis-spying for English lessons. That didn't mean he wouldn't glance over once or twice, but that mostly narrowed it down to one period a day Josh thought about the other guy.

But Josh watched Metis differently from then on. Metis was this unknown variable, that only mad Josh feel horrible about himself, yet Josh needed Metis to become a known. Metis as an ambiguity in his everyday life was far more irritating than an awkward or embarrassing moment. If he could just talk to Metis, Josh thought, maybe he could get somewhere. Metis was, above all, a fairly easy-going guy. At least in appearance. Just a small opportunity, anything really, might be enough.

And then the opportunity came. And it didn't go quite as planned.

One day, they had just started playing soccer, and Josh was right wing. His friend passed to him immediately from center and he took the ball up the field, sprinting. He was halfway to the goal, when he froze. There, standing in front of him, looking not annoyed, but entirely neutral, was Metis. Josh stared at him. Metis didn't move. Josh didn't move.

Then Metis talked to him.

“What, can’t work anything besides a football?”

Josh didn’t know what to say. So he said the only thing he could think of in his defense. And was cut off short.

“Who-”

“Here, I’ll help.” Metis bridged the three foot gap and kicked the ball in a random direction. One of Josh’s teammates intercepted it with an accomplished yell. May watched absently, then turned around. “Filled my participation requirement,” Metis said and turned to walk off the field. A team member of his yelled at another one to come in to fill the spot Metis left behind.

It was stupid. It was almost embarrassing. But it sparked something. Metis had always been entertaining to watch, sure, but as soon as he actually spoke to Josh of his own volition, it completely changed everything. Metis wasn’t just some person Josh had to observe from his chair two rows away and pretend to not smile at. Metis had talked to him (okay, insulted him), and the wall was definitely still there, maybe even more reinforced than before, but it didn’t look so tall anymore.

From then on, Josh’s personal observation became more and more in-depth. Once, after a particularly grueling essay test in Josh’s opinion, he collected all of the tests on that side of the room (their teacher was an avid lover of football, and most people said she had less than decent thoughts about the defense coach, so she often chose Josh to do things). Josh riffled through the papers as quick as he could and flipped Metis’ over. Sure enough there was a scribble. Batman this time, with the words ‘Katie Holmes Is A Scientologist’ scribbled next to it. Josh had a hell of a time not laughing. He flipped the essay over hurriedly and gave the papers to the teacher right away.

But there was something big there. Metis liked Batman. Okay, not some huge revelation of the century, and sure Batman was the dark avenger, but Josh hadn’t expected someone that looked and dressed like Metis to not be scribbling My Chemical Romance emblems all over

the place with haikus about blood and pain and being misunderstood interspersed between. Then again, it really wasn't that surprising after all, when Josh had thought about it. Metis was this weird ambiguity. Everything was so... relaxed. As if Metis could adapt to any situation if he cared to. He just didn't want to. A completely original guy who would be honestly comfortable any where as long as people left him alone.

But that was where the problem was. The amusement Metis provided Josh with made him want more than to just watch the guy make faces while he drew stick figures on his notes. Josh wanted to talk to him. He knew Metis would be interesting. It didn't matter that Metis would never give him the time of day. Josh wanted to know if they had anything else in common. It surprised Josh that he would have anything in common with a person like Metis just as much as knowing Metis had something in common with a person like Josh. If Josh found out more about Metis, he wondered, would he find out more about himself? Like, why, for instance, sometimes his friends didn't understand what he was thinking? Metis was sure to have some poem in a black-bound book with bleeding roses on the cover describing Josh's situation, right?

But the problem was Metis would never go out of his way to talk to someone like Josh if Josh hadn't stopped dead in front of him while playing soccer. All of those assumptions about different stereotypes. Josh didn't blame Metis, most of them were true after all. But that meant if Josh was ever going to talk, really talk, to Metis, he'd have to initiate it. And after semi-spying on the guy for almost a year, that idea wasn't very pleasant.

Josh began to devise plans. Most of which included far too many theories and formulas. They began resembling calculus homework in his head. A couple of the circumstances Josh conjured up were actually pretty hilarious and pathetic when he thought about them again. Every day he'd watch Metis and sometimes Charles, trying to figure out why they had their own little world and what made Charles so more acceptable to Metis than anyone else. Josh wasn't jealous. He really, earnestly wanted to know. He didn't want to be Metis' best friend. He just wanted to know him. So the plans Josh dreamed up while not paying attention in

class became more and more detailed and convoluted, applying several mathematical theories and equations, and usually a whole lot of statistics, in order to devise a plan just to accidentally run into Metis alone.

And that was where another problem began. Josh had never wanted so badly just to have a conversation with someone. Someone who doodled or slept during at least two of his classes. Someone who ignored everyone except a very select few friends. Someone who would normally be considered rude, uncaring, and unsociable. But Josh knew this wasn't true and he wanted to know why. He wanted to know how someone so unlikable could be so intriguing. Metis wasn't elitist even though he seemed intelligent, he just didn't want to bother with anyone other than his friends. But Josh knew that that couldn't be everything. These were just surface details he'd learned by watching his classmate two periods a day. He wanted to know why Metis was so good at being completely himself.

These things were problems, but he hadn't realized that. They weren't problems in that they hindered his daily life. He was doing better in classes and football than ever, in fact. It wasn't as if he was obsessed or breaking off friendships. He was still a good boyfriend and nice to everyone. All he did was think out ridiculous situations where a conversation could start between himself and a classmate. It was like a stupid pastime. Anyone else would have thought Josh was just entertaining himself. But they would have been wrong.

Josh was fairly happy, devising his plans and going about life as normal. There was that gnawing need to not just be around Metis, but actually be with him, to listen to his stupid comments and watch him not from fifteen feet away, but right next to him. But Josh wasn't impatient, so he was almost content just watching Metis and doing what Josh did best- being a good friend, good boyfriend, and good football player. Everything seemed okay.

Then everything went downhill, faster than Josh could have ever expected. Josh couldn't have ever anticipated what would happen. Josh didn't really even know how it happened, it went so quick. He

couldn't even really figure out why it happened. But Michelle, he pretty, intelligent girlfriend, had been very clear. She left him in the hallway with a very strong opinion.

"Yeah, well FUCK YOU."

Josh was completely lost. He didn't understand. Josh, at a complete loss for what to do in the situation, did the easiest thing he could. He got mad. Mad that Michelle, whom he had been a perfectly good boy friend to, and who he actually liked, broke up with him just like that. Josh was mad that it might have been because he wanted to talk to a stranger so badly, some person he didn't even know. And he was even more upset that the person he wanted so bad to just know about or even talk to again wouldn't even realize it if Josh just disappeared. But what pissed him off most of all was that even though their situations were so different, he and the person he wanted to know so badly might actually have been able to get along, but that person would never care enough or even think of trying.

So when he turned around and saw that very person standing right in front of him, grinning like an idiot, Josh was angry for another, most important reason. Metis was finally paying attention to him, finally giving Josh a moment of his time, and only for the reason of mocking him and rubbing Josh's bad circumstances into Josh's face. Metis was laughing at the stupid jock that had been dumped by his beautiful girlfriend. Josh knew in that split second that there was never any way that he and Metis could ever appreciate each other. And that hurt.

Josh pulled back his arm and punched Metis for all he was worth.

There was no way Josh could have known, as he stormed away angry and disillusioned, that punching the very guy he wanted a relationship with so badly would be the very action that would finally set their relationship into motion.

Danke.

As you may have noticed (or not), instead of artist and author names on the cover, there's this inexplicable, funky word, "Autobrig". This is short for Automata Brigade, which is the artistic group comprised of the makers of HoneySyn. It just gets way too complicated to specify who does what, since we're all lazy asses and we all manage to pawn some of our work off on the other members.

That being cleared up, Autobrig would like to thank everyone that's stuck thus far with the losers of Honeydew Syndrome as they waded through their highschool drama, and would like to ask you all to please keep doing so in the future. It's been interesting, if nothing else, and a great opportunity for us to learn about the readers and slowly begin to fix our own faults in the comic-making process. We really appreciate all the support you've given us, and the small frame of time that you set aside for us in your busy lives to read our comic.

So, now that that's out of the way, Nuu and Schumie would like bend over for once and thank those who've helped.

Thanks to Michi for being our awesome odd-jobs person and for the times when she got off her ass and actually *did* these odd-jobs. Also, the sex was awesome.

Thanks to Nyang for being an ass and thoroughly criticizing all text on the ten pages she actually looked at in return for only a small amount of hand-drawn porn by Nuu. We don't want to know what she does with it, but her frequent squeals from her bedroom of "Junta's crying face!" probably explain enough.

Thanks to the "peanut gallery" we spend out nights talking to. You guys no who you are, and though we never really valued your opinions, they were interesting to listen to anyway.

Well, that's about it. We hope everyone thoroughly enjoyed the first five chapters of Honeydew Syndrome. Read on.

—Autobrig (Nuu and Schumie)
<http://www.honeysyn.net>

