

image

SEX CRIMINALS

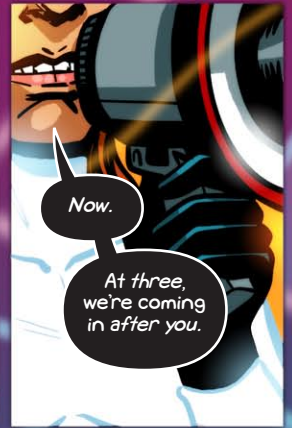
FRACTION ZDARSKY

\$3.50

1

SUZIE
DOWN IN
THE QUIET





Um.

HELLO?
WE - ARE YOU
IN THERE?

WERE
PRETTY SURE
YOU'RE STILL
IN THERE.

WE--

-hey-

- hey give me
that back -

YOU TWO.

JONATHAN.

SUZANNE.

THIS IS
YOUR VERY
LAST CHANCE,
CHILDREN.

Now.

At three,
we're coming
in after you.

ONE.

TWO.

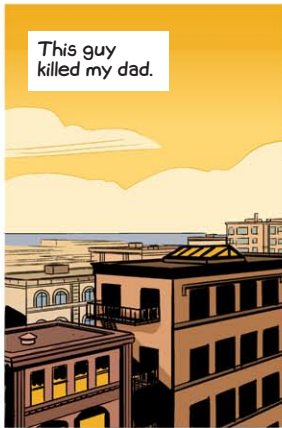
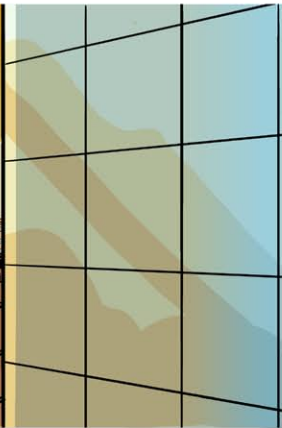


I know how this looks.

Don't judge us.



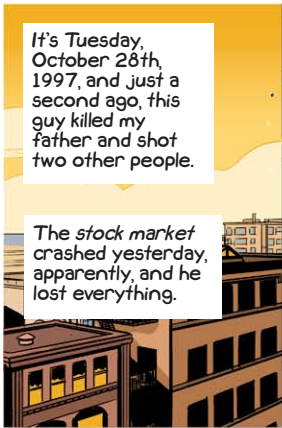
Let me start at the start:



This guy killed my dad.

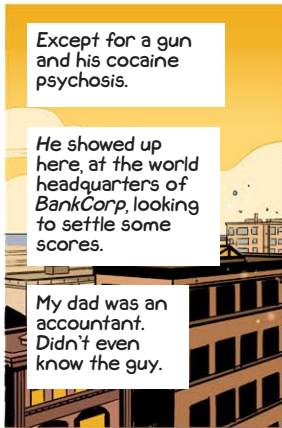


The jokes are coming, I promise.



It's Tuesday, October 28th, 1997, and just a second ago, this guy killed my father and shot two other people.

The stock market crashed yesterday, apparently, and he lost everything.



Except for a gun and his cocaine psychosis.

He showed up here, at the world headquarters of BankCorp, looking to settle some scores.

My dad was an accountant. Didn't even know the guy.



I'd like to think Dad died heroically. Maybe saving somebody. Maybe he jumped between the guy and a pregnant lady or something.

Anything to keep it from being so random.

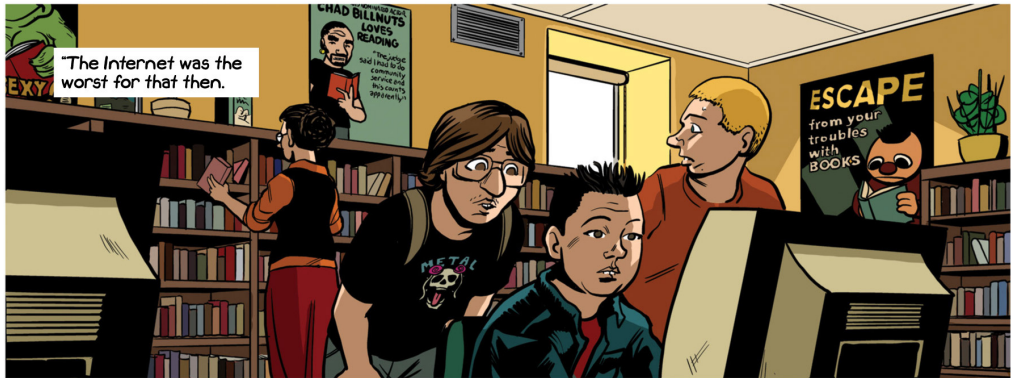
I swear the sex and the jokes are coming. Hang on.



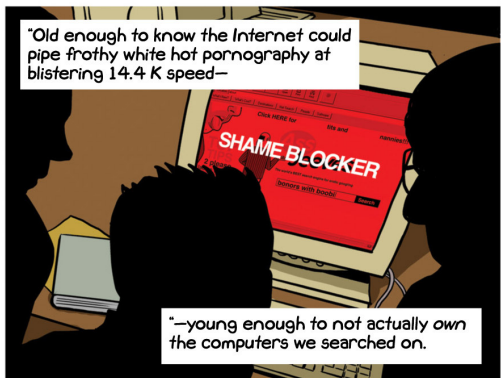
There. That's me.

With the hair.

My whole world's about to end.



The Internet was the worst for that then.



"Old enough to know the Internet could pipe frothy white hot pornography at blistering 14.4 K speed—

—young enough to not actually own the computers we searched on.



"So, anyway, one night me and some friends are out dicking around.

"—without our fucking Catman, I'd like to add."

"What?"

"Doesn't matter."



"Anyway.

"We were just being kids, basically. Aimless. Shiftless.

"It was Halloween, right?"



Hey!







We both gave each other a lot of space in those days.

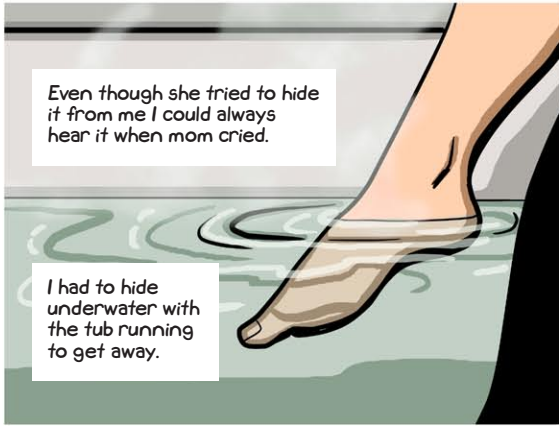


And then the next thing you knew space was all we had.



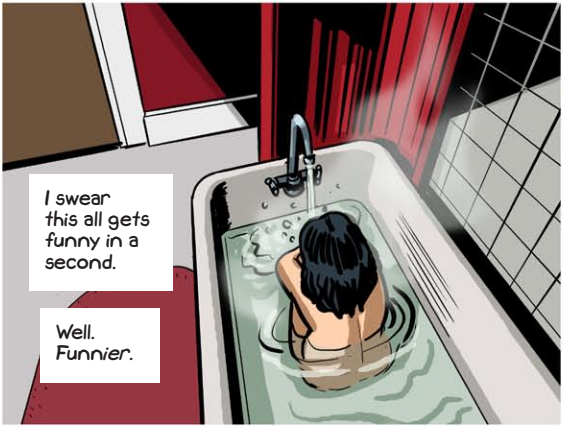
It was a nice old house. Not a right angle anywhere in it. Decades of history, of other families, other lives.

Sound carried everywhere.



Even though she tried to hide it from me I could always hear it when mom cried.

I had to hide underwater with the tub running to get away.



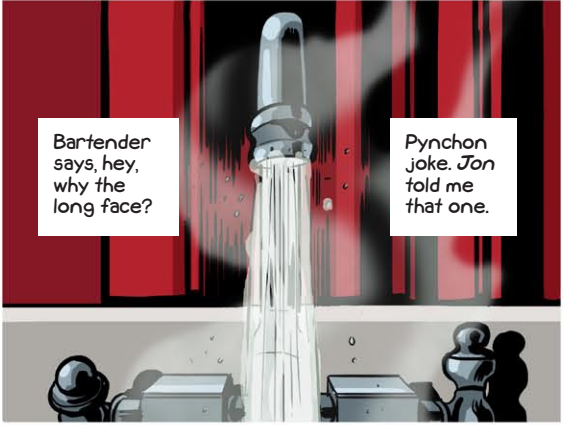
I swear this all gets funny in a second.

Well. Funnier.



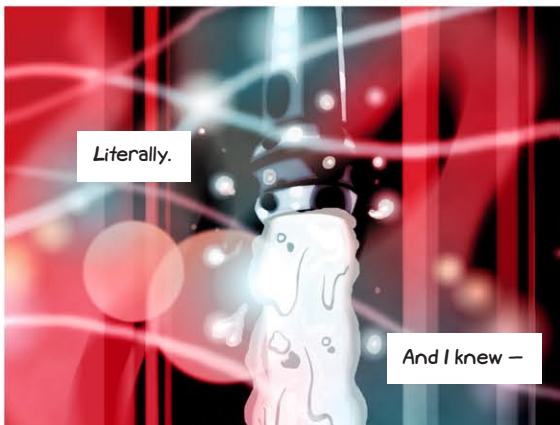
Maybe I should tell jokes.

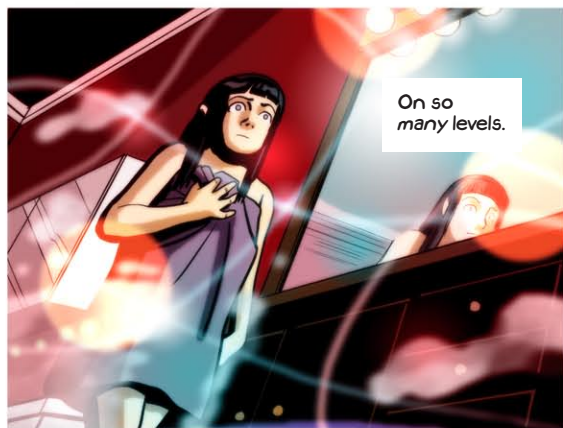
Thomas Pynchon walks into a bar.



Bartender says, hey, why the long face?

Pynchon joke. Jon told me that one.





On so many levels.



I even left the water on.

It wasn't going anywhere.



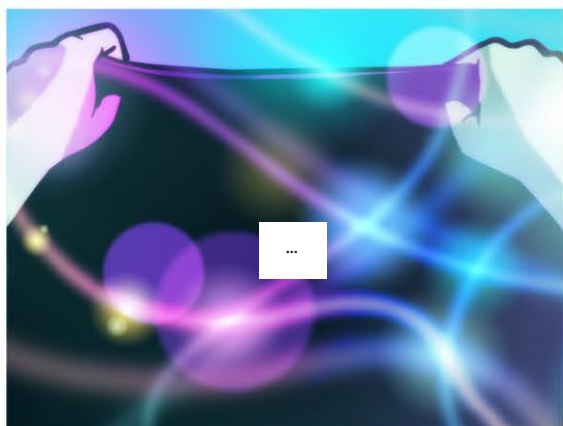
That's how weird it all was.

I was enveloped in *silence* and *color*.

An ocean of warm silence and color that I could, apparently, make explode out from inside me.



It felt so amazing that...



...



...that I was terrified.



I was confused and terrified.

How could anything feel so good?

How could anything make everything get so quiet?



Mom woke me at 2AM, screaming that I'd left the tub running all night and flooded the bathroom.

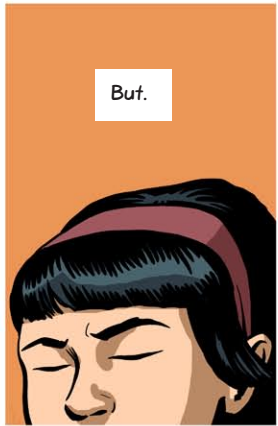
I blamed an intruder.

I suppose I knew what had happened. But I still didn't know.

I didn't know-know anyway.



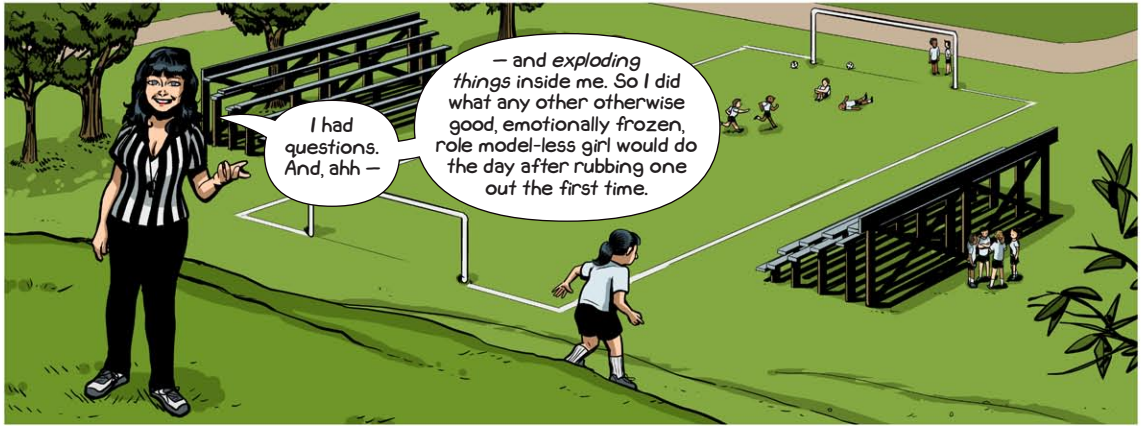
I was afraid to find out, but.



But.



But.



I had questions. And, ahh —

— and exploding things inside me. So I did what any other otherwise good, emotionally frozen, role model-less girl would do the day after rubbing one out the first time.



I went to ask the Dirty Girls.

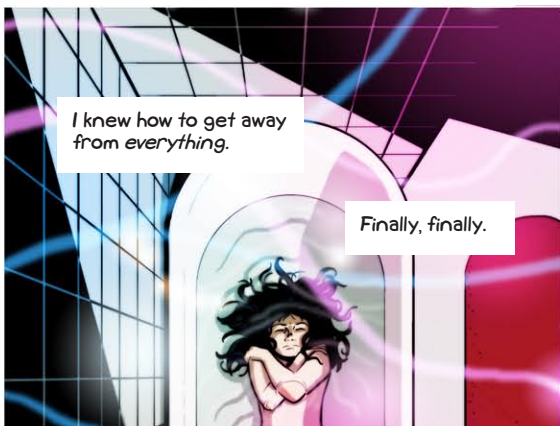
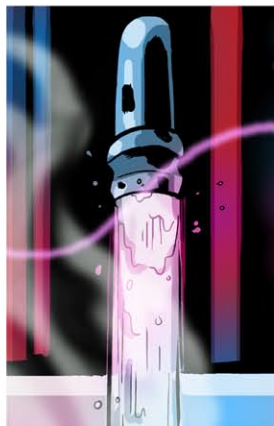
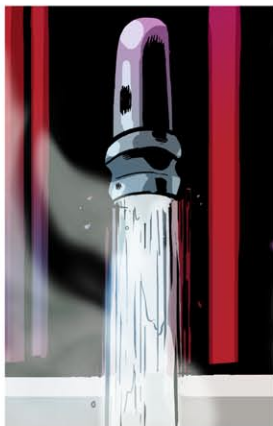
Hey, faggot.

What do you want?



I thought Rachelle could tell what I'd done. Thought she could tell just by looking at me.

She couldn't, of course. But what did I know?





LEARN HOW 2 MAKE COMICS FOR TICK CASH/LOVE

Someone loves "comics" so it stands to reason that if u made comics everyone'd love u, right? Let i-time Wizard (time-appearing "artist" Chip Zdon) teach u how 2 turn a blank page into 1 filled with dick doodles & Batman. X02, page 119

14-D-555
14-D-555
14-D-555
14-D-555
14-D-555
14-D-555

A RACH & SUZE PRODUCTION
SOI
(SAVE OUR LIBRARY)

come to our awesome **PARTY** where for **5 BUCKS** you can **DRINK** while **SAVING BOOKS** from destruction at the hands of the **SHITHEAD BANK** that foreclosed the library oops sorry I didn't mean to write the word **SHITHEAD** on a **PUBLIC POSTER**

329 brunswick ave. apt. #2
august 26

SINGLE? LOOKING FOR LOVE

WRONG WITH THAT NIK THE POTTERY BARN. T. U ABOUT, GARY? I CAN NUMBER. DO YOU WANT TO FOREVER LIKE YOUR SK

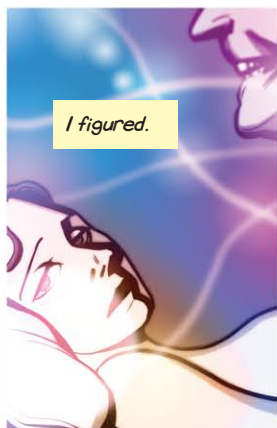
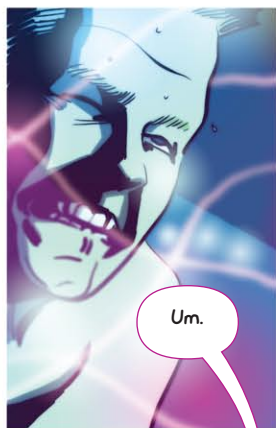
YOU'D RETURN MY CALL LOVE, MOM

NUMBER IN CASE YOU FORG 555-6292





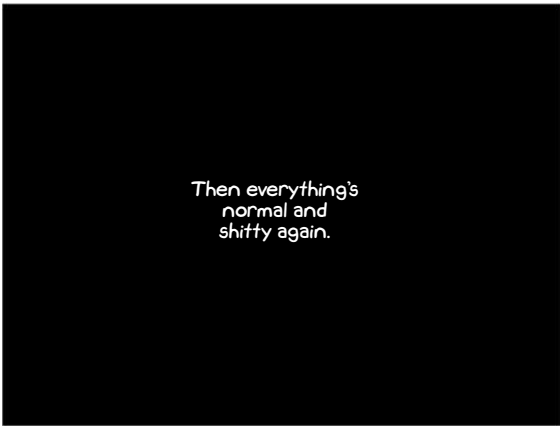






Eventually it just wears off.
I learned that pretty quickly.

There's a low rumble
that turns into slow
sound, and then —



Then everything's
normal and
shitty again.



They were the
same thing in
those days.



We were both looking
for our way out.



But I made up my mind
I would learn. And the
only way to learn is by
asking questions.

I have
questions.



And I wouldn't do
"it" again until I
had my answers.

No matter how much I
wanted to -- which was a lot.



Ever try to utilize the resources of the
public school system to learn about sex?

No wonder so many dumb kids
get knocked up. Nobody knows
anything, and if they do, they're
legally bound from telling you.



Easier to just
avoid temptation.

SUZY
VS
THE DIRTY GIRLS
ROUND 2



That thing that happens after you touch yourself, where everything bleeds colors and all you can hear is that low rumbling sound and everybody's frozen?



Strike one.



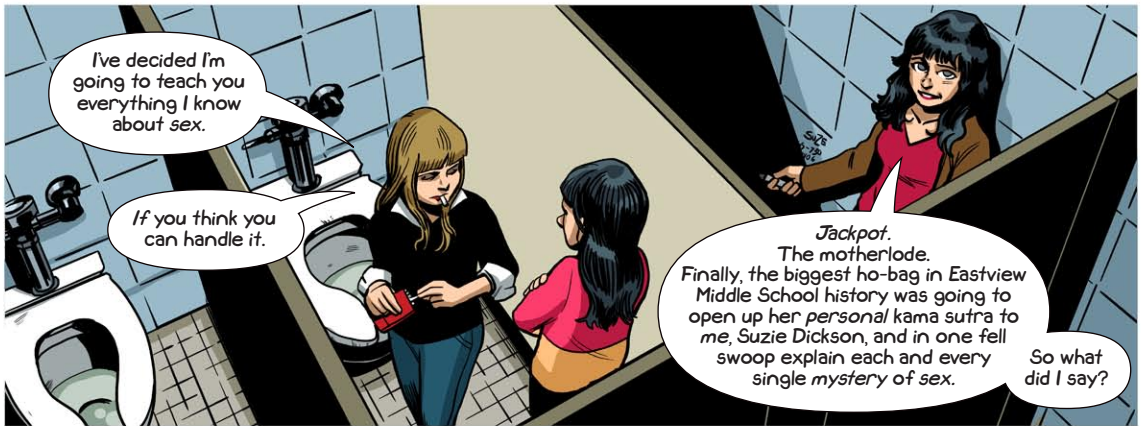
Hey, faggot.



Um.
Me?
Th-this faggot?



Smoke with me.
I don't -
- Go.



I've decided I'm going to teach you everything I know about sex.

If you think you can handle it.

Jackpot.
The motherlode.
Finally, the biggest ho-bag in Eastview Middle School history was going to open up her *personal kama sutra* to me, Suzie Dickson, and in one fell swoop explain each and every single *mystery of sex*.

So what did I say?

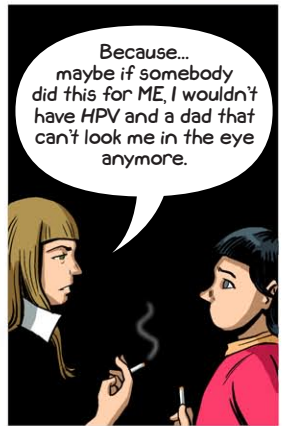


Uh. Okay.

...why?



PPPPhhhhh
ffffffttt



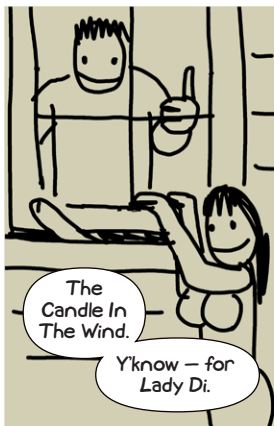
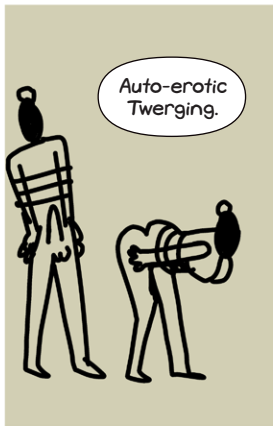
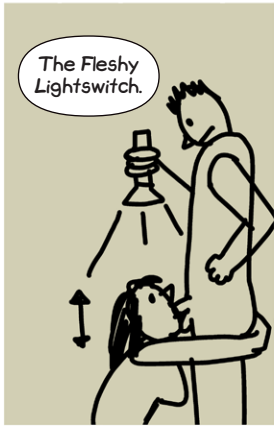
Because... maybe if somebody did this for ME, I wouldn't have HPV and a dad that can't look me in the eye anymore.

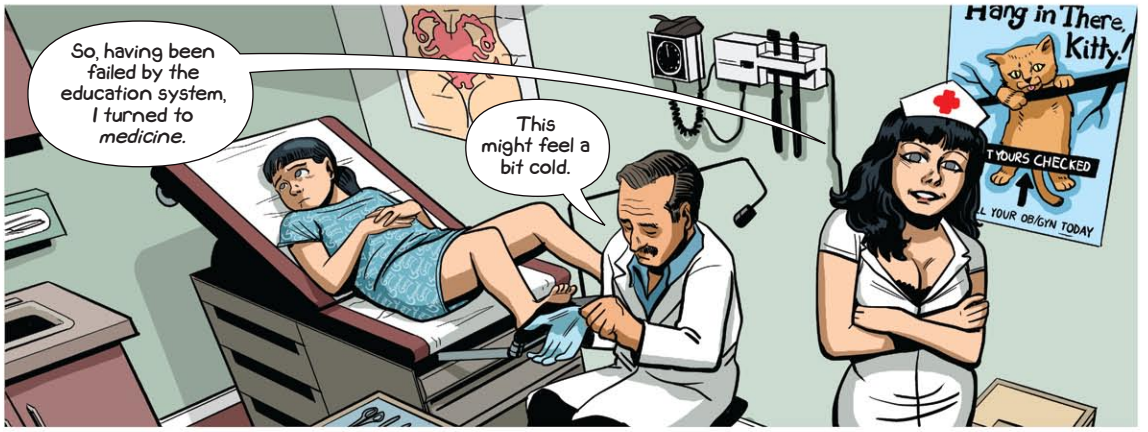


So here's the *real raw sex shit* you need to know - If you *think* you're ready...

I was ready.









Only one place left to turn.



What, Suzie?



I had a few questions?



About what, Suzie?



You know.

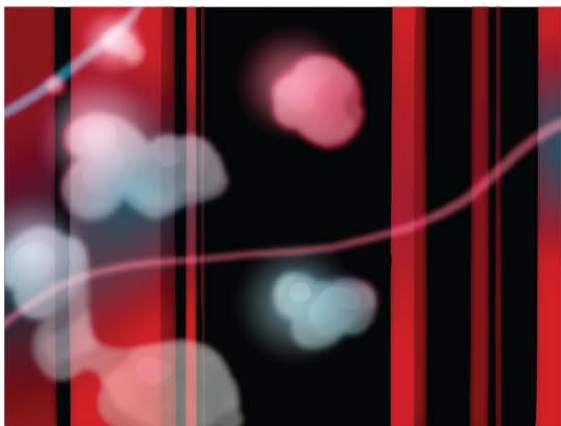
Sex questions.



Great.

Now I'm raising a whore.

Strike three.





I just started screaming.

About... about everything.



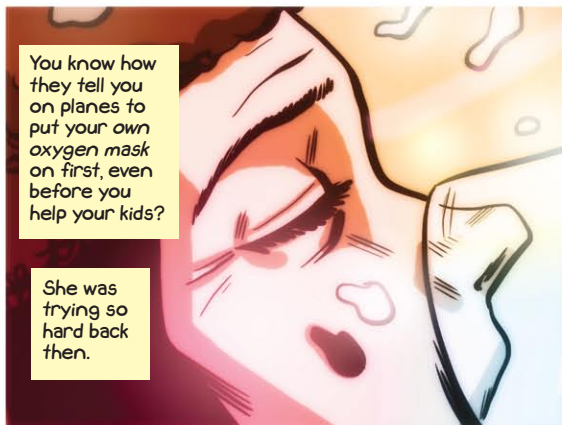
About her, about me.

About her drinking. About dad.



In *The Quiet* was the only place I could talk to her. For a couple years after this, even.

I'd just scream until everything stopped hurting.



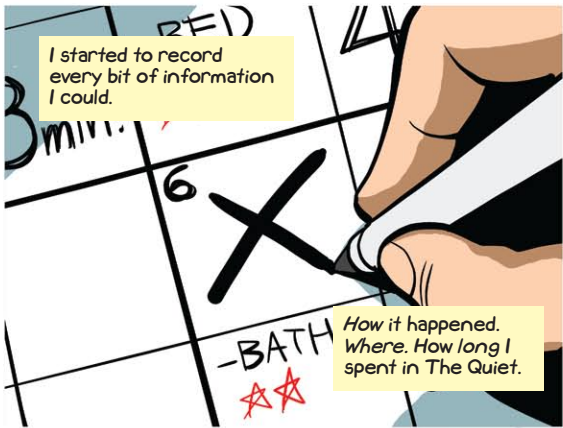
You know how they tell you on planes to put your own oxygen mask on first, even before you help your kids?

She was trying so hard back then.



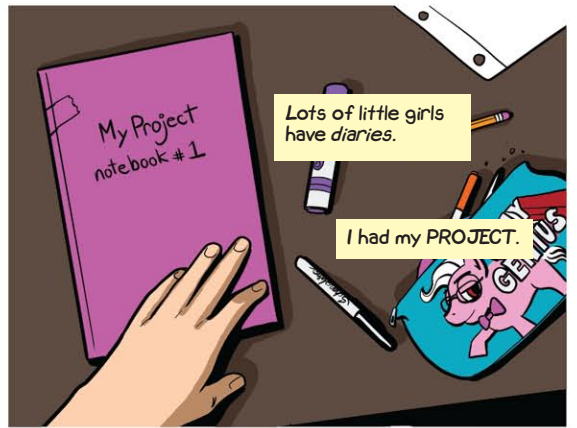
I needed more data.

I would become my own subject.



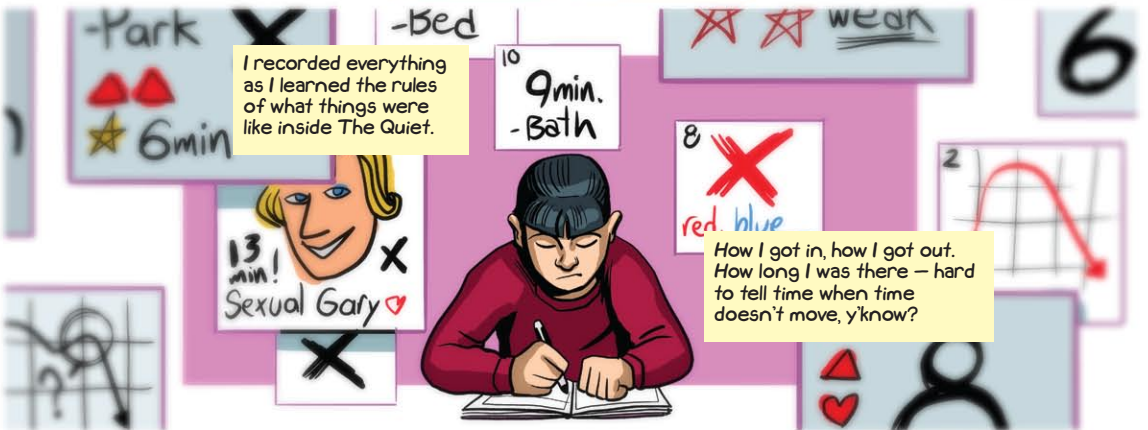
I started to record every bit of information I could.

How it happened. Where. How long I spent in The Quiet.



Lots of little girls have diaries.

I had my PROJECT.



I recorded everything as I learned the rules of what things were like inside The Quiet.

How I got in, how I got out. How long I was there - hard to tell time when time doesn't move, y'know?



I need help. Um.

I have a lot of information, but no good way of sorting it all and searching through it and stuff.





Truth be told, I'm not much for parties.

They're okay, but I'm not really a drinker, and I can never hear anything anybody's saying.



STILL, IT'LL BE GOOD FOR THE LIBRARY, RIGHT?

IT'LL BE GOOD FOR MY BOOKS.



It's what I keep telling myself, anyway.

I don't want to get drunk. I don't want to get laid.

I just want to save my books and not have a lot of puke to clean up tomorrow...



SO THEN, WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE BOOK?



THERE'S LOTS, BUT —

— LOLITA, PROBABLY.



HA! RIGHT ON. ISN'T THAT THAT DIRTY SEX BOOK?



NO IT'S — IT'S NOT REALLY ABOUT SEX, IT —

"LOLITA."



"LIGHT OF MY LIFE,

"FIRE OF MY LOINS.



"MY SIN, MY SOUL. LO-LEE-TA:

"THE TIP OF THE TONGUE TAKING A TRIP OF THREE STEPS DOWN THE PALATE TO TAP AT THREE, ON THE TEETH.

Hey, hold this...



"LO. LEE. TA.

"SHE WAS LO, PLAIN LO, IN THE MORNING, STANDING FOUR FEET TEN IN ONE SOCK.

"SHE WAS LOLA IN SLACKS.

"SHE WAS DOLLY AT SCHOOL.

"SHE WAS DELORES ON THE DOTTED LINE.

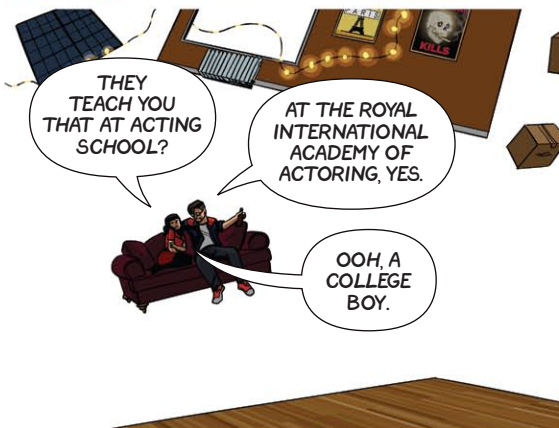
"BUT IN MY ARMS SHE WAS ALWAYS...

"...LOLITA."

HI. I'M SUZIE.

JON. HEY.





Because of this.

Because you're funny.

Because you know *Lolita*.

And Nabokov and James Mason too.

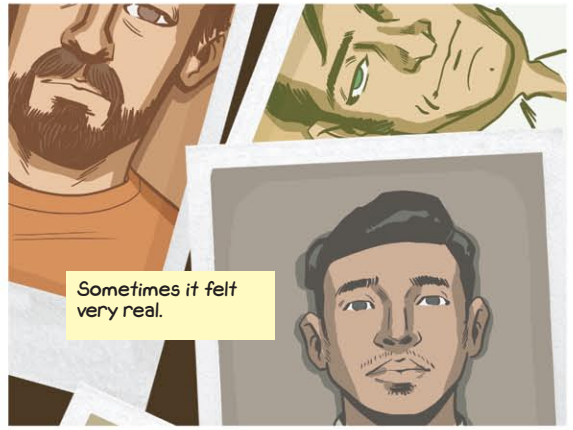
Because you're cute and funny and I'm kind of sad and you haven't tried hitting on me once.

Because you weren't even trying...





There were others, after Craig. I'm not a NUN.



Sometimes it felt very real.



Sometimes it felt very silly. Like a mistake.



Sometimes it felt important and adult.



Some of it exploratory.



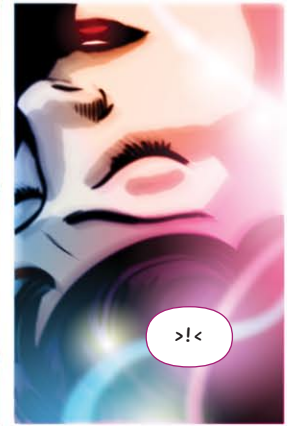
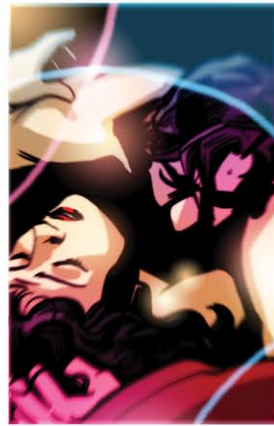
Sometimes it just felt like something to do instead of fall asleep alone.



And sometimes it was entirely forgettable.



You sure this is cool?





How are you here?



SEX ON GARY

I'm not - what?

You're here with me. You - I -!



- no no no. That's not how it works.

I brought you with me, somehow, I -



Holy shit.

Holy shit, you can do it too.

Jon ... is your dick glowing?



TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT
TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT
TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT



Hi.

Hey.

We're here. You okay?

Yeah.



It's okay, baby.

Don't freak out. It'll all be okay.

We just stick to the plan and it'll all be okay.



Oh, Jon.

What about this looks okay to you?

FOR
MATURE
READERS
DUHH



DON'T SELL THIS TO A KID
WHAT ARE YOU, NUTS?
SERIOUSLY