



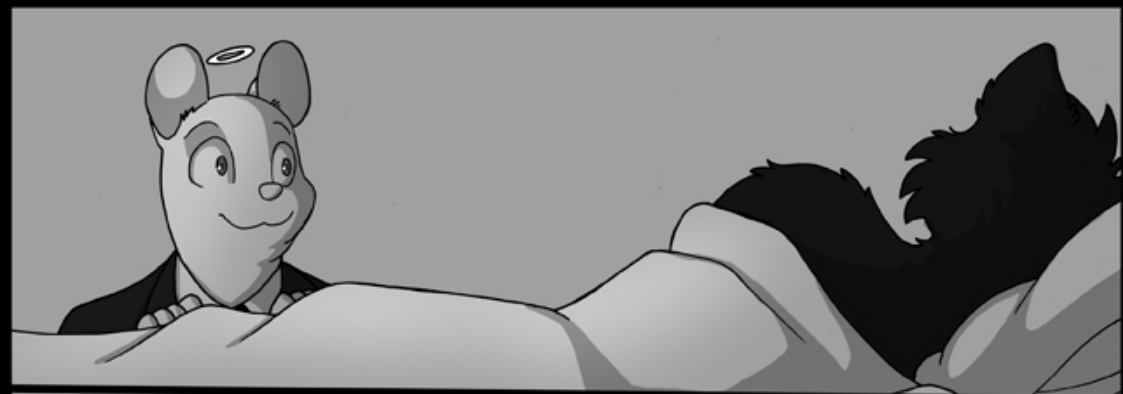
DO YOU EVER
HAVE TROUBLE
SLEEPING,
WONDERING IF
WE'RE DOING OUR
BEST AS
PARENTS?



NONE OF
OUR KIDS
WATCH PRO
WRESTLING,
HONEY.



OH...



GUARDIAN ANGEL? WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU DOING?

I WAS GOING FOR THE WHOLE "HE APPEARED AT THE FOOT OF MY BED" THING.

I DON'T EVEN BELIEVE IN ANGELS.

THIS IS JUST SOME STUPID DREAM!

AND WHY IS MY GUARDIAN ANGEL A WEIRD LOOKING FAT GUY?

IS THIS BETTER?

IS THIS MORE YOUR SPEED?

YES.



I BET
YOU WERE
WONDERING
WHY I HAVE A
HALO AND
NO WINGS.




NO.




BECAUSE
I HAVE TO
EARN THOSE
WINGS!

YEAH!



CAN YOU
EARN THEM BY
HAVING ME
WAKE UP?



I'M HERE TO
SHOW YOU WHY
YOU SHOULD BE
GLAD TO BE
ALIVE!



BUT I
ALREADY
LOVE MY
LIFE.



LOOK.

I GET **ONE**
SHOT AT THIS,
AND YOU'RE
NOT GOING
TO **RUIN** IT!



YOU
START BEING
AN UNGRATEFUL
FUCK, **RIGHT**
NOW!



AND
THERE'S THE
LOVELY
WIFE!

WHOA!



YEAH,
SHE WENT
THROUGH A
ROUGH PATCH
AFTER DAVID
CHEATED ON
HER.

BUT
SHE'S
BETTER
NOW.



HAPPY,
AT LEAST.

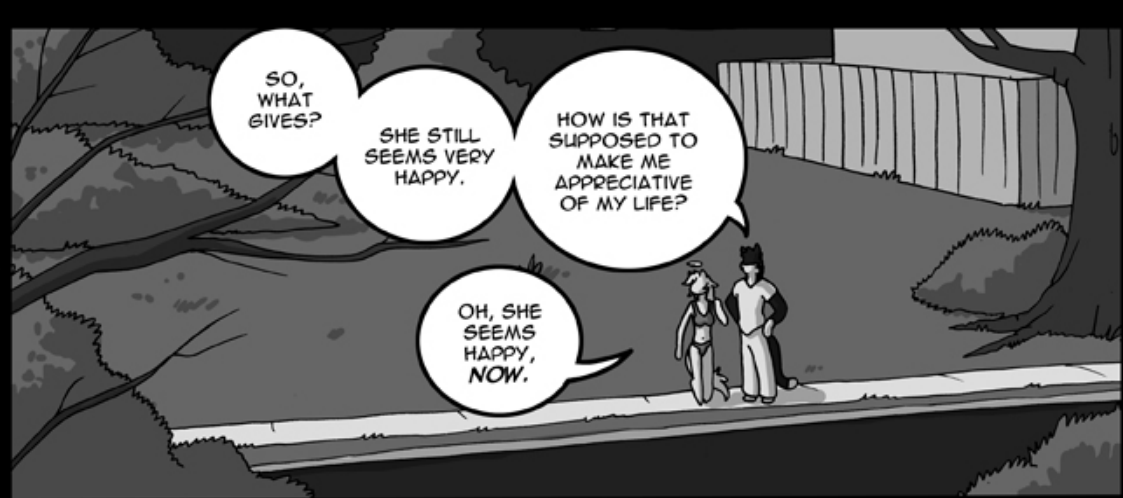


HOW'D
SHE GET
SO... BIG?



OH, HER
CURRENT
HUSBAND
DOESN'T CARE
HOW BIG SHE
GETS.

HEY!



SO,
WHAT
GIVES?

SHE STILL
SEEMS VERY
HAPPY.

HOW IS THAT
SUPPOSED TO
MAKE ME
APPRECIATIVE
OF MY LIFE?

OH, SHE
SEEMS
HAPPY,
NOW.



UNTIL THE
DIABETES
SETS IN.

AND SHE
LOSES HER
HUSBAND TO A
HEART ATTACK
IN THREE
YEARS.

HM.

THIS DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE OUR
NEIGHBORHOOD.

WHERE
DO THEY
LIVE?



OHIO!

I SAVED
HER FROM
OHIO?



JANIE LOOKS NORMAL.

SHE ONLY DRESSES LIKE AN ATHLETE BECAUSE SHE'S LAZY.

BUT ALL SHE DOES IS PLAY VIDEO GAMES.

ENDLESS VIDEO GAMES.



THEY AREN'T *GAMES* TO HER ANYMORE. THEY'RE STATISTICS.

THEY'RE *KILLS-TO-DEATHS RATIOS.*

SHE'S A MULTIPLAYER SCOURGE. A LORE-DESTROYING MONSTER, FUELED BY MOUNTAIN DEW.



SHE'S A LAZY DOUCHEBAG!

MOVING ON!

INSTEAD OF BEING LET OUT TO EXPEL EXCESS ENERGY, THOMAS AND ABIGAIL HAVE HAD THEIR HYPERACTIVITY QUELLED WITH **DRUGS!**

THEY ARE JUST THE MOST PERFECTLY WELL BEHAVED **BORING** CHILDREN!

JUICE

I HAVE DONE THIS ILLUSTRATION TO ACCOMPANY THE STORY YOU'RE WRITING FOR MOTHER.

THAT LOOKS WONDERFUL, ABIGAIL.

IT WILL GO PERFECTLY WITH THE THIRD CHAPTER.

THOSE AREN'T **KIDS!**

BILLY BROKE HIS LEG, YESTERDAY.

NOT **YOUR** KIDS, ANYWAY!

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU RUN AROUND.

BETH NEVER DID LEARN TO FORM TRUSTING BONDS WITH OTHER PEOPLE.

SHE'S A COMPLETE ANTI-SOCIAL NIHILIST.

HER MOOD IS AS DARK AS HER WARDROBE.

ALL OF HER ARTISTIC TALENT IS CHANNLED INTO GROTESQUE, MISANTHROPIC WORKS!

SHE HATES MEN.

SHE HATES OTHER WOMEN.

SHE HATES HERSELF.

SIGH...

AND WHEN SHE'S NOT PAINTING, SHE'S WORKING ON HER LATEST **WEBCOMIC!**

OH GOD!



LOOK, I
ALREADY LIKE
MY LIFE,
BECAUSE I
LIKE *LIVING*
IT!

I'M GRATEFUL
FOR MY HARD
WORK AND
EVERYTHING I
DO TO LIVE
WELL!

I DON'T
NEED YOU
TO DRAG ME
AROUND!

I DON'T NEED
YOU TO TELL ME
MY LIFE IS
WORTH LIVING
BASED ON HOW
OTHERS ARE
DOING.

BESIDES, I
DON'T EVEN
KNOW IF I
BELIEVE
YOU.

WHY ARE WE
SUDDENLY IN
A CEMETERY?

I'LL
SHOW
YOU.

REMEMBER CARLOS?

SOMEONE ELSE SAVED HIS LIFE ON THE FIELD, BUT IT WAS ANOTHER FRIEND OF HIS WHO *DID* GIVE HIM THE GUN TO KILL HIMSELF.

BUT IN THE WORLD WHERE YOU LIVE, HE DECIDED TO TOUGH IT OUT.

HE WENT THROUGH PHYSICAL THERAPY FOR YEARS.



HE WALKS WITH A CANE, NOW.

BUT WITHOUT YOU...



WOULD YOU BE ALL RIGHT KNOWING YOU GAVE YOUR FRIEND THE GUN HE USED TO KILL HIMSELF?

WHAT I DID WAS AS *MUCH* FOR ME AS IT WAS FOR HIM.

AND YOU *DONT* HAVE THE *RIGHT* TO TALK TO ME ABOUT IT.



GOOD MORNING, STEVE.

THANKS, BILL.

NICE WINGS.

FINALLY GOT HIM TO BE GRATEFUL FOR HIS LIFE?



WELL, HE ALREADY WAS.

I JUST ACCENTUATED IT BY KEEPING HIM AWAY FROM IT.



IS HE RUNNING AROUND, THANKING HIS FRIENDS AND FAMILY, YET?

HE'S BEEN THANKING HIS WIFE.

ALL MORNING.



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