




WHY DO YOU
HAVE **TWO**
DIARIES?



ONE IS FULL
OF MUNDANE
ORDINARY THINGS,
LOOSELY HIDDEN,
FOR YOUR
PARENTS TO
FIND.



YOU
MEAN
YOU
DONT?

NO.



THE OTHER IS
RICH WITH YOUR
ROMANTIC
CONQUESTS
AND **TORRID**
AFFAIRS!

AND
HIDDEN
MUCH
MORE
SECURELY.



EHH...



WHAT?



MY DAD
HAS **TWO**
LAPTOPS.



MMM!

**BLOGS
ARE WHERE
IT'S AT!**

**AND YOU CAN
HAVE AS MUCH
ANONYMITY AS
YOU WANT!**

**BUT I LOVE
THE FEEL
AND SMELL
OF REAL
BOOKS...**

**I RUN TEN
BLOGS FOR
FUN.**

**MY FAVORITE IS
ONE WHERE I
PRETEND I'M A HUNKY
GUY WHO POSTS PICS
AND TALKS ABOUT HIS
JERK-FACE SEXUAL
ADVENTURES.**

**SO I GET
MESSAGES FROM
GUYS PRETENDING
TO BE GIRLS
PRETENDING TO
BE INTERESTED IN
THIS GUY!**

**THEN I POST
THEIR TERRIBLE
UN-GIRLISH
PLEADINGS FOR
E-SEX ON
ANOTHER BLOG,
AND-**

**ARE PEOPLE
REALLY
PEOPLE TO
YOU?**

**OR JUST
PLAYTHINGS?**

**NOT
ON THE
INTERNET...**

WHAT IS ALL
THIS SHIT
ON YOUR
BLOG?

REBLOGS!

I EXPRESS
MYSELF
THROUGH
OTHER
PEOPLE'S
WORK.

WHAT THE
FUCK. YOU DON'T
ACTUALLY MAKE
ANYTHING,
YOURSELF?

ANIMATED
.GIFS FROM TV
SHOWS?

POLITICAL
ISSUES
BOILED DOWN
TO BUMPER
STICKER
TRIBE?

PICTURES
ARE WORTH A
THOUSAND
WORDS!

WHAT IF I
WANT TO MAKE A
BLOG FULL OF
ORIGINAL
THOUGHTS AND
CONTENT?

WELL, NO ONE
WILL NOTICE YOU
OR REBLOG
ANYTHING.

THEN HOW DID
ALL THIS **CRAP**
GET REBLOGGED
IN THE **FIRST**
PLACE?!

THE GREAT
MYSTERY OF
TUMBLR!

FUCK
IT.

A BLOG IS
FOR ME.
NOT
OTHERS.

I CAN
EXPRESS
MYSELF WITH
ORIGINAL
STUFF.

NOT THIS
RECONSTITUTED
SHIT REBLOGGED A
MILLION TIMES AND
SHOVED UP EVERY-
ONE'S ASS UNTIL
WE'RE DEAD.

MAN,
THERE'S A
LOT OF
PORN ON
TUMBLR.

REBLOGGED
AT THE SPEED
OF LIGHT, A
MILLION
TIMES.

WHO'S
DOING
THIS?

WHO CAN
POSSIBLY
KEEP UP WITH
ALL THIS...?

YOU'VE
BEEN GLUED
TO YOUR
PHONE.

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

BLOGGING.

THAT
LOOKS
LIKE...

... YOU'RE
BROWSING
PORN!

I'M
SCOURING FOR
VISUAL MATERIAL
FOR MY HOT
MARRIED
ADULTERESS
BLOG.

AND THE BLOG
WHERE I'M A
COLLEGE
COED WITH A
SPANKING
FETISH.

AND THE BLOG
WHERE I'M A HIGH
SCHOOL SENIOR
HAVING A *TORRID*
AFFAIR WITH HER
BEST FRIEND'S
FATHER.

YOU...

... THAT BETTER
NOT BE MY
DAD YOU'RE
THINKING
ABOUT.

I
DIDN'T SAY
NOTHIN'.



YOU ARE
ADDICTED.

BULLSHIT.



YOU
REMEMBER
MARLEY
STRONGMAN?

HE GOT
STRUNG OUT
ON PORN WHILE
WE WERE
GOING OUT.

THE SEX
PARTS OF HIS
BRAIN GOT
BURNED OUT.

HE NEEDED
IT **FREAKIER**
AND
FREAKIER.

SOON, THERE
WAS NOTHING
LEFT THAT ANY
REAL GIRL
COULD PROVIDE.

FANTASY
BECAME A
DIMENSION OF
BLISS THAT
REAL LIFE
COULDN'T
COMPETE
WITH.



HE'S THE
ONLY GUY
WHO EVER
BROKE UP
WITH **ME.**

**FOR
THIS.**

YOU SURE IT
WASN'T YOUR
SPARKLING
PERSONALITY??

FIRST
CIGARETTES,
THEN BACON,
NOW PORN!

WHERE
ARE WE
GOING?

I'M TAKING
YOU TO
SEE WHAT
HAPPENED TO
MARLEY!

HOW DO
YOU DATE
ALL THESE
GUYS?

GUYS
COME TO
ME. I
DUNNO.

WHY DO THEY
WANT YOU WHEN
YOU'RE INTENT
ON STAYING A
VIRGIN, ANYWAY?

BING
BONG

JUST
BECAUSE I
DON'T HAVE
VAGINAL SEX
DOESN'T MEAN
I DON'T HAVE
SEX.

OH GOD,
AMANDA...

OH, THE GIRL
WHO BROKE
MY BOY'S
HEART.

UM, HE
BROKE UP
WITH *ME*,
MA'AM.

SURE HE
DID.

STAR QUARTER-
BACK TURNED
INTO A *HUSK*
OF THE BOY HE
ONCE WAS.

WHY
ELSE?

ANYWAY,
COME ON
IN.

MAYBE
YOU'LL
RAISE HIS
SPIRITS.

STAR
QUARTERBACK?

~YES!

HIS
DOOR'S
OPEN!

GAH...

SMELLS
LIKE A
BLEACH
FACTORY
IN THERE.



OH,
HELLO
AMANDA.

YOU'RE
LUCKY YOU
CAUGHT ME
IN MY
REFRACTORY
PERIOD.

WHAT
ARE YOU
UP TO?



I CAME TO
INTRODUCE MY
FRIEND STACY
TO YOU!

AND SHOW
HER THE
DANGERS OF
PORN
ADDICTION!



HM.

NOT
BAD IN A
CREEPY
GOTH
WAY.

MAYBE ALL THAT
EYE MAKEUP WILL
HELP DISTRACT
FROM HER SMALL
BOOBS.


STILL, I CAN'T
RENDER A FINAL
ASSESSMENT
UNTIL I SEE THAT
ASS.



MARLEY HAS
NO FILTER
ANYMORE.


HE'S LIKE A
REAL LIFE
INTERNET
COMMENT
SECTION.

YOU ARE NOT
COMPARING
ME TO THIS
SCHMUCK.



I'M BEYOND
THE CHARMS
OF ANY
FEMALE,
AMANDA.

REALITY IS A
PALLID FARCE. I
LIVE IN A REALM
OF SEXUAL
IDEALS,
FLOWING TO ME
AT 90MB/S.



THE THINGS
FETISHIZED HEREIN
WOULD TURN ME OFF,
GROSS ME OUT, OR
EVEN KILL ME IF I
ENCOUNTERED THEM
IN REAL LIFE.

BUT
IN THE
MIND...

... IT'S THE
EXTREME I
NEED TO BE
AROUSED.

I CANNOT
GO BACK.



SEE?

THIS IS
WHY HE
LEFT.

THAT, AND I
CANNOT DATE
SOMEONE WHO
OWNS AN
IPHONE.

I
GET
IT.

I'M GOING
TO TURN INTO A
DETACHED
OBJECTIFYING
JERK.

NOT IF
YOU
STOP.

SURE.

YOU GIRLS CAN
STAY IF YOU
WANT TO START
MAKING OUT WITH
EACH OTHER.

I'LL
DELETE
MY
BLOGS.


I'LL GIVE
YOU TWENTY
DOLLARS IF
YOU LET ME
RECORD IT.

LET'S
GO.



I NEED A
GOOD
REBOUND
RELATIONSHIP!

"NEED"



I SAW
DWAYNE
HENDRICKS
LOOKING AT
MY REAR END
THE OTHER
DAY.

SO,
MAYBE...

YEAH,
DWAYNE'S
PRETTY
ALPHA.



...



I KNEW
IT!

IT'S
STARTED!

YOU'RE
GOING FULL
INTERNET
RETARD!

W-WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME!?



YES, I CAN HELP STACY KICK HER ADDICTION WITH MY PATENTED **AVERSION THERAPY.**

IT'S NOT ABOUT THE INTERNET, PER SE; IT'S ABOUT THE CONTENT SHE **USES** IT FOR.

WHETHER IT'S CUTE ANIMALS, DIRTY MOMMY AND DADDY PICTURES, FIGHTING ON THE INTERNET, OR JUST READING REALLY REALLY REALLY STUPID COMMENTS...

... THIS TREATMENT HAS PROVEN EFFECTIVE.

TIK TIKTIK TIK...

SHE'LL BE BACK TO A BEING A PRODUCTIVE AND SOCIALLY PROPER YOUNG LADY IN NO TIME.

SPLAT

I HEARD
SCREAMS!

WHAT'S
GOING
ON!

IT'S
PERFECTLY
NORMAL.

HER MIND IS
BEING DETOXXED
FROM ALL OF HER
TERRIBLE
INTERNET
IMPULSES.

DON'T JUDGE
THE *METHODS*
UNTIL YOU SEE
THE *RESULTS*.

THAT GUY'S
COMMENTS ARE
COMPLETELY
BASELESS!

IF YOU
LET ME
GO, I
THINK...

TWITCH
TWITCH

"CRACKLE"

... I THINK
I CAN
REASON
WITH HIM!



STACY IS
SHOWING
GOOD
PROGRESS.

TODAY SHE WAS
ABLE TO WRITE A
TEN PAGE SHORT
STORY ON AN
INTERNET CAPABLE
LAPTOP WITHOUT
OPENING THE WEB
BROWSER.



I WANT
TO SLOWLY
REINTRODUCE
CHAT CLIENTS.

I HOPE MY
CONFIDENCE IN
HER ISN'T
PREMATURE.



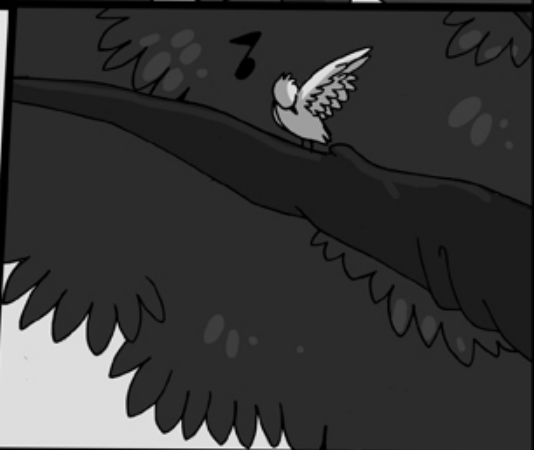
I SHOULD
START A
KICK ASS
WEBCOMIC!!

CODE
RED!

BRING
THE
STUNNERS!










WHEN I FELT
THE SUN ON ME,
AND HEARD THE
BIRDS CHIRPING,
AND THE KIDS
PLAYING...

... SUDDENLY,
WHAT SOMEONE
WAS DOING ON
THE INTERNET
MATTERED A
WHOLE LOT
LESS.



THE WHOLE
REAL WORLD
WAS ALMOST
LOST TO ME.



ARE YOU
GOING TO
DATE
AGAIN?



AND COMPETE
WITH GIRLS ON
THE INTERNET?
HELL NO.

I'LL WAIT
UNTIL I
GRADUATE FROM
COLLEGE, THEN
FIND A NICE
FORTY YEAR
OLD.