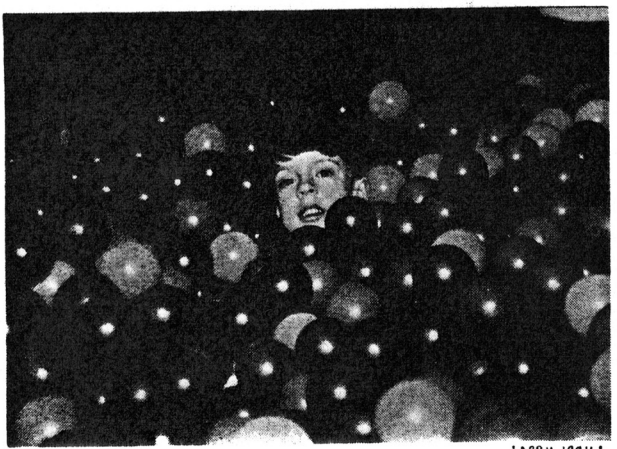
PARTY LIFE #1





APRIL 1994

WHAT CAN I SAY? ASIDE FROM THE "STUPID" SERIES I DID IN '95 ("STUPID PEOPLE," "STUPID SUPER-HEROES," "STUPID FOOD PEOPLE"), THIS IS MY FIRST REAL, TANGIBLE COMIC BOOK. THANKS FOR LOOKING AT IT.

YESTERDAY MY FRIEND ZANE AND I STOMPED AROUND IN THE CREEK BY OUR HOUSE. WE WALKED THROUGH A SEWER TUNNEL (REFERRED TO HERE, THIS ONE, AS "THE GATES OF HELL") AND CAME OUT IN THE SUN ON THE OTHER SIDE. I PRESSED MY FOOT DOWN HARD AND WATER SHOT THROUGH THE HOLES IN THE TOE OF MY SNEAKERS LIKE A LAWN SPRINKLER.

CARL SANDBURG WROTE ABOUT BEING "A HUMAN STRUGGLER IN A NEW LONELINESS, GOOD TO KNOW AND GOOD TO GRAPPLE WITH FOR WHATEVER MIGHT COME OF IT." I GUESS I FEEL KIND OF LIKE THAT.

-AARON MILLER
COLUMBUS, OH
MARCH 2011

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THINKING ABOUT MY NAME.




LIKE, "HI, I'M AARRRR..."
"HUH? WHAT WAS THAT? OH, PLEASED TO MEET YOU, ERIC!"
"OH HEY, APPROACHING THIRD PARTY! HAVE YOU MET ERIC?"
"JUST MET MY FRIEND ERIC HERE A SECOND AGO!"
DAMN IT.
ANYWAY, I EVENTUALLY GOT OVER THIS. IT STILL HAPPENS SOMETIMES. IT'S JUST MISCOMMUNICATION. NOT A BIG DEAL.


IN NORTH CANTON, WHERE I GREW UP, THERE WAS ANOTHER AARON MILLER. WE PLAYED ON THE SAME BASEBALL TEAM FOR SEVERAL YEARS. WE GOT ALONG PRETTY WELL.


WE WENT TO THE SAME SCHOOL. WHEN ONE OF US GOT CALLED TO THE OFFICE, BOTH OF US WOULD SHOW UP. EVENTUALLY IT WORKED OUT THAT THE FIRST ONE THERE WOULD ASK, "AM I THE RIGHT ONE?"


RIGHT AROUND THE TIME HIGH SCHOOL STARTED, I LOST INTEREST IN SPORTS. THE OTHER AARON MILLER, HOWEVER, BLOSSOMED AS AN ATHLETE. HE WAS MENTIONED QUITE FREQUENTLY DURING THE MORNING ANNOUNCEMENTS AS AN ATHLETE OF NOTE.


PEOPLE WOULD TURN TO ME AND SAY, "IS THAT YOU?" "NO," I'D SAY. "I'M THE OTHER AARON MILLER."


I'M NOT SURE WHAT HE'S UP TO NOW. I THINK HE MAY HAVE GOTTEN MARRIED. WEIRD, RIGHT? I CAN'T IMAGINE MYSELF IN THAT SITUATION.




I'VE HAD A FEW NICKNAMES, BUT NEVER ANY THAT STUCK. ONE OF MY UNCLES CALLED ME "CAPTAIN A-RON." I DIDN'T PARTICULARLY CARE FOR IT AT THE TIME, BUT I LIKE IT NOW.
I WOULDN'T MIND HAVING A NICKNAME. MAYBE IT WOULD PROVIDE SOME KIND OF COMFORT IN OLD AGE.
LIKE, "HEY, SPARKY! HOW'S THE WEATHER TREATING YOU?"
"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS," I'D SAY.
"HAVE YOU NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN ACCOST AN OLD MAN?"
HEH HEH



FOR HARVEY PEKAR
MARCH 2011

FEEL IT



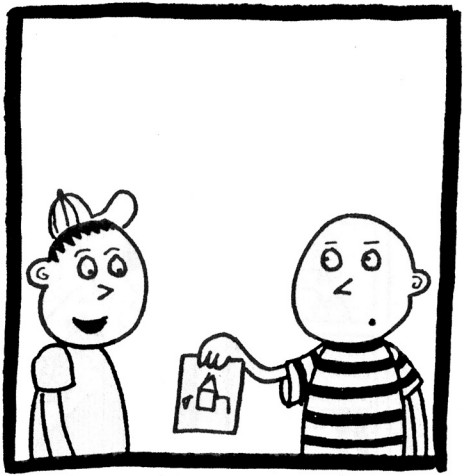
MY MOM



SHAME



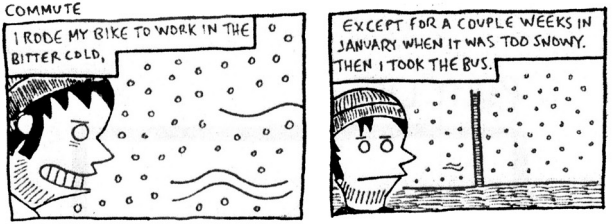
PARTY LIFE



"Wow, that's great! So... what do you do?"

WINTER 2010-11

COMMUTE



WAITING FOR THE BUS

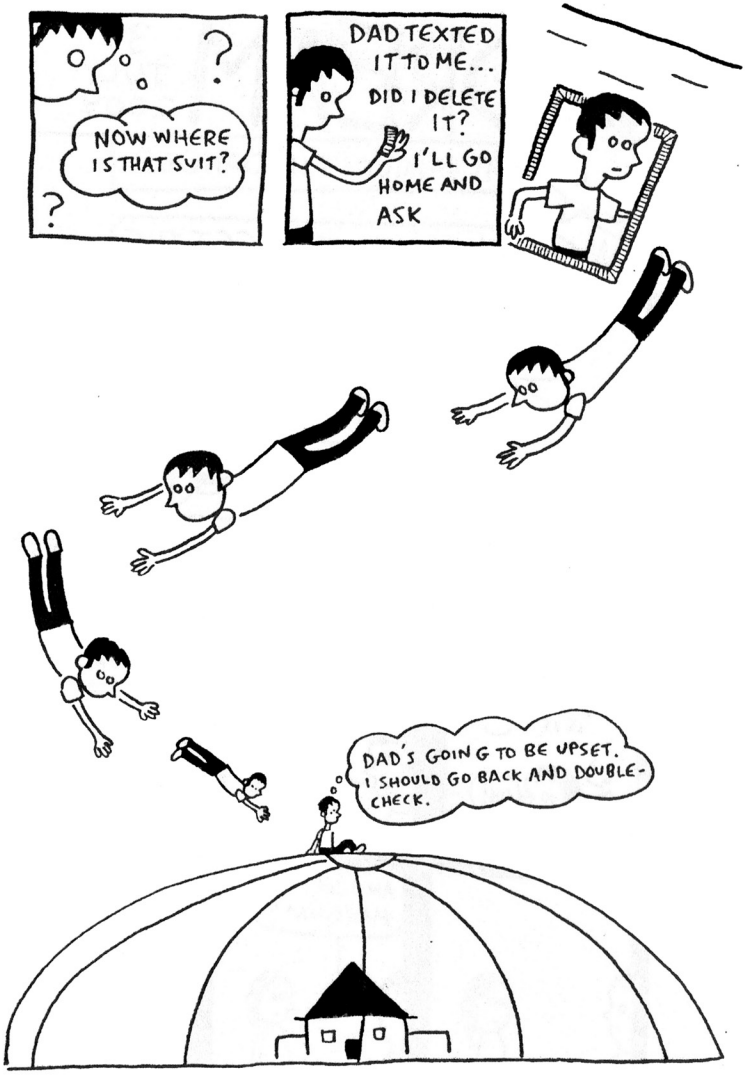


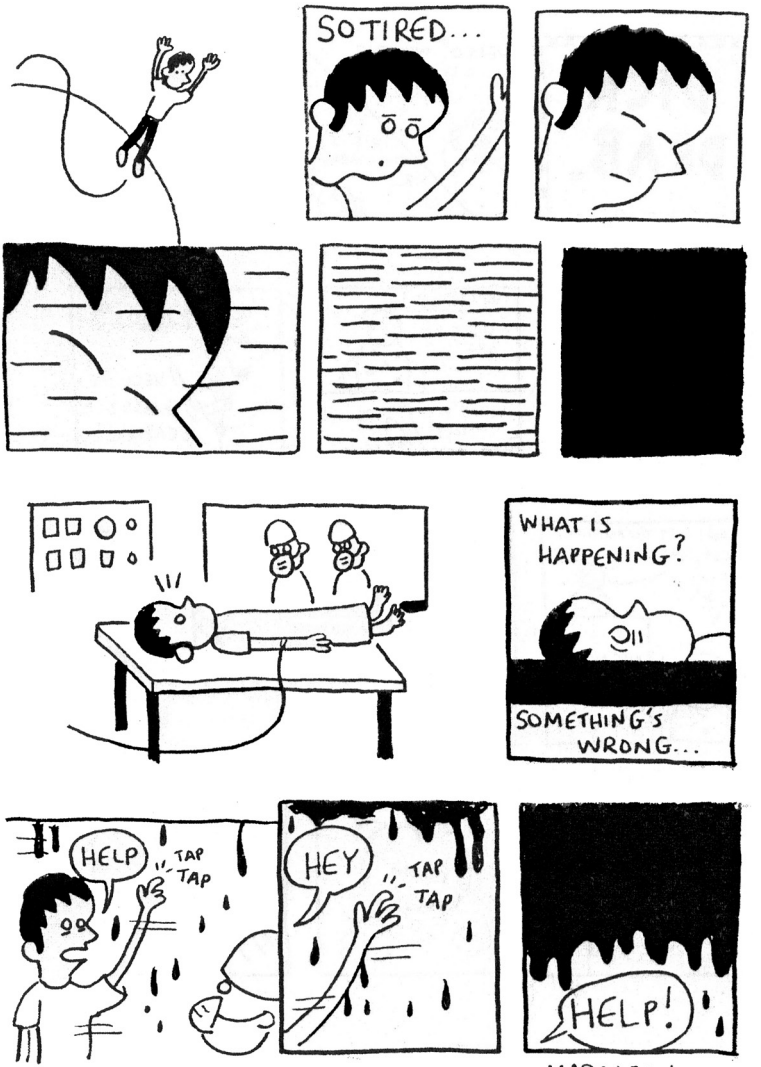
BUYING BEER






DREAM
30 JULY 2009
MY FAMILY IS IN DANGER.
AARON, YOU HAVE TO GET THE SUIT OUT OF THE SHOEBOX
OK DAD
BUT I DON'T THINK THIS IS OUR HOUSE
?
WHERE IS IT
OH!
AREN'T YOU JEFF MANGUM?
I'M NOT JEFF MANGUM.
AM I JEFF MANGUM?
YES, YOU ARE
I LIKE YOUR MUSIC

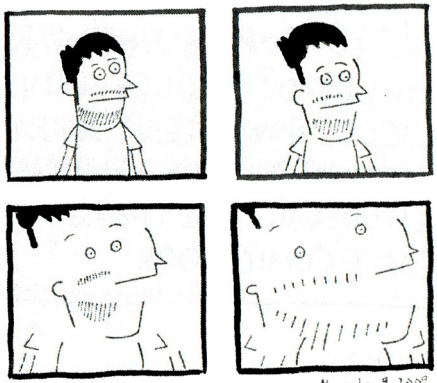

NOW WHERE IS THAT SUIT?
DAD TEXTED IT TO ME...
DID I DELETE IT? I'LL GO HOME AND ASK
DAD'S GOING TO BE UPSET. I SHOULD GO BACK AND DOUBLE-CHECK.


SO TIRED...
WHAT IS HAPPENING?
SOMETHING'S WRONG...
HELP
TAP TAP
HEY
TAP TAP
HELP!

MARCH 2011

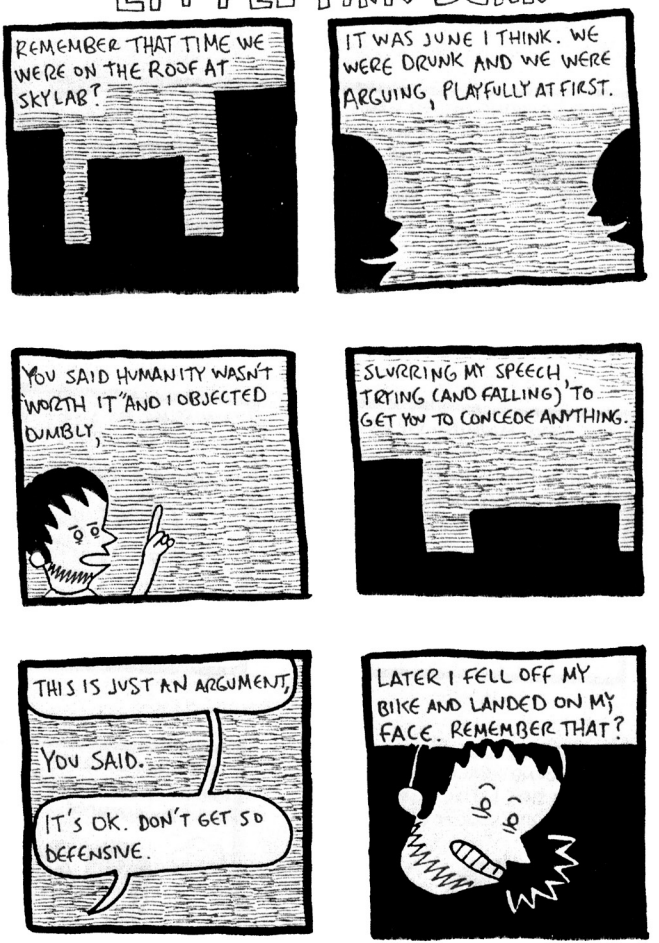

DICK DRAB.
HELLO? WHO THE HELL IS THIS?
THIS IS THE LIBRARY, SIR... YOU CALLED US
ALRIGHT, THEN... GET ME A BOOK!
WHAT KIND OF BOOK WOULD YOU LIKE?
I DON'T CARE... ANY GODDAMNED ONE!
THE LIBRARY.
HERE YOU ARE
WHAT'S THIS?
AEROSPACE ENGINEERING?
HELL... I GUESS I'LL LEARN IT!
CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?
LEAVE ME BE!
YEARS LATER.
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, DICK? SOME KINDA ROCKETSHIP?
MIND YOUR OWN GODDAMN BUSINESS!
COME ON; DAMN IT! BLAST OFF!
DAMN!
FOOM
GUESS I'M HEADED TO SPACE, THEN!


WEEKS LATER.
WELL, HELL... I GUESS THIS IS SOME DAMN UNDISCOVERED PLANET!
GREETINGS, TRAVELER!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHY, I SIMPLY WANT TO SHARE WITH YOUR PEOPLE THE MANY DISCOVERIES WHICH HAVE LED TO MY KIND BECOMING PEACEFUL AND DISEASE-FREE!
HMPH!
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE WANTING A GODDAMNED RIDE!
END.


November 9, 2009


ARE YOU HOME ALONE, PARALYZED WITH DREAD? DO ONCE-FAMILIAR OBJECTS NOW APPEAR TERRIFYING AND STRANGE? DOES EXISTENCE SEEM UNBEARABLE? MAKE A FRIEND... READ A COMIC BOOK!
THIS PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT PAID FOR BY PAETY LIFE COMICS

LITTLE PINK SCAR









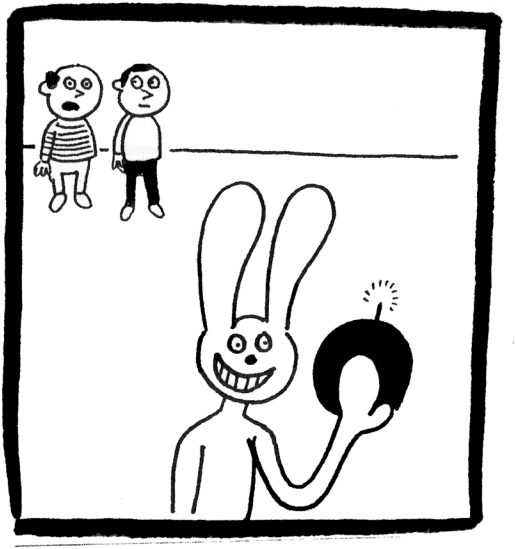






FEBRUARY 2011

PARTY LIFE



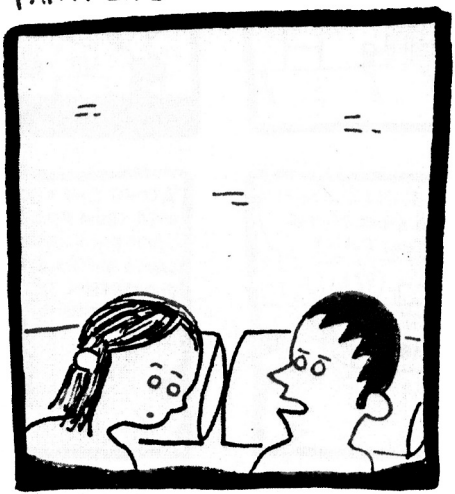
"Story of my life."

"DISTRESS"



WRITTEN and DRAWN 24 FEB 2011

PARTY LIFE



"Why do you like me?"

-CHICAGO STORY-














"I WAS HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME, I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT I WAS SPENDING."
ANOTHER ROUND, PLEASE!
"AND BECAUSE I DIDN'T CARRY CASH, I NEVER HAD A SET AMOUNT TO SPEND."
AND A SHOT FOR ME! PUT IT ON THE TAB!
"WHEN IT CAME TIME TO PAY FOR TUITION, THE BANK TOLD ME THAT I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY."
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THERE'S PLENTY OF MONEY IN THAT ACCOUNT.
SORRY
"THEY SHOWED ME A LIST OF MY TRANSACTIONS. THEN I UNDERSTOOD."
"WHEN I GOT HOME, I TOOK OUT MY CREDIT CARD AND I STARED AT IT..."
"THEN I TOOK A BIG BITE OUT OF IT."
CHOMP

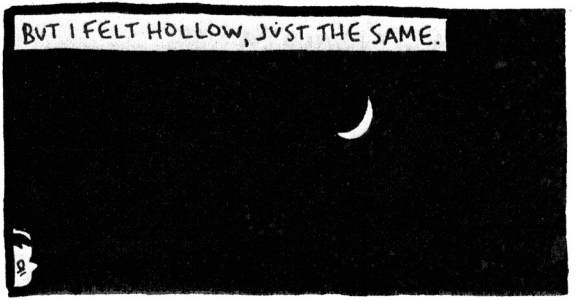

"PIECE BY PIECE, I ATE THE WHOLE THING."
CRUNCH MUNCH
GULP
ANYWAY, THAT'S WHY YOU CAN'T USE CREDIT CARDS IN MY STORE. I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF PEOPLE.
LATER.
WHISKEY AND COKE, PLEASE
SEVEN DOLLARS
MAYBE I SHOULD EAT MY CARD...
END.

"IT'S BEEN AWHILE"



LIKE I WAS TRYING TO DESCRIBE TO A TEACHER A CERTAIN CHARACTER'S ACTIONS IN A CHAPTER OF A BOOK I HADN'T BOTHERED TO READ. I FLOUNDERED.





WRITTEN 24 JAN 2010
DRAWN MARCH 2011

I WAS READING BY THE CREEK WHEN
A BUTTERFLY LIGHTED ON A FLAT ROCK
IN THE SUN.

TIRED, I STARED AT IT
AND TRIED TO CONCEIVE OF THE WARMTH IT FELT
THERE –
A WARMTH THAT COULD ENVELOP IT,
MAKE IT DROWSY AND CONTENT.

I STARED AT IT AND TRIED MY DAMNDEST
TO SWAP OUR CONSCIOUS MINDS.

(I USED TO SEND TELEPATHIC MESSAGES TO THE
SCHOOL BUS DRIVER ON CLEAR MIDDLE SCHOOL MORNINGS,
THINKING,
"TURN THE BUS AROUND
TURN THE BUS AROUND
TURN THE BUS AROUND
I WANNA RIDE MY BIKE.")

AS A BUTTERFLY, I COULD LIE THERE ON THE ROCK AND SLEEP,
THEN WAKE UP AND FLUTTER MY WINGS (LIGHT AS NOTHING),
AND ZIP AROUND TREE TRUNKS AND
THROUGH SKINNY LEGS AND
OVER DEAD LEAVES;

THE BUTTERFLY, ITS MIND NOW IN MY CLUMSY BODY,
WOULD STAGGER AROUND THE PARK,
GOUGE ITS SHIN ON A POST,
FALL OVER,
AND CRY.

12 NOV. 2010

HAPPY ALONE

MY CHILDHOOD BEDROOM

LYING ON THE FLOOR, DRAWING

LISTENING TO BOOKS ON TAPE

HOURS PASSING



MARCH 2011



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