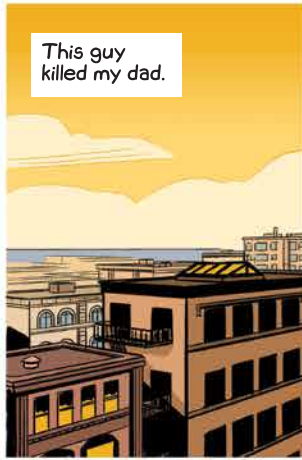
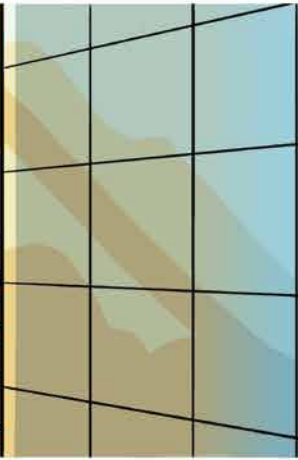
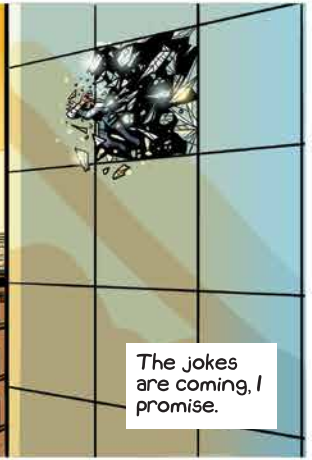


Let me start
at the start:



This guy
killed my dad.

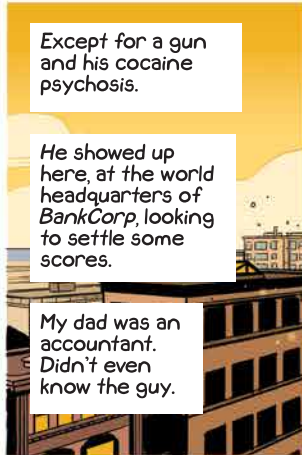


The jokes
are coming, I
promise.



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

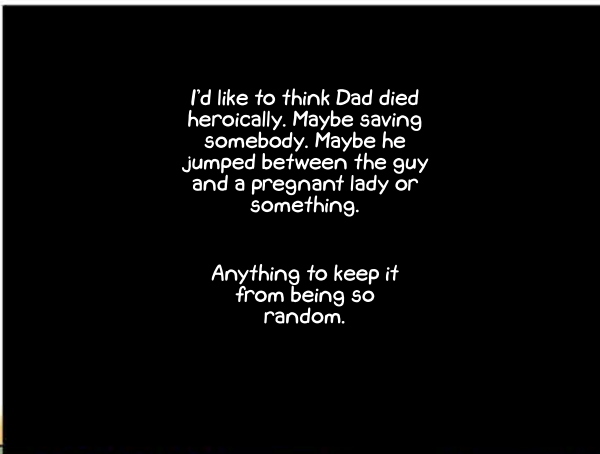
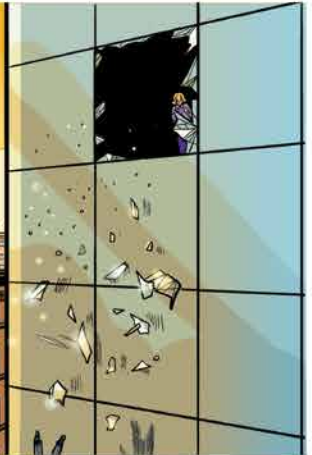
The stock market
crashed yesterday,
apparently, and he
lost everything.



Except for a gun
and his cocaine
psychosis.

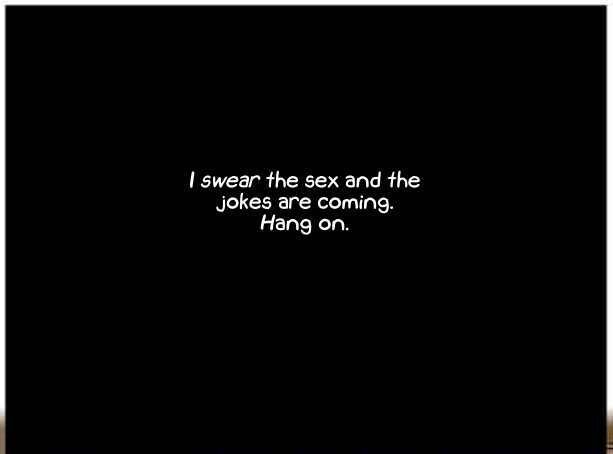
He showed up
here, at the world
headquarters of
BankCorp, looking
to settle some
scores.

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.



Just one of those things.

I knew.



I was the first kid in my school to join the Dead Dad Club.







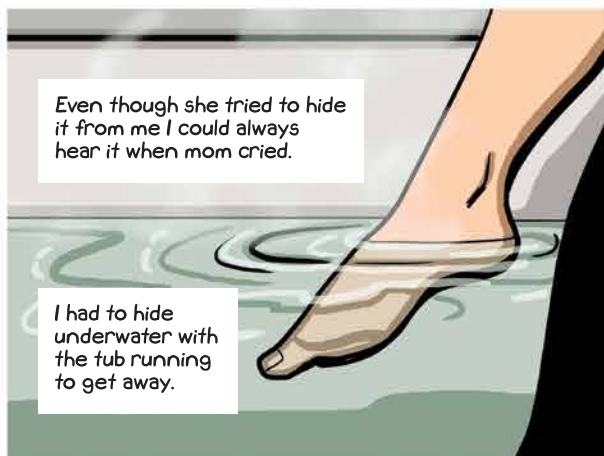
We both gave each other a lot of space in those days.



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.



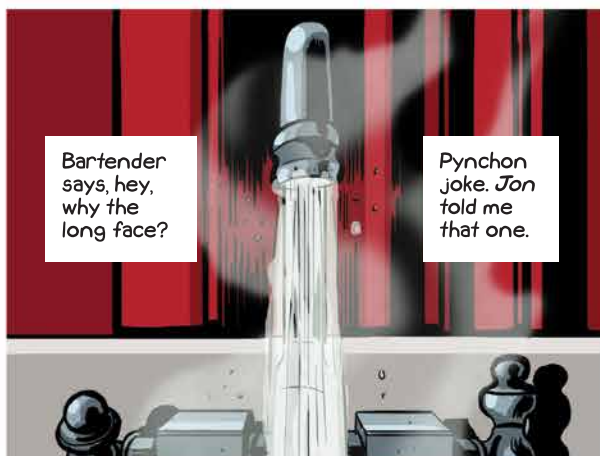
I swear this all gets funny in a second.

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.



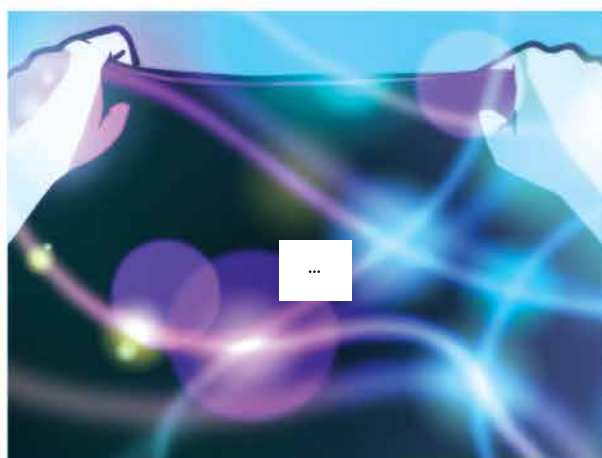
That's how weird it all was.

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*?