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I THINK SHE  
CRIED AT MY  
FUNERAL.

IT IS NOT LIKE I'M  
CONCEITED OR  
ANYTHING...

BUT I'M PRETTY  
SURE.

SOMETIMES I CAN ACTUALLY  
PICTURE HER TALKING ABOUT  
ME TO SOME GUY SHE FEELS  
CLOSE TO.

TALKING ABOUT  
ME DYING.

ABOUT HOW THEY  
LOWERED ME INTO THE  
GRAVE...


KINDA SHRIVELLED UP  
AND PITIFUL, LIKE AN OLD  
CHOCOLATE BAR.

ABOUT HOW WE  
NEVER REALLY GOT  
A CHANCE.

AND AFTERWARDS THE GUY  
WOULD STICK IT TO HER, AND IT  
WOULD ALL BE ABOUT MAKING  
HER FEEL BETTER.




STIFF DRINKS



TWO DAYS AFTER I KILLED MYSELF, I FOUND A JOB AT SOME PIZZA JOINT CALLED KAMIKAZE.




MY SHIFT MANAGER WAS COOL AND HELPED ME FIND A PLACE TO LIVE.




WHENEVER PEOPLE USED TO TALK ABOUT LIFE AFTER DEATH AND GO THROUGH THE "IS-THERE-ISN'T-THERE" ROUTINE...



I'D ALWAYS IMAGINE THESE BEEPING SOUNDS AND PEOPLE FLOATING AROUND IN SPACE AND STUFF.



BUT NOW THAT I'M HERE, IT REMINDS ME OF TEL-AVIV.



THE JOB'S NOT SO HOT, BUT IT'LL DO FOR A WHILE.



MY GERMAN ROOMMATE SAYS THIS PLACE COULD JUST AS WELL BE FRANKFURT. I GUESS FRANKFURT'S A DUMP TOO.



BY THE TIME IT GOT DARK, I'D FOUND A BAR—AN OKAY JOINT CALLED STIFF DRINKS. THE MUSIC WASN'T BAD AND THERE WERE LOTS OF GIRLS CHILLING ON THEIR OWN.



ON SOME OF THEM YOU COULD TELL STRAIGHT OFF HOW THEY DID IT—SCARS ON THEIR WRISTS AND EVERYTHING.



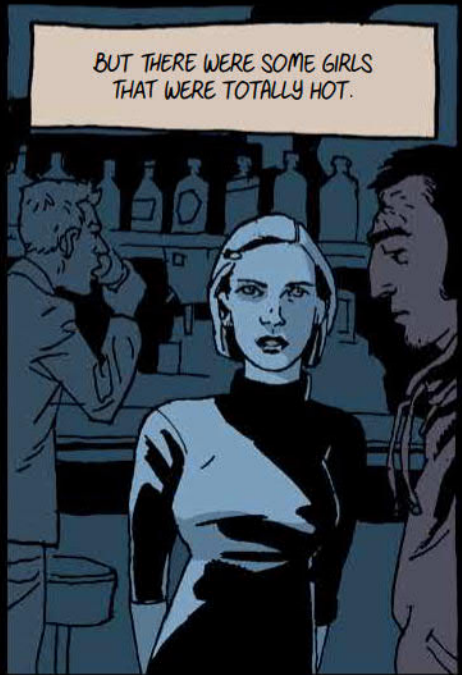
I DIDN'T MAKE A MOVE THOUGH.



KEPT TELLING MYSELF IT WAS BECAUSE OF DESIRÉE. 'CAUSE DYING AND ALL JUST MADE ME LOVE HER MORE.



BUT WHO KNOWS, MAYBE I'M JUST REPRESSED.



BUT THERE WERE SOME GIRLS THAT WERE TOTALLY HOT.



ONE OF THEM—DEFINITELY FUCKABLE—CAME ONTO ME MY FIRST NIGHT.



HER SKIN WAS KINDA LOOSE AND DROOPY. MUSTA DONE IT DROWNING, BUT SHE HAD A BOD TO DIE FOR AND HER EYES WERE SOMETHING ELSE.



I MET UZI GELFAND AT STIFF DRINKS ALMOST BY ACCIDENT. HE BOUGHT ME A BEER AND EVERYTHING, WHICH WEIRDED ME OUT 'CAUSE I FIGURED HE MUST BE PUTTING THE MOVES ON ME. BUT PRETTY SOON I REALIZED HE WASN'T INTO ME AT ALL, JUST BORED.



"USED A DUM-DUM," GELFAND SAYS AND THEN WINKS AT TWO BABES STANDING AT THE BAR RIGHT NEXT TO US.

I mean, if you're gonna do it, do it right.



IT WASN'T UNTIL AFTER THOSE TWO DITCHED US FOR SOME BLONDE GUY WITH A PONYTAIL THAT HE ADMITTED HE'D ONLY CHATTED ME UP 'CAUSE HE THOUGHT I WAS WITH THOSE GIRLS.



FOUR BEERS LATER WE WERE SHOOTING POOL. AND UZI STARTED TELLING ME ABOUT HIMSELF.



TURNED OUT HE WAS LIVING NOT FAR AWAY FROM MY PLACE, BUT WITH HIS PARENTS, WHICH WAS PRETTY WEIRD.



UZI'S PARENTS BUMPED THEMSELVES OFF FIVE YEARS BEFORE HIM.



Not that it makes any difference.



Even if you'd introduced me they'da gone off with some blonde guy in the end. That's just how it is.



But I'm not bitter. No way. A little desperate maybe, but not bitter.



HIS MOTHER HAD SOME DISEASE.



AND HIS FATHER DIDN'T WANT TO GO ON WITHOUT HER.

HIS LITTLE BROTHER JUST GOT HERE. SHOT HIMSELF TOO. IN THE MIDDLE OF BASIC TRAINING.