

PALOMAR
COLLEGE
COMICS



Mkara Moments

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AUTHORITY



I stood in eternity as I watched my bracelet break from my wrist. I had never noticed the quality of each individual bead when they were held together against my flesh. Scattering across my floor to a final slow stop, their single potential seemed massive and complete now that they were no longer strung together on a flimsy chain.



The wear and tear of an unhealthy relationship had taken its toll.



I no longer felt tied to a past that had held us together for so long.



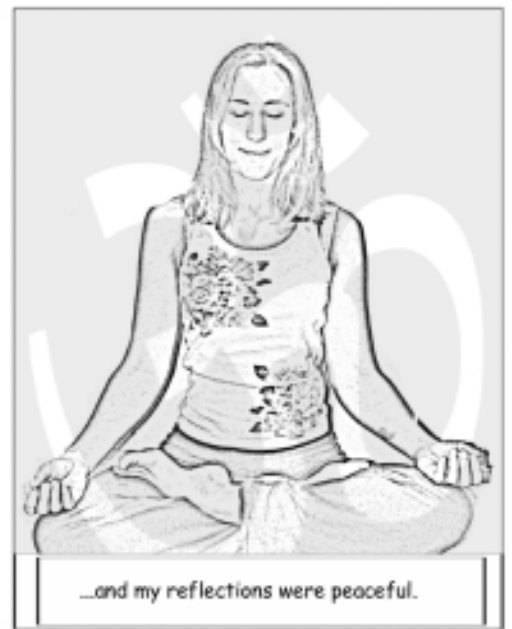
I left.



I felt a new sense of freedom that I hadn't felt in years.



My future looked bright...



...and my reflections were peaceful.



I lavished in my friendships...



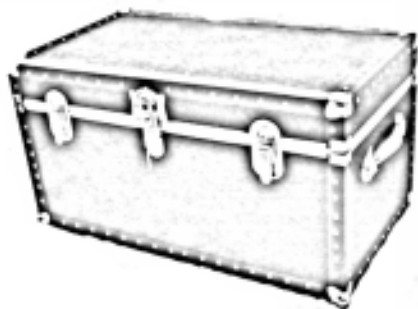
...spent more time with my family...



...and grew closer in my faith.



I started keeping a journal at a very young age. Those little volumes of myself had accumulated, unorganized in an old trunk.



I opened up the trunk and resolved to put them into chronological order.



32 diaries in 20 years...



The waitress in me wants to tend to people and help get them what they need. At least that's what I tell myself.

Can I get you anything else, Sir?



Some days I want to tell them...

You can go f@#k yourself now, Sir.



But it's not their fault I feel stuck here. I thought my way of helping out in the world would be...

...by going to India, teaching women to read and suggesting preferred methods of birth control they could use.



I seem to be constantly asking myself "is a refill all I have to offer?"



Still, I find something comforting in knowing that Mary Jo only wants one pat of butter on her toast instead of two...



...and consoling Paula after her kitten was electrocuted the day before Christmas.



I do appreciate the oversized T-shirt Charlie brought me from his trip to Washington D.C....

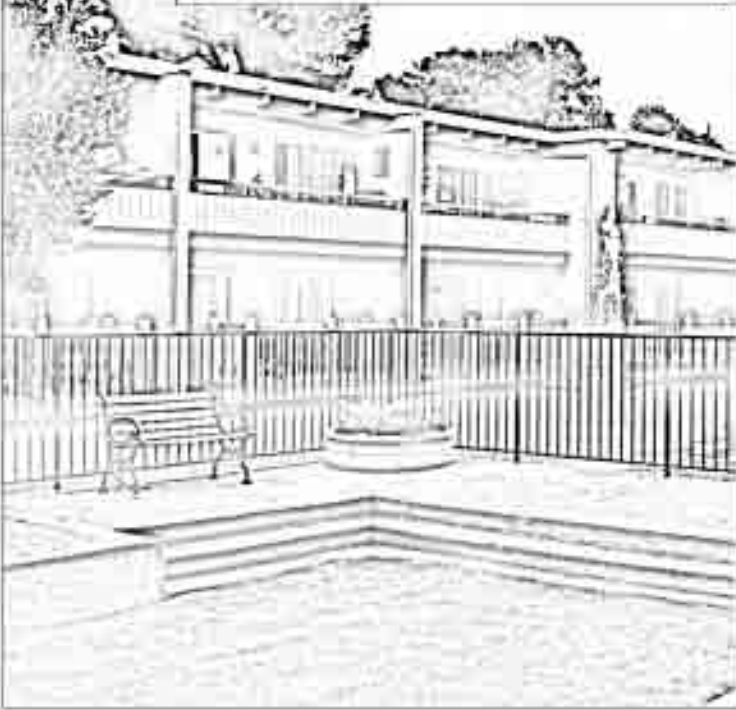


...and Frank's World War II stories...



...which always seem to end with me explaining why I am not married yet.

At the time of my break up, I lived in an apartment complex.



It was full of people my age. There always seemed to be a party going on where I was welcome.



I was no longer waiting at home for a boyfriend.



There was plenty of time to mix and mingle.

Argh le
dargle ams
frrrapplle.

um,
right.

Yippie! More!



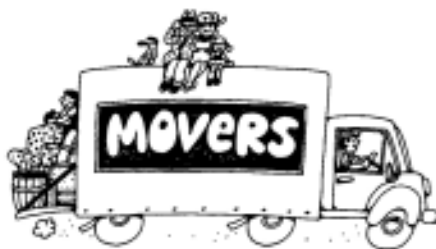
I became increasingly involved in the party scene.



One particular night caught me by surprise. As I was waiting for my friend to buy more beer, I flipped open my cell phone. Staring up at me was a picture of my dad that I had taken a few weeks earlier. He was smiling, devoid of any knowledge that his only child had been living a lifestyle of which he would never approve. My heart broke in a way it never had before. What was I doing with my life? There was no way I could continue partying on like I had been. I wasn't going to do that to my parents but more importantly, I wasn't going to do that to myself.

Shortly after,
I broke my lease.

APARTMENT LEASE
ed into this ----- day of --
TERMINATED



I moved into a quiet studio
by myself and I am happy
to never see another alcoholic
beverage or illegal substance
for as long as I live.



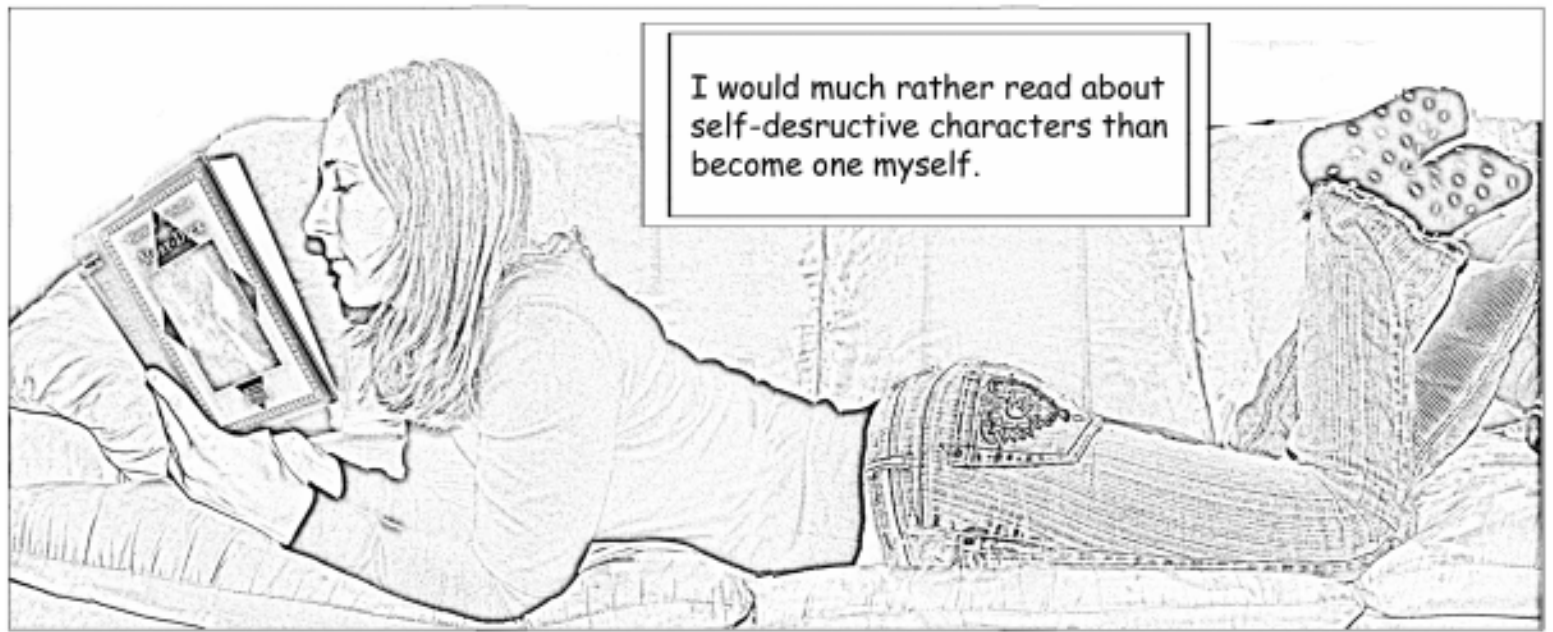
I gladly pass up happy
hour on my way to the
coffee shop.



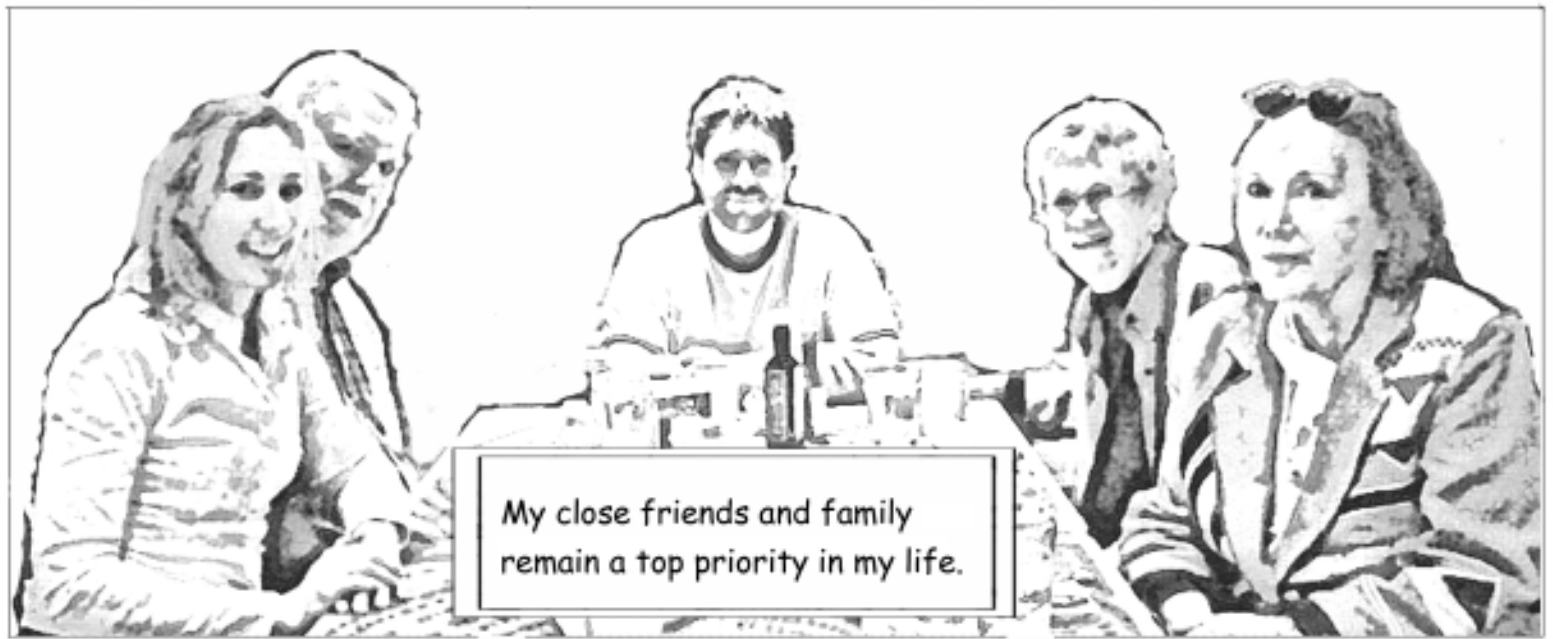
I make sure now to spend my
time in meaningful relationships
that revolve around thoughtful
conversation and shared goals.



Nov. 3, 20
Having outgrown old
patterns and habits that
no longer reflected who I was
I became much happier
focusing on what matters
to me most and who I
am now.



I would much rather read about self-destructive characters than become one myself.



My close friends and family remain a top priority in my life.



I still have a desire to travel and help the world in some way.



Because I have this one.

But mine is hardcover, oversized, recolored, and has bonus material.

Exactly. It's too big to lug around. Besides, I like the feel of this one. I can fold it and flip it.

You're not supposed to bend comics!

Why not?

????????

