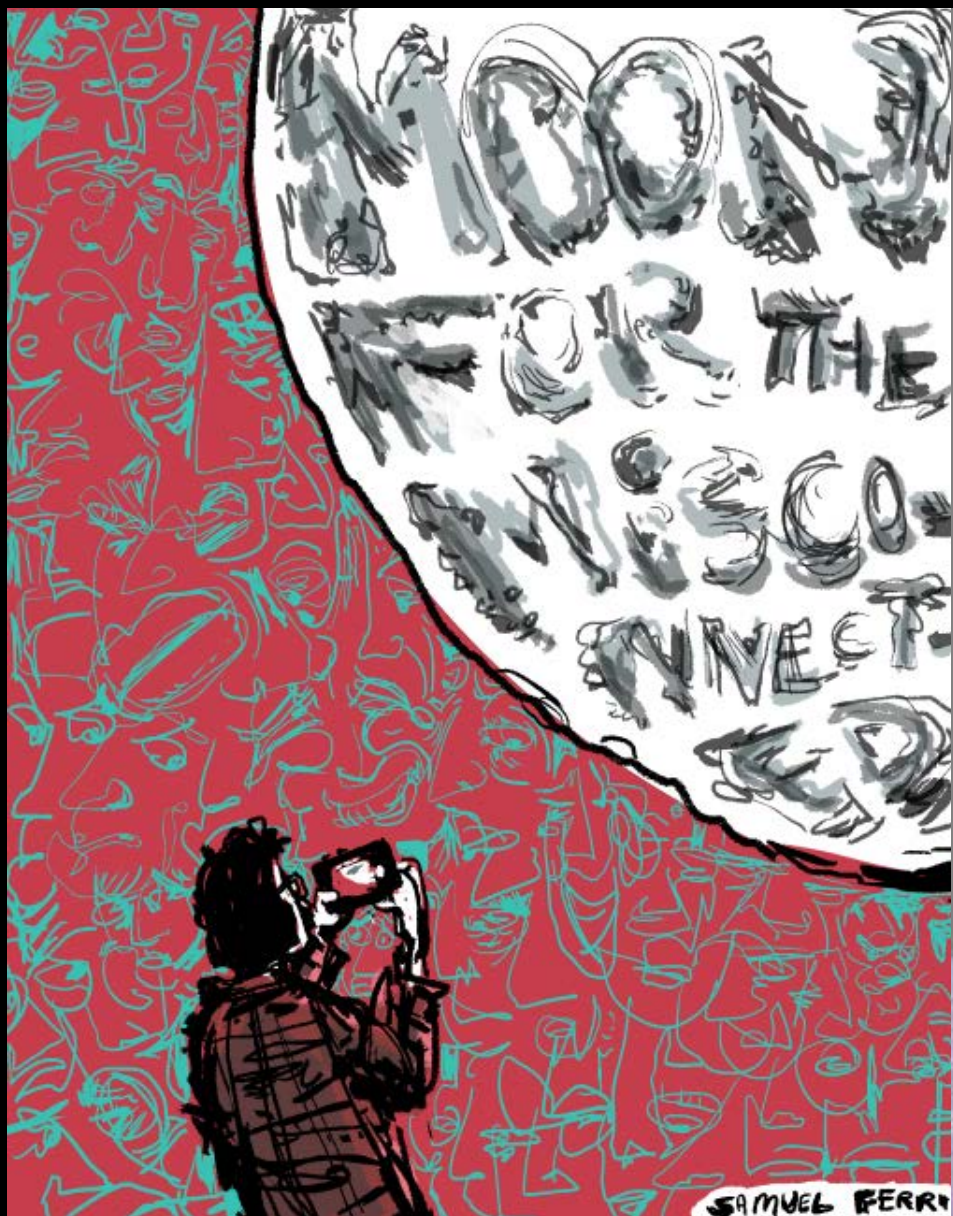


**Personal Narrative**  
**Samuel Ferri**





It starts with three swimmers.

where trying to cross the ocean

Ye olde rule of threes!

Any more'd be overrule!

Egad! WELL SURELY DROWN IN THIS SEA OF BAD THINGS!

Might be a mercy

what form!

what grace!

of FINEST SWIM!  
What crap!

Issis a good start or a bad un!

The first swimmer gets a cramp early on...

and must turn around to swim back.



The second swimmer fares better. She gets 30% of the way there before tiring...

And decides to turn back.

The final swimmer is the strongest,

but not the brightest...

He gets halfway across the ocean when he too decide to swim back.

Read that page first!

She's lucky! I heard a version of the joke where swimmer #2 drowns!

FOUNTO! Fool of a joke, well known.

Oh sorry, this joke never worked for me. I had to read it a few times to see why it was so funny.

Spure me. I'm just a man, a regular.

Yeh! Even me. The

No one could have it be neath!

Ohh best thing!

One Side

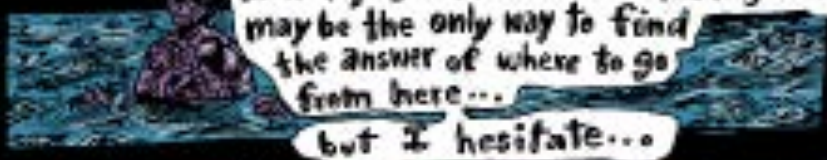
The Other

NEP/Joke EXPLANATION VIEW

shoulda drove.


He's would be he had to be!





It occurs to me that collecting my work  
and trying to make sense of the trajectory  
maybe the only way to find  
the answer of where to go  
from here...

but I hesitate...



If the answer ends up  
being that this was all just a  
waste of time, won't it feel foolish  
to have wasted more time just to  
come to that conclusion?



Are there any  
left of us like a group  
from a distance?



I spend a year and a half stuck  
thinking about this, during which,  
no new work is produced,  
the first gap of its  
kind since  
Starting the  
series.



It's probably  
duck?



It's not  
just a duck.



That was a  
duck, sure.



Maybe that's  
my duck.




What is the term  
with  
this - AFFECTION I  
WANT!





It's not  
just a duck.



It's not  
just a duck.



You know... it does sort of  
remind me of an old cartoon  
idea I never  
finished...





I overheard a man telling his friends how great it was to be in person, away from the echo chamber Facebook had become.



His friends all liked his comment.

SAMUEL FERRI



"You know what I've gotten into recently...? Running."



I struggled to recall which streaming service was required to binge this series... before realizing he was describing a physical act.

SAMUEL FERRI

At the bakery, I didn't understand what the brown dot cookies were doing amidst the faces until the gross realization that they might be tops



brown dot cookies were doing amidst the faces until the gross realization that they might be tops



and bottoms.

Finding a public toilet with a hole drilled inexplicably in the lid felt like arriving at the option menu that starts most video games:



SAMUEL FERRI



The rivalry between Marvel and DC is for real! I'm reluctant to visit my newsfeed due to spoilers for Avengers: Endgame



but compelled to find out how the Mueller Report wraps.

Does a unicyclist get rusty if he hasn't ridden in a while,

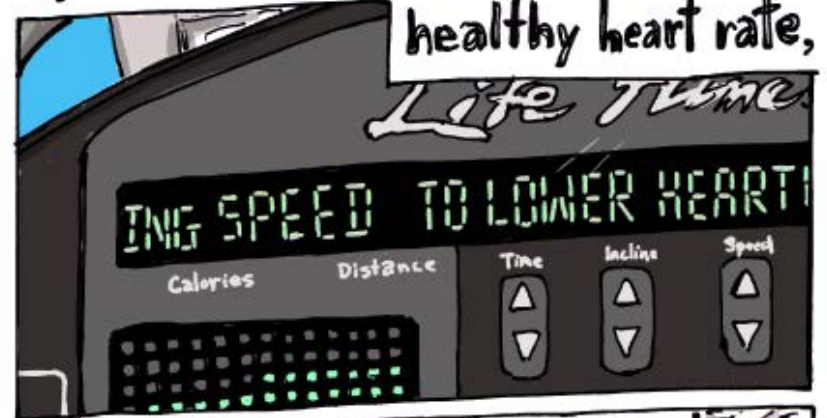


or is it just like riding a bicycle?



How can 'socialism' continue to be such a dirty word in this country even as one of its biggest companies continues to campaign for a redistribution of soda?

Some treadmills automatically adjust speed and incline to maintain a healthy heart rate,



when it'd be easier to just change the channel.



I'm sure that:



if I hand the cashier my card, she'll get mad and tell me to swipe...



But if I swipe, she'll roll her eyes, point to the chip and tell me to insert.



But if I insert, she'll inform me that the chip reader is broken and I need to swipe...



But if I throw my card to the floor, pound my chest, and scream into the void that nothing ever works like it's supposed to,



she'll smile and say, "Now you've got it."



Ever since the handicap symbol was made less stiff, parking spaces have started



to look like chase scenes.



The author who tried to use wet cement to sway unwavering climate skeptics...

Global WARMING IS NOT A RUSE

must believe that nothing is ever set in stone.

Imagine waking up one day to find yourself surrounded by warped copies of your home,



each one occupied by warped copies of yourself.



Not long after, they disappear, with no more explanation than why they were there in the first place.



That is what spiders go through every October.