

Two Questions

IS THIS GOOD?
DOES THIS SUCK?

I'M NOT SURE WHEN THESE TWO QUESTIONS BECAME THE ONLY TWO QUESTIONS I HAD ABOUT MY WORK, OR WHEN MAKING PICTURES AND STORIES TURNED INTO SOMETHING I CALLED 'MY WORK'--- I JUST KNOW I'D STOPPED ENJOYING IT AND INSTEAD BEGAN TO DREAD IT.

WHEN I WAS LITTLE, I NOTICED THAT MAKING LINES ON PAPER GAVE ME A CERTAIN FLOATING FEELING. IT MADE ME FEEL LIKE I WAS BOTH THERE AND NOT THERE.

THE LINES MADE A PICTURE AND THE PICTURE MADE A STORY. I WASN'T THE ONLY KID IT HAPPENED TO. EVERY KID I KNEW COULD DO IT.

HEY! LOOK OUT! IT'S DRACULA! WHAT'S THAT SMELL! HE'S POOPING! AND THE MUMMY IS POOPING BACK! BUT IT'S LAVA! OH NO! OH NO! FIRE TORPEDO ONE! BBBOOSH! FIRE TORPEDO TWO! UH-OH! IT'S STUCK! AAHH! OH NO! AAHH!

YES, I AGREE!

AND... BOMBS AWAY! OH NO! FIRE TORPEDO ONE!

HEY! THAT'S PRETTY!

YOU DRAW GOOD.

HOW HERE IT COMES

HERE COMES THE MUMMY

SO TRUE

SO SUCK!

BEFORE THE TWO QUESTIONS, PICTURES AND STORIES HAPPENED IN A WAY THAT DIDN'T INVOLVE MUCH THINKING. ONE LINE LED TO ANOTHER UNTIL THEY SOMEHOW FINISHED. I NEVER FELT LIKE I WAS TRYING, AND THE DRAWING ITSELF DIDN'T MATTER TO ME MUCH AFTERWARD.

BUT THE TWO QUESTIONS FIND EVERYBODY

LET'S SEE THAT PICTURE-STORY!!

WHERE IS SHE? SHOW ME.

WHERE IS SHE? SHOW ME.

SO TRUE

SO SUCK!

WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH ME LITTLE GIRL ON A MAGIC CARPET RIDE

MIME CAME IN THE GUISE OF THE TWO MOST POPULAR GIRLS IN MY 1ST GRADE CLASS.

THEY LIKED ME MORE AFTER I MADE THAT PICTURE. MY TEACHER LIKED ME MORE TOO. IT LASTED A FEW DAYS.

MISS ASTRINGENT, WHY'DJA TAKE MY PICTURE DOWN?

IT'S TIME FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO HAVE A TURN.

BUT I MADE A NEW ONE.

IT'S VERY PRETTY.

WHAT IN THE...

HEH! THAT'S PRETTY!

YOU DRAW GOOD.

HOW HERE IT COMES

HERE COMES THE MUMMY

SO TRUE

SO SUCK!

IT TURNS OUT THERE ARE ALSO DRAWINGS WHICH CAN MAKE PEOPLE DISLIKE YOU. DRAWINGS THAT MAKE PEOPLE THINK YOU ARE DIRTY OR STUPID OR LAME. ONE BY ONE MOST KIDS I KNEW QUIT DRAWING AND NEVER DREW AGAIN. IT LEFT BEHIND TOO MUCH EVIDENCE.

WHY DID I KEEP DRAWING???

BECAUSE I'D FIGURED OUT HOW TO MAKE THE GOOD KIND.

YES?
YES, THIS IS LYNDAS MOTHER--
UH-HUH--
SHE DREW WHAT IN SCHOOL TODAY??
NICE. N'D HAVE IT?
YEAH.

AS FOR THE BAD DRAWINGS, I TRIED MY BEST NOT TO EVER MAKE THEM, BUT SOME CLAWED THEIR WAY UP TO THE SURFACE OF MY PAPER ANYWAY. THERE WERE SO MANY WAYS FOR A PICTURE TO BE BAD.

AND WHAT THE *#* IS THAT S'POSTA BE?
I DON'T KNOW YET.
THEN WHY THE *#* ARE YOU WASTING TIME DRAWING IT?!

RULE #1: IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, IT SUCKS.

THE "Two Questions" WOULD HELP ME MAKE ONLY GOOD DRAWINGS IF I'D GIVE THEM SOMETHING IN EXCHANGE.

IT'S ALL WE ASK!
GIVE US THIS.
GIVE US THIS USELESS PIECE OF *#*.

BE GREAT!
PLEASE PLEASE ME!
YOU SUCK!
YOU SUCK! GET IN THE BOX!
OO: KNOW DON'T!

FOR THE NEXT 30 YEARS I CHASED AFTER ONLY GOOD DRAWING. WHILE I DREW, MY MAIN FEELINGS WERE DOUBT AND WORRY, AND WHEN I FINISHED MY ONLY FEELINGS WERE RELIEF AND REGRET. I NEVER DREW FOR FUN ANYMORE - AND I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT THAT STRANGE FLOATING FEELING MAKING LINES ON PAPER USED TO GIVE ME. I'D FORGOTTEN HOW STORIES USED TO BUBBLE UP OUT OF THE LINES AND SURPRISE ME. IT WAS WHY I STARTED DRAWING -- TO MEET THOSE LINES AND Y STORIES.

IT'S GOOD
GENIUSSS
IT'S SO BAD!
YOU LACK SPONTANEITY!
NICE!
OH OH
EEEEPEEOT!
OH YOU WRECKED IT!
I WUV IT!
I POOPED IT!
WHERE'S THIS GOING?
I JUST FEEL LIKE SOMETHING'S MISSING.
YAH! THEN GET A JOB
HAW!
HAW!
HAW!
HAW!
HAW!
HAW!
HAW!
HAW!
YAH GOT NOTHING TO GRIPE ABOUT.

SOMETHING WAS MISSING, BUT I HAD NO IDEA WHAT IT WAS.

IS THIS GOOD?

DOES THIS SUCK?

I CAN'T EVEN TELL ANYMORE.

The "Two Questions" held that part of me hostage.

I TOLDJA! YOU'LL GET IT BACK WHEN YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT THE *#* IT IS, AND GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON - BESIDES THE FACT THAT IT'S YOURS - THAT I SHOULD GIVE IT BACK TO YOU.

OH-AND YOU SUCK.
HEE HEE I LOVE THIS RIDDLE!
YOU'RE GREAT!

