

# A bird with crossed wires

c.s.markle



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24 HOUR  
COMICS  
DAY 2007

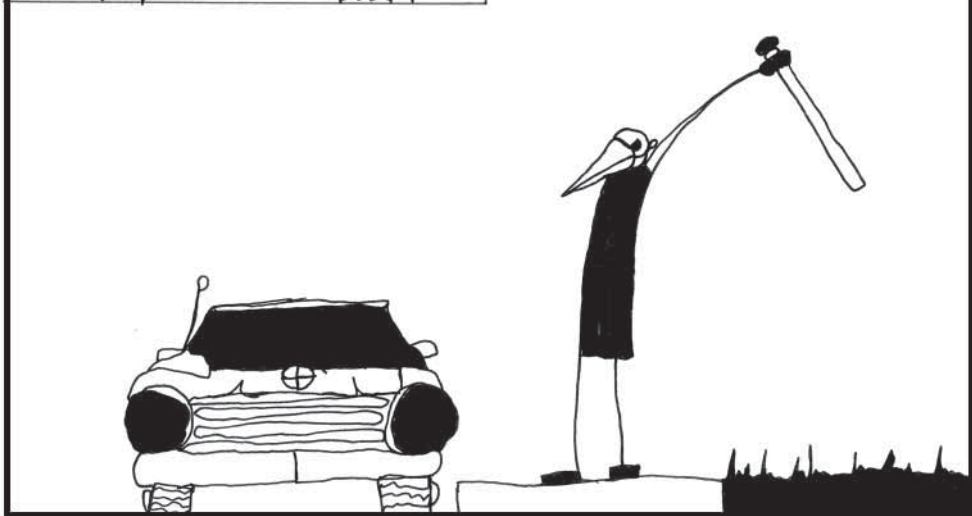
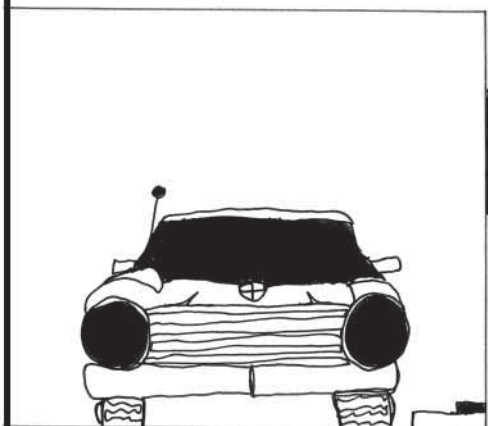
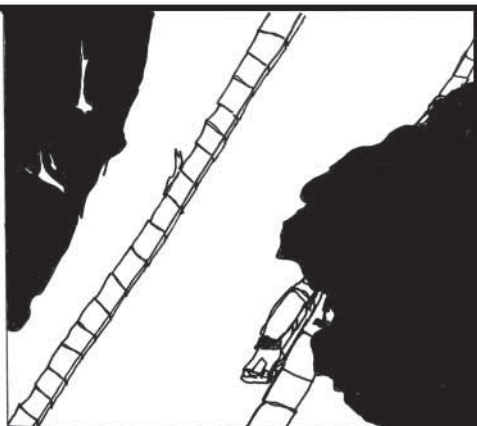
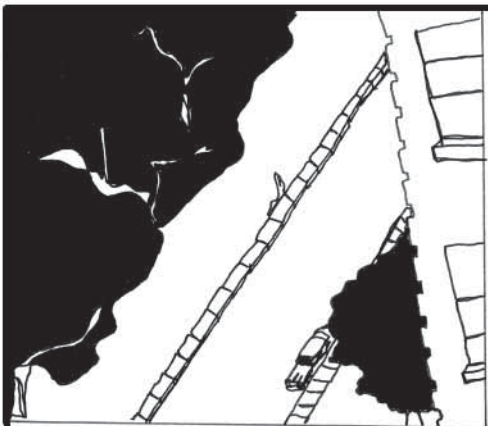
*For Marie, who always encourages me to go further.*

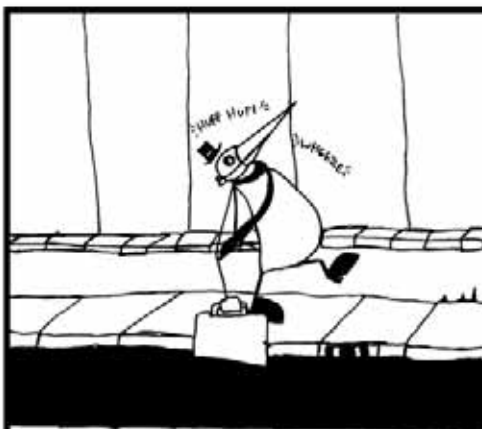
*And to the stupid bird I saw attacking a car's rear-view mirror  
that gave me the idea for this story.*

This story was completed 20-21 Oct  
2007 during the 24 Hour Comics Day at  
the Film & Television Institute Fremantle.

A big thanks to ARTRAGE for organizing  
the event, without whom, I would not have  
had the motivation to do on my own.







CURSES!  
OF ALL THE DAYS MY ALARM  
FAILS, IT HAS TO BE ON THE  
VERY DAY OF MY PERFORMANCE  
REVIEW! AS IF MR COCK  
NEEDS ANOTHER REASON TO  
HATE ME SO!



I HAVE NO IDEA WHY HE HASTIT IN FOR ME SO.  
THE WHOLE THREE YEARS I HAVE BEEN WITH THE  
COMPANY, I HAVE BEEN AN OUTSTANDING EMPLOYEE!



AND WAS IT MY FAULT MS. ROBINS  
FANCIED ME MORE THAN HIM?  
WELL I THINK- SWEET WORM  
ON A BUN!!

MY WORD! SOMEONE HAS THOROUGHLY  
TAKEN TO THAT AUTOMOCAR IN A  
MANNER MOST FOWL!

WOULD THAT I COULD  
STAY TO SEE THE  
OWNERS, ANGUISH,  
BUT I MUST RUN  
ALONG.



BOY. I KNEW MR. COCK HATED ME.  
BUT TO SPEND THREE HOURS TEARING  
ME APART JUST TO FIRE ME, IN  
ADDITION TO THE 2 HOURS HE MADE  
ME WAIT SINCE I WAS LATE, THAT  
JUST ABOUT MAKES HIM BORDERLINE  
PSYCHOTIC, NO MATTER WHAT ROOST  
YOU'RE FROM.

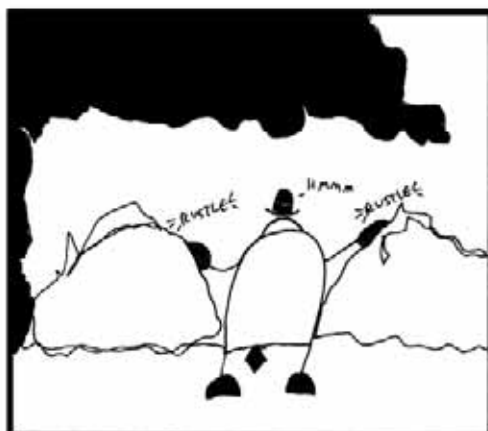


THIS CANNOT BE JUST A RANDOM SERIES OF  
EVENTS. THE CULPRIT MUST BE AROUND HERE  
SOMEWHERE. FOR HOW ELSE WOULD HE KNOW  
WHEN TO STRIKE?

FLOCK  
OF  
SEAGULLS!

THE LOON HAS  
STRUCK AGAIN!





WHAT THE HECK IS WRONG  
WITH YOU? YOU CAN'T JUST  
GO AROUND SMASHING  
PEOPLE'S CARS FOR NO  
REASON! THEY NEED THOSE  
FOR DRIVING!  
DO YOU HEAR ME? I'M TALKING-



BUZZ OFF  
BRICKFACE.  
THIS IS NO  
BUSINESS  
OF YOURS.



HEY! YOU HAVE A  
LOT OF NERVE. WHAT'S TO  
STOP ME FROM  
CALLING THE COPS?

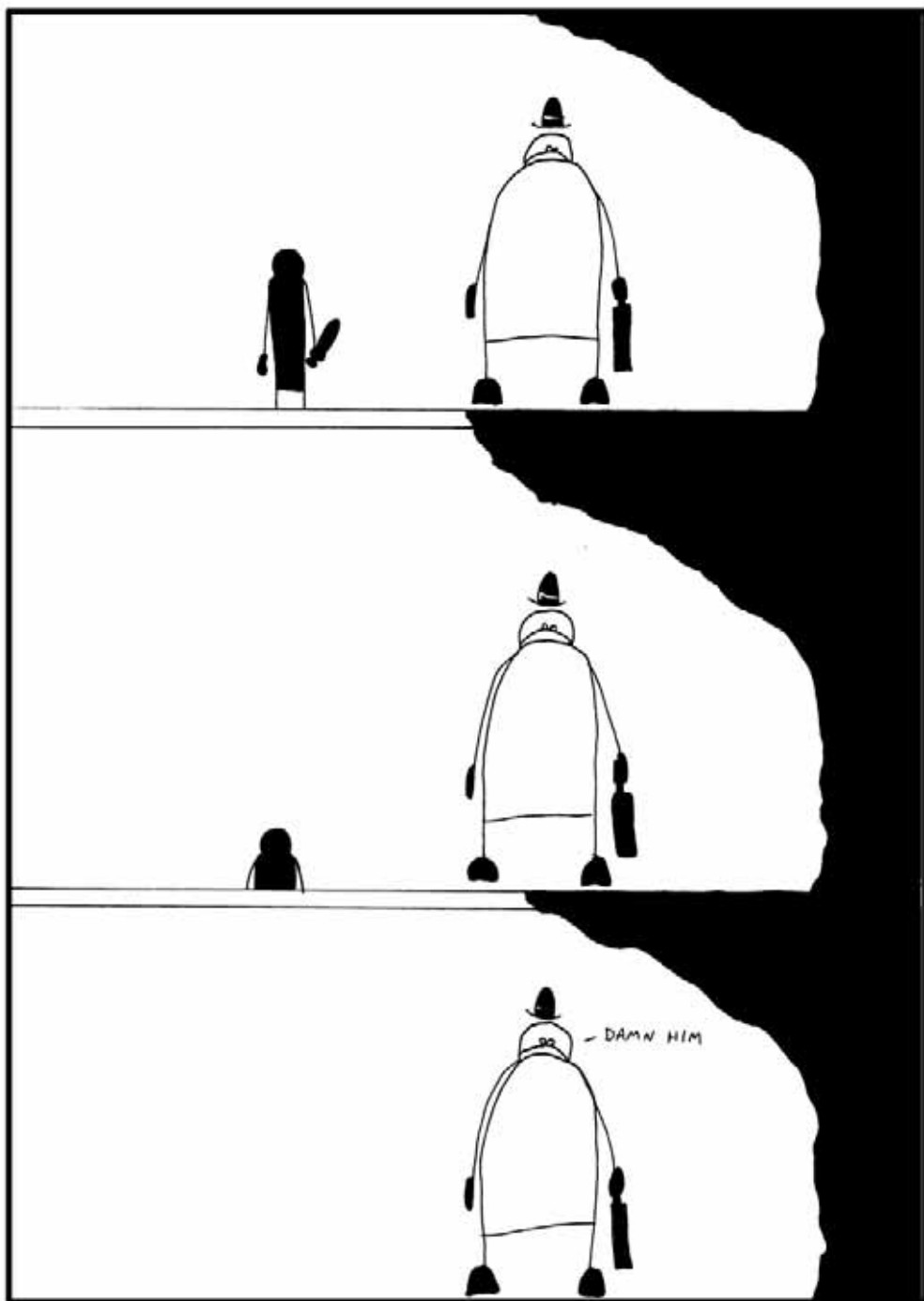


YOU MEAN  
BESIDES THIS?

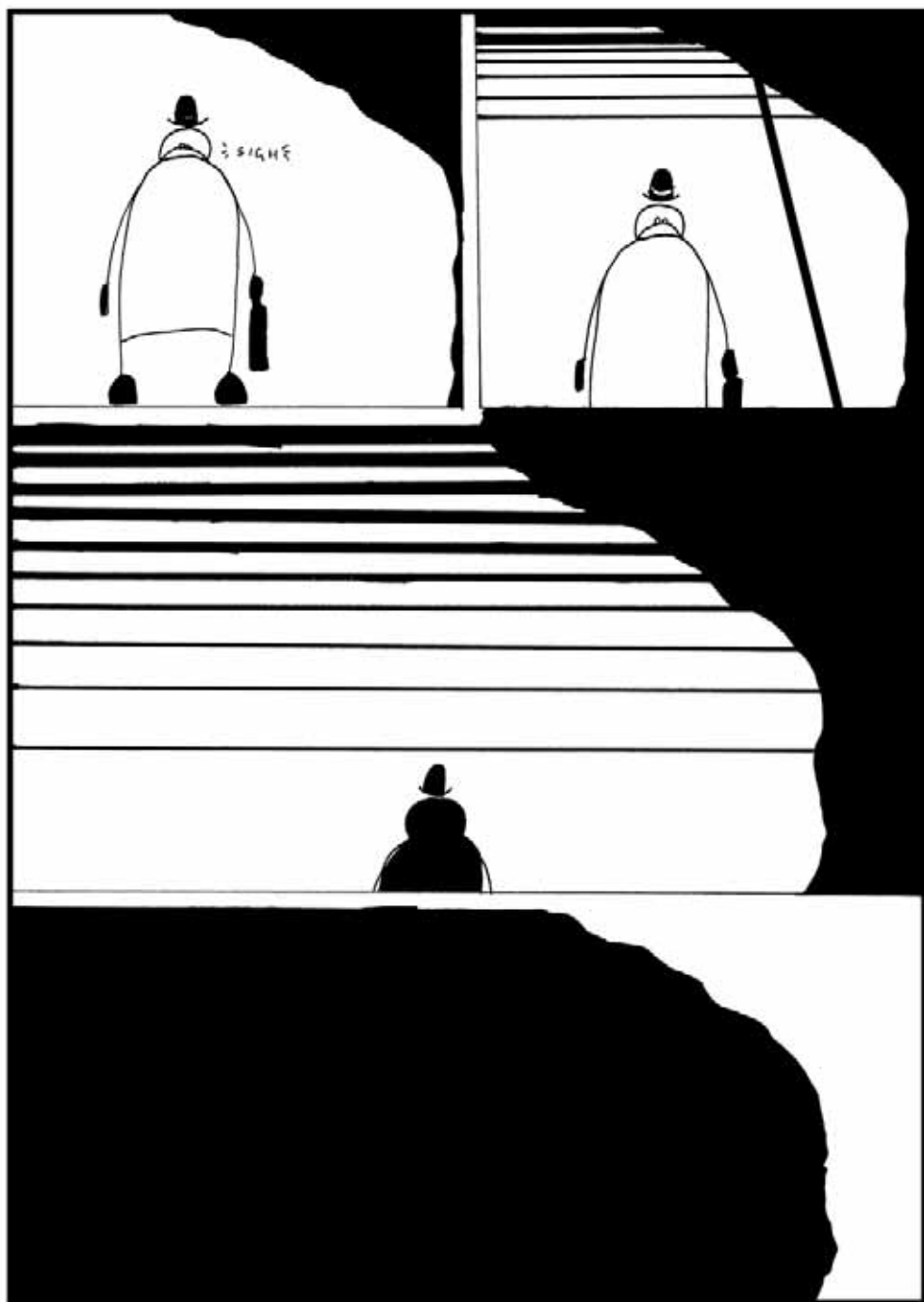


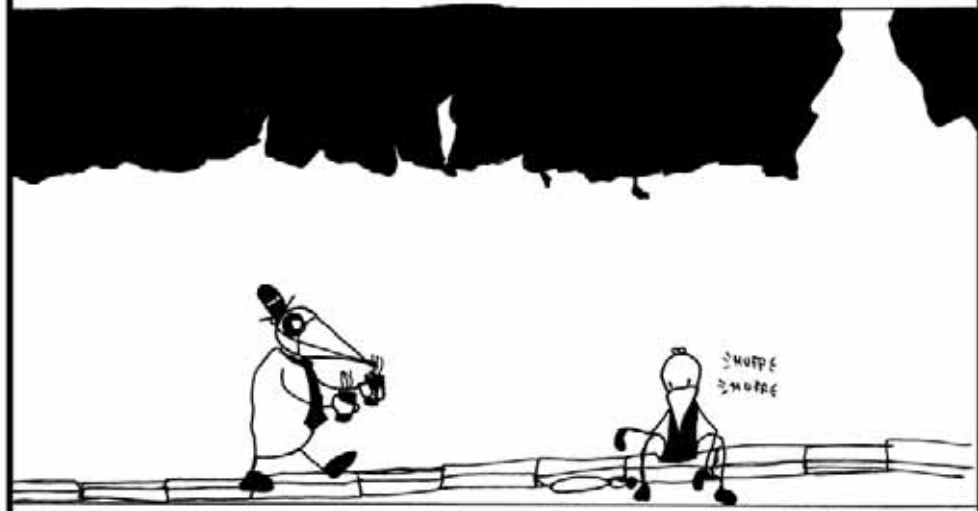
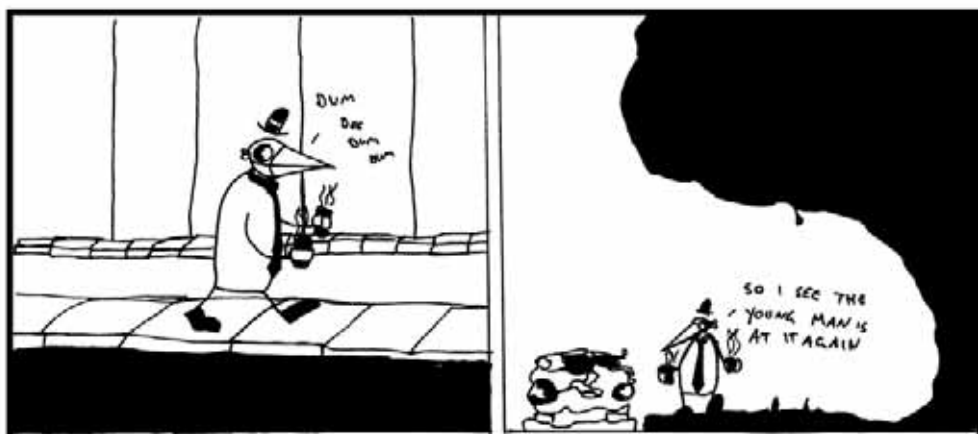
BUT I KNOW I WON'T NEED TO USE  
THIS. I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME YOU  
CAME BY, AND I FIGURE I HAVE YOU  
PEGGED. YOU SPENT YOUR MORNING  
RUSHING TO A JOB THAT YOU DON'T  
SEEM TO CARE FOR, TO WORK FOR A  
BOSS YOU HATE. YOU KNEW HE WAS  
GOING TO FIRE YOU, YET YOU WENT  
IN ANYWAYS, AND YOU EVEN SAT  
THERE AND LET HIM TEAR APART  
WHAT LITTLE SELF ESTEEM YOU  
HAVE LEFT. YOU DON'T HAVE A  
SPINE MY LITTLE PENGUIN FRIEND.  
YOU WOULDN'T CALL THE POLICE  
AS DOING SO WOULD BE TOO  
CONFRONTATIONAL FOR YOU.  
THAT'S ALSO WHY YOU'RE  
GONNA TURN AROUND NOW  
AND JUST WALK AWAY.

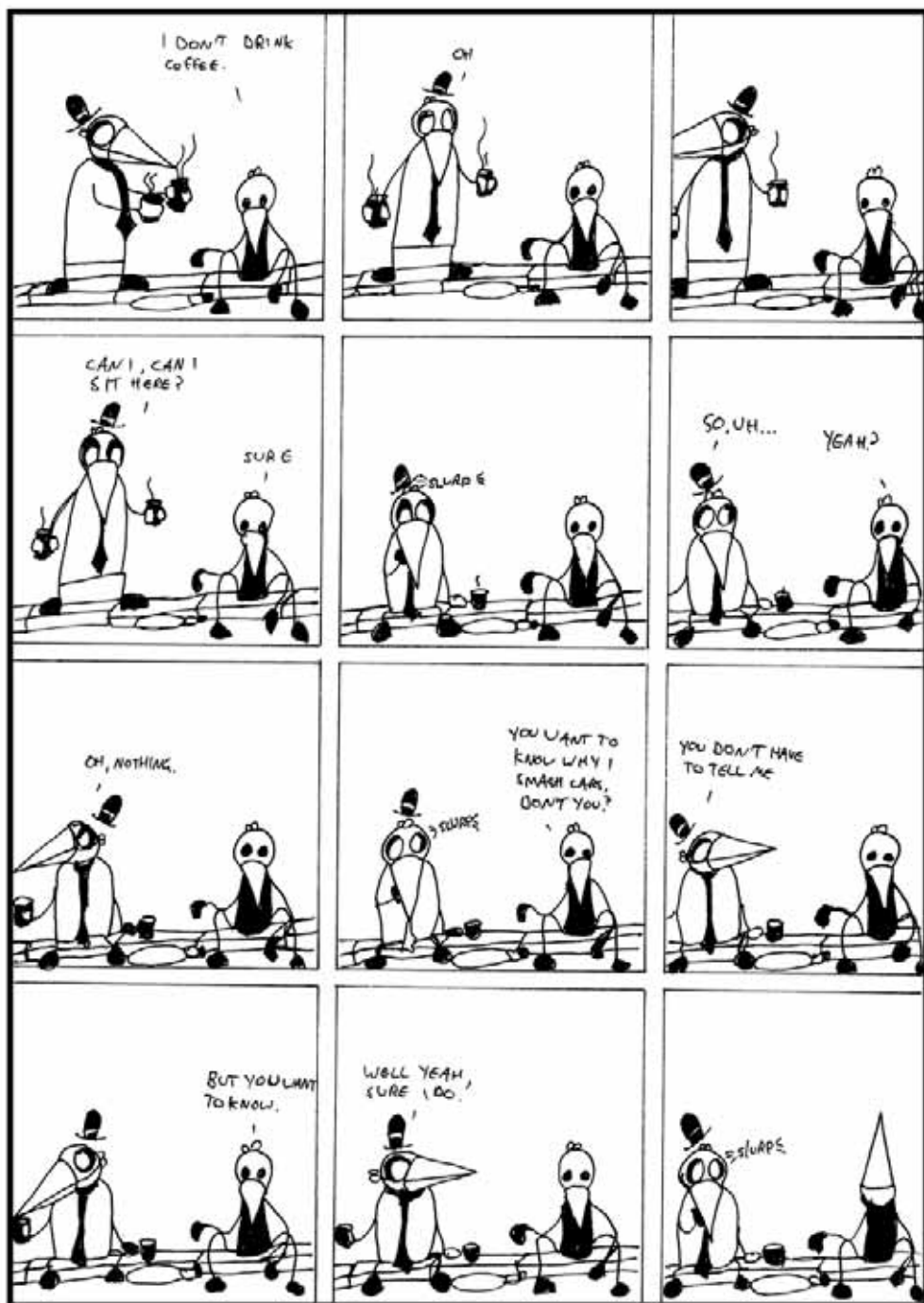




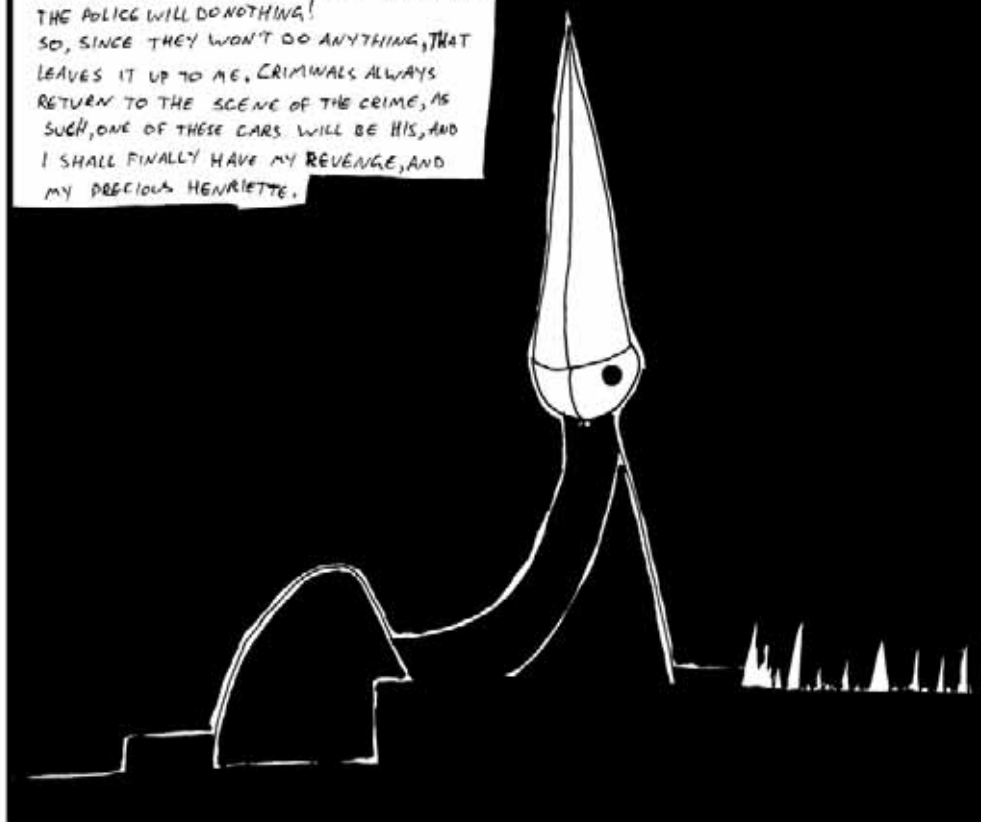
- DAMN HIM

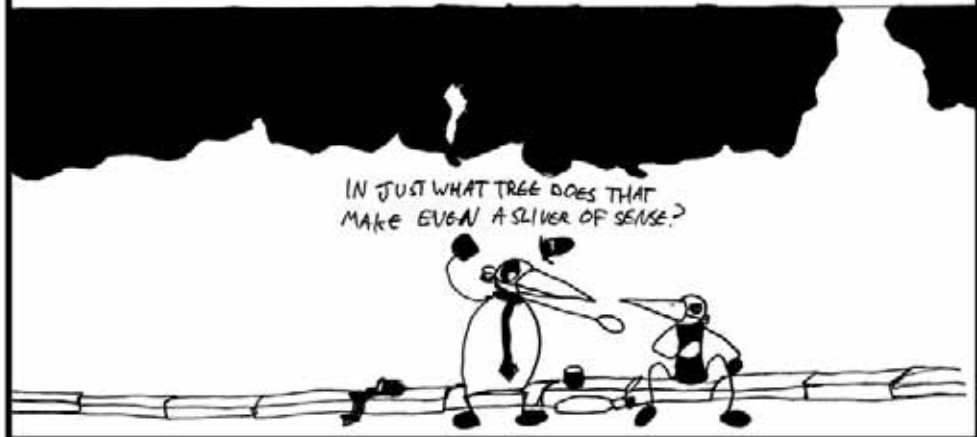
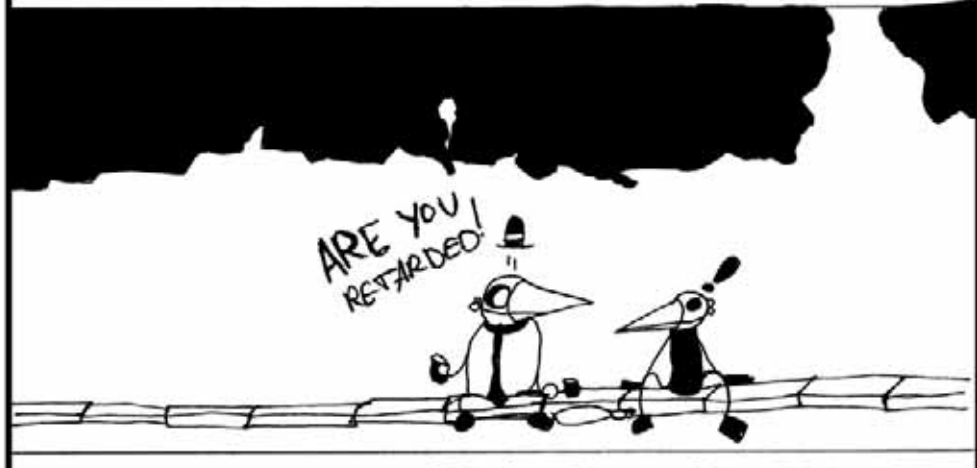
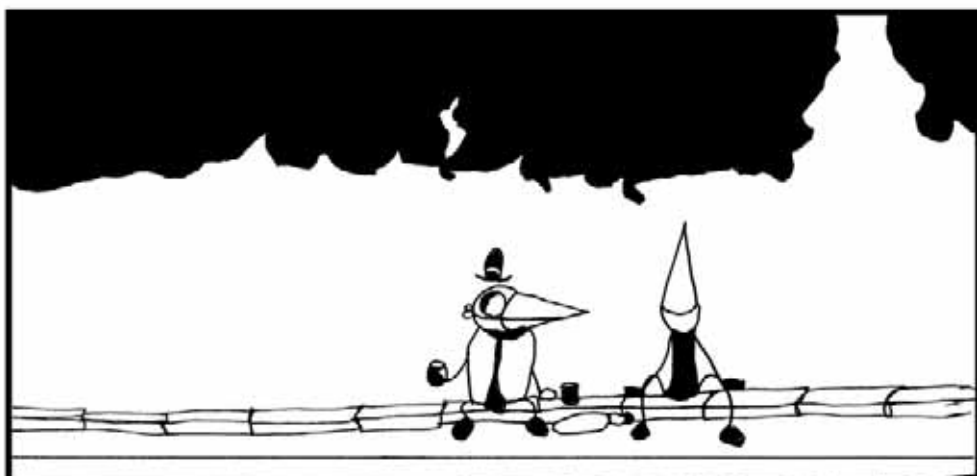






THREE MONTHS AGO, THE WOMAN I LOVE, HENRIETTE, DISAPPEARED. I WAS WAITING FOR HER AT OUR FAVOURITE RESTAURANT, BUT SHE NEVER SHOWED UP. AFTER WAITING FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS, I CAME HOME, BUT WASN'T THERE. I PANICKED AND CALLED THE POLICE, BUT THEY WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING FOR 48 HOURS. SO I BANGED ON ALL THE NEIGHBOURS DOORS, BUT THAT WAS FRUITLESS. FINALLY, AFTER I PUT POSTERS UP EVERYWHERE, A LITTLE CHICK CAME FORWARD AND TOLD ME THAT SHE HAD SEEN HENRIETTE GETTING INTO A CAR, RIGHT AT THIS SPOT, WITH A STRANGE MAN AND A SUITCASE. I TOLD THIS TO THE POLICE, AND GET THIS, THEY SAID THAT SHE HAD LEFT VOLUNTARILY! AS SUCH, THEY WOULDN'T LOOK FOR HER! MY HENRIETTE! KIDNAPPED BY SOME THUG! AND THE POLICE WILL DO NOTHING! SO, SINCE THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING, THAT LEAVES IT UP TO ME. CRIMINALS ALWAYS RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, AS SUCH, ONE OF THESE CARS WILL BE HIS, AND I SHALL FINALLY HAVE MY REVENGE, AND MY PRECIOUS HENRIETTE.





DO YOU WANT ME  
TO ATTACK YOU?

IS THAT YOUR  
ANSWER TO  
EVERYTHING?  
VIOLENCE?

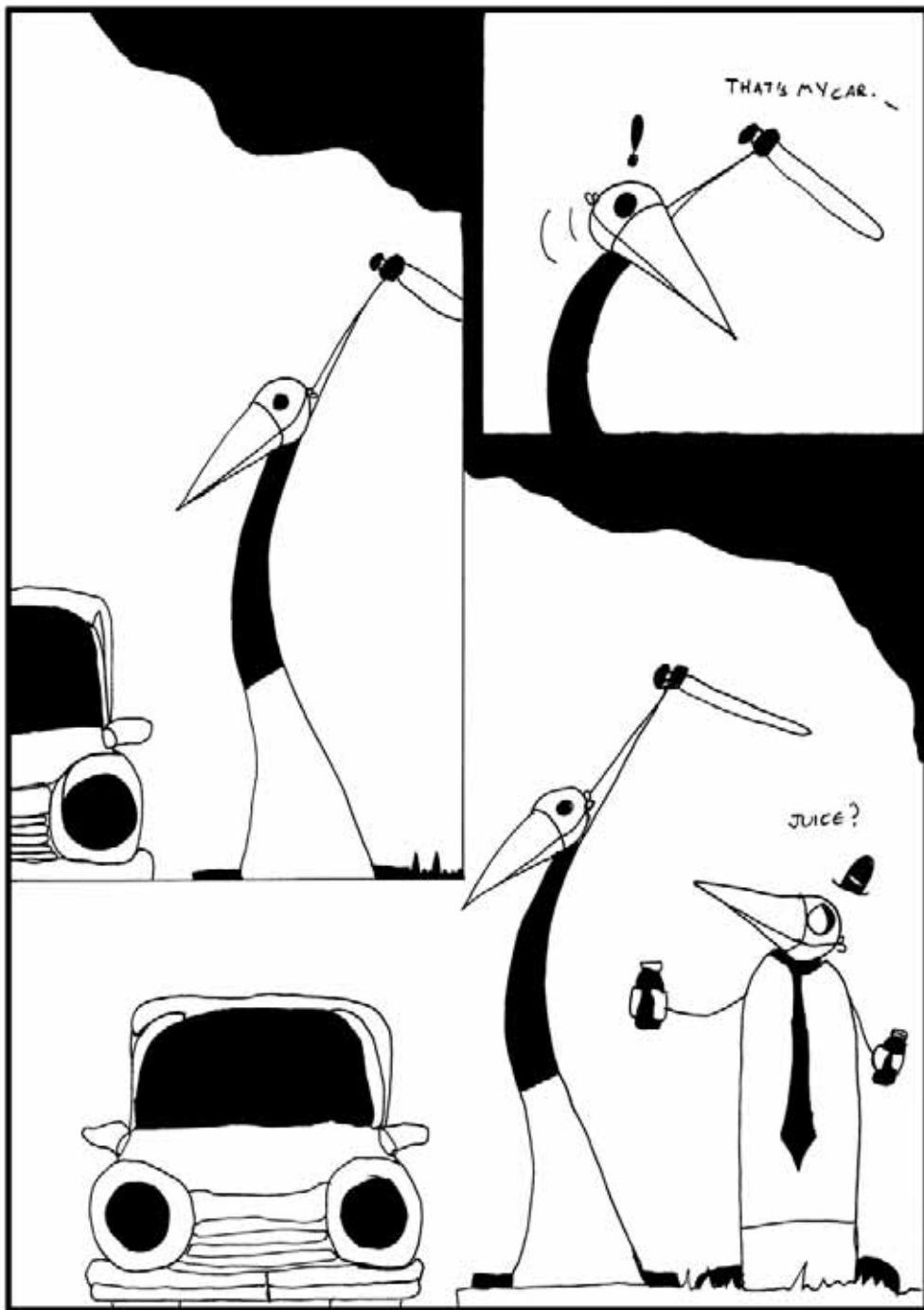


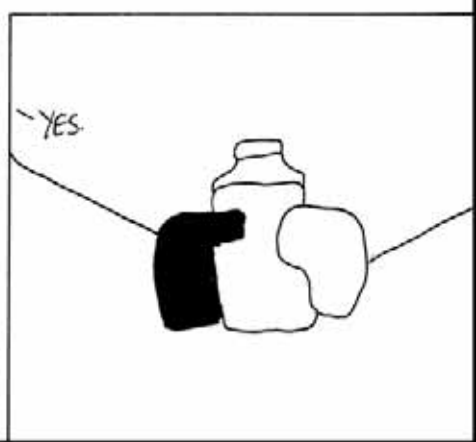
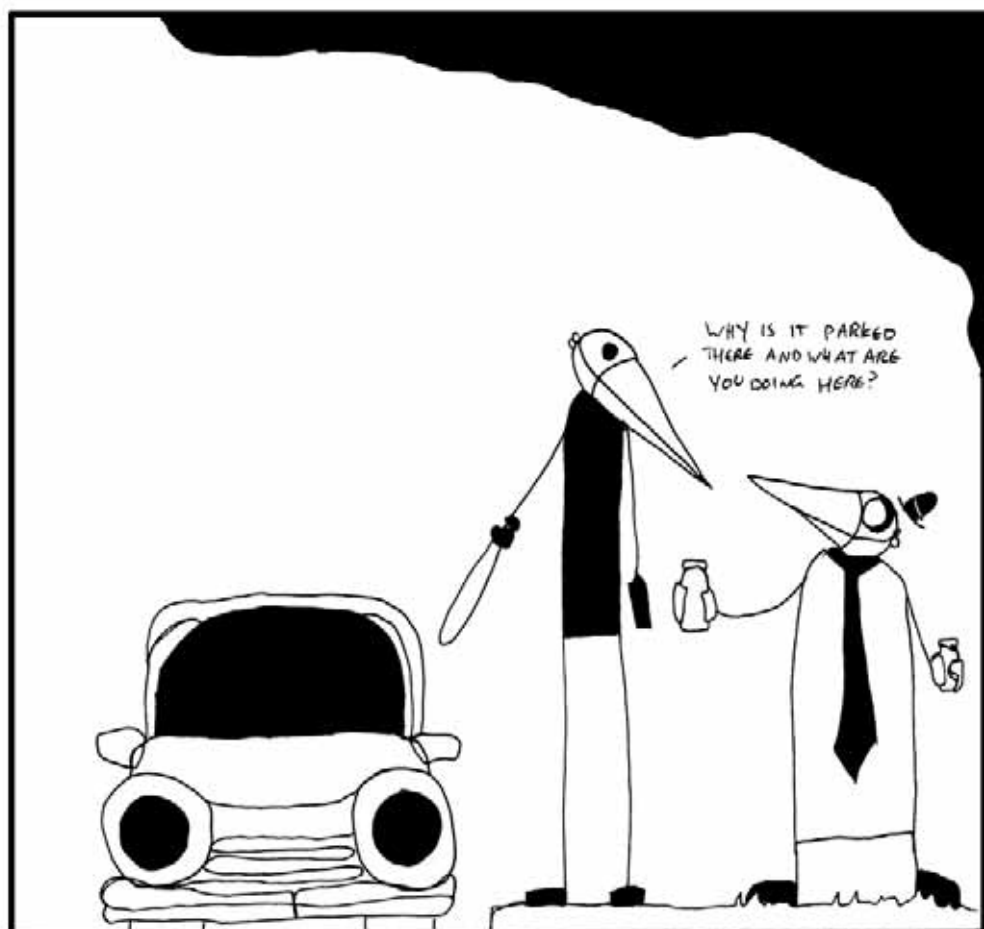
YOU THINK THAT JUST BECAUSE  
YOU OFFER ME A CUP OF PISS  
AND I LET YOU SIT NEXT TO  
ME THAT YOU KNOW ME?



GET OUT OF HERE  
LITTLE PENGUIN  
MAN A NO NEVER  
COME BACK.



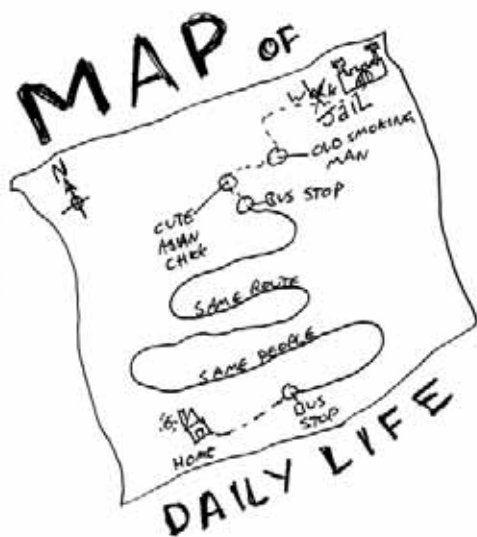


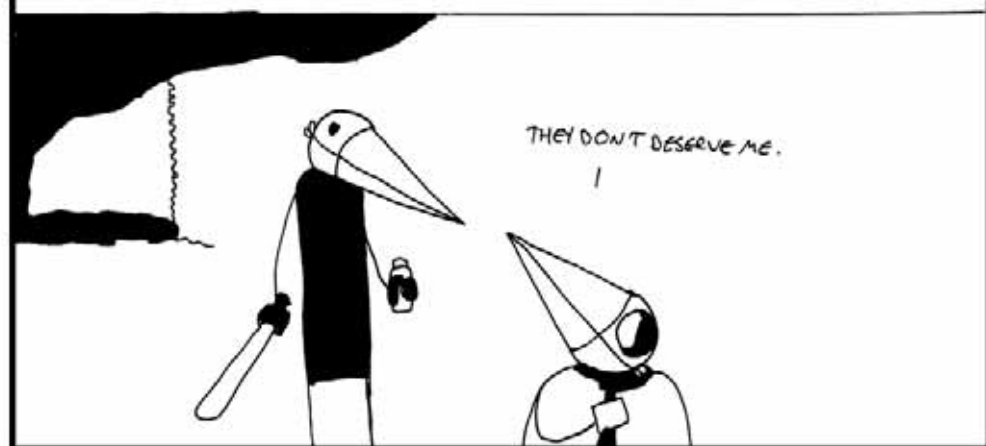
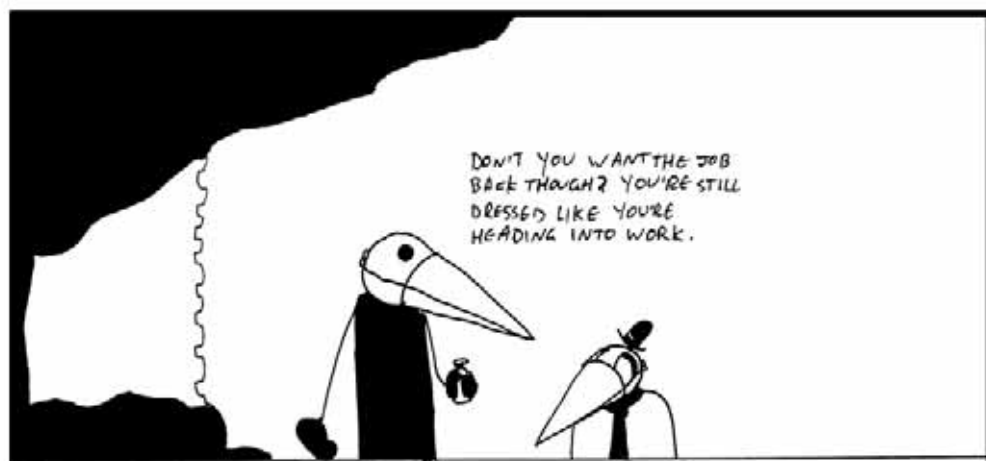


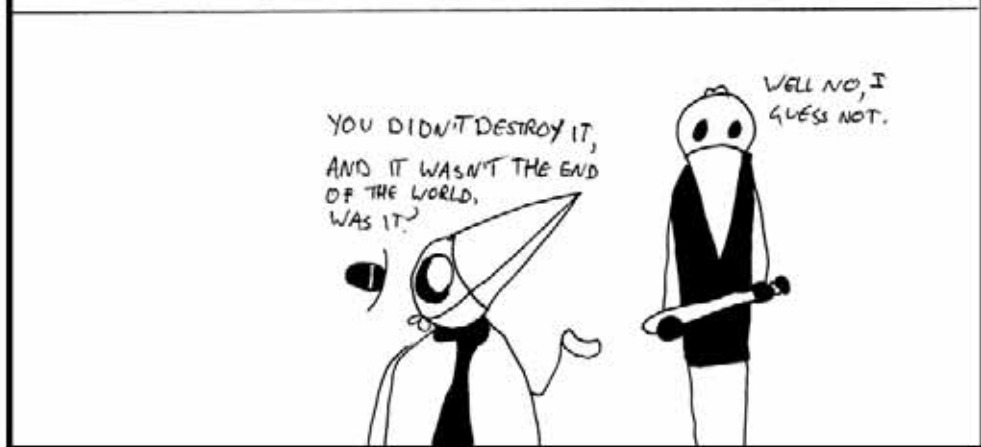
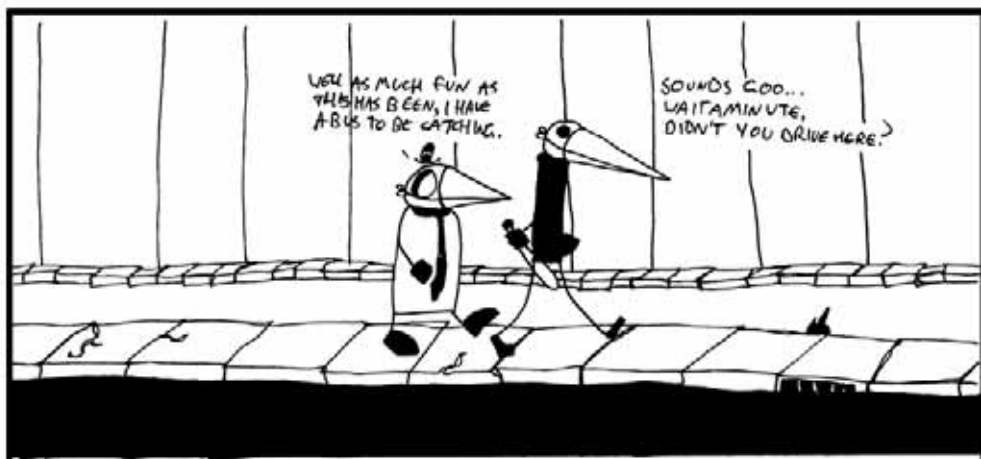


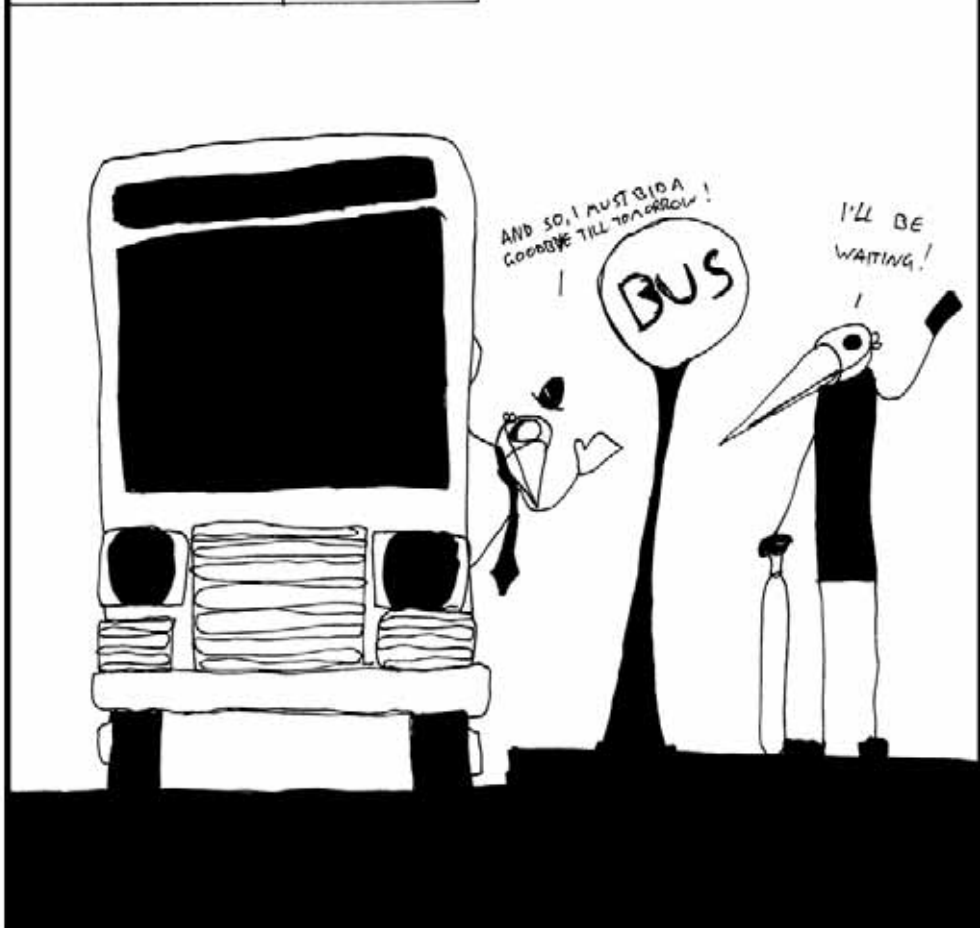
BUT THEN I STARTED TO THINK ABOUT IT. IT'S NOT THAT I'M SAMELESS, IT'S THAT I NEVER BREAK ROUTINE. I ONLY SAW YOU THAT DAY AS I HAD MISSED MY REGULAR BUS DUE TO BEING LATE. I WAS FIRED BECAUSE MY ROUTINE WAS BROKEN.

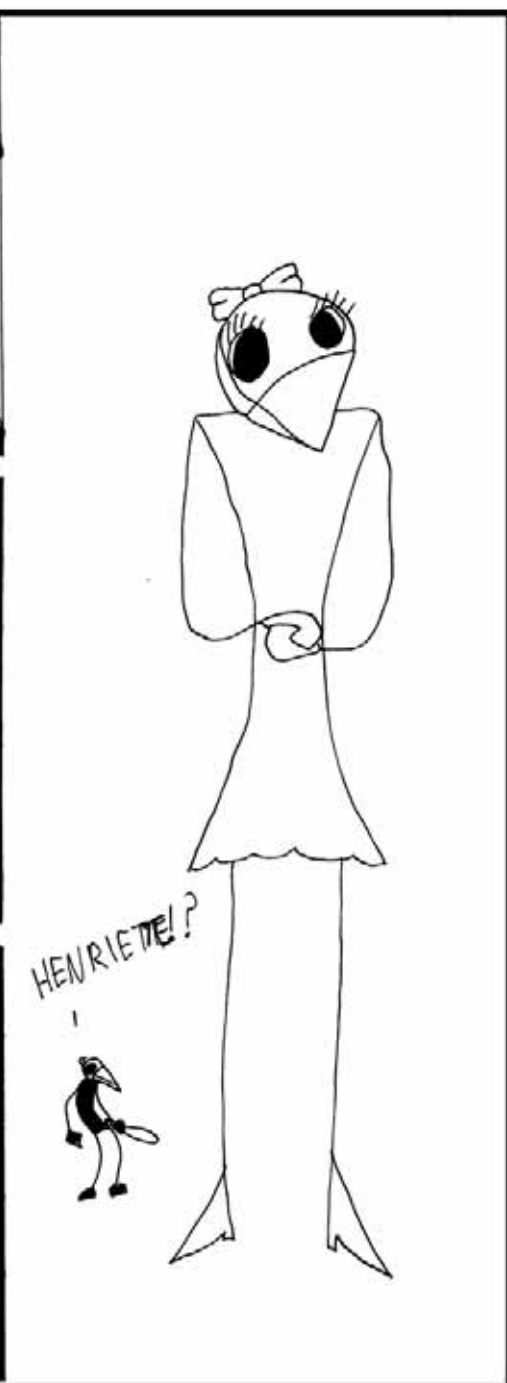
AND THEN I NOTICED OTHER THINGS, LIKE HOW I ALWAYS SAW THE SAME PEOPLE ON THE BUS EVERY MORNING. THE SAME CUTE ASIAN CHICK WHILE WALKING THAT LAST BLOCK, THE SAME OLD SMOKING GUY AT THE CAFE. I WASN'T HAVING COMPLETE DAYS BUT JUST A SERIES OF MOMENTS THAT ADDED UP TO AN EMPTY LIFE. WHAT WAS ODD, AND SCARY, WAS HOW FULL IT FELT, AND HOW THE THOUGHT OF LOSING IT WAS TERRIFYING...











AT LAST MY LOVE, I  
HAVE FOUND YOU  
SAFE & SOUND!



- FOUND?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU  
FOUND ME? I'M NOT SOME  
DOG OR CAT! I LEFT YOU!

WHAT?

LEFT YOU REMEMBER ME  
SAYING I WAS LEAVING?

BUT, WHAT? WHY?

BECAUSE I CAN'T STAND YOU!  
YOU NEVER LISTENED TO ME,  
YOU WERE POSSESSIVE. YOU  
TREATED ME LIKE SOME  
TROPHY YOU KEEP  
IN THE CLOSET.

BUT, I CAN CHANGE!  
I LOVE YOU! I'VE  
WAITED FOR YOU!

TOO LITTLE  
TOO LATE

PLEASE DON'T GO!

WHAT? NO! SHE...  
SHE COULDN'T  
HAVE!  
COULD SHE?



BUT WHY WOULD SHE?  
DOES SHE NOT UNDERSTAND  
HOW I  
FEEL?



YES! THAT MUST  
BE IT, SHE  
DOESN'T  
UNDERSTAND!  
I'M GOING TO  
HAVE TO MAKE  
HER UNDERSTAND!



THEN I'LL MAKE HER REGRET  
TREATING ME SO POORLY! SHE'LL  
BE BEGGING  
ME TO TAKE  
HER BACK!



YES! I SHALL MAKE  
HER PAY!



OH HOW I'M  
GOING TO MAKE  
HER PAY!



HONK  
SCREECH  
THUD





### **About the artist:**

Christopher S. Markle was born in the frozen tundra of Canada, raised in the humid soup-bowl of Barbados and resides in the hot-as-heck city of Perth with his wife and her cat who does not like him very much (the cat, not his wife). He is a graphic designer by trade and he spends far too much time in his head as he believes that everything is better in there.

You can say hello to him anytime at [christopher.markle@gmail.com](mailto:christopher.markle@gmail.com), he just may say hello back.

