# i am not okay with this

Charles Forsman

# i am *not* okay *with* this

a comic book by
**Charles Forsman**

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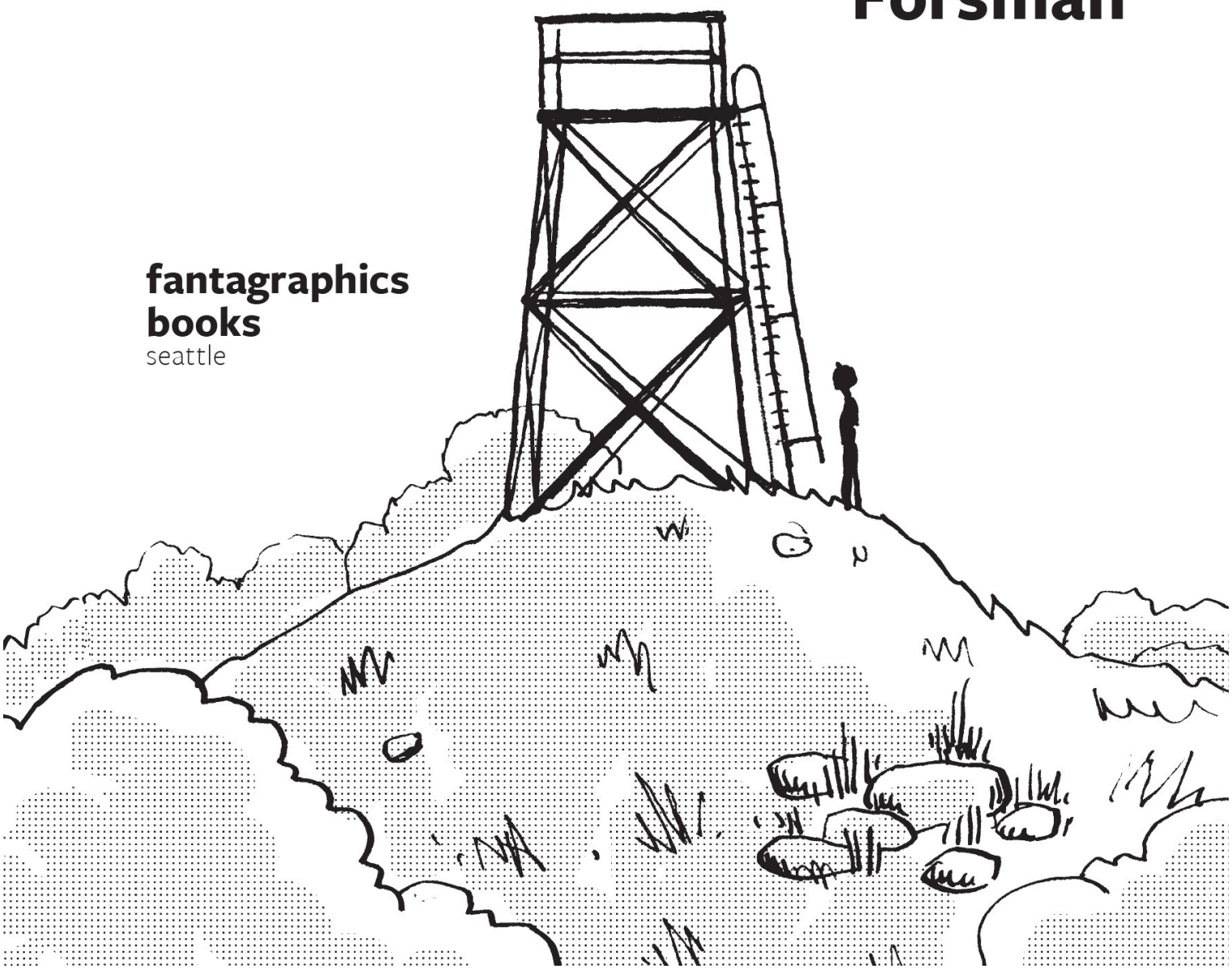

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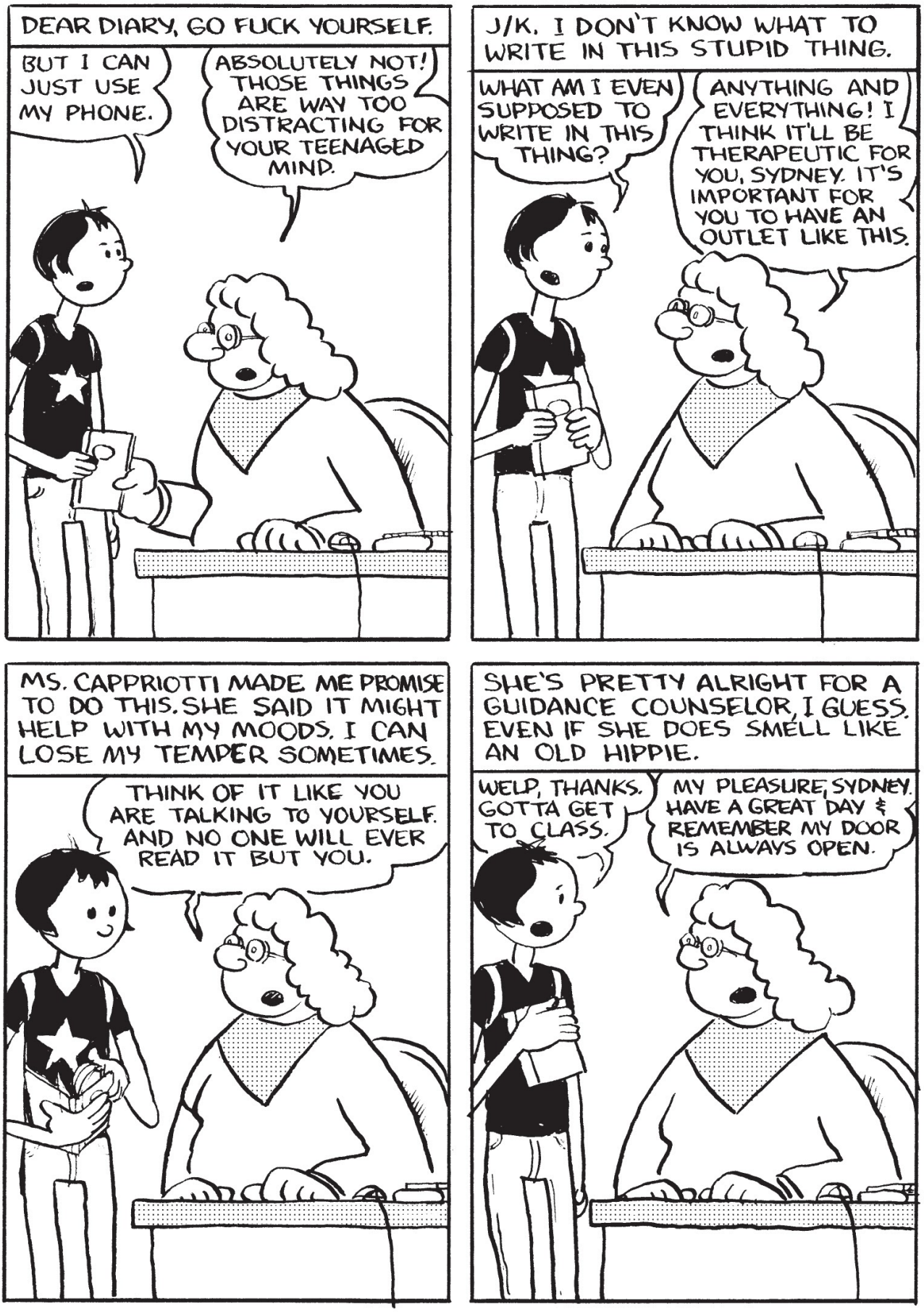
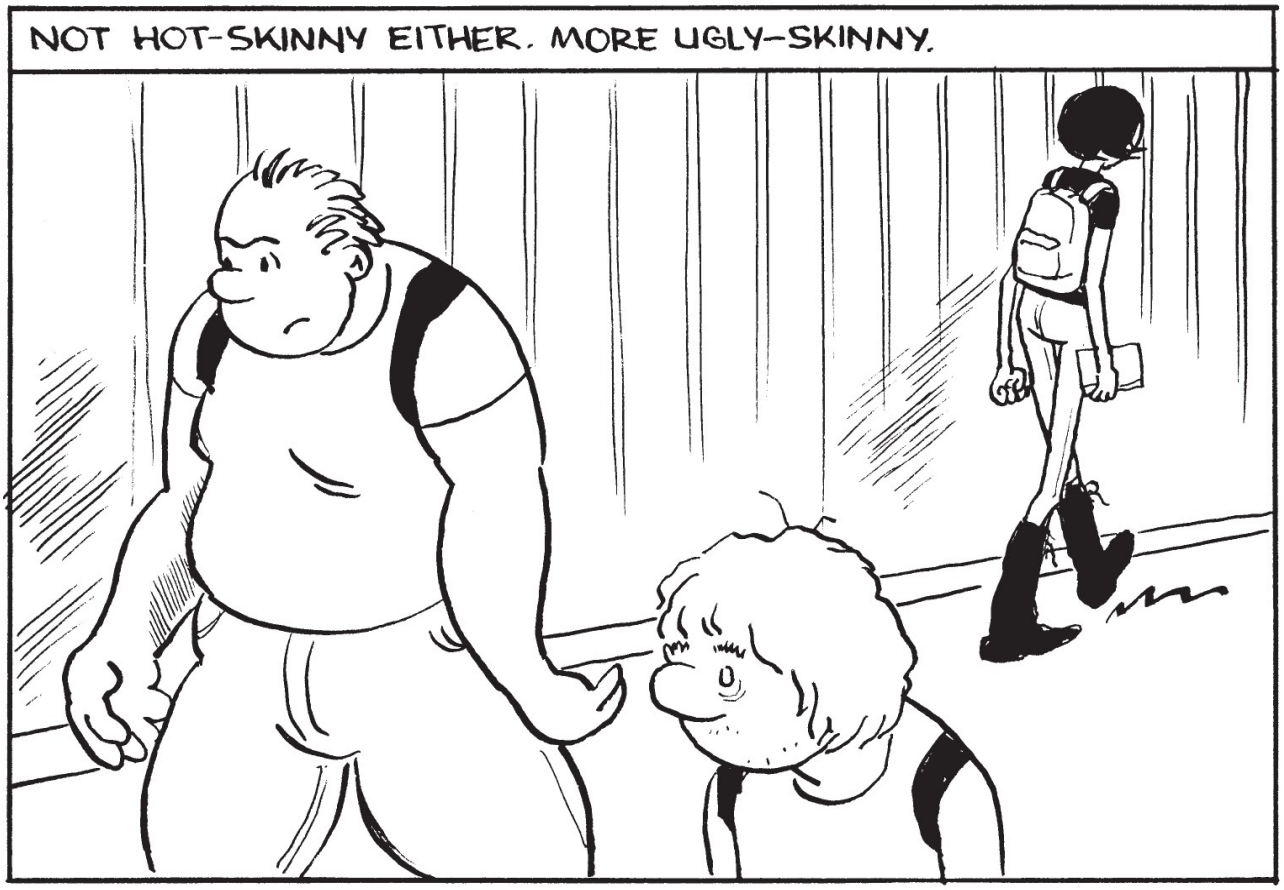
# – 1 –

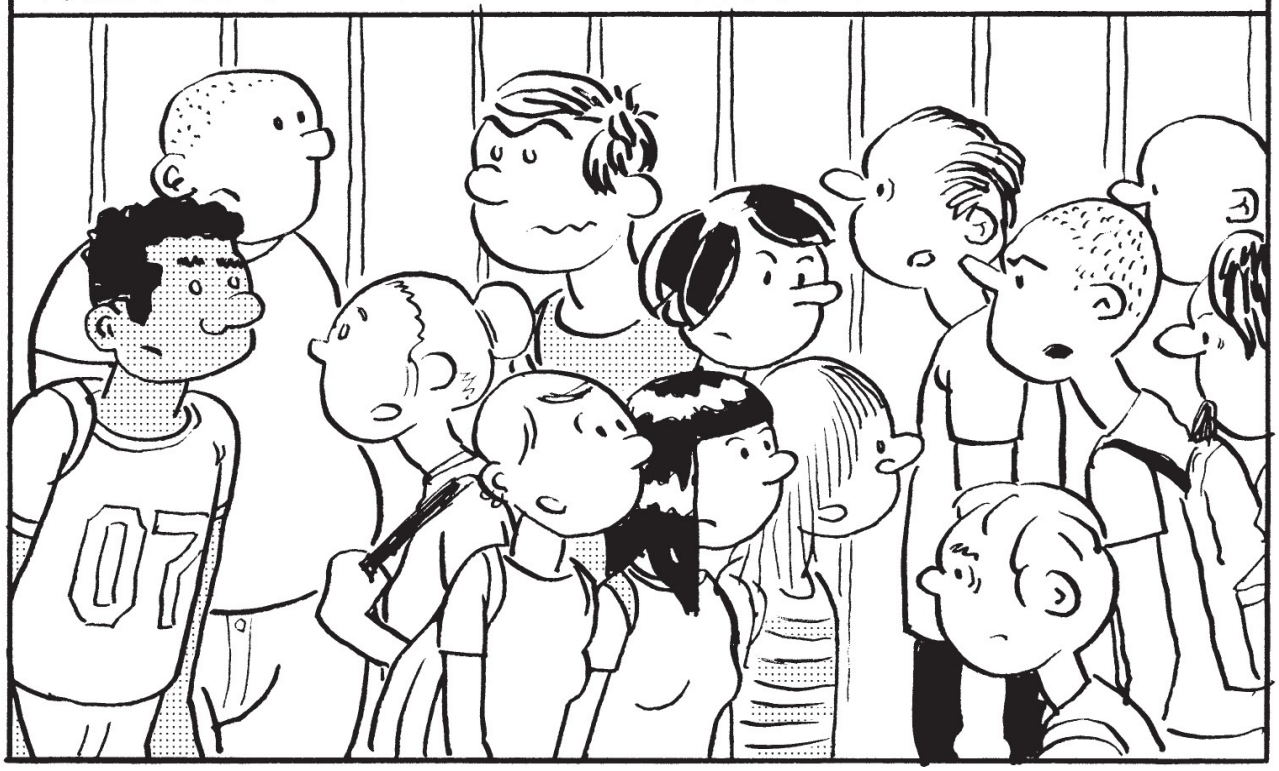
sydney


DEAR DIARY, GO FUCK YOURSELF.
BUT I CAN JUST USE MY PHONE.
ABSOLUTELY NOT! THOSE THINGS ARE WAY TOO DISTRACTING FOR YOUR TEENAGED MIND.
J/K. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO WRITE IN THIS STUPID THING.
WHAT AM I EVEN SUPPOSED TO WRITE IN THIS THING?
ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING! I THINK IT'LL BE THERAPEUTIC FOR YOU, SYDNEY. IT'S IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO HAVE AN OUTLET LIKE THIS.
MS. CAPPRIOTTI MADE ME PROMISE TO DO THIS. SHE SAID IT MIGHT HELP WITH MY MOODS. I CAN LOSE MY TEMPER SOMETIMES.
THINK OF IT LIKE YOU ARE TALKING TO YOURSELF. AND NO ONE WILL EVER READ IT BUT YOU.
SHE'S PRETTY ALRIGHT FOR A GUIDANCE COUNSELOR, I GUESS. EVEN IF SHE DOES SMELL LIKE AN OLD HIPPIE.
WELP, THANKS. GOTTA GET TO CLASS.
MY PLEASURE, SYDNEY. HAVE A GREAT DAY & REMEMBER MY DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN.

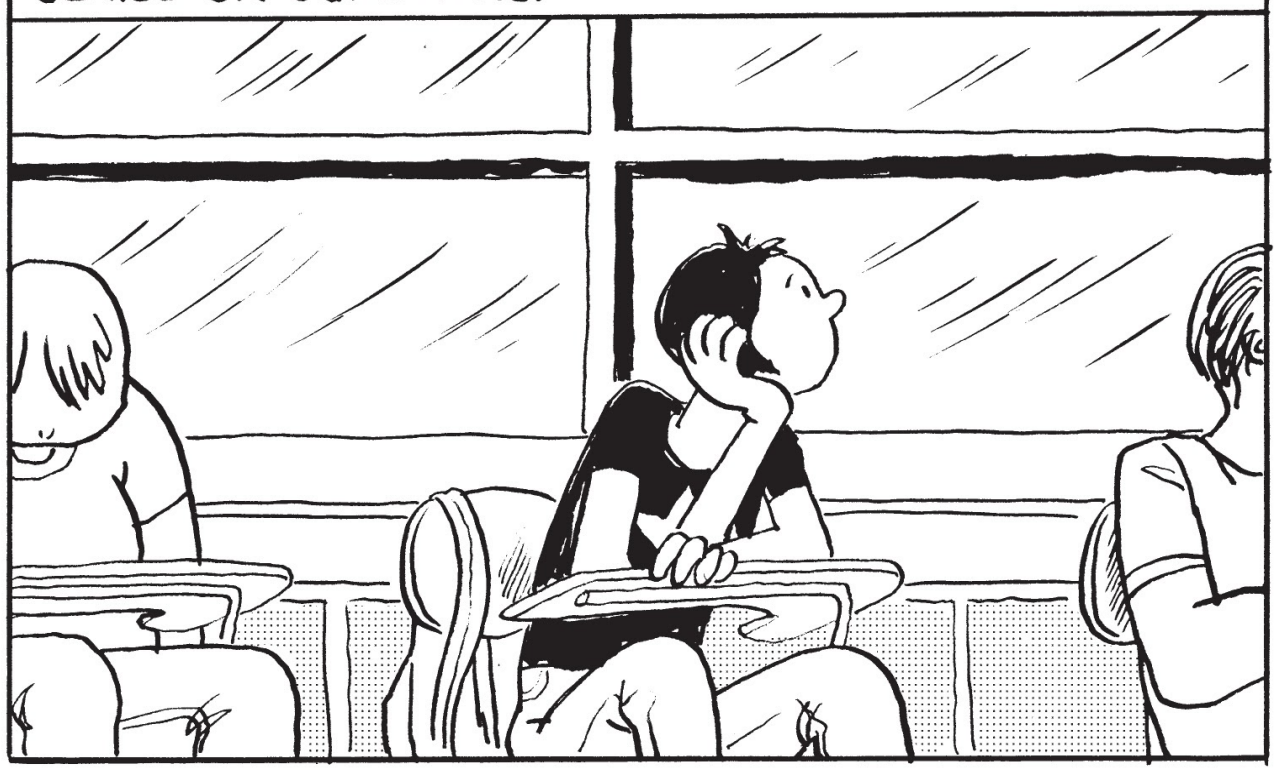
MY NAME IS SYDNEY. I'M A BORING FIFTEEN YEAR OLD WHITE GIRL. AND I'M SUPER-SKINNY.

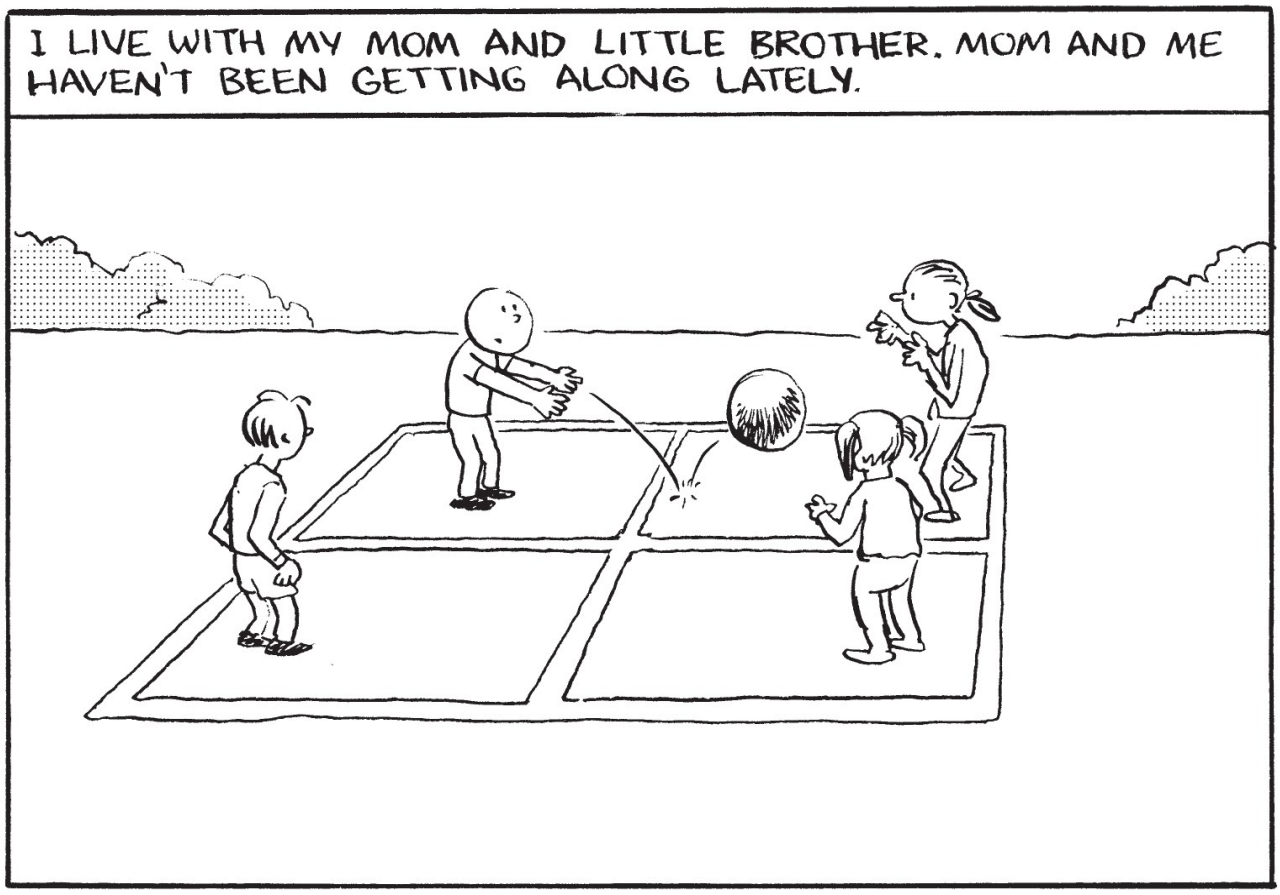

NOT HOT-SKINNY EITHER. MORE UGLY-SKINNY.

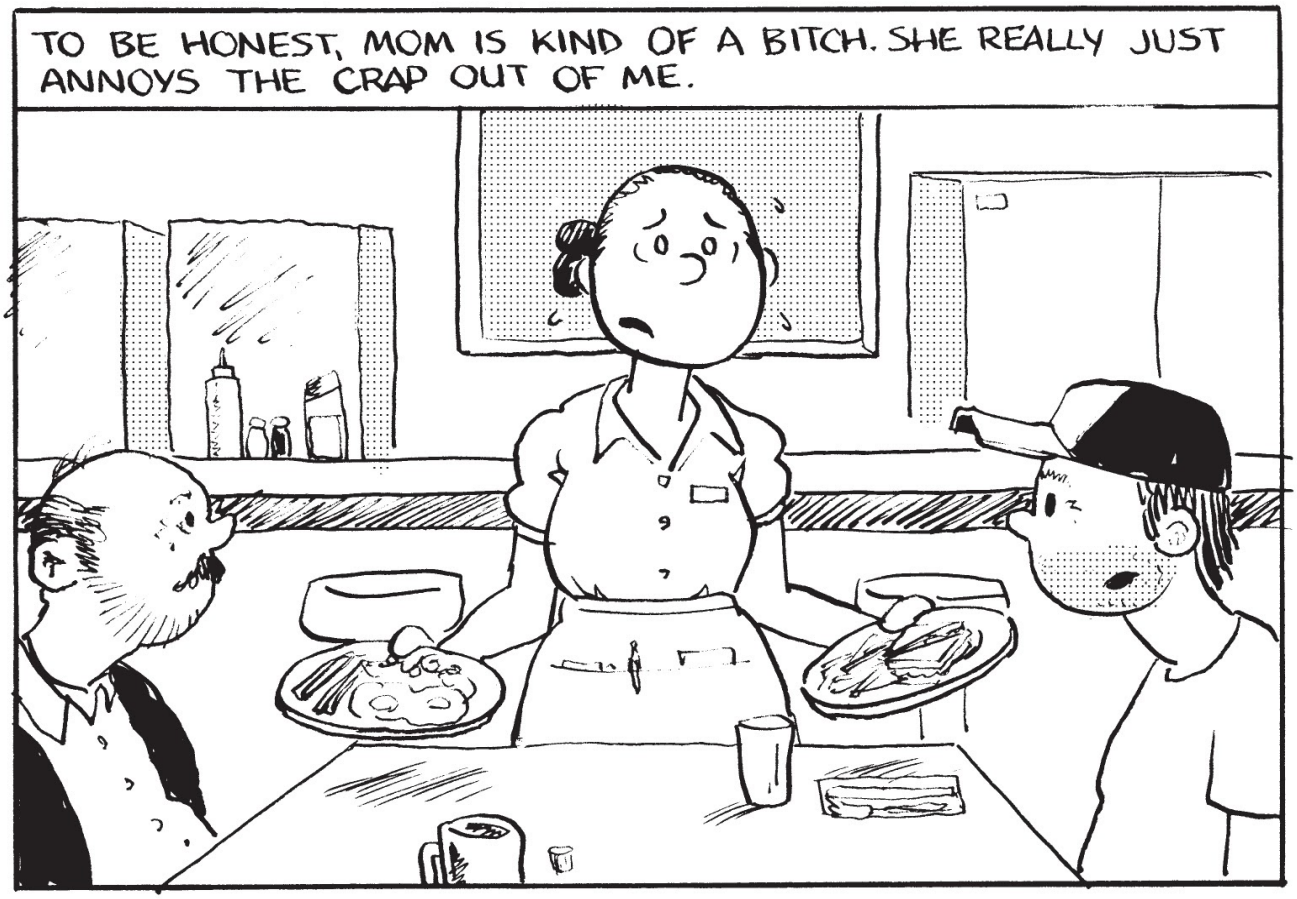
I PRETTY MUCH HATE SCHOOL. EXCEPT FOR LUNCH AND STUDY HALL. LOL. I JUST HATE BEING STUCK HERE ALL DAY WITH ALL THESE JOCKS AND JUNK. IT'S EXHAUSTING.

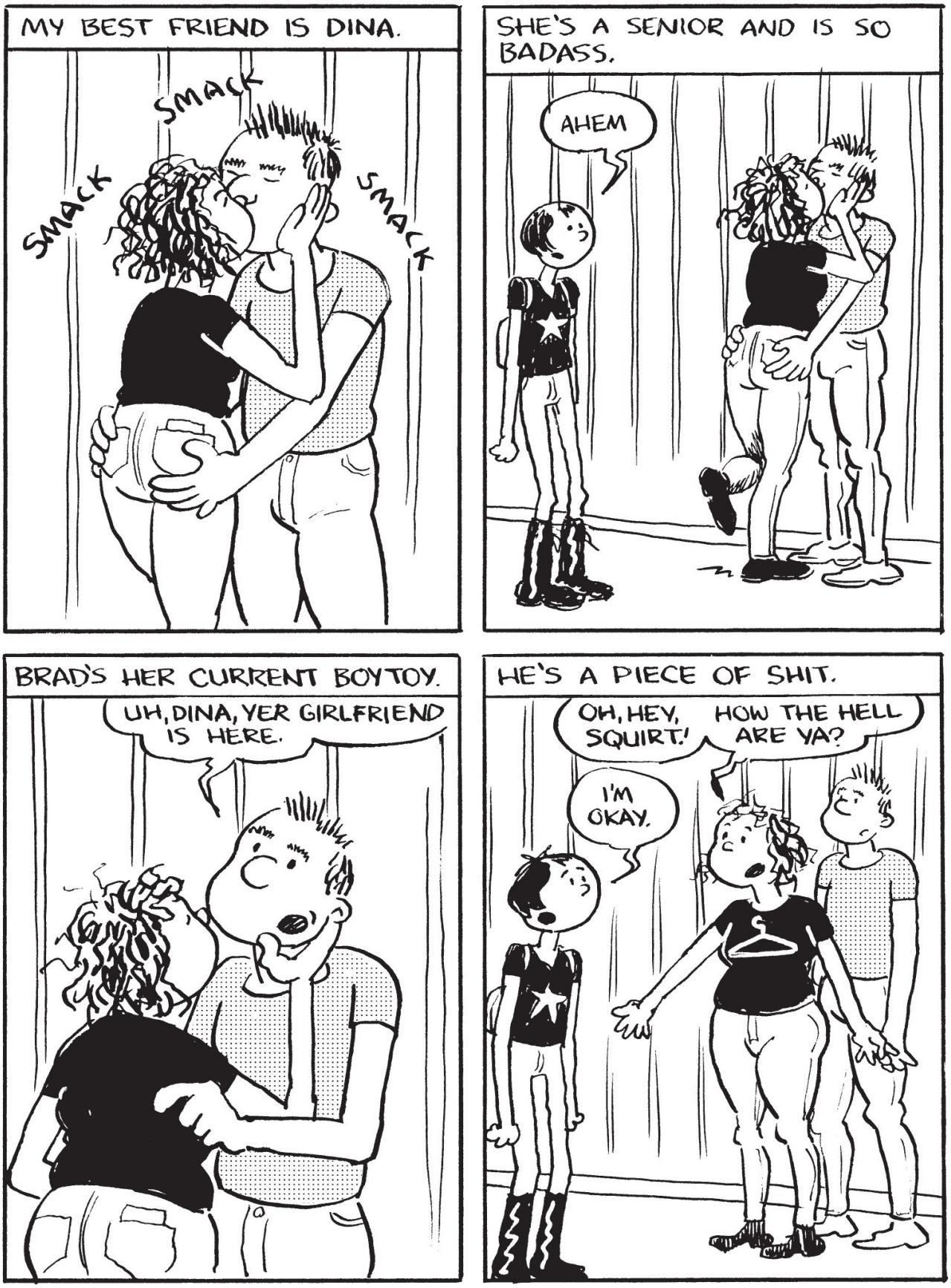



ENGLISH CLASS IS OKAY. MRS. WOYCIK IS REALLY NICE TO ME. SHE THINKS ALL MY CREATIVE WRITING ASSIGNMENTS ARE GENIUS OR SOMETHING.




I LIVE WITH MY MOM AND LITTLE BROTHER. MOM AND ME HAVEN'T BEEN GETTING ALONG LATELY.


TO BE HONEST, MOM IS KIND OF A BITCH. SHE REALLY JUST ANNOYS THE CRAP OUT OF ME.



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THERE IS ONE THING ABOUT ME THAT ISN'T SO BASIC.

I CAN MAKE PEOPLE HURT. LIKE IN THEIR HEADS. I DO IT WITH MY MIND SOMEHOW.
HEY? WHAT THE? YOU OKAY?
YOWWW!!
MY BRAIN!

IT'S TOTALLY FUCKED.
OMG!
WHAT'S HAPP'NIN' TO ME?!

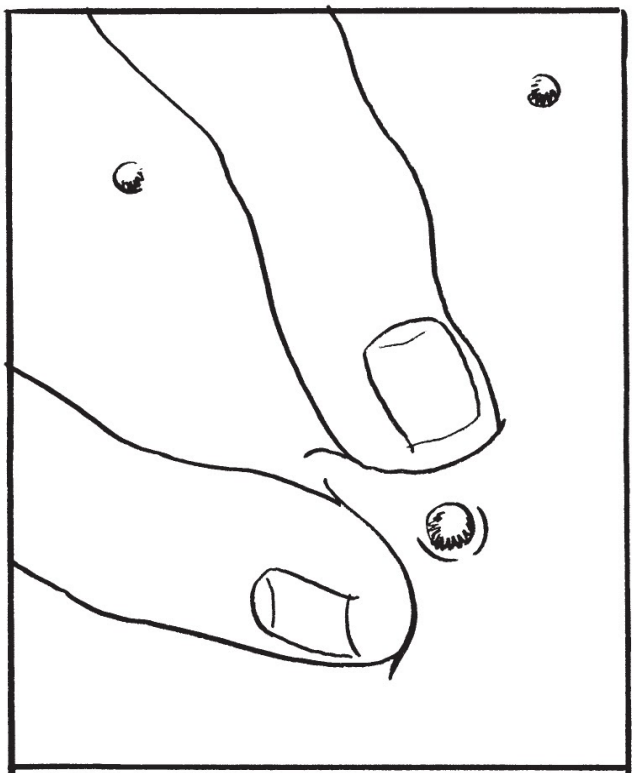
I'M SUCH A FREAK.
OW WOW YOW.

IT'S NO PICNIC FOR ME, EITHER. I GET ALL SWEATY AND ANXIOUS AND SOMETIMES I PUKE MY GUTS OUT.
WRETCH! PUKE! KOFF PUKE!

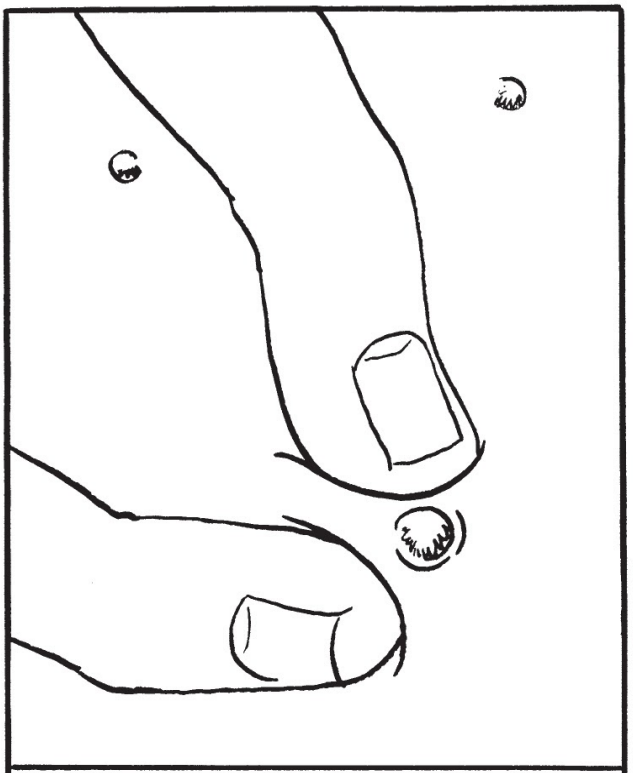
– 2 –

zits

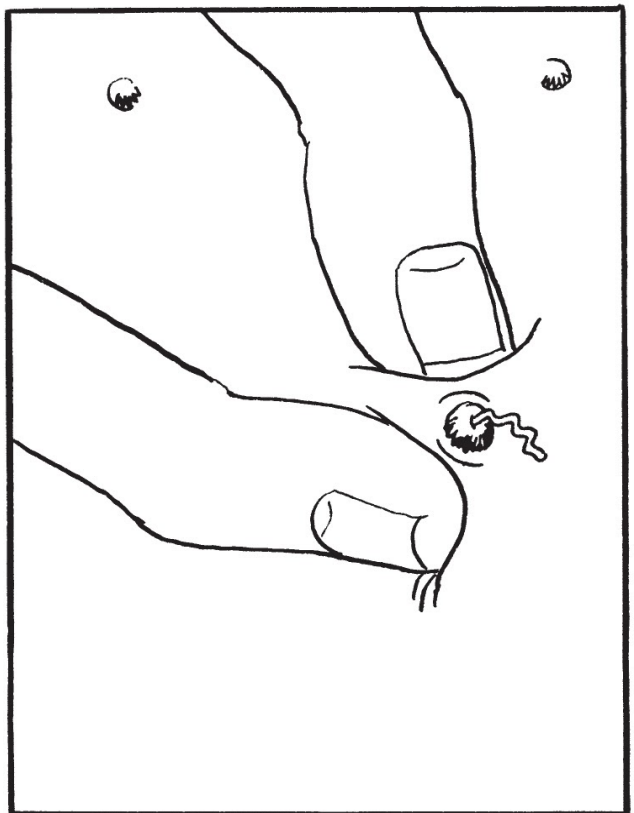
DEAR DIARY, I'M STRAIGHT-UP DISGUSTING. I STARTED GETTING ALL THESE ZITS ON MY THIGHS. SO GROSS.



IT'S PROBABLY PUBERTY OR SOMETHING.

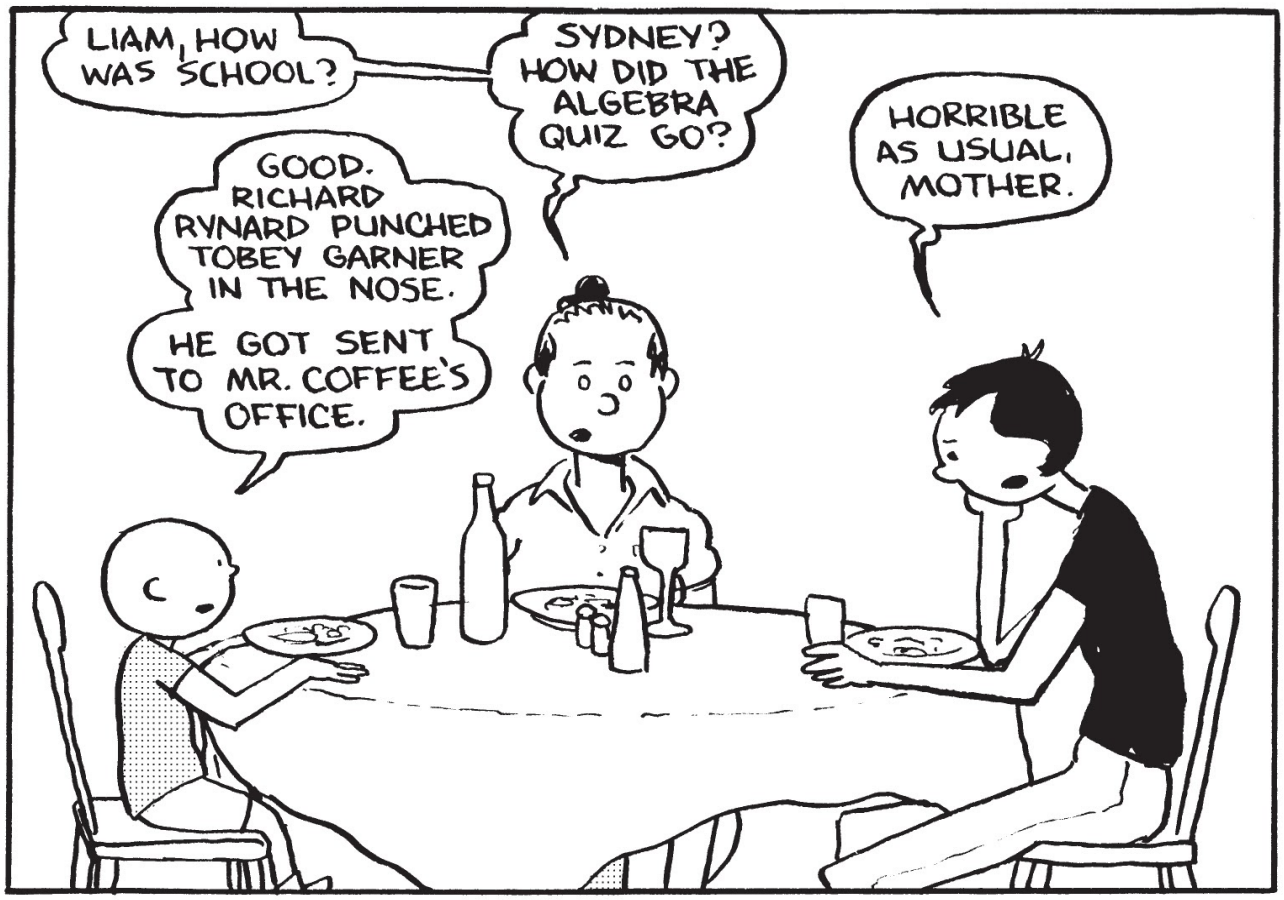


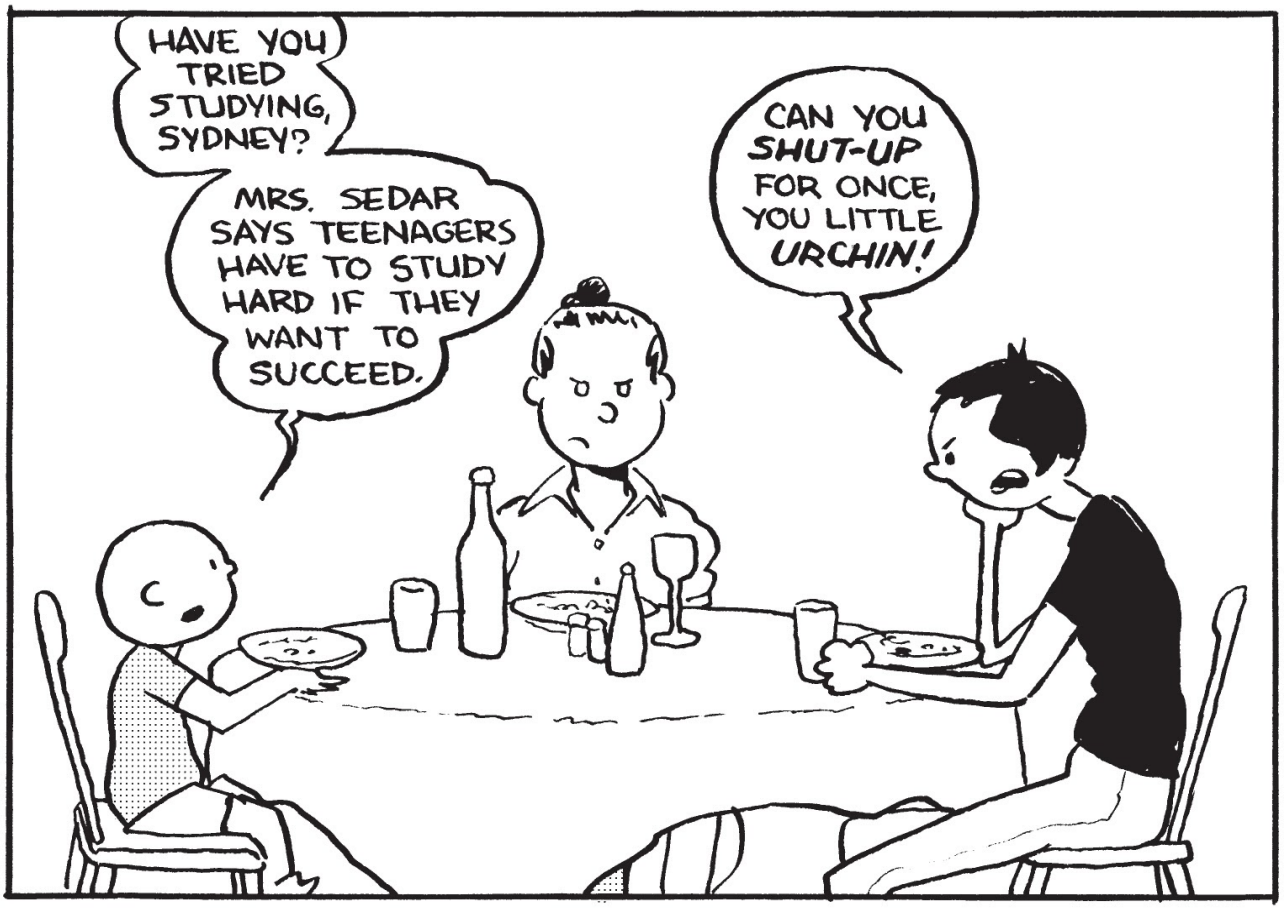
I'VE TRIED ZIT CREAM AND MOM'S SOAPS AND JUNK.

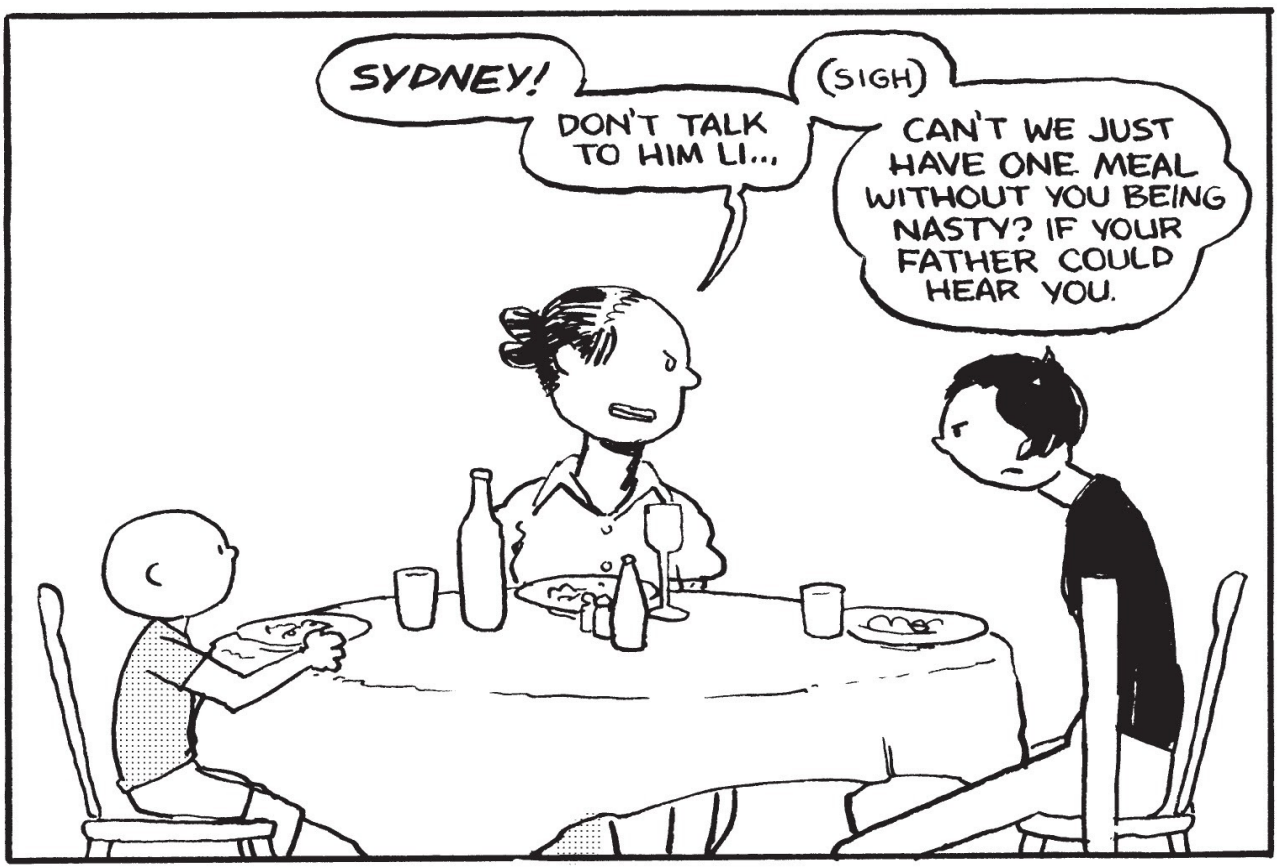


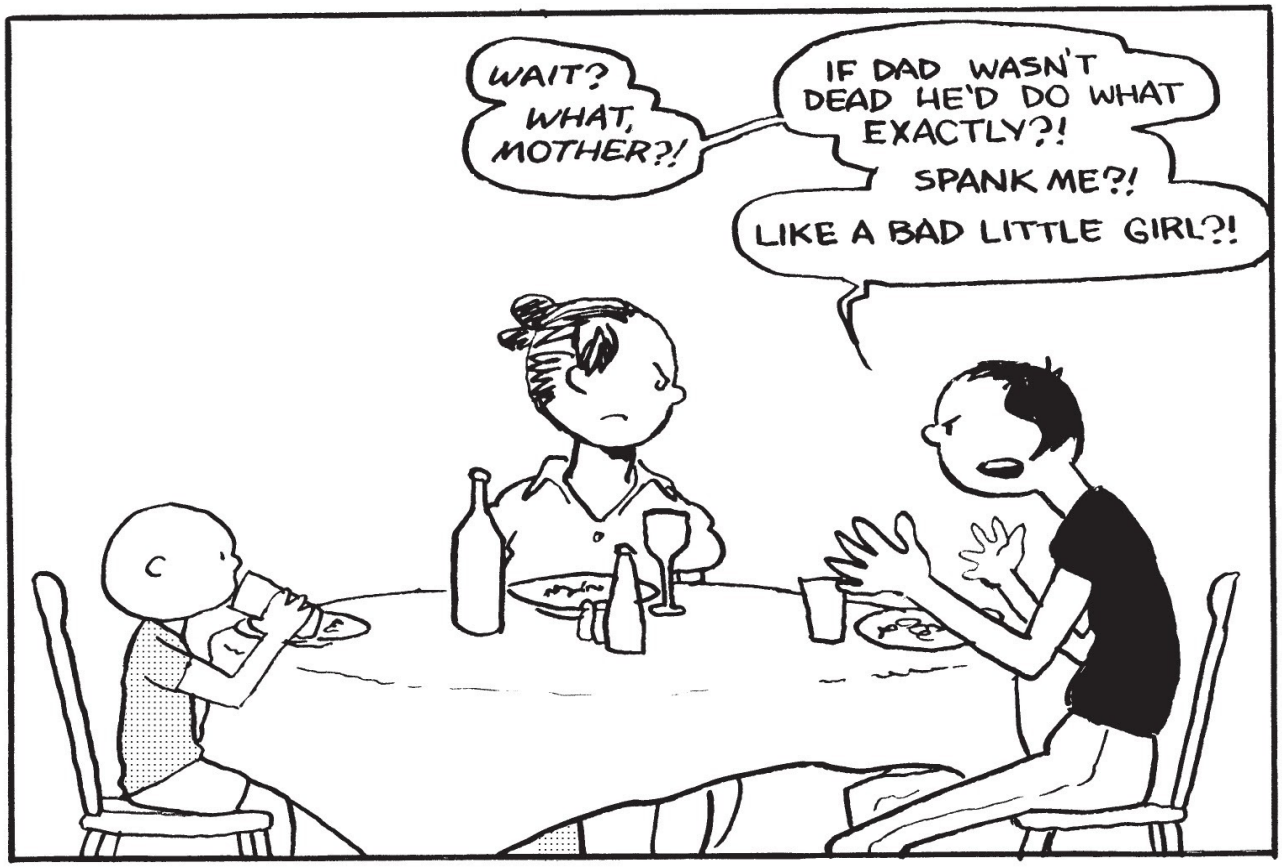
NOTHING SEEMS TO HELP.

THEY AREN'T EVEN THAT FUN TO POP.


LIAM, HOW WAS SCHOOL?
SYDNEY? HOW DID THE ALGEBRA QUIZ GO?
HORRIBLE AS USUAL, MOTHER.
GOOD. RICHARD RYNARD PUNCHED TOBEY GARNER IN THE NOSE.
HE GOT SENT TO MR. COFFEE'S OFFICE.


HAVE YOU TRIED STUDYING, SYDNEY?
MRS. SEDAR SAYS TEENAGERS HAVE TO STUDY HARD IF THEY WANT TO SUCCEED.
CAN YOU SHUT-UP FOR ONCE, YOU LITTLE URCHIN!



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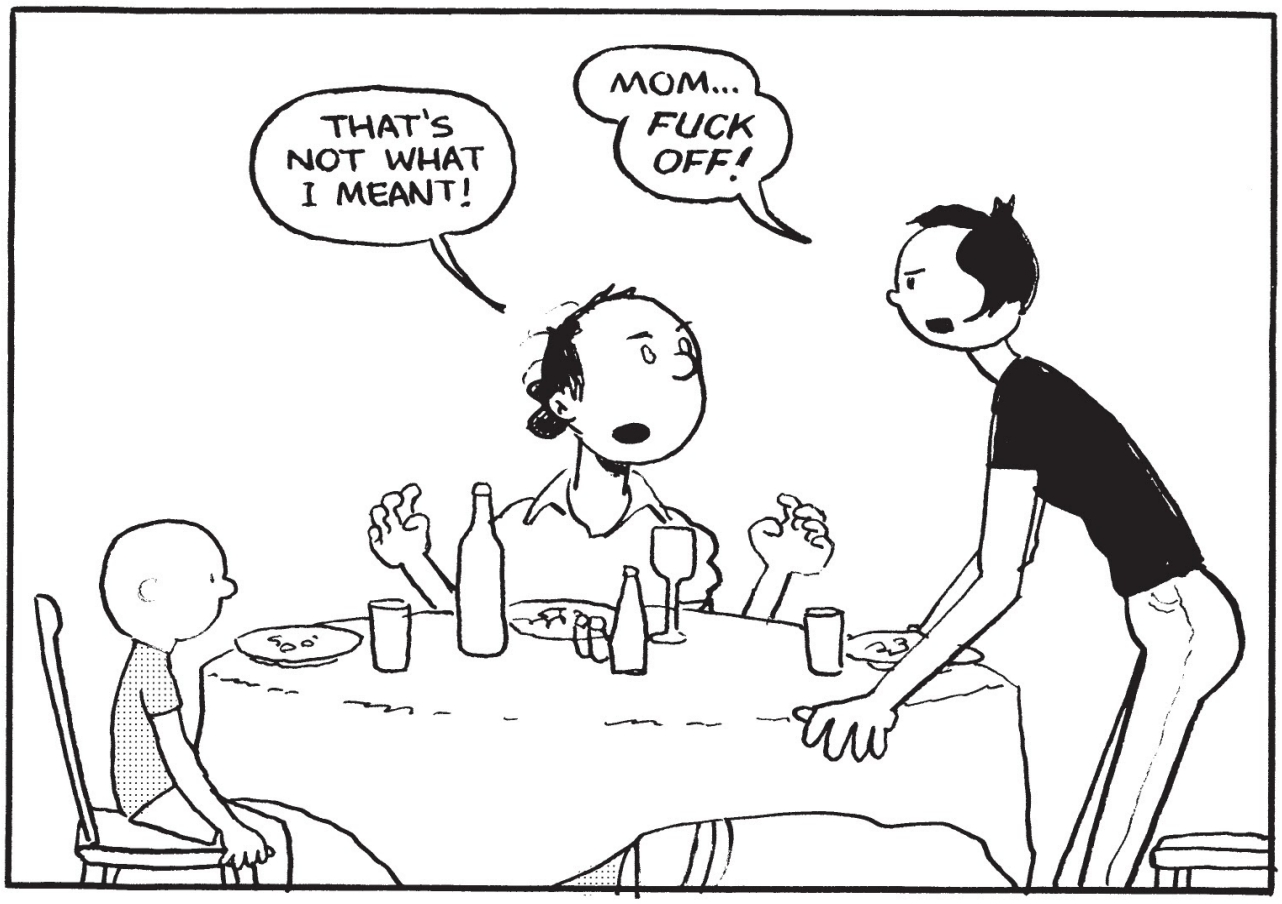
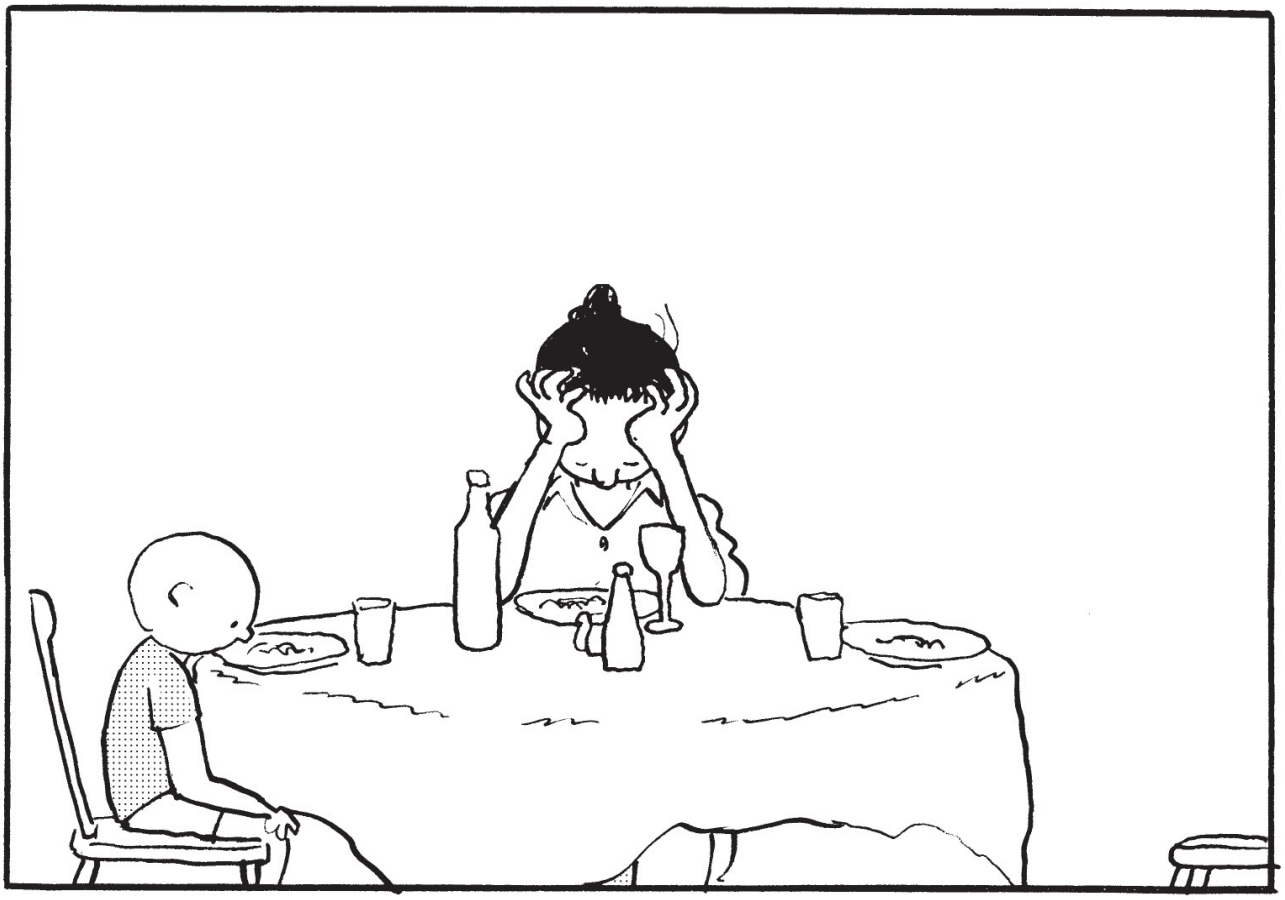
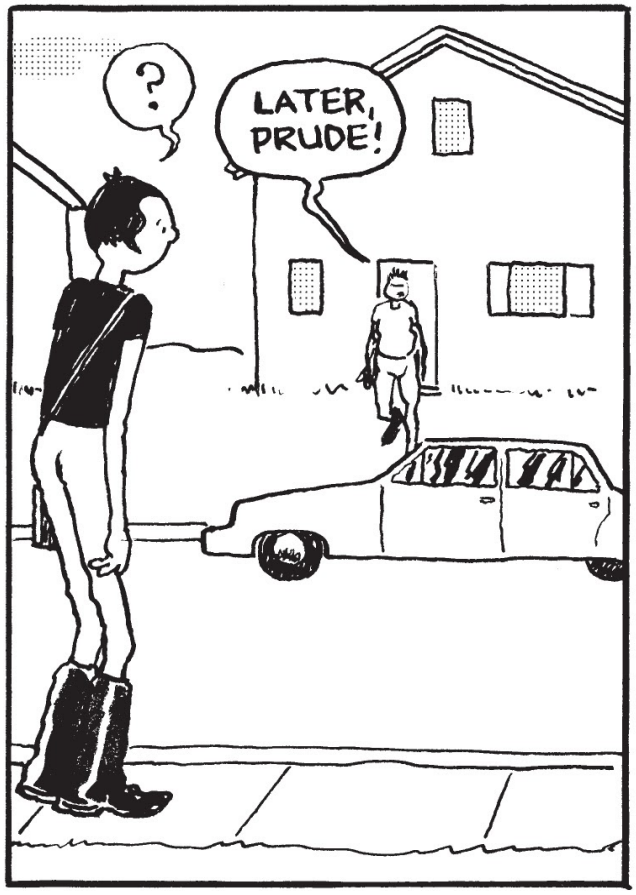
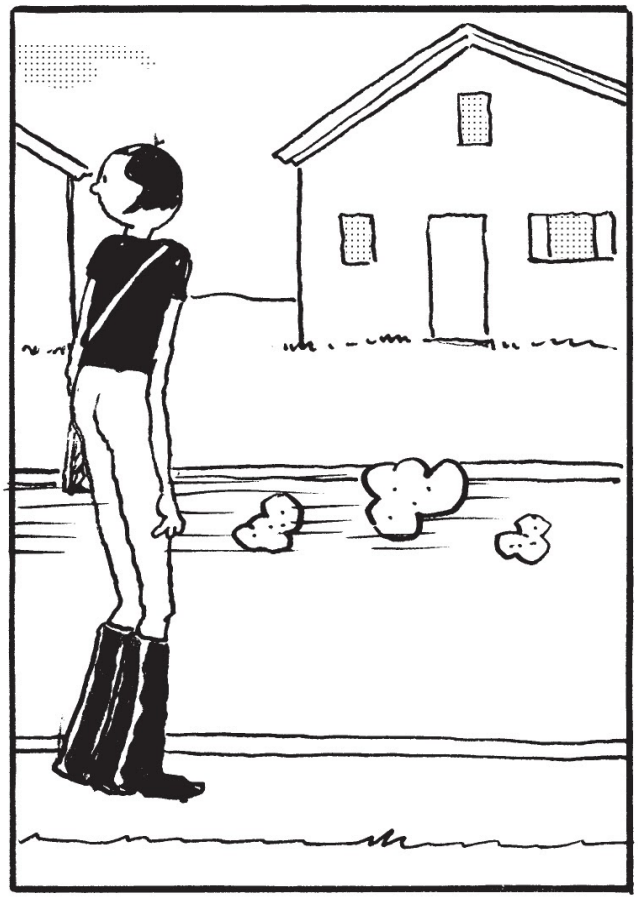
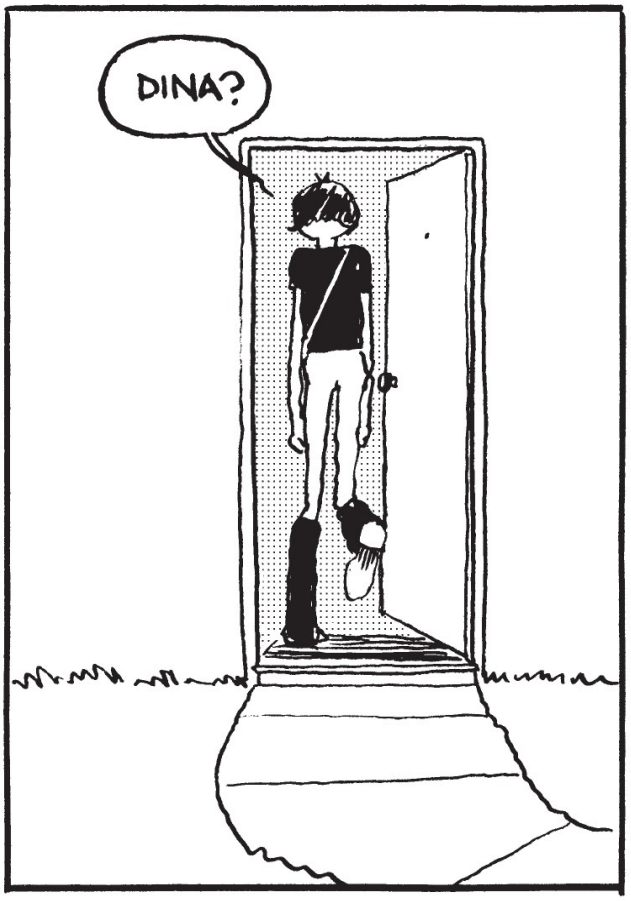

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT!
MOM... FUCK OFF!




?
LATER, PRUDE!

WHATTAYOU LOOKIN' AT, DYKE?




DINA?

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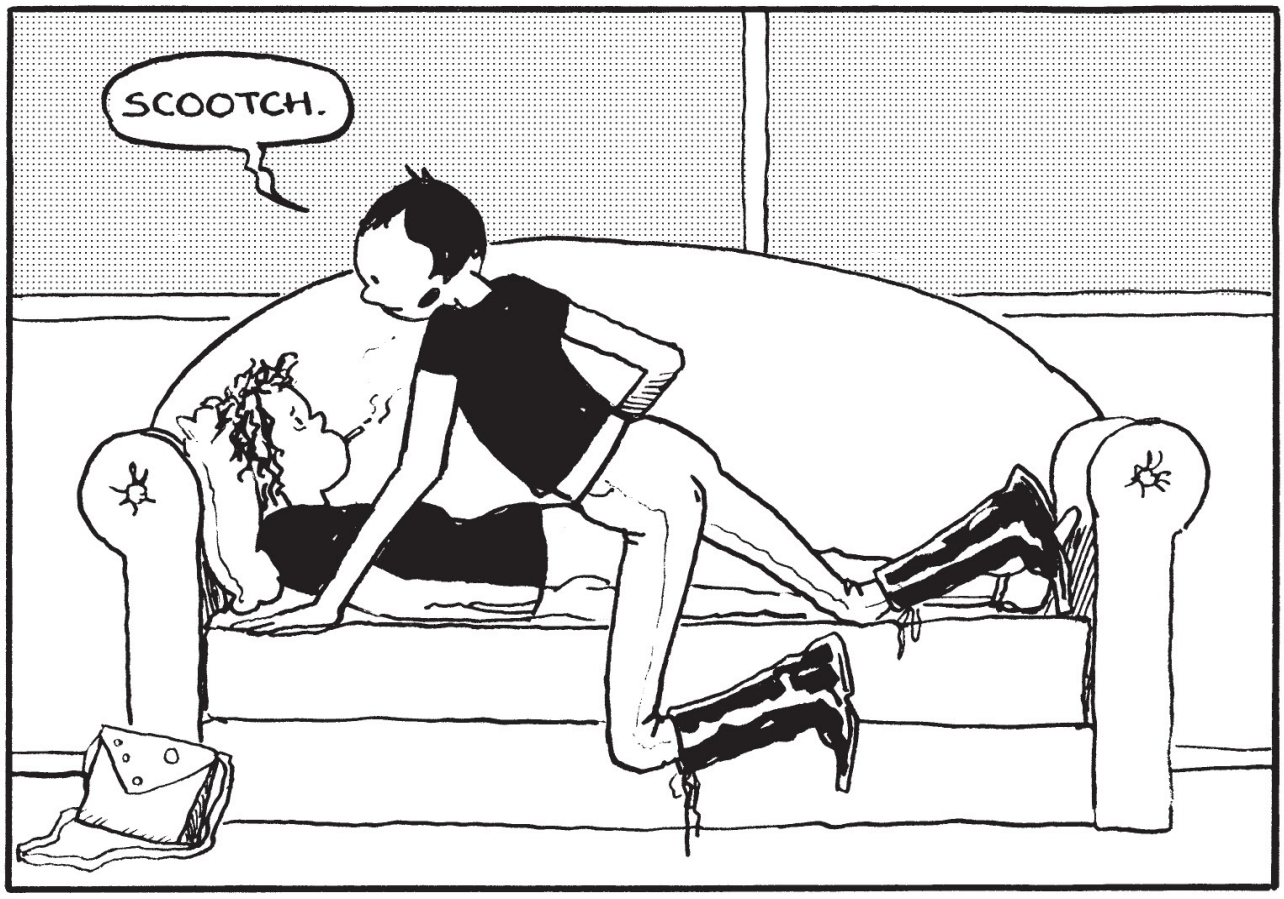
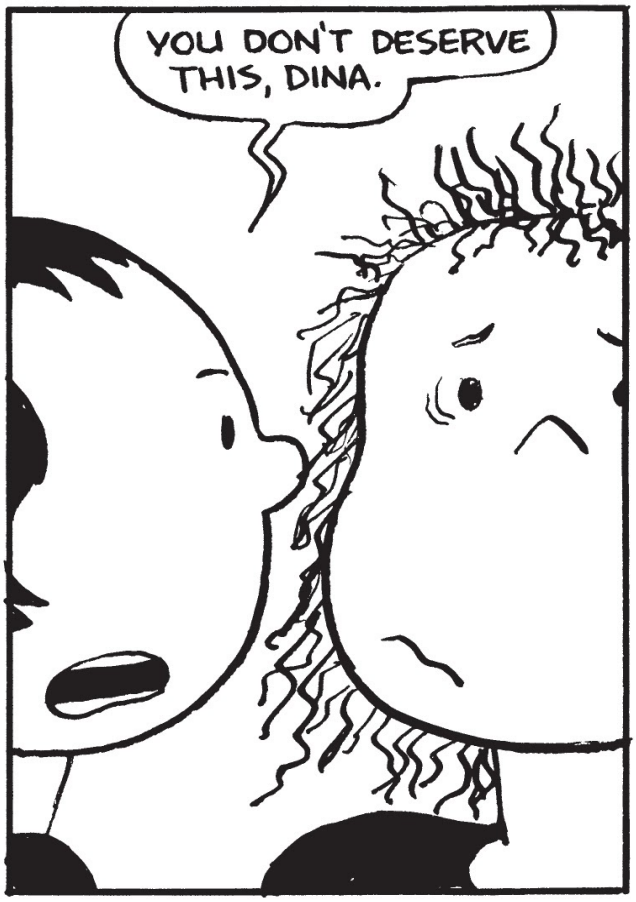
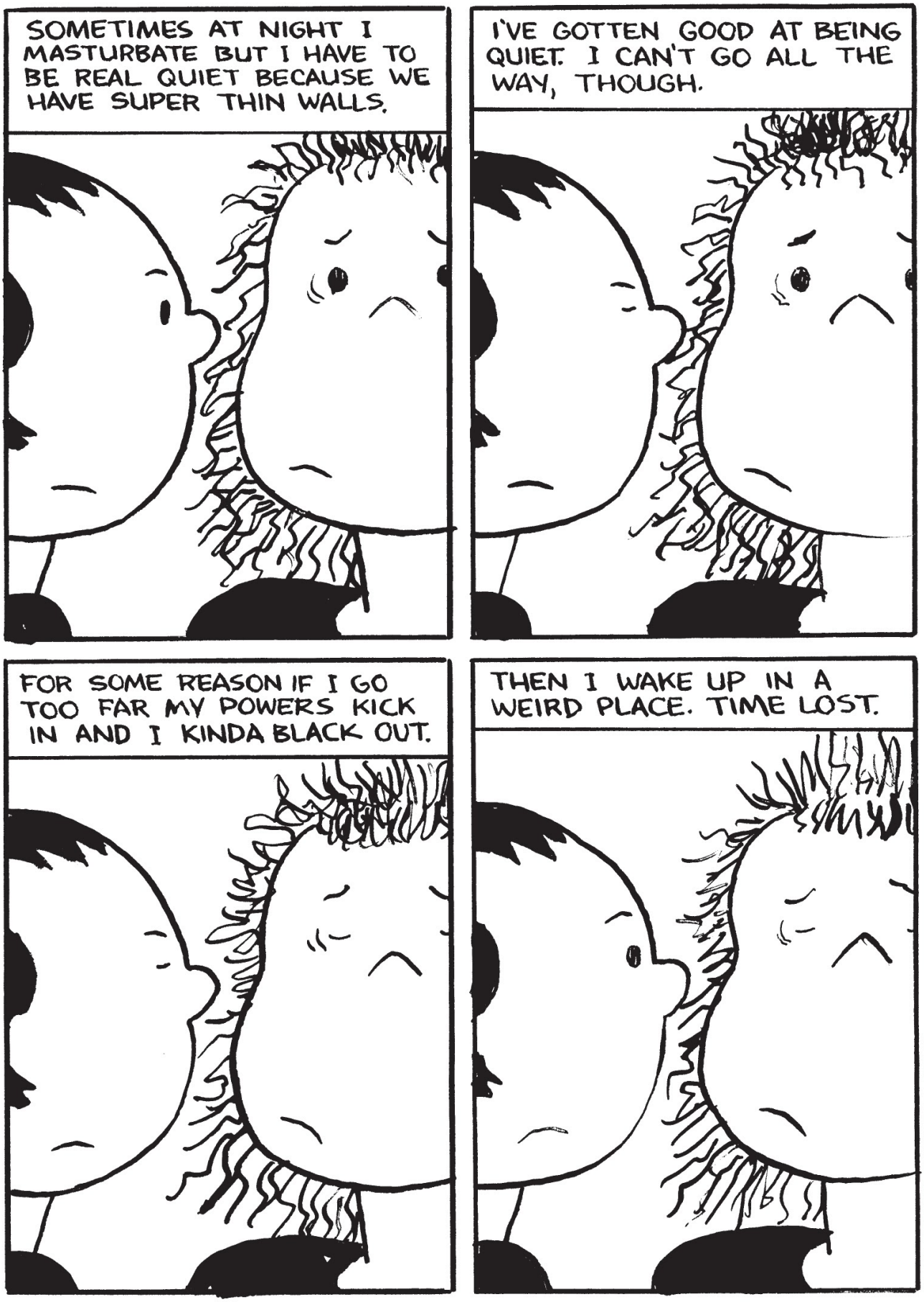
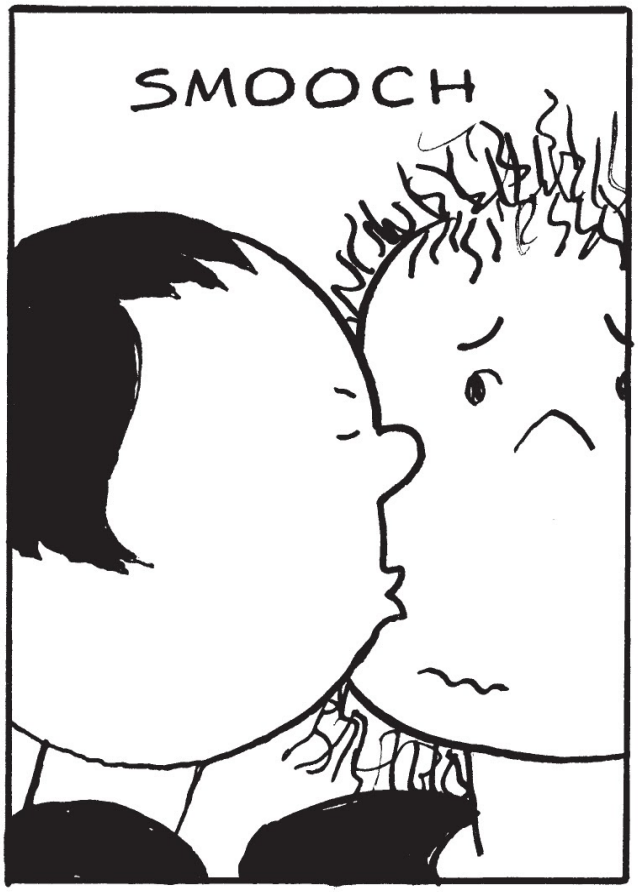
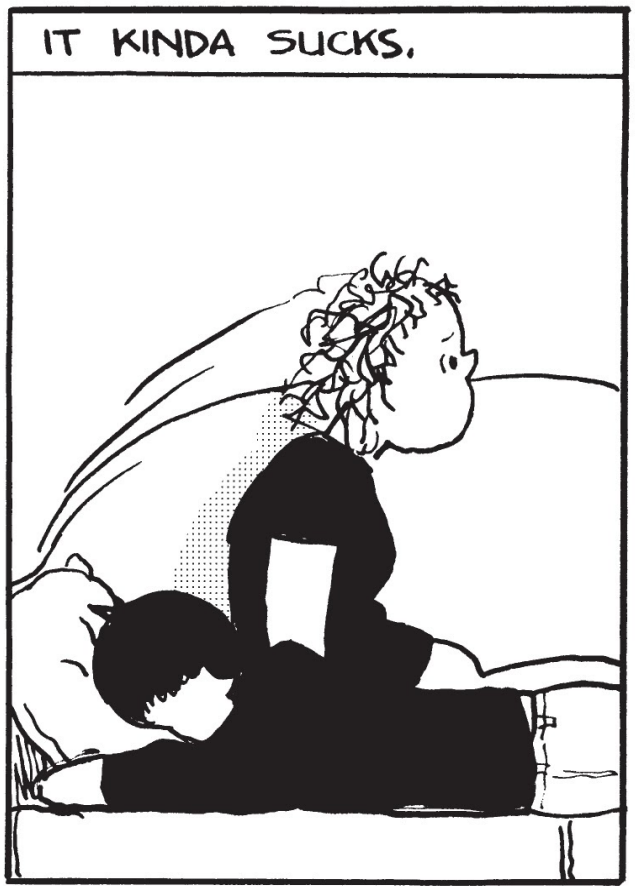

SCOOTCH.


YOU DON'T DESERVE THIS, DINA.


SOMETIMES AT NIGHT I MASTURBATE BUT I HAVE TO BE REAL QUIET BECAUSE WE HAVE SUPER THIN WALLS.
I'VE GOTTEN GOOD AT BEING QUIET. I CAN'T GO ALL THE WAY, THOUGH.
FOR SOME REASON IF I GO TOO FAR MY POWERS KICK IN AND I KINDA BLACK OUT.
THEN I WAKE UP IN A WEIRD PLACE. TIME LOST.


SMOOCH


IT KINDA SUCKS.

I THINK YOU SHOULD GO.

'CAUSE I'M ALWAYS SO HORNY.
I'M SORRY

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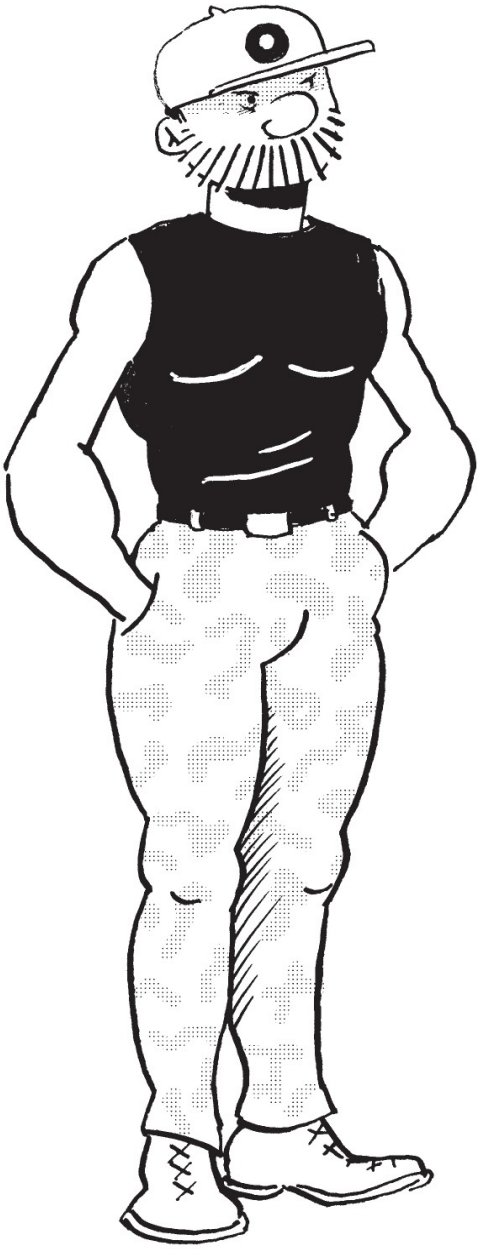
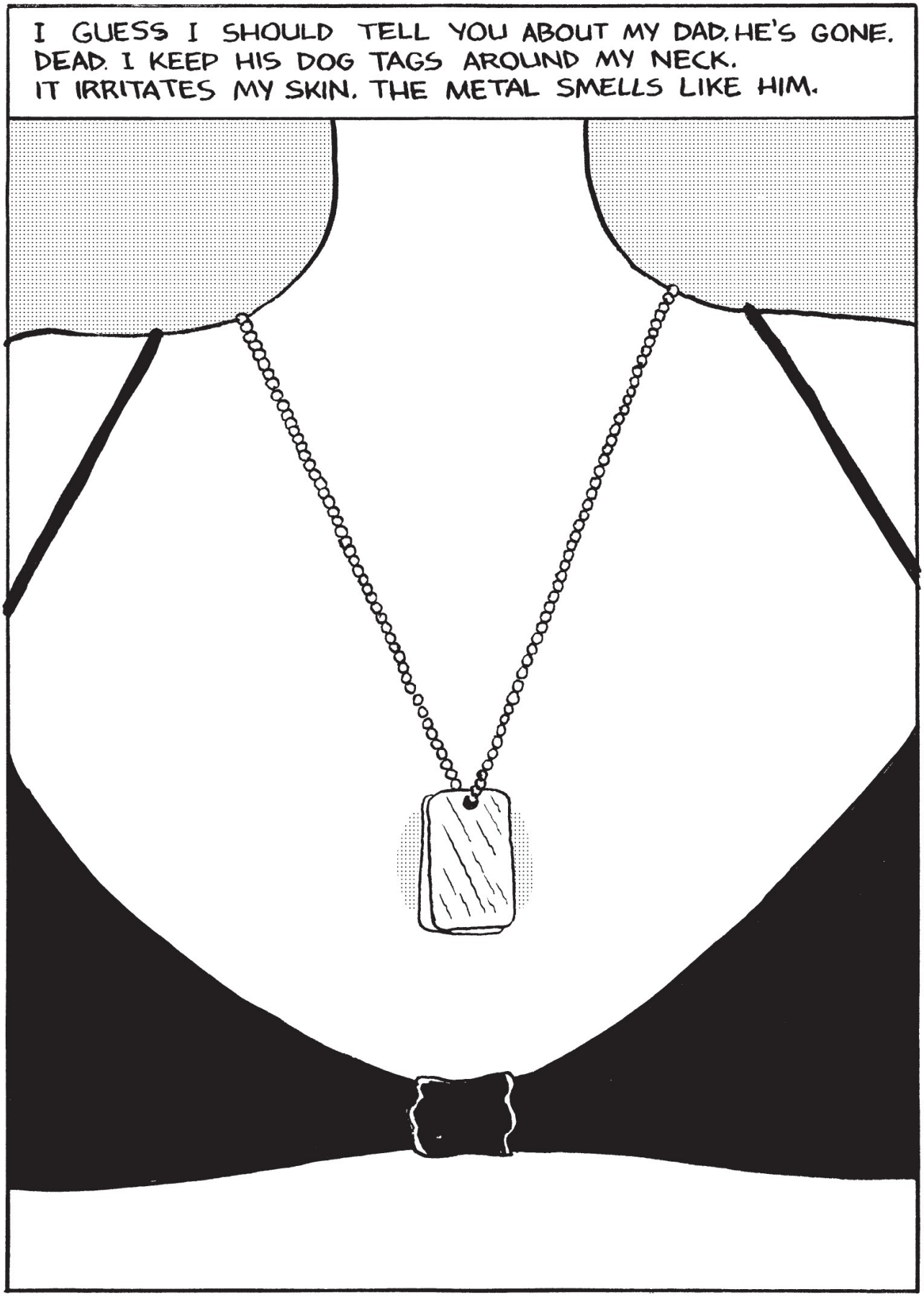
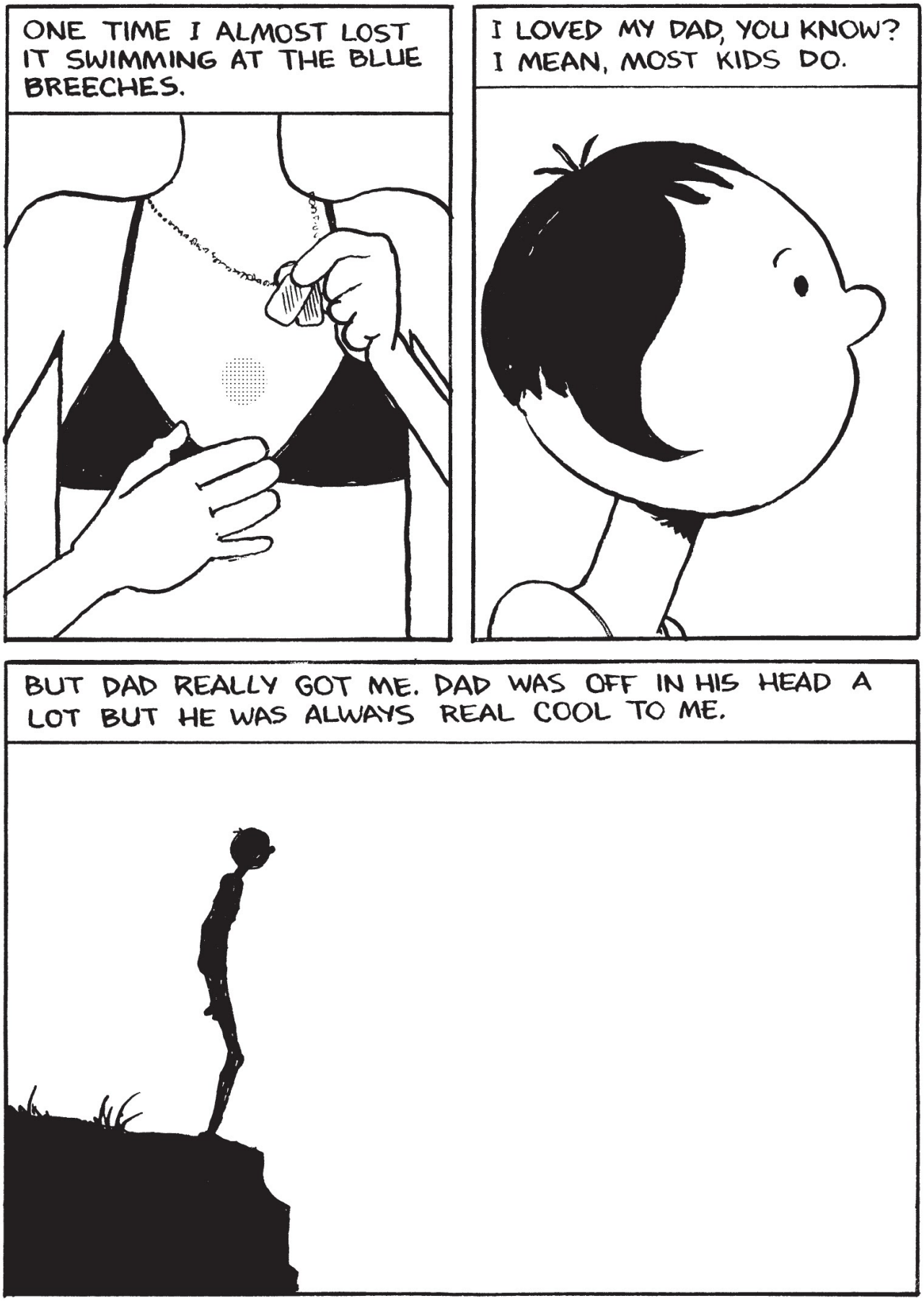
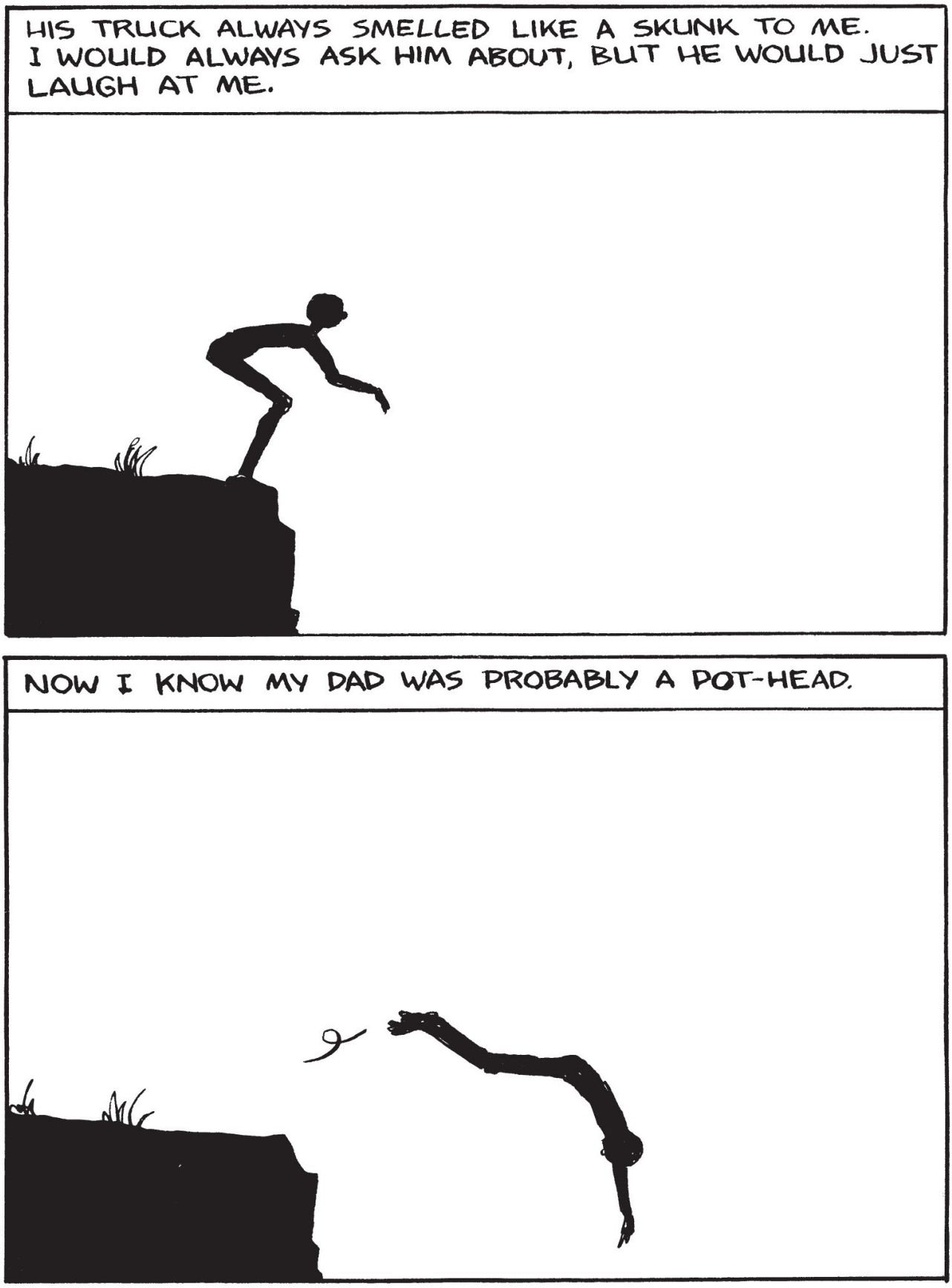


dad


I GUESS I SHOULD TELL YOU ABOUT MY DAD. HE'S GONE. DEAD. I KEEP HIS DOG TAGS AROUND MY NECK. IT IRRITATES MY SKIN. THE METAL SMELLS LIKE HIM.


ONE TIME I ALMOST LOST IT SWIMMING AT THE BLUE BREECHES.
I LOVED MY DAD, YOU KNOW? I MEAN, MOST KIDS DO.
BUT DAD REALLY GOT ME. DAD WAS OFF IN HIS HEAD A LOT BUT HE WAS ALWAYS REAL COOL TO ME.



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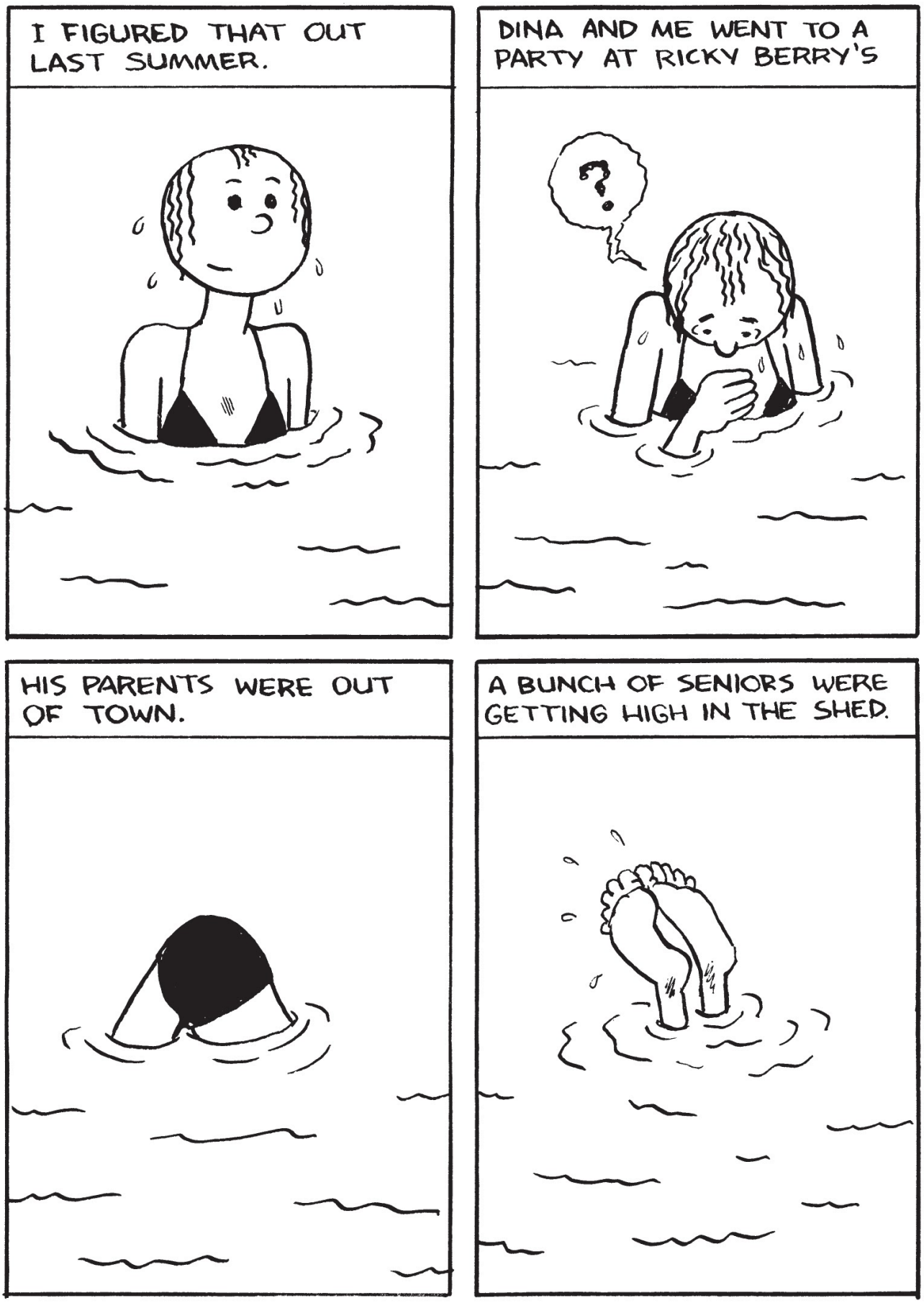
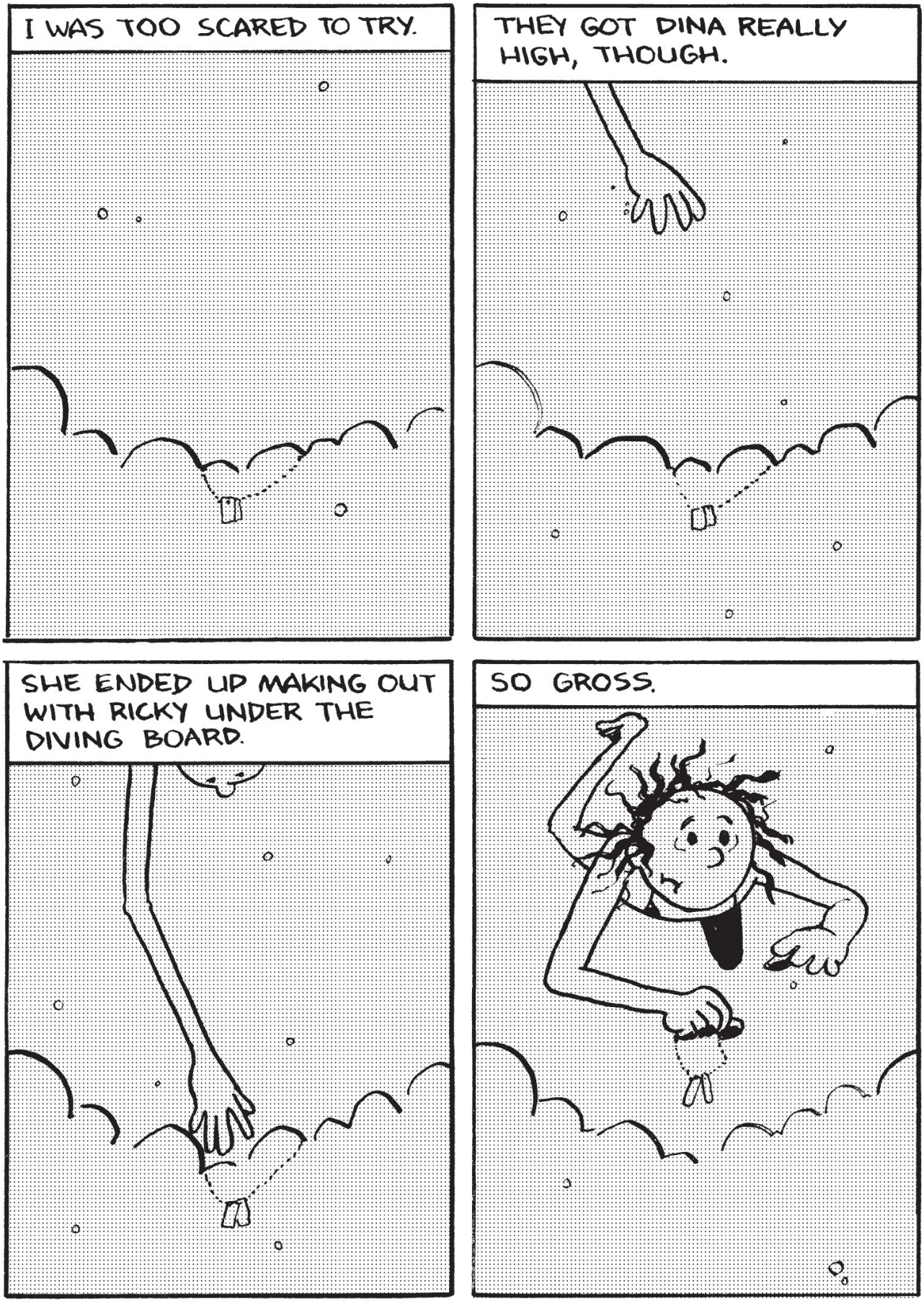
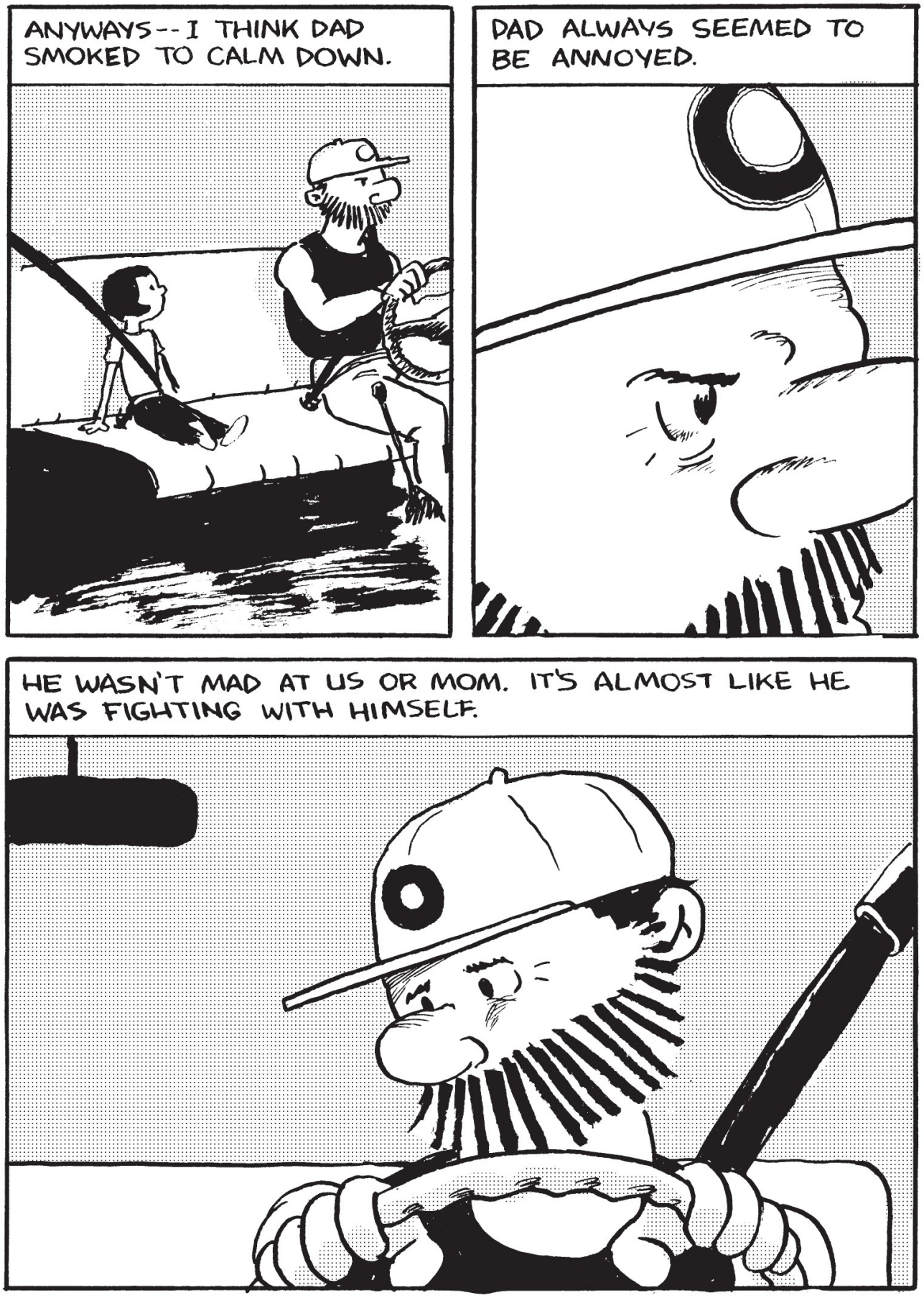
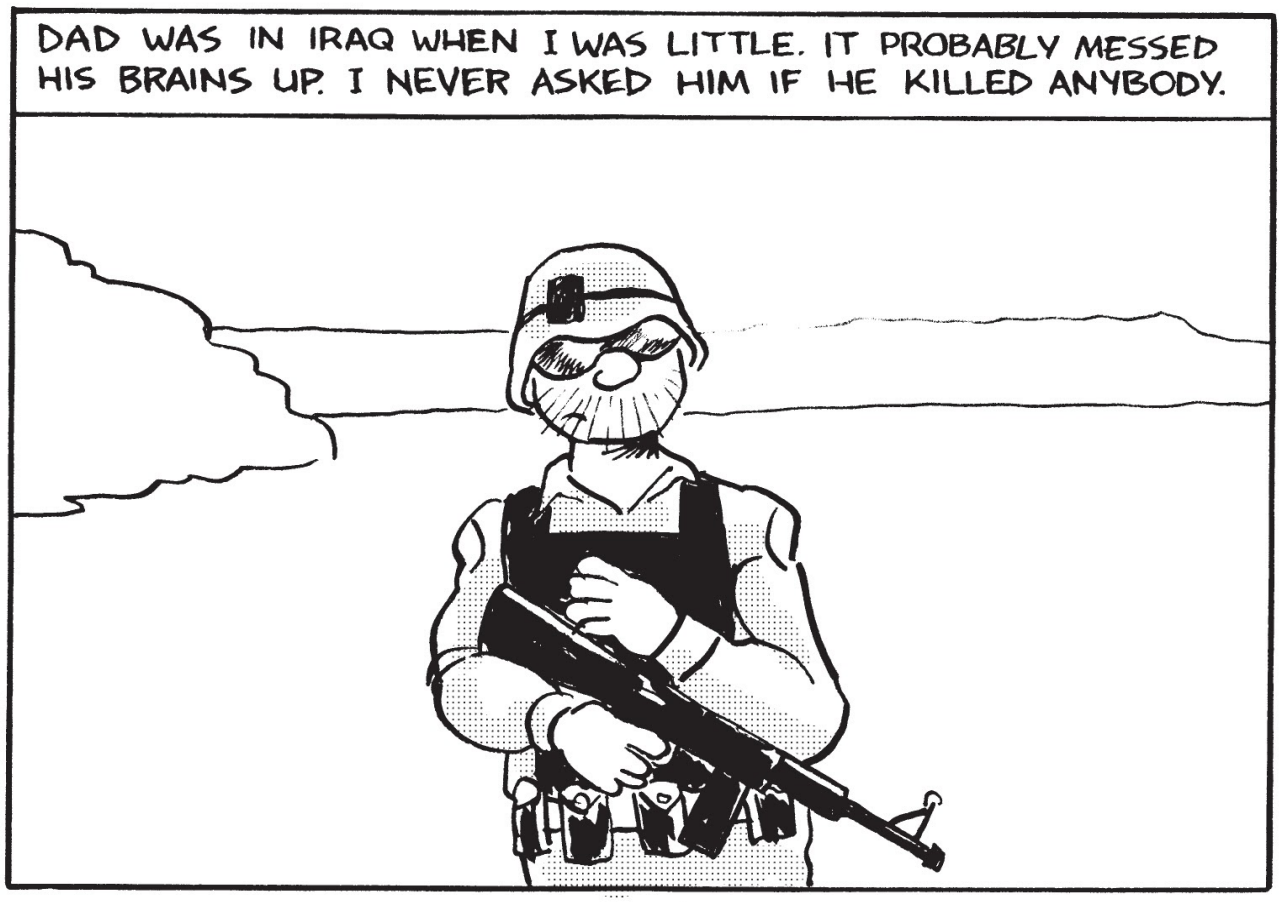
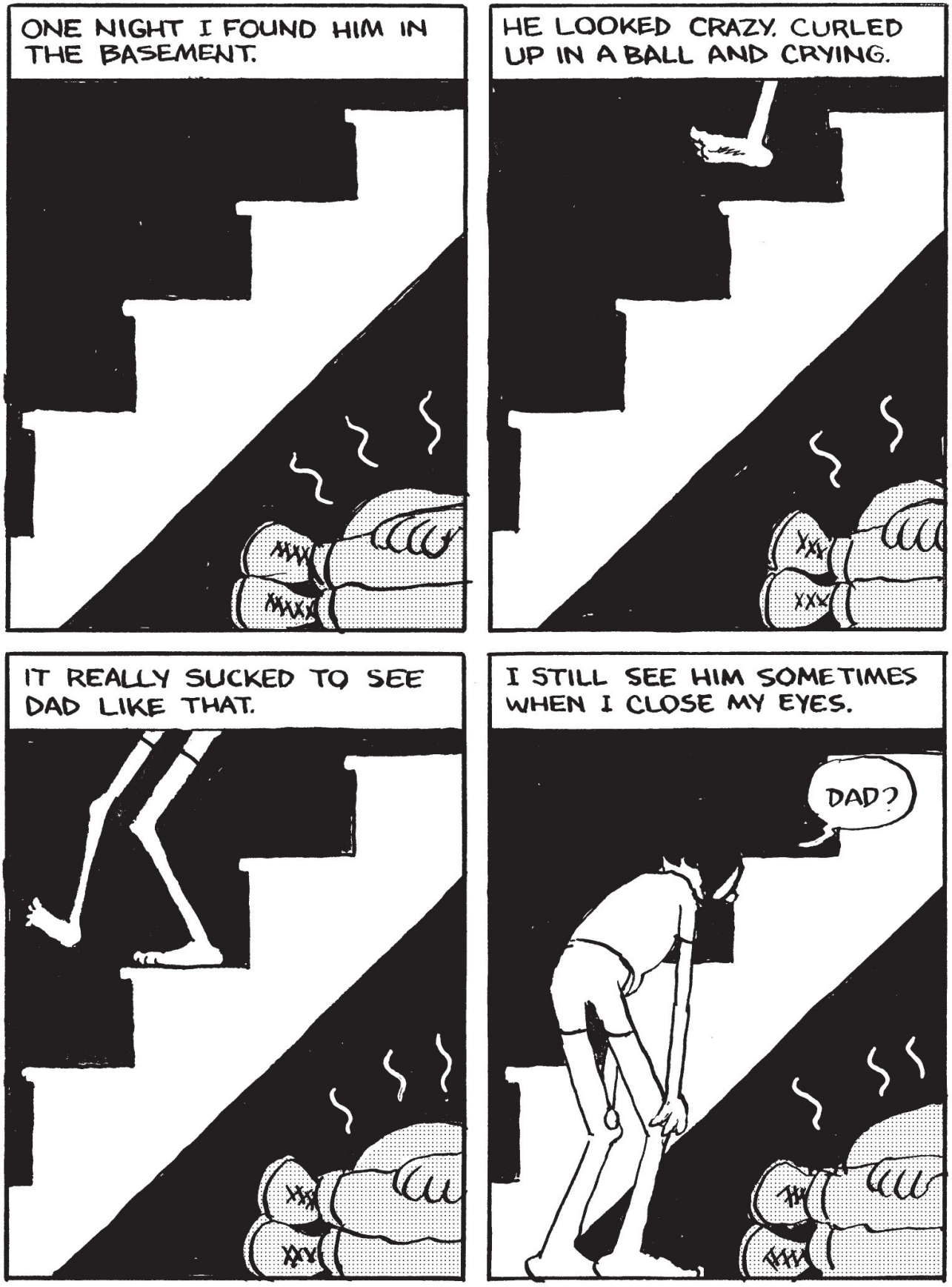

I FIGURED THAT OUT LAST SUMMER.
DINA AND ME WENT TO A PARTY AT RICKY BERRY'S
?
HIS PARENTS WERE OUT OF TOWN.
A BUNCH OF SENIORS WERE GETTING HIGH IN THE SHED.


I WAS TOO SCARED TO TRY.
THEY GOT DINA REALLY HIGH, THOUGH.
SHE ENDED UP MAKING OUT WITH RICKY UNDER THE DIVING BOARD.
SO GROSS.


ANYWAYS--I THINK DAD SMOKED TO CALM DOWN.
DAD ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE ANNOYED.
HE WASN'T MAD AT US OR MOM. IT'S ALMOST LIKE HE WAS FIGHTING WITH HIMSELF.


DAD WAS IN IRAQ WHEN I WAS LITTLE. IT PROBABLY MESSED HIS BRAINS UP. I NEVER ASKED HIM IF HE KILLED ANYBODY.

I HATE! HATE! HATE! THAT HE WENT THERE. HOW COULD HE LEAVE ME AND MOM LIKE THAT. IF ONLY HE KNEW HOW MUCH HE MADE HER CRY.



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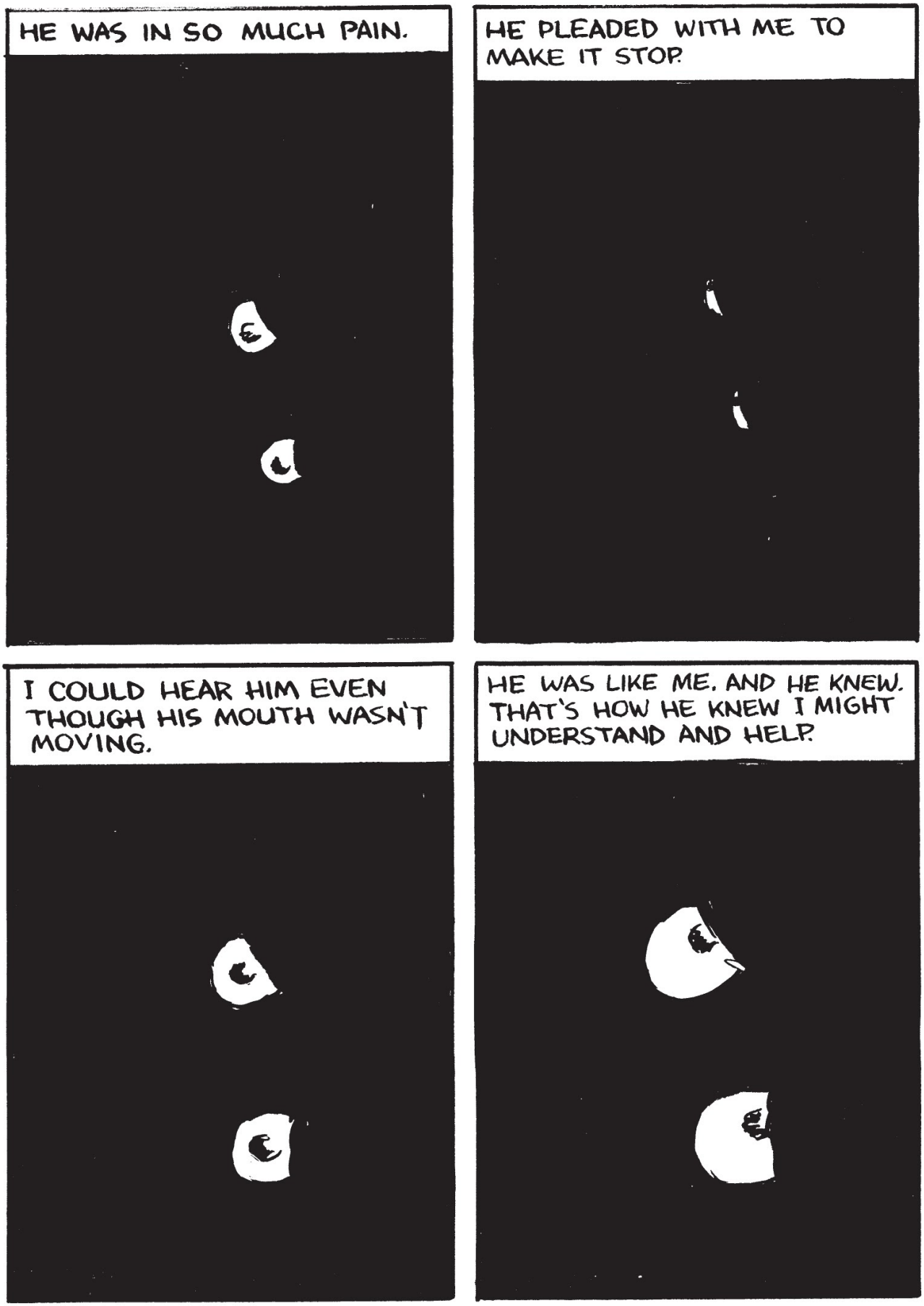
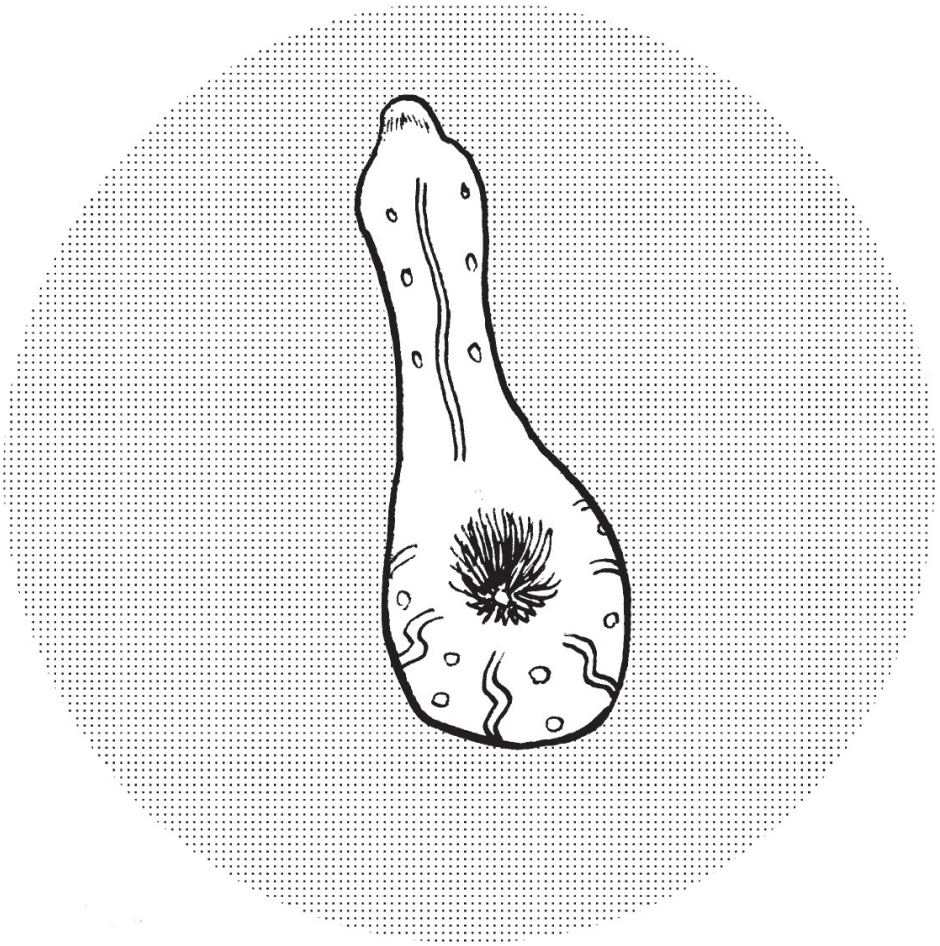
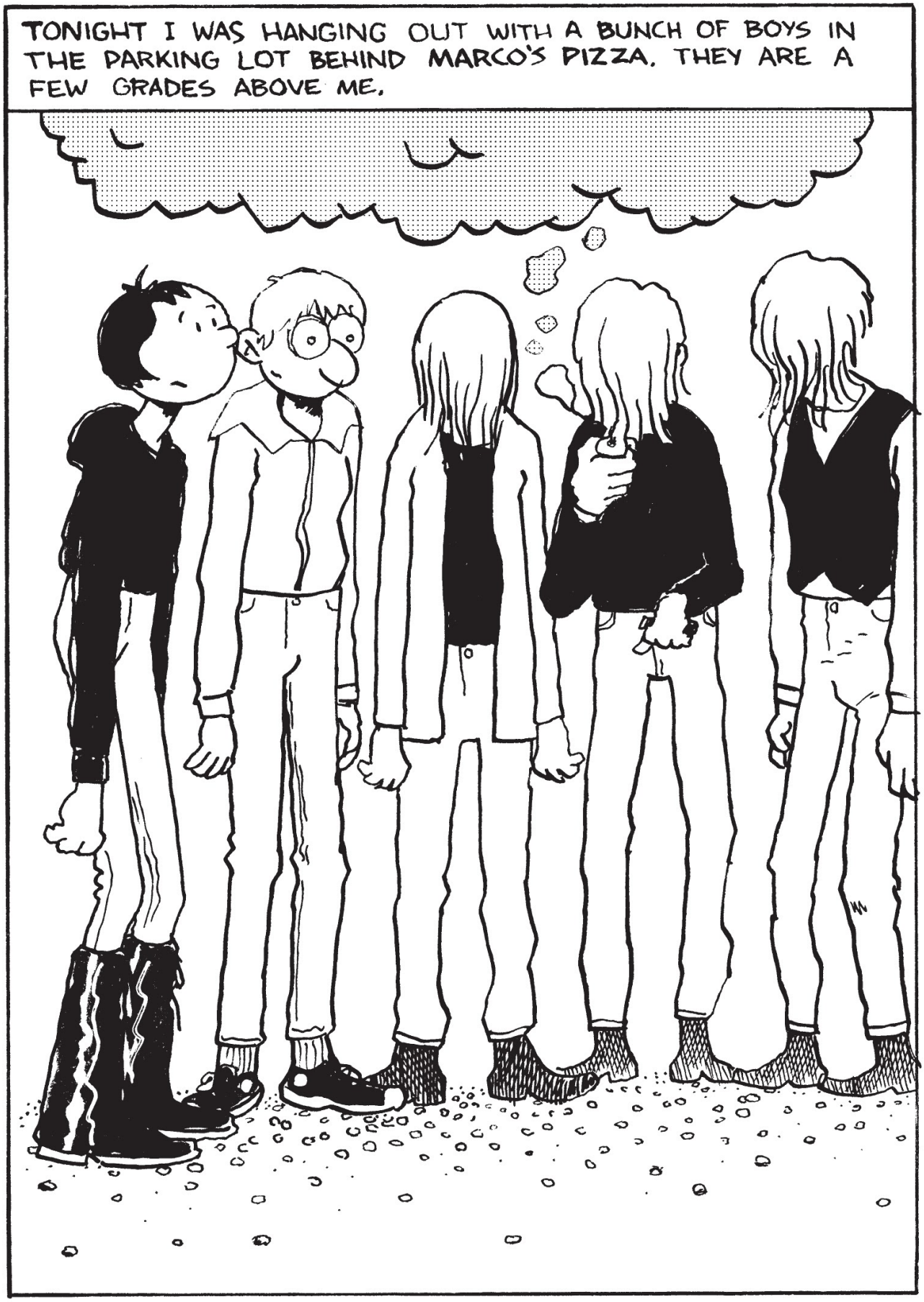

HE WAS IN SO MUCH PAIN.
HE PLEADED WITH ME TO MAKE IT STOP.
I COULD HEAR HIM EVEN THOUGH HIS MOUTH WASN'T MOVING.
HE WAS LIKE ME. AND HE KNEW. THAT'S HOW HE KNEW I MIGHT UNDERSTAND AND HELP.

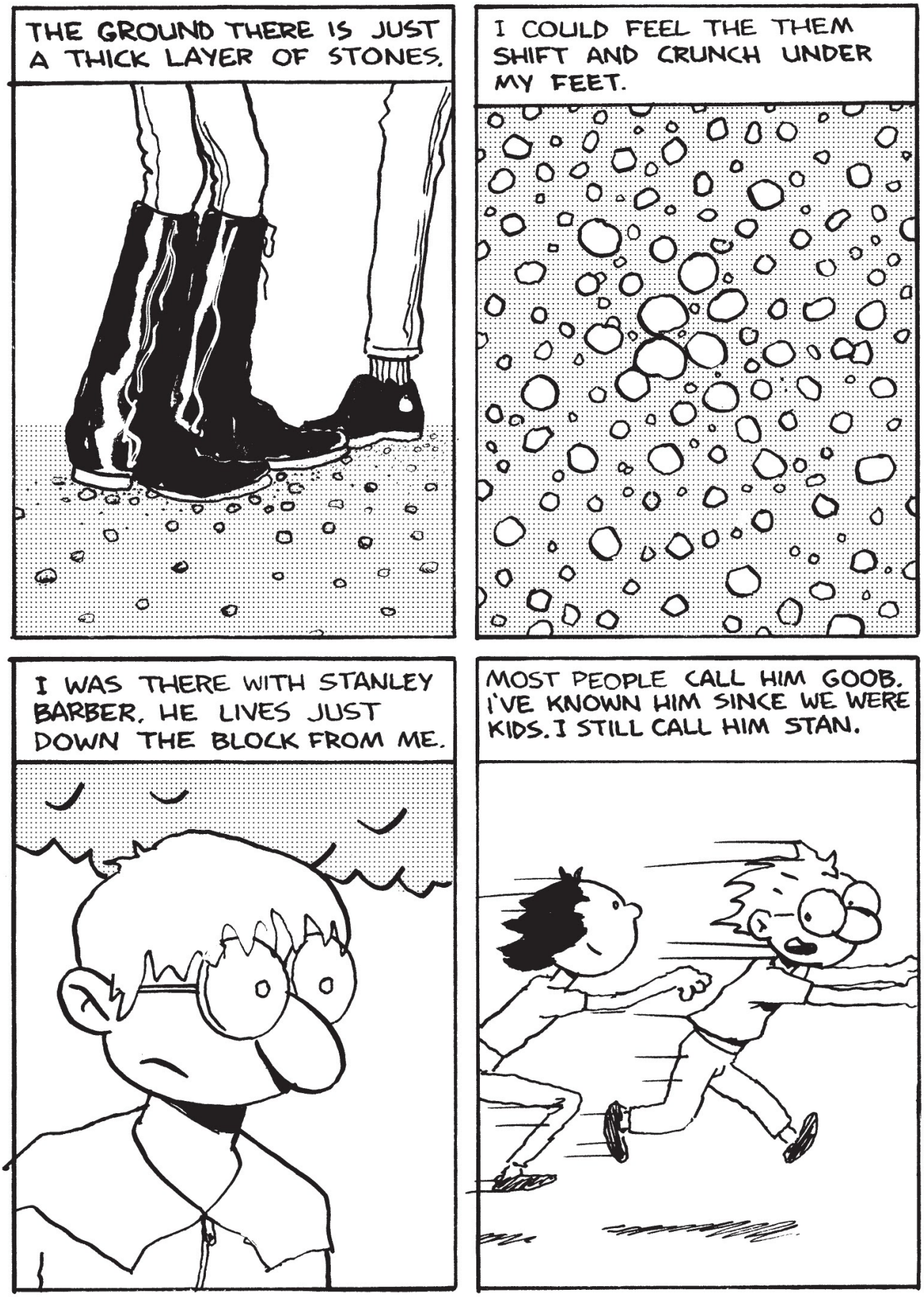
HE TOLD ME HOW TO DO IT.
IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN. I WOULDN'T KNOW THE WORDS.
I DID IT. I DID IT FOR HIM. I SET HIM FREE.
BUT I MISS HIM. I MISS HIM SO MUCH.

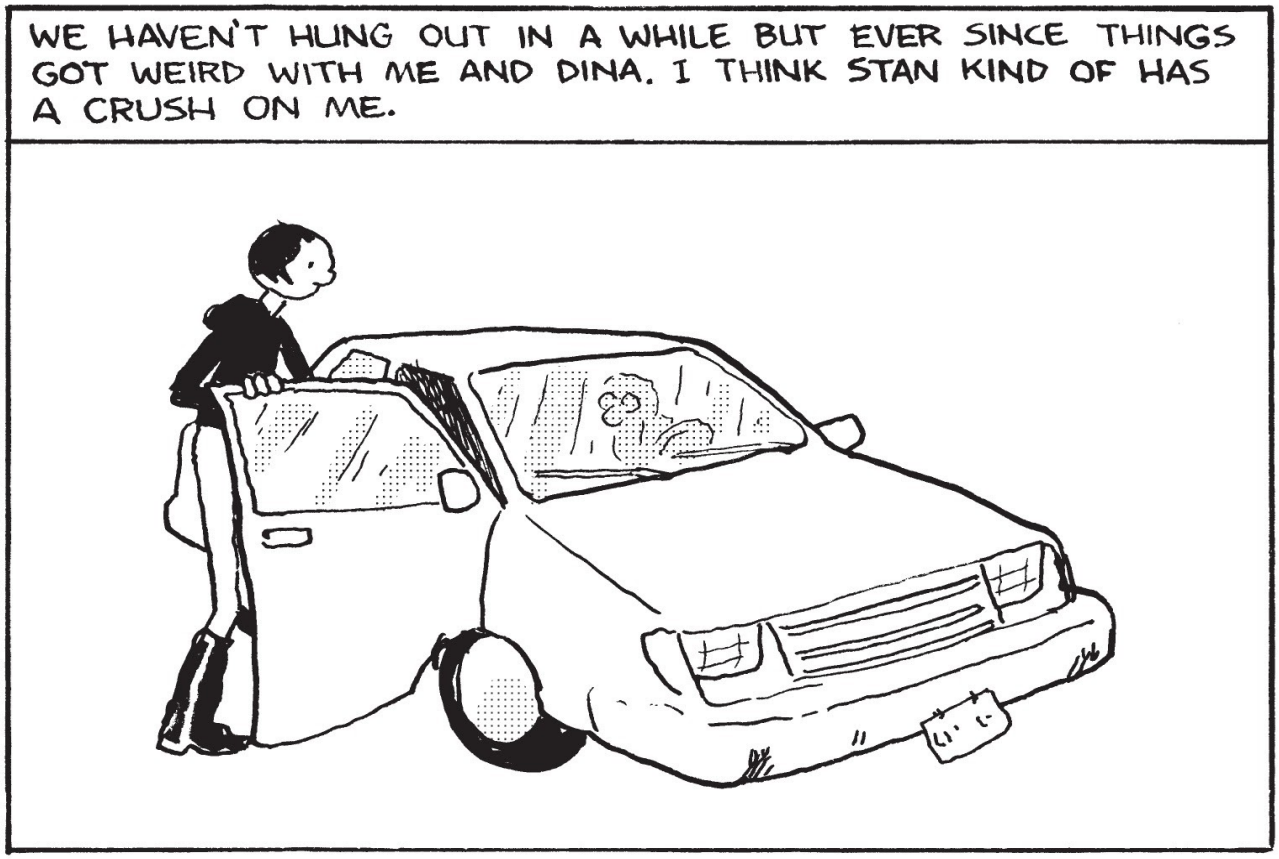
– 4 –

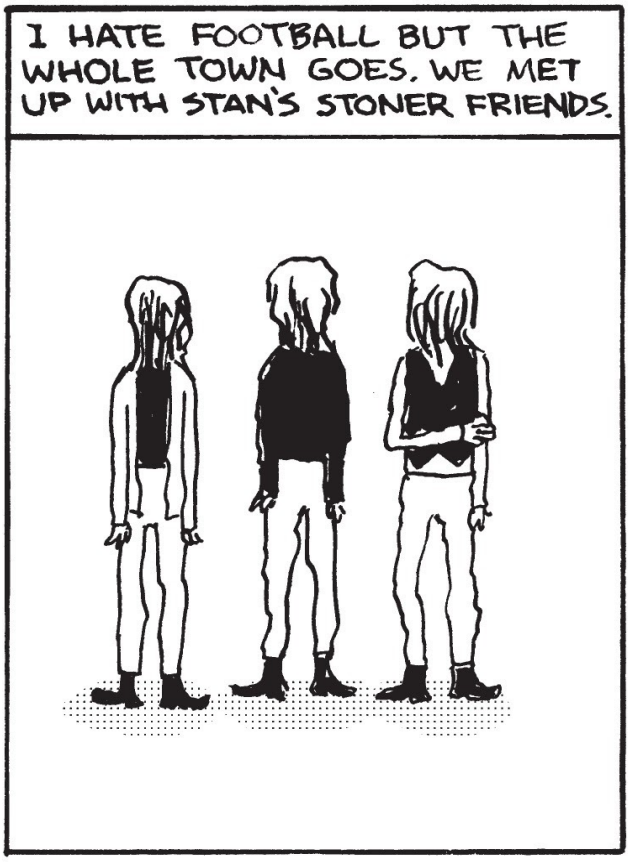


weed


TONIGHT I WAS HANGING OUT WITH A BUNCH OF BOYS IN THE PARKING LOT BEHIND MARCO'S PIZZA. THEY ARE A FEW GRADES ABOVE ME.


THE GROUND THERE IS JUST A THICK LAYER OF STONES.
I COULD FEEL THE THEM SHIFT AND CRUNCH UNDER MY FEET.
I WAS THERE WITH STANLEY BARBER. HE LIVES JUST DOWN THE BLOCK FROM ME.
MOST PEOPLE CALL HIM GOOB. I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE WE WERE KIDS. I STILL CALL HIM STAN.





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MAYBE 'FRIENDS' ISN'T THE RIGHT WORD. THEY KIND OF ARE JUST ALWAYS LAUGHING AT HIM.

HEY, GOOB! DARE YOU TO EAT THIS GROUND TWIZZLER.

YEAH.

DO IT, GOOB.

UUK

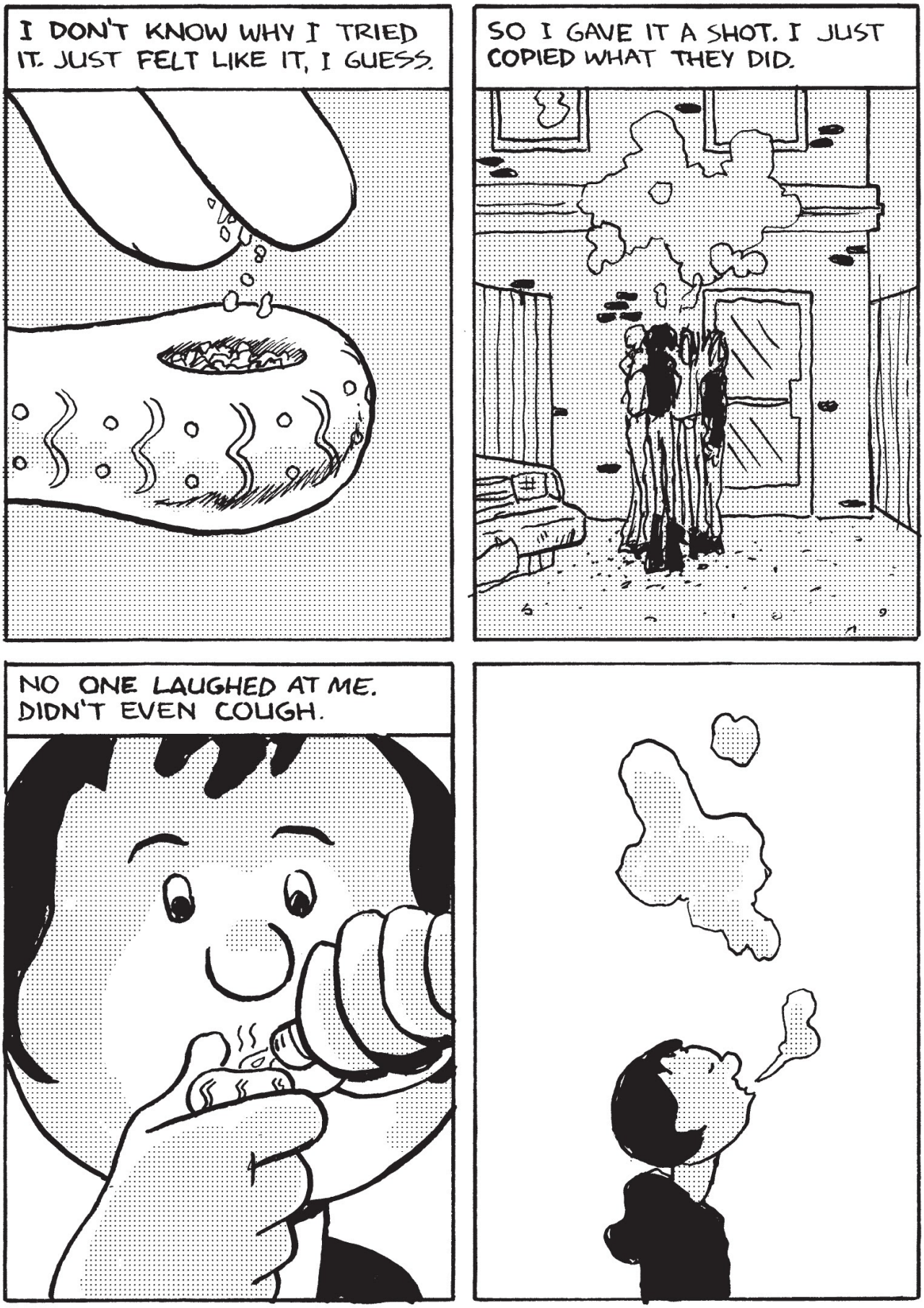
THEY KEPT ASKING HIM TO DO WEIRD SHIT.

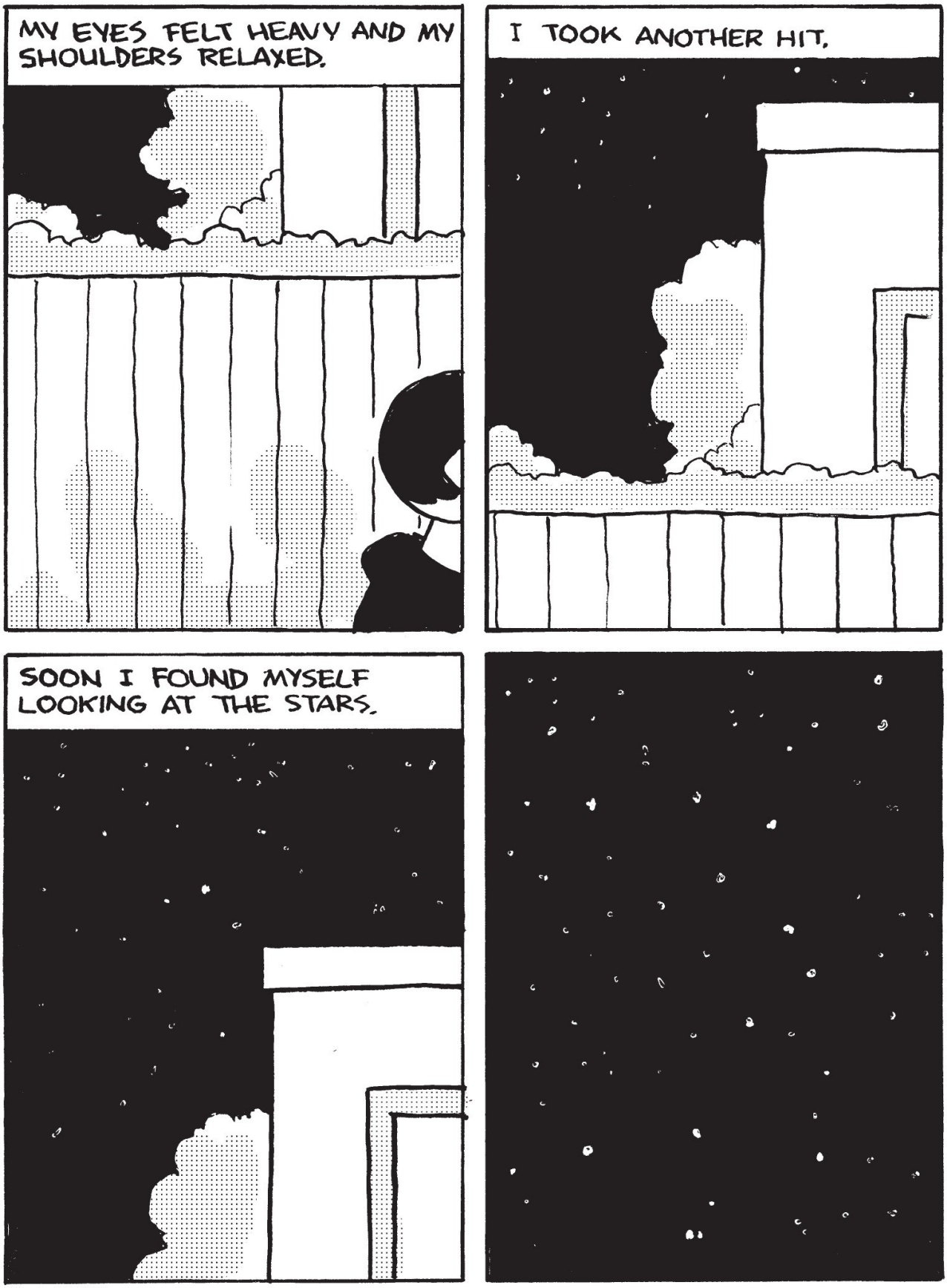
NO PROBLEM.

I DON'T THINK STAN GETS THAT HE IS THE JOKE.

SIIIICK.

THE SHAGS FOUND OUT STANLEY HAD SOME POT SO THAT'S HOW WE ENDED UP IN THE PARKING LOT. I'D NEVER DONE IT BEFORE. I GUESS I WAS AFRAID OF MYSELF.


I DON'T KNOW WHY I TRIED IT. JUST FELT LIKE IT, I GUESS.
SO I GAVE IT A SHOT. I JUST COPIED WHAT THEY DID.
NO ONE LAUGHED AT ME. DIDN'T EVEN COUGH.



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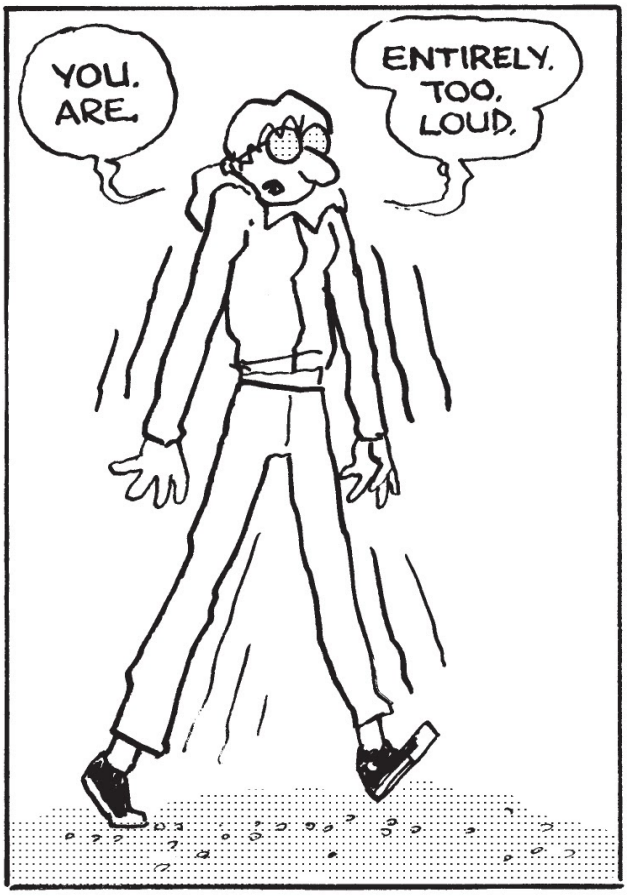
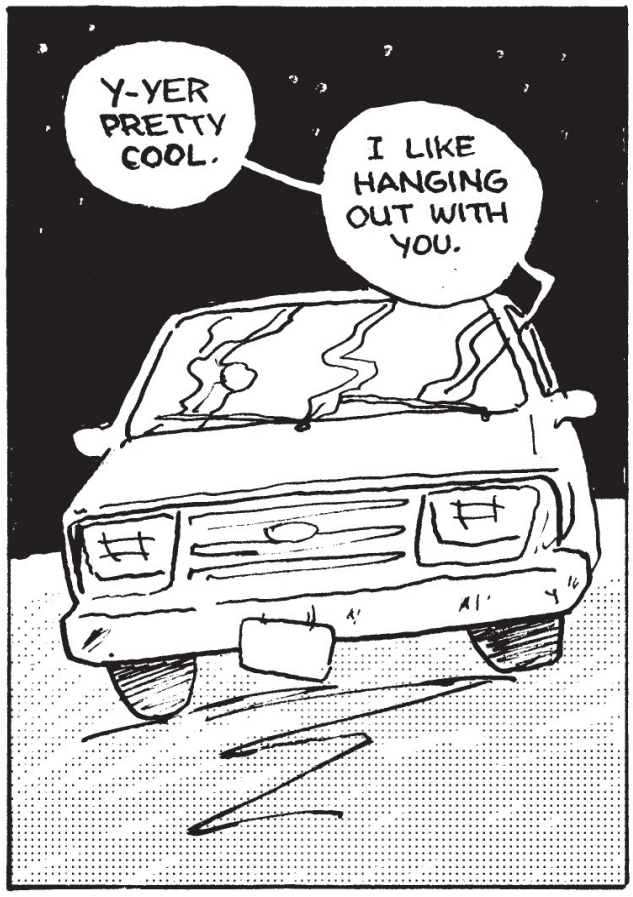
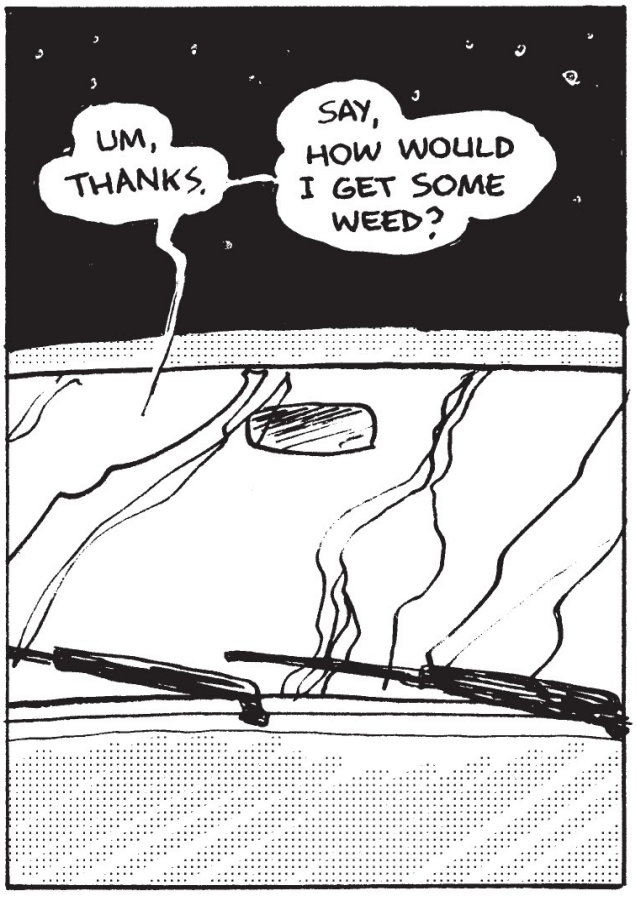
GOOB, DO THAT IMPRESSION OF MR. HEALEY.
OH, DUDE!


YOU. ARE.
ENTIRELY. TOO. LOUD.

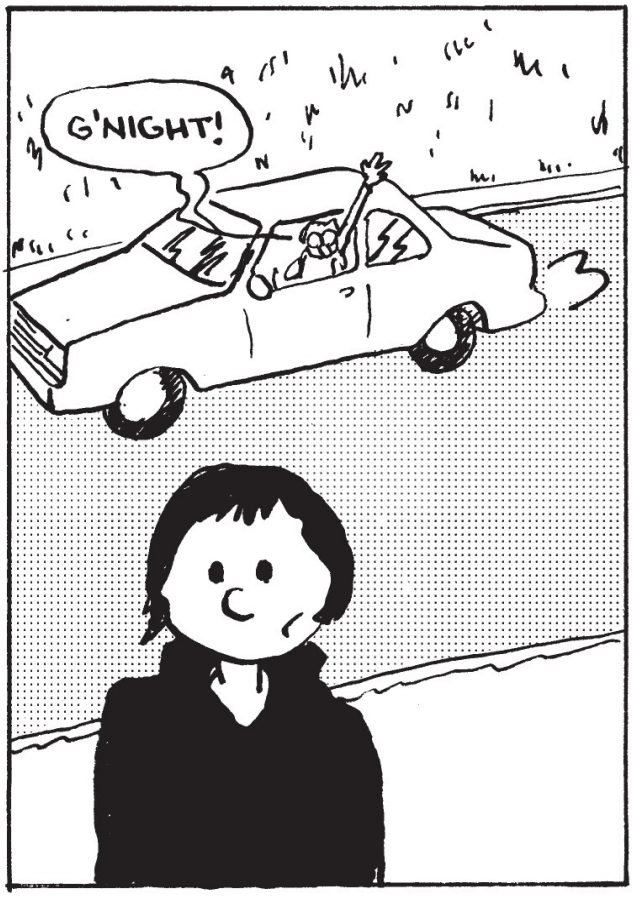
HA
HA
HA
HA HA
HA
HA
HA

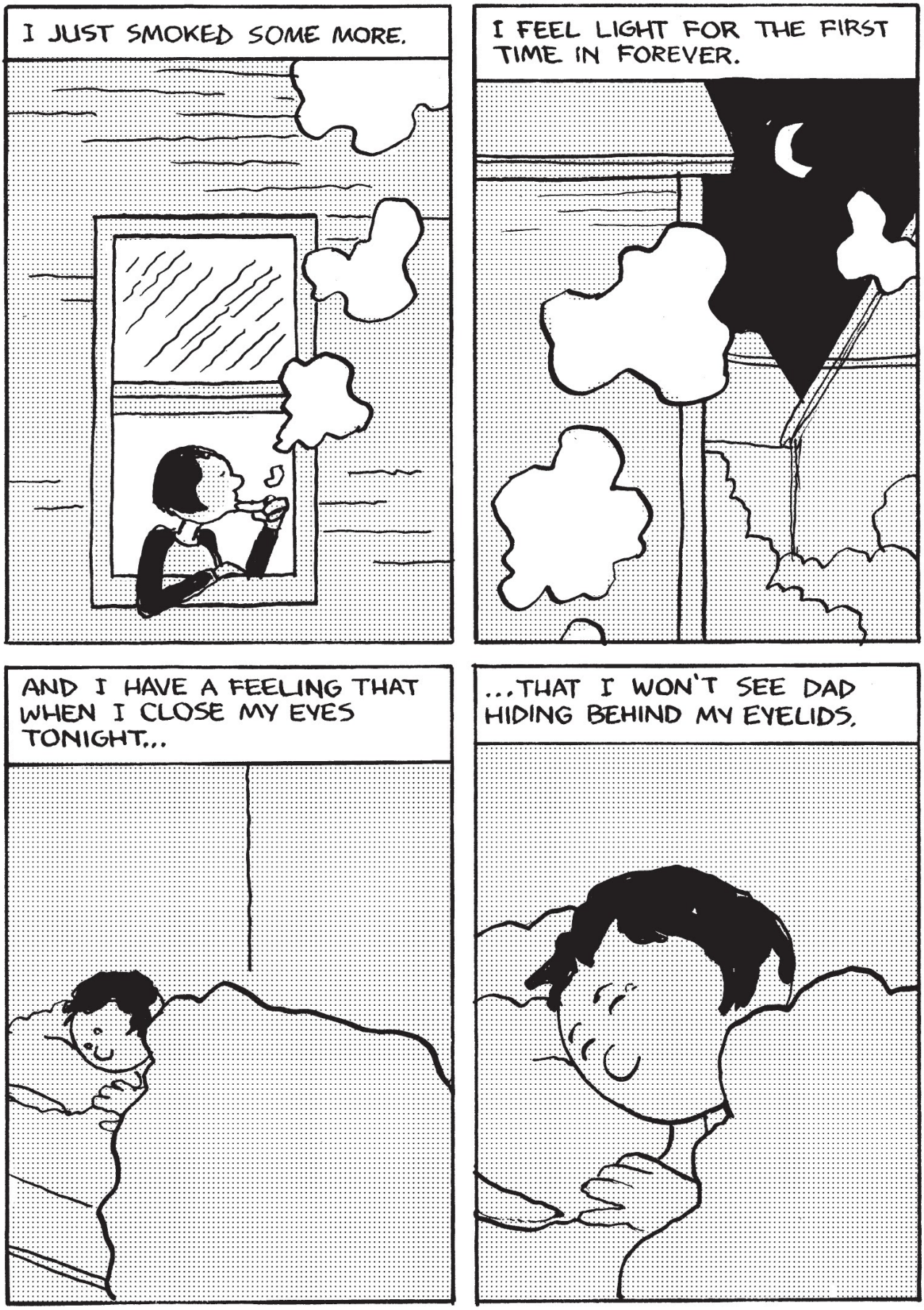
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA


Y-YER PRETTY COOL.
I LIKE HANGING OUT WITH YOU.

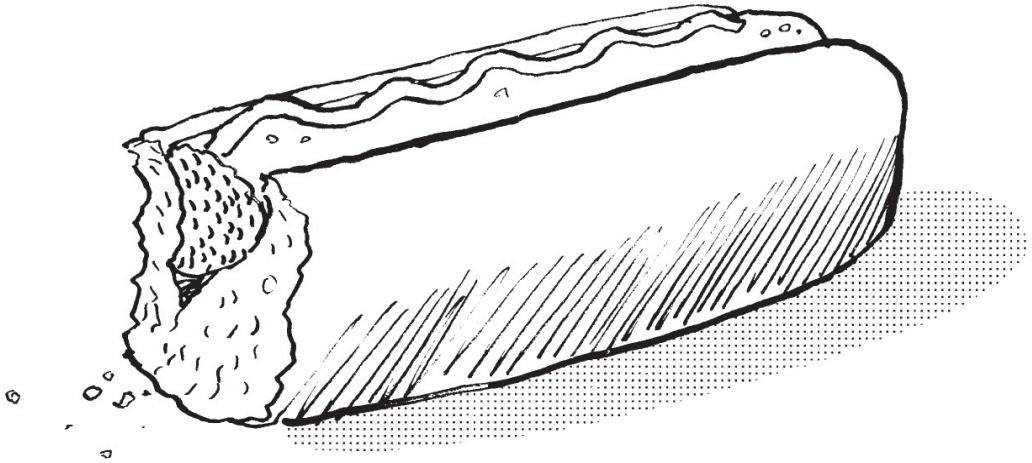

UM, THANKS.
SAY, HOW WOULD I GET SOME WEED?

I CAN HOOK YOU UP.
SWEET!


G'NIGHT!

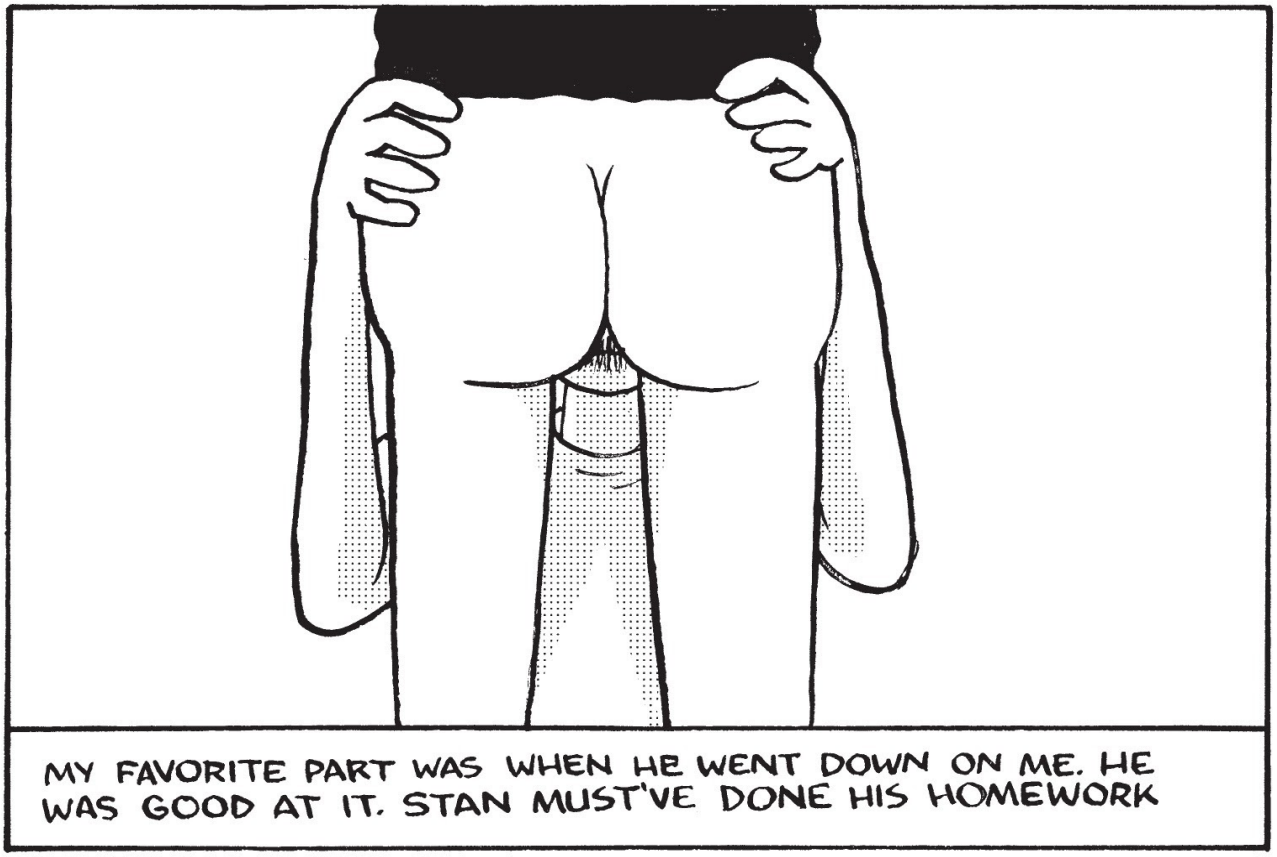

I JUST SMOKED SOME MORE.
I FEEL LIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOREVER.
AND I HAVE A FEELING THAT WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES TONIGHT...
...THAT I WON'T SEE DAD HIDING BEHIND MY EYELIDS.

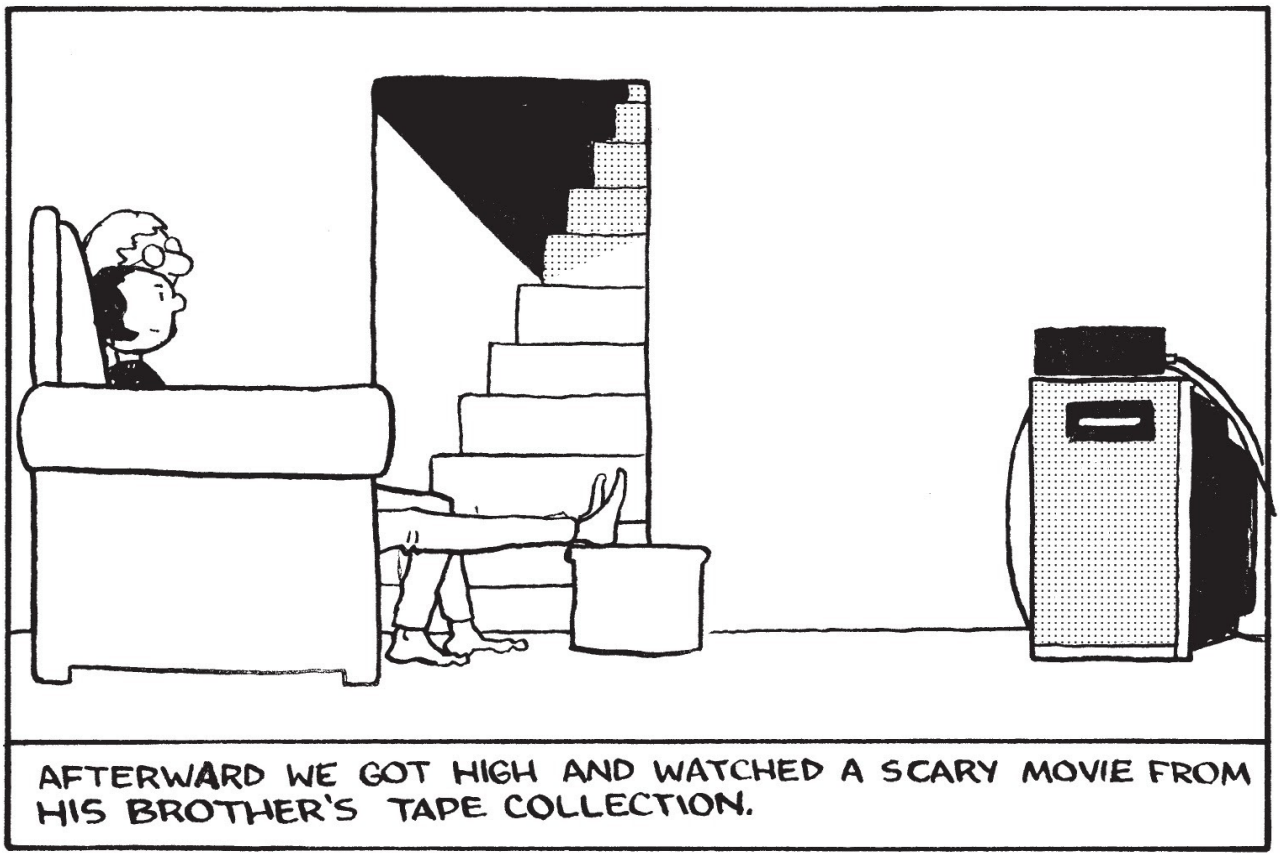
– 5 –



ryan

SO I FUCKED STAN. HE KEPT HOOKING ME UP WITH WEED. PLUS, YOU KNOW, VIRGIN.
IT WAS SO SWEET WHEN HE TOLD ME THAT. IT WASN'T A BIG DEAL TO ME.
IT WAS A LITTLE TRICKY. HIS THING WOULDN'T STAY HARD. MUST'VE BEEN NERVOUS.
HE ALSO KEPT SWEATING ON ME BUT IT WAS FUN.



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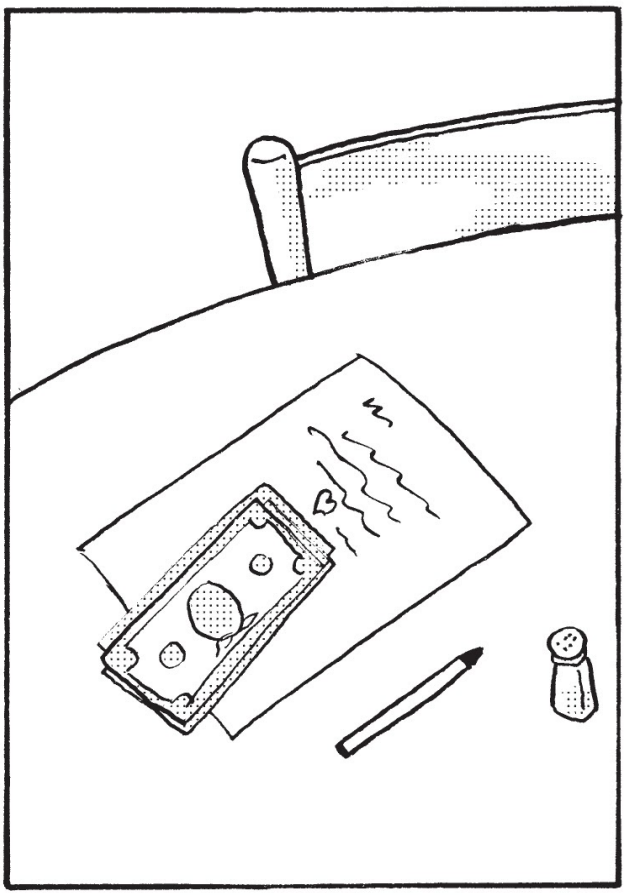
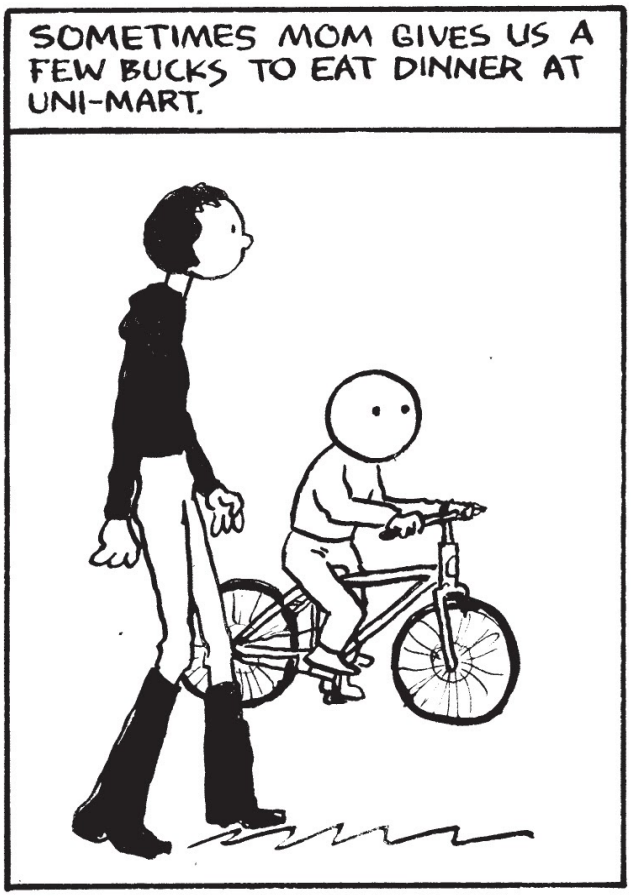
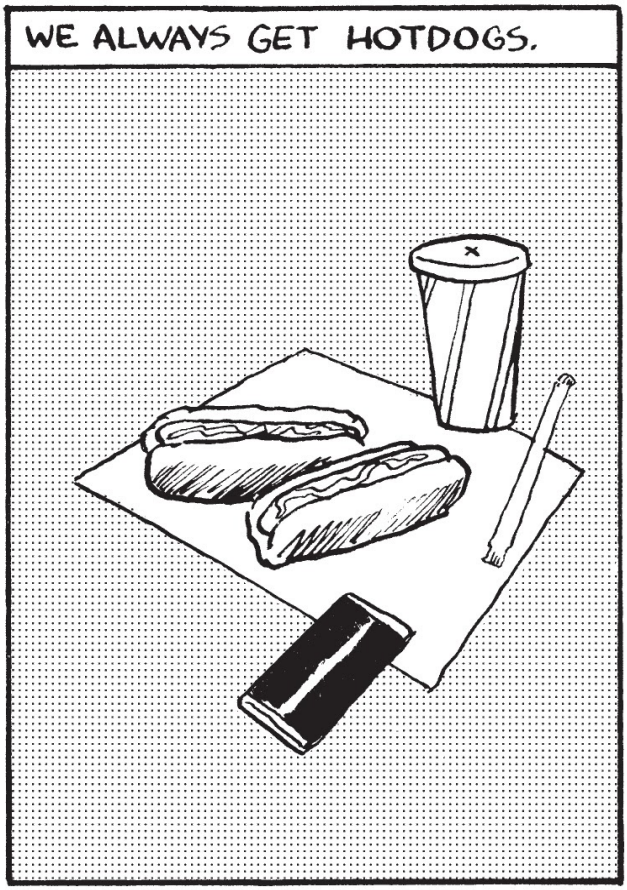
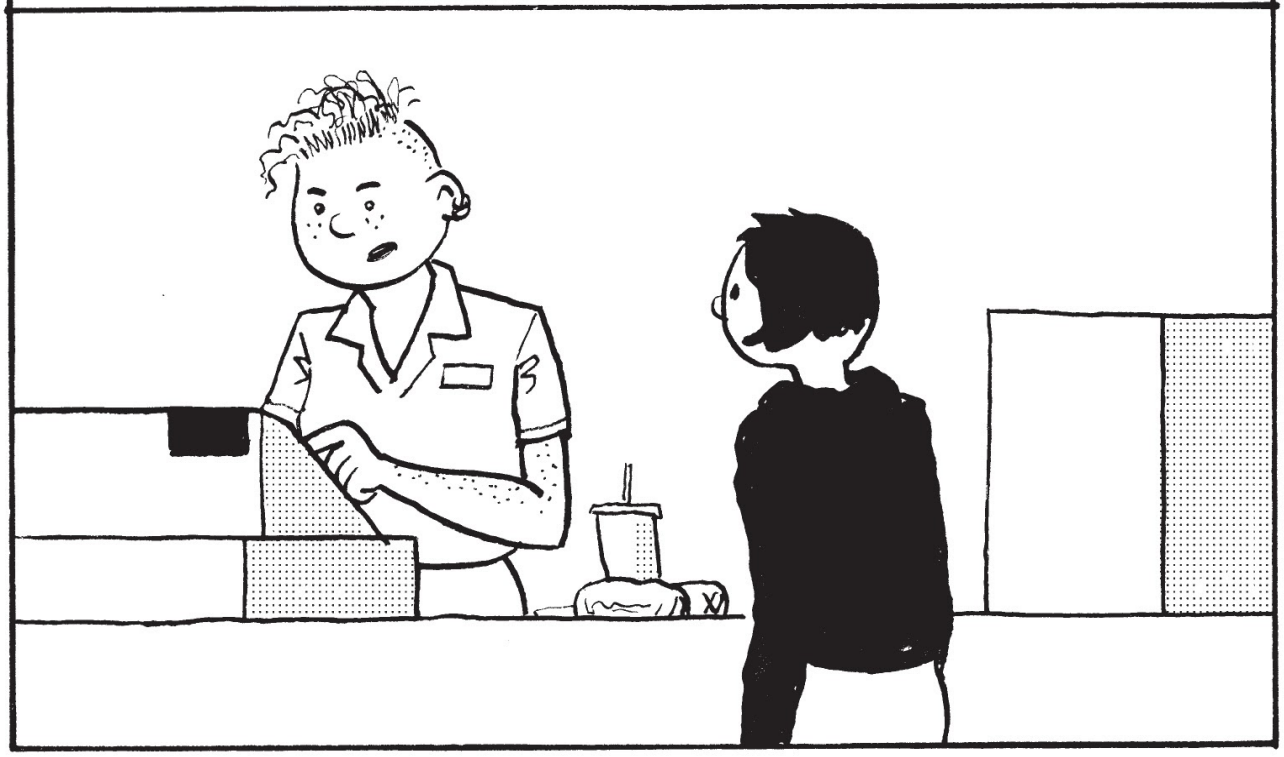



SOMETIMES MOM GIVES US A FEW BUCKS TO EAT DINNER AT UNI-MART.

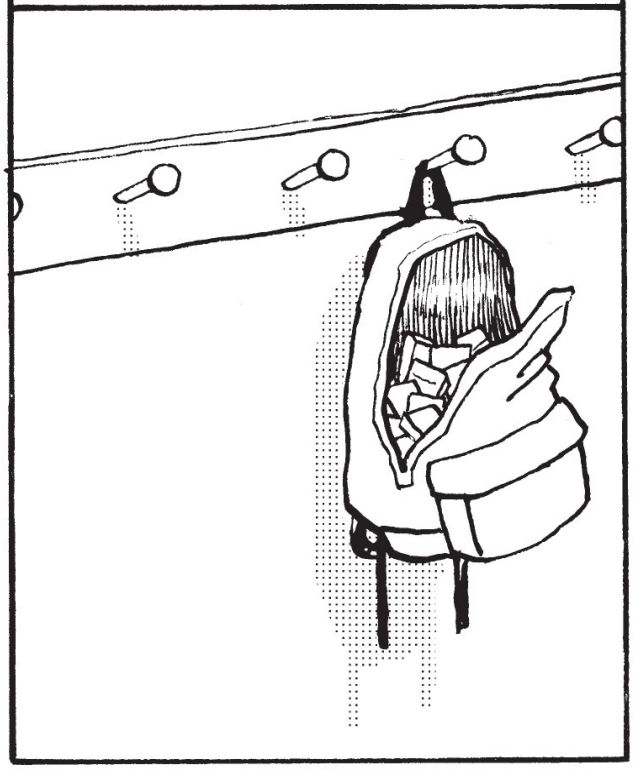

WE ALWAYS GET HOTDOGS.

THEY'RE NOT BAD.

LATELY, THERE'S BEEN A NEW LADY WORKING THE REGISTER. SHE SEEMS COOL. NOT LIKE MOST OF THE OTHER TOOTHLESS REDNECKS THEY USUALLY HIRE.

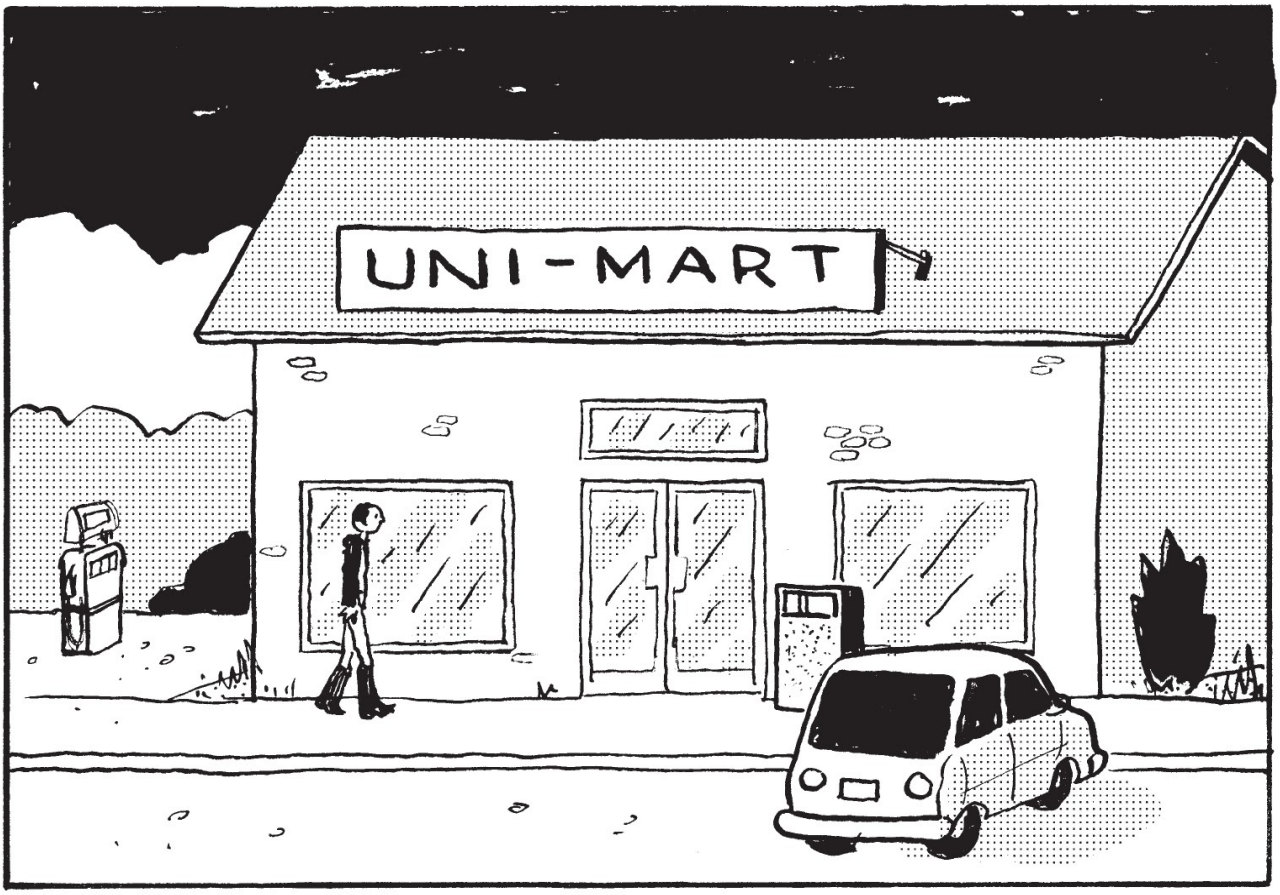


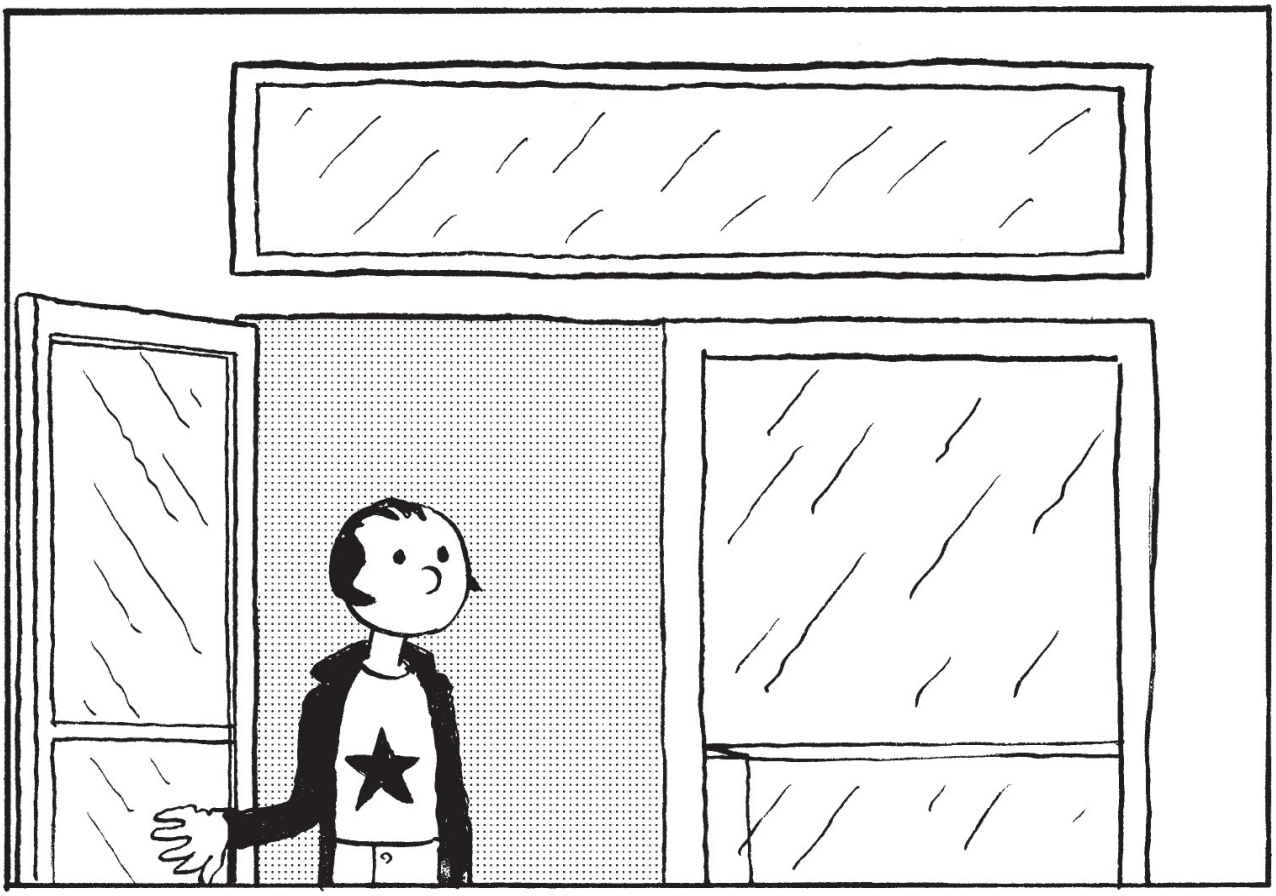
SHE ALWAYS GIVES ME PACKS OF CIGARETTES. I DON'T SMOKE. BUT I TAKE THEM ANYWAY.



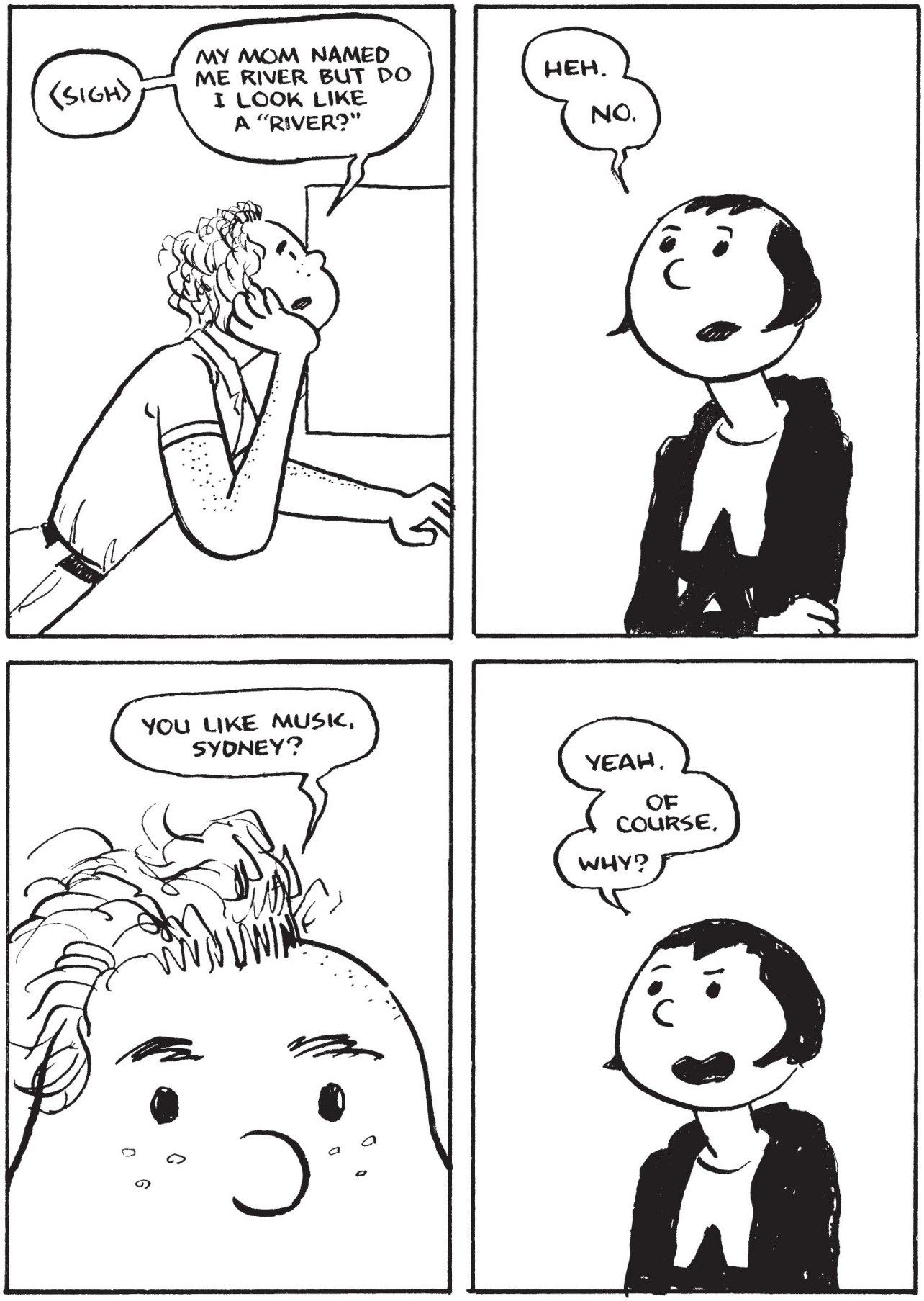
SHE'S GOT PURPLE HAIR THAT WOULD GIVE MY MOM A FIT.

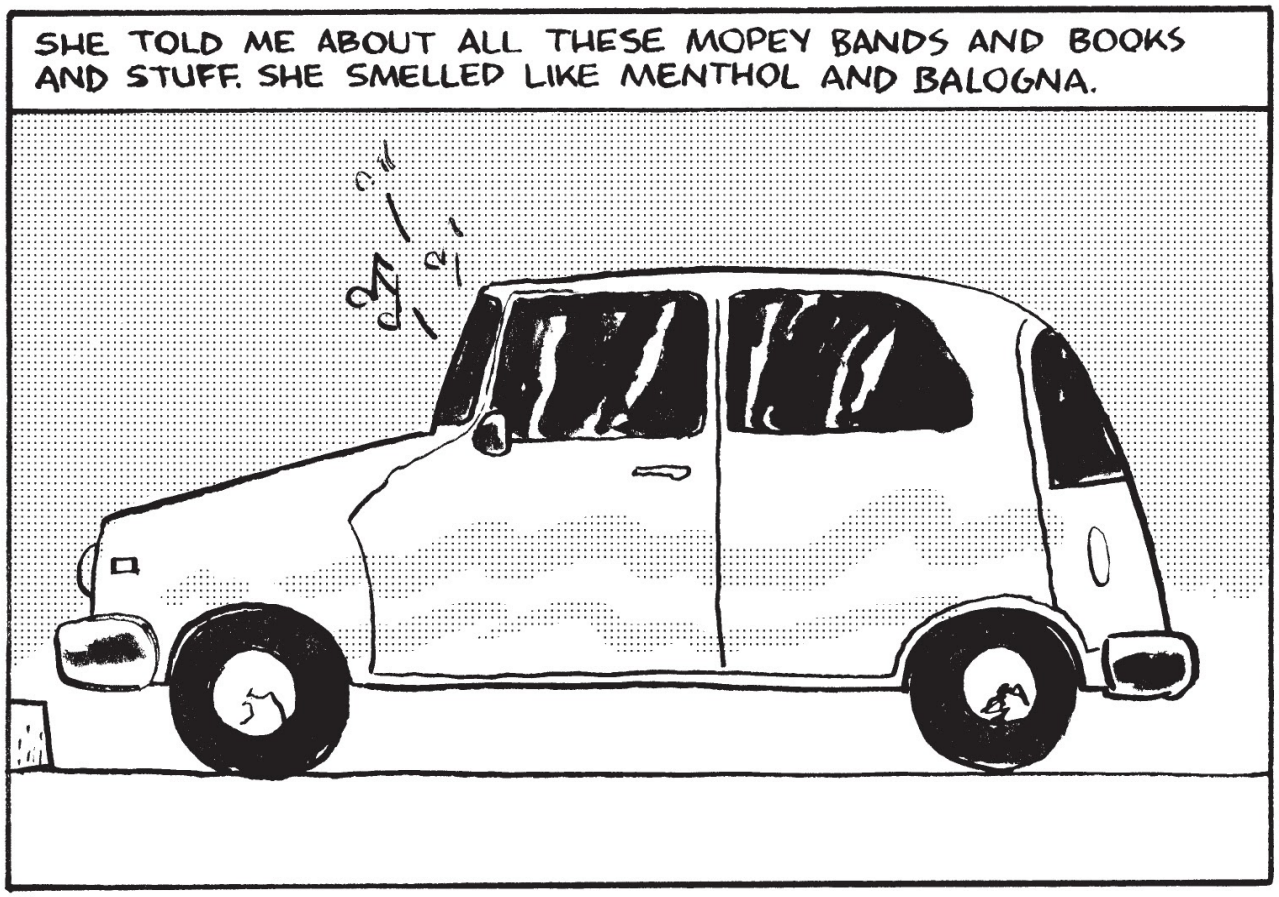
LAST TIME I SAW HER SHE TENDERLY TOUCHED MY HAND.
IT WAS WEIRD BUT I KINDA LIKED IT.

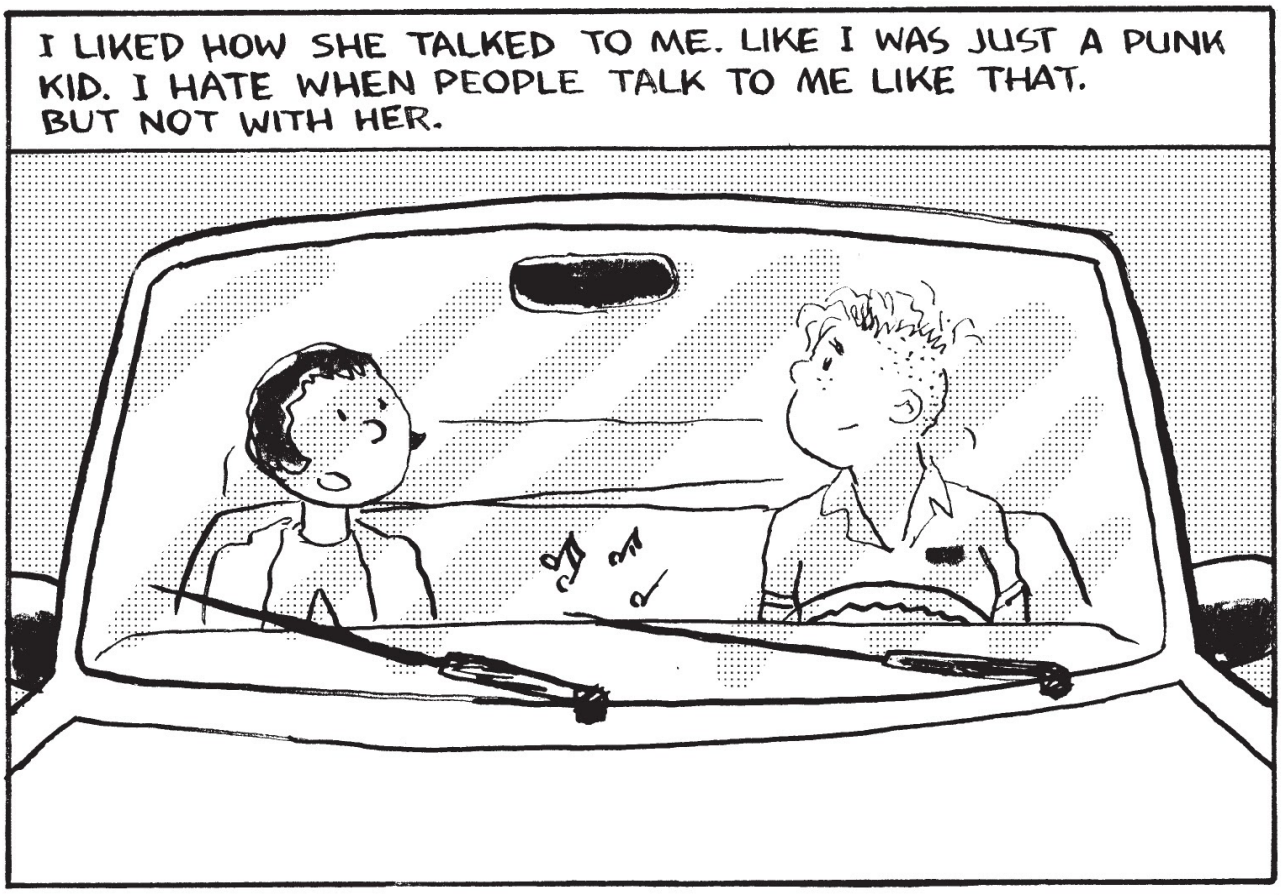

UNI-MART

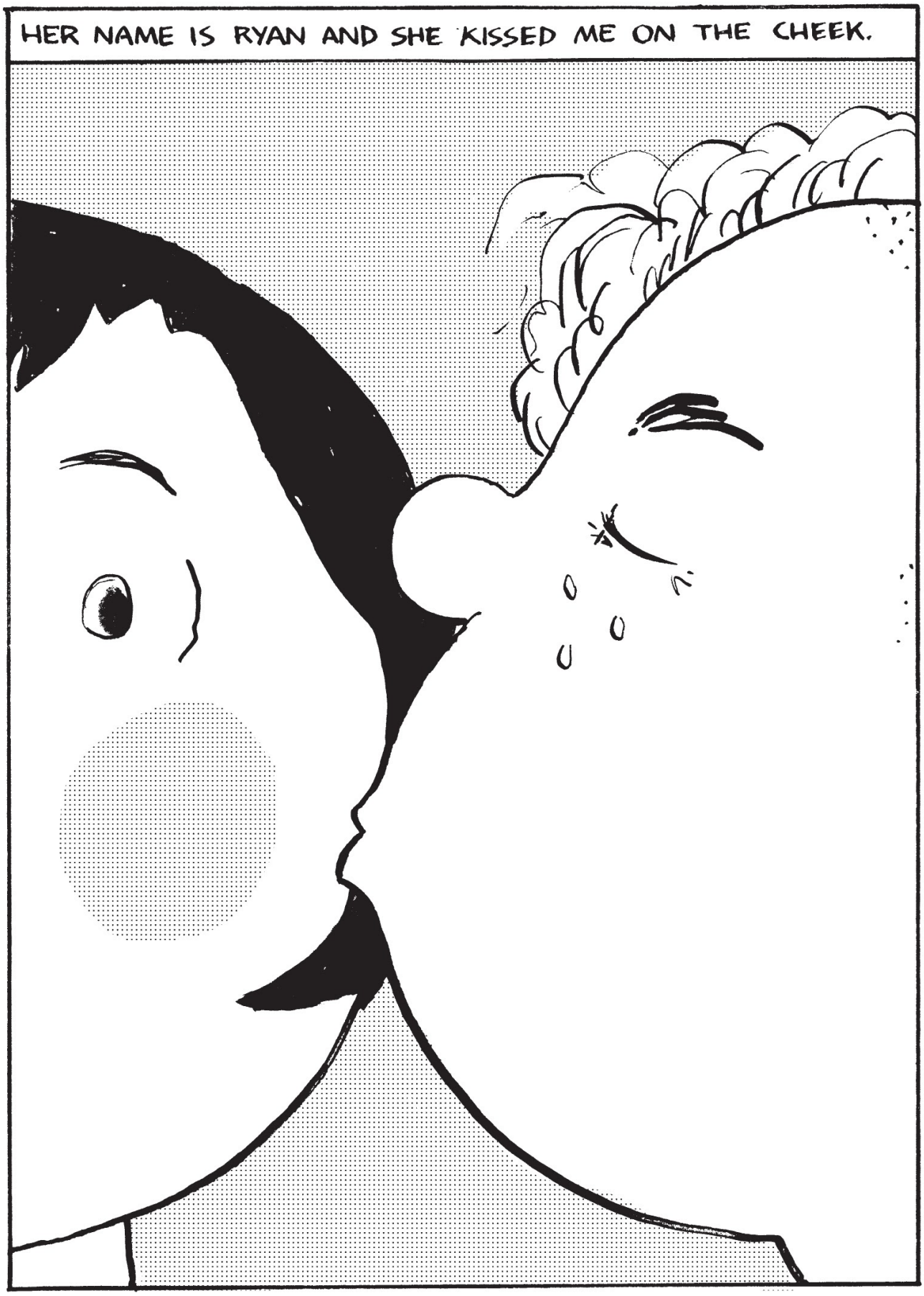


HEY, KID.
YOU NEED MORE SMOKES?
HI.
NO.
JUST BORED.
BORED, EH? HA! I REMEMBER GETTING BORED.
YOU GOT A NAME?
SYDNEY. ERM- SYD.
YOU?


(SIGH)
MY MOM NAMED ME RIVER BUT DO I LOOK LIKE A "RIVER?"
HEH.
NO.
YOU LIKE MUSIC, SYDNEY?
YEAH.
OF COURSE.
WHY?


SHE TOLD ME ABOUT ALL THESE MOPEY BANDS AND BOOKS AND STUFF. SHE SMELLED LIKE MENTHOL AND BALOGNA.

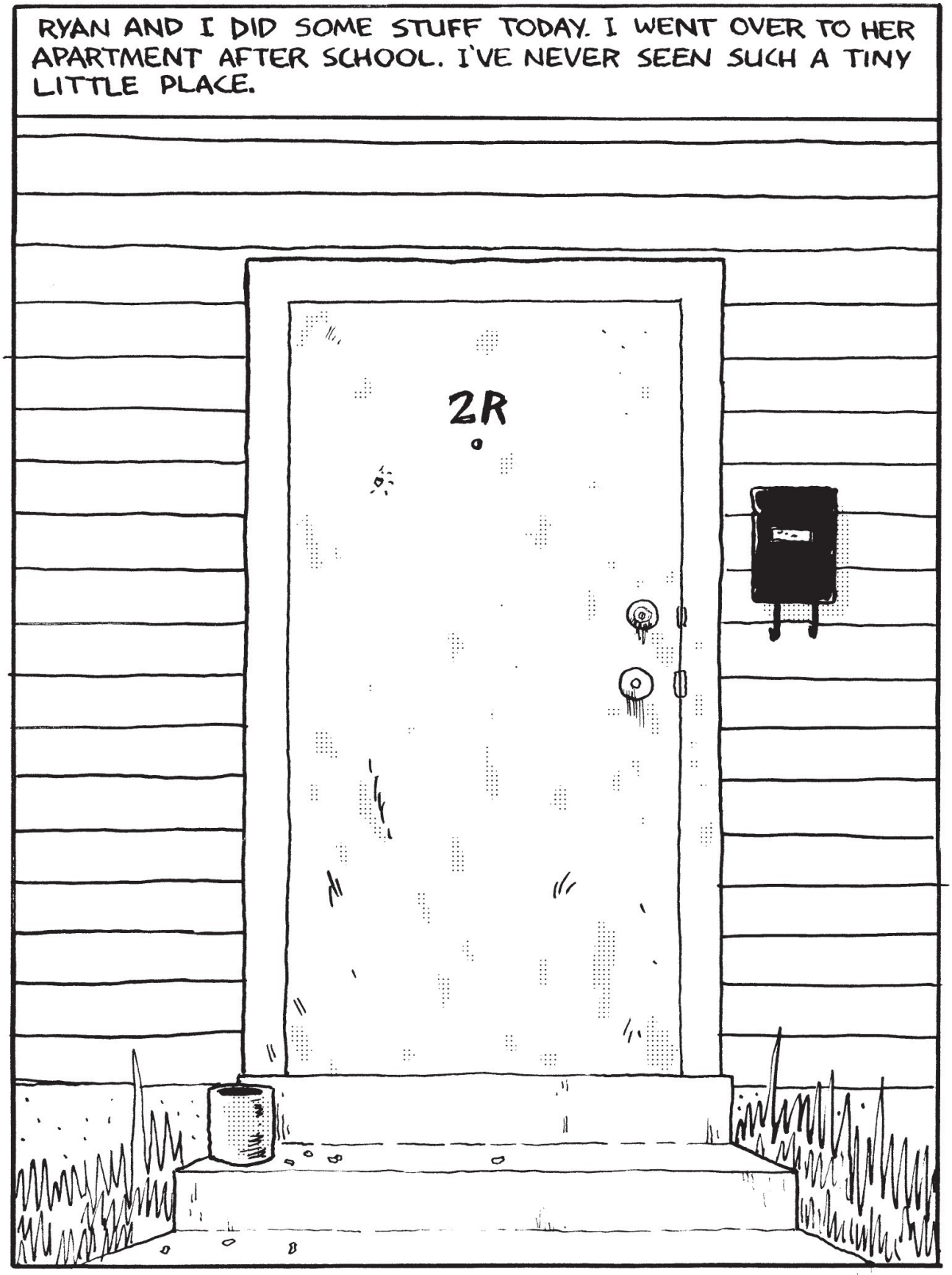

I LIKED HOW SHE TALKED TO ME. LIKE I WAS JUST A PUNK KID. I HATE WHEN PEOPLE TALK TO ME LIKE THAT. BUT NOT WITH HER.


HER NAME IS RYAN AND SHE KISSED ME ON THE CHEEK.

– 6 –

# 2R

2R



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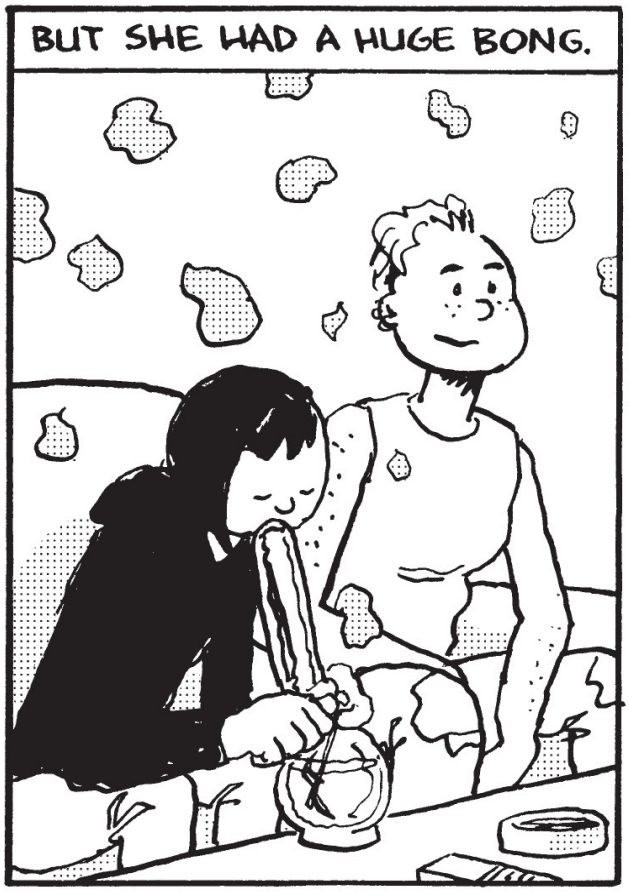
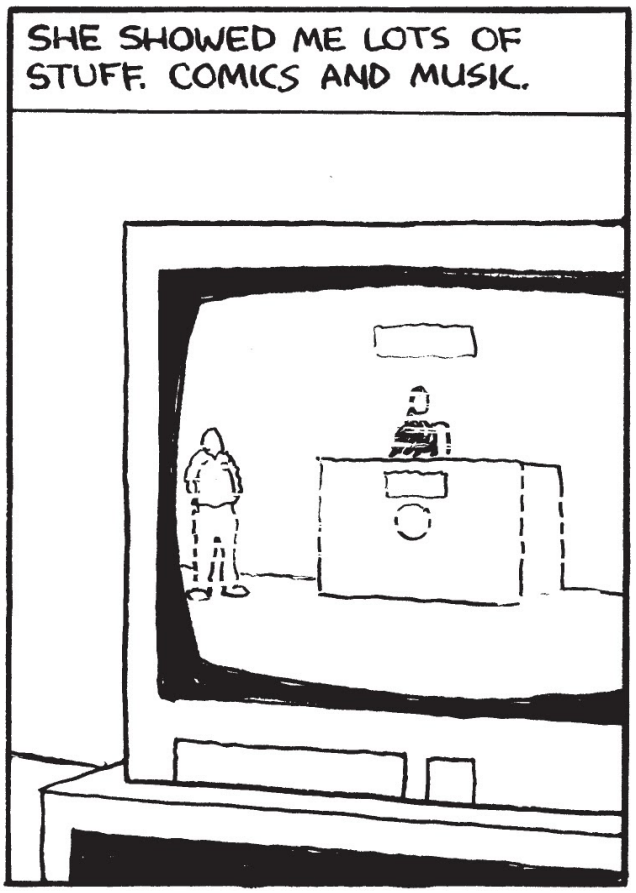
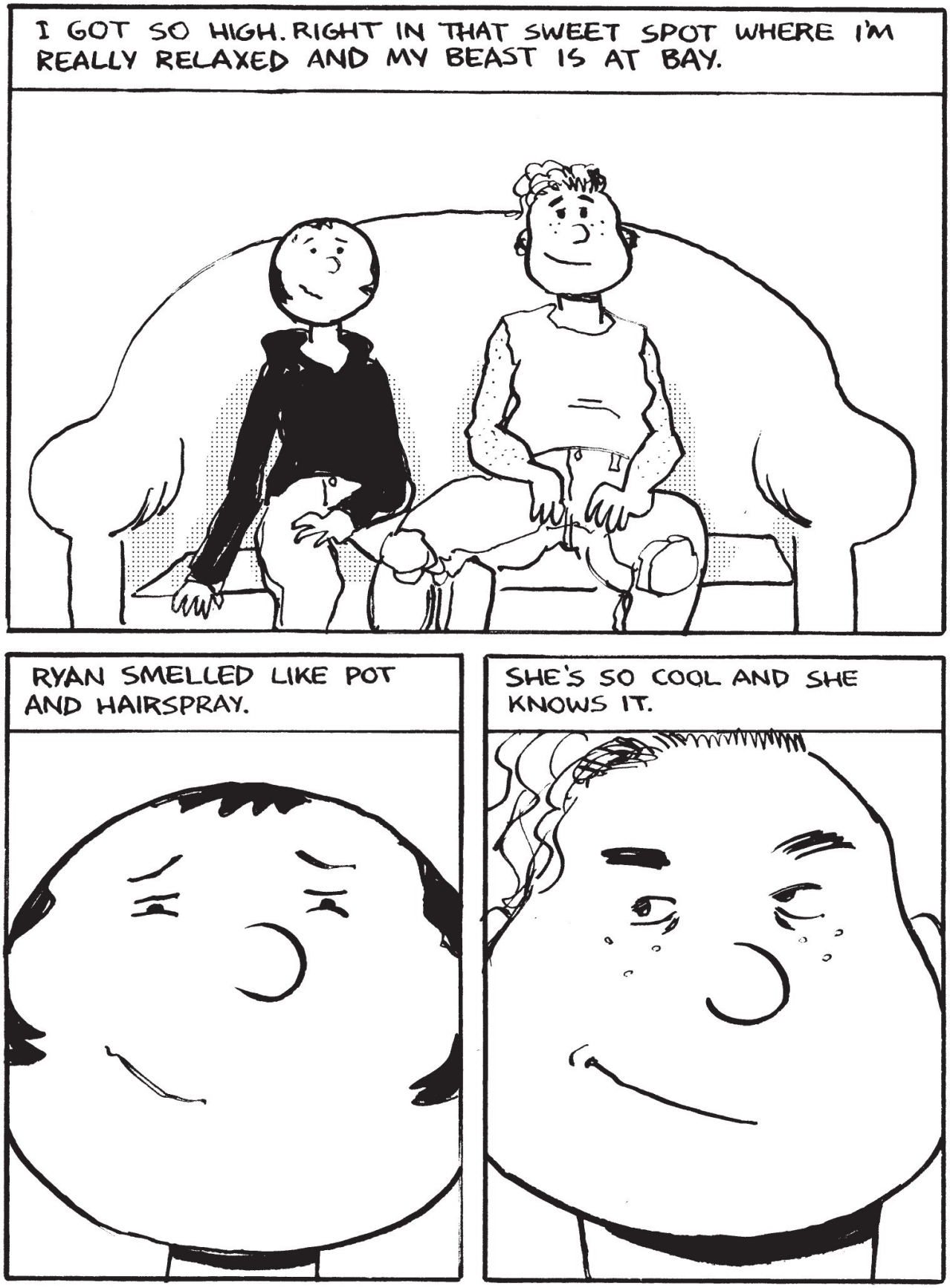

BUT SHE HAD A HUGE BONG.


SHE SHOWED ME LOTS OF STUFF. COMICS AND MUSIC.

AND THIS IS KIND OF WEIRD. RYAN LOVES JUDGE JUDY.
HA HA

SHE SAYS JUDY DOESN'T TAKE ANY SHIT. AND, BOY, DID SHE LAUGH. AND LAUGH, AND LAUGH.



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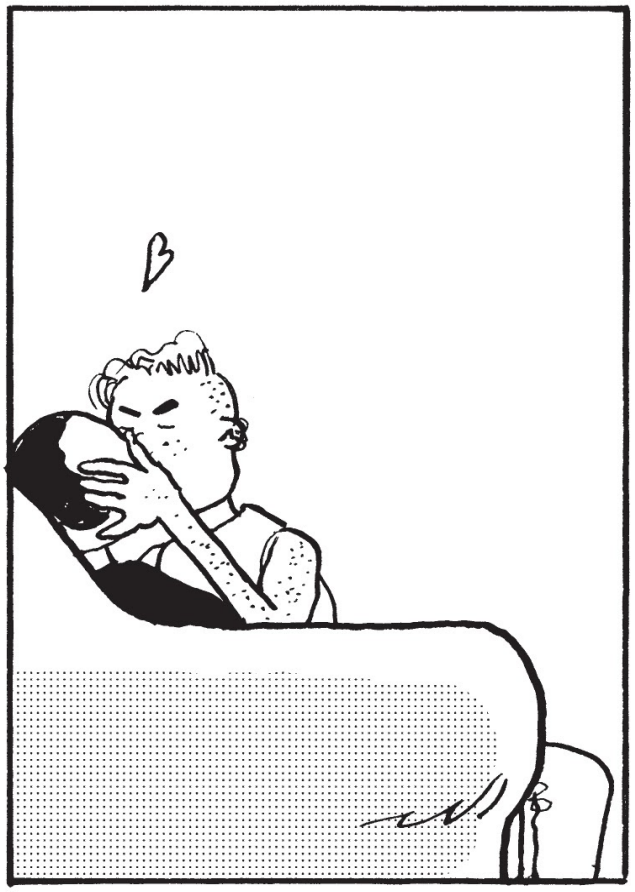
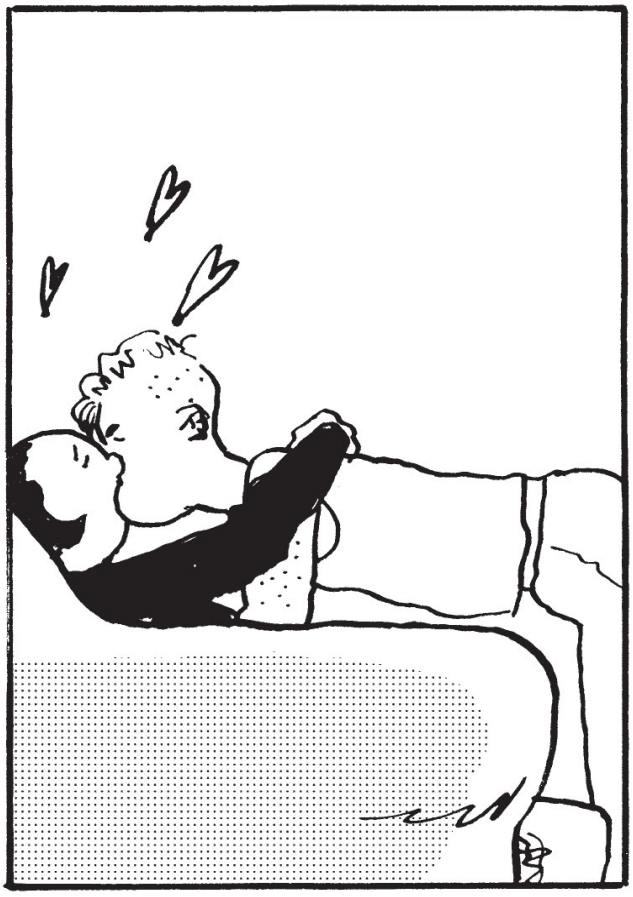
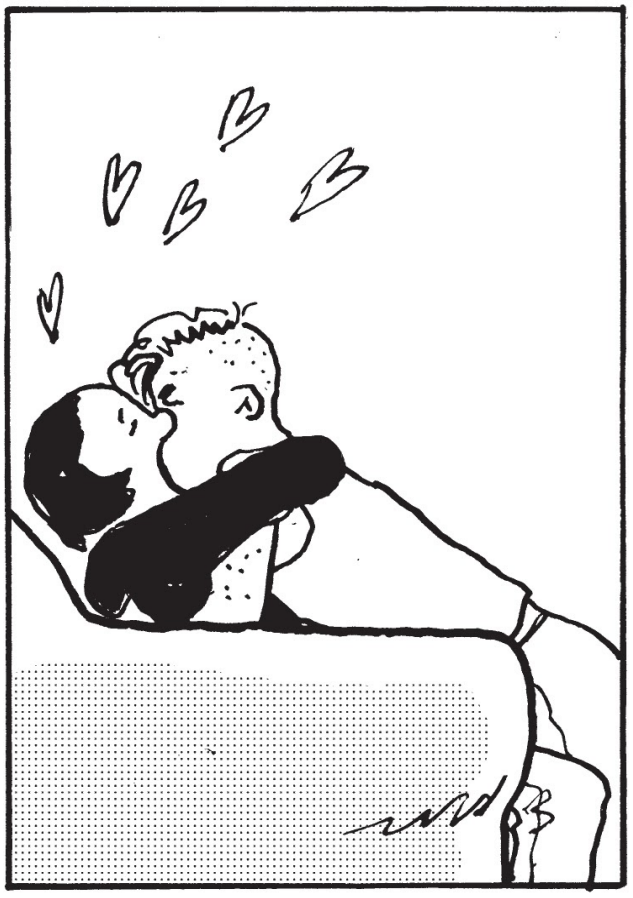
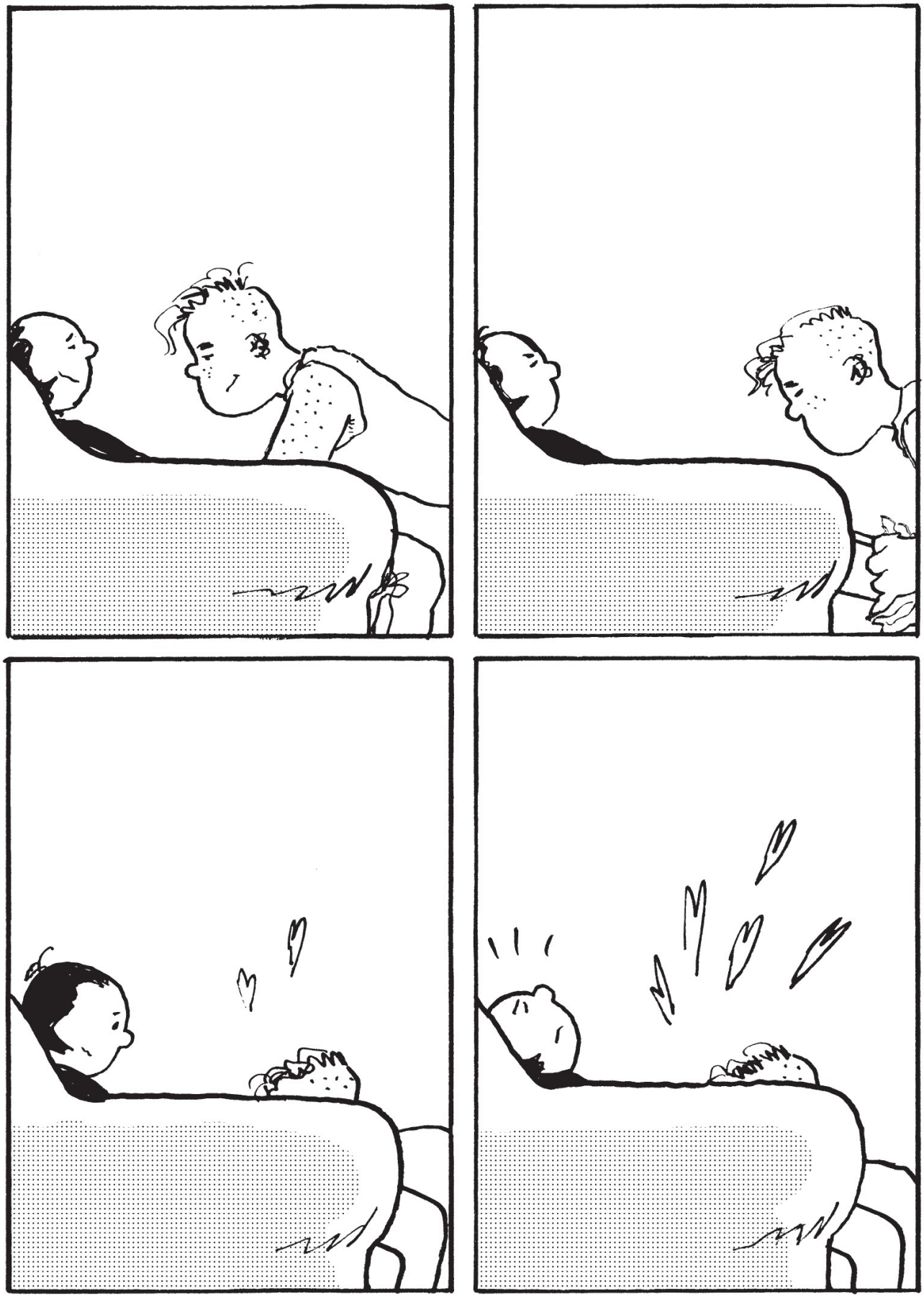
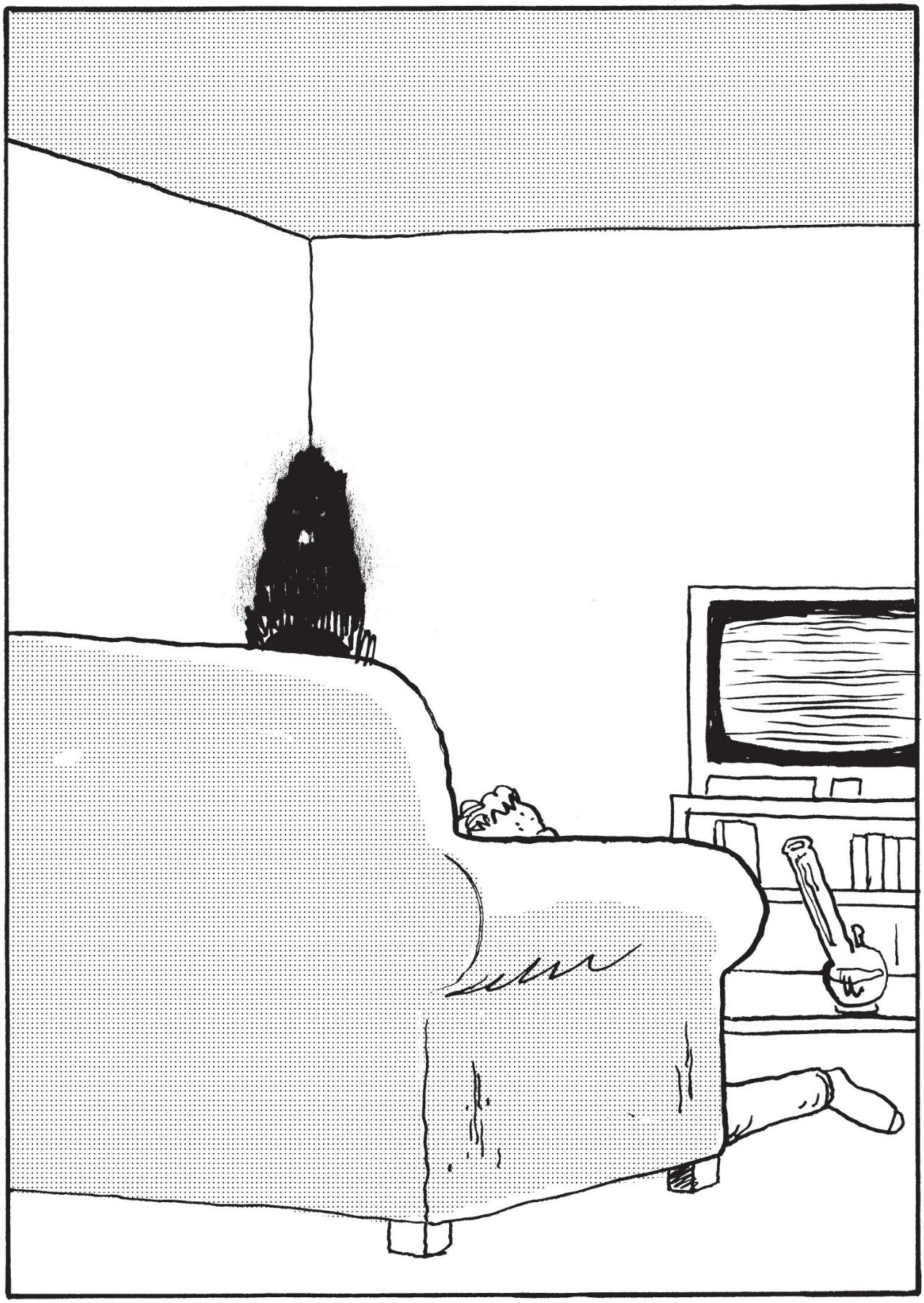
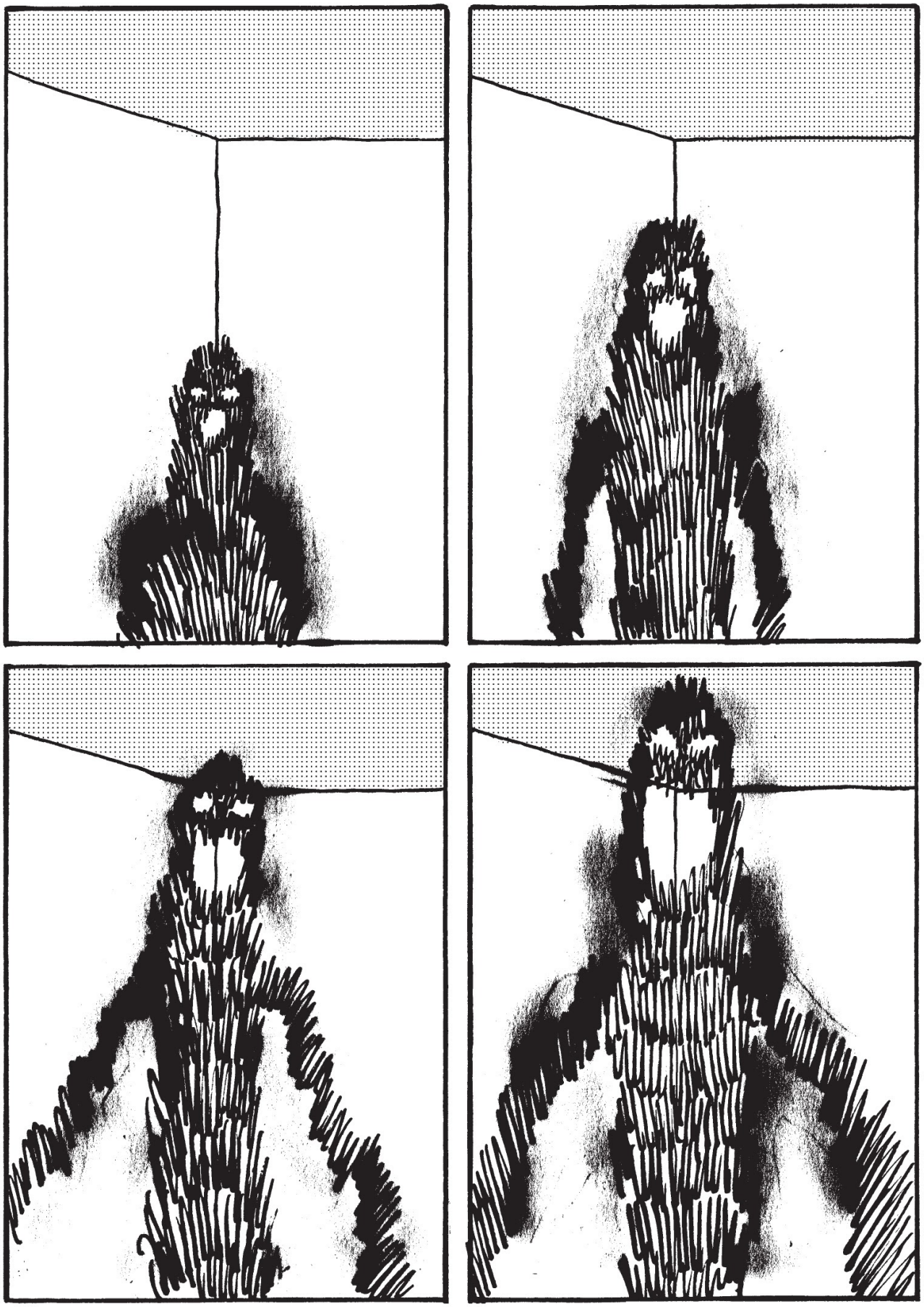


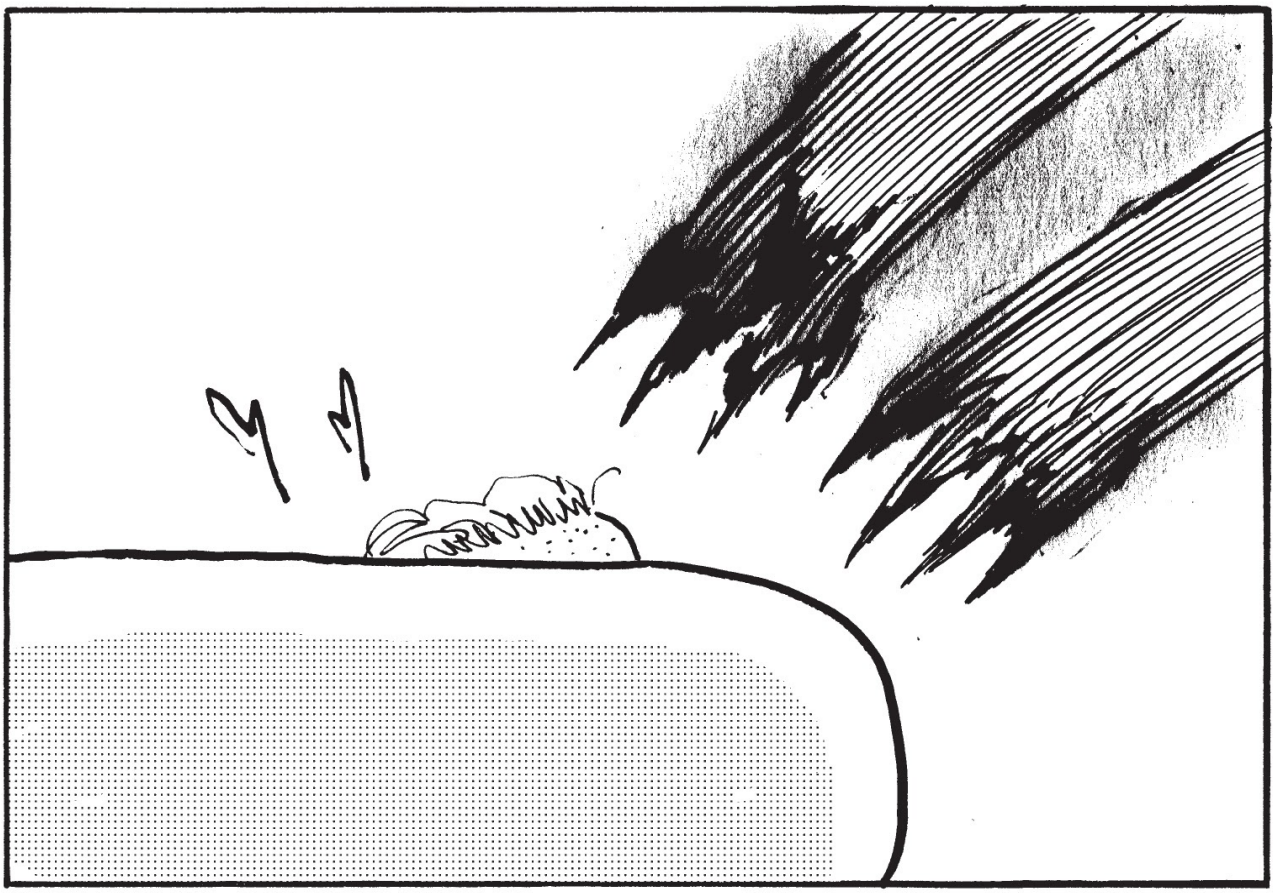


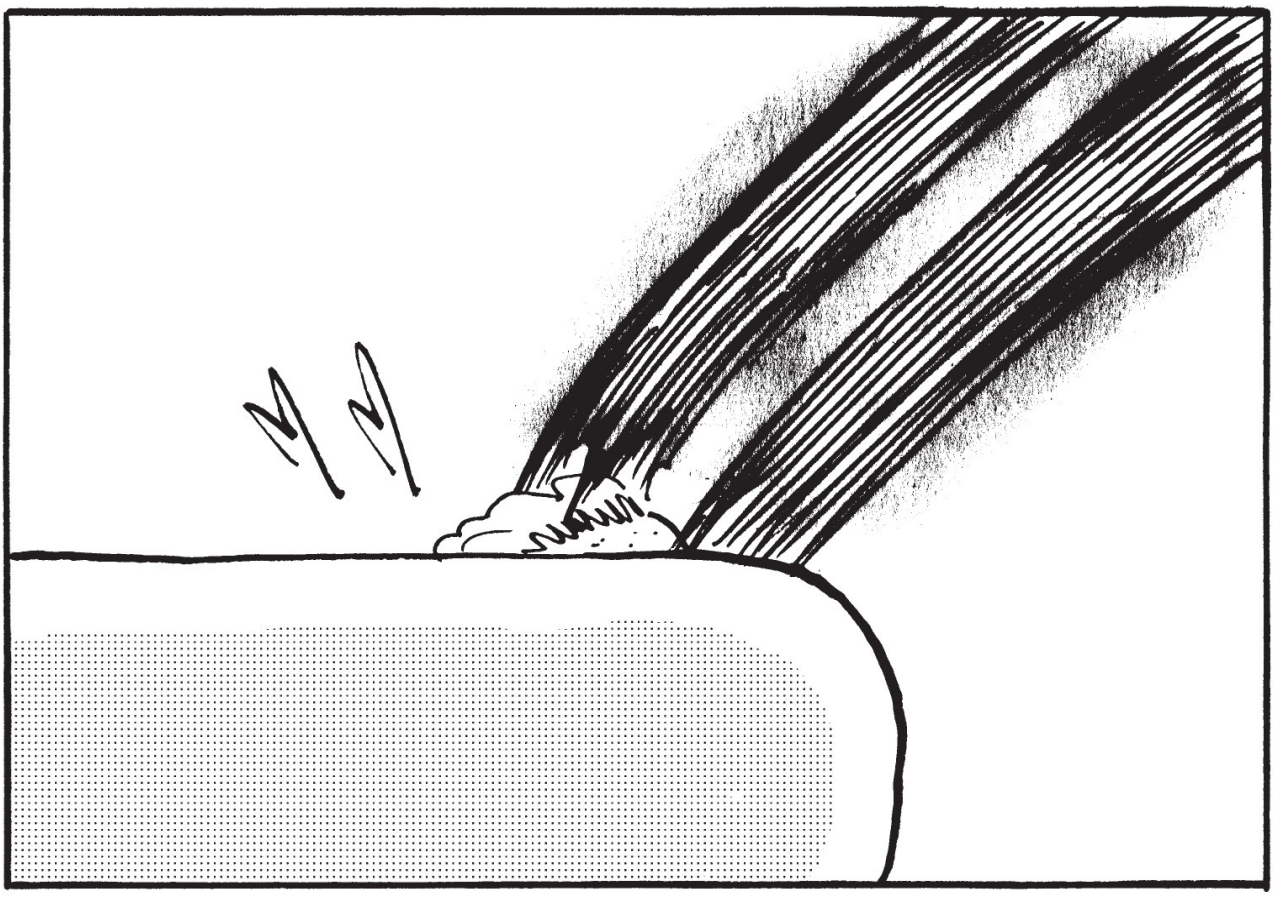


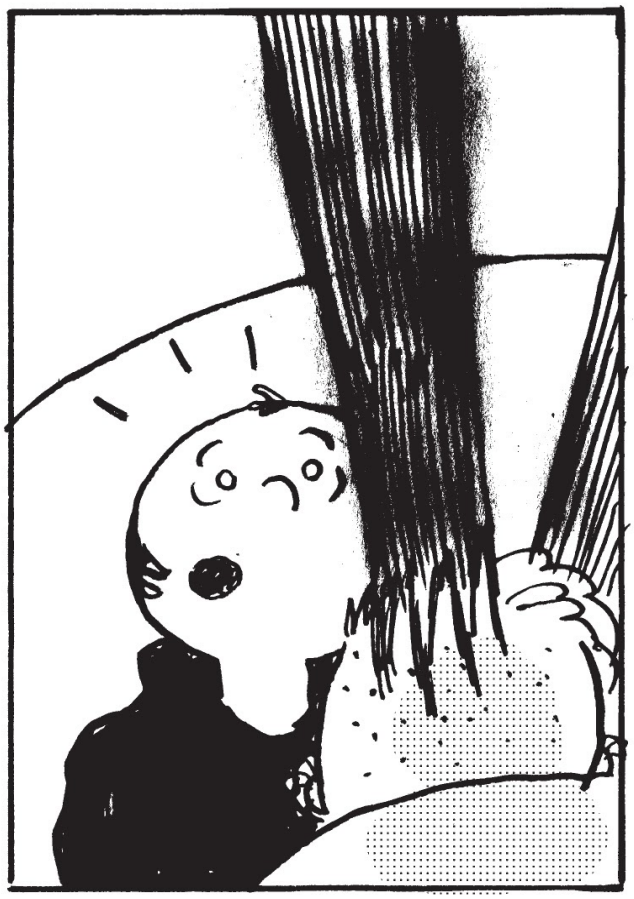






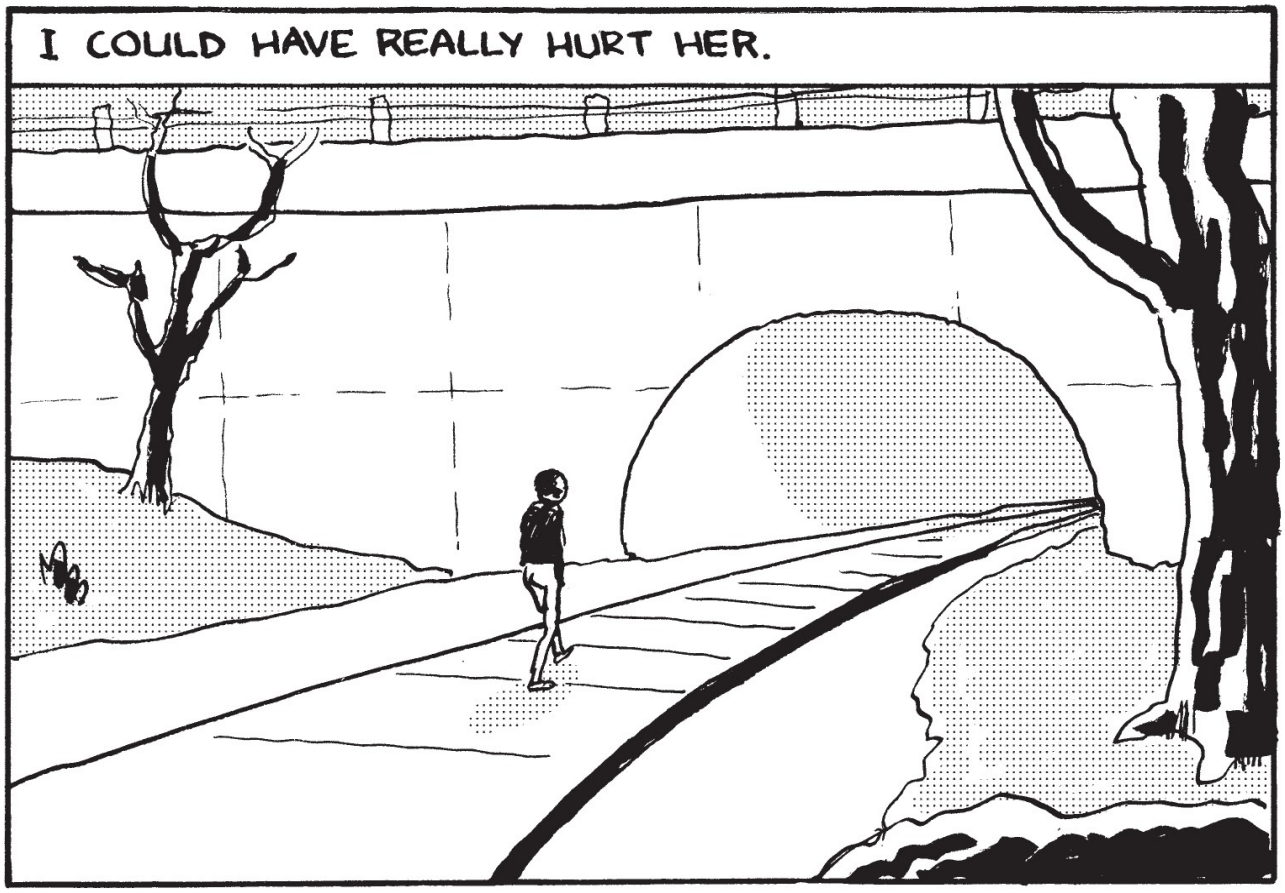


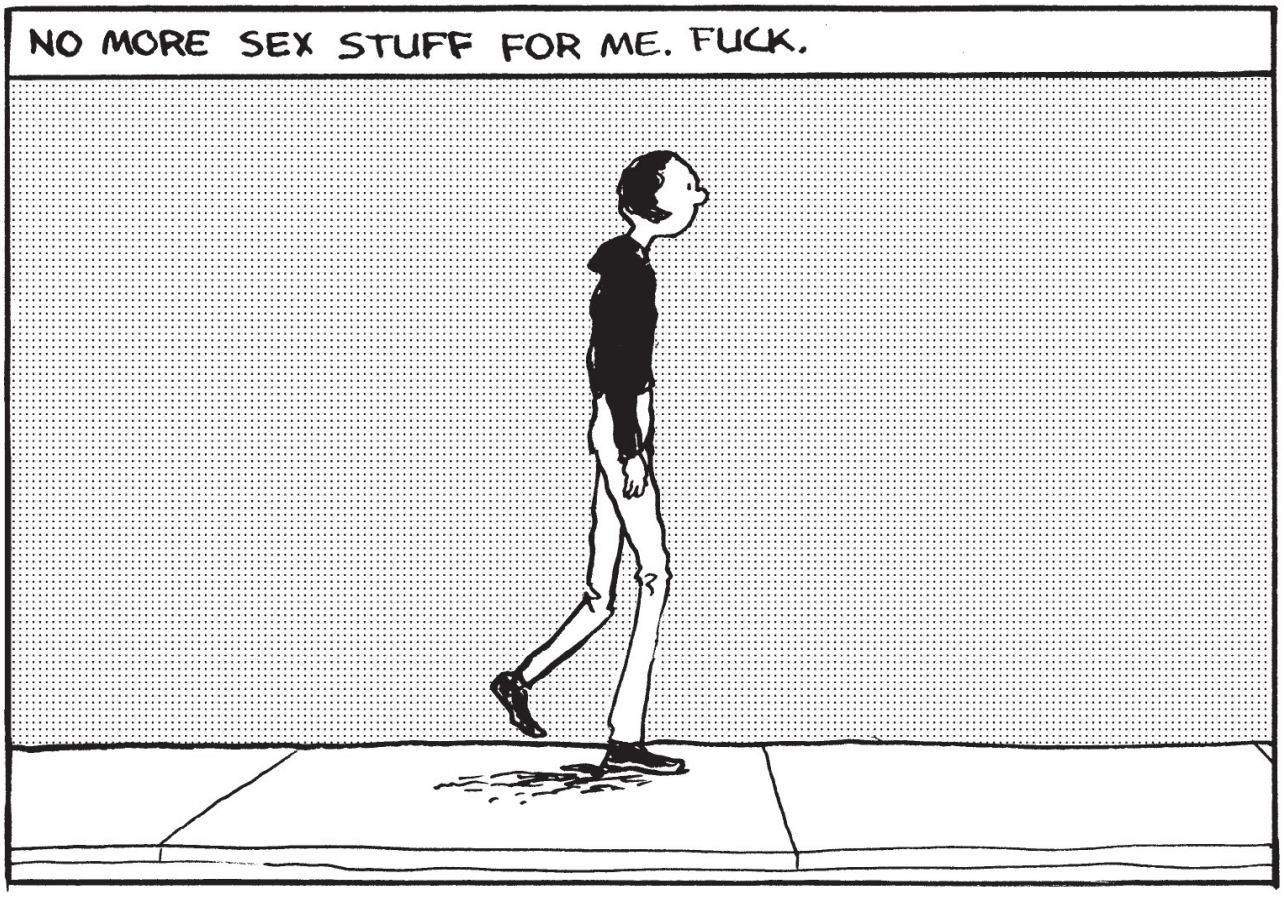




OW!

UM--I GOTTA GO.
HEY...
WAIT...?


I COULD HAVE REALLY HURT HER.


NO MORE SEX STUFF FOR ME. FUCK.

# – 7 –

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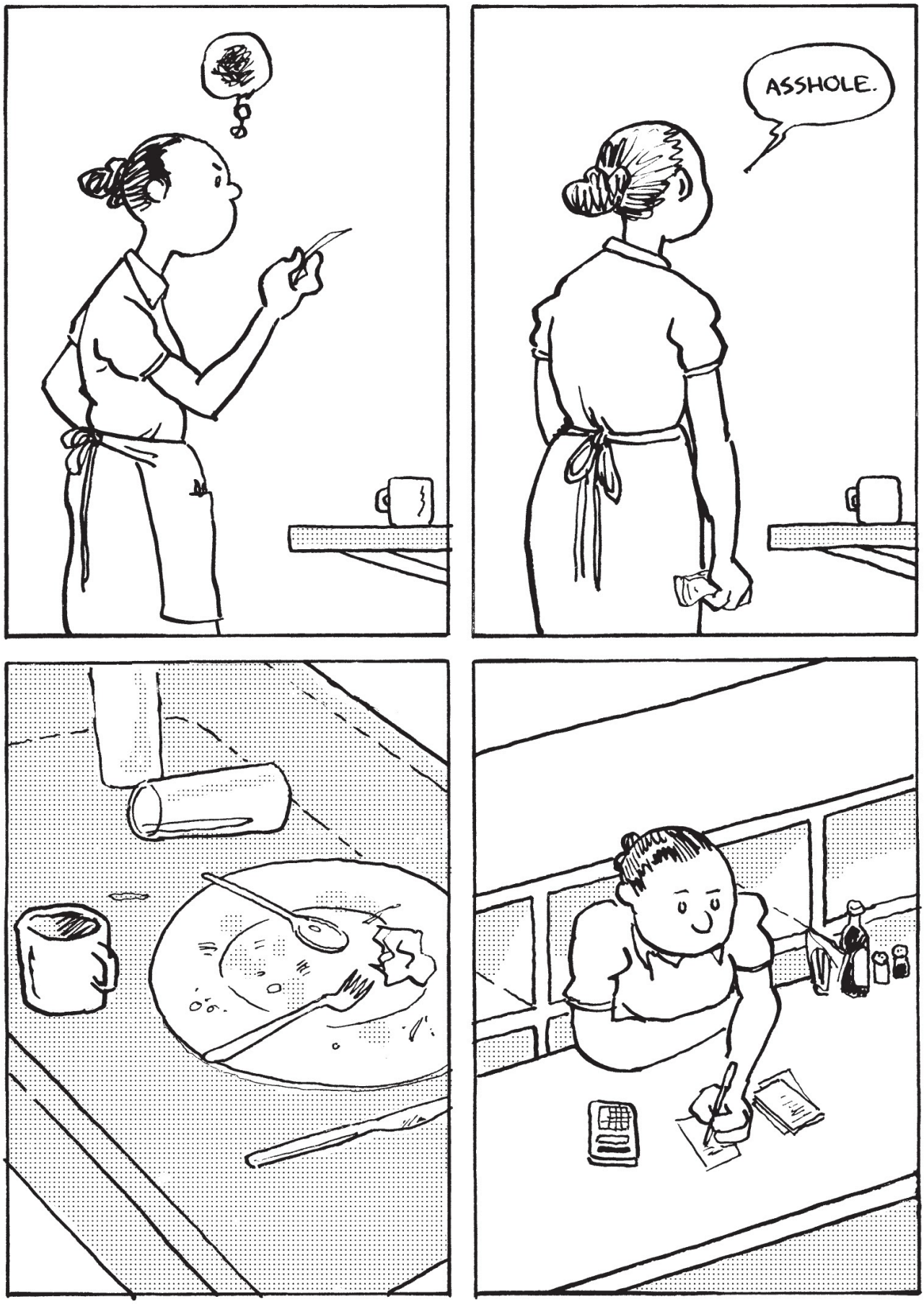
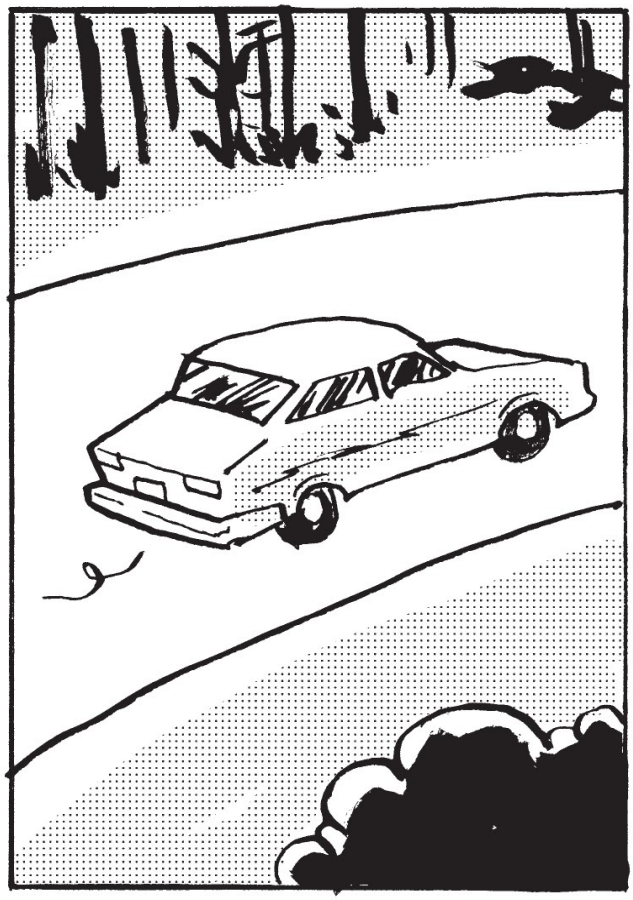
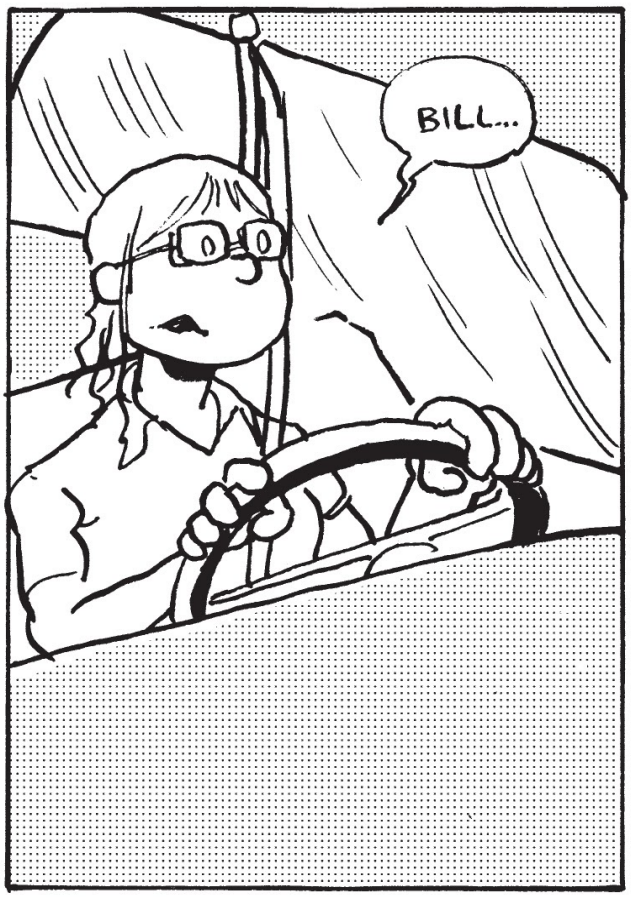

ASSHOLE.

I STAYED OUT REALLY LATE TONIGHT. MOM WASN'T HAPPY.
I'M OUTTA HERE, CLINT.
HATE TO BRING IT UP BUT DID YOU FILL THE KETCHUPS?

I TRIED TO SNEAK IN BUT SHE CAUGHT ME.
OH DARN.

GAVE ME THE THIRD DEGREE.
YOU KNOW I DON'T CARE BUT EARL WILL BE UP BOTH OUR ASSES ABOUT IT.
YEAH, I KNOW.

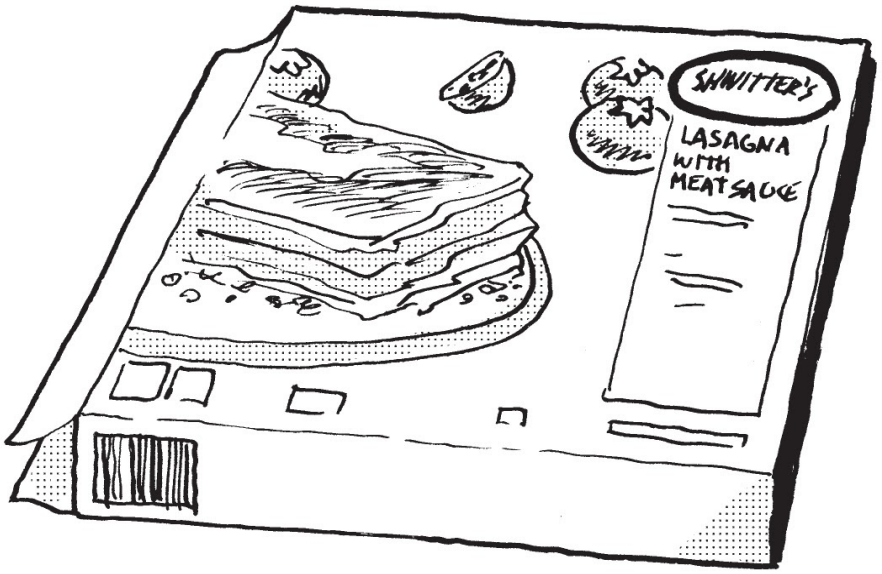



BILL...

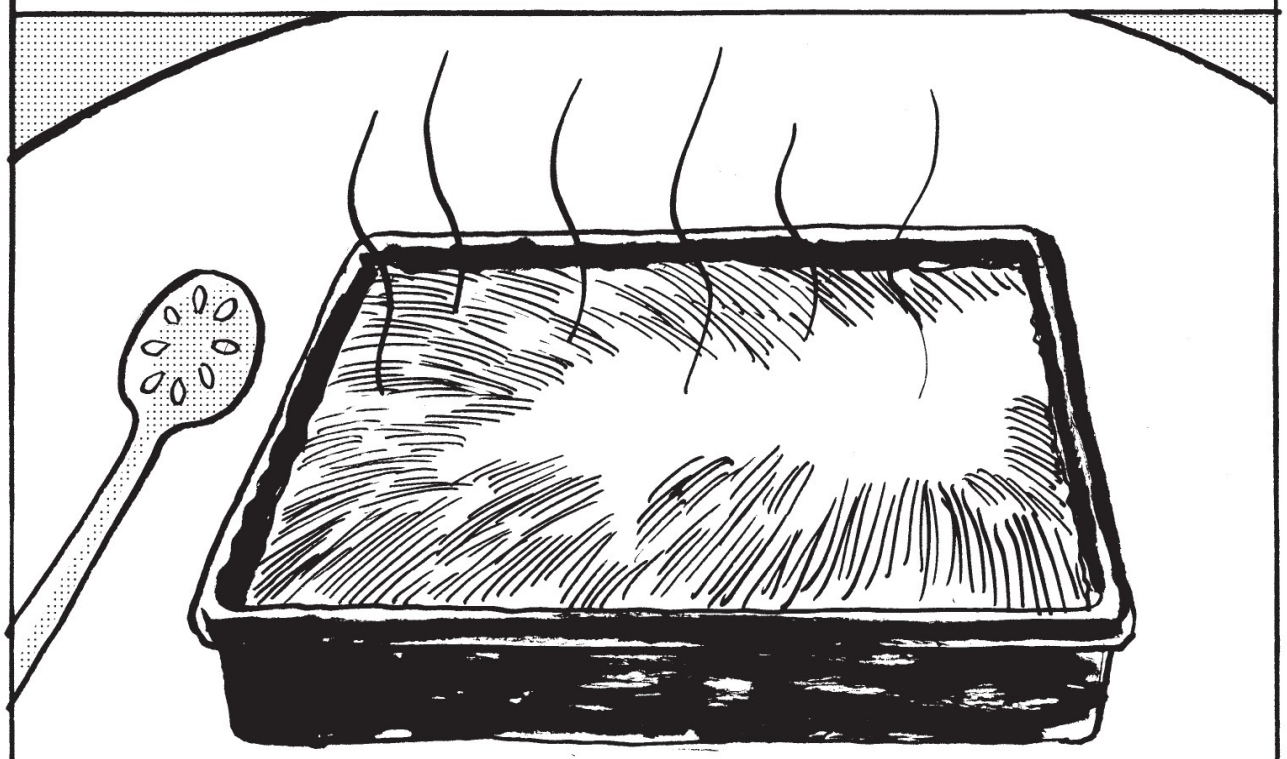
I MISS YOU, HONEY.

I MISS YOU SO MUCH.

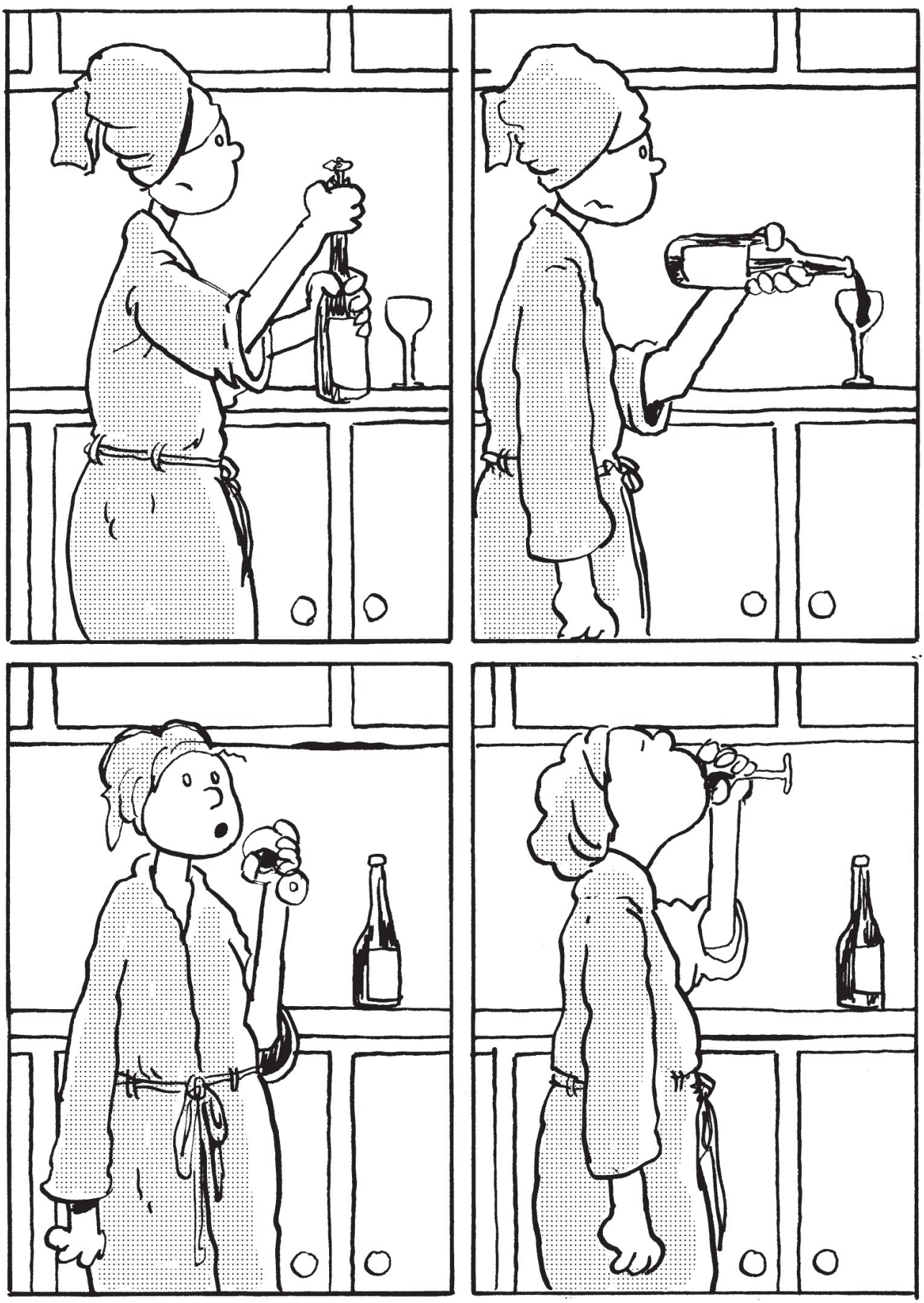
SOMETIMES I WISH—NO—SOMETIMES I THINK WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF MOM DIED INSTEAD OF DAD.

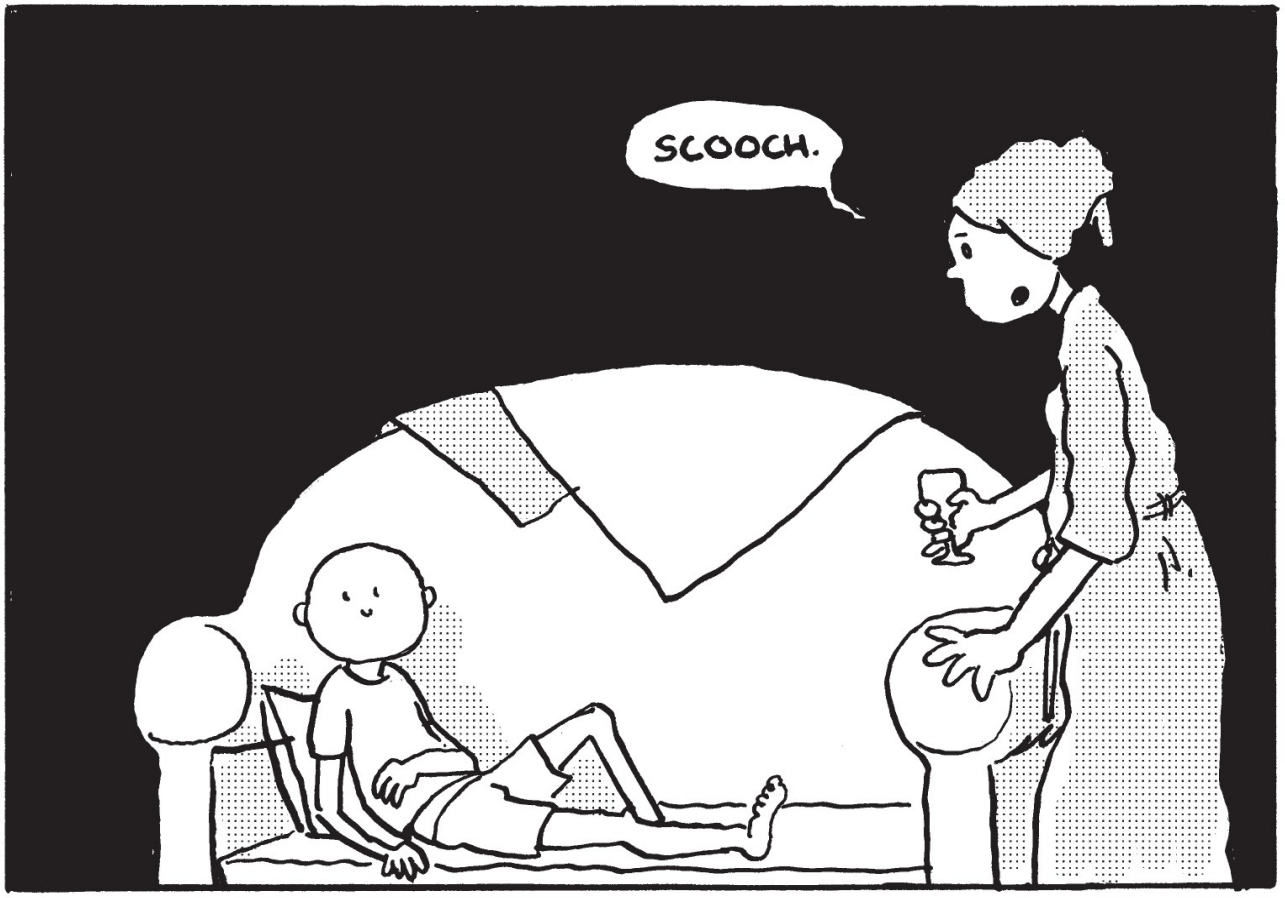


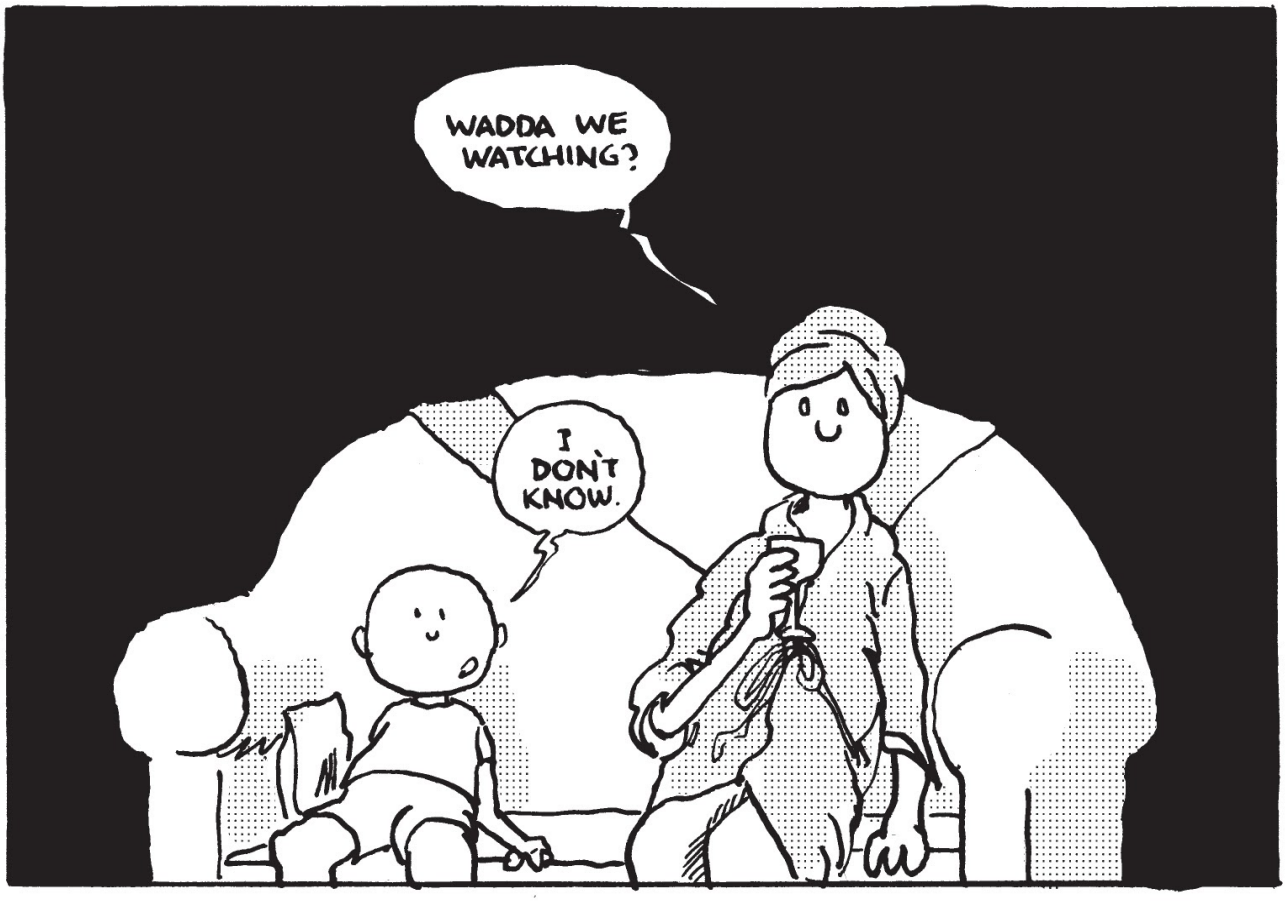

SHE'S ALWAYS SO SAD. I HATE IT.



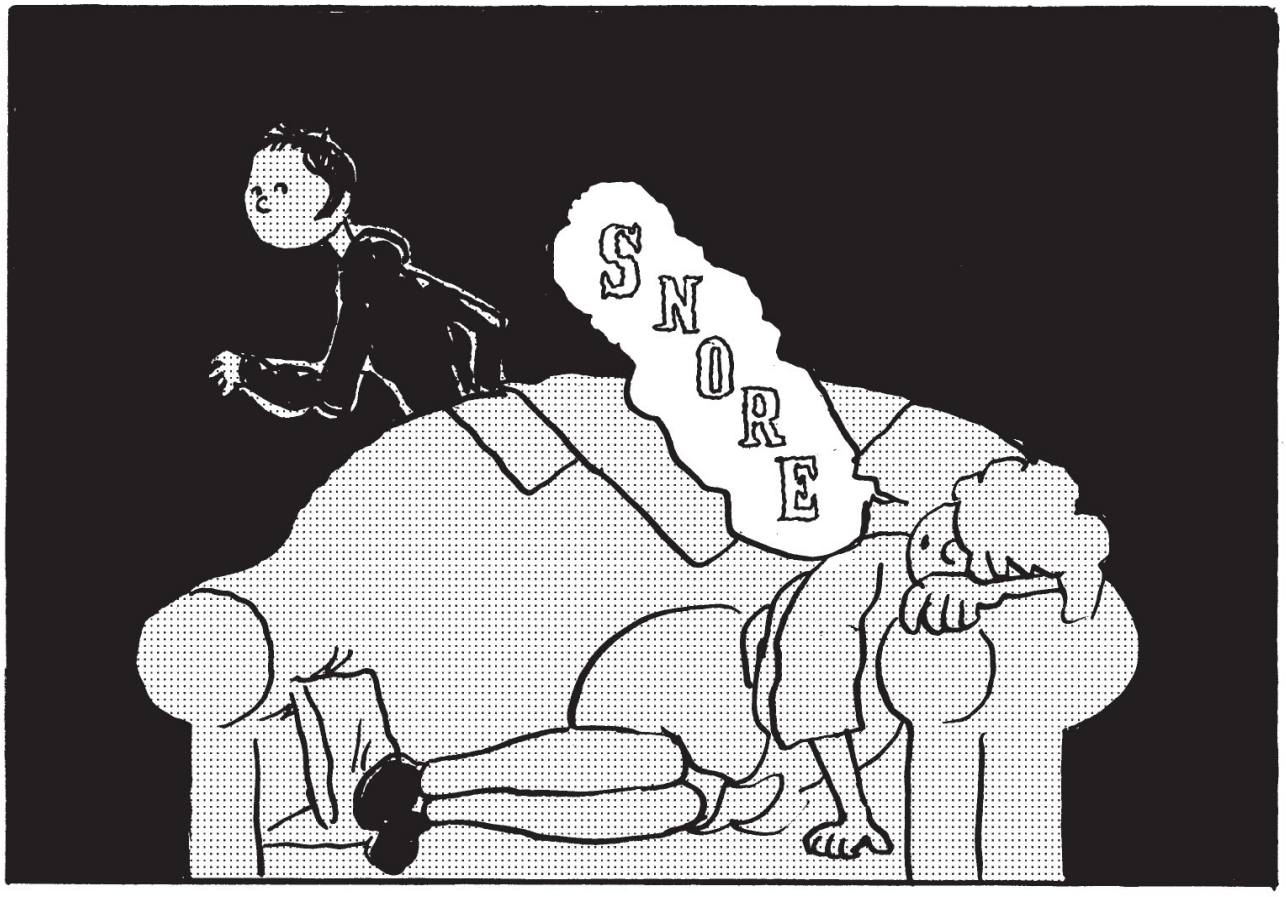
WHERE'S YOUR SISTER?
HUH?
I DON'T KNOW.

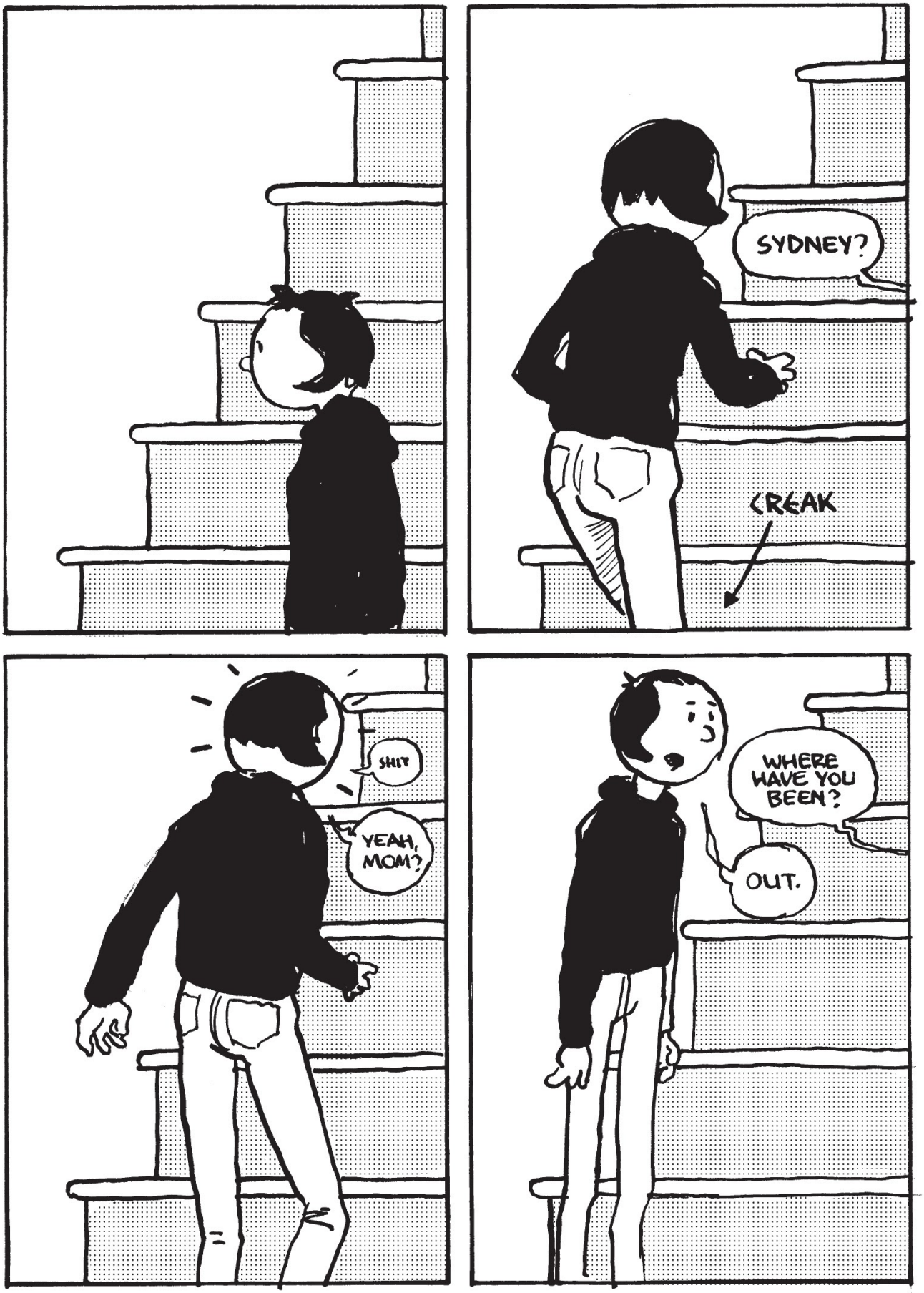


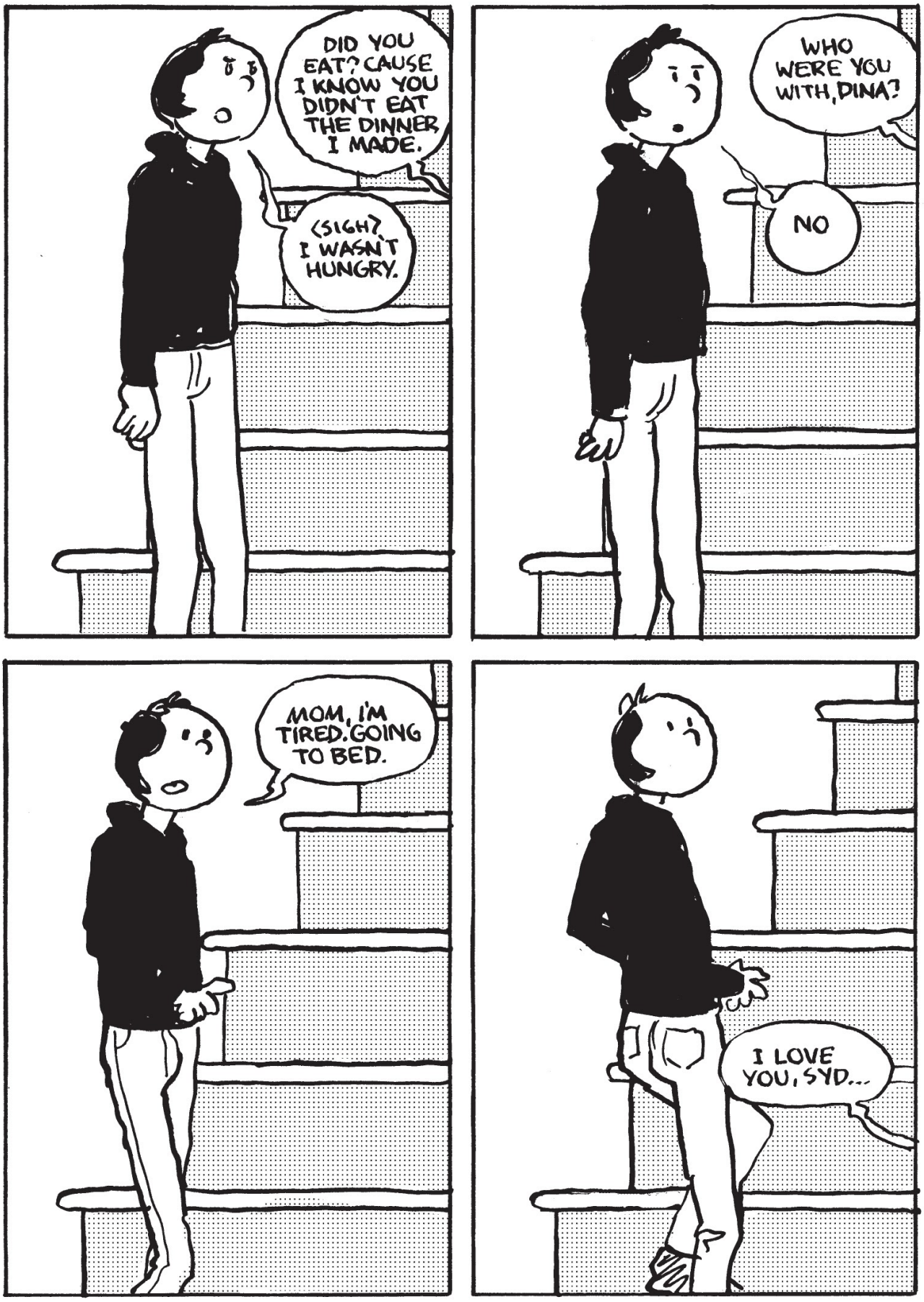

SCOOCH.


WADDA WE WATCHING?
I DON'T KNOW.

SNORE


SNORE

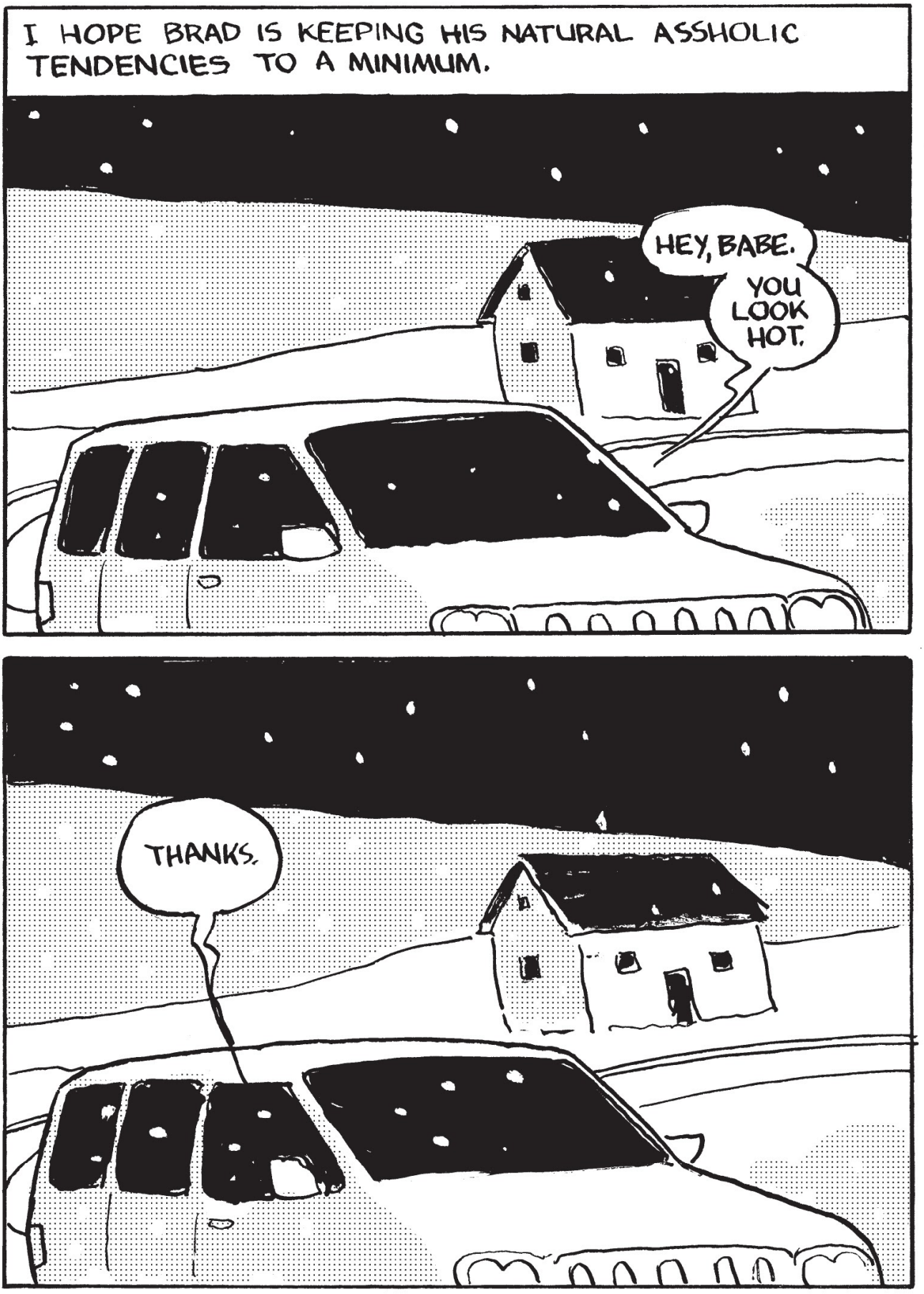

SYDNEY?
CREAK
SHIT
YEAH, MOM?
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
OUT.


DID YOU EAT? CAUSE I KNOW YOU DIDN'T EAT THE DINNER I MADE.
<SIGH> I WASN'T HUNGRY.
WHO WERE YOU WITH, DINA?
NO
MOM, I'M TIRED. GOING TO BED.
I LOVE YOU, SYD...

the
SLITS

baby jesus

I MISS DINA. THAT BITCH.


I HOPE BRAD IS KEEPING HIS NATURAL ASSHOLIC TENDENCIES TO A MINIMUM.
HEY, BABE.
YOU LOOK HOT.
THANKS.

IT MAKES ME SICK TO MY STOMACH TO THINK OF THEM TOGETHER.
C'MON. LET'S GO!
AW, FORGET THEM.
I TOLD JOHN WE'RE NOT COMING.

HE IS SUCH A MISOGYNIST PIECE OF SHIT. GOD!!! FUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!
WHY?!
I REALLY WANTED TO SEE THAT MOVIE.
I THOUGHT WE COULD MAKE OUR OWN MOVIE.

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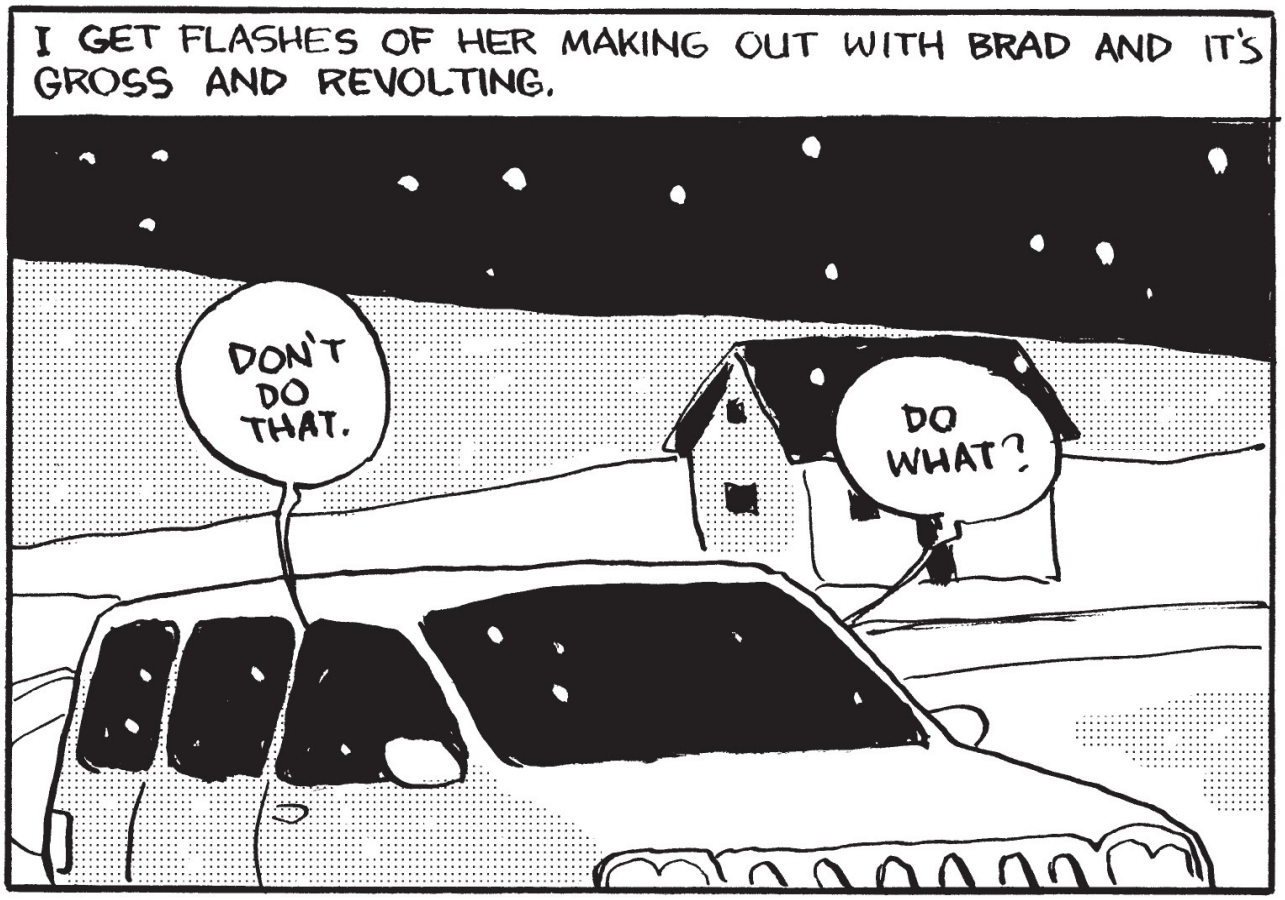
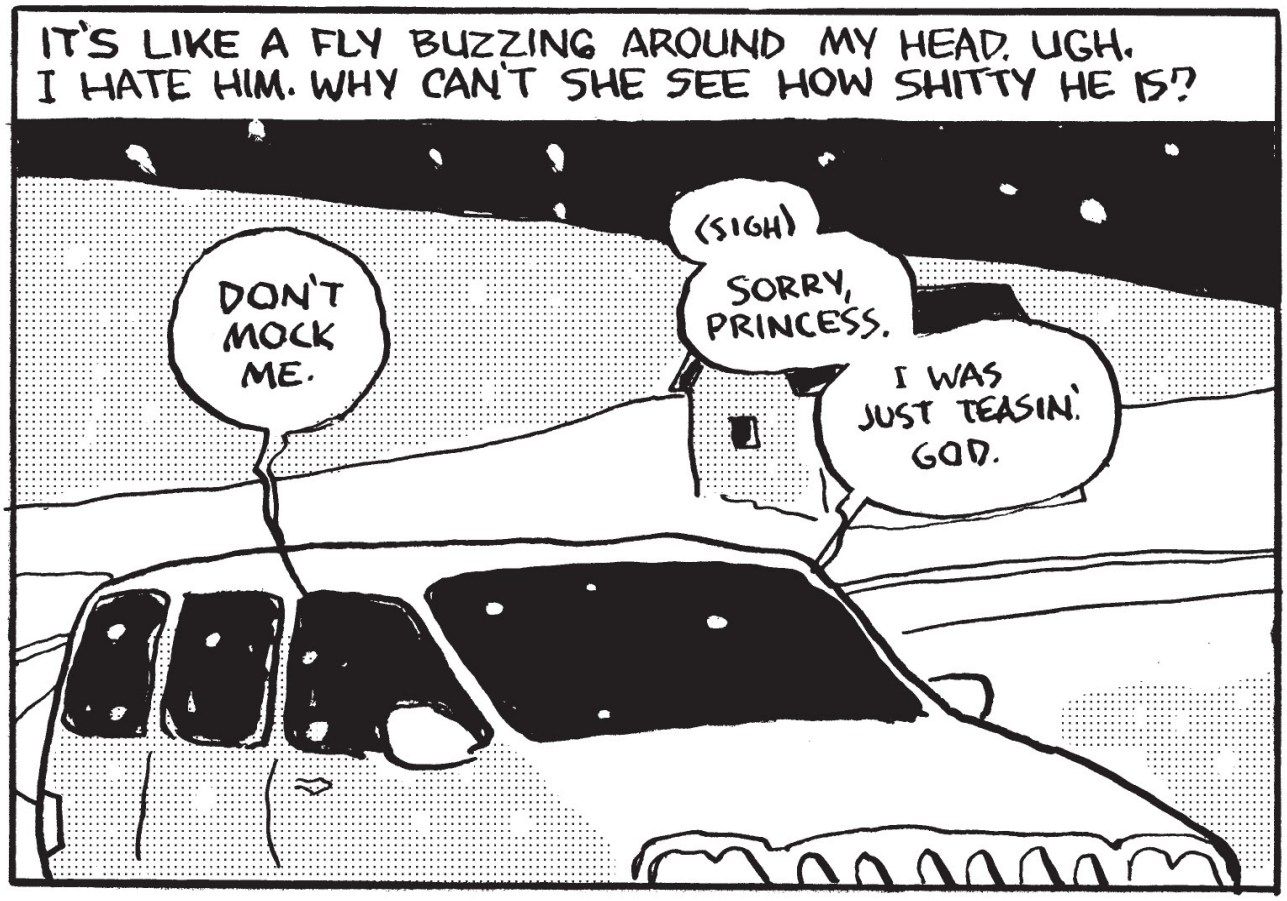

I GET FLASHES OF HER MAKING OUT WITH BRAD AND IT'S GROSS AND REVOLTING.
DON'T DO THAT.
DO WHAT?

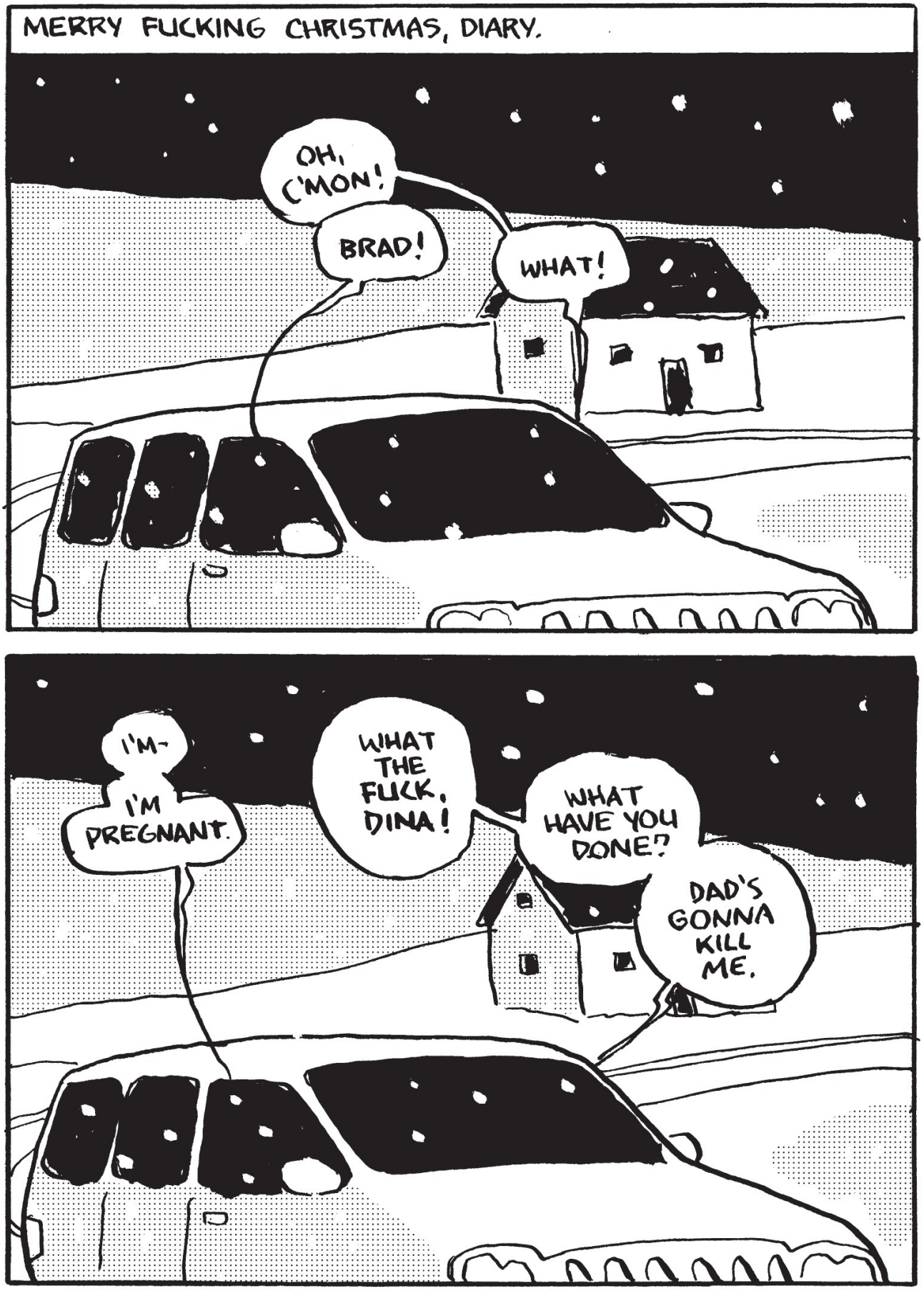

IT'S LIKE A FLY BUZZING AROUND MY HEAD. UGH. I HATE HIM. WHY CAN'T SHE SEE HOW SHITTY HE IS?
DON'T MOCK ME.
(SIGH) SORRY, PRINCESS.
I WAS JUST TEASIN'. GOD.

IT WAS SO MUCH BETTER WHEN IT WAS JUST THE TWO OF US. WE HAD SO MUCH FUN. LIKE THAT TIME WE WENT TO ROCK 'N' BOWL AND FLIRTED WITH THE DJ.
JUST ONE KISS?

WE GOT HIM TO PLAY "HOOKED ON A FEELING" LIKE TWENTY TIMES WHILE WE DANCED. WE ANNOYED THE SHIT OUT OF EVERYONE. IT WAS SO GREAT.
ONE LITTLE KISS?

UGH. I FEEL KINDA BETTER GETTING ALL THAT OUT.
FINE

MAYBE THIS HIPPY JOURNAL WASN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA.
OKAY, STOP.
I MEAN IT!


MERRY FUCKING CHRISTMAS, DIARY.
OH, C'MON!
BRAD!
WHAT!
I'M-
I'M PREGNANT.
WHAT THE FUCK, DINA!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
DAD'S GONNA KILL ME.

I HOPE DINA IS HAVING A GOOD CHRISTMAS.
HEY!
YOU'RE HURTING ME.
STOP!
SHUT UP!
STUPID BITCH!

DAMN! I MISS HER.