

# Alone Forever



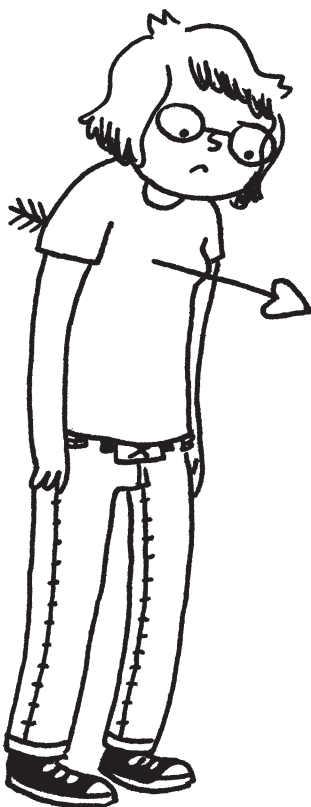
The  
Singles  
Collection

BY  
LIZ  
PRINCE

# Alone Forever

The Singles Collection

BY LIZ PRINCE



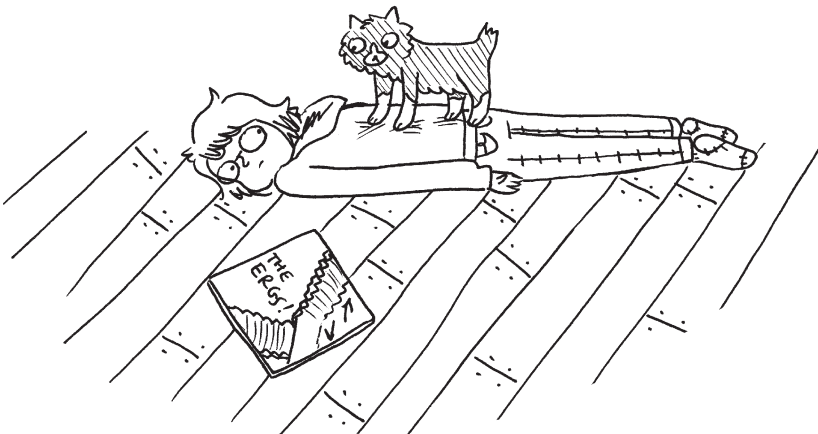
Alone Forever, the Singles Collection  
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Man, I wish I had the guts to say all the awkward things I think of when I meet someone I don't know, but if I did I'd probably have ZERO friends



And then I'd be ALONE FOREVER.

That should be the title of your next book.



An excerpt:



Hey, I'm Liz Prince.

oh, hey! I really like your comics!



well no shit. If you didn't I'd say you're a retarded mother fucker.



sip

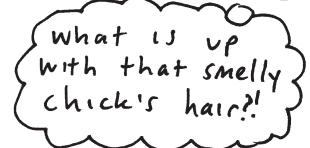


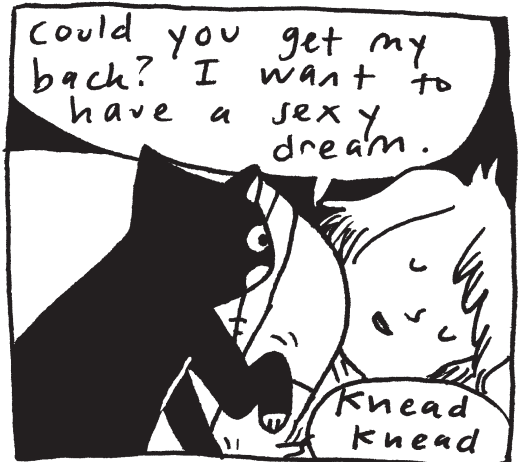
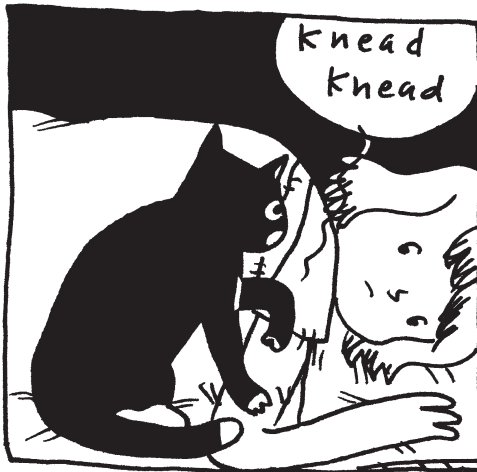
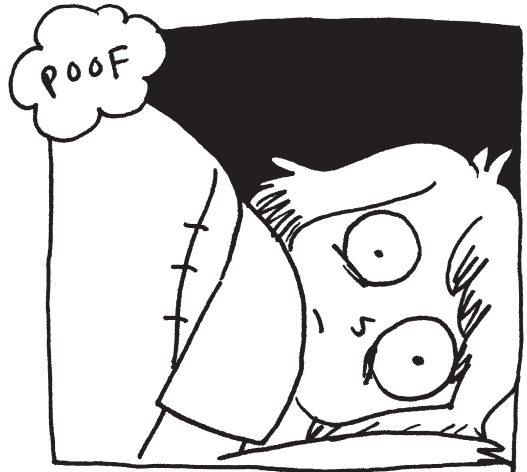


So this is how I left the house:



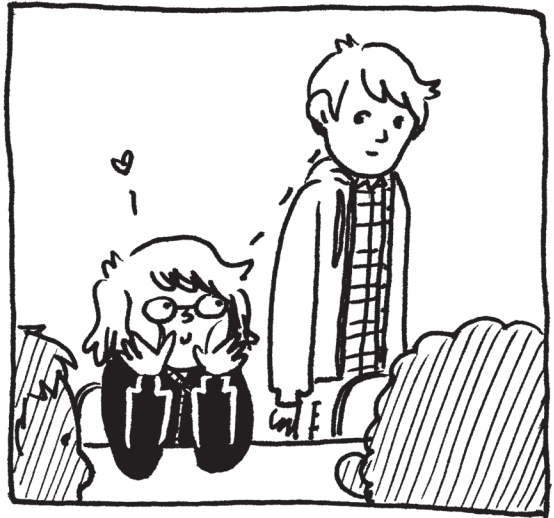
\* sorry mom, grandma 😊

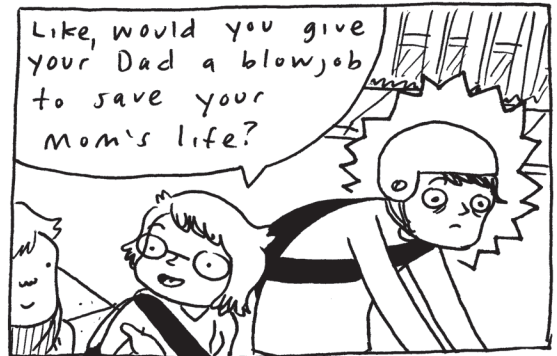
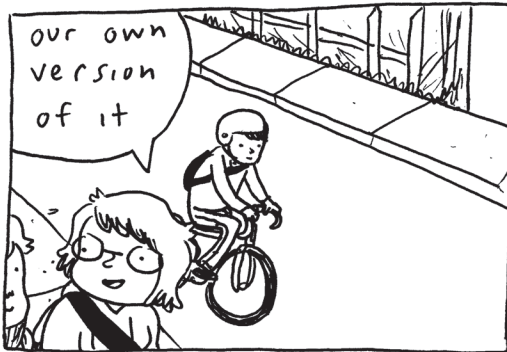














# I HAVE BEEN EATING A LOT OF GARLIC

it makes my clothes smell like garlic

ew

SNIFF

a hoodie I was planning on never washing

it makes my breath smell like garlic

Sorry dinner was so garlicky last night

I woke up this morning and it was like someone took a garlic shit in my mouth.

it even makes my armpits smell like garlic

ok, WTF?

But at least I don't have to worry about this

DING DONG

My word, a caller? at this hour?

CHICK LIT

LIZ! I left Bella, you have to run away with me!

SLAM NEVER! you pretty-boy-lisa-frank excuse for a vampire!

But I do have to worry about this

nom nom

COUNT CHOCULA

what's that awful smell?

I'm outta here!

COUNT CHOCULA

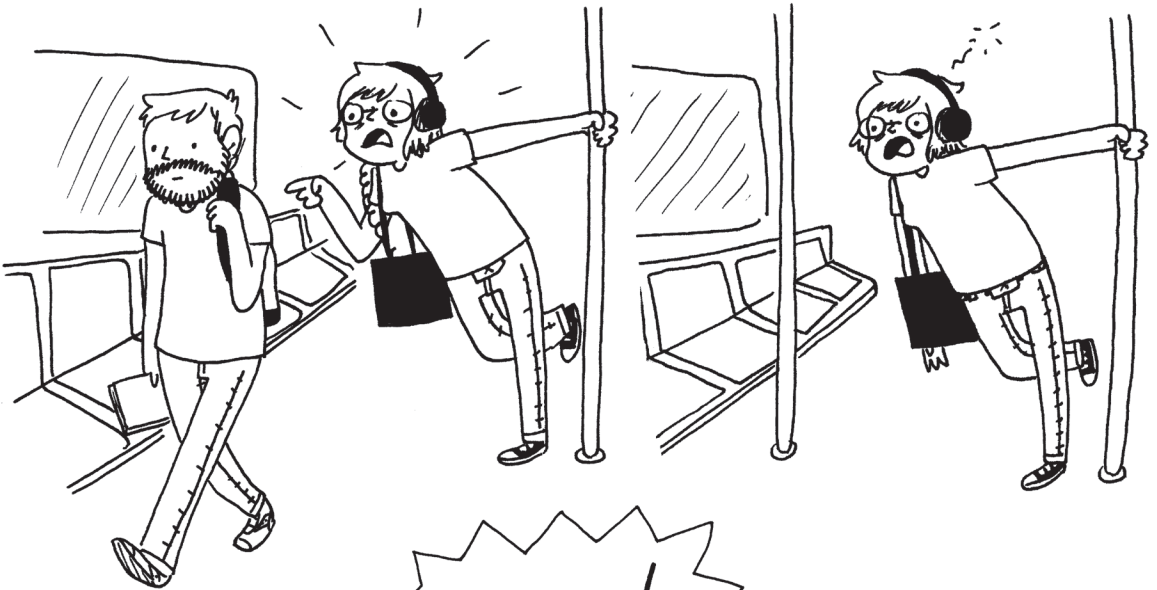












BOOKS!



THE MORE YOU  
READ, THE LESS  
YOU HAVE TO PAY  
ATTENTION TO  
CREEPY PEOPLE  
ON THE SUBWAY.





Just kidding: I know nobody was looking at my tits because they are rather unimpressive.



Total doppelbanger material

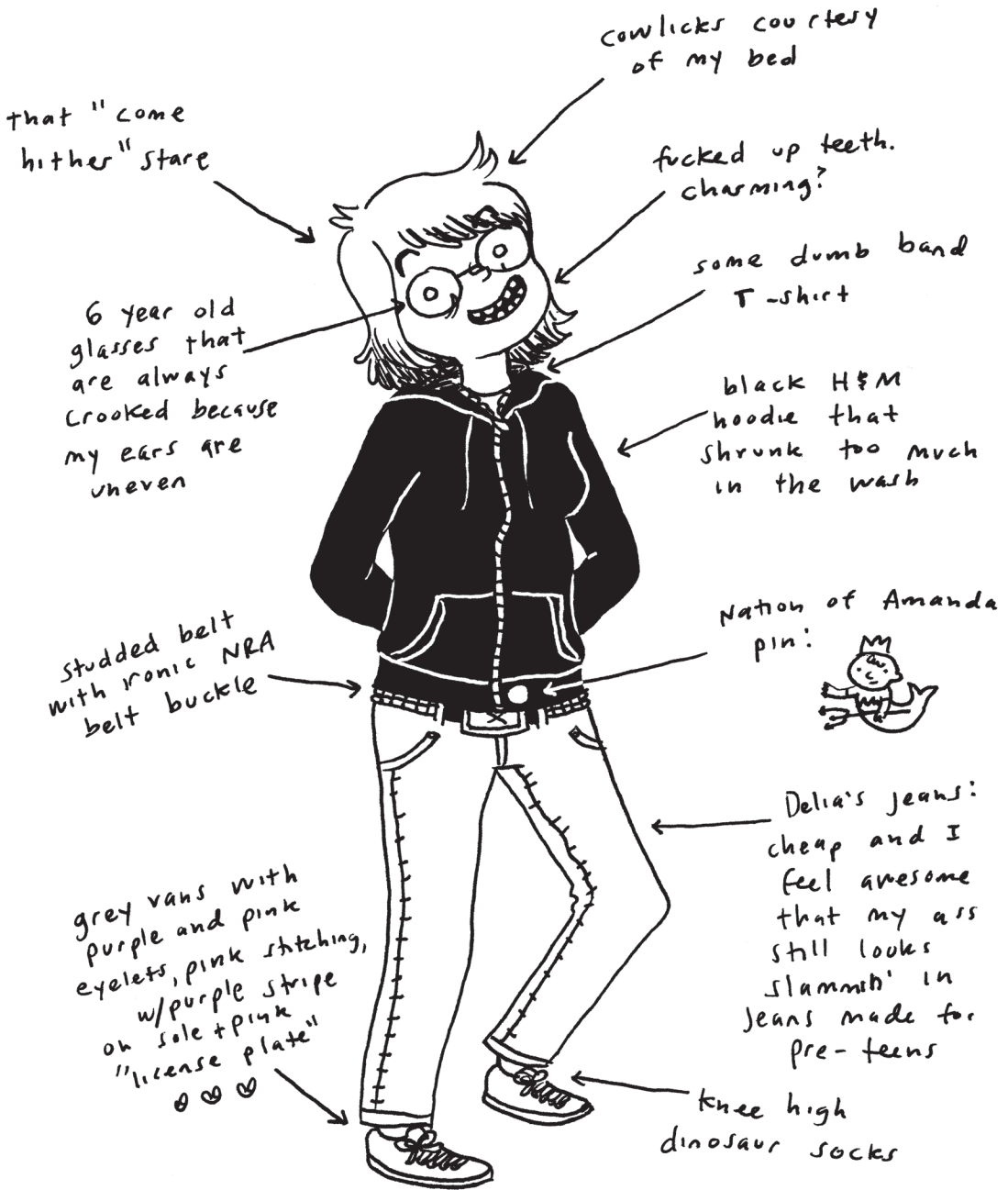


Alone for a few hours



Making a "to-do" list ↴

# MEET THE GIRL WHO IS HIDING IN YOUR BUSHES



Farhad texted me and said:

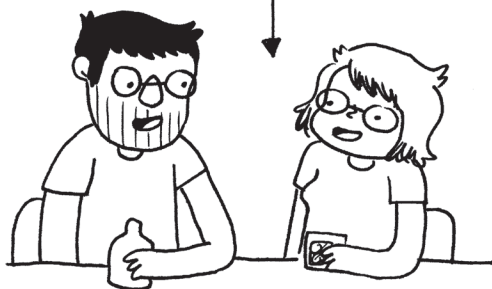


we had made this moronic pact to be each other's "wingman"



How we see ourselves:

Just two old friends hanging out.



How the rest of the bar probably sees us:



obviously we do nothing  
but cock block each  
other in these situations,  
but fuck it, I just  
like hanging out



But of course the one cute boy in the  
whole place never looked  
up from his phone



and the girl that  
Farhad likes has a  
boy friend



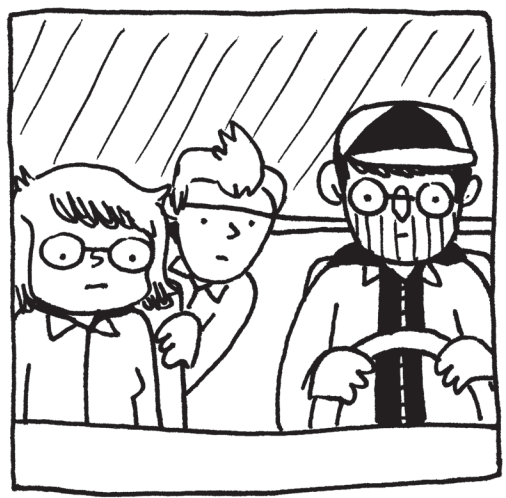
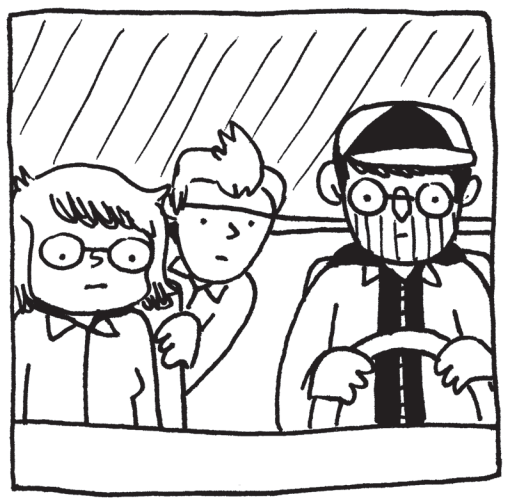
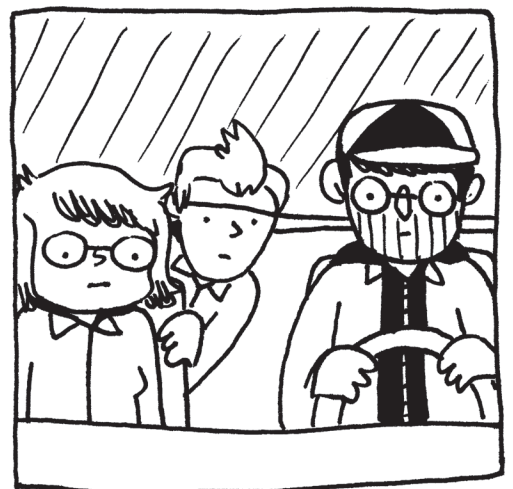
And so here I am at what used to be the punk bar, squished between two  
platonic male friends who are discussing my least favourite subject



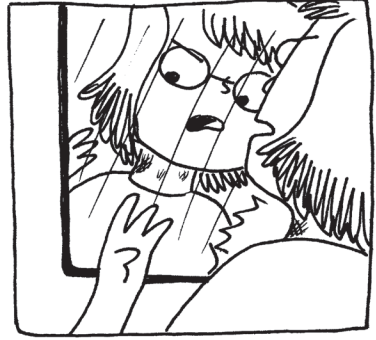
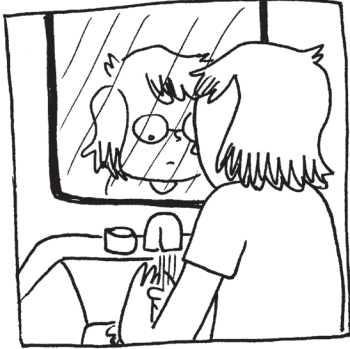


I wonder how this looks to the rest  
of the bar



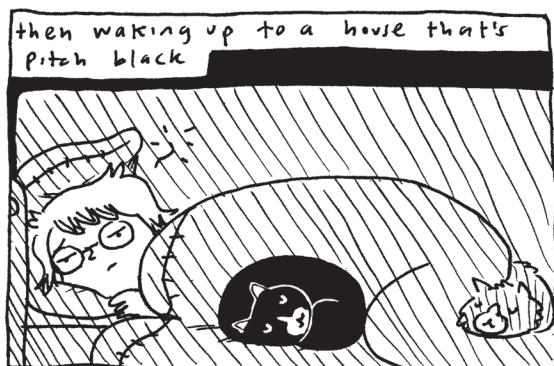
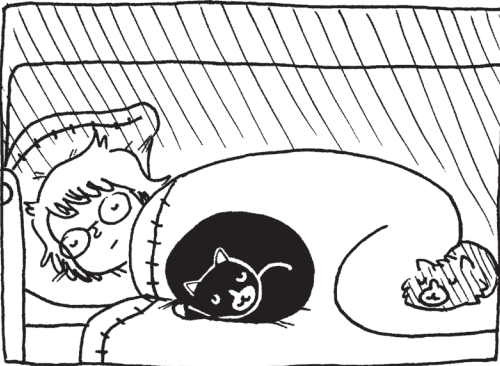
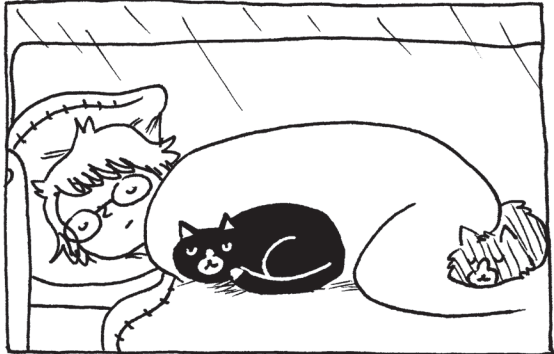
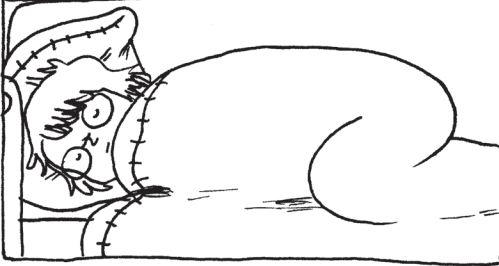






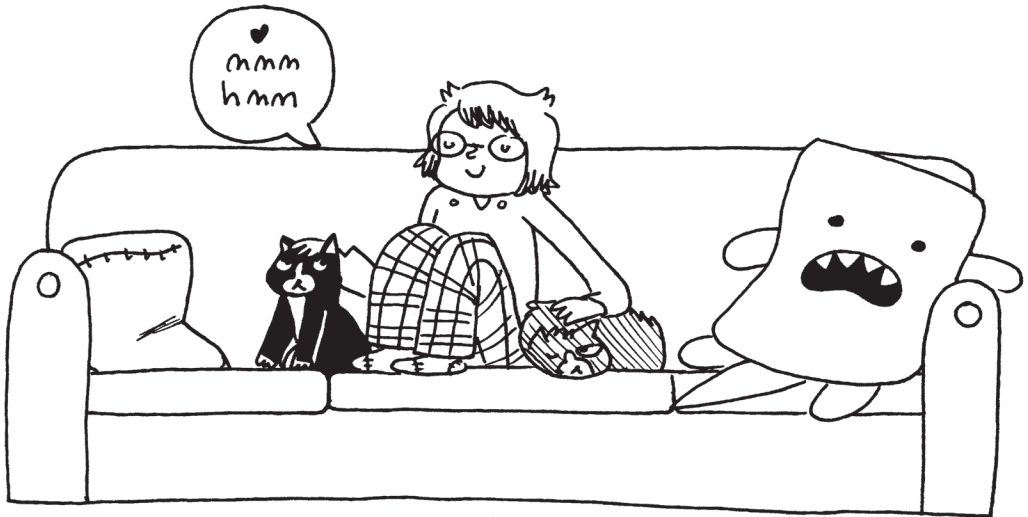
Dark Days

Lately I've had this habit of falling asleep on the couch while it's light out



then waking up to a house that's pitch black

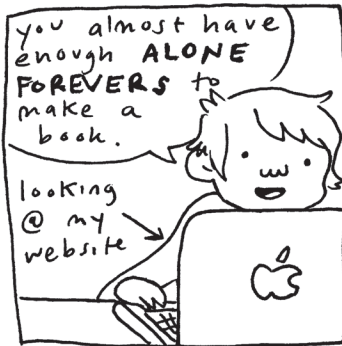




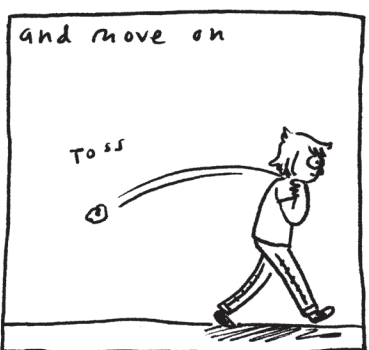




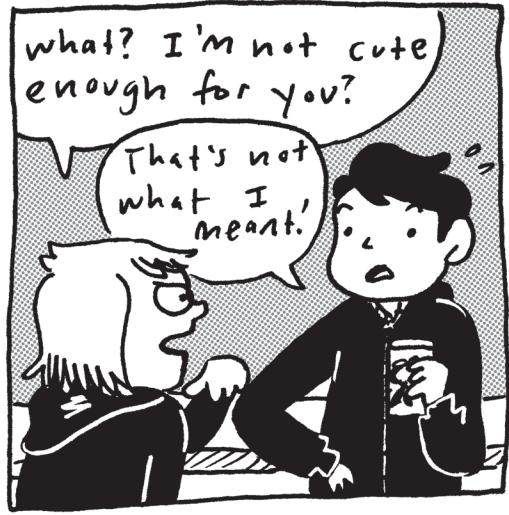
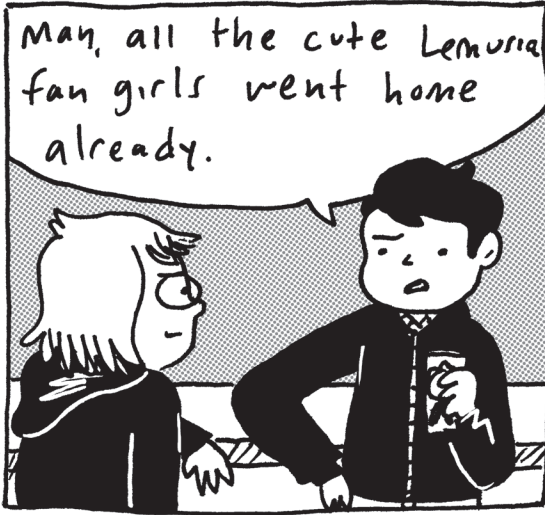
I AM THE MASTER OF THE FLIRT.



I was aggressively pursued by a guy in a somewhat popular punk band, he didn't live near me, and I wasn't attracted to him, but his tenacity and wit won me over

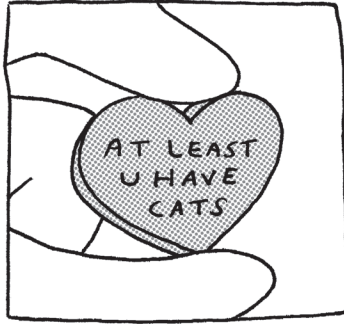


Because when you're not on the same page



Terms of endearment





\* there's a weird girl making eyes at me...





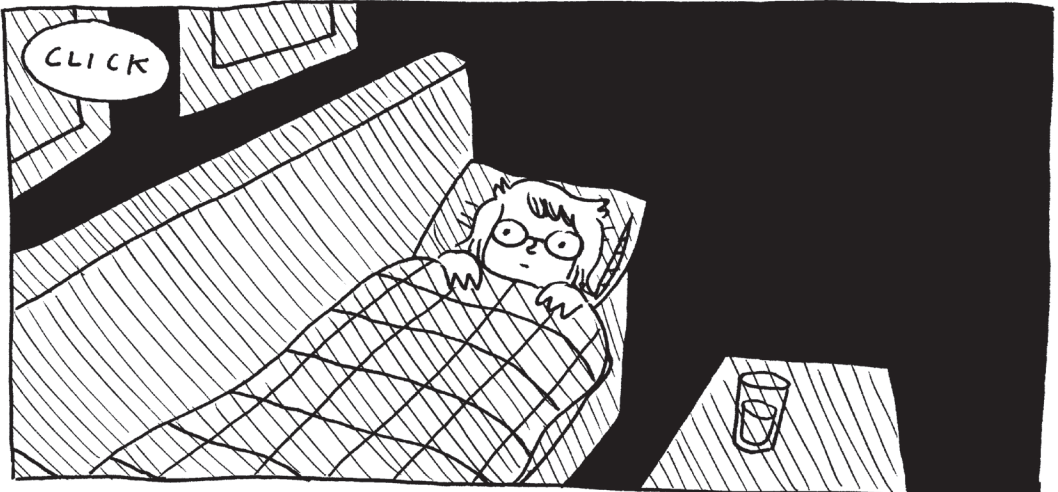


walk  
walk  
walk



No!

lick  
lick  
lick



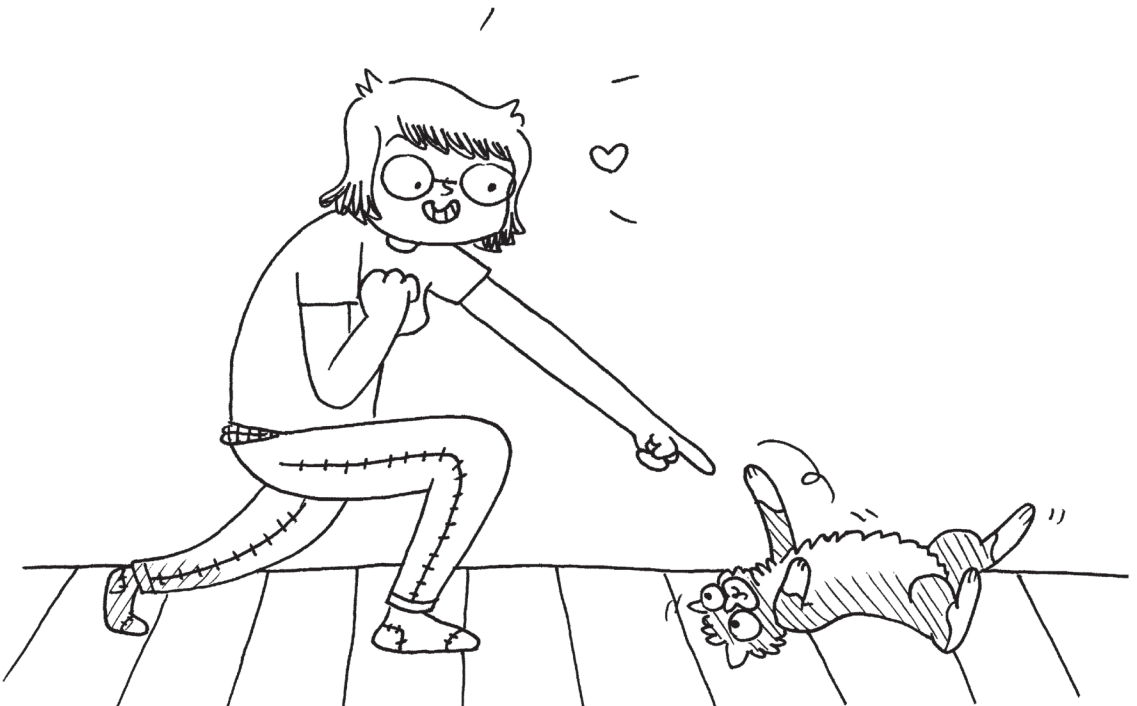
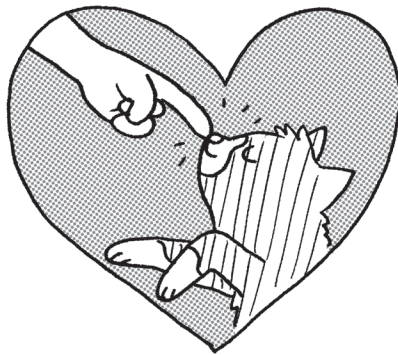
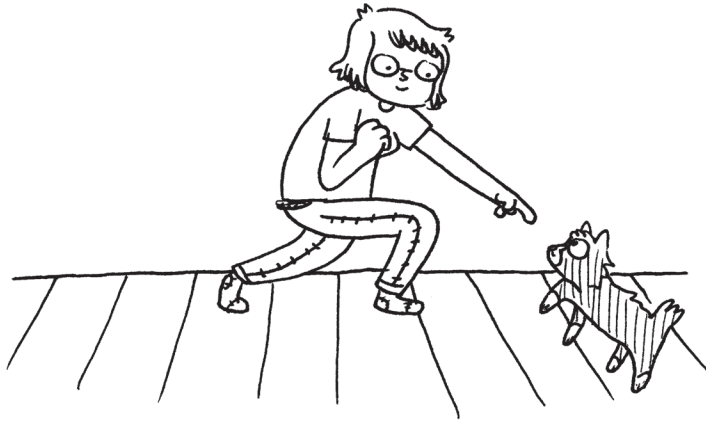




AND IT'S  
TRUE, IF I HAD  
TO CHOOSE BETWEEN  
THE TWO



WHO NEEDS  
HAPPINESS  
I'D RATHER  
HAVE YOU



lyrics from "Who Needs Happiness (I'd Rather Have You)" by Dr. Frank

@ the Lemuria show



@ the Art Store

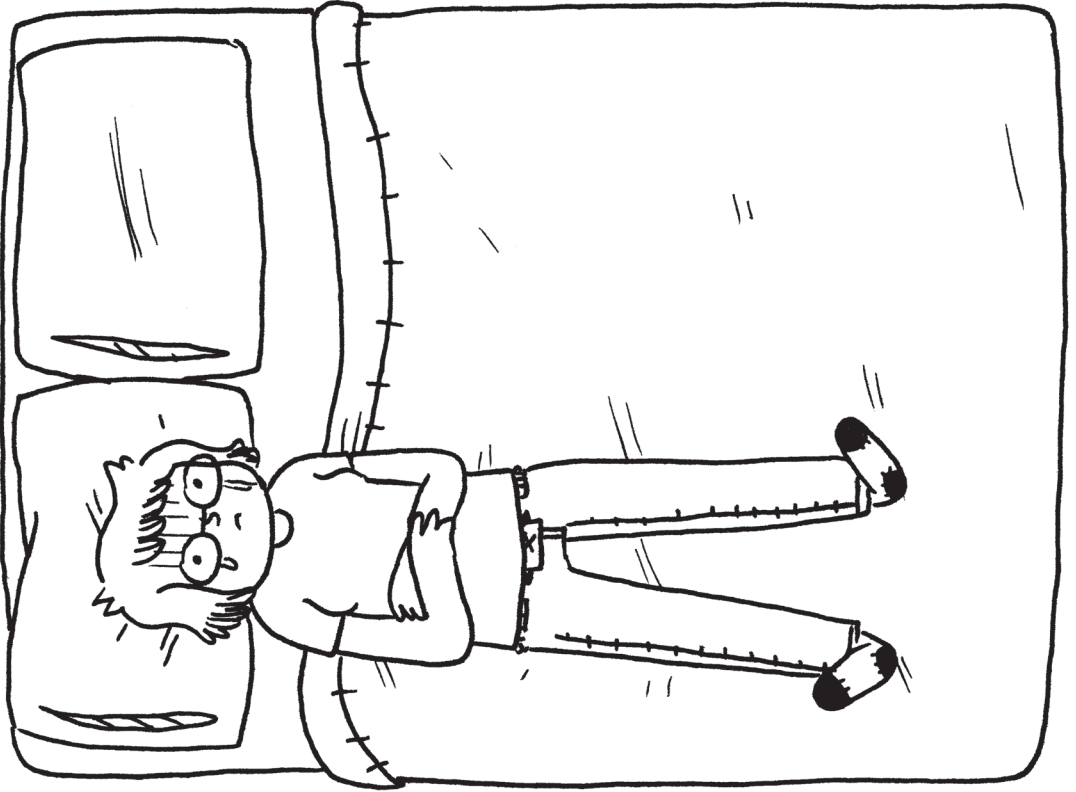


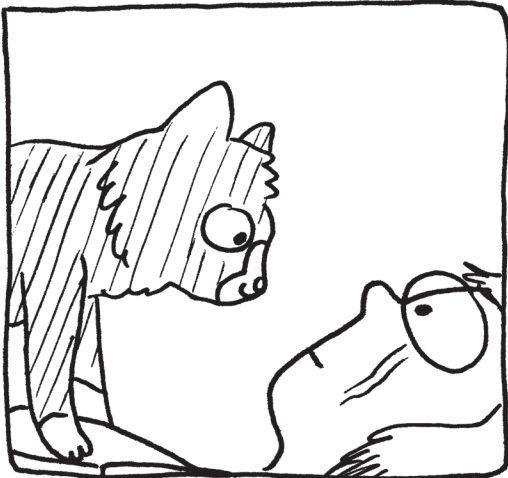
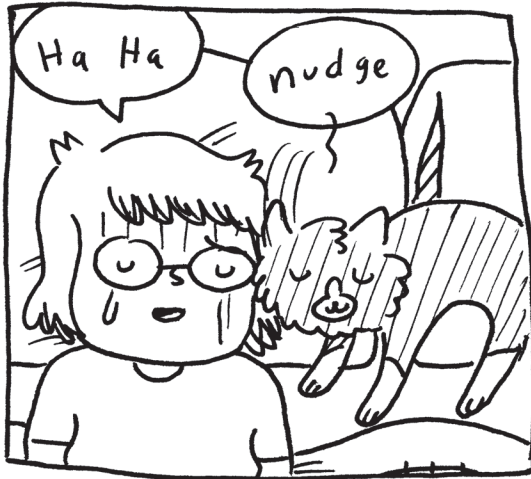
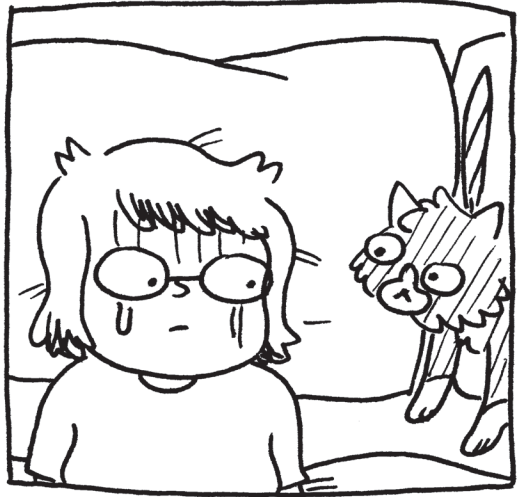
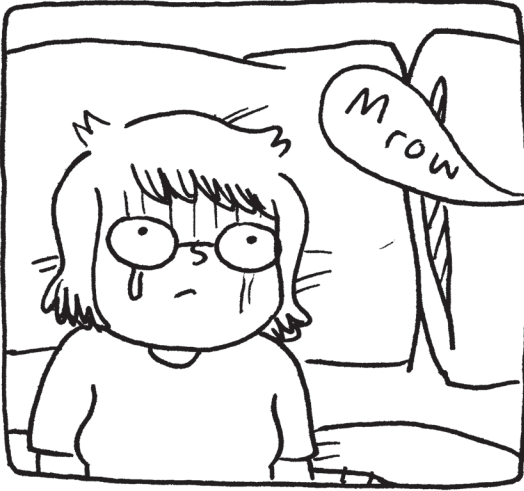
At every show I've ever been to

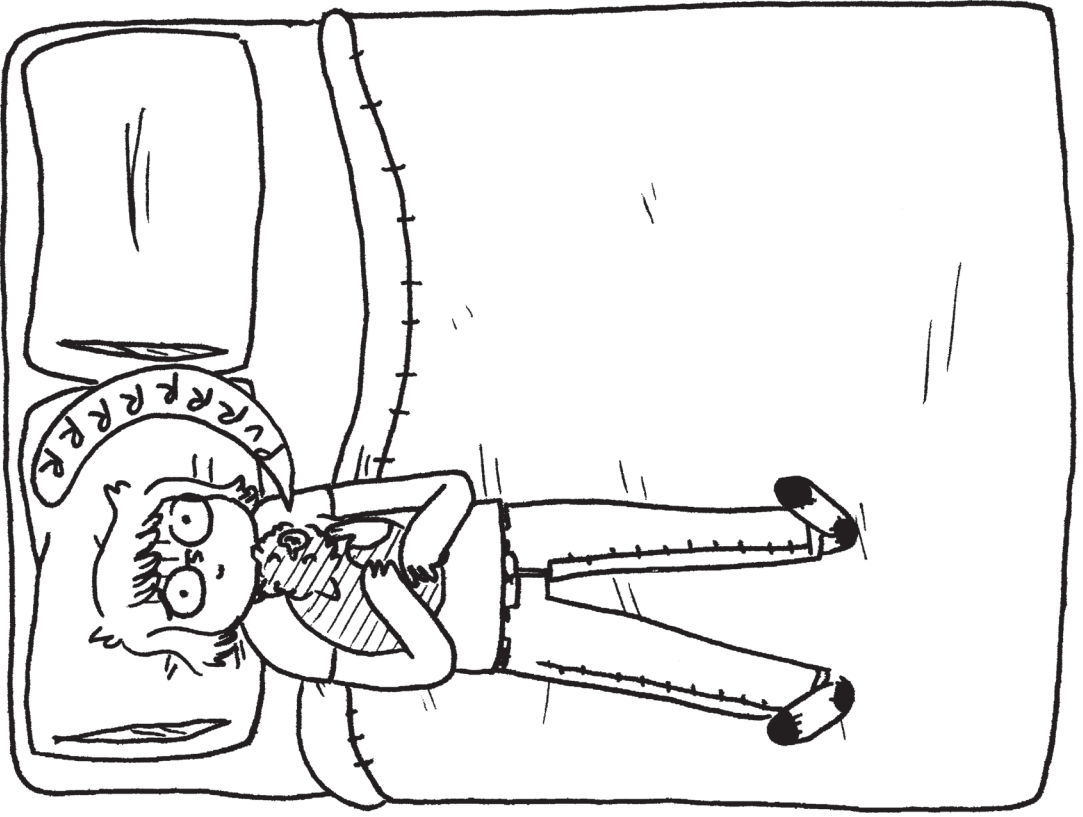


It probably doesn't help that I'm surrounded by dudes whose girlfriends never come to shows: I'm just cockblocking myself all the time.













the Rapture is only supposed to take 250,000 people?

They should take all the Star Wars fans instead.

That's so few!

That'd be about half the population of Earth!

I'd be ok with that

because then I'd have no more ex-boyfriends

OR ANY friends

This week I've hung out exclusively with couples!

Max } Maris } Joe L }  
Thalie } Joe Q } Becca }

Mike } Matt } Ann }  
Taleeh } Victoria } Evan }

Paul }  
Katy }      LIZ

I took a little break and brooded on the beach while everyone searched for tidepools

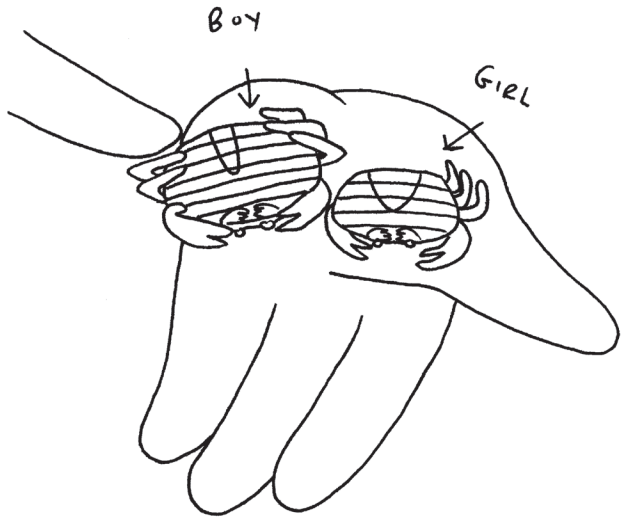


I'll name them both RORY so they're unisex.

oh, flip them over.



You can tell their sex by their tails: the females have bigger tails to hide their eggs, the males don't have any eggs to hide, so they have smaller tails.



They're a little couple.



You guys too, huh?



Max } Maris } Joe L }  
Thalie } Joe Q } Becca }

Mike } Matt } Ann }  
Taleeh } Victoria } Evan }

Paul } LIZ } RORY }  
Katy } RORY }

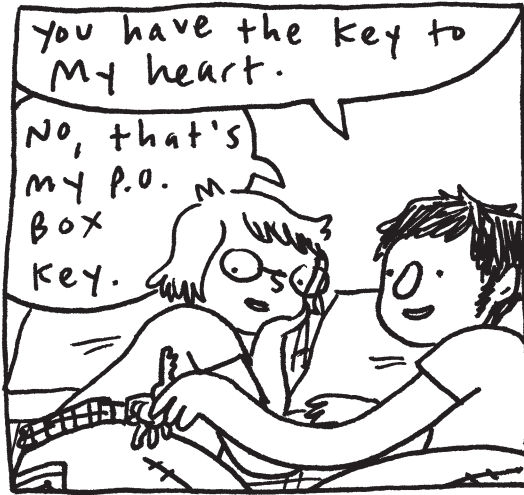
Telling someone you have a crush on them via text message is so fucking nerve wracking



The one where Liz gets hit on at a party











Oh c'mon, I'll hold the football and you come running up and kick it.

No!

Don't you want a chance at love?

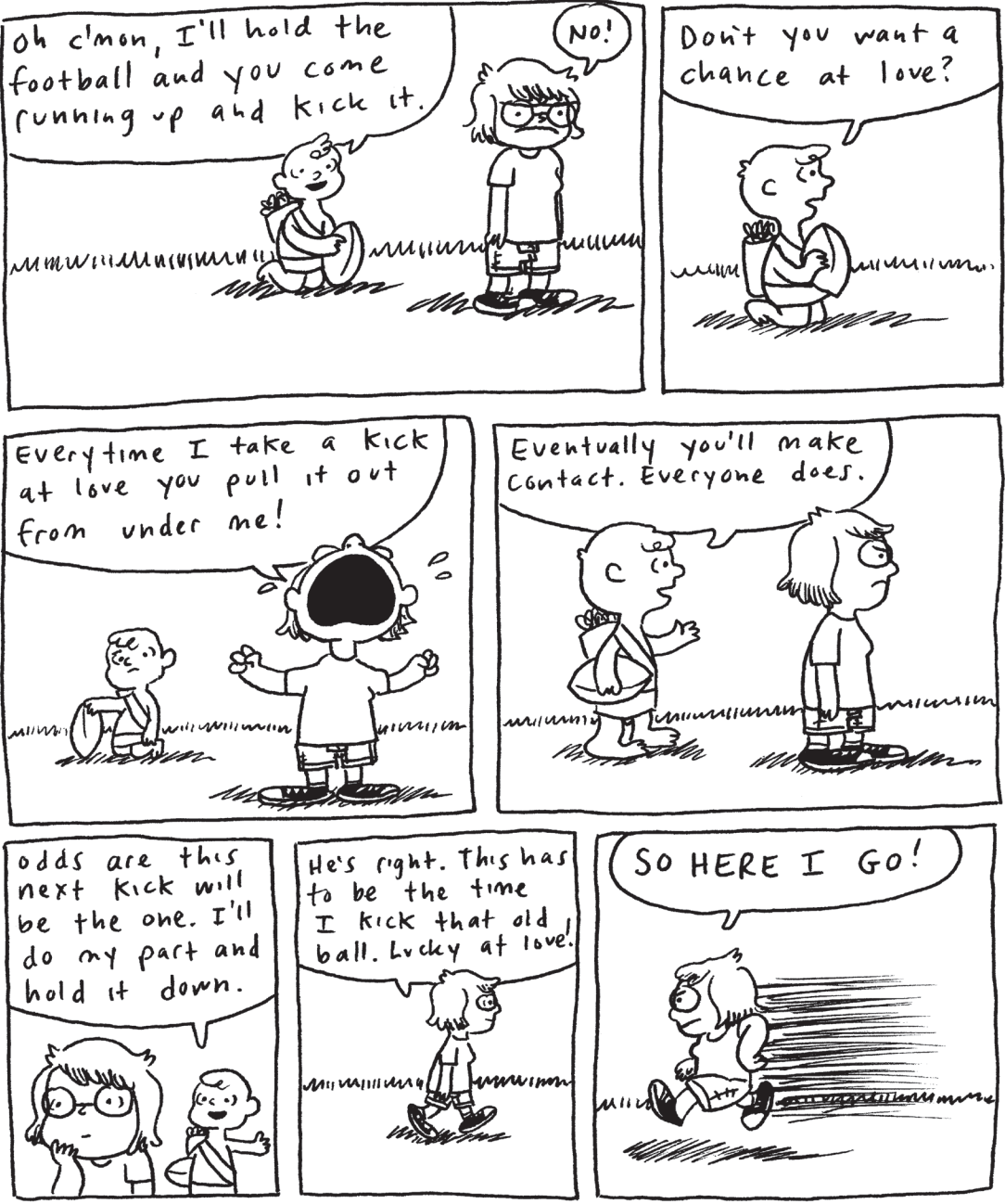
Everytime I take a kick at love you pull it out from under me!

Eventually you'll make contact. Everyone does.

odds are this next kick will be the one. I'll do my part and hold it down.

He's right. This has to be the time I kick that old ball. Lucky at love!

SO HERE I GO!

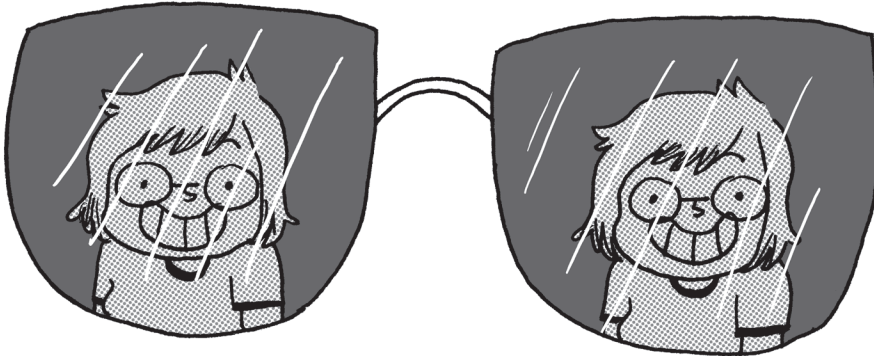




HAUGH!



GOOD GRIEF!

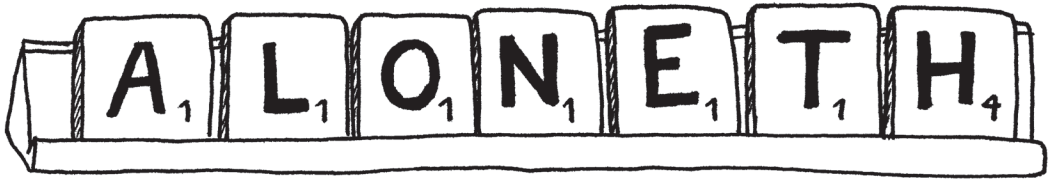


MORAL: objects in mirror are crazier than they appear

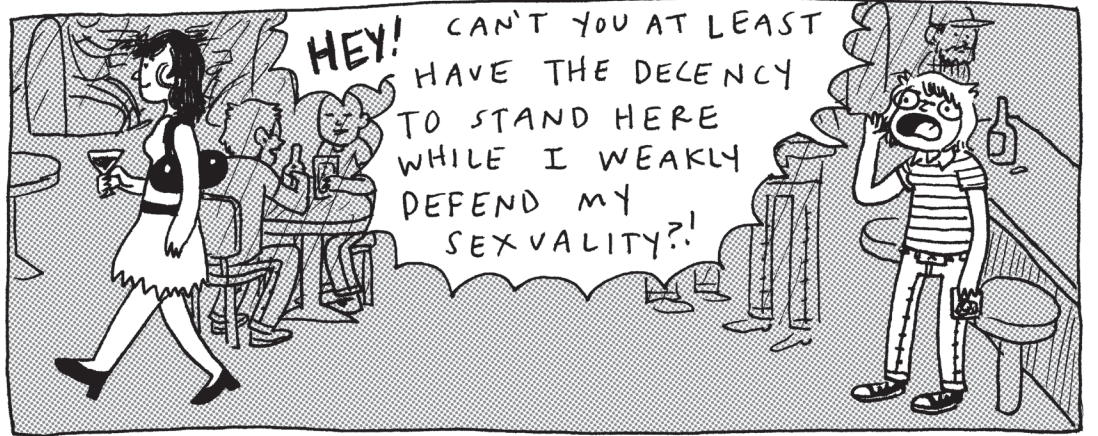
The one where Liz gets hit on in a bookstore







...and I couldn't even find a place to play it.



LOVE IS A



DATA FIELD

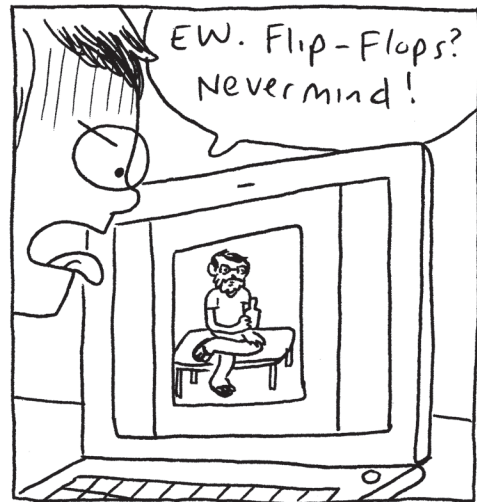
OK Cupid makes me hyper Judgmental



ooh, he lists Sunny Day Real Estate and Rainer Maria as favorite bands.

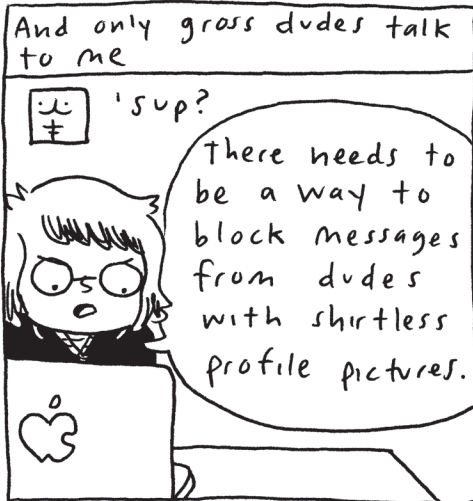


EW. Flip-Flops? NEVERMIND!



And only gross dudes talk to me

☹️ 'sup?



☹️ Is that a lightsaber or are you just happy to see me?





But ideally, I don't really want to meet someone online

HEY BABY.

PUH-LEEZE



Because nothing beats the thrill of meeting someone's eye



and finding out about them through interactions

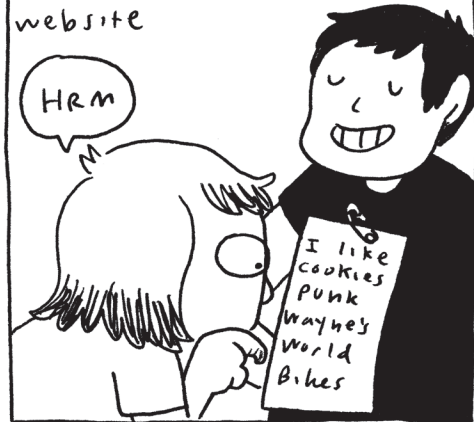
I hate when people go to the post office without their stuff pre-packaged

I totally hate that too.



not because of a list of adjectives they put on a website

HRM



I want to fall in love in the real world



But until it gets warm enough to leave the house, this'll have to do

I knew you'd be back.

Sigh



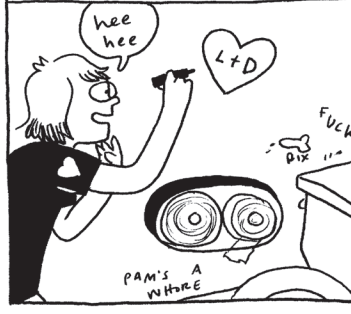
Everytime I get a new crush I get super excited



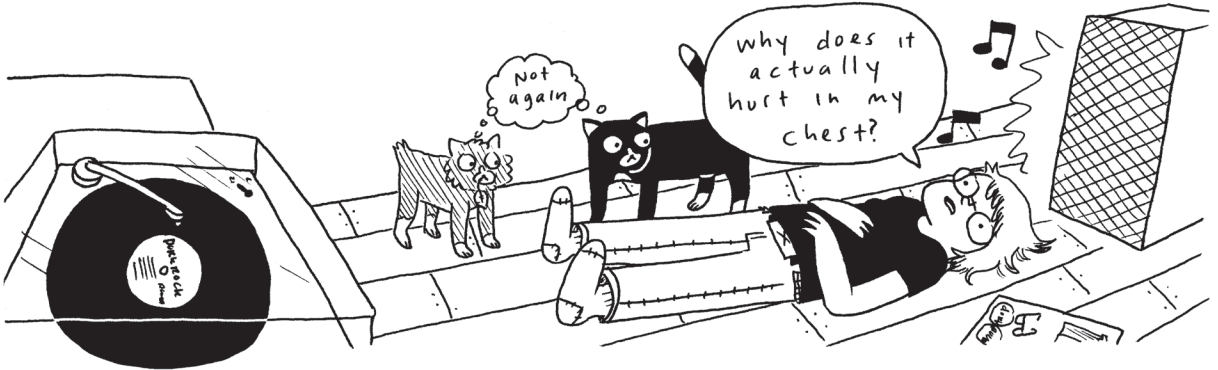
And when it's reciprocated, my brain explodes



I can't help it, I'm just hard wired that way



But every time it doesn't work out I feel more lonely than before



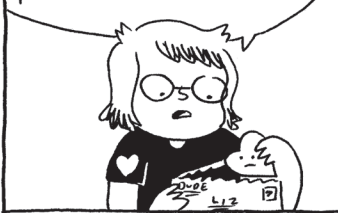
My friends are anxiously awaiting the day when all this disappointment and rejection makes me jaded and cynical enough to enter these situations with caution



But what's the point of having a crush if you can't get caught up in the fantasy of it?



Sure, it sucks when your heart gets returned to sender, but collecting the postmarks is all part of the fun.



So, to all the non-believers out there, I pity you I'm a HOPELESS ROMANTIC, you're just HOPELESS



Certainly NOT the end.

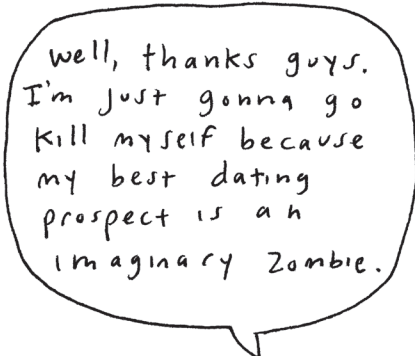








Dramatic, no?



For the last week I've read nothing but Milk and Cheese

tee hee

SO MUCH HATE



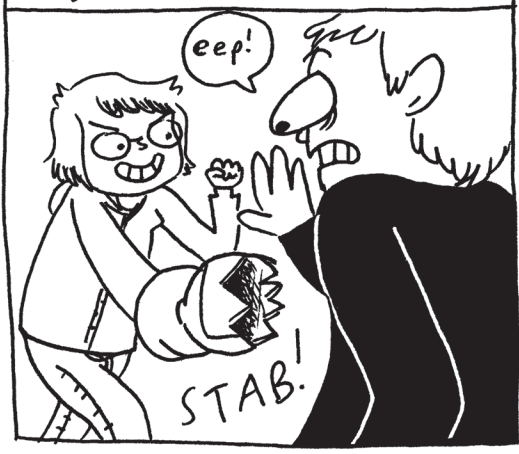
and Horror Comics



So don't be surprised when I gore you with a bottle

eep!

STAB!



and I won't be surprised when you come back from the dead

GROOAAANN



DESPAIR



# ALONE FOREVER

FEATURING...



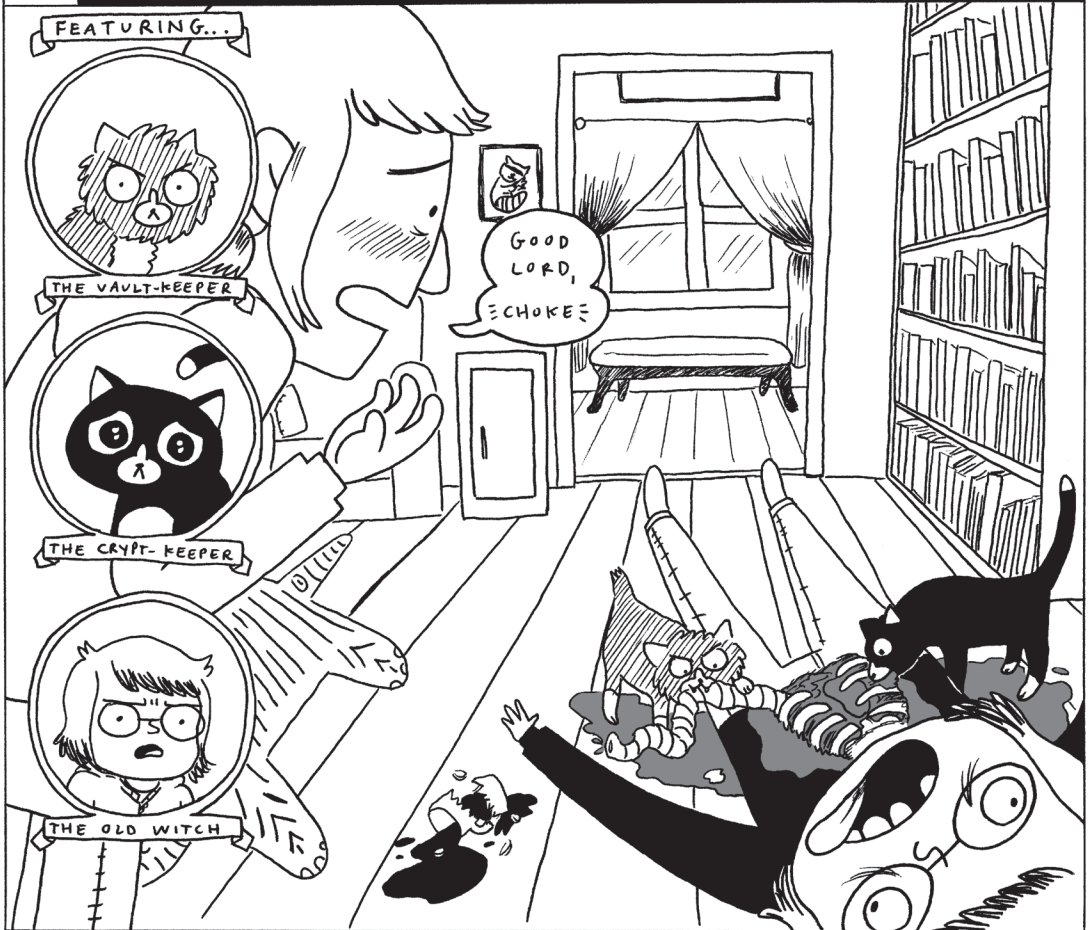
THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



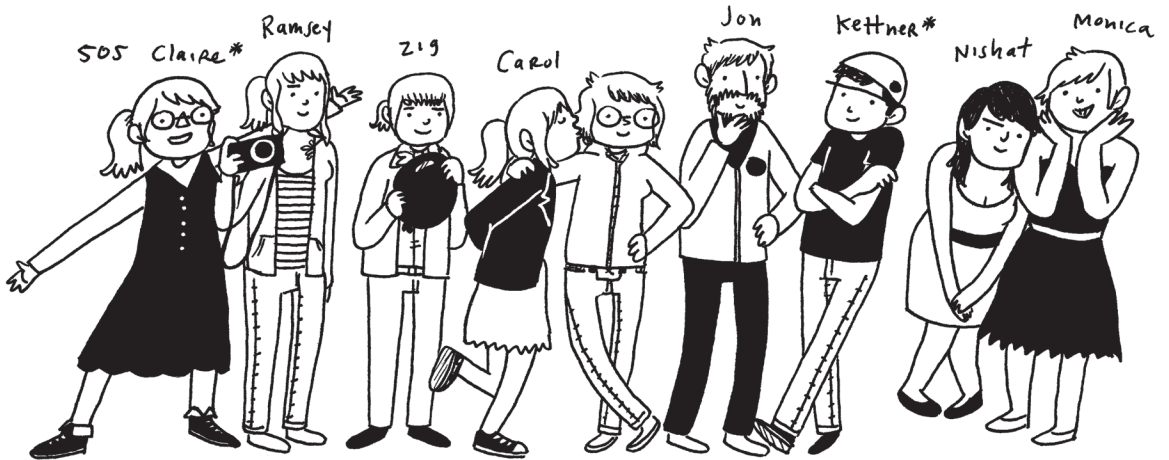
# 2012

is so bright, I gotta wear shades



mother fuckers.

I rang in the New Year at a party in Philly, surrounded by some of my favourite people I met in 2011



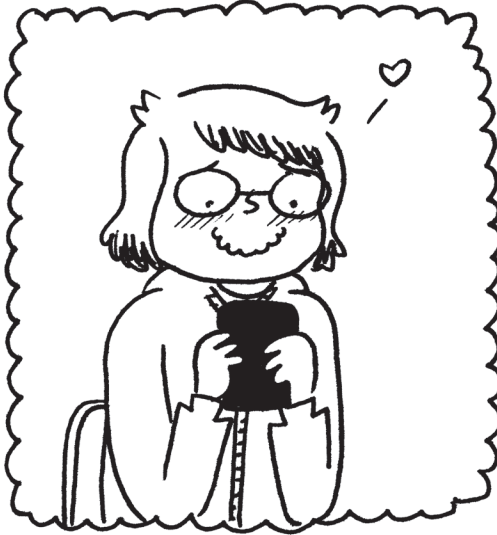
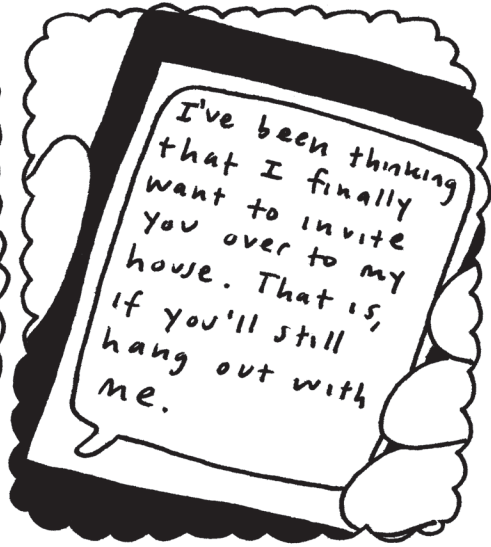
\*these people I have known FOREVER

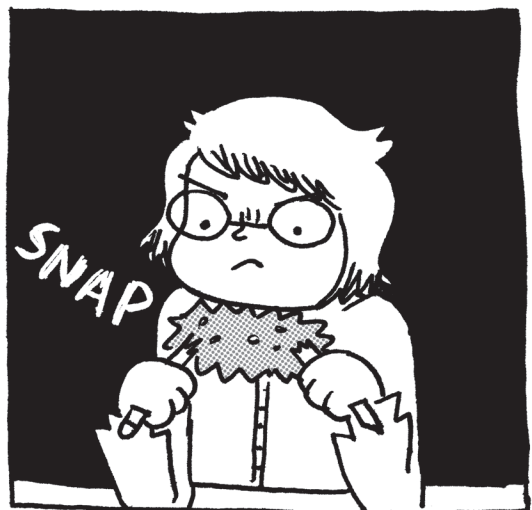
and then I spent a night in Brooklyn with my brother, who just moved there a few months ago: it's great to have him back on the east coast

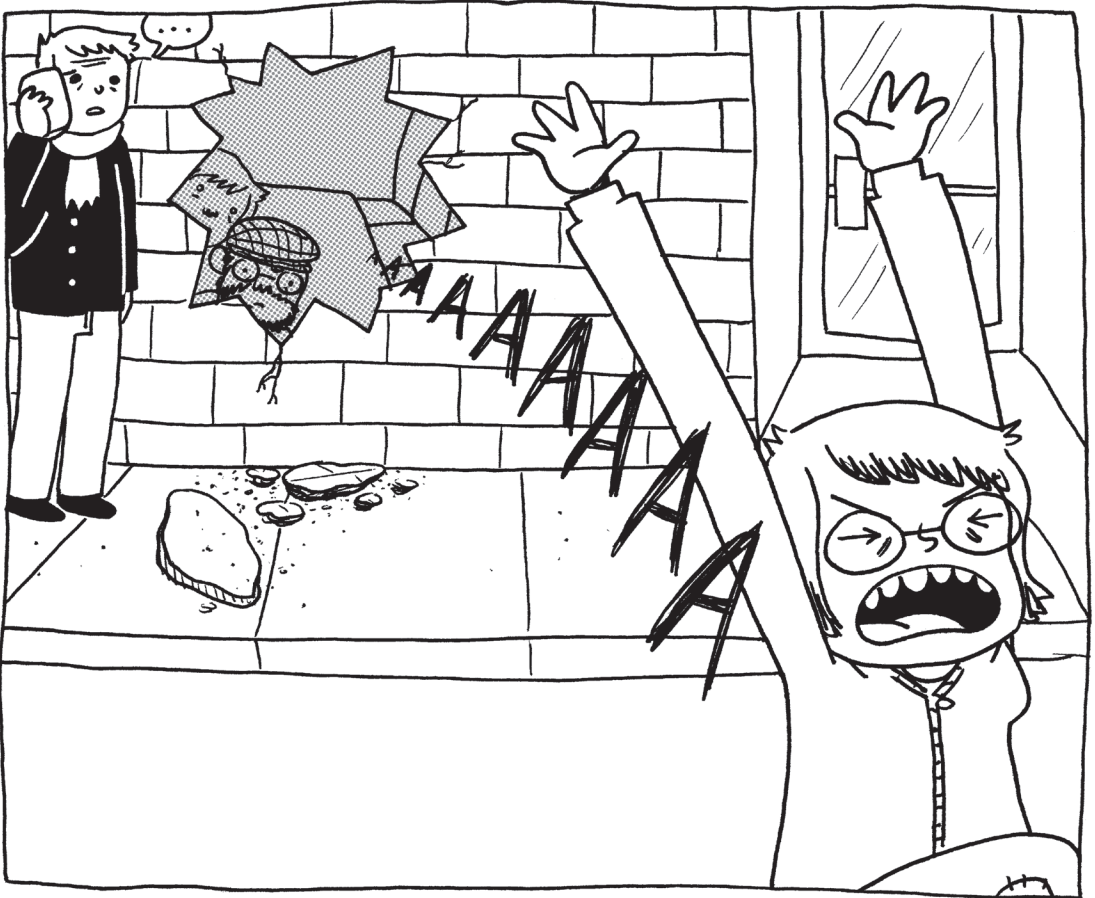
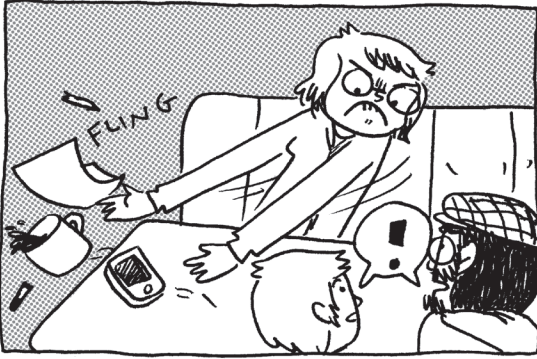


I have so many friends who totally satisfy my craving for intellectual and emotional fulfilment, and although there's nothing physical between us, I'm willing to go without until I meet someone I'm genuinely excited about dating







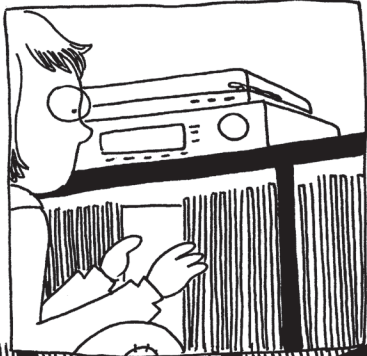




A lot of my friends  
are getting married,

or having kids,

or starting new  
relationships they're  
excited about



I'm very content being single right now,

BUT SOME  
DAYS ARE  
JUST  
LONELY!



LP 2012



best pad my insecurities  
with indifference and  
sarcasm, that way  
I won't  
seem like  
a wimp



HET,  
FUCK YOU!





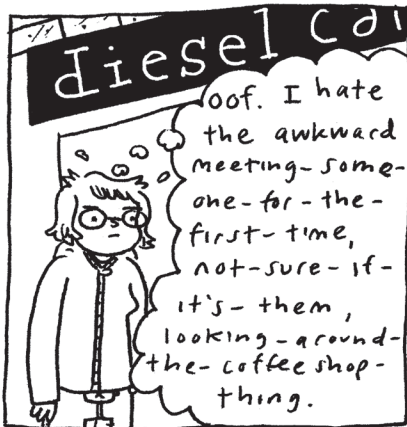
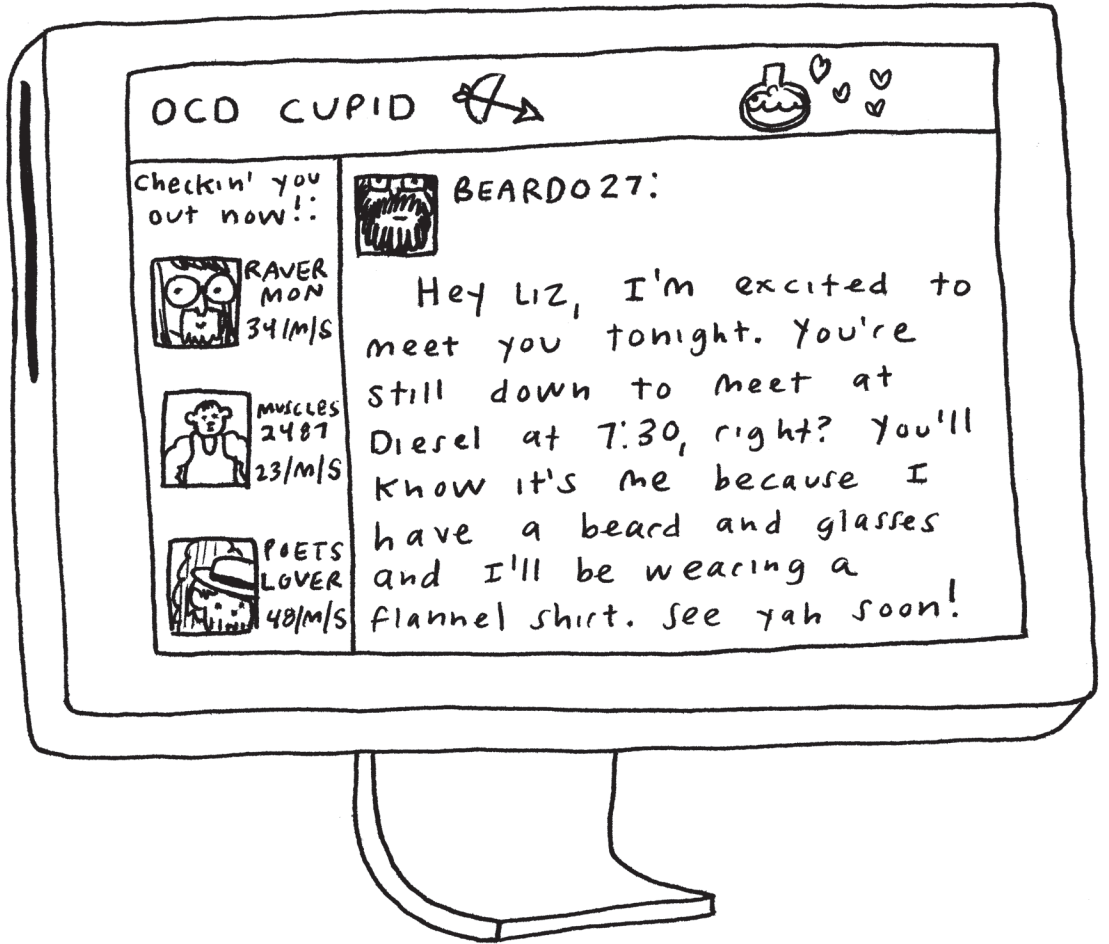
!

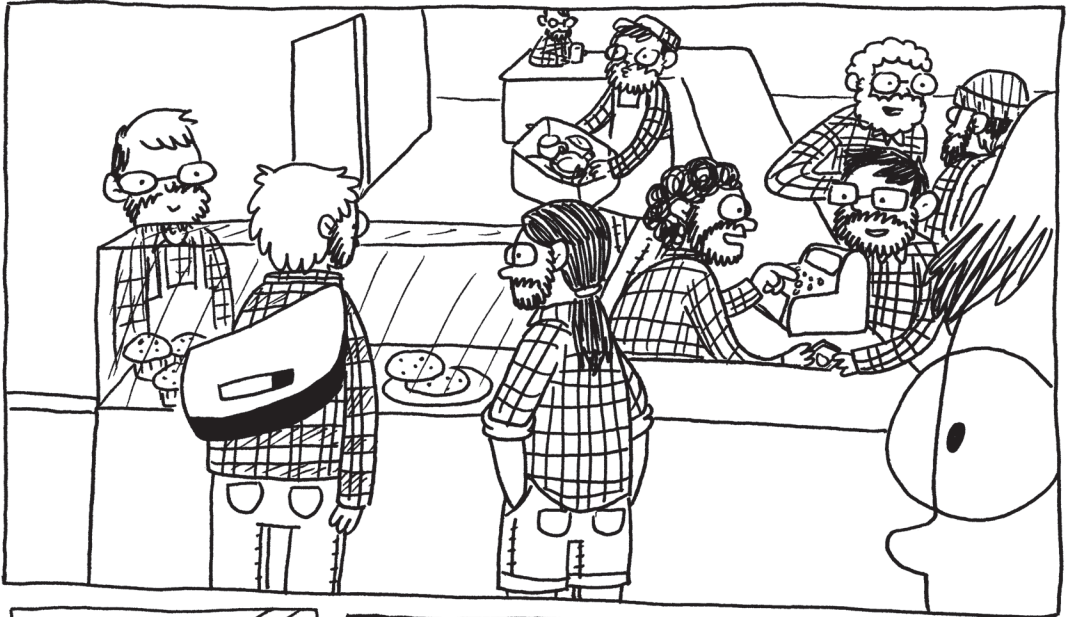
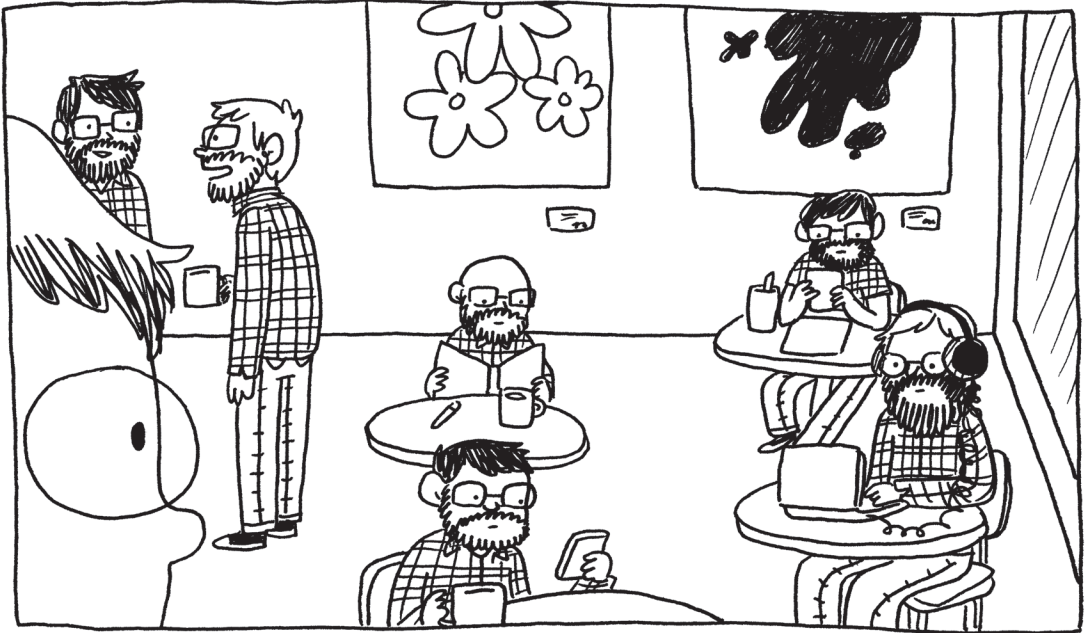
WELL,  
FUCK YOU  
TOO!



eh, it  
wouldit have  
worked out  
anyway.







# A Brief History of my OK CUPID Dates

## #1 LEIF



LEIF was a photographer whose main interest was shooting live hardcore shows. His username referenced a mid-90's hardcore band that was slightly obscure, so we hit it off over that. It took about 2 months of messaging to set up a date.



But it took an additional 2 months to set up another date, again at a coffeeshop



But when it came time to say goodbye...



and I never heard from him again. I've run into him a few times and he always claims to be:



as if I care, dude.

## # 2 SETH



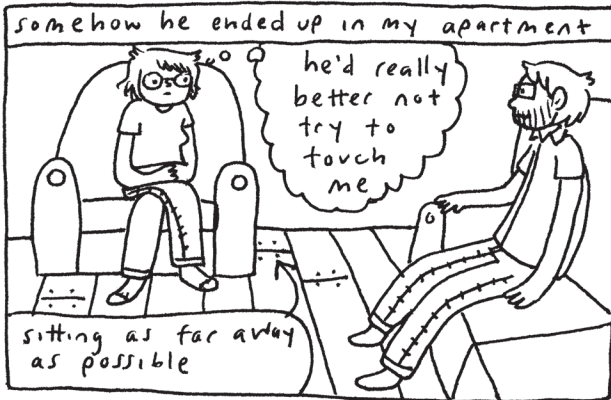
SETH contacted me because he found my profile to be "entertaining" and I thought his was acceptable enough, so we went on a date. He was so eager that our meet-up happened just 2 days after our first message exchange.



The date was going very poorly, but I felt bad ending it after only a half an hour on a park bench, so I suggested we get a drink, hoping that maybe he'd loosen up and be less debilitatingly nervous



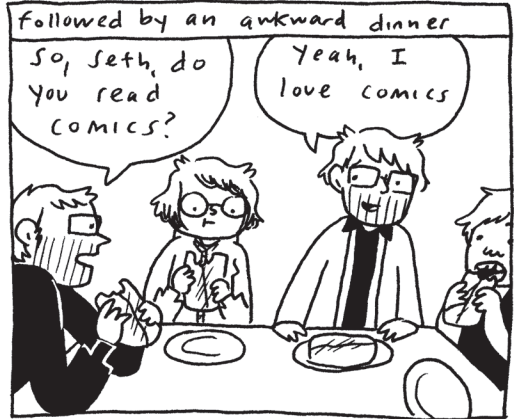
he paid for my drink despite my protestations (because a fool and his money are soon parted) and he walked me home (about 2 miles) despite my protestations because apparently he just can't take a hint.



But my friends wouldn't believe that the problem with the date  
was my shy-guy suitor



and that is how, against my better judgement, I ended up on date #2 with SETH



and that was the end of my patience. Not being able to engage in even the simplest of conversations is a deal breaker. I sent him and his uneaten burrito home early

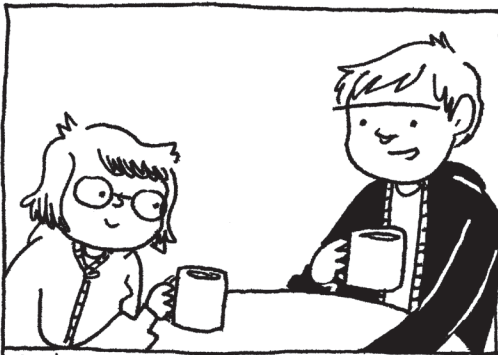




### #3 JOSH



JOSH was an acquaintance who I started messaging after I noticed he had looked at my profile. He was very cute and funny, and was already in the punk scene so we kind of had that in common. We messaged for about a month before getting coffee.

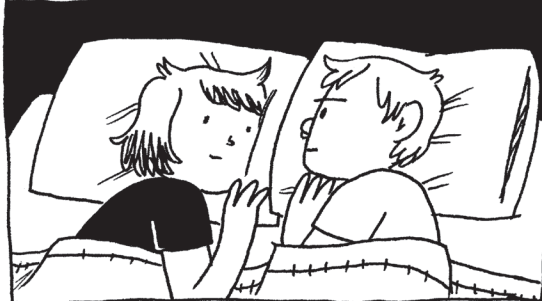


I had a good time, but I didn't expect to hear from him again



So, on the scale of going to the dentist or waiting in line at the post office, how bad was hanging out with me?

I was equally surprised when he ended up in my bed a week later

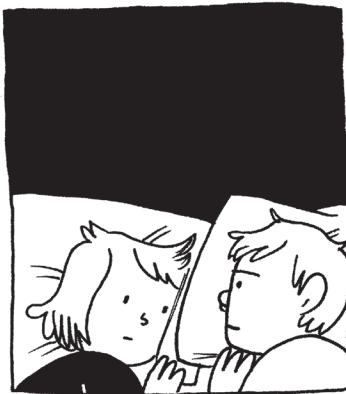


but the biggest surprise came from the fact that he wasn't making a move

we've been laying nose-to-nose for an hour now



He invited himself over at 11pm! if that isn't a booty call, then I don't know what is!



Fuck it



That interaction right there set the stage for how the rest of my dates with JOSH would play out



One would assume that after these experiences had left a bad taste in my mouth I would no longer have an appetite for the human horror buffet that is Ok Cupid, but just like Jello, there was room for more

# #4 ROD



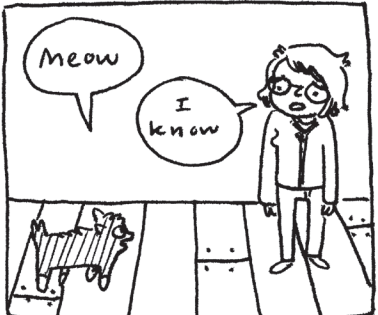
My thing with ROD was purely a rebound from my non-relationship with JOSH. ROD was someone I had met a few times through friends, and although I wasn't attracted to him, we had a lot in common on paper so I figured "why not?"



logically, I should have been into ROD: he had interesting ideas for dates, he called more than he texted, and he genuinely wanted to have a good time, but I just didn't have a crush on him



ROD seemed gung-ho to hang out with me, and although I wasn't on the same page, I felt like I should give it a fighting chance (lest I once-again be deemed "too judgy"). But soon...





There's something  
wrong with  
you, right?



Ha Ha, yep!  
I guess so!



...I've  
still got  
it



# HOW TO DRINK COFFEE THE LIZ PRINCE WAY

## Step #1

drip  
drip



make the  
coffee.  
Nothing  
fancy:  
truck  
stop grade  
is best

## Step #2



pour coffee into Descendents mug

## Step #3



lighten to  
your liking  
with international  
delights flavoured  
creamer\*

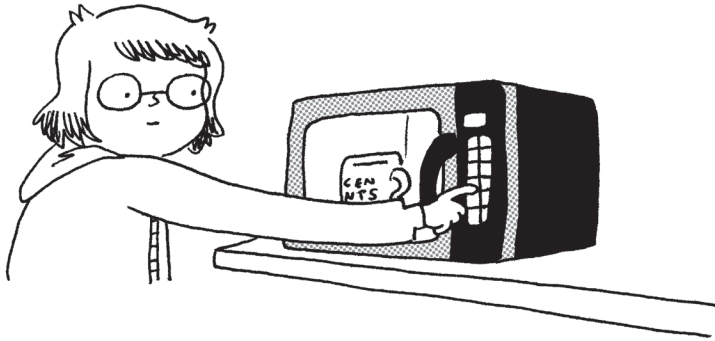
## Step #4



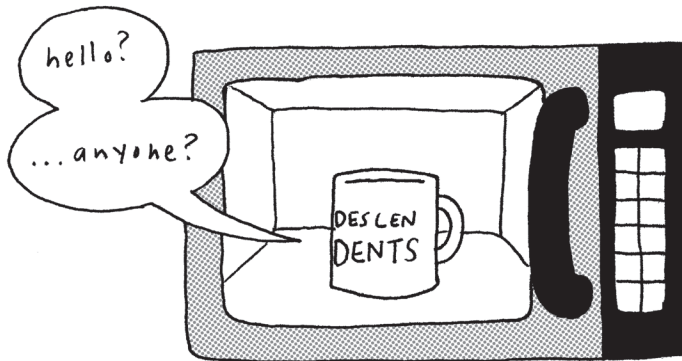
clutch hot mug to face  
while you catch up on  
what happened on the  
internet overnight

\*stop judging me: I work  
out every day so I've earned  
this routine poisoning of  
my body.

Step #5 Microwave coffee that went cold while reading facebook

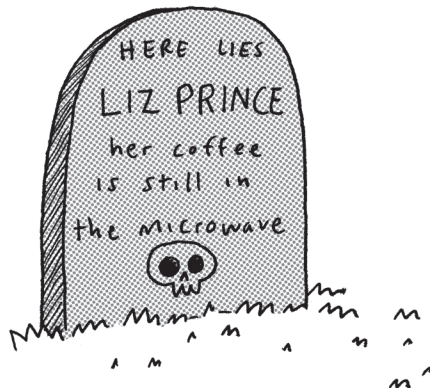


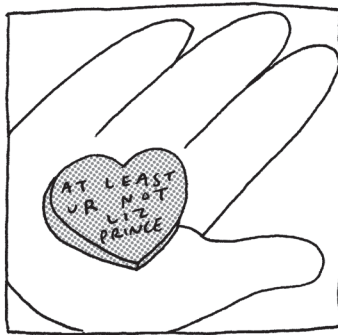
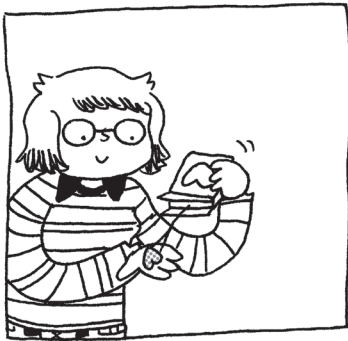
Step #6 Forget about coffee until the next time you go to use the microwave\*



\* probably because you were reading facebook

Step #7 Die alone and leave a lasting legacy







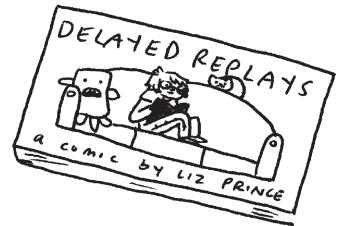
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