

Allison + Treiman + Sarin + Cogar

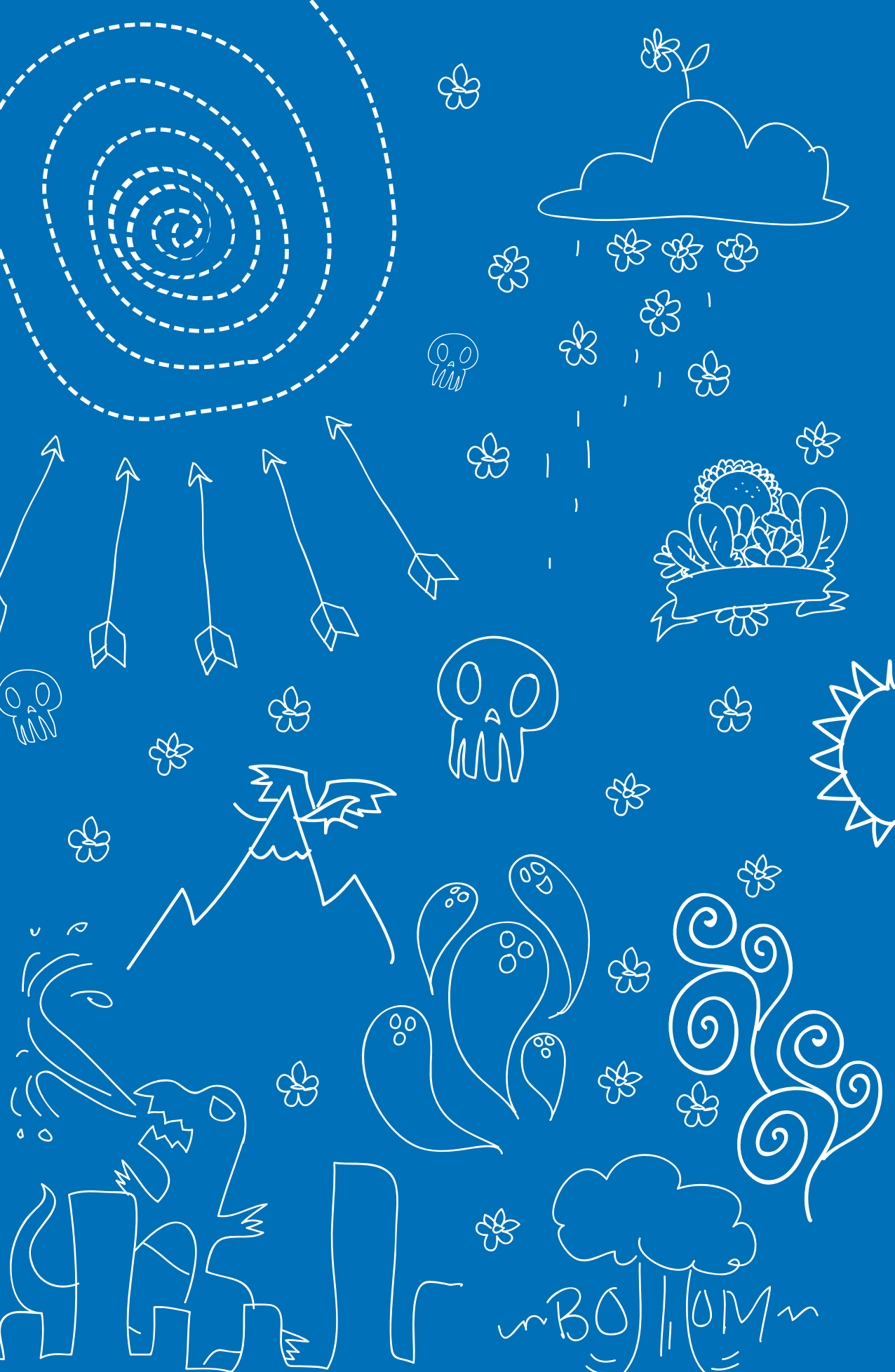
GIANT DAYS™



"THE REFRESHING LOOK INTO THE EVERY DAY LIVES OF DAISY, SUSAN, AND ESTHER ARE WILDLY ENTERTAINING, AND COMICALLY HONEST."

— *BLEEDING COOL*

VOLUME TWO



~BOJ|OM~

GIANT DAYS™

VOLUME TWO

 BOOM!
BOX™ 



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CHAPTER FIVE





THIS NEXT PLACE IS GREAT. IT'S THE *ULTIMATE*. IT HAS THE ANSWERS WE SEEK.

PLEASE NO MORE BOUTIQUES, ESTHER. I CAN'T TAKE MY CLOTHES OFF AGAIN TODAY.

ALL THESE FANCY SHOPS. THERE ARE SO MANY CLOTHES. SO MANY GARMENTS.

AND THEY'RE ALL...THEY'RE ALL MADE OF *STARS*.



INEVITABLY...

...AND DON'T COME IN HERE AGAIN!

THAT'S ANNOYING, I'VE RETURNED STUFF AFTER WEARING IT THERE LOADS OF TIMES.

WE'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE BALL IN RAGS. RAGS.



WHERE NEXT? WE COULD GO TO... PRIMARK? CHEAP CHEAP?



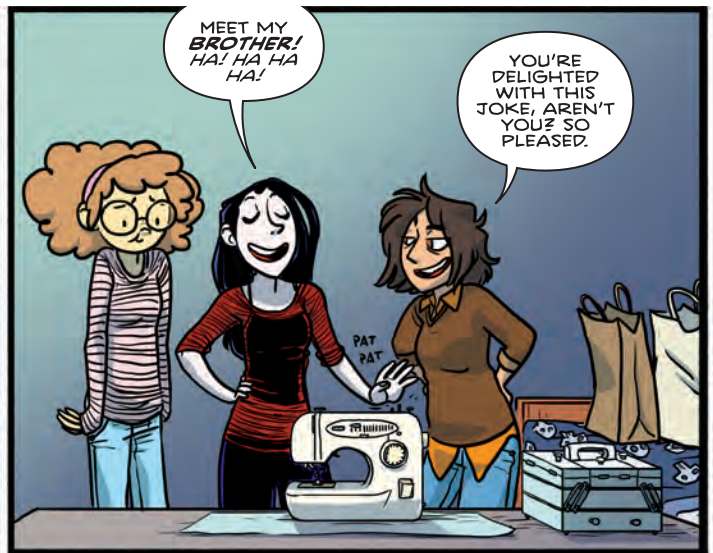
NO, WE DON'T PATRONIZE THE HIGH STREET MULTIPLES WITH THEIR SWEAT-SHOPPED CHIC. WE GO VINTAGE, WHERE THE PERSON WHO MADE YOUR OUTFIT--

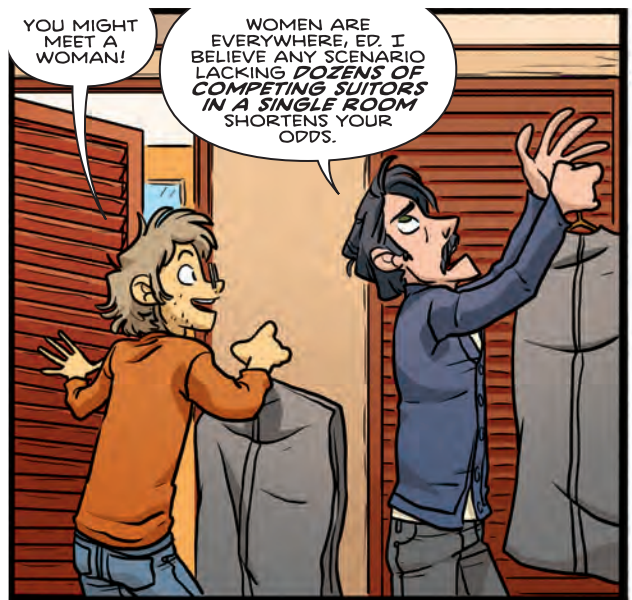
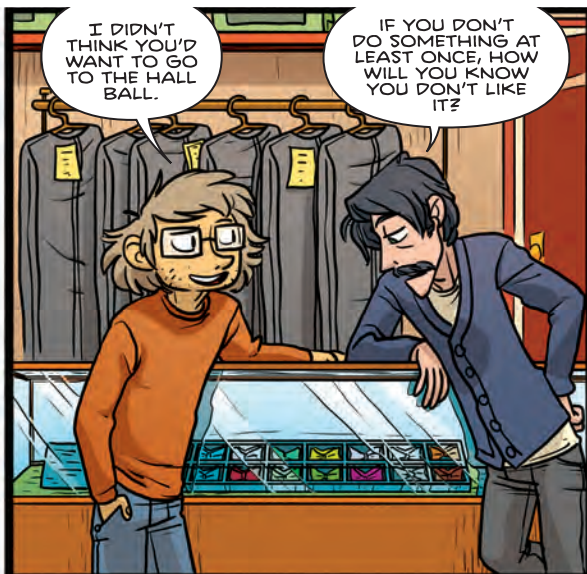
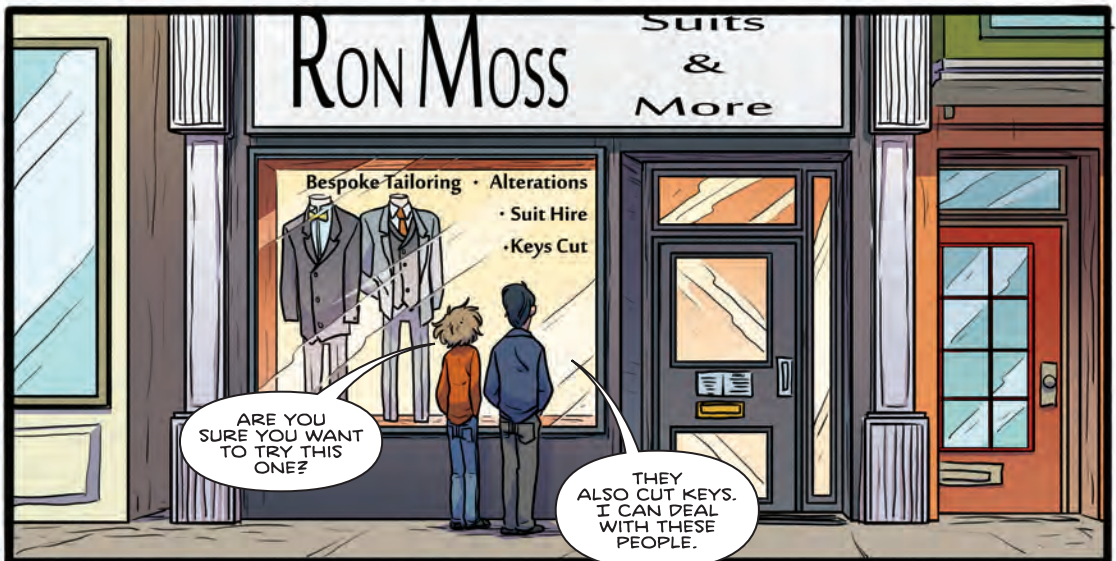
--IS PROBABLY DEAD? LIKE THE FORMER OWNER? ALL OF THEM, DEAD.



LOOK AT THAT STITCHING. THAT'S A DOUBLE HEM. YOU'LL BE DEAD TOO BEFORE THAT DROPS OUT.

Hm! THE GREAT SMELL OF ROTTEN COTTON AND MOTHBALLS.







I THINK THE ODDS ARE PRETTY GOOD FOR ME AND ESTHER. I'VE BEEN PLAYING IT COOL. KEEPING MY DISTANCE.



I'VE SEEN YOUR DISTANCE. IT'S ABOUT SIX INCHES FROM HER. YOU'VE MISUNDERSTOOD THAT PHRASE.



I THINK SHE'S WAKING UP TO US, MCGRAW. SHE JUST NEEDS TO SEE ME IN A NEW LIGHT.



SO AFTER MONTHS IN WHICH SHE'S FAILED TO SEE YOU AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN A FRIEND, THE ADDITION OF A SUIT THAT PROBABLY HUNDREDS OF OTHER MEN HAVE WORN WILL CHANGE HER MIND.



YOU SEE? MY LOGIC IS FLAWLESS.

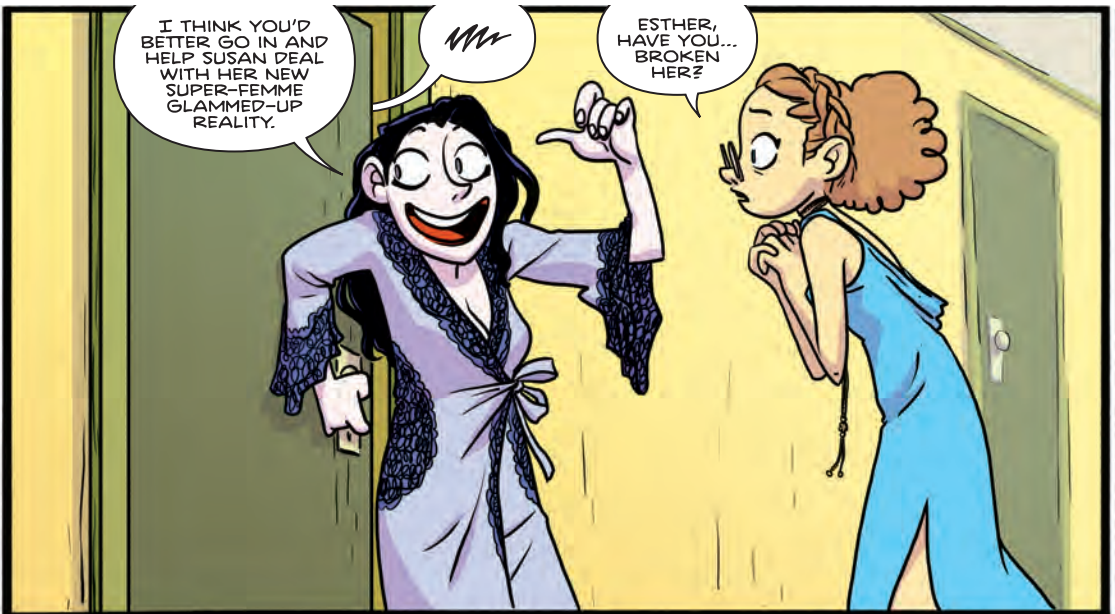


LORD, ED, THINK ABOUT THE UPKEEP ON THAT YOUNG WOMAN. THE MAINTENANCE.

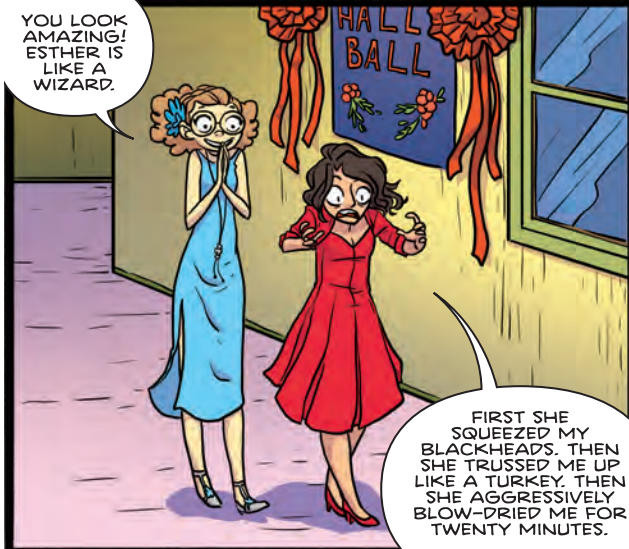
SOME DAYS I DON'T THINK ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE.



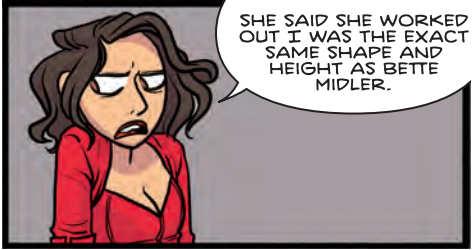
ED, THE MAINTENANCE.



YOU LOOK AMAZING!
ESTHER IS
LIKE A
WIZARD.



FIRST SHE
SQUEEZED MY
BLACKHEADS. THEN
SHE TRUSSED ME UP
LIKE A TURKEY. THEN
SHE AGGRESSIVELY
BLOW-DRIED ME FOR
TWENTY MINUTES.



SHE SAID SHE WORKED
OUT IT WAS THE EXACT
SAME SHAPE AND
HEIGHT AS BETTE
MIDLER.



Ohh!

AFTER THAT,
SHE LOOKED
AT ME THE
WAY STEPHEN
HAWKING
LOOKS AT
A BLACK
HOLE.

SHE
KNEW
TOO
MUCH.



ALL RIGHT ED, TONIGHT'S
THE NIGHT. WE'RE GETTING
BACK IN THE SADDLE. HOT,
MEANINGLESS ENCOUNTERS
WITH RANDOS ALL
'ROUND.

HURRAY,
YES.

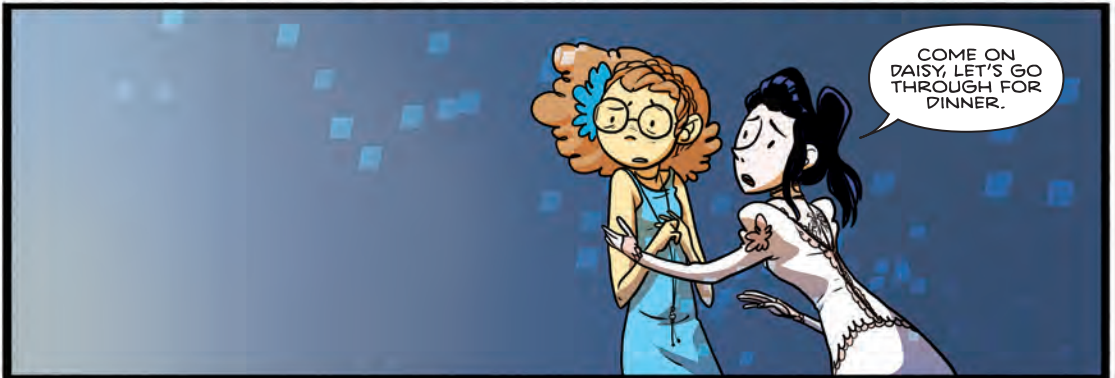
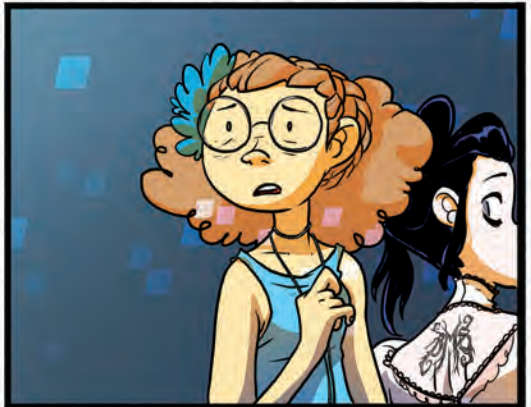


OH MY GAW,
THIS MUST
BE A BALL,
BECAUSE I
SEE TWO
BELLES.

POINK!

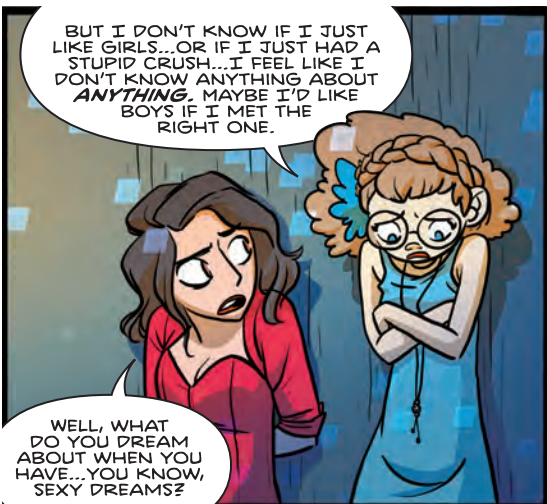


DRINK IT IN, ED
GEMMELL, ONE OF
US IS GOING TO BE
AMERICA'S NEXT
TOP MODEL.





I FEEL LIKE I HAVE THIS BIG AWFUL HOLE INSIDE ME. I PUT NADIA THERE FOR A BIT AND IT PLUGGED IT UP BUT...



BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I JUST LIKE GIRLS...OR IF I JUST HAD A STUPID CRUSH...I FEEL LIKE I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANYTHING. MAYBE I'D LIKE BOYS IF I MET THE RIGHT ONE.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU DREAM ABOUT WHEN YOU HAVE...YOU KNOW, SEXY DREAMS?



I DON'T REALLY HAVE THOSE...I SOMETIMES DREAM ABOUT...RESCUING PEOPLE? AND THEY'RE GRATEFUL?

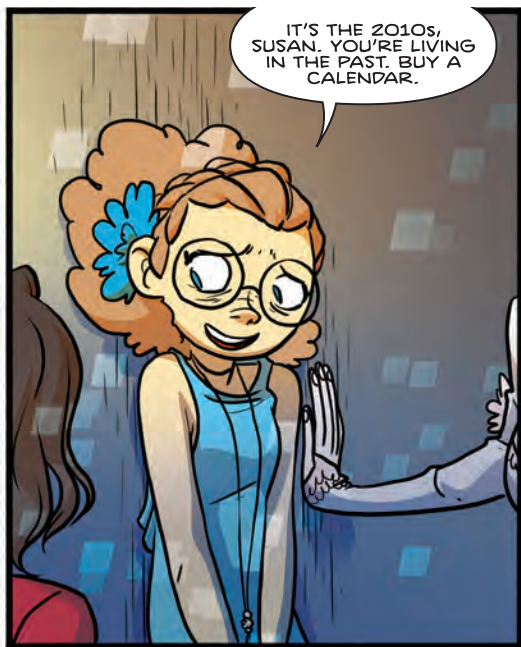
SAINTS ALIVE. BEING HOMESCHOOLED HAS ROBBED YOU OF A LOT OF VITAL DATA SETS.



SOMETIMES I DREAM I'M ON A BOAT, AND IT GOES FASTER AND FASTER, AND I WAKE UP FEELING VERY... EXCITED.

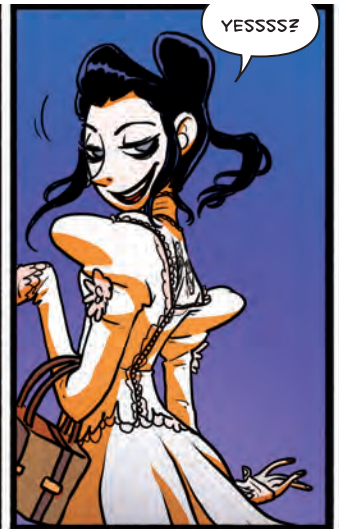


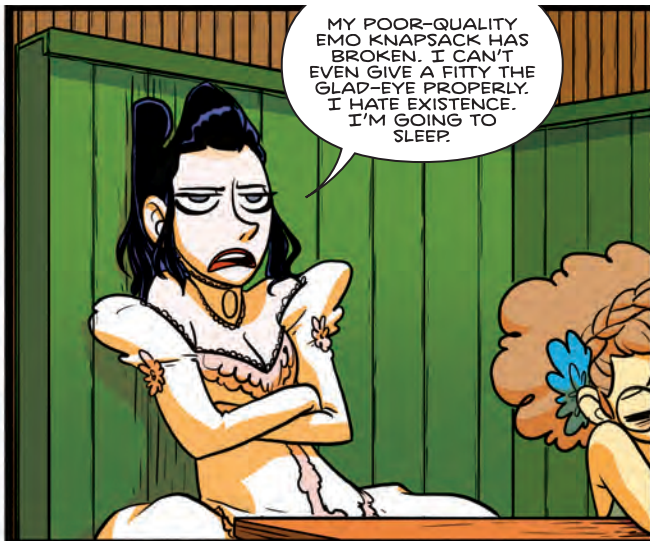
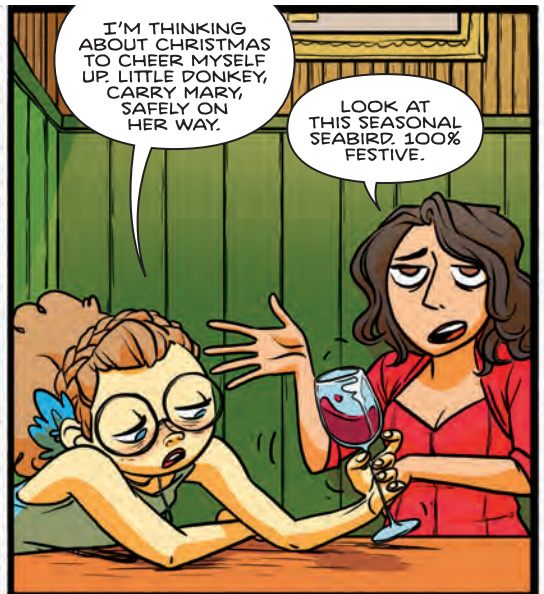
WOW. LISTEN, JUST KISS BOTH KINDS OF FACE. MAYBE YOU'LL ENJOY THEM EQUALLY. THAT'S FINE. LET LOVE RULE. IT'S THE '90S, GET USED TO IT.

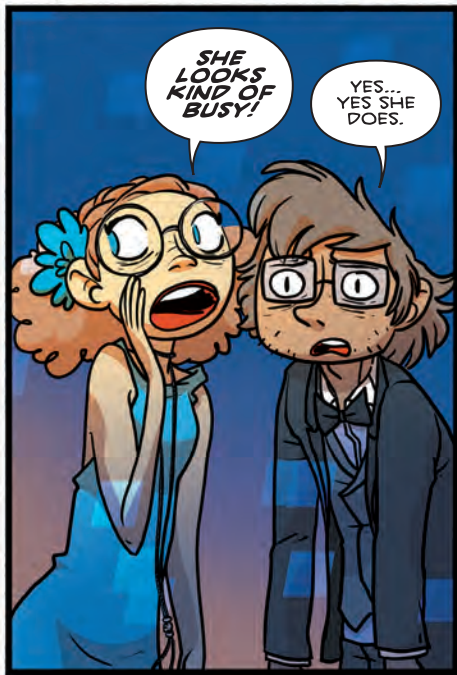


IT'S THE 2010s, SUSAN. YOU'RE LIVING IN THE PAST. BUY A CALENDAR.











YOU KNOW, SOME OF THE LADS HAVE GOT A LITTLE SWEEPSTAKE GOING.

Oh YEAH?



IT'S CALLED "WHO CAN RIDE THE BRIDE?" THE POT'S £250!



WHAT DID YOU SAY TO THE BRIDE?

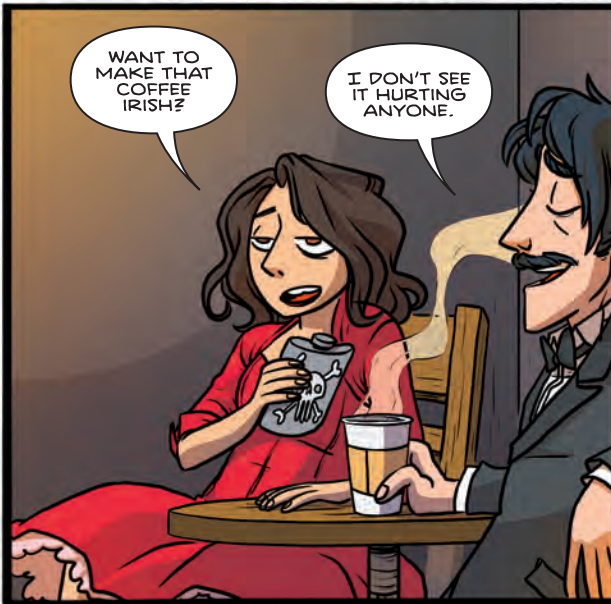
I THOUGHT... WOMEN LIKE HONESTY! I READ IT SOMEWHERE!



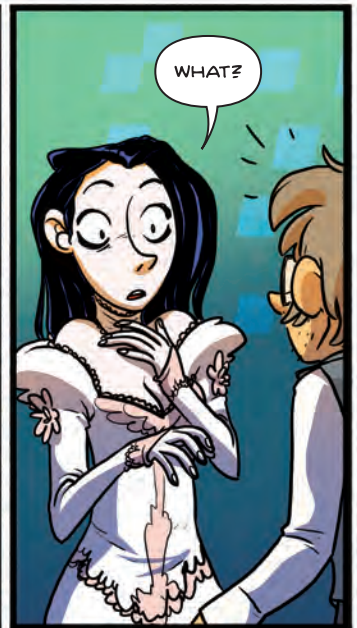
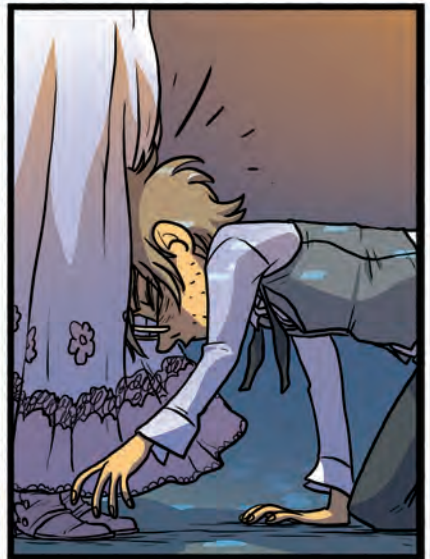
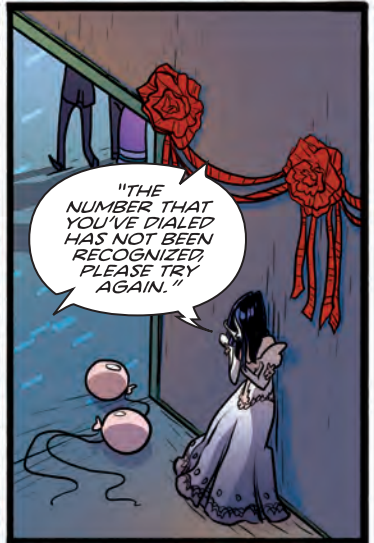
FETCH THE VESSEL! FETCH THE QUEEN'S LEG!

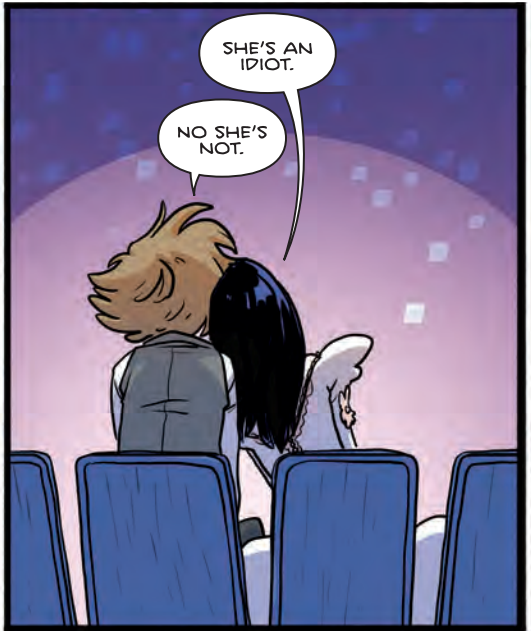
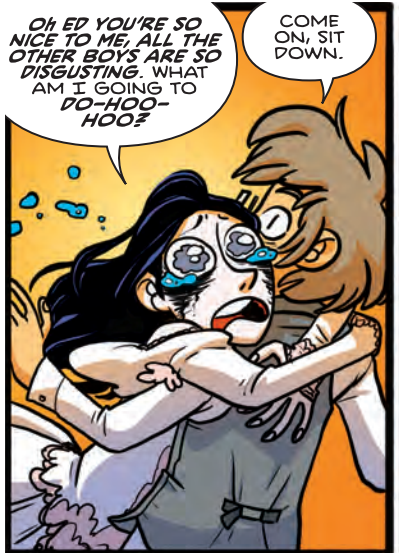


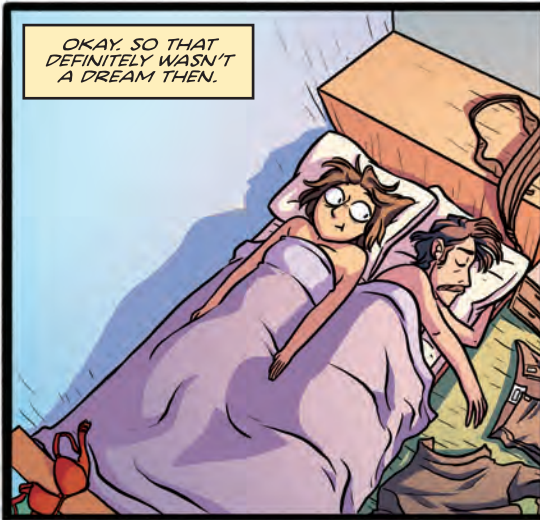
THE WORLD'S GONE MAD. I GUESS IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW.



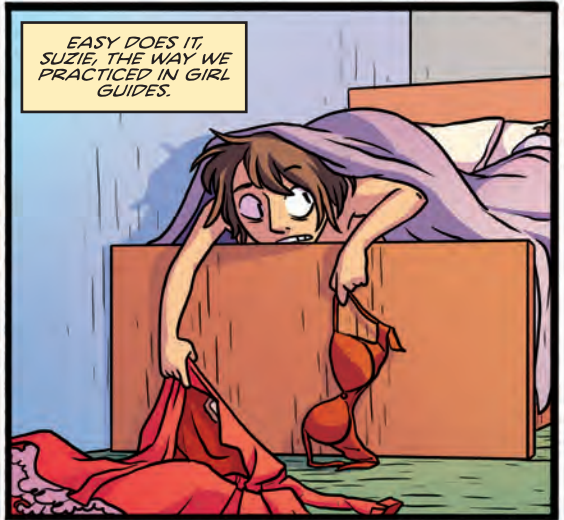




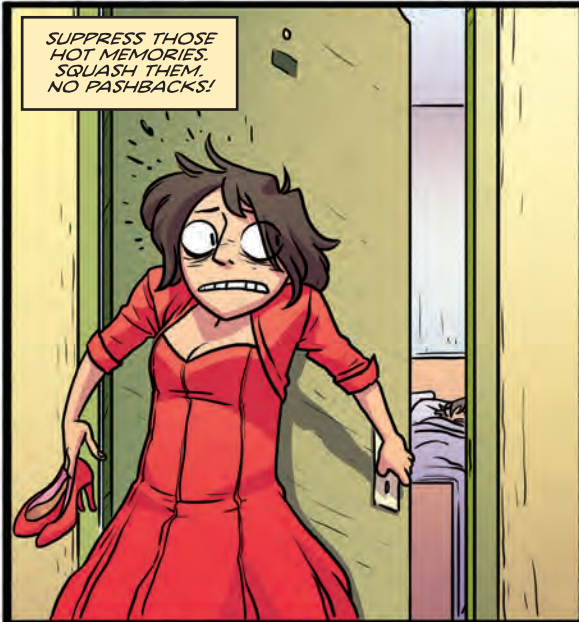




OKAY, SO THAT DEFINITELY WASN'T A DREAM THEN.



EASY DOES IT, SUZIE, THE WAY WE PRACTICED IN GIRL GUIDES.

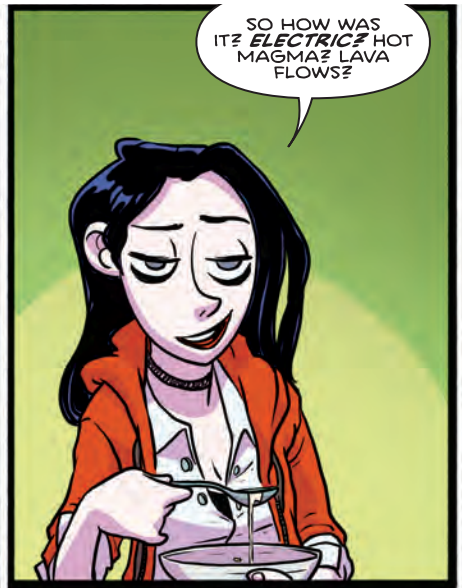


SUPPRESS THOSE HOT MEMORIES. SQUASH THEM. NO PASHBACKS!



YOU KISSED ED GEMMELLZ KISSED HIS FACE OFFZ

I HAD TO... I HAD TO TRY.



SO HOW WAS IT? ELECTRIC? HOT MAGMA? LAVA FLOWS?



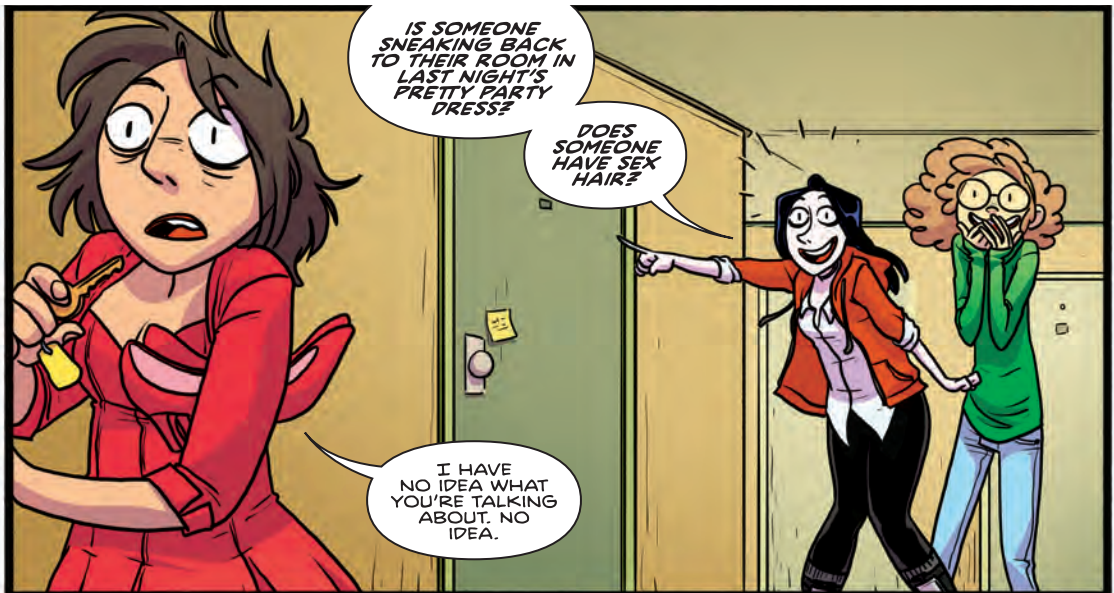
I TRIED TO DO IT LIKE THEY DO ON TV. IT WAS LIKE KISSING MY OWN HAND. I FELT NOTHING.

COLD, COLD, COLD! DIDN'T HE TAKE YOU TENDERLY IN HIS ARMS?



THEY JUST FLAPPED AROUND USELESSLY.

STOP, I'M GETTING OVERHEATED!!



IS SOMEONE SNEAKING BACK TO THEIR ROOM IN LAST NIGHT'S PRETTY PARTY DRESS?

DOES SOMEONE HAVE SEX HAIR?

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. NO IDEA.



I THINK YOUR OWN BEESWAX IS OVER *THERE*. I SUGGEST YOU MIND IT.



ARRGH, MY DAD'S HERE TO PICK ME UP. HOW CAN HE BE SO INSENSITIVE TO INTRIGUE?

SLAM!



SEND ME 400 TEXTS ABOUT IT, SUSAN! I'M NOT EVEN JOKING!



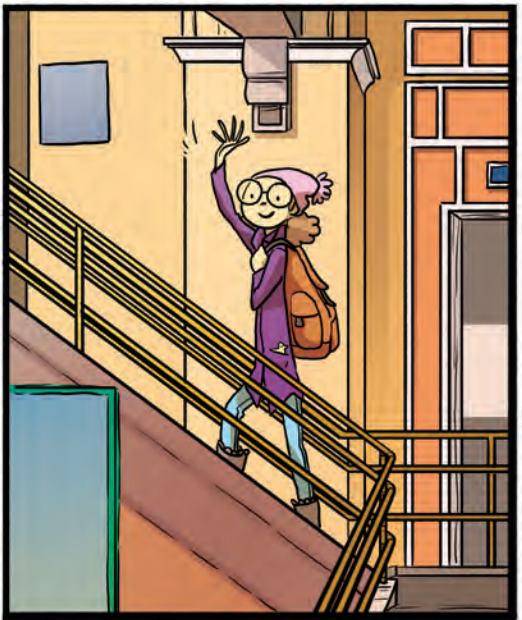
I'M GONNA GO CHRISTMAS CRACKERS! I LOVE IT! I CAN'T WAIT TO GO HOME!

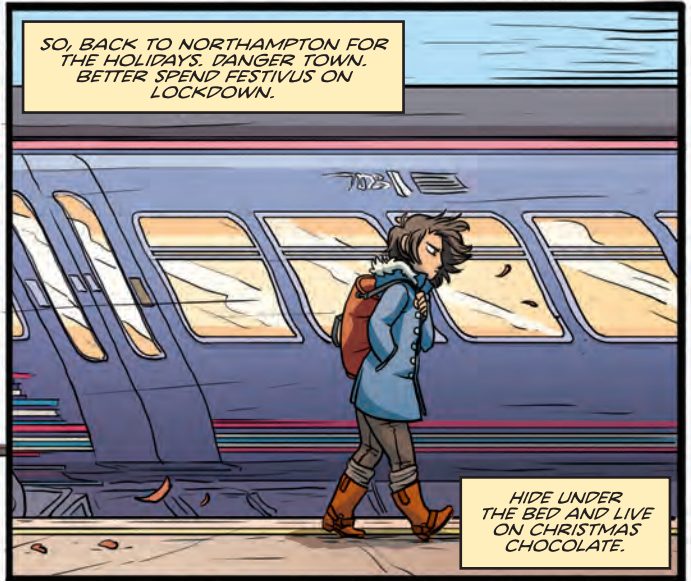
WELL, THAT MAKES ONE OF US.



TRY TO HAVE A NICE TIME.

YOU TOO. IF YOU HAVE A CRISIS, GIVE ME A CALL. ANY CRISIS.

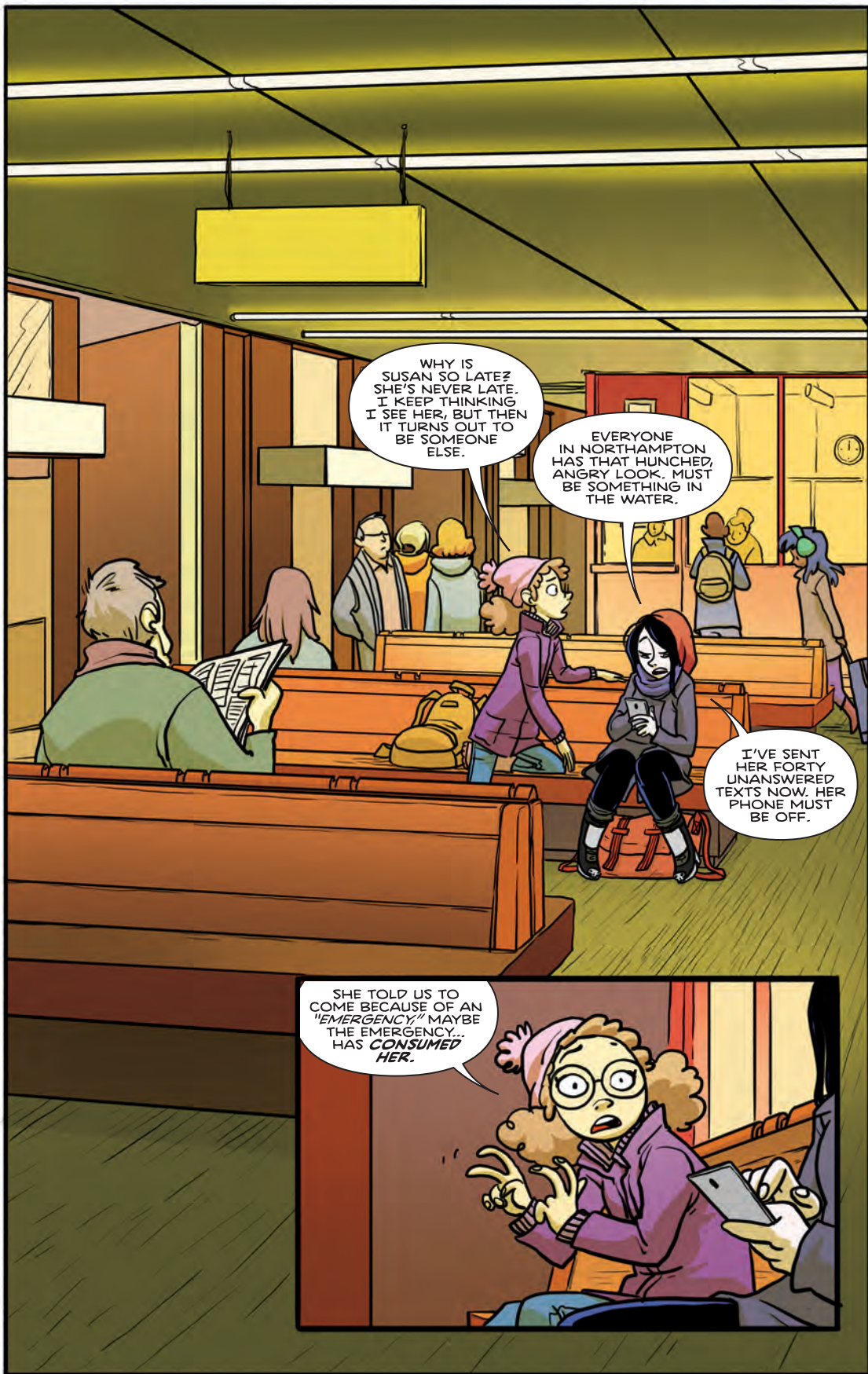






CHAPTER SIX



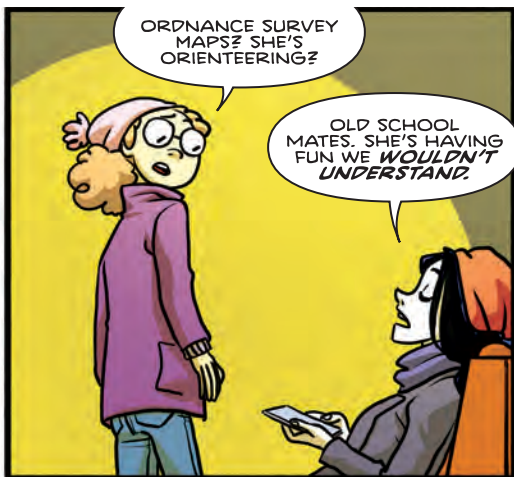
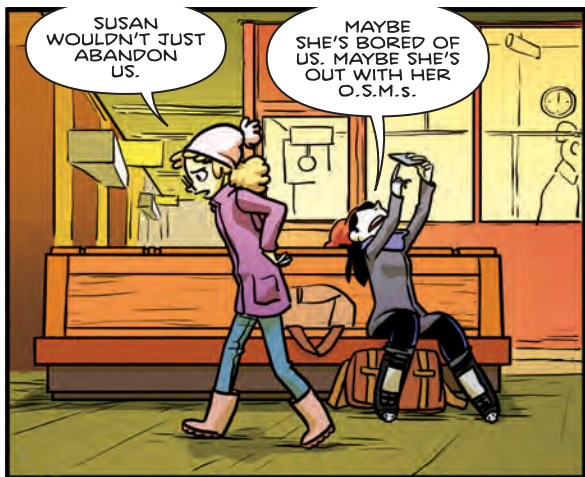


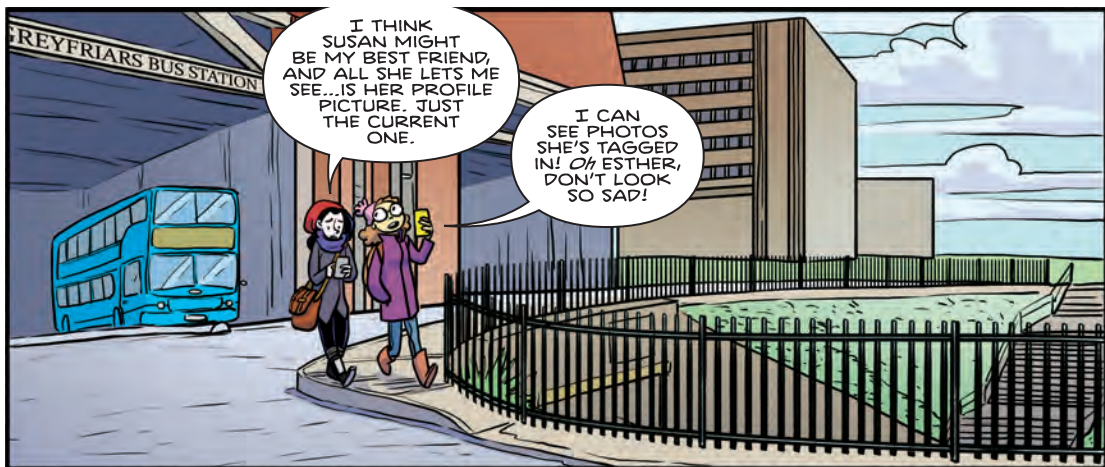
WHY IS SUSAN SO LATE? SHE'S NEVER LATE. I KEEP THINKING I SEE HER, BUT THEN IT TURNS OUT TO BE SOMEONE ELSE.

EVERYONE IN NORTHAMPTON HAS THAT HUNCHED, ANGRY LOOK. MUST BE SOMETHING IN THE WATER.

I'VE SENT HER FORTY UNANSWERED TEXTS NOW. HER PHONE MUST BE OFF.

SHE TOLD US TO COME BECAUSE OF AN "EMERGENCY," MAYBE THE EMERGENCY... HAS CONSUMED HER.





I THINK SUSAN MIGHT BE MY BEST FRIEND, AND ALL SHE LETS ME SEE... IS HER PROFILE PICTURE. JUST THE CURRENT ONE.

I CAN SEE PHOTOS SHE'S TAGGED IN! O^h ESTHER, DON'T LOOK SO SAD!

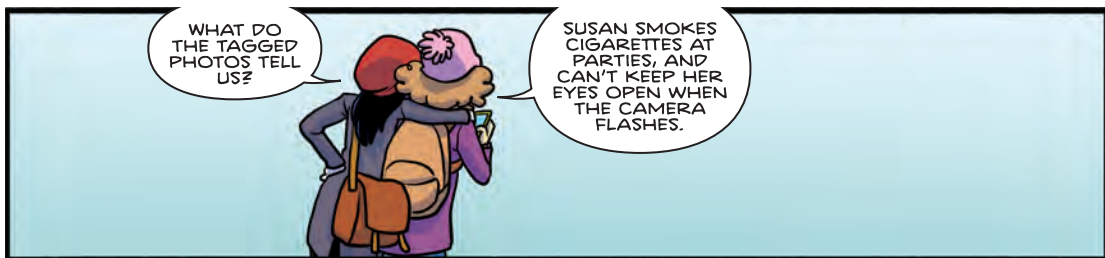


I'M A SOCIAL MEDIA NUISANCE, AREN'T I? I NEED TO TAKE A **LONG HARD LOOK AT MYSELF.**

TAKING HUNDREDS OF PICTURES OF YOUR OWN FACE... MAY BE PART OF THE PROBLEM.

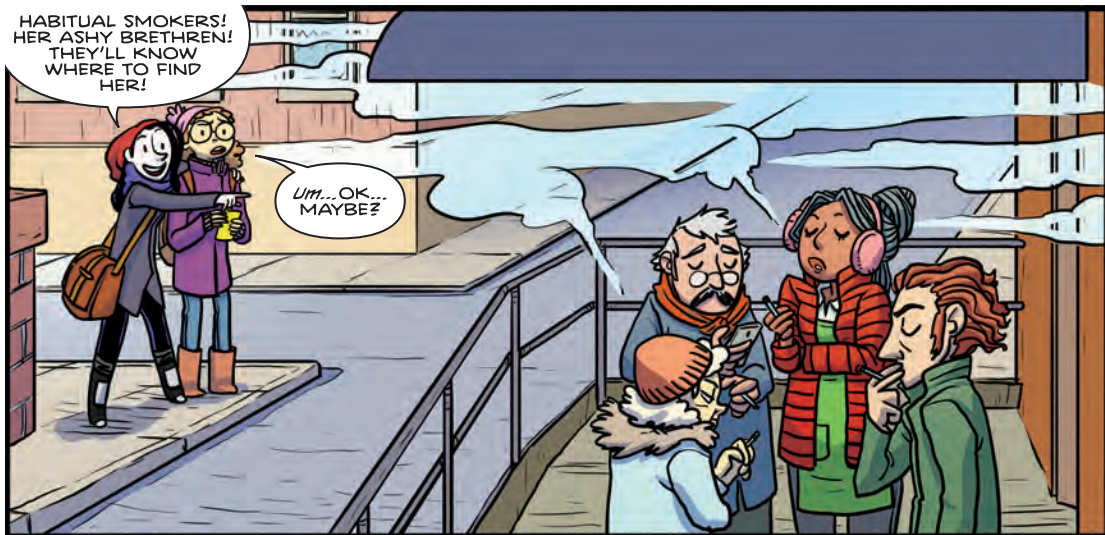


I'M SAD IN THIS ONE. IT'S PENITENT.



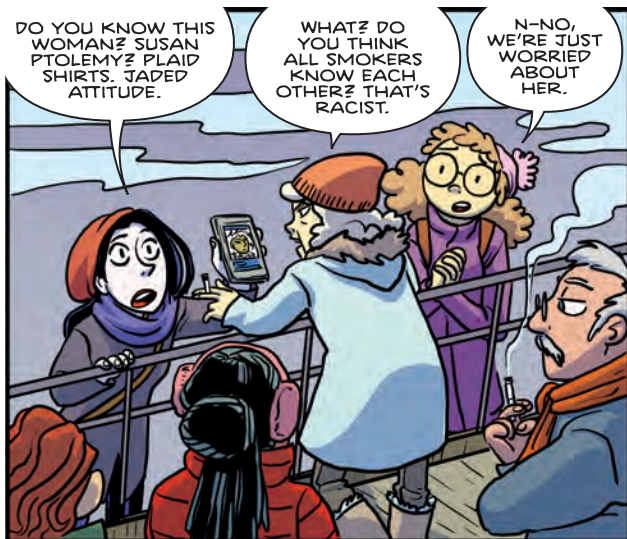
WHAT DO THE TAGGED PHOTOS TELL US?

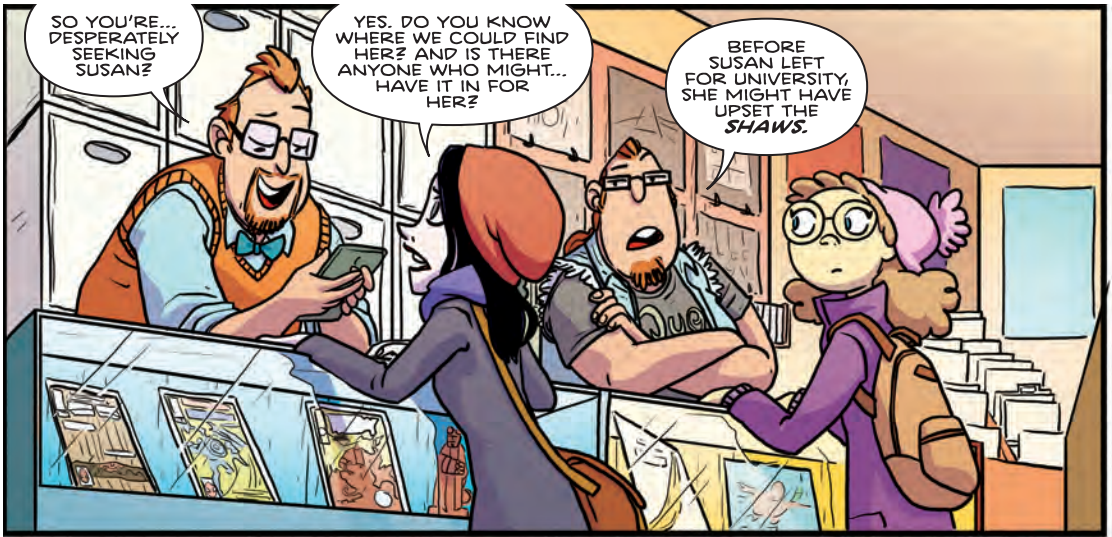
SUSAN SMOKES CIGARETTES AT PARTIES, AND CAN'T KEEP HER EYES OPEN WHEN THE CAMERA FLASHES.



HABITUAL SMOKERS! HER ASHY BRETHREN! THEY'LL KNOW WHERE TO FIND HER!

Um... OK... MAYBE?











ON THE WAY TO WORK I WAS CORNERED BY TWO YOUTHS WHO CLAIMED THEY HAD A MESSAGE FOR SUSAN.



THE MESSAGE WAS DELIVERED "IN PUNCH FORM."



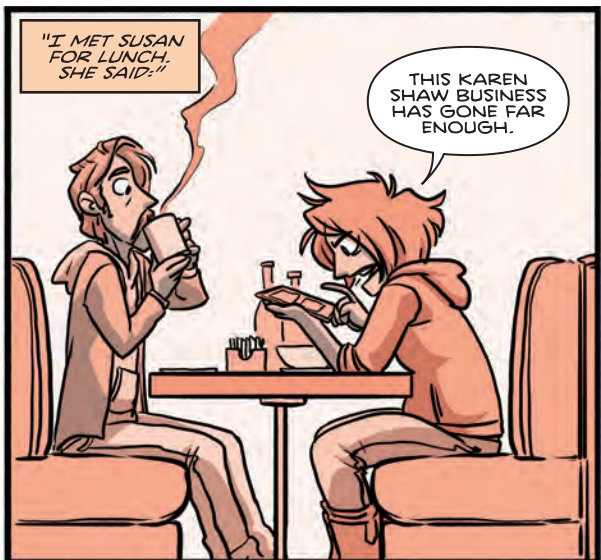
DID YOU GIVE AS GOOD AS YOU GOT?

NO.



I GOT YA. SAVING IT UP FOR LATER, GONNA PAY 'EM BACK WITH INTEREST.

NO.



"I MET SUSAN FOR LUNCH. SHE SAID..."

THIS KAREN SHAW BUSINESS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH.



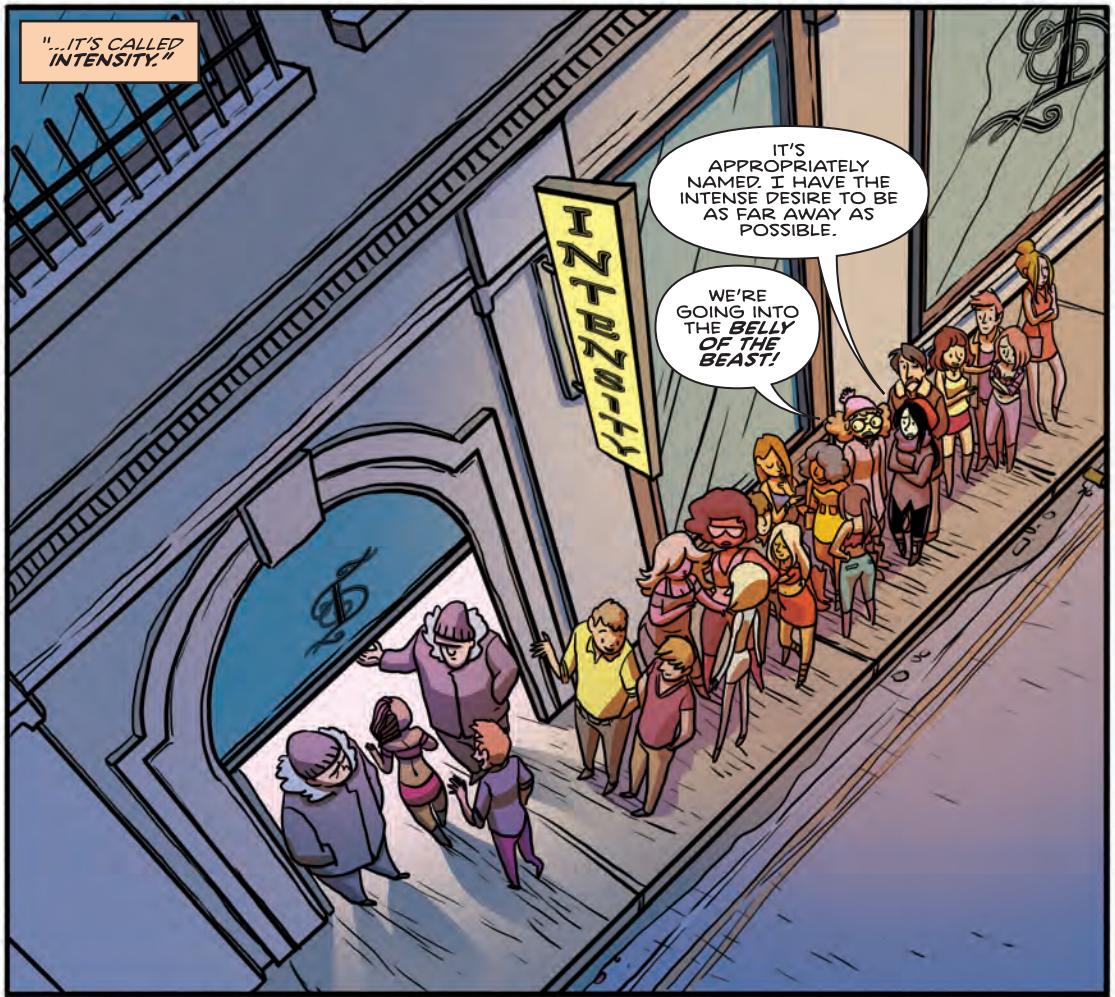
SUSAN SET UP A MEETING WITH KAREN THROUGH "BACK CHANNELS." HER SPECIAL "ENEMIES-ONLY" INSTAGRAM ACCOUNT.



WHERE???



THE SHAW'S RUN THE BIG NIGHTCLUB IN TOWN. A REAL HOLE...



"...IT'S CALLED INTENSITY."

IT'S APPROPRIATELY NAMED. I HAVE THE INTENSE DESIRE TO BE AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE.

WE'RE GOING INTO THE BELLY OF THE BEAST!



I DON'T THINK WE'RE VERY "SATURDAY NIGHT."

JUST WALK IN LIKE YOU OWN THE PLACE. STOMP LIKE A DRESSAGE PONY.



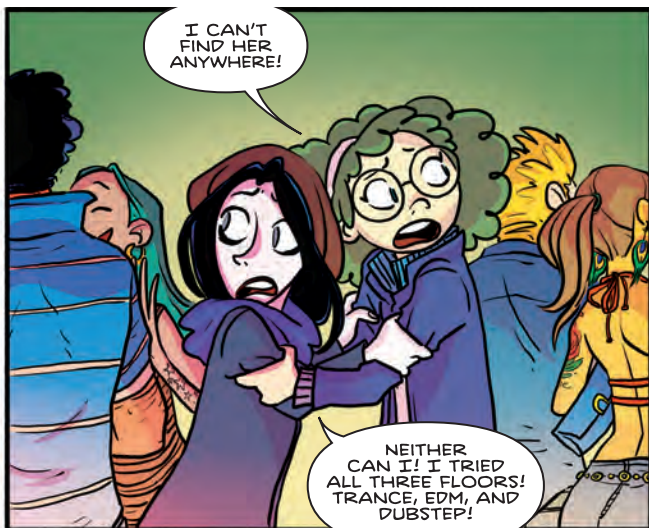
YOU'RE OKAY, RIGHT?

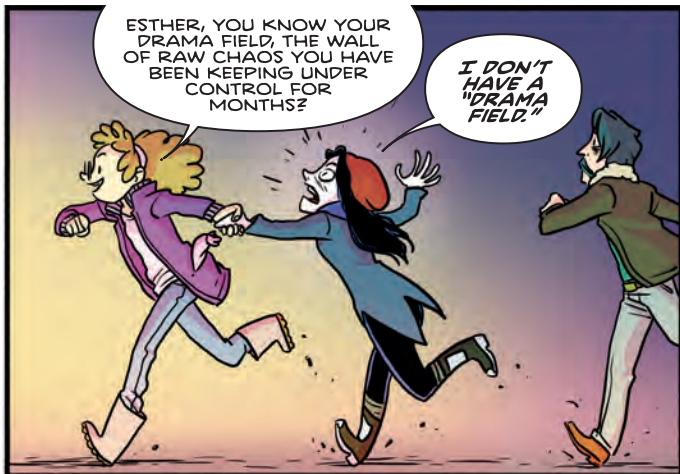
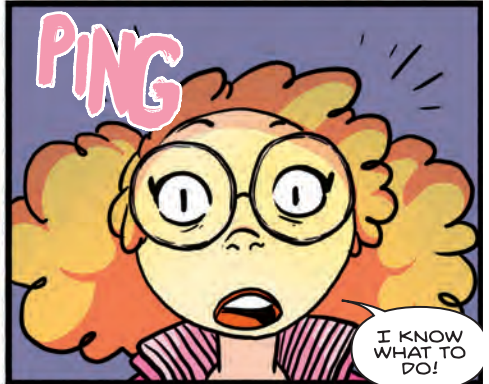
IN A QUEUE WITH SIXTY PEOPLE WHO CONFUSE AND TERRIFY ME. NEVER BETTER.



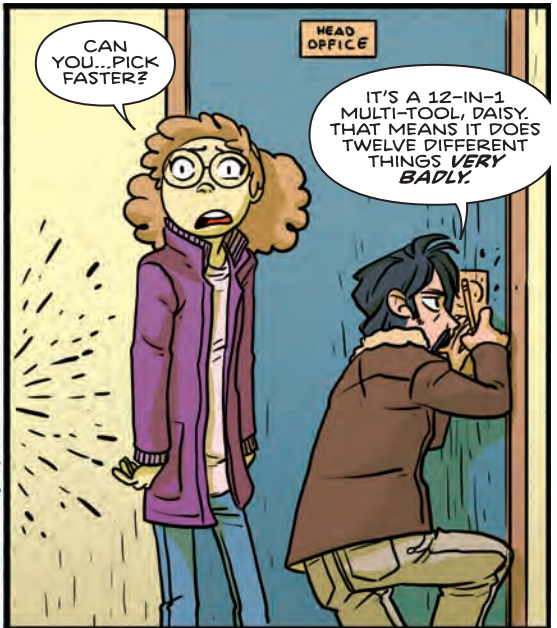


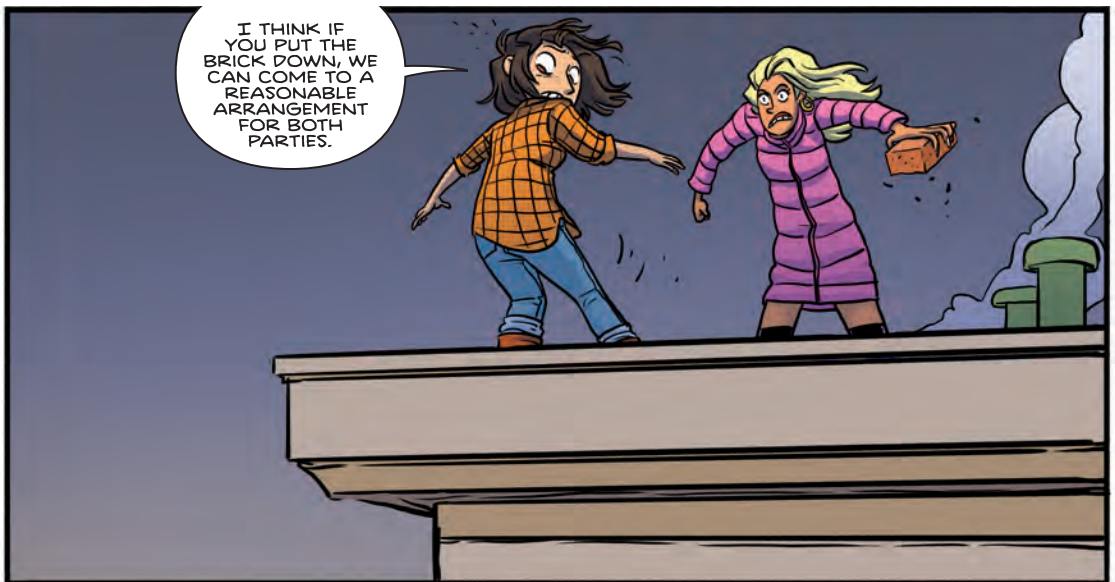


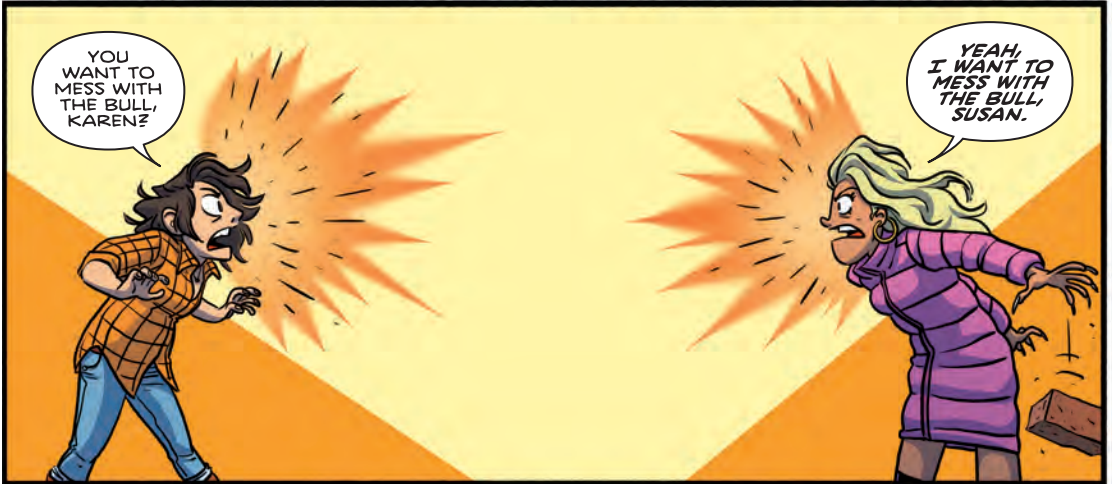
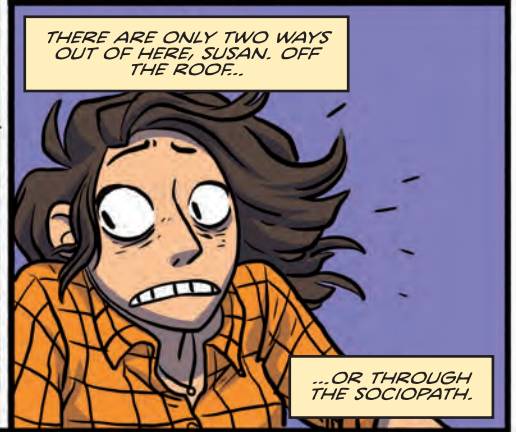
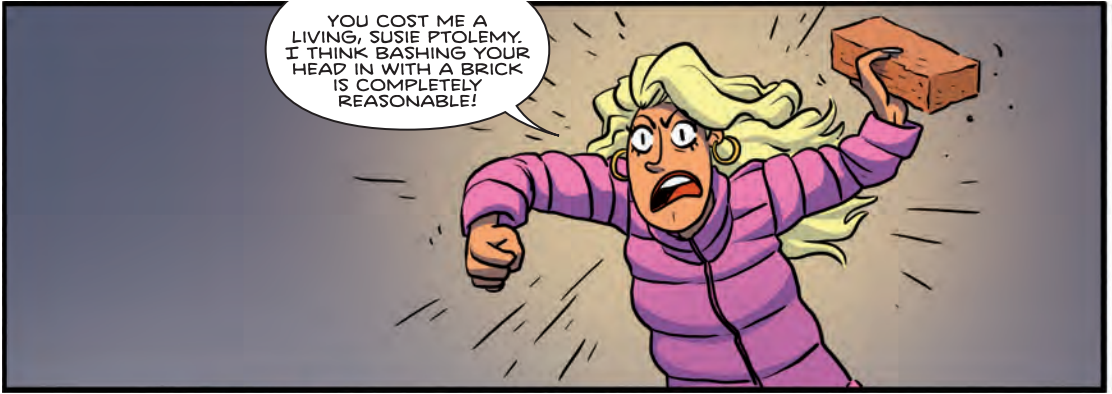














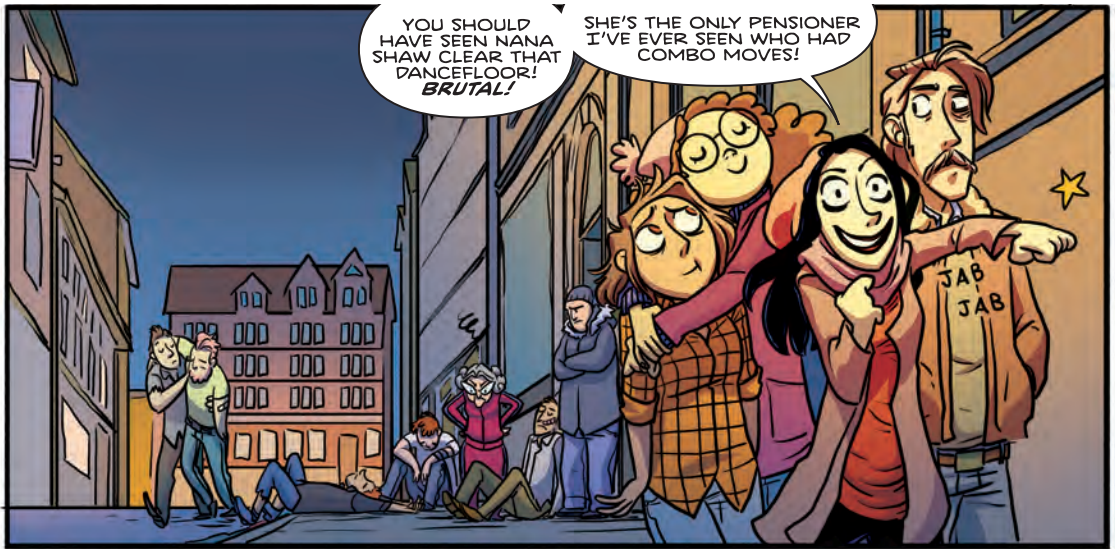
YOU THINK YOU'RE SO MUCH BETTER THAN ME! YOU WERE ALWAYS GONNA GO OFF TO UNIVERSITY AND DO WHATEVER YOU WANT.

THE FAITH HEALING WAS ALL I HAD. NOW WHAT? I'M STUCK IN NORTHAMPTON FOREVER. COULDN'T YOU LEAVE ME JUST **ONE** THING?

UM, ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME FALL OFF THE ROOF?

NO. BUT I EFFING COULD HAVE.

LET'S LEAVE WHILE WE'RE ALL STILL BREATHING.



YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN NANA SHAW CLEAR THAT DANCEFLOOR! BRUTAL!

SHE'S THE ONLY PENSIONER I'VE EVER SEEN WHO HAD COMBO MOVES!



SO I GUESS NORTHAMPTON IS SAFE FOR YOU AGAIN, SUSAN.



HA HA! KAREN SHAW'S MAYBE THE TENTH WORST PERSON IN NORTHAMPTON WHO HATES SUSAN. JUST SITTING HERE NOW IS INTENSELY DANGEROUS! HA HA!

HA HA!



I'M ONLY LAUGHING BECAUSE I'M DELIRIOUS WITH HUNGER! HA HA!

IS KEBAB MEAT REALLY AN ELEPHANT'S LEG? SEEMS IMMORAL.



THEY USE ELEPHANT CRIMINALS, DAISY. THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME.





CHAPTER SEVEN





YOU'RE WAITING FOR ME! IN THE COLD! THIS IS THE KIND OF SLAVISH DEVOTION I'M INTO.

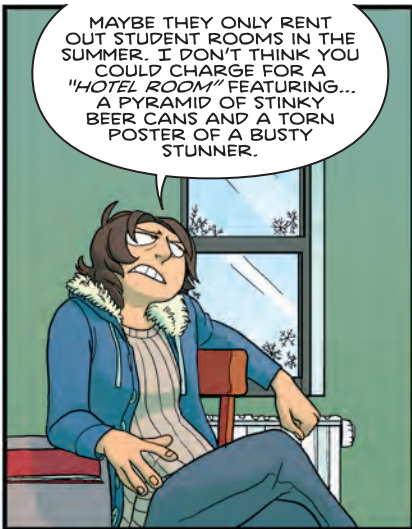
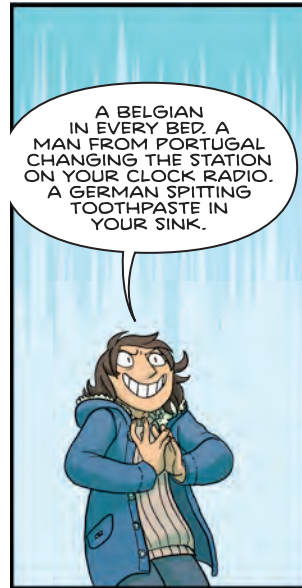
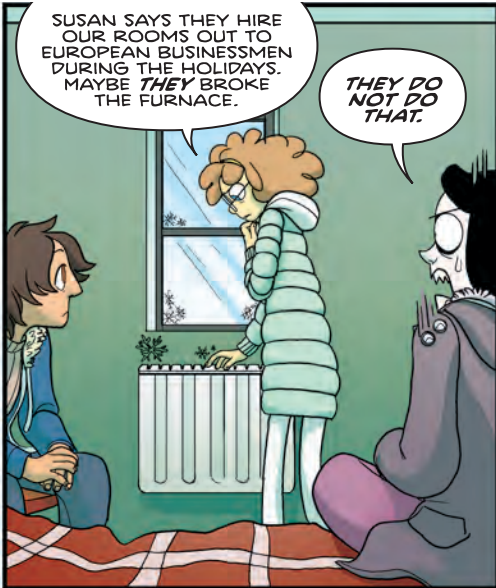
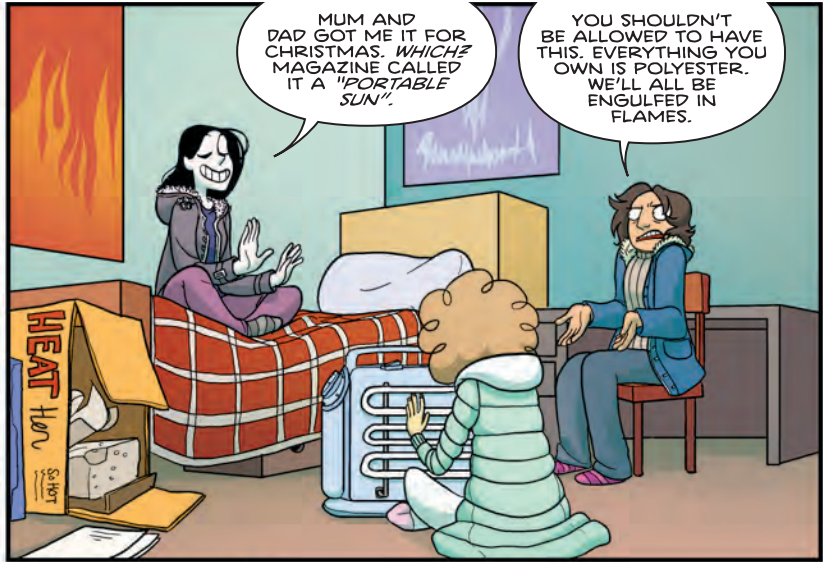
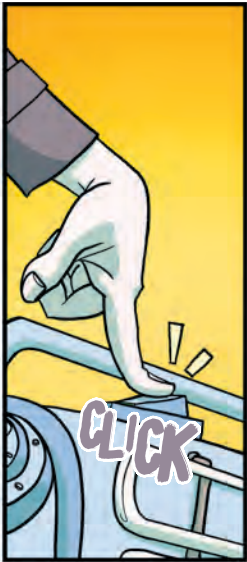
THE HEATING'S BROKEN IN T-BLOCK. THE COLD'S GOT INTO THE BUILDING'S BONES.

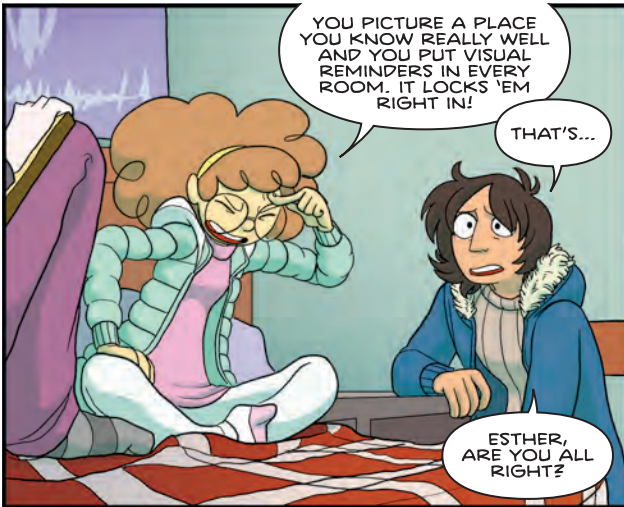
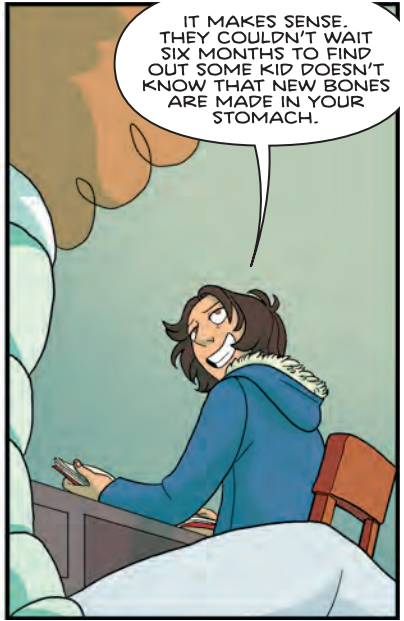
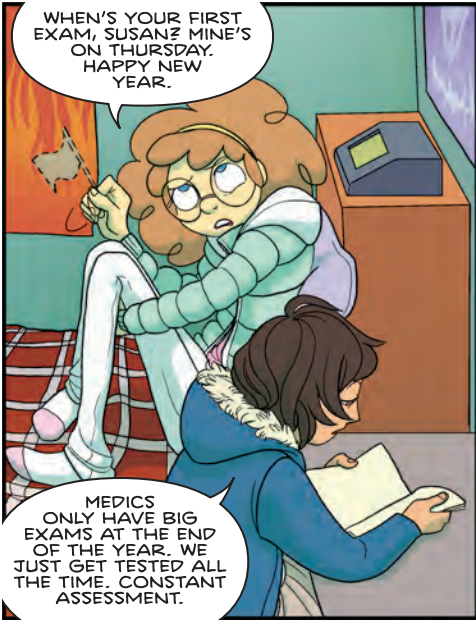
WE HAD TO GET OUT. THE SMELL, ESTHER, THE SMELL! YOU CAN SMELL... *DETERIORATION.*

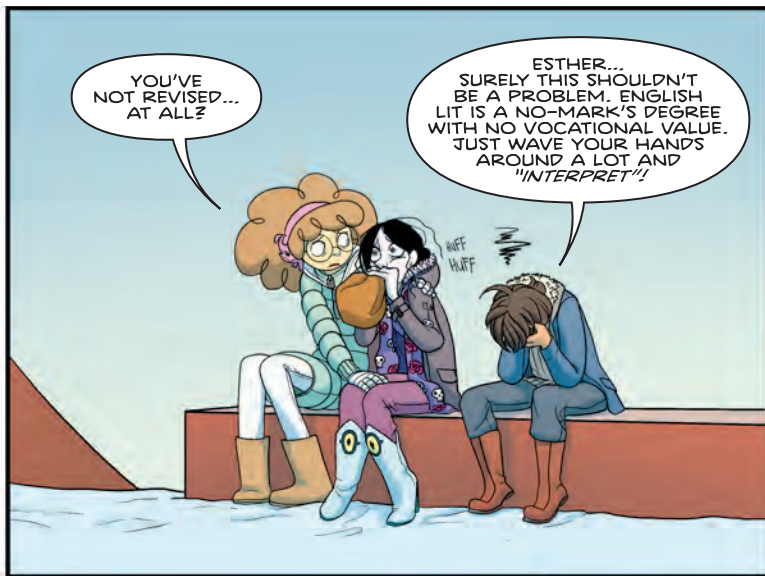
WELL THIS IS SOME VERY NICE AFFECTION!

Springs

WE'RE DEFINITELY NOT JUST STEALING YOUR WARMTH.







YOU'VE NOT REVISED... AT ALL?

ESTHER... SURELY THIS SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM. ENGLISH LIT IS A NO-MARK'S DEGREE WITH NO VOCATIONAL VALUE. JUST WAVE YOUR HANDS AROUND A LOT AND "INTERPRET"!!

WTF WTF



I'VE NOT READ MOST OF THE BOOKS. I'D GET BORED AFTER THREE PAGES AND GO ON TUMBLR FOR THREE HOURS. I ONLY WENT TO TUTORIALS WITH AT LEAST ONE HOTTIE IN THEM.



CAN'T YOU GET THE NOTES OFF ED GEMMELL?

YEAH... I GUESS, BUT THERE'S A BIGGER PROBLEM. **JESUS.**

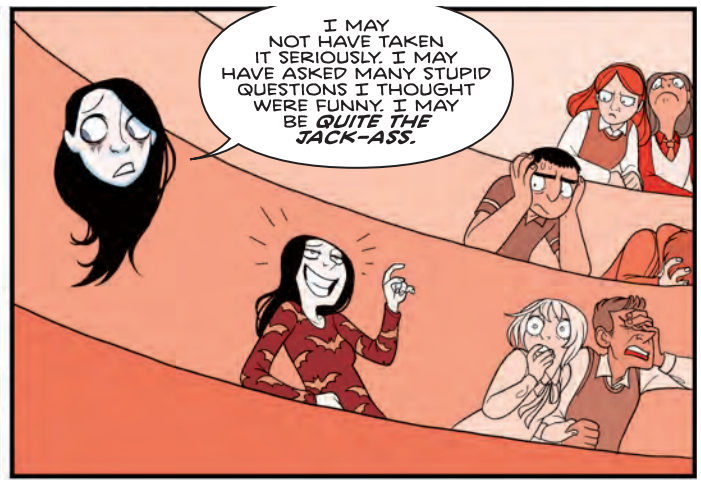


JESUS WHAT?!

NO, **ACTUAL** JESUS. I TOOK **INTRODUCTION TO NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES** AS AN ELECTIVE. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A LAUGH.

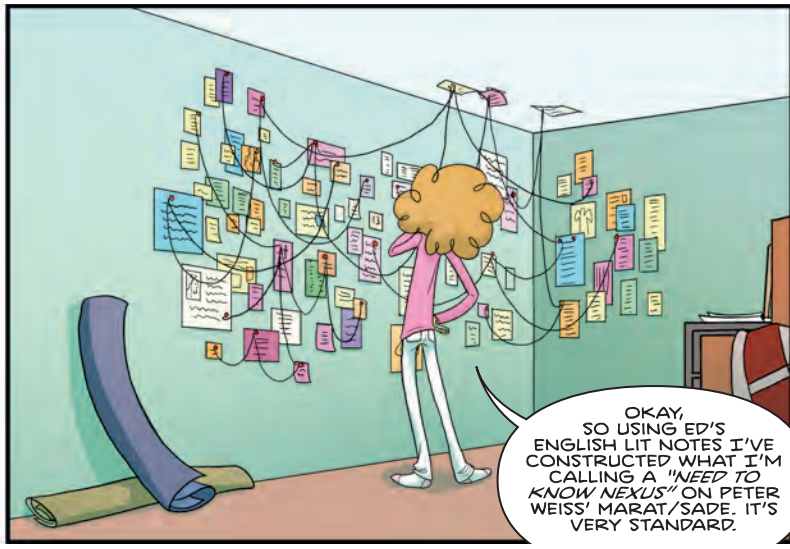


LET ME GUESS. IT TURNED OUT TO BE HARD.



I MAY NOT HAVE TAKEN IT SERIOUSLY. I MAY HAVE ASKED MANY STUPID QUESTIONS I THOUGHT WERE FUNNY. I MAY BE **QUITE THE JACK-ASS.**





OKAY, SO USING ED'S ENGLISH LIT NOTES I'VE CONSTRUCTED WHAT I'M CALLING A "NEED TO KNOW NEXUS" ON PETER WEISS' MARAT/SADE. IT'S VERY STANDARD.



I'VE GROUPED THEMES UNDER "HUMAN SUFFERING", "CLASS STRUGGLE", AND "SITTING IN A BLOODY BATH".

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

GREAT.



AAAAH!! WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?

I'VE BEEN GETTING READY FOR THE LAST HOUR.



THIS IS NOT REVISION-APPROPRIATE ATTIRE! THINK SMOCK, OR LOOSE-FITTING OVERALLS!



I'M GOING TO SEE NECROTISING SWAMP TONIGHT. IT'S THEIR ONLY UK SHOW OUTSIDE LONDON! SUPPORT FROM "DEBRIDE"!!



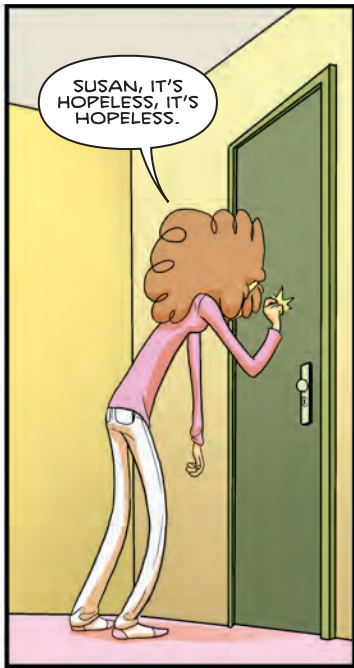
LOOK, I'LL GET THE JESUS NOTES, STICK 'EM ON THE WALL, COLOR SOME WORDS IN, EVERYBODY WINS.

Um, THIS IS BOTH AN ART AND A SCIENCE!



REMEMBER, IT'S NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES, ESTHER! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET RIGHT WITH GOD IF YOU'RE LISTENING TO SATAN SONGS?

THEY'RE ONLY SATANIC... IN A FUN WAY.



SUSAN, IT'S HOPELESS, IT'S HOPELESS.

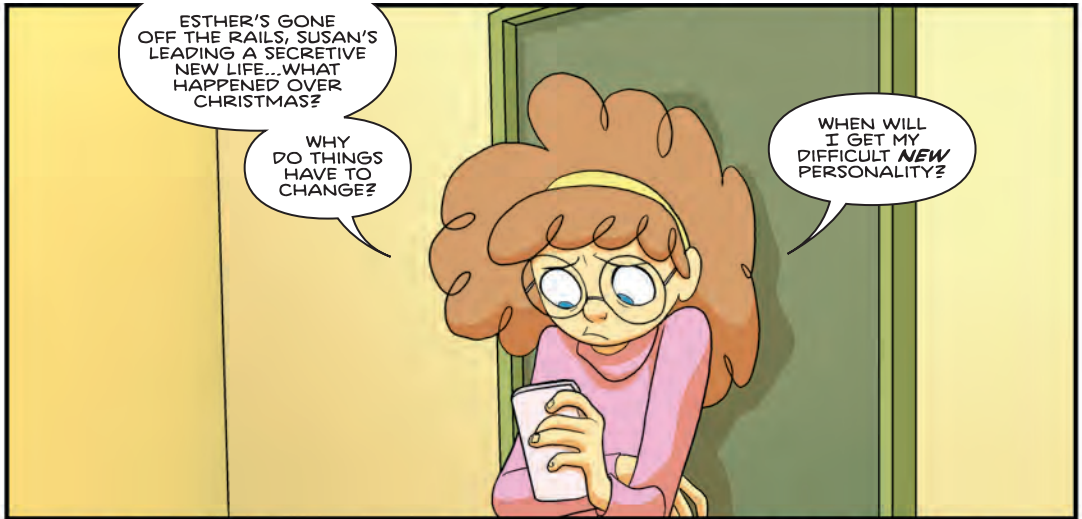


THAT'S ODD. SHE'S ALWAYS IN IN THE EVENINGS. *MAYBE SHE'S ADDICTED TO GAMBLING NOW.*



YOU'RE THROUGH TO SUSAN. IF I KNEW HOW TO TURN OFF VOICEMAIL, I WOULD. DON'T LEAVE A MESSAGE.

>BEEP<

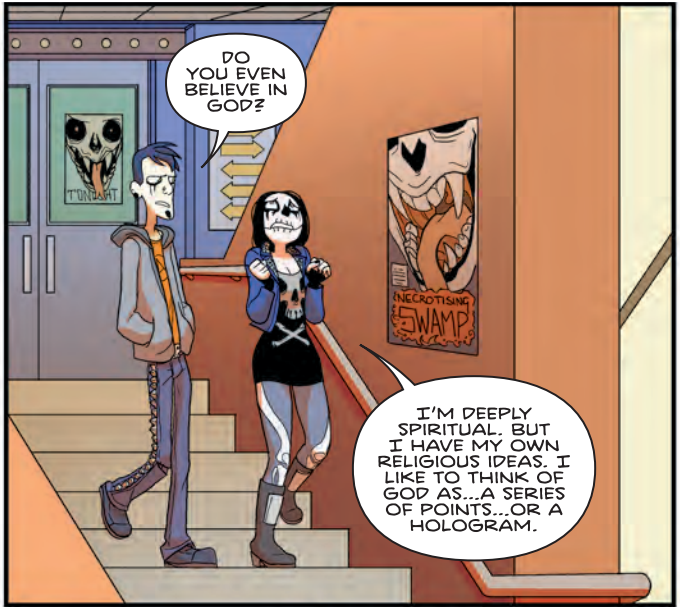


ESTHER'S GONE OFF THE RAILS, SUSAN'S LEADING A SECRETIVE NEW LIFE... WHAT HAPPENED OVER CHRISTMAS?

WHY DO THINGS HAVE TO CHANGE?

WHEN WILL I GET MY DIFFICULT *NEW* PERSONALITY?







ALAS...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU WON'T GIVE ME THE NOTES? IT SEEMS LIKE THE **CHRISTIAN** THING TO DO.

YOU'RE THE SERPENT IN OUR MIDST, ESTHER, WE RECOGNIZE YOU.

BELIAL IS NOT OUR!



AFTER THREE WEEKS' EXPOSURE TO YOU, OLIVIA HERE BOUGHT A SECULAR CD. DEF LEPPARD.

IT WERE FOR ME DAD!

STOP GLORYFYIN THESE BLASPHEME



I WAS SO BORED THAT I DECIDED TO PLAY A CHARACTER, AND THE CHARACTER HAD NEVER HEARD OF THE BIBLE...AND WAS CONFUSED, IT WAS **POSTMODERN**.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE PAYING TO BE HERE? THIS IS COSTING YOU MONEY.



OLIVIA, PLEASE. POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME.

GET BEHIND ME SATAN!

BELIAL NOT JA

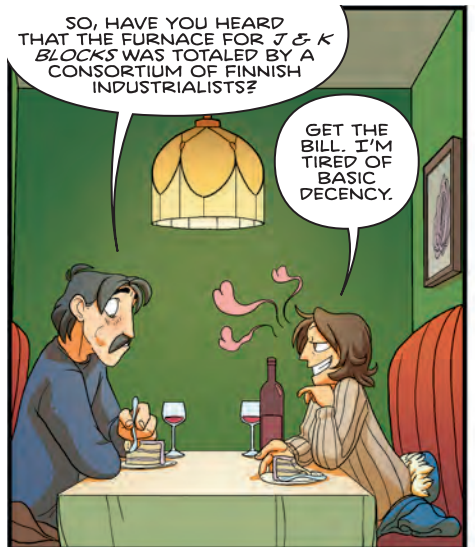
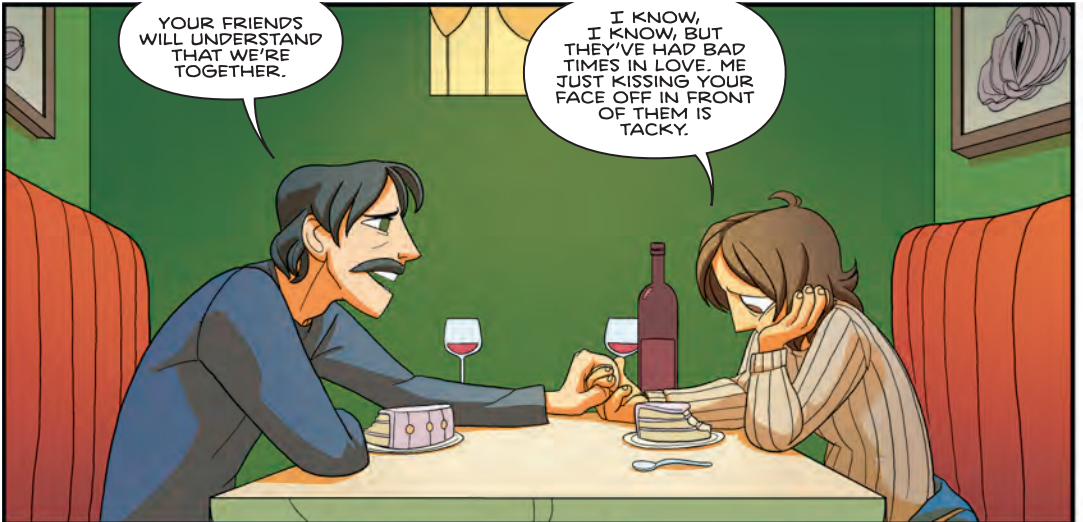
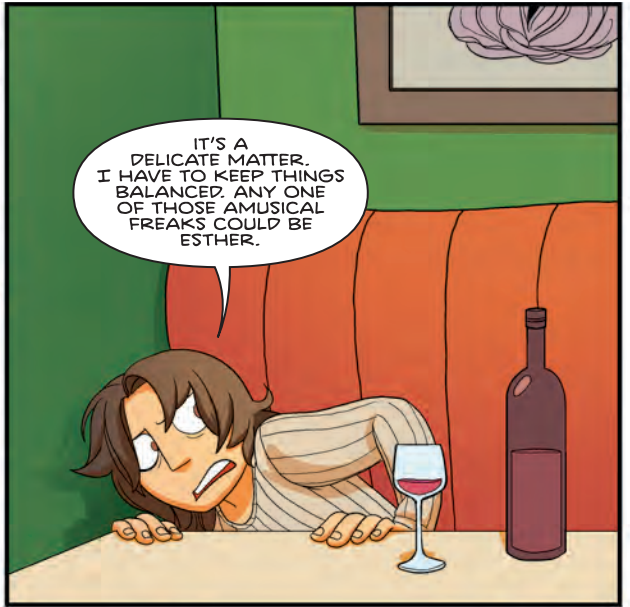


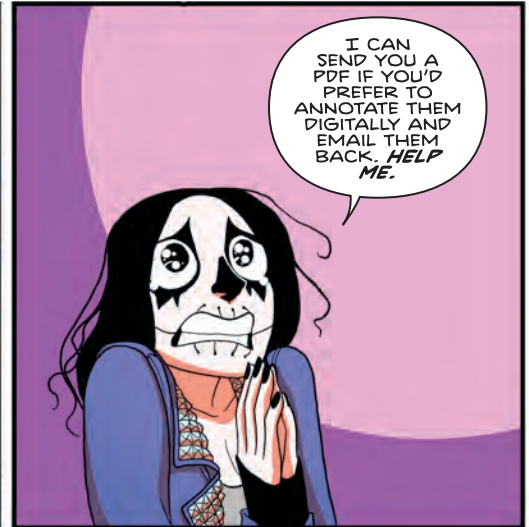
GENTLE JESUS, I KNOW I'M DRESSED AS A CHURCH BURNER, BUT I'M GOOD REALLY. SHOW ME THE WAY.

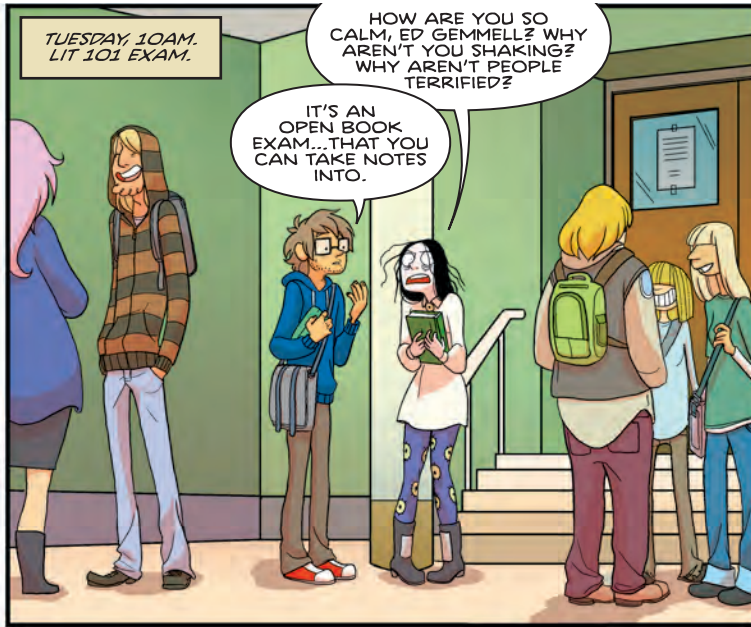
SWAMP



OF COURSE...I'LL GO TO THE **SOURCE**.







TUESDAY, 10AM.
LIT 101 EXAM.

IT'S AN OPEN BOOK EXAM... THAT YOU CAN TAKE NOTES INTO.

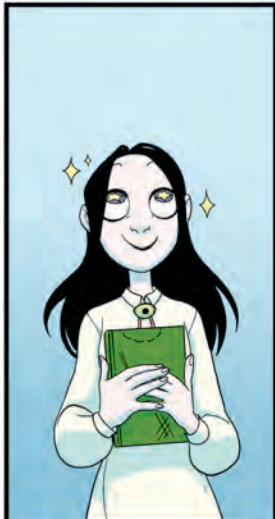
HOW ARE YOU SO CALM, ED GEMMELL? WHY AREN'T YOU SHAKING? WHY AREN'T PEOPLE TERRIFIED?



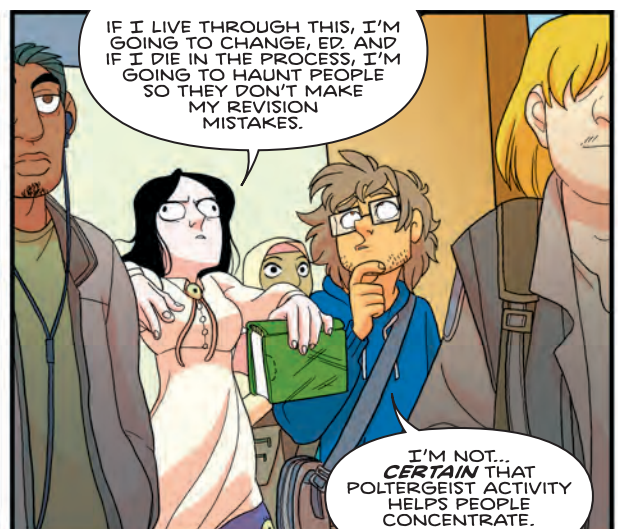
YOU CAN TAKE YOUR **NOTES** IN? I DIDN'T EVEN BRING THEM!



DO YOU... WANT TO TAKE MINE IN?

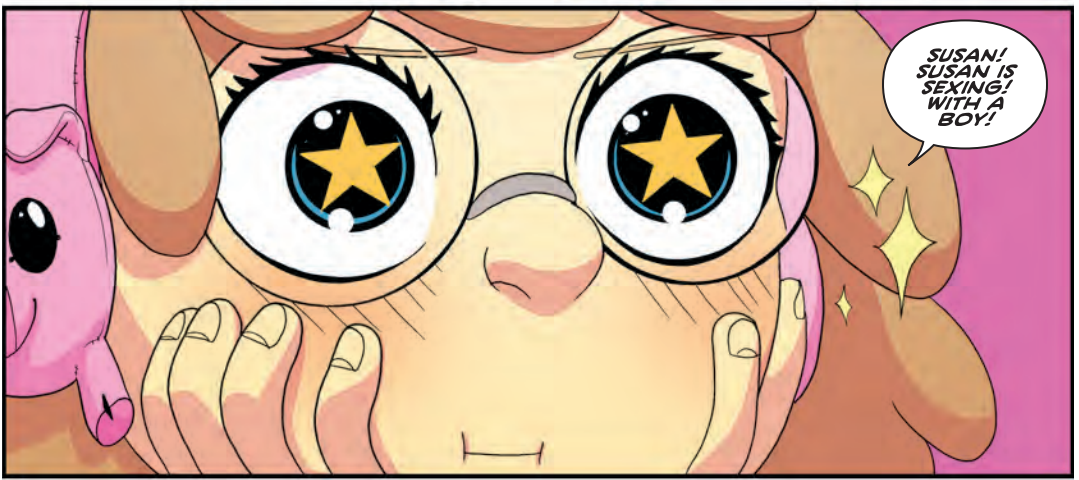
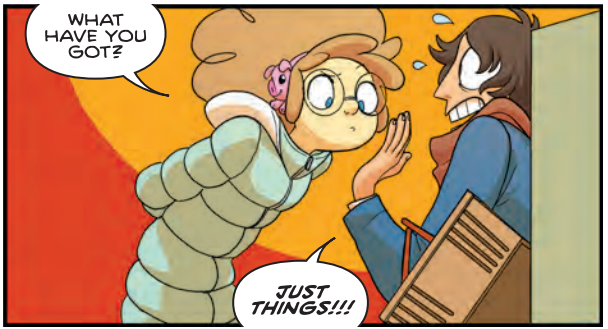
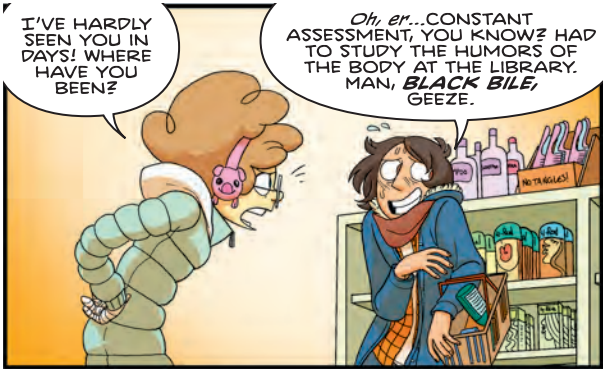


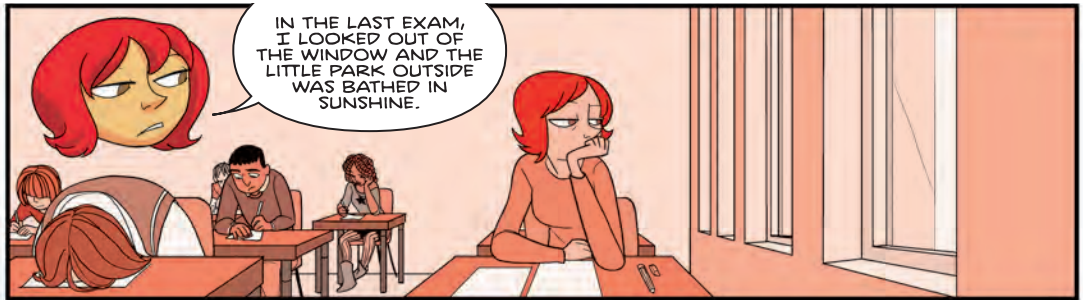
NO, ED, YOU KEEP THEM. THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE IDIOT AT A TIME IN THIS MARRIAGE.

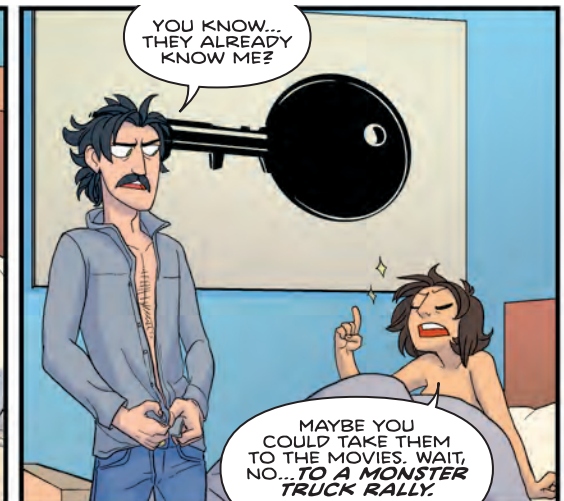
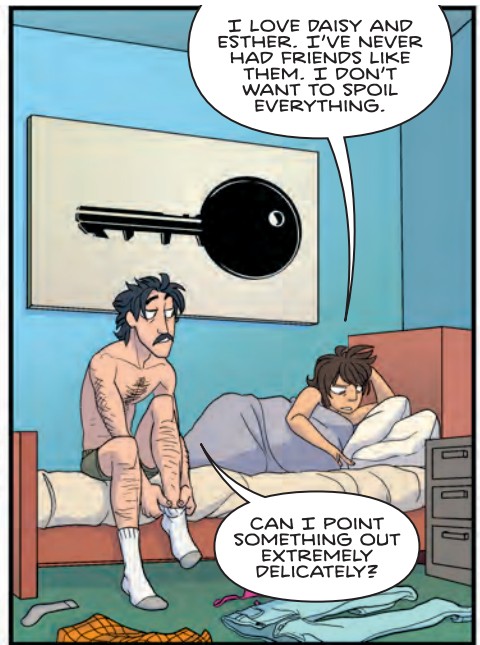


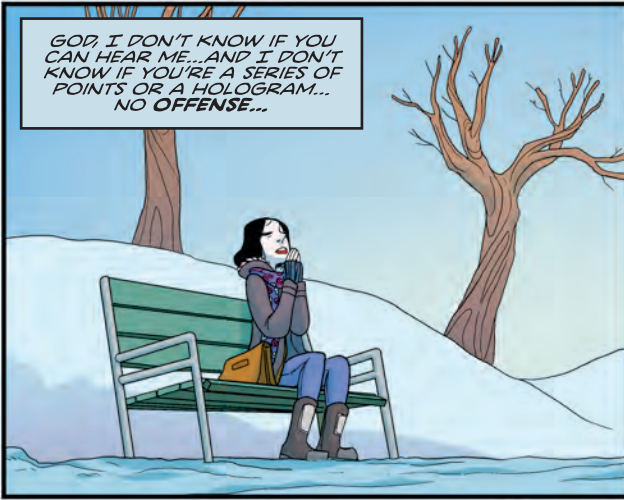
IF I LIVE THROUGH THIS, I'M GOING TO CHANGE, ED. AND IF I DIE IN THE PROCESS, I'M GOING TO HAUNT PEOPLE SO THEY DON'T MAKE MY REVISION MISTAKES.

I'M NOT... **CERTAIN** THAT POLTERGEIST ACTIVITY HELPS PEOPLE CONCENTRATE.









GOD, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU CAN HEAR ME... AND I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE A SERIES OF POINTS OR A HOLOGRAM... NO OFFENSE...

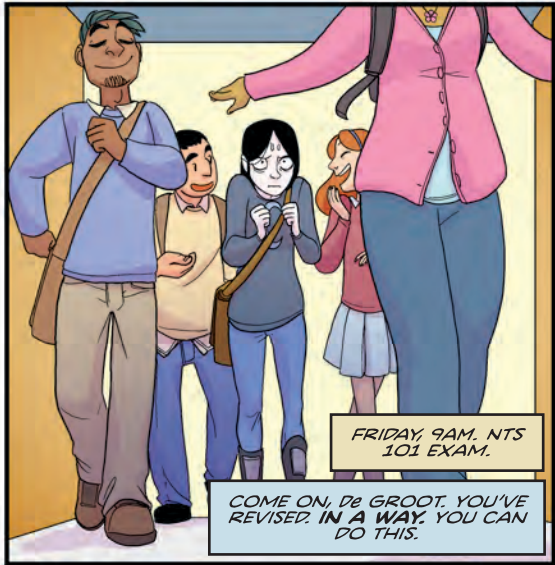


...BUT I REALLY REALLY REALLY DON'T WANT TO FAIL THIS EXAM AND LEAVE UNIVERSITY AND PICK POTATOES FOR A LIVING.



WE GOT THROUGH TO HER, TOBY. WE GOT THROUGH TO HER.

ONE SOUL AT A TIME.



FRIDAY, 9AM, NTS 101 EXAM.

COME ON, DE GROOT. YOU'VE REVISED. IN A WAY. YOU CAN DO THIS.



YOU MAY TURN YOUR PAPERS OVER AND BEGIN.



THIS IS MY TIME. MY TIME TO SHINE.

WHAT AM I WRITING? I THINK I COULD ACTUALLY SCORE A HIGHER MARK BY SAYING NOTHING.



SILENCE

TEST TIME
9-13



DONE. WOW, A LOT OF THIS PAPER IS STILL BLANK.



TWO HOURS LEFT. WHAT.



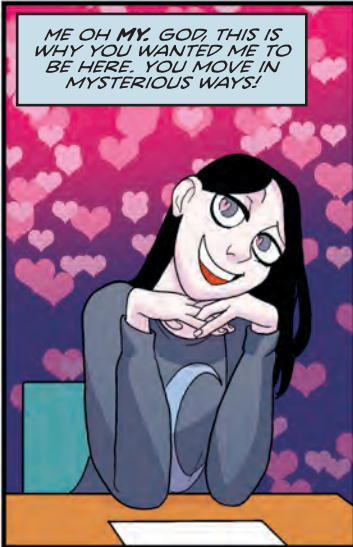
I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE THESE...PEOPLE THE SATISFACTION OF SEEING ME WALK OUT THIS EARLY.



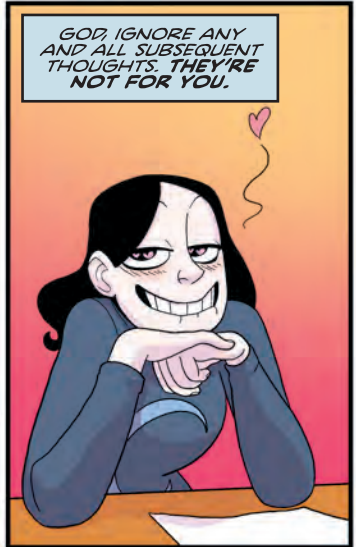
I'LL JUST OBJECTIFY THE HOT INVIGILATOR UNTIL IT'S DIGNIFIED TO LEAVE.

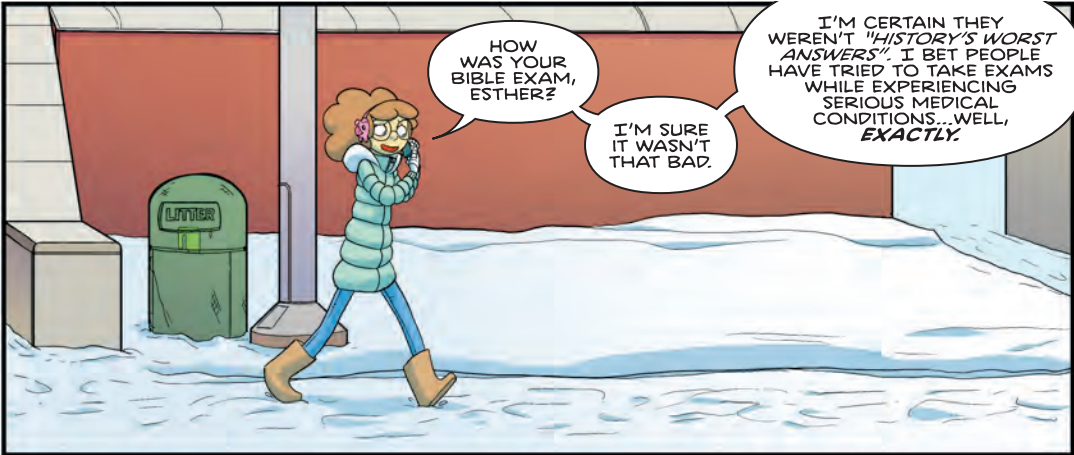
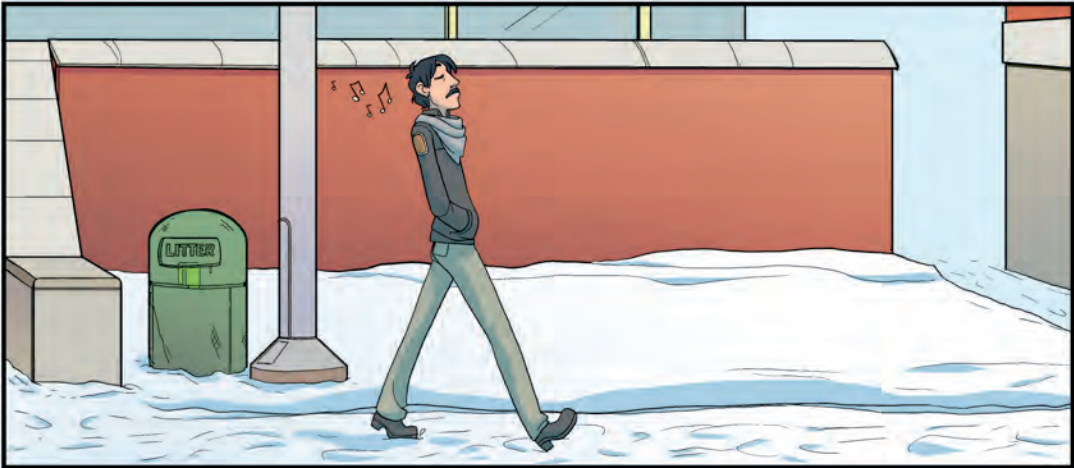


ME OH MY, GOD, THIS IS WHY YOU WANTED ME TO BE HERE. YOU MOVE IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS!



GOD, IGNORE ANY AND ALL SUBSEQUENT THOUGHTS. THEY'RE NOT FOR YOU.





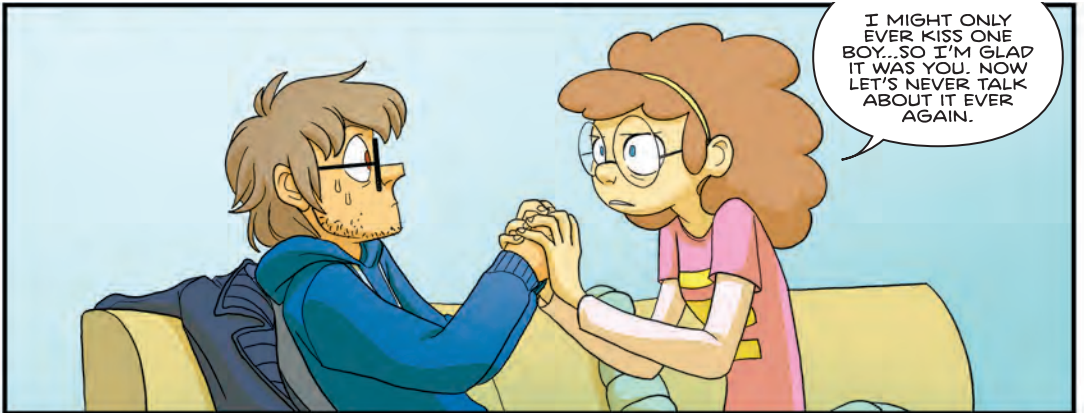


THEY GOT TOGETHER AT THE HOLIDAY BALL. I THOUGHT YOU'D KNOW.

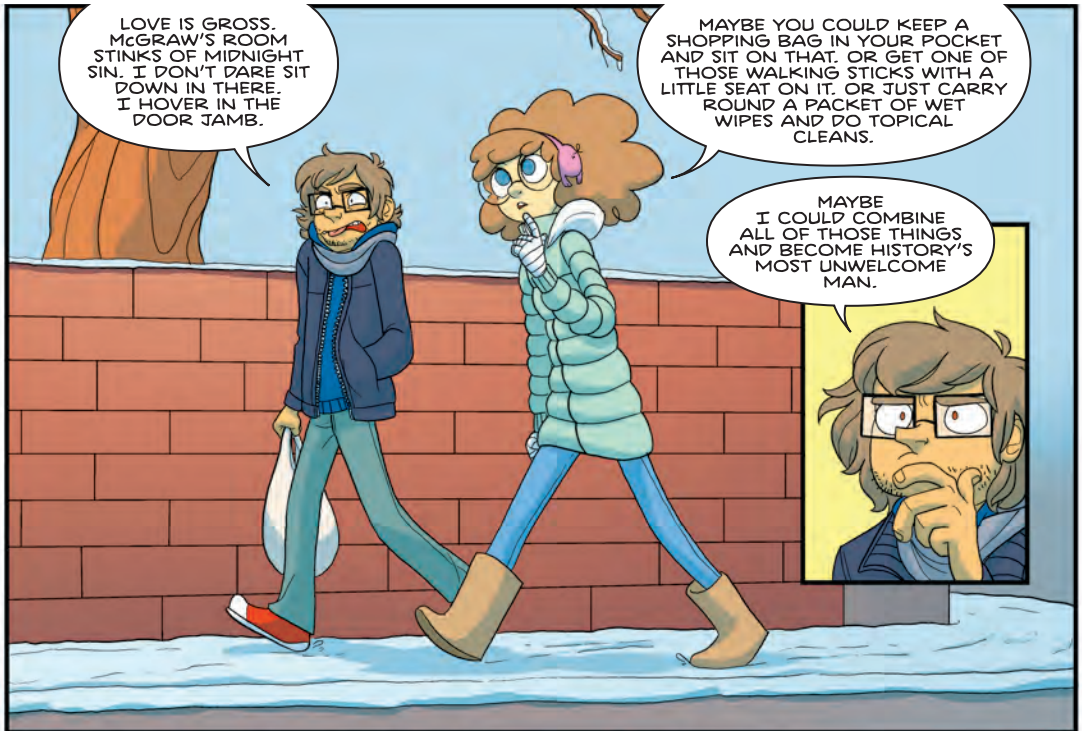
SUSAN'S A SECRET SQUIRREL! I SUPPOSE SECRET SQUIRRELS NEED LOVE, TOO.



Um, ABOUT YOU AND ME AT THE BALL. WE, er...IT WASN'T...



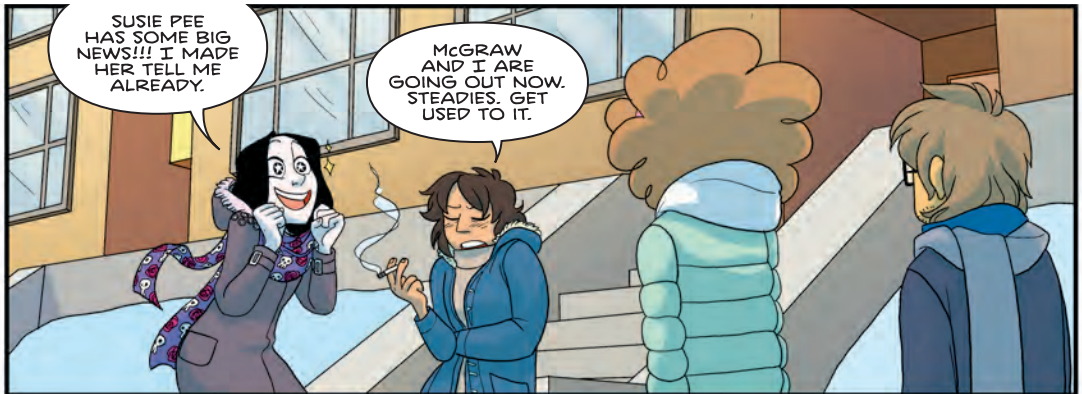
I MIGHT ONLY EVER KISS ONE BOY...SO I'M GLAD IT WAS YOU. NOW LET'S NEVER TALK ABOUT IT EVER AGAIN.



LOVE IS GROSS. MCGRAW'S ROOM STINKS OF MIDNIGHT SIN. I DON'T DARE SIT DOWN IN THERE. I HOVER IN THE DOOR JAMB.

MAYBE YOU COULD KEEP A SHOPPING BAG IN YOUR POCKET AND SIT ON THAT. OR GET ONE OF THOSE WALKING STICKS WITH A LITTLE SEAT ON IT. OR JUST CARRY ROUND A PACKET OF WET WIPES AND DO TOPICAL CLEANS.

MAYBE I COULD COMBINE ALL OF THOSE THINGS AND BECOME HISTORY'S MOST UNWELCOME MAN.



SUSIE PEE HAS SOME BIG NEWS!!! I MADE HER TELL ME ALREADY.

MCGRAW AND I ARE GOING OUT NOW. STEADIES. GET USED TO IT.

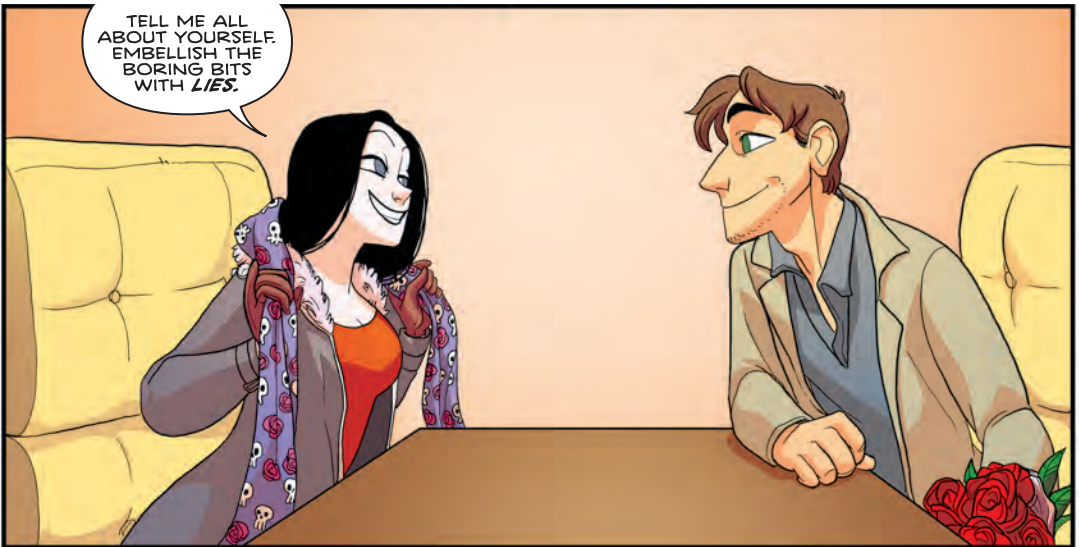


I KNEW! I KNEW!

HOW? SHE HAS SEX HAIR **ALL THE TIME** AND "WALK OF SHAME" IS HER FASHION MODUS OPERANDI.

THAT'S NOT A COMPLIMENT, IS IT?







CHAPTER EIGHT

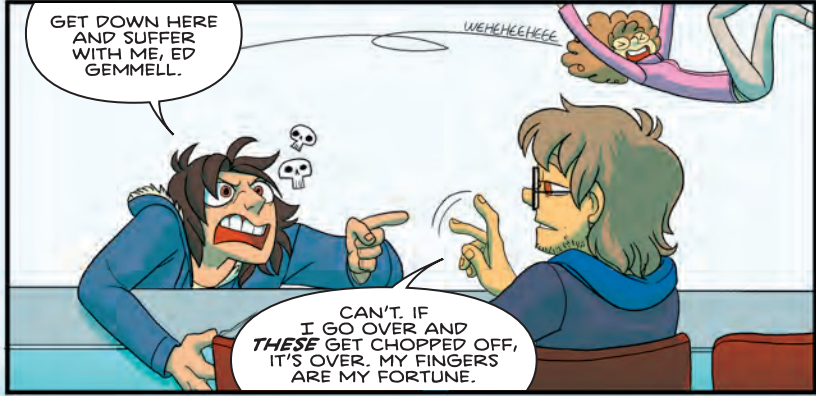




WINTER
INDOORS, WINTER
OUTDOORS,
WHEN WILL MY
PUNISHMENT
END?

IS BEING
MADE TO ICE
SKATE A
CONDITION OF
YOUR PAROLE,
SUSAN?

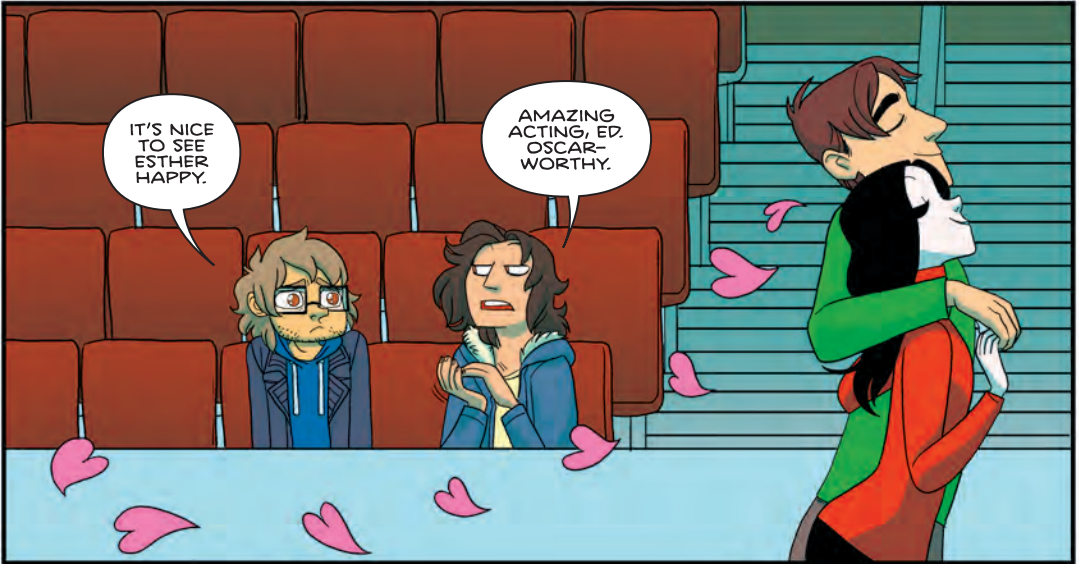
HEE HEE!
HEE HEE
HEE!



GET DOWN HERE
AND SUFFER
WITH ME, ED
GEMMELL.

CAN'T. IF
I GO OVER AND
THESE GET CHOPPED OFF,
IT'S OVER. MY FINGERS
ARE MY FORTUNE.

WEHEHEHEHE



IT'S NICE TO SEE ESTHER HAPPY.

AMAZING ACTING, ED. OSCAR-WORTHY.



THAT'S NOT A MARRIAGE OF EQUALS. HE'S A SUPERANNATED SVENGALI.

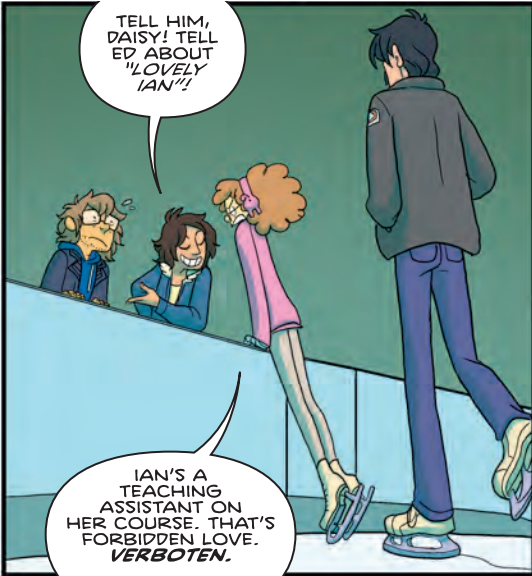


HE'S ONLY TWENTY-SEVEN. BUT HE'S SORT OF... BLAND? I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE SEES IN HIM.

OH-HO! DON'T YOU KNOW HER SECRET?



NO!



TELL HIM, DAISY! TELL ED ABOUT "LOVELY IAN"!

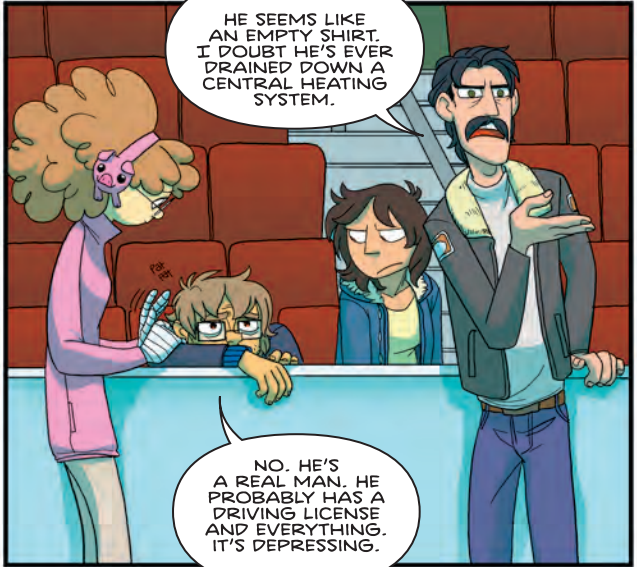
IAN'S A TEACHING ASSISTANT ON HER COURSE. THAT'S FORBIDDEN LOVE. *VERBOTEN.*



WHO? WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT OUR ESTHER WOULD INDULGE IN A DANGEROUS ROMANCE?



I DON'T LIKE THE MAN.



HE SEEMS LIKE AN EMPTY SHIRT. I DOUBT HE'S EVER DRAINED DOWN A CENTRAL HEATING SYSTEM.

NO, HE'S A REAL MAN. HE PROBABLY HAS A DRIVING LICENSE AND EVERYTHING. IT'S DEPRESSING.



Pe'h! I BET HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A 2-PORT AND A 3-PORT MOTORIZED VALVE.



HA HA HEH yeah



FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, DON'T ENCOURAGE HIS VALVE TALK.



SO DO YOU THINK YOUR FRIENDS LIKE ME?

OF COURSE THEY DO!



HOW COULD THEY NOT?



YOU KNOW, ONLY A RICH MAN CAN AFFORD TO BUY CHEAP SHOES.

THERE'S NOTHING *WRONG* WITH MY SHOES! IT'S THIS HILL THAT'S WRONG. *THEY BUILT THIS CITY WRONG!*



IT DOESN'T FREEZE LIKE THIS IN NORTHAMPTON! ICE IS SOMETHING YOU PUT IN YOUR GIN! *AARGH!*



I HAVE A KALEIDOSCOPE OF BRUISES! *MY BRUISES HAVE GOT BRUISES!*



Oh THIS IS JUST WONDERFUL.

SLIDE

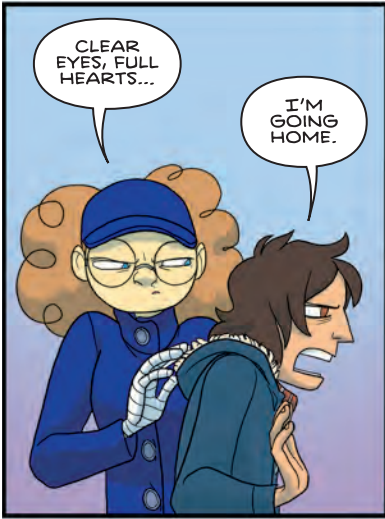
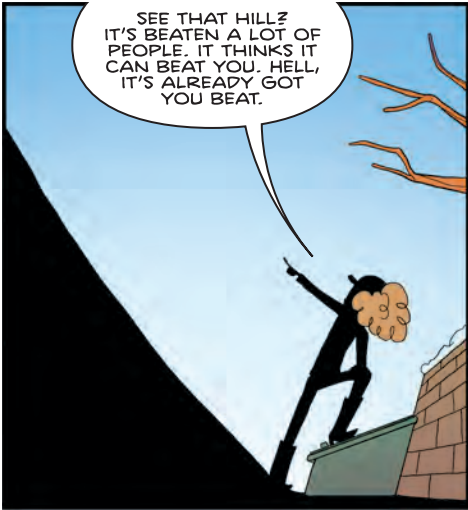


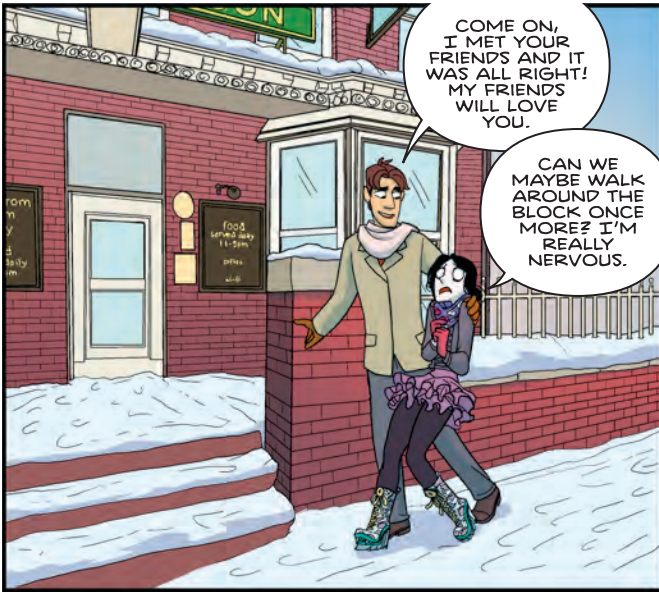
HELP ME. HELP ME, PLEASE.

SLIDE



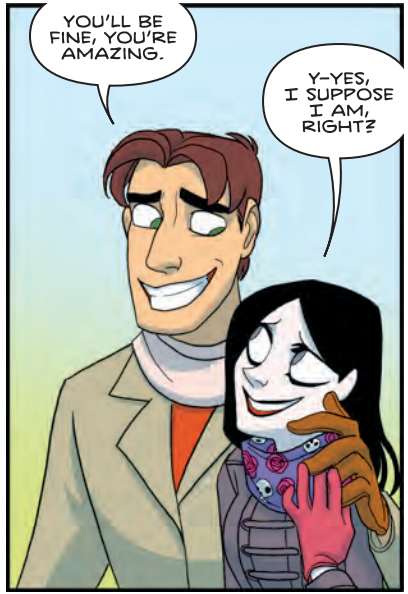
NO, I'M FINE. I'M MY OWN HERO. I'M EVERYTHING I WISHED I COULD BE.





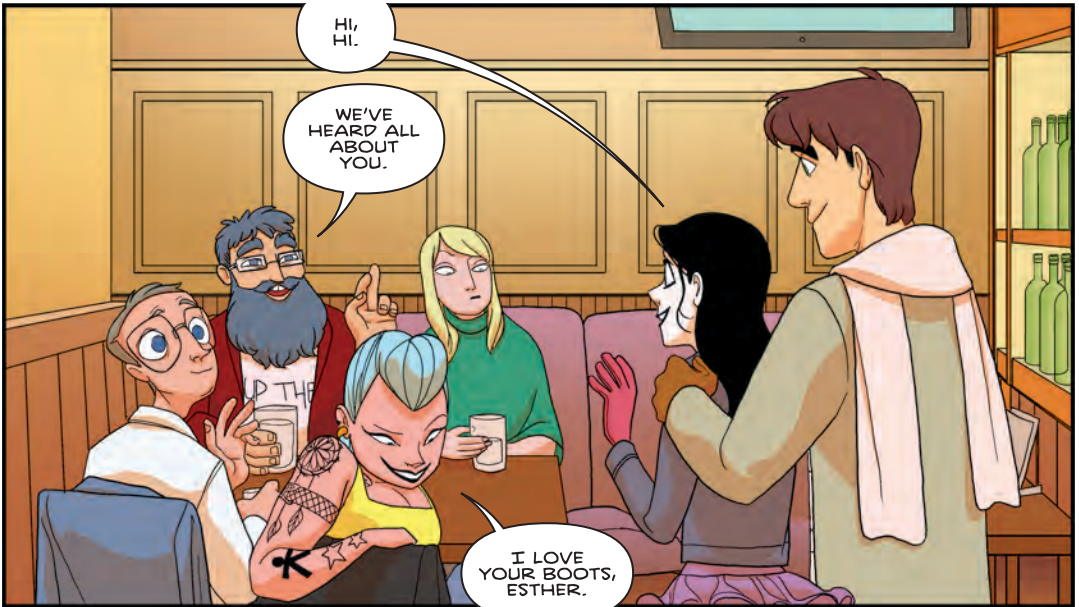
COME ON, I MET YOUR FRIENDS AND IT WAS ALL RIGHT! MY FRIENDS WILL LOVE YOU.

CAN WE MAYBE WALK AROUND THE BLOCK ONCE MORE? I'M REALLY NERVOUS.



YOU'LL BE FINE, YOU'RE AMAZING.

Y-YES, I SUPPOSE I AM, RIGHT?



HI, HI.

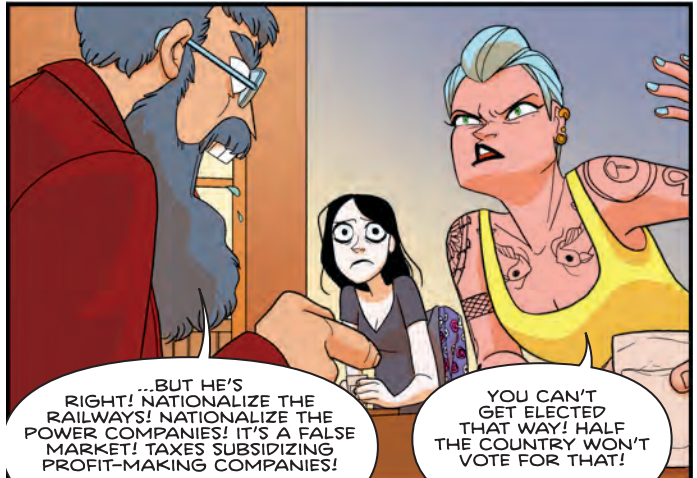
WE'VE HEARD ALL ABOUT YOU.

I LOVE YOUR BOOTS, ESTHER.



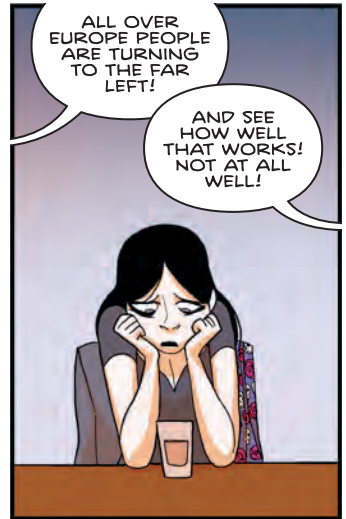
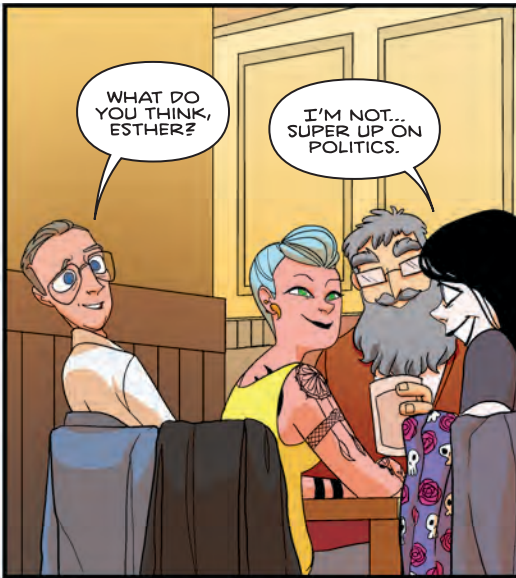
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DRINK?

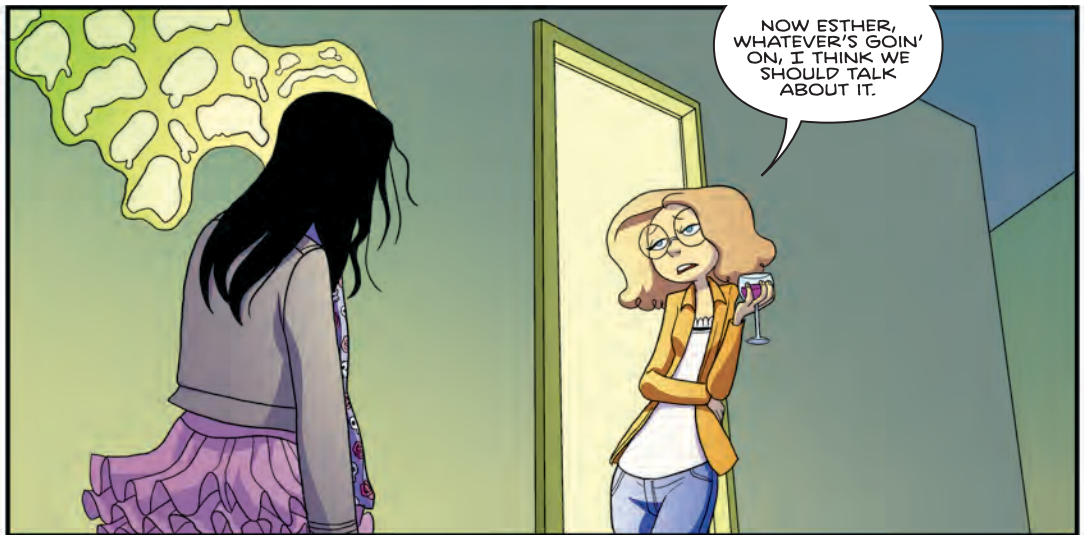
SNAKEBITE AND BLACK.



...BUT HE'S RIGHT! NATIONALIZE THE RAILWAYS! NATIONALIZE THE POWER COMPANIES! IT'S A FALSE MARKET! TAXES SUBSIDIZING PROFIT-MAKING COMPANIES!

YOU CAN'T GET ELECTED THAT WAY! HALF THE COUNTRY WON'T VOTE FOR THAT!



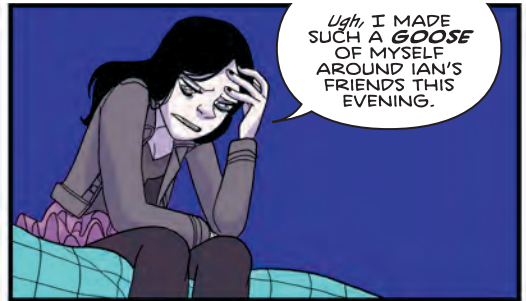


NOW ESTHER, WHATEVER'S GOIN' ON, I THINK WE SHOULD TALK ABOUT IT.



THIS...IS...
NEW?

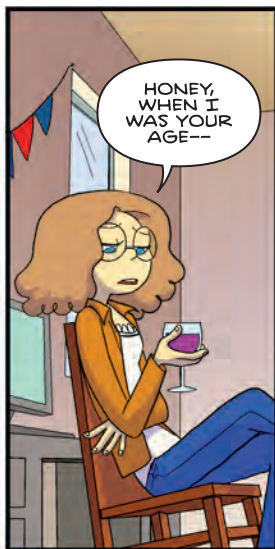
PARK
Y'SELF AND
TELL ME ALL
ABOUT
IT.



Ugh, I MADE
SUCH A **GOOSE**
OF MYSELF
AROUND IAN'S
FRIENDS THIS
EVENING.



HE'S SO...
CUTE AND HE
KNOWS ABOUT
STUFF, ABOUT
EVERYTHING,
AND I FEEL
SO...**SILLY**
AROUND
HIM.

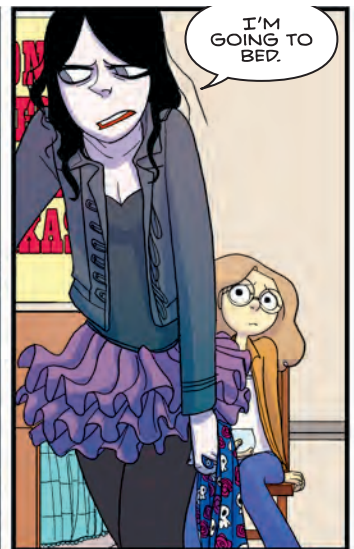


HONEY,
WHEN I
WAS YOUR
AGE--



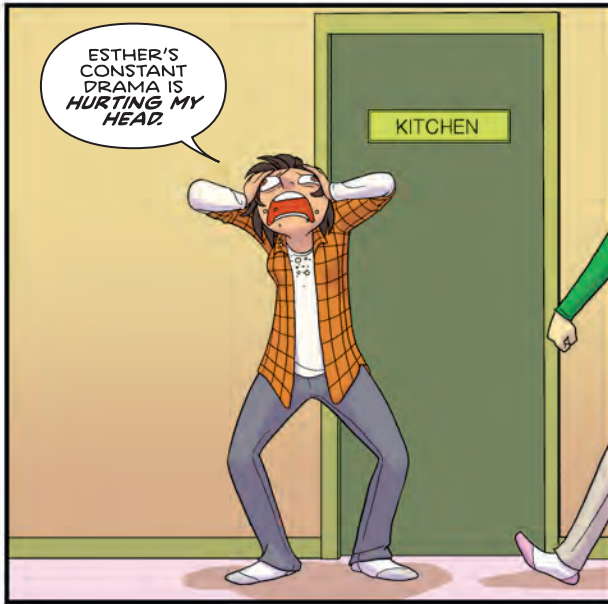
DAISY, YOU'RE A
YEAR YOUNGER
THAN ME. AND
YOU'RE DRUNK.
AND YOU'RE
**NOT FROM
TEXAS.**

≧GULP≦

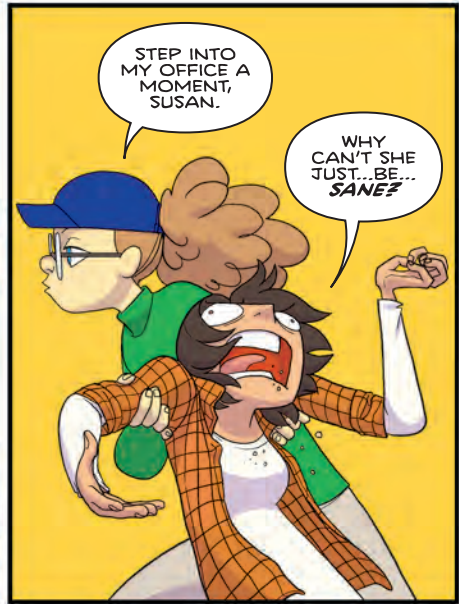


I'M
GOING TO
BED.



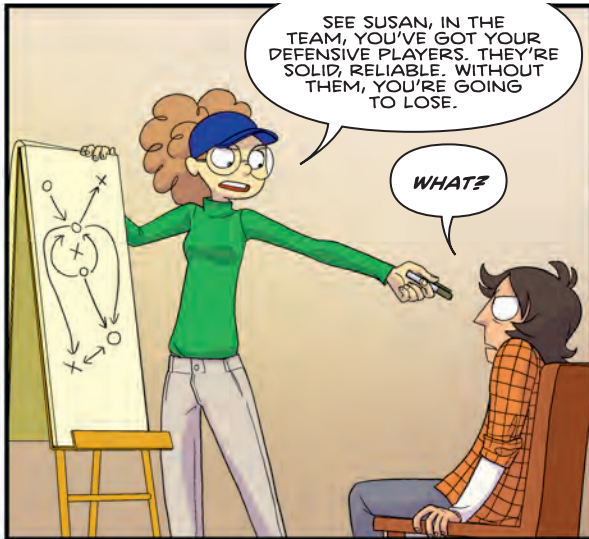


ESTHER'S CONSTANT DRAMA IS HURTING MY HEAD.



STEP INTO MY OFFICE A MOMENT, SUSAN.

WHY CAN'T SHE JUST...BE...*SANE?*



SEE SUSAN, IN THE TEAM, YOU'VE GOT YOUR DEFENSIVE PLAYERS. THEY'RE SOLID, RELIABLE. WITHOUT THEM, YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE.

WHAT?



THEN YOU'VE GOT YOUR OFFENSIVE UNIT, GETTING THE BALL DOWN THE FIELD. WITHOUT THEM, NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN.



THIS SPORTING METAPHOR IS "OFFENSIVE".



BUT YOU NEED YOUR MAVERICK PLAYER TO WIN. SURE THEY CAN'T GET OUT OF BED, THEY'RE UNRELIABLE, THEY HAVE MANY PERSONAL PROBLEMS...BUT THEY'RE TOUCHED WITH *GENIUS*.



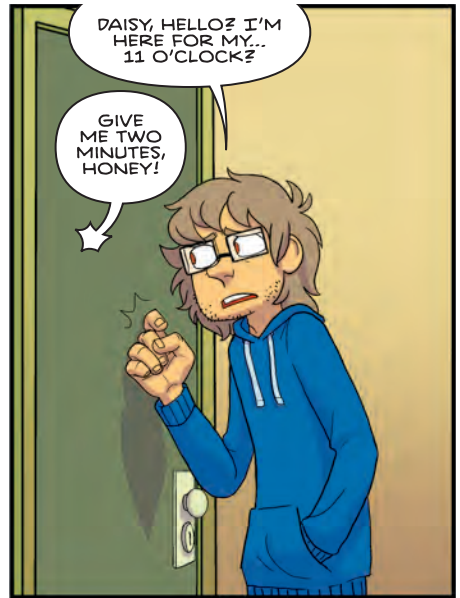
THAT'S ESTHER. SHE'S OUR *STAR QUARTERBACK*.

DAISY, YOU POOR, DEAR, INCOHERENT CREATURE. WE'RE GOING TO GET YOU THE HELP YOU NEED.



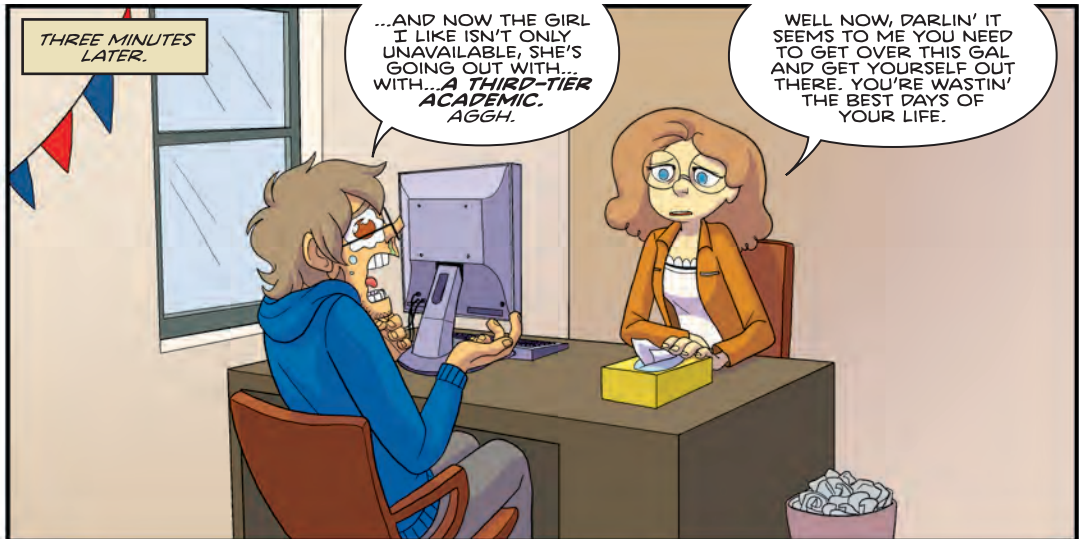
DON'T GO INTO DAISY'S ROOM, ED. SHE'S HAVING A FULL-BLOWN EPISODE.

BUT I'VE... GOT AN APPOINTMENT.



DAISY, HELLO? I'M HERE FOR MY... 11 O'CLOCK?

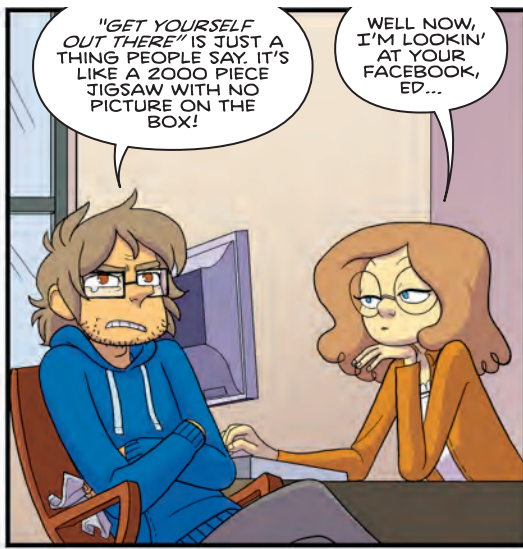
GIVE ME TWO MINUTES, HONEY!



THREE MINUTES LATER.

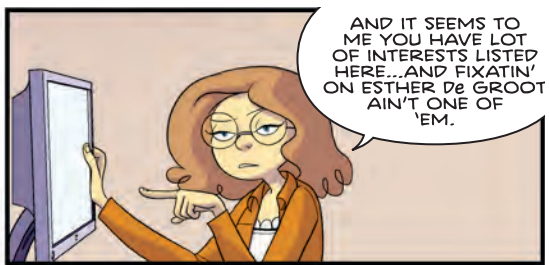
...AND NOW THE GIRL I LIKE ISN'T ONLY UNAVAILABLE, SHE'S GOING OUT WITH... **A THIRD-TIER ACADEMIC.** AGGH.

WELL NOW, DARLIN' IT SEEMS TO ME YOU NEED TO GET OVER THIS GAL AND GET YOURSELF OUT THERE. YOU'RE WASTIN' THE BEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE.



"GET YOURSELF OUT THERE" IS JUST A THING PEOPLE SAY. IT'S LIKE A 2000 PIECE JIGSAW WITH NO PICTURE ON THE BOX!

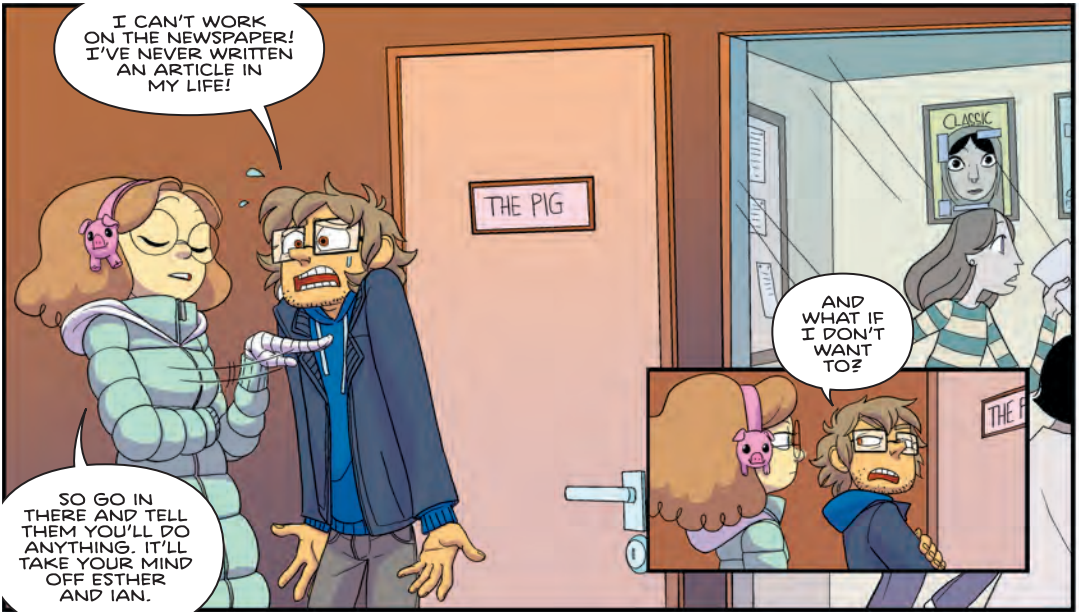
WELL NOW, I'M LOOKIN' AT YOUR FACEBOOK, ED...



AND IT SEEMS TO ME YOU HAVE LOT OF INTERESTS LISTED HERE... AND FIXATIN' ON ESTHER De GROOT AIN'T ONE OF 'EM.



WHAT DO I DO?



I CAN'T WORK ON THE NEWSPAPER! I'VE NEVER WRITTEN AN ARTICLE IN MY LIFE!

AND WHAT IF I DON'T WANT TO?

SO GO IN THERE AND TELL THEM YOU'LL DO ANYTHING. IT'LL TAKE YOUR MIND OFF ESTHER AND IAN.



I'M ED... GEMMELL. I'LL DO... ANYTHING.

I'M AMANDA, I'M THE EDITOR. YOU'LL GO A LONG WAY WITH THAT ATTITUDE, ED.



GO AND GET ME 1000 WORDS ON WHY THAT AWFUL SMELL IS COMING OUT OF THE MANAGEMENT SCHOOL. AND TAKE A DONUT WITH YOU.



WE HAVE TO GO OUTSIDE. WE CAN'T STAY IN MY ROOM FOREVER.

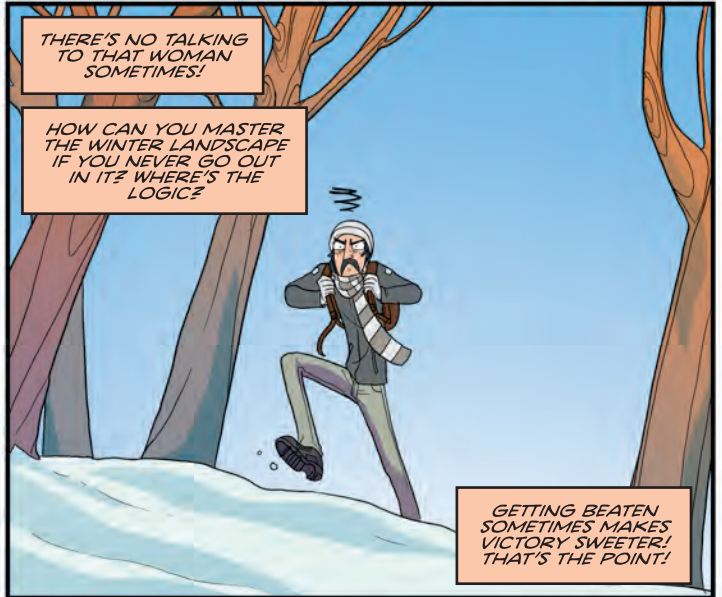
NO. I HATE WINTER. I HATE FALLING DOWN. I HATE EVERYTHING.



WELL, I'M GOING OUTSIDE.



GOOD! ENJOY YOUR ICY DEATH!



THERE'S NO TALKING TO THAT WOMAN SOMETIMES!

HOW CAN YOU MASTER THE WINTER LANDSCAPE IF YOU NEVER GO OUT IN IT? WHERE'S THE LOGIC?

GETTING BEATEN SOMETIMES MAKES VICTORY SWEETER! THAT'S THE POINT!

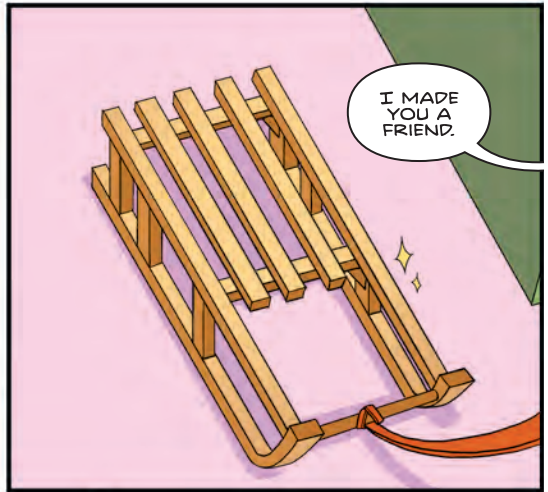
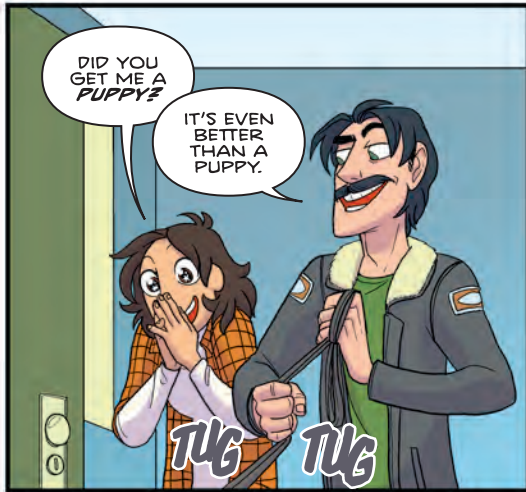


YOU'LL DO.



Oh, YOU'RE BACK. I'D KIND OF HOPED YOU WOULDN'T DIE.

SOMEONE WANTS TO MEET YOU, SUSAN.





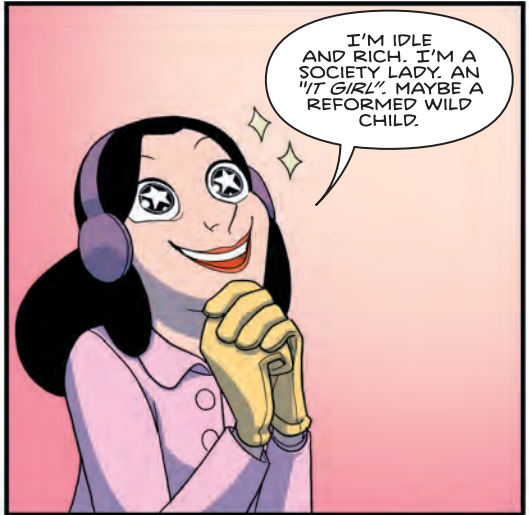
SORRY, ESTHER, IT'S JUST NOT A VERY... **CUPCAKES**... SORT OF DINNER PARTY. PROFESSOR TRELFOED'S THINGS ARE ALWAYS CATERED.

IT'S OKAY, WE CAN EAT THEM TOMORROW! FOR EVERY MEAL. **IN BED.**



AND I **KNOW** NOT TO MENTION THAT I'M A STUDENT. YOU'LL NOTE THAT I'M IN DISGUISE.

WHAT'S YOUR COVER STORY?



I'M IDLE AND RICH. I'M A SOCIETY LADY. AN **"IT GIRL"**. MAYBE A REFORMED WILD CHILD.



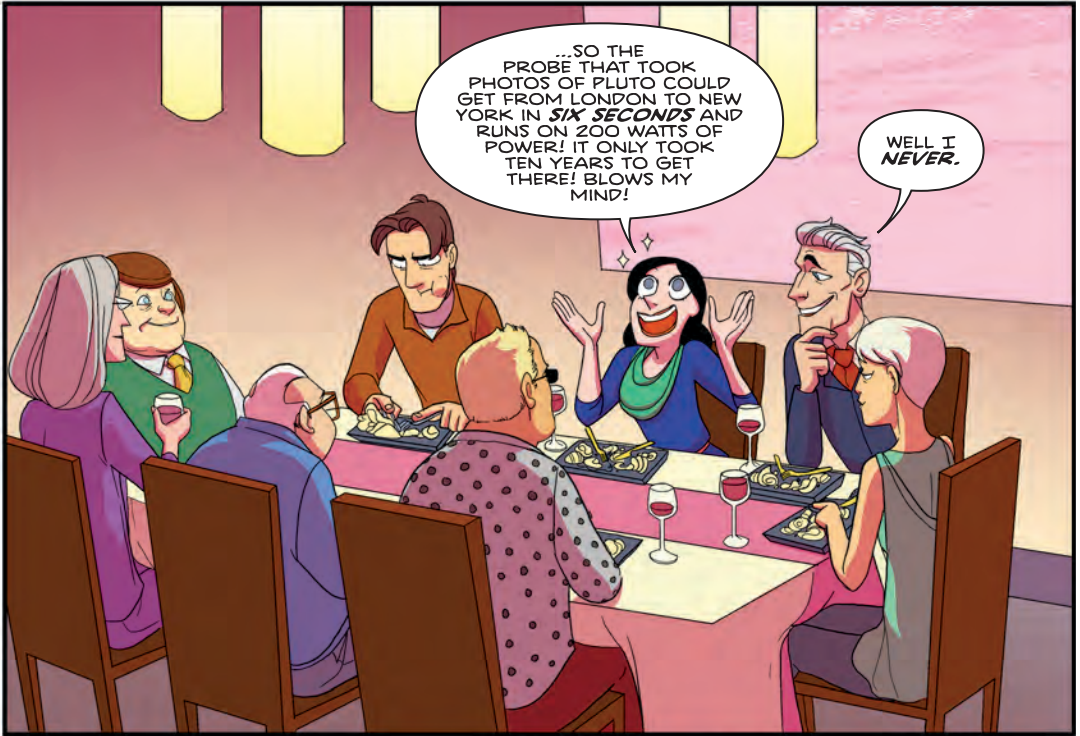
DON'T GET... TOO ELABORATE.



IAN, IF I'M GOING TO LIVE A LIE, IT'S GOING TO BE AN INTERESTING LIE.

I'M SURE THIS WHOLE EVENING WASN'T A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

❁ Dinner Is Served ❁





WHAT'S THE EMERGENCY? THINGS SEEM TO BE GOING VERY WELL IN THERE!

YOU NEED TO STOP TALKING.



BUT I READ THE ECONOMIST, THE NEW YORKER AND THE NEW SCIENTIST WHILE I WAS BAKING. I'VE GOT A LOT OF TALKING POINTS NOW!



YOU'RE EMBARRASSING YOURSELF!



WHAT YOU MEAN IS, I'M EMBARRASSING YOU.



SORRY, WE WERE JUST TRYING TO WORK OUT IF WE'D LEFT THE STEAM IRON SWITCHED ON AT HOME. WE'RE PRETTY SURE THAT WE DIDN'T, RIGHT?

I'M CERTAIN WE DIDN'T.



EXCUSE ME, I JUST HAVE TO POWDER MY NOSE.



YEAH, IT'S GUCCI. I'VE GOT A LOT OF GUCCI. THEY REALLY...





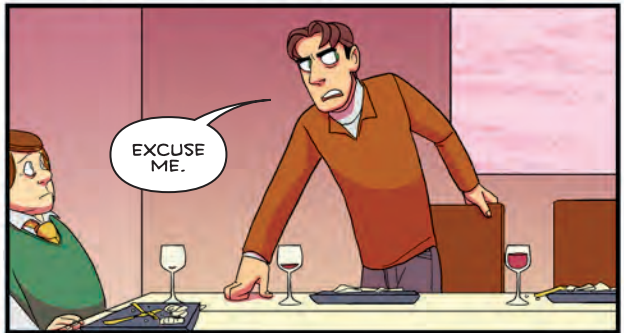
I'M SORRY, I'M REALLY WORRIED ABOUT LEAVING THE STEAM IRON ON. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GO HOME TO CHECK.



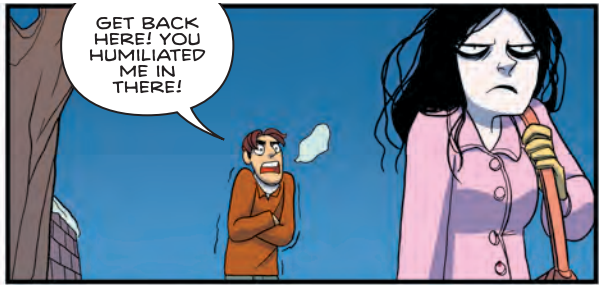
THE FOOD WAS LOVELY, AND YOU WERE ALL SO NICE TO ME. THANK YOU FOR A DELIGHTFUL EVENING.



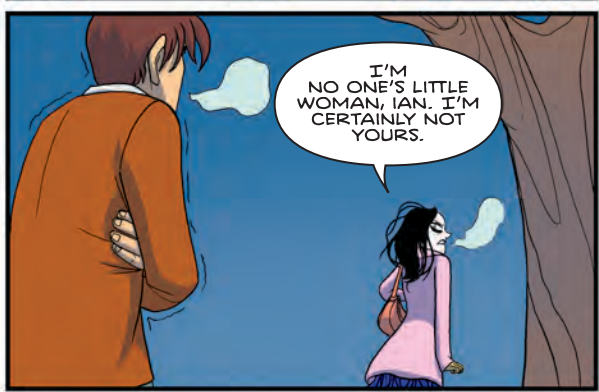
YOU ENJOY YOUR DIN-DINS, DARLING. SEE YOU BACK AT THE RANCH.



EXCUSE ME.



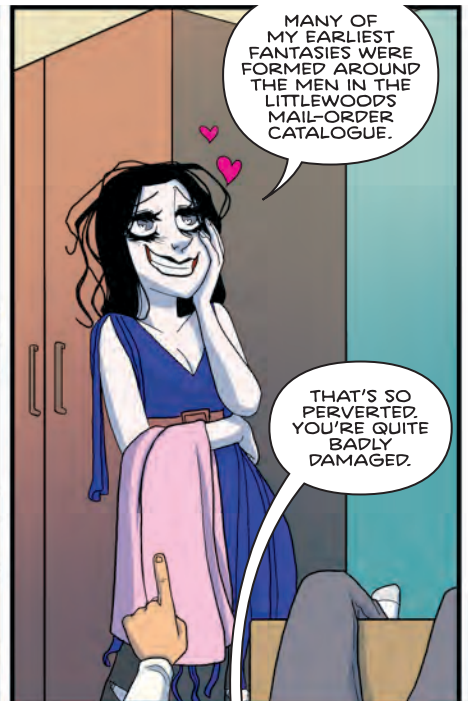
GET BACK HERE! YOU HUMILIATED ME IN THERE!

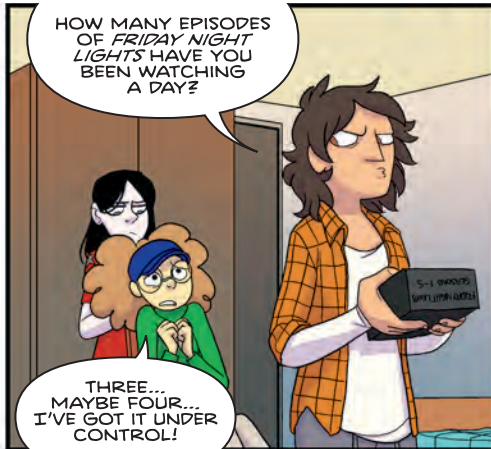


I'M NO ONE'S LITTLE WOMAN, IAN. I'M CERTAINLY NOT YOURS.



CAN'T HE LEAVE INSTEAD AND SHE COMES BACK?







GOOD MORNING, ED! YOU LOOK A LOT MORE CHEERFUL.

I AM! I'M A NEWSPAPER MAN NOW!



HE SITS IN A ROOM FULL OF CYNICAL PEOPLE, EATING DONUTS AND TYPING ON A DIRTY KEYBOARD.

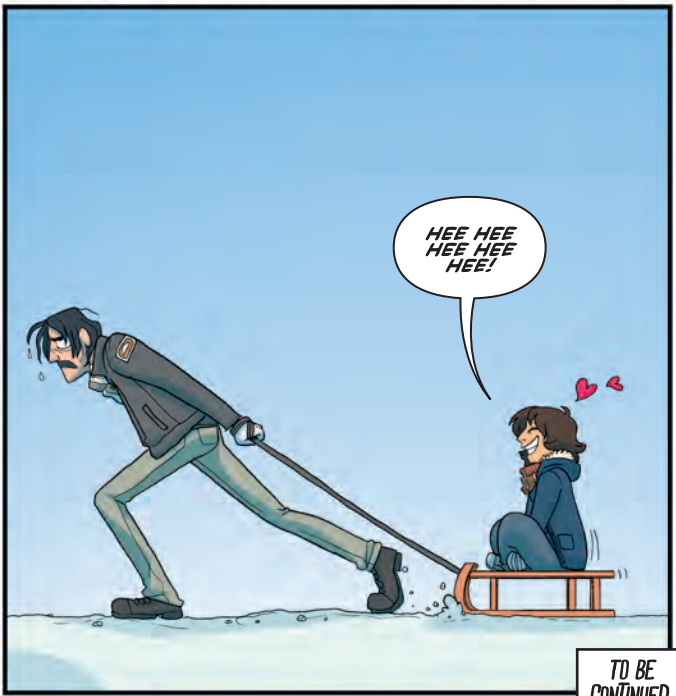


FOR THE FIRST TIME, I FEEL LIKE I'VE FOUND...MY PEOPLE.

I KNEW IT!



SCRRRAAPE SCRRRAAPE

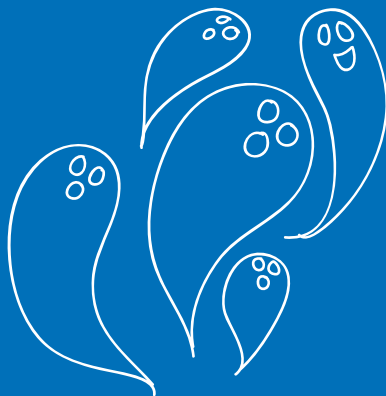


HEE HEE HEE HEE HEE!

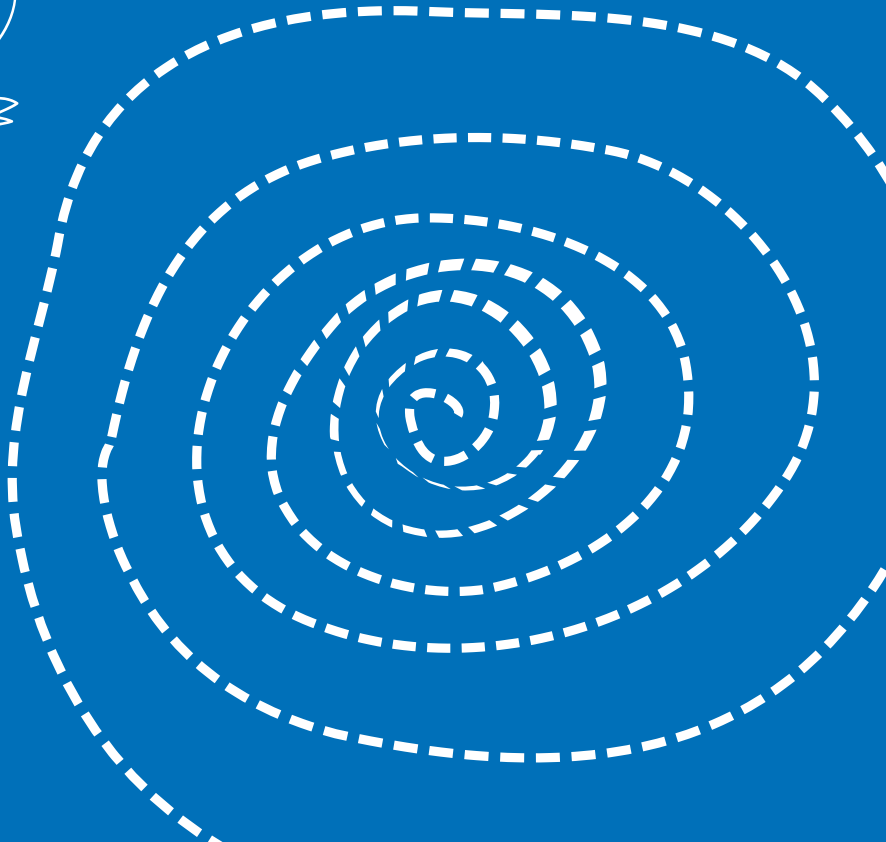
TO BE CONTINUED...



COVER



GALLERY



ISSUE #5 COVER
LISSA TREIMAN





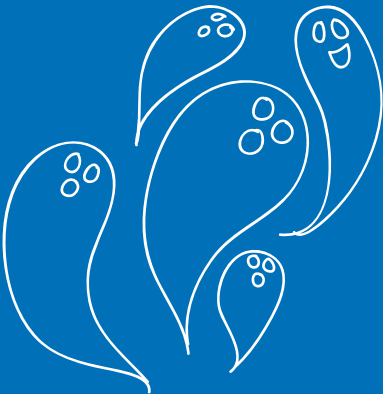
ISSUE #7 COVER
LISSA TREIMAN



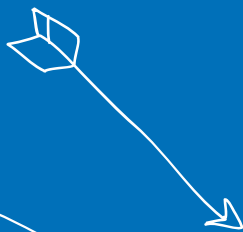


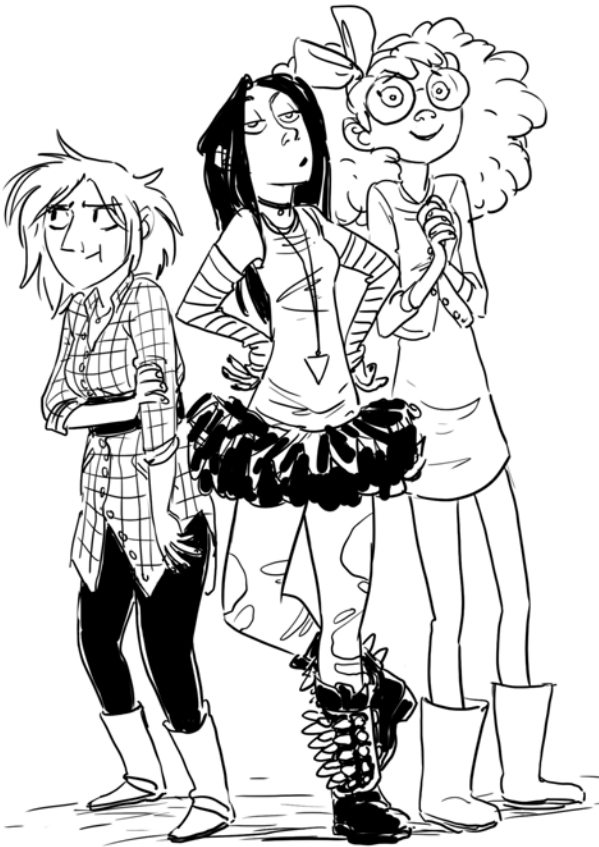


SKETCH



GALLERY



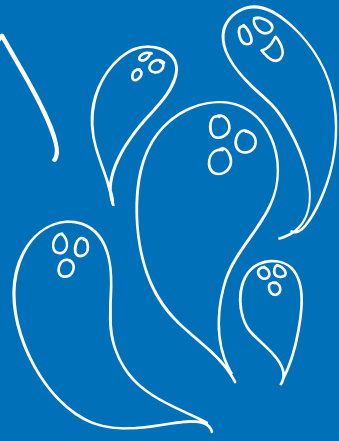
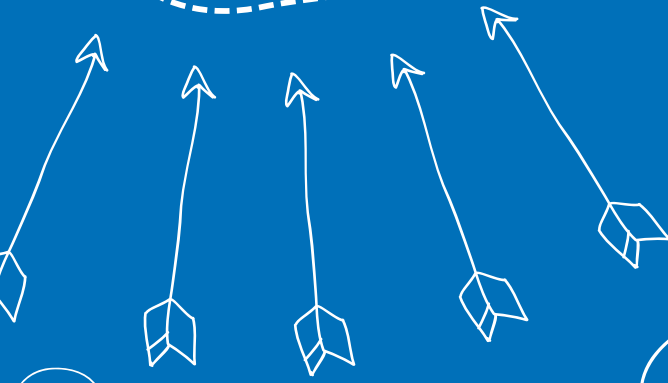
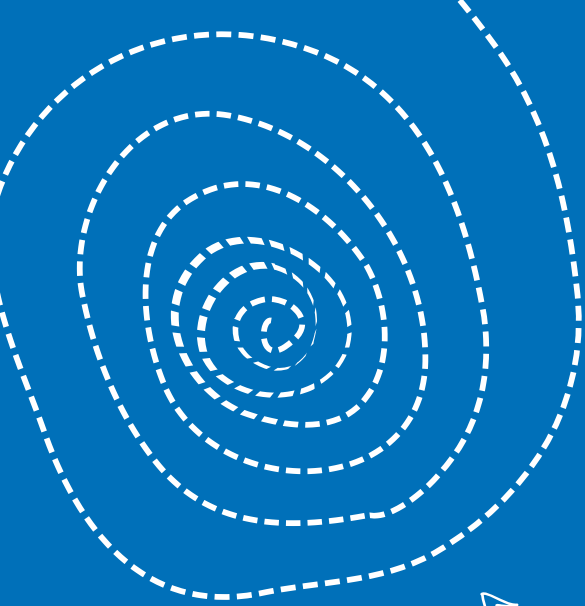


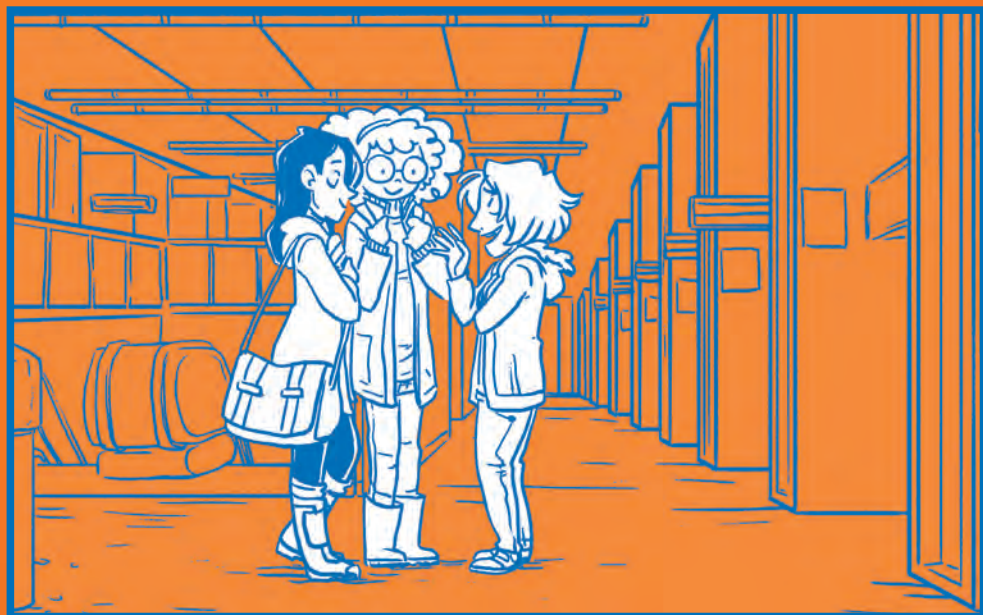


LT'14









CONTINUING THEIR FIRST SEMESTER AT UNIVERSITY, FAST FRIENDS SUSAN, ESTHER, AND DAISY WANT TO FIND THEIR FOOTING IN LIFE. BUT IN THE FACE OF HAND-WRINGING BOYS, HOLIDAY BALLS, HOMETOWN RIVALS, AND THE WILLFUL, UNWANTED INTRUSION OF "ACADEMIA," THEY MAY BE LUCKY JUST TO MAKE IT TO SPRING ALIVE.

GIANT DAYS, THE COMEDIC SLICE-OF-LIFE SERIES FROM CREATOR JOHN ALLISON (*BAD MACHINERY*, *SCARY GO ROUND*), DISNEY ARTIST LISSA TREIMAN, AND NEW FAN-FAVORITE ARTIST MAX SARIN HAS GRADUATED TO A SECOND VOLUME, COLLECTING ISSUES 5-8 OF THE CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED SERIES.

"THERE'S A SECRET INGREDIENT IN JOHN ALLISON'S WORK, AND IT'S THAT SPECIAL, FUZZY FOUR LETTER WORD: LOVE..."

—*COMICOSITY*

"GIANT DAYS HAS ALWAYS HAD ME GRINNING FROM START TO FINISH..."

—*COMIC BASTARDS*

"THE WORLD THAT ALLISON AND TREIMAN HAVE CREATED HERE IS REAL. THE RELATIONSHIP WEBS WEAVING IN AND OUT OF GIANT DAYS FEEL TANGIBLE, THEIR CONNECTIONS BELIEVABLE AND ENDEARING. THIS IS A CONTEMPORARY AND FORWARD-THINKING COMIC BOOK, FOR ANYONE WHO ENJOYS THE VIBE THAT STEWART, CLOONAN, TARR AND FLETCHER BRING TO THEIR FLEDGLING BATGIRL-VERSE..."

—*NEWSARAMA*

BOOM! BOX

