

WINDOW SHOPPING

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED
BY MENNA EVANS

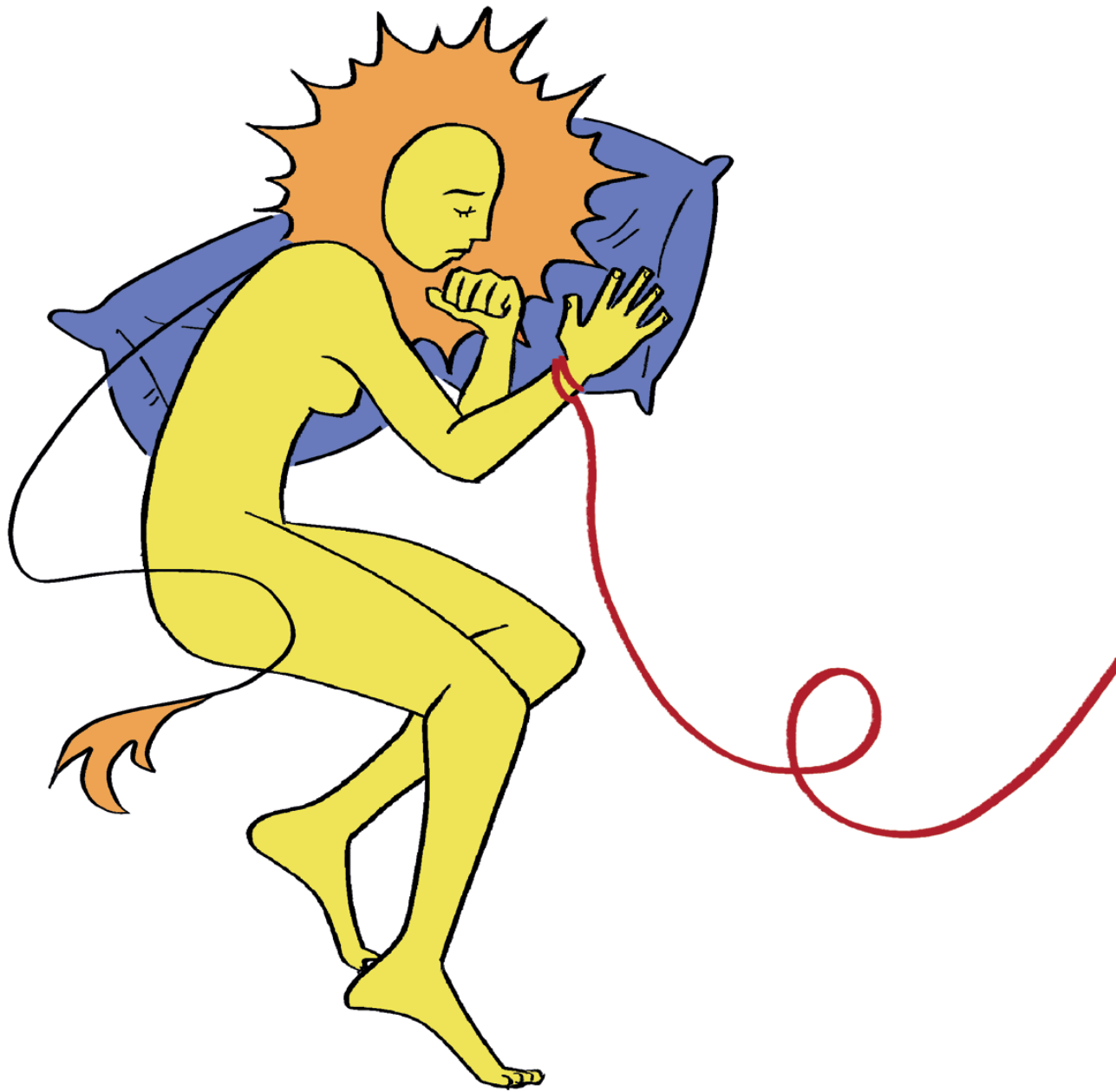




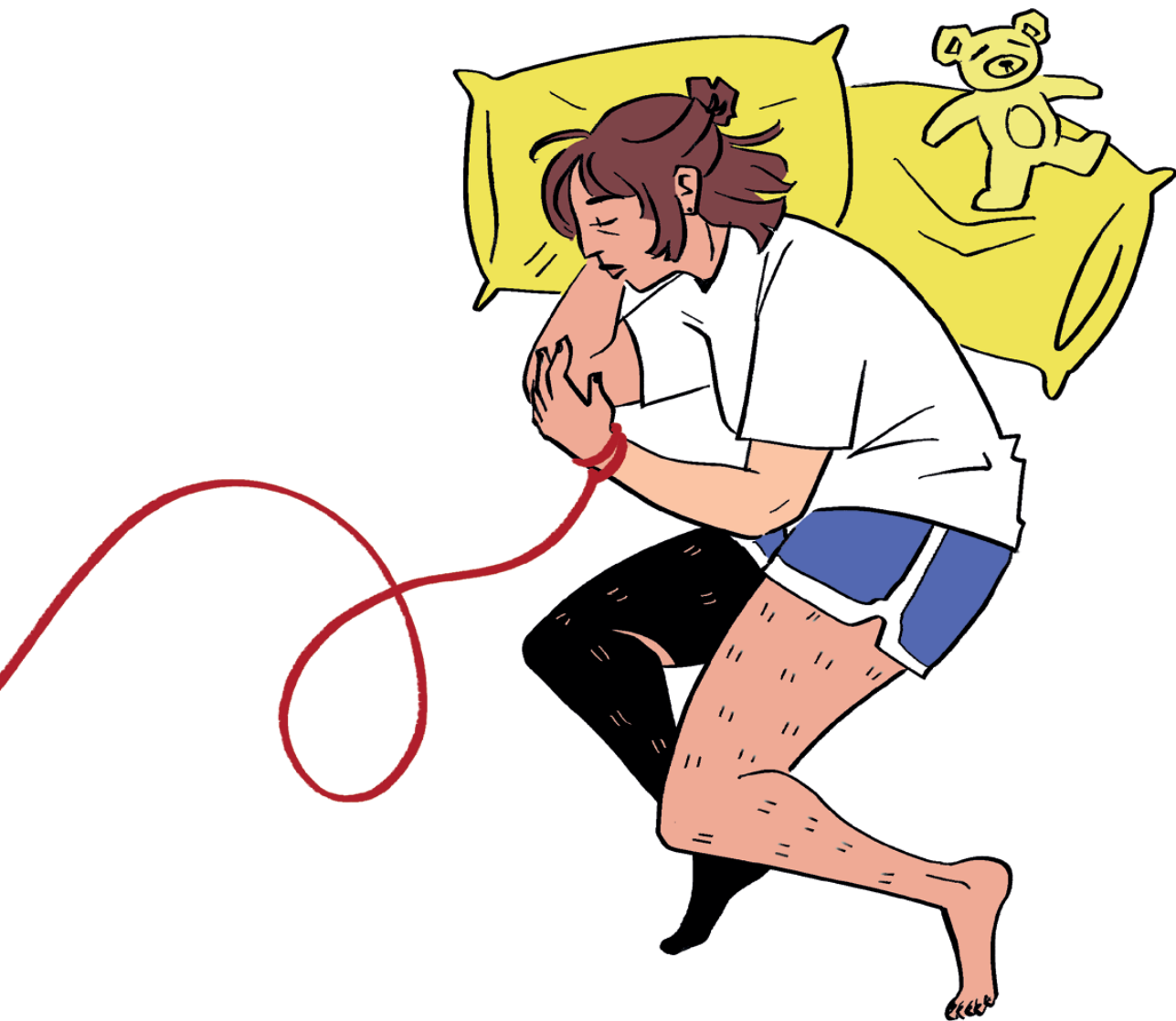
WINDY SHOPPING

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THE BRAIN



KEY: THE
as = ROAD
HOME



THE BODY

DESCARTES RECKONED THAT
OUR MINDS AND BODIES
ARE SEPERATE.

THE MIND IS A
THINKING,
INTANGIBLE
THING

AND THE BODY IS
AN UNTHINKING,
TANGIBLE THING.

OCCASIONALLY THEY INTERACT.
BUT FOR THE MOST PART,
THEY COULD PROBABLY DO
WITHOUT EACH OTHER.

THINK OF THE BODY
LIKE A HOUSE
AND THE BRAIN
LIKE ITS TENANT.

THOUGH I DON'T KNOW
WHO THE LANDLORD
WOULD BE IN THAT
SITUATION.

GOD, I GUESS.

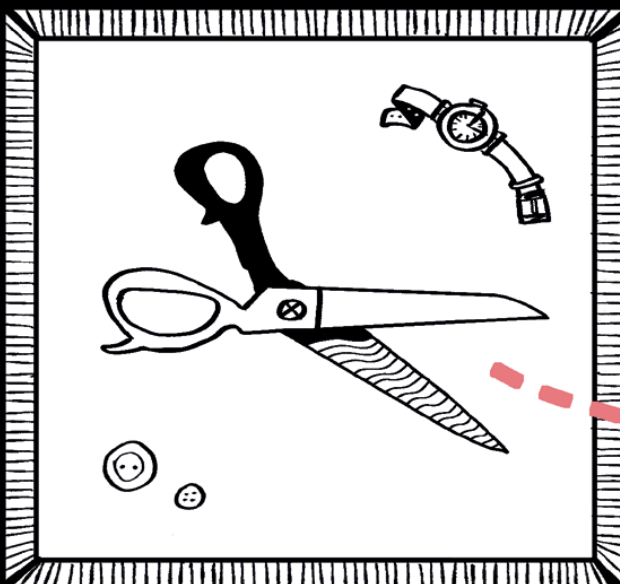
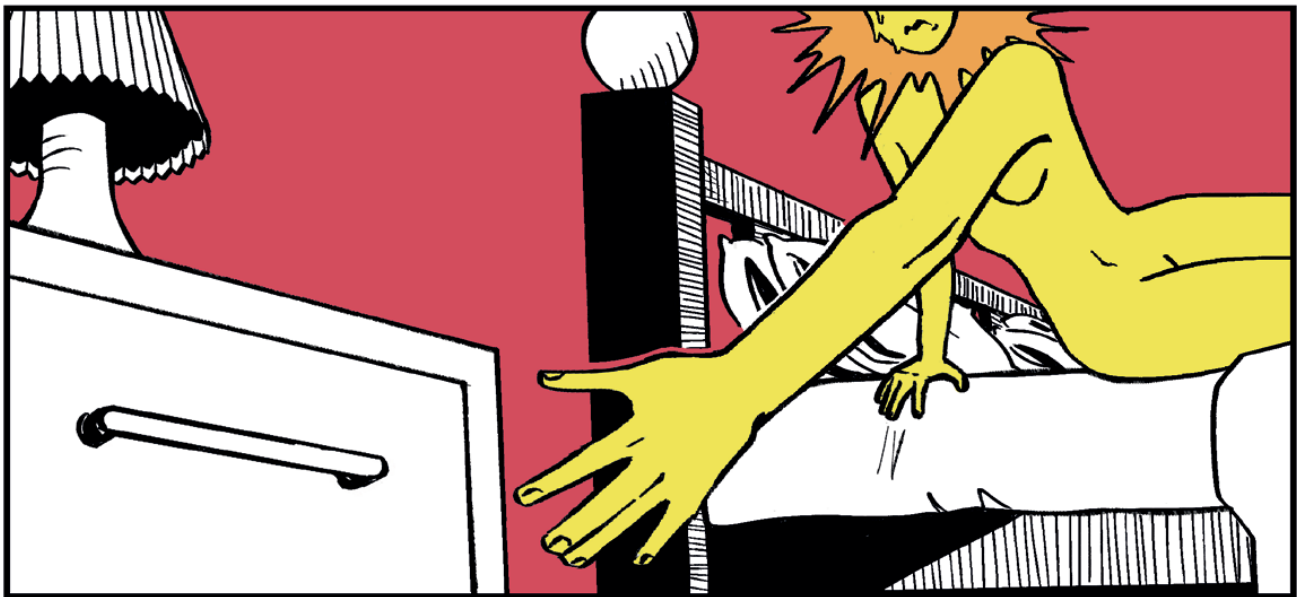
THE POINT IS, ACCORDING TO HIM,
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING
THAT MAKES US US--

SOMETHING THAT EXISTS AFTER
THE BODY WASTES AWAY.

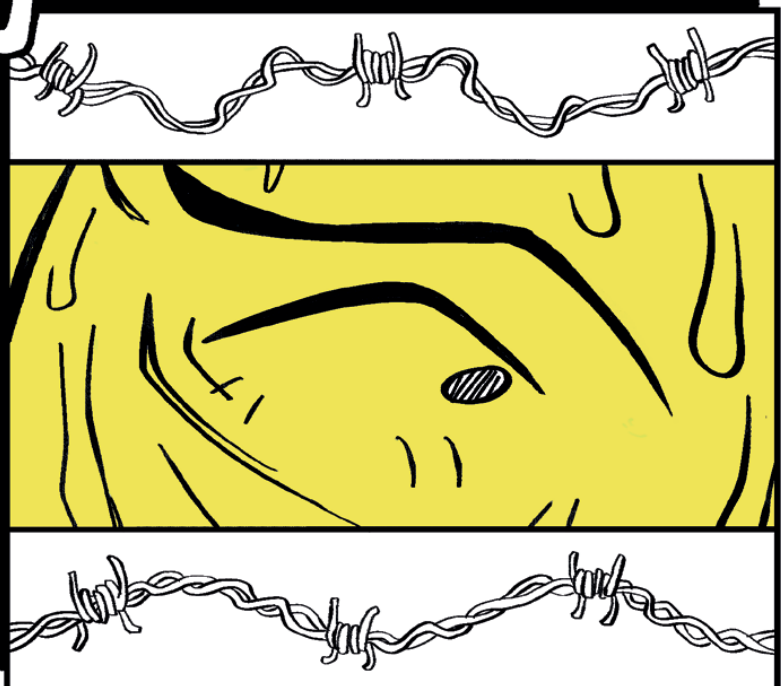
THE BODY IS A TEMPORARY VESSEL.

YOU LIVE THERE FOR A TIME,
AND WHEN THE LANDLORD
KICKS YOU OUT,
YOU FIND SOMEWHERE ELSE.





THE POINT IS,
THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG WITH MOVING
OUT PREMATURELY.





IT WOULDN'T
HURT.

IT WOULD BE
EASIER FOR
THE BOTH OF US.

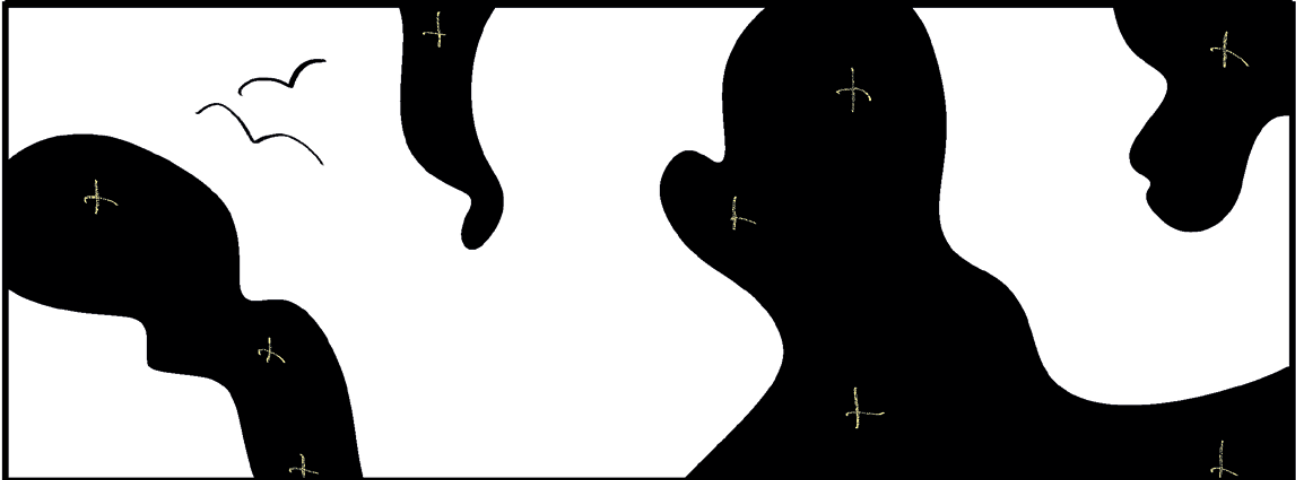
I COULD JUST--



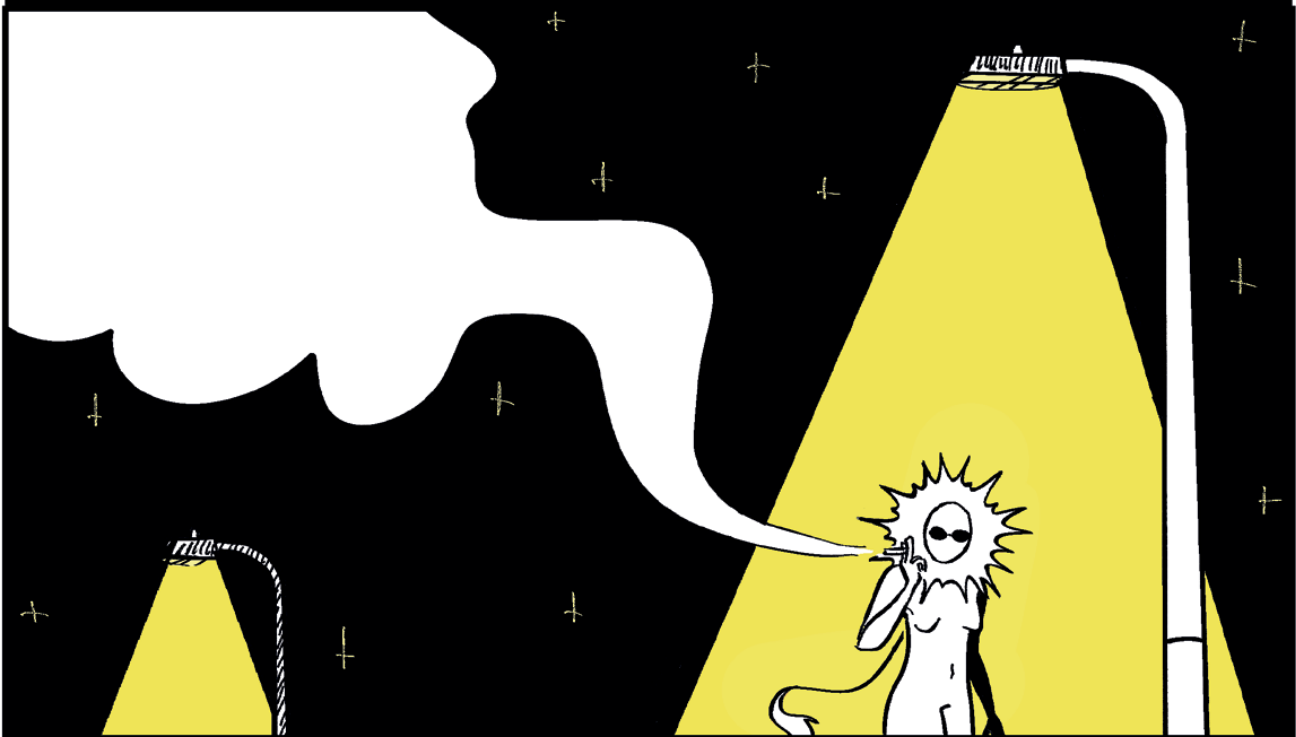
SNIP!

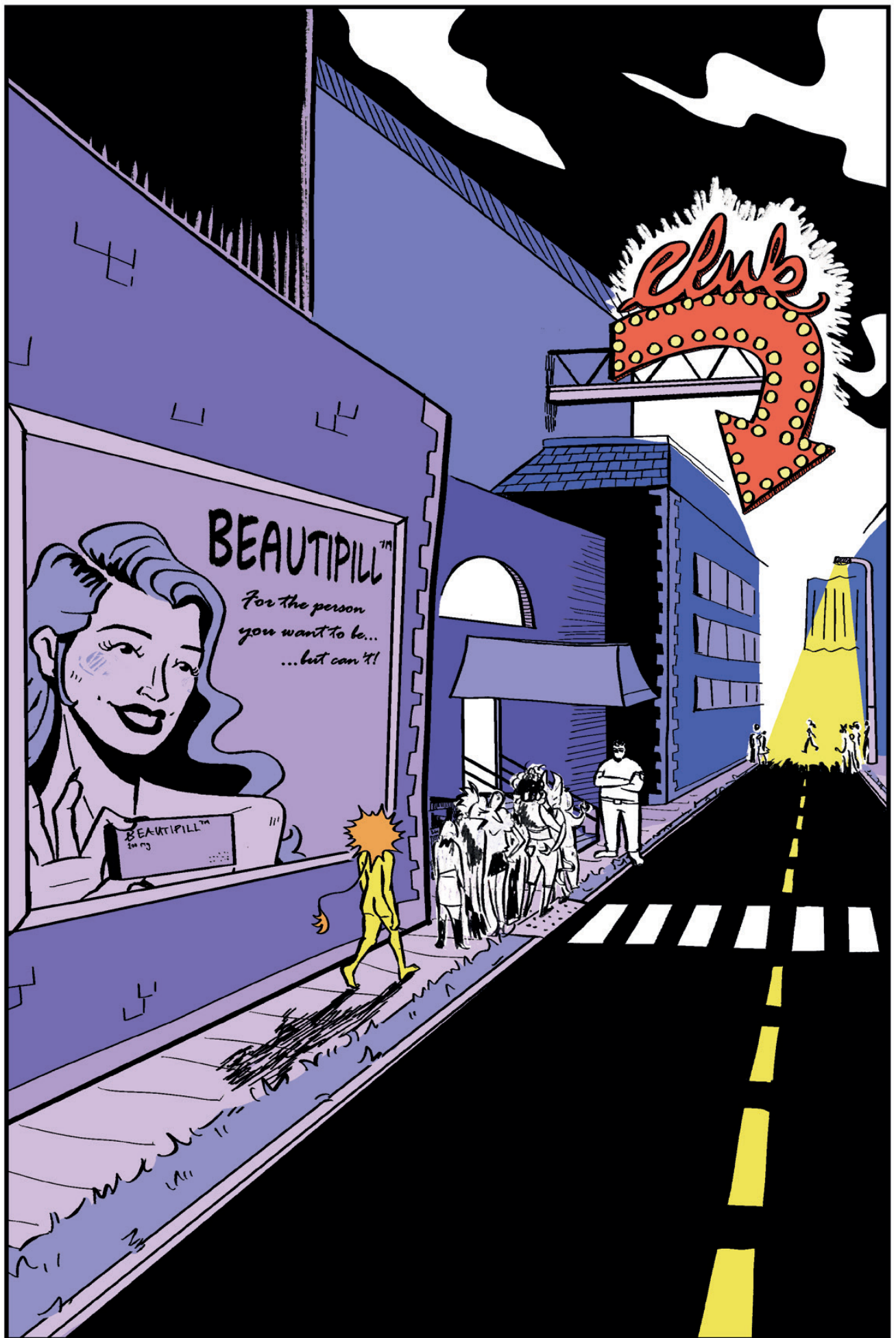
I'M NOT A BAD PERSON.

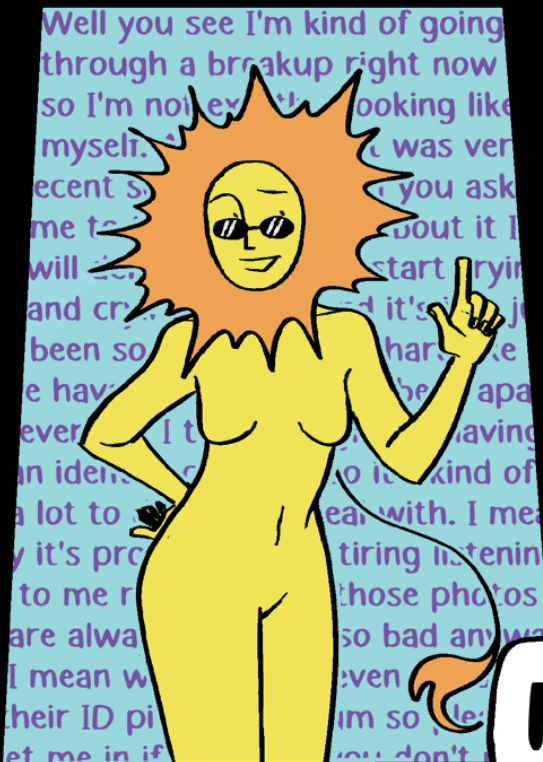
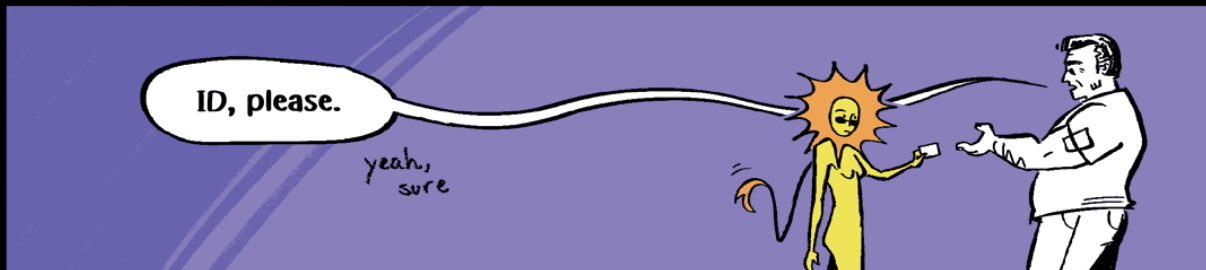
I'M NOT A PERSON
AT ALL, TECHNICALLY.



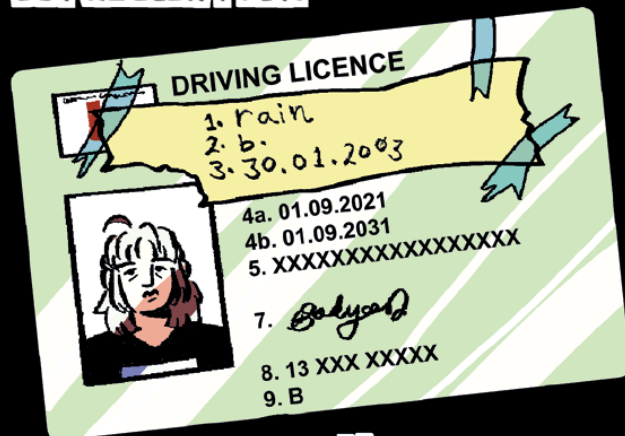
I JUST NEEDED A CHANGE.







THE OLD US WASN'T TERRIBLE.
BUT WE DIDN'T FIT.



WE GREW TOGETHER
THE WAY A SNAKE SHEDS SKIN.
TINY CHANGES, HERE AND THERE.

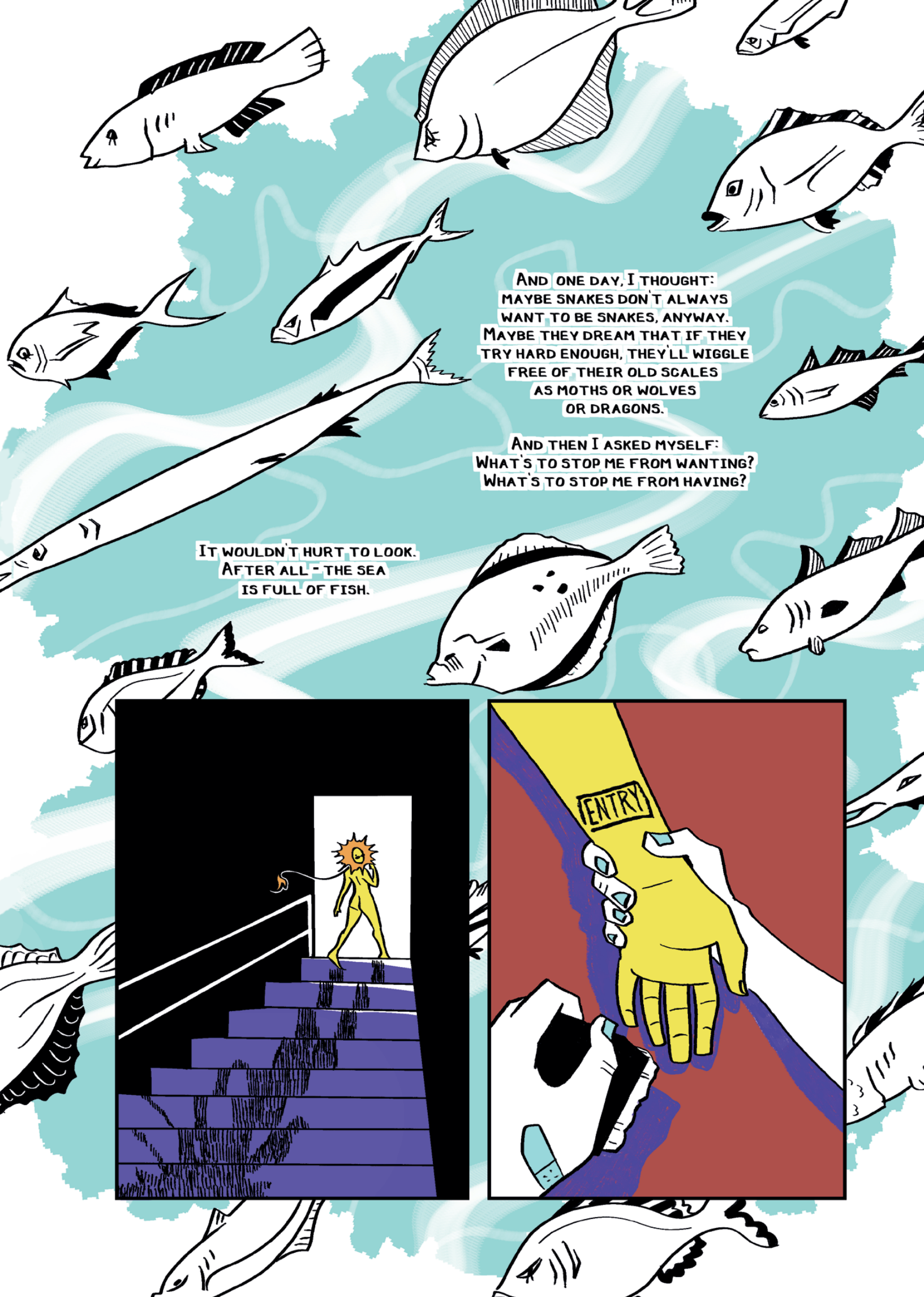
FINE.

...
In you
go, then.

BUT, EVENTUALLY, THE FUNDAMENTAL
NOT-RIGHTNESS OF IT ALL WORE ME DOWN.

WE KEPT SHEDDING AND SHEDDING AND SHEDDING.
NO MATTER HOW MANY LAYERS WE PEELED OFF,
WE WERE STILL THE SAME SNAKE.

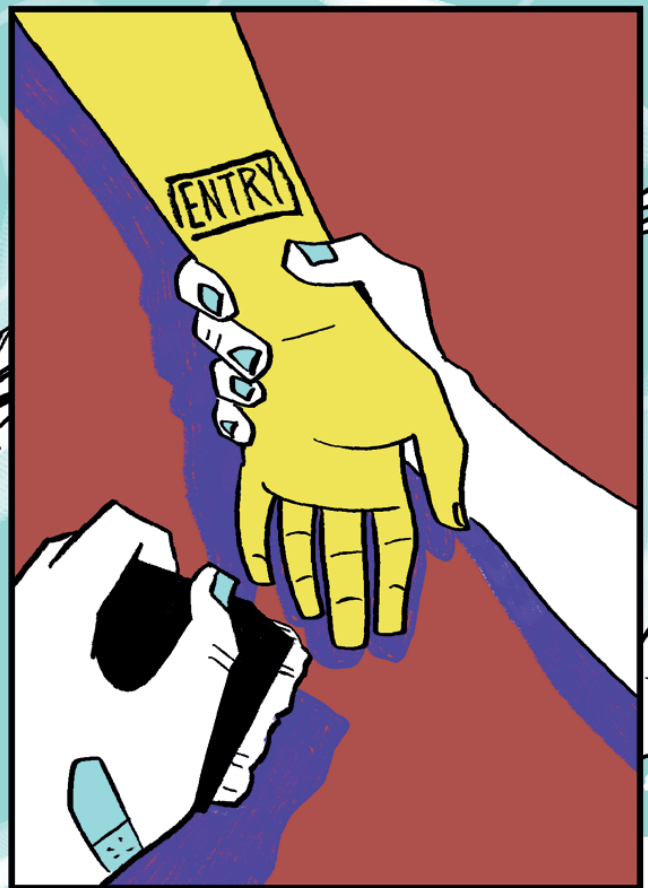
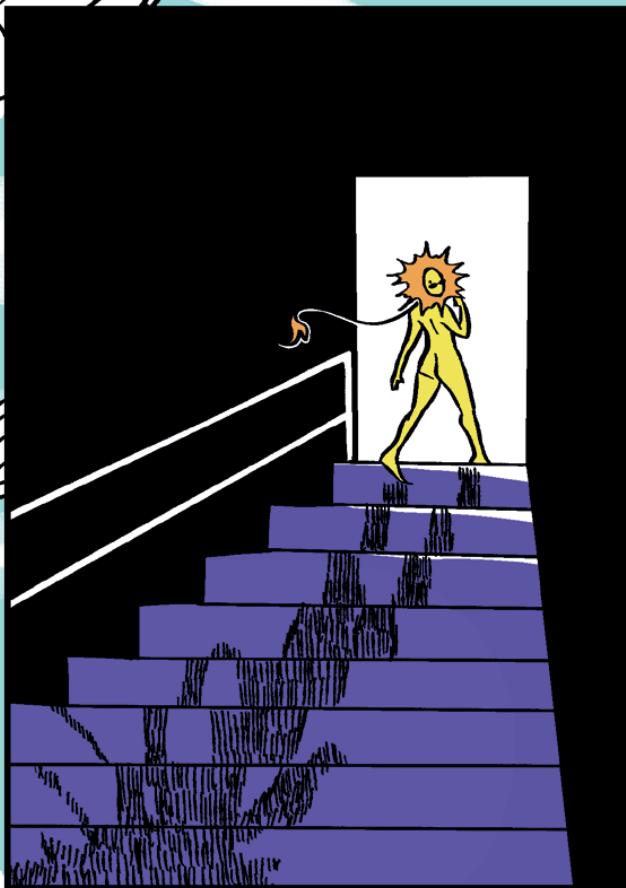




AND ONE DAY, I THOUGHT:
MAYBE SNAKES DON'T ALWAYS
WANT TO BE SNAKES, ANYWAY.
MAYBE THEY DREAM THAT IF THEY
TRY HARD ENOUGH, THEY'LL WIGGLE
FREE OF THEIR OLD SCALES
AS MOTHS OR WOLVES
OR DRAGONS.

AND THEN I ASKED MYSELF:
WHAT'S TO STOP ME FROM WANTING?
WHAT'S TO STOP ME FROM HAVING?

IT WOULDN'T HURT TO LOOK.
AFTER ALL - THE SEA
IS FULL OF FISH.






SO I'M DOING IT
THE OLD FASHIONED WAY.

CALL IT... WINDOWSHOPPING.

CASTING A WIDE NET.
I'VE NEVER BEEN ON MY OWN BEFORE.

I'M JUST SEEING IF I CAN REEL IN
SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE ME.





*Maybe snakes don't always
want to be snakes, anyway.
Maybe they dream that if they
try hard enough, they'll wiggle
free of their old scales
as moths or wolves
or dragons.*

And then I asked myself:

*What's to stop me
from wanting?*

What's to stop me from having?

FED UP OF THEIR OLD BODY,
THE BRAIN HAS DECIDED
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT:
A NIGHT OUT TO FIND SOME-BODY NEW.

WINDOWSHOPPING TELLS A
STORY OF PERCEPTION, DESIRE
AND THE SEARCH FOR IDENTITY -
AND THE THINGS THAT SEARCH BACK.