



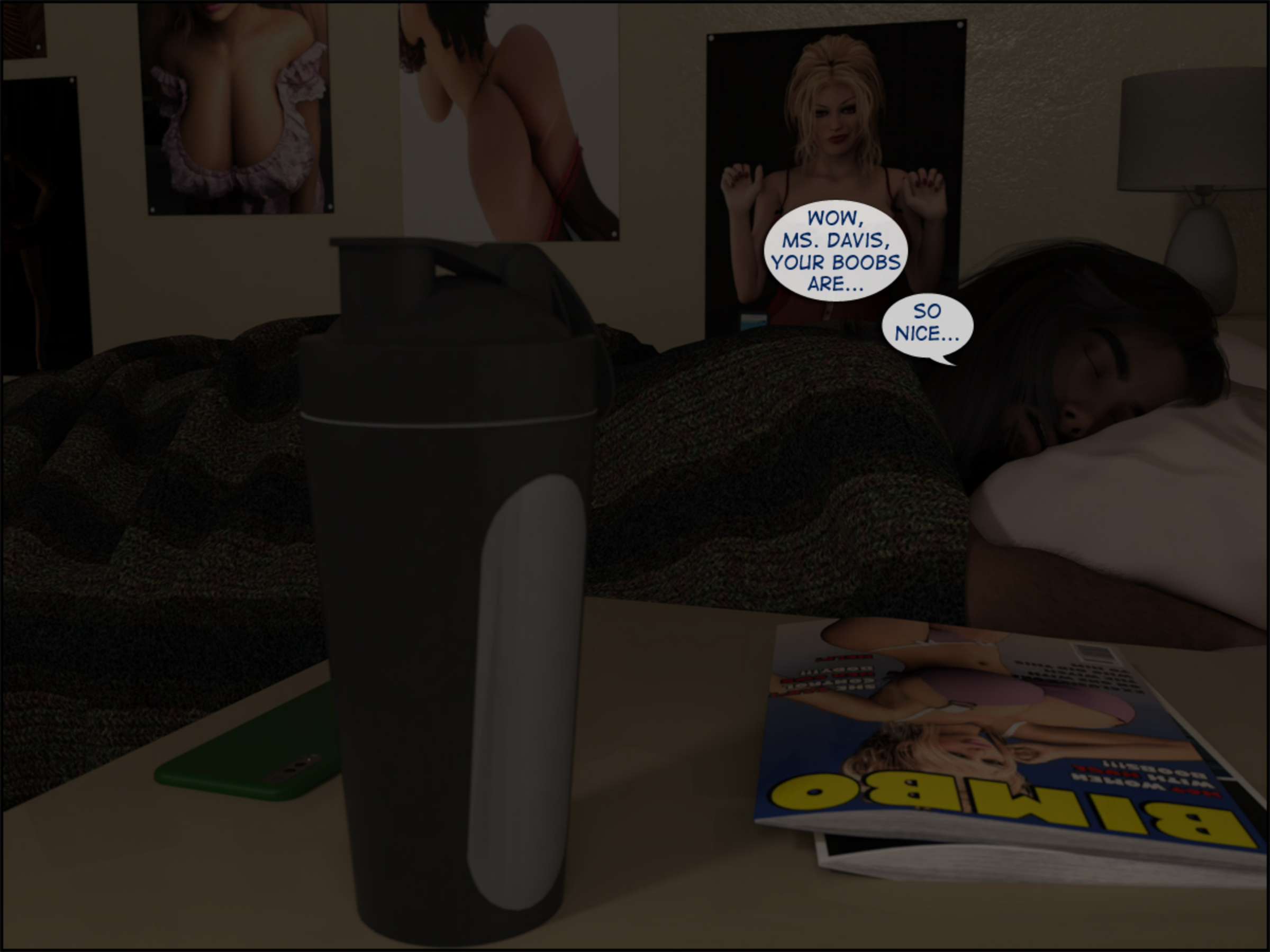
Humility's View

Chapter 6: The Choice

Written and Illustrated by KaraComet

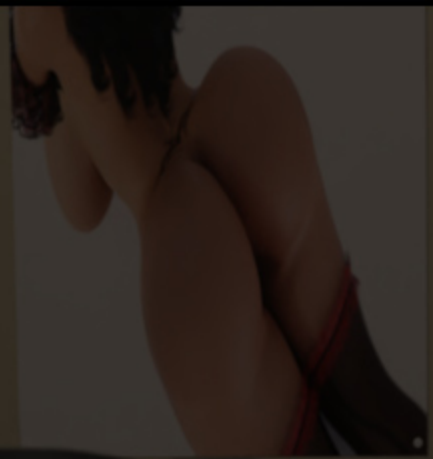
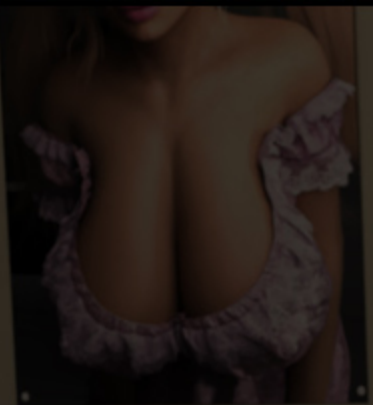


SNORE



WOW,
MS. DAVIS,
YOUR BOOBS
ARE...

SO
NICE...



SNORT

TELEZZNN



A person's legs and feet are visible on a gym floor. A 20 lb weight plate is on the floor near their feet. The plate has '20 LB' and 'FUGAZI' written on it. The person is wearing a white top and dark shorts. The scene is dimly lit.

HMM...
WHAT TIME
IS IT...?

DOESN'T
MATTER. I'M
TOO HORNY TO
JUST GO BACK
TO BED...

TWO YEARS LATER...

WHY DO
I KEEP HAVING
SEX DREAMS ABOUT
TEACHERS I NEVER
EVEN HAD...?

YAWN

IT'S SO
WEIRD...



A man with long, dark hair and a beard is sitting on a bed, looking down at his phone. He is wearing black shorts. The room is dimly lit. On the wall behind him is a large American flag. To the left, there are posters on the wall, including one of a woman in a green bunny outfit. On the bed next to him is a black shaker bottle and a green pen. A speech bubble is coming from him.

AND
WHO THE
FLUCK KEEPS
BLOWING UP
MY PHONE?

IT'S
MY DAY
OFF!



GAH!

OF COURSE IT IS...



UGHHH...



A person is lying face down on a patterned rug in a dimly lit room. The person's head is resting on the rug, and their arms are outstretched. A speech bubble is positioned above the person's head, containing the text: "THERE'S NO WAY IN HELL I WAS EVER THIS BAD...". In the background, a black office chair with a silver base is visible, along with a desk and some papers. The overall atmosphere is dark and somber.

THERE'S
NO WAY IN
HELL I WAS
EVER THIS
BAD...







OH, MAN,
SOMETHING
SMELLS REAL
GOOD...

WELL
THERE YOU
ARE...

I WAS
HOPING THE
SMELL OF BACON
WOULD GET YOUR
LAZY ASS OUT
OF BED...

TOO BAD
YOU WEREN'T
THE ONE TO
WAKE ME UP
THEN...

OH?
SO WHAT
DOES YOUR
SISTER NEED
NOW...?






OH, YOU
KNOW...

I HAVE
TO WATCH
MY NIECE SO
SHE CAN GO
SHOPPING...

THE SAME
THING IT'S BEEN
EVERY SATURDAY
EVER SINCE MARA
WAS BORN...

I JUST
WISH SHE COULD
WAIT UNTIL THE
AFTER NOON OR
SOMETHING...

A woman with short black hair and round glasses stands in a kitchen. She is wearing a white and black raglan t-shirt with a bulldog wearing a crown on it, and a white apron. She holds a black spatula in her right hand. To her right, a speech bubble contains text. In the background, there is a kitchen counter with a coffee maker and a stove with a frying pan on it.

SO WHY
DON'T YOU
JUST TELL HER
NO, AND ENJOY
YOUR DAY OFF
FOR ONCE?

THE
AMOUNT
OF SHIT YOU
DO FOR HER IS
UNREAL...

IF IT
WEREN'T
FOR MARA, I
HONESTLY
WOULD.

LIKE, WHY
CAN'T SHE DO
HER SHOPPING
WHEN SHELDON
IS HOME?




WHAT?
WHY ARE
YOU LAUGHING
AT ME...?

GIGGLE

BECAUSE
YOU'RE VERY
FUNNY.

AND
WHAT ABOUT
ALL OF THIS
IS FUNNY TO
YOU...?

A woman with short black hair and round glasses stands in a kitchen. She is wearing a white t-shirt with a bulldog graphic. She holds a spatula in her right hand and has her left hand raised in a shrugging gesture. Three speech bubbles are positioned to her left, containing text. The kitchen background includes a countertop with a blender and jars, and a stove with a frying pan.

BECAUSE
IT FEELS LIKE
YOU LET YOURSELF
GET INTO THESE
SITUATIONS JUST
SO YOU CAN BITCH
ABOUT IT...

IT'S A
LITTLE FUNNY
AND A LITTLE SAD,
BUT IT'S MOSTLY
ANNOYING, SO
CUT IT OUT.

LEARN
TO SET SOME
BOUNDARIES,
MAN...

HARSH,
BUT I CAN
SEE WHAT YOU
MEAN...

MAYBE
I SHOULD
JUST TELL HER
NO, AND GO
BACK TO
BED...



YEAH!

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a white dress with a black top, stands in a kitchen. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The kitchen features white cabinets, a microwave, a blender, and a stove.

DUDE!
COME
ON...!

A man with long dark hair and a beard, wearing a black long-sleeved shirt, stands in a living room. He is gesturing with his right hand, holding a small object between his fingers. A brown leather armchair is visible in the foreground.

NEXT
TIME...

WHAT? I
ACTUALLY LIKE
HANGING WITH
MY LITTLE
NEICE...

OH, AND
THE BACON'S
BURNING, BY
THE WAY...

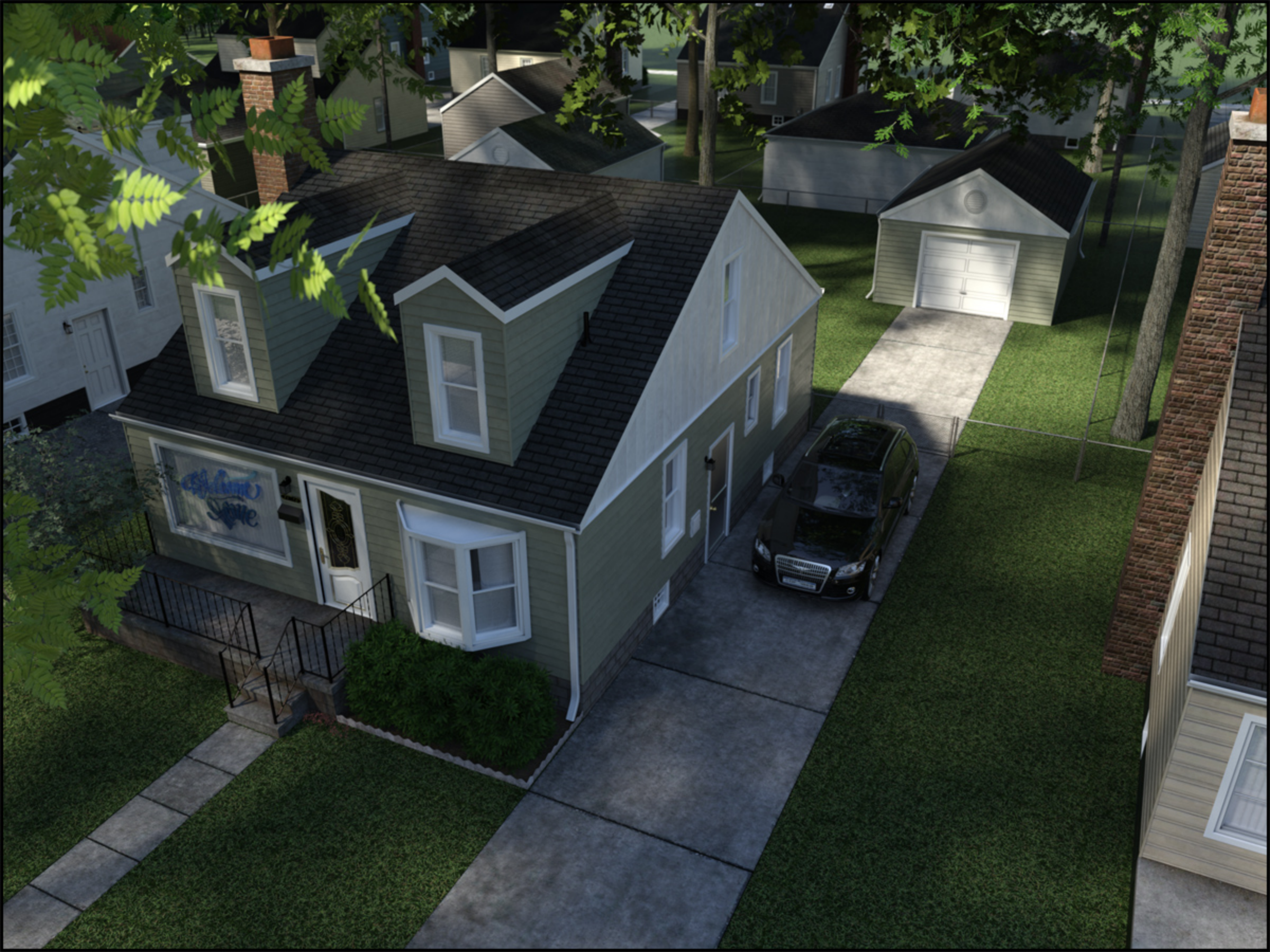
WHAT!?





GOD
DAMN
IT...!

ORDER
SOMETHING.
I'LL BE BACK
IN A LITTLE
BIT...





Call me
555-555-5555

SCREECH





HEY,
LACE? IT'S
ME...





WHERE YOU AT!?

SHHH!





(WHISPER)
BE QUIET. I
JUST PUT THE
BABY DOWN
FOR A NAP.



LACE!
WHAT
THE...!?

SHHH!

(WHISPER)
WHAT THE
HELL?

YOU
CAN'T JUST
WALK AROUND
WITH YOUR TITS
OUT...!

A woman with long, wavy brown hair and large breasts is standing in a hallway. She is wearing a dark red, strapless dress and a necklace with a small pendant. She has a serious expression. The hallway has white walls and a door with a gold handle on the right. Three speech bubbles are positioned to her left, containing text.

PLEASE.
FIRST OFF,
THIS IS MY HOUSE
NOW, SO I CAN DO
WHATEVER I
WANT...

AND
SECOND,
THESE USED
TO BE YOURS
UNTIL, LIKE, A
COUPLE YEARS
AGO, SO...

IF I CAN
GET USED TO
IT, YOU CAN
DEAL WITH
IT...



OKAY...
BUT WHY?
YOU KNEW I
WAS COMING
OVER...

DUDE!
STOP...!

SHH.
YOU'RE
GOING TO
WAKE THE
BABY...

I JUST
GOT DONE
FEEDING HER
BEFORE YOU
CAME IN HERE
YELLING...

AND THEY,
LIKE, DON'T
EVER STOP
LEAKING...

THAT DOESN'T CHANGE HOW WEIRD TIT... IT MAKES ME FEEL...

SORRY I CAME IN SO LOUD, BUT CAN YOU PLEASE PUT A SHIRT ON OR SOMETHING...?



I ♥ My Husband

FEEL FREE TO BE SLUTTY... MY FUNERAL... I WANT I WOULD HAVE WANTED.



A woman with long brown hair in a ponytail, wearing a red, strapless, pleated skirt, is looking out from a doorway. She has her arms crossed and a serious expression. The scene is set in a hallway with white walls and gold door handles.

OKAY,
FINE, YOU
BIG BABY...

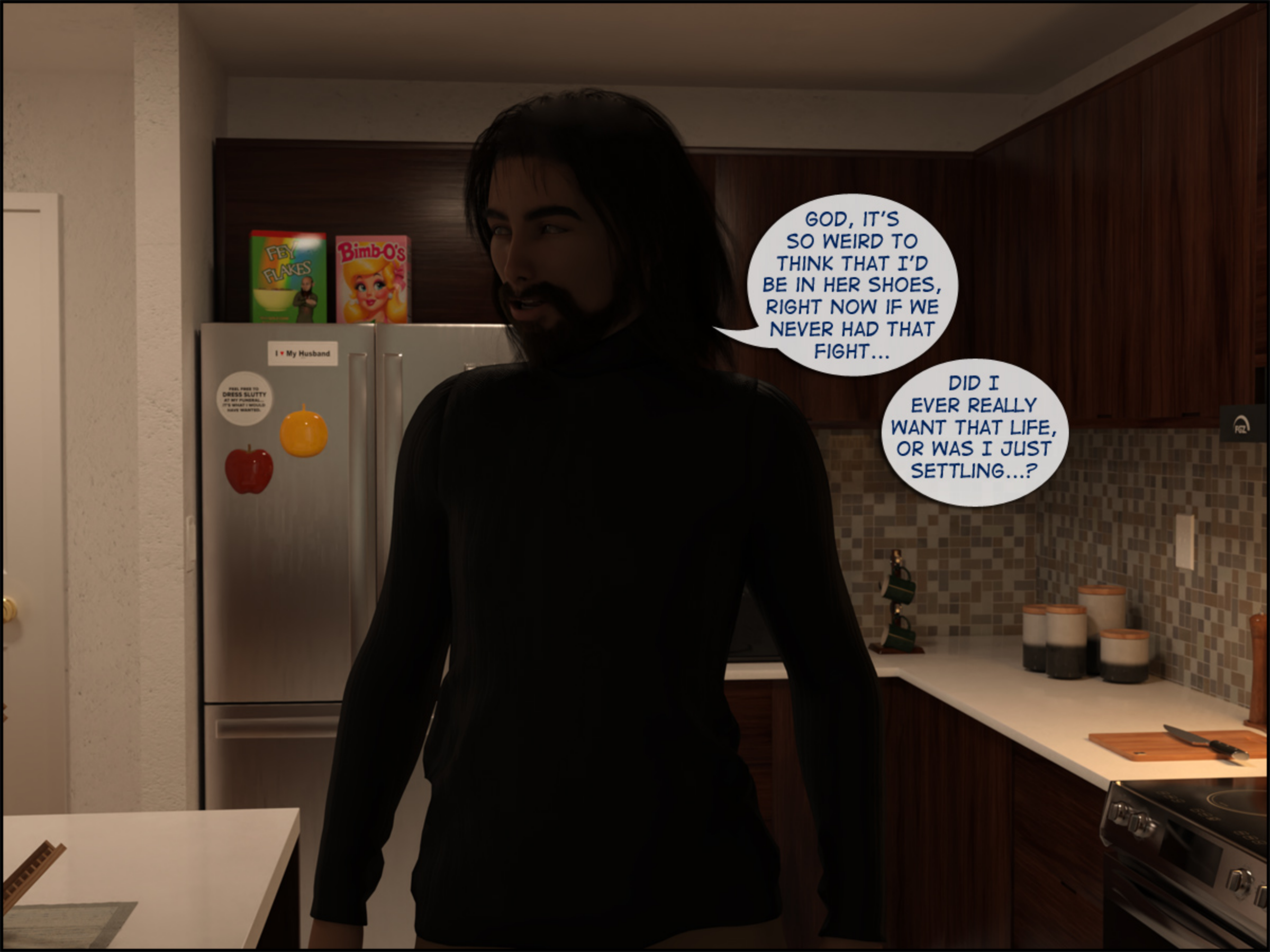
THE
ONLY REASON
I CAME OUT LIKE
THIS WAS BECAUSE
I DIDN'T WANT YOU
TO WAKE MARA
UP...

I'LL
BE RIGHT
OUT.




YEAH.
THERE'S NO
WAY I WAS EVER
LIKE THAT...

SHE'S
NUTS...



GOD, IT'S SO WEIRD TO THINK THAT I'D BE IN HER SHOES, RIGHT NOW IF WE NEVER HAD THAT FIGHT...

DID I EVER REALLY WANT THAT LIFE, OR WAS I JUST SETTLING...?




I MEAN,
IT'S NOT LIKE
I WASN'T
HAPPY...



GRUNT

IF WE
EVER FOUND
A WAY BACK,
I'M SURE I'D
GET USED TO
IT AGAIN...



ALTHOUGH
I DON'T KNOW
IF I COULD EVER
SEE MARA AS ANY-
THING MORE THAN
MY NIECE...

IT'S
NOT LIKE *I*
GIVE BIRTH
TO HER...

AND
HONESTLY,
I DON'T KNOW
IF I EVEN WANT
MY OWN KIDS
ANYMORE...



NOT THAT THAT EVER SEEMS LIKELY TO HAPPEN...

WHAT'S THAT? SORRY, IT TOOK A MINUTE...

I HAD TO FIND WHERE SHELDON PUT MY BREAST PADS, SO I DON'T LEAK THROUGH MY SHIRT...

OH, I DO. BETTER YOU THAN ME...

CHUCKLE

YOU SHOULD FEEL LUCKY THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH THIS...

YEAH, YEAH, RUB IT IN...

IT'S NOT LIKE I WANT THIS, JERK...



YEAH,
SURE IT
ISN'T...

IT'S
NOT! BUT I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT ELSE
TO DO LIKE
THIS...

DO WHAT
MAKES YOU
HAPPY...

SIGH

THAT'S
NOT... UGH!
NEVERMIND...
I'LL BE BACK
IN A LITTLE
BIT...

CAN
YOU MOVE
YOUR CAR SO
I CAN GET
OUT?



HERE,
JUST TAKE
MINE...

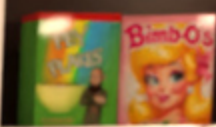
JUST
DON'T WRECK
IT. I'M STILL
PAYING IT
OFF...



THAT WORKS. THANKS!

catch

PEPPER



I PUMPED THIS MORNING, SO THERE'S TWO BOTTLES IN THE FRIDGE IF SHE WAKES UP...

SEE YA IN A FEW HOURS...

A FEW HOURS!? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GETTING GROCERIES!





HEY!
AND NO
SMOKING IN
MY NEW CAR.
LACE...!

LACEY...!



GOD-DAMMIT, LACE...

SIGH

I REALLY SHOULD JUST LISTEN TO MEG ONE OF THESE DAYS...



SO,
WHAT DO I
WANT TO DO
IN MY OLD
HOUSE...?

I SHOULD
PROBABLY TRY
LOOKING FOR
THAT THING
AGAIN...

EVEN
THOUGH IT'S
OBVIOUSLY
GONE...






OH,
HE'S DONE
FOR...

OH
(BLEEP)
HE HAS A
CHAIR!



WOW...
THE LADY
BEHIND THE
COUNTER HAS
SOME REAL-
MOVES...



HMM...
I SHOULD
PROBABLY FIND
SOMETHING TO
EAT...

WAFFLES
SOUND REALLY
GOOD RIGHT
NOW...

GRUMBLE



BUT
I REALLY
DON'T WANT
TO COOK...

I WONDER
IF THEY HAVE
ANY FROZEN
ONES.

SHELDON IS
USUALLY PRETTY
STRICT ABOUT WHAT
THEY KEEP IN THE
HOUSE, BUT I KNOW
HE GAVE IN TO SOME
OF HER PREGNANCY
CRAVINGS...



OR...
HMM...





I ♥ My Husband

FEEL FREE TO
DRESS SLUTTY
AT MY FUNERAL...
IT'S WHAT I WOULD
HAVE WANTED.

FGZ



I ♥ My Husband

FEEL FREE TO
DRESS SLUTTY
AT MY FUNERAL...
IT'S WHAT I WOULD
HAVE WANTED.

YEAH,
THAT WILL
WORK...



I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TRY THESE FOR A WHILE...

WONDER WHERE THEY FOUND SOME THAT WERE IN STOCK...?



I'LL HAVE
TO ASK SHELL
NEXT TIME
WE...





HANG...
OUT...

HUH...

Bimbo's
Bimbo's



I ♥ My Husband

FEEL FREE TO
DRESS SLUTTY
AT MY FUNERAL...
IT'S WHAT I WOULD
HAVE WANTED.



WHAT
IF...? NO,
I DOUBT
IT...

BUT
IT'S NOT
LIKE SHE CAN
REACH THAT
EASILY...





I ♥ My Husband

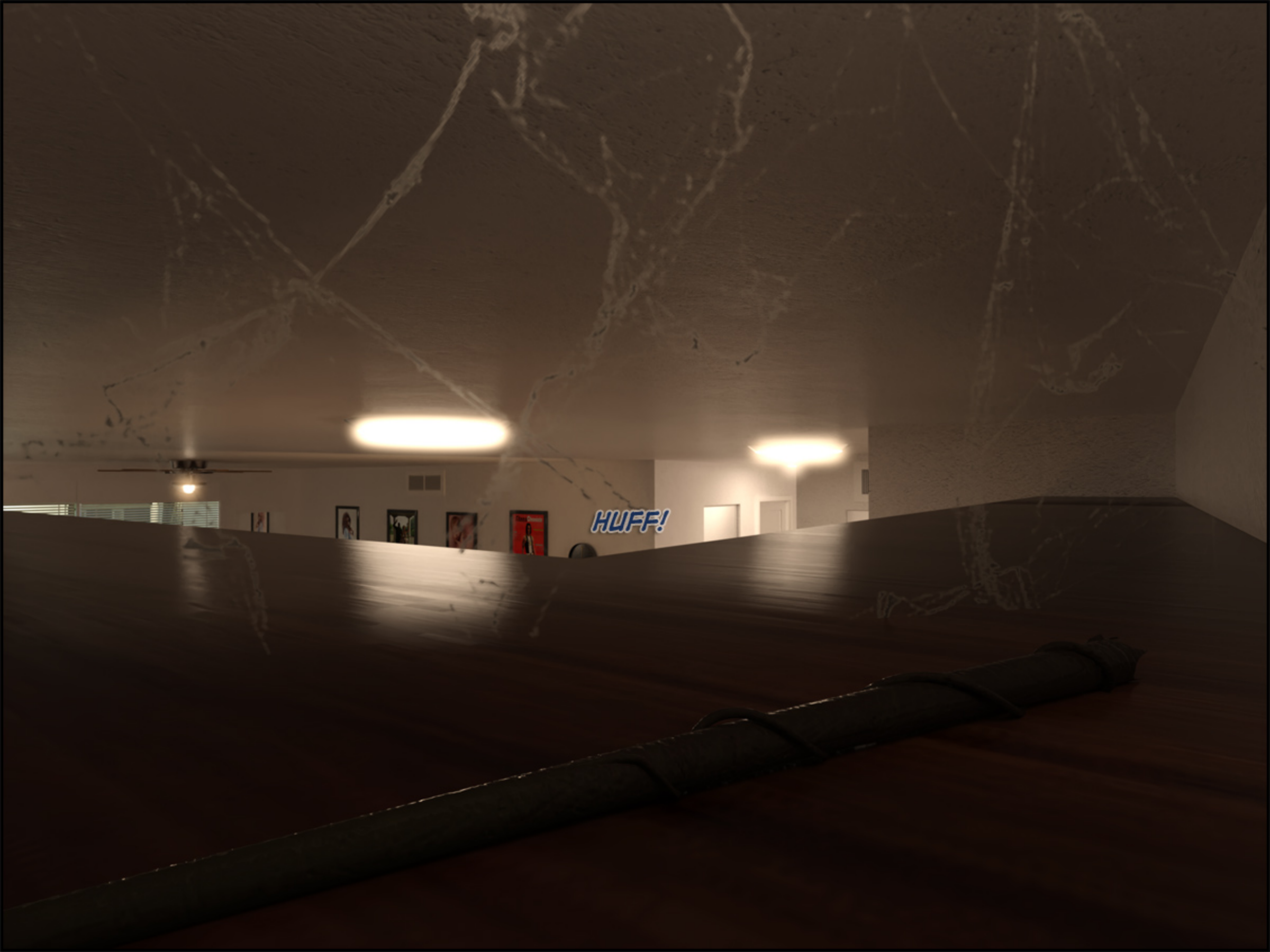
FEEL FREE TO
DRESS SLUTTY
AT MY FUNERAL...
IT'S WHAT I WOULD
HAVE WANTED.



I SHOULD
PROBABLY JUST
GO EAT BEFORE
MARA WAKES UP
AGAIN...

BUT
WHAT
IF...?





HUFF!



ICK!
SO MUCH
DUST...





NO
WAY...



IS THIS REALLY IT...?



A man with long dark hair and a full beard is shown from the chest up. He is holding a dark, straight object, possibly a knife or a tool, vertically against his face, with the tip near his mouth. He has a serious, questioning expression. The background is a dark, wood-paneled wall. The lighting is dim, creating a somber atmosphere.

OKAY,
SO WHAT
DO I DO
NOW...?

I NEVER
THOUGHT I'D
GET THIS FAR...
WILL IT EVEN
WORK...?

A man with long dark hair and a beard, wearing a black long-sleeved shirt, is sitting at a kitchen counter. He is looking down at a dark, thin stick he is holding in his right hand. His left hand is raised slightly, palm facing up. The kitchen has dark wood cabinets above a wall of small, multi-colored square tiles. On the counter in front of him are several light-colored ceramic jars with wooden lids. To the left, a microwave is partially visible. A white electrical outlet is on the wall behind him. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of his head.

FUCK!
WHAT THE
HELL DO I
DO...?



SHIT...

HEY, I'M HOME...





CRAP.
WHAT DO
I SAY...?

HE
MUST BE
WITH THE
BABY...

GASP!
AAAAAAH!



usband

FGZ

YOU
JERK!

SNORT

AH HA
HA HA HA
HA!

FGZ

FGZ





WHAT ARE YOU DOING, HIDING THERE!?

YOU SCARED THE HELL OUT OF ME...!

WAS THIS YOUR PLAN? YOU ASS...



WAAAAAH!!

OH
MAN...

I JUST
GOT HOME,
TOO...



SHIT.
SORRY...

I DIDN'T
MEAN TO...

IT'S
FINE. I WAS
GOING TO HAVE
TO PUMP 'EM
ANYWAY...

SIGH
THAT'S
MY LIFE
NOW...



WELL,
SINCE THIS
IS ALL YOUR
FAULT...

YOU
CAN BRING
THE GROCERIES
IN FOR ME, WHILE
I GET HER BACK
TO SLEEP.



WHO KNOWS, I MIGHT EVEN NAP WITH HER...

THANKS FOR GIVING ME A FEW HOURS...

SORRY I'M SO BITCHY. THESE HORMONES SUCK, ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M SO TIRED ALL THE TIME...

BUT IF YOU WANT TO STAY, WE CAN HANG AFTER...

NAH, I GOT OTHER THINGS I WANT TO DO ON MY DAY OFF...

THAT, AND SHELL WILL BE BACK BY THEN, AND I KNOW HOW YOU TWO ARE...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, BUT WHATEVER...

THANKS AGAIN!

YEP...

WAAAAAH!!



IT'S
OKAY, BABY.
MOMMY'S
HOME...



IT WAS THEN THAT
I TRULY REALIZED...



THAT WASN'T THE LIFE
I WANTED ANYMORE...



THESE WERE OUR LIVES
NOW, REGARDLESS OF
HOW WE GOT HERE...

WE'RE ALL HEALTHY AND
AS HAPPY AS COULD BE,
SO WHY RISK THROWING
IT ALL AWAY FOR THE
SAKE OF THE PAST...?

ESPECIALLY NOW
THAT LITTLE MARA
IS INVOLVED...

MY FORMER BROTHER
IS HER REAL MOTHER,
AND MY RELATIONSHIP
WITH SHELDON WON'T
EVER BE THE SAME...





NOBODY
EVER HAS TO
KNOW...



HYAH!

EVERYTHING IS
BETTER THIS WAY...





The End