

Size
Queen
Comix
presents:



by Max Airborne

memories of

Six East

EPISODE 1 by Max Airborne

Ever since I saw "the Magdelene Sisters" I've been flooded with memories of having been locked up in a mental hospital for a year and a half, when I was a teenager (ages 13-15).

This one I'm about to tell you now starts with me here, in this moment, sitting at my desk writing writing writing the same sentence over and over again. See, i fucked up the other day. But that's not what this story is about...

main knows best and i will do as she says

A hand-drawn comic page with a film strip border. At the top left, a cloud contains the text 'memories of'. The title 'Six East' is written in large, bubbly letters. Below the title, a film strip contains the text 'EPISODE 1 by Max Airborne'. On the left side, there is a large radiation symbol. To its right, a paragraph of text reads: 'Ever since I saw "the Magdelene Sisters" I've been flooded with memories of having been locked up in a mental hospital for a year and a half, when I was a teenager (ages 13-15)'. To the right of this text is a small illustration of a woman's face and a nun's face. Below the nun's face are several small circles. At the bottom, another paragraph of text reads: 'This one I'm about to tell you now starts with me here, in this moment, sitting at my desk writing writing writing the same sentence over and over again. See, i fucked up the other day. But that's not what this story is about...'. On the left side, there is a drawing of a hand holding a pen and writing on a notepad. The notepad has the text 'main knows best and i will do as she says' written on it.

pp Your hands look thinner. I can see the weight coming off.



What?! I'd spent the weekend frantically transcribing song lyrics I wanted to learn, into the wee hours until my hands ached,

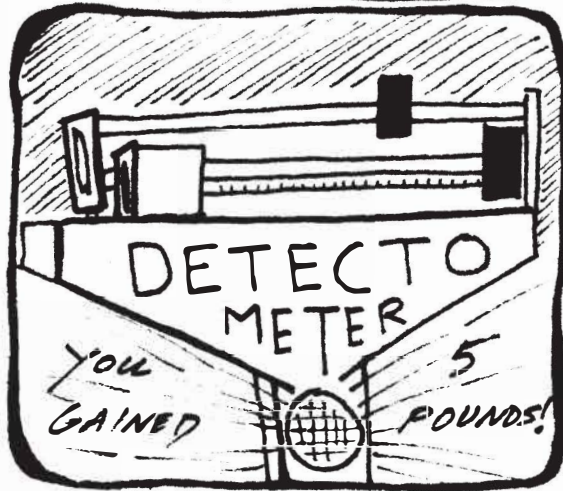
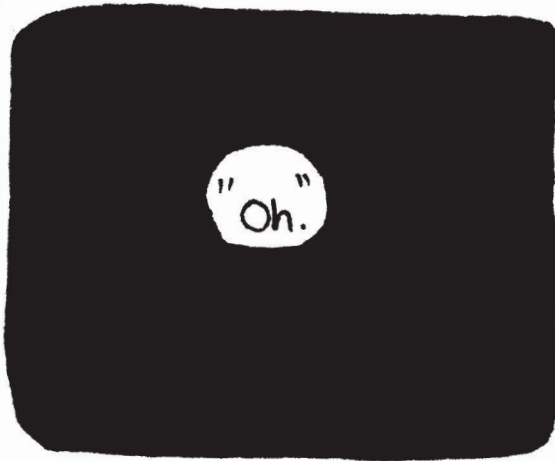
so STIFF I couldn't drop the pen. I'd been at my mom's on a weekend pass, revelling in luxuries like record players, my well-loved record collection, my waterbed with rainbow sheets..



"What!?!?" I asked, incredulous. "Your hands. They're looking nice. They're getting thin."



The doctor's comment took me by surprise. I HATED HIM. Yet ... in his twisted way he was expressing pride in me, and I wanted it, which pissed me off. @*!m&?!@*?!*!@?!!



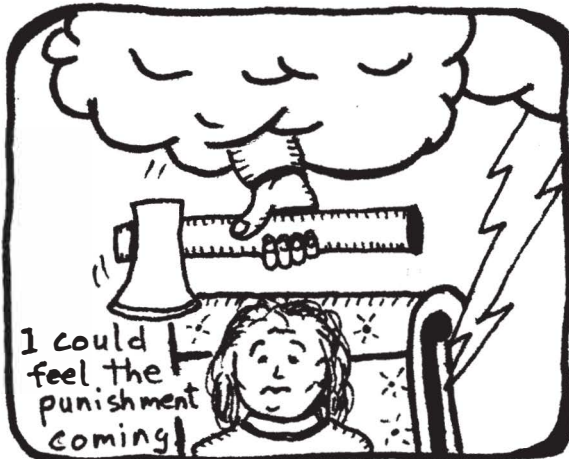
"... **B**ut, the scale tells a different story. You gained weight over the weekend. **WHAT'S YOUR EXPLANATION, YOUNG LADY?**"



He was so uptight you had to wonder if he ever took a dump. He was always hyper, authoritarian, and on the brink of being pissed off. **THERE WAS NO LOVE IN THIS LITTLE MAN.**

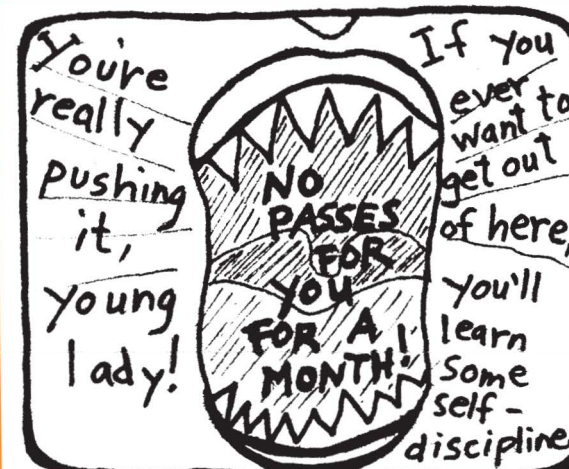
"I don't know."

LISTEN YOUNGLADY!
"I don't know" is NOT a sufficient answer. I know you're LYING! **WHY DID YOU GAIN FIVE POUNDS OVER THE WEEKEND?**

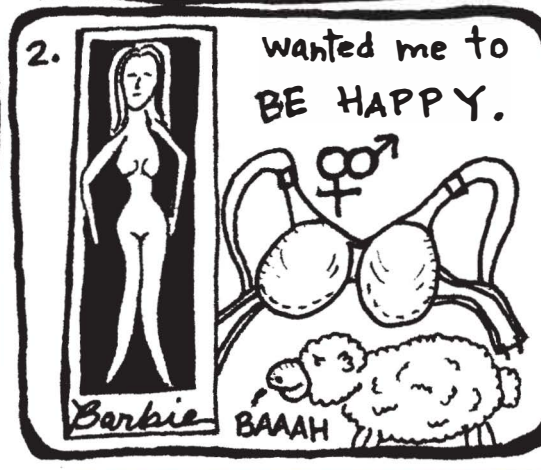


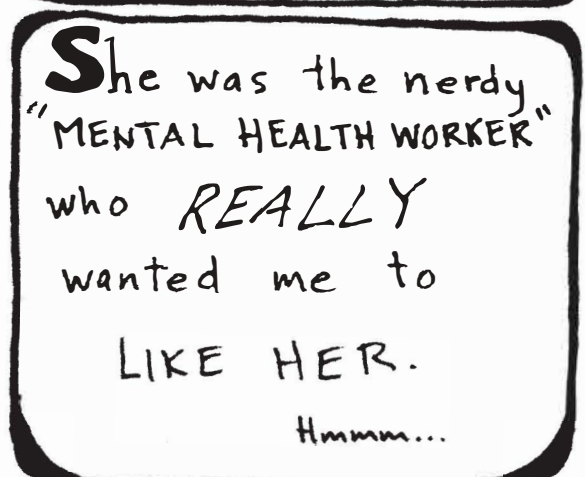
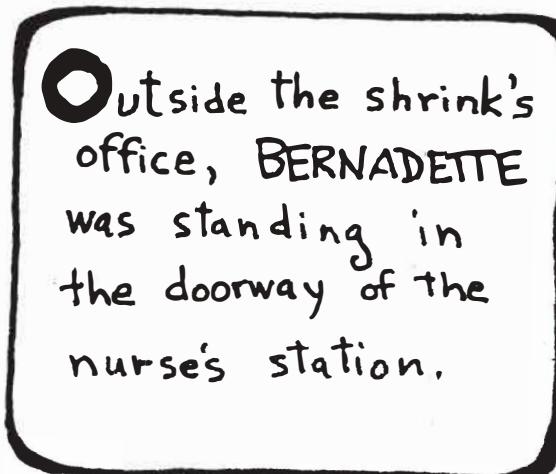
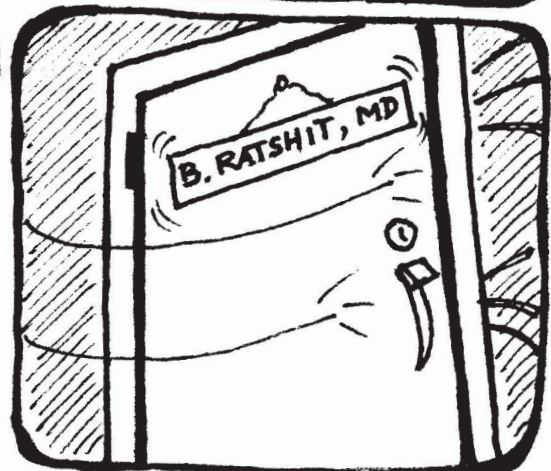
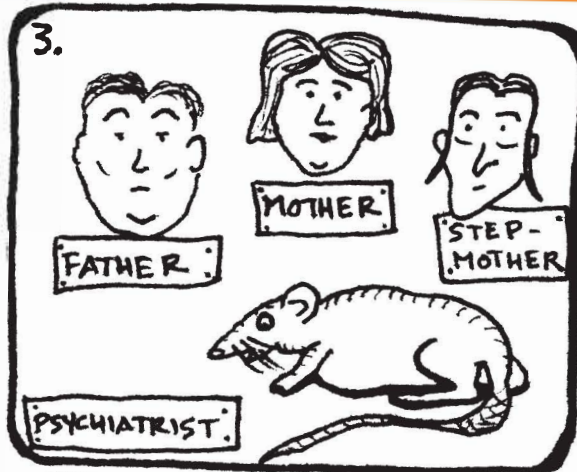
You see, I was on a diet.
A BIG DIET.
I was allowed 500 calories a day. Every privilege I had was contingent on the numbers revealed by the scale. The funny thing was, those numbers didn't always reflect what I had eaten.

This weekend, however, I had been drinking.
AND HE KNEW, he knew something. Bored with the game, knowing I'd lost,
I CONFESSED.



They:







"Buy me a
Tab?"

I asked her, with a
pathetic look on my face.

I knew she would. It
was how she got me
out of bed in the
morning, her bribe,
a cold can of Tab
from the machine.



Now, it was no secret
that the bribe was mine.
She'd seen me slam the
door, and she'd seen me
in a door-slamming
mood before.

The Tab was
my implied
agreement not
to go there.





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