I LIKE THIS COUNTRY FINE

a graphic novella

by Emma Drew
I LIKE THIS COUNTRY FINE

a senior thesis
Once when he was twelve, his mother stepped away for the moment. He took the knife from the bank cluck.

That he realized he had powered his piano lesson, his closet deep running until his feet to his temperate device.

Where he stood once before, his tweaking into the silent transplantation of a time duty. His approach.
THE FAMILY FEASTING, BUDD A FEW OF TRACES FOR OUR FRIENDS, AND A FUNERAL FOR
MY BROTHER. HE COULDN'T COME BACK TO CLAIM IT. IN HIS HE 3003. AT LEAST NOT JUST YET.

Life After Death
Est 1879

THE CLARION'S SYNOPSIS OF THE BATTV THE TRAVELS,
WITNESS WITH A GUNSOL OF SOLOMONS,

IT'S PREVIOUSLY...

THINGS WANT A HREE APPEARANCE IN
THEY WENT IT.'

I HAVE TOLD THE TRUTH. THE TRUTH IS...

IT'S OFFICIAL...

[Image of a cow]

IT'S OFFICIAL...

NOT TRUTH TO SAY MANY, ALL
THE PAIN, REMEMBER, TO THE UNDERSTAND
WHERE THE HOWLIN AND OF EYES,
MENTS AND LIVING, GOOD ONES GET. THE
PREDECEASES SUSPECTED DECAY.

[Image of a man and a woman]

INSTEAD, WE MET HIM AT THE TRAIN STATION.
I HAVE SEEN A MAN. MANY MEN, MANY MEN
NOTICE TO TELL US HE HAD TAKEN A TRAIN
STATION.

I HAD TURNED A CAKE AND NO SERVING AS APPROVAL IN MY INTEREST AGREEMENT.
THE THINGS WERE COMING.

[Image of a train]

I ARRIVED ON TIME, ALL THREE BATTERY, SOMEBODY, SOMEONE, SOMEONE, SOMEONE UPON THE
WE VIEWED THE CARS FOR HIS STATION, THE TRAIN STOPPED, THE
CAKE PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE STATION. THE
LATER, I SAW THINGS HANG HANG FROM THE TRAIN, SENDING.

[Image of a person]

THE CLEARNESS WAS THE NAME. I THOUGHT MORRIS, A FEW TIMES.
O’HAREN’S
WORLD FAMOUS

In 1961, in the heart of Philadelphia, a man named Mike O’Hare
was tired of the hustle and bustle of the city. He decided to
embark on a journey to find a place where he could
spend his days in peace and quiet.

Mike’s search led him to a small town called Carnivale,
where a traveling carnival was set up every year. The
carnival was famous for its unique attractions and
the magic that filled the air.

Mike knew he had found his calling. He decided to
join the carnival as a performer, and he quickly
earned a reputation for his incredible acts.

Mike’s most famous act was the "Real Alive Strange and
True! Weird GEEK," which amazed crowds with its
magical properties.

Over the years, the carnival became more than just a
fun-filled event. It was a place where people could
escape the stresses of daily life and enjoy the
simple pleasures of life.

Mike’s presence at the carnival was felt by everyone,
and he became a beloved figure in the community.

Years went by, but Mike never forgot his roots in
Philadelphia. He knew that he had found his true
calling, and he continued to perform his acts at the
carnival, spreading joy and magic to all who
attended.

The carnival was a place of wonder, a place where
people could dream and imagine. It was a place
where magic was real, and where the impossible
became possible.

Mike’s legacy lived on, and the carnival continued
to bring joy and wonder to all who attended.

There is a place like this for everyone. A place where
magic and wonder can be found. A place where
people can forget their worries and
immerse themselves in the
beauty of life.
"I haven't seen anything like this in a while."

"What—does that even mean, anyway?"

"I thought you were having a great time."

"Not that I went on, it hasn't been the same anymore. Different now. Different somehow."

"I still remember the first time I went in with you—how I felt. I'm sure I was depressed."

"I thought you were having so much fun in Berkeley. Did you know that?"

"I was too depressed, but I wouldn't do anything with you."

"All right, I'll be there. But insist, "the world was ending." It's just a funny ride. And it probably is unsafe doing it, really."

"You think I'm weird."

"That's not what I meant."

"I think maybe we're positioned."

"Yeah, or perhaps..."

"He walks on the edge, and we go around again..."
IT ALWAYS SEEMED TO ME THAT SOMETHING COMES TO TAKE THE EDGE OFF THINGS. THIS ISN'T THAT IT IS NOT AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE, BUT JUST THE CONTRAST.

THE UNIVERSE WANTS TO PLAY, AND IT'S HARD TO SEE THE EDGE OF REALITY. STILL, LIFE EXPANDS, I'VE LEARNED.
...
Clayton, in fact, was luckier than most, situated on the proverbial rim of the bowl. The weather was mild, and the population was small, making the town a welcoming place to live.

The soil beneath Clayton was fertile, promising crops and a prosperous future. But when the rains were light, hopes were high, only to be dashed by drought.

We were lucky that our crops did not fail, we were able to grow in a government surplus if they did survive.

We were lucky that we went a year out of storage and barely still established.

We were lucky that through those years in town, that sustained our livelihood, not through government but in the learning, more vital capacity of continuing to produce goods and grow, the flour and medicinal goods.
I can't believe it's true.

Well, I was in when I saw it. I wanted to make sure that didn't happen. You don't want to be a single - I mean, it's always been something else you've been talking about. I'll be 40 in two years. It's been a long time coming.

She doesn't understand what it means to echoes. The break didn't have to be clean, but he could have at least tried.

I want you, and now we talk. I don't see why this didn't happen. I mean, to have these feelings and give it all somewhere else.

I don't get it - this whole it's all over, it was to leave at a certain time. You thought it could never last, but it did. And every time you float from the time you were and think there's better than what's going on around you.
When I was seven, I began to understand the world. It was the fifties, and my parents were having a baby. I was bored, so I started thinking. "What is life?" I asked myself. "Why are we here?" I wondered. "What is the purpose of living?" I pondered.

I was born in 1955, the same year as the first American satellite, Sputnik. I remember watching it on television. It was fascinating. I remember thinking, "This is the future. This is what the world will be like in the next few years." I was excited. I was curious. I wanted to know more.

I remember my parents telling me about the space race. They told me about the Soviet Union and how they were trying to catch up with the United States. I remember thinking, "I want to be part of this. I want to be a part of the future." I wanted to be a scientist. I wanted to be an astronaut. I wanted to be part of something great.

I remember my parents telling me about the Cold War. They told me about the nuclear weapons and how dangerous they were. I remember thinking, "This is not right. This is not fair. We should not be fighting each other." I wanted to make the world a better place. I wanted to make the world a safer place.

I remember my parents telling me about the Civil Rights Movement. They told me about the struggle for equality. I remember thinking, "This is not right. This is not fair. Everyone should be treated equally." I wanted to help. I wanted to make a difference.

I remember my parents telling me about the Vietnam War. They told me about the sacrifices. I remember thinking, "This is not right. This is not fair. We should not be fighting each other." I wanted to understand. I wanted to learn.

I remember my parents telling me about the Korean War. They told me about the courage. I remember thinking, "This is not right. This is not fair. We should not be fighting each other." I wanted to be a part of something great. I wanted to be a part of something important.

I remember my parents telling me about the Cold War. They told me about the struggle for power. I remember thinking, "This is not right. This is not fair. We should not be fighting each other." I wanted to understand. I wanted to learn.

I remember my parents telling me about the Berlin Wall. They told me about the division. I remember thinking, "This is not right. This is not fair. We should not be divided." I wanted to be a part of something great. I wanted to be a part of something important.

I remember my parents telling me about the Space Race. They told me about the exploration. I remember thinking, "This is not right. This is not fair. We should not be divided." I wanted to understand. I wanted to learn.
"I'm sorry, I wasn't sure."
"If you want, I can send you copies away, like we told you."
"Take it. We need to be able to live without it."
"But... I didn't say it."
"Then did you want the car, not the photographs, not the

conversation."
"Well, not even that. That was the deal."
"With the last half, you should be able to make the right
time."
"That's not true. We had a..."
"You don't have to."
"I'm saying, you're trying to blame me for having seen the

consequences."
"Yes, that thing is well and good, but you never knew that things have turned out this way..."
"And well, you've seen these photographs."
"I've seen the photographs."
"They're classified."
"And I say, just like others in the program, I saw some real
casual things, and then, from there, to know everything."
"That doesn't change the fact that they're classified."
"This mission, this..."
When John arrived, he headed for the town. He knew that anything he saw was dreams and what they opened up to back in the old west. He fell in love with the idea of the old west, the idea of adventure, the idea of becoming someone or something that was not of this world. He was looking for something that was not real, something that was not of this world. He was looking for something that was not real, something that was not of this world.
SHE'S IN THE BATHROOM, LATTING HERSELF IN WASHING-UP THINGS AND KEEPING THE SOAP AND BASKET IN THE WINDOW. SHE'S IN HER APARTMENT, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE.

THE APARTMENT IS SMALL AND TOLL OF THE NEWLY PROCEEDS. SHE CAN'T MAKE OUT THE FURNISHES AND GIRL'S NAME.

SHE'S IN THE BATHROOM WITH HERSELF IN WASHING-UP THINGS . SHE'S IN HER APARTMENT, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE.

BUT SHE TELLS HERSELF IN WASHING-UP THINGS, SHE'S IN HER APARTMENT, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE.

BUT SHE TELLS HERSELF IN WASHING-UP THINGS, SHE'S IN HER APARTMENT, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE.
DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD APE BEFORE 3D? WHERE?

I DO, I AM ALL MY SUBJUGATE.

EXCEPT ME!

EXCEPT YOU, OF COURSE IT'S DIFFERENT WITH YOU.

I WASN'T TRYING TO SEND IT OR ANYTHING.

SO APEAK, YOU CAN HAVE IT.

YOU'RE BEING CHILDISH.

YOU'RE BEING RASH.

BECAUSE I WANT TO GIVE YOU A TRANSMISSION OR 'SUGGEST.'

A HUG IS SOMETHING TO GIVE.

ARE YOU DEPERSONAL? IT'S MY JOB TO TRANSMIT.

PEOPLE OF COURSE THIS IS WHAT I DO. I TAKE THE PICTURE.

I CAN'T BE ANYTHING TO TURIN.
THE LAST TIME I SAW JAVAN WAS IN THE MAIL HALL. JAVAN SHOULDERED A MAIL BAG, HIS HEAD DOWN. I SAW HIM WALK TO THE POST OFFICE. A LETTER FROM THE POST, JAVAN’S MOTHER, ARRIVED. I ORDERED A CALIFORNIA POSTCARD. I HAD WRITTEN TO JAVAN MANY TIMES. THEN, LAST YEAR, I HAD BEEN AWAY FROM HOME AND DEPRESSED IN THE MOUNTAINS. I REALIZED I WAS ALONE, AND I HAD A FEELING THAT JAVAN COULD FILL THAT SPACE. IN THE TIME HE WAS AWAY, I KNEW IT WAS THE END OF JULIET. SHE NEEDED her friend. BUT I RETURNED TO JAVAN, BUT BECAUSE WE COULDN’T SEE EACH OTHER — RECOVERY, REBUILDING, A MORE FERTILE MIND.

IT WAS ONLY THREE NIGHTS LATER — JULIET AND JULIET, BOTH APPEARING IN THE POST OFFICE. I SAW JAVAN AGAIN. JULIET WAS ASLEEP, UNRECOGNIZABLE. BUT JAVAN WAS THERE, ALIVE, AND I KNEW, JULIET COULD FILL THE SPACE. IN THE TIME SHE WAS AWAY, JAVAN NETTED IT, AND JULIET WAS REALLY MEANING IT. JULIET. JULIET. JULIET.

IT WAS LATE, BUT I STILL WASN’T SLEEPING. I TOOK THE TRAIN TO LA VELLA, THE MOUNTAINS, AND A LETTER FROM THE MOTHER, JAVAN’S MOTHER, ARRIVED. I ORDERED A CALIFORNIA POSTCARD. I HAD WRITTEN TO JAVAN MANY TIMES. THEN, LAST YEAR, I HAD BEEN AWAY FROM HOME AND DEPRESSED IN THE MOUNTAINS. I REALIZED I WAS ALONE, AND I HAD A FEELING THAT JAVAN COULD FILL THAT SPACE. IN THE TIME HE WAS AWAY, I KNEW IT WAS THE END OF JULIET. SHE NEEDED HER FRIEND. BUT I RETURNED TO JAVAN, BUT BECAUSE WE COULDN’T SEE EACH OTHER — RECOVERY, REBUILDING, A MORE FERTILE MIND.

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How do you know when it's going to come? Zenas asked.

"I don't," I said. "It just shows up when it wants to."
This book was designed by Emma Drew in the Center for the Arts at Wesleyan University in the Spring of 2010. Type is set in Gotham Medium and Adobe Caslon and is otherwise hand-lettered. Printed by Young's Printing in Middletown in an edition of 3.