

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

SLASH DOWN.



STORY **DAVID GALLAHER** PENCILS **GEORGE BRODERICK** INKS **KEN WHEATON** LETTERS **VINCE SNEED**

That should be the first rule of suicide.



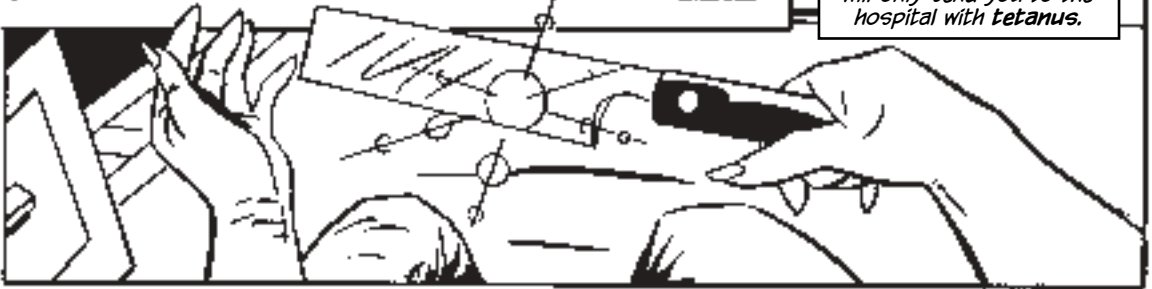
Slashing sideways will screw up your tendons.

Besides, it's just a pathetic cry for help.



You need a brand new razorblade.

A rusty blade, while stylish, will only send you to the hospital with tetanus.



Despite what it may seem at the time, you won't die from embarrassment.



Suicide must be: quick, painless, and certain.

A botched suicide is the epitome of failure.

THE BELL JAR
Sylvia Plath

Sylvia Plath stuck her head in the oven.

Which works wonders when you have a gas stove.

Not an electric one.



Sure. I could shoot myself.



Hemingway shot himself.

But, a key to suicide is accessibility.



They don't give guns to the mentally ill.

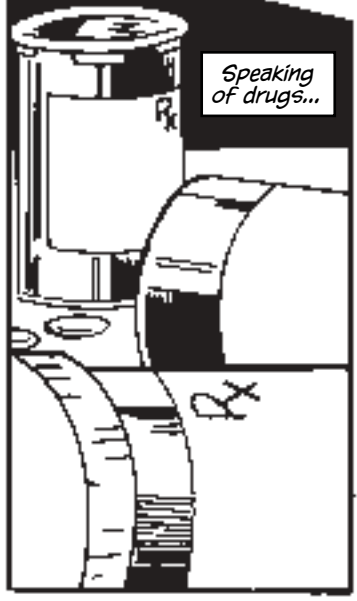


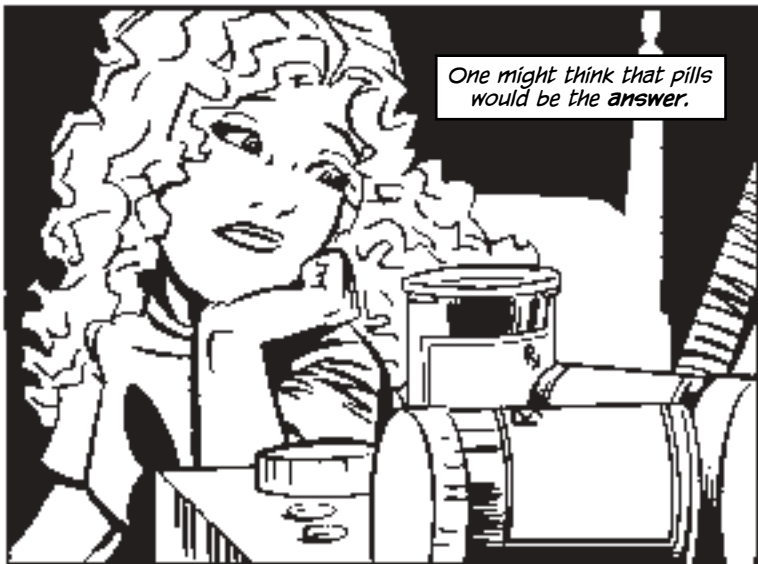
You need a steady hand.



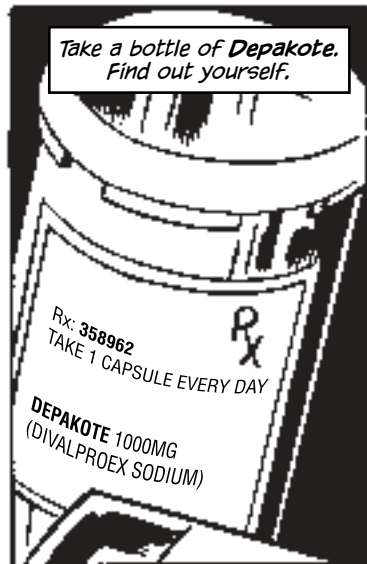
Something that psychotropic drugs don't allow for.

Speaking of drugs...





One might think that pills would be the answer.



Take a bottle of Depakote. Find out yourself.



The human body has this annoying habit of vomiting when poisoned.



You'll get you stomach pumped. Drink charcoal.



Turn yellow and end up with liver damage in the hospital.



All thanks, in no small part...



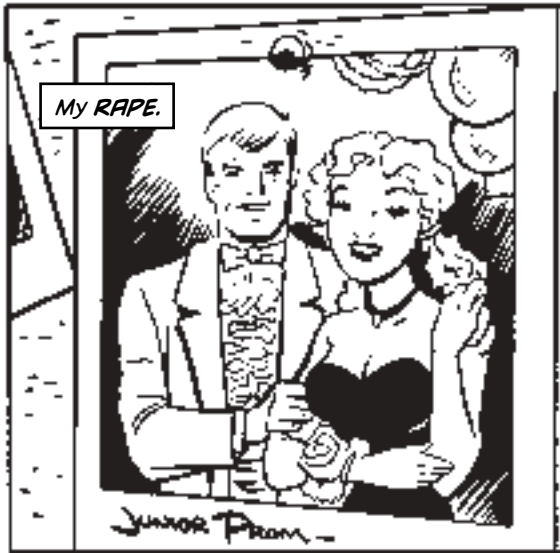
...To the efforts of your mother.



Always SO supportive...
that mother of mine.



My MENSTRUATION.



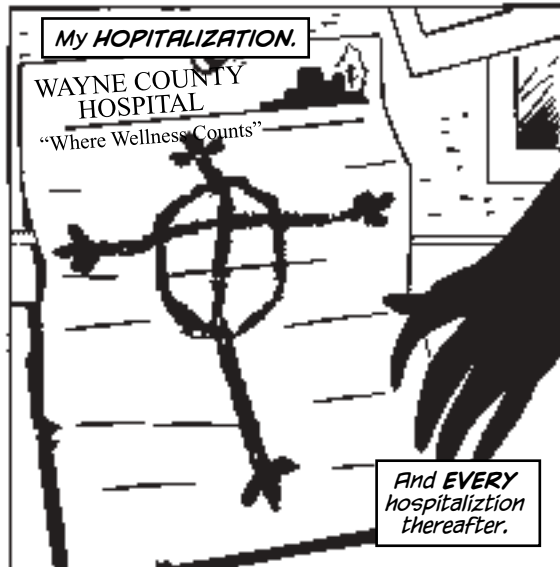
My RAPE.

Junior Prom.



My BREAKDOWN.

MICHIGAN STATE
SOPHOMORE YEAR!



My HOPITALIZATION.

WAYNE COUNTY
HOSPITAL

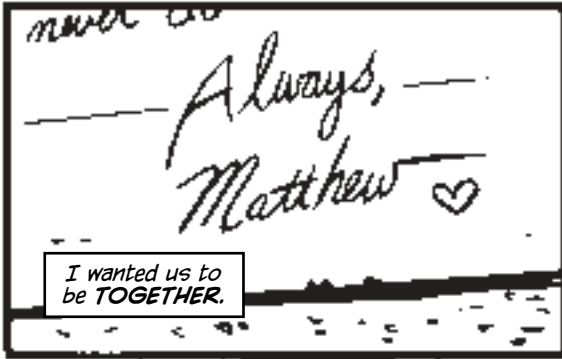
"Where Wellness Counts"

And EVERY
hospitalization
thereafter.



Then there
was YOU.

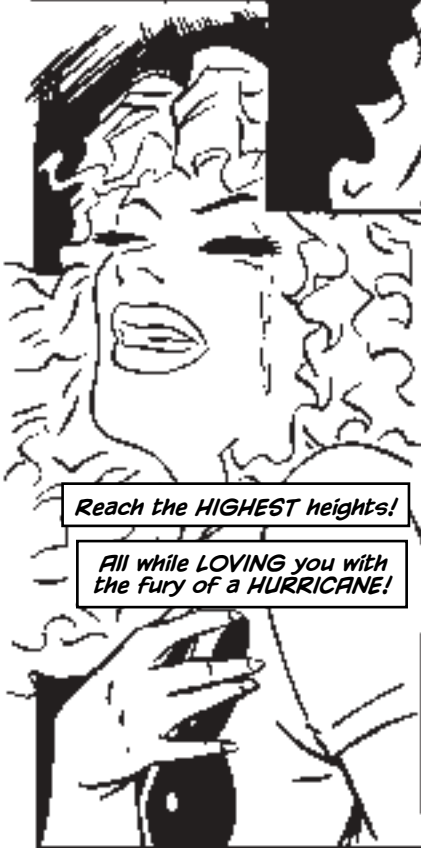
Always,
Matthew



I wanted us to be **TOGETHER**.



I wanted to take the world by **STORM**.



Reach the **HIGHEST** heights!

All while **LOVING** you with the fury of a **HURRICANE!**



But, then the **SHADOWS** fell upon us.

And the world took **US** by storm.



You loved me with the tenderness of rose petals.



And I **hated** you for it.



You son of a bitch.



You gave me everything I never wanted.



You made me want things I could never have.



You were the whirlwind. I was the ship.

You brought hope.



But left me haunted in your wake.



I turned our dreams into nightmares.



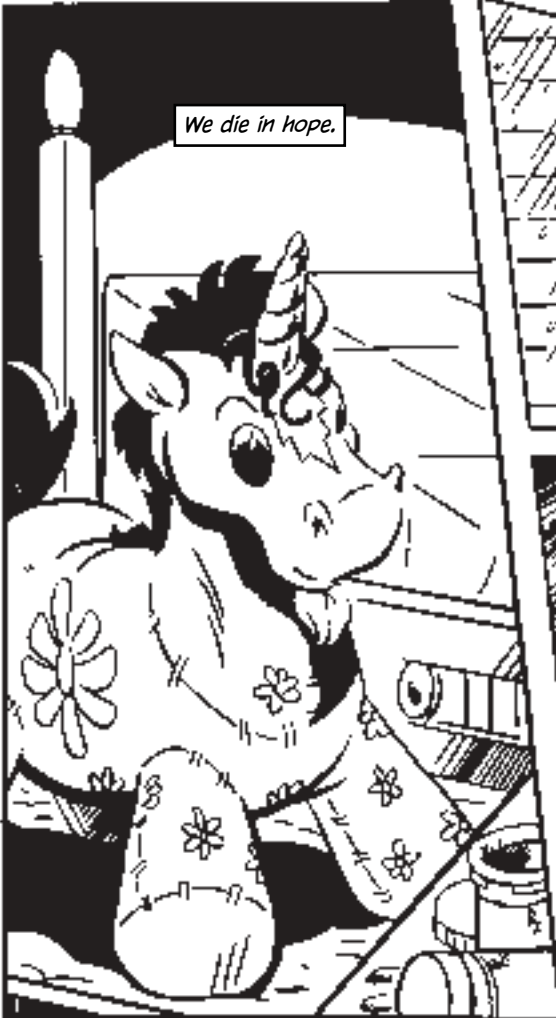
Never give dreams to the mentally ill.



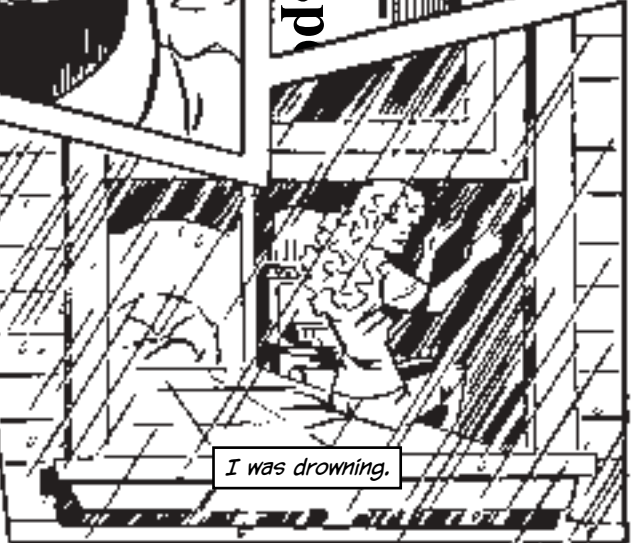
We live in fear.

T.S. ELIOT
THE WASTELANDS

William Shakesp



We die in hope.



I was drowning.



And you tried to save me.

You were always a hero to me.



But things change.



Nothing is forever.



People die.



Love dies.



All we have is the haunting of each other.



*And the haunting
of ourselves.*

