

m@b

THE WIND DOESN'T
PAY ATTENTION TO MIDGETS



BY MATTHEW BLACKETT

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m@b - December 1998

I've got too many numbers to remember - January 1999

Did you see my potato? - March 1999

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition - May 1999

I'm looking for Joe Lasagna - July 1999

I think I need to take some pills - November 1999

The end of the world has passed - March 2000

I hardly wear underwear anymore - July 2000

Truth is the first casualty of war - October 2000

My head's floating away from my body - February 2001

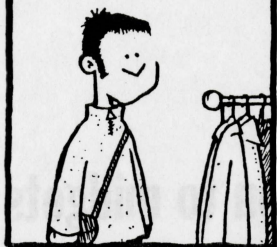
The wind doesn't pay attention to midgets - June 2001

The wind doesn't pay attention to midgets

the eleventh collection of m@b comic strips



I HAD TO GET A NEW JACKET TODAY TO REPLACE THE ONE THAT CAUGHT ON FIRE.



WHEN I FOUND ONE I LIKED, THE PRICE WAS MISSING.



"I GUESS IT'S FREE," THE CASHIER SAID.



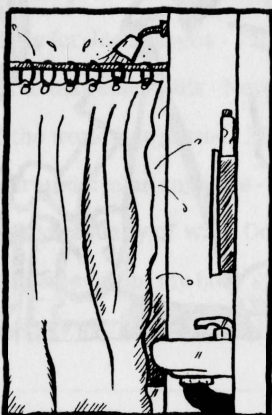
I FELL ASLEEP ON MY COUCH THIS AFTERNOON.



I DREAMT ABOUT A SMALL MAN WHO COULDN'T FLY A KITE.



"THE WIND DOESN'T PAY ATTENTION TO MIDGETS," HE SAID.



I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH THINKING I GET DONE IN THE SHOWER.

MY FRIEND LEANNE
JUST MOVED OUT TO
THE EAST COAST.



SHE SAID, "THIS
TOWN SMELLS LIKE
BIRD POOH, COW POOH..."



"AND A LITTLE BIT
LIKE HUMAN POOH."



"HAVE YOU EVER ASKED
YOURSELF THE 'BIG
QUESTION?'" NICK
ASKED ME TODAY.



"I'M 27 AND I'VE
PUT VERY LITTLE
THOUGHT INTO IT."



"IT'S EMBARRASSING."



LAST NIGHT I WATCHED
A PITTSBURGH HOCKEY
GAME.



THE CAMERAS KEPT
PANNING TO THE
CROWD.



THAT CITY HAS GOT
SOME **REALLY** UGLY
PEOPLE.



TODAY I WALKED
OVER TO THE
PHARMACY.



TWO GUYS CAME OUT
AS I WAS ENTERING.



"THAT WAS THE
PERFECT CRIME!"
ONE GUY SAID.



WHILE TREVOR WAS
OVER LAST NIGHT, WE
HEARD THE COUPLE
UPSTAIRS SCREWING.

thump! thump!
thump! thump!



"THAT'S ONE HELL OF
A RACKET," TREV
SAID.

thump! thump!
ooooooooooh!
thump!



"HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT
OF BLACKMAILING THE
BUGGERS?"

thump! ooooo!
thump! bang!



I GOT HOME AT 5 a.m.
THIS MORNING.



MANUEL WAS TAKING
OUT THE GARBAGE IN
HIS BATHROBE.



IN TWO WEEKS, WE
MOVE TO OUR NEW
OFFICE IN THE 'BURBS.



I'VE BEEN TALKING
ABOUT GETTING
ANOTHER JOB TO
AVOID THE COMMUTE.



BUT I'M STILL HERE.



TODAY, I STOPPED AND
LOOKED IN A RECORD
BIN OUTSIDE OF A STORE.



A MAN CAME UP AND
SAID, "I'LL TAKE \$200
FOR THIS COMPUTER..."



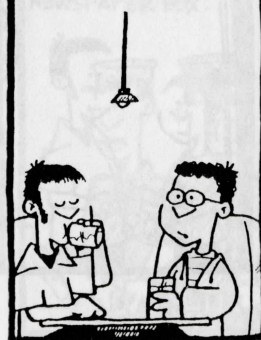
"HOW 'BOUT \$50?!?
I JUST NEED THE
MONEY SO BAD!"



NICK WENT TO UNIVERSITY
IN A SMALL TOWN.



"IT HAD THIS INFAMOUS
ZOO," HE SAID.



"YOU COULD FEED THE
ELEPHANT GRAPE SODA."



MY FRIEND SARAH IS
MOVING TO BAY CITY,
MICHIGAN TO LIVE
WITH HER FIANCEÉ.



"I DON'T KNOW IF
I'M GOING TO LIKE IT
THERE VERY MUCH,"
SHE SAID.



"THERE'S A LOT OF
HAIRSPRAY IN THAT
TOWN."



I WAS AT AN OUTDOOR
CONCERT WITH TREVOR
LAST NIGHT.



WHEN IT WAS OVER
EVERYONE SHUFFLED
TO THE EXIT.



"I'M GOING HOME TO
SMOKE DRUGS!" ONE
GUY YELLED.



I PICKED UP A GARBAGE
CAN WHILE I WAS OUT
WITH JEN LAST WEEK.



SHE BROUGHT ME
GARBAGE BAGS WHEN
SHE CAME TO VISIT
TODAY.



"I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T
HAVE BOUGHT ANY YET,"
SHE SAID.



I OVERHEARD TWO
GUYS TALKING TODAY.



ONE OF THEM SAID,
"I WAS MESSING
AROUND WITH KELLY
LAST NIGHT..."



"BEFORE I KNEW IT,
SHE WAS WEARING A
STRAP-ON BANANA!"



STEFF GOT WHIPLASH
IN A FENDER-BENDER
A FEW DAYS AGO.



LUCKILY, SHE DOESN'T
HAVE TO WEAR A
NECK BRACE.



"BUT I'M STILL WALKING
AROUND LIKE FRANKEN-
STIEN," SHE SAID.



I SAW TWO COPS ON
FOOT PATROL TONIGHT.



ONE OF THEM STOPPED
AND LOOKED AT A
NEWSPAPER BOX.



"THAT MARILYN MANSON
IS ONE WEIRD-LOOKING
FELLA," HE SAID.



I HAD DINNER AT
MY MOM'S LAST NIGHT.



I COULDN'T BELIEVE
SHE WAS WEARING
LEATHER PANTS.



ON THE BUS LAST NIGHT,
TWO MEN WERE BOASTING
ABOUT THEIR DRINKING
SKILLS.



"OH YEAH?" ONE GUY
SLURRED. "I SWEAT
PURE ALCOHOL AT
WORK ON MONDAYS."



"YOU MUST STINK,"
THE OTHER GUY SAID.



NICK CALLED ME TODAY.



"YOU WON'T BELIEVE
WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING
FOR THE LAST THREE
DAYS," HE SAID.



"SUPPLY-TEACHING A
KINDERGARTEN CLASS!"





MARION AND I WENT
FOR A STROLL TODAY.



WE ENDED UP TALKING
ABOUT HER GRANDAD.



"HE COULD SEE INTO
THE FUTURE," SHE SAID.



MY LANDLORD TOLD ME
HE WAS FIXING UP THE
BACKYARD THIS WEEKEND.



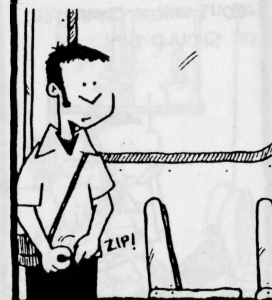
I ASSUMED HE WAS
GOING TO PUT DOWN
SOME NEW GRASS.



NOT COVER EVERY
SQUARE INCH OF IT
IN CEMENT.



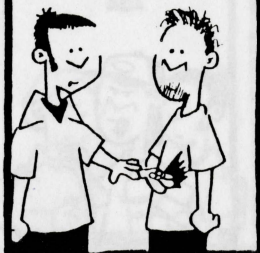
I WAS 'FLYING LOW' FOR
MY ENTIRE STREETCAR
RIDE TODAY.



I WAS STANDING IN
A PHONEBOOTH WHEN
A MAN ASKED ME FOR
SPARE CHANGE.



"I'M SORRY IT'S
ONLY FIFTY CENTS,"
I SAID.



"DON'T WORRY," HE
SAID. "GOD WILL
SAVE YOU."



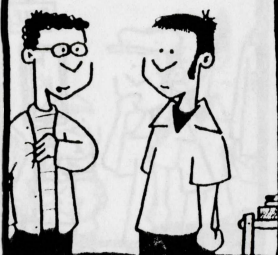
NICK'S SUPPLY-TEACHING
JOB HAS BEEN GOING
WELL.



"BUT SOME OF THE
KIDS ARE REALLY
DUMB," HE SAID.



"WHEN I WAS SIX, I
KNEW THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN RED AND
BLUE."



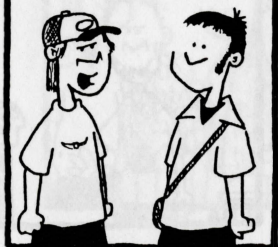
LAST NIGHT, TREVOR
AND I WALKED BY A
COUPLE KISSING.



SUDDENLY, THE GUY
PUSHED THE GIRL AWAY.



A MAN YELLING QUITE
LOUD WALKED BY ME
LAST NIGHT.



"I WOULDN'T DO IT
FOR 20 TRILLION
DOLLARS!"



"WELL... MAYBE FOR
20 TRILLION..."



I WENT FOR A WALK
IN KENSINGTON MARKET
TODAY.



I SAW A SIGN
POSTED ON A
BALCONY.



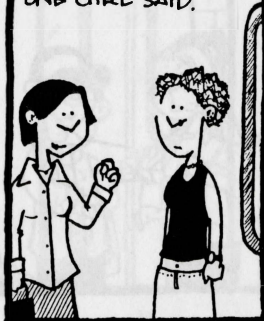
"POETRY IS NOT
A LUXURY."



COMING OUT OF THE
MOVIES LAST NIGHT,
JEN AND I OVERHEARD
TWO GIRLS GABING.

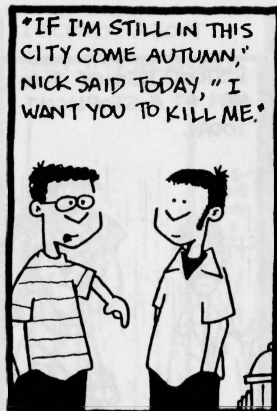
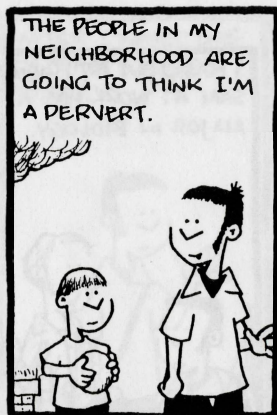


"ALL I HAD TO DO WAS
SNAP MY FINGERS,"
ONE GIRL SAID.



"AND HIS PANTS CAME
RIGHT OFF!"





A MAN SITTING ON A CRATE STARTED TALKING TO ME LAST NIGHT.



"JUST BECAUSE I'M SITTING DOWN HERE," HE SAID.



"DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON UP HERE."



I FOUND OUT MY FRIEND SAM AT WORK HAS A MAJOR IN BIOLOGY.



"I KNOW EVERYTHING THAT'S GOING ON INSIDE OF YOU," HE SAID.



"WELL...IF YOU WERE A FISH."



I STOOD BESIDE TWO MEN AT A STOPLIGHT TODAY.

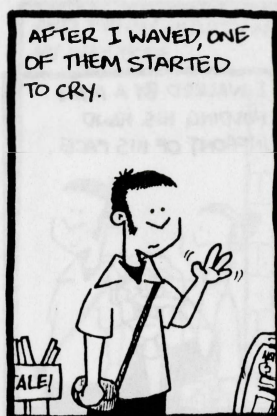
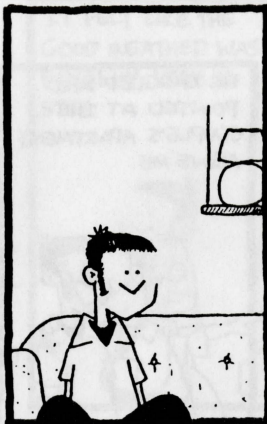


"I WAS SURPRISED SHE TOLD US SHE WAS GAY," ONE GUY SAID.

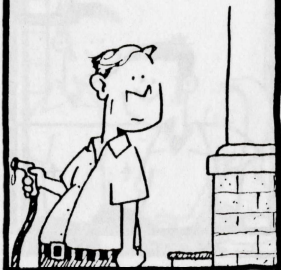


"BUT IT MAKES GOOD BUSINESS SENSE."





MANUEL STOPPED
WATERING THE FRONT
LAWN AND APPROACHED
ME TODAY.



HE GIGGLED AND
POINTED AT THE
COUPLE'S APARTMENT
ABOVE ME.



AND STARTED MAKING
THE HUMMING MOTION.



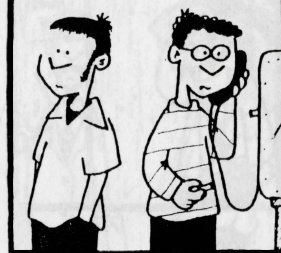
I WALKED BY A MAN
HOLDING HIS HAND
IN FRONT OF HIS FACE.



"I SAW YOU," HE SAID.



NICK STOPPED TO USE A
PAYPHONE LAST NIGHT.



"WHAT THE...?!?"
HE YELLED. "THERE'S
KETCHUP ON THIS PHONE!"



"FUCKIN' TEENAGERS!"



IT WAS AMAZINGLY
BEAUTIFUL THIS
WEEKEND.



IT FELT LIKE THE
GOOD WEATHER WAS
FINALLY HERE TO
STAY.



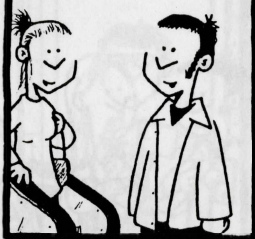
EVERYONE HAD A
SPECIAL GLOW ABOUT
THEM.



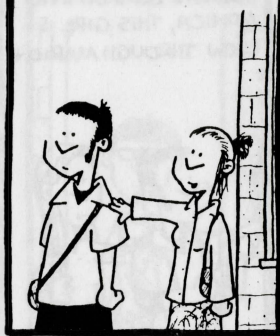
ON MONDAY MORNING
I RAN INTO JEN ON
MY WAY TO WORK.



THEN AGAIN ON
WEDNESDAY AND
THURSDAY MORNINGS.



AND FRIDAY NIGHT ON
MY WAY HOME.



THE COUPLE UPSTAIRS
HAD AN ARGUEMENT
IN THEIR WASHROOM
TODAY.



IT WAS THE MOST
BANAL FIGHT I'D EVER
HEARD.



SINCE STEFF TOLD ME
SHE GOT ENGAGED, I'VE
HAD NOTHING TO SAY
TO HER.



I JUST SEEM TO
DRAW A BLANK
WHenever WE TALK.



TODAY I BUMPED INTO
MONICA, THIS GIRL I
KNOW THROUGH MARION.



WE WALKED BY A CAR
WITH A BARKING DOG
INSIDE OF IT.



SHE STARTED BARKING
BACK AT IT.



AN ELDERLY MAN
STOOD BESIDE ME ON
THE SUBWAY TODAY.



HIS NOSE WAS
DRIPPING LIKE A
FAUCET.



AND ON TO MY SHOES.





THERE WAS A LETTER
TAPED TO MY FRONT
DOOR THIS MORNING.



IT WAS A NOISE
COMPLAINT FROM THE
COUPLE UPSTAIRS.



"KIDS JUMP ON ME A
LOT AT SCHOOL," NICK
SAID TODAY.



"YOU SHOULD WATCH
IT," I SAID. "YOUNG
KIDS ARE FILTHY."



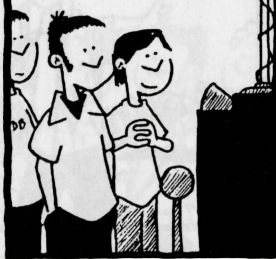
"CAN RINGWORM BE
PASSED ON?" HE ASKED.



I WENT TO SEE A BAND
PLAY LAST NIGHT.



THE LEAD SINGER
SIGNALLED HE WAS
JUMPING INTO AN OPEN
SPACE BESIDE ME.



INSTEAD, HE LANDED
ON ME.



LAST NIGHT I WENT
ON A DATE WITH A
GIRL I RECENTLY MET.



IT LASTED A LOT
LONGER THAN I HAD
PLANNED.



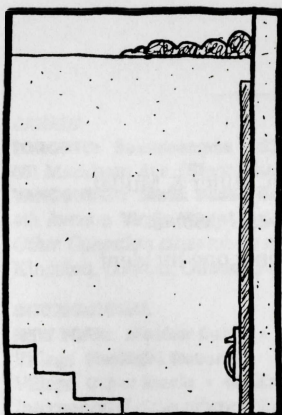
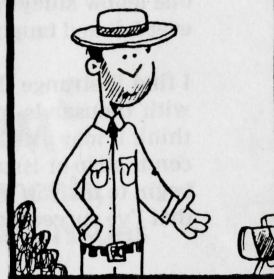
YESTERDAY, A MAN
WALKING BY ME SLAPPED
HIS FOREHEAD.



"WHY, OF COURSE!"
HE SAID.



"IT'S A FULL MOON..."



I MISSED THE LAST
FEW DAYS OF WORK CUZ
I FELL DOWN MY STAIRS.



Every few months I crank out a m@b issue. Sometime in February, while staring out the window at the different shades of brown in the deserts of New Mexico, I asked myself why I continue to put out this comic.

I do it to create something visual, because I usually have a hard time communicating my ideas verbally in a concise manner. Pictures, or comics in my case, have a way of saying something that I don't have the vocabulary to describe.

Also, if I did the math, I'm sure I'd discover I've spent *years* sitting in front of my drawing table. Years!!! But it has definitely been the best therapy I've never paid for. I've figured out all the world's problems, not to mention a few of my own, staring at a blank piece of paper with an H pencil in hand.

Lastly, I continue to do m@b for anyone who picks it up. I've received hundreds of e-mails and letters telling me that I'm on to something good. Somehow, m@b has brought people out of depression, made one fellow studying abroad more homesick for Canada than he had ever felt and taught recent immigrants how to speak English.

I find it strange that I have the capacity to communicate my ideas with thousands of people around the world on a regular basis. I think it may even scare a few of my close friends. I try to use each comic strip or issue to tell the world an important story – and I can't begin to tell you how much I appreciate it when I hear from readers that I've succeeded in reaching into their world.

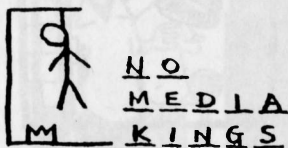
thanks

Greg and everyone at Soundscapes

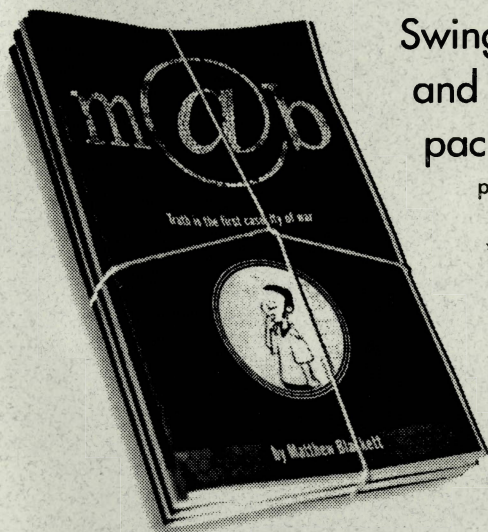
Jim Munroe, Brad Smith, Sam McCaig, Zachary Houle, Miller & Mullet

Rosco, Ache, sceneandheard.ca, the Independent Weekly, Soma

Special thanks to Mare for 5,000 km of company and only one incident



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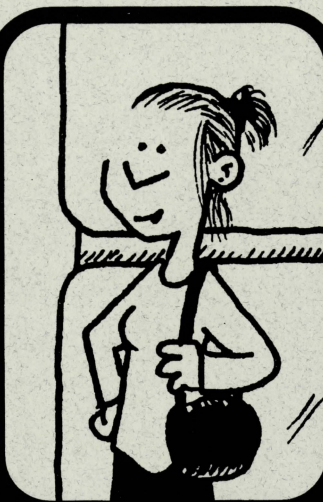
VANCOUVER: Black Sheep Books Inc. • West 4th Avenue/MacDonald **The Comic Shop** • West 4th Avenue **Virgin Megastore** • Robson/West Georgia **Zulu Records** • West 4th Avenue

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INTERNATIONAL

NEW YORK: Blocker Bob's • 118 West 3rd St., Greenwich Village **Etherea** • 66 Ave A, East Village **Footlight Records** • 113 East 12th, East Village **Gimme Gimme** • 325 East 5th St., East Village **Other Music** • 441 East 9th St., East Village **Shrine** • 441 East 9th St., East Village

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June 2001
ISSUE 11

"A fount of urban wit."
— *The Independent Weekly*

"Impossibly, this baby
keeps getting funnier."
— *Broken Pencil*

