

# © the MYSTERY GIRL of goodness ©

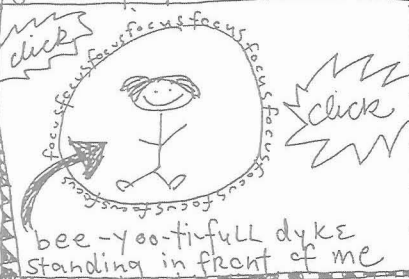
It's true! she is good. + brings goodness. Really!

i'm walking on campus.  
feel purty lousee.

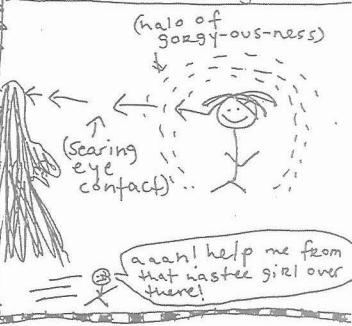


like the LadEE-o-the-Sewer or something completely scangy. i can't focus on anything. or anyone.

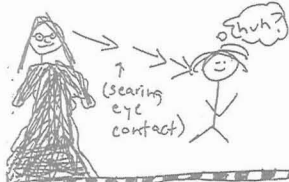
But then I Look up. + it's like when i'm at the eye dr when they drop the LENS =CLICK= in front of my eye. then it ALL goes into focus



She Looks Right at me. Right at me! the LadEE-o-the-Sewer herself! her purply red hair glows.



I look right back at her. She falters for a second, like maybe she didn't expect me to look at her, really look at her, like she didn't realize I might be lesbo.



then we smile. At each other. I feel all the badness melt away



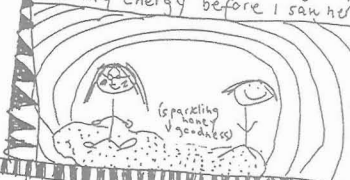
I felt ..... good! I'd connected to someone, even briefly. Now I didn't feel so alone. Just from the 10 second contact with the mystery girl of goodness. My bad mead has lifted



it hold the memory of her smile snug. Like SECRET armour protecting me from the bad feelings I know will return sometime.



An ill. of validation working at it's finest. But it was so nice to see a fellow gal-lover among the crowd of morons. Someone willing to send her smile like honey, flowing between her to me. Covering me with her sparkle. eating away at the sludge that was my energy before I saw her



I can't wait till next week to see her again. I hope she walks the same route. I know I will + that's a fact



Reasonably imaginative comic 1996  
 © by gruff poussay (a.k.a. Debra Anderson)