

BLACK BOY'S BLUES

FUNNY MONEY

A GRAPHIC
MEMOIR BY
R.D. HUNTER



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BLACK BOY'S BLUES

FUNNY MONEY

R.D. HUNTER

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To my mother and my fiancée.

Despite lacking a general interest in the medium, this comic book, and the (mostly) positive outlook on life that created it, would not exist without you two.

Words (and pictures) cannot describe the depth of my love.

INTRODUCTION

After my first year of college, I returned home for vacation and lived for a short time with my parents. My father insisted I secure employment over the summer. Desperate to escape his overbearing presence, I agreed and began applying for part-time jobs online. However after several days passed without offers, my father's patience began to wear thin.

"When I was your age," he said, "I pounded the pavement every day looking for a job, with resume in hand."

I really hadn't held a job before that point, so I took his advice. I put on my gray, two-piece, high-school graduation suit and tie, printed out fifty or so copies of my resume, and took a bus downtown. I returned home hours later drenched in sweat from the blistering mid-July heat with every piece of paper in the stack present and accounted for. Dad had a really hard time believing that everyone I spoke to instructed me to "apply online."

I moved in with my brother shortly after, and immediately landed a job (after applying for it online). I used to get mad when I thought about that hot summer day, but it's hard to hold a grudge now. How could my luddite father have ever known what job hunting is like in the 21st century when he hadn't applied for one since the 1960s? I think he just wanted me to become independent. He taught me to the best of his ability and succeeded.

It's in that same spirit of sorely outdated advice wrapped in well-intentioned love, that I write this book. For most of my adult life, I've fumbled through the dark, making up the answers as I go and second-guessing every decision along the way. My lowest moments always seem punctuated with the unsettling knowledge that we all walk this path of life alone. Fortunately, there is a comforting truth I'd like to share with you.

At one point in both of our lives, my father and I walked the streets, resumes in hand, looking for a job. We were both well acquainted with the power of money, ignorant to the true workings of the world, and disadvantaged as black men. While both of us were fortunate enough to have fathers and homes to return to, neither had words of comforting reassurance waiting for us there. Yet still, in our own ways, in our own times, to the best of our abilities, and through much trial and error we successfully built lives worth living surrounded by people we love. If we can do it, I'd like to believe you can too.

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ATLANTA



Story: R.D. Hunter
Art: Manuel Clavijo



FOR A MYRIAD OF REASONS,
MY SENIOR YEAR OF COLLEGE
WAS PRETTY ROUGH.

GRADUATION WAS A FOREGONE
CONCLUSION, BUT A LIBERAL ARTS
DEGREE DOESN'T COME WITH
GUARANTEES, JUST DEBT.

HEAD DOWNSTAIRS.
THIRD DOOR ON
THE RIGHT.



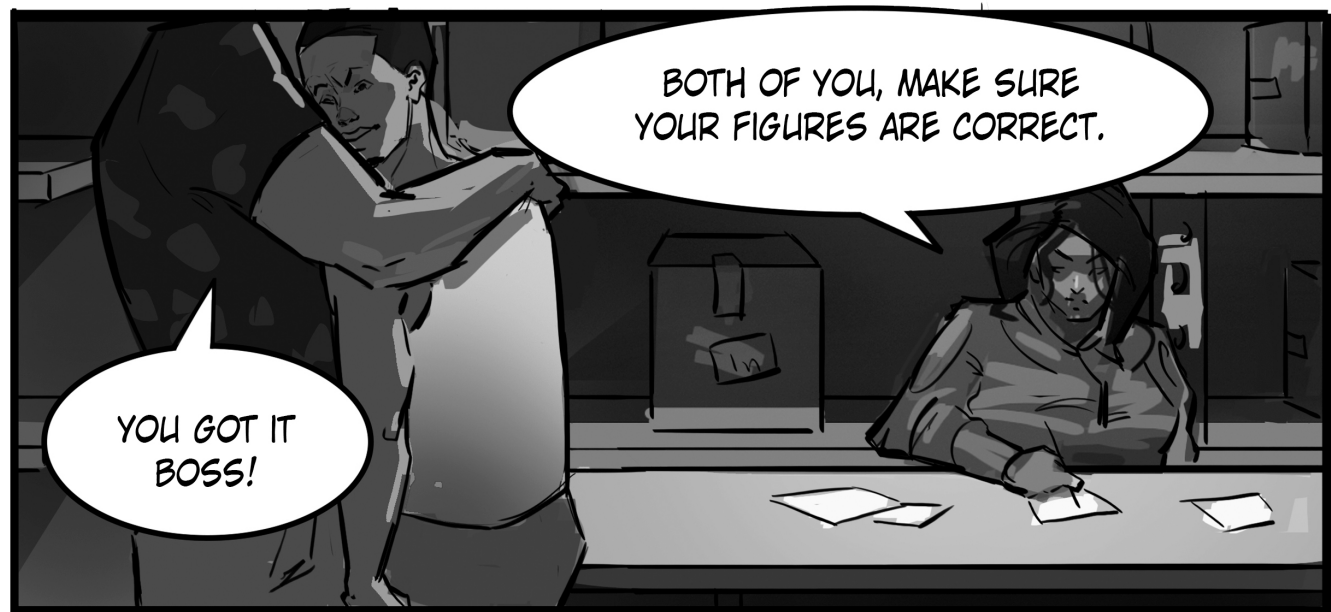
HELLO?

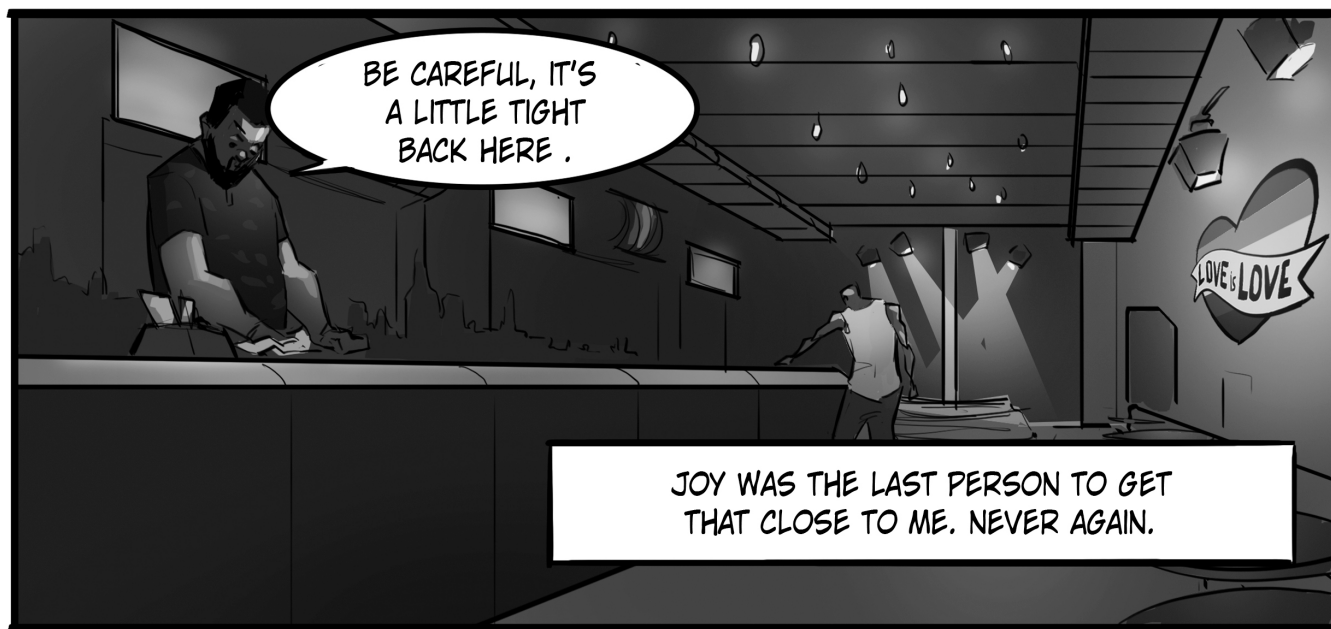
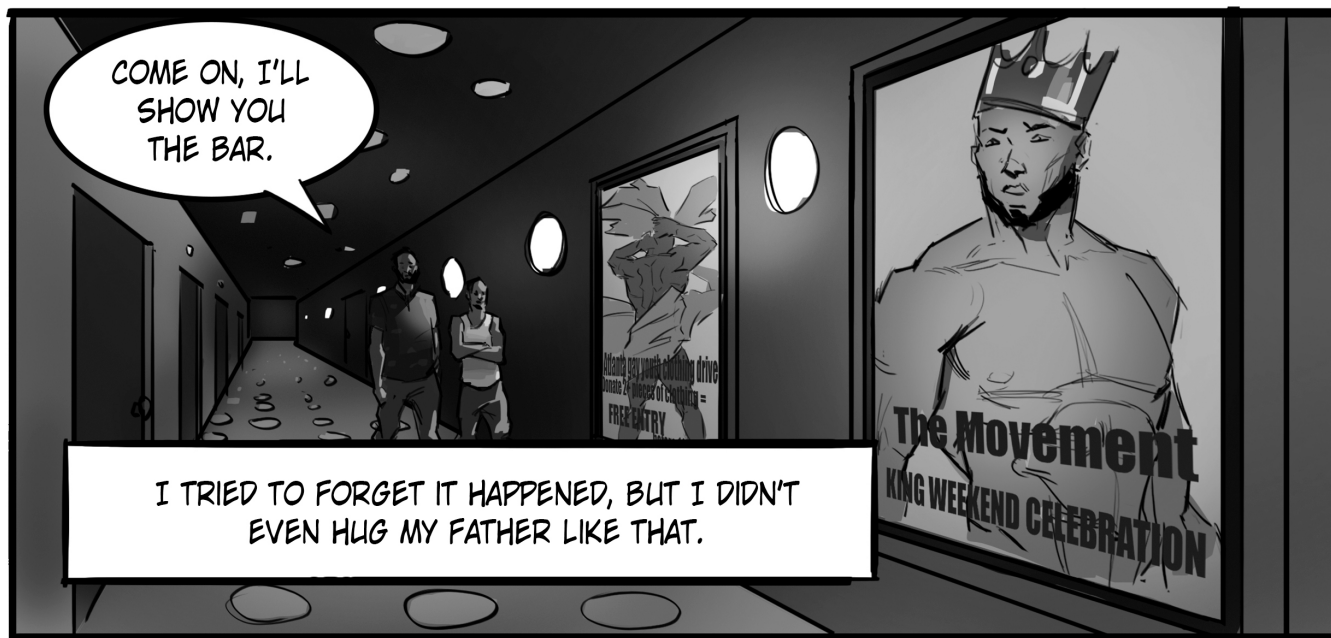
IN GEORGIA YOU CAN SERVE
LIQUOR BEFORE 21, SO I TOOK
A JOB AS A FREELANCE
BARTENDER.



YOU'RE FROM THE
AGENCY RIGHT? COME IN.

BUT I'D NEVER WORKED IN A CLUB BEFORE,
ESPECIALLY NOT A CLUB LIKE THIS.











YOU GOT ME!
I'M NOT REALLY THE
CLUBBING TYPE.



HA! NO SH*T!

HE BARELY SAID
A WORD TO ANYONE
ALL NIGHT!

YEAH, WHAT'S GOING
ON, MAN?



SO, YOU KNOW,
THE TRUTH IS...

I-I JUST GOT OUT OF
A RELATIONSHIP.



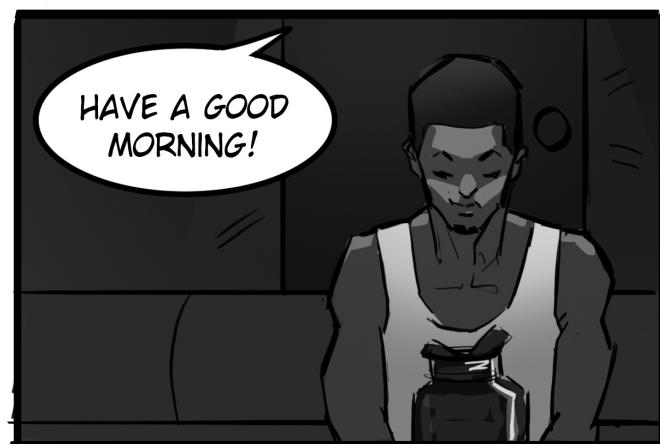
I GOT CHEATED
ON... A LOT.

I'M SORRY...



IT WAS REALLY
MESSY, AND THEY
WERE MY FIRST, AND...





SEOUL



Story: R.D. Hunter
Art: Minordred

I GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE
AT THE HEIGHT OF THE 2008
RECESSION.

ANYTHING SEEMED BETTER THAN LIVING
WITH MY PARENTS AND WORKING
DOOR-TO-DOOR SALES, SO I TOOK A
JOB TEACHING ENGLISH OVERSEAS.

MY FIRST WEEK IN SEOUL
FELT LIKE A PAID VACATION.

AND THERE, ALONE, YOU BEGIN
THE LONG PROCESS OF
SETTLING INTO YOUR NEW HOME.

BUT AFTER TEACHER
ORIENTATION, THEY DUMP YOU IN
THE MIDDLE OF THE CITY.

Cereal Breakfast 10 lbs



FOR ME, THE FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS WAS STOCKING MY PANTRY.

Water and Snacks 12 lbs



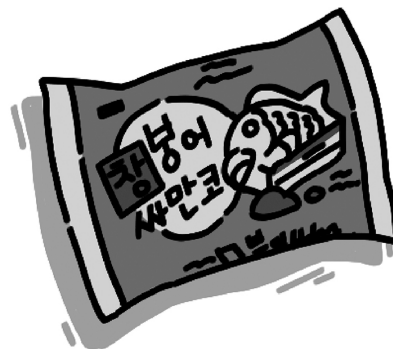
I DEFINITELY WASN'T READY TO ORDER AT A RESTAURANT BY MYSELF.

Fried Chicken Dinner 14 lbs



BUT AT LEAST MY PARENTS TAUGHT ME HOW TO COOK.

Ice Cream Dessert 3.5 oz



AND ANYTHING WAS BETTER THAN EATING KIMCHI EVERY DAMN DAY.





A BRIEF HISTORY OF CITY PLANNING IN SEOUL

1960S

AFTER THE KOREAN WAR, THE COUNTRY EXPERIENCED MAJOR ECONOMIC GROWTH DURING A PERIOD KNOWN AS THE MIRACLE OF THE HAN RIVER. THE POPULATION EXPLODED AND A SEVERE HOUSING SHORTAGE FORCED MOST FAMILIES TO CROWD TOGETHER IN SHANTY TOWNS.

1970S

SEOUL'S MAYOR, NICKNAMED "THE BULLDOZER," RAZED SHANTY TOWNS, HOPING TO QUICKLY REPLACE THEM WITH 2,000 APARTMENT BLOCKS. ONLY 406 WERE BUILT BEFORE THE "WOW" APARTMENT BUILDING COLLAPSED KILLING 33 PEOPLE AND ENDED THE PUBLIC HOUSING PROGRAM.

TODAY

CONSTRAINED BY THE CITY'S UTILITARIAN PLANNING AND MOTIVATED SOLELY BY PROFIT, PRIVATE COMPANIES CRAMMED IN AS MANY LUXURY RESIDENCES AS POSSIBLE. THE RESULT IS A SPRAWLING LABYRINTH OF STREETS REPLETE WITH NEARLY IDENTICAL HIGH RISE APARTMENTS.

AFTER A FEW HOURS,
I STARTED FREAKING OUT.



GOOGLE MAPS DIDN'T
WORK IN SOUTH KOREA.



AND EVEN IF I HAD A CELL PHONE, THERE
WAS NO ONE I COULD CALL FOR HELP.



MY APARTMENT
WAS ONLY TWO
BLOCKS AWAY.







Bibimbap (비빔밥)



OVER TIME, I DEVELOPED A
TASTE FOR KOREAN FOOD.

Grilled Pork Belly (삼겹살구이)



THE SMELL OF IT BRINGS BACK
MEMORIES OF BIRTHDAYS AND
BAR CRAWLS.

Korean Fried Chicken (양념치킨)



I'VE INTRODUCED IT TO MANY
OF MY FRIENDS.

Kimchi (김치)

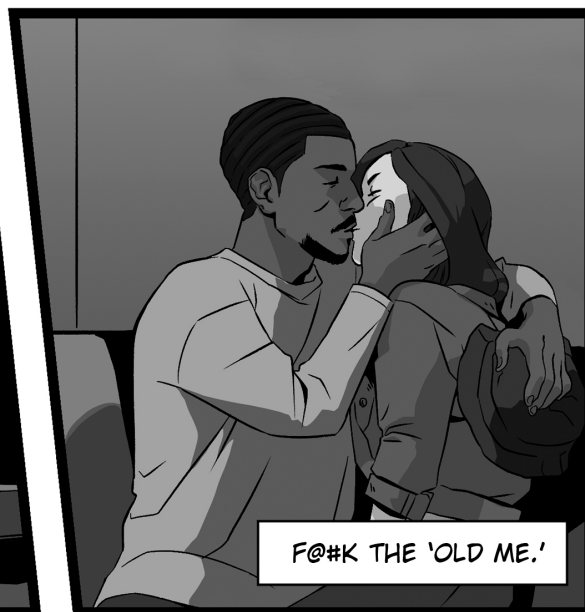
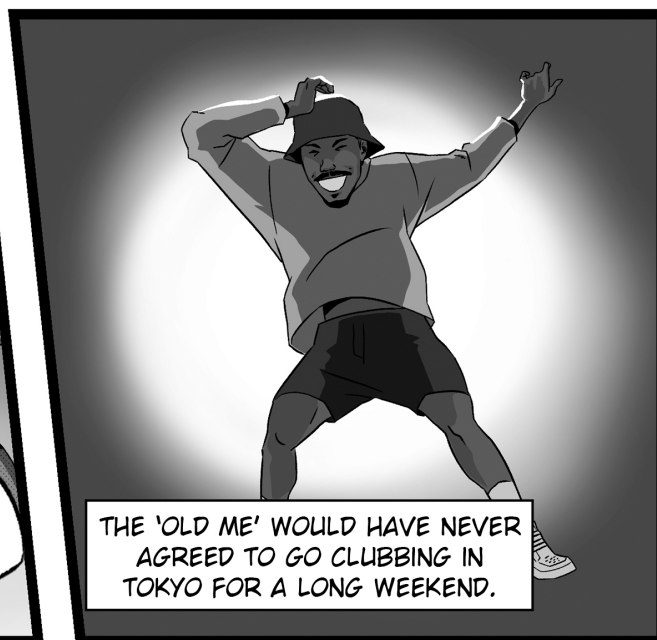
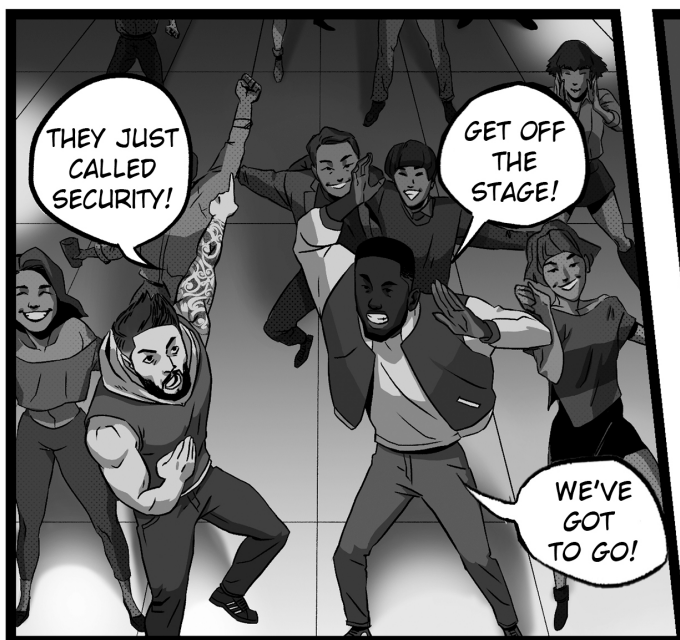


BUT IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE
I HAD MY LAST MEAL IN SEOUL.

TOKYO



Story: R.D. Hunter
Art: Corresbergue



THE 'NEW ME' WAS COOL.
THE 'NEW ME' WENT ON ADVENTURES.
THE 'NEW ME' EVEN HAD A CLIQUE.

I CAN'T BELIEVE
THEY LOST YOU IN
THE CROWD. WE WERE
THE ONLY TWO
BLACK GUYS
IN THE CLUB!

DUDE,
WHO WAS
THAT GIRL?
SHE WAS HOT!

I HAVE NO
IDEA.

THERE WAS O.A., THE SMOOTH-
TALKING KENYAN LADIES MAN.

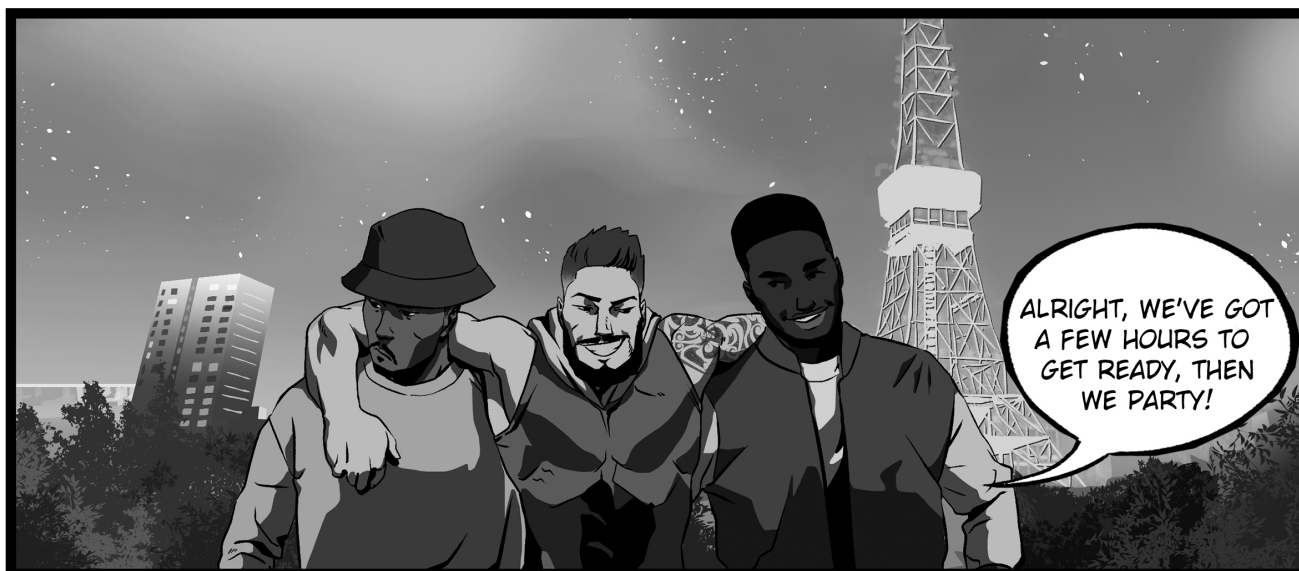
ANTÔNIO, THE CHISELED
BRAZILIAN ADONIS.

AND ME, THE GOOFY AFRICAN
AMERICAN PARTY ANIMAL.

I CALLED US THE '6 AM CREW,'
BECAUSE THAT'S USUALLY AROUND
THE TIME WE MADE IT BACK
AFTER A NIGHT OUT.

TOGETHER, IT FELT LIKE WE
COULD DO ANYTHING--

-EXCEPT LEAVE THE HOTEL
BEFORE SUNSET.



WHEN I AWOKE THE NEXT MORNING, O.A. AND ANTONIO STILL HADN'T RETURNED...



lonely traveler
MUST SEE
- Sushi in Tsujiki
- Palace in Chiyoda
- Cafe in Akihabara

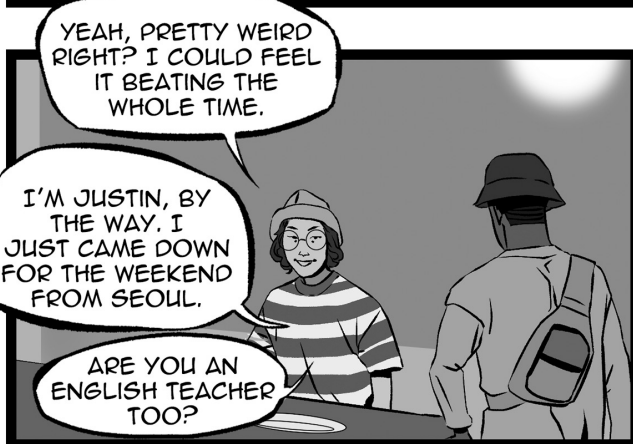
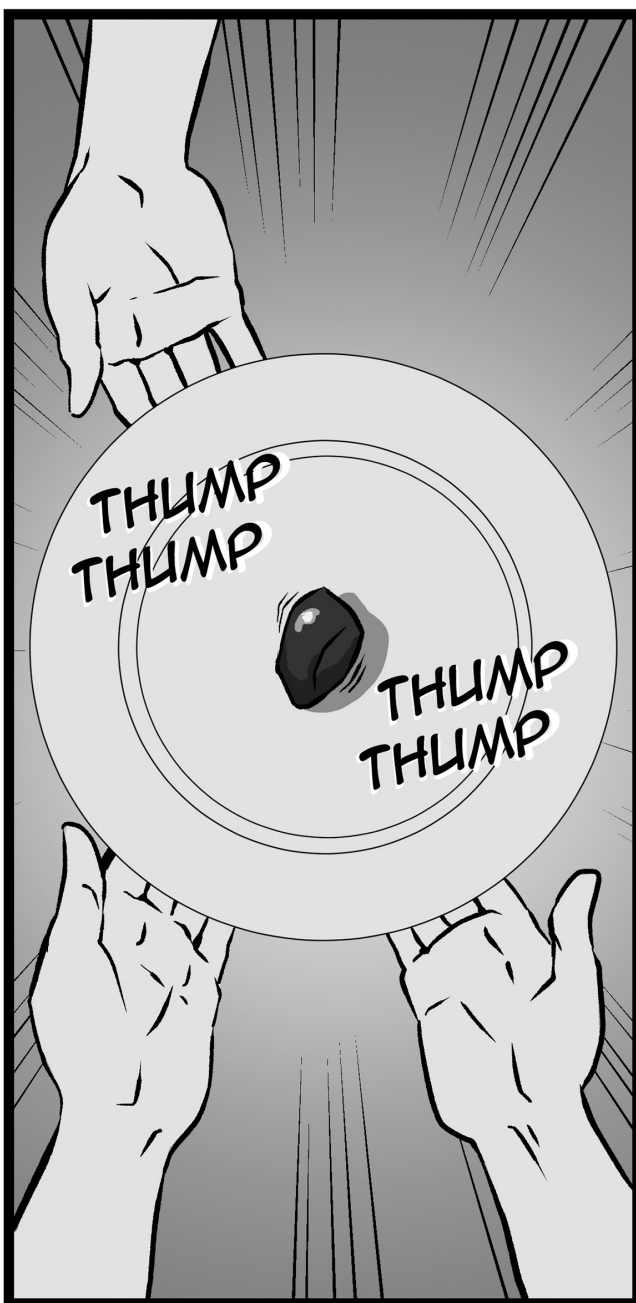
...AND I DIDN'T WAIT FOR THEM.

THE 'OLD ME' BELIEVED THAT FRIENDSHIPS COULD LAST FOREVER. THE 'NEW ME' WAS LESS NAIVE.

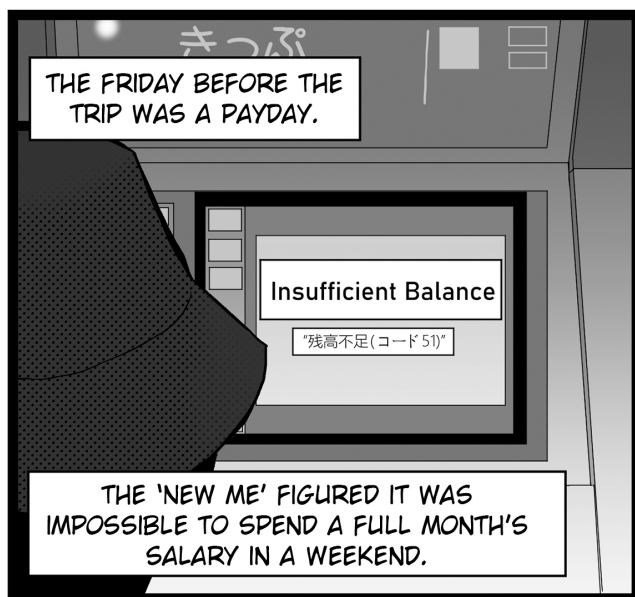
IT'S HARD TO HOLD ONTO ANYTHING WHEN YOU'RE JUST PASSING THROUGH. LIFE CHANGES AND WE ADAPT. I KNEW THAT MUCH WAS TRUE.

BUT AT THE TIME I OFTEN WONDERED, WHAT HAPPENS TO THE 'NEW ME' WHEN I RETURN TO THE STATES ALONE? WHO DO I BECOME THEN?









A black and white comic panel. On the right side, a man wearing a fedora hat is shown in profile, looking out of a train window. The window frame is visible on the left. Outside the window, a landscape is visible, featuring a large, snow-capped mountain (Mount Fuji) in the background, a bridge over a river in the middle ground, and some houses and trees in the foreground. The sky is cloudy.

I MADE IT ONTO THE TRAIN AND
ARRIVED AT THE AIRPORT JUST IN TIME
FOR MY FLIGHT BACK TO SEOUL.

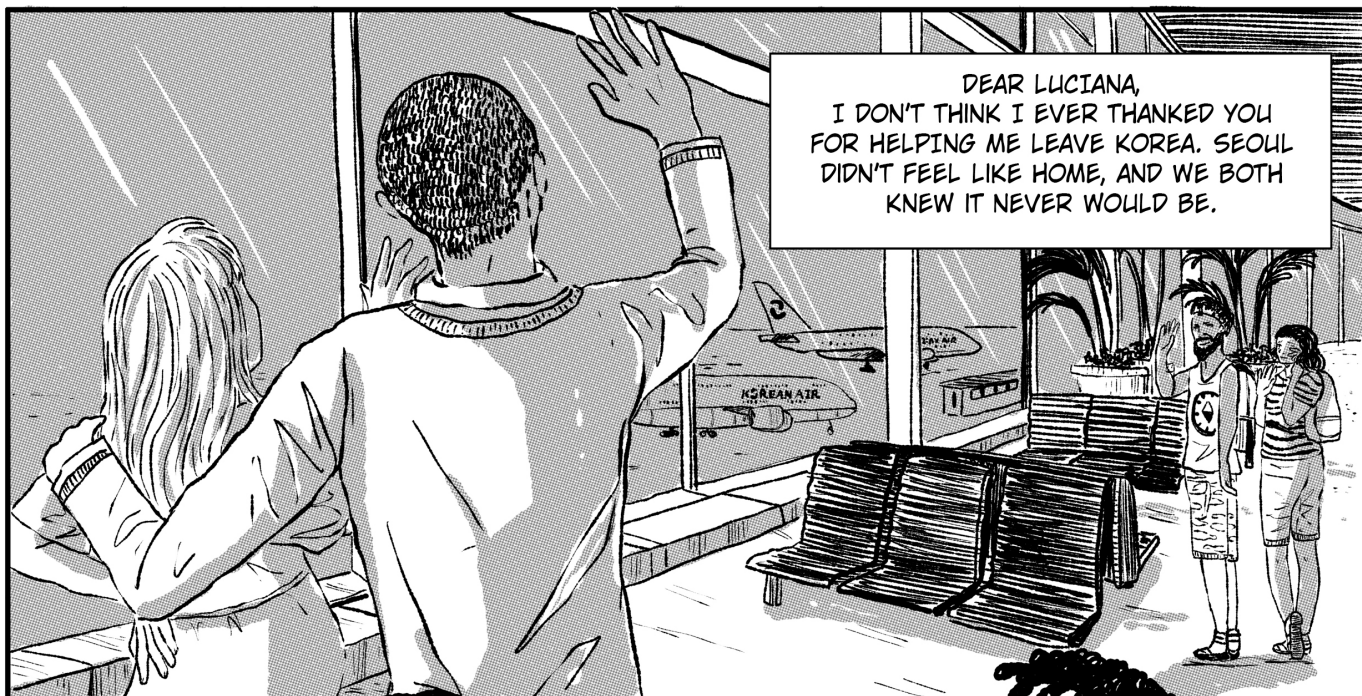
THE NEXT WEEKEND, I REUNITED WITH O.A. AND ANTONIO IN
ANOTHER CLUB WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT. MY FRIENDS
LENT ME THE MONEY I NEEDED TO GET THROUGH THE MONTH.

THE THREE OF US STAYED CLOSE UNTIL WE EACH MOVED ON
TO BECOME NEWER, BETTER VERSIONS OF OURSELVES.

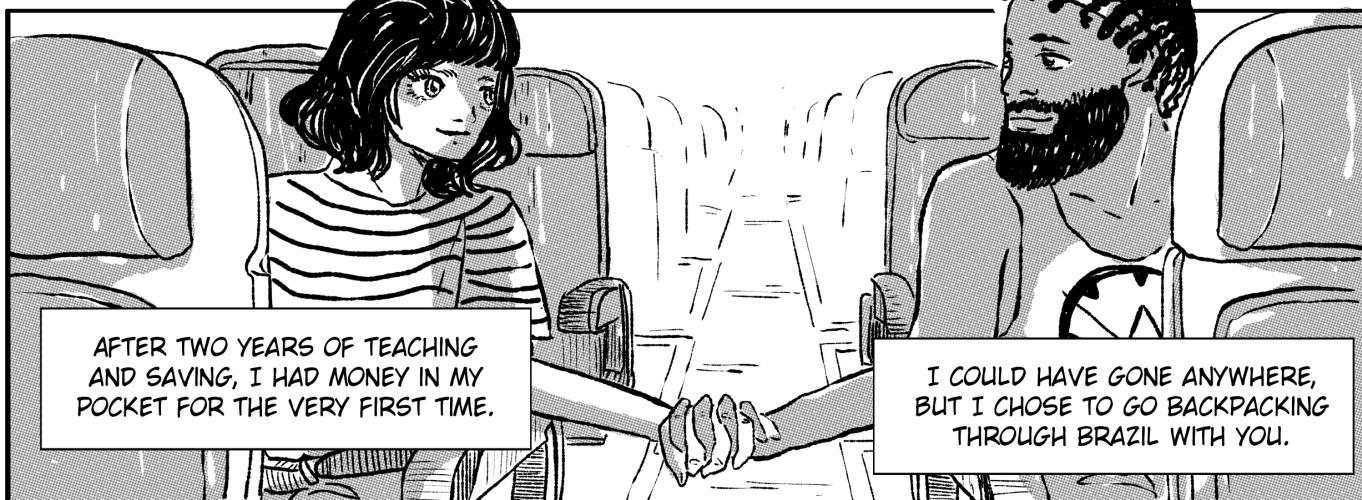
RIO DE JANEIRO



Story: R.D. Hunter
Art: Cherishelle_



DEAR LUCIANA,
I DON'T THINK I EVER THANKED YOU
FOR HELPING ME LEAVE KOREA. SEOUL
DIDN'T FEEL LIKE HOME, AND WE BOTH
KNEW IT NEVER WOULD BE.



AFTER TWO YEARS OF TEACHING
AND SAVING, I HAD MONEY IN MY
POCKET FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME.

I COULD HAVE GONE ANYWHERE,
BUT I CHOSE TO GO BACKPACKING
THROUGH BRAZIL WITH YOU.



HOW COULD I REFUSE?
YOU HAD SUCH A GREAT PLAN

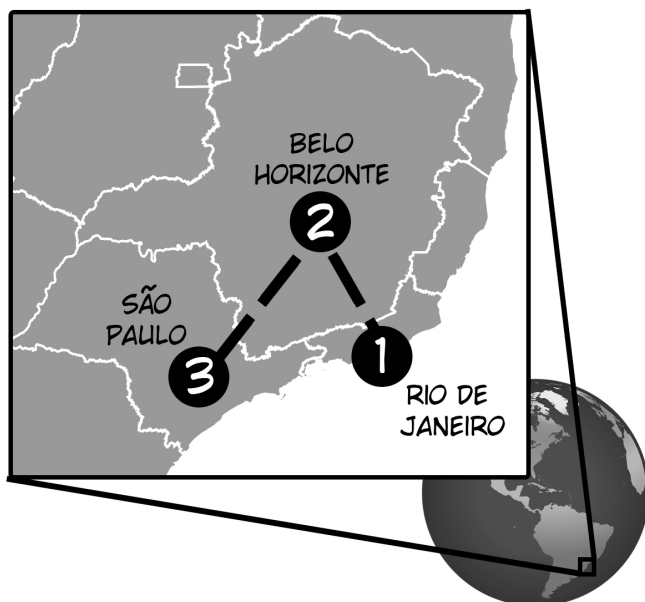
BEM VINDOS AO
BRASIL!

NICE TO
MEET YOU!

¡MUCHO
GUSTO!



SOUTHEAST BRAZIL (OUR MONTH-LONG ROUTE)



1. RIO DE JANEIRO



I'LL SPEND THE FIRST TWO WEEKS LEARNING HOW TO SURF ON IPANEMA BEACH WHILE LUCIANA READS ROMANCE NOVELS IN THE SAND.

2. BELO HORIZONTE



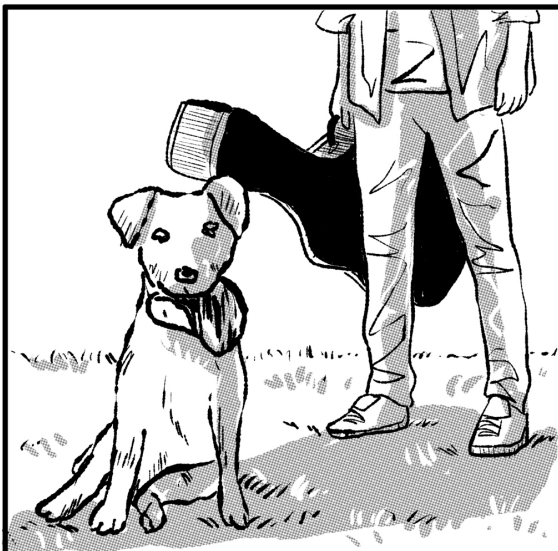
AFTER THAT, LUCIANA ORGANIZED ANOTHER HOST FAMILY IN BELO HORIZONTE TO TAKE US ON HIKE THROUGH SCENIC PARKS FOR ANOTHER WEEK.

3. SÃO PAULO



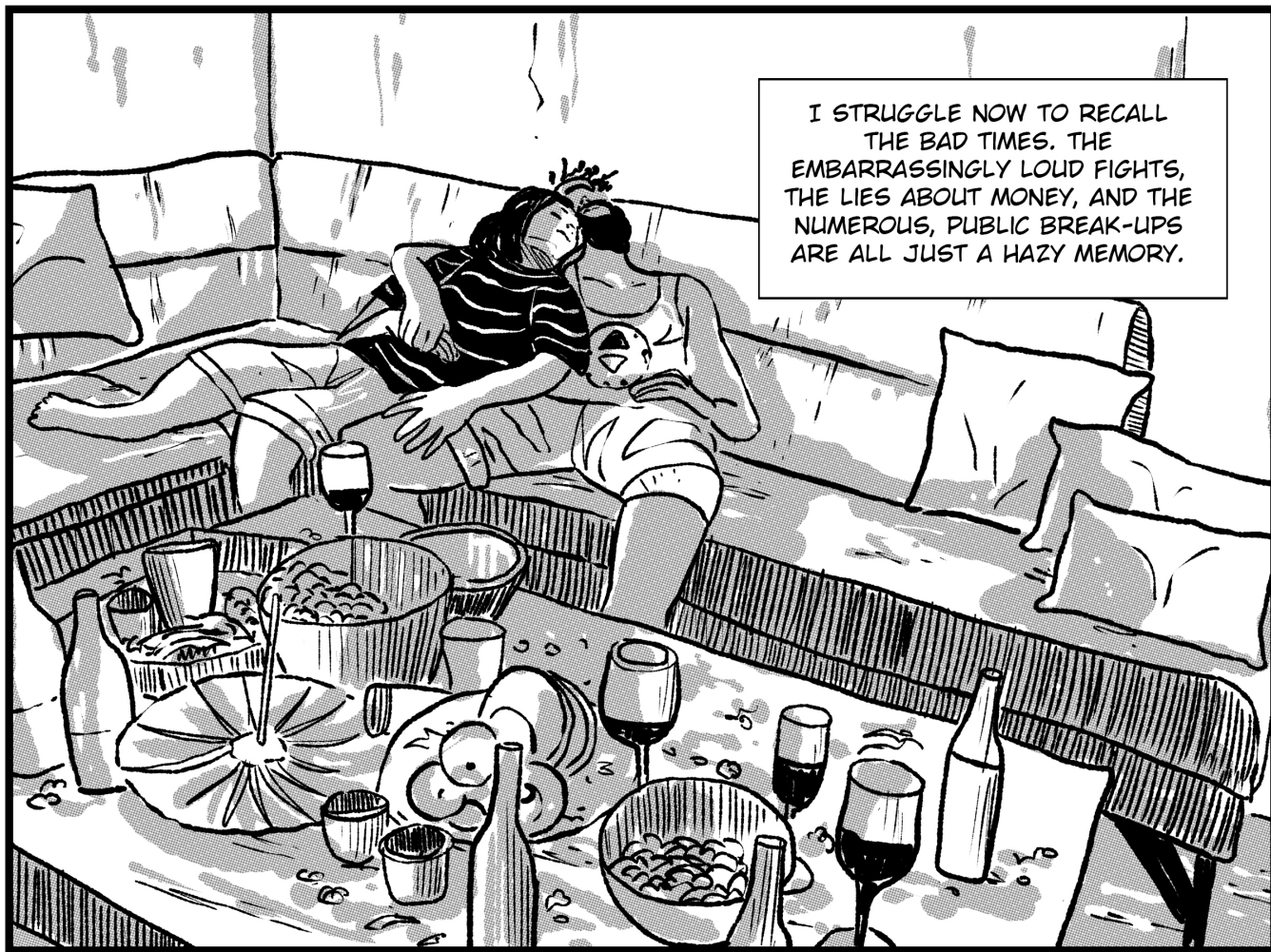
THEN WE'LL HEAD TO SÃO PAULO AND STAY IN A HOSTEL FOR ANOTHER WEEK WHILE WE LOOK FOR THE BEST TEMAKERIAS AND CHURRASCARIAS.







IT ALWAYS FELT LIKE THE
GOOD TIMES HAD ONLY JUST
BEGUN, YET SOMEHOW, THEY
WERE ALREADY OVER.



I STRUGGLE NOW TO RECALL
THE BAD TIMES. THE
EMBARRASSINGLY LOUD FIGHTS,
THE LIES ABOUT MONEY, AND THE
NUMEROUS, PUBLIC BREAK-UPS
ARE ALL JUST A HAZY MEMORY.

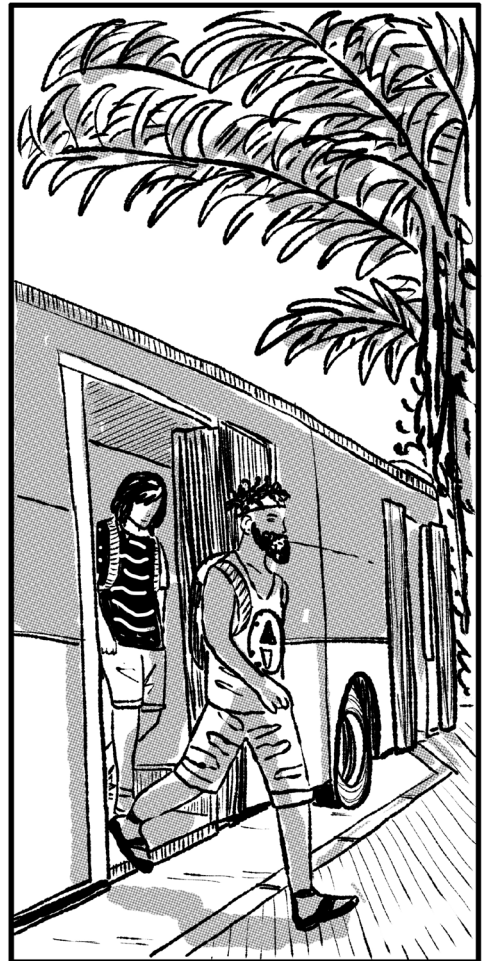
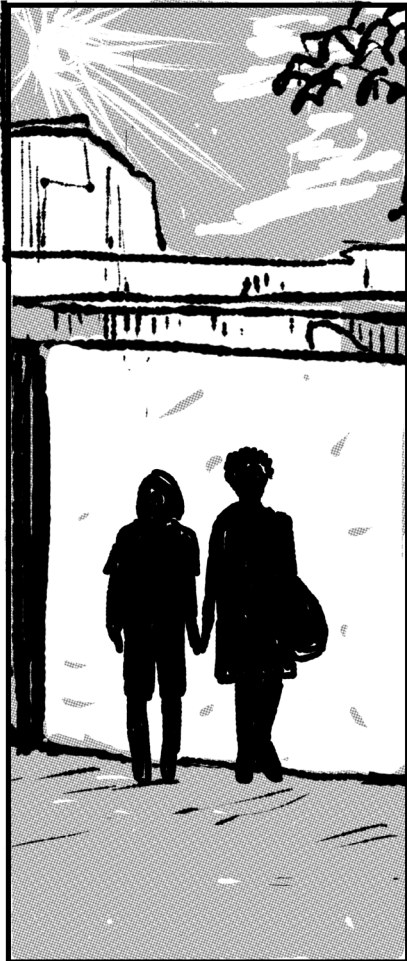


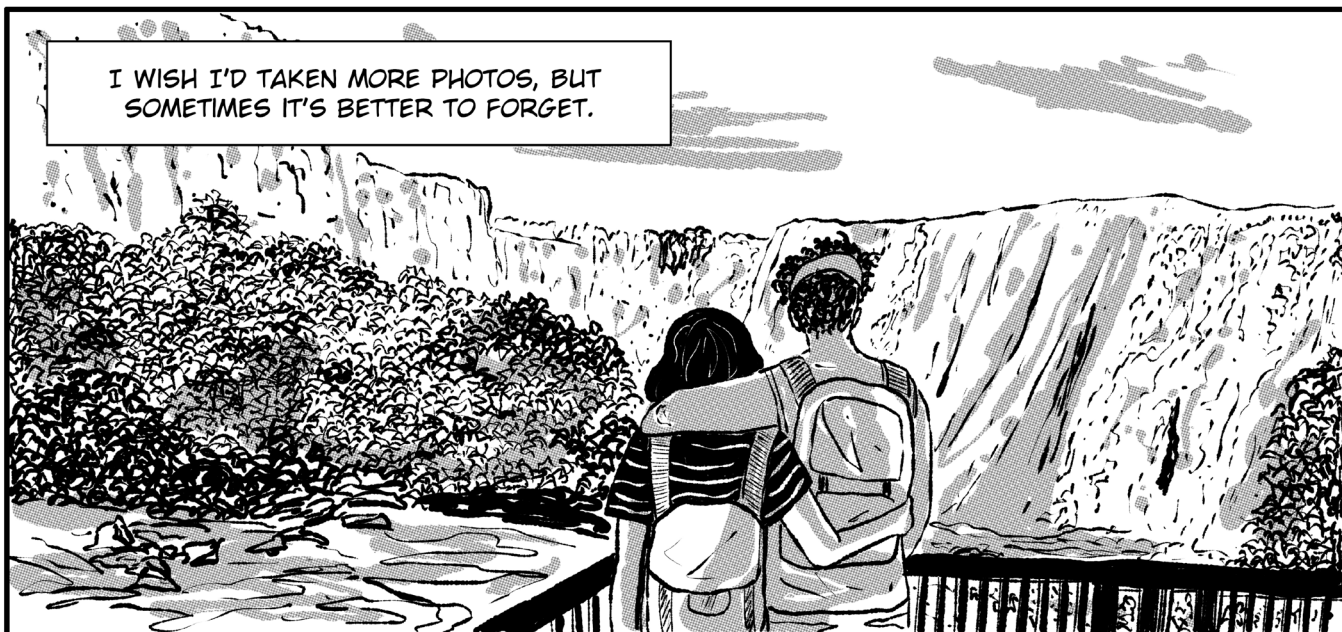
LIGH...
DO YOU SMELL
THAT?



SNIFF!
SNIFF!







I WISH I'D TAKEN MORE PHOTOS, BUT SOMETIMES IT'S BETTER TO FORGET.



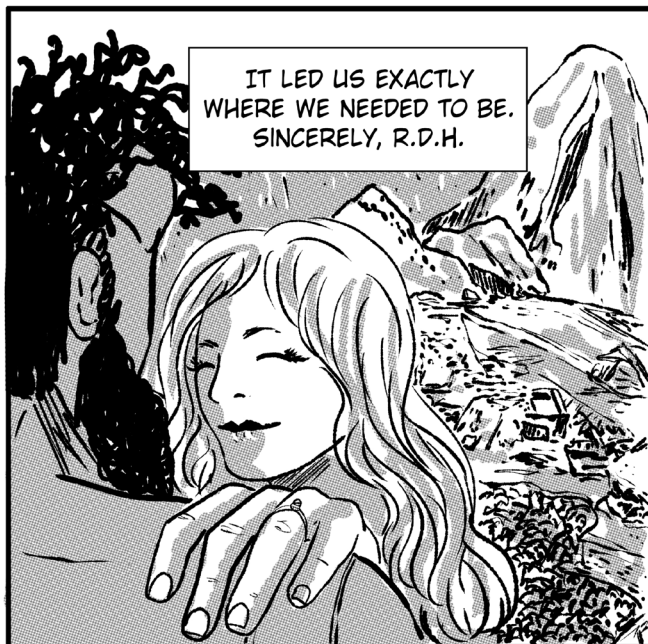
I KNOW WE NEVER SAW EACH OTHER AGAIN AFTER THAT BUT...



...IF YOU EVER READ THIS, I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW...



...I STILL THINK IT WAS A GOOD PLAN.



IT LED US EXACTLY WHERE WE NEEDED TO BE. SINCERELY, R.D.H.

ANNAPOLIS

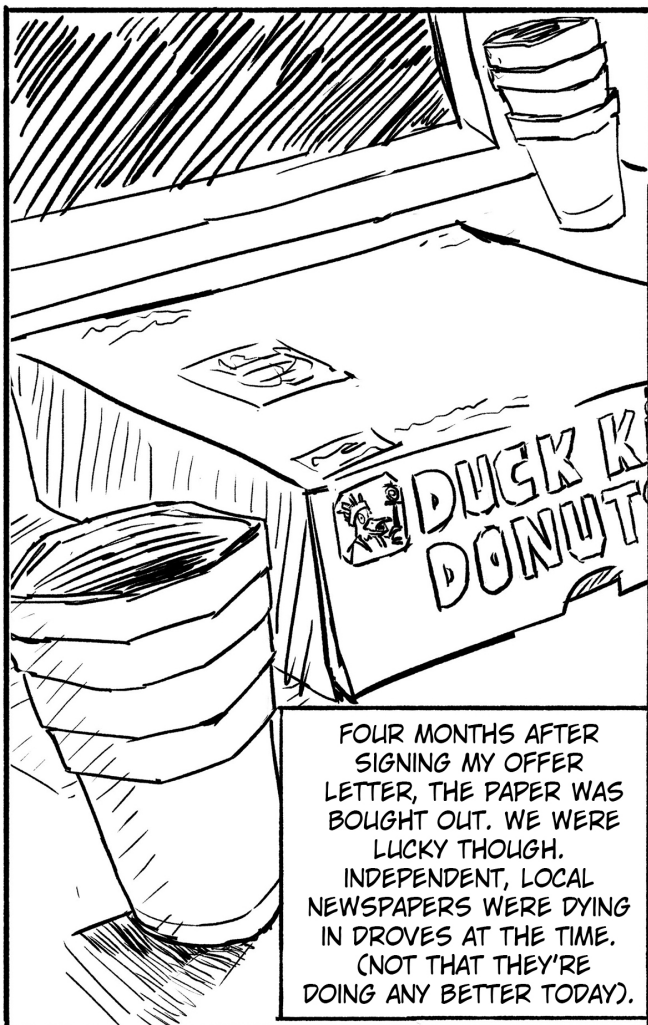
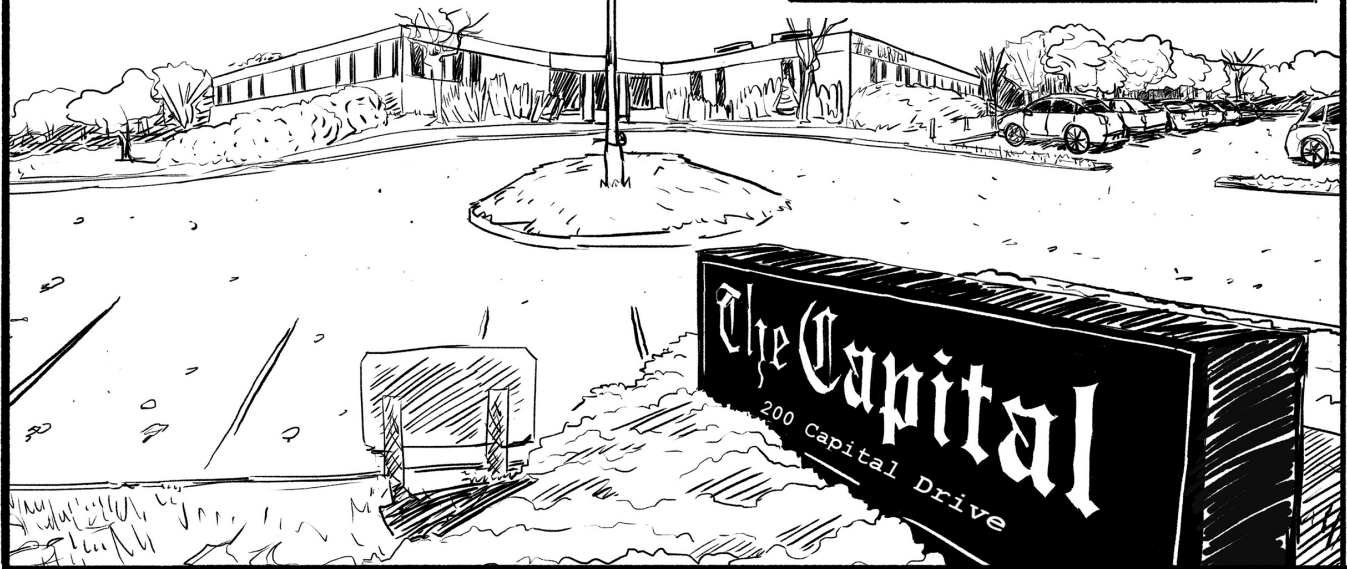


Story: R.D. Hunter

Art: Facuacu

AFTER RETURNING STATESIDE, I DECIDED IT WAS PROBABLY TIME TO SERIOUSLY PURSUE A CAREER... HOPEFULLY AS A WRITER.

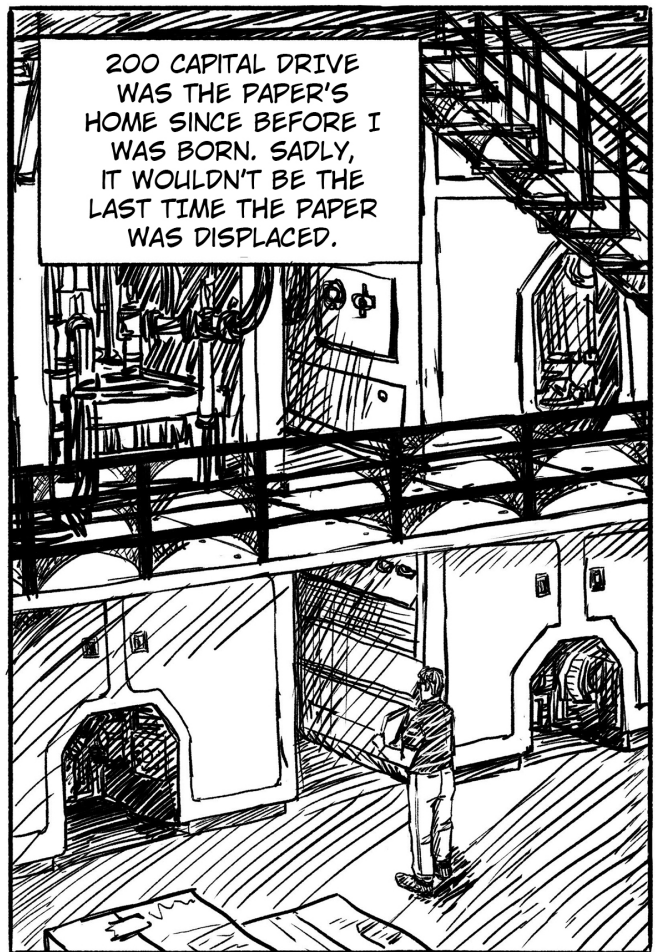
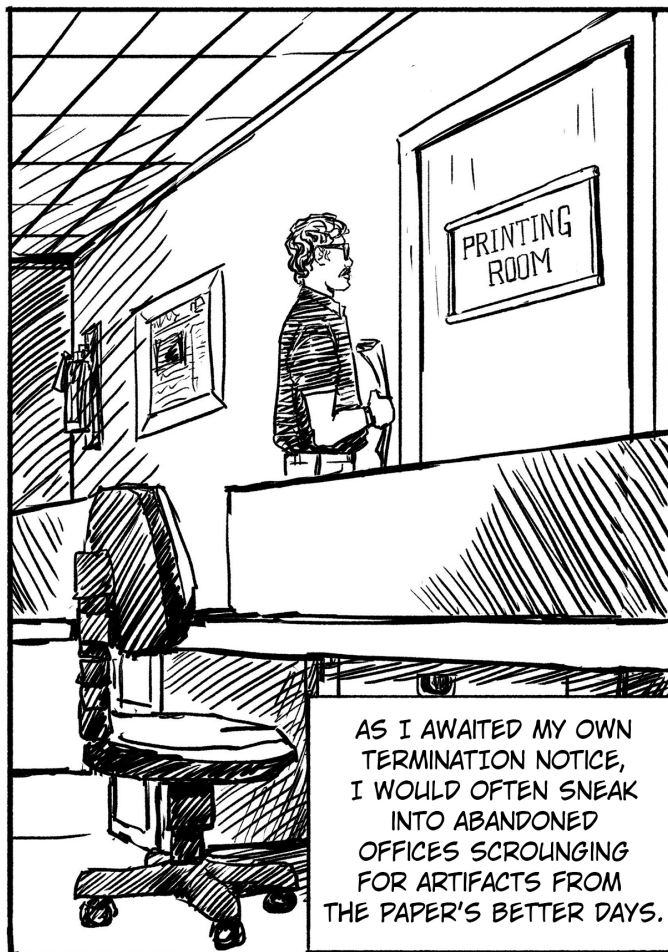
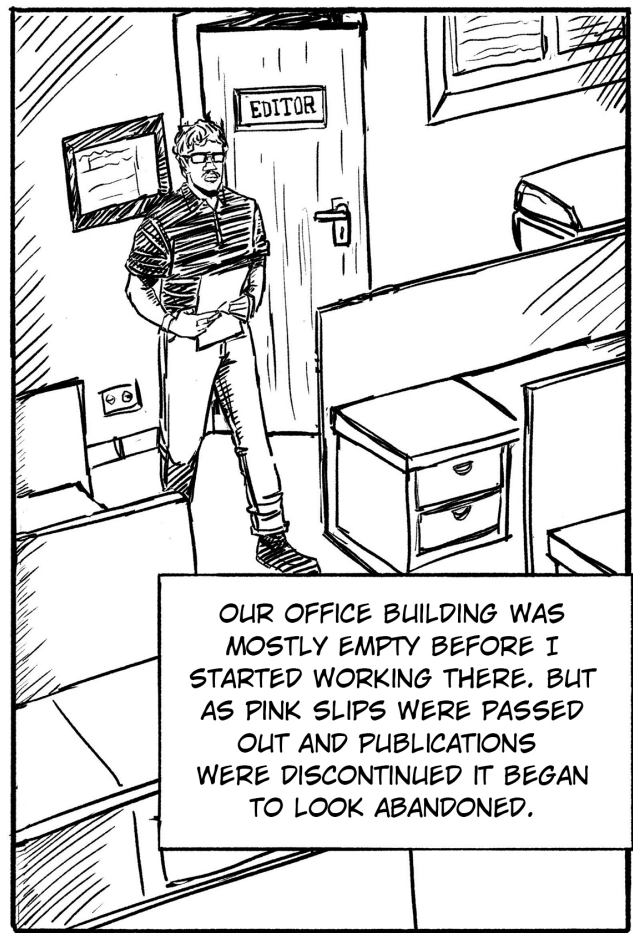
I CONTACTED EVERY NEWSPAPER WITHIN DRIVING DISTANCE OF MY PARENT'S HOUSE AND BEGGED FOR A JOB. ONLY ONE RESPONDED AND LESS THAN A YEAR LATER, I STARTED WORKING AT THE CAPITAL.



FOUR MONTHS AFTER SIGNING MY OFFER LETTER, THE PAPER WAS BOUGHT OUT. WE WERE LUCKY THOUGH. INDEPENDENT, LOCAL NEWSPAPERS WERE DYING IN DROVES AT THE TIME. (NOT THAT THEY'RE DOING ANY BETTER TODAY).

BUT BEING SOLD TO THE THIRD LARGEST PUBLISHING COMPANY IN THE COUNTRY DOESN'T COME WITHOUT MASSIVE LAYOFFS.



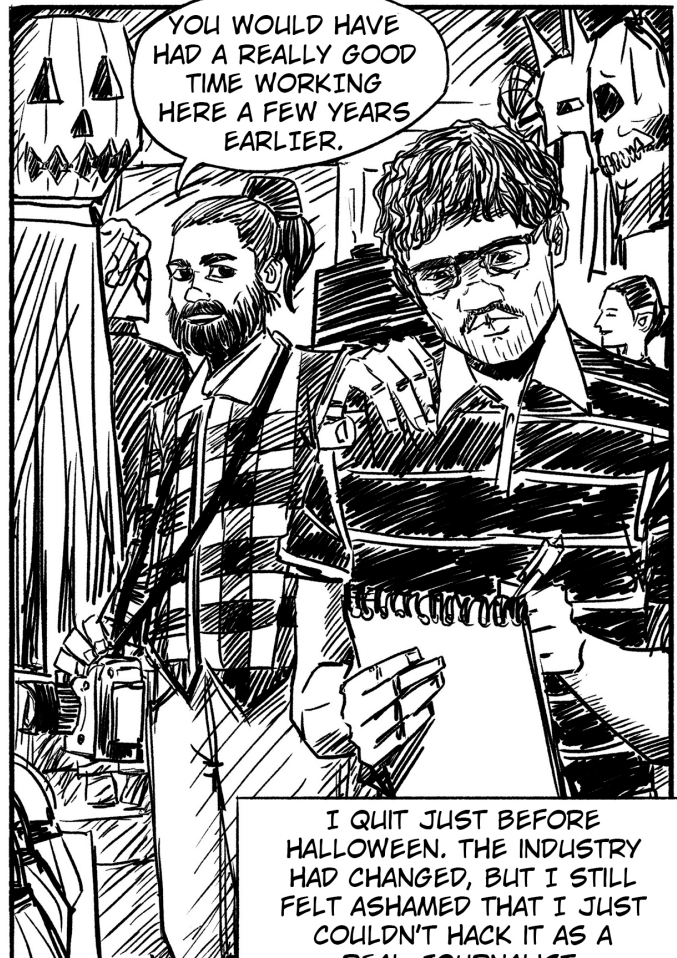




BY SEPTEMBER, THE REMAINING STAFF HAD PACKED UP AND MOVED INTO A NEW, SMALLER OFFICE NEAR THE MALL.

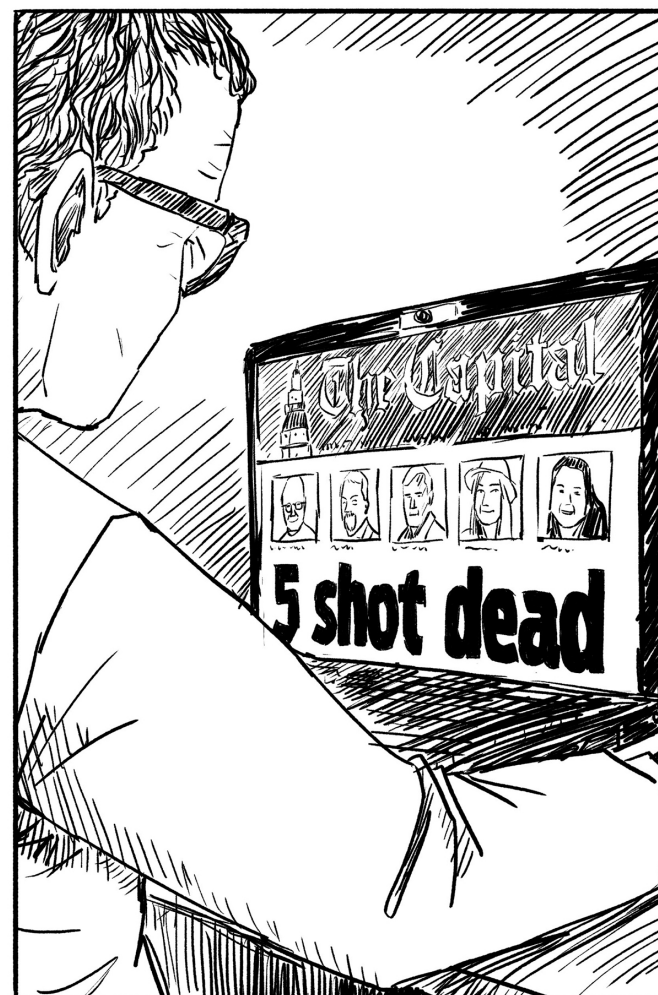


BY SOME MIRACLE I WAS STILL AMONG THEM, THOUGH I KNEW IT WOULDN'T BE FOR LONG. BEAT REPORTING IS A TOUGH JOB, AND THE PAY ISN'T GREAT.



YOU WOULD HAVE HAD A REALLY GOOD TIME WORKING HERE A FEW YEARS EARLIER.

I QUIT JUST BEFORE HALLOWEEN. THE INDUSTRY HAD CHANGED, BUT I STILL FELT ASHAMED THAT I JUST COULDN'T HACK IT AS A REAL JOURNALIST.



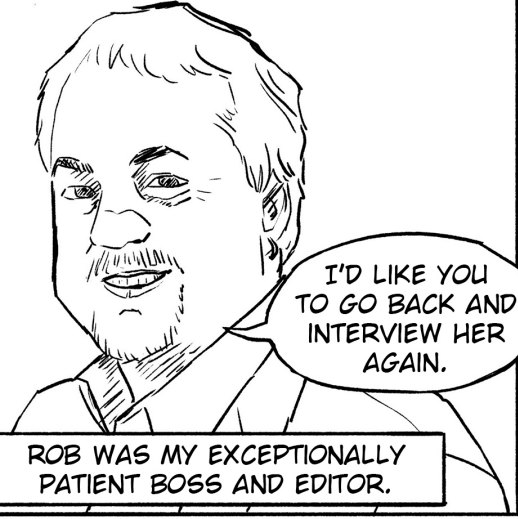
5 shot dead

I KNEW MOST OF THE VICTIMS.



OH, GOOD CATCH!
I ALMOST MISSED
THAT WIDOW.

I SPENT FRIDAY NIGHTS
WITH GERALD MAKING
LAST MINUTE COPY EDITS.



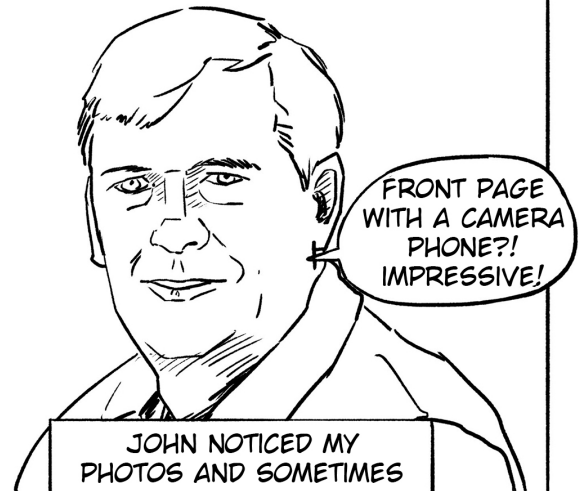
I'D LIKE YOU
TO GO BACK AND
INTERVIEW HER
AGAIN.

ROB WAS MY EXCEPTIONALLY
PATIENT BOSS AND EDITOR.



I HEARD A
RUMOR THE
OTHER DAY.
WANNA CHECK
IT OUT?

WENDI GAVE ME A STORY
THAT GOT ME PUBLISHED
IN THE AP.



FRONT PAGE
WITH A CAMERA
PHONE?!
IMPRESSIVE!

JOHN NOTICED MY
PHOTOS AND SOMETIMES
TALKED SHOP WITH ME.

REBECCA WAS THE
ONLY ONE I DIDN'T
KNOW. UNLIKE THE
OTHERS, SHE WAS ON
THE SALES SIDE OF
THE PAPER. BUT LIKE
ME, SHE WAS NEW IN
THE OFFICE.



THE ATTACK ON THE CAPITAL GAZETTE NEWSROOM

THE EVENTS OF THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 2018 (JUST AFTER 2:30 PM)

AS THE DETAILS EMERGED,
I COULDN'T STOP PLAYING OUT
THE SCENARIO IN MY HEAD.

1. AFTER ENTERING THE BUILDING, THE SHOOTER BARRICADED THIS DOOR, TRAPPING ELEVEN PEOPLE INSIDE.
2. THE SHOOTER SHATTERED THIS DOOR WITH A SHOTGUN BLAST AS HE ENTERED THE OFFICE.
3. THE SHOOTER FIRES TWICE AT REBECCA, KILLING HER.
4. SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE, WENDI LUNGES AT THE SHOOTER WITH A TRASH CAN, BUYING SOME STAFF MEMBERS TIME TO ESCAPE AND HIDE.
5. THE SHOOTER KILLS WENDI AND CONTINUE HIS SPREE THROUGH THE OFFICE ALONG THIS ROUTE.
6. LESS THAN A MINUTE AFTER THE FIRST 911 CALL, POLICE OFFICERS ARRIVE. THE SHOOTER SURRENDERS AFTER BEING FOUND HIDING UNDER THIS DESK.

A: REBECCA'S DESK

D: GERALD'S DESK

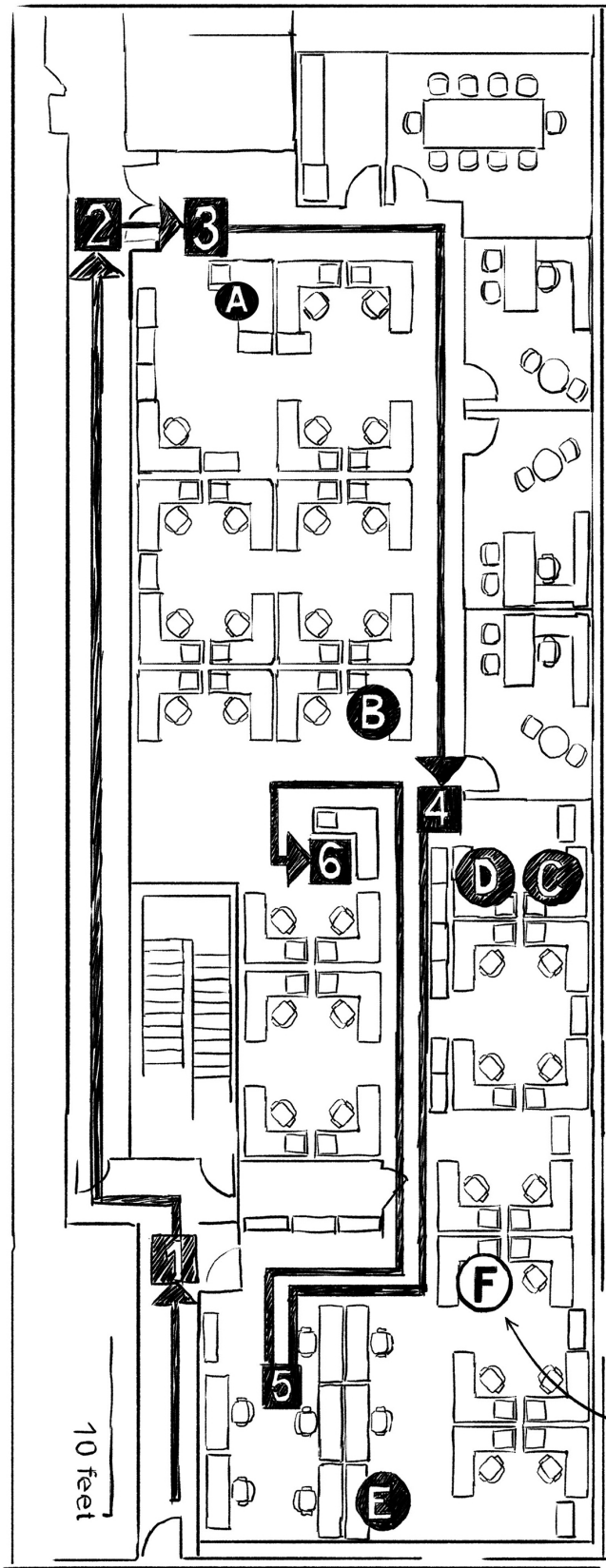
B: WENDI'S DESK

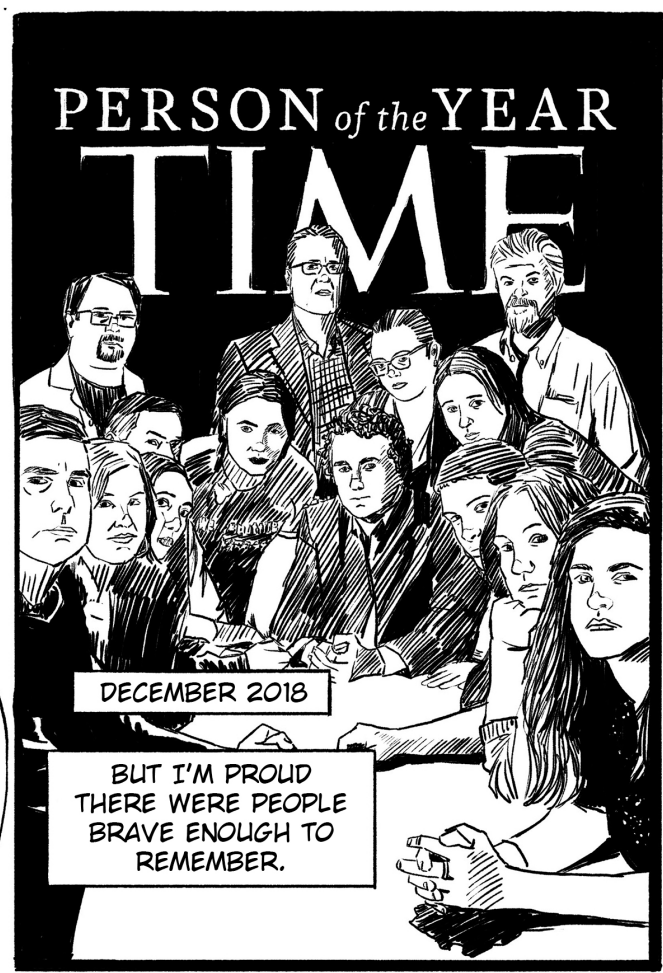
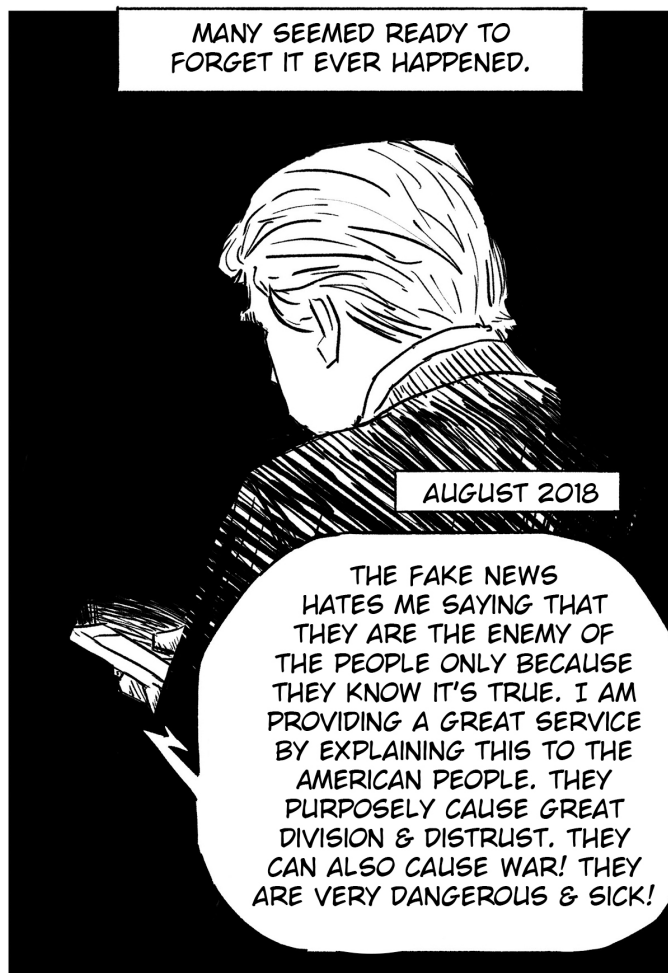
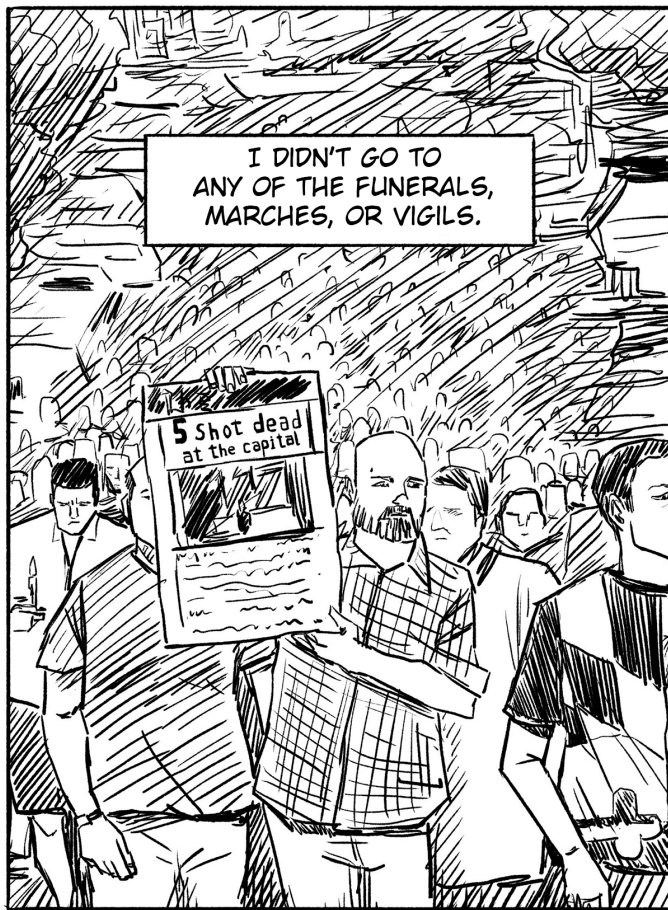
E: JOHN'S DESK

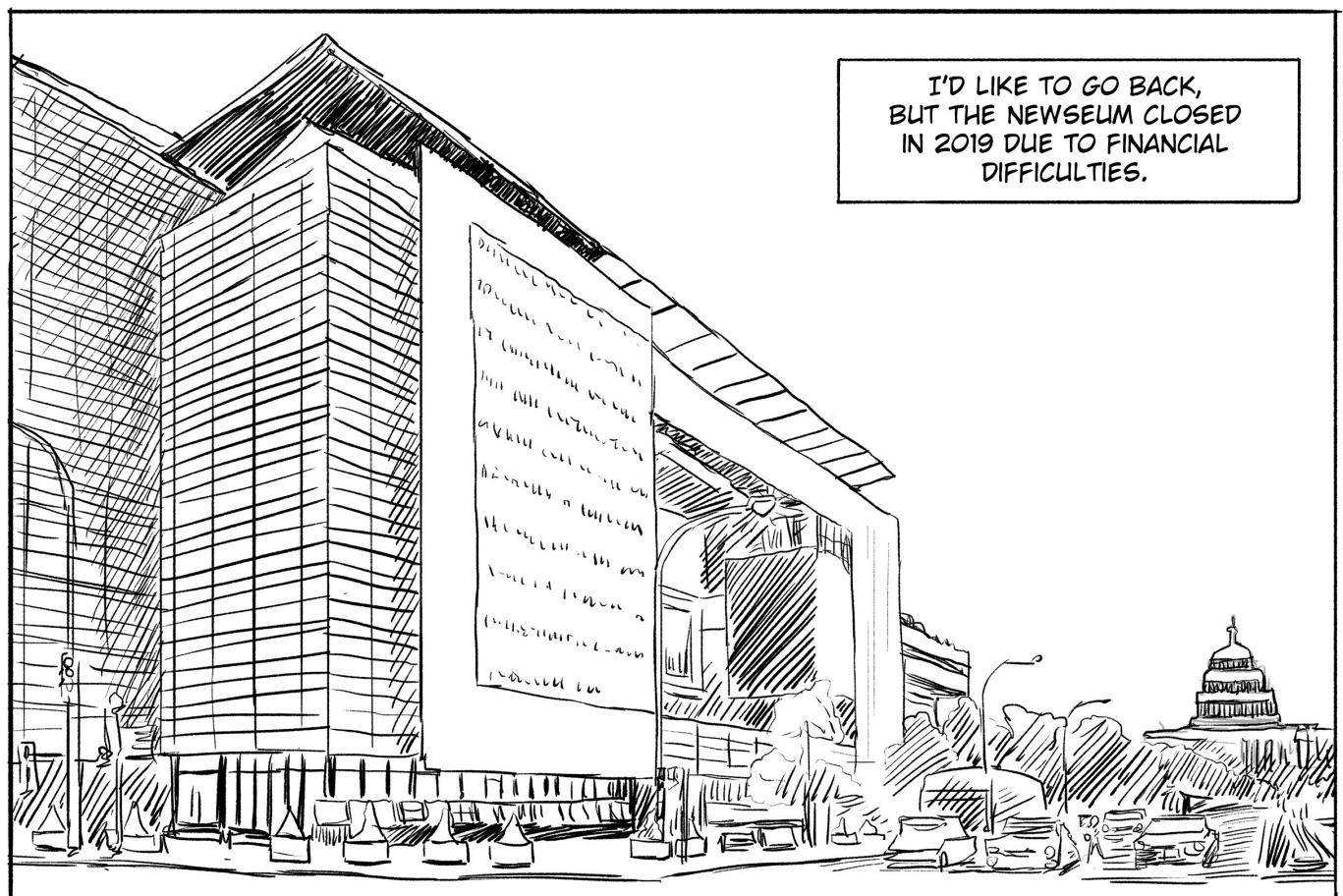
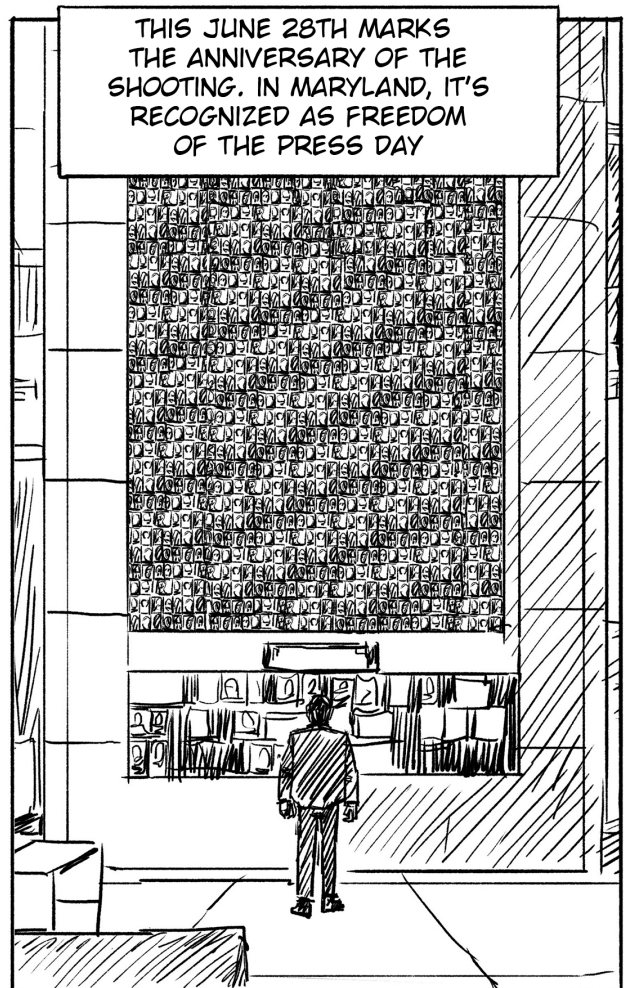
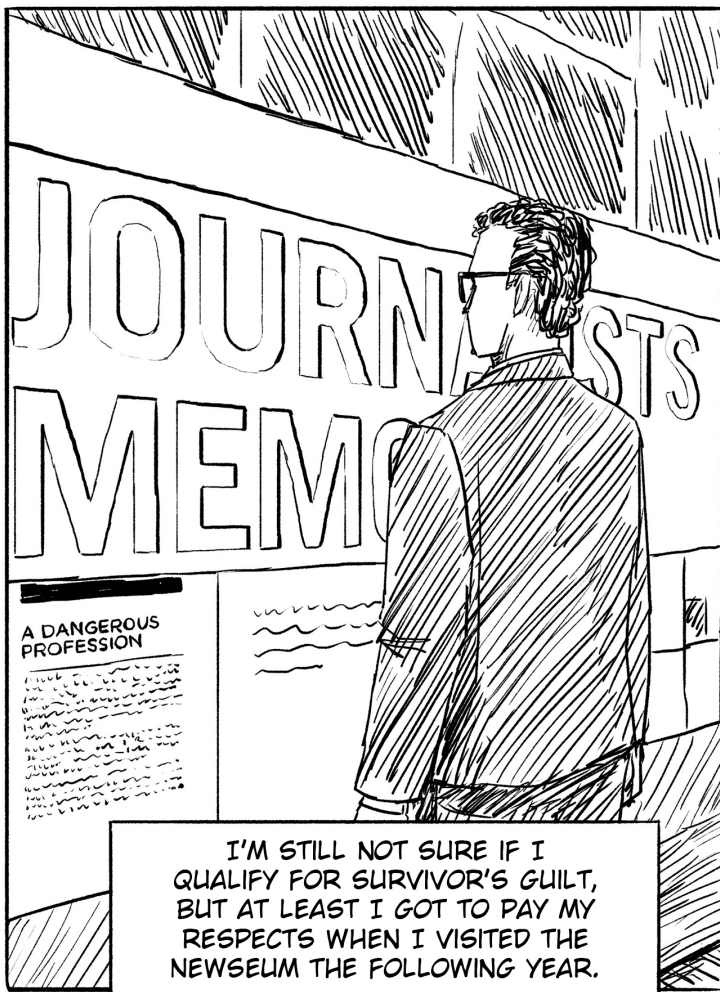
C: ROB'S DESK

F: MY OLD DESK

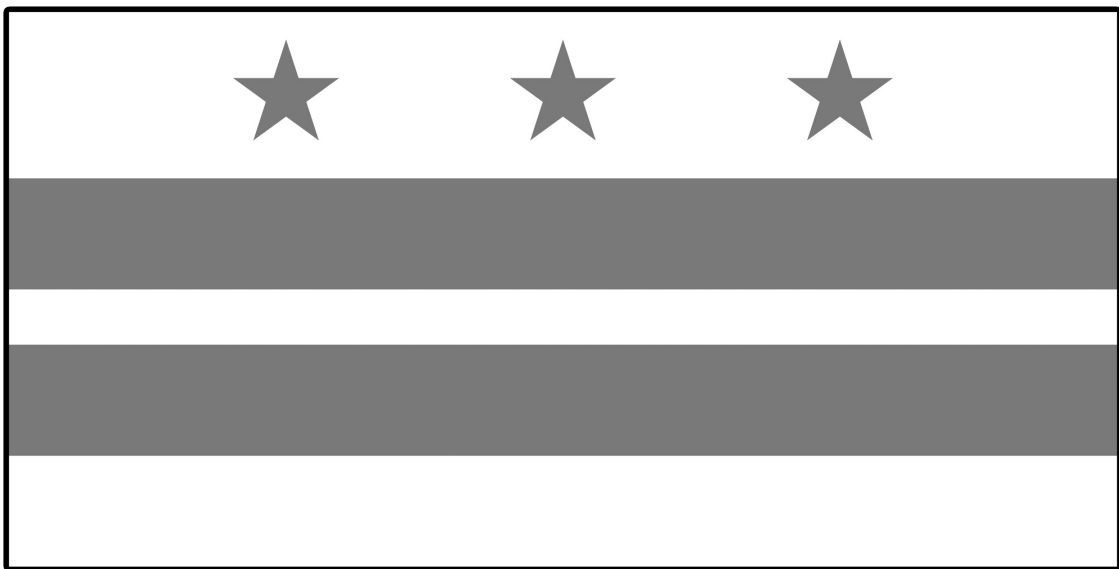
WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED
IF I WAS HERE THAT DAY?







DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



Story: R.D. Hunter
Art: Jan Mesq

TEACHING IN THE STATES
IS VERY DIFFERENT
FROM TEACHING ABROAD



BUT AFTER FAILING
AS A REPORTER, IT
WAS THE ONLY JOB
I KNEW I LOVED.

AND I WAS LUCKY
ENOUGH TO FIND A
REALLY GOOD SCHOOL.



YOU'RE THE
NEW READING
TEACHER, RIGHT?

ARE YOU OK?



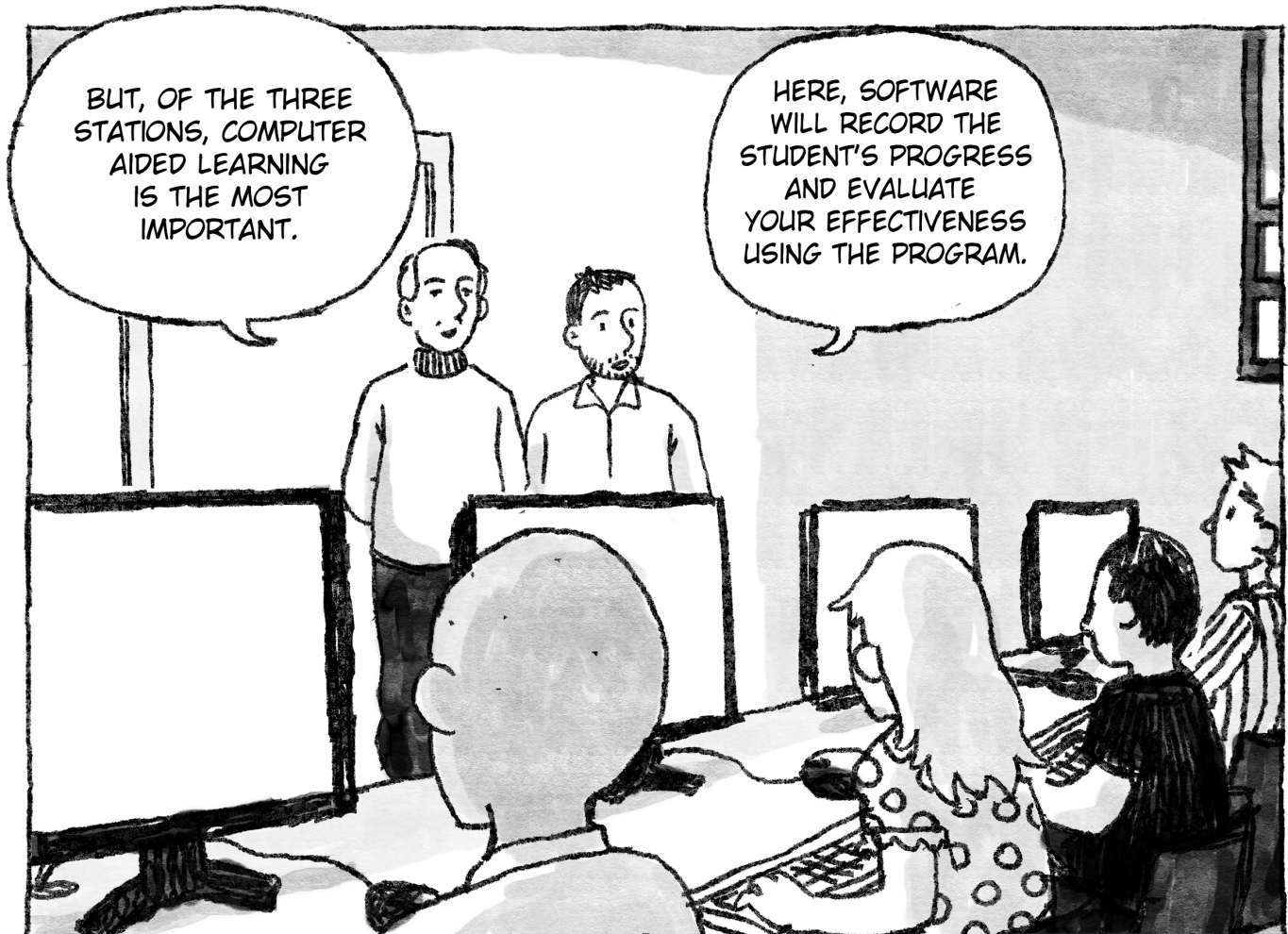
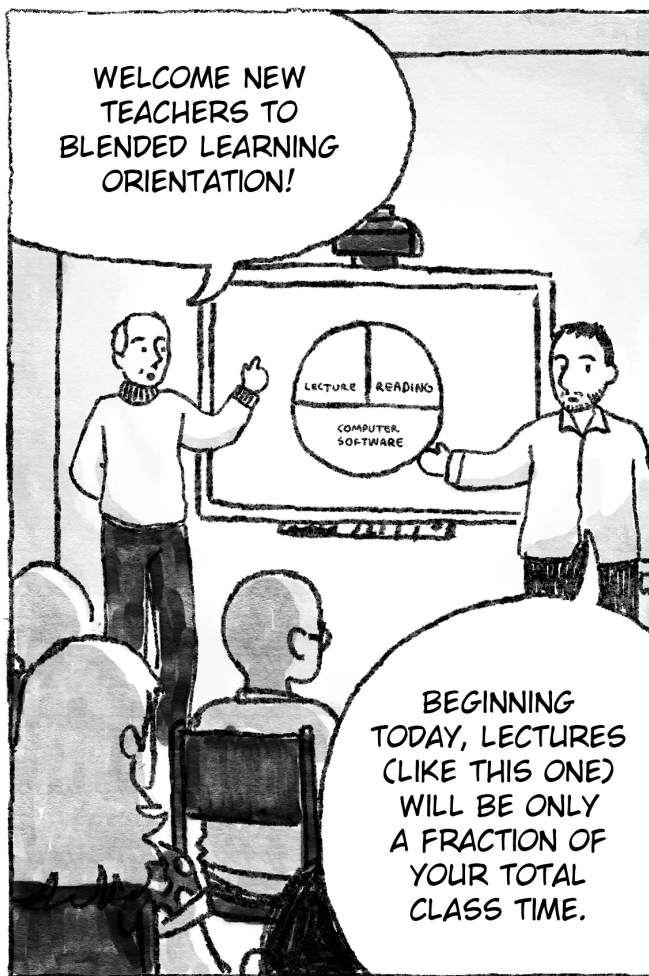
Y- YEAH!

IT'S JUST
BEEN A
REALLY ROUGH
DAY.

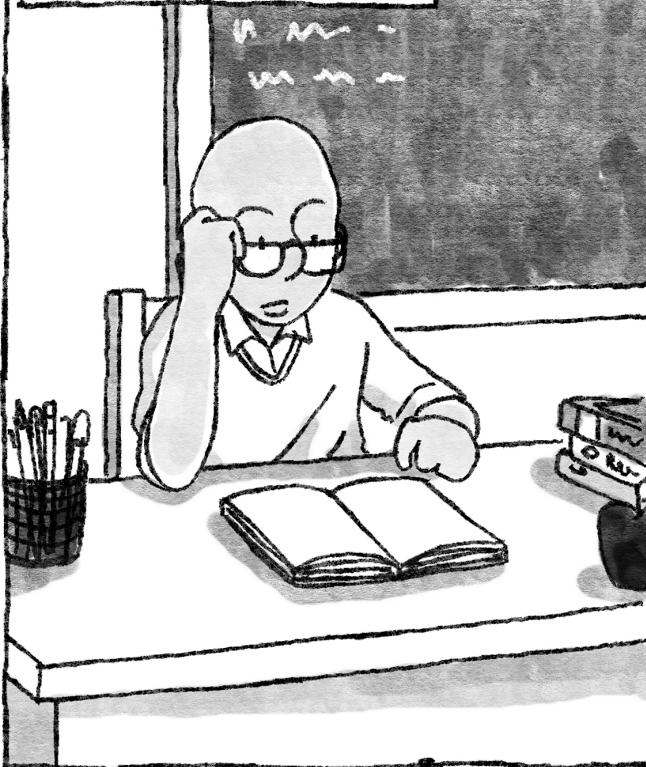
SNIFF!
SNIFF!

COME ON.
YOU'RE
GOING TO
MISS THE
TRAINING.





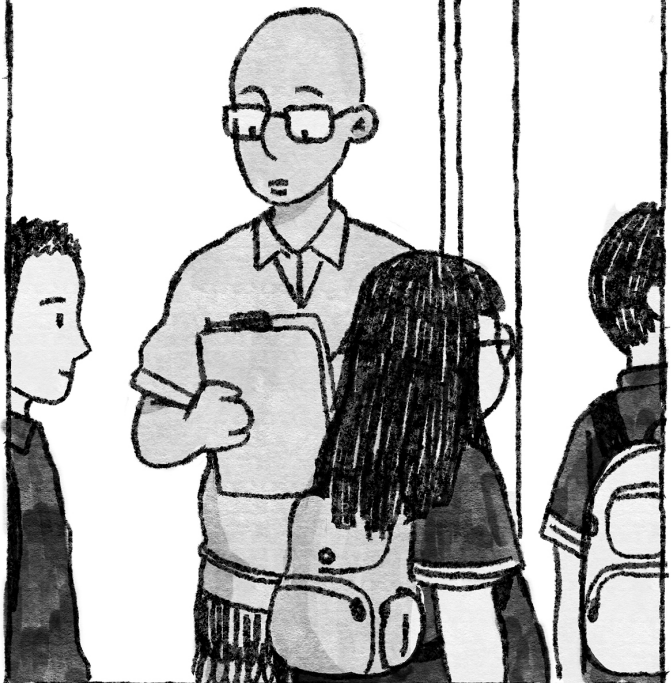
MY CLASS WAS THE ONLY
REQUIRED BLENDED
LEARNING COURSE IN
THE SCHOOL.



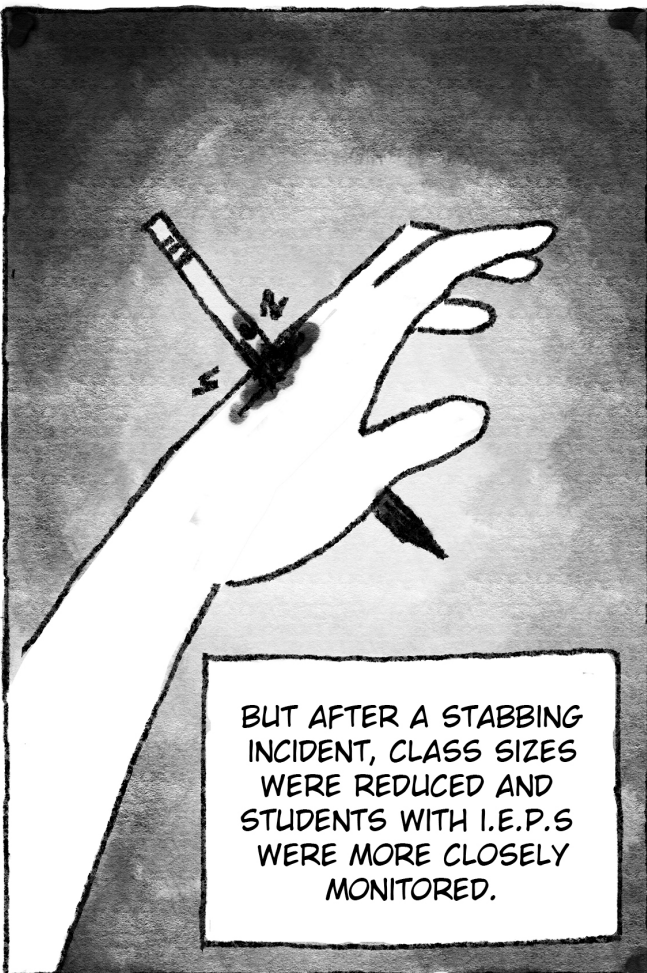
THREE TEACHERS BEFORE
ME HAD FAILED TO
IMPLEMENT IT IN THE
FOUR MONTHS SINCE THE
START OF THE SEMESTER.

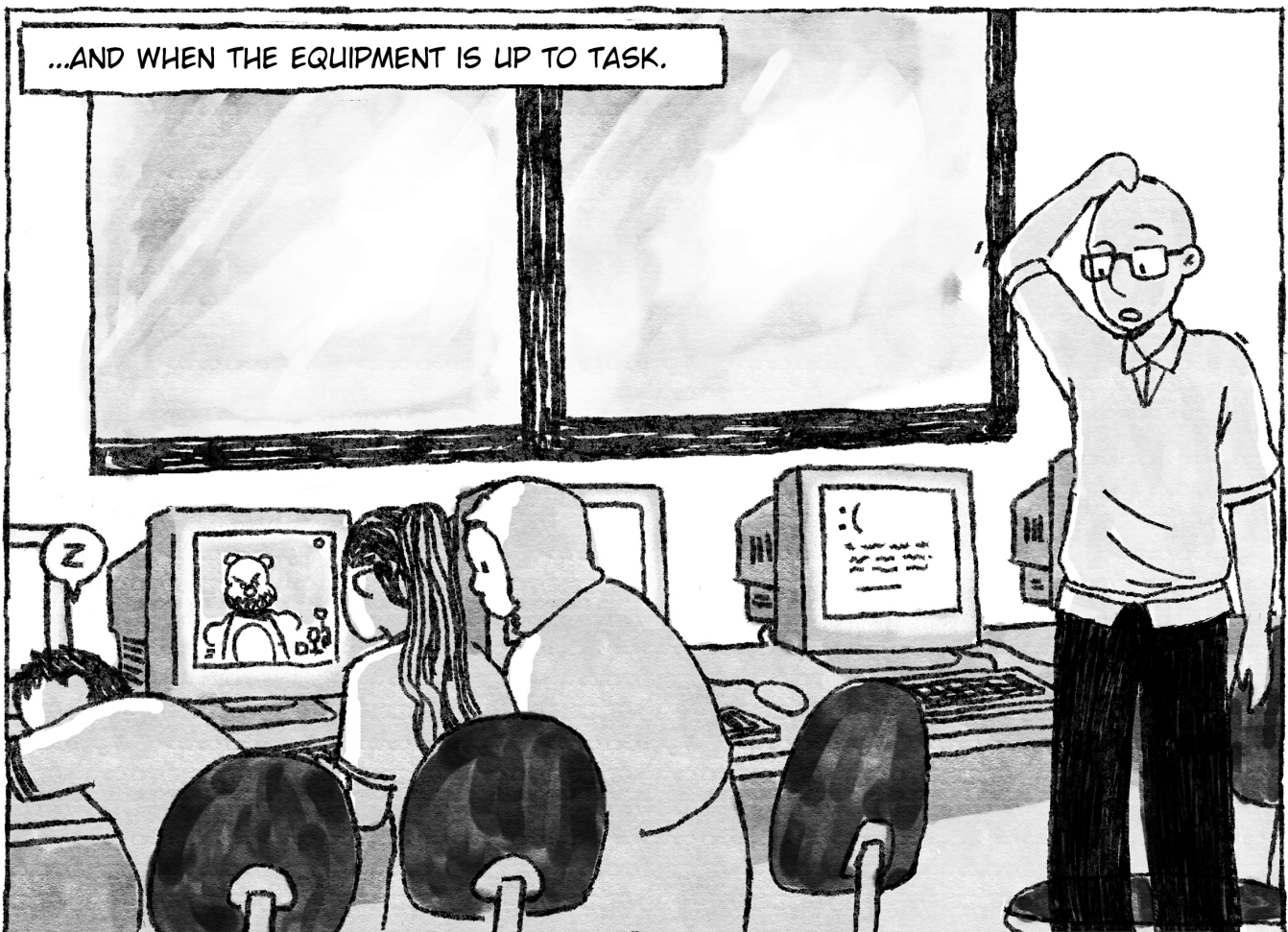
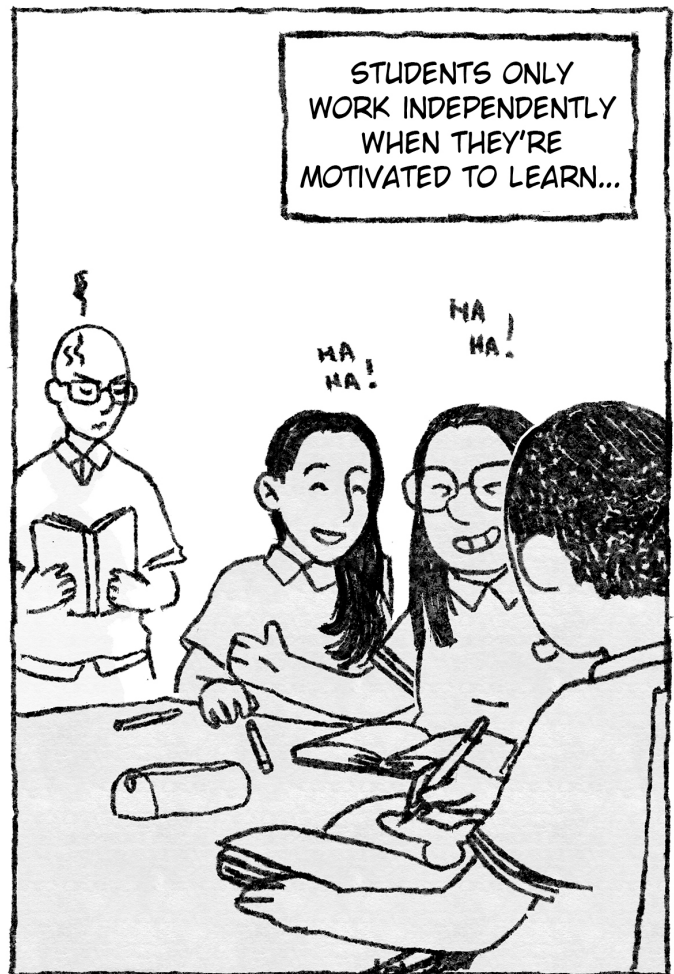
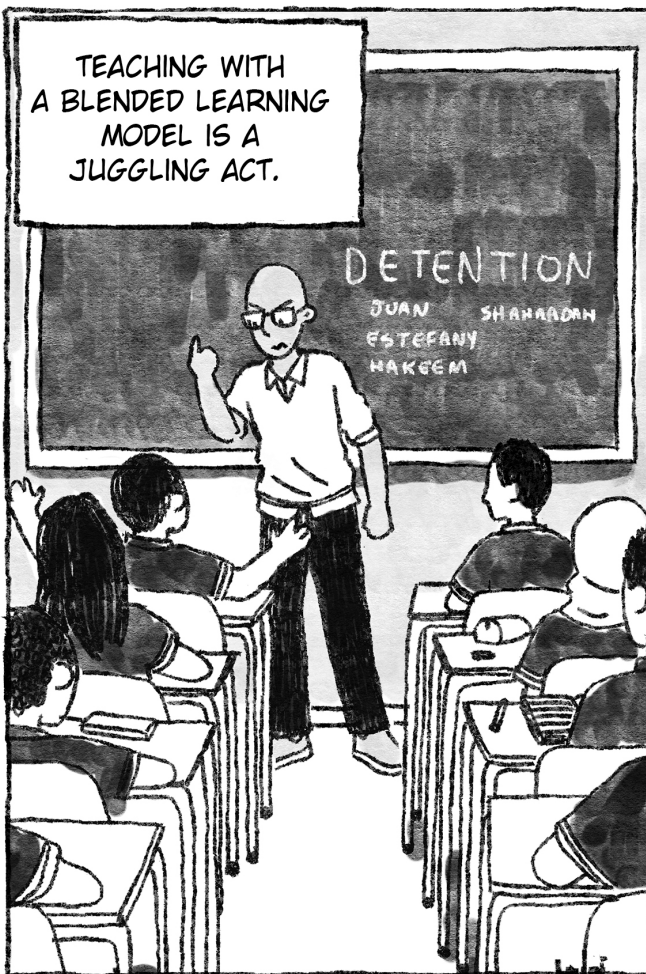


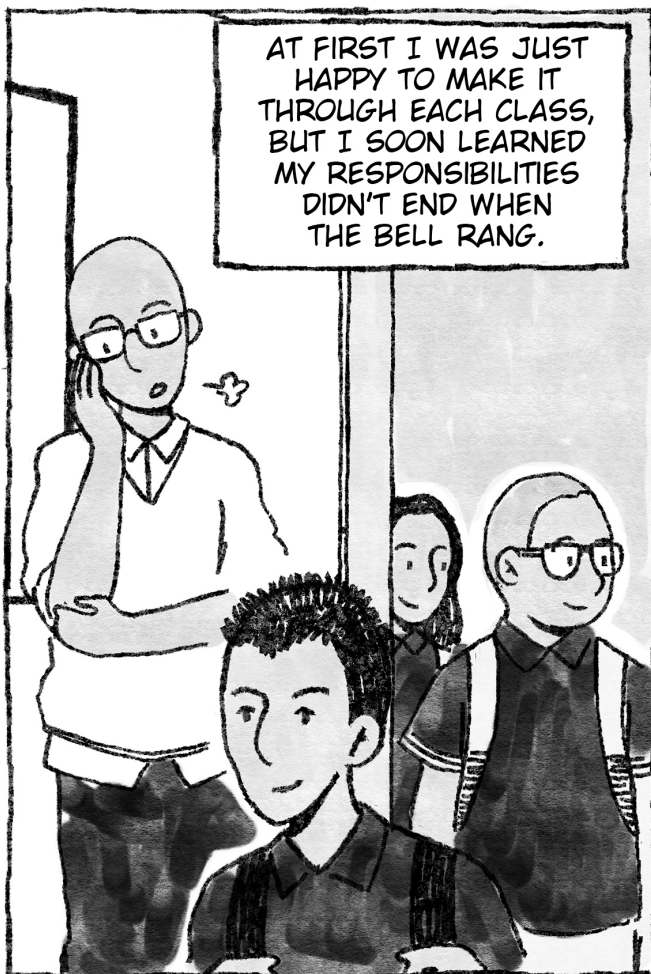
WHEN I FINALLY STARTED TEACHING
MY STRATEGY WAS TO COME OFF
AS A STRICT AUTHORITARIAN.
MY STUDENTS SAW
RIGHT THROUGH IT.



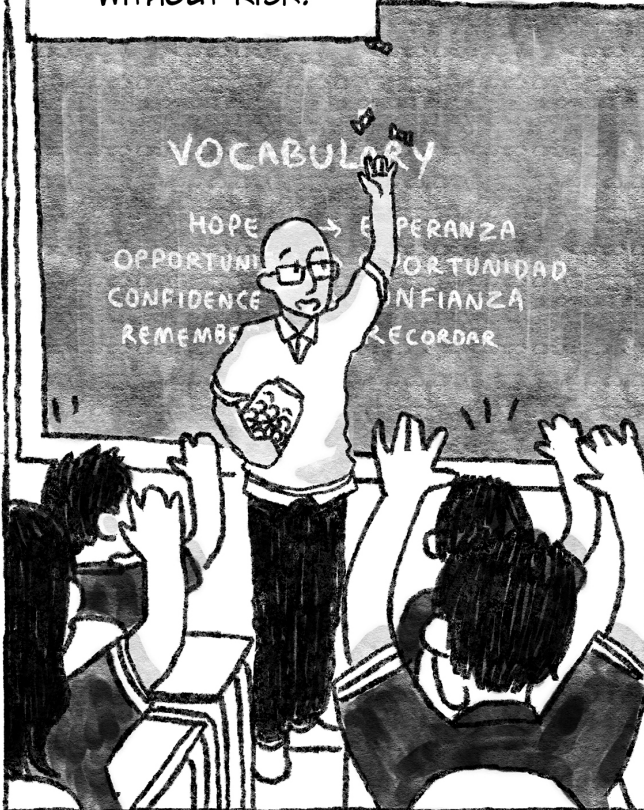
BUT AFTER A STABBING
INCIDENT, CLASS SIZES
WERE REDUCED AND
STUDENTS WITH I.E.P.S
WERE MORE CLOSELY
MONITORED.







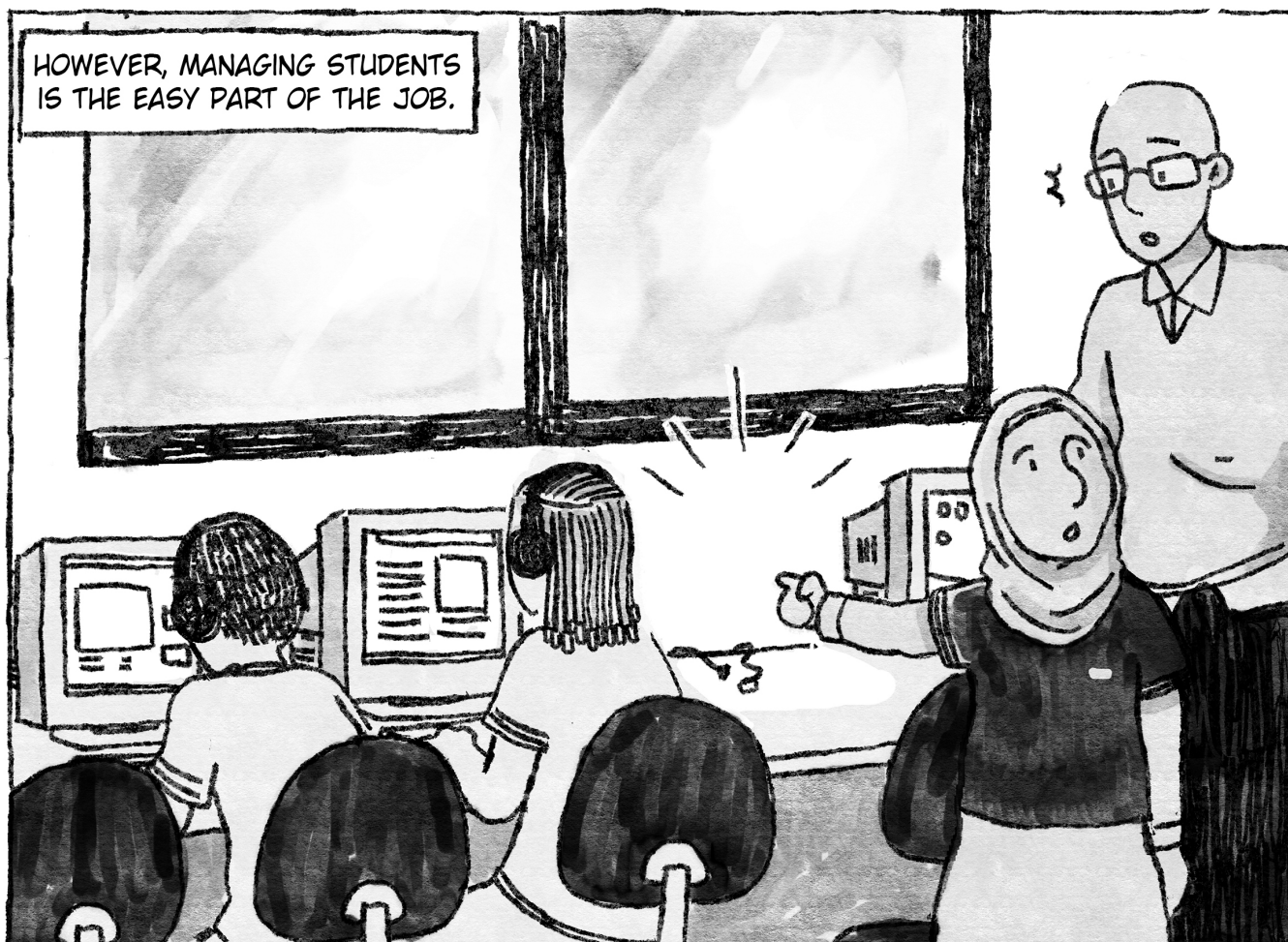
BUT NOTHING WORTHY
OF REWARD COMES
WITHOUT RISK.

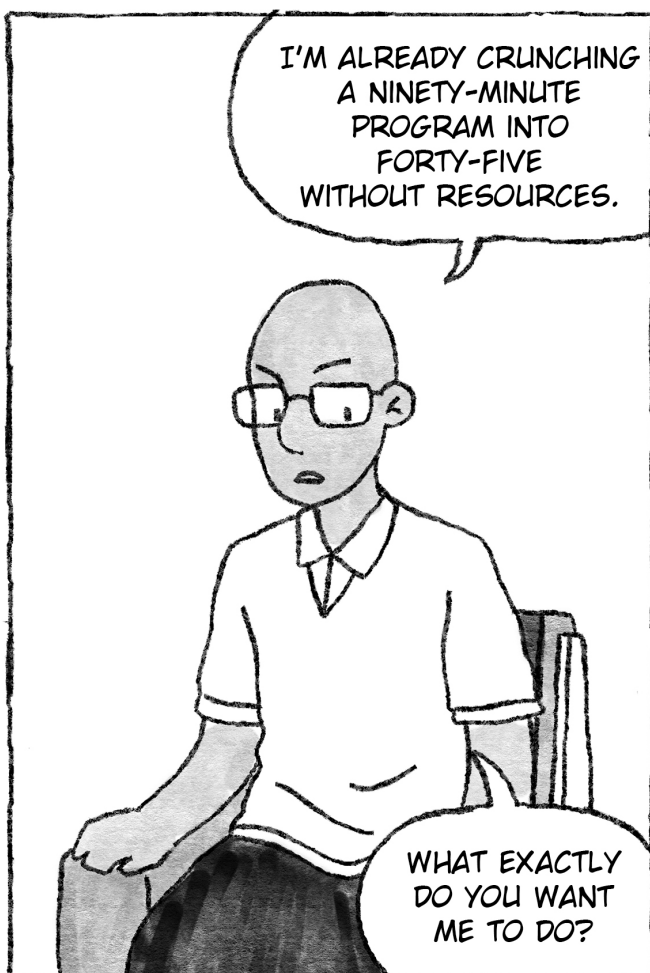
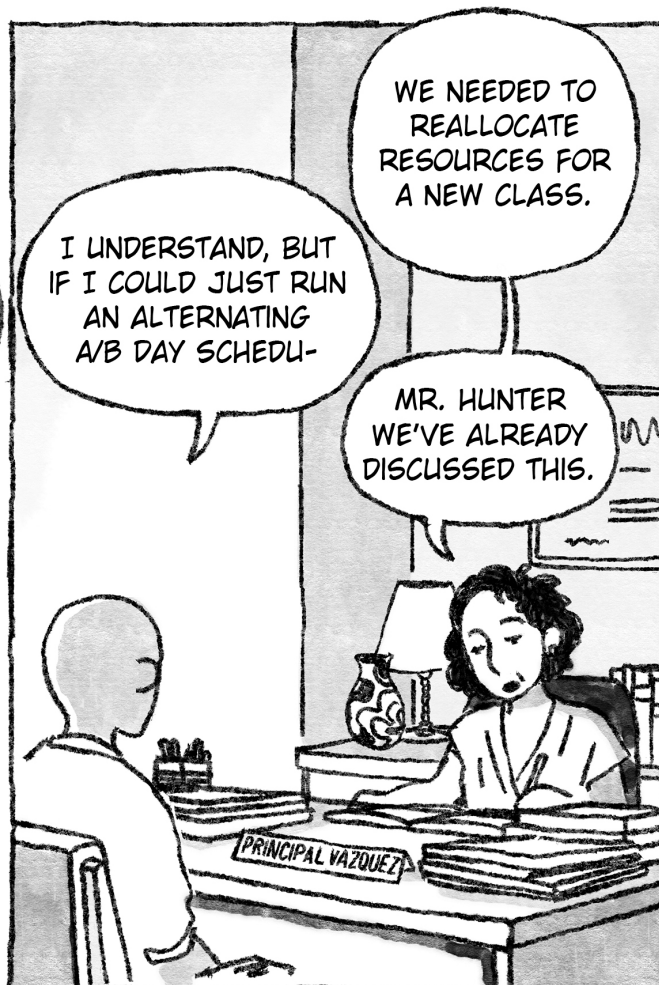
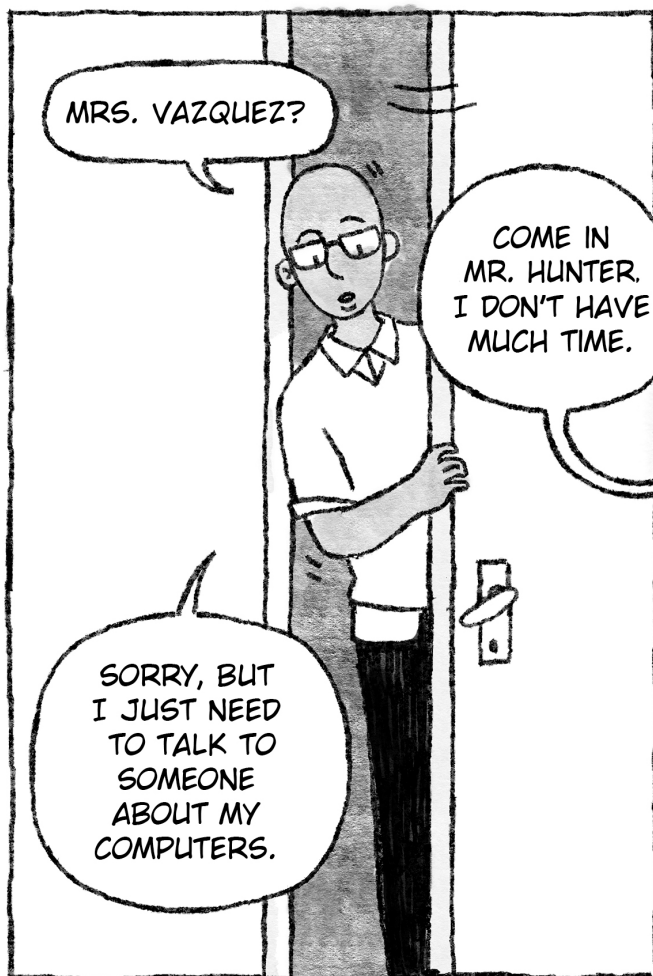


AND STUDENTS OFTEN CHOOSE
TO IMPROVE THEMSELVES
IF GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY.

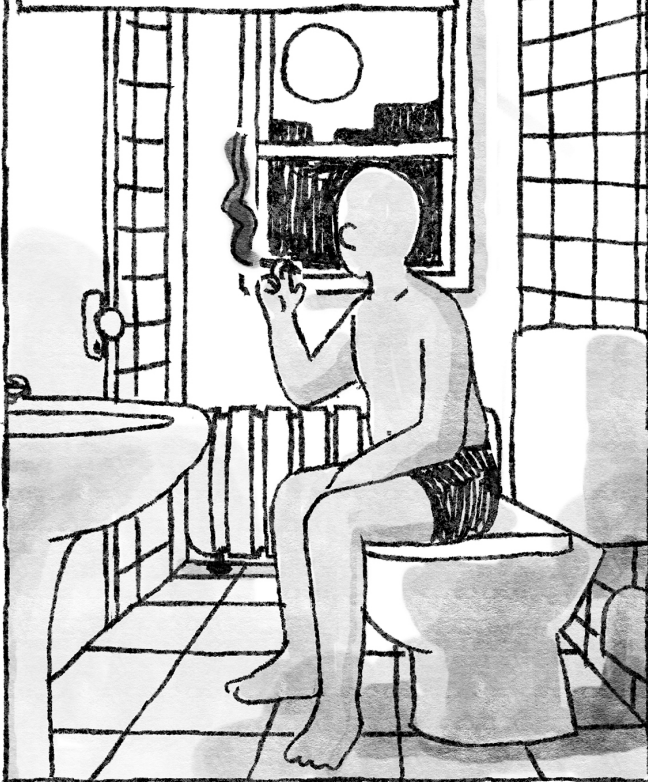


HOWEVER, MANAGING STUDENTS
IS THE EASY PART OF THE JOB.





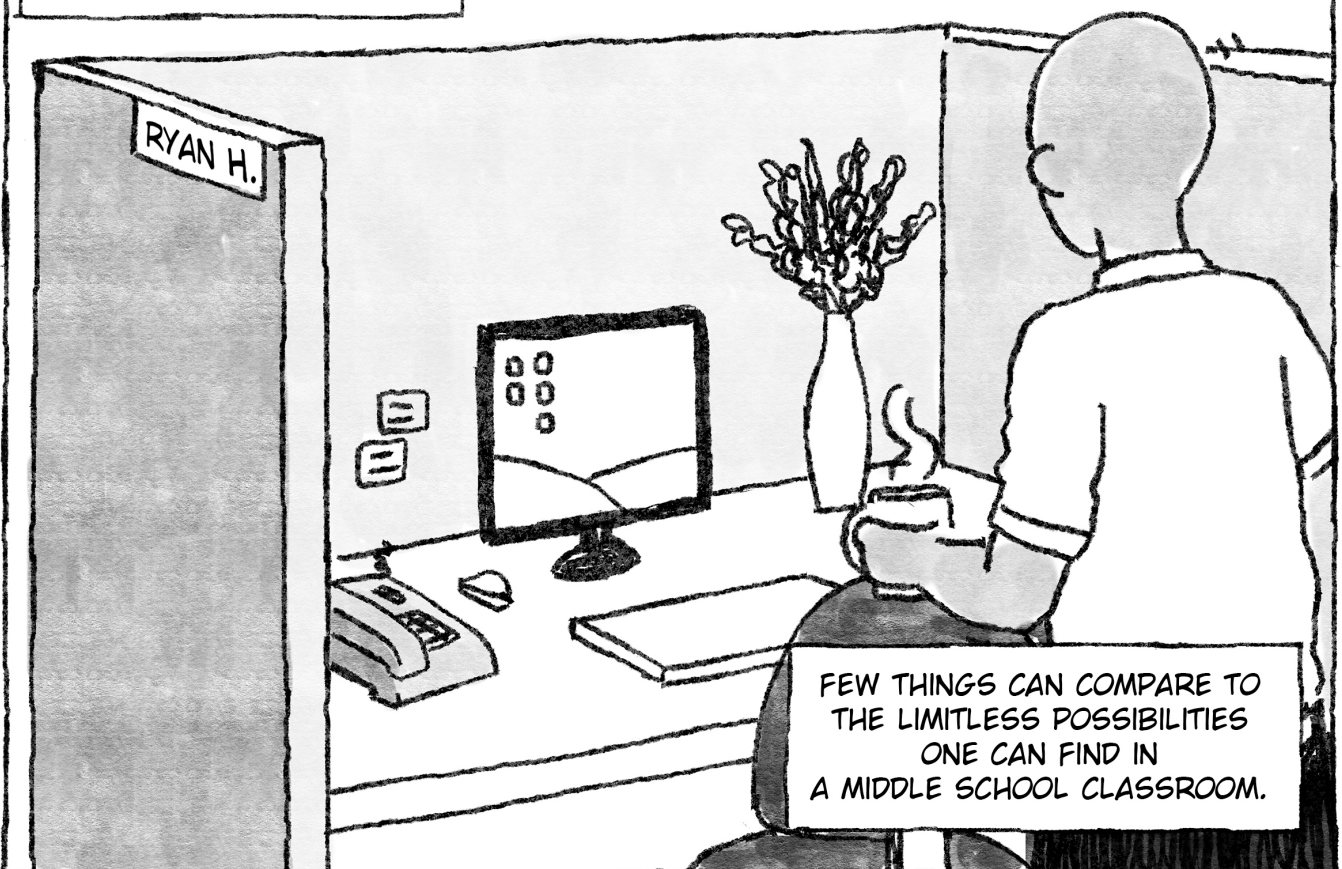
I LATER LEARNED THAT
THE TWO TEACHERS
WHO RAN MY ORIENTATION
QUIT AND RETURNED
TO FRANCE MID SEMESTER.



AND WHEN I FINALLY QUIT
DCPS TWO YEARS LATER
THE NIGHTMARES BECAME
LESS FREQUENT.

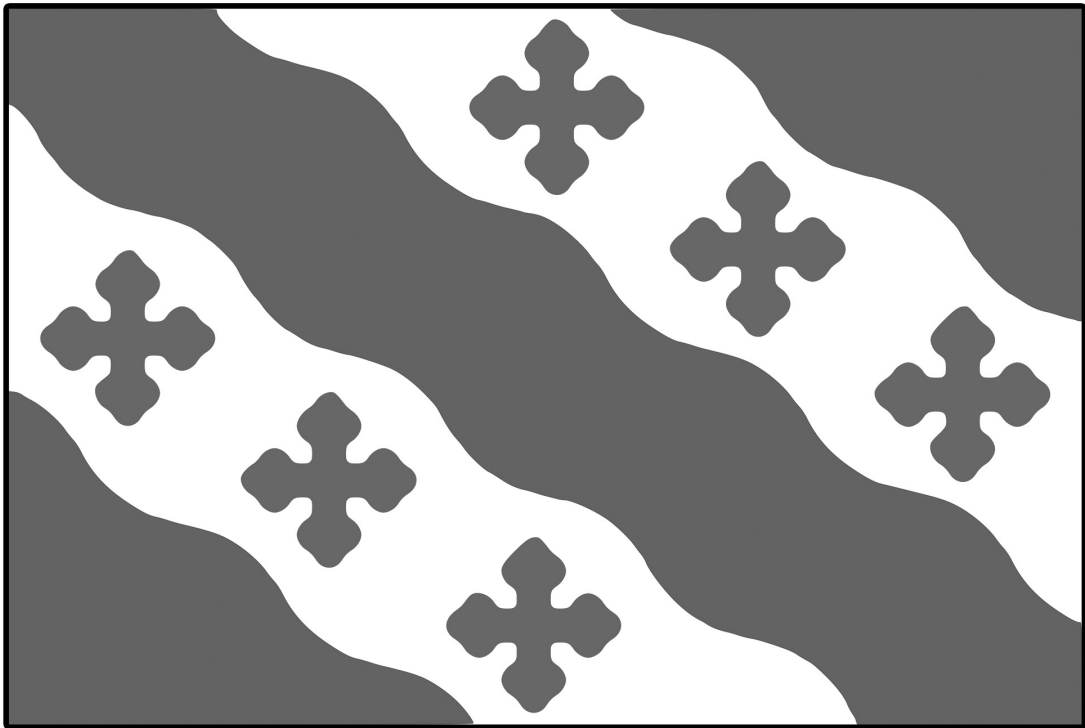


BUT A BUMP IN PAY
WILL ONLY GET YOU SO FAR.

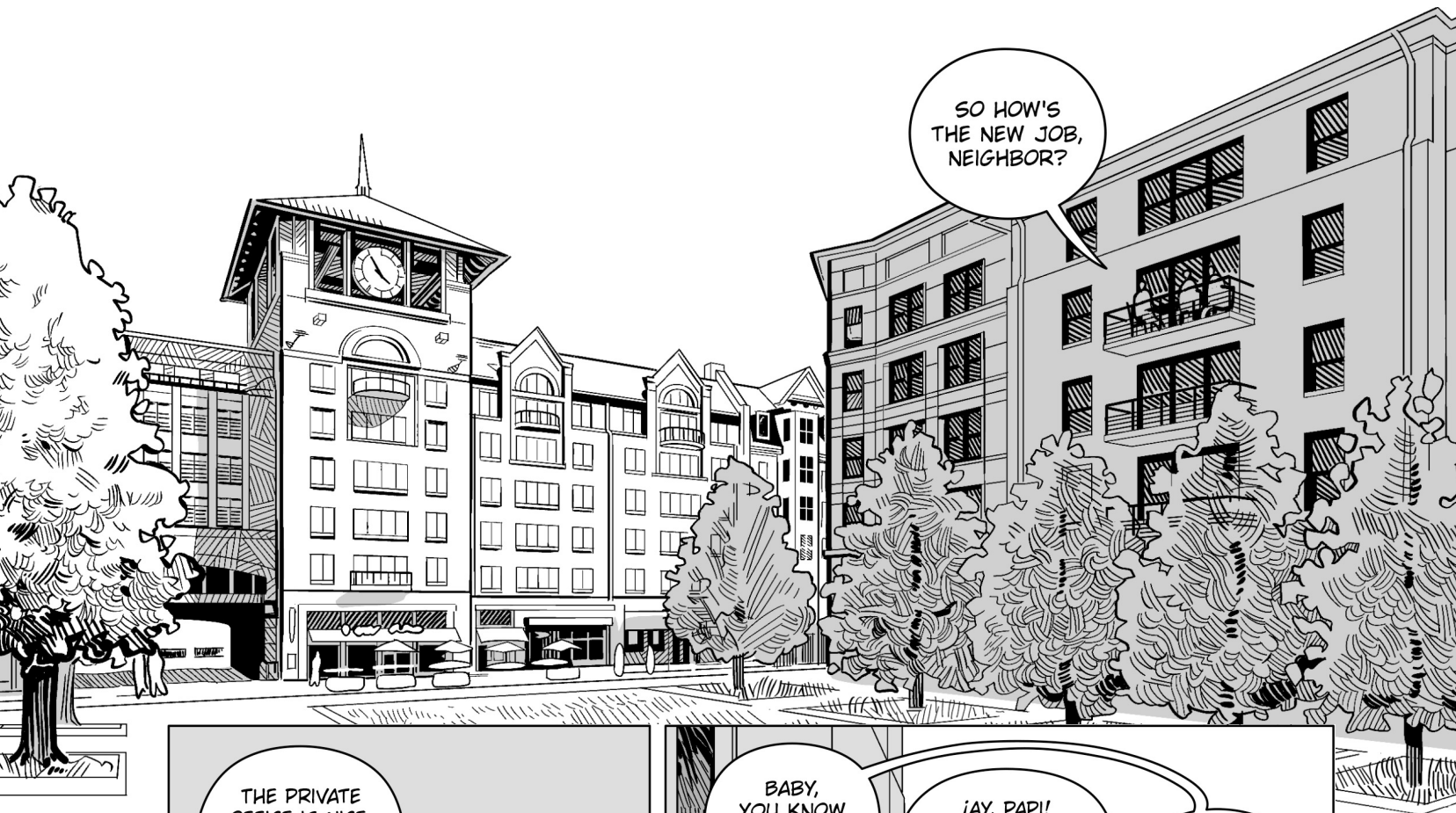


FEW THINGS CAN COMPARE TO
THE LIMITLESS POSSIBILITIES
ONE CAN FIND IN
A MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM.

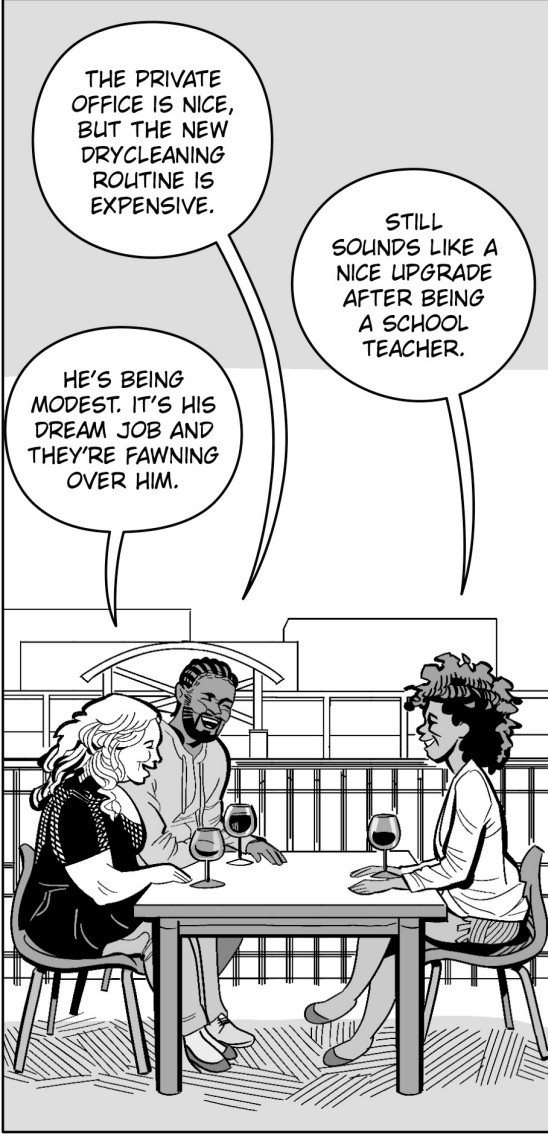
ROCKVILLE



Story: R.D. Hunter
Art: Tudor Begu



SO HOW'S THE NEW JOB, NEIGHBOR?



THE PRIVATE OFFICE IS NICE, BUT THE NEW DRYCLEANING ROUTINE IS EXPENSIVE.

HE'S BEING MODEST. IT'S HIS DREAM JOB AND THEY'RE FAWNING OVER HIM.

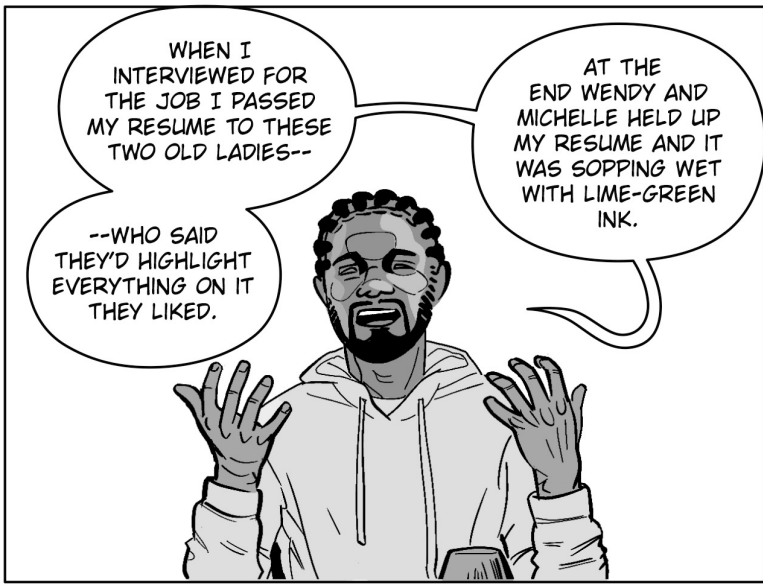
STILL SOUNDS LIKE A NICE UPGRADE AFTER BEING A SCHOOL TEACHER.



BABY, YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG

¡AY, PAPI! AT LEAST TELL HER ABOUT HOW MUCH THEY LIKE YOU!

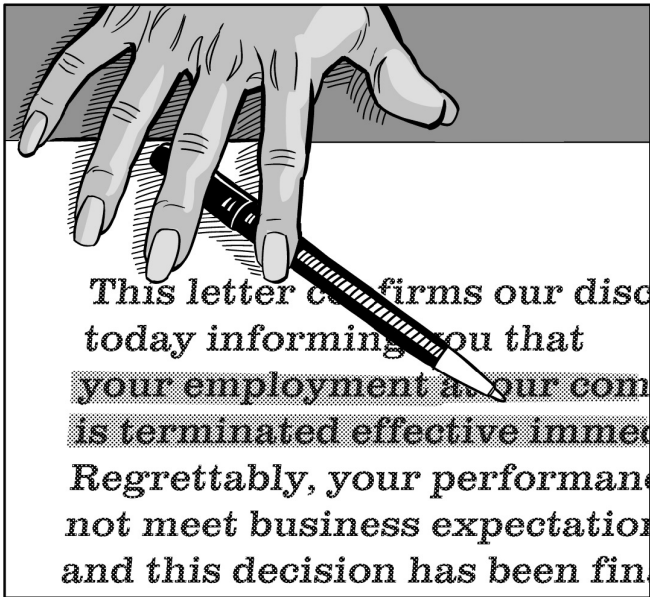
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT!



WHEN I INTERVIEWED FOR THE JOB I PASSED MY RESUME TO THESE TWO OLD LADIES--

--WHO SAID THEY'D HIGHLIGHT EVERYTHING ON IT THEY LIKED.

AT THE END WENDY AND MICHELLE HELD UP MY RESUME AND IT WAS SOPPING WET WITH LIME-GREEN INK.

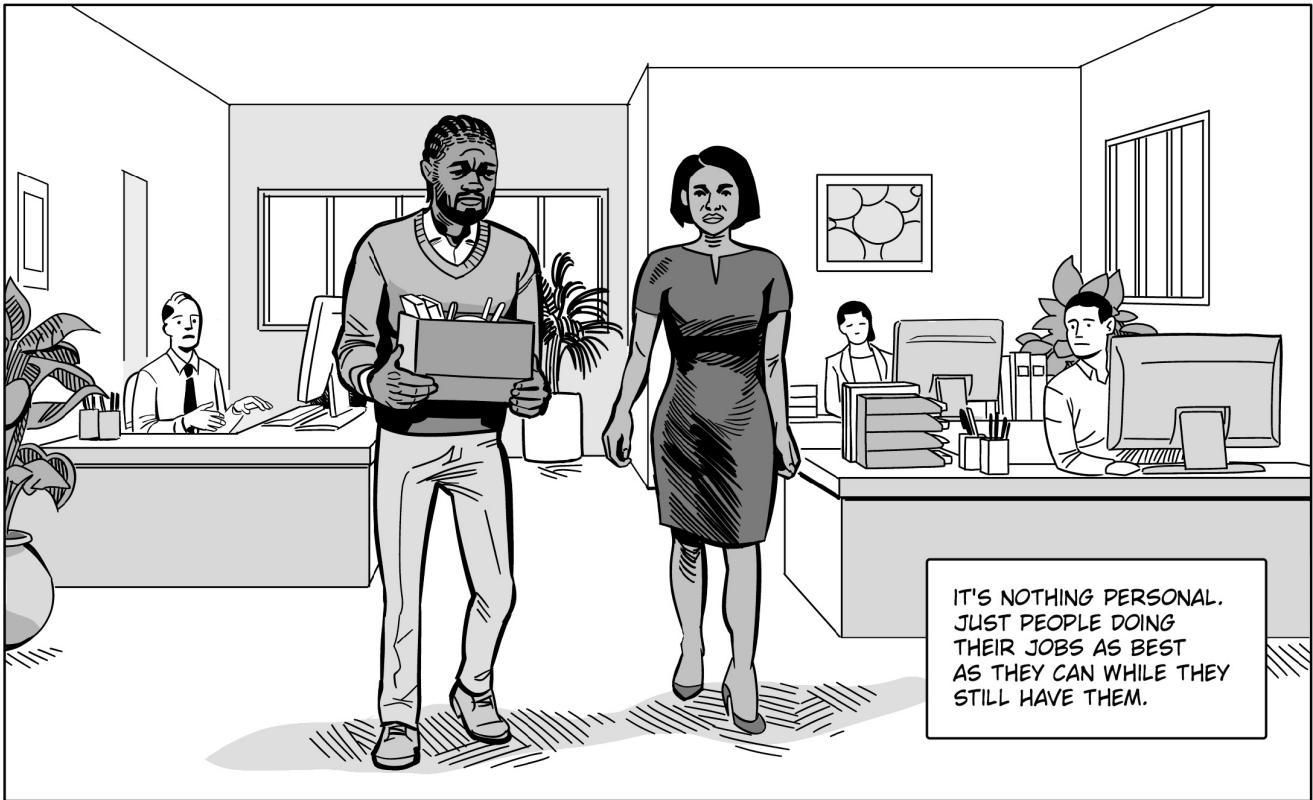


I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH.

IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST.



BUT THAT'S BY DESIGN. A PRECAUTION TO LIMIT LEGAL LIABILITY AND MINIMIZE DISRUPTION.





I MOVED IN WITH MY GIRLFRIEND JUST WEEKS PRIOR TO THAT DAY, AND I KNEW WE COULDN'T MAKE RENT ON HER SALARY ALONE.



I HAD SOME SAVINGS, SO I CONSIDERED KEEPING UP APPEARANCES UNTIL EVERYTHING WAS BACK TO NORMAL.



BUT HOW LONG COULD I SUSTAIN IT? HOW FAR IN DEBT WOULD I GO? HOW MANY PEOPLE WOULD I NEED TO DECEIVE?

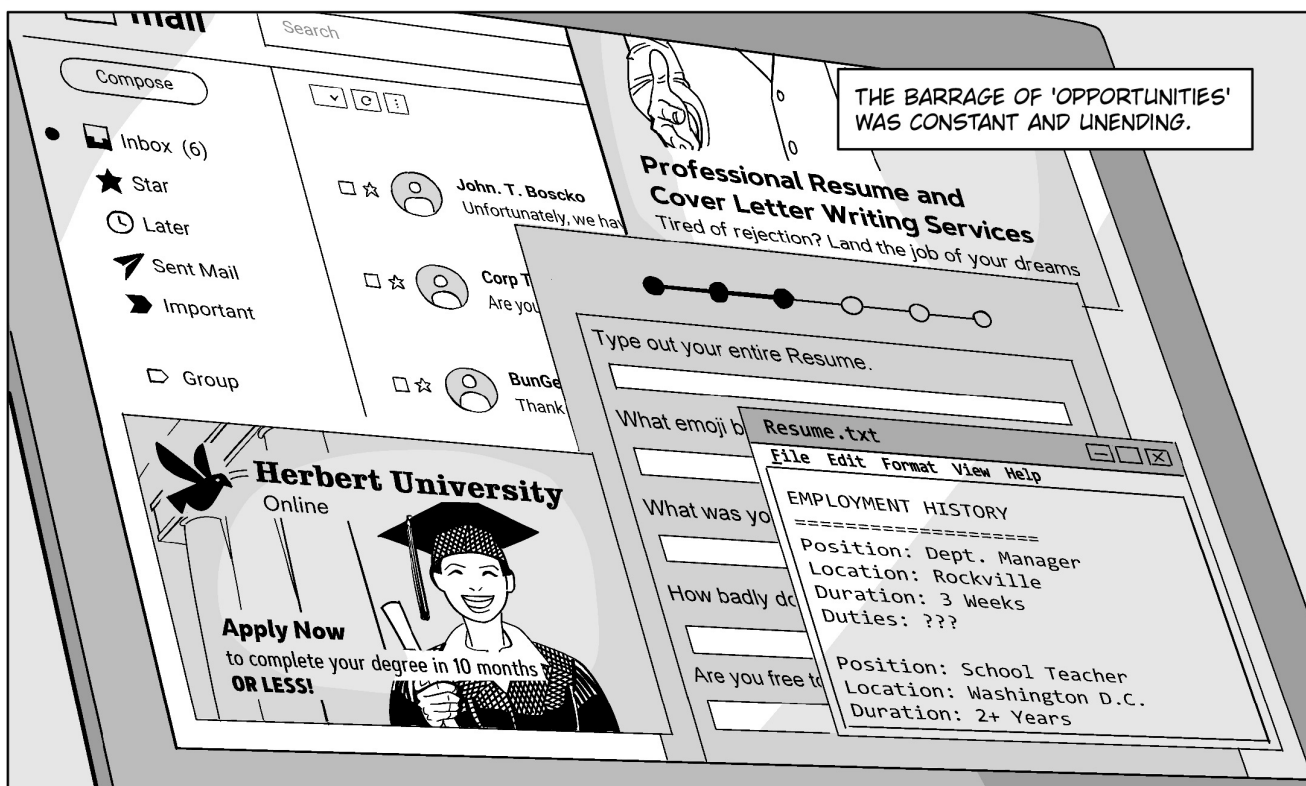


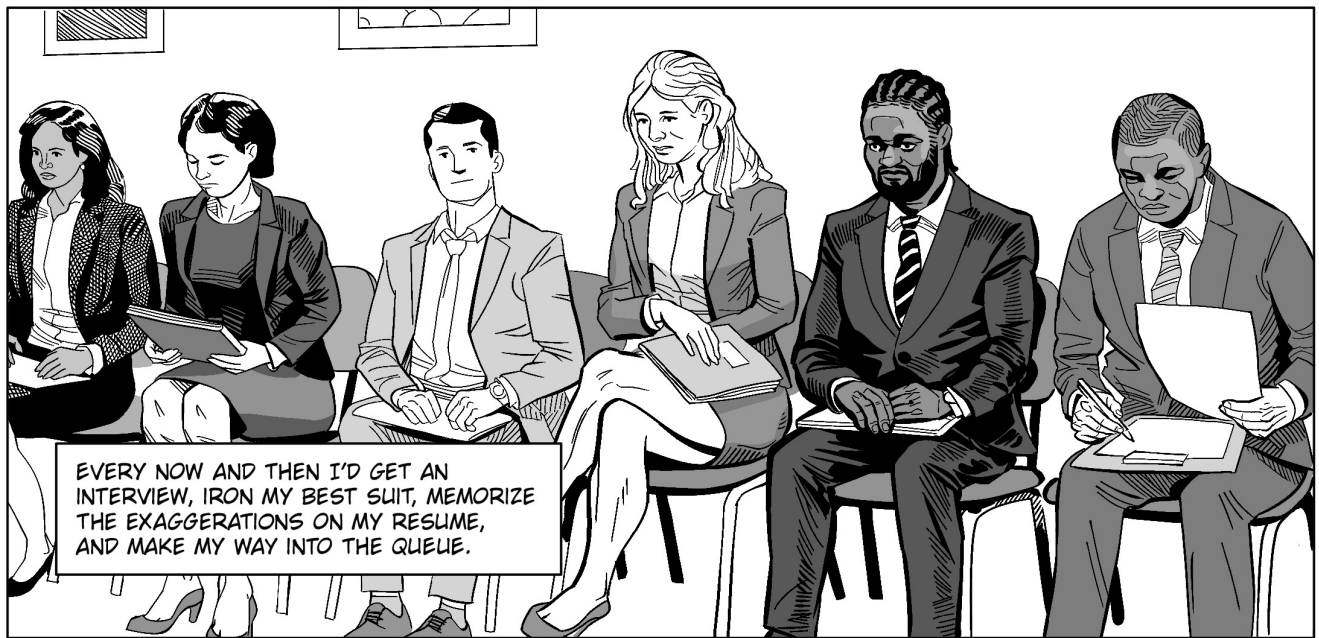
I DECIDED INSTEAD TO GIVE HER AN EASY OUT. SHE HAD A GOOD JOB, SHE DIDN'T NEED MY DEAD WEIGHT.



I'M CALLING IN SICK TOMORROW.

WE'LL FIND A NEW PLACE TO LIVE. WE'LL GET THROUGH THIS.





EVERY NOW AND THEN I'D GET AN INTERVIEW, IRON MY BEST SUIT, MEMORIZE THE EXAGGERATIONS ON MY RESUME, AND MAKE MY WAY INTO THE QUEUE.



YOU'RE JUST NOT A 'CULTURAL FIT' FOR OUR ORGANIZATION.

IF I WAS LUCKY, THE INTERVIEW WAS SHORT.



YOU'LL HAVE THE WEEKEND TO COMPLETE THE TEST. WE'LL SELECT THE TOP TEN APPLICANTS FOR THE FOURTH ROUND OF INTERVIEWS.

MOST COMPANIES FEEL REALLY COMFORTABLE WASTING YOUR TIME.



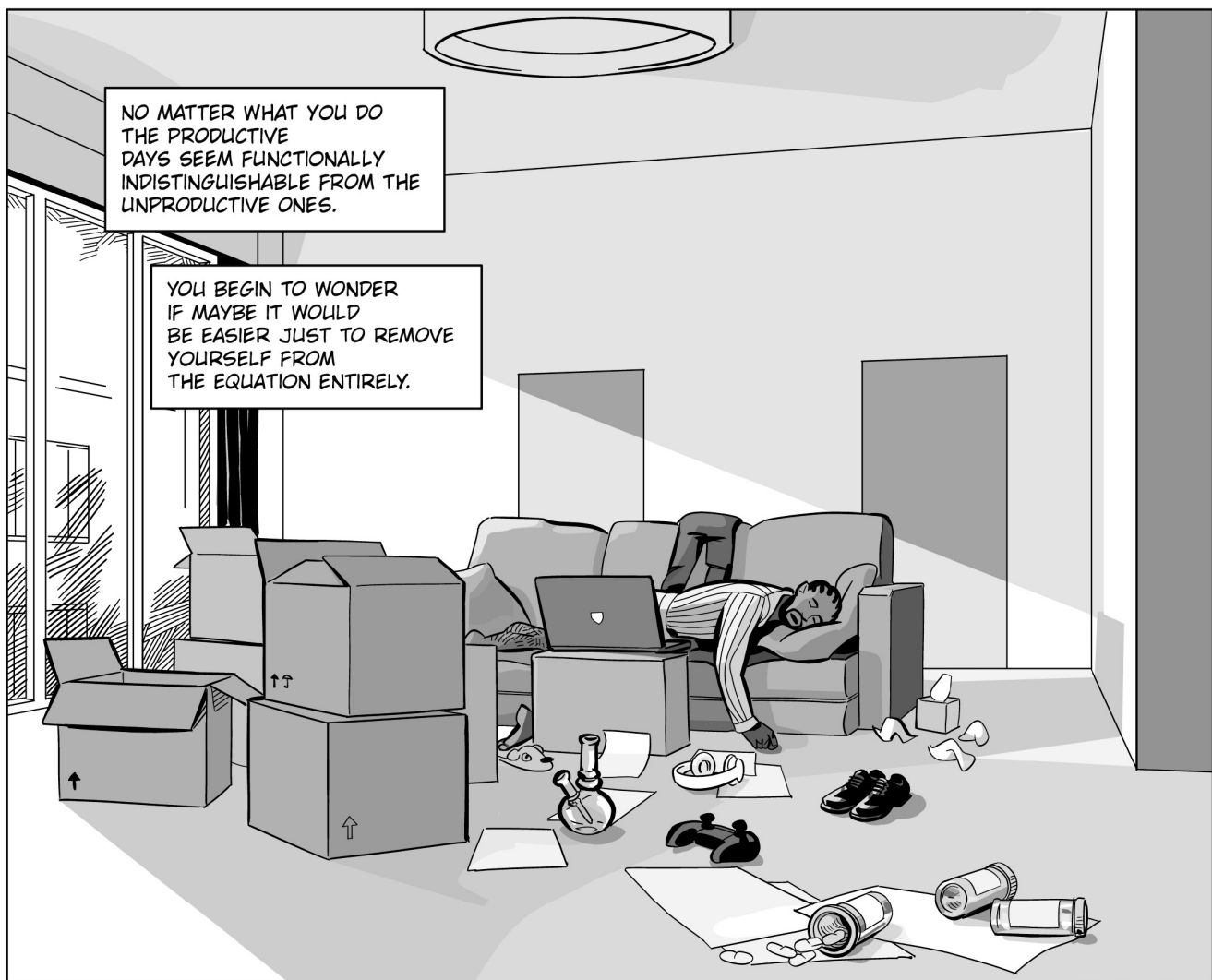
BUT IN THE WORST CASES IT'D BE THE REAL THING.

A GOOD JOB, WITH GREAT PAY, STAFFED BY NICE PEOPLE...



NO NEW MESSAGES

...THAT YOU'D NEVER HEAR FROM AGAIN.





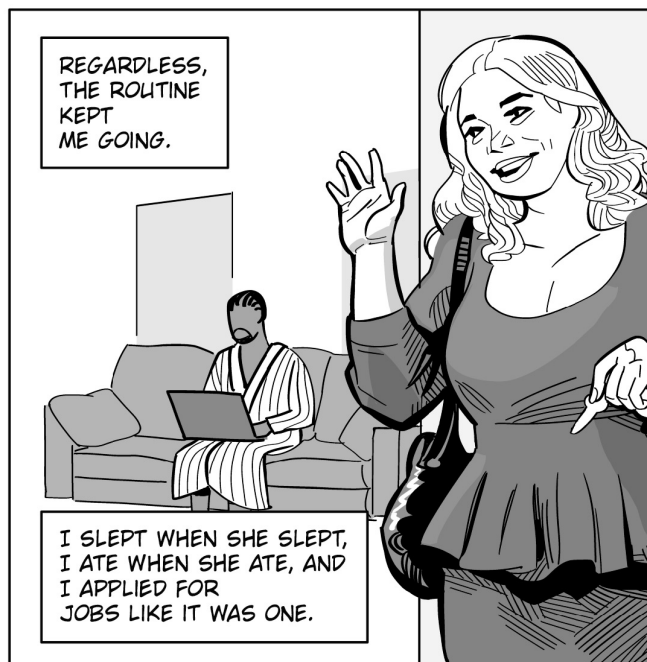
HOWEVER, IN THE AFTERNOONS WHEN SHE CAME HOME THE PITY PARTY STOPPED. I WOULDN'T LET HER SEE MY DESPERATION.



BUT WE BOTH HEARD THE TICKING CLOCK.



DESPITE THE TRIVIAL HOUSEHOLD CONTRIBUTIONS I MADE, MY SAVINGS WERE SLOWLY DWINDLING AWAY.



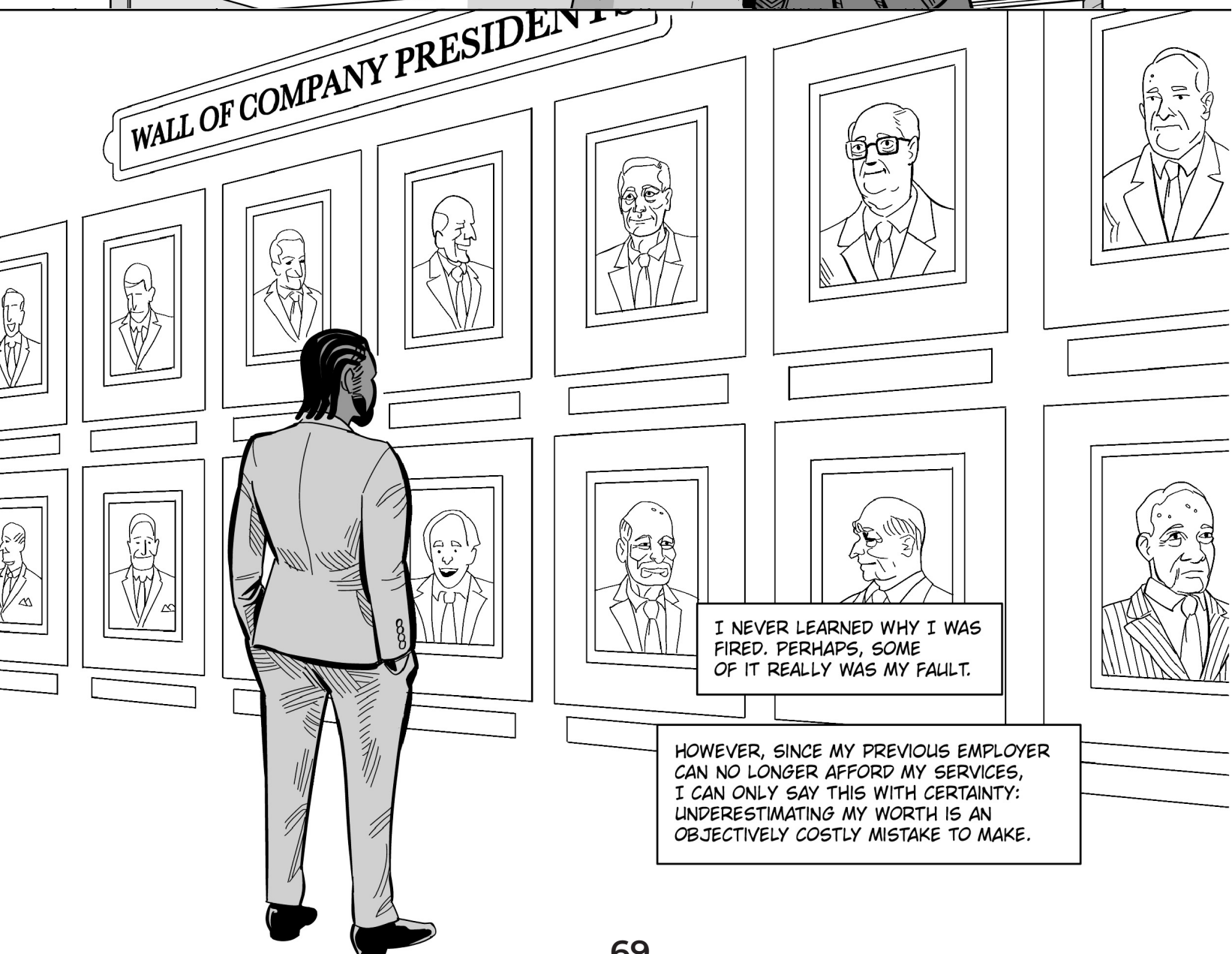
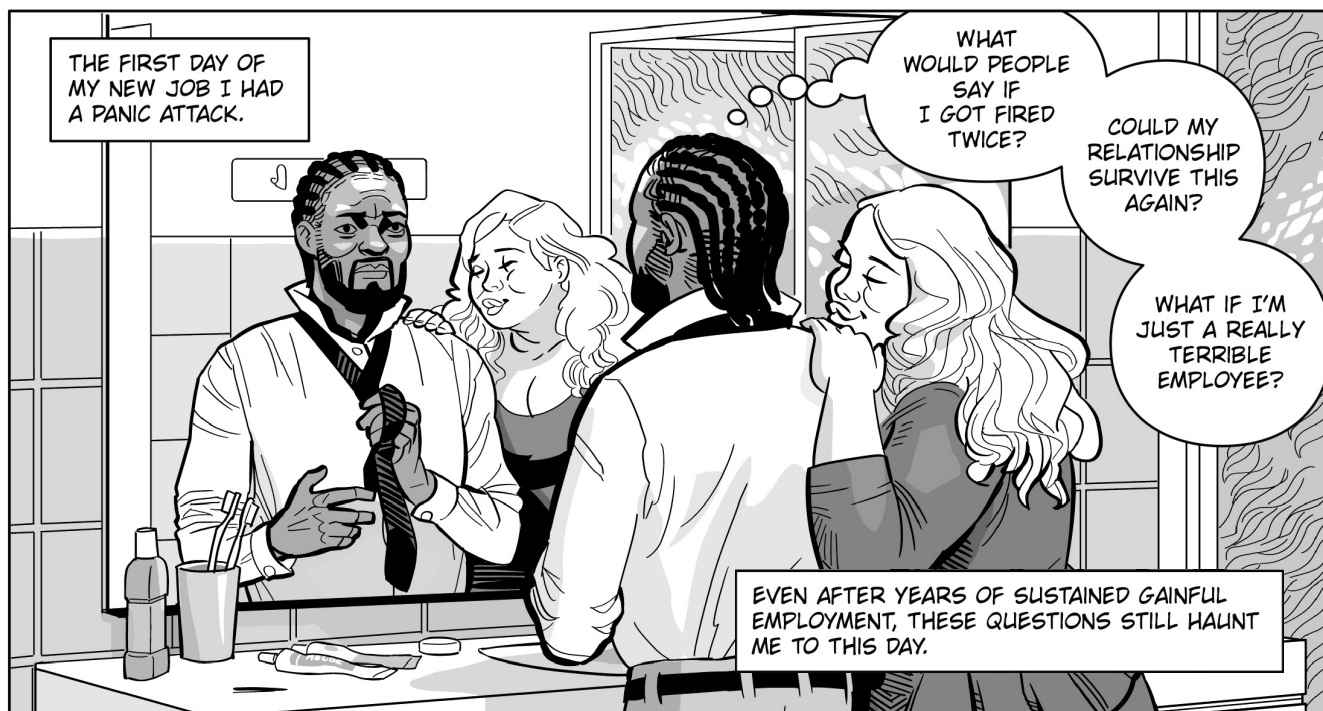
REGARDLESS, THE ROUTINE KEPT ME GOING.

I SLEPT WHEN SHE SLEPT, I ATE WHEN SHE ATE, AND I APPLIED FOR JOBS LIKE IT WAS ONE.



THEN ONE DAY, JUST AS SUDDENLY AS I WAS FIRED, I WAS HIRED AGAIN.

THE STARTING SALARY WAS MORE THAN I HAD EVER MADE IN MY ENTIRE LIFE, AND I PROBABLY COULD HAVE NEGOTIATED FOR MORE.

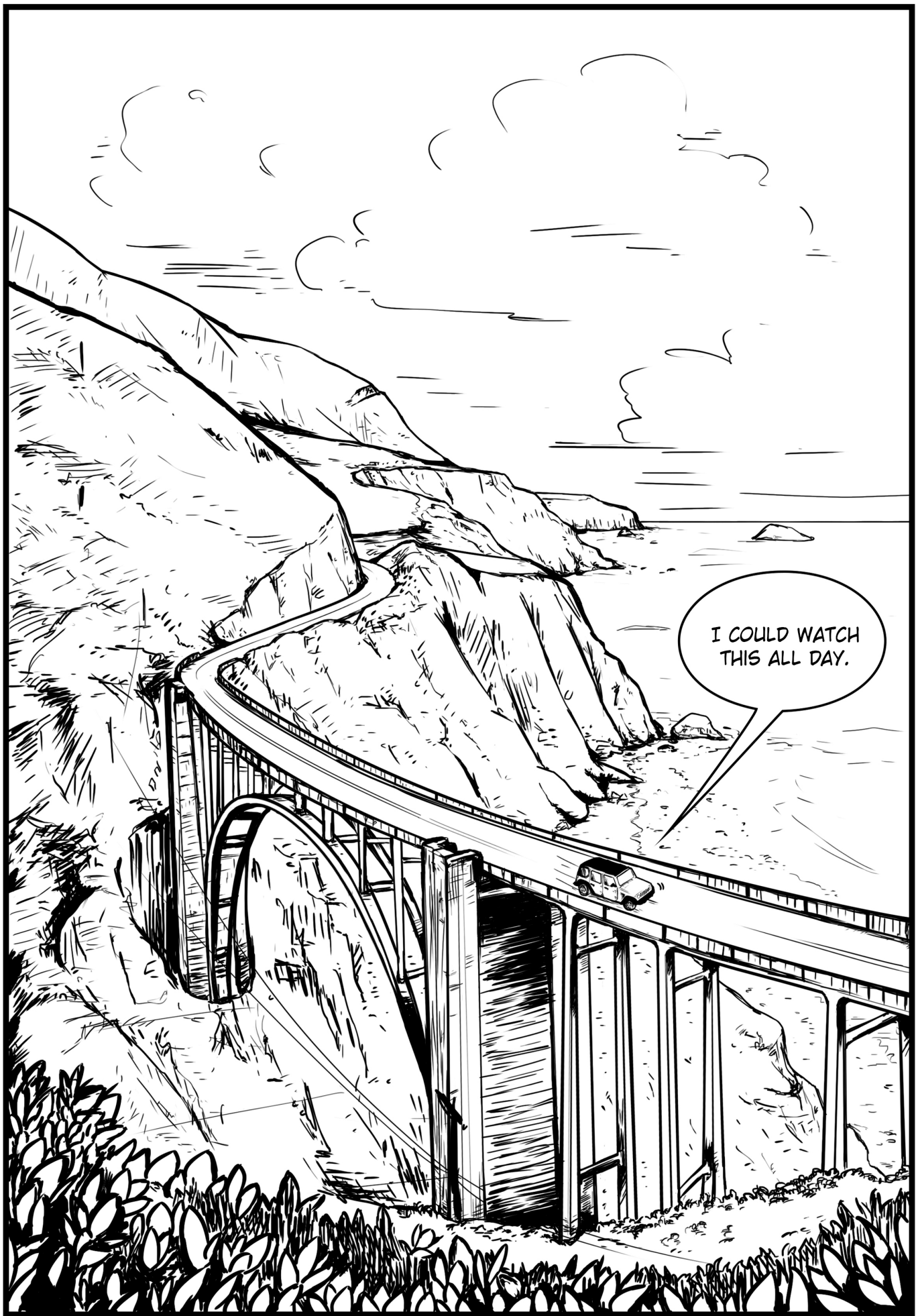


SAN FRANCISCO



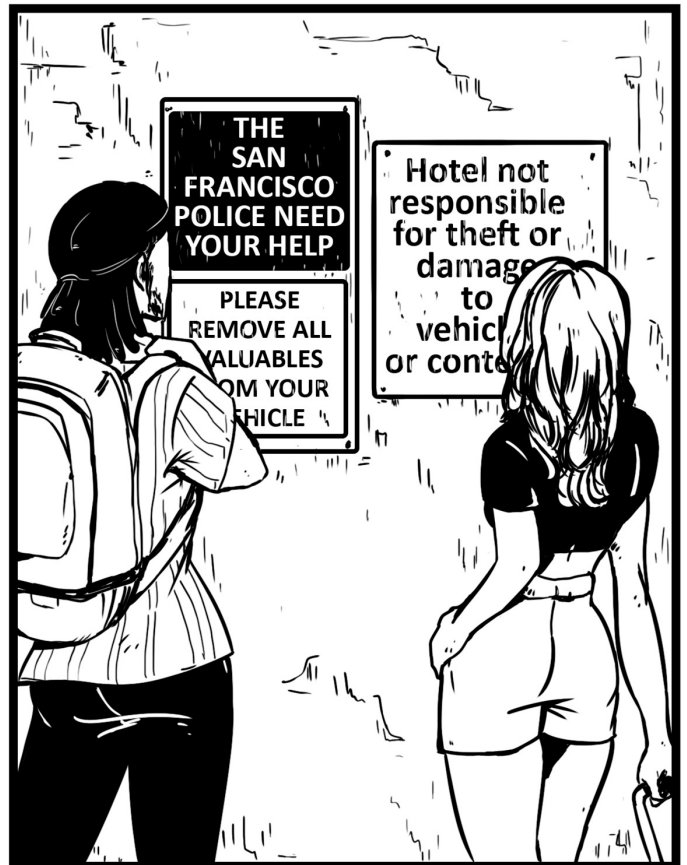
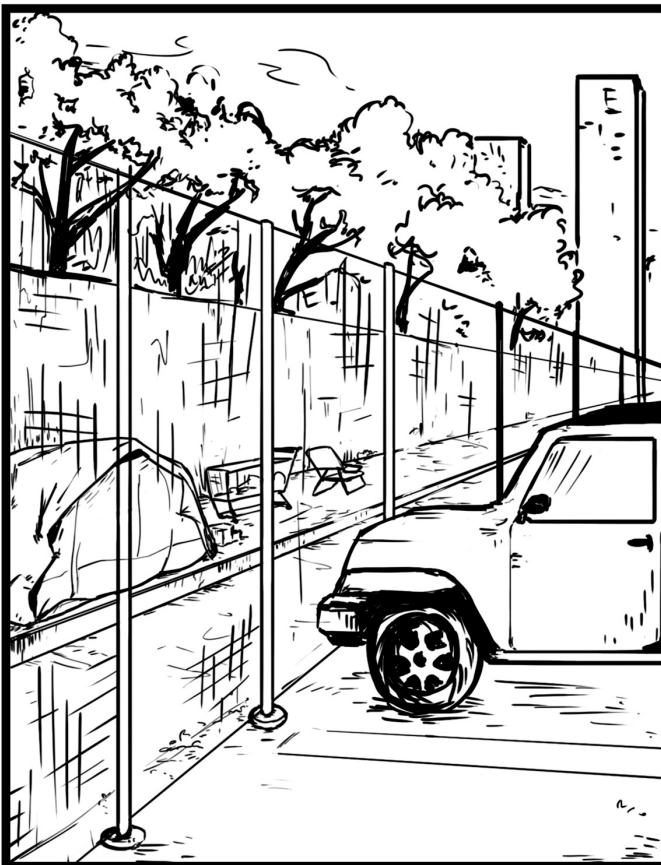
Story: R.D. Hunter

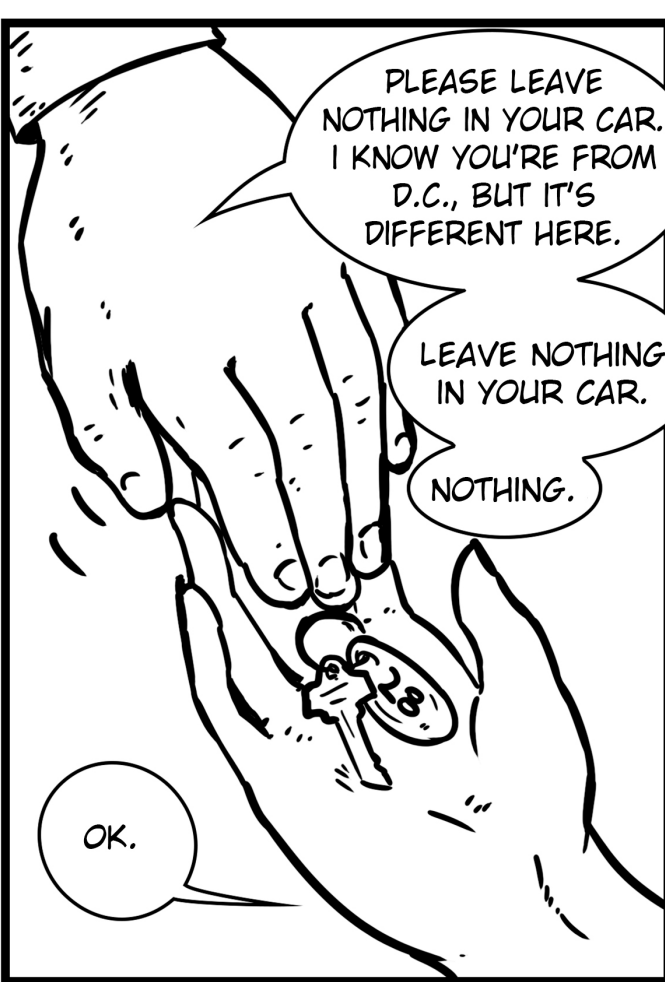
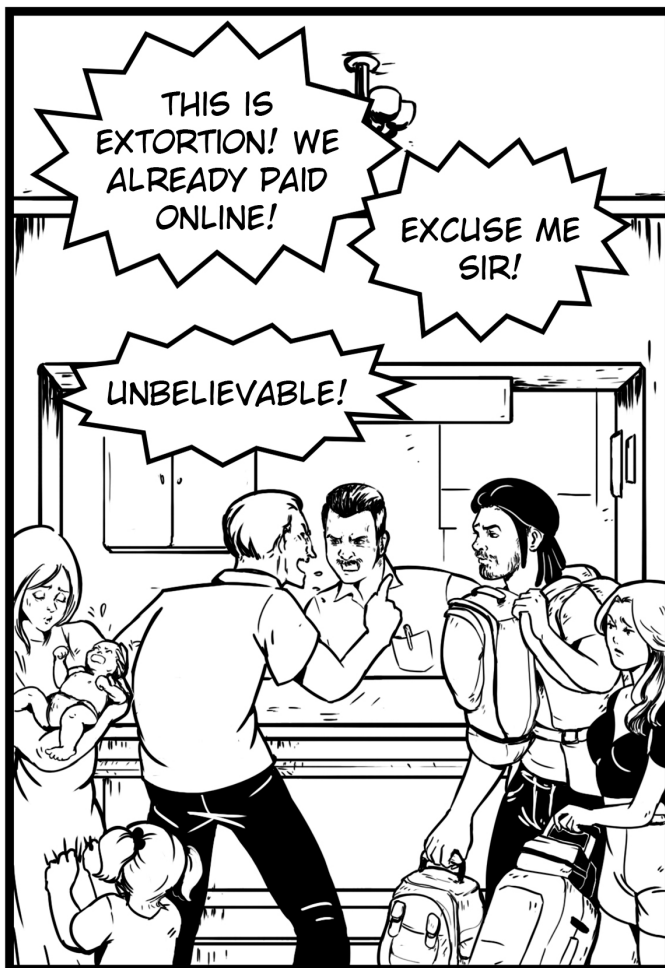
Art: Caroline Ilanaja Kerschner

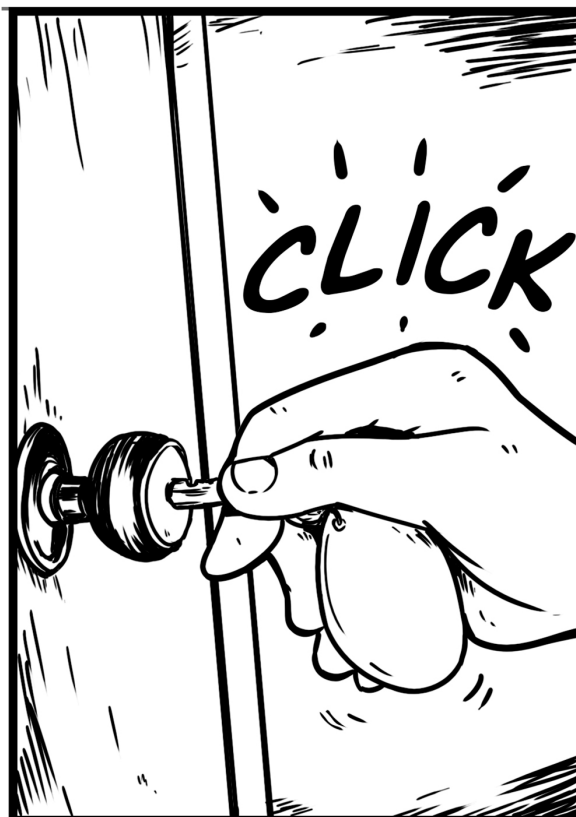


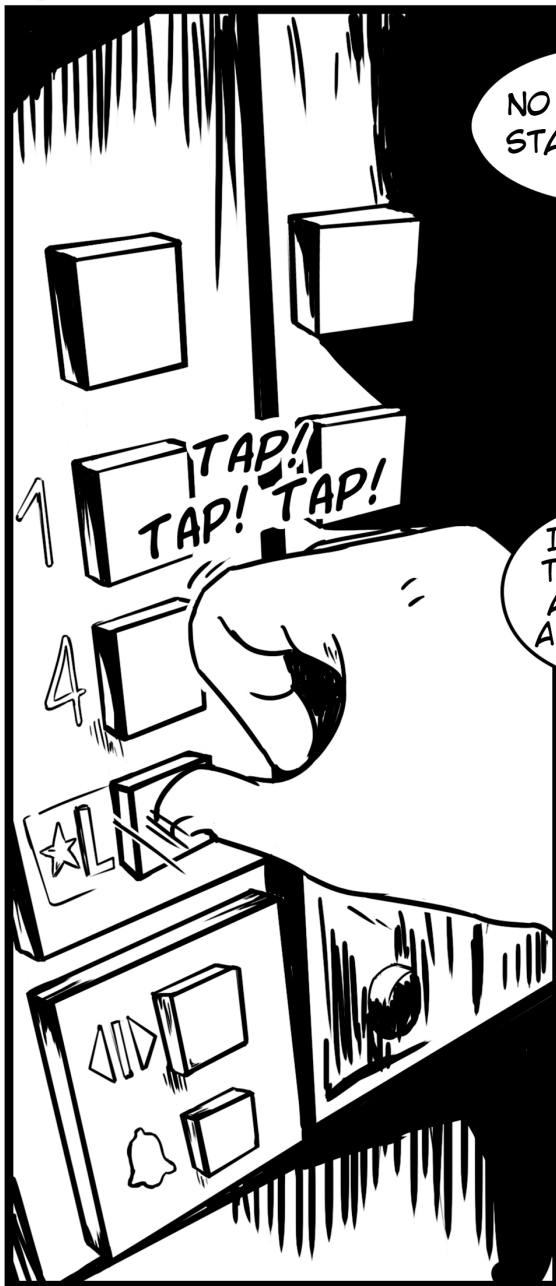
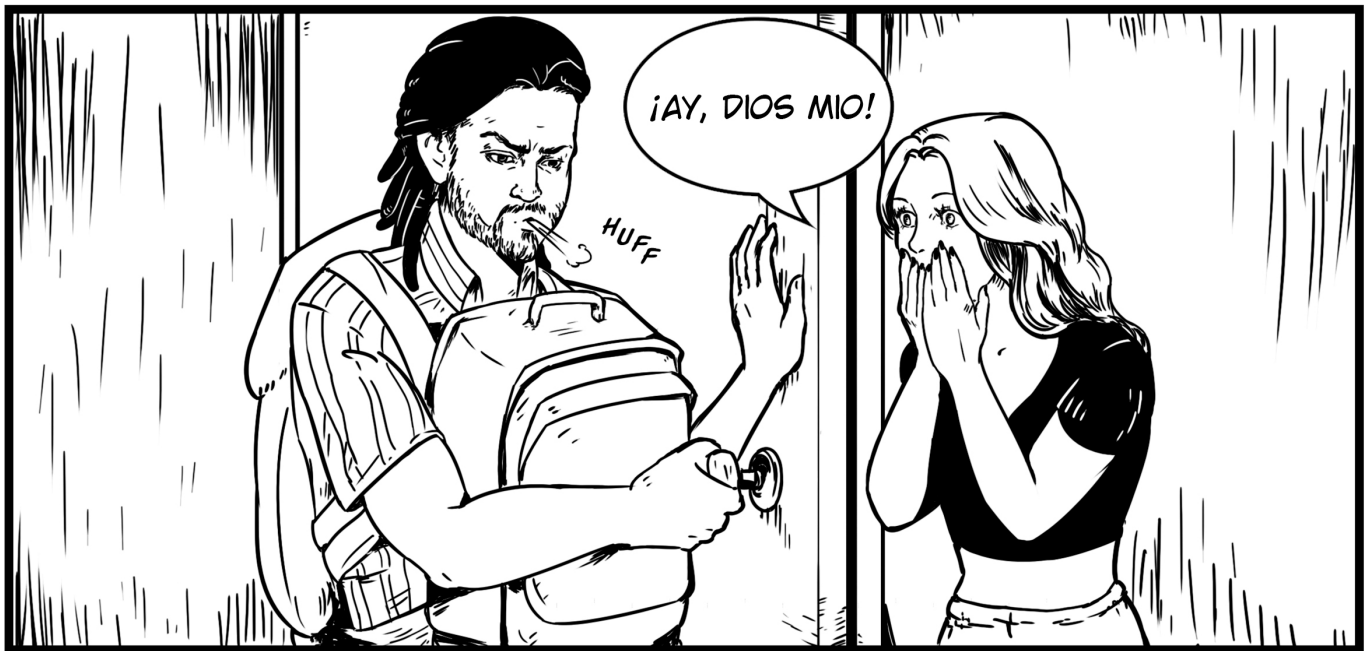


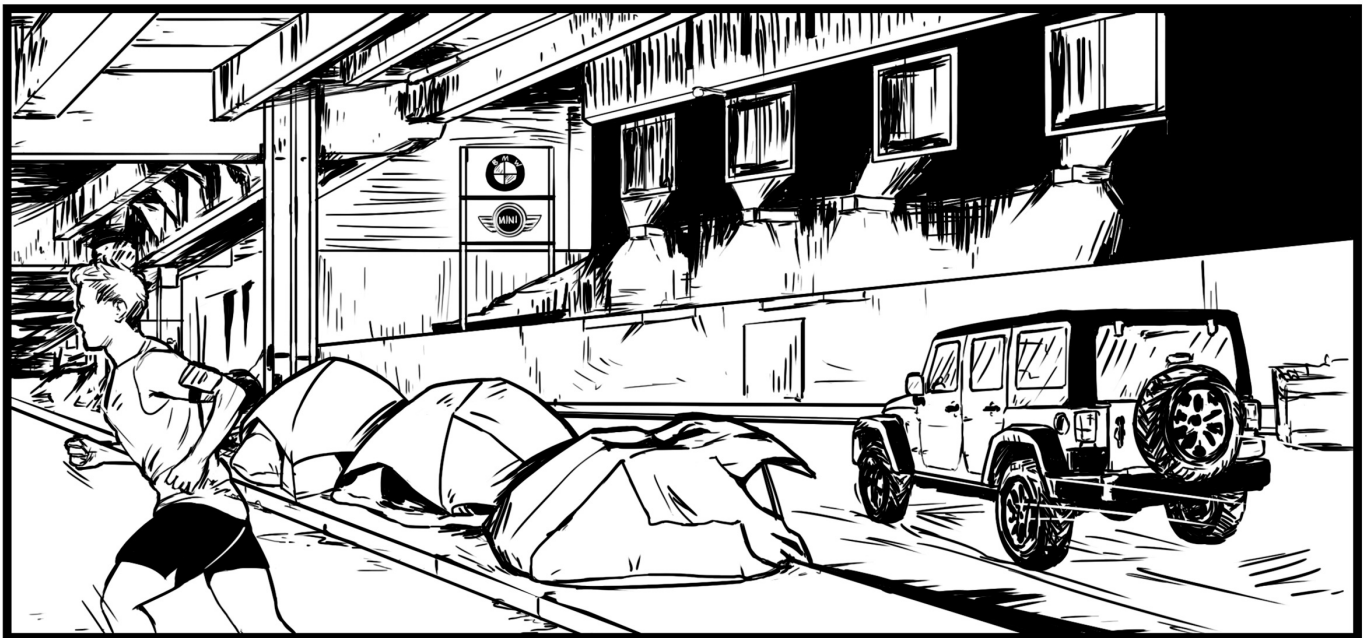






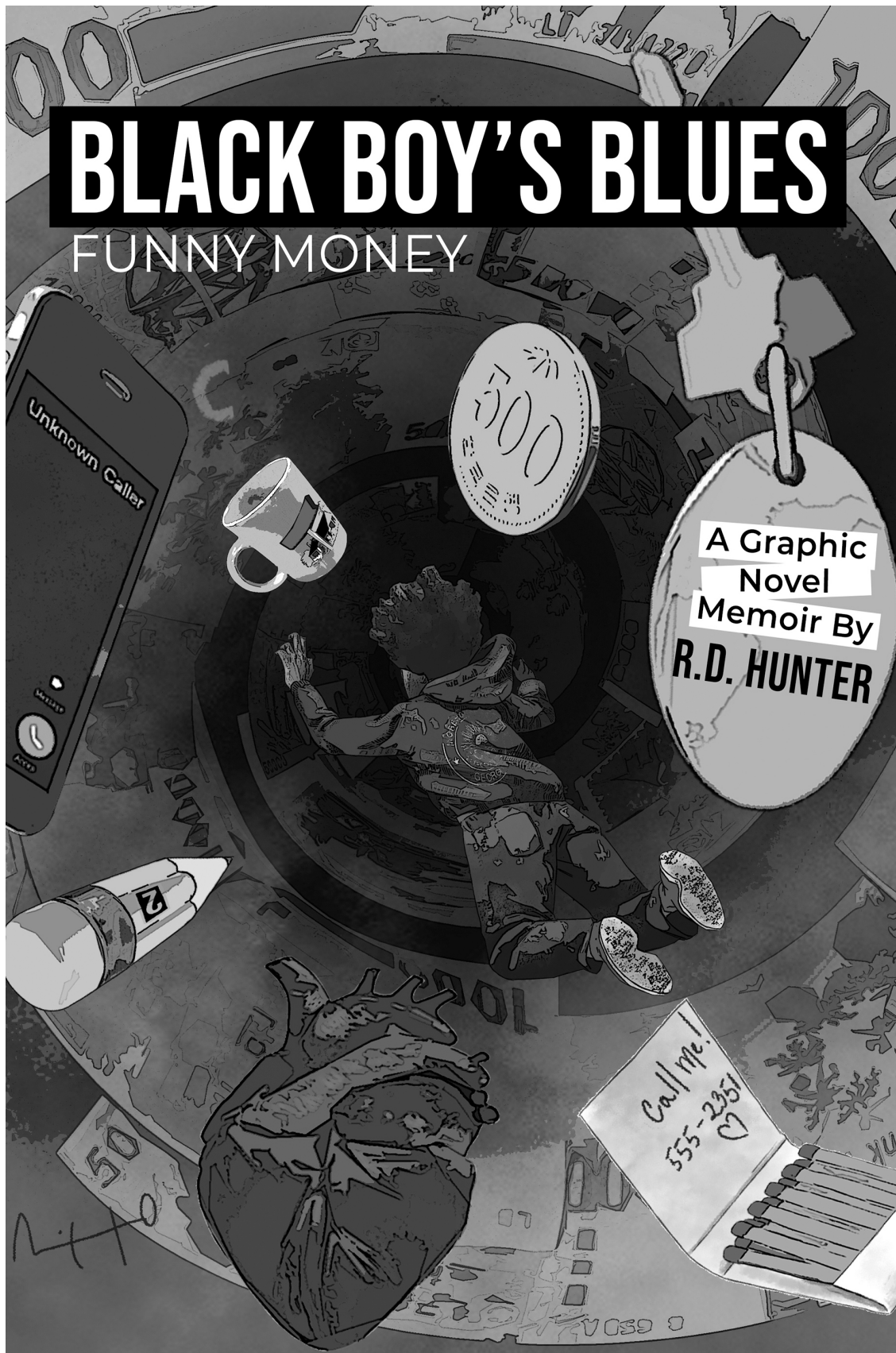






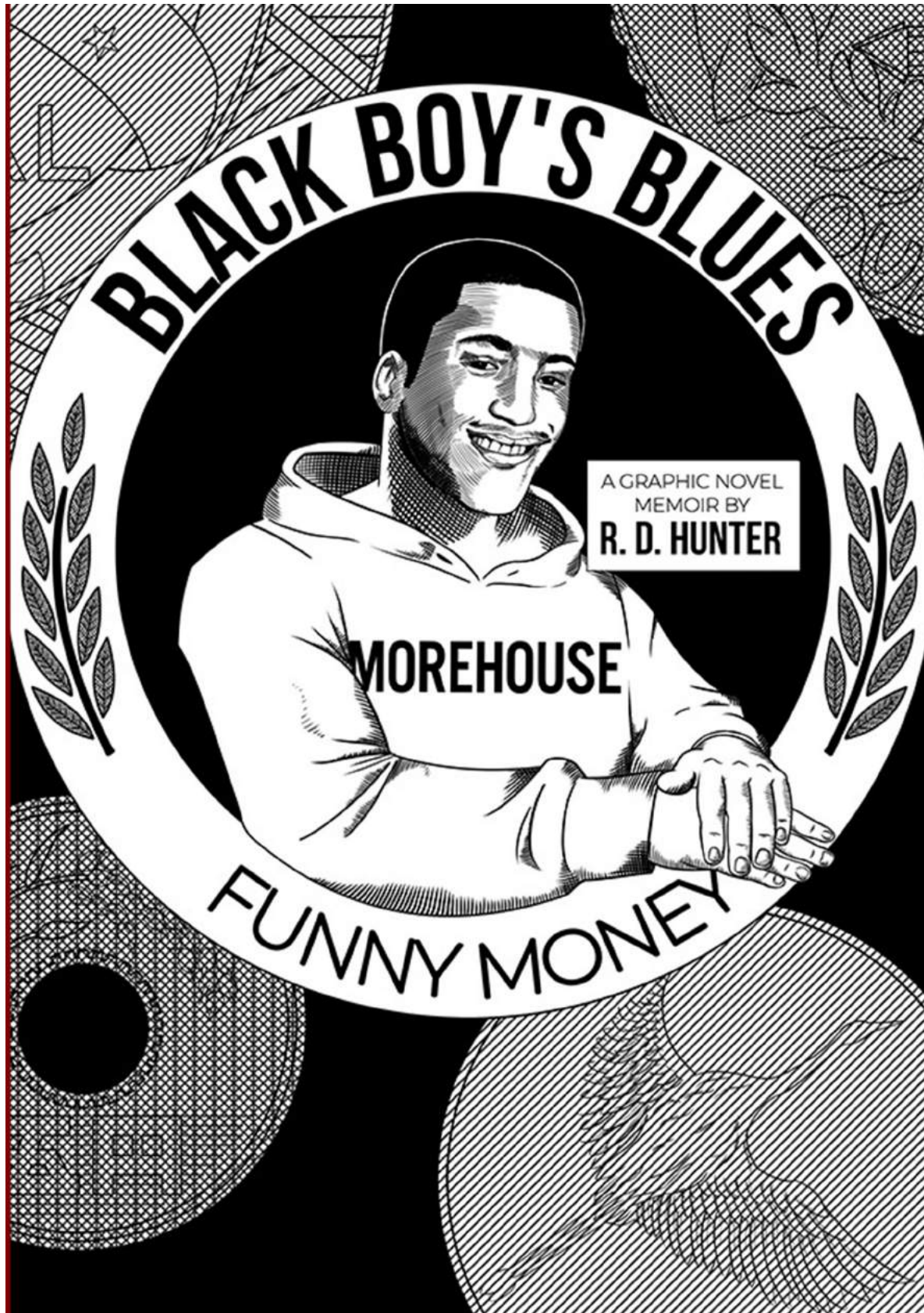
ATL COVER #1 (FALLING)

Art: Nicolás Nieto



ALT COVER #2 (COINS)

Art: WesleyO



SPECIAL THANKS

The first comic I completed in this book was “Annapolis.” I paid for the artist using cash advances from my credit card and posted the comic online for free thinking no one would read it or care. The individuals listed on these pages are just a few of the 120 people who proved me wrong and funded this book on Kickstarter. I am eternally grateful that they opened their hearts (and wallets) to help me realize my lifelong dream of becoming a published author.

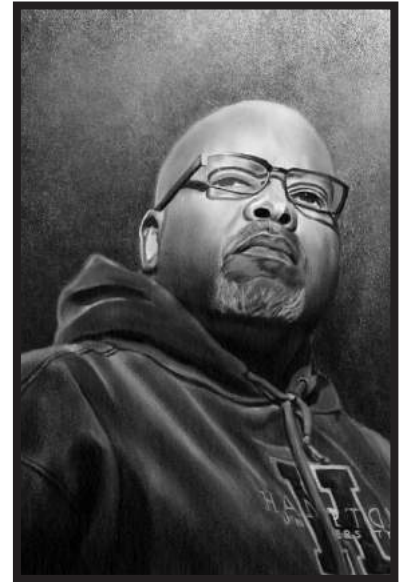


Journey Rose Jennings

Art By: Morgan Vivar

Matt Salazar

Ross Chapman



William Gray

Art By: krisskringl3



Alex Cole

Art By: Katherine Karolczak



Anton Macon Brewington

Art By: Inigoio



Jonathan Tavaréz

Art By: Aceywavez



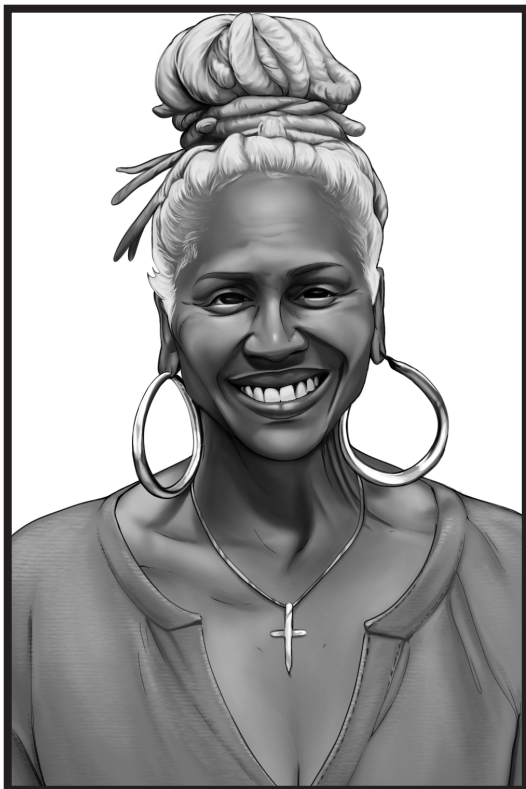
Deloris Hunter

Art By: Alice Gastaldon



Wilmarie Hernandez

Art By: PruPru Draws



Patricia Brooks

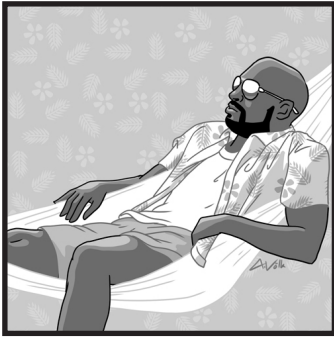
Art By: Kael Sanuwa



Mike Green

Art By: John Leyton Flores

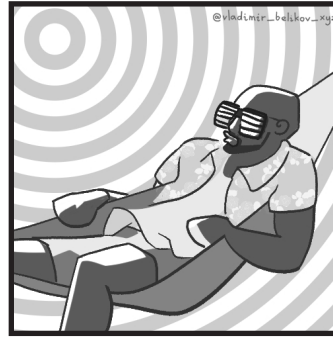
LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR



Art By: Alex Völk



Art By: Martha Mariot



Art By: Vladimir Belikov



Art By: Bárbara Baeza

Dear Reader,

Writing a biography at the end of a memoir seems, at best, repetitive, and, at worst, self-indulgent. However, if you're reading a wall of text like this in a book filled with illustrations, I'll assume you want to know more. So instead of listing off mundane facts like the names of my pets or my favorite foods, I'll tell you where this story leaves off.

First, I am unemployed again. No, I wasn't fired again - I quit my job. My fiancée and I are hoping we'll get enough from selling our singular, decades-old car to cover the cost of our wedding next month. We'll need to keep our savings intact for our year-long shoe-string-budget backpacking honeymoon through South America and Asia.

I spent the entirety of last week loading boxes of my old possessions into the flatbed trucks of my friends and family. At first, it felt like I was losing a part of myself. I had worked hard to acquire these coveted things, many of which had sentimental value. But as my apartment emptied out, I realized the memories remained. These expensive, hard-earned personal effects weren't the subject of my joy, they were just junk. I struggle, even as I write this, to remember the contents of those boxes the second they were sealed.

I see money differently now than I did when I first started working. Now that I know I can survive on my own, I'd like to focus my attention on managing the fleeting hours of my life, as opposed to endlessly increasing numbers on a balance sheet. I think I have enough, at least for now. Although, there may be plenty of time (and inflation) to prove me wrong.

R.D. Hunter

THANK YOU FOR READING

If you enjoyed this book please
leave a rating or write a review on

[Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)



amzn.to/3SvJEPI

