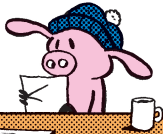


Dearest Pig,
I sit alone in a clean,
well-lighted cafe. It is
closing time. And I am
drinking brandy through
tears.



Maura
has
left
me.



She told me this afternoon.
In this cafe. And it was
not for a guy. It was for
a job. A spokesperson job
for a corporation whose
name I will not soon
forget.



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AFLAC!

