



# GIANT DAYS™

CREATED & WRITTEN BY  
JOHN ALLISON

PENCILS BY  
MAX SARIN

INKS BY  
LIZ FLEMING

COLORS BY  
WHITNEY COGAR

LETTERS BY  
JIM CAMPBELL

COVER BY  
MAX SARIN

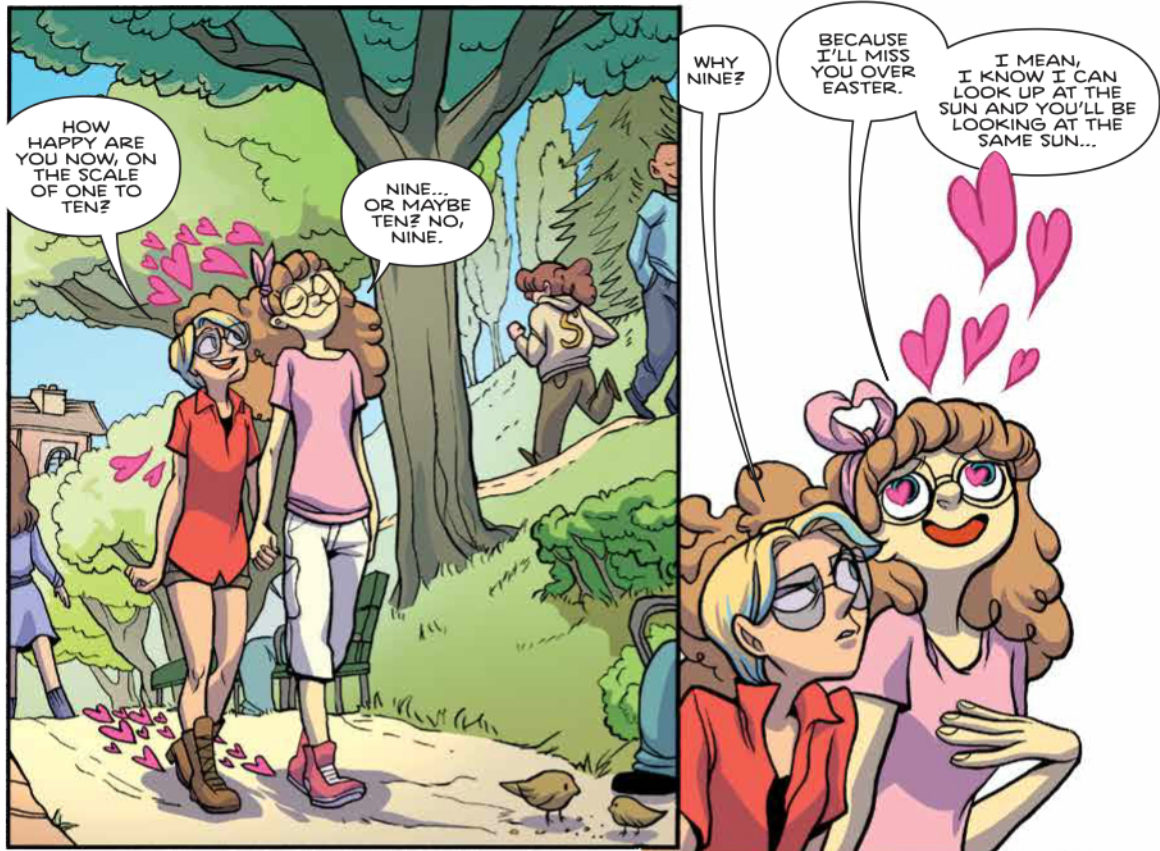


DESIGNER  
MICHELLE ANKLEY

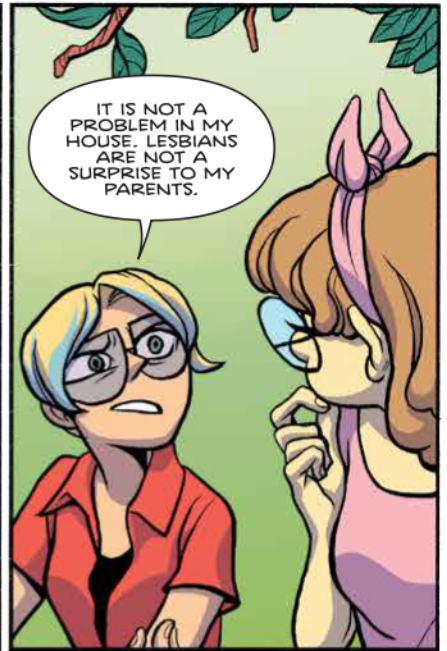
EDITORS  
SHANNON WATTERS & JASMINE AMIRI

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**BOX™**

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ESTHER!  
ESTHER de  
GROOT!



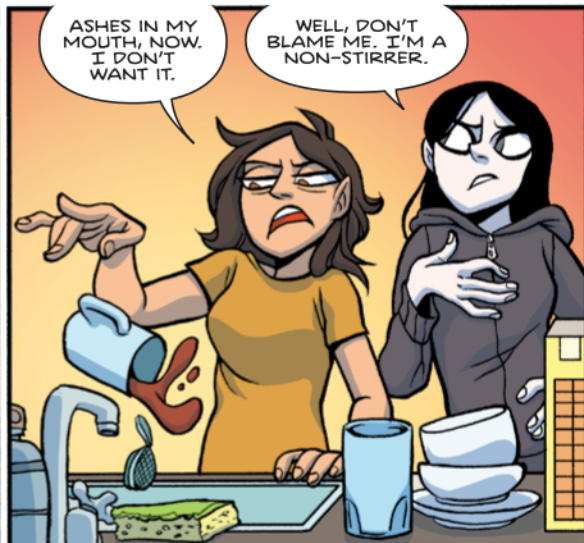
I'M SITTING  
RIGHT HERE. YOU  
JUST CAN'T SEE  
ME BECAUSE  
I'M BEING  
GOOD.

DETAILS! WHERE  
ARE ALL THE  
TEASPOONS?



I THOUGHT  
THERE WAS  
ONE LEFT. OLD  
FAITHFUL.

THERE ARE NONE AND  
NOW I AM GOING TO  
HAVE TO REMOVE MY  
TEABAG WITH A  
FORK.



ASHES IN MY  
MOUTH, NOW.  
I DON'T  
WANT IT.

WELL, DON'T  
BLAME ME. I'M A  
NON-STIRRER.



THEY CAN'T JUST  
VANISH. YOU AND I  
ARE GOING TO  
FIND THEM.

⇒SNIFF⇒  
⇒SNIFF⇒

WHAT  
IS THAT  
SMELL?



Oh, SHOOT, SUZIE,  
THAT'S THE ELECTRIC  
SMELL THAT EVERY  
EMO NOSE  
KNOWS.

STRAIGHTENERS  
APPROACHING  
MELTDOWN.





THIS HAS TO STOP, GOTHY. IF YOU'D CAUGHT A SPARK FROM THOSE STRAIGHTENERS IN YOUR PEASANT GRIEVING SKIRTS, YOU'D HAVE GONE UP LIKE A FIREWORK.

I KNOW. BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?

THIS IS DAISY'S FIRST RELATIONSHIP. THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERING OF HER SEXUAL IDENTITY.

WHAT DO WE SAY? "IT'S COOL YOU'RE IN LOVE BUT WE CAN'T STAND YOUR NIGHTMARE GIRLFRIEND?"

SHE'S ONLY IN SHEFFIELD FOR A YEAR. WE BASICALLY HAVE TO HOLD OUT FOR TEN MORE WEEKS, THEN PICK UP THE PIECES.

YES. PUT IT EXACTLY LIKE THAT. I'LL LEAVE IT WITH YOU.

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. WE'LL TAKE EXTREME PRECAUTIONS.

POCKET TEASPOONS. SMOKE ALARMS ROUND OUR NECKS.

A MORATORIUM ON YOGURT.