

GIANT DAYS™

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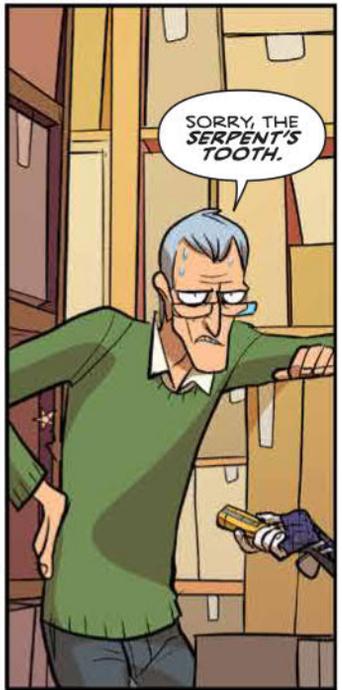
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ARE YOU IN LOVE?

NO.

MAYBE YES.

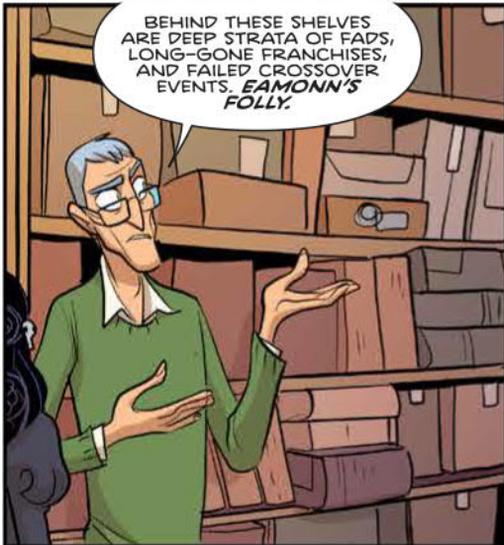


WELL I'M NOT PAYING YOU TO BE IN LOVE. THAT'S EXTRA-CURRICULAR.



WE NEED A BIGGER STOCKROOM. THERE'S NOWHERE TO PUT THE CHRISTMAS STOCK.

THE PROBLEM ISN'T THE STOCKROOM, IT'S THAT I'VE NOT THROWN ANYTHING AWAY SINCE 1997.



BEHIND THESE SHELVES ARE DEEP STRATA OF FADS, LONG-GONE FRANCHISES, AND FAILED CROSSOVER EVENTS. *EAMONN'S FOLLY.*



WE SHOULD DEAL WITH THIS BEFORE THE SHOP BURSTS.

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A DIG IN THERE. YOUR YOUNG BODY CAN SURVIVE THE HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT.



URRRGGGGH! IF ONLY WERNER HERZOG WERE HERE.

SO TELL ME. WHY ARE YOU BOTHERING WITH LOVE?

Ugh, IT'S STUPID. I'VE BEEN FRIENDS WITH A BOY FOR YEARS...

...AND SUDDENLY I'VE BEEN INFECTED WITH EMOTIONS AND THE FEELS.



WELL YOU'RE IN YOUR LAST YEAR OF UNI. THINGS GET MIXED UP IN YOUR HEAD.

IN THE LAST YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL I DECIDED I WAS IN LOVE WITH ORLA BYRNE.



"SHE LIVED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF BELFAST, AND I HAD TO CYCLE FOR AGES TO GET ROUND SOME PROBLEM AREAS."



"I LEFT AN R.E.M. RECORD ON HER DOORSTEP. ALL WRAPPED UP. I WAS TOO SHY TO GIVE IT TO HER IN THE END."



"HER DAD GOT THE POLICE TO BLOW IT UP."

OH EAMONN. EVERYBODY HURTS... SOMETIMES.





