



# ROOTS

BY TARA O'CONNOR

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I'm  
sorry.

I care about  
you, and I don't  
want to hurt you  
...

but I'm just not *in love*  
with you anymore.

And I suddenly feel as  
though I've been deafened.  
By my heart pounding...

By the sound of  
the blood rushing  
to my head.



Harsh as it is, deep  
down, I know...

I've known it for years,  
but never wanted to  
admit it.



It's all in  
your head!

You're over-  
thinking  
this!



I was wrong. It was  
really just

*Denial*



Denial that my world was  
changing. Denial that maybe  
I fell out of love too...



We were too scared to admit what was wrong, so we ignored our problems...

...and each other.



I was no help. My job barely gave me any hours from week to week.



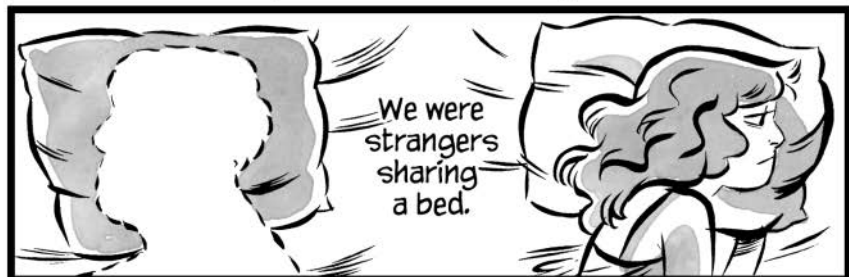
When I wasn't working, I was drawing and writing comics.

Trying to make it!



With no hours came no money, so I was just barely able to buy food.

\$12.62, please.



We were strangers sharing a bed.

Over time the thoughts became overwhelming.




I felt so guilty, so selfish.  
I knew he was fighting his  
own battles, but I couldn't  
help him. He wouldn't  
let me in.



For years I felt like I was just  
taking up space. That I was unwanted,  
that I was less than a person. I confided in  
only a few, and while talking helped, I still felt lost.



Alone.



We were friends  
on the better days,  
but it wasn't what either  
of us wanted.

Or  
deserved.

We tried,  
but it wasn't  
enough...

...there was too  
much resentment  
on both sides, and  
I feared it would ruin  
what friendship  
remained.

We waited too long.

"True love will find you in the end, you'll find out just who was your friend. Don't be sad, I know you will, but don't give up until, true love will find you in the end."

—Daniel Johnston