



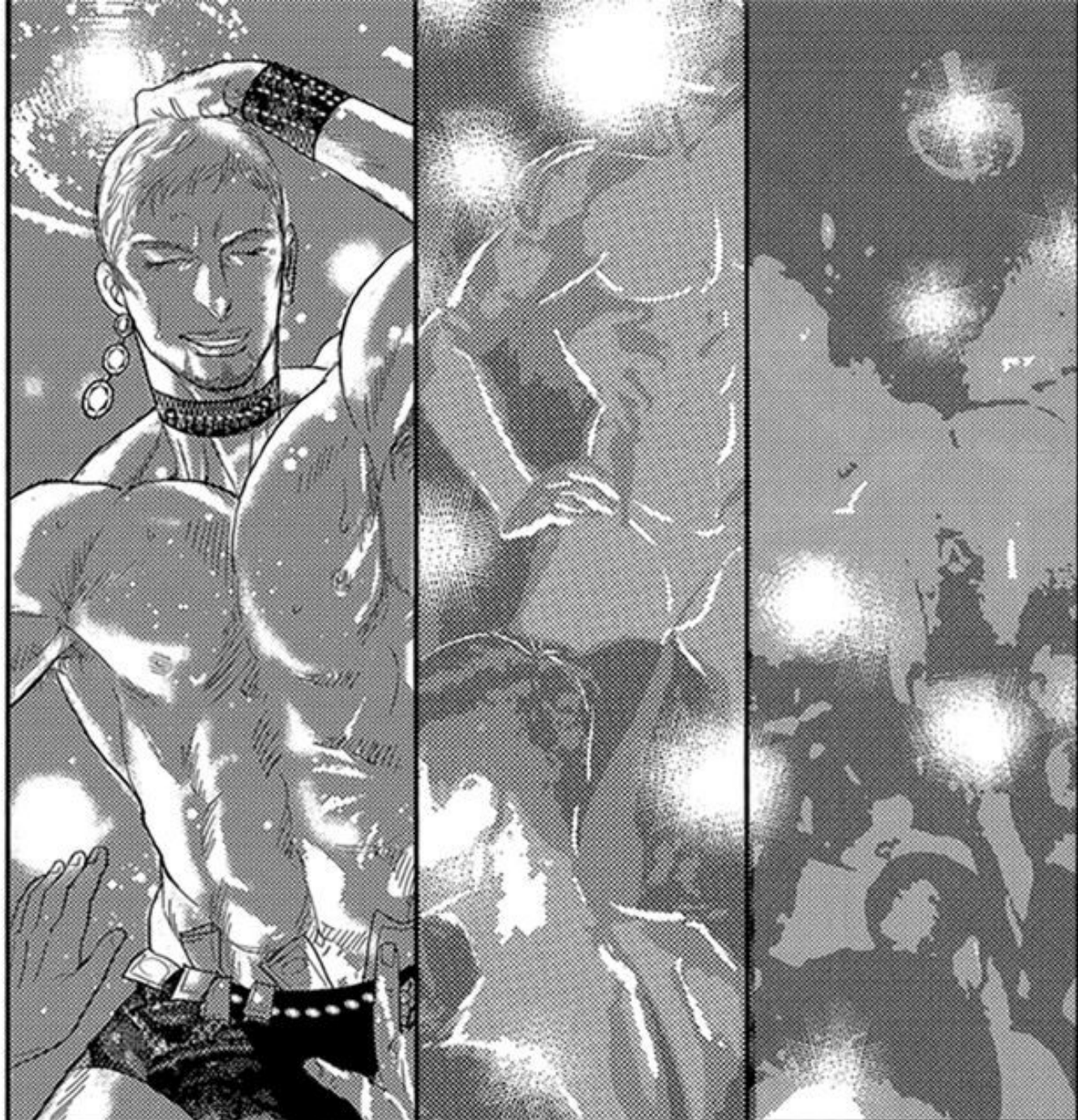
'MY DEAR JEAN-LUC, I LOVE YOU MORE THAN YOU KNOW.'



'IF SOMETHING HAPPENED WHERE I MIGHT LOSE YOU, I WOULD SURELY BE UNABLE TO BEAR IT. THAT'S WHY...'







THE
PRIVATE
ROOM IS
THIS WAY.



HONEY,



AH,
WAIT A
MINUTE!

HE'S
ALREADY
FINISHED ON
STAGE SO
HE'LL COME
SOON.



YOU HAVE
15 MINUTES.
AFTER THAT
YOU CAN
NEGOTIATE.



SORRY
FOR
THE
WAIT.

AL.



ALFONSO.



WHAT IS
AL SHORT
FOR?

HM?



AL...!?

!



THIS IS YOUR
FIRST TIME
DESIGNATING,
RIGHT?

YEAH,
SO...

Shut



CAPTAIN
PICARD,
HUH?

?

...AH.



I'M
JEAN-
LUC.

YOU DON'T
KNOW ME?



I
COULD
FINALLY
MEET
YOU!

AAH,
AL!!

THAT'S
RIGHT!
PICARD.

!



HUH?

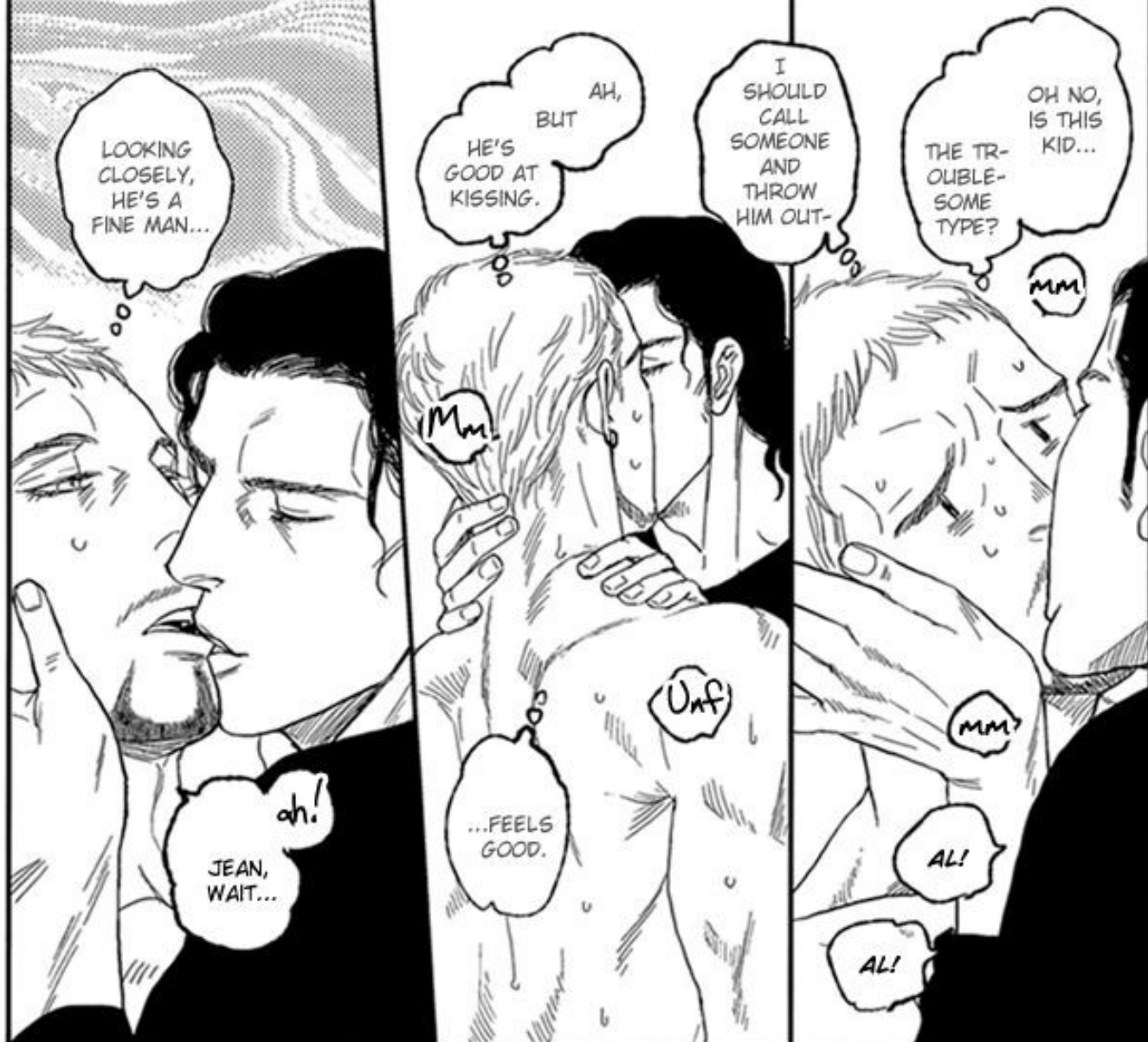
MY
BELOVED!!

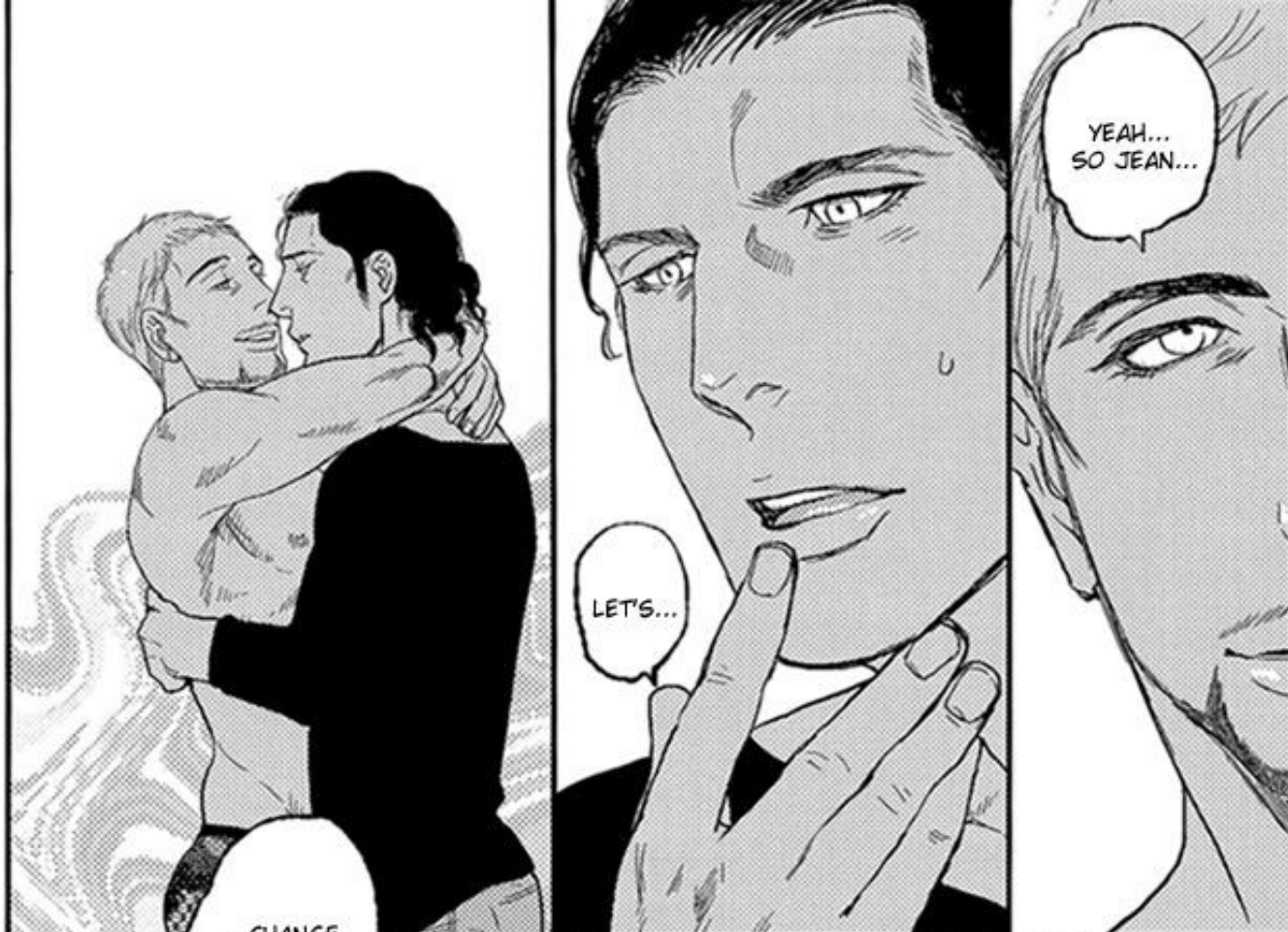


Nh!

...!!...!!...!!

HEY-







SLAM

AAAAA!

I'M
HUNGRY!
MAKE ME
SOMETHIII-
IIING!!

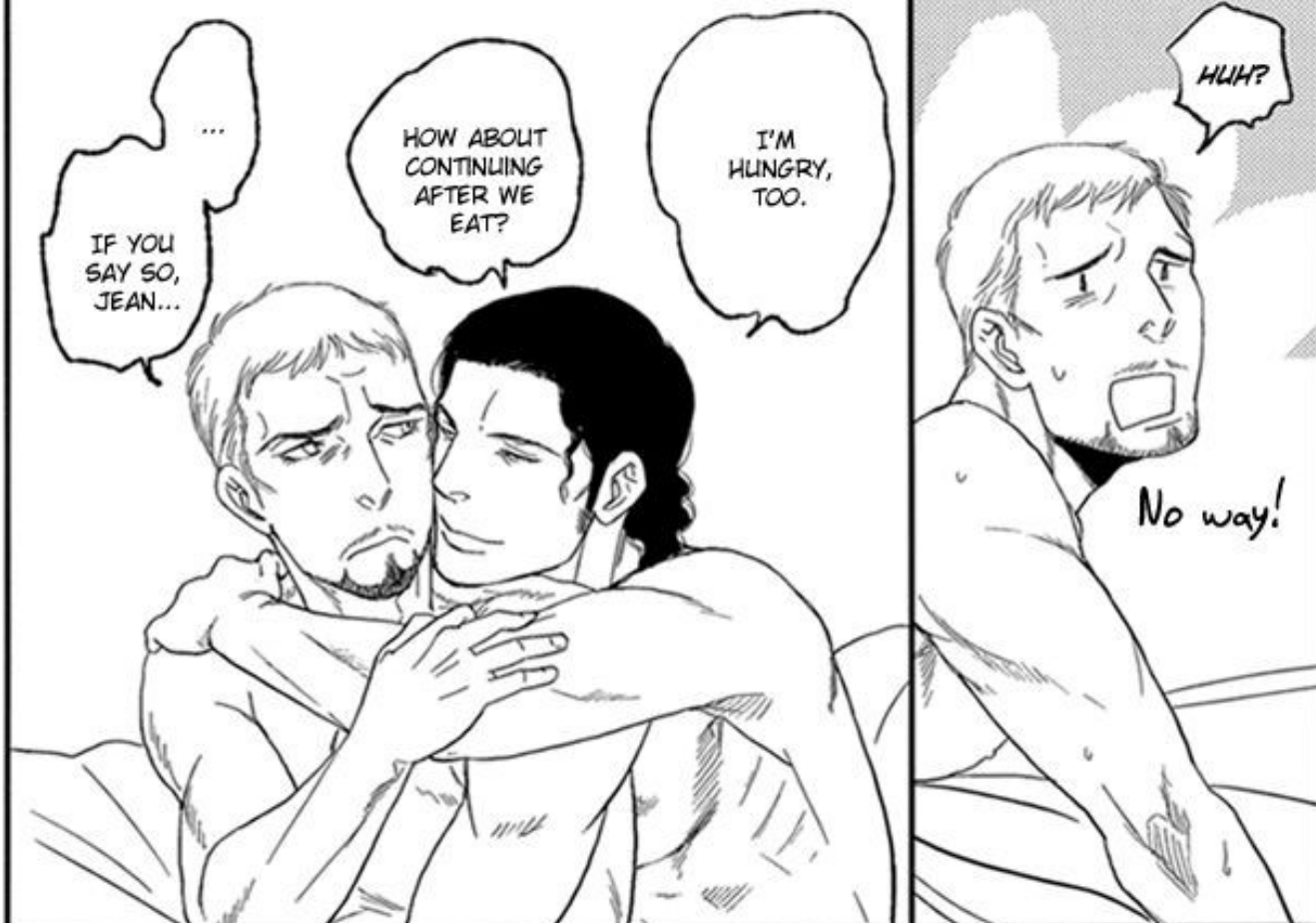
...AH!

BLARE

HUH?







THAT IS
TO SAY...

HUH, WHAT? YOU
WERE DESIGNATED
BECAUSE YOU WERE
MISTAKEN FOR
SOMEONE ELSE?

YOU GO
BEYOND
BEING A
WITCH,
YOU'RE
A DEMON,
A DEMON!!

WHEN
YOU'RE IN
DQ (DRAG
QUEEN)
FORM IT'S
THE DEMON
TREATMENT.

YOU SPEW
OUT WHAT-
EVER'S IN YOUR
MOUTH RIGHT
AWAY, TIFF!

WHEN
THERE'S A MAN ASKING
FOR A PRIVATE DANCE WITH A
HAG LIKE YOU. YOU SHOULD BE
SUSPICIOUS THEN AND
THERE, AL!

NO,
LIM...

I'M
SOR-
RY!

IS A CHAT
FRIEND.
IT'S BEEN
THREE YEARS
AND WE'VE
NEVER MET.

THE AL
I WAS
LOOKING
FOR...

AND
THIS
IS HOW
THINGS
ENDED
UP.

UNABLE TO
BEAR IT, I
LOOKED UP
THIS PLACE
FROM HIS
PROFILE AND
CAME HERE.

IT'S
NOT YOUR
FAULT,
JEAN.

IT'S
FINE!

BECAUSE
YOU WERE
FOOLED,
TOO.

HUH,
WHAT'S
THAT?







BUT...
AM I
WRONG,
I WONDER?
HOW IS IT,
I WON-
DER?
WON'T
YOU MAKE
THINGS
CLEAR, I
WONDER?

YOUR
EVIDENCE IS
FULL OF CONTRA-
DICTIONS AND I
CAN'T HEAR ANY-
THING BUT
EVASIONS.

YOU
KNOW!

HER
SKILL IS
ALSO
DECENT
AND HER
REPUTATION
ISN'T BAD,
BUT...

IT SEEMS
HER MEMORY
IS ABSURDLY
GOOD.

AT
ANY RATE,
SHE'S
ALWAYS
EXPOSED
AS A "BIG
SISTER,"
RIGHT?

I CAN'T
HELP
LAUGHING
AT THE
RESPONSE.



IT'S SO
HILARIOUS!!

EFFICIENTLY
CORNERING
THEM LIKE
THAT.

splurt



Hahahaha
sorry.

I TAKE
MY WORK
SERIOUSLY...

HEY...



THIS IS
ARTHUR70.



THIS
IS...?

...?

HUH? A
PHOTO...?



YEAH, I
KNEW HIM
AFTER ALL.

AND?

DID
SOME-
THING
COME
UP?

REALLY!?



ARTHUR
JIMINEZ.

HE USED TO
DO GO-GO
AT THE CLUB.
MEMBERS ARE
MEMBERS...

MY
CUSTOMERS
HAVE EVEN
CONSULTED ME
ABOUT BEING
CHEATED
BY HIM.

BUT HE
WAS A CHEAP
SCOUNDREL WHO
WOULD HOOK
MEN IN CHAT
AND STEAL
OR EXTORT



MY AL
CAN'T HURT
AND DECEIVE
PEOPLE.

HE'S A
SENSITIVE
AND KIND
PERSON...
THIS, THIS
IS WRONG.



...NO.

THERE'S NO
WAY THIS
MAN COULD
WRITE THOSE
WONDERFUL
LETTERS...!

THIS ISN'T
MY AL...!



TIFFANY?

THAT'S
RIGHT.
IT'S SOME-
ONE ELSE.



THIS
IS FOR
SURE.

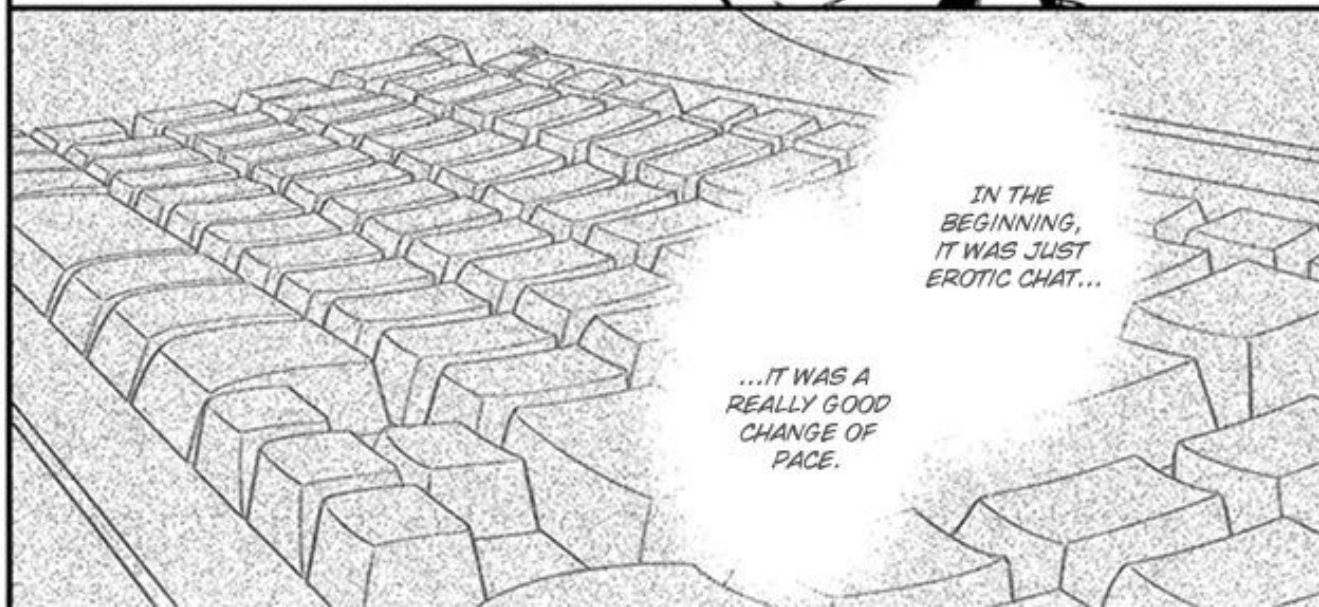
THAT VULGAR
HALFWIT
COULDN'T WRITE
COMPOSITIONS
THAT WOULD GIVE
THE POET JEAN-
LUC BRUNEAU DEEP
IMPRESSIONS NO
MATTER HOW
HARD HE TRIED.

IN
THE
THIRD
PLACE,

BECAUSE,
IN THE FIRST
PLACE, ARTHUR'S
PET NAME WAS
CHICO, NOT AL.

IN THE
SECOND PLACE,
ALTHOUGH THAT
IDIOT CHICO WAS
JEALOUS OF OUR
AL IN HIS GO-
GO DAYS,
THERE'S NO
WAY HE'D USE
AL'S PROFILE
OR PICTURES
TO ENTICE
MEN.

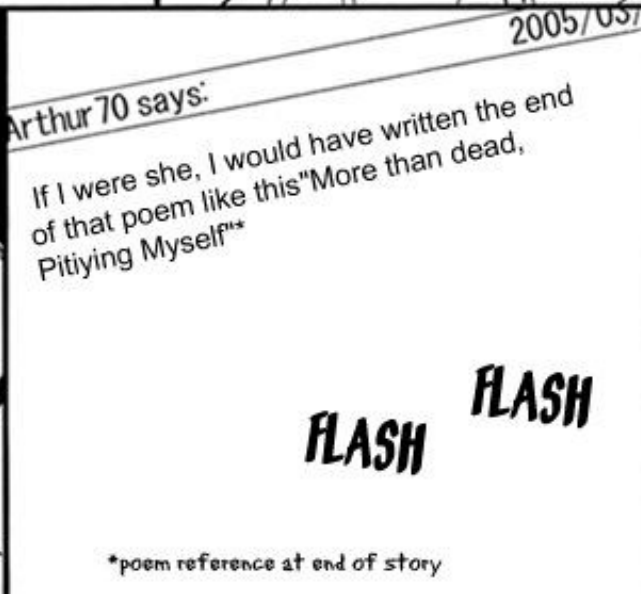
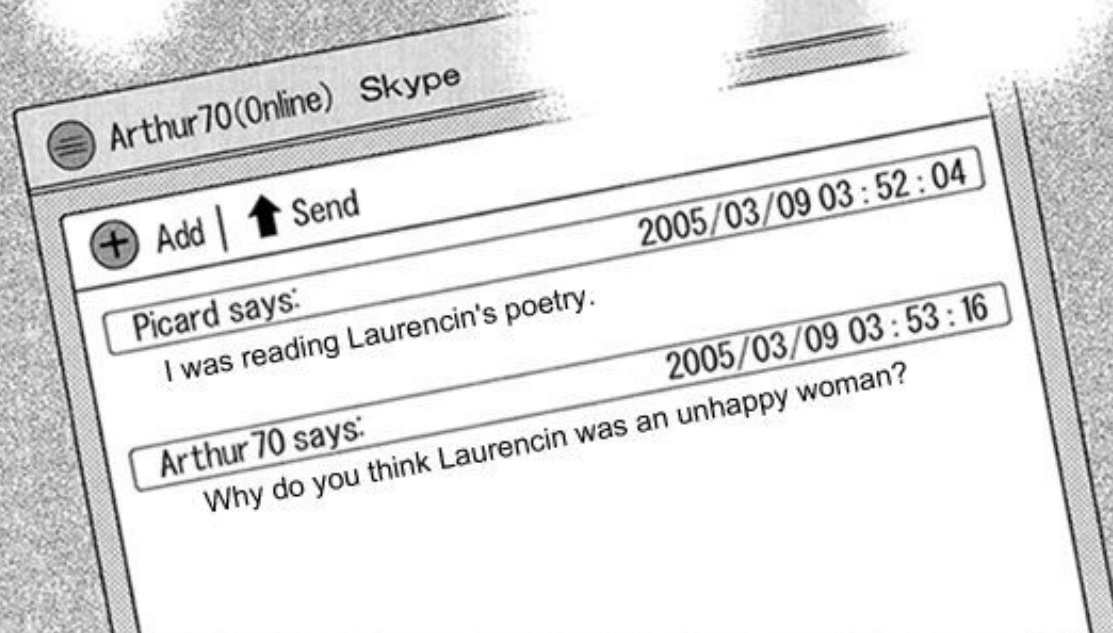
HUH?



AND
SO...

I DIDN'T HAVE
ANY INTEREST IN
LAURENCIN SO I
DIDN'T HAVE ANY
EXPECTATIONS.

BUT ONE DAY,
BY SOME
CHANCE I WAS
TOUCHED
BY LAUREN-
CIN'S POETRY.



*poem reference at end of story



I WANT
TO MEET
HIM, THE ONE
I WANT SO
MUCH TO SEE,
AND GIVE THIS
COLLECTION OF
POEMS TO HIM
DIRECTLY.

I WOUND UP
IN A DREAM,
CAPTIVATED BY
HIS UNIQUE WAY
OF THINKING AND
DISPOSITION.

FROM
THAT DAY I
TALKED WITH
HIM ABOUT
VARIOUS
THINGS
BESIDES
SEX.

INSPIRATION
WELLED UP
AGAIN AND AGAIN
FROM FRAGMENTS
OF WORDS HE
DROVE IN.

THE FOURTH
REASON IT'S
PROBABLY
A DIFFERENT
PERSON, THOUGH
IT'S A DECISIVE
REASON.

IT'S
POSSIBLE
THAT HIS
ID EXPIRED
AFTER DEATH
AND BECAME
SOMEONE
ELSE'S ID

BUT THAT
DOESN'T
EXPLAIN WHY
HE KNOWS
MEMBER
INFOR-
MATION.

CHICO
PASSED
AWAY THREE
YEARS AGO.



TIFFANY,
CAN'T I MEET
THAT CHICO
MAN?

HE
PROBABLY
KNOWS
SOME-
THING...

IMPOS-
SIBLE!
BECAUSE...



IS THE
GUY
CURRENTLY
USING
CHICO'S
PC.

WHICH MEANS,
WE CAN'T THINK
BUT THAT THE
ONE WHO CHATTED
WITH JEAN



XANDER!?

XANDER!?

CHICO'S
YOUNGER
BROTHER
AND THE
CLUB'S BAR-
TENDER.

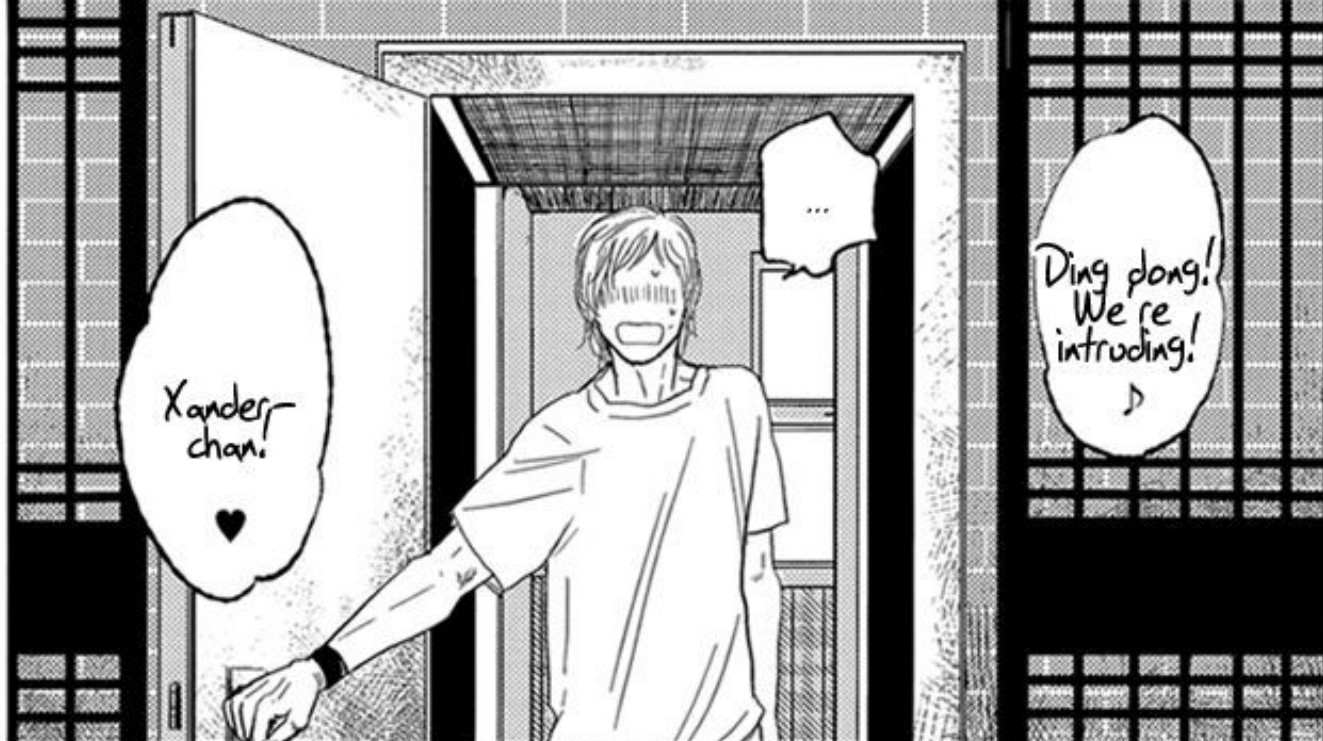


I SEE! FROM
THE COUNTER OF
THAT BAR THE
WHOLE STAGE
CAN BE SEEN!

AL DOTES ON
XANDER AND THEY
OFTEN HANG
OUT TOGETHER
SO THERE'S
NO END OF
INFORMATION
EITHER.



WELL, I
GUESS THERE'S
NO MISTAKE.





That's right.

WHY DID YOU POSE AS ME?

MORE THAN APOLOGIZING, EXPLAIN?

I'm sorry...



BECAUSE... YOU'RE COOL, AL...



I JUST WANTED JEAN TO LOVE ME.

EVEN IF IT'S ONLY IN CHAT, EVEN IF WE CAN'T TOUCH EACH OTHER'S BODIES, I DIDN'T MIND.

FOR A MAN, ANYONE WOULD WANT TO GO OUT WITH SOMEONE LIKE AL, RIGHT? THAT'S WHY...

I WANTED TO KEEP TALKING WITH JEAN.



I'M A SHRIMP... AND I'M UGLY... I'M SKINNY AND UNATTRACTIVE.

I LIKE JEAN SO MUCH I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO...BUT

IF HE KNEW THE ONE ON THE OTHER END WAS SOMEONE LIKE ME, HE'D END UP UNABLE TO CARE FOR ME...













EVEN
I'D LIKE
TO BE CALLED
"MY ANGEL"
OR SOMETHING
WITH A
SERIOUS
FACE!!

YET WHY
DO WE
ALWAYS
PLAY THIS
KIND OF
PART!?

YES,
YES!

RIGID



GU

WAH

WE'RE GOOD
MEN TOO!!

Woah!



clack

WELL, IT
CAN'T BE
HELPED,
RIGHT?
BECAUSE,
FOR US,
LOOK!



Wow!

DON'T
LUMP ME IN
WITH YOU!

THE
STAGE
IS OUR
LOVER.

THAT'S WHY
NO MATTER HOW
MUCH TIME
PASSES, YOU'LL
NEVER BE
ABLE TO GIVE
UP GO-GO...

END!

ZFT EXPLAINS!

Le Calmant by Marie Laurencin

Hookay. Time for an explanation for anyone unfamiliar with this poem.
It is Le Calmant by Marie Laurencin. The original goes like this:

Plus qu'ennuyée Triste.

Plus que triste Malheureuse.

Plus que malheureuse Souffrante.

Plus que souffrante Abandonnée.

Plus qu'abandonnée Seule au monde.

Plus que seule au monde Exilée.

Plus qu'exilée Morte.

Plus que morte Oubliée.

In English that would be:

More than bored Sad.

More than sad Unhappy.

More than unhappy Ill.

More than ill Abandoned.

More than abandoned Alone in the world.

More than alone in the world Exiled.

More than exiled Dead.

More than dead Forgotten.

Now, the Japanese translation of the poem goes like this:

退屈な女より もっと哀れなのは 悲しい女です。

悲しい女より もっと哀れなのは 不幸な女です。

不幸な女より もっと哀れなのは 病気の女です。

病気の女より もっと哀れなのは 捨てられた女です。

捨てられた女より もっと哀れなのは よるべない女です。

よるべない女より もっと哀れなのは 追われた女です。

追われた女より もっと哀れなのは 死んだ女です。

死んだ女より もっと哀れなのは 忘れられた女です。

Which in English would be:

What is more pitiful than a bored woman is a sad woman.

What is more pitiful than a sad woman is an unhappy woman.

What is more pitiful than an unhappy woman is an ill woman.

What is more pitiful than an ill woman is an abandoned woman.

What is more pitiful than an abandoned woman is a woman with no place to go.

What is more pitiful than a woman with no place to go is a woman driven away.

What is more pitiful than a woman driven away is a dead woman.

What is more pitiful than a dead woman is a forgotten woman.

So when Al changes the end of this poem, he actually changes it to

"What is more pitiful than a dead woman is a woman pitying herself."

It's a little more clever than what I put because it uses the "aware"

(which I wrote as "pitiful") from each line and sticks it at the end in

"jibun o awaremu" ("pitying oneself"). I didn't translate it as that because

I wanted to follow the format of the original poem, which is more likely to

be familiar to our readers than the Japanese format.