

GARTH ENNIS

JENNIFER BLOOD



volume one:
A WOMAN'S WORK
IS NEVER DONE

DYNAMITE

STREET
2009

MONDAY

Quiet day with nothing much going on. Andrew took the kids to school, which was a big help. What wasn't such a big help was he'd mixed up the laundry again, so I now have a very distinctive purple blouse. My fault in a way, by now I should know to check first before I let him do anything domestic. But I can't be mad at A, he's so sweet all the time, so easy to get along with. Life with him is such a pleasure relief.

Minor dilemma while shopping- the ecologically friendly surface cleaner, which, if I'm honest, doesn't really work all that well, or the evil (and cheap) regular one that dissolves grease in seconds and probably turns the soil into an instant biohazard when it ends up as landfill? Oh, God. I am a bad person and I am going to a bad place.

My Diary

Gave myself a treat and got my nails done (toes only for obvious reasons). I was reading Guns + Ammo in the nail bar and it struck me how many articles were about 9mm weapons. Beretta, Glock, Sig-Sauer, Heckler + Koch- it was 9mm this, 9mm that, there wasn't a single mention of .38 or .45. What on earth's the point of having twice as many bullets if you have to use three times as many to actually put someone down?

Honestly.

1: WAR JOURNAL

Without knowing it, A earned himself a reprieve for the blouse by taking the afternoon off and picking the kids up on his way home. I was so happy when he called, I'd been all set to do it myself but now I had time for all sorts of little things. Sewed Alice's costume for the parade, hunted down Mark's missing sneaker, finally got a decent edge on that Ka-bar. Even cleaned the oven. Hear me roar.

Defrosted lamb chops as a thank you. I know Andrew gets along well with his boss, but he still has to work extra hard to get the time off. I'm lucky to have someone who makes us such a priority.



My family.



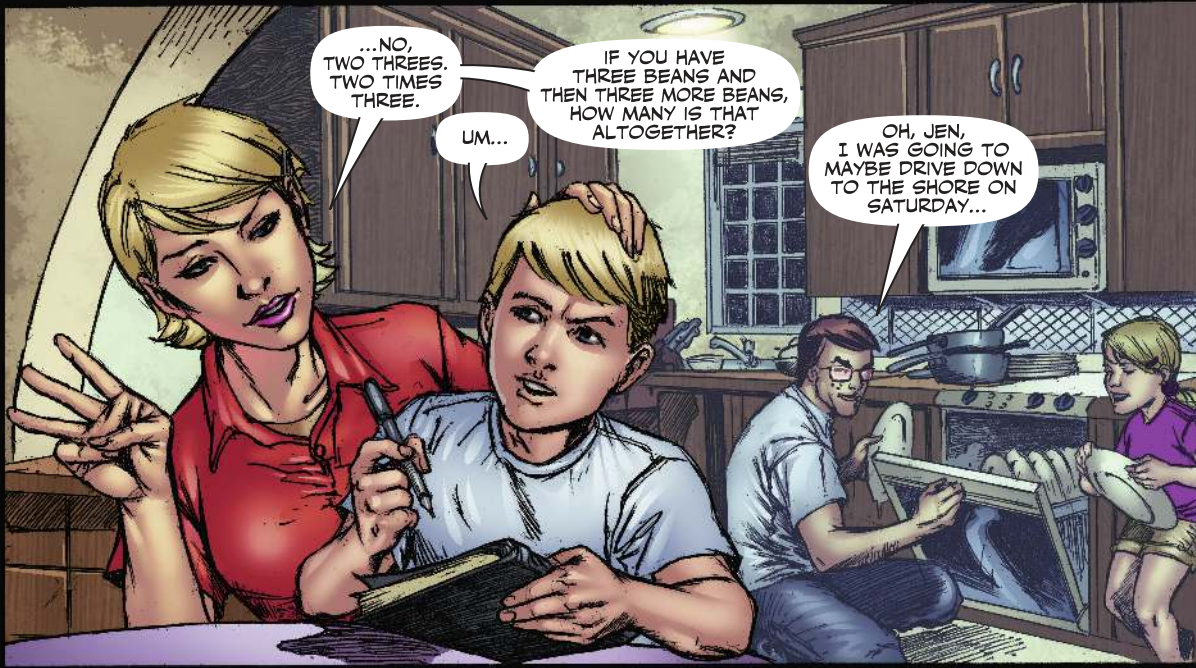
They make it all worthwhile.



MY FAVORITE, LUCKY MAN THAT I AM!

ALICE, STOP TRYING TO HIDE YOUR SPROUTS UNDER YOUR MASHED POTATOES, YOU'RE STILL GOING TO HAVE TO EAT THEM...

MOM...!



...NO, TWO THREES. TWO TIMES THREE.

UM...

IF YOU HAVE THREE BEANS AND THEN THREE MORE BEANS, HOW MANY IS THAT ALTOGETHER?

OH, JEN, I WAS GOING TO MAYBE DRIVE DOWN TO THE SHORE ON SATURDAY...

EARLY... YOU KNOW, YOU DO GET A LOT OF OCEAN-GOING DUCKS PASSING THROUGH AT THIS TIME OF YEAR, SCOTER AND EIDER AND SO ON...
UH-HUH.
The reason for the extra-helpful half day was revealed later, of course.

But I shouldn't be cynical. If the extent of the man's deviousness is earning himself time to go birdwatching, I should probably thank my lucky stars.



I SAW A PEREGRINE DOWN THERE THIS TIME LAST YEAR, PROBABLY GOING AFTER THE DUCKS.

THOUGHT I MIGHT, UM, TAKE MY CAMERA, SEE WHAT SHOWS UP...

Besides, who am I to talk?

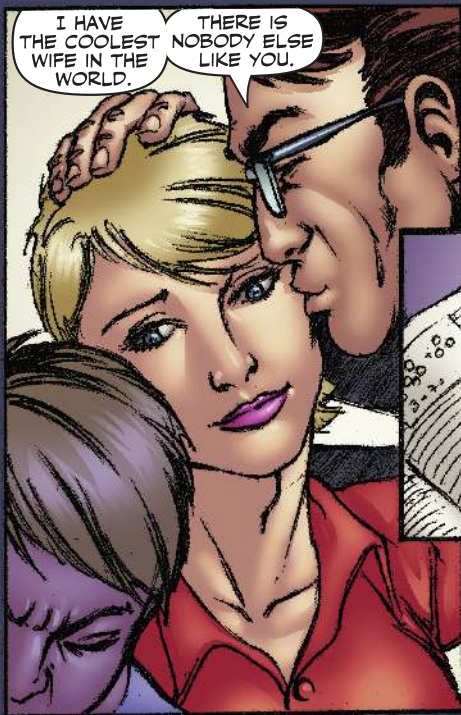


YOU SHOULD.

YOU DON'T MIND TAKING ALICE TO PRACTICE?

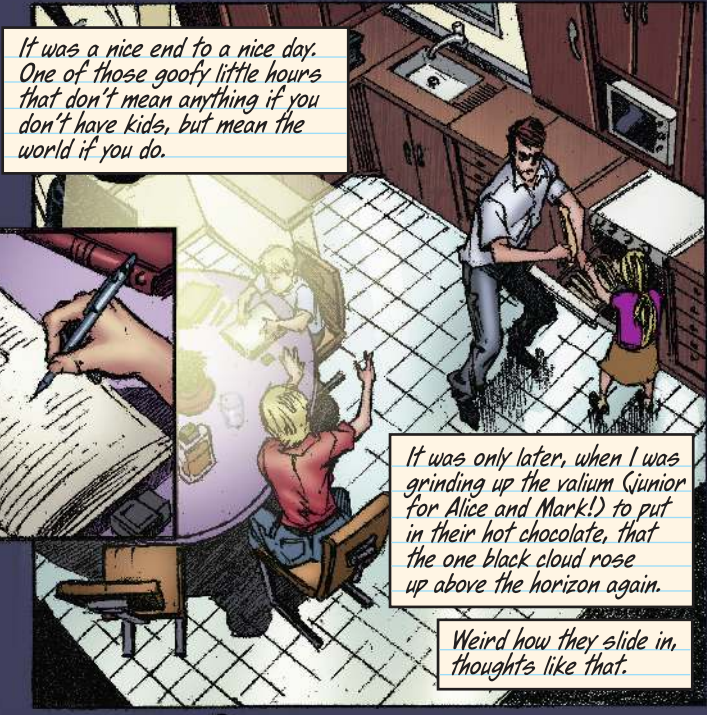
OR LOOKING AFTER MARK.

YOU'RE THE BEST!



I HAVE THE COOLEST WIFE IN THE WORLD.

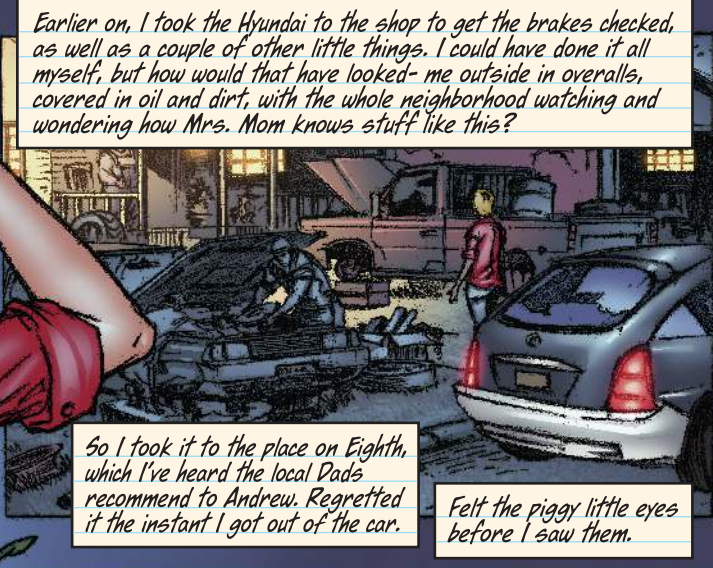
THERE IS NOBODY ELSE LIKE YOU.



It was a nice end to a nice day. One of those goofy little hours that don't mean anything if you don't have kids, but mean the world if you do.

It was only later, when I was grinding up the valium (Junior for Alice and Mark!) to put in their hot chocolate, that the one black cloud rose up above the horizon again.

Weird how they slide in, thoughts like that.



Earlier on, I took the Hyundai to the shop to get the brakes checked, as well as a couple of other little things. I could have done it all myself, but how would that have looked- me outside in overalls, covered in oil and dirt, with the whole neighborhood watching and wondering how Mrs. Mom knows stuff like this?

So I took it to the place on Eighth, which I've heard the local Dads recommend to Andrew. Regretted it the instant I got out of the car.

Felt the piggy little eyes before I saw them.



KATIE, YOU FIGURE OUT A PRICE FOR MRS. FELLOWS, OKAY?

YES, MISTER MCWATT.

DON'T FORGET PARTS. AN' LABOR. AN'...

RIGHT.



GOOD GIRL.
GIMME A SECOND
HERE.

NATURE
CALLS...



One minute thirty seconds of "don't say anything, don't say anything..."

EXCUSE
ME?



YOU... DON'T HAVE
TO PUT UP WITH HIM
TOUCHING YOU LIKE
THAT, YOU KNOW.
IT'S IMPROPER.

YOU
GONNA GIVE
ME A JOB?

WELL, I
KNOW HE'S YOUR
BOSS, BUT THAT
DOESN'T GIVE HIM
THE RIGHT TO--

YEAH.



IT REALLY
ISN'T ANY OF YOUR
BUSINESS.