

The Pipe Guy

by Johan F. Krarup
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Front:

I'm gonna draw those damn curtains now. – It's dark as hell here.

1

Well...

2

Aw man, this song is so good...
You know that Prince wrote it, right? It's not even Tom Jones.

3

Please don't drop ash on the couch...
Shut up!!
N-no... you... you mustn't...

4

Well, find me a fucking ashtray then...
Good, I'm bored...

5

Aw shit! It's flickering now...
Nooo... don't hit it...
Shut your a-hole!

6

He's just really gross. He showed us his dick.
Last time I was up there with Ditte, he jerked off in front of us.
Fuck, it was disgusting.
Giggle...
Ewww. Did he have a hard-on?
Hell yeah... – though it was quite small...

7

Ha ha ha
We put his pâté in the freezer...
Ha ha
Yeah, ha ha ha
Ha ha

8

Giggle
Hey, Eriksen, remember when you showed us your dick?
This is how it was. This is how we talked to the pipe guy.
We were a group of 14-15-year-old kids who visited him...
And we convinced each other that our behaviour towards him was OK.
Can't we see it again?
Nn... No...
Aw... Come on...

9

Go on, show us the dick, Eriksen...

Yeah, don't a couple of young girls like us make you horny...?

Yeah...

Well, show us the dick then, man...

10

If you show us your dick, we'll strip afterwards...
I don't know how...
... or when or why...
... we visited the pipe guy...
Yes... ahem... well...

11

Are you horny, Eriksen?
Can't we please see your dick? It makes us so horny...
No...
Would you like to see these breasts, Eriksen?
Do you want us to suck your dick, Eriks...
Naw, Ditte, don't ask him that...
Why did he put up with it?
Why didn't he kick them out?
Maybe he was actually hoping to have sex with the girls...
Then you'll show us the dick after, right?!
Yeah...

12

The last time the girls had asked him, he had taken out his dick...
... while they pretended to take their clothes off.
They only removed their shirts...
... but kept their bras on, while they looked at him and laughed.
No, Ditte, stop! We're not taking off our fucking bras!

13

Both boys and girls came by the pipe guy.
We behaved exactly as we wanted...
The pipe guy was thoroughly humiliated.

14

The boys thought he was deaf.
DO YOU WANT US TO MAKE YOU COFFEE, ERIKSEN?
Yes, thank you.
Heh heh
Giggle
Heh heh

15

The boys felt right at home in the pipe guy's kitchen.
Apparently it wasn't the first time they had made him coffee.
Some mayonnaise was poured into a cutlery drawer.
Salami and gherkins were put into the freezer...
Ha ha ha ha
– Of course! Immediately I understood the attraction of making coffee...

16

So.
Who needs a slash?
Keep it still, dammit.
Yeah, but you're spraying on me.
Hold it, I need a piss too...

17

Coffee's ready...
Huh huh huh
Shit, it's gross.
He drank the coffee as we watched, nervous and
terrified.
So, is it nice coffee, Eriksen?
Eww...
Shit, he's fucking drinking it...

18

It's strong.
But you like strong coffee, right, Eriksen?
Well...
Fuck, it's disgusting.

19

We kept laughing down on the street.
But on my way home I had second thoughts.
I told my mum about the pipe guy.
And... er... someone... I guess... peed in his
coffee...

20

She was shocked and yelled at me.
Well, I didn't do the peeing...
How on earth could I join in in that kind of thing?

21

I wasn't allowed back there, my
parents said.
But we went up there anyway. We met a home-
helper there.
What are you boys doing here...?

22

Stay away from here. I've told you several times.
Goodbye!
You can't open the door to them anymore...
No...

Back:

You know, they're not very nice to you,
Eriksen...

Bio: Johan F. Krarup (b. 1976) lived in the town
Middelfart for ten crucial years of his life. He is now
a comics artist and illustrator in Copenhagen. He has
done several small press comics.

Translation: Steffen Rayburn-Maarup