

My Life In Ypsi by Anonymous

Sorry about not being in the last issue... I guess I went a little bit too far.

"Let's just say that I've surpassed my per-panel penis allotment." *



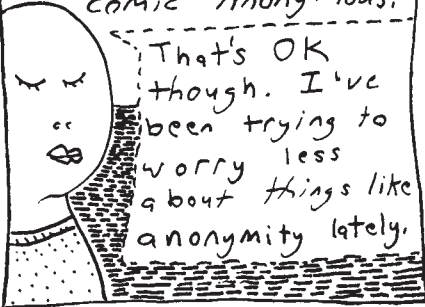
"Mark, I feel bad, but there are way too many rocks on this page."

"We love it, but we just can't print it."




I guess I shouldn't have used my name in that last panel. It kind of defeats the whole purpose of signing the comic "Anonymous."

That's OK though. I've been trying to worry less about things like anonymity lately.



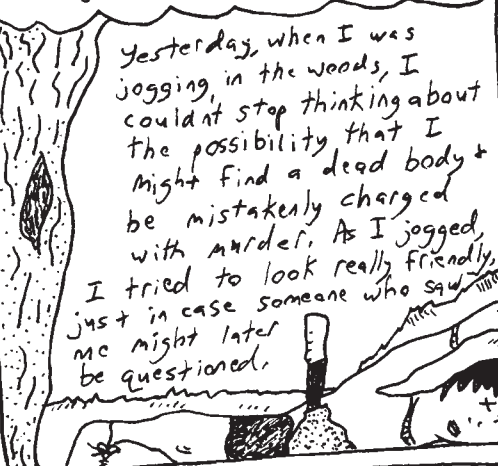
The reason I sign this comic "Anonymous" is because I worry, perhaps unnecessarily, that the President of my company would let me go if he knew that I had thoughts like these

"I must have heard you wrong. It sounded like you said Mark draws pictures of foreskins."



Of course I know the chances of that happening in real life are very slim... That doesn't stop me from worrying though. I worry about everything.

Yesterday, when I was jogging in the woods, I couldn't stop thinking about the possibility that I might find a dead body & be mistakenly charged with murder. As I jogged, I tried to look really friendly, just in case someone who saw me might later be questioned.

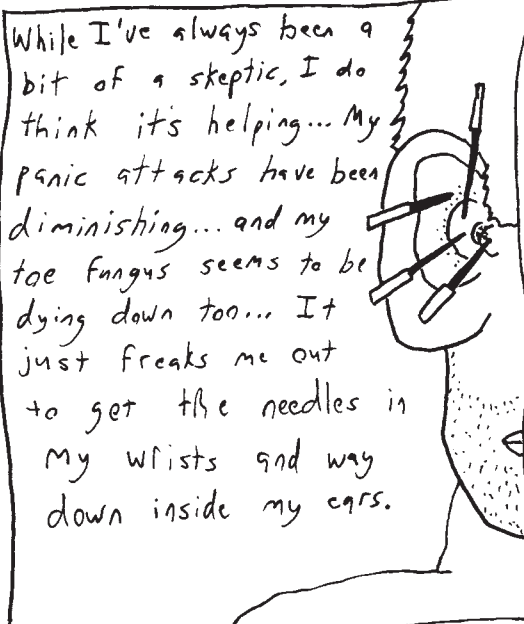


And not a day goes by that I don't worry about the possibility that I might yell out something inappropriate in public.

Lately, I've been trying to work on all this worry though... As I know it's going to be more stressful when the baby comes, I'm trying to do everything that I can now to get my mental house in order... I'm even seeing an acupuncturist.

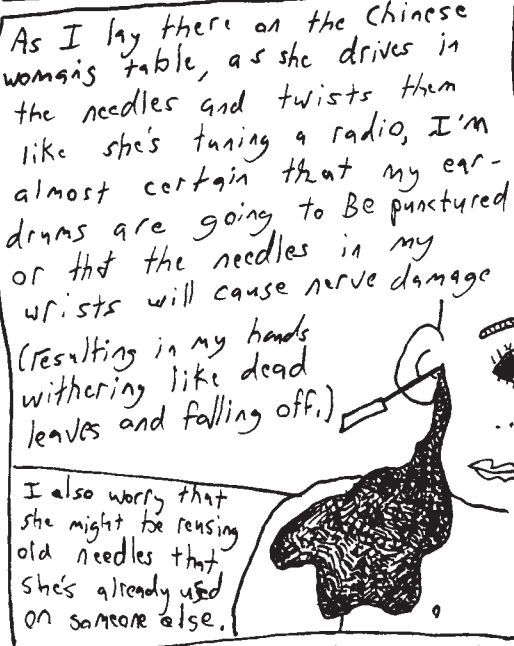


While I've always been a bit of a skeptic, I do think it's helping... My panic attacks have been diminishing... and my toe fungus seems to be dying down too... It just freaks me out to get the needles in my wrists and way down inside my ears.

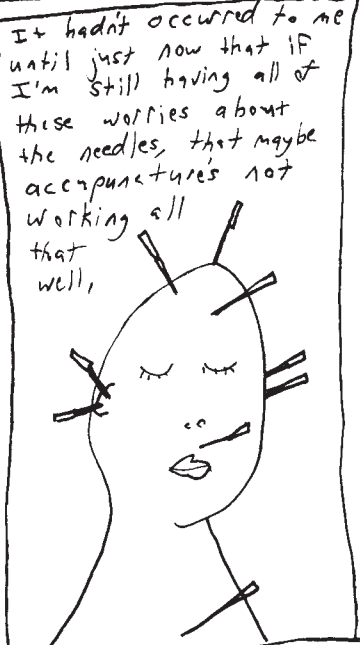


As I lay there on the Chinese woman's table, as she drives in the needles and twists them like she's tuning a radio, I'm almost certain that my eardrums are going to be punctured or that the needles in my wrists will cause nerve damage (resulting in my hands withering like dead leaves and falling off.)

I also worry that she might be reusing old needles that she's already used on someone else.



It hadn't occurred to me until just now that if I'm still having all of these worries about the needles, that maybe acupuncture's not working all that well.



* Last week's comic was about circumcision, not my love of, or interest in, the male sex organ.

- send comments to: MyLifeInYpsi@hotmail.com

MY LIFE IN YPSI by Anonymous

i had a comic all ready for this week.

i had it ready a week before deadline and everything.

June
xxxxx
xxxxx
xxx *

"It's funny, it's sad, and it doesn't have a single penis drawing in it. I must be growing as an artist."

i thought that it was pretty good.

"No one's gonna think that I wrote this though - it's way too good."

it was all about my irrational fears, and what the doctors who study obsessive compulsive disorder call "intrusive thoughts."

"I know that it's my hand, and it moves when I tell it to, but somehow it doesn't feel like it's part of me."

For the most part, it had to do with the baby, whose birth is now just a few days away, and how it's influencing my thoughts - especially the negative ones that I can't seem to control.

the comic was admittedly very dark - involving some of the worst possible scenarios.

"In it, I wrote about one particularly terrible thought that I can't seem to shake - something much worse

"What if my wife's water breaks near an electrical appliance and we all get electrocuted?"

than even family electrocution."



i showed it to my wife last night, expecting her to appreciate the honesty and courage it took to write.

When she stopped crying, she said that our friends wouldn't let her stay here with me if they knew that I had these kinds of terrible thoughts.

as I want to stay married, I've decided to submit this comic instead.

"Apparently you can only come so far out of the O.C.D. closet."

My Life in Ypsi-by Anonymous

I found out that I had Obsessive Compulsive Disorder (OCD) when I was 24.

Like a wonderful surprise gift, serious mental illness usually hits people in their mid-20's.



It's kind of cool if you think about it. You get a 20-year headstart before it comes looking to kick your ass.

I was going through my 30th and final breakup with my girlfriend and the stress of it brought everything to the surface.



I just did something so unpeakably horrible with a stranger, that you can never take me back again.

Without the drama of our tempestuous relationship to distract me, I began to focus inward. And, as bad as our relationship may have been, that was worse.

I'd always been an odd & anxious kid, prone to panic attacks and afraid of people, but it hadn't gotten to be truly unbearable until right then.



When other kids would be outside playing, I'd be in my room sorting my neat battery collection.

I was terrified by the thought of throwing anything away. And everything in my world had its perfect place.

I even kept my mail clippings in mason jars



But when I was 24, things started getting really bad.



I couldn't step on cracks in the sidewalk, look at airplanes, go into certain parts of town, be near certain models of cars... The list went on and on.

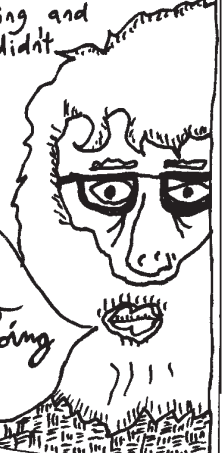
I didn't really think that something bad would happen if I did one of these things, but I worried that they might.



What if, while looking at a plane, it explodes and I become convinced that I have magic powers? What if I start yelling racial slurs? What if I trip and poke out both my eyes on that fence? What if I happen to look up and see my ex-girlfriend having sex in a window?

Thinking that I was just a few days from being institutionalized, I went to a doctor to discuss turning myself in. I expected him to tell me something horrible, but he just nodded when I was done rambling and told me that I didn't have anything to worry about.

You've got O.C.D... Really crazy people don't worry so much about going crazy.



That was a dozen years ago and it's nice knowing, at least on a logical level, that I'm not in danger of drifting into the delusional.



But that doesn't make the panic and the worry any easier to live with.

Every once and a while it just grabs on and won't let go.



Right now, my mind is developing a new worst case scenario... Oh it, my boss reads this comic, fires me, and then my wife, having lost all respect for me, leaves and falls in love with another man. "What if," I think, "left on my own, I sink into madness? What if, without insurance, I begin losing my teeth? And what if, while living on the street without teeth, I one day see my wife and her beautiful new family?"