

aunt tery

a MEMORIAL MINICOMIC



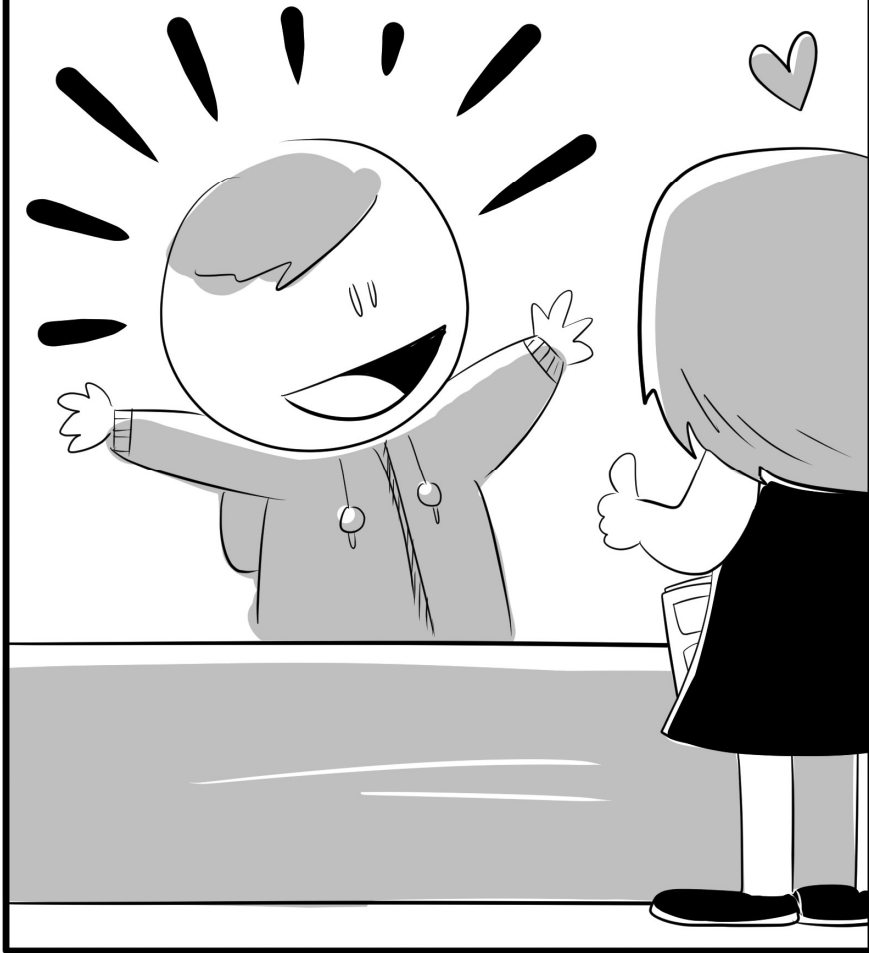
I GOT excited BEFORE each
ONE. I ALWAYS HOPed MY
LITTLE COMIC WOULD CATCH ITS
FIRST BIG BREAK.



BUT ONCE I WAS THERE, I
SPENT 90% OF THE WEEKEND
ALONE WITH MY STUFF,
WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO CARE.



THE SAVING GRACE WAS WHEN,
USUALLY JUST ONCE PER
CONVENTION, I'D CATCH THE
EYE OF SOMEONE WHO
REALLY DUG MY STRIPS.



WE'D TALK ABOUT INFLUENCES,
TRADITIONS, AND AMBITIONS, AND
THE WHOLE CONVERSATION'D
GIVE ME HEART.



Really — That interaction was
enough to counter all the
discouragement of failing,
so visibly, to attract a
larger audience.



My fifth convention was my
last convention in part because
that conversation didn't happen.



BUT AT MY FOURTH, IN MY
HOMETOWN, I WAS VISITED BY
SOMEONE REALLY SPECIAL:
MY AUNT TERY.



TERY WAS A LIVELY CALIFORNIAN
WHO'D MARRIED INTO OUR FAMILY
OF LACONIC MISSOURI FOLK.

I THINK SHE HAD FUN, LEANING
INTO THE ECCENTRICITY THAT
WE EXPECTED OF HER.



FIRST THERE WERE THE ANIMALS.

SHE ALWAYS HAD DOGS OR CATS,
AND GAVE THEM ALL THE
ATTENTION THEY DESERVED.



THEN THERE WERE THE FROGS.

SHE COLLECTED COUNTLESS RIBBITOID
KNICK-KNACKS AND AMPHIBIOUS
TCHOTCHKES. THEY WERE EVERY-
WHERE WHEN I WAS A KID.



SHE WAS A FIENDISH TICKLER,
TOO — TO THE DEGREE THAT
MY YOUNGER BROTHER AND
I'D FEIGN HORROR AT THE
SIGHT OF HER.



BUT IF WE EVER GOT TOO
OUT OF CONTROL, SHE WOULD
WHISTLE LOUDER THAN ANYONE
I'VE EVER KNOWN. IT COULD
STOP US IN OUR TRACKS OR
SILENCE A BUSY McDONALD'S.



UNDERNEATH Her Wacky Side
Was a Deep COMPASSION.

AUNT TERY Took care OF
My DaD's PaRENTS IN
TheiR TWiLiGHT years.



She Was also, FOR The Most
PART, OUR Family's ONLY
DECLARED "ARTIST." She always
SET Me UP To DRAW
at HER Place.



I even made one of my first comics over there, about an alien who gets stranded on an uninhabited planet. (it got boring fast.)

MARoonED BY: JIMMY



BUT Terry AND I saw each other less as I got OLDER and Moved away. USUALLY JUST FOR HOLIDAYS.

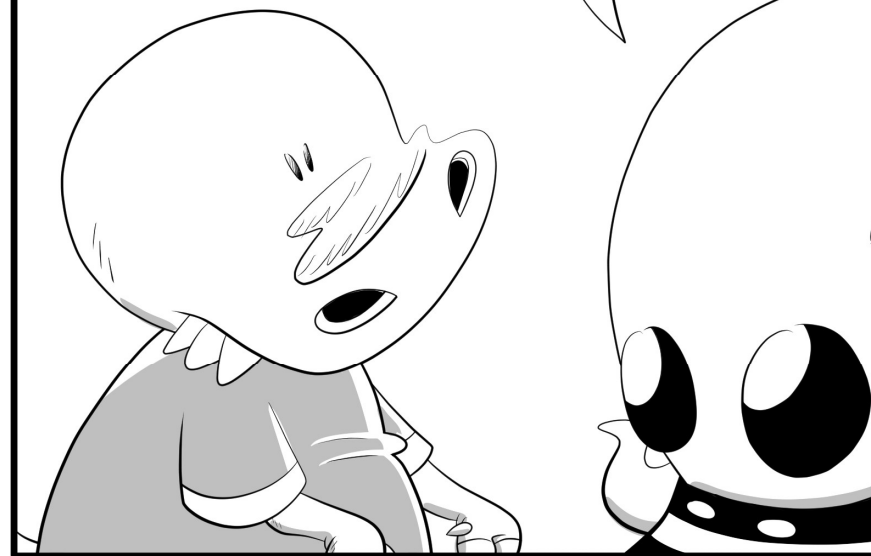


AND THEN SHE SHOWED UP AT MY ARTIST ALLEY TABLE.

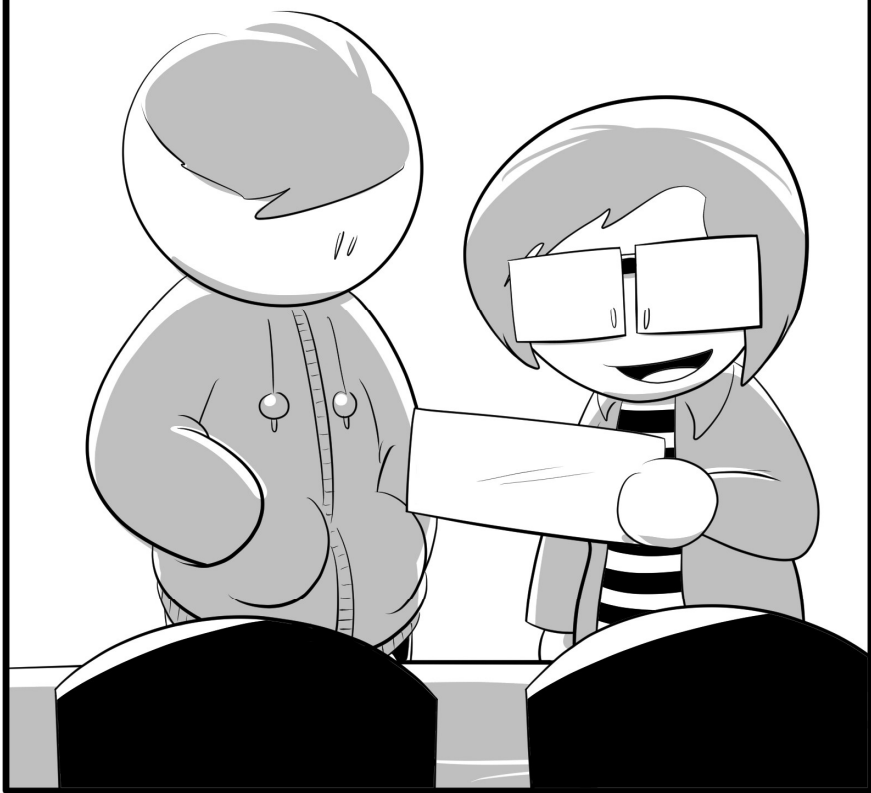
I HADN'T EVEN TOLD HER ABOUT IT. SHE'D HEARD FROM MY DAD AND HURRIED OVER. (POOR UNCLE KEN WAS DRIVING IN CIRCLES OUTSIDE BECAUSE HE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO PARK.)



MY FAMILY KINDA SUCKS AT VERBAL AFFIRMATION. IF ANYONE BRINGS UP MY COMIC, IT'S ALWAYS TO TELL ME THEY DON'T GET IT.



BUT AUNT TERY Was aMazed.
I FeLT Like a FaiLURE
WHO'D Wasted \$300 and
a WeEKEND, and SHE
THOUGHT I Was a HERO.



iT Was a BLESSiNG
To KNOW HER, TO Receive
SUCH RaDiANT Love.



SHE INSPIRED Me IN THE
TRUEST SENSE, AND I'M
REALLY GONNA MISS HER.



jimmy grist. 2018

Theresa ANTOINETTE
LUCAS GRIST
1953 - 2018