

# OBSOLETELY FURIOUS



written & illustrated  
by Bridget Roddy

# WELCOME

to Obsoletely Furious

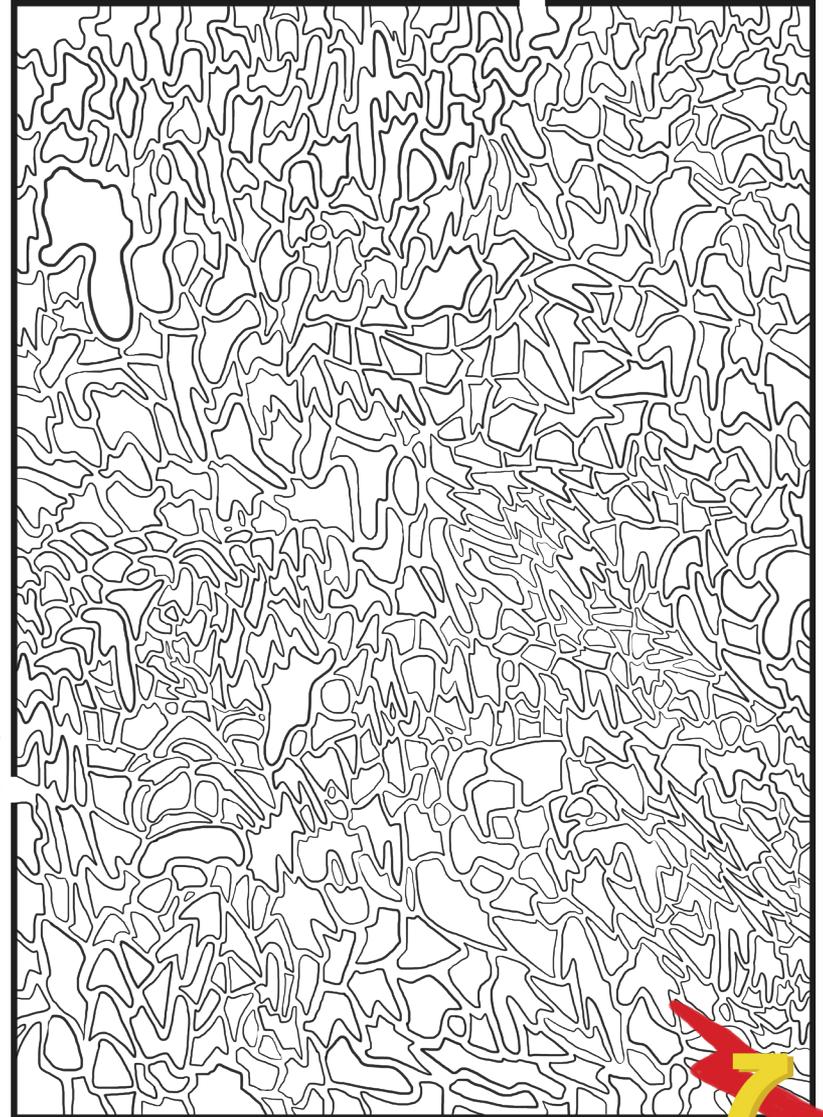
If you're reading this, thanks for paying for something I made! Or thank you to your friend who shared this with you.

This isn't the Obsoletely Furious I set out to make but I did finish it and that's not something I expected to happen. Some of this stuff is new and some of it is pretty old.

I hope you like it. If you don't, please don't tell me.



in



out



# A New Boy

A retelling of J.M. Barrie's, *A Sentimental Tommy*, with heavy creative liberties taken.

*Last year, Google came up with a clever way to trick us into testing their facial recognition software by matching our faces with faces in famous paintings. I was matched with a little boy from the 1600s. While finding out everything I could about ye 'ol doppelganger, I unearthed this short story / old-timey, aristocratic fan-fic. This is roughly how it went.*

The story opens on a grieving boy. Tommy's mother has died and he is shipped from his home in Scotland to live with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Barrie, and their daughter, Elspeth, in England. Elspeth is described, in comparison to Tommy, as "a laughing little girl from a more fashionable street."

Tommy is bored and feels out of place in his new city when he meets Shovel. We're introduced to Shovel as he sobs, crouched over his mother's fresh corpse in the street. The original narrator takes this opportunity to point out how undignified this orphan is, calling Shovel dirty and "disgraceful". Seriously little boy, show some decorum.

Glossing over the decaying body, Tommy befriends the newly minted orphan. They frolic through the streets of England as Shovel teaches Tommy the nuances of being a street urchin. Tommy "enjoyed the glow" of strangers dropping money into his outstretched hands. Think: Paris Hilton's *The Simple Life* in the time of the Bubonic Plague.

As luck would have it, Tommy is a gifted hustler and with his charm and Shovel's extensive knowledge of crime, they do pretty well for themselves. After some Aladdin-level hoodrattery, Tommy invites Shovel to move into his mansion to live with the butler. Shovel is thrilled and launches into a seemingly off-the-cuff, yet very detailed, plan to butcher the butler with a kitchen knife and adopt his identity.

Tommy assures Shovel that murder is super unnecessary. His uncle's house is so huge, he explains, no one will notice an extra kid hanging around. Even one as dirty and disgusting as Shovel.

After talking Shovel down from homicide, the two devise a plan to steal from the church. Boys will be boys, I guess. This Ocean's Eleven-style heist involves Shovel going to confession to distract the priest while Tommy steals the collection basket. Masterful \*chef's kiss\*.



But luck is not their side. They arrive at the church to find, who else, but Elspeth and her boo, Aaron. Aaron will not let these hoodlums ruin his girl's good name. He loves Elspeth almost as much as the large sum of money he will inherit by marrying her.

Aaron runs and tells some woman, who is only referred to as “the Painted Lady”, about their plan. But, like I said, Tommy is charming AF and the Painted Lady just giggles and gives him an orange.

Tommy tries to signal to Shovel that the plan is a no-go but is too late. Shovel is already in the confessional.

So, like any wealthy white man would do, Tommy gathers up his privilege, dusts off his breeches, and peaces out! He justifies leaving his friend at the scene of the crime by lamenting to the Painted Lady that saying goodbye “would just depress him”. No shit, asshat. Remember at the beginning of this story when you met him crying over his mother's corpse in the street? Do you think his only friend abandoning him might bum him out a bit? How very considerate.

By the time Tommy arrives at his mansion, Elspeth has already snitched. But, because this story makes no sense, Uncle Barrie nods his head as if to say, “Yes Elspeth, we knew Tommy was an idiot.” His uncle explains that Tommy's mother was Scottish and, as a result, Tommy is predisposed to being feeble minded and prone to criminal behaviour. A very interesting peek into international relations at the time, I guess.

So, as any uncle would, he commissions an artist to paint a portrait of Tommy, Shovel as proper, well respected young men. With, I assume, the intention of reframing the narrative to make Tommy appear to be a clever but mischievous little boy. I'm not sure who this would convince but, there you go.

And, best case scenario, Shovel is still at church getting oranges from the painted lady.

*For a link to this original story and a photo of the actual, real life painting of Tommy and Shovel, visit [roddycreative.com/obsoletelyfurious](http://roddycreative.com/obsoletelyfurious).*



# STAY (IN BED)

So, Imagine it's Monday morning. You had a great weekend, you saw all of your friends. You drank but you're not hungover. You wake up just before your alarm goes off and your bed is so warm, maybe your dog is curled up in your armpit, and all you want to do is stay in bed and let your weekend linger on for one more day. You can hear it raining outside and think, "Fuck it, I'm calling in sick."

You spend the rest of the day under your covers, you order takeout from your favorite restaurant. The only time you have to put on pants is to answer the door for the delivery guy. It's a great fucking day.

It's Tuesday and you wake up to your alarm, hit snooze, alarm goes off again. Fuck it, you hate your job and your sickness will be more convincing if it lingers for two days. You spend the rest of the day in bed. It feels good but not as good as yesterday. Around 7pm you start crawling up the walls thinking, "How the hell am I going to fall asleep tonight?"

Wednesday you wake up to your alarm and know you have to go into work. You don't bother brushing your hair because, who cares? You're supposed to be sick. Your muscles are stiff from being sedentary for two days. You spend the next 8 hours trying to catch up on two days worth of bullshit. You're worried you let down the one coworker you like, Beth, and you feel tired and guilty. You go home and feel so relieved that the day is over, so happy to be home and alone. Your dog is happy to see you. He's glad you're home too.

Thursday is the same. Beth invites you to a dinner thing at her house tomorrow night. You like Beth so you say you'll go. Come home, bed and dog are happy to see you.

Friday feels like a marathon. You don't know how you made it through the week. You watch the minutes click to 5 o'clock and on your way out Beth says, "See you tonight!" you say, "Wouldn't miss it!" but you're already thinking of excuses. Looking for exits to a party you haven't entered yet.

You go home and get dressed, put makeup on. It's 9 pm and it's time to call a Lyft but you don't. It's 10 pm and you're sitting on the steps, facing the door, your thumb hovers over the Lyft icon and then over the messenger app. "Hey, I'm so sorry, I really wanted to make it but I think this bug is still lingering. I don't want to get anybody sick" Frown emoji? Heart emoji? Send as is.

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You feel relieved for having finally made a decision but guilty for lying to a friend. You resent yourself for wasting a whole night frozen by indecision. You stay up until 3 watching early-2000's rom-coms and fall asleep on your couch.

Everytime you leave the house you hate how loud and crowded everything is. The grocery store is so bright it's like being on the surface of the sun, how do people work in a place like this? Two-hour delivery lets you avoid the experience all together.

Next time Beth invites you out you remember the hours you lost trying to will yourself to want to leave the house and decline right away. You tell her you have writing to catch up on or some crap like that.

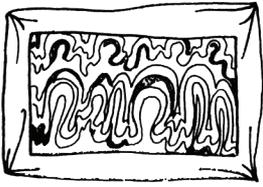
You start to resent how warm and comfortable your house is. Your dogs is so used to having you home that he cries when you leave, like he's warning you that the world sucks and you're better off here.

You feel guilty for blowing off your friends so you avoid them. You realize how crowded coffee shops are and how terrible the music is so you stop going and make coffee at home. The money you save on coffee almost makes up for the all the Lyfts you've started taking to work because you couldn't stand the strangers on the train bumping into you and asking you about your day.

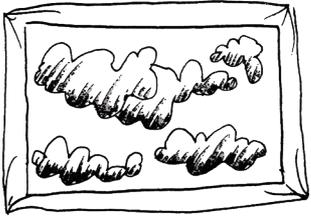
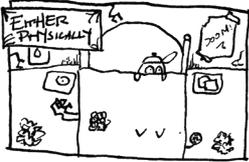
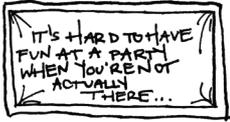
All of these little things start piling up until being anywhere but home feels all but unbearable. Being at home feels like a not so secret hiding place, the coordinates you'll give to anyone who could bring you food, supplies, or the occasional ride. You justify the new dog walker and Amazon Prime as modern conveniences. Everyone uses these or they wouldn't exist. Your behavior isn't weird, this isn't a crutch. The internet tells you you're an introvert and that there's nothing wrong with that.

All this time alone gives you plenty of time to reflect on every awful thing you've ever done or has been done to you. Twitter tells you a girl was mugged a few blocks from here. A polar vortex is going to envelop the whole region. See? You couldn't leave the house. Even if you wanted to.

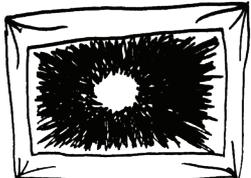
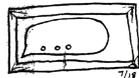
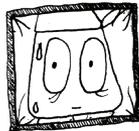
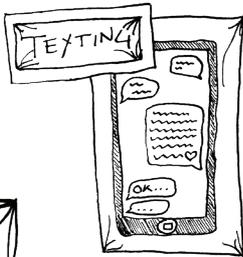
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**ANXIETY BOY**  
by Bridget



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## Ill wishings

- I hope your houseplants die
- I hope you get fruit flies
- I hope you get a flat tire
- I hope your milk expires
- I hope your faucet drips
- I hope your sweater rips
- I hope your shoes come untied
- I hope you're over charged for your Uber ride
- I hope you break a coffee mug
- I hope you keep finding pieces of it in your kitchen rug
- I hope you forget to cancel a free trial
- I hope you knock over a display in the grocery aisle

Hope to see you soon,

*Bridget*

# What critics have to say about Bridget



"Not really passionate about anything"  
- Coworker

"Completely void of emotion"  
-Tinder date



"Quiet ray of sunshine"  
- Former Boss

"Simple, but nice"  
- Classmate



"Got that Khloe Kardashian ass"  
-Man on RTA

"Heartless Bitch"  
-Responsible Adult



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