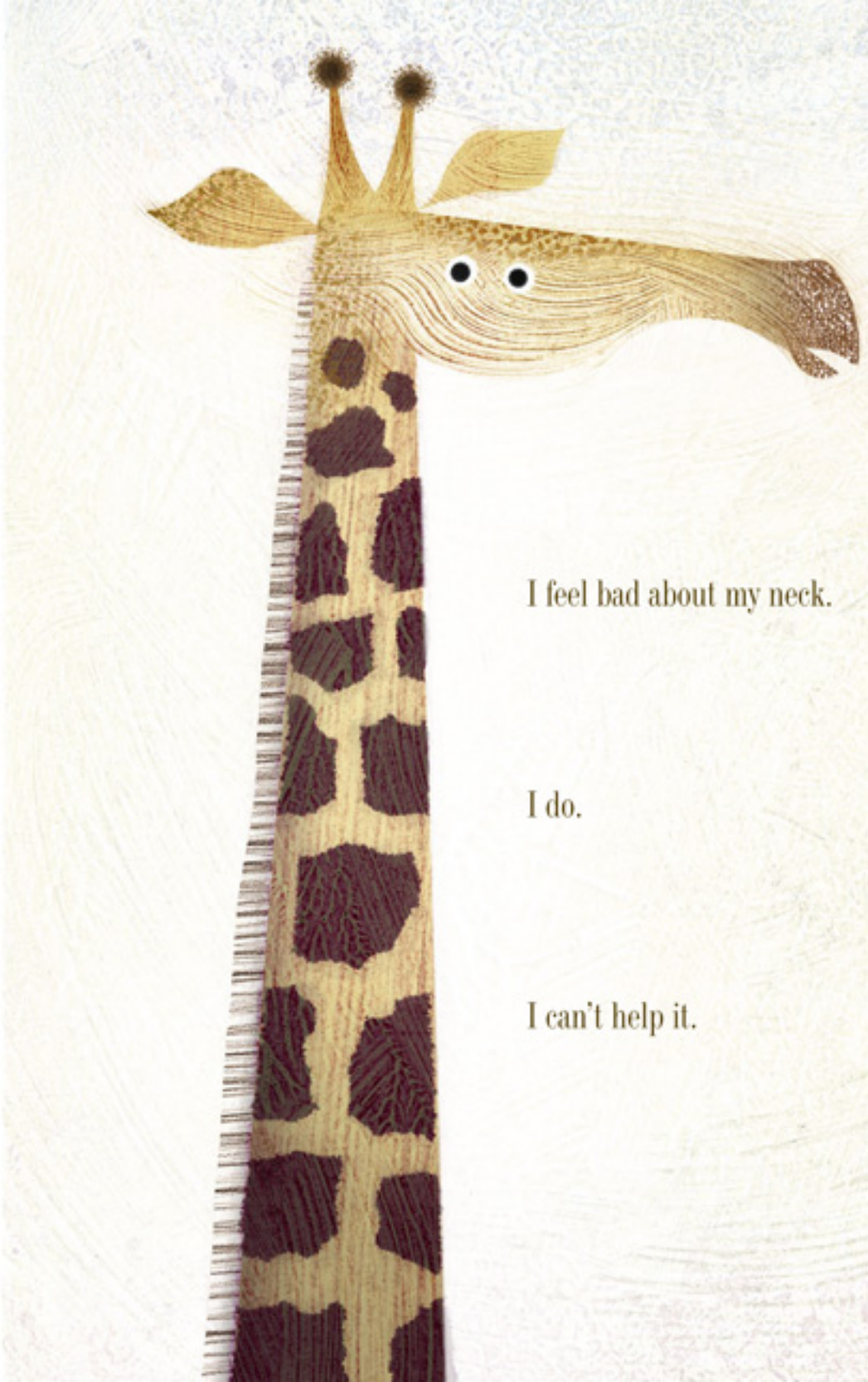
To Maria Modugno
—J.J. & L.S.

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I feel bad about my neck.

I do.

I can't help it.



It's too long.

Too bendy.

Too narrow.

Too dopey.

Too patterned.

Too stretchy.

Too high.

Too lofty.

Too . . . *necky*.

Yes, my neck is too necky.



Everybody stares at it.

This guy.

Him.

That guy.

Them.

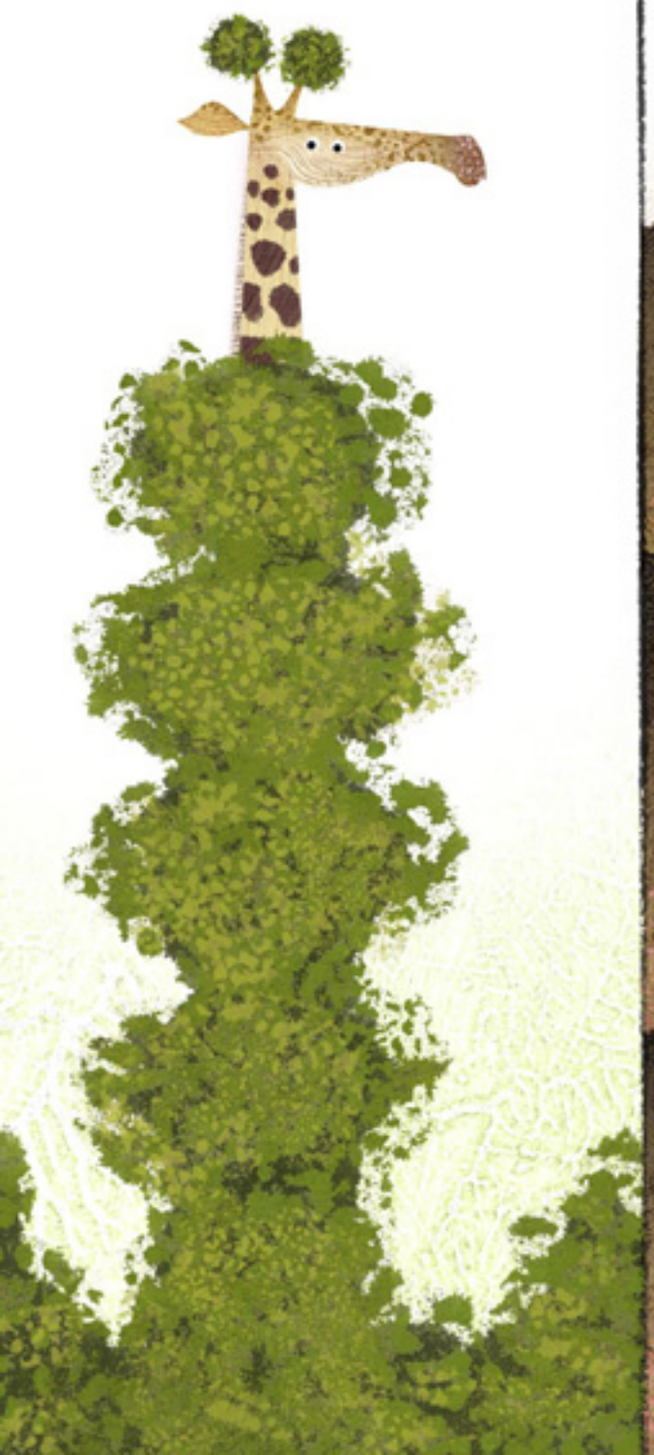
Whatever
that is.

Her.

Her again.


Yep, I feel bad about my neck.
I've tried dressing it up.
I've added a scarf.
Two scarves.
A bundle of scarves.
A *mountain* of scarves.
I've tried bow ties.
And regular ties.
And both.

I've tried hiding it away.
I've used shrubs.



I've hung out in ditches.



I've stood behind trees.



I've spent time in the river.



Other animals have necks that just . . . *work*.
Take a gander at this zebra's neck.
Stripes *always* look good.
So classic.



Quit staring at me.



Or gaze upon this elephant's neck.
Strong and powerful, yet graceful.



Stop talking about me.



Or glimpse this lion, whose neck is adorned
with a glorious mane of flowing locks.

What a sight!

How inspiring!

Why can't I have a neck like THAT?

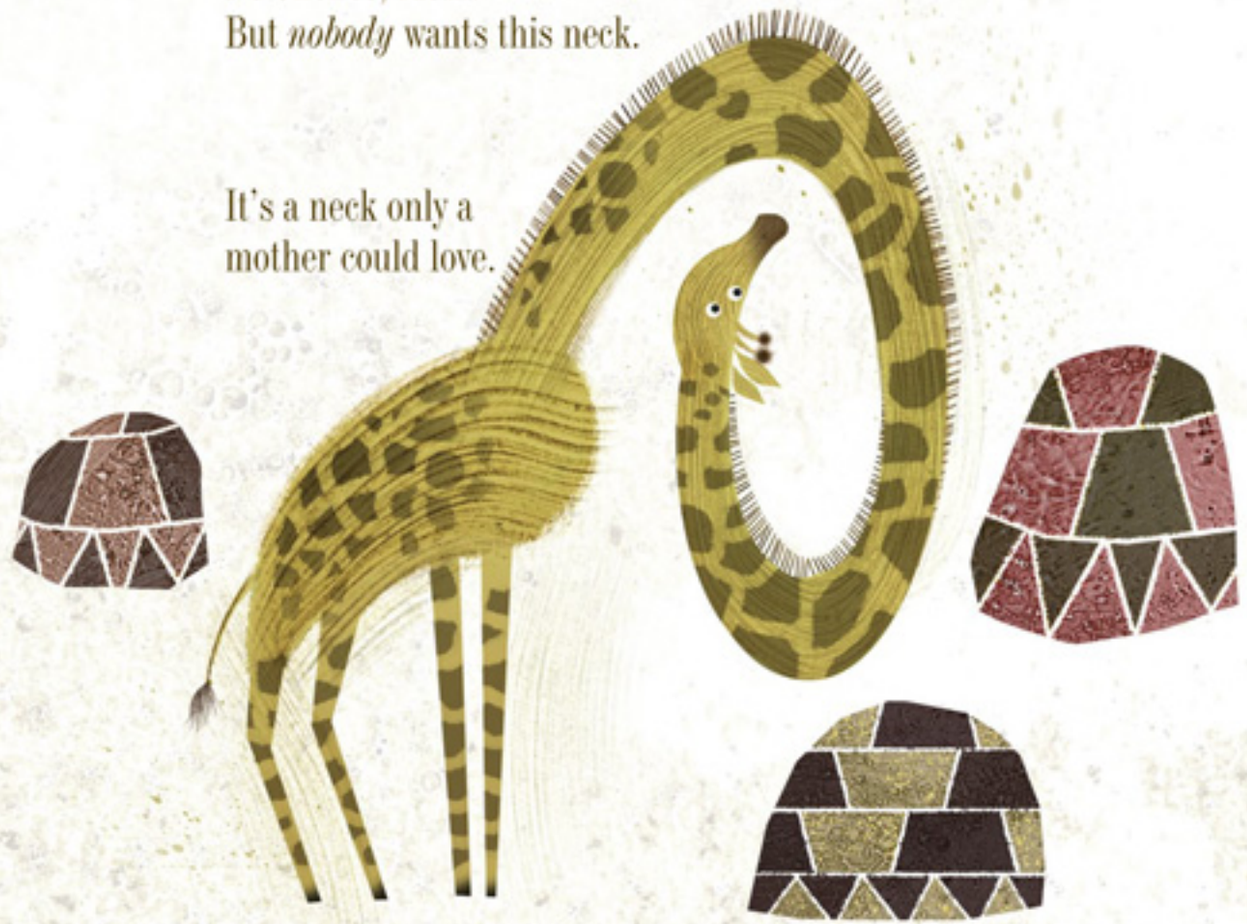


Are you *always* this loud?



My *mom* always said I should be *proud* of my neck.
She said other animals would *love* to have a neck like this.
Yeah, right.
No offense, Mom.
But *nobody* wants this neck.

It's a neck only a
mother could love.



It all makes me want to hide until the sun sets.

Sheesh.

Good evening . . .