



THE CHAIRS' HIATUS



Matthew Bogart

Why a revised edition?

"The Chairs' Hiatus" was my first graphic novel. I'm proud of it. With a few hundred more comic pages under my belt, more than a few panels look rough to my eyes, but I've got a soft spot for this book.

Since I completed it in 2011 this book had a good life. It had a webcomic version, a paperback black and white version, a two-color hardback version, and even a Google Plus version. I sold it at comic conventions, web stores, and ebook stores. People still tell me it's a favorite of theirs.

But after ten years I had moved on.

Then, in 2022, I mentioned "The Chairs' Hiatus" to my literary agent while trying to figure out my next project. I said I was fine with letting it be but if he thought any publishers might want to take a stab at bringing it to a wider audience I'd be happy to try.

He read the book and thought it was worth a shot. He said it was just slightly under the common length for a graphic novel and asked if there was anything I wanted to do to revise and expand it.

There were a few scenes that I thought could use more breathing room and he suggested I do some samples of what I had in mind to show publishers. This is what I put together for that pitch. It's not the completely revised edition I would have done if we'd done another print run. That didn't turn out to be in the cards. We never even took it out to pitch. But there's lots of fun stuff in here. There are revised panels, new panels, and even a new page or two. It ended up about five pages longer.

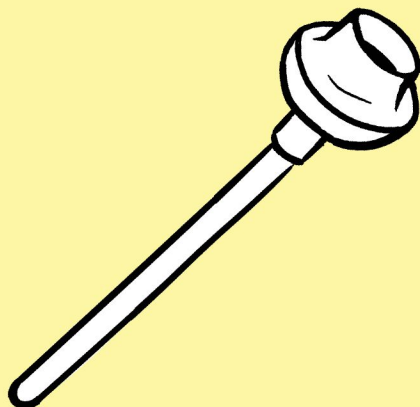
I found it weird and wonderful to spend more time with Mary and Nell after all these years, with their flip phones and audio cassettes, their story has become a period piece. Going back there felt cozy and good, like visiting old friends.

I liked it. I hope you do too.

Matthew Bogart
February, 2024

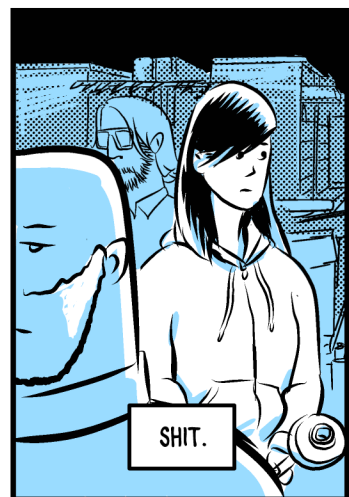
THE CHAIRS' HIATUS

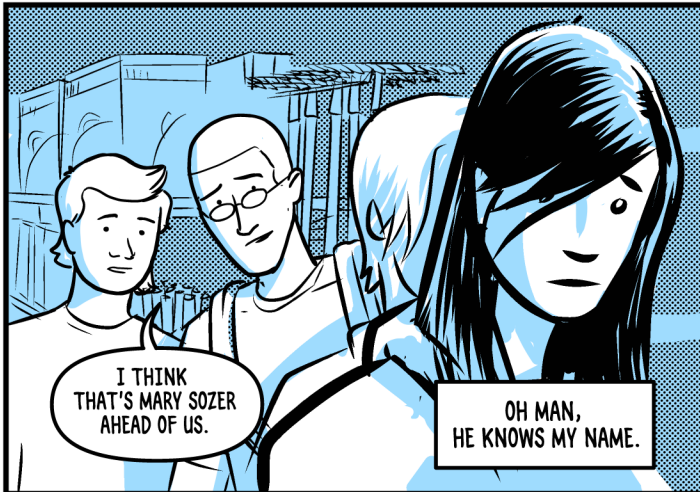
Matthew Bogart



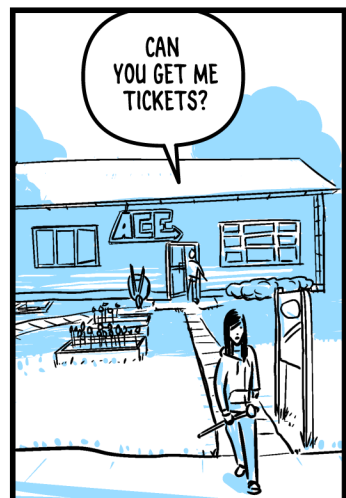
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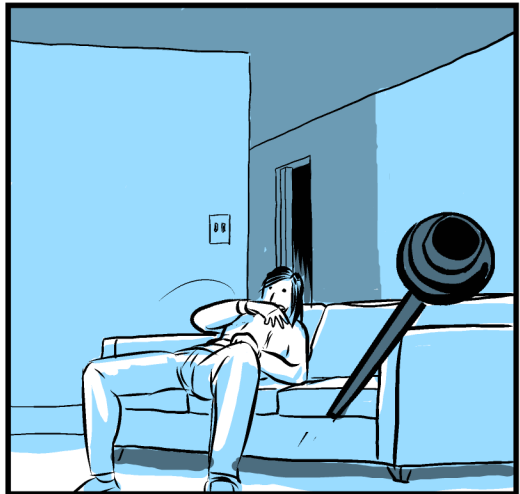
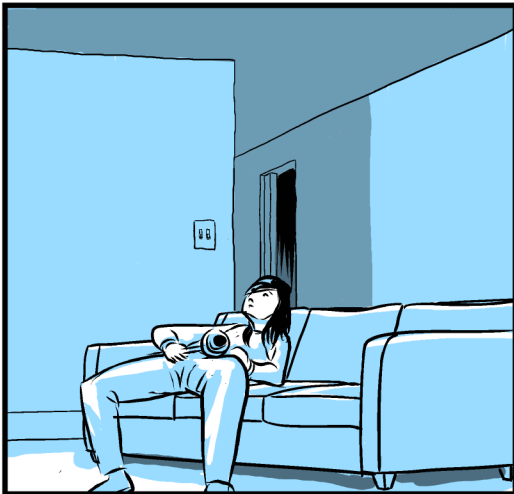
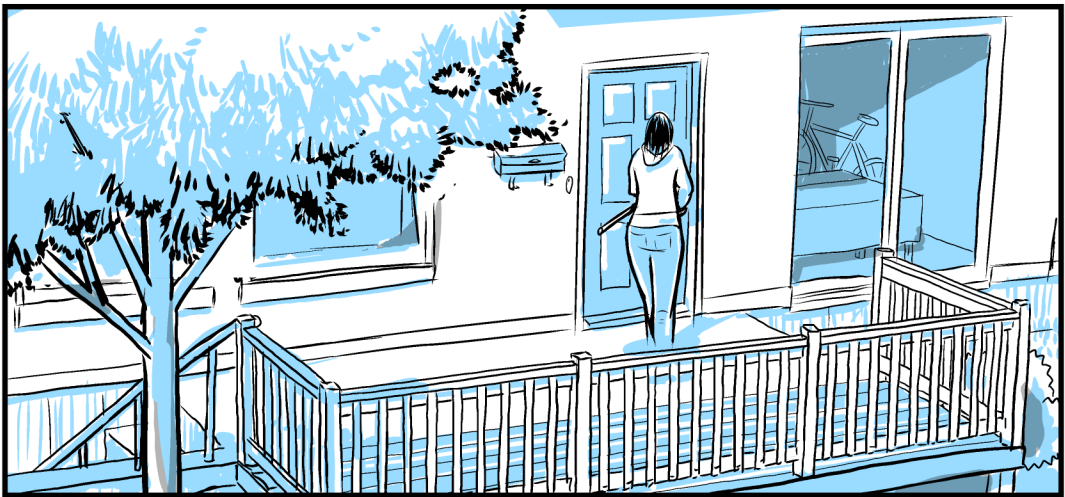
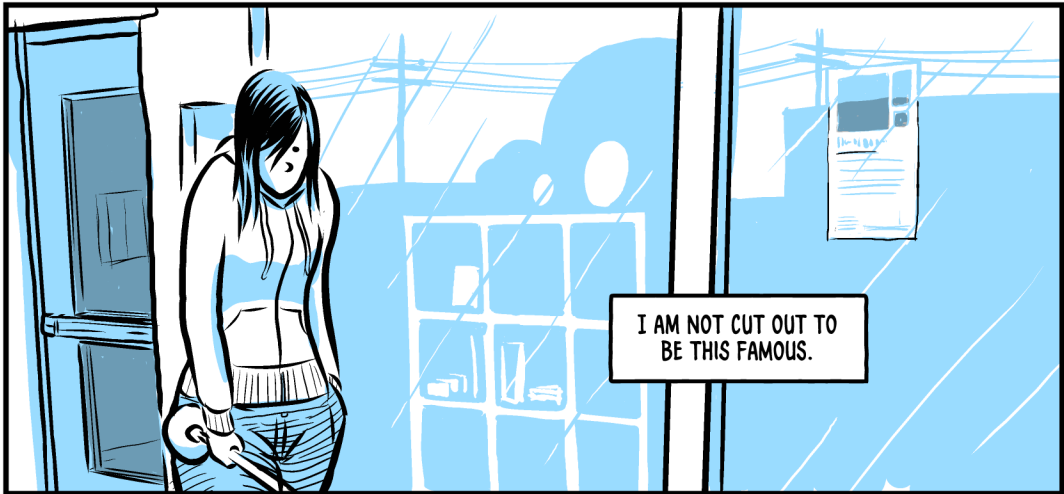


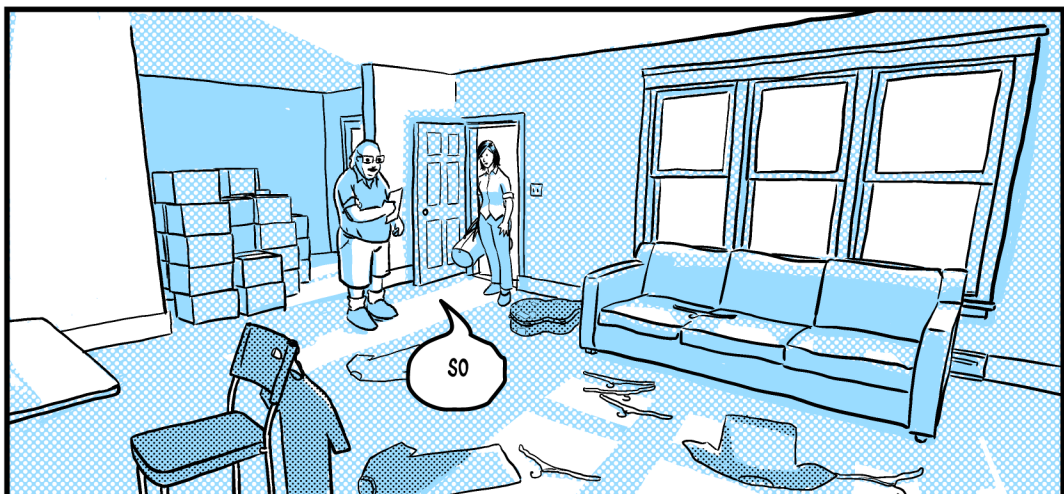
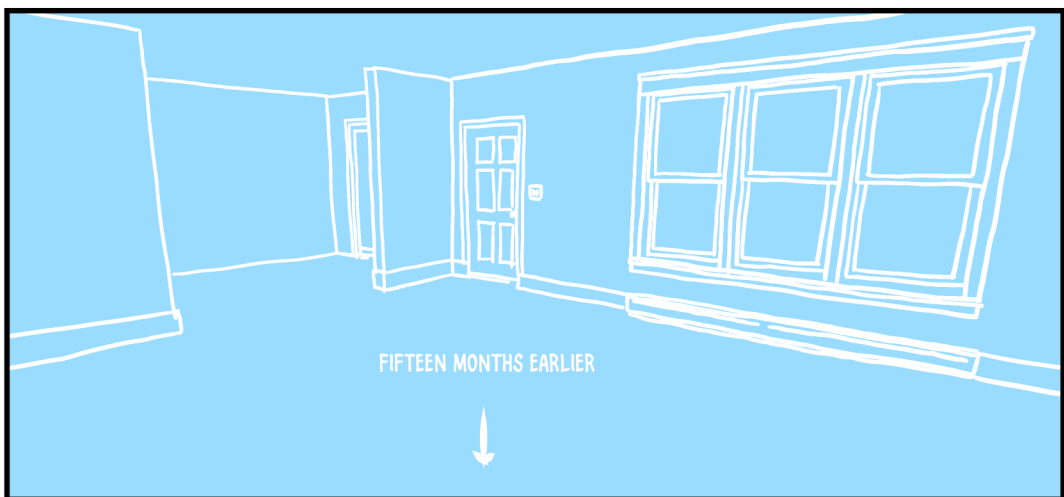
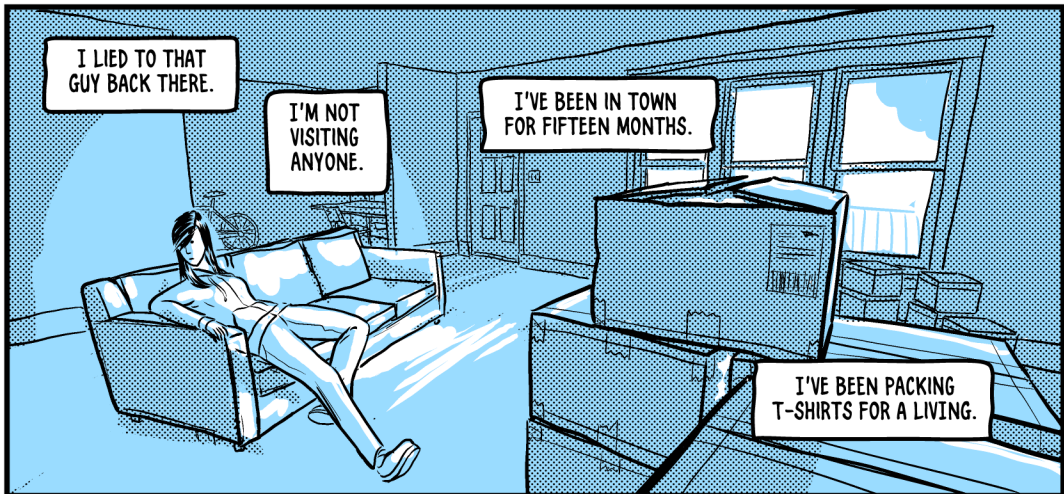


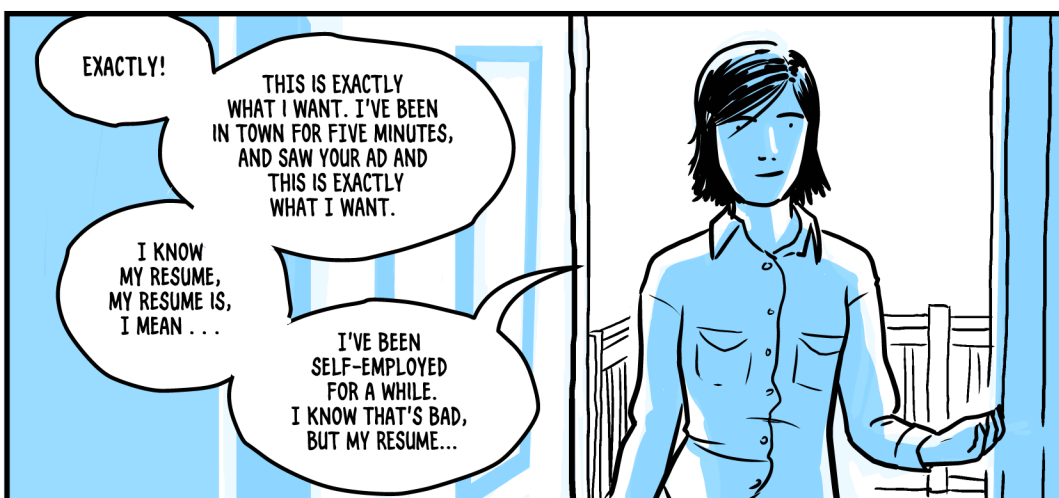


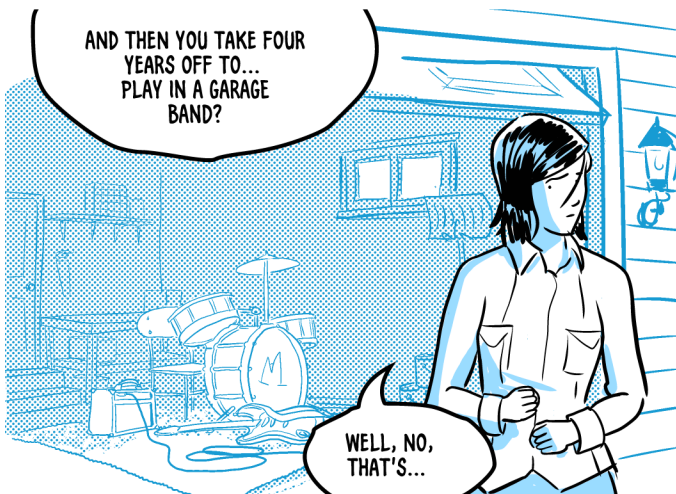


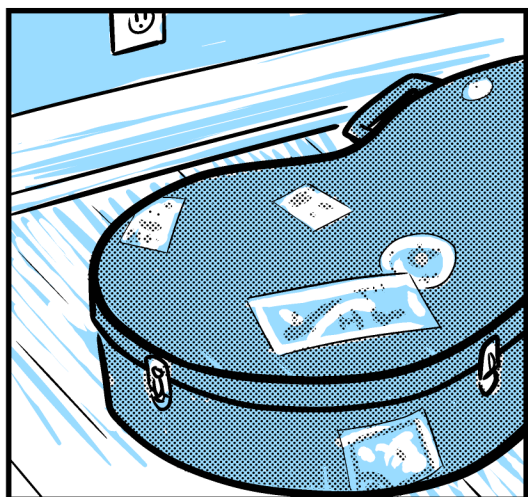


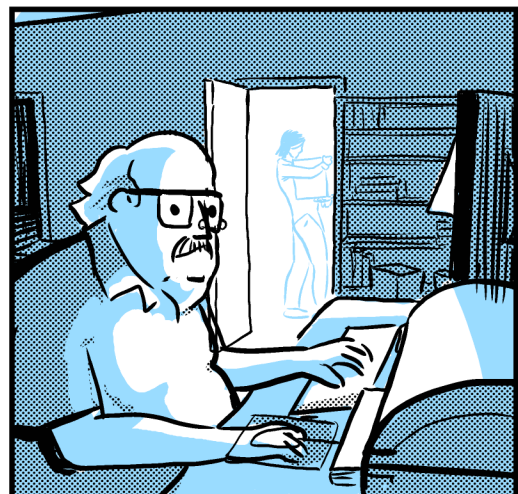
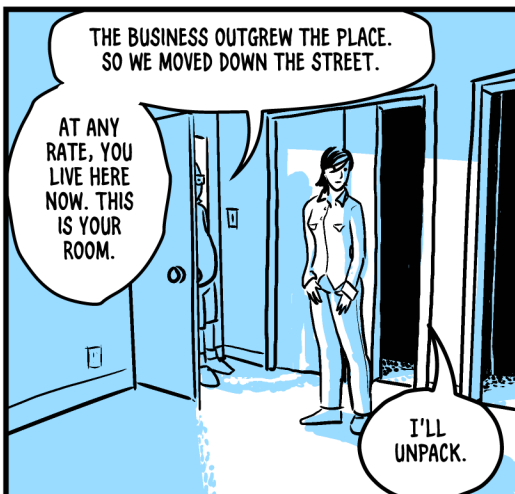
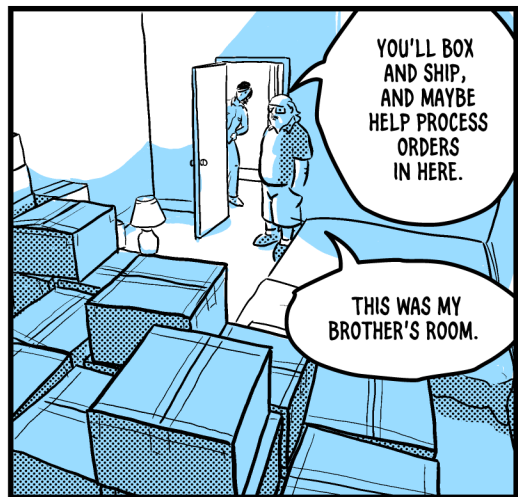
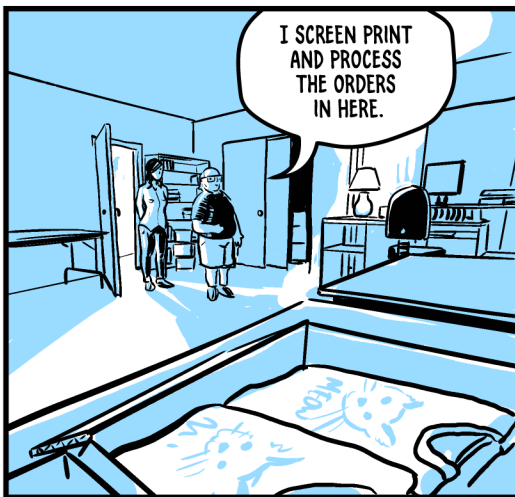


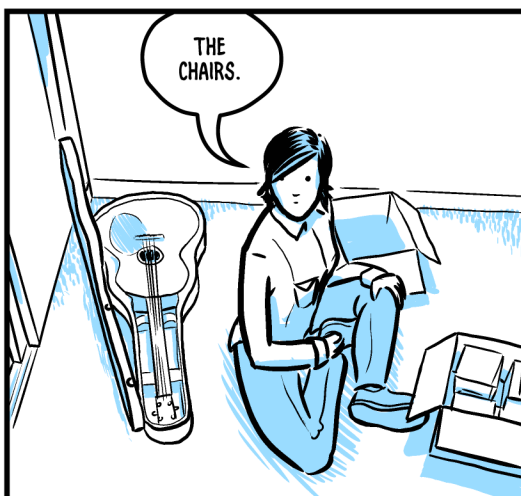
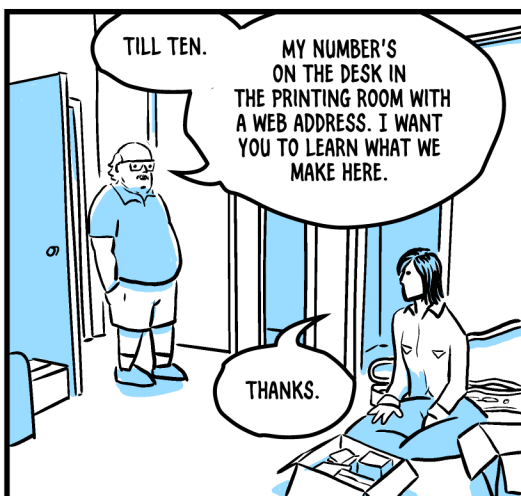
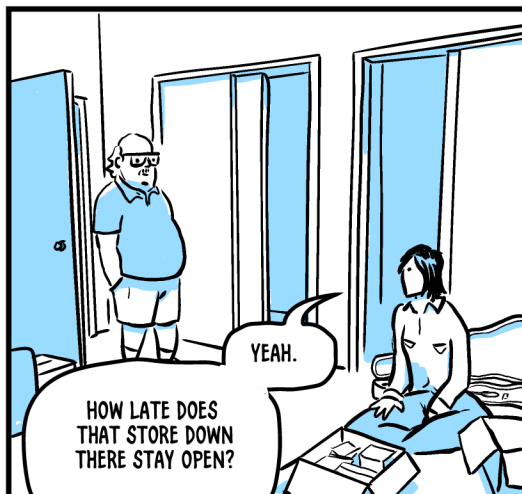


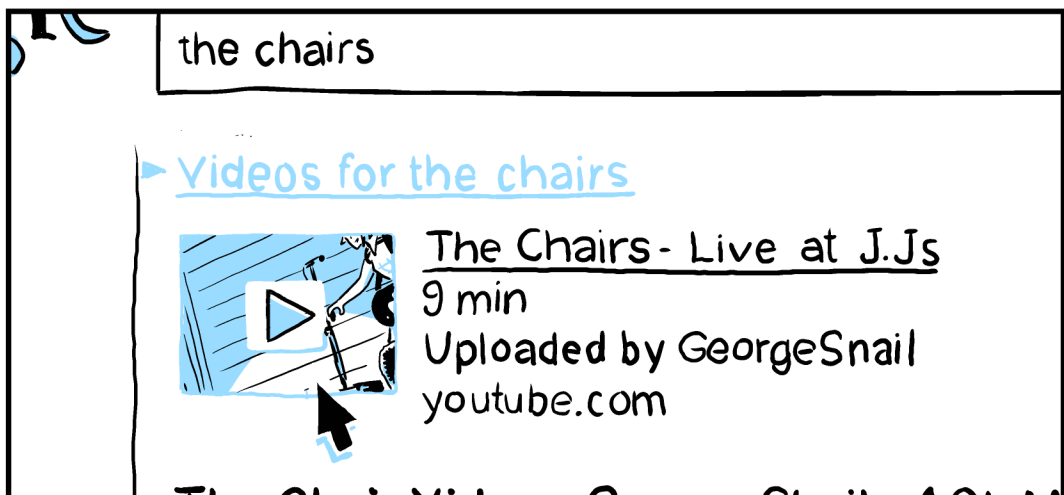
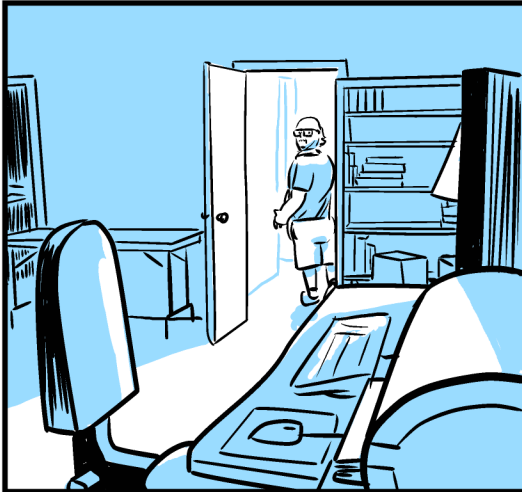


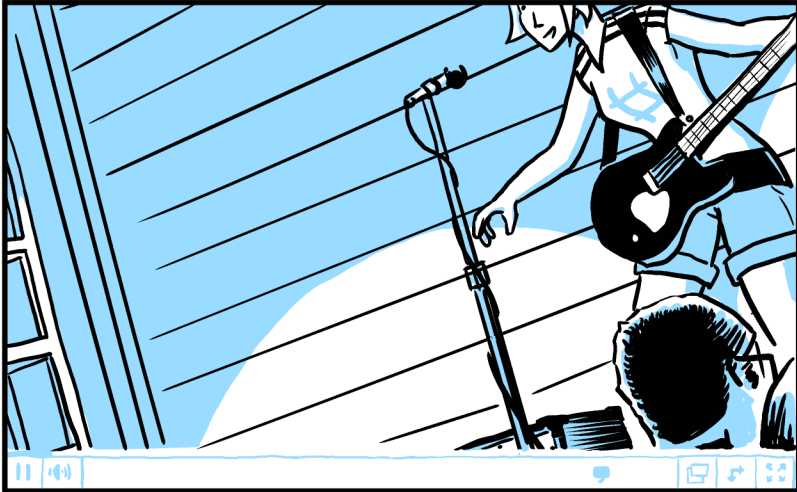






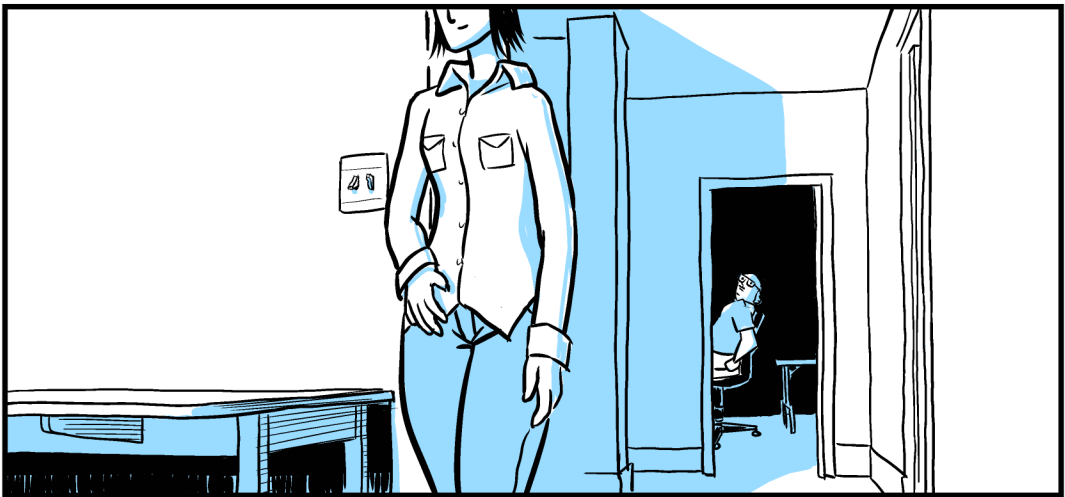


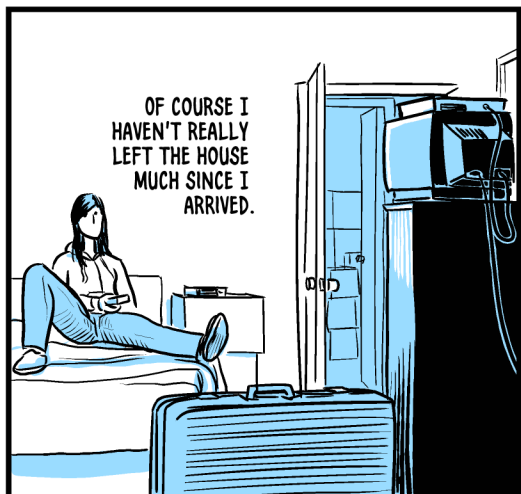
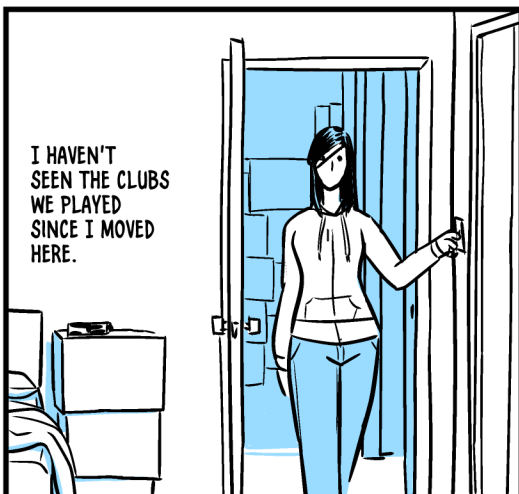
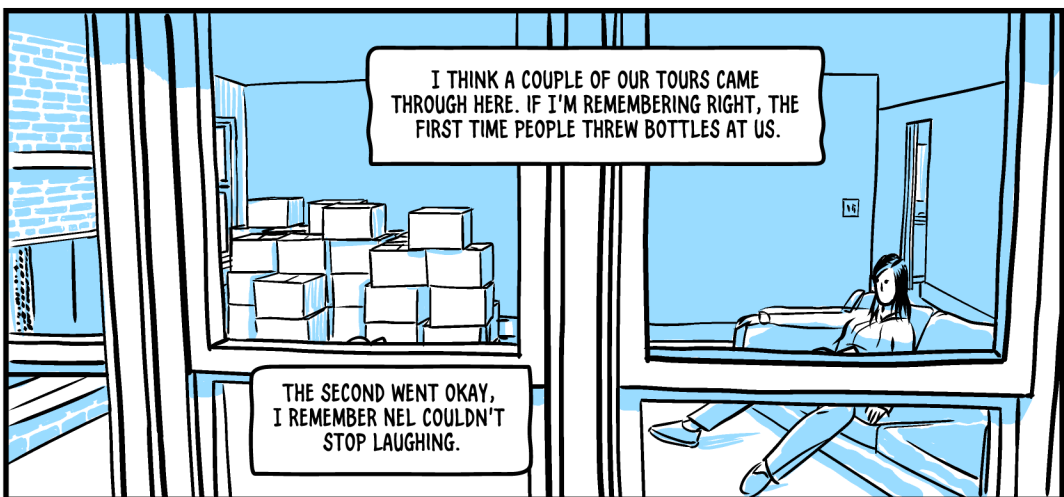
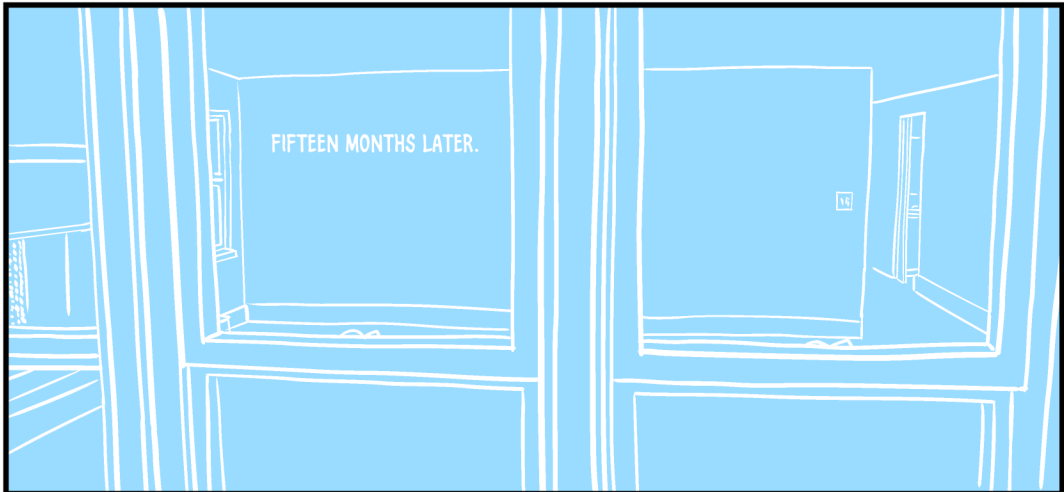


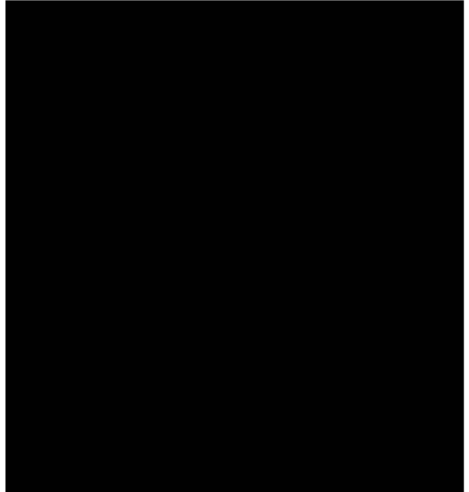
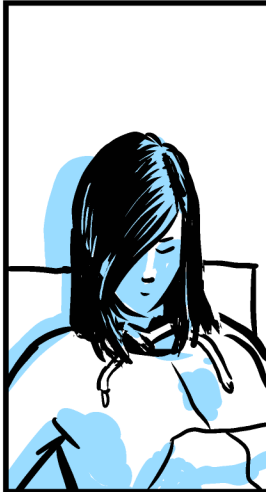
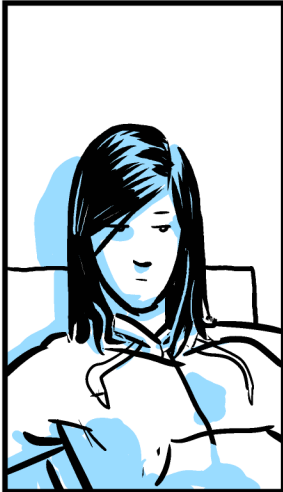




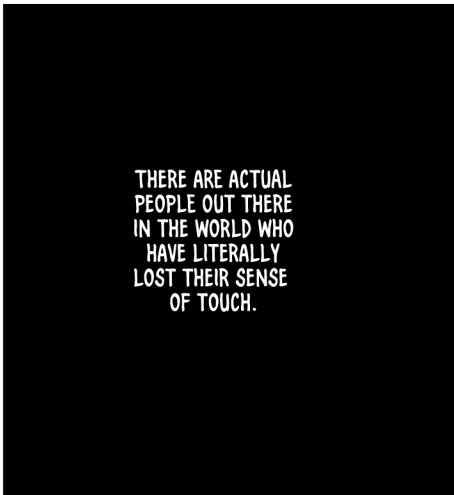




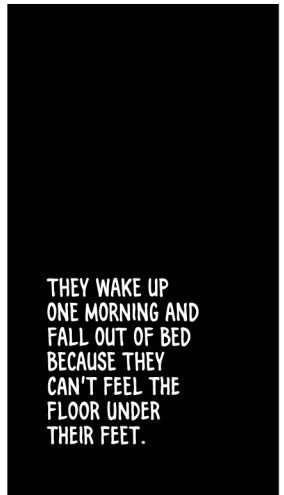




THERE ARE ACTUAL
PEOPLE OUT THERE
IN THE WORLD WHO
HAVE LITERALLY
LOST THEIR SENSE
OF TOUCH.



THEY WAKE UP
ONE MORNING AND
FALL OUT OF BED
BECAUSE THEY
CAN'T FEEL THE
FLOOR UNDER
THEIR FEET.



THEY HAVE TO
TRAIN THEMSELVES
TO PICK THINGS
UP BY WATCHING...

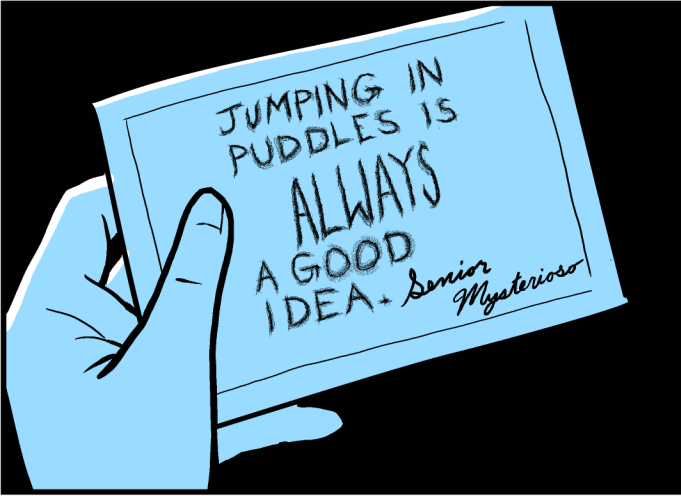
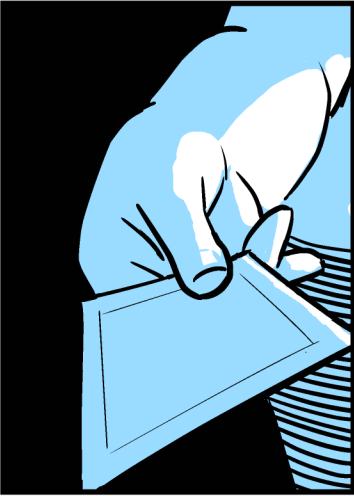
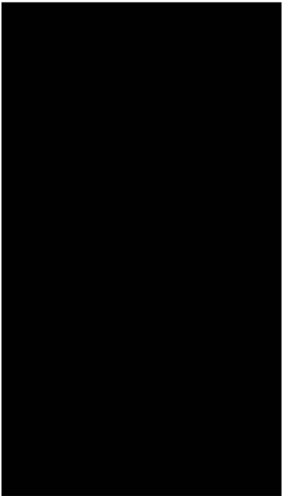
AND OPERATING
THEIR HAND LIKE
A PRIZE MACHINE
CLAW.

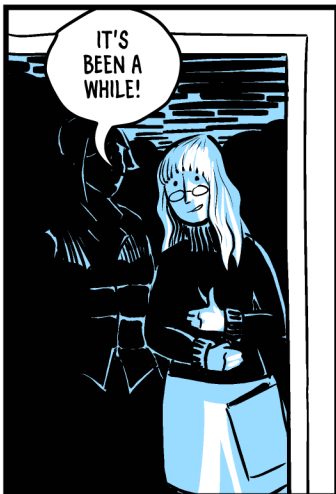
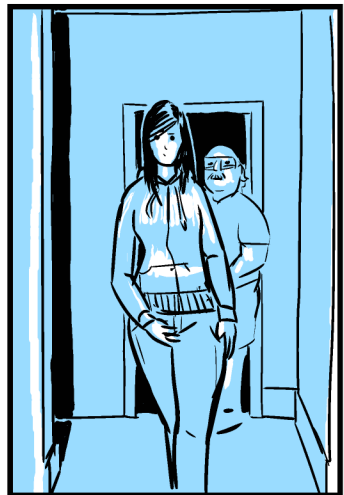


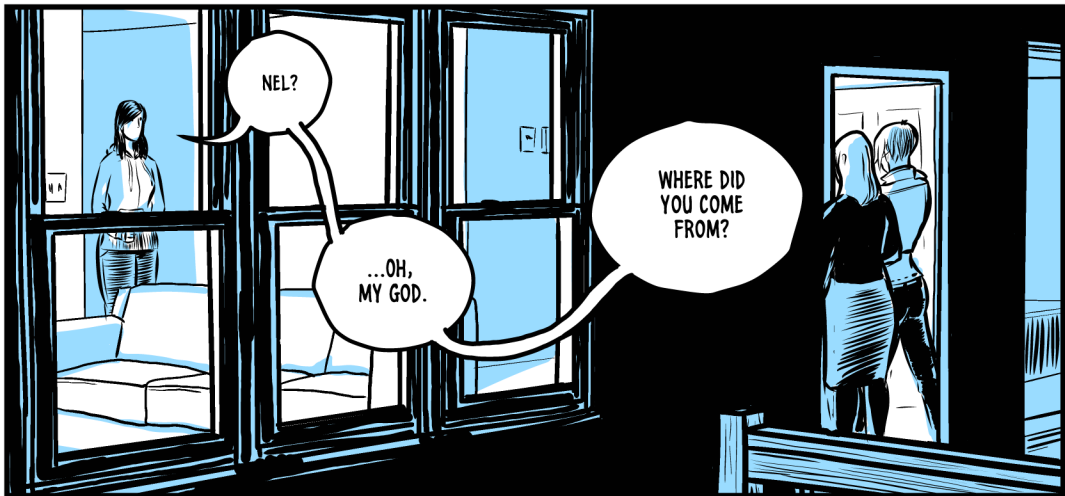
I'VE STARTED TO
POKE MYSELF
FROM TIME TO TIME,
JUST TO CHECK.



SOMETHING IS
MISSING,
BUT EVIDENTLY
IT'S NOT THAT.



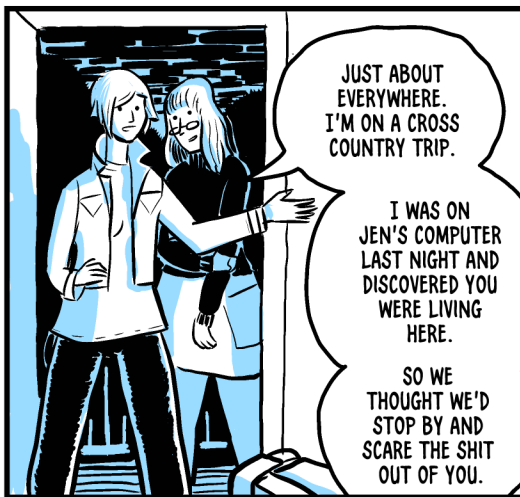




NEL?

...OH,
MY GOD.

WHERE DID
YOU COME
FROM?



JUST ABOUT
EVERYWHERE.
I'M ON A CROSS
COUNTRY TRIP.

I WAS ON
JEN'S COMPUTER
LAST NIGHT AND
DISCOVERED YOU
WERE LIVING
HERE.

SO WE
THOUGHT WE'D
STOP BY AND
SCARE THE SHIT
OUT OF YOU.



JEN!

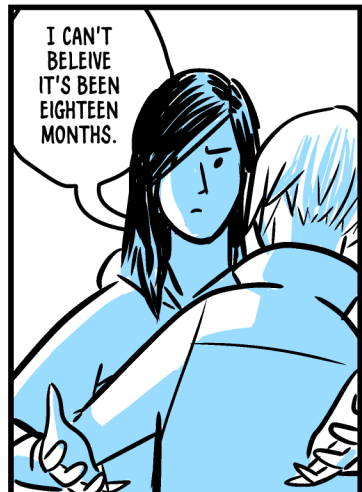
WHAT THE
HELL? I DIDN'T
EVEN RECOGNIZE
YOU!

HAHA.

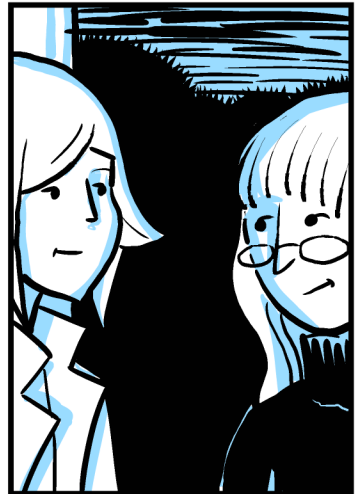
WHEN DID,
WHEN, WHEN...



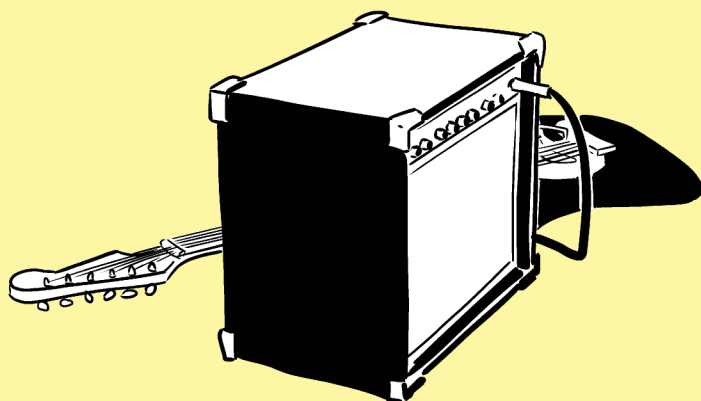
GOD, YOU'RE
FREAKING OUT.
IT'S OKAY.

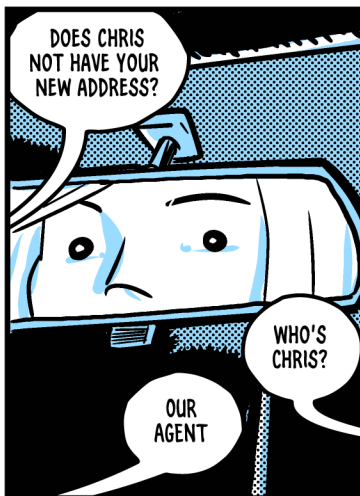
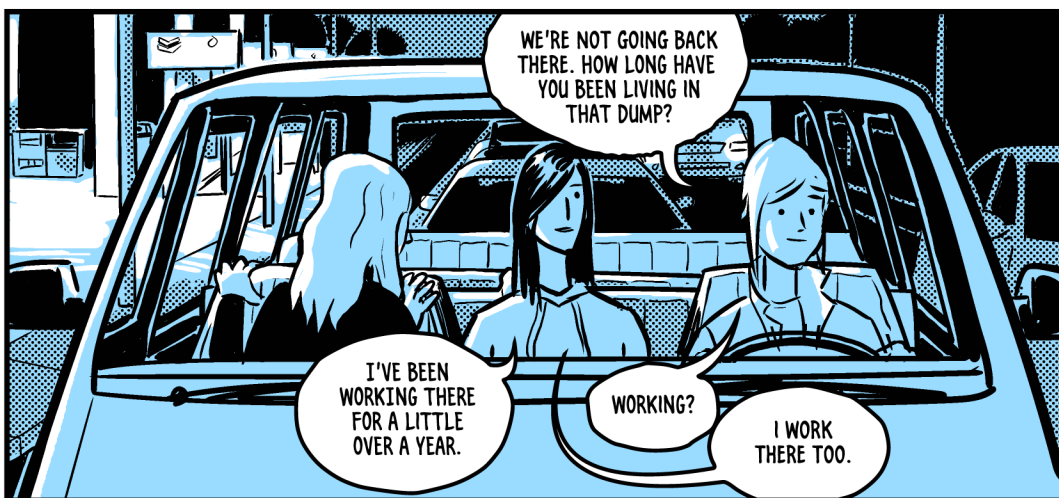
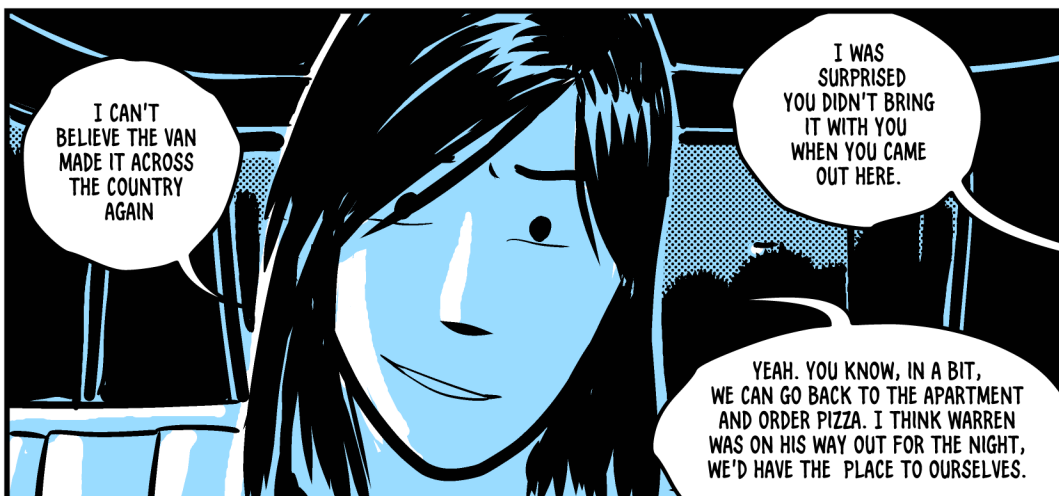


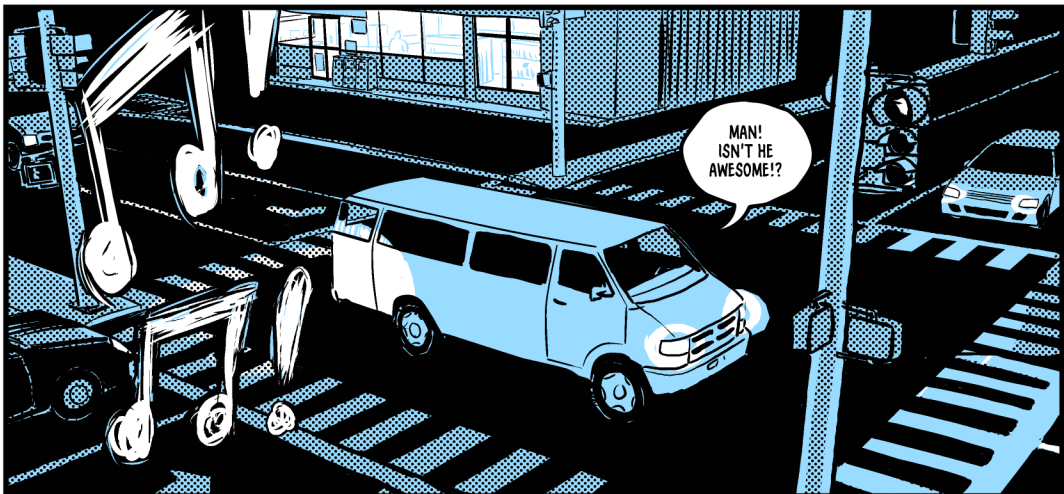
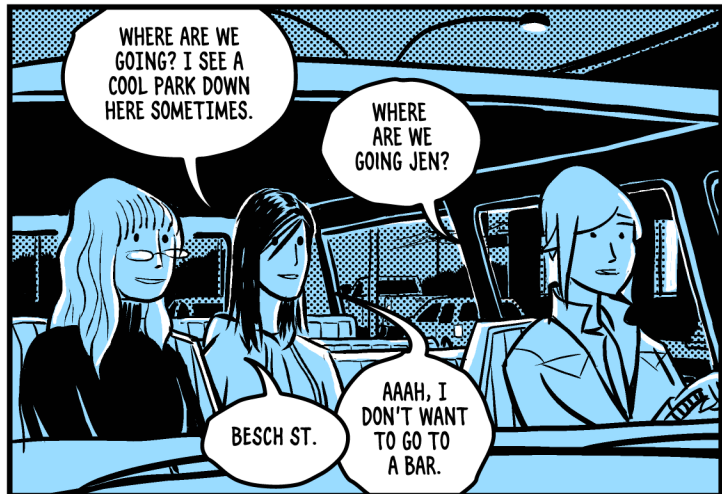
I CAN'T
BELEIVE
IT'S BEEN
EIGHTEEN
MONTHS.

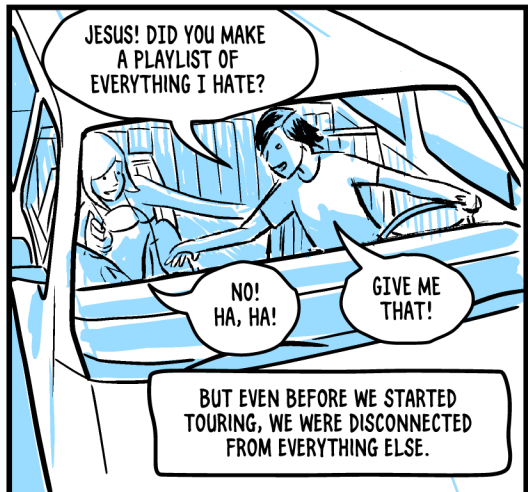
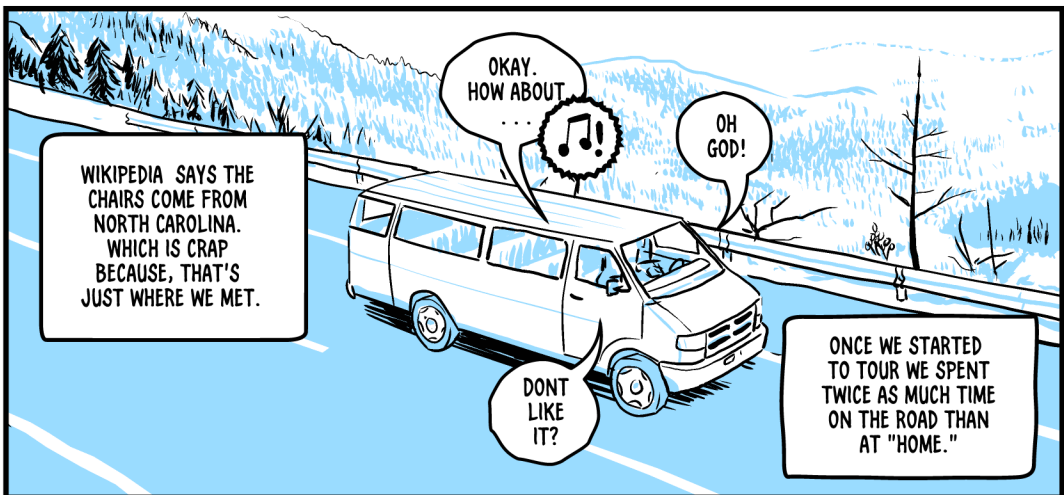
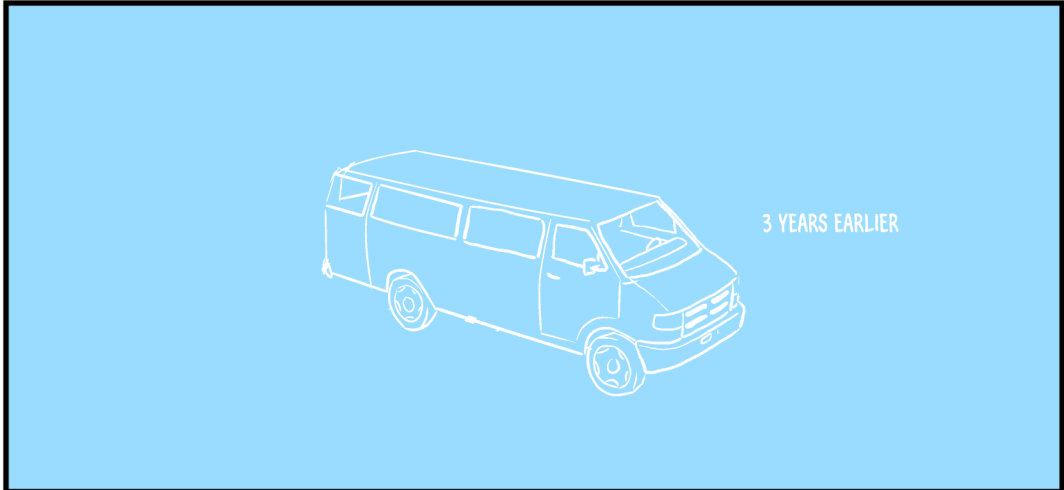


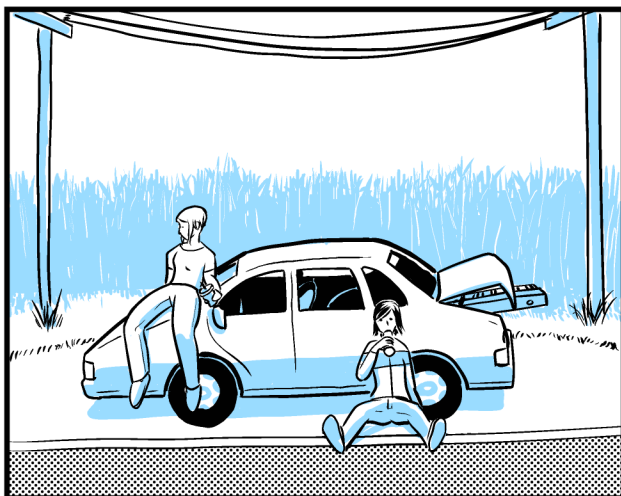
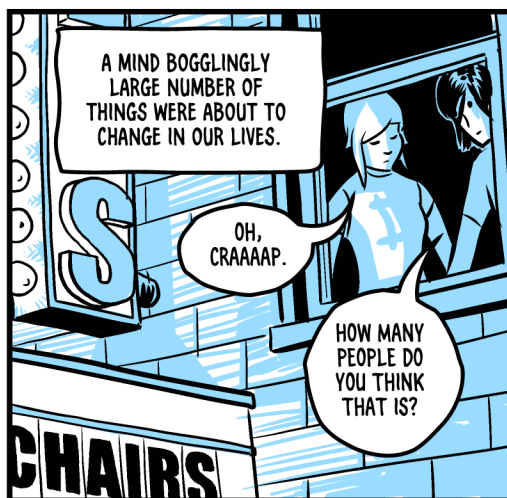
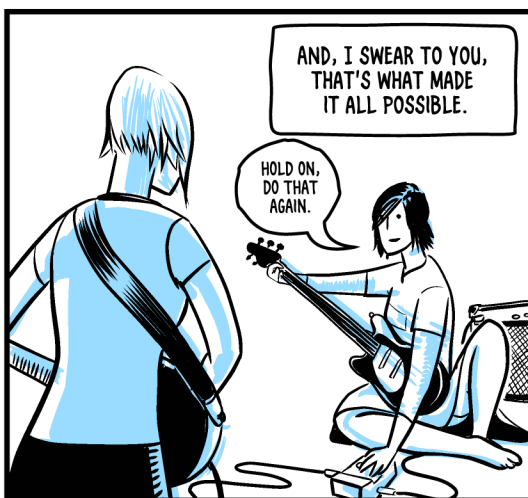
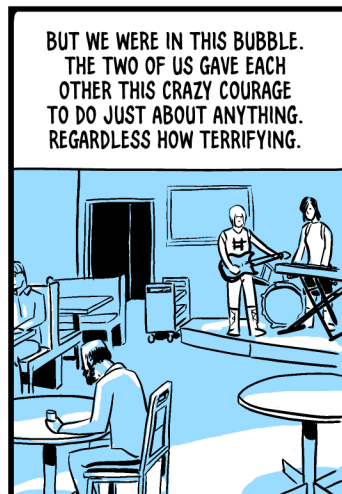
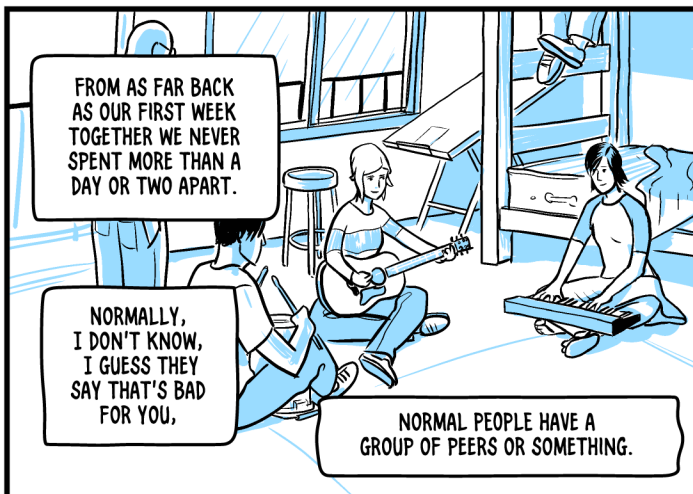


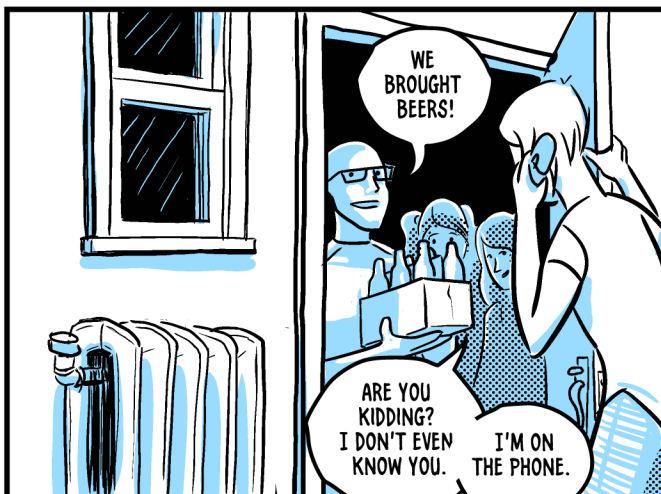






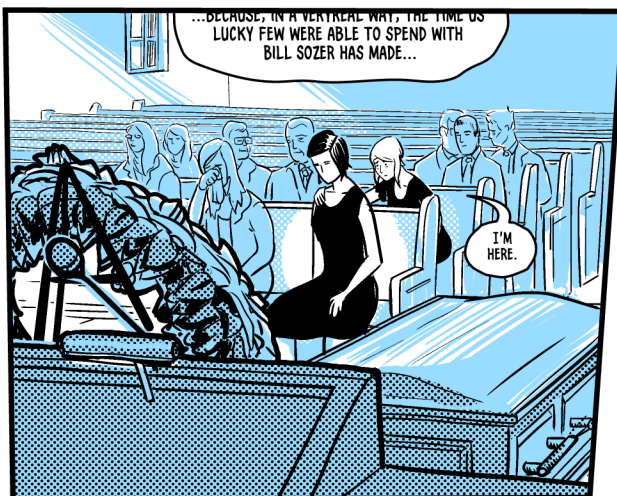
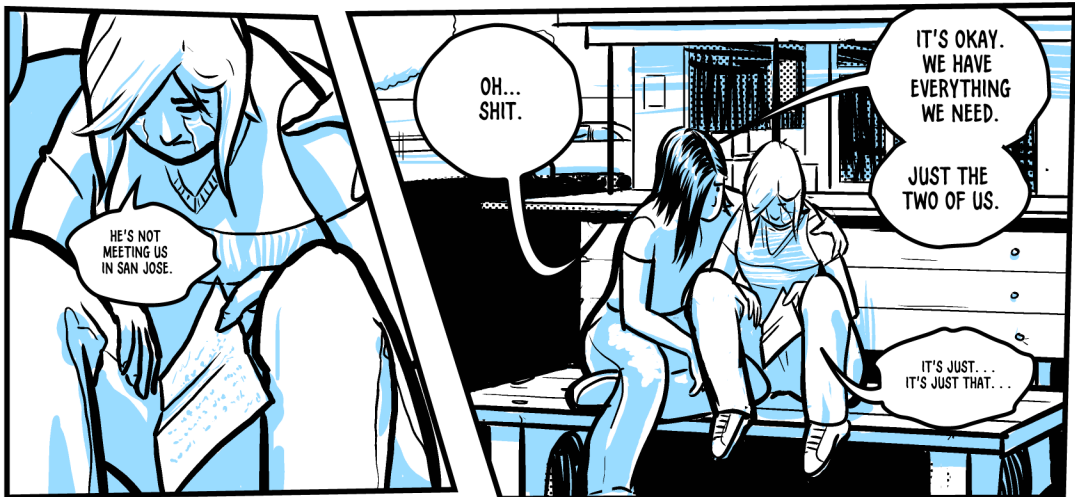


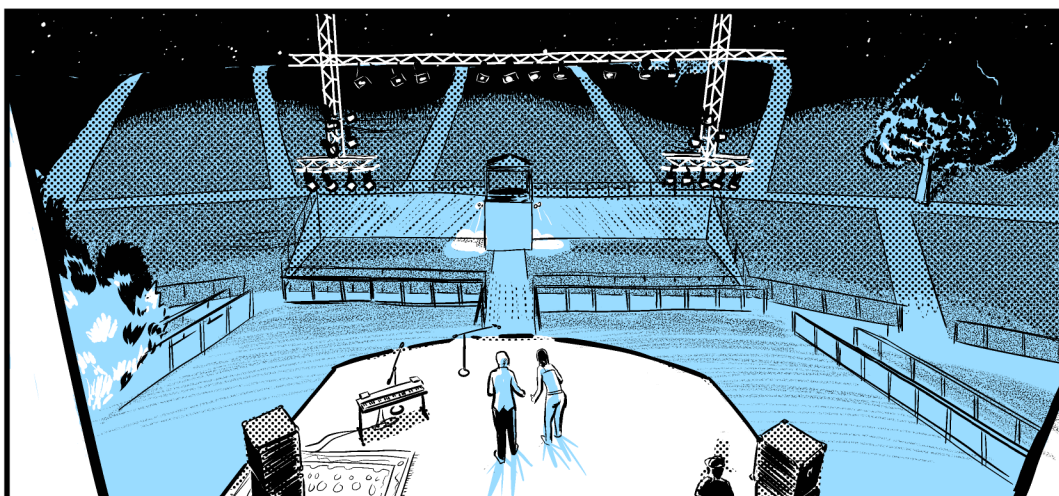
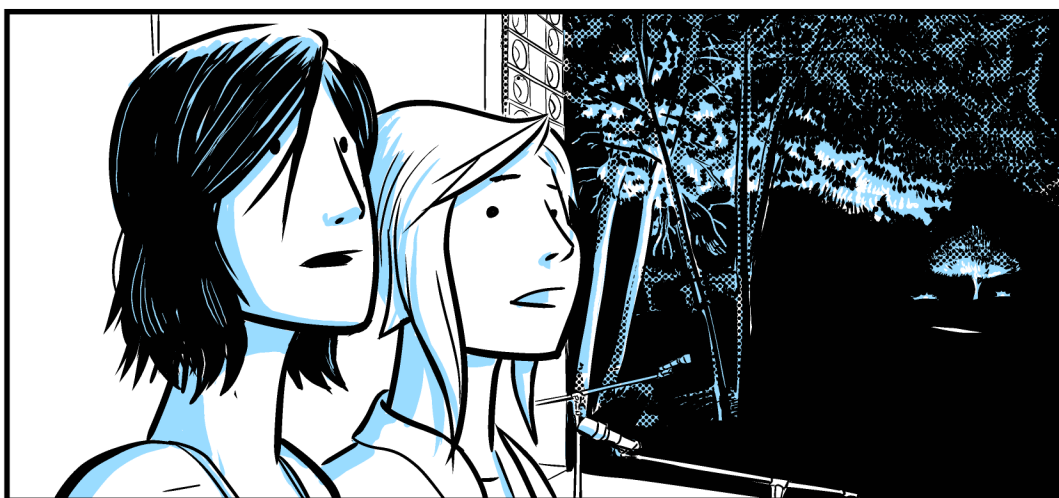
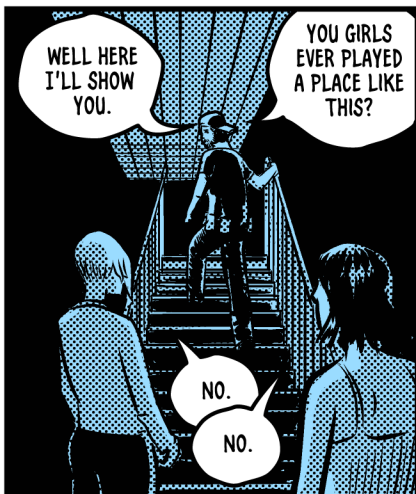


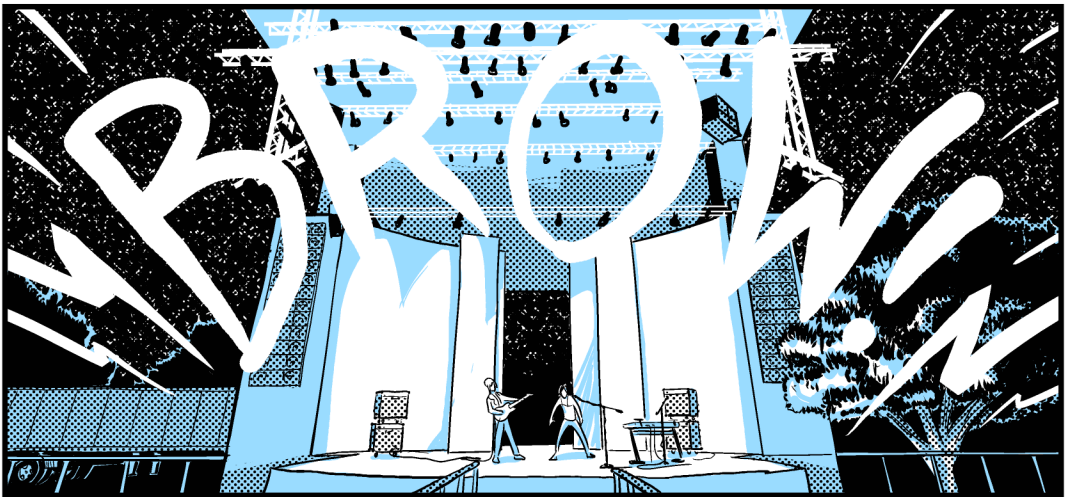
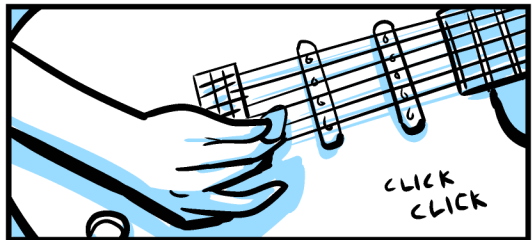
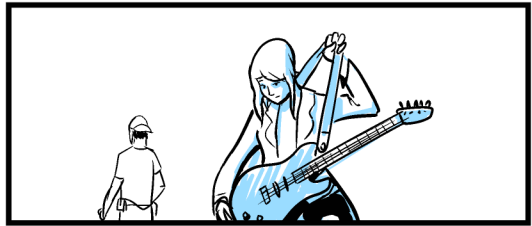
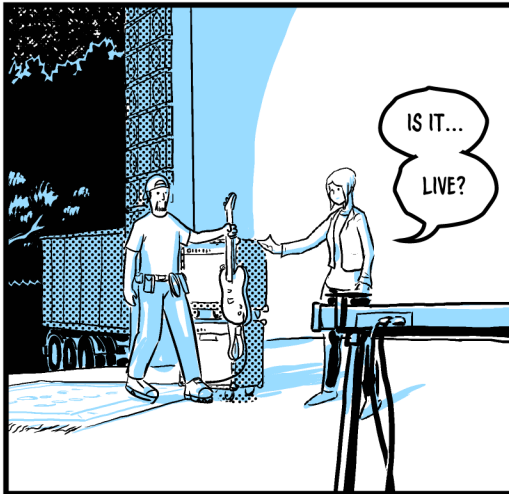


YOU HOLD ON TO PEOPLE
YOU TRUST, AND YOU HOLD
ONTO THEM TILL YOUR
MUSCLES ACHE.

WE DIDN'T NEED A PLACE TO BE FROM,
A PLACE TO CALL HOME,

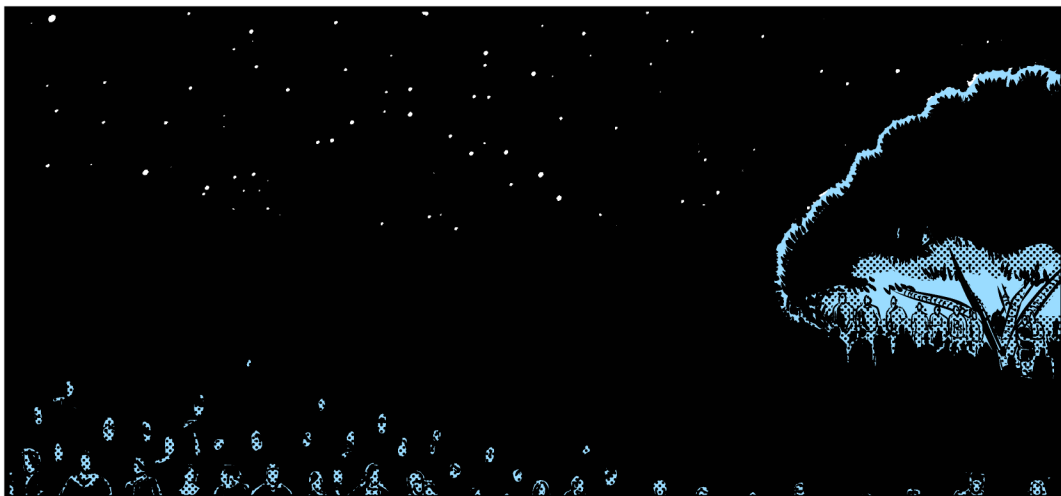


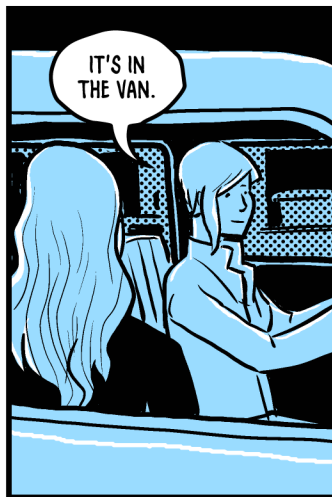


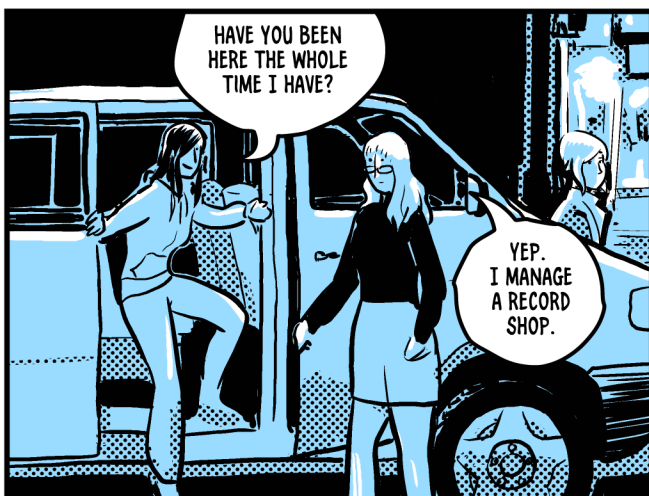


WE WERE FROM EACH OTHER.

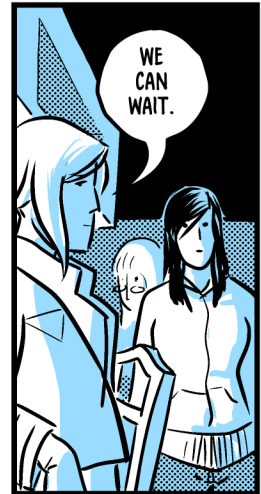


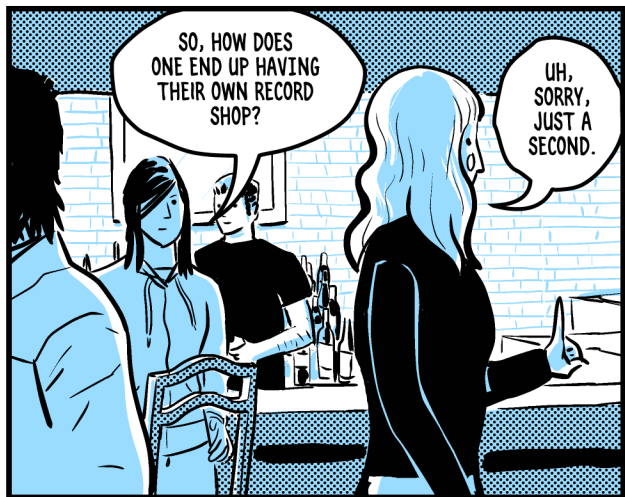
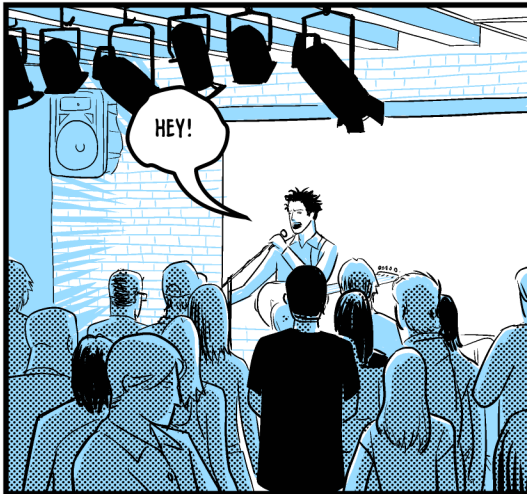


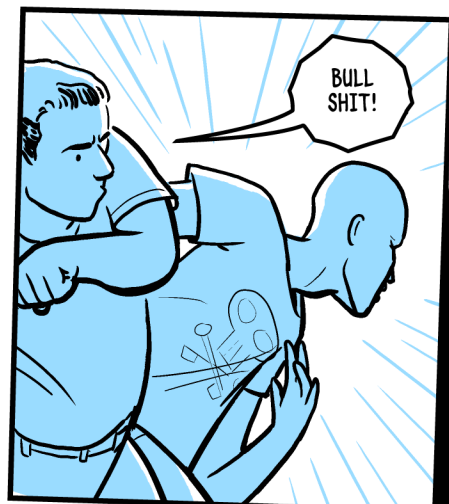


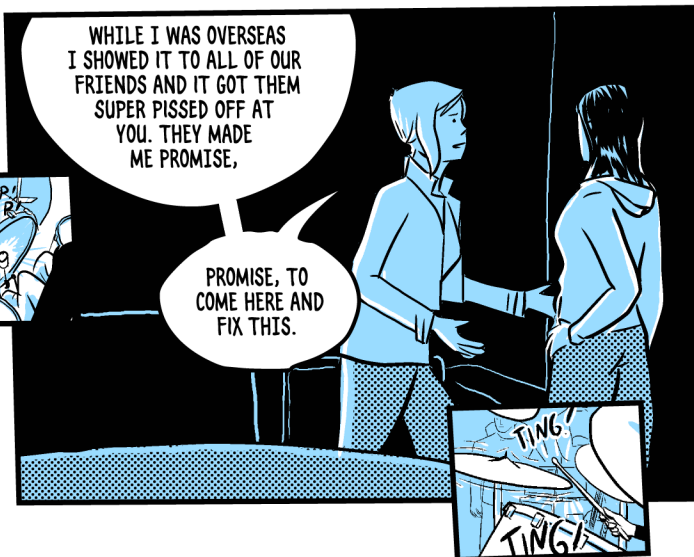
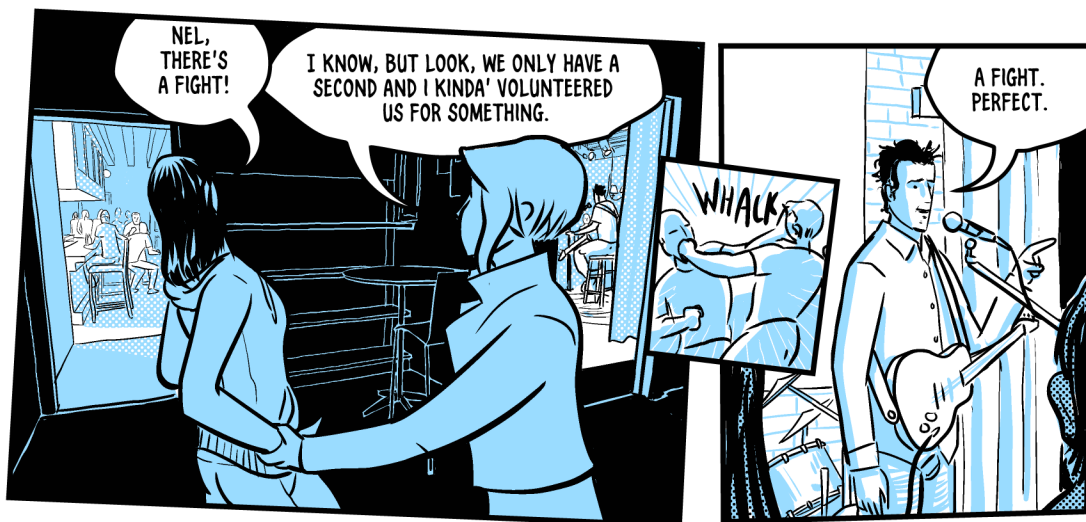


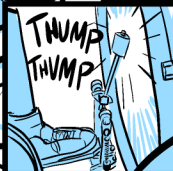
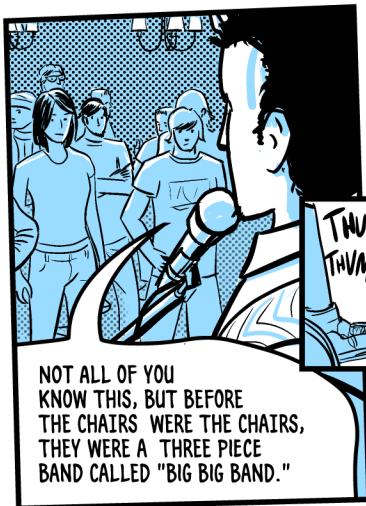










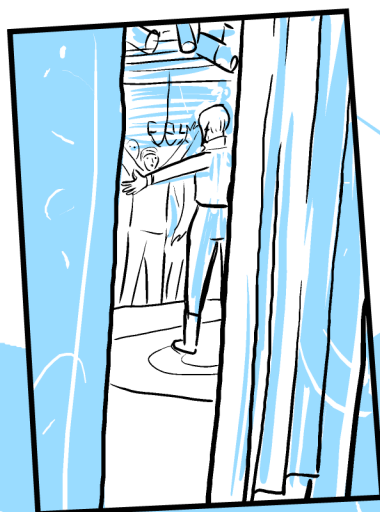
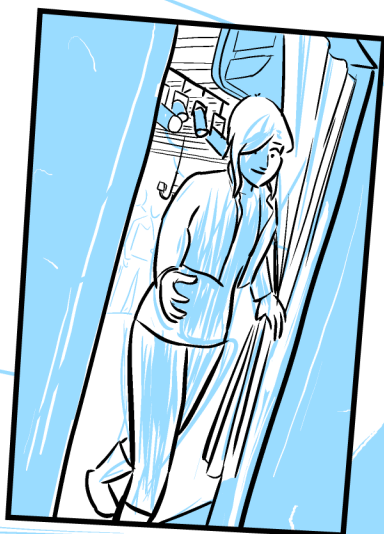


ALL THE SOUND
DROPS OUT OF MY
HEAD.



I TRIED TO
TELL HER.

I HAVEN'T PICKED UP
AN INSTRUMENT SINCE
THE DAY YOU LEFT.





THIS IS MY GUITAR.

HOW DID THEY GET IT OUT OF MY HOUSE?

A SONG SPUTTERS TO LIFE BESIDE ME.

