

I tend to make confessions on this page, so here's another one: I'm a comic book collector.

That statement might not get me thrown in a locker like it did back in 1986. These days, comic books are the inspiration for blockbuster movies, raking in millions of dollars in theaters worldwide. Just this year I've seen Spider-Man, Batman and the Avengers — all personal favorites — on the silver screen. And these are first-class movies, too, something I would have never imagined possible of a comic book movie 20 years ago.

Knowing that I'm a comic geek, it won't surprise you that at 3:30 this morning I had this most comic-booky of thoughts: Man, I wish I had a clone.

Yes, a clone, a mainstay of comic book fiction and science fiction. I want one.

I was brushing my teeth, bleary-eyed from only two hours of sleep, hastily getting ready to catch a flight to Milwaukee. And I wondered what life would be like if there were two of me.

I've given up collecting new comics recently. It was partly the price of comics (a new issue regularly retails for more than \$4), and partly the quality of comics coming out. But mostly it was a lack of time that killed my hobby. I just don't have the time to keep up with Spider-Man's monthly exploits anymore.

I'm not totally out of the hobby — I'll still fork out some decent coin for an old 1960s issue of *Amazing Spider-Man* on occasion. But when it comes to the new stuff, I wouldn't know if Spidey is fighting the Green Goblin or the flu these days.

If I had a clone — like Spider-Man did — I could keep up on comics. If I had a clone I wouldn't be dictating this column into my iPhone at 4:30 in the morning, driving down I-70 at 85 mph on the way to the airport. In fact... I'd be sending the clone on this trip to Milwaukee.

If I had a clone, my fantasy football draft would have gone much better, and Jay Cutler wouldn't be my starting quarterback.

How would a clone help you battle back against time? Would it take on fall aeration?

## The Clone Saga

BY SETH JONES



**"BLEARY-EYED  
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The board meeting? Soccer practice?

These days I'm giving up a lot of things because of a lack of time. Our generation is at odds with time. Where does our time go? If a guy like me can't afford the time to peel through a comic book, what chance does he have of teeing it up for 18 holes?

It's like *Golfdom* publisher Pat Roberts keeps telling me: We're not competing with the other industry magazines. We're competing for time.

This column comes with another confession: When I got to Milwaukee, chance had it that there was a professional wrestling event across the street from my hotel. After dinner, I checked a few emails and called home. Then I slammed the laptop shut and walked across the street and bought a ticket to see WWE's "Monday Night Raw."

Am I a WWE fan? Not since Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka retired in the '80s, no. But it was the equivalent of flipping the bird to my new enemy, time. I burned two hours of time sitting there cheering, shouting and generally enjoying life.

Enjoying life — that's the key. We might be losing time every day, but that doesn't mean we can't take the time to enjoy ourselves once in a while. We deserve it. Remind time every once in a while that we spend it, it does not spend us.

Labor Day is behind us. College football, NFL football, and even a few more comic book movies are here ("Dredd 3D," Sept. 21<sup>st</sup>, looks awesome). So hit a tailgate. Go see a movie. Heck, buy a ticket to pro wrestling and heckle the bad guys.

Sure, a clone could help... but who would want to miss out on the good time?

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*Email Jones (who has a comic collection that numbers into the thousands, much to his wife's chagrin) at [sjones@northcoastmedia.net](mailto:sjones@northcoastmedia.net).*