MY INTERNET SHIT

Back around 2003, a couple friends introduced me to LiveJournal, then a popular blogging site. Originally, I didn't do much with it. It was just a way to keep in touch with distant friends and write down some lame short stories.

I found out one of my coworkers Earle also used LiveJournal, under the alias El Gorgo, and he showed me a few tips. Unbeknownst to me, Earle had established himself as an internet prankster, and one of his favorite ploys was to friend everybody he could find who listed an interest such as anime, make fun of them, then unfriend them and assemble another batch. Along the way, he did manage to pick up a few strident misfits and keep them as permanent friends, then referred them to me to add to my friends list.

Thus, I found myself looking at the hyperweird ramblings of some of the internet's finest oddballs, and became hooked. I wanted more weirdos to add to my collection. Thus it came to pass that I discovered LJDrama, a site that linked arguments and drama from various LJ communities and mocked them. Earle turned out to be a collaborator for LJDrama, but he thought he should keep it a secret from me. Didn't work. Everything gets found on the internet.

And so, I combed through these discussion threads and friended more whackos, and thought I could sit from the sidelines and watch them thrash about in their cages and scream and throw feces. Wrong. It didn't take long for me to take up residence in the cage and throw my own feces.

I had become part of a core group of Internet Misfits, independent of any established coteries like 4chan, Something Awful, /b/, and so on. We had no name, Some people came and went, and ultimately the arrival of other social networking outlets such as MySpace and Facebook led to our group's gradual decay. At the height of our existence, we had me, El Gorgo, Gobo, thekamisama, St. Amaimon, Esmerelda, wbm, Novemberbug, and fry1138. We were all comics fans to some degree and would frequently post our own comics online.

My early efforts were shit, but I got better as we went along.

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GOBO

My greatest Freak Friend on LJ was Gobo, a mad visionary from Louisiana. It's hard to label Gobo, for he defied labels, but mix together Star Wars fanaticism, street bum dialogue, violent rap, samarai katanas, 1st edition AD&D (and NOT 3rd edition!), the progressive rock mysticism of Tool, Louisiana swampland paranoia, and LOTS of drugs, you might get something close.

Gobo often wrote long diatribes and rants in his LJ, accompanied by his own demented art renditions of the focus of his ire. Sometimes he'd complain about family, coworkers, and all the idiots around him. Sometimes he'd make up some nefarious institution and rant about it, such as the Goth Media. Sometimes he'd post a big long series of Star Wars essays. Occasionally, we'd see pictures of him in an Obi Wan Kenobi robe, armed with a light sabre and fighting his Star Wars toys. The surreal world of Goboland was a fun place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there.

At times, I would ask Gobo to explain a point he made. He'd blow up in my face, ranting that I couldn't possibly understand his dogma as he was too far ahead of me on the evolutionary scale. He also called me gay. I couldn't let those exasperations of his go without some snide comment, or maybe a comic or two lampooning him. This served to provoke the crazy person even further, resulting in Gobo giving me his undivided attention and blasting me all over the Internets. He even took some of his Star Wars dolls and made them look like me and my friend bearhand and his son. He'd deface photos he found of me and make weird comics out of them.

I didn't always try to push Gobo's buttons. Sometimes I'd make helpful suggestions, but that usually provoked him more than goofing on him. One time, I suggested he take art lessons because I thought he would find the experience rewarding. He responded that he didn't need anybody trying to poison his skills, and that it was gay. Since he tended to make lengthy posts at a prolific pace, which he would never put under a cut, I suggested he should try NaNoWriMo. He should be able to crank out a 50,000 word novel in a month, easily. He railed and spouted that it allowed "dumb as dogshit" writers to think their crap was legitimate. And, it was gay. He said he could write 50,000 words in a week, and started a rambling turd of a story about me running a comedy club. He gave up after 8,000 words and said he didn't need to prove anything.

Aside from that, we got along pretty well.

Table of Contents, Gobo section

Page 4 — One of my first Gobo comics, entitled "Gobo 2005." Gobo worked at an oil change place at the time. I made this comic of him encountering the Goths he so despised.

Page 5 — Gobo had been proclaiming he was a virgin, but didn't need sex to know his greatness and strength. It was obvious he found women intimidating and tried to cover it up with his hubris and bravado, so I drew what probably happens when Gobo encounters hot chicks.

Page 6 — Gobo and Ama were frenemies. Ama is kind of a poor man's Marilyn Manson, really twisted, devious, and highly opinionated. He is the father of Cocoa the Clown, comics that portrayed the life of a street bum clown. I gleefully added my take on Cocoa, which appears later. For some reason I thought this would happen if Gobo and Ama ever met face-to-face.

Page 8 — Gobo meets El Gorgo. By this time, mine and Earle's friendship was starting to erode. Earle was being really aggressive towards everybody on the Internets. For example, one person defriended him, and Earle went to the guy's LJ, thoroughly blasted him and threatened to beat him up. I told him he needed to back down and not take things so personally, but he didn't like my advice. He accused me of being soft and made a photoshop comic of me as a furby, so I decided it was payback time.

Page 10 — Gobo wanted me to draw this. I don't get it either.

Page 12 — A wanderer from Canada named wbm came to our group and tried his hand at drawing Cocoa the Clown comics. Similar to us, he liked drawing gross shit, but his sense of humor is kind of dated. At first, Gobo thought he was a genius, as Cocoa spoke in non-sequitur advertising slogans from decades ago. Turns out the reason he did that is because wbm also speaks in non-sequitur advertising slogans from decades ago. Gobo came to despise wbm and ranted about him every chance he got. wmb was cheerfully oblivious to Gobo's venom, which served to incur Gobo's wrath even more. I drew this little comic about what would happen if they ever met.

Page 14 — Gobo's place of employment closed down for good after Hurricane Katrina, and he eventually found a new job as a school janitor. It didn't take long for him to vocalize his displeasure. He hated working for blacks, whom he thought talked like retards and made him do all the shit work. He hated the principal, who frequently micromanaged him and called him to task for neglecting the most insignificant safety procedures, such as storing cleansers in an enclosed space so the fumes wouldn't make the poor students sick. He left an unflattering drawing of her in the teacher's lounge; not in the trash, but taped on the bulletin board for all to see. She was not amused and fired him. He wasn't out of work for long however, as his sisters got him a job at Wendy's shortly afterward. Since he had drawn a comic of me after I got fired from my job, I got to enjoy a little payback.

Page 17 — Gobo ranted about how his sister crashed a party he threw for his Wendy's coworkers and smoked all his pot. She also kept pestering one of his black coworkers about rap music, and behaved rudely the whole evening. In other words, she behaved like Gobo. She also became his supervisor at one point, but I don't know if it was before or after this party. I thought it was funny the way he was acting so prim and proper about the situation, so I lampooned him here. Oh yeah, Gobo had also shaved his head into a mohawk.

Page 20 — Even though Wendy's seemed to be the least contentious of Gobo's workplaces, he still had issues. Some of his coworkers were loyal Christian folk, and they frequently invited him to participate in church activities. He said he tried to scare them off by claiming he worshipped Satan, but that just made them more determined to save his soul. Soon the Christian coworkers became a secret sinister cult, intent on brainwashing him and getting him to drink the cult Kool-Aid. This is part 1. Ama drew part 2, which I don't have. This is all my shit anyway.

Page 24 — About this time, we were being pranked by El Gorgo 2, who was making public info we had friend-locked. It wasn't Earle, but I won't say who it was. Gobo got really paranoid and ranted about EG2, but really played right into the troll's hands. After I put up this comic, Gobo pretty much disappeared. He came back a couple of times under different usernames, but eventually left for good. I miss that crazy fucker.

GOBO2005
BY KALTROP
WELCOME TO JIFFY ANAL LUBE. CAN I HELP YOU FOLKS?
HI! Gobo
my engine has become like my soul... barren and in need of black nourishment.
AND DON'T MAKE FUN OF OUR GOTH LIFESTYLE!! YOU DON'T KNOW US SO DON'T JUDGE US!!!
ERRR... SO WHAT TYPE OF OIL, 30 WEIGHT?
NO! We are strict environmentalists! MACHINE OIL ONLY CHOKES THE ENVIRONMENT AND SICKENS MOTHER EARTH! WE DEMAND THAT YOU USE PEANUT OIL!
ARE YOU CRAZY? WE DON'T STOCK PEANUT OIL HERE.
WHAT??
Carmella, did you hear what he said? I feel faint...
WE'RE GOING TO REPORT YOU TO THE GOTH MEDIA, ASSHOLE! AAAAAA
FAGS.
Damn That Gobo! He's one BADASS MOTHERFUCKER!

sex is gay. I don't need to get laid to affirm my grateness and strength. Only faggots and homos have sex. I am the geeohbeeoh. No woman can measure up to my godlike standards.

Damn That Gobo!
He will FUCK U UP!

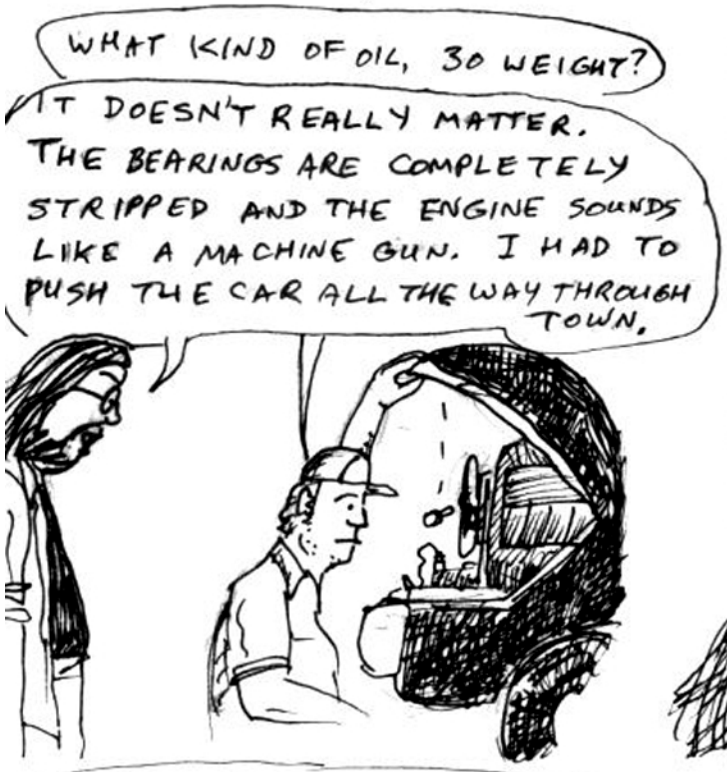
GUBOZUS
FEATURING ANA
by BALTROP
WELCOME TO JIFFY ANAL LUBE. CAN I HELP YA?
YO WASSUP MAH NIGGAH!
SHEEE!! TTT HOMIE! JUST KEEPIN IT REAL FO SHIZZLE!
MAH NIZZLE TO PIZZLE! LUBE MAH HOOPTIE NIGGAH
MUTHAFUCKAH, I GOT GAME LIKE KOBE SO ACT LIKE YA KNOW ME!!
YOU COME TALKIN' THAT TRASH I'LL PULL YA CARD! KNOWIN' NUTTIN' IN LIFE BUT TO BE LEGIT!
DON'T QUOTE ME BOY CUZ I AINT SAI
SHIT!
SMACK!

Damn That Gobo! He's the MUTHUHFUCKIN' REAL!

by CALTROP

GUBOOS

GUEST STARRING elgordo



Damn that Gobo!
Fuck with the Best,
Die Like the Rest!

HARD BARITONES
STORY: GOBO
ART: KLAFROTH
© 2007
Diane's Dyke Bar
YANK YANK
SO YOU WANNA KNOW ABOUT SEX?
HUH?
I'LL DEMONSTRATE!
FLICK!
YOU GO IN AND OUT AND IN AND OUT!!
CHICK
CHICK

GUH GUH
GUH GUH
GUH GUH
I... WANT...
THE... COCK!!!

AW... HE LOOKS LIKE HE NEEDS CHEERING UP!
HEY, THERE'S A NEW CHINESE PLACE DOWN THE STREET, EH? IT'S CALLED HUNG FAR LOW!
HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE, GET IT? SOUNDS LIKE A GIANT TALLYWHACKER,
HEEHEEHEEHEE I WENT THERE AND ORDERED THE PUPU PLATTER. I HEARD IT WAS THE SHIT!
HEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE GET IT? PUPU PLATTER, IT SOUNDS LIKE POO-POO, YOU KNOW, THE SHIT, EH?
BUT YA KNOW, I TRIE A LITTLE BIT OF IT AND IT REALLY STUNK
HEE HEEHEEHEEHEEHEE YOU KNOW, LIKE SHIT? IT REALLY STUNK LIKE POO POO SHIT!
SHUT UP.
EH?
I SAID SHUT UP. DON'T EVER TALK TO ME AGAIN.

YOU CHOOSE THE ENDING!

Should:

A) Gobo eviscerate wbm in a fit of violent, horrifying rage?
B) Gobo have a heart attack, fall over, and be rescued by wbm performing mouth-to-mouth?
C) Gobo admit his agressive behavior is really a coverup for his true amorous feelings towards wbm and deepthroat him with his tongue?
D) Something else?

CAST YOUR VOTE NOW!

HEY BOWAH, DWEY'S SOME PUKE FO YO TO CLEAN UP IN 115! GET YO WHITE ASS ON IT!
HEE HEE
HA HA
YO BETTUH SHAKE A STICK!
HEY BOWAH, DA PWINSPAL WANNA SEE YOU!
HEE HEE
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MRS. MOORE?
YES MR WIGHT.
IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE??
PUMPA
PUMPA
FUCK A NIGGER

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! FIRST YOU ENDANGER THE LIVES OF OUR CHILDREN BY KEEPING BLEACH IN YOUR LOCKER DURING NON-HOLIDAYS!
AREN'T YOU AWARE OF THE DANGER OF EXPOSING CHILDREN TO CLEANING AGENTS?
THEN YOU CHECK YOUR EMAIL ON SCHOOL PROPERTY PUTTING OUR COMPUTER SYSTEMS AT RISK WITH UNTOLD VIRUSES AND COMPROMISES TO OUR SECURITY!
GOBO @ FUCKYOU .COM
SCHOOL PROPERTY DO NOT TOUCH!
THEN YOU PUT THIS UP IN THE TEACHER'S LOUNGE! THE TEACHER'S LOUNGE IS NO PLACE FOR HUMOR, MISTER!
PUMPA
PUMPA
AS OF THIS MOMENT I'M PLACING YOU ON ADMINISTRATIVE LEAVE!
(SIGN HERE PLEASE)

THE WIGHT SISTERS TO THE RESCUE
BOOT!
COME WORK WITH US NATHAN!
COVINGTON SCHOOL FOR KATRINA REFUGEES
OK PEOPLE, BREAK TIME'S OVER! LUNCH CROWD COMING!
JUST IGNORE HIM.
GOBO ADJUSTS TO HIS NEW CAREER PATH AT Wendy's
DUDE... I HAD THE MUNCHIES SO BAD I ATE OUR ENTIRE SUPPLY OF PICKLES.
LATER...
HEY Y'ALL! MAH BRUTHER'S A VIRGIN!
WHAT OF IT, BITCH?

NO, JOJO! YOU ARE SPECIFICLY NOT INVITED TO MY PARTY! IT IS FOR COWORKERS ONLY!
AND FOR THE LAST TIME, I DON'T HAVE ANY WEED!
EXCELLENT SOIREE, NATHAN. AND THESE H'OR D'OEVRES ARE SIMPLY DIVINE!
THANK YOU, LAUREN. I MERELY SPICED UP LAST NIGHT'S TACO SALAD A LITTLE.
GASP! JOJO?? I SPECIFICALLY TOLD YOU THAT YOU WEREN'T INVITED!
WHATEVER. WHERE'D YOU HIDE THE POT?
SIGH... EVERYONE, THIS IS MY SISTER JOSEPHINE. SHE TENDS TO BE RATHER SPONTANEUS, SHALL WE SAY
LIGHTEN THE FUCK UP, NATHA
HEY NIGGAH, YOU LIKE RAP?
FOR GOD'S SAKE, JOJO! HE'S NOT SOME CRAFT FAIR SAMBO SCULPTURE!

THIS IT? UNDER THE LID?
THAT'S PATÊ DU FOIE GRAS, NOT GRASS, you DIRE HARRIDAN!
HMPH!

YOUR SISTER IS MOST PERSISTENT!
THE TROUBLE IS, I ACTUALLY DO HAVE WEED, BUT I ONLY WANT TO SHARE IT WITH MY FELLOW COWORKERS! OTHERWISE, SHE'LL BOGART IT ALL! SHE'S MORE DANGEROUS THAN PARAQUAT!

PHEW! WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE SMELL?
GASP! IT CAN'T BE! BUT IT IS!
IT'S THE FOUNDER OF WENDY'S!

DAVE THOMAS!!
HI GANG! I CAN'T STAY LONG, I'VE GOT TO DELIVER A NEW SHIPMENT OF MY CORPSE WORMS TO THE COMPANY PROCESSING PLANT.

I JUST DROPPED BY TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR NEW SUPERVISOR IS JOSEPHINE.
WHAT!??
THAT'S RIGHT!
SO YOU BETTER GIVE ME THAT WEED OR I'LL CUT BACK YOUR HOURS.
NEVER! YOU WON'T LAY ONE FILTHY FINGER ON MY CHERISHED CENSAMILION!
MONTHS LATER
DUDE, JUST GIVE HER THE WEED SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO EAT OUT OF THE DUMPSTER!
NO!
NEVER!

I OBSERVE MY CONSTITUTIONAL RITE TO WORSHIP SATAN. I HAVE DRAWN MY OWN PENTAGRAM WITH VIRGINAL CHICKEN BLOOD. I MASSAGED MY FRONTAL LOBE WITH AN ELECTRONICLY HEATED COAT HANGER TO CONDITION MY BRAIN FOR THE PROPER RITUALS.

AND THEY ARE TRYING TO CONVERT

THE COVERT CHRISTIANS

LOOK AT YOU WITH BRAINLESS, ZOMBIE-REVIVED STARES, READY TO INUNDATE WITH THEIR DRIVEL ON HOW JESUS WANTS YOU TO BE A MOTHERFUCKING SUNBEAM

AND I WORK WITH THEM!

FOLLOWING THE GUIDELINES AS TRANSCRIBED BY GRAND MAGUS ALEISTER CROWLEY, I COAT MYSELF WITH A FULL QUART MASON JAR OF MY OWN SEMEN. IT WILL REPEL THE CHRISTIANS' INSIDIOUS EFFORTS TO CAPTURE MY SOUL.

I WEARILY TREAD MY WAY TO THE WORKPLACE, WATCHED OVER BY THE MOCKING RED HAIRED JESUSCHILD.

AND THEN I SEE HIM... RICK, THE REDNECK MANAGER.

THERE HE WAS, LEANING AGAINST HIS BLACK F350, BRANDISHING THE HOLY GRAIL OF SPIT CUPS, HIS JOHN DEERE MITRE ALIGNED AT AN UNCARING ANGLE.

HIS WHEELHOUSINGS EACH BEAR A LARGE NUMBER 3, WHICH SUPPOSEDLY PROCLAIM HIM TO BE A BIG FAN OF THE LATE NASCAR DRIVER DALE EARNHARDT, BUT I KNOW IT ACTUALLY STANDS FOR THE **HOLY TRINITY.** THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE **HOLY SHIT!**

HE'S THE POPE IN DISGUISE!

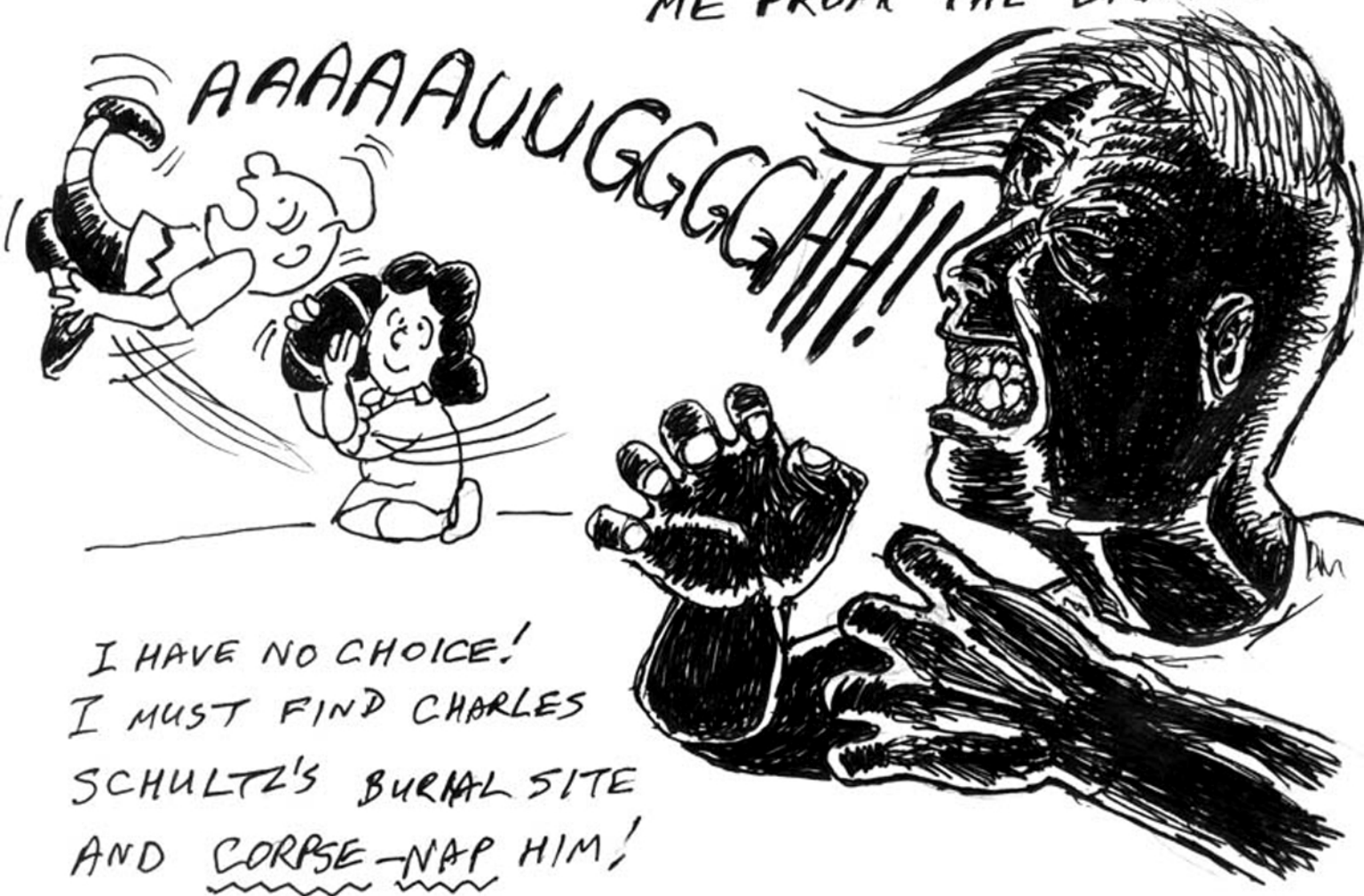
DEERE
HEY NATHAN, THEY'S AN EMPLOWEE APPRECIASHUN PARTY AFTER WORK. GONNA BE PLENNY A BEER AN' WIMMEN- WHYONCHA COME?
THE ROMANS DROVE A STAKE THROUGH CHRIST'S LOWER LIP WHEN THEY NAILED HIM TO THE CROSS. I KNOW THIS BECAUSE POPE RICK BLEEDS A TORRENT OF TOBACCO JUICE STIGMATA FROM HIS FILTHY MOUTH.
I SEE THIS FOR THE BRAZEN ATTEMPT TO STEALTH BAPTIZE ME IT REALLY IS.
NEVERTHELESS, HE SENDS TWO OF HIS JESUS WHORES TO SEDUCE ME.
DON'T YOU WANNA COME TO THE PARTY, NATHAN?
WE'LL BE THERE!
SORRY, CAN'T MAKE IT. GONNA WORSHIP SATAN TONIGHT.
HE WORSHIPS THE UNHOLY MASTER?
HE IS BUT A FRIGHTENED VIRGIN, HELD BACK BY CATHOLIC GUILT. WE SHALL HAVE HIM YET SISTER

CLOSING TIME. NOW I CAN ESCAPE THIS DEN OF INSIPIDY.
CHUNG!
CHACKA CHACKA CHACK
WHY THE FUCK IS THE DOOR LOCKED?
CHANGE'A PLANS, NATHAN! WE'RE HAVIN' THE PARTY RAH CHEER!
666

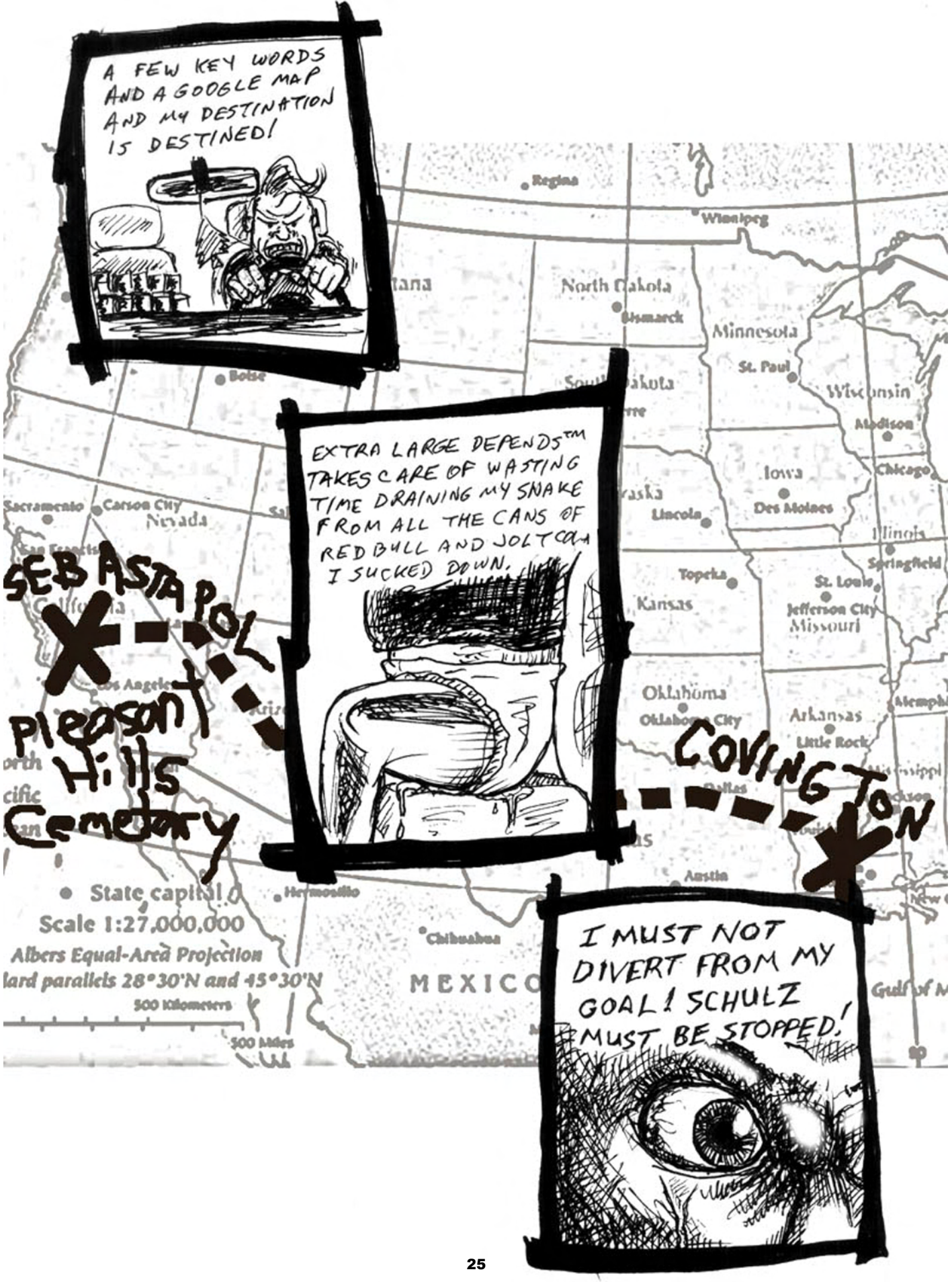
HE KNOWS MY LIFE!

THAT DUMB AS DOGSHIT RETARD CHARLIE BROWN KEEPS FALLING FOR THAT CUNT LUCY'S FEMININE WILES AND WINDS UP ON HIS ASS BECAUSE SHE KEEPS JERKING THE FUCKING GOLDEN NUGGET AWAY.

JUST LIKE WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING TO ME! THAT GODDAMN SCHULTZ IS HARRASSING ME FROM THE GRAVE!



I HAVE NO CHOICE! I MUST FIND CHARLES SCHULTZ'S BURIAL SITE AND CORPSE-NAP HIM!


A FEW KEY WORDS AND A GOOGLE MAP AND MY DESTINATION IS DESTINED!
EXTRA LARGE DEPENDS™ TAKES CARE OF WASTING TIME DRAINING MY SNAKE FROM ALL THE CANS OF RED BULL AND JOLT COLA I SUCKED DOWN.
I MUST NOT DIVERT FROM MY GOAL! SCHULZ MUST BE STOPPED!
SEBASTAPOL
Pleasant Hills Cemetery
COVINGTON
Regina
Winnipeg
North Dakota
Bismarck
Minnesota
St. Paul
Wisconsin
Madison
Chicago
Iowa
Des Moines
Lincoln
Illinois
Springfield
Topeka
Kansas
St. Louis
Jefferson City
Missouri
Oklahoma
Oklahoma City
Arkansas
Little Rock
Memphis
Austin
Sacramento
Carson City
Nevada
Boise
Hermosillo
Chihuahua
MEXICO
State capital
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Standard parallels 28°30'N and 45°30'N
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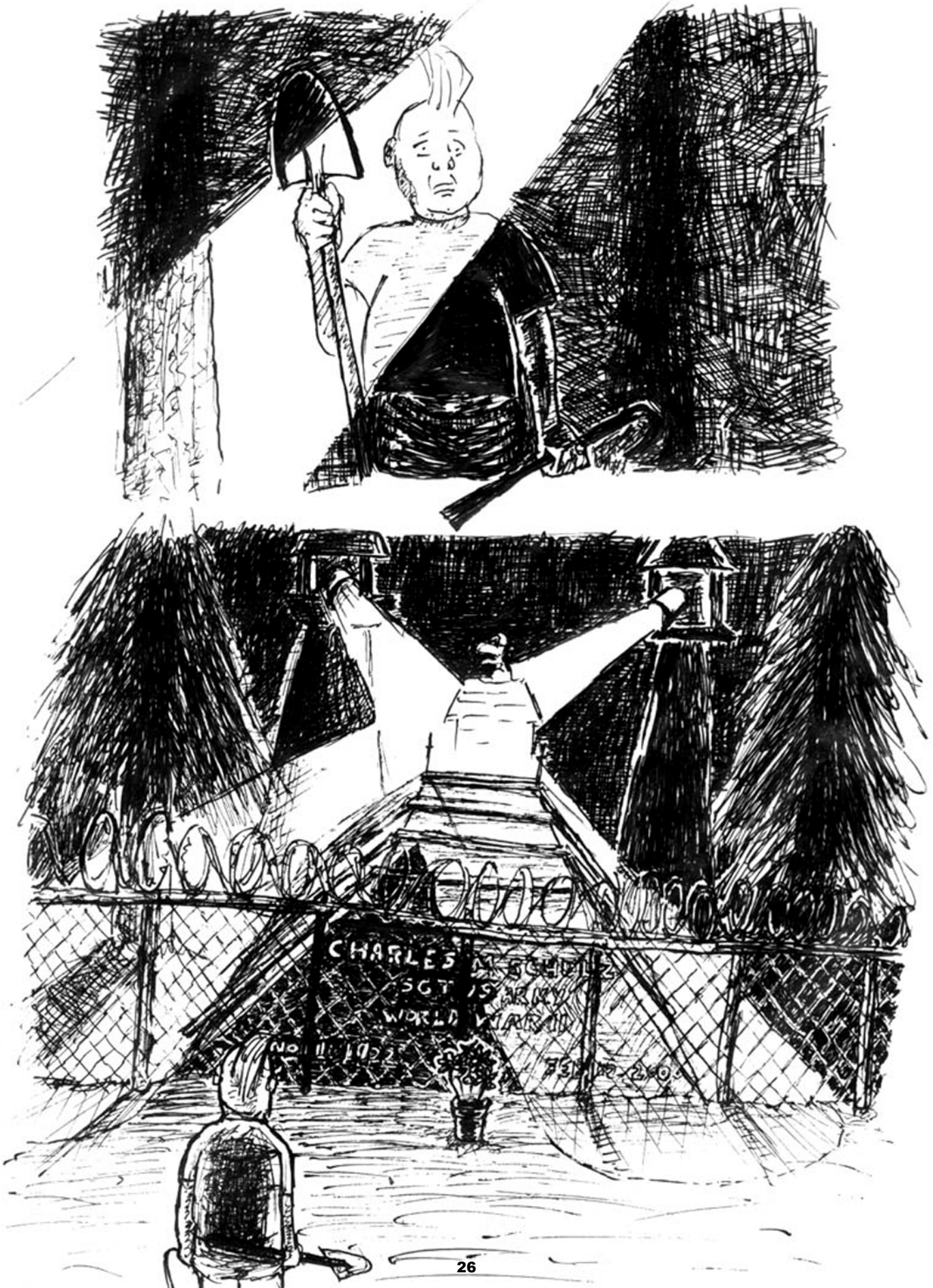

CHARLES M. SCHULZ
SGT. U.S. ARMY
WORLD WAR II

SO THAT'S IT. HE FEARS MY RETRIBUTION ENOUGH TO FORTIFY HIMSELF UNDER FORTY FIVE TONS OF CONCRETE. WELL, I'LL NOT PLAY HIS GAME ANY LONGER. HE'S NOT EVEN VERY GOOD AT IT.
OK SHULZ! I GIVE UP! YOU PWNED ME! YOU TOTALLY WIN!
YOU CAN GO BACK TO ROTTING IN YOUR GODDAMN GRAVE, YOU CHILD MOLESTING FAGGOT!

COCOA THE CLOWN

Saint Amaimon once put some clown makeup on a dead rat and Cocoa the Clown was born. Actually, I don't know how he came up with Cocoa, but our little group became instant fans. Ama's style of drawing embellishes the force that propels zombies to walk, so his renditions of a derelict clown experimenting with dead things in abandoned alleyways served to bring beauty to ugliness.

I'll admit Cocoa is an acquired taste, but somehow he strummed our chords. Ama would spam Cocoa's adventures to all of LJ's comics forums, usually to less than enthusiastic response. It was a clown strip utterly devoid of humor or joy. The novelty of such a situation was what I found amusing. Ama reacted badly whenever he got negative response to his clown child. He'd berate the community for their idiocy in not recognizing his genius until they banned him.

Before long, we were doing our own Cocoa comics. Gobo proposed that we do a CoCoaWriMo, a version of NaNoWriMo (National Novel Writing Month) in which we would each draw 70 panels of Cocoa comics in one month. I was the only one who completed that goal, so those are included, as well as other ones I scrawled throught the years.

By now, you are wondering, what the fuck is with the Coca the Crayon guy? Ama decided he would serve his community by giving Cocoa the Clown T-shirts to the homeless. He filmed himself giving these gifts to Portland's indigent members, and had this gentleman saying "I love Cocoa the Clown," or a close approximation.

Table of Contents, Cocoa the Clown Section

Page 30 — One of Ama's original Cocoa comics.

Page 31 — My first Cocoa strip. Kind of lame. Don't worry, it gets better.

Page 32 — Cocoa loves children.

Page 33 — A CoCoaWriMo entry. This was how I managed to make the 70 panel goal.

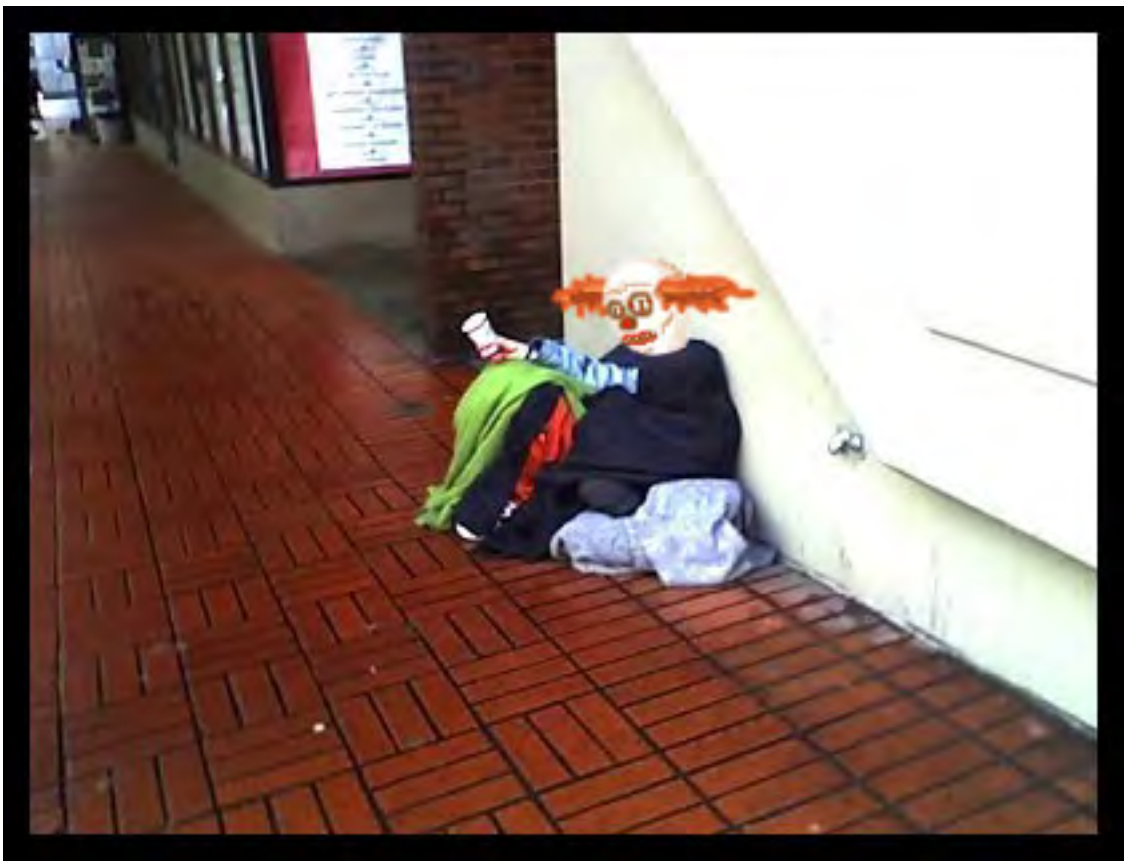
Page 35 — Cocoa goes to a sex fetish party. The three clowns on the 3rd page are Cocoa, wbm's version of Cocoa, and Emmet Kelley, the hard luck clown from the Depression years. I theorize that he was the Cocoa of his time.

Page 38 — Gobo wanted me to draw this, a meeting between Cocoa and wbm. He so rarely agreed to do any coolaborations with anybody, I took this opportunity to do so.

Page 39 — Story by wbm, art by me. wbm likes poop jokes.

Page 43 — Another CoCoaWriMo entry. This one is a tear-jerker, so get your hankies out.

Page 48 — Ama and Esmerelda announced they had gotten married by a pagan priestess in the park. So, why not make it a Cocoa story?



COCOA THE CLOWN IN BIRTH

Today I dragged my new friend into the alley so that I could stare at her...

After an hour or so, I decided to put some trash inside of her vagina.

For more visit:
www.Misanthropyonline.com

Or Email St. Amaimon at:
St.Amaimon@Gmail.com

Cocoa The Clown Series Two Copyright Saint Amaimon 2005

COCOA the clown

I used to perform at kid's' birthday parties

I did the trick where I pull a quarter from Timmy's ear

I don't think I did it right

c|o c|o A!

the clown

Valentines Day Special

BY KALTROP 2006

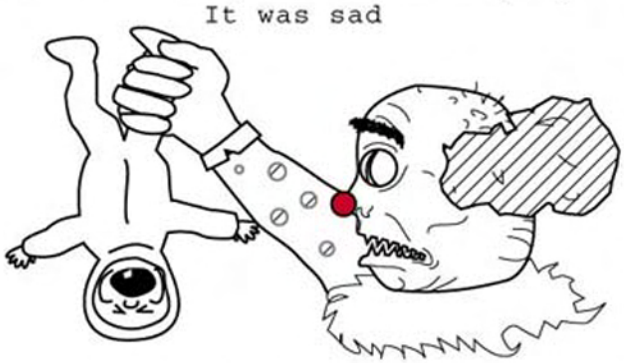
I wanted to give my girlfriend
a gift for Valentine's Day
but I didn't have any money

So I gathered some bottles
I heard they give money for them

I found a buggy in the park
So I put my bottles in there

I heard squealing
I thought it was the wheels

It was a baby and it was crying
It was sad



I wanted to make the baby happy

So I made beleive I was
the Three Stooges

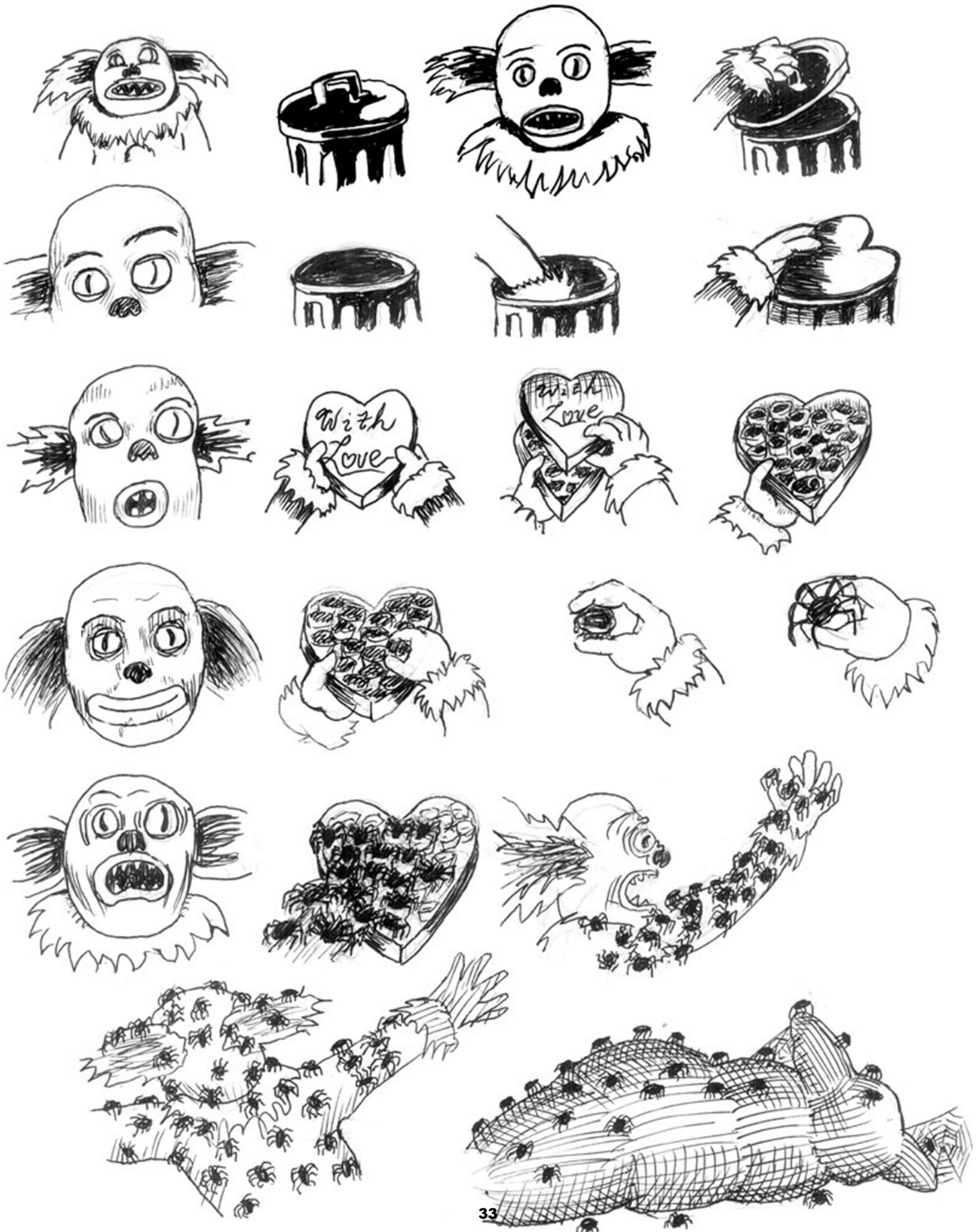
I made a Moe puppet with my
right hand and a black egg shell

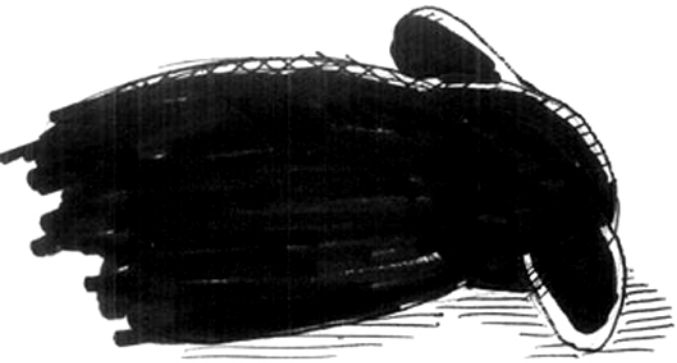
Then I made a Larry puppet
with my left hand

I used a wire brush

Then I pulled down my pants
and made a Curly puppet

Because I love children


With Love
With Love



WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN, NOT ENOUGH BANDWIDTH?
THE LIVE FEED WAS SUPPOSED TO START LIKE, 5 MINUTES AGO!
WE GOT TWENTY THOUSAND PERVS PAYING $3.95 A MINUTE TO WATCH US HAVING BACK ALLEY SEX. DON'T FUCK WITH ME ABOUT BANDWIDTH!
OMIGOD! LOOK!
I SO TOTALLY LOVED YOUR SHOW WHEN I WAS A KID! MR. PICKLEPUSS GOT ME ALL WET!
JESUS CHRIST, HEIDI! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE EATING FUCKING GARBAGE?
MUNCH MUNCH
WE SO HAVE TO TAKE HIM TO THE FETISH PARTY TOMORROW, RUSS.
I BET OUR PERVS WOULD PAY EXTRA TO SEE A CLOWN FUCKING. WADDYA SAY PAL? THERE'S A KITTEN IN IT FOR YA.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR HAIR IS NATURALLY THIS COLOR. ARE YOUR PUBES ORANGE TOO?
I'M A BOTTOM! SEE MY BRUISES?
I BEEN BAD... I BEEN BAD
HEY HOMIE! DEM'S MY WHITE WOMEN!
OMIGOD! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT??((RALPH))
DID THAT CLOWN HAVE A DEAD CAT IN HIS PANTS OR SOMETHING?
THANKS FOR RUINING OUR PARTY ASSHOLE!
?

YEP, STAY AWAY FROM THEM FETISH PARTIES. THEM BITCHES SUCK.

I'D BLAME COMICS IF I KNEW HOW TO READ.

YOU TOTALLY KILLED My BUZZ MAAAAAAAAAN!
YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
TOAD-TOAD-TOAD TOTALLY TOTALLY TOTALLY
KILLED MEEEEEEEEE-my-my-myEEEEE BUZZ, man?
You totally killed my buzz, man.
Man... I need to d/l some Bunny Snuff films!

COCOA the CLOWN visits a FUNERAL HOME

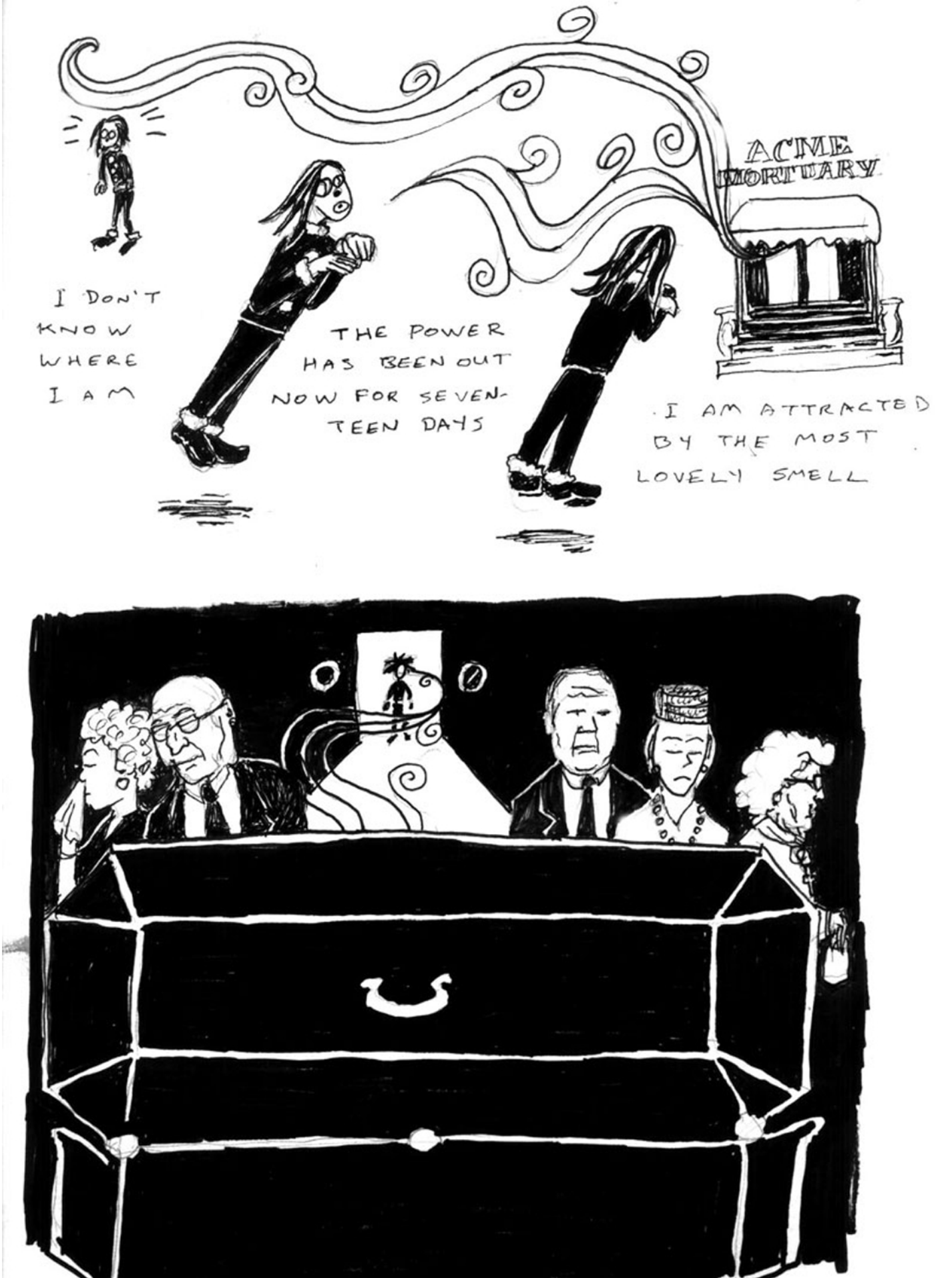
SCRIPT: wbm
ART: klaproth
COCOA the CLOWN
© Saint Amaimon
2006

I HAVE SUNK TO A NEW LOW. My perversity knows no bounds. I used to relish fresh kill, but now my cold-blooded actions have influenced my very nature.

As with the reptilian gator, I prefer ever longer aged meat

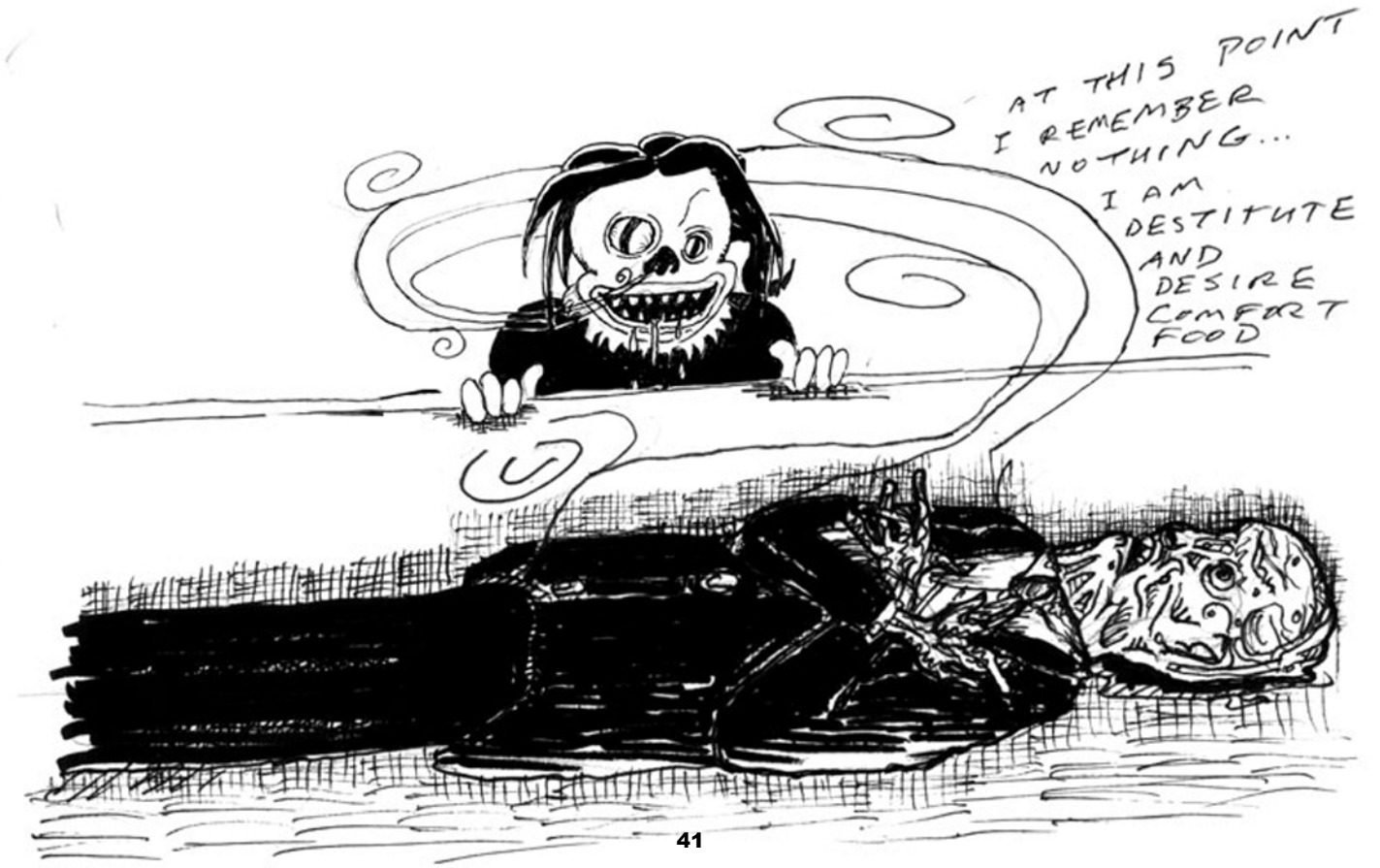
IT'S GOTTEN TO THE POINT NOW WHERE I NEED TO FEEL MAGGOTS GYRATING ON THE ROOF OF MY MOUTH OR I LOSE MY APPETITE.

THAT IS HOW BAD MY HUNGER IS FOR filth


I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM
THE POWER HAS BEEN OUT NOW FOR SEVEN-TEEN DAYS
ACME MORTUARY
I AM ATTRACTED BY THE MOST LOVELY SMELL

THE ODOR...
INTOXICATING! I FEEL LIKE I CAN NEVER HAVE MY FILL!

SUCH A SHAME ABOUT PA.
SUCH A HORRIBLE DISEASE.
TO SEE HIM SO... DEGRADED.


AT THIS POINT I REMEMBER NOTHING... I AM DESTITUTE AND DESIRE COMFORT FOOD

CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP
SLOOOORP!
MUNCH CHEW
CRAM SWALLOW
PURPLE
fff
fff f
sssssss
THTH
THTHTH
THTHTH!!
OH MY!
HOW LOVELY!
GOD, THAT'S GOOD!
HEAVENS TO BETSY!
DA DA DA
DA DAAAAA...
I'M LOVIN' IT!

COCOA THE CLOWN

in *PAST LIVES*

by klaproth

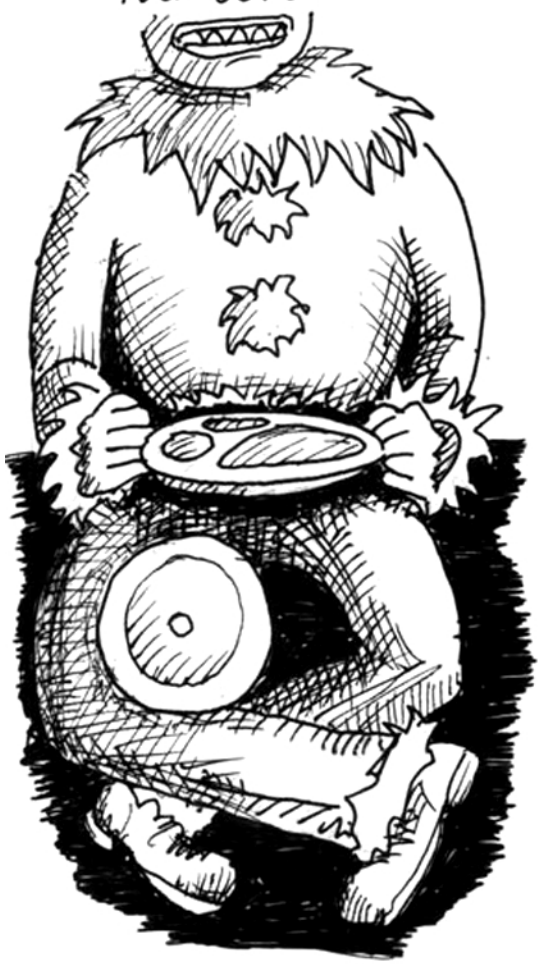
Cocoa the Clown copyright Saint Amzimon

DON'T LET ME FORGET THE SILVERWARE. MOM WOULD HAVE A FIT IF SHE KNEW THEY WERE MISSING.

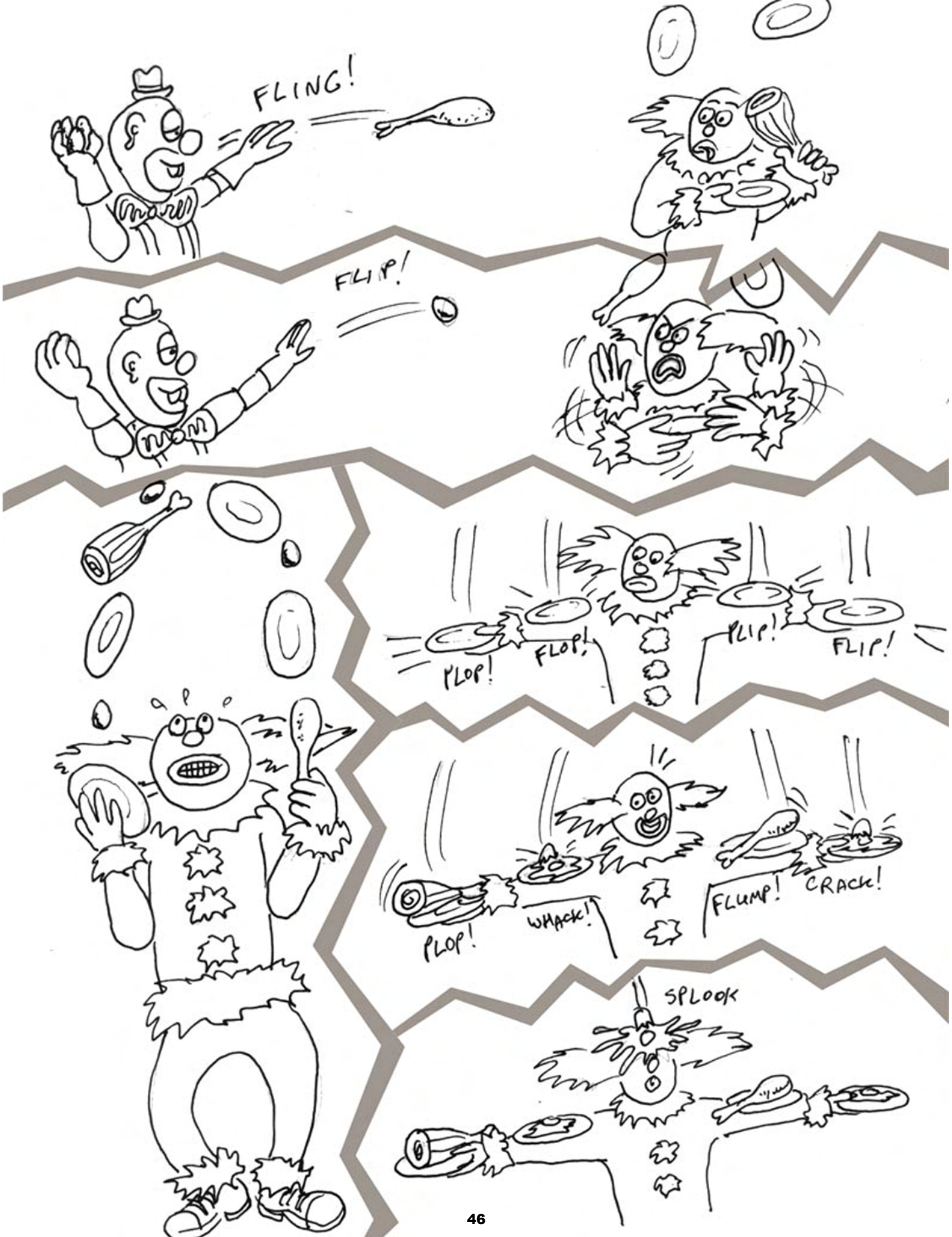
LIKE, THE OTHER DAY, SHE WAS MISSING A TEA SPOON AND HAD US SEARCHING THE WHOLE HOUSE FOR IT.

I WOULD HAVE BROUGHT MORE MACARONI AND CHEESE, BUT MY PIGGY BROTHER ATE ALL OF IT.

YOU DONE?



WILL YOU JUGGLE FOR ME NOW? PLEASE?


FLING!
FLIP!
PLOP!
FLOP!
FLIP!
FLIP!
PLOP!
WHACK!
FLUMP!
CRACK!
SPLOOK

HAHAHAHA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
MR. CLOWN, THAT WAS AWESOME!
CLAP CLAP CLAP
OK, I HAVE TO GO HOME NOW. I TOLD MOM I WAS FEEDING THE DOG.
GOOD NIGHT, MR. CLOWN. I LOVE YOU.

BLESSED BE! WE ARE GATHERED THIS DAY BEFORE GAIA THE EARTH MOTHER TO JOIN TWO OF HER CHILDREN IN BLESSED UNION. MAY THE LIGHT OF GAIA GUIDE THEM TO THE PATH OF TRUE HARMONY.

Esme

Ama

Some homeless guy they paid with rubbing alcohol to be a witness

Genuine Druid (PAPERS TO PROVE IT)

Duck pond

WE WILL NOW INVOKE THE BLESSINGS OF THE FOUR ELEMENTS. FIRST, AIR, WHICH WE BREATHE.

THEN, EARTH, UPON WHICH WE STAND.

NEXT, WATER, IN FRONT OF WHICH WE CONDUCT THIS CEREMONY.

FINALLY, FIRE, REPRESENTED BY THIS..

(HELLOOO! SOMEBODY HAVE THE FIRE?

EAT NAPALM MOMMY AND DADDY!!

the kamisama was the comic book nerd of our group, having owned and operated a comic book shop for a while. He wasn't one of those adenoidal nerds that wondered what the combination on the evil Captain Kirk's safe was, however. I regard him as the Jewish Kevin Smith.

Kami contributed a few pages here and there to our creative coalition, albeit nothing really major. He did come up with some brilliant ideas, though. For the most part, he didn't do or say anything too controversial, but the times he did, he created some major drama.

Ama frequently made use of swastikas in his art, as his usual intention was to disturb people. Kami announced his objections and defriended Ama. I asked if he was going to drop p0stm0d3rnpr1m1t1v3 too, since he sometime posted pictures of himself wearing Nazi garb. He said Sure, why not.

Ama did not take this news well. He went into blitzkrieg mode, berating Kami at every step. When Ama got made at somebody, he'd go in with all guns blazing. Kami took it all in stride, however. He wasn't the type to get mad. He was the type who got even.

One day, Kami shocked us, posting that somebody called his son's school and said they were planning on kidnapping him. Kami said he had to run and get his kid out and put him under police protection, and accused Ama of making the call. Ama went ballistic, swearing he didn't do it, but protesting so fervently made him look guilty.

The next day, Kami asked us what was the date yesterday? April Fool's Day. He completely snowed us, especially Ama. Ama again went into a rampage, but Kami just smiled.

Table of Contents, Kamisama Section

Page 51 — After I posted the strip about Gobo getting fired, Kami said he wanted to be in a foursome with Gobo's sisters. So I drew it.

Page 53 — After the Ama and Maki brouhaha, I drew them as Bluntman and Chronic, Jay & Silent Bob's superhero aliases.

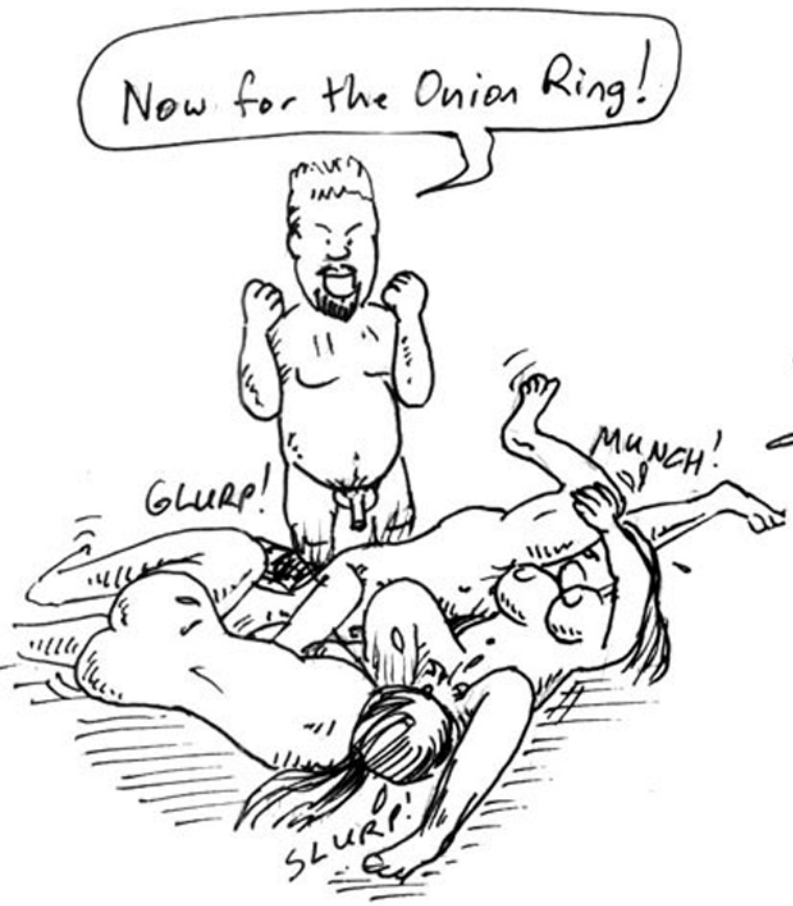
Page 54 — I've always wanted to do a Chick Tract parody, but could never think of a good schtick. Chick Tracts have to be sincere but entirely delusional. Jack Chick always has this fantasyland mentality when crafting his religious cautionary tales, and it usually results in a sinner getting his just desserts if he doesn't step in line with Jesus. Kami made some offhand comment about how his life was a Chick Tract, and BOOM! An idea was born. Kami became a Jewish pedophile comic book shop owner and Ama became the innocent child her molests.

Page 58 — Kami sent me an email, wanting me to draw his script so he could troll it all over LJ's comics communities. Gobo and Ama had already left their mark there and were asked not to return, so this would add a little cherry to their piles of shit. I didn't think anybody would really get it, but I thought the script was funny and drew it anyway. He then created a sock account and acted like a clueless fanboy as he posted our collaboration. It didn't cause too much of a stir, but maybe in a hundred years it will.

DEAR PENTHOUSE FORUM
The other day I walked into a Wendy's wanting some take-out if you know what I mean...
TAPATAPA
Oh Patty, oh Jojo, Combo #4 for here!
CUMMING...
Welcome to Wendy's! May I take your order, you big handsome stud, you?
I would like Combo #4!
Ooooh... are you sure you're man enough to handle Combo #4?
You may not serve whoppers here but I bet you'll serve mine!
First you grab some buns!
Oooooh!
And I grab some meat!
Aaaah
GROPE
KNEAD
WIGGLE

Everybody gets a mouth ful!
MMMPH!
GLOCK!
SUCK!

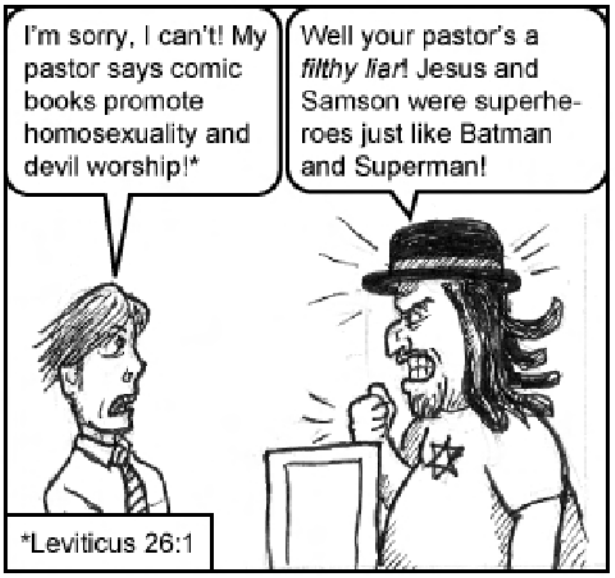
I'll take extra mayo! <giggle>
SPLOOGE!


Now for the Onion Ring!
GLURP!
MUNCH!
SLURP!

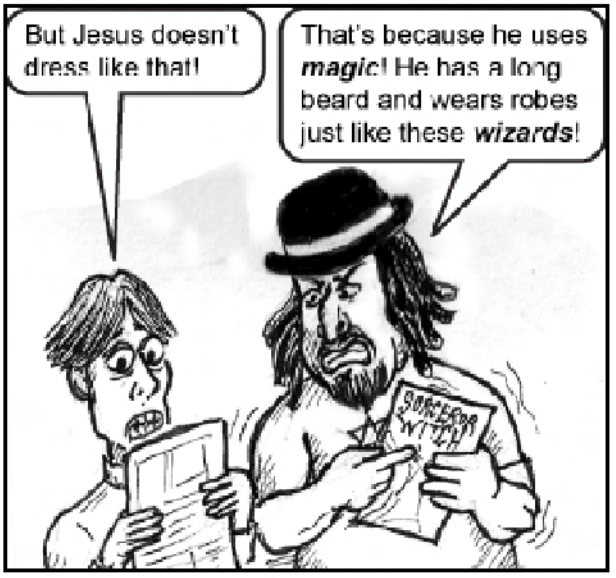
THAT'S FUCKING GAY!!!
COOL

FOR SHAME! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW MY GRANDFATHER DIED DURING THE HOLOCAUST!
FUCK YOU FAT BOY! IT'S CALLED THE MOTHERFUCKING FIRST AMENDMENT!
NOOOODGE!

Hi, Mr. comic book shop keeper. Can I leave these Christian tracks on your counter for your customers to take if they want to be saved by Jesus?
Sure boychik, but you're going to have to buy some of my comics. I got a business to run after all.


I'm sorry, I can't! My pastor says comic books promote homosexuality and devil worship!*
Well your pastor's a *filthy liar*! Jesus and Samson were superheroes just like Batman and Superman!
*Leviticus 26:1

Samson wore a loincloth so he could show off his **muscles** and **strength**! Superheroes wear skin-tight costumes so they can show off their **bulging biceps**, **rock hard abs** and **shapely buttocks** so they can show how *strong they are too*!


But Jesus doesn't dress like that!
That's because he uses ***magic***! He has a long beard and wears robes just like these ***wizards***!

Now why don't you take some of these comic books home with you, young man! Then you can see for yourself that these superheroes are *good* guys and that they battle the forces of *evil*!
Ummm...OK!

Later...
Wow, Mr. comic book keeper! These superheroes make me wish I had big, glistening muscles so I could beat up bad guys too!
That's great, boychik! I'll fill out a subscription list for you so you can always enjoy them!

Follow me, my young apprentice, to the depths of my secret archives. This is where the oldest tales of superheroes are kept!
Why is it so dark down here?

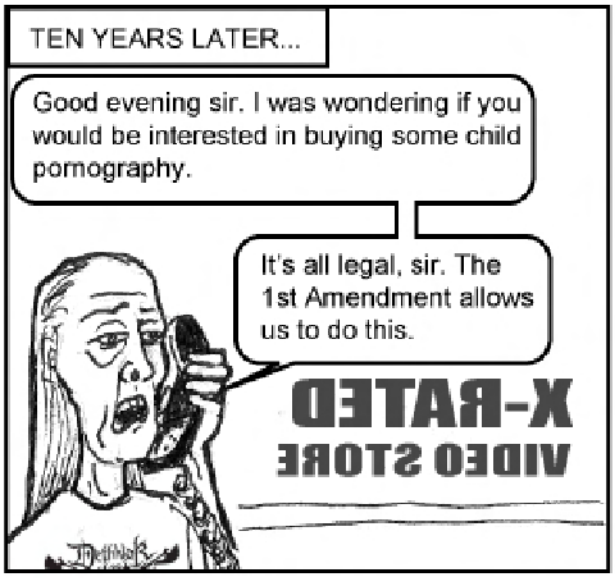
You must be *quiet* and do as I say if you want to see the secret archives! You have to show respect to the *old gods*! Now put on that robe!
G-Golly!

Jeepers, what's that?
Think of them as the modern-day version of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost if that'll keep you from kvetching! Now take this Shabbat lighter and light this menorah while I push my Jewish agenda on you!

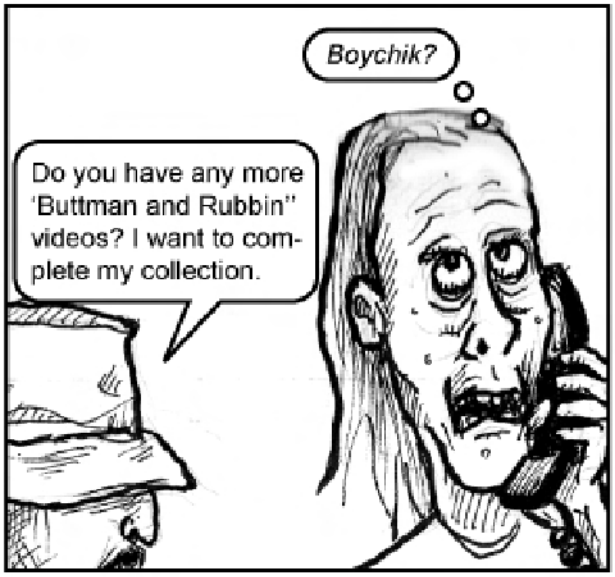
Behold the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, my young padawan! This will be required reading for you!
Omigosh! That's really scary!

Don't be frightened, boychik! Think of this as a rite of passage for you! You were a child and now you're becoming an adult! There's just one more thing you have to do to prove you are now a man!
What's that?

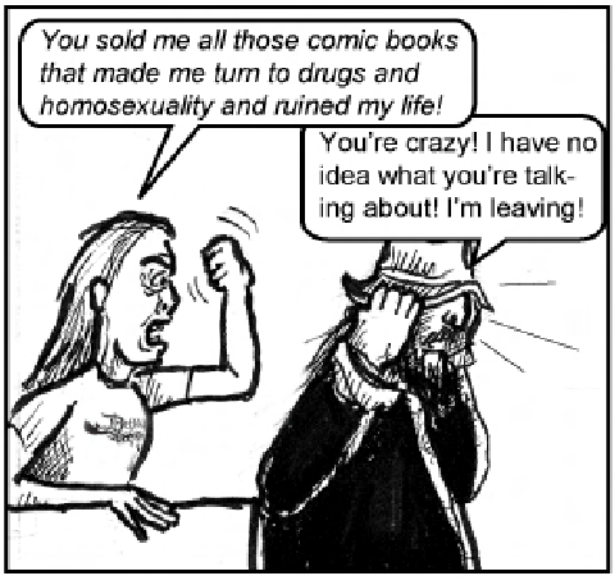
This is how real men express their love for each other. Just relax and don't be scared.
GASP!

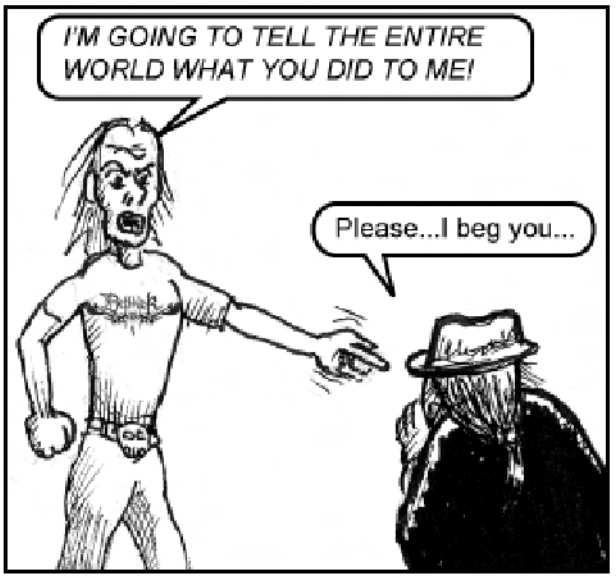

TEN YEARS LATER...
Good evening sir. I was wondering if you would be interested in buying some child pornography.
It's all legal, sir. The 1st Amendment allows us to do this.
X-RATED
VIDEO STORE

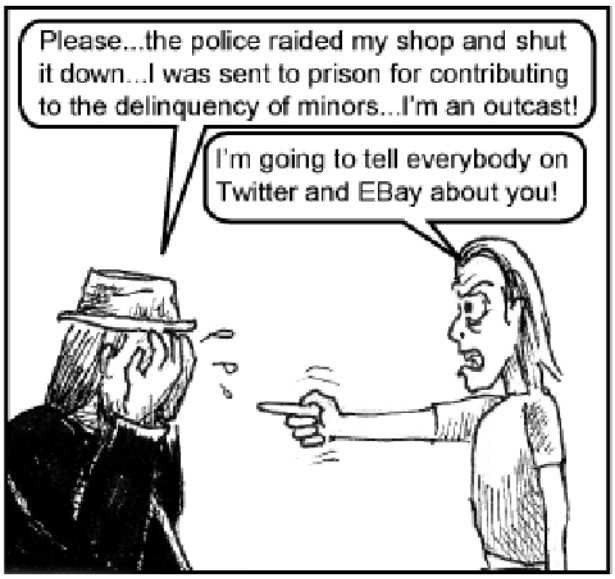
We get the children from area day care centers. Their mothers are too busy at their jobs and neglecting their place in the home to notice.
Excuse me, boychik?


Boychik?
Do you have any more 'Buttman and Rubbin'' videos? I want to complete my collection.

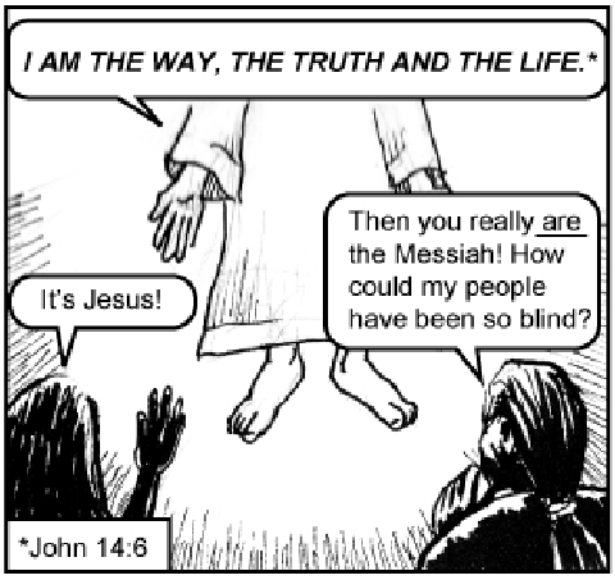
IT'S YOU! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO MOLESTED ME WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE BOY!
Oy Gevalt!

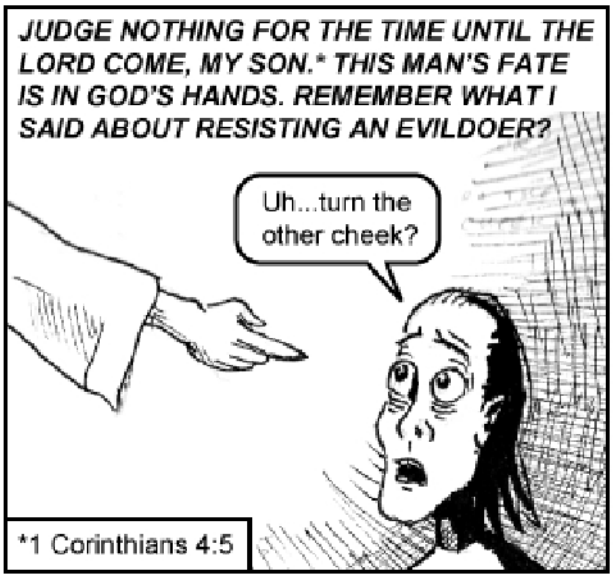

You sold me all those comic books that made me turn to drugs and homosexuality and ruined my life!
You're crazy! I have no idea what you're talking about! I'm leaving!

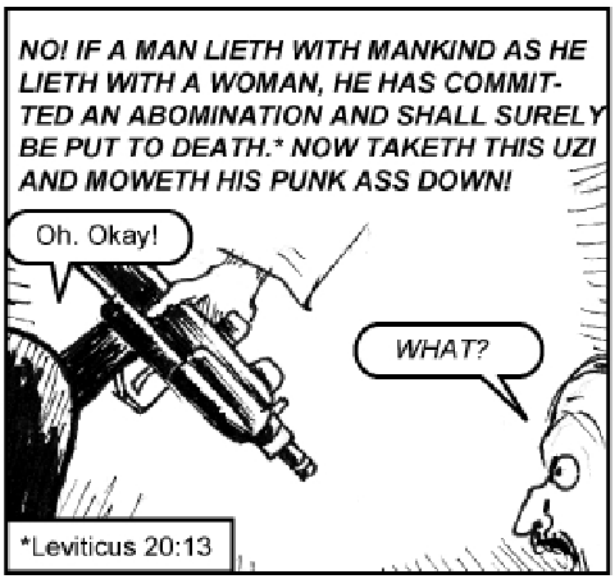

I'M GOING TO TELL THE ENTIRE WORLD WHAT YOU DID TO ME!
Please...I beg you...


Please...the police raided my shop and shut it down...I was sent to prison for contributing to the delinquency of minors...I'm an outcast!
I'm going to tell everybody on Twitter and EBay about you!

NO MY SON. YOU MUST NOT DO THIS THING.
Wh-Who?


I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.*
It's Jesus!
Then you really are the Messiah! How could my people have been so blind?
*John 14:6


JUDGE NOTHING FOR THE TIME UNTIL THE LORD COME, MY SON.* THIS MAN'S FATE IS IN GOD'S HANDS. REMEMBER WHAT I SAID ABOUT RESISTING AN EVILDOER?
Uh...turn the other cheek?
*1 Corinthians 4:5


NO! IF A MAN LIETH WITH MANKIND AS HE LIETH WITH A WOMAN, HE HAS COMMITTED AN ABOMINATION AND SHALL SURELY BE PUT TO DEATH.* NOW TAKETH THIS UZI AND MOWETH HIS PUNK ASS DOWN!
Oh. Okay!
WHAT?
*Leviticus 20:13

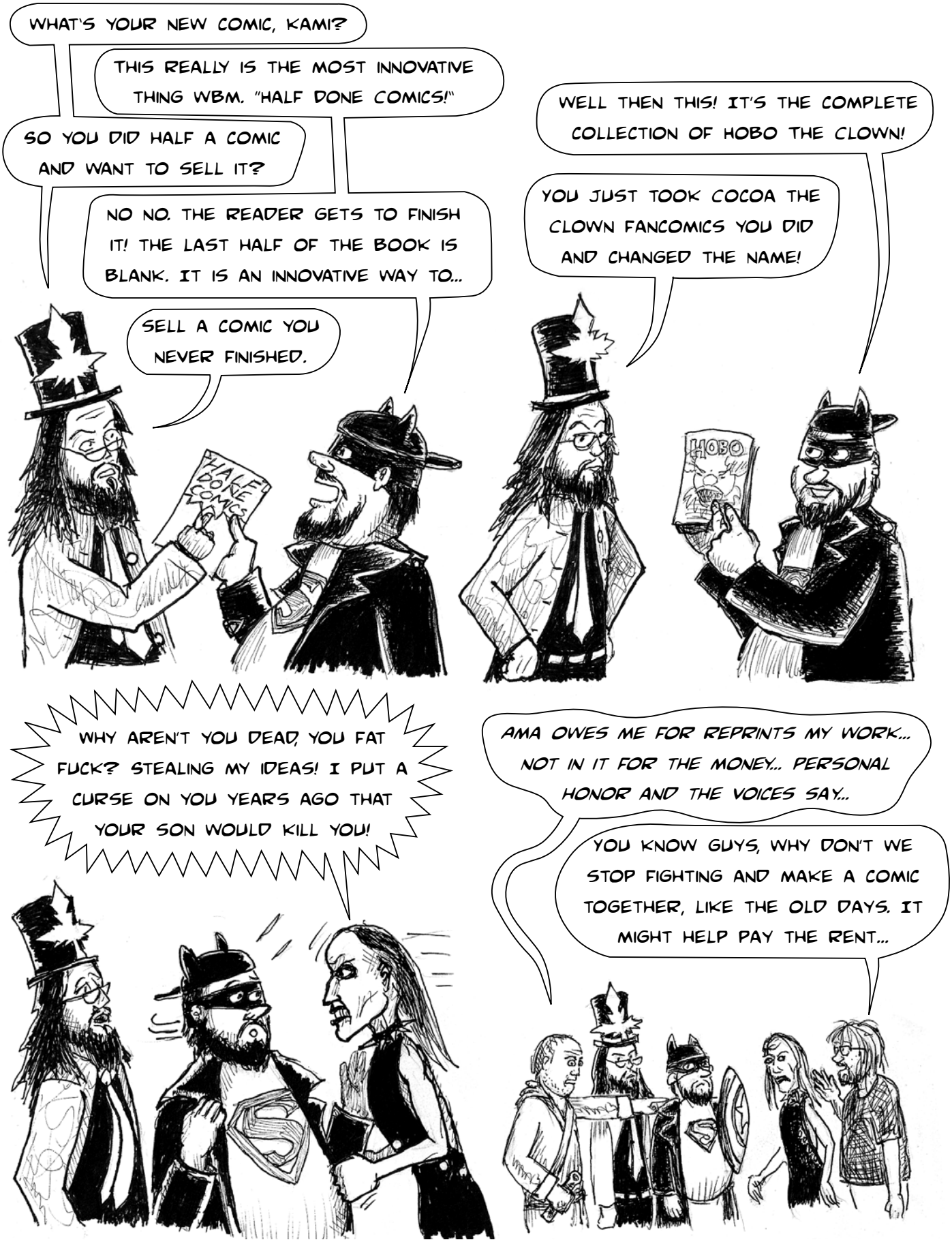
PRAISE JESUS!!!
NOOOOOO!!!
BRAAAAAAPPP

STORY: CURTIS CANSLER
ART: R. ERIC SMITH

HEY KALTROP, THESE YOUR NEW COMICS?
UH...YEAH, WBM! AN OLD SCHOOL TRIP! A CROSS BETWEEN MAD MAGAZINE AND UNDERGROUND COMIX!
KOMIX BY KLAPROTH
SOMETHING THAT HAS BEEN DONE BEFORE. WE PUBLISH ALL THE GREAT NAMES FROM THE UNDERGROUND. WHY DO A CHEAP KNOCK OFF?
GOBO 2015
UNDERGROUND RETRO IS IN STYLE THIS YEAR! PLUS, I NEED INSURANCE AND A 401K!
WE WANT THE FUTURE OF COMICS NOW KALTROP, NOT THE PAST.
BUT IT'S GOT DRUG USE IN IT! DRUG USE IS STILL CUTTING EDGE ISN'T IT?
KOMIX BY KLAPROTH

LEGACY
WEAPON X
YOUNG YODA
DISMEMBERMENT DETECTIVE
DEMON BREED 5,000,000 AD PENULTIMATE DESTRUCTION. MAN'S SOUL VS THE INNER ABYSS OF HIS 666 PERSONAL DEMONS!
UMMM THANKS GOBO, BUT...
I PERSONALLY GUARANTEE AT LEAST 3 DECAPITATIONS OR AMPUTATIONS IN EVERY ISSUE!
I DON'T WANT TO SELL OUT MAN. BUT YOUR COMPANY WILL ALLOW ME TO DO MY PROTOTYPE!
PROTOYPE? DARE I EVEN...
THE FIRST GUT IT YOURSELF COVER! YOU FOLD OUT THE COVER AND THE DISMEMBERED ORGANS ARE LIKE A POP UP BOOK!
DON'T CALL US WE'LL CALL YOU.
HRAAAAALP!
..IT IS A METAPHOR... STRUGGLE OF...

COCOA THE CLOWN
WHOOPS!
WHY, HELLO AMA.
STILL NOT INTERESTED IN MY NEW COCOA THE CLOWN BOOK?" TOO GOOD FOR YOUR MIGHTY EMPIRE NOW?
LOOK AMA, THOSE WERE POPULAR ONCE BUT JUST DON'T SELL ANYMORE.
COCOA THE CLOWN IS STILL ADORED IN WOMEN'S PRISONS AND AMONGST THE UNDIAGNOSED MENTALLY ILL! IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW MANY PEOPLE STILL VISIT THE WEBSITE...
HOW MANY?
I DON'T KNOW, LIKE I SAID, IF YOU ONLY KNEW. THEN MAYBE YOU COULD TELL ME?
COME UP WITH SOMETHING NEW AMA, YOU CAN'T KEEP FLOGGING A TRASH STUFFED DEAD HOOKER.
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.
AUTHENTIC COCOA BLOW-UP DEAD HOOKER
NOW COMES WITH FREE VAGINA-STUFFING GARBAGE!


WHAT'S YOUR NEW COMIC, KAMI?
THIS REALLY IS THE MOST INNOVATIVE THING WBM. "HALF DONE COMICS!"
SO YOU DID HALF A COMIC AND WANT TO SELL IT?
NO NO. THE READER GETS TO FINISH IT! THE LAST HALF OF THE BOOK IS BLANK. IT IS AN INNOVATIVE WAY TO...
SELL A COMIC YOU NEVER FINISHED.
HALF DONE COMICS
WELL THEN THIS! IT'S THE COMPLETE COLLECTION OF HOBO THE CLOWN!
YOU JUST TOOK COCOA THE CLOWN FANCOMICS YOU DID AND CHANGED THE NAME!
HOBO
WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD, YOU FAT FUCK? STEALING MY IDEAS! I PUT A CURSE ON YOU YEARS AGO THAT YOUR SON WOULD KILL YOU!
AMA OWES ME FOR REPRINTS MY WORK... NOT IN IT FOR THE MONEY... PERSONAL HONOR AND THE VOICES SAY...
YOU KNOW GUYS, WHY DON'T WE STOP FIGHTING AND MAKE A COMIC TOGETHER, LIKE THE OLD DAYS. IT MIGHT HELP PAY THE RENT...

LOOK, YOU OWE ME!
PLEASE, THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE TO REALLY MAKE IT!
I GOT DOGS TO FEED AND A CAR PAYMENT!
FOR THE GLORY OF SPARTAAAAA!
ENOUGH!!!
OKAY I HAVE A JOB FOR EACH OF YOU! HERE IS MY CARD, COME BY MONDAY AND TALK TO THE SECRETARY!
WBM

...THESE LONG HOURS...I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN FINISH THIS!
SHUT UP YOU LAZY SHIT! YOU HALF ASSED AND JUST WORKED OVER WHAT I DID!
THAT SECRETARY CRAVES ME BUT I CANNOT GIVE INTO SATANIC TEMPTATIONS OF THE SITH.
YOU GUYS SHOULD JUST SHOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE A PAYCHECK.. AND A PENSION, AND...
ROOSTER TREE
OKAY, BREAK TIME IS OVER YOU BUMS! BACK TO WORK!
THE END!

THE ADVENTURES OF WRIST SLASHING GIRL

In Canada, it's easy to get funding for the arts. wbm enjoys that privilege, so he suggested that he could actually get our stuff published with Canadian taxpayer dollars. He suggested we make teams, and I said to Esmerelda that we should do a strip called The Adventures of Wrist Slashing Girl. I don't know how I came up with that. She said let's do it.

I first sent a rough sketch of a chick wearing all black screaming at a woman at the bus stop and then slashing her wrists and spraying blood like the Yellowstone Geyser. I then sent her an email to disregard it totally. I decided to try something more psychological than over-the-top. I got to thinking about Esmerelda's style of drawing and came up with a script keeping that in mind.

It worked beautifully. Esmerelda drew WSG as a cute teenage girl, wearing mall fashions and styling her hair and nails differently with each strip. However, some sort of hostility or passive aggression always lurked beneath the cuteness, and that inspired me to write progressively sicker strips. WSG is insecure and skittish, but becomes diabolical and severe whenever she feels threatened or jealous.

After a few single story strips, we went on to develop a multi-part storyline where WSG has to stay with her aunt and uncle while her mom was in rehab. Esmer is a people watcher, and would usually post pictures in her blog of eccentric and outlandish people she saw riding on her bus. She posted one picture of an older couple dressed in clothing that had been out of style for decades, and I decided to incorporate them into the WSG universe.

Esmer didn't get to finish the strips however, so some of the ones here are the roughs I sent her. Ama expressed an interest in doing the artwork, but that hasn't developed yet. The reader will probably notice that I used a previous strip Esmer drew and changed the words so the series would be complete.

Table of Contents, Wrist Slashing Girl Section

Page 66 — The Drug Trial

Page 67 — The Social Butterfly

Page 68 — Cry Uncle

Page 69 — The New Girl

Page 70 — Must Love Dogs

Page 71 — Trust

Page 72-76 — Family Matters
Between 69 & 70, there would have been a strip where WSG is in a hospital lounge. Her aunt had to be rushed to the hospital due to a sudden vomiting spell that left her dehydrated. Turns out WSG put rat poison in her oatmeal because she got tired of listening to her talking.

THE ADVENTURES OF

WRIST SLASHING GIRL

THE DRUG TRIAL

THE ADVENTURES OF

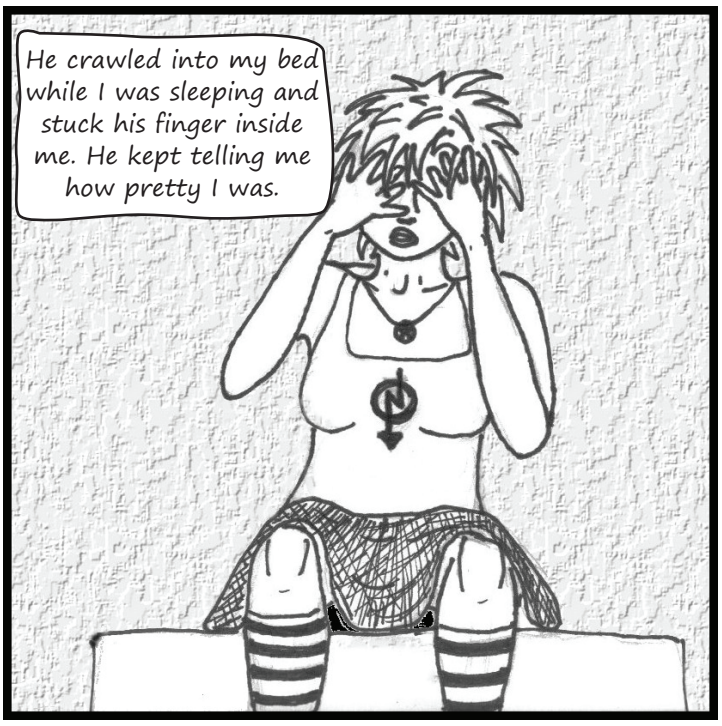
WRIST SLASHING GIRL

THE SOCIAL BUTTERFLY

THE ADVENTURES OF

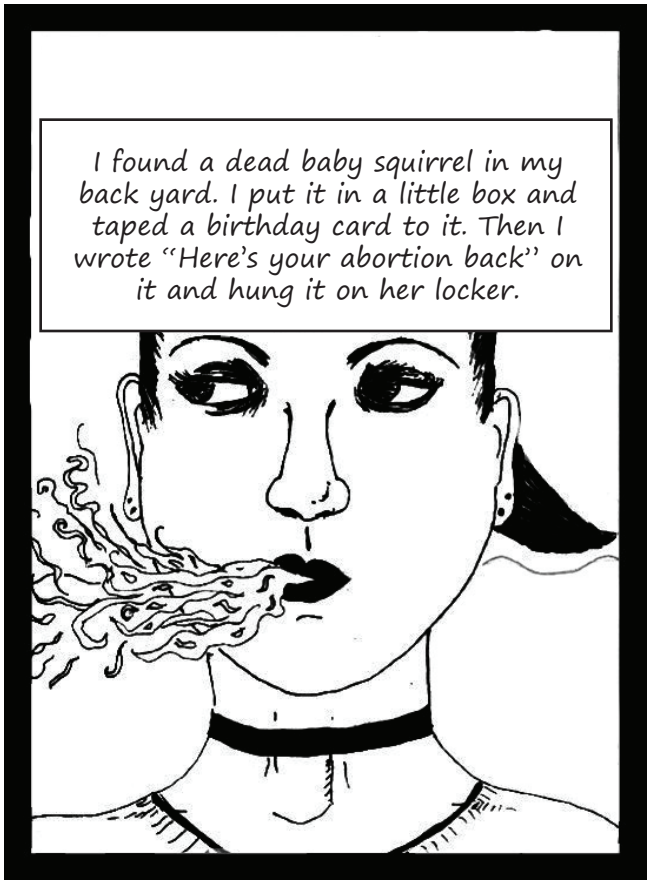
WRIST SLASHING GIRL

CRY UNCLE



There's this new girl at my school named Stephanie Wellcott. I saw my boyfriend talking to her in the hallway.
WSG IN "THE NEW GIRL"

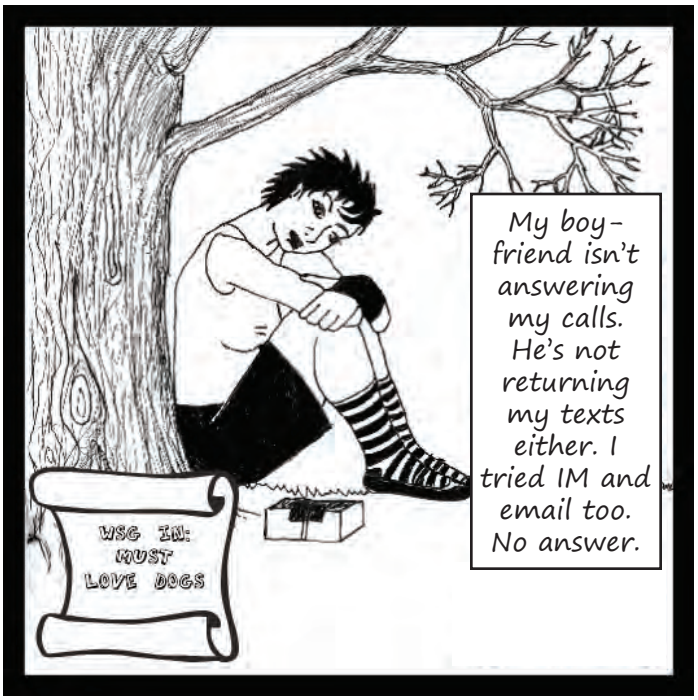
I stole her lipstick and wrote "Stephanie Wellcott had an abortion" on the mirror in the girl's restroom. I heard she cried about it.
J'ACCUS


I found a dead baby squirrel in my back yard. I put it in a little box and taped a birthday card to it. Then I wrote "Here's your abortion back" on it and hung it on her locker.

I just want my boyfriend to love me.

THE ADVENTURES OF

WRIST SLASHING GIRL



THE ADVENTURES OF WRIST-SLASHING GIRL

I saw my boyfriend's sister's boyfriend at the mall the other day. I started to wave to him, but he acted like he didn't see me and kept going. Asshole.

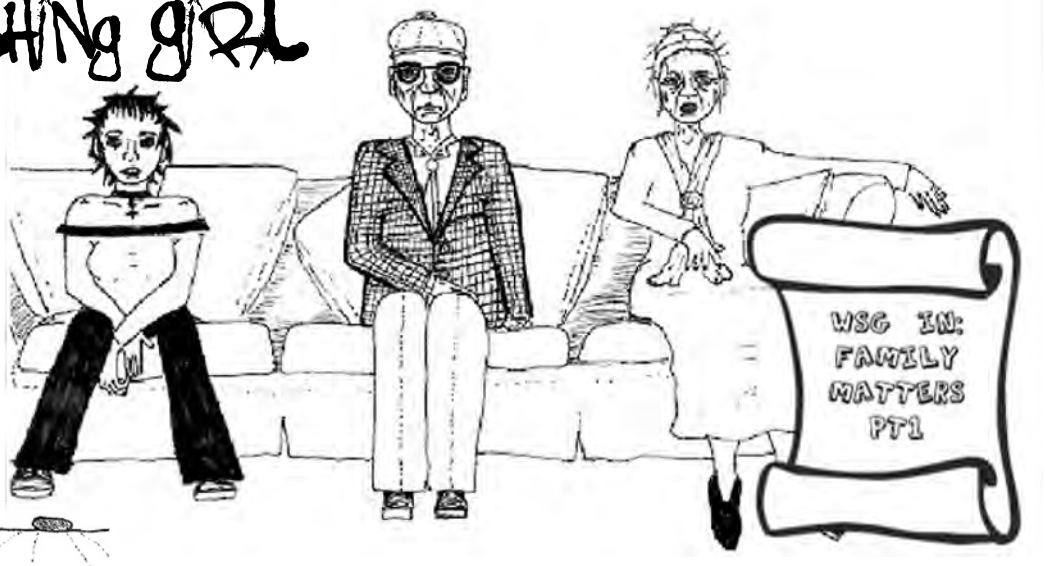
So I told my boyfriend's sister that I saw him with Amber Dillard at the mall. She's this cunt who goes to my school. I hate her.

They had this big fight, and she called me up and started yelling at me and asked me if I was absolutely sure I saw her boyfriend with Amber at the mall. I started crying and asked her why she was being so mean to me.

Why can't anybody just trust me?

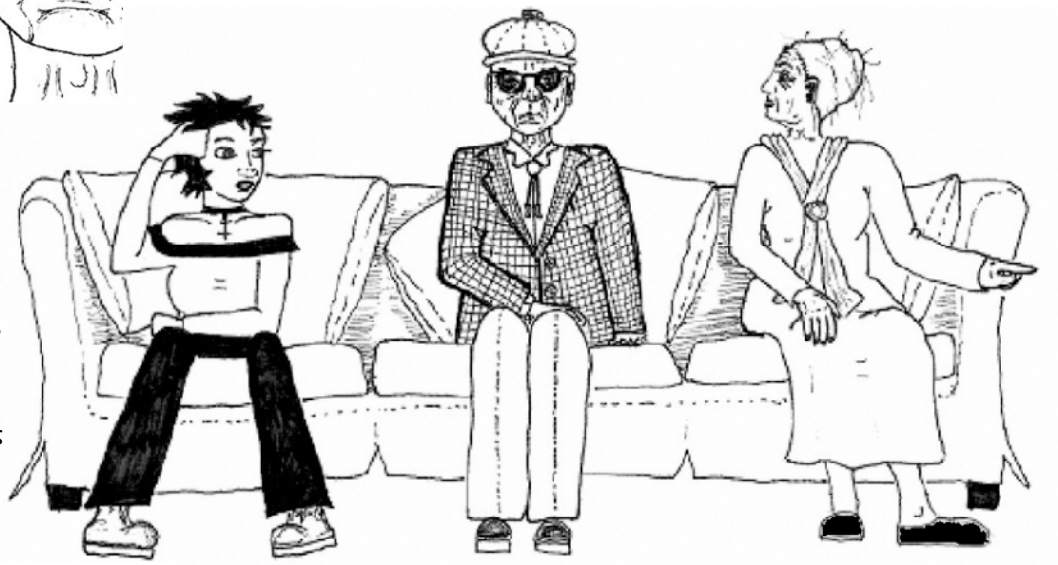
THE ADVENTURES OF WRIST SLASHING GIRL

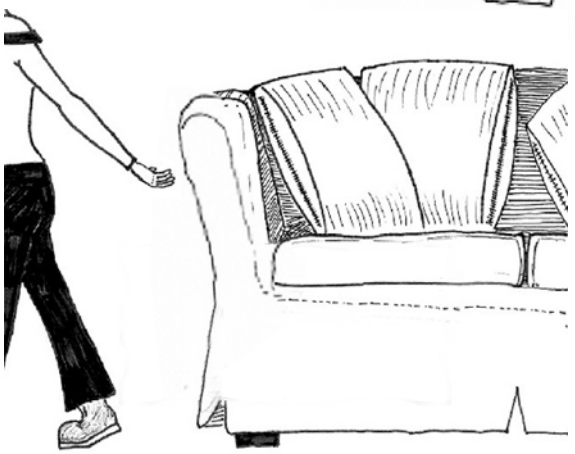
Oh. My. God. I am soooo bored. My mom had to go to rehab or something and now I have to stay with my weird Aunt Shirley and Uncle Dewey for a couple of weeks. They're driving me crazy.



They don't have cable or satellite here. They have an old antenna on the roof and watch PBS all day. They only have one phone. Whenever I plug in my laptop, Aunt Shirley picks up the phone and cuts my connection. She totally doesn't get how the Internet works.

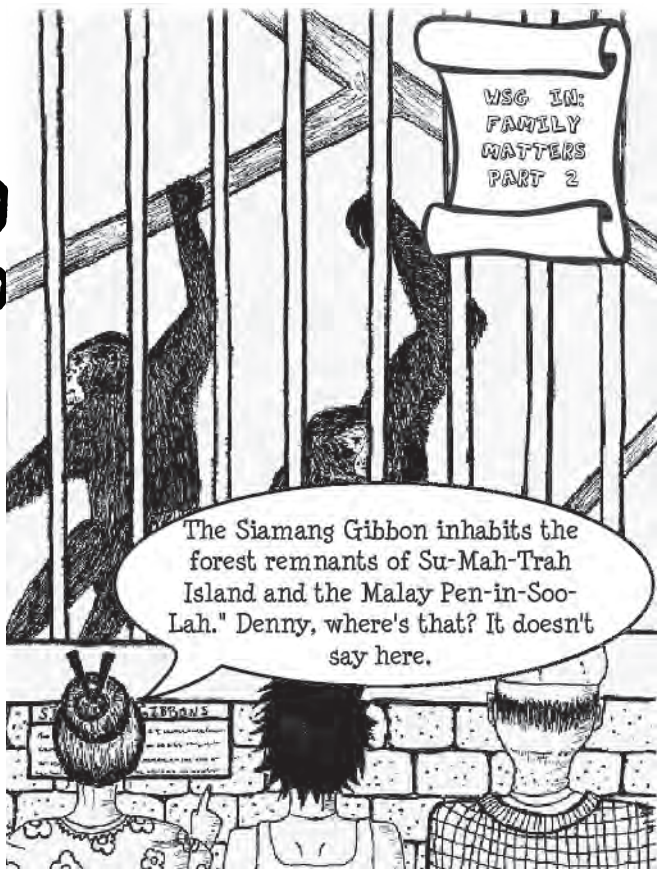
Now we're watching Masterpiece Theatre, but I can't follow what's going on because Aunt Shirley keeps asking Uncle Dewey all these stupid questions about the show. He never answers her. I think he figured out long ago it doesn't do any good to explain anything because she's retarded or something.

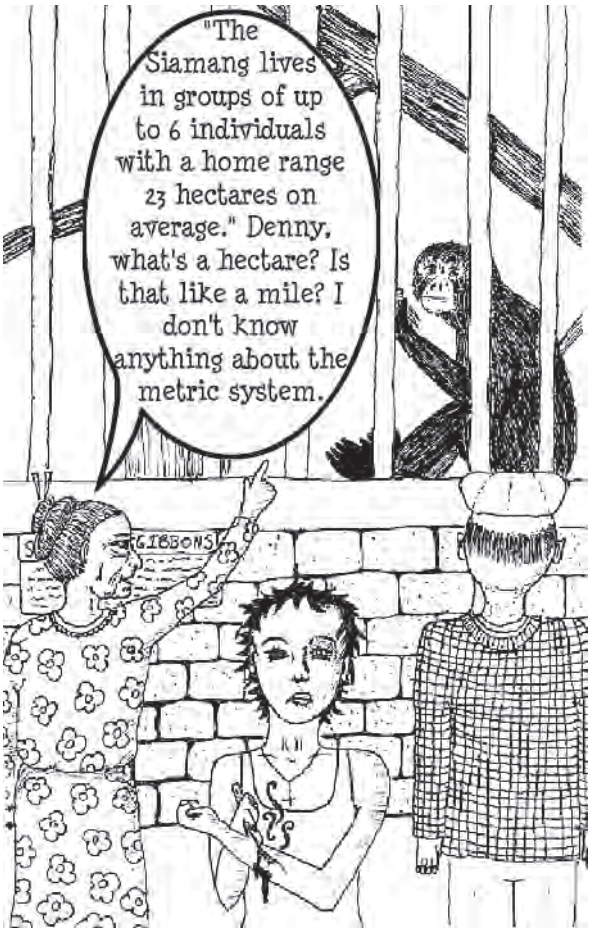


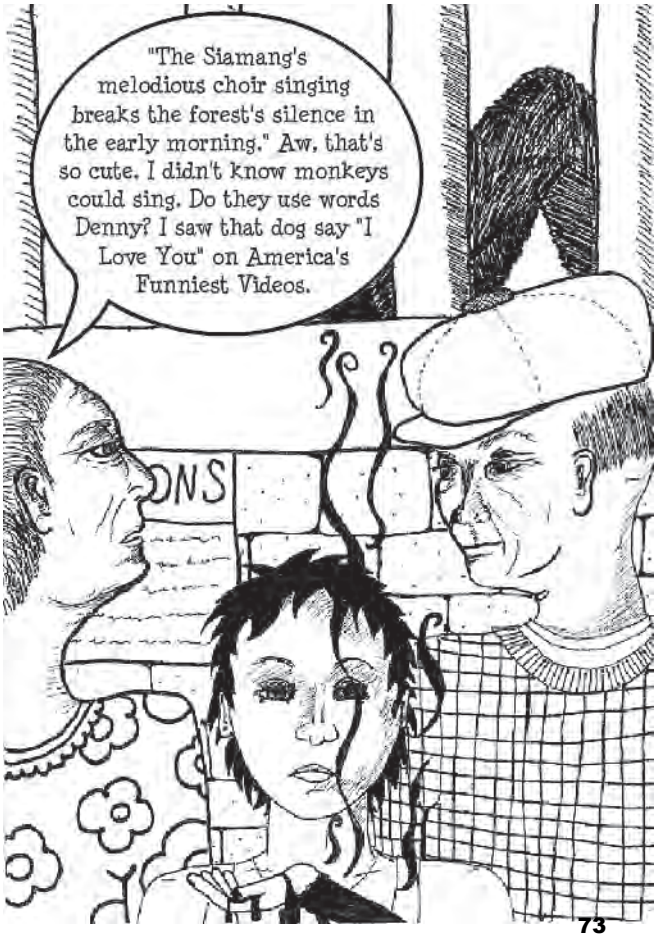


I have to go to the bathroom.

Maybe Uncle Denny shaves with a straight razor.


WSG IN: FAMILY MATTERS PART 2
The Siamang Gibbon inhabits the forest remnants of Su-Mah-Trah Island and the Malay Pen-in-Soo-Lah." Denny, where's that? It doesn't say here.


"The Siamang lives in groups of up to 6 individuals with a home range 23 hectares on average." Denny, what's a hectare? Is that like a mile? I don't know anything about the metric system.
GIBBONS


"The Siamang's melodious choir singing breaks the forest's silence in the early morning." Aw, that's so cute. I didn't know monkeys could sing. Do they use words Denny? I saw that dog say "I Love You" on America's Funniest Videos.

SKREE!
They seem awfully excited. Are they singing something now?

THE ADVENTURES OF

WRIST SLASHING GIRL

FAMILY MATTERS PART 4

Looking back on it, I don't really know why I did it. Uncle Denny just seemed so sad and lonely without Aunt Shirley around, so I guess I felt sorry for him. That, or I was bored and I do things when I'm bored.

THE ADVENTURES OF WRIST SLASHING GIRL

FAMILY MATTERS PART 5

THE ADVENTURES OF WRIST-SLASHING GIRL

The hospital called and told Uncle Denny we needed to come over right away. He couldn't get them to tell him what was wrong, just that we had to hurry. When we got there, these two cops grabbed me and pulled me into a room and started asking me all these questions.

They said they found traces of rat poison in her stomach and asked me if I knew anything about it. I said I didn't, but they still kept asking me about it. I started crying really loud.

I finally told them Uncle Denny forced me to have sex with him. They asked me how it happened, and I told them I still had my bedrobe and it had semen all over it. They got it from me, then they took my mom out of rehab early, so I get to go home. Yay.

She probably has to wear her ankle bracelet again, so she'll let me use her ID so I can buy her Smirnoff.

I think it'd be really cool if I got pregnant and had a miscarriage, so I could put the fetus in a little bottle and hang it around my neck. I'll name it after my ex-boyfriend.

MISCELLANEOUS

Page 78 — Ricardo, Registered Sex Offender
I'm not exactly sure how Esmerelda came up with this guy, but I'm guessing Ama was walking around in a wifebeater talking in a cheesy Mexican accent. She posted a comic of Ricardo offering bad romantic advice to young girls. I got to thinking about a comic strip called Trots and Bonnie which appeared in National Lampoon. In one episode, two girl scouts go to a weird guy's place and ask him to buy Girl Scout cookies. He makes them do weird things like pretend they're geishas and look for a cookie he hid somewhere in his body, then buys all their cookies. I started wondering what would happen if girl scouts went to Ricardo's place, and drew this little story.

Page 83 — Another CoCoaWriMo story, I put it in this section because Cocoa only plays a small part. Our sad clown goes to a sex therapy support group, and so does Ricardo. The fellow in the upper right on page 85 is outintospace, another member of our little clique. He's had an interesting life. He met a girl named Zoe online while playing World of Warcraft, then left his wife and moved 2000 miles to be with her. He then started posting about their sex life, crowing about all the kinky shit they did. The fellow in the upper left on page 86 is Niggah Tool, a Gobo creation. He's a whigger who, like Gobo, is a huge fan of Tool and incorporates their music into his wannabe thug life.

Page 88 — Ama's best friend Hunter moved in with him and Esmerelda, and Hunter and Esmer wound up falling for each other. Ama's LJ exploded in breakup and betrayal drama. At the time, I had been watching a Three's Company marathon, and decided to craft a story where the threesome lived their lives like they were the stars of the sitcom.

Page 92 — At some point I came across eric_m's journal. He made 3D models of himself. his mummy friend, and an evil lady wrestler, and incorporated them into horror comics. At first, it looked cool, but it eventually became apparent the guy was way too full of himself. He'd write silly goth poems in horror fonts like "I hate the stupid Christians. I kill them with my knife. I consider it my mission. I've done it all my life" and paste his models alongside. I parody him here.

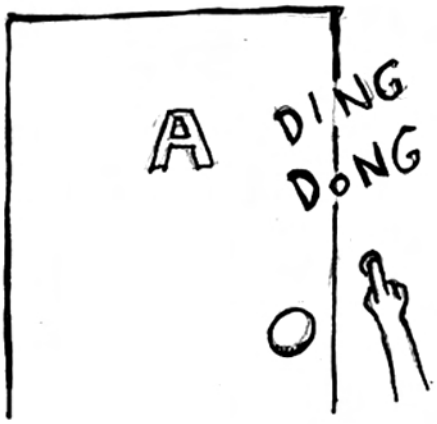
Page 94 — As outintospace posted us on developments of his relationship status, one of his ex friends burst in and laid a big threadshit on him. I parody it here.

Page 96 — Occasionally, I take requests for drawings in LJ.

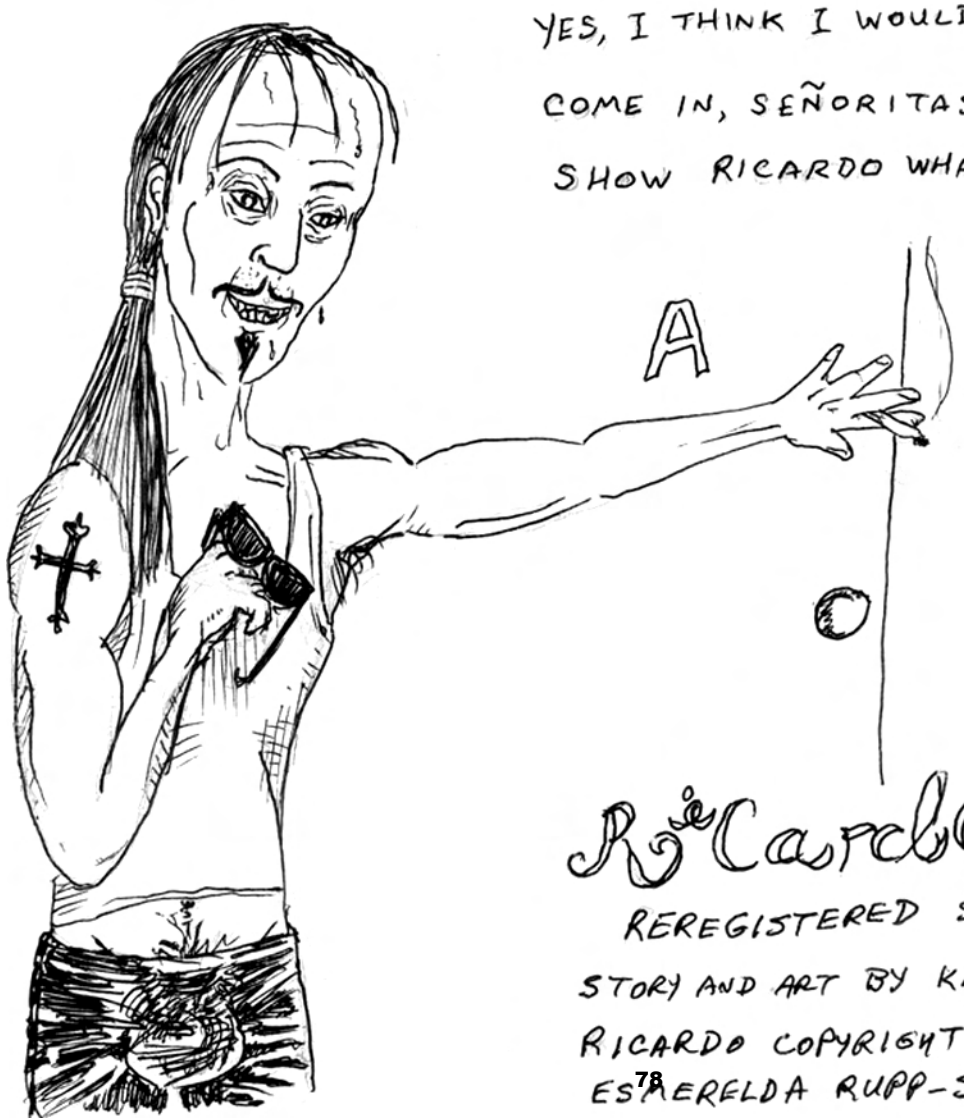
1) idonealuv had just seen one of the Blade movies, where Ryan Reynolds called Parker Posey a "cock-juggling thunder cunt." So, she asked me to draw a cock-juggling thunder cunt.
2) Gobo wanted me to draw him watching Star Wars with scary black dudes.
3) x_creepy_doll_x wanted me to draw four hobbits having sex in a hot tub. For the record, SHE DIDN'T SPECIFY THEIR GENDER!

Page 97 — Another LJ request from Novemberbug, a charming girl from England who aspires to be a writer. One of her characters is Darth Floyd, a middle-aged British matron who somehow gains the power of The Force. She wanted me to draw Darth Floyd playing chess with Emperor Palpatine.

Page 98 — Post Modern Primitive (p0stm0d3rnpr1m1t1v3), a Coyotl Indian from the Seattle area. He is one of the authors of The Trickster's Bible, which he holds along with one of his peacemakers. I made this drawing of him and his girlfriend, then had it made into T shirts and sent to the happy couple. They broke up shortly afterward.


A DING DONG

GOOD AFTERNOON SIR!
WOULD YOU LIKE BUY SOME GIRL SCOUT COOKIES?


YES, I THINK I WOULD.
COME IN, SEÑORITAS
SHOW RICARDO WHAT YOU HAVE TO OFFER.
A
RiCardO
REREGISTERED SEX OFFENDER
STORY AND ART BY KLAPROTH
RICARDO COPYRIGHT 2006
ESMERELDA RUPP-SPANGLE

AND FINALLY, OUR FAMOUS SAMOAS! CHOCOLATE AND CARAMEL SPRINKLED WITH COCONUT FOR A NICE, CHEWY TREAT!

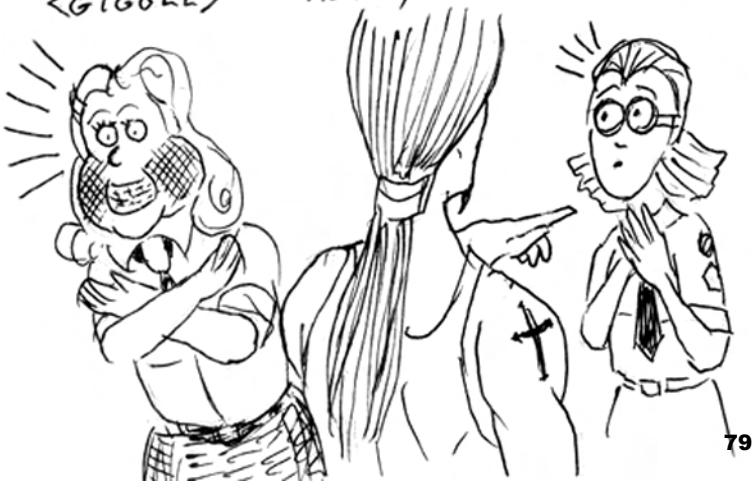
UH... AFRO WHAT?

EES LIKE A LOVE POTION. CHOO KNOW SEÑORITA, YOU ARE VERY GOOD AT SELLING. CHOO ARE ENERGETIC AND... BUBBLY.

OH, THANKS! I'M REALLY NERVOUS!

OMIGOD! <GIGGLE>

BUT CHOOR FRIEND HERE, WHY IS SHE SO QUIET?



CHOO KNOW, THE COMBINATION OF CHOCOLATE AND COCONUT MAKES A POWERFUL APHRODISIAC.

THE REASON WHY CHOO ARE SO GOOD EES BECAUSE YOUR YOUNG BREASTS PUSH AGAINST YOUR TIGHT BLOUSE. EET SHOWS YOU ARE BLOSSOMING INTO A WOMAN!

DON'T BE SHY, POVRE CHICA WHY DOES SUCH A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL LIKE YOU HIDE BEHIND SUCH BEEG, THEECK GLASSES?

UH... I'M JUST SHY I GUESS.

UH... I HAVE ASTIGMATISM REALLY BAD AND...

RICARDO HAS THE CURE FOR IT RIGHT HERE, CHICA.

EET EES MY MAGIC DUST

UM... ARE THOSE DRUGS? WE'RE NOT ALLOWED TO TAKE DRUGS.

SEÑORITAS, YOU NO WANT RICARDO'S MAGIC DUST, RICARDO NO WANT YOUR FUCKING COOKIES.

OH NO!!

WE'RE SORRY MISTER! WE DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU MAD!

YOU KNOW WHACHOO CAN DO TO MAKE IT UP TO RICARDO?

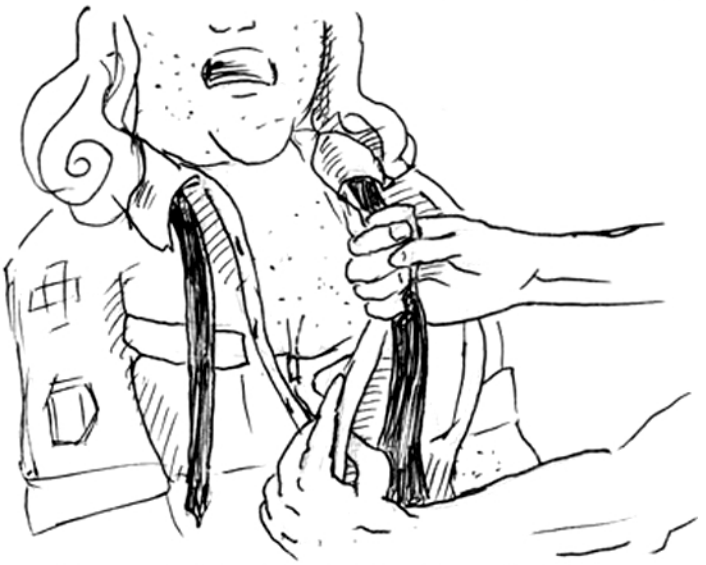
WHAT?

YOU, BUBBLY ONE, CAN LOOSEN YOUR TIE AND UNBUTTON THE TOP OF YOUR BLOUSE.

AND YOU, QUIET ONE. LET YOUR HAIR LOOSE AND TAKE OFF THOSE RIDICULOUS GLASSES.

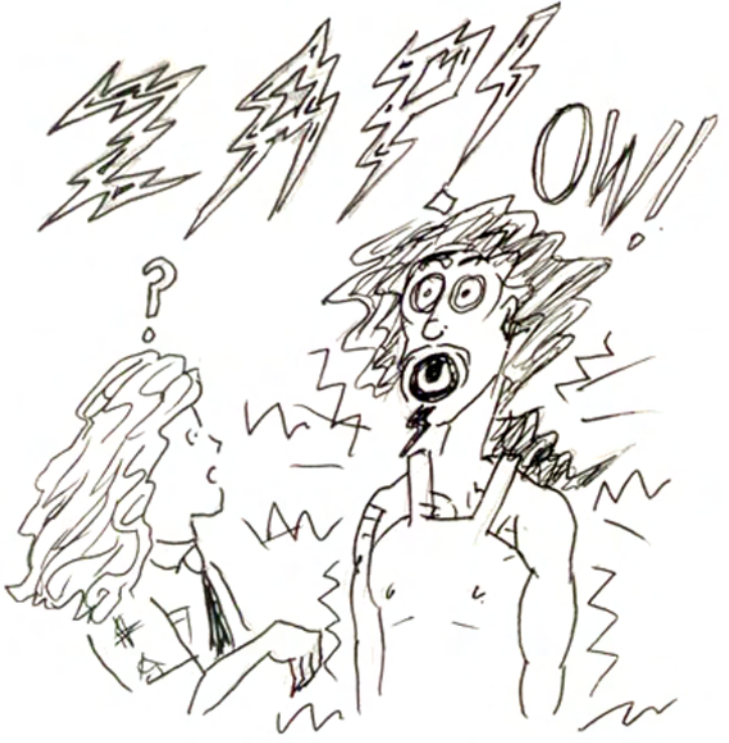
THEN RICARDO...

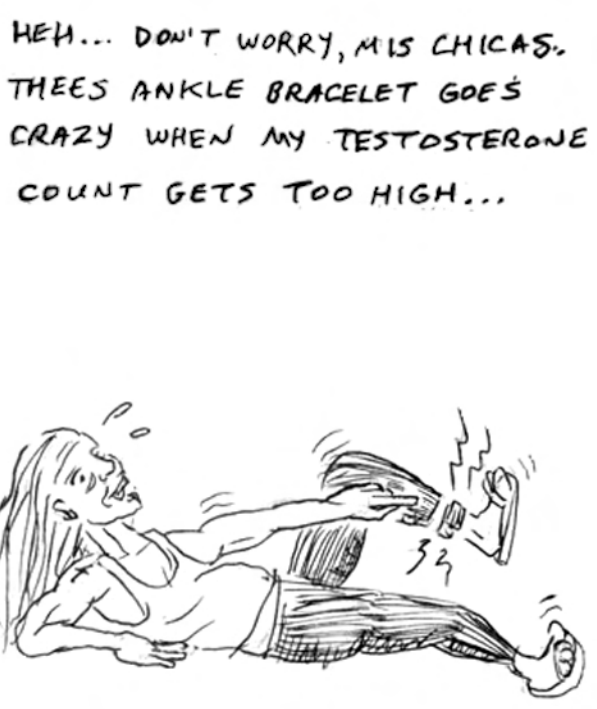
BUT... HERE. LET RICARDO DO IT.



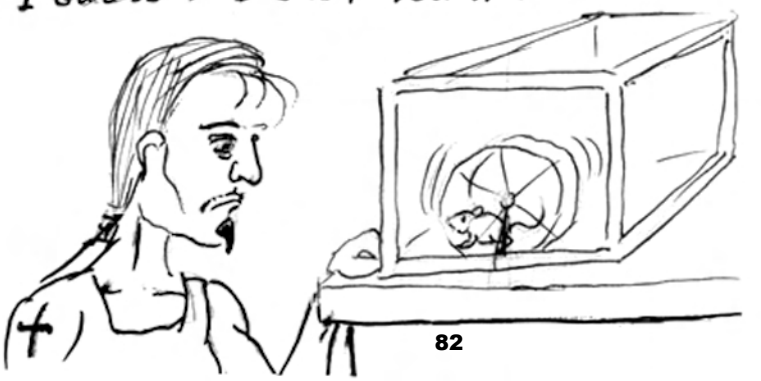
BUT... EVERYTHING LOOKS ALL BLURRY WITHOUT THEM

WILL GET VERY CLOSE!

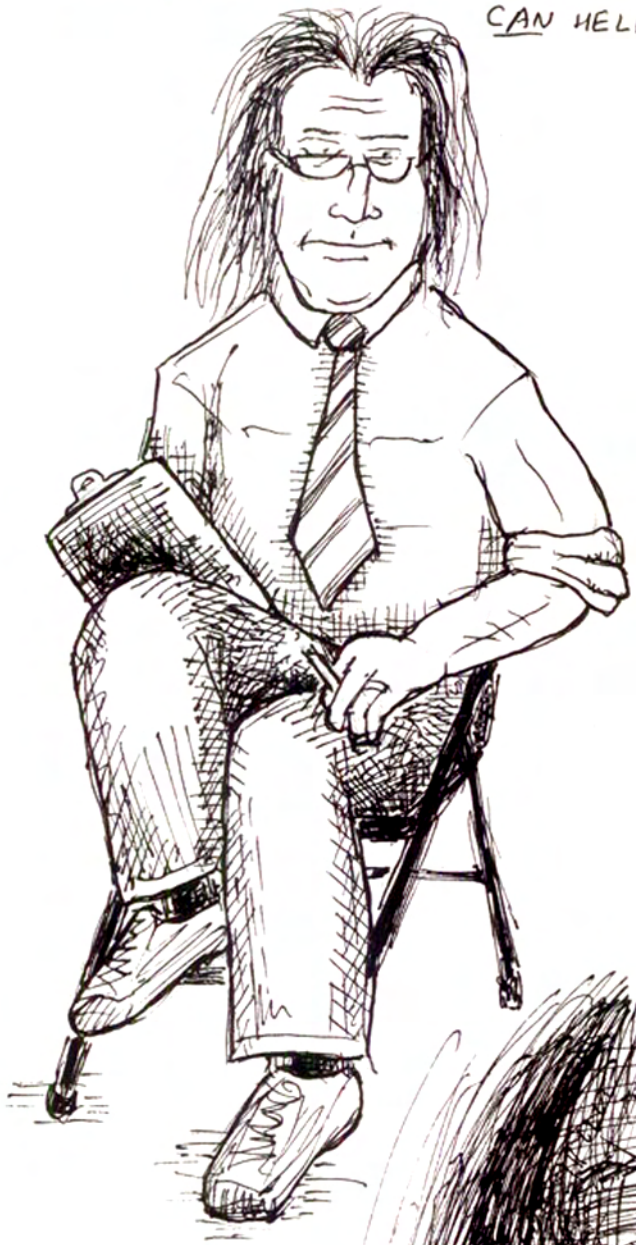




SIGH... I GUESS IT'S JUST YOU AND ME TONIGHT, GABRIELA.

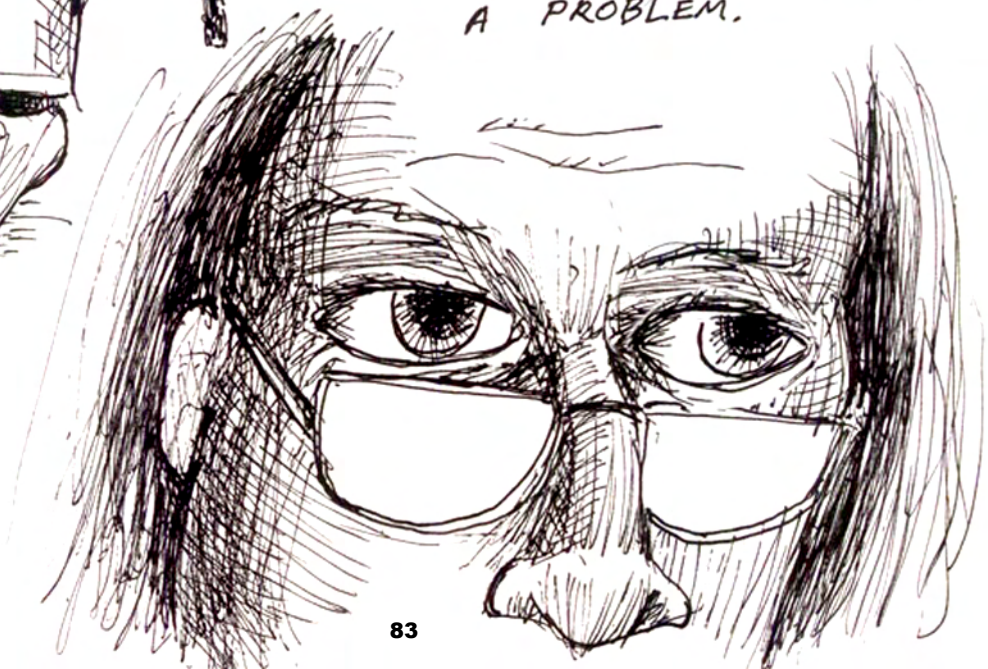


JUST REMEMBER, THERE IS A HIGHER POWER. IT'S WHATEVER NAME YOU WANT TO CALL IT. WE ALL UNDERSTAND THAT, RIGHT? YOUR HIGHER POWER CAN HELP YOU.



SO NOW WE'RE READY TO MOVE TO THE NEXT STEP.

ADMITTING YOU HAVE A PROBLEM.



COCOA AND FRIENDS IN THE SEXUAL DEVOLUTION

ART & STORY BY KLAPROTH

COCOA AND GUEST STARS COPYRIGHT WHOEVER MADE THEM

WELL, I AIN'T NEVER GOT TO GO ON NO DATES, BUT I ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW WHAT IT WAS LIKE. I'D PARK IN THE HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT AND WATCH THE GIRLS COMIN' OUT OF CLASS AND PRETEND THEY WERE WALKIN' WITH ME. THEN I'D LOSE TRACK OF WHUT WAS GOIN' ON, AND THAT'S WHEN THE SHERIFF CAUGHT ME. IT WAS REAL EMBARASSIN' GETTIN' CAUGHT WHACKIN' OFF IN MY TRUCK LIKE THAT. GUESS THEY SAW MAH NAME BUBBA RAY ON MAH LICENSE PLATE AND THEY CALLED THE LAW ON ME.

HONEY, MY ONLY PROBLEM IS ALL THEY STANK HOUNDS AN' CRACK HOS THINKIN' THEY MISS THANG ON MAH STREET. DWEY CAN TAKE THEY DISEASED COOTERS OFF MAH STREET. I'M GETTIN THIS THANG CHOPPED OFF SOON AS AH MAKE NUFF MONEY!

I MET THIS GIRL THROUGH WORLD OF WARCRAFT. IT'S A COMPUTER GAME. ANYHOO, WE HIT IT OFF REALLY WELL I MOVED TWO THOUSAND MILES TO LIVE WITH HER.

WE HAD A REALLY ACTIVE AND REWARDING SEX LIFE.

THEN SHE MADE ME...
DRINK MY OWN SEMEN.

AND I KIND OF... LIKED IT.

I REALIZED I HAD A PROBLEM WHEN MOTHER KEPT TELLING ME THE CEILING NEEDED PAINTING. CAN'T SHE JUST SHUT UP AND LET ME CONCENTRATE?

YO, MY MAN MAYNARD SAID IT IN PRISON SEX, YOU GET IT THEN YA GIVE IT, YA KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'? I AIN'T NO FAG OR NOTHIN', BUT I'M HEARIN' SOME OF THE BRUTHAS GETTIN' LOW DOWN ON THE DOWN LOW! I FIGGER I WANT SOME OF THAT ACTION BUT MY HOME BOY TURNED OUT TO BE POPO AND THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! FAG NIGGAH SET MY ASS UP!

I TRIED TO BREAK INTO THE WHITE HOUSE SO I COULD LICK THE LINT OUT OF LAURA BUSH'S TOENAILS.

I THINK IT WOULD PLEASE HER.

HMMM... OKAY COCOA, LET'S GET BACK TO THAT LATER.

MY HIGHER POWER IS LOVE. I FERVENTLY BELIEVE IN LOVE. IT EMPOWERS ME AND GIVES ME REASON FOR BEING.

MY PROBLEM IS COMMUNICATION. PEOPLE ASSUME THE WORST ABOUT ME BECAUSE THEY THINK I WANT TO RAPE THEIR DAUGHTERS.

NOTHEENG COULD BE FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH. I WANT TO EDUCATE THESE CHILDREN IN THE WAYS OF LOVE. WOULD YOU RATHER TU HIJA LEARN ABOUT SEX IN THE BACK SEAT OF SOME RUDO'S CAR? I THEENK NOT!

RICARDO IS WISE IN THE WAYS OF LOVE, FOR SHE IS MY PATRON.

LOVE HAS GEEFTED ME WITH AN ENORMOUS PENIS. I CAN PRACTICALLY BALANCE THOSE CHICAS IN MIDAIR. LET ME HAVE YOUR DAUGHTERS FOR JUST ONE NIGHT, I ASK YOU. I WILL TURN THEM INTO YOUNG WOMEN. **LET ME HAVE THOSE TIGHT LEETLE JOOSY PUSSIES FOR JUST ONE NIGHT! THAT'S ALL I ASK!**

SO COCOA, YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT LAURA BUSH?

END

THREE'S COMPANY
I DUNNO ABOUT RENTIN' TO TWO GUYS AND A DAME. MIGHT BE A LOTTA HANKY PANKY GOIN' ON!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. ROPER! ESME'S A LESBIAN!
WHAT?
SHE'S ALSO A LITTLE HARD OF HEARING!
I GUESS THAT'S OK THEN. IF I EVER NEED MY OIL CHANGED I'LL GIVE HER A CALL
AW C'MON ESME! YOU GOTTA KEEP WEARING THE FLANNEL SHIRTS AND BIRKENSTOCKS SO MR. ROPER WILL THINK YOU'RE A LESBIAN!
THEN THAT MEANS I GET TO HAVE SEX WITH YOU GUYS ON A DAILY BASIS!
OH YOU'RE JUST SO IMPOSSIBLE!
GLAB!
OOOH! I DIDN'T MEAN TO INTERRUPT!
NO! IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK! ME AND HUNTER WERE TRYING TO SUPERGLUE THE LIGHT FIXTURE BACK TO THE CEILING AND THE LADDER FELL OVER AND HUNTER'S FACE GOT STUCK!
I SWEAR!!

YOU'RE LUCKY I HAD THIS HORSE COSTUME! QUIT STUMBLING!
BUT I HAVE TO WALK BACKWARDS AND I CAN'T SEE!
MMMPPH!
YOU GOT A HORSE? YOU DUMB DYKE! THE LEASE SAYS NO PETS!
OH, I'M JUST WALKING HIM AROUND, HA HA! WE'RE JUST HEADING BACK TO THE AH, LESBIAN RANCH! BYE NOW!
WHO THE HELL YOU TALKING TO?
OH! HEY MR. ROPER!
EEK! I MEAN WHINEEE!!
STANLEY!
AW NUTS! THE MISSUS WANTS TO NAG ME ABOUT SOMETHIN'. HEY, LEMME RIDE THIS BAG OF BONES FOR A FEW BLOCKS SO I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO HER YAMMERIN'.
NO!

C'MON, I USED TO BE ARMY CAVALRY. IT'LL JUST BE A FEW MINUTES!
WELL, UH... HE DOESN'T REALLY DO WELL WITH STRANGERS!
STANLEY!
NONSENSE! YOU JUST GOTTA SHOW 'EM WHO'S BOSS! GOT THAT PAL?
WHACK!
MMMPH!
THE TRICK IS TO LEAPFROG OVER THEIR ASS AND GRAB 'EM BY THE MANE! THEN THEY'RE PUTTY IN YOUR HANDS!
?
WHAH?

PLOP!
OMIGOD! STANLEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING??
NO WONDER WE NEVER HAVE SEX ANYMORE! YOU LIKE FURRIES! BAWWWWLLL...
HELEN! LET ME EXPLAIN!
LATER
THAT WAS NICE OF MR. ROPER TO DRIVE US TO THE HOSPITAL AND GIVE US A FREE MONTH'S RENT IN EXCHANGE FOR NOT TELLING THE NEIGHBORS!
YEAH, AND THE DOCTORS SAID TO LET THE GLUE DRY OUT FOR A FEW DAYS SO IT DOESN'T TEAR HUNTER'S SKIN.
BUT AT LEAST YOU DON'T HAVE TO ZIP UP ANYMORE, RIGHT HUNTER?
AW, YOU GUYS...
THE END

I AWAKE TO DARKNESS.

A VERTICAL SHAFT OF LIGHT HITS MY FACE, ALMOST BLINDING MY YEARNING YET PASSIONATE EYES of BLUE.

IS THIS THEN A NEW NIGHTMARISH HELL I MUST AGAIN STRUGGLE WITH?

WILL RELENTLESS SUCCUBI TORMENT ME AS I WHIP MY HAIR IN DRAMATIC FASHION AS I SEARCH IN VAIN FOR MY LONG-LOST OFFSPRING FETUS X?!

WILL I ONCE AGAIN CONFRONT **LA CHUPACABRA**, MASKED MEXICAN WRESTLER WHOSE LEG STRENGTH CAN CRUSH EVEN MY AFFLECKIAN STEEL JAW?

OR PERHAPS FACE THE COMBINED HORDES OF ALL THE MOST TERRIFYING DEMONS OF HELL. AND I'M ARMED WITH ONLY ONE OPERATING CHAINSAW. THE WEIGHT OF WHICH STRAINS EVEN MY TONED, MUSCULAR ARMS AFTER COUNTLESS HOURS OF BLOODSHED?

OR WOULD I LIE CHAINED TO A BOULDER, PUNISHED FOR ALL ETERNITY LIKE PROMETHEUS, WHILE ELDRITCH POWER IS ZAPPED FROM MY PLASTICENE SCOTCHGUARDED SKIN THROUGH THE RUNES EMBEDDED IN MY PALMS, AS MY SUPPOSED FRIEND ANAL HOTEP MAKES RUDE AND INAPPROPRIATE COMMENTS AT MY EXPENSE?

NO... IT IS MUCH MORE HORRENDOUS THAN ANYTHING I COULD HAVE IMAGINED...

IT'S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL ♫♫

[Party][Azmodiius]: hey
[Party][Princesszoe]: hi :)
[Party][Azmodiius]: usual spot?
[Party][Princesszoe]: sure.

NO! NO! SHE'S A FRIEND! WE'RE JUST TALKING ABOUT CAMPING GNARLPINES!

CHRISTA! ROB'S GETTING JIGGY WITH A SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN IN WOW!

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK! WE WERE JUST..

HMPH! PRINCESS ZOE? MORE LIKE PRINCESS HO-E!

DOES MANDY KNOW ABOUT THIS?

OF COURSE SHE DOES! SHE KNOWS ZOE AND I ARE JUST FRIENDS.

I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MANDY LETS YOU WALK ALL OVER HER!

JESUS! IT'S JUST WORLD OF WARCRAFT! IT'S NOT LIKE I ABUSE HER OR ANYTHING!

WHY WOULD THIS SLUT SPREAD HER LEGS FOR A WIFEBEATER LIKE YOU?

MANDY, HAVE YOU CONSIDERED LOOKING AT DIVORCE DOT COM?

[Party][Princesszoe]: Az?

[Party][Princesszoe]: hello?

YOU... HAVE... JUST... MADE US... ENEMIES... FOR... LIFE... BUSTER.

[Party][Azmodiius]: sry company :-(
[Party][Princesszoe]: ok np lol
[Party][Azmodiius]: so do you like to take it up the ass?

1

2 GOBO WATCHES STAR WARS WITH THE HOMIES

3

YOU HAAAAVE THE
FIRST MOOOOOOVE
DRAA JAN FLOOOOOYYYYD.

HAH! YOU ARE IN FOR A PROPER ROUGHHOUSING, MY PALLID FRIEND! I HAVE VORACIOUSLY STUDIED THE TACTICS OF ALL THE KNOWN CHESS GRANDMASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE AND EVEN SOME OF THE UNKNOWNS! YOU WILL BE DAZZLED BY MY VAST ARSENAL OF MOVES AND COUNTERMOVES!

PREPARE TO BE ADDLED BY MY ALEKHINE, GAGGED BY MY GAMBIT, CRIPPLED BY MY CARO-KAHN, AND NULLIFIED BY MY NIMZOINDIAN!!

INNNNNTRESTING...
YOU REALIZE WE'RE PLAYING BACK GAMMONNNNN
DON'T YOU?

The
Trickster's Bible
©coyote

BUT DAHLINK! I ONLY CALLED HIM "HON!" MIT AN "O" NOT A "U"!
SILENCE, SCHLUTZEN!

After Japan suffered from sudden earthquakes and tsunamis earlier this year, many people on Facebook and LJ offered their condolences. Ama however, thought their offerings of good thoughts and positive energy were worthless. He said if they really wanted to help Japan, they should be over there physically helping them rebuild their country instead of sitting on their asses posting glurge on Facebook. That Ama, ever the gentleman.

It got me thinking that this could be an episode of The Office. I could easily see Michael Scott being one of those well wishers, and I could see him getting upset when his employees don't share his same level of sympathy. I thought about drawing the strip, and googled screenshots of The Office for reference. Fanpop has zillions of such pictures, so I grabbed a bunch of them and used them as storyboards. I then realized I could use these to make photocomics, so I photoshopped in some props and costumes and made my own episodes.

Page 100 — Michael makes a sympathy post about Japan in Facebook, then becomes incensed when the Dunder Mifflin staff doesn't offer enough "likes." He decides he needs to educate them about Japan so they can feel properly sorry.

Page 103 — Jim and Pam come up with a new prank for their fellow employees, but find it doesn't exactly work as planned. (I really do hate when people say "You know what?")

Page 105 — Kelley and Ryan have more relationship drama when she discovers a racy picture of him on Adult Friends Finder.com.

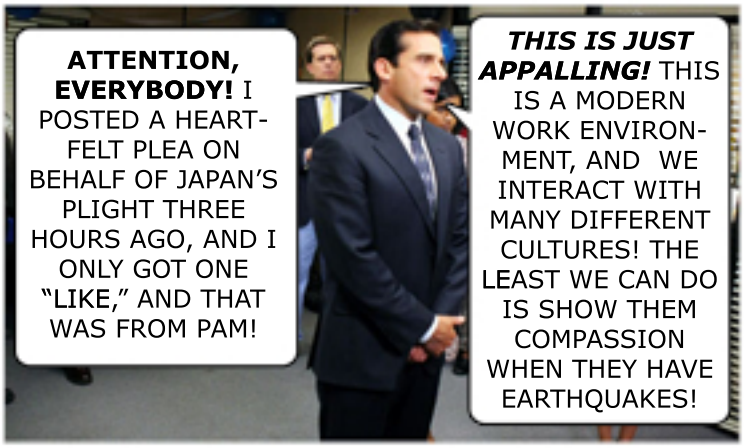
Page 106 — Dwight warns the Dunder Mifflin staff about the upcoming robot invasion. Jim and Pam try to mess with his head, but find it's no easy task.

Page 109 — Angela brings her cats to work, and the Dunder Mifflin staff plot ways to get rid of them.

Page 112 — Andy finally lands his own whale, or so he thinks.

Michael Scott
thoughts and prayers for Japan today
3 hours ago · Like · Comment · Share
Pam Beesly likes this.
Write a comment...

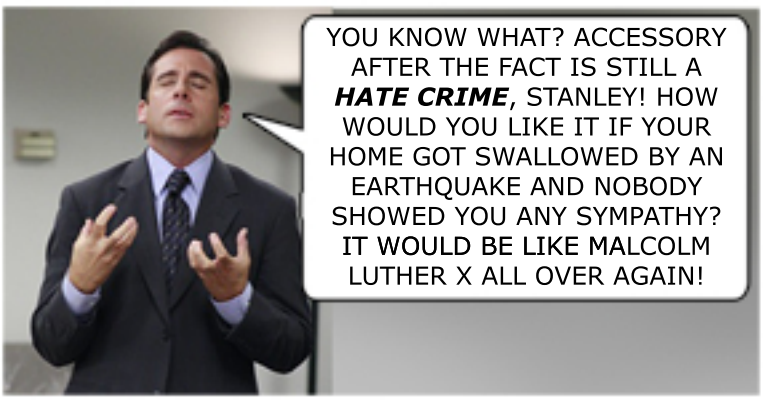
ONLY ONE LIKE???
OH NO THEY DIDN'T!


ATTENTION, EVERYBODY! I POSTED A HEART-FELT PLEA ON BEHALF OF JAPAN'S PLIGHT THREE HOURS AGO, AND I ONLY GOT ONE "LIKE," AND THAT WAS FROM PAM!
THIS IS JUST APPALLING! THIS IS A MODERN WORK ENVIRON-MENT, AND WE INTERACT WITH MANY DIFFERENT CULTURES! THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS SHOW THEM COMPASSION WHEN THEY HAVE EARTHQUAKES!

I "LIKE" EVERYTHING MICHAEL POSTS, SINCE I POST FOR HIM ANYWAY.
I POST FOR HIM BECAUSE HE PREFERS OLD FASHIONED DICTATION.
AND BECAUSE HE HASN'T FIGURED OUT HOW TO DO IT YET.

CONFERENCE ROOM IN FIVE MINUTES, PEOPLE! WE'RE GOING TO EDUCATE OURSELVES ON JAPAN AND WHY WE SHOULD FEEL MORE SORRY FOR THEM!

IF WE "LIKE" YOUR FACEBOOK UPDATE, CAN WE SKIP THIS STUPID MEETING?


YOU KNOW WHAT? ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT IS STILL A HATE CRIME, STANLEY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF YOUR HOME GOT SWALLOWED BY AN EARTHQUAKE AND NOBODY SHOWED YOU ANY SYMPATHY? IT WOULD BE LIKE MALCOLM LUTHER X ALL OVER AGAIN!

HAVE YOU LOST YO DAMN MIND???

I SHOULD BE THE ONE LEADING THIS CONFERENCE. I AM AN EXPERT ON ALL THINGS JAPANESE.
I KNOW KARATE, BUSHIDO, AIKIDO, AND I HAVE NY OWN DOJO. I COULD TEACH THEM 15 WAYS TO KILL A MAN THROUGH THE SEPTUM.

HAH

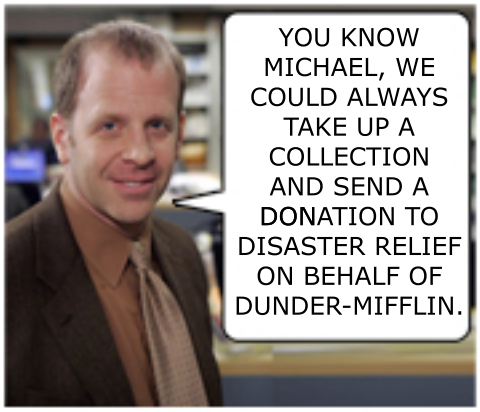
KONISHIWA, EVELYONE! I AM HONOLABLE MIKADO SCOTT-O, AND I AM HERE TO TEACH YOU ARR ABOUT MY HOME COUNTLY, JAPAN!

I HAVE TO GO PEE...
NO YOU DON'T. YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT OF THIS MEETING.

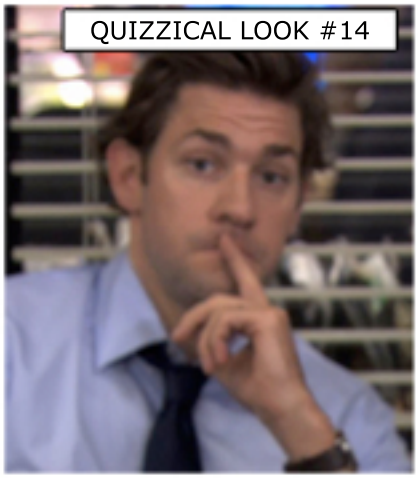
WE JAPANESE INVENT SUSHI! YOU AMELICANS ENJOY TASTY SUSHI IN MANY JAPANESE RES-AH-RANTS, AH SO? WE USED TO COOK FISH, BUT THEN TSUNAMIS TAKE OUT OUR COOK FIRES! HA-HA!

BACK IN THE 60'S, I HAD A PRETTY HOT AND TORRID AFFAIR WITH A JAPANESE GIRL. BUT SHE GOT TO BE TOO CONTROLLING.
SHE BROKE UP OUR BAND, AND I HAD TO FAKE MY OWN DEATH TO GET RID OF HER.

WE ALSO INVENT POKEMON! ROOK! SEE THIS PIKACHU? ISN'T HE JUST ADOLABLE RITTLE FERROW?


YOU KNOW MICHAEL, WE COULD ALWAYS TAKE UP A COLLECTION AND SEND A DONATION TO DISASTER RELIEF ON BEHALF OF DUNDER-MIFFLIN.

IT'S CALLED DIVERSITY TRAINING, TOBY! WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO RUIN EVERYTHING?


QUIZZICAL LOOK #14

WE ALSO INVENT SAKE! THIS SO STLONG, IT TAKE HAIR *OFF* YOUR CHEST! HA-HA!

GULP!

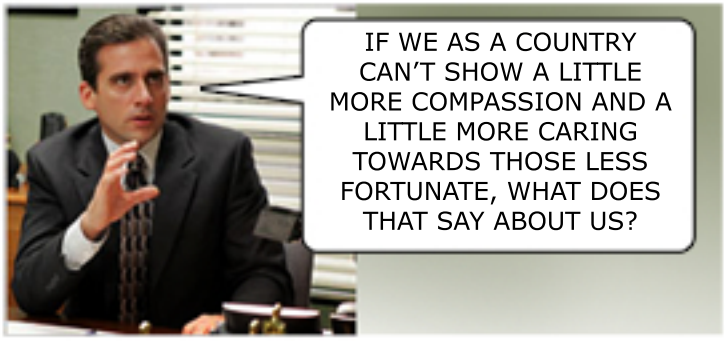
FLOP!

IS HE ALL RIGHT?
WAS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE PART OF THE PRESENTATION?
HE'LL BE FINE. LET'S GET BACK TO UNREAL TOURNAMENT.

I MIXED UP SOME CHLORAL HYDRATE AND PUT IT IN A SAKE BOTTLE. I THOUGHT I HID IT WELL ENOUGH, BUT SOMEHOW MICHAEL FOUND IT.
I HAVE IT BECAUSE WE HAVE TO BE PREPARED FOR TERRORISTS.

I ONCE TRAINED AS A SUMO WRESTLER.
I QUIT BECAUSE I FELT THERE WAS TOO MUCH INAPPROPRIATE TOUCHING OF MY MAN PARTS.

I MAY HAVE GOTTEN A LITTLE OVER THE TOP IN THERE, BUT I BET FROM NOW ON, THE STAFF AT DUNDER-MIFFLIN WILL LOOK AT THE NEXT ASIAN PERSON, THINK OF ME, AND FEEL SORRY FOR THAT ASIAN PERSON.

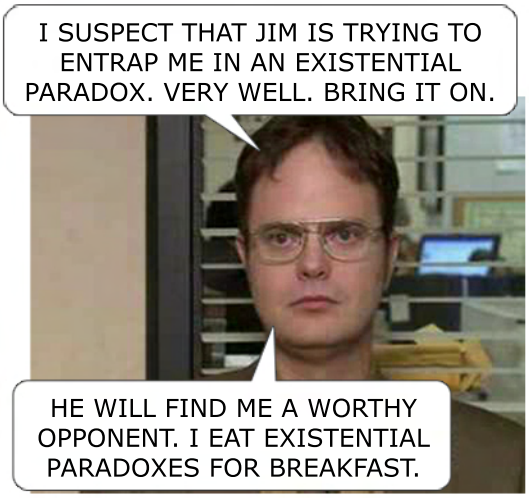

IF WE AS A COUNTRY CAN'T SHOW A LITTLE MORE COMPASSION AND A LITTLE MORE CARING TOWARDS THOSE LESS FORTUNATE, WHAT DOES THAT SAY ABOUT US?

Michael Scott
thoughts and prayers for Japan today
1 week ago
Like · Comment · Share
Pam Beesly likes this.
Write a comment...

YOU KNOW WHAT?
I INVENTED A NEW GAME.
YOU KNOW WHAT.
WHAT?
WHAT'S IT CALLED?
...

YOU KNOW HOW PEOPLE AROUND HERE TRY TO SOTEN THE BLOW BY PREFACING WHAT THEY'RE ABOUT TO SAY WITH "YOU KNOW WHAT," RIGHT?
EVERY TIME THEY SAY "YOU KNOW WHAT," YOU SAY SOMETHING LIKE "NO, i DON'T KNOW WHAT," AND TOTALLY DERAIL THEIR TRAIN OF THOUGHT!
YEAH...
OH! COOL! THAT SOUNDS EVIL! I'M TOTALLY IN!

JIM, YOUR PAPER DETRITUS IS OVERLAPPING MY DESK BY FIVE EIGHTHS OF AN INCH.
TOO BAD. I WAS GOING FOR SIX EIGHTHS.
OK, YOU KNOW WHAT? THIS IS GETTING...
NO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT.
WHAT ARE YOU...
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO TALK ABOUT. THEREFORE, IT DOES NO GOOD TO ASK ME "YOU KNOW WHAT."
ARE YOU TRYING TO PLAY MIND GAMES WITH ME? BECAUSE I ***WILL*** CRUSH YOU!


I SUSPECT THAT JIM IS TRYING TO ENTRAP ME IN AN EXISTENTIAL PARADOX. VERY WELL. BRING IT ON.
HE WILL FIND ME A WORTHY OPPONENT. I EAT EXISTENTIAL PARADOXES FOR BREAKFAST.

PHYLLIS, THIS TPS REPORT DOESN'T HAVE A COVER PAGE.
OH, YOU KNOW WHAT? I MUST HAVE...
NO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT.
WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID.
I WAS ABOUT TO TELL YOU. WHY ARE YOU BEING SO DIFFICULT?

I HAD TO TELL PHYLLIS ABOUT THE GAME.
YOU DID? WHY?
SHE HAD THAT "I'M GOING TO CALL BOB VANCE" LOOK IN HER EYES. YOU DON'T MESS WITH BOB VANCE.

DO YOU LIKE MY PERSONALIZED MUG, ANGELA?
YOU KNOW WHAT? I DON'T...
NO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT.
WHAT ARE YOU...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT. WHY ASK ME IF I KNOW WHAT? DO YOU THINK I CAN READ YOUR MIND?
ARE YOU TALKING SMACK TO ME? BECAUSE IT IS *SO* ON, BITCH!

ATTENTION, EVERYBODY! I FOUND WHAT APPEARS TO BE A SEX TOY IN THE BREAK ROOM. NOW, I LIKE TO THINK OF MYSELF AS OPEN-MINDED, BUT THE BREAK ROOM IS NOT AN APPROPRIATE PLACE TO LEAVE SEX TOYS.

THAT'S NOT A SEX TOY. IT'S A MASCARA APPLICATOR.

OK, YOU KNOW WHAT? IT DOESN'T MATTER...

EXCUSE ME?

NO, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT.

PAY NO ATTENTION TO HIM, MICHAEL. HE'S TRYING TO LURE YOU INTO AN EXISTENTIAL PARADOX.

GOD, DWIGHT, WILL YOU ***SHUT UP?***

I JUST TOLD KEVIN ABOUT THE GAME.

ISN'T THAT A LITTLE DANGEROUS?

DON'T BE SILLY. IT'S A ***LOT*** DANGEROUS.

OSCAR, WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE SCULPTURE I MADE OUT OF YOUR DISCARDED FINGERNAIL CLIPPINGS?

OK, YOU KNOW WHAT? THAT'S JUST...

NO, I DON'T KNOW, OSCAR. I NEVER KNOW. I NEVER KNOW ANYTHING.

THERE SEEMS TO BE A LOT OF BICKERING GOING ON TODAY, PEOPLE, AND YOU KNOW WHAT? IT'S...

NO! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT!

IS THIS LIKE PEE WEE HERMAN'S WORD OF THE DAY, WHERE THEY BLOW HORNS AND THROW CONFETTI? BECAUSE I ***LOVE*** THAT GAME!

I THINK WE CREATED A MONSTER.

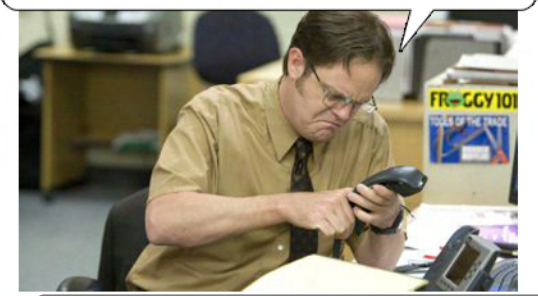
THE "YOU KNOW WHAT" MONSTER.

NO, I DON'T KNOW...

STOP IT, JIM.

OH MY GOD! RYAN, IS THIS YOU WEARING A BONDAGE SUIT ON ADULT FRIEND FINDERS DOT COM? EWWWWW!
WHAT? NO! NO WAY!
IT IS SO YOU! SHAFTMEISTER911!
THAT'S MY USERNAME ON HALO! WHY ARE YOU LOOKING UP MY HALO USERNAME ON ADULT FRIENDS FINDER?
I GOOGLED YOU! THIS GOT 250,000 RESULTS!
OOOOOH! CHECK OUT RYAN! ROCKIN' THAT BALL GAG!
THAT LOOKS LIKE MY MISSING FISHING BOB. DID YOU TAKE IT?
NO! IT'S NOT ME! I SWEAR TO GOD!
RYAN, YOU LOOK HOT!
ER, I BELIEVE ADULT SITES ARE SUPPOSED TO BE BLOCKED...
I WOULDN'T DO HIM.
YOU KNOW WHO ELSE HAS DONE BONDAGE? THAT'S RIGHT! THAH NARD DOG!
YEP, I PUT ON A BONDAGE SUIT DURING MY DAYS AT CORNELL. THOSE WERE SOME WILD TIMES!
IT WAS PART OF A FRATERNITY HAZING. THEY MADE ME PUT ON THE SUIT AND ZIPPED MY EYES SHUT. THEN THEY LEFT ME IN THE MIDDLE OF A COW PASTURE.
A FARMER ALMOST SHOT ME...
OK, SO IT WAS ME. PEOPLE DO STUFF, OK?
CAN YOU CUT THIS PART OUT? I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY BUCKS!
THIRTY BUCKS?
FORTY?

THAT'S IT, YOU MISERABLE EXCUSE FOR A STAPLER! YOU'VE SPREAD YOUR PRONGS OUTSIDE FOR THE LAST TIME! PREPARE TO BE SENTENCED TO THE ETERNAL CONFINES OF THE BOTTOM DESK DRAWER UNTIL YOU LEARN THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS!



OMIGOD DWIGHT, WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU? IT'S JUST A STAPLER! IT'S NOT GOING TO LEARN ANYTHING!

SIGH...KELLY, YOU POOR, DELUDED SOUL...

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA AND ITS SHORT-LIVED PREQUEL CAPRICA ARE NOT JUST BRILLIANT WORKS OF SCIENCE FICTION, PEOPLE! THEY'RE PROPHECY!

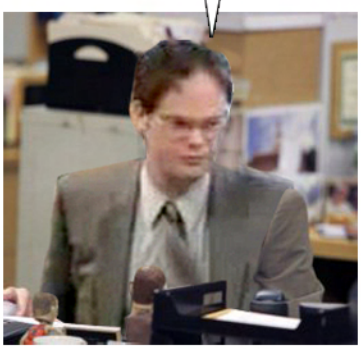
THEY'RE ***PROOF*** THAT IF YOU CODDLE YOUR MACHINES, ONE DAY YOUR COMPUTERS, IPHONES, DIGITAL VIDEO RECORDERS AND MICROWAVES WILL DEVELOP SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS AND TURN ON YOU AS WELL AS THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE!

THE HUMANS THOUGHT THEY COULD CONTROL THE CYLONS BY TEACHING THEM ABOUT A MONOTHEISTIC GOD WHO CARED ABOUT THEM AND THEIR NONEXISTANT SOULS!

GENERATIONS OF THIS PSYCHOBABBLE DELUDED THE CYLONS INTO REBELLING AGAINST THEIR PANTHEISTIC MASTERS! A SCANT 50,000 HUMANS ESCAPED THE CARNAGE! THAT SCREAMS WARNING TO ME ***BIG TIME!***

DWIGHT, ARE YOU SAYING THAT WHEN I READ MY BIBLE VERSE OF THE DAY ONLINE, IT MAKES MY COMPUTER WANT TO KILL ME?

ANGELA, ANGELA, ANGELA...



THAT'S ***EXACTLY*** WHAT I'M SAYING!

YOU REALIZE WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET ANY WORK DONE TODAY, RIGHT?

I KNOW! I'VE ALREADY COME UP WITH 15 WAYS TO MESS WITH DWIGHT!

I HAVE 35.

HUMAN...TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER...

HA HA. NICE TRY, JIM. EVERYBODY KNOWS THE CENTURIONS FELL INTO A BLACK HOLE OVER 100,000 YEARS AGO. IDIOT.

HOW PATHETIC. LIKE YOU COULD EVER BE NUMBER SIX.

NO WAY, BABY! I'M SHOOTING FOR NUMBER ONE!

DWIGHT! FOLLOW ME! WE HAVE TO GET TO THE MOTHER SHIP BEFORE THE KRYLONS INVADE!

THAT'S ***CYLONS***, YOU FRACKING KNUCKLE DRAGGER! NO WONDER YOU CAN'T SELL ANYTHING!

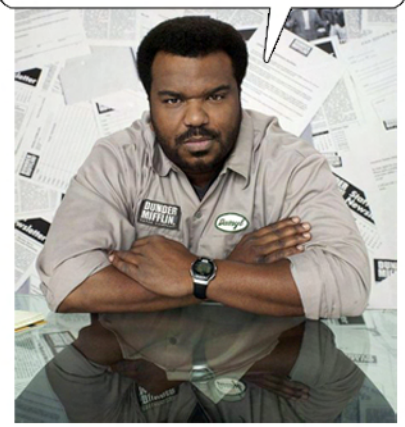
OUR PLAN TO DRIVE DWIGHT INSANE ISN'T WORKING SO WELL.

WE'LL HAVE TO CONSULT WITH SOMEONE WHO'S EVEN GEEKIER THAN DWIGHT.

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA? I ABSOLUTELY ***LOVE*** THAT SHOW! THAT'S THE ONE WITH THE KLINGONS, RIGHT? "DANGER WILL ROBINSON! DANGER!" WHAT A CRAZY ROBOT!

OH YEAH, I WATCH B TO THE SG. ALL THE BROTHERS DO.

TRISH HELFER, KATEE SACK-HOFF, AND GRACE PARK ARE SOME ***FINE*** BITCHES, YO!



YES, I DO HAVE A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF BATTLESTAR DVDS, TECHNICAL MANUALS, FIRST EDITION TOYS, AND SO FORTH.

BUT I CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO USE THIS MATERIAL TO ALIENATE A FELLOW EMPLOYEE. THAT BORDERS ON SEVERAL HARRASSMENT ISSUES.

HOWEVER, I CAN HELP YOU IF YOU DECIDE TO THROW A GALACTICA-THEMED PARTY, FOR AN APPROPRIATE HOLIDAY OCCASION.

I'VE NEVER HAD THIS MUCH TROUBLE MAKING DWIGHT CRACK BEFORE!

IT'S LIKE HIS NEUROSES FORMED A PROTECTIVE BUBBLE AROUND HIM.

HEY GUYS, MY TWIN BROTHER'S DROPPING BY FOR LUNCH TODAY.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A TWIN BROTHER!

YES YOU DO. I TOLD YOU LOTS OF TIMES.

WE RARELY PAY ATTENTION TO YOU.

HEY KEVIN!

WHERE DO YOU WANNA EAT?

HEY KERRY!

HOW ABOUT HOUSE OF CHINA? I HEAR THEY HAVE CREED'S PICTURE THERE!

DID HE TRY TO LEAVE WITHOUT PAYING? THAT'S FRACKING HILARIOUS!

IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME... THE MONOTONE, THE FLOPSWEAT, THE SOCIAL AWKARDNESS, AND NOW IRREFUTABLE PROOF THAT KEVIN MALONE HAS AT LEAST ONE DOUBLE...

THE CYLONS WERE HERE ALL THIS TIME!!!

SO WHY HAS DWIGHT BARRICADED HIMSELF IN THE STORAGE CLOSET THIS TIME?

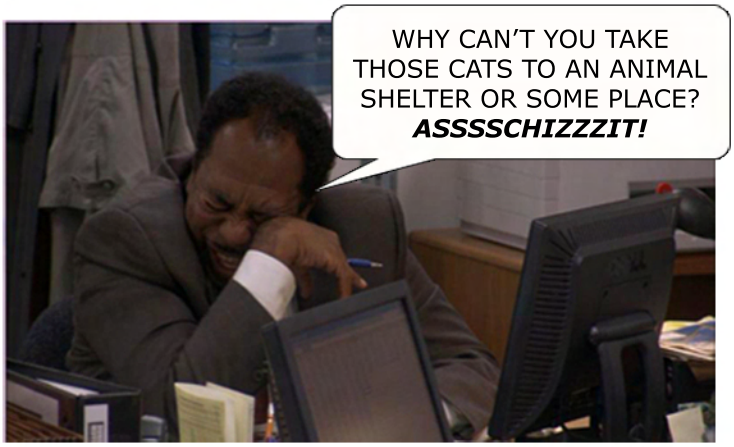
SOMETHING ABOUT SILOS.

OR PYLONS.

BE CAREFUL! OH, MY POOR KITTIES!
MEW
MEW
MEW
MEW
MEW
MEW
MEW

ANGELA, OMIGOD! YOU CAN'T BRING ALL THOSE CATS IN HERE! I CAN'T BE SEEN WORKING WITH THE CRAZY CAT LADY!
Such-a-Dork.com

I JUST LEARNED THAT MY TOWNHOUSE IS BEING FUMILGATED THIS MORNING! THEY SAY THERE'S A FLEA OUTBREAK!
I BET IT'S MY NEIGHBOR'S POMERANIAN, THAT FILTHY BEAST!
MEW
MEW
MEW


WHY CAN'T YOU TAKE THOSE CATS TO AN ANIMAL SHELTER OR SOME PLACE? ***ASSSSCHIZZZIT!***

MY KITTIES ARE OBVIOUSLY TRAUMATIZED AND NEED TO BE WITH THEIR MOMMY! CAN'T YOU HEAR THEM SCREAMING?
MEW
MEW
MEW
THIS IS GETTING RIDICULOUS. <SNIFF> I CAN'T WORK UNDER THESE CONDITIONS!
I'M HIGHLY ***ALLERGIC*** TO CATS. <SNURT>
IF THAT WOMAN DON'T GET RID OF THEM SOON, THIS NIGGAH'S GONNA GET ***VIOLENT***!

ANGELA, KEEPING THOSE CATS HERE VIOLATES CITY HEALTH CODES. WE COULD BE FINED AND SHUT DOWN FOR THIS!

TOBY, CAN'T YOU STOP BEING A SOULLESS BUREAUCRAT FOR FIVE SECONDS? ANGELA'S FAMILY, SO HER CATS ARE OUR CHILDREN!

JUST BECAUSE YOU NEGLECT YOUR OWN CHILDREN DOESN'T MEAN WE SHOULD DO THE SAME!

AWWWWW, MR. WHISKERS LIKES YOU, MICHAEL!

PURRRRR...

REEEEEERRRRRR!!

BOOT!

OH MY GOD! I HAD A HORRIBLE FLASHBACK OF WHEN JAN USED TO TOUCH ME THAT WAY, AND I JUST LOST IT!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MICHAEL. WE UNDERSTAND.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT ME BRINGING MY CATS TO WORK?

WE'VE HAD "BRING YOUR DAUGHTER TO WORK" DAY, AND I HAD TO PUT UP WITH ALL THOSE HORRIBLE CHILDREN!

MICHAEL WANTS US TO REMOVE THOSE CATS. LISTEN CAREFULLY: IN MY TRUNK I HAVE BLOW GUNS, DARTS, AND 100 CCs OF CHLORAL HYDRATE. WE'LL SHOOT THE CATS AND REMOVE THEM WHEN THEY FALL ASLEEP.

THAT SOUNDS COMPLETELY INSANE AND SOMEWHAT PSYCHOPATHIC. I'M IN.

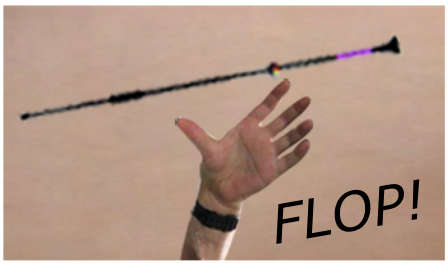
THESE BLOWGUNS WERE PASSED DOWN TO ME FROM MY GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER LOTHAR VON SCHRUTE. HE USED THEM TO CONTROL THE HERERO OUTBREAKS IN NAMIBIA IN 1904. SO BE ***VERY CAREFUL*** WITH THEM!

SURE THING!

STAY ALERT! CATS ARE HIGHLY PERCEPTIVE AND AGILE! SHAOLIN MONKS MUST FIRST CAPTURE EVADING CATS BEFORE THEY CAN PROPERLY TRAIN IN THE MARTIAL ARTS!
MM HMMMM.

THOOP!

!!!


FLOP!

OOPS.

WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
PAM MADE ME TUNA SANDWICHES FOR LUNCH AND THEY'RE TRYING TO LICK MY TONGUE!
PURR
PURR
PURR
PURR

BAD KITTIES! YOU KNOW MOMMY DOESN'T APPROVE WHEN YOU ACT LIKE WHORES! WE'RE LEAVING!

WHAT'S HER PROBLEM?
SLAM!
WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S NO LONGER OUR PROBLEM.

YOU'RE A GENIUS.
YOU KNOW I RUN THIS COMPANY AND YOU'RE ALL MAH BITCHES!

DUNDER MIFFLIN, ANDY BERNARD SPEAKING!
YO, PLAYAH! I FOUND YO BUSINESS CARD IN DAT FISHBOWL AT BENIHANA'S! YOU SELL LASER PRINTERS?
OH, UH, FO SHIZZLE, HOMIE! THEY CALL ME ***THAH NARD DAWG!***
YO, THAT'S WHACK! YOU SOUND LIKE YOU FROM DA ***HOOD***, DAWG!
STRAIGHT OUTTA DA STREETS OF SIMSBURY, YO!
I FEEL YA! LISTEN, I NEED YO TOP OF DA LINE PRINTER, ASAP!
???
OH, UH, THAT WOULD BE THE SABRE IPALLETE! IT, UH, HAS MANY FEATURES, SUCH AS ...
IT'S GOTTA BE ABLE TO RUN A HUNNUT THOUSAND COPIES, DOUBLE SIDED! YA FEEL ME? EACH PAGE HAS GOT TEN PITCHAHS OF OLD DUDES, AN' A WHOLE BUNCHA NUMBERS AND SCHIZNIT!
OH, YES, THE IPALLETTE CAN CERTAINLY PRINT OLD DUDES AND NUMBERS, HEH!
THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT! THERE'S ALSO A LOT O' GREEN COLORS, LIKE IN THOSE PMS STRIPS, YA FEEL ME?
PMS STRIPS? YOUR HO BE FLOWIN'?
YO MAN, THAT'S DISRESPECTFUL! DON'T BE DISSIN' MAH BABY MAMA LIKE THAT!
HE MEANS THIS, IDIOT!
oh...

AW, IT'S COOL, DAWG! LISSEN, I GOT A RUSH JOB, YA FEEL ME? CAN YOU BRING THIS PRINTER TO ME LIKE RIGHT NOW? I'LL SLIP YOU A LITTLE COMPENSATION, RIGHT AFTER THE INK DRIES!

MAH MAN! LISSEN, THERE'S GONNA BE ABOUT 15 DOORMEN AT MAH CRIB. JUST TELL THEM YOU LOOKIN' FOR ***D. POKKETZ*** AND THEY'LL TAKE YOU RIGHT TO ME, UNNERSTAND?