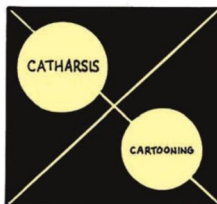
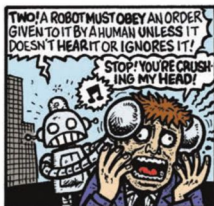
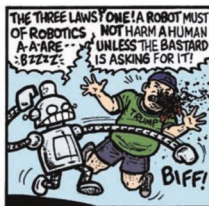
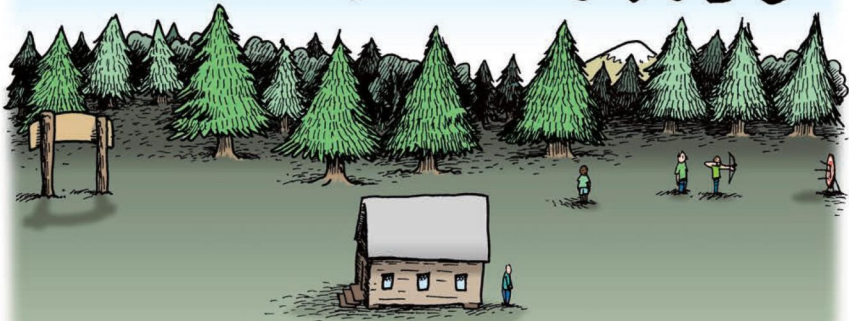


EVAN DORKIN'S FUN STRIPS



CAMP MICRO-PENIS



BY SHANNON WHEELER



I LOVED CAMP. IT WAS TWO WEEKS OF TAKING CARE OF ANIMALS, HORSEBACK RIDING, MAKING ART, DOING SKITS, AND SWIMMING.



ONE YEAR, THERE WAS A KID WHO HAD A SUPER TINY PENIS. WE ALL KNEW ABOUT IT BUT WE DIDN'T TALK ABOUT IT.



IT WAS SMALLER THAN A VIENNA SAUSAGE.

BLUE HAIKU

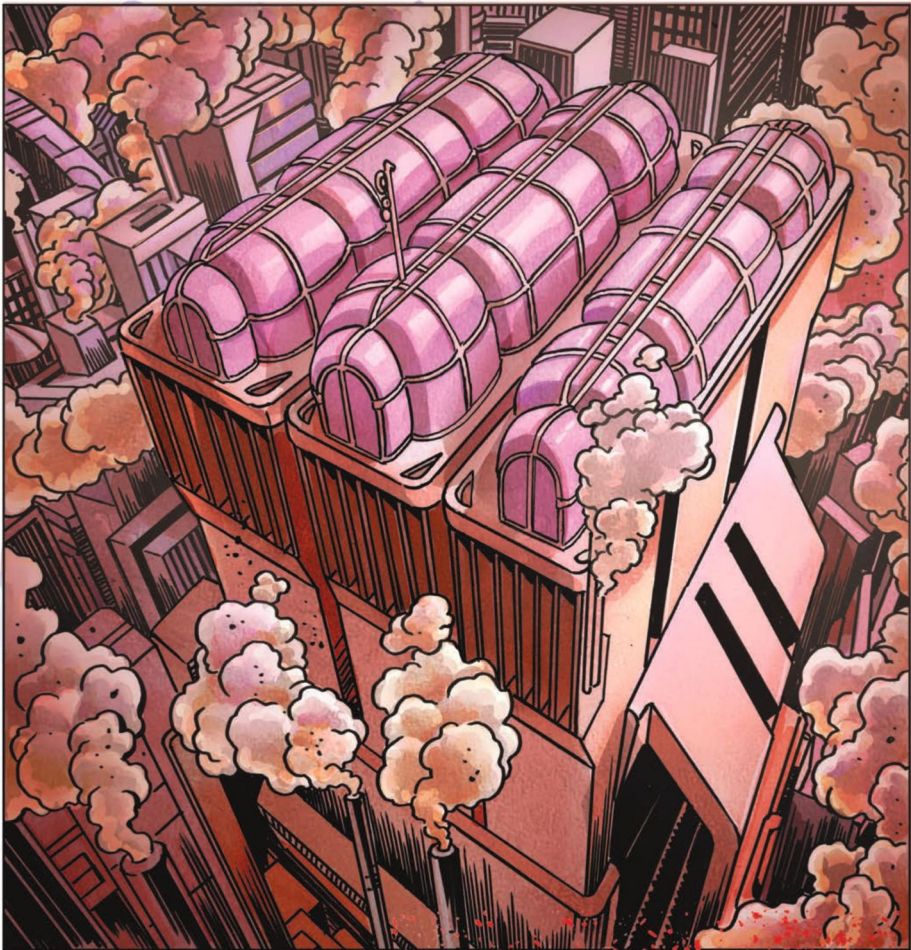


VERSE BY MARC KOPRINAROV

*My fingers moonwalk
The contours of your cervix
Lunar surface*



ARTWORK BY SCOTT B. MILLER



SUICIDE CITY

STORY: OSMARCO VALLADAO

ART: MANOEL M

COLOR: CARLOS CABRERA

LOOK AT 'EM,
FELLAS!
SCURRYING
WITH TAILS
BETWEEN THEIR
LEGS!

GO,
CHAMP--
GO!

He wasn't the only earthman to
sally forth to worlds beyond.

If not for fate, twist through
a galactic vortex, Jethro
Allen Rockland Jr. may have only
been renowned...

JET! BE
CAREFUL...!

...in Arizona, as a
two-time N.C.A.A.
wrestling champion.

THE JET ROCKLAND I SAID
GOOD-BYE TO WASN'T THE
CHAMP I ADMIRER SO MUCH,
I STOWED AWAY IN HIS
STARSHIP'S SEPTIC TANK
JUST TO MEET HIM.

BUT I...
DON'T
REGRET
BEING HIS
PAL.

**WALLY GILLIKER --
JET'S SIDEKICK**

MORE ANNOYANCE THAN
TRUE ADVERSARY-- LIKE
A PUSTULE ON ONE'S
BACKSIDE.

HE'D EARNED
MY RESPECT,
THOUGH, FOR
NAVIGATING HIS
NEED TO RELY
ON WITS OVER
BRAUN. AT
LEAST, UNTIL...
WELL...

**ORA SELENIUM --
IMPERIAL VIZIER**

Years can last longer
on other planets, but
time catches up to
all eventually.

What shortcomings he already
felt in his prime grew steeper
as Jet entered middle-age.

LIFE'S
A BITCH, I
SUPPOSE.
AND...AND...

SKAFF
KAFF?

Though remarkable among mortal
men, Jet's star never shined
brightly in the constellation
of adventuring legends.

Not until, like some solar
flare, he flashed past
those peers--suddenly and
unforgettably.

Was his a cautionary finale?
Or a punchline? We may find
an answer tonight.

STAR CYCLES

REPORTING: TOM PINCHUK
CAMERA: DENIS MEDRI
CLOSED CAPTIONS: TROY PETERI

JAKE LIKES ONIONS

by JAKE THOMPSON

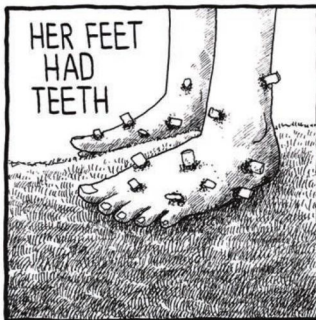
SHE WAS MY DREAM GIRL



SHE COULD FLY



HER FEET
HAD
TEETH

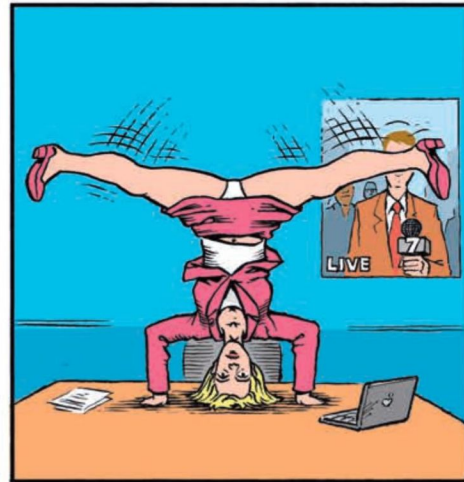
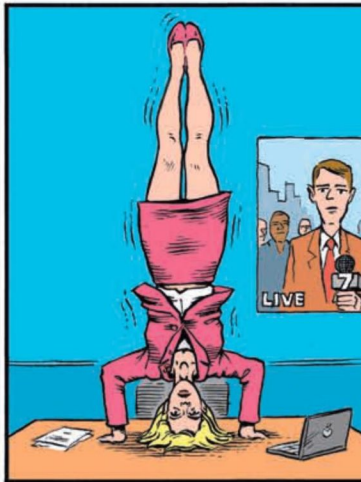


OKAY I'D LIKE
TO WAKE UP NOW

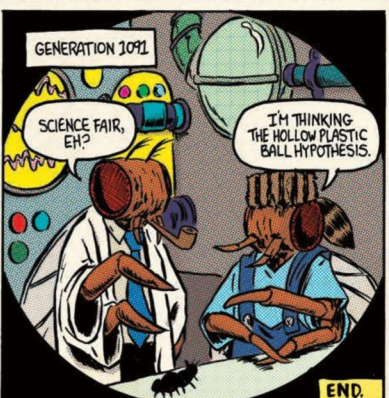
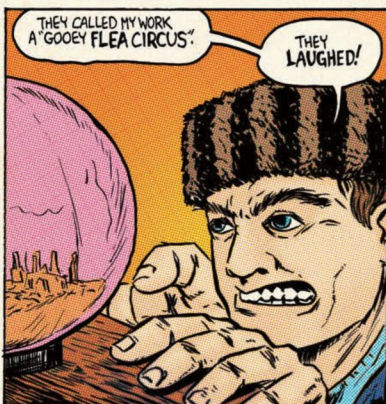


NEWSFLASH

BY KRENT ABLE







DEMONOTOPOLIS

HELL, FRESH SEWAGE FABRICATION
UNIT, CONDUIT 7.

C'MON, OUR
SHIFT'S OVER BUT
WE CAN'T GO UNTIL
THAT PIPE'S UN-
CLOGGED.

SOMETHING'S
REALLY STUCK.
HELP ME!

OH GOD, IT'S
REALLY WEDGED
IN THERE. THICK,
LONG, STIFF,
UNYIELDING...

SOUNDS **MARVELOUS!**
CAN I LEND YOU BOYS
A HAND?

(I HATE WHEN
THE BOSS OFFERS
TO HELP.)

(YEAH. HE JUST
"ENCOURAGES" US FROM
THE SIDELINES.)

IT'S LIKE
GIVING BIRTH, BOYS:
PULL! PULL!

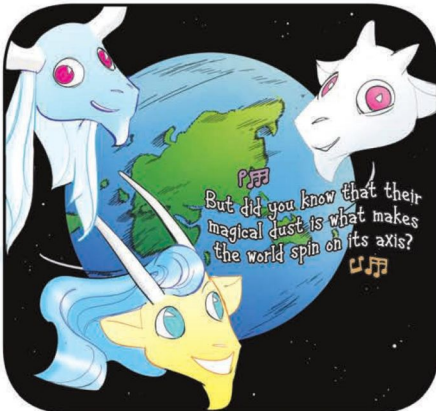
ISN'T GIVING
BIRTH, "**PUSH,**
PUSH?"

TOE-MATO,
TOE-MAHTO.

AN **ARM!** DISGUSTING.
HOW DO THESE THINGS END
UP IN THE PIPES?

WORKPLACE ACCIDENT?
MOB JUSTICE? SPONTANEOUS
LIMB-REJECTION? EH,
WHO CARES?

ANCHOR. MERMAID.
MOM HEART. A SEAMAN,
I'D WAGER.



THE SECOND TO LAST SEAL

