

SCHMUCK

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By Seth Kushner
and Gregory Benton

"I, SCHMUCK... I, SCHMECKLE"

MOST PEOPLE REFER TO WEDNESDAY AS "HUMP DAY," BUT I CALL IT "NEW COMICS DAY."

PLUS, I WASN'T DOING MUCH HUMPING IN MY PRESENT STATE.



I WAS REALLY BORED
IN HEBREW SCHOOL.

REALLY
BORED.



BEING FORCED TO STUDY HEBREW
LEFT A BAD TASTE IN MY MOUTH,
LIKE ROTTEN GEFILTE FISH.



MISTER KESSLER, WE ARE LEARNING
ABOUT WHAT IT MEANS TO BE
A JEW.



TELL ME, ARE
THESE ... X-MEN
JEWISH?



NO...

WELL,
ONE OF
THEM IS.

EXCUSE
ME?



YEAH, KITTY PRIDE IS
JEWISH, SHE EVEN WEARS
A JEWISH STAR...

SHE CAN
PHASE THROUGH
WALLS!

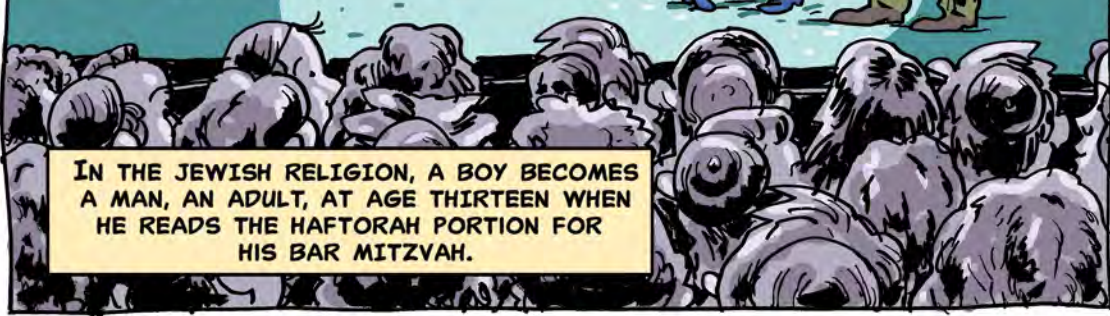
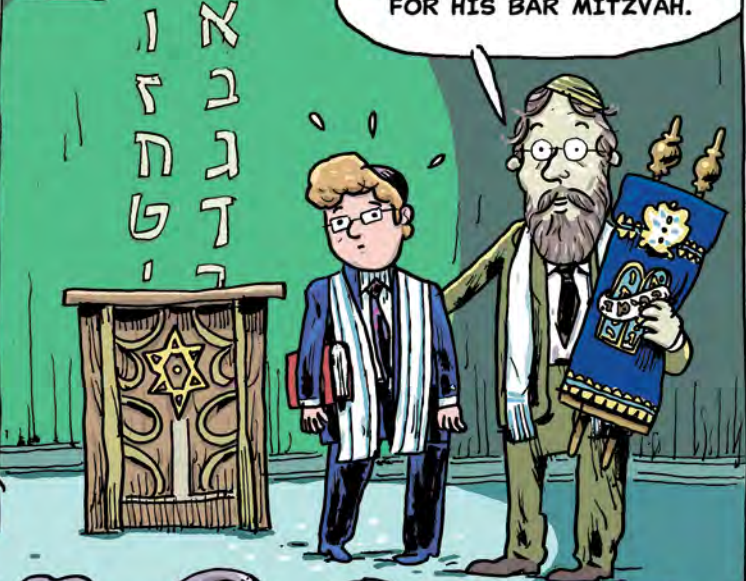


THAT IS VERY INTERESTING MISTER KESSLER. WHEN YOU GO UP TO THE ALTAR FOR YOUR BAR MITZVAH, INSTEAD OF READING FROM THE HAFTORAH, BE SURE TO TELL YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS AND THE WHOLE CONGREGATION ALL ABOUT THE 'X-MEN.'

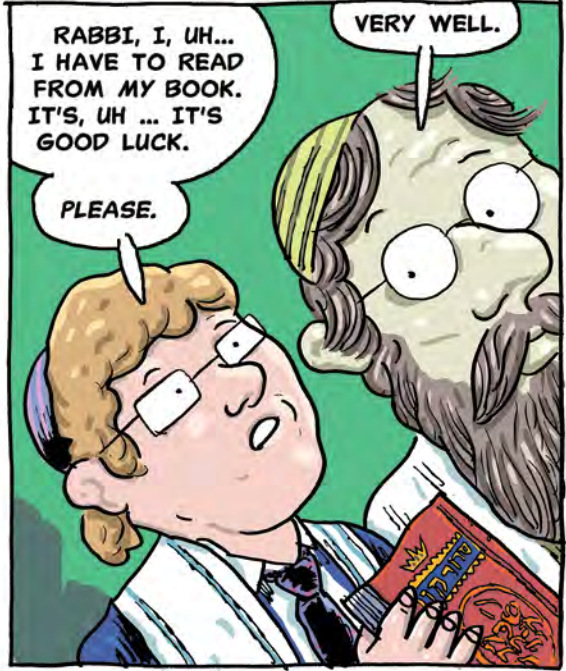


AND THEN, THE FATEFUL DAY ARRIVED...

I NOW PRESENT ADAM KESSLER, WHO WILL READ FROM THE TORAH FOR HIS BAR MITZVAH.



IN THE JEWISH RELIGION, A BOY BECOMES A MAN, AN ADULT, AT AGE THIRTEEN WHEN HE READS THE HAFTORAH PORTION FOR HIS BAR MITZVAH.



RABBI, I, UH... I HAVE TO READ FROM MY BOOK. IT'S, UH ... IT'S GOOD LUCK.

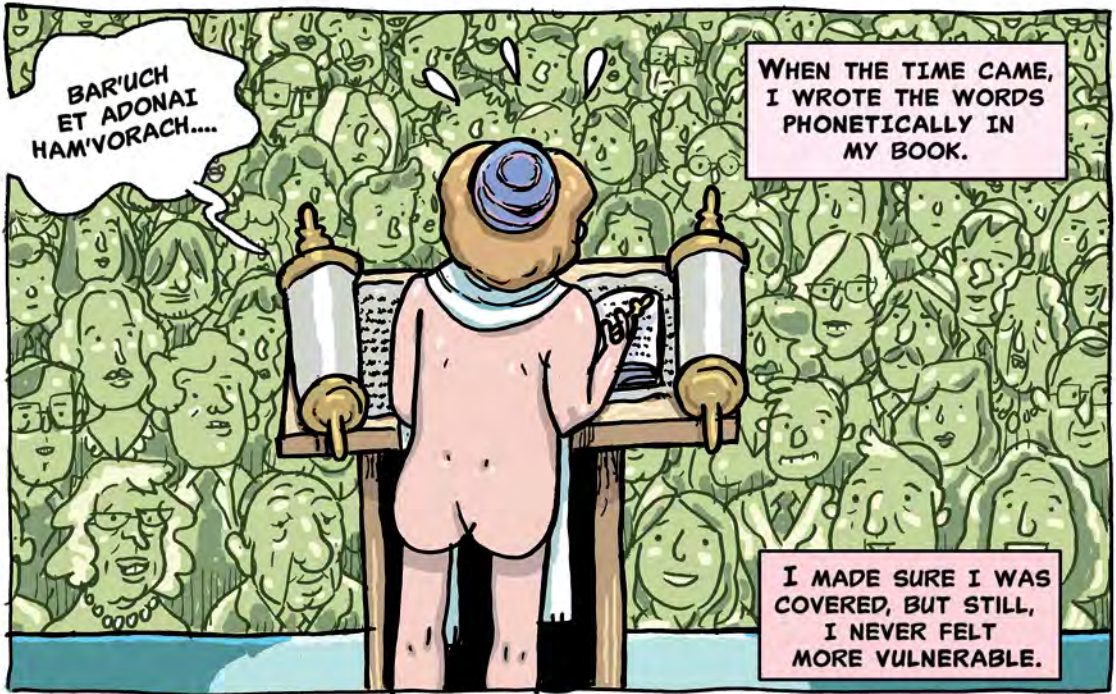
VERY WELL.

PLEASE.



GULP!

I NEVER ACTUALLY LEARNED TO READ HEBREW.



BAR'UCH ET ADONAI HAM'VORACH....

WHEN THE TIME CAME, I WROTE THE WORDS PHONETICALLY IN MY BOOK.

I MADE SURE I WAS COVERED, BUT STILL, I NEVER FELT MORE VULNERABLE.



I CHEATED ON MY BAR MITZVAH.



WE ARE SO PROUD OF ADAM FOR DOING SO GREAT READING HIS HAFTARAH AND BECOMING A MAN!

WE ARE POSITIVELY KVELLING!

WHAT WAS I GOING TO DO, TELL THEM? THERE WERE GIFTS AT STAKE. CASH MONEY! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THAT MONEY?



THERE WERE OTHER PERKS, AS WELL...



SCHMUCK!

I WONDER WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WENDY WEINBERGER?

YEAH, MY BAR MITZVAH DIDN'T TAKE!

END



SUBWAY TOOK FOREVER.
MAYBE I SHOULD'VE JUST
STAYED HOME TONIGHT.



NAH, HOW MANY NIGHTS IN A ROW
CAN ONE STAY HOME ANYWAY?



THIS IS GOOD FOR ME.

SCHMUCK

BEER, BOOBS & BOWEL MOVEMENTS
WRITTEN BY SETH KUSHNER ART BY KEVIN COLDEN

THE CITY ALWAYS SEEMS SO QUIET IN THE SNOW.



THE COLD, WET FLAKES FELT
GOOD AGAINST MY FACE.

IT FELT GOOD TO FEEL.

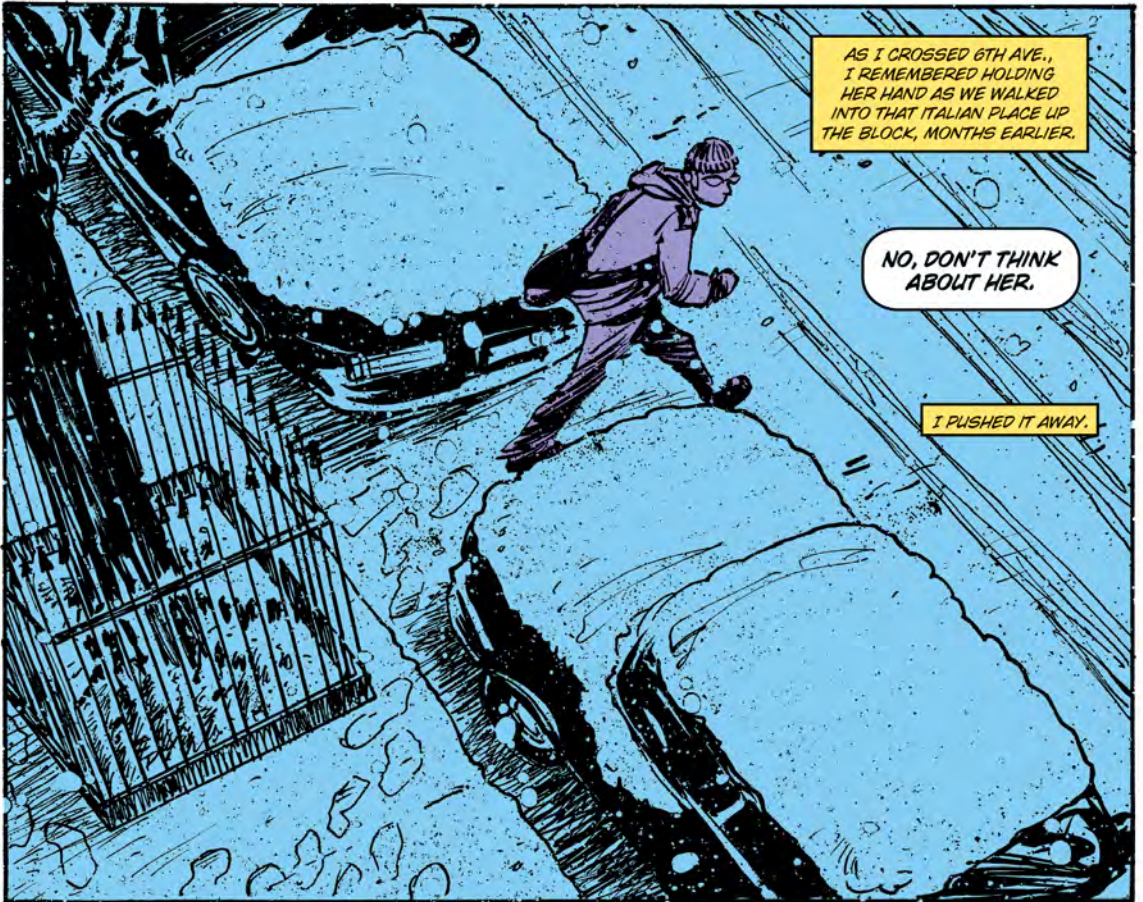


I THOUGHT OF HER.



I PICKED UP MY PACE, THINKING IT HAD BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I'VE SEEN MY FRIENDS. IT WOULD BE THE FIRST TIME SINCE SHE LEFT.

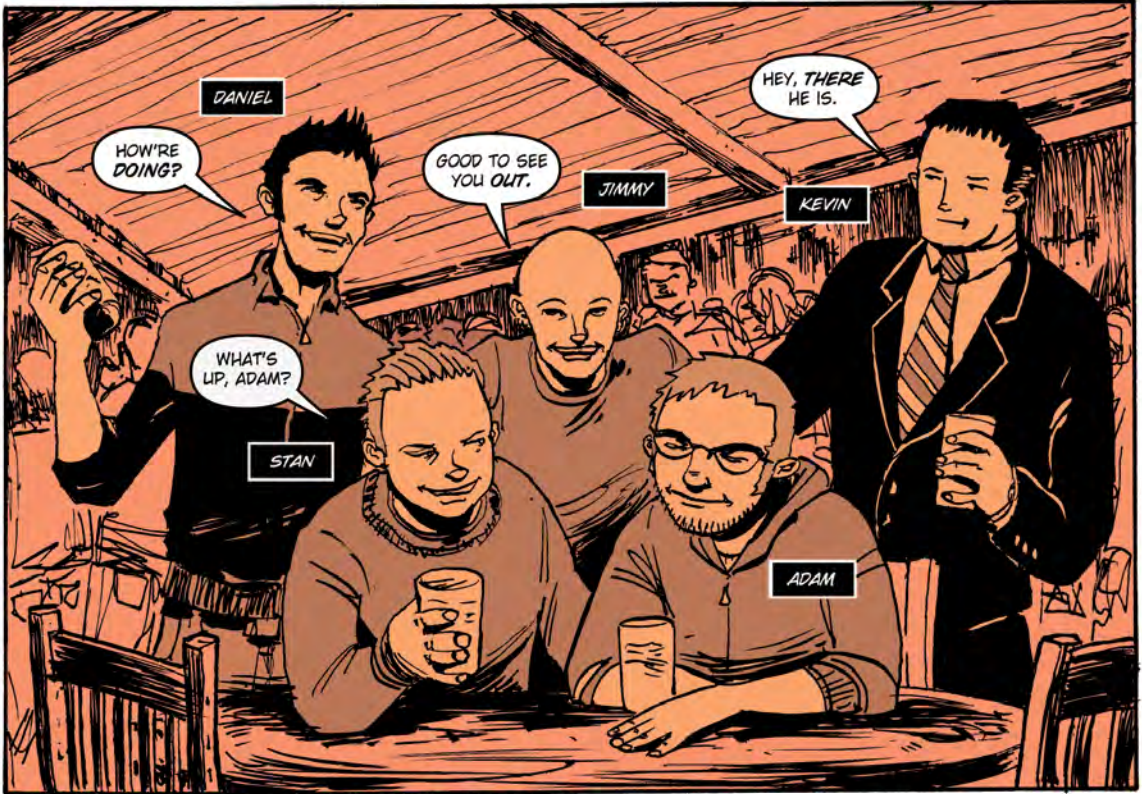
STOP IT - PUSH IT AWAY.



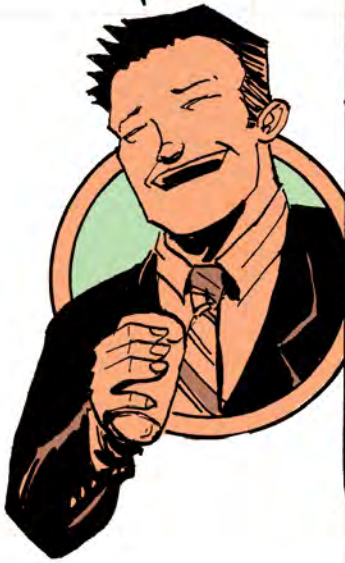
AS I CROSSED 6TH AVE., I REMEMBERED HOLDING HER HAND AS WE WALKED INTO THAT ITALIAN PLACE UP THE BLOCK, MONTHS EARLIER.

NO, DON'T THINK ABOUT HER.

I PUSHED IT AWAY.



I WAS JUST TALKING ABOUT THE TIME I HAD TO TAKE A DUMP REALLY BADLY AT THAT CLUB JIMMY'S BAND WAS PLAYING AT.



"THERE WAS NO WAY I WAS GONNA DO MY BUSINESS IN THERE..."

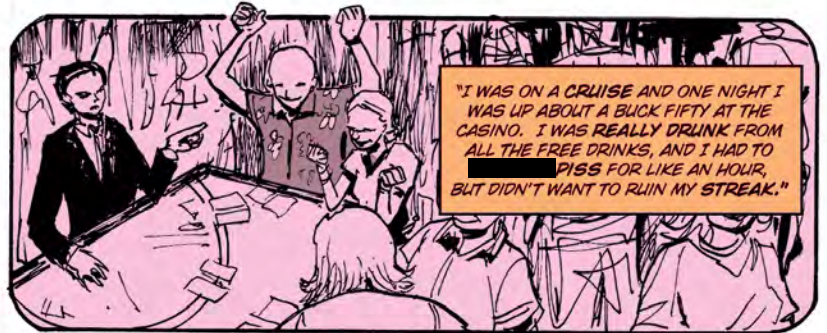


"...SO I DUCKED INTO THE LADIES ROOM."



I TOOK SUCH A MASSIVE DUMP.

I DON'T HAVE [REDACTED] ISSUES, BUT...



"I WAS ON A CRUISE AND ONE NIGHT I WAS UP ABOUT A BUCK FIFTY AT THE CASINO. I WAS REALLY DRUNK FROM ALL THE FREE DRINKS, AND I HAD TO [REDACTED] PISS FOR LIKE AN HOUR, BUT DIDN'T WANT TO RUIN MY STREAK."

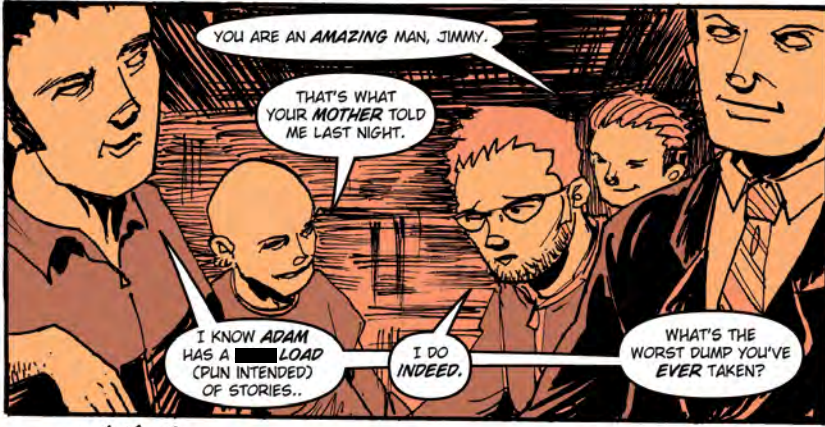
"FINALLY, I COULDN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER; MY BLADDER WAS GOING TO BURST. BUT, I WAS SO [REDACTED] DRUNK THAT FOR THE LIFE OF ME I COULDN'T FIND A BATHROOM."



JIMMY, THERE YOU ARE... WHAT HAPPENED?

I PISSED MYSELF.





YOU ARE AN AMAZING MAN, JIMMY.

THAT'S WHAT YOUR MOTHER TOLD ME LAST NIGHT.

I KNOW ADAM HAS A LOAD (PUN INTENDED) OF STORIES..

I DO INDEED.

WHAT'S THE WORST DUMP YOU'VE EVER TAKEN?

I DO HAVE QUITE A FEW, BUT ONE STANDS OUT IN PARTICULAR.



YOU MEAN THE "NANCY DISASTER?"

BINGO.

WHO'S NANCY?



YOU NEVER HEARD THIS, STAN?

EVEN I KNOW THIS ONE.

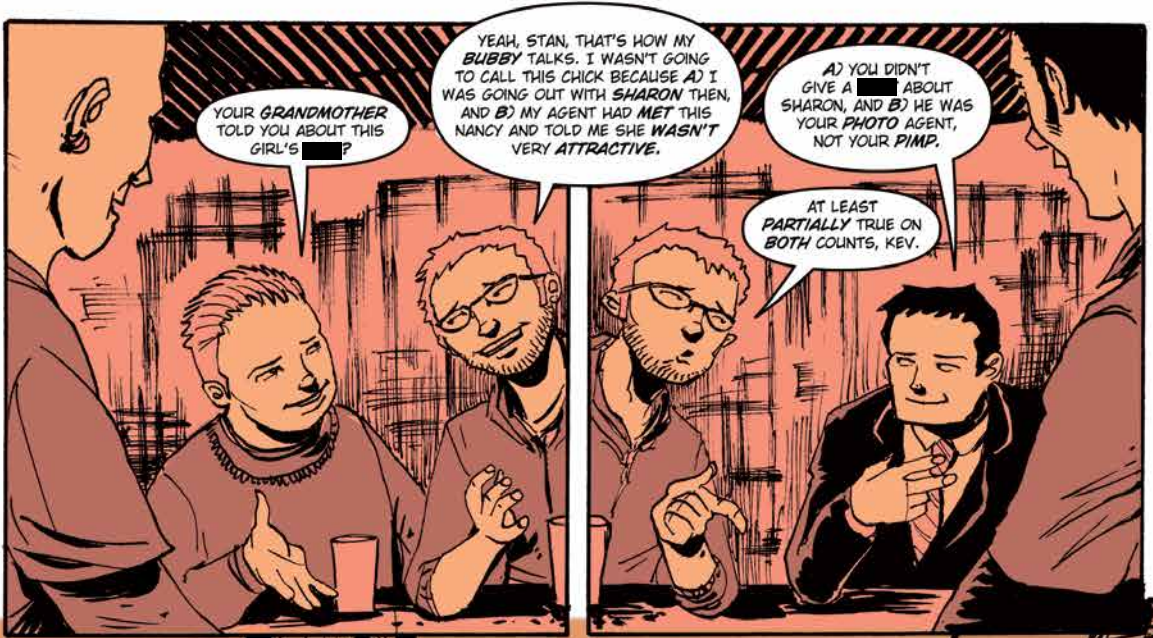


OKAY, THIS WAS A COUPLE YEARS AGO...



"I WAS IN MIAMI TO VISIT MY GRANDMOTHER, BUT I ALSO HAD PLANS TO MEET A GIRL - NANCY. SHE WAS A PHOTOGRAPHER, LIKE MYSELF AND SHE WAS WORKING ON A PHOTO SERIES ON ELDERLY JEWISH WOMEN, MY BUBBY BEING ONE OF THEM."

"FOR MONTHS, I WOULD SPEAK TO MY BUBBY ON THE PHONE AND HEAR HER SING NANCY'S PRAISES - 'NANCY CAME OVER AND DROVE US TO THE HOSPITAL TO VISIT IDA.' 'NANCY TOOK US TO ROSE'S FUNERAL.' 'NANCY'S SO PRETTY.' 'NANCY'S SO SWEET.' YOU SHOULD CALL NANCY AND TALK TO HER.' 'NANCY HAS A GREAT [REDACTED]'



YOUR GRANDMOTHER TOLD YOU ABOUT THIS GIRL'S [REDACTED]?

YEAH, STAN, THAT'S HOW MY **BUBBY** TALKS. I WASN'T GOING TO CALL THIS CHICK BECAUSE A) I WAS GOING OUT WITH SHARON THEN, AND B) MY AGENT HAD MET THIS NANCY AND TOLD ME SHE WASN'T VERY ATTRACTIVE.

A) YOU DIDN'T GIVE A [REDACTED] ABOUT SHARON, AND B) HE WAS YOUR PHOTO AGENT, NOT YOUR PIMP.

AT LEAST PARTIALLY TRUE ON BOTH COUNTS, KEV.

"ANYWAY, RIGHT BEFORE MY TRIP, NANCY ACTUALLY CALLED ME. WE HAD A NICE CHAT, AND SHE SEEMED COOL, AT LEAST AS FAR AS I COULD TELL FROM A 15-MINUTE PHONE CALL. SO, WE MADE PLANS TO MEET."



I'VE NEVER BEEN ON TOO MANY OFFICIAL DATES. I'VE ALWAYS JUST HAD GIRLFRIENDS. I ONCE HEARD OPRAH REFER TO THAT AS "SERIAL MONOGAMY."

HA-HA - YOU WATCH OPRAH!



I WAS CHANNEL SURFING! ANYWAY, I DID HAVE A GIRL-FRIEND, BUT I WASN'T EXACTLY THRILLED WITH HER.

I WAS MORE THAN THRILLED WITH HER FOR THE BOTH OF US.

YEAH, I'VE HEARD.

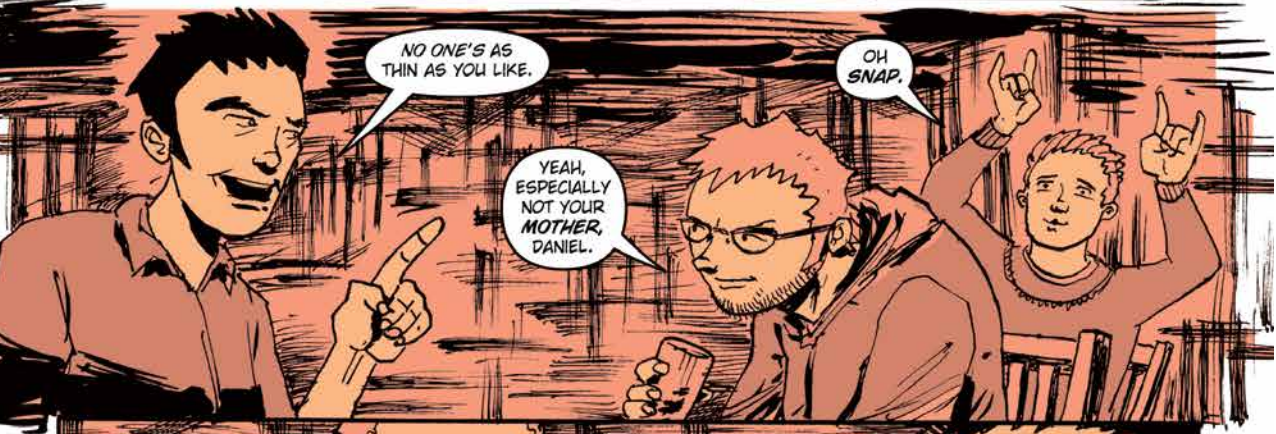


"I DECIDED I OWED IT TO MYSELF TO SEE WHAT THIS GIRL WAS ALL ABOUT."



HI, IT'S VERY NICE TO MEET YOU.

"NANCY WAS AN ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE, NOT PARTICULARLY AS THIN AS I WOULD HAVE LIKED, BUT CUTE ANYWAY."



NO ONE'S AS THIN AS YOU LIKE.

OH SNAP.

YEAH, ESPECIALLY NOT YOUR MOTHER, DANIEL.



ANYWAY, MY AGENT WHO SAID SHE WASN'T ATTRACTIVE MUST HAVE BEEN ON CRACK WHEN HE FIRST SAW HER.

SHE WAS HOT?



WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT 'HOT,' BUT SHE WAS A YOUNG CARRIE FISHER TYPE, AND SLAVE-GIRL LEIA DID GIVE ME MY FIRST REAL HARD-ON.



DORK.

WHATEVER.

"WE HAD A BIG MEAL AT A HAITIAN PLACE AND WASHED IT DOWN WITH MOJITOS."

OH MY GOD, YOU HAVE TO TRY THESE PLANTAINS!



"AFTER DINNER, WE TOOK A MOONLIT STROLL ON SOUTH BEACH. IT WAS A WARM NIGHT AND THE PALM TREES WERE BLOWING GENTLY IN THE BREEZE..."

I LOVE THE BEACH. DON'T YOU JUST LOVE THE BEACH?

UH, YEAH I GUESS. I DON'T KNOW, I'M ALWAYS AFRAID OF GETTING SKIN CANCER, SO...



THAT'S ALL NICE AND ROMANTIC, BUT DID YOU TAKE OUT YOUR PENIS?

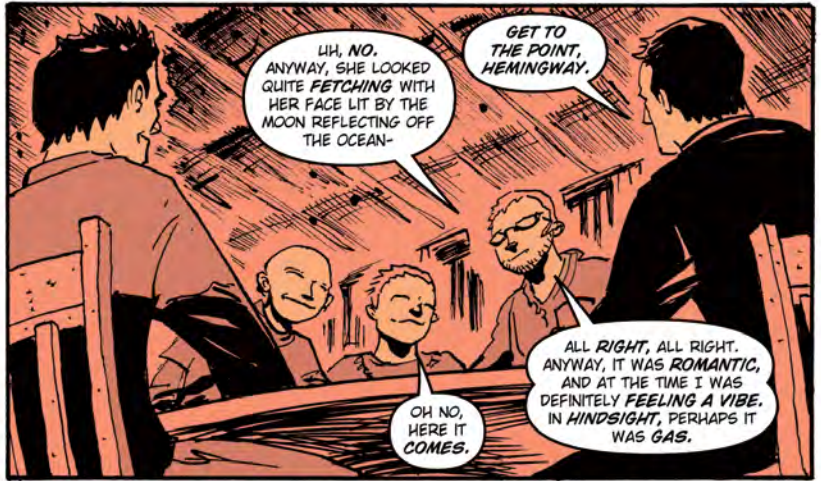


UH, NO. ANYWAY, SHE LOOKED QUITE FETCHING WITH HER FACE LIT BY THE MOON REFLECTING OFF THE OCEAN-

GET TO THE POINT, HEMINGWAY.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. ANYWAY, IT WAS ROMANTIC, AND AT THE TIME I WAS DEFINITELY FEELING A VIBE. IN HINDSIGHT, PERHAPS IT WAS GAS.

OH NO, HERE IT COMES.



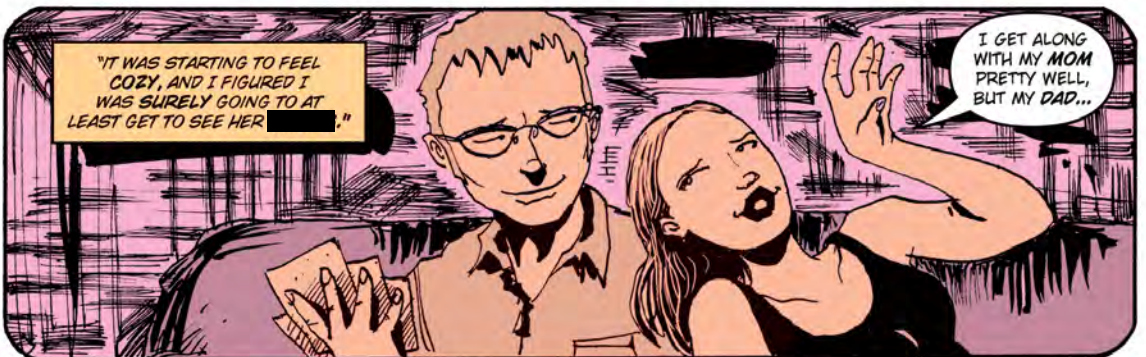
"WE HEADED BACK TO HER PLACE, WHERE SHE PUT ON SOME MUSIC AND SHOWED ME HER PHOTOS."

THESE ARE VERY GOOD.



"IT WAS STARTING TO FEEL COZY, AND I FIGURED I WAS SURELY GOING TO AT LEAST GET TO SEE HER ██████████."

I GET ALONG WITH MY MOM PRETTY WELL, BUT MY DAD...





"THEN SHE PULLED OUT SOME PASTRY SHE BOUGHT EARLIER AT THE FAMOUS MIAMI EATERY, THE RASCAL HOUSE. I WAS VERY FULL FROM DINNER, BUT SHE INSISTED."

YOU HAVE TO EAT ONE OF THESE, THEY'RE THE BEST.

UH....OKAY, JUST ONE THOUGH.

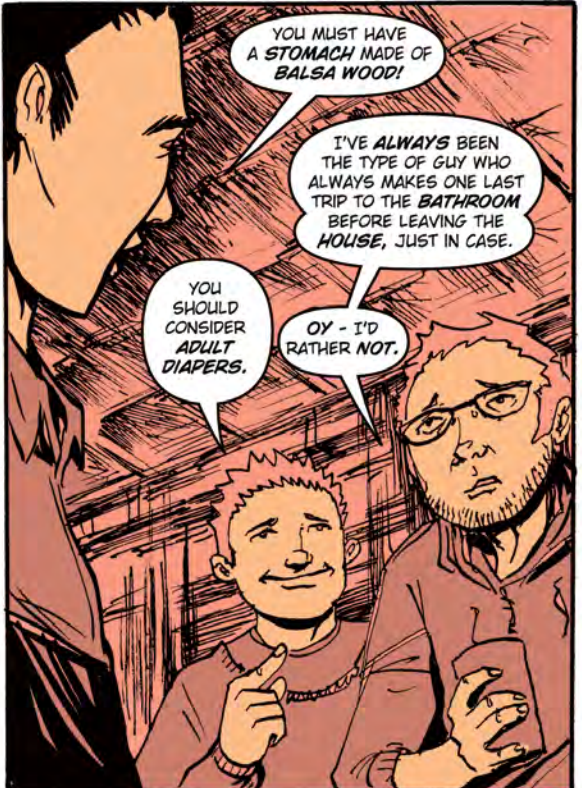


THIS HAS BEEN KNOWN SINCE THEN AS "THE BIG MISTAKE"(TM).

CORRECT. I KNOW MY STOMACH, AND SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT EVEN ONE PASTRY COULD PUSH ME OVER THE EDGE. IT DID.

WHAT'S WITH YOUR STOMACH ANYWAY?

I'VE ALWAYS HAD A TOUCH OF IRRITABLE BOWEL. IT'S MY CURSE. YOU GOY'IM WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. WE JEWS ARE A NERVOUS PEOPLE.

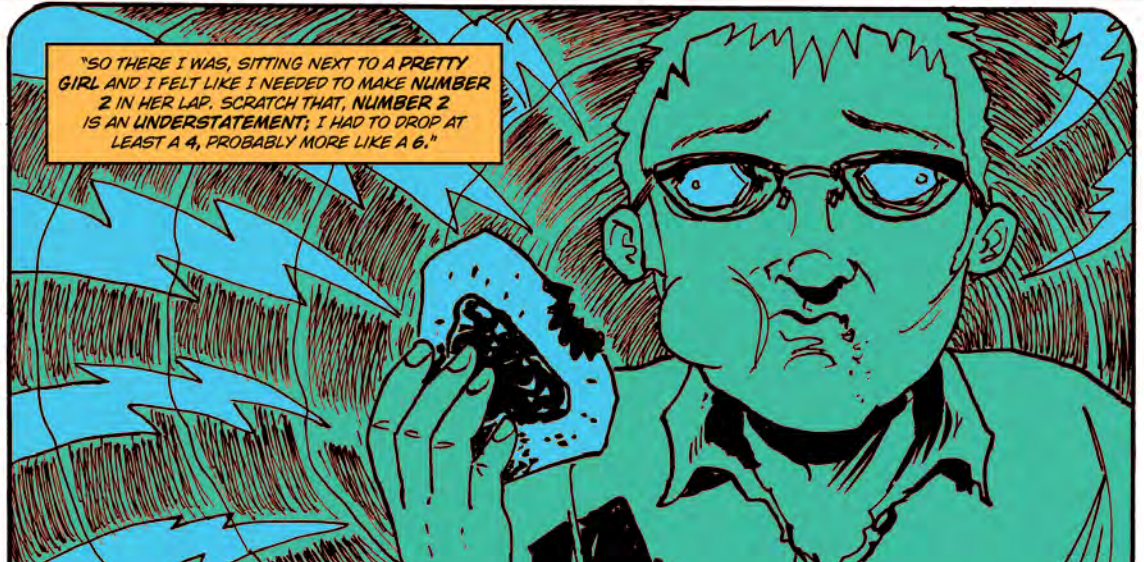


YOU MUST HAVE A STOMACH MADE OF BALSA WOOD!

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE TYPE OF GUY WHO ALWAYS MAKES ONE LAST TRIP TO THE BATHROOM BEFORE LEAVING THE HOUSE, JUST IN CASE.

YOU SHOULD CONSIDER ADULT DIAPERS.

OY - I'D RATHER NOT.



"SO THERE I WAS, SITTING NEXT TO A PRETTY GIRL AND I FELT LIKE I NEEDED TO MAKE NUMBER 2 IN HER LAP. SCRATCH THAT, NUMBER 2 IS AN UNDERSTATEMENT; I HAD TO DROP AT LEAST A 4, PROBABLY MORE LIKE A 6."

"I HAD NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO EXCUSE MYSELF TO HER BATHROOM, WHICH WAS RIGHT NEXT TO WHERE WE WERE SITTING. IT WAS A CLASSIC RECIPE FOR DISASTER."

LIHHH...
I'LL BE
RIGHT BACK.



"I QUICKLY CLOSED AND LOCKED THE DOOR AND DROPPED TROUGH... WHICH I WAS HOPING TO DO THAT NIGHT, IN A DIFFERENT CONTEXT, AND IN MY HASTE, I MADE AN AMATEUR'S MISTAKE - I NEGLECTED TO TURN ON THE SINK FOR COVER."



"AS SOON AS MY [REDACTED] MADE CONTACT WITH HER TOILET SEAT, MY DINNER CAME VIOLENTLY POURING OUT OF ME. MY BOWELS PLAYED A SYMPHONY - A HAITIAN SYMPHONY OF DEFECCATION AND FLATULENCE."

I PICTURED HER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR CALLING A PLUMBER, BECAUSE THERE WAS NOW WAY ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH THAT SHE COULDN'T HAVE HEARD THE SOUNDS OF NOXIOUS METHANE EMANATING FROM ME. NOT TO MENTION THE 'PLOPPING' SOUNDS OF MY TURDS HITTING THE WATER.





TORPEDOS AWAY!



YOU'VE SANK MY BATTLESHIP!



TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, I WAS IN THERE FOR A SOLID TEN MINUTES.

TEN MINUTES?? WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU DOING IN THERE FOR SO LONG?

BEING VERY THOROUGH, I ALWAYS REFUSE TO FLY AWAY UNTIL ALL MY PARATROOPERS ARE DISENGAGED FROM THE PLANE.

FAIRY.



"PLUS, SHE HAD NO AIR FRESHENER OR MATCHES. IT WAS A FIRST DATE NIGHTMARE. WHEN I WAS DONE AND THOROUGHLY EXHAUSTED, I WENT BACK OUT."



THE VIBE WAS DEFINITELY DOWN THE TOILET, LIKE MY DINNER. THE NIGHT WAS OVER.

BOY, WILL YOU LOOK AT THE TIME.

SO, WHERE WERE WE?



"TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THE NEXT MORNING, MY BUBBY'S OLD YENTA BRIGADE WANTED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT MY DATE.

WAS IT A SHIDDUCT?

SO HOW DID IT GO, BLUBLUP?

TELL US ALL ABOUT IT!

"IT WENT FINE," I SAID. I WANTED TO SAY - "IT WAS GOING GREAT UNTIL I HAD A BOLT OF MASSIVE, NOISY, STINKY DIARRHEA AT HER PLACE. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, LADIES?"



DID YOU EVER HEAR FROM THIS GIRL AGAIN?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I BET HER BATHROOM STILL STINKS.

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT.



TO MASSIVE DIARRHEA!

TO MASSIVE DIARRHEA!

SEVERAL BEERS AND EVEN MORE DISGUSTING STORIES
LATER, I SAT ON THE R TRAIN, HEADING HOME.

AS IT RATTLED OVER THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE,
I LOOKED OUT AT THE DARK NEW YORK CITY
SKYLINE AND DECIDED A NIGHT OUT WITH THE
GUYS WAS JUST WHAT I NEEDED.

I FELT LIKE ME AGAIN.

AS THE TRAIN ENTERED THE LONG,
DARK TUNNEL, I REALIZED THAT FEELING
WOULD ONLY LAST UNTIL I RETURNED TO
MY LONELY APARTMENT, WHERE I WOULD
HAVE NOTHING TO KEEP ME COMPANY
BUT MY MEMORIES OF HER.

Graphic novel/memoir
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