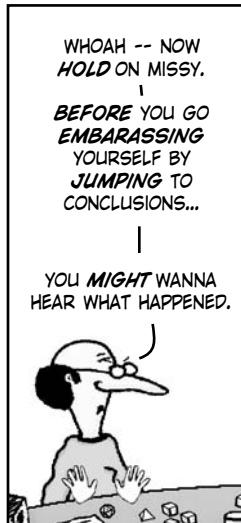
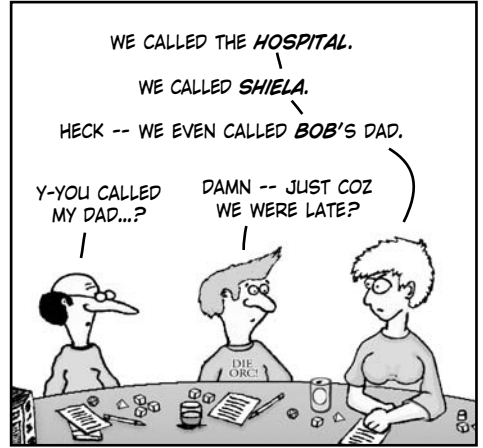
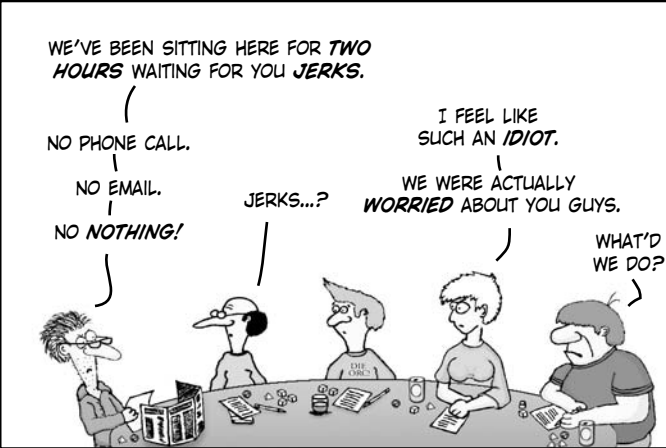
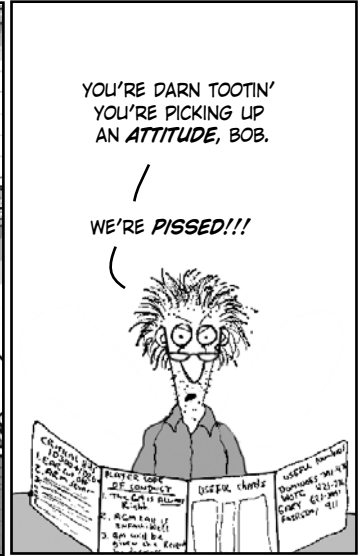
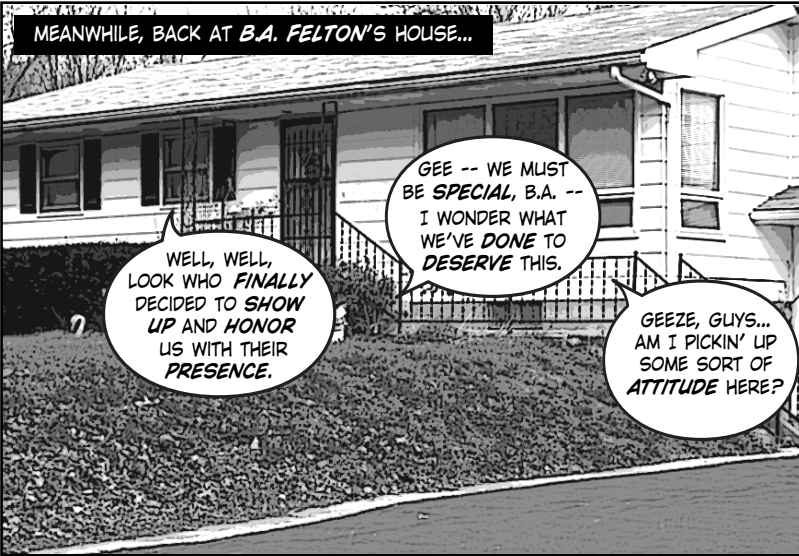
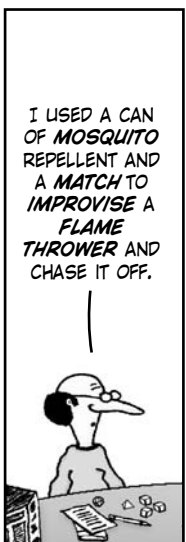
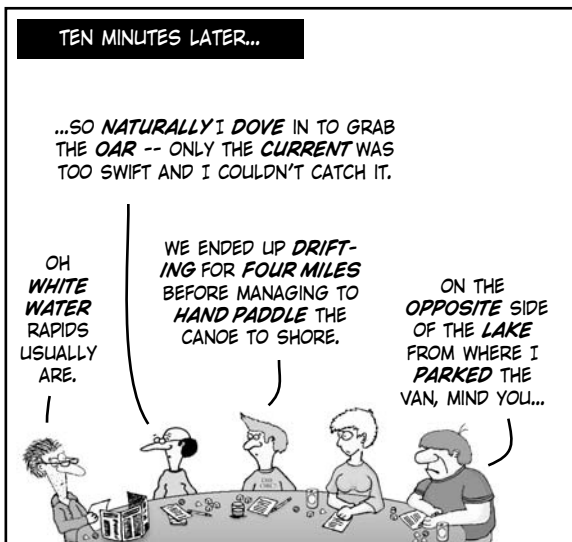
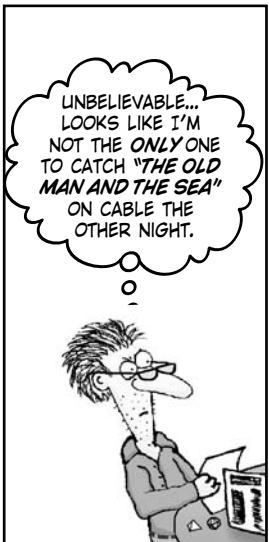
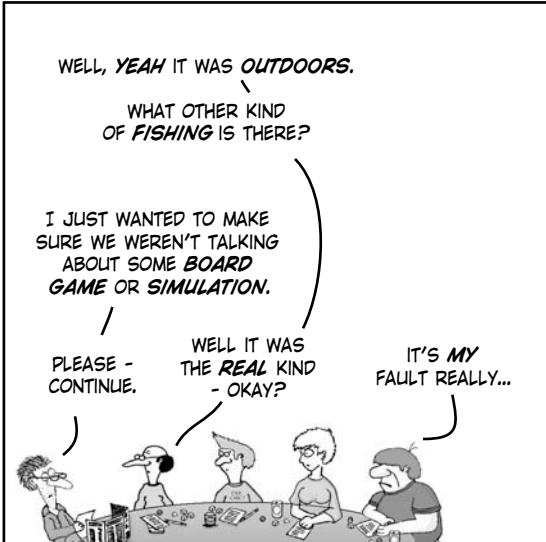
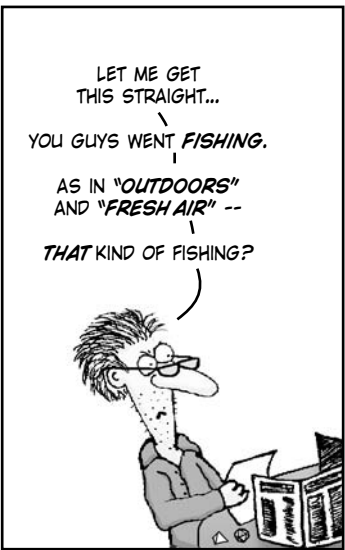


A Fish Story

BY JOLLY R. BLACKBURN



"HEY ARTICULLUS! NICE SWING! DOES YOUR HUSBAND FIGHT TOO? 'HEY! I CAME TO SEE GLADIATORS, NOT FATTY-ATORS. HEY B.A. AM I GETTING ANY REACTION?'" —Dave Bozwell, *Bundles of Trouble* #21, *Requiem for a Gladiator*



☹ "WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK THOSE *DISGRUNTLED HIRELING TABLES* ARE FOR? HUM? EVERY TIME YOU'RE *TOO HARD* ON ONE OF THE *HIRELINGS*, B.A. IS OVER THERE *ROLLING DICE* TO *BEAT THE BAND*. IT'S LIKE *FEEDING* A BELT OF *AMMO* TO A *MONKEY* ARMED WITH A *FIFTY CALIBER MACHINE GUN*."

—Brian Van Hoose, **KODT Issue #82, The Dad Factor...**

...SO WE *FINALLY* MAKE OUR WAY BACK TO THE VAN -- *PORTAGING* THE CANOE THE *ENTIRE* WAY, DON'T FORGET.

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT?
THE *BATTERY'S* DEAD -- WE'RE *STRANDED!*

AND WE'RE *STILL* IN A *DEAD ZONE* -- THE CELL PHONES ARE *USELESS...*

SO I *VOLUNTEERED* TO *HOOF IT* UP TO THE *MAIN ROAD* AND FLAG DOWN A CAR TO TAKE ME TO FETCH A *TOW TRUCK*.

BY THE TIME WE GOT HOME AND *CLEANED UP* IT WAS LATE BUT WE DECIDED TO JUST *SHOW UP* FOR THE GAME ANYWAY.

WE DIDN'T WANT TO LET YOU DOWN.

COURSE WE DIDN'T *KNOW* YOU WERE GONNA *JUMP DOWN* OUR THROATS.

I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY..

IT'S OKAY, SARA... YOU DON'T HAVE TO *APOLOGIZE*.

YOU DIDN'T KNOW.

NO, YOU *IDIOT* -- I MEAN I *REALLY* DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

HOW CAN YOU SIT THERE AND *LOOK US* IN THE EYE KNOWING YOU'RE SPINNING A *BIG LIE*?

A *BIG LIE*...?
HEY -- I'M *OFFENDED* BY THAT REMARK.

I AM *SO DISAPPOINTED* IN YOU GUYS.

HRMMPH -- WELL IF *THIS* ISN'T THE PERFECT ENDING TO A *HORRIFIC DAY!*

DAMN -- TOLD YA THEY WOLDN'T BUY THAT PART ABOUT THE *BIG GUY* VOLUNTEERING TO "*HOOF IT.*"

HUSH - DUDE. YER *BLOWIN'* IT.

NICE TRY, GUYS...

DID YOU GO OVER THAT STORY *BEFORE* YOU DECIDED TO *BAIL* ON YOUR FRIENDS OR ON YOUR WAY OVER?

I PARTICULARLY LIKE THE PART WHERE *BOB* WENT INTO *HYPOTHERMIA* AND SOME *PASSIN' BIKER CHICK* WARMED HIM WITH HER *BODY*.

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT...?

THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT HAPPENED.

WE STAND BEHIND *EVERY* WOR...

GUYS -- WE ALSO CALLED *WEIRD PETE*. HE TOLD US YOU WERE PLAYING *W.O.H.*

LIM -- LIKE I SAID - IT WAS *BRIAN'S* IDEA TO COME UP WITH A *COVER STORY*.

HEY!!

FOR *CRYIN'* OUT *LOUD*, GUYS -- IT WAS *BAD ENOUGH* WHEN WE LEARNED YOU *BAILED* ON YOUR *FRIENDS* SO YOU COULD *PLAY* WITH SOMEONE ELSE...

THEN YOU ADD *INSULT TO INJURY* BY TELLING A *BIG LIE*...?

"BOY, AM I STEAMED! BOB COULD HAVE *PUT MY EYE OUT* WHEN HE HURLED THAT TWENTY-SIDER AT ME. DID YOU SEE THE *DENT* IT PUT IN THE WALL?? AND *SARA*... MY *OWN COUSIN*. SHE ACTUALLY HELD ME DOWN WHILE DAVE GAVE ME AN *ATOMIC WEDGIE*." —B.A. Felton, *Bundles of Trouble #19, The Sympathy Ploy*