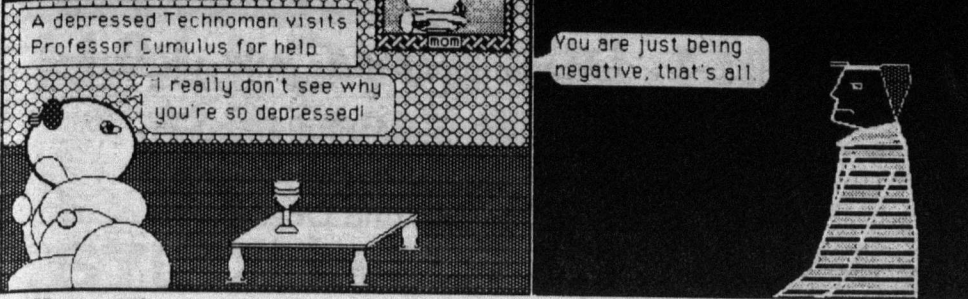


TECHNOMAN



A Letter to Keri...

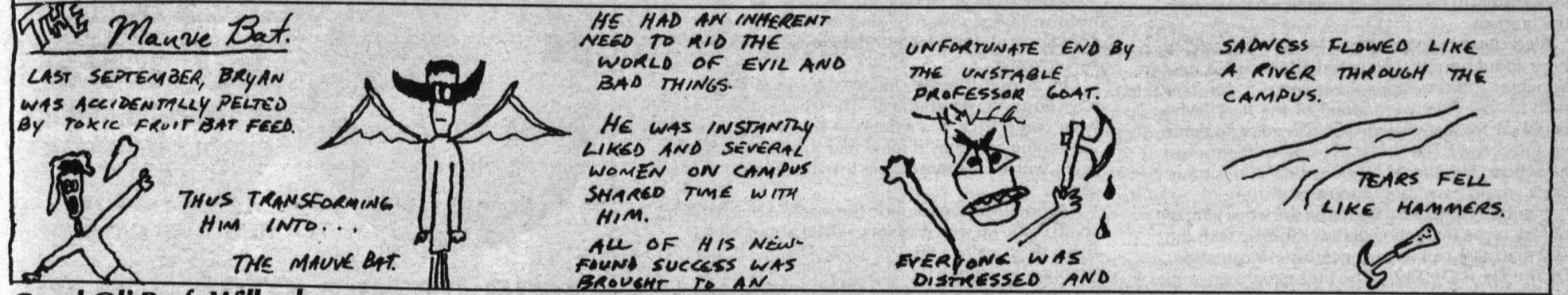
Joyous news! No, Franz was not hit by a bus, but my love has kicked him out of the house. So long, Franz, I do hope you are smushed by a greyhound. Anyhow, they didn't go out on their anniversary, although we didn't catch our film either. She was very annoyed at Franz's childish behaviour and she wasn't in the mood. I didn't care, I was so happy I could kiss a dead cat (we still had Muffy). It was also then that I decided to form a band. I toyed around with names — the franz — killers? Franz meets a bus? San Francisco? — I finally decided on Abstract Algebra (best to get the ol' Franzer out of the mind). I thought it best to give Franz a nice farewell, so I gave him our last box of Jello pudding pops and bid him adieu. I can still recall Franz slowly walking out to the bus stop, his shoes untied and a box of Jello pudding pops under his arm.

Marc Simao

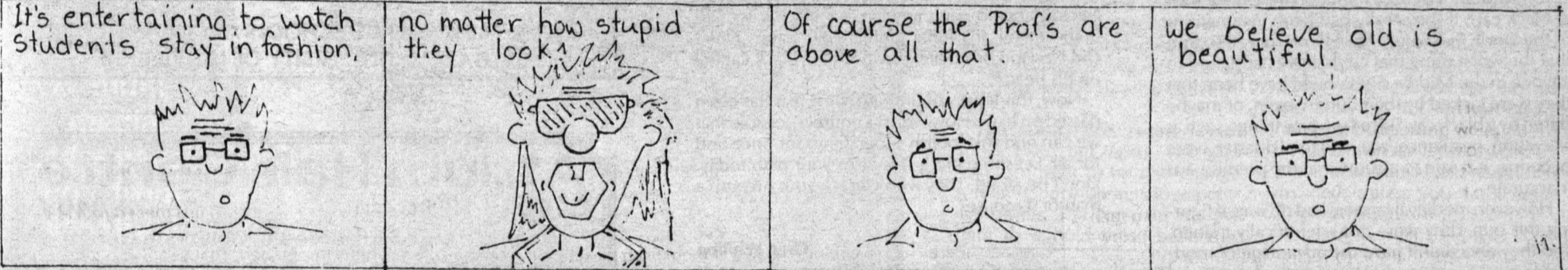
Kill Comics



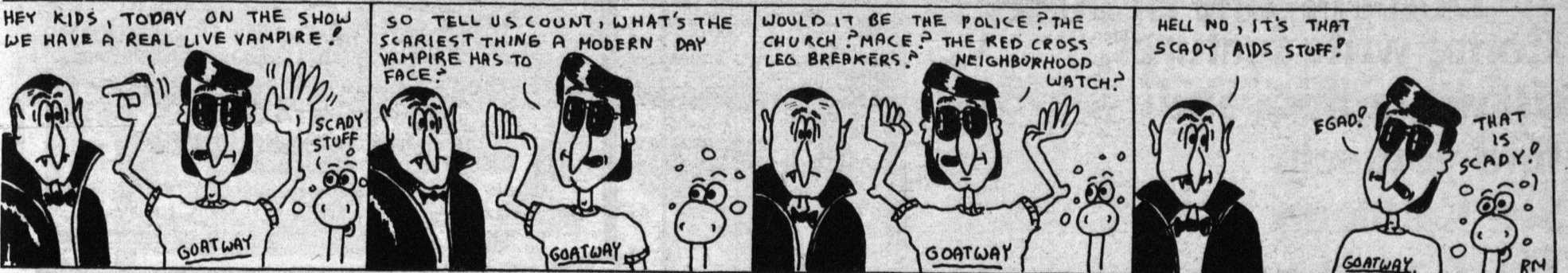
The Mauve Bat



Good Ol' Prof. Wilkerbean



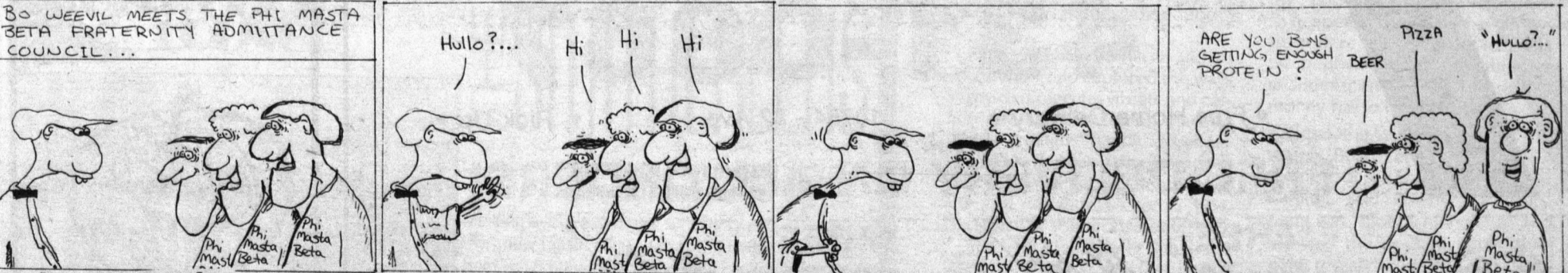
Johnny Everly



The Worse the Better



Bo Weevil



Unknown Faculty

