

DISTRACTIONS

Editor: Darlene Hannah
Deadline: Tuesday Noon
Send your original comics
and poetry to Room 35 SUB.

From the Litterbox

From the court journal of the royal scribe of the Court of It's Royal Eminence - the Emperor of the entire universe (the whole thing, .. and some others too numerous to list here) of the Galactic system Olopex in Plerdlebumpitywindlehooper II, the star system "The Star System" in the solar system "The Solar System Except Sol." of the planet of Fat Ugly Things in a country...I can't remember right now, uh uh - it's on the tip of my tongue... in the province of Spanky-O-tay in the city "he thing people eaters" on the street around the corner from third street in the big white house with the dead cannabis tree in the front yard. (and a picket fence - why not!) (Whew!) (otherwise known as Da Boss)

Anyway:
(psst... wake up! nudge nudge - SLAP!)
O.K., O.K.:
Da Boss speaks: We got a problem. Some other court member (with a long long very long long name): (not the longest - but darn close): What's the problem?
Da Boss: Marks! Stephen Marks! (Collective shudder) Prince Biffly my wingding (lithping): But Dad. Why don't we thicken my thecwet poleeth on him. the natty Thquad.
Boss: Good thinking wing ding (you little wimp).

Wing ding: Gee... thankth Dad.

B.O.S.C.O. The "TUMULTUOUS" Adventures of Stephen Marks

200 MILES ABOVE EARTH, A KH-11 SPY SATELLITE, DISGUISED AS A CHSR TRANSMISSION SATELLITE, SILENTLY GLIDES OVER IDAHO...

...ITS CAMERAS LOCKING ON A RED UNB SECURITY VEHICLE; IT THEN TRANSMITS THE COORDINATES TO...

...A WAITING U.S. MISSILE - SUBMARINE, WHICH THEN LAUNCHES A TOMAHAWK CRUISE MISSILE AT THE VEHICLE!

IN THE NAME OF GENERALISSIMO STEVEN MARKS, FIRE!

WHEOOOSH

... SOME TIME LATER ...

WARNING, STEPHEN! A CRUISE MISSILE IS ON AN INTERCEPT COURSE WITH THIS VEHICLE!!!

NOW ??? AW, GEEZ ... NORMAL PROCEDURE THEN, KITTY.

TORST IT.

OBJECT: TOMAHAWK CRUISE MISSILE
RANGE: 2000 m
SPEED: 1000 km/h
BEARING: 255°
K.I.T.

WEAPON SELECT: PARTICLE LASER. FIRING SOLUTION CALCULATED ... EXECUTE.

KA-BUM!

Oooh! What happened, Stevie-poo?

WHY, ISN'T IT OBVIOUS, BUFFY?

MY EVIL CLONE HAS TAKEN OVER THE GOVERNMENTS OF THE WORLD IN HIS LUSTFUL QUEST FOR POWER! GEE, I SHOULD PROBABLY DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...

Oooh, say 'lustful' again, Stevie-Weevie!

WELL, MAYBE LATER.

MR. JONES

OH, GOD! SIMON'S PARTYING AGAIN!

I'M SO PROUD!

OH, SIMON! ME NEXT!

GIRLS! ONE AT A TIME!

HELLO, WE'RE SIMON'S PARENTS.

WE WANT TO SEE HOW OUR WITTLE PUMPKIN IS DOING!

UH... HE'S AT THE LIBRARY!

ARE YOU SURE?

HE SAID HE'D BE HERE. WE'LL JUST GO INSIDE.

DANIELLE, YOU LUST FILLED TART! WAIT YOUR TURN!

AWW, SIMON..!

By ERIC HILL

ERNIE, INVISIBLE GUY IN: THE INVISIBLE WORLD

LAST NIGHT MY GIRLFRIEND CAME OVER TO WATCH T.V.

WHILE THE NEWS WAS ON WE MADE OUT ON THE COUCH

WHEN COSBY CAME ON SHE SEEMED LESS EXCITED

I FOUND OUT LATER SHE'D GONE HOME TO WATCH IT

Idiot-Syncracies

AARRGH! NO MORE! I CAN'T TAKE IT!!

HAVE A GOOD BREAK! L.M.H.

MIDTERMS CLAIM YET ANOTHER VICTIM! CLUNK!

WANTED

SIMON

By Who? - Cyndi Rafferty (Who's she?)
Why? - Unspeakable crimes (turning cool for one -- AH! We spoke)
Alias(es) - "Master of Cool-Fu", "Grasshopper".
Distinguishable Attributes - Dumb hairstyle, leather jacket, stupid shades (LaForgian style)
Other points to note: He really IS a master of Cool Fu (whatever that is). Be warned and be careful!



Happy 25th Kimberly!

This year you will only have to do a quarter of a century club (actually, after what happened last time you won't have to do it for another year!)

SumoButu Chapter 4: "Enter... The Nerd!"

In the heart of Diabolical Enterprises, the Doctor broods over the latest turn of events...

How frustrating! Only minutes away from the implementation of my ingenious plan, and some fate do-gooder has to barge in and ruin everything...

Well, Bruno... Let it never be said that Dr. Diabolical was inflexible... I shall have to turn the tables in my favor.

Duh, yeah! Watcha gonna do now, Boss?

Huh?

(Sigh) The Virus, Bruno. The Virus. At this very moment it wreaks technological havoc over half the globe. Only I can stop it...

Duh, yeah! I don't get it.

Later...

This is Davis Clark reporting live for the Evening News. I'm standing at the corner of 4th and Main, where...

...Only minutes ago, the IBM building oddly exploded... Apparently, similar incidents have occurred nationwide...

Good evening to you, people of TV Land... I am Doctor Lazlow S. Diabolical. I am responsible for the wide-spread devastation that Dave speaks of...

Only I possess the knowledge needed to stop the Virus before it obliterates every computer terminal on the face of the Earth.

If I am not paid the sum of 3 billion dollars, and soon, then my naughty little Virus will spread chaos and destruction across the globe!

None can save you now but I.

Face the facts, friends.

I am your only hope.

Captain Nerd!

No, Diabolical there is another...

And who, may I ask, are you?

Though my true identity is kept secret by this mask I wear, you may call me...