DISTRACTIONS

LIFEIN HELL

IS THE

CAPITAL

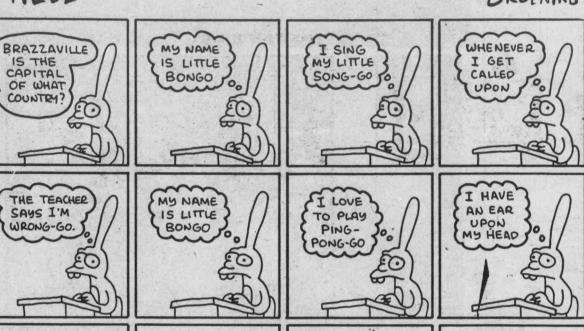
OF WHAT

COUNTRY

SAYS I'M

WRONG-GO.

@1988 BY MATT GROENING



MY NAME

IS LITTLE



THERE'S

PLACE

JUST ONE

THAT I'D



BE THE

CONGO.

ANYONE?







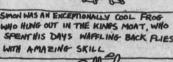
I'M KNOWN

AS A

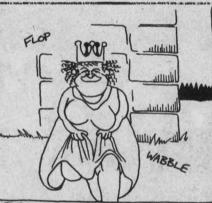
DING-

DONG-GO









ISABELLA, WAS A GOOD NATURED AND KIND PRINCESS WHO HAPPENED TO BE EXCEPTIONALL PAT AND UCLY. SHE WOULD RUN TO THE MORT EVERY MORNING WITHOUT FAIL, TO KISS





SIMON, NOT BEING TOO FOND OF THE OTHER PROSS IN THE POND WOULD GRAEFULLY

MAKE HIMSELF AVAILABLE FOR A KISS. ALGO SIMON THOUGHT FONDLY OF BECO

THE FROS COMMUNITY RETURNED TO ITS TRANSPUL LIFESTYLE . SIMON RETURNED TO KISSING THE OTHER FROGS, AS FOR THE PRINCESS, WHAT FLESH AND BONES REMAINED , PARTIALLY DECOMPOSED AND BOTTOM OF THE POND AND ON THE BOTTOM OF THE POND

I.C.U.

ZZZZZOOOOOMMMM



by Chris Kane

From Litterbox



Marks Personal Log BrunsDate 124.11: Yeah... Yeah... that was definitely the ticket! Unbelievably gullible people... I suggest that they tear down the wall and guess what? They let them do it. I mean, gosh, they were even little old ladies beating at it with hammers. Couldn't thay at least have broken down and let them have some heavy equipment. Europeans and their bloody symbolism... How inefficient.

Well, I will admit that it was a near run thing... I was almost run down by a hoarde of beatnik pacifists in a daisy covered VW Beetle screaming "Burger King!! Burger King!!" at the top of their lungs. Fortunately, I had my handy-dandy LAW antitank rocket on me. (That US GIrine will never notice that its gone... I mean he was just standing there with a stupid look on his face mumbling "I ook at all the blonde-haired, blue-eyed babes.")

With my story filed it's now vacation time... hmmm.... El Salvador, here I come. I mean I know this quaint little five star hotel that's really quiet and out of the way ... Thank God, I still have some of my Purchase Orders left.

The only thing more gullible than an eastern European Secret Service is the UNB Student Union.

Scene:

Time:

The Sheraton

San Salvador, El Salvador Pool-Side

A Couple of Days Ago

Yo!! Waiter!! How about a chitty-chitty barbarian with ice. How do you say THAT in Spanish?

(Gunfire, you know, like - braaap, ratatatatata, etc. See your favourite comic book for alternate descriptive terms.)

As I roll for cover, I realize that I have diplomatic immunity. I stand up and all hell breaks loose... I smile with satisfaction as the disgusting poolside facade disintegrates in a hail of slugs. I pat my Heckler & Koch assault rifle and head towards the lobby. Damn good thing those terrorist scum missed my drink.

I slug the drink back, and smile as I realize the international incident that would have been caused had those idiots actually been able to shoot straight. I mean, let's get real, you just can't blow away the President (and one-time Dictator for Life) of Rwanda's drink.

Time to meet the US GIrines (God, they hate that- I love it!!)

Hey guys, nice barricade. What are you scared all of anyway? Nice camo suits, guys.

Wait a second - aren't you supposed to be advisers? Nice guns!! Sure you got all the firepower you need. I mean, it is pretty dangerous advising the president on how many and what types of automatic weapons to buy.

What'd you mean you can't reload a LAW rocket... Now guys, you really don't need to know where I got it.