# FUN PACK #0

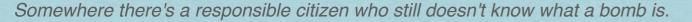
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June 2014 - by Wes and Tony



by wes & tony

#### **Government List**



### **Government List**

The internet is a curse. Contrary to what you might have been taught, it wasn't invented. Instead it was discovered in a mysterious metal capsule at the bottom of the ocean off the coast of Hawaii. That's why it was tested on the islands, like the web's Bikini Atoll except far more dangerous.

Once a planet gets an internet, there's no turning back. Suddenly, the deepest horrors of the species are pushed directly into your face. No one can get away with anything without the world hearing about it. Nations get pissed at other nations who turn off their internet. And then, inevitably, humanity's interconnectedness evolves into a global consciousness. A global consciousness that loves cats and "epic fails," but a global consciousness nonetheless.

Around that time, the planet becomes self-aware and is allowed to participate in the intergalactic space senate.

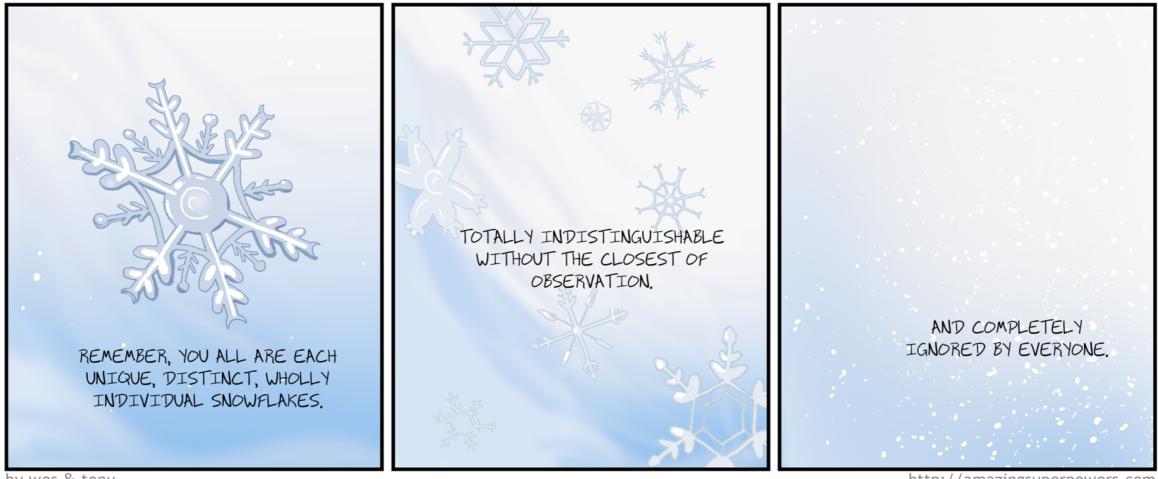
And let me tell you, NOTHING is more boring that space politics. The only thing faster than the speed of light is the rate you'll fall asleep listening to concerns about the hydrogen tide patterns on Xenock 8. Geography classes will take years to complete instead of a couple semesters. Galactic elections will span the equivalent of several Earth years, and it'll take forever to get an egg-laying endomorph into office. Typical!

When we were gifted the net we should have shot it right back into space. Cats get enough attention already.

### NOW TO ARREST EVERYONE



wes



by wes & tony

#### Snowflake

http://amazingsuperpowers.com



### Snowflake

It's a huge relief knowing that no one is truly unique. Everyone out there has a thousand counterparts who act basically the same, think basically the same things, and like basically the same stuff. Maybe they have a different faces, names, and jobs, but they're entirely interchangeable. Everyone expects the same from all of them.

And that's great! You never have to live up to the pressure of "being yourself." There's no real "you." It's just "be everybody else." Just act accordingly to your approximate personality and upbringing bracket. You can use your peers to gauge your own success in life, and get really hopelessly mad at yourself when you don't have everything they have that you want.

And when you scream and cry out to the vast, empty, unhearing cosmos, you get to know everyone else is doing that too! The universe won't even let you revel in your misery. So, basically, there's nothing ever worth worrying about.



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by wes & tony

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### **First World Problems**

"Did miracles of science make you forget about your student loans yet?"

### **First World Problems**

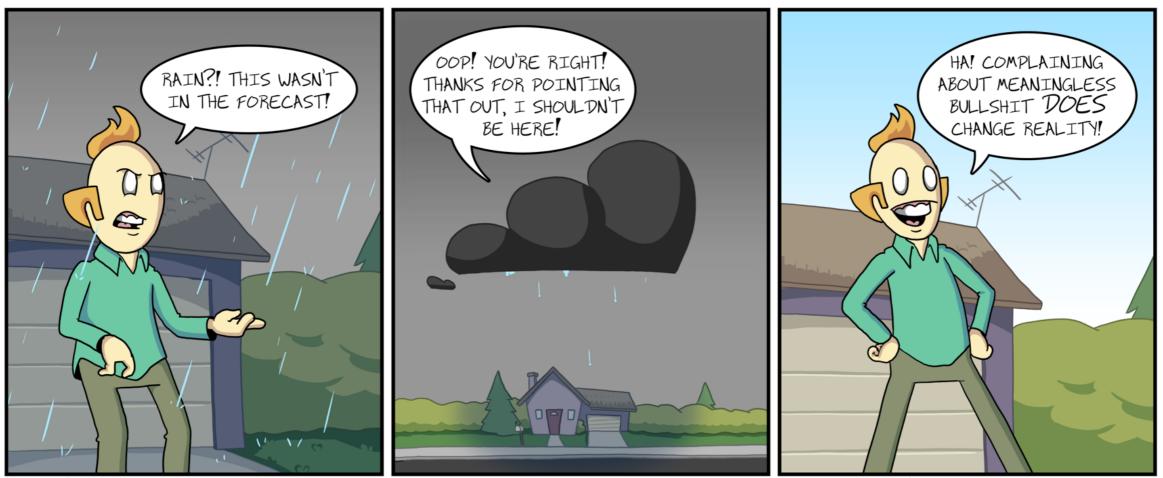
It's sure is nice living in the First World, where lamenting the battery life on your phone is the same as saying you don't care about genocide! If something is shitty in the context of your life, that's fine. It's a fundamental human right to be miserable!

So let's unite and be miserable forever, no matter how amazing the world tries to be around us! In fact, you could consider being miserable the bravest, most resolute thing of all.



wes





by wes & tony

### Complaining



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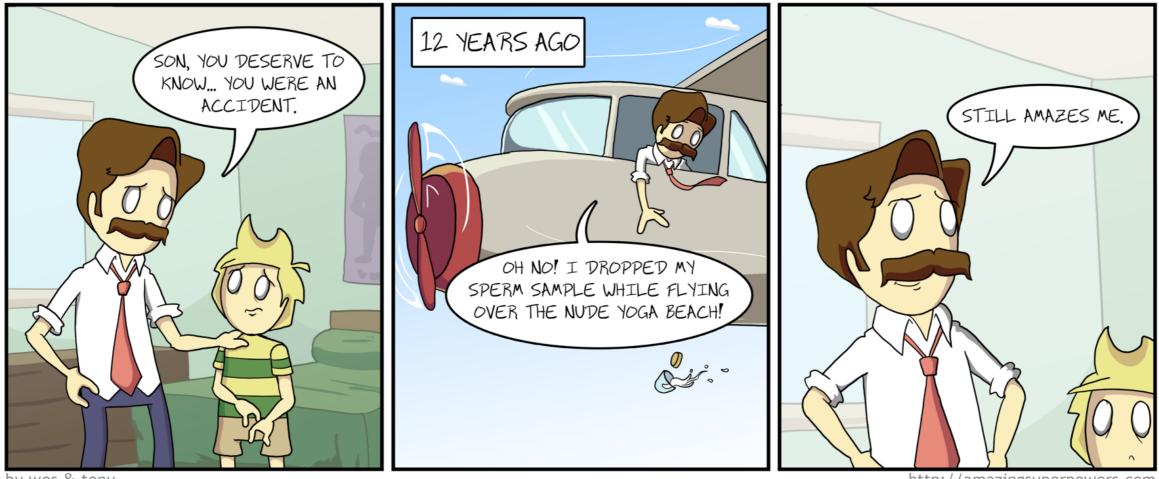
### Complaining

All complaining does is make you sound like an un-fun asshole who no one wants to talk to. Unless you're complaining about not having a fun video to watch about alien corpses! Because THAT gets you THIS VIDEO I just made:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KHecMQztX\_0

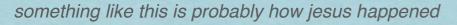






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### Accident



### Accident

Did you know that you can go to jail for having a butt? Okay, nudity laws are a little more specific than that but that's the general idea. It makes sense; we all want to be able to go outside knowing that we've agreed to not show each other our various below-the-belt output parts.

But does that mean there's an indecent exposure version of manslaughter? You didn't MEAN to reveal yourself to some other folks and you aren't getting your jollies out of it, but let's say you put too many heavy rocks in your pockets on a day you aren't wearing a belt. Or your dress gets caught in the subway door as it's pulling way. All I'm saying is that both those things could happen to anyone and I shouldn't be in this jail cell, officer. I GOTTA FIND A SPERM BANK THAT'S CLOSER TO MY HOUSE.



wes





by wes & tony

Wallet

http://amazingsuperpowers.com

If you live outside the United States please mentally localize with whatever dead president or queen or dog that you use on your money.



### Wallet

Wallets tell a story. It's like a tiny biography, which is why it's so traumatizing to lose it. As evidence, here's the current contents of my wallet:

- Various membership and credit cards.
- An Oregon driver's license even though I don't live there anymore.
- An NYC metro card.
- A student ID I've been using for discounts years past graduation.
- Twelve dollars.
- A fortune cookie fortune that says "Friends are more valuable than money."
- A picture of a cat.

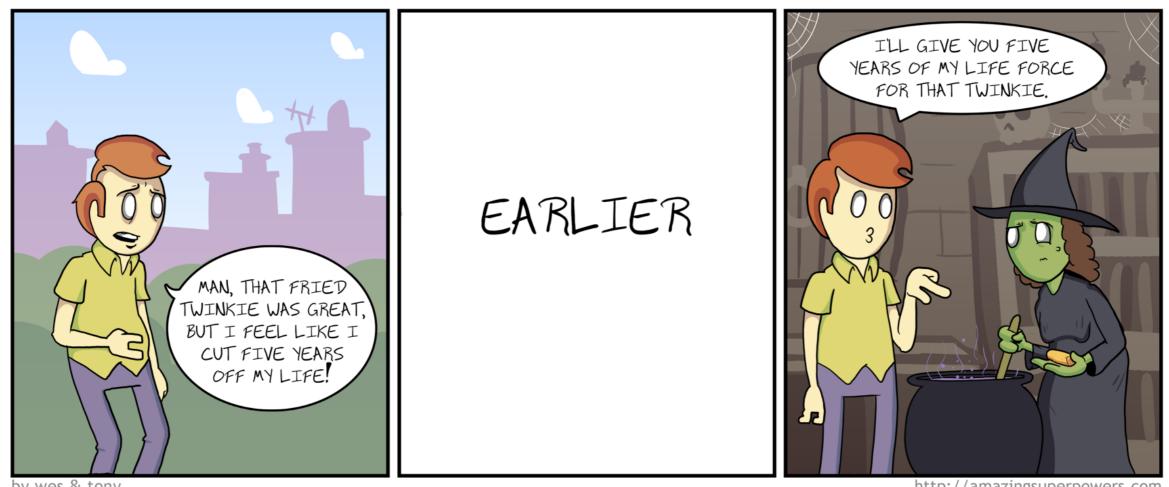
See what I mean? Most of that stuff is nigh irreplaceable. Where in the hell can anyone get twelve dollars.

wes

HURRY! DO YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS FOR A DEAD GUY TO GET A NEW CREDIT CARD??







by wes & tony

### **Fried Twinkie**



### **Fried Twinkie**

Everything you choose to eat, drink, think, or do is an "exchange" for chunks of your life. When people talk about "spending your life" they really are talking about SPENDING. Not only is this the fundamental premise for the 2011 Justin Timberlake "thriller," In Time, but also a fundamental rule of existence that you must learn to embrace. For those of you new to this concept, here's a quick cheat sheet for how much time you need to spend to redeem cool prizes from life's Cool Prize Counter.

10,000 hours => Mastery of a skill
20,000 hours => Mastery of THREE skills (cheaper if you buy in bulk!)
30,000 hours => A Tootsie Roll (fruity or chocolate)
45,000 hours => Windup chattering teeth!
60,000 hours => Small squirt gun
65,000 hours => BIG squirt gun
80,000 hours => SUPER BIG squirt gun (parental supervision required)
100,000 hours => A lava lamp!
200,000 hours => A brand new Playstation 2!

So here's a tip that will save you years of your life: master a skill like making Lava Lamps. You'll earn so much time you won't know what to do with it all! Maybe play your Playstation 2!



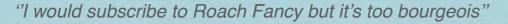
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#### Roach



### Roach

Humans are at a war with nature. We build walled castles to keep all the monsters out, so in response nature sends her grossest, nastiest beasts to squirm into our fortresses. Sure, pigeons and roaches could have been as pretty as parrots and butterflies, but we don't deserve that. In a big city we're stuck with critters as gross and gray as the concrete we used to build it.

The only way to fight nature is with nature, so that's why you get a cat. Did you know that the leading evolutionary theory is that <u>cats</u> <u>domesticated themselves</u>? A billion years ago some feral cats found a human settlement and decided, "Hey, if we appear harmless and bring them a dead mouse every now and then they'll feed and protect us." That's also why your cat might kill a bug one day then couldn't give less of a shit about another bug the next day. Once their quota has been filled they're off the clock and back to making us scoop their shit.

Basically what I'm saying is that nature tricked us and snuck in yet another gross, nasty beast by wrapping it in a cute fursuit. It's time to admit we'll never win this war. There's gonna be roaches on spaceships.



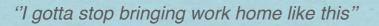
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### **Work From Home**



### **Work From Home**

Working from home is just terrible. It's lonely, counter-productive, filled with distractions, and you can't walk away from your work at the end of the day. Thankfully, there are some easy ways to combat this!

Step one: Set regular hours for yourself, this way you know when you're working and when you're not. Having an schedule is key.

Step two: Set aside a workspace for yourself. It helps if it is far away from where you have your leisure activities. Try working in a different room, perhaps even a different building that's a short commute away.

Step three: Fill your off-site at-home workplace with your regular coworkers. It will offset the loneliness and improve communication. Make sure your boss is there too so you know your performance is up to snuff!

And just like that, you've escaped the doldrums of the stuffy office workplace in favor of working at home! Try it now! You can thank me later. ;)

THIS IS EXACTLY HOW I LOST MY JOB AS A TOLLBOOTH ATTENDANT BUT OH WELL.

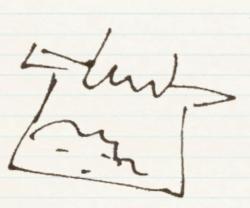


## **REJECTED COMICS**

#### Hepatitis

p1: yellow, shaky kid "teacher, i just came in today to tell you i won't be here for a while. i got hepatitis" p2: well, i hope you brought enough for everyone

p3: entire class is yellow, shaking



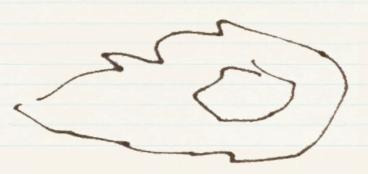
#### Asteroid

p1: oh no! That asteroid is about to hit us! p2: that's no asteroid, that's the moon! p3: NEWSPAPER: MOON CRASHES INTO EARTH, NEWSPAPERS MIRACULOUSLY SURVIVE END OF DAYS, READERSHIP LOW

#### The Fonz

p1: the Fonz walking into a diner, hits the jukebox.

p2: he starts beating the living hell out of it.p3: him tweaked out while the cops walk him outside handcuffed, one of them holding a baggie with a needle in it, pointing at it.

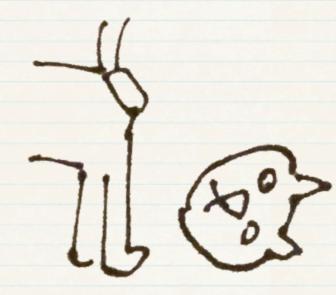




## **REJECTED COMICS**

#### **Cat Leash**

p1: Dude walking cat on a leash. Woman asking him why he has cat on a leash.
p2: Dude with cat replies: "Believe me, you don't want this cat to be off a leash." Other person replies: "Really...?"
p3: "Here, I'll show you."
p4: Takes off collar, cat's head falls off.
p5: "See?"





#### Collage

p1: "do you have a band aid? i cut myself while making a collage"

p2: "a collage?"

"yeah, it's supposed to keep my mind of things, but i don't think it's working."

p3: "well, be more careful"

"that's what i mean, it wasn't an accident" :(

## amazingsoup

#### Jun 2

look at that, mountain dew elected president of sodas again, dewmocracy is a fucking joke

#### Jun 7

the shower is where you do the best thinking, such as "does the president have a business card" and "wait a minute I already showered today"

#### Jun 15

Remember today that you were the fastest sperm! Exactly like everyone else alive. All of your failings are your own. Only you are to blame.

#### Jun 16

"Built Ford Tough" is totally meaningless as a slogan. It could say "Filled With as Much Fish Guts as Fords Typically Are" and still be true

#### Jun 9

Types "sexy back" into Bing. Says, "I'm Binging 'sexy back." Literally dies from laughter.



## amazingsoup

#### Jun 17

The booty don't lie! The booty whispers truth. The booty is a sage prophet that speaks of crumbling empires and speaks of doom to come.

#### Jun 17

This cannot be unseen! Literally nothing can be unseen! Time flows in a single direction! And do you know how eyes work???

#### May 30

Hannibal definitely just eats people because his name rhymes with "cannibal." If his name was Steven, he'd be a vegan and no one would care.

#### April 30

"What's that, Lassie? Timmy fell down a well? A well filled with acid? It burned off all his skin and now he's a skeleton? Haha, bitchin'."

#### Jun 17

A dystopian society where social class is determined by how long you were scared to masturbate after you watched The Truman Show.



MT. STUMPTOWN Story from ASP History Wes

The first time we ever boothed at a convention was in 2009 at Stumptown Comics Fest in Portland, Oregon. As a creator, conventions have loads of good stuff like panels, conversations with the fans, and social drinking, but the #1 purpose of the convention floor is to push product. Stumptown appealed to us because the comic was gaining some popularity, the location was convenient, and the table space was dirt cheap. The downside is that we had zero merchandise to sell from our young comic that existed solely in the electric ether.

After printing out some sample comics on postcards, we still had an entire table to fill. So we did what came naturally: We built a paper-mache volcano. It was big, too, since we were ADULTS and were going to build an ADULT SIZED volcano for GROWN-UPS. And on that grown-up volcano we put dinosaurs and army men and got food coloring so the lava could be green. We still needed to fill another half-table so we added a tri-fold poster board explaining a hypothesis, methods, and results to an experiment I can't remember. Then with the extra space on top of that we added balloons and a first place ribbon. Ready for action!

So here's a FUN FACT: When you make a display that has ribbons, balloons, and dinosaur figurines, you're going to attract a lot of children. This left Tony and me to grimace as child after child fawned over the literal toys that we put out while their friendly, good-intentioned, parents smiled at us with relief that FINALLY there was SOMETHING at the show that was kid-friendly! Then they'd politely look at our postcards to see comics like:

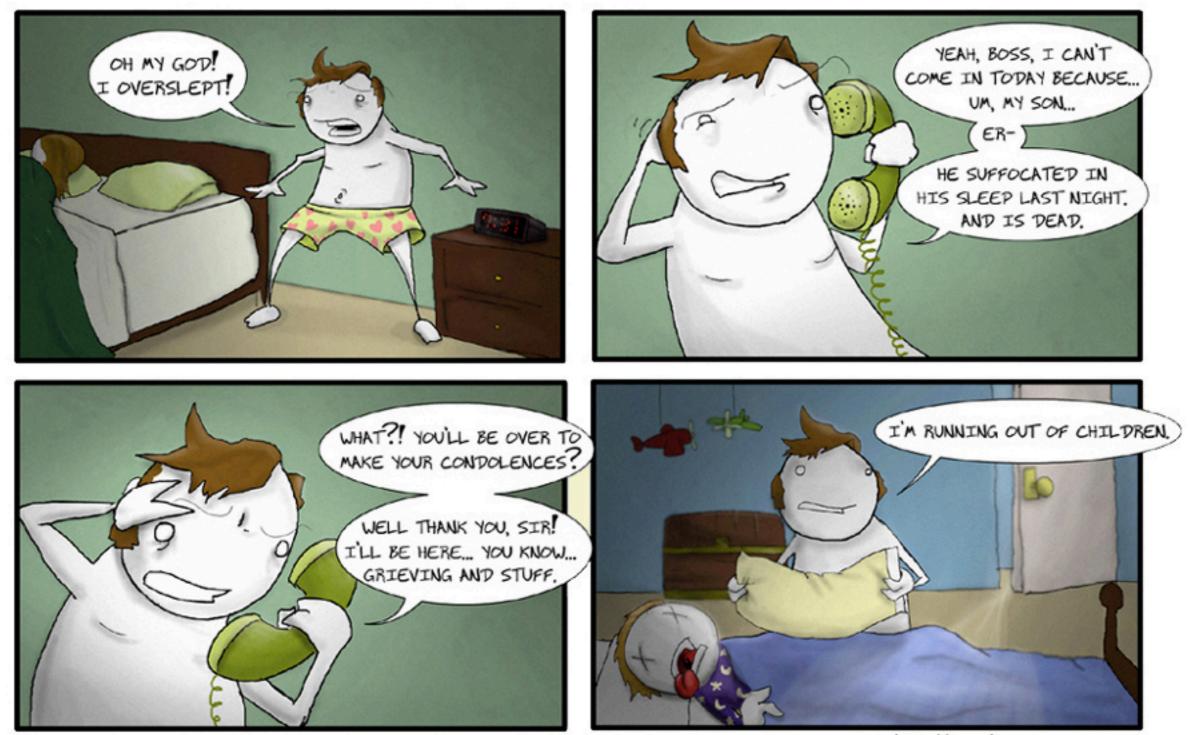


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It turns out that every parent reacts the same in that situation: Smile nervously and get their kids away from the table as quickly as possible. "Okay! We gotta get going! Put everything down and walk away!!" We had done the equivalent of setting up a white van labeled "FREE CANDY" then filling it with secret cruelties. But hey, the lava is green! That's fun!

I guess that's always been the case when Tony and I work together. It comes out bright, colorful, and looking kidfriendly when we mostly make jokes about death, sex parts, and the death of sex parts. Let's pretend it's a clever juxtaposition of form when it's really because I'm a constantly horrified man-child still coming to grips with the everyday terror of existence after all these years.

At that same convention we encountered what has turned out to be the strangest con-goers we've ever had, not to mention our first (awkward) interactions with comics colleagues, but those are stories for another time. Though I will say that the NEXT year at Stumptown we took it MUCH more seriously; we themed the table after a backyard barbecue and sold comics off a grill.

wes





## THANKS FOR READING YOU DID A GOOD JOB READING IT

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