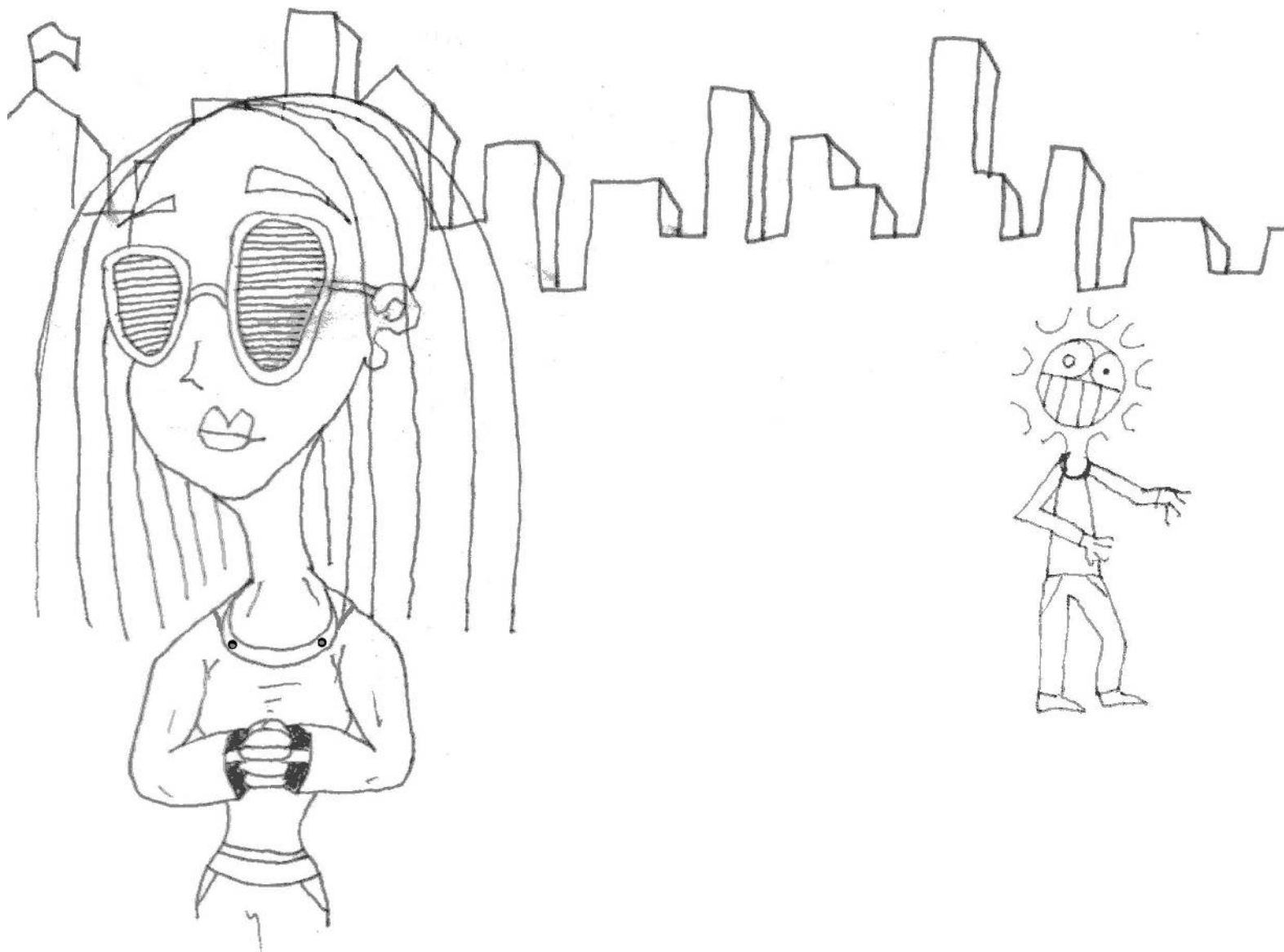


cinnamon life

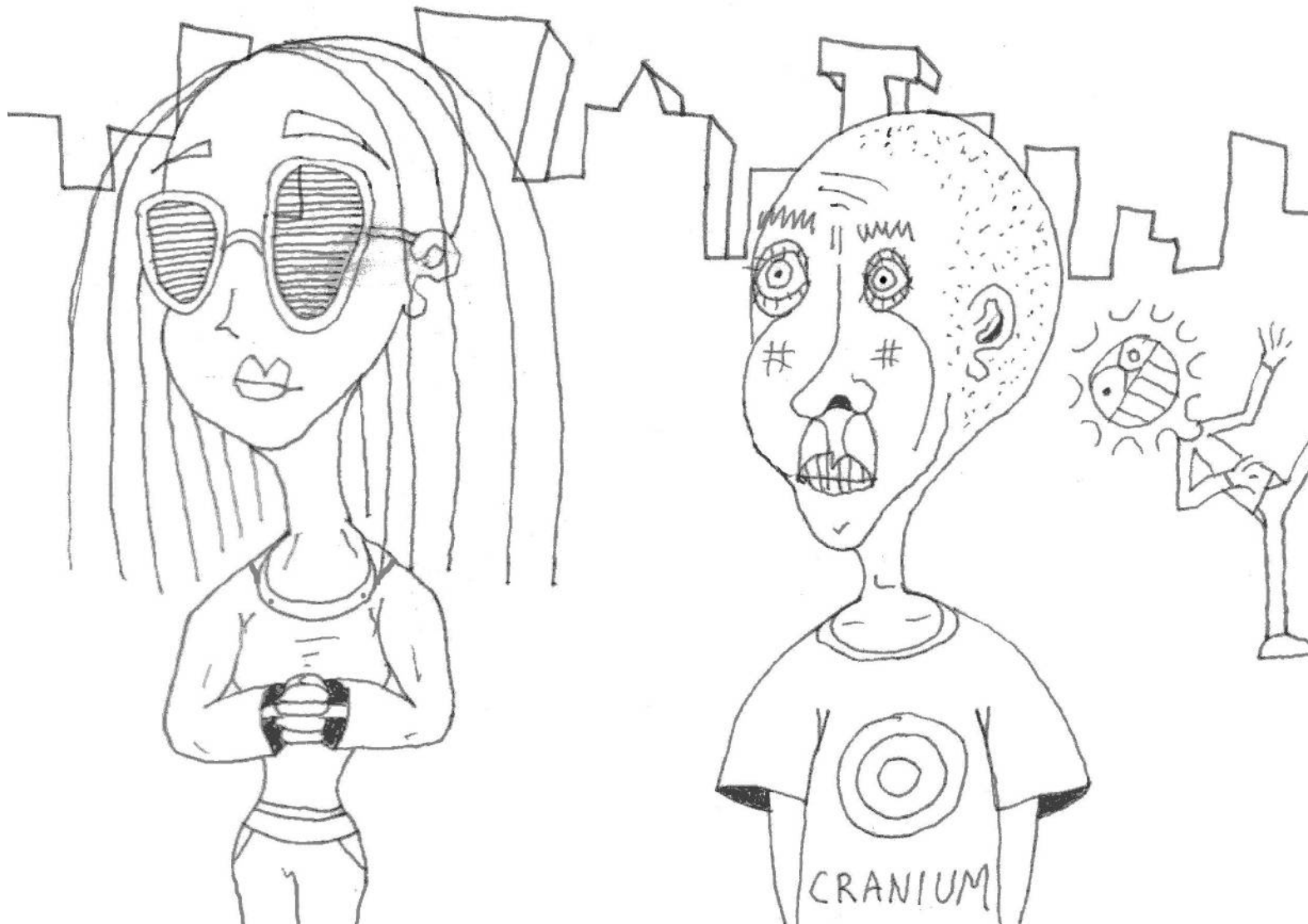
from the med-compliant zinery
a topside down production



Why you like this guy ?

Dunno, dunno if I do.

You avoid him like I avoided my first pretty face, but you's an adult now.



Exactly. There's structure to it when you're a kid , , ,
I'd pick him any day to square dance.

... Now it's like, hey you
wanna do the hokey
pokey ?

So, ask him to a honky tonk.



Go with a come on line.

Yeah ...

Got one ?

...

Okay ...

You wanna know ?

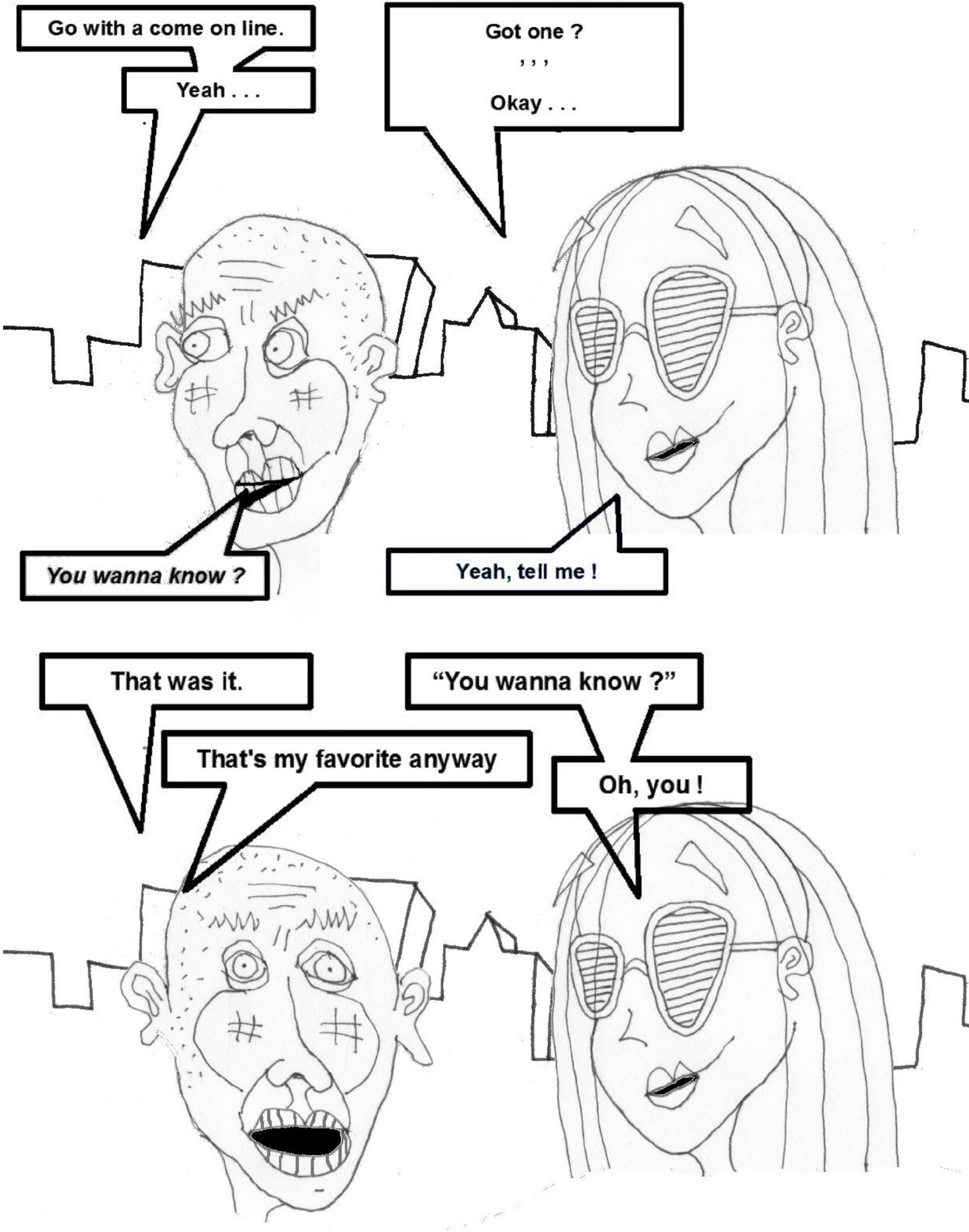
Yeah, tell me !

That was it.

"You wanna know ?"

That's my favorite anyway

Oh, you !



Hey Cranium, wanna Cheeto?

Ah, the Cheeto.. A whole bag of deformities.. Like the overdusted Dorito.. Like under toasted Cherio, like the fused glob of Spaghettios! I love them all e-o!

..Like the... Damn, Hohos are always perfect.

Why, thank you.

Cinna, you is one strange oreo.



How to get to square one with this
guy? This ain't hopscotch.

You think? But, I ain't even athletic
enough for ping pong.

I just play Tetris. Helps my REM
sleep.

They're beyond me. I hear people
talk and Pwah!

Stop scaring me dude!

See if he like tennis, maybe he
avid about it.

Maybe he like them vidjagames
you like.

Ever play them dungeon
games?

He do have the beard of a level
27 Warrior Princess ...



CRANE: Check him out!

CINNA: What? Oh! I'm suddenly timid . . .

 Please Cranium, not yet . . .

 Don't get his attention . . . Not yet.

CRANE: I won't. But look, he be wearin' a purse!

CINNA: That ain't a purse.

CRANE: Sure is. Jumbo sized coach.

CINNA: It's a satchel, Crane.

CRANE: Satchels are taller than are wide. That are a purse.

CINNA: Don't be a redneck dude . . .

 Look at how it's hanging on him.

CRANE: Fannypack!

CINNA: Knapsack, though. Look at all the external pockets.

CRANE: What's he doin' in there? Is that? Lipstick!

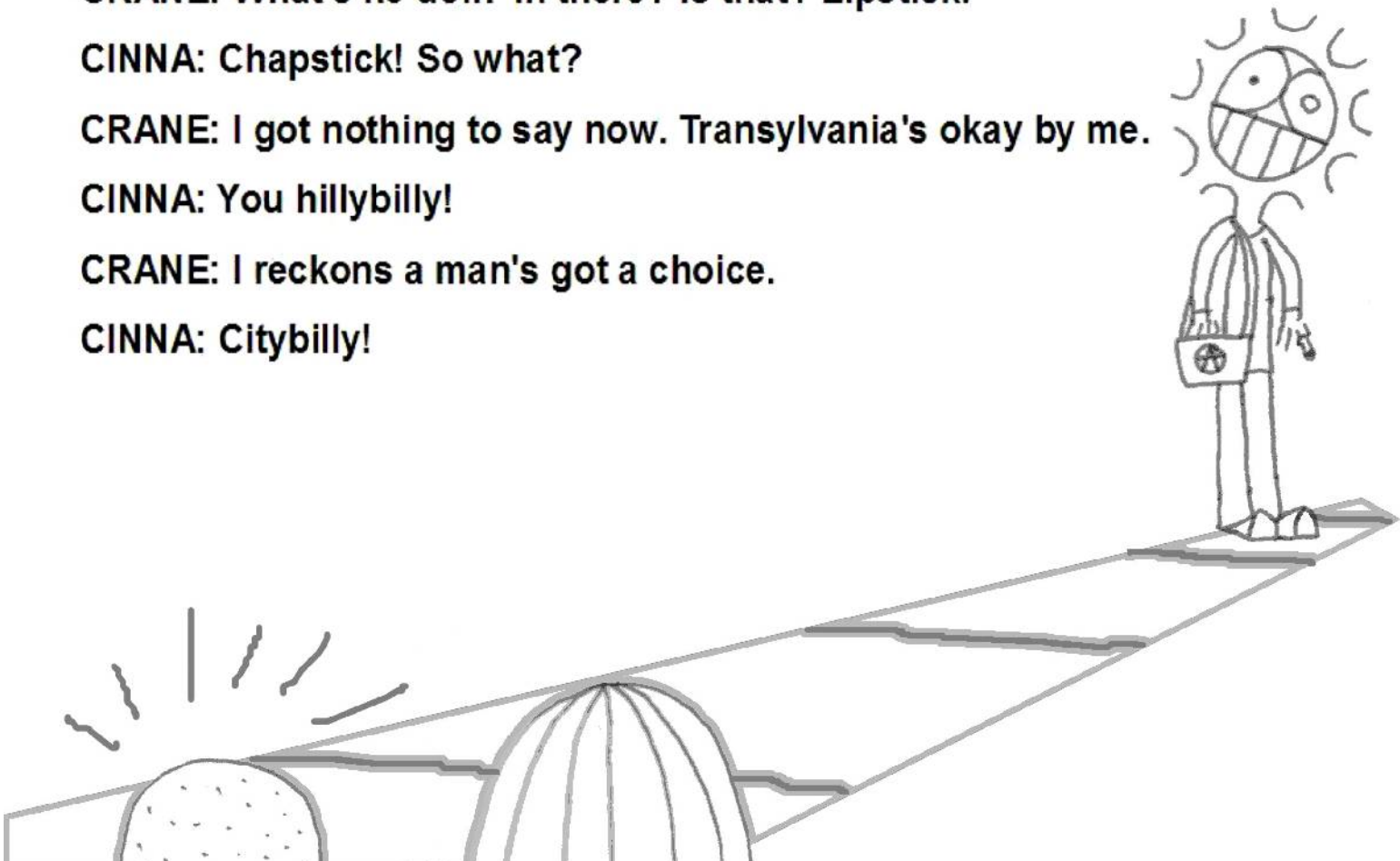
CINNA: Chapstick! So what?

CRANE: I got nothing to say now. Transylvania's okay by me.

CINNA: You hillybilly!

CRANE: I reckons a man's got a choice.

CINNA: Citybilly!



I haven't seen Beardman around for days.

Thought your suntan looked a little stark.

Behind these glasses are pupils the size of silverdollars.

You be needin' extra bleach for your hair, 'cause . . .

. . . Like straight in the eye with one of them new flashlights.

Mayhaps you still blinkin' the spots from last time.

I'm afraid I'd cause a monsoon in trying.

Might blow away the boulder he under.

Thanks Crane.

Anytime.



You could panhandle
up to him.

I'm in no predicament.

You got a better plan
than stagin' distress ?

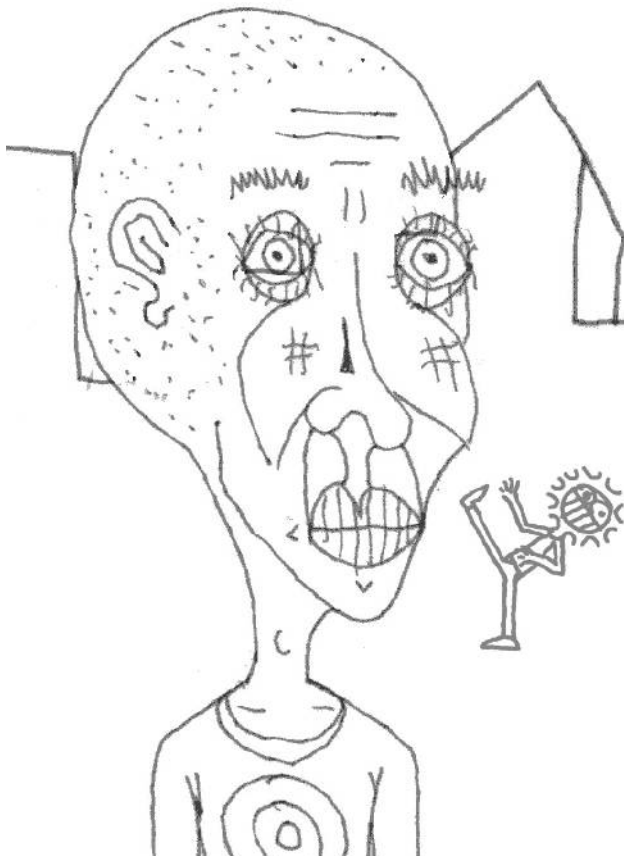
Phwaa! Should I climb a tree for
him?

What you thinkin' ?

... I could go to the bank.

You devil.

Seeing if he can change a
hundred out of pocket.



WTF



You know, scientists are saying Pluto ain't really a planet.

That's crazy. After all these years.

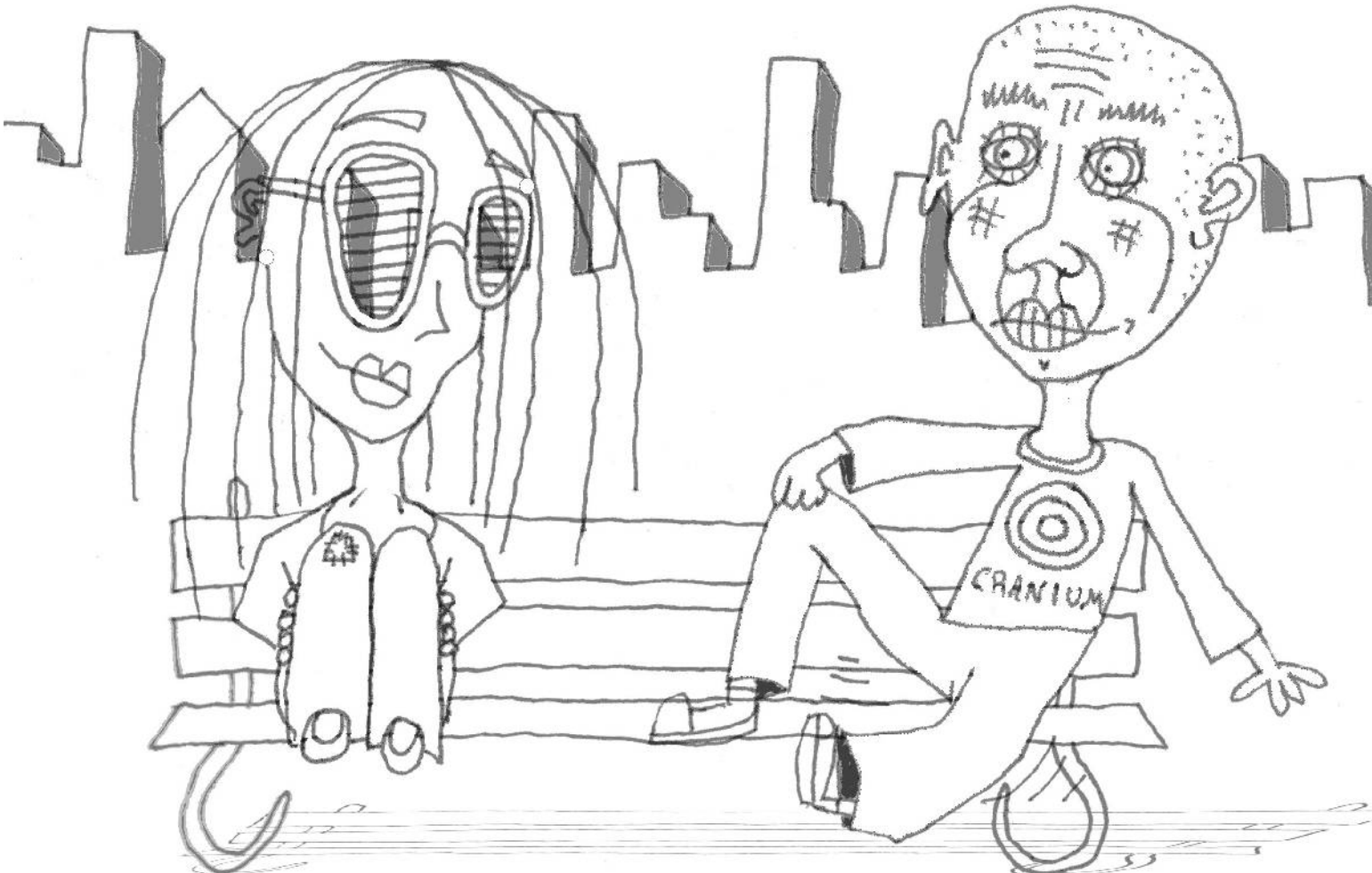
Yep. All those textbooks, trash.

Uranus for sho' tho' right ?

You can bet on Uranus.

Wouldn't wanna lose Uranus.

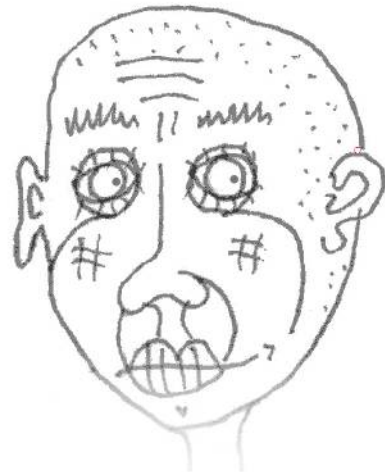
I wouldn't want to lose Uranus either . . .



**My anus ain't
going nowhere.**



Now you just talkin' silly.



cinnamon life

cinnamon life

BONUS COMIX

