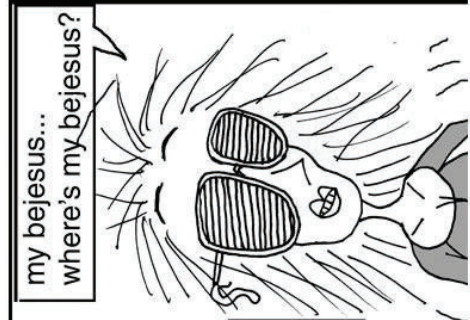
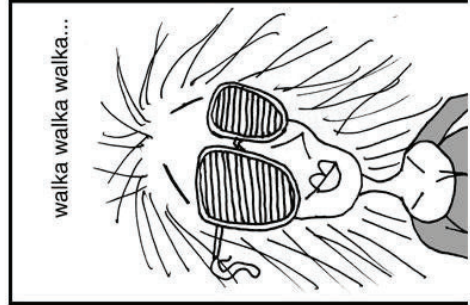
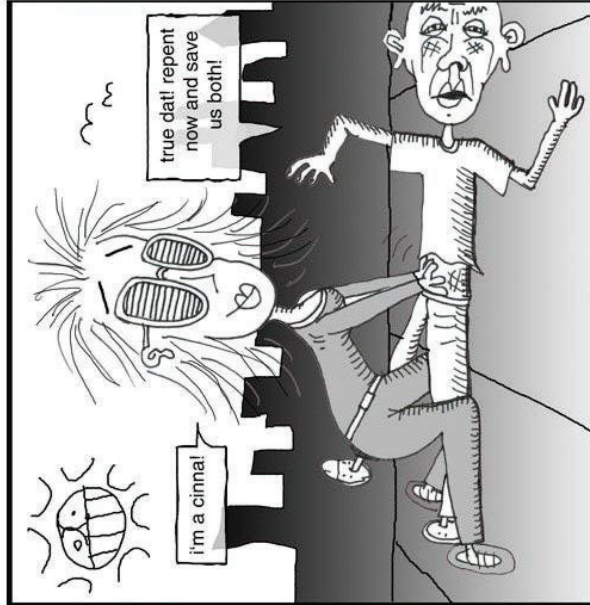
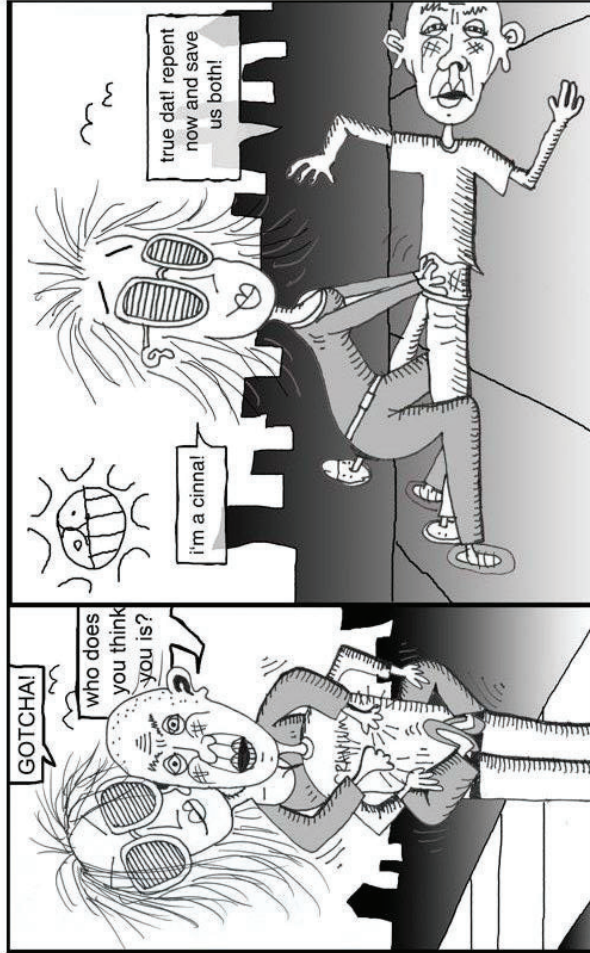
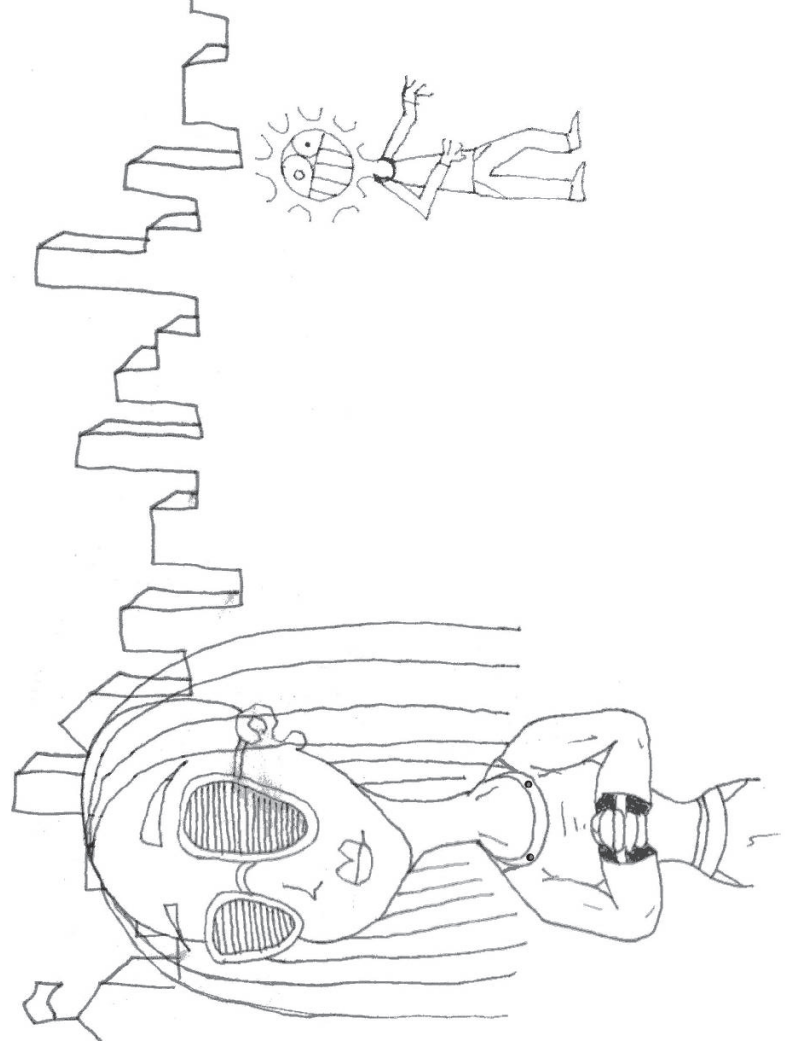


**cinnamon life**  
BONUS COMIX



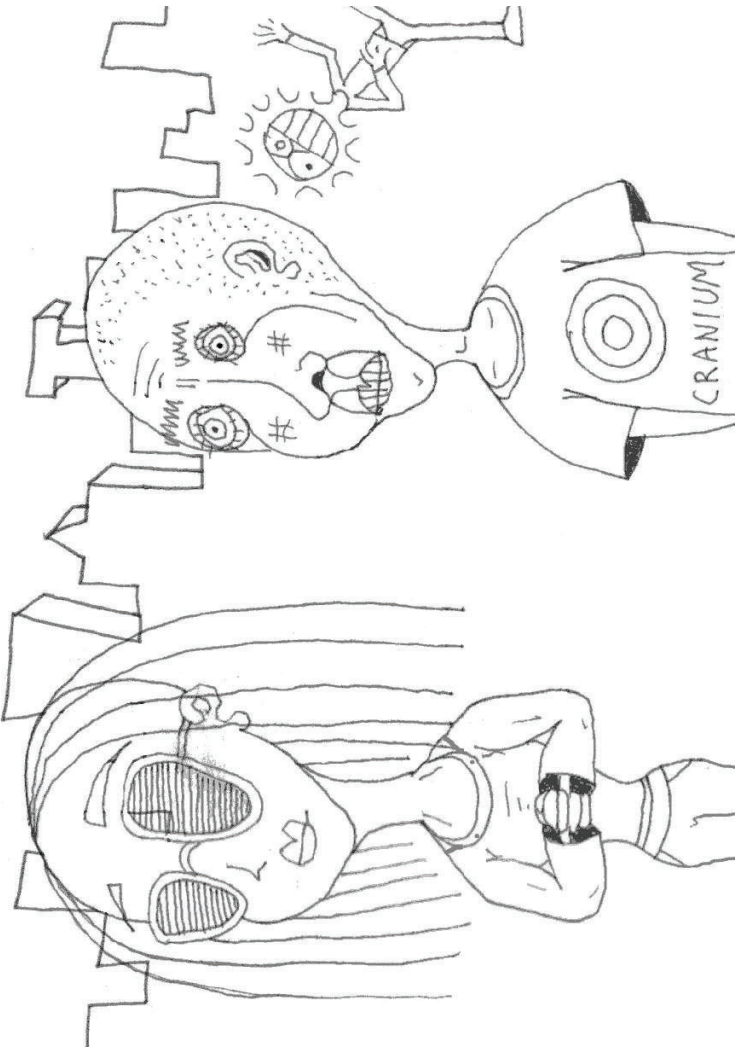
**cinnamon life**  
from the med-compliant zinery  
a topside down production



Why you like this guy ?

Dunno, dunno if I do.

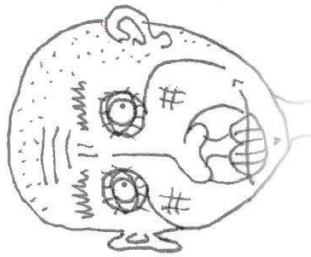
You avoid him like I avoided my first pretty face, but you's an adult now.



My anus ain't going nowhere.



Now you just talkin' silly.



cinnamon life

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.

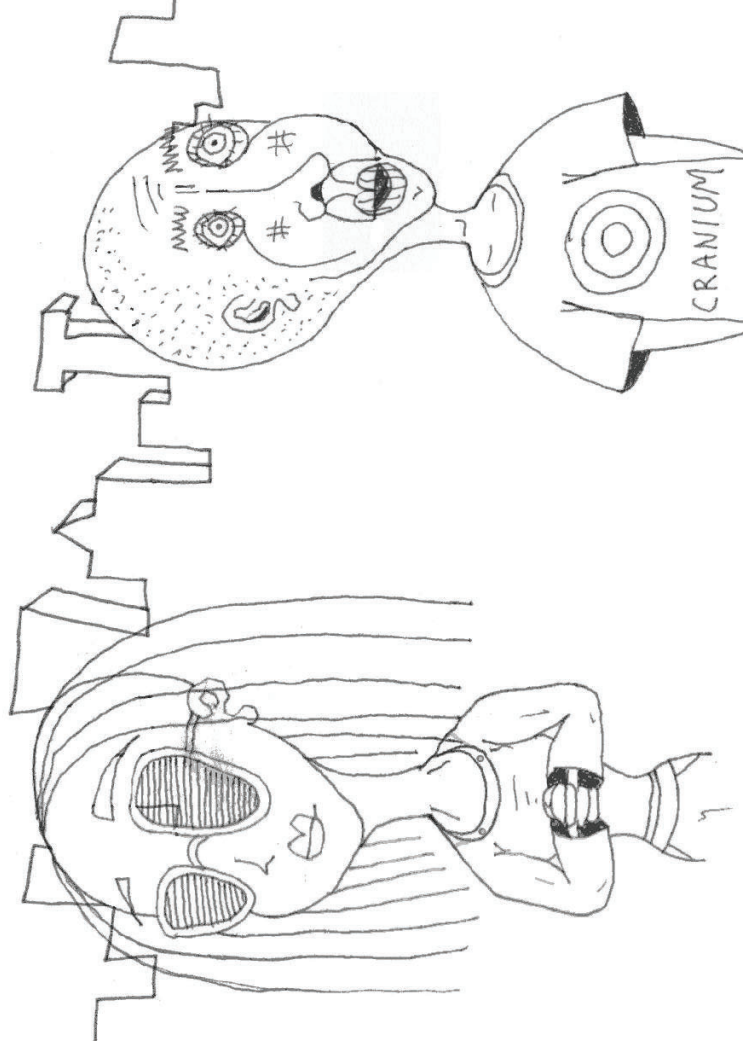
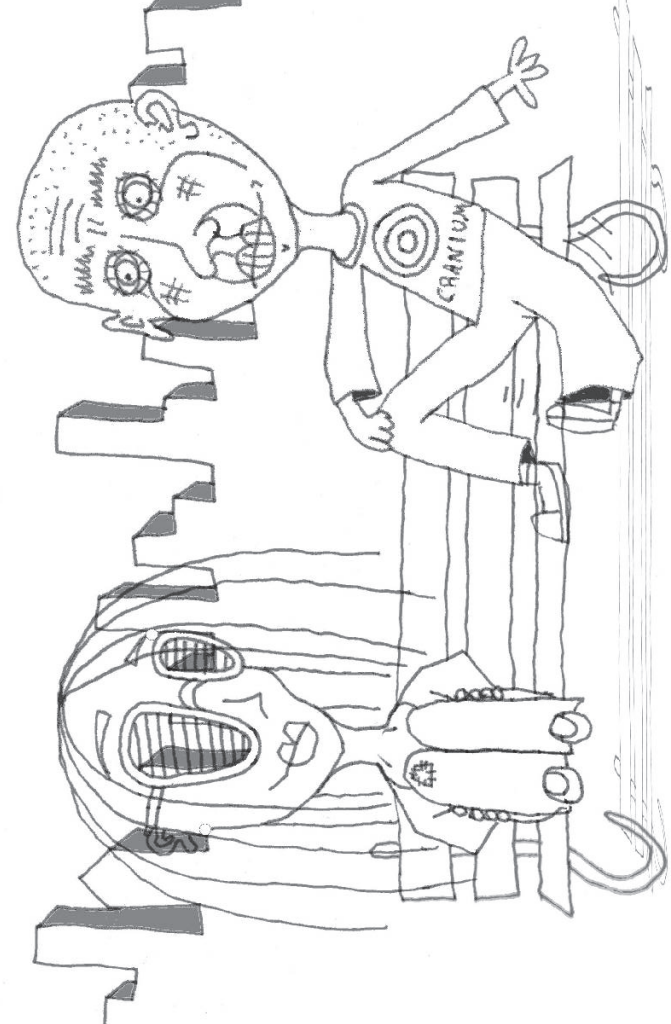
Wouldn't wanna lose Uranus.

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

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 ?

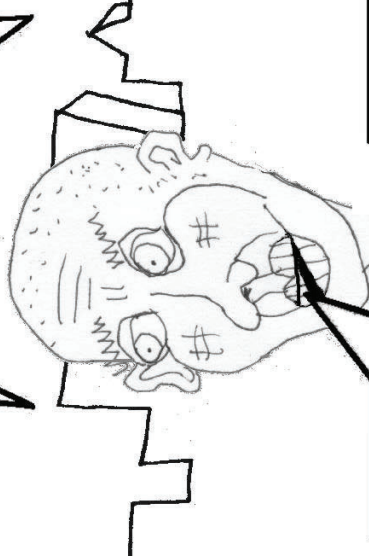
So, ask him to a honky tonk.



Go with a come on line.

Yeah . . .

Got one ?  
Okay . . .



You wanna know ?

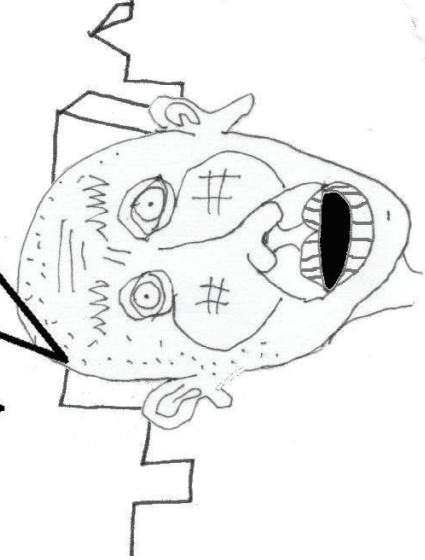
Yeah, tell me !

That was it.

That's my favorite anyway

"You wanna know ?"

Oh, you !



You could panhandle up to him.

You got a better plan than stagin' distress ?

I'm in no predicament.

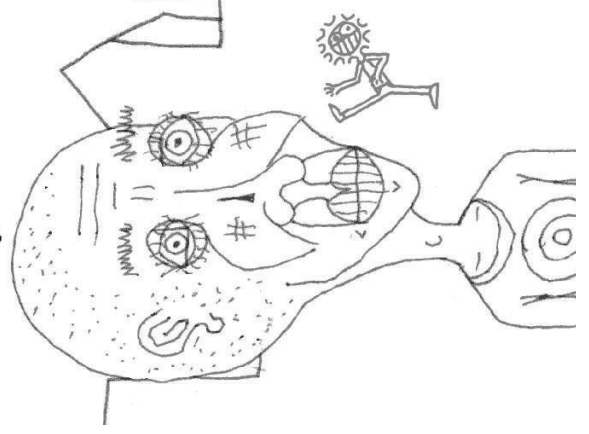
Phwaa! Should I climb a tree for him?

. . . I could go to the bank.

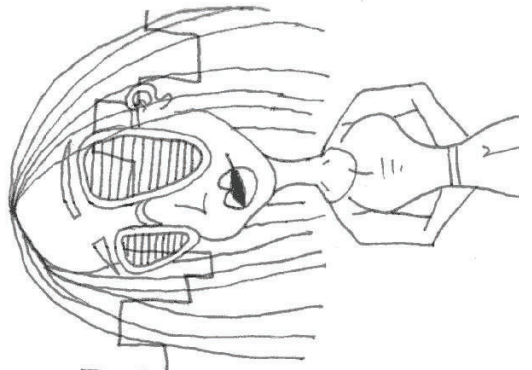
Seeing if he can change a hundred out of pocket.

What you thinkin' ?

You devil.



THE



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.



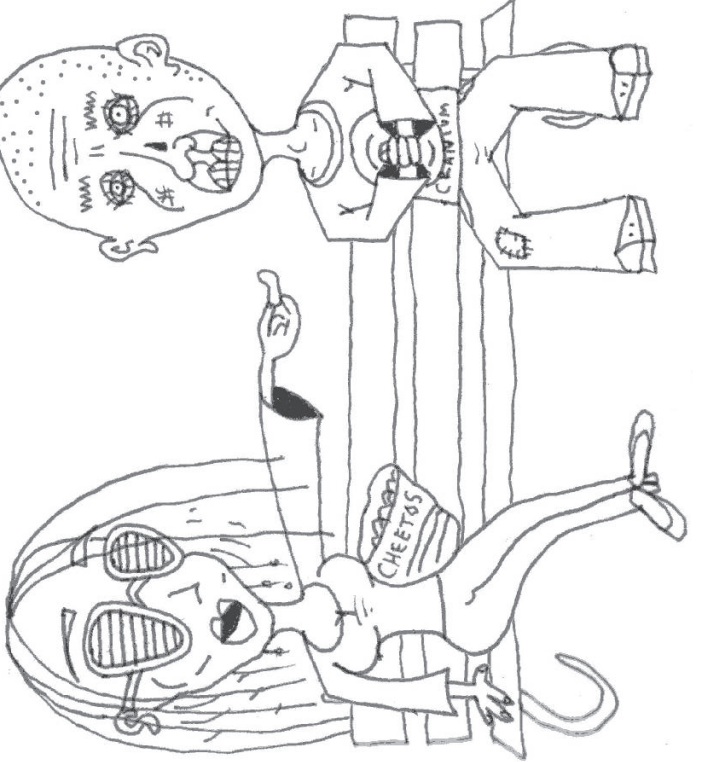
Hey Cranium, wanna Cheeto?

Why, thank you.

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

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

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!

