



image
7 NOV \$4.99 US

**ASSORTED
CRISIS
EVENTS™**

CAMP ZAWADZKI BELLAIRE OTSMANE-ELHAOU MULLER



RING
RING

YOU HAVE
REACHED THE
CRISIS HOTLINE. ALL
OUR COUNSELORS
ARE CURRENTLY
UNAVAILABLE.

PLEASE LEAVE
A MESSAGE WITH
YOUR NAME AND
CRISIS SITUATION
AFTER THE BEEP, AND
SOMEONE WILL GET
BACK TO YOU
AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE.

BEEEEEEEEP!

IT HAPPENED
AGAIN LAST
NIGHT.

BY NOW I
DON'T GET
SAD, OR ANGRY,
OR ANYTHING.

I JUST STARED
FOR A WHILE.

I NOTICED HOW THIS
ONE EVEN HAD MY
PAJAMAS, AND HOW
PEACEFUL HE LOOKED.

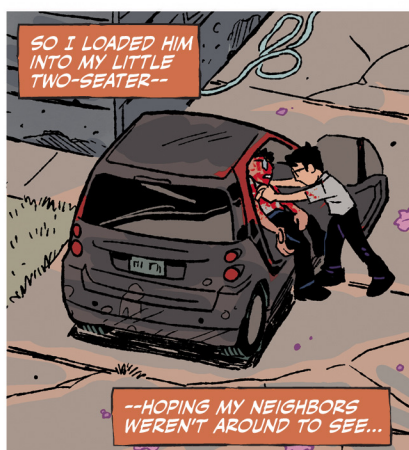
THEN I DRAGGED TOM 119
TO THE BACKYARD AND TOOK
CARE OF IT THE USUAL WAY.

Running
out of
yard.



I FIGURED I'D HAVE TIME-- --a month, maybe two--

--TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF SPACE, BUT THAT AFTERNOON I FOUND ANOTHER DEAD TOM.



SO I LOADED HIM INTO MY LITTLE TWO-SEATER--

--HOPING MY NEIGHBORS WEREN'T AROUND TO SEE...



Disgusting.



...BUT, OF COURSE, THERE WAS MR. PAPAGEORGIO!

IT'S UNNATURAL, IS WHAT IT IS.

AN ABOMINATION.

HE'S GOT IT OUT FOR ME BECAUSE HE SAYS I BRING DOWN THE PROPERTY VALUES.

(And because, eight months ago, Missus Papageorgio found a dead Tom in her knitting room, entirely drained of blood and studded with a million tiny puncture wounds.)



(Now she lives most of the year with her sister in Florida.)



I HAVE A CONDITION, MR. PAPAGEORGIO. AND A RIGHT TO LIVE MY LIFE, LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE.

IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY, DOUBLAY?





I DON'T BLAME MR. PAPAGEORGIO. OR MRS. PAPAGEORGIO. AT FIRST I TRIED TO RUN AWAY, TOO.



IT DIDN'T WORK OUT.

WHEREVER I WENT, THERE I WAS.



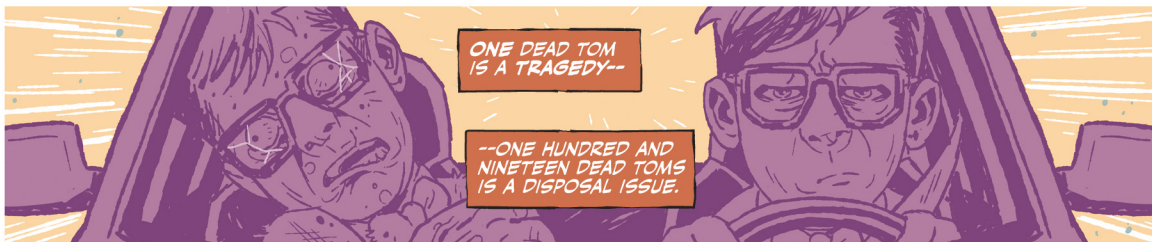
THE COPS WERE NO HELP. YOU KNOW HOW IT IS-- PRACTICALLY EVERYONE'S DEALING WITH THEIR OWN CRISIS THESE DAYS.

THIS IS THE NEW NORMAL, MAN. MY ADVICE-- LEARN TO LIVE WITH IT.



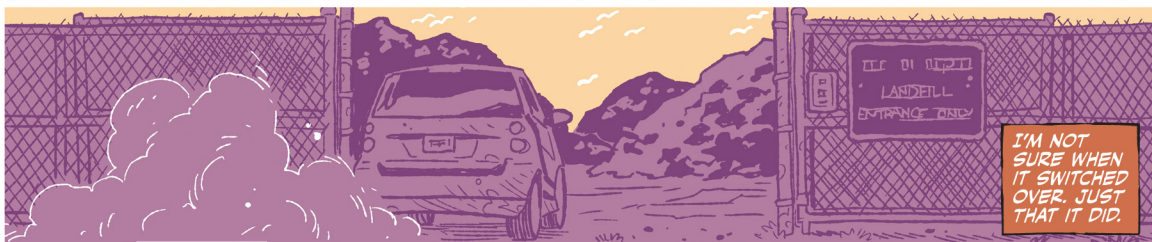
GRADUALLY IT BECAME JUST ONE MORE THING, PART OF THE BACKGROUND NOISE OF DAILY LIFE.

HONK HONK



ONE DEAD TOM IS A TRAGEDY--

--ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN DEAD TOMS IS A DISPOSAL ISSUE.



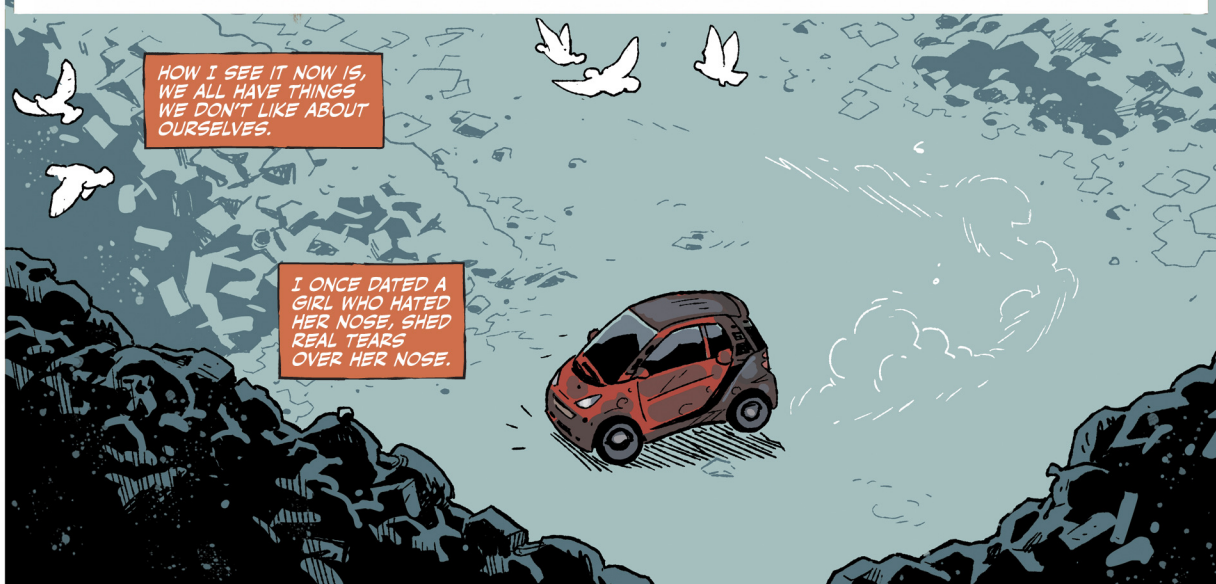
I'M NOT SURE WHEN IT SWITCHED OVER. JUST THAT IT DID.



IT DOESN'T
REALLY BOTHER
ME ANYMORE.



OR IT DOES
BOTHER ME,
BUT NOT
TOO MUCH.



HOW I SEE IT NOW IS,
WE ALL HAVE THINGS
WE DON'T LIKE ABOUT
OURSELVES.

I ONCE DATED A
GIRL WHO HATED
HER NOSE, SHED
REAL TEARS
OVER HER NOSE.



IN HIGH SCHOOL NELSON
"JUST THE TIP" O'NEIL
REFUSED TO SHOWER
AFTER GYM CLASS,
ON ACCOUNT OF HIS
BOTCHED CIRCUMCISION.

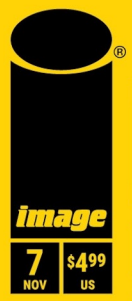


ONE NIGHT IN A BAR,
A DRUNK STRANGER IN
A CRUMPLED-UP SUIT
CONFIDED IN ME THAT
HE COULD ONLY ACHIEVE
AN ERECTION WHEN
THINKING OF HIS MOTHER.



IN MY CASE, CORPSES
WITH MY FACE AND
FINGERPRINTS
SOMETIMES APPEAR.

THAT'S MY
CROSS
TO BEAR.



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CJW