

The Dreadfully Naughty Bumpy Girl! *Shellie*

ALL ALONE ON A DARK MOUNTAIN PATH, DURING A THUNDERSTORM, AND YOUR CAR MYSTERIOUSLY GOES DEAD?

DEAD?

DON'T FRET! SOUNDS LIKE THE PERFECT CHANCE TO SPEND A NIGHT IN...

VAMPIRESS SHELLIE'S DUSTY-DINGY, KOOKY-SPOOKY HAUNTED MANSION

VAMPING IS WHAT SHELLIES DO BEST...

BUT VICTIM BEWARE! SHE WON'T STOP THERE...

GUARD YOUR NECK, OR SHELLIE'S ETERNAL THIRST MAY JUST COMPEL HER TO SUCK IT!

SHE'LL SCARE YOUR PANTS OFF. SHE'D EVEN... Okay, that's enough!! This is the last straw, Shellie.

Your shameful displays each week are an embarrassment to yourself, to me, and to this paper. I've decided to send you back from whence you came...

TO BE CONCLUDED

BY CHRIS LUNDGREN

DRANTING & RAVING BY CHRIS LUNDGREN

FAMINESS REX: PART VI

...AND THEN HE JUST FREAKED OUT AND SPILLED LEMONADE ALL OVER MY SHAG CARPET. AND IT IS NOT EASY TO CLEAN.

HMM...

THEN AFTER THEY LEFT, GRIM GAVE ME THIS INTERMINABLE LECTURE ABOUT HOW REX IS OBVIOUSLY SOME KIND OF "HELL SPAWN" AND SHOULD BE AVOIDED AT ALL COSTS. I THINK HE'S JEALOUS.

I SEE.

WHAT IS THIS? SOME KIND OF ALTERNATE REALITY, WHERE MORT DOES ALL OF THE TALKING AND I JUST LISTEN?

...BUT I GUESS HE DESERVES A RESPONSE.

BUT, DANG IT. EVEN FROM WHAT MORT SAID, GRIM'S PROBABLY RIGHT.

C'MON, DUMP THE HUSSY! SHE DOESN'T LOVE YOU! IF YOU THINK SHE DOES, YOU'RE AN IDIOT!!

SHE SOUNDS LIKE A MAN-EATER TO ME...

I NEED TO BREAK THIS TO MORT GENTLY.

OOOPS.

WHAT?! OH, I SEE... YOU'RE ON HIS SIDE. AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY FRIEND. SEE IF I EVER TALK TO YOU AGAIN.

RAD HABITS BY JOEL D CUNDERSON

Yo buddy- you frakkin' stink

Oh like binga drinkin' isn't bad habit

hey gus.

Oh-I'm gonna vomit!

HABITS WE ALL GOT 'EM!

The Educated by Sam Lombardo

Get in my belly!

Say hello to your new ASG president.

JACK & STAPLES BY JOEL D CUNDERSON

MEET SPIKE-THE HEAD HUNTER & GOURMET CHEF

MEET BOB-THE GUY WHO DOESN'T RUN FAST ENOUGH aka- LUNCH.

OH MY - IT'S A SHISHKA-BOB! HA! HA! HA! IT'S A BOB-B-Q!!!

OK-SO THAT WAS SICK AND WRONG. WHAT CAN I SAY? IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TASTE.

THE WHITE MR. T & THE TWO DRUNK HOTTIES BY TIMOTHY A. BELL

I WON! I AM ASG President!

I would like to thank the 5 people who voted for me!

Now on with my mission, even onk!

Drink Milk, Don't Do Drugs, Stay in School, And get A Job Fast!

I got you NOW!

I'M #1! I pity the Fool who messes with the ASG President!

LOOK OUT!

Somebody Shot The White Mr. T! Bryan will have to be ASG President Now.

I'm Feelin' A Little Woosy Here!

Drink Drugs, School is Milk, Get A Job!

AS ASG Vice President I will now assume the Presidential responsibilities and discover who the assassin is!

Your not AS Educated as me! who's your Daddy!

Who shot THE WHITE MR. T? WAS it Jen?

I did not inhale!

Or is it Bryan?

Everybody's A Suspect

MAYBE IT WAS King Fu Cook.

Where is my Car?

Or MAYBE IT WAS the MAFKA MAN.

Hi!

Find out IN NEXT WEEKS Chilling Conclusion to The Adventure of the WHITE MR. T.

YOU COULD LEARN A LOT FROM THE ROMANS. HERE'S YOUR LATIN LESSON FOR THIS WEEK: QUANTUM IN UNA HORA IMPUTAS?--YOU CHARGE HOW MUCH AN HOUR?