

Max, I've been reading about catapults. It seems they were machines with spring loaded arms that had a projectile-holding apparatus on the end.

Hmmm.

SPLAT HEY!!

They were used by medieval armies and if operated correctly had a stunning accuracy.

So I see.

How true. SPLUTT

Ha ha ha!

Well... I think I'll go study in the library.

Uh... I think we should stay and help clean up.

Good idea.

Food fight!!!

Ziing

by SA Erickson

The projectiles flew at breakneck speeds and left devastation and destruction in their path.

We win awards Reap the rewards.

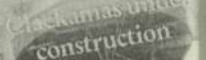
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Still RANTING RAVING

STORY AND ARTWORK BY CHRISTOPHER LUNDGREN, SPERM AND OVUM FURNISHED BY JOHN AND SUSANNA

THIS WEEK'S STORY: "HUMBLE BEGINNINGS, PART III: DUMB & DUMBER"

LAST TIME, DEATH WAS FORCED TO COME TO TERMS WITH THE HARSH REALITY THAT HIS ELDER SON, GRIM, HAD BECOME A SORT-OF PEACENIK, AND MORALLY OPPOSED TO THE ACT OF SOUL-REAPING. HOWEVER, UNDAUNTED BY THIS TRAGIC TWIST OF FATE, HE TURNED HIS ATTENTION ELSEWHERE...

... NAMELY, HIS YOUNGER SON, MORT.

I'M SORRY TO LET YOU DOWN, DAD.

LOOK, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, GRIM. I'M NOT TOO THRILLED THAT YOU FEEL THAT WAY, BUT I CAN'T FORCE YOU TO GO AGAINST WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN.

PEACE.

SO WHERE'S YOUR LITTLE BROTHER? NOW HIM I CAN FORCE.

TRY THE GREENHOUSE.

AND SO, DEATH MADE HIS WAY TO THE GREENHOUSE, THOUGH WITH A MEASURE OF TREPIDATION AT WHAT HE MIGHT FIND THERE...

MAYBE I'LL TRY A DIFFERENT APPROACH THIS TIME...

BOY! PUT DOWN THAT PLANT AND COME WITH ME; WE'RE GOIN' REAPIN'!!

THAT'S RIGHT, MORT. I WANT YOU TO BE MY ASSISTANT.

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT IDEA?

UM...

HELLO?

PLEASE FEEL FREE TO SPEAK.

MAN, I WAS AFRAID OF THIS.

OKAY, GRIM, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR BROTHER?

WELL, A WHILE AGO HE JUST SORTA STOPPED TALKING MUCH, AND WHEN THERE'S SOMEONE HE'S NOT USED TO, HE DOESN'T TALK AT ALL. I GUESS AFTER 1500 YEARS, HE'S A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE AROUND YOU.

HUH. THAT'S KINDA FREAKISH, BUT... IT'S OKAY TOO.

THAT JUST MEANS HE CAN'T SAY "NO."

• WILL MORT MAKE A GOOD REAPER?
• WILL DEATH FINALLY BE ABLE TO RETIRE??
• WILL THESE QUESTIONS EVER CEASE ??? (I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE I DON'T KNOW THE ANSWERS.)

FIND OUT NEXT WEEK!

The Future A pointless travel through time

Liesl Muggli

MIKE'S PROVERB OF THE WEEK

The greatest talkers are always the least doers.

English

Ladies and Gentlemen... Today we have...

What's for dinner?

Whack

Cook only as much rice as you have. philipine proverb

There is no end



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