

HEY, YOU'RE CUTTING INTO VALUABLE UNCHARTED & PLAYING TIME!

YOU KNOW, A REAL GAME?

ARE YOU LISTENING?



IS THIS EVEN ROCK? ROCK ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THIS SLOW AND BORING!

WHAT ARE YOU? TEN GOING ON SEVENTY!?

THAT GAME SHOULD COME WITH A HIT OF ACID TO COMPLETE YOUR ROCK EXPERIENCE!

IT MIGHT EVEN MAKE THE MUSIC INTERESTING!



DAD, HOW CAN THE BEATLES STILL BE POPULAR?

I DON'T KNOW, SON.









**BING**

**BONG!**



OH!  
ANGELICA!  
ARE YOU  
HERE TO SEE  
JANIE?



NOT TODAY,  
MRS. BLACK.



I'M COLLECTING  
CONTRIBUTIONS  
ON BEHALF OF  
YOUTH AWARE,  
TO HELP ROLL  
BACK THE CAUSE  
AND EFFECTS OF  
GLOBAL  
WARMING.



**SLAM**



MOM SAID WE  
CAN HAVE  
THESE FANCY  
CHOCOLATES.

BUT WE  
MUST BE  
CAREFUL.



WE HAVE TO  
CAREFULLY  
ANALYZE EACH  
ONE.

WEIGHT.

CONSISTENCY.

THESE FANCY  
CHOCOLATES  
ARE A  
MYSTERY.

WE HAVE TO  
DETERMINE WHICH  
ARE FILLED WITH  
GOOD THINGS.

AND  
WHICH ARE  
FILLED WITH  
CHERRY-  
FLAVORED  
SNOT.



POKE



AND THEN-  
HEY!



FOOD?

YES.

YOUR MOTHER'S FEELING A LITTLE SICK, SO I TOOK CARE OF THE GROCERY SHOPPING FOR HER.

BAKED POTATO CHIPS?!

MOM NEVER BUYS BAKED POTATO CHIPS!

NATURAL PEANUT BUTTER?

UNFROSTED POP TARTS?!

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

WE CAN'T EAT THIS!

WE'RE GONNA ST ARVE!

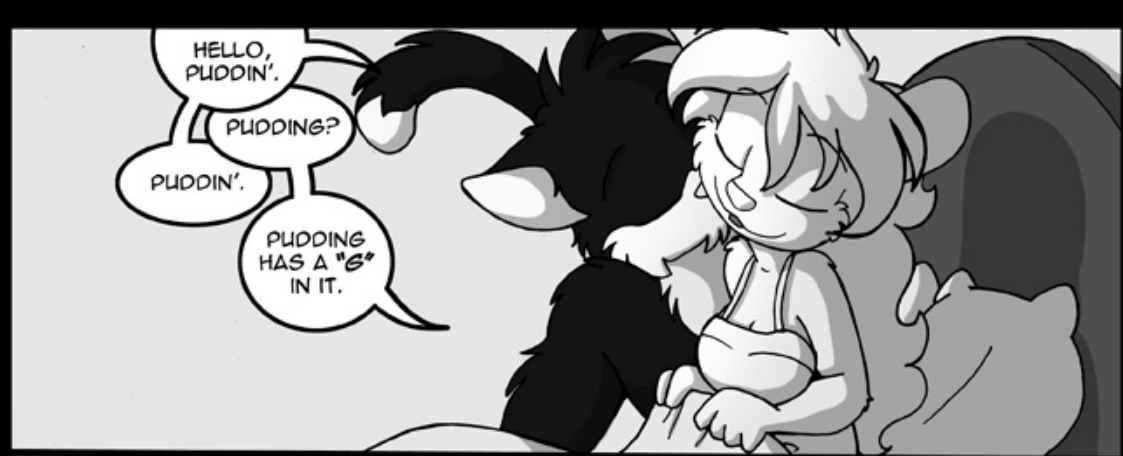
BLOOD... SUGAR... DWINOLING... !!!

MAYBE WE CAN EAT DADDY INSTEAD!

GRR!  
\*BITE!

HEY!







HE'S BEEN TEACHING  
ME THE ART OF  
SELFLESSNESS.

IT'S ALL  
ABOUT  
REMOVING  
YOURSELF  
FROM THE  
EQUATION.

BY READING  
NIETZSCHE?

I THINK I  
HAVE IT  
MASTERED!

KSSSSSSSH!

TINK!

TINK!

PJ Ingle  
Chris Stamey

**Green Screen Studio Production Crew:**

Operation Manager of the TAT Studio:  
Chris Carpenter

Technicians:  
Cody Baker  
Frederick Warren  
Brennan Tiffany

WHAAAAAT?

SHE WAS  
TRUE TO  
HER  
NON-SELF.

I  
DON'T  
GET IT.



DAMMIT.

GO AWAY,  
MORNING  
WOOD.



I HAVE TO  
PISS LIKE A  
WATERLOGGED  
MULE.

ELIZABETH  
WILL *FREAK* IF  
SHE CATCHES  
ME GOING IN  
THE SINK  
AGAIN.

THINK OF  
UNSEXY  
THINGS.

NURSING  
HOMES.

SMART  
CARS.

STEVE  
BUSCEMI.



NO  
NO  
NO!

BACK  
OFF,  
WOMAN!

OH, HEY,  
WHAT'S THIS?  
MMMM.

BOY, WOMEN  
REALLY HAVE IT  
GOOD WHEN IT  
COMES TO  
SEX.

HOW'S  
THAT?

THEY GET TO  
CUT LOOSE AND  
HAVE SEX WITH  
**BOTH** MEN AND  
WOMEN.

THEY'VE  
GOT ALL THE  
OPPORTUNITY.

AND UNLIKE  
WITH MEN, IT'S  
SOCIALY  
**COOL.**

YOU WANT TO  
HAVE SEX WITH  
**BOTH** MEN AND  
WOMEN?

**NO!**

I MEAN,  
AS IT IS  
FOR  
**WOMEN.**

SO, YOU WANT  
TO BE A **WOMAN**  
WHO HAS SEX  
WITH **BOTH** MEN  
AND WOMEN.

**NO!**

LISTEN,  
YOU...



ARE YOU HAVING A STEAK FOR LUNCH?

BY ITSELF!?

YOU SHOULD REALLY BALANCE YOUR MEALS WITH SIDE DISHES.

YOU'RE NEITHER AN ANIMAL, NOR IN COLLEGE.

REALLY, HON.





WAS THE END  
OF MASS  
EFFECT 3  
REALLY THAT  
BAD?

WE'RE NOT  
TALKING  
ABOUT ONE  
GAME.

IT'S THE  
END OF A  
TRILOGY.



THE MASS EFFECT  
TRILOGY IS LIKE  
THE *SUPER HOT*  
GIRLFRIEND I  
ONCE HAD.

SOME OF THE  
*BEST* SEX OF  
MY LIFE. HOT,  
PASSIONATE.

BUILDING  
TOWARD THE  
END...



... AND SHE  
RUINS IT BY  
FARTING ON MY  
BALLS RIGHT  
BEFORE  
CLIMAX.



WHO DID  
THAT!?

RED!?

BETH!/?

AIN'T  
SAYIN'.

NO.

NOPE.





"LICK"



YOUR SALIVA'S ON ME.

IT'S A GIFT!



MM.

A GIFT LIKE THAT IS BEST APPLIED TO ANOTHER BODY PART.



IT'LL BE A "SAB GIFT".



BAD JOKES WILL NOT GET YOU LAID.



DAD SAYS  
YOU'RE COOKING  
CHICKEN BREASTS  
FOR DINNER.

YES, I  
AM.

DID YOU  
CUT THE  
NIPPLES  
OFF?

OR DO THEY  
DO THAT  
FOR YOU AT  
THE STORE?

DAD, MOM SAYS CHICKENS DON'T HAVE NIPPLES TO BEGIN WITH.

THAT'S A COMMON MISCONCEPTION THAT A LOT OF AMERICANS HAVE.

THEY'VE NEVER BEEN TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES WHERE CHICKENS ARE TRADITIONALLY SERVED *WHOLE*, WITH THE NIPPLES STILL ON.

REALLY?!

MMHM.

I THOUGHT MOMS KNEW *EVERYTHING*.

WELL, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE *THAT* MISTAKE AGAIN.

DEAR!





WHAT'S THAT STUFF UNDER YOUR EYES?

IT'S CALLED "EYE BLACK".

WHAT'S IT DO?

IT BLACKENS THE AREA UNDER YOUR EYES.

DUH!



IT'S FOR PUTTING BLACK BARS ON THE LIGHT COLORED FUR UNDER YOUR EYES.

BUT WHAT'S IT FOR?!




WELL, I CAN'T HAVE BLACK BARS UNDER MY EYES IF I DON'T!


BUT WHY DO YOU PUT IT ON!



SO, I PULLED  
JANIE OUT OF  
GYMNASTICS.



TO GET MUCH  
FURTHER AT HER  
AGE, SHE PRETTY  
MUCH HAS TO  
PRACTICE IT  
EXCLUSIVELY.



AND UNDER  
THE HARSHNESS  
OF A DRILL  
INSTRUCTOR.




IT'S  
ALMOST  
CHILD  
ABUSE.



**CRACK**



**WHAP**



MAYBE I'LL  
ENCOURAGE HER  
TO TAKE UP  
SWIMMING,  
INSTEAD.



SAVED THE  
WORLD FROM  
ALDUIN.  
COMPLETED  
EVERY MAJOR  
QUEST.

COMPLETED  
A ZILLION SIDE  
QUESTS.

DISCOVERED  
EVERY LOCATION  
IN SKYRIM.

NOW  
WHAT?



HEARTHFIRE  
DOWNLOADABLE  
CONTENT?

BUILD YOUR  
CUSTOMIZABLE  
ESTATE?

LIVE OFF THE  
FAT OF YOUR  
CHARACTER'S  
ACCOMPLISHED  
OPULENCE!?



FUCK  
YEAH.

DAD, WHAT'S THE MEANING OF LIFE?

THE MEANING?

WELL, "MEANING" REFERS TO PURPOSE?

THE QUESTION PRESUPPOSES A PURPOSE OR MEANING *PRIOR* TO THE EXISTENCE OF LIFE, FOR WHICH LIFE WAS MADE.

BUT ONLY LIVING THINGS HAVE VALUES, PASSIONS, AND GOALS.

ONLY *LIVING THINGS* CAN DETERMINE THEIR PURPOSE OR MEANING. A NON-LIVING THING *CAN'T*.

SO, LIFE COMES *FIRST*, THEN THE MEANING OF IT IS DETERMINED BY LIVING THINGS. NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

SO, IF LIFE HAS "MEANING", IT IS WHAT WE CHOOSE FOR OURSELVES. WHATEVER OUR GOALS, PASSIONS, AND VALUES ARE.

I SEE.

WHEN I ASKED MOM, SHE JUST SAID "HAPPINESS".

YEAH, WELL...

SAME THING.

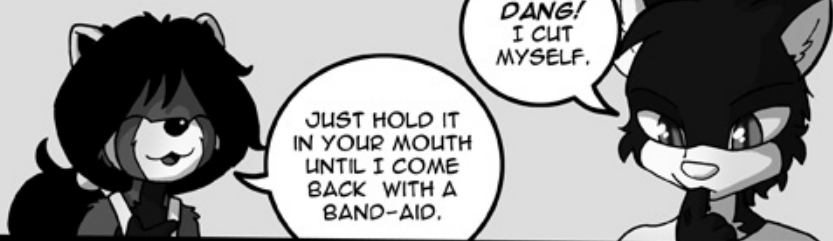


**EAT IT! EAT IT! EAT IT! EAT IT! EAT IT!**



**DANG!  
I CUT  
MYSELF.**

**JUST HOLD IT  
IN YOUR MOUTH  
UNTIL I COME  
BACK WITH A  
BAND-AID.**



**AH  
AH!**

**WASH  
THOSE  
HANDS  
FIRST,  
YOUNG  
MAN!**



MEET THE CITIZENS OF THE INTERNET!

WHAT DO YOU DO, SIR?

I PLAY MULTI-PLAYER GAMES IN ORDER TO MAKE THEM AS INSUFFERABLE AS POSSIBLE TO NEW PLAYERS.

GAMES AREN'T ABOUT STORIES, BUT PLAYER STATS AND EXPLOITS.

AND YOU?

I'M MAKING COPIES OF THIS VIDEO GAME TO PROTEST THE STUDIO'S INCONVENIENT DRM MEASURES.

SO WITHOUT DRM, YOU'D PAY FOR THE GAME?

WELLLL...

I'M DEALING WITH MY INSECURITIES BY BEING HYPER-CRITICAL OVER THE PHYSICAL IMPERFECTIONS OF WOMEN ON THE INTERNET.

YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR US ALL.

YES.

AND WHAT ABOUT YOU?

WHEN I'M NOT GIBBLING OVER .GIFS AND MEMES THAT TRIVIALIZE THE HOLOCAUST AND WORLD TRADE CENTER ATTACKS, I'M RAISING AWARENESS ABOUT THE DANGERS OF SCIENTOLOGY.

YOU'RE A RISK TAKING PIONEER.

HELLO, MISS.

I DO MY BEST TO CREATE ORIGINAL CONTENT AND ADD MY OWN EXPRESSIVE CORNER TO THE-

HOW DULL.

WHAT?

NEXT!

I'M TRYING TO COERCE THE GIRL IN THE LAST FRAME TO DRAW FOR *FREE*, UNDER THE PRETEXT THAT NO ONE REALLY "OWNS" ART.

FREEDOM FOR CONCEPTS, NOT PEOPLE?

EXACTLY.

SO, I  
BROKE UP  
WITH BRAD.

DIDN'T  
SEE  
THAT  
COMING.

BUT I  
STILL WANT  
TO BE HIS  
FRIEND.

WELL,  
HE COULD  
FAKE IT, I  
GUESS.

FORGET IT.  
IMPOSSIBLE.

WHY?

WHY CAN'T I  
STILL BE HIS  
FRIEND JUST  
BECAUSE I  
DON'T WANT TO  
DATE HIM?

BECAUSE YOUR  
CONSTANT PRESENCE  
WILL CONTINUOUSLY  
REMIND HIM OF  
EVERYTHING THAT  
WAS DISAPPOINTING  
ABOUT YOUR  
RELATIONSHIP?

GIVE HIM A FEW  
MONTHS, OR A  
COUPLE OF NEW  
GIRLFRIENDS.

THEN  
MAYBE.

YOU  
SOUND  
JUST LIKE  
BRAD!

STILL  
GOT HIS  
NUMBER?

I THINK-

WAIT,  
WHY?



HOW IS FISK ALWAYS SO CALM, NO MATTER HOW CHAOTIC YOUR HOUSE IS?

I DON'T KNOW.

HE'S JUST A SPECIAL GUY.



YOU RAN A COP OFF THE ROAD!

HE'LL LIVE.



THERE IS NO RED WIRE.

THERE'S A LIGHT SALMON WIRE, AND SORT OF A DARK HELICONIA...



THEY BLOCKED THE EXITS!

NOT THE WINDOWS!



FUUU-




AND HE WENT INTO MY ROOM AND MESSED WITH MY TROPHIES AND I KEPT TELLING HIM TO LEAVE MY STUFF ALONE AND HE'S SUCH A NOSEY BRAT!

BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS MESSING WITH MY STUFF BECAUSE SHE THINKS SHE OWNS THE HOUSE! BECAUSE HE'S ALWAYS LEAVING HIS STUFF IN MY WAY ON THE PORCH AND IN THE FOYER AND-

OH THE LIES!





DOES THE  
SIZE OF THE  
UNIVERSE  
EVER MAKE  
YOU FEEL  
INSIGNIFICANT?

NOT  
REALLY.




YOU'RE JUST  
TALKING  
ABOUT A HUGE  
ACCUMULATION  
OF *STUFF*.

LIFE IS  
WHAT'S  
REALLY  
AWESOME.


A STAR  
CAN'T BE  
HAPPY.

A NEBULA  
ISN'T AWARE  
OF ITS OWN  
EXISTENCE.



I MEANT  
IN TERMS  
OF *SIZE*.

ARE YOU  
*LESS*  
SIGNIFICANT  
BECAUSE  
YOU'RE *NOT*  
OBESE?



SINCE YOU SENT  
MY DEBTOR  
AWAY, I FIGURE  
YOU OWE ME THE  
MONEY, NOW.

ARE YOU  
SERIOUS?

LOOK  
AT ME.



I AM THE  
DRAGONBORN!

I'VE LEFT A  
TRAIL OF  
BODIES FROM  
HERE TO  
MARKARTH!

EVERYONE  
WHO ATTACKS  
ME DIES!



I HAVE  
SAVED  
WORLDS!

I HAVE  
SLAIN  
GODS!



IF YOU  
DON'T PAY,  
I'LL SEND  
GUYS AFTER  
YOU-

OH  
COME  
ON!!!

**HOW TO MAKE  
BREAKFAST  
WITHOUT WAKING  
UP YOUR WIFE.**

**STEP 1: ASSEMBLE INGREDIENTS  
FOR A DELICIOUS OMELETTE.**



**STEP 2: WHISK THE  
EGGS WITH A FORK  
LIKE YOU DID WHEN  
YOU WERE SINGLE.**



**STEP 3: POUR  
BEATEN EGG JUICE  
INTO A NON-STICK  
PAN ON MEDIUM  
HEAT.**



**STEP 4: ADD  
ANCILLARY  
INGREDIENTS.**



**STEP 5:  
EXECUTE THE  
PERFECT FLIP.**



**STEP 6: ENJOY AS  
SCRAMBLED EGGS.**







IS THAT THE ELDER SCROLLS ONLINE?

YEP.

YEAH, I THOUGHT SO.

I THOUGHT YOU LIKED THE ELDER SCROLLS GAMES.

SURE.

THE MAJESTIC LANDSCAPES. EXPLORING A HUGE MAP.

REVEALING NEW AREAS OF A RICH AND DETAILED UNIVERSE METICULOUSLY CONSTRUCTED BY PEOPLE WHO OBVIOUSLY LOVE WHAT THEY DO.

WHY WOULD YOU SUBJECT THAT GLORIOUS SETTING TO EVERY JACKASS ON THE INTERNET, SO THEY CAN BREAK LORE AND GENERALLY PEE ALL OVER IT?

AH.

WHAT'S YOUR CHARACTER'S NAME?

UH...

TELL ME!

\*QUEENGOOTH SPARKLEBITCH\*.

SEE!!!



MAYBE  
JANIE IS  
RIGHT.



SURE I'M  
HAVING FUN.  
BUT ONLY BY  
SHUTTING OUT  
EVERYONE  
ELSE.




THEIR  
STUPID  
BOUNCING.

THEIR  
INTRUSIVE  
UGLY  
PETS.



HUFF

SNORT



AROUND  
EVERY  
CORNER,  
I'M BEING  
PULLED FROM  
THE SETTING BY  
THE PRESENCE  
OF OTHERS.

AND WHEN I SEE TWO  
PLAYERS TAKING OFF  
THEIR CLOTHES AND  
SIMULATING SEX WITH  
THE "PLAY DEAD" AND  
"PUSHUPS" EMOTES,  
IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN...

... THE FIRST  
THING THAT  
CROSSES MY  
MIND...

... IS IF  
WEREN'T FOR  
THIS SHIT,  
WE  
MIGHT BE  
PLAYING  
FALLOUT 4,  
BY NOW.

THOMAS BLACK.

UNPARALLELED  
*MASTER* OF THE  
CHEAP PLASTIC  
RECORDER.

HIS RAPE LIVE  
PERFORMANCES ARE  
BREATHTAKING.

ALONE, ON  
STAGE, HE BRINGS  
THE AUDIENCE TO  
A HUSH.

COMPLETE SILENCE  
FILLS THE ROOM.

HE BRINGS THE  
RECORDER TO  
HIS LIPS...



\*INHALE\*







I'M  
FEELING  
DIRTY.

HMM.

SAY  
BAD  
THINGS  
TO ME.

WELL, YOUR  
LASAGNA IS A  
LITTLE BLAND.  
YOU COULD  
SEASON IT UP A  
LITTLE.



YOU SHOULD  
WORK MORE  
ON CLEANING  
YOUR CLAW  
LINT.

AND HAVE  
YOU EVER  
CONSIDERED  
LASER EYE  
SURGERY?



IS THIS  
DOING IT  
FOR YOU?

NO.






DO I  
HAVE TO  
FINISH MY  
BROCCOLI?

YES.

THERE ARE  
STARVING  
CHILDREN IN THE  
WORLD WHO  
CAN'T EVEN EAT  
BROCCOLI.



HOW WOULD  
ME EATING  
THIS BROCCOLI  
HELP THEM?



IT'S NOT  
ABOUT HELPING.  
IT'S ABOUT  
BEING GRATEFUL  
THAT YOU HAVE  
IT TO EAT.



I'LL GO STARVE  
MYSELF UNTIL  
I'M GRATEFUL  
FOR BROCCOLI.



SIT  
BACK  
DOWN!



THIS  
LOOKS  
RAD.

WHAT  
IS IT?

DARK  
SOULS 3.



LET  
ME  
TRY!

OH SURE,  
LYNNE.

YOU'LL  
LOVE THIS  
GAME.

**TWO HOURS LATER...**



FUCK  
YOU.

I GOTTA  
LOOK  
PERFECT.

IF YOU EVER  
GET PAST THE  
CHARACTER  
CREATION  
SCREEN!