

the adventures of the FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

by Gilbert Shelton

PHINEAS FINDS HIMSELF APPLYING FOR EMERGENCY RELIEF MONEY FROM THE WELFARE DEPARTMENT...

...IN ORDER TO RECEIVE MONEY FROM THIS AGENCY, YOU MUST BE ACTIVELY ENGAGED IN SEEKING EMPLOYMENT!



...SO I HAVE TO PRETEND I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB, HUNH?

IT'D BE TERRIBLE IF I SCREWED UP AND ACTUALLY GOT ONE!



I'LL PUT ON MY MOST "COMFORTABLE" CLOTHES...



...AND HIE MYSELF DOWN TO THE TALLEST SKYSCRAPER IN TOWN...



WHERE'S THE LINE FOR THE JOBS?



WHAT WAS YOUR LAST JOB, MR. FREAK? ...ER, UH... I WAS THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER IN ZILCH, NEW MEXICO, BACK IN 1963!



WHAT ARE YOUR QUALIFICATIONS? WELL, I CAN TYPE FIFTEEN WORDS PER MINUTE!



DO YOU HAVE ANY PROBLEMS WITH ALCOHOL? OH, NO! I CAN DRINK 36 CANS OF BEER WITHOUT BARFING!



DO YOU USE DRUGS? NO, NOT REALLY... DO YOU MIND IF I LIGHT UP THIS JOINT?

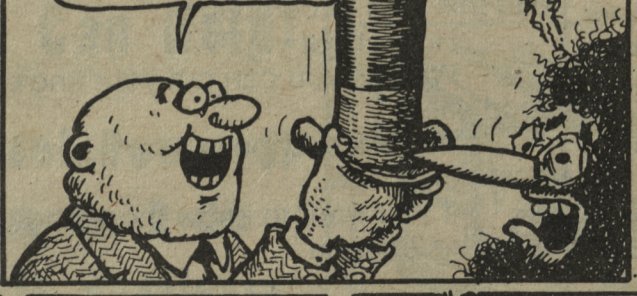


I SAY, YOU SEEM TO BE AN HONEST YOUNG MAN! THE JOB IS YOURS! ER, WHAT IS THE JOB?



PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES! WE HAVEN'T HAD AN HONEST ONE IN A LONG TIME!

HERE'S YOUR HAT! NO! NO!



I JUST HAD A TERRIBLE DREAM... DON'T TELL ME ABOUT IT.



FAT FREDDY'S CAT

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO FOR A NICE WALK IN THE PARK ON YOUR NEW LEASH?



COME ON! COME ON!



WHOOF! WHOOF!

