

DESPAIR

"ONCE UPON A TIME ON A SMALL FAR-A-WAY PLANET CALLED NEWFOUNDLAND..

..FOR SHORT BUT NOT FOR LONG SINCE THIS IS A TALE OF MANY TRAGEDIES.

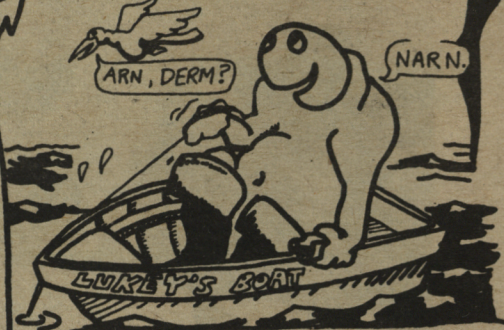
...BLANCHE SQUIBB OF SQUIBB'S HOLE; FELL IN LOVE AND MARRIED HER, WHICH WAS THE FAD IN THE OUTPORTS IN THOSE DAYS.



HEAVY STUFF!

READ IT OUT, SO'S WE CAN HEAR IT, MAN.

...THERE LIVED A SIMPLE FISHERMAN, NAMED DERM HAWCO. HIS FRIENDS CALLED HIM DERM..



ARN, DERM?

NARN.

ON DERM'S 23RD BIRTH-DAY, IT HAPPENED. HE MET...



GOLLEE, DERM! I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. I'M SO HAPPY.

THEY SETTLED IN BAIE D'ESPOIR (ie. BAY OF HOPE), BUT...

..IN NEWFOUNDLANDESE IS PRONOUNCED BAY DESPAIR.

FIVE DAYS LATER, A STORM CAME UP AT WORK AND DERM NEVER CAME HOME AGAIN. HE WOULD NEVER SEE HIS SON...

BLANCHE NAMED THE BOY, DERM, AFTER THE FATHER HE WAS NEVER, TO KNOW.



I'M SO HAPPY

HE TOO

WOE!

WOE!



HMM? COULD THIS BE A SON'WESTER?



MY SON!

MAMA!

BUT-HORRORS-THE BOY WAS DEFORMED. HE ONLY HAD A HEAD - NO BODY, NO ARMS, AND NO LEGS.



THAT'S QUITE A HEAD HE'S GOT G: HIS SHOULDERS-WINDOFS!

...CONCEIVED 2 MONTHS EARLIER. DERM WAS LOST TO THE WORLD OF MEN.

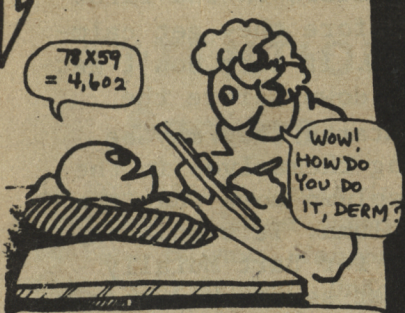
HE WAS VERY POPULAR WITH OTHER CHILDREN...

...HOCKEY AND...

...HOCKEY AND...

...HOCKEY AND...

OH, I WISH I HAD A BODY WITH ARMS AND LEGS SO I COULD PLAY HOCKEY.



78x59 = 4,602

Wow! HOW DO YOU DO IT, DERM?

..COWBOYS AND INDIANS - AND...

..SOCCER AND...

...SOFTBALL AND...

...HOCKEY AND...

...FUCKING AND...

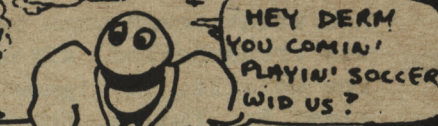
...HOCKEY AND...

...SWIMMING AND...

...HOCKEY.



AND WHAT'S MORE, I DON'T FIND THIS ONE BIT FUNNY.



HEY DERM YOU COMIN' PLAYIN' SOCCER WID US?

BY MALONEY

..BUT WAS UNABLE TO JOIN THEM IN MANY OF THEIR GAMES LIKE..

SO HE PRAYED AND PRAYED. HE DID THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS, SAID THE ROSARY 304,582 TIMES, MADE A MESS OF NOVENAS AND MADE THREE PILGRIMAGES TO THE HOLY-LAND (ST. JOHN'S).

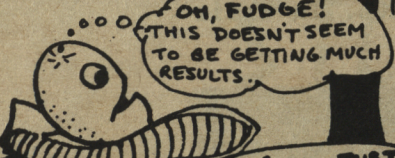
..GOD WHO AT THAT MOMENT WAS DOING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING...

... AND WITH THAT HIS LEGS BEGAN TO GROW, HIS ARMS BEGAN TO GROW, AND HIS BODY BEGAN TO DEVELOP. SLOWLY AT FIRST....

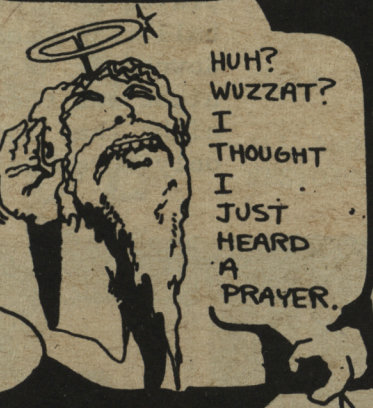
THEN IMPERCEPTIVELY FASTER UNTIL...



WHY DONCHA ASK GOD FER SOME ARMS N' LEGS?



OH, FUDGE! THIS DOESN'T SEEM TO BE GETTING MUCH RESULTS.



HUH? WUZZAT? I THOUGHT I JUST HEARD A PRAYER.



SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!



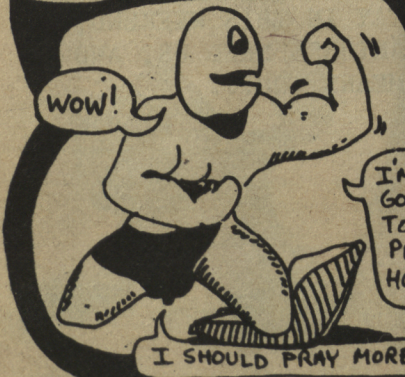
WOW! THEY'RE GROWING!

... HE WAS A NORMAL BOY.

DAD'S OLD HOCKEY GEAR WAS IN THE ATTIC. IT FITS.

LOOK OUT POND, LOOK OUT FRED, LOOK OUT NED, HERE COMES DERM.

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS:



Wow!

I'M GOING TO PLAY HOCKEY!

I SHOULD PRAY MORE OFTEN!



WHEN SUDDENLY HE WAS HIT AND KILLED BY A CEMENT-MIXER GOING AT 90 M.P.H. DRIVEN BY A MYOPIC, SEX-CRAZED DRUNK WHO WAS RAVENOUSLY FONDLING AN ELEVEN YEAR OLD NYMPH AT THE TIME. SO IT GOES.

QUIT WHILE YOU'RE STILL A HEAD.