

"The only things that will be
left after a nuclear war
are cockroaches, and Cher."
- Anonymous

"If me and Cher are the only
people left on this planet ... one
of us have to go..."
- Orkin Man



A LO-CASH COMICS PRODUCTION

* IT'S A COINCIDENCE, I SWEAR!

THE NOT-TOO-DISTANT FUTURE

A TERRORIST ORGANIZATION
OVERTHROWS THE WORLD GOV-
ERNMENT. HOWEVER ALL
NUCLEAR MISSILES REMAIN
IN THEIR ORIGINAL
CONTROL...

AS A LAST DITCH
EFFORT, THE OLD
GOVERNMENTS...

EXPLODED
THE ENTIRE
WORLD!

SOMEWHERE IN LA...

ALIVE!

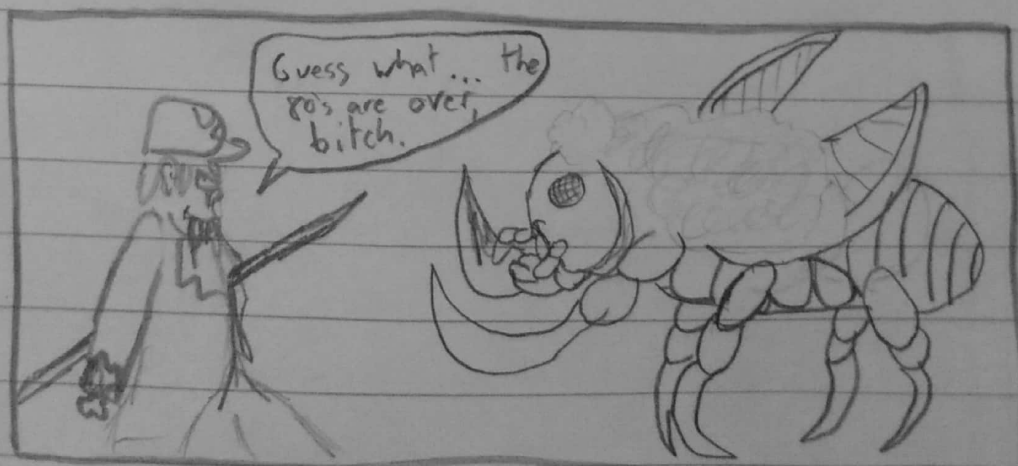
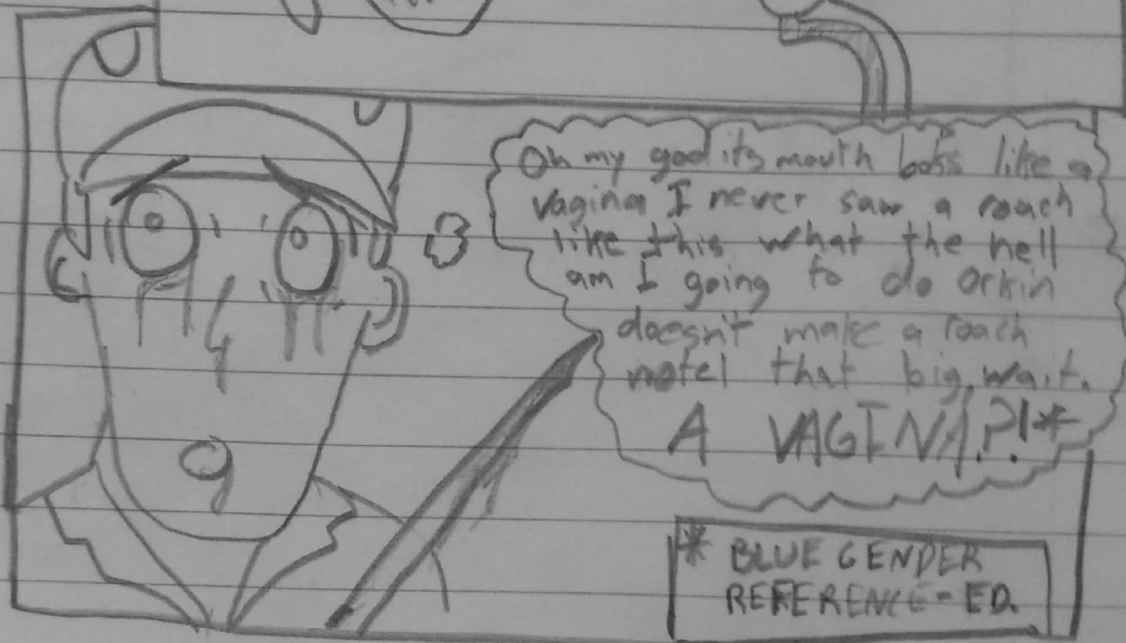
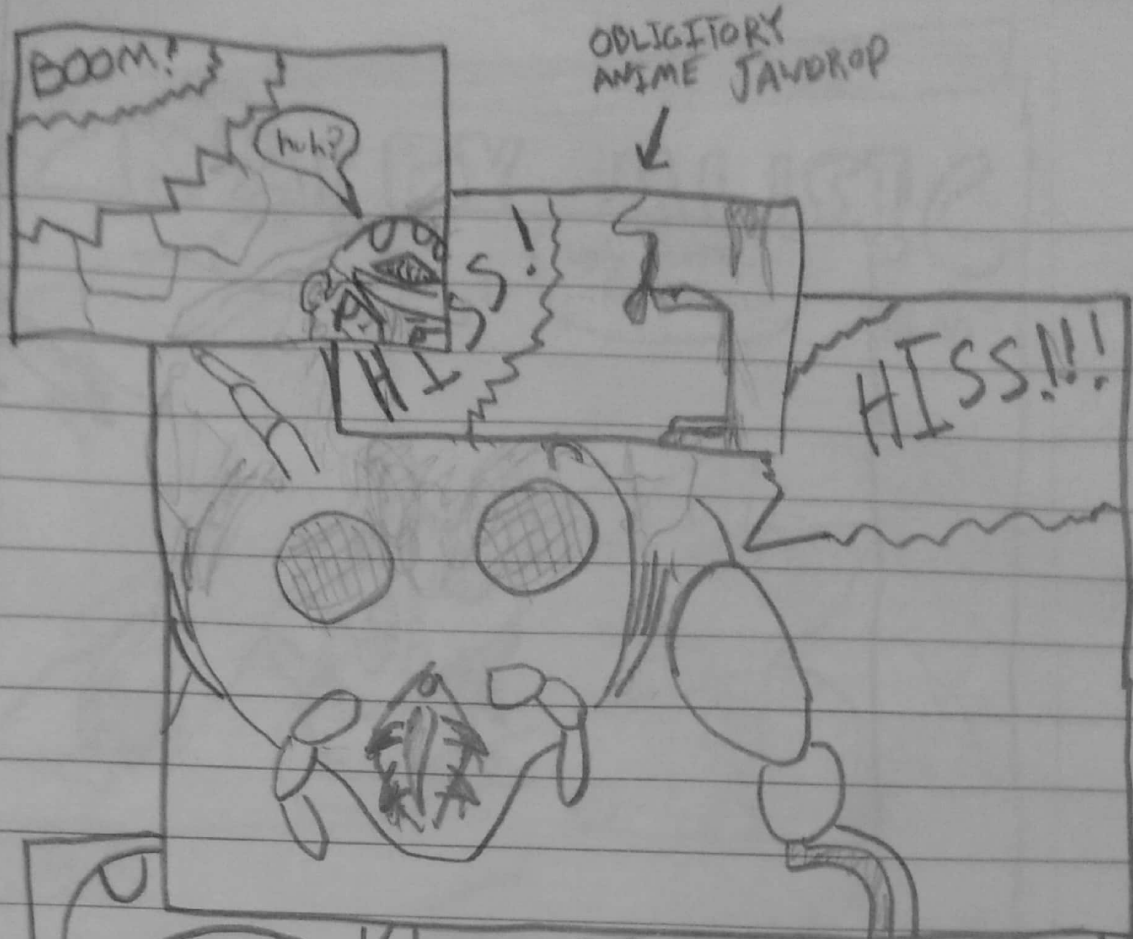
EVEN THOUGH I'M
PROFUSELY SCREWED,
HAVE NO HANDS, AND
A POLE THROUGH
MY HEART...



ORKIN

I'M
ALIVE!!!

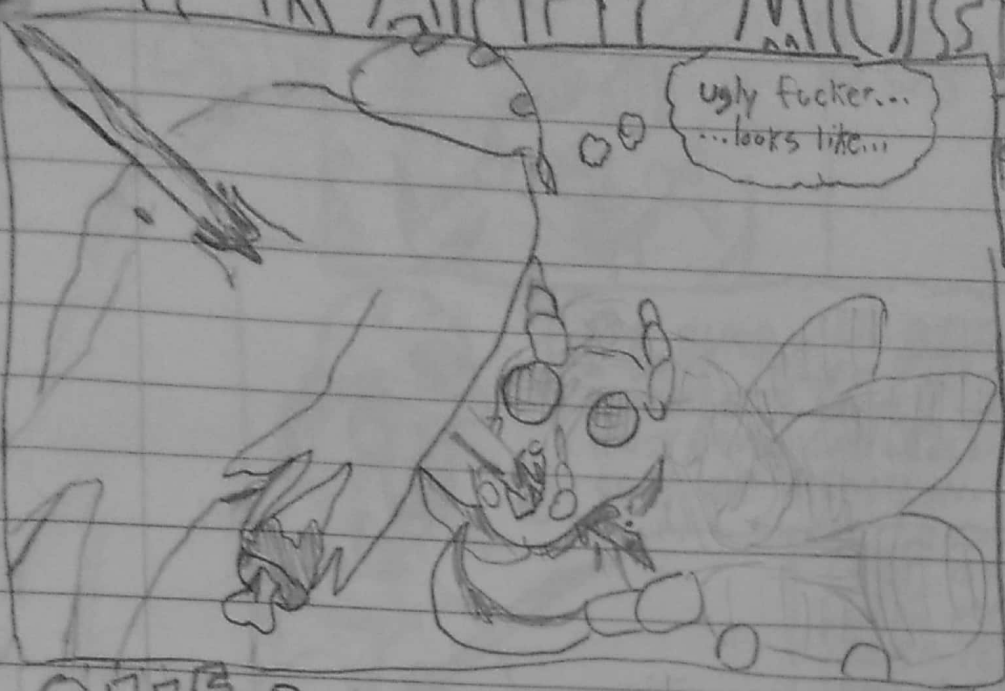
ACT 1: ALIVE! 4



CRAPPY MUSIC

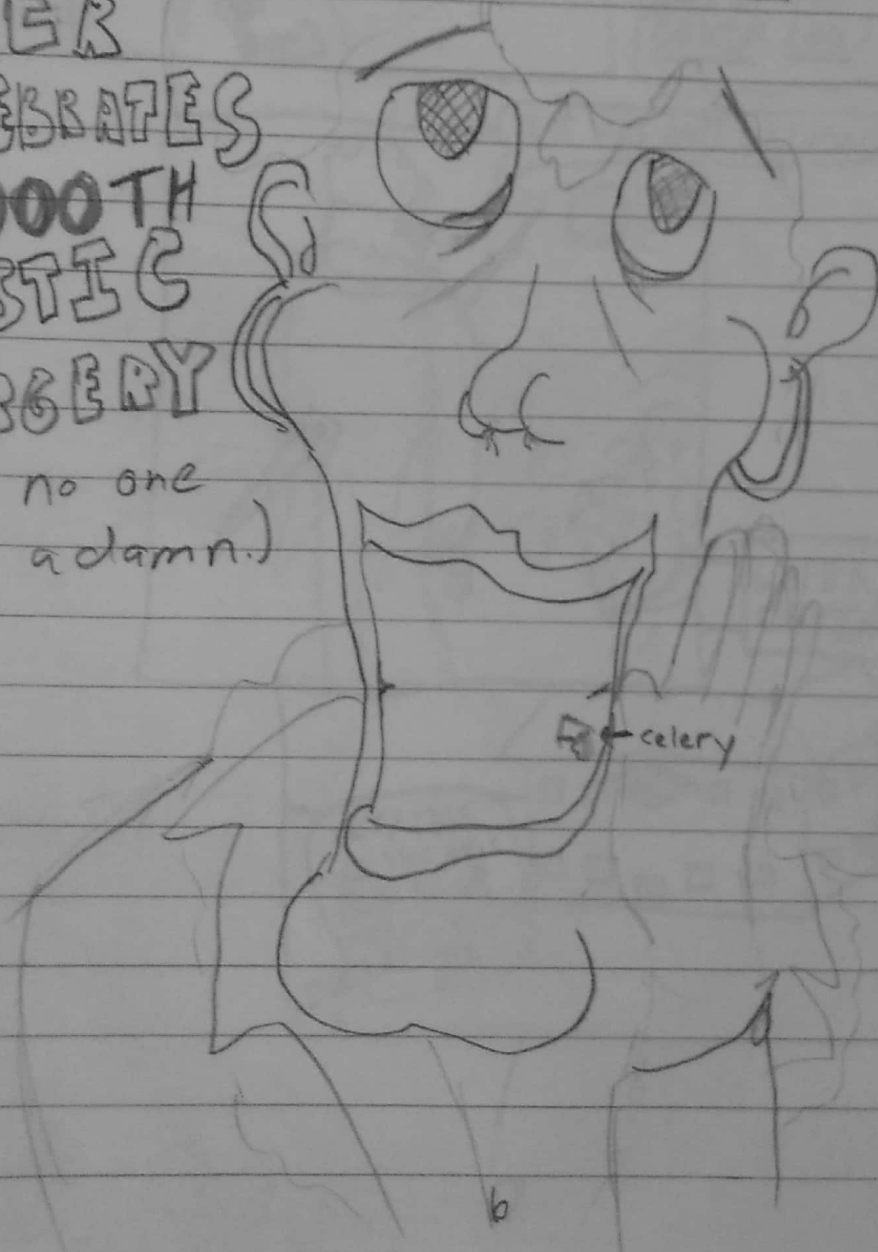
ugly fucker...
...looks like...

\$18.00

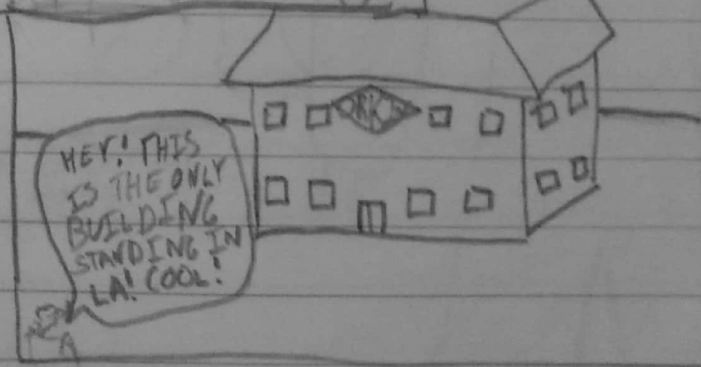
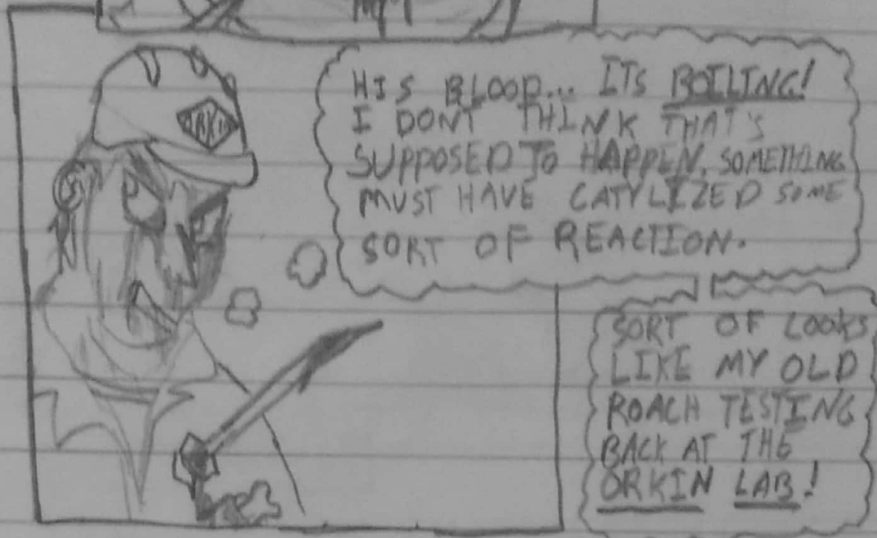


CHER
CELEBRATES
10,000TH
PLASTIC
SURGERY

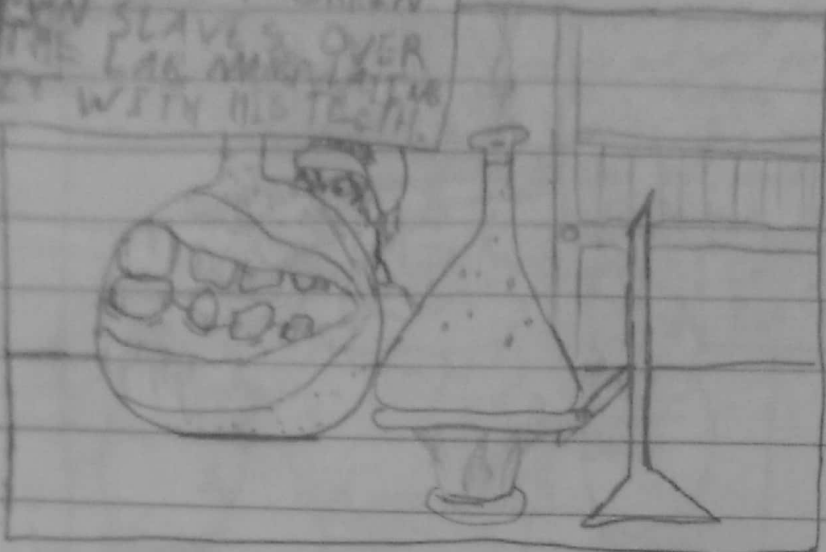
(and no one
gives a damn.)



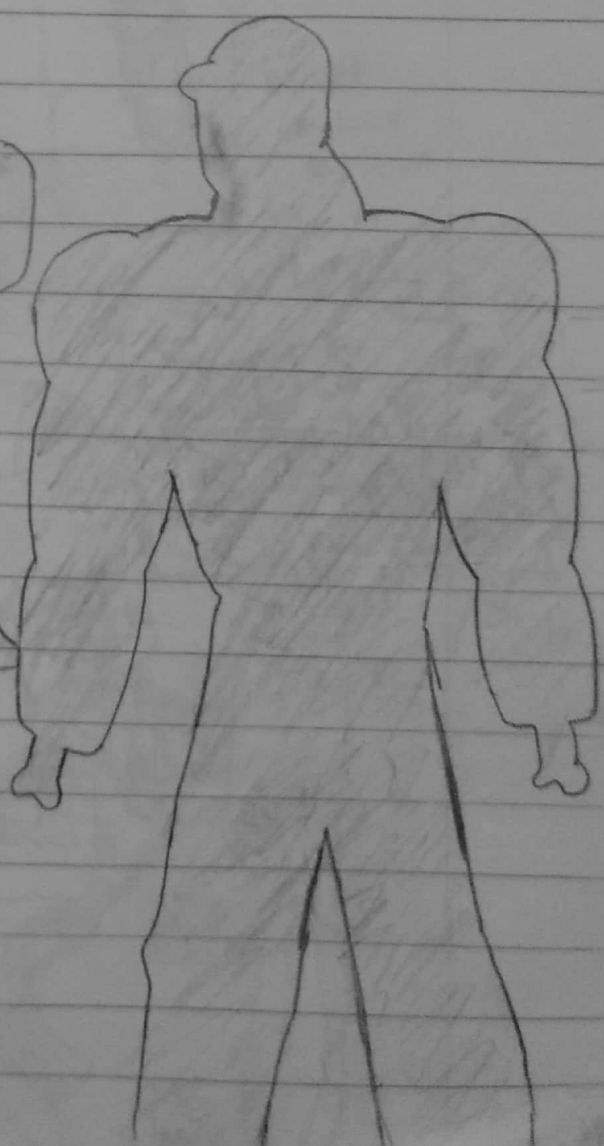
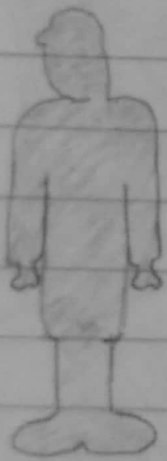
celery



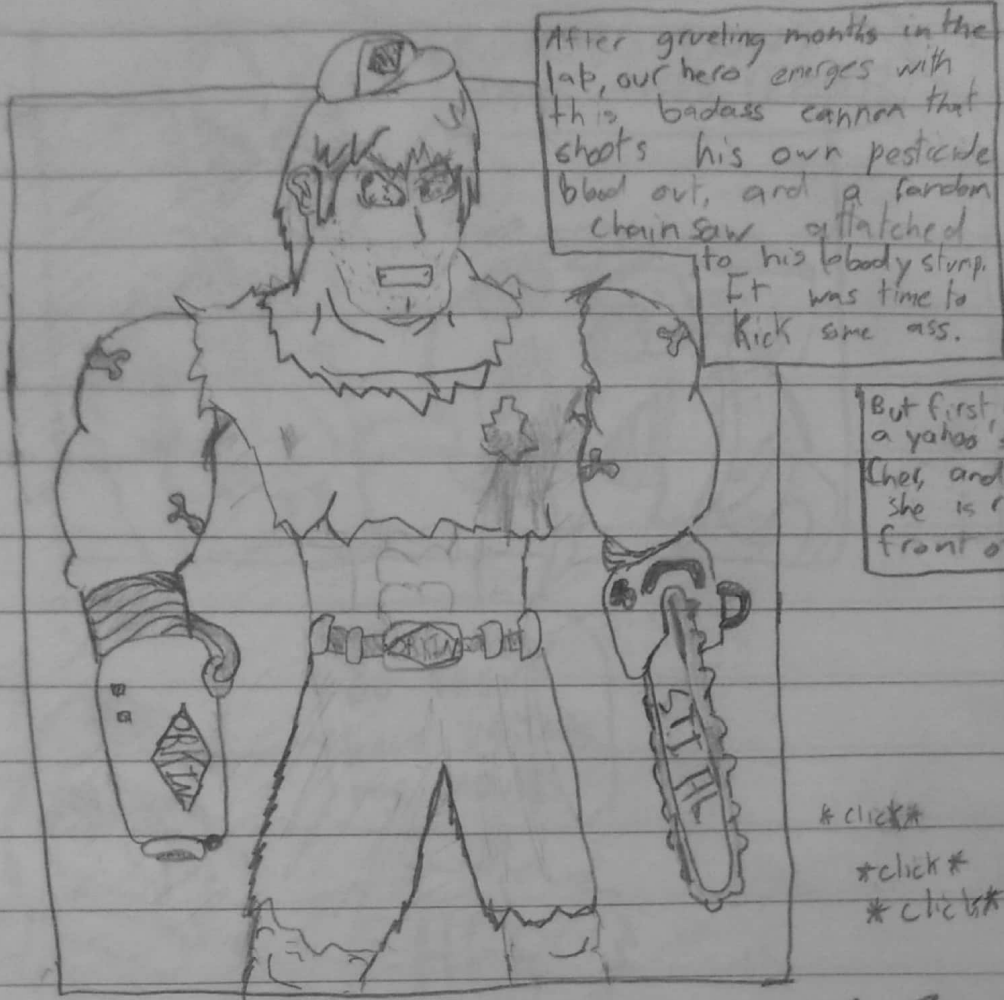
DAYS GO BY. ORKIN
MAN SLAVES OVER
THE LAB AND TITLES
IT WITH HIS TECH.



OVER THE WEEKS...



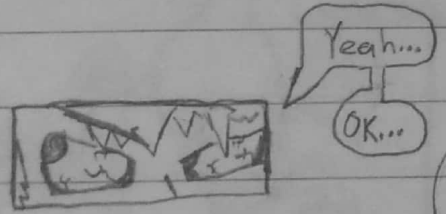
ORKIN MAN BECAME
A BEASTLY MOFO.



After grueling months in the lab, our hero emerges with this badass cannon that shoots his own pesticide blood out, and a fardon chain saw attached to his lbody slump. It was time to kick some ass.

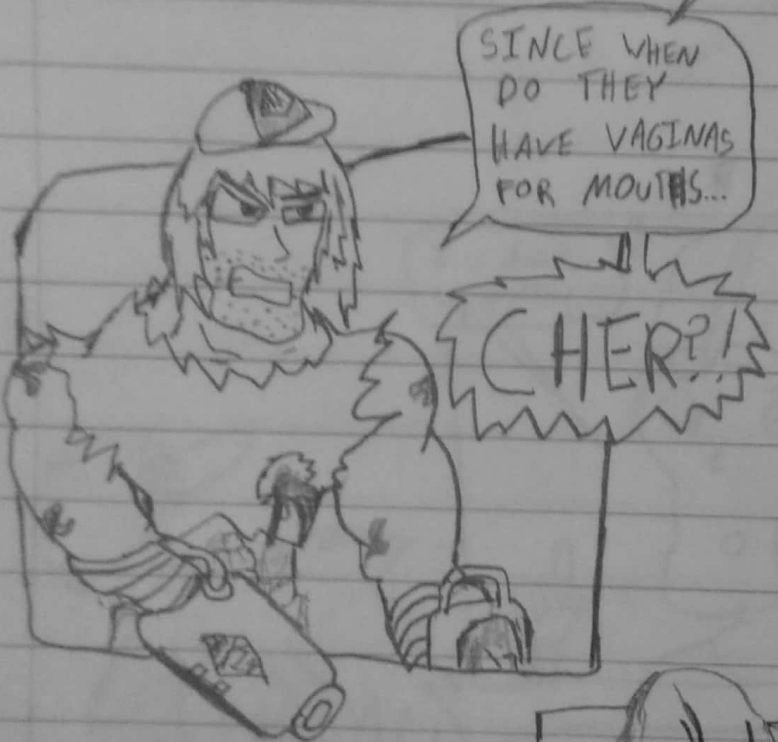
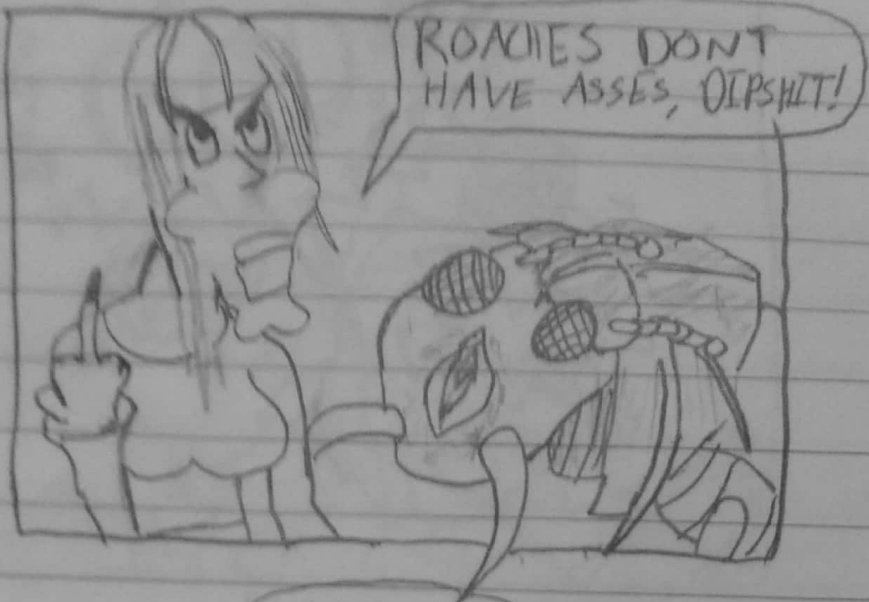
But first he grabs a yahoo search for Ches, and finds she is right in front of Orkinlabs.

click
click
click



IT'S TIME TO KICK SOME ASS!









HISS

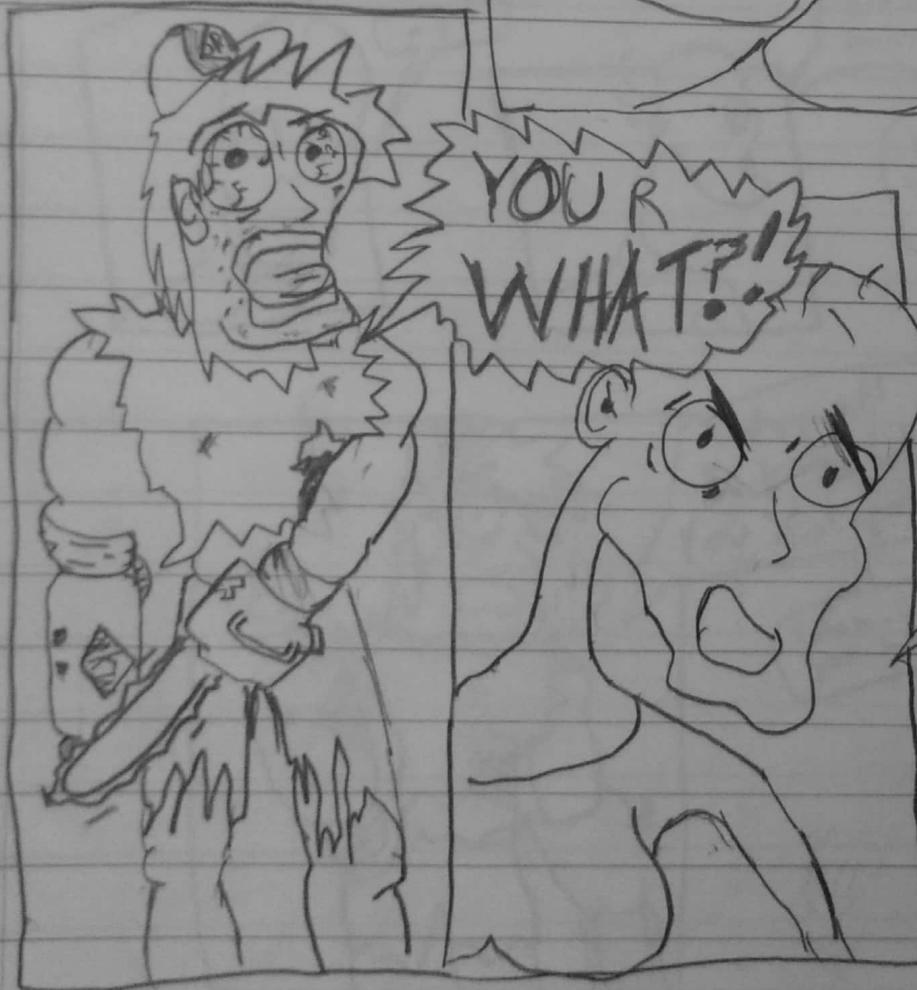


Hey fans... Orkin Man here. Remember that Fruit Batches don't exist in real life, and even if they did your blood wouldn't do shit to one.

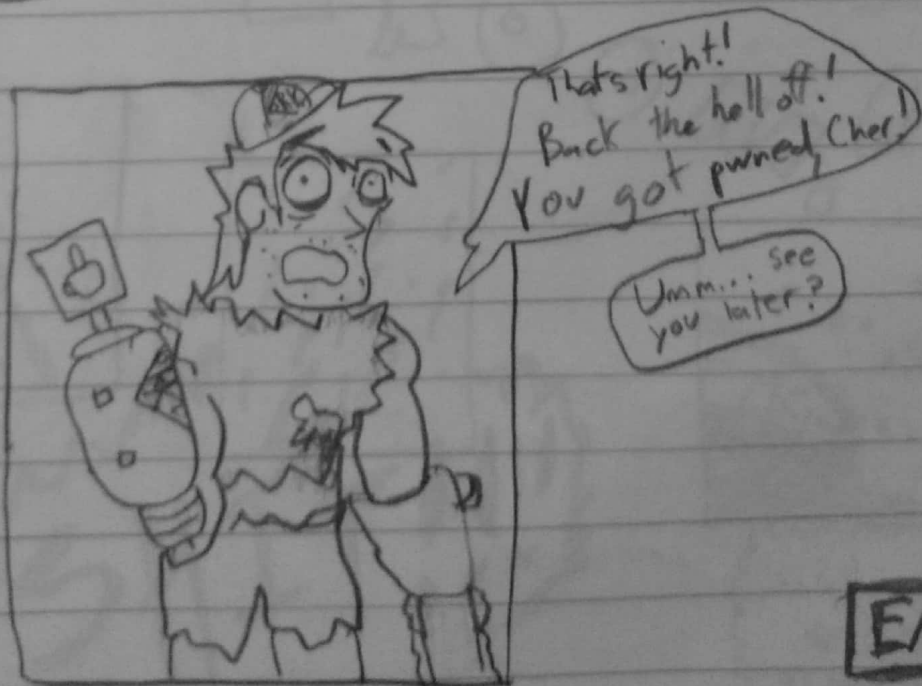
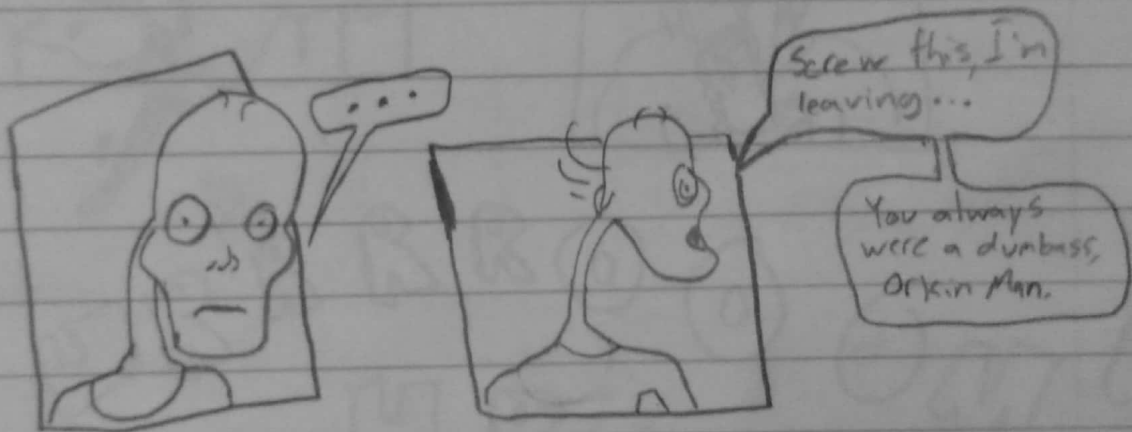
Good God

I am so badass.





I TRIED to tell you before! I thought I was the only human alive on Earth so I tried to further our species... by...



END

LATER, AT THE LAB...

WEEK 1A

IN SWITZER, GREEN MAN WAITS
AND CROWS REALLY Hairy SO
HE DECIDES TO SHAVE.



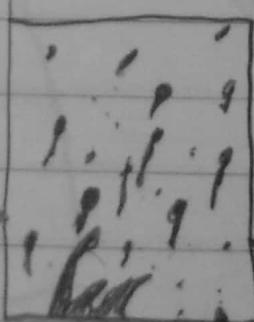
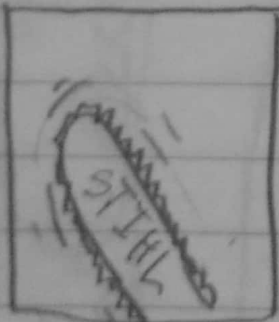
OH YEAH, HE FOUND
A CLEAN SHAVE TOO.

VRMMMM!

EDITOR'S NOTE:
DON'T SHAVE
WITH A CHAINSAW,
DUMBASS...



WRRROOOOM!
WRRROOOOM!
WRRROOOOM!



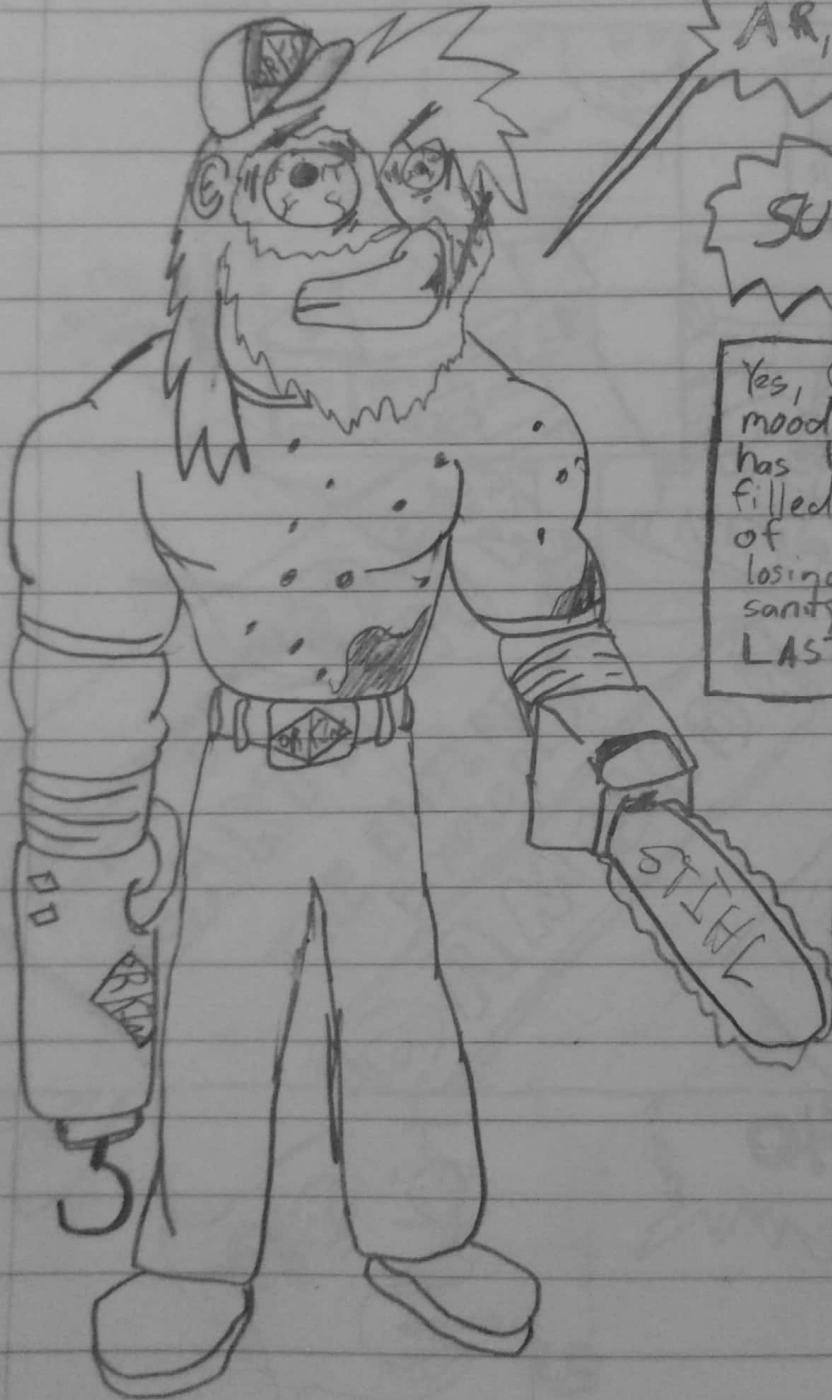
SHIT!!!

Well... I'm
definitely
"Clean Cut..."

ACT TWO:

ORKIN THE PIRATE

PLUS GOD, AND OTHER SHIT...



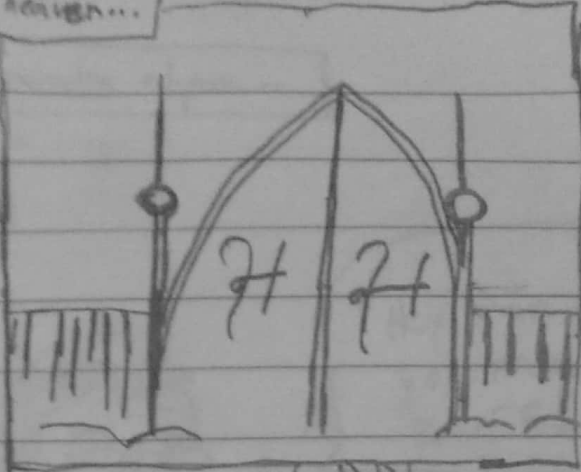
AR, ME MATTIES!

SUCK A FAT ONE!

Yes, Orkin man is in an unhappy mood. For the past 3 months he has been living off of Nyquil filled twinkies in the solitude of the orkin labs, slowly losing every last shred of sanity. This is the human race's LAST hope...

We bring you now, to God's house, to see how our noble creator will deal with this situation.

This is heaven...



God and his family live here in their modest suburban home.

The damning stamp...

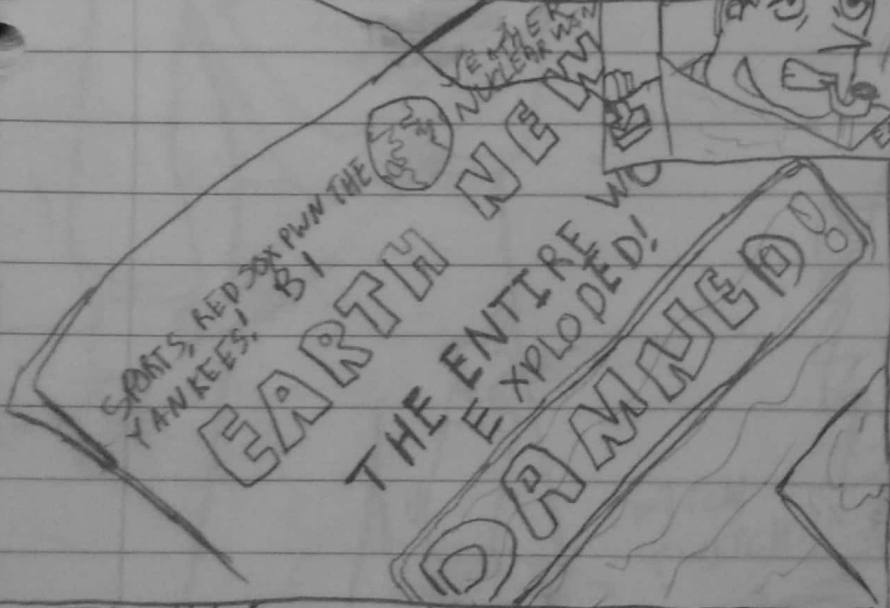


God damn it...

Why yes, I think I will.

What a day... I wonder if any of those idiot humans survived.

And so he sees the only two survivors...



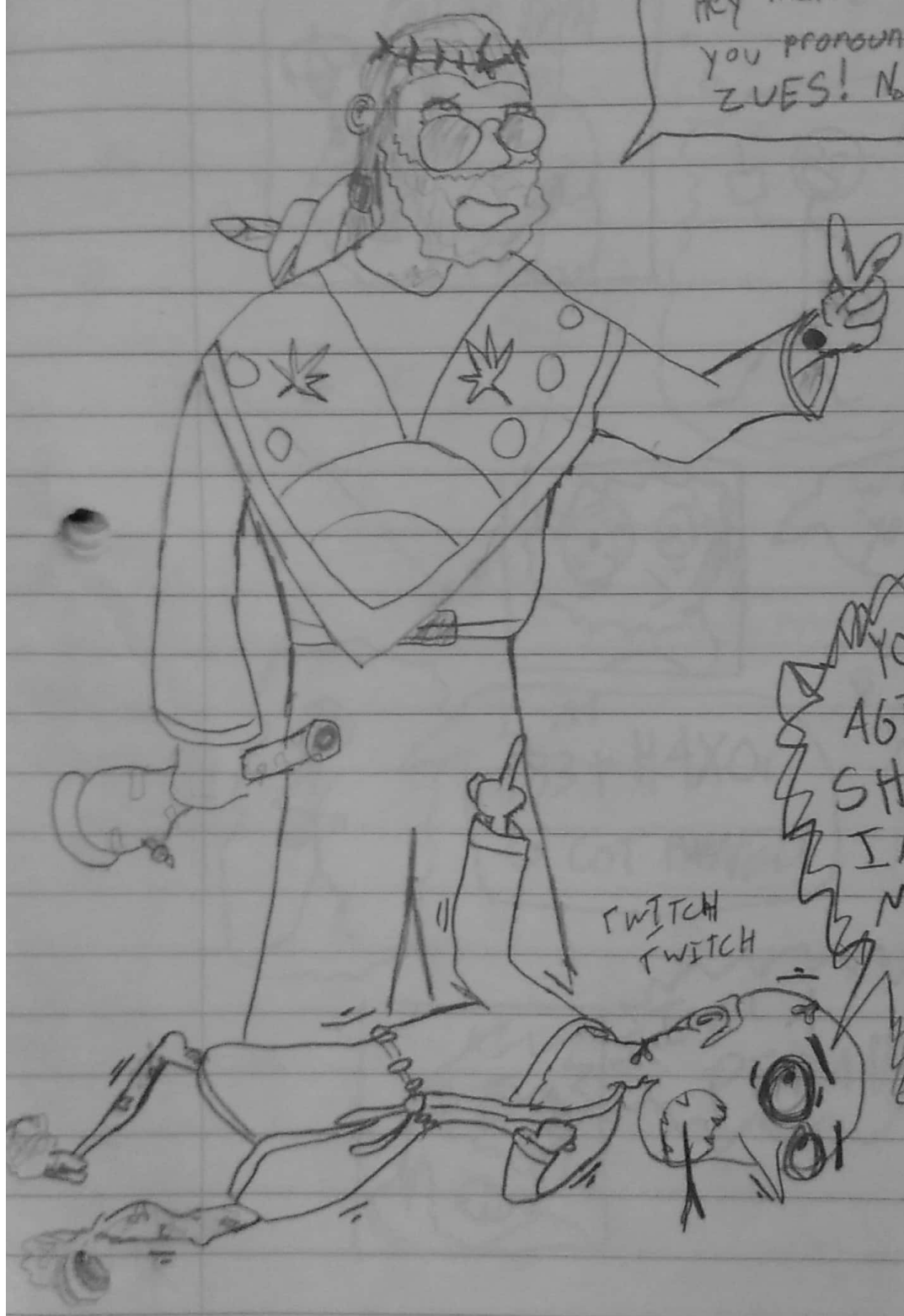
OH NO!

Gonna have a heart attack

JESUS!

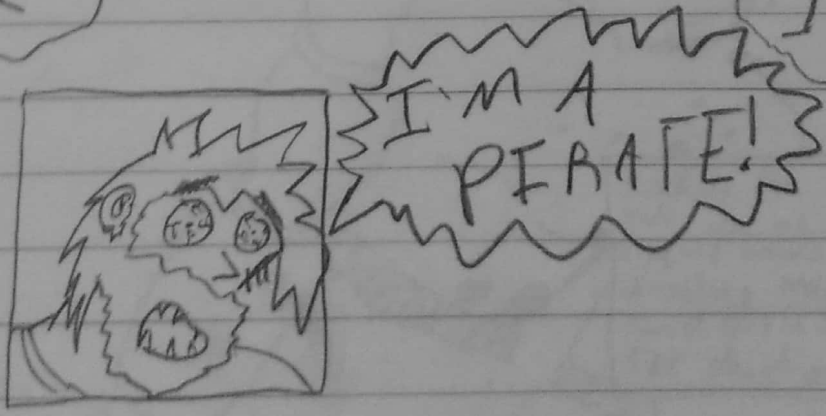
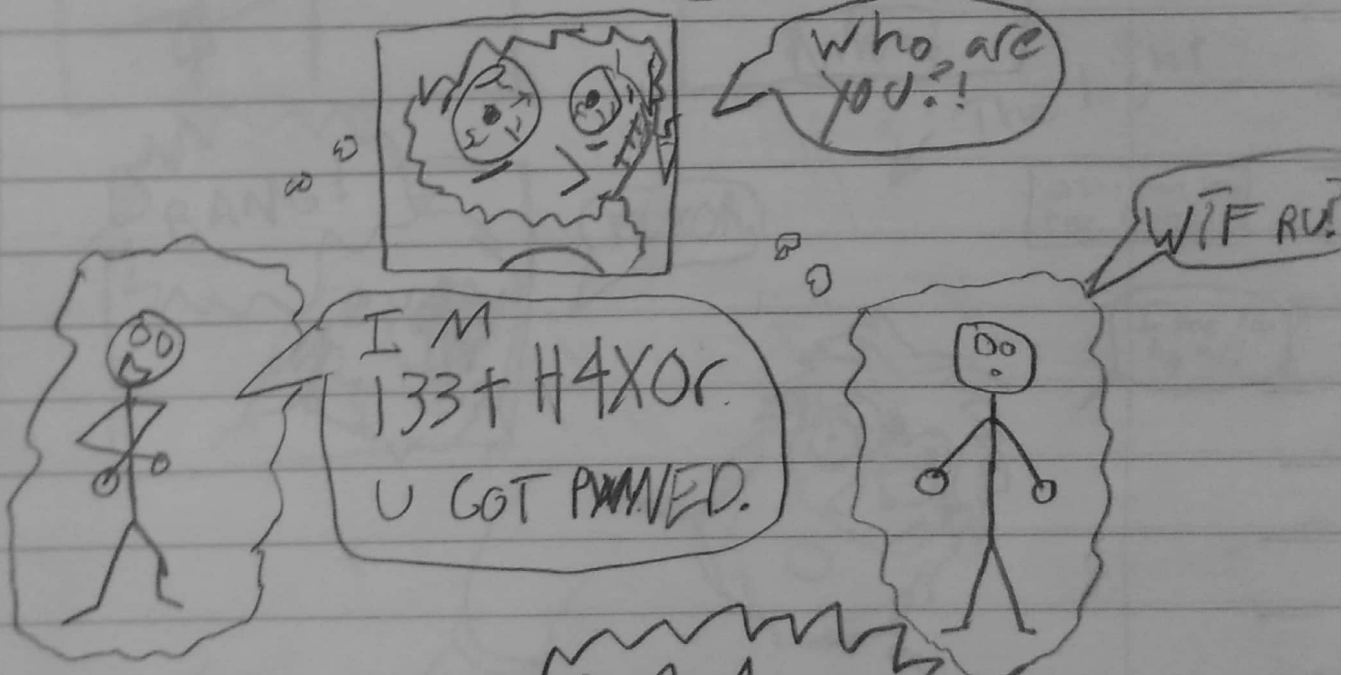
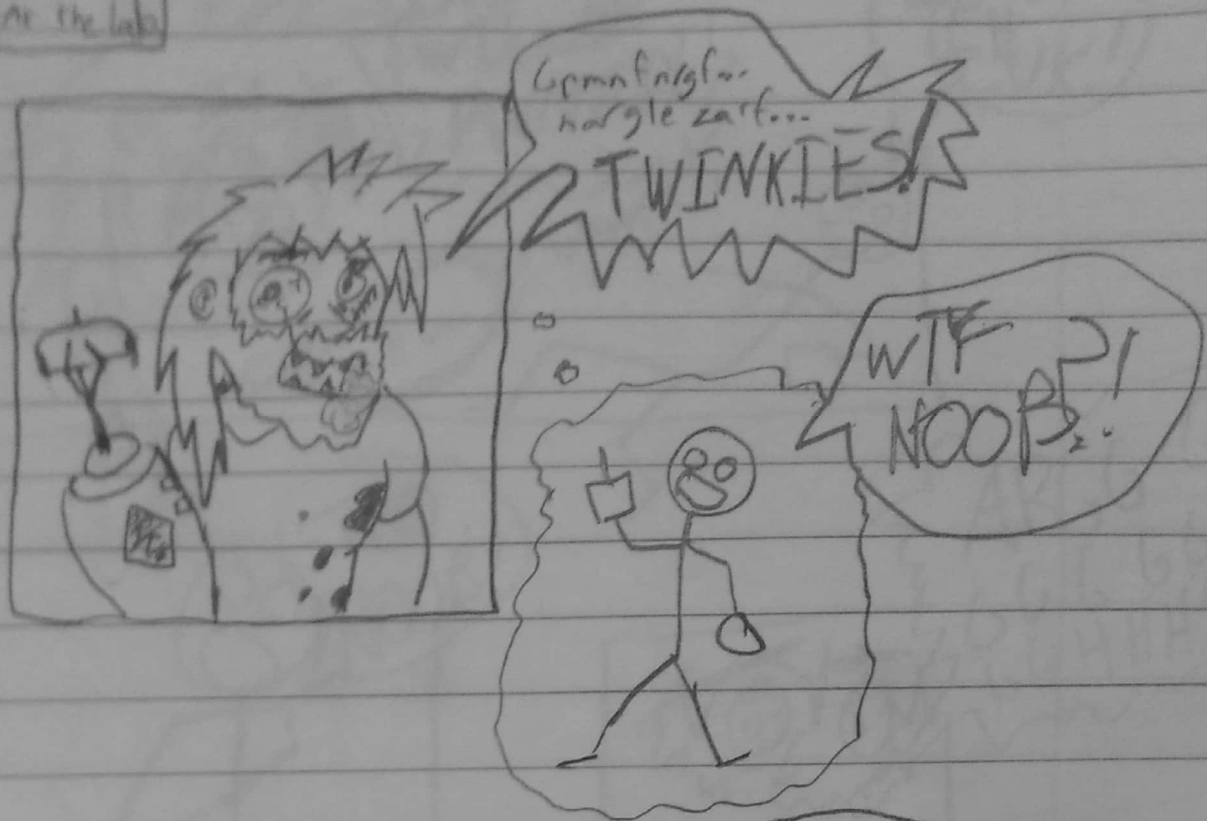
Several minutes elapse...

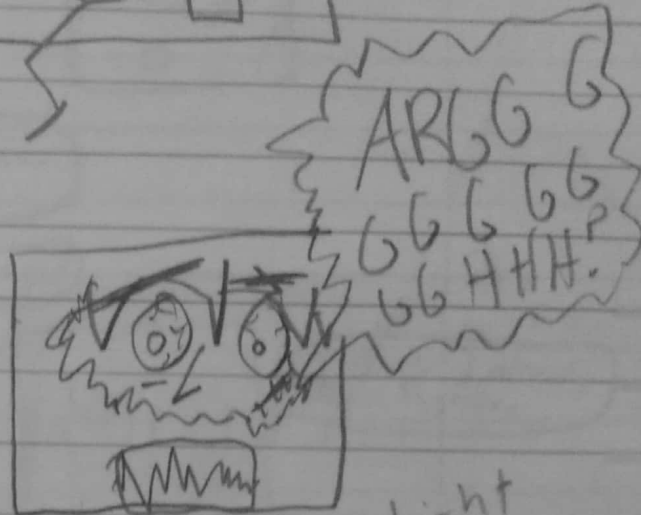
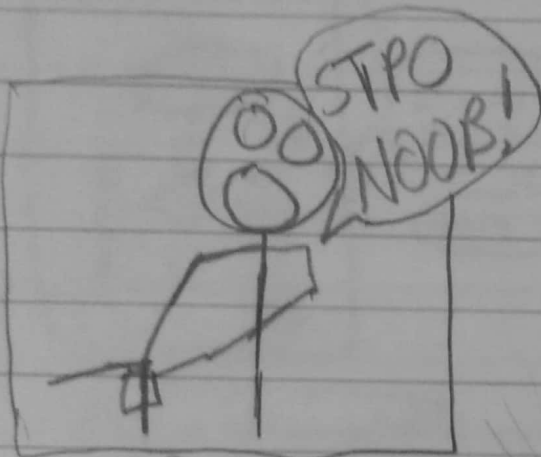
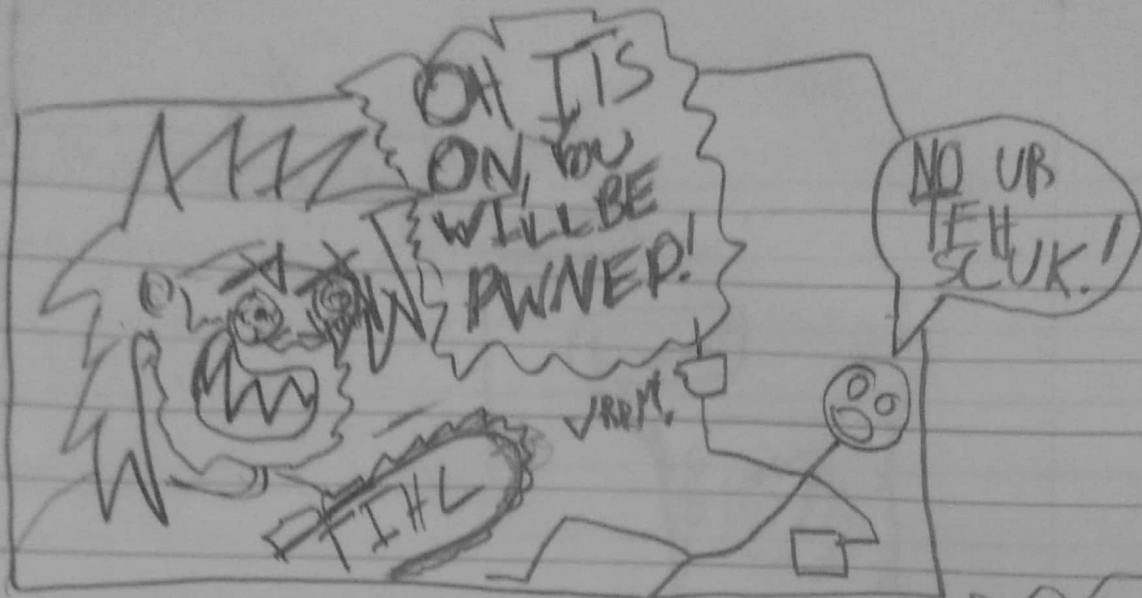
Hey man... I told you...
you pronounce it HEY-
ZUES! Not Gee-zus!



YOU FUCKING
AGING HIPPI PIP-
SHIT, YOU LIVE
IN MY BASE-
MENT AND CAN'T
EVEN SAVE
YOUR OWN
FUCKING
FATHER FROM
A HEART
ATTACK!

At the lab



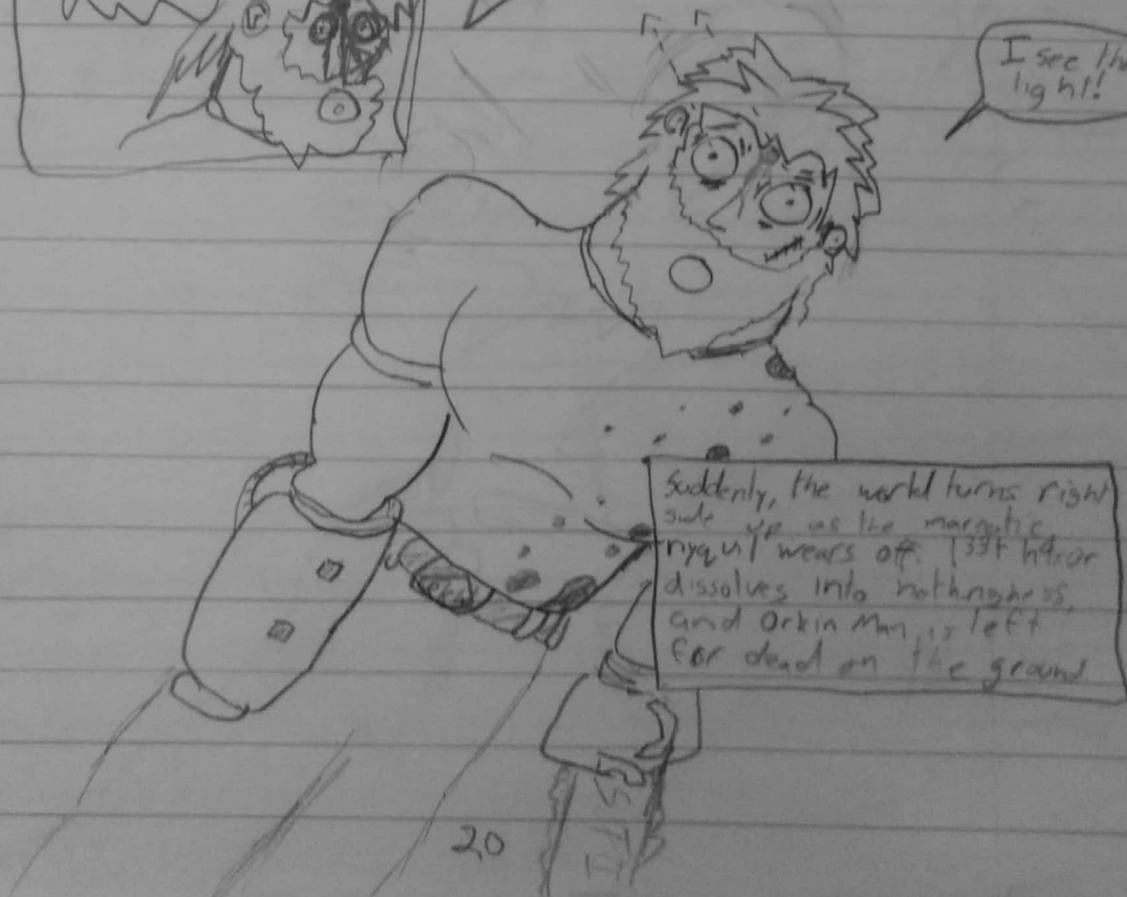


FUXOR.

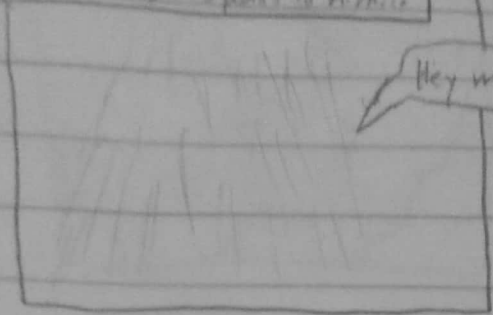
The light

Orkin man sees the light!

I see the light!

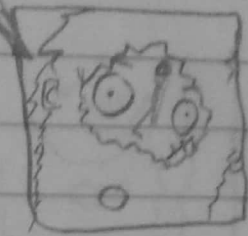


And the light speaks to him...



Hey maaaaan...

Y... yeah!



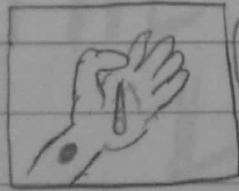
It's me maaaan...
Hey-zus.

Wanna get high?



I think I already
am high...

This is like... mystical
shit man...
you'll feel
soooo good...



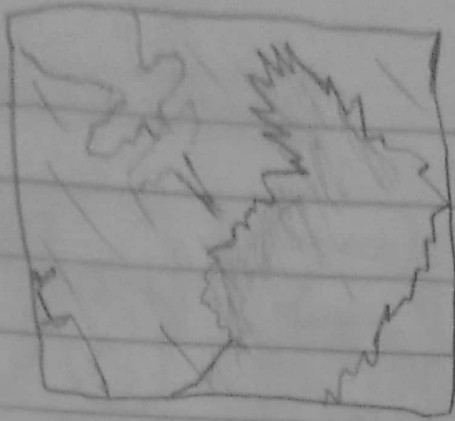
like... smoke it... and
I'll give you a haircut
and you can see...

God...
and stuff,
maaaaan...



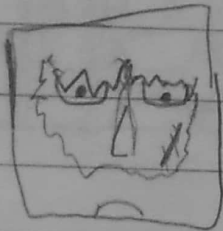
Fine, fine...
I need a
light though





Hey man...

I BET



YOU SEE

THE
LIGHT



AHH HHH H H H H H H H H



NOW!

HA HA HA!
COUGH
HACK



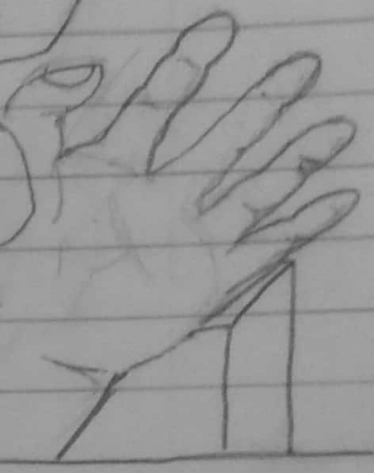
Somewhere... someday



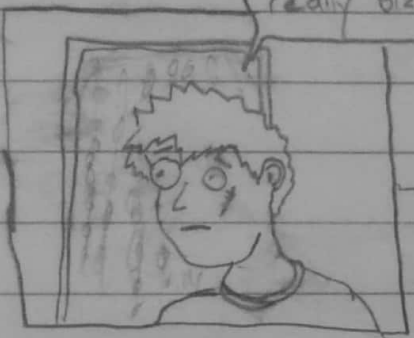
Yawn-ness

AND, I have nearly drawn but fully functional hands. AWESOME!

Oh shit... my hair is short, and my beard is gone..



This place is really bizarre...



Hey maaan...

This is my...

uh...

room. Maan...



Listen, we gotta take care of that... thing... on your... face... thing-ie?



Take care of my car?

GOD HATES.



Yeah maan... there are two things, god hates...



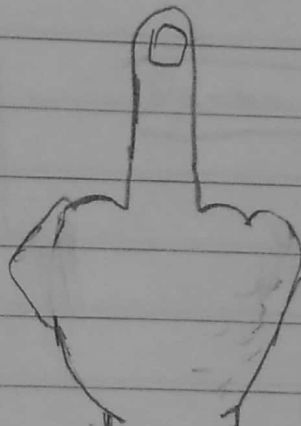
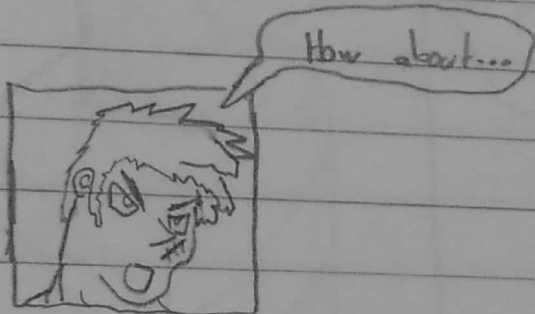
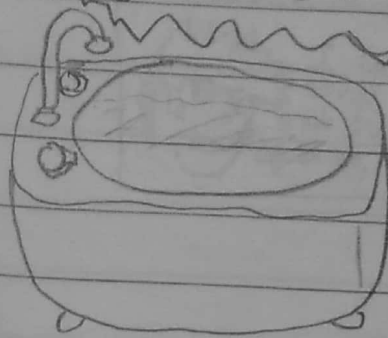
← Pirates

→ Hippies





BATHE WITH
JESUS!



FUCK YOU!



I had no idea my savior was such a sick fuck. Stupid, I could see, but "bathing" with me!

Elsewhere...



God's room

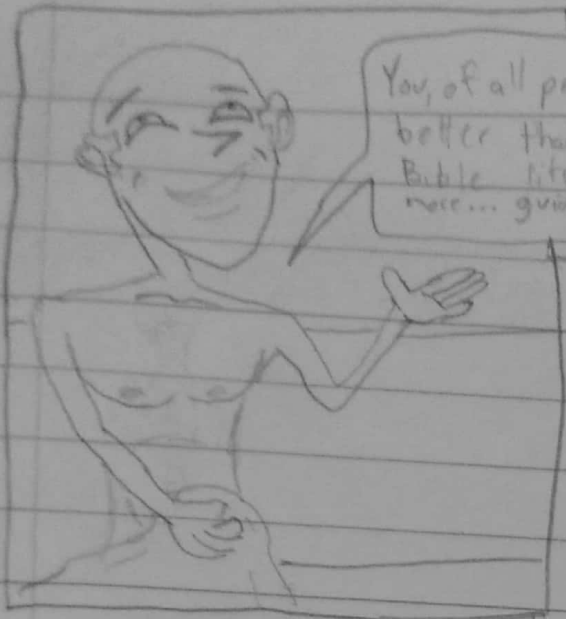
Hey dad...



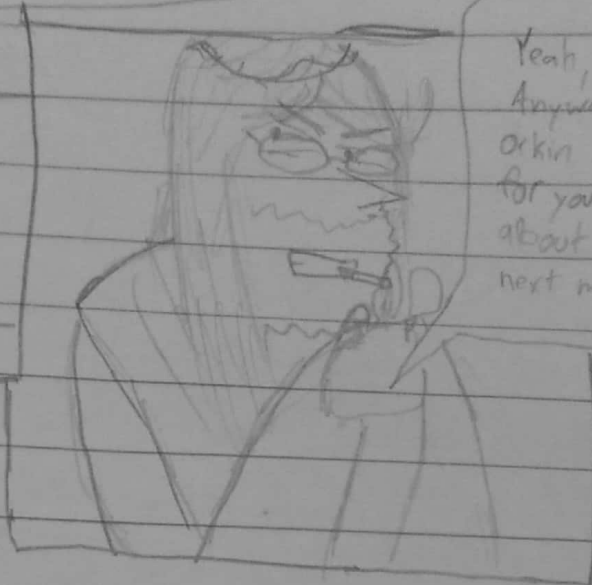
JESUS
H. NOTHER
FUCKING
CHRIST.



YOU'RE
THE ONE
FUCKING MY
MOTHER!
THE VIRGIN
MARY!



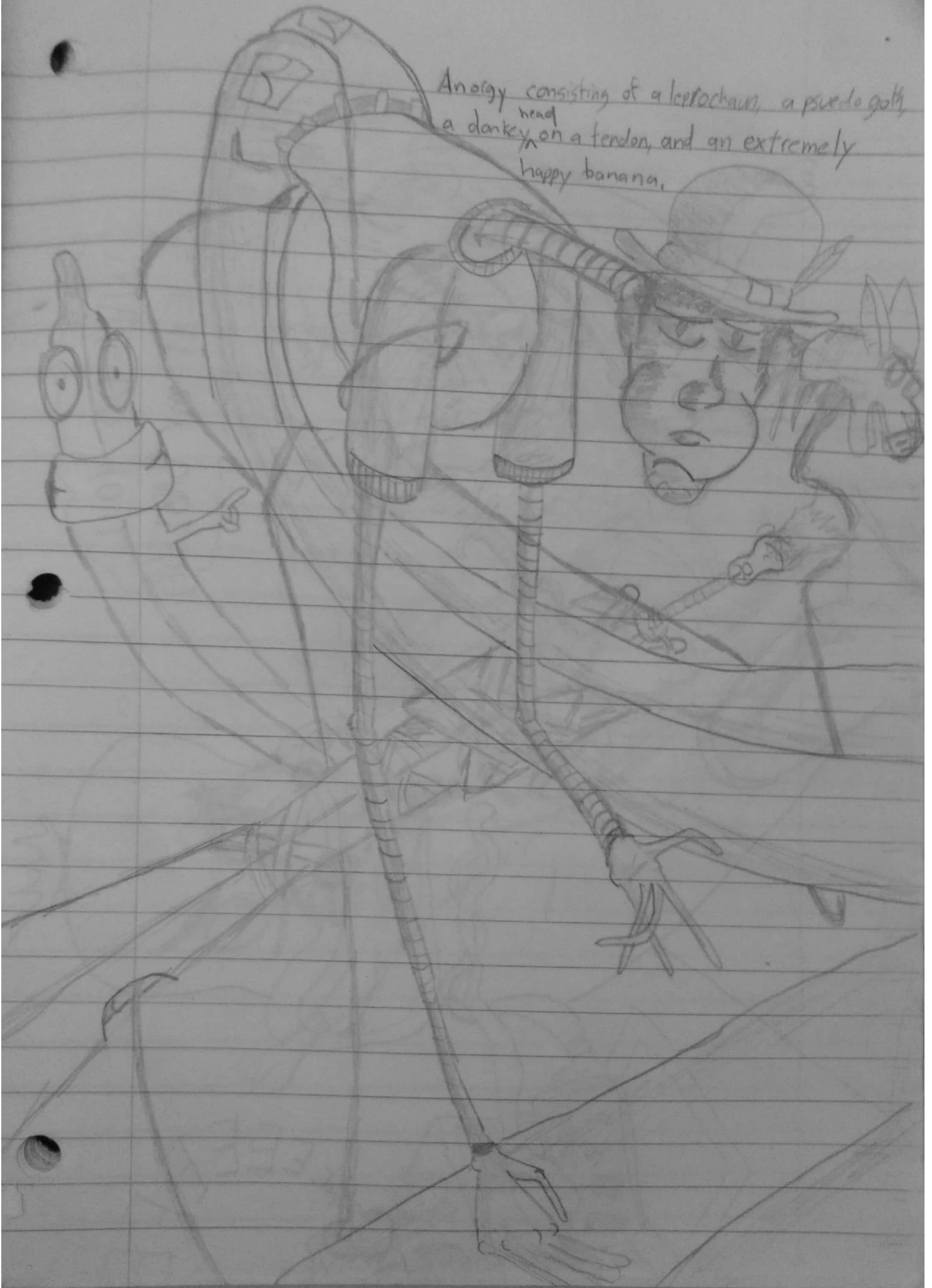
You, of all people, should know better than to take the Bible literally... they're nice... guidelines...

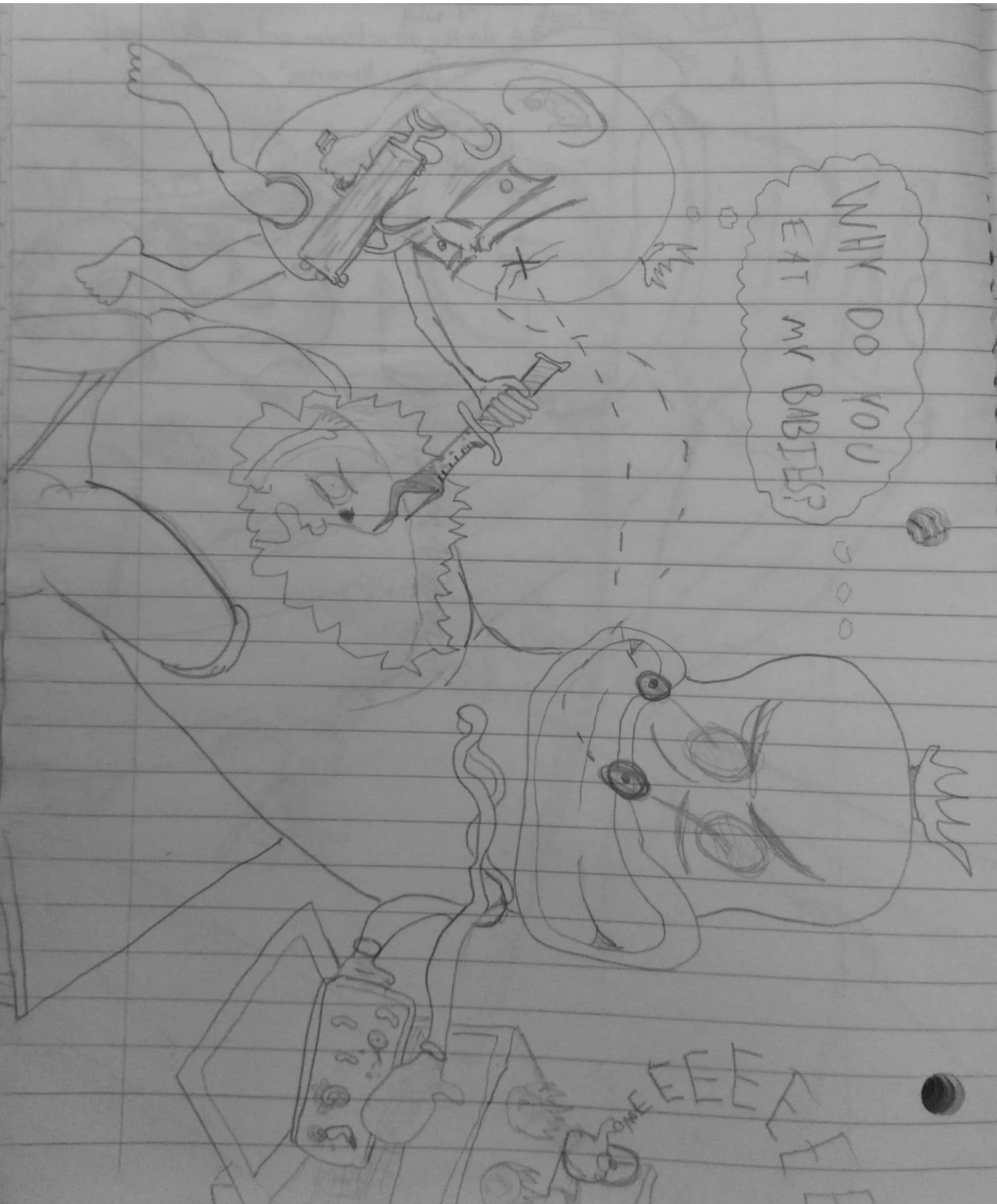


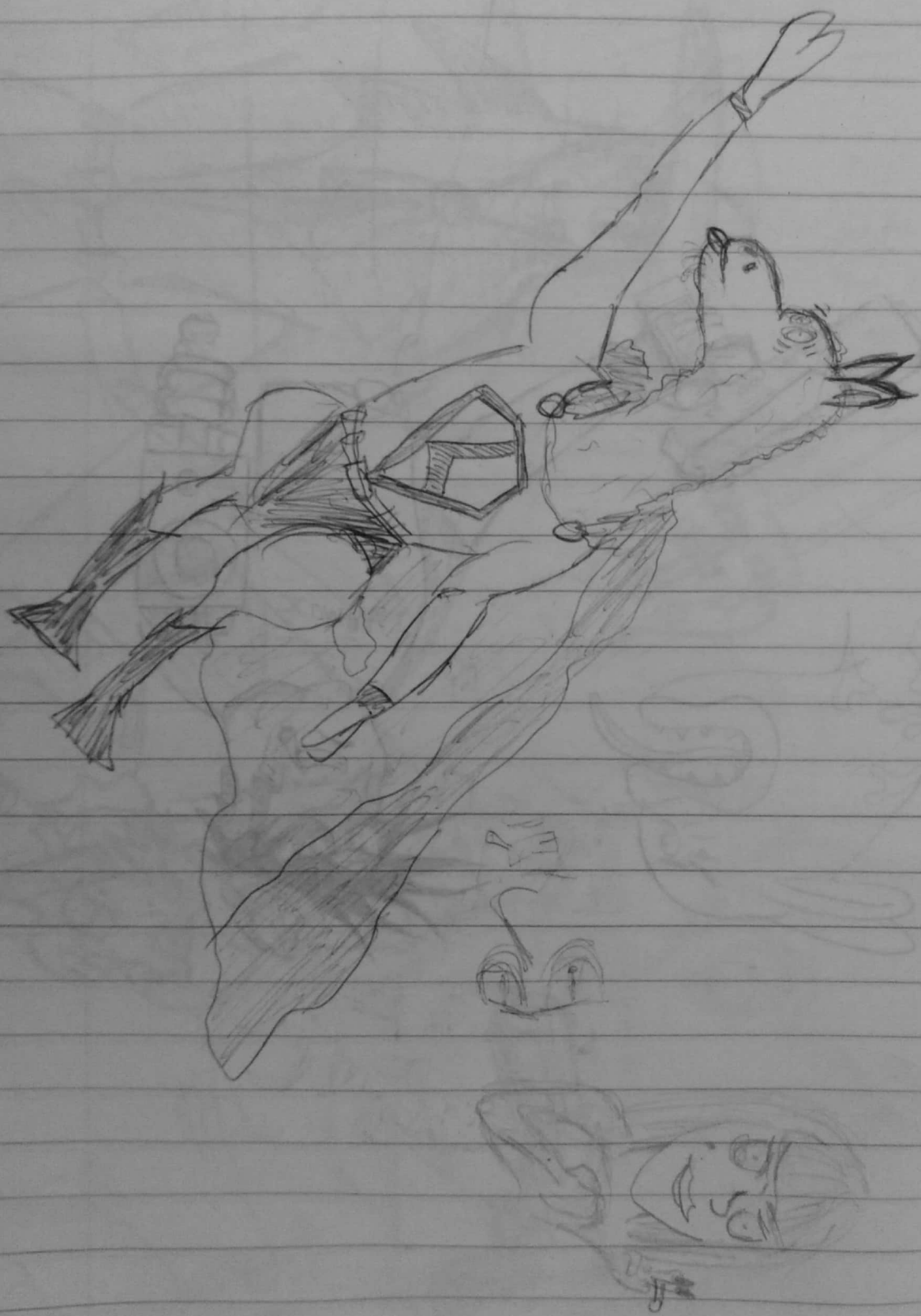
Yeah, whatever. Anyways, this orkin guy's hot for you. Something about being the next messiah...

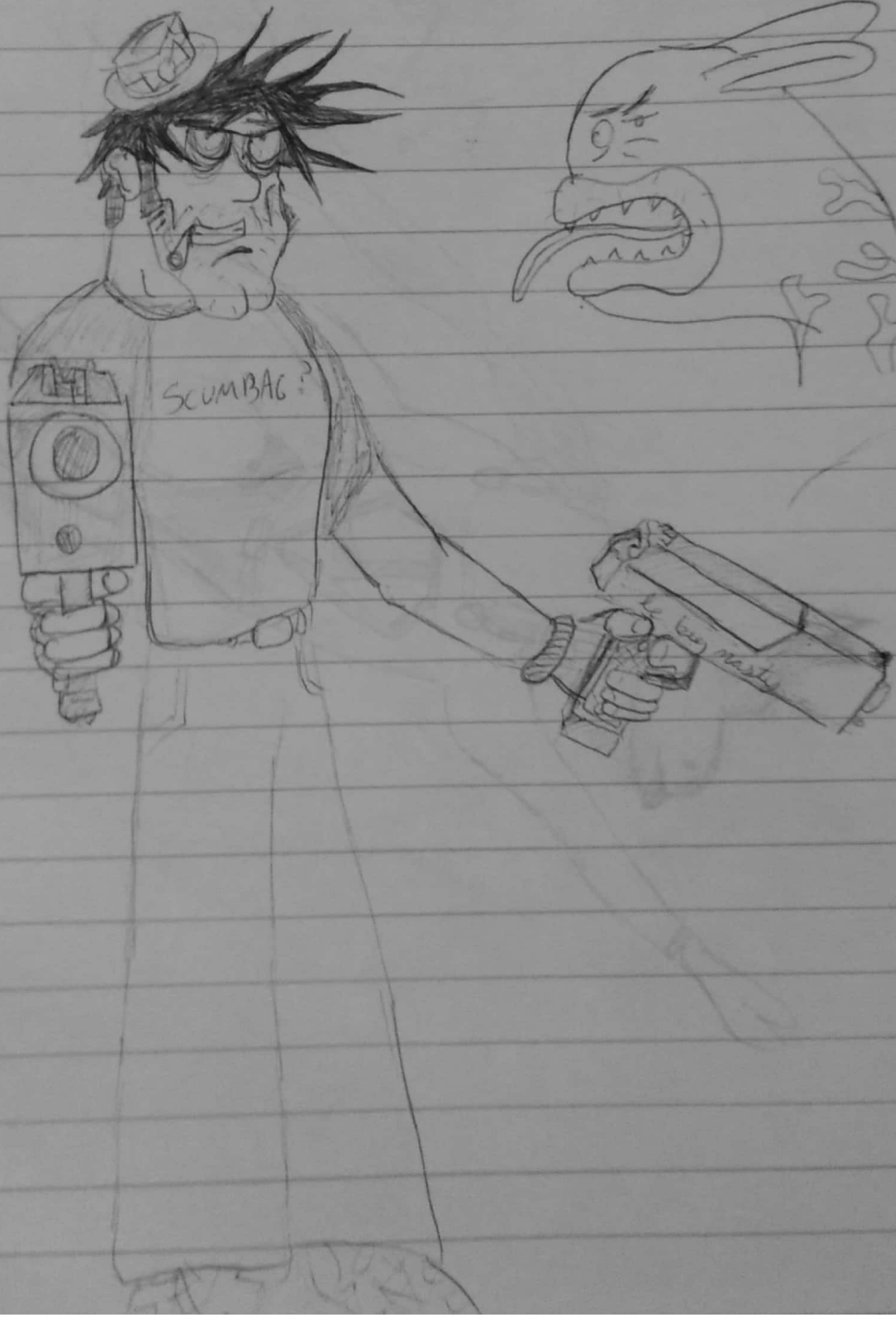


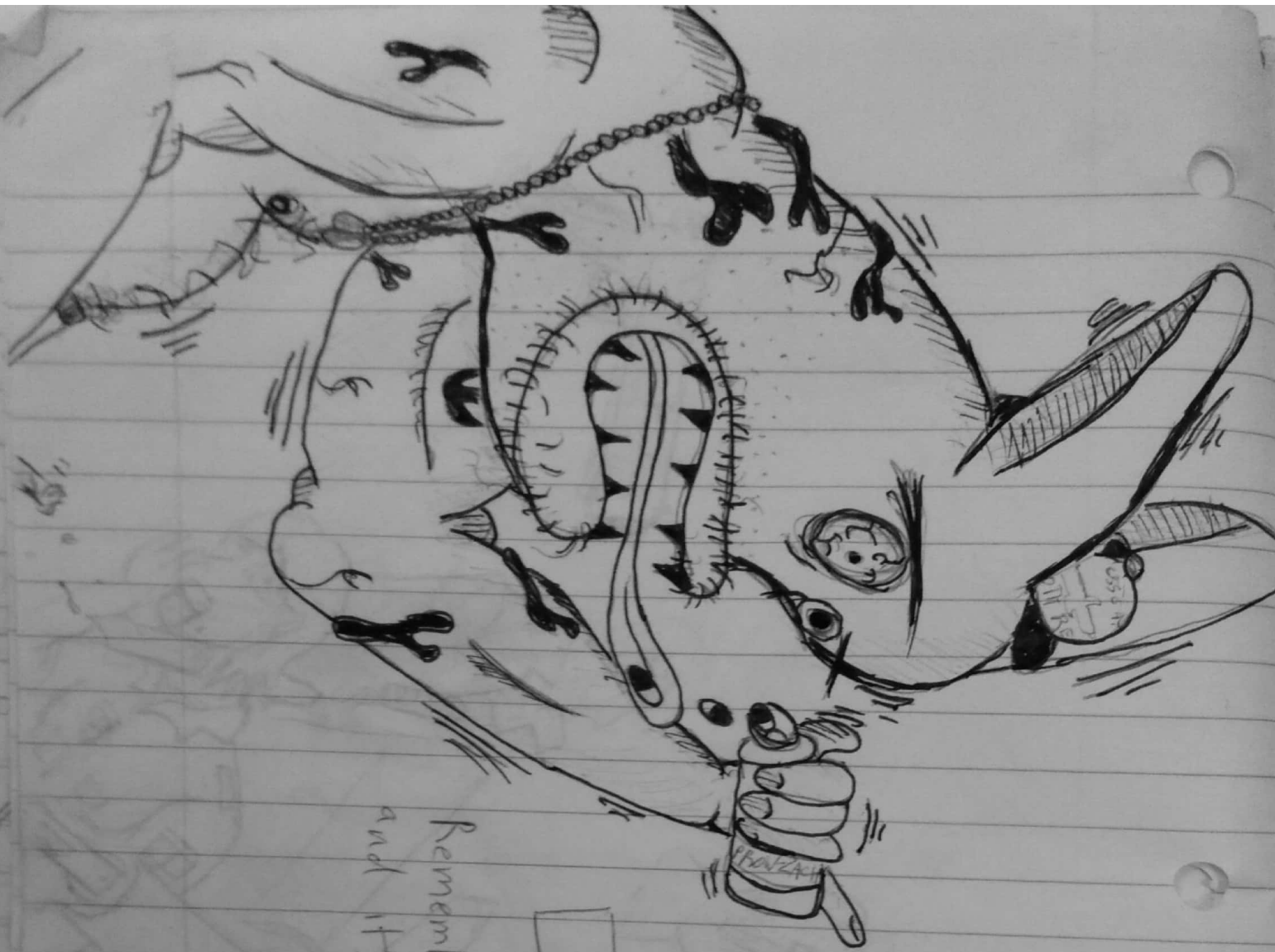
Anorgy consisting of a leptocharm, a psuedo goth,
a dankey ^{head} on a tendon, and an extremely
happy banana.







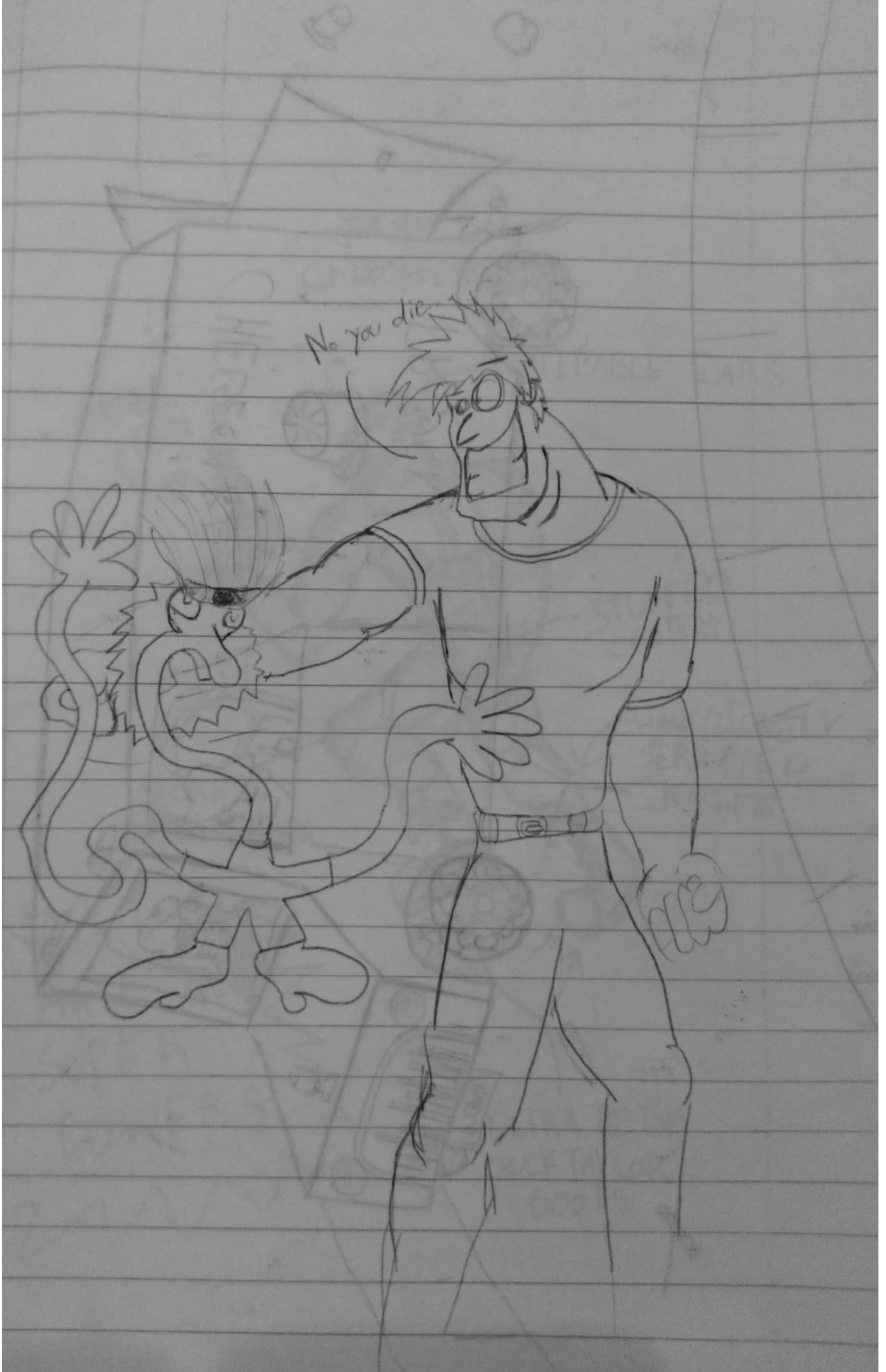




Remember, happiness comes in a bottle
and it's wicked overpriced.

PROWZACH

HAIR-LIP HARE
LOVES HIS



So then I got this idea about driving a dessert truck...



JOE MAN
CRIBSHEET

BADASS
GUN

← NOTICABLE EARS



← STUFFED
CROTCH

← UNESSENTIALLY
SERRATED
KNIFE

SECRET
THIGH THING

← ULTRA HI-TOP
CHUCK TAYLOR
BOOTS

AND NO
SUPER
POWERS...

~~THE~~

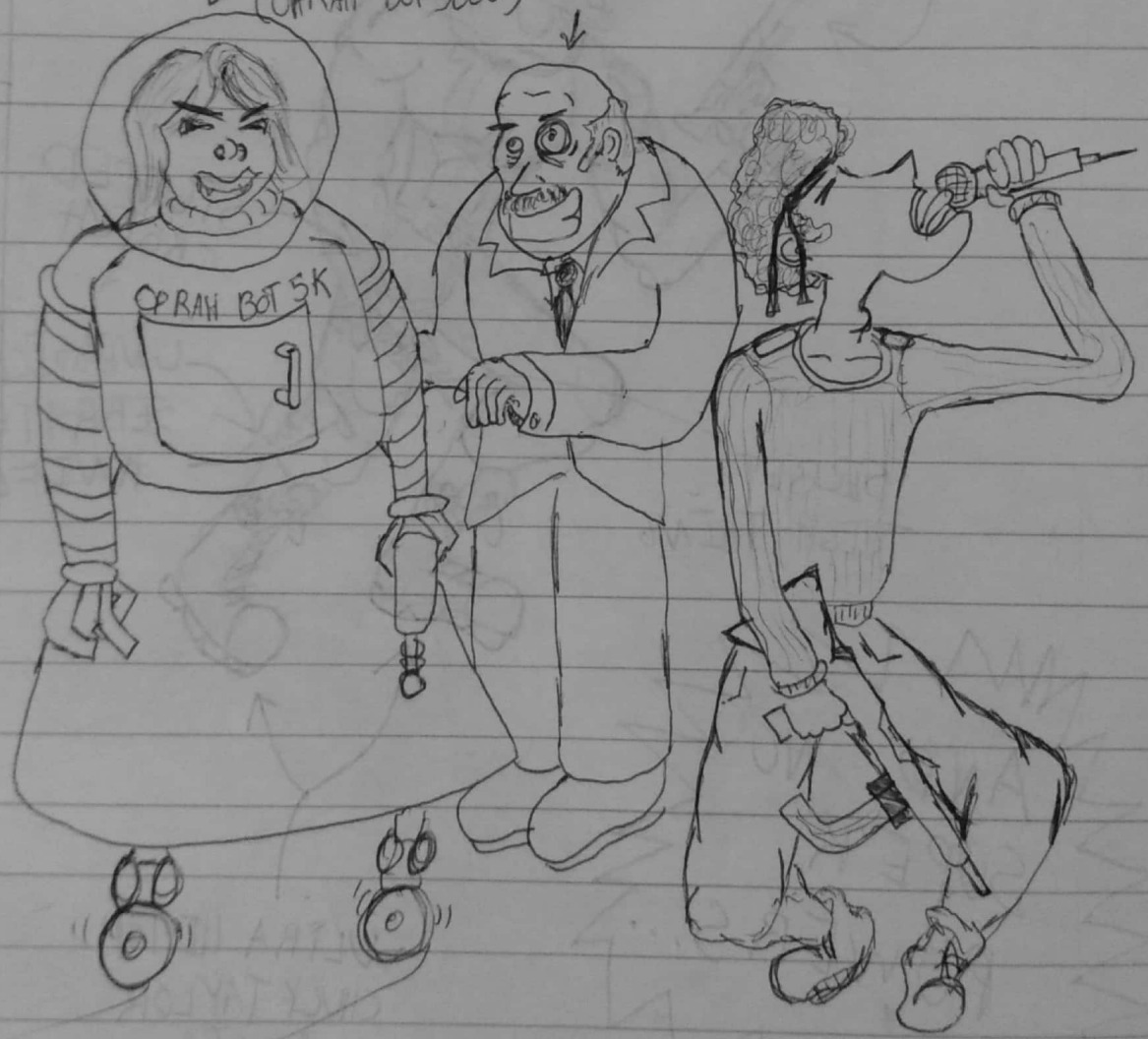
THE MAN
CITIZEN

NOTICEABLE EAR

THE OPRAH
(OPRAH BOT 5000)

Dr. Phil

Josh Goban
(The Gobanator)



R+N Pg 20-24
(see 1.3, see 1.6)

cornucopians

(see 1.3)

plenty



environmentalist

corrupt

Pg 34-35, guest essay, readings questions



~~Things~~

Events that happen during the month
Woodstock; blue and gold based
using warm and cool colors for seasons
New England, other season stuff
Academy events





ORKIN
REDUX





← Celery

← Celery Man

Fiber O.D.
/ Rays



God I
love you..



she's a crack addict.

...but don't do drugs





Blick der die unterhaltung
sie besonders verdier hat.
O, btw. NBIN.



YOU CAN'T
HANDLE
DOUCHIE.



Dont drink the
fucking water
in Putnam.

Welcome to
Putnam...
Population: Dumb



ACH MEIN GOTT.
DU BIST SUXØR.

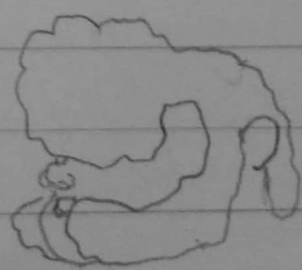
N3IN.









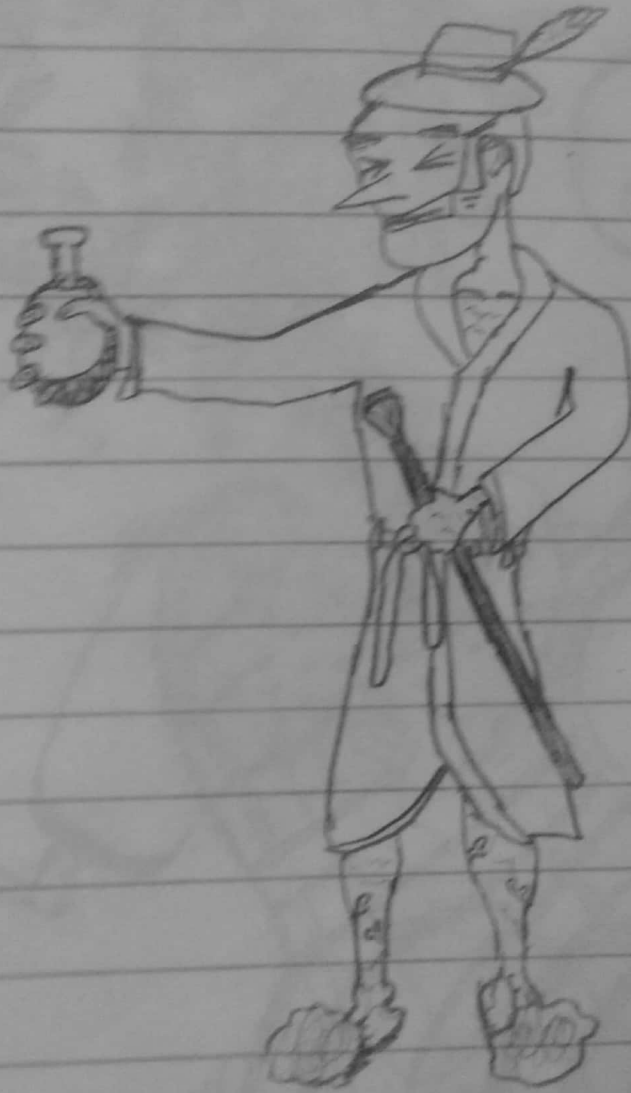


Jesus

Hey madaan...
It's pronounced
Hey-zus!



GOD





straight
pwned...

(Note to self: Drugs is BAD.)

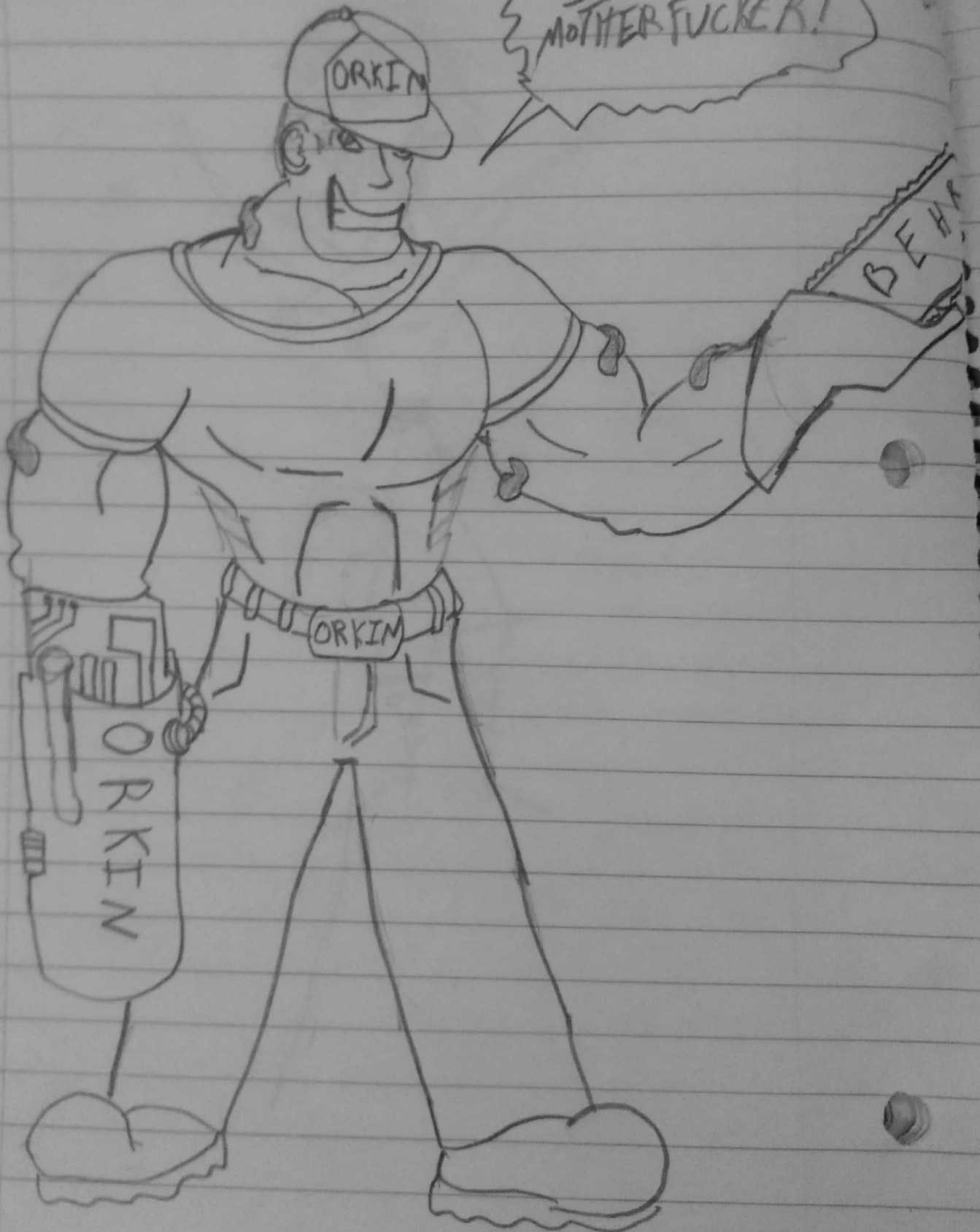
Bad
Benny
B.



The Orkin Man



BAM!
MOTHERFUCKER!



Cher

