

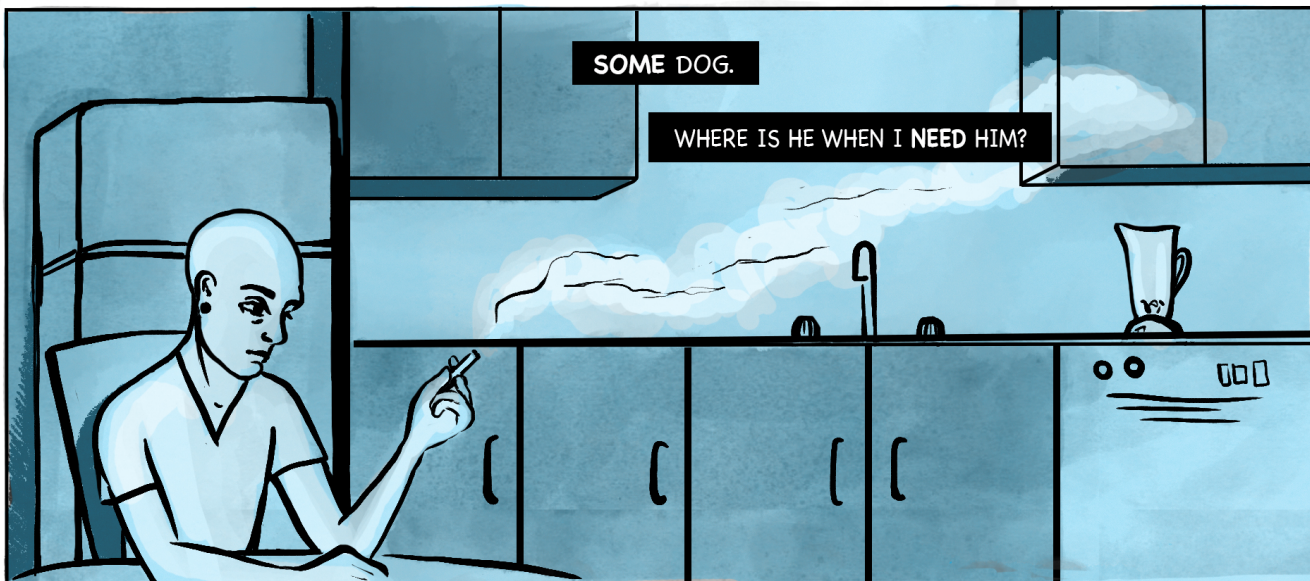
NEVER TRUST A BLENDER

script and letters **GABE LUZIER**
art and color **ERIN DOUGLAS**



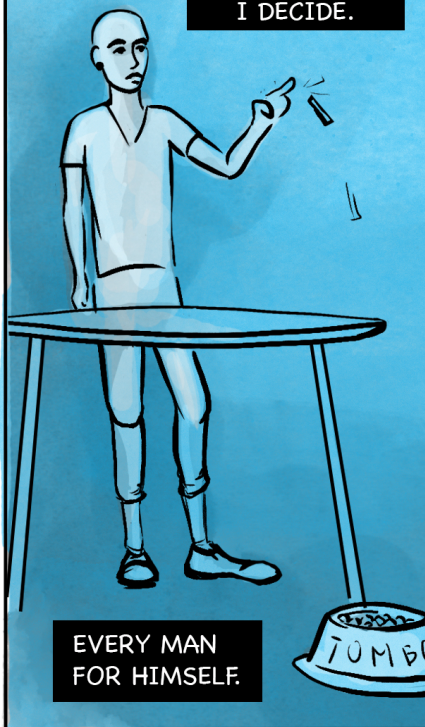
SOME DOG.

WHERE IS HE WHEN I NEED HIM?



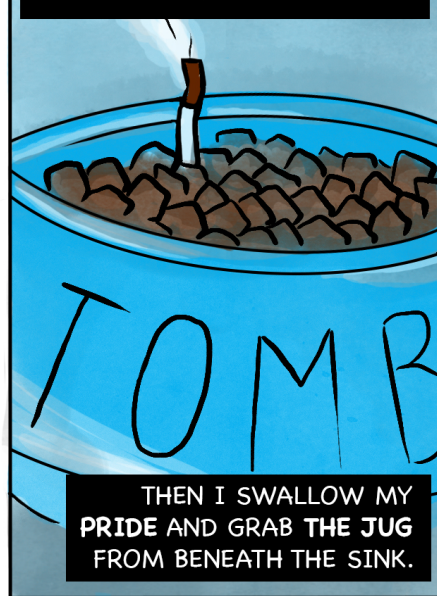
**SLEEPING BY THE DOOR LIKE A
DAMN FLOOR MAT WHILE HIS
MASTER GETS TEMPTED BY A
BLUE DEVIL.**

**"FUCK TOMBO,"
I DECIDE.**



**EVERY MAN
FOR HIMSELF.**

**I WATCH AS THE FLAME GOES
OUT AND CURLS OF SMOKE
BEGIN TO RISE FROM DEEP
WITHIN THE KIBBLE. . . .**



**THEN I SWALLOW MY
PRIDE AND GRAB THE JUG
FROM BENEATH THE SINK.**



I POUR MYSELF A THICK GLASS OF THE BLUE STUFF



AND DOWN IT IN ONE GULP.



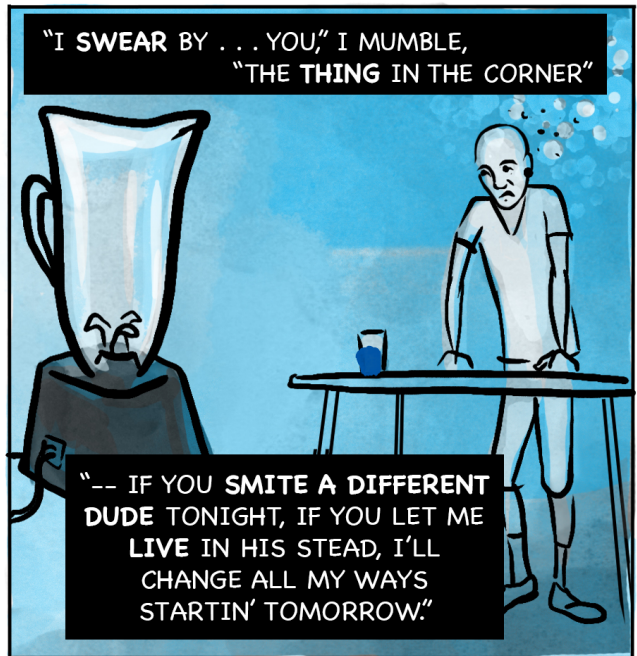
SOON AS THE GOOP HITS MY STOMACH, I START FEELIN' GUILTY LIKE ALWAYS.

"MAYBE I OUGHT NOT TO DRINK DRAIN CLEANER," I MOPE.

MAYBE THEN I WOULDN'T GO PITCHIN' CIG BUTTS INTO MY BUDDY'S CHOW.

I SEE MY OWN LOWNESS, SURE ENOUGH, BUT THAT'S NOTHING NEW.

THE NICKNAME "DRÄNO" COMES LOADED WITH ALL KINDS OF GRIM EXPECTATIONS, AND LIVING UP TO THEM HAS MADE THE REST OF LIVING VERY HARD ON ME.



"I SWEAR BY . . . YOU," I MUMBLE, "THE THING IN THE CORNER"

"-- IF YOU SMITE A DIFFERENT DUDE TONIGHT, IF YOU LET ME LIVE IN HIS STEAD, I'LL CHANGE ALL MY WAYS STARTIN' TOMORROW."



THE THING IN THE CORNER OBJECTS.

SAYS IT'S A BLENDER.

"NO EXCUSES," I TELL IT.
"JUST LET ME OFF THE HOOK,
AND I WON'T DRINK DRÄNO
ANYMORE."



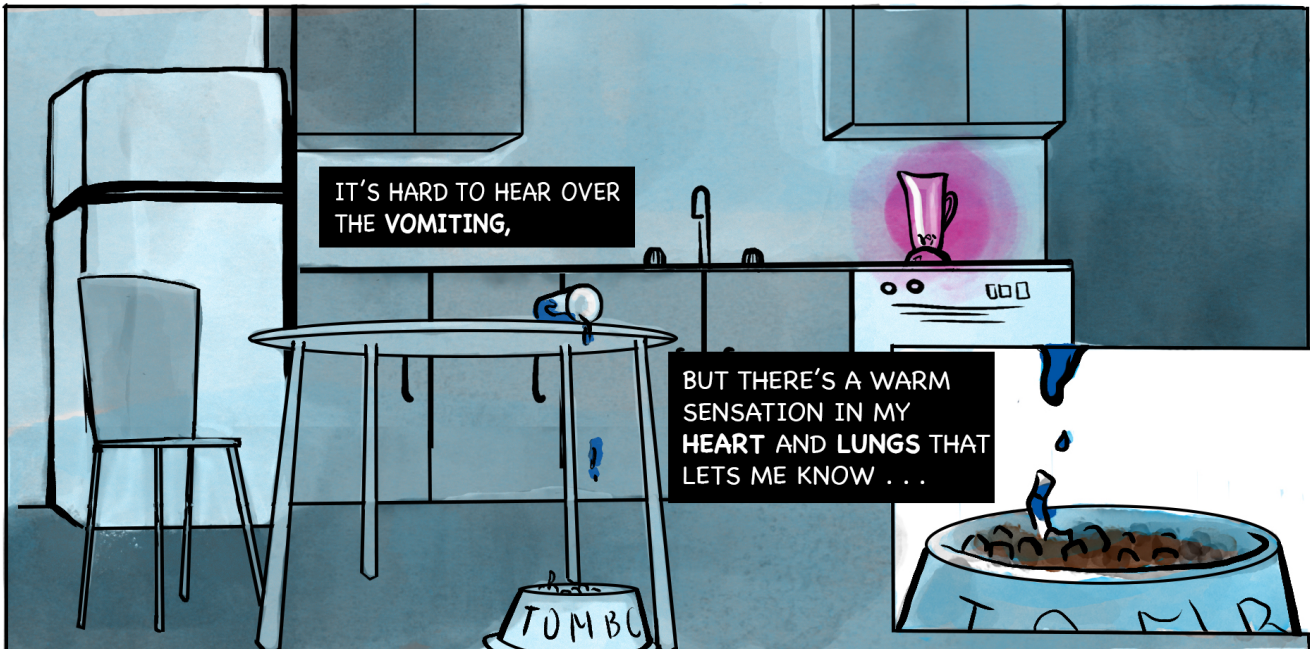
I GIVE IT THE ROOM TO
THINK IT OVER,



WHILE I
STUMBLE
MY WAY
TO THE
TOILET.



IT'S HARD TO HEAR OVER
THE VOMITING,



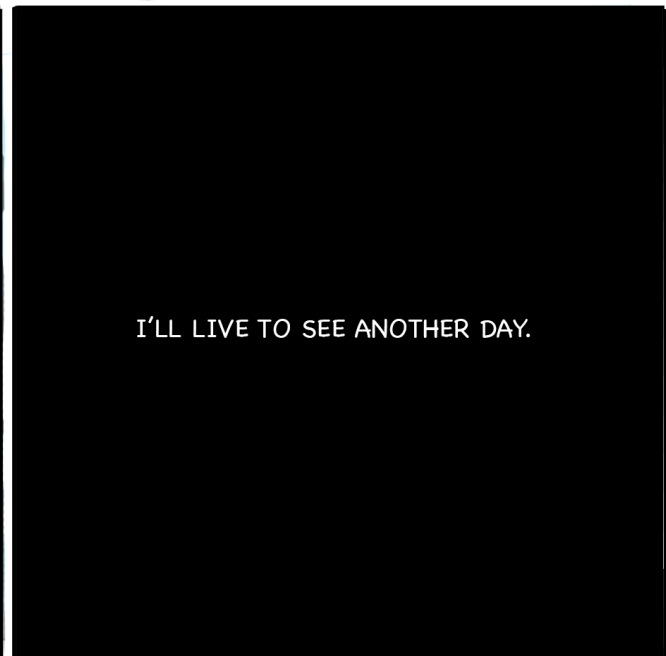
BUT THERE'S A WARM
SENSATION IN MY
HEART AND LUNGS THAT
LETS ME KNOW . . .



THE DEAL
IS MADE.



I'LL LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER DAY.



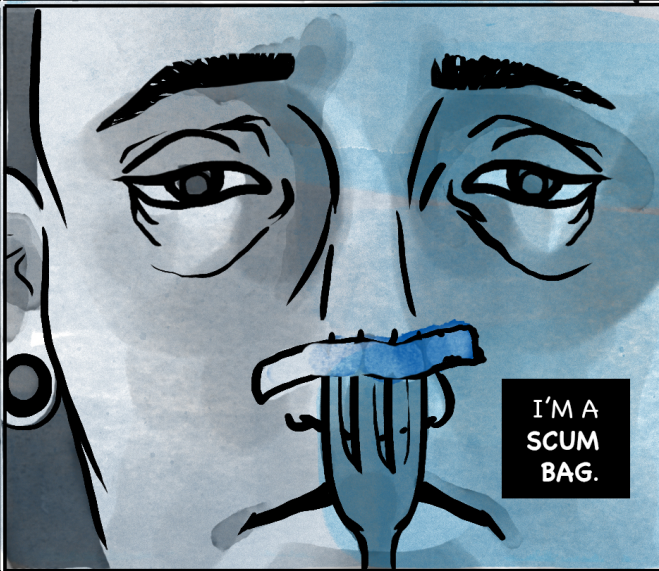
THE NEXT MORNING, I CRAWL OUTTA THE TOILET



... AND FIND TOMBO
FACE DOWN IN HIS FOOD DISH.



IMMEDIATELY I SUSPECT
FOUL PLAY, AND THE
AUTOPSY SOON
CONFIRMS IT.



I'M A
SCUM
BAG.

IT'S A STUPID WORLD
THANKS TO SOME OF US.

MAKING DEALS WITH
THE DAMN BLENDER
SURE DOESN'T HELP
MATTERS ANY.

