

# banner comics

## THE HELL WITH YOU

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**CHAPTER XII: THE 22 STAGES OF HEARTBREAK**

LOVESTUFFERS TEXTBOOK

- DO NOT WRITE AND PUBLISH ANY BOOKS WHILE IN THE MIST OF COMPLETE AND UTTER HEART-BREAK.

THE FINAL SLAM! AND THERE YOU STAND! ALONE! IN SOLITUDE! ALL BY YOURSELF! SPOOKY! ISN'T IT? AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING...	THE FIRST FLINCH	AMAZEMENT	DISBELIEF	SHOCK
SLOW SINKING SENSATION	PAIN	EXTREME PAIN	PAIN PAIN PAIN	PAIN + WEEPING
PAIN + WEEPING + HANGOVER	DEEP DESPAIR	SUDDEN RAGE	DEEPER DESPAIR	SELF-PITY
SEEING HATRED	GLOOM	HEART OF STONE	WOUNDED BUT ALIVE	OCCASIONAL PERKINESS
				READY FOR FURTHER PUNISHMENT

## BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed

OLIVER TOLD ME... THEY HAVE SATELLITES THAT CAN SEE US... ANYTIME... DOING THINGS IN PRIVATE... WHAT THINGS?

PRIVATE THINGS? YOU KNOW!

LIKE WHAT?

OH, YOU KNOW... THOSE UGLY LITTLE MINOR THINGS WE ALL DO... BUT NOT IN FRONT OF EACH OTHER... GROSS THINGS WE NEVER IMAGINE CHRISTIE BRINKLEY DOING BUT THAT SHE PROBABLY DOES.

OH, YOU KNOW... I'M TO UNDERSTAND YOU DO THESE THINGS?

DO YOU REALIZE THEY'VE GOT PHOTO SATELLITES UP THERE THAT CAN SEE THE COLOR OF OUR EYES...

NO DOUBT, A DISTURBING REVELATION TO ALL THOSE CLANDESTINE CRIME-COMMITTERS.

... NOT TO MENTION US SURREPTITIOUS NOSE PICKERS.

SPY SATELLITES! SHERRIN' AROUND, PEERIN' DOWN, TAKIN' PICTURES, THE FINGERPRINTS ARE KNEE BOGGING!

CLICK!

AAIIGH!!

SORRY, I REALLY DO APPRECIATE THE FINGERPRINTS. NO YOU DON'T! MY HEART...

THEY'RE WATCHING FROM ABOVE!! PRIVACY IS HISTORY! DOES ANYBODY CARE? WHERE WILL IT LEAD?!! HELLO?

SIGH...

I DON'T WANT TO ELECT A COMAROSE CANDIDATE. HOW BOUT BRUCE BABBITT?

METHINKS YOU OVERLOOK OUR CANDIDATE'S UNIQUE APPEAL...

INSTEAD OF A PRESIDENT WHO'S ASLEEP FIGURATIVELY, WE CAN HAVE ONE PASSED OUT LITERALLY! NO WONDERING, FULL DISCLOSURE!

IT'D BE AN EXCITING NEW FRONTIER IN PRESIDENTIAL A NAME LIKE "BABBITT". SO WOULD YOU APPRECIATE THE FINGERPRINTS?

## THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON

Well, let's see... So far I've got rhythm, I've got music... actually, who could ask for anything more?

The wench, you idiot! Bring me the wench!

## GARFIELD® by Jim Davis

The Bluebird of Happiness long absent from his life, Ned is visited by the Chicken of Depression.

"Mom! The kids at school say we're a family of Nerdentals! ... Is that true?"

Miserable little monsters.

CONGRATULATIONS BOB TORTURER OF THE MONTH

I KNEW YOU'D LIKE CHINESE FOOD, GARFIELD, BUT I'M SURPRISED YOU ATE THE OCTOPUS!

ACK! COUGH HACK BLEEK!

OCTOPUS?

ACTUALLY IT WASN'T HALF BAD.

GIMME THAT FORTUNE COOKIE!

Beware of the SPLUT!

SPLUT!

I SHALL NOW DERIVE GREAT PLEASURE FROM KICKING OPIE OFF THIS TABLE!

CRASH!

THAT WAS DARNED INCONSIDERATE!

RISE AND SHINE, CAT! ON THE FAR SIDE WE GET UP WITH THE CHICKENS!

SO DO WE.

EXCEPT OUR CHICKENS ARE IN THE FREEZER.

SO THE MINUTE YOU SEE ONE OF THEM UP AND AROUND GIVE ME A CALL!