

I'm Johnny and I Don't Give A Fuck

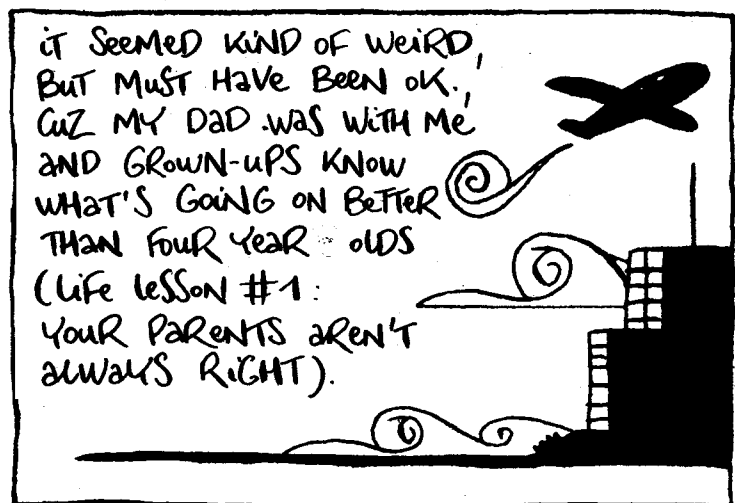
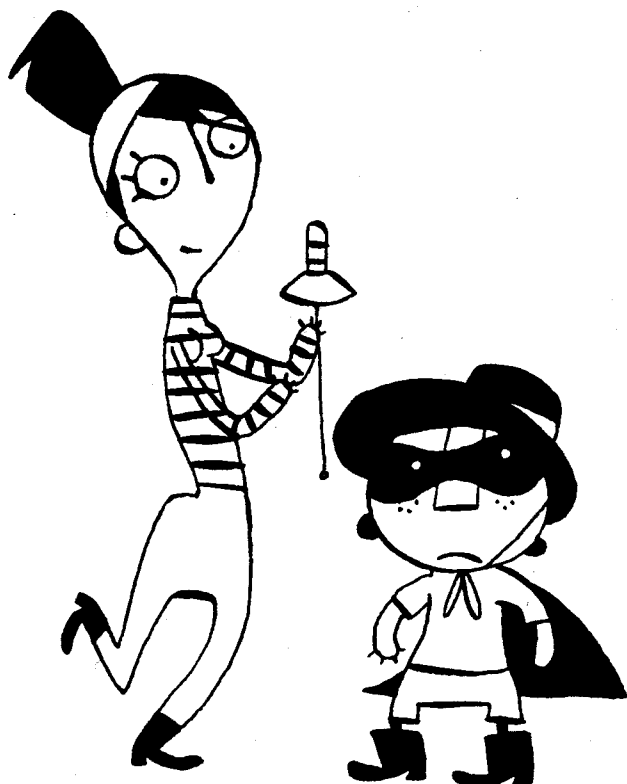


by Andy Healey (story)
and Colonel Moutarde (drawings, scenario)

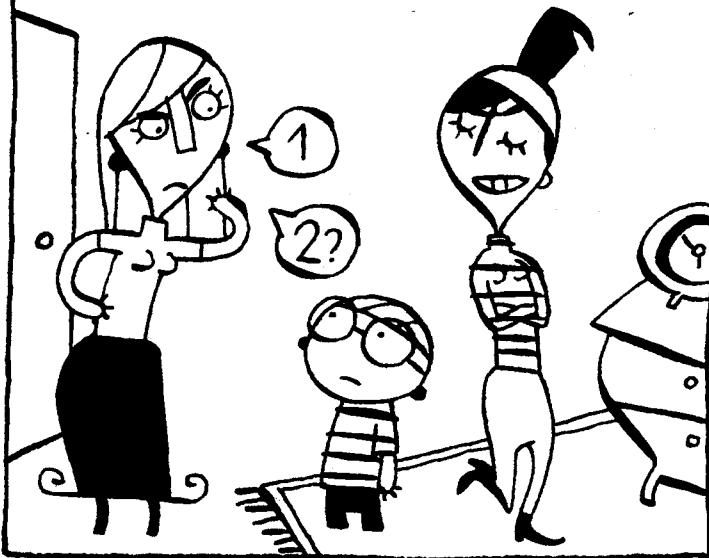
Possibly the shittiest thing that ever happened to me



WE WENT TO MY DAD'S FRIEND'S PLACE AND THEY PUT ME IN A SUIT.



MEANWHILE MY MOM CAME TO PICK US UP AND NOTICING NEITHER ESTRANGED HUSBAND NOR THE CORRECT AMOUNT OF KIDS, SHE FREAKED.



MY DAD'S MAIN SQUEEZE AND FUTURE WIFE, LINDA, TOLD HER:

It looks like he's pulled one over on both of us.

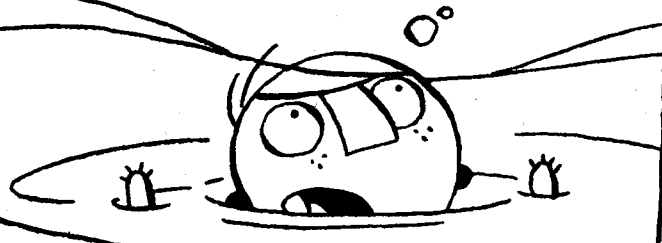


LINDA, OF COURSE, WAS IN ON IT.

MOM TOOK ASH AND PROCEEDED TO LOOSE HER SHIT.

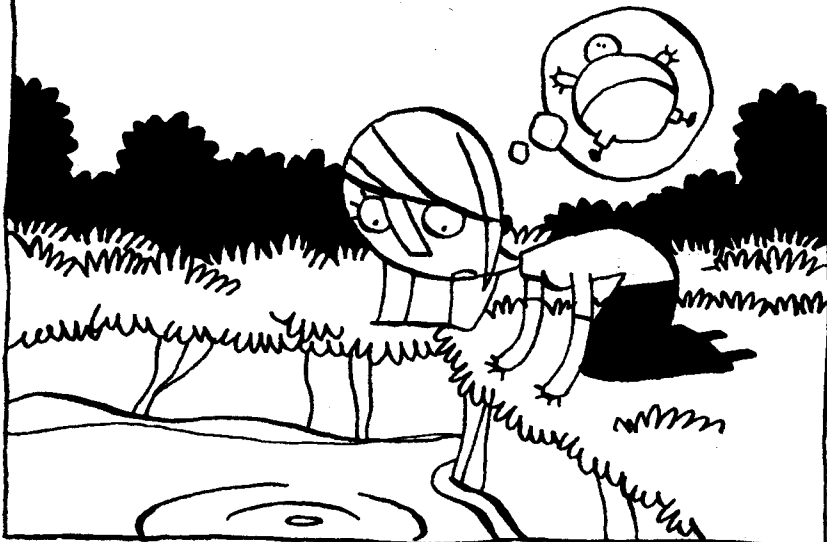


SHE THOUGHT I WAS DEAD. IN HER MIND, THERE WAS NO TELLING WHAT MY DAD WOULD DO.



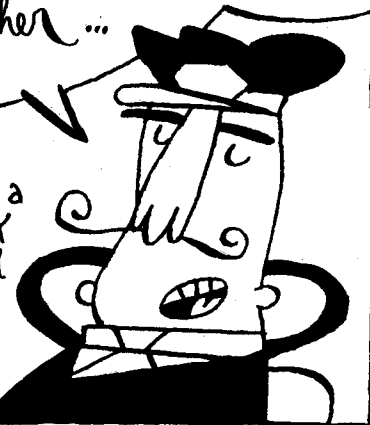
HE HAD A HISTORY OF MENTAL-FLIP-OUTISM AND HAD PREVIOUSLY CHUCKED ME IN THE NIAGARA RIVER.

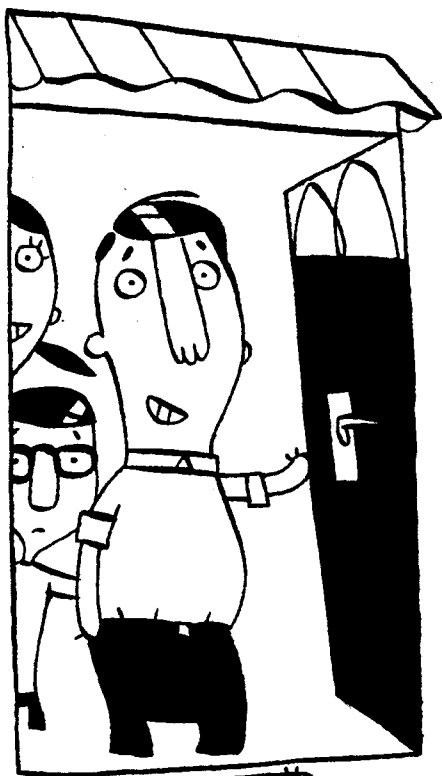
SO SHE COMBED THE BANKS OF THE RIVER, LOOKING FOR A WASHED ASHORE PRESCHOOLER.



HE HAD TO BE GONE FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS BEFORE WE'D DO ANYTHING, AND BESIDES, HE'S WITH HIS FATHER...

SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY A TYPICALLY HISTERICAL FEMALE.





ONCE WE GOT TO VANCOUVER
WE HOOKED-UP WITH A FRIEND
OF MY DAD'S - DON.

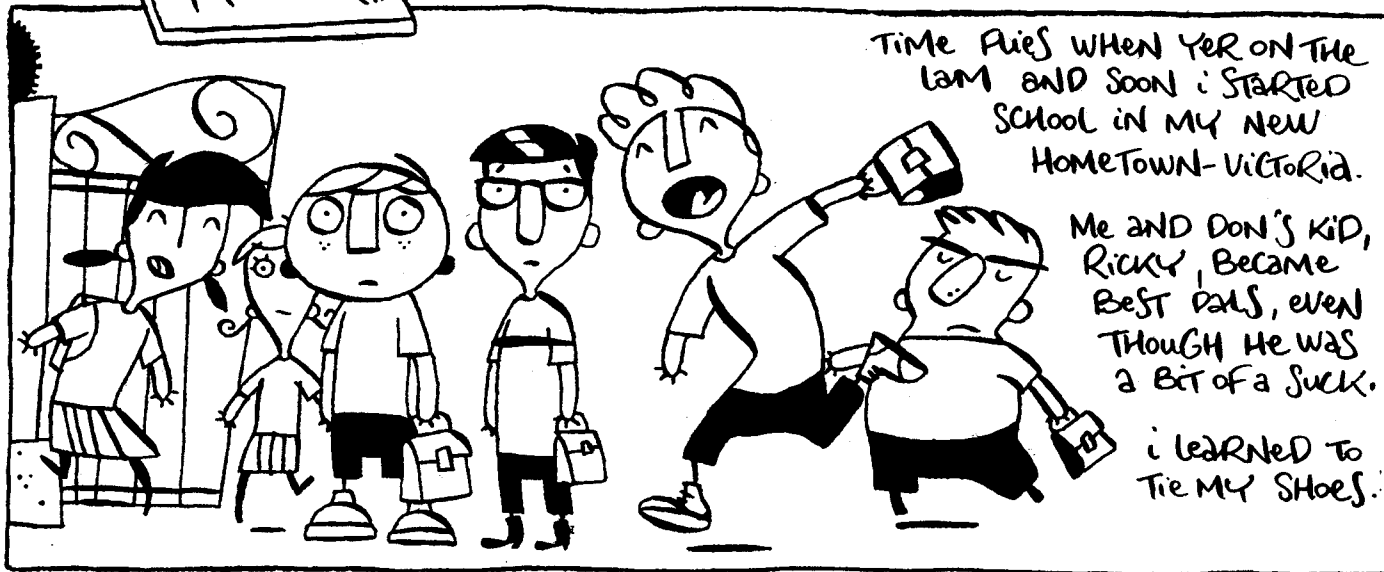
OVER THE NEXT YEAR, DON
AND HIS FAMILY WOULD BE
OUR BEST FRIENDS...



I WONDER IF THEY
EVER GAVE ANY
THOUGHT TO WHY
THEIR OLD BUDDY
SHOWED UP WITH
A LITTLE KID WITH
NONE OF HIS OWN
STUFF?

I SUPPOSE THEY TOO
WERE ACCOMPLICES,
TO SOME EXTEND.

HOME...



TIME FLIES WHEN YER ON THE
LAM AND SOON I STARTED
SCHOOL IN MY NEW
HOMETOWN - VICTORIA.

ME AND DON'S KID,
RICKY, BECAME
BEST PALS, EVEN
THOUGH HE WAS
A BIT OF A SUCK.

I LEARNED TO
TIE MY SHOES.

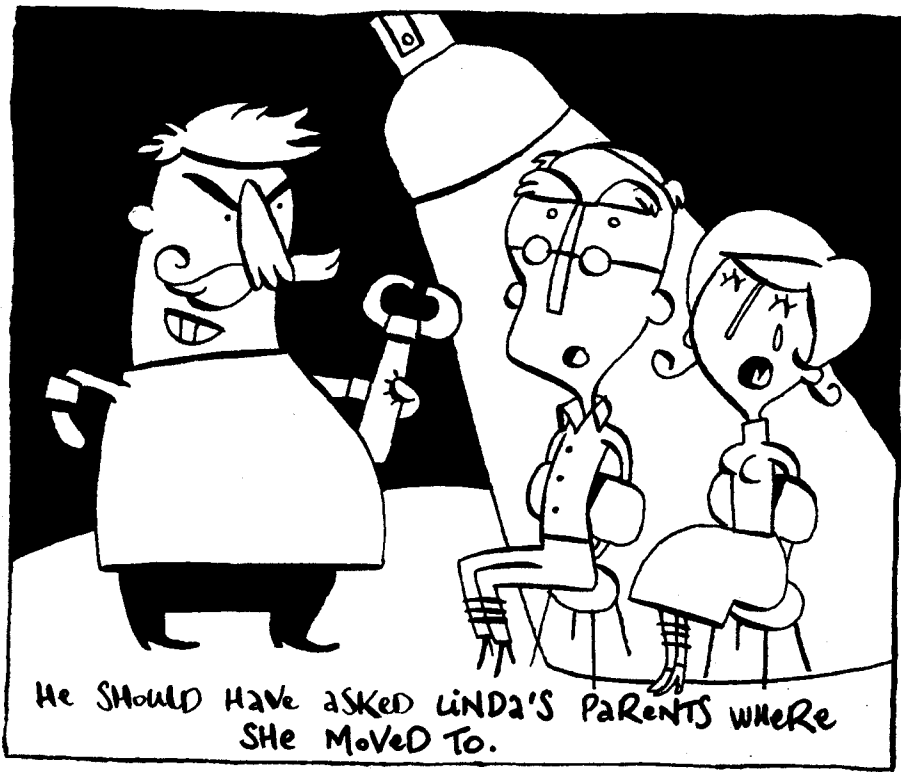


BACK IN NIAGARA
FALLS, MY MOM HAD
HIRED A BUMBLING
PRIVATE EYE TO TRACK
ME DOWN.

WHEN I WAS A TEENAGER,
I READ THE REPORTS
FROM THE GUY.



what a
dope!

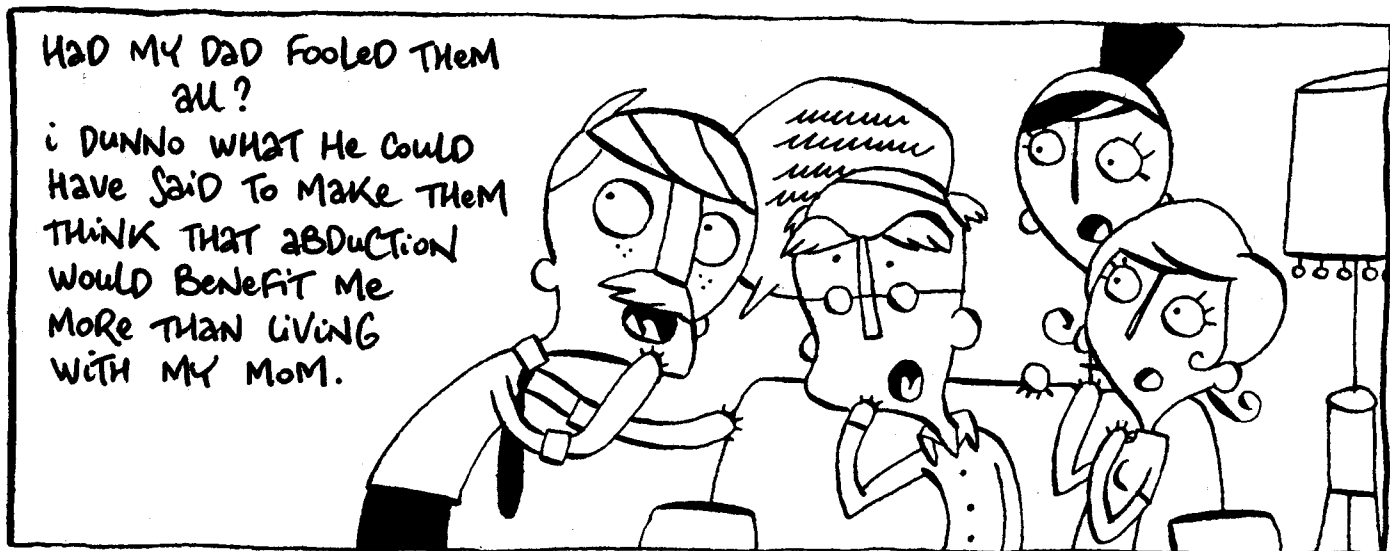


He SHOULD HAVE ASKED LINDA'S PARENTS WHERE SHE MOVED TO.

i'M SURE THEY KNEW THEIR DAUGHTER WAS IN ON A KIDNAPPING.

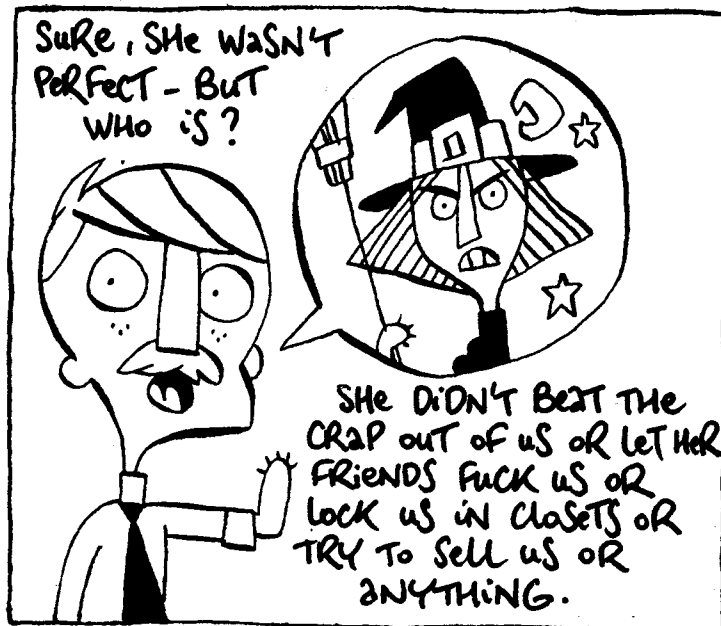


i HAVE NO WAY TO KNOW HOW SUPPOSEDLY RATIONAL PEOPLE FIGURED ALL THIS WAY OK.



HAD MY DAD FOOLED THEM ALL?

i DUNNO WHAT HE COULD HAVE SAID TO MAKE THEM THINK THAT ABDUCTION WOULD BENEFIT ME MORE THAN LIVING WITH MY MOM.



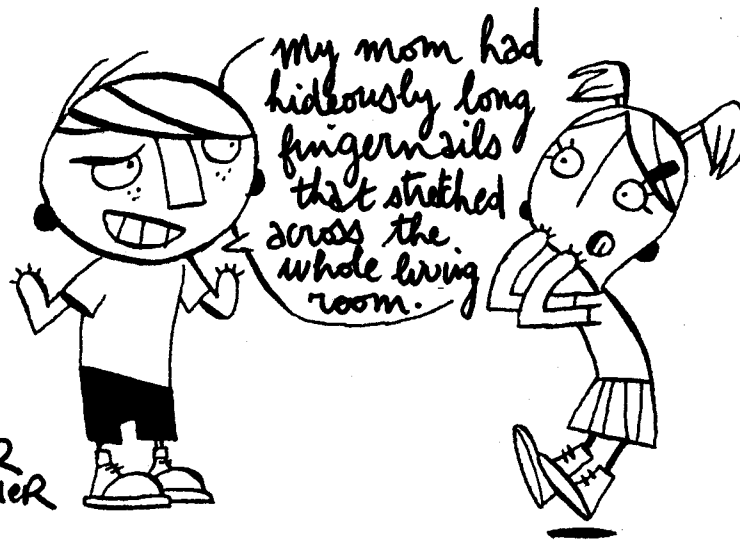
SURE, SHE WASN'T PERFECT - BUT WHO IS?

SHE DIDN'T BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF US OR LET HER FRIENDS FUCK US OR LOCK US IN CLOSETS OR TRY TO SELL US OR ANYTHING.

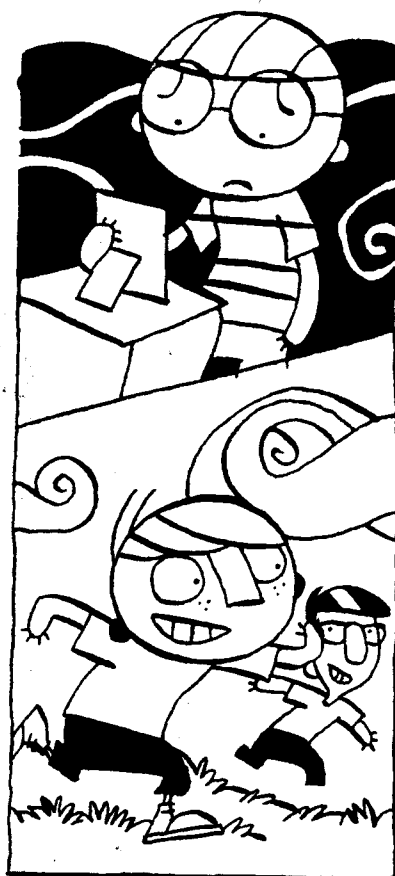
DURING THE YEAR I WAS WITH MY DAD, MY MEMORIES STARTED TO FADE. NOWADAYS A YEAR FLIES BY SUPER FAST, BUT BACK THEN ONE YEAR WAS ONE QUARTER OF MY LIFE.



MY LOST MEMORIES GOT REPLACED BY LINDA AND MY DAD'S BIASED THOUGHTS ABOUT MY MOM.



BUT REALLY, I COULDN'T HARDLY EVEN REMEMBER WHAT MY MOM AND BROTHER LOOKED LIKE.

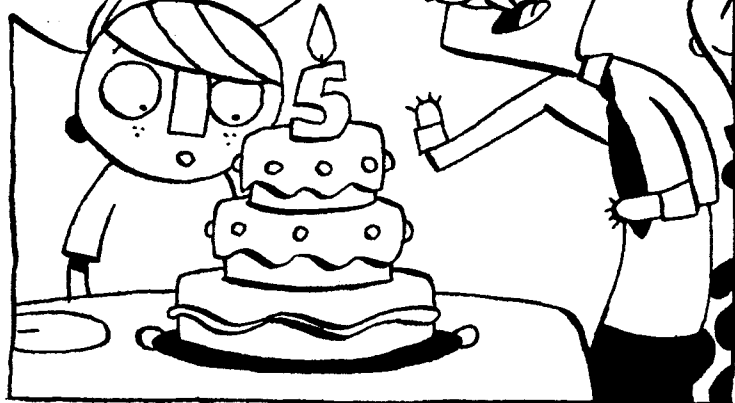


HE TOLD ME HOW HE HAD PHOTOGRAPHS OF ME AND WOULD STARE AT THEM AND WISH I WAS THERE. ASH PROBABLY HAD A HARDER TIME OF IT THAN I DID, AT LEAST I WAS RUNNING AROUND WITH OTHER KIDS AND NOT ALWAYS THINKING ABOUT MY FAMILY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

THIS ISN'T TO SAY IT WAS ALL FUN AND GAMES FOR ME.



you have to
make a
wish before
you blow out
the candles.



i wish
i could go
home.



But you
are at
home!

i'm not even
sure if that
birthday fiasco
actually happened
or if i just
meant to say
it.



Here's a memory
that i know
for sure really
happened, cuz
it's as clear in
my head as if
it happened only
yesterday.



if you want
to, you can
call me
mom.

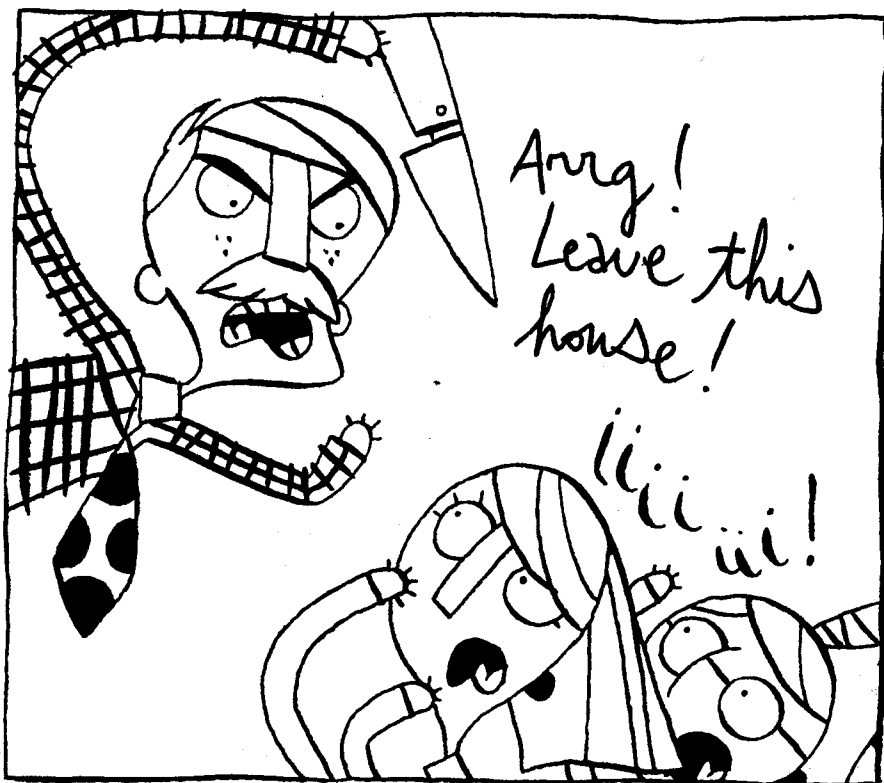
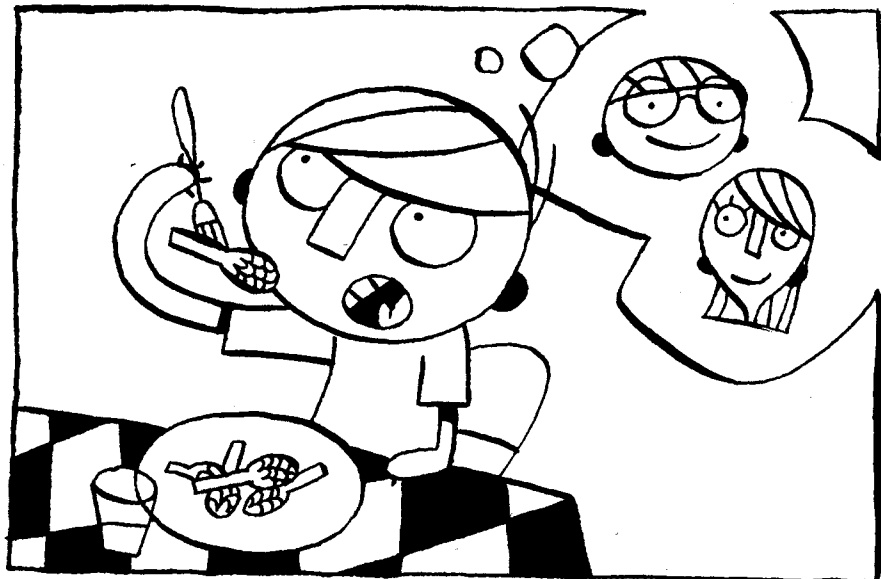


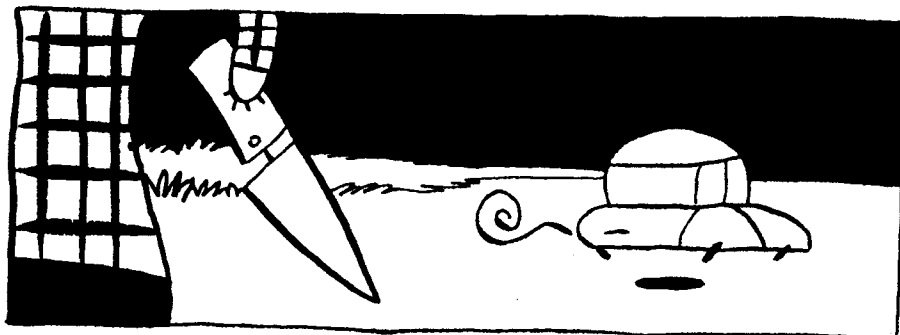
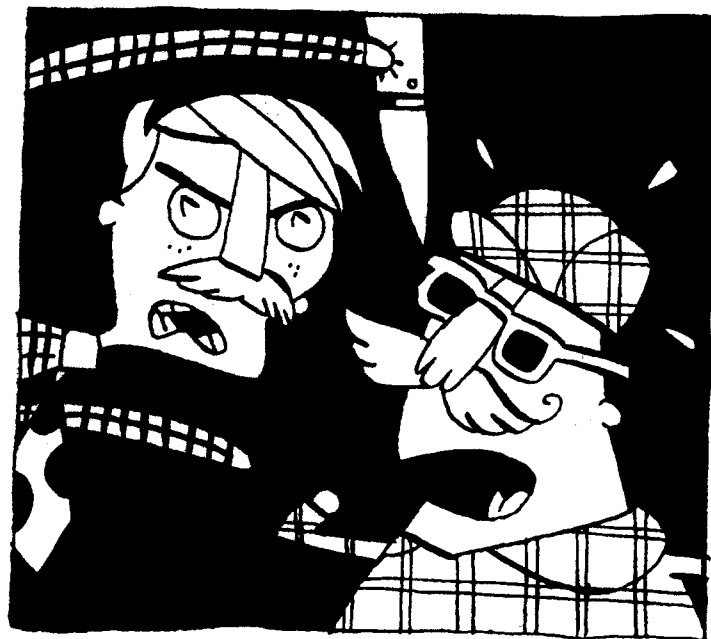
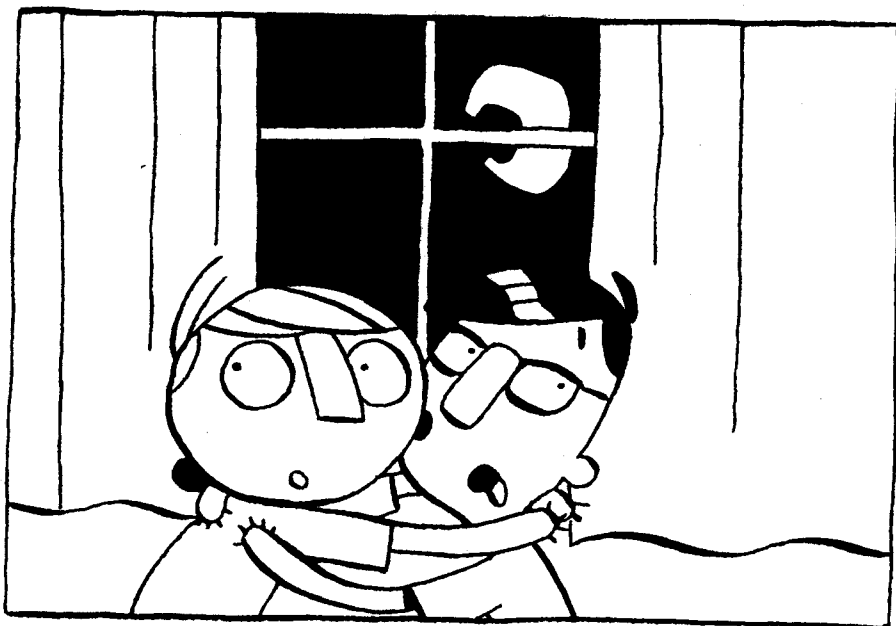
That's the last thing i wanted to do,
she wasn't my mom. i had a real mom
somewhere, only by now she was just
barely inside me, hiding out some
place in the back of my mind.

it was hard to do, but
i somehow forced myself
because grown-ups
know what's
right.

mom
...



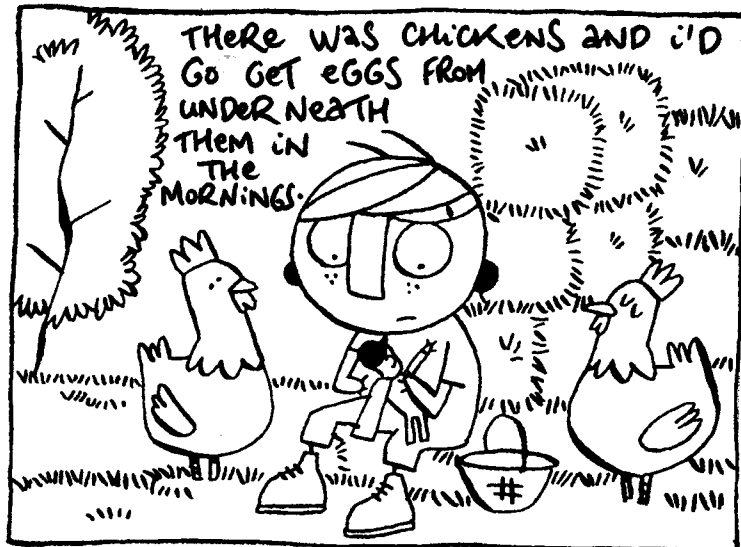




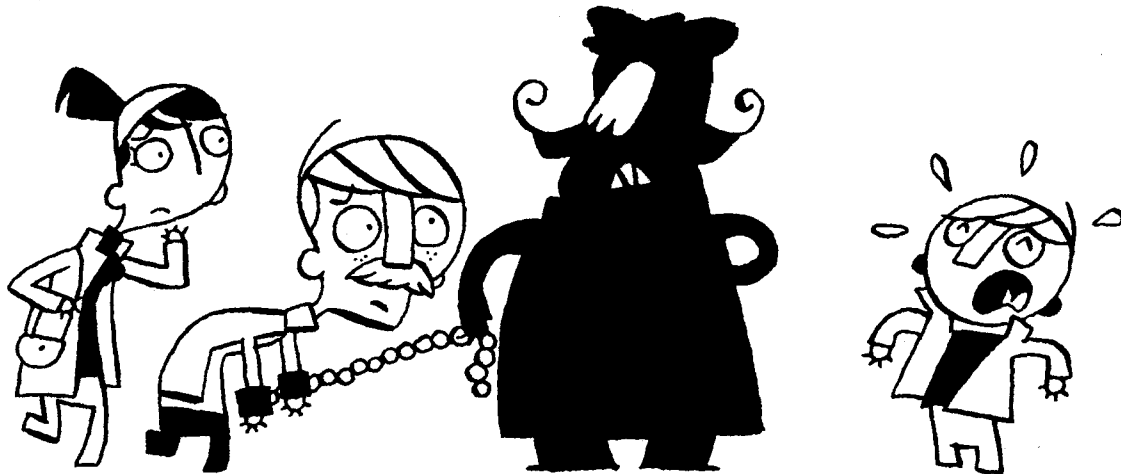


FOR THE FIRST WHILE WE STAYED WITH A BIG BEARDED GUY IN VANCOUVER'S WEST END.

NEXT WE WENT TO A SMALL FARM SOMEWHERE FOR A WHILE.



ONE DAY MY DAD
JUST TURNED US IN.



SOMEWHERE IN THERE WE
WENT TO COURT AND I LEFT
CRYING CUZ I WASN'T GOING
HOME WITH MY DAD AND
LINDA.



you're going back
home, kid.



i'd HAVE NO CONTACT FROM THEM UNTIL MY
'12 BROTHER, ROBIN, WAS BORN EIGHT YEARS
LATER.

MY DAD TRIED, THOUGH...
HE'D SEND US CARDS AND CHEQUES ON
SPECIAL DAYS LIKE BIRTHDAYS AND
CHRISTMAS...

Sign
it
down.



SOMETIMES WITH SELF-ADDRESSED
STAMPED ENVELOPES ENCLOSED
IN HOPES OF A REPLY.

what is
it for?





IT MADE A BIT OF SENSE.



ME AND ASH
STOPPED
CALLING HIM
DAD

AND NAMED
HIM "THE
MAN WITH
THE Moustache".



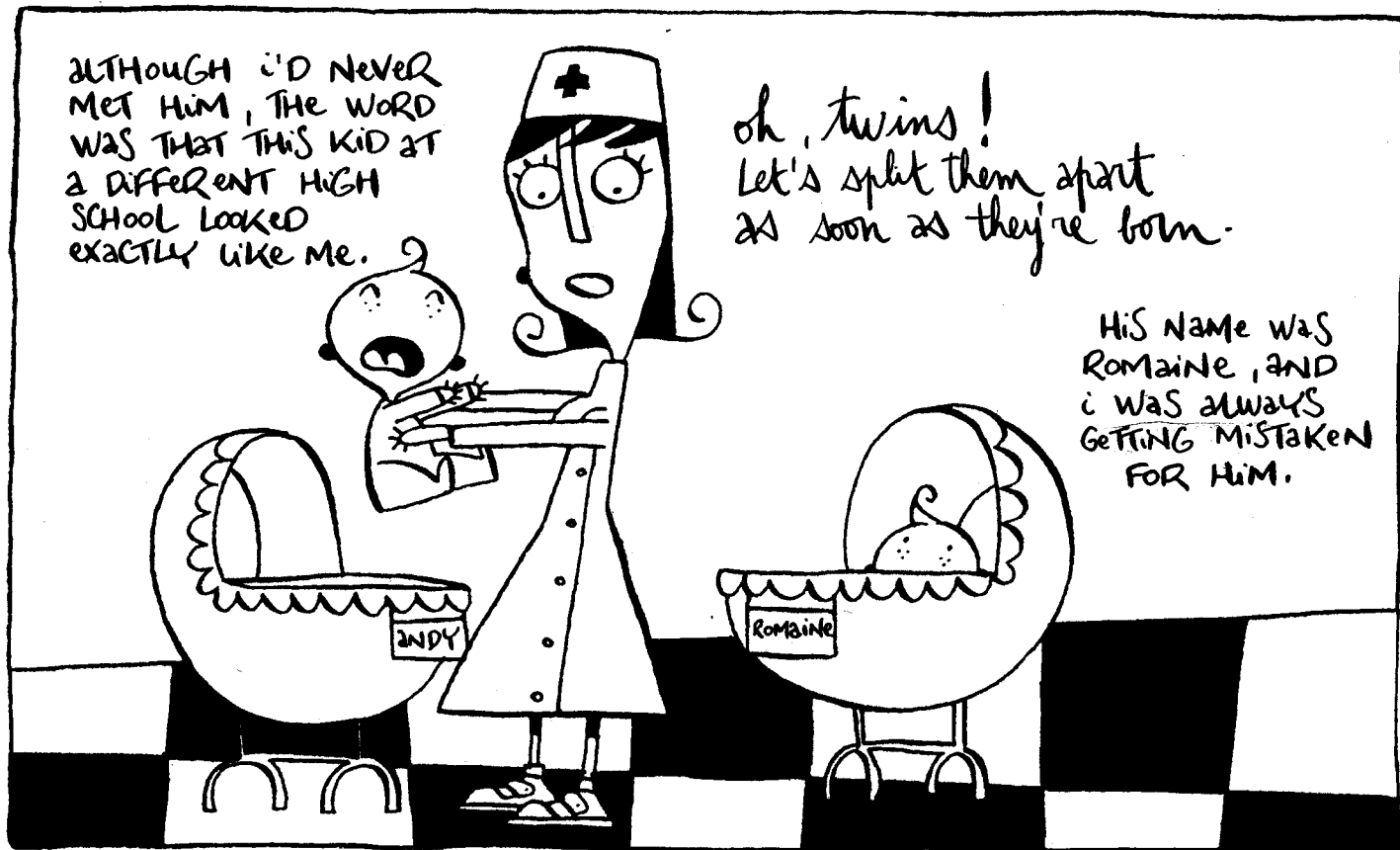
even Now i Don't Have
a Name For Him, Not Dad
OR even FRANK.
So it Goes.
(Life lesson #2: TRUST No one).



Twenty-two years later, i'm crying as i write this down
for the first time ever. i always joke about how i had
all this early childhood trauma, and turned out perfectly
normal but sometimes i kinda wonder, what would it be
like if i didn't have this silly story to tell?

ANDY

My evil twin gets me in hot water



INSTEAD OF THE GOOFY NICKNAMES I WAS USED TO, THEY ALL CALLED EACH OTHER BY THEIR LAST NAMES, ALL THE BOYS REFERRED TO THEIR GIRLFRIENDS AS "THE OL' LADY", AND EVERYONE WORE HARLEY DAVIDSON T-SHIRTS, HATS, ETC.

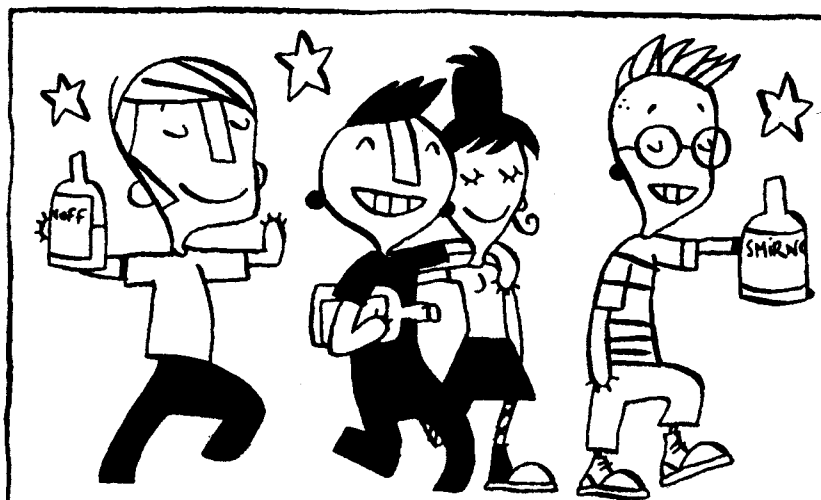




So, Really,
IT'S NO
SURPRISE THAT
I'D NEVER
MET MY TWIN,
I DIDN'T HAVE
MUCH DESIRE
TO SEEK OUT
THE LOCAL
JUNIOR HELL'S
ANGELS.



ONE WEEKEND, MY BROTHER
ASH AND A COUPLE FRIENDS
CAME TO TOWN TO HANG
OUT AND CAUSE SHIT
IN MY NEW
LOCAL.



WE GOT A FEW BOTTLES OF OUR
BEVERAGE OF CHOICE, SMIRNOFF
VODKA (JUST LIKE METALLICA!)
AND HEADED OUT TO THE FOCAL
POINT OF NIAGARA FALLS
ON A FRIDAY
NIGHT:
CLIFTON
HILL.

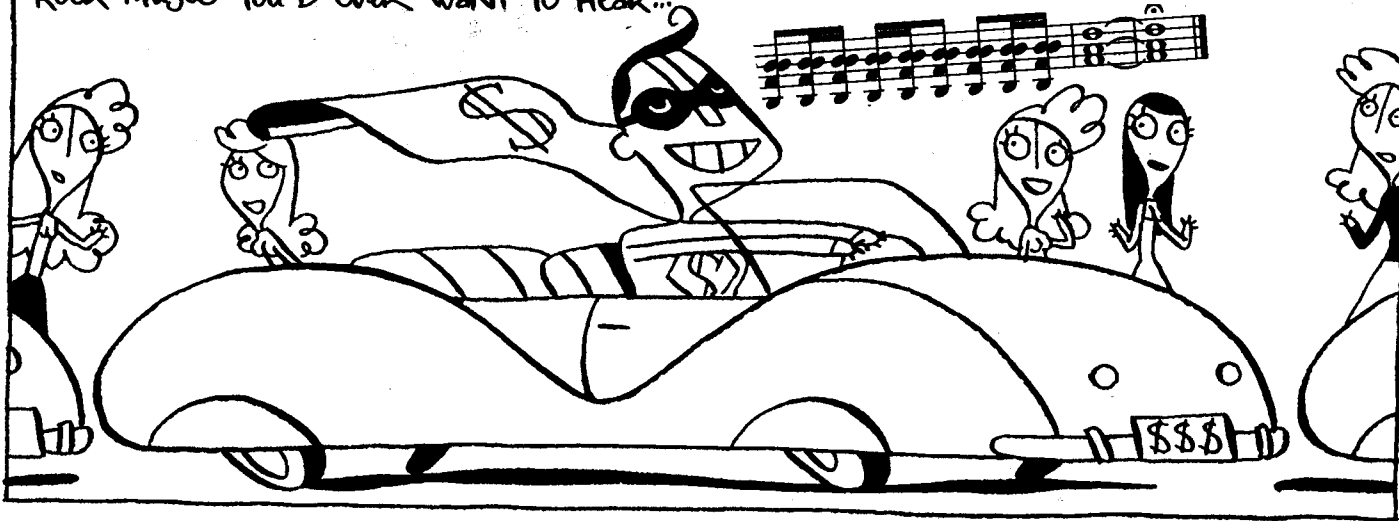


BY DAY, CLIFTON HILL
WAS ALL AMERICAN
TOURIST FAMILIES,
"AMAZING" WAX MUSEUMS,
THRILL RIDES, GAMES OF
CHANCE AND SLIMY OLD GUYS
SELLING TICKETS TO BUS TOURS AND
OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

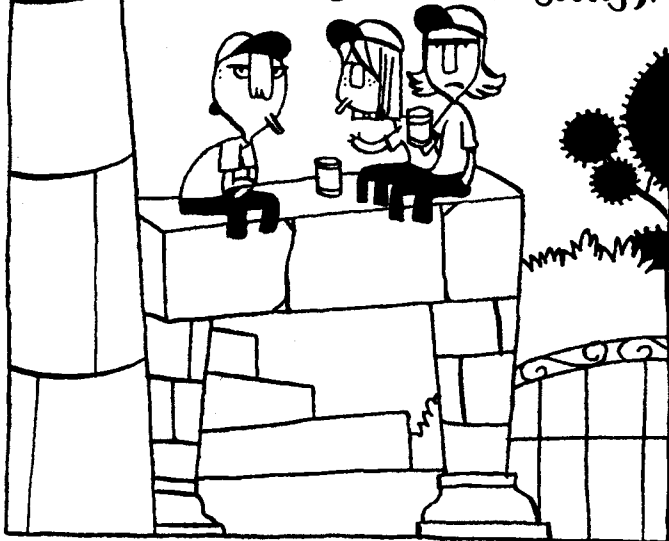


BY NIGHT (PARTICULARLY
WEEKEND NIGHTS),
A GREAT TRANSFORMA-
TION TOOK PLACE.

THE NIGHT SKY WAS ILLUMINATED WITH THE MOST TACKY NEONS SIGNS I'D EVER IMAGINED, MUSCLE CARS PILOTED BY WHITE TRASH SUPERMEN CRAWLED BUMPER TO BUMPER UP AND DOWN THE STRIP TO THE BEAT OF SOME OF THE MOST PATHETIC ROCK MUSIC YOU'D EVER WANT TO HEAR...



AND ON A STONE FENCE BY THE PARK AT THE BOTTOM SAT THE "FREAKS" (THAT'S WHAT THE HARLEY DAVIDSON KIDS CALLED THEMSELVES).



ALTHOUGH I'D GROW TO DESPISE CLIFTON HILL IN THESE FIRST FEW WEEKS I THOUGHT IT WAS PRETTY COOL. SO THIS NIGHT WE WERE RUNNING AROUND THE HILL SWILLIN' VODKA...



YELLING AT TOURISTS, GETTING TOSSED OUT OF CHEEZY ATTRACTIONS AND HAVING A HECK OF A TIME.



I HAD MY BOTTLE IN ONE HAND AND MY OTHER HAND BALLED UP IN A FIST AS I SHOUTED PROFANITIES AND MARCHED ACROSS THE STREET TOWARDS RUMOURS...

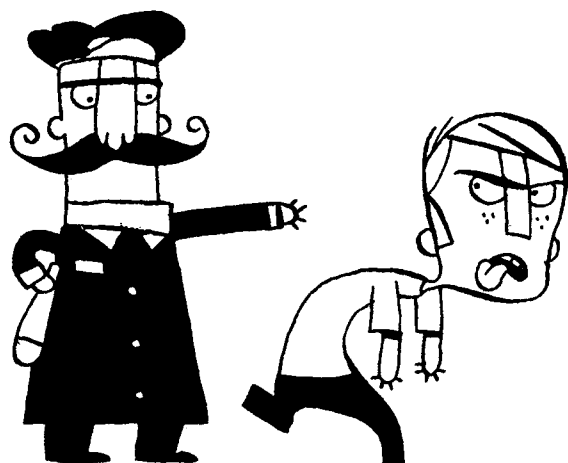




THEY TOOK MY BOOZE,
BUT THE FUN WASN'T OVER YET.



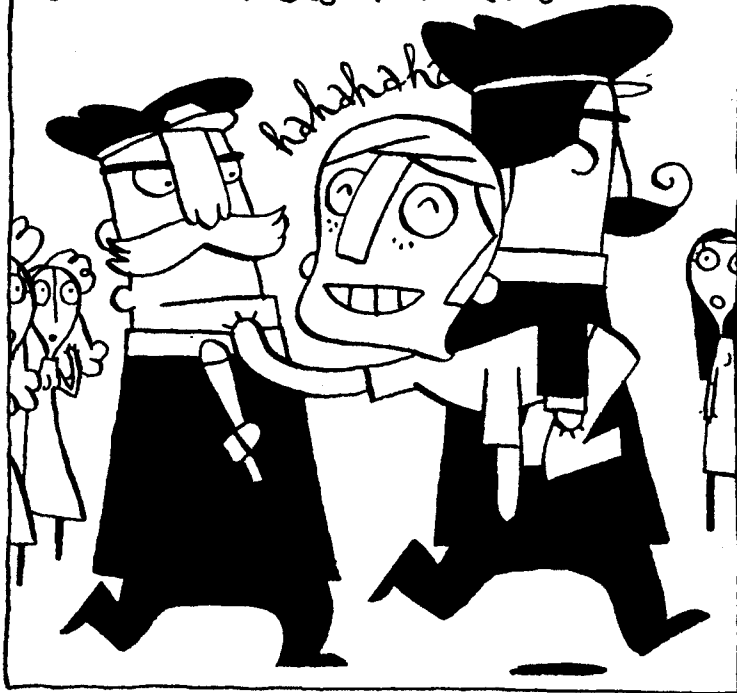
I KNEW THE ROUTINE
PRETTY WELL:



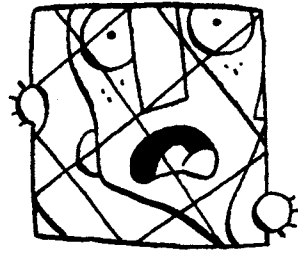
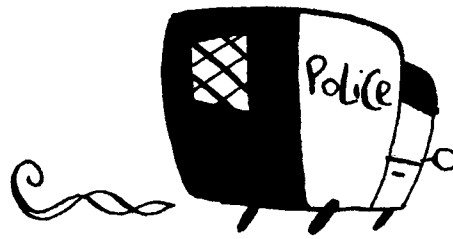
THEN EITHER LET ME GO OR
TAKE ME HOME.
BIG DEAL, I DIDN'T HAVE HARDLY
VODKA LEFT ANYWAYS.



i WAS LAUGHING AND WAVING AT THE
ASTONISHED Hordes OF TOURISTS...



AS THE PIGS PUT ME IN THE CAR
AND DROVE AWAY.



We DROVE AROUND
MAPLE LEAF VILLAGE
(ONE OF THE
PLACES WE'D BEEN
THROWN OUT OF
EARLIER)...

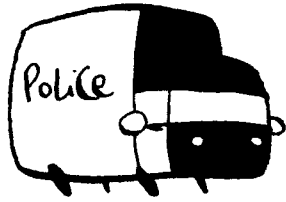


AND SAT IN THE PARKING
LOT WAITING FOR SOMEONE.
WHATEVER...

i WAS STILL CALM, AFTER
ALL IT WAS THEIR JOB TO
WRECK MY FUN JUST LIKE
IT WAS MY JOB TO GET
HAMMERED AND YELL AT
OUT OF TOWN VISITORS...



Hey, where
the fuck are
we going?

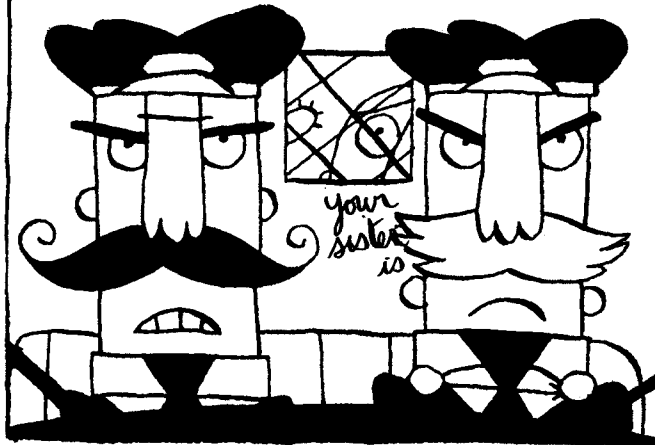


i WENT OFF, HURLING INSULTS
OF DEGRADATION AT THE PAIR OF
GOONS IN THE FRONT SEAT.

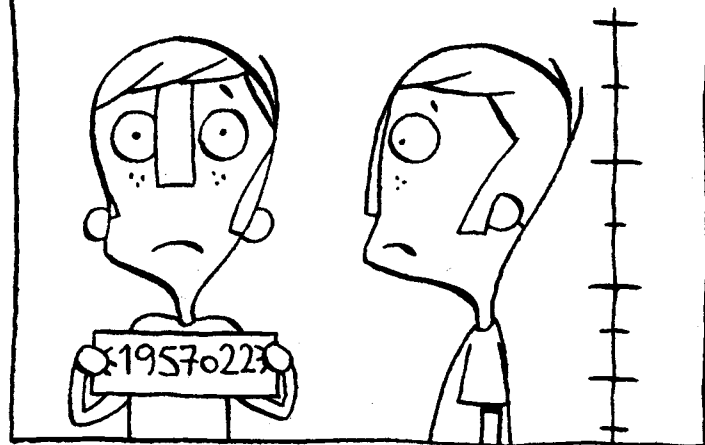


THEY WOULDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING, SO I KEPT ON SCREAMING ABOUT
HOW THEY'RE BASTARDS AND THEIR MOTHERS ARE THIS AND THEIR
DOGS ARE THAT AND ON AND ON AND ON.

i DUNNO HOW COME THEY DIDN'T
BEAT ME UP, OR AT LEAST SMACK
ME OR SUMTHIN'.



THEY TOOK ME TO THE STATION, FINGER-
PRINTED ME, TOOK MY MUGSHOT...



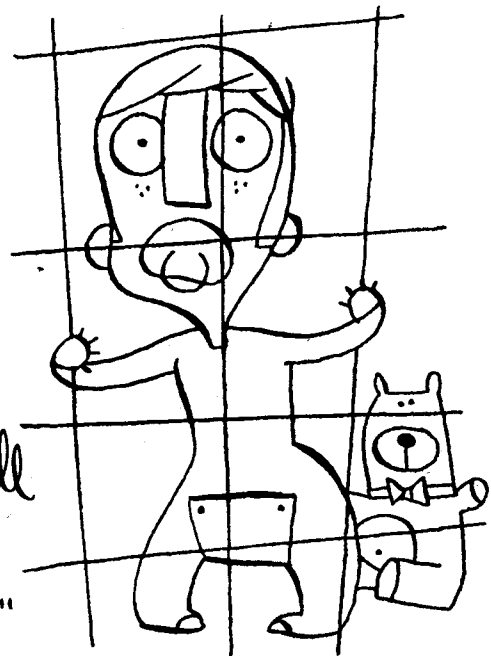
AND CHARGED ME
WITH BOOTING IN A
DOOR AT MAPLE LEAF
VILLAGE.

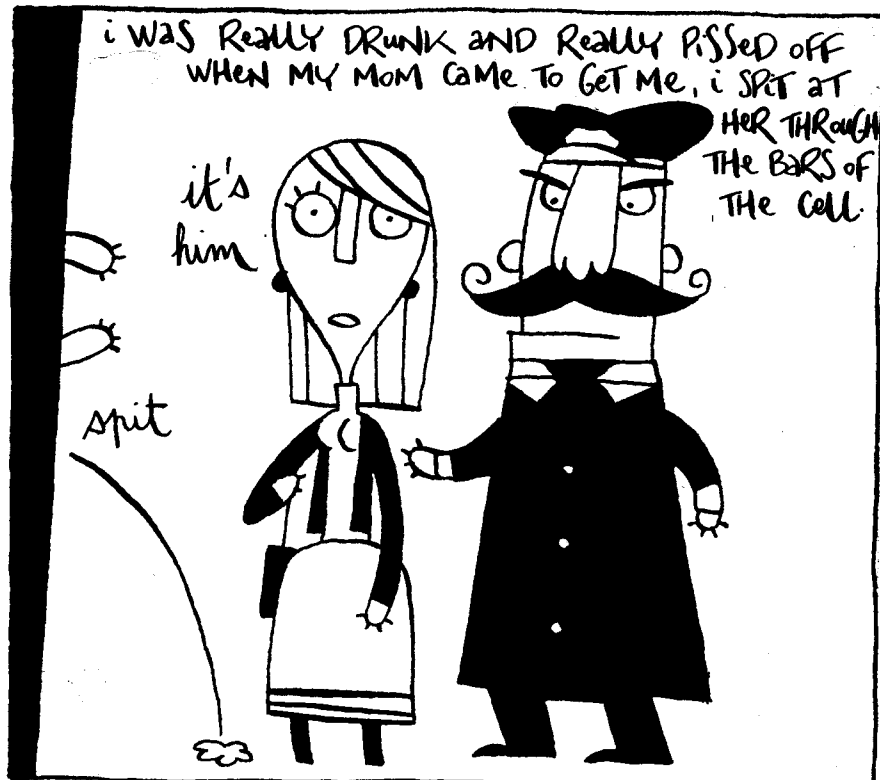
THAT SUCKED CUZ I WAS 16
AND NO LONGER A JUVENILE.



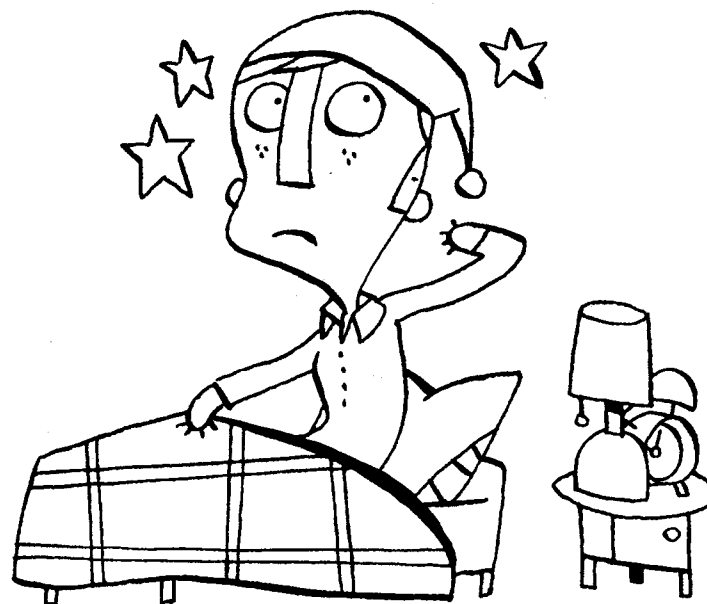
Called MY MOM,
THREW ME IN A CELL...

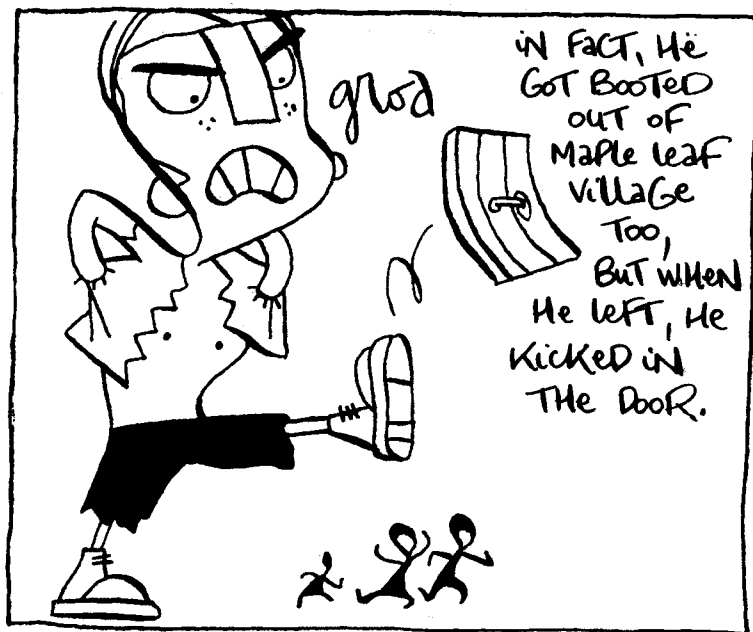
but
i'm still
so
young!...



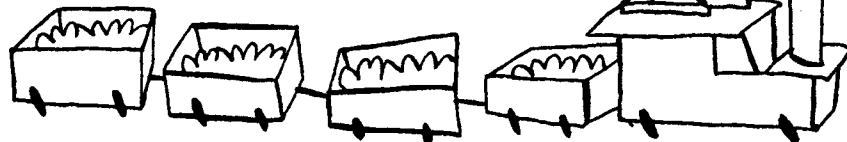


i Got a COURT DATE AND Woke up THE NEXT MORNING all HUNG-OVER AND Still CONFUSED AS To WHY i'D BEEN FINGERED AS THE ALLEGED KICKER OF THE DOOR.





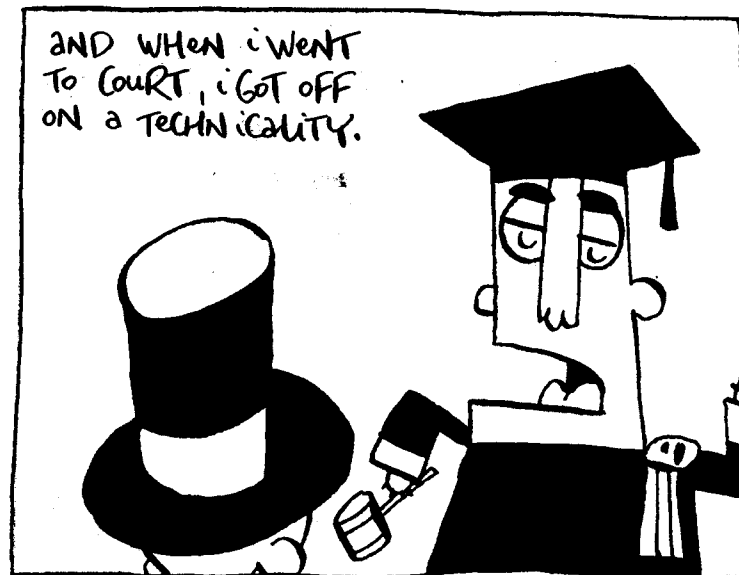
WHEN HIS EVENING
CAME TO AN END,
HE HOPPED THE
FREIGHT TRAIN
AT THE TOP
OF THE HILL
THAT WENT
TOWARDS HIS
HOME IN
CHIPPEWA.



IT WAS THE WRONG
TRAIN THOUGH,
AND INSTEAD OF
GOING ALL THE WAY
TO BUFFALO
HE JUMPED OFF
WITH THE EXPECTATION
OF CATCHING
THE PROPER TRAIN
OR WALKING
HOME.



So THERE I WAS, UP ON CHARGES
BROUGHT ON BY MY DEAD LOOK ALIKE.



i NEVER DID GET
TO MEET OR EVEN SEE
A PHOTO OF THAT
ROMAINE KID, BUT
AT THE SCHOOL TALENT
SHOW THAT YEAR
HiS "OL' LADY"
PAINTED HiS NAME
DOWN HER LEG AND
DID AN AWFUL DANCE
TRIBUTE TO HiM
ENTITLED:
"LIVE FOR THE DEAD"



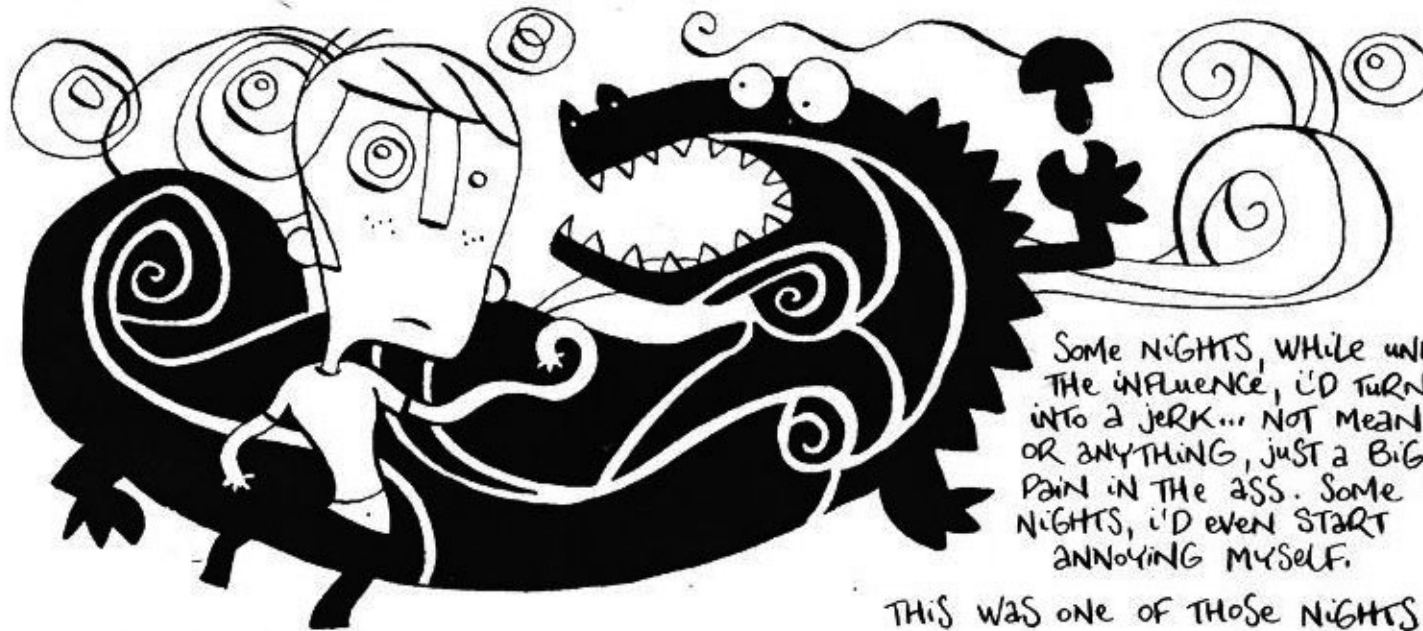
(sorry, the original files were lost,
that is why the resolution of the next
pages is lower.)

I ate fungus and woke up a bloody mess

IT WAS A ROCKIN' PARTY ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF TOWN.



I WAS PRETTY STEWED AND WHEN SOMEBODY
OFFERED UP SOME MAGIC MUSHROOMS,
I GULPED 'EM DOWN QUICK.



SOME NIGHTS, WHILE UNDER
THE INFLUENCE, I'D TURN
INTO A JERK... NOT MEAN
OR ANYTHING, JUST A BIG
PAIN IN THE ASS. SOME
NIGHTS, I'D EVEN START
ANNOYING MYSELF.

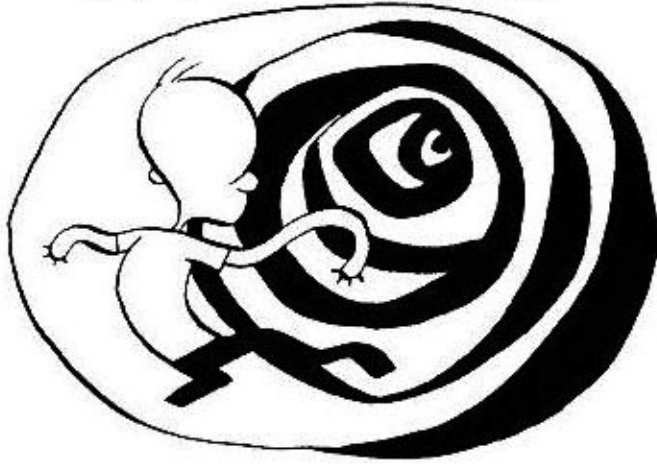
THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS.



I HAD TO PEE AND TRY
TO GET MY WITS ABOUT
ME, SO I WENT OUT TO
THE BACKYARD.
THE 'SHROOMS WERE
MAKING ME STUPID.

THOSE DRUGS WEREN'T GOING
TO WEAR OFF ANY TIME SOON,
SO I STARTED TO HEAD FOR
HOME.

BEING UNFAMILIAR WITH THE AREA,
I STARTED WALKING IN WHAT I FIGURED
WAS THE RIGHT DIRECTION.



SOON I WAS LOST.

I BEGAN TO RELY ON FAMILIAR LANDMARKS FOR ORIENTATION.
THE MOUNTAINS ARE TO THE NORTH. I LIVED SOUTH-WEST FROM
WHERE THE PARTY WAS.
SIMPLE.



I STARTED WALKING
IN THE PROPER
DIRECTION, BUT SOON
I WAS LOST AGAIN.



I GOT TO THE CORNER OF
HASTINGS AND RENFREW,
LOOKED NORTH, FIGURED
OUT WHICH WAY WAS
SOUTH, WHICH WAY WAS
WEST AND HEADED OUT.
LOST AGAIN.

THAT FUCKING FUNGUS
HAD FASHIONED ME A FOOL.



I CALLED HOME FOR DIRECTIONS
BUT MY ROOMMATE, GARRY, WAS
NEW TO THE CITY, PROBABLY
MORE WASTED THAN I,
AND OF NO HELP
WHATSOEVER.

Going
Home!



I STARTED MY JOURNEY AGAIN,
AND AGAIN I FOUND MYSELF
CONFUSED AND LOST.



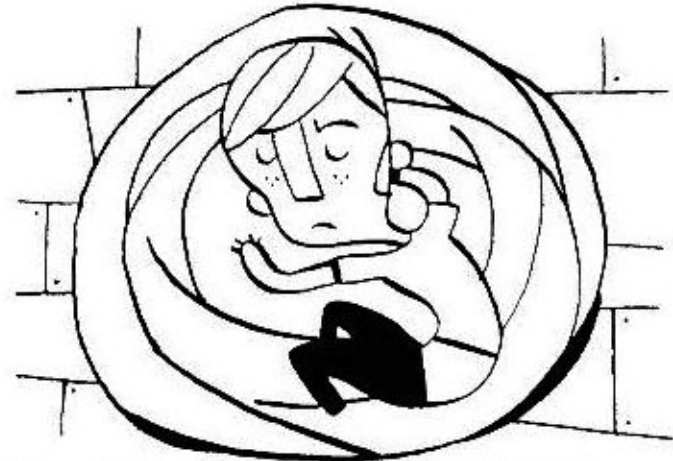


it Seemed as THOUGH i WAS WALKING FOR DAYS.



i WAS DEAD TIRED AND i'D GIVEN UP HOPE OF REACHING MY OWN BEDROOM THAT EVENING, SO i STARTED SEARCHING FOR A PLACE TO SLEEP.

i WAS POKING AROUND SOMEONE'S BACKYARD WHEN i LOCATED A GARAGE WITH AN OPEN WINDOW AND i CRAWLED.

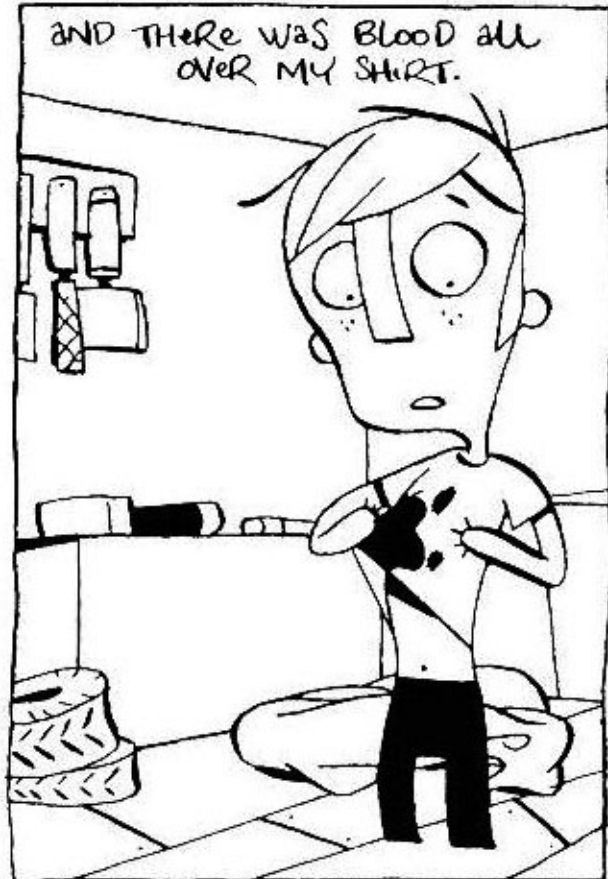


MY LAST MEMORY WAS OF FALLING ASLEEP WRAPPED IN A PILE OF DIRTY TOWELS ON THE FLOOR.

IN THE MORNING, i HAD A HORRIBLE HANG-OVER...



AND THERE WAS BLOOD ALL OVER MY SHIRT.





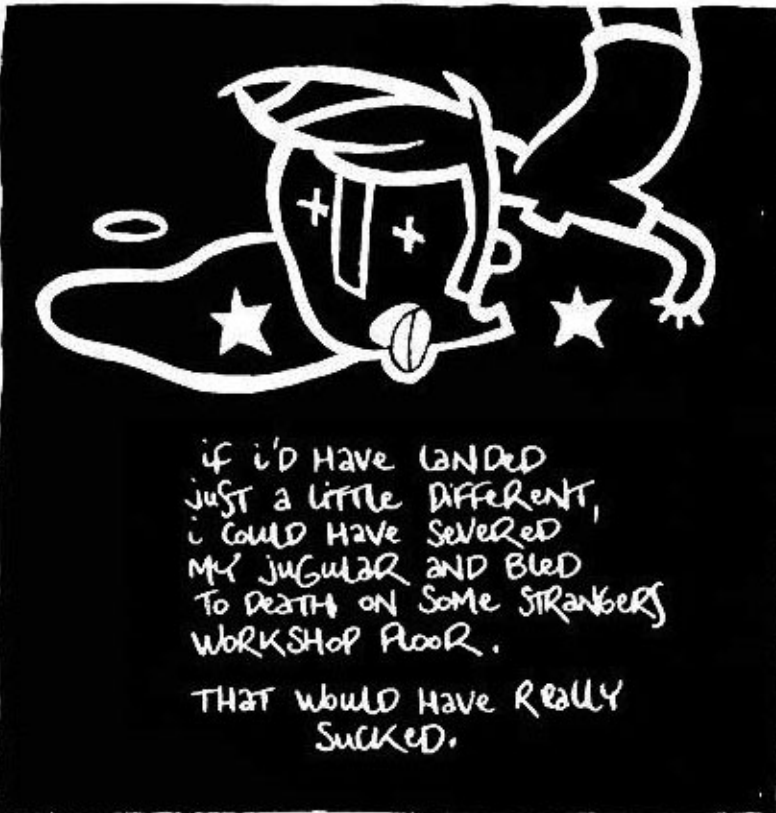
While PiSSiNG
in an old TiRe,
i NOTiCED
a TABLE SAw
STANDiNG juST
BELOW THE
OPEN WiNDOW
...



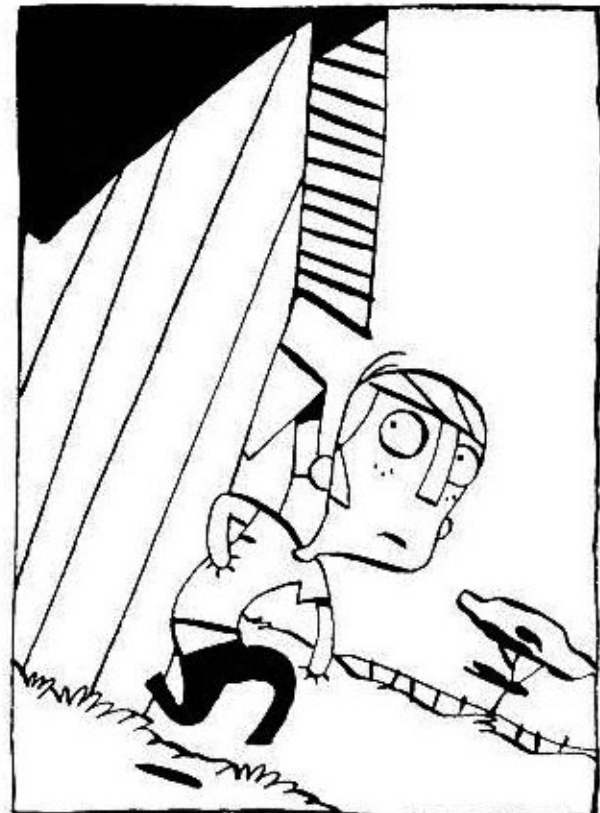
AND a DEEP
GASH
BELOW MY
COLLAR
BONE.



i GUESS i'D IMPALeD MYSELF
ON THE SAw WHEN i BROKE
IN THE NiGHT BEFORe AND
DiDn'T EVeN NOTiCE.



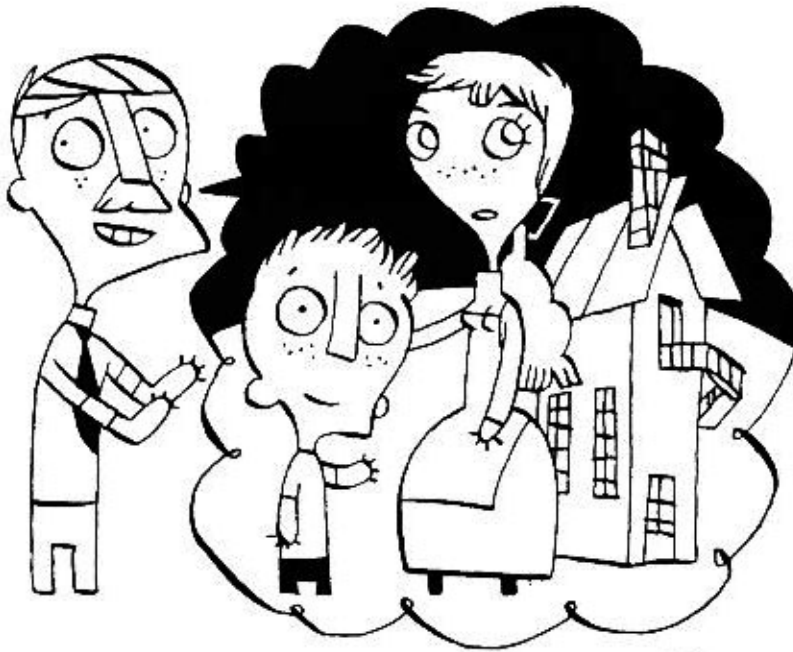
if i'D HAVe LANDED
juST a LiTTLE DiFFEReNT,
i COULD HAVe SEVERED
MY JUgULAR AND BLEED
TO DEATH ON SOME STRANgER'S
WORKSHOP FLOOR.
THAT WOULD HAVe REALLy
SUCKED.



Remembering

i Met MY GRANDMA ON MY DAD'S side
a BUNCH OF TIMES BUT i DON'T REALLY
REMEMBER HER AT ALL.

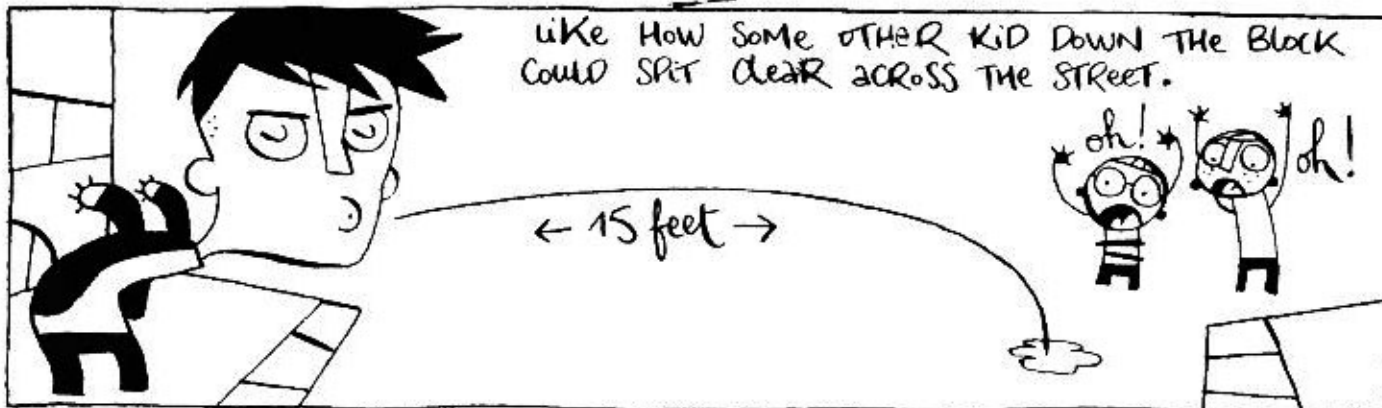
WHEN i WAS A TEENAGER MY DAD WOULD
TAKE US OUT FOR A PIZZA IN HIS OLD
NEIGHBORHOOD ...



AND AFTERWARDS WE'D DRIVE
DOWN THE STREET HIM AND
HIS MOM HAD LIVED ON.

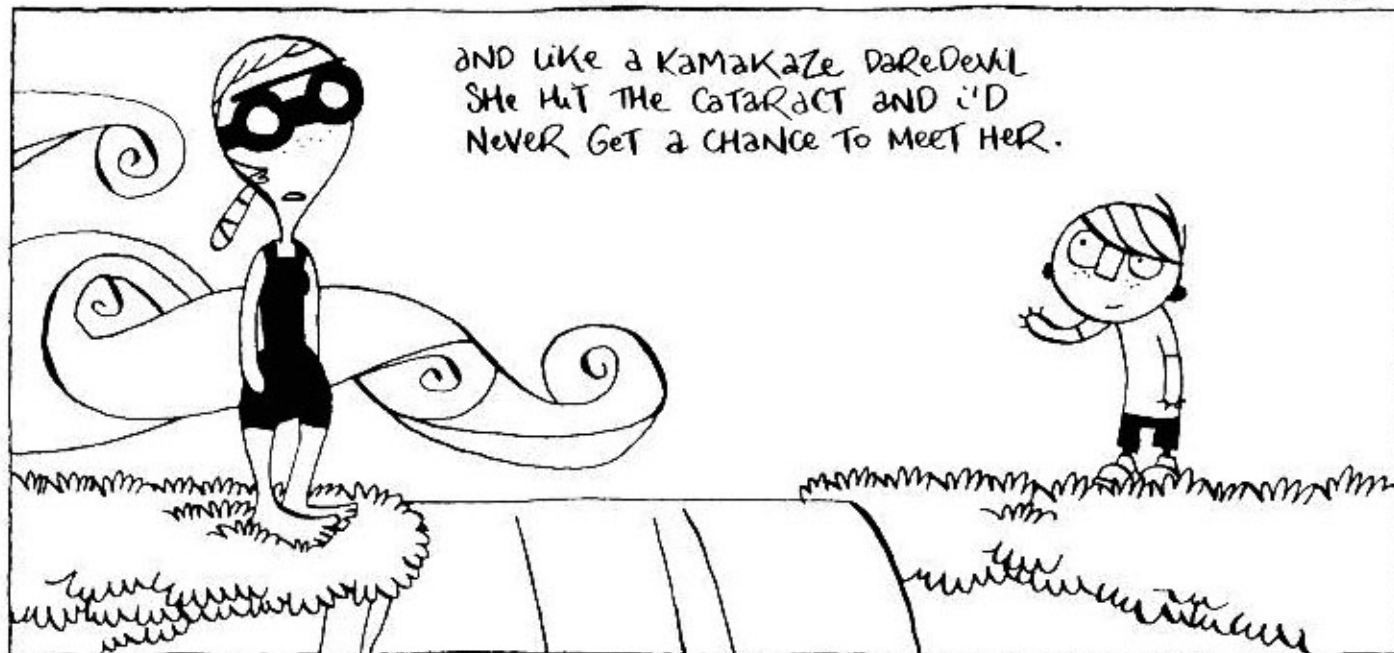


He'D TELL US STORIES ABOUT
BEING A KID THERE ...





one day my grandma on my dad's side,
that i don't really remember,
figured she'd had



The smell of cat piss makes me think of you

i LOVED GOING TO AUNT JEANNIE'S PLACE. SHE WAS THE YOUNGEST KID IN MY GRANDMA'S FAMILY AND I DON'T THINK SHE EVER REALLY GREW UP.



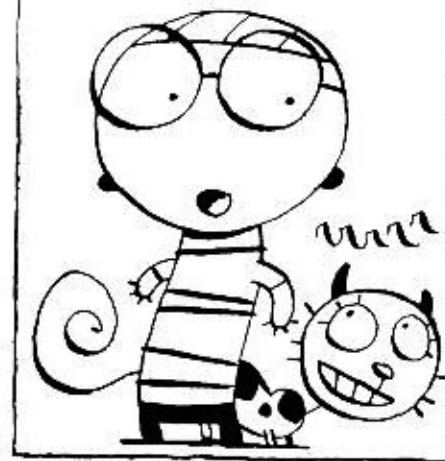
WHEN I WAS LITTLE AND WE'D SHOW UP IN TOWN, IT WAS LIKE A PARTY NON STOP WITH COUSINS AND FRIENDS COMING OVER TO LOOK AT US AND HANG OUT AND PLAY AND STUFF.



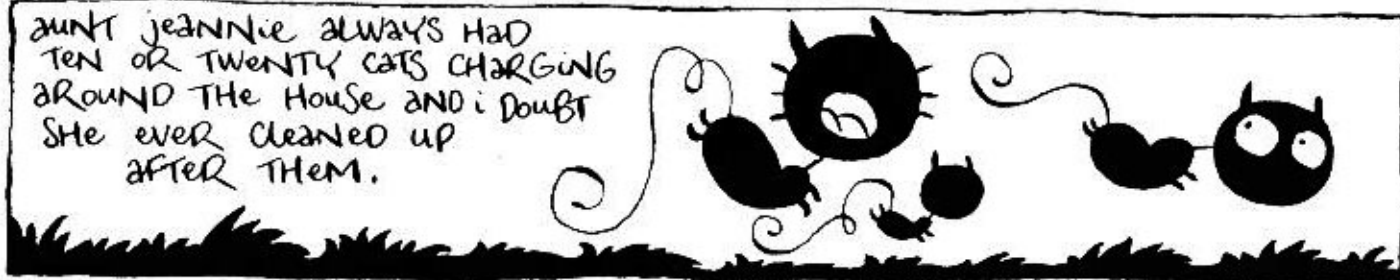
THE GROWN-UPS WOULD DRINK COFFEE AND FILL THE HOUSE UP WITH CIGARETTE SMOKE, THE SMELL OF BURNT TOAST AND TALK OF THE OLD TIMES OR FUTURE PLANS.



NONE OF THE FOOD ODOURS COULD EVER COVER UP THE REEK OF CAT P.I.S.S, THOUGH.

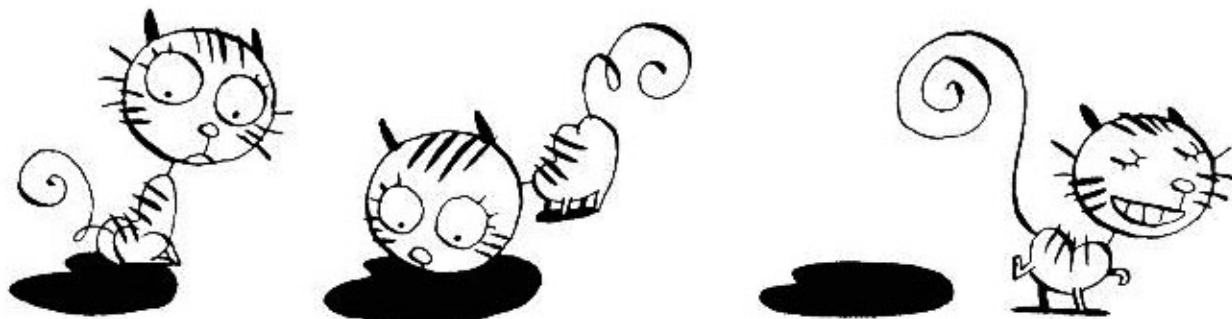


AUNT JEANNIE ALWAYS HAD TEN OR TWENTY CATS CHARGING AROUND THE HOUSE AND I DOUBT SHE EVER CLEANED UP AFTER THEM.



I'VE BEEN IN MANY CAT PISS STENCHED HOUSES SINCE, EVEN LIVED IN A FEW, BUT HERS WAS THE FIRST SO INSTEAD OF IT BEING GROSS...

IT JUST REMINDED ME OF HER AND THE FUN WE'D HAVE WHILE VISITING.



THERE'S STILL A SPECIAL PLACE IN MY HEART FOR FELINE URINE.



EVERY SO OFTEN YOU'D HEAR A DOG BARK AND I THINK SHE KEPT TWO OF THEM IN THE CELLAR, ALTHOUGH I NEVER SAW THEM.



WHENEVER ONE OF OUR CATS WOULD RUN AWAY OR GET SQUISHED BY A CAR OR EVEN DIE A NATURAL DEATH...

WHERE'S PUSSY?

HE'S GONE BACK TO HIS MOM'S...

AUNT JEANNIE WOULD SET US UP WITH A COUPLE CUTE LITTLE KITTENS THE NEXT TIME WE CAME AROUND.



HER NEIGHBORHOOD WAS A REALLY SEEDY, ROUGH, DIRTY PART OF TORONTO. NOT ONLY DID SHE KNOW ALL THE LOCAL DOWN-AND-OUTERS BY NAME BUT SOMETIMES SHE'D EVEN RENT THEM OUT A ROOM. IF YOU'RE EVER NEAR AUNT JEANNIE'S OLD 'HOOD, LOOK AROUND FOR ALLEN'S AVE. (THAT'S THE STREET SHE CALLED HOME).



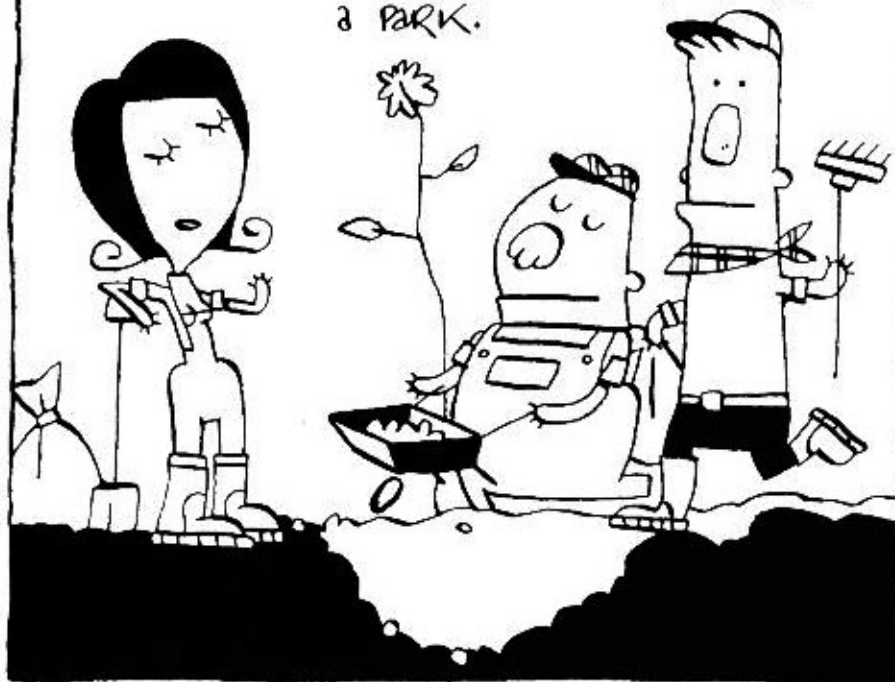
IT'S ONLY ONE OR TWO BLOCKS LONG AND HALF WAY DOWN ON THE NORTH SIDE IS A LITTLE PARK, NO SWINGS OR SANDBOX'S OR ANYTHING...



JUST A SITTING-THERE-WATCHING-THE-WORLD-GO-BY-PARK.



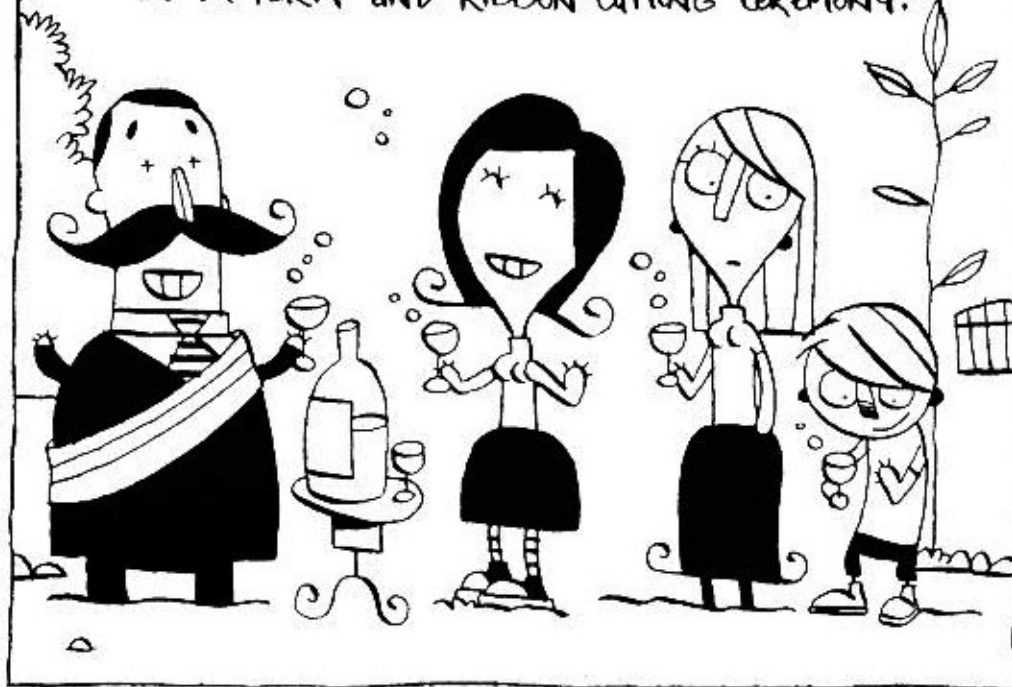
IT USED TO BE JUST AN OLD FUCKED UP EMPTY LOT UNTIL AUNT JEANNIE GOT EVERYBODY ON THE BLOCK TO PITCH IN AND BUST OUT THE SHOVELS AND RAKES AND PLOWS AND STUFF AND BUILD A PARK.

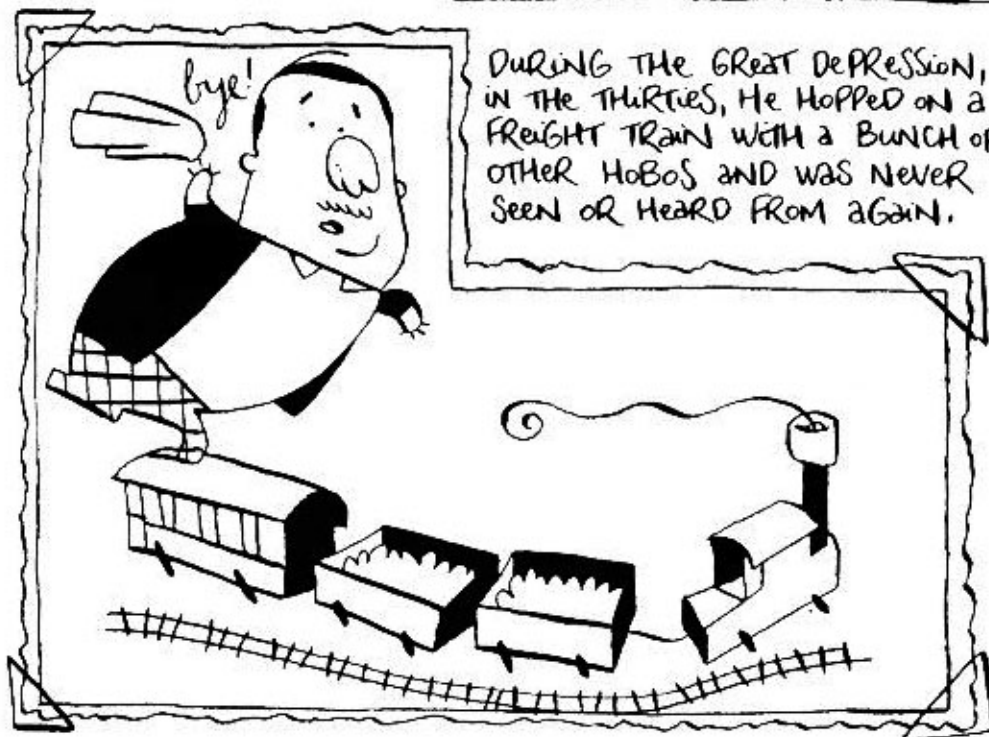


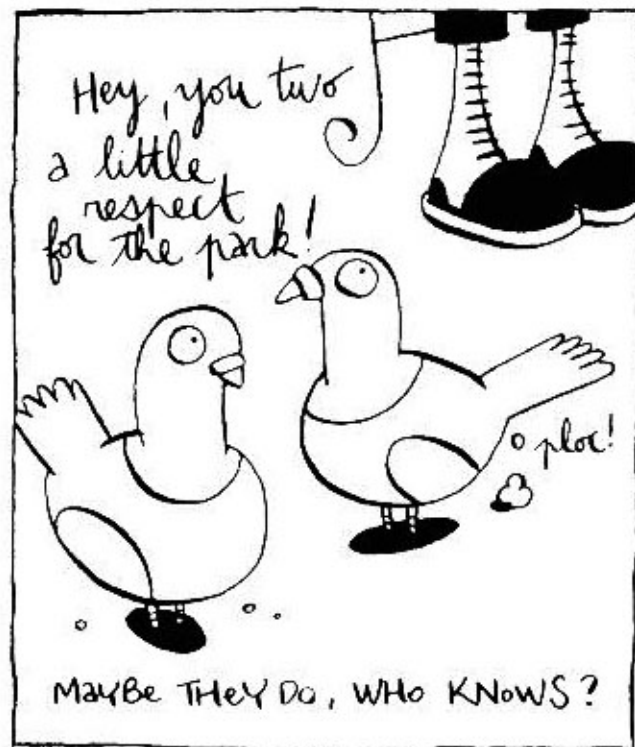
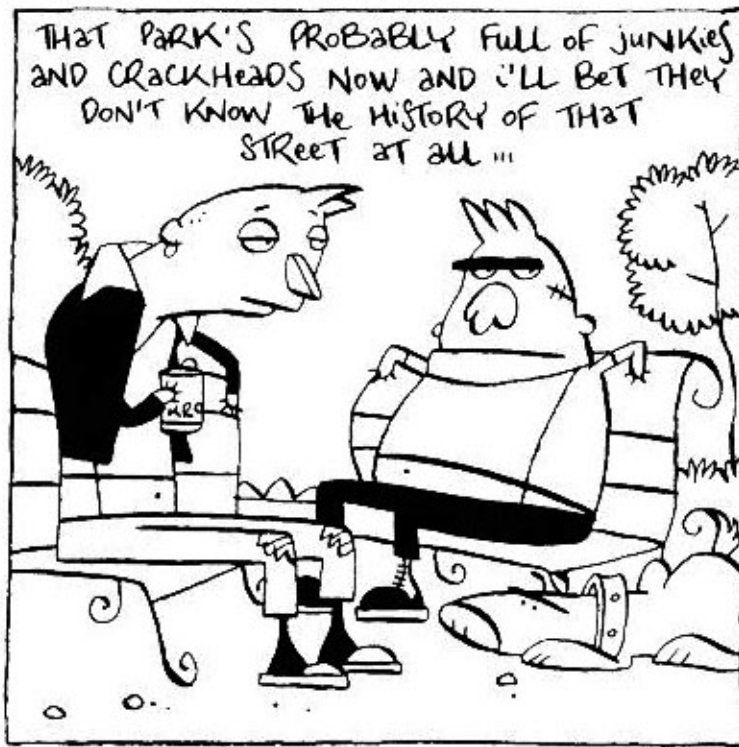
THEY EVEN GOT THE GREEN-LIGHT FROM THE CITY (NOT EASY FEAT THESE DAYS I'M SURE).



I WAS THERE FOR THE GRAND OPENING BLOCK PARTY AND RIBBON CUTTING CEREMONY.



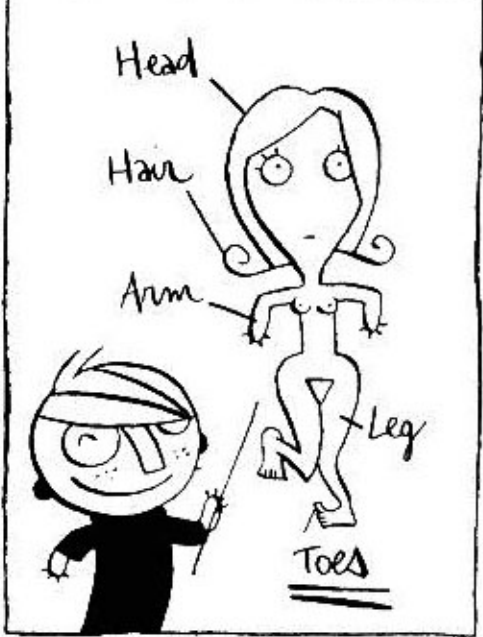




MY FAVORITE AUNT FIT IN PERFECT ON THAT BLOCK, ALWAYS WALKING AROUND IN SLIPPERS AND A BIG, LONG SLEEPING DRESS SUCKING ON A MENTHOL.



I THINK HER TOES WERE HER MOST OUTSTANDING FEATURE.

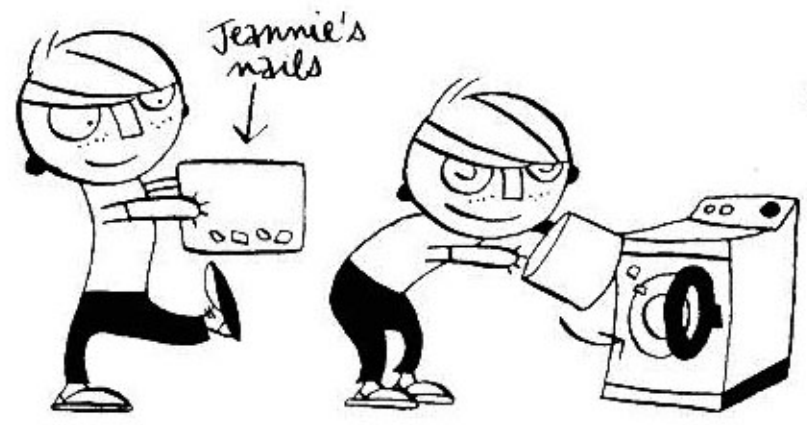


Well, HER TOENAILS TO BE PRECISE.



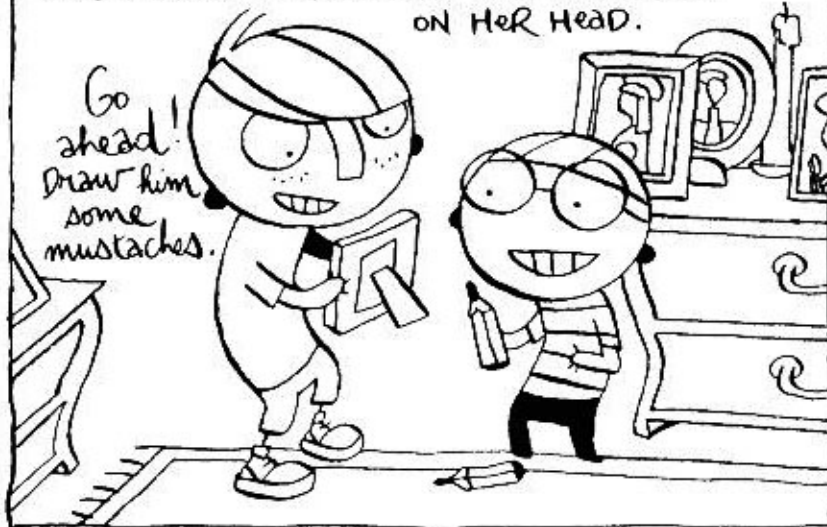
THEY WERE ALWAYS BIG AND LONG AND THEY HAD ABOUT A HALF INCH OF CRUD BETWEEN THE NAIL AND HER TOE.

EVER SINCE I COULD REMEMBER I'VE WANTED TO TAKE A NAIL FILE AND CLEAN THEM OUT...

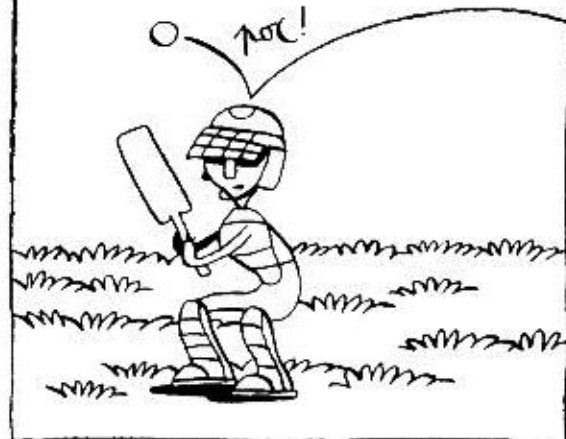


NEVER DID THOUGH...

Her place was jam packed with religious icons and for as long as i knew her she was always scratching the same spot on her head.



By the time she died she'd scratched away a bald spot the size of a hockey puck.



uncle verne was awesome.

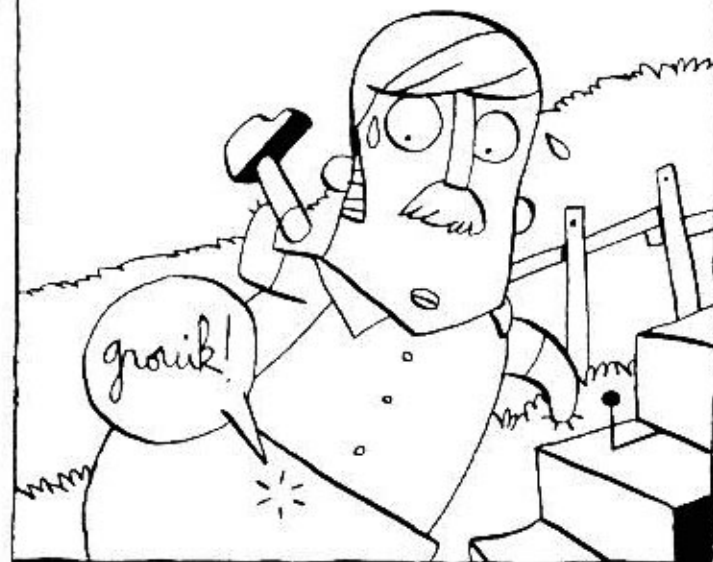


He'd randomly show up in town with his station wagon crammed full of boxes and tools and greasy things and he'd fix up the whole house in one afternoon.

it'd be nothing for him to patch the chimney, build a fence, install some plumbing and work on somebody's car all before lunchtime.



uncle verne never asked for anything in return and when his payment was a ham sandwich and a coffee...



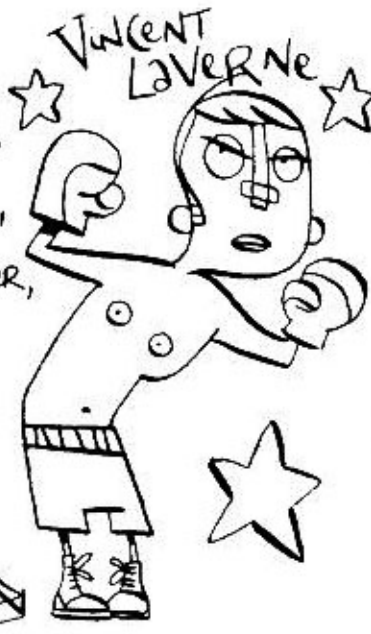
He always seemed genuinely thankful and even a bit embarrassed for taking anything in return for his chores.



As quick as he showed up, he was off again to places like Cleveland or Northern Ontario or parts of the world we'd only dreamt of.



When he was in his prime, Uncle Verne had some other schemes on the go. At one time, he was a professional boxer, albeit a pretty crappy one. His fighting name was:



His closest stab at fame and fortune was a write up in the Toronto Star Sports section that read:

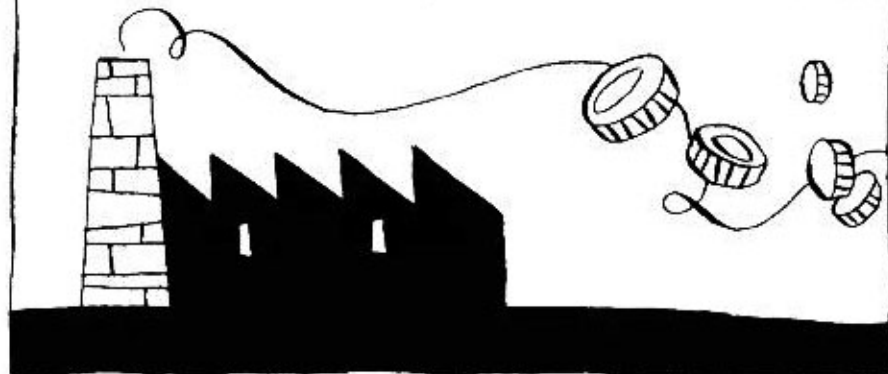
Loverne was knocked so cold, it will take him until next week to thaw out...

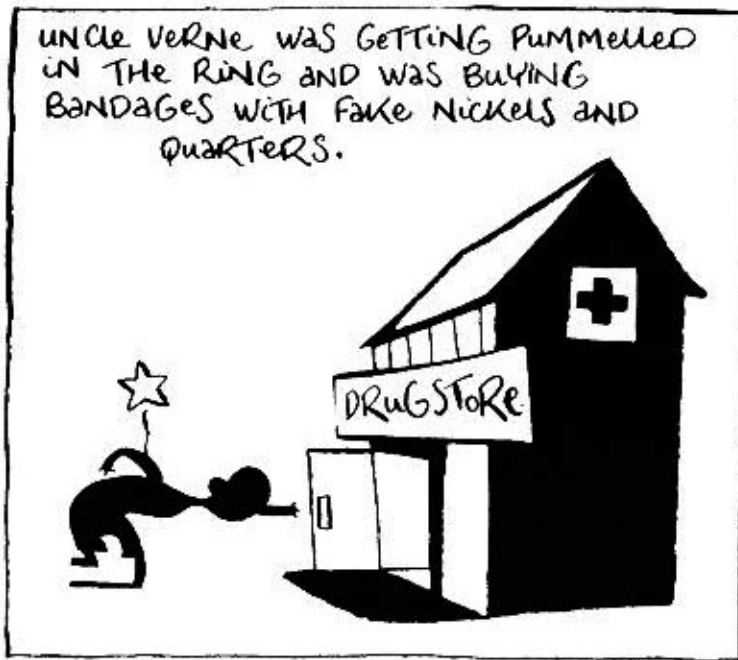


Another scam he did was a real money maker...



He had a counterfeiting operation going for a short time, but the family curse of staying small time must have been subconsciously affecting his actions, cuz he only made coins.

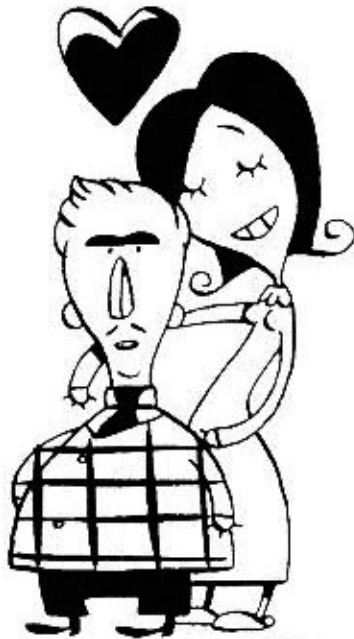




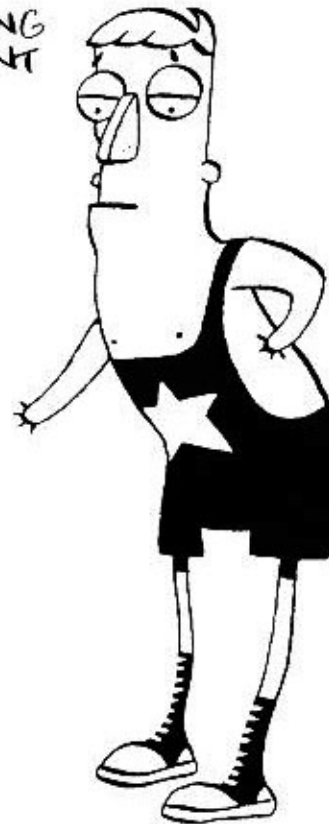
AUNT JEANNIE WAS RUNNING A STORE. I THINK IT WAS LIKE A CORNER CONVENIENCE MARKET OR SOMETHING BUT I COULDN'T SEE IT BEING JUST CANDY BARS AND TOBACCO. IT MUST HAVE BEEN, LIKE HER HOUSE, FULL OF USELESS AND SEMI-USELESS CRAP PILED HIGH TO THE RAFTERS...



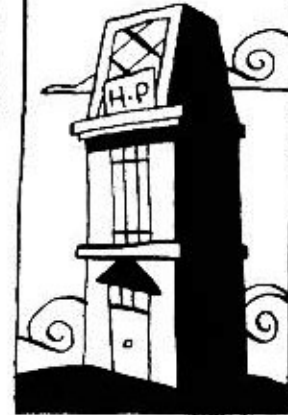
AND AUNT JEANNIE FELL HARD FOR A MIDGET WRESTLER AND WENT ON THE ROAD WITH HIM.



THE ONLY WRESTLING MATCH I EVER WENT TO WAS PAID BY AUNT JEANNIE AND ASH GOT TO SHAKE HANDS WITH ANDRE THE GIANT.



AFTER HER LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE LITTLE BRUISER WENT SOUR, SHE CAME BACK TO HOGTOWN AND THE FAMILY PUT HER IN A SANATORIUM.



THAT MUST HAVE SUCKED FOR HER CUZ ALTHOUGH SHE WAS A REAL NUT, I DON'T KNOW HOW CRAZY SHE ACTUALLY WAS.

gru...



AROUND THIS TIME, LEGEND HAS IT THAT SHE HAD A BABY.

THE FAMILY DIDN'T LET HER KEEP IT THOUGH AND MY MOM HAS SPECULATED THAT THE LITTLE BABY WAS HER.



AUNT JEANNIE MARRIED HER LONG LOST SWEETHEART, HARRY FEETLEY, AND MOVED UP NORTH TO A LITTLE TOWN CALLED MAPLE WHEN I WAS ABOUT TEN YEARS OLD.

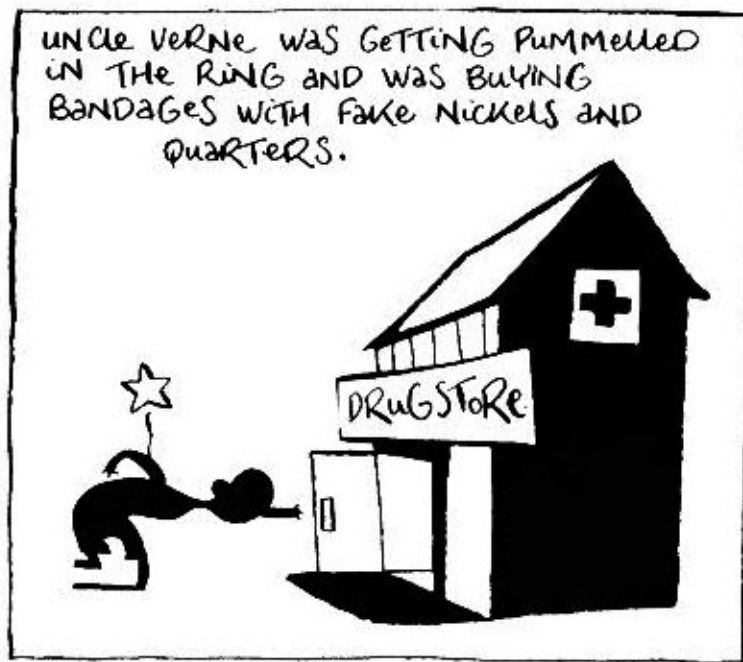


SHE WAS CRAZY IN LOVE WITH HARRY AND THE FEELING WAS MUTUAL. LATER ON, WHEN WE'D VISIT HER, AUNT JEANNIE WOULD BAWL HER EYES OUT AT THE SITE OF US.



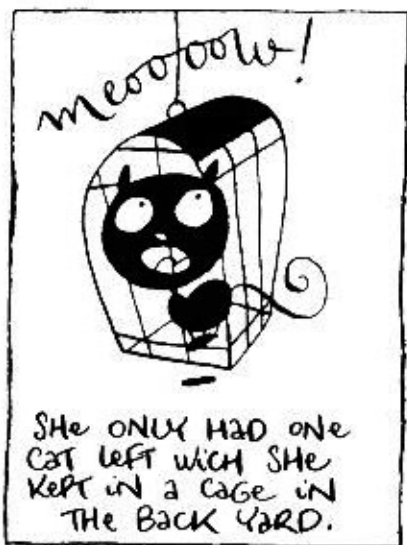


UNCLE VERNE
NEVER GOT
RICH OFF
THAT ONE.



AUNT JEANNIE WAS RUNNING A STORE.
I THINK IT WAS LIKE A CORNER CONVENIENCE
MARKET OR SOMETHING BUT I COULDN'T
SEE IT BEING JUST CANDY BARS AND
TOBACCO. IT MUST HAVE BEEN, LIKE HER
HOUSE, FULL OF USELESS AND SEMI-USELESS
CRAP PILED HIGH TO THE RAFTERS...





SHE ONLY HAD ONE CAT LEFT WITH SHE KEPT IN A CAGE IN THE BACK YARD.



IT WAS A SAD DAY WHEN AUNT JEANNIE PASSED AWAY. I DIDN'T GO TO THE FUNERAL AND I COULDN'T BELIEVE SHE WAS GONE.



MY MOM TOLD ME IT WAS A FUCKER-UP SCENE WITH HARRY'S DAUGHTER STEALING THE SHOW...

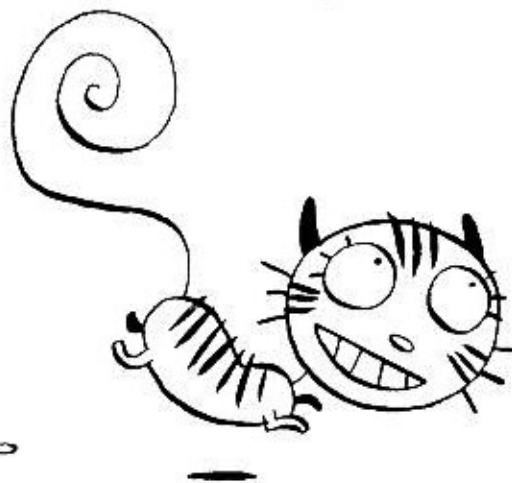


AND MY MOM HANGING OUT ALONE BY A TREE, OFF TO THE SIDE, QUIETLY CRYING.

I MISS MY AUNT JEANNIE ...



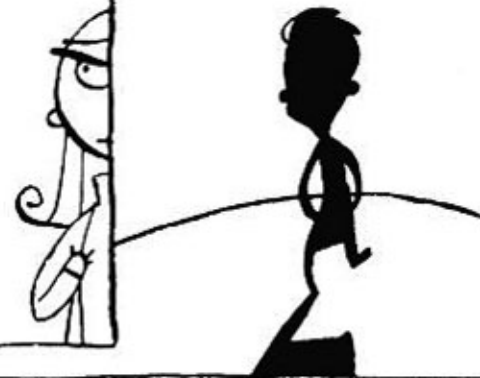
BUT EVERY TIME MY CATS PISS ON THE FLOOR, I'M SURE SHE'S THINKING OF ME.

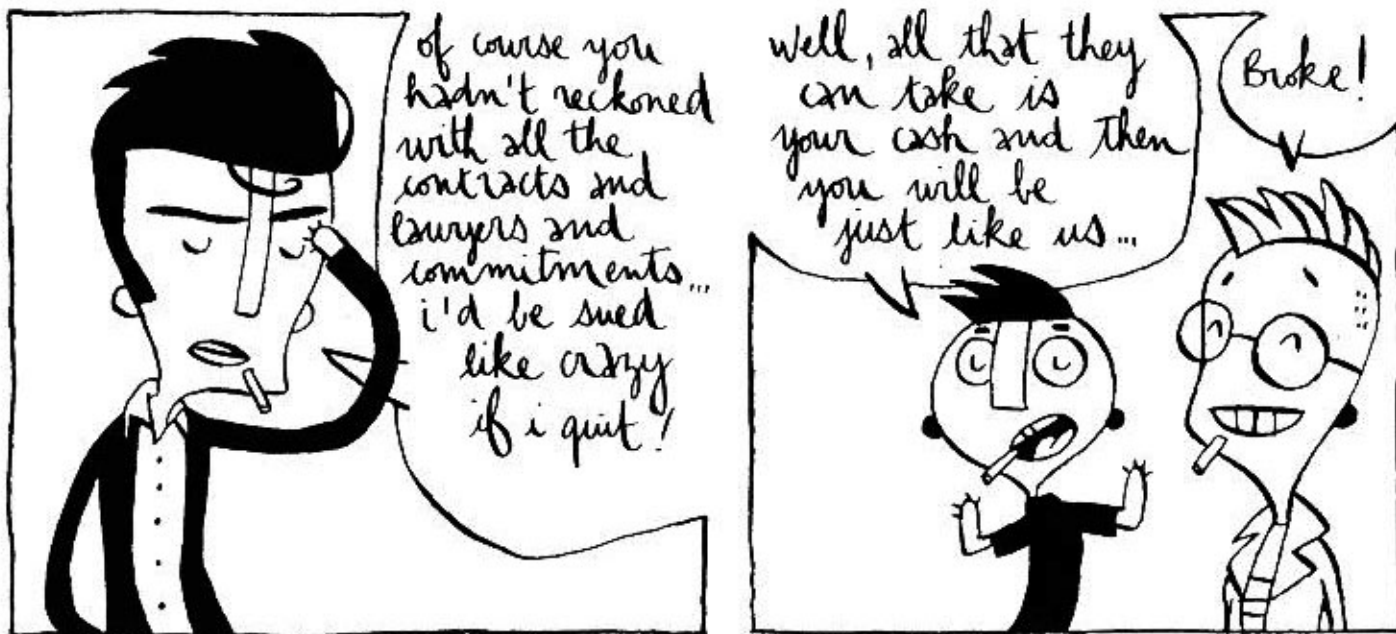


The time a big shot movie star stole my favourite hat



THEN JOHNNY DEPP WALKED BY.

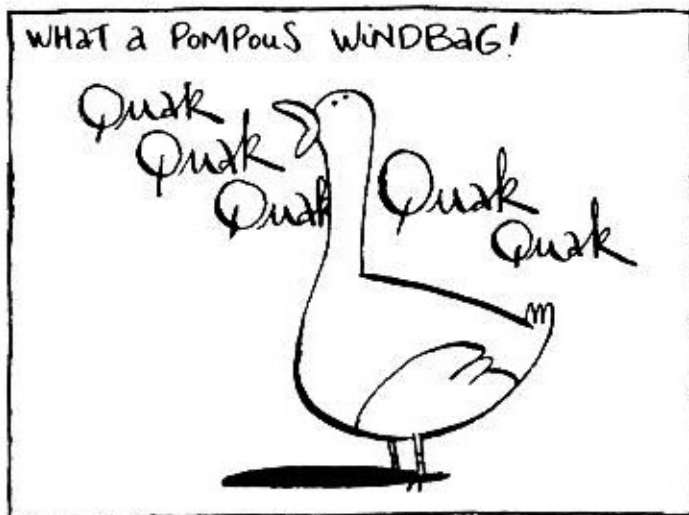




OBVIOUSLY WE COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND, HE WASN'T LIKE US AND NEVER COULD BE - YOU SEE, HE WAS A TORTURED ARTIST.



WE INVITED HIM UP TO SEAN AND TRISH'S TO HELP KILL THE BOTTLE OF WINE.



I WAS WEARING THE SAME HAT THAT WAS ON MY HEAD WHEN I SAW GWAR AT CLUB SODA...

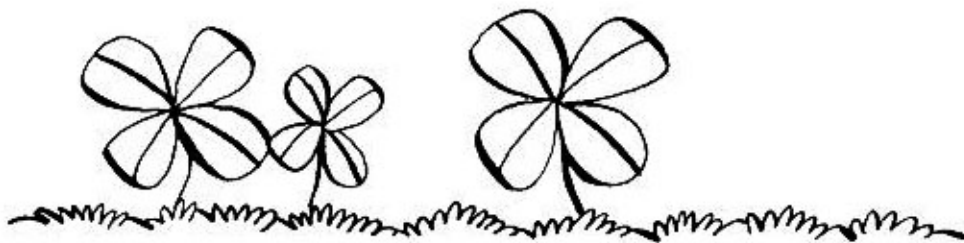
THE SAME HAT I WORE WHILE I WAS STRANDED IN THE MOUNTAINS FOR 12 HOURS PLAYING GUITAR AND HITCHING TO MANNING PARK...

THE SAME HAT I WORE WHEN I HOPPED ON A BICYCLE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE YEARS AND RODE TO VICTORIA AND BACK...



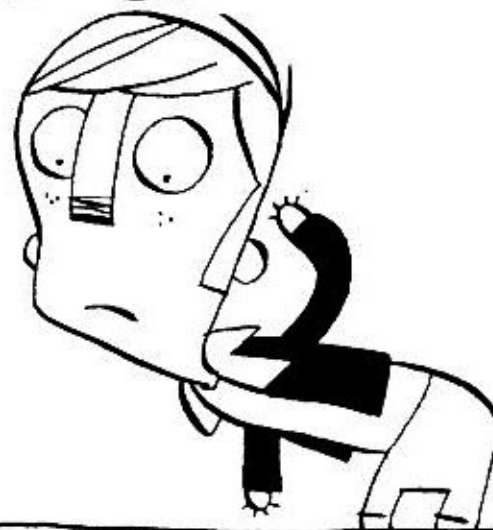


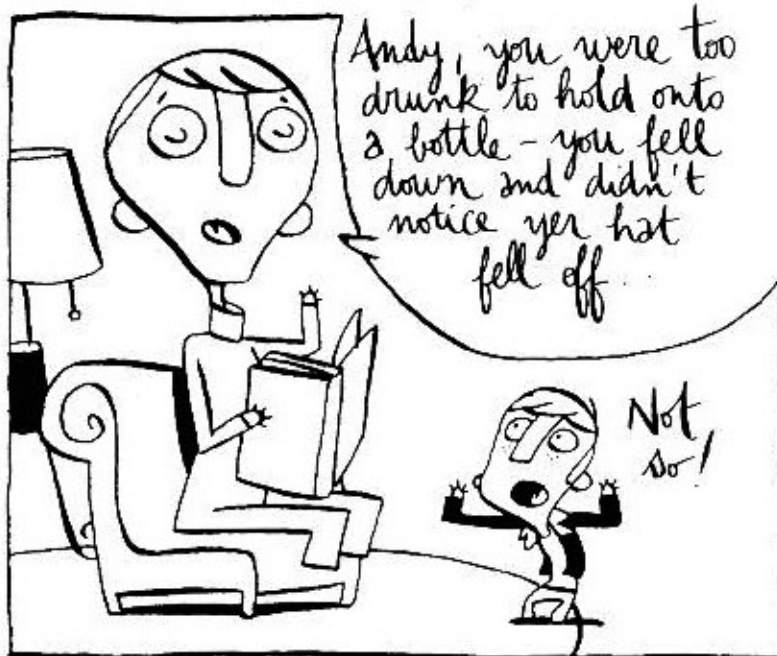
if i'D BEEN SoBER, it would Have BEEN MY LUCKY DAY, Two C-NOTES FOR a FIVE DOLLAR Ball Cap!
UNFORTUNATLY FOR MR DEPP'S NAKED HEAD, SOBRIETY WASN'T EVEN IN MY VOCABULARY THAT NIGHT.





NO HOT SHOT TO MAKE FUN OF,
NO MORE CHEAP WINE TO DROWN MY SORROWS IN,
SO I STARTED HEADING FOR HOME.





PERHAPS I PAUSED BRIEFLY TO ADMIRE A DISPLAY IN A SHOP WINDOW, OR SNIFF A PARTICULARLY PLEASING PETUNIA...



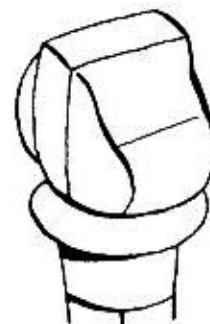
JOHNNY FUCKING DEPP
JUMPED OUT FROM BEHIND
A SHRUBBERY, KNOCKED
ME UNCONSCIOUS, TOOK
MY CAP AND RAN OFF
LAUGHING
POSSIBLY.



ALTHOUGH i can't be
positive) i've got all
my time!



AND WHEN i FIND it,
BOY, OH BOY, THAT
SLIMY BASTARD IS
GONNA PAY!



it must have been the Heavy Metal music

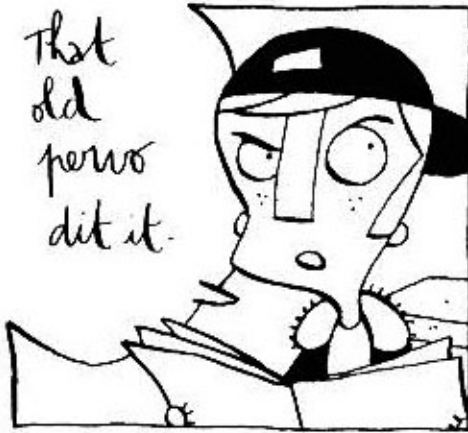




Andy and Brenda had been going over to this weird old man's place.



They said they didn't have to do anything with him and he bought them booze and smokes and gave them money and everything.



That old pervo dit it.

ON THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL, THE SCHOOL LET ANYBODY LEAVE WHO WANTED TO ATTEND THE SERVICE.



i STAYED AWAY CUZ i KNEW IT WOULD BE A FUCKED-UP SCENE.

She was my girlfriend.

And me, my best pal

No, me!



i KNEW WHO HER FRIENDS WERE - THE SAME AS MINE. WE ALL HUNG OUT TOGETHER EVERY DAY AND i REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO BE A PART OF ALL THE BULLSHIT THAT I'M SURE WENT DOWN THAT DAY.

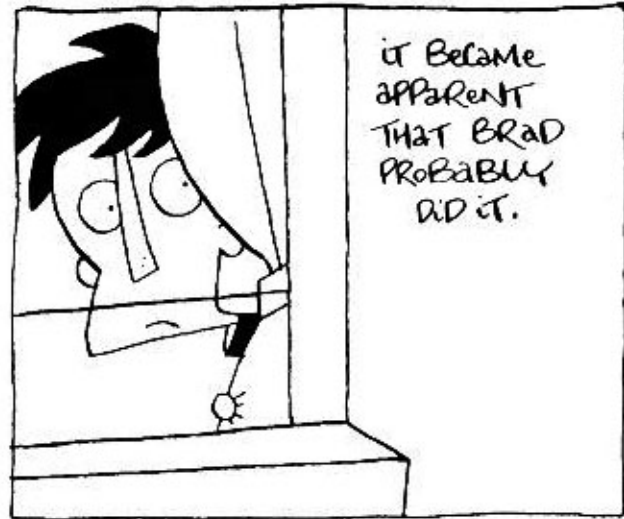
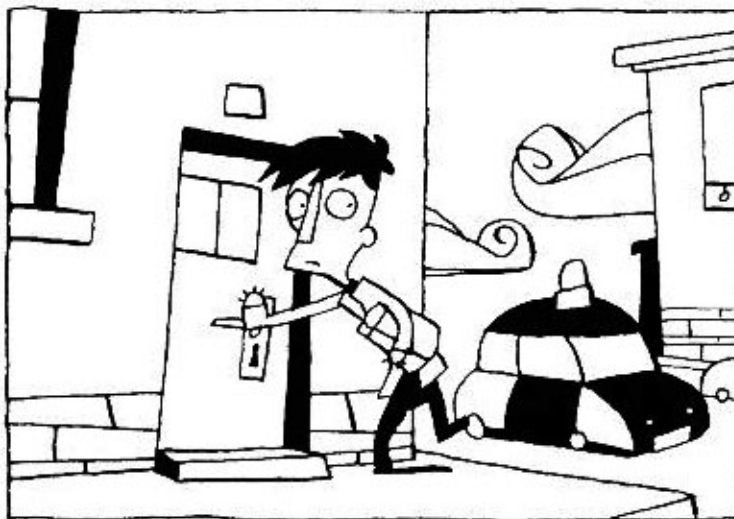
My grandma knew her!

Some dentist

My dog used to pee in her backyard!



DAYS AND WEEKS AND MONTHS ROLLED BY AND NO ONE WAS EVER BUSTED FOR CINDY'S DEATH



The Day Before She Was Killed, Cindy Yelled Out In The School Hallway.

Brad is a fag!



Hi Hi Hi!
Hi Hi Hi!



You See, BRAD WAS HAVING SEX WITH THIS OLDER GUY, PAUL (WE CALLED HIM FITZO).



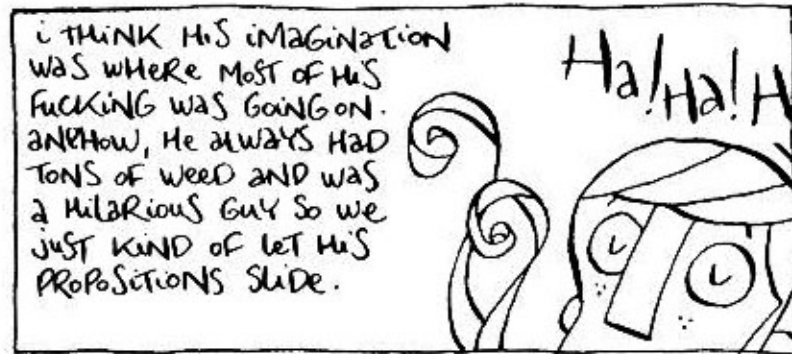
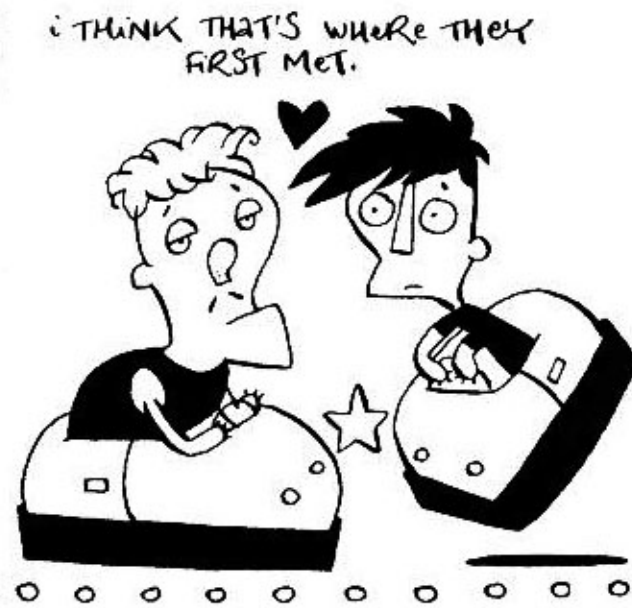
FITZO USED TO COME BY OUR HOUSE ALL THE TIME, SOMETIMES GOING DRINKING WITH MY MOM.

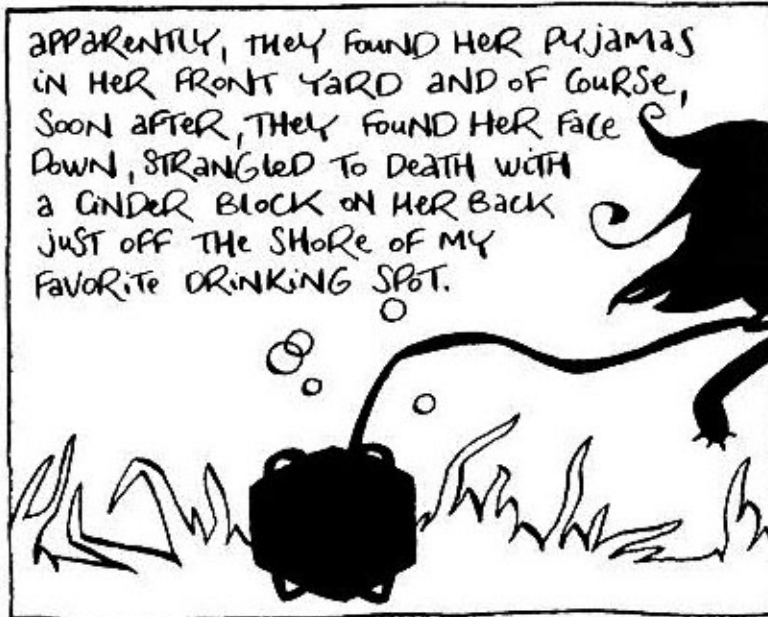
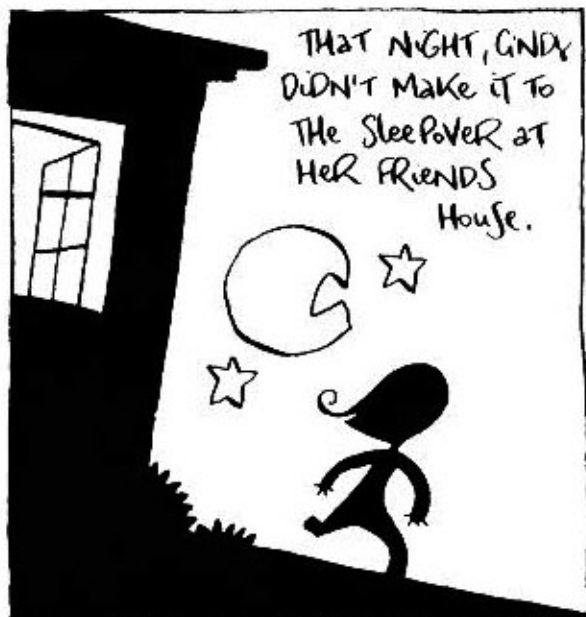


WE THOUGHT HE WAS OK.

Yes! fitzo!



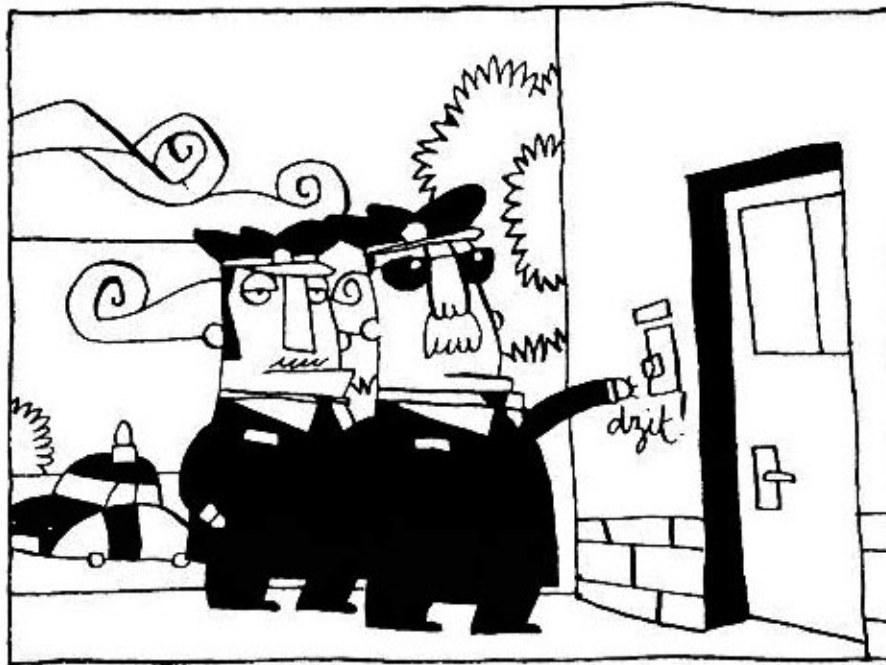




TIME WENT BY AND EVERY SO OFTEN FITZO WOULD TELL ME ABOUT WEIRD SHIT, LIKE HOW HE AND BRAD HAD PLANNED TO KILL THIS KID IN ONE OF MY CLASSES.



FOR SOME REASON BRAD LET FITZO RECORD HIM TALKING ABOUT KILLING GINDY AND FITZO KEPT IN ON A TAPE IN HIS ROOM.





Times were tense and Fitzo was sweating bullets.



Years earlier, he'd held up a store, on a dare, using only his finger in his pocket, pointing to look like a gun.



Next day there was a tiny article in the paper with the headline:



Fitzo carried the clipping around with him and when the statute of limitations was up, he was going to take it to the police station and say:



He never did though
and burned his little
claim to criminal fame.



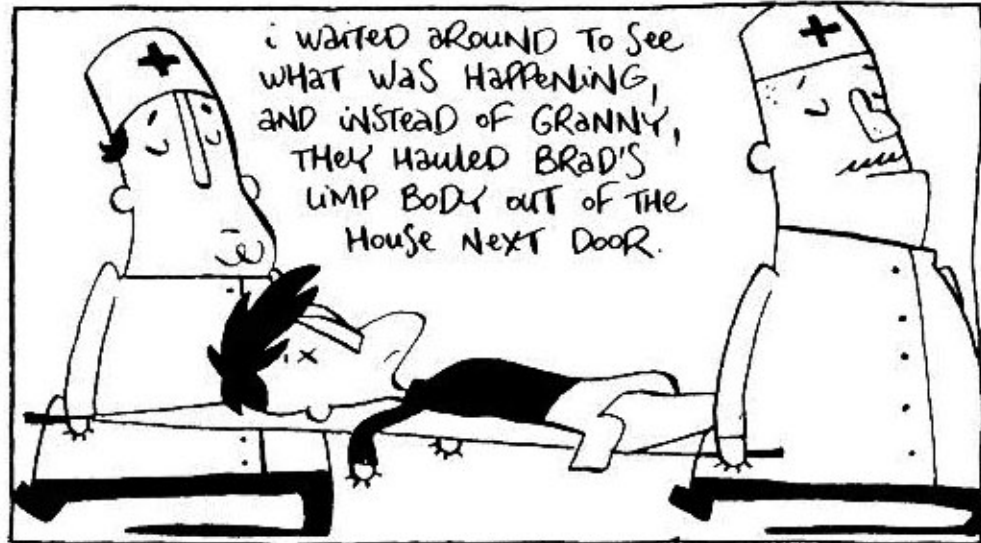
BRAD WAS FUCKED. He went
to THE NUTHOUSE after he
tried to kill himself.



i WAS WALKING HOME DRUNK WHEN I SAW
AN AMBULANCE IN FRONT OF MY GRANDMA'S
HOUSE ONE NIGHT.



Grandma?



i waited around to see
what was happening,
and instead of GRANNY,
they hauled BRAD'S
LIMP BODY out of the
house next door.



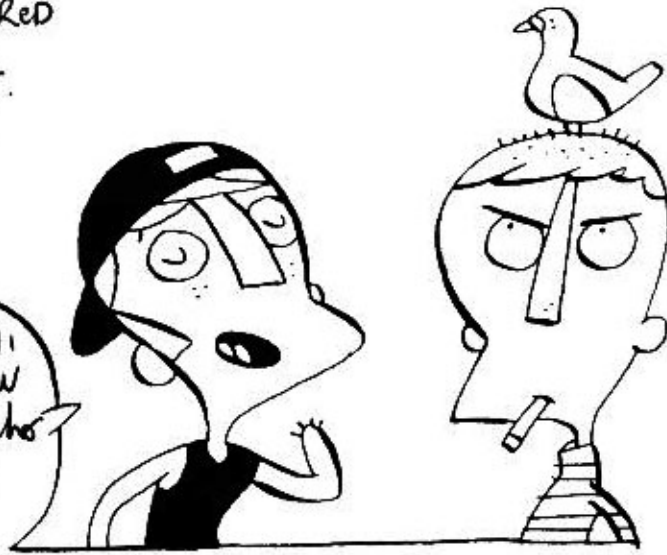
Leave from here
or i'll arrest
you!



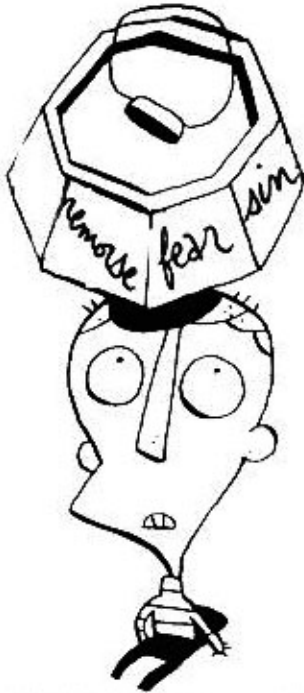
Those were
STRANGE
DAYS.

WE ALL KIND FIGURED
BRAD DID IT, BUT
NOBODY SAID SHIT.
HOW DO YOU TELL
YOUR FRIEND:

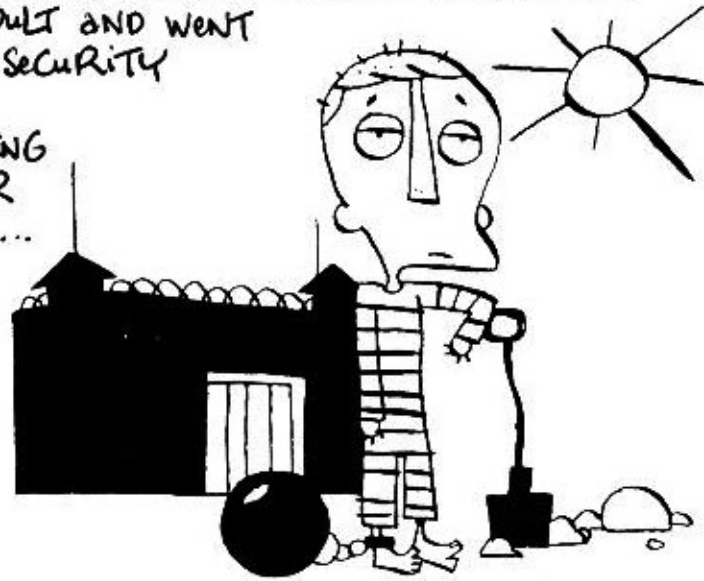
By the way,
Brad, i know
you're a psycho
murderer.



DURING THIS TIME,
BRAD BLEACHED HIS
HAIR SO MANY TIMES
THAT IT STARTED
COMING OUT LIKE MOSS
COMING OFF A ROCK
(THAT LITTLE TIDBIT
OF KNOWLEDGE IS
COMPLETELY 100%
IRRELEVANT BUT IT
CONJURES UP SOME
WEIRD IMAGES AND
I FIGURED I'D
THROW IT IN JUST
FOR FUN).



EVENTUALLY THE PRESSURE GOT TO HIM AND MY GRANNY'S
HOMICIDAL NEIGHBOR TURNED HIMSELF IN. BRAD GOT
TRIED AS AN ADULT AND WENT
TO A MAXIMUM SECURITY
PENITENTIARY.
HE ENDED UP DOING
FOUR YEARS FOR
MAN SLAUGHTER...



AND WHEN HE GOT
OUT I HEARD THAT
HE AND FITZO
MOVED IN TOGETHER
IN A DIFFERENT
CITY.



i can't help but
think that if in
this world boys
were allowed to
love other boys
and people didn't
get all worked
up about it, then
this whole fucked
up thing never
would have
happened.

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Thanks to Philippe Dumez