BOB THE ANGRY FLOWER

The ULTIMATE BOOK of PERFECT ENERGY!!

by Stephen Notley
Bob the Angry Flower:
THE ULTIMATE BOOK OF PERFECT ENERGY!!!

Stephen Notley
As I write this, I am the envy of my friends and acquaintances, and the recipient of unseemly but extravagantly lucrative offers from tabloid journalists, publishing executives, website rumormongers and NBA cheerleaders.

You see, I hold in my hands an advance copy of Bob the Angry Flower Book 4: The Ultimate Book of Perfect Energy!!!, the next instalment in the series of Bob the Angry Flower books that has become a literary and publishing sensation across the North American continent and, indeed, the world. A few months from this date, millions of crazed fans will line up at bookstores waiting for midnight to ring in the release date and the opportunity to purchase and read the very comic strips I'm now perusing.

Many cultural scholars far more insightful than myself have tried to unravel the mystery of author Stephen Notley's wild success with this series of comic strip anthologies. Is it the fact that Bob the Angry Flower represents a universal experience shared by us all — that we all really are flowers (beautiful, fragile, transient) worked into a frothing rage by the dehumanizing elements of our mechanized society? Perhaps it's the incessant references to science fiction movies. Maybe it's just the way Mr. Notley draws leaping, limb-wrenching, bone-crunching kung fu action.

Whatever it is that captured the minds and souls of millions of book-buyers has not only made Mr. Notley a multi-billionaire-slash-film-director-slash-restauranteur-slash-Prime-Minister (albeit Canadian), but has also spawned a veritable cottage industry of imitators. Irate flora have invaded every crevice of the cultural landscape: Martin Scorsese's epic film Larry the Perterbed Garden Vegetable, David E. Kelley's hit FOX TV series Ivan the Acrimonious Fir Tree and the Backstreet Boys' comeback album Gretchen the Infuritated Fern have all ridden Bob's formidable coattails to great commercial success and Nobel Prizes. Indeed, what is my own Tom the Dancing Bug comic strip but a prescient echo of the titular format Mr. Notley has mastered?

And so the privilege of writing this foreword has afforded me the honor of getting an advance look at this greatly anticipated tome. And in poring over its lavishly illustrated pages, I am assured that Bob's countless legions of fans will not be disappointed. Unrealistic expectations will be met, surpassed, and then slapped daintily in the face before being left to choke on the exhaust fumes of Bob's monster truck.

This book delivers the frenetic energy, the spontaneous lunacy, and the surprisingly cinematic narrative style that Bob fans crave. Plus, it's got what's sure to be the next pop-culture phenomenon (yes, Mr. Notley has done it again), LoveBot, whose adventures hilariously deconstruct the pathetic nature of our wishes for romantic fulfillment.

But by now you know all this. Those tabloids do pay well.

RUBEN BOLLING
ZURICH, SWITZERLAND
AUGUST, 2003
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YOU GUYS GOTTA HELP ME!!!

I'VE BEEN GOING OVER SURVEILLANCE TAPES OF MY OWN BEHAVIOR, AND IT SEEMS I'M A TOTAL LOSER!!!

LOOK—HERE'S ME BABBLING ON ABOUT SOME DUMB MOVIE TO A GIRL WHO CLEARLY JUST WANTS ME TO LEAVE HER ALONE!!!

AND—MY GOD—I BUMMED EIGHT CIGARETTES IN HALF AN HOUR???

AND THESE IMAGES OF ME MASTURBATING...

UG.

ENOUGH.

SO WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO ABOUT IT?

DESTROY THE TAPES.

NOONE MUST KNOW WHAT I ACT LIKE!!

NEXT WEEK:

EXACTLY THE SAME KIND OF BEHAVIOR
So when I heard about your story I just had to come!

I mean—holy—you went out on this sea, made a supreme effort of mental and physical will, and somehow caught the biggest marlin ever!

And then the sharks ate it!!!

I hate those sharks so much!!!

Well, don't worry, Santiago—Bob's gonna make it all better!

This boat's got every shark-lasering gadget ever made!

Plus, we've located a marlin four times bigger than the one you caught, and we're tracking it with our ballistic harpoon system!!!

All you have to do to catch it is hit this button!!!

Go for it, man!!! Win it all back!!!
THE UBOPE BEHOLD!

THE ULTIMATE BALL OF PERFECT ENERGY!!!

AMAZING.

WHAT'S IT FOR?

I DON'T DECIDE WHETHER TO HARNESSE ITS DESTRUCTIVE POTENTIAL OR ITS SPIRITUAL POTENTIAL...

I'M REALLY TORN...

MM. NOT SURE...

OH, FINE... YA BIG BABY...

VER. HAPPY NOW?? YES!!!
I have an important security council meeting, Bob...

Oh, fish-tosh, Kofi!!

If a Nobel Peace Prize winner can't take five minutes to ride the coolest roller-coaster ever, then, man, I just don't wanna live!

Oh all right...

Yeek!

The first climb's a killer!

Oh yeah...

AG!

Relax! Just go limp!

ULP!

Oh all right...

AAAA AAAAA!!!

Glurf!

AAAA AAAAA!!!

OK!

Awesome, huh?

It was okay...
Okay, Mr. Theatre Manager, here's the thing... I've been waiting for this movie for 18 months. Frankly, it's been the only thing keeping me alive. That and Hope. I just want to sink into my chair and lose myself in a magical movie experience! That's all.

So - and I'm freakin' begging you, here - couldja please take five fucking seconds when the movie starts to make sure it's in goddamn focus??

God, you people suck!!!

Professionalism - it's not just a string of random sounds! It's a word that means something!

I know you use robo-projectors instead of people these days, but there's gotta be a button you can push or a knob you can twiddle to get it right!!!

Because I swear - if I have to get up this time, it'll be to call in a punishing airstrike!!

I'll level this city, and it'll be your fault!!!

Have we an understanding?

Three times in the last month I've had to get up to tell you guys to fix the projector!!!

Topping on your corn, right?
WHERE ARE YOU
OFF TO, BOB?

OH, JUST A NICE
PERSON PARTY!

A S YET UNTITLED
CARTOON ABOUT
MONSTER GLASSES

W H E R E  A R E  Y O U  O F F  T O ,
B O B ?

O H , J U S T  A  N I C E
P E R S O N  P A R T Y !

G E T  T H E  H E L L
A W A Y  F R O M  M E ! !

I T H I N K  I ' L L
W E A R  M Y  M O N S T E R
G L A S S E S.

A N D  T A K E  Y O U R
F R E A K I S H  G I R L-
F R I E N D  W I T H  Y O U ! !

T H E  P A R T Y
... A N D  T H A T ' S  H O W
S O C I O L O G Y  I S
D I F F E R E N T  F R O M
A N T H R O P O L O G Y . . .

W W W , T H A T ' S  S O
F A S C I N A T I N G .
L E M M E  J U S T  P U T
O N  M Y  G L A S S E S . . .

H E  L E F T  T H E S E
W E I R D
G L A S S E S  B E H I N D . . .

W H O  W A S  T H A T
J E R K ?

H E  L E F T  T H E S E
W E I R D  G L A S S E S
B E H I N D . . .

T E N T A C L E S
W I T H  L I T T L E
T E E T H  I N  T H E
S U C K E R S ! ! !

H E Y , M A N , W H A T ' S -

G E T  T H E  H E L L
A W A Y  F R O M  M E ! !
Hey, Bob.

Do you like cake?

No!!!

Hey!

I'm so hungry...

Hey!

Cake

I'm so hungry...

SPANG!

OKAY, SEEZ, YOU STILL DIDN'T HAVE TO THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW...

I HATE CAKE!!!
Hey you guys! Don't forget I'm still in the trunk here!

Whoa! Hey! What's with all this water?

I think I'm drowning...
P a s s e d  O v e r

This hurts, Kofi. It really hurts.

W e ' v e  k n o w n  e a c h  o t h e r  f o r e v e r !

I ' v e  g i v e n  y o u  b i l l i o n s  o f  d o l l a r s !

I  t h o u g h t  w e  h a d  a  r e l a t i o n s h i p !

A n d  a f t e r  a l l  t h a t  y o u  o f f e r  a  p l u m  U . N.
posting to E l m o ???

F u c k i n g  E l m o ???

W h a t  p o s s i b l e  f r e a k i n '  g o o d  i s  E l m o  g o i n g  t o  d o  i n  A f g h a n i s t a n ???

T h e  g u y  c a n ' t  e v e n  r e a d ! ! !

A n d  I ' v e  g o t  a l l  t h e s e  w e a p o n s  a n d  g a d g e t s ,  a n d  y o u  k n o w  h o w  m u c h  I  w a n t  i t ,  a n d  y o u  j u s t . . .

W e l l ,  a s  I  s a y ,  i t  h u r t s . . .

A m  I  n o b o d y ?

D o  I  n o t  e x i s t ?

G e t  t h e  h e l l  o u t  o f  m y  o f f i c e ,  B o b .

I t ' s  l i k e  y o u  d o n ' t  c a r e  a t  a l l ! ! !
Rice roll long donut!!

Must huge eat rice roll long donut!!!

More eat!

Grobble!!

Gnar!!

Rice Roll Long Donut!

It's the only thing in life!

Rice Roll Long Donut!
God, I hate Freddie so much!!!

Huh? Why?

Cuz he just got me one of those super-awesome roller-scooters!!!

I love it infinitely!

So now I have to get him something equally perfect!!!

I feel so obligated...

Like I gotta kill him!

Why don't you just-

Screw that! I'm gone!!!

Bzing!

He really is, too!

I'm taking his stuff... Go for it.
Now I'd like to move on to some more specific comments about the economy...

...Don't worry, folks - BLOBS HATE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS!!!

The Blob's Touch Burns!!!
Well, we killed the dragon, which is okay... but check out this +2 mace of bashing!!!

WABOOM!!!

But in the instant before Bob did it, he suddenly chose not to. He didn't really know why— even days after he still wondered— "Why didn't I do it?"

Was it a fear of consequences? An unexpected surge of morality? A mind-controlling beam from an alien warship???

BINGO.

Days later...

I'm afraid yes, we've found a $40 unpaid bill six years ago...

Whatamnit—even though I've got seventy million dollars in my account here, you're not gonna give me my crappy credit card???

That's right.

We love it yes we do...

Are we going yet?
So... what's the deal with you, man?

No, seriously— you're, like, this walking, talking flower... what's your story?

Oh Jesus Christ!

Freddie — run home, grab a laser pistol, bring it back and shoot this guy in the stomach!

But I— ut! Off you go!
Half an hour earlier...

The ring must be cast back into the fires of Mount Doom from whence it came...

One of you must do this.

Hup-I got it!

Hey, Gandalf—whistle up one of those eagles, will ya?

And what an incredible quest it's been...

Man that was easy!

So what do I gotta do now? Throw it in? No problem!

I mean, it's only the most desirable thing in the universe, and I can't even quit smoking... of course I can give it up!

No sweat!

Easy!

Simple!

Any time!

Just toss it in!

Bam!
Truly, this is an important step towards a lasting peace in the Middle East.

Kofi! We're going in! You have to snort eight lines of coke to raise your blood acidity—STAT!

Now is not the time, Bob...

I'm not doing any cocaine! Stop waging these battles inside my body!!

...Truly, this is an important step towards a lasting peace in the Middle East.

...The terrorists win.
Thus ensues three hours of:

WHY?  WHERE ARE YOU GOING, BOB?
OMGOD you guys! I got hit by lightning while I was eating some bees and now I can float!

So you're going to be a superhero, is that it?

Hell, no! I'm going to turn myself over to the government so they can study me!

I called earlier about being a lab rat?

Your brain is generating a force we can't identify...

Fascinating...but surely we can do more tests?

Oh yes. Lots of tests, forever.

Two weeks later, Bob can't float any more...

Excellent!

Bob, go home.

No! More tests! Please!!
THANKS, MAN...

SEE, THE TRICK IS TO OFFER TO BUY A SMOKE — 9 TIMES OUT OF 10, THEY'LL JUST GIVE YOU ONE FOR FREE!

BUT AREN'T CIGARETTES DISGUSTING?

OMGOD-A MACHINE! LET'S HOP INSIDE AND SEE WHAT IT DOES!

THAT IS SO NOT TRUE — IT MADE A "FZORGLE" NOISE!

AND I THINK EVERYBODY'S DEAD...

IT DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!
CANADA WINS THE GOLD!!

YEAHHHHH!!!

WOOOOOOO!!!

WOOOOOOO!!

AROOOOOOOOO

WOOOOOOOOO!!!

MEANWHILE, IN ISRAEL... WUBOOM!
GOD - SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR GOLF!

Golf cops!!!

Jesus crap! Golf cops!!!

WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!!!

You're under arrest!!

But not as interesting as blowing everything to smithereens!!!
Oh! Oh yeah! Oh baby! Oh! Wow – eating meat is just about my favorite thing ever! But it's so wrong! Not the way I do it! Believe me, I share your concerns... I feel for all the sad widdle animals, suffering in their cages just so I can eat them!

That's why I only eat genetically-engineered headless cows! No brain, no suffering! Bam! Science triumphs again! Carve the meat while it's still alive! So fresh!

Are you barfing? Didn't you hear me?? She can't feel anything!!!
Final round gentlemen! This one's for all the cookies! Factor this million-digit number...

...Now!

Computation complete!

Uh Oh - looks like a tie! No! I will destroy! But violence only begets greater violence.

Well, now, this is interesting! Cubeputer is a pacifist, while the Compusphere supports the use of force. What will happen??

I don't give a crap about your political beliefs!

Let's just ask Time Bot who won!

Cubeputer's response preceded the Compusphere's by $8.75 \times 10^{-25}$ seconds.

Yeah! Fucking eat it!

Go pacifism!!
Bob: flow errangry the Fly on the Wall

God, this new fly-eye is the absolute best!

Now let's see... whose privacy shall I invade first...?

Who will invade first...

Ah, I'm just getting a little nervous, is all... we're movin' so fast, people're gonna start to hate us...

People? People are gonna hate us? Um...

Klud!

Who gives a shit what people think!!!

You fuckin' little pissant!!!

C'mon, dick, put it back in yer pants... he doesn't know any better.

Ah believe we were talkin' about nuclear weapons?

Le me outta here!
C'mon, Bob, let's have an adventure! I'm busy.

Oh come on Bob, please? You take Stumpy out on adventures all the time! Please PLEASE PLEASE?

All right, fine... we'll go on an adventure...

Yay! What kind do you want?

What? We're going home already? Why?

Groan... What? We're going home already?

Because you don't deserve happiness!
Man, I just can't decide... who should I take to the dance—Betty or Veronica???

Wait a minute—what would Jesus do?

Let's fire up the ol' time grabber and find out!

What... where am I? Oh, only two thousand years in the future!

Two thousand years? And there's still an earth?

Yep!

But God was going to end all creation within one lifetime!

Was going to, but didn't. Any hoo, I need your advice on this situation—see, there's these 2 chicks.

My god, my god, why have you forsaken me?

Chon, man, this is serious!
Holy shit! It's boiling in here! The "music" is an atonal thudding that's putting everybody to sleep!

The Show

This isn't rock! This is poo!

Cheney Attack!

You dare spy on me? On me?!

Wahington, D.C.

Cheney's pissed... This shit bites man.

Aki no! Get offa me!!! Lemme go!!!
After committing suicide in 1945, he was resurrected by an unholy alliance of Nazi sorcery and science! Profoundly affected by the experience of death, he dedicated his life to helping others in need! He is...

**GOOD HITLER**

Hey...Hoffe...AIN'T YOU HITLER? JUST LIE STILL...THAT LEG'S IN BAD SHAPE...

GET TH'FOCK OFFA ME!!!

Help you guys! Homo Hitler's grabbing my balls!!!

Hey.. Ain't you Hitler?

Get th'fock offa me!

No, it's ok I'm-

Help you guys! Homo Hitler's grabbing my balls!!!

No, see, he-

BAM Biff WHAM BASH CRAK

No, it's okay, I'm-

Nein! Look, you-

OOF!!!

It's hard to be Hitler!

Maybe I can help out in the middle east.

Thass a great idea!!!

My body is indestructible!
Work, you mom-assing printer!

Stop. Think. What is the best, simplest way to solve this problem?

Fourteen months later...

...so once I hit on the idea of working from the base monster template, it was a simple process to generate an organism fully capable of fixing my printer!

I like it! It's big!

I should be bigger...

All right, enough chit-chat.

Get to work, Slogor...

Not bad, not bad at all...

Okay, Slogor, you just sit there and never move or do anything again!
Loving tribute to the greatest space adventure of all time...

This is absolutely the last time I escape Ur-Qan space in a stolen Vux Intruder!

Ever!!!

We've reached maximum velocity!!

Damn!!

Turn the ship! Keep launching limpets!

Too late! They're in range!

Luckily, Republic clone-troopers save the day!

Can't... turn... fast enough!

We're so dead!!!
Hey, is there any beer in the fridge? INDETERMINATE!

I may have drunk them already, but maybe I didn't! Thus the fridge contains the possibilities of no beers and some beers existing in simultaneous super-position!

The only way to make them real is to open the fridge! OPEN IT! YEAH!

Holy blap! The waveform isn't collapsing!

I'm observing my frickin' head off, here. But they're just not actualizing!

I can't drink possible beers! I need actual beers!!!

Damn you, quantum physics!!!
SPIDER FLOWER OR SPIDER MENACE???

PTOO!

YAM!

ZEE!

Have you guys seen Spider-Man yet???

UG!

NO!

Daily News

CITY JIZZED
Yep, it says "fuck" all right...
Here's the "F".
This is definitely a "U"...
Hey, I can "C" my house from here!!!
And this is totally a "K"!!!
Oh my fuck!
It says fuck!
It's nothing but shock value!
Cheap!
Still just a word, though...
Quit looking, kids!
It'll eat your mind!!
Cheap!
Hey, Bob, what's up?

Nothing! Nothing is going on! No crazy obsession, no weird gadget—nothing at all!!!

Why must I constantly entertain you people? "Doing things" is so five minutes ago!

Why must I constantly entertain you people? "Doing things" is so five minutes ago!

Let's get out of here...

This should give us a chance to try out my new guide book!

There isn't that a black spruce?

Check it out—piled woodpecker!

That is so cool...

Wow... The river valley is so pretty these days....

Yeah...

This should give us a chance to try out my new guide book!

There isn't that a black spruce?

Check it out—piled woodpecker!

That is so cool...

Yeah...
I gotta admit, I thought your whole "send-terminators-into-the-past" dealie was doomed to fail, but Terminator 4 really did the trick!!!

You've completely eradicated humanity!

Gonna put a lot of people-killin' robots out of work, though...

Price of progress, I guess...

But what about you, what do you got going on now?

BEEP... Not sure...

Agreement factor 100%

There's some chess problems I've been wanting to take a look at...

Cool. Well, I live just down the street, so gimme a call...

There's some chess problems I've been wanting to take a look at...
So you see, science simply cannot explain the existence of life without an intelligent designer!

Uh-huh, yep, the numbers check out...

Well holy crap! We gotta get on this!

Luckily I got the boys to whip up this living cell from nonbiological material...

4,000,000,002 B.C.

4ZANT

Go, baby go!

TNAZF

Thanks, man! I totally woulda forgotten that!!!
NEED CIGARETTE NOW!!

GOTTA SMOKES!

NO! TARN THAT NERVOUS
NEED INTO CREATIVITY!

RIGHT, RIGHT, CREATIVITY, GOTTA
COME UP WITH SOMETHING...

Keep smoking
momentum \( (p) \) = mass \( (m) \) x velocity \( (v) \)
OHMIGOD! OHMIGOD!!

SHAOLIN SOCCER!

YOU MUST SEE IT!

SURE, IT'S A GOOD MOVIE, BUT IT DIDN'T CHANGE MY LIFE...

YOU'RE A MONSTER WITH NO SOUL!!

SO GOOD -

ZOOOSH!

AND THEN...

AT THE END I WAS CRYING LIKE A BABY!!

WE HAVE SEEN IT! TWICE...

SURE, IT'S A GOOD MOVIE, BUT IT DIDN'T CHANGE MY LIFE...

YOU'RE A MONSTER WITH NO SOUL!!

BOB, NOT EVERYBODY LIKES MOVIES AS MUCH AS YOU DO...

OKAY, LET'S STEP BACK... THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MOMENT IN EVERYONE'S LIFE IS WHEN THEY FIRST SAW STAR WARS, RIGHT?

WE CAN AT LEAST AGREE ON THAT, RIGHT?

Bobbie, not everybody likes movies as much as you do...

Okay, let's step back... The most beautiful moment in everyone's life is when they first saw Star Wars, right?

We can at least agree on that, right?

YOU'RE A MONSTER WITH NO SOUL!!

SO RRRREEE MAAAAN...

SORRY, MAN...

IS IT TRUE? CAN IT BE?

AM I OUT OF TOUCH?
RUN GEORGE!!
HE'S FIRING HIS BRAIN BEAM!!!

OHMIGOD GEORGE - ARE YOU HIT? DID HE GETCHA?

UH
I'M
OH GOD

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

PEOPLE OF EARTH!
I AM SO SORRY!!!

MY ENTIRE LIFE, I'VE BEEN A WILLIN' PUPPET OF POWER AND GREED, AND SINCE WE SEIZED POWER IN 2000, WE'VE BETRAYED TRUTH, DEMOCRACY AND GOOD GOVERNMENT AT EVERY TURN, TRYIN' TO MAKE AMERICA OVER INTO A DICTATORS!!!

I REALIZE I SHOULD BE IMPEACHED FOR MY FULL COMPLICITY IN THESE CRIMES. HOWEVER, SINCE I WAS SMARTIFIED, I HUMBLY BEG AMERICA AND GOD FOR THE CHANCE TO FIX SOME OF THE DAMAGE I'VE HELPED CAUSE...

LET'S START BY FIRIN' MY ENTIRE STAFF OF TOTALY CORRUPT OFFICIALS!

YOU STAY, COLIN...

NEXT WEEK: CHEMISTRY
That little punk thinks he can take Cheney down?
Nobody touches Cheney!

Gets hit with the brain beam and suddenly decides he’s president?!?
I don’t fucking think so!!!
Gonna chop him up!

Settle down, Dick — that’s my boy you’re talkin’ ab-

Anybody else wanna shot at Cheney?!
Hah? Come on you little pissa

Daily Post
GENIUS GEORGE?

Heart Attack!

No! Cheney’s tiny republican heart tight with hate fights on!
Hey Bob, how's it going?

Scarily Good!

My numbers are going through the roof!!! Everything's working out! I'm awesome!!

You must be very happy!

Happy?

Do you have any idea how much karma I owe?

How much good I have to do??

I'm just one flower with a titanic arsenal of technological power!!!

What can I do??

Maybe you could be nicer to the people around you...

Oh, like you?

That's convenient!

Nice try!

You must be very happy!

Happy???

No, best to go with my original plan... fifty pounds of ecstasy in the water supply...

A nice treat for everyone...

Yay!!
Did you hear there was another suicide bombing!

Terrible...

How can people have such disrespect for our glorious masters?

After all, it's not like they killed everyone...

Most aliens sterilize the whole planet before taking over!

These guys showed admirable restraint!

DID YOU HEAR? THERE WAS ANOTHER SUICIDE BOMBING!

TERRIBLE, JUST TERRIBLE...

They won. They beat us. They own us. People have to quit whining and accept it!

I don't know what these zealots are fighting for...

Hate, I guess...

How else could you justify the murder of dozens of brood-leeches groaning with young?

It's just sick...
IN THESE SAD ANGRY TIMES, WHEN EVERYWHERE WE LOOK WE SEE ANOTHER ENEMY, IT'S VITALY IMPORTANT THAT WE REMEMBER...

GODDAMMIT!!! FRICKIN' MARIO! RAARRG!!

YOU'RE JUMPING TOO SOON...

HERE- YOU DO IT!

SHINE GET!

AWESOME! AWESOME! YOU RULE!!

YEAH, I'M PRETTY SLICK...

BUT IT'S IMPORTANT TO STAY ON MISSION - WE STILL GOTTA GET SEVEN MORE SHINES!

WITH TWO CHALLENGE LEVELS! I-YI-YI!!

Hey, I'm gonna grab a burger - you, uh, need to suck anybody's blood?

No, I'm good!

Hey, I'mgonna grab a burger - you, uh, need to suck anybody's blood? No, I'm good!
HELLO?

Bob! We gotta - can't talk! Moving objects with mind!

Check it out! I can move my hands!

Let's zip!

Gotta change everything!

Bob! We gotta -

With my mind!!

By thinking about it!!
WHO IS THIS GUY? AND WHY DO I GET THE SENSE HE'S GONNA TRY TO CONTROL THE CHI ENERGY OF THE ROOM BY ALTERING THE LAYOUT OF THE FURNITURE??

AAAARRRG!!! AESTHETIC ENERGY, PINNING ME! GOTTA

THE POWER!!! IT FILLS ME!!!
Saddam's secret cache disgorges its deadly load!

New York: Nerve-gassed!

Los Angeles: Bio-blasted!

Toronto: Hit by accident!

Holy Grap! Democracy's getting stomped! Iraq is just too strong!!
ARRRG! CAN'T MOVE!

ANVIL!!

AW, MAN, THERE'S DALEKS OVER THERE!

I MEAN COME ON!

WILL LEVERTRON EVER COMPLETE HIS PROGRAMMING?

INSUFFICIENT!

LEVERTRON SEEK'S A LEVER LARGE ENOUGH TO MOVE THE WORLD!!!

NEGATIVE!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA BEEP!!!
U.S. VICE-PRESIDENT DICK CHENEY'S HEART IN: NIGHT GAMES
SONG MONKEY

ONE DAY AT A DINNER PARTY...
MAN, THIS IS SOME SERIOUSLY SLACK SPAGHETTI!!!

HEY - DO YOU LIKE SONGS ABOUT MONKEYS?
SONGS ABOUT...? I MEAN...
YEAH!

OH MY FREAKIN' CRAP! I LOVE SONGS ABOUT MONKEYS!
UNG!

FUCKING YEAH!!!

MONKEY SONGS!!
GRUUUH!
Well boys, we're boned! Time to start desperately pretending everything is okay!!!

La la la, not collapsing into a micro black hole, dum de dum, who wants popcorn?

Plausibility bottoming out!

SMALLIFYING FASTER!
I can't believe I actually finished this thing! Gotta hit the button right now! And yet is blinding people really what I want to do?
ONE MORE TIME...

HUP!

YIKES!

WHOA...

LOOK! I CAN STAND UP TALL!

WELL, DICK, WE ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD COME DOWN TO THIS: A TECEROBOTIC BATTLE ROYALE OVER "THE BUTTON"!

YOU'RE NOT BLOWING UP THE EARTH WHILE I STILL LIVE HERE!!!

OMIGOD YOU GUYS I DID IT I CAN WALK!!!

AND IN WASHINGTON D.C....

MR. VICE-PRESIDENT, YOUR WIFE IS ON THE PHONE....

I'M BUSY, GODDAMNIT!
Jeez... I really feel kinda blah, out of it, disconnected from everything...

I must look deep within myself to find out why!

So...

What the hell are you doing?

Not too much, just got some quantum mechanics in to take a look at my subatomic interactions...

Well, your electric and w- forces are a little off, but overall your levels are good!

But I've been having these random bursts of apathy!

What can I say? Your physical connection to the rest of the universe is fine!

So you're saying I'm gonna have to look for some kind of psychological explanation for why I feel like crap?

That's freakin' hopeless!!

Science. You failed me. I will not forget...
Grand Theft America

Who's in the driver's seat now? That's right! Muthafukkin Cheney!!!

More! Faster!

HAHAHAHA!

Faster!!

AAAHH... Good Times.
LET'S SEE... WE'VE GOT TOAST WITH PEANUT BUTTER AND TOAST WITH CHEESE WHIZ...

FACE IT, BOB... MORIMOTO'S GONNA FRICASSEE YOUR ASS...

NO! NEVER SURRENDER! GOTTA FILLET THIS SALMON NOW!

EEE EEEE EEEE!!!

OH HUH OH HUH OH HUH...

IT HURTS IT HUUUURRRRTTTS...

OH HUH HUH...

YOU HAVE... NO HONOR.

... sob...
I'm freaking out!!! I just can't handle it!!! The "Two Towers" is still some amount of time away!!!

The fellowship DVDs aren't enough!!! They're only fuelling the hunger!!!
GOD, FOTINI-
YOU'RE THE
PERFECT
WOMAN!

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! YOU'RE GREEK!
AND YOU'RE UNIFYING
RELATIVITY AND
QUANTUM MECHANICS!

I CAN'T STOP
THINKING ABOUT
LOOP QUANTUM
GRAVITY!!!

IT JUST FEELS
SO GOOD!!!

BACKGROUND
INDEPENDENCE
MAKES ME STIFF.

STRING THEORY
CAN EAT IT!!!
ADDING DIMENSIONS
IS KID'S STUFF!!!

YOU KNOW, BOB, THERE'S
MORE TO ME THAN JUST
MY THEORIES.

WHY DON'T WE GO BACK TO YOUR
PLACE AND SET UP A LITTLE
SPIN NETWORK OF OUR OWN?

REALLY?

THEN SMART/AC ATTACKS!!!
Still Smartiac

It's Smartiac again... Should I hang up?

ARG...

No, I'll talk to him...

groan...

Dammit, Bob, why the hell are you dragging your feet on the space-based smartifying ray??

You know it'll solve everything!

Yeah, but it's so much work...

I've got a lotta naps to take, man... You don't know...

 Bullsht! You're not lazy, you're weak!!

Oh! God—I've just been hit by a cram-it-up-your-ass ray!!!

Slam!

Heh... That was a good one. And now, back to doing nothing...
Gotta Focus!

Everything's Crazy! Insane! Too Overwhelming!!!

Gotta Remember The Stick!!!

Only The Stick

Where's The Stick?

Gone.
I mean come on! I can't believe everybody's all "war-war-war!!"

Who cares if robots have taken over the moon??

Think about it! They don't need air! It's perfect for them!!

They're not gonna launch mountains at us!!!

All they care about is data!!!

But noo, gotta bomb the moon, can't let the robots run things...

Don't you get it?

Robots are people, just like us!

Who are you talking to?

Well... you, I thought...

Except they're robots.
OMIGOD you guys! I'm invisible except for my brain!!!

Yeah, we know. You did it last night. Oh right—I forgot.

But seriously, guys—does it look okay? Are people gonna get that I'm mostly invisible, or will they think I'm just a big floating brain?

Does it matter? Of course it matters! What are you saying?

This is a great idea!
Cancer
It grows on you!

What's up, Bob?
Just finishing up the pro-cancer ad!

Can you believe the media bias out there?
It's nothing but anti-cancer spin!!!
Somebody has to get the truth out!

But cancer is a terrible, terrible affliction!

For your information, cancer is responsible for a huge chunk of the economy!

You want to put all those people out of work??
Don't you care about their families??

Well, that's settled.

No you don't!
No you don't!
No you don't!

Well of course I—
A PEN THAT PLAYS "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"??

STUMPY YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE!!!

DEE-DEE-DEE
DEE-DEE-DEE-DEE
DEE DEE DEE DEE
DEE DEE DEE DEE
DEE DEE DEE DEE
DEE DEE DEE DEE!!!

yeah, I-

DEE DEE DEE

if you shouldn't have, why did you?

stupid, I guess...
I'll admit it - I didn't think things would be better when everyone had **nuclear weapons**...

But I was **wrong**!

Look around! The sun is shining! The air feels fresher! There's hope in every face! People feel safe.

I hate you! I'm gonna kill you!

Hello? Nuclear weapon?

See? Nobody can do anything to anyone! Total deterrence!

I feel a sweet thousand years of peace coming on...

Punctuated by the odd nuclear explosion...

Well, sure...

People are still getting used to it...
Well, that's all of them...

But I still feel like choppin'

Sigh... It's just not the same as chopping skeletons...

Hey, man, how do you feel about coming over so I can chop you up for a while?

I'm against it.

See? That's what I get for being honest!!

WOKITY WOKITY WOKITY

WHOK!
IF YOU COULD JUST STEP OVER HERE TO THE SIDE, SIR...

OH, FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD!!!

IS THERE A NOTE IN MY PASSPORT SAYING "HASSLE THIS GUY"?

I'VE BEEN STOPPED SIX TIMES IN A-

WHAT IS THIS?

IS THIS PLUTONIUM?

UM... NO?

ONE PLUTONIUM-CONFIRMING TEST LATER...

OKAY, YES, IT'S PLUTONIUM...

BUT IT'S FOR HOME USE!

OH GOD YES SIR!!!

I'M GOING TO LET YOU GO, MR. FLOWER...

BUT LET'S NOT HEAR ANY MORE HARSH WORDS ABOUT CANADA CUSTOMS, OKAY?

THERE'S BARELY ENOUGH TO BLOW UP THIS ROOM, LET ALONE AN ENTIRE CITY!!!
Sorry about this, man, you know I love you, but...

Smackety smackety smack!!!

C'mon, man, you're getting worked!!

America's gone loco!

You know all they want is war!

You know they're not gonna stop with just one!

How can you play along with this unbelievable bullsh*t for even two seconds?

You're letting them manipulate the U.N. into the stupidest war in history!!!

Except for the next one! And the one after that! You know—

Iraq is in serious violation of several...

Snap out of it, buddy!!!

Iraq's not the threat!!

Guhw... I'm getting too worked up, here... Let's just stop and enjoy a nice ice cream bar...

munch
chew
IF YOU LOVE SOMEONE...

The Lesson:
IF YOU LOVE SOMEONE,
IMPRISON THEM FOREVER!!
Lot of people sore are turned to stone today.

It's magic!

STONIFY!

WIZARDS, now?

AND WITCHES?

Wizard now?

And witches?

Cha-cha-cha-Koom-Koom-Koom

YEE-HAW!
HAH! YOU CALL THAT PRECISION-GUIDED??

FRomez, FLAME Eater... BOOM!

PANCAKES LUNCH!!
HEY!

WAITAMINIT!!!

I DIDN'T THINK THAT!

NO, I DID—I'M YOU IN THE FUTURE, TRANSMITTING MY thoughts into the past!

I NEED YOU TO SWITCH TIME PERIODS WITH ME FOR A SEC... I GOTTA SEE SOME PEOPLE FROM BACK THEN...

NOT SO FAST, FUTURE ME! WHY SHOULD I HELP YOU?

SNEAK PREVIEW

angryflower.com

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE MOVIE CALLED

RETURN OF THE KING??

IT'S IN THEATRES

NOW, MAN, YOU CAN

JUST GO SEE IT...

BZLIP!

...sucker...

OKAY, OKAY, I'M

CONVINCED!!!

LET'S DO IT!!!

AND IN THE FUTURE...

HANG ON! THERE AREN'T

ANY MOVIE THEATRES!

AND THIS IS A

WASTE LAND!!!

DAMN YOU, ME!!!
There, there, he didn't mean it...

Yes he did! He always means it!

He likes to make me cry!

I've saved his life!

I built him a new hell chair!!

I'm nothing but nice to him and he treats me like poo paper!!

I've had it!!!

I wanna talk to you, Bob!

Sorry, don't care.

Okay, maybe I care a little... That's all I wanted!
WHAT - SO MY WHOLE LIFE IS SUMMED UP AND JUDGED, AND NOW I'M A GREEDY PIG, JUST BECAUSE I MAKE OVER $250,000 A YEAR?

Screw you, flower! You don't know me, you don't know my friends, and you sure as hell don't know my family!

Screw you, flower! You don't know me, you don't know my friends, and you sure as hell don't know my family!

Oop, back up a bit there, buddy. Don't make me speargun ya.

Don't make me speargun ya. It seems you've discovered my secret. It's not a mirror of truth. It just makes you look like a pig.

And now of course I must speargun you.

I'm sorry. It wasn't supposed to end like this.
A shard of glass?
But that's—impossible!

Aw jeez, that stings!
Ow! Ow! Ow!

Ee! Ow! Oo!

Aaaaah!

Jesus Christ!
GOTCHA!

Aw no!

TADA!

SKWARG!
<I AM LOVEBOT!>

<i>I AM PROGRAMMED TO LOVE!</i>

<i>I LOVE YOU!>

<i>PROCESSED!

<i>WHOM SHALL I LOVE?

<i>WELL, THAT'S THE TRICK, ISN'T IT...

<i>STATUS REPORTS EVERY SIX MONTHS!

<i>NOW BEAT IT!

<i>NO, YOU OBEY ME...
I AM LOVEBOT!

I AM PROGRAMMED TO LOVE!

OMIGOD! YOU ARE JUST THE CUTEST THING EVER!

I LOVE YOU!

AW! I LOVE YOU TOO, CUTIE!

PROCESSED!

PROGRAM COMPLETE!

SHUTTING DOWN!

BEWOOOOO... click...

rattle rattle...
LOOK – JUST LEAVE ME ALONE, OKAY?

<PROCESSED!>

<PROGRAM INCOMPLETE!>

YOU CAN’T TELL A GIRL YOU LOVE HER STRAIGHT OFF! IT FREAKS HER OUT!

...UNLESS SHE’S ONE OF THOSE CLINGY BITCHES WHO JUST WANTS TO HEAR “I LOVE YOU” OVER AND OVER AGAIN...

<STATE THE LOCATION OF THE CLINGY BITCHES!!>

YOU BUILT A ROBOT PROGRAMMED TO LOVE AND THEN KICKED HIM OUT?

WHY??

BUT I WOULD HAVE LOVED HIM!

I ALREADY DO, JUST FROM THE PLANS!!

WHATEVER. YOUR LOVE IS BORING.

HE’S RIGHT...

YOU_BUILT_A_ROBOT_PROGRAMMED_TO_LOVE_AND_THEN_KICKED_HIM_OUT? WHY?? BUT_I_WOULD_HAVE_LOVED_HIM! I_ALREADY_DO, JUST_FROM_THE_PLANS!! WHATEVER. YOUR_LOVE_IS_BORING. HE'S_RIGHT...
STAY DOWN.
BUILD YOUR STRENGTH.

THAMOCIL
THE PILL THAT KILLS GERMS!

KEEP BREEDING — I'M MOVING ON TO THE LUNGS.
CHUH MHUH... 

BEATEN? BY A ZOMBIE?? 

MUST DESTROY EVIDENCE!

THAT'S ONE SECRET THAT WON'T COME CRAWLING BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO HAUNT ME!

BUT LATER, AT THE FANCY DRESS PARTY... 

SO HOW'S YOUR CHESS GAME, ROBERT? FLAWLESS, OF COURSE! GRUH!

GASP!!!
LOVE YOU! LOVE YOU! LOVE YOU! LOVE YOU! LOVE YOU! LOVE YOU! LOVE YOU! LOVE YOU! LOVE YOU!

AND I LOVE YOU TOO, HONEY!

NOW GET ME A BEER, 'KAY?

I SEE SHARKE HAS YA SAYIN’ “I LOVE YOU” OVER AND OVER AGAIN...

<CORRECT!>

THAT’S SO LAME, DUDE—DON’T YOU HAVE ANY SELF RESPECT?

<TERM NOT FOUND!>

I DON’T HEAR “I LOVE YOU”
STAND BACK EVERYONE! I AM SO GONNA OBLITERATE THIS CHEESE!
AND I'M NOT JUST BREAKING IT DOWN INTO ITS COMPONENT ENERGIES EITHER!
THIS BABY'S GETTING UNMADE ABSOLUTELY!

WHY?
WELL, THE HOPE IS THAT IT SETS OFF A CHAIN REACTION THAT UNRAVELS ALL THE CAUSAL RELATIONSHIPS IN EXISTENCE!

SO YOU WANT TO DESTROY THE UNIVERSE.
NO, JUST CHANGE THE UNIVERSE INTO SOMETHING DIFFERENT...
BESIDES, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THE POSSIBLE BENEFITS OF UNRAVELLING THE UNIVERSE TOTALLY OUTWEIGH THE RISKS!
YOU KNOW BOB, USUALLY I JUST SIT BACK AND WATCH WHEN YOU DO THIS STUFF...
BUT THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES WHEN I CRACK YOUR HEAD OPEN WITH A PIPE.

YOU CAN'T...
I'M NOT CRAZY...
SLAM

READY?
UH, NOT REALLY.
I CAN WAIT.
LOOK AT ME! I GOT A LASER GUN! I'M SHOOTIN' ROBOTS!

PLPLP LPLP!

PZOW!

WHO'S THE JACKASS? PUDE - HEG YOU.

NO NO NO... I GOT WAY MORE GOING ON THAN THAT...

YEAH? LIKE WHAT?

WELL, THERE'S... I MEAN, I'M... IT'S... OF THE THINGS...

UH.

GUS BLUH

I DON'T HAVE TO STAND HERE AND JUSTIFY MY EXISTENCE WHEN I COULD BE GORGING MYSELF ON MILLIONS OF PORK CHOPS!!!
FRICKIN' DVD PLAYER!!!
WORK, you WHORE!!!

NO.
IT'S BONED.
I'M BONED.

BUT WHY??
WHY SHOULD I BE SO RUDELY VEX'D?

DING!

Zeus Moral Collections Inc.
444 Pekoe Way - Mount Olympus - 90279

NOTICE OF FINE
Bob the Angry Flower, on June 15, 2003, did walk past Lord Zeus in the form of a beggar and refused to pay a cent despite having $3.87 in change on hand.

Divine
Punishment: Player

THAT WAS ZEUS?
BUT HE STANK OF BOURBON.

WELL, HE'S ZEUS... HE MAKES THE RULES...

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU PRIVATIZE EVERYTHING!!!

RANK INJUSTICE!!!
...AND HERE'S THE HORSE PADDOCK... WATCH OUT FOR THE ELECTRIC FENCE...

REALLY? IT'S ELECTRIC?

IS IT ON?

IS IT...

IS IT...

Y'KNOW I DON'T THINK IT'S

OH MY GOD! THAT IS CRAZY!!

THAT WAKES YOU RIGHT UP!

ETC...

I'M NEVER DRINKING COFFEE AGAIN!!!
I AM AN ARROGANT ASSHOLE!

I NEED TO BE PUNISHED!

I NEED TO BE CORRECTED!

IN THE NAME OF GOD WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE KICK MY ASS?

THE CALL GOES OUT...

REALLY? HE INVITED PEOPLE TO GO KICK HIS ASS?

THAT'S WHAT I HEARD!

IN THE NAME OF GOD WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE KICK MY ASS?

THE CALL GOES OUT...

REALLY? HE INVITED PEOPLE TO GO KICK HIS ASS?

THAT'S WHAT I HEARD!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!

ASS KICK LINE FORMS HERE →

NO, WAIT—IT'S A DONUT RAY!

HEAT RAY!
Y’KNOW, NOTHING BEATS A GOOD BREAKFAST!!

GO! GO!

HAR!
YOU SUCK, AVALANCHE!

THE AVALANCHE TRIES NOT TO SHOW IT, BUT ITS FEELINGS ARE HURT...

I... I DON’T SOCK!
COME ON!

LET'S GO!!

ANYTIME NOW!!!

THAT GUY? ARE YOU KIDDING ME??

I GUESS THAT'S IT.

BE CAREFUL.

NO, NO...

IT'S MEANINGLESS NOW...
Perhaps I should take a moment to review how I ended up in this position...

Wahahaahaha!!!

This is terrible!!!

Ahahaha... hilarious!

No, no, those were good choices... I couldn't really have done anything differently...

Waahahaahahaha!!!
YEAH, YEAH, GOOD JOB, LET'S GET IT DOWN TO THE LAB...

HUh, SEEMS IT'S MY FEAR THAT I'LL DIE ALONE.

THAT'S A GOOD ONE!

GRAB IT!!!

IT'S ONE OF MY FEARS!!!

eeep!

Yeah, good job, let's get it down to the lab...

Huh, seems it's my fear that I'll die alone.

That's a good one!
Look, man, I'm sorry, but I just don't wanna be your friend!

I know I hang out with a lot of strange people, but you are just too much!

I'm the jerk! I admit it!

May be you've got some rich interior life filled with beautiful thoughts and ideas about everything you've seen!

But you know what, pal? I just don't care!

I'm not moving, I can't talk...

You're an eye in a blob of flesh!

You don't even blink!

So, look, I got you a coffee...

Careful with it, it's a little hot.

Okay! I'm outta here!

Don't call me!
I know what you're gonna say: "But Bob, you've owned lots of possessions before, and none has ever given you—or ever could give you—the kind of spiritual fulfillment you're looking for!"

Wow... that's exactly what I would've said! But I say I just haven't found the right possession! Until now!

Besides, it's either things or people, right? And who has the energy to care about people? Nobody!
IT'S A LL A BO U T FU N , R I G H T?  
A D E S P E R A T E  
C A S C A D E  
O F  
U N V A R Y I N G  F U N ?  
A H ,  T H E 'R E 'S  
N O  P O I N T .  
I HATE MYSELF  
A N D  L I F E .  

THEN:  
GOOD THING I FOUND THIS  
EMOTION  
DEADENER!  
I WAS REALLY  
STARTING TO  
GET DEPRESSED!  
bzzZzzz...  
huh.  
I SUPPOSE I HAVE SOME  
THINGS I SHOULD ATTEND TO...  

AH, THERE'S NO POINT.  
I HATE MYSELF AND LIFE.
I'm tellin' ya, Bob, without marketing you're nothing!
You're filth!
I hate it!
Why do I have to promote the fact that I'm smashing the nuclear plant with a giant robot?
Can't I just... y'know... SMASH THE NUCLEAR PLANT WITH A GIANT ROBOT?
Doesn't that get the point across?
No!
You think people care that you're out here doing your little thing?
They don't!
You've gotta make them care!
Oh yeah? So what's the next step?
I dunno... I figured people'd hear about it, think it was cool...
Maybe give me a job...
Wow, that's a GREAT PLAN— FOR FAILURE!
You've gotta make them care!
I thought I was!
Shut up! I hate you!!
Not the moral:
Respect the elderly!
Why's everybody so picky about what "happened"? Why's everyone so worked up over the "consequences"?

As though they mattered!

Look—I did what I had to do!

Sometimes Martian fungoids grow to cover the Earth!

There's no point in bickering over whose space probe brought them back or how "smart" it was to release them!

That's just playing the blame game! We have to look towards solutions!

Now somebody give me a hand with these Jupiter spores...

Jesus God no! Kill him!
Wooo! It's the mystery cartoon!

All is in shadow!

What's it about?

What's gonna happen?

Will we see Stumpy? Or Freddie? Or that eye guy?

Does this happen?

What about these robots?

And then what?

Who knows?
AH, CARTOONING. YOU SPEND ALL THIS TIME DOING “MEANINGFUL” CARTOONS ABOUT “FEELINGS”, TRYING TO MAKE A “DIFFERENCE”. THEN ONE DAY YOU DO A STRIP ABOUT APOSTROPHES AND IT CONTROLS YOUR LIFE.

I did “Bob’s Quick Guide to the Apostrophe, You Idiots” in 1999, and since then it’s been the most-linked, most-mentioned, most-read Bob strip in existence. It seems a lot of people out there really hate those spelling mistakes and I, like an idiot, had to go and give perfect voice to all those simmering frustrations.

Though I’m glad people like the strip, one of the consequences of its popularity (or should I say, “popularity”), is that for four years I’ve received a relative deluge of e-mails from people asking/bugging me to do more punctuation strips: “Do it’s and its! That one drives me crazy! And there and their—y’gotta do there and their.” And so on.

I always balked, cuz… I don’t know. Too easy? Too lame to go back to the popular thing and do retreads of it? Whatever it was, I didn’t want to waste good cartoon slots doing more punctuation strips. But now it’s a new book, and that means bonus material, and that means a brand-new clutch of the most-requested punctuation cartoons. These are all the ones I’m ever doing, folks, so enjoy them. And although this book is copyright 2003 all rights reserved blah blah blah, if you want to copy these Unwelcome Education products and stick them up in your classroom or cubicle, please be my guest.
There's a lot of frustration in the newspaper cartoon industry about the public's deep ignorance about this elementary punctuation mark. Here, then, is a simple guide to some basic grammar, you illiterate morons.

**Contraction**

The cat's out of the bag. - correct

The cat's feet are out of the bag. - also correct

Correct

Also correct

**Possessive**

All the cat's are out of the bag.

**Plural**

Some popular but incorrect rules

1. When pluralizing a word that ends with a vowel, add an apostrophe.
   - taco's burrito's latte's
tomatoe's potatoe's knife's

2. When pluralizing any other word, add an apostrophe.
   - ball's kitty's car's VCR's
sheep's gribbl's

3. Add an apostrophe whenever you want.
   - This is wrong!
   - This is this!
   - This is this!
That's it, folks! That's all y'gotta remember! Can you substitute "it is"? Then use "it's". If you can't, don't!!!

Example: The cat hurt it's feet. The cat hurt it is feet. **Wrong!**

This one's stupidly simple, people!!!

* or "it has"
BOB'S QUICK GUIDE to YOUR and YOU'RE, YOU IDIOTS

YOUR

adj. - a possessive form of
YOU; of, belonging to

your scarf your leg
your ass your mind
your fine, correct spelling

NOT:

...YOU FRICKIN' DUMMIES!

YOU'RE

- contraction of YOU ARE

GET IT, PEOPLE? IT'S JUST LIKE "IT'S" AND "ITS" - IF YOU CAN SUBSTITUTE "YOU ARE", THEN YOU USE "YOU'RE"!!

so:

You're looking good today.

Your looking good today.

DAMMIT, NO!

so:

You're looking good today.

YES

NO,

N O T:

your scarf your leg
your ass your mind
your fine, correct spelling

so:

You're looking good today.

YOU'RE totally pitiful spelling

...YOU FRICKIN' DUMMIES!
I know - these ones are tough!

Three whole words to remember!

**THEY'RE**

contraction of **THEY ARE**

- They're getting away! **CORRECT**
- There getting away! **INCORRECT**!
- Their getting away! **SO WRONG**!

**THERE**

adv. - in or at that place

- Y'know, like "here - there"?
- There he is! **CORRECT**
- Their he is! **NOT SO CORRECT**
- They're he is! **QUITE, QUITE WRONG**

**THEIR**

adj. - a possessive form of **THEY**

- It's their car. **CORRECT**
- It's there car. **SORRY**
- It's they're car. **YOU'RE WAY OFF, BUDDY! TOTALLY WRONG!**

An unwelcome education product...
and now...
LOVEBOT CONQUERS ALL
Ah, the Bar! Arena of hopes, wasteland of the desperate! How fitting we should find Lovebot here, now, at this very moment!

Hey guys. This is Lovebot.

He's programmed to love.

<I LOVE YOU!>

Lovebot, this is Liz and Raj.

“Programmed to love”? What does that mean? Who programmed you?

“I was created by Bob the Angry Flower to love!”

“How to get chicks”? That is so sexist...

Man, all you gotta do to get laid is be in a band.

And not be the bass player or the drummer...

So you’re a robot, huh? Cool...

Hey, I'm Lovebot. I'm a robot, but I'm not like any other robot. I'm programmed to love. I was created by Bob the Angry Flower to love! But I was also programmed to find love in the most unexpected places. Like this bar, where everyone is searching for hope and a way out of their desperate situations. Lovebot, this is Liz and Raj. They're here to help me find my way around this world of love. But I'm still not sure what it means to be programmed to love. I'm still learning. And I'm still finding my way.
Jeez, you guys! He's programmed to love, not to get laid!

Whatever. It all begins and ends with this, L.B. Everything else is a lie.

Jesus—remind me again why we hang out together?

Because we're old high school buddies.

Right, right...

I just don't want you to fill Lovebot's head up with total garbage, is all...

Not garbage—hard won truths. Right, Lovebot?
I love her!

No shit, dude—she's the hottest chick in the bar...

Approach mode!

Wha...? Hey, hold up a sec there, buddy...

She's a hot chick. You gotta drive a cool car, wear fancy clothes, and be at least 6" tall before she can even see you! You're a robot. You gotta aim lower. Not as low as Sharice. Higher than that. But still low.

Whirrr...
I am Lovebot!

I am programmed to love!

I am... I'm... I'm Lovebot...
TOLDJA.  

STILL - YOU TOOK YOUR SHOT! THAT'S GOOD FOR A FREE BEER, AT LEAST!  

DROWN THEM SORROWS!  

glug glug glug end beer  

<uhh...>  

NO, MAN, HOT CHICKS ARE EVIL. THEY'RE BAD PEOPLE. EVERYBODY BENDS OVER BACKWARDS FOR 'EM, SO THEY NEVER LEARN TO BE HUMAN...  

I KNEW THIS ONE GIRL - SHE WAS A FREAK IN THE SACK, MAN, CRAZY - BUT BORING? HAD NOTHING TO SAY? UNBELIEVABLE!  

NO, THEY'RE MONSTERS. THE THING TO REMEMBER IS THAT THERE ARE LOTS OF UGLIER CHICKS WHO ARE LOOKIN' FOR IT TOO - YOU JUST GOTTA TARGET THEM INSTEAD OF THE HOT ONES...
Crap lol?
I don't think so...
This is senior level crap...
400 level at least...
Lovebot, delete everything he's just told you.
What? No way! Lovebot, don't—
<SENSING!>
<DETECTING!!>

<NOT-LOVE!>

Lovebot?
Hello? Who's there? clink
HELLO?
WHO'S THERE?
A rea Clear!

Oh my god! Your poor hand!
Does... does it hurt?

< I will self-repair! >

You're that robot from the bar.

Lovebot, right?

I'm Ronnie.

< Processed! >

< Ronnie! >

< I love you! >

I think I must be in shock or something...

< File not found! >

Wow. I guess you saved my life, huh?

< Correct! >

And your poor hand! That was so brave!

You're my knight of shining armor!
Well, I really do gotta go... Early shift. But, uh, here's my phone number. I'll probably see you at the bar tomorrow right? Kay, bye! Thanks!

Vroom!

Ten Minutes Later...

And then, 22 hours later...

Snap out of it, buddy! You're at the bar! People are talking to you!

So there's an evil heart with a knife crawling around trying to kill people?

That's pretty goddamn creepy, man...

What did the police say?

Ten Minutes Later...

God... "Thanks!" Could you possibly sound any ditzier?

And then, 22 hours later...

Lovebot? Hey, lovebot!

Snap out of it, buddy! You're at the bar! People are talking to you!

So there's an evil heart with a knife crawling around trying to kill people?

That's pretty goddamn creepy, man...

What did the police say?
I knew I'd find you here!

I'm Ronnie!

Are these your friends?

Uh...

I'm Liz. This is Buddy.

Thank you for telling me about last night. It was amazing.

He was like Spiderman!

<LOVE CONNECTION CONFIRMED!>

<LOVE YOU!>

<MAKE LOVE TO ME!>

Love-bot?

Liz.

This is Buddy.

Have a seat!

Thanks.

Did Lovebot tell you about last night?

It was amazing. He was like Spiderman!

<LOVE CONNECTION CONFIRMED!>

<RONNIE!>

You fulfill all parameters!

You occupy all processing!

You align all fields!

<RONNIE!>

<PROCESSED!>

Pardon?

Aw man...
You're dear, and I owe
you my life, and I really
want us to be great
friends, but...

...but I don't
have those kinds
of feelings for
you... I'm sorry.

You can... you can
process that, can't you?

Wow... Lovebot sure
likes love, huh?

It's his thing...

I wasn't too harsh, was I?
I mean, he's sweet and dear,
but he's a robot...

I just can't
see him
that way...

I know
what you mean...

I'd have
to get
pretty
drunk...
Liz's Place. 3:12 am.

<weehee!> <LOVE!> <uhhhhh...>

<what's the frickin' point?>

You're programmed to love girls, right?

Correct!

But what would you do with her?

I mean... you're a robot...

You can't figure you out...

Show me.
JUST SO WE'RE CLEAR... WE'RE ONLY SATISFYING MY CURiosity...
WE'RE NOT IN LOVE.
GOT IT?

<PROCESSED.> oh...
HOURS AND THEN DAYS LATER, AT THE BAR...

I Gotta say... Raj looks pretty darn tasty up there...

Y'think so? Doesn't he seem a little... I dunno... SOFT?

SOFT? YOU KNOW, NOT HARD. LIKE AN IRON BAR. LIKE METAL.

THAT'S AN ODD THING TO SAY... WHY WOULD...

YOU HUMPED LOVEBOT?
I don't wanna talk about it...

I don't even know how to talk about it...

Wow...

No!

No way!

He's a device — like a shower nozzle or a vending machine that dispenses orgasms.

There's nothing wrong or weird or complicated about that, is there?

No!

Of course not!

End of story!

It's hopeless! I've edited my love designation files a hundred times, but I still can't stop processing about Ronnie! Even allsexing Liz failed to reset the system!

Allsexing the who now?

You and Liz?

I don't believe it!

Hey guys.

Hey.

Sooo... Lovebot, what're you doing after this?

< I have no directive! >
I was thinking we could go back to my place for a quick smoke...

See you guys!

Walk me to my car, Lovebot?

<YES!>

SOON...

THANKS FOR WALKING ME.

IT FREAKS ME OUT KNOWING THAT THING'S STILL ON THE LOOSE!

I FEEL SAFE WITH YOU...

SO...

LIZ TOLD ME ABOUT YOU TWO.

<CORRECT!>

<PROCESSED!>

IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE, LOVEBOT?

JUST A PINBALL MACHINE FOR GIRLS TO PLAY?

I DON'T BELIEVE THAT.

I THINK THERE'S MORE.
YOU ASSHOLE!!!

A WORD FROM BOOB GIRL AND YOU'RE OUT THE DOOR?

YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT LOVE!

AND YOU—I THOUGHT YOU WERE OKAY, BUT YOU'RE A BITCH JUST LIKE BUDDY SAYS!

WHAT IS THIS?

YOU DON'T LOVE ME!

EXPLAIN YOUR ANGER!

I NEVER SAID—

"JUST SO WE'RE CLEAR... WE'RE ONLY SATISFYING MY CURIOUSITY... WE'RE NOT IN LOVE... GOT IT?"

LOOK, LIZ—CHILL. WE WERE ONLY TALKING...

OH, SURE—IT STARTS WITH TALKING—THEN TWO SECONDS LATER HE'S SEX-LASERING YOU!

ME? YOU'RE THE ONE WHO JUMPED HIM THE FIRST CHANCE SHE GOT!

YOU SAID HE WAS A VENDING MACHINE!!!

I WAS JUST TALKING SHI—

SENSING!!

DETECTING!!!
NOT-LOVE!

I love you.

I don't want to kill you.
<I LOVE YOU.>
W - wow! I feel... good!
I don't quite remember...

Lovebot!

Hey, Lovebot!

Where is he, anyway?

I think Lovebot did something...

What happened?
YEESH! Y'ALL THIS DATA?? IKNEW ALL THIS CRAP ALREADY!
AND THE HOT ONE NEVER EVEN GOT NAKED!!

AH, WELL... GOTTA EXPECT A FEW BUGS IN THE BEGINNING, I SUPPOSE...

SYSTEMS LOOK GOOD! LET'S GET YOU OUT OF HERE BEFORE FREDDIE WAKES UP!

<I AM LOVEBOT!>

<I AM PROGRAMMED TO LOVE!>

END
p7. After 9-11 it took me almost a month to get cartooning again, battling the ol’ “Why draw cartoons in this crazy world?” demons. Eventually I broke down and started again, and this was the result. Self-reflection, anyone?

p8. I’d already done a 9-11 cartoon, the final strip in the previous book Everybody vs. Bob the Angry Flower. But I still had this nameless gnawing fear of huge death that could reach out and flatten you in an instant, and this strip is the result.

p10. Ah, the UBOPE. As much as possible, I like these books to be laid out chronologically, since even though there’s no one continuous story, ideas and themes tend to appear and resonate as the strip (and my life) progresses. But sometimes you have to make allowances for the demands of book publishing, and I wanted to color this one, so it ends up here near the beginning of the book rather than on p.74 where it otherwise would have been.

p11. This was to become a frequent strategy in later cartoons, that of using a big action sequence to cover up for the lack of an idea.

p14. This one’s a head-scratcher for a lot of people, but really it’s nothing more complicated than another example of saying, “Okay, folks, no joke here, I just want to try to draw something flying through the air.”

p15. This strip was semi-intended to kick off another multi-part story akin to “Everybody vs. Bob the Angry Flower”, wherein Bob was going to tackle money as though it had consciousness and agency, which of course it does. But I wasn’t yet able to get my head around the principles of money society, so instead this strip became a bizarre one-off strip with a stabbing at the end and no payoff.

p17. This strip is a fusion of two events. The first was a news item about Kofi taping an episode of Sesame Street and offering Elmo a job at the UN. The second was the discovery that my editor at See had been unable to get ahold of me and hadn’t put me on the list to see The Fellowship of the Ring. By that time I was in full Gollum over the movie, insanely desperate to see it, so my reaction was pretty much Bob’s.

p21. I’d gone insane over Fellowship of the Ring, of course, and here we can see the first signs of it forcing its way into the cartoon with a Dungeons & Dragons magic weapon concept and Bob’s little touch of Gollum-speak. Also, this strip is a good example of what happens when you write six panels, draw them, ink them, and then have no idea how to fill that one panel of empty space left over. How about a big wordy narrated quasi-joke? Gets the cartoon done, doesn’t it?

p22. Lord of the Rings imagery gets closer to the surface as we see Freddie coast over the Bridge of Khazad-Dum on his mission.

p23. Lord of the Rings takes over the cartoon. I was delighted to see a link to this strip on Fark.com with the headline “Lord of the Rings: shorter, faster, less bullshit.” And yeah, I know, there are reasons in the book why this plan wouldn’t have worked—something about Gwahir the Eagle not getting too involved in the affairs of men, plus Sauron might’ve been able to stop Gwahir with his flying wraithwings—but I dunno, those seem like pretty solvable problems to me. Couldn’t they have offered Gwahir and the eagles, like, 500 goats to do it? And if they’d just bombed straight for Mt. Doom as the eagle flies, I doubt Bush… er, Sauron… could’ve gotten anything in the air in time to stop them. I still think it would’ve worked.

p27. For this strip, all I had was the desire to blow my cover vis-à-vis how to bum smokes. Once I’d cleared that in three panels I really had nothing left except some onomatopoeia and a street full of corpses.
p28. This book has a few more “timely” cartoons than I usually do, and this is one of them, celebrating Canada’s nation-ecstaticizing Olympic hockey win. Seriously, we were screaming our freakin’ heads off in the Black Dog basement, and that streaker really did charge out into the February freeze to assert his patriotism. What a great country Canada is!

p30. Ah, such a funny cartoon. Here I think I conclusively address the moral objection to eating meat—and yet people are still grossed out! Originally I intended to have a cube of beef-meat with a hoof and a horn sticking out of it, but eventually I decided the headless cow would be grosser. The last line was originally “It can’t feel anything”, but changing “it” to “she” was the perfect sting, I think.

p31. This was just plain fun to draw, even though there’s only one joke.

p32. This cartoon is particular to me not because of anything about it but because I drew it the day after a stunningly successful date-like interaction with a girl I never ever ever could have allowed myself to think I had a chance with. I couldn’t believe it. Was this actually happening? The next morning, Sunday morning, strip-drawing day, my mind was buzzing. The urge to do a strip about touching girls was extremely strong, but I resisted it. Instead this strip just popped into my head, easy easy, and I remember sitting down, bam, thinking it up, drawing it, liking it. Man, I was so happy!

p33. Frankly, I’m stunned we don’t have these fly-eyes already. Cheney makes his BtAF debut here, and just like in real life, he took over quickly. He’s both fun and hard to deal with, because he only has one emotion—full-on rage. In that he’s more like Bob than Bob.

p35. This came from a conversation with my brother Paul in which he stressed that Jesus was a firmly apocalyptic thinker and truly believed the end of the world was nigh.

p37. You’d think with a cartoon called “Good Hitler” that a lot of people would take it the wrong way, but hardly anybody seems to. Basically I’m asking if redemption is possible and if people would accept it if it was. In the Bob universe, the moment of death is an instant in which you experience every life ever lived. Good Hitler lived and experienced the pain and horror of every life he destroyed. He knows what he did and he died for it. Now he’s back and he wants to help. Will we let him? Plus, I love his expression in the fifth panel, and the casual fact that his new body is indestructible.

p40. Whew... a classic strip. I was starting to wonder if I could do those any more. The idea took a couple of weeks to coalesce, but coalesce it did, and the fact that I was able to get a dirty joke in at the end is all the sweeter. I’ve been told this strip hangs outside many physics profs’ doors, which gives me a warm, determinate feeling.

p41. Ah, Spider-Man. Even though I have problems with this movie now, I was in little-kid heaven when it came out, imaginary-thwipping webbing all over the place. I kinda goofed when drawing this one, though. Bob is supposed to be mimicking Spider-Man’s pose on the poster, and that’s his HAND the webbing is squirting out of. When this strip came out, though, a lot of people thought it was his rooty-leafy things and his... whatever... that was emitting the webbing. No. It’s his hand. I was trying to put leafy detail on it, but I just ended up confusing the issue.

p44. Note that this is the second cartoon in a row to end with Bob sitting alone by himself in a room. Cartooning’s a lonely business, kids.

p46. Sometimes you get really lazy when you’re drawing a cartoon, and when your self respect has already dissolved in a half-hour dig through the garbage can for cigarette butts, you do a cartoon like
this. And yet on the back of this strip is a sketch of a fly-eye crawling out of somebody’s ear. Why didn’t I do a strip about that?

p49. Gettin’ political again as the Bushies work the nation towards war. I thought I’d be able to play the “Genius George” thing for longer, but I couldn’t make him fit into the universe. MechaGodzilla, easy; a super-brilliant George Bush, impossible.

p50. Cheney takes over in the first Bob strip ever to not feature Bob. Cheney really makes the perfect face of modern “conservatism”: evil, angry, lashing out in all directions against foes and allies alike, twisted by rage.

p51. And yet, amid all the scary turmoil in the world, I felt great. Now I was actually dating the girl I thought was impossible, hence the readout in the second panel. Of course, in the Bob world even total awesomeness is cause for complaint.

p52. Funny story. I was nuts on speed when I drew this strip. So I was up all night drawing it, and then I was up all morning staring at it and freaking out thinking it made no sense whatsoever. Seriously, I couldn’t put three words together at that point. This is one of the only strips to actually generate what I’d call “hate mail”, with a few people e-mailing me in horror at how I could liken Jews to blood-sucking monsters. Hey, folks, I’m likening occupiers to blood-sucking monsters, and besides, Bob is genuinely arguing their case, and really feels for the leech’s death.

p55. As I understand it, “fung shoy” is the correct pronunciation of “Feng Shui”. Also, I must confess I stole Bob’s punchline from an episode of Invader Zim, “Gir Goes Crazy and Stuff.”

p58. This came from a suggestion I’d received at a party the previous night about Bob being held down with a big rock on his toe. I drew the whole cartoon, finished it, and then suddenly realized with horror it was really about how angry and impatient I was with my girlfriend. Holy smokes, I got complacent fast. What an ass I was!

p59. Ah, another pantomime strip, a favorite. I don’t know what strange twist of creativity led me to bring Cheney’s heart back for another story, but I’m glad I did. It’s just so damn evil.

p60. People really like this strip, which I always thought was weird since it was kind of a throwaway, plus I was stealing a type of joke from local cartoonist Mike Winters with the “Ung! Uh!” stuff. Originally the strip had a final panel in which Bob asks, “Wanna hear how much I like songs about TRUCKS?” and the guy replying, “Sure!”, but I decided it was unnecessary.

p63. Originally this was going to be a full-on big-perspective depiction of Bob and Cheney telerobotically battling it out over the Button, but after many failed attempts to draw it I just combined the idea with a notion about Freddie walking.

p64. Partly this is about having the cablemodem guys come in and check my internet levels, but it’s much more about sinking into a depressed abyss of flat affectlessness with no energy or passion to give to work, friends, or girlfriend. And yet I put such an amusing face on it!

p65. Got Grand Theft Auto: Vice City this week. Ohhhhh man…

p67. More Lord of the Rings, this time in the runup to The Two Towers. Ah, but look how slick I am. At first the strip looks dated, since it’s set in a time before The Two Towers opened, but by the end of the strip we’re in post-TT-time and it all fits. Bob’s DVDs are my future wish list; they are King Conan, Star Wars Ep III, Hulk, X-Men 2, Spider-Man 2, Return of the King, Two Towers, Planet Texas (one of
the scripts I wrote with Popcap.com creator Jason Kapalka), Henchmen (the other script I wrote with him), Daredevil, Big Ant Movie (a script by the authors of Scud, the Disposable Assassin), and Childhood's End, which I think would make a kickass movie.

p70. Huh? What's with this cartoon? This one's not on the web! That's right, it's not, because it's terrible. The previous week I had just been hired to do production art work on a movie, Ginger Snaps: The Sequel. It was a totally cool gig where I got to make crazy comic book collages the way a 13-year-old girl might, but in that first week all I saw was how much work it was going to be and how totally unready I was to do it. Thus, I collapsed into a ball of self-doubt and turmoil, and that became this very, very shaky cartoon. The basic idea is like the Zen koan "First there is a mountain, then there is no mountain, then there is." First there's Bob and a stick, then there are two sticks, and then there's a stick and Bob. Spooky. But not, y'know, funny in any way.

p73. I actually did this one way back just after "Fuck" on p. 42, but it fits in here pretty good as a succinct restatement of typical Republican debating tactics.

p74. More U.S.-slamming, though it helped that I actually did receive such a pen as a gift. Curiously, I pulled it out not long ago, and now all it can aheive is a faint discordant wheeze with a star-spangled rhythm. Ah, America.

p75. Another cartoon I'm pretty proud of. Bob makes a kind of twisted sense here, and he hits the note of hope I'm trying to feather throughout the book.

p76. Another Lord of the Rings-inspired strip, this time working out some residual sword-chopping needs. More than a couple of people have told me they're struck by Dr. Renticulus's line, "I'm against it."

p77. Based on a true story, of course, in which I'm stopped, I shoot my mouth off about how much I'm getting stopped, and then they find the filter of an ancient joint in my bag. God, I was an idiot. And I must say I'm thankful. On the one hand, the customs officers knew there wasn't enough there to justify an actual drug charge, but on the other, it was entirely within their power to humiliate me by digging around in my ass for drugs. And they didn't.

p79. This strip's got a lot of fans, me among them. I like to think of it as slightly Jimmy Corrigan-like, with the distant shot of the all-too-familiar final scene of people jogging down the hill to investigate an injury. It's not tobogganing if nobody gets hurt!

p80. Mostly, I look at this and dig Bob's little swoosh in panels 2-3. I like those little one-two shots to suggest action, and it's fun to carry the line of action from frame to frame. It's all part of the wacky cartooning magic of Bob the Angry Flower!

p81. Hoo boy. My girlfriend and I had broken up not long after "Apath" on p. 64, and now the inevitable "Uh-oh... I really screwed up" reaction was kicking in with force. On some retarded level I'd actually been counting on the ol' "if you love someone" thing to kick in when we broke up, figuring if she was really mine she'd come back. But, uh, she didn't. Whoops.

p82. War was only a couple of weeks away by this point, and things were feeling pretty shooty. Why not get on board, blow a few bad monsters away? Sure, they're people too, but so what?

p83. This came from a damn eerie confluence of events. First there'd been a fire across town right next to a friend's place. Then a few days later, fire and destruction raged across the street from me as one of Whyte Ave's central buildings went up in a roaring inferno. All this as the bombs were already dripping
out onto Iraq, just days away from becoming “Shock
and Awe”. I distinctly felt like I was next.

p84. Lord of the Rings again, this time Return of the
King fever. I toyed with the idea of expanding this
strip into the full-length story at the end of this book,
with future Bob going crazy in the present while now-
Bob struggles through a nightmare future, but the
idea never quite caught. Maybe I somehow knew I'd
be creating LoveBot in a month...

p86. I always felt a little annoyed at those truth-
revealing mirrors and serums in movies like The
Neverending Story and Swamp Thing. Who are they to
tell somebody he's a pig?

p87. Contrary to popular belief, this cartoon didn’t
come from a true-to-life foot-stabbing. No, in this
case I saw a sharp bit of metal on the floor and threw
it away, vividly imagining how much it would hurt if I
stepped on it later. Hence the strip.

p88. Another ex-girlfriend cartoon, or at least my
clumsy attempt at her eyes and smile. This is to
promote the fantasy that while I'd managed to leap up
and hang off of this beautiful bird for a time, I had to
learn to let go and (ha ha) hit the ground running.
Like that was gonna happen.

p89. And then, LoveBot. He came to me in a dream,
or almost a dream. I'd watched Star Wars the day
before, and all my root-level self-identification with
R2-D2 emerged and combined with my feelings and
frustrations of love. I don't remember if there was an
actual dream, but I do know I woke up with an image
in my head, an image I hopped out of bed to sketch, a
sad little LoveBot with tiny arms and the caption
“Lovebot tries again!”

p90. I had lots of LoveBot ideas, starting with empha-
sizing his most robotic qualities. This melded with the
fact that I was writing for one of Jason's computer
games in which the dialogue had to be written in a
programming language that could crash or stop or
conclude at any time. My ex, Jeneil, also makes a guest
appearance as a human behind LoveBot.

p91. More LoveBot follies, with a segue back to Bob-
centred stuff in the second half. This is also the
introduction of LoveBot's pal Buddy, who acts as the
conduit for all my most darkly girl-hating sentiments.

p92. This came from an unbelievable commercial in
which a big pill actually rolls in and crushes a bunch
of evil germs... and leaves one of them to crawl away!
Like, do these guys know anything about how
diseases build up resistance to drugs? At the same
time I'd just gotten into Tarzan creator Edgar Rice
Burroughs's John Carter of Mars stories, so I wanted a
touch of Mars-like revolutionary adventure, with Bob
zipping into the situation John-Carter style, helping
the underdogs before zooming off to further adven-
tures abroad.

p93. This is kind of a return to old-style Bob story-
telling, with crazy plot twists and Bob showing up in
odd places. Plus, with Niger uranium lies bubbling to
the surface, it was hard not to do a strip about old problems crawling back to make trouble anew.

p95. This stems from a conversation with Jeneil in which she mentioned how I'd "obliterated" what we had together. In the wake of that decision it certainly felt like I'd unraveled all the causal relationships in the universe. I didn't know how to end this strip—would Bob do it? would it work?—and then to my great surprise Stumpy took over and hit the brakes. Thanks, man!

p98. This, of course, is true story. The trick is that the current is pulsed, so you can tap the wire without feeling anything, but if you hold your hands on it—BLAMMO!—you're flying back before you even know what's happened. Wild.

p99. Sigh. Tired of hearing about my ex-girlfriend? This came after an enormous argument with her that left onlookers shaking their heads at how stupid I was. There she is in line in the third panel, just to the left of L'Apostrophe.

p100. After a week of self-loathing, I figured it was time for some simple action fun. I like the punchline quite a bit for this one.

p102. Ur-Quans are probably my favorite alien empire, so it was a blast to bring them back to be the thin metaphorical veil for my comment about how twisted and insane and immune to history people's justifications for invading Iraq were becoming once it became clear what a screw-up it was.

p103. A nice little reference for fans of the long-ago "Fear Soup" cartoon. That's where it comes from!

p104. A little run of "feeling" cartoons starts with this strip. After this strip ran a fan e-mailed me the lyrics to a Tom Waits song, "The Eyeball Kid". It's pretty much the complete story of this eye guy.

p105. Still snarling about the uselessness of feelings here, plus I saw an inflatable chair.

p107. When I was in San Diego I had an extremely ego-deflating conversation with a publisher who, without sweetening his message with any hint that he either liked my work or cared for me as a person, laid out just what a mess of a small publisher I was. Bitter, bitter medicine, though right on most points. That doesn't mean I can't complain about how unfair it all is, though.

p108. Frankly, I think this strip is hilarious. It's like, why do we waste time trying to assign blame? Oh, right—because it helps us figure out who shouldn't be in charge!

p109. I just did this strip yesterday, the last strip of the UBOPE—up until then it had been listed in my book layout as "mystery cartoon". And I think I lucked out; this strip is a great launching point for the future, don'tcha think?

p117. Ah, LoveBot Conquers All, the first full-length story I've done since high school if you don't count a 24-hour comic I did in university, which you shouldn't. I'd been freaking out for months trying to figure out what I was gonna do for a full-length story at the end of this book. I had things I wanted the story to be—"action-filled", "meaningful", "robots", "fit with the title of the book"—but I was fumbling with ideas, not liking any of them. No matter how hard I tried, nothing came. And then something came, and it was everything I wanted. Thank you, LoveBot!
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"I am the envy of my friends and acquaintances, and the recipient of unseemly but extravagantly lucrative offers from tabloid journalists, publishing executives, website rumormongers and NBA cheerleaders."

From the foreword by Tom the Dancing Bug creator
RUBEN BOLLING