



the 12



labours



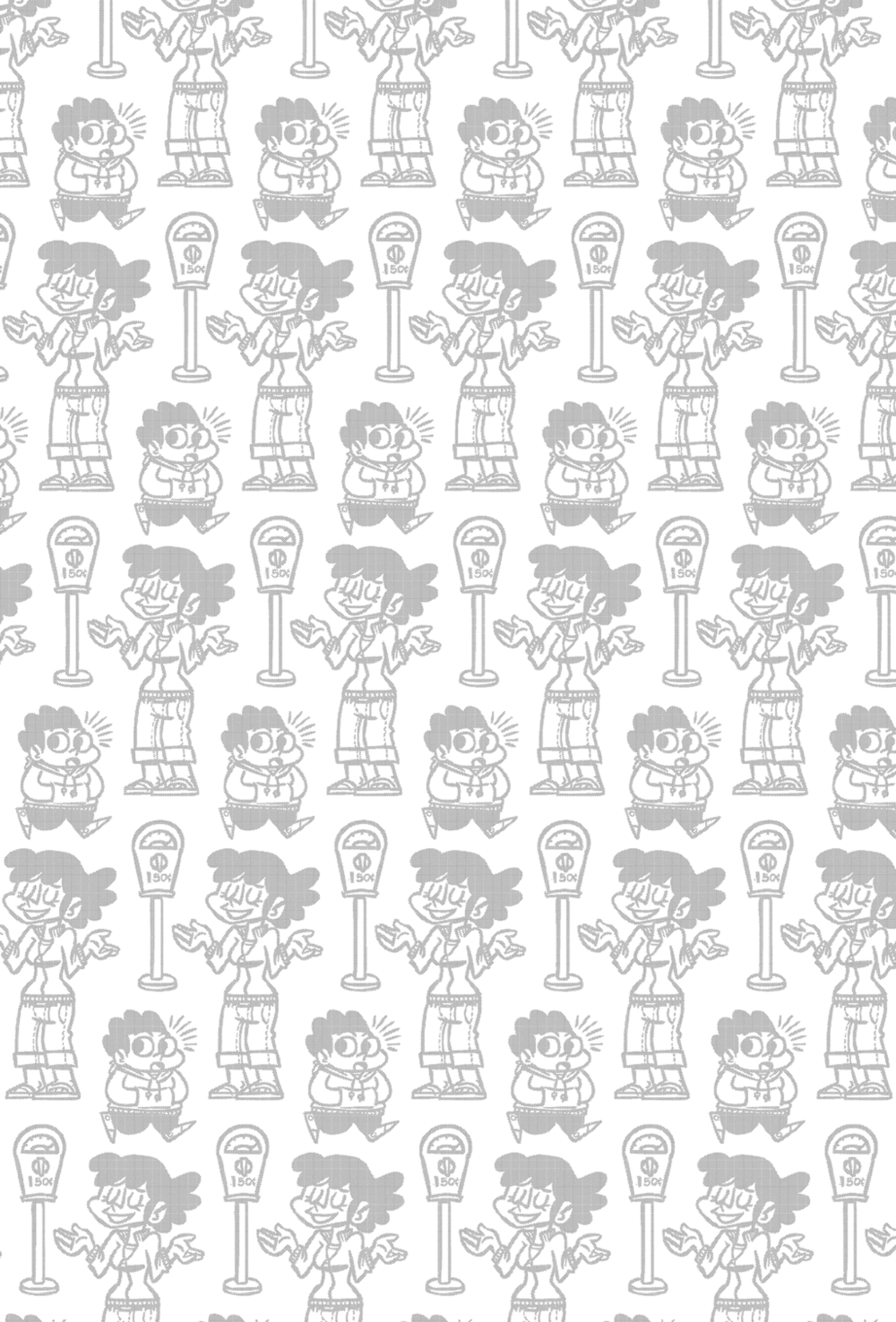
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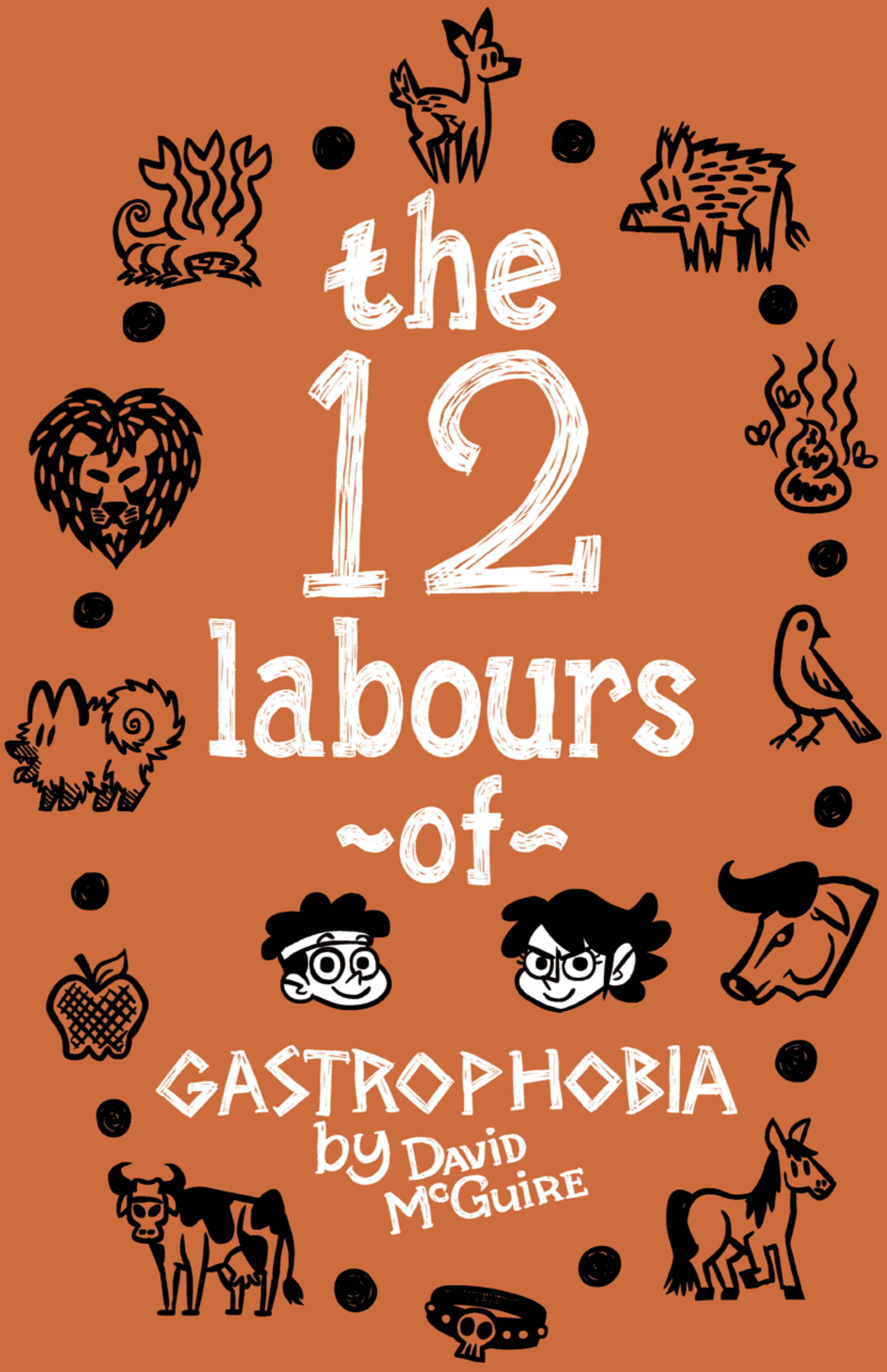


GASTROPHOBIA

by DAVID
McGUIRE







the
12
labours
~of~

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THANKS TO MY FAMILY, MY WEBCOMICS
WEEKEND PALS, MY FORMER SYA
INSTRUCTORS & CLASSMATES, ALL OF
MY READERS, AND, OF COURSE,
BLAMBOT DOT COM.



Written and drawn by David McGuire

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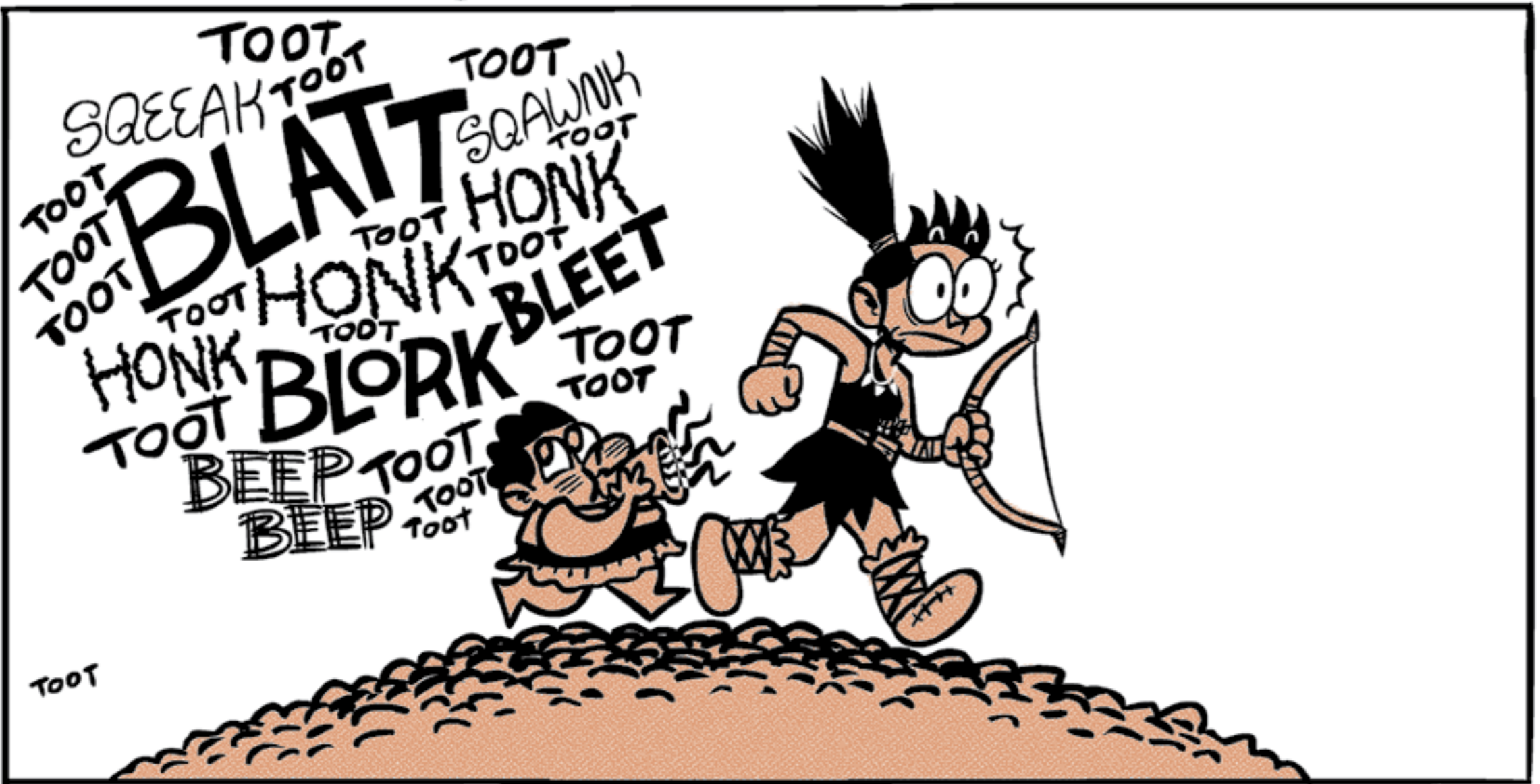
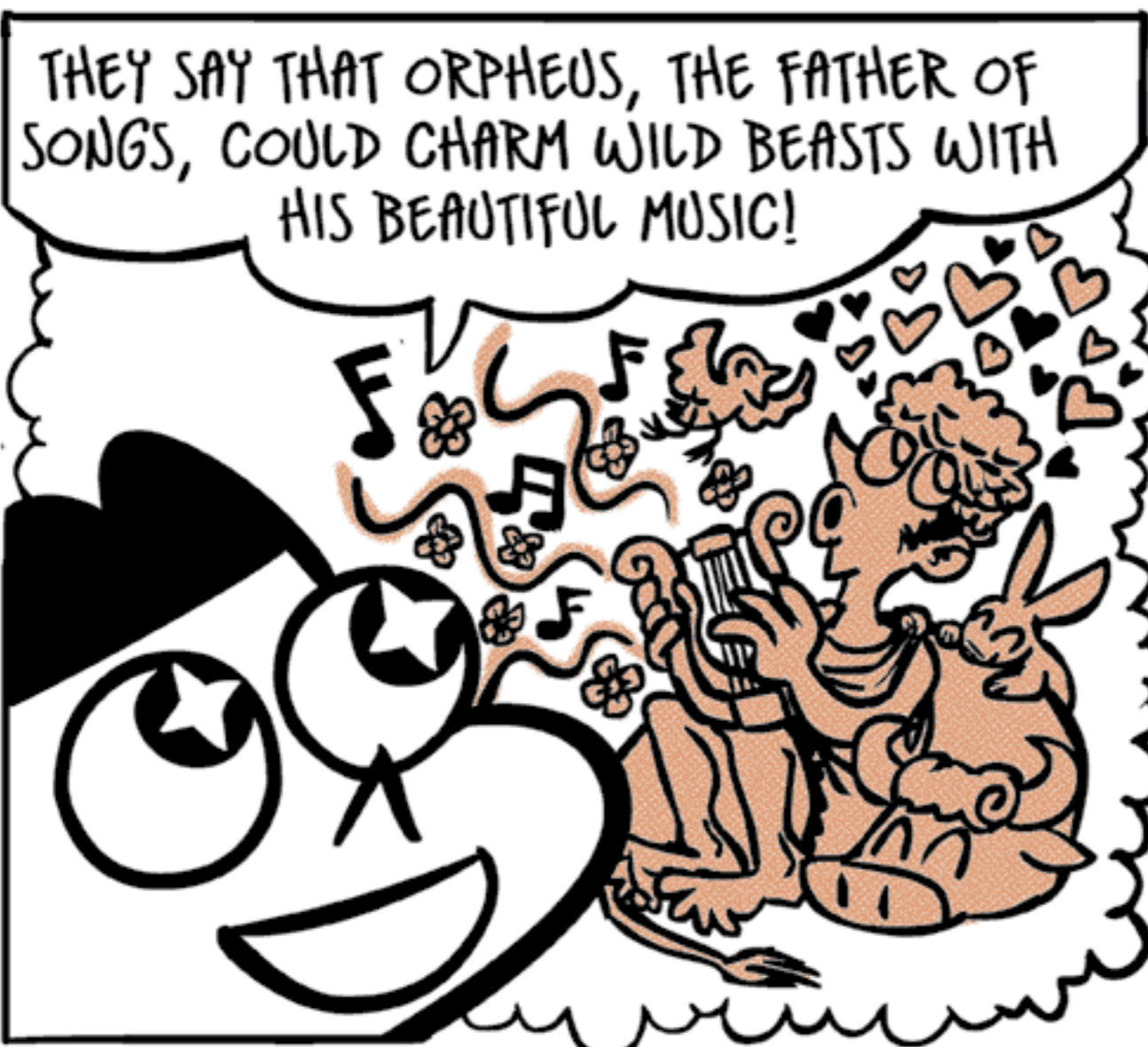
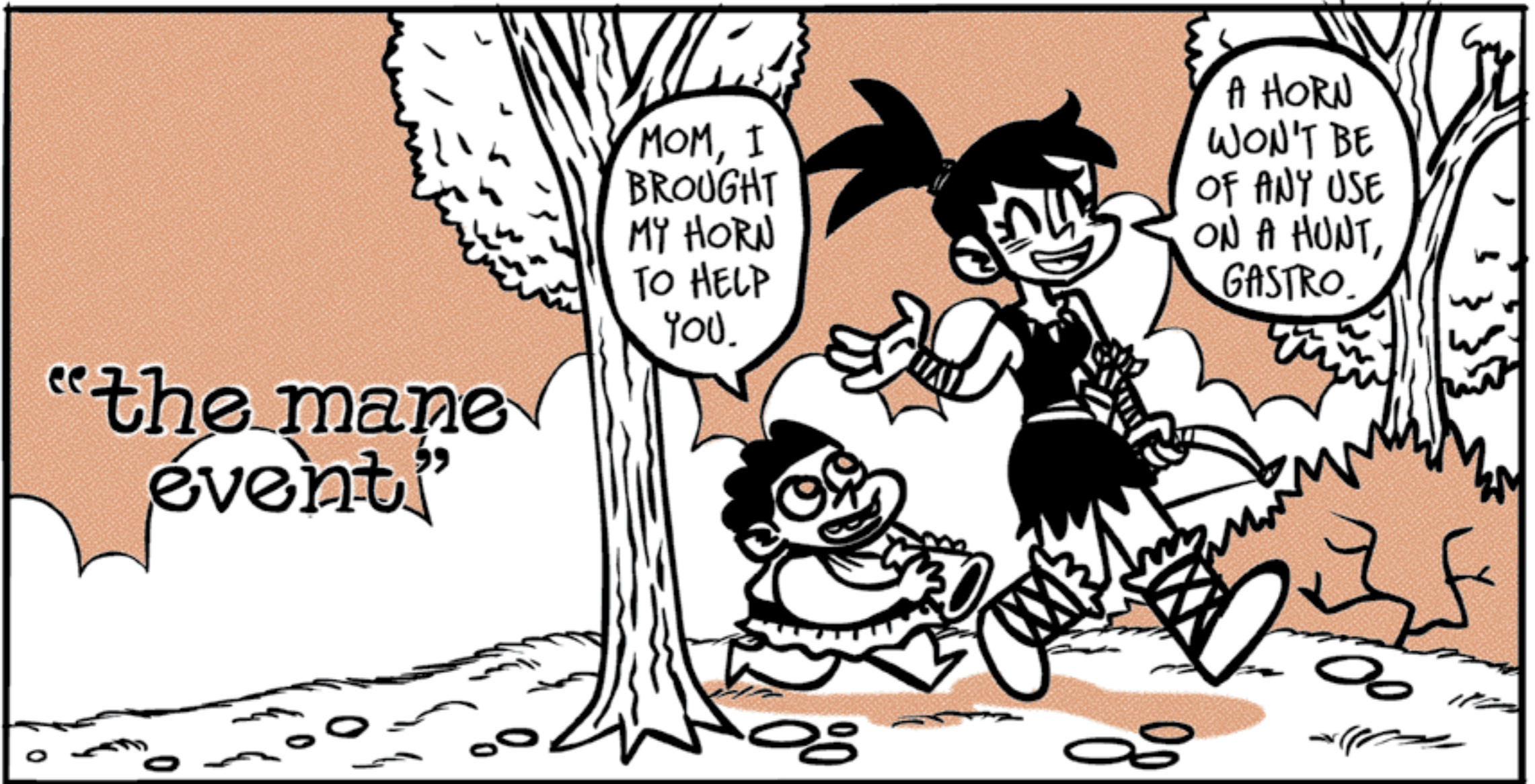
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THE DOTTED LION

Native to Greece (Ancient), this low-level grass-type monster is twice the size of a regular lion.

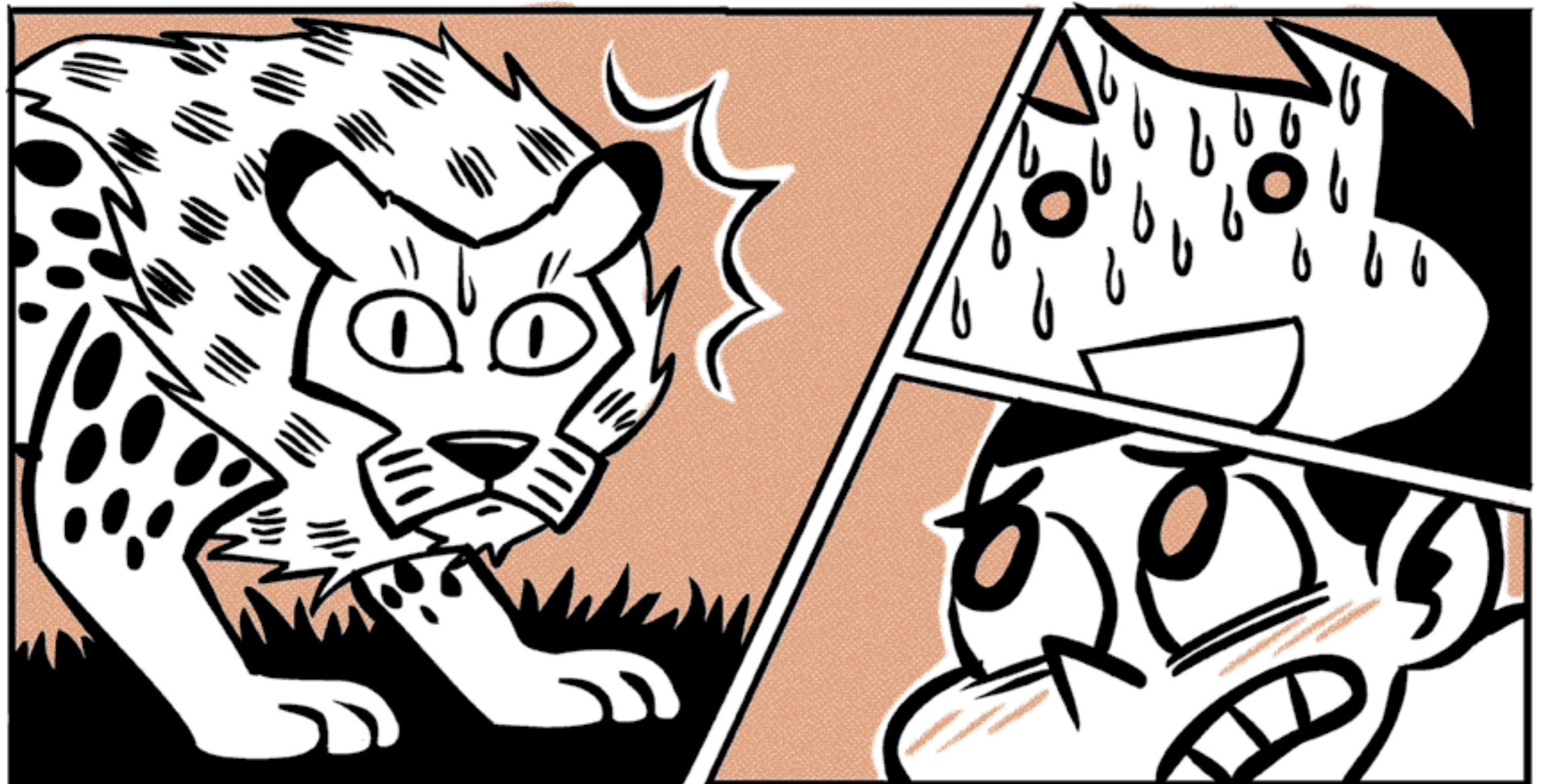
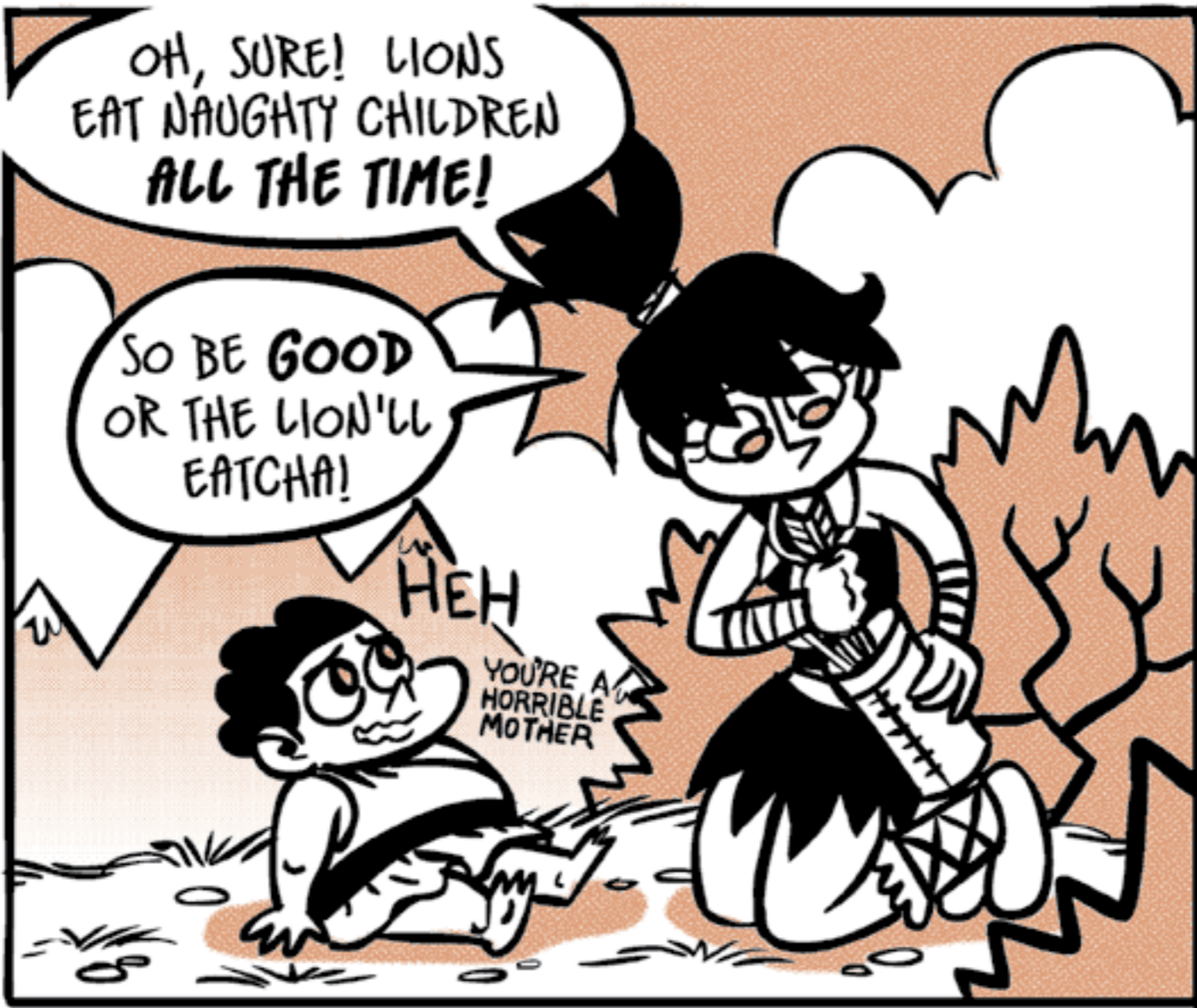
Diet: Naughty children.

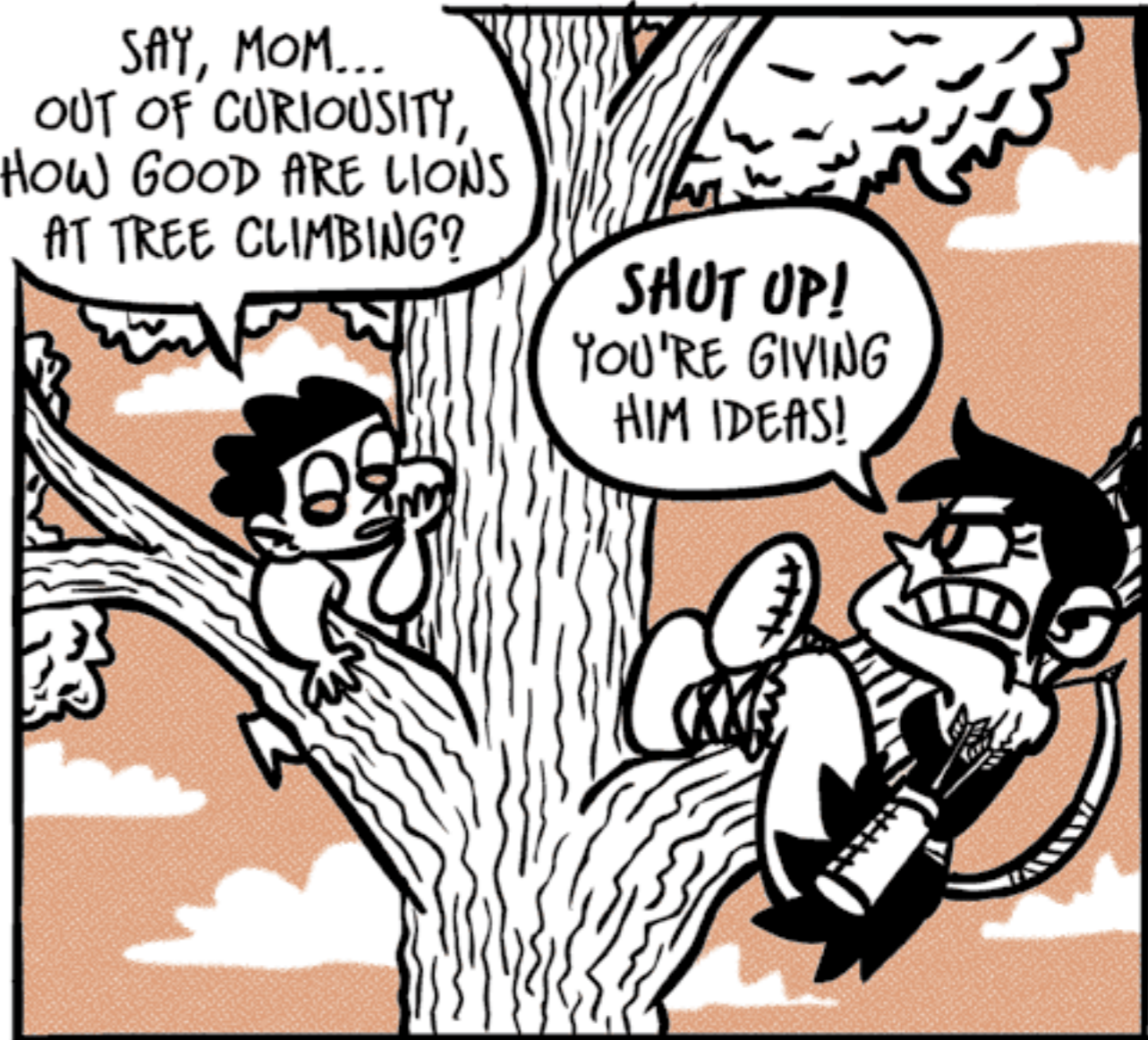
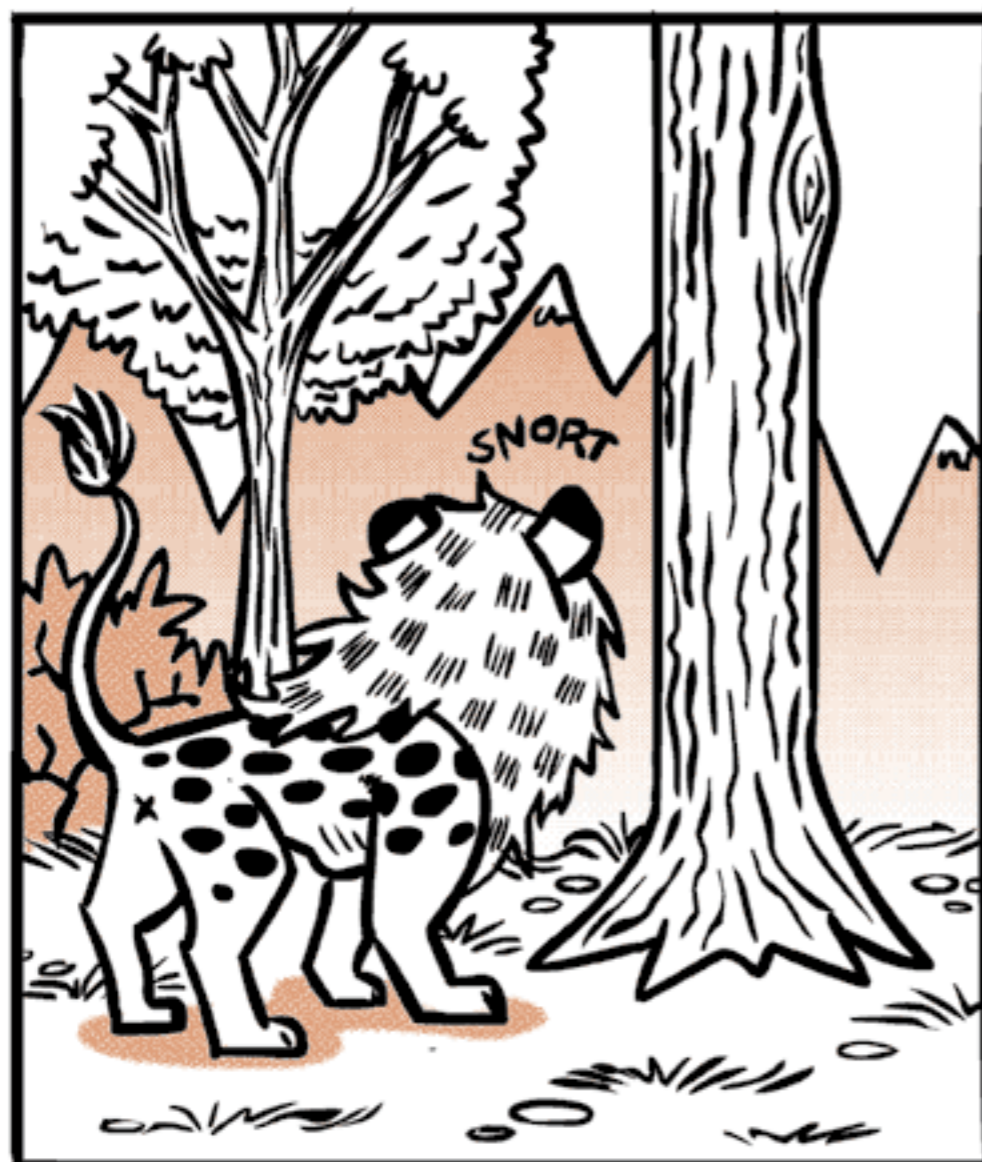
Magical abilities: Child detection.

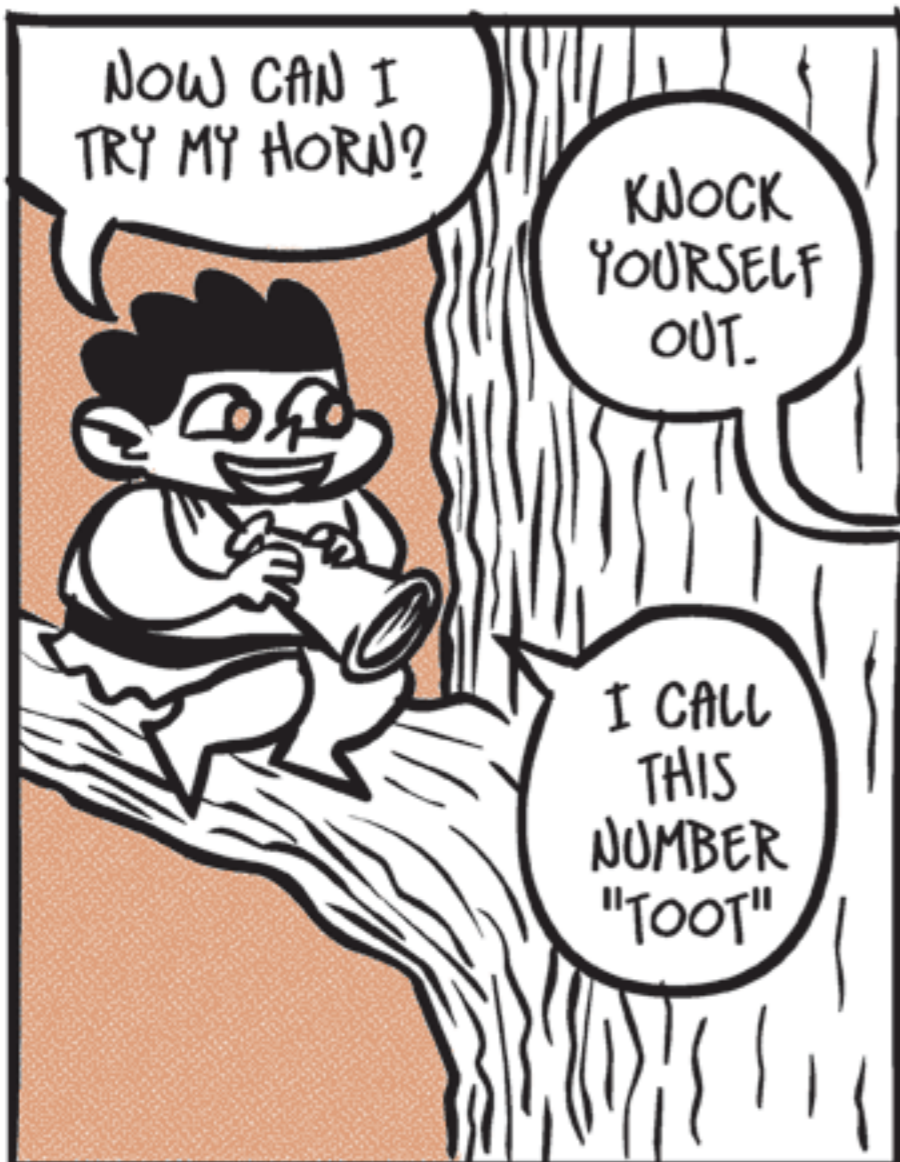
Known Attacks:
Bite, Roar, Slash, Tail-whip.

Cut out this panel and keep in your wallet.











OOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT
T TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT



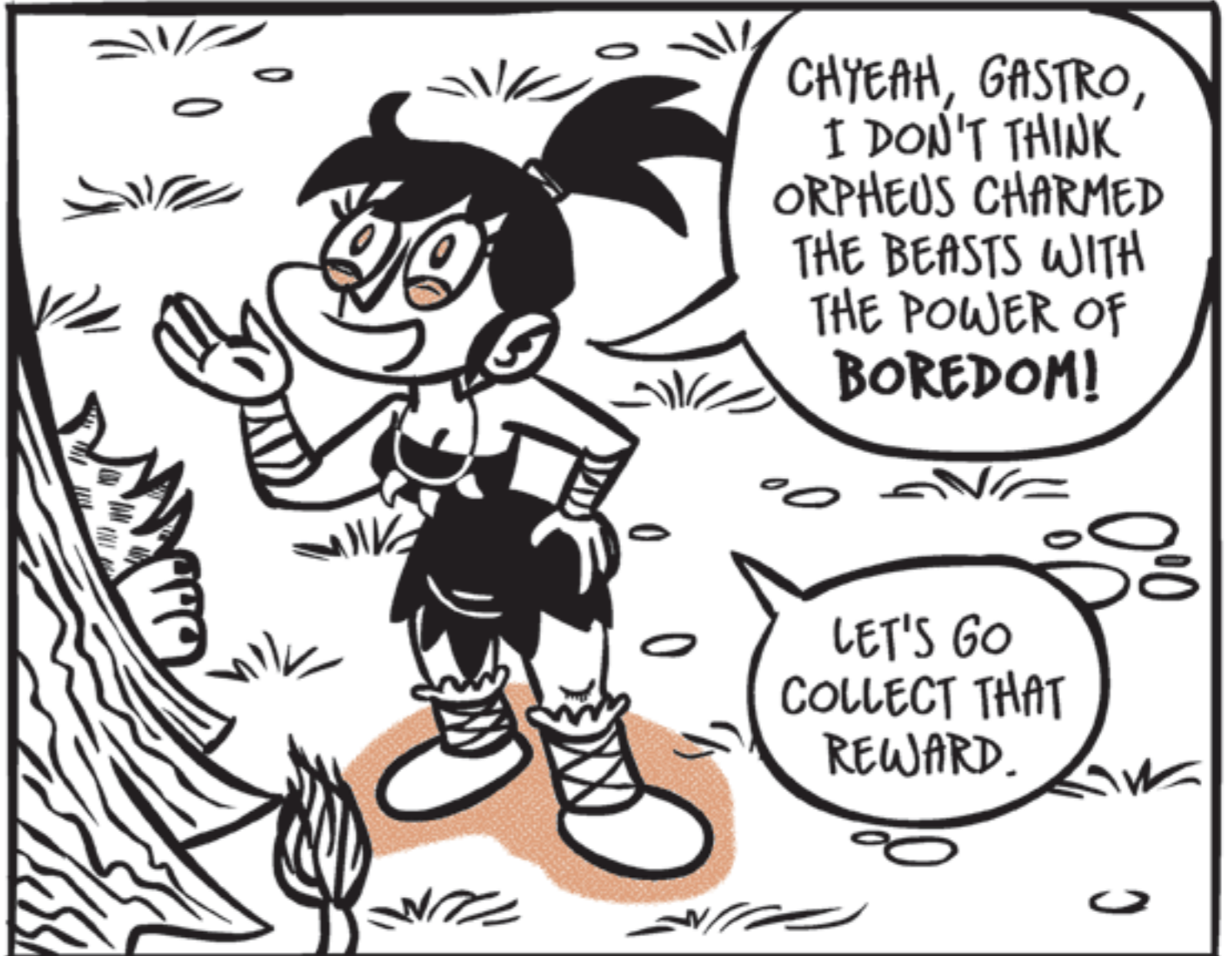
OT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT
TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT TOOT



SEE?

WHAT'D I TELL YA?

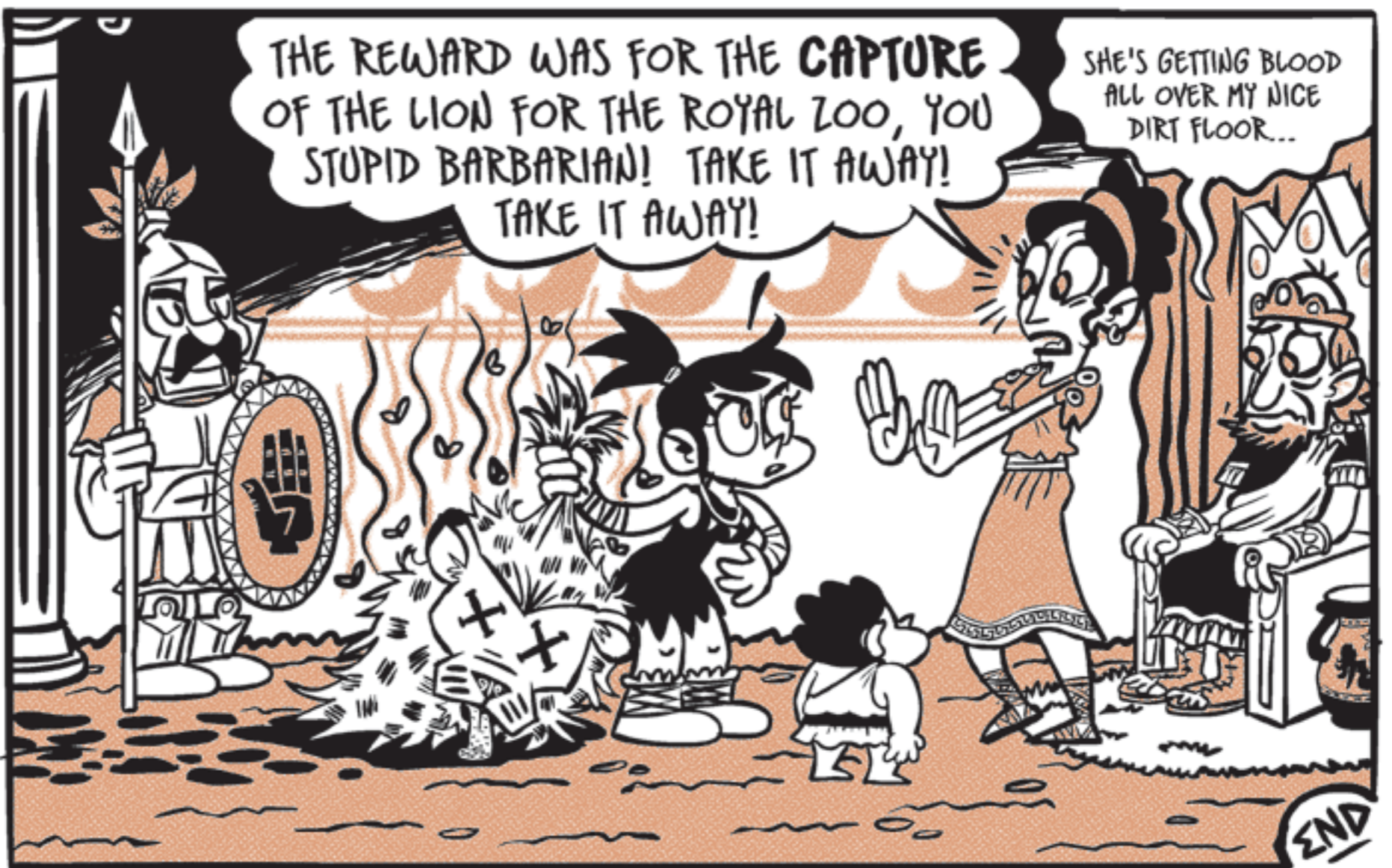
I GOT THE MUSIC IN ME.



CHYEAH, GASTRO, I DON'T THINK ORPHEUS CHARMED THE BEASTS WITH THE POWER OF BOREDOM!

LET'S GO COLLECT THAT REWARD.

AND
SO!

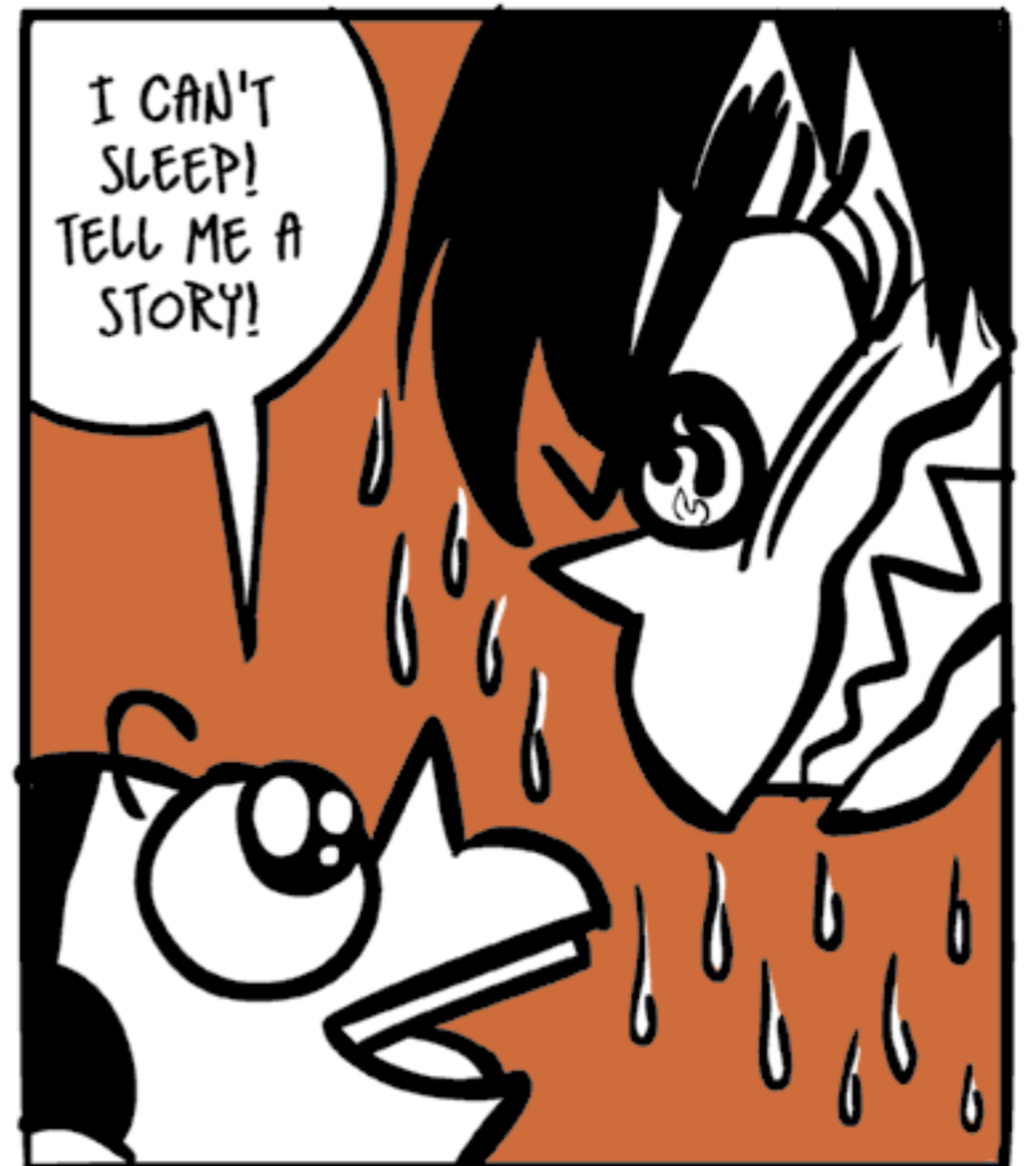


THE REWARD WAS FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE LION FOR THE ROYAL ZOO, YOU STUPID BARBARIAN! TAKE IT AWAY! TAKE IT AWAY!

SHE'S GETTING BLOOD ALL OVER MY NICE DIRT FLOOR...

END

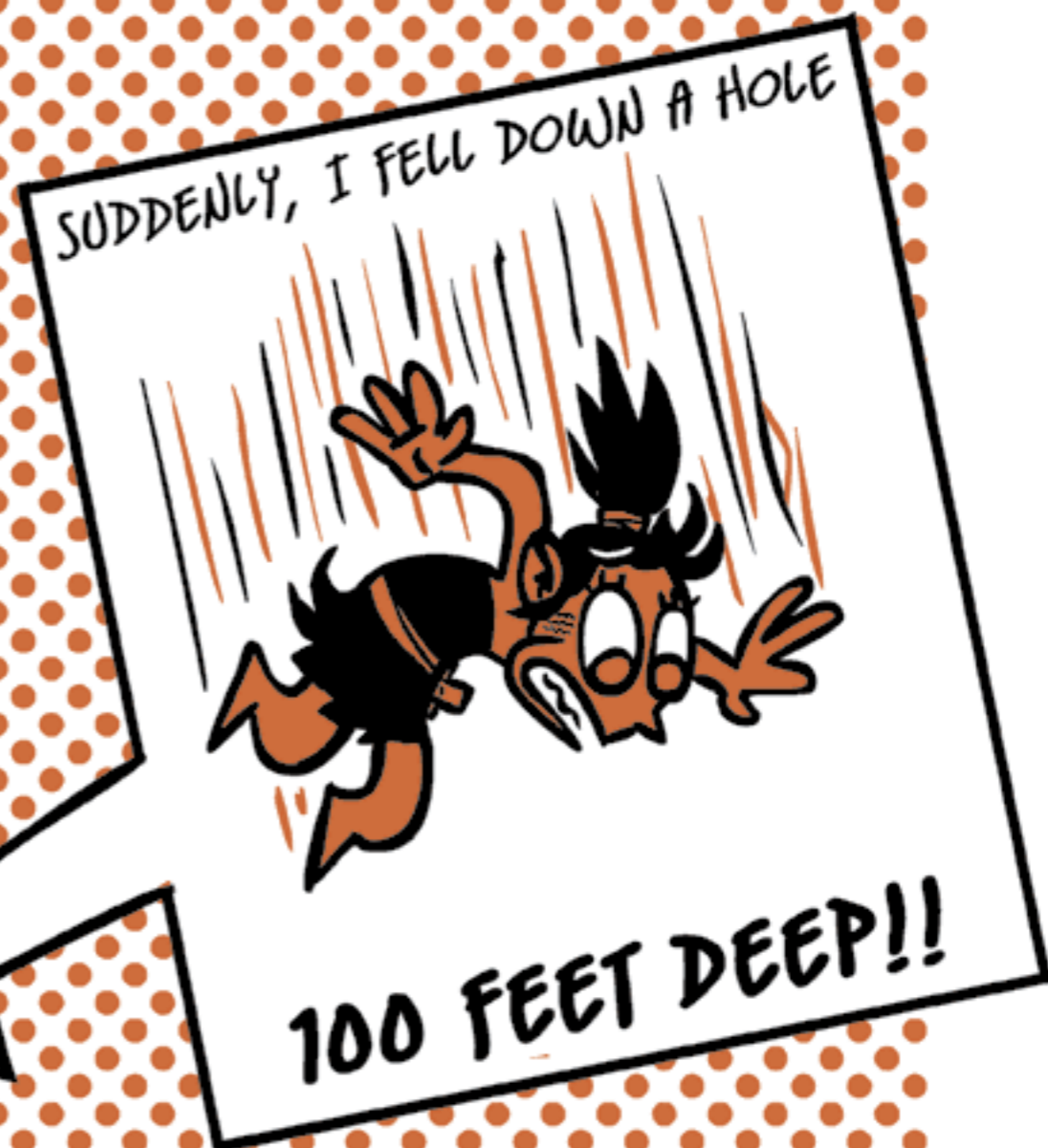
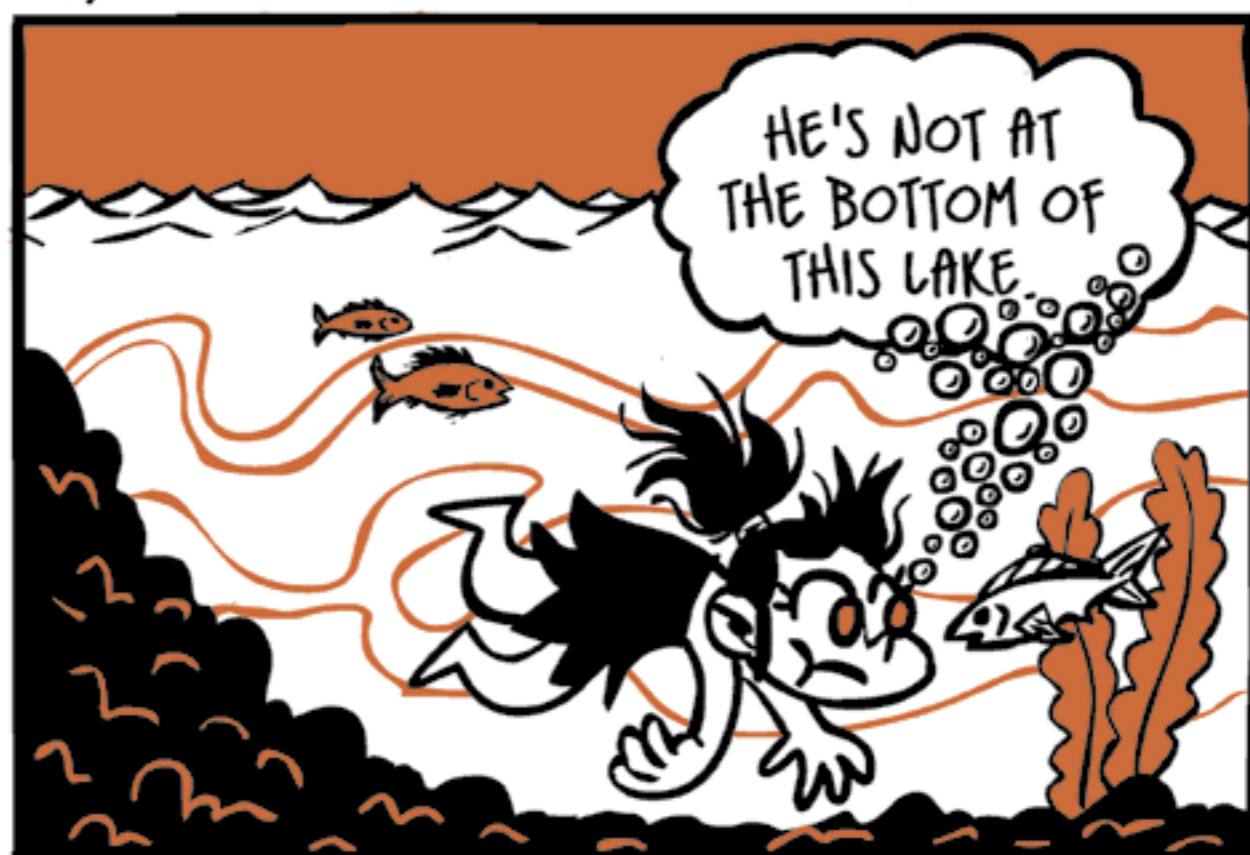


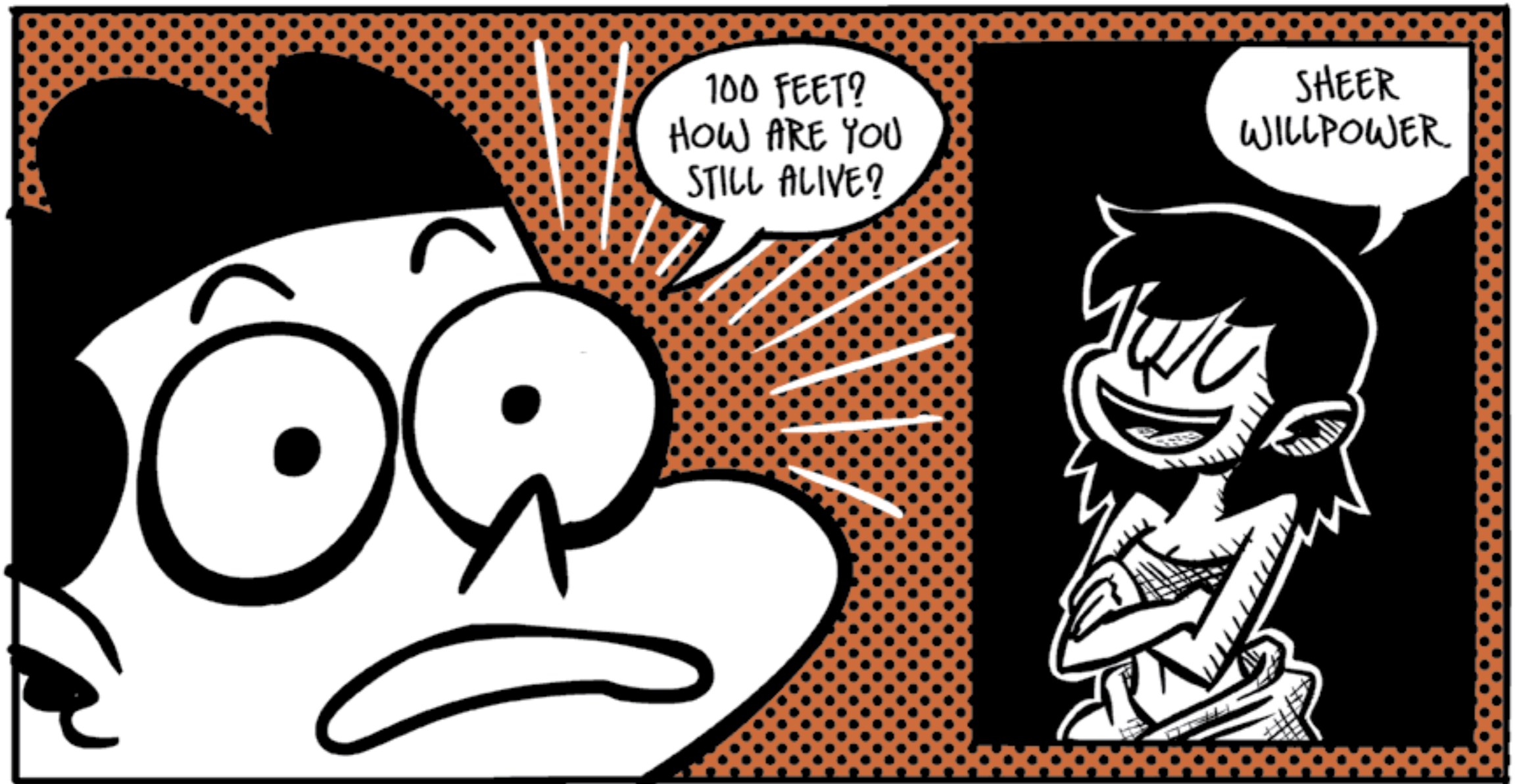


WHACK
WHACK
WHACK



I LOOKED EVERYWHERE I COULD THINK OF, BUT HE WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.





100 FEET?
HOW ARE YOU
STILL ALIVE?

SHEER
WILLPOWER



YOU'RE SO
COOL!

TRUE.

BUT EVEN MY
COOLNESS
DIDN'T PREPARE
ME FOR...

THE HYDRA.

OLDER THAN THE GODS, BORN FROM CHAOS HERSELF EONS AGO, THIS MONSTROSITY THAT TIME FORGOT'S DWELLING IS DECORATED WITH THE SKULLS OF HUMAN CHILDREN FOOLISH ENOUGH TO PLUMMET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE **ENTERNALLY** BOTTOMLESS PIT. FROM THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE DANK DARKNESS, THE SERPENTINE **BEAST** STRUGGLES TO UTTER, "PITY ME, FOR ONCE I WAS A HUMAN JUST AS YOU ARE," BUT THIS PLEA IS LOST ON YOUNG **PHOBIA** AND LITTLE **ALCIDES**, WHO HEAR NAUGHT BUT A SICKLY GURGLE.

GAHROO!

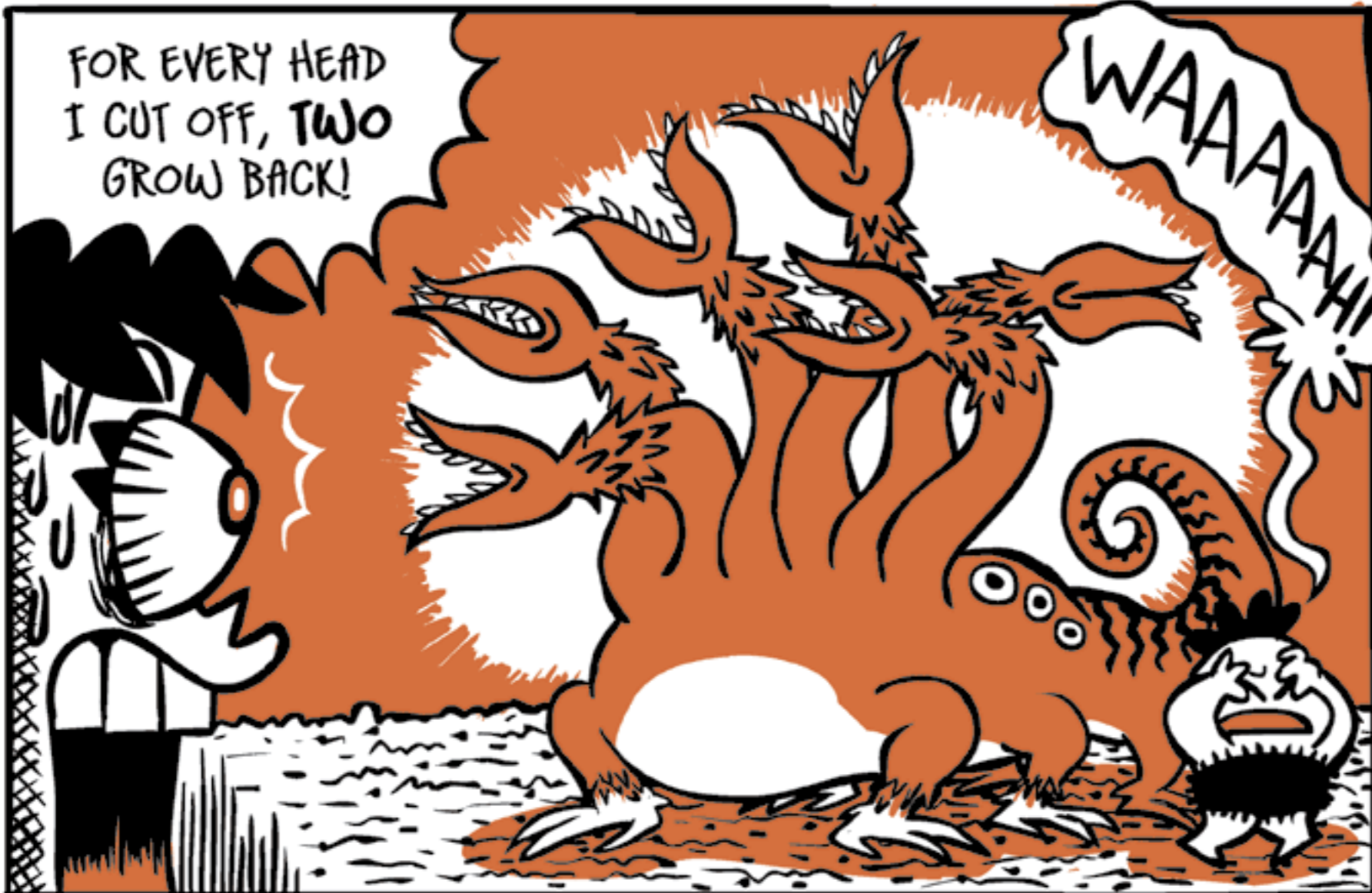




I EXPERTLY CUT OFF ALL THREE OF THE HYDRA'S HEADS IN A SINGLE FATAL BLOW



ZEUS'S BLEEDING HEADWOUND!



FOR EVERY HEAD I CUT OFF, TWO GROW BACK!

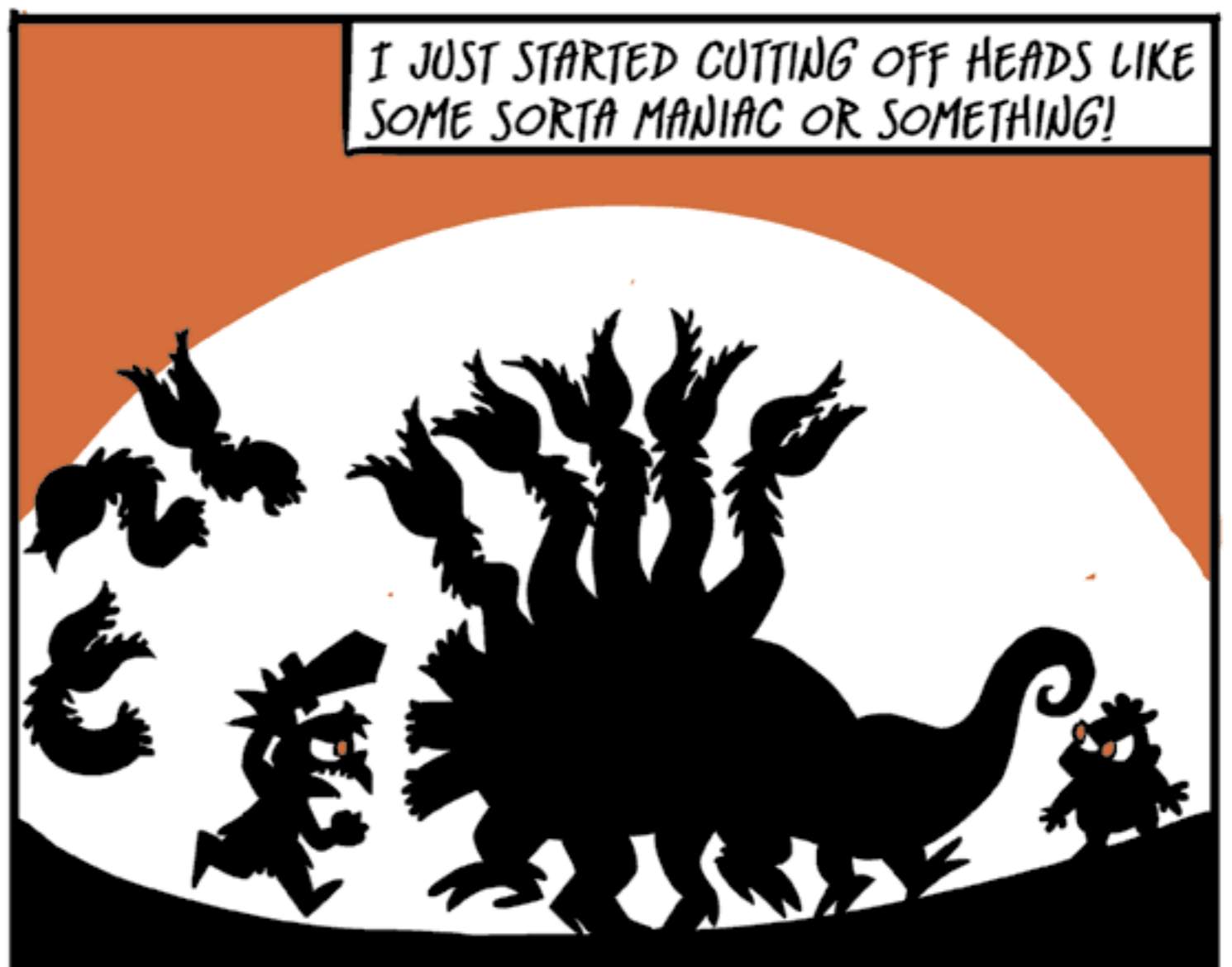
WAAAAAH!



OH, I GET IT. YOU ATTACKED SOMETHING OTHER THAN THE HEAD TO DEFEAT THE HYDRA.



WRONG!



I JUST STARTED CUTTING OFF HEADS LIKE SOME SORTA MANIAC OR SOMETHING!

FOR HOURS, I HACKED
OFF HEAD AFTER HEAD,
UNTIL INEVITABLY...



CLIMB THE HEADS,
MY BROTHER! CLIMB THE
HEADS TO FREEDOM!



BUT AT THAT POINT, THE HYDRA
HAD OVER A THOUSAND HEADS.



TOO MANY, I FEAR,
FOR A LITTLE GIRL
TO DEFEAT.



THEY SAY ON SOME
NIGHTS JUST LIKE
THIS YOU CAN STILL
HEAR MY VOICE.

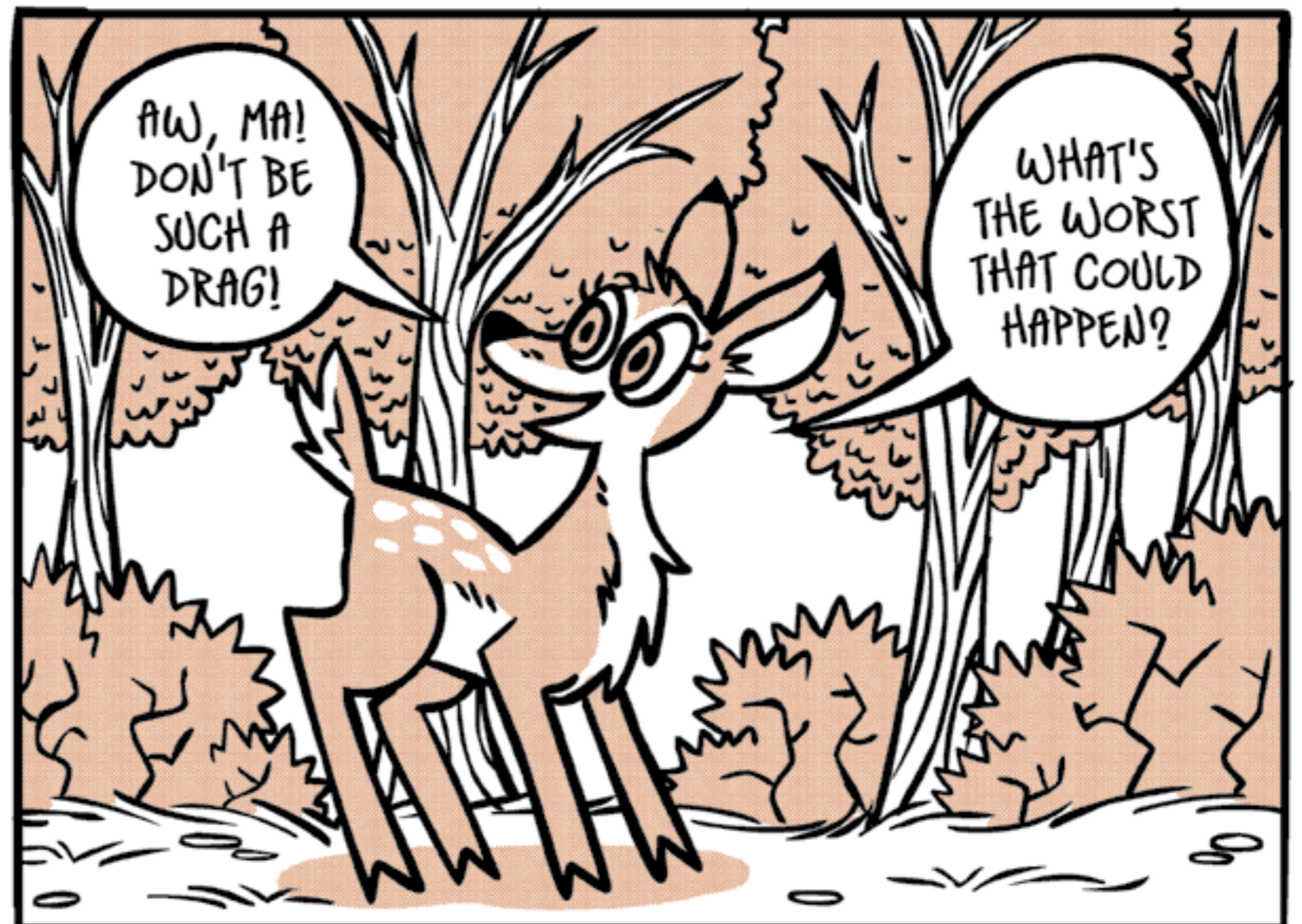
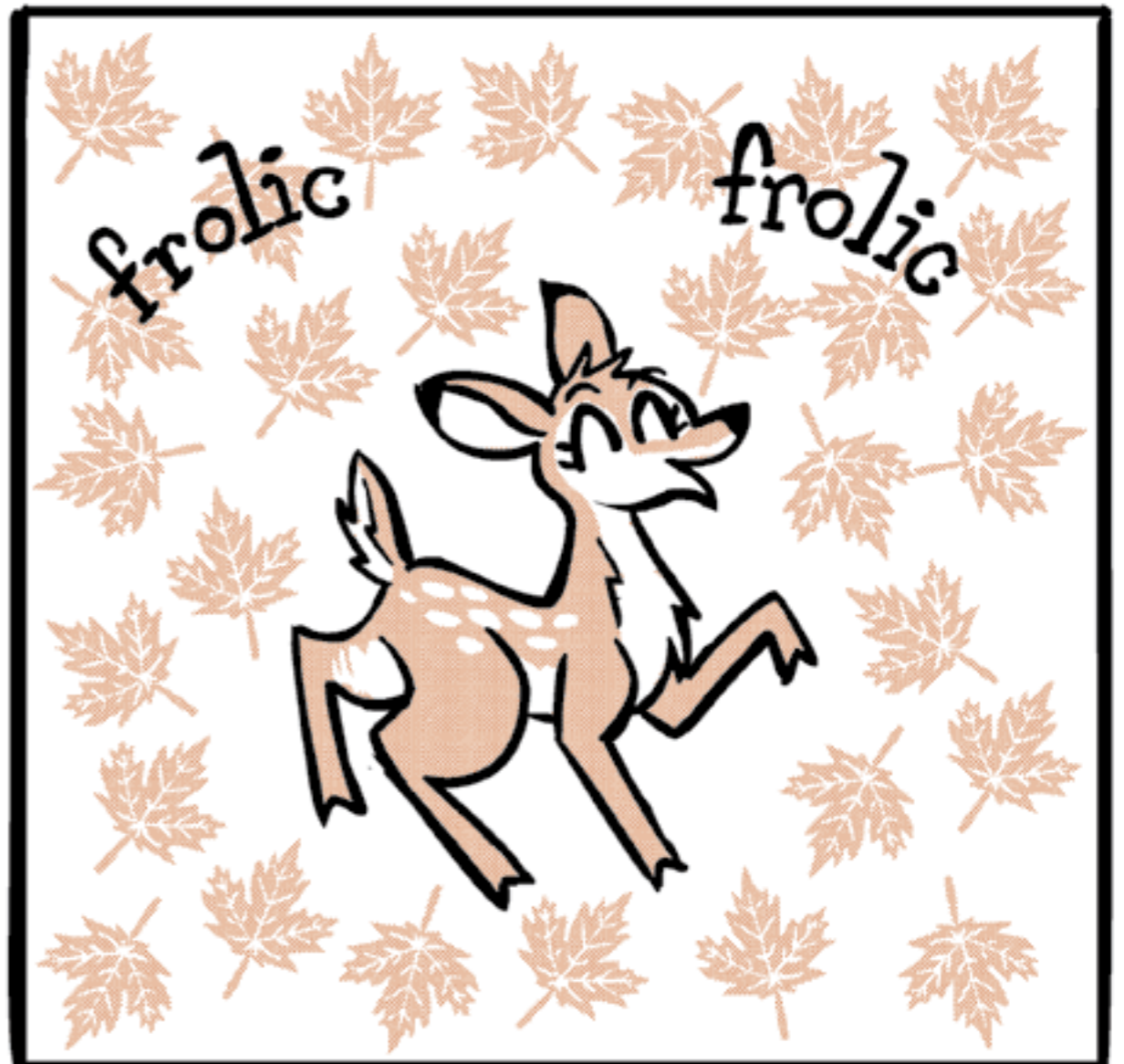


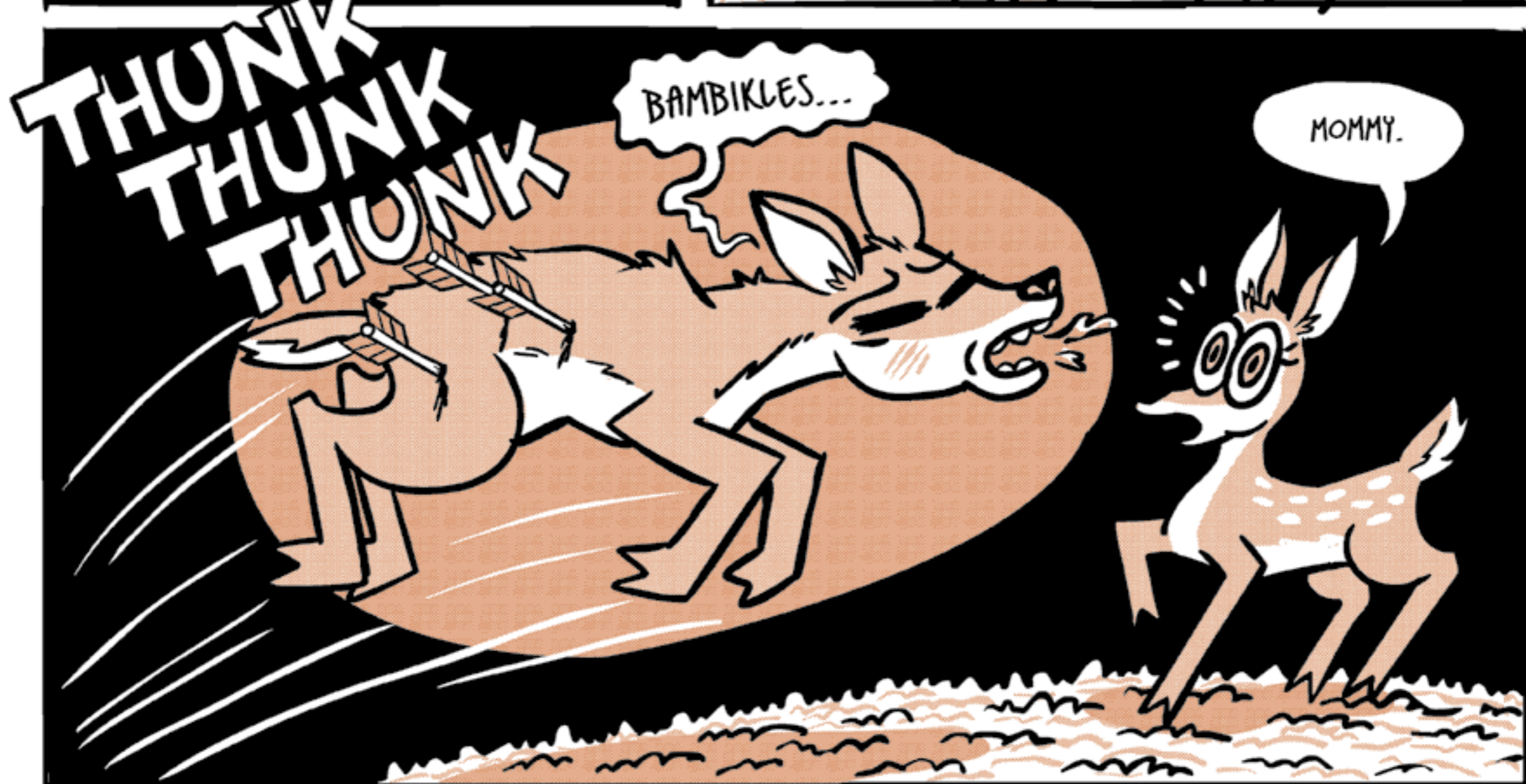
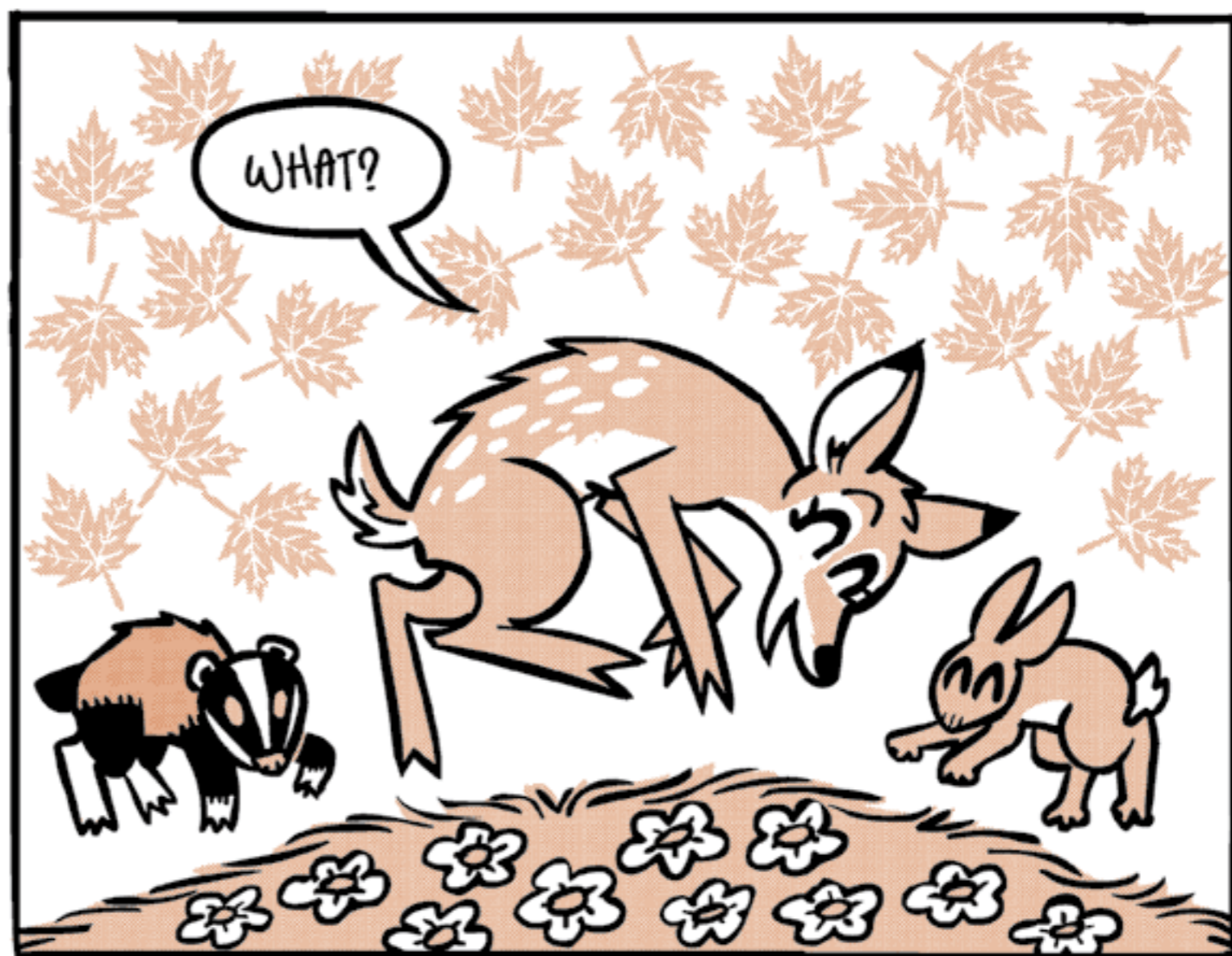
THAT'S THE
STUPIDEST...

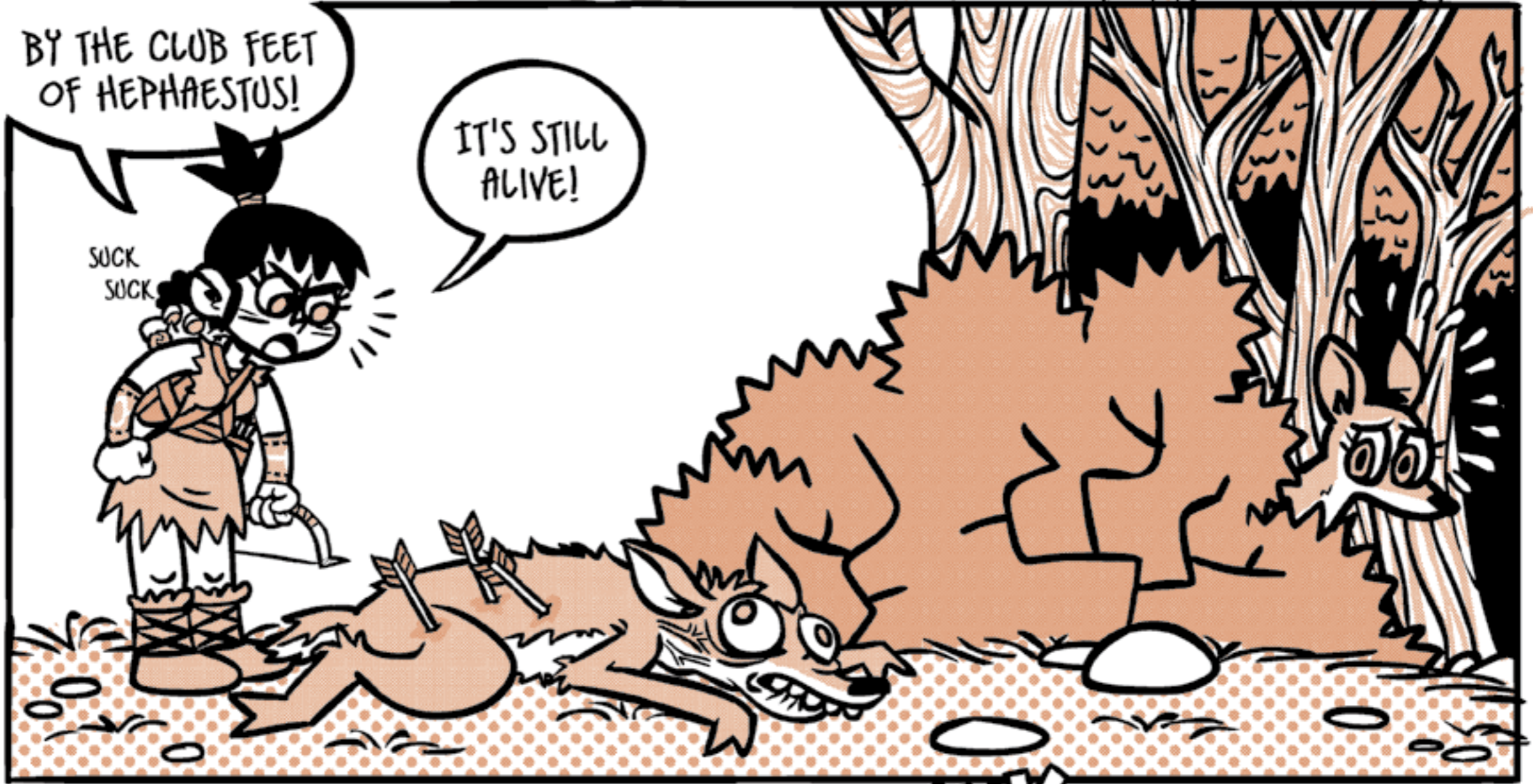


BOOO!









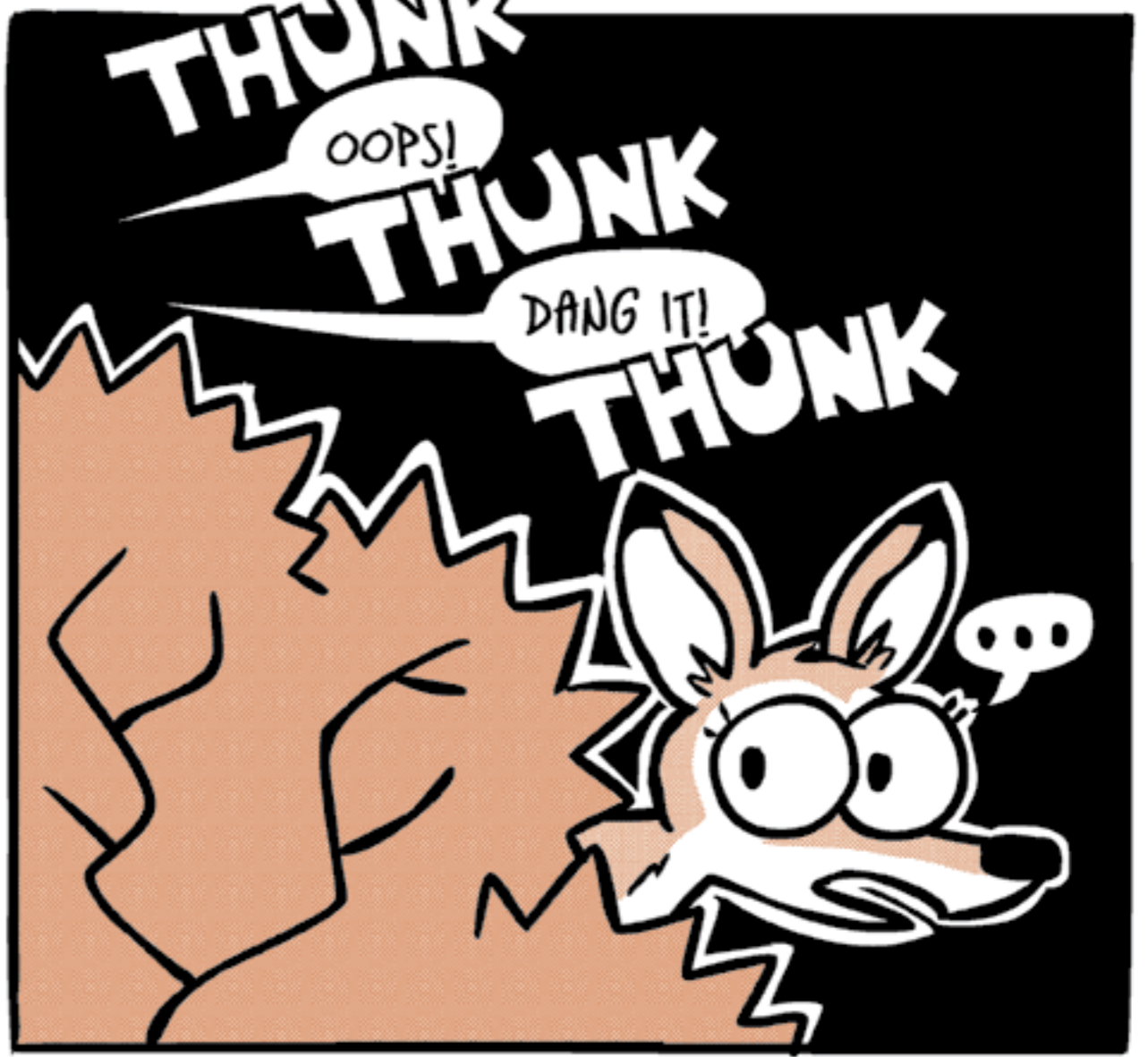
BY THE CLUB FEET OF HEPHAESTUS!

IT'S STILL ALIVE!

SUCK
SUCK



A POINT BLANK
RANGE SHOT
SHOULD DO IT!



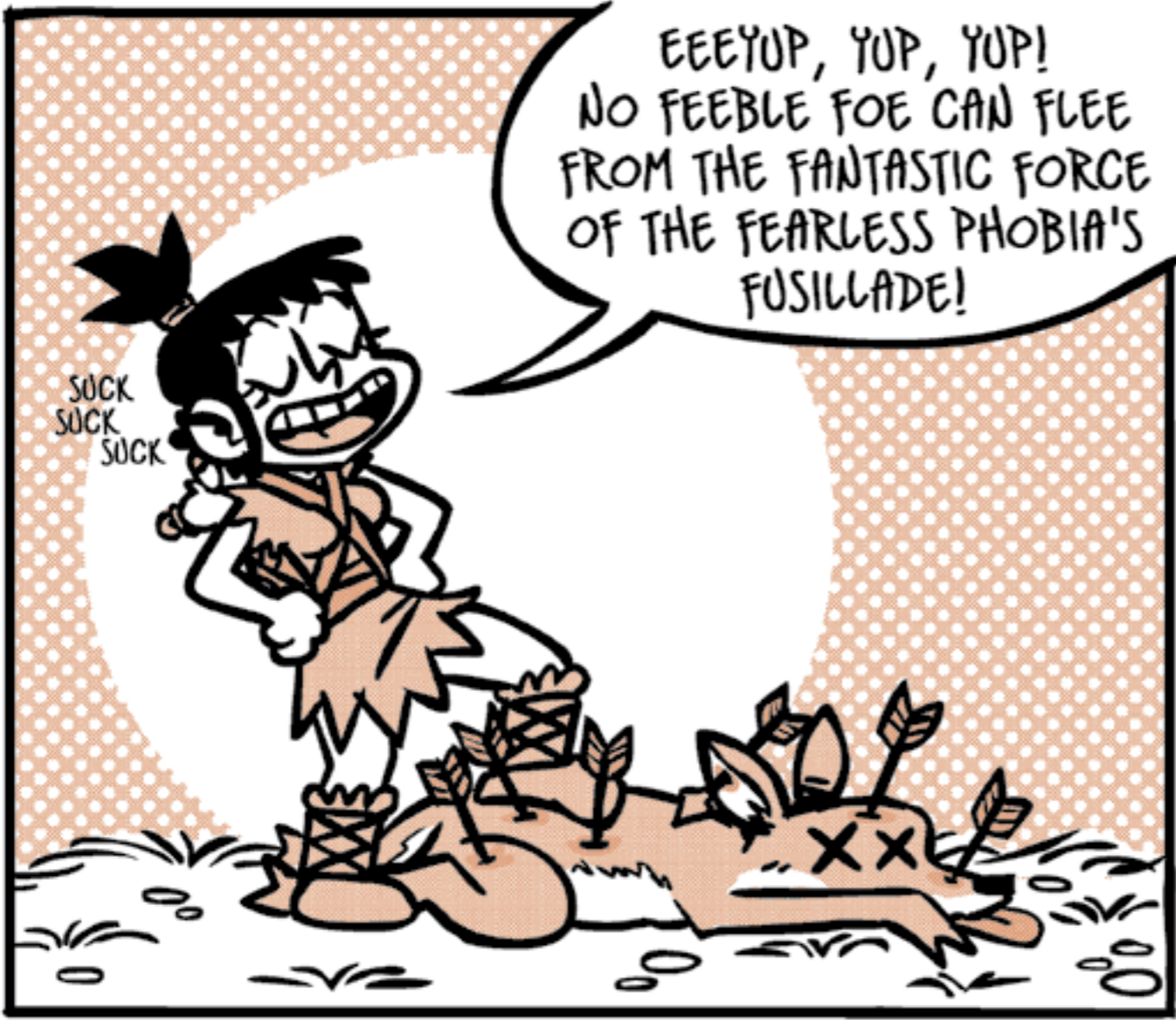
THUNK

OOPS!

THUNK

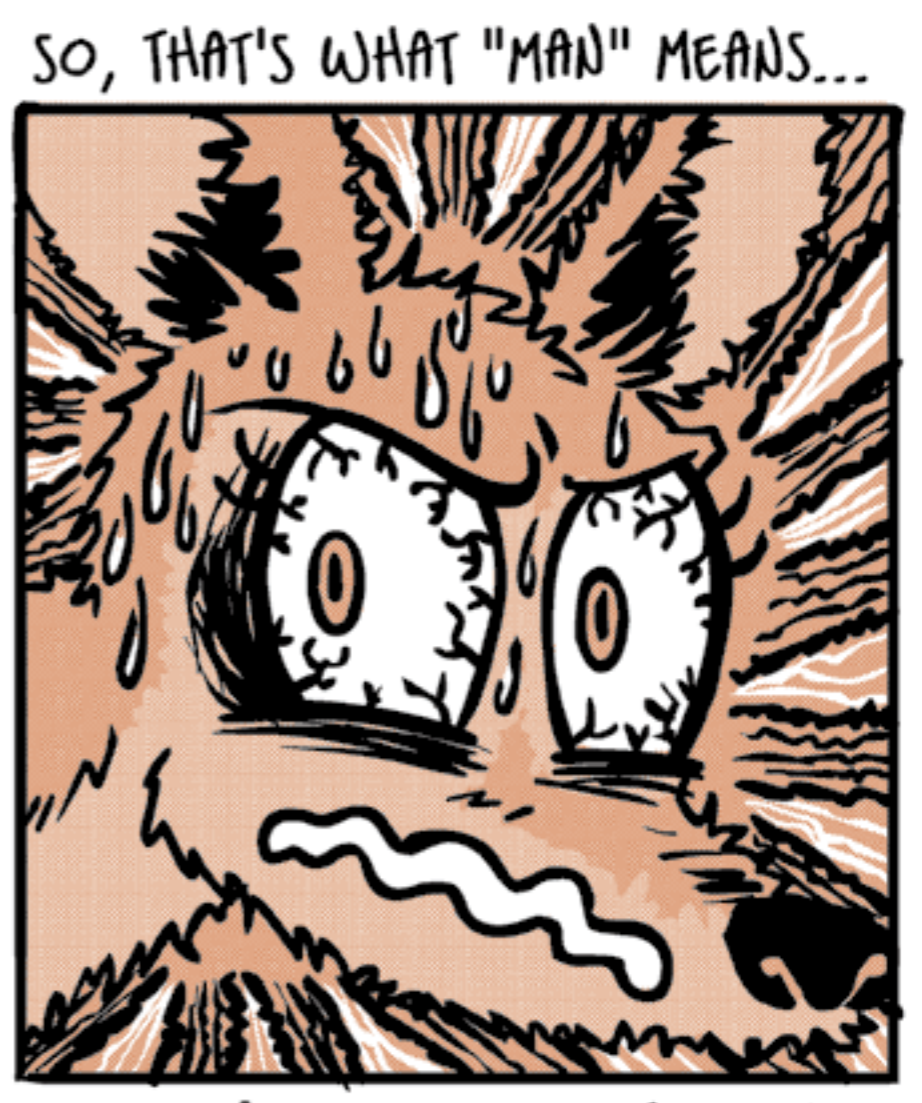
DANG IT!

THUNK



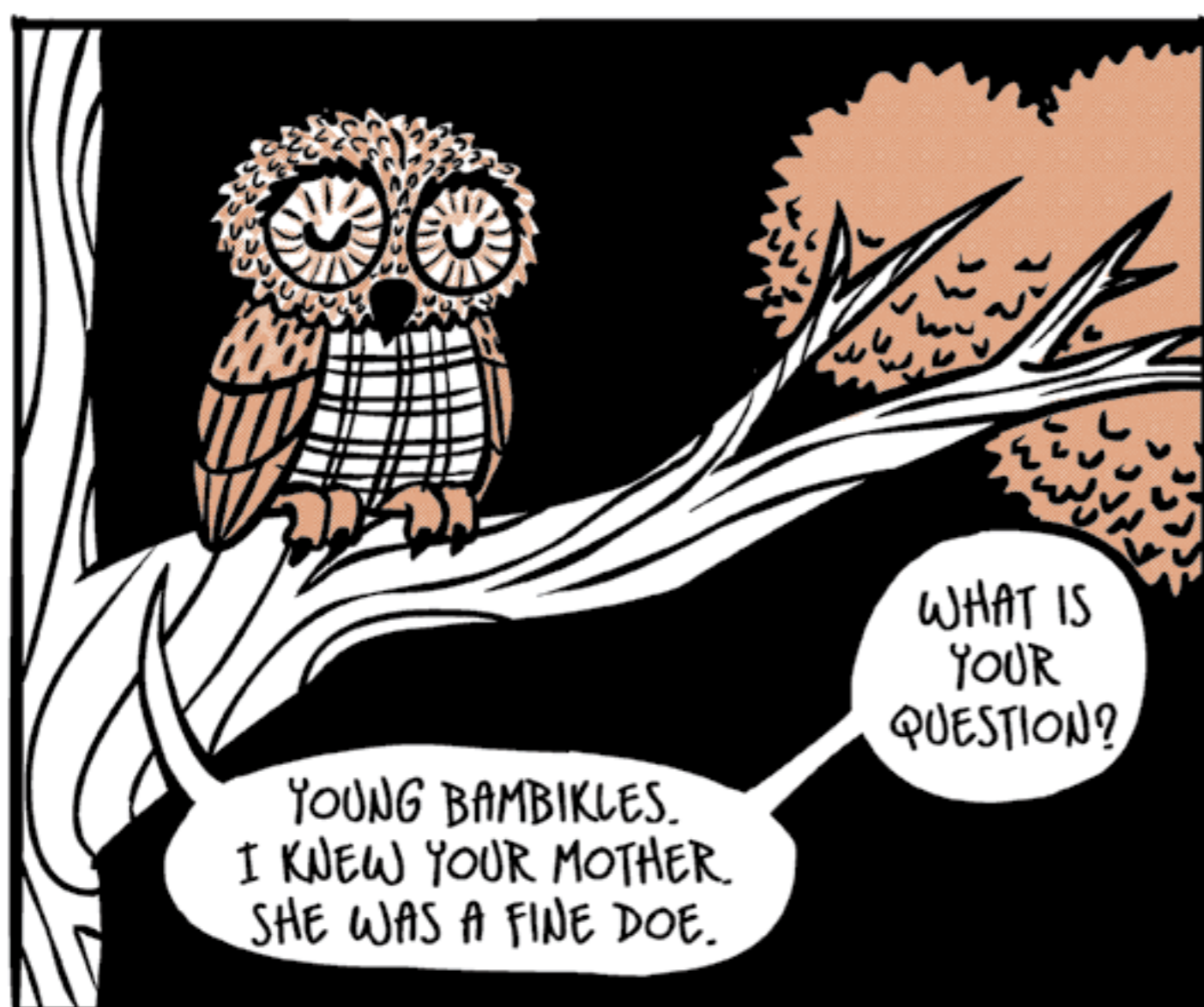
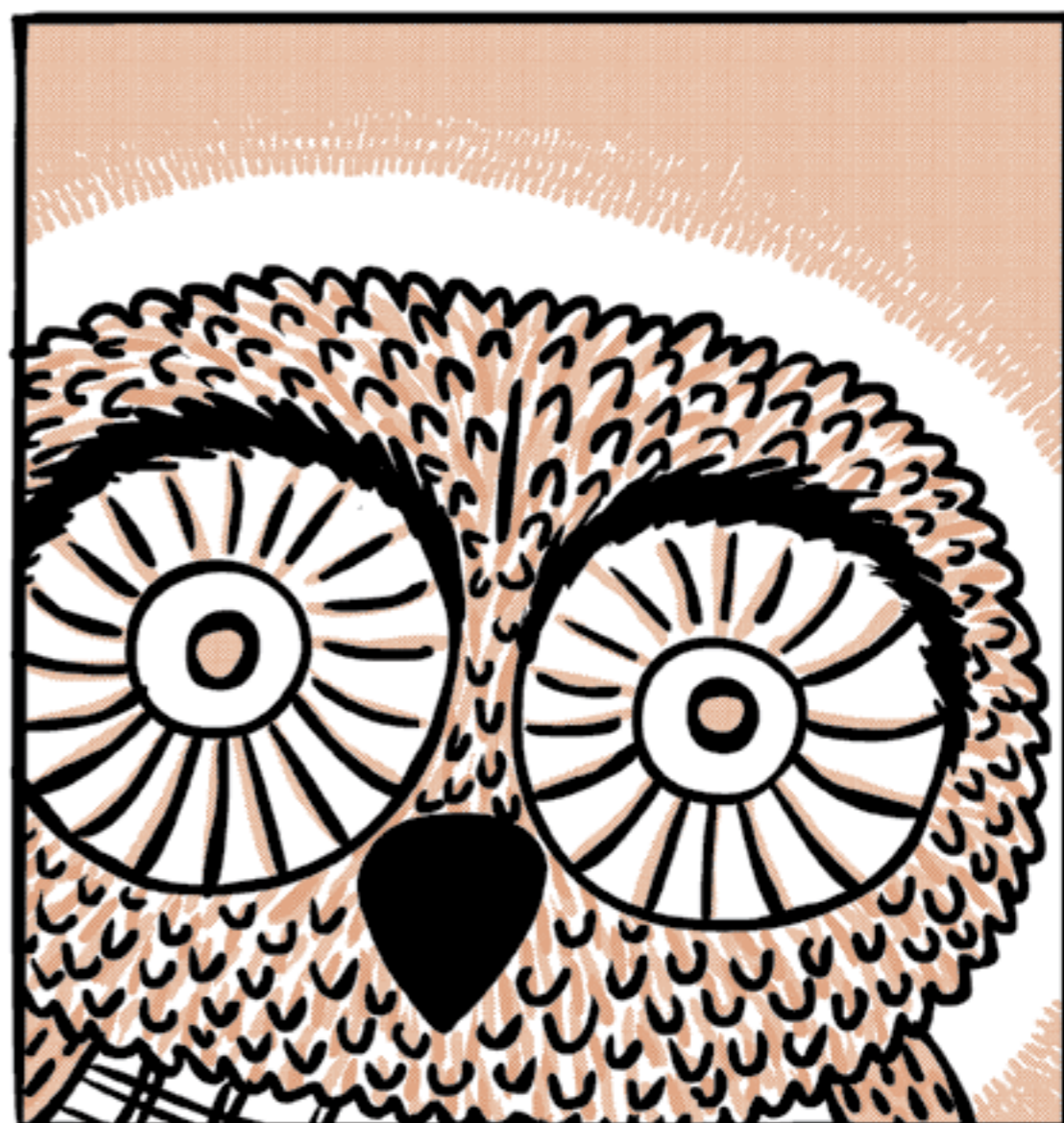
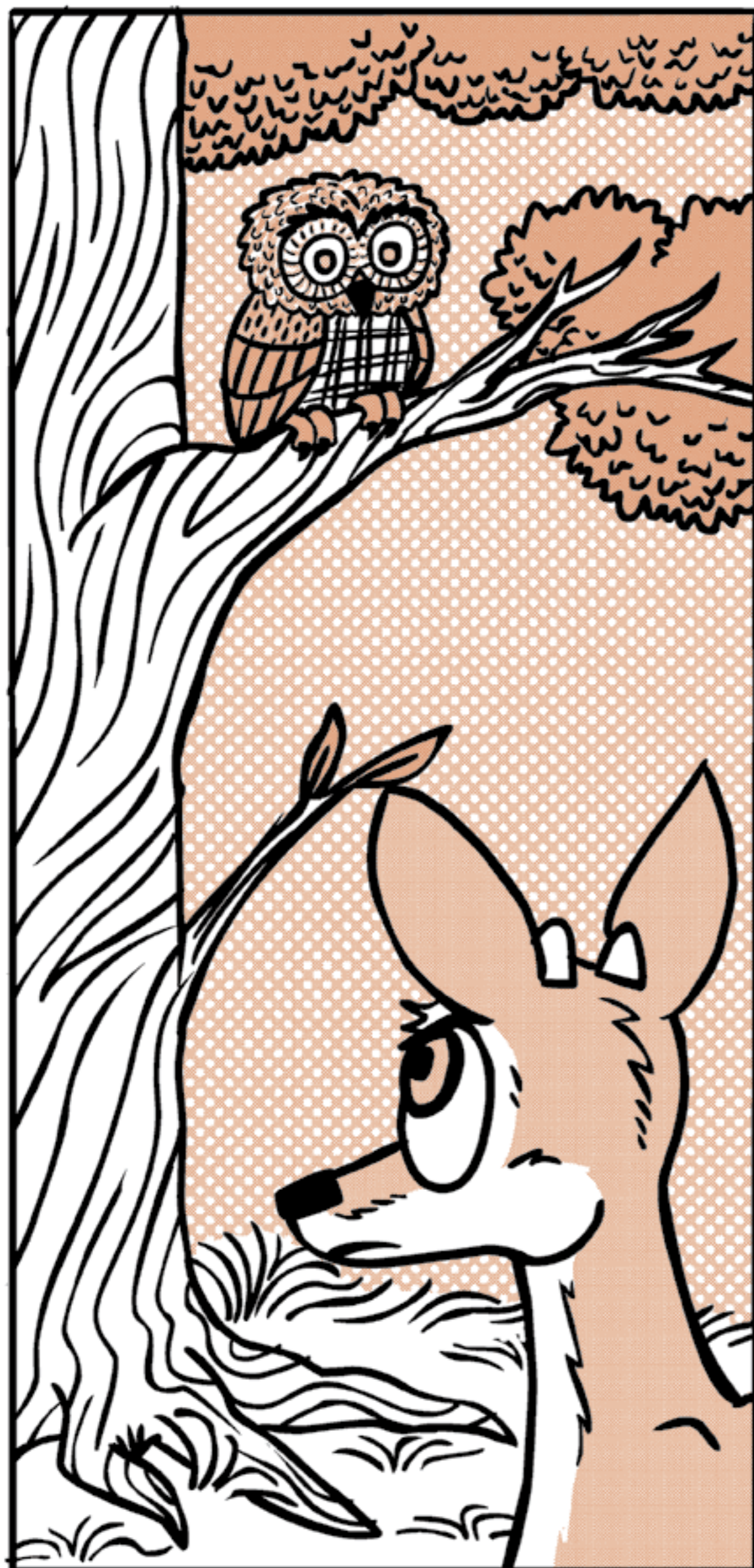
EEYUP, YUP, YUP!
NO FEEBLE FOE CAN FLEE
FROM THE FANTASTIC FORCE
OF THE FEARLESS PHOBIA'S
FUSILLADE!

SUCK
SUCK
SUCK



SO, THAT'S WHAT "MAN" MEANS...

...A HORRIBLE MONSTER!





REVENGE IS AN EMPTY AND POINTLESS AFFAIR. IT WILL NOT BRING YOUR MOTHER BACK.



THERE'S NO TALKING ME OUT OF THIS! THAT MONSTER MUST PAY FOR ITS MISDEEDS.



I SEE.

THE TRUTH IS A **NORMAL** DEER LIKE YOU CANNOT KILL A MONSTER.

THERE IS ONE WAY, BUT IT HAS A PRICE.

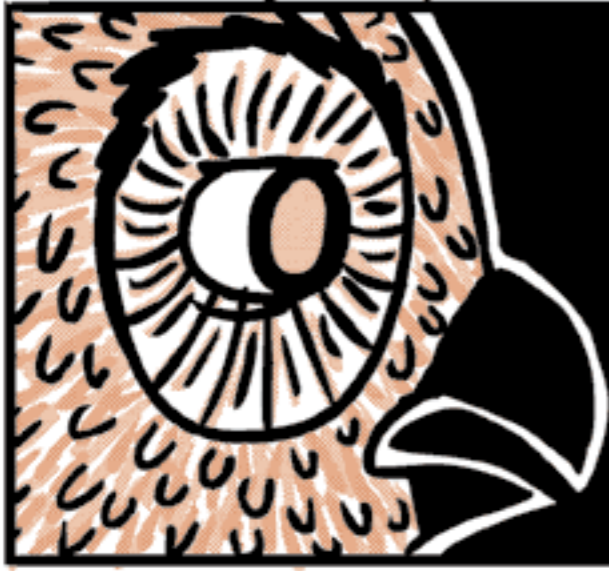


TO KILL A MONSTER, YOU MUST **BECOME** A MONSTER.



TO BECOME A MONSTER...

...IS IT POSSIBLE?!



THAT IS ALL OF THE
ADVICE I WISH TO GIVE ON
THIS UNSAVORY SUBJECT.



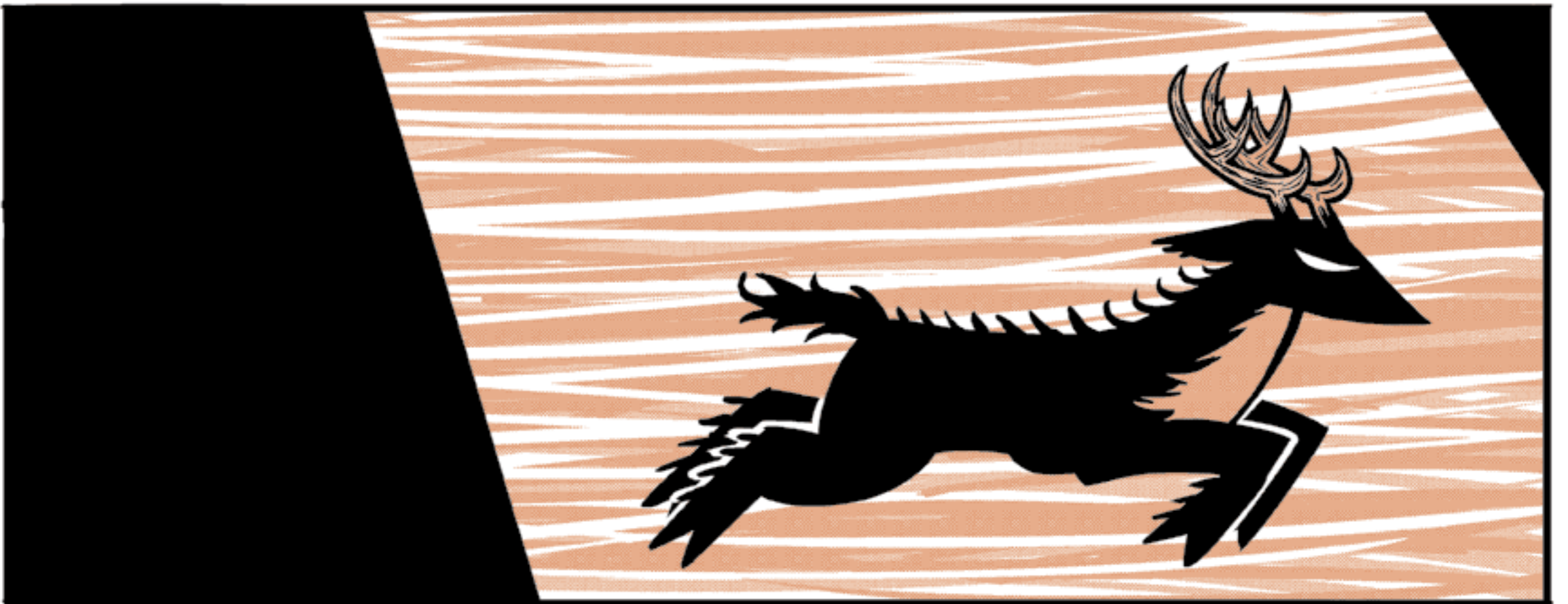
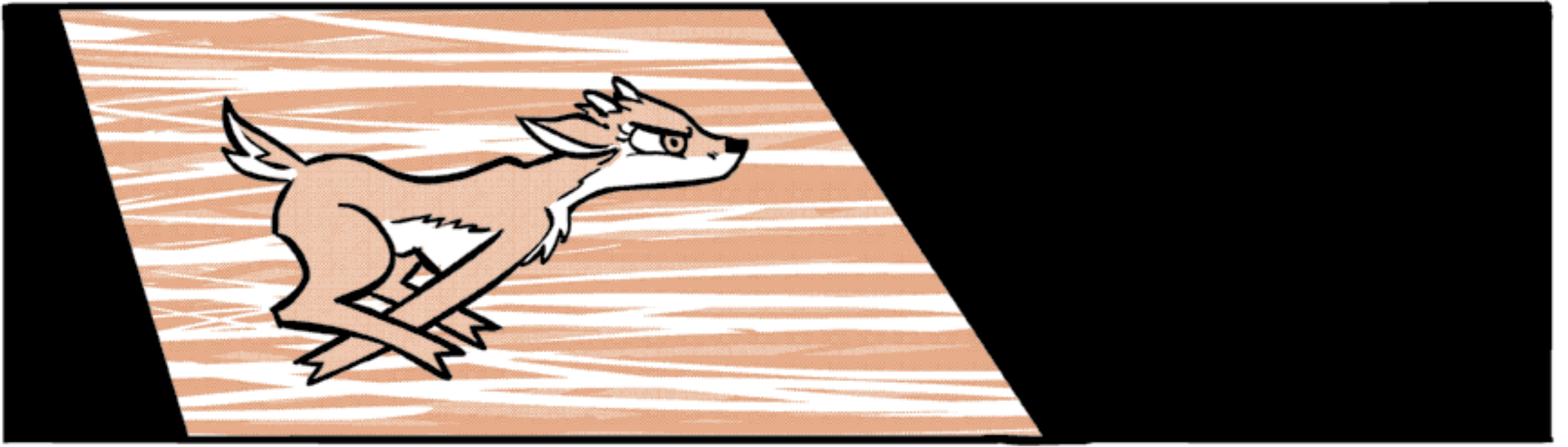
THANK YOU
FOR YOUR WISDOM
AND HONESTY,
ARCHEMEDES

BAMBIKLES, I OVERHEARD
EVERYTHING. I SUPPORT
YOU COMPLETELY.

KELLY!
YOU DO?


OF COURSE! YOU'RE GOING TO
BE A HERO TO DEERKIND! LET'S
GET STARTED ON YOUR MONSTER
TRAINING RIGHT AWAY! I THINK
REVENGE IS **HOT!**

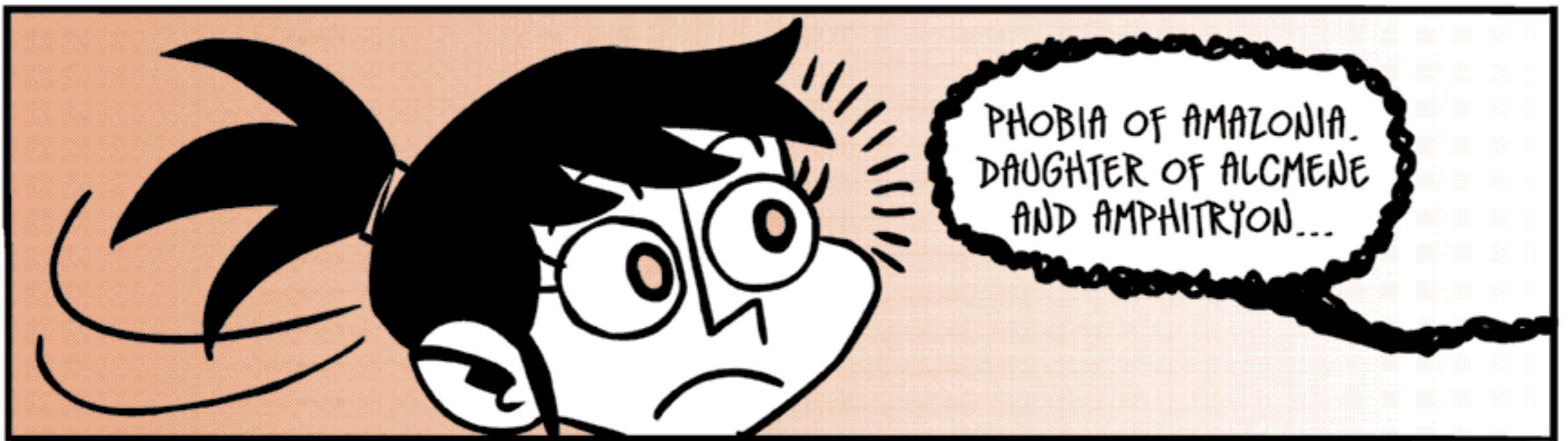
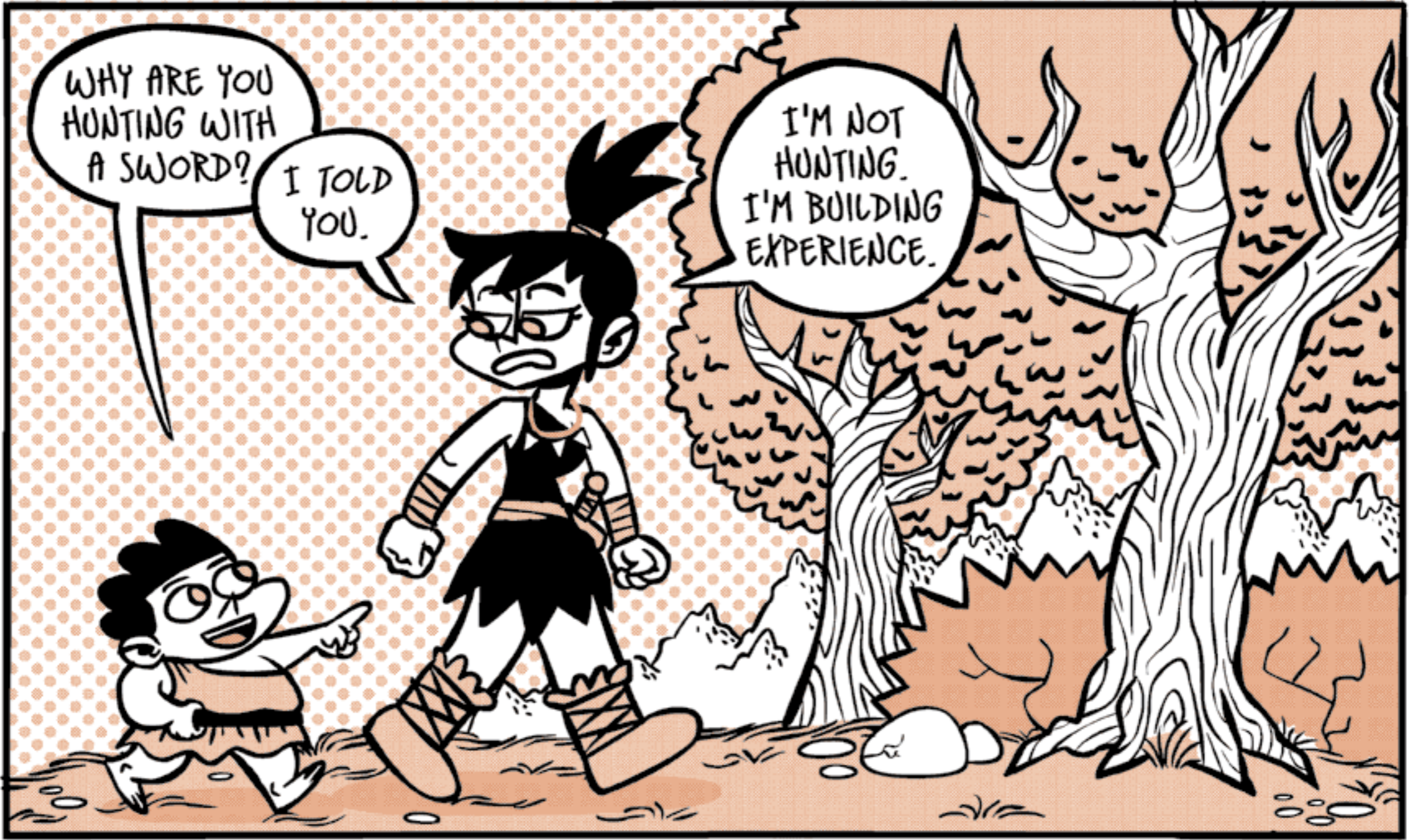
BLOSH!

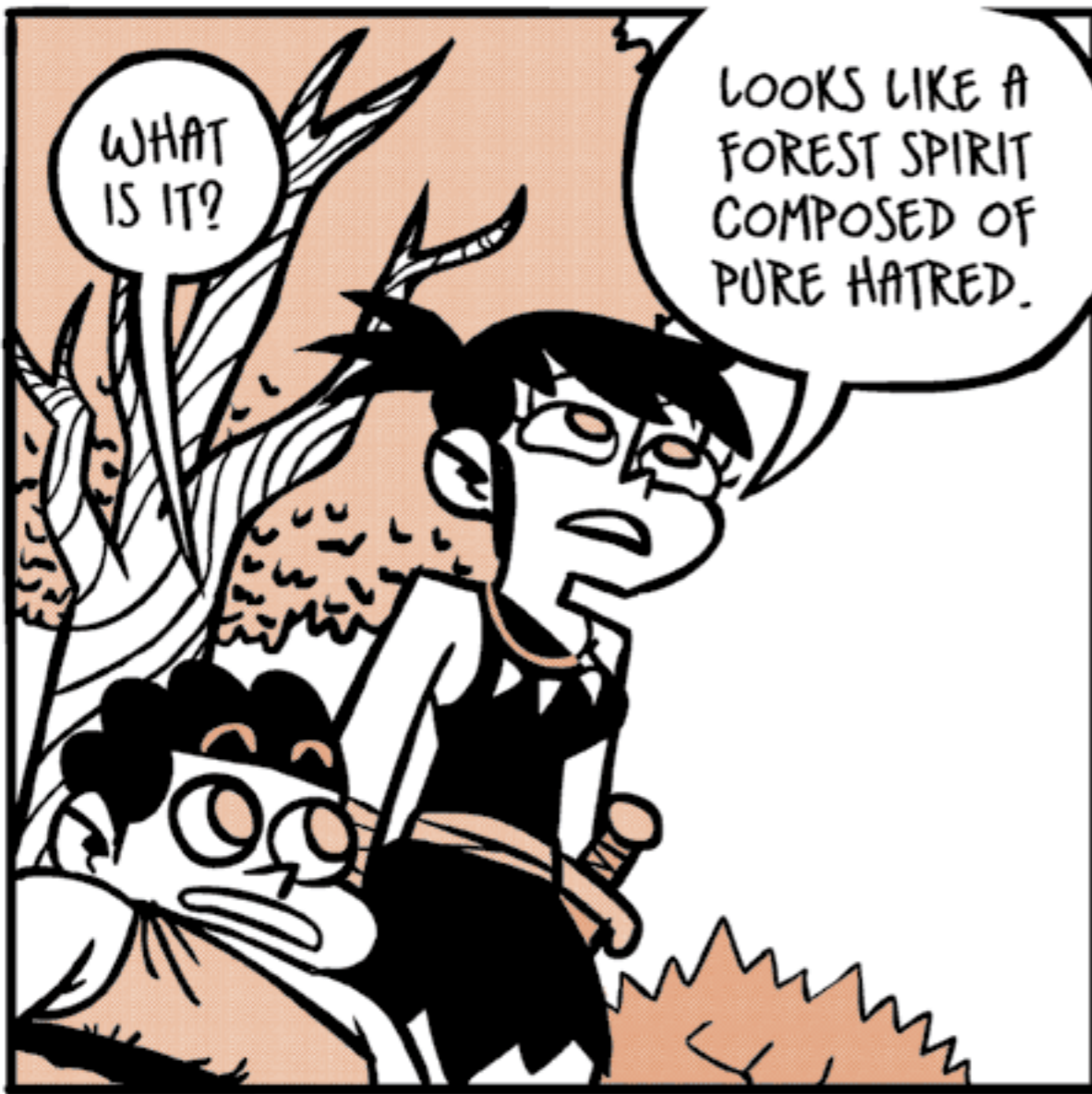


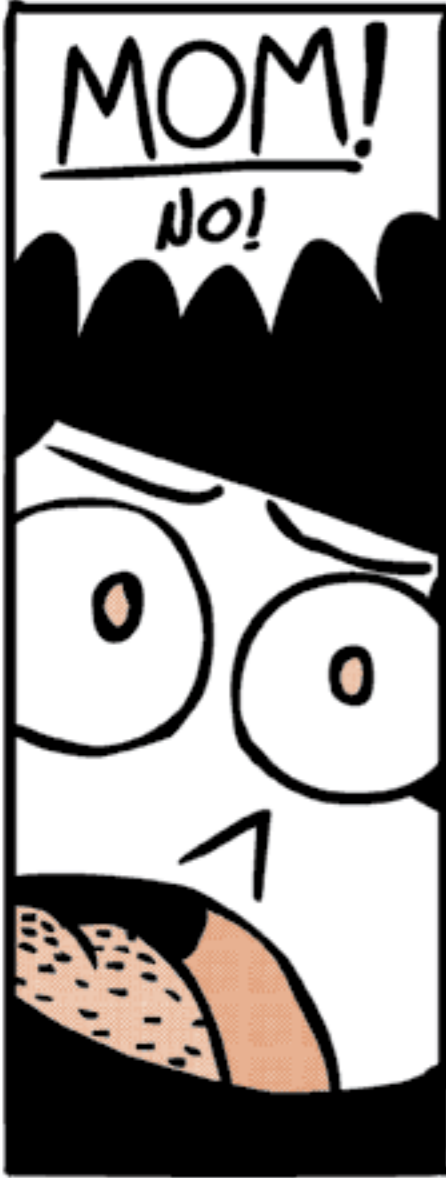
KELLY, I HAVE SPENT THE PAST FIVE YEARS TRAINING MY MIND & BODY, HARDING MY HEART, AND LEARNING THE DARK ARTS.

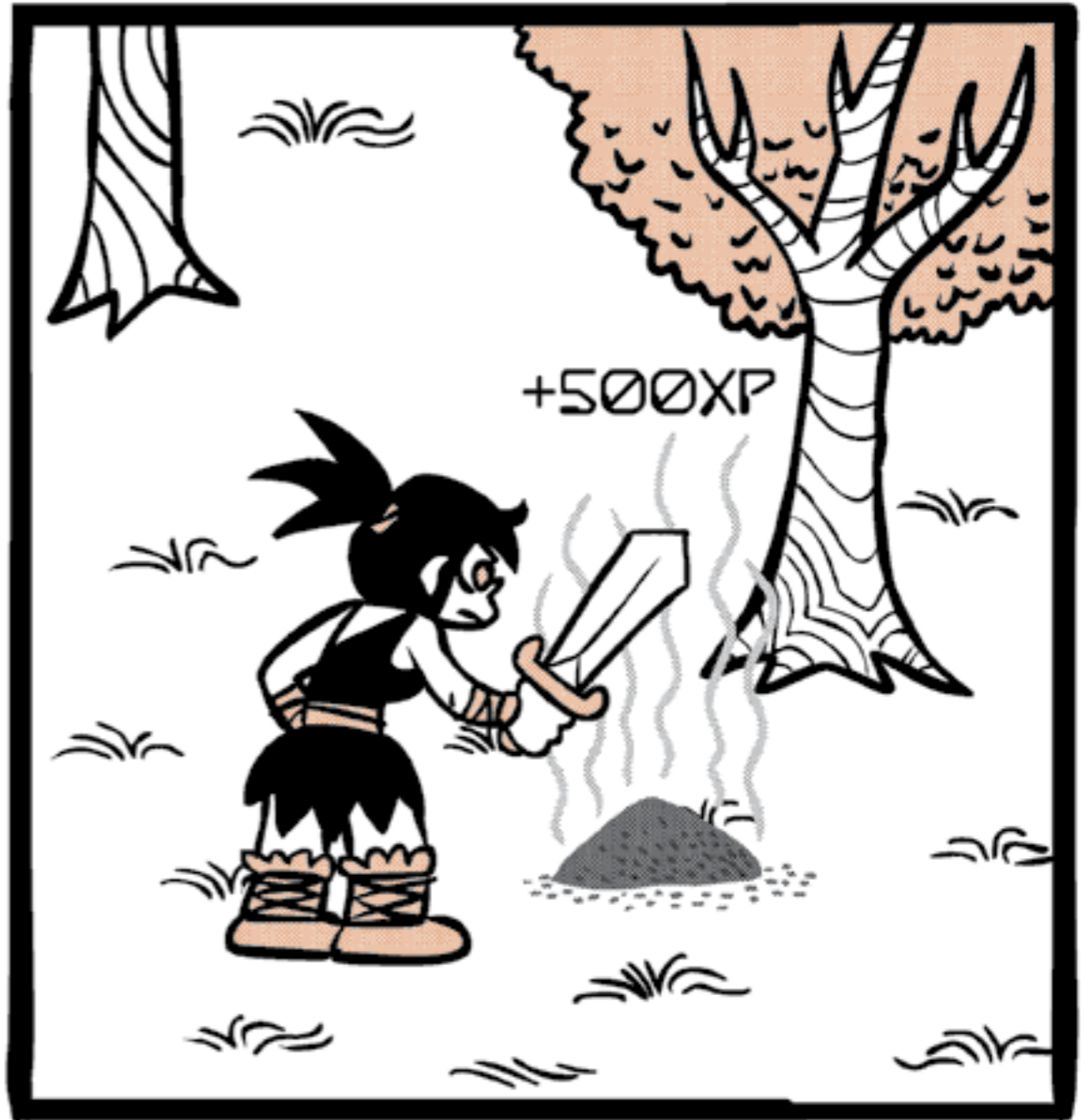
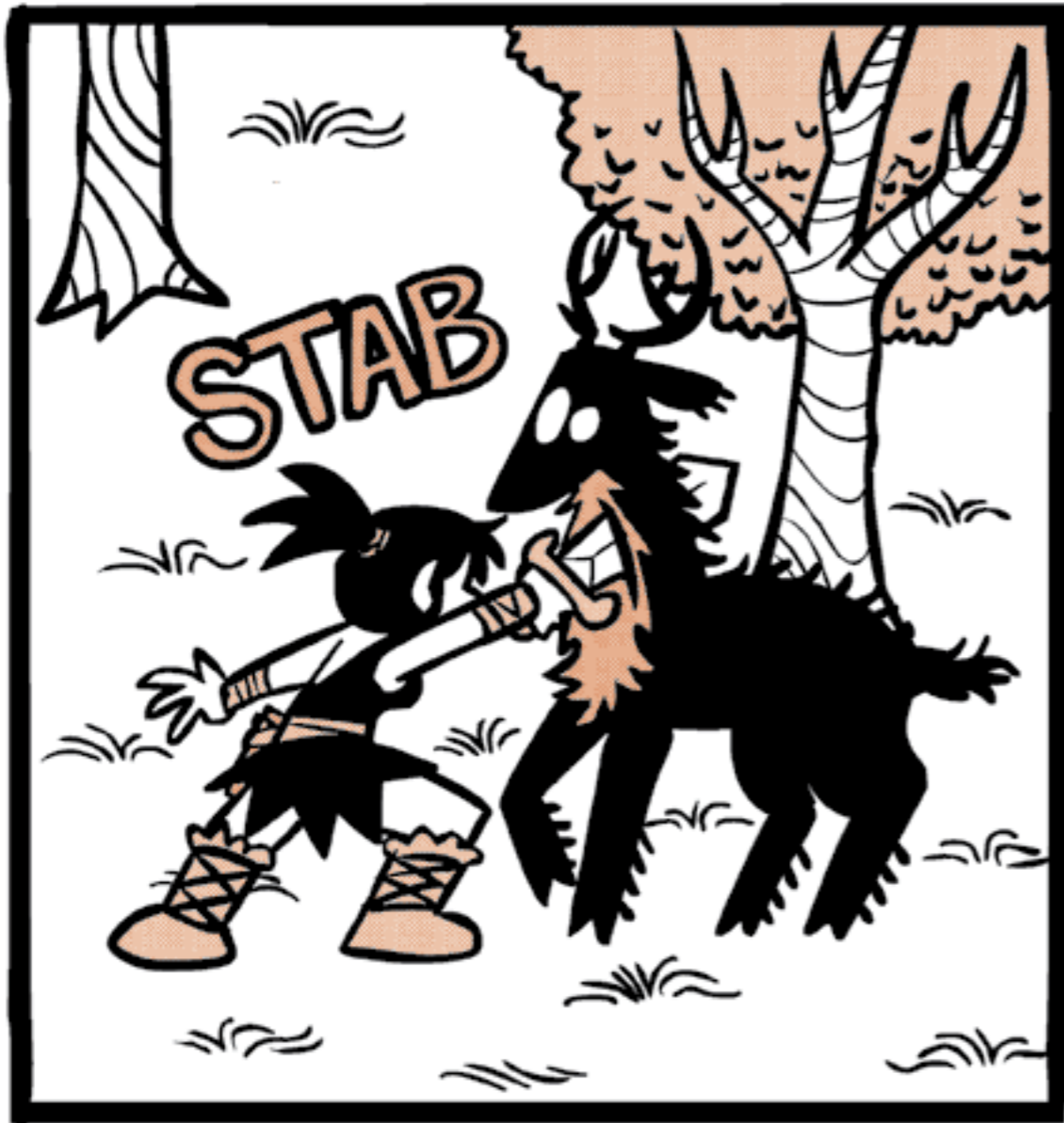


YOU ARE FINALLY READY TO FACE THE TURNIP-HEADED ONE.  AND THEN AFTERWARDS, WE CAN DO KISSES.



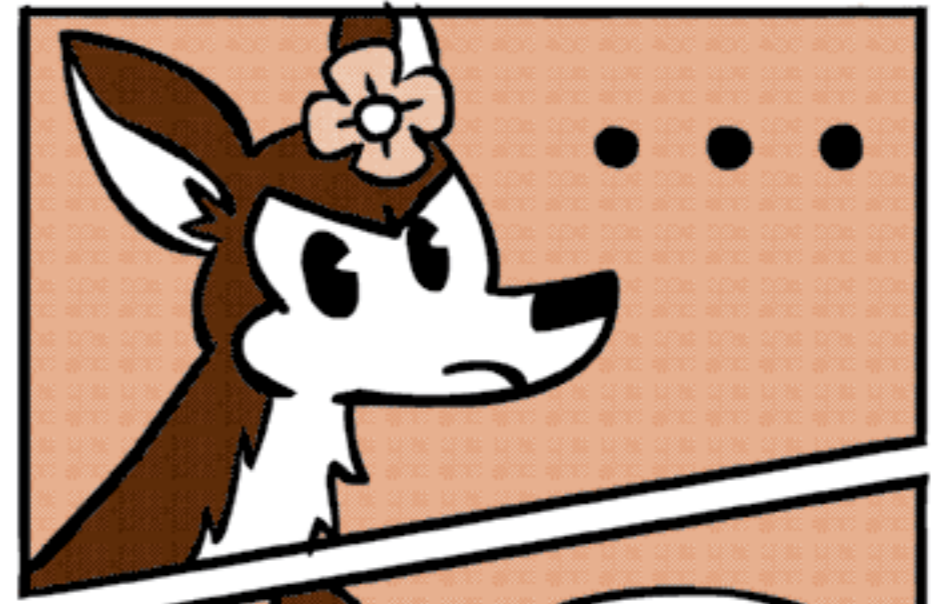






I CAN'T BELIEVE BAMBICLES CHOKED. WHAT A WASTE OF FIVE YEARS.

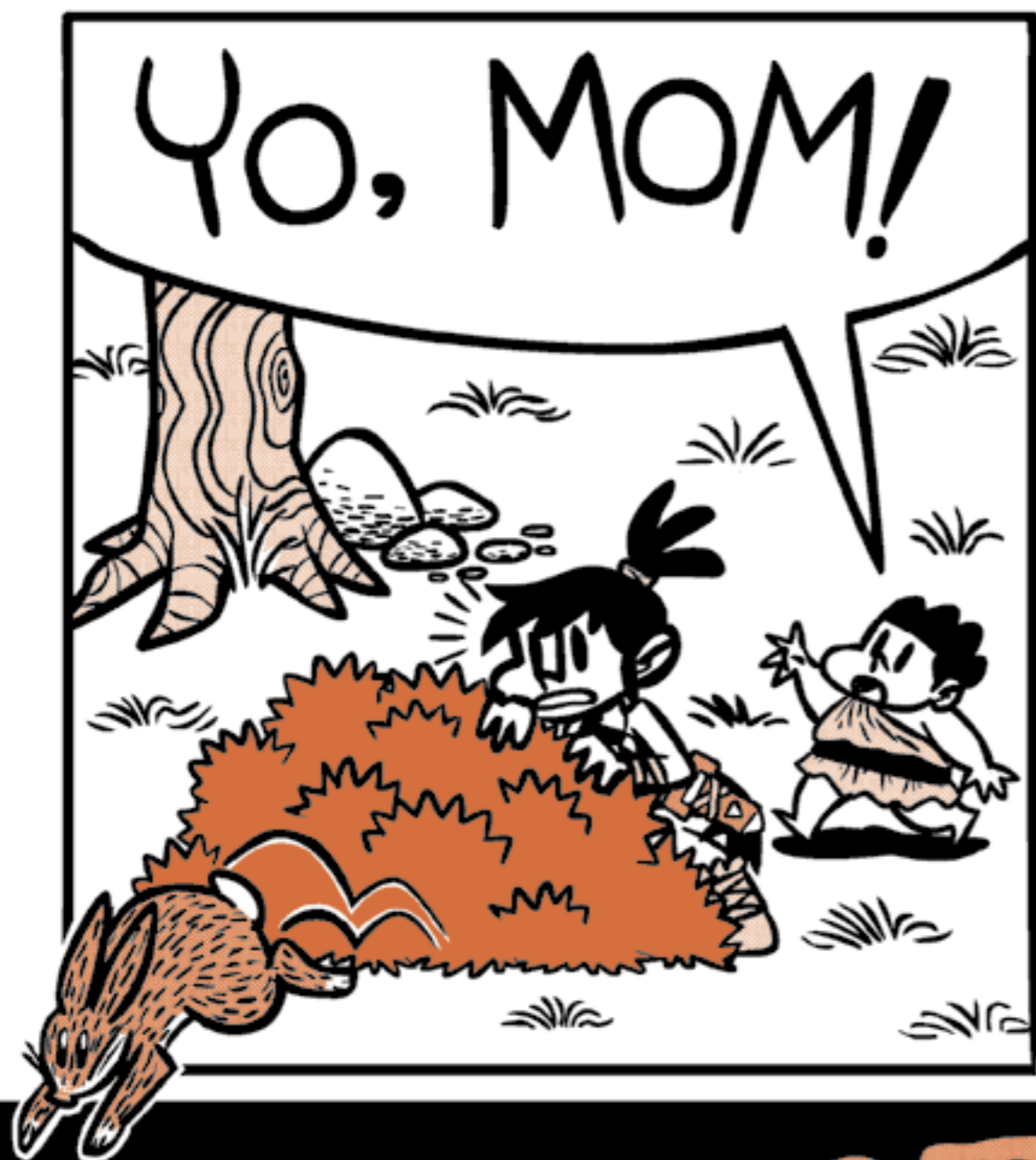
DID HE THINK HUMANS DON'T HAVE MOTHERS?



I GUESS HE JUST DIDN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO JOIN MY EVIL ARMY OF MONSTER DEER.



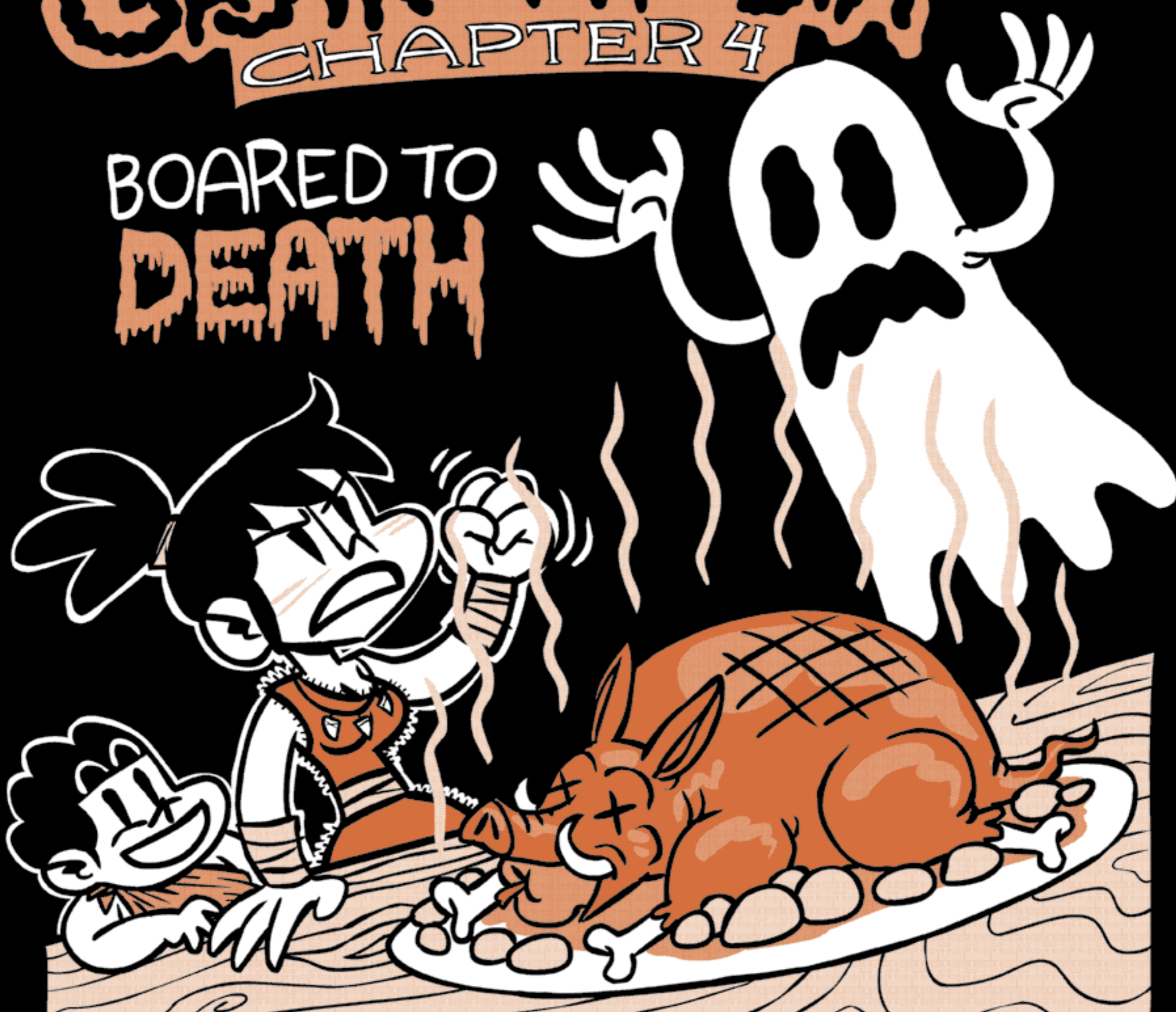
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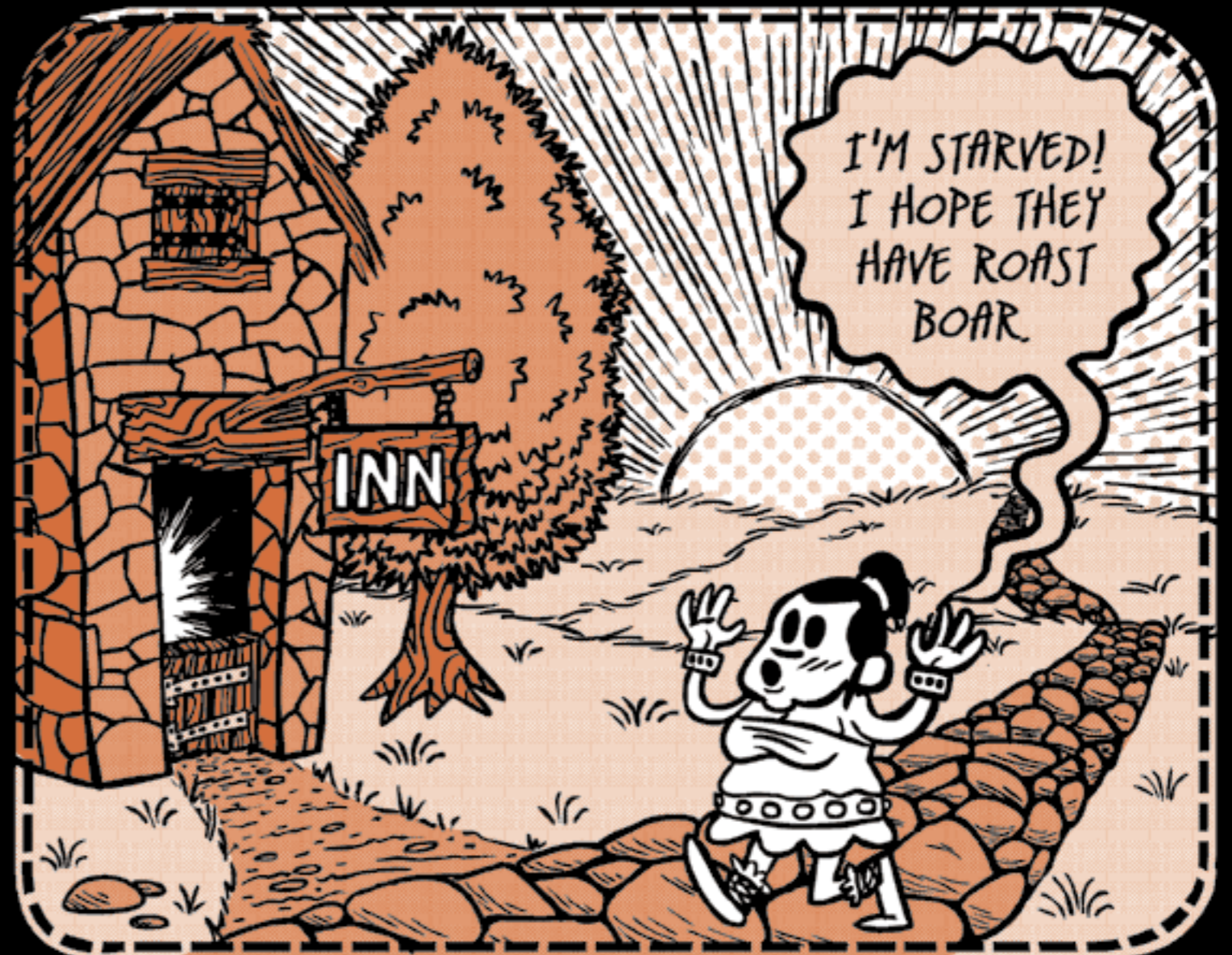


GASTROPHOBIA

CHAPTER 4

BOARED TO
DEATH







IS THAT ALL?
YOU DINED
AND DASHED?

THAT IS
CORRECT.



HERE'S A LIST OF ALL OF
THE INNS I "VISITED".

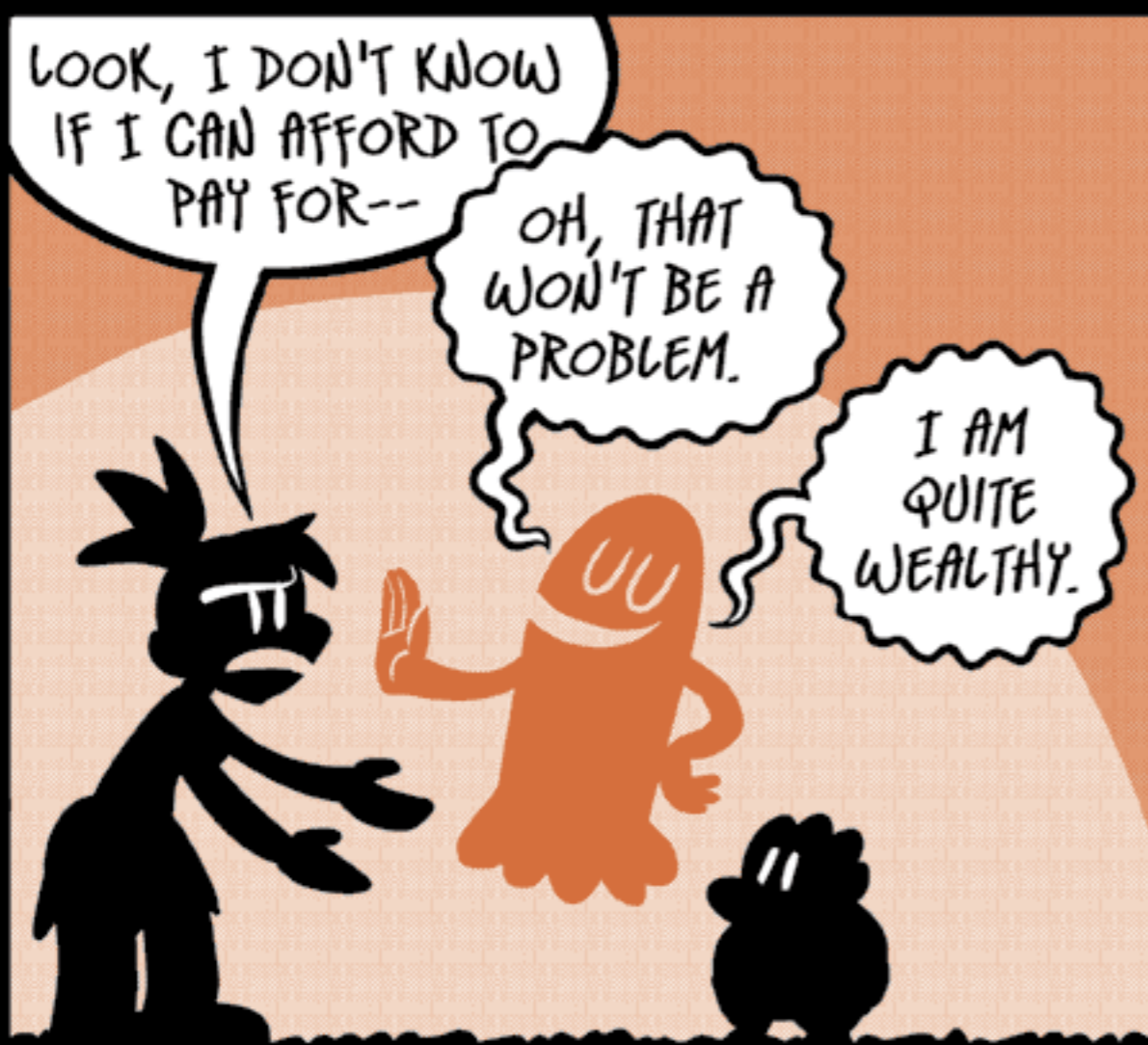


THE ONES WITH
STARS ARE THE PLACES
I STRUCK TWICE.

SHE'S
PROUD
OF IT!



THANATOS WILLS THAT
I WALK THE EARTH AS
A GHOST UNTIL A
RELATIVE SETTLES MY
KARMIC DEBT. IN
SHORT, YOU MUST GO
TO AN INN AND ORDER
A BOAR.



LOOK, I DON'T KNOW
IF I CAN AFFORD TO
PAY FOR--

OH, THAT
WON'T BE A
PROBLEM.

I AM
QUITE
WEALTHY.



WELL, THAT
SOUNDS EASY!
LET'S GO!





BOSS, WE GOT AMAZONIAN CUSTOMERS. THEY COULD BE ADVENTURERS. ONE OF THEM HAS A SWORD.

DO THEY LOOK LIKE COPS?



NO, IT'S A MOTHER AND SON WEARING ROBES.



STOP WASTING MY TIME, KLEPTO.

LISTEN. ONLY THREE TYPES OF PEOPLE CARRY SWORDS...



KLEPTO, I APPRECIATE YOUR ENTHUSIASM, BUT CUT IT OUT. WE'VE A TUNNEL TO DIG. TEND TO YOUR CUSTOMERS.

BOSS, WE NEED ANOTHER CANARY DOWN HERE. THEY KEEP DYING FOR SOME REASON.

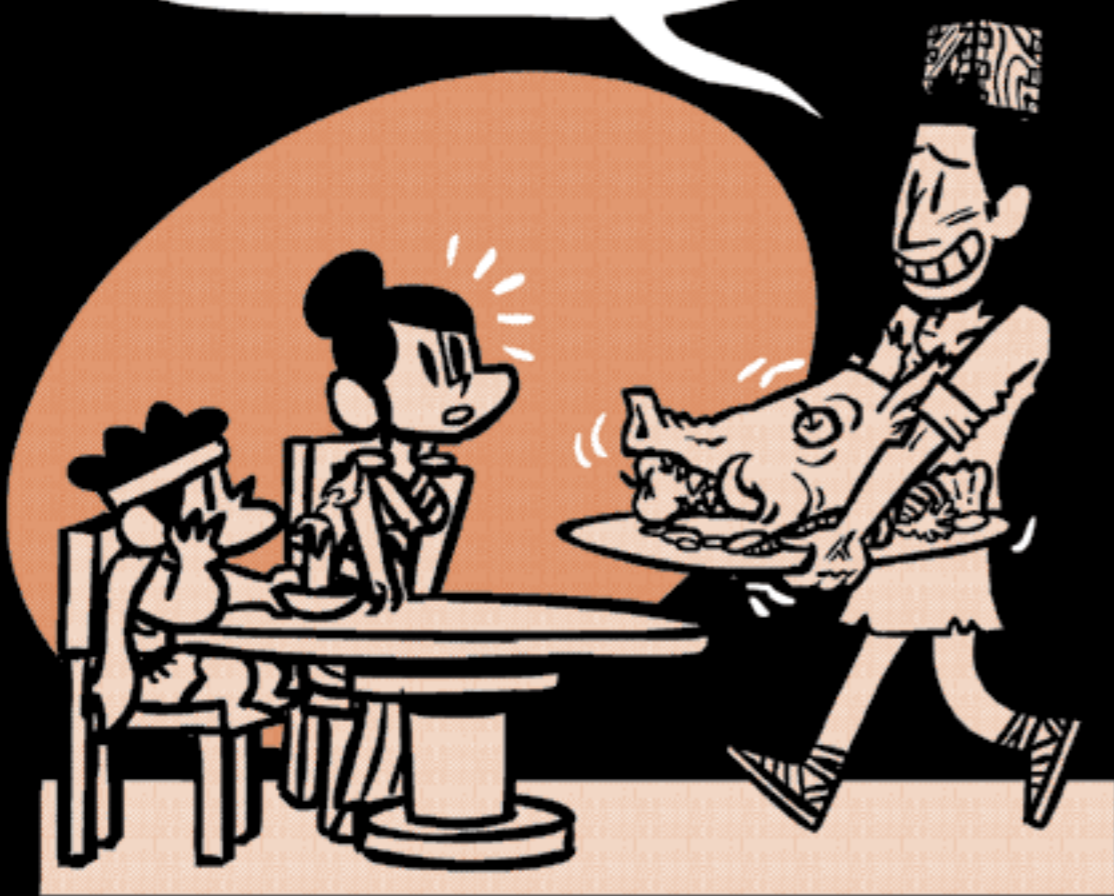


FINE. I TRIED. DON'T BLAME ME IF WE GET BUSTED.



DO THEY THINK WE CAN'T HEAR THEM THROUGH THAT CURTAIN?

ONE ROAST BOAR'S HEAD AND A KID'S MEAL.



PROMETHEUS'S BUTCHERED LIVER! I'M GLAD I ONLY ORDERED THE HEAD.

I CAN HELP YOU FINISH THAT.



SO, WHY WOULD THEY BE DIGGING A HOLE IN THE KITCHEN?



THIS INN IS RIGHT NEXT TO A BANK.

SO?

GASTRO, STOP PRETENDING TO BE STUPID.



ANYWAY, I GUESS THIEVES MAKE SURPRISINGLY GOOD GYROS!



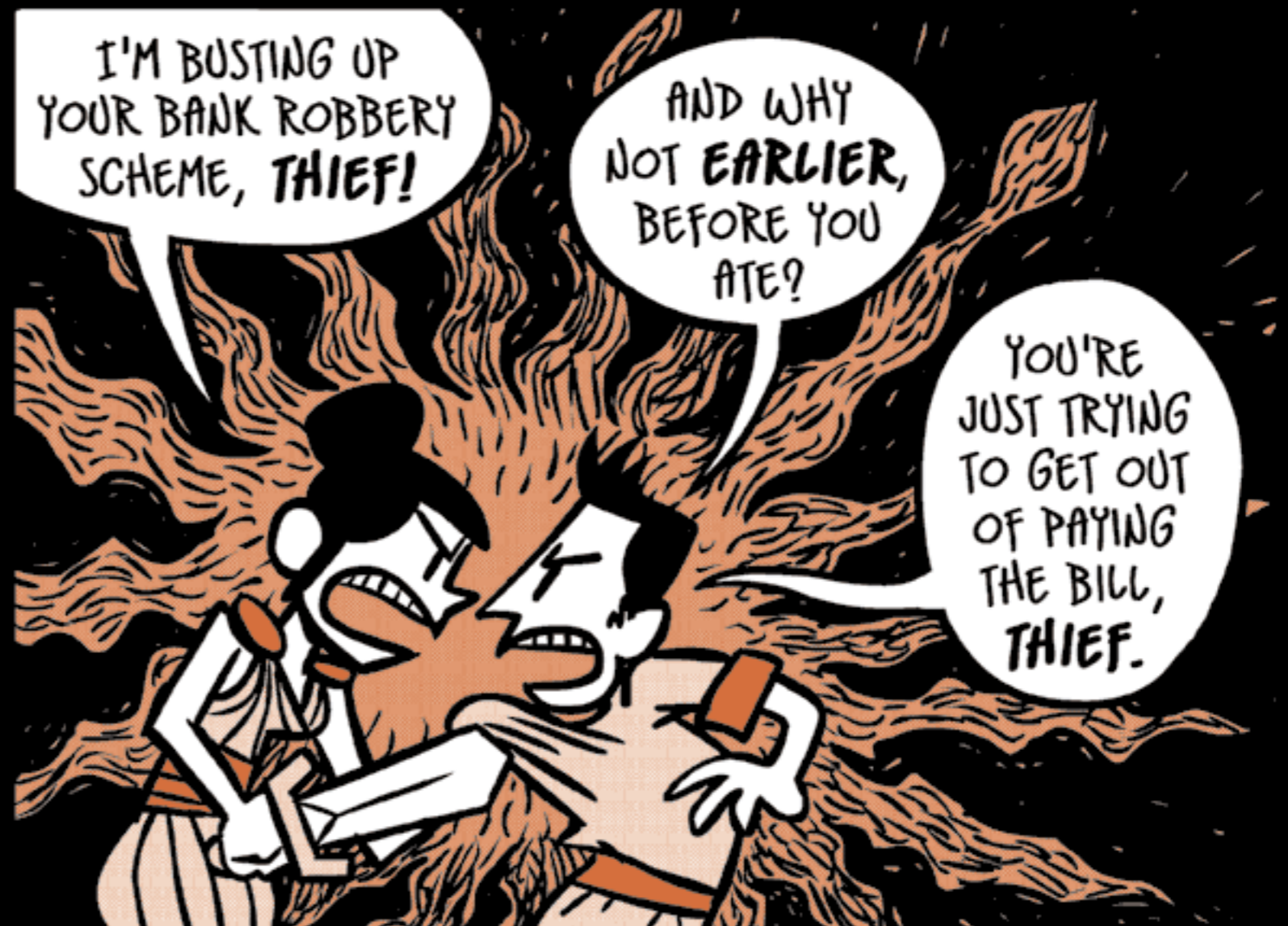
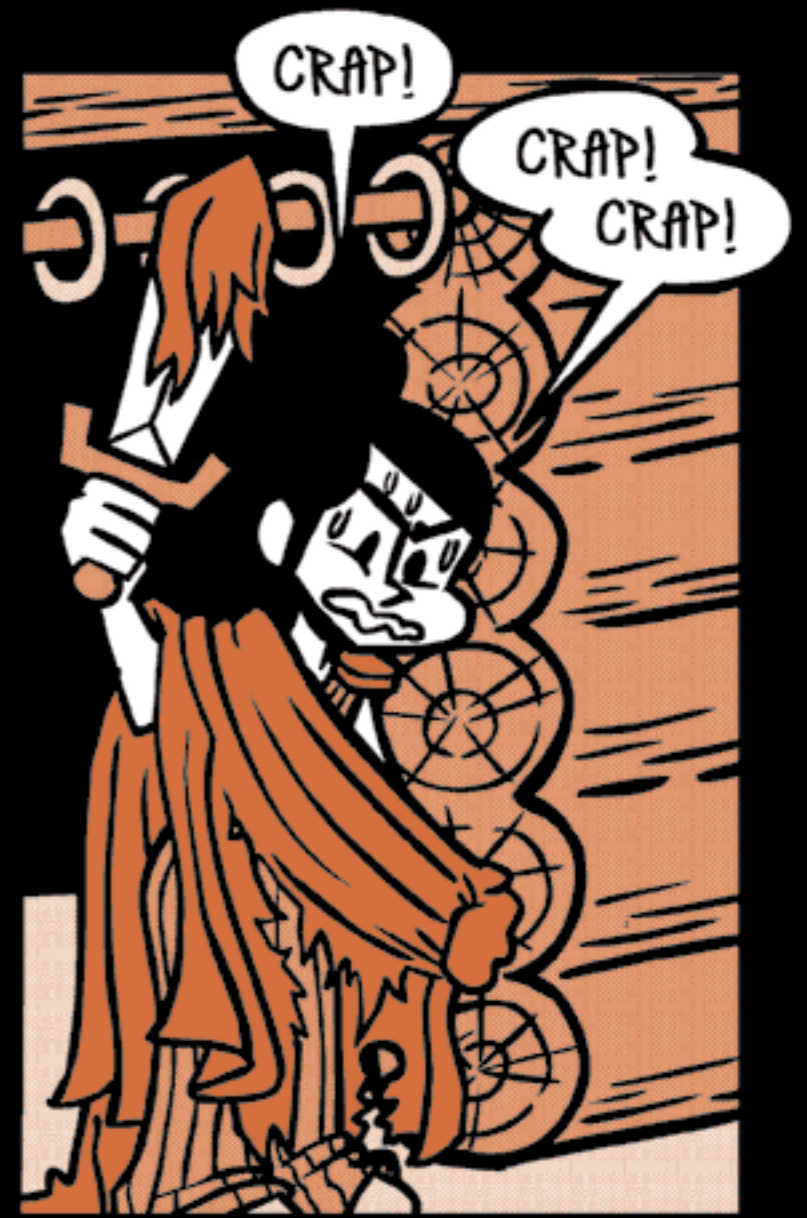
I WONDER WHAT THE BOAR IS LIKE.

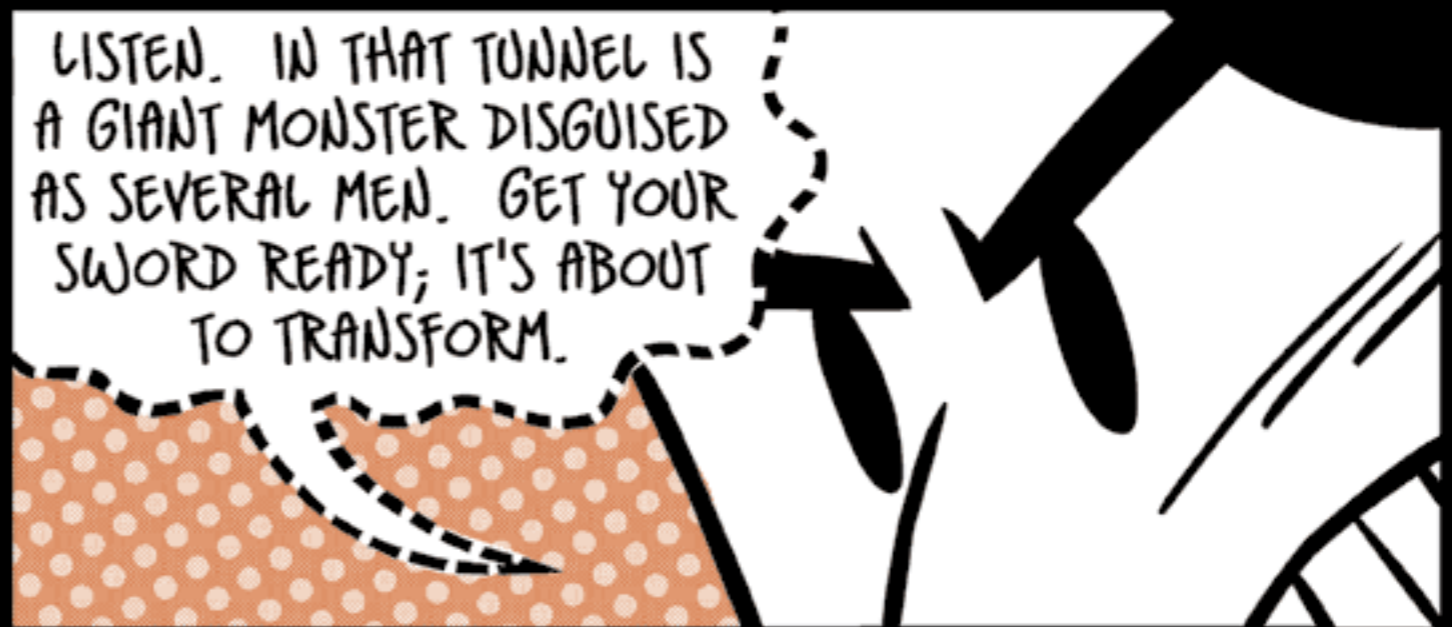
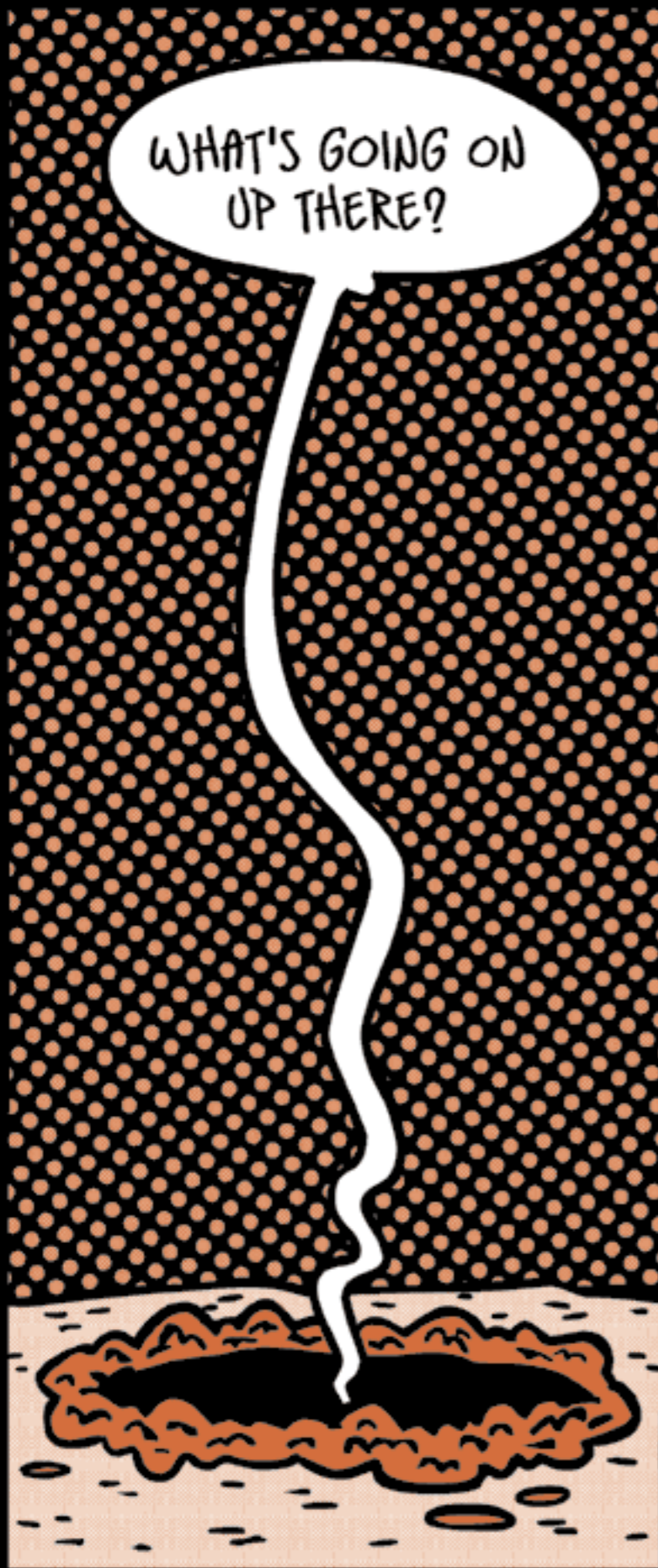
I SAVED YOU THE APPLE.









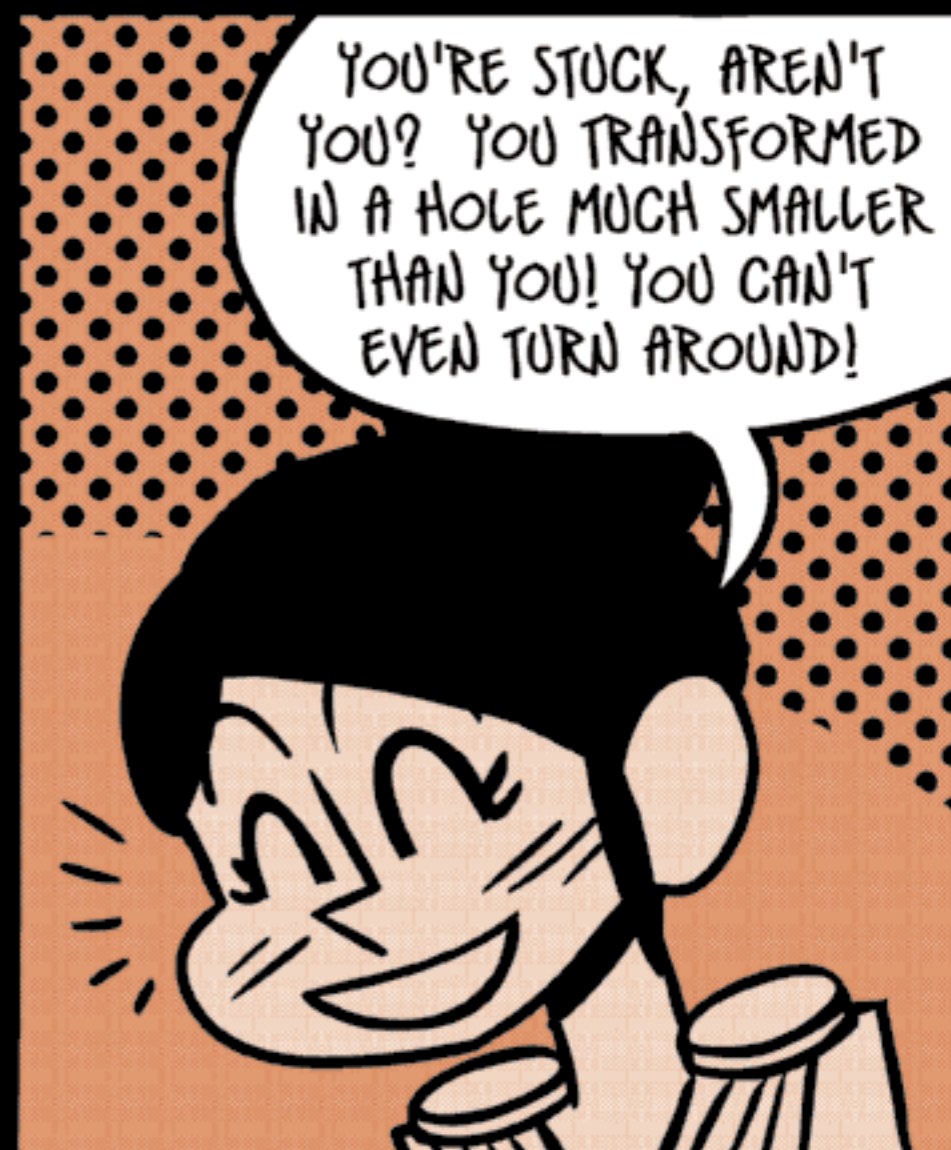


GAW-RROO!



OH MY GODS, SO AWESOME!

FOOLISH HUMANS! I AM KRPHXYZWLPS OF THE NETHERBEASTS. I REQUIRE THE YELLOW METAL IN YOUR FINANCIAL BUILDING FOR NOURISHMENT. COOPERATE AND YOUR DEATHS WILL BE BRIEF AND PAINLESS.





AFTER THAT, WE BURNED THE HEAD IN THE FIREPLACE AND CUT THE BODY INTO TINY PIECES JUST TO BE SAFE; (YOU KNOW HOW SHAPECHANGERS ARE) AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, CHIEF.

COOL, I'LL INCLUDE ALL OF THAT IN MY OFFICIAL REPORT.



I STILL FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE AN INVISIBLE GHOST ONLY YOU AND YOUR SON CAN SEE **MADE** YOU DINE AND DASH.

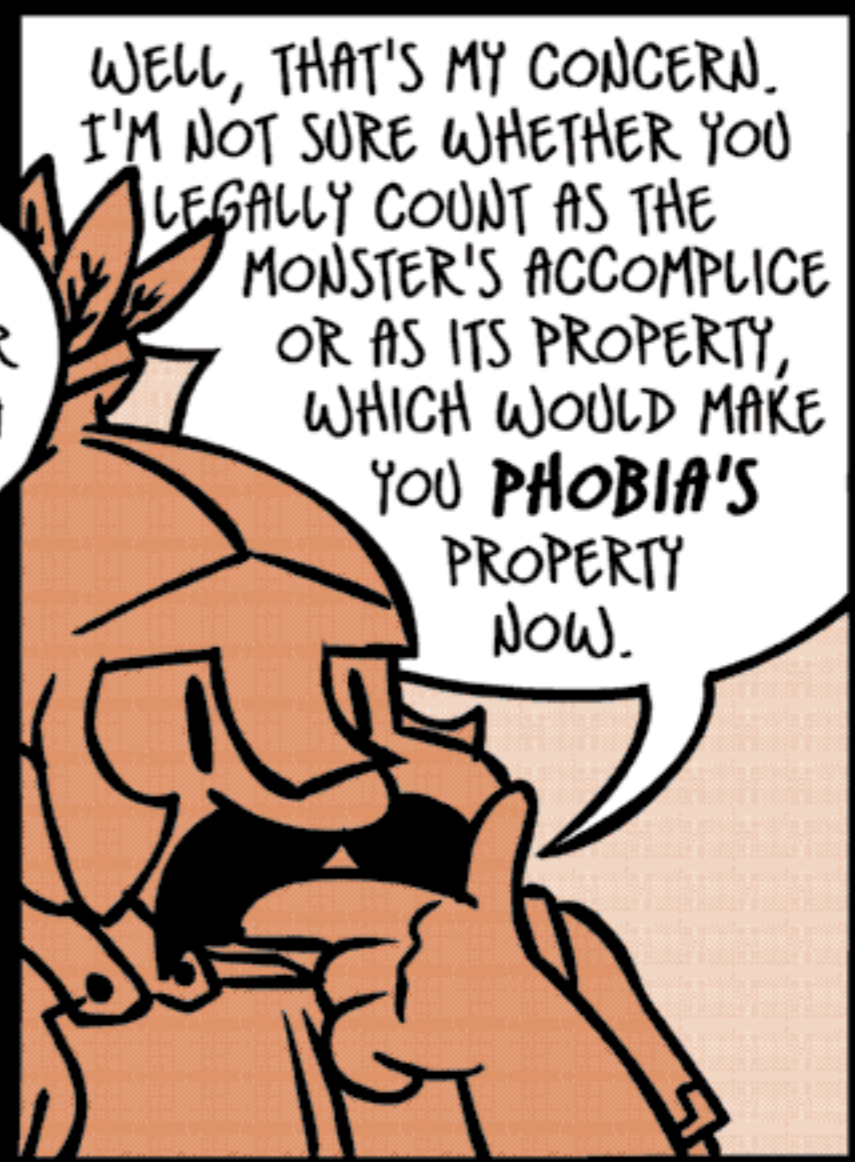


WHO DASHED? I'M STILL HERE!



I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT **YOUR** INVOLVEMENT IN ALL THIS, MISTER... KLEPTO.

I TOLD YOU. THAT MONSTER KEPT ME AS A SLAVE.



WELL, THAT'S MY CONCERN. I'M NOT SURE WHETHER YOU LEGALLY COUNT AS THE MONSTER'S ACCOMPLICE OR AS ITS PROPERTY, WHICH WOULD MAKE YOU **PHOBIA'S** PROPERTY NOW.



I... DON'T LIKE EITHER OF THOSE OPTIONS.



ZEUS, I CAN BARELY AFFORD TO FEED GASTRO AND MYSELF.

OH, YOU POOR BABY.

I GUESS AUNT PNEUMA FINALLY MOVED ON.

SOMEWHERE IN THEBES...



ALLUCIDEES



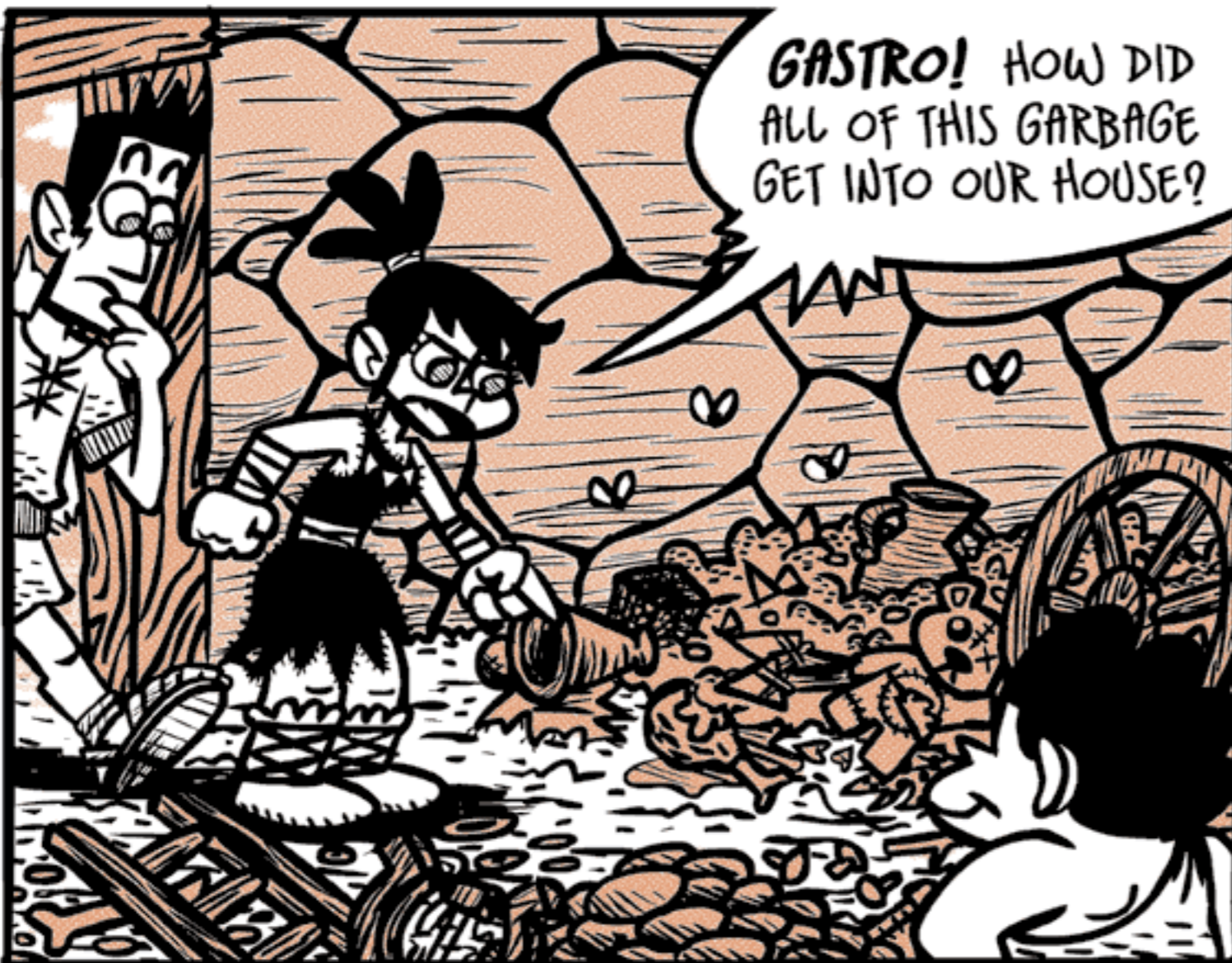
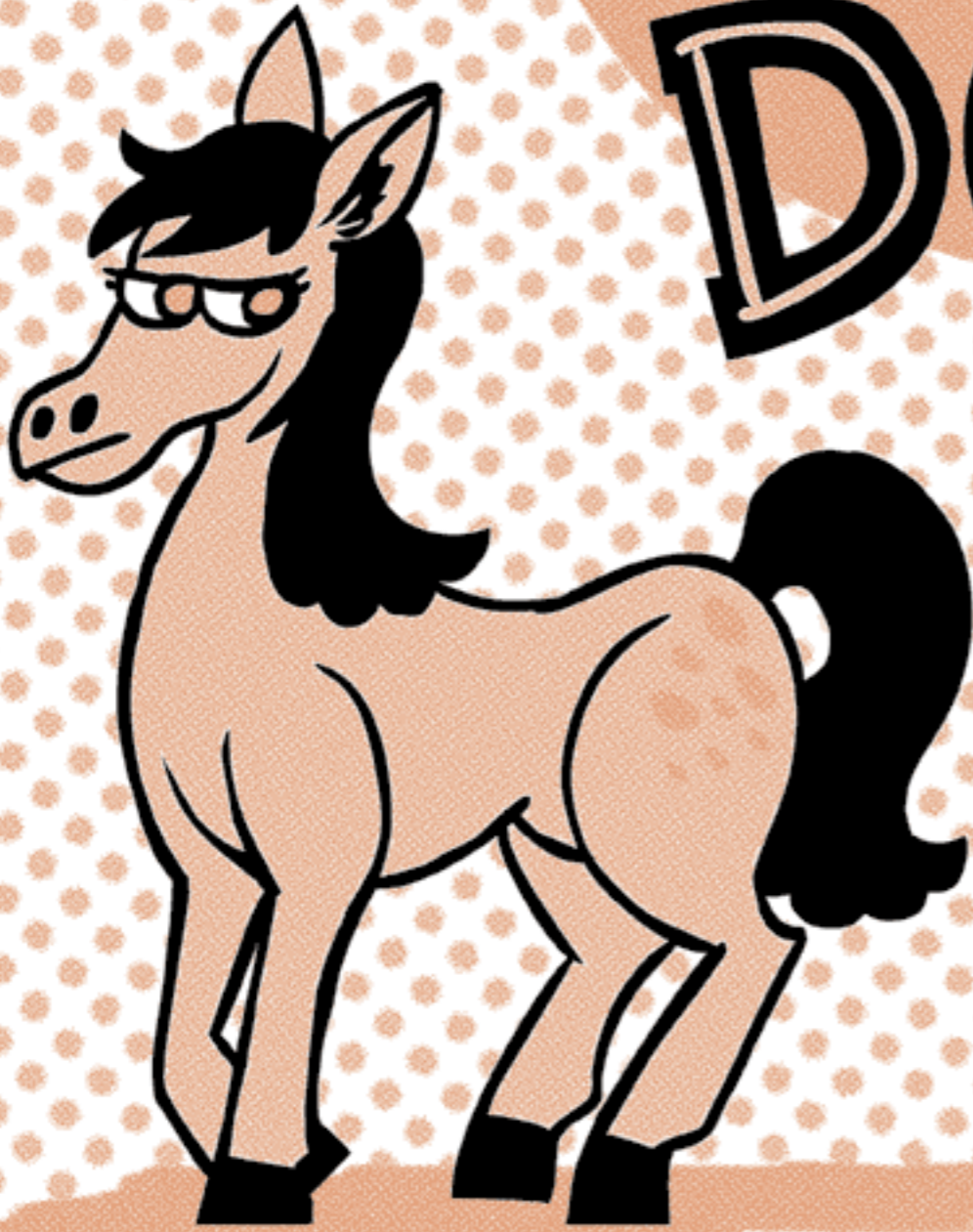
I LOVE EM, MEG,
BUT IF THOSE KIDS
DON'T SHUT UP, I'M
GONNA KILL THEM.



ALCIDES, I AM YOUR
GREAT AUNT PNEUMA~

!

DAMMED
IF YOU
DON'T

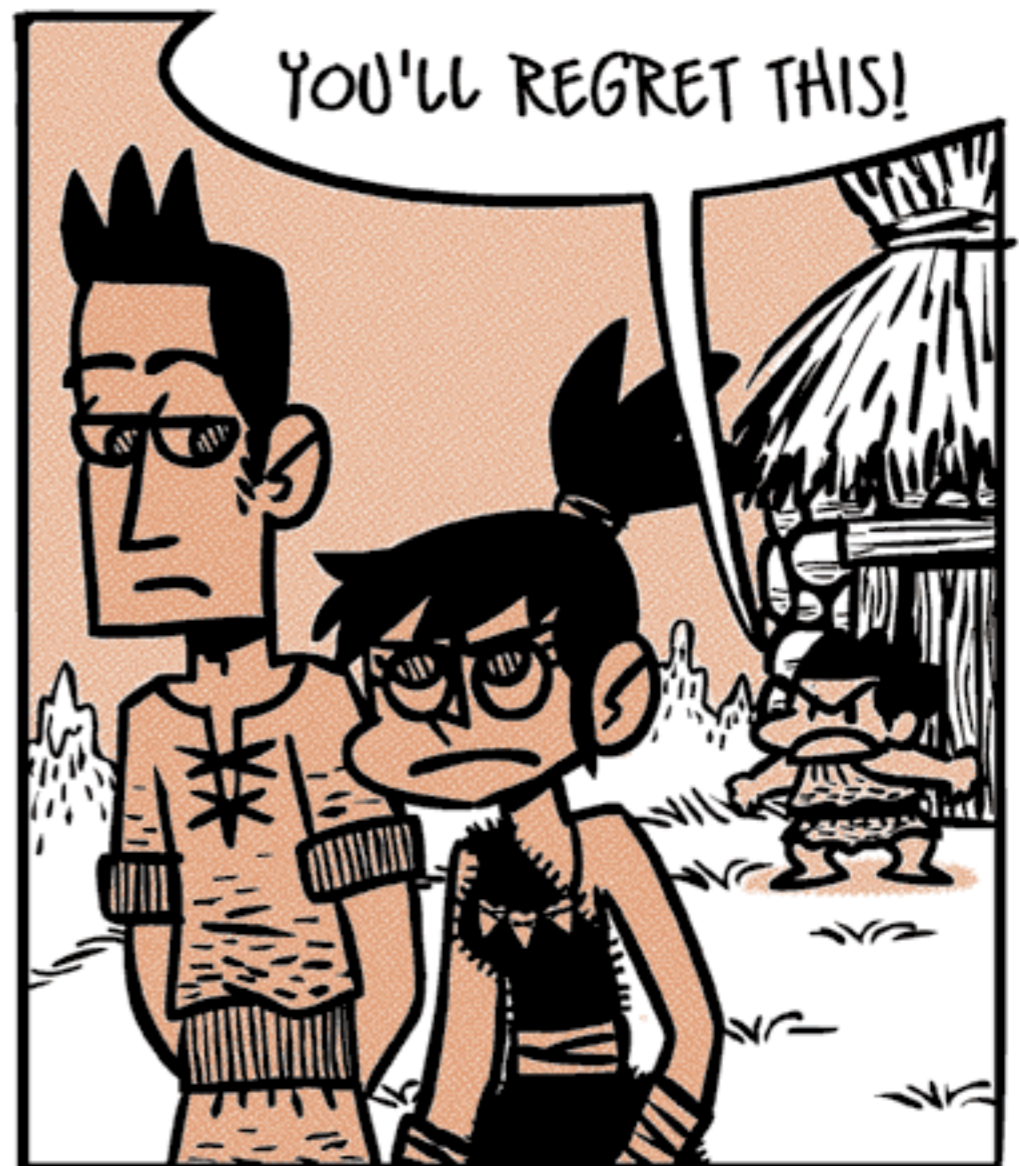


GASTRO! HOW DID ALL OF THIS GARBAGE GET INTO OUR HOUSE?

IT'S NOT GARBAGE. THESE ARE VALUABLE TREASURES THAT FOOLISH PEOPLE IN TOWN WERE JUST THROWING AWAY!





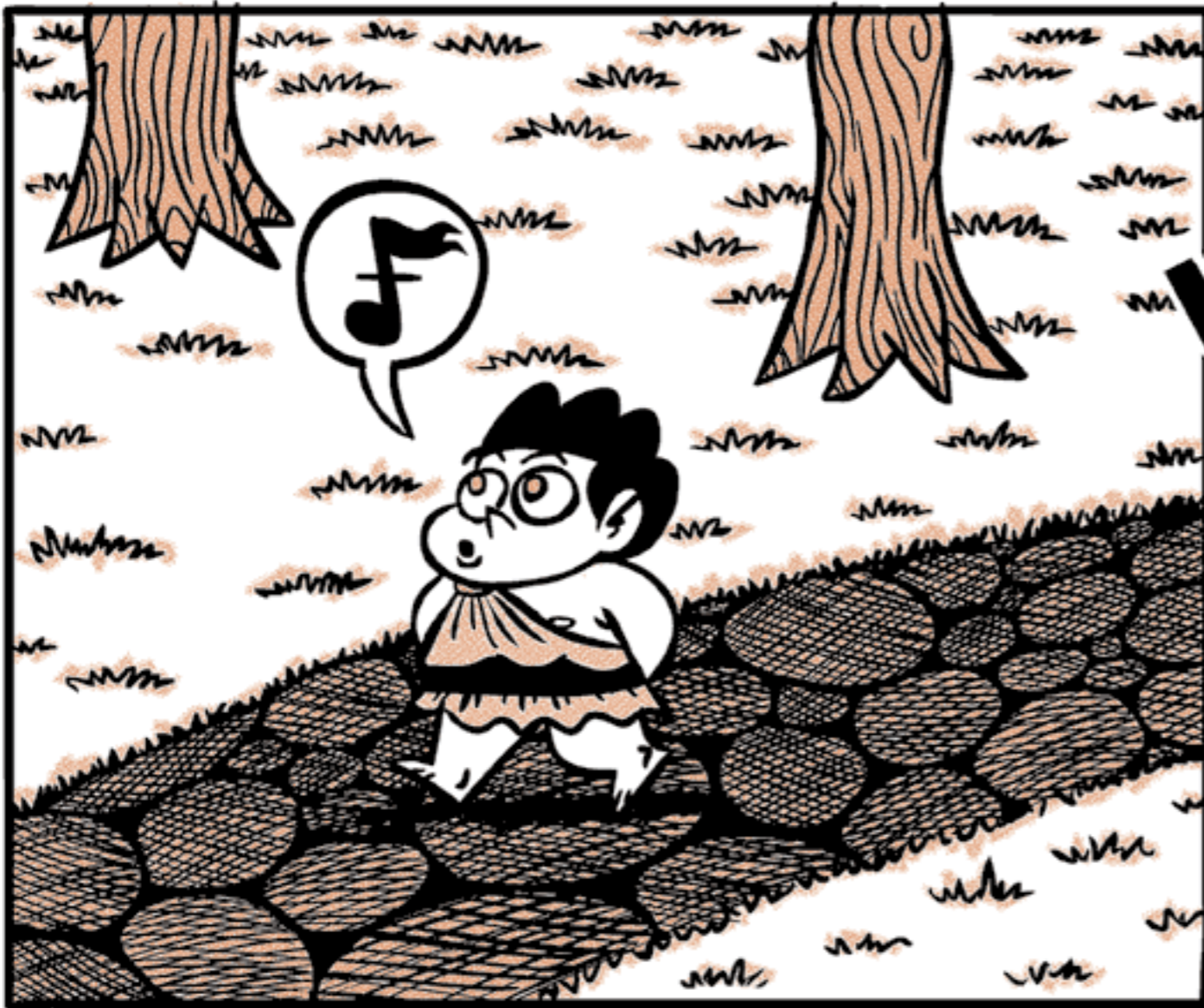




WHELP! BETTER GET STARTED.



I'LL NEVER GET THIS PLACE CLEAN IN TIME ALONE.



GOODNESS! I WONDER WHO THAT COULD BE!

**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**



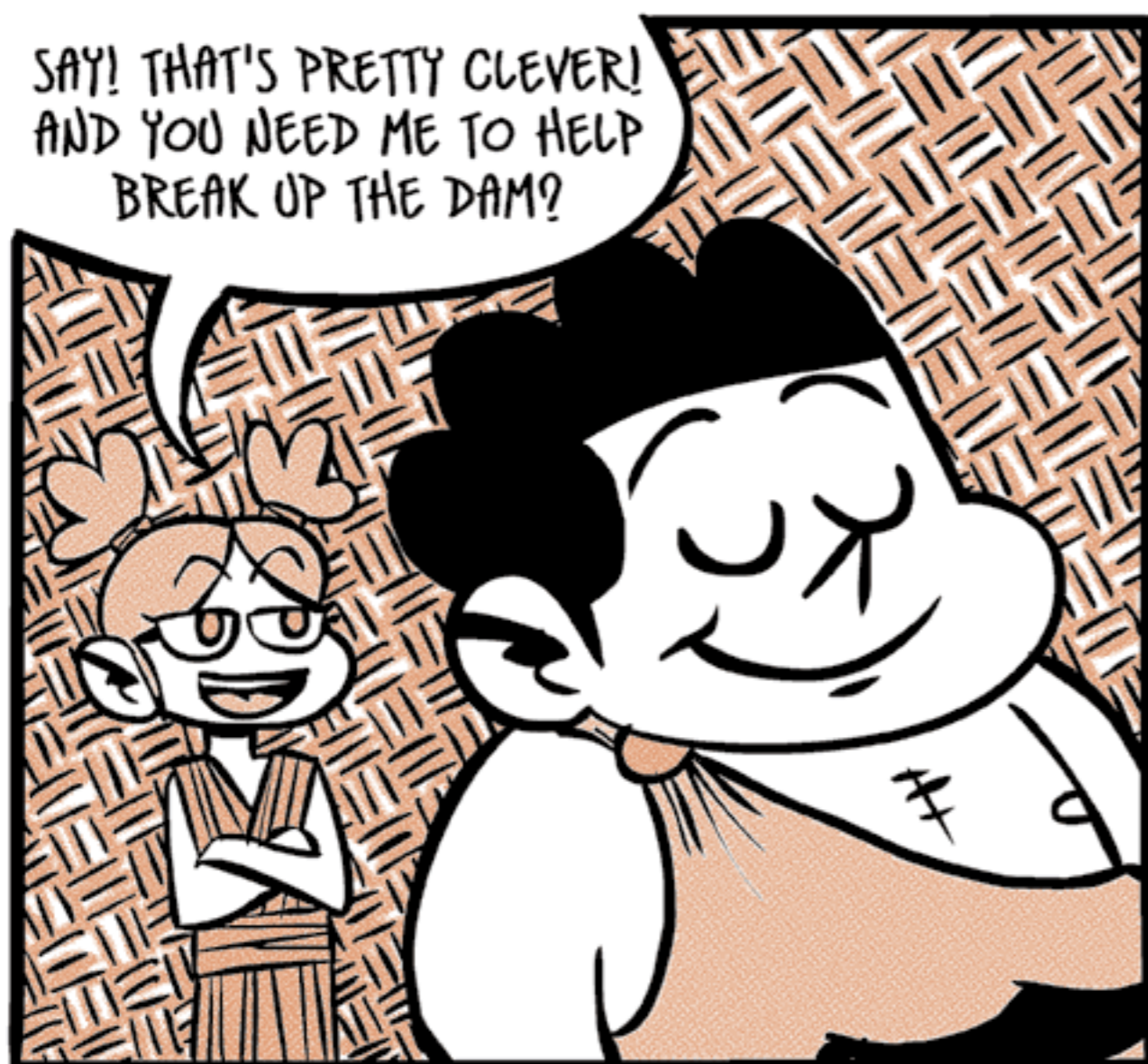
WHY, IT'S SOPHIA'S LITTLE FRIEND GASTRO! I'LL GO GET HER.

'PPRECIATE IT, MA'AM.



ALRIGHT, LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.

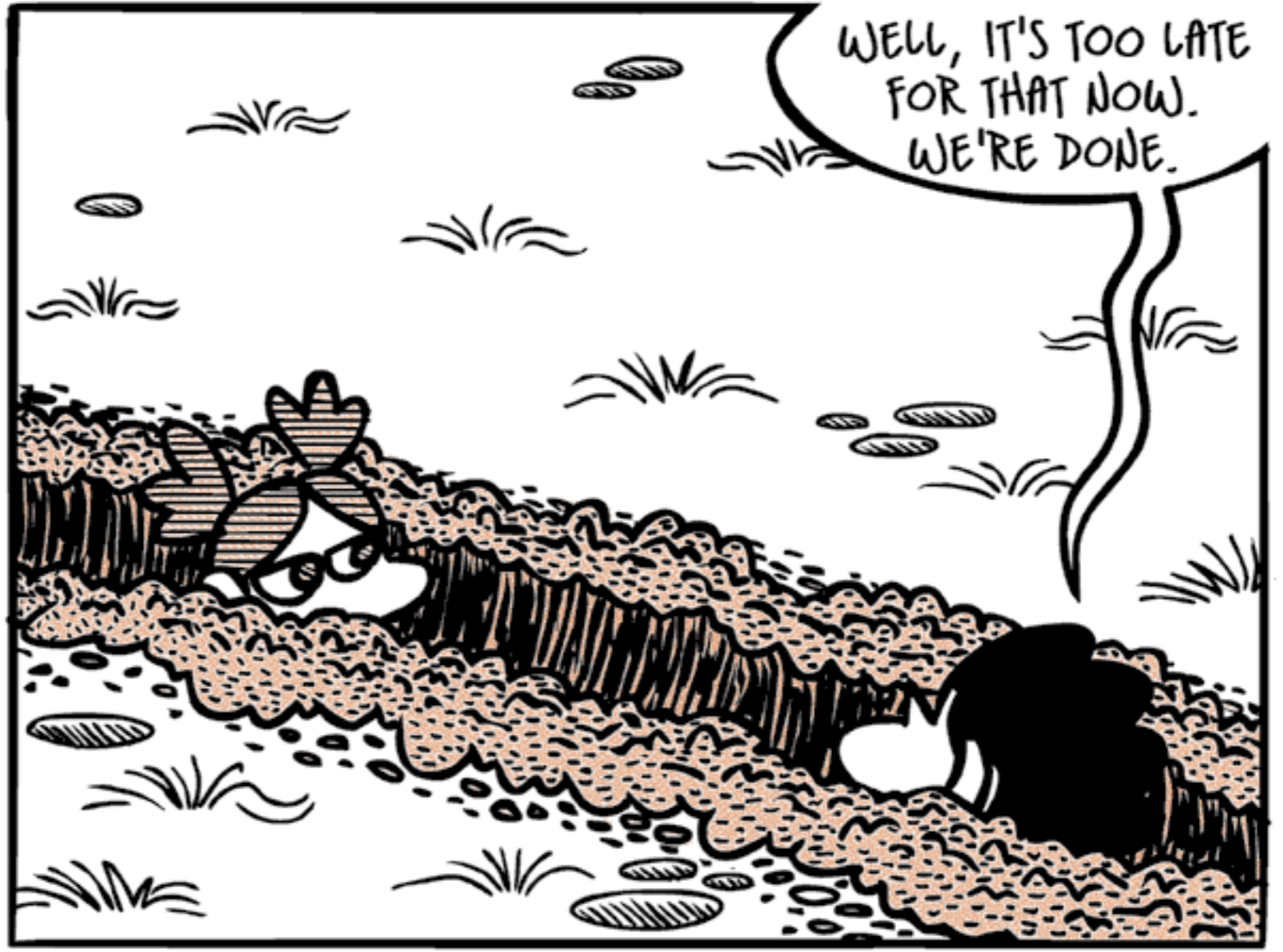
IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK TO YOUR FAVORITE PERSON IN THE WHOLE CITYSTATE?



YOU KNOW, GASTRO, IT OCCURS TO ME THAT WE'VE GONE TO A LOT MORE EFFORT THAN ACTUALLY CLEANING YOUR HOUSE WOULD HAVE TAKEN.



WELL, IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW. WE'RE DONE.

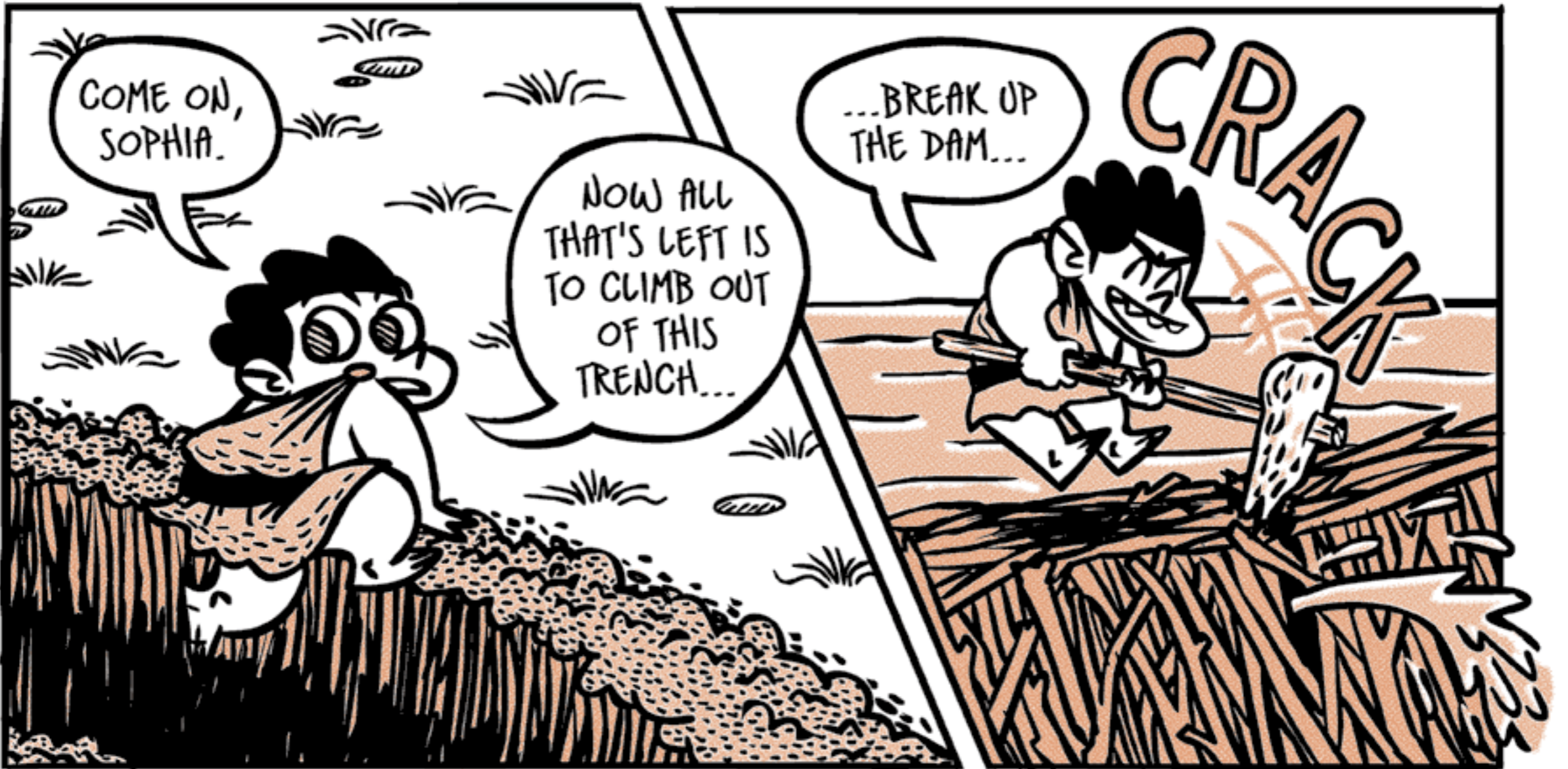


COME ON, SOPHIA.

NOW ALL THAT'S LEFT IS TO CLIMB OUT OF THIS TRENCH...

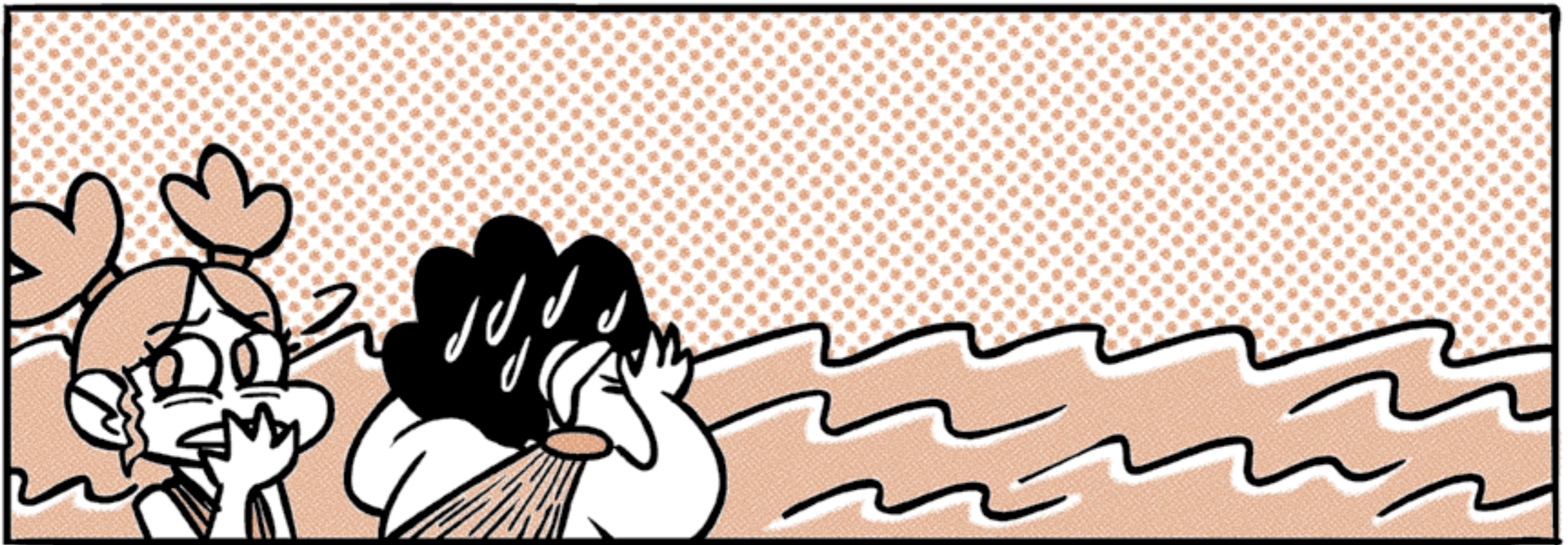
...BREAK UP THE DAM...

CRACK



...AND WITNESS THE RESULTS OF OUR HARD WORK.





GASTRO, DO YOU UNDERSTAND HOW **SERIOUS** THIS IS? AS OF THIS MOMENT, WE ARE **HOMELESS**.



WHAT'S MORE, EVERYTHING WE OWN WAS IN THAT HUT. FOOD, CLOTHES, MONEY, WEAPONS, WE HAVE NOTHING!



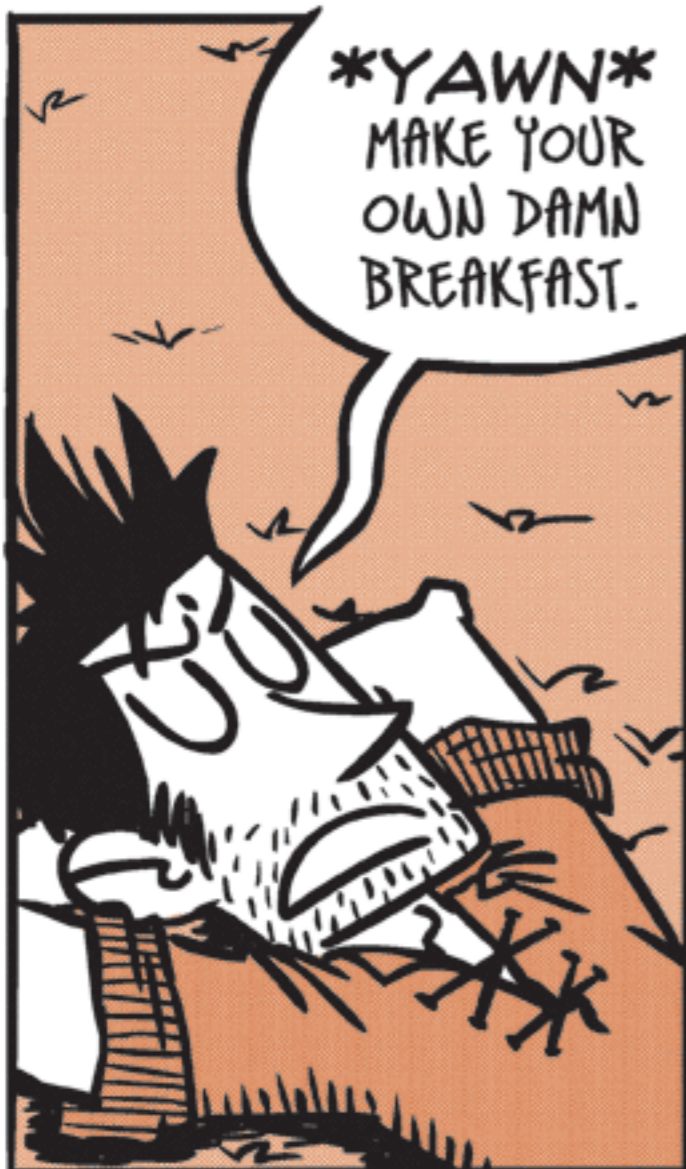
WELL?! WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?!

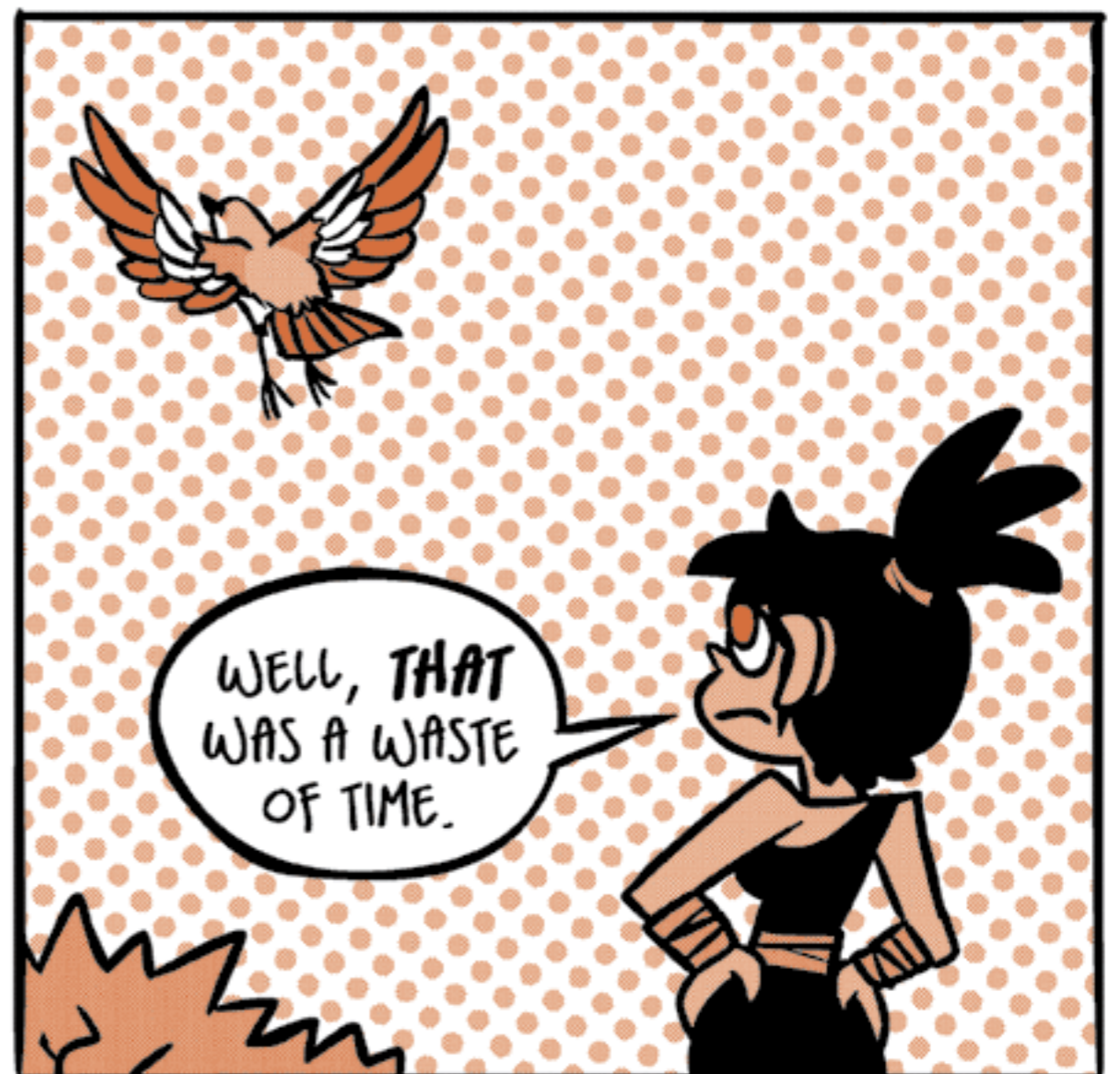
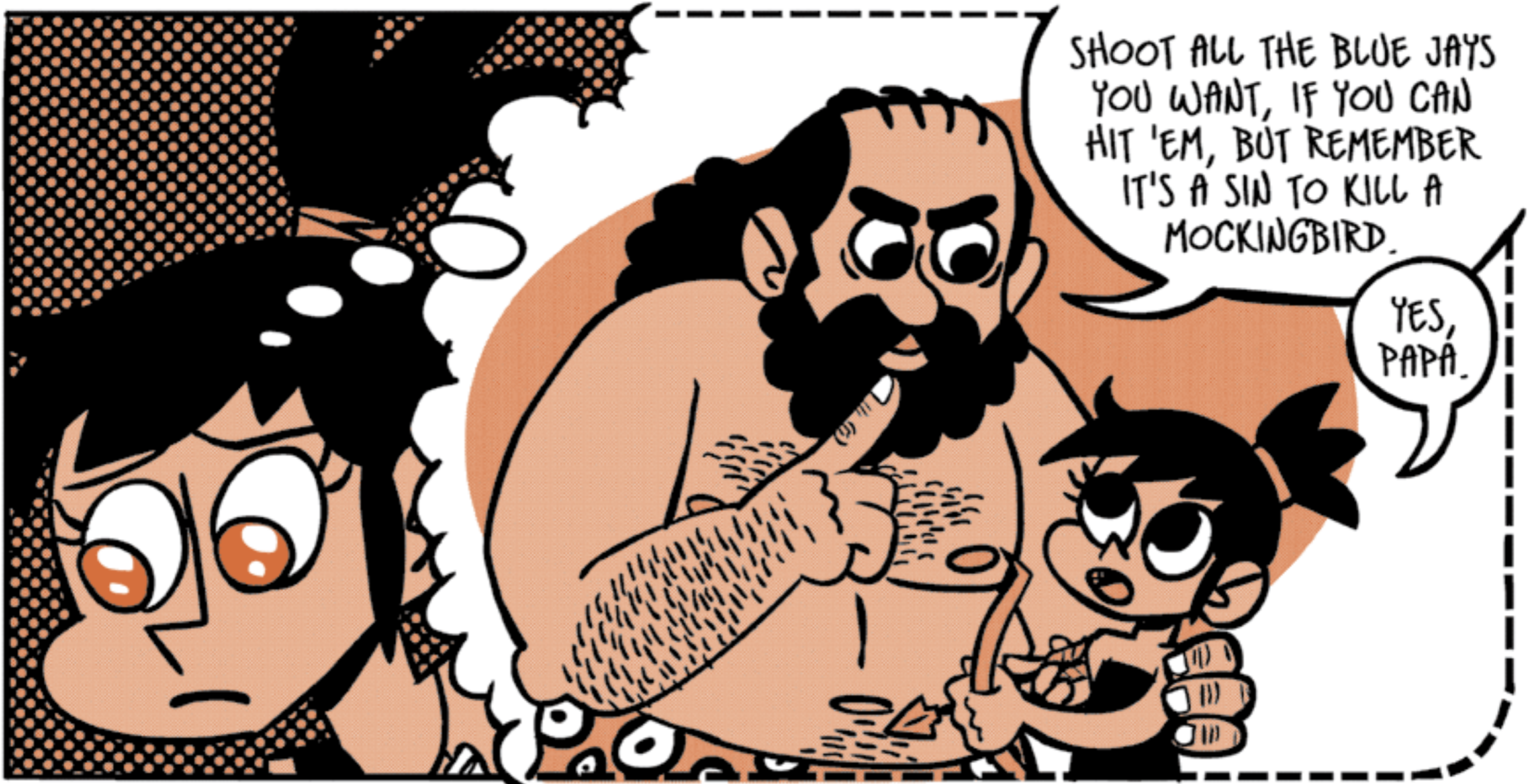
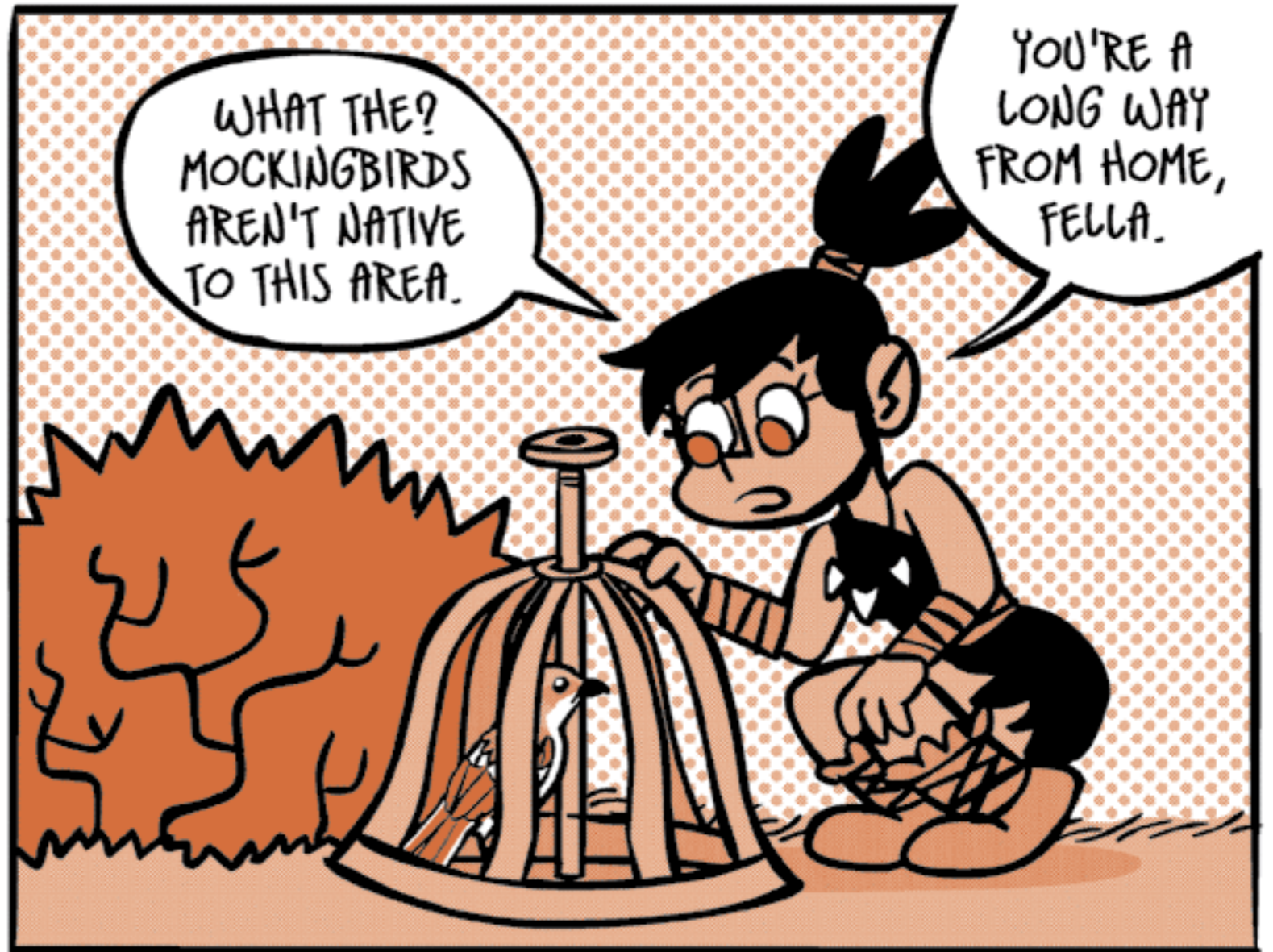


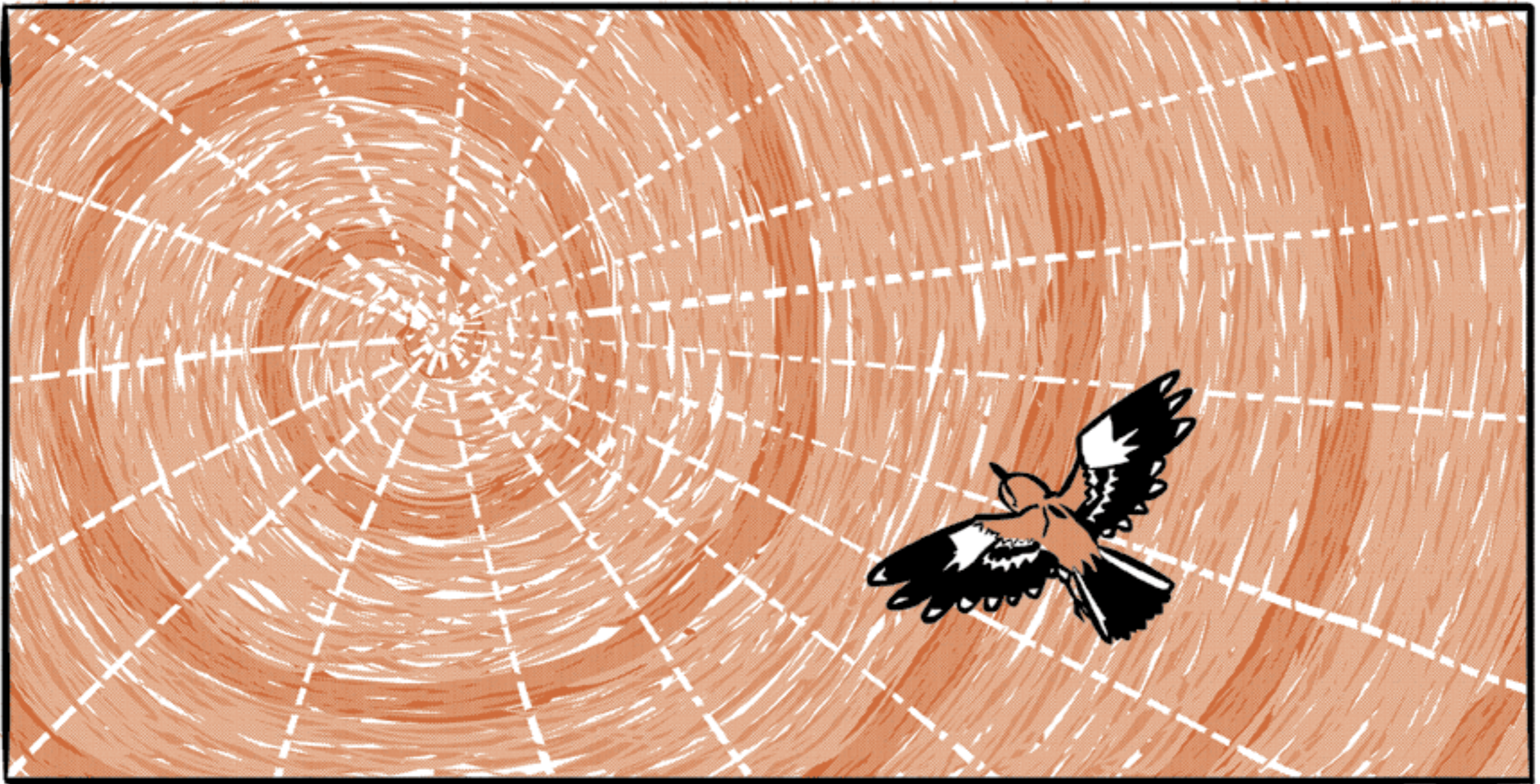
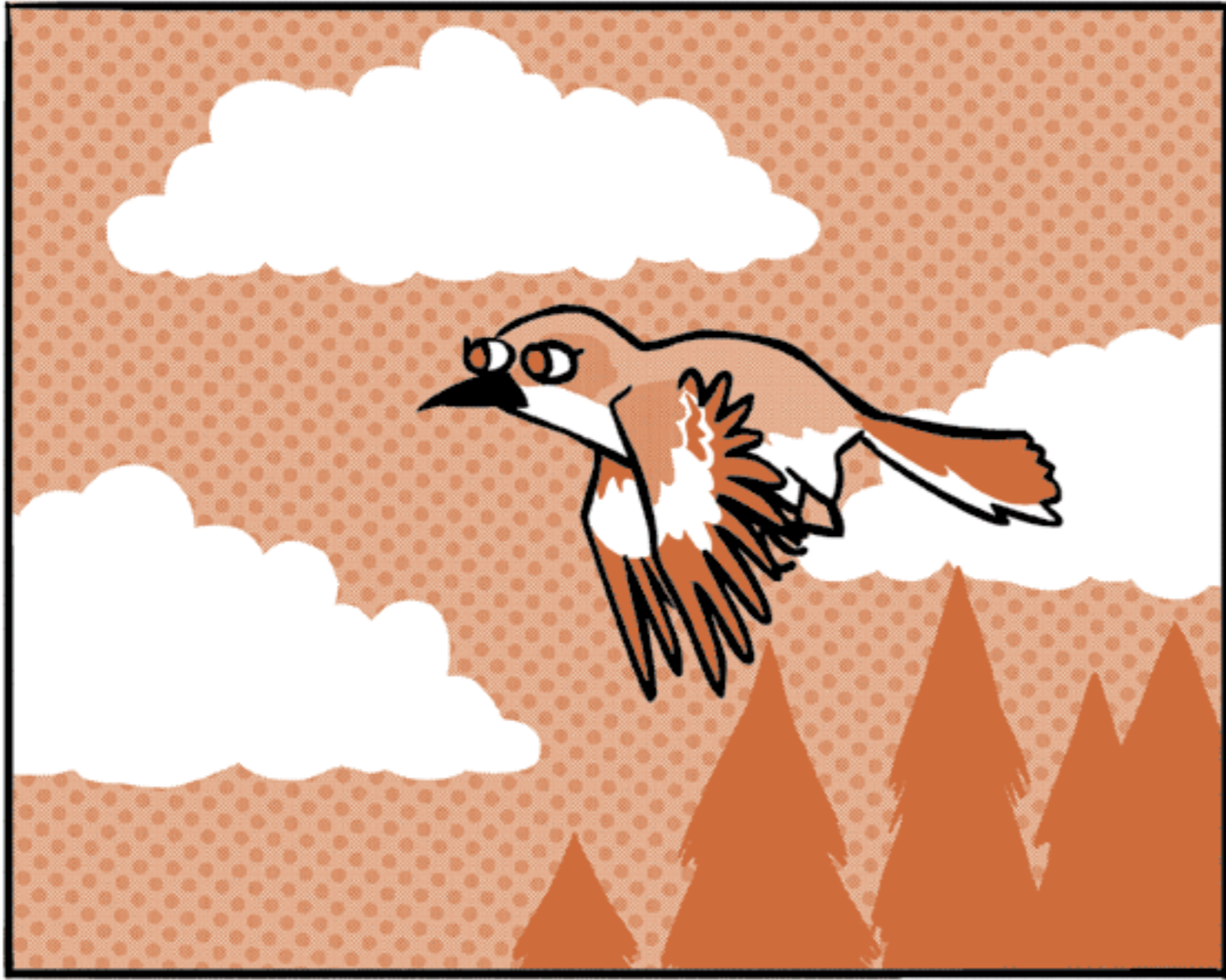
"Although the most acute judges of the witches and even the witches themselves, were convinced of the guilt of witchery, the guilt nevertheless was non-existent. It is thus with all guilt."

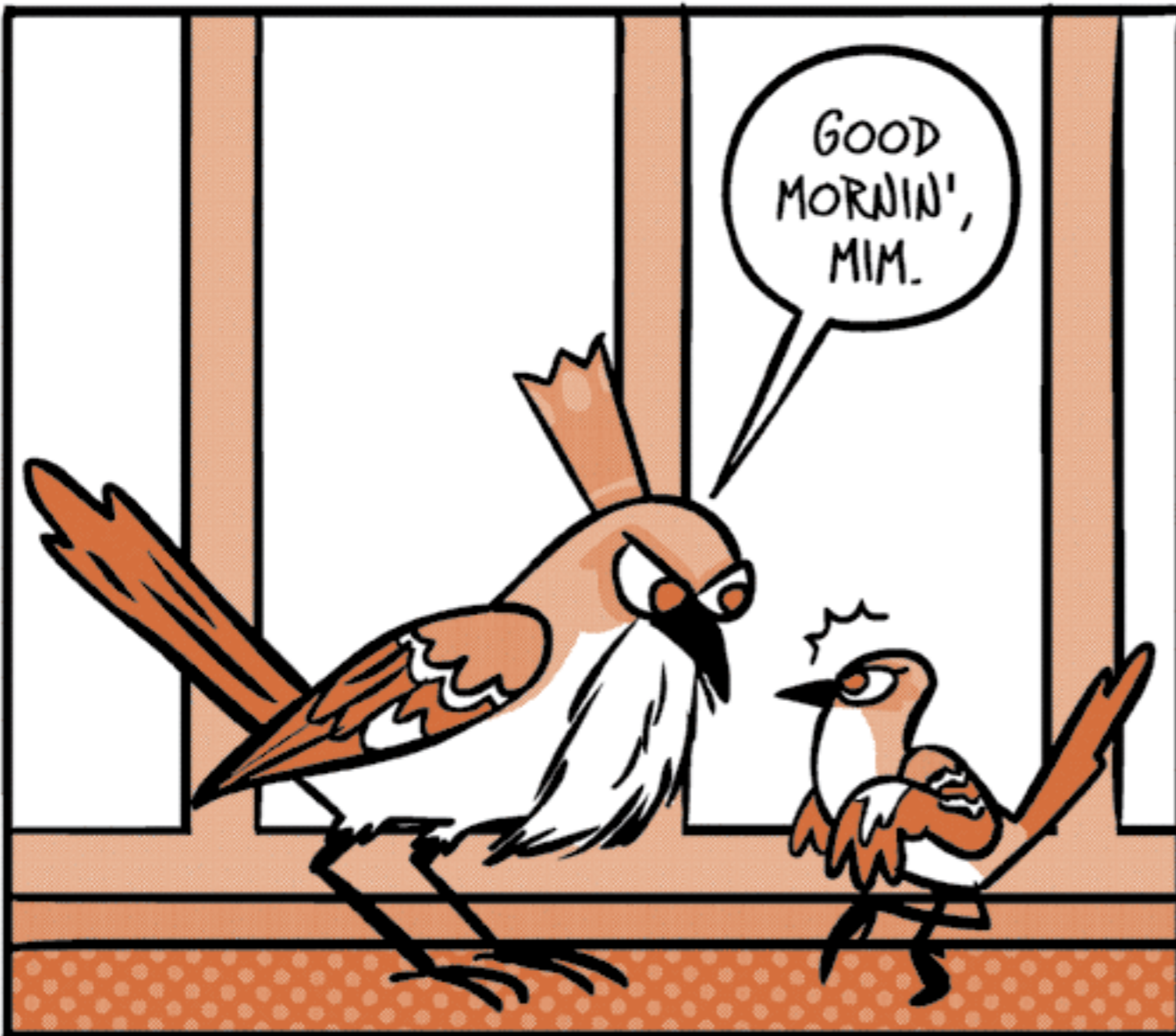
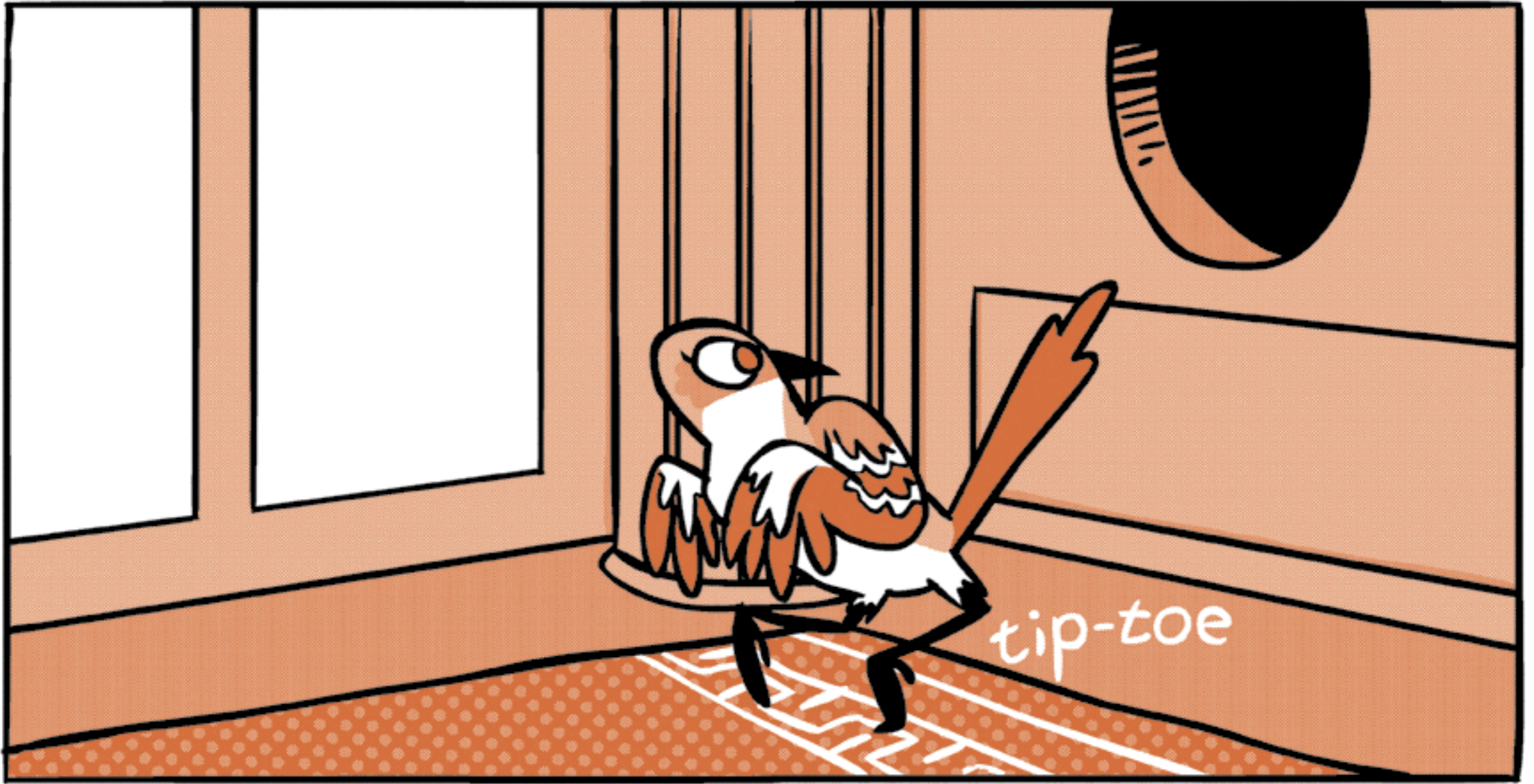
--Friedrich Nietzsche

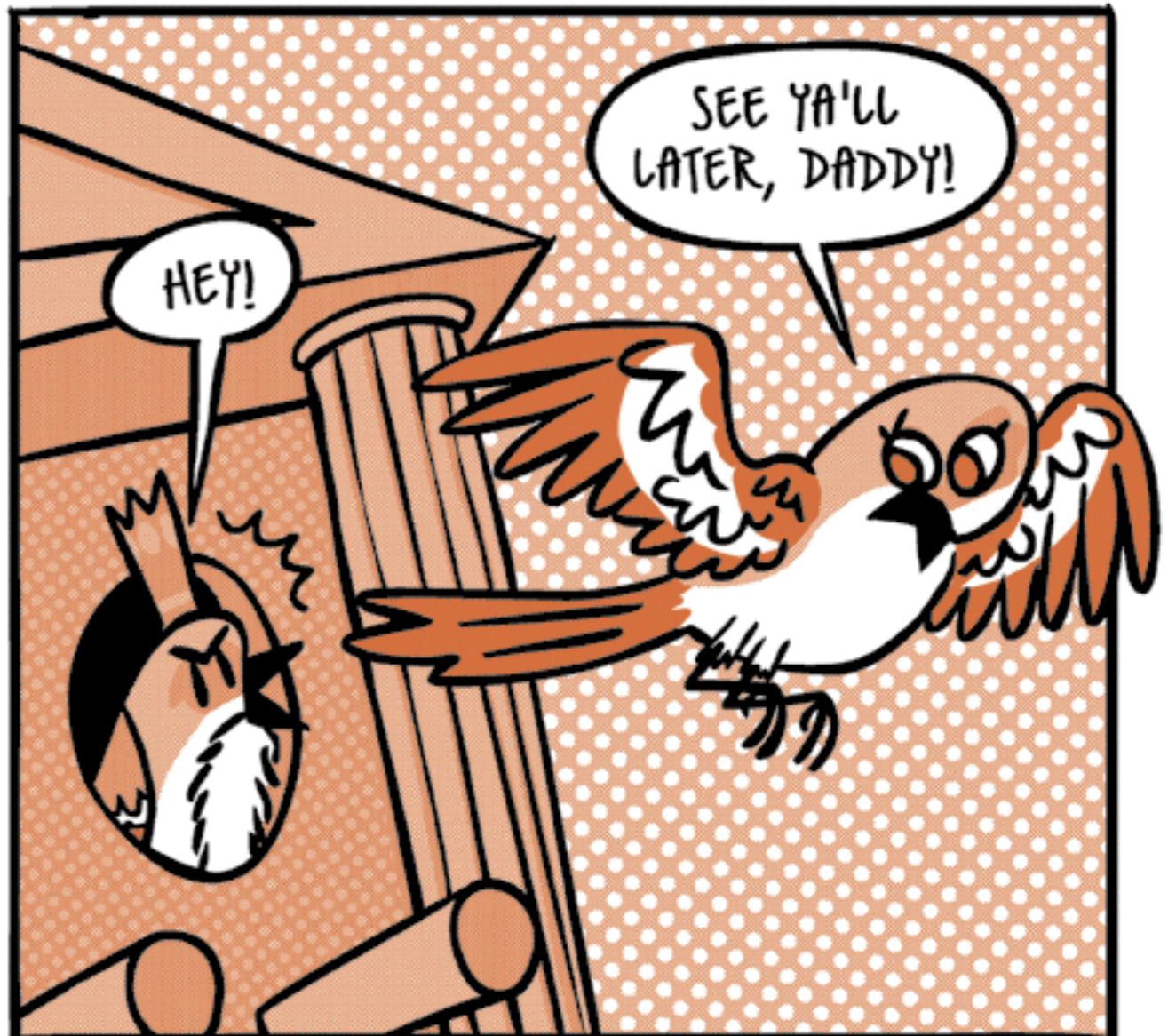


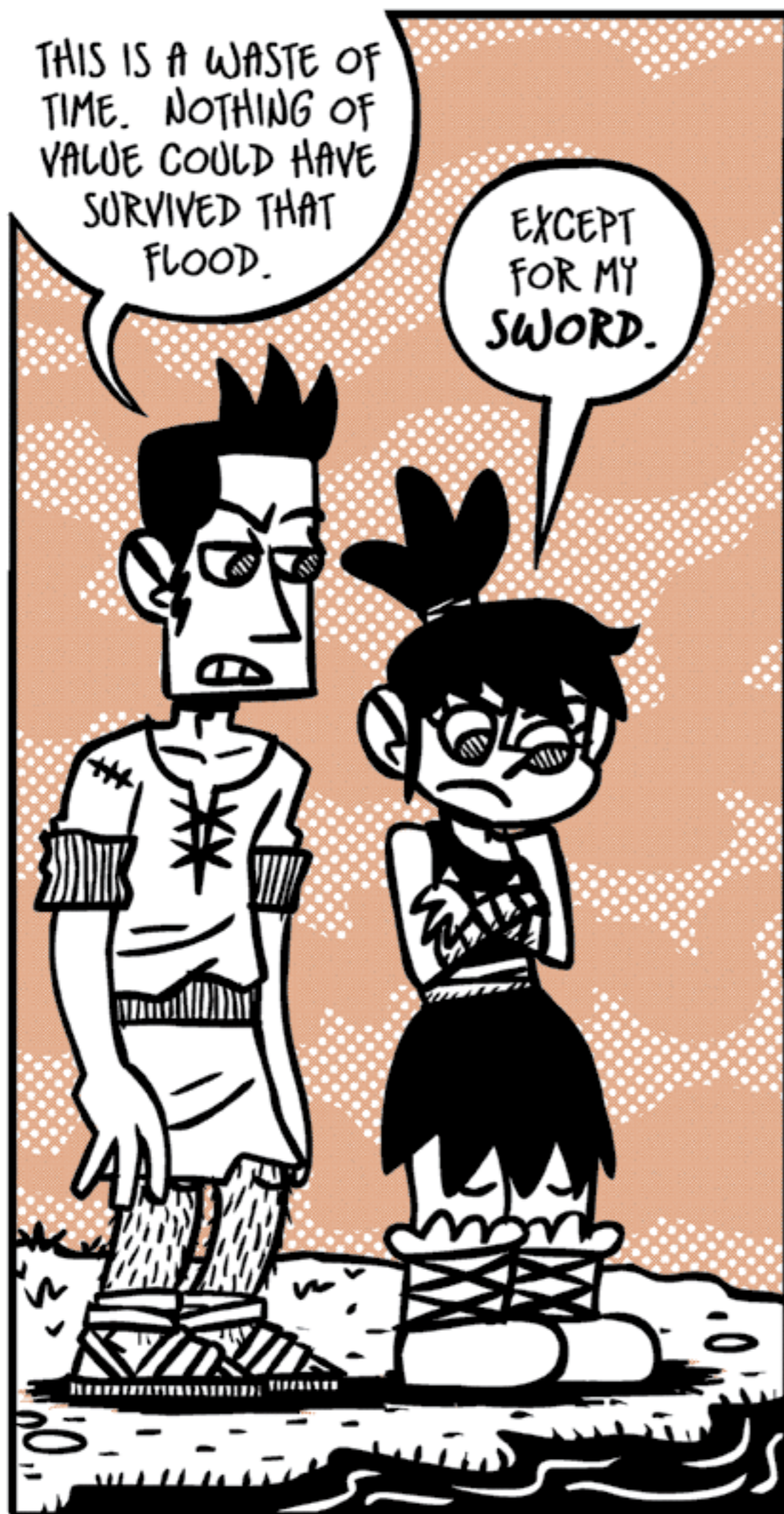
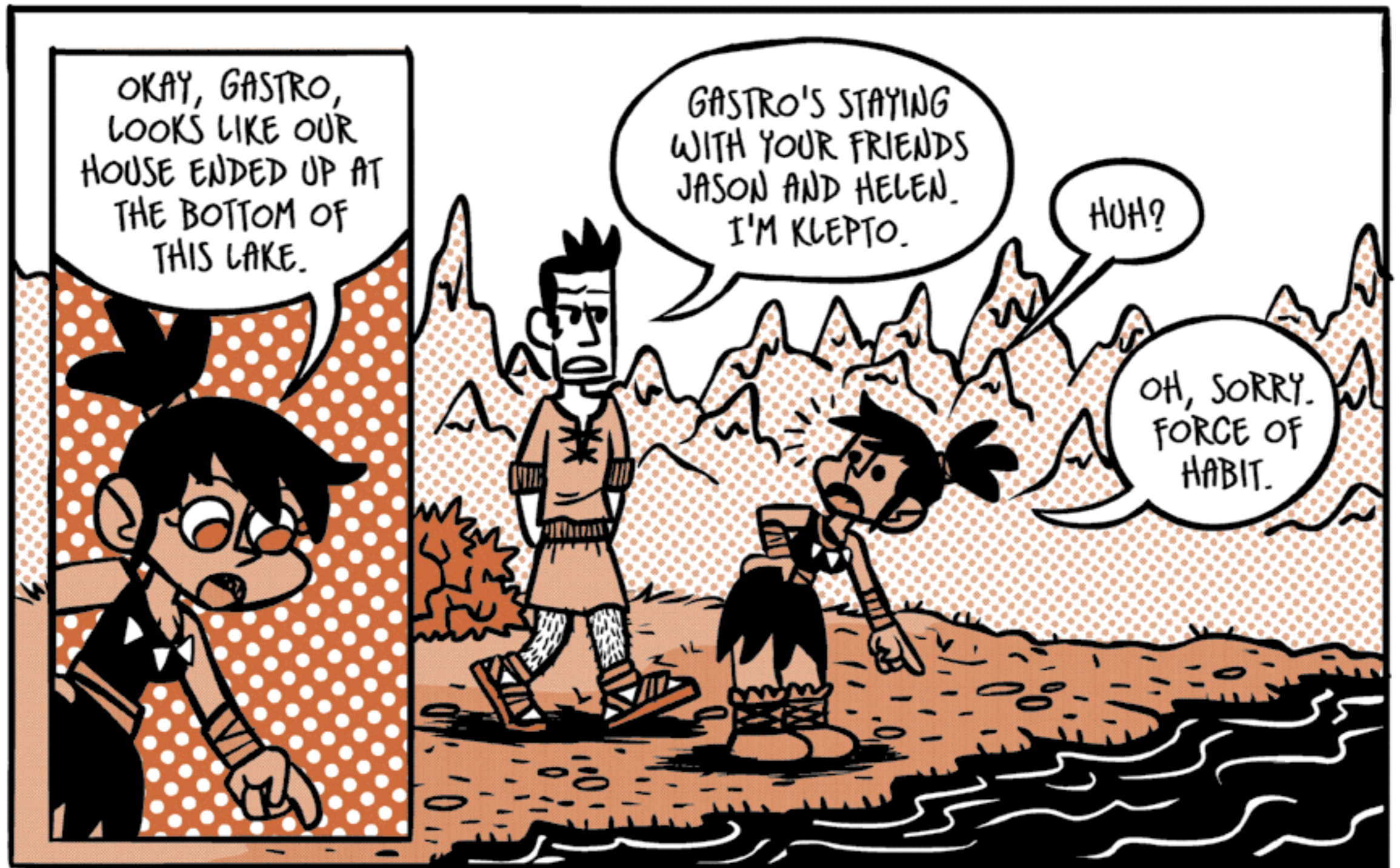


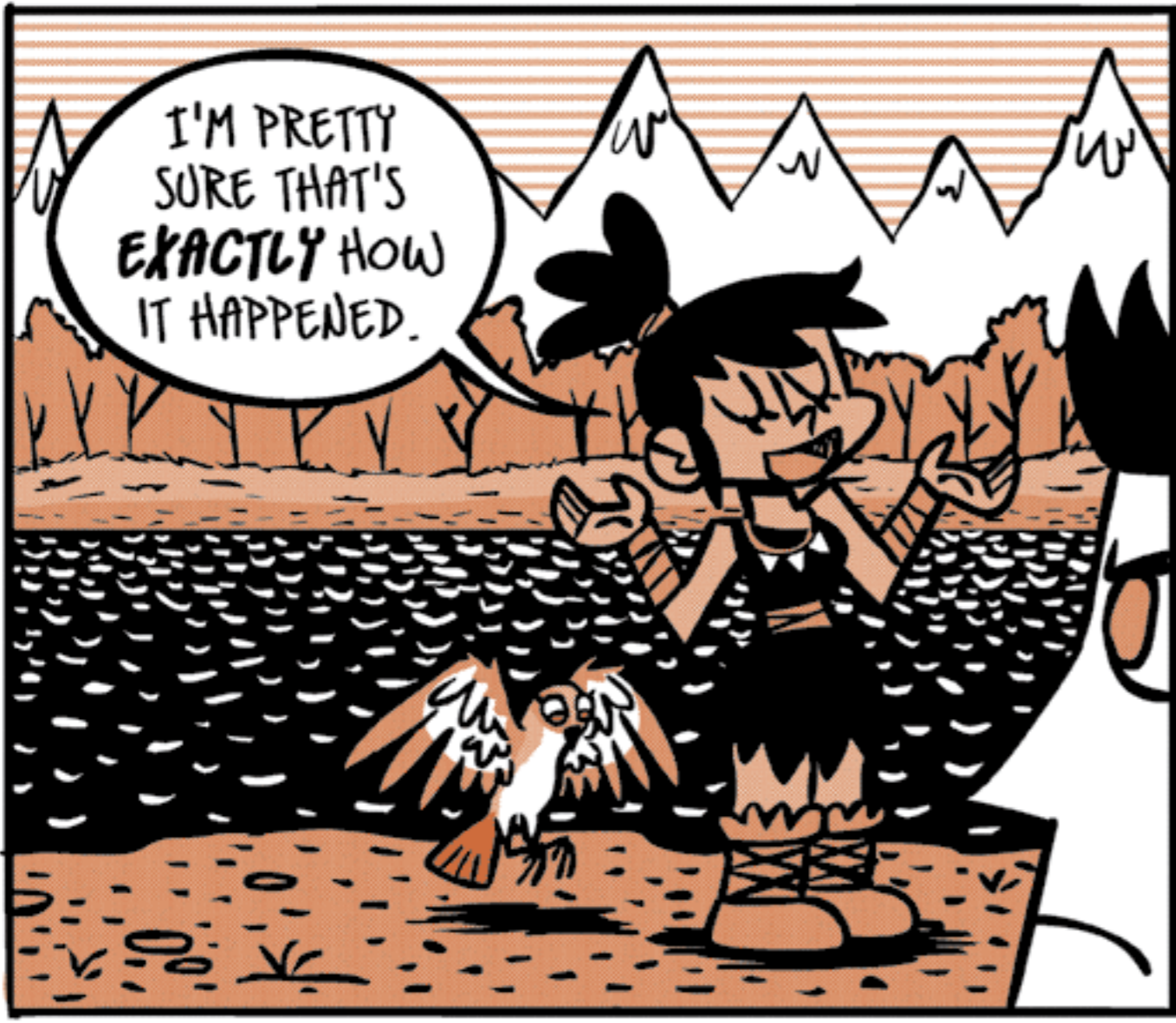
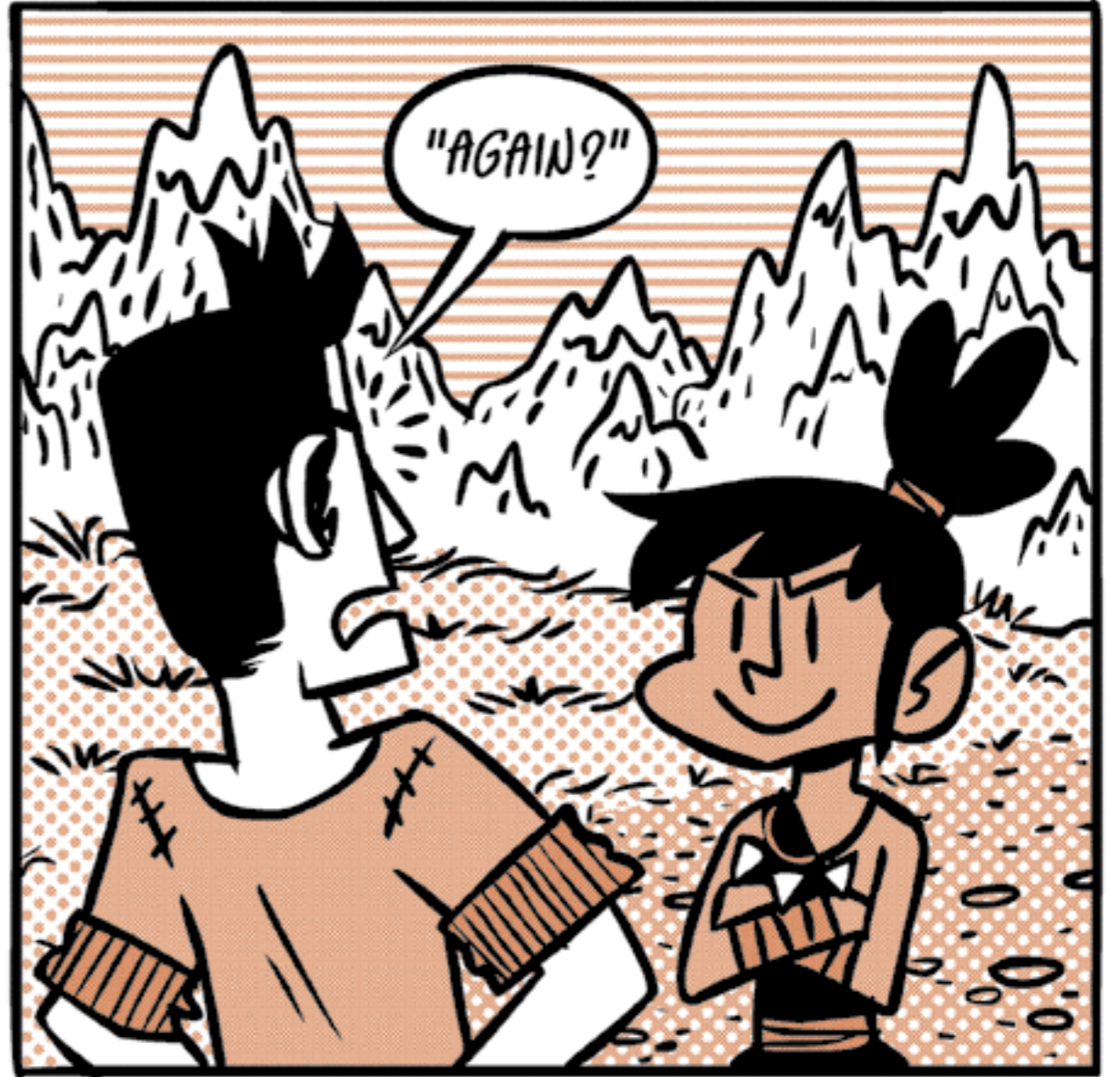


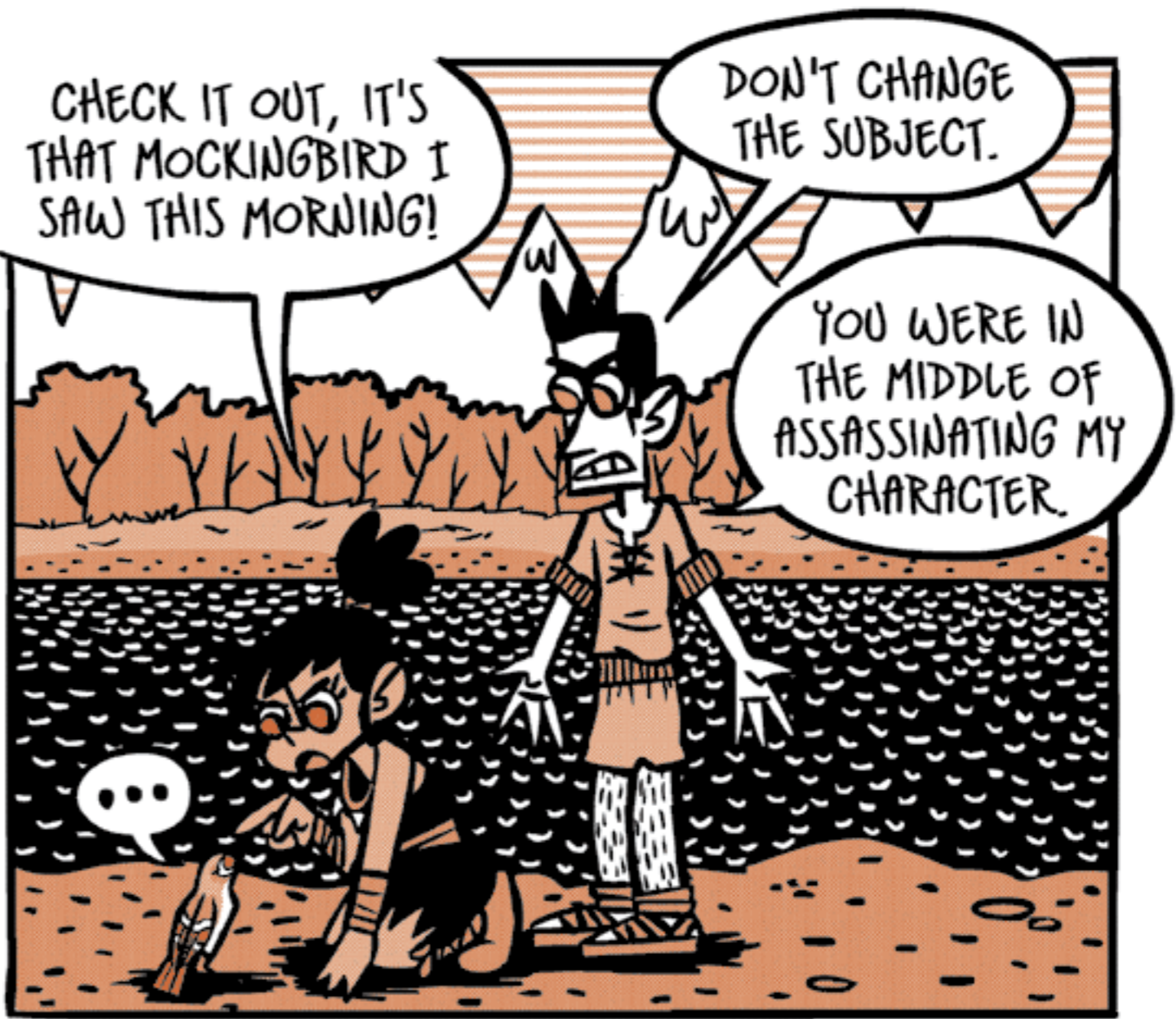












CHECK IT OUT, IT'S THAT MOCKINGBIRD I SAW THIS MORNING!

DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

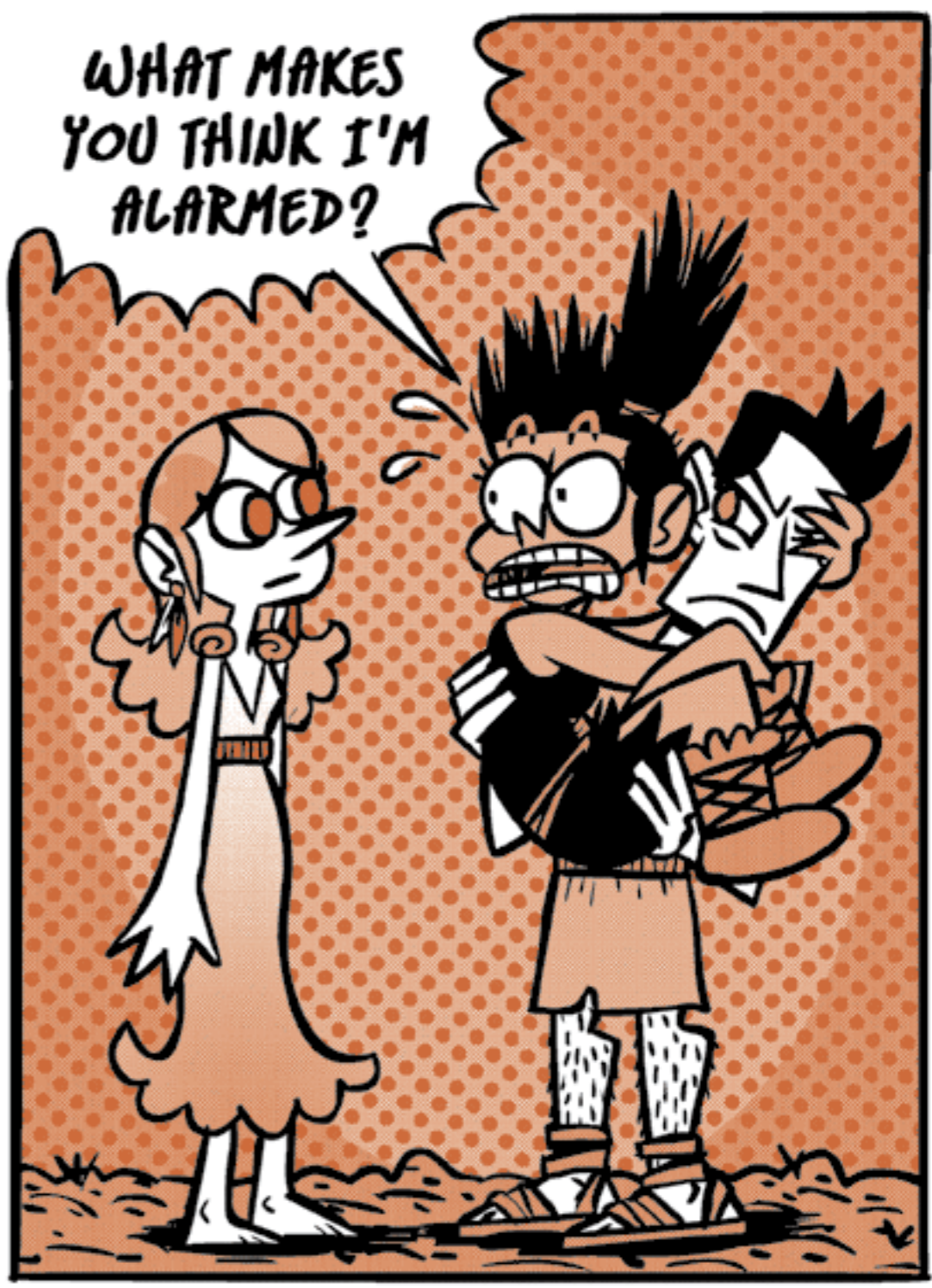
YOU WERE IN THE MIDDLE OF ASSASSINATING MY CHARACTER.



SHHH FOOM!



DON'T BE ALARMED. AH'M MIM, PRINCESS O' TH' MOCKIN'BIRD FOLK.



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M ALARMED?



AHEM



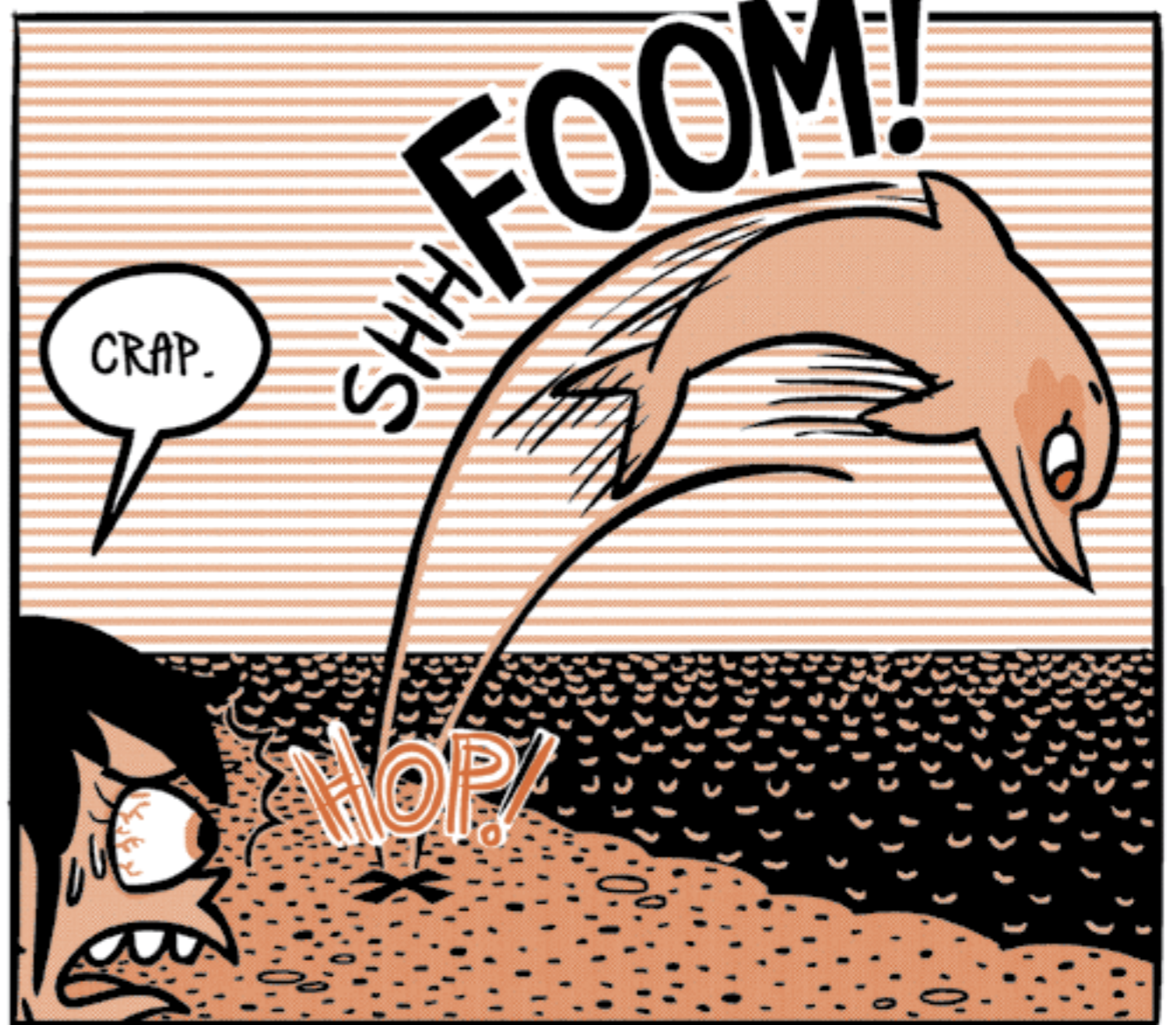
SO, UM, TH' MOCKIN'BIRD KING REQUESTS YA'LLS PRESENSE?

SOUNDS LIKE A HOOT, BUT I'VE GOT A SWORD TO RECOVER.



OH, AH'LL GETCHER SWORD FER YA.

THAT'S NOT REALLY NECESS-



CRAP.

SHH FOOM!

HOP!



OH, THIS IS NOT GOOD.

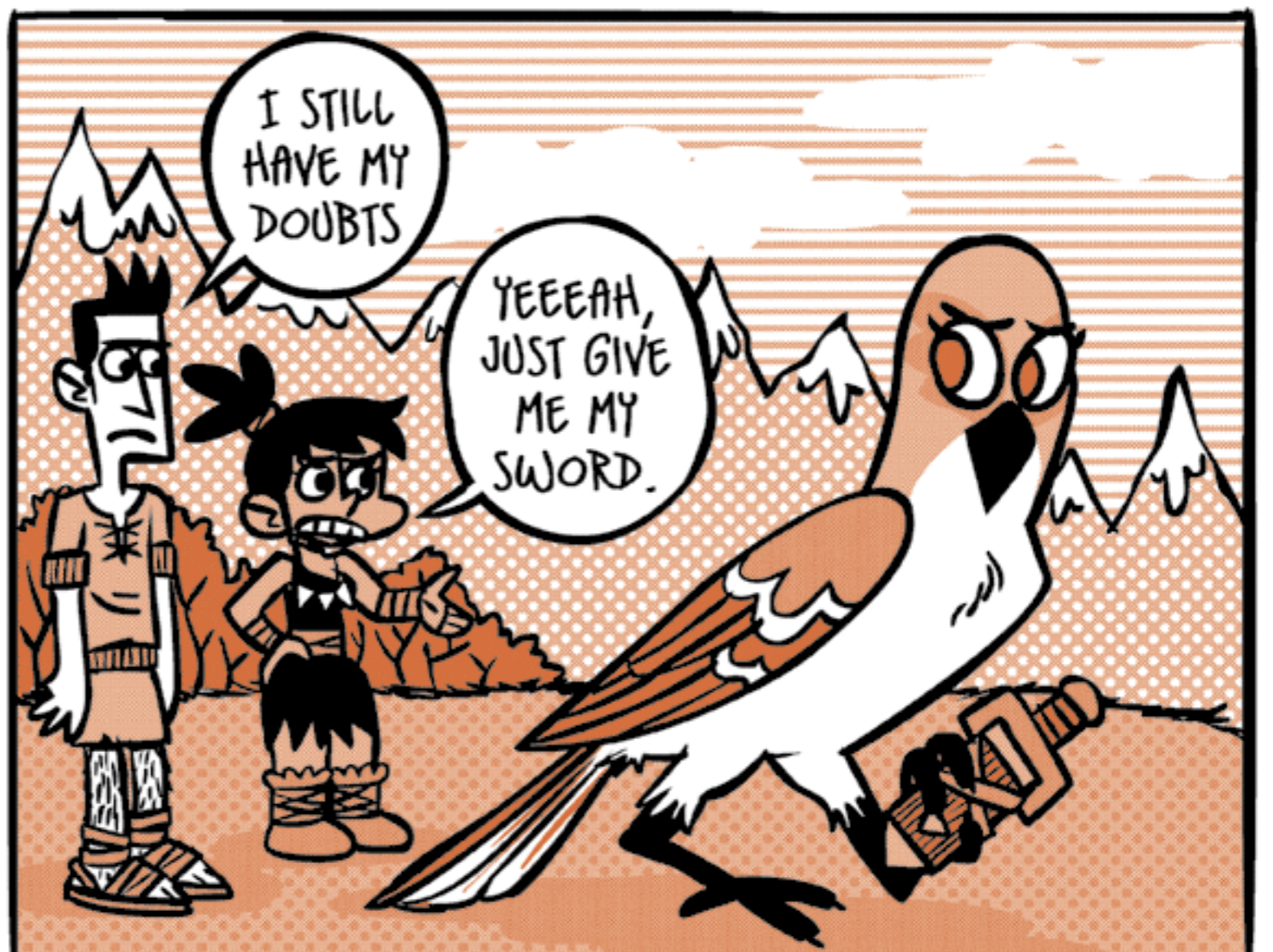
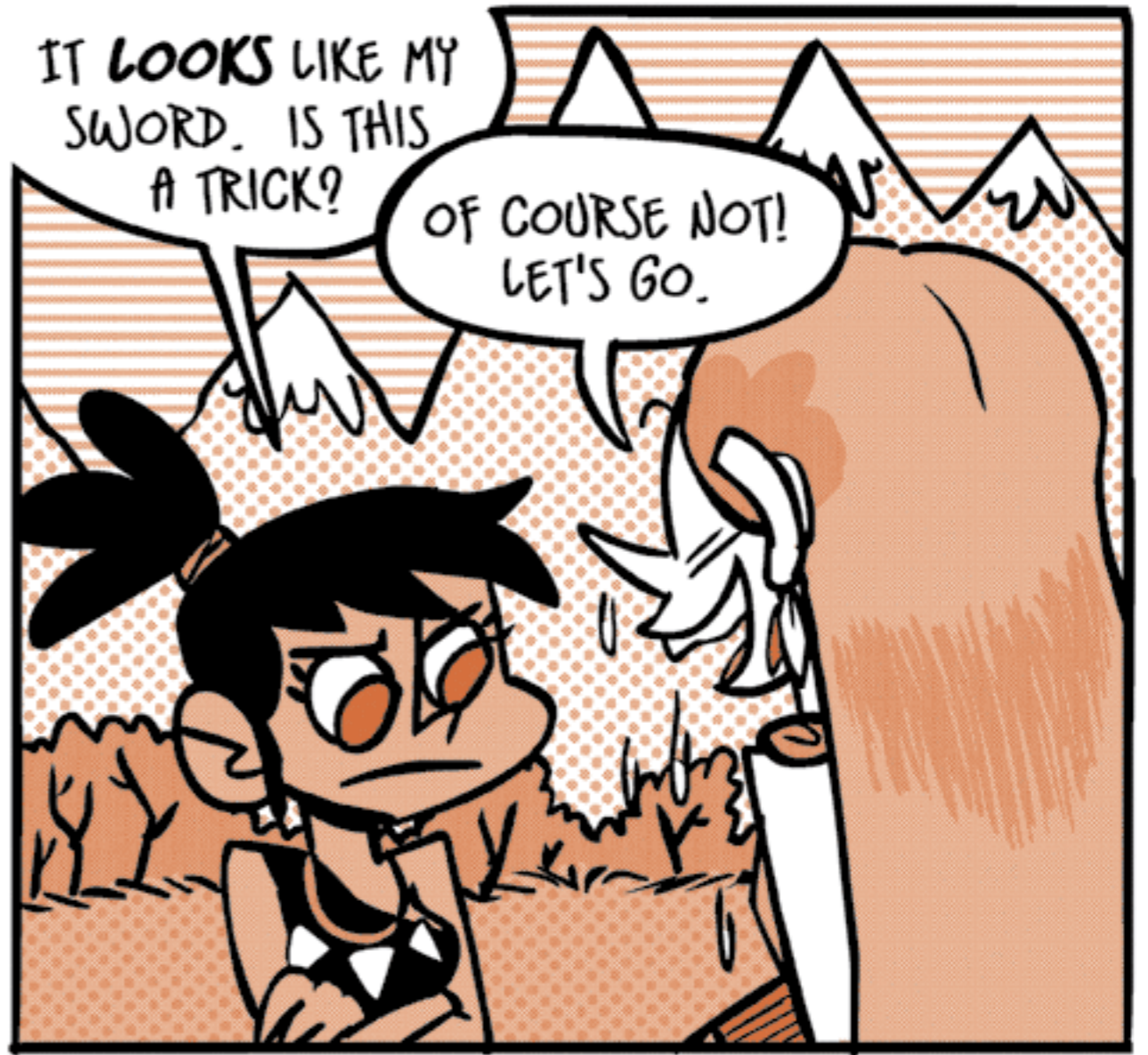
CRAP CRAP CRAP!

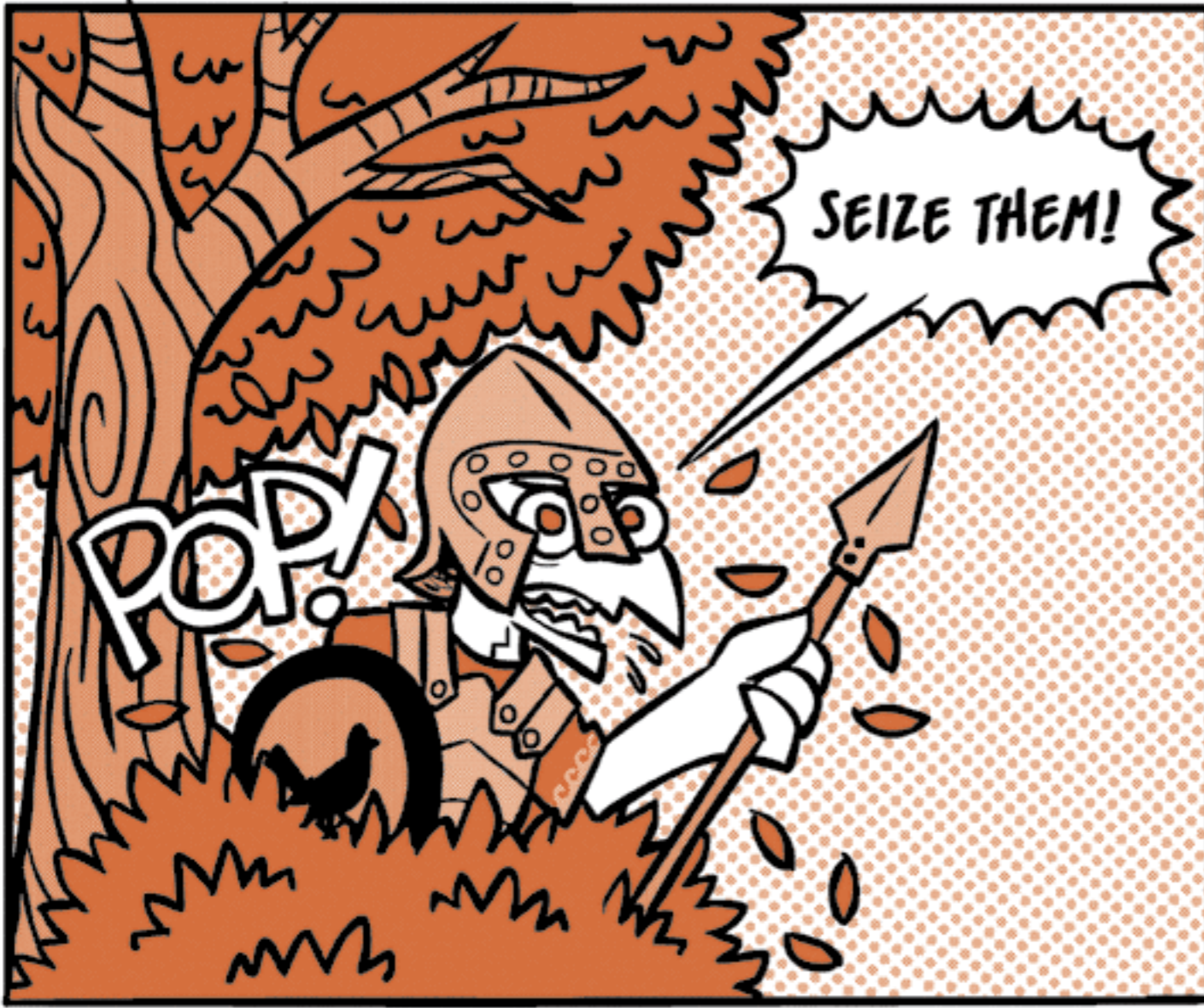
SPLASH



IF SHE COMES UP WITH A SWORD MADE OUT OF GOLD, REFUSE IT.

OBVIOUSLY.









IS THIS SOME SORT OF ELABORATE PRACTICAL JOKE?



NO JOKE. THET TRAP'S TH' ULTIMATE WEAPON NEEDED FER OUR WAR WITH CLOUD CUCKOO LAND!



WEAPON?! HA HA! YOU MAY LOOK HUMAN, BUT YOU'RE STILL STUPID BIRDS!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



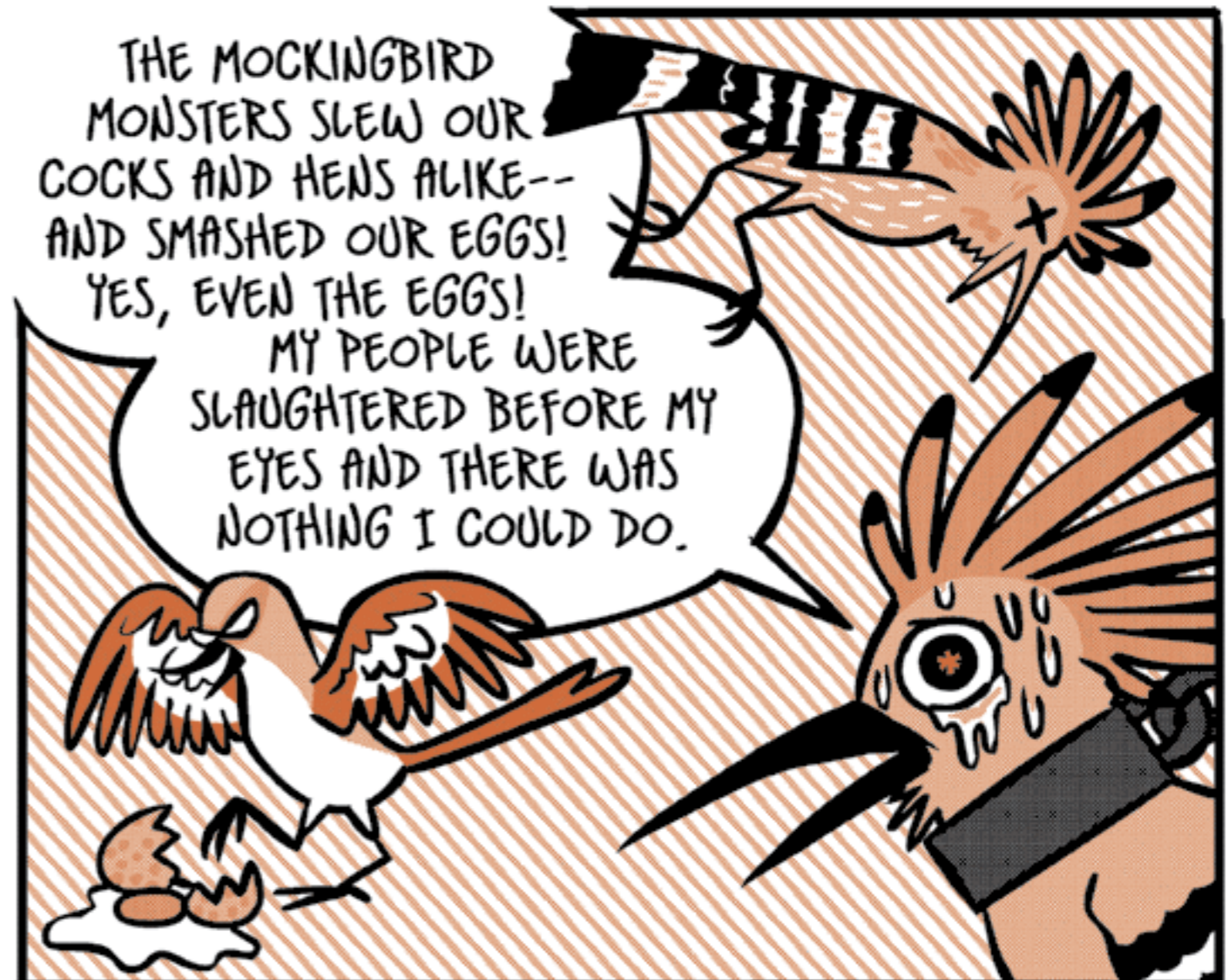
WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?

WE'RE IN A DUNGEON! TELL HIM WHATEVER HE WANTS!

NO! DON'T DO IT!

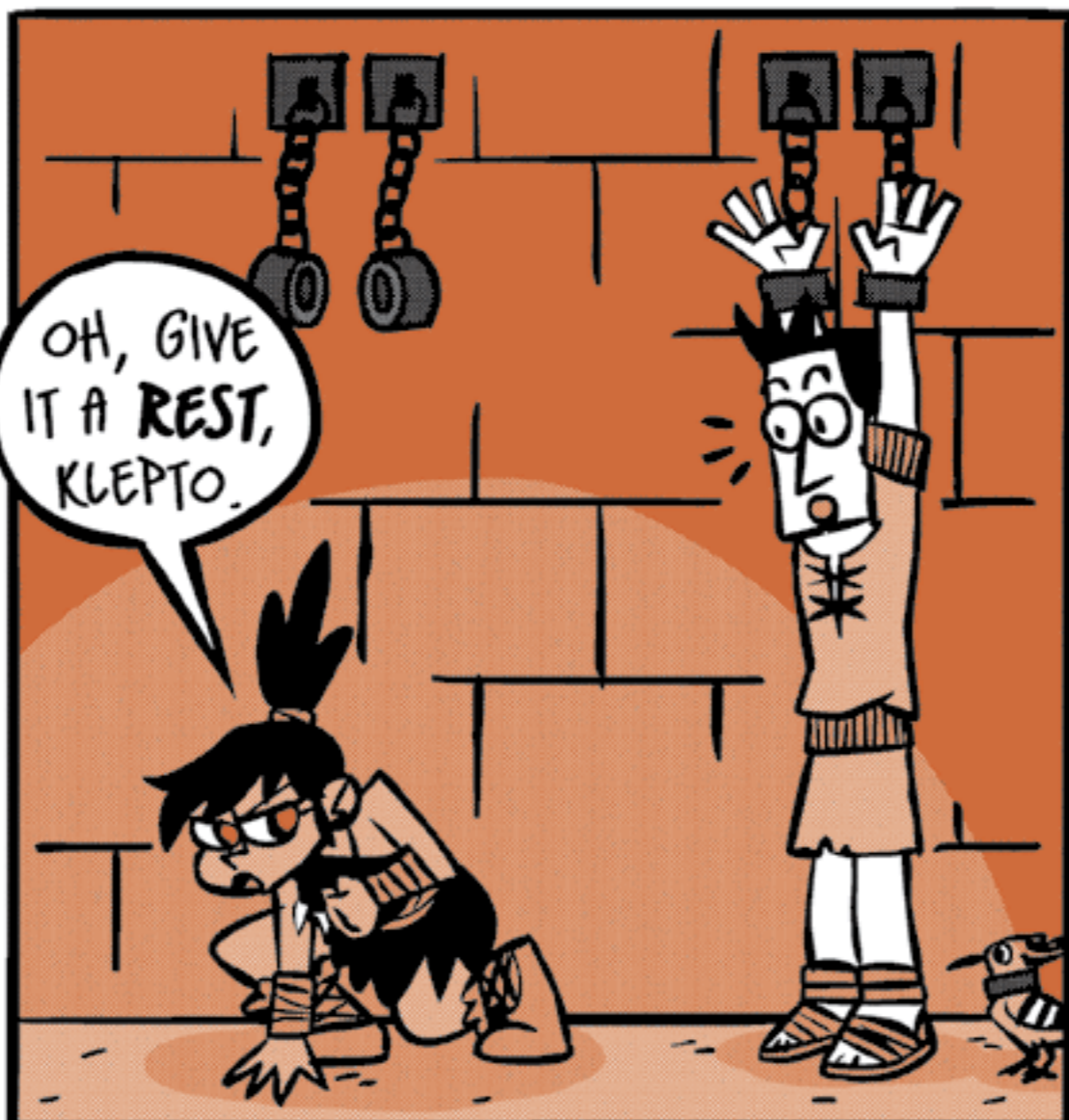


THIS WAS ONCE HOOPOE BIRD CITY!

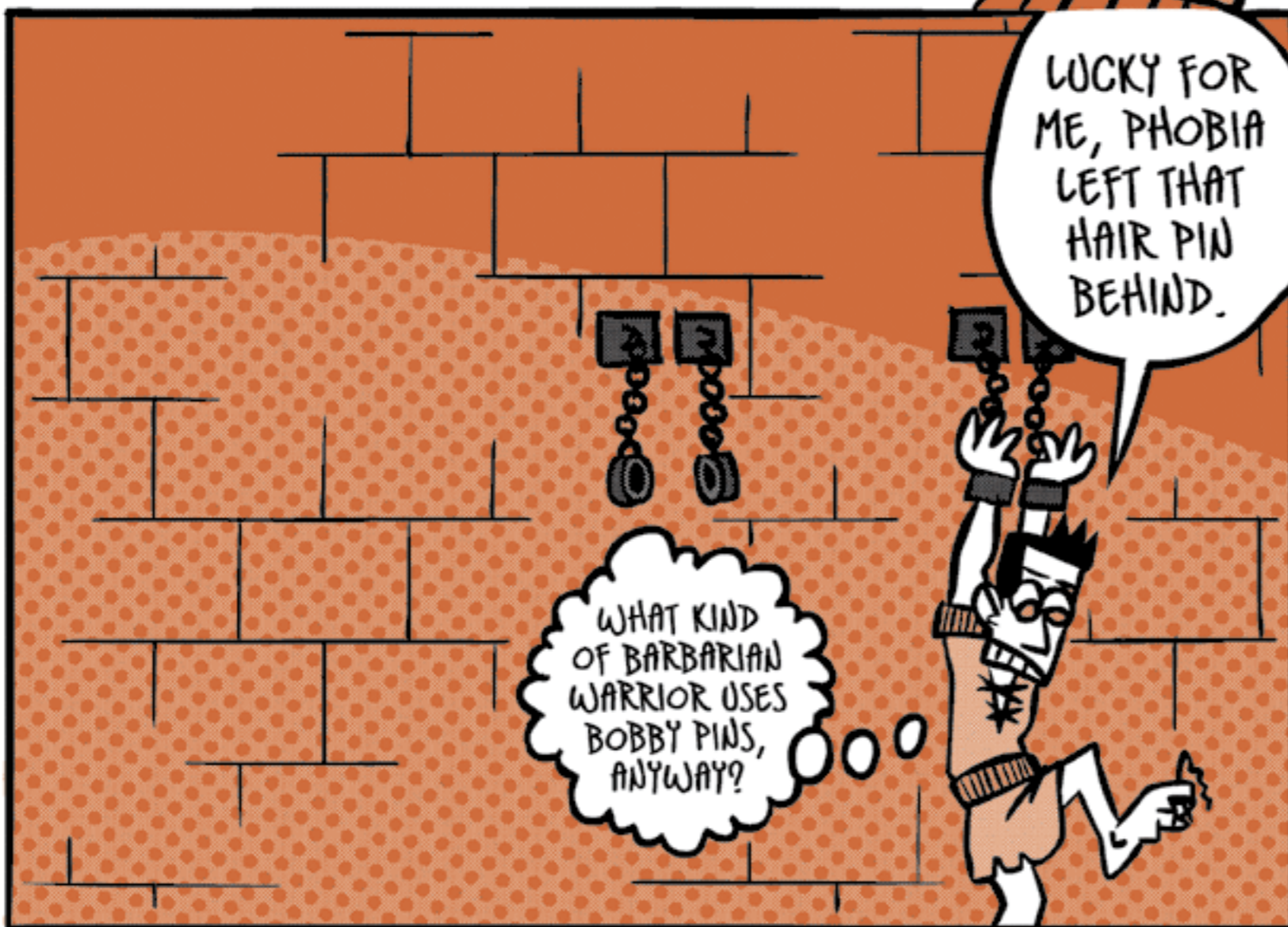


THE MOCKINGBIRD MONSTERS SLEW OUR COCKS AND HENS ALIKE-- AND SMASHED OUR EGGS! YES, EVEN THE EGGS!

MY PEOPLE WERE SLAUGHTERED BEFORE MY EYES AND THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO.



* ANCIENT TERMINOLOGY FOR "WHINEY BITCH."





IS THIS A GOOD IDEA? THE KING SAID NOT TO FEED THEM.

NAW, IT'S COOL. SEE, HE'S THE BAD COP AND I'M THE GOOD COP.



BESIDES, THEY'RE USELESS IF THEY STARVE TO DEATH!



YOUR FAKE SOUTHERN ACCENT IS SLIPPING AGAIN, PRINCESS.



T'AIN'T FAKE! AH JEST, YA KNOW, PLUMB FERGIT AH GOT IT... SOMETIMES.



YES! I ACTUALLY DID IT! ONE MORE TO GO AND I'M FREE!



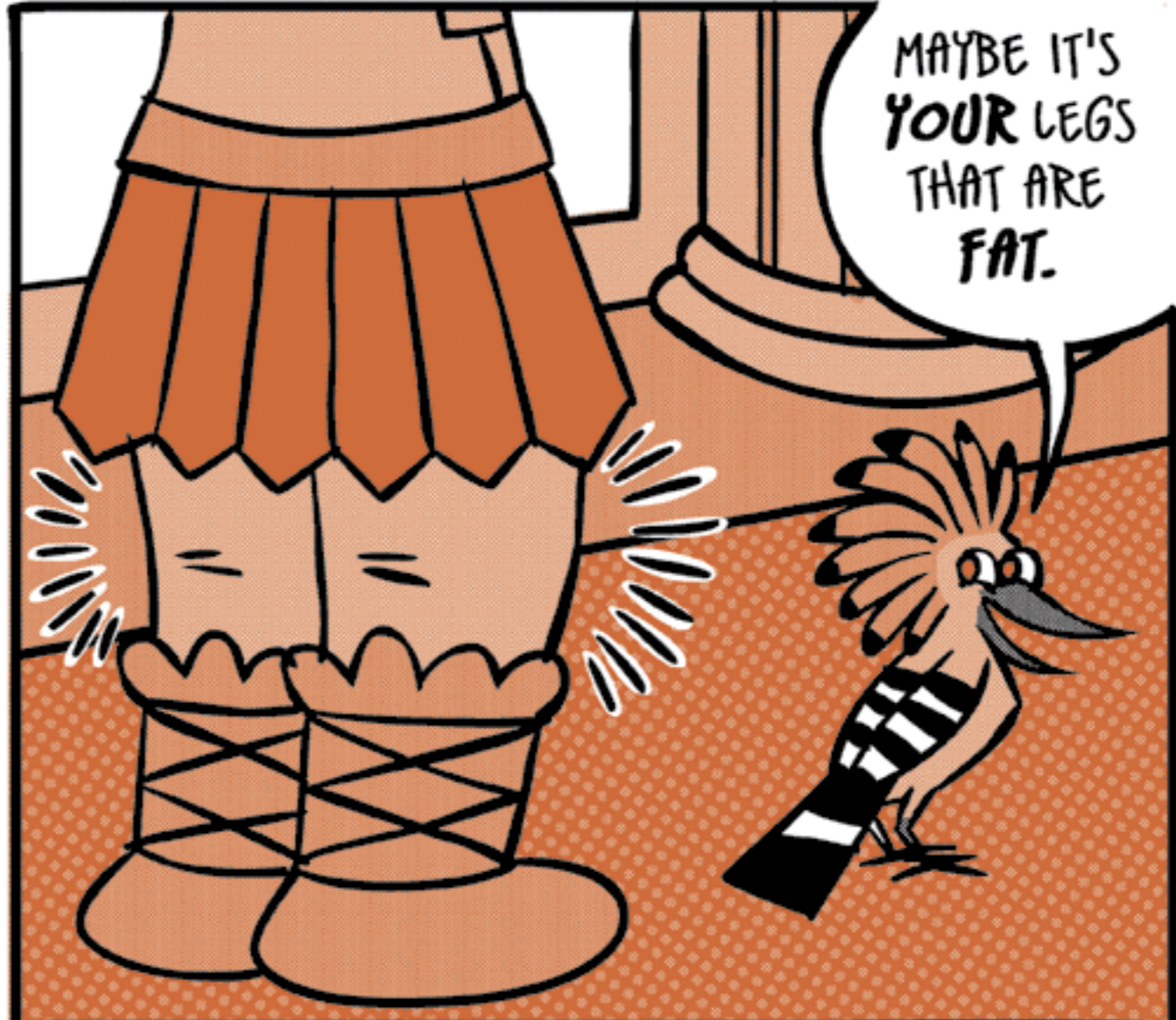
OH! OH... I GUESS IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.

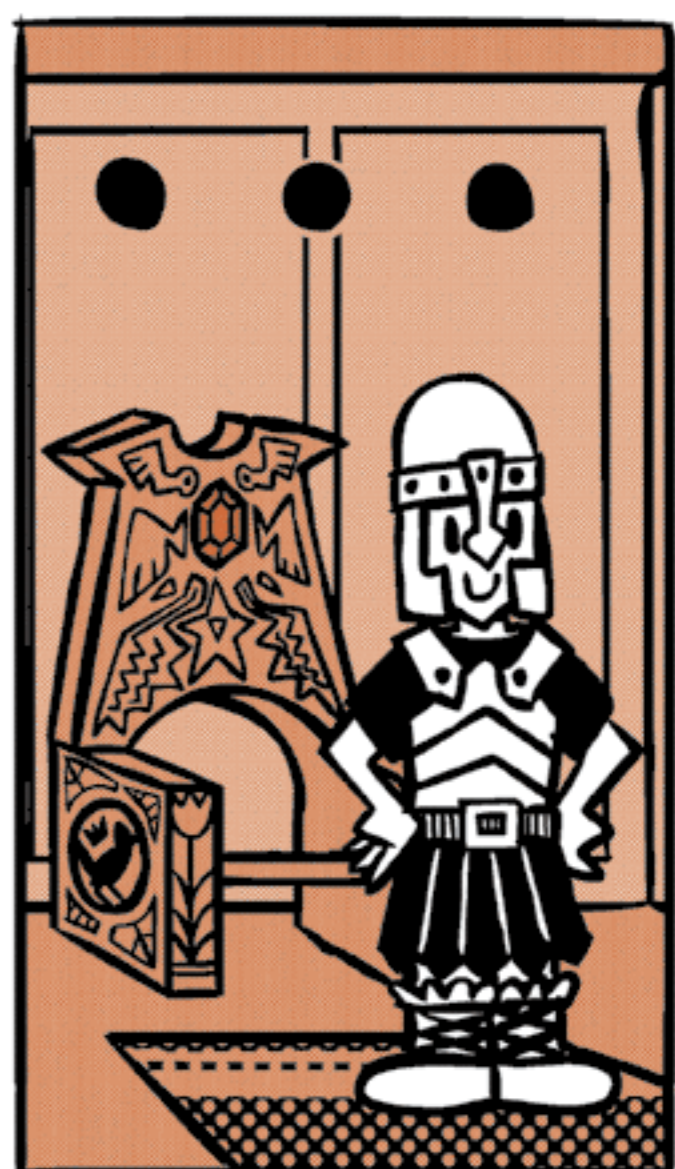


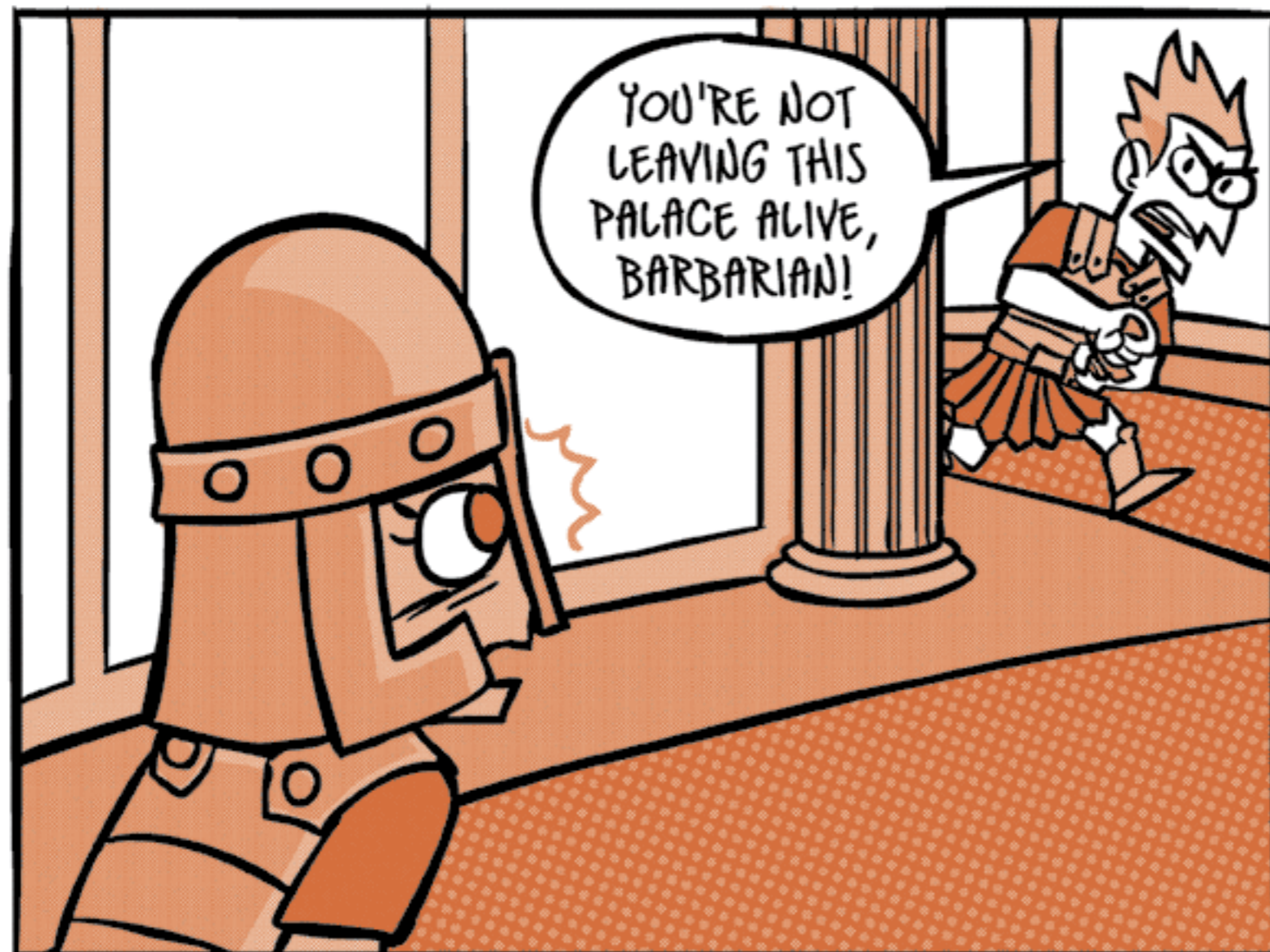
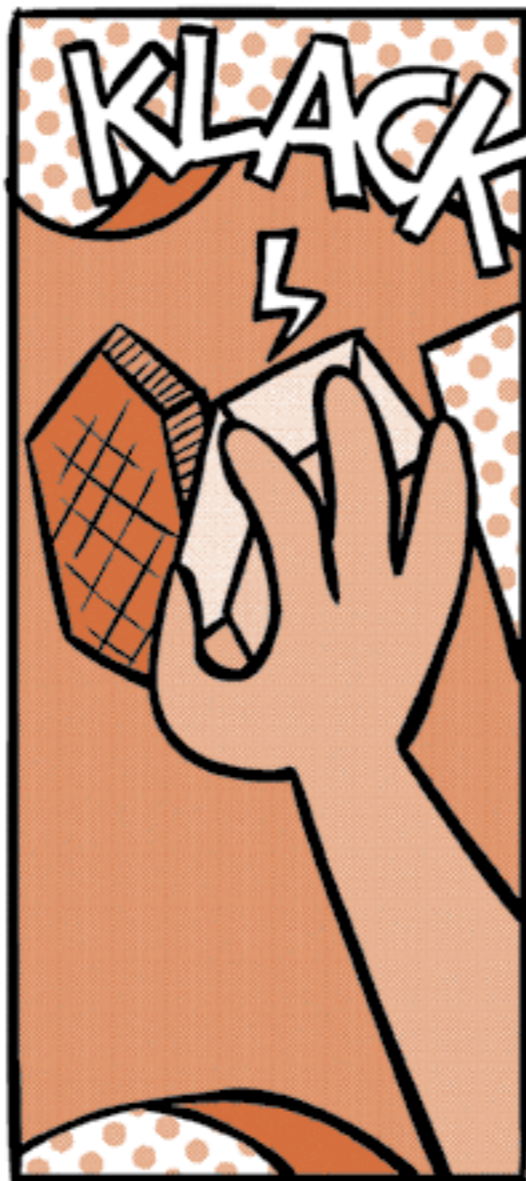
AS I'M SURE YOU'VE ALREADY GUESSED, YES. I ADMIT IT. I **WAS** TRYING TO FREE MYSELF SO I COULD WARN YOU THAT PHOBIA ESCAPED.

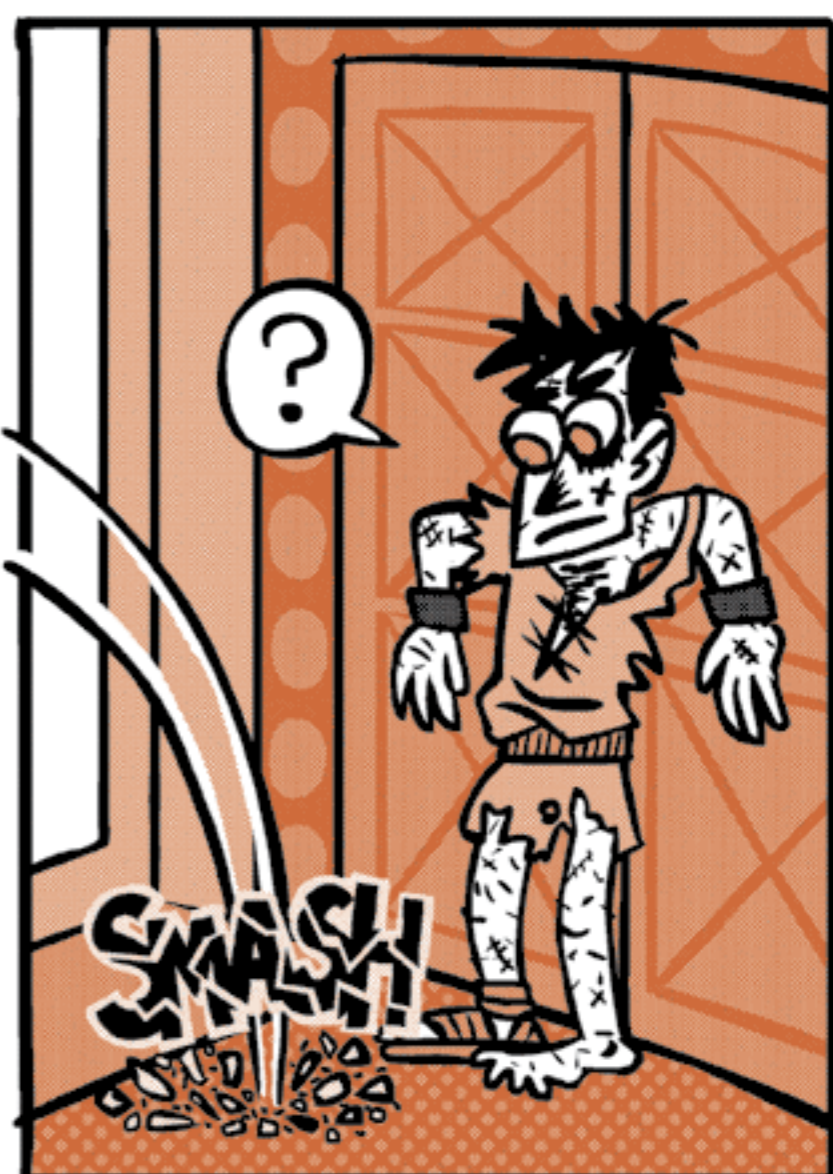
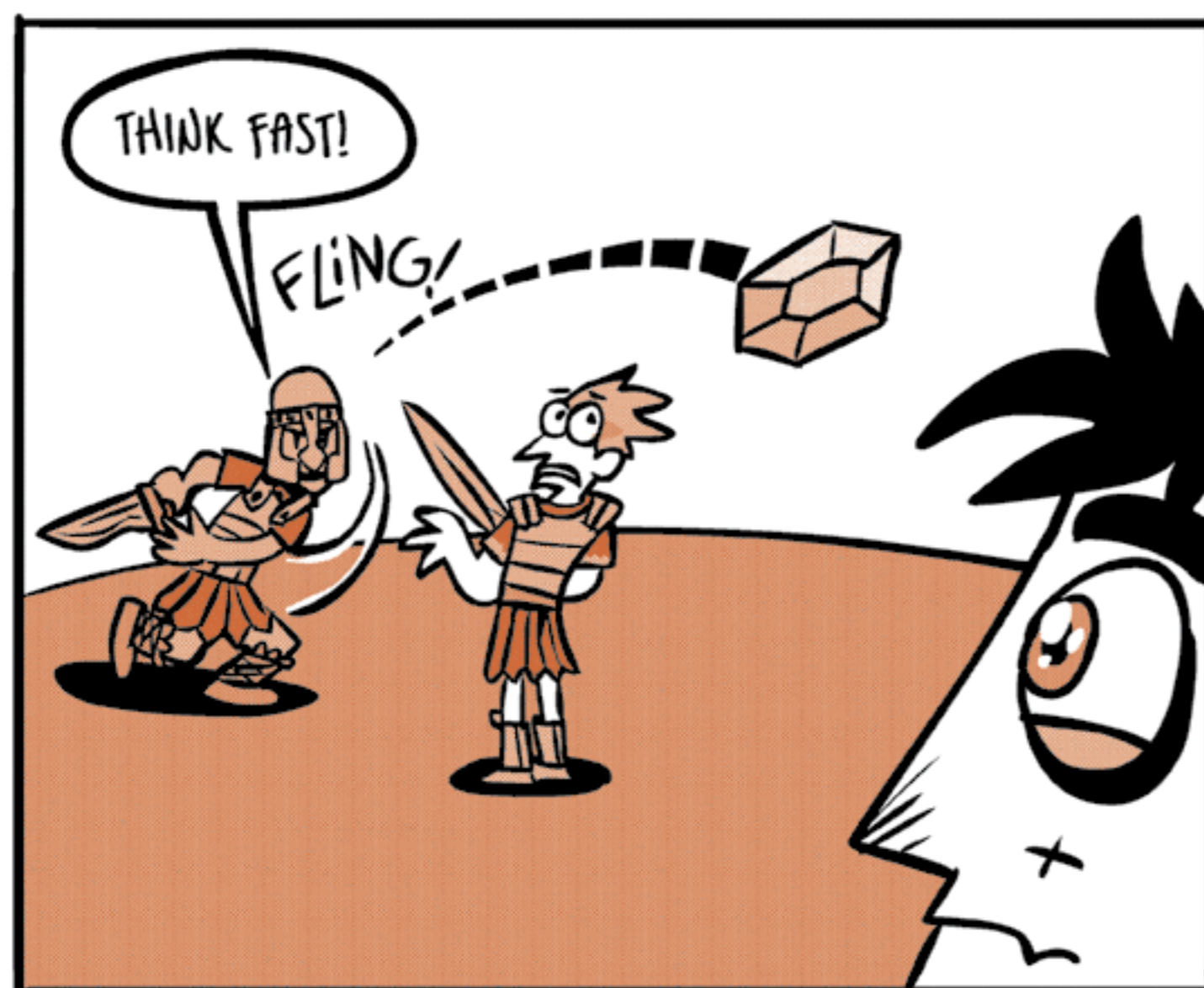
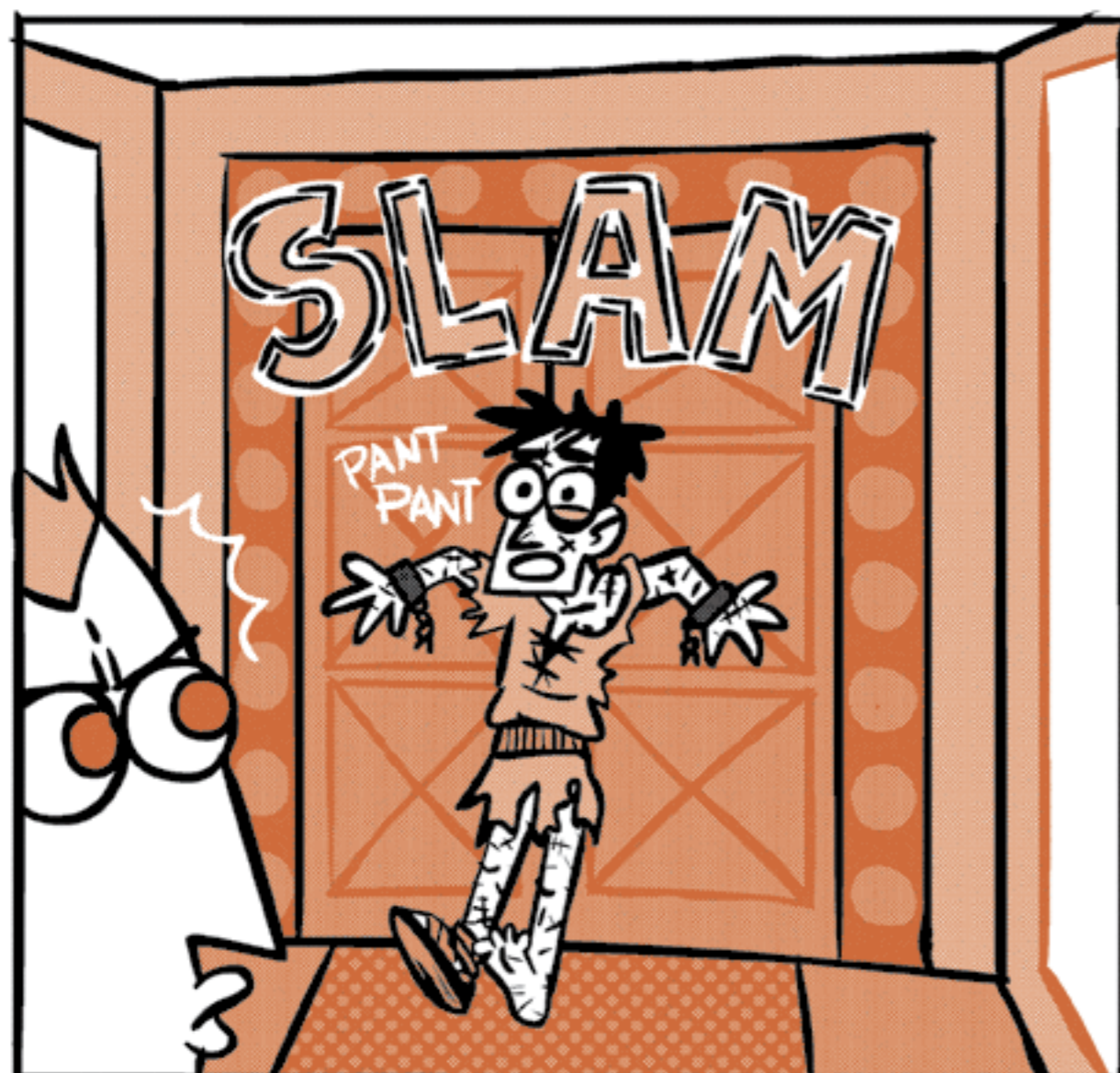


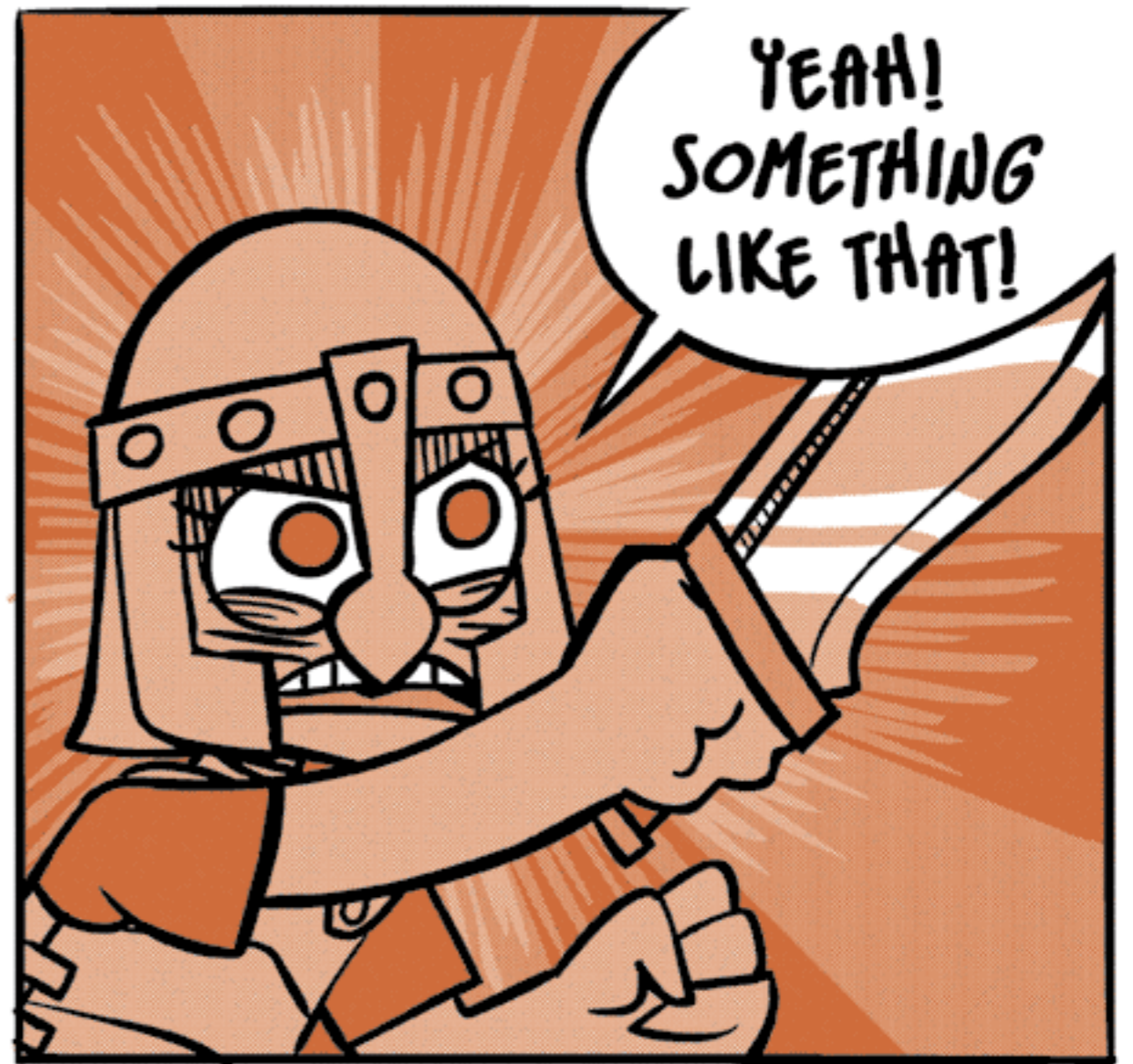
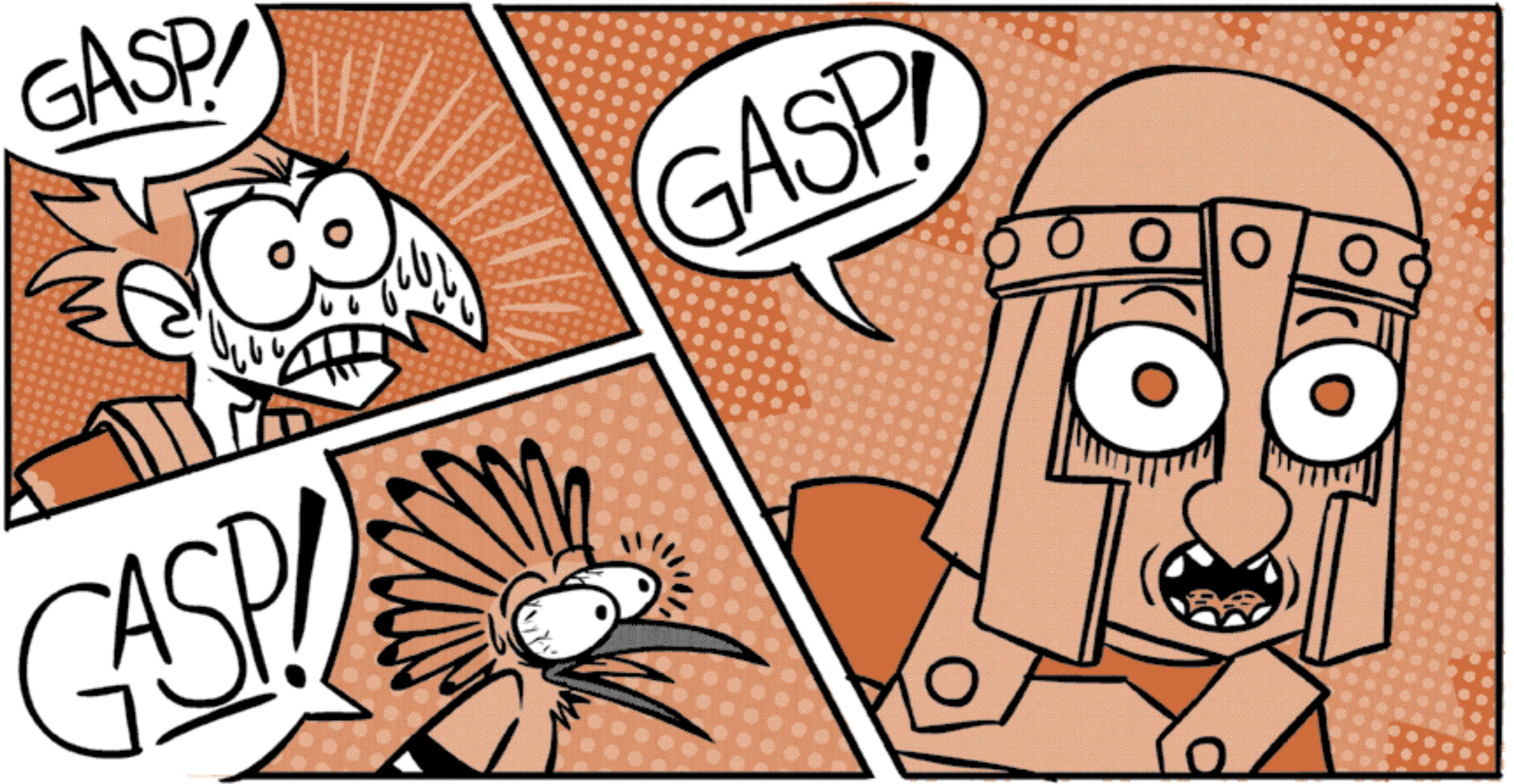
MEANWHILE!

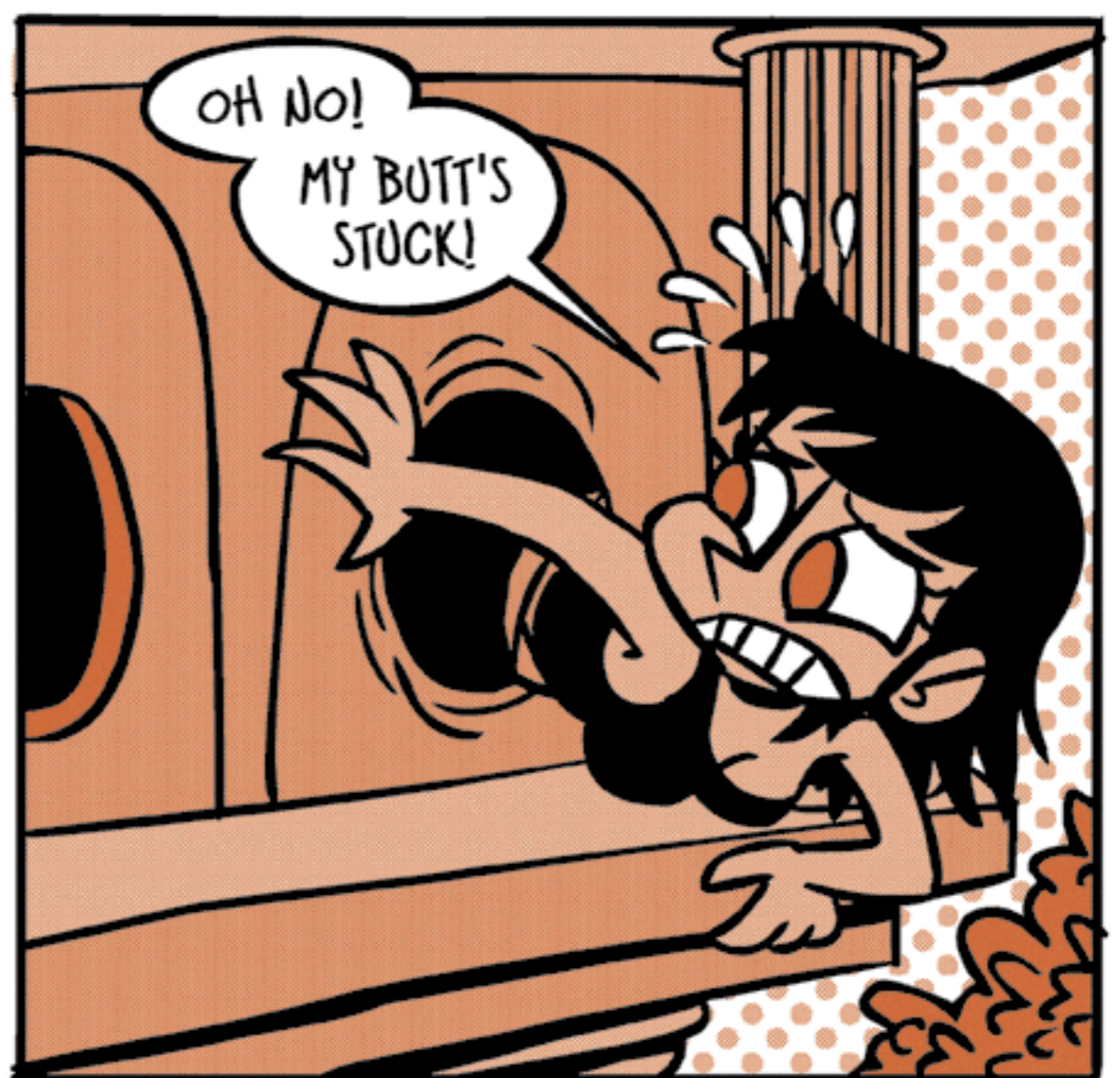


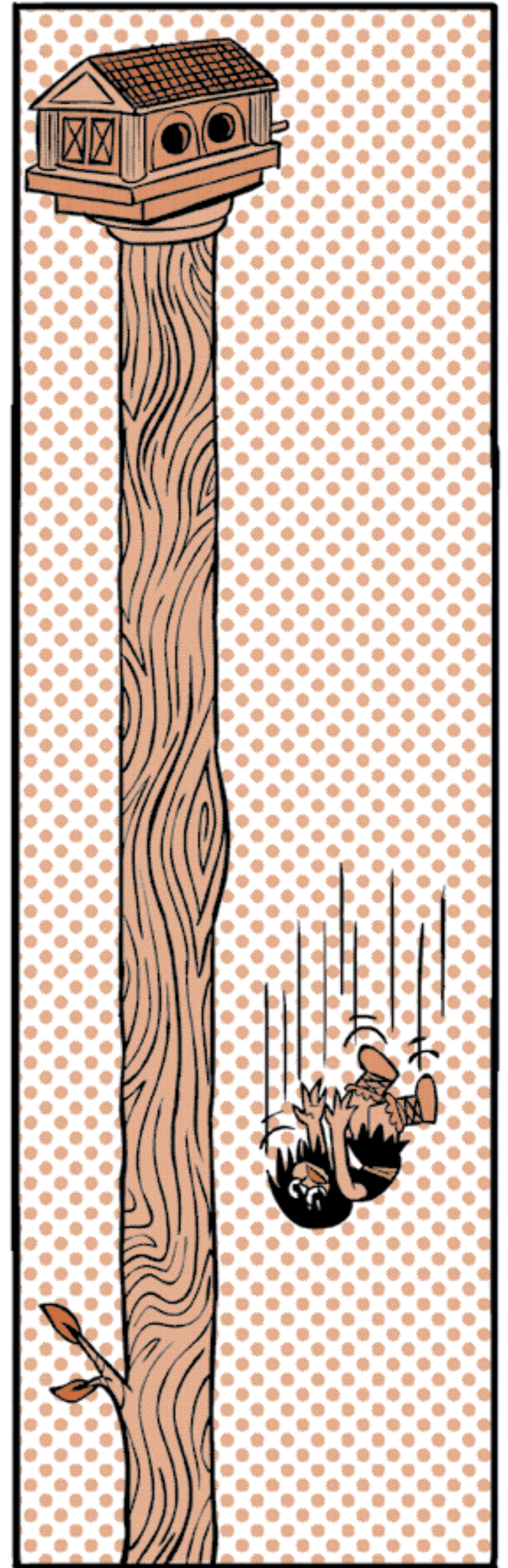
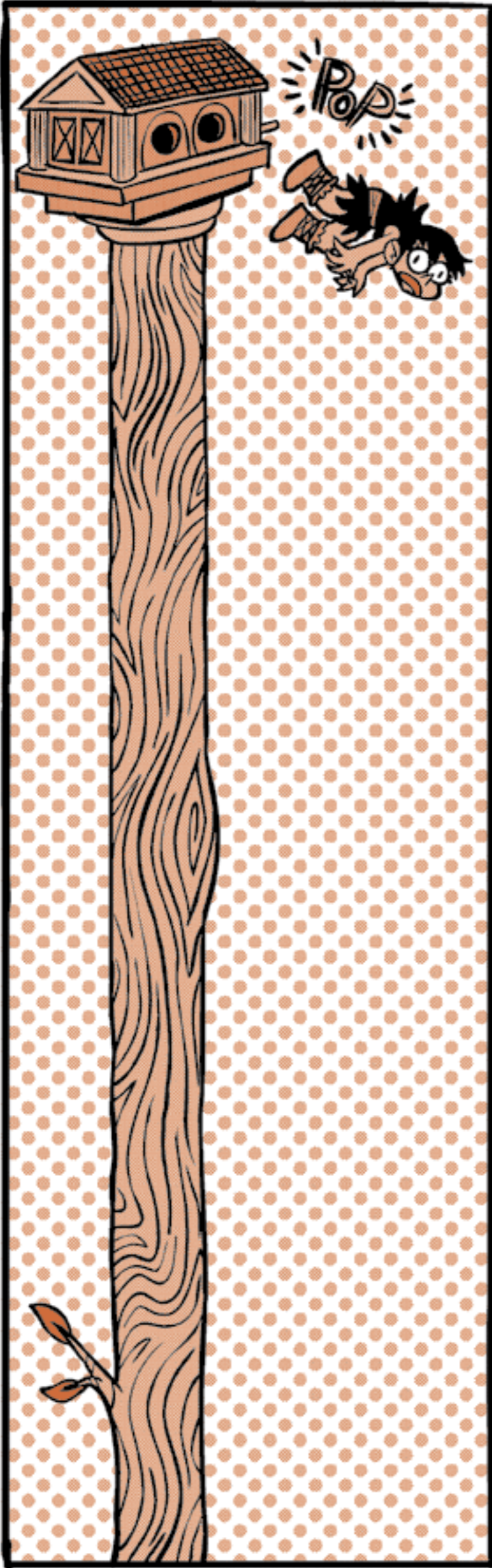


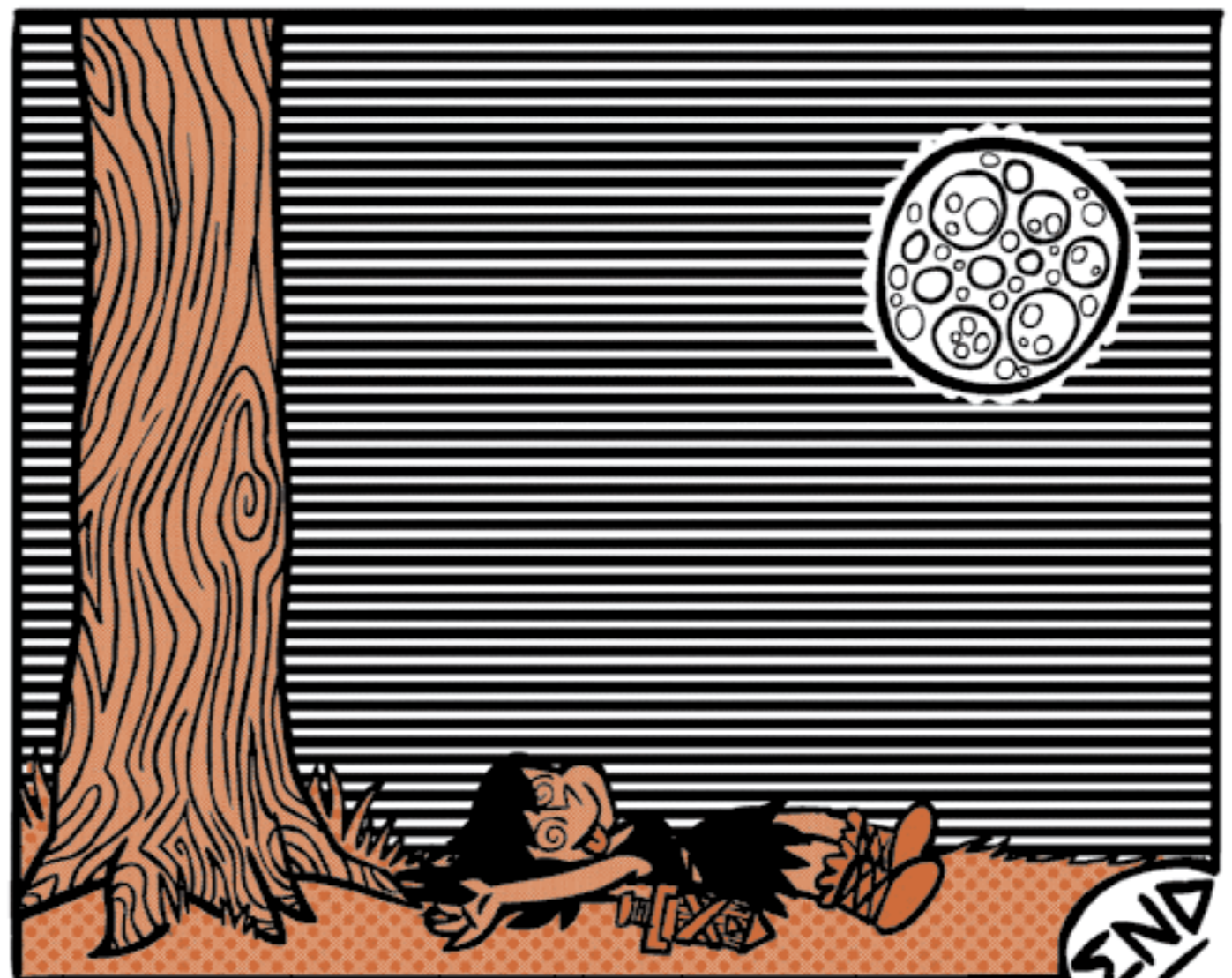
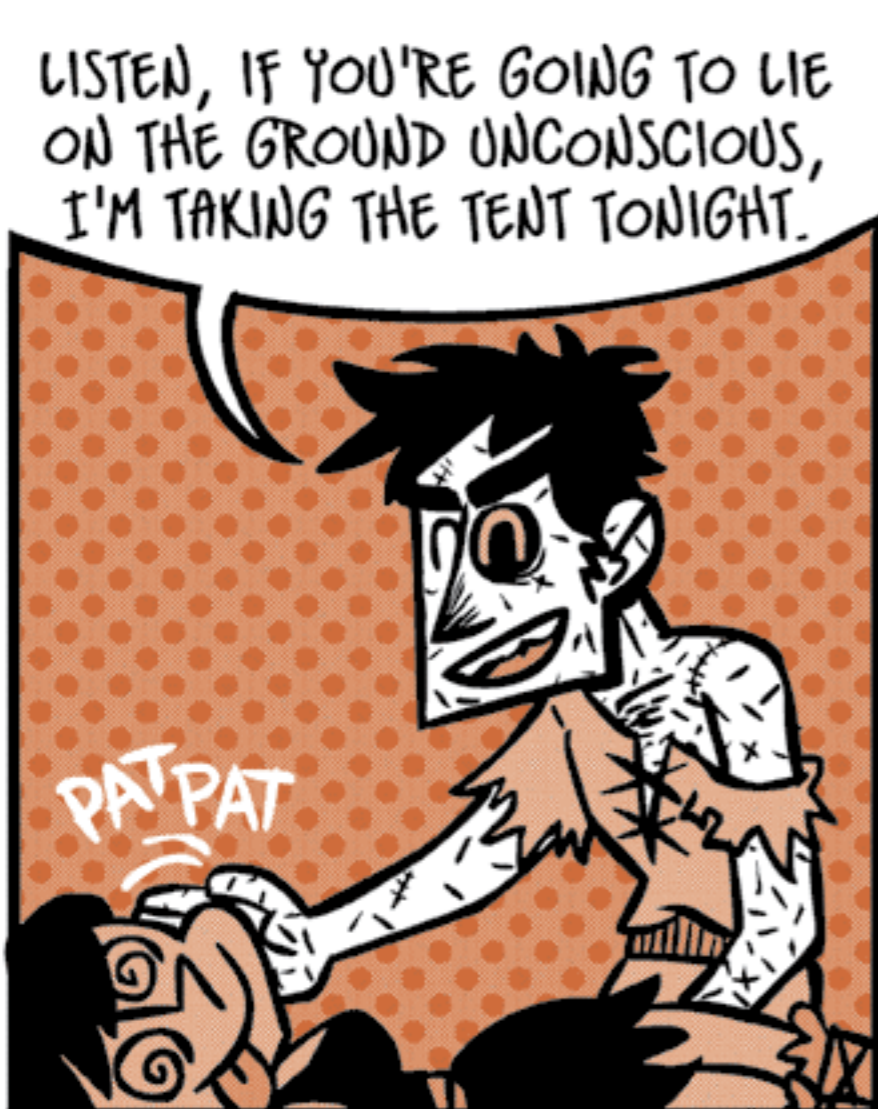
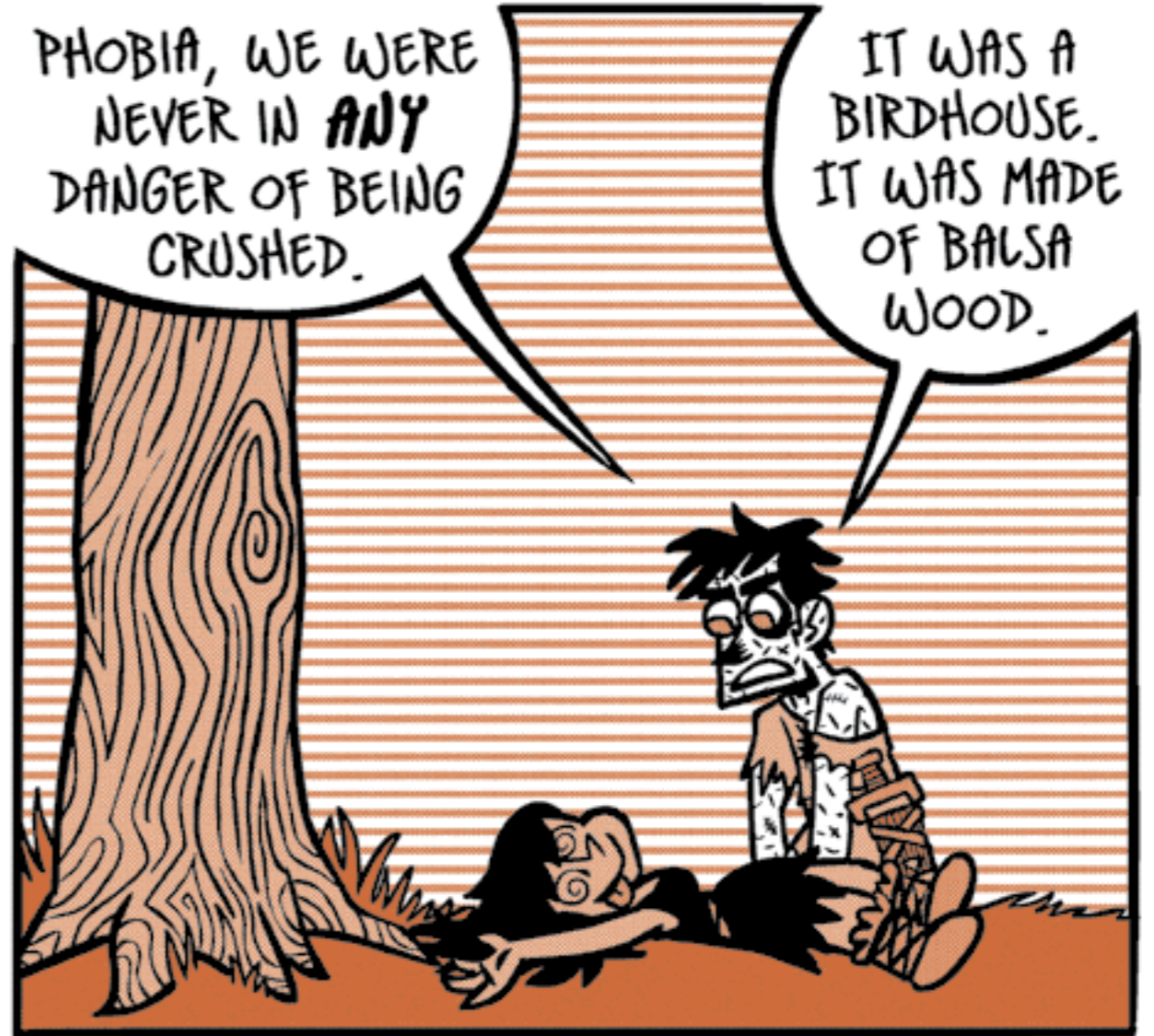












GASTROPHOBIA Chapter Six: Fowl and Sworded

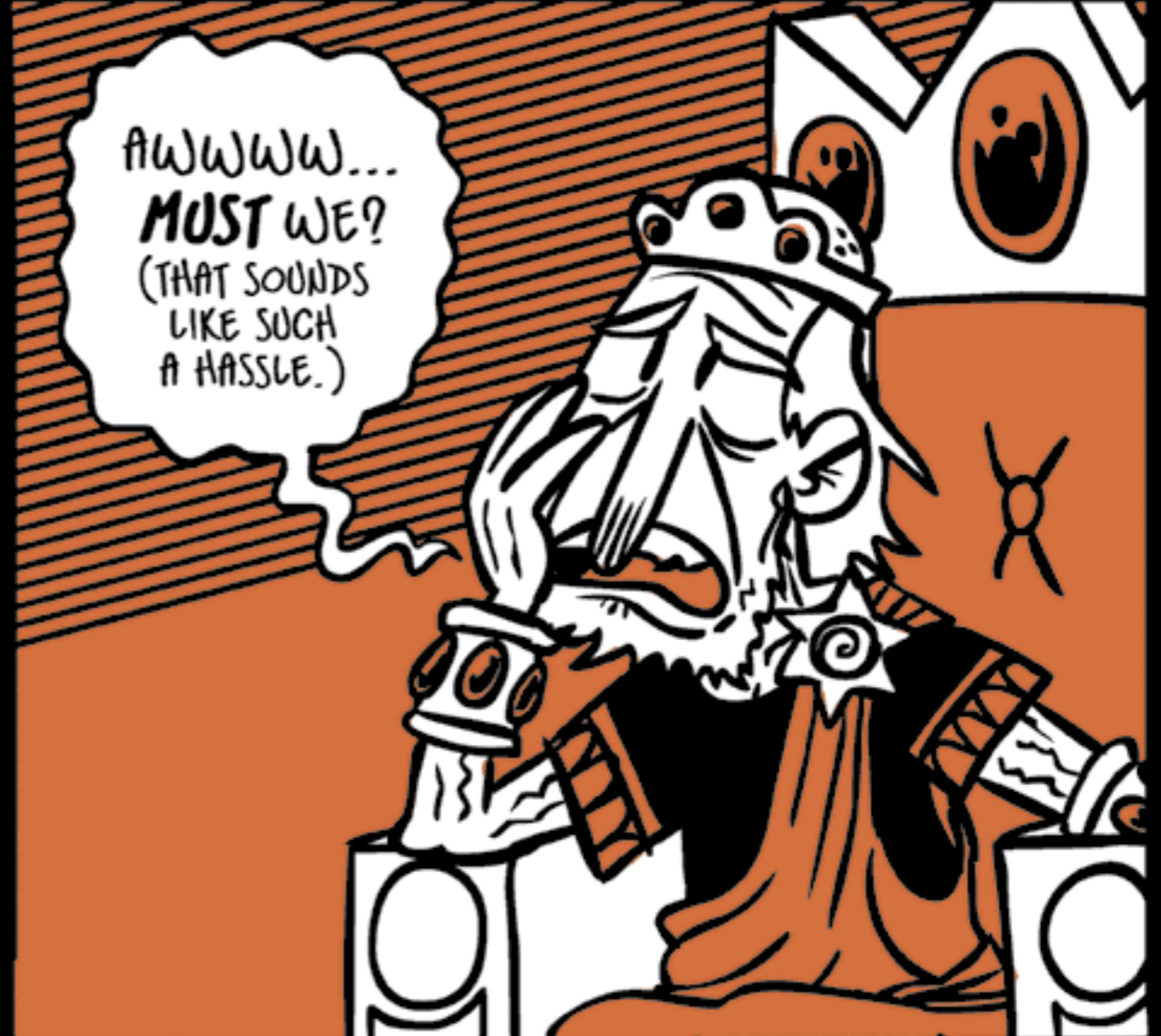


OH NO! THE MINOTAUR IS DESTROYING TOWN SQUARE!

GAHROOO!



INCONSEQUENTIA IS IN PERIL, SIR. YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!



AWWWW... **MUST WE?** (THAT SOUNDS LIKE SUCH A HASSLE.)



YES YOU MUST! YOU'RE THE KING!

UGH.

FINE. WE HEREBY PROCLAIM A NEW LAW: NO MINOTAURS.

IT'S **NOT** THAT SIMPLE!





SO, GOT A PEST PROBLEM, EH? WELL, THE BEST EXTERMINATOR IN THE CITYSTATE IS ON THE--

TOOT TOODLE TWEET TWEET HONK!

ENOUGH WITH THE HORN, GASTRO!

WAIT OUT-SIDE!

but i was just ...

NOW!

...INTERESTING, UH, DECOR YOU GOT THERE, YOUR MAJESTY.

KLEPTO!

YOU LIKE THEM? THE GOLDEN UNICORNS ARE OUR GREATEST TREASURE!

TH-THEY'RE ...LOVELY.

MY MASTER'S ALWAYS GOING ON ABOUT WHAT A CONNOISSEUR OF STATUARY YOU ARE!

REALLY! WE LOVE A HERO WITH GOOD TASTE! YOU'RE HIRED!

WHAT.

YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED, YOUR MAJESTY.

I'M THE BEST DISCOUNT HERO THERE IS!

IN TOWN



♪ APPARENTLY, I'VE WORKED OUT MY STAY, -- BUT I DON'T CARE WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY, EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE AY-OH-KAY! ♪



GAST-ROPH-OBIA

♪ IT'S A BRAND NEW DAY, -- AN' THERE ARE MONSTERS TO SLAY, -- SO, GET OUTTA MY WAY, -- OR YOU'RE GONNA PAY! ♪



Phoebe Jones as Phobia



Gaston Jones as Gastro



Nick Papadopoulos as Klepto



C. Gordon Hastings as Mania

♪ DO WHATEVER YOU MAY, BUT THERE AIN'T NO TIME TO PLAY. -- EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE AY-OH-KAY! ♪



Executive Producer: The Internet

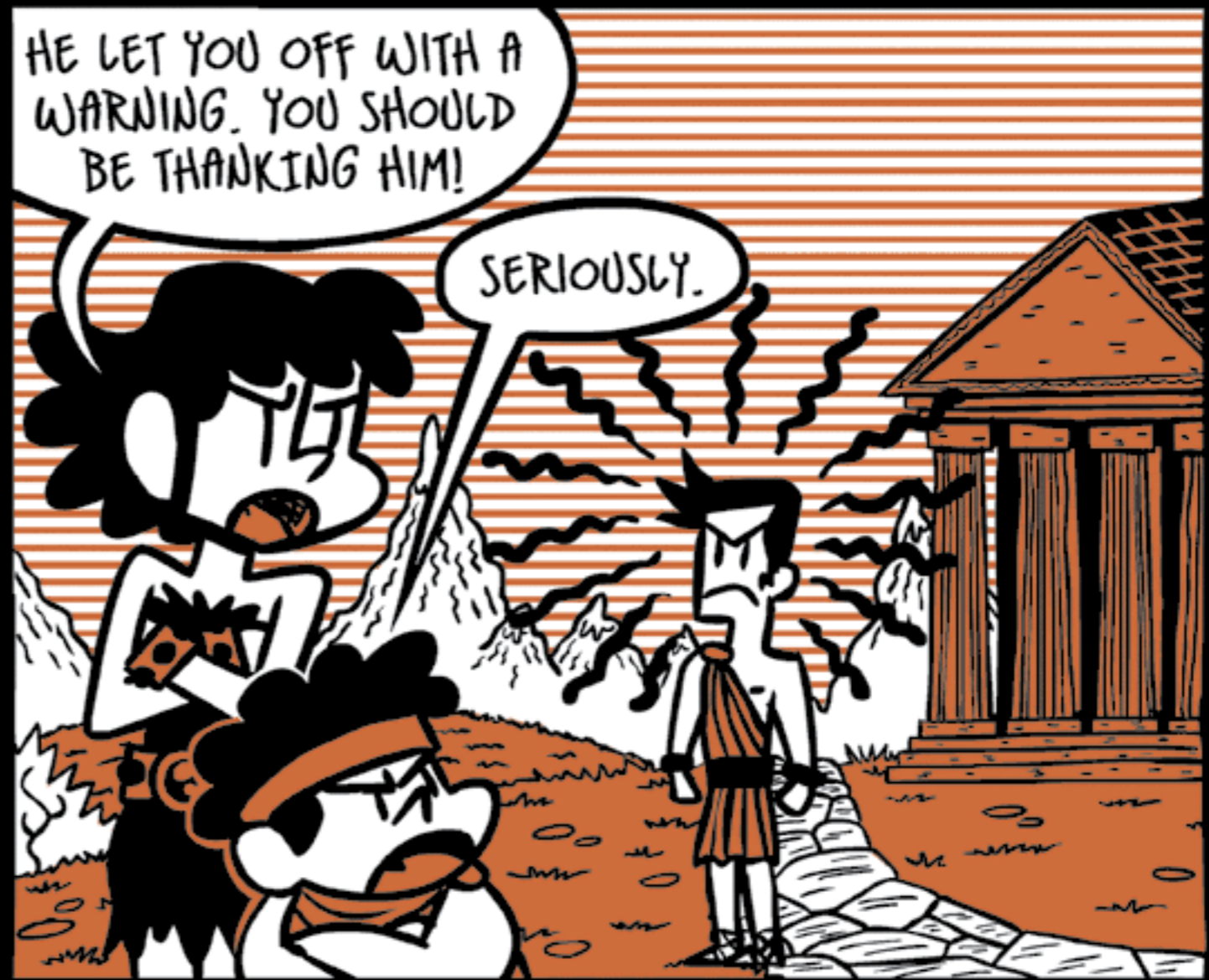


Created by David McGuire

EPISODE S01E07: READY, WILLING, AND A BULL



ARGH! I HATE THAT GUY!



HE LET YOU OFF WITH A WARNING. YOU SHOULD BE THANKING HIM!

SERIOUSLY.



WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, ANYWAY?



I WAS THINKING THAT STATUE'S WORTH AT LEAST HALF A TALENT.

OH, I GET IT NOW!

SEE? ADULTS KNOW MORE THAN YOU THINK!



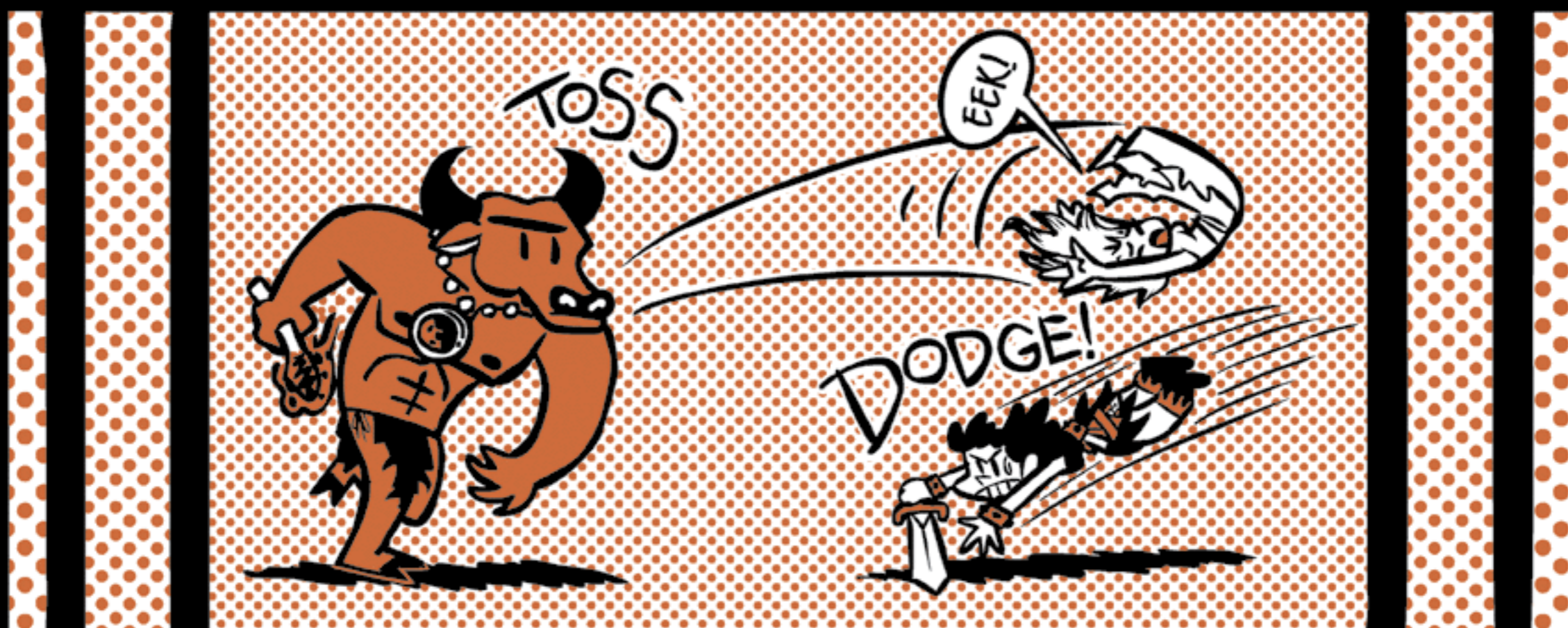
OK, NEW RULE: YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO INSTRUCT MY SON IN ETHICS.



DON'T YOU HAVE A MAN-BULL TO SLAY?

GASP! YOU'RE RIGHT!

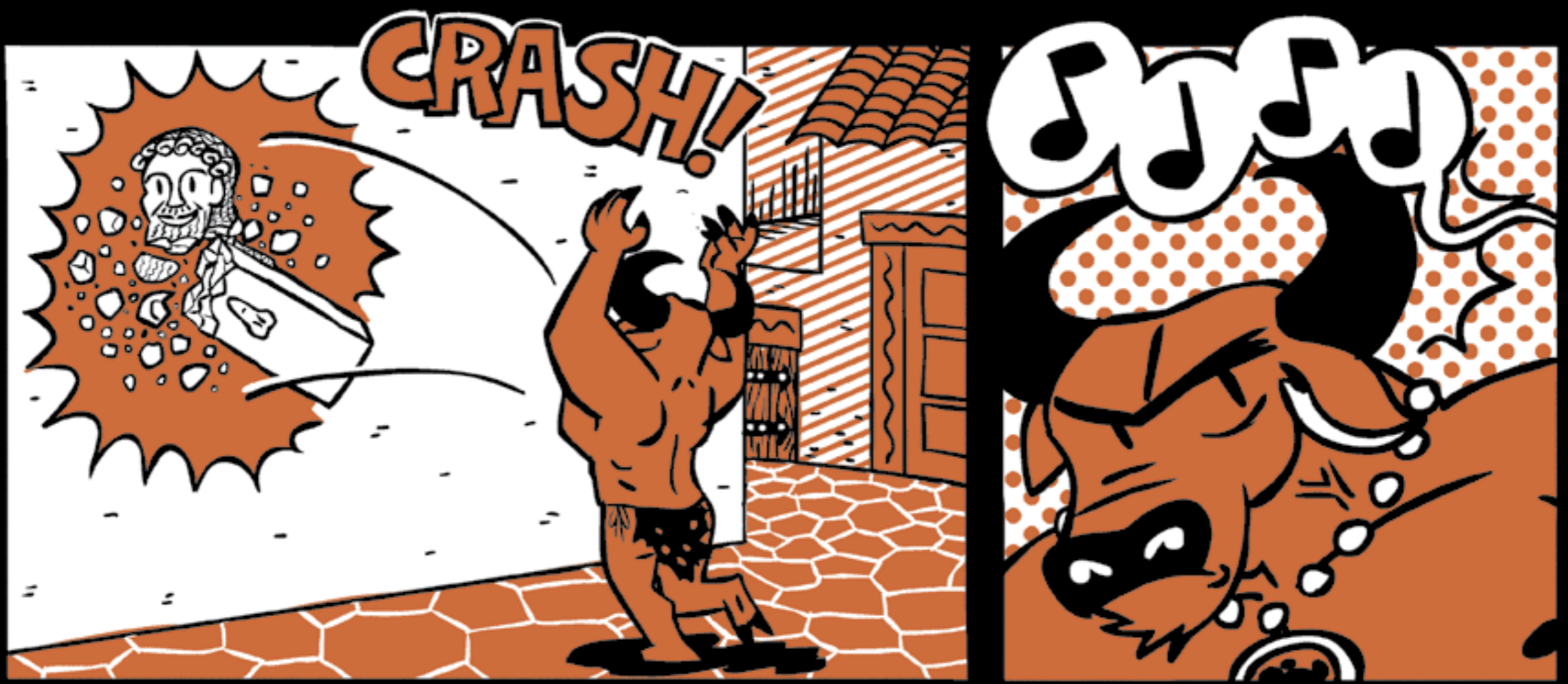
ROUND ONE



MINOTAUR WIN

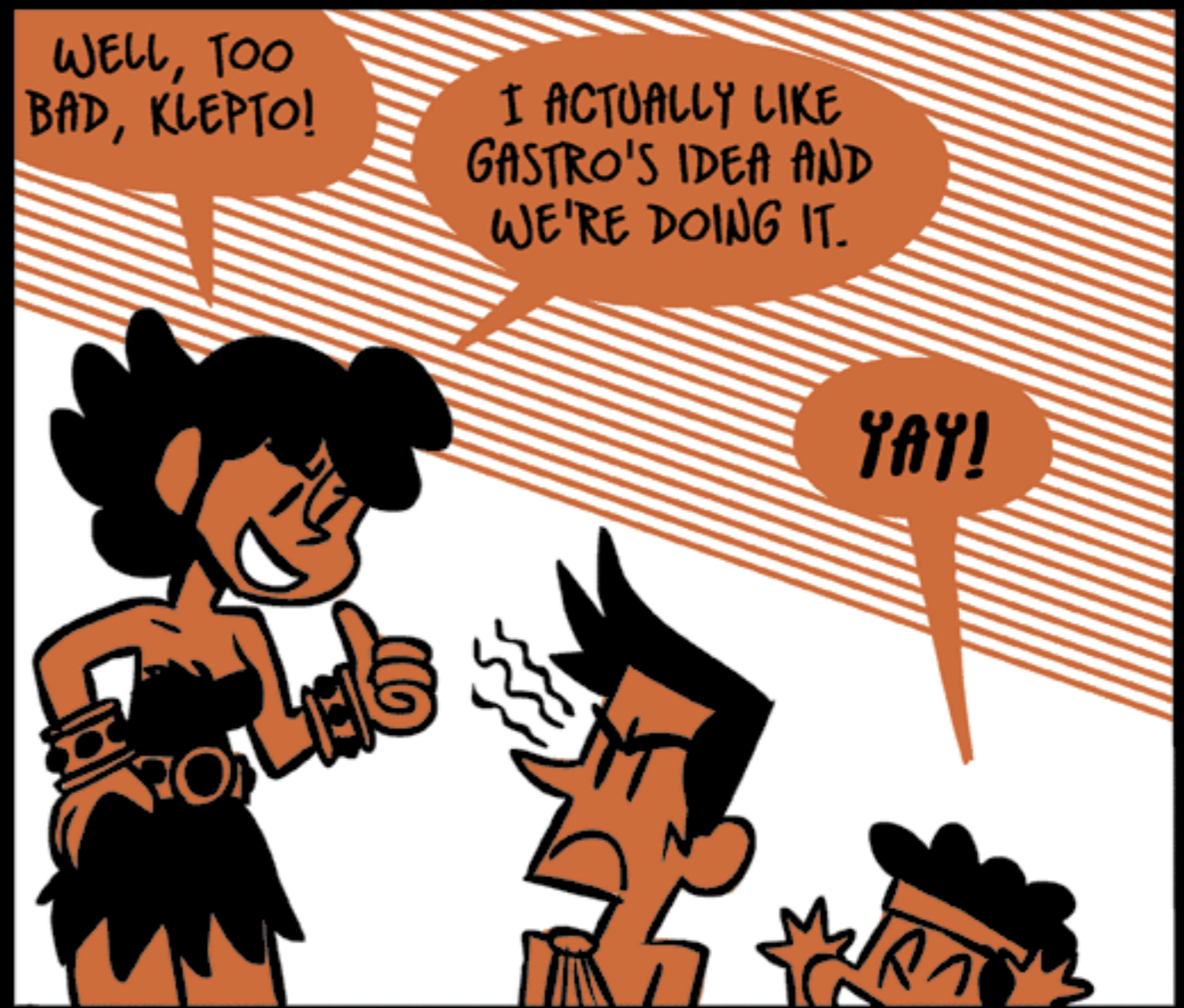


ROUND TWO

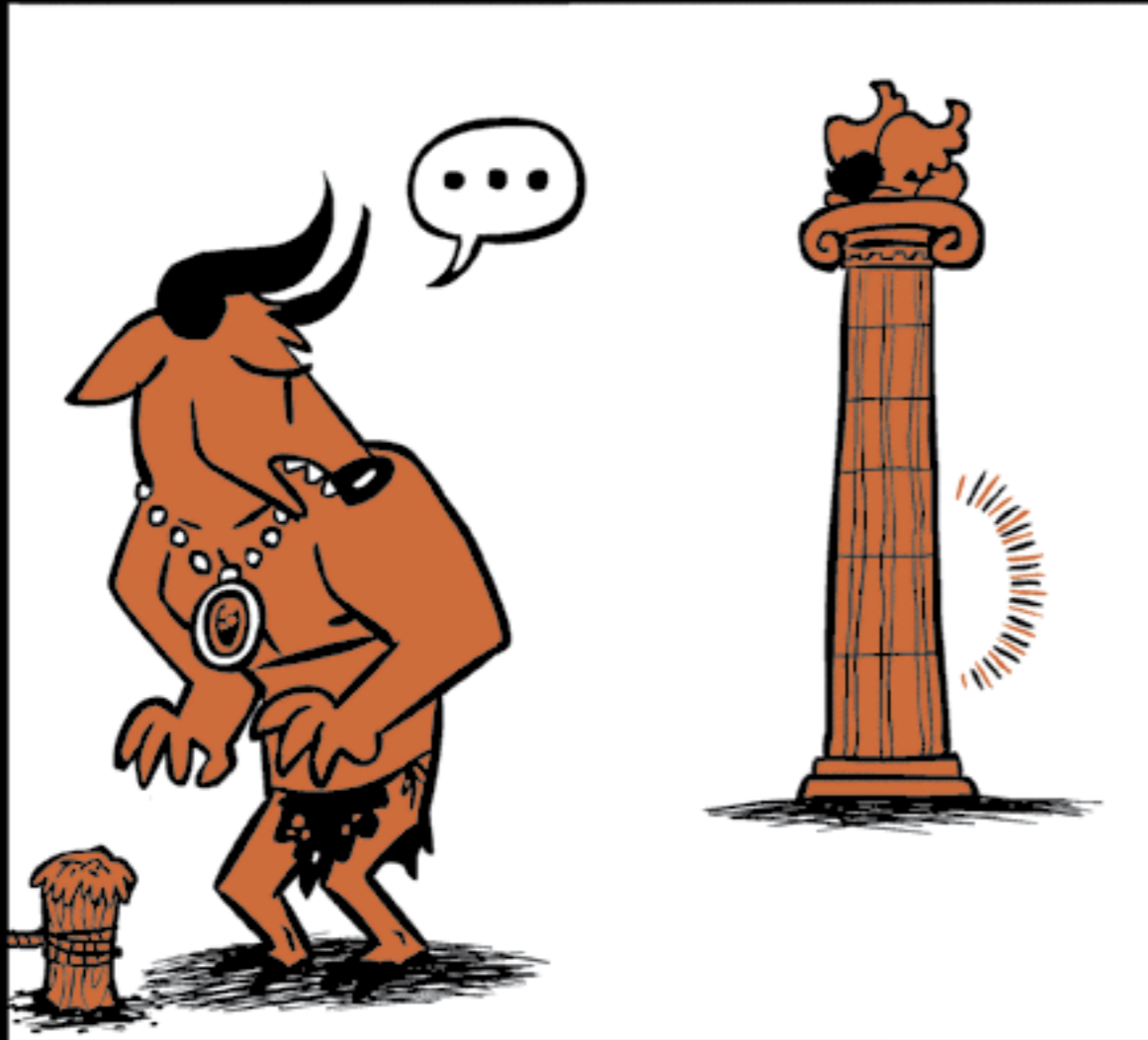


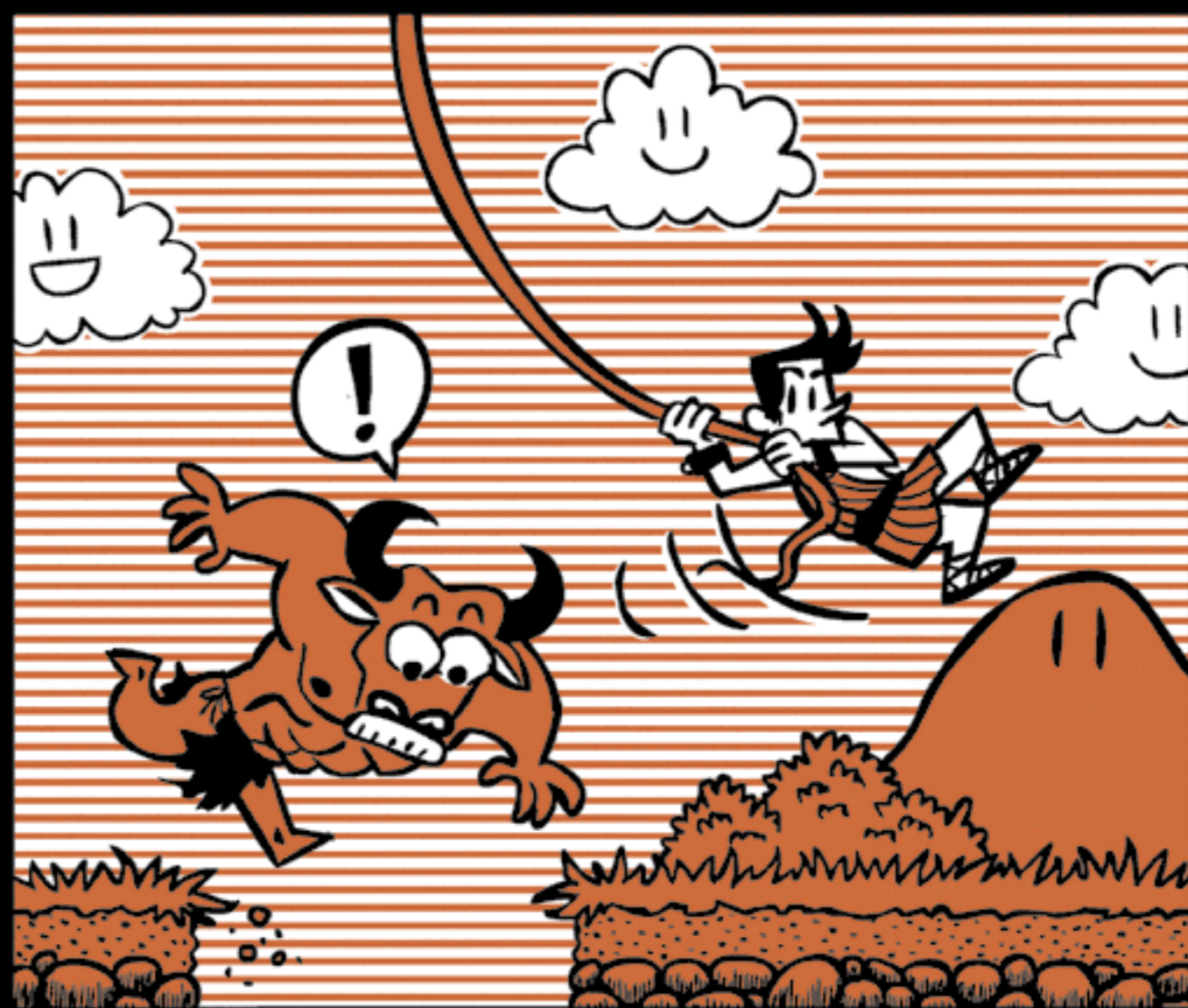
MINOTAUR WIN

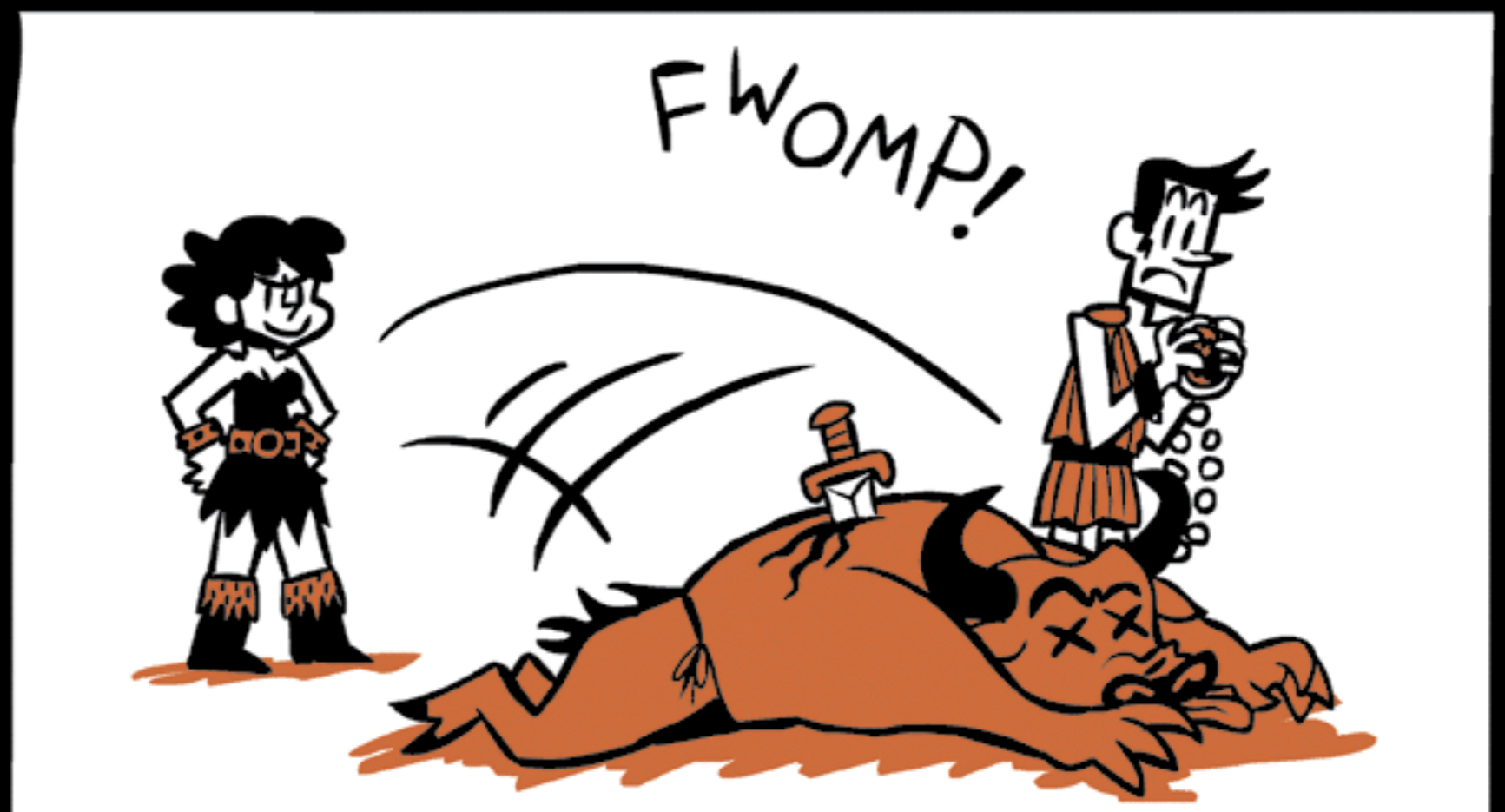




ROUND THREE



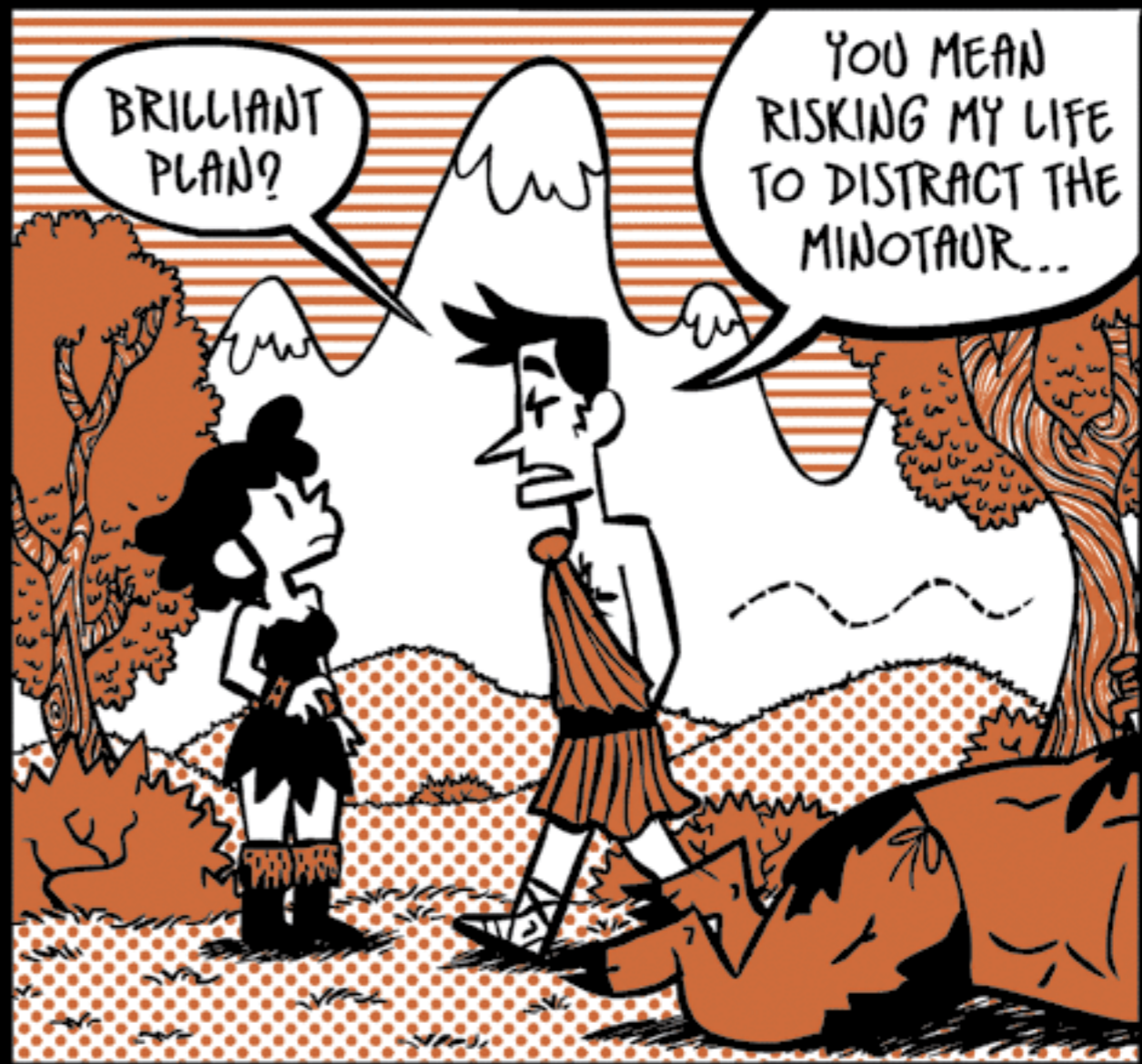




PHOBIA WIN



LOOKS LIKE MY BRILLIANT PLAN WAS A BRILLIANT SUCCESS!



BRILLIANT PLAN?

YOU MEAN RISKING MY LIFE TO DISTRACT THE MINOTAUR...



...WHILE YOU STAB HIM IN THE BACK LIKE A COWARD?



THAT BRILLIANT PLAN?



...THAT'S THE ONE.



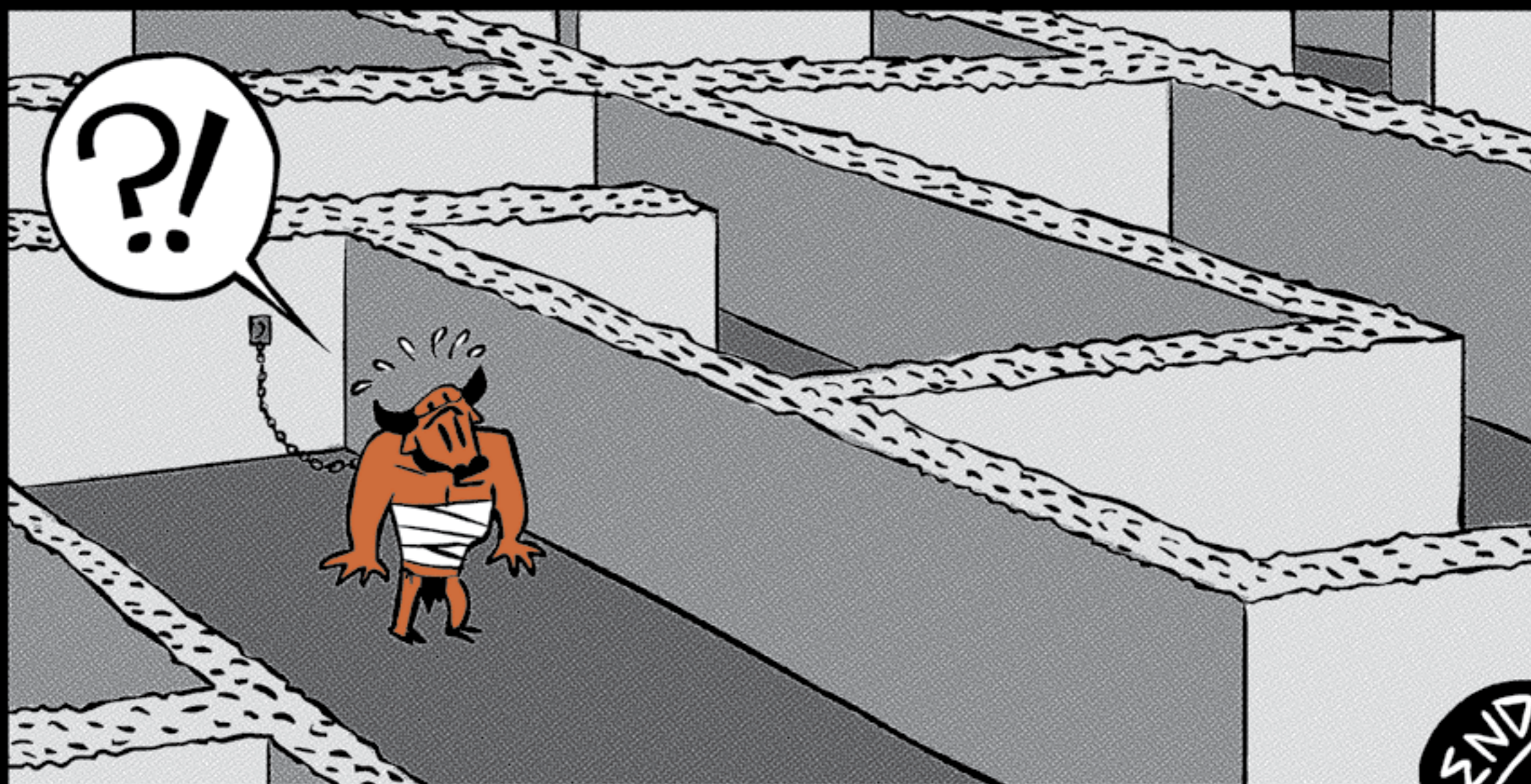
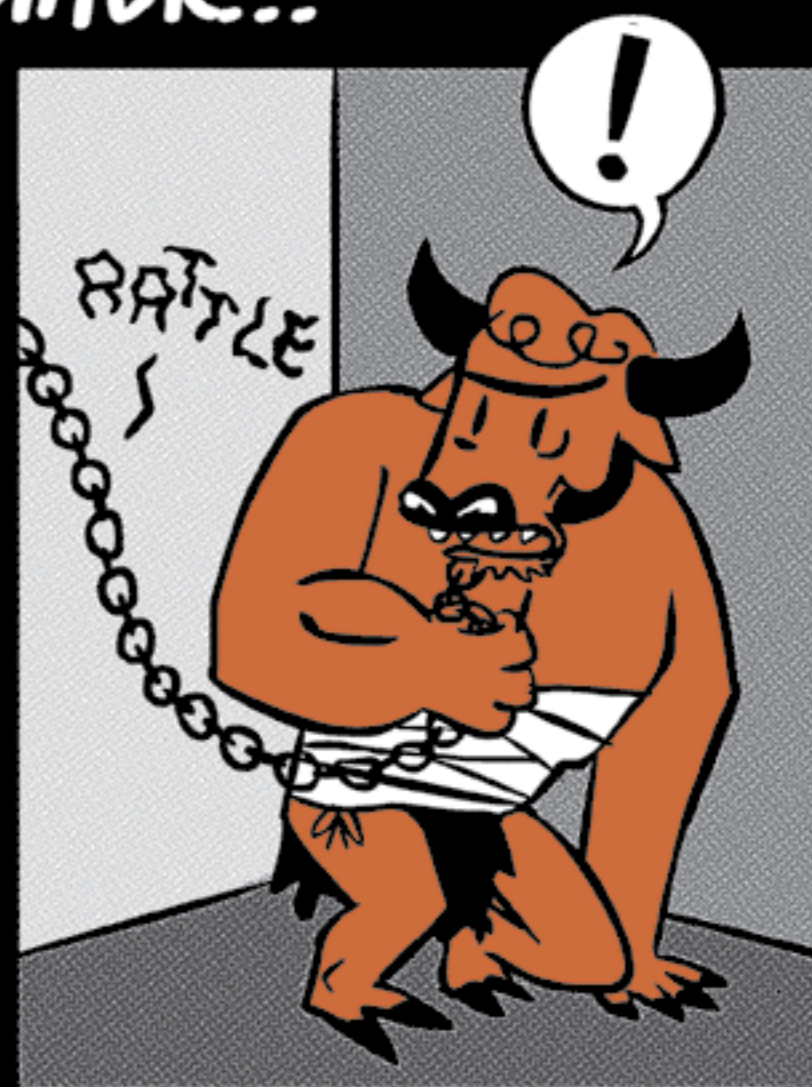
I LIKE YOUR STYLE, PHOBIA.



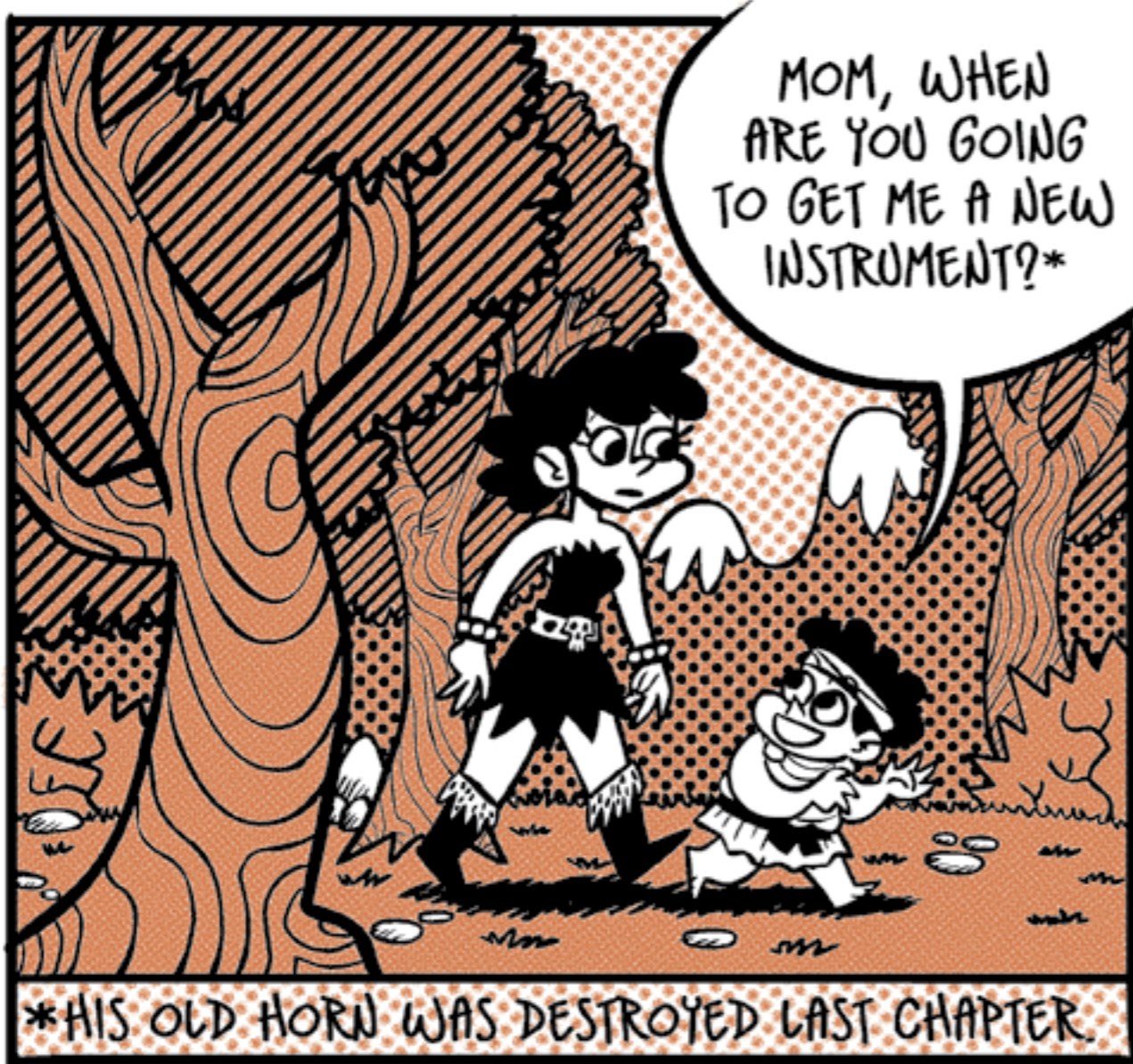


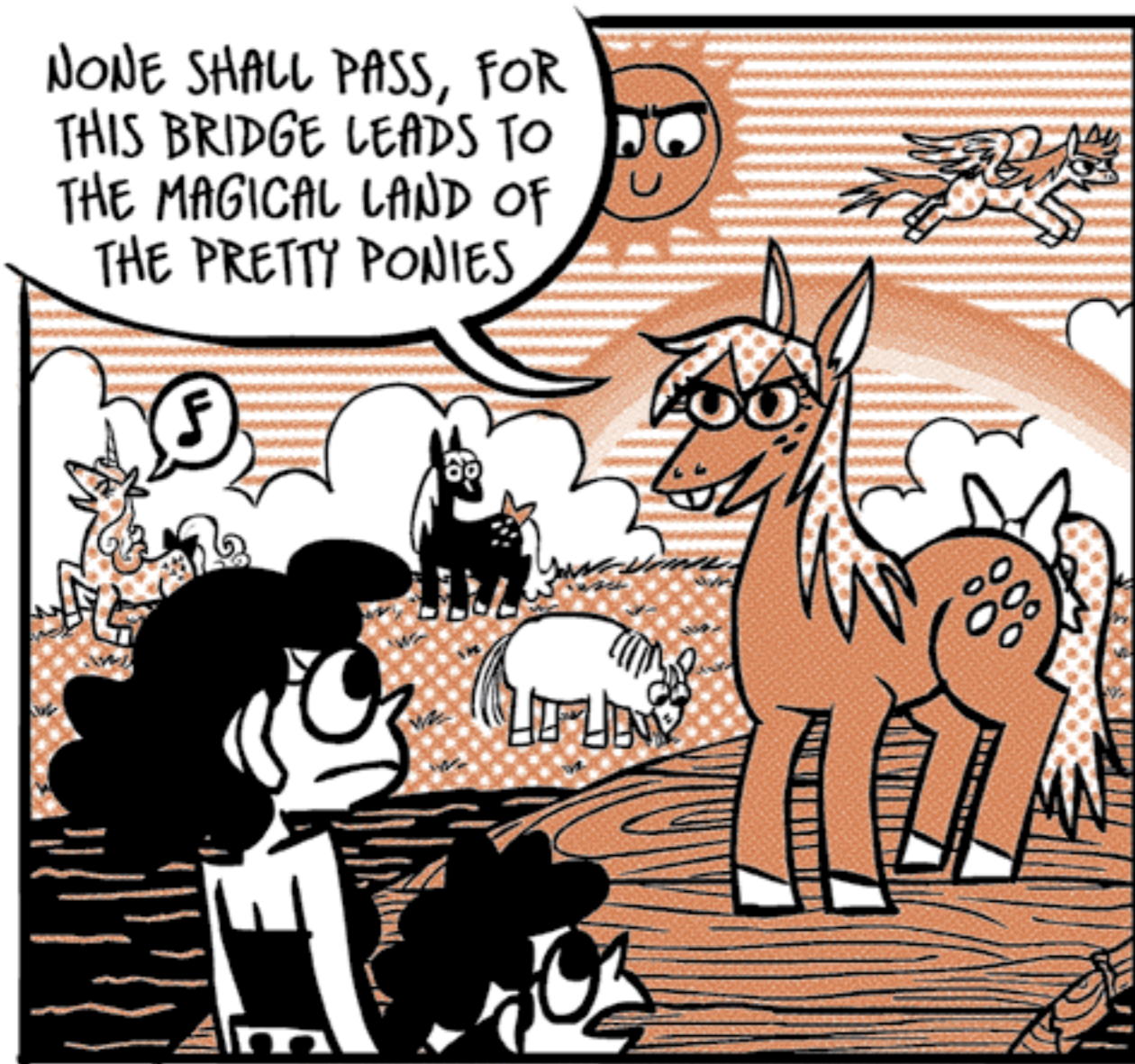


EXACTLY ONE WEEK LATER...



END







JUST LET US BY.

NONE SHALL PASS!!



OF ALL THE DAYS TO LEAVE MY SWORD AT HOME...!

GO ON, GET.



C-CAN I... CAN I RIDE YOU?

OF COURSE NOT!



IS THERE ANYTHING WE COULD DO TO CHANGE YOUR MIND? THE NEXT BRIDGE IS A MILE OUTTA OUR WAY.

WELL...



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

MAKE THEM DO THE CHALLENGE.

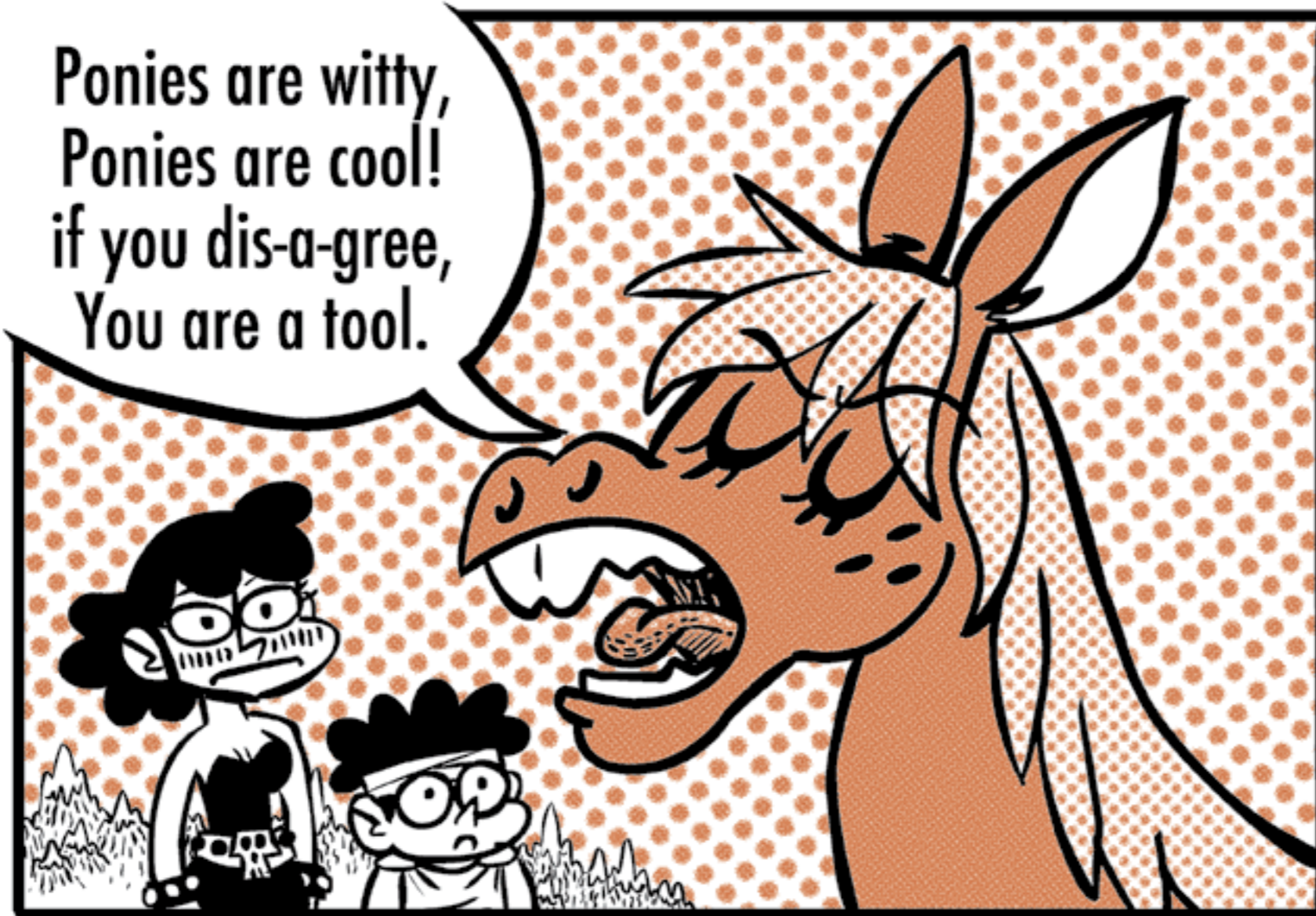
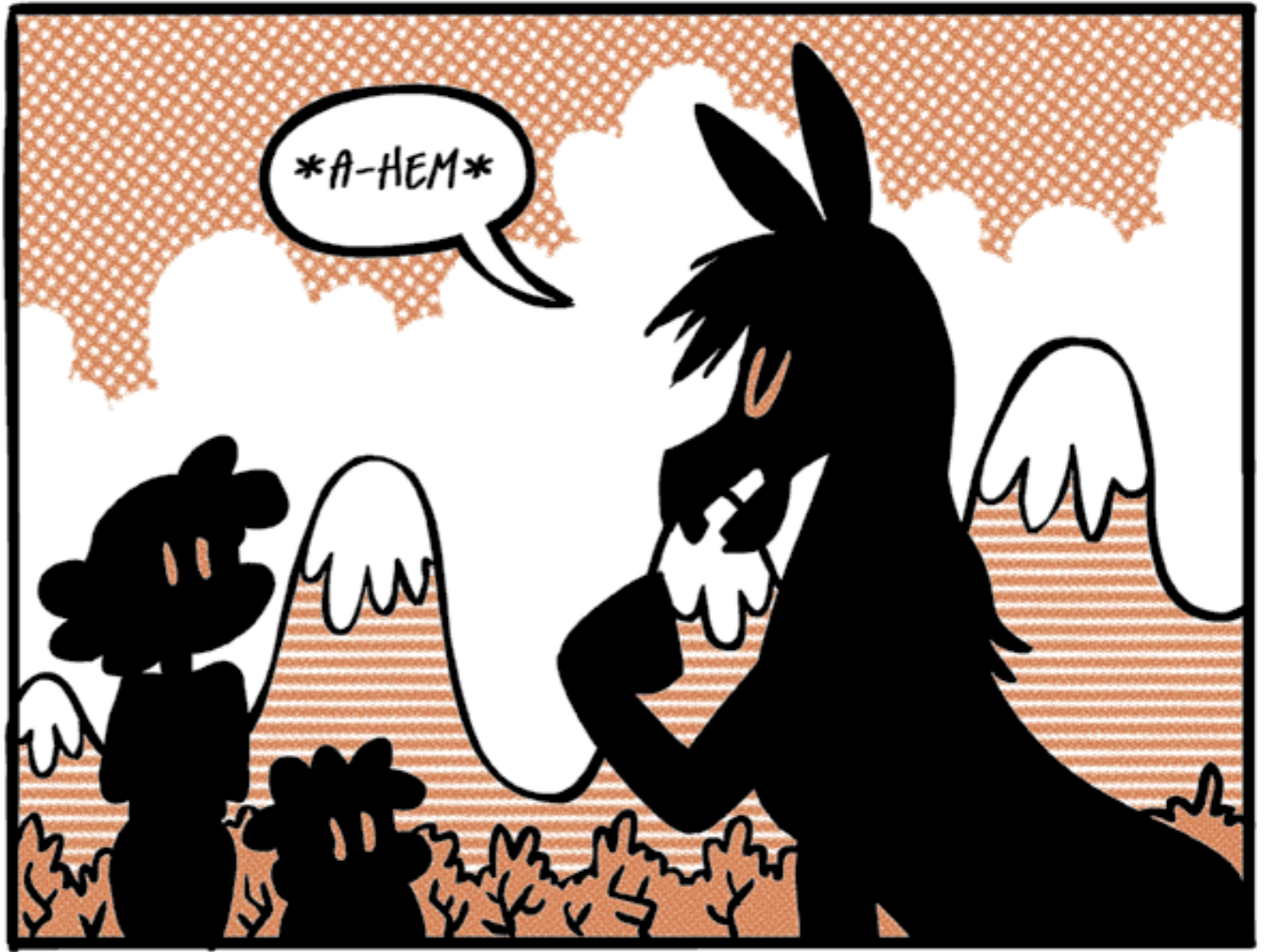


DEFEAT ME IN A FREE-FORM POETRY COMPETITION, AND I WILL GRANT YOU ONE BOON.



A WARRIOR DOES NOT RECITE PO

WE ACCEPT!



When evil darkness sweeps the land,
And trouble comes to call;



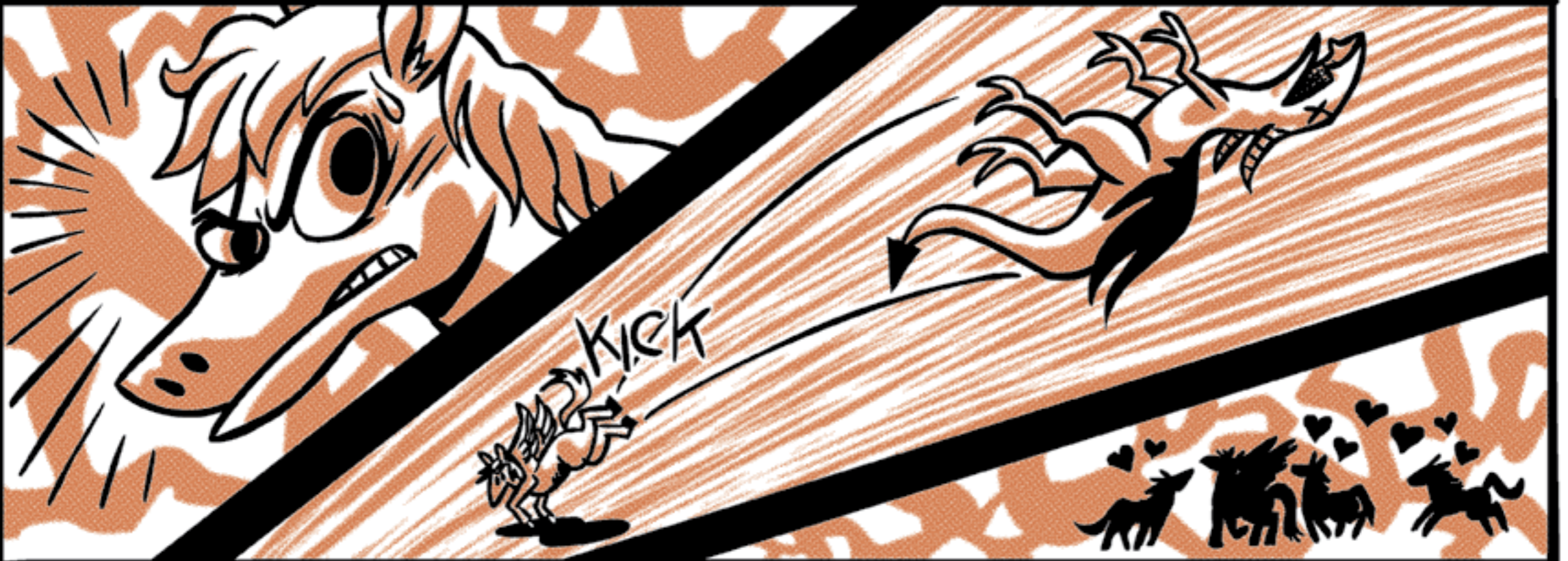
The situation will demand,
The best hero of all...

Pegasus! Pegasus!
Flying through the sky,



Pegasus! Pegasus!
Making bad guys cry!

Pegasus! Pegasus!
Always proper, never crass;



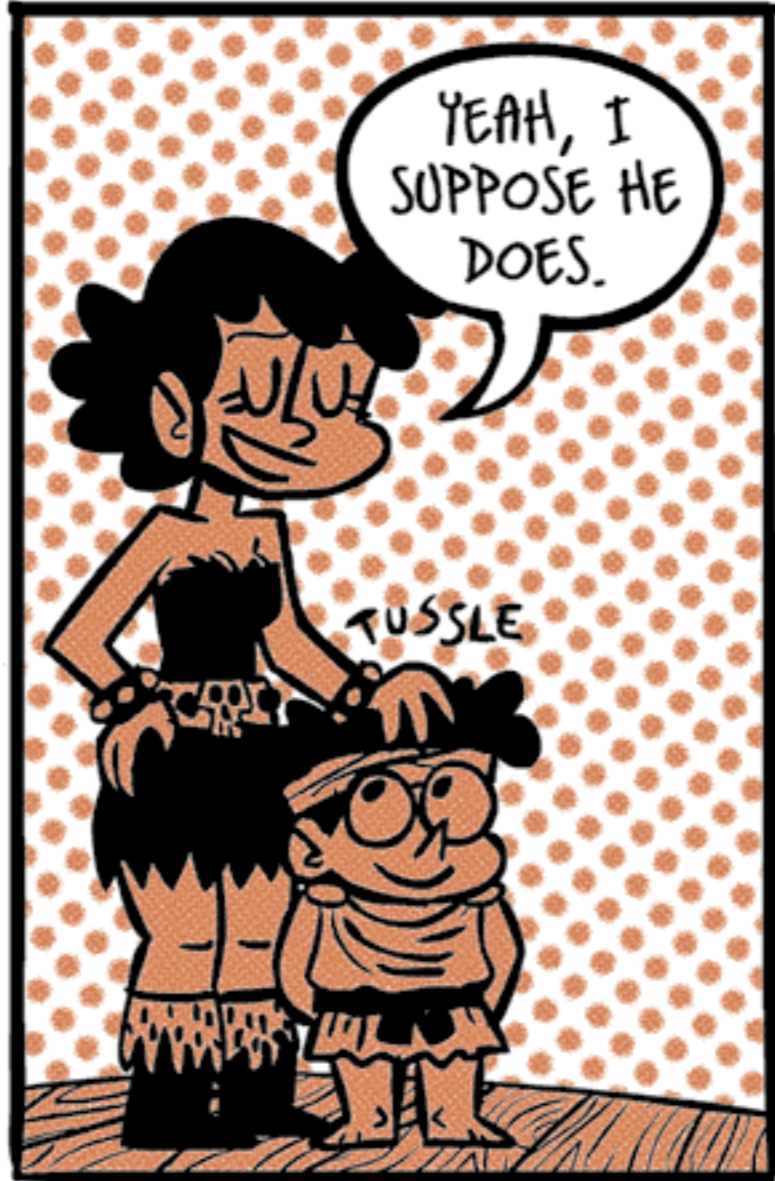
Pegasus! Pegasus!
Cross him and he'll kick your ass!

Pegasus! Pegasus!
Bringing children lots of joy,



Pegasus! Pegasus!
I have the official toy!





Manhattan, Present Day



FELLOW MEN OF SCIENCE, I SUPPOSE YOU ARE WONDERING WHY I CALLED YOU HERE TODAY.

FREE WATER

FREE BREAD



BECAUSE WE EAT HERE EVERY WEEK?

SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.



I HAVE CALLED YOU HERE TO ANNOUNCE MY LATEST INVENTION! AN AMAZING DEVICE WHICH WILL CHANGE LIFE AS WE KNOW IT!

WHO ARE YOU TRYING TO IMPRESS, KEVIN? ALL OF US HAVE MADE INCREDIBLE IMPACTS ON SOCIETY WITH OUR AMAZING SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS.



LINDA CULTIVATED A FLESH-EATING BACTERIA AND MARKETED IT AS A DIET PILL.



GARY HERE INVENTED THE SLANKET™.



AND MY HISTORY BOOKS? REQUIRED READING IN MOST UNIVERSITIES.

HEH

YES, FILBY, BUT HOW MANY OF YOU HAVE MASTERED TIME ITSELF?





TIME TRAVEL?!

STOP! YOU'RE KILLING US!



FILBY, THIS IS A FLOWER I ACQUIRED, OR RATHER, WILL ACQUIRE, 800,692 YEARS INTO THE FUTURE.



LINDA, A PRESENT FOR YOU. YOU WERE ALWAYS INTERESTED IN BOTANY... TRY AND MATCH THAT TO ANY SPECIES KNOWN TODAY.



WHY, IT'S A COMMON DAFFODIL!



LET US SEE WHO LAUGHS ONCE I SEE THAT NONE OF YOUR GREAT GRANDPARENTS ARE EVER BORN!

JESUS, CALM DOWN, DUDE.

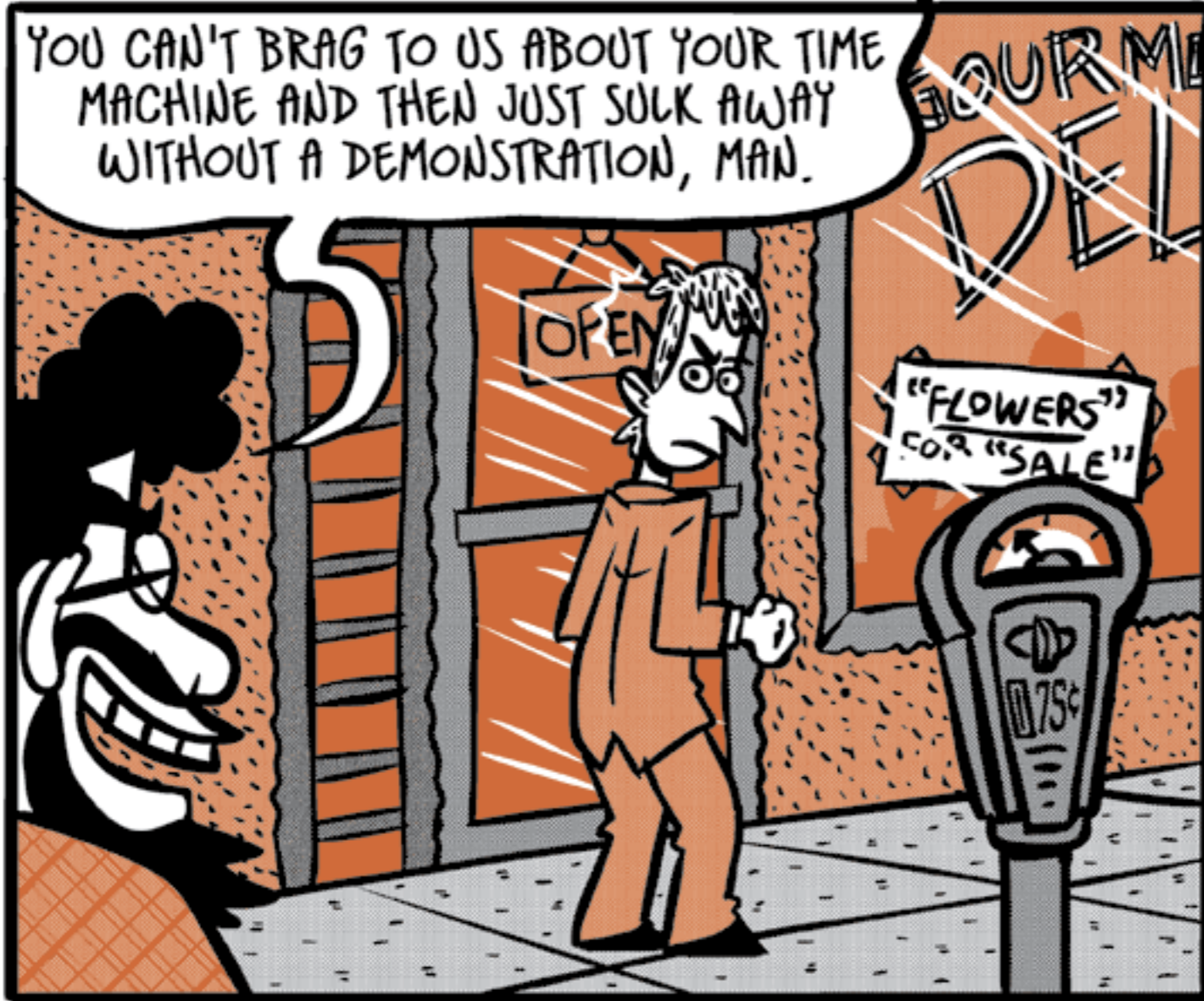


ALL I'M SAYING IS

MUMBLE GRUMBLE GRUMBLE



HEY, SPAZI! WAIT UP!



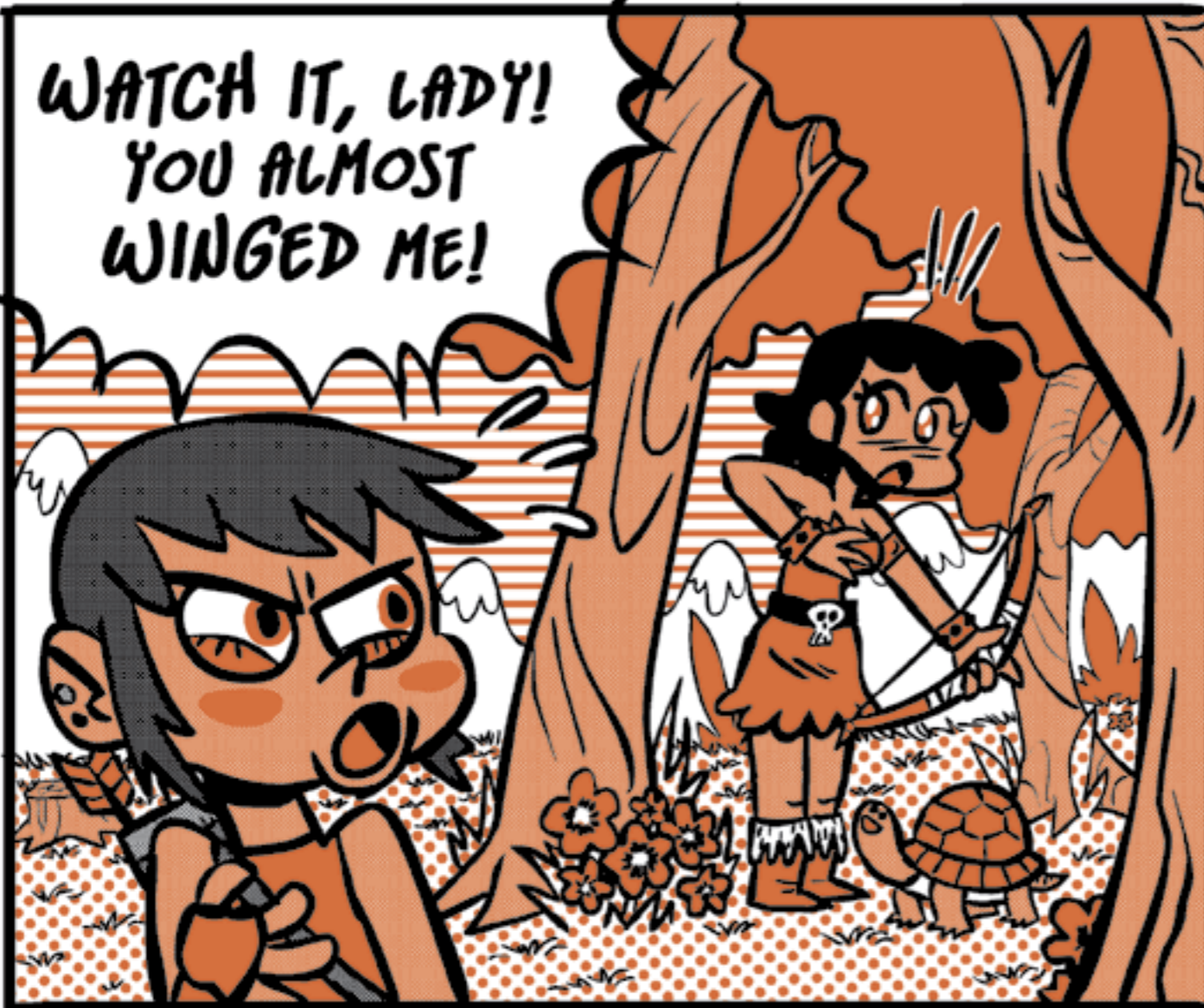
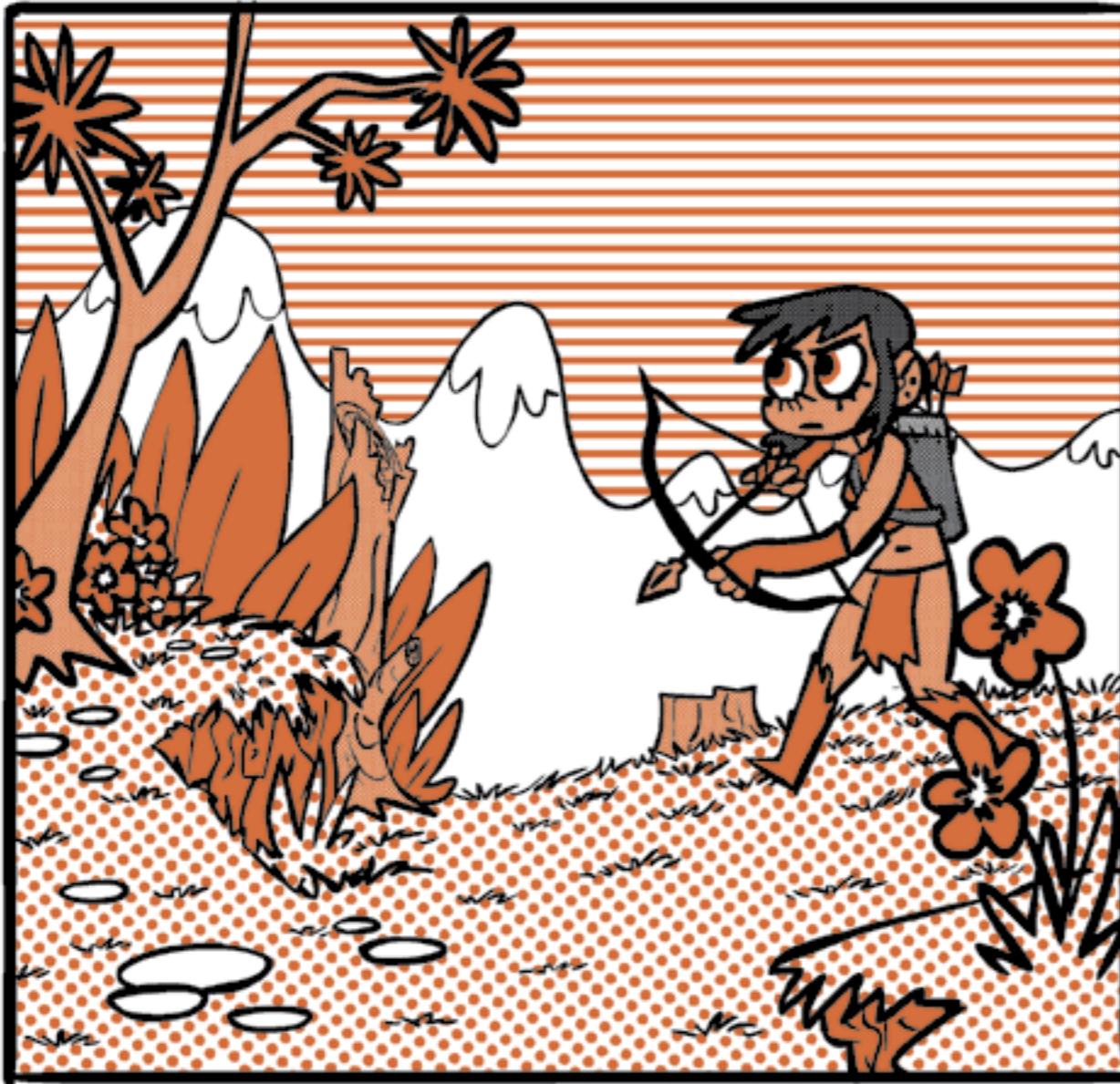
GASTROPHOBIA

CHAPTER
9
NINE

"To Whom
the belt
goes."

@#!%&!!





WATCH IT, LADY!
YOU ALMOST
WINGED ME!



AW, NO! NO, NO, NO.
DO NOT TELL ME YOU
WERE TRYING TO HIT THAT
TURTLE SIX INCHES IN
FRONT OF YOU!



THERE'S ONLY
ONE WOMAN IN
ALL OF AMAZONIA
WITH AIM THAT
AWFUL!



PHOBIA
THE
EXILE!!



HEH. I GUESS MY REPUTATION PRECEDES ME.



I WASN'T PRAISING YOU!!



SO, PHILIA! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO INCONSEQUENTIA?



WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW!

...YES. THAT'S WHY I ASKED.



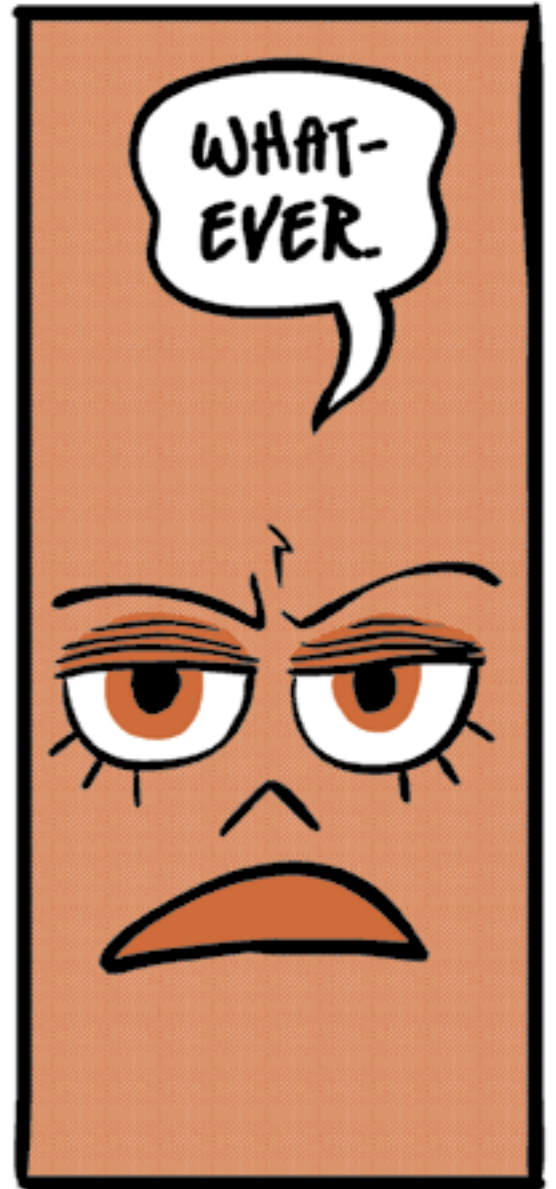
LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY SON GASTRO AND MY PERPETUALLY INDENTURED SERVANT, KLEPTO.

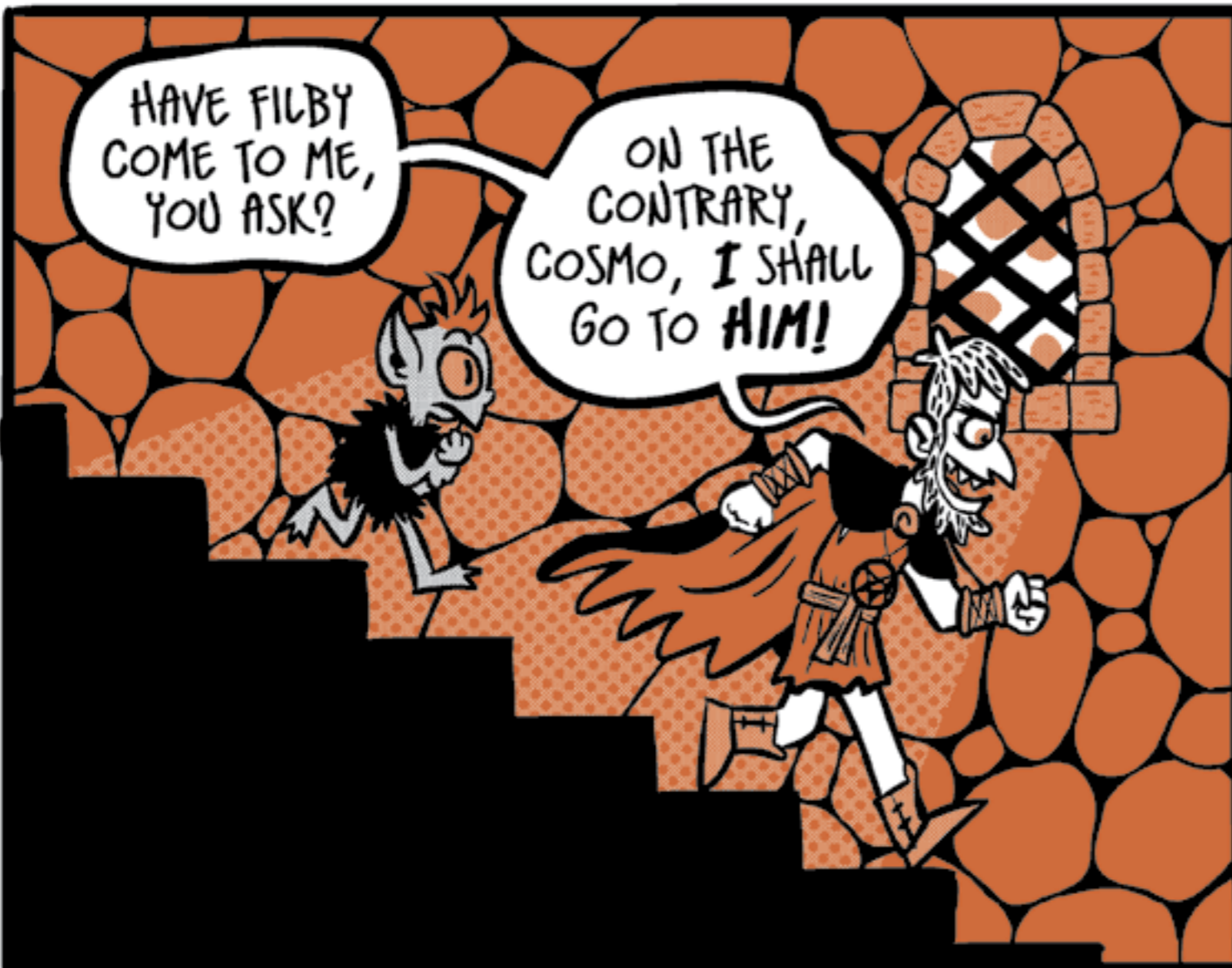
VROOM!



GUYS, MEET MY OLD SPARRING PARTNER FROM MY AMAZON DAYS... PHILIA.

Yo!







WHAT IS WRONG WITH CALLING MYSELF LORD NIGHTSORROW?

IT'S SUPER RETARDED.



AH, WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU ARE UNINTERESTED IN THE CHRONOLOGIUM.

CHRONOLOGIUM?!



YOU MEAN THAT STUFF THE DONGLE YOU LOST WAS MADE OF, STRANDING US IN THE PAST FOR NINE YEARS?!



NO, I MEAN THAT "STUFF" THE DONGLE YOU LOST WAS MADE OF, STRANDING US IN THE PAST FOR NINE YEARS.



MR. FILBY, THE CHRONOLOGIUM IS IN THE HANDS OF THE BARBARIAN, **PHOBIA**.



WELL, HOPEFULLY, THIS "PHOBIA" CAN BE CONVINCED TO PART WITH IT.

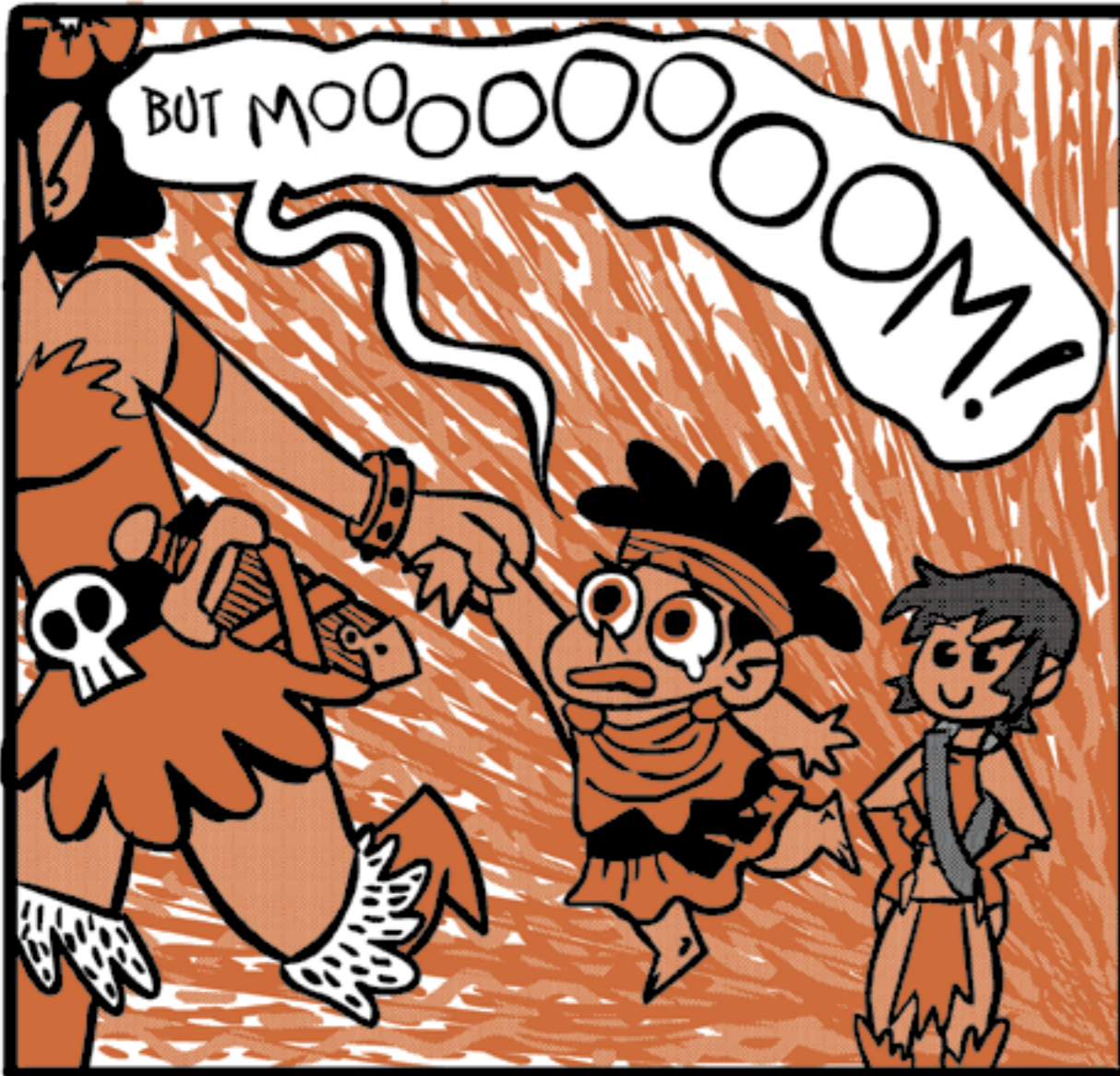


I ASSURE YOU, MY DEAR FILBY, EVEN IF YOU FAIL, I SHALL HAVE NO PROBLEM... "CONVINCING" HER!



THE FOLLOWING DAY.. 









YEEEAH, THIS IS WEIRD. KLEPTO HASN'T MOVED, BUT HE'S WAY OFF IN THE DISTANCE.



PHILIA TOO. WHAT'S GOING ON, MOM?



DARK MAGIC.

STAY CLOSE.



HEY, LOOK! A HOUSE APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE! LET'S GO IN IT!



YOU KNOW THIS IS A TRAP, RIGHT?

YES, OF COURSE.

KNOCK KNOCK

BUT WHACHA GONNA DO?

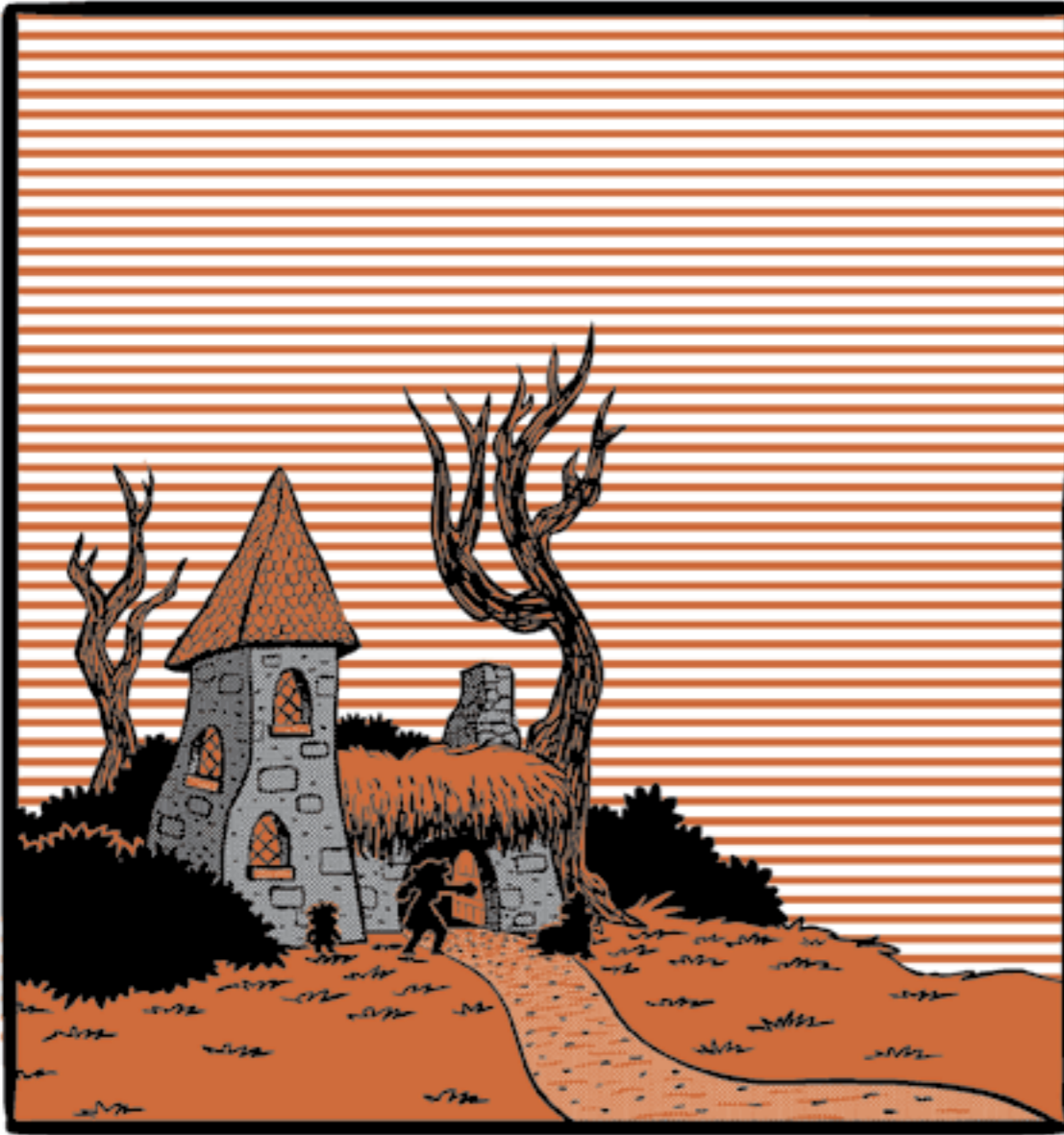


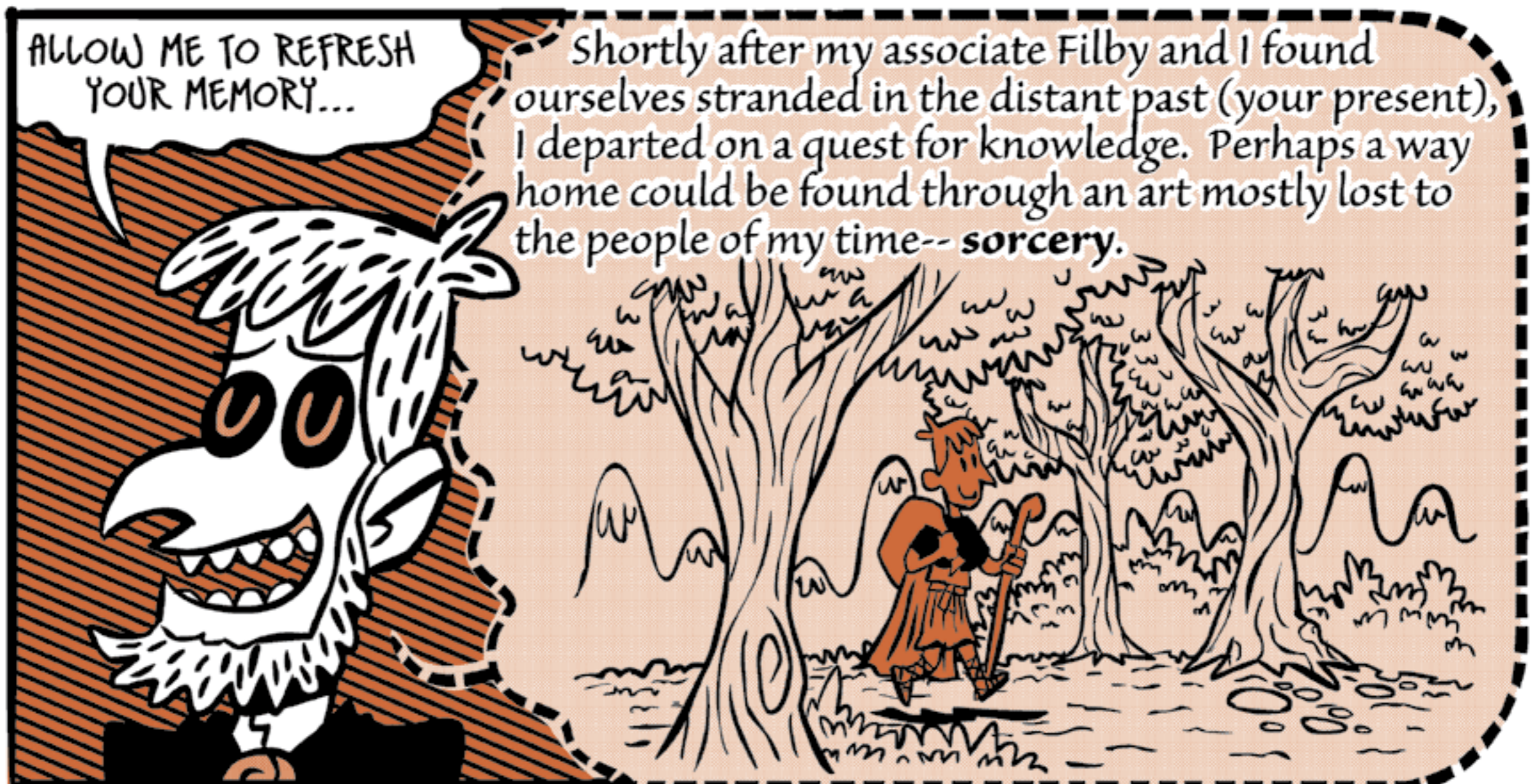
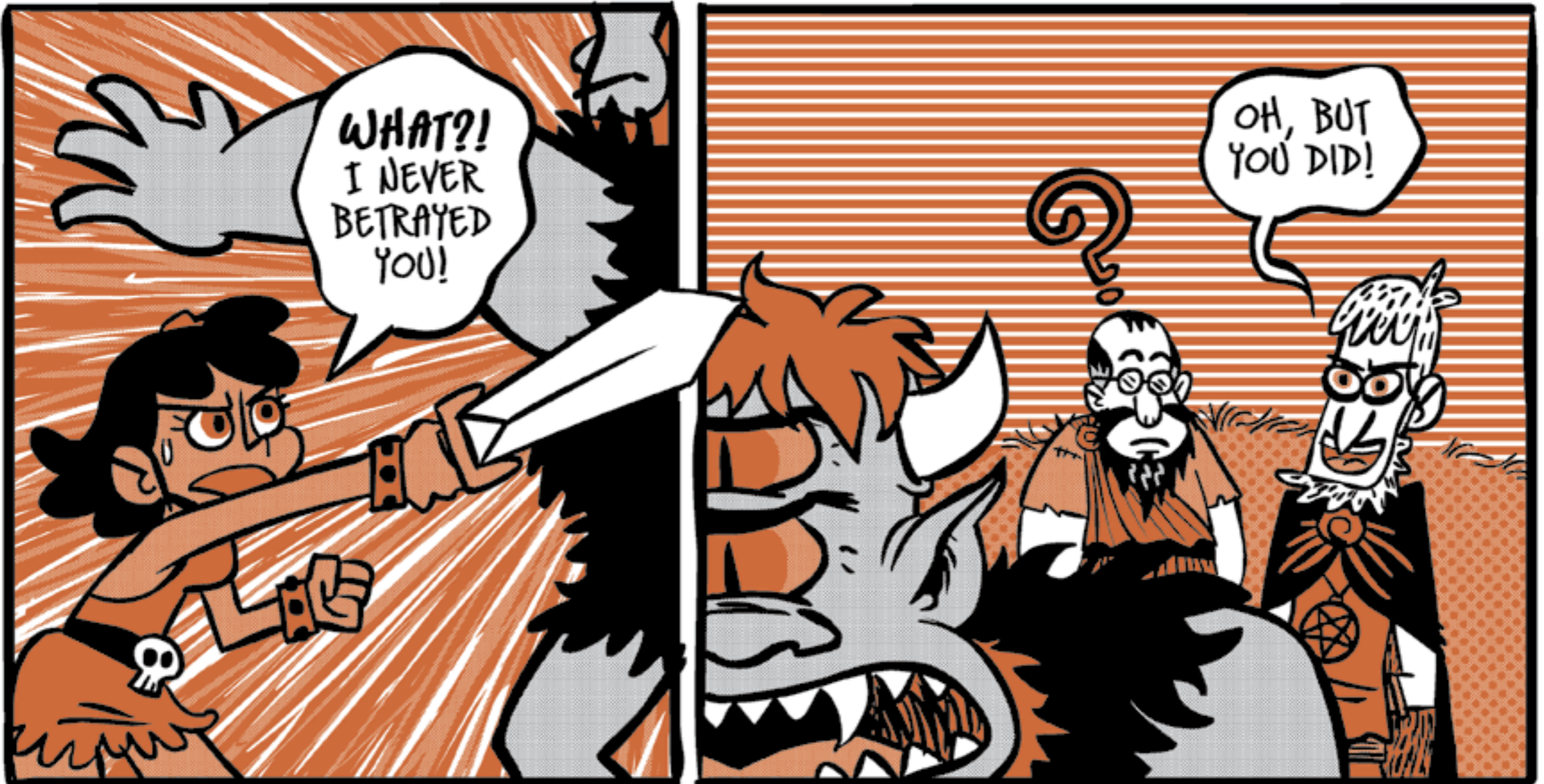
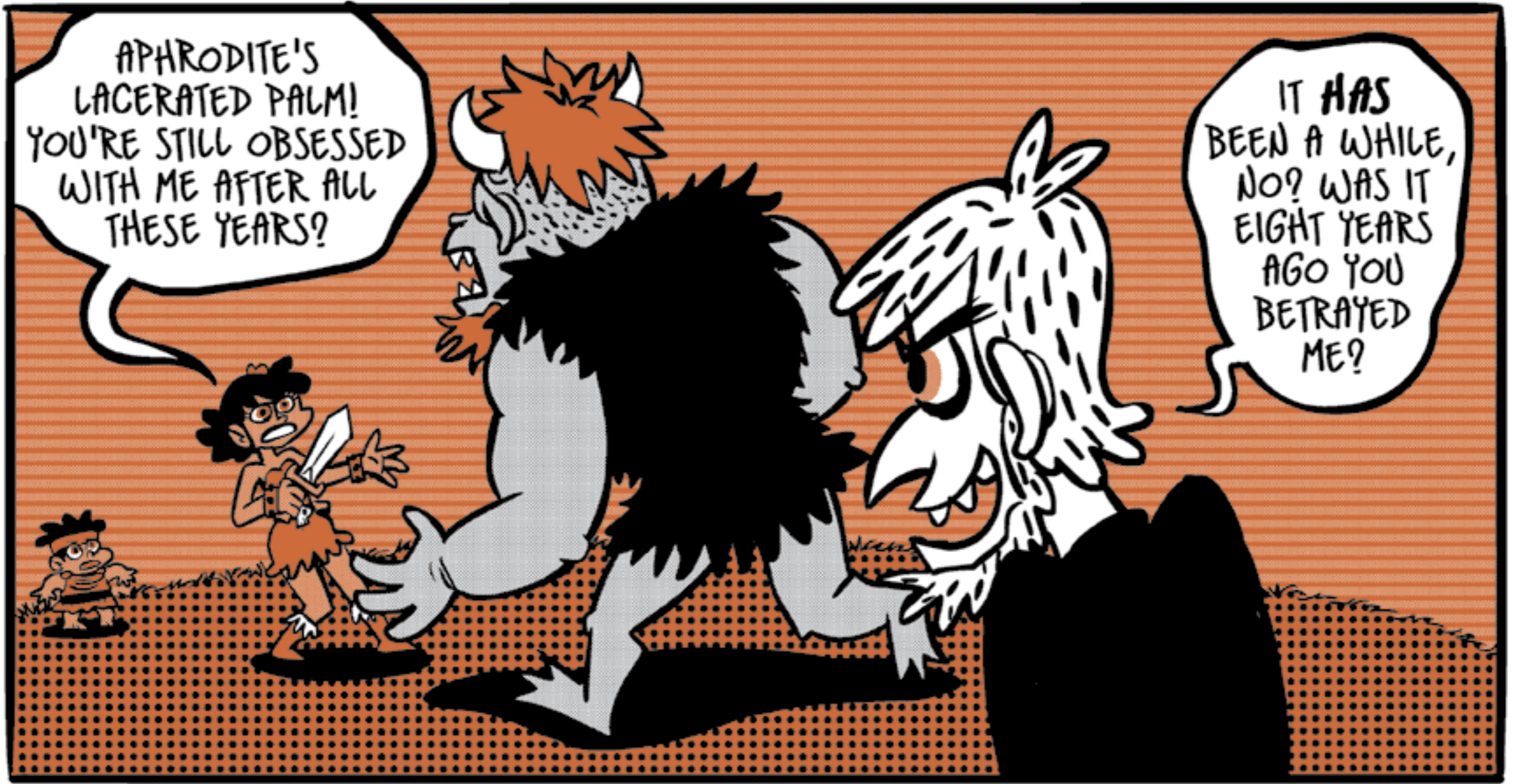
HUH? WHO COULD THAT BE?

THAT WOULD BE PHOBIA.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK











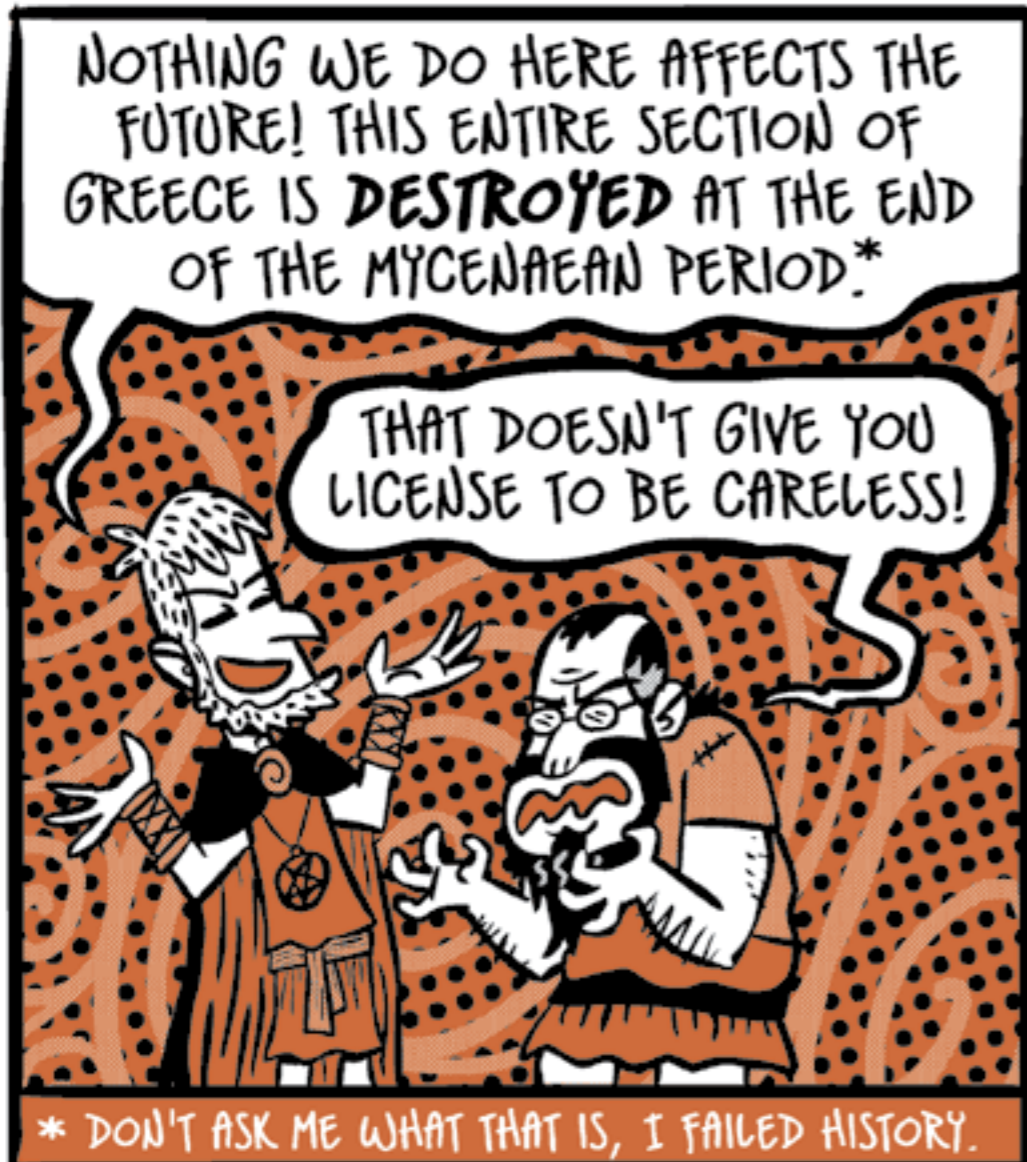
WHAT IS **WRONG** WITH YOU?! WE TRAVEL BACK IN TIME AND YOU STEP ON LIKE A BILLION BUTTERFLIES!



I DID A LOT MORE THAN **STEP** ON THAT BUTTERFLY,

(IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.)

DO YOU EVEN **TRY** TO AVOID PARADOXES?



NOTHING WE DO HERE AFFECTS THE FUTURE! THIS ENTIRE SECTION OF GREECE IS **DESTROYED** AT THE END OF THE MYCENAEAN PERIOD.*

THAT DOESN'T GIVE YOU LICENSE TO BE CARELESS!

* DON'T ASK ME WHAT THAT IS, I FAILED HISTORY.



CARELESS DOESN'T BEGIN TO DESCRIBE YOUR FLAWS.

PHOBIA! YOU...



...BLINDED YOUR BEAST? INDEED.

REVERT



NO! YOU BETRAYED ME ONCE AGAIN!



NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I BETRAYED ANYONE. A WARRIOR DOES NOT PRACTICE TREACHERY.

OH?

Eight ½ years ago:

When can I see you again?

Uh, I'll call you.

AND YOU NEVER CALLED ME!!

YOU KNEW I WAS AN AMAZON*!

OH GOD, YOU PUSSY.

* THAT FAMOUS WARRIOR TRIBE WITH THE NO-MALE POLICY.

BUT THAT IS FAR FROM THE WORST OF IT ALL!

Themiscyra village.
(Amazon HQ)

There's a male at our gates.

I demand to see Phobia!

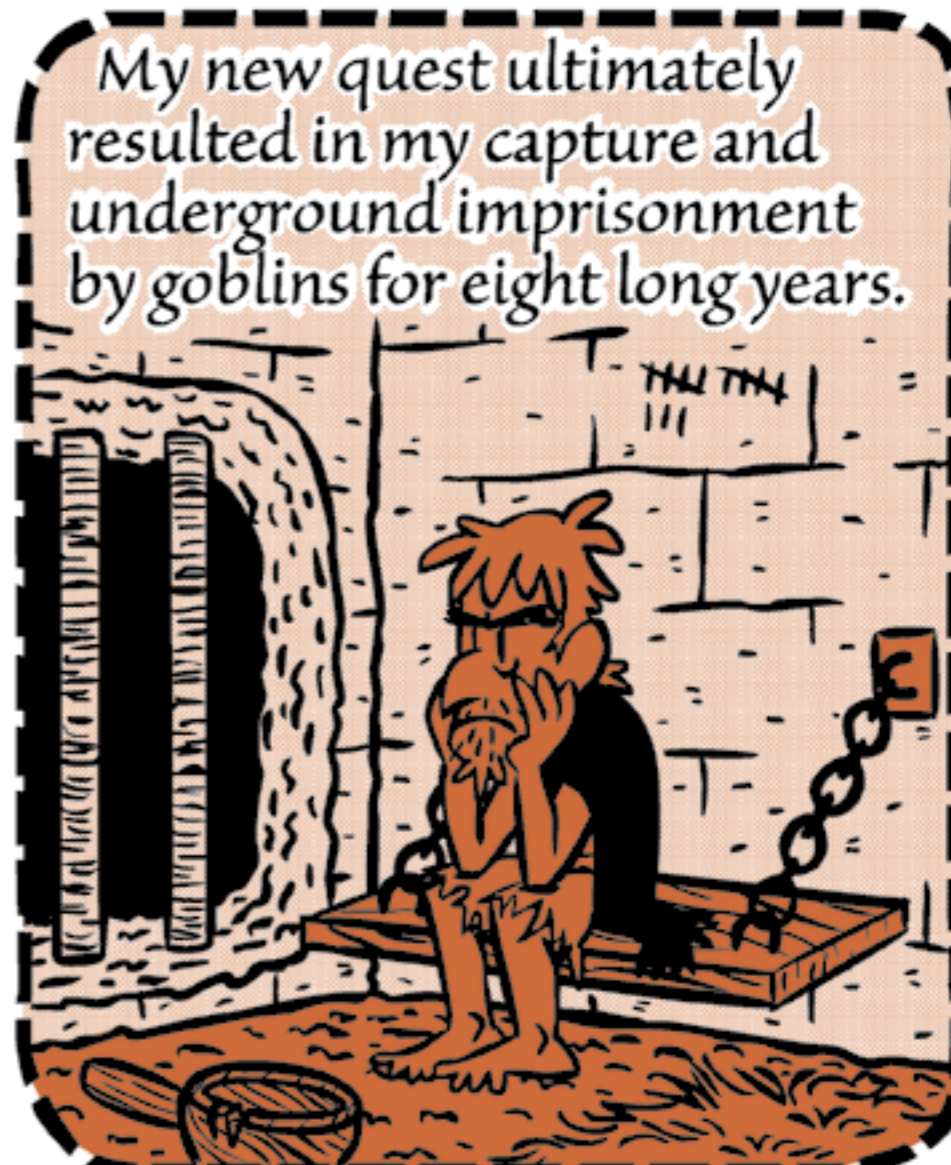
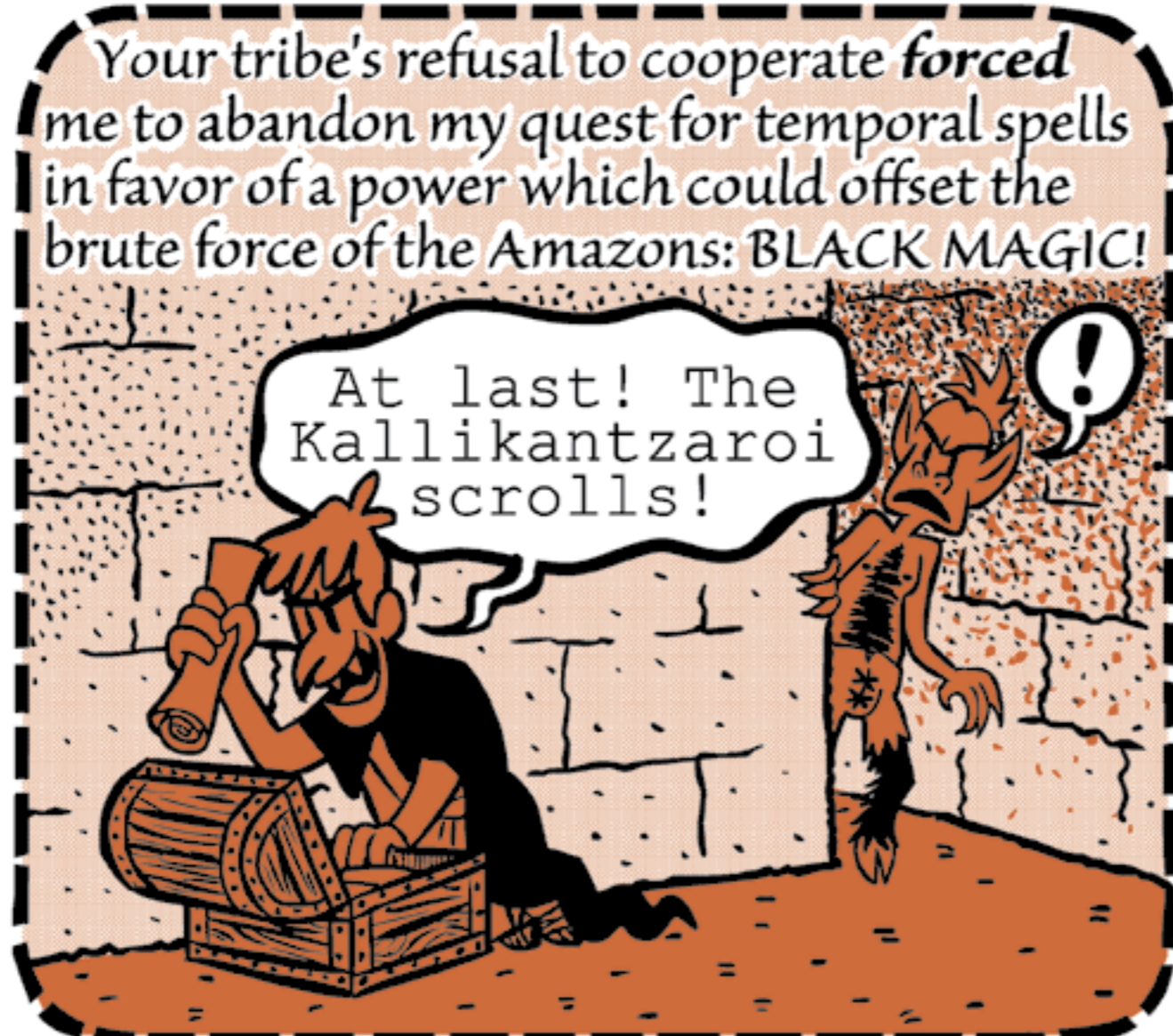
We need to talk.

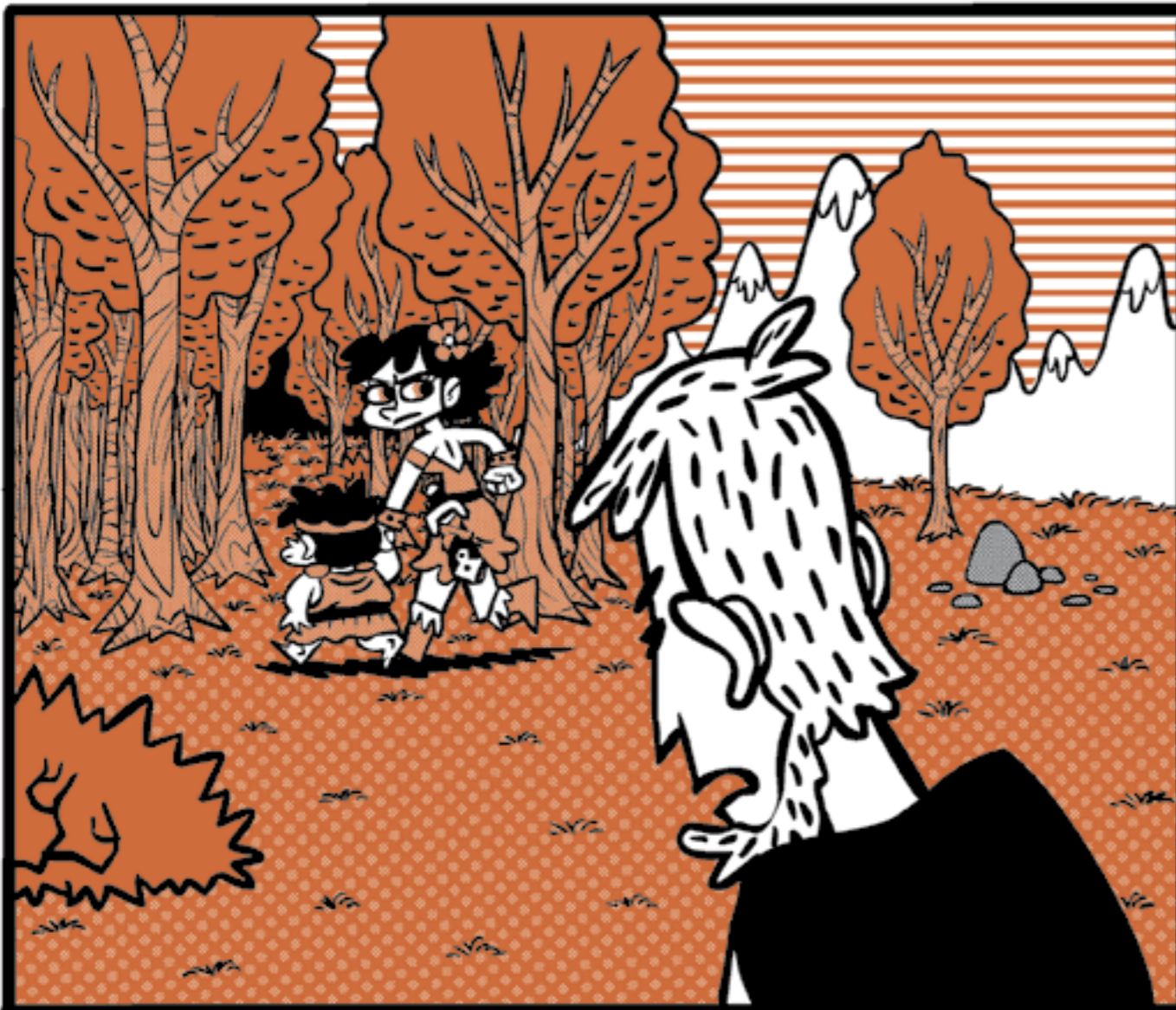
Phobia, who is this male?

Some creep I went on ONE date with and then started stalking me.

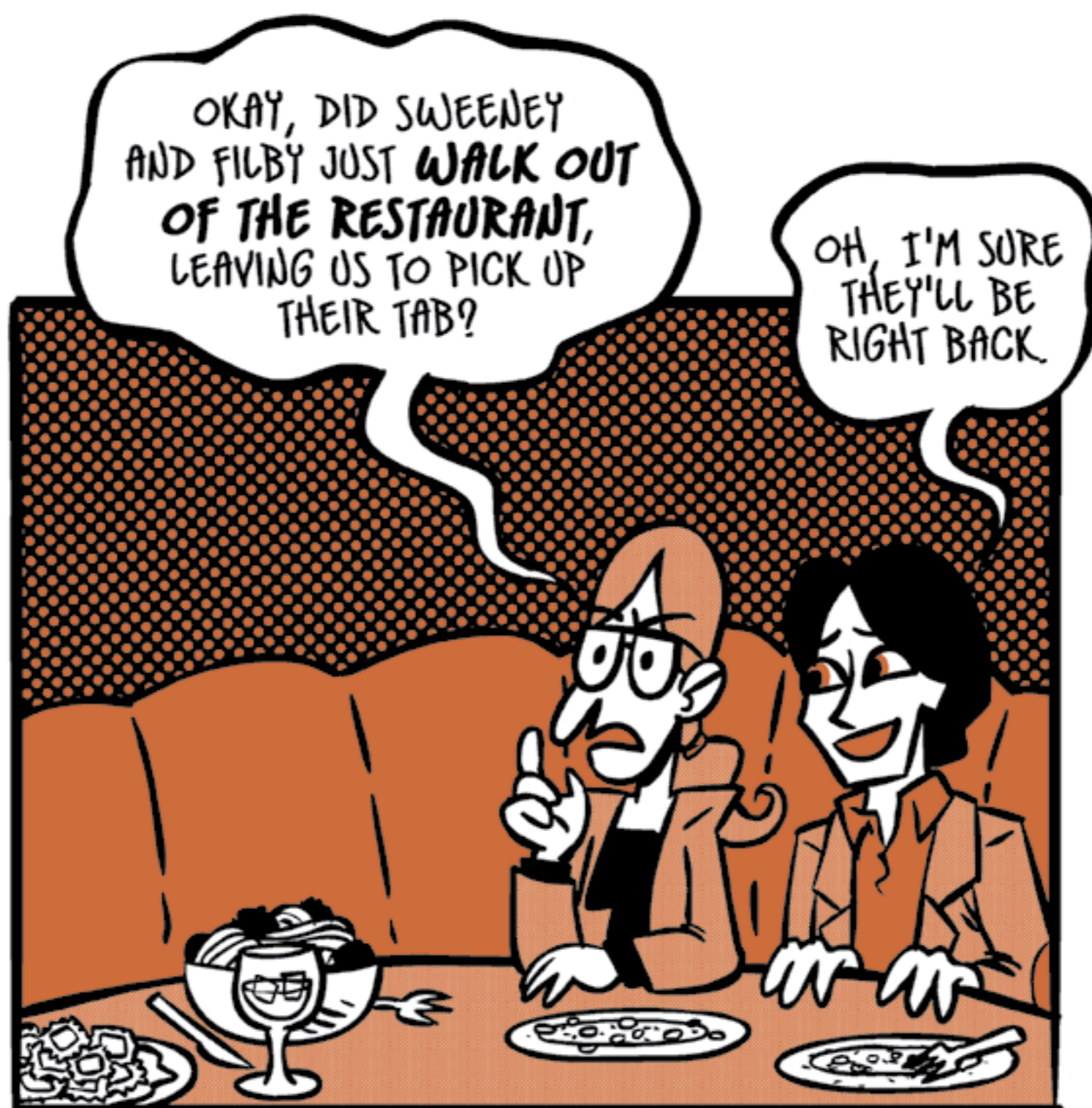
UGH. I HATE THAT!

Guards, rough him up a bit.





3,409 YEARS LATER...



END



A Gastro & Phobia Gartoon.

FOR HEIFER
IN MY HEART



Here's the place
for a gunslinger
to find work!

SALOO

Whew! Lookie
what da cat jes
drug in!

HAW HAW HAW!
Dis ain't no nursery
school, darkie!

BANG!



AAAAAH! Mom!
You just **shot**
that guy!



Yes, Gastro.
That's called
vigilante
justice.

Justice?!
All he did was
insult us!



You just don't
understand how
vigilante justice
works.



Pardon me
for askin',
ma'am...

...but where'd
a purdy lady
like you learn
to shoot so
fancy?

Aw,
shucks!

Ugh.

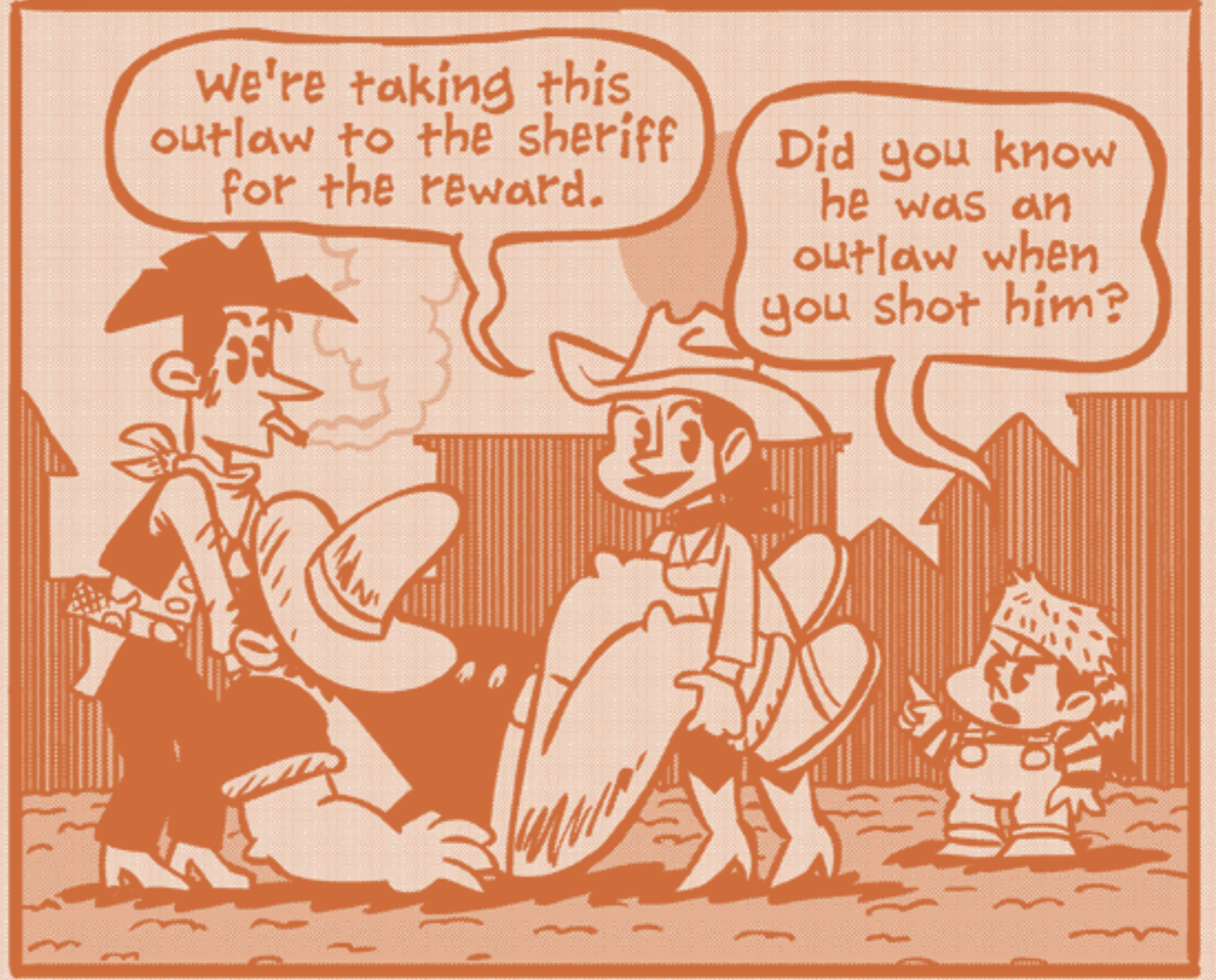


Since when is
shooting a man
in the face at
point blank range
fancy?

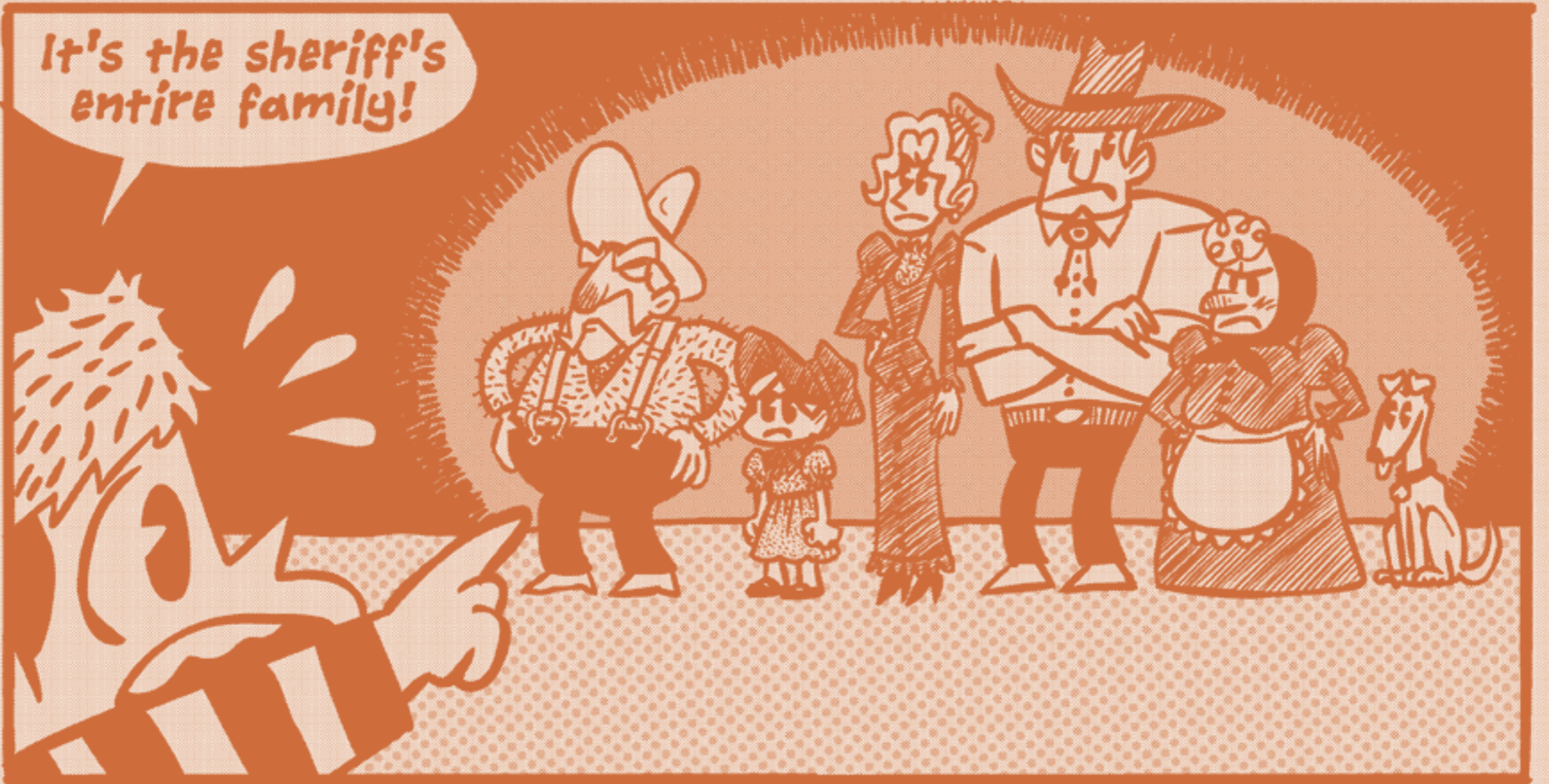
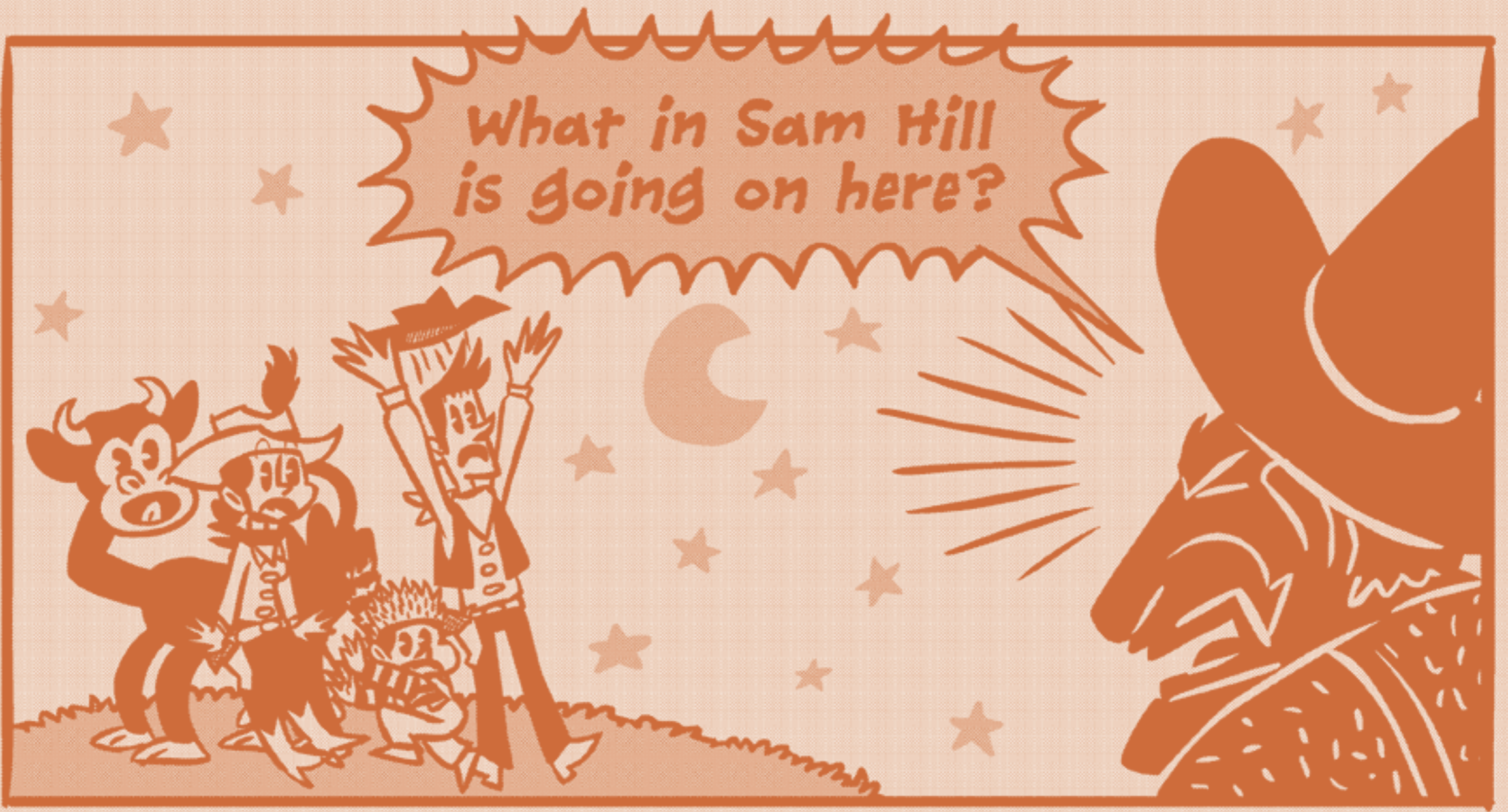


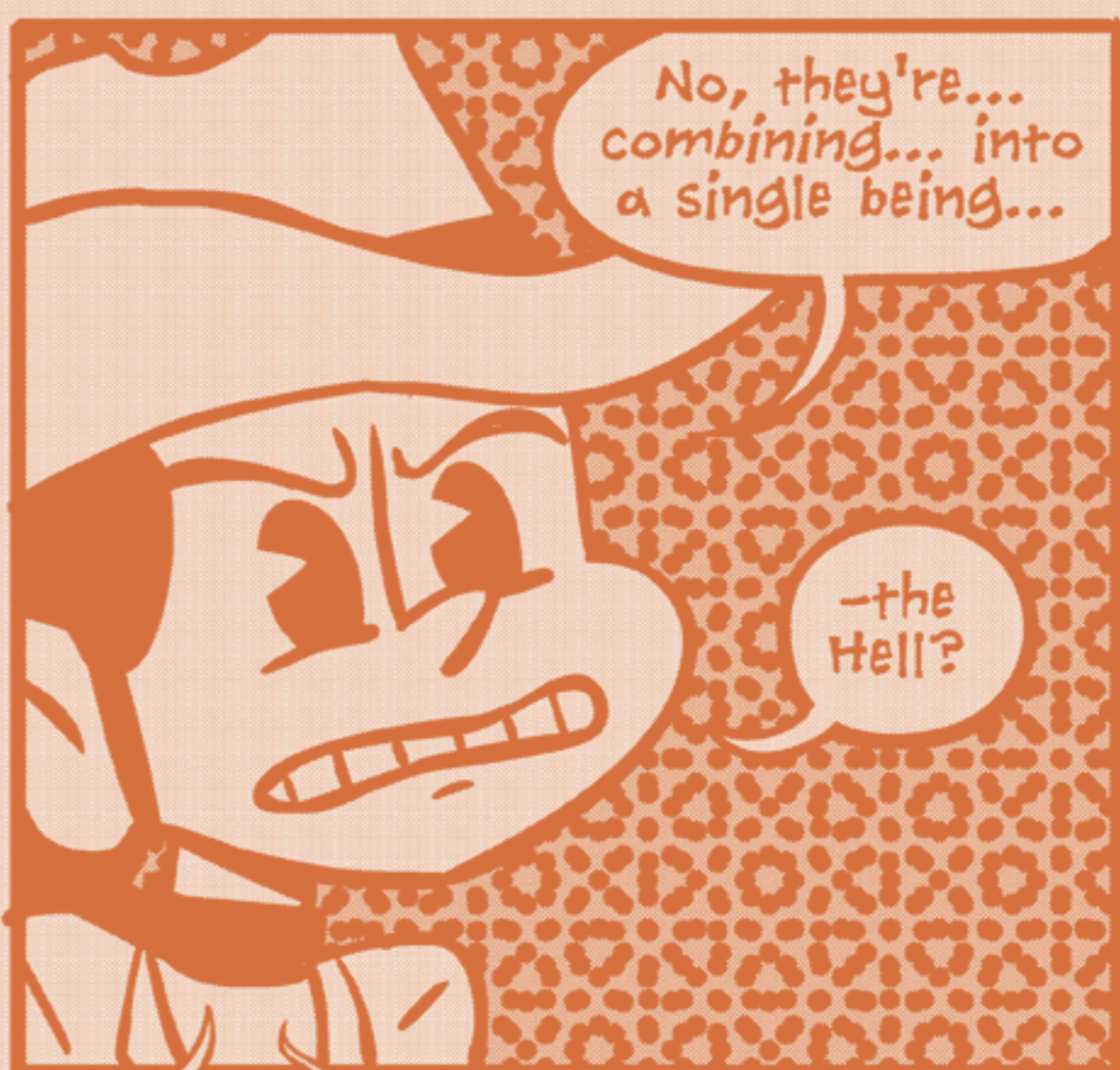
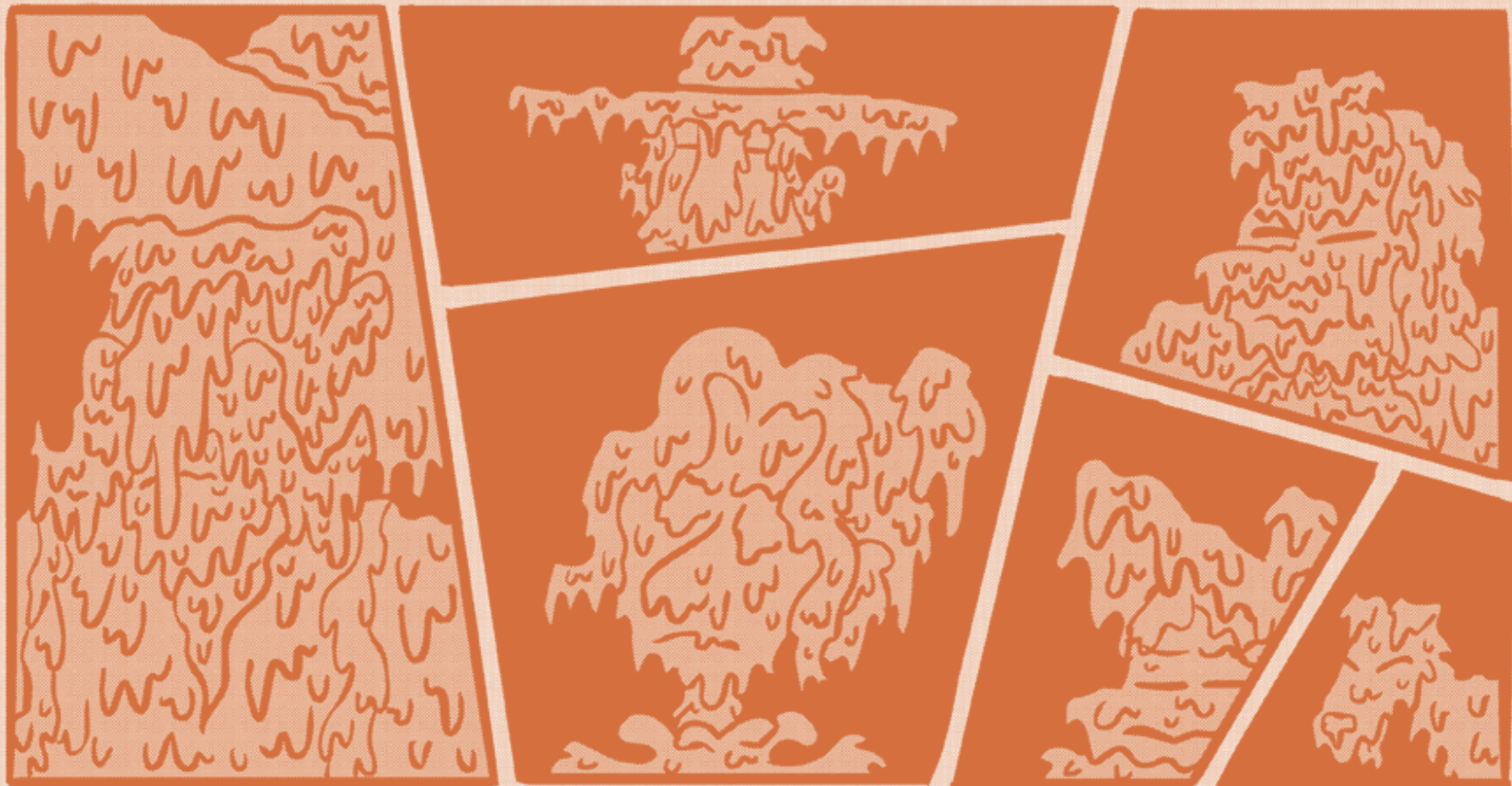
Come on,
Gastro.
Let's go.

huh?









*See episode #4 (or don't, whatever)

<Yes, Phobia, it is your ancient nemesis, Krphxyzwlp of the Netherbeasts! Three thousand years after you slew me, I am reborn in another land to rain a never-ending plague on humanity! So, you thought to reincarnate yourselves as well? No matter! You cannot defeat me again, for this time, I AM NOT STUCK IN A HOLE!>

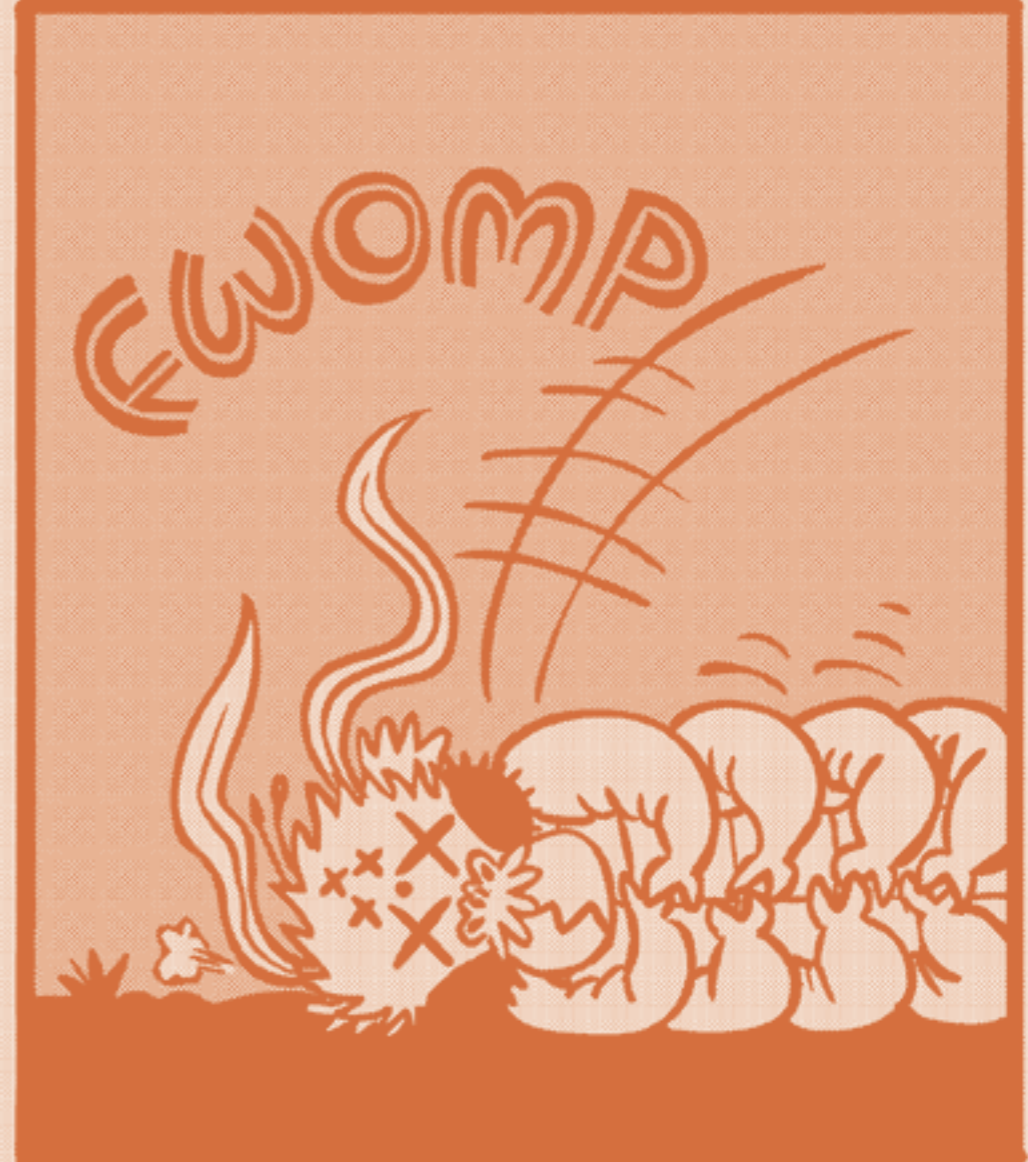


Taste vigilante justice!

BANG!



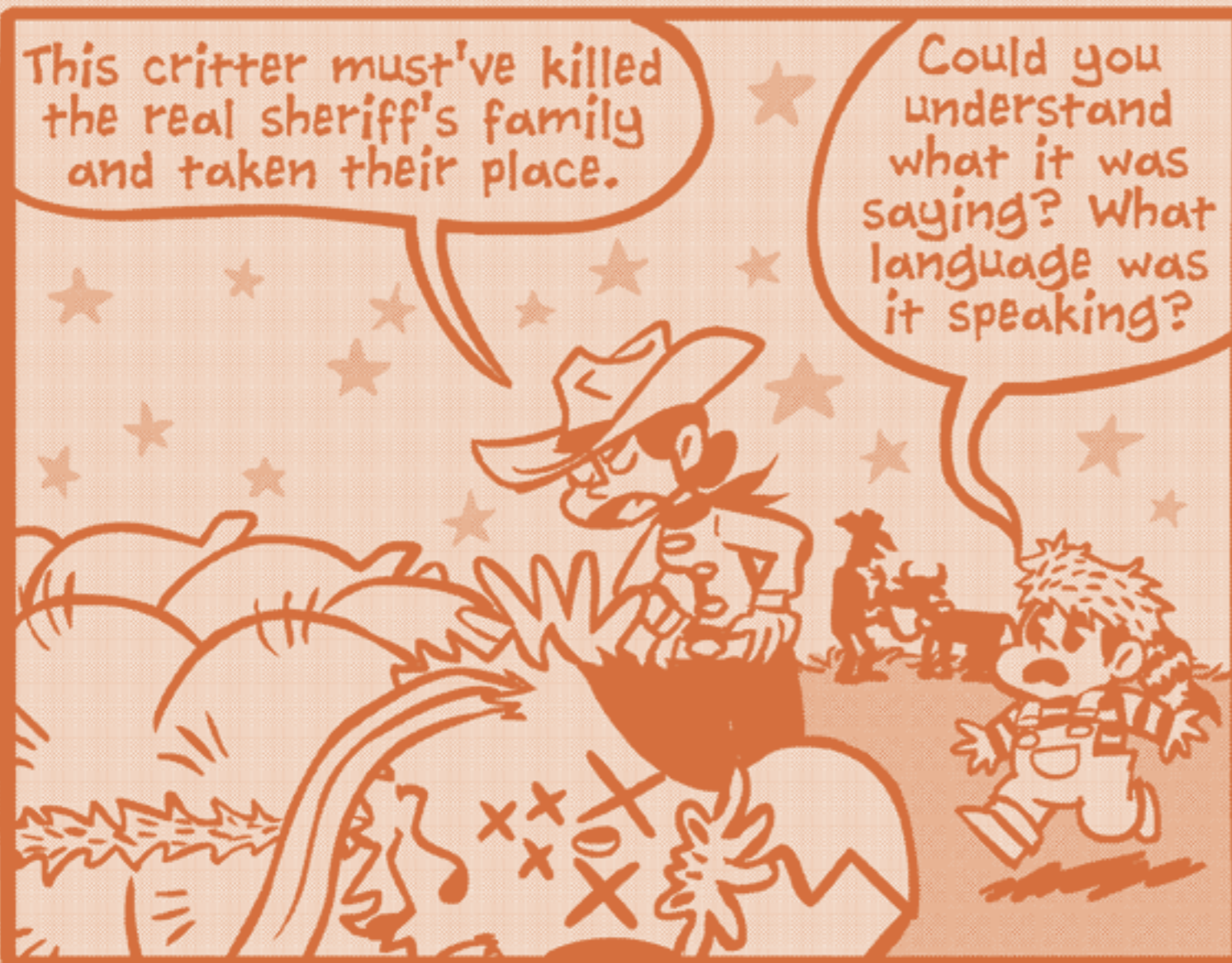
FWOMP



This critter must've killed the real sheriff's family and taken their place.

Could you understand what it was saying? What language was it speaking?

I dunno. It was all Greek to me!

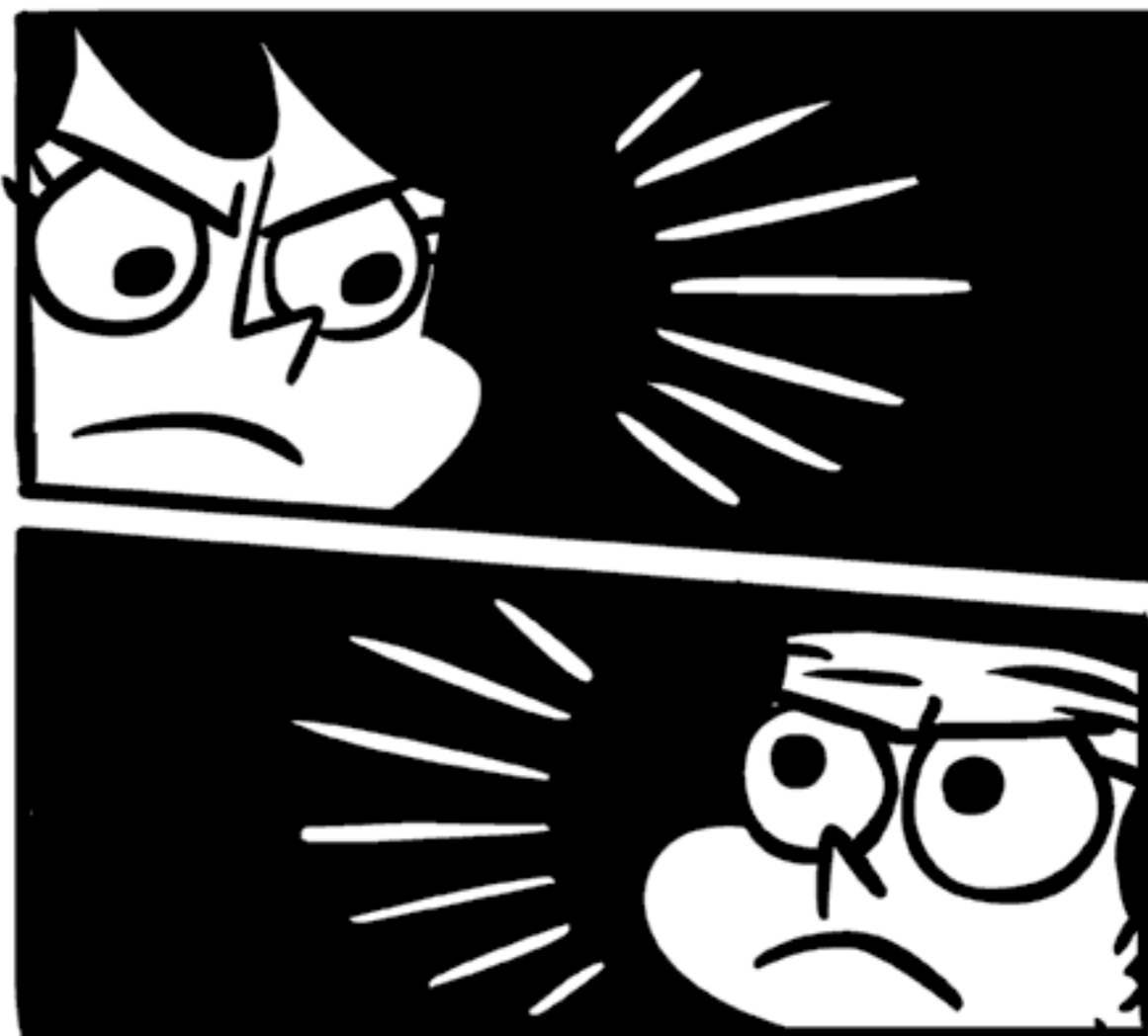


TENOZ

THE HEAT IS ON!







Three



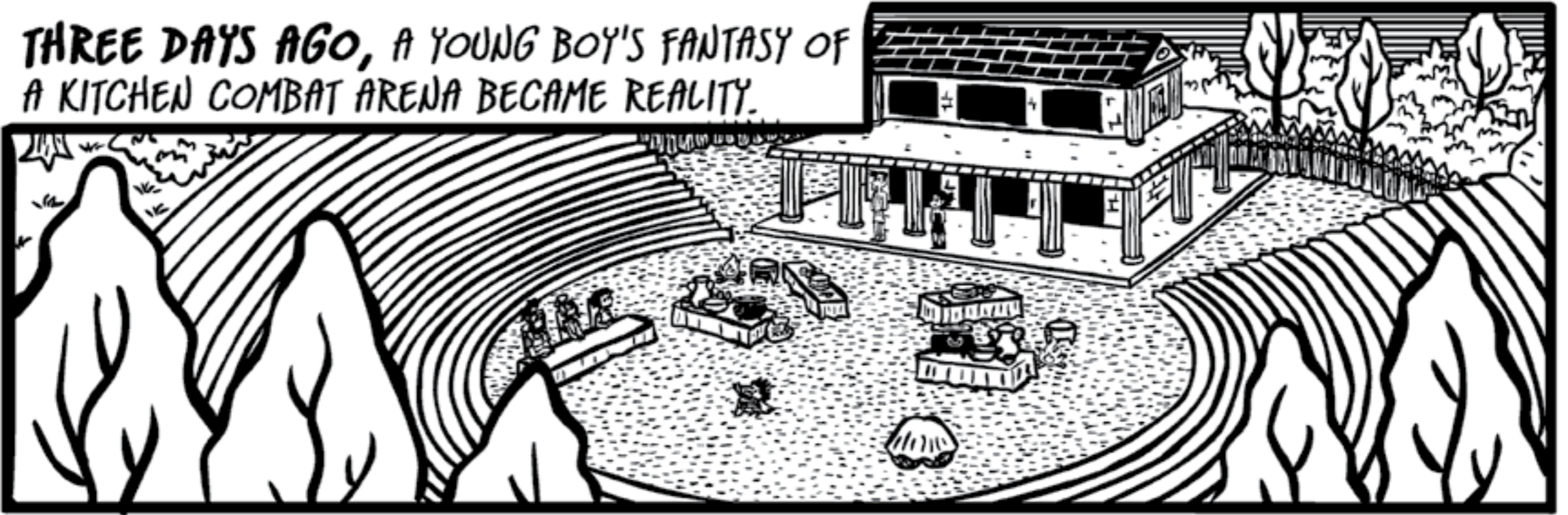
days



later...

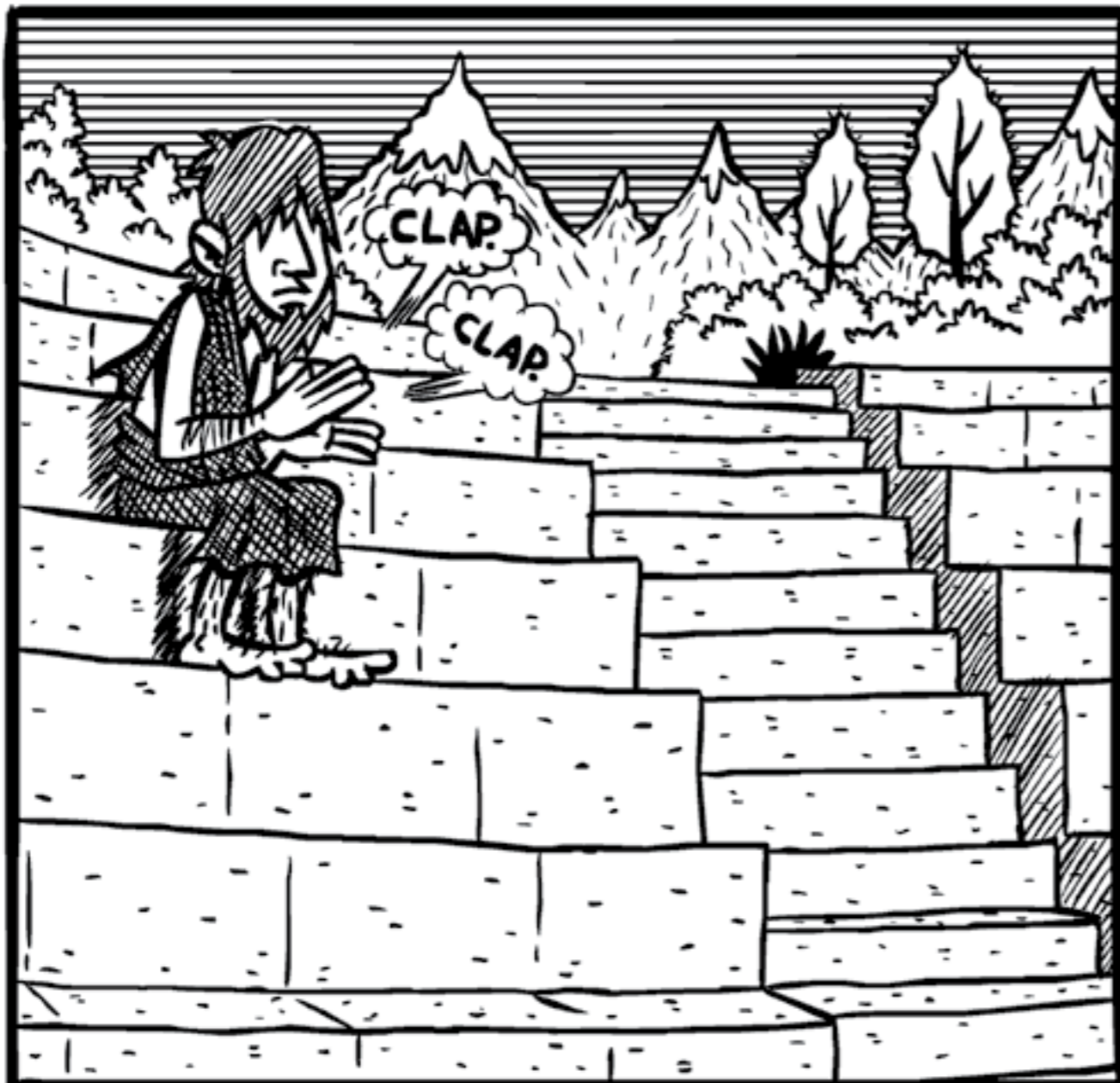


THREE DAYS AGO, A YOUNG BOY'S FANTASY OF A KITCHEN COMBAT ARENA BECAME REALITY.



TO REALIZE THIS DREAM, HE CHOSE THE TOP CHEFS OF VARIOUS COOKING STYLES AND DUBBED THEM THE BRONZE CHEFS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
...CHAIRMAN GASTRO!



APPLES!



CRUNCH



IT'D BE A LOT MORE OF A SURPRISE IF WE HADN'T PICKED THE APPLES FOR HIM YESTERDAY.



OH, LET HIM HAVE HIS FUN.



IT LOOKS LIKE KLEPTO IS KNEADING DOUGH. PERHAPS MAKING SOME KIND OF APPLE BREAD???



PHOBIA, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS SMASHING APPLES WITH WHAT APPEARS TO BE A BIG ROCK.



SO, WOULD YOU SAY IT'S ANYONE'S GAME AT THIS POINT?

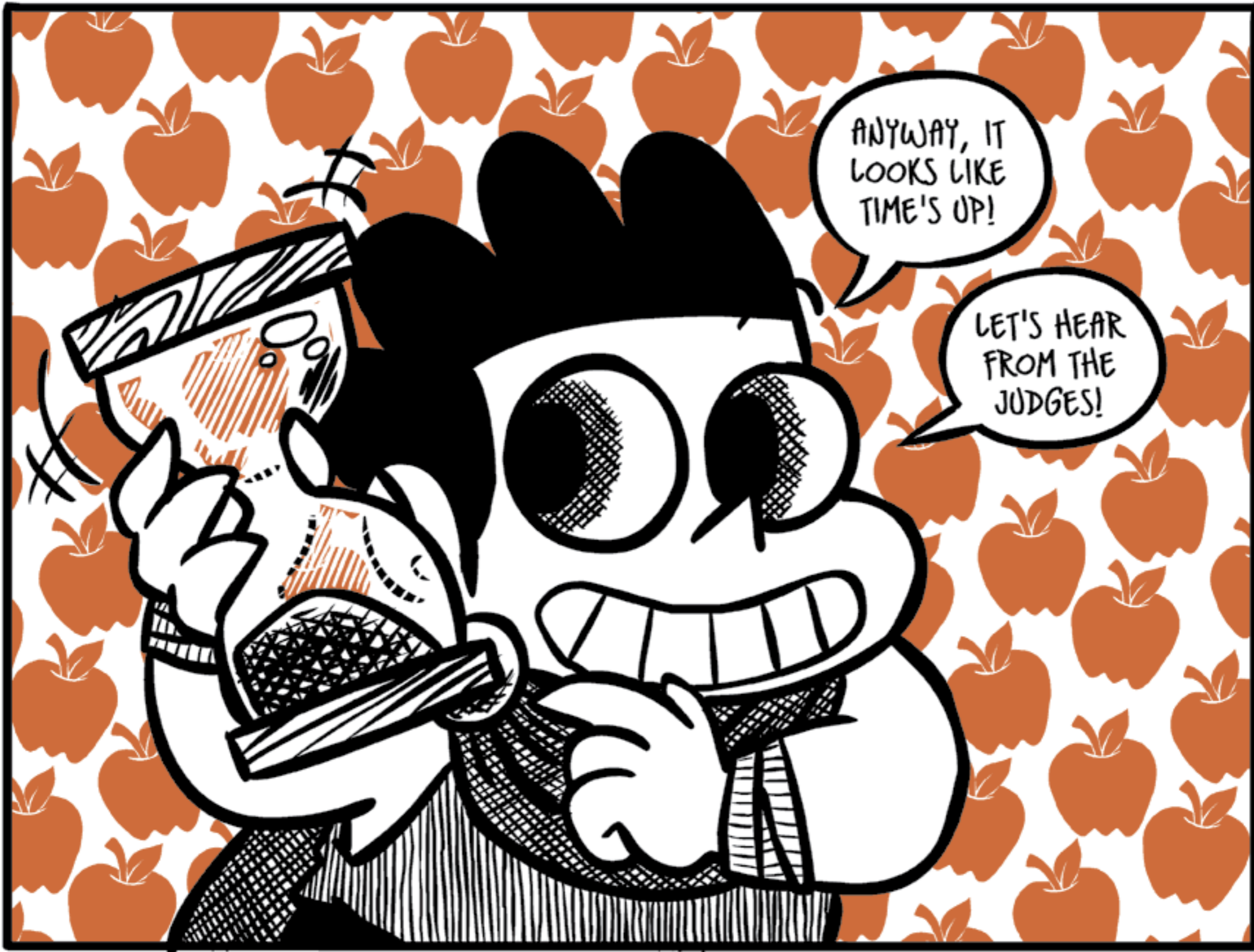


YOUR MOTHER HAS A DEAD SQUIRREL ON HER TABLE.



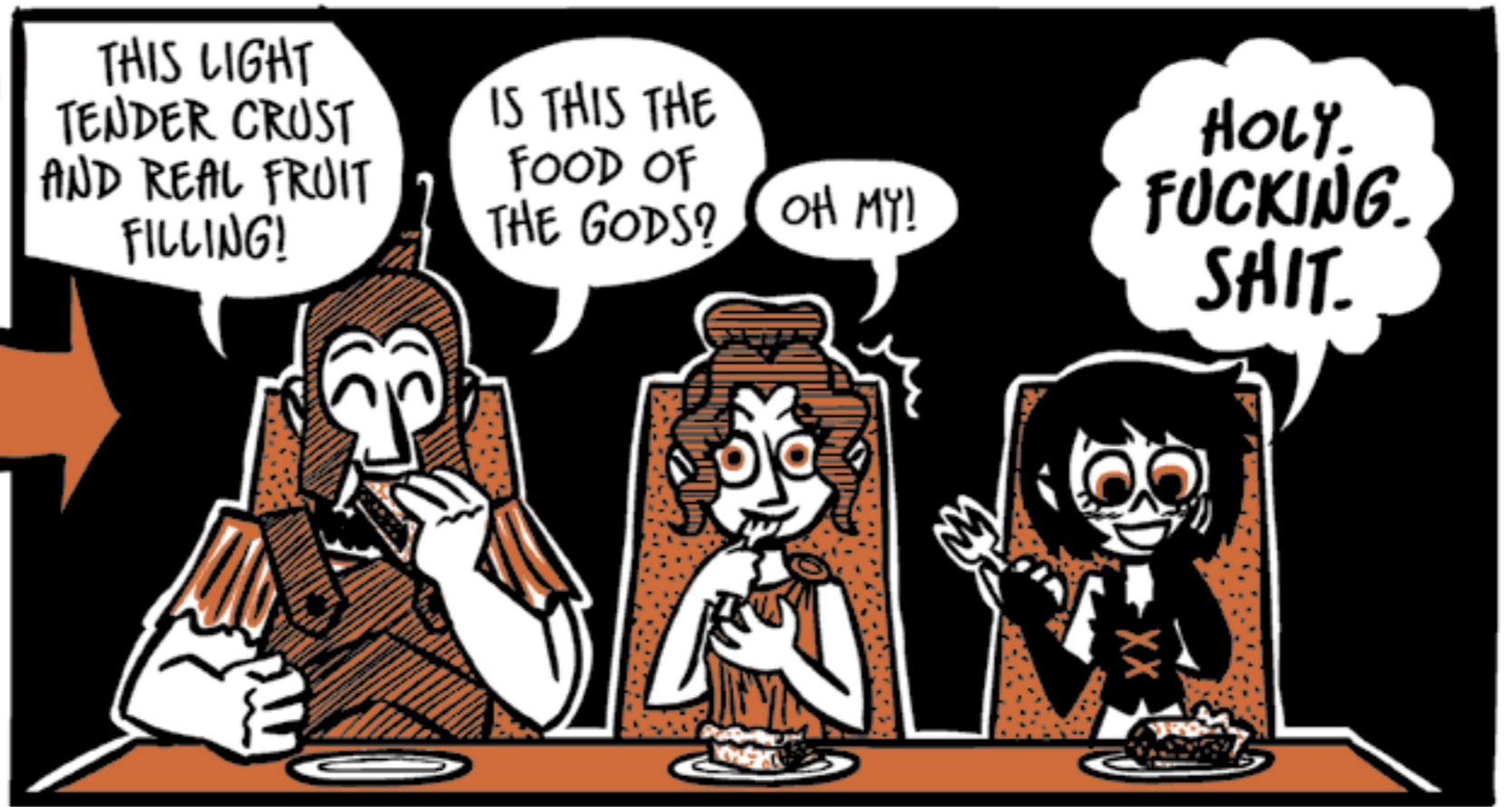
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? THAT'S *NOT* NORMAL?

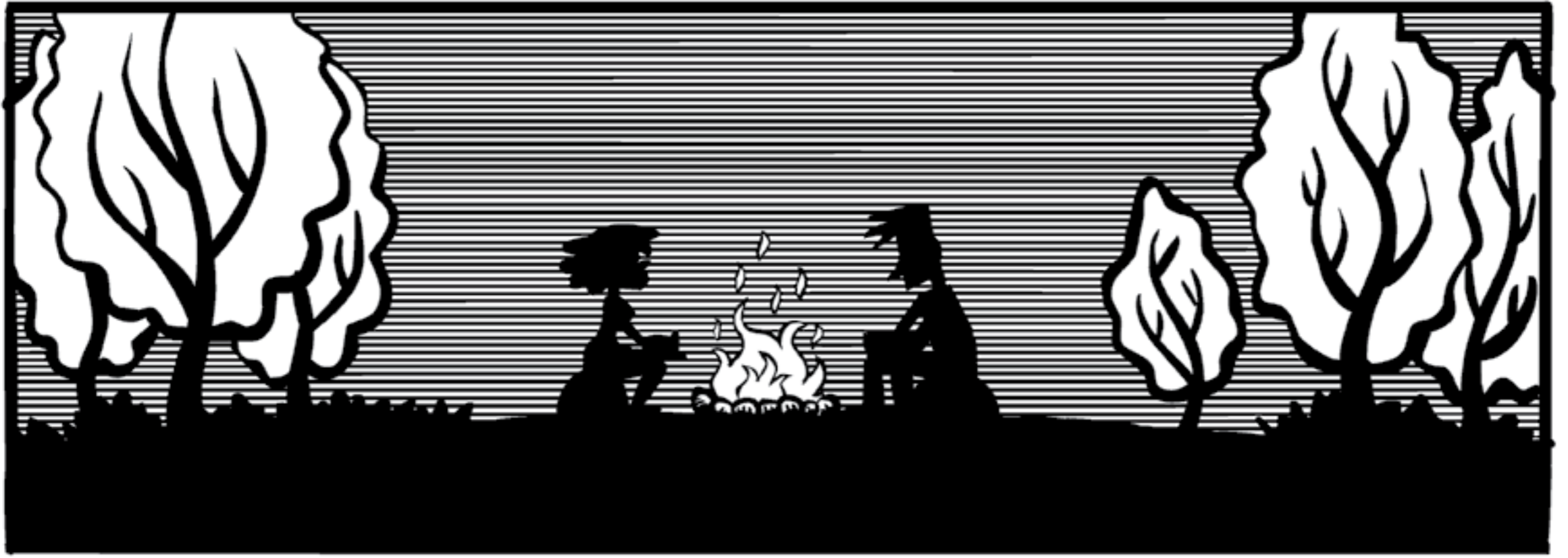
SHAKE SHAKE



ANYWAY, IT LOOKS LIKE TIME'S UP!

LET'S HEAR FROM THE JUDGES!





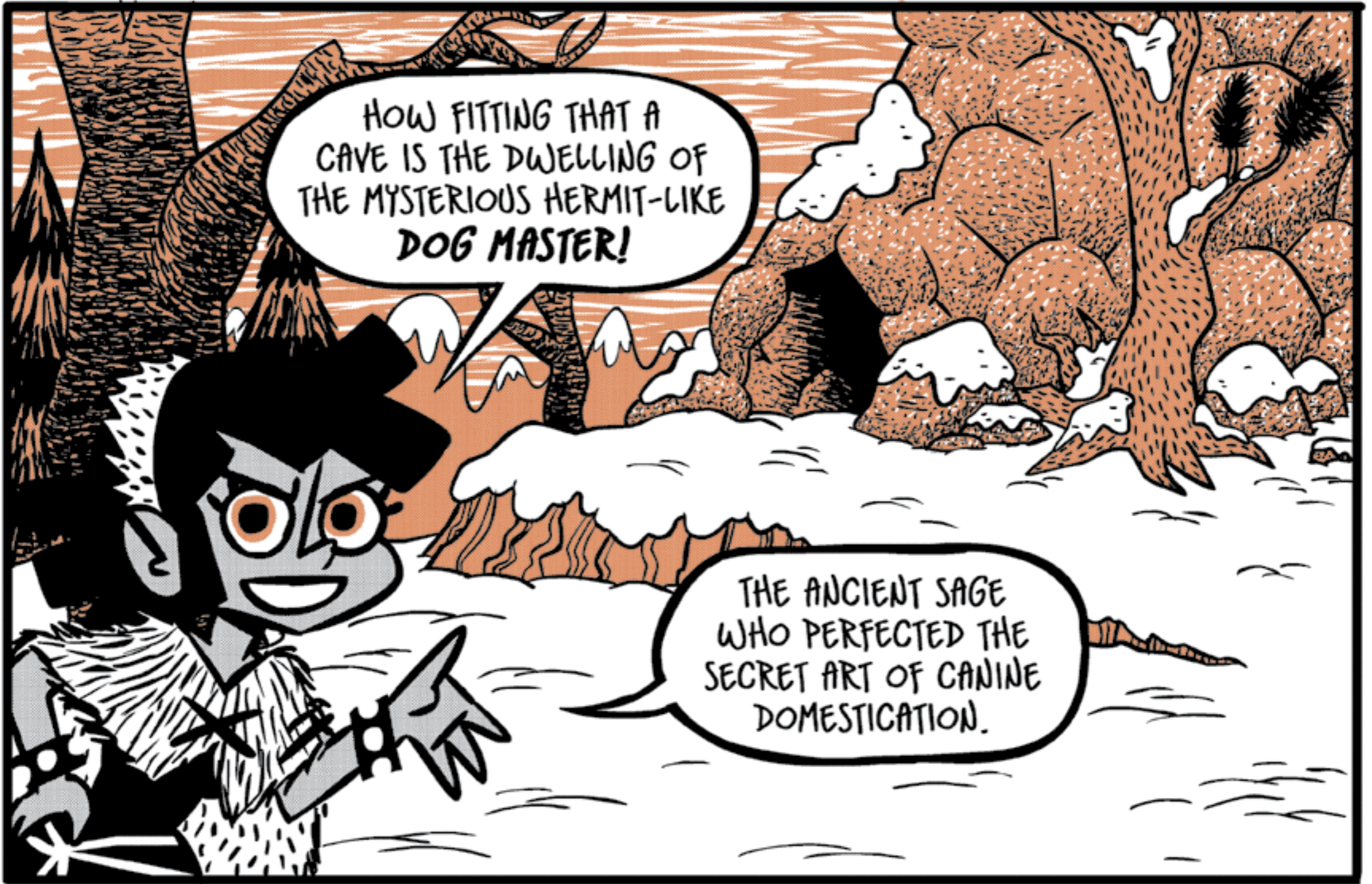


GASTROPHOBIA

LABOUR #12

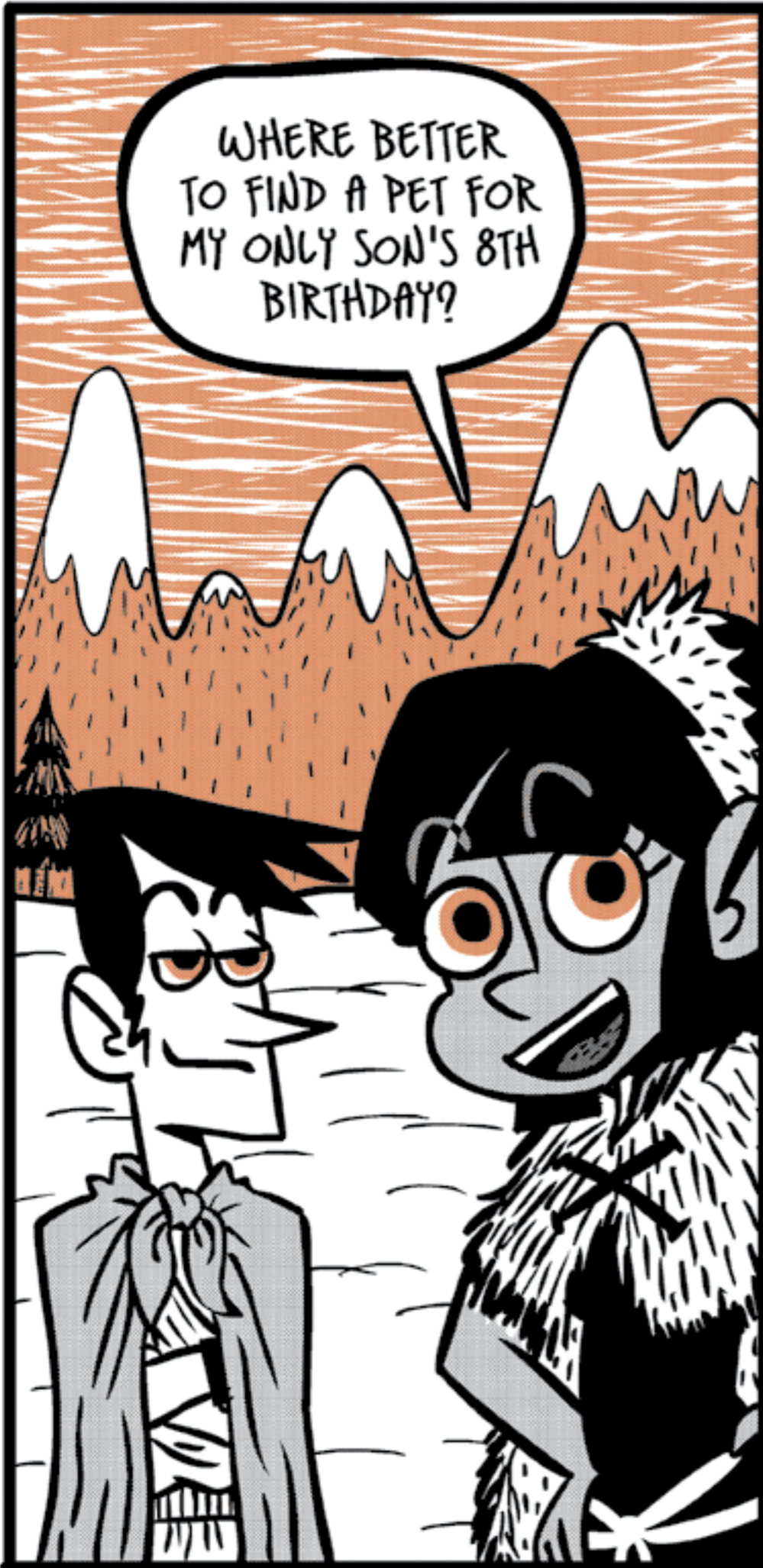
POPPY DOG TALE





HOW FITTING THAT A CAVE IS THE DWELLING OF THE MYSTERIOUS HERMIT-LIKE **DOG MASTER!**

THE ANCIENT SAGE WHO PERFECTED THE SECRET ART OF CANINE DOMESTICATION.



WHERE BETTER TO FIND A PET FOR MY ONLY SON'S 8TH BIRTHDAY?



SO, I TAKE IT WE'RE COMPLETELY RULING OUT THAT COTTAGE OVER THERE?



RIGHT! THAT'S WHAT I MEANT! OF COURSE HE DOESN'T LIVE IN A **CAVE!** THAT WOULD BE RIDICULOUS!



OH, YOU MUST BE THE YOUNG COUPLE HERE ABOUT THE DOG!

COME IN!
COME IN!



OH, WE DON'T

WE AREN'T

WE'RE NOT A COUPLE!

HEH
HA

HA HA

HA

HEH

AHEM



SIT DOWN! HAVE A TYROPITA!

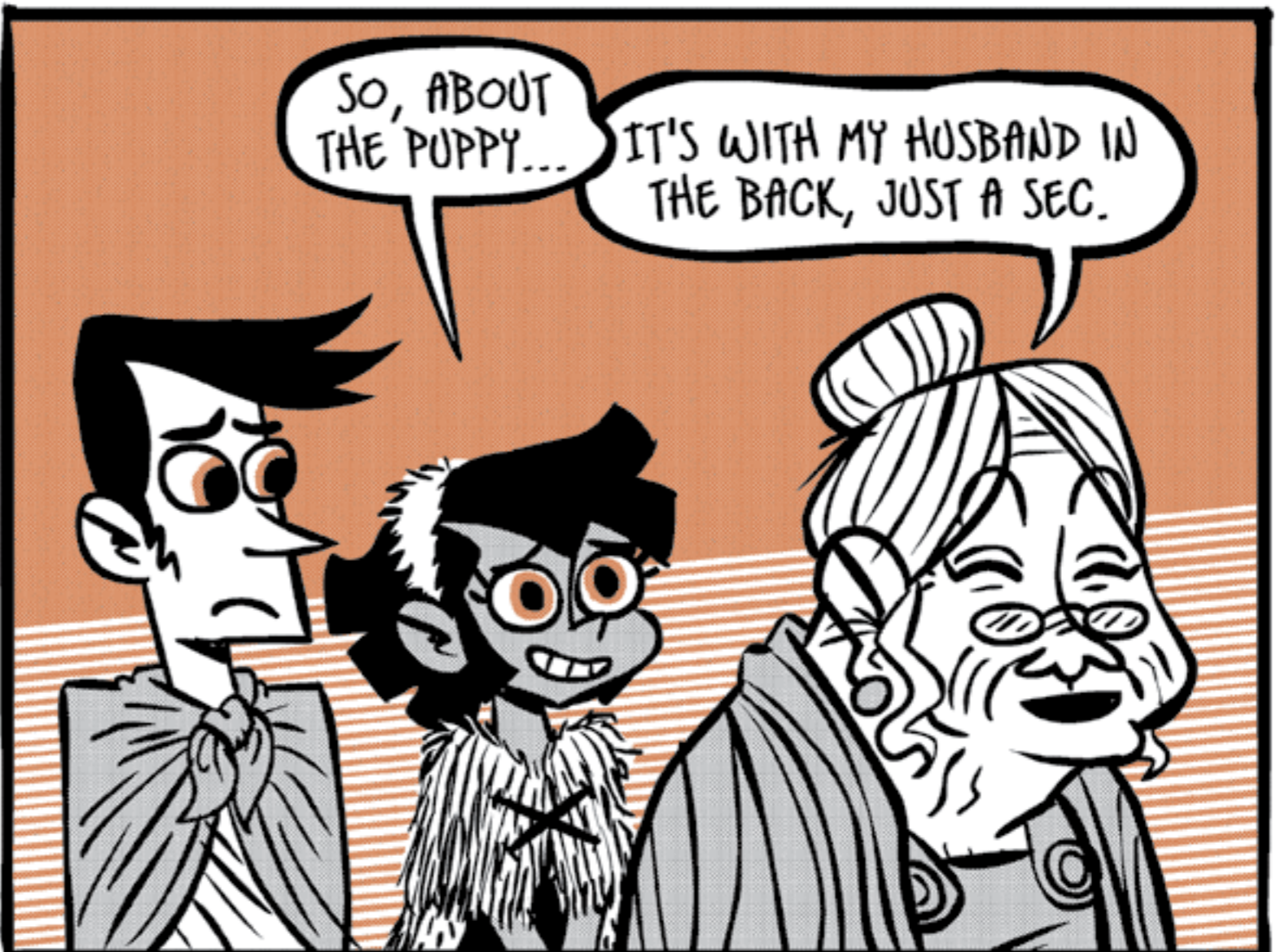
THANKS!



DON'T SLOUCH, YOUNG LADY!

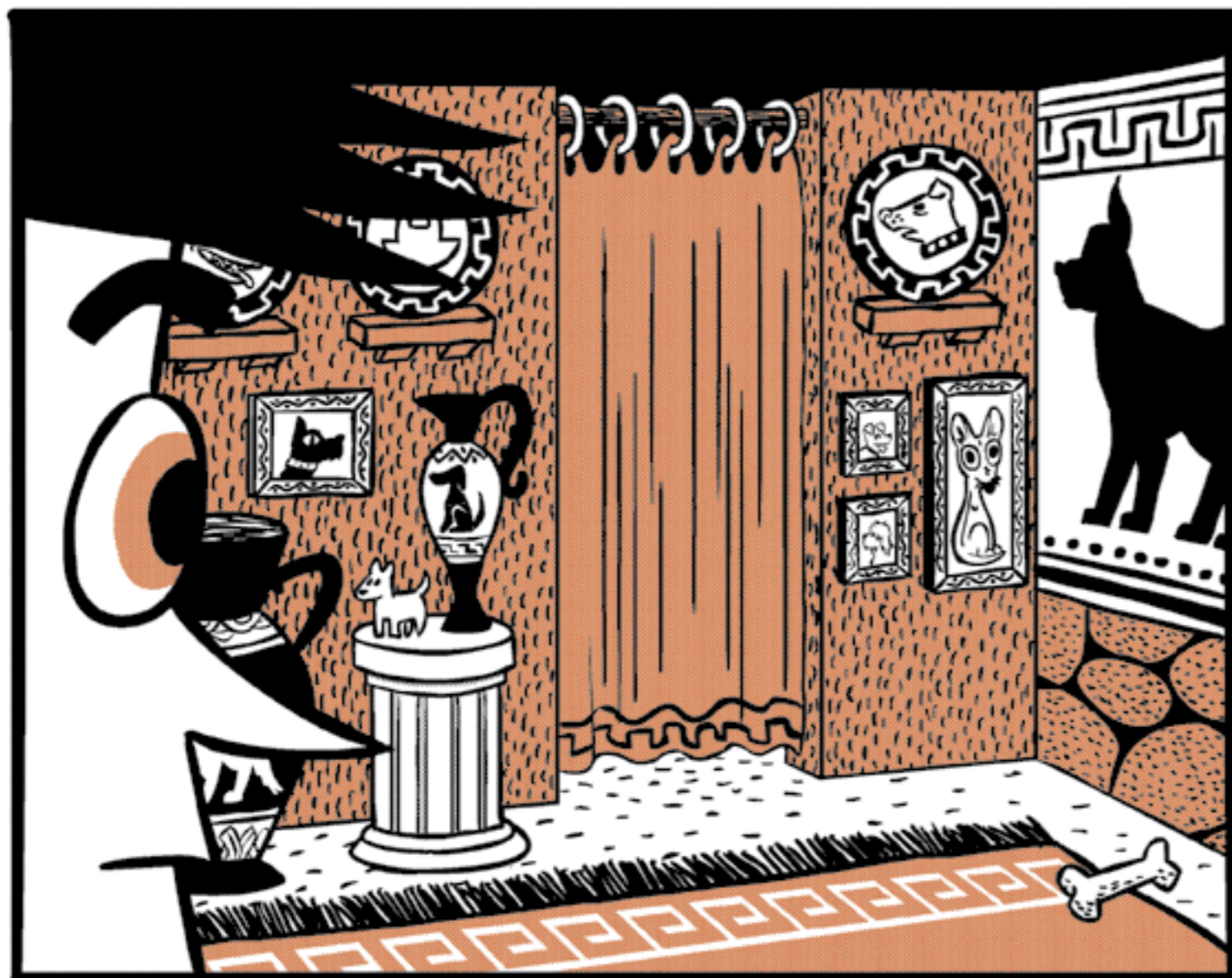


YES MA'AM!
SORRY MA'AM!

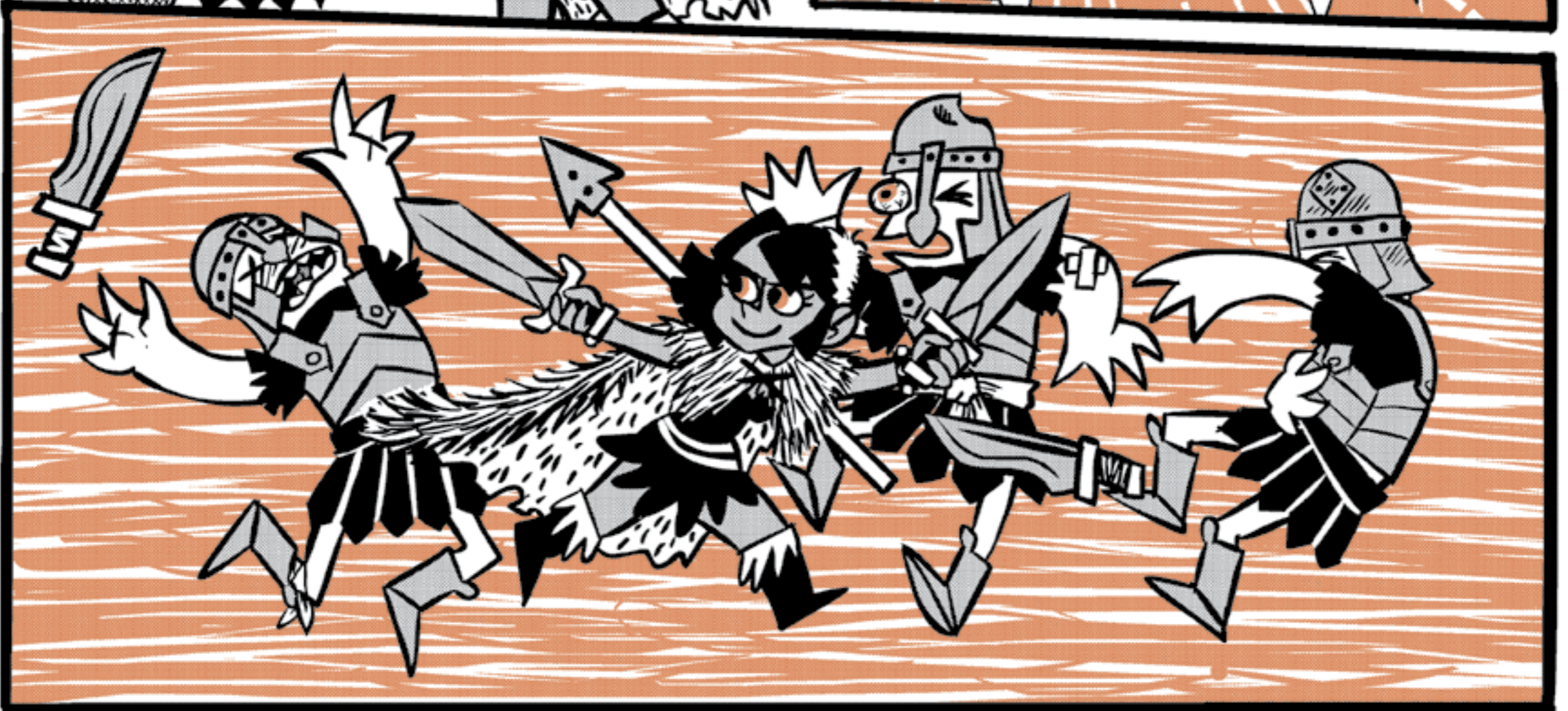
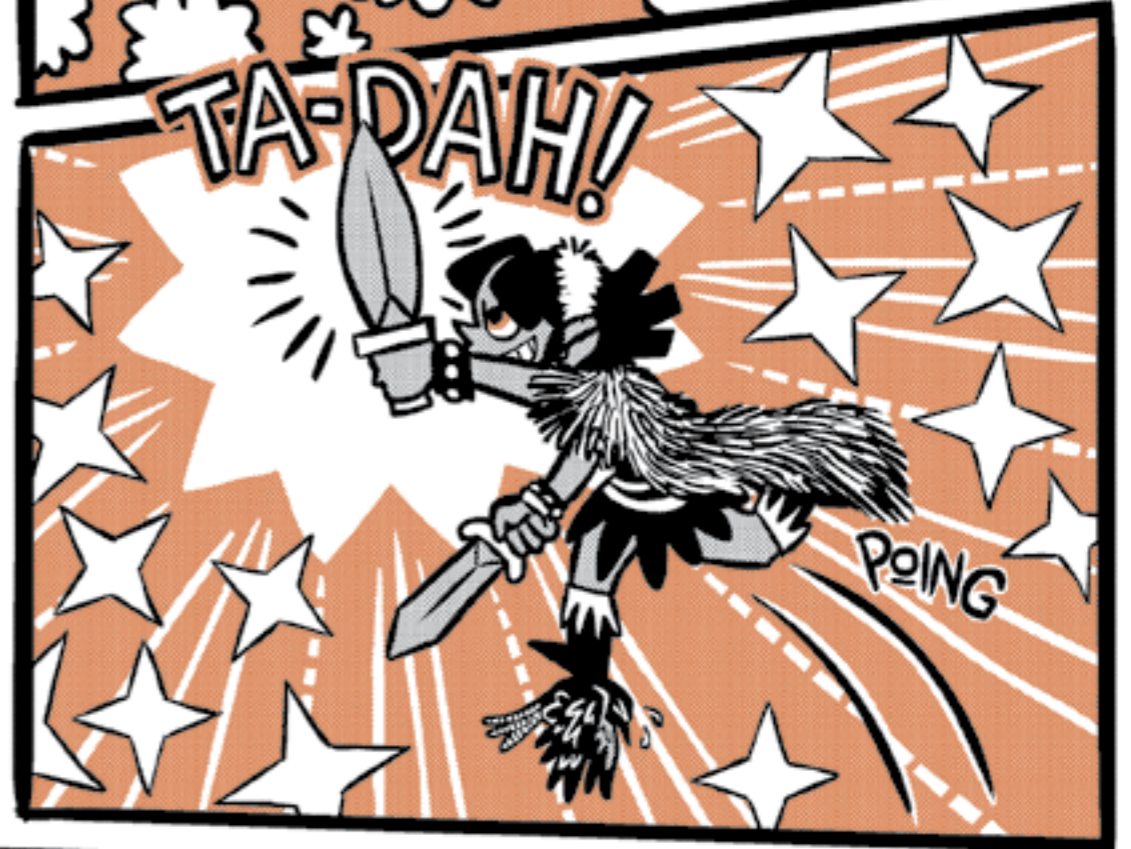
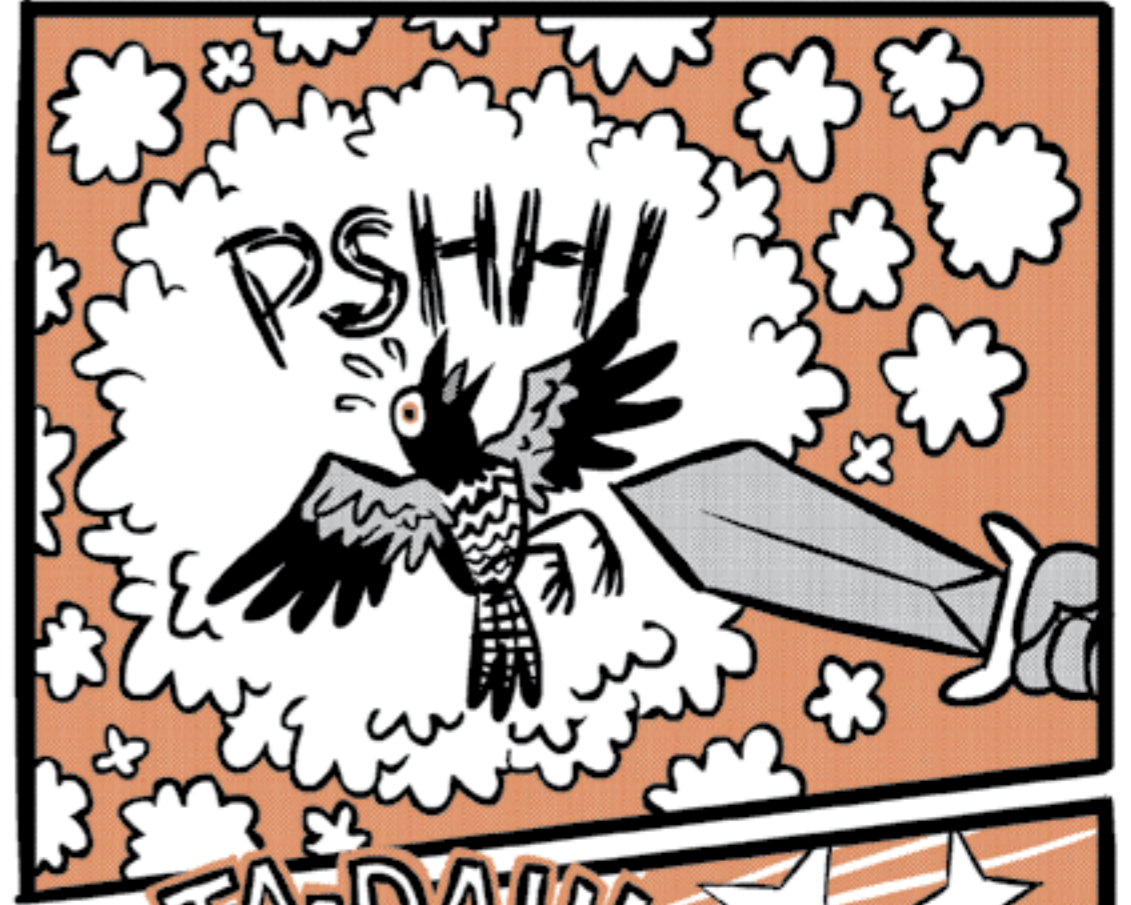


SO, ABOUT THE PUPPY...

IT'S WITH MY HUSBAND IN THE BACK, JUST A SEC.

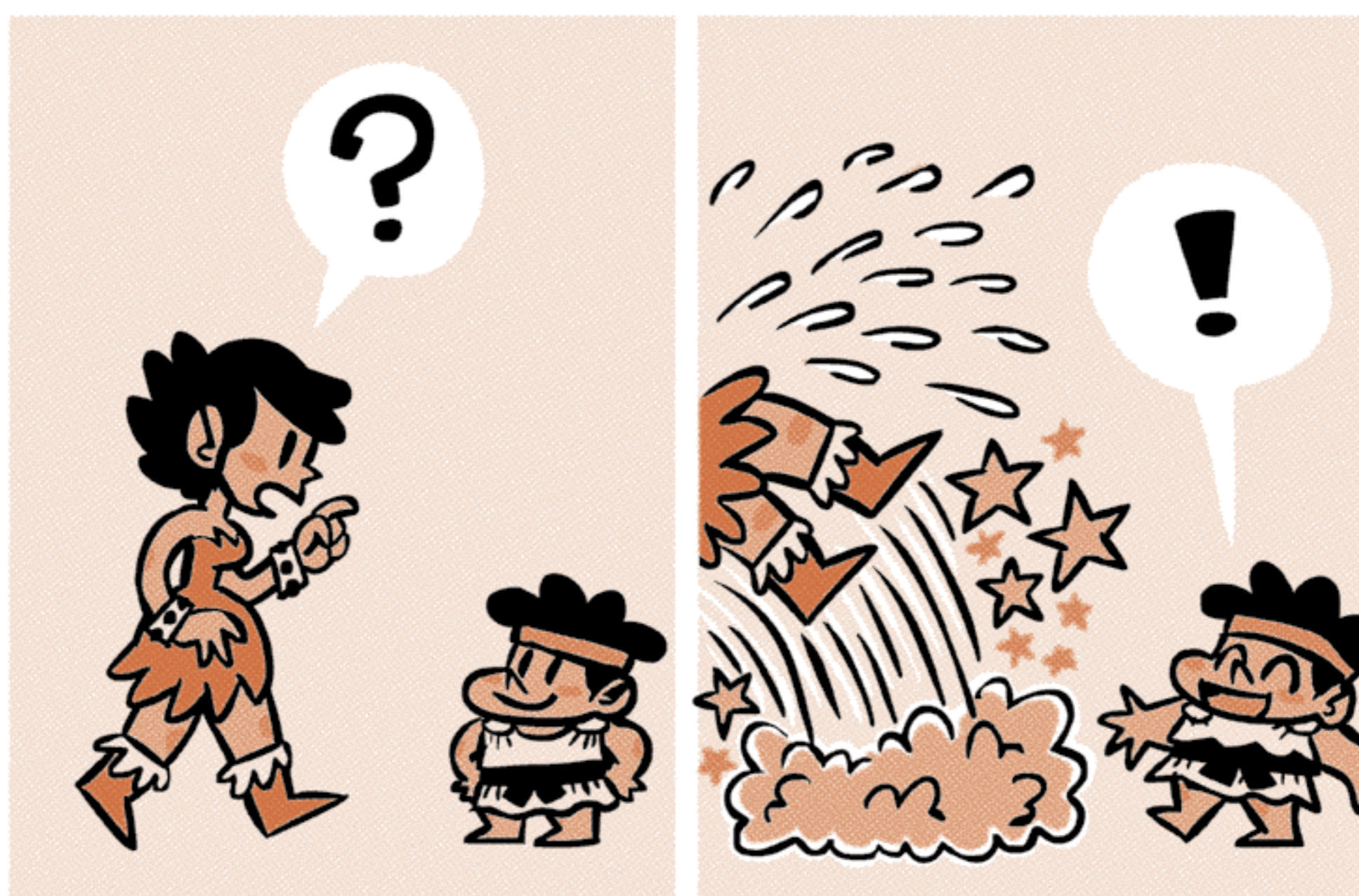








GAG



BAG

GODFRAUD

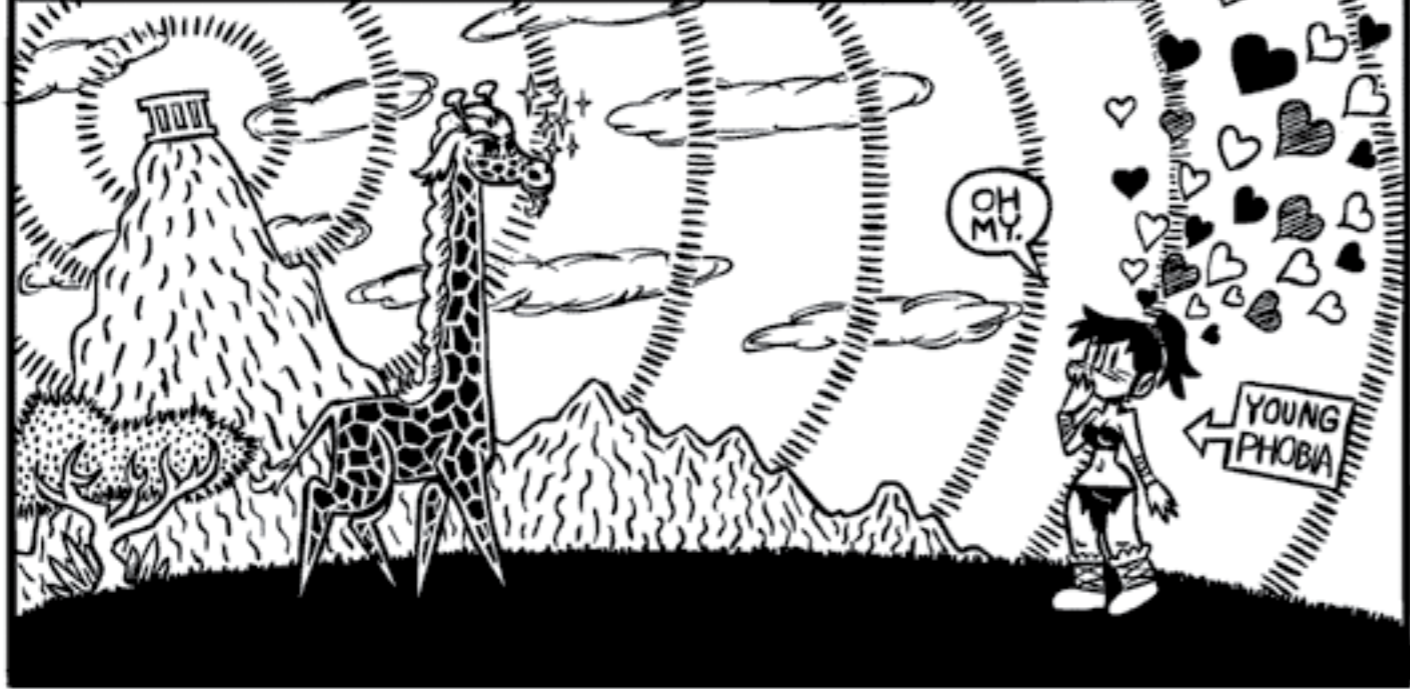


MOM, TELL ME ABOUT MY FATHER.



I KNEW THIS DAY WOULD COME. I THINK YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW THE TRUTH.

Smitten by my beauty, Zeus descended from mount Olympus in the form of a handsome giraffe.



IT'S A DIFFERENT ANIMAL EVERY TIME YOU TELL ME THAT STORY.



FAIL SALE



I CAN'T GIVE ANY MORE THAN HALF A DRACHMA FOR ALL OF THESE FURS.



WHAT?! THESE ARE TOP QUALITY GOODS. I KILLED THEM MYSELF!



RIGHT. HOW MANY ARROW HOLES DID YOU PUT THROUGH THIS POOR RABBIT? TWENTY?

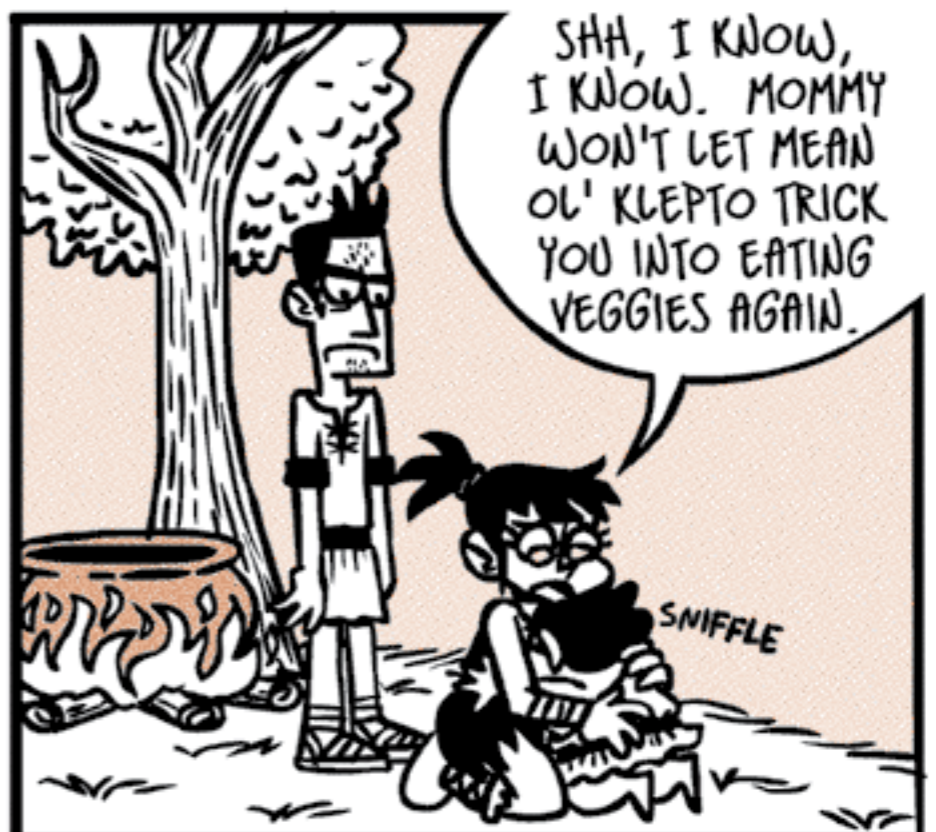
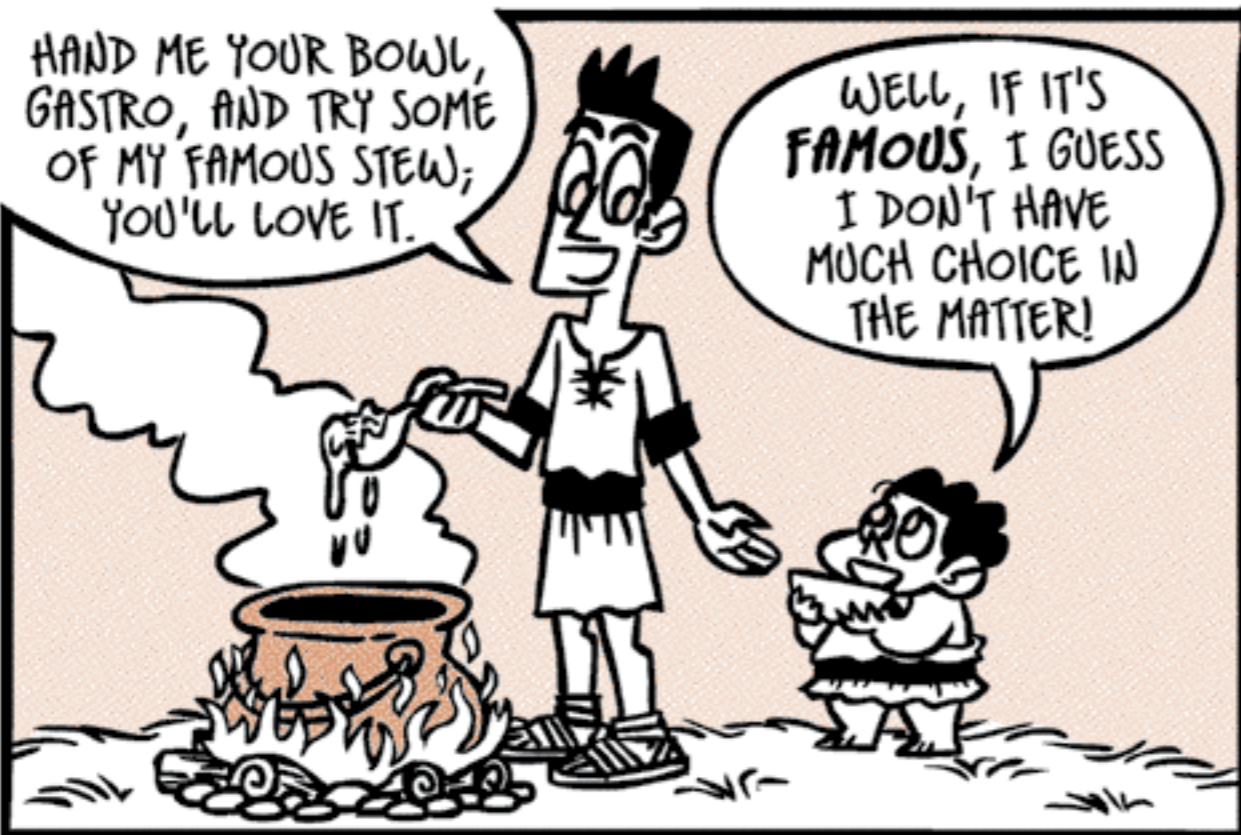


17

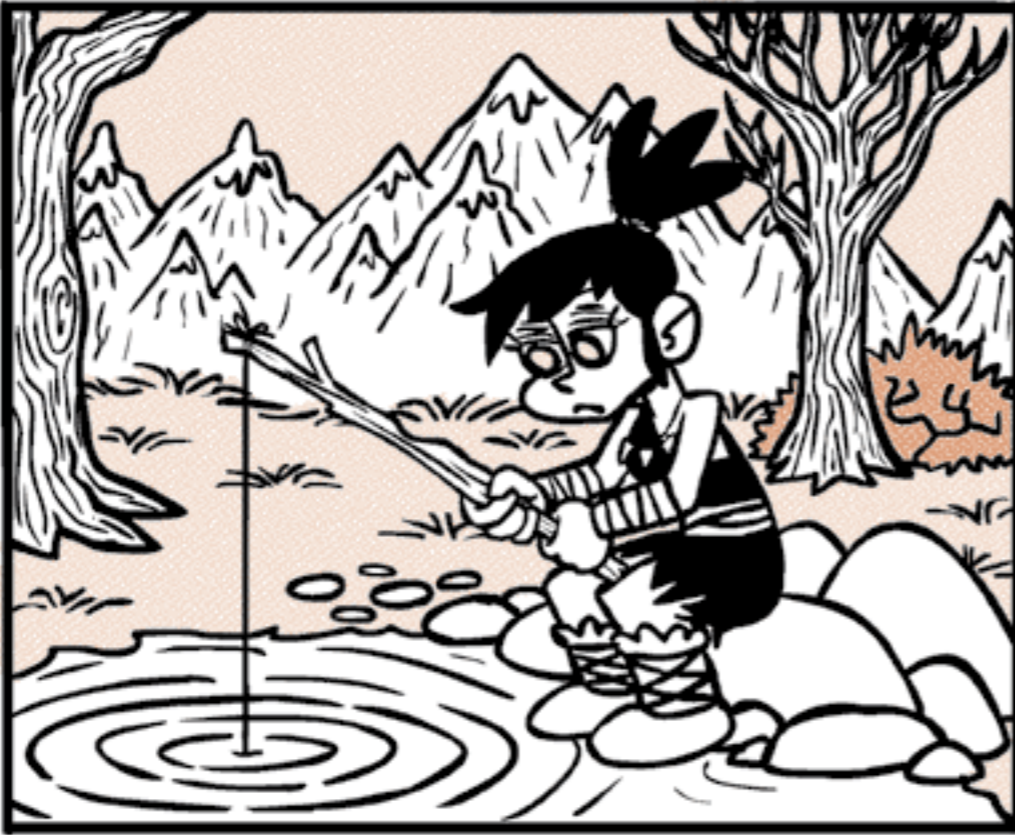
SLAY DAY



EW, STEW



WORDBLURRED



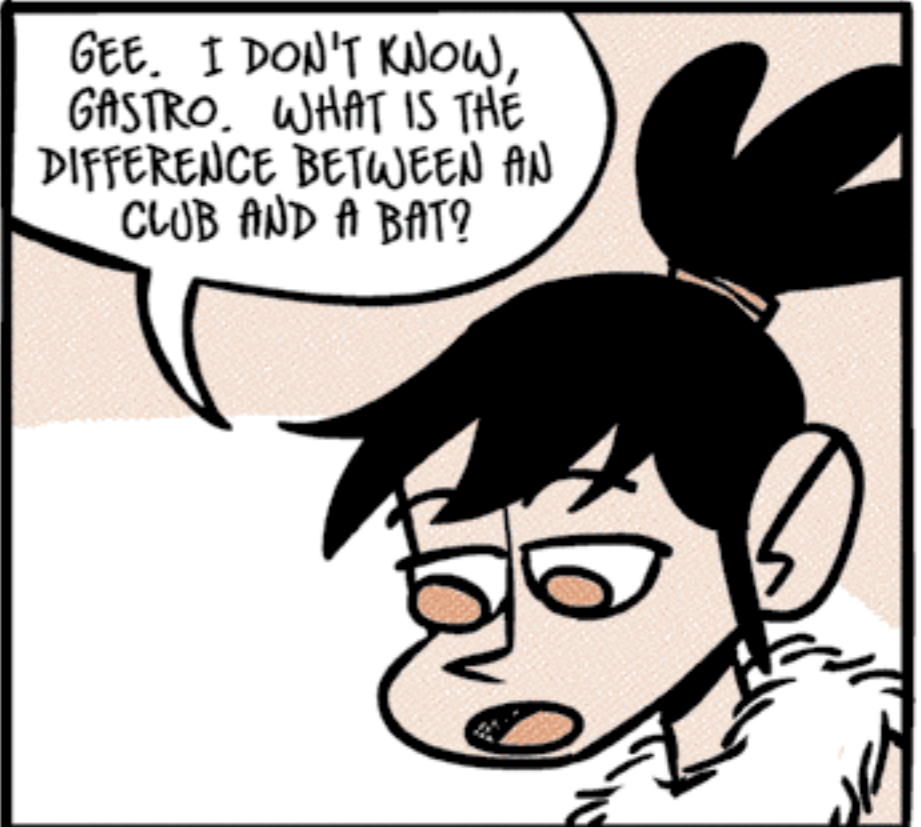
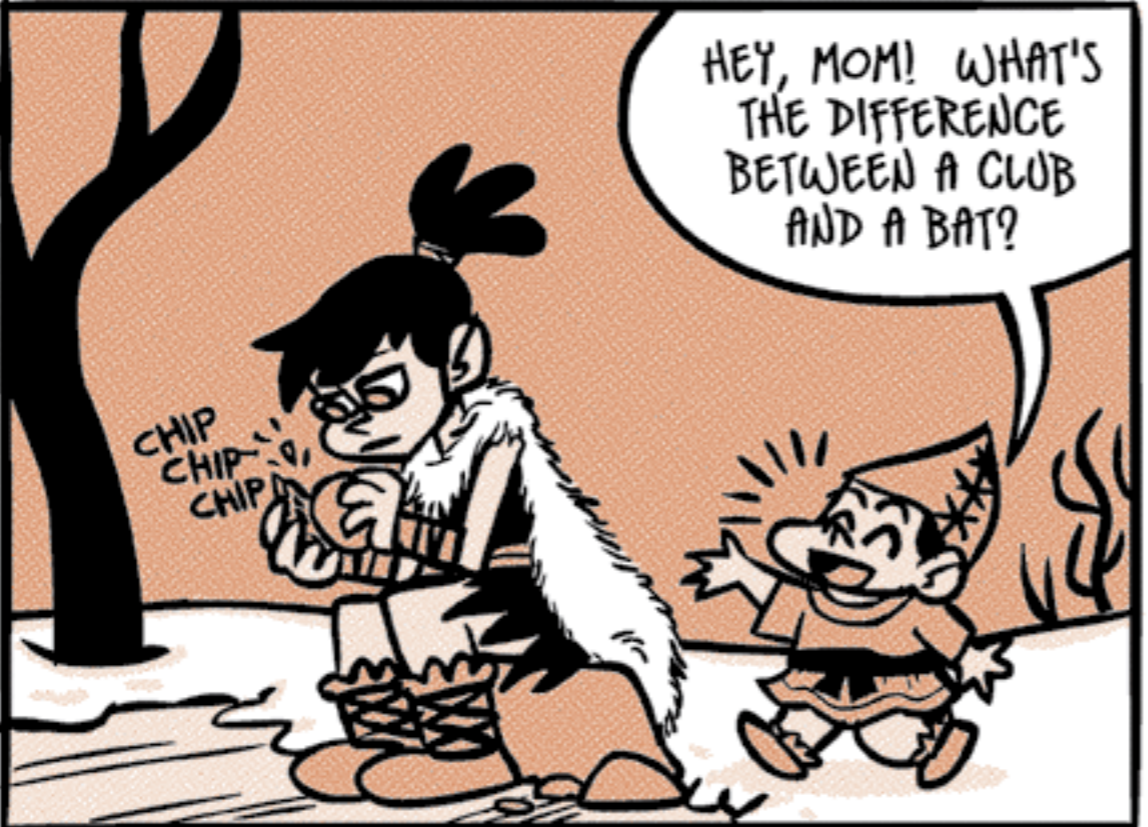
BLOW CHAPEAU



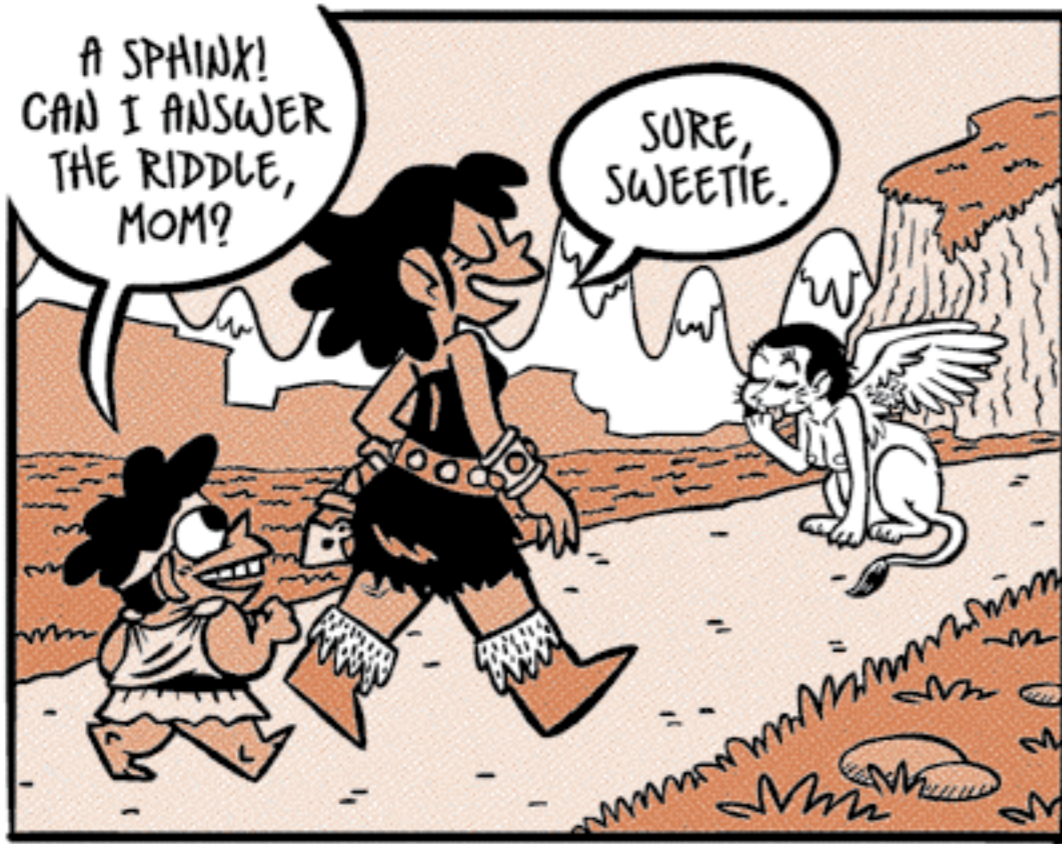
DEER FEAR



JOKE BROKE



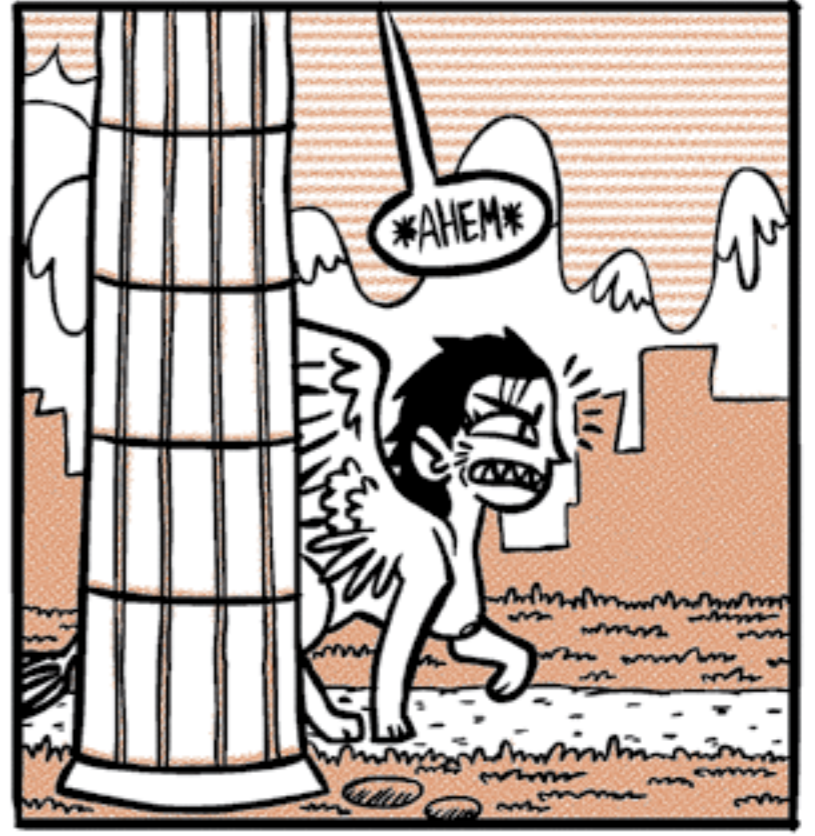
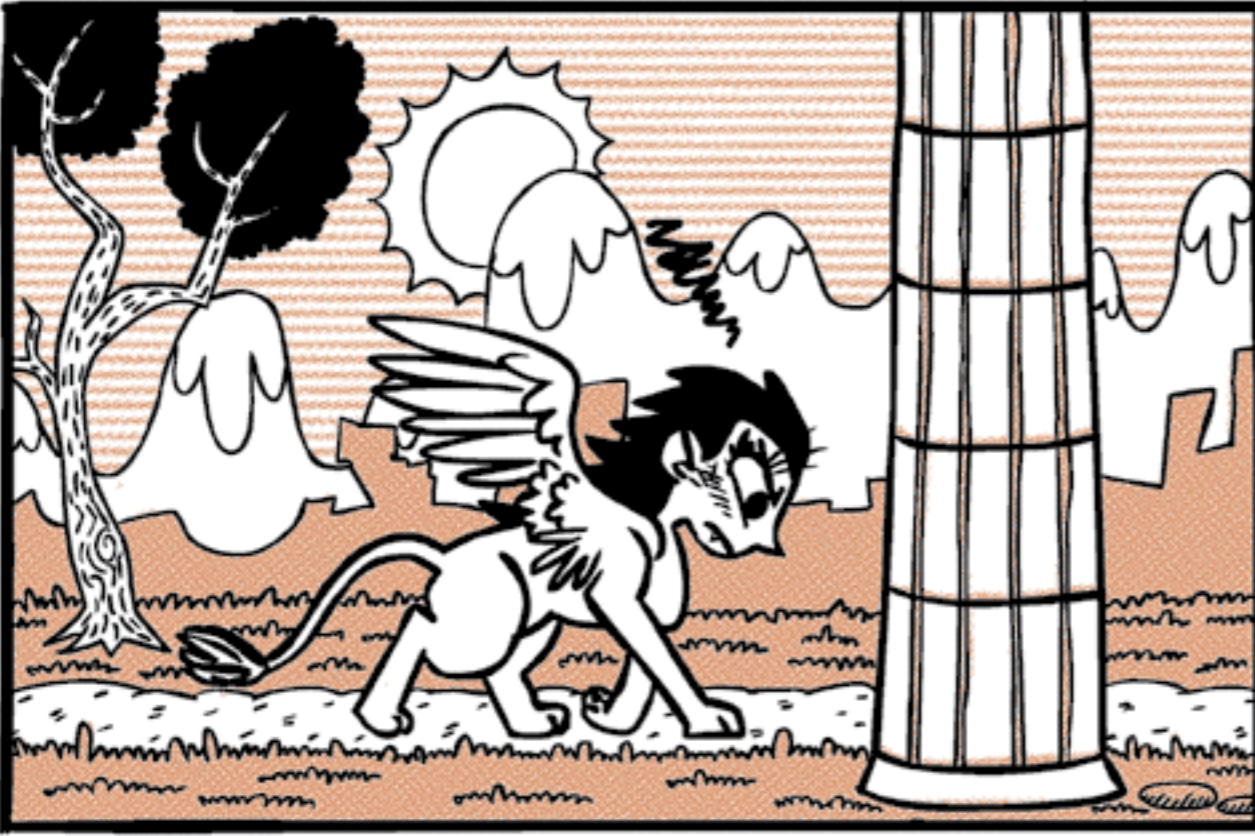
SPHINX HIJINKS



SPHINX RETHINKS



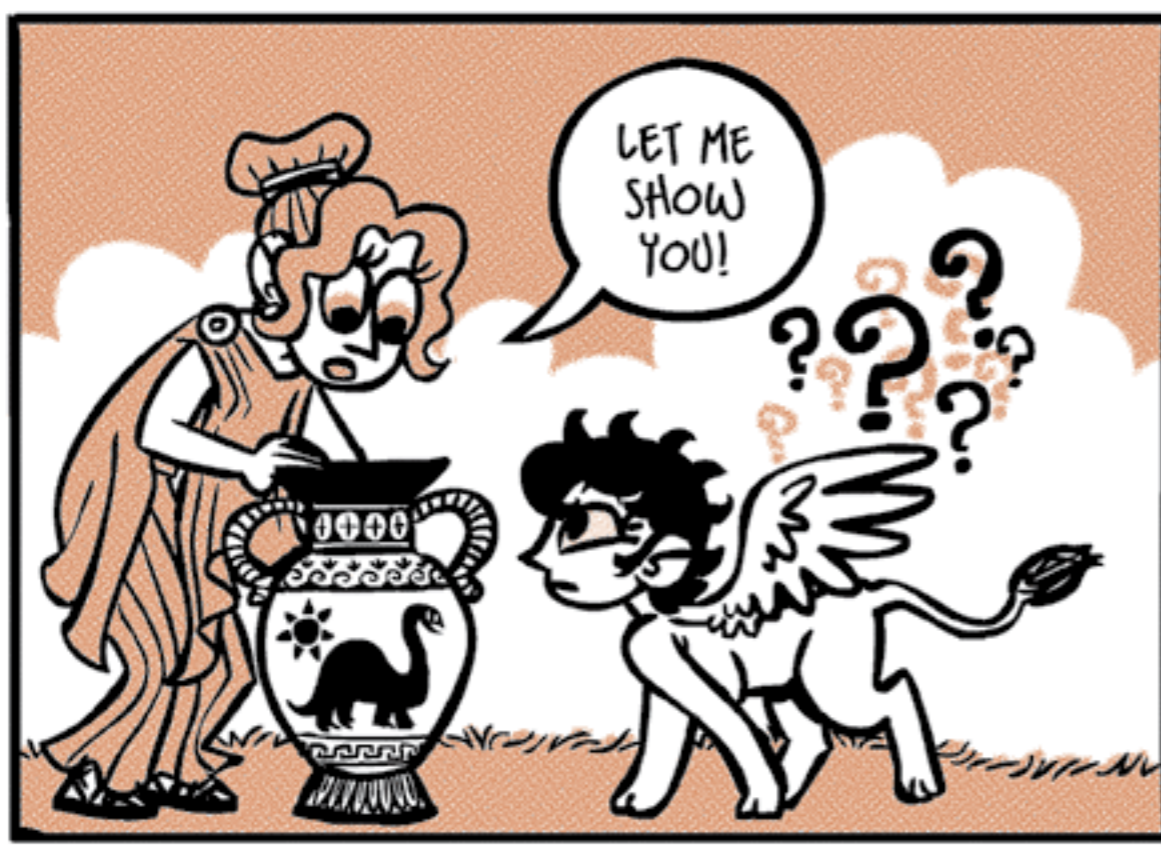
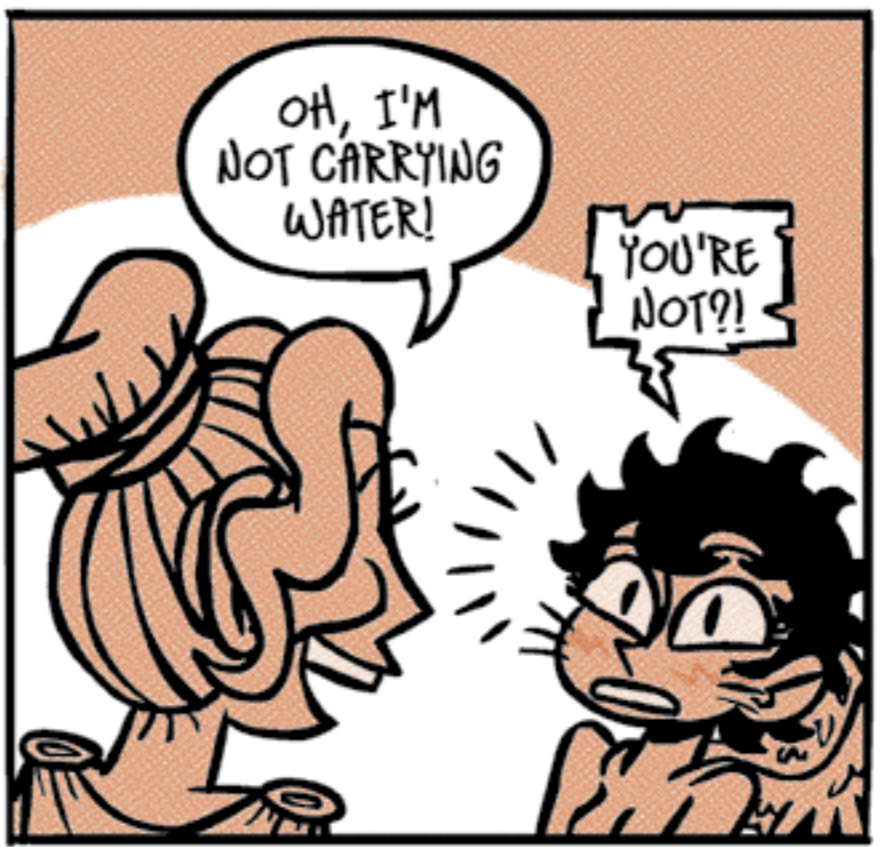
SPHINX WINKS



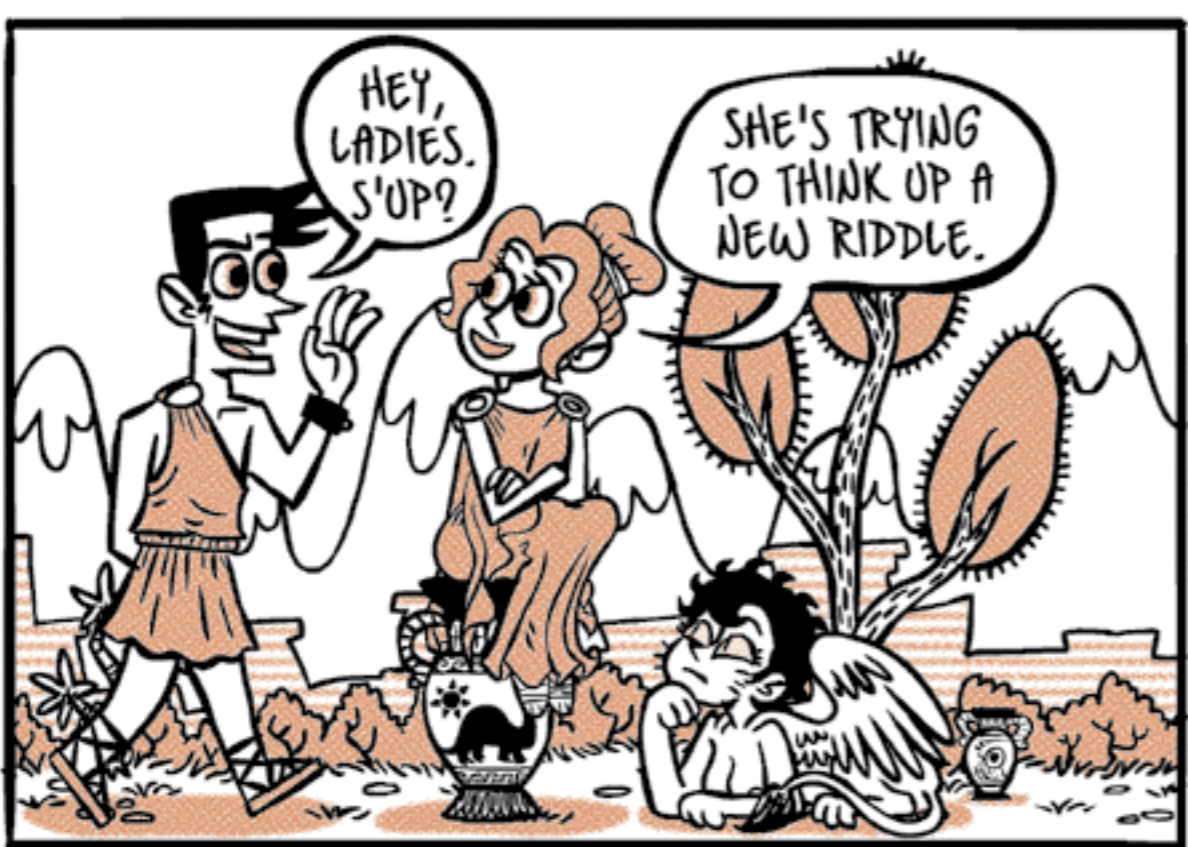
SPHINX DRINKS



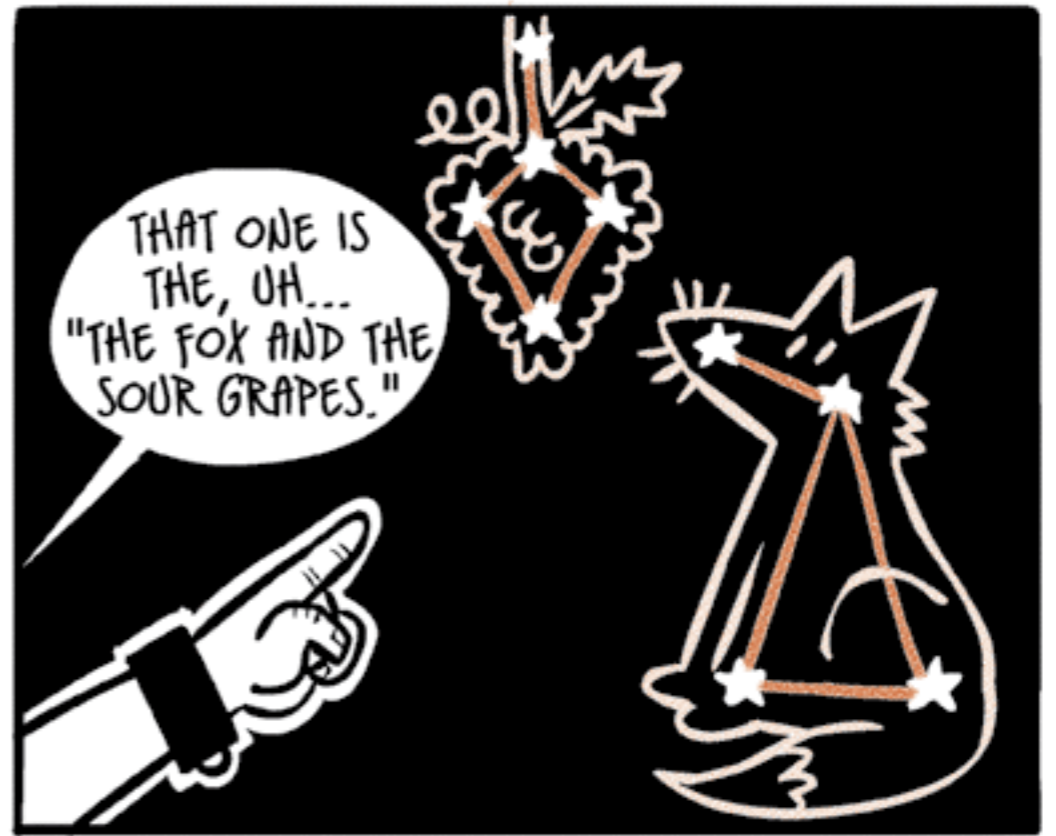
POTS? LOTS!



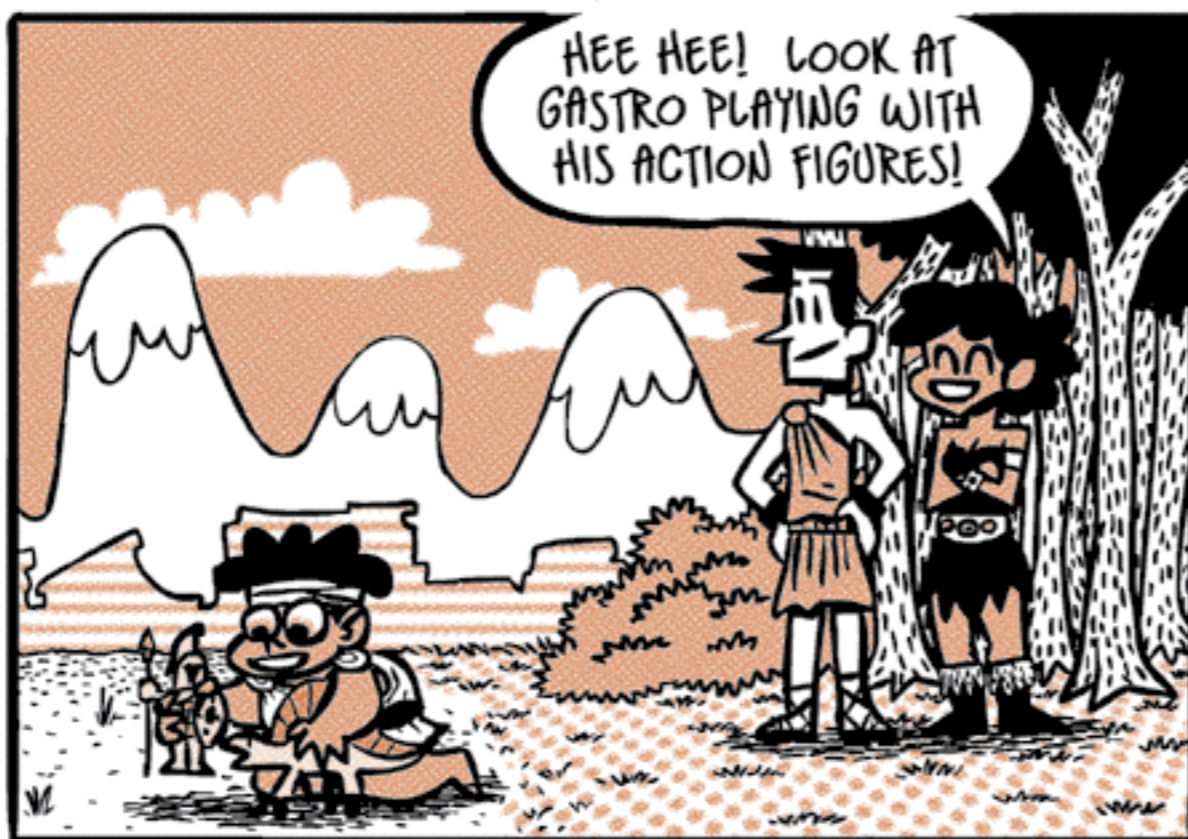
HUMDRUM CONUNDRUM



SKY LIE



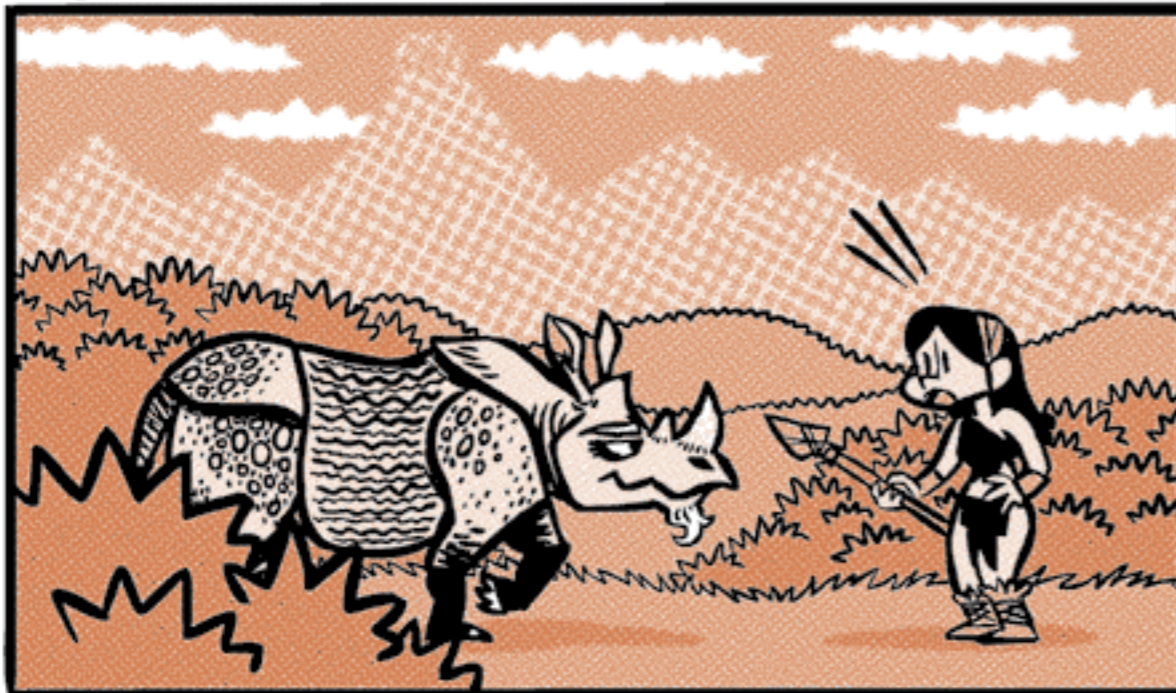
TOY JOY



GOD FRAUD 2



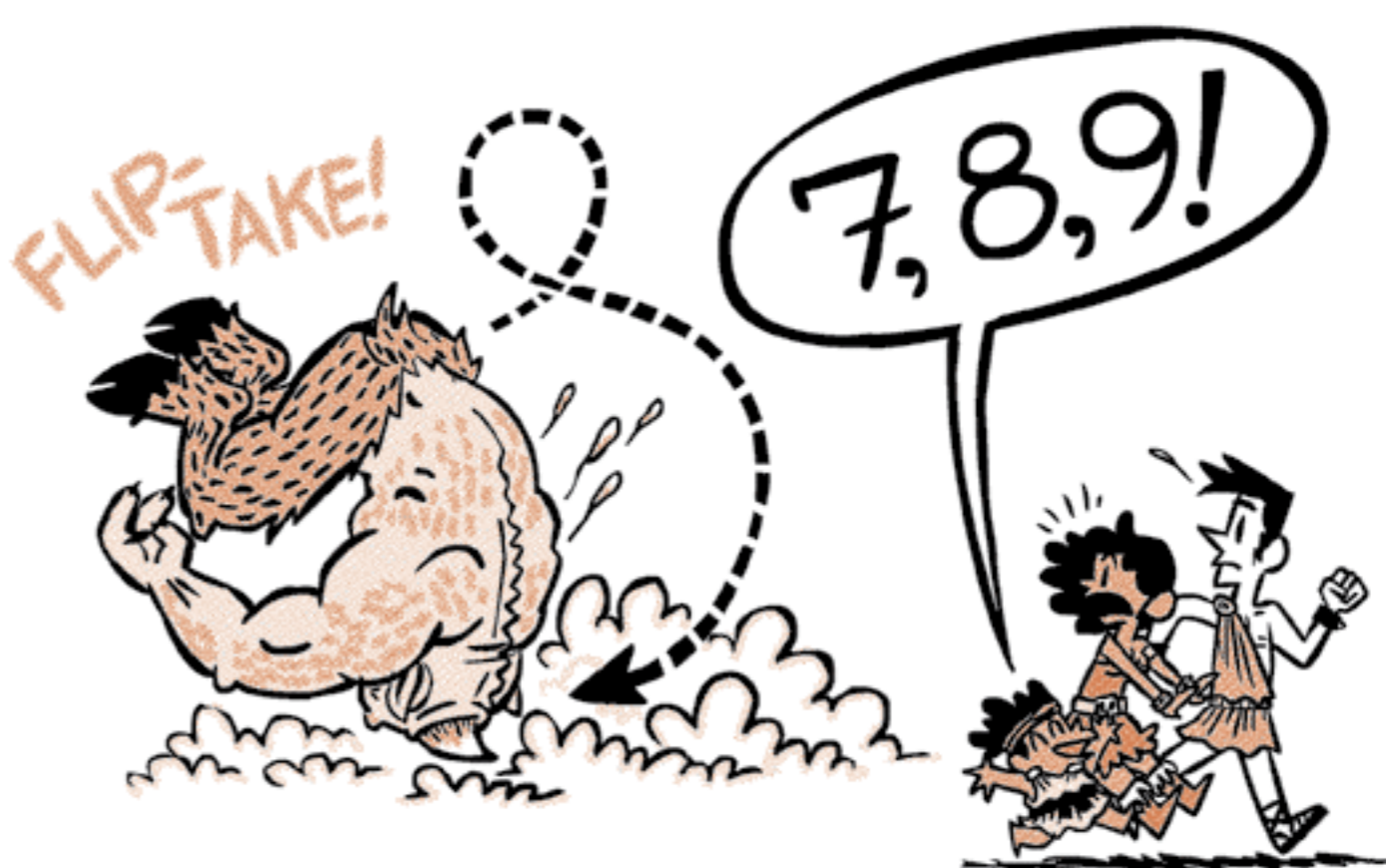
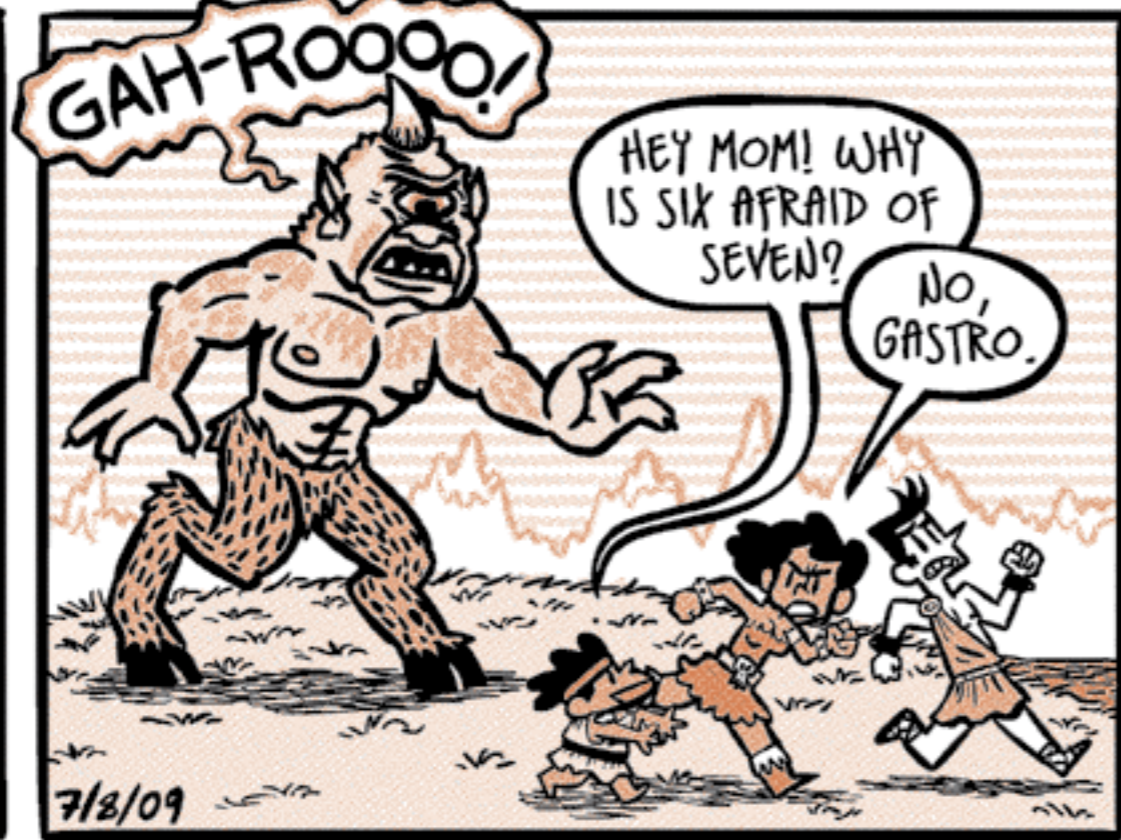
Smitten by my beauty, Zeus descended from mount Olympus in the form of a handsome rhinoceros.



SPHINX KINKS



GREAT DATE!



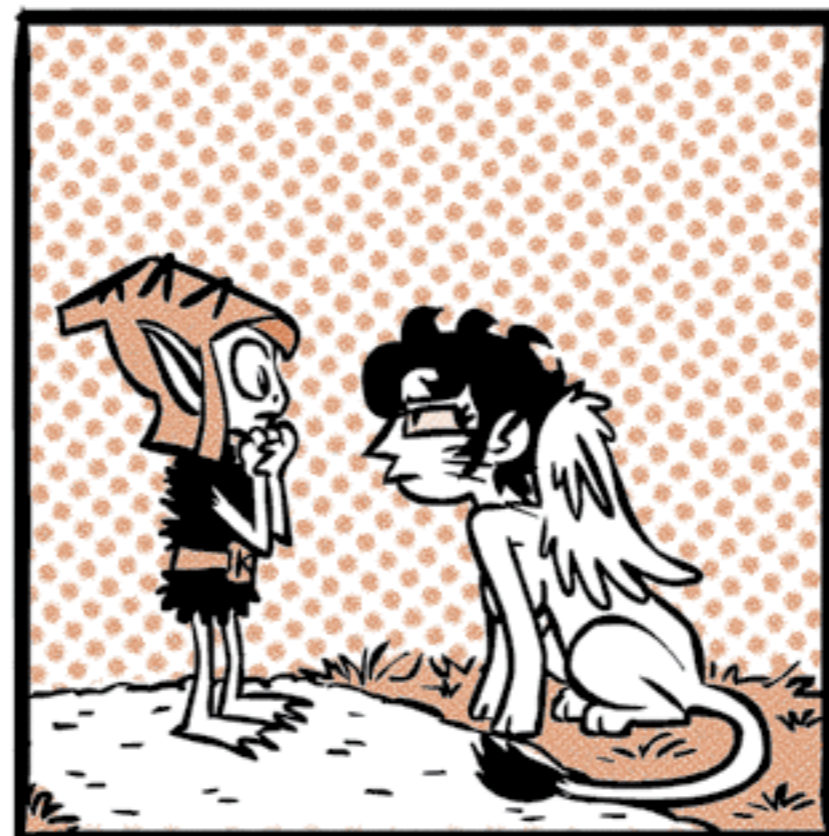
GHOST ROAST



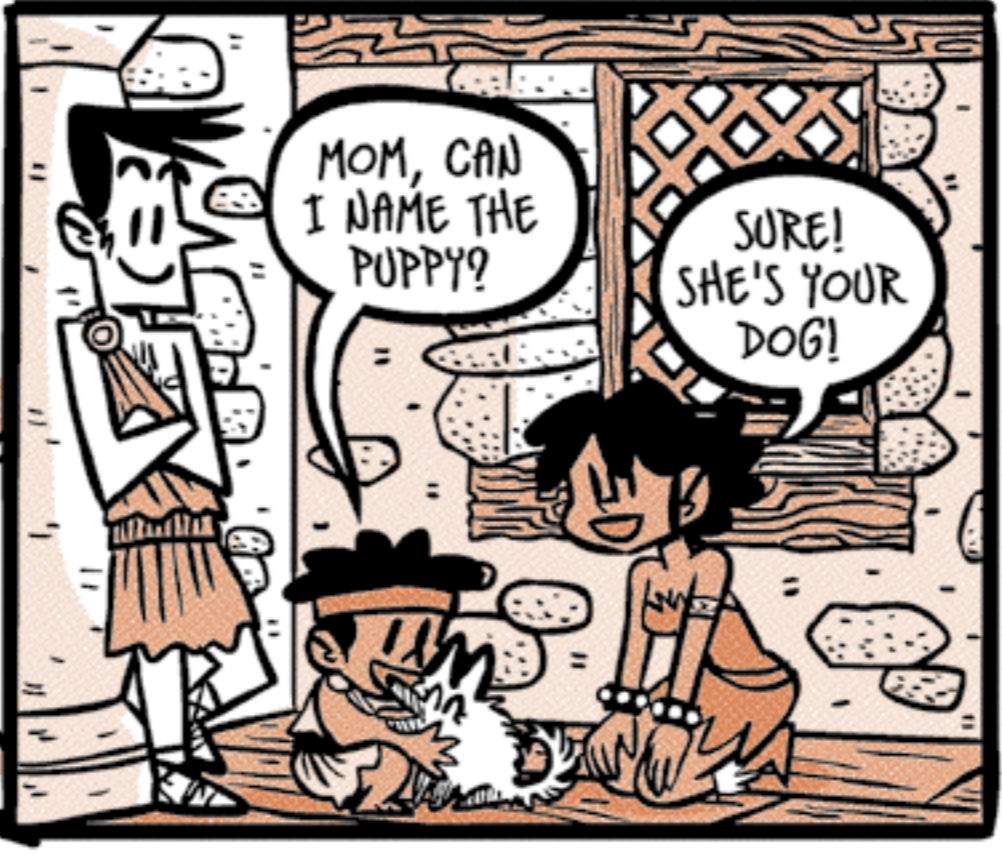
OWE DOUGH



SPHINXBLINKS



LAME NAME



SIRE LIAR?



HAHA! THAT'S OUR PHOBIA, FOLKS!





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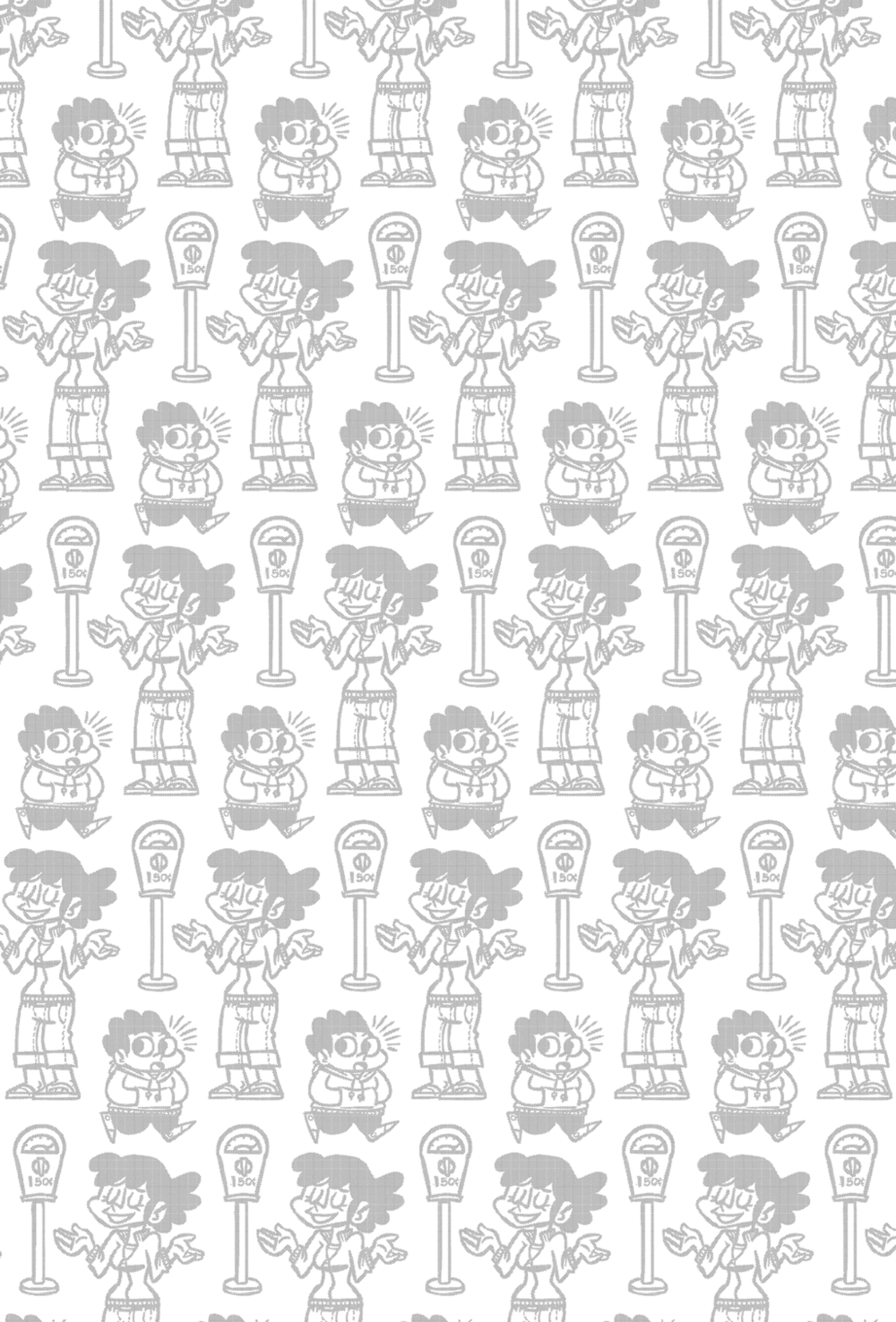




David McGuire doesn't really like the default white, black, and grey athletic socks they sell at your Targets, your Wal*marts, your K-Marts, or what have you. But don't get him wrong! He's not saying he wants *fancy* socks or anything! A man's socks shouldn't be any fancier than, like, *argyle*, you know? And you save argyle for a special occasion like a job interview or a first date. They probably won't notice you have argyle socks on, but *you* will and that makes you feel confident.

What David wants is nice thick, comfortable socks that he can wear with brown shoes without looking weird. He plans to buy a ton of olive green socks from **The Sock Man** next time he's in New York.

Visit his website at:
<http://gastrophobia.com>



3,410 YEARS AGO



ONLY \$12.00 USD! (\$1 per labour)