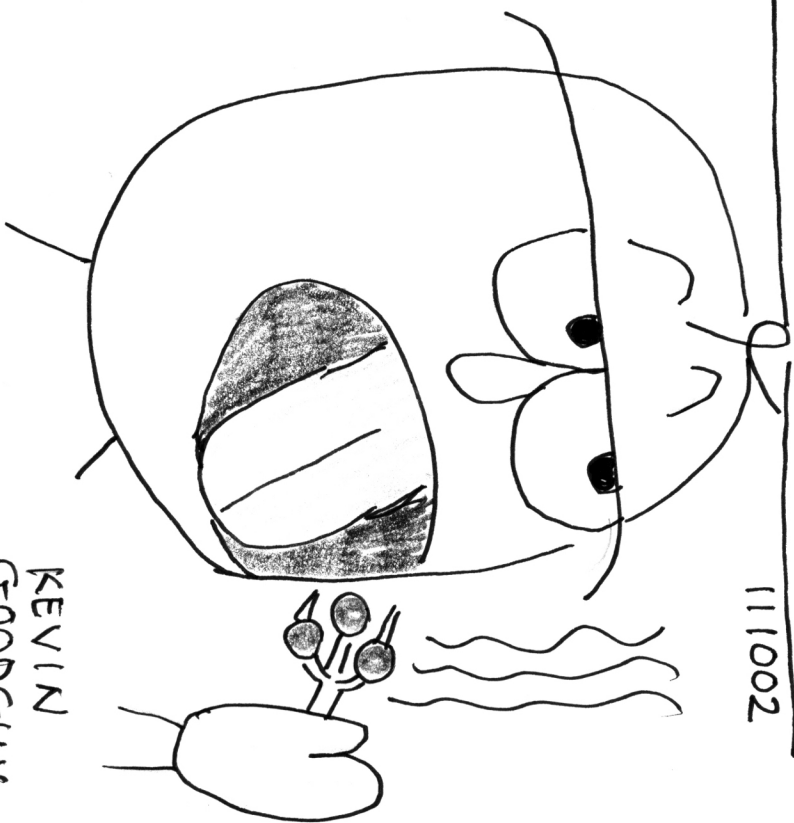


Ron Hale EVANSIS

# **ACTION** **COMICS** No. 1

111002



KEVIN  
GOODGUY  
IN...

GOOD TASTE AND  
BAD POSTURE!

# **WHE**

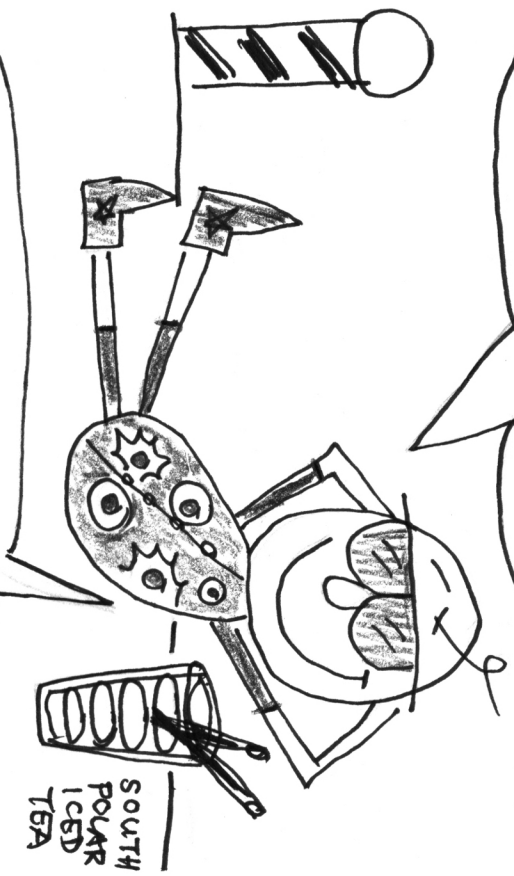
WARNING: I'm not completely happy with everything in this 24-Hour Comic (which was actually dashed off in 18 hours). One thing I'm especially not happy with is the next page, which was the first thing I drew and is almost entirely out of keeping with the rest of the comic. But "old-fashioned" methods point to new-fashioned ones, and these do exist in Kevin's world. I'm sorry I didn't develop the idea further, as I intended to.

Meanwhile, please overcome the ick of the next page, if you have it, and jump into the rest of the comic. I may not be utterly happy with it, but I wouldn't change a line.

Ron Hale-Evans  
rwhe@ludism.org

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SO, IT TURNED OUT THAT BEN AND JERRY TOTALLY HATE BEN+JERRY'S. THEY WERE VERY COOL AND LIVED IN A SIMULATED TROPICAL DOME, WITH A REJUVENATED FARRAH FAWCETT AND BARBI BENTON - YOU! (SOMETHING IN THE ICE CREAM.) THEY INVITED ME TO STAY! I DON'T KNOW WHY.

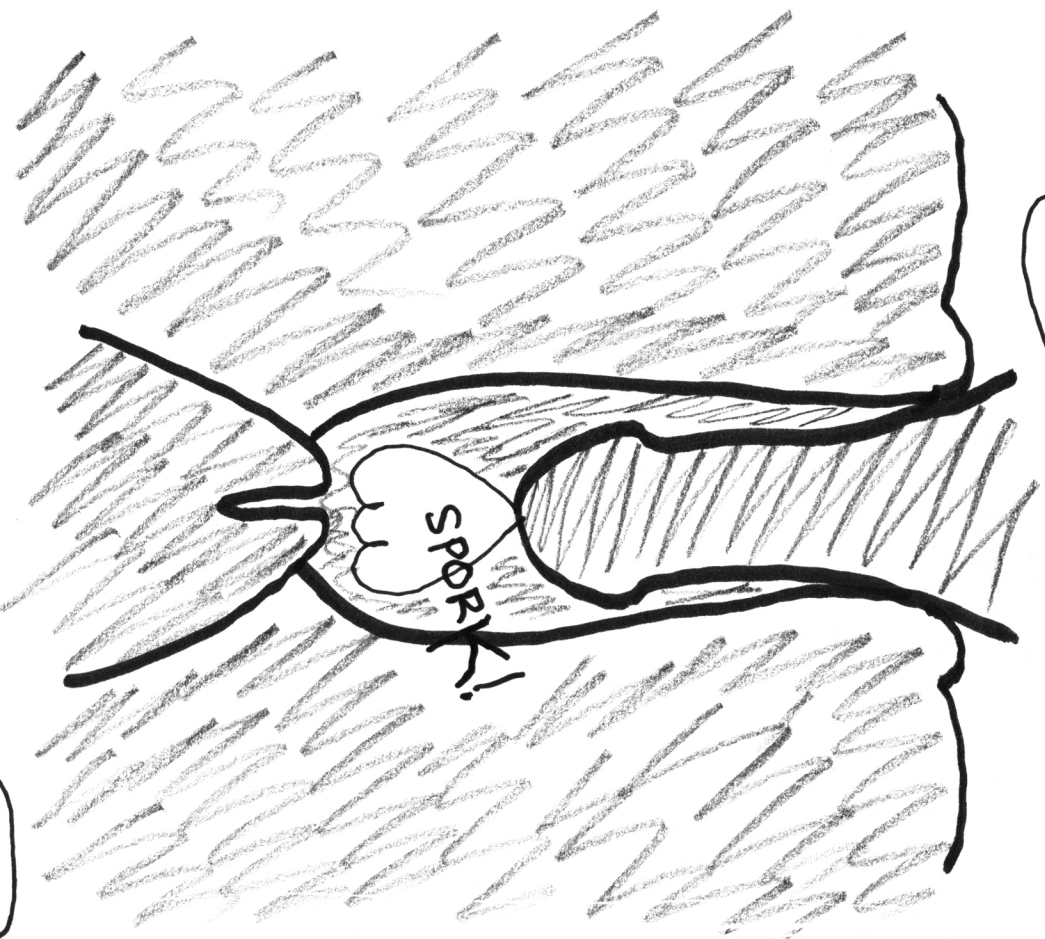


BUT DID YOU KNOW - THERE ARE TASTE BUDS BELOW YOUR WAIST?

THE FUCK?

24

THE END (?)



UH, UH.

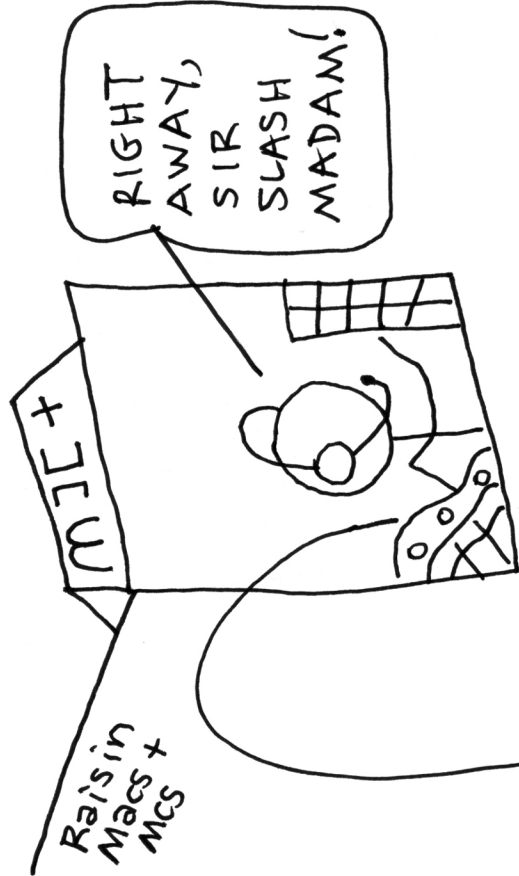
SPORK!

UH, UH.

MY LIFE BEGAN THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY ...

1

DESPITE MY HUMBLE BEGINNINGS, I WAS ABLE TO MAKE SOMETHING OF MYSELF...



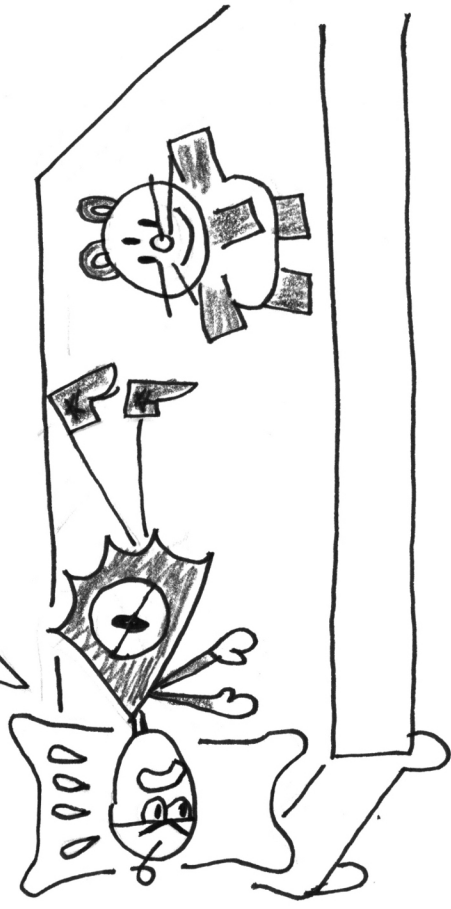
Raisin Macs + MCS +

I'D LIKE A MacRaisin Super DLT Deluxe WITH EXTRA Mac Raisins AND A UV-RAY DVD OF MCS XXX 13.13 NSFW Edition...

PERHAPS IT WAS THIS POSITION, WHICH I ASSUMED TO PAY MY WAY THROUGH THE INTERSTELLAR CUCINARY ACADEMY, THAT LED ME TO HATE AND FEAR THE HUMBLE RAISIN... (AND OTHER DRIED FRUIT.)

SOON ENOUGH...

YET ANOTHER TASTE FUN-SATION RUINED OR MADE NO FUN AT ALL. THE FUCK.



I DECIDE TO FLY TO THE REAL BEN AND JERRY'S COMPOUND IN ANTARCTICA...



WE'LL HAVE THIS OUT, MAN TO MAN TO MAN-CHILD.

SUDDENLY...

KEVIN, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS BS! THEY'RE ADDING GUAR-GUM TO YOUR SORBET! AND - AND - RAISINS!  
THE FUCK?!!

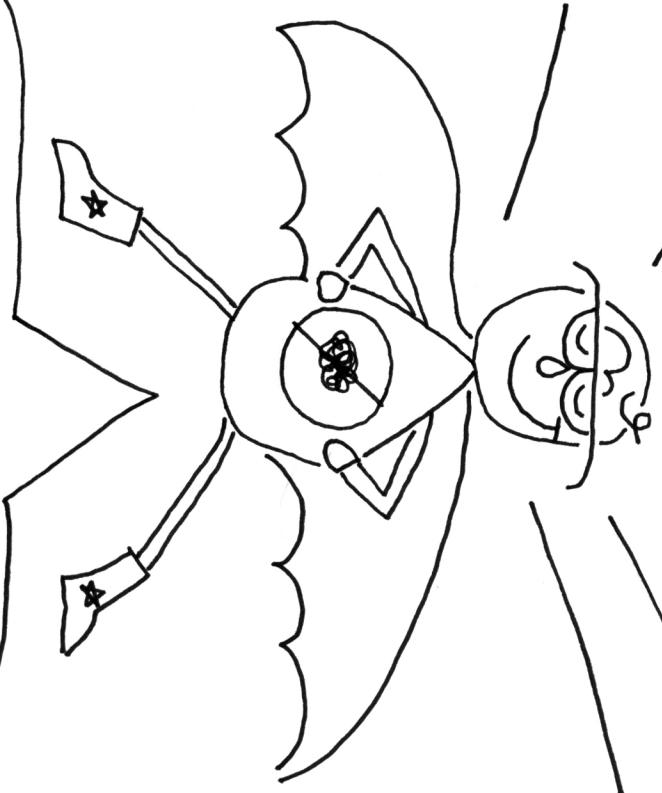
I LEAP INTO ACTION...

Dear Sir slash Madam:  
It has come to my attention...  
FORMULATING A STERN EMAIL.

NO SOONER IS IT SENT THAN I EXPERIENCE L'ESPRIT DISCALIBR...

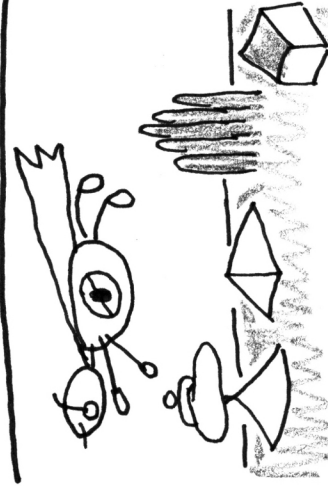
I SHOULD HAVE PLAYED MORE OFF THE WORD "MADAM"! AND "SCASH.U"

WITH THIS FEAR AND HATRED FUELING A HEREDITARY ABILITY TO TRAVEL AMONG DIMENSIONS (I FORGOT TO TELL YOU I'M FOUR-DIMENSIONAL ON MY MOTHER'S SIDE), I FASHIONED A LITTLE CAPE AND BECAME...

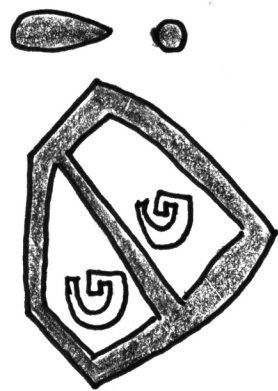


KEVIN GOODBYE,  
PAN DIMENSIONAL  
GOURMET!  
GOURMAND!

KEVIN GOODGUY IN...  
YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU  
WANT, ETC.

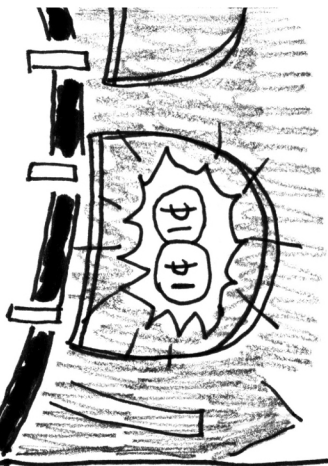


I WAS FLYING HIGH  
OVER THE STREETS OF  
UNIVERSAL CITY WHEN  
I WAS SUDDENLY  
OVERCOME BY A YEN  
FOR FLATLANDIAN  
FLATBREAD.

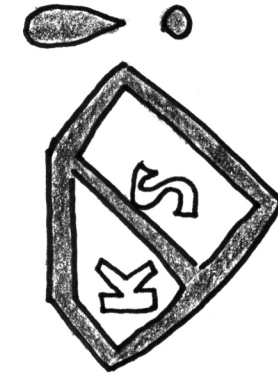


ALTHOUGH I HAD JUST  
2 CENTS (OR "PENCE") TO  
RUB TOGETHER, I FELT  
SURE FLATLAND WOULD  
WELCOME ME AS A  
MULTIVERSE - RENOWNED  
GOURMET - SLASH -  
GOURMAND. (4)

KEVIN GOODGUY IN...  
YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU  
WANT, ETC.

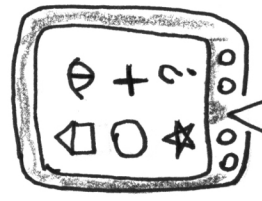


IT IS A RARE TWO-  
DIMENSIONAL  
DELICACY, BUT SURELY  
IF I WENT "ON FOOT,"  
THE CHANGE IN MY  
POCKET WOULD  
SUFFICE.



I SURE LOVE  
THE SLASH!  
(NOT LIKE THAT.  
COME ON, WHO PREW  
THAT? IS THAT  
YOU, SHATNER?)

♪ ♪ ♪  
NOODLE -  
NOODLE  
NOODLE



MR. GOODGUY, THIS IS BEN AND  
JERRY'S, AN INTERPLANETARY, INTERPLANAR  
CORPORATION AFFILIATED IN NO WAY  
WITH EITHER BEN OR JERRY.  
IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE, SIR,  
WE WANT TO BUY YOUR ICE!

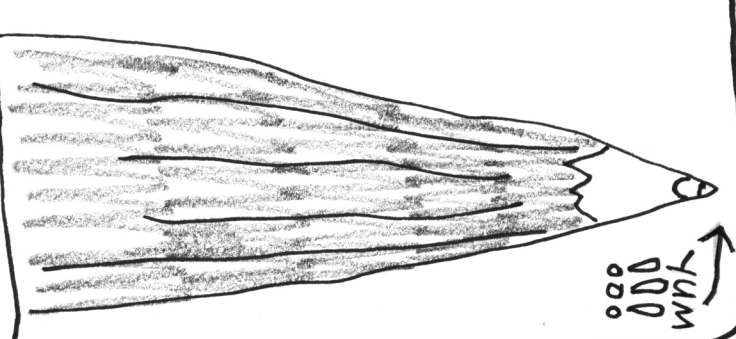
AND SO IT CAME TO BE...



# THE FINAL

KEVIN GOODGUY,  
PANDIMENSIONAL  
GOURMET/GOURMAND

## STORY

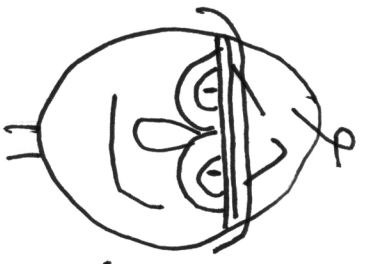


yum  
ooo  
ooo

IN THE SPRING,  
ON THE TIP OF A  
PARTICULAR  
STALAGMITE IN ONE  
PARTICULAR CAVE  
OF OUR PLANET  
MARS, THE ICE  
FEATURES A  
PARTICULAR  
MINERAL BOUQUET  
THAT IS...

WELL... (AHEM)...  
I WISH THERE WERE  
ANOTHER WAY TO  
SAY THIS...  
OUT OF THIS  
WORLD.

(TO SCALE,  
GODDAMMIT.)

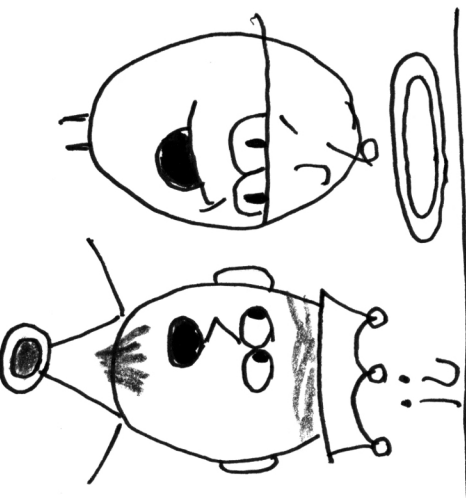


WHEN I BROUGHT  
SAMPLES HOME TO EARTH,  
THEIR PRICE SHOT UP  
FASTER THAN POP ROCKS  
ON A PLAYGROUND.

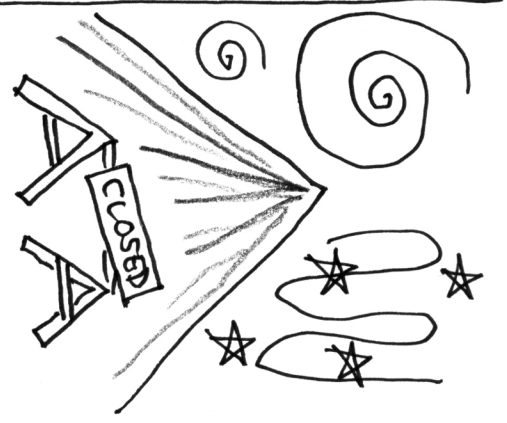
20



I SET OUT WALKING  
THE SHADOWS TO FLAT-  
LAND AND IMMEDIATELY  
DEVELOPED A BUSTER.



YOU'D THINK SINCE  
I TAUGHT THOSE HICCS  
FROM AMBER HOW TO  
USE THEM, THEY'D TAKE  
BETTER CARE OF THEM.



THE ROADS BETWEEN  
THE WORLDS ARE IN  
DISGRACEFUL SHAPE.



INSTEAD, THE ROADS  
ARE CLOGGED WITH  
LITTER, AND BILLBOARDS  
FOR THEIR PISSANT  
METROPOLIS.

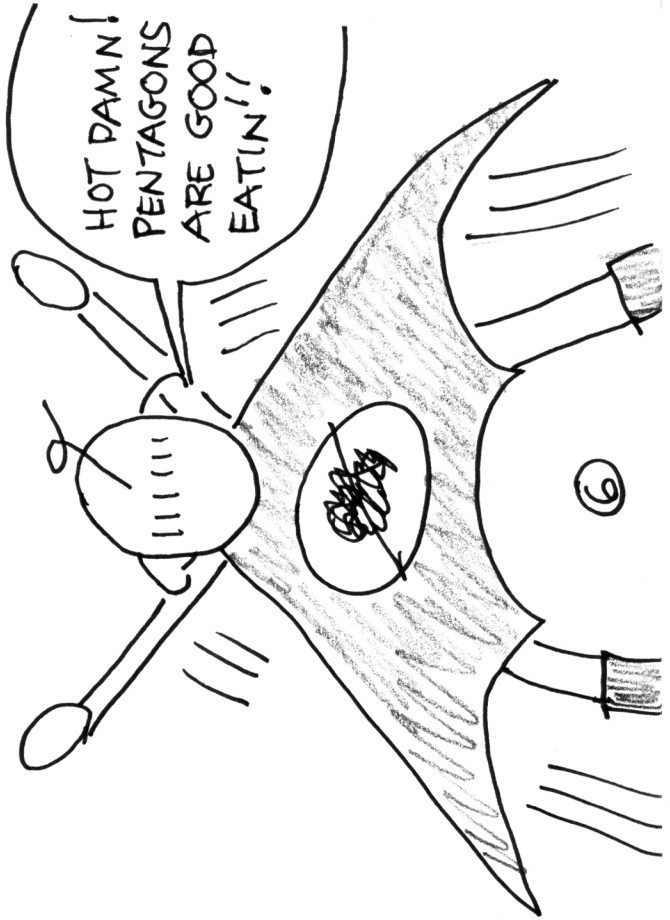
5

AT LAST, I WAS THERE! WITH ONLY TWO MORE! BLISTERS!



# FLATLAND

A RESTAURANT OF MANY DIMENSIONS  
A Square PROPRIETOR



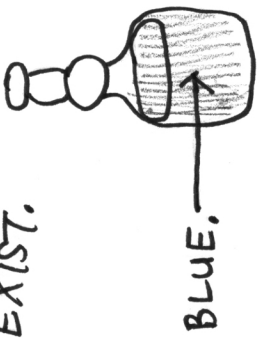
HOT DAMN! PENTAGONS ARE GOOD EATIN'!



13 HOURS LATER...



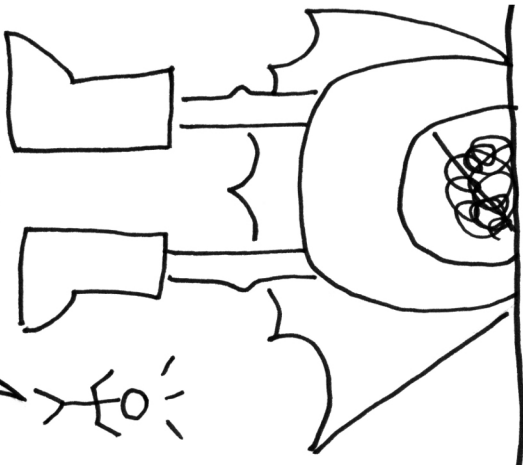
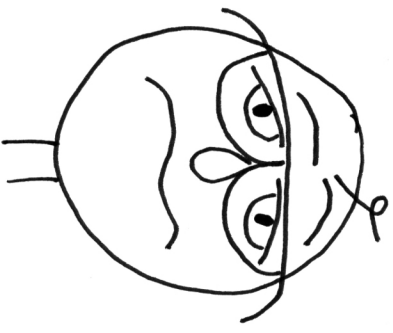
I'LL CHECK OUT REAL FOOD AND COFFEE LATER, FROM TRADER JOE'S. MEANWHILE, THERE'S THIS FINE ROMULAN ALE TO SAMPLE. IT SO TOTALLY DOESN'T EXIST.



END (19)



I HAD NEVER FELT SO DEPRESSED, OR SO NEAR TO EATING-A DOUBLE PAISIN MUFFIN. HOW QUOTIDIAN!



I'M A DOLDRUM, FROM THE LANDS BEYOND THE TOLL-BOOTH. MIND IF I HITCH A RIDE?

18

LET ME JUST SHAKE OUT MY CAPE, AND...

HEY!



WHAT ARE YOU?

YOU WILL-SAPPING RUNT! HIE THEE HENCE OR IT WILL NOT GO WELL WITH YOU!



I LIKE TO TALK "FANCY," I THINK EVERYONE DOBS.

I "LANDED."

I'LL HAVE YOUR FAMOUS FLATBREAD!

MAY I PALPATE MISEURIS CREDIT CARD?



I ONLY HAVE TWO THIN CENTS.

SUCH WOULD BE THE ONLY KIND THAT...

WE COULD ACCEPT, MONSIEUR. NEVER THE-LESS...



TIME TO GO, ASSHOLE.

I'M GOING TO KICK THE SHIT OUT OF YOU.

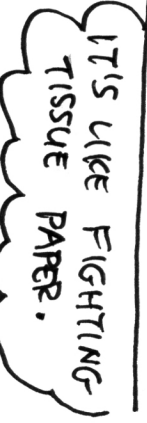
YOU KNOW THIS, RIGHT?

I MUST ASK YOU TO LEANE.



SECURITE!

IT'S LIKE FIGHTING TISSUE PAPER.



cc(s) (shred)

7

SO THAT WAS THAT, AND THE MORAL IS IF YOU TRY SOMETIMES, YOU JUST MIGHT FIND YOU CAN GET IN SOME GOOD ARSE-KICKING.



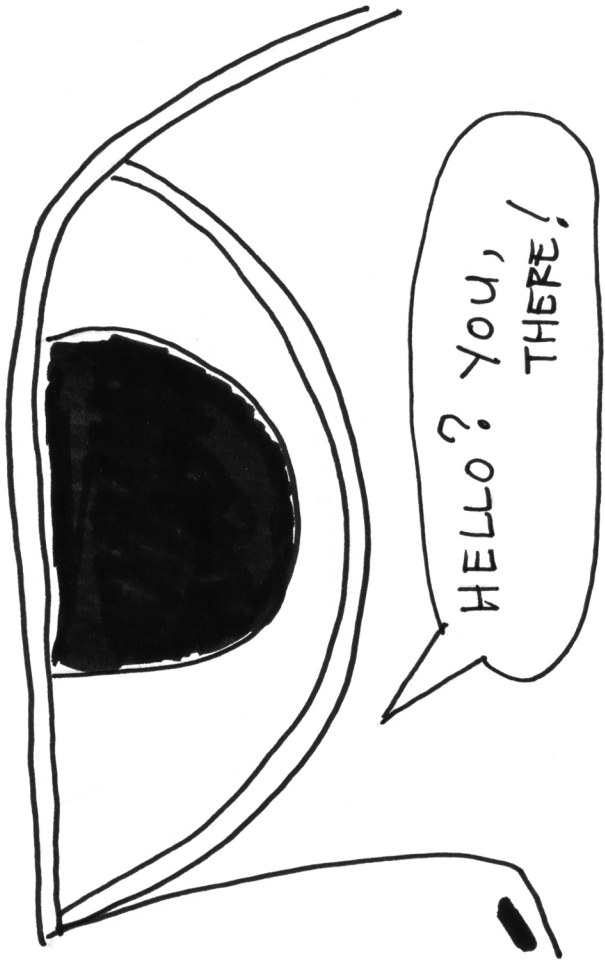
MAYBE I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I WENT TO THE CHEESE-TASTING (IN TLÖN SOMETIME...)

THEY HAVE A SAYING:

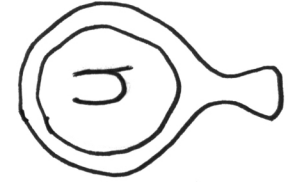


"UPWARD BEHIND THE ONSTREAMING IT CHEESED GREENLY."

I PEERED DEEPLY INTO REALITY...

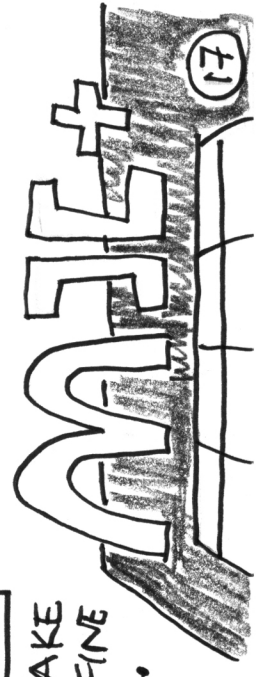


I CAN'T SAY I WAS IMPRESSED BY WHAT I SAW;

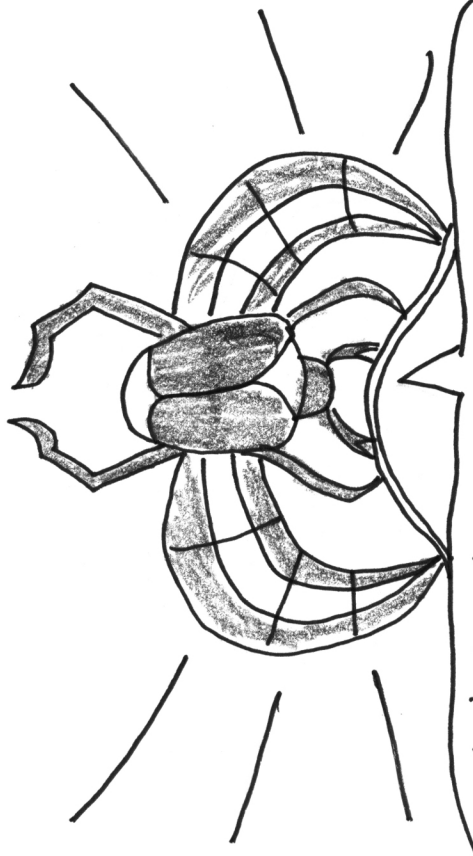


MAYBE THIS QUEST FOR "REAL COFFEE" (AND "REAL FOOD") WAS OVERRATED.

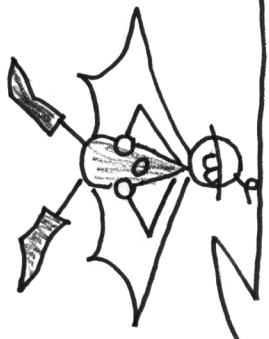
PERHAPS FAKE FOOD WAS FINE AFTER ALL.



FOR THEN REALITY WOULD PROVIDE  
FOOD AND HOUSING FOR MY MANY KIN!



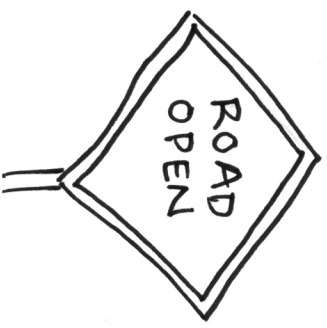
ALL RIGHT THEN,  
AS PLANESWALKER,  
I HEREBY DECLARE  
LOGICAL POSITIVISM  
TO BE BULLSHIT!



LITERALLY  
TRILLIONS OF  
TINY BEETLES  
SHOUT HURRAY,  
GOD PATS THEM  
ON THE HEAD  
FONDLY.



AND SOON THE  
GATELESS GATE  
IS OPEN  
ONCE AGAIN.



KEVIN GOODGUY, PANDIMENSIONAL  
GOURMET/GOURM AND, IN

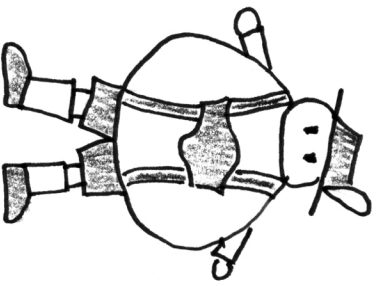
# SO THOTH & SO FORTY



(KEVIN IS A MASTER OF  
SPACE AND TIME, AND  
IGNORES PERSPECTIVE  
AT HIS LEISURE.)

DID I EVER  
TELL YOU  
ABOUT THE  
TIME MY PAL  
YOG-SO THOTH  
AND I TOOK A  
DETOUR THROUGH  
THE LAND OF  
THE LOST ON  
THE WAY TO  
OKTOBERFEST  
IN OZ?

DUE TO A TYPO IN EARLY BAUM  
MANUSCRIPTS, THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF OZ  
APPEAR AS "MUNNCHIKINS."



THE CORRECT  
NAME IS  
"MUNNICHKINS,"  
I THINK GERMAN  
LEPRECHAUNS.  
BUT I DIGRESS ...

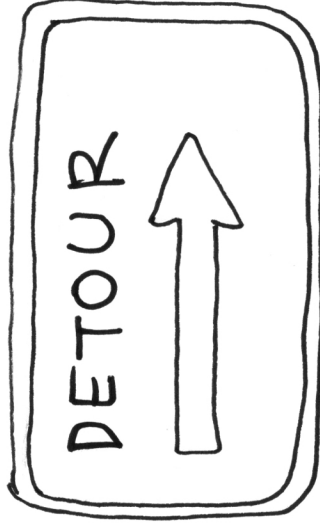
WE WERE TAKING A BREATHER  
INSIDE ONE OF THOSE UBIQUITOUS  
TRAFFIC PYLONS THERE WHEN YOGGY  
MADE A PRONOUNCEMENT.

THESE DAMNID  
FINITE, UNBOUNDED  
SPACETIMES CONFUSE  
THE ELDRITCH OUT  
OF ME. THEY'RE  
LIKE A MOTOR  
ROUNDABOUT FOR  
ONE OF YOU  
PRIMATES.

WE'RE LOST.

IN THE LAND OF THE LOST!  
HOW IRONIC. OR... NOT.

I KNEW THAT THIS PORTENDED A  
SERIOUS RAISIN OVERABUNDANCE IN  
REALITY, SO I LEAPT INTO ACTION.



BLAST!

WHAT'S GOING  
ON?

THE LOGICAL  
POSITIVISTS HAVE  
DEFINED REALITY  
AS MEANINGLESS. WE  
MUST MAKE AN END  
RUN!



PERHAPS, JOSEF K., WE SHOULD  
REDEFINE "LOGICAL POSITIVISM"...

FOR EXAMPLE, AS  
"A BIG BALL OF  
POO!"

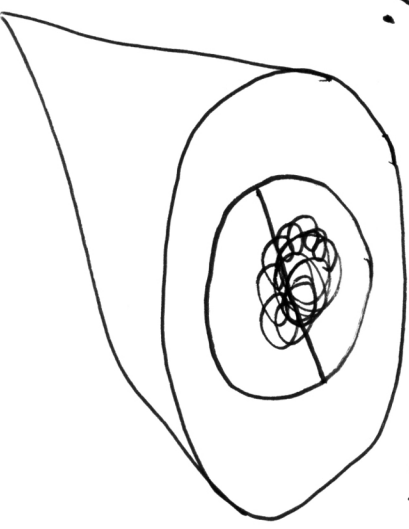
I WOULD  
LIKE THAT!

KEVIN GOODGUY, PAN-D ETC, ETC.  
IN  
AN ATTEMPT TO OBTAIN  
REAL COFFEE

I'D HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT HOW  
GOOD REAL COFFEE IS THAT I  
DECIDED TO VISIT REALITY.

IT TURNED  
OUT TO BE  
A VERY  
SERIOUS  
MATTER.

IT ALL STARTED WITH THE  
RAISING SIGNAL FLASHING IN THE  
NIGHT SKY.



THE  
FUCK?

I KNEW I SHOULDVE  
TAKEN THAT LEFT TURN  
AT NARNIA ... FURTHER  
UP AND FURTHER IN...

ARE YOU TRYING  
TO TELL ME THAT  
YOU-WHO-ARE-  
SPACETIME-ITSELF  
ARE BEFUDDLED BY  
A CHILDREN'S TELS-  
VISION SHOW?

HEY,  
I'M NOT AN  
INTRUSPECTIVE  
GOD.

ARE YOU ON  
GOOD TERMS WITH  
YOUR INTERNAL  
ORGANS?

I DON'T BELIEVE  
THIS. LET'S JUST  
ASK A SLEESTAK  
FOR DIRECTIONS.

OK, SURE. ASK  
THAT SMART ONE--  
END?

ENIK! HE'S A  
DUDE!

YOU CHOPDATES AND  
YOUR STUPID GENDER  
DISTINCTIONS.



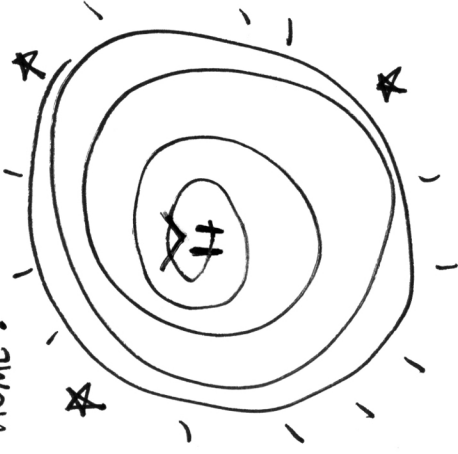
AFTER THAT TANTRUM,  
I PRETTY MUCH LET  
YOGGY HAVE "HIS"  
WAY.

YOU CANIT  
GET THERE FROM  
HERE.  
LITERALLY.



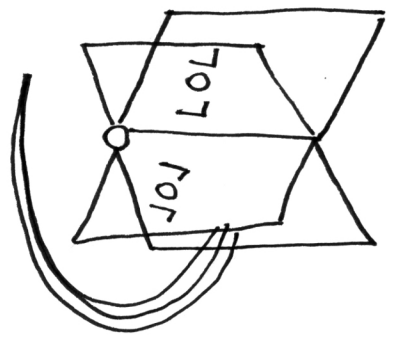
WE TOOLED AROUND  
THE LAND, LOOKING  
FOR A WAY OUT.

EVENTUALLY WE GOT  
HOME. ACTUALLY,  
YOGGY IS HOME, BUT  
NOT HOME SWEET  
HOME.



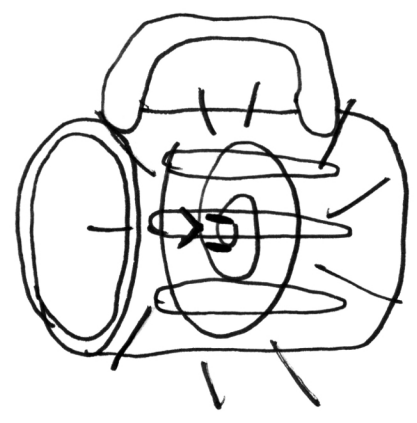
IF YOU FOLLOW ME.

IT TURNED OUT WE  
HAD TO LEAVE AT THE  
SAME TIME WE WERE  
COMING IN...



OR SOMETHING.

TOO BAD WE MISSED  
THE MUNICH KINFEST.



I HEAR THEY HAVE A  
BEER TO GO MAP  
FOR.

(END) (13)

