



COMICS AND STORIES BY TOM PAPPALARDO

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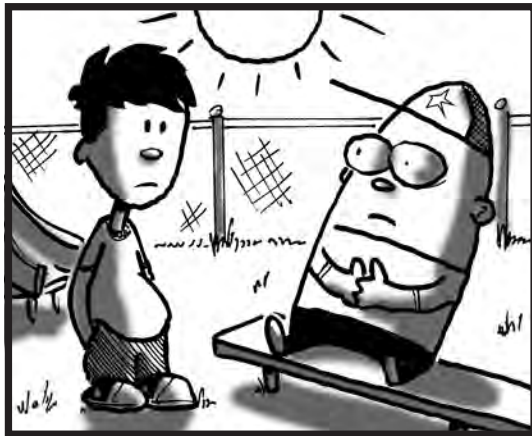
WORK HAS PREVIOUSLY APPEARED IN
Gigposters.com, I Want Your Skull, LETTER X,
Lollipop magazine, Meat For Tea, Public Radio
Exchange, Sierra Grille, Tom-N-Dave stickers, Tree &
Hills anthologies, The Valley Advocate, VMAG, The
Weekly Dig, WHMP.

APOLOGIES TO:
Samuel Beckett, Gustave Doré, Jules Feiffer, Hokusai,
Wenceslas Hollar, Norton Juster, Nirvana, Ray Patin,
Max Schreck, and Simon & Garfunkel.

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"Hey asshole, perhaps you shouldn't make cartoons where you try to sound smart about topics you are clearly ignorant to."

"Fuck, I think this might be me."

"Damn.' I audibly said to myself. Right to the point, well done."

"Fuuuuuck... I need to lie down for a bit."

"Like a brick to the face"

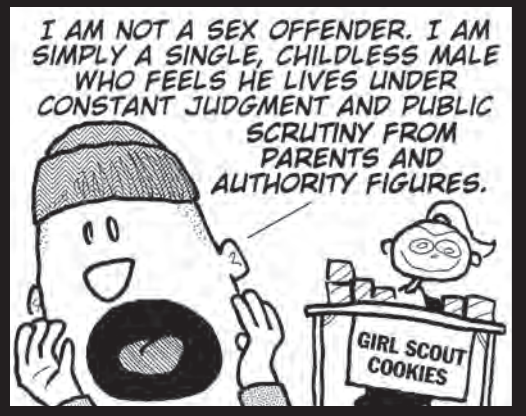
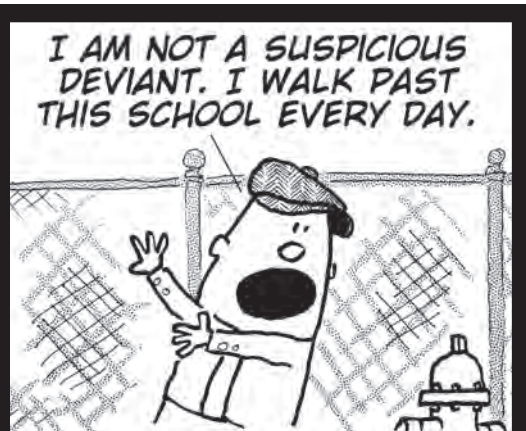
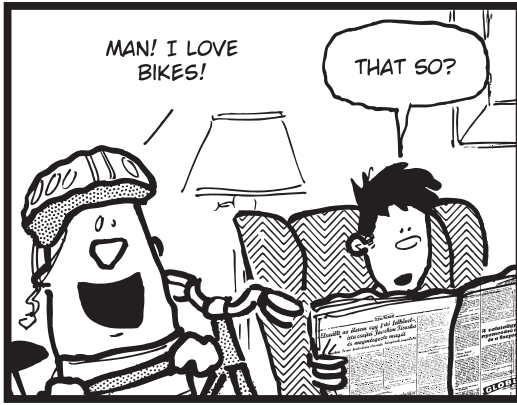
"That's... strangely motivating..."

"Well... shit."

"Psychologisted, bitch!"

"This just motivated me to leave a stale relationship."

"Haha. Sad."





...AT THE END OF LAST YEAR I-

HEY IT'S ME! WHAT'S UP???



YEAH I'M AT A COFFEE PLACE!



THAT'S IT! THIS IS TOO MUCH! I'VE GOT TO SAY SOMETHING!

HA HA HA I KNOW!!!



EXCLUUUUSE ME! I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A CONFERENCE CALL



ALL RIGHT, GUYS!

TWO BURGERS WITH FRENCH FRIES!



HEY, LOOK AT THIS WEIRD LITTLE FRIED THING MIXED IN WITH THE FRIES.



WHAT IS IT?

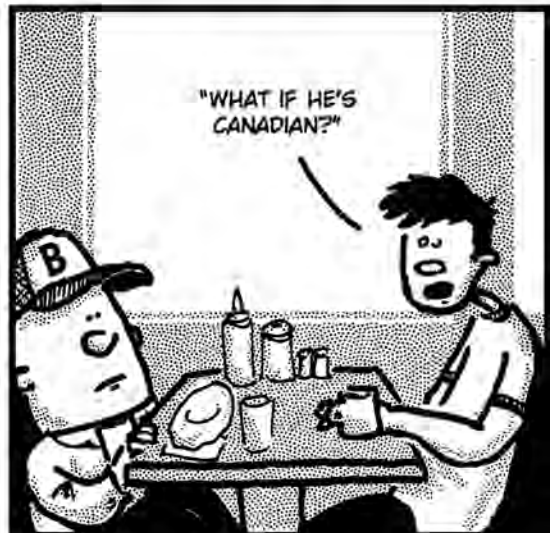
DEFINITELY NOT A FRENCH FRY.



YOU GONNA EAT IT?

OF COURSE I'M GOING TO EAT IT.

Politically Correct



THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH TODAY



There was once a boy named Milo who didn't know what to do with himself—not just sometimes, but always.

When he was in school he longed to be out, and when he was out he longed to be in. On the way he thought about coming home, and coming he thought about going. Wherever he was he wished he were somewhere else, and when he got there he wondered why he'd bothered. Nothing really interested him—least of all the things that should have.

He was diagnosed with ADD and now he takes pills. THE END



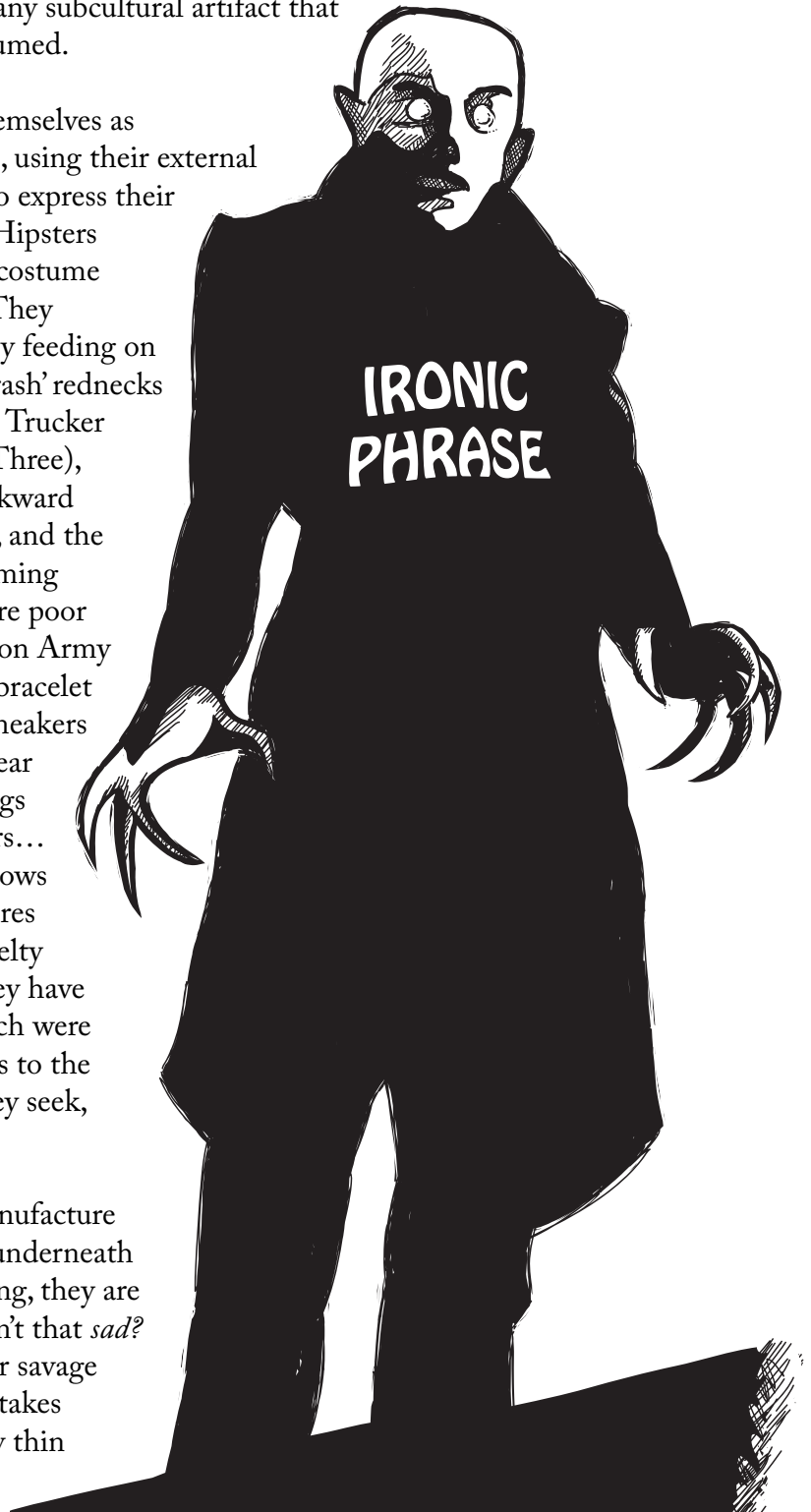
The Museum of Fine Arts and Crafts

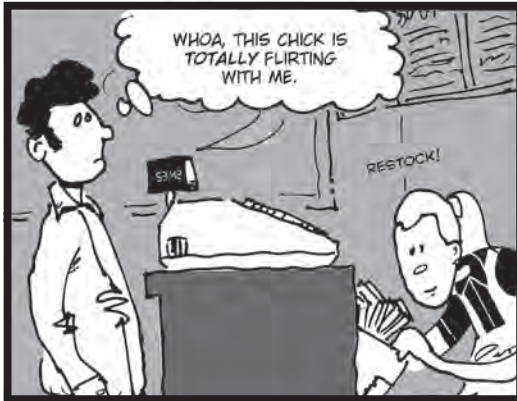
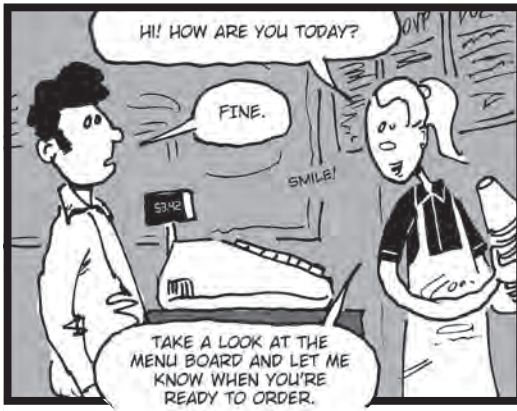
CULTURAL VAMPIRISM

White culture's re-appropriation of black culture has been well-documented, but less discussed is the white mainstream's tendency to swipe from within its own counterculture. These mainstream vampiric whiteys, known as Hipsters, will absorb any subcultural artifact that can be fashionably consumed.

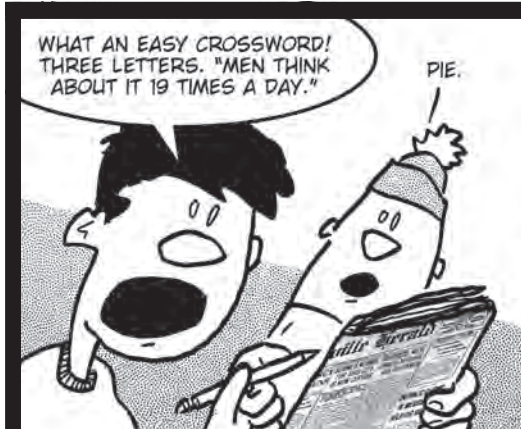
Hipsters disguise themselves as nonconformist outsiders, using their external appearance as a means to express their perceived individuality. Hipsters play dress-up, and their costume is "Unique Individual." They accessorize and co-opt by feeding on subcultures like 'white trash' rednecks (belt buckles, The Great Trucker Hat Debacle of Aught-Three), the geeks and dorks (awkward eyeglasses, bad haircuts), and the ever-popular class-slumming trend of pretending you're poor (ripped clothing, Salvation Army scavenging). A studded bracelet from the headbangers, sneakers from the skaters, fixed gear bicycles and shoulder bags from the bike messengers... A Hipster's trendlust knows no bounds. These vampires feed until the ironic novelty is drained away, until they have devalued the things which were once important signifiers to the original subcultures. They seek, consume, and destroy.

Hipsters need to manufacture their rebellion, because underneath all of their cheap signaling, they are indescribably normal. Isn't that *sad*? Doesn't that explain your savage desire to drive wooden stakes through their impossibly thin T-shirts?





SOME DUDES DON'T GET THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "FRIENDLY" AND "BARISTA FRIENDLY"







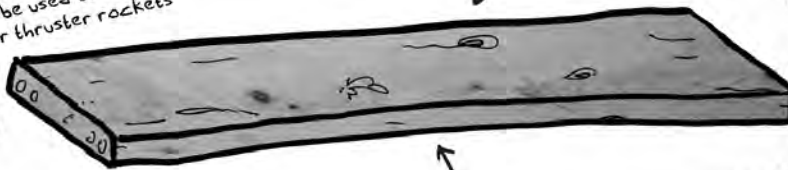
BOARD

WHEN I WAS LITTLE, ONE OF MY FAVORITE TOYS WAS A SMALL PLANK OF WOOD.

I'M NOT KIDDING.

Drew circles on one end. Could be used as brake lights or thruster rockets

almost bored right through it with a ballpoint pen



wood

IT WAS AN UNFINISHED BOARD, 18 OR 24 INCHES LONG, 5 INCHES WIDE, MAYBE HALF AN INCH THICK. I SCRIBBLED MANY THINGS ON IT WITH MAGIC MARKER AND BALLPOINT PEN.

UNLIKE A STORE-BOUGHT TOY ONE ENJOYS AND THEN OUTGROWS, THIS BOARD FOLLOWED ME THROUGH SEVERAL OF MY PLAY PHASES, INFINITELY ADAPTABLE TO MY NEEDS.

I COULD BUILD SMALL FIGHTER JETS OUT OF MY GENERIC BUILDING BLOCKS AND THE BOARD WOULD BECOME THE MOTHERSHIP I SOUGHT TO RETURN TO, OR A LANDING STRIP IN THE JUNGLE, OR THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER SEPARATED FROM THE REST OF THE FLEET.



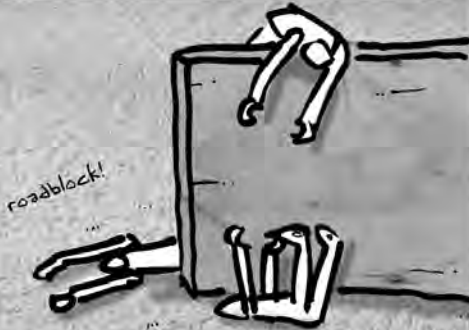
wicked far away

THE SCALE WAS EPIC.

WHEN PROPPED UP AGAINST THE SIDE OF A SLEEPING BASSET HOUND, THE BOARD BECAME A MASSIVE LAUNCHING PAD FOR MATCHBOX CARS.



WHEN I GOT A LITTLE OLDER, I COULD SIT GI JOE OR STAR WARS FIGURES ON IT AND THE BOARD BECAME A TROOP CARRIER OR THE LAST SHUTTLE OFF OF A DYING PLANET.



WHEN THE MEN REACHED THE BATTLEFIELD, THE BOARD BECAME A FORTRESS WALL TO BE SCALED, AN OBSTACLE TO BE OVERCOME.

WHEN I PLAYED OUTSIDE, THE BOARD WAS AN EXCELLENT BRIDGE ACROSS MEDIUM-SIZED HOLES IN THE GROUND. I COULD ALSO PRETEND IT WAS A SKATEBOARD. I COULD ALSO SIT ON IT.



NOW, I DON'T WANNA GET ALL SELF-RIGHTEOUS AND PREACHY HERE. I DON'T WANT TO COMPLAIN THAT NOWADAYS TELEVISION OR THE INTERNET OR VIDEO GAMES ARE ROTTING CHILDREN'S BRAINS OR THAT MODERN ELECTRONIC DEVICES MUTE KIDS' IMAGINATIONS. I DON'T WANT TO GIVE YOU A "WHEN I WAS A KID" LECTURE THAT MAKES IT SOUND LIKE THINGS USED TO BE BETTER OR DIFFERENT THEN, BECAUSE THEY WEREN'T. I DON'T WANT TO MAKE BLANKET GENERATIONAL ACCUSATIONS LIKE AN IDIOT BABY BOOMER WOULD. BUT I DO WANT TO SAY THIS:



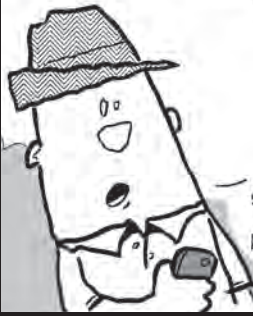
YOUR KID IS A GLASS-EYED DULLARD AND HE'S GOING TO GROW UP TO BE A BLAND NOBODY OFFICE WORKER WHO LAUGHS AT DUMB YOUTUBE VIDEOS AND I'VE SEEN LITTERBOXES WITH MORE CREATIVE SPARK AND HE'S JUST SITTING THERE LIKE A PLATE OF MASHED POTATOES LEFT OUT ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER OVERNIGHT AND HE'S BORING ME TO TEARS AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT.

Give that kid a BOARD!

I'M ALWAYS POSTING STUFF ONLINE, BUT I DON'T GET MANY LIKES OR COMMENTS.

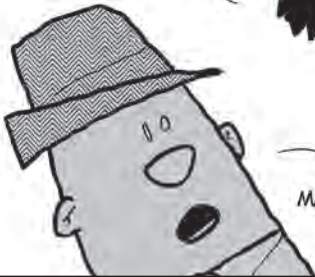


IT'S BECAUSE YOU ONLY TALK ABOUT YOURSELF, AND NO ONE LIKES YOU.



MAYBE I SHOULD USE MORE HASHTAGS...

IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE AN UNINTERESTING PERSON WITH NOTHING TO SAY.



MAYBE MY PRIVACY SETTINGS ARE WRONG...

IT'S BECAUSE NO ONE ANYWHERE ON THE PLANET CARES THAT YOU EXIST.



MAYBE I NEED A BETTER PHONE...

SELFIE!

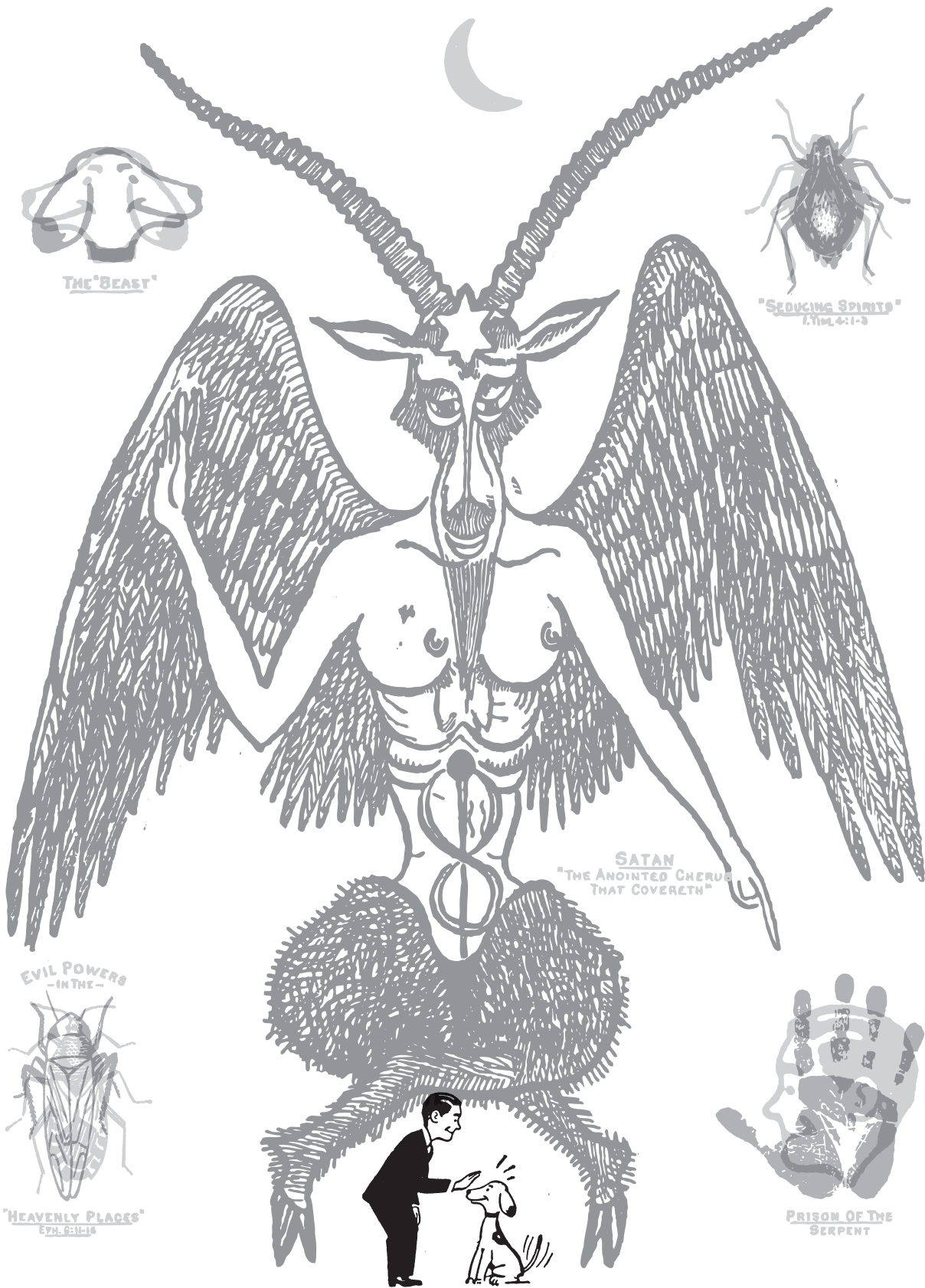




THE "BEAST"



"Seducing SPIRITS"
1 Tim. 4:1-3



SATAN
"THE ANOINTED CHERUB
THAT COVERETH"

**EVIL POWERS
-IN THE-**



"HEAVENLY PLACES"
Eph. 6:12



**PRISON OF THE
SERPENT**





pasta pappalardo

A taste of the old country in your very own kitchen! Push some of this between your lips and you'll be saying "mamma mia!" and spitting food everywhere because you're talking with your mouth full.

1 box of some brand of pasta

1 jar of spaghetti sauce that was on sale on the endcap at the supermarket

1 sweet Italian sausage you've left in the fridge for too long, and now sausage panic has set in

Grated cheese you bought because the label looked vaguely "authentic"



This is a stock photo. Your food will look nothing like this.

1. **Boil** some water in a pot and put the spaghetti in it. Like, a handful, I guess? Cook until bendy.
2. **Throw** the sausage into a frying pan. Don't eat raw meat. Chuck some green pepper and onion in there, too. Is the spaghetti ready yet? Try to not fuck everything up.
3. **Poke** at stuff with a fork so you feel like you're part of the process. Cook the sausage until it's burned. The vegetables will probably still be raw.
4. **Drain** the pasta. If it's still very straight and crunchy, you've fucked up, just like we thought you would. **Order a pizza.**
5. **Mix** everything in with the spaghetti sauce. Add garlic powder until you're sure you've added way too much. Liberally apply store-bought cheese dust. Let it cover everything you see, like a cheese blizzard.
6. **Serve** with red wine in a dirty coffee mug. This will help you blot out your emotions.

SERVES ONE SAD MAN
15 MINUTES

**Good
Morning!**

GOOD
MORN-

I HAVE A HEADACHE IT
IS EXTREMELY BRIGHT
IN HERE MY BLOOD IS
ALL THICK GO AWAY.

BU-

I HATE YOU SHUT UP I WILL
MURDER YOU OH GOD THE
STABBING PAIN MY EYES.

I AM DEEPLY SUBMERGED IN
SOME SORT OF MENTAL FATIGUE
AND MY BRAIN WILL NOT START.

I'M EXHAUSTED AND I WILL SLICE
YOUR FACE OFF IF YOU SO MUCH
AS GLANCE AT ME I HATE YOU.

COFFEE?

INJECTED DIRECTLY
INTO MY EYEBALL
RIGHT NOW YES DO
IT WITH A NEEDLE.

RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINARA

We barrel into the Main Street Subway laughing, still recovering from a drunken joke I don't remember anymore. Sorry, I don't mean the underground public transportation, I mean the sandwich franchise. Jared, etc. Y'know. Anyway, it's late at night and my buddies launch themselves in two different directions: Dale flops his body into a booth, Joe makes a bee-line for the crapper. We know we won't be seeing him for awhile.

I join the line at the sneeze guard, wiping my eyes, dizzy from laughter. There's an old dude with a captain's hat on. I shit you not. I don't drink much socially, which causes me to tell him that I think he has a really super-duper hat. Truly. The little guy eyes me seriously through his thick specs. "Waiting in line like this," he says. "Reminds me of mess hall."



"I joined the Navy as soon as I was old enough. The war was on its last legs in '44, but of course I didn't know that at the time. I served on the *USS Massachusetts*. South Dakota class, you know." I nod my head. "I was a lousy sailor," he admits with a chuckle. "Just didn't have it, you know? But I found myself the sweet spot on Big Mamie. Word spread that the chaplain was looking for an organist. Oh boy, I jumped at that one, I tell ya! Hello, dear. What's the special today?" The girl behind the counter sighs and tells him it's the meatball marinara. "Oh, yeah! Sounds good! Six inch! I remembered a lot of church tunes and I could read music, so I got the transfer. On wheat, yes. So the Chaplain—Dover was his name—sort of took me under his wing. Pretty soon I was his full-time assistant. I cleaned the chapel, typed up his sermons, organized... along with playing at services and funerals, of course. You name it, I did it. No, I don't want mayonnaise. It's a meatball sub! Folks do that?" The girl asks him if he would like chips or a drink. "Is that part of a meal-deal?"



Dale is asleep in his booth. I forget to order and follow the old man to a sticky-clean booth over by the drink machine. "I wish they had Pepsi here instead of Coke," he says. "It's sweeter. Get as old as me and you can't taste anything. I like Pepsi because it's sweeter." He sits down. "So we fought through all sorts of air attacks near Okinawa. This was '45. We hit some choppy weather, passed right through the eye of a 100-knot typhoon. Oh, the crew was a mess. Puke everywhere. The mess, the halls, the bunks. Over half the crew was laid up, everyone was confined belowdecks, and Big Mamie just kept on *rollllllling* off them big waves." He pops the lid off of his cup and chews on an ice cube. "The Chaplain was sick too. Services were canceled for the week."



"Now me, I was holding myself together pretty well for a kid from Nebraska, but I was almost at the end of my rope with the stench of puke everywhere. So I took my blanket and slept on the chapel floor. The chapel was the quietest, cleanest room on the ship, see? For three or four days I just stayed down there hidden away while we sloshed through that storm. Big Mamie just kept going *up* and *down*. Fixed the bindings on a few hymnals, vacuumed, practiced a little classical on the organ, you know. I went down to the mess hall to get chow each mealtime but couldn't stand to stay long before escaping back to my little paradise. All my buddies were sick in their racks anyway. Everyone was green-faced. Oh, the *smell!*"

"So anyway, I guess it was the fourth day, I run into a buddy of mine during one of my mess hall visits, 'Irish' Jimmy Callahan. I hadn't seen a familiar face in days, you see. So Jimmy says 'You're alive! You're alive!' and I say 'You've gone crazy, Irish!' and then he tells me that I'd been reported overboard! Every hour for two days they'd been calling my name over the ship intercom. But of course I hadn't heard it. The chapel was the only room aboard that didn't have a PA speaker... Because of services, see? Boy, did I get chewed out by the XO! They'd reported me *dead!*" The old man pulls at his meal deal potato chip bag. "Never let the government tell you you're dead, son. The paperwork will kill you."



