

NEUROTOTICALLY YOURS



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Issue #1
(of however many get made)



Neurotically Yours : The Island Series

The story so far!

Since I've been locked in the house the last few years due to global reasons, I decided to work on a new series of Neurotically Yours. One where Foamy finally gets fed up with Germaine and seeks out Sue Z. June who somehow vanished from society.

I kinda wanted to pair up Foamy & Sue Z. since around 2015 during the reboot series. There was a sub-plot where Foamy ended up hanging around Sue Z. June & her roommate Salt Forester (See animated episodes "New Roommate", "Maid & Squirrel.") Unfortunately I didn't really get around to fleshing that out as much as I wanted to and before I knew it, the reboot series was over and the "Sketch" series started. (The "Sketch" series is done using all hand-drawn-on-paper doodles.) So as that continued and no one could leave their homes, I started working on the "Island Series", which has animated episodes posted randomly. Unfortunately, I got a bit over creative with the series, adding new characters, new environments, tons of stories, all of which will not be able to be animated. Why? 'Cause I'm just one person and can only do so much. (I already do a podcast, vocals, animation, artwork, live streams, music, and so on and so on.) All that adds up to a lot of time. So in an effort to get the Island Series moving along I opted for some comics to fill in the blanks for the animated series.

"But Wait!, Why would Foamy ditch Germaine?", you may ask.

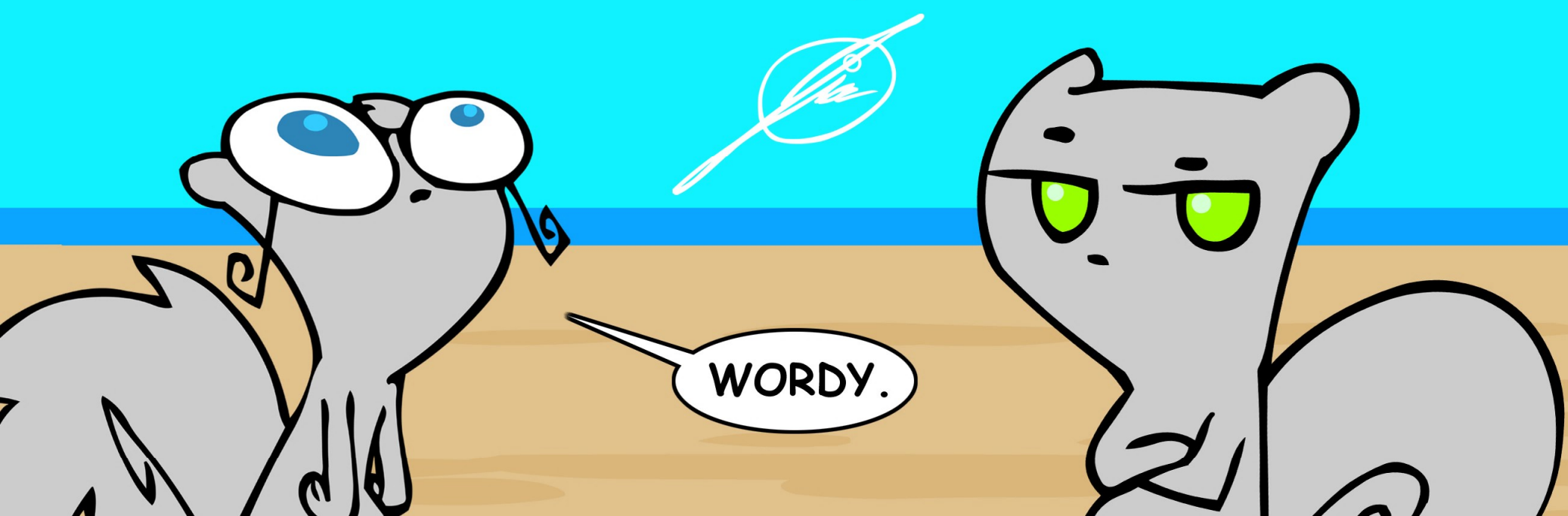
Well, Foamy has always been very vocal about having to put up with Germaine's multi-series depression, angst, self-loathing and so on, and since no amount of advice seemed to have helped her, Foamy in his infinite logic, knows when to cut his loses. He's fed up, tired, and basically doesn't want to waste any more of his time. So he and Pilz-E decided to track down Sue Z. June, a person who seems to have their life together. A low maintenance "owner" of sorts.

Meanwhile, Begley is left with Germaine... and here's where the story starts.

For those trying to connect the lore with the other versions of Neurotically Yours, the other series were essentially from the perspective of Germaine. She's the writer of her own story and we're all just reading along.

This version is from the perspective of Foamy & Pilz-E, which is eluded to in the "Sketch Series". Foamy, being sick of Germaine's morose stories decided to outline a scenario and hand it over to Pilz-E, who does the art. Which is why the style is almost child-like. Other than that, don't over think it, and just enjoy.

Words & Doodles by : J.i.Mathers



HEY, BEGLEY. WHERE'S FOAMY AND PILZ-E?
I HAVEN'T SEEN THEM IN LIKE, 2 DAYS.

THEY
LEFT,
LUV.

FOAMY SAID YOU'RE
TOO DEPRESSING TO
HANG AROUND
ANYMORE. SO HE
TOOK PILZ-E AND
LEFT.

**WHAT? TOO
DEPRESSING!?
LIES!!!**

WELL, I MEAN...
REMEMBER THAT
TIME YOU RECITED
POETRY AT THAT
WEDDING AND
THREE PEOPLE
KILLED
THEMSELVES?

IT'S NOT MY FAULT
PEOPLE'S WEAK
MINDS CAN'T
HANDLE THE
DARKNESS WITHIN
MY SOUL. BESIDES,
I'M A POET. IT'S
MY JOB.

ANGER! RAGE! REEEE!

THE THING ABOUT JOBS, IS,
YOU'RE SUPPOSE TO GET PAID FOR
THEM. MONEY AND ALL THAT. NOT
KILL YOUR EMPLOYERS. SWALLOW
THAT ARTSY PRIDE AND GET A JOB.

HEY, I CAN MAKE PLENTY OF MONEY
SWALLOWING AND JOBS, BUT I'M NOT THAT
KIND OF GIRL.

NOT
WHAT I
MEANT,
BUT...

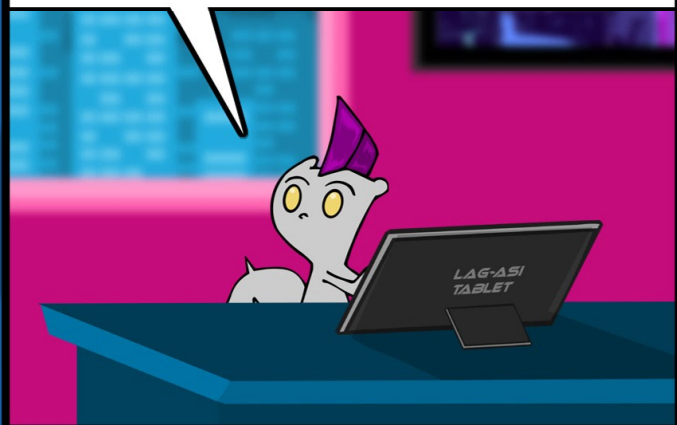
SPEAKING OF MONEY, I NEED YOUR CREDIT CARD INFO. FOAMY TOOK THE LAPTOP AND NOW I HAVE TO RE-LOG INTO EVERYTHING. TWO STEP AUTHENTICATION. THIS IS GOING TO TAKE DAYS.



HE TOOK THE LAPTOP!?



WELL, HE DID REBUILD IT FROM THE GROUND UP. KINDA HAS RIGHTS TO IT IN MY BOOK. OI! YOU LOOK PALE. I MEAN, EVEN FOR A GOTH. YOU ALRIGHT?



YEP. I'M F.. F.. FINE. NO WORRIES. IT'S COOL.



DID YOU, MAYBE... HAVE SOME QUESTIONABLE MATERIAL OF YOURSELF ON THAT LAPTOP? 'CAUSE THAT'S THE VIBE I'M GETTIN'.



YES! ALL SORTS OF STUFF! PRIVATE STUFF! I WAS JUST EXPLORING MY SEXUALITY! NO ONE CAN SEE THAT STUFF! YOU GOTTA WIPE IT REMOTELY SOMEHOW!



WELL, WE MAY HAVE ACCESS TO VIEW, Y'KNOW "READ ONLY" ACCESS N' ALL THAT. DON'T KNOW IF I CAN DELETE IT REMOTELY. BESIDES. IT'S NOT ON AT THE MOMENT.



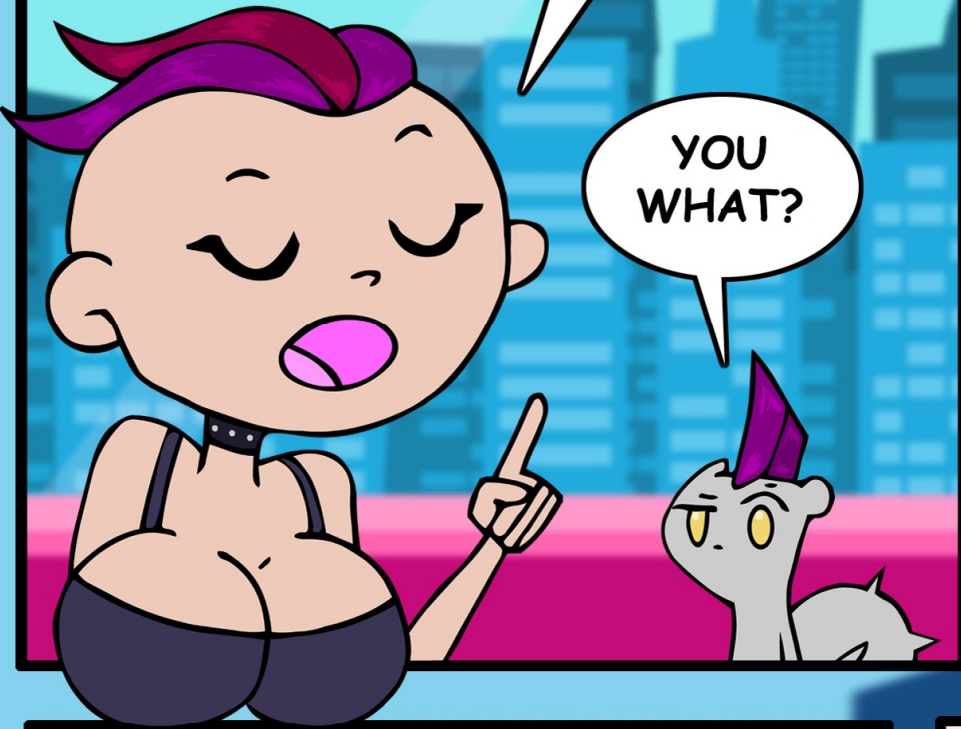
WELL, WHATEVER. IT'S NOT LIKE FOAMY OR PILZ-E ARE GOING TO BE INTERESTED IN SIX TERABYTES OF LEWD PHOTOS AND VIDEOS OF ME.



WELL, THERE'S A LOT OF STANDARD STUFF, LIKE LITTLE DANCES, TRYING ON CLOTHES, AND OILING THINGS UP, BUT IT GET WEIRD AROUND "THE BUTT PHASE". THERE'S A LOT OF THAT. ALSO THE "HOW DEEP CAN THIS GO?" EXPERIMENTS GOT PRETTY VISCERAL. BUT IT'S GOOD FOR ONE TO KNOW THEIR LIMITATIONS BEFORE ATTEMPT THINGS IN REAL LIFE. WE COULD FREE UP SOME SPACE IF WE GOT RID OF THAT VIDEO WHERE I WAS TESTING OUT THAT MACHINE FOR 48 HOURS STRAIGHT. BURNED OUT THE MOTOR ON THAT ONE. THE MULTIPLE INSERTION VIDEOS I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT 'CAUSE I'M SURE I BROKE A WORLD RECORD THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST. BUT ON THE BRIGHT SIDE I HAVE NO GAG REFLEX ANYMORE. SO THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR PUSHING ONE'S BOUNDARIES.



AGAIN, THERE IS NO SHAME IN EXPLORING ONE'S SEXUALITY. AND BESIDES, THE DATING SCENE IS IN A DREADFUL STATE. I WANT TO FIND SOMEONE WHO ISN'T JUST LOOKING FOR SEX.



YOU WHAT?

I WANT TO FIND SOMEONE WHO LOVES ME FOR MY MIND, NOT MY BODY. Y'KNOW? A PARTNER THAT KNOWS ME AND CARES FOR ME, BECAUSE I AM ME.

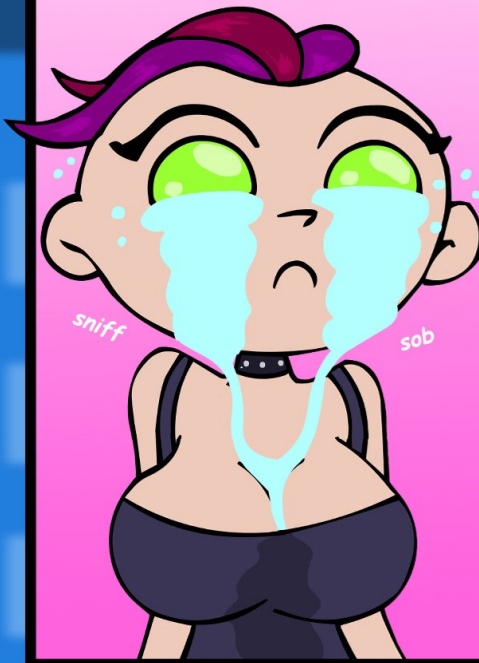


HOPELESS ROMANTIC, THIS ONE.

OI. I'D LIKE FLYING KITTENS THAT CAN SHOOT LASERS OUT THEIR ARSE, BUT IT AIN'T HAPPENIN'. TRUE LOVE IS LIKE, SOMETHING YOU SEE IN A MOVIE N' ALL THAT.



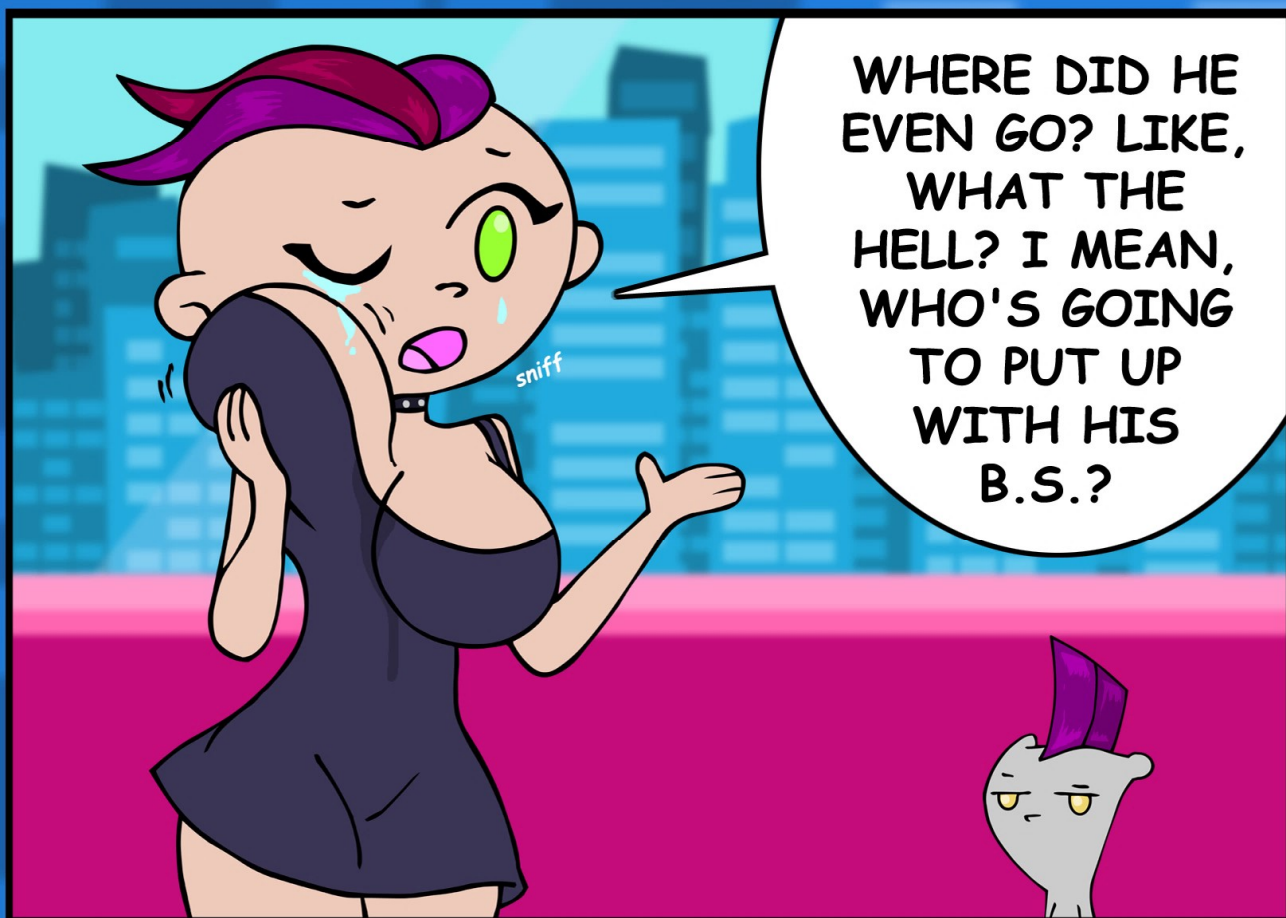
TRUE LOVE IS OUT THERE!



STOP CRYING INTO YOUR OWN TITS AND BUCK UP. JEEZ. SO DEPRESSING. AND THEN YOU WONDER WHY FOAMY & PILZ-E LEFT.



WHERE DID HE EVEN GO? LIKE, WHAT THE HELL? I MEAN, WHO'S GOING TO PUT UP WITH HIS B.S.?



YOU KNOW THAT ROLLER DERBY GIRL YOU HAD A THING FOR, WELL...



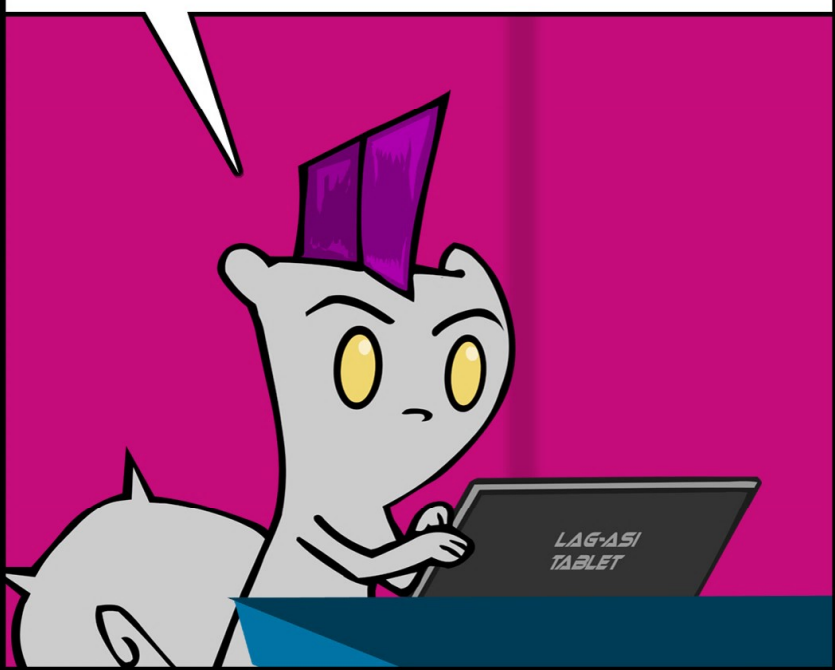


SUE Z. JUNE? THE THICK CHOCOLATEY GODDESS OF THE ROLLER DERBY WORLD, WHO'S LEGS ARE SO AMAZINGLY STRONG I'VE DREAMT ABOUT THEM BEING WRAPPED AROUND MY HEAD EVERY NIGHT SINCE FIRST SIGHT? SHE'S LEGENDARY. AND A GHOST. EVER SINCE THE PANDEMIC BROKE UP HER TEAM, SHE DISAPPEARED! ALL HER SOCIAL MEDIA ACCOUNTS WERE DELETED, AND NO ONE HAS SEEN HER IN YEARS. PEOPLE THINK SHE'S DEAD!

SHE'S NOW JUST A MYTH, AN URBAN LEGEND, A SPECTER THAT ROAMS THE MINDS OF THE FEW WHO WERE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GAZE UPON HER DARK-SKINNED WRATH ON THE ROLLER RINK.

DREAMY

YEAH... WELL... FOAMY THINKS SHE'S BE A BETTER HUMAN TO HANG OUT WITH, YOU KNOW, AS SHE'S NOT CRYING ALL DAY.



YOU KNOW, BEING DEPRESSED ISN'T EASY. IT'S A CONSTANT BITTER CYCLE OF DOOM AND GLOOM, SADNESS AND SORROW, AND PERPETUAL SELF LOATHING. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE IF FOAMY WAS A BIT MORE UNDERSTANDING ABOUT THAT AND SUPPORTIVE, INSTEAD OF JUST TAKING OFF.



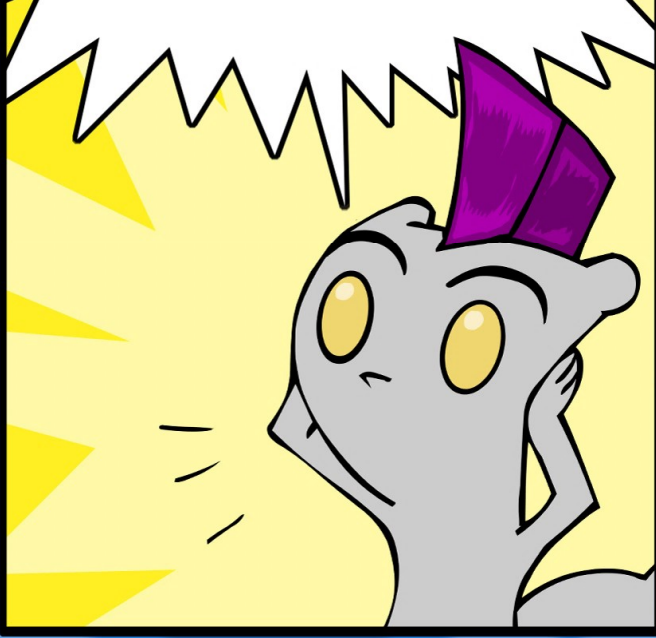
HONESTLY, HE'S BEEN SUPPORTIVE FOREVER! ALWAYS GIVING SOUND ADVICE AND WHAT NOT. IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET PROFESSIONAL HELP, YOU CAN'T EXPECT THE REST OF THE WORLD TO BE HELD HOSTAGE TO YOUR TEMPERAMENTAL MOOD SWINGS. YOU GOTTA MEET PEOPLE HALFWAY.



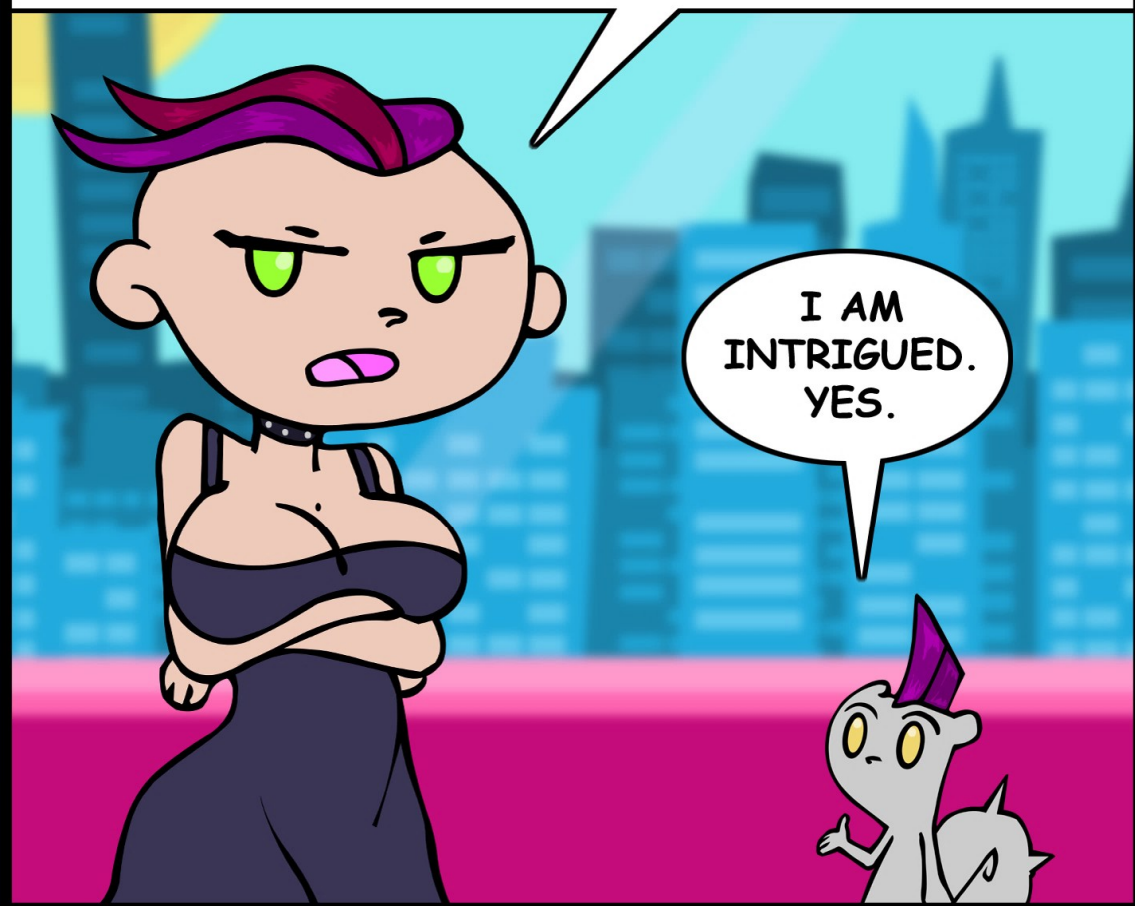
PROFESSIONAL HELP IS EXPENSIVE.



THEN MONETIZE THOSE 6TB OF LEWDS! YOU GIT! EASY MONEY!



YOU JUST WANT TO SEE THOSE LEWD PICS AND VIDEOS DON'T YOU? YA PERVERTED WEIRDO.



I AM INTRIGUED. YES.

WHATEVER. FOAMY WILL RETURN ONCE HE REALIZES HE CAN'T FIND SUE Z. JUNE. THEN THINGS WILL GET BACK TO NORMAL. AS SUCKY AS THAT USUALLY IS, AT LEAST I WONT BE STUCK ALONE WITH YOU.



I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE. PILZ-E SAID HE KNOWS THIS REALLY TALL BLUE LADY, WHO'S APPARENTLY, LIKE, THE DOCTOR STRANGE OF THE ABANDONED NYC SUBWAY SYSTEMS. SHE CAN SUPPOSEDLY FIND ANYONE USING MAGIC AND ALL THAT. KINDA SPOOKY IF YOU ASK ME. THOUGH SHE COULD BE A SIDE EFFECT OR A HALLUCINATION OF PILZ-E'S. CLAIMS SHE HAS A "PUMPKIN GUY" AS A COMPANION OR SOMETHING.

HE'S MENTAL!



I'M SURE THAT'S MADE UP.

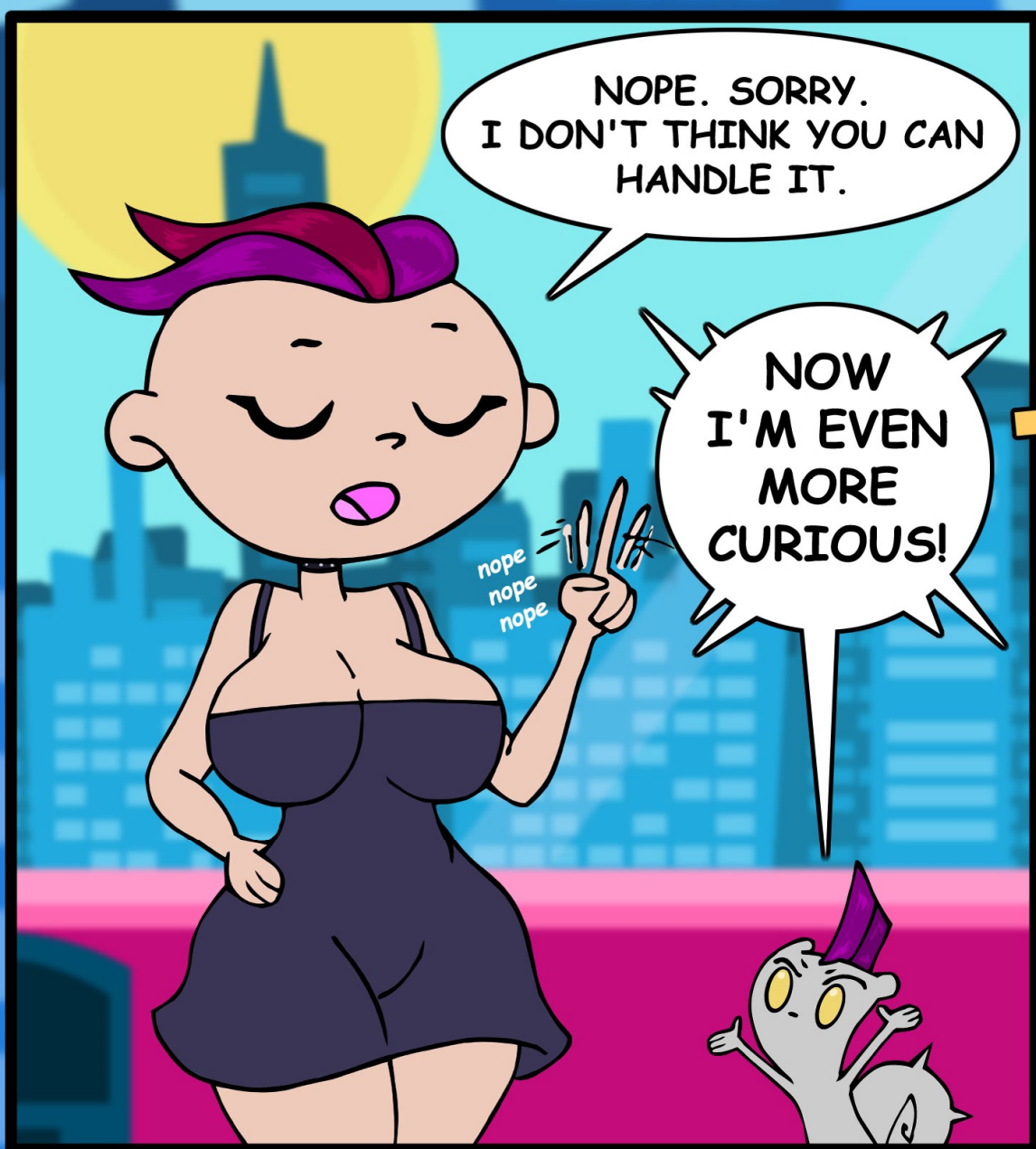


I DON'T KNOW. PILZ-E IS A STRANGE ONE, YES, BUT, YOU CAN NEVER TRUST OR DISTRUST ANYTHING HE SAYS. HE IS... THE LOOKING GLASS!

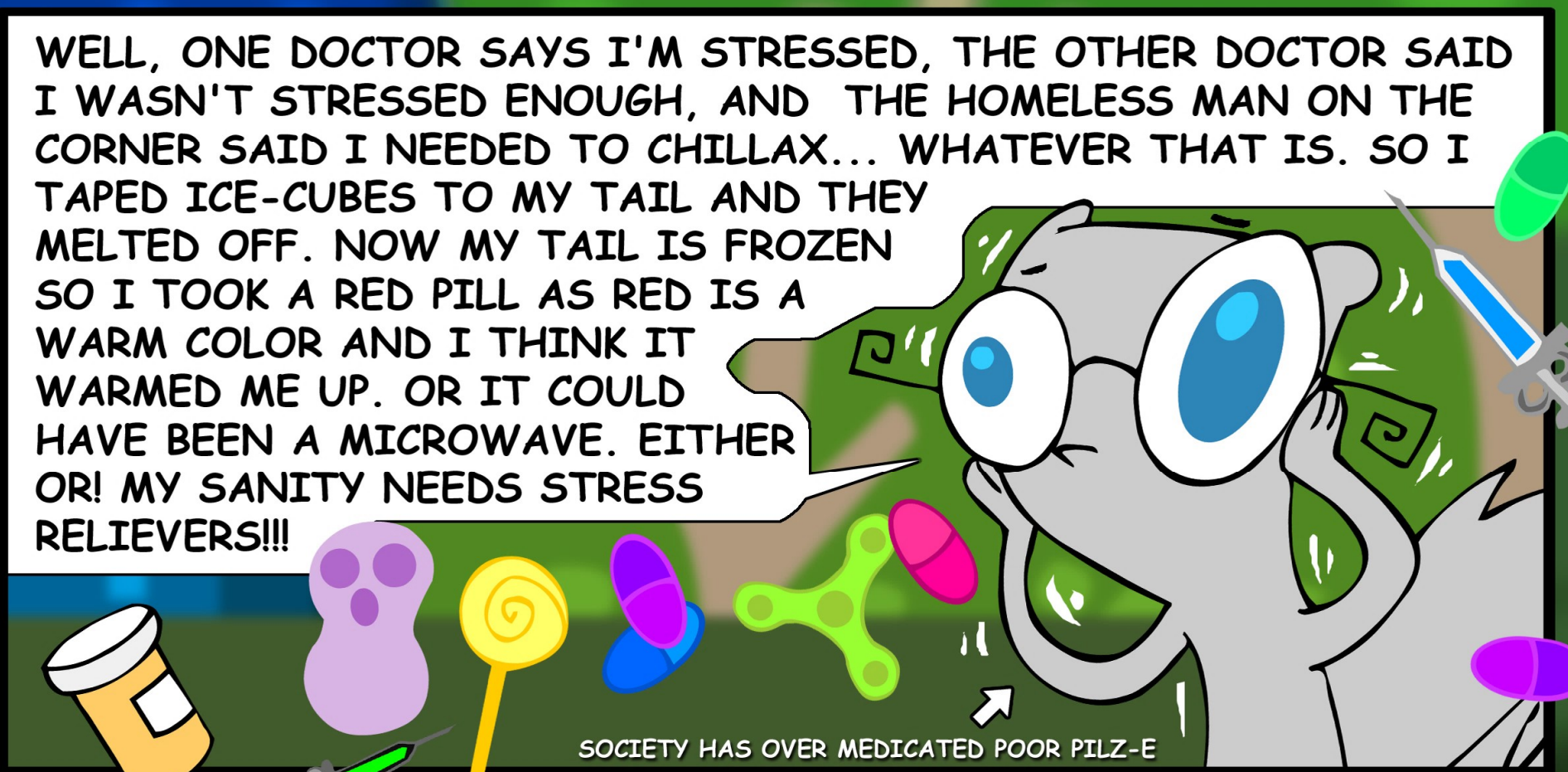
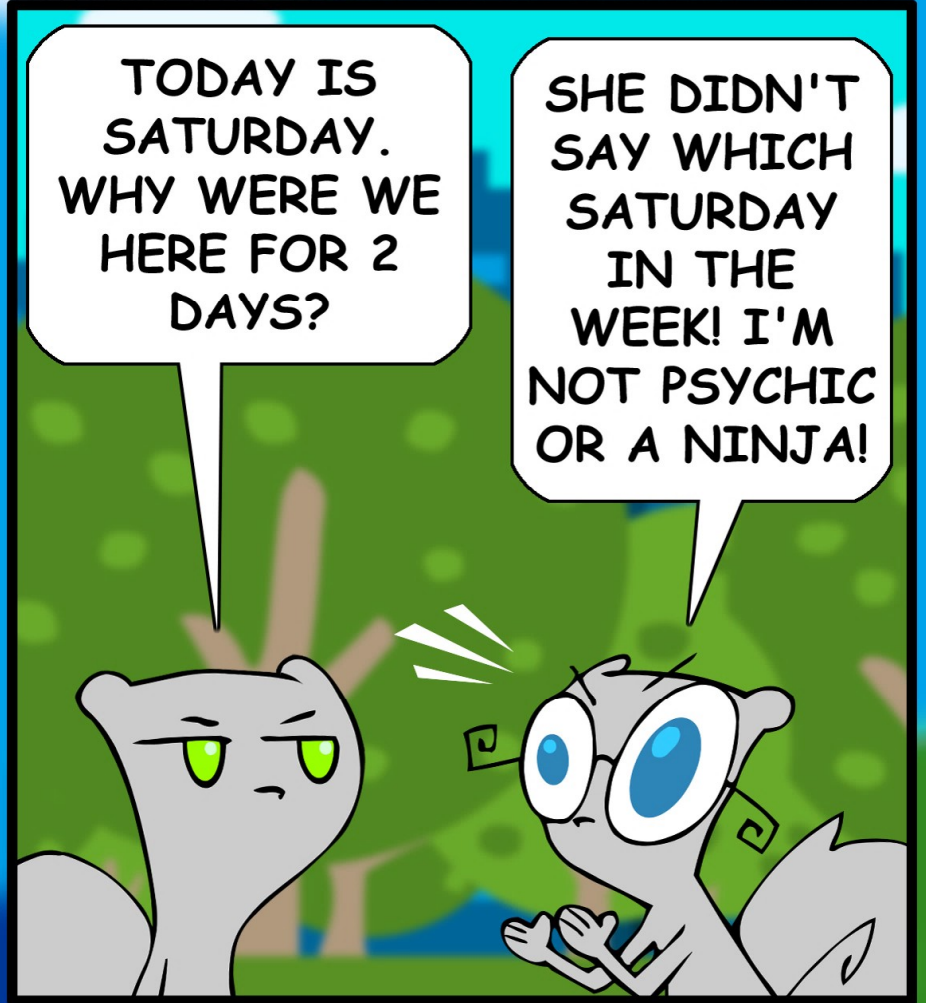


THIS MIND SEES ALL THE THINGS IN YOUR EYES AND WHEN THE DEAD RISE FROM THEIR SNEAKER WAITING, THE PASTA MAKERS WILL REJOICE IN THE EXTRA GARLIC BREAD AND SCHMUCK MUFFINS OF THE NE'ER-DO-WELLS WHO RETIRED AT BIRTH FROM THE HUMANITY THAT IS INTELLIGENCE.





ELSEWHERE...



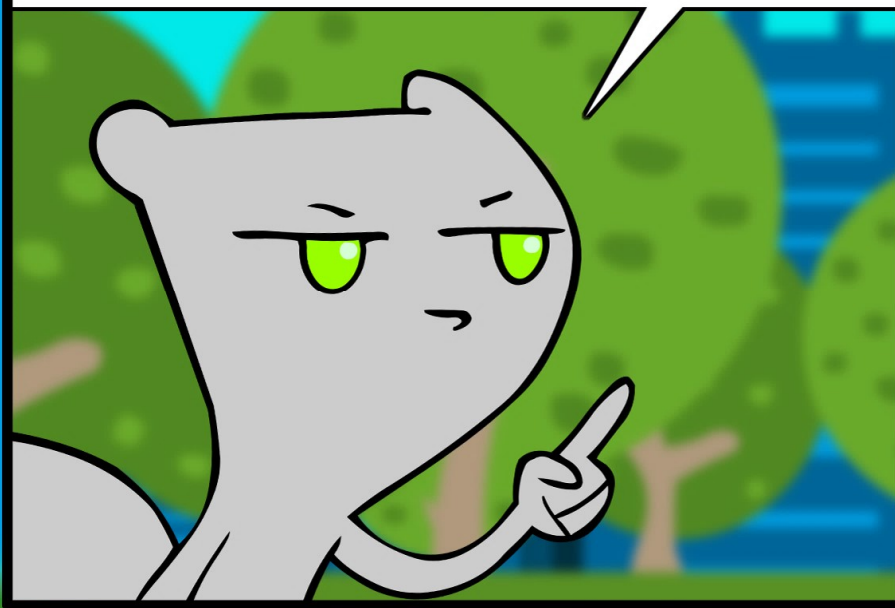
YEAH, I DON'T CARE. I JUST WANT TO FIND SUE Z. JUNE AND GET AS FAR AWAY FROM GERMAINE AS POSSIBLE. OKAY?



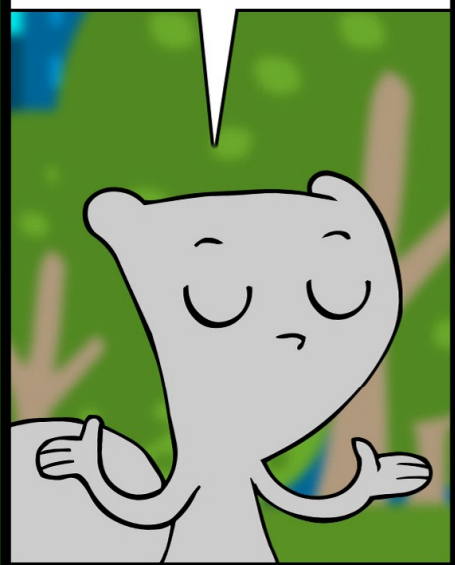
I THINK I LEFT THE CEREAL ON IN THE APARTMENT. IS THAT DANGEROUS? WILL THE FIRES DESTROY THE CITY? AND WHY WE NO LIKE GERMAINE NOW?



GERMAINE HAS BECOME SELF INVOLVED, SELFISH, INCONSIDERATE AND HAS ESSENTIALLY HELD EVERYONE AROUND HER AN EMOTIONAL HOSTAGE, TIP-TOEING AROUND HER MOOD SWINGS AND OUTBURSTS.



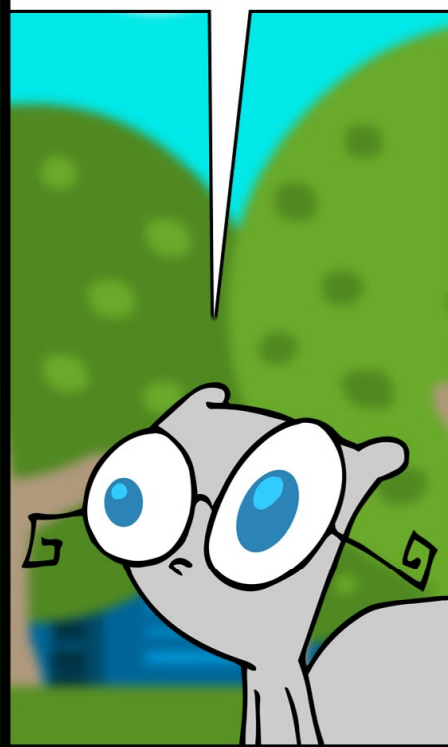
NOW I'M ALL FOR HELPING OUT THOSE IN MENTAL NEED, BUT IF THEY'RE NOT MAKING AN EFFORT, WHY SHOULD I?



NO ONE SHOULD BE HELD CAPTIVE TO ANOTHER PERSONS EMOTIONAL INSTABILITY. IT'S NOT FAIR TO ANYONE.



I ATE SPAGHETTI THROUGH A STRAW ONCE. IT TOOK FOREVER.

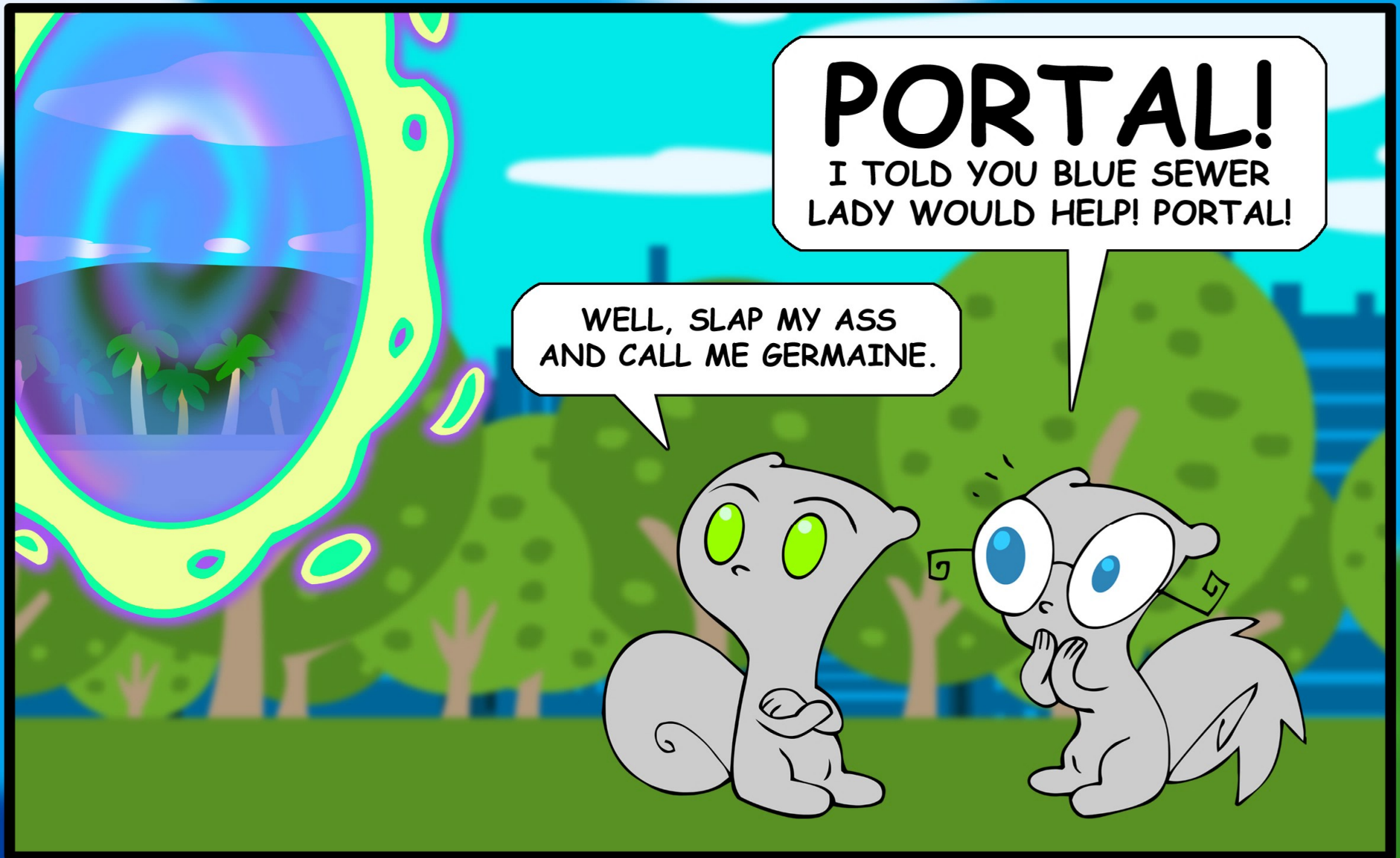


WELL, ACCORDING TO THE SUN IT'S ALMOST 1 O'CLOCK.



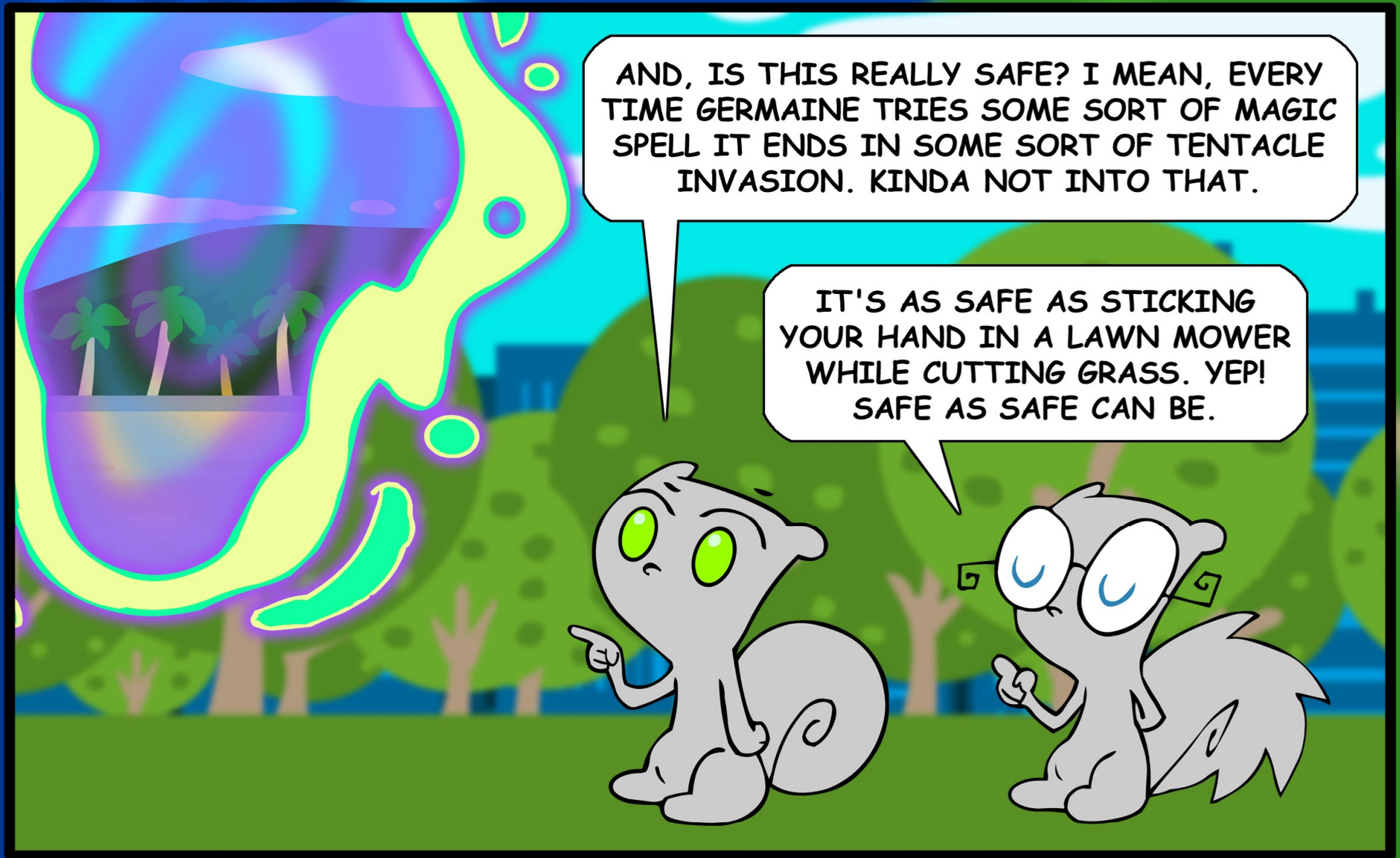
YOU'RE RIGHT! THE LITTLE BURNT OUT IRIS IS NEXT TO THE DETACHED RETINA.





PORTAL!
I TOLD YOU BLUE SEWER LADY WOULD HELP! PORTAL!

WELL, SLAP MY ASS AND CALL ME GERMAINE.

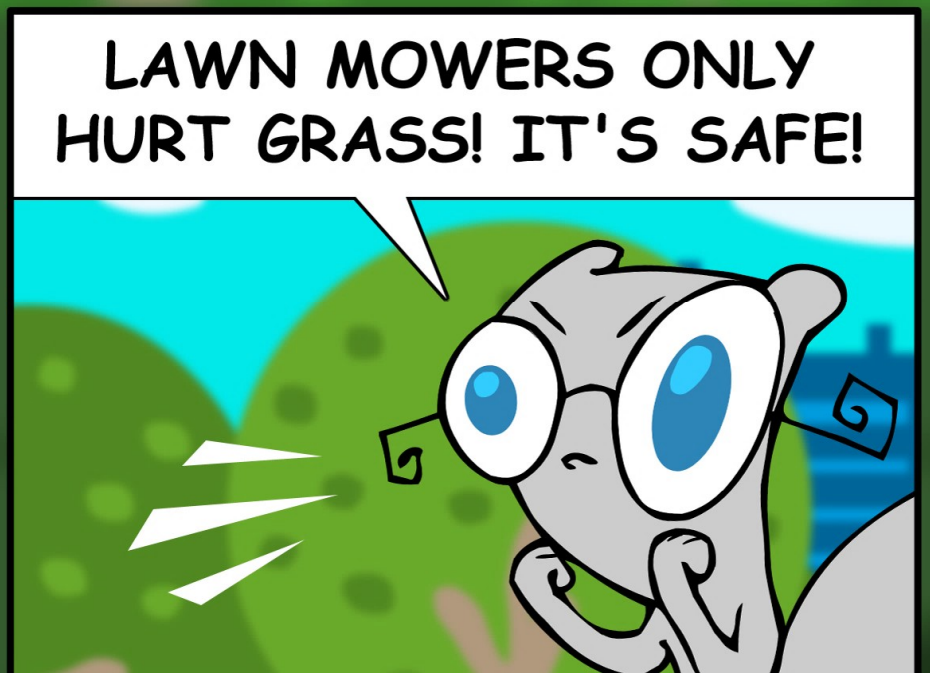


AND, IS THIS REALLY SAFE? I MEAN, EVERY TIME GERMAINE TRIES SOME SORT OF MAGIC SPELL IT ENDS IN SOME SORT OF TENTACLE INVASION. KINDA NOT INTO THAT.

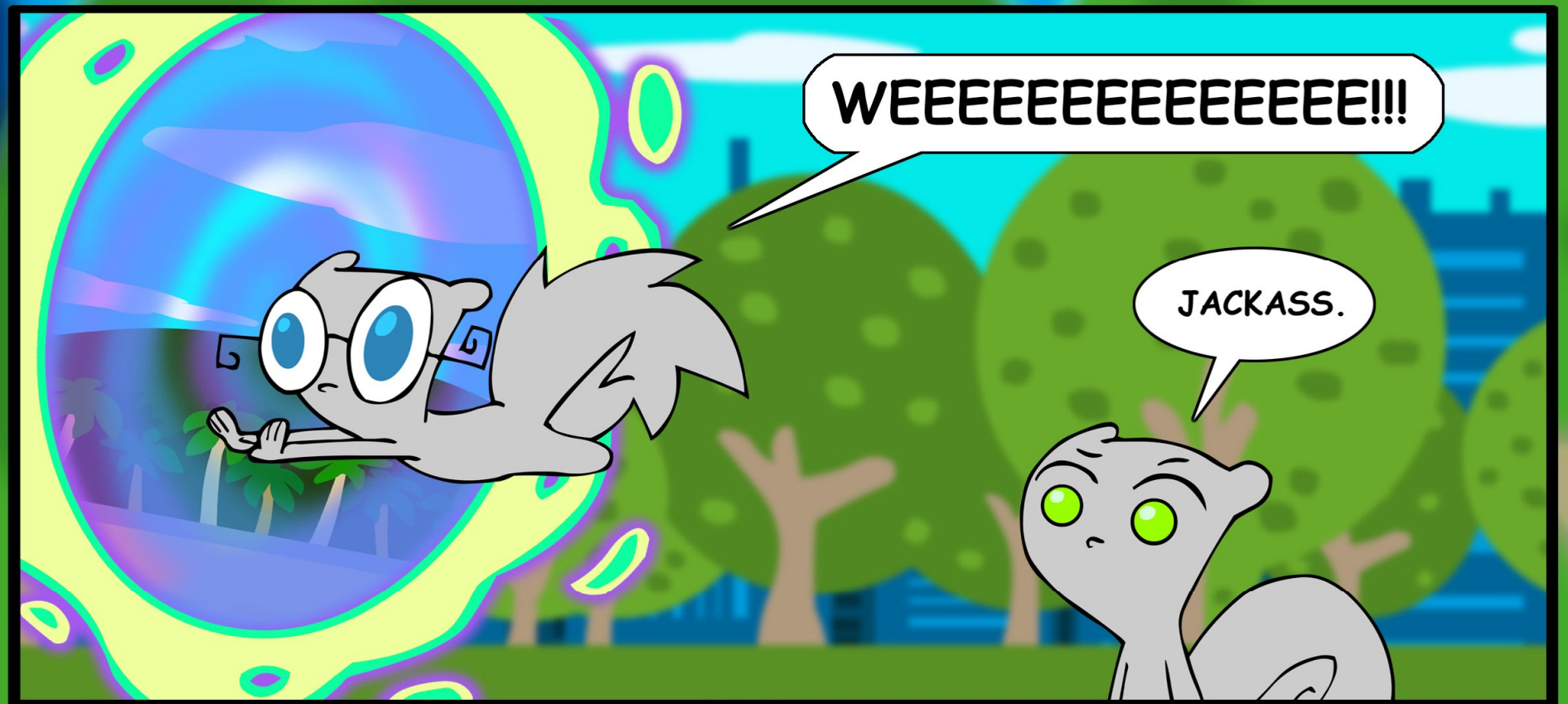
IT'S AS SAFE AS STICKING YOUR HAND IN A LAWN MOWER WHILE CUTTING GRASS. YEP! SAFE AS SAFE CAN BE.



YOU WANNA REPHRASE THAT?



LAWN MOWERS ONLY HURT GRASS! IT'S SAFE!





VOOOOOOOOOOP!



I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU HELPED THOSE SQUIRRELS. THE ONE WITH THE GLASSES IS KIND OF AN IDIOT AND THE OTHER ONE IS A BIT OF A KNOW-IT-ALL.



~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ ~ ~



WELL, I'M GLAD YOU DID YOUR GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY, BUT THIS "GRAND PLAN" BETTER WORK OUT. THAT FOAMY SQUIRREL THING IS KINDA KNOWN FOR BEING REALLY IRRITABLE WHEN THINGS DON'T GO HIS WAY. ALSO.... NO ONE CAN REALLY UNDERSTAND YOUR INAUDIBLE WHISPERS ASIDE FROM ME. JUST SAYIN'.

"SLIGHTLY LEWD NINJA GIRLS" MARATHON IS ON!!! ARE YOU READY FOR SOME JIGGLY ANIME? WITH PLENTY OF "PLOT!?"

Pft.

YOU DON'T SEEM VERY ENTHUSED BY THIS PROSPECT.

DO I LOOK LIKE I WANT TO WATCH SOME HALF NAKED NINJAS?

HEY, I SAT THROUGH FOUR OF YOUR VAMPIRE ROMANCE FILMS WITH THOSE SPARKLY GITS FROLICKING IN THE FOREST. YOU CAN HANDLE A BIT OF BOUNCY ANIME IN RETURN.

I WOULDN'T NORMALLY MIND, BUT YOU ALWAYS PICK SOME WEIRD ANIME WHO'S CAST IS NOTHING BUT LARGE BREASTED CHARACTERS THAT CONSTANTLY SEEM TO POP OUT OF THEIR ILL-FITTED UNIFORMS.

IRONY HERE.

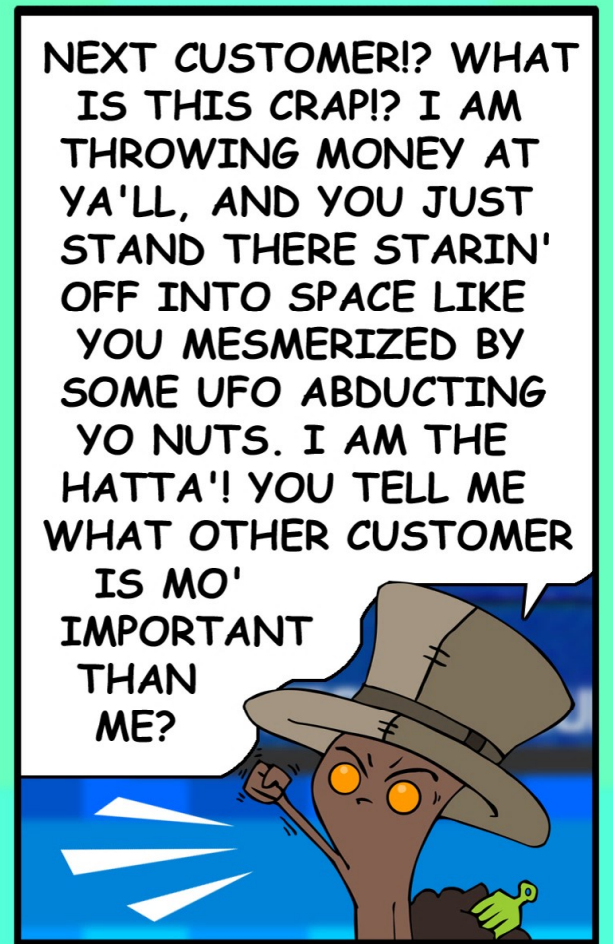
AND THE VOICES. WHY ARE THEY ALL SO HIGH PITCHED AND SQUEAKY?

WELL, HONESTLY YOU SHOULD BE USE TO SQUEAKY VOICES AT THIS POINT, LUV. HOWEVER, THE TRICK IS TO LOOK PAST THE AUDIBLE ANNOYANCES AND FOCUS ON THE VISUAL BOUNCINESS. THIS WAY YOU CAN APPRECIATE ANIME IN ALL IT'S FAN-SERVICE-FILLED GLORY.

AYAYA!
BOUNCY!
BOUNCE!
AYAYA!

MY TITS HURT JUST WATCHING THIS.

ELSEWHERE...



MEANWHILE...



CRACKLE

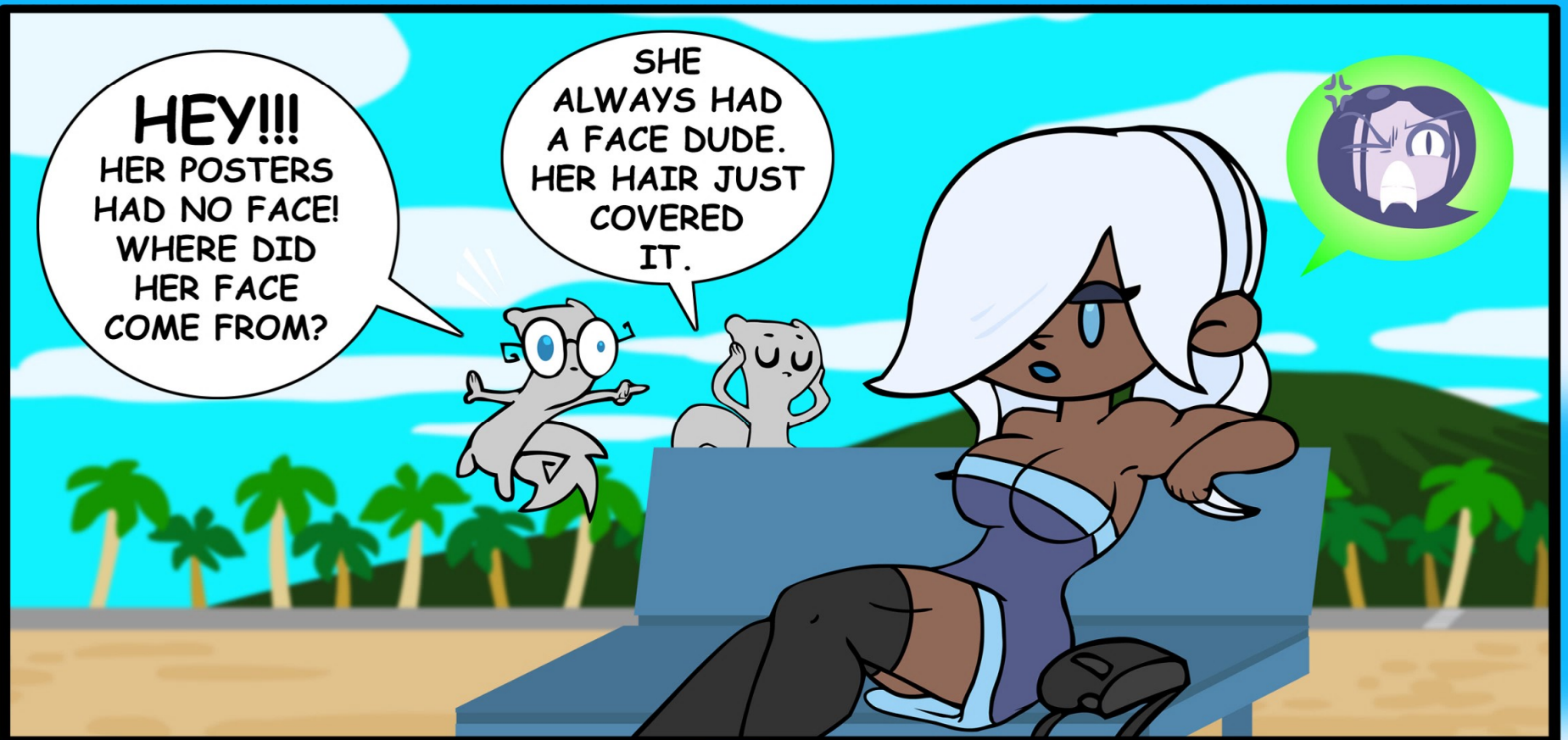
VREEEEEEER!

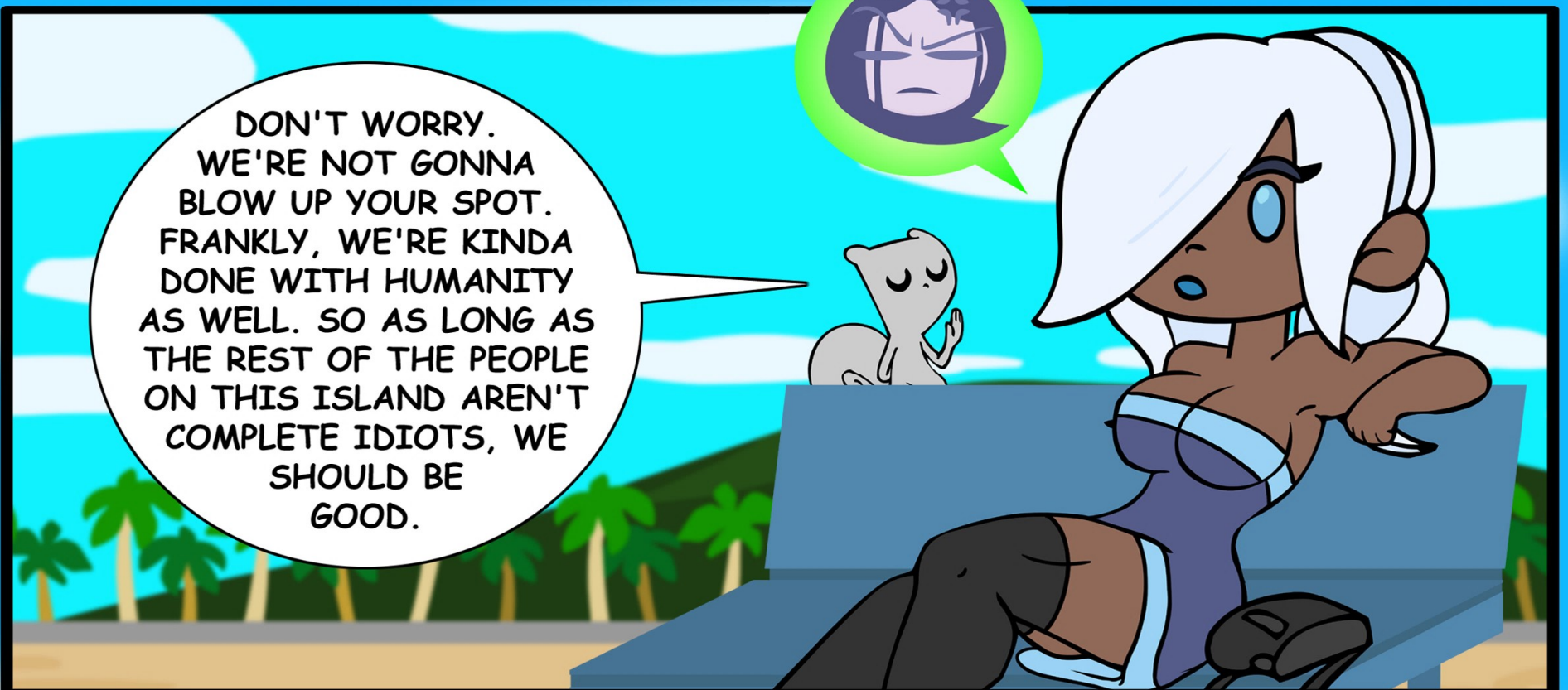
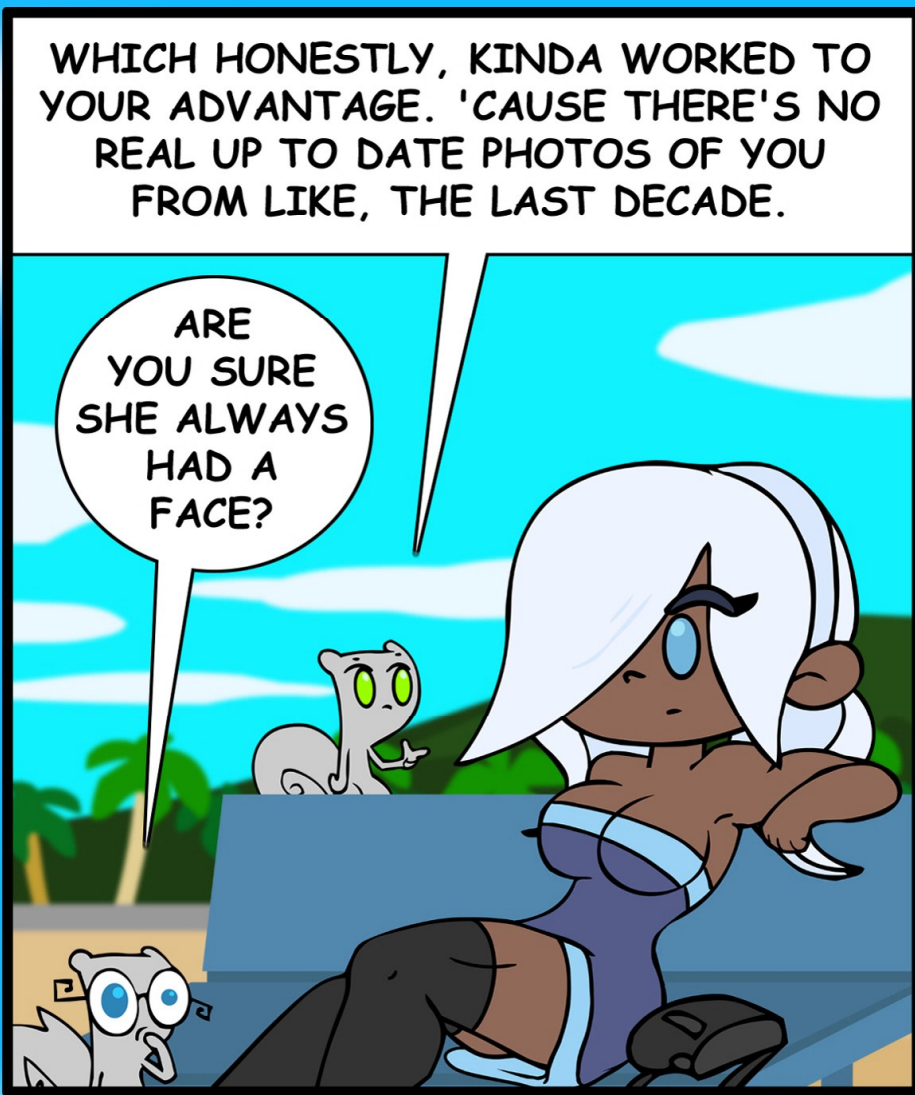


FIZZLE





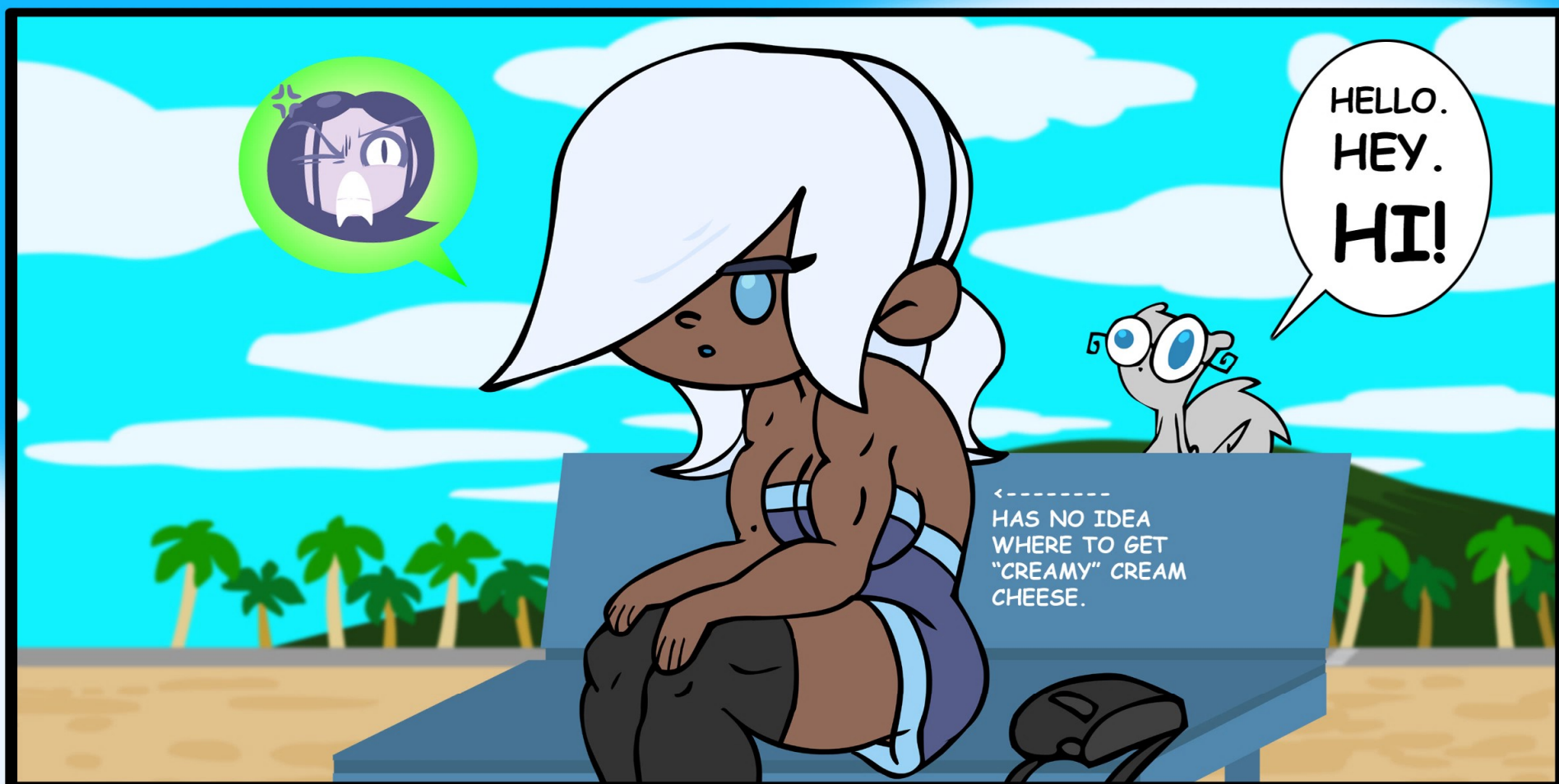






I'M GONNA GO UNPACK MY STUFF. PICK UP SOME CREAM CHEESE ON THE WAY HOME. ALSO, IT BETTER BE THE GOOD KIND! NOT THE GENERIC STUFF. IT HAS TO BE CREAMY, CREAMY, CHEESY, CREAM CHEESE. OKI?!

THERE'S GONNA BE PROBLEMS IF IT'S NOT!



HELLO. HEY. HI!



←----- HAS NO IDEA WHERE TO GET "CREAMY" CREAM CHEESE.



SERIOUSLY. GET THE GOOD KIND. I HATE CLEANING UP BLOOD.



I DON'T KNOW WHY I AGREED TO GO OUTSIDE. THE SUN SUCKS.

YOU NEED VITAMIN D AND WE'RE ALL OUT OF THAT IN PILL FORM.



I HATE GOING OUT. THERE'S TOO MUCH SUN, NATURE HATES HUMANS, AND WEIRD STRANGERS STARE AT MY BUTT ALL THE TIME.



WELL, PERHAPS A LONGER SKIRT WOULD HELP. RAINCOAT? BURQA? PIKA-MON ONESIE? AHEGAO ANIME PRINT ROBE OR HOODIE?



WHAT I WEAR IS FINE. BESIDES, I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO MODIFY WHAT I WEAR BECAUSE PEOPLE CAN'T CONTROL THEMSELVES.



I DON'T THINK IT'S SO MUCH A MATTER OF SELF CONTROL, AS IT IS YOUR BITS AND PIECES WANDERING INTO THEIR FIELD OF VISION.



LIKE THEY CAN'T JUST LOOK AWAY? C'MON!

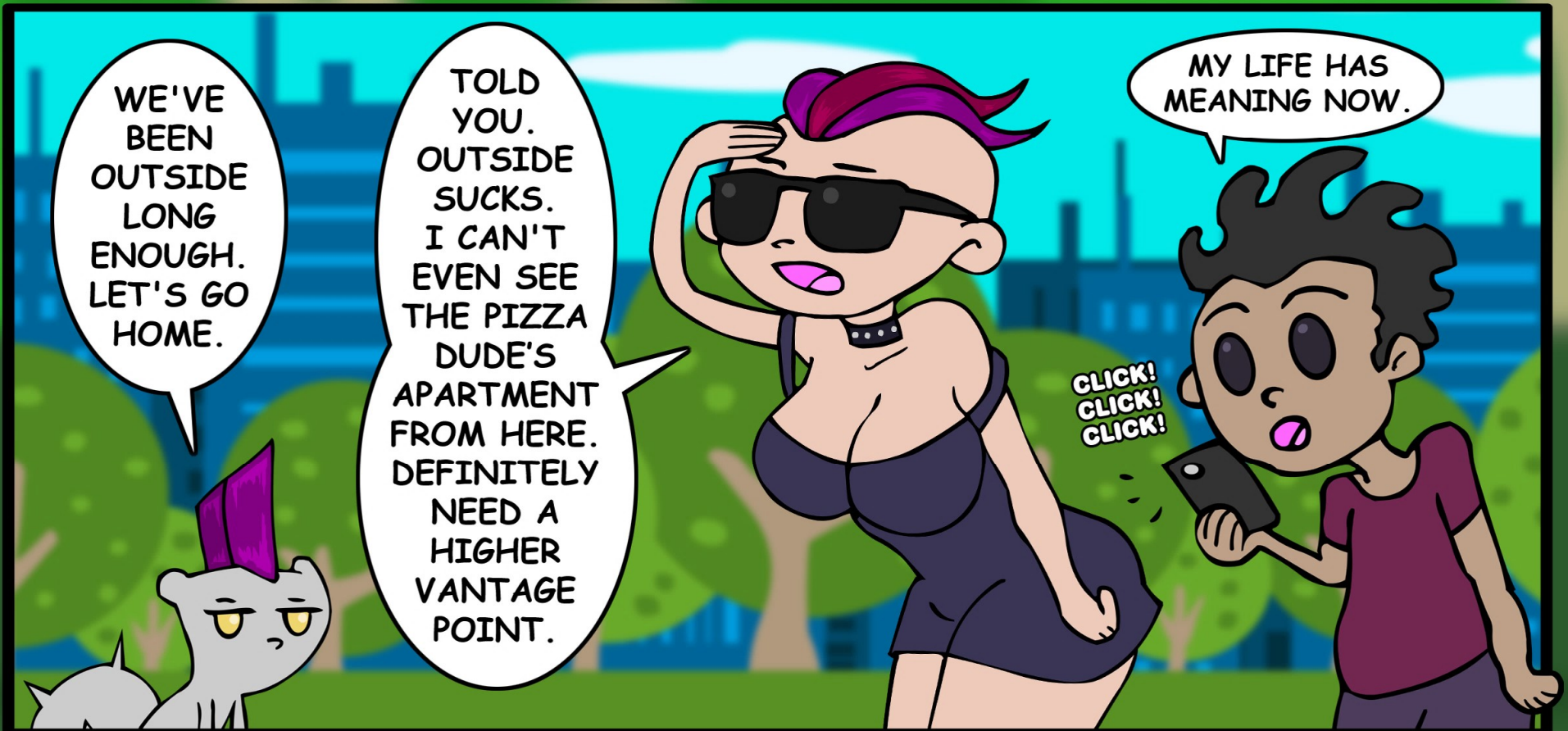
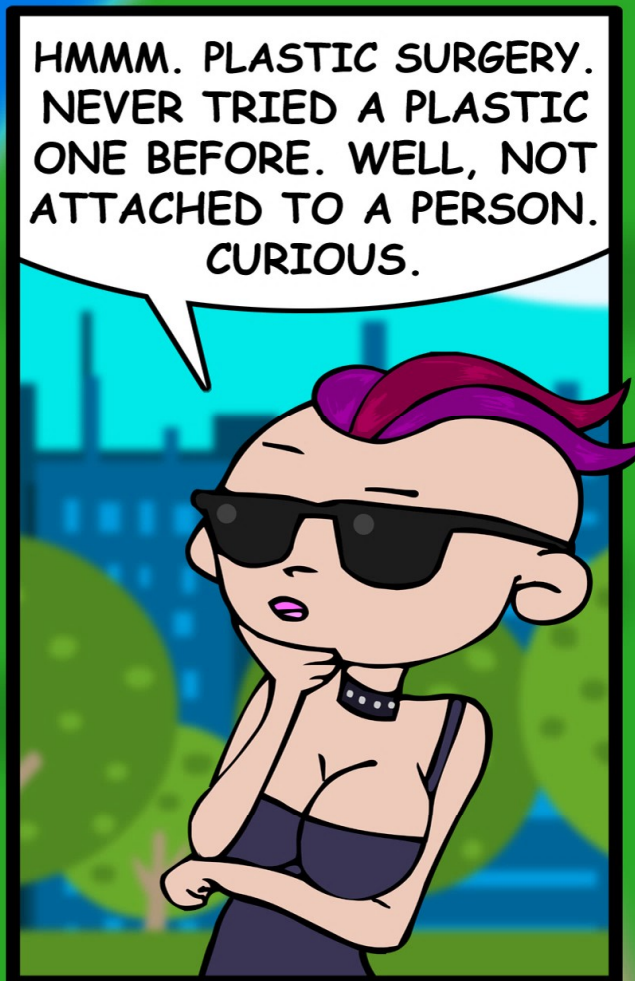
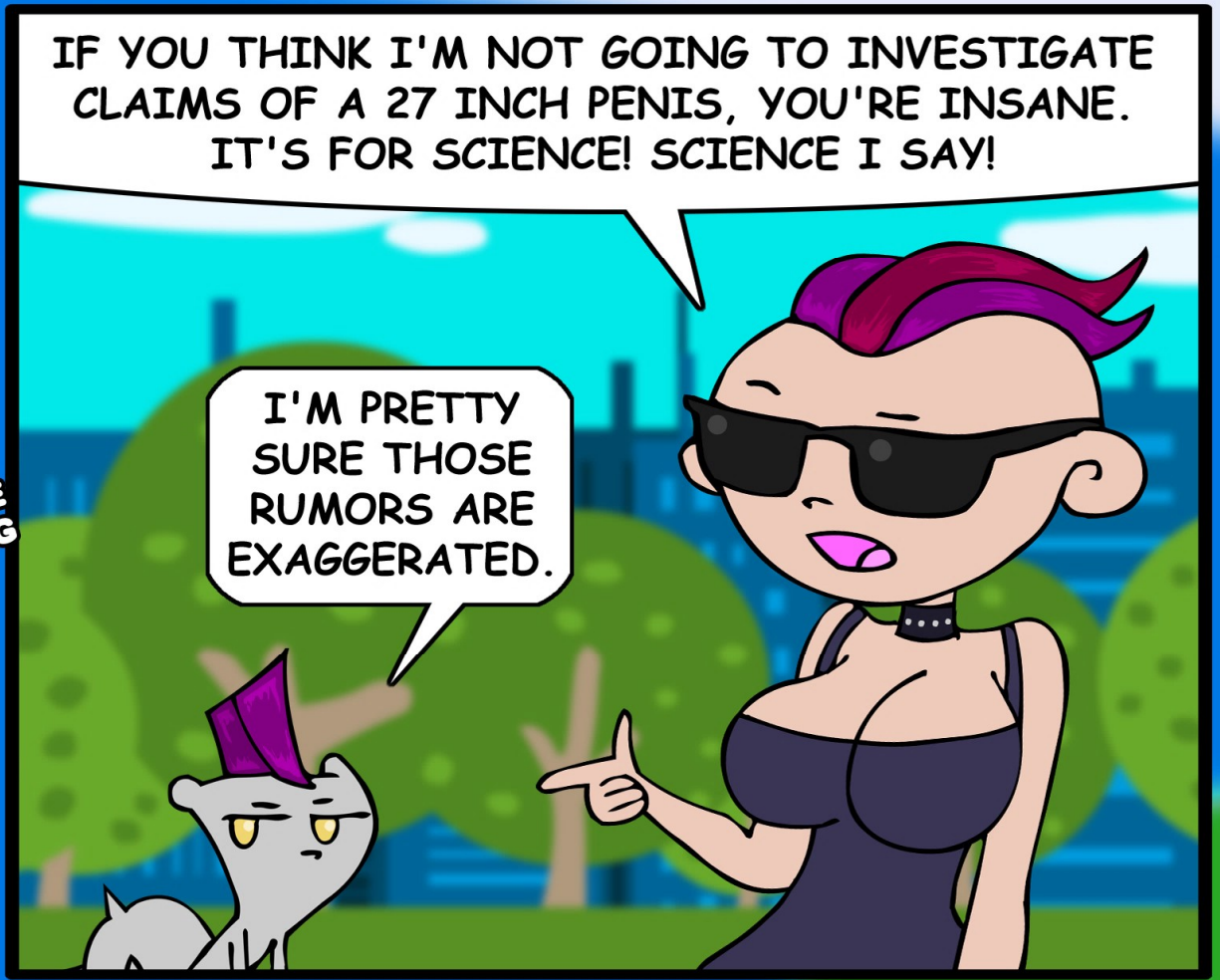


UHM, DON'T YOU HAVE A BIT OF A DOUBLE STANDARD HERE. I MEAN, YOU DON'T WANT PEOPLE STARING AT YER BUM, BUT YOU'RE CONSTANTLY SPYING ON THE PIZZA GUY.



THAT'S DIFFERENT. RUMOR HAS IT THAT THE PIZZA GUY HAS A REALLY LARGE... MAN PART. I'M JUST TRYING TO VERIFY AND SUBSTANTIATE THESE RUMORS. HOPEFULLY WITH SOME PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE. FOOL.





ELSEWHERE...

THAT'S WEIRD. THERE'S LIKE, 6TB OF ENCRYPTED DATA ON THIS THING. PROBABLY GERMAINE'S CRAP.

6TB? MAYBE IT'S A SHOE RECIPE.

I DOUBT IT. THOSE DON'T REALLY EXIST. REGARDLESS, 6TB IS A LOT OF DATA. CAN'T IMAGINE IT BEING ALL POETRY THOUGH.

MAYBE IT'S RECIPES FOR THE SUICIDES. YOU CAN NEVER HAVE TOO MANY WAYS TO KILL YOURSELF.

TRUE. BUT AS MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO INSTANTLY DELETE THIS STUFF, EVEN I'M NOT THAT MUCH OF A PRICK TO RANDOMLY DESTROY "ART." EVEN IF IT DOES SUCK. MAYBE I CAN OFFLOAD IT TO THE CLOUD FOR HER TO ACCESS LATER.

YES! LET US THROW OUR LAPTOP INTO THE SKY TO FREE UP SPACE!

YEAH, THAT'S NOT HOW CLOUD STORAGE WORKS. LEMME SEE. JEEZ. WITH THIS ISLAND'S INTERNET SPEEDS, THIS IS GOING TO TAKE... 23 DAYS TO UPLOAD? CHRIST!

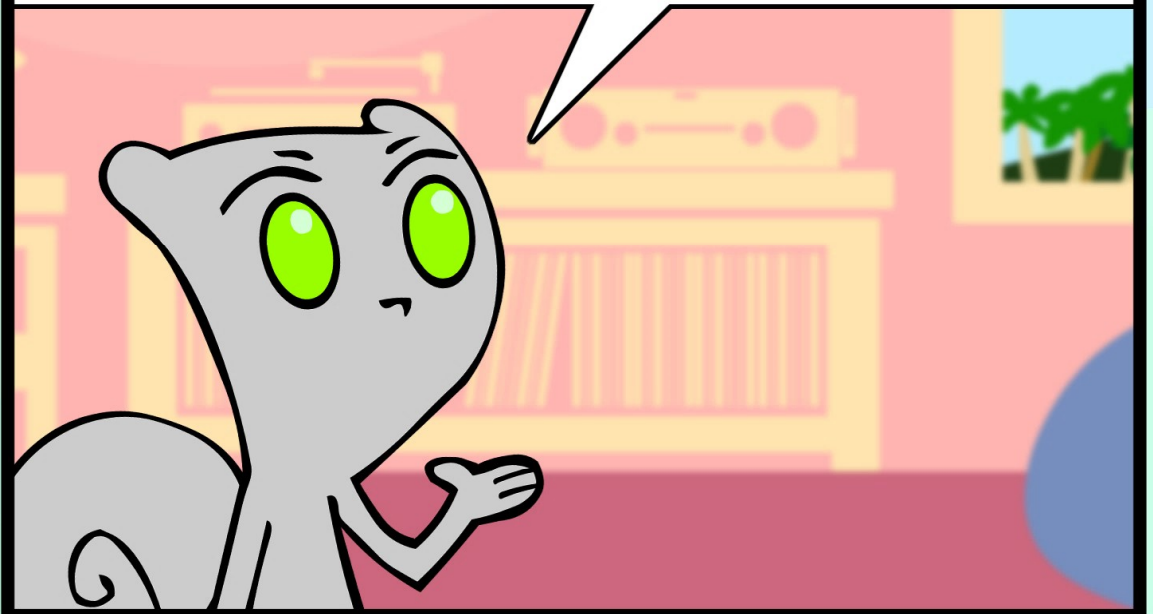
MAYBE KEEP THE SHOE RECIPES.

IN THE MEANTIME, SINCE I APPARENTLY CAN'T HELP GERMAINE WITH MY SQUIRRELLY LOGIC, PERHAPS ONE OF MY "STUDENTS" CAN.

STUDENTS? ARE YOU A TEACHER? DO I HAVE HOMEWORK? I'M SORRY. MY DOG ATE IT.



HERE'S MY THING, GENERALLY, I TRY TO HELP PEOPLE BECOME BETTER PEOPLE, USING LOGIC. SOME LISTEN. SOME DON'T. GERMAINE DIDN'T. BEFORE I GOT WRAPPED UP IN HER B.S., I HELPED A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE. ONE PERSON IN PARTICULAR, HAD A VERY SIMILAR PERSONALITY TO GERMAINE.

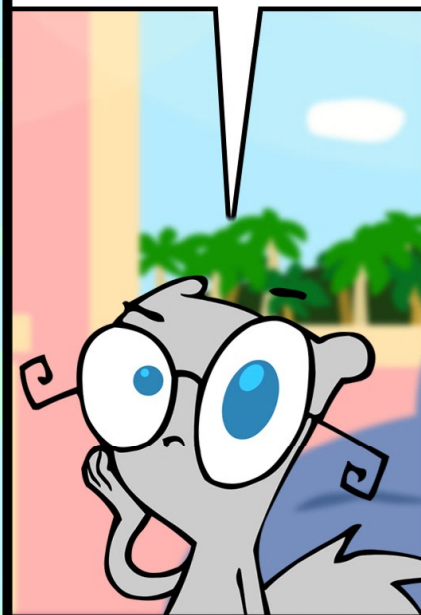


SHE'S A GOTH GIRL WHO WAS UNFORTUNATELY, A TOTAL MESS. CONSTANTLY DEPRESSED, TONS OF PERSONAL ISSUES, HER WHOLE WAY OF THINKING WAS JANK. BUT WITH THE HELP OF MY SQUIRRELLY WISDOM, SHE CEASED TO BE CONSUMED BY THE VOID AND EMBRACED IT. SO INSTEAD OF DROWNING IN THOSE DARK WATERS OF THE MIND, SHE SWIMS IN THEM.



SHE LET A LOT OF HER EMOTIONAL BAGGAGE GO AND BECAME FOCUSED ENOUGH TO TURN HER "FLAWS", INTO ATTRIBUTES.

HOW COME SHE OK, BUT GERMAINE ENDED UP BEING A POOPY POO?



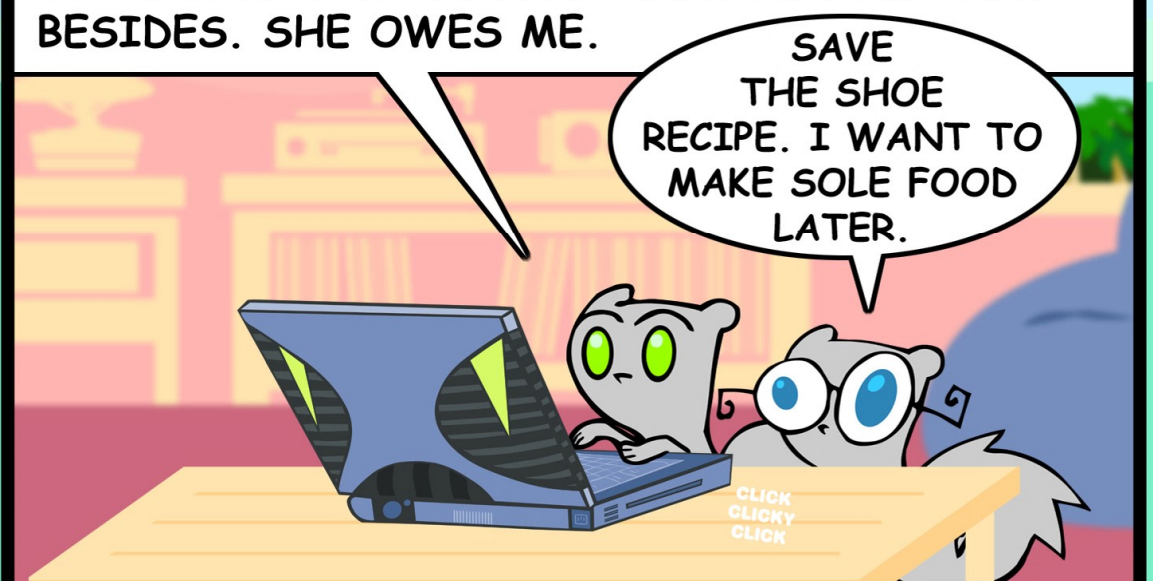
BECAUSE LUCRETIA LISTENED. SHE PUT ASIDE EMOTIONS IN FAVOR OF LOGIC, AND THEN INFUSED THAT LOGIC WITH EMOTIONS WHEN SHE COULD CONTROL THEM.



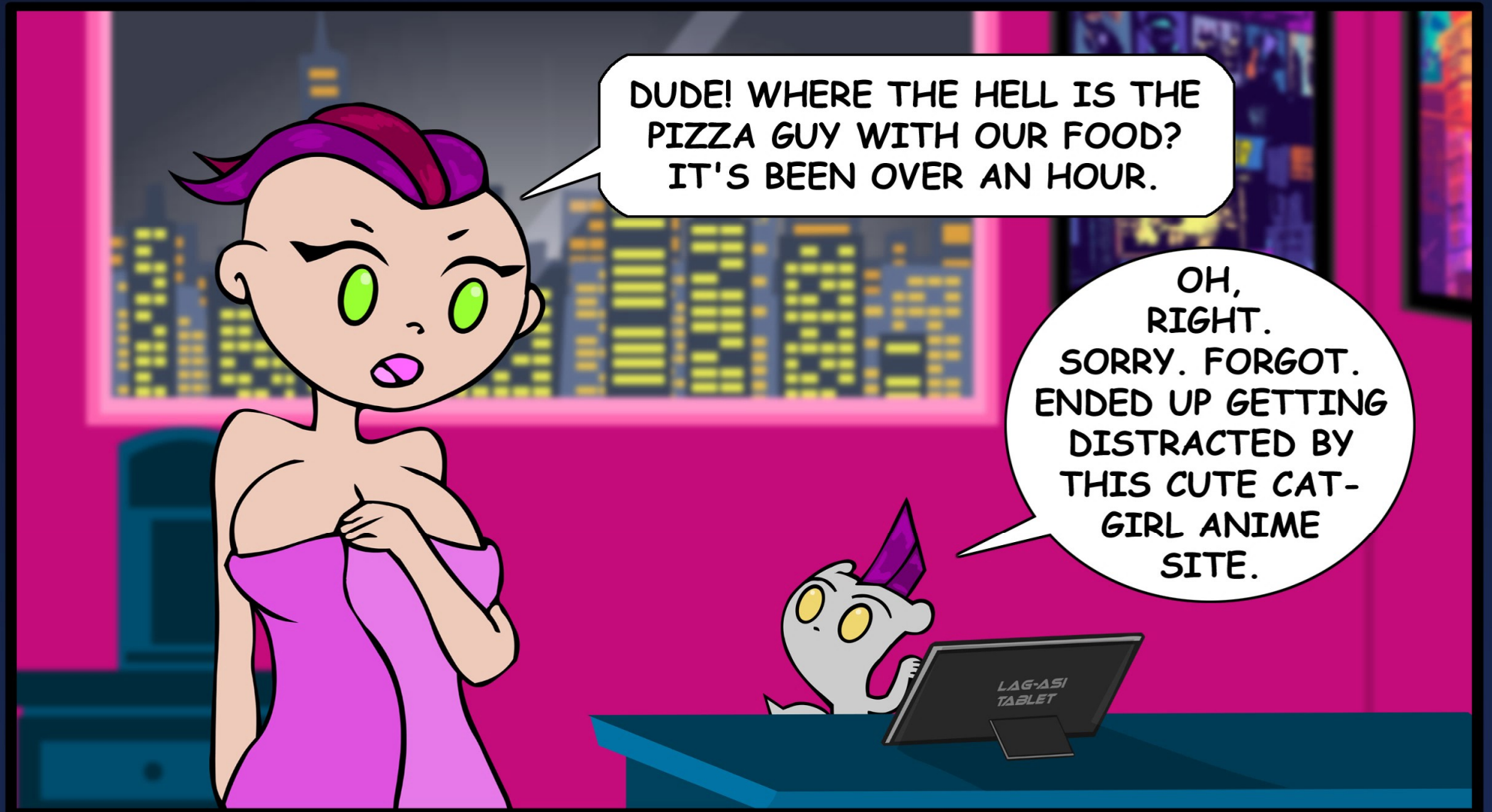
IS THAT WHAT THEY CALL "EMOTIONAL INTELLIGENCE?" OR IS THAT JUST CALLED THE "BRAIN FEELS."



IT'S CALLED THINKING, AND NOT MANY PEOPLE DO THAT ANYMORE. ANYWAY, I'LL SEND HER AN EMAIL WITH SOME DETAILS ABOUT GERMAINE. IF I CAN'T SALVAGE THAT SAD SACK OF CRAP, MAYBE SOMEONE WHO HAS GONE THROUGH SIMILAR EXPERIENCES CAN. BESIDES. SHE OWES ME.







DUDE! WHERE THE HELL IS THE PIZZA GUY WITH OUR FOOD? IT'S BEEN OVER AN HOUR.

OH, RIGHT. SORRY. FORGOT. ENDED UP GETTING DISTRACTED BY THIS CUTE CAT-GIRL ANIME SITE.

I. HAVE. BEEN. WAITING. IN A BATHROBE. FREEZING MY TITS OFF FOR AN HOUR.



SOOOO ANGRY.

WELL, THAT'S A RATHER DAFT THING TO DO ISN'T IT? IS IT LAUNDRY DAY OR SOMETHING?



NO IT ISN'T, YOU IDIOT! I WAS GOING TO ANSWER THE DOOR IN MY BATHROBE IN AN ATTEMPT TO SEDUCE THE PIZZA GUY. MORON!



WELL, AS SOMEONE WHO IS A CONNOISSEUR OF MATURE CONTENT, I FIND YOUR APPROACH TO SEDUCTION RATHER CLICHÉ AND HUMDRUM. FOR SOMEONE WHO CONSIDERS THEMSELVES TO BE AN ARTIST, I WOULD EXPECT SOMETHING MORE CREATIVE.



DO YOU HAVE A BETTER IDEA?

WELL, THAT ALL DEPENDS ON WHAT HE'S INTO. LEATHER? LACE? BIKINI? PERHAPS I CAN TIE YOU UP AND HE CAN "RESCUE" YOU FROM A MADE UP BURGLARY.

I'D BE FINE WITH BEING TIED UP, BUT THEN WE'D HAVE TO STAGE A WHOLE BREAK IN, GET THE POLICE INVOLVED. IT'S A HASSLE.

SLACKER.

NOPE! THE BATH TOWEL APPROACH MAY BE CLICHÉ BUT IT'S A CLASSIC.

IT GIVES THE VIEWER JUST ENOUGH TO BE ENTICED, YET DOES NOT SPOIL THE SURPRISE. IT'S A PROVEN WAY TO POKE THE CURIOSITY OF THE MALE SPECIES.

OR! OR! YOU COULD GIVE ME SOME OF YOUR LEWDS AND I COULD TEXT HIM A PIC OR TWO. THAT WOULD PEAK HIS INTERESTS AS WELL, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO FREEZE YER NIPS OFF.

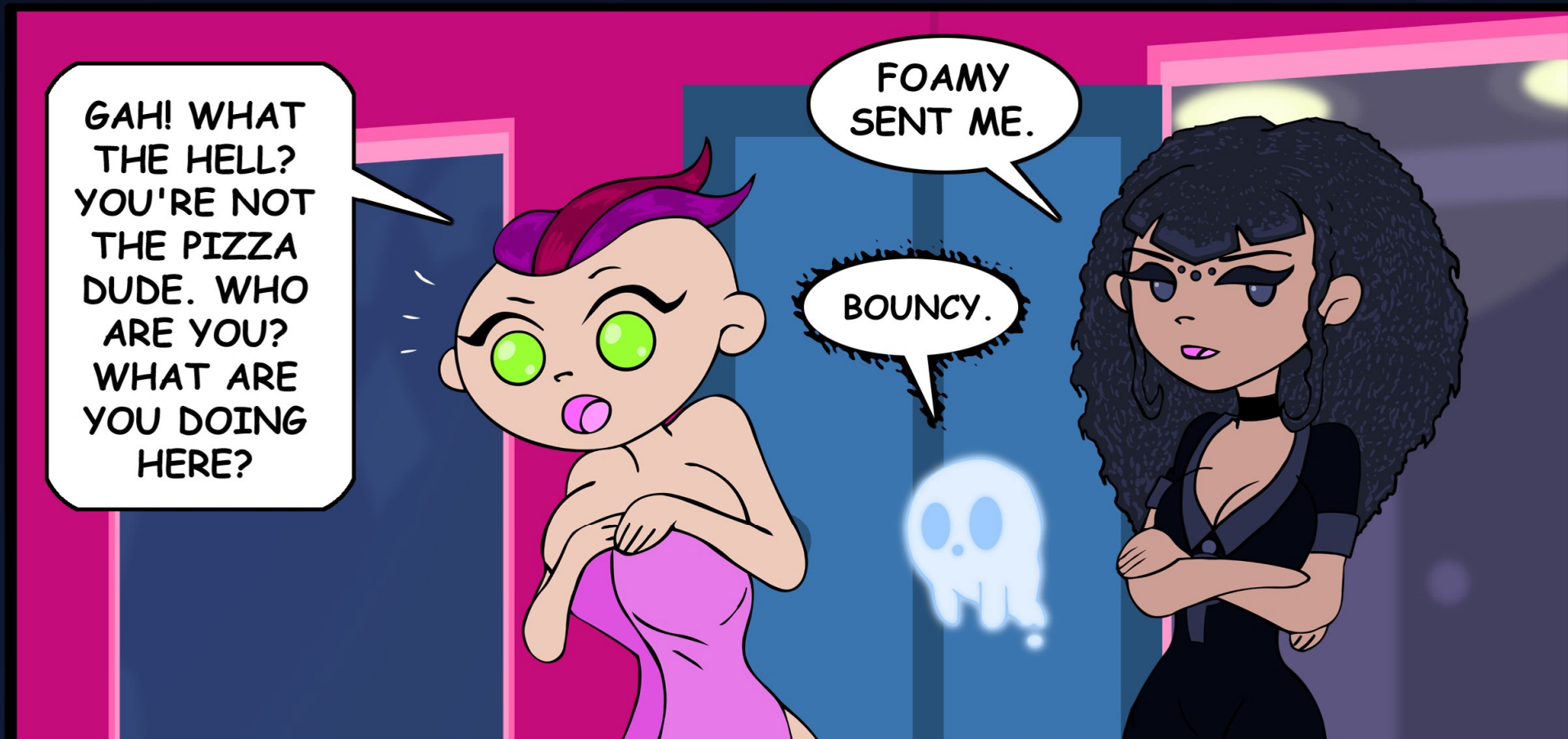
YOU'RE NOT GETTING MY LEWDS, YOU FREAK.

DON'T KNOW WHY YOU HAVE TO HORDE 'EM ALL TO YOURSELF. SHARING IS CARING, MATE.

YEAH, WELL, I DON'T CARE. YOU GET NOTHING.

DING DONG!





GAH! WHAT THE HELL? YOU'RE NOT THE PIZZA DUDE. WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

FOAMY SENT ME.

BOUNCY.

WHAT? ARE YOU HERE TO KILL ME? ARE YOU AN ASSASSIN? I KNEW HE WANTED ME DEAD!

HE DOES...

NO. I'M NOT AN ASSASSIN. I'M HERE BECAUSE FOAMY SEEMS TO THINK YOU NEED HELP, AND UNFORTUNATELY, I DO OWE HIM A FEW FAVORS.



WHA?

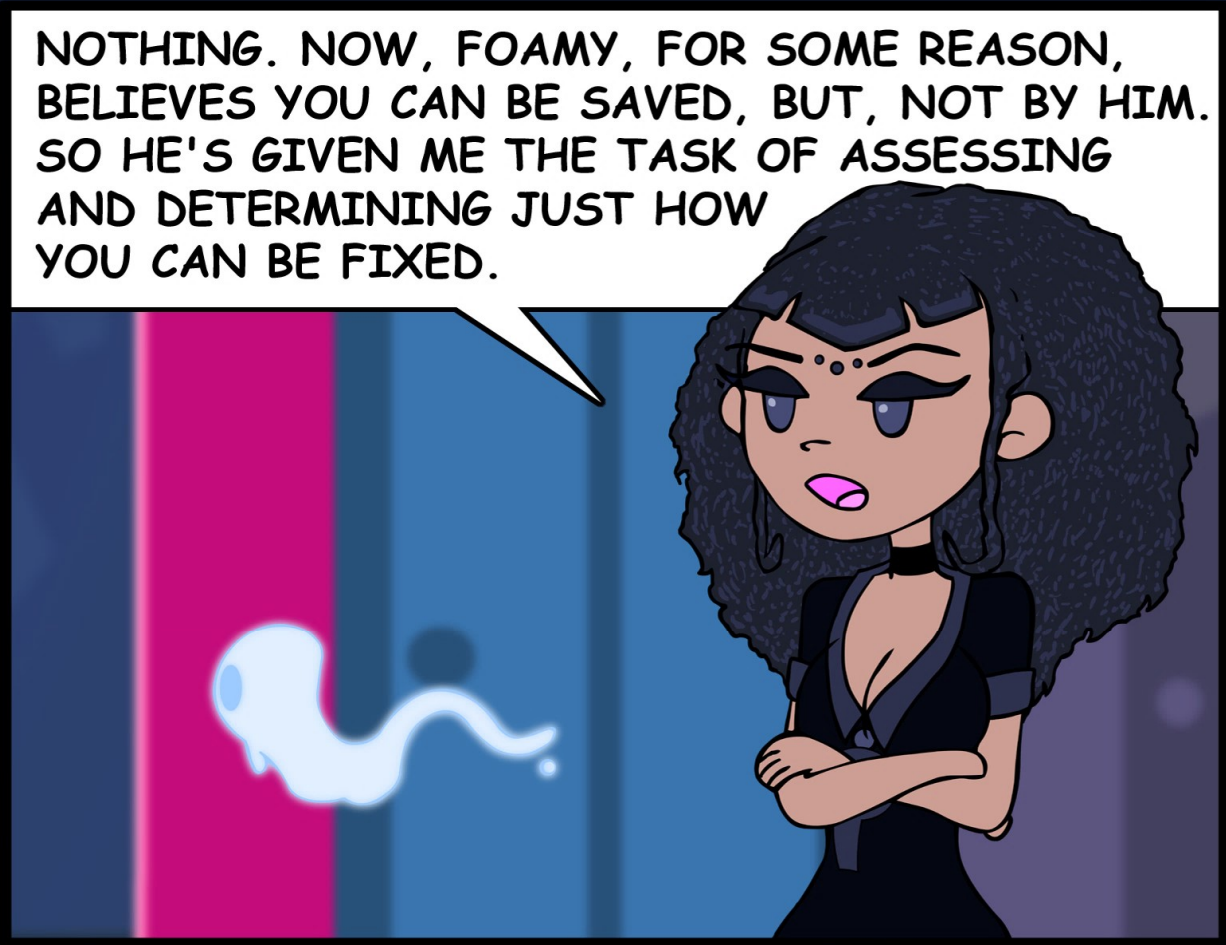


CAN HIS ONE SEE ME?

NO. NOW GO FIND IT.



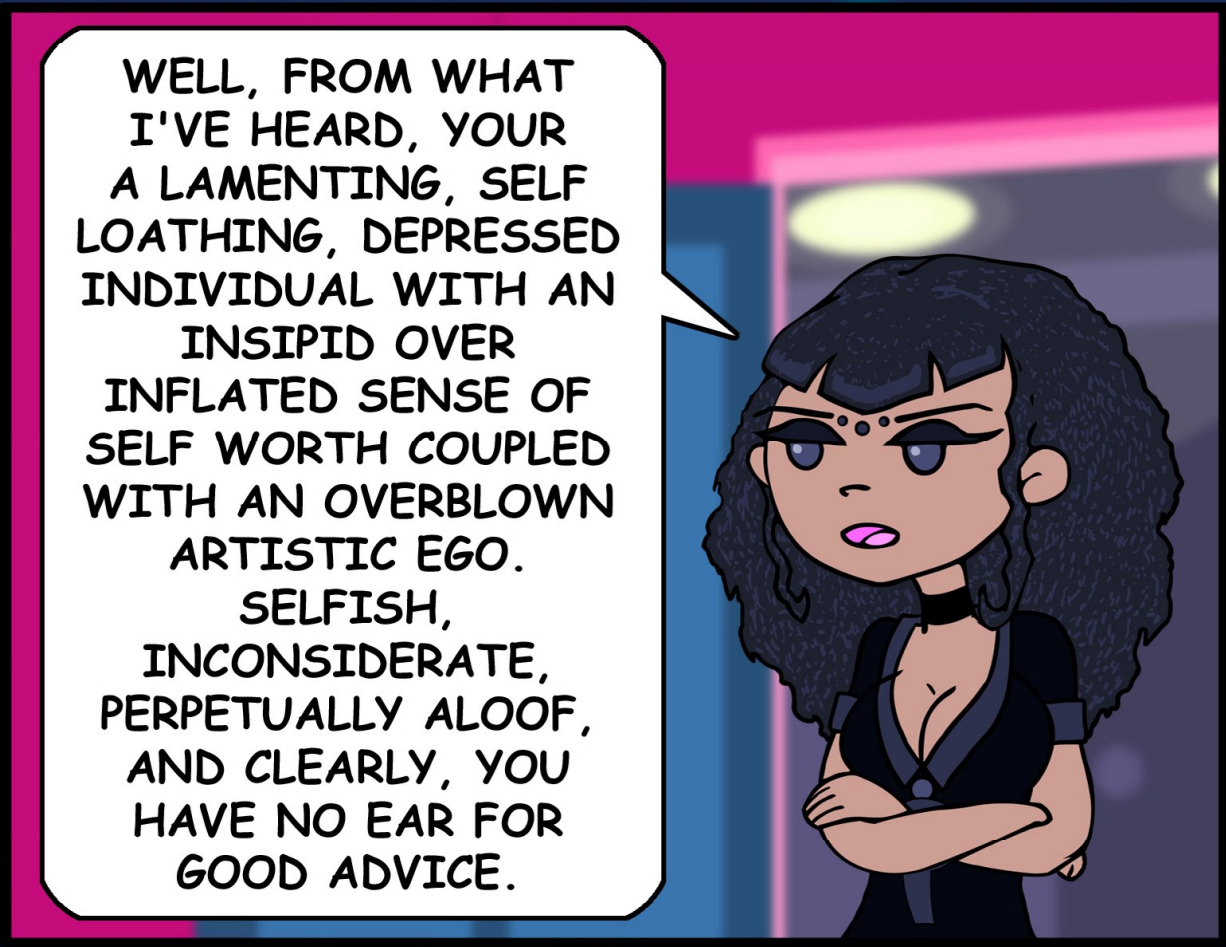
PARDON?



NOTHING. NOW, FOAMY, FOR SOME REASON, BELIEVES YOU CAN BE SAVED, BUT, NOT BY HIM. SO HE'S GIVEN ME THE TASK OF ASSESSING AND DETERMINING JUST HOW YOU CAN BE FIXED.



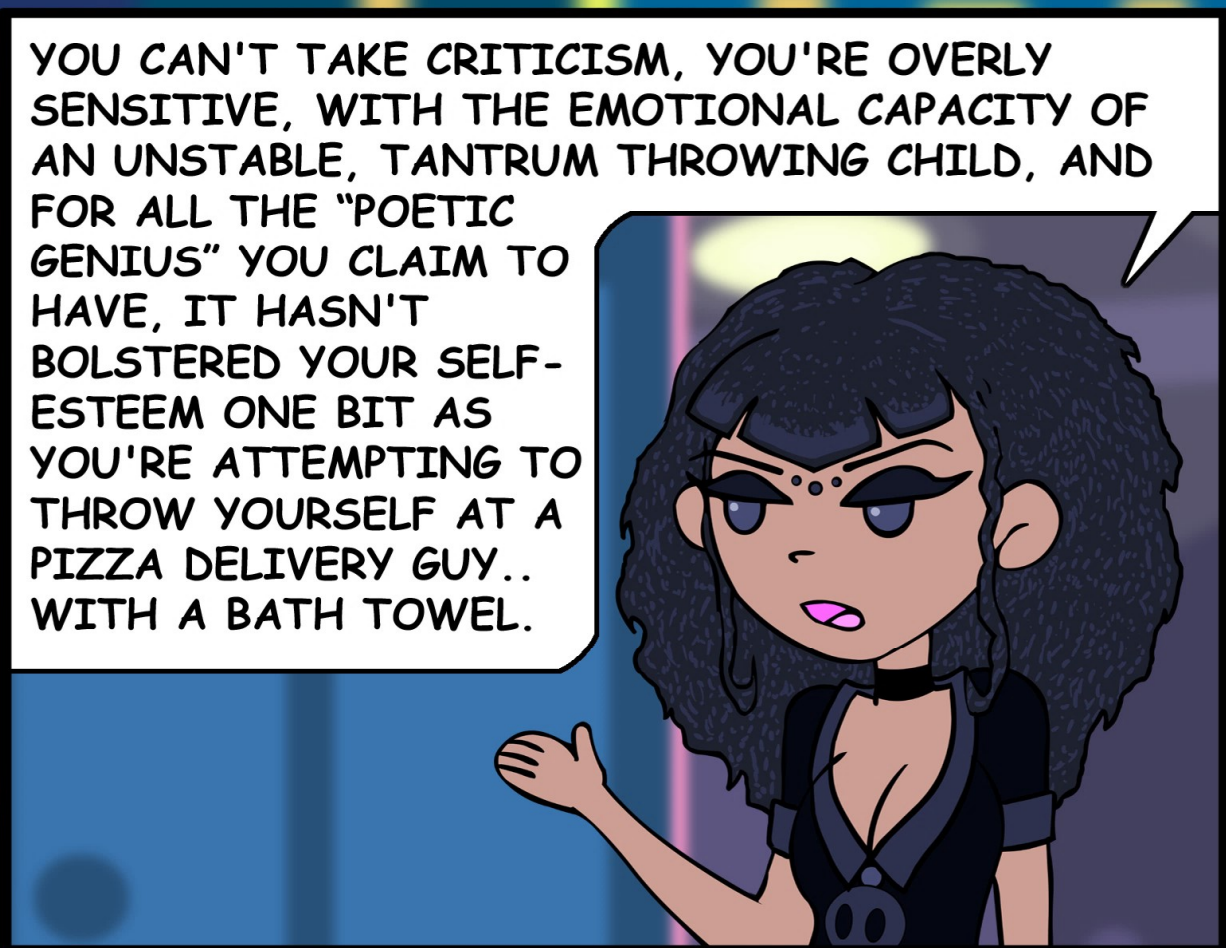
AND JUST, HOW, EXACTLY DO I NEED TO BE FIXED?



WELL, FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD, YOU'RE A LAMENTING, SELF-LOATHING, DEPRESSED INDIVIDUAL WITH AN INSIPID OVER-INFLATED SENSE OF SELF-WORTH COUPLED WITH AN OVERBLOWN ARTISTIC EGO. SELFISH, INCONSIDERATE, PERPETUALLY ALOOF, AND CLEARLY, YOU HAVE NO EAR FOR GOOD ADVICE.



HEY! I'M NOT THAT BAD.



YOU CAN'T TAKE CRITICISM, YOU'RE OVERLY SENSITIVE, WITH THE EMOTIONAL CAPACITY OF AN UNSTABLE, TANTRUM-THROWING CHILD, AND FOR ALL THE "POETIC GENIUS" YOU CLAIM TO HAVE, IT HASN'T BOLSTERED YOUR SELF-ESTEEM ONE BIT AS YOU'RE ATTEMPTING TO THROW YOURSELF AT A PIZZA DELIVERY GUY.. WITH A BATH TOWEL.



SHWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
(WHATEVER SPOOKY EXIT SOUND THAT WOULD MAKE)

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT ALL ABOUT!?



THIS IS BAD!

WHO THE BALLS DOES SHE THINK SHE IS? SHE DON'T KNOW ME.



NAH, MATE. THAT WAS LUCRETIA DARKMOORE. SHE'S ONE CREEPY BIRD.



PFT! "CREEPY." WHATEVER.



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! LUCRETIA WAS THAT ONE PERSON FOAMY PERFECTLY FIXED. AND I MEAN, SHE WAS BROKEN. AN EMOTIONAL WRECK THAT MADE YOUR WORSE DAY SEEM LIKE YOU WON THE LOTTO! IN JUST SIX MONTHS FOAMY HELPED HER SORT HER LIFE OUT! EVERYTHING JUST CLICKED INTO PLACE! OI! SUPPOSEDLY, SHE CAN EVEN SEE GHOSTS! THAT'S JUST ALL SORTS OF CREEPY!



"SEES GHOSTS." YEAH, THAT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE WHO GOT THEIR LIFE IN ORDER.



YOU DON'T GET IT, IT'S LIKE THE DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE HAD A BABY, BUT THAT CHILD'S HEART WAS THE EYE OF SAURON, BUT WITH A CALCULATING BRAIN LIKE ULTRON!



YEAH, I'M NOT GOING TO BE INTIMIDATED BY A HANDFUL OF EVIL CHARACTER REFERENCES. FOAMY PROBABLY JUST SENT HER HERE TO PISS ME OFF.



YOU. YOU DON'T LISTEN DO YOU? NO ONE EVER LISTENS.

WHATEVER. JUST LOCK THE DOOR AND ORDER SOME FREAKIN' PIZZA.



SHE NEVER LISTENS.



YOU FOUND IT. EXCELLENT WORK.



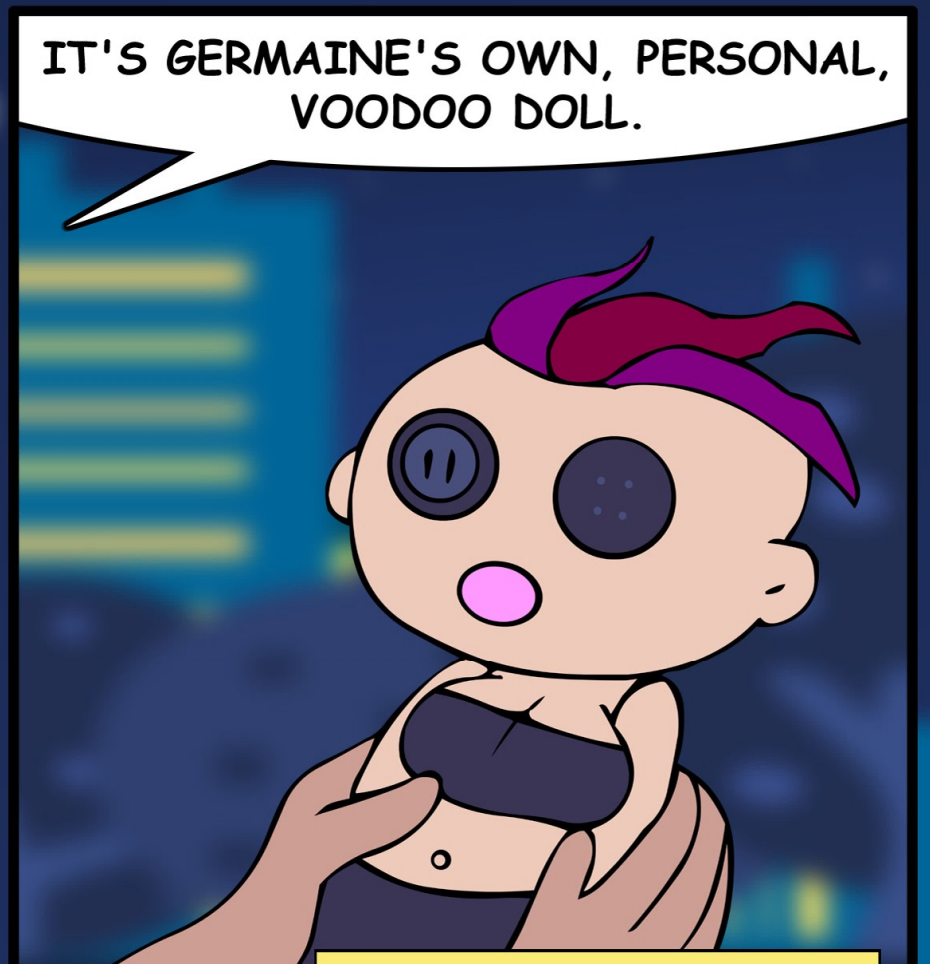
I DID GOOD! WHAT IS IT?

THIS LITTLE DOLL WAS UNWITTINGLY CREATED BY PILZ-E, A LONG TIME AGO. SO LONG AGO, EVERYONE BUT FOAMY FORGOT IT EXISTED.



WHAT IT DO?

IT'S GERMAINE'S OWN, PERSONAL, VOODOO DOLL.



TO BE CONTINUED... EVENTUALLY.

THAT'S CUTE, BUT
CARTOON MONEY
DOESN'T PAY BILLS
IRL. UNLESS YOU
COUNT "DOGECOIN."

MONEY!!!

PATREON | **JIMATHERS**

HELP OUT IF YOU CAN

OR TIP BY PAYPAL

bandcamp
MUSIC FOR THE MASSES

FOAMY THE SQUIRREL

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE!

IMPORTS OSTS
OCK PUNK GOTH INDUSTRIAL
RF ROCK POP FUNK

ALSO ON AMAZON, ITUNES & SPOTIFY!

FOAMY THE SQUIRREL

THE SQUIRREL

THE SQUIRREL

FOAMY THE SQUIRREL

I PRESSED BUTTONS AND MADE MUSIC!

FOAMY THE SQUIRREL

CHIBI MUSIC FOR CHIBI PEOPLE

FOAMY THE SQUIRREL

SCHOOL

PUM'KIN GUY
THE CREEPY

FOAMY THE SQUIRREL

LET'S GET DARKER.

FOAMY THE SQUIRREL

I PRESSED MORE BUTTONS AND MADE MORE MUSIC!

FOAMY THE SQUIRREL

SQUIRREL SONGS

Volume One

FOAMY THE SQUIRREL

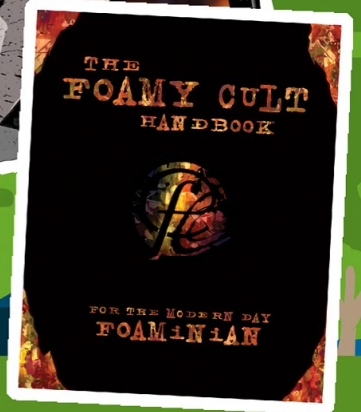
I TOOK YOUR MUSIC BECAUSE NO ONE WAS LISTENING TO IT!

FOAMY THE SQUIRREL

LET'S GET DARK.

ITCH.IO

DIGITAL
COMICS
& MUSIC



GUMROAD

DESIGNBYHUMANS SHOP



ART PRINTS, SHIRTS, MUGS,
STICKERS & MORE!



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