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Ant-Man, Avengers, Capt. America, Dr. Strange, Fantastic Four, Hercules, Hulk, Human Torch, Inhumans, Iron Man, Nick Fury, Scorpion, Spider-Man, Sub-Mariner, Thor, X-Men TM & ©2006 Marvel Characters, Inc. • Batman, Inferior Five, Green Lantern, Justice League, Superman, Swamp Thing, Wonder Woman TM & ©2006 DC Comics. • Donald Duck TM & ©2006 DC Comics. • Donald Duck TM &



To the Reader/Purchaser of this magazine,

A few words of introduction are necessary to welcome you to the first (and doubtless last) issue of *Comic Book Nerd!* Only a few words may be *necessary*, but I'm going to use lots and lots of them because I have a large ego and talk as much as I want, especially in my own magazine.

So, anyway, you know you're tired of reading actual comic books and that collecting is where it's at. There are now a host of magazines where you can just read *about* the comics which appeal to the discerning collector. *Comic Book Nerd* presents a sort of overview of these marvelous sources of information which serve mainly to alert you to all the great things you can never have. But I can and I do. I live to gloat like the rest of my lofty ilk. Not peers, ilk. More about me later. No, now. Why wait? There will be even more later anyway and I still have some space to fill. Let me go on.

In these pages I will poke fun at, demonstrate my superiority to, and look down on the magazines I feature. They can gripe and groan all they want and I could care less.

Here at the Von Sholly Castle, atop Von Sholly Peak in Vonshollywood, I stroll the vast halls and grin smugly at the treasures which festoon them in fancy frames. The vaults below hold slabbed masterpieces which no one will ever see. Even I don't look at them. It's all about having them, you see. It's all about having what others want, even if I could care less about it. My original cover art for *Fantastic Four* #1 for instance; nobody knows I have it, except you now. I give

this as a minor example. It's not Kirby's best, but it's the one everybody wants and that's why I have it. We'll talk more later—well, I'll talk and you'll listen.

COMIC BOOK NERD #1 is a TwoMorons, I mean TwoMorrows publication, and they're located at 10407 Bedfordtown Drive, Raleigh, NC 27614, 919-449-0344, www.twomorrows.com. Everything in it was written and drawn* by Pete Von Sholly (with his son Pete Jr as P. Don Sheets and Mike Van Cleave as contributing writer). Any similarity to actual people and characters is probably intentional, this being a parody mag and all, but any source characters are TM & ©2006 by Marvel, DC, etc. and CBN makes no claim on these properties. All material taken from other sources is used strictly for satirical purposes: no copyright or trademark infringement is intended. We swear. Comic Book Nerd and Pete's original characters TM & ©2006 by Pete Von Sholly. Printed in Canada. First (& last?) printing.

^{*} Pete did not draw the covers and art in the Whizzer Top Ten Reasons Why, etc. section. Obviously. Those are all copyright by the original copyright holders and CBN makes no claim on them! They are reproduced here for those aforementioned satiric purposes only. Thank you.



THE NEW BATPERSON TV CARTOON-BORN TO BE VIII DE L



TRACICNERDS Numbruts Who Write



ON SALE OR ELSE!

ENVELOPE ART



Y.I. OTTA, Nyuk, Nyuk, NYUK

An exception to our rule!

Tragic Nerds guy Chris Wart here. We don't usually promote independent books 'cause there's nothing in it for us, but Mad Dog Murderboy's amazing Road-Killa art (along with his persuasive letter) convinced us otherwise! Buy his book, please! And now your letters!

Yo Dudes of Whizzerdom,

I read every issue of your mag from cover to cover and there's so much stuff in it that the great thing is I don't really have the time or need to read any actual comic books anymore! I'd rather read your coolness anyway! But the other day I went and snatched up a new issue and took it to my crib to enjoy many pages of greasy looking women with those big perfectly round breasts like you would see airbrushed on the side of a rockin' van, dozens of kickin' scowling heroes with crazy eyes and those wicked cool teeth that go all around their heads, and what do I find? It's like half black and white and there's all these weird ads and columns and stuff about really old comics and so I checked the cover and it's totally like not even Whizzer! It's some Comics Buyer's Guise deal, man! They are totally ripping you off, man! You should sue them or something cause a lot of your readers are going to get really cheesed off when it happens to them!

SEXY BLOODSAW FENTON

shreddingduderuler@hotmilk.com

SBF! We tell our readers again and again, "You got to read the title!" And further, if it ain't in a plastic bag and a bunch of useless s--t doesn't fall out when you open it, it ain't us!

Whizzified Ones,

Where are the fart jokes? I read your whole mag and couldn't find a single one! What gives here? You guys are slipping!

KENT FIGURE

Bohunk, Duh

Kentington! Check the cover and make sure it was *Whizzer* you bought. Ugh, just a second... (BRUMMMPH!) That was a good one. Wish you could get a whiff! Better?

Whizzadocious Wildmen,

Your magazine is the greatest thing going! I wouldn't know what to buy without it. However, I do notice that you never seem to mention TwoMorons, Gallstone, Dark Hoss, or any other publishers but Mangle and BC. Is there a reason for this? Are there no other comics or comics-related magazines worth our time and money out there?

TY MALONE

Socio Path, III

No—and we never even heard of those companies you mentioned. They must be really small and insignificant or we would know about them. We only bring you the stuff that counts and that we know is great. See their big ads all over every issue of *Whizzer!* That's how you know they're good!

Dear Whizzer,

I wanna end your letters column! I just wanna fill up the space you have at the bottom of the page and I'll do anything you want for the chance! Please!

SELMA BODY

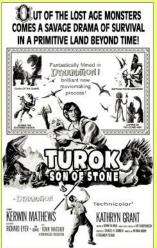
Anything, OK

Dang! You almost made it, but this line's the bottom. Sorry!



Choity Snooty GREAT GREED = GREAT GLOMS!

Over \$25 million worth of fabulous crap, including comic books, original "art", movie posters and other perishable useless paper items sold in Pigmont, Texas at the HoitySnooty Auction on June 19, 2006. No previous auction of such silly junk had broken the fabled \$9 million barrier. Some people just have too damn much money. (Or should we say "had" too much money!) Here are just a few of the obscene "highlights" (while people are starving yet. For shame!). :)





Wrightstuff Sump Thing "dump" cover- sold for \$3,332,000!



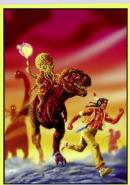
Willy Wood Mars Intrudes pencil sketch for banned card sold for \$1,229,487



Sergeantstein #1 (Tujunga Copy) CFCG 9.0 Sold for \$2,329,812!



Gray Moron Creaky cover sold for \$7,000,013!



Winklehausen Rare

Pressbook Item-

Sold for \$1,152,006!

Shmoe Glubglub Cthurok cover sold for \$1,143,501!



Supermensch Movie concept art by Beal Boast sold for \$1,257,999!



Horrora Ghouls box art by James Bamama sold for \$313,313!



Skinbag the Sailor strip by Hack Davis sold for \$2,299,042!



Bigman Battle cover art by

Jose Quesadilla sold for \$2,775,416!

For more information about these rare gems and other expensive material or to search our Permanent Auction results, log on to WWW.HoitySnootyComics.con and join our free e-mail spam club.

Currently seeking fresh victims. If you need money and are down on your luck and the taxman is after you and you have choice collectibles, we want to talk to you! You <u>may</u> even see a tiny bit of profit after we get done reaming you with our rules, fees, commissions, etc. Talk to our experts directly:



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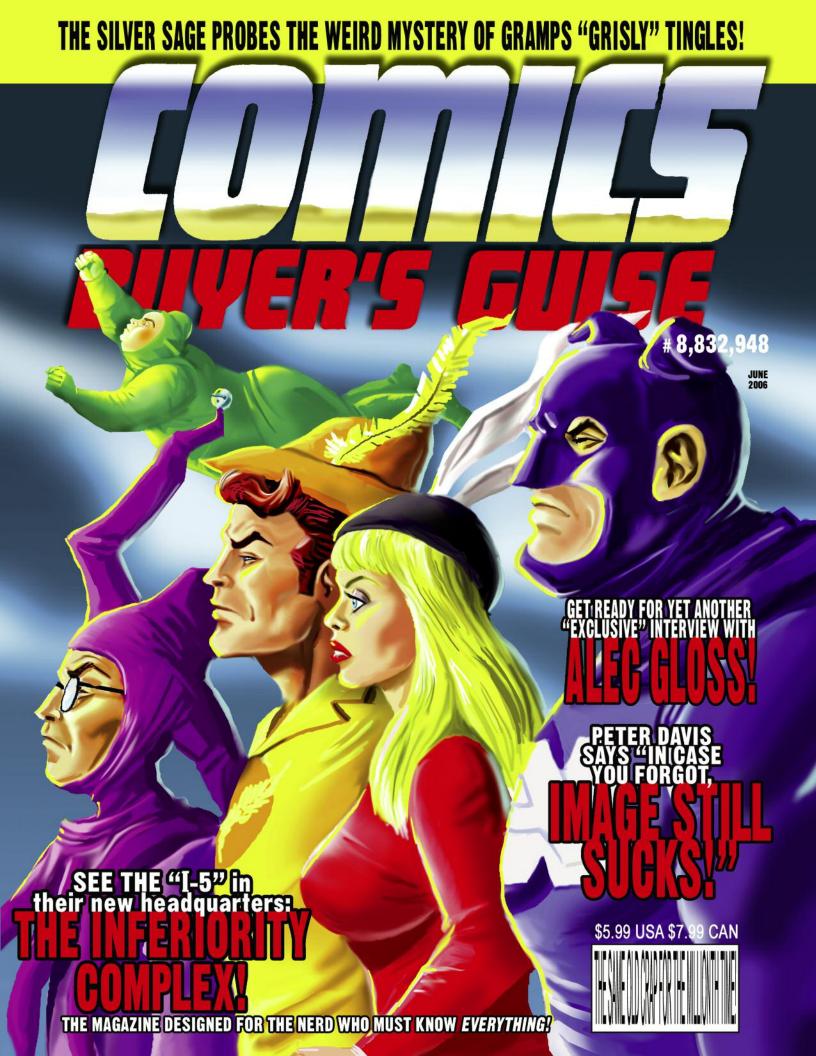


Hoiman Schschschmitt In Charge of Making You Feel Unworthy 222-111-3333



Gerald Neverlaid Comic Book Expert 333-111-2222 To order our next three catalogs, (you can't just order one, heh) which is the closest most of you slobs will ever get to any of this stuff, send us fifty bucks and wait.

HOITYSNOOTY COMICS 666 Cashbarrel Ave, E PluribusUnum Suite, Pigmont, Texas 12345





FAILING GRADES

Don Getit 2 Dumtolive Numbskull, ME IQ2L0

Dear YEAH, SO?

I don't understand your pricing of books at all. How the heck do you figure out how much a comic book is worth anyway?

Margie Thompson replies: It's very simple, Don. We have contacts at every dealer in the country and at every store as well. They send us messages via dreams and telepathic impulses which we tabulate and corroborate with top professionals. We write everything down on big yellow legal pads and then shred the pages and mix them up in a big hat which was once worn, as legend has it, by Mister MXYZPTLK or someone who looks very much like him, then we throw the paper away and price the books on a sliding scale according to who has what and how badly they want to get or get rid of them. The bottom line is; don't worry about it, we know what we're doing so you don't have to.

SOMEBODY BET ON THE BAY Frank Anne Beans

2 Centsworth, Tellingmy, MA

Dear CBG,

Why on earth would anybody take your crazy and wildly fluctuating prices seriously? Why shouldn't we just go on Freebay and buy everything we want there without all the complications and middle-men involved?

Margie: Oh sure, throw your money away on some scamster! Next thing you know you'll be sending all your money to the exiled king of Balonia! The Internet is pure evil, with the exception of our site, of course.

TONY THE TYPER

Willy Nilly

601 Halfadozen Wishy, Washington

Hey,

This question is for Tony Isabony: mainly how can I get in on your scam and get people to send me all kinds of

LITTER FROM OUR READERS

Write to us at

Comics Buyer's Guise YEAH, SO?

700 No. Use St. • Oweeyo Weeyo, LA 54321 yeahso@krauts.scam www.comicsbuyersguise.scam

free stuff just by saying how great it is in a column? Is that all you have to do?

Tony replies: If it was that simple, everybody would do it, and then where would we be? I resent your implication that I give good ratings out to everyone in exchange for comics, by the way. I ONLY give good ratings to comics I happen to like and want free copies of!

SILVER BULLETIN!

Don Sproot

Address withheld because we couldn't think of anything

Dear So-Called Authorities,

I realize you think you know everything, but having had a chance to read your article on Gramps Tingles in manuscript form I feel compelled to tell you that I, as one of the oldest living fans of comics, visited Tingles when he was only 22 and snapped the enclosed photo, then again forty years later and snapped the second photo! And although he told me to go away both times, I have the proof I was there. So much for the claim that no photos of the man exist! I saw him! (And he saw me which is why he wouldn't talk to me because I was too nerdy, but that's beside the point!)

Margie: Well then this issue has three historic photos! Thanks, Don! Your subscription is hereby extended, so be quiet!

WHA-HOPPEN???

Milbert Meekly

happymuffin@hotmilk.com

Dear Sirs:

So I buy the new *Comics Buyer's Guise*, wondering why it's sealed in run-of-the-mill plastic this issue (surely you'd use Mylar at the very least). And I take it down to my room in my parents' basement and plop down to enjoy many hours of columns and opinions and reviews and retro-somethings and price lists, and what do I find? Behind what I thought was the usual Alec Gloss cover is a bunch of slick paper talking about the latest company mega-crossovers, and girls with big boobs, and fart jokes, and articles on those "gotta buy 'em all" scams, and young guys playing with

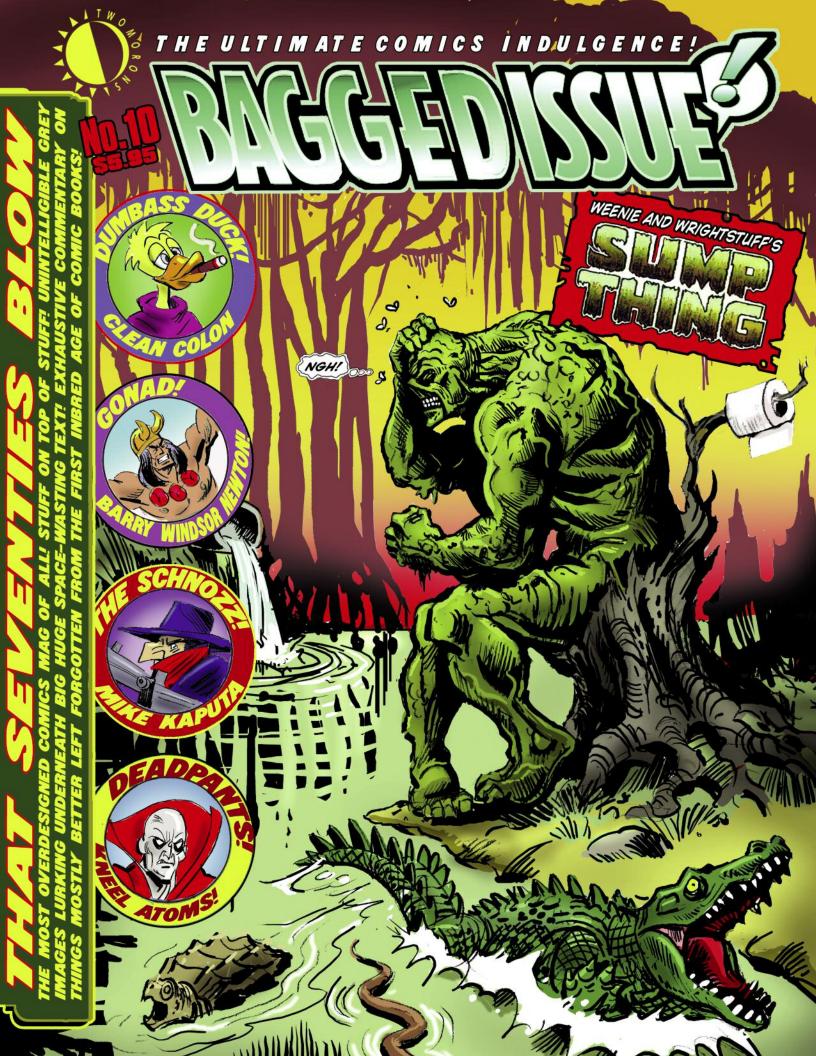


Gramps Tingles at 22? Or the product of a crafty nerd?



Tingles forty years later! The more things remain the same, the less they change!

toys, and hip, edgy jokes! Then I take a closer look at the cover and realize I've been took for a copy of Whizzer! I want my money back, but I'm not giving back all those cards and things that fell out when I opened it! Act your age and make your magazine look like what it is, and quit trying to fool people.



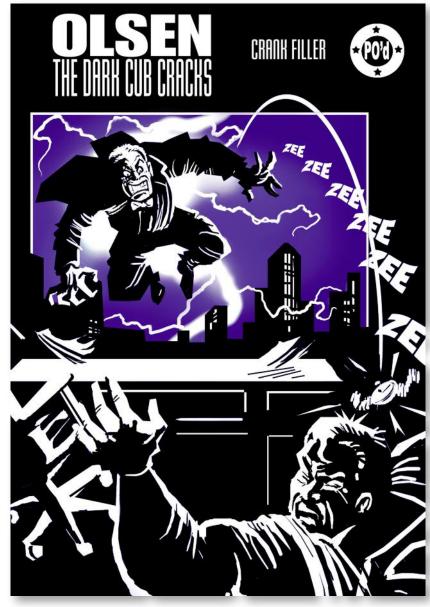


by Michael Miney

Catchin' Some Zees

(right) Filler's daring cover that started it all! As the 1980s drew to a close, two groundbreaking comics series forever altered the future of the industry.

Crank Filler changed the tenor of cub reporting and made Metropolis more like the Fritz Lang version than the happy place Cluck Kent and company breezed around in for more than forty years, when he reinvented Jiminy Olsen as a crack-smoking maniac who had heard one ZEE ZEE ZEE too many—even when the signal watch wasn't sig-





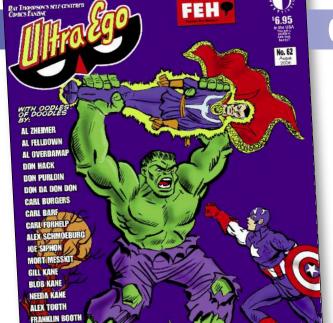
Comics I Like, And That's It!

s you know, comics more or less began to be worth a darn when the Just-Us Society of Americans stories debuted back in 1942; this was of course in the pages of the never-to-be-forgotteneven-if-you-never-heard-of-them (at least not while I'm around) All Smash Comics from the Rational Comics group and it seemed comics just didn't get any better than this because for your humble dime you got to see Doctor Fake, Sourman, Green Canteen, Honkman, et al. cavort for eighty or ninety pages each month (!) and, yes, the art may have been crummy, the writing crummier, and the paper crummiest, but by Gadfrey, we loved it; in fact, we ate up every smelly page and this is what inspired a new generation of writers and artists to take up pens, pencils and typewriters and do our best to copy the glorious images and words we found in these "books"—and even though the original comics may be turning slowly into cornflakes now despite all efforts to halt the inevitable organic deterioration of the cheap paper, we can be secure in the knowledge that we now buy expensive badly reproduced hardcover reprints of the things as Rational makes even more money over the graves of the poor saps who labored for slave wages to craft them (only to grow old and watch their creations be reborn again and again and turned into multi-billion dollar franchises as greedy corporations devour the once tiny outfits that published them back in the glory days of comics) and later as we scrambled about, trying to recapture our youths as a network of nerds we now call Fandom was born so that what happened was, before I could get my mitts on the Just-Us Society and the rest in a writerly way, I made my own "zines" as tributes to them, the first of which was done with somebody whose name I now forget, and called (what else?) Ultra Ego: the very periodical whose reincarnation you hold in your sweaty ink-smearing collectible-devaluing fingers, which kept me busy and happy until I broke into the actual comics profession—and let me assure you that the second generation of comics makers had to fight to elbow aside and lord it over

the original creators, as stubborn cusses like Joke Hurbert and Jake Herbie continued to try to make a living in the increasingly inbred field; even I found it was hard getting Stan L. to let me do the actual work for him until he realized how much cushier his life would be and then he brought in a host of new scribes such as Gerry Conwank, Steve Englespleen and the rest, simply putting his name above us all and calling it a day; and thus I finally began to chronicle the actual four-color fantasies of my favorite characters, sticking to the credo that there was never a concept too lame to revisit, and as you may imagine, it was a joy adapting and expanding upon the adventures of Gonad the Unsociable, All Smash Squad, Squadron Sensational, Just Another League, the New Young All Smashers, and the rest for a while, and how gratifying it is now, years later, that I find myself returning to the fun of doing *Ultra Ego* again as a wretched new crop of former fans arises to push me and my nowaging brethren aside; perhaps the fourth bunch of comics "creators" to crowd the now-dying hopelessly inbred medium (and may I add that, like a copy of a copy of a copy of a stat of a mimeograph, they all pretty much blow); and so anyway, revel with me in these pages as we celebrate "the greatness that was" and let us say "to hell with comics anymore and to hell with the rain forests too" (just kidding, eco fans—Ultra Ego is printed on pulp made from recycled unsold TwoMorons books!) and to sum up, my point is that magazines about comics are the only things left that get the old ink pumping in my veins anyway, just like when I started out with the original *Ultra Ego*, and if you are still reading these words, I'm sure it's true for you as well!

This issue: We cover the same stuff we always cover and never get tired of covering, so lay back and enjoy, effendi; the best has already been!!

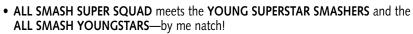
Bestestest,



[Hulk, Captain America, Dr. Strange TM & ©2006 Marvel Characters Inc.]

COMING NEXT WEDNESDAY

Golden Age Meets Silver Age, Again!



- SCRIPTS I WROTE FOR MOVIES THAT NEVER GOT MADE! Cause nobody asked
 me to write them and I couldn't get anybody to read them! Featuring "rare" art
 (meaning nobody ever used it because it sucked) by DON HACK, JOHNNY
 ROMEATBALL, RICH BUNGLER, GRILL CRANE, JOHN BUSCAMAMA, and the
 ever-popular MANY MORE!
- 1940s Legends NODE MARCEL, HAUSEN PFEFFER, RAB MACOY, and BILL EVERWETT say "Hah?"
- Special tributes to people you never heard of nor ever will again!
- PLUS: FEH (Forties Era Heroes) by MARV ("We didn't know we were getting reamed!") CRAYZE starring Hoppy Bunny and Mister Tony yet again, and Mighty Giblets' MISTER MUNCHER'S COMICAL CRAP with the usual obscure junk!

Edited by RAY THOMPSON

SUBSCRIBE NOW! If you don't like the rates, move out of Canada! For less issues, cut the price in half. Cut the magazines in half too if you want to! What do we care?





THE MAGAZINE ABOUT THE REAL REASON PEOPLE BUY COMICS: THE PICTURES!

NUMBER 5
WINTER 2003
\$5.95
IN THE U.S.A.



AN INTERVIEW WITH BRUCE DIMM ON DESIGNING WAR TURKEYS' HOT NEW CHARACTERS:
THE TURRETEERS, MANOMAN and FEMALE TROUBLE PLUS HOW TO DRAW THE NEW SUPER-WIDE HEROES!
FANCY RENDERING—THE ILLUSION OF QUALITY BY GASTON-BERNARD LEMOUCHE
TEN MUST-HAVE SWIPE BOOKS FOR YOUR STUDIO BY TRACE N. BEDUNWIDDIT

Tips on Modern Comic Art: Superheroes (Part 62,915)



A puny old-time "golden age" hero wasn't much more than a common man in a costume!



Jake Herbie began to punch things up a bit in the Sixties...



Flyfield and his cohorts upped the ante and the first modern heroes were born, thank God!



Nowadays, one just makes up all the muscles one wants and slathers them on. Veins, sweat, stubble, it's all good!



Step One: Simple shapes! Figure out where things will go.



Step Two: Add details slowly and carefully, following the form you created.







Step Three: Pump some iron, drink nine cups of coffee, and jump on that sucker with both fists. THINK ANGRY while you draw. Tear up the paper with the pressure. Grinding your teeth may help!

That's all for now. See you next issue!



No. 777 \$3.95

Why Nobody at all should read comics.

\$4.75 IN CANADA

Interview with Gaston-Luc Pamplemousse

Thud and Blunder

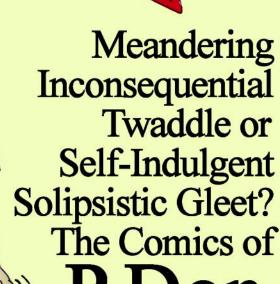
The STURM UND DRANG

and Torpid Juxtapositional Mnemonics of Bulgovanian

Cartoonist, PILAP

DUMFUGSKI

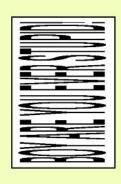
Pornographic Comics? Hey, if that's what you'll buy...



Sheets

CAN'T DO

RIGHT!!





THUO AND BLUNDER

ILL LEGAL MOVES

Dear Harry,

It has come to my attention that a lawsuit has ensued pursuant to the interview you conducted with my cooperation last year. I took it as an act of friendship to bandy words with you and did not expect you to print everything that was said in an atmosphere of casual give-and-take and with a tacit understanding that discretion would be used with regard to whatever conversational nuggets and gems might have dropped from my lips during the proceedings. I may have made comments regarding the mental state of various individuals of our mutual acquaintance which are now being used as contentious evidence in these egregious proceedings. In short, let me inquire as to what role and responsibility you and the Comics Urinal may be expected to take?

Yours in expectation of explanation and support, Arlen Hellison

HARRY REPLIES:

Dear Arlen.

I too am under duress as a result of the unfortunate disgruntlement and virulent consternation on the part of certain parties and their litigious maneuverings resulting therefrom. May I simply state that you knew perfectly well what the situation was during our exchange and that I reserved all journalistic options as I would do with any other interviewee, hence I don't quite understand what you might be asking or expecting me to do.

Yours in the spirit of mutual support in these ongoing matters, Harry Growth

ARLEN REPLIES BACK:

Harry.

Are you saying you do not expect to bear the precipitous brunt of the forthcoming tribulations *sans* my company and that the implicit guilt, should such indeed be found to exist, is somehow shared between us? I certainly hope my perception of your intentions is misplaced and in error.

AH

HARRY ANSWERS BACK AGAIN SOME MORE:

Arlen,

How awkward indeed this seems to be becoming! Imagine if you will, my turpitude and potential indignation if I may use such contentious terms, at the notion that you expect me to bear any blame whatever regarding these incipient recriminations which threaten to undermine my high regard for you and your moral fiber and related constitutional material.

Yrs, HG

ARLEN GETS TESTY:

Look,

You seem to be encroaching on the territory of feigned innocence, an area in which you are no doubt an accomplished venturer but an area of disingenuous habitation for such as person as you are, or perhaps such a person as I imagined you to be in my innocence. This is your magazine, young sir, and I consented to be interviewed within its increasingly suspect pages only to find myself quite alone on the deck of your titanic difficulties. The captain, to pursue the metaphor, seems not willing to capsize with his blameless passengers but is rather seeking to be absent in the manner of the storied rodents when placed upon a vessel which is taking on water and listing precipitously! Let me be plain. I assume no responsibility for what you may print, even if I did say it. Is that clear now?

HARRY TAKES THE GLOVES OFF!

Clear as the bile you spewed, you traitorous phony! Mister Big Shot. All bold and brassy when there's nothing at stake, but "Mister Hands Off" when the impact of your casually and freely distributed vituperation comes back to bite you on your snooty butt. I ain't taking the blame for what you said, bud. How clear is that?

ARLEN SHOWS HIS TRUE COLORS:

You vile, cowardly punk! I'll come right up there where you've had to flee to avoid other people you've double-crossed and kick your smug ass for you! How would you like that? You can get sued in a f---ing hospital, "bud", just as easily as in your little chickens--t hideout! I may sue you myself, come to think of it!

OH F---ING SO?

Bring it on, old man! I dare you! Come on! Hey, do you think I'm afraid of feisty little loudmouths like you? Bite me big and choke!

NOW THIS IS JUST WRONG!

Why you dirty stinking little cretin! Who the f--k do you think you're f---ing with anyway? You edit some piece of s--t little magazine about comic books and you think you can take on an award-winning genius like me? You putz! You toad! You oozing lesion of a human being! And another thing—my lawyers can eat your lawyers for breakfast and have room for toast and f---ing orange juice! They can handle you and this other schmuck without opening their damn briefcases. They can send their two-year-old kids to deal with this kinda penny-ante nuisance! Get ready! Sell your s--t and run away! Judgment Day is coming early for you!

LG HAS THE LAST WORD

OOOO! I'm scared! The big bad little man is after me! OOOOO! What will I dooooo? Ha! Hey, you know what? It's MY magazine and I'm having the last word because I simply can! Drop dead!

MISSES THE GORY DAYS

Dear Editor,
I used to like
your magazine back
when people argued about stuff
publicly. That was fun.
Bring back those kinds
of letters pages, please.
Luvva Goodfight,

Summona, MD

NAH, we're above that sort of thing now-Ed.

KNOWS WHAT HE LIKES

Dear Comics Urinal,

What's with all these people who can't even draw getting all this coverage lately? And what's with all these people I never heard of anyway? Comics are supposed to be an American art form—get rid of all these foreigners, will you? Where's all the good superhero stuff you used to feature, by the way? Those are the only comics I like anyway. I expect you to shape up and go back to serving the needs of your readers or else I will just go read something else. I'm warning you!

Signed, Peter Out

LESS AND MORE!

Dear HG,

You have these guys writing for you who are always talking about "journalism". Isn't a "journal" like the Wall Street Journal or something? Like a newspaper, I mean? How can there be a journal and journalism about something as dumb and irrelevant as comic books anyway? Who are you kidding with all these hoity toity big words and phony high standards? I do like the way those Mexican guys draw girls though. But the one guy's stories are too weird for me. I guess they might be really good but I can't tell. That makes me kinda uncomfortable but his brother sure can draw some hot chicks. Well, I guess that's all I wanted to say. Oh, I like that guy who draws the skinny funny weird people too, the Bradys or whatever he calls them. He's good too. His chicks are kind of weird but at least his stuff is funny.

Fuller B. Loney, Madswipe, OK



FANCYGRAPHICS BOOKS • Publisher

HARRY GROWTH • Editor

KIM THOMPTHON • Somethingorother

EVERYBODY ELSE • Lackeys & Hangers-On

54 THE-COMICS URINAL





WHIZZER
Whizzer Worldwide Wingding ANGRY MISMANAGEMENT ISSUE! Crisis in the Rational (?) Universe as all the heroes turn into Woolyverine! INTERNUTS! The online equivalent of those people you see on streetcorners yelling into the air!

IF YOU ENJOYED THIS PREVIEW, CLICK THE **LINK BELOW TO ORDER THIS BOOK!**

COMIC BOOK NERD

PETE VON SHOLLY's side-splitting parody of the fan press, including our own mags! Experience the magic(?) of such publications as WHIZZER, the COMICS URINAL, **ULTRA EGO, COMICS BUYER'S GUISE. BAGGED ISSUE!.** SCRAWL!. COMIC BOOK

ARTISTE, and more, as we unabashedly poke fun at ourselves, our competitors, and you, our loyal readers! It's a first issue, collector's item, double-bag, slab-worthy, speculator's special sure to rub even the thickest-skinned fanboy the wrong way!



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SEE PAGE 15



READ PAGE 452



imago STARE AT PAGE 1236

CRAWL TO PAGE 2381



ICHI WAKITAKI'S TOSS UP TASTE

Zanzibar Super Comico

The sensational new series from the creator of I THROW OUT ALL MY KNIVES and CHARGE IT JUSTICE

HELLBOYOBOY THE SESAME SEED BUN OF DESTRUCTION

Dark Hoss

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