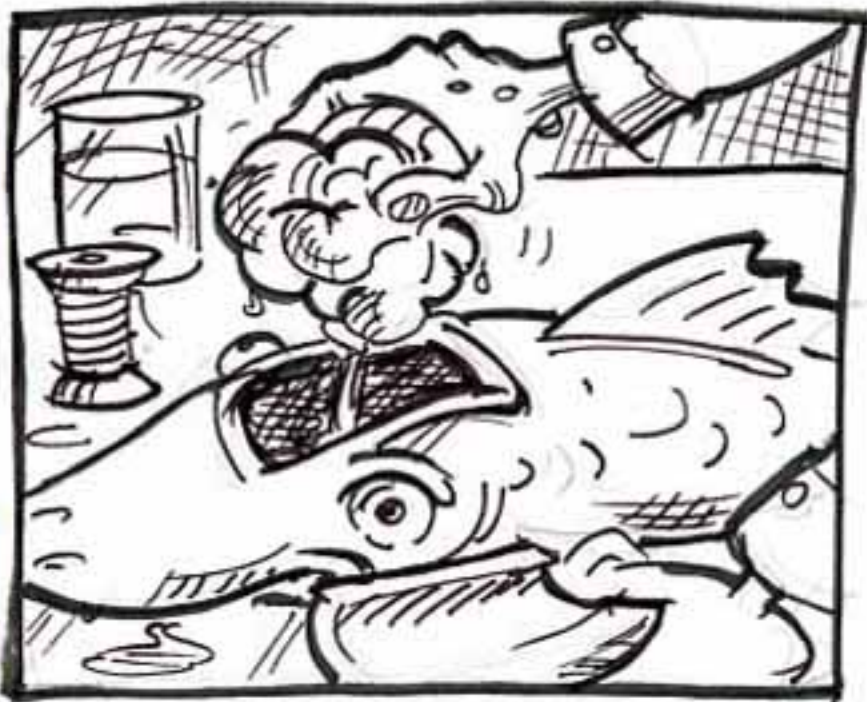


THE ST. PAUL CELL OF THE INTERNATIONAL CARTOONIST CONSPIRACY
PROUDLY PRESENT...

FRANKENFISH





IMBUED WITH THE POWERS
OF A RADIOACTIVE FRANKENFISH...



I BECAME...

THE

FISH

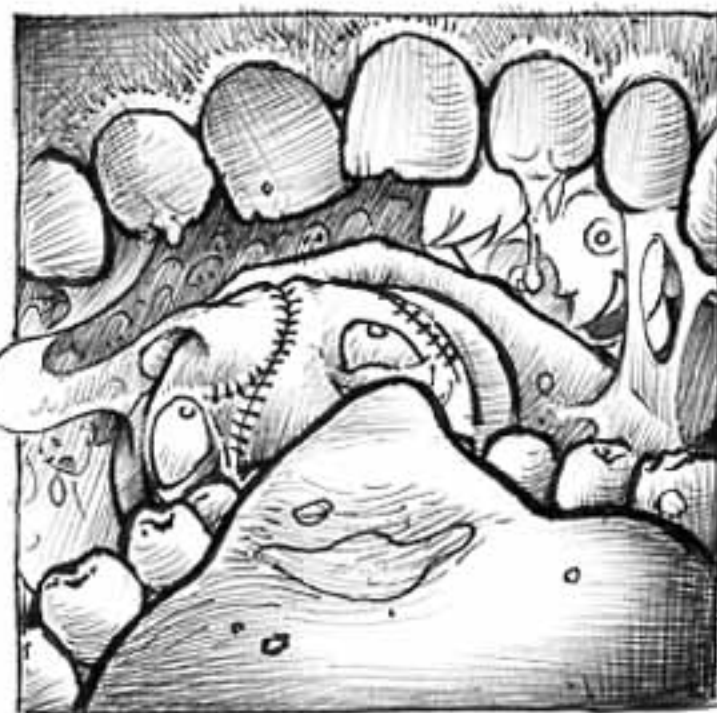
MONGER!

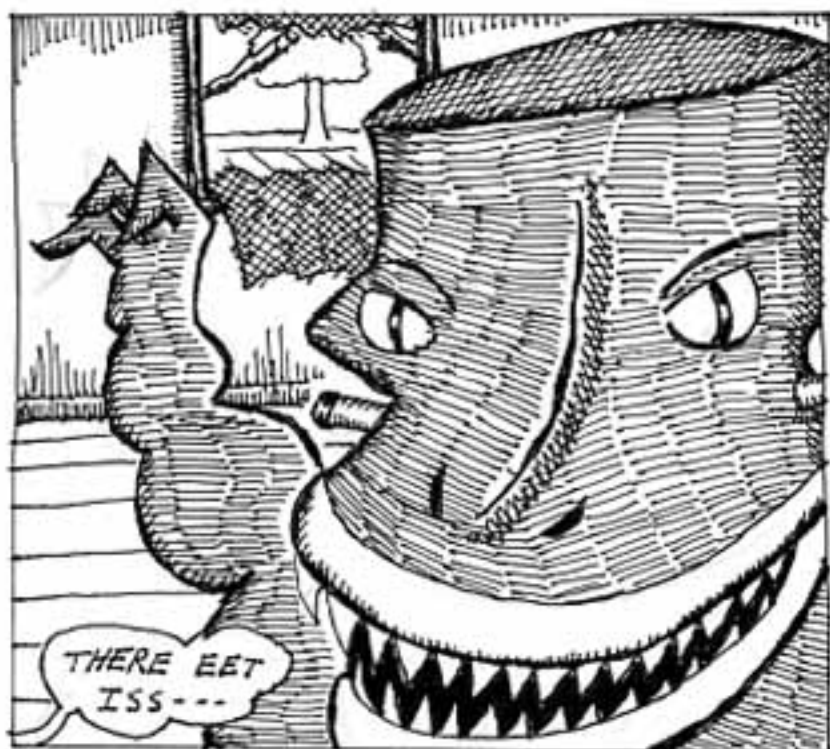


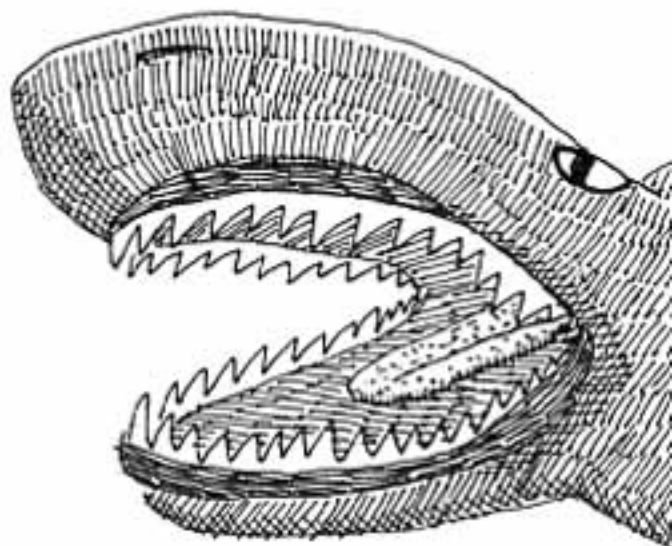
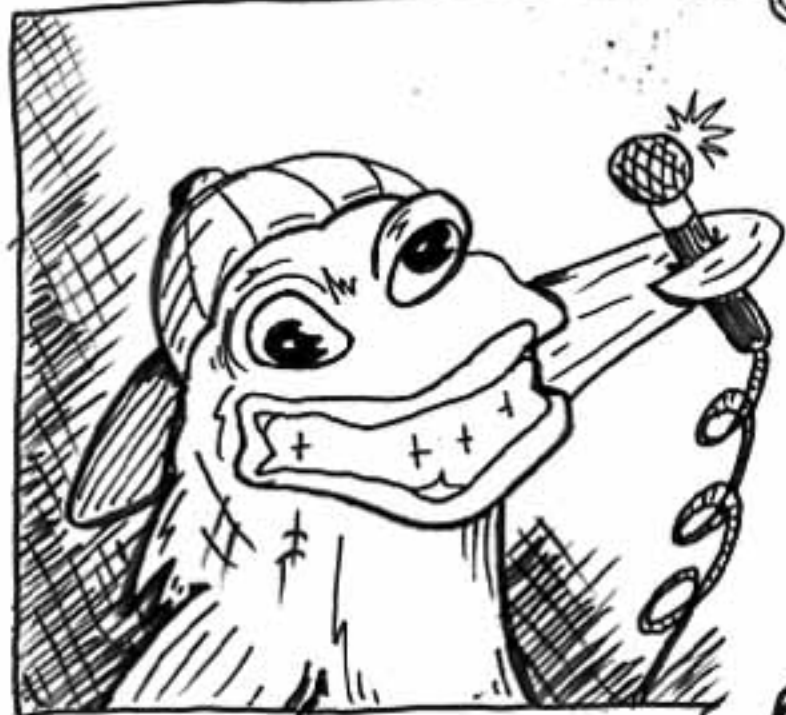
REVENGE!!
REVENGE
FOR
WANDA!













Drinking...



smoking...



AND EVEN...



How it began...



it was the end, &
for ONE...

Lucifer was minding
his own business when
the fumes started to over-
take him. He slowly lost
himself to the darkness.



And he died...

ON THE THIRD DAY,
HE ROSE AGAIN!



IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE SCRIPTURES

NEVER SUMMON
ANYTHING BIGGER
THAN YOUR HEAD!

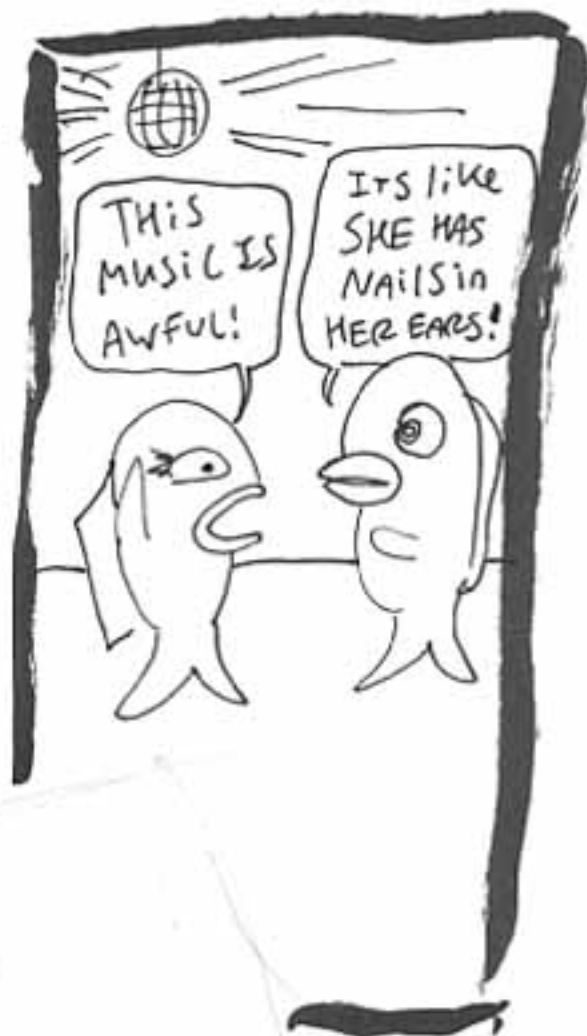
REMEMBER...



FUCKED-UP FUNNIES

BY STAB SPLATTERSTON







WE APOLOGIZE FOR THE
PREVIOUS SCENE. THE
PEOPLE RESPONSIBLE HAVE
BEEN SACKED.

And now for something completely different...

Gee willakers...
Sure hope no big
fish Barney monster
thing carries me
off to some
horrible sodomizing
fate....



WELL, I GUESS I CAN SCRATCH
"DINOSAUR SHOTGUN-WEDDING" OFF
MY LIST OF THINGS I THOUGHT I'D
NEVER SEE...





Early Frankenfish projects were total failures.



...Dolph Lundgren.

Me.. fish?

