



DOMO ARIGATO MR ROBOTO

WHAT WERE YOU THINKING? Do you really believe that this is an acceptable manner for you to be behaving in, Conal?

I'm not mad, son—just disappointed

This isn't how you were raised. Stop acting like such a bloody Niddy-hammer



MY
DAD

would break her heart. To think that her baby boy is not the polite son she reared, but rather, a spiteful hatemonger. I hope, for your sake, that she never comes across a stray copy lying around, as it would shatter her faith in you.

himself in the public eye as you have, and he certainly would not be proud of such tomfoolery.

I don't blame myself for any of this, because I know that we raised you better. At no time did I set the example that it was acceptable to curse in public, nor did I do anything to encourage your unhealthy obsession with wild bears. I taught you to stand up for yourself and speak your mind, but never to blatantly insult your elders or to refer to the likes of Mother Theresa in such an obscene fashion. To compare the selfless acts of that kind woman to a homeless man fellating himself is a disgrace, son. A bloody disgrace.

Your problem is that you don't think. You just don't take the time to contemplate the consequences of your actions. You just dive willy-nilly into things, leaving the rest of us to pick up the pieces.

I don't know what it is that you're trying to prove here, Conal. If you want to keep acting in such a childish matter, perhaps it is time for me to once again treat you as one. I'm sure a sore bottom would sort you out, but I think that you're old enough to realize the error of your ways.

"Wow dude, your dad totally ripped into you on this one. I mean, ouch! That hurts more than having Bobby Samuel kill your metaphorical child with his advocacy sword."

STEVE KIRKHAM
BEAR SCAT CREATOR/OWNER

You write with no regard for how you'll be interpreted by outsiders. I know that I, personally, knowing nothing of you but your written works, would be loath to hire such a radical and abrasive little prick. Why can't you be more like your brother? The god-fearing, church-going man that he is, he would never debase

This section is a complete and utter disgrace, son. I can't believe that you would allow yourself to sink to such depths of depravity. Your mother and I didn't raise you to act in such a delinquent fashion—I really expected more of you.

You can't turn a page in this newsrag without coming across such abrasive and unjustified usage of curse words. I don't know what you hope to accomplish through such harsh language, but it makes you sound like a damn fool. When you muck about like this, it's not respect you'll get for your insights; instead, society will write you off as a crass nitwit. "Fuck" is not an acceptable word to use in print, and just because you're a grown man, don't think that I won't still wash out your mouth with soap.

If your mother saw any of this, it

YOU CHOSE: **ALLEY**

"Lo, Bugsey!" you shout as you sprint among the discarded contents of chamber pots and fish guts. "'Tis the stench of villainy!"

You reach the street as Bugsey stumbles into your back. "Blimey, so dan' Will Smif punches da' aleein in 'iz face!" your incompetent cohort says.

"Silence, Bugsey!" you shout, scanning the street for Agnus.

Your eye finally catches the she-devil, and you continue to give chase. Suddenly, but thankfully, she turns and hits Bugsey with a poisoned blow dart.

"Bollocks!" Bugsey shouts, dropping to his knees. "I 'aven't tol' you 'bout

the wise-crackin' Jewish fathuh!"

The death of your partner scarcely fazes you. You quicken your pace and unholster Cynthia, your .577 calibre Lancaster pistol, as Agnus ducks into the conveniently located yet completely out-of-place Middle-Eastern bazaar.

With a complete lack of coherent story line, plot, character development, and exposition, you become discombobulated and begin brandishing Cynthia wildly.

As shoppers scatter and scream for their lives, you partial regain your vision, only to see Agnus bludgeon you with ... well, it was something. You got bludgeoned and

passed out, okay?

You awaken bound and gagged in Archimedes' underground lair.

"Ah! Zo vee finally meet!" Archimedes says in his thick Eastern European accent—a staple for all super-villians. "Sadly, your time among us has expired."

"You'll never get the information out of me, Archimedes. I'm faithful to The Dragon."

Your captors look puzzled as your incoherent ramblings throw them off.

After much deliberation, they opt to let you go due to your apparent mental deficiency.

I guess this ending is sort of a win?

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