

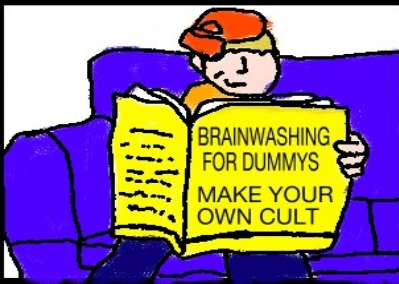
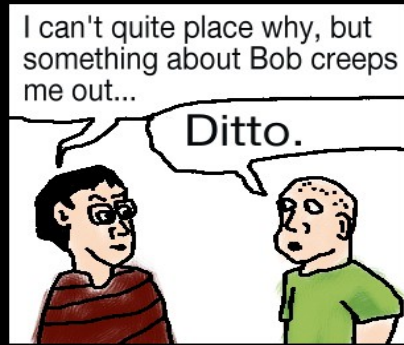
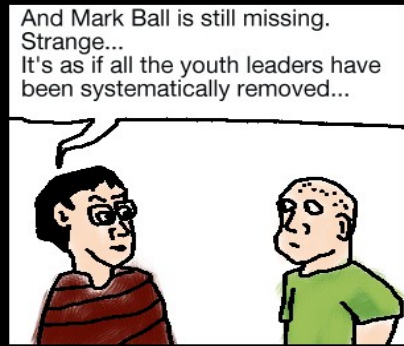
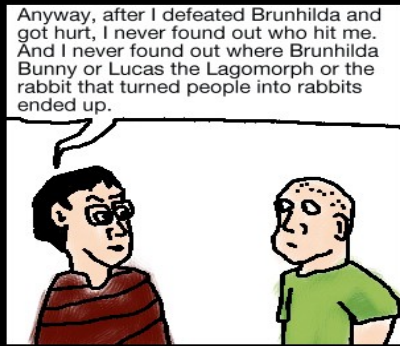
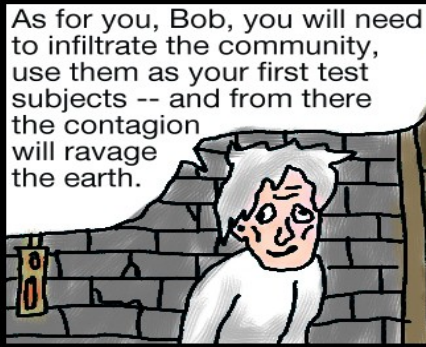
Deep in the dark, secret laboratory of Brunhilda, a master plan was nearing fruition. A plan to take over the world by turning almost everyone into a rabbit. In this gothic vault, was perfected a contagion - one which turned humans to rabbits on contact. Brunhilda alone held the cure. Those she liked would be made human again after they gave her everything they owned. Those she didn't like would perish as helpless bunnies. And aside from her loyal companion Bob, there were very few people Brunhilda liked...



## YOUTH COMICS 3: TRUTH OR DEATH

**FLASH  
BACK!**





Indeed, Bob had a secret agenda.



Step 1: Establishing himself as the sole, divine authority through false miracles, moral credentials, and the use of powerful fear tactics.



I, Bob, have heeled Jason's face!

(Including fear of feet)



Can I go home? You've kept us here for five straight days and my parents are probably worried.

No, you may not leave until you've listened to "Oops, I Did it Again" another fifty times...

Step 2: Exposing them to his ideology constantly and not allowing them to question it.

You must all wear appropriate attire.



Step 3: Encourage conformity.

It's me-Captain Obnoxious! Is this - a tire - appropriate attire? You meant actual tires, right, Shneeberski?



You must be in a state of confusion...

Possibly Iowa.



To prove your loyalty to me, Rebekah, I ask you to walk over these Hot N' Super Spicy Nachos barefoot...

Step #4: Create an initiation rite that marks a commitment to the group. Use guilt and social pressure to manipulate anyone who tries to leave the group.

Ow! These nachos are too hot! I can't do it!



HA! The sting of defeat!



You're right! The feet DO sting! Ow!



It worked! I've played so much disco music and Titney Beers that they've given up their free will - even burning themselves in loyalty to me! Victory is almost complete...



I'd like to introduce my friend and fellow annoyance Frank Crass, from Pennsylvania. He teaches "French" language to students in Pittsburgh.



I'm here to get drunk, curse loudly, throw up, and pass out on the floor somewhere. And teach dubious life lessons. But let me be frank...



Otherwise I'll have to change my name. Which would suck.



So, you're from Pennsylvania, huh? Do you like the Poconos?



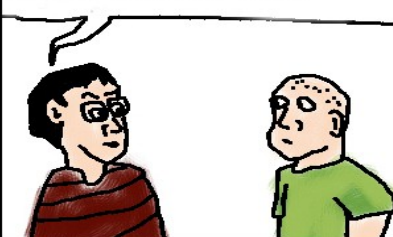
HEY! Get the hell away from my face!



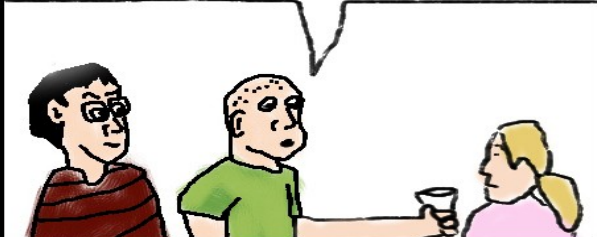
Free punch and kool-aid for everyone!



I don't trust the kool-aid. We should probably test it before we drink any...



Haley, would you like to have the first cup of cranberry Kool-Aid?



Sorry about earlier. Would you like punch?

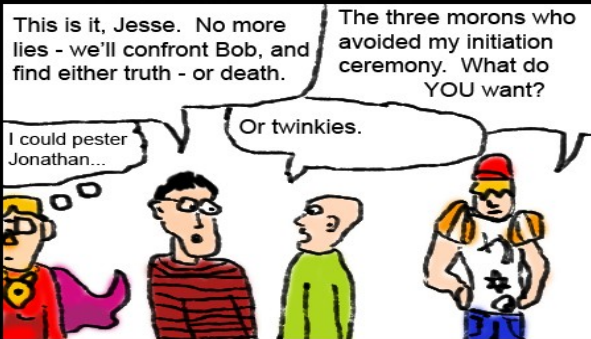


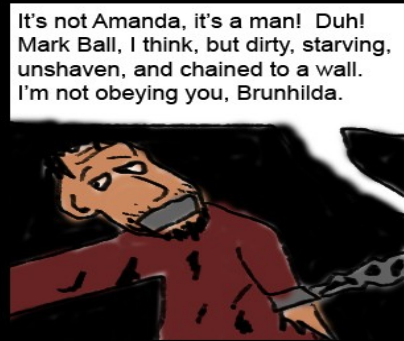
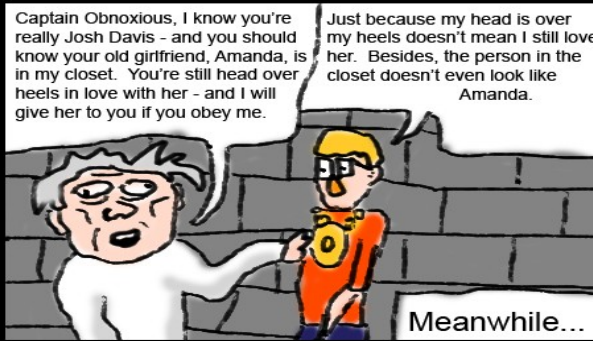
**PUNCH!**



Uh, Bob - Frank just passed out. Amazingly, it happened with a non-alcoholic punch.







THE  
END