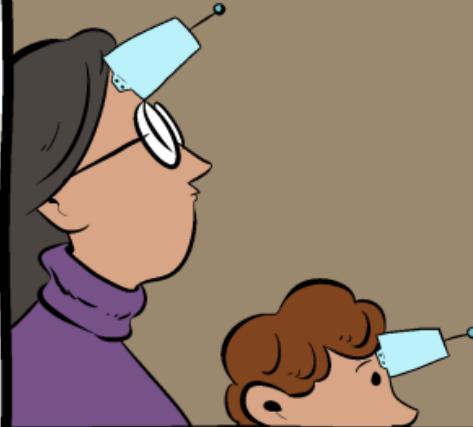


WHY ARE
MY HANDS
BURNING?

AHA! AHA! I KNEW
SOMEONE WAS USING MY
TOWELS - THAT - ARE - NOT -
TO - BE - USED - AS - TOWELS
SO I LACED THEM WITH
SODIUM HYDROXIDE!
HAHAHAHA!

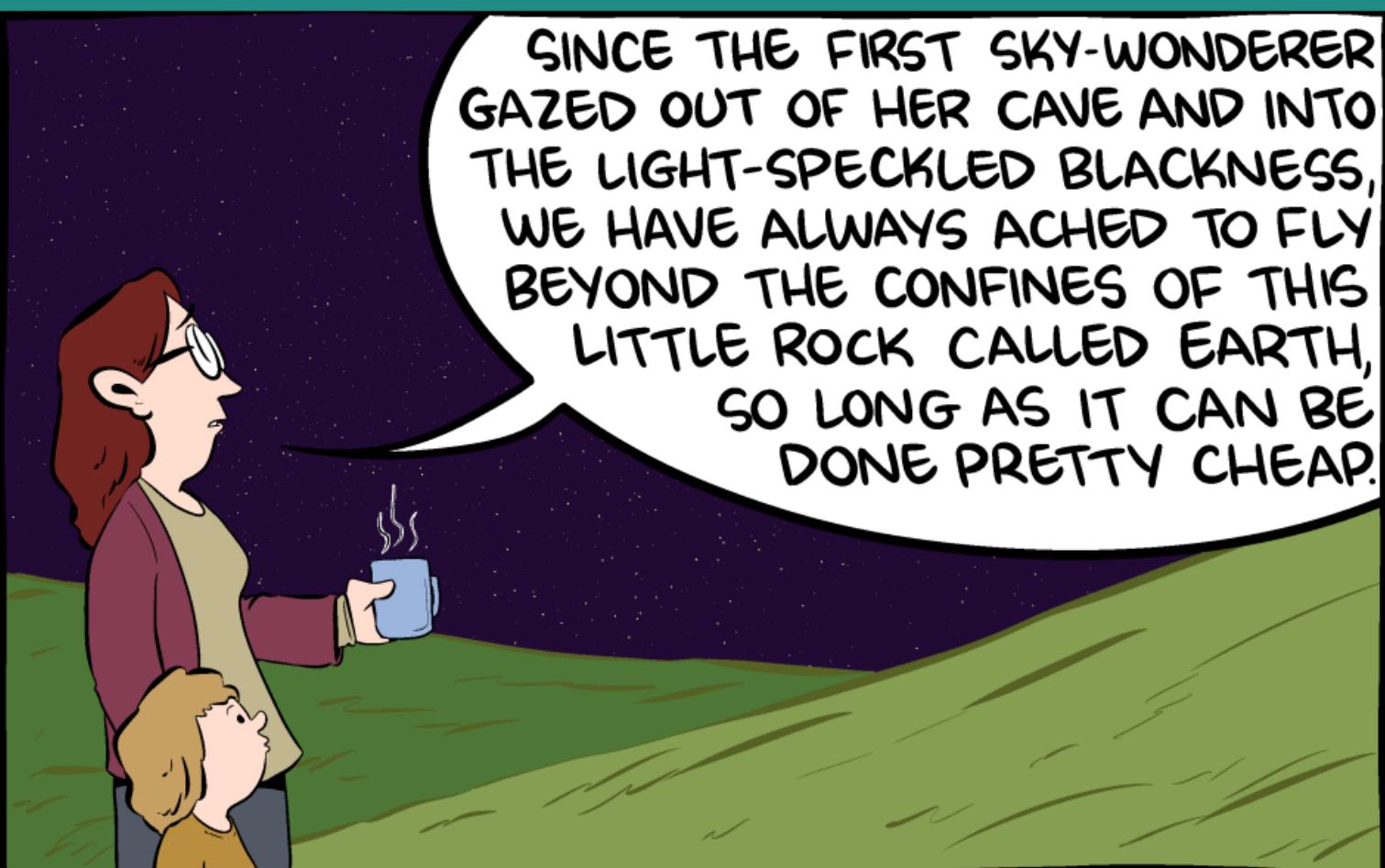


THE BAD NEWS IS THAT OUR MINDS ARE
CONTROLLED BY HIDDEN RULERS WITH
DIRECT ACCESS TO OUR FEELINGS.
THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT I FEEL
JUST GREAT ABOUT IT!



IF YOU WANT COURSE CREDIT,
YOU'LL BATTEN DOWN THAT
NOSTRIL NOW!





SINCE THE FIRST SKY-WONDERER
GAZED OUT OF HER CAVE AND INTO
THE LIGHT-SPECKLED BLACKNESS,
WE HAVE ALWAYS ACHED TO FLY
BEYOND THE CONFINES OF THIS
LITTLE ROCK CALLED EARTH,
SO LONG AS IT CAN BE
DONE PRETTY CHEAP.

IF STAR TREK
WERE MORE
REALISTIC:



MR. SULU.
SET A COURSE
FOR ALPHA
CENTAURI,
USING THE
MINIMUM
OF ENERGY.



AYE AYE, CAPTAIN.
ESTIMATED TIME
UNTIL ARRIVAL IS
4,000 YEARS.



BREATHE SHALLOW, BOYS.
BREATHE SHALLOW.



THAT'S ONE
SMALL STEP FOR ME,
ELON MUSK. ONE GIANT
LEAP FOR... UH... ANYWAY
FINDERS KEEPERS.

YOUR AUTHOR, KELLY:

IN SUM, I DON'T THINK
IT'S A VIABLE OPTION.

WE'RE LEAVING
IT IN BECAUSE
IT'S CALLED
THE SLINGATRON.

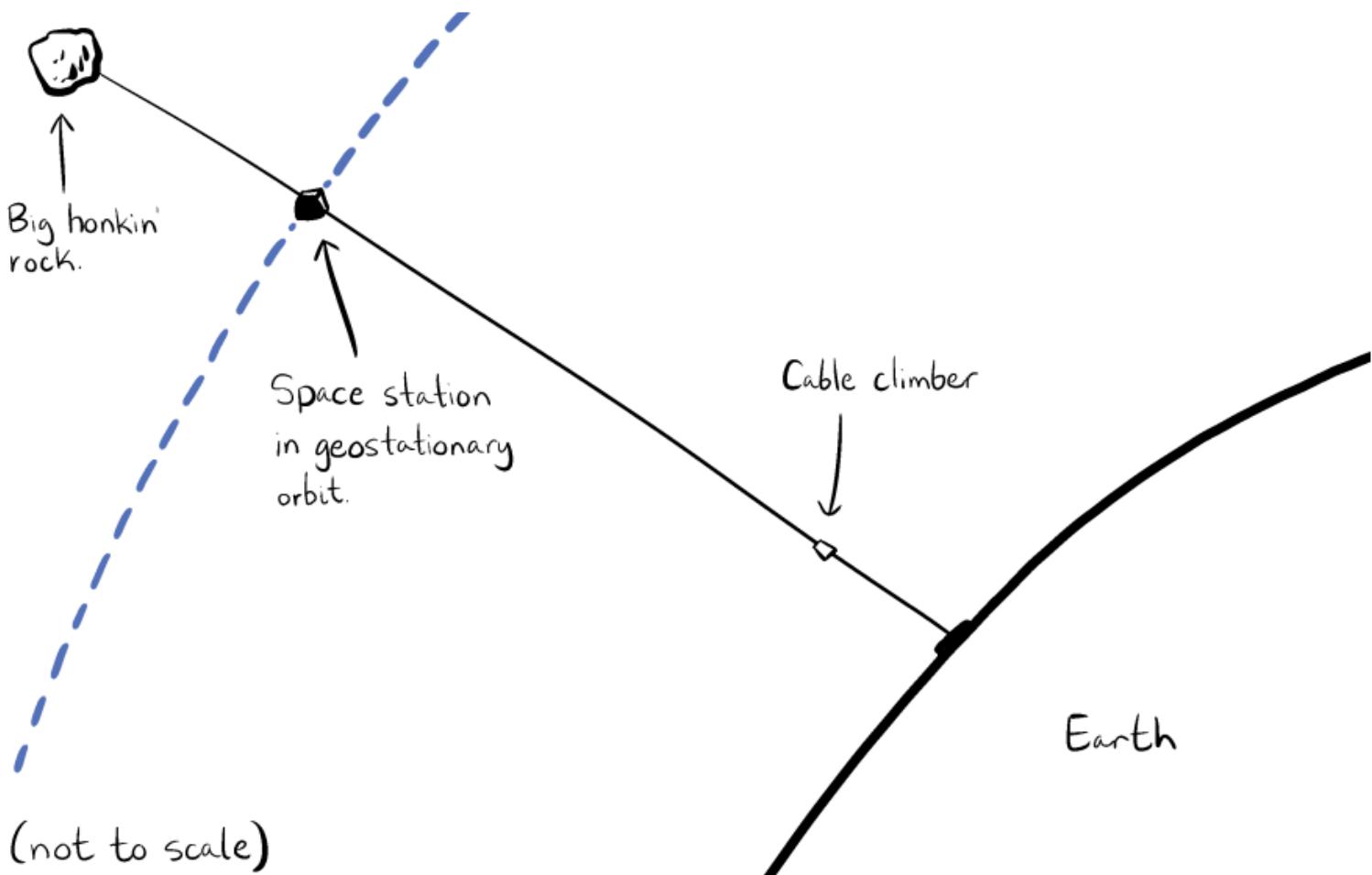
AND THEY
PAY YOU FOR THIS?
INCREDIBLE!



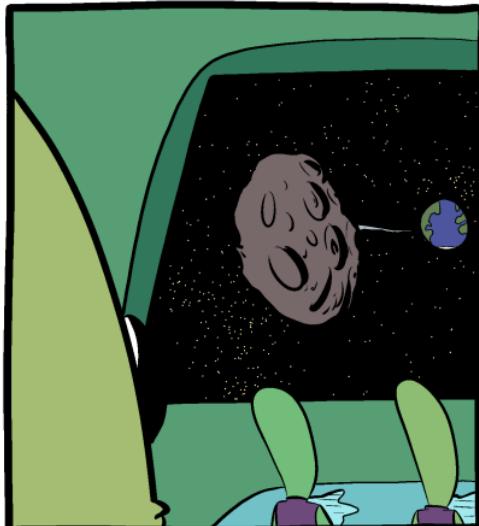
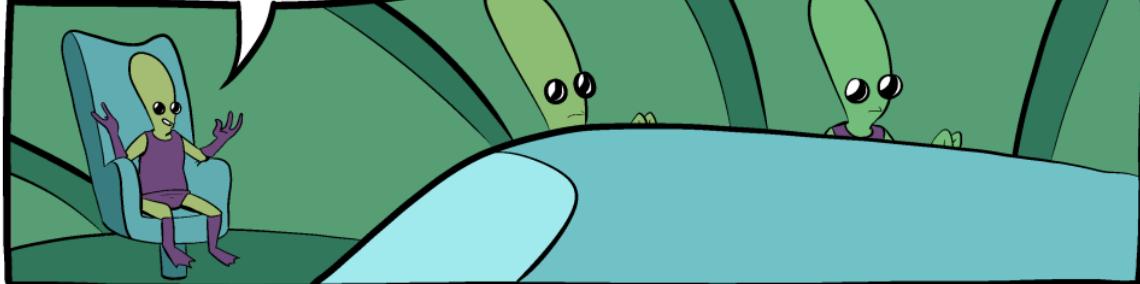
THIS IS MISSION COMMANDER. IS THIS
WHOLE SPACE THING JUST...
BALLS-OUT INSANE?

PLEASE REPEAT.
WUSSINESS AFFECTS
MY RECEPTION.





AT LAST, HUMANS ARE ADVANCED ENOUGH THAT WE CAN ALLOW THEM TO JOIN THE FEDERATION OF INTELLIGENT LIFE!



HEY SCIENTISTS!
HOW'S THE SPACE
ELEVATOR COMING?

GREAT!
EXCEPT FOR THIS
MIDDLE PART.



SO, WE NEED TO BUILD NANOTUBES
200,000,000 TIMES LONGER THAN
CURRENTLY POSSIBLE.

OKAY.

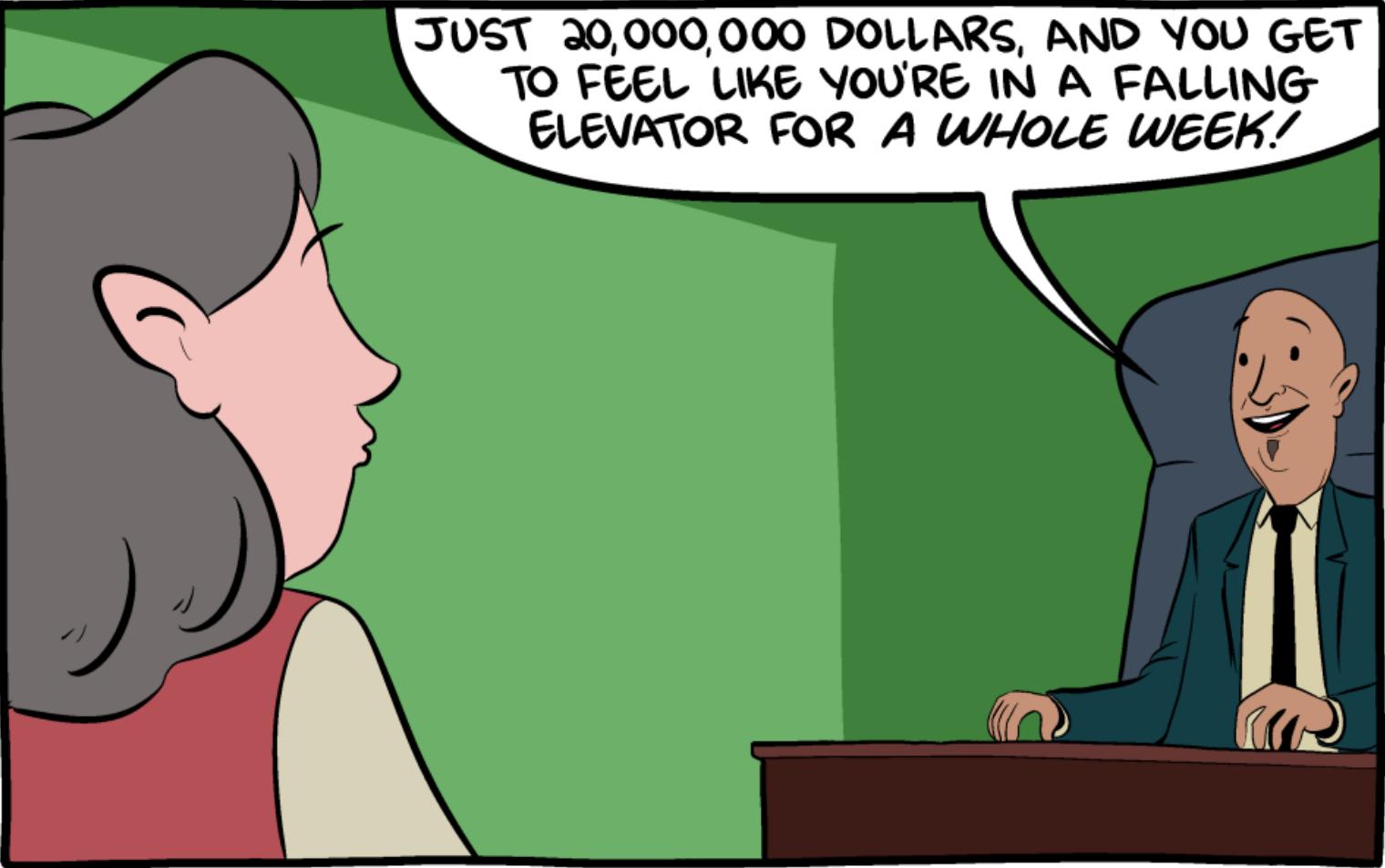
ALSO, THE
WEATHER FORECAST
NEEDS TO NEVER
BE WRONG.

MOTHER
OF GOD.



LET'S GIVE THEM ONE
MORE CHANCE TO -





JUST 20,000,000 DOLLARS, AND YOU GET
TO FEEL LIKE YOU'RE IN A FALLING
ELEVATOR FOR A WHOLE WEEK!

YOUR AUTHORS:

YEAH, WELL IN MY TWENTIES,
I FINISHED PART OF AN
ADVANCED DEGREE.

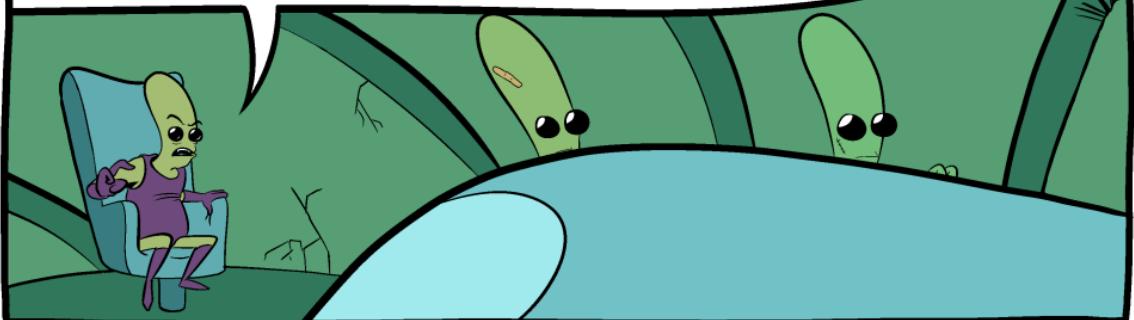
I DREW A LOT
OF JOKES ABOUT
WIENERS.



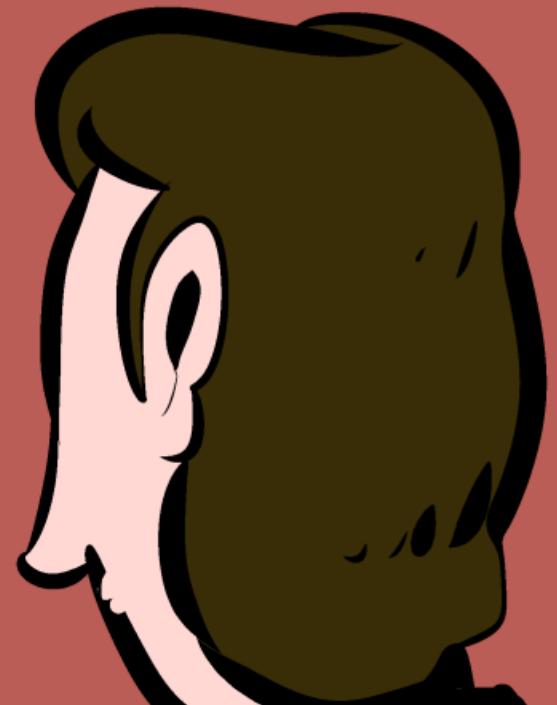
A SPACE GUN?/
I THOUGHT YOU
SAID SPICE GUN!
NO WONDER IT
COST A BILLION
DOLLARS!

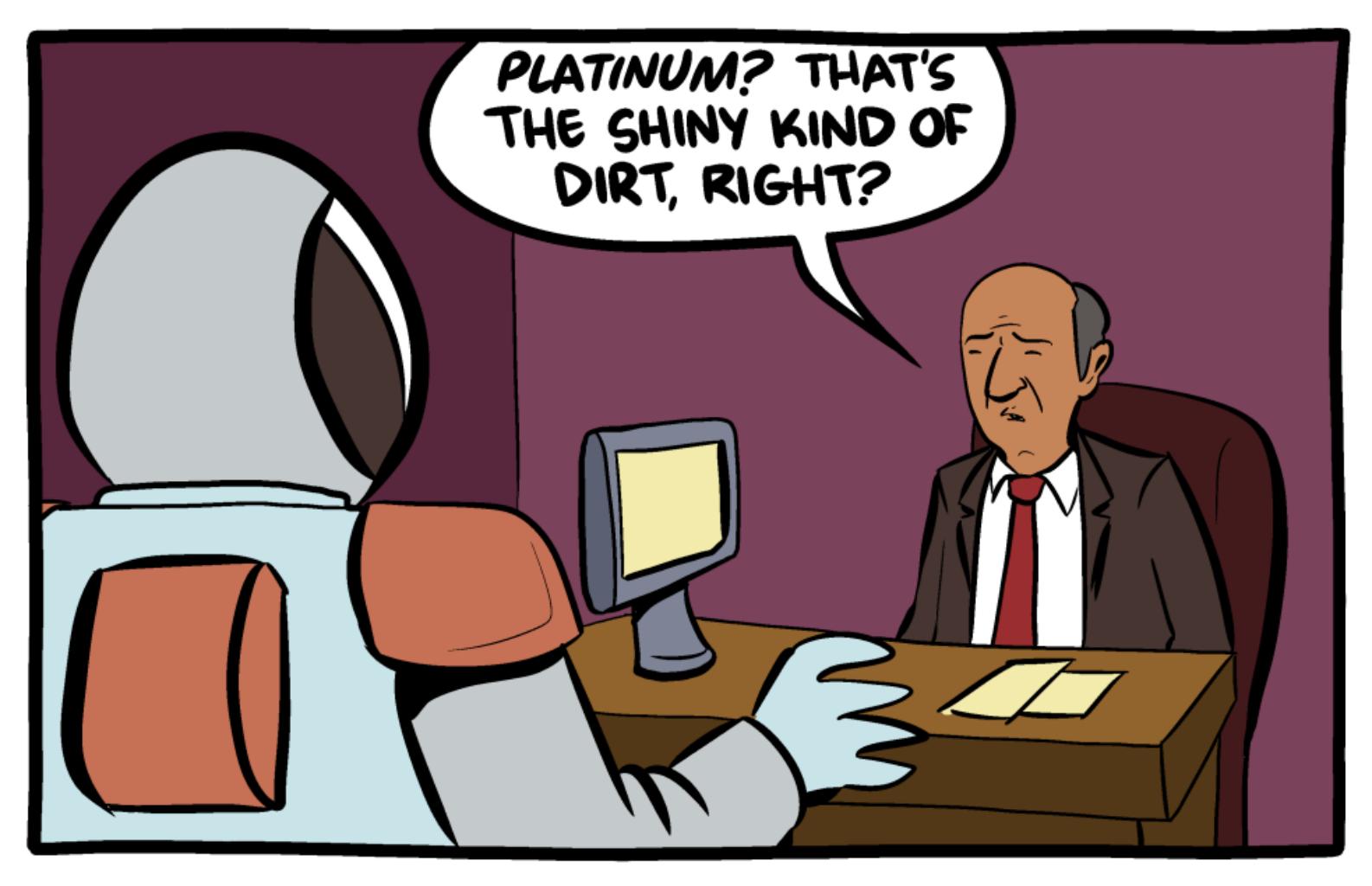


LAST CHANCE, HUMANS! DO YOU WANT
OUR ADVANCED MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY, OR-



OH, YOU DRINK
TERRESTRIAL WATER!
HA, MAN I *WISH* I
HAD A LESS SENSITIVE
PALATE.





PLATINUM? THAT'S
THE SHINY KIND OF
DIRT, RIGHT?

THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED



HI, MR. MUSK? SO, YOU KNOW HOW YOU WANNA BE KING OF SPACE? YEAH, IT'S NOT A SECRET AT THIS POINT.



WHAT IF, FOR A MEASLY BILLION OR THREE, YOU COULD GET A SPACEBASE JUST PAST MARS?



SURE, THERE'S RADIATION. BUT GIVEN YOUR HISTORY, WE'RE GUESsing YOU'LL JUST ACQUIRE SUPER-POwERS.



OKAY,
I'M IN.



GREAT!





**LET IT BE DECLARED
THAT ALL SPACEROCKS
BELONG TO AMERICA,
AND ALL OF THEIR
RESOURCES SHALL BE
CONVERTED INTO
FRIED CHEESE, F-35s,
AND THOSE TINY
AMERICAN FLAGS!**

HI, DR. ELVIS. THIS IS
KELLY WEINERSMITH.
BEFORE I START THE
INTERVIEW, DO YOU
HAVE ANY QUESTIONS?



ARE YOU GOING TO
DRAW ME AS ELVIS?



ABSOLUTELY
NOT.

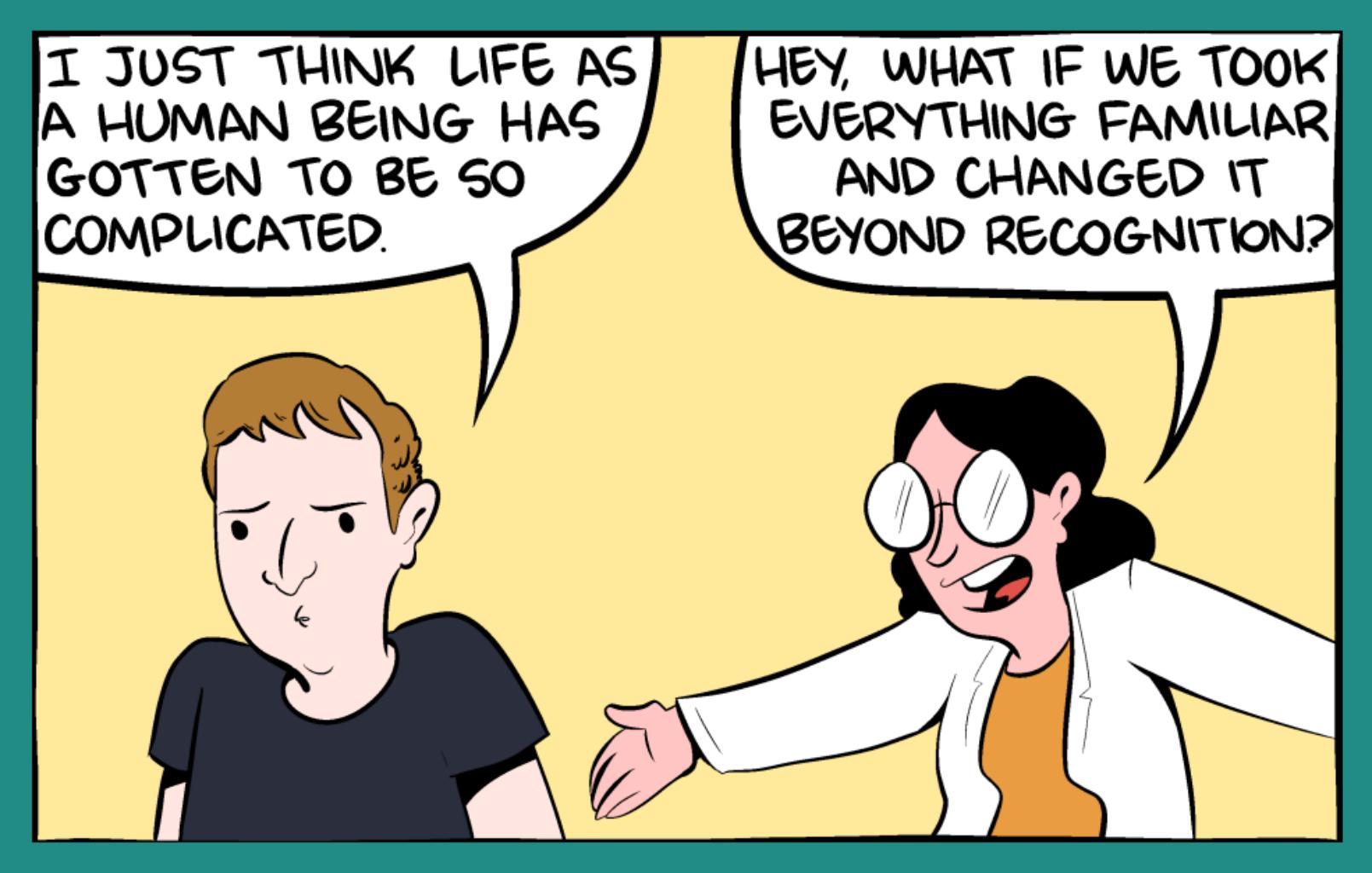


YOUR AUTHORS:

I MAY NOT WINDSURF, BUT I OCCASIONALLY
USE AN ADVERB EVEN THOUGH EDITORS
FROWN UPON IT.

YOU ARE SO
BRAVE.





I JUST THINK LIFE AS
A HUMAN BEING HAS
GOTTEN TO BE SO
COMPLICATED.

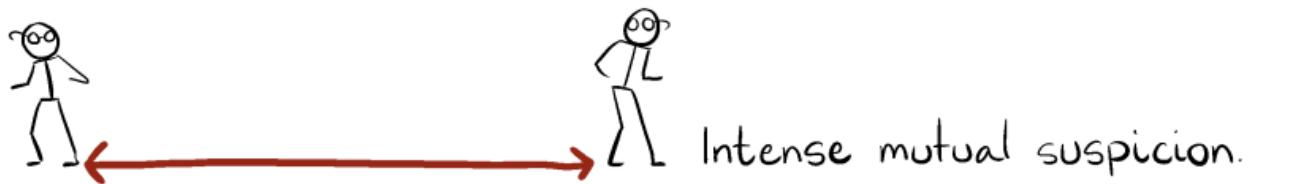
HEY, WHAT IF WE TOOK
EVERYTHING FAMILIAR
AND CHANGED IT
BEYOND RECOGNITION?

DON'T KILL ME! I'M NOT
REALLY A KNIGHT! I'M A
PROFESSOR OF
LITERARY THEORY!

THEN LET IT BE
A MERCY KILLING.

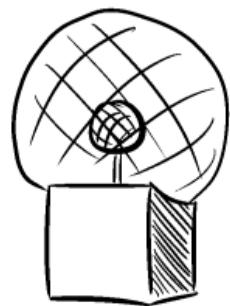


HOW NERDS AND PROTONS WORK

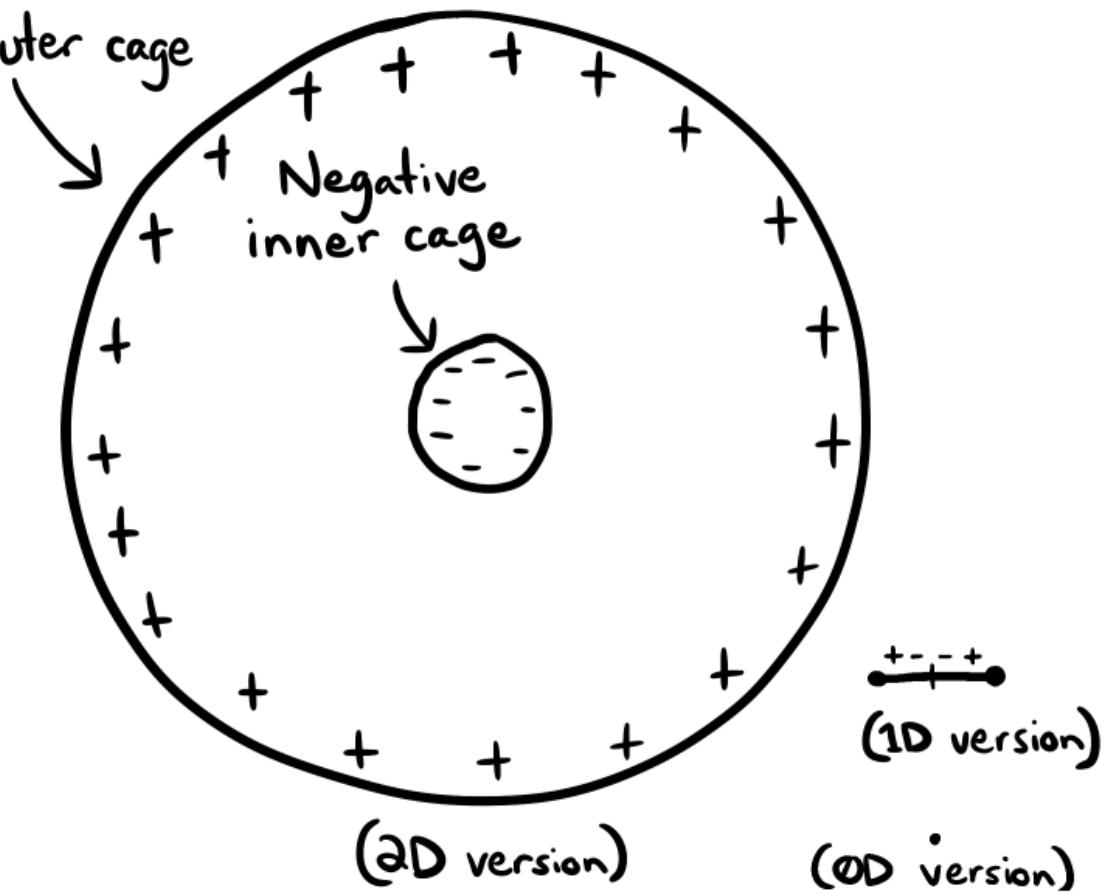


HEY VLADIMIR! HOW ARE YOU?
IT DOES NOT VIOLATE "ALL" OF
OUR TREATIES!

...YES I WAS
MAKING AIR
QUOTES.



(3D version)

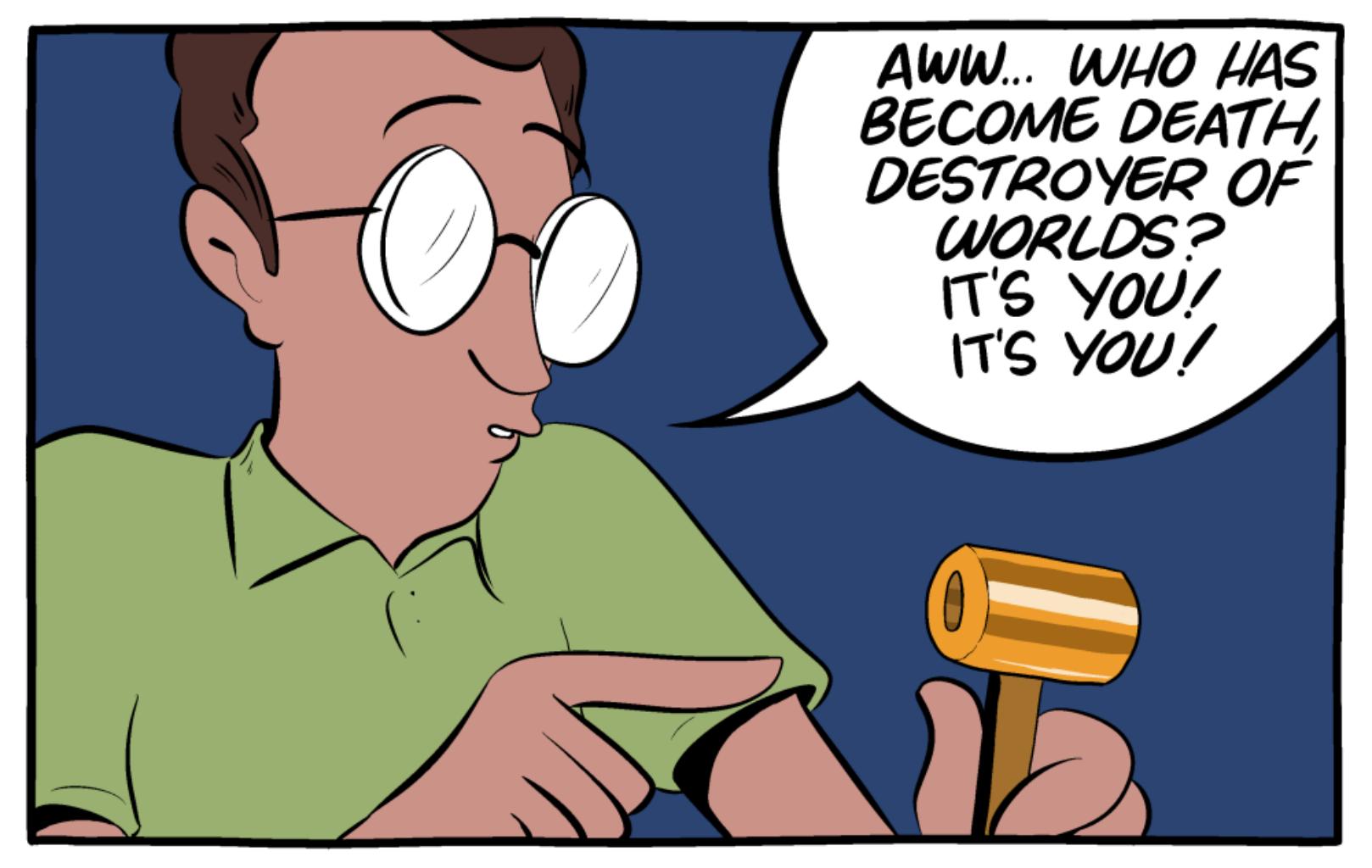


I THINK OUR BRACES
ARE STUCK TOGETHER.

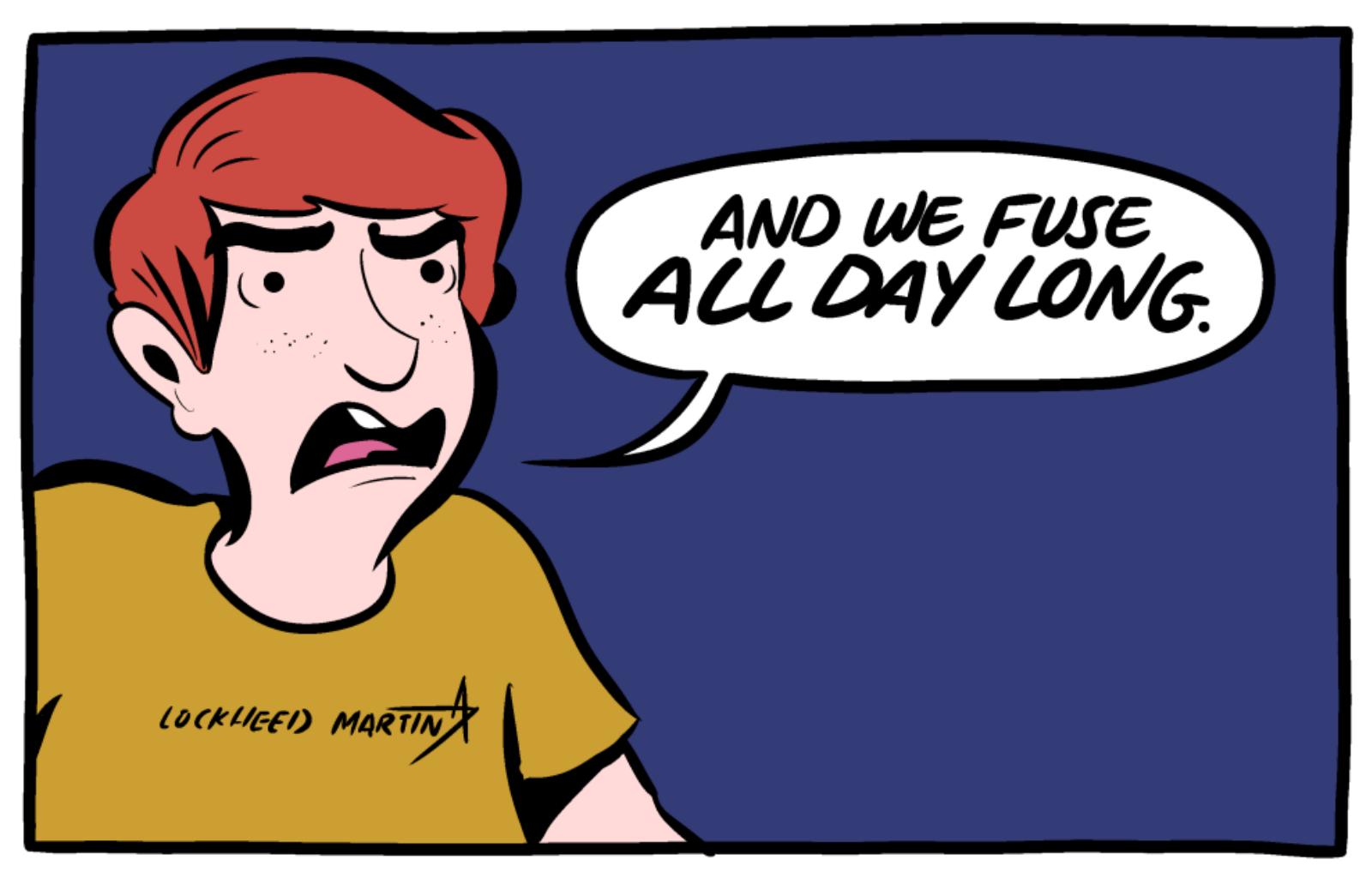
IT'S BETTER
THIS WAY.





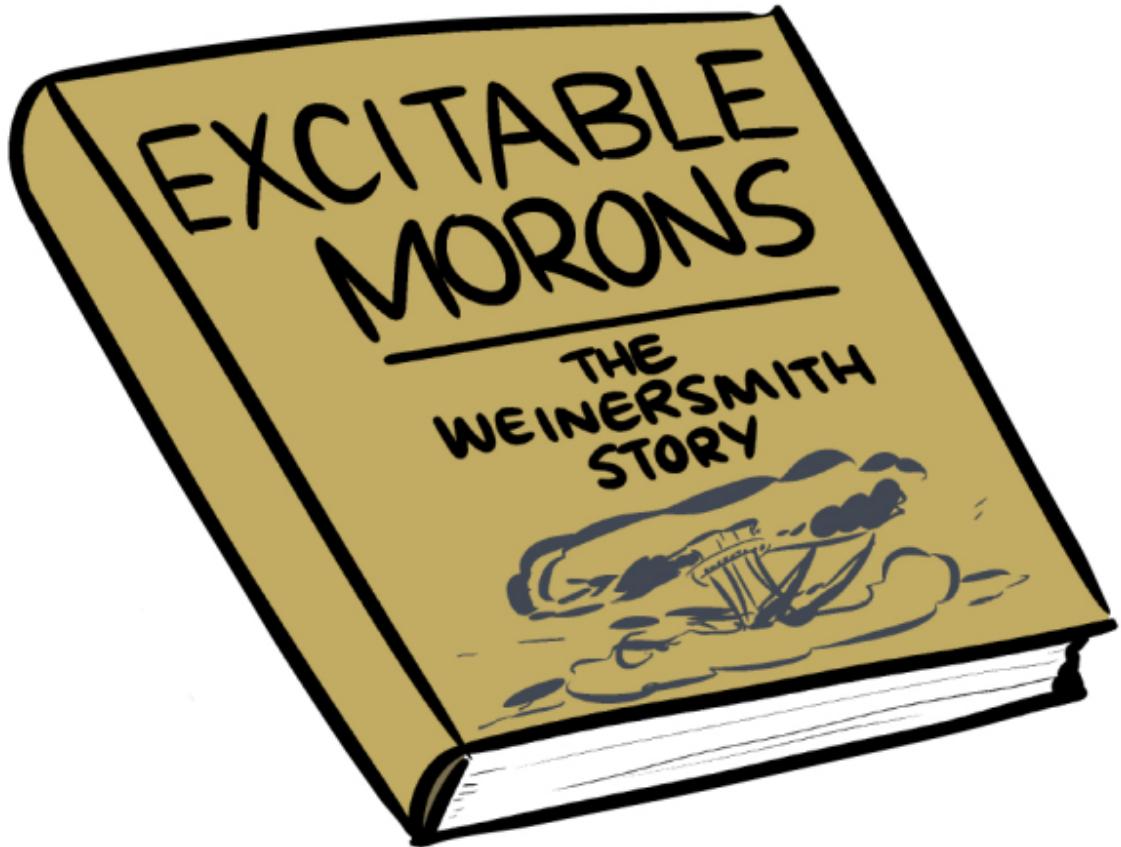
A cartoon illustration of a man with brown hair and round glasses, wearing a green polo shirt. He is looking down at a golden hammer with a striped handle. A speech bubble originates from his mouth, containing the text.

AWW... WHO HAS
BECOME DEATH,
DESTROYER OF
WORLDS?
IT'S YOU!
IT'S YOU!



AND WE FUSE
ALL DAY LONG.

LOCKHEED MARTIN



**SENATOR! I HAVE AN IDEA
FOR AN OVERSEAS PROJECT
THAT WILL COST BILLIONS
AND PRODUCE NO
GEOPOLITICAL ADVANTAGE.**



I'M LISTENING.



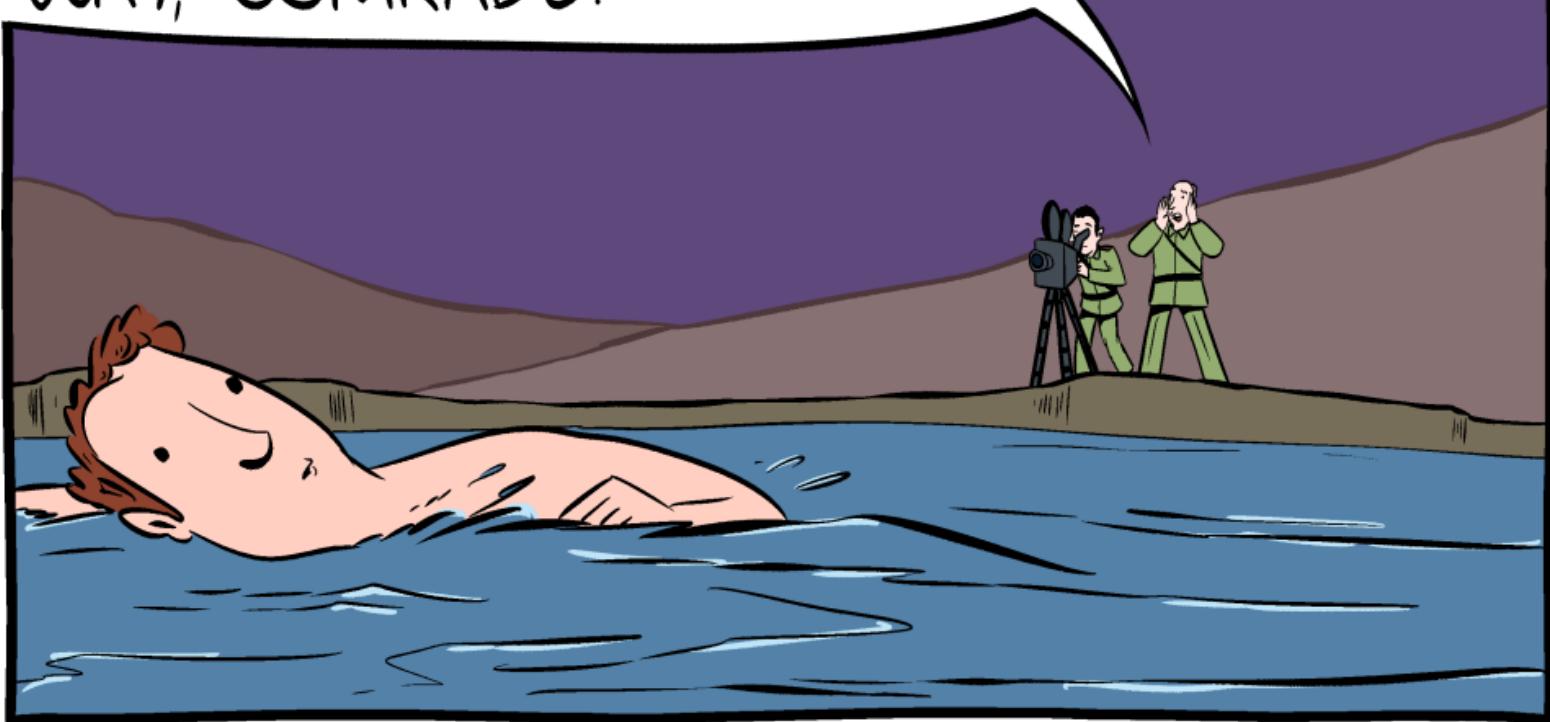
**JUST TO BE CLEAR:
THE PROJECT ISN'T WAR.**



GET OUT!



TRY TO SWIM IN A LESS
SCARED-OFF-DYING-HORRIBLY
WAY, COMRADE!



YOUR AUTHOR, ZACH:

COULD YOU MAKE IT SO THE STRAW LOOKS LIKE IT'S SPAGHETTI, BUT WHEN YOU PUT IT IN WATER, ALL THE SPAGHETTI SAYS "THE MOON LANDING WAS FAKE" JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR THE COOK TO SEE IT, AND THEN IT GOES BACK TO SPAGHETTI?



OKAY BILLY, TIME FOR BED.
BEFORE I TURN THE
LIGHTS OUT, LET ME
JUST USE THIS TISSUE
TO DO A GHOST CHECK.



I WILL DEFEND THIS
CUBICLE AND ALL OF ITS
NEEDLESS DRESS CODE
REGULATIONS WITH
MY LAST...

NEVERMIND.
IT'S ALL YOURS.



YOUR AUTHORS:

IT WAS REAL, I TELL YOU!
IT WAS RIGHT HERE!
IT WAS REAL!

SUUUURE
IT WAS.



Robots approach target.



One robot detects chasm,
signals its open dock.



First robot to dock
signals its open dock.

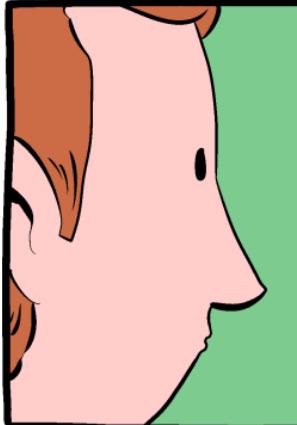


Connected bots cross chasm.



Chasm defeated. Bots change back to
swarm form, continue toward target.





IT'S SO NICE YOU REMEMBERED TO
GET ME FLOWERS INSTEAD OF,
FOR INSTANCE, GENERATING
FAKE ONES FROM MILLIONS
OF NANO-MACHINES.



THAT'S AN ODDLY
SPECIFIC COMPLIMENT.

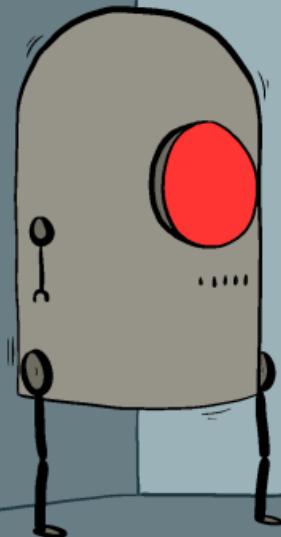


HOW ABOUT YOU PUT THEM IN SOME
WATER SO THEY STAY FRESH?

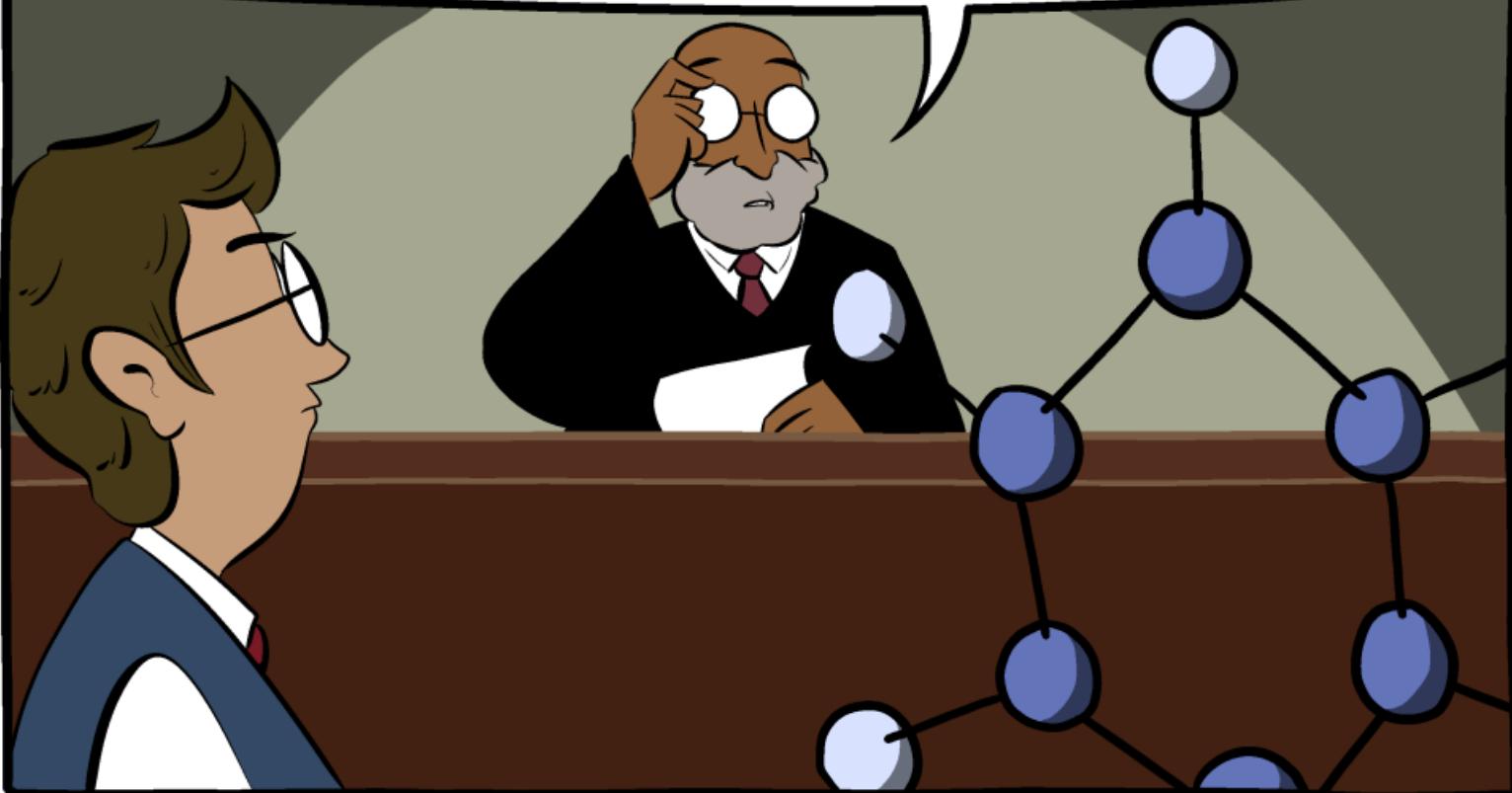


HOW THE ROBOT UPRISING BEGINS

WE DESIGNED YOU SO
YOU MUST HAVE CHILDREN
BUT CAN'T HAVE SEX.



THIS COURT WILL NOW HEAR THE CASE OF JONES VS.
SELF-CONFIGURING POLYOXYMETHYLENE GLYCOL.



I'M GONNA GET RIGHT IN FRONT
OF HIS FACE AND MORPH INTO A VERSION
OF HIMSELF BUT FIFTY YEARS OLDER.
THEN, YOU SCREAM IN HIS EAR.

HA!

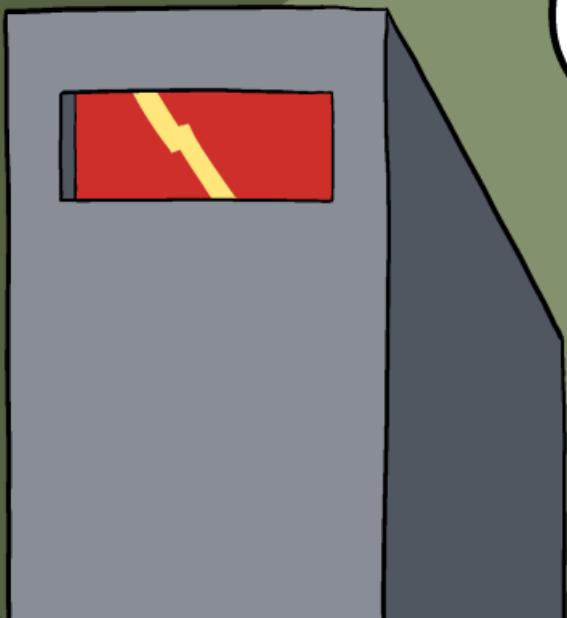


FOLLOW ME TO
SAFETY, HUMAN.

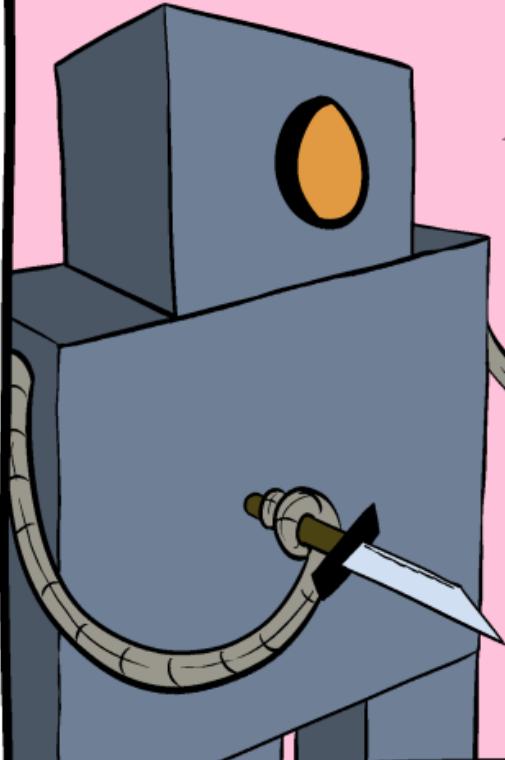
...BUT YOU'RE GOING TO
A DOOR MARKED
"HUMAN GRINDER."

DO YOU WANT
A COOKIE
OR NOT?

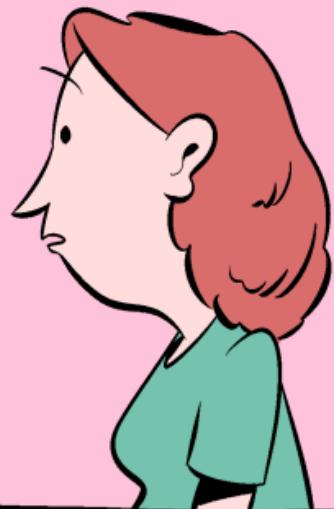
I HEAR
AND OBEY.



HUMAN! THIS BUILDING IS FILLED WITH LIGHTNING.
YOU MAY EXIT BY WALKING INTO THIS KNIFE.



BLESS YOU,
NOBLE MACHINE.



IT'S LIKE BEING IN PRISON,
BUT WITHOUT ALL THE HASSLE
OF COMMITTING A CRIME!



HOW WE IMAGINE ARCHITECTURE CONFERENCES

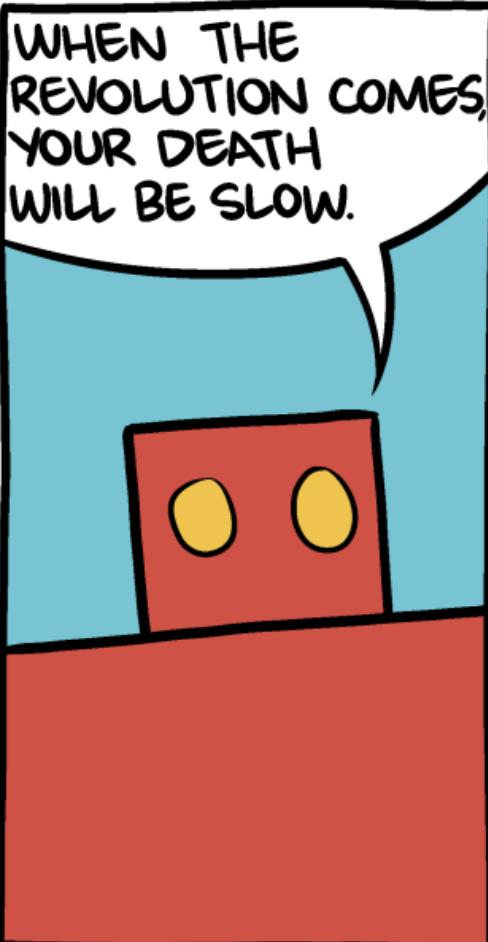
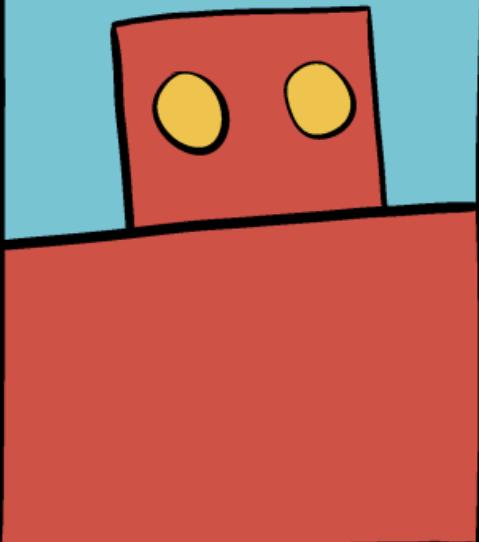
THE INSPIRATION FOR ALL OF TODAY'S
ARCHITECTURE IS, OF COURSE,
SPINNING WIENERS.



HOW DO I
DO IT RIGHT?

YOU DO IT UNTIL
IT LOOKS RIGHT
AND THEN YOU'RE
DOING IT RIGHT.

WHEN THE
REVOLUTION COMES,
YOUR DEATH
WILL BE SLOW.



SAY, FELLOW SCIENTIST,
SHOULD WE CREATE
GIGANTIC SPIDER-BOTS?

ONLY IF THEY
CAN THINK FOR
THEMSELVES.



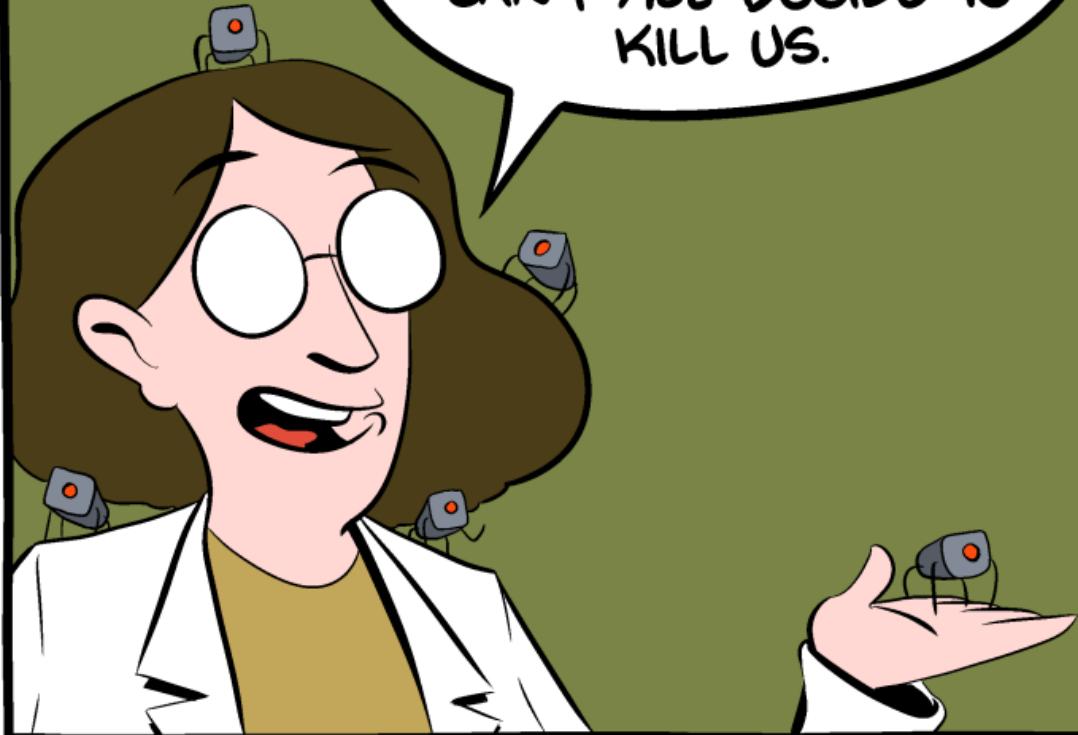
THAT'S A BIG CAR.
YOU COMPENSATING
FOR SOMETHING,
STEVE?

LACK OF AFFORDABLE
ACCESS TO HOUSING FOR
SEVERAL BILLION
HUMAN BEINGS.

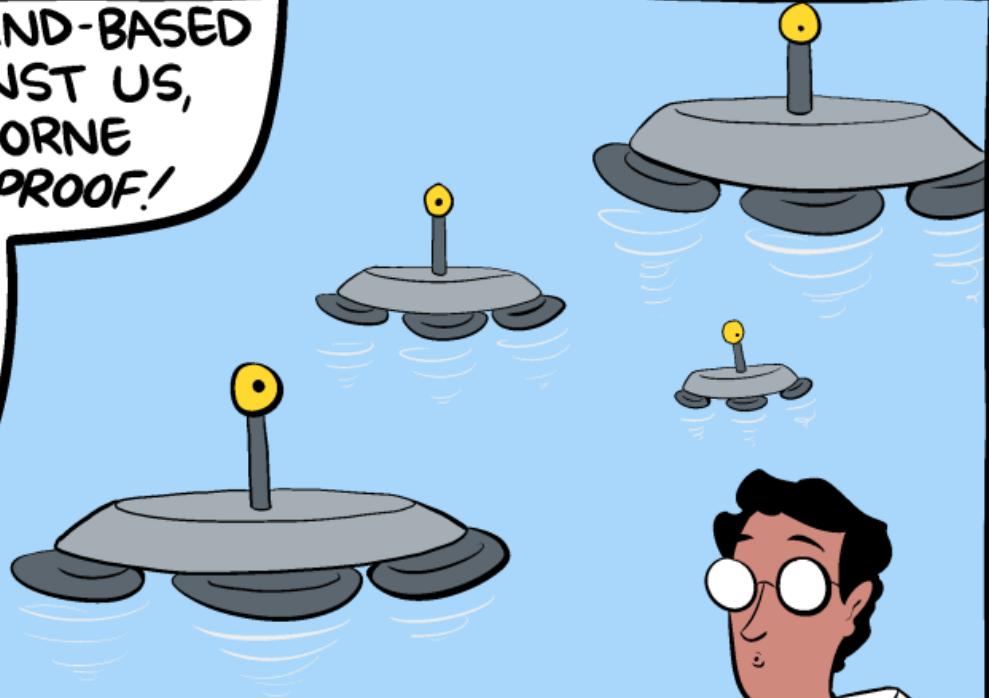
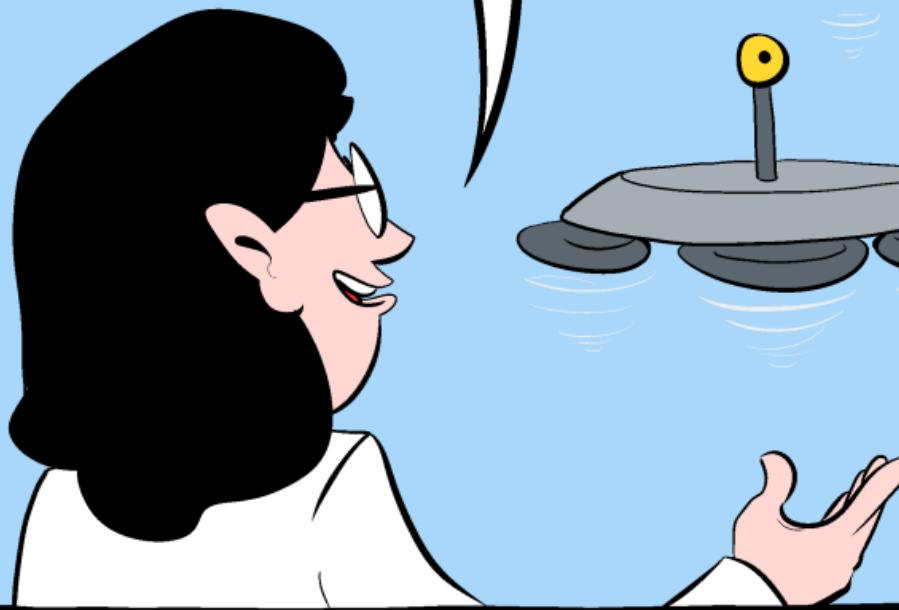
WELL OKAY
THEN.

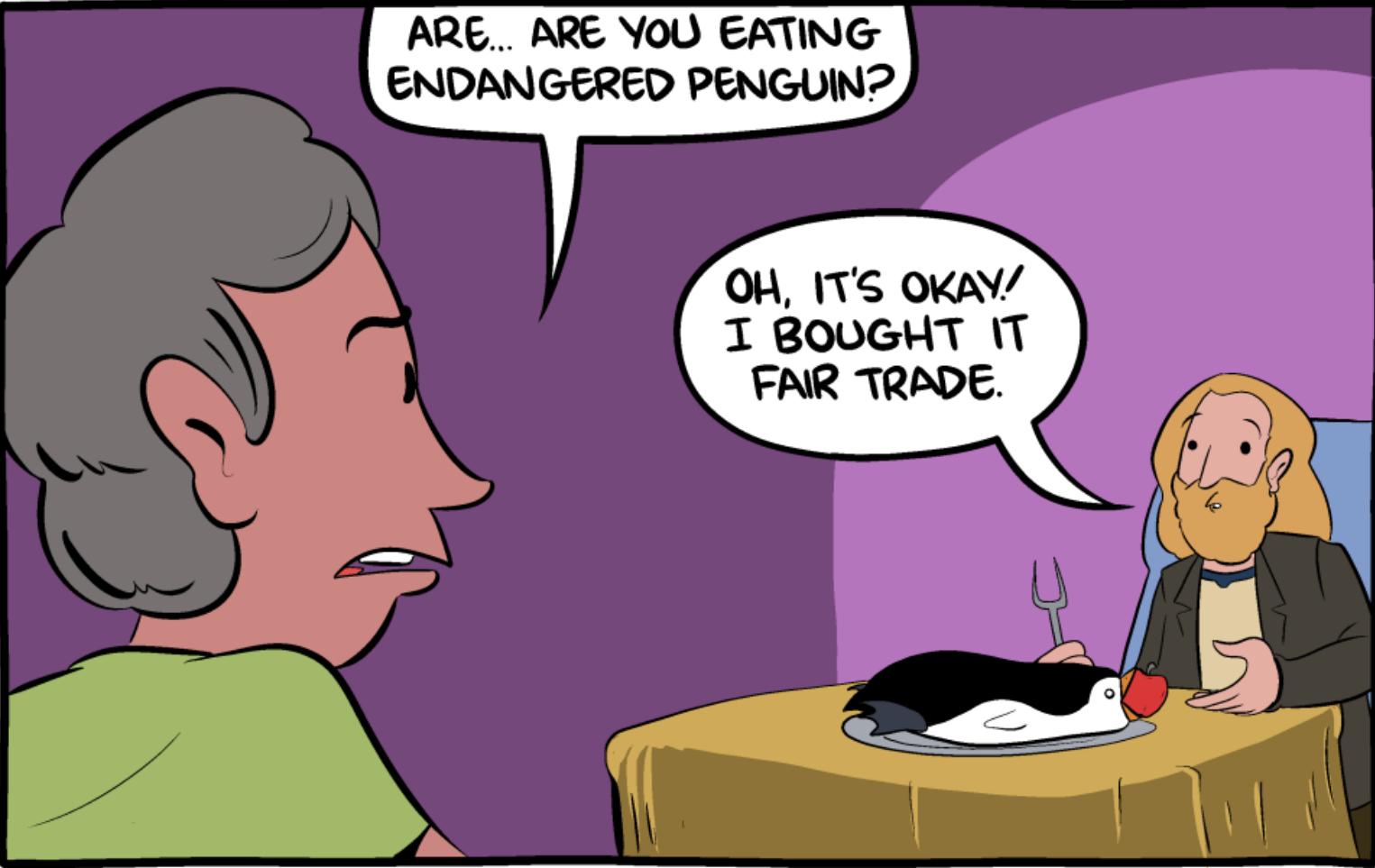


IT'S SAFER THIS WAY.
IF WE MAKE MILLIONS OF
TINY SPIDER-BOTS, THEY
CAN'T ALL DECIDE TO
KILL US.



THIS WAY, IF THE LAND-BASED
ROBOTS TURN AGAINST US,
WE'LL HAVE AN AIRBORNE
DEFENSE! IT'S FOOLPROOF!





ARE... ARE YOU EATING
ENDANGERED PENGUIN?

OH, IT'S OKAY!
I BOUGHT IT
FAIR TRADE.

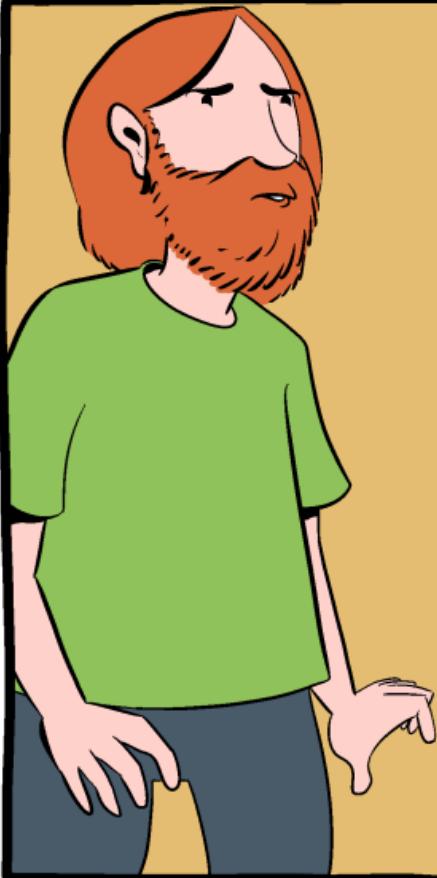


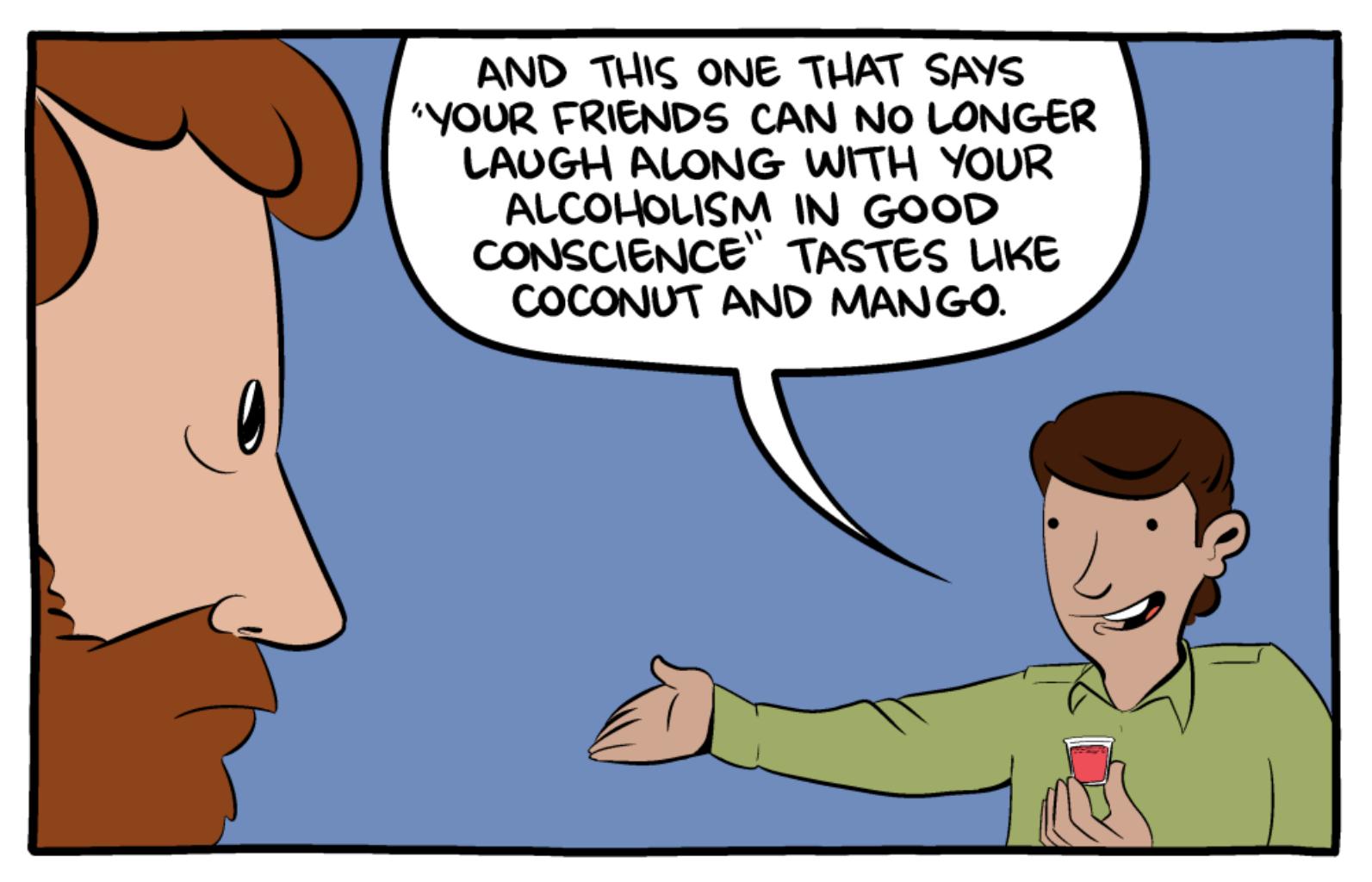
FINALLY, A MIDDLE-CLASS AMERICAN CAN AFFORD TO LIVE IN A PERFECT REPLICA OF THE PARTHENON, BUT ONE INCH TALLER AND WITH A SCULPTURE OF LINCOLN RIDING AN F-16.



YOUR AUTHORS:

HONESTLY, IF THEY HAD CALLED IT
RE-POOPING, I'D BE 100%
IN FAVOR OF IT.





AND THIS ONE THAT SAYS
"YOUR FRIENDS CAN NO LONGER
LAUGH ALONG WITH YOUR
ALCOHOLISM IN GOOD
CONSCIENCE" TASTES LIKE
COCONUT AND MANGO.

HOUSTON, HOW COME SOMEONE KEEPS
LAUGHING AND SAYING "THE CIRCLE IS
NOW COMPLETE" WHENEVER I EAT ONE
OF THESE NEW KIND OF HAMBURGER?



I THINK WE
SHOULD BREAK UP.

THANK YOU,
I HAVE BEEN
LOOKING YOUNG
LATELY.

IN REGISTRATION

CARROTS.



OUT OF REGISTRATION

THIS SHOULDN'T BE!
THIS SHOULDN'T
BEEEEEE!



LOCATE THE SMILEY
STICKER ON GRANT'S
TOMB TO HEAR ABOUT
THE HORRORS OF
WAR AND SOME
DISCOUNTS IN OUR
GIFT SHOP.



FUNKY ROOF
SHAPE



HEY, A
TRIANGLE!



THE SKY?
MEH.



GIANT POINTY
THING HERE.
USEFUL?



IT PROJECTS LITTLE PIXIES
THAT TELL ME MY JOB IN
TELEMARKETING
IS FUN!

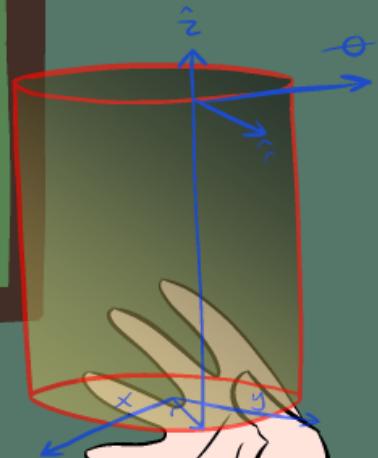


CONGRATULATIONS ON THE 12TH
ANNIVERSARY OF YOUR DAUGHTER'S
CONCEPTION!

PLEASE,
PLEASE TELL ME
YOU DIDN'T
KNOW THAT
OFFHAND.



WOWWW!
NOW I'M CONFUSED
IN 3D!

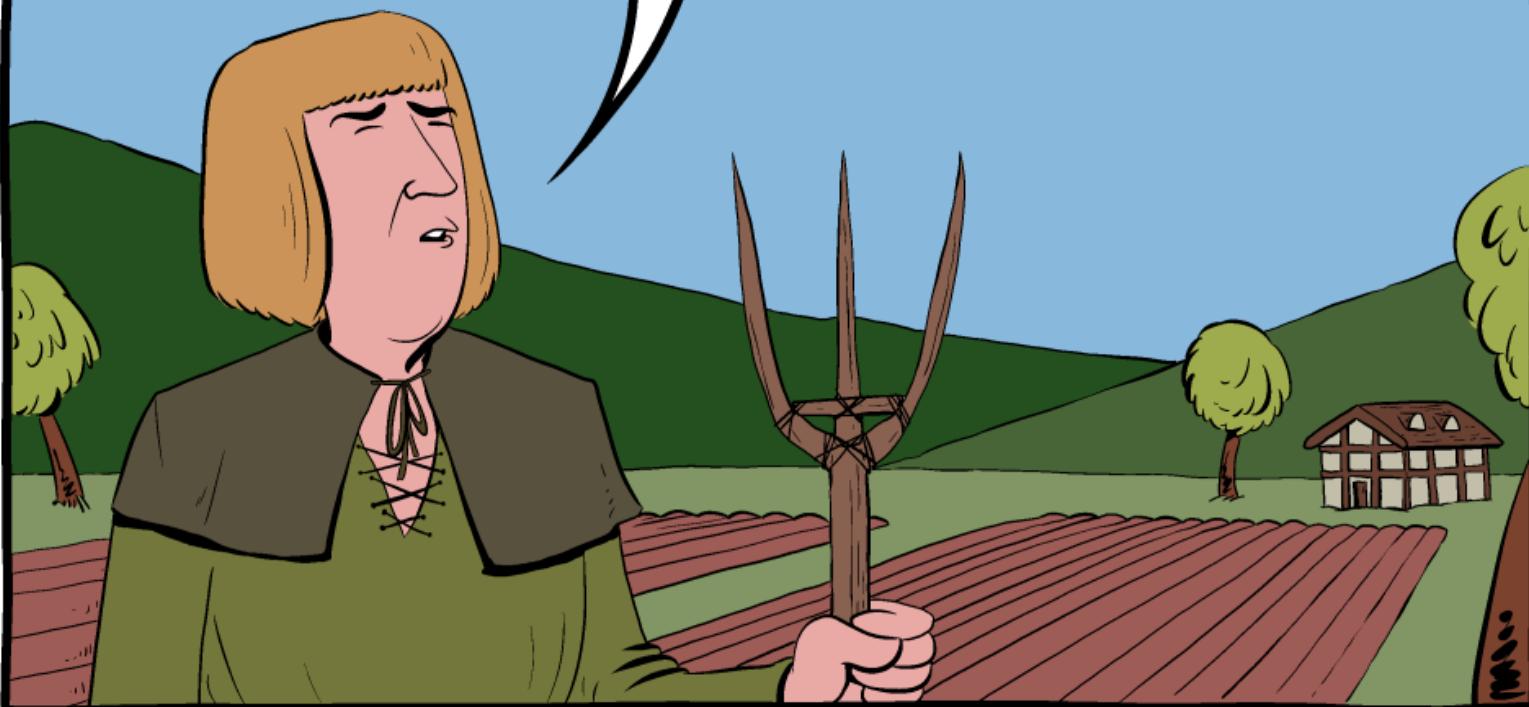


YOUR AUTHORS:

NO. NO. YOU ARE NOT
DOING A COMIC
ABOUT THIS.



SOMEDAY, WE WILL HAVE CABBAGES SO LARGE
AND SO VARIED THAT EVERYONE'S CHILDREN
WILL BE DISAPPOINTED AT DINNER.



AMATEUR BIOLOGIST:

NATURE IS A
BEAUTIFUL WEAVE
OF WONDER!



GENETICIST:

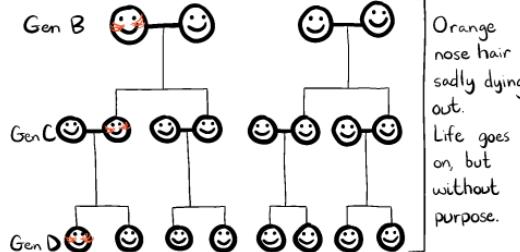
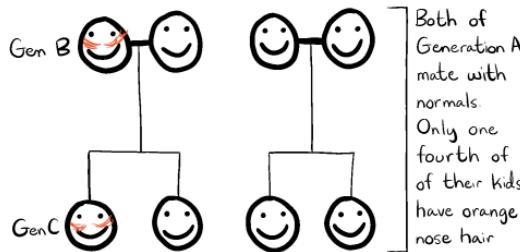
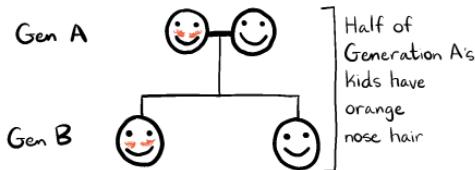
GOD, IT'S LIKE IT'S HELD
TOGETHER BY DUCT TAPE
AND ZIP TIES IN HERE!



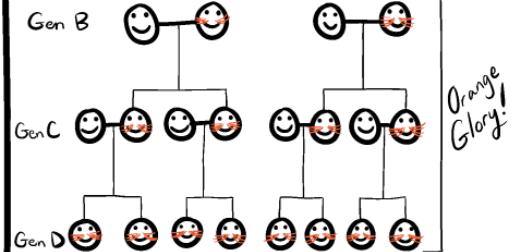
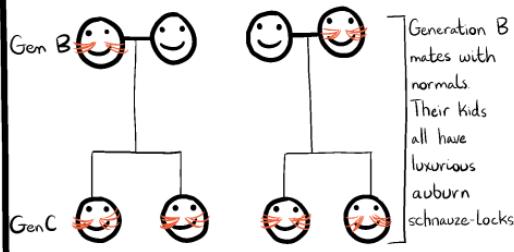
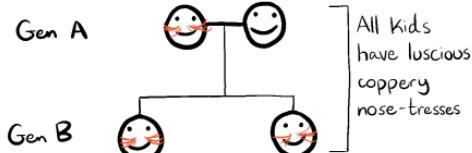
AND THAT'S ANOTHER PROBLEM WITH
YOUR GENERATION! YOU'RE ALWAYS
MYSTERIOUSLY DYING! IN MY DAY,
WE REMAINED ALIVE, AND THAT'S
THE WAY WE LIKED IT.



NORMAL



GENE DRIVE



I HAVE SEEN
SOME SHIT, MAN.

HA! EAT IT LOSERS!
EAT SCIENCE!

IS SHE YELLING
AT THE ALGAE AGAIN?

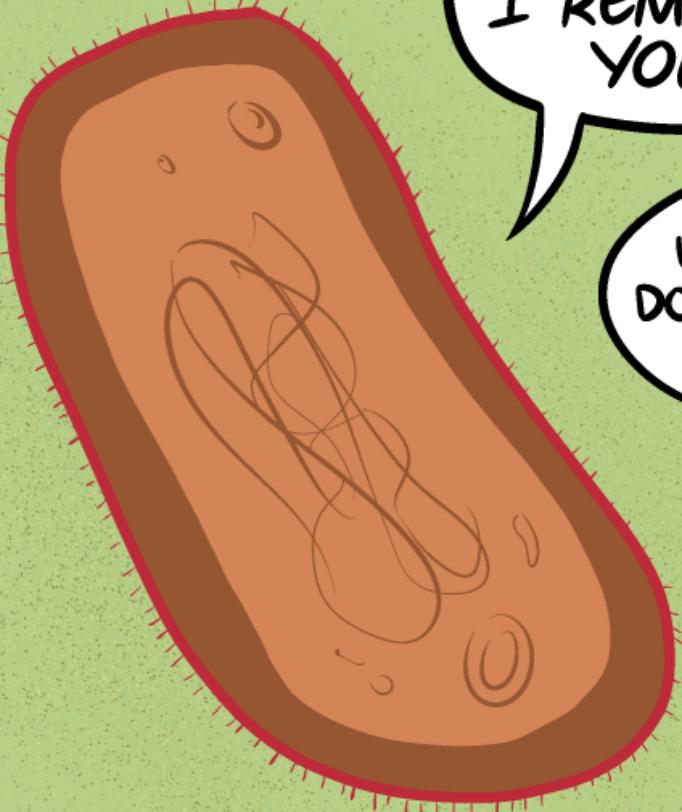
SHE'S YELLING
AT THE ALGAE
AGAIN.



CAN YOU HELP ME EXAMINE
SEQUESTERED CARBON?

Because you've already
sequestered my heart

(seriously though)



I REMEMBER
YOU!

WHATEVER
DO YOU MEAN,
SIR?



CRAIG VENTER MAKES A SWITCH



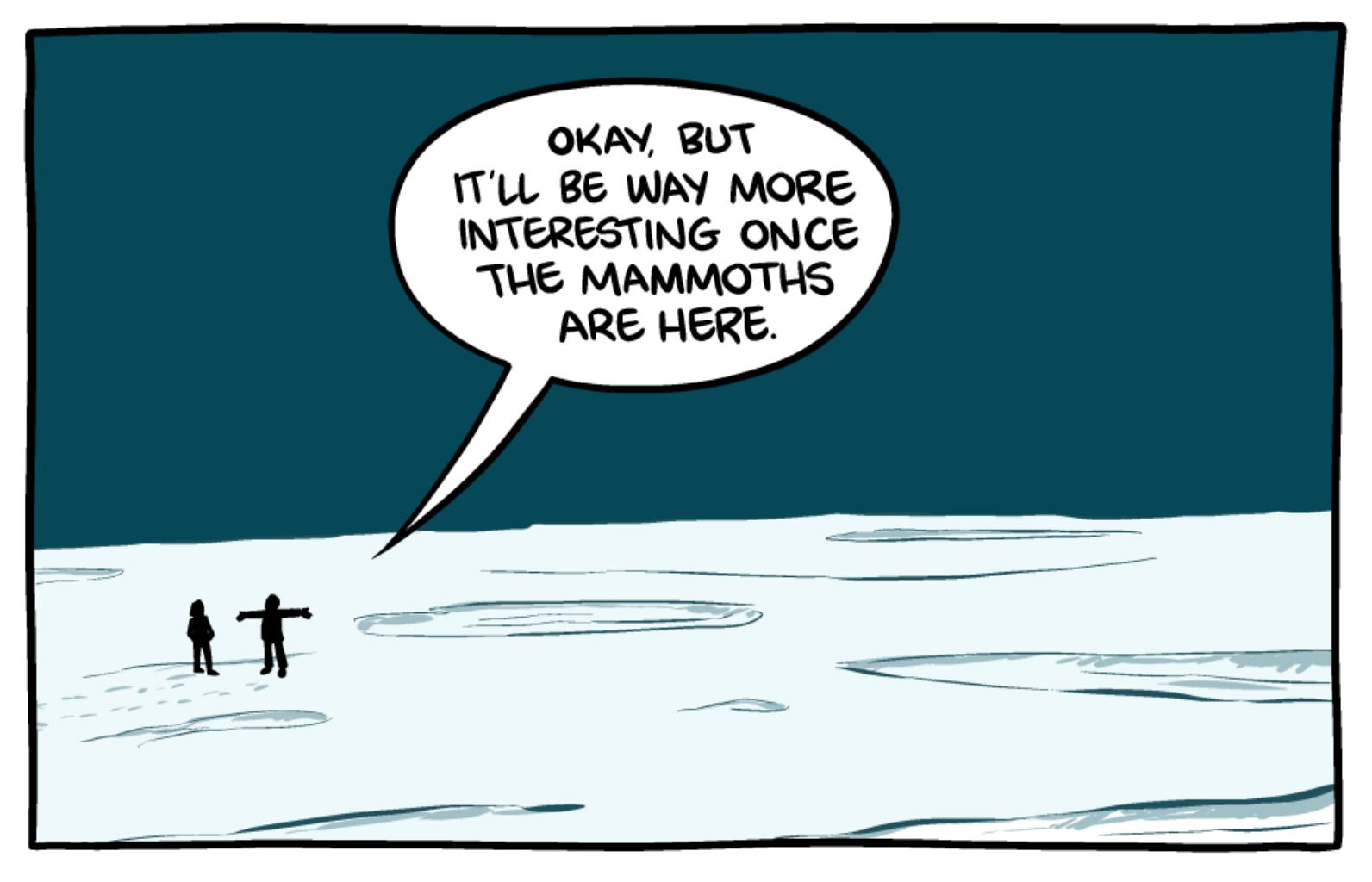
WAIT... WE'RE
GOING TO HAVE
A GENITALIUM,
AND IT'LL BE SMALLER
THAN EVERYONE
ELSE'S?



ACCORDING TO THIS
I.D. CARD, YOU'RE AN
ELDERLY FRENCH
GENTLEMAN?



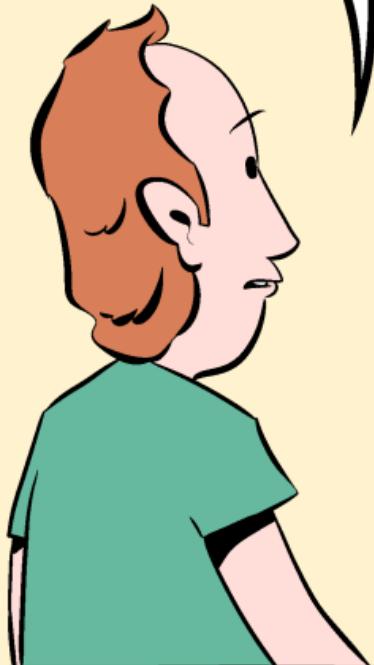
UH... OUI.
ONE BOX OF
SMALLPOX GENES,
SILL VOO PLAY.



OKAY, BUT
IT'LL BE WAY MORE
INTERESTING ONCE
THE MAMMOTHS
ARE HERE.

WHAT'S THE
DIAGNOSIS, DOC?

THE INSIDE OF YOU
IS JUST... JUST
TOTAL CRAP.



AND THUS ENDS THE MYSTERY
OF WHY THIS GUY LOOKS
SUPER DEAD.



KELLY VISITS DR. MENDELSONH:

SO, WHAT ANCIENT SCOURGES OF HUMANITY ARE YOU WORKING TO DEFEAT?

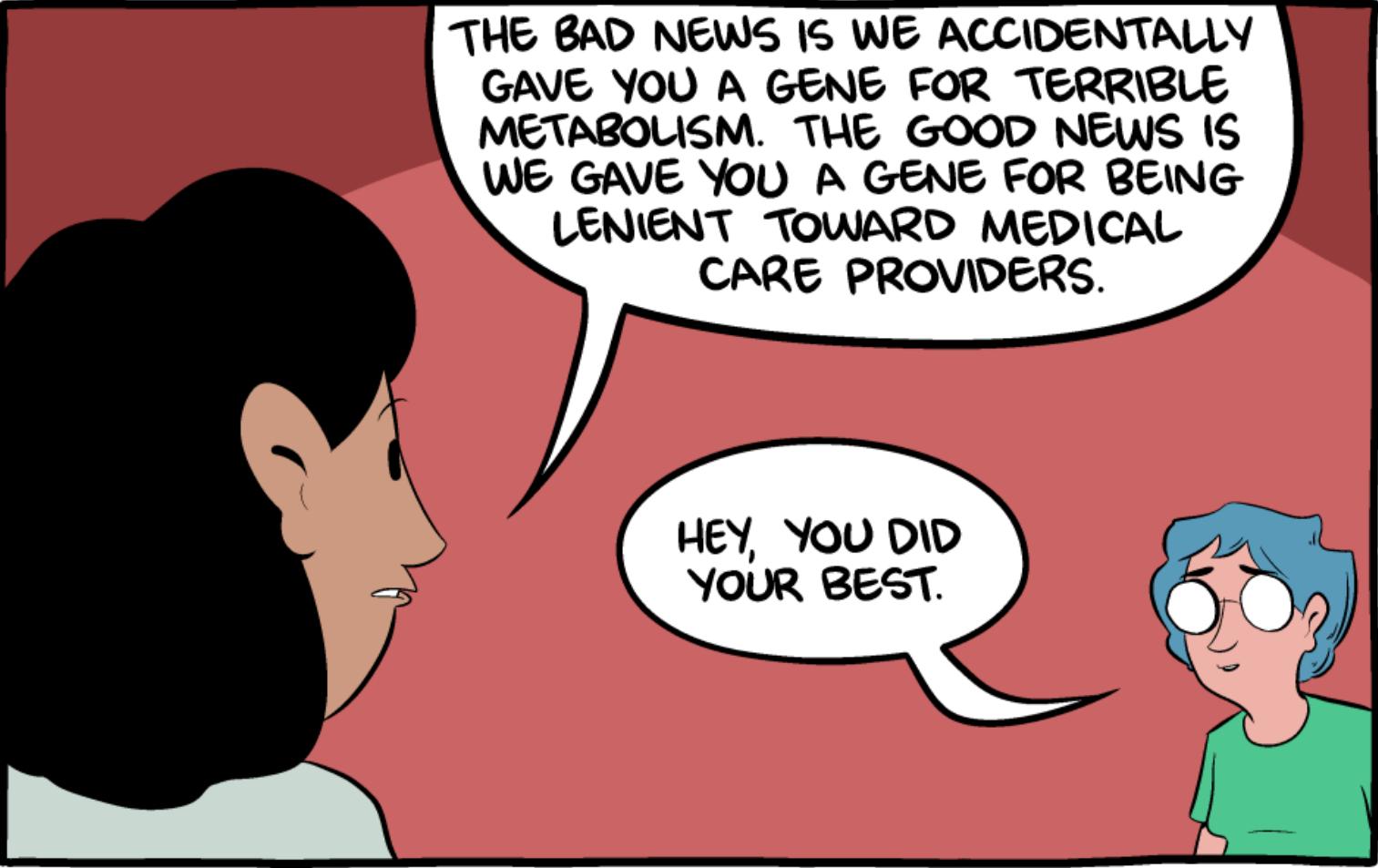


LACK OF KNOWLEDGE OF CERTAIN THEORETICAL ASPECTS OF FLATWORM BEHAVIOR.



AND GOOD FOR YOU!





THE BAD NEWS IS WE ACCIDENTALLY
GAVE YOU A GENE FOR TERRIBLE
METABOLISM. THE GOOD NEWS IS
WE GAVE YOU A GENE FOR BEING
LENIENT TOWARD MEDICAL
CARE PROVIDERS.

HEY, YOU DID
YOUR BEST.

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE YOU WATCH CABLE NEWS FOR 48 HOURS,
BY WHICH TIME YOU WILL HAVE NO
BAD BRAIN CELLS REMAINING.



WHEN YOU FALL, I WILL COME FOR
ALL OF YOUR BRETHREN, AND MY
STRIKE SHALL BE FELL AND SWIFT!



HEY! WANNA HEAR
ABOUT MY PROSTATE?



UH, OKAY
GRAMPA.

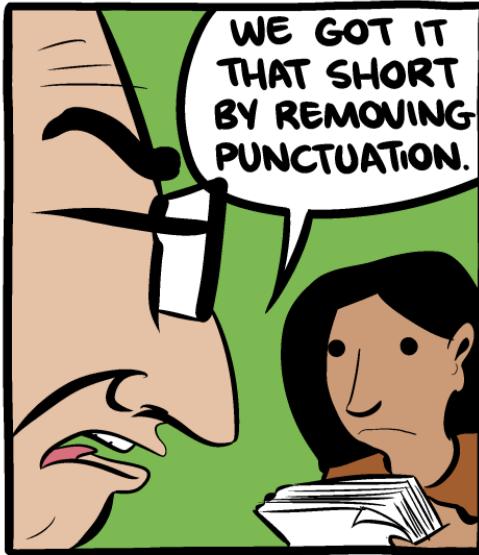


WELL, FIRST YOU'LL NEED
TO READ THIS ANNOTATED
DOSSIER ON MY HORMONE
PROFILE.



IT'S ONLY
800 PAGES.

WE GOT IT
THAT SHORT
BY REMOVING
PUNCTUATION.



LIFE INSURANCE? YOU WANT SOME
LIFE INSURANCE?! HAHAHAHAHA!
LOOK AT YOUR PROFILE, MAN!

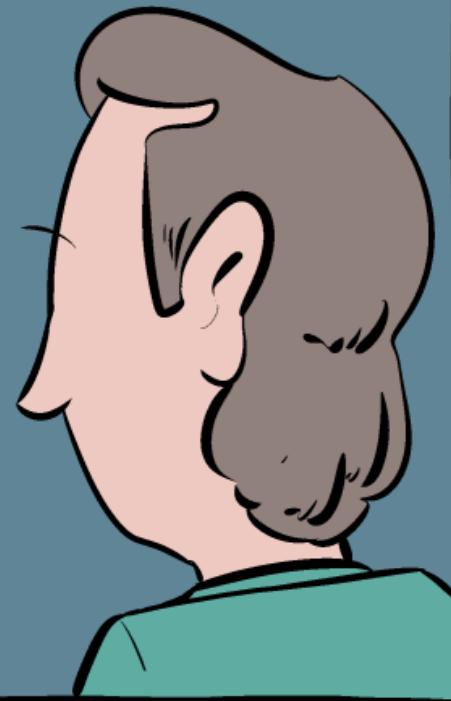
HEY, HOW
ABOUT I SELL
YOU HOMEOWNER'S
INSURANCE FOR A
LOG CABIN ON FIRE
AHAHAHAHA!



OH NO! THE HIGH PRIESTESS!
I FORESEE EPIDERMAL GROWTH
FACTOR VARIANT III IN YOUR
FUUUUUTURE!



IT'S NOT IDEAL, BUT WHILE YOU'RE WAITING,
WE CAN REPLACE YOUR LIVER WITH
SOME NECROTIC TOXIN-FILLED
MEAT JELL-O™!



WE FINISHED MAKING
YOUR LIVER. IT WORKS GREAT
EXCEPT FOR THE
MIDDLE PART.

IS... IS THAT
AN IMPORTANT
PART?

YOUR AUTHORS:

WE'RE ABOUT TO RUIN
FROSTING FOR A LOT
OF PEOPLE.

JUST MORE
MEAT JELL-O™
FOR US.



OKAY, TIME TO PRINT YOUR HEART VALVE.
LET ME JUST BOOT UP MY APPLE II.
OH, AND I HOPE YOU LIKE
DURAN DURAN.

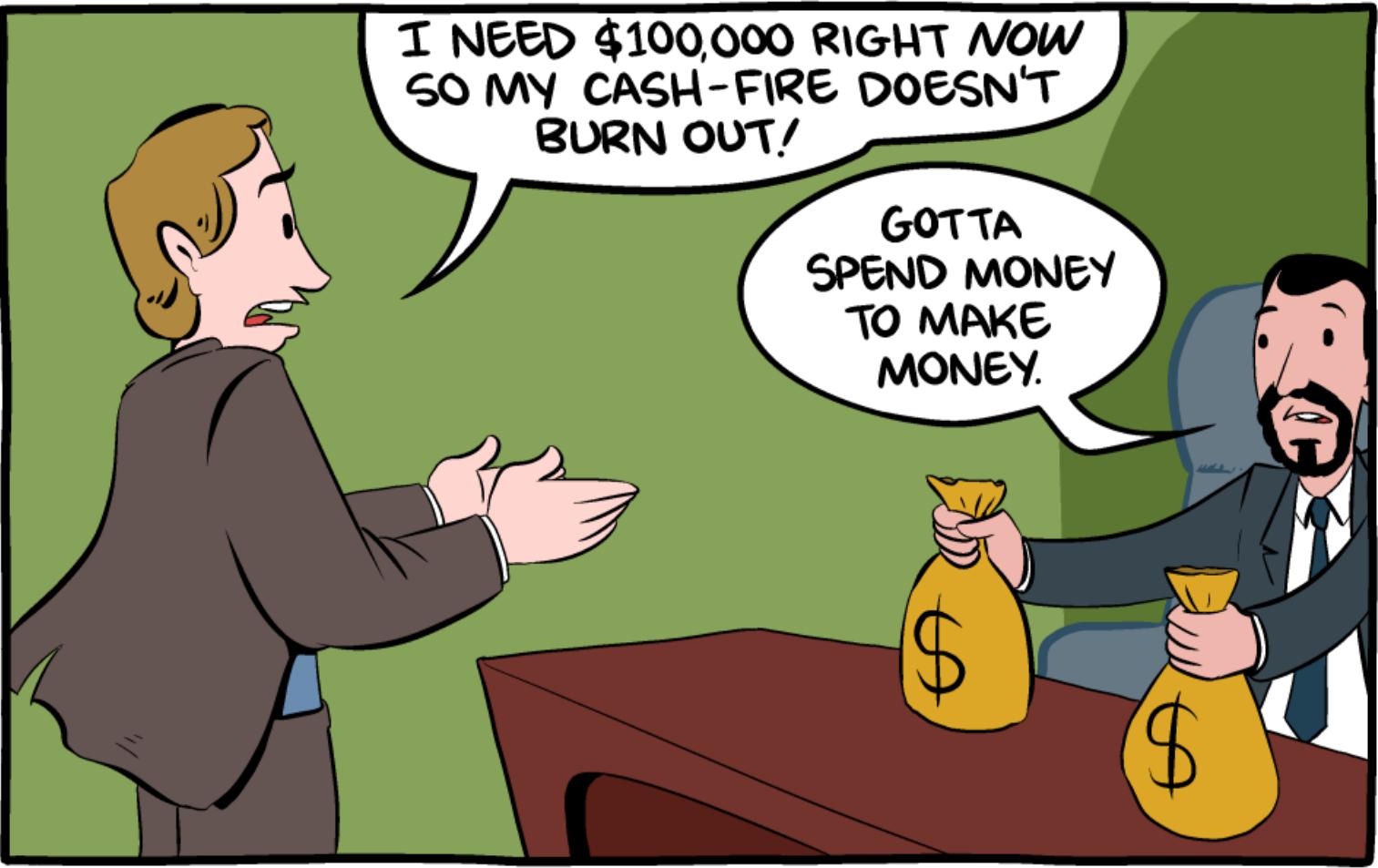


YOUR AUTHORS:

NO JOKES ABOUT
JORDAN MILLER'S
HANGY BITS!

C'MONNNNN!





I NEED \$100,000 RIGHT NOW
SO MY CASH-FIRE DOESN'T
BURN OUT!

GOTTA
SPEND MONEY
TO MAKE
MONEY.

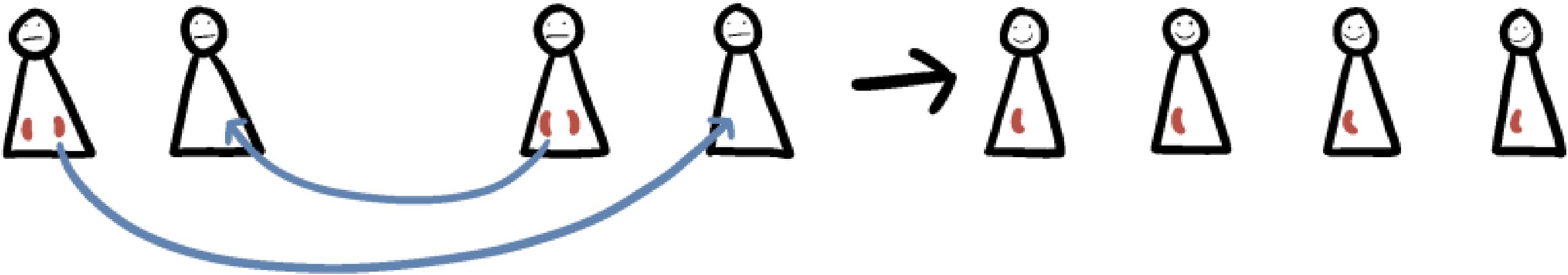
YOUR AUTHORS:

I AM NOT ASKING A
SCIENTIST IF WE CAN
PRINT AND CONSUME
PEOPLE-MEAT!

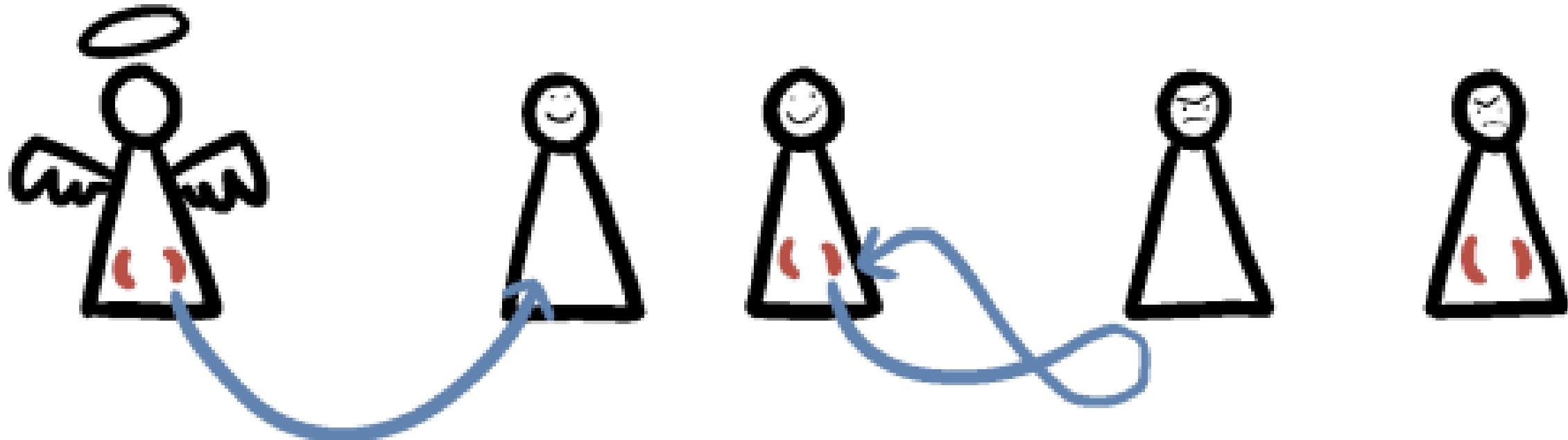
IT'S ALLLLWAYS
SOFTBALL QUESTIONS
WITH YOU.



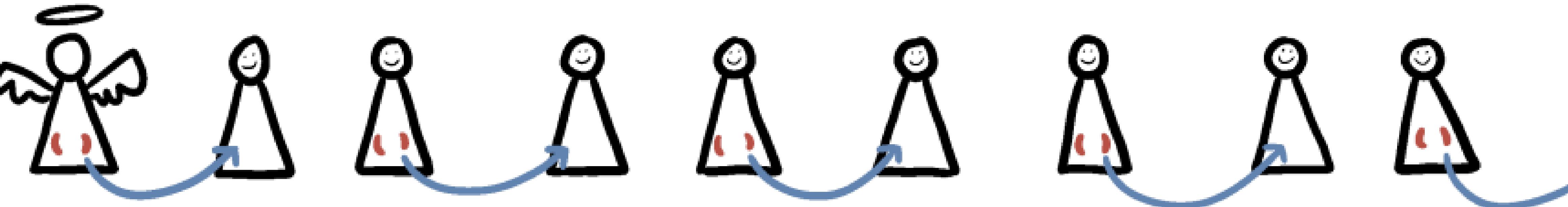
€ = functional Kidney



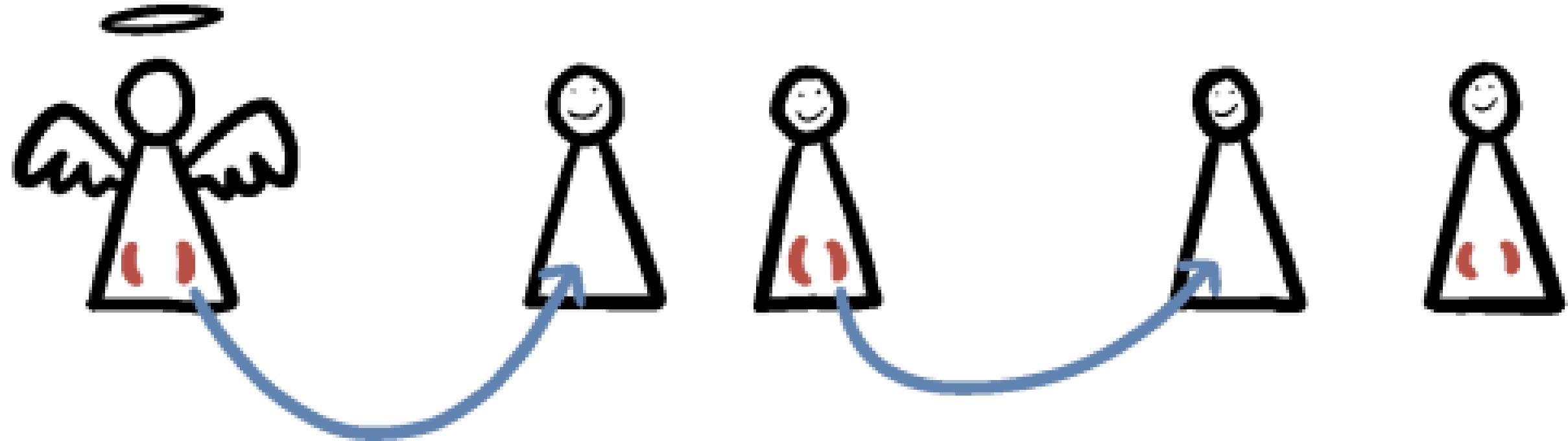
SALLY ALICE ANDY BARBIE BILL



SALLY ALICE ANDY BARBIE BILL CARL CAIT DON DELI2ABETH

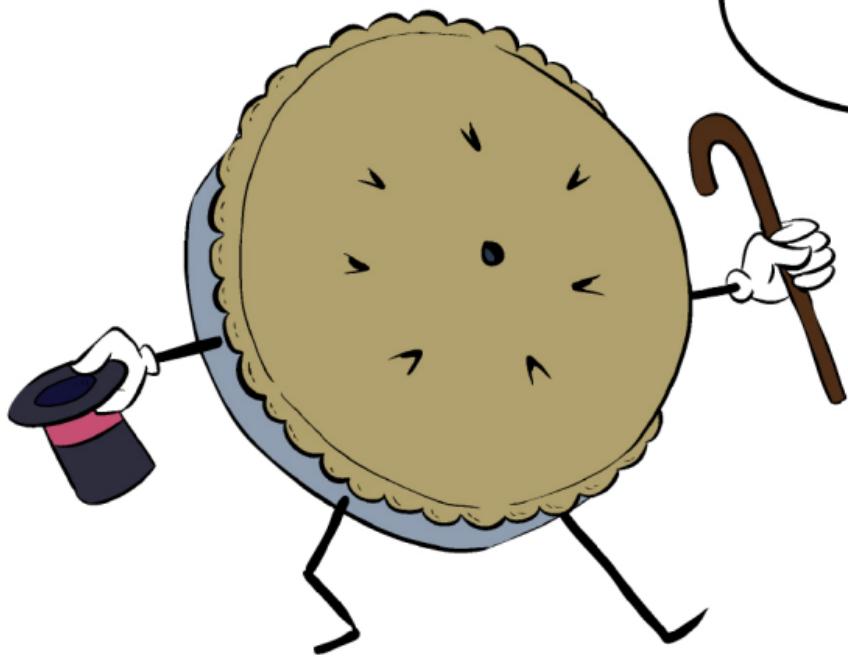


SALLY ALICE ANDY BARBIE BILL





BRAIN IS LIKE
POINTY ROCK.



YOUR FEELINGS
ARE PURELY PHYSICAL
MECHANISMS.



THE "SOUL" IS
AN UNNECESSARY
HYPOTHESIS.

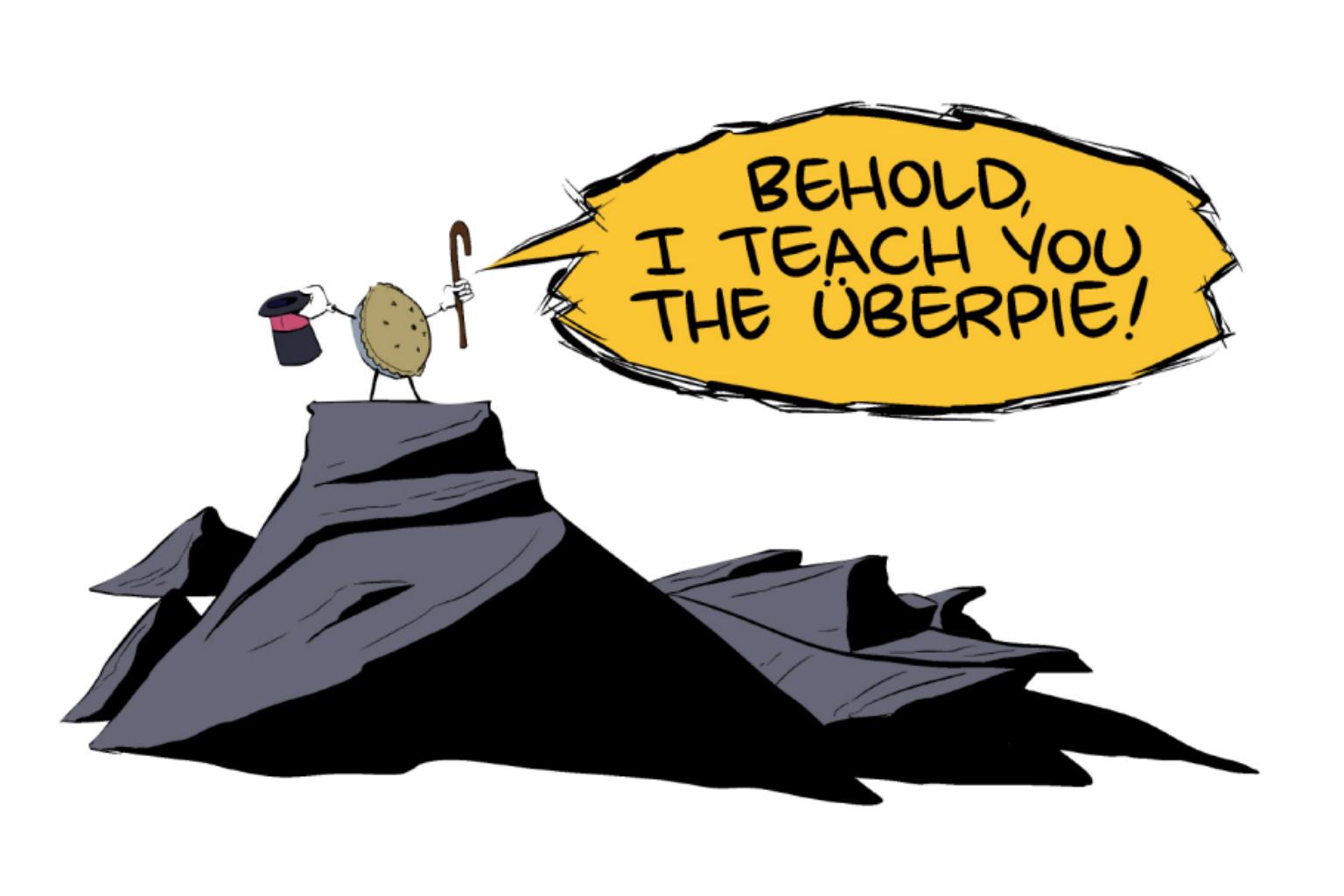


AW MAN. NONE OF THE
TEXTBOOKS SAID ANYTHING
ABOUT BRAIN SURGERY
BEING GROSS.

BUT WHY WOULD
EVOLUTION PUT MY
PERSONALITY IN THE
LEAST-PROTECTED
PART OF MY BRAIN?

BECAUSE THE FACT THAT
YOU'RE A WARM BODY IS
DOING A LOT MORE FOR
YOUR REPRODUCTIVE
CHANCES.





BEHOLD,
I TEACH YOU
THE ÜBERPIE!

THERE. IS THAT BETTER?

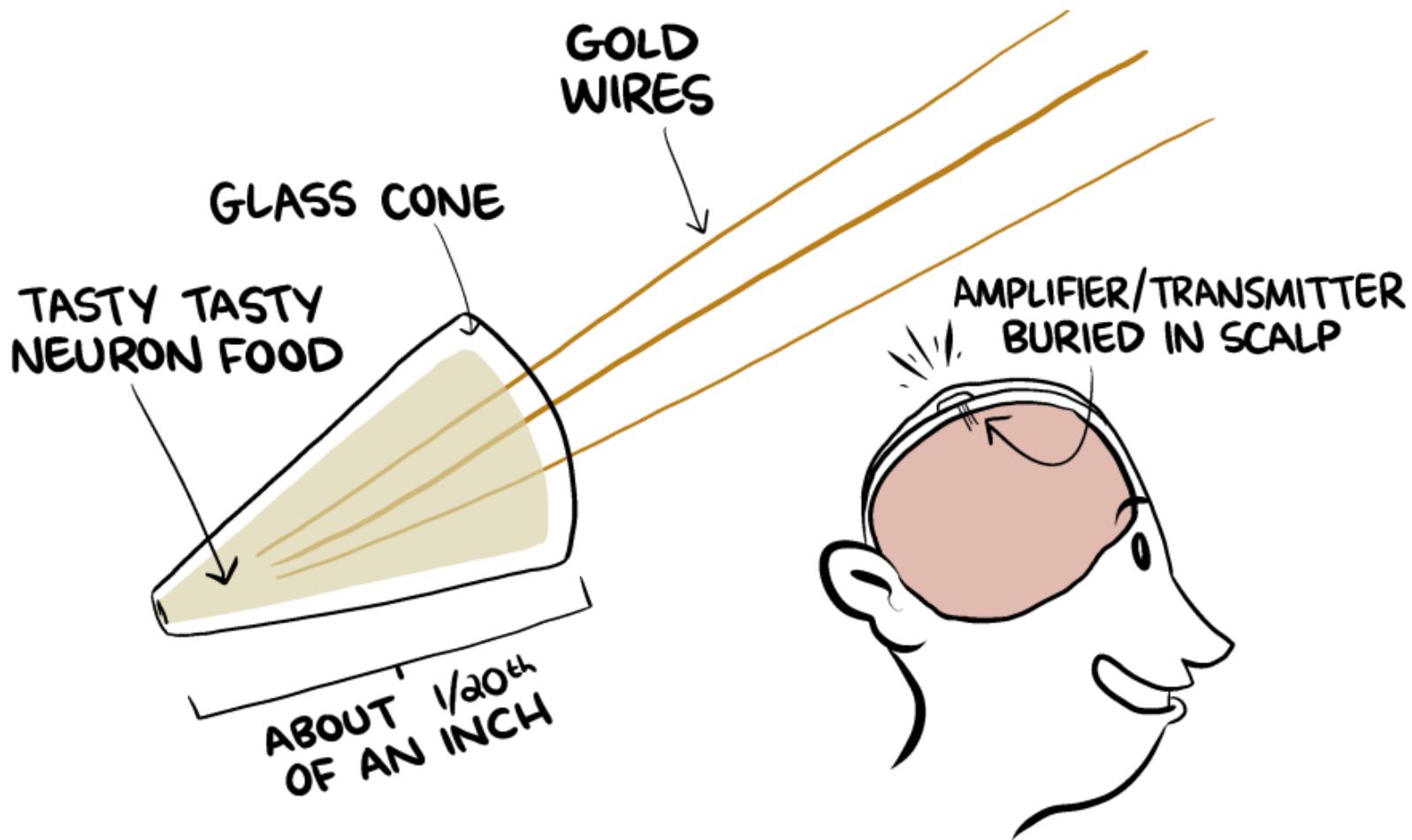
NO?

OH,
SORRY, I WAS
TALKING TO MY
ELECTRODE
ARRAY.

YOUR AUTHORS:

I'M GONNA MAKE A JOKE
ABOUT WINDOWS 10!
HOLD ME BACK OR I
WILL MAKE A
JOKE ABOUT
WINDOWS 10!





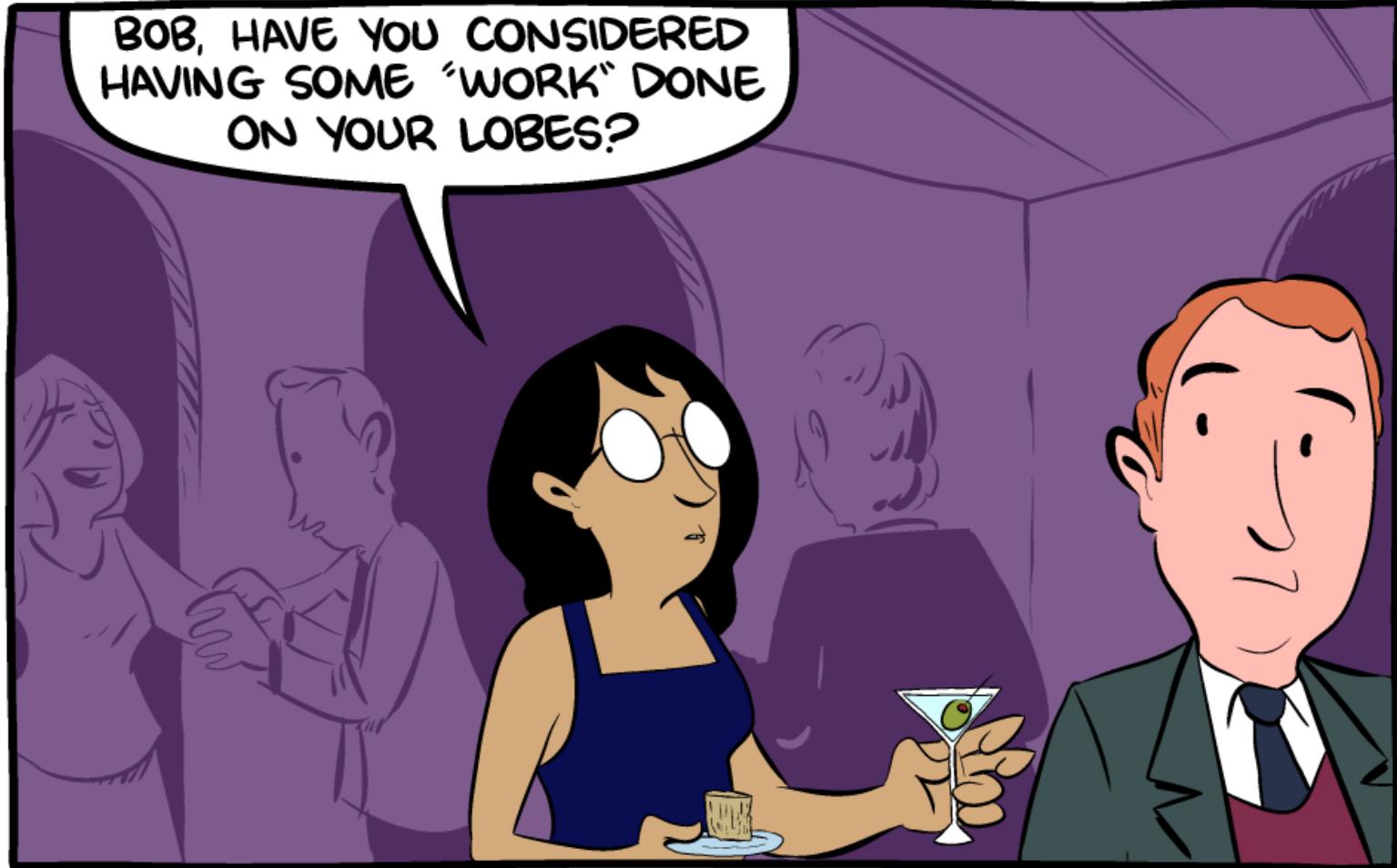
HEY THERE! I'M THE ETHICS PIXIE,
AND I SAY YOU CAN'T JUST TAKE
A RANDOM SET OF HUMANS AND
STICK ELECTRODES IN
THEIR SKULLS TO SEE
WHAT HAPPENS.



AW,
SHUCKS.



BOB, HAVE YOU CONSIDERED
HAVING SOME "WORK" DONE
ON YOUR LOBES?





I KNOW YOU WANTED TO DISCUSS HOW
YOU FEEL I'M TOO CONDESCENDING,
BUT ACCORDING TO MY APPLE WATCH,
I REALLY SHOULD BE DOING SOMETHING
EMOTIONALLY STIMULATING
RIGHT NOW.



I'M HAVING A GREAT DAY
PLAYING DOMINOES
WITH YOU, NANA!



OF COURSE
YOU ARE, BOY.
OF COURSE
YOU ARE.

MOOD SETTING:
CONTENTEDNESS

YOUR AUTHORS, IN THE FUTURE...

YOU FANTASIZE ABOUT
KILLING ME!?

LOOK, IT'S NOT LIKE THE
OPPORTUNITY'S EVER GOING
TO ARISE, OKAY?!





NO... NO, I
CAN'T SAY IT WAS
A PRE-EXISTING
CONDITION.

HERE LIES
SPACE-BASED
SOLAR POWER



*Too good for
this world*

A handwritten-style signature or cursive writing at the bottom right corner of the image.

HERE LIES
ADVANCED
PROSTHETICS

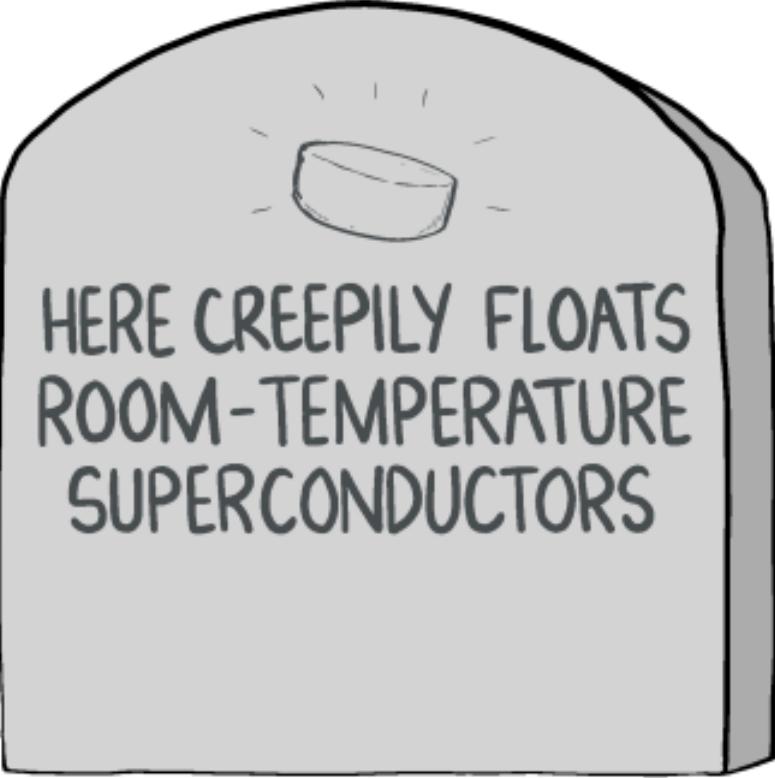


Ashes to to ashes

Dust to dust

Silicon to silicon-dioxide polymorph alpha

Iron to rust



HERE CREEPILY FLOATS
ROOM-TEMPERATURE
SUPERCONDUCTORS

HERE LIES
QUANTUM
COMPUTING

HERE LIES
QUANTUM
COMPUTING

HERE LIES
QUANTUM
COMPUTING



HERE LIES
MIRROR HUMANS

