

NO.2

\$1

moist

COMIX BY AMY M. AHLSTROM, ESQ.





it's
mm-
mm-
good!

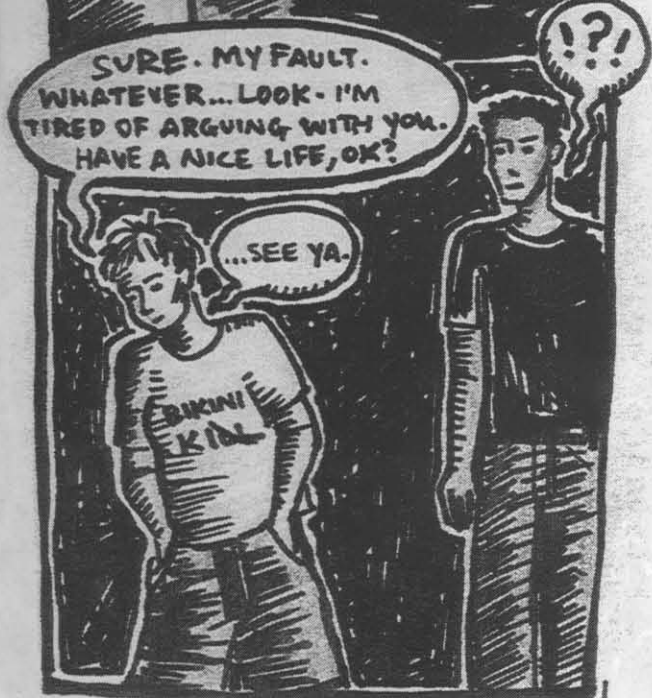
MOIST comix no.2
published NOV. 194
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Amy M. Ahlstrom
this ish dedicated to
the ROTIFERS (YAY)!

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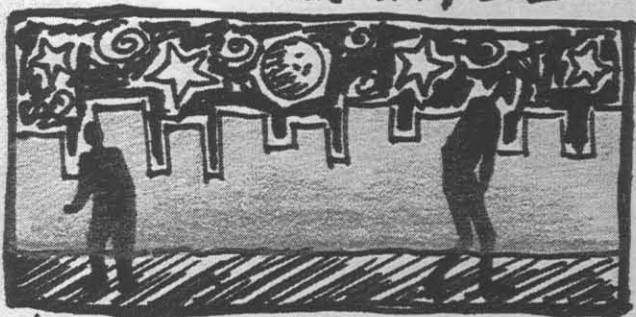
IN: HOW-WE-MET-AND-SAVED-
THE-FREE-WORLD-BLAH-
BLAH-BLAH-AD-NAUSEUM
(continued)





WELL... ok...
...um... 'bye...

"...MAYBE..."



it was the full moon, but....



I
JUST
couldn't
WALK
AWAY
FROM
YOU...



HEY...
COME
BACK!



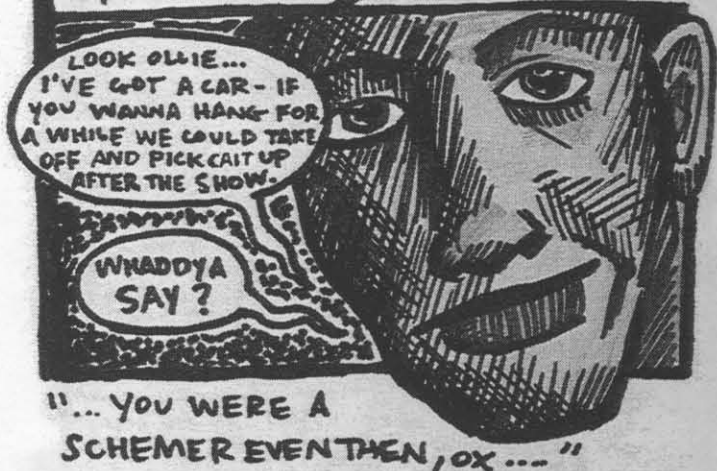
"...MY FRIENDS CALL ME 'OX'."

"...so what should I call ya?"



HEY - WHAT HAPPENED? I SAW YOU GET THROWN OUT...





WELL... I THOUGHT
WE COULD GO SOME-
WHERE FOR A CUP O'
JOE, Y'KNOW.

SOUNDS GOOD!
BUT I CALL MY
COFFEE JOANNE
LET'S GO!

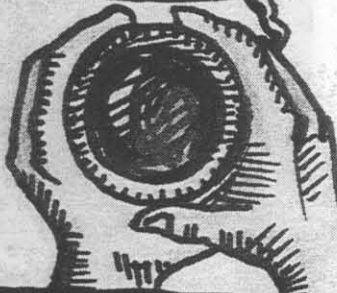
"UM... OX... I
FEEL A LITTLE WEIRD
GOIN' IN YOUR CAR... WHY DON'T WE
WALK OVER TO THE SEVEN-ELEVEN?"

LATER...



MMM... I LOVE A HOT
CUP O' MUD. SO.. DO YOU
ALWAYS GET THROWN
OUT OF BARS?

NAH... USUALLY I'M
CHASED OUT. LET'S
GO WALK AROUND.



OOH... CHECK
OUT THE HEARSE!





Wow!
WHAT A
COLOSSAL
piece o'
JUNK!
i LOVE it!

BOY, THEY DON'T
MAKE 'EM LIKE
THIS ANYMORE

YUP. REAL
To's-MOBILE
AWRIGHT. GOT
IT FOR A
STEAL.



WOW! IS IT
REALLY YOURS?

CAN
I SIT ON IT?

YUP.

SURE!

HEY... I WONDER HOW
MANY DEAD FOLKS 'VE
TAKEN THEIR LAST
RIDE IN THIS ONE?

BIKINI
KILL

(SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT LATER TONITE)-Ed.

WE BOTH LOOKED DOWN AND NOTICED
THAT OUR HANDS WERE TOUCHING.



...then, suddenly...



.... it happened.....



... CITY-RATS IN HEAVEN FLOATED
ABOVE US AS WE KISSED. THEY
SANG US SONGS OF LOVE AND LUST...

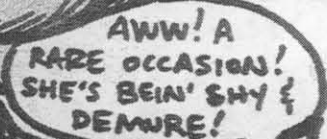
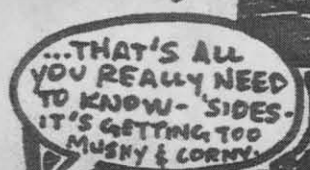


"... I WAS THINKIN' THE WORST..."





...SO
ANYWAY...



end.



a Tale of Tampons




I DREAMED
LAST NIGHT THAT
BLOODY-SKIRTED TAMPONS
DANCED A JIG ALL AROUND
ME WHILE I SLEPT... I WOKE
UP WITH BAD CRAMPS &
BLOODY TRAILS IN-
SIDE MY LEGS.

TAMPONS

COUCH CUSHIONS
big-ass "napkins"

PLUGG

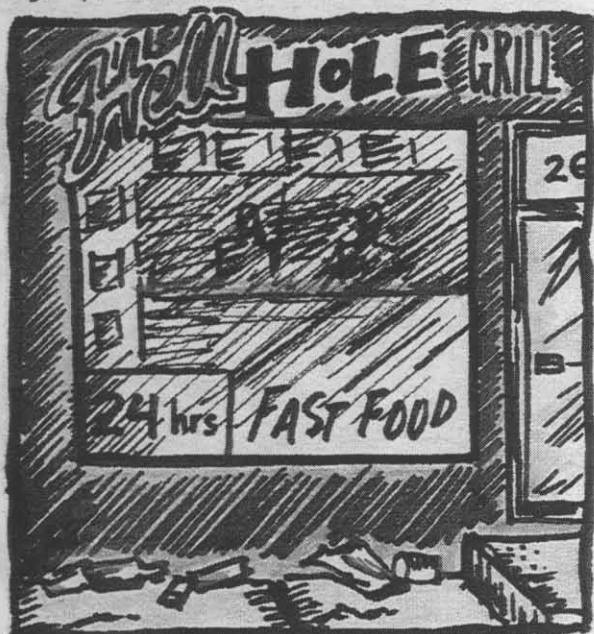
Caution:
May Kill You

the  ^{by} AMY M. AHLSTROM

NION RINGS of DESPAIR!



OK, SO YOU HAVE A GREASE CRAVING. YOU SKIPPED YOUR DAILY MONTHLY RDA OF GREASE & YOU'RE CRAVING IT- YOU NEED IT. SO YOU STOP BY A GREASE PIT....

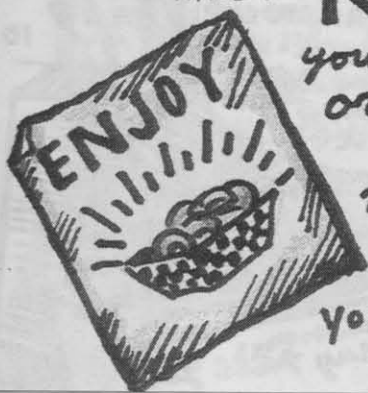


AND YOU DON'T KNOW IF IT'S STUFF FRIED IN VEGETABLE OIL BUT THEY SERVE VEGETARIAN FOOD SO YOU HOPE IT'S NOT LARD BUT YOU DON'T CARE 'COS YOU GOT TO HAVE IT

NOW.

you go on and
order them...
number
nine, boy.

WHILE
YOU WAIT...



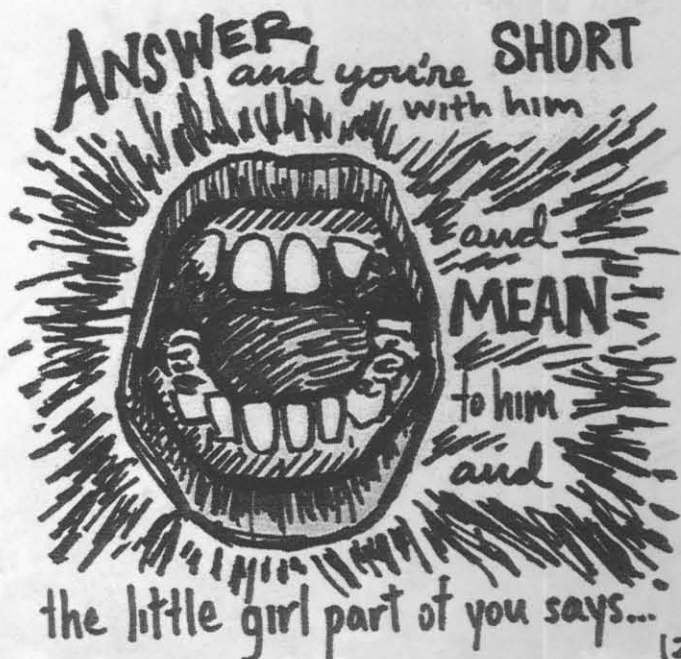
SUDDENLY YOU FEEL SAD, AND
START THINKIN' BOUT THE AWFUL
SCREWED-UP THING THAT JUST
HAPPENED TO YOU AND IT SWIRLS
AND SWIRLS 'ROUND IN YOUR HEAD.



SO THE GUY NEXT TO YOU



DECIDES THAT THIS IS THE TIME TO
STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION SO HE ASKS
YOU AND ASKS YOU QUESTIONS HE
GETS INTO YOU HE GETS UNDER YOUR
SKIN. YOU DON'T WANT TO





be nice....
you must always
be polite...

BUT THE WOMAN
PART OF YOU SAYS

fuck

you

FUCK OFF! GET AWAY!

BECAUSE YOU JUST NEVER
KNOW I MEAN HE MIGHT
BE A CRAZY KILLER...

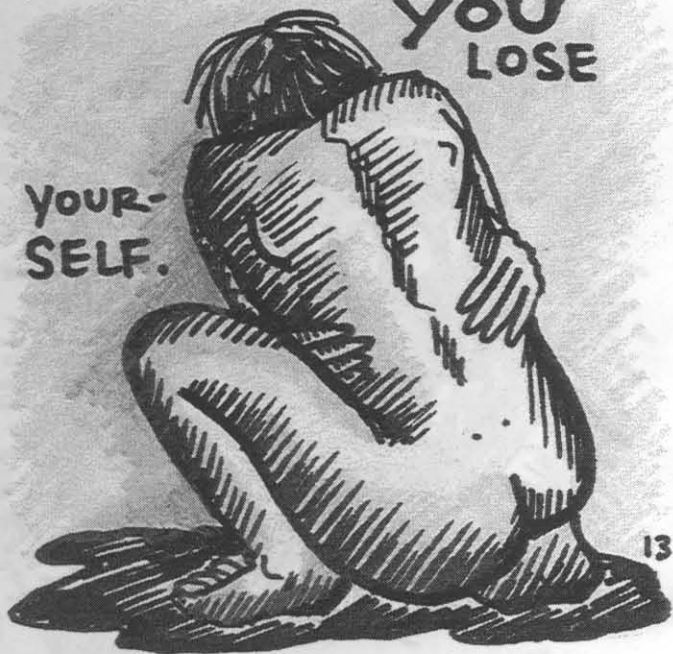
HE MIGHT SLICE YOU OPEN
... like an afterthought



AND LEAVE YOUR
ENTRAILS TRAILING ON THE SIDEWALK.
OR HE COULD BE A RAPIST HE
COULD RAPE YOU SO HARD THAT HE
TAKES YOU AWAY... HE COULD HURT
YOU SO HARD THAT

**you
LOSE**

**YOUR-
SELF.**



but what if this is him, THE
MAN, THE PERSON YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE WITH FOREVER AND THIS IS

THE ONLY TIME
"CRS" YOU ARE
DESTINED
TO MEET
AND YOU
BLOW IT, YOU
BLEW IT



SISTER.

...SO...



THE MAN
GIVES YOU

RINGS, YOUR GREASE VEHICLE.

YOU TAKE THE BAG AND SHUFFLE
OUT WITH A HALF-MUMBLED "BYE"

TO YOUR

AT THE COUNTER
YOUR ONION

POTENTIAL
RAPIST/
DREAMBOAT

YOU
FLOAT



ON THE WAY TO THE EL
you eat the onion rings
'COS YOU WANT THEM (you
wanted them)... AND THEY'RE
NOT EVEN THAT GOOD, THEY'RE



the whole onion that falls out of the
breeding "O" when you bite it.



AND THE GREASE COATS YOUR MOUTH
AND YOUR TONGUE AND THE BACK OF
YOUR THROAT. YOU CAN FEEL THE GREASE
SITTING IN THE PIT OF YOUR STOMACH
SLOWLY TURNING INTO A SOLID. AND
YOU ARE BEGINNING TO FEEL SICK.

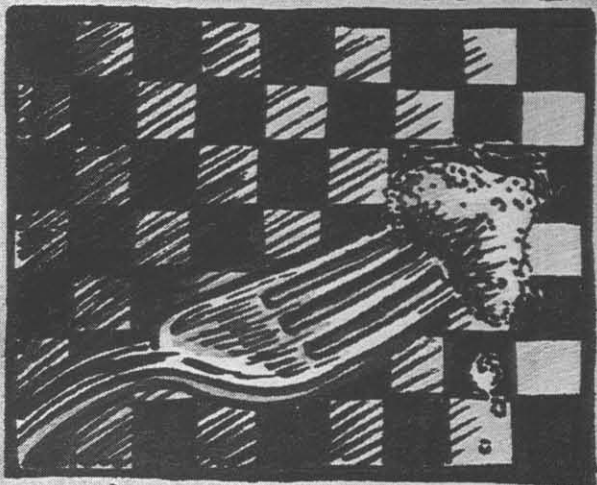
THAT'S WHEN YOU KNOW



YOU'VE EATEN THE ONION
RINGS OF DESPAIR.

end

subscribe



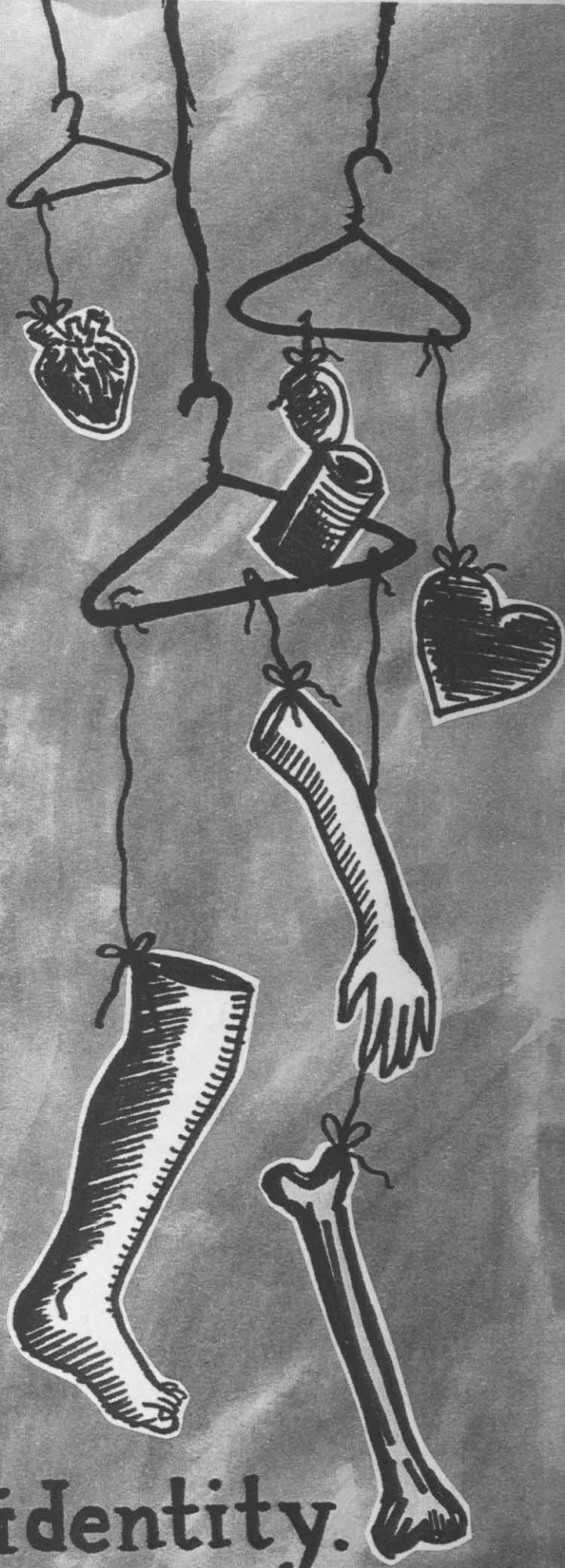
...to moist!

TO SUBSCRIBE, SEND \$5 IN CHECK OR CAREFULLY CONCEALED CASH TO AMY AHLSTROM, c/o MOIST, P.O. BOX 7744, CHICAGO, IL. 60647. YOU'LL GET 5 ISSUES POSTPAID PLUS ASSORTED WEIRD STUFF AND MY UNDYING GRATITUDE! WHATTA DEAL IN THE FREE WORLD... ha ha ha ha... ALSO PLEASE SEND LETTERS, COMMENTS, MOLDY CAKE, etc. TO SAME ADDRESS. THANKS! AND SPEAKING OF THANKS....

...thanx...

TO RANDY, for love & markers
CHRIS SMITH, King o' kinko's
MY ROOMIES, MY PALS, FRIENDS
AND FAMILY ALIKE. MUSICAL
SOUNDTRACK BY: sonic youth,
beat happening, dinosaur jr.,
scarce, hole, p.j. harvey &
many more. 'til next time...
COVER FOTO CREDIT: JOHN LYONS.

SEE Y'AW! LOOK FOR MOIST NO. 3 IN JAN. 1995! FOR COPIES SEND \$1 TO MY P.O. BOX.



identity.