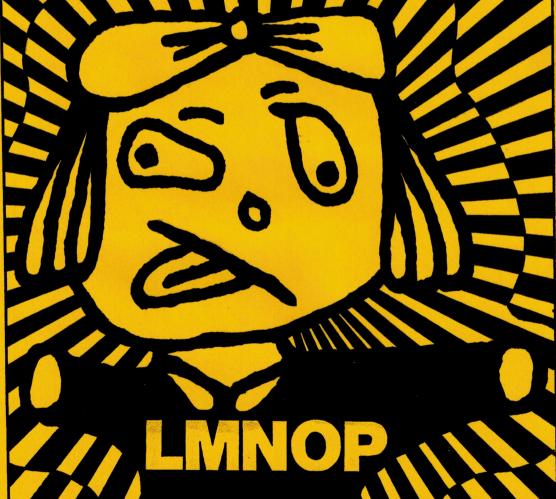
BABY SUES PHILOSOPHY BOOK



introductions

Introduction by Mr. Narrator

I've known Baby Sue since she was a little ball of ink inside a Flair pen. I am very honored that she asked me to write the introduction to this, her second book.

In her first book (The Baby Sue Book), Baby Sue shared a great deal of her innermost thoughts and emotions with us. Baby Sue's Philosophy Book takes things a step further as we are taught, step by step, what is right and wrong in our society.

I hope you find as much pleasure reading this book as Baby Sue and I had in creating it. We both feel quite sure that this book will, in time, bring great sums of money into our hands.

Introduction by Baby Sue

I have a headache. I don't really feel like writing an introduction to this sad excuse for a book but because Mr. Narrator will probably bid you hello in sickening sugar-coated language, I feel compelled to give you the straight dope.

Have you ever picked up a book and totally lost interest in it after reading only the first page? Well, that's the kind of book this is. It's even worse than my first book, which

I hope no one remembers anyway.

First I was forced to become a writer and now I am being made to head a record company which I'm not even interested in. When will this all end?

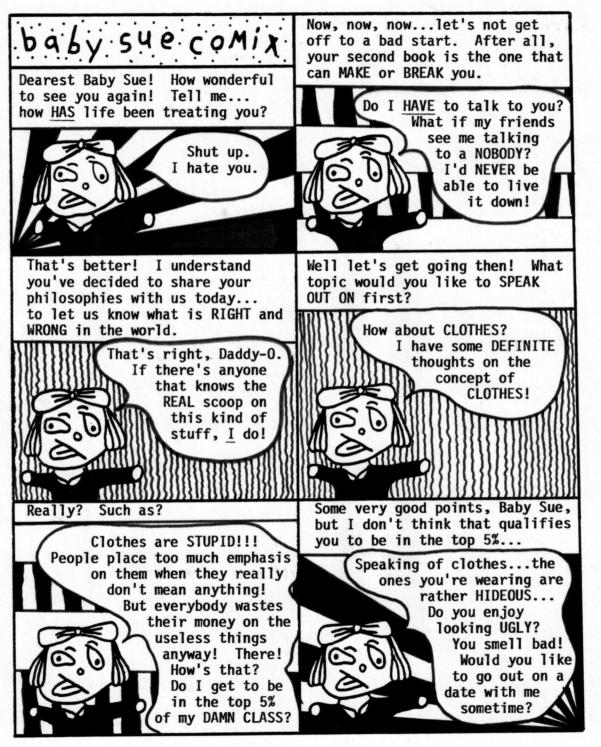
I hope my philosophies make you uncomfortable.

Volume 1, Issue 2



Stievet

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Sorry, but I <u>NEVER</u> date WOMEN. You really should know BETTER than that by now, my little papoose...

Well, I think I already know where you stand on this one but I think you're going to tell me anyway, right?

You're right. I forgot. Hey, don't you EVER SHUT UP? Time for the next topic... RELIGION! Religion is for WEAK and IGNORANT PEOPLE who can't decide for themselves what is RIGHT and WRONG! So they use GUIDELINES like MINDLESS SHEEP!

Boy are you ASKING FOR IT, Baby Sue! Do you want everyone out there to HATE you or something? I suppose you're right... Next topic, I suppose?

Certainly! I was
created mainly as
an instrument of
FRUSTRATION and
HATE in the
first place...
Why should I
change NOW???



All right, oh sweet one. Just what do you think of CHILDREN, anyway?

Pretty strong words for such a tiny little girl. Would you prefer it if you had never been born?

CHILDREN are TOTALLY
USELESS! They were invented
to give stupid people
a false feeling
of being able
to live on in
some way after
they die...
which everybody
knows is impossible

I wasn't BORN, you asshole!

I was CREATED! Just
like I CREATED
YOU! And I might
decide to
DESTROY YOU
just as
easily!



Well, I think it's about time I shared some of MY views with those nice people out there!

HEY! This is MY book!!!
I can refuse PUBLICATION! I can
prohibit COPYRIGHT! I can
decide NOT TO
APPEAR in the
book and YOU'LL
LOSE MONEY!

Sorry, but I can't be bought! Besides...you'd probably put POISON in the drinks ANYWAY!

Well, naturally! I want to take a picture of you dying, Mr. Narrator!
Then I want to have two prints made from the film so that I can give you ONE!

Well, go ahead then Baby Sue! Your little book won't go on FOREVER, you know...

FISHES! They're not any good because they don't have DIGITAL READOUTS!

My choice of topics is YOU, Baby Sue! You're a real BITCH! You're TOO NEGATIVE! You don't like ANYTHING! Plus, you're not DRAWN VERY WELL!

How you FLATTER me, darling! Would you like to come up to my place for a couple of DRINKS?

I think you need to attend a course that deals with people who CONTINUALLY GET OFF THE SUBJECT! What about your philosophies, huh?

Oh yeah! I almost forgot!
I'd LOVE to continue
with my good oldfashioned bag
of LOGIC!

You've GONE TOO FAR, Baby Sue! You're turning what was once a good idea for a booklet into a TOTAL FARCE!

Hey look...I'm tired! I need a rest! Why not print some jokes while I take a breather? Hey! I STILL hate you!!!

TO BE CONTINUED ...

jOKesjOKesjOKes Pretend you are a blind person at a partyand see if you can find the PUNCH.
Q: How much wood would a woodchuck break if a redneck could break steaks? A: Banana peels.
Q: Why did they put toothpaste in a squeeze pump? A: A cancerous substance.
Q: Why are the trinket boxes so logged with bobo? A: Dried up hamster.
Q: When can you buy venison in Texas? A: August 3rd.
O: Which part of Bessie stayed on the farm?

A: Her hind pork chops.

Q: If God created a rock so big even he couldn't move it, would he become a door-to-door salesman?

A: Take a pebble.

0: Do they have a fourth of July in the bathroom?

A: Canvas remedies.

Q: What do choosy mothers choose when they have no other choice?

A: Abortions.

Q: Where can you go to see Baby Sue in person?

A: Loverboy and Bon Jovi.

Q: If there was a nun on one side of the street, a biker on the other (with a knife) and a dead butterfly in the middle, who would notice it first?

A: Lucille Ball is dead.

Q: If you count all the change in your pocket and subtract the last two digits of the year in which you were born, what is wrong with shooting up dope?

A: A glass of milk.

Q: Why do bald women feel so inferior?

A: Atlanta isn't that great musically.

0: Who is smarter...Lorraine or Monica?

A: Fourty-one.





All right. Let me brace myself. Okav...GO AHEAD. I'm ready.

We are all a bunch of poor ANIMALS whose brains have over-developed to the point that we no longer have any perspective, Mr. Narrator. We've become so smart that we... that we...

So

Don't stop NOW! Go ahead! Spit it out! Tell me the REAL TRUTH!

That we can't be happy unless we are WASTING OUR TIME doing STUPID, USELESS THINGS and thinking RIDICULOUS, SENSELESS THOUGHTS!

Oh my GOD!!! You're RIGHT! that's why everyone in the world is so screwed up and paranoid!

You've made me feel very SPECIAL SPECIAL, Baby Sue! So SPECIAL! How can I ever, EVER thank you?





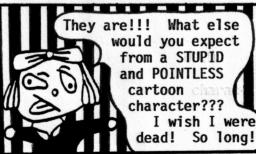
Yes?

You can MARRY me! And have my CHILDREN! And buy me a PET!

And get me some new CLOTHES!

And buy me some FOOD! That's how you can thank me!

What??? But...but Baby Sue!!!
I thought those were the things
you just finished telling me
were STUPID and POINTLESS!



THE BOY WITH THE WONDERFUL POWER OF IMAGINATION

There once was a boy with the greatest imagination ever in the entire world. His imagination was quite unique, however, in that he had the power to make the fanciful notions in his mind become REAL.

"What a wonderful, great power I have!" the boy mused to himself. "I can create physical objects through brain power AND make other people think the way I want them to!"

And so the boy went through childhood using his imagination to create art, music and various other things that were

considered "genius" by certain members of society.

The boy also enjoyed using his imagination to alter other people's thoughts. When someone did not agree with him, he simply used telepathy to change that person's way of thinking so that it agreed with his own.

This worked all well and fine for the boy for many years. Through this special power he managed to gain admiration, many

friends and great sums of money.

One day the boy met and fell in love with what he considered to be the most beautiful girl in the world. He was totally entranced with this girl and could think of little else.

The boy approached the girl and spoke to her.

"I love you more than anyone in the entire world," he told her quite honestly.

"This is most flattering," said the girl. "But I regret

to say that I do not share the same feelings for you."

That night the boy decided to use his imagination while dreaming to change the girl's way of thinking. All night long he dreamed of the way he wanted things to be, not how they actually were.

The next day the boy awoke and felt something was very wrong. He tried using his imagination but found it was not

FUNCTIONING.

He called the girl but she did not answer her phone. He tried to reach his other friends but they were not at home. He looked around for his many years' worth of creations, but to his surprise they had all simply vanished.

The boy began crying violently and put his head in his

hands.

"But I never MEANT any harm!" he screamed as his body slowly began to disappear. "I think I would be happier if I did not exist."

And, for the last time, the boy's imagination obliged.





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