

BABY SUE'S 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




SfievEt

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baby sue comix

Dearest Baby Sue! How wonderful to see you again! Tell me... how HAS life been treating you?



Shut up.
I hate you.

That's better! I understand you've decided to share your philosophies with us today... to let us know what is RIGHT and WRONG in the world.




That's right, Daddy-0.
If there's anyone that knows the REAL scoop on this kind of stuff, I do!

Really? Such as?




Clothes are STUPID!!!
People place too much emphasis on them when they really don't mean anything!
But everybody wastes their money on the useless things anyway! There!
How's that?
Do I get to be in the top 5% of my DAMN CLASS?

Now, now, now...let's not get off to a bad start. After all, your second book is the one that can MAKE or BREAK you.



Do I HAVE to talk to you?
What if my friends see me talking to a NOBODY?
I'd NEVER be able to live it down!

Well let's get going then! What topic would you like to SPEAK OUT ON first?



How about CLOTHES?
I have some DEFINITE thoughts on the concept of CLOTHES!

Some very good points, Baby Sue, but I don't think that qualifies you to be in the top 5%...



Speaking of clothes...the ones you're wearing are rather HIDEOUS...
Do you enjoy looking UGLY?
You smell bad!
Would you like to go out on a date with me sometime?

Sorry, but I NEVER 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 them-
selves 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???

Yep. CHILDREN,
goddamn it.

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!

YOU created ME? Now wait a minute... You're getting things a TAD BIT CONFUSED!

You'd better SHUT IT UP or I'll ERASE YOU, Mr. Drug! I hate with plenty of violence and can KILL when provoked!

Well, just GO AHEAD and TRY to destroy me, Baby Sue! We'll just see where (POOF!!!)

Ta-ta, my little ducky! Now to get back to the important stuff. Mainly, my goddamn philosophies that you're dying to hear!

FOOD! There are TOO MANY types of FOOD! The media came up with all of those USELESS VARIETIES to keep our minds so filled with POINTLESS DECISIONS that we wouldn't have time to think about things that really ARE IMPORTANT!

FALLING IN LOVE! Another man-made fantasy! It really doesn't exist but people keep on believing it does anyway so they'll have some fucking reason not to KILL THEMSELVES, which everybody secretly wants to do ANYWAY!

You're not getting TIRED of this yet, are you? I didn't think so.


In that case let me CONTINUE...

Uh...Baby Sue? I have some news for you. I really didn't vanish. I've been here all along. I was just HIDING.

My jungle rejects your BINGO BAG, little JANITOR LADY!

Why don't you go back where you came from? You two-faced JERK-OFF!

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 COPY-RIGHT! I can decide NOT TO APPEAR in the book and YOU'LL LOSE MONEY!

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?

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!

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 old-fashioned bag of LOGIC!

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!

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...

jokes=jokes=jokes=jokes

Pretend you are a blind person at a party...and 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.

Q: 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.

Q: 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.

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

A: Forty-one.

Hello, dear sweet thing. Do you like being back from vacation? Did you have a nice time?

Yeah...and I brought back some FOREIGN DISEASES for you... ASSHOLE!

Why, you...you...you DEAR sweet thing! How thoughtful. Everyone MISSED you, Baby Sue!

I certainly didn't miss any of them! I'm leaving. I'm tired of sitting in bathrooms and having parents throw me in the trash! I give up.

Now, now. You don't mean that REALLY, do you?

Don't tell ME what I mean! If people would stop trying to JUSTIFY their lives they'd be MUCH BETTER OFF. Nobody's here for a reason. Everything is simply a BIG WASTE OF TIME.

But don't you realize that if it wasn't for this great gift called life that you also would not exist?

Look, jerk. This interruption of eternity called life SUCKS. I can't wait to return to it. And if my closest friends are lucky, I MIGHT take them with me!

Baby Sue...your perception of the world is becoming too bleak for printing purposes.


Then go away and LEAVE ME ALONE so I can DROWN IN MY OWN SELF-PITY! It feels really swell to contemplate SUICIDE!

Life is great. Life is great. Life is great. Life is great.

No, no, no! If you think that way you're sure to end up like me! And there's no room in this strip for two of me. Perhaps it's time for another topic...MAYBE?


I'd say so!

How about MARRIAGE, Baby Sue?
Any ideas on it?




It is just TOO DUMB!!!
Love means always having to
sign your name at the
bottom of a document?
You've GOT to
be KIDDING!!!

What about TRADITIONS? See any
value in THEM?




No way in HELL! If
you don't know what
you're supposed to think
then you're supposed
to look to the
past to see what
other people
did in the
same situation?
What a LAUGH!

Well, how about spilling your
thoughts on MURDER and VIOLENCE?



My, but these are two
VERY GOOD THINGS! They cer-
tainly go over great at
the BOX OFFICE! Have you
not noticed that people
nowadays are
drawn to see
their own kind
MUTILATED and
DESTROYED???


I'm beginning to worry, Baby
Sue. You're actually starting
to (gasp!) MAKE SENSE!




I ALWAYS make sense! You
just fail to notice it at
times because you're so
caught up in
thinking the way
you think you're
SUPPOSED
to think!

You...you're RIGHT! What a FOOL
I've been all my life! It's ALL
DUMB! Religion is STUPID! And
FALLING IN LOVE is a LIE!

I beg your pardon, young lady.
I...I just don't know what came
over me...



Uh...Mr. Narrator?
You're beginning
to sound
rather...uh...
NEGATIVE.



Why don't we get to the
HEART OF THE MATTER, eh
pal? I am now ready
to tell you the
real, honest,
sincere truth
about
EVERYTHING.

All right. Let me brace myself.
Okay...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...

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! So
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?

Right! The only thing
that makes sense is you
and I and this
comic strip.

Well...

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!

They are!!! What else
would you expect
from a STUPID
and POINTLESS
cartoon character???

I wish I were
dead! So long!

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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