

extreme conformity



what
it
means
to
be
rich



\$2.50

by larry nocella



extreme
conformity
episode #5

p.o. box 122
royersford, pa
19468-0122 usa
xconformity@yahoo.com
www.geocities.com/xconformity/

©2002 by
larry nocella



subscription info
on inside
back cover.

what

it

means

to

be

rich

1

@ Town Hall.

 As your newly elected mayor, I will put an end to poverty. Thanks to my tax break plan, everyone will receive a check for one million dollars!

 Awesome! Supreme! Yeehaw!

 No one in Town will want for anything!

 Excellent! Let's go buy some hi-fi equipment!

 And next, I'll — hey, where's the TV crew going?

 Why work? We're millionaires!

 I was going to say pot is legal now. Hello? Hello? Anyone?

 I heard you!

2

@ The Devil's Avocado Law Offices.

 Great Guacamole! What the hell is that?

 Am I, I am.

 Wow! It talks, too. And spoken like a true lawyer. What are you doing with my trash?

 Took to curb it needed. You help, I did.

 Why? I'm not going to pay you! We had no previous contract!

 For kindness, I did. When kind, better I feel. Quickly then, sorrow returns.

 I already told you, you're not getting any money from me. So why are you here?

 Sign outside, free consultation offers.

 What can I do for you? Who did this terrible thing to you?

 Your words, I not understand.

 What's your problem? Who do you want to sue? Your wife? Husband? Employer? Employees? It doesn't matter to me. Who caused your pain? Your sorrow, as you put it?

 Those who me created. I suppose do.

 Your parents?

 My creators.

 Okay. Your parents. So how did you get like this? What did they do to you?

 Me they created.

 Bastards! How dare they? Don't you worry, they'll pay!

 What I wish, not have you asked.

 The only thing we'll get is money. That's all anybody wants.

 Money I not want, need, or for it, care.

 But you want to hurt them, right?

 Maybe. Help me that will?

 We'll hurt them by taking their money.

 But... Not sure I am if money they have.

 The State will pay, and don't worry, I don't charge you anything. I just take a percentage of your winnings.

 Same thing that not is?

 Look. Let me do the talking.

3

 Family X Home.

 Punkette's first action as Town Mayor was to give everyone a million bucks, so I'm out of here! I'm sick of this job! No more covering bears running through housing developments, no more covering a little league's flower

donation to the senior citizens home, or the influx of tumbleweeds into our neighborhoods! Take this job and shove it! I quit! You can all kiss my ass!



Why does that news-reading flesh-blob remove his lower garments?



Why is he bending over and prominently displaying the bulbous hairy skin of his posterior organic seat cushion sector?



Is this a victory ritual?



A celebration ritual?



Um, it's called mooning.



What has such an odd stance and such furious wagging have to do with your rock's sister orb, the moon?



What does it mean?



What it means is we're millionaires! We have all the money we'll ever need!



Wahoo!



Can we go on a trip?



I'm quitting my job!



Me too!



Let's see the world!



Yay!



Yay!



Awesome!

4



The Guru's Mountain Top.



What ails thee, my child?



It's hard to explain.



Success is not always within our power. However, we can always try.



And I'll try to tell you, if you shut up.



Your attitude will eternally deprive you of inner peace, and inner peace is what we all seek. To find it we must learn to find ourselves, and—



But how can I find myself when I'm somewhere else?



I do not understand.



See guru, my lackey — my ex-lackey, the bastard left me when I didn't have power any more — cloned me to make the election look more competitive. I lost and now I don't have my political office anymore, and I don't know what to do.



That is a tale told by a lunatic.



It's nuts, I know. Welcome to my life.



We all have power.



And?



I advise you begin a Vision Quest.



A what?



A Vision Quest, wherein you partake of a long journey, following only your heart, to find that which you seek.



But how will I know where to go and what to say without poll results?



I have already advised you to follow your heart.



But how will I know what my heart feels without taking the pulse of the media?



Your quest will answer that. All these are part of your journey.



But—



Go now.



I still—



Go.

5



Family X Home.



Sssss... Hey dudes, we're some kids who took over this abandoned TV station, and since no one is here our band is going to play... bown bliddibweeeaaaarr!



There's nothing on TV. Who is going to put shows on the air if no one is working?



Tee Vee's strength appears to have become less focused, more chaotic, weak.



Soon we will dominate, and Emperor Tee Vee shall fall!



Sh! I want to watch this band!



Knock! Knock!



Come in!



I am here to serve papers to the shiny sombrero that housed in this residence.



We did not command you to enter our presence!



What does this flesh-blob ritual of tree-corpse dispersal signify?



You're being sued.



We require more data.



Someone demands your presence in court. Depending on what the judge decides, you could pay money, go to jail, heck, even be executed!



An arrogant threat to the soon-to-be emperor of this world!



I just deliver the papers. And I'll have you know, I don't have to, I'm a millionaire now. I just need to work off the pounds those doughnuts put on.



What data does the tree-corpse confer?



You are being sued by It because you created It without a purpose.



Our creation!



Our own child threatens us!



Looks that way. Don't worry. I've got a million bucks, so whatever they sue you for, we can pay. Hopefully.



Should we even bother to attend this flesh-blob ritual?



As imminent rulers of this orb, what have we to fear?



Is that an affirmative or a negative answer?



Yes.



Um... more data please.



I say we go and remind the flesh-blobs of our authority.



Sufficient and agreed.



Shut up.



Come on! Turn off the TV! Let's get going on a trip!



All right!



Yay!



Tee Vee's power weakens!



Our time is soon to come!

6



The Guru's Mountain Top.
Several Hours Later.



How may I be of service, my child?



Wise Guru, I lack any distinctive features. I am not an individual. I lack reason or direction.



You are the one who just spoke to me!



No Guru, that must be my clone. I am Politician Y. He is Politician X.



We are all individuals, despite our similarities. My advice to you remains the same.



But this is the first time I've come to you for advice today!



Ah, yes. My apologies. You are a clone. Still, I advise you the same thing I advised your clone. I suggest you to go on a Vision Quest.



You're offering me the same solution that you gave to my clone?



Advice is given where needed, not as you would like it.



But it would have been nice to get something original. Can't I be different in some way?



Go, please. Go.



But—



Go.

7



Town Convenience Store.



Let's get some snacks for the road!



Yum!



Get as much as you want!



Even the soggy, rancid shrink-wrapped sandwiches?



Sure! We can pay the hospital food-poisoning bill no problem!



Awesome.



I want chocolate. Lots of it!



Wait a minute! Look at the prices!



This bag of cheez-E-dingleberries is \$100,000!



That's right, folks! Everyone in Town is a millionaire, so we've adjusted our prices accordingly.



But that means we're not rich anymore!



Uh-oh! I better cancel that yacht I ordered.



Hey, kid! Don't finger those pretzel rods! They're worth a thousand each!



Sorry.-

8



Town Courthouse.



This trial is now in session!



Yes, your honor.



I'm the judge, the bailiff and the stenographer. Everyone else quit! I'm working my butt off and haven't slept in days! So, what is this case about?



Your honor, my client would like to sue his parents for damages resulting from the emotional stress of being genetically engineered to be a freak.



Judge, let us warn you! We are soon to be emperor and you cannot imprison the emperor!



Hmm? Okay. Yawn!



My client feels his parents did not give him proper guidance. I'd like to call my client to the witness stand.



This is absurd!



You cannot use verbal aggression against your future leader!



Your honor?



Zzzzz...



Your honor?



Zzzzz...



He has entered the flesh-blob temporary hibernation status.



Known in flesh-blob communications as, sleeping, zoned, bonked out. This ritual is a farce!



You two are obviously guilty.



Huh? What? I fell asleep. Guilty, you say? All right then, throw them in jail, bailiff. Oh wait, that's me. Stay still, I'm coming to get you.



But this is wrong!



You cannot imprison your own ruler!



Oh yeah, who said you're my ruler? Besides, ever hear of the Magna Carta?



We said we are your ruler!



And what is a Magna Carta?



One of the most historical documents of all time!



A document. Such power flesh-blobs give to tree-corpses!



It is as if by dying, the trees gain power!



The Magna Carta said no one is above the law, not even the ruler. There's no exceptions for rulers that look like a shiny sombrero. I'm not sure it specifically mentioned that, but who cares? I'm the judge here, even if I am really losing it. Maybe I'm still dreaming. Oh look, a butterfly, with a six-foot wingspan and the head of a rat. Hello! Nice beret!



Would this Magna Carta technology apply to Emperor Tee Vee?



Yes, what about the many laws Tee Vee breaks?



Take 'em away, judge. I mean, bailiff. Thank you.



Oh. That's me. Um. Case closed. Whatever. Go home everyone. Get some rest. I'm taking this sombrero to jail.



Better I do not feel. Consulted not I was.



Huh? Oh you scared me. You're my client right? Look, they're going to jail. Don't you just love justice?



Yet pain I still feel.



But you won! You should be happy.



My sorrow not leaves.

9



Town Store.



All right, people. Form a line and have your check-books ready. A loaf of bread is two million dollars, a bag of peanuts is one million. Prices go up from there.



But we need to feed our families!



I guess you better find a job, then.



But who can we work for?



Me. Work in my store and someday you can earn enough to buy something from it.



But that's unfair! We need food!



That's capitalism, my friends. Be glad you're rich!



But rich people can eat!



If you're not going to buy something, get out!

10



Family X Home.



Now what do we do?



I guess we go back to work.



I'll have to call my boss and tell him I didn't really want him to put all those things up his butt.



Hello everyone. You may remember me as your beloved leader, Politician X. Well, I'm going through many changes right now, as I'm sure we all are. Since I'm no longer a politician, I've been advised to go on a Vision Quest to find out who I am. So I'm going to experiment. I always wanted to be a singer. Here goes... I love you baby, I love you so. Oh baby baby...



Phew! He's awful.



Too bad he can't keep his day job!



Mom, dad, what's that screeching?



Where's the UFO? Did it lose
it's court case? Did it get
thrown in jail?



Oh baby, you're the one... oh
yeah... I loooooove
yoooooooouuuuu...

11



Town Forest.



What is that hideous singing I
hear from afar that wakes me
from my demonic slumber?
Some demon torturing a
human? Oh that I could see
such a delightful sight! The
screeching is more hideous
than a thousand damned
human souls, and as such, it
brings me endless joy, filling
my soul with urges as in
springtime, and a desire to
mate furiously! I shall rise and
spill havoc on humanity! Chaos
and mating and human sorrow
shall follow where I tread!



1



Town Hall.



We're millionaires and yet
we're starving! We've had
enough of capitalism!



People of Town, I know you are
hungry, because the owner of
Town Store has raised his
prices. So I've ordered the
government to take over The
Store!



Hooray! But wait a minute,
that's socialism! We can't have
that! It's evil!



Would you rather starve?



We're confused! Just get us
the food!



Unfortunately, no one works
for the government anymore,
they all quit. My
administration cannot take
over the store.



Boooooo!



So I ask you to simply, kindly
and peacefully take what you
need from The Store.



Cool!



Because no one works for the
government, you will not be
arrested.



Awesome! Free stuff! Let's go!



So I am challenging you all to
be peaceful, reasonable,
sharing and neighborly. Please
take only what you need.
Please do not be greedy. Don't
run! Don't push and shove! Is
anyone listening?

2



Town Court House.



Well, that's it — you won!
Congrats.



Better I not feel.



Why not? Your parents are
going to jail!



Farce, that trial was. Asleep,
judge was. Sorrow for my
creators, joy not me brings. My
vision quest not assisted is.



That's your problem.



Useless in quest this is!



Tell someone who cares!

3



Town Convenience Store



Ah, look at that! Another
crowd of customers, desperate
for my wares!



Sure, we won't be greedy!



Hey, stop! Don't take that!



Our mayor said we could!



Stop! .



Trample him!



No! Noooooooooooo!

4



Town Jail. Cell Block X.



This flesh-blob jail ritual is odd.



Truly. It amounts to not even one atom of logic.



We are being punished.



But nothing here in this cell reminds us of our infraction.



Nothing here instructs us what we did wrong.



Or what we should have done.



Or what we should do in the future.



Well, this provides us an excellent incentive to repair the Confubulator Beam that was damaged when we crashed on this rock.



Excellent idea! Using its reality-manipulation abilities, we can break out!

5



The Guru's Mountain Top.



Guru, melancholy I am.



What ails thee, child?



Happiness I seek. Meaning I need. Created I am. But what do I should?



Are you a clone, also? I am going mad!



Not a clone I am. Alone I am.



Well then, just go on a Vision Quest and call me in the morning.



Vision Quest what is?



A vision quest involves a long and difficult journey through many trials. Monsters must be out-witted, death must be avoided and finally when all seems lost, the questor must return home, where the he or she or it usually realizes the answer has been all along. Inspirational soundtrack is optional.



Soundtrack what is?



I was making a joke. A Vision Quest is what you need.



What for will I be looking?



That is the point. To find what you should be looking for.



So on a quest I go to find what for looking I should be. Then a second quest upon should I go, so as for it to look?



You're making this awfully complicated. Just go.



But what counseling you provided have? Already looking for meaning, I am. Why to you I came, that is!



Ahem. Just go.



Much to be desired, your advice leaves.



Go, please. Go.



But—



Go.

6



Family X Home.



Dad, what's that smell?



I don't know. You?



Honey! I smell it too. It's coming from outside.



It's awful, like rotting fruit spread on a crap sandwich!



Now son, it's not exactly like that. Don't exaggerate. Hey, look out front! It's the trash! No one took it!



Of course! The trash collectors aren't working!



And we can't buy any food!



Our way of life is destroyed!



Our whole society dismantled!



All because the mayor eliminated poverty?



Yes.



Yes.



But I thought poverty was a bad thing!



Um.



I'm calling the mayor's office. Hello? Oh forget it!



What happened?



No one is answering!



No one is picking up the trash!



Why don't we take it to the dump?



We shouldn't have to, we're rich!



But it stinks!



Your mother is right. We're rich now, so we shouldn't have to do that, so we won't! I refuse!



Let's think positive. We're out of food. We can eat the scraps we threw out yesterday!



Being rich sucks!

7



Revolutionary HQ.



Aw man, nothing to do.



Even smashing stuff isn't fun. We're in control. We won. What do revolutionaries do when the revolution is over?



Knock-knock!



Who's that?



Me.



Come in.



Oi! Hold a second! What's that wanker want?



I don't know, cat. You ask him.



I want to hang out. Smoke a blunt. Join The Revolution. I'm on a Vision Quest.



Oh, are ye?



Cool it. Come on in. I guess this is the ultimate win for The Revolution.



Maybe. Your friend has her hands full! The People are restless and hungry, and they have no TV to distract them.



We're not really feeling the effects of it, we're always well-stocked with munchies.



I can't believe you're going to hang out with this buffoon!



Why not?



So tell me about being a rebel. Why aren't you revolting against your friend now that she's mayor? I thought you were against The System and not me personally. Is it control you want?



No mate. It's not!



Then rebellion is an essence of your identity?



Good questions.



Shut up!



I'm just asking! See, I'm on this Vision Quest. I'm supposed to try out new things and I figured, hey, I'll be a rebel.



There's more to it than that!



Really?



I'm going to see her.



Who, your mayor friend?



Aye. We haven't seen her in a long time, ever since she became mayor.



What crappy friends we are.



Can I come?

8



Town Hall.



Well, look at this. The old revolutionaries who cut and run when it's time for specifics. And they've brought a friend, too. My my my.



Hello.



We're sorry.



I hate you, but it's good to be back in my old home.



I was just turning on the telly to see how I did. I have to tune into news from The Next Town Over, since all our station workers quit and the station is now being taken over by bad singers.



Hey, at least I had fun. It's your ideal of free media, right?



Be quiet.



I have no sympathy for Mayor Punkette! Now she advocates state-sanctioned rioting! My stocks for businesses based in Town are dropping fast! Necessities like food are better controlled by The Market Almighty, May Its Wisdom and Beneficence and Grace continue to shine upon me. And only me.



See, same old shite! This is the thanks I get for my hard work.



I know exactly how you feel. Every time I tried to do something, like bring in a new strip mall to help create jobs,

people attacked me! Yourself included!



Hey cat, sure you created jobs, but you destroyed a nice park!



And you didn't consult The People.



Same old arguments from all of you. I'm trying to get something done and all you can do is bicker! Get out!

9



Town Forest.



In forest, walking, peace I find.



What is this strange creature? I must have sex with you! I just have to figure out how.



On Vision Quest, help sex will?



What? Who cares? I just want to satisfy my lust!



Then sex I not for wish!



I don't care what you want!
I'm going to have sex with you
right now!



Wait! With far greater sex than
I, another nearby provide will.



Who? Where is this lusty
fiend?



That ridge, beyond he is.



All right, let me see. Hey
there's no one there!



Hee-tee! Hee-tee!



Come back, foul bastard!
Damn, it got away. Wow, that
thing can run! Or hop!

10



Town Hall.



Damn it! Damn it! I thought I
told you to leave!



What's wrong?



You! Didn't I just tell you to go
away?



No. I just got here.



Oh. Sorry. I just told off your
clone. Who are you anyway?
Are you X or Y?



I'm Politician Y. What's wrong?



I can't believe it! I tried to fight
poverty and people can't eat!
Then they criticize me for
ruining their stocks.



I think you've done a great
job! You can't control others,
and you're special, too!



You sound like The Guru.



Actually, I just talked to him.
He told me to go on a Vision
Quest. I was annoyed he gave
me the same advice as my
clone, so I thought, I'll go give
people advice! I can do better
than The Guru, just sitting
there all the time, giving out
advice as individual as beer
cans, talking in that sleepy
voice, repeating himself. I give
advice with a smile and a kind
word! Are you listening to me?



No. My mind is pre-occupied with the bloody government.



Well, I was saying you've done the best anyone can do: you've raised the question, you've challenged money itself. See, cheerful encouragement, that's my advice-giving style!



You don't look that cheery. Right. I've got to get back to work. Thanks, Politician X!



Damn.

11



Town Jail.



If our lives were as Emperor Tee Vee says they are, and if we were flesh-blobs, one of us would be playing a harmonica.



And the other would write dazzling poetry.



We must focus!



Yes, focus!



Tee Vee is the enemy!



Our opponent!



Now, back to the Confubulator Beam.



Can we repair it?



Yes. We're almost done.



Then we will blast through!



But the Confubulator Beam does so much more!



Dare we concern ourselves with what other ramifications unleashing a matter-altering beam may have?



No! Why should we? This is our orb, we can defile it as we like!



That sounds like flesh-blob programming.



Silence! We need to fire the Confubulator to escape!





I don't care what you want!
I'm going to have sex with you
right now!



Wait! With far greater sex than
I, another nearby provide will.



Who? Where is this lusty
fiend?



That ridge, beyond he is.



All right, let me see. Hey
there's no one there!



Hee-tee! Hee-tee!



Come back, foul bastard!
Damn, it got away. Wow, that
thing can run! Or hop!

10



Town Hall.



Damn it! Damn it! I thought I
told you to leave!



What's wrong?



You! Didn't I just tell you to go
away?



No. I just got here.



Oh. Sorry. I just told off your
clone. Who are you anyway?
Are you X or Y?



I'm Politician Y. What's wrong?



I can't believe it! I tried to fight
poverty and people can't eat!
Then they criticize me for
ruining their stocks.



I think you've done a great
job! You can't control others,
and you're special, too!



You sound like The Guru.



Actually, I just talked to him.
He told me to go on a Vision
Quest. I was annoyed he gave
me the same advice as my
clone, so I thought, I'll go give
people advice! I can do better
than The Guru, just sitting
there all the time, giving out
advice as individual as beer
cans, talking in that sleepy
voice, repeating himself. I give
advice with a smile and a kind
word! Are you listening to me?



No. My mind is pre-occupied with the bloody government.



Well, I was saying you've done the best anyone can do: you've raised the question, you've challenged money itself. See, cheerful encouragement, that's my advice-giving style!



You don't look that cheery. Right. I've got to get back to work. Thanks, Politician X!



Damn.

11



Town Jail.



If our lives were as Emperor Tee Vee says they are, and if we were flesh-blobs, one of us would be playing a harmonica.



And the other would write dazzling poetry.



We must focus!



Yes, focus!



Tee Vee is the enemy!



Our opponent!



Now, back to the Confubulator Beam.



Can we repair it?



Yes. We're almost done.



Then we will blast through!



But the Confubulator Beam does so much more!



Dare we concern ourselves with what other ramifications unleashing a matter-altering beam may have?



No! Why should we? This is our orb, we can defile it as we like!



That sounds like flesh-blob programming.



Silence! We need to fire the Confubulator to escape!



1



Town hall.



We can't afford anything! Not even our rent!



Please remain calm.



Our rich asses are being gentrified! That's only supposed to happen to poor people! This makes no sense!



I will consider the state take-over of your housing.



But you did that with The Store and it was mayhem! You didn't even ridiculously over-compensate for my losses, or provide a tax-free bailout as is tradition in our free-market economy!



Speak English, please!



I need a TRILLION dollars to buy a home!



Okay! Whatever!



I want to buy seven SUV trucks! One for each day of the week!



Shut up and go away!

2



Town Hall. The Mayor's Chambers.



This is Politician X singing the hits! And now, another tune...



Uck! Got to change the channel...



...she's ruined all my stocks! I had invested in businesses based in Town, but now they've stopped working! And Town Store was looted. Just because they had nothing to eat! There's no excuse for uncivilized behavior! Those businesses have lost all their money! And so have I!



I can't take it. I can't take it!

3



Town Jail.



I'm on a Vision Quest. I'm trying many new things. I've decided to try helping people, so I've volunteered for counseling at the prison.



We need not a flesh-blob's advice.



There is nothing your puny brain can add to our data systems.



It's not about adding. It's about providing comfort and companionship.



We have enough companionship in our space craft.



Well, your antennae does poke into my ungaz expulsion orifice sometimes.



That's only because you're leaning on my tail!



Well, looks like this is a dead end on my quest.



So it is! We have almost completed the repairs to our Confubulator Beam!



You cannot stop us!

4



Family X Home.



At least now, I don't have to go to school.



Oh yes you do!



Why?



To get a good job.



Then you can make a lot of money.



But we're millionaires now, even if we are eating our own garbage.



We're going to start schooling you at home.



That's right, son. I've got all my old textbooks. We'll start with economics.



Aw, man...

5



Town Hall.



This is ridiculous! Let's riot! Let's loot Town Hall and kill the mayor!



Come and get it you bastards! Being dead would be better than enduring the endless yapping of your gobs! Try getting over this mound of trash!



That trash is there because of you!



It's there because of you! Just because you're rich doesn't mean you can don't have to dispose of your trash properly! Being wealthy doesn't mean you can abandon the community!



Then why be rich at all? Besides, you gave us the money!



Oh, forgive me, please! This is my fault?



We can't eat! We can't buy anything! Let's burn the trash and smoke her out!



This garbage my progress impedes. It I shall move.



Hey, that weird creature is picking up the trash! He's clearing a path for us to kill the mayor!



What are you doing? They're going to kill me!



For meaning, I must search. Stopping never I must. This trash my progress impedes, therefore, it move, I do.



Hey, strange creature, can you come to our homes and move the trash?



Surely, help glad to give I would be!



But where will you put it?



Town Dump. Problem trash transfer is, not location to receive.



All hail... um... what's your name?



No name have I. It some me call.



We have a new garbage disposal leader! Three cheers for It!



Meaning, I have found. Love, others to me give.



All hail It! All hail It! All hail It!



You saved my life, you're a hero! I'd hug you, but I'm not sure how. Oh bollocks! I'll try anyway.



Good life is.

6



The Guru's Mountain Top.



What now, man?



Frak if I know. Guru, we need your help.



Help I cannot give. Advice I can. And if advice helps, then help I have given.



Right. We need your advice then. We've really let our friend down.



You said it, Daddy-o. We were all in The Revolution, but once she got in the Mayor's office, we bailed out.



Now she hates us.



And she should.



None of us can change another's feelings, we can only change our own actions.



Oh man, we've screwed up our groovy love armada.



We've made our karma a pile of shite!



Guru cat, isn't there something we could do?



Aye. You could eat fried shite on Sunday for a full year!



That would not be advisable.



What?



You're here?



I've listened to your whole pathetic blather.



What can we do so you'll forgive us?



We can help you with the mayor junk.



I can be the director of something.



I can be the minister of something else.



Too late. I'm going to quit.



Quit?



Quit? But The Revolution!



Three times the average bollocks to The Revolution! I hate being mayor.



If you're so certain, then why are you here to talk to The Guru?



Oftentimes, I simply illuminate what one already knows.



Sounds like an easy job.



Shush. Go ahead my child. What do you wish to discuss?



Guru, I feel as if I've failed.



No effort is wasted if you learn something. The battle versus oppression has not one single enemy. You vanquished money, but greed increased.



Aye. If I fix one part, some other problem crops up.



Truthfully spoken. You cannot do it alone.



But once I quit, everything will go back to how it was.



If it were status quo was easily changed, it wouldn't be the way things are. It would be the way things were.



Thanks, Guru. I'll announce my resignation today.



Then we can start The Revolution over again!



We'll smash The State!



Just like you said, Guru. The status quo returns.

7



Family X Home.



May I have some food? I'm starving!



No! Go away!



Honey! That's no way to treat Politician Y!



Actually, I'm Politician X.



Besides, maybe we can eat him if he gets too obnoxious.



Hey!



I'm sorry, I was making a joke. I think.



Come on in! You can share our leftovers from the trash.



I liked the way things were.



Me too, but it serves you right for voting me out.



I can't vote.



Well then, screw you.



I'm tired of eating scraps from the garbage.



Maybe we could start eating our cash.



We could shred it for a salad!



How did this happen? How could we have so much money, and still have nothing?



Before we were rich, people on TV who were rich had fun. Now, we're eating out of the trash, what we looted from Town Store and we can't even buy a loaf of bread!



So how come? Why did rich people used to have so much fun? How come we're not?



Because when everyone is rich, the store can raise the price.



So nobody is really rich. They're just rich-er.



That about sums it up! Can you pass the crushed glass? I want some seasoning on my rotten banana peel.



This is no way to treat a guest. Let's turn on the TV.



There's nothing on! It's just static. Everyone quit.



Something is on. Look!



Hello. This is Mayor Punkette. I will be announcing my resignation tomorrow. All of your bank accounts will return to what they were prior to my taking office. I surrender my office to Politician X, the previous mayor. Tomorrow, everything returns to normal!



That means I can go back to my insipid job! Cool!



No more mingling with peons! I'm back in office! Hooray!



We'll have food! Fantastic!



That means I'm going back to school! Aw, crap.



Son!

8



Town Jail.



Fire Confubulator Beam!



But we're not sure it's working!



Irrelevant! Fire it! Do it now!



Right. Three, two, one, fire!



Wakka-wakka! Woop-woop!
Wakka-wakka! Woop-woop!
Blam-O!



It blew a hole in the wall!



We can escape! But look! The Confubulator energy continues to propagate!



That's not our concern! We've got what we want.



Your audio transmissions sound increasingly like those of flesh-blobs who care not for this orb's lush environment!



So? Soon it will be our orb!



All the more reason to take care of it.



Shut up and run!



Hey get back here!



Yes, run!



Run!



What the hell did you do?
What is that strange shimmering energy moving into the distance?



That is the Confubulator matter-scrambler beam.



Don't worry, it will run out of energy eventually!



Wakka-wakka! Woop-woop!
Wakka-wakka! Woop-woop!

9



Town Hall.



Give your speech! Step down!
Give us back Politician X! He may suck, but at least we know what to expect!



Ahem. I'll ignore that.



And now, people of Town, what you have been waiting for. I would like to announce a return to...



Wakka-wakka! Woop-woop!
Wakka-wakka! Woop-woop!

10



Town Forest.



My lust shall conquer...



Wakka-wakka! Woop-woop!
Wakka-wakka! Woop-woop!



...normalcy, and furthermore...
Huh?

11

@ Town Hall.



...all humanity! I will eat their flesh and where the hell am I?



You were giving a speech, mate. You all right?



Why am I in this body?



What is this shite?



And why am I speaking at this podium? Who are all these humans?



You're the mayor, cat. That's the People of Town out there. You having a bad trip?



I am waiting to take over!



Why do I walk on only two legs?

12

@ Town Forest.



I was giving my speech to resign as mayor and now... blimey! I'm a deer! Is this punk?

13

@ Town Hall.



So I am the leader of you pathetic people.



Yes, but you were about to resign. You promised! Bring things back to normalcy.



Hurry up and quit!



You idiots! Excellent! When I speak into this cylinder, my voice gets louder!



It's a microphone! You're spazzing out!



Don't down The People, cat!



I am their leader?



Right, sister!



And we're all waiting for you to resign!



I cannot believe this stroke of luck!



What?



As your ruler, you will do as I command?



Well, sort of, maybe.



So I am the leader of all humanoids in this region and whatever orders I make, they shall all submit to my power?



Cat, you are really scaring me. Should I call an ambulance?



Why the production? Just resign already! I'm so close to my old office again I can barely stand it!



Be quiet, my servant! For I command...



Yes?



Mandatory castration for all human men!



Gasp!



What?!

to be
continued...

if you like **XC**
extreme conformity

you'll love
QECE

**Question Everything.
Challenge Everything.**

QECE zine was published over the course of six years (1996-2001). While no longer publishing, the timeless articles still make you laugh and think at the same time, and the award-winning artwork never goes out of style. Here's just a sample of what some people said about **QECE** zine...

"QECE is totally cool!"

David Barsamian, Director of Alternative Radio

"Excellent and intelligent reading!
The New Yorker of the slacker generation!"

Jersey Beat

chosen for featured artwork

Artist & Graphic Designers Market 2002

"Intelligent... and damn funny!"

Razorcake

honorable mention

Writer's Digest Zine Publishing Awards

"This is a quality piece of work!"

Slug & lettuce

"QECE is among the zine top ten!
This is really good and you'd be wise to
check it out!"

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

xc

get some zines!

☐ **SUBSCRIBE TO...**
extreme conformity
\$6 (2 issues per year)

☐ **XC BACK ISSUES \$3 each**
Complete your collection today!

☐ **QECE BACK ISSUES \$4 ea.**
QECE is no longer publishing.
indicate which back issue
(5 thru 14) you want.

☐ **QECE COMPILATION CD!**
\$10 each
All six years of **QECE** on a PC
and Macintosh compatible CD!
You must have the free Adobe
Acrobat PDF reader available at
www.adobe.com to use this disc!

NO PERSONAL CHECKS,

please. Send well-hidden
cash or make money-orders
out to "Larry Nocella"



name: _____

address: _____

e-mail: _____

copy this form and mail it
with your payment to:



extreme conformity
po box 122 / royersford, pa
19468-0122 usa
xconformity@yahoo.com
www.geocities.com/xconformity/

05

63

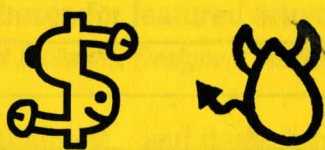
poverty is
conquered



and a family
finds out what
wealth costs



a child sues
the parents



as others
search for
meaning

