

extreme conformity

XC

6

time
for
mandatory
castration



\$2.50

by larry nocella



extreme
conformity
episode #6

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.

time
for
mandatory
castration

continued from XC #5...

Thrown in jail for their poor parenting of It, the Aliens blasted their way to freedom using their UFO's newly-repaired Confubulator Beam.

Just as Punkette was about to resign as mayor, the out-of-control Confubulator Beam's matter-scrambling energy made her and The Evil Deer switch bodies. Unfortunately, no one except her and The Evil Deer know this.

The Evil Deer, now in Punkette's body and therefore the Mayor of Town, cancelled her resignation and issued a decree that all men were to submit to mandatory castration.

Punkette, now in The Evil Deer's body, retreated into the forest.



1

@ Family X Home.

As Mayor, I demand mandatory castration for all men!

Dad, what is cas-ter-a-tion?

Castration, son. It's when they remove a man's jewels.

Why would anyone mind that? I got kicked in the nuts at school once. It hurt. I'd be glad to get rid of them!


Some people don't want their balls removed. You need them to have children. To create life!

So are you and mom going to use your balls to make me a brother or a sister? How do you do it? Rub them together?


Sometimes. Oops.


Huh?


Ahem. We don't have plans for a brother or sister.


 Then why don't you volunteer for cas-ter-a-tion?

 Castration.

 If you use your balls to make life, why does the mommy carry the baby in her tummy? I'm confused.


 Oh geez! Please, something happen to save me from these questions! Why can't a telemarketer call NOW?


 Why, dad? Why?


 And that was Mayor Punkette's new policy initiative! Mandatory castration for all males! Just as she was about to resign, she announced this new policy, then nibbled on some leaves before being directed back to her office.


2


 Town Forest.

 This is shite to end all shite! I'm in this deer's body! How did this happen?

 Look out! It's a crazy, evil deer! Stay back! He'll kill us all! Run!


 Come back! I'm your mayor! I'm Punkette!

 It's making a weird barking noise! And it's chasing us! Split up!


 They can't understand me! Please, don't go away! I need help! Frak!


3


 Town Hall.


 Hey, remember us?


 Your old friends!


 Leave me, petty servants! I must be alone to contemplate.

 We just came to visit! You all right, cat? You're acting stone loco.


 It's true, mate. You're weirder than a weird weirdo.


 Silence! I am your ruler! Leave!


 We'll let you alone for now, but we'll be back.

 You can't hide from your friends who never visit forever!


4


 Family X Home.


 Honey, I'm home.


 So am I. We need to talk.


 Why?


 I got a call from the school. Our son's in trouble.


 What happened?


 The teacher told us to write "I will not talk in class." Five hundred times. I thought that was stupid so I decided not to do it and got a detention.


 You should do what you're told!


 A man's got to do what a man's go to do! Be a man! Snip 'em! Sign up for your free castration TODAY! It's the law!


 No way am I getting castrated!


 But why? You and mom always say breaking the law is bad.

 Sometimes, son, we need to exercise judgment.

 I'll remember you said that at bed-time.

 Now son, you will do as you are told.

 But dad isn't! He said he wasn't going to let them steal his grapes.

 Honey, you should set a good example. We're not going to have any more children anyway.

5



Town Hall.



What the hell? You said you were going to resign!



It doesn't matter what I said, you insignificant fool!



But you promised!



I am the leader of you humans! You will do as I say!



I am the leader of the humans! I mean, I'm the mayor! Why are you talking so weird?



Silence! I feel the urge to mate! Must mate soon! Must reproduce!



Huh?



I will mate with you!



It wouldn't be the first time I did that to stay in office, but how do I know I can trust you?



You will do as I say!



No I won't! Don't touch me! No! Get off!



Is something wrong, Mayor?



Who are you?



I'm here to keep order, but — ahem! — I see you are busy!



She's sexually assaulting me!



Right, buddy. Come on. You're going to jail!



Yes, take the foolish human away. I wish to mate with him no longer. Besides I must plot the destruction of humanity!



What did you say, Mayor?



Nothing! Be gone!



You heard her!



Look, I'm here to maintain stability in our society.



But she said it! You heard!



You're going to jail, buddy! There will be Order!



No!



Yes! Take him away, my servant! Prepare him for castration!



What?! No!

6



Town Hall. The Mayor's Office.



Good afternoon, Mayor! I heard about your new campaign to castrate all human men.



That is correct, I demand you submit yourself to my orders!



I will. But I'd also like to help. See, I'm thinking you could use a little public relations.



What do you mean, lowly human?



Um... I mean, this is a great idea you have. Why not get more people involved? We could set up youth groups, we

could have television ads, we could inject weepy plots into popular TV shows, all in support of mandatory castration. We could really get people into this. They'd be fighting to be castrated first!



I am their ruler! I have issued my demands! That is all the incentive they need!



Well, mayor, so far you have no volunteers.



Then they shall be executed!



Now, now. I'm simply saying The People could use a push. It can't hurt. Your rule would be so much smoother if they wanted to do it. Then you wouldn't have to force them!



Your devious nature impresses me, human. I like you. We should mate soon.



Um. Okay.



What do you require from me?



Just one thing. Money.



Take as much as you want. Take it and be gone!



A blank check? Why, thank you!



I expect humans here tomorrow! Today!



Don't expect miracles...



I am your ruler! Do it!



As you command, Mayor.

7



Family X Home.



A man's got to do what a man's got to do. Talk to your son about castration. Now. And get one yourself. This is Celebrity X saying, a real man gets castrated. Oooh Celebrity X, you're so hot. That's right, babe. Because I'm castrated.



Dad, where's our TV shows?



I don't know son.



A new study reveals that castration adds to your attractiveness. I used to go to bars and women would just run from me, because all I could do was talk about sex. Now, after castration, I'm interested in other things.



What the hell?



A new study reveals that castration maybe might possibly offer a chance of improving your health!



Dad is that true?



My new book, "No Nads for Me" will explain all the benefits of castration!



Castration has benefits?



Now son, don't believe everything you hear.



Statistics show that almost 100% of the crimes committed by men are committed by men with testicles. Castration. The key to less crime.



Damn! Are there any shows on? Any games? It's all ads about castration!



Shut it off. Why don't we go for a walk?



Politician X was arrested for disorderly conduct at the mayor's office today. Too bad Jane, if only he'd been castrated like a real man, then he wouldn't have had the urge to be so violent. Testosterone can do that to you. It's a bad body chemical! Now on to other news...

8



Town Park.



What's this? Free advice?



That's right, people. Free advice. I'm closer than The Guru and much less cryptic.



Aren't you Politician X?



No. That is a common misconception. I am Politician Y, the clone of Politician X. What do you need advice about?



We need help with our son.



He won't do what he is told in school.



Children learn from their environment.



Dad won't sign up for castration.



Shouldn't it be a man's right to choose what happens to his body? Whether or not he has children!?



I agree.



Well, I don't! I've been listening to this whole exchange and I'm disturbed.



So am I! Castration leads to less crime!



Where did you hear that?



It's just a known fact!



The Church is fully in favor of castration to further remove temptations of the flesh.



Hey! Didn't I arrest you earlier?



That must have been my clone, not me. Now people, please. I can offer advice to each of you in time.



We don't need advice from you! We responsible citizens know castration is a good idea!



Why did you arrest my clone?



He attacked the mayor. He can get out of jail by being the first man castrated.



Has he been tried and found guilty yet?



The castration is mandatory!



You didn't exactly answer my question.



Shut up.

9



Town Hall. Mayor's Offices.



All right. I've called this meeting to find what we can do to build support for the mayor's program of mandatory castration.



Support we definitely need. There is widespread discontent about this new law. That could lead to riots and a general disruption of Order!



But why? Why must support be built? I am the ruler! All humans will do as I say.



Um. We can accomplish total castration quicker if we have popular support. Let's not turn this into another War on Drugs.



Support! Support! Support! You pathetic bipeds are always concerned about support! Where is your respect for your leaders!



Um... Sergeant Blah, what's your take?



I'm an officer of the law.
Whatever the law is, I follow it,
I enforce it.



You will enforce it because I
am your superior!



Um. Yes. Sure.



How about you, Doctor
Schlongslinger?



I'm totally in favor of this
program. I'm glad we have a
mayor — finally — who is
demanding people take
responsibility for their actions
by telling them what to do.
People have gone on too long
with too much freedom. We
need to establish a moral code.
I think mandatory castration is
a good first step.



Excellent. I'm going to set you
up for a televised debate.



There need be no debate! I am
the ruler!



Listen babe, with a debate,
you'll be even more popular.



I care not for popularity! I am
the ruler! Bastards!



So we have our assignments,
what will you be doing?



Me? I've already done it. I've
sold my stocks in jockstraps
and purchased shares in
scissors.

10



Revolutionary HQ.



I'm worn out from — hmm,
this door's slightly ajar. Holy
shite! The Evil Deer!



It's in our HQ! How did it get
in here?



Guys, it's me!



It's making a weird blatting
noise!



Can't you understand me?



Whoa man, it sounds like a
platypus trying to play the
trumpet!



Shite! My words don't work!



Throw stuff at it! Get it out!
It's going to charge any
second!



Come on, don't do that!



Oh no, man. It's going to stab
me with its rack! I'm a goner!



No you're not, mate. Stay
strong! I'm going to throw
this!



Not that! It's my killer hookah!



It's all I've got!



Noooo!



Crash!



Shite! I dropped it on my toe!



We're done for!



Is this the bloody end?



Literally bloody, man. Wait a
sec, how come it's not
attacking?



I don't know, mate.



It's scratching the wall with its
rack! It looks like writing.



I - M - P - U - N - K - E - T - T -
E! I'm Punkette! It's Punkette?



Whoa. Like wow. Like... whoa.
Man. Wow.



Shut it! You're Punkette? In the
deer's body?



It's nodding yes!



Wait a minute. How do we
know this isn't a clever trap?



A clever trap involving a deer
that understands English?



Wait! It's spelling something
else!



A - S - S - H - O...



I'll be shagged in public!
Punkette! It's you!





Family X Home.



We have made our escape!



We return to the flesh-blob box we have commandeered as our base.



Yeehaw! The UFO is back! Now our TV will get good reception again! Oh, magical metal!



What does the flesh-blob mean?



I postulate it means our presence so agitates Emperor Tee Vee that it chatters more frequently.



Maybe we can tune in some channels that aren't castration propaganda! Here's something.



Now let's get ready to play Degradation for Dollars! Our first contestant, take off your pants! Oh man! Your ass is really hairy! Here's a dollar! Want to make it to the next round? Stick your thumb up your butt!



This is great! Shiny sombrero, I love you!



M.C., I'll take the double challenge. All right! You've got it! Shove a potato up your butt for three dollars!



Wow!



You asked for it. Unnnh! Wow! Here's your three bucks. Now, for five — huh? What's that strange shimmering energy! Oh my! The potato is growing! Get it out of his butt! Hurry! Now!



Look at the TV!



That poor man! What's that weird wavy thing around them?



Tee Vee displays the Confubulator wave!



Its energy continues to propagate! We turned it up too high for this tiny orb!



What do you two mean?



The Confubulator Beam always returns to its source.



That would be us.



And then...



And then...



What? What is this
Confubulator Beam?



A weapon on our ship we used
to break free from jail.



The energy continues to circle
your orb. It will wreak havoc as
it goes until it arrives back
where it came from, or it
wears itself out.



Performing calculations....



Factoring in orb diameter,
beam velocity.



Confubulator energy should be
returning to this area...



Within the next couple days!



And what happens then?



All matter within a 10,000 mile
radius is annihilated.



Mercy me! The whole planet
will be destroyed!



We're all going to die?



There is a chance the
Confubulator could expend all
its energy and dissipate.



I think we should work on our
engines!



Or if the beam is stopped, all
matter it affected returns to as
it was. It's effects are not
necessarily permanent. Unless
it atomizes you.



I still think we should work on
getting off this sphere!



I'm scared!



You should be doing your
homework, not listening to
this talk. Go play with the free
castration coloring-book those
nice people donated to your
school.



Should I really worry about
doing what I'm told when the
world could end any second?



Honey, we might have to hire a counselor to help our son mature.



But if I'm going to die, who cares about being mature?

2



Revolutionary HQ.



Shite-o-rama! I can't believe it! How? How did you get turned into a deer?



I'm keeping my distance.



She's spelling something else.



D - O - N - T - K - N - O - W.
She doesn't know.



I knew you weren't so daft, going all fascist. If you're in a deer's body, then who is in Punkette's body?



She's tapping where she wrote "Don't Know!"



Bloody hell! This is spanked!



We should confront the mayor!



You stay here, deer. Hah! That's a pun! Get it? Deer. Dear. Hah!



She's tapping where she wrote, "A-S-S-H-O!"



Easy love! You're going to wear that spot out!

3



Mayor's Offices.



Those human fools! They — who's there?



Just us, cat.



Oi! Your old mates.



What do you buffoons want?



Just a wee chat with you.



We know you're angry and we just wanted to apologize.



Right! Make good and all that.



Begone! I have no time for you peons. Leave me!



All right, sister. We just thought the best way to make amends would be to recall old times, like when our car broke down on the way to The Weenies concert.



I care not for our silly past!



Oi! And what about that time we all went to the beach? We went swimming, we ate hot dogs.



Those memories mean nothing to me. I care not to recall them. Leave!



Right! Well guess what? You hate The Weenies! You said they're sellouts!



And you're a vegetarian, cat. You also hate the beach. Too many poseurs, you always say!



I do? What? Yes. Yes, I remember now. But it matters not! Out! Out!



Oh man, you're so busted!



Who are you? We know you're not our friend!



That's right! Somehow you got inside her psyche and you're controlling her body!



Out! Out! Out!



We're not leaving until we get our friend back!



Mayor? I heard screaming.



Kill these intruders!



I can't do that! Well, at least not unless they're protesting, or on strike! Surely you know I can't just shoot them for no reason!



I am ruler of the humans! You shall do as I command! Kill them!



Well, all right. We can always say they were reaching in their pockets.



Ulp!



Oh man!



Roar!



She followed us!



Deer can roar?



Ooof!



Punkette — I mean the deer —
I mean Punkette — just
bowled over the copper!



That filthy beast is charging
me! Stop it!



Grrr...



If you kill me, you'll never get
your body back!



You said it! You admit you're
an impostor!



Now we know, too! Run!



I'm running! Come on!



Roar!



I still can't get over that noise.



Get up, you fool! They're
running away!



I'll shoot them!



Blam! Blam-blam!



Damn! Missed them all.
Whew! I thought I was a
goner! Why didn't the deer kill
me? Deer are evil most pure.
Something isn't right.



Nonsense, stupid human!
Surely it was the creature's
way of torturing your tiny
mind with confusion.

4



Town Hall. Mayor's Office.



They are closing in on my
secret. The real mayor must be
in my body as the deer! I must
have her killed! According to
human law and my police-
manservant, it is wrong to kill
a human, but if that human's

psyche has been transposed into the body of a deer, it is legal to assassinate the deer. Bwohaha! And then I shall be safe to destroy humanity from this position of power. As long as she lives, my secret could come out!



Ahem! Ma'am? I heard you talking?



Yes, yes, just thinking out loud. Come in, human. An attempt has been made on my life.



Really?



Yes, by a deer.



By a deer?



Yes! Now listen! You are to inform the populace that all deer are to be killed on sight! Anyone caught harboring a deer is also to be killed immediately! We will rid our world of evil deer forever!



Um, all right, sir. But some of that isn't legal...



I am the maker of the law. Do it! Here, have another of these leaves! They're delicious!



Another blank check! All right!

5



Family X Home.



This just in! A deer has attempted to kill the mayor!



My goodness!



The assassination attempt was bravely thwarted by Sergeant Blah of the Town Police Force.



Some damn deer tried to kill the mayor?!



All deer in Town are to be killed on sight! Anyone caught harboring a deer is also to be killed on sight!



Why would a quadrupedal herbivore deer flesh-blob attempt to kill a bipedal human flesh-blob?



Surely this is another of Emperor Tee Vee's tricks!



Here's the mayor's speech from Town Hall... My new plan is to exterminate all deer. Everywhere. Anytime you see a deer, you are required by law to kill it! Kill kill kill!



Finally, some laws that will help the general peace!



We'll be back after these commercials! Come to Town Park and join the Deer Hunting Party and Castration Bonanza!



Dad, can we go? I want to do good! I want to kill a deer!



Our son is learning to do what he's told!



Great job, son!



And you can get castrated!



Um... no.



I'm very confused.

6



Town Park.



Come out all men and sign up for castration! Help us patrol for deer!



Dad, the whole town is outside asking for people to volunteer for castration. What are you going to do?



Well, son...



Honey, we want our child to be a good person.



But...



Dad, will you do what you are told?



Honey, set a good example.



What are you going to do?




That's it! Son, you are punished!





What? What did I do?




I said go to your room! Now!


 But we're not at home, we're in the park!


 Don't question it. Just do what you're told!


 Then why won't you sign up for castration!?

 Honey. Please.


 I won't do it! I won't!


 I couldn't help but overhear your displeasure.



 Sign up for mandatory castration! A man's got to do what a man's got to do!

 You don't really think that! You're only saying it because the mayor said it!

 Gasp!


 As I was saying, I couldn't help but notice your opposition to the mayor's plan to bring peace to Town by castrating all males. Would you like to appear on a televised debate as the straw-man — I mean, as the opposing speaker?

 Damn right I would! This ridiculous policy is tearing my family apart!



 Booo!


7


@ Town TV Studio. The Waiting Room.


 Remember when this building was a disco?


 I remember.

 And this waiting room used to be the corner where we first kissed.

 I thought it looked familiar.

 Oooh! Don't grab me so roughly!

 Come here, my lamb, let me gaze into your foxy eyes.

 Ewww...



Can a lamb have foxy eyes?
Seems like a paradox.



It's the passion. I'm not even
making sense!



Kiss me, you fool.



Mmm... my pleasure!



Well, look at that! P.D.U.L.



Pee Dull?



That's right, son! Your parents
are engaged in a Public Display
of Unabashed Lustfulness!



We were just having a kiss!



You slut! We both know where
that will lead.



So what? We're married!



A likely story. Besides, what
kind of marriage is that? And
you, Mister! Are you going to
be a man and sign up for
castration?



Well...



Are you, Dad?



Well...



We need to set a good
example.



But...



Are you a good citizen or not?



Of course my Dad's a good
citizen!



Guess again, you mistake!
You'll grow up all screwed up
because your parents are sex
fiends! You'll never be able to
overcome what your parents
are!



I'll see you in the studio,
wench!



Bring it on, you amoral, deer-
loving, bad parent!



Waaah... she called me a
mistake!



Deer-loving?



All you amoral types just love
deer.



We do?



The slut admits you're amoral!



I did not! Well, maybe I did, but I didn't mean it!



And you're stupid, too!



Settle down, everyone! Save it for the show! This is good TV!

8



Family X Home.



I can't believe we got kicked out of the studio. We couldn't even stay for the taping!



Well mom, you did call that lady a —



Son, don't use that language!



But you did!



Coming up! The Mayor's Mandatory Castration policy! Well-meaning legislation or just plain stupid? The Debate coming up next!



Yay! There's dad!



Awesome!



It's the square who became a radical!



Go mate go!



Excel, flesh-blob!



Transmit data furiously!



This little boy's father was killed by a deer. Then the deer ate his mother. Then the deer mated with his dog. Won't you help this little boy? Donate to The Anti-Deer Foundation.



Mom, why is everyone here?



I invited them over to celebrate your father's debate being televised! We're all part of a small anti-mandatory castration movement. I even invited Politician X over!



He's in jail. I'm Politician Y. And I don't appreciate the—



Shush! It's coming on now!



I'm here tonight on Debate-o-rama with Doctor Linda Schlongslinger—



That's the miserable woman who called me a slut!



... and the voice of everyman, Citizen X.

9



Town TV Studio.
Sound Stage X.



zxl'm here tonight on Debate-o-rama with Doctor Linda Schlongslinger and the voice of everyman, Citizen X. We'll be discussing the Mayor's Mandatory Castration policy. First, we'll start with you, Doctor Linda Schlongslinger.



Thank you. I'd like to say that mandatory castration is the best idea to come from a public office in a long time. This way, irresponsible men cannot be with irresponsible women. We have to stop one of them, and with the Mayor's

bold new initiative, I think we've scored a victory for freedom!



But if you castrate all men then no one can have any children and—



Oh please! Do we really want any old idiot to have children?! I want to promote the sanctity of life and people who have sex frivolously are violating that!



But our bodies are our own! It's our choice! A woman has no right to tell a man what happens to his body!



Bunk! We all belong to society.



But it's my right to choose whether I have a baby or not!



Choice! Shmoice! Joyce! I'm sick of hearing about choices! When you can choose, you can choose sin! If we were all forced to do the right thing, then we'd all be like the angels and God would be happy!



But we need freedom!



Freedom without morality? Freedom comes with

responsibility, too. I bet you never thought of that! I'll take a little less freedom if it means we're more moral! A life begins in your balls, mister! Whether you like it or not! Abortion is wrong, and without your balls, there will be no abortions!



Wha...?



The only thing that makes sense is to castrate every man in the world, and freeze his testes in a cryogenic chamber, where responsible moral women, approved by passing a standardized morality test, can self-impregnate themselves with the harvested sperm!



Oh yes. That makes perfect sense!



I knew you would see it my way!



I was being sarcastic!



I can't help it if your wife slut gave you a venereal disease!



Well, that's all we have time for!



Wait, I didn't even get to talk!



That's your problem! You can talk when you want.



You're the moderator! You should have told her to shut up!



That's a wrap!



You made me look terrible!



Take responsibility for yourself! You can't blame others all the time!



This was your plan all along!



Say what you want! The camera's off.



1



Revolutionary HQ.



Shite! I can't believe this!



What a downer.



How can we get rid of that Mayor?



And get her body back?



Roar!



Hey mate, the talking isn't working for you. Write on the wall with your antlers.



R - E - S - C - U - E - O - L - D - M - A - Y - O - R. Rescue the old mayor?



You mean break that wanker out of jail?



She's nodding her deer head yes. How cute! Ow! Watch where you nod that rack!



Why rescue the old mayor?



B - A - C - K - T - O - N - O - R - M - A - L. Back to normal. Hm... I don't know if we revolutionaries can do that.



Aye! We crap on the status quo! In public! With vigor! Why should we help restore it?



Quiet, man. She's writing again. M - A - Y - O - R - P - O - W - E - R - B - A - C - K.



I just want to help my friend get her body back. How will releasing the mayor do that?



As long as Punkette's body is in the mayor's office, the people will protect her. If we can re-install the old mayor, she — I mean, her body — won't have bodyguards anymore.



If she's of the working class like the rest of us, we can more easily kidnap her and figure out a way to switch their bodies back!



We'll use the class system against the bigwigs!



Bark!



A deer can bark?



I think she's saying "yes."

2



Family X Home.



All citizens are required by law to kill deer on sight.



Bang! Bang! I'm the deer hunter!



Please, I'm not a deer!



Son, don't shoot your mother with your finger.



But the... okay.



Knock! Knock!



Hey! Someone's knocking at the door. If it's a boy, I'll castrate him with the rack from the deer head I got!



These imaginary games are getting out of control.



I think that's the counselor at the door. I called him earlier today.



Good.



Hey, Politician X! You should be castrated!



Hello, little one. I'm Politician Y. I'm here to talk with you.



He needs some discipline.



He needs to understand when he should think for himself and when he should do what he's told.



There's only certain times I should think for myself?



Most of the time, the problem is with the parents. Now son, why do you feel I should be castrated?



Because the TV says so!



Do your parents let you watch a lot of TV?



Yeah!



Why do you hate deer?



Because the TV says they are bad!



And why do you feel castration is bad?



Because my dad says so!



Hoo boy. We're not looking so good here.



I'd like to adjourn to the boy's room. We need to talk in private.



Come on up, then!

3



Family X Home. Downstairs.



We've been sending mixed messages.



Knock! Knock!



Now who would that be? I'll get it. What do you want?



We're collecting names of men who are going to be castrated! We know you were on the debate show, but we thought

we would ask you anyway, if you would like to comply with the law. Every other man in Town has signed this sheet. Well, what will it be?



Honey? Think about our son.



All right, you bastards. You win. Sign me up.



Join us! We're all heading to Town Park now for Castrationapalooza!



All right. Damn it. I'll set an example. Let's go now.



We're leaving? What about our son?



He'll be fine with the counselor.

4



Town Jail.



So man, what's the plan?



The plan, shite! We rush the guard!



Grrr...



Uh-oh. She's getting angry.



Who's out here? I heard talking! Freeze!



Shite! He's got a gun!



Roar!



Blam! Blam-blam!



Bummer, man. You shot our friend.



Nobody move! Hands in the air!



We're busted!



What the hell?



Wild, cat! Her wound is healing!



The power of The Evil Deer works for her, too!



Growl! Snarl! Roar!



Dude, you shot her and just made her mad!



Ulp! Ooof, my gun!



Oh man! She kicked him in the 'nads! Too bad you didn't get castrated yet, hypocrite!



He dropped his gun! I got the keys!



Grrr...



Looks like we've got the upper hand, now, copper!



We stuck it to the man!



Please! Don't let it kill me!



She won't kill you, arse-brain!



Let's go set free Politician X.

5



In Town Jail. Cell Block X.



Hey wanker, we're here to set you free.



You are? Oh thank heavens! I thought you were part of that torch-bearing mob.



Um. What torch-bearing mob?



That one coming closer!



Shite!



You owe us a favor, cat.



Talk later. Let's run!



Wait! Unlock the door.



I almost forgot. Man, my short-term memory is shot.



Come on, you buffoons!

6



Outside Town Jail.



Punkette, let's go, there's a mob coming for our friend here.



Bark!



Aaahhh... aahhh... why isn't it killing me?



Because she's not The Evil Deer you think! She's the mayor in the deer's body, and the deer is in the mayor's body!



Hm... the mayor was acting strangely.



Look over there! A deer has Sergeant Blah pinned down! And Politician X is free! Let's kill the deer and castrate them all!



I thank you for the help, my friends. I will owe you a favor if we escape this... and I ever hold public office again.



Come back!



Everyone run!



Tackle the deer!



Howl!



Politician X got away!



They overwhelmed her, damn it!



We've got them! The Punk, the Hippie and The Evil Deer!



Wait, you don't understand! Something's amiss! The deer isn't who you think, neither is the mayor!



He's gone insane!



Ignore him! Find Politician X and castrate him NOW! Then we'll kill the deer! Their blood will mix in a cacophony of agony and the shining promise of a new world order!



Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!



Yes, we'll castrate them! For my son!



And kill the deer, too!



Castrate! Kill! Castrate! Kill!

7



Family X Home.



So, why do you feel so mad at your parents?



Because they tell me I have to do what I'm told. But then my dad won't do what he's told, so he says sometimes you have to use your judgment, so I use my judgment and then I'm punished for not doing what I'm told but then my dad won't do what he's told and...



All right. It's understandable you feel that way.



What should I do?



There are different rules for adults and children.



But that's not fair.



Sometimes life isn't fair. It's sad, but true.



But that sucks.



Adults know a little bit more than children, so they are better equipped to make decisions.



But you never see kids in a war. Only adults have wars!



Um... great point, kid. You're good. I'm starting to think this advice business isn't for me. Want to watch TV?



You're the best teacher I've ever had! Let's go.



Greetings flesh blobs!



We are tracking the progress of the Confubulator beam via Emperor Tee Vee's lectures.



Buy the SUV from Company X! It's the best car ever! You can drive all over creation! Literally. Now, back to The Game!



Cool, a baseball game!



And the count is 2 and 2 with — what the hell! Some shimmering energy is streaking across the field! Wakka-wakka! Woop-woop! It's leaving a path of kitchen sinks!



That's weird.



It's funny. Where are those sinks are coming from?



Such a non-sequiturous occurrence can only indicate

that The Confubulator Beam continues to propagate!



We really should work on our ship's engines...How close is this location that Tee Vee transmits?



About one hour away.



Calculating the vector of the Confubulator Beam, it could be here any second!



With disastrous results!



What are you two talking about?



We unleashed the Confubulator Beam that your Emperor Tee Vee displays.



We did it when breaking out of the slammer.



You did that?



Now look! Fans are being tossed into the air! Oh, the humanity!



The Confubulator Beam is a random energy dispenser. Unless it is stopped it will continue to circle back to its original location.



If it strikes there, it will create a burst of energy strong enough to destroy this entire orb!



Why have a weapon that comes back? It's like a nuclear bomb boomerang!



The Confubulator is primarily for use in infinite space!



This orb's gravity holds it in a cyclical pattern!



So we will be obliterated?



At the very least.



We are doomed.



Is there any way to stop it?



Like all energy, we must drain it!



If we can put enough matter between it and its source, we could stop it!



Knock knock knock! Knock knock bam bam! WHAM! WHAM!



All right, I'm coming! Who is it?



It's me, kid! Politician X! You've got to let me in!



Why? What's wrong?



They're going to castrate me, kid! The mob is coming! Let me in, I've got to hide!



But I thought we are supposed to do as we are told.



I don't have time for this, they're coming!



My dad says that being an adult means sometimes doing things you don't want to do.



Come on, kid! You don't actually believe that, do you?



Well... no. But it sounds like something you would say. At least you would have, when you were mayor.




Please! You know I'm full of crap!




All right, come in. You can hide in my bedroom.


8


@ Outside Family X Home.


 He went in there! Surround the house! Burn it down!

 Wait! That's our house!


 Burn it down! Torture them! Castrate him!

 Son, send him out! Do it!

 Let's get him!


 Drag their result-of-bad-parenting asses out here!


 Hey!


 Don't "Hey!" me, sister! Just because you've realized that castration is a good thing doesn't mean you're not a slut!


9


@ Family X Home. Upstairs.


 What are you doing here, Politician Y?


 I'm counseling this young child, Politician X! What are you doing here?

 They want to castrate me! You have to hide me!


 Uh-oh. Looks like you're busted. They're all over our lawn!

 Now what? Now what? I'm in trouble!

 Maybe you better leave. Mom and dad will be really mad if I let them burn the house down.

 No! I won't go!

 But—

 Come on, kid! Every time you didn't want to do homework. Every time you wanted to stay up late. Or skip school. Every time we adults made you do

something stupid, you wished we hadn't. Please! Prove you're better than us!

10



Family X Home. Outside.



Look, there's a boy opening the window!



Hey, get off our lawn! There's nobody up here!



We know he's there, son! Send him out!



No! I'm using my judgment!



So there is someone up there! You liar!



No there isn't!



Castrate the boy, too!



Screw you! You want these nads, you gotta come get 'em, bastards!



Son, please watch your language!



Look, someone's coming out! It's our guy!



Greetings, good people. I did not mean to ever cause you upset. Of course, I would be glad to abide by this new law. Take me where you wish so that I might be castrated.

11



Boy X's Bedroom.



I'll be damned to a hell full of skeptical voters. He's giving himself up!



He's pretending he's you!



They're leaving! He saved me! You saved me, too! Thank you thank you thank you!



Please stop kissing me.



Please cease the flesh-blob ritual of lip-touching.



It is vile to connect your oral orifice with the skin of another flesh-blob.



I don't care! This little tyke saved me! He's a hero!



The celebration rituals should be postponed.



If the Confubulator Beam returns to its source, this entire area will be turned to a fine mist. Including all of us.



That sucks.



1



Town Square.



Let all bear witness that this man shall be castrated!



Cut 'em off!



I can't believe I'm doing this. Something doesn't add up! People, listen!



The Evil Deer is in the body of the Mayor!



Cut them off! Then kill The Evil Deer!



Then kill the Punk and the Hippie! And eat their flesh!



Oh, man.



Howl!



It's the law, buddy. You're here to uphold the law!



You will do your duty, pathetic human!



But—



Set an example of morality!




Silence! Castrate this man!




It's all right, my friend.




It is?


 Go ahead. I understand. You're just following orders.


 All right... hold steady... don't move... spread them legs... that's good... and...


 Snip!

 Hooray!


 What have I done?


 Now at last, we are different! I am my own man!


 What do you mean by that?


 Are you in pain?


 It stings a little, but—

 It is the pain of glorious redemption!

 Who is next? What man will volunteer?


 Ulp! I will. I do this for my son!


 I'm so proud of you!


 Wait! First we must kill the deer!


 Snarl!

 Don't do it!


 Give peace a chance!


 Kill them all!


 I—I—I can't!


 I will do it, give me the gun!


 Wakka-wakka! Woop-woop!


 What's that shimmering energy approaching from the horizon?

 Greetings, flesh-blobs! We would like to remind you that we are your leaders!

 And shortly we will all be destroyed!

 We just wanted you to be sure that this orb is ours.

 For the next several minutes.

 It's leaving a trail of weirdness in its path! Are those noodles flying around?



Delicious fettuccini!



Isn't there some way to stop it? Can't you shoot another burst of your Confubulator Beam into it?



Silly human!



Fighting fire with fire only makes more fire.



Castrate them all! Kill them and we will all die in chaos and fury! I will destroy all you humans!



What?



Now you realize, too late!



The energy is getting closer!



Stand back, everyone! I will hurl myself into its path!



Flesh-blob categorized as Politician Y, do you realize this could result in your destruction or transportation to another plane of existence?



And you may not absorb the energy at all!



What did you say?



Your gesture may be completely futile!



You may not be able to stop it!



No. You called me Politician Y!



Of course. Each flesh-blob emits a unique, if dull, radioactive field.



Our sensors show it clearly.



Thank you. Oh, thank you so much!



For labeling you correctly?



What strange gift is that?



Wish me luck, everyone!



But it might not work!



I might be the first to die, or I'll save you all. Either way, remember me for who I am: Politician Y! I'm off!



We must kill the deer NOW!



He's running towards it! He's insane!



Go go go go!



Yeeeeeeeeehhhhhhaaaaaaaaaaaa!



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



Where did he go?



He just disintegrated!



The Confubulator Beam energy
has ceased its propagation!



The flesh-blob saved us!



All the Confubulator's damage
will be restored!



A system reset!



Now we must kill the Punk and
Hippie as the mayor ordered!



Bollocks! I'm back in my body
again! You shite-muffins! You
wank-aholics!



Punkette!



But then that means the deer...



Roar!



He's getting away! I'll shoot
him!



Blam! Blam!



Missed. Damn! Why does my
aim suck?



Castrate! Kill! Wait... what am
I saying?



We should still kill The Punk
and The Rebel for harboring a
deer, shouldn't we?



No one kills anyone! Except
me! I mean... Only I do the
killing! Otherwise, our society
will be plunged into chaos.
There will be Order, dammit!



But... we're confused. What
have we become? Why did we
go along with this insanity?



Greetings, people!



Our hero! You're alive! Thank
you for saving us! Please give
us direction!



Wait! Sensors indicate that is not the flesh-blob that threw himself into the Confubulator Beam!



That is Politician X. Politician Y is gone!



I am back to assume the mayor's post, if Punkette will hand it to me.



I resign and Politician X is my successor! Everything is back to normal!



Hooray!



But wait!



They do not listen!

2



Family X Home.



...and after several days of chaos and hysteria, Politician X simultaneously saved Town and brought order...



Amazing!



Sniff! What a brave man!



Mom. Dad. It was Politician Y who threw himself into the Confubulator Beam, but Politician X is taking all the credit!



Son, you've had a hard time lately. We all have.



Why don't you get some rest?



The castrated testicles of Politician X are going to be preserved and saved in Town Hall to always remember our Mayor's heroism!



They're wrong! I wish Politician Y was here! He would give me advice! I'm going up to my room!

3



Family X Home. Boy X bedroom.



Young flesh-blob, why do your visual sensors leak?



Why do you gurgle strangely?



Sniff! Sob! I'm just sad. Politician Y saved the town, but everyone is saying it was Politician X. The history books are going to be all wrong!



Our sensors clearly indicated that the flesh-blob who stopped the Confubulator Beam was Politician Y.



Sniff. You know, too?



Of course! We attempted to transmit this data to the other flesh-blobs, but in a group, you nearly worthless creatures are not receptive to information.



Flesh-blobs seem to cancel each other's data-receiving ability.



As if the group itself creates the interference.



So you know Politician Y is the hero?



Affirmative.



You, young flesh-blob, are different than the adults of your pathetic species. Your perception is not clouded as much. You still are an inferior devolved swatch of protoplasm in relation to us, however.



That's the greatest thing I ever heard. I could kiss you!



Please stand back!



Not the oral orifice connection ritual!



Sorry, too late.



It wasn't so bad.



There is something strangely acceptable about it.



Did you know they're saving the balls of Politician Y?



Then you can prove he is the hero!



By dropping the pants of Politician X, people will see that his genitals are intact.



The facts will always be right there, dangling before their eyes!



Barely hidden from view!



But flesh-blobs are masters of self-deception.



They don't want to see the naked, disgusting truth.



Do you think someday the young flesh-blob could convince them to look?



I hope so.

end.

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

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/

castration is
made mandatory



and accepted
by the masses



some run from
the law



and others
live the
destiny of a
hero

