

The Adventures of

MAX



Pleistocene Fish

T.I.N.
FREE!
issue 1.3.5



About a year and a half ago Max made his debut in the second issue of *Anthros Ex Machina*. Melchior and I were working off the notion that the content for that magazine should express intention and, ideally, address the notion of “movement” in some way. We invited Johnny, a long time prose author, to submit a short story. Although he did submit a story, he also handed us an oddly dark comic about a fossilized fish and his “movement” through his world. I was sold from the beginning.

Over time the strip evolved from singular snapshots of Max’s life into a continuing story line that out lived *Anthros Ex Machina*. The center fold in this issue represents both the change of titles from *Anthros* to *This is not...* as well as a change in Max himself. What started as a self pitying, apathetic husk has blossomed into a dynamic hero on a hunt for his destiny.

Thank you for continuing to read our magazine. Thank you to Rocko for the cover art. And most of all thank you Johnny for being the glue.

- Spackle



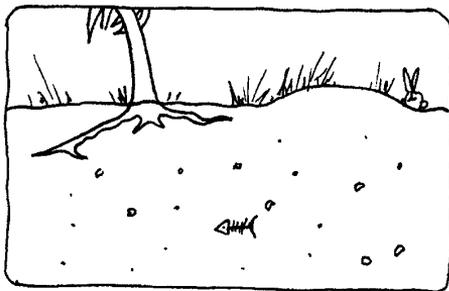
Like most fictional characters, Max started out as an extension of me, but since his conception he’s grown into himself, and in the process, liberated himself from his cliched angst. In more ways than one Max has changed from the worst of who I was, into someone I would want to be. With so much ego invested in Max, you’d think that more time would go into his creation. But let’s be clear: Max isn’t anything more than a stick fish with a couple of sentences scribbled on, and he’s usually drawn after deadline.

Spackle has always been under the delusion that because we like Max’s adventures, that someone out there likes them too. Whoever you are, if you’re out there, this collection is dedicated to you.

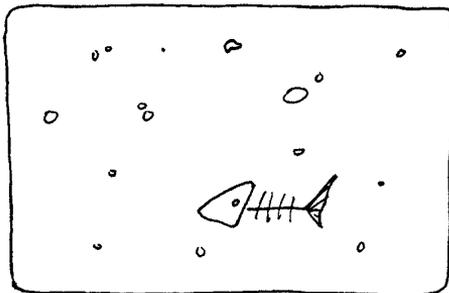
- Johnny



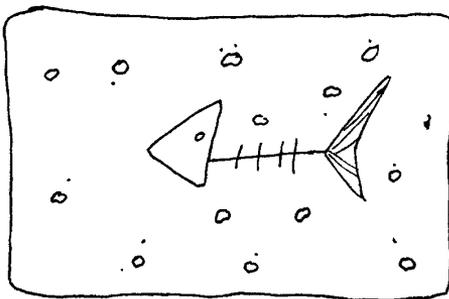
I woke up
today,
buried by a
thousand tons
of earth.



Smell of worms,
breaking rocks,
molded leaves.



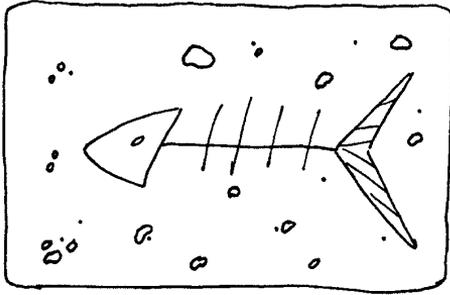
I must have
layed still too
long.



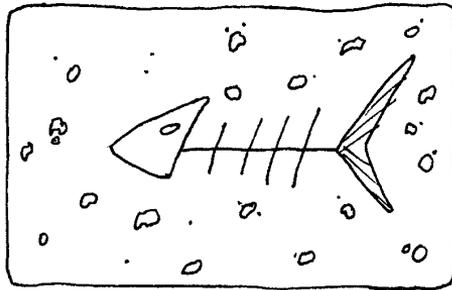
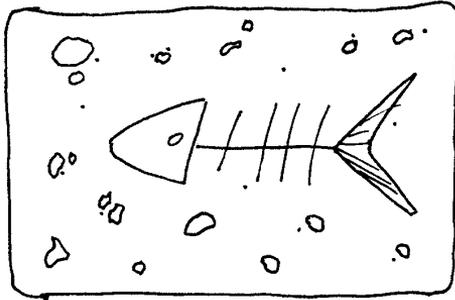
"SEPERATION"

He is inside her tonight.

Tomorrow her cells will be dividing.

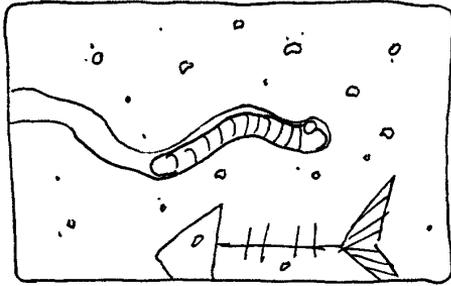


Tonight I stared at the wall until yellow seperated from white.

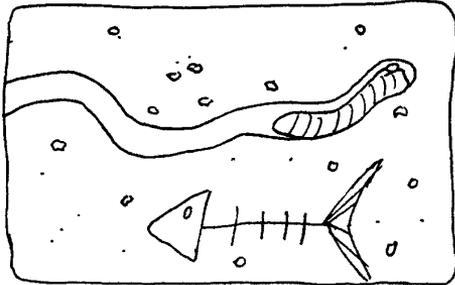


"SIDEWALK"

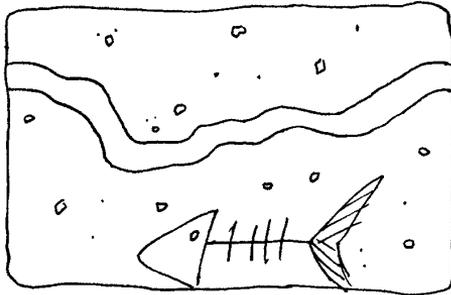
A worm crawled
by today, smiled
with bright eyes.



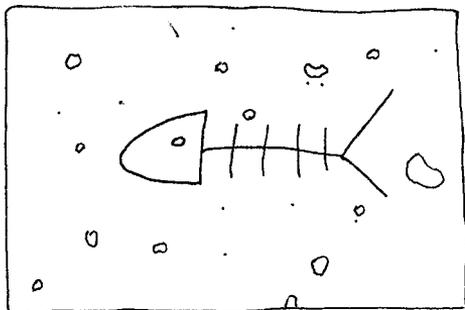
I looked away,
kept walking.



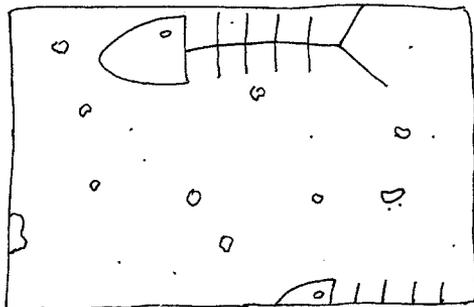
She was
beautiful,
in her way.



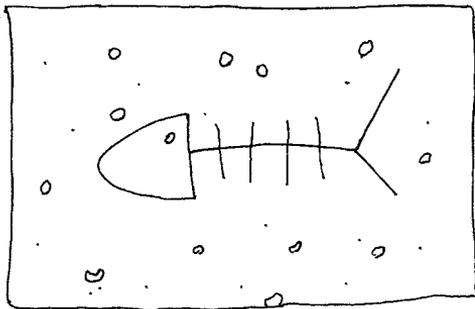
As a child, I never
talked much with
my father.



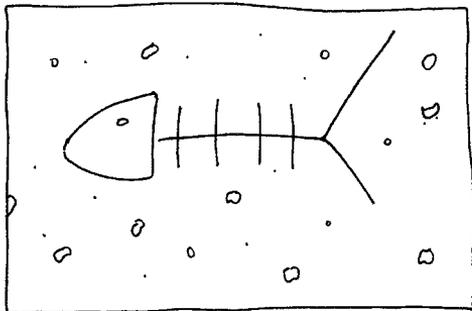
I realized today
that he is fossilized
a couple inches
below me.



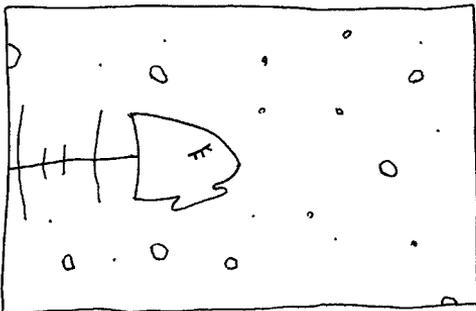
Funny how we
still don't talk.



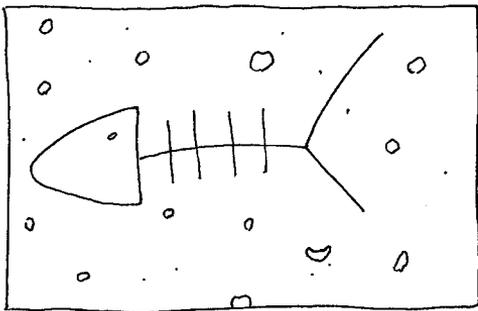
My cousin Larry
just divorced his wife,
a Brazillian Sucker-
fish.



She's not much
of a looker since
she was fossilized.

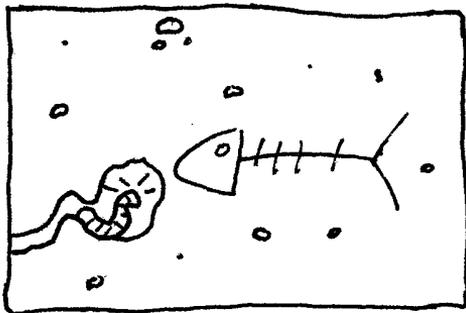


He made me promise
to only date live
Suckerfish.

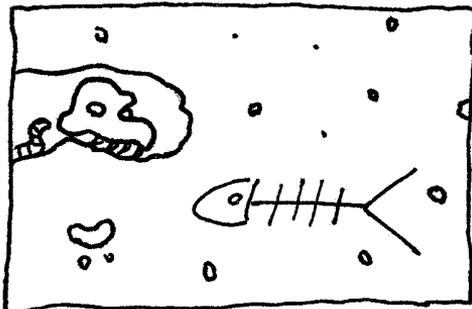


"How to ruin your
life in 3 easy steps:"
Part 1.

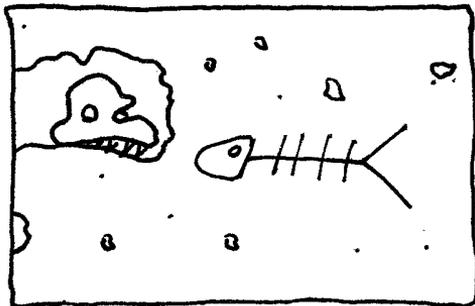
Today the worms
found out I wanted
to date a Brazillian
Suckerfish.



I was excited
until they brought
me the skull of
a sloth. She called
herself 'Claire.'

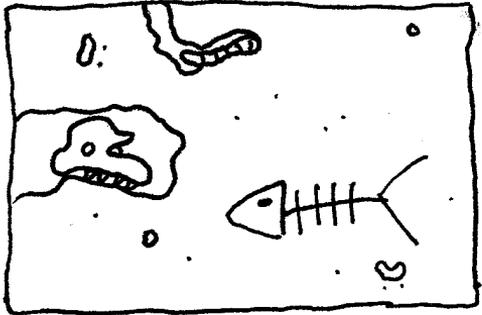


Stupid asexual
nematodes.

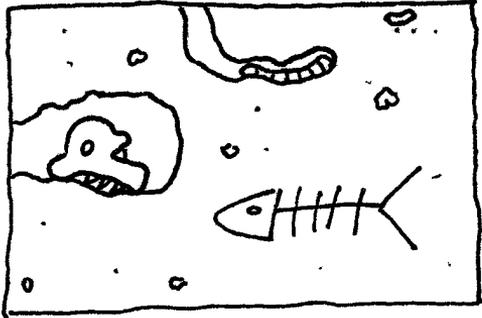


"HTRYL in 3 easy steps." Part II.

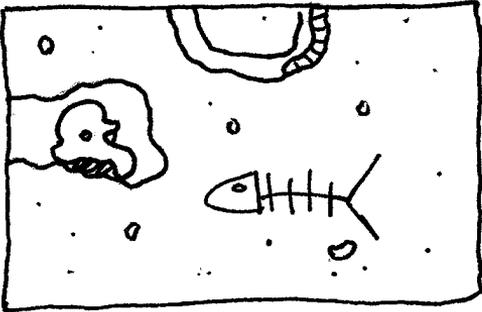
The worms brought me Claire and now she won't leave.



She insists on asking me questions, like how I slept, and how my day was.

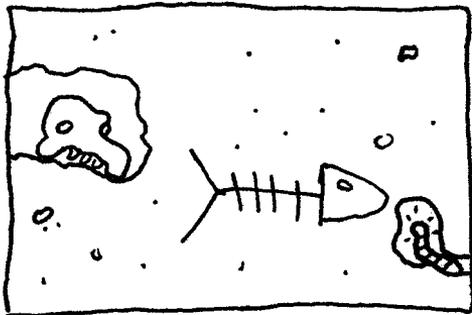


I don't do anything so my answer is always the same.

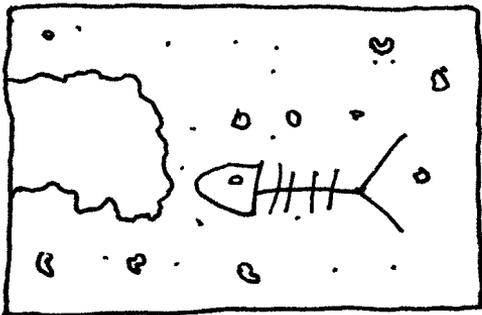


"HTRYL in 3 easy steps." Part III.

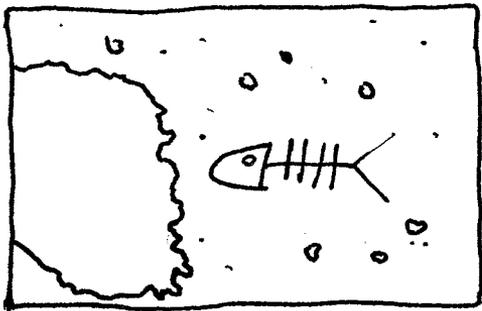
I didn't think Claire was listening when I complained about her to the worms.



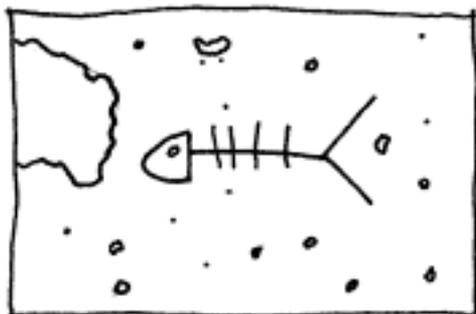
She overheard us and left that day. Now no one bothers me about my day.



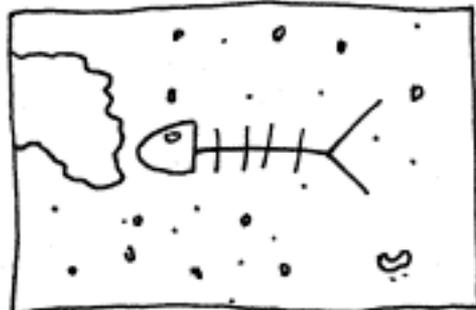
I miss the way she smelled—like eucalyptus leaves. They were her favorite.



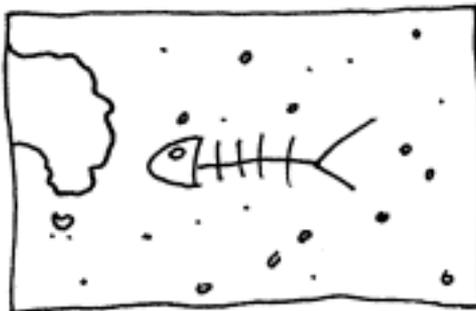
They have begun construction
above me, digging
foundations into the top-
soil.



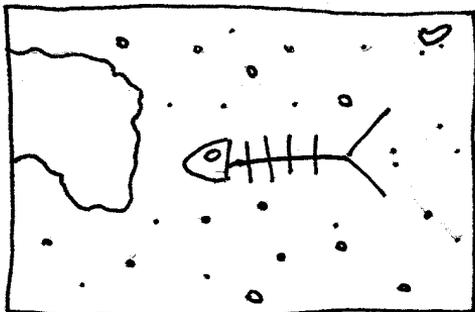
I'll probably be
unearthed and used
as fill dirt.



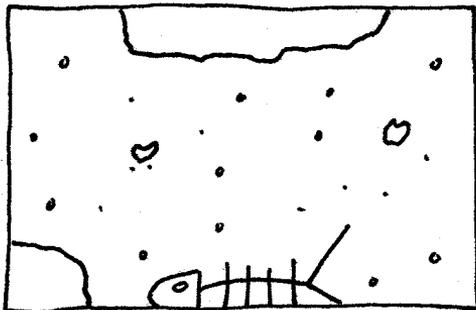
It should bother me
more, but Claire is
gone.



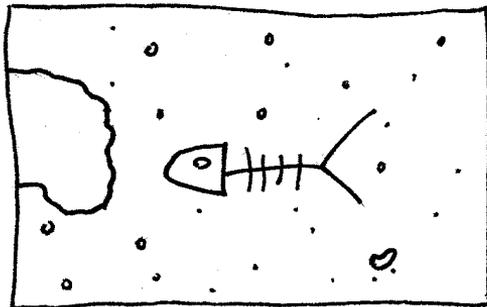
I wonder what Claire
is doing right now.



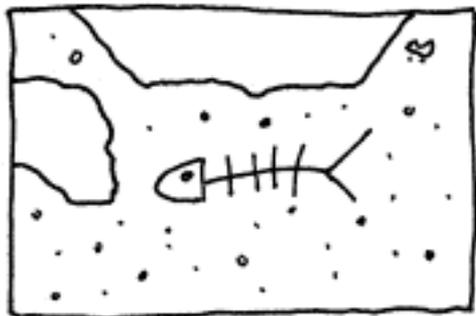
The construction is still
going on - the tremors
grow stronger every
day.



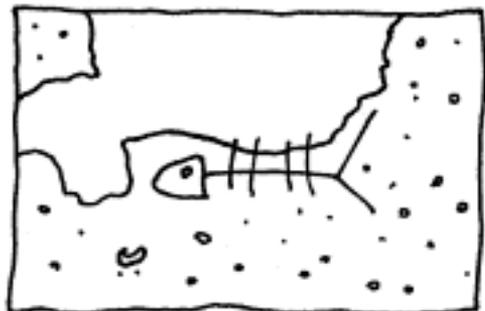
I can't help thinking
about her. It feels
good to want
something again.



Something has changed.
Now, I cannot wait to
get free. Claire is out
there, somewhere.



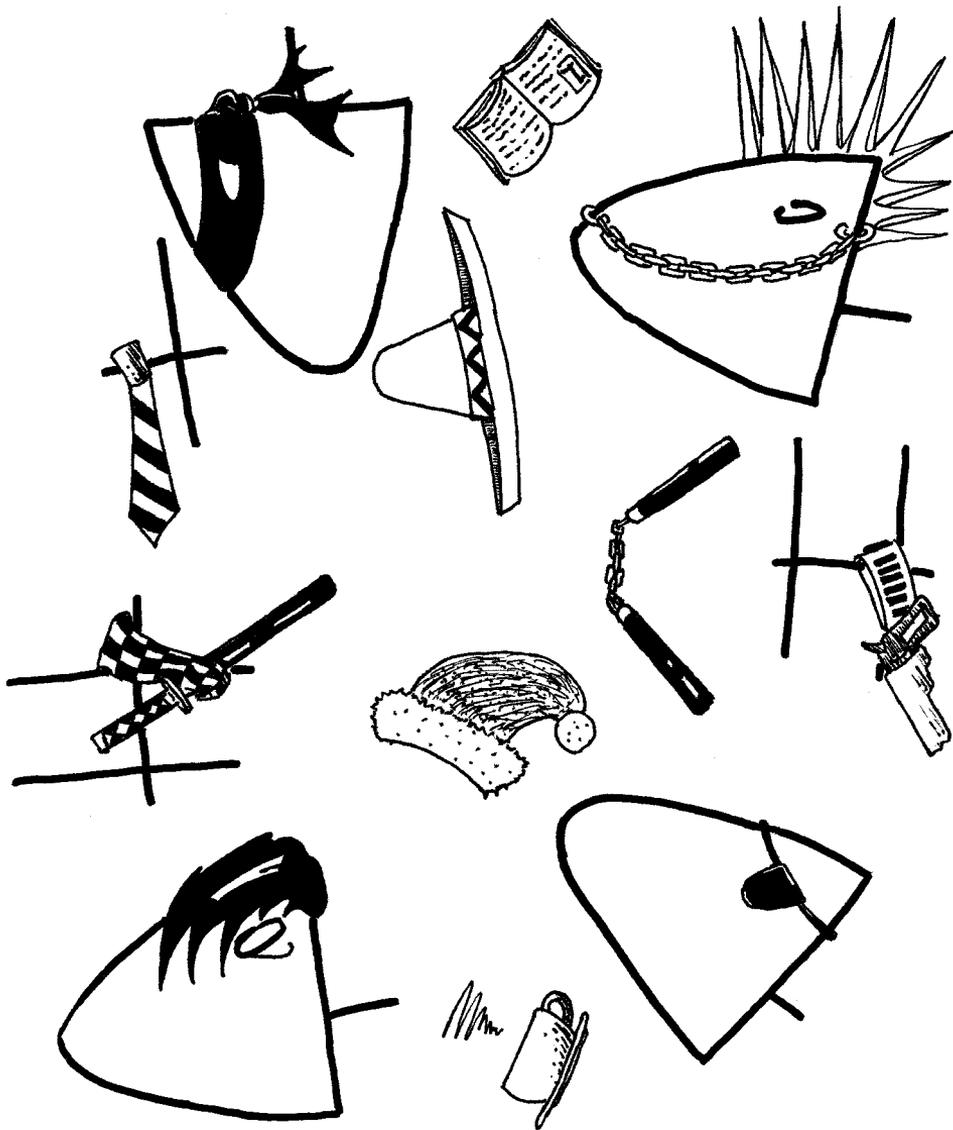
Just to hear her voice
again, to watch her
laugh, and smell her
skin—



Eucalyptus leaves.



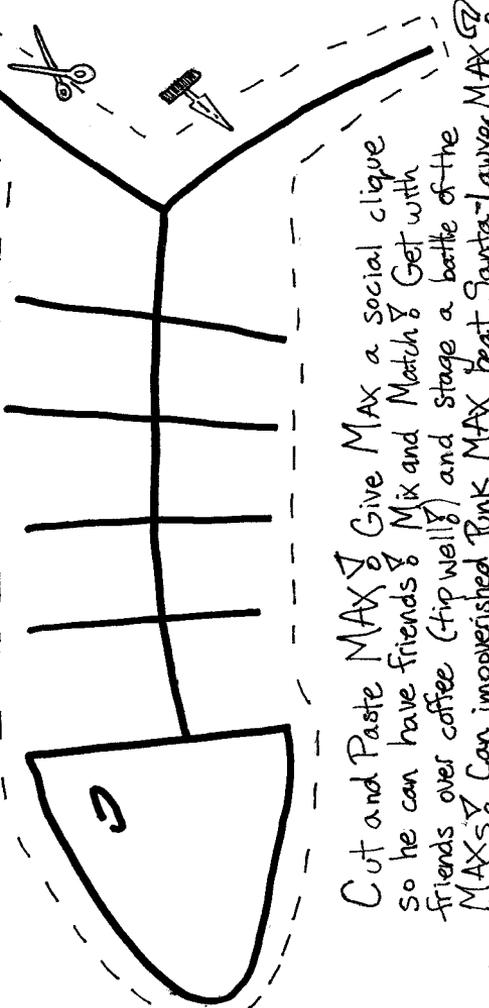
remove center-fold for hours of fun.



THE ADVENTURES OF

FISH OF DANGER

MAX



Cut and Paste MAX ∇ Give MAX a social clique so he can have friends ∇ Mix and Match ∇ Get with friends over coffee (tip well!) and stage a bottle of the MAX's ∇ Can impersonated Pink MAX beat Santa-Lawyer MAX ∇ Will both MAX save the day ∇ And what about the mysterious Zapatista - Ninja MAX ∇

EASY STEP FOUR



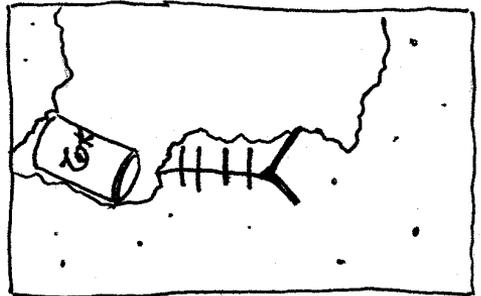
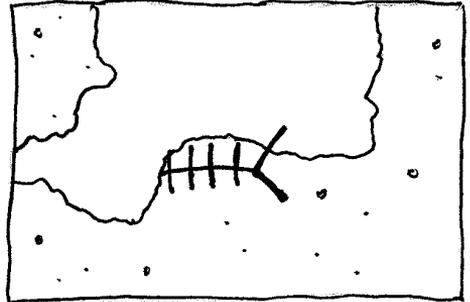
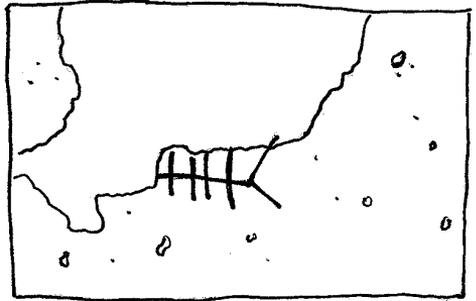
1. Cut MAX out. Watch those fingers ∇
2. Tape / glue / Spittle / honey on accessories.
3. Attach a popsicle stick or coffee stirrer.
4. Chase people around with MAX and make a lot of noise ∇

remove center-fold for hours of fun.

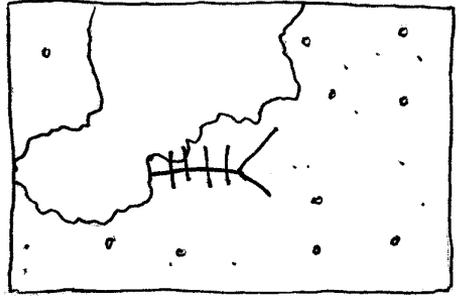
(The last time we saw
MAX: Danger Fish.....
our hero had lost Claire
-calcified sloth skull and
love of his life -and
love of his life -and
construction workers building
the new Super Fall-mart
had accidentally cut off
MAX's head. -Johnny)

Some days are better
than others.

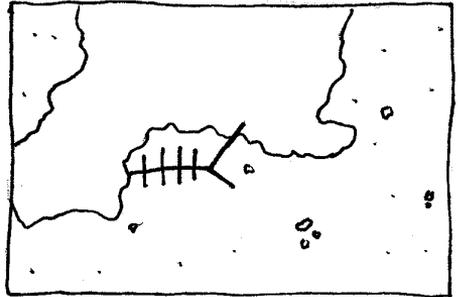
Some are worse.



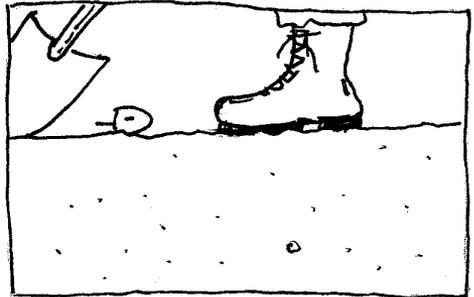
They call it "transcendence through conflict."



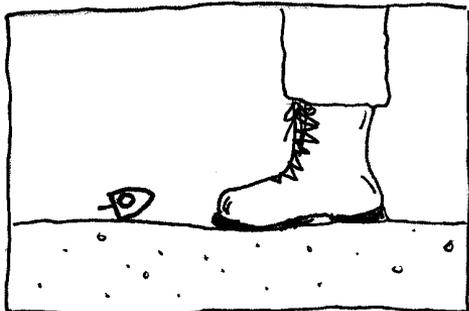
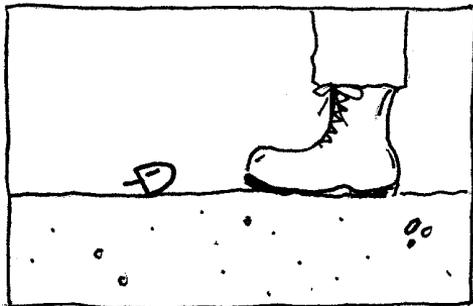
The idea is this sort of thing makes you better.



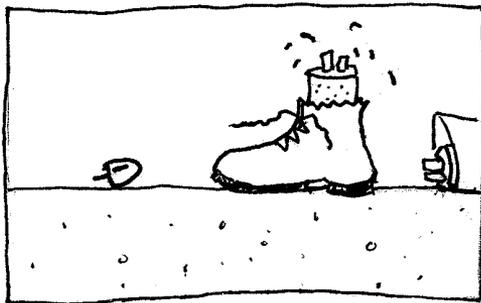
Whoever said that never had his head chopped off by a construction worker.



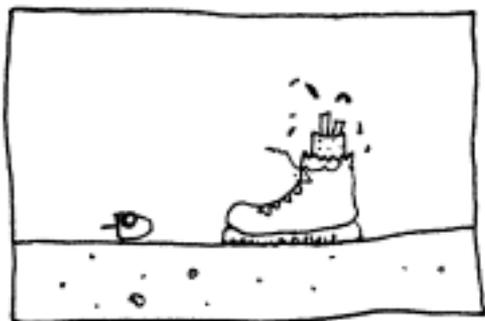
Clare, Fall-mart, and
now this guy. Even a dead
fish can only take so much.



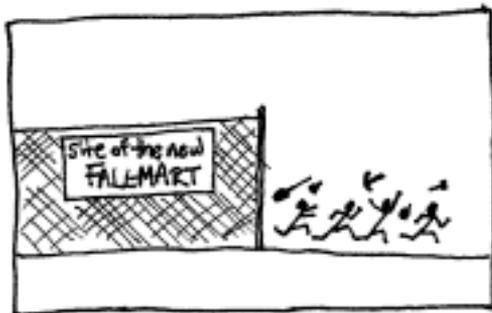
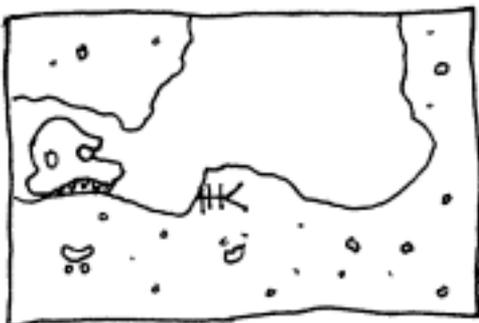
Get some.



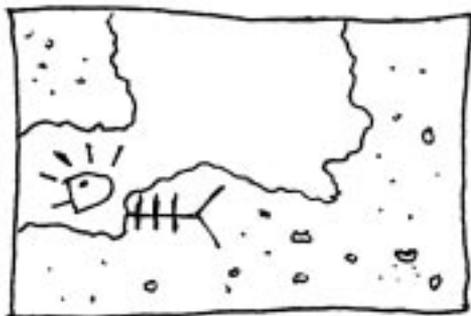
I had Killed -
and for the first time
in years, passion boiled
through my calcified
bones.



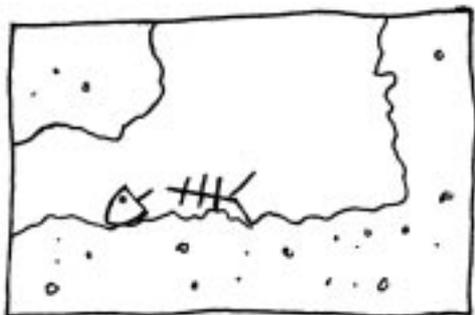
(Meanwhile)



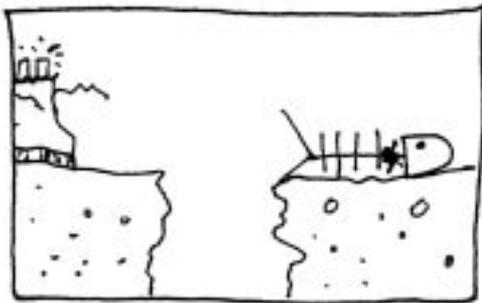
When I arrived back at the hole, Torso told me that Claire had come back to pick up a bra and a CD she had left.



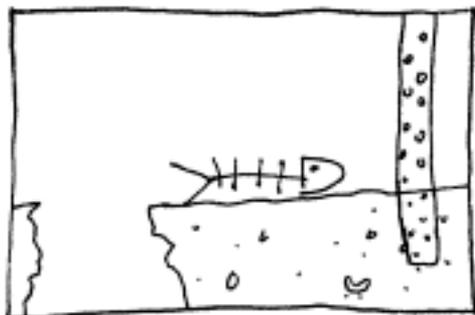
Caught up by blood lust, I had missed her. Using a piece of discarded bubble gum and a twisty tie, I-fashioned myself anew-



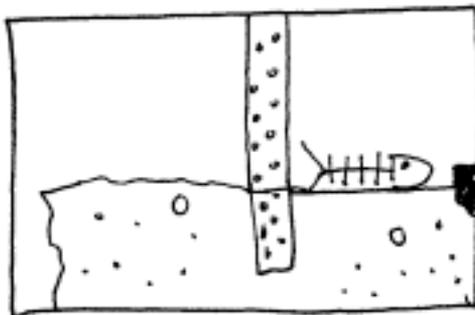
- And set out to find my true love.



As I roamed I
thought about Claire
and the time we
had spent together.

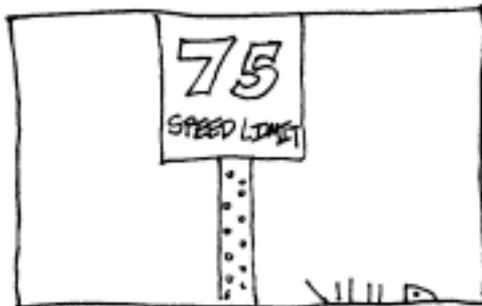


She had loved me
once—
Could she love me again?

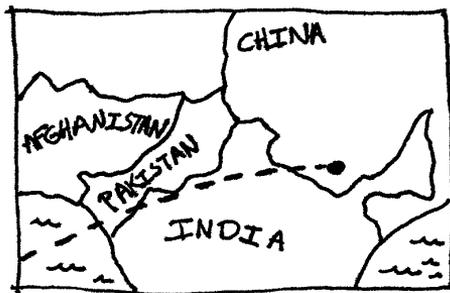


I had to know...

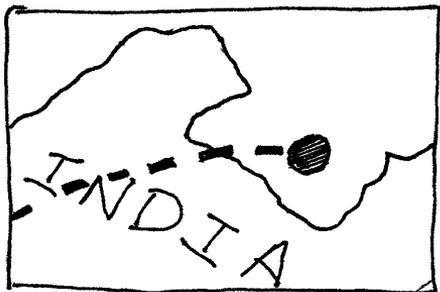
hbc!



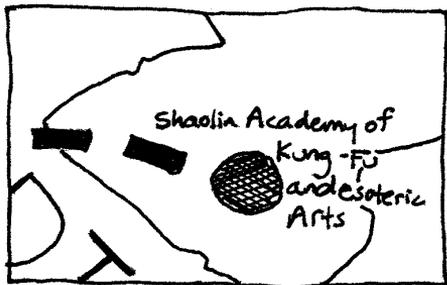
If I was going to find
Claire, I was going
to need help.



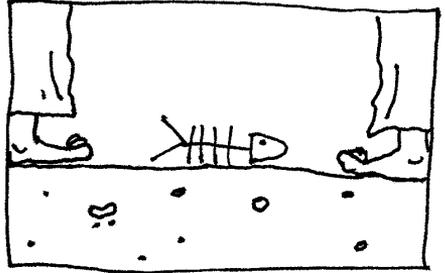
My quest led me to
the snow covered peaks
of South Asia—



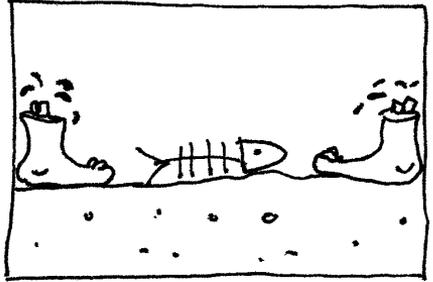
to Tibet, and to
the hidden monastery
known as....



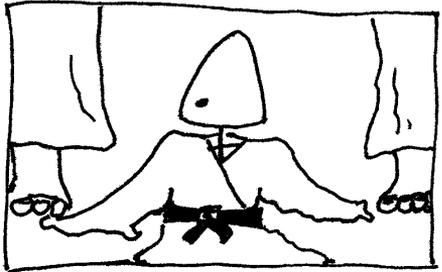
At first the Shaolin Monks
were hesitant to accept
me as one of their own -



Only after trial
by combat was I
permitted to enter the
sacred inner sanctum.



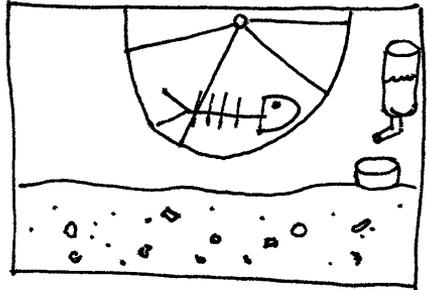
Under the watchful
eye of Grand Master
Miso, we began our training.



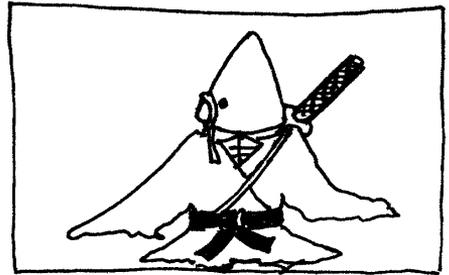
Master Miso taught us
many styles of martial
arts... Drunken Monkey -



Flying Tiger, Iron Fist,
Silky Whip, and the notorious
Hamster Man.

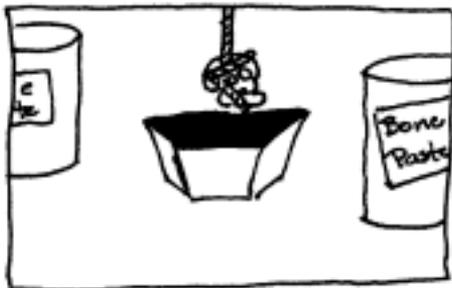


Finally, our hearts, minds,
and bodies girded, we were
ready to return to the
world.

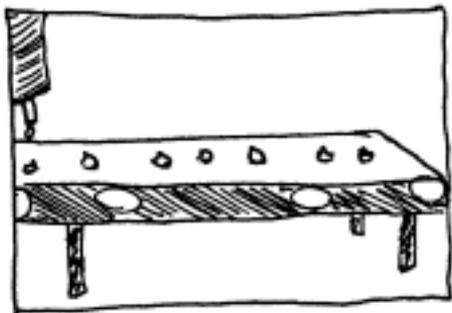


The Hunt for Claire:

Claire was made of bone,
which is used to filter
sugar.



Sugar is used to
make candy.



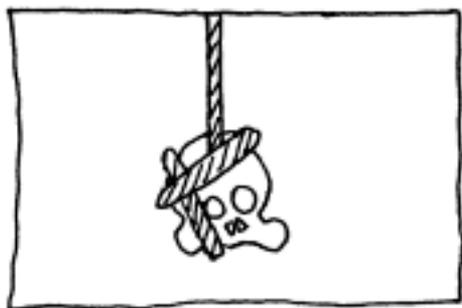
Ninjas love candy.
Pretty simple:



I chewed my way
through thousands
of tabi -



dodging shunken
ninja-to and razor
sharp naginata....



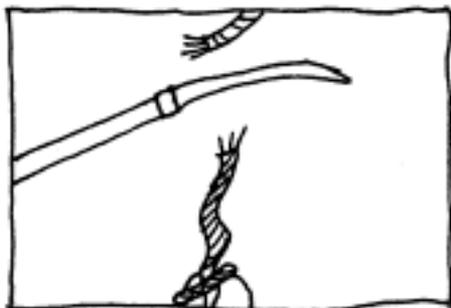
to the sugar
refinery - the ninjas
inner sanctum



At the sight of
Claire I paused -



and the Ninja-
Sensei dropped her
into the grinder.



He vanished, leaving
me alone in the blood,
sugar and chalky dust.
To be continued!



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some stupid dogs press: 01.01
Special Edition