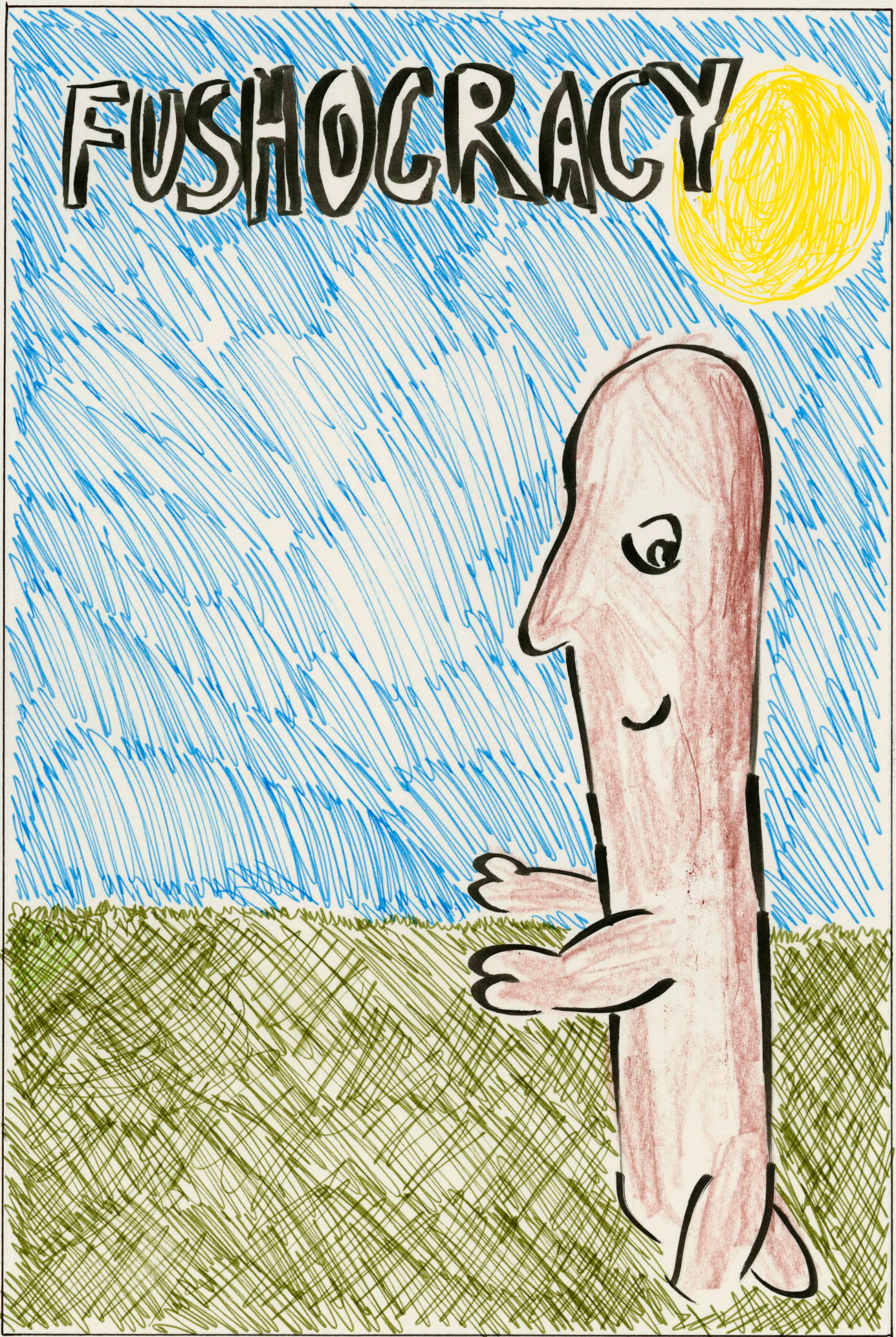
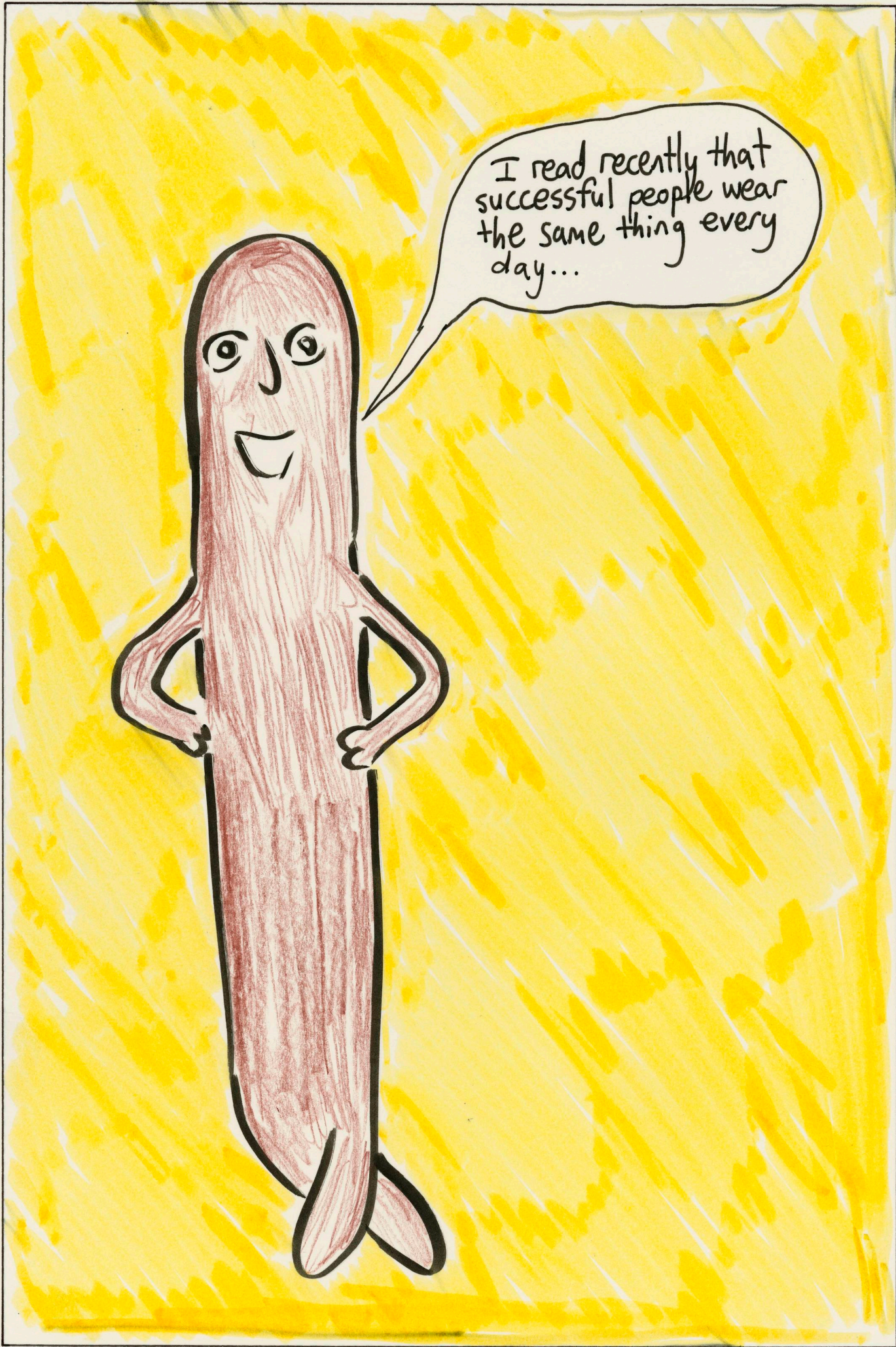


FUSHOCRACY



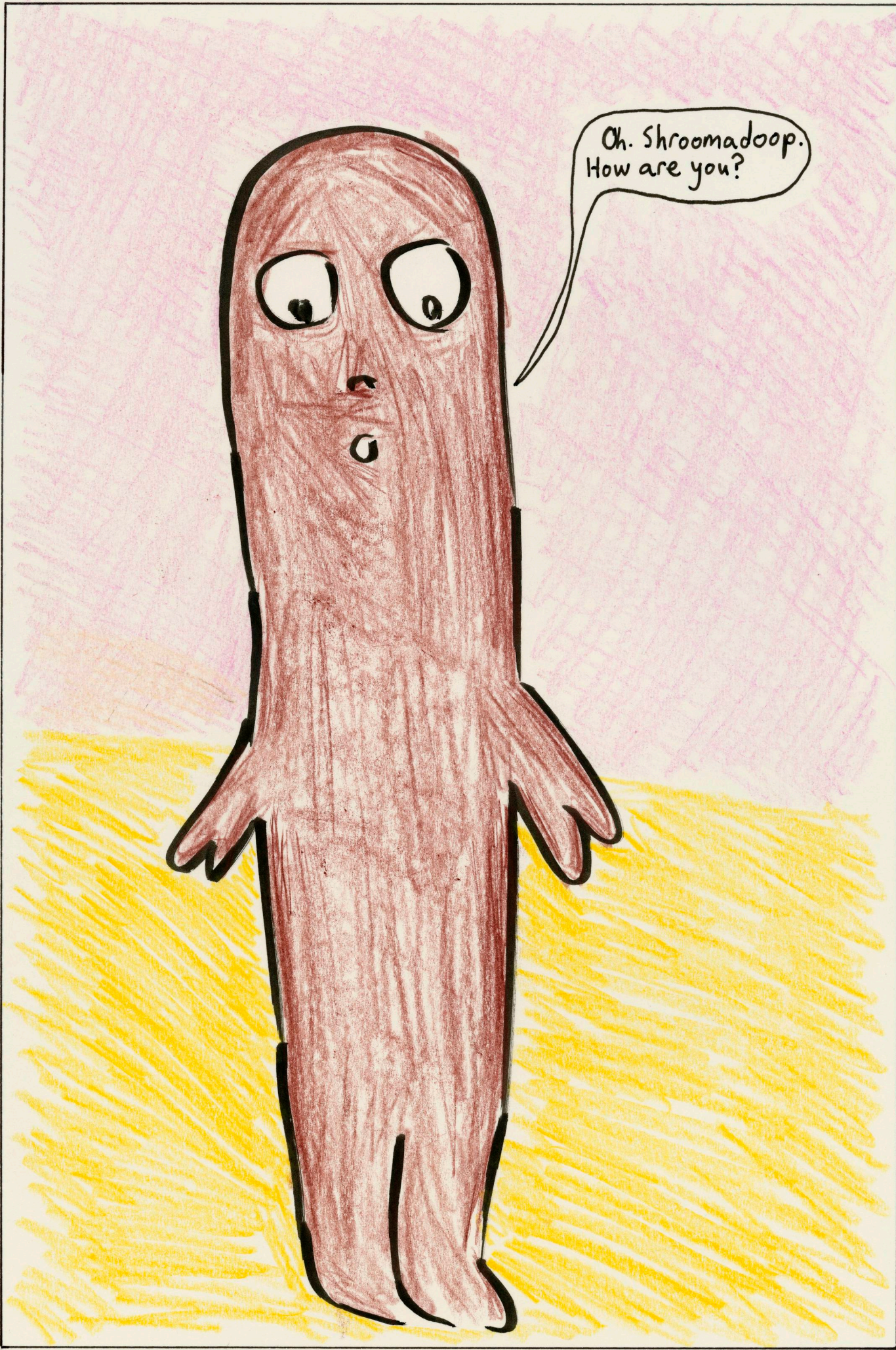


I read recently that
successful people wear
the same thing every
day...

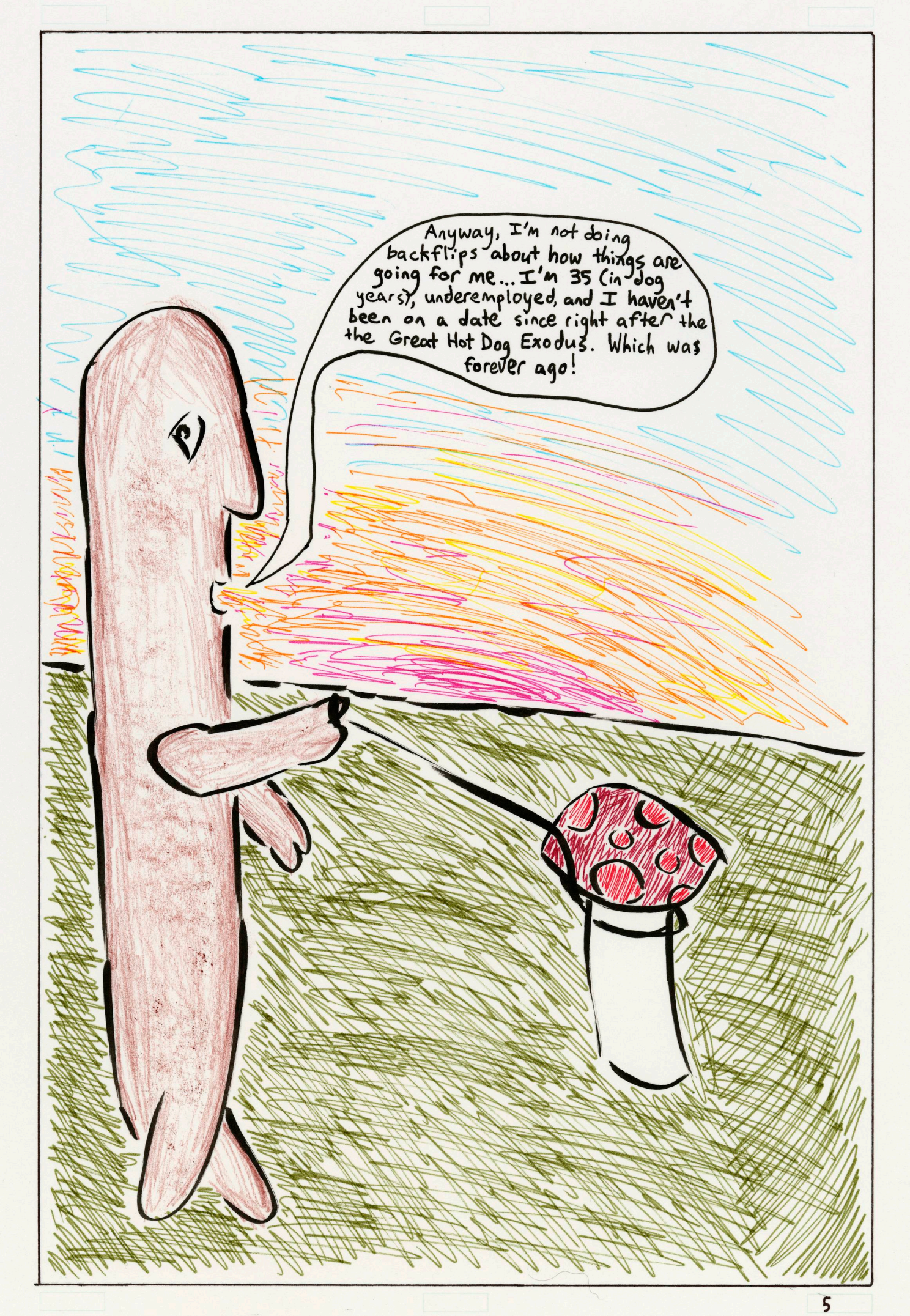
It's not working.





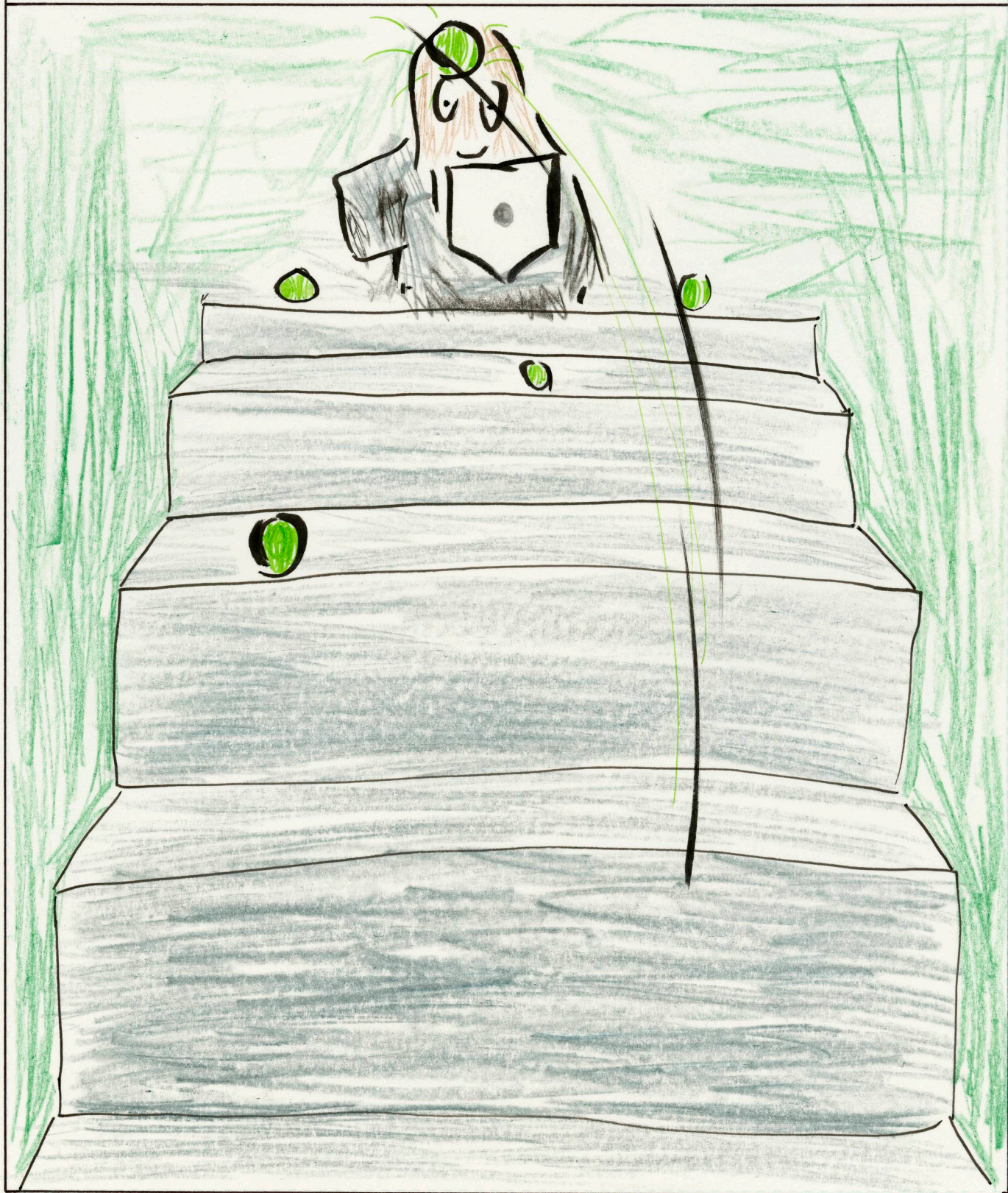


Oh. Shroomadoop.
How are you?

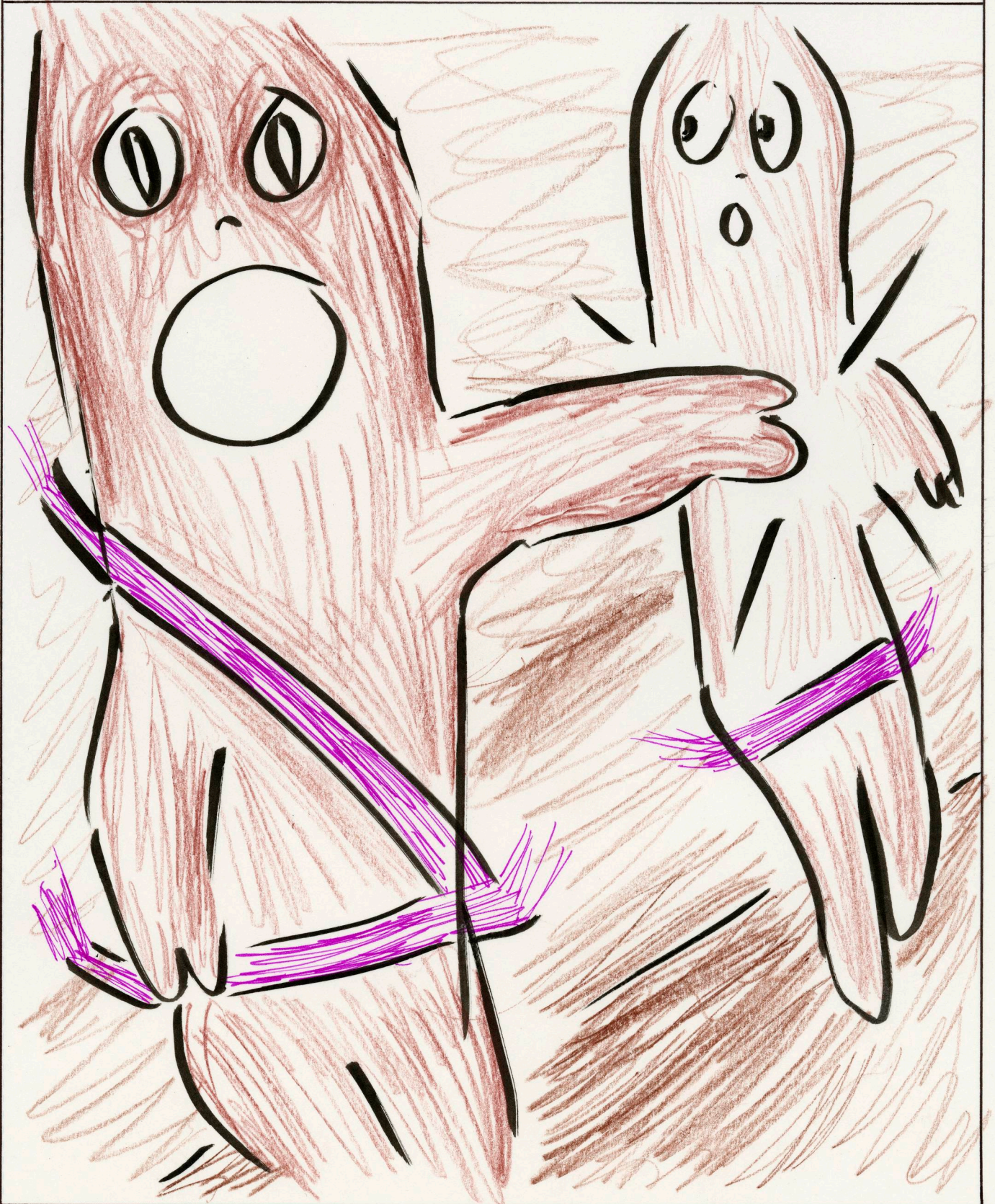


Anyway, I'm not doing backflips about how things are going for me... I'm 35 (in dog years), underemployed, and I haven't been on a date since right after the Great Hot Dog Exodus. Which was forever ago!

When I was little my baby brother Younganoonoo and I made up a game called The Robot Game. He would stand at the top of the stairs, protected by a makeshift foam armour suit with a tee-ball home plate filling the role of shield. I'd start at the bottom of the stairs and would throw tennis balls at him; each time I hit my foamy target I would go up a step, until I reached the top step, after which I would tackle him. The sad part is I never let Younganoonoo be the "player" in The Robot Game.



We came up with all kinds of inventions. The most lucrative of these was an automobolamatic passenger protection mechanism technology (AP-PMT) that would absorb impact to a car passenger by one of us swinging one arm outward against the chest of the other passenger while shouting STAY BACK, MY PUMPKIN! It prevented the protectee from banging any body part against the back of the front seat.



We had a dog named Richard.

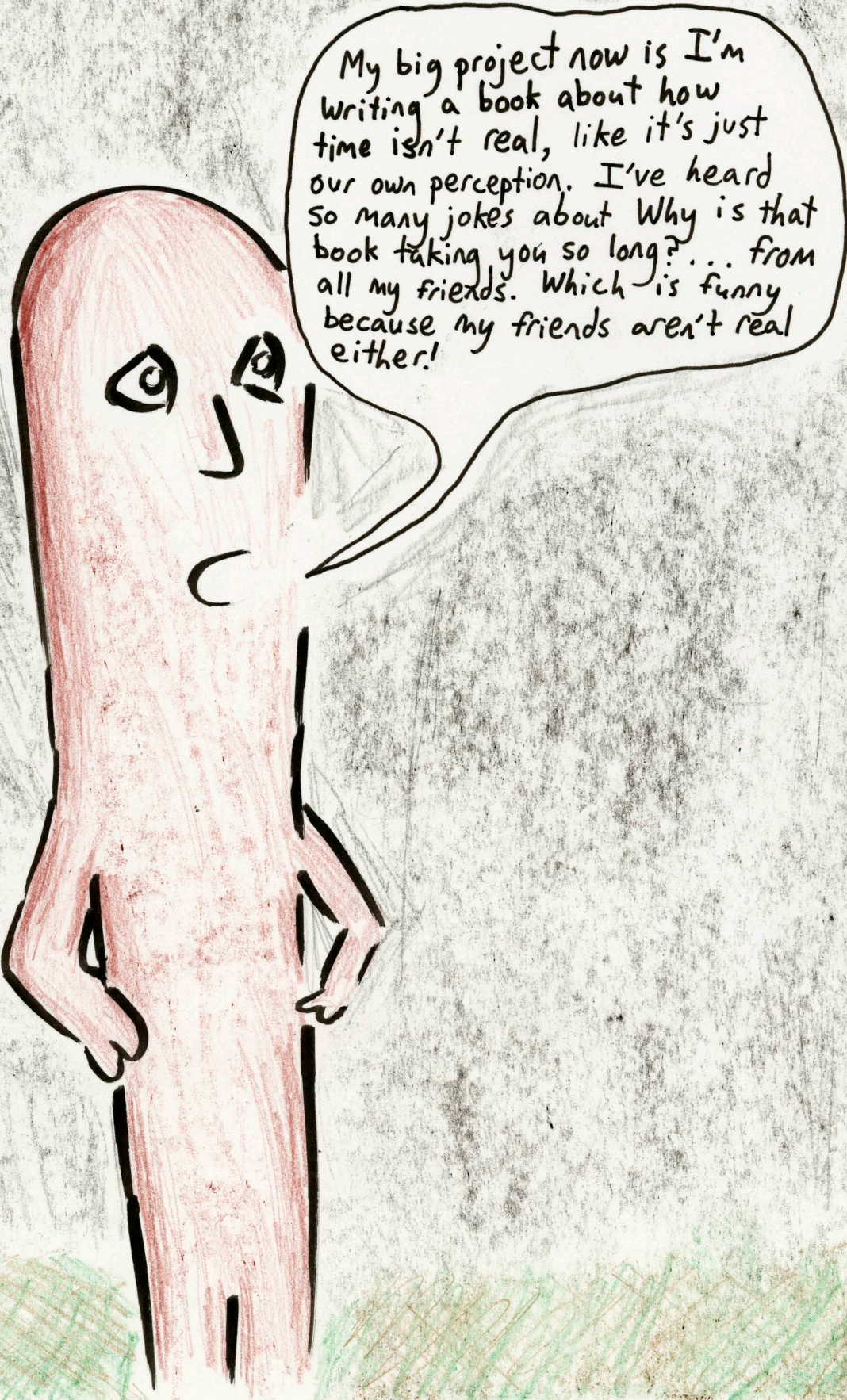


I thought a career in the entertainment industry was as inevitable for me as Earth's eventual visit by extraterrestrials, so I made a foam electric guitar and bought neon hair dye. If only I'd known that those extraterrestrials would be barnacles on a spaceship...

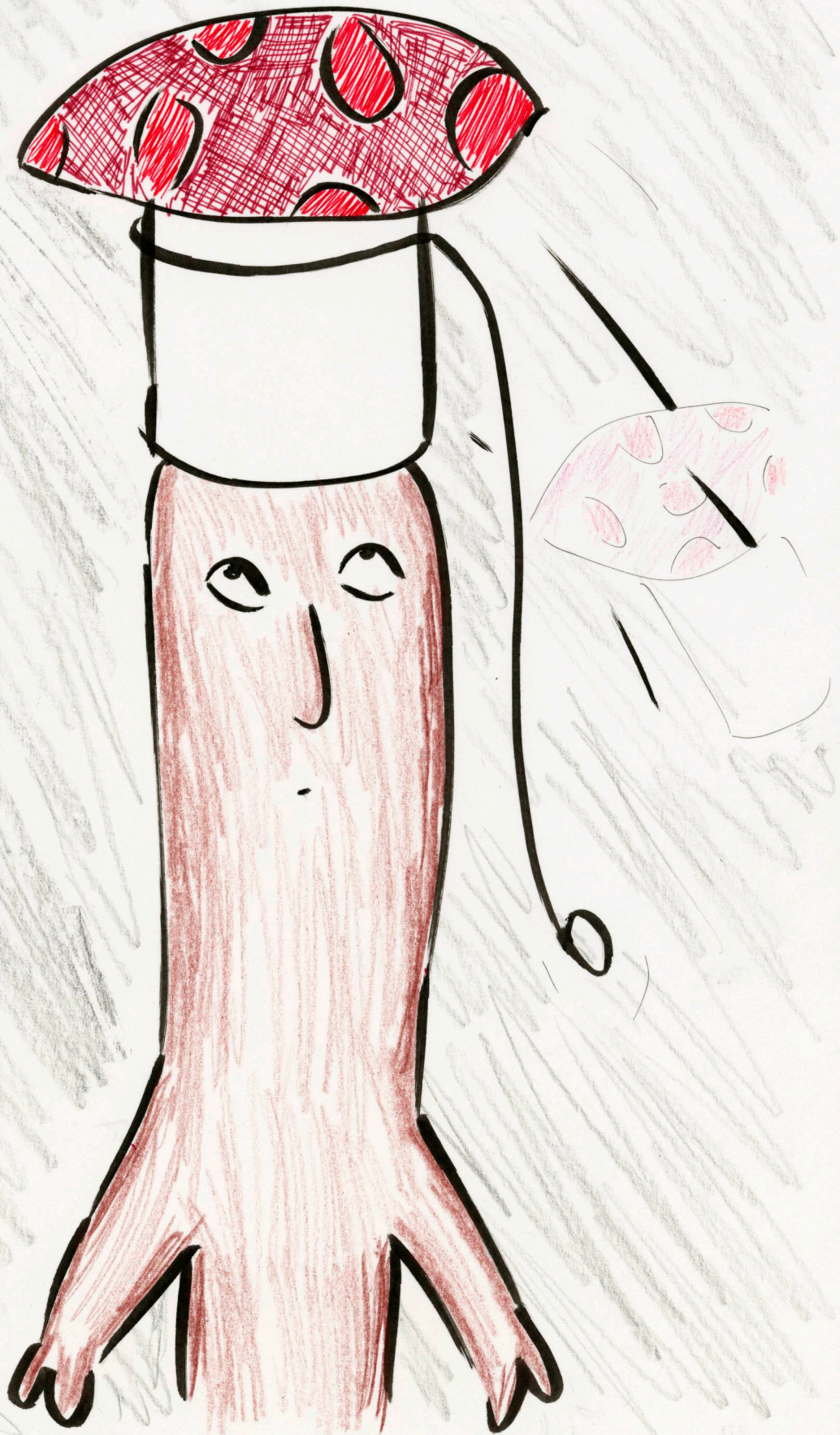


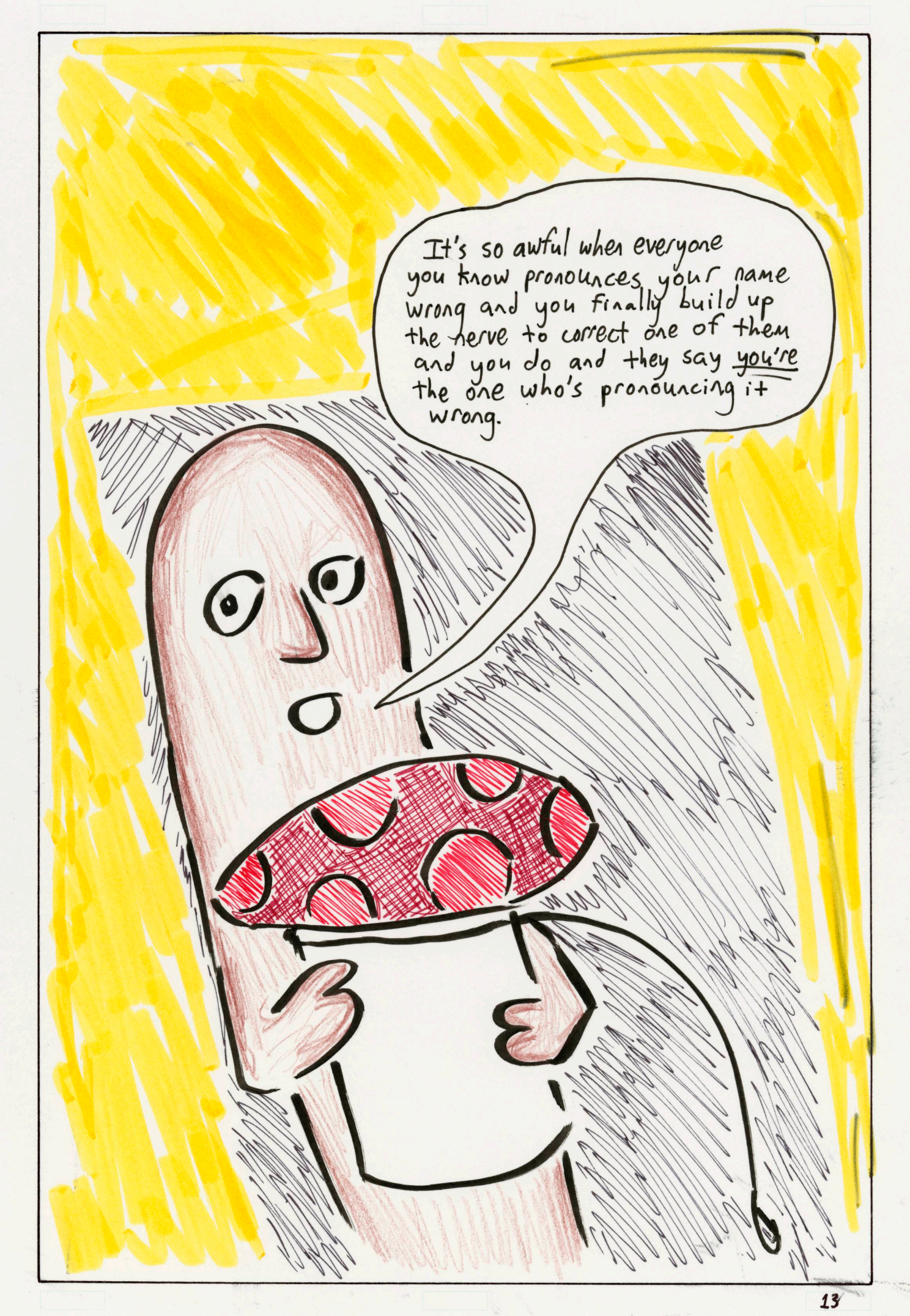
I'm glad those plans fell through because otherwise I wouldn't have met my coworker friend Ella. One time we were at a washroom at the campgrounds, being chased by a t-rex. Ella was hiding on her back on the floor in one of the shower stalls, singing an ancient bone chant. I felt so embarrassed for her even though we both would die.



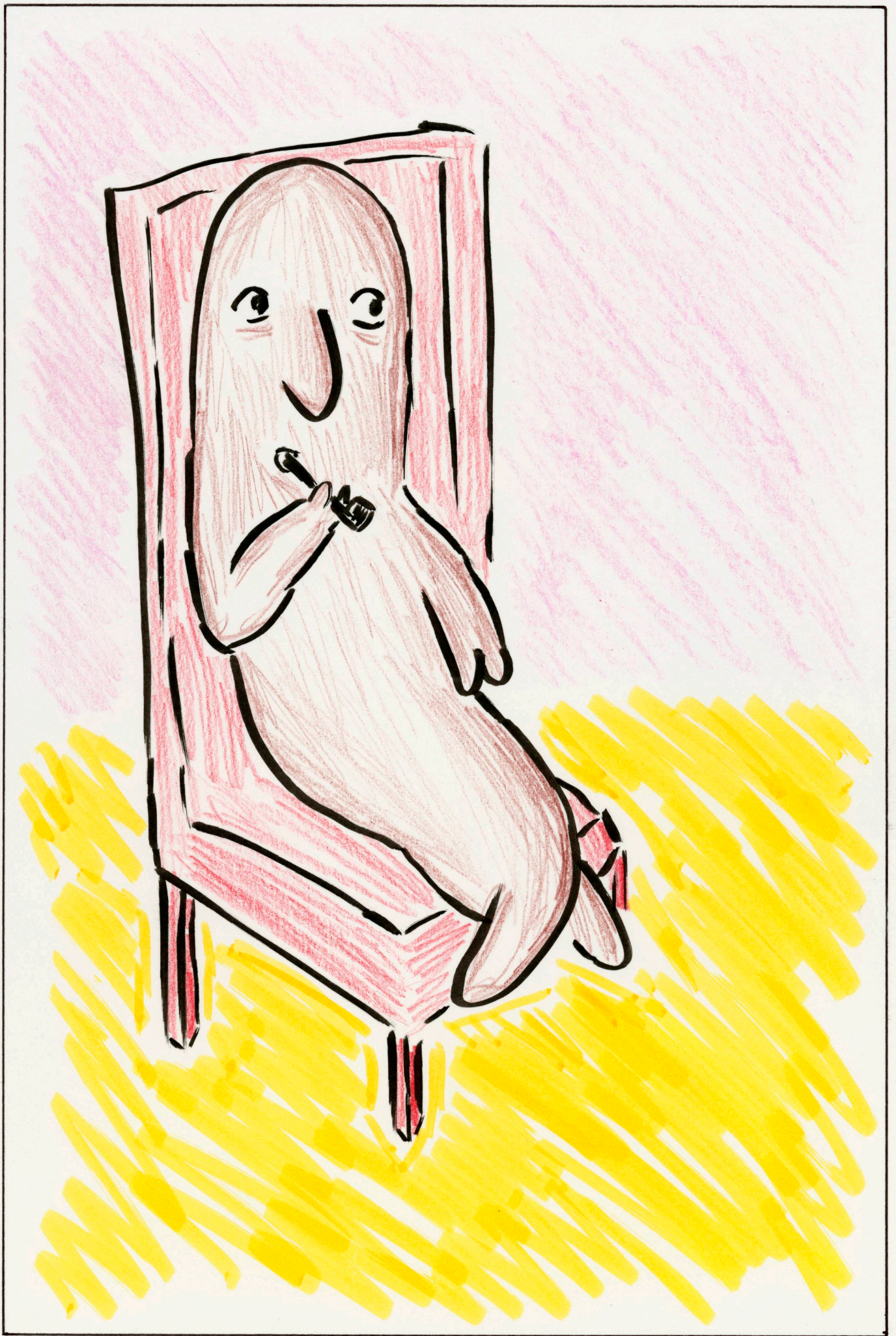
A hand-drawn cartoon illustration of a pink, elongated character with a large head and thin body. The character has large, dark eyes and a simple nose and mouth. A speech bubble originates from the character's mouth, containing a paragraph of text. The background is a textured, greyish-green wash, and the ground at the bottom is a scribbled green and brown. The drawing style is simple and expressive, using colored pencils or markers.

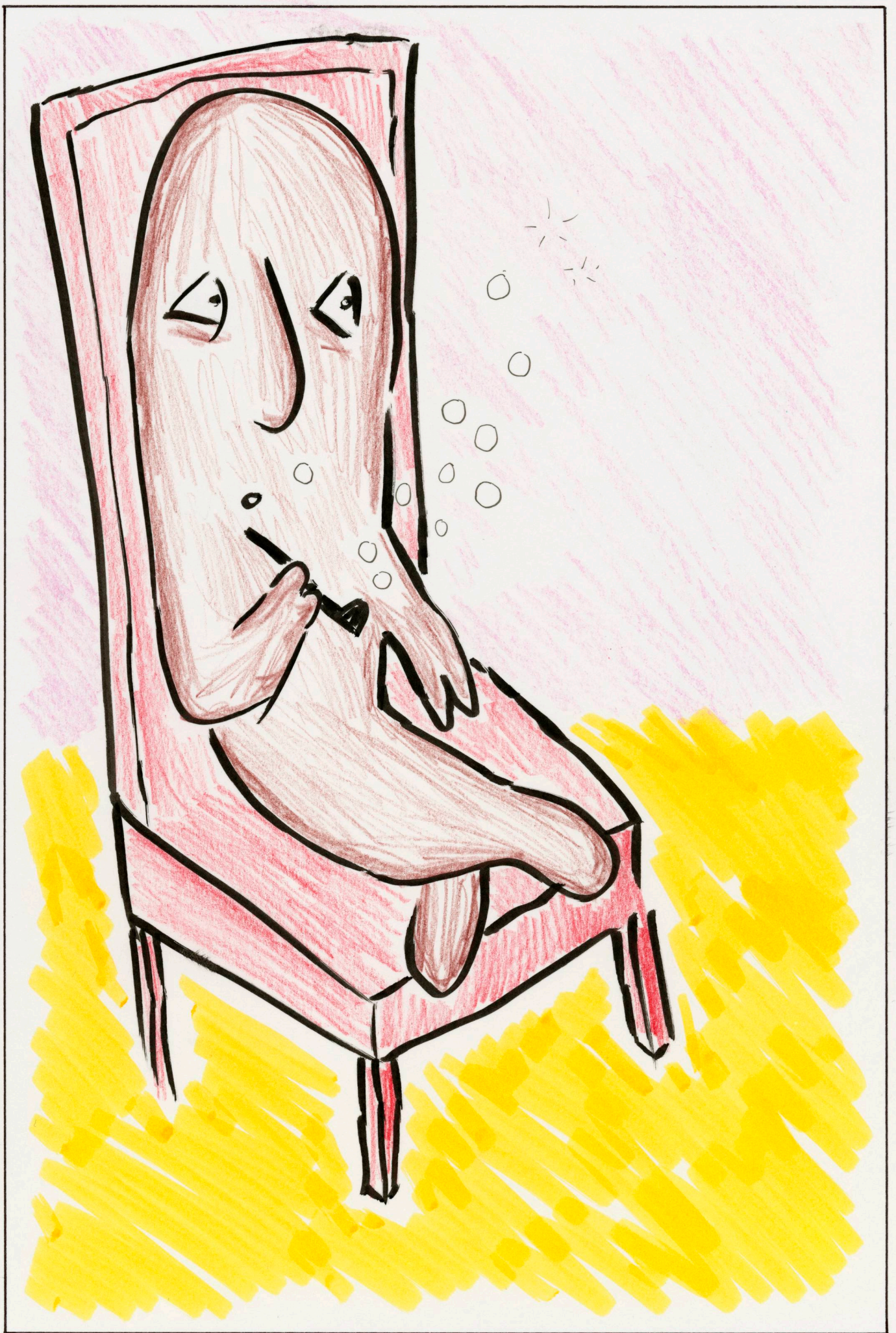
My big project now is I'm writing a book about how time isn't real, like it's just our own perception. I've heard so many jokes about why is that book taking you so long? ... from all my friends. Which is funny because my friends aren't real either!



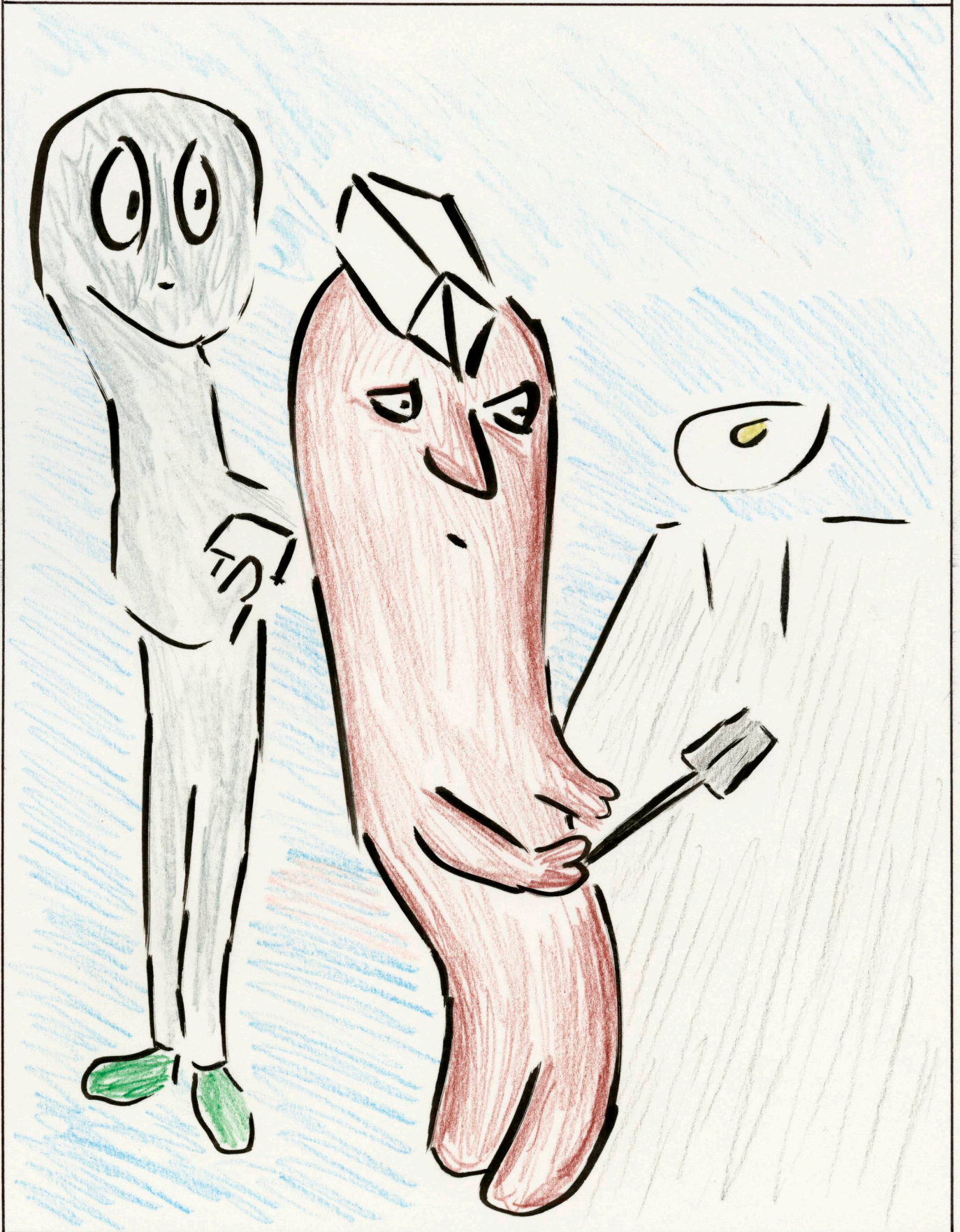


It's so awful when everyone
you know pronounces your name
wrong and you finally build up
the nerve to correct one of them
and you do and they say you're
the one who's pronouncing it
wrong.





I work as a short order cook and my supervisor insists on calling himself my manager. Which irritates me because, as someone with dreams of entertainment stardom, a manager is supposed to work for you! (Me!)

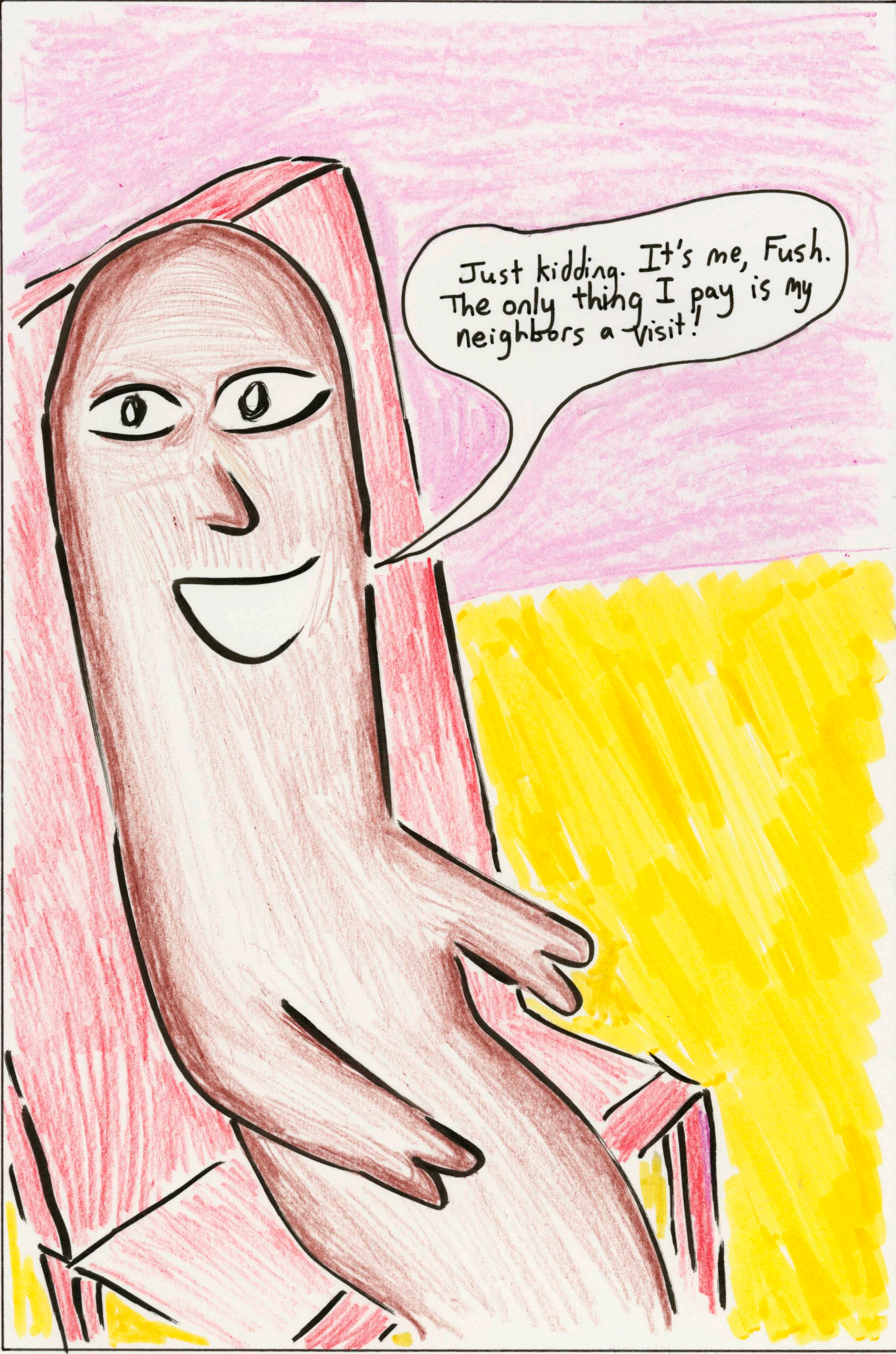


It must be from my dancing but I have the best record of spill ratios. Bossanoonoo compliments me on my gracefulness and swears I should have been a dancer.



Eliza the cashier says I can't ever quit. But I tell her
Do you know how much I pay a month in child support?!

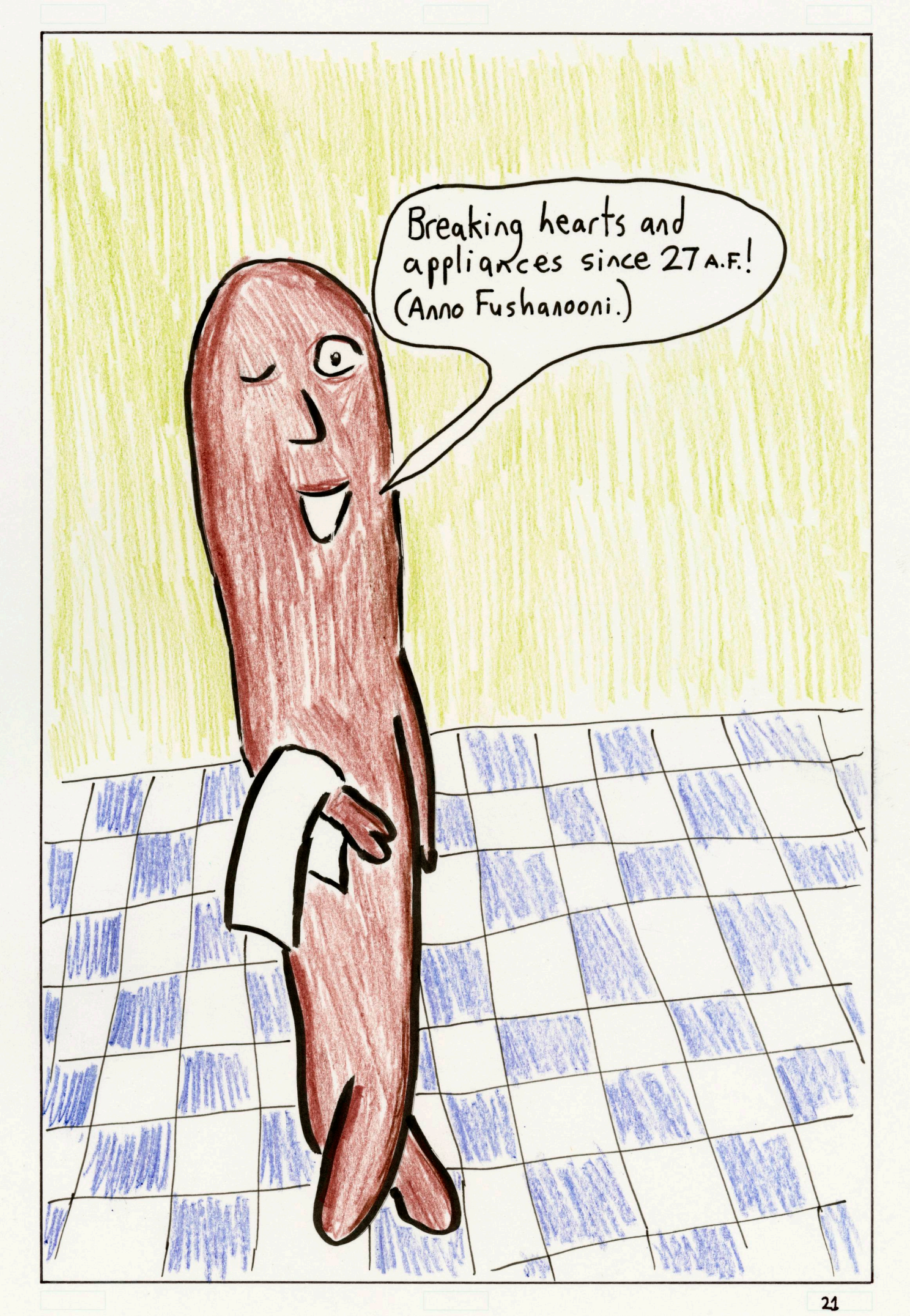




Just kidding. It's me, Fush.
The only thing I pay is my
neighbors a visit!

I was promoted to nuclear engineer (demoted to micro wave operator). But shortly after my promotion I put an empty glass bowl in the microwave and ran it for eight minutes. It made a big explosion and the whole kitchen smelled like burnt clay. So I was demoted (promoted) back to cook.





Breaking hearts and
appliances since 27 A.F.
(Anno Fushanooni.)

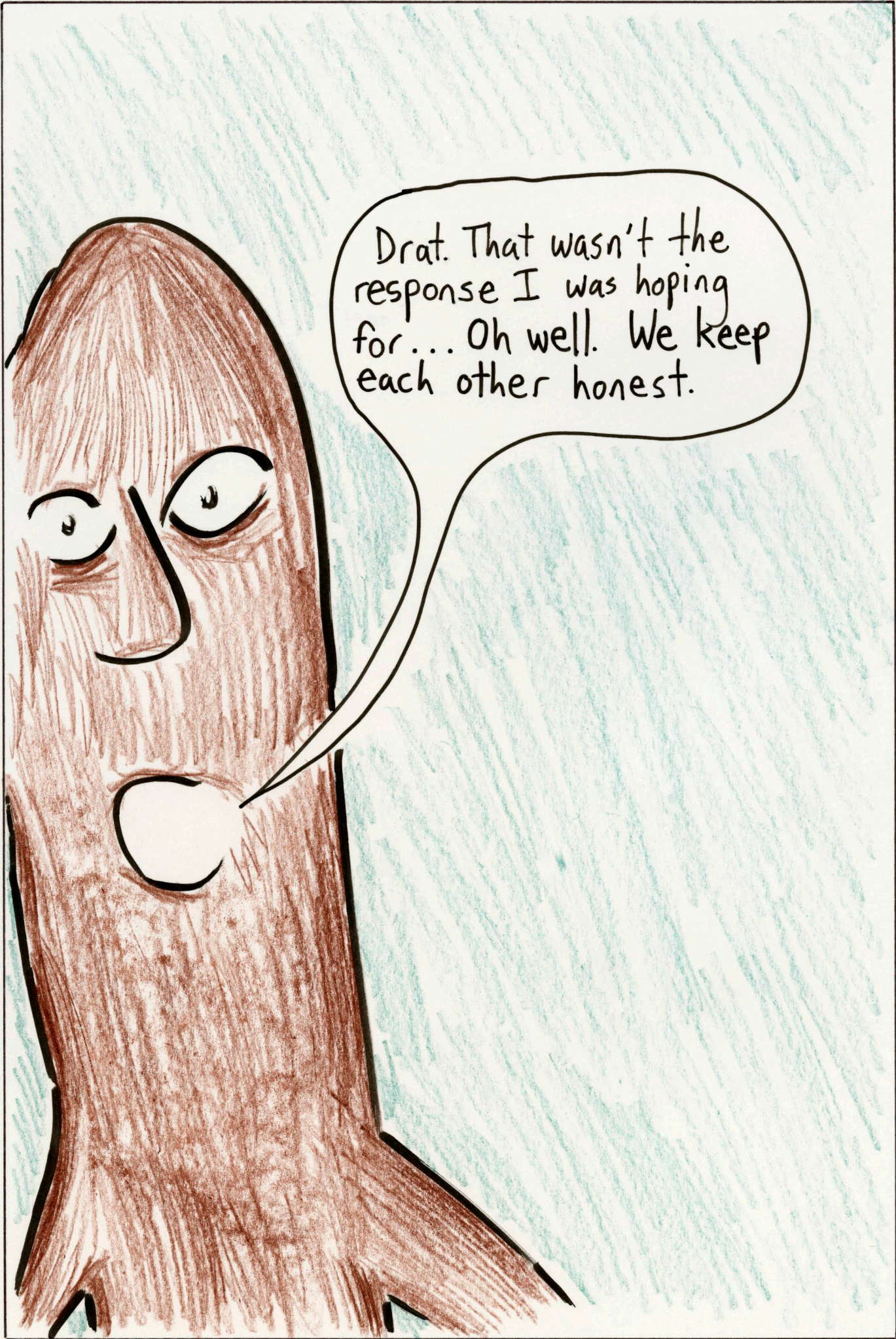


I have a new catchphrase.
Let's try it on Shroomadoop.



Nice haircut, Charlie Douchington!



A cartoon illustration of a tree with a human-like face. The tree is drawn with brown, textured lines, giving it a wood-grain appearance. It has large, wide eyes with black outlines and a simple, curved line for a mouth. A large speech bubble originates from the tree's mouth, containing handwritten text. The background is a light blue color with a diagonal hatching pattern.

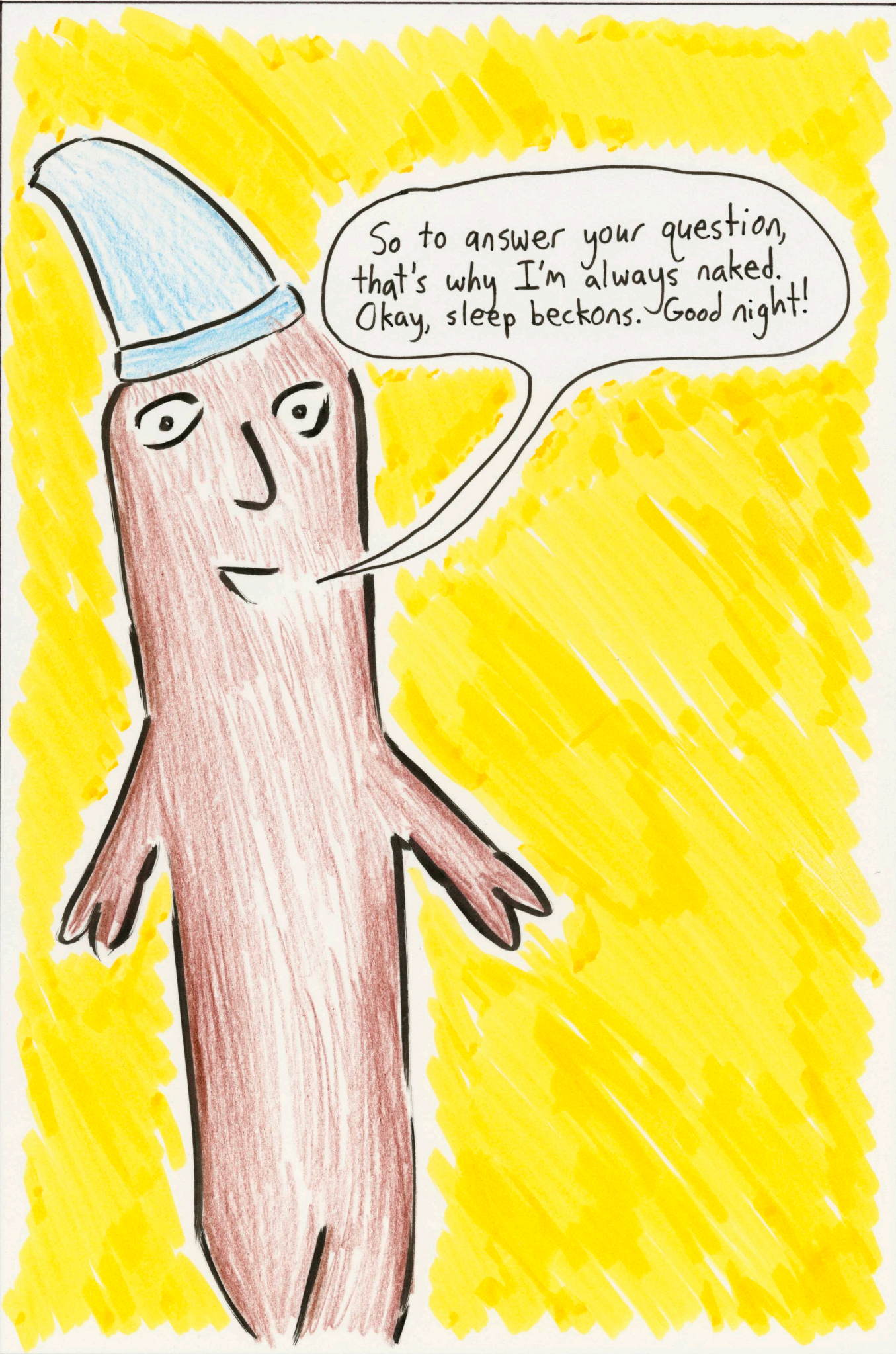
Drat. That wasn't the response I was hoping for... Oh well. We keep each other honest.

I really like living in a treehouse. Folk pop over all the time. My next-door neighb came by and looked in and said "You have a fan." I said back "Yes, it's from my last birthday." I thought she was referring to the empty gift bag hanging from the inside doorknob. "No, I mean you have a fan. That fan. It's hot and you are very lucky to have it."



I knew it would bring her great joy to have her own fan so I gave it to her. And I never got around to finding a new one.





So to answer your question,
that's why I'm always naked.
Okay, sleep beckons. Good night!