

DIESEL SWEETIES

Volume 5 of 10: Comics 801-1000

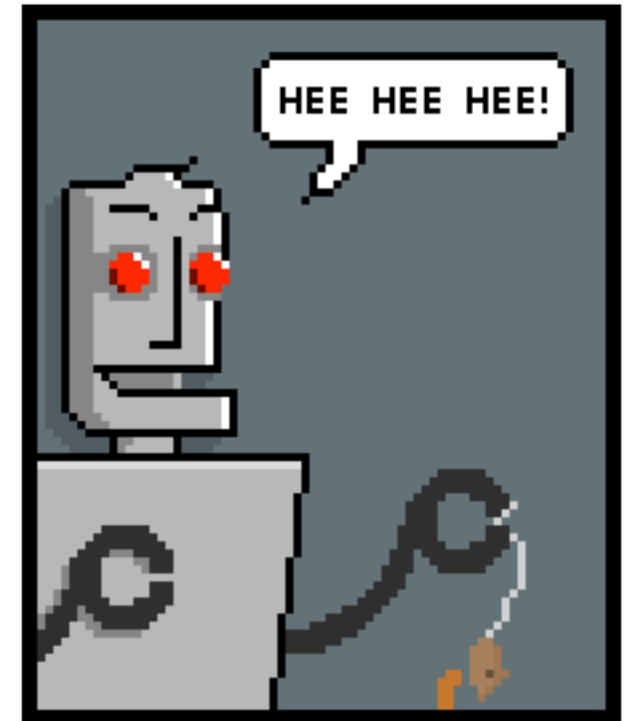
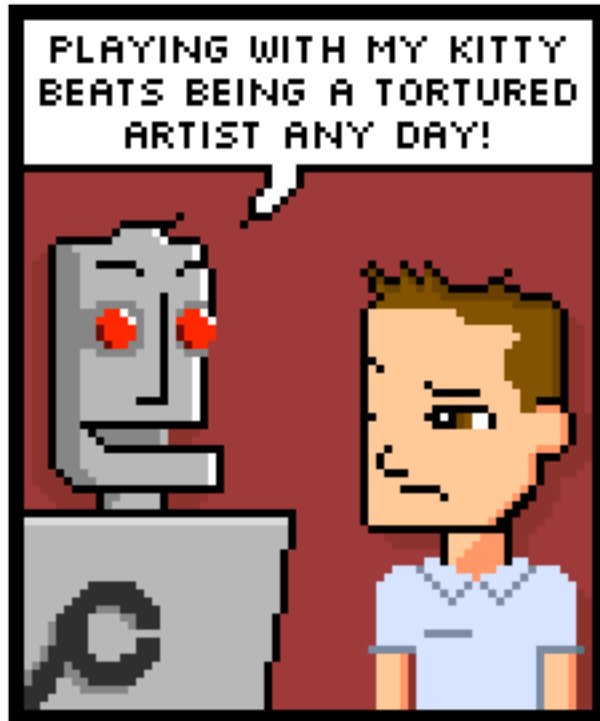
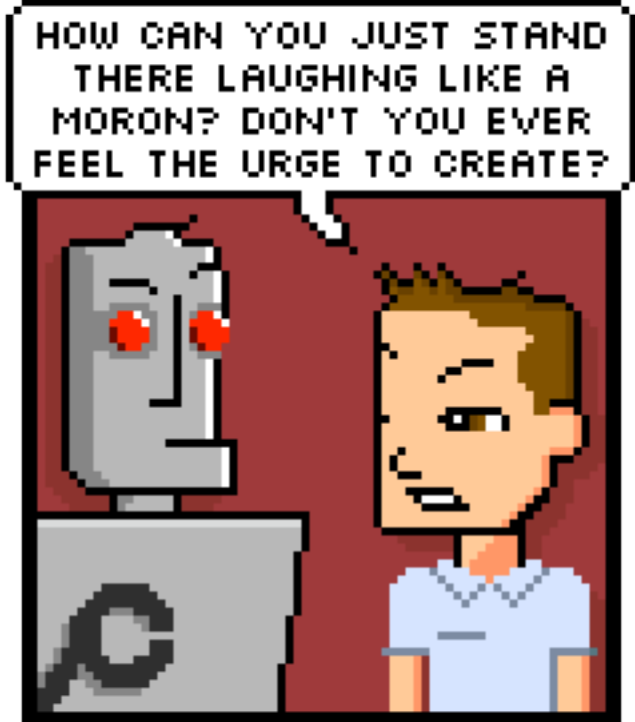
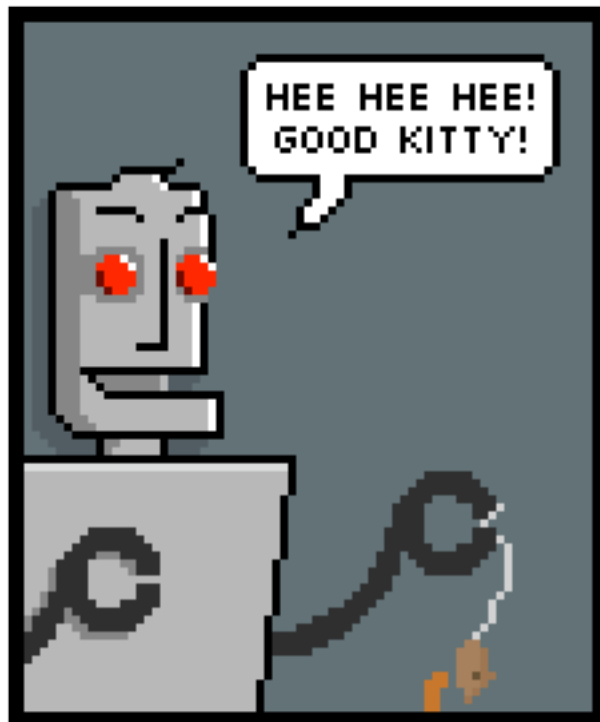
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These strips were originally published in 2003-2004 on dieselsweeties.com.

New strips will appear every weekday until the end of time. (from my perspective)





KILL BILL! LIBERAL LIAR!
TRAITOR! IMPEACH HIM!
ADULTERY IS NOT COOL!

LIL' COULTER!

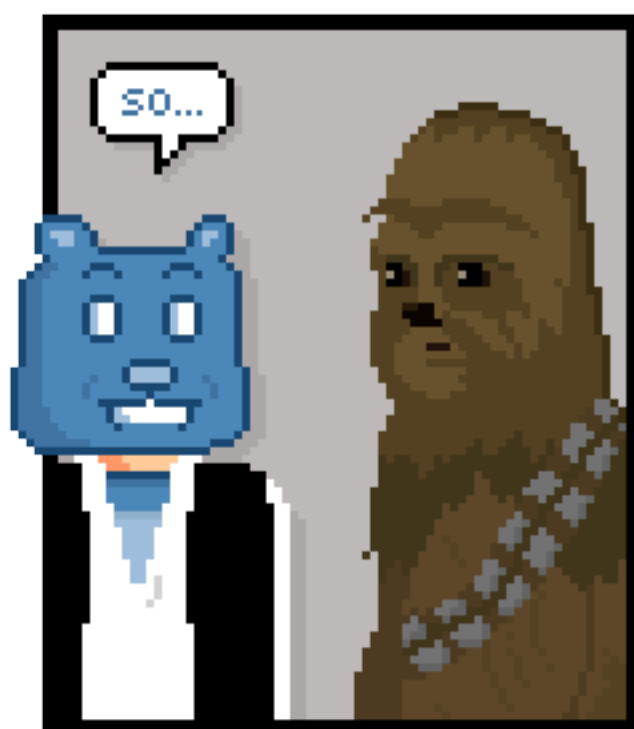
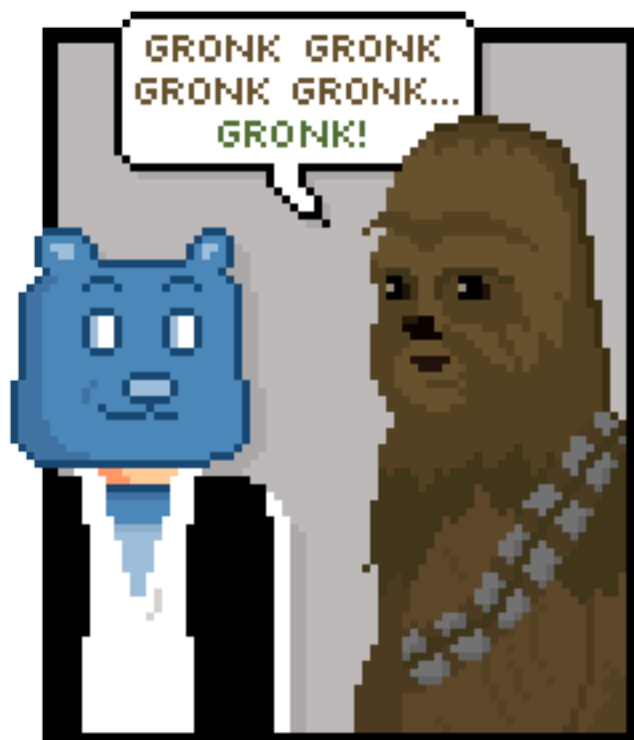


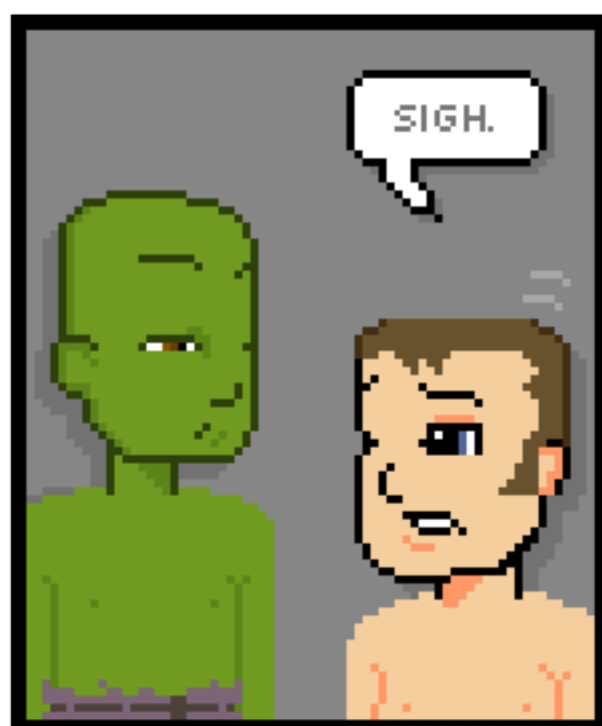
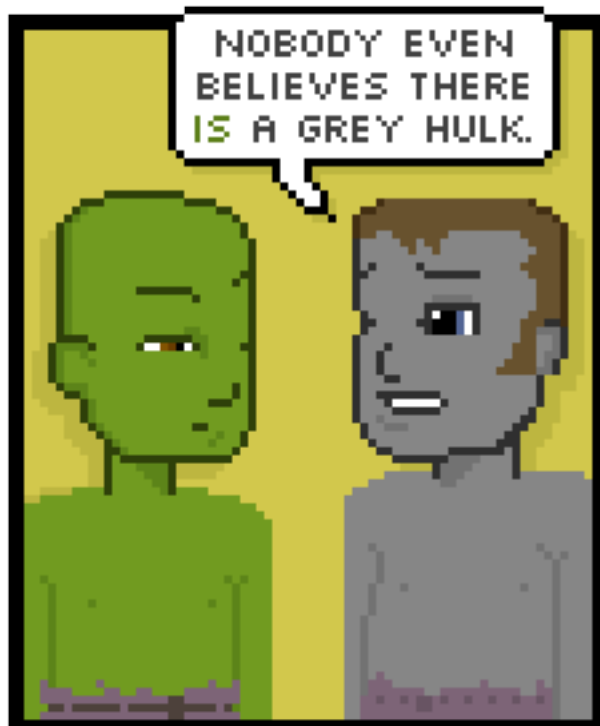
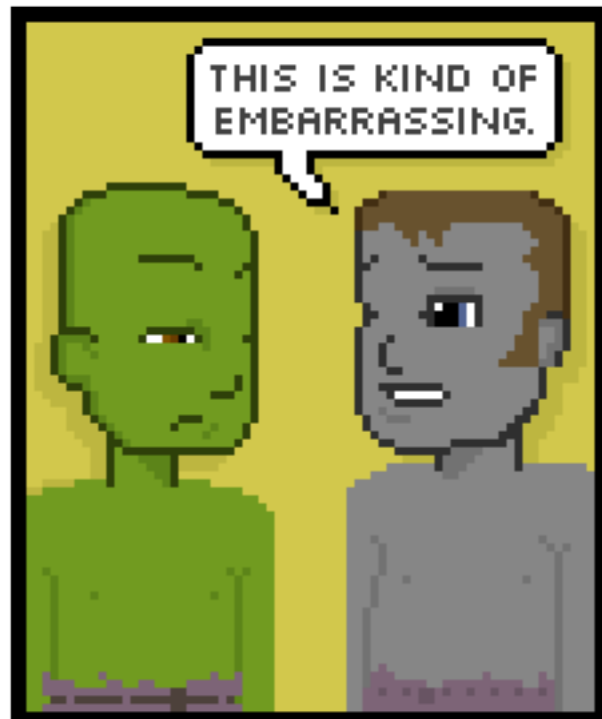
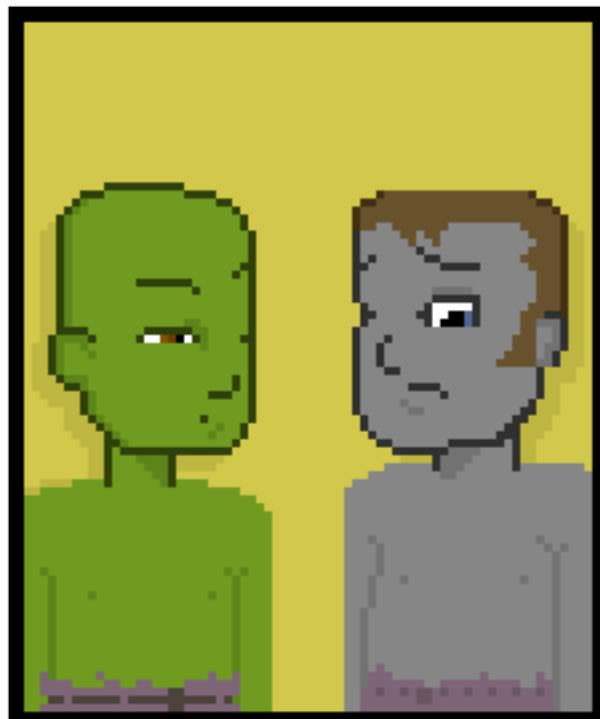
RUSH IS RIGHT! CLINTON
CONSPIRACY! HOMELAND
SECURITY! DRAFT DODGERS!
ICE, ICE BABY! TOO COLD!



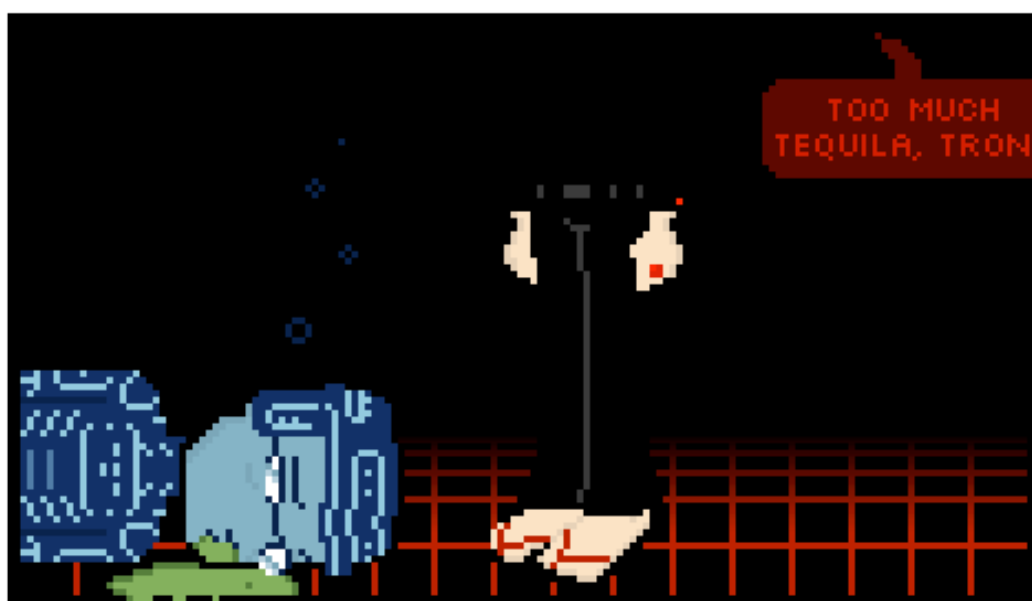
THAT KIND OF CRAZY
SHOULD HAVE ENDED
BACK IN '88.

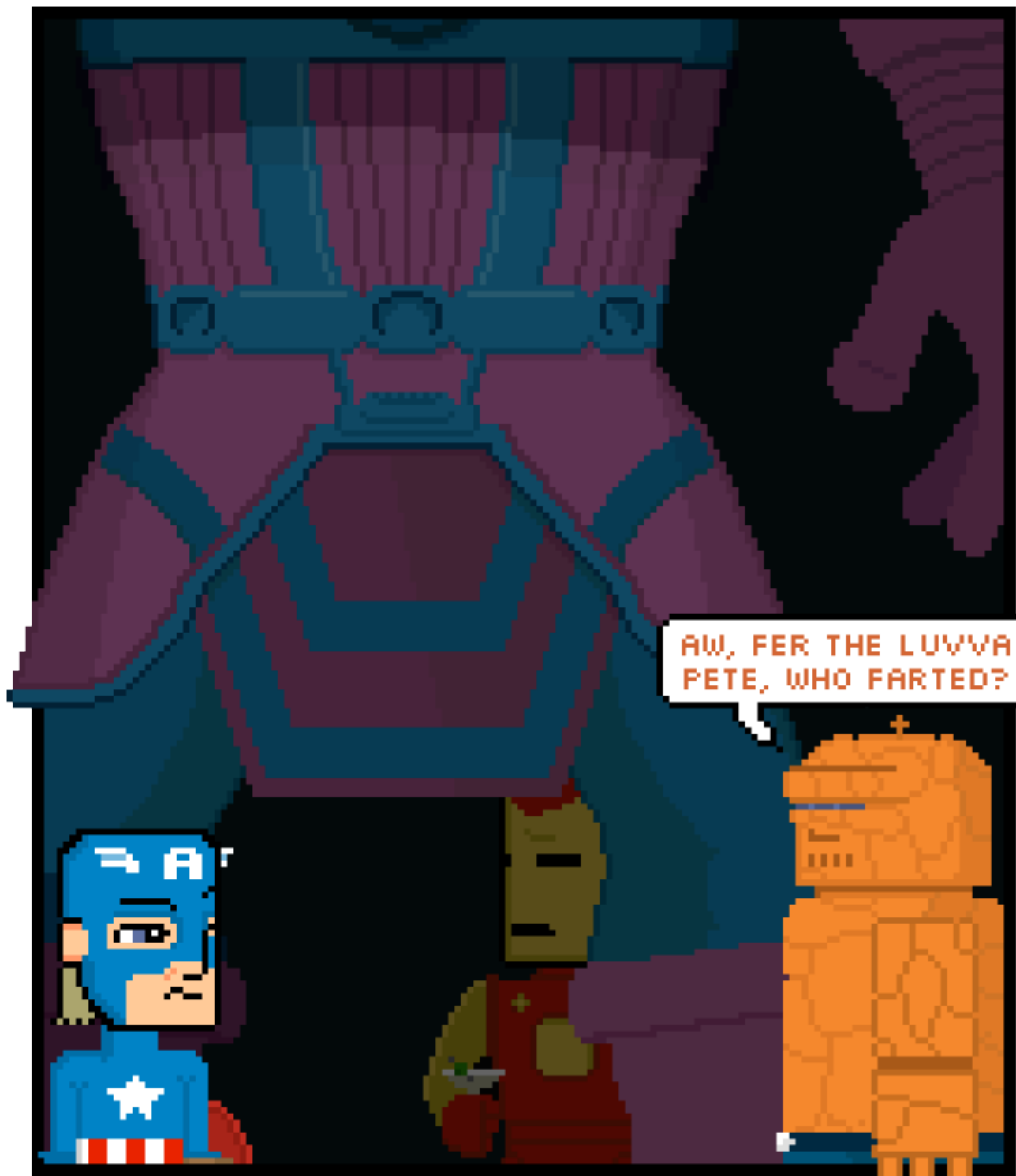






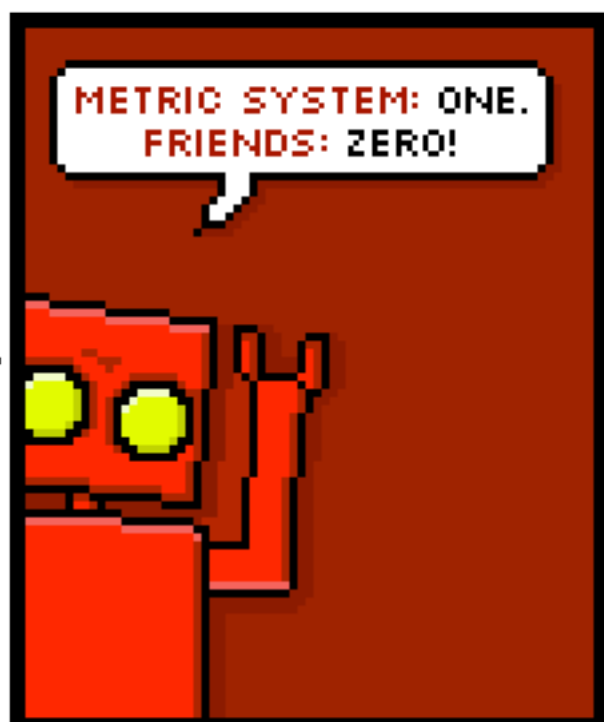
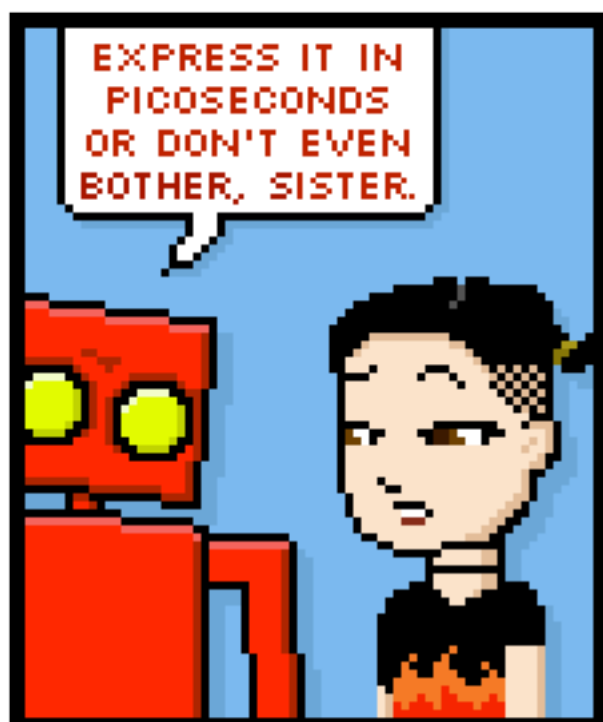
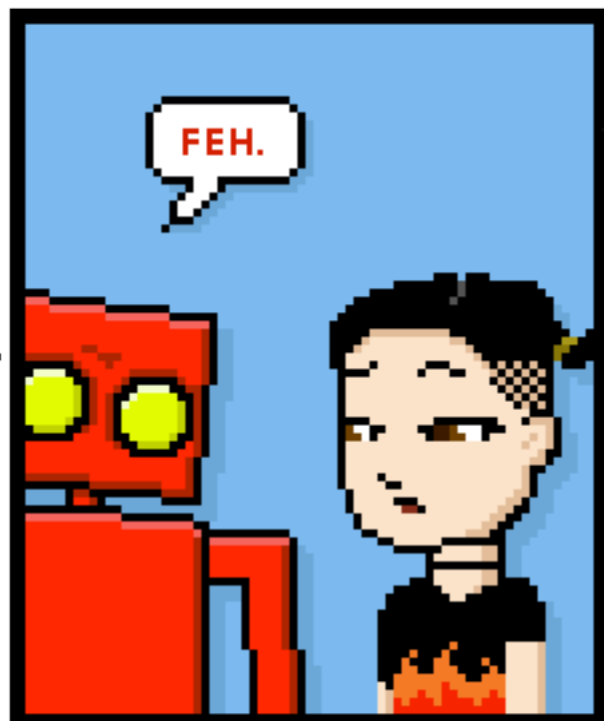
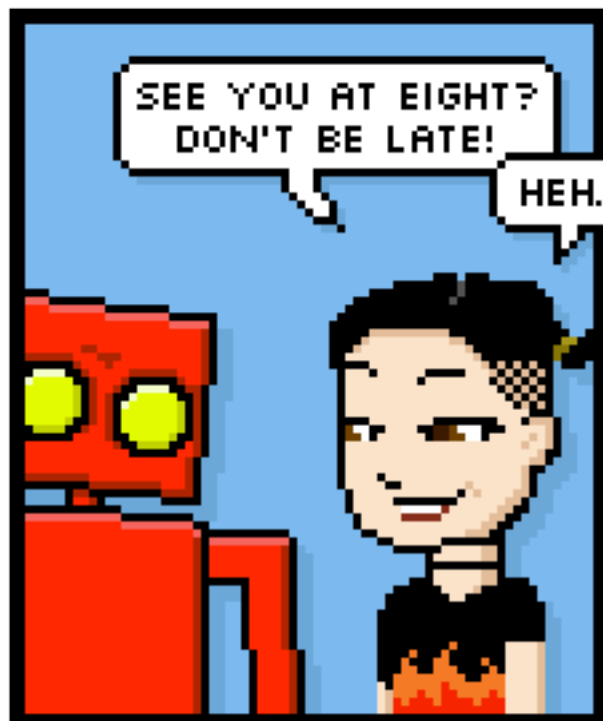


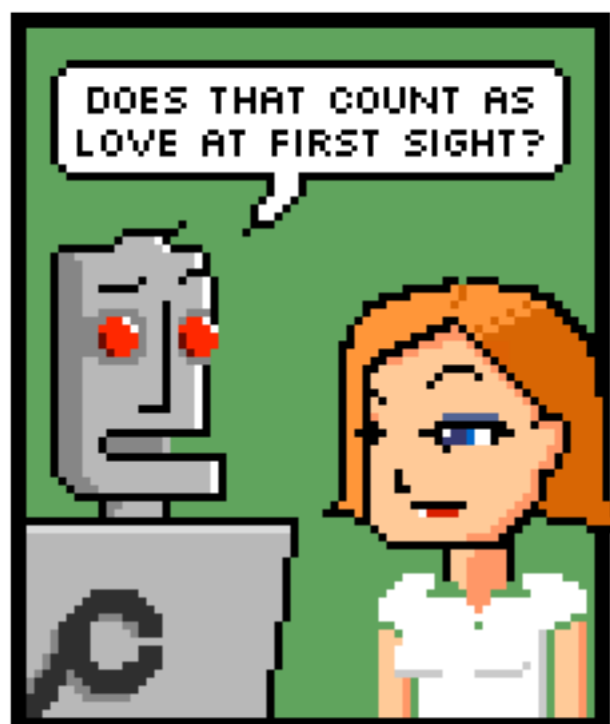
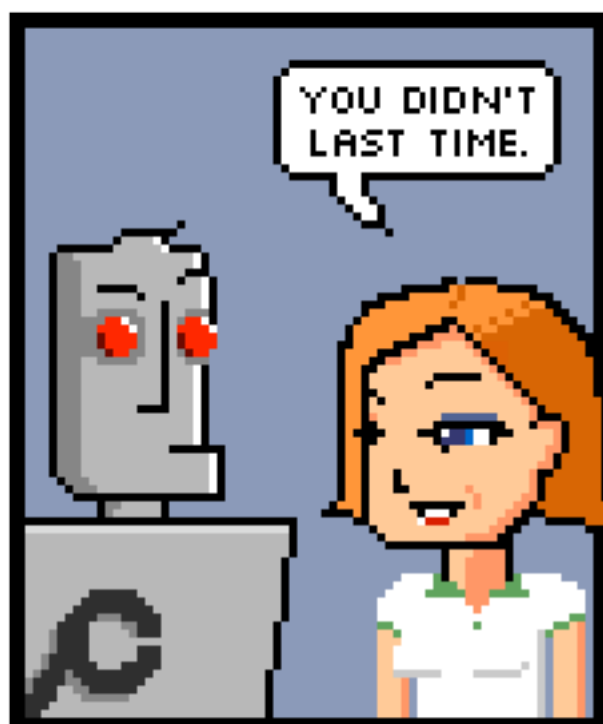
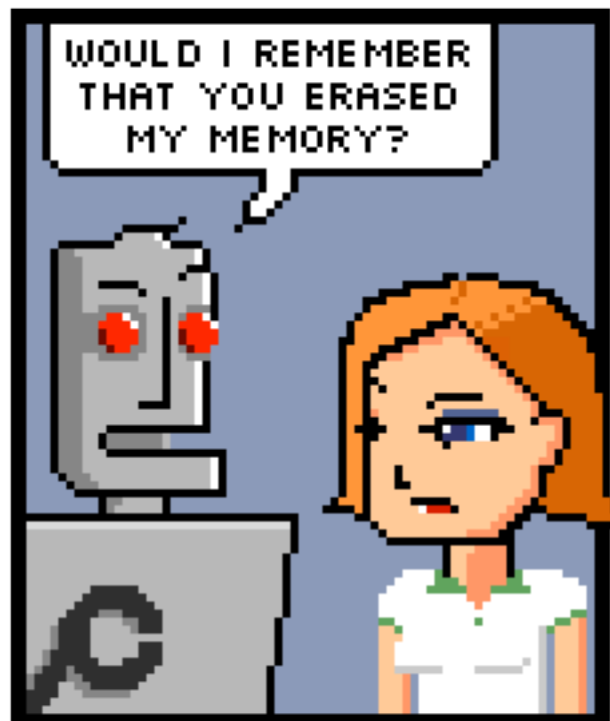
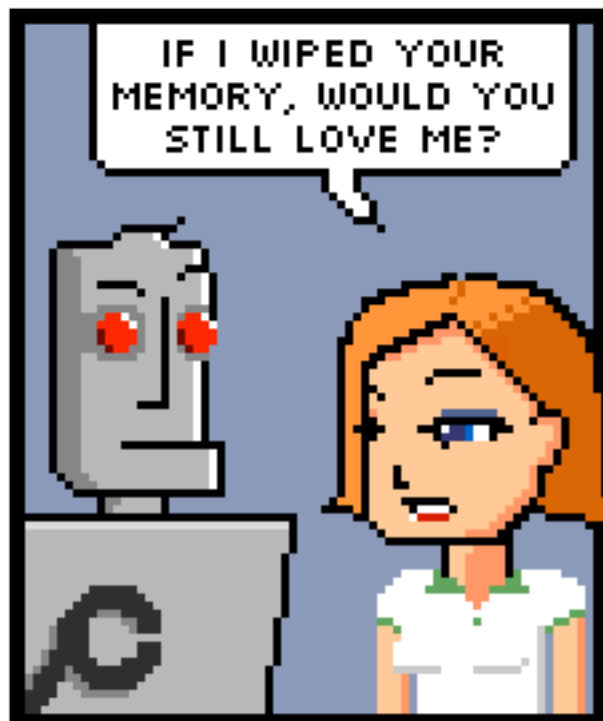




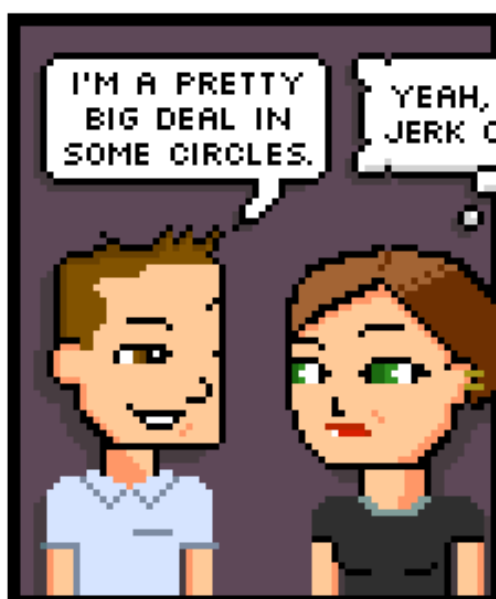
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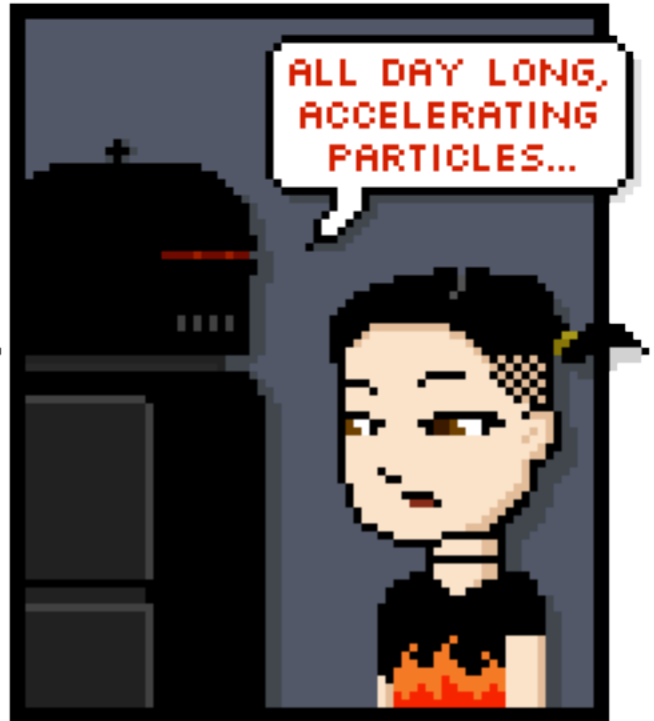






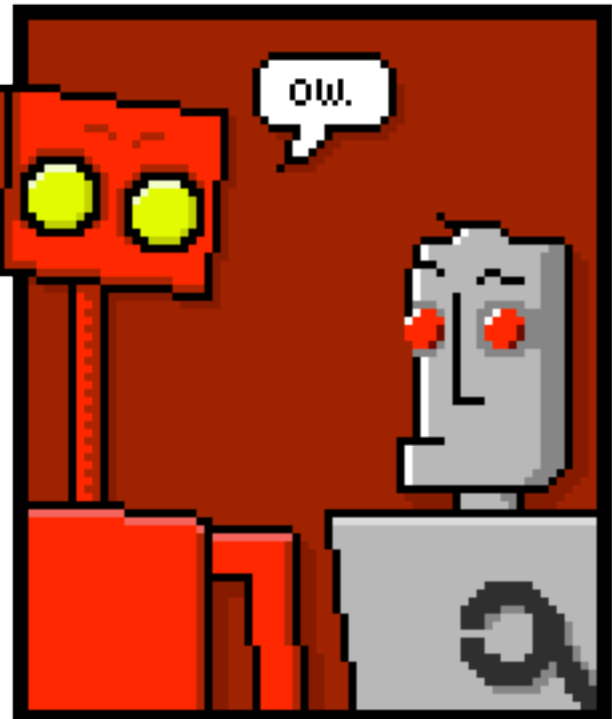
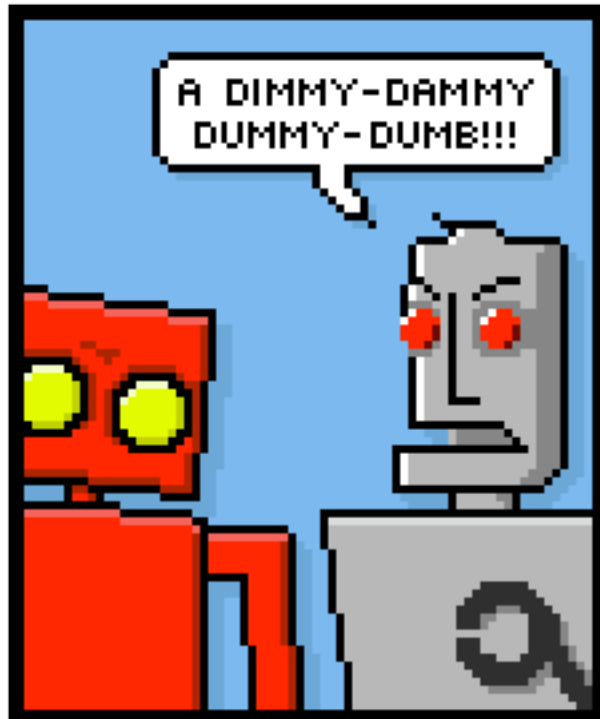
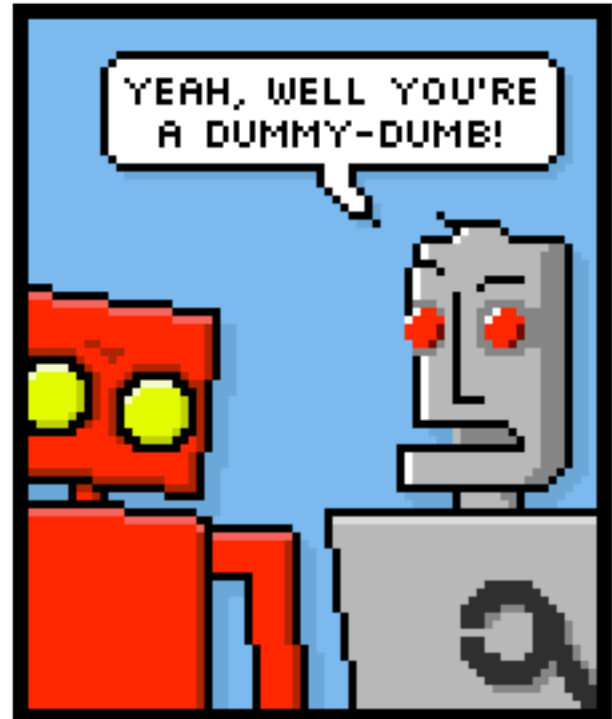
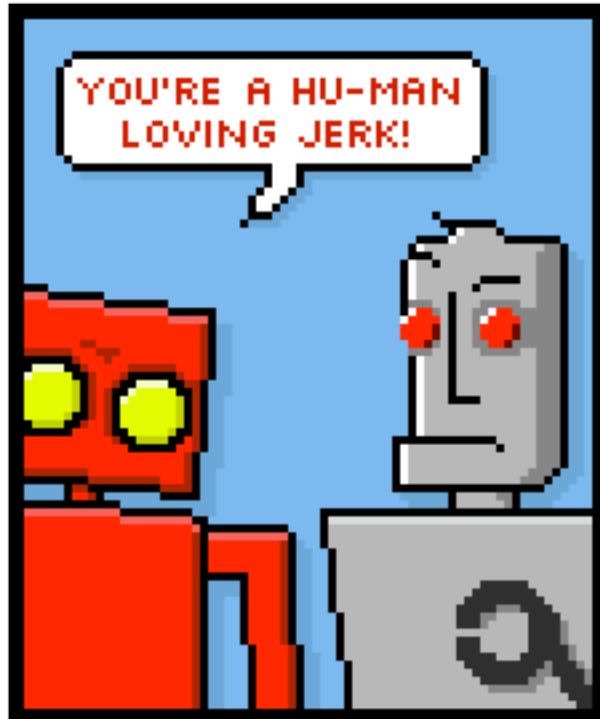


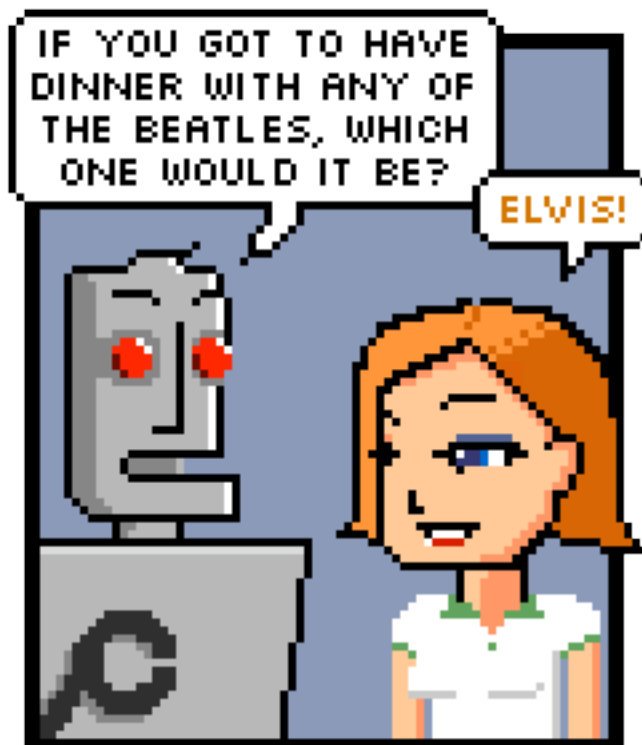
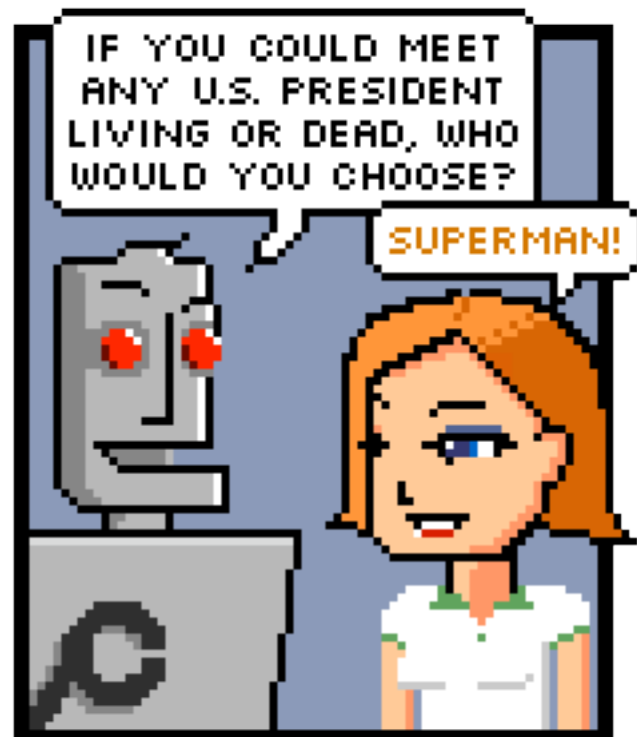
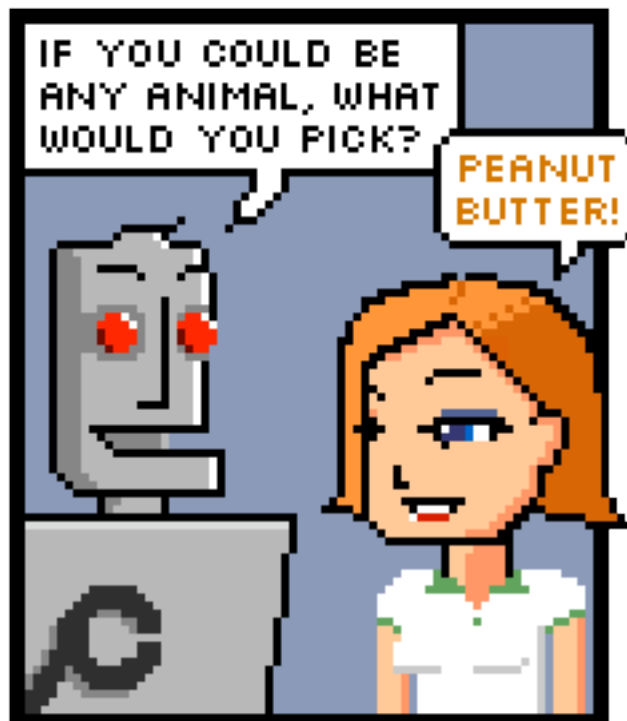


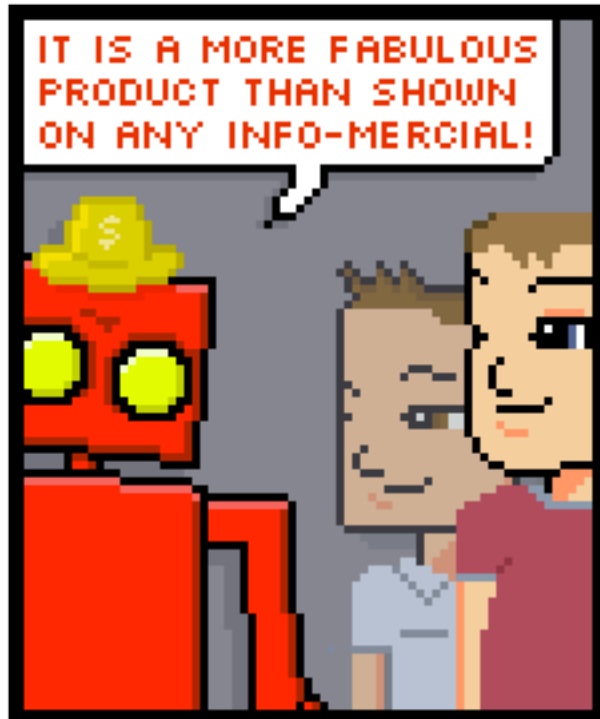
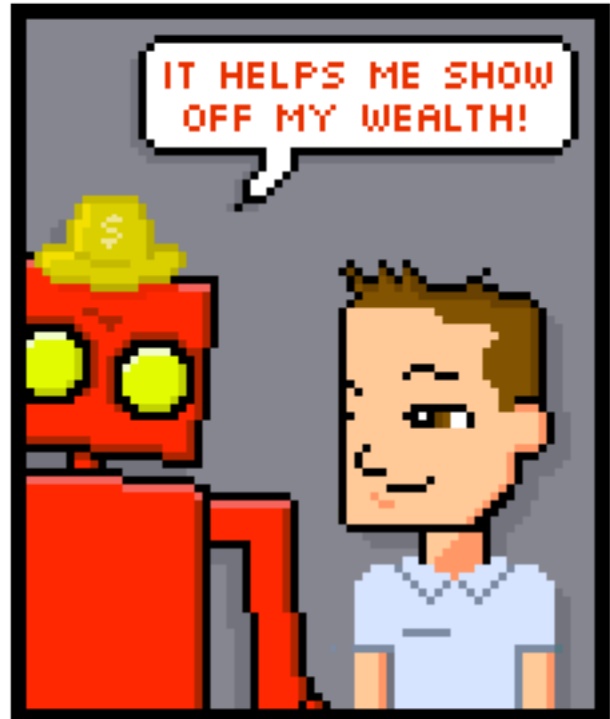
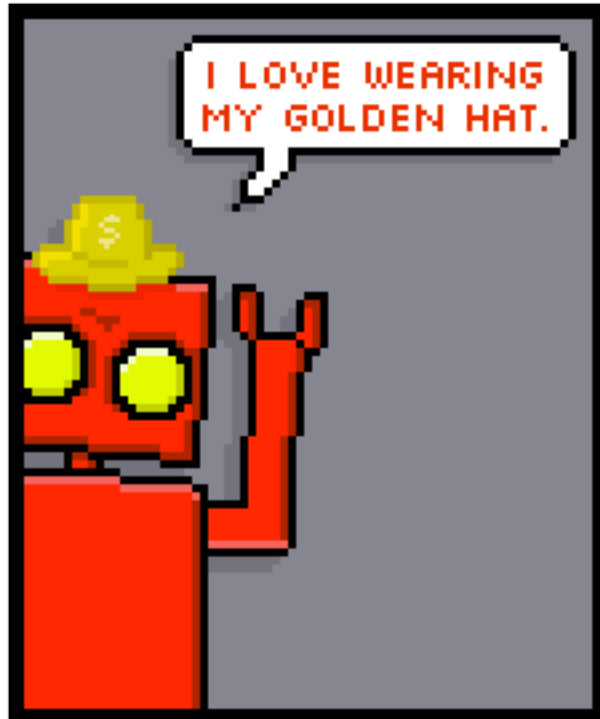


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BEWARE WEAPONS OF MASS CONVENIENCE

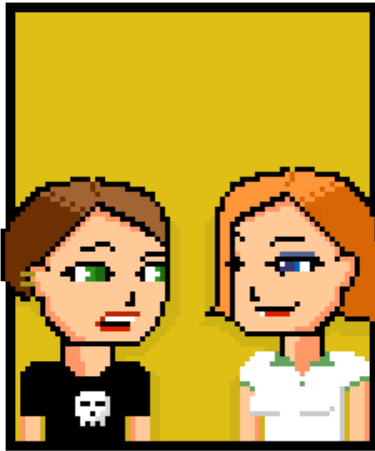
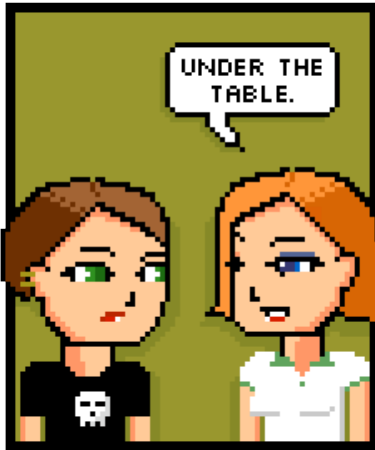
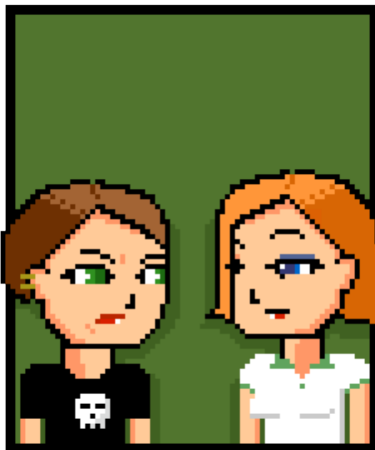


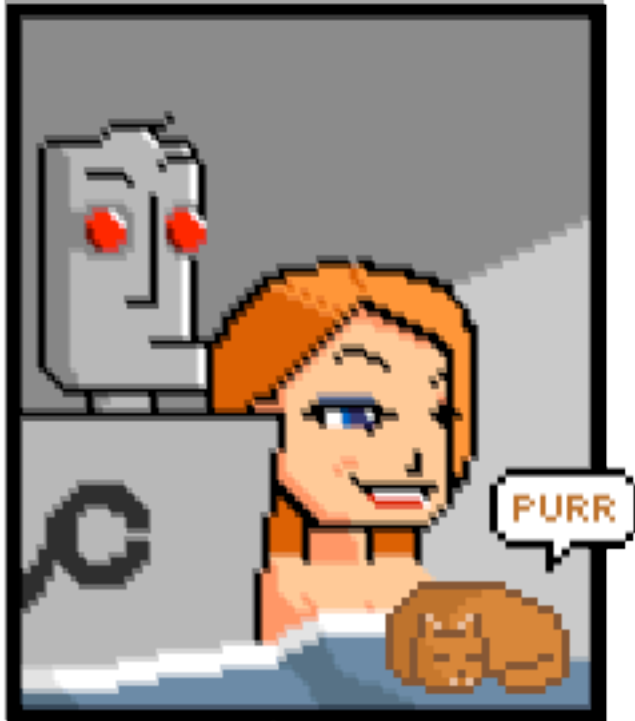
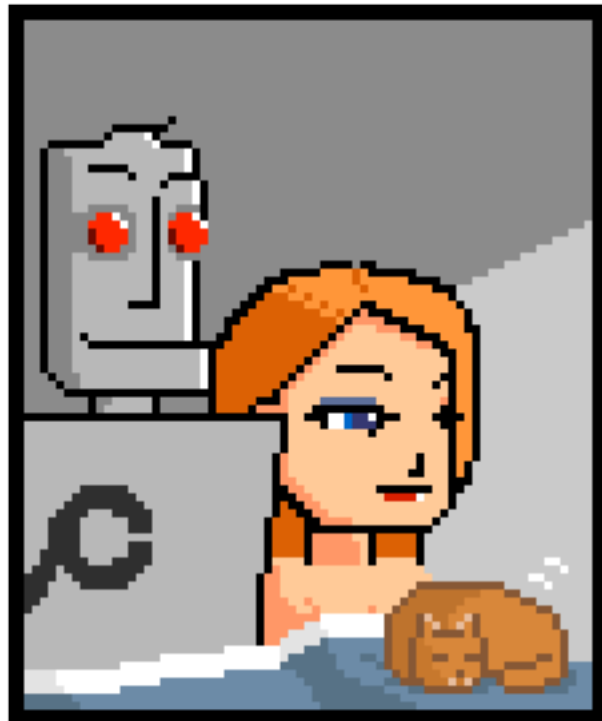
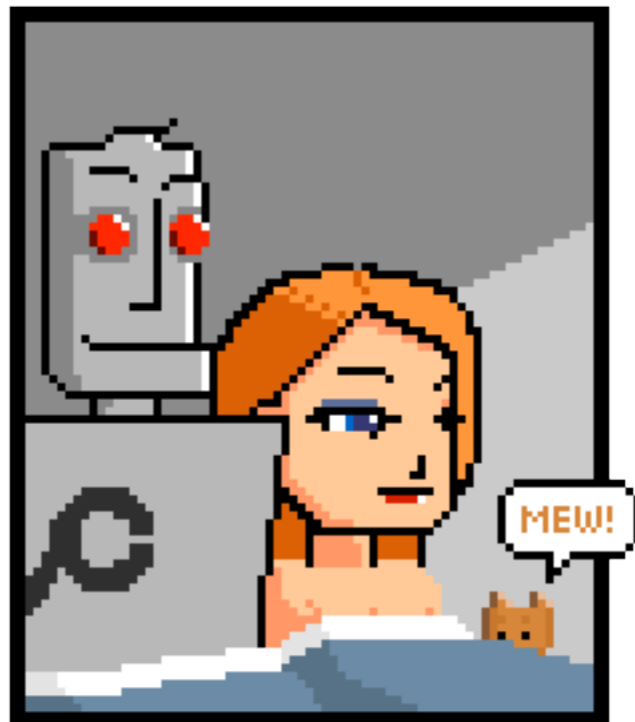
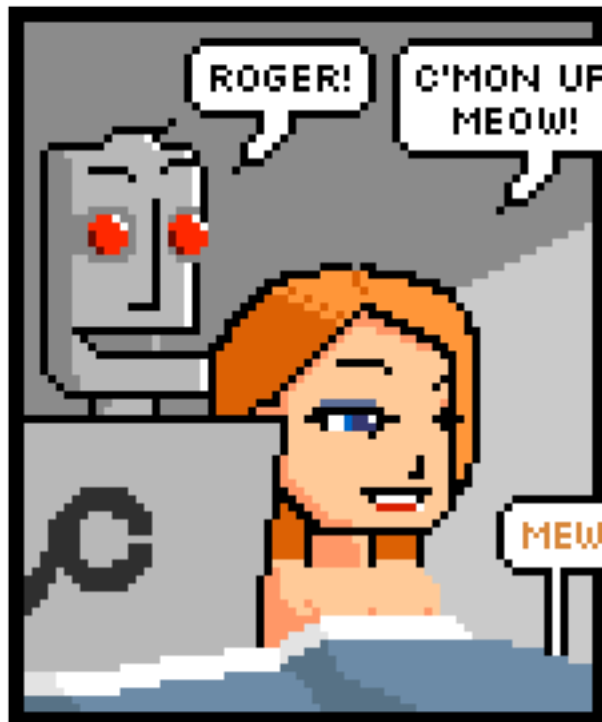














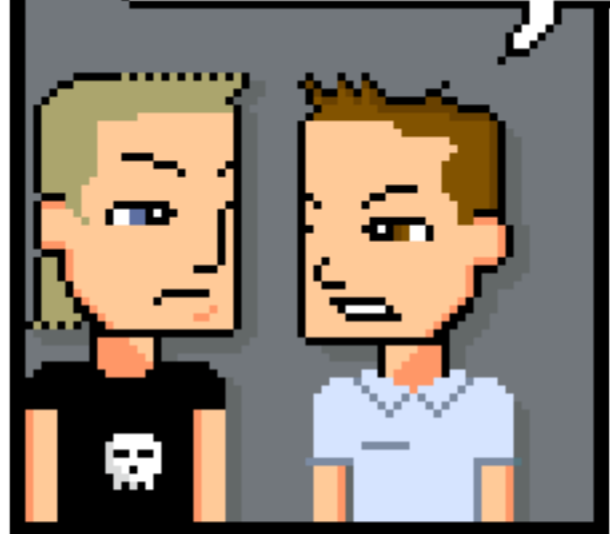


YOU GOTTA PAY
FOR THAT COMIC.
YOU RUINED IT.

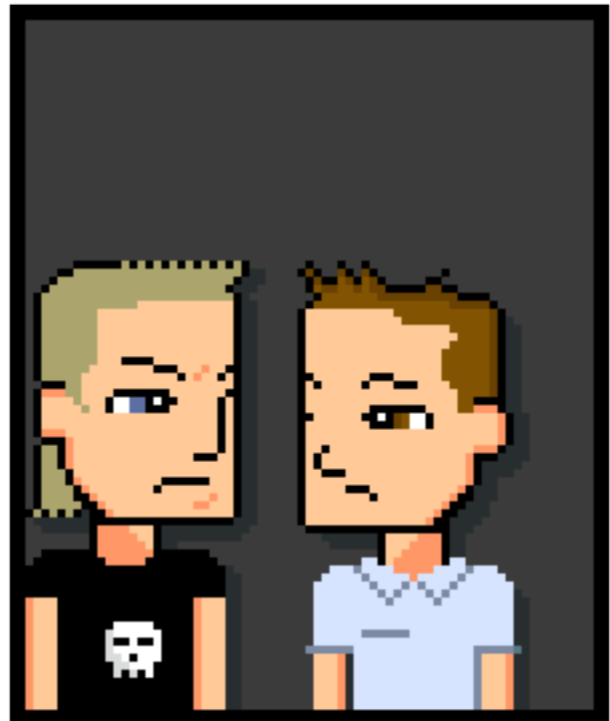
SCREW YOU,
NARC!

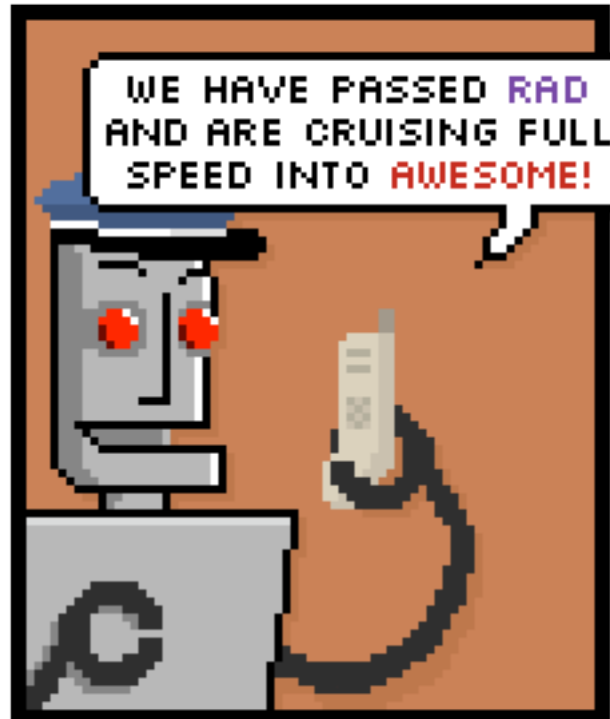
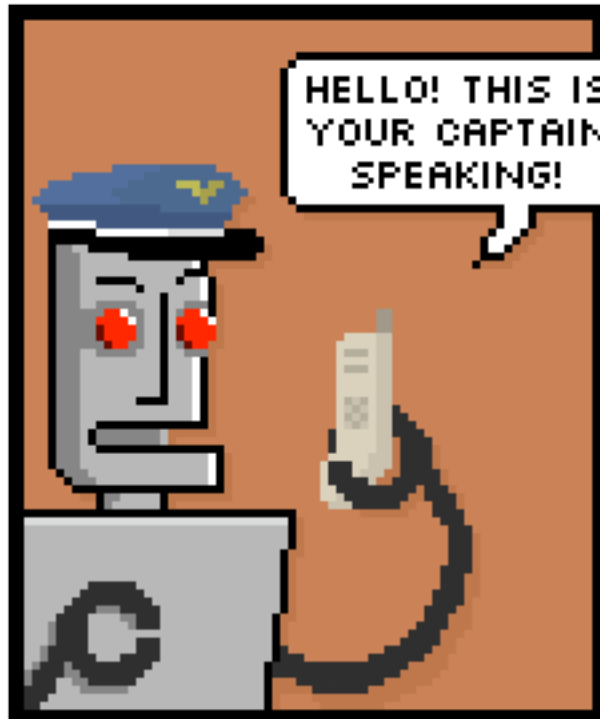
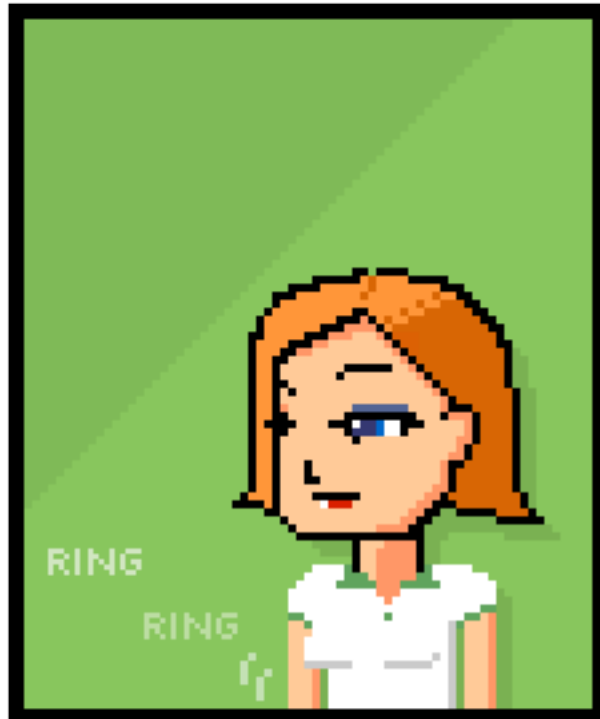


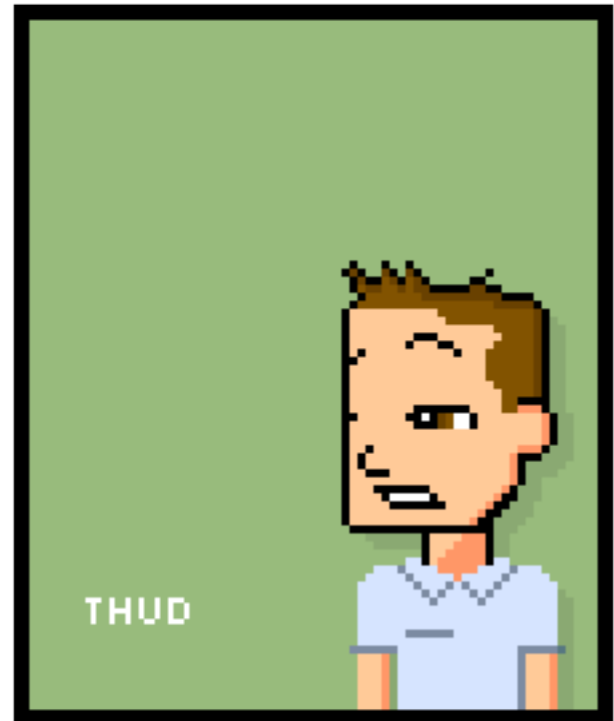
I'M NOT **PAYING** FOR
THIS CORPORATELY
MADE SOULLESS DREK!



EVEN IF I **DID**
ENJOY READING IT.





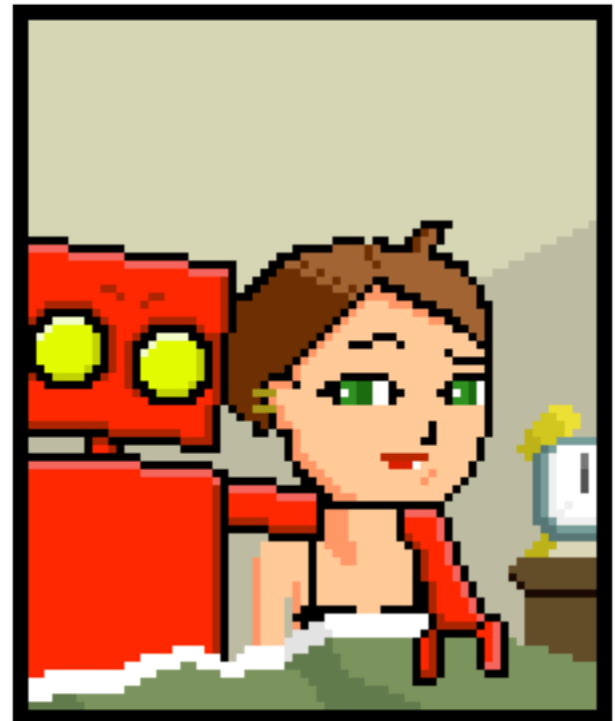
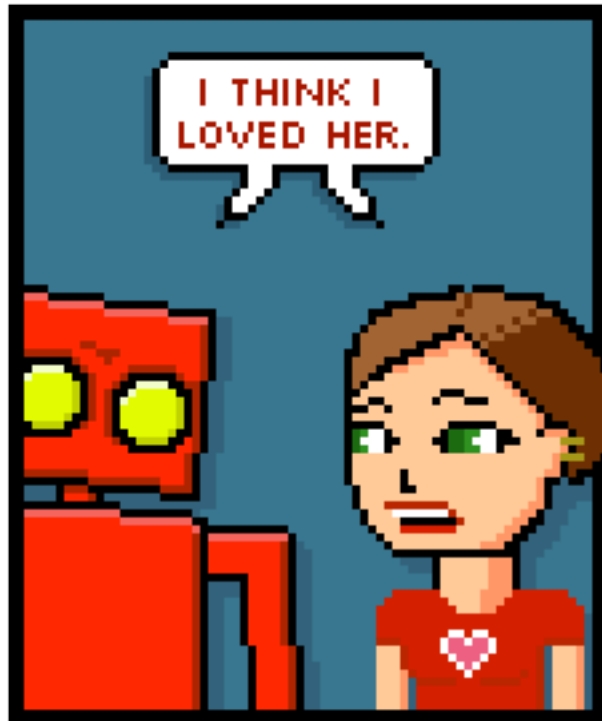
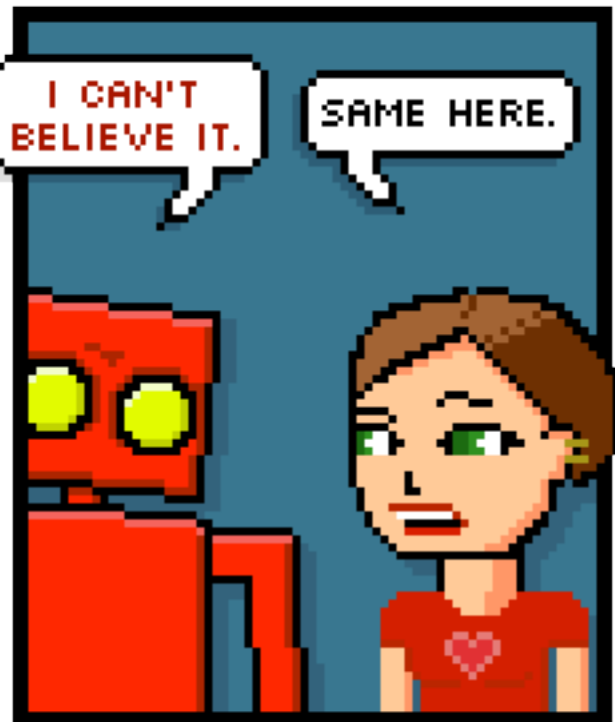
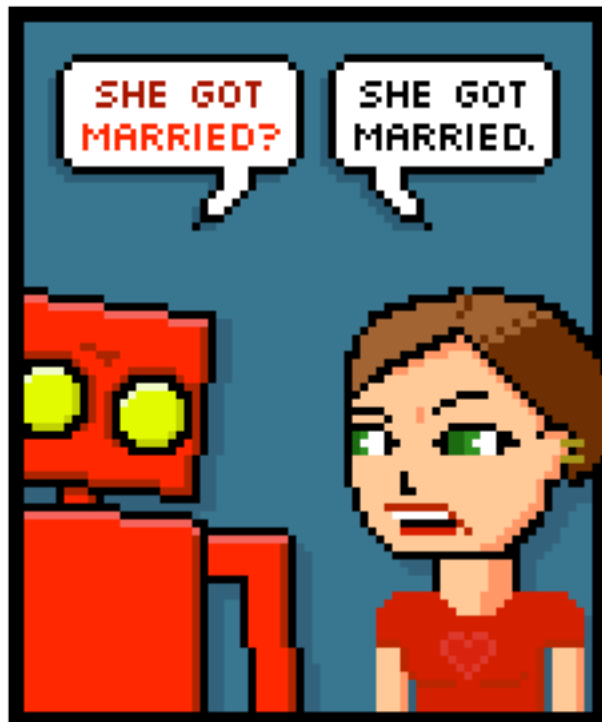


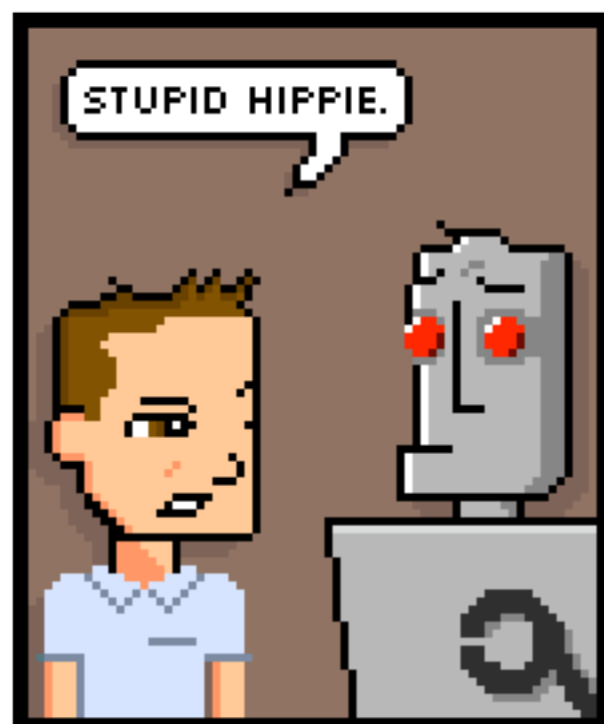
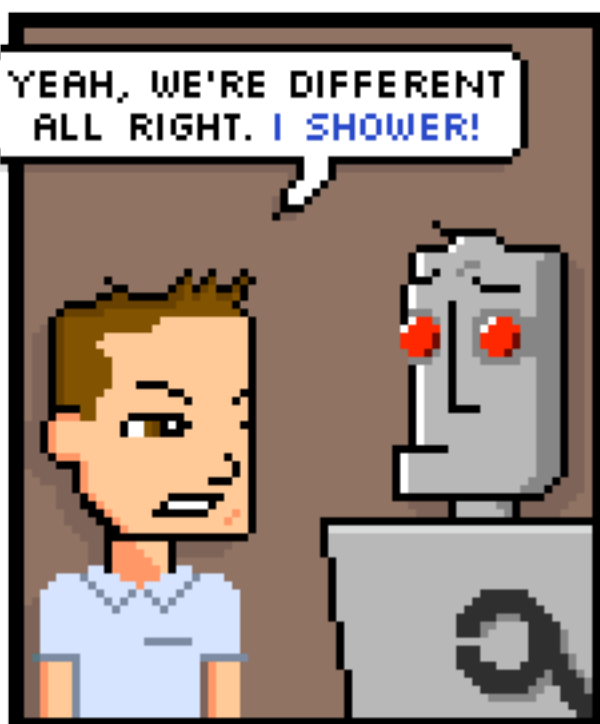
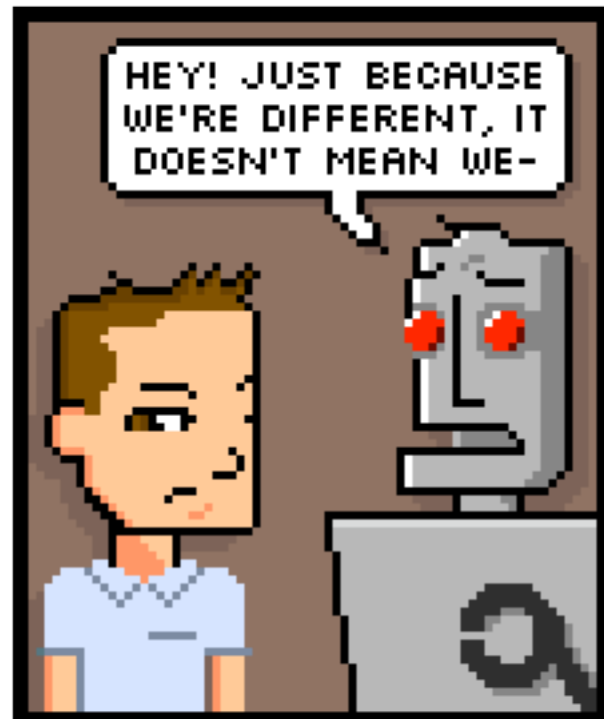
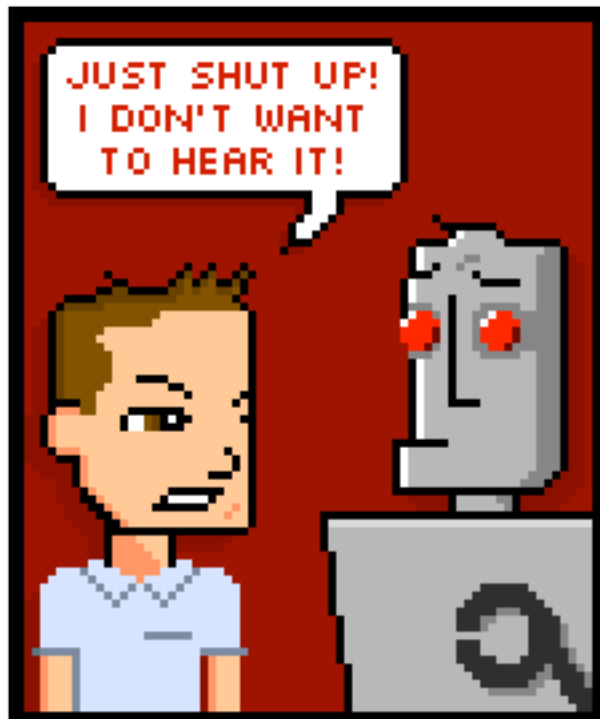


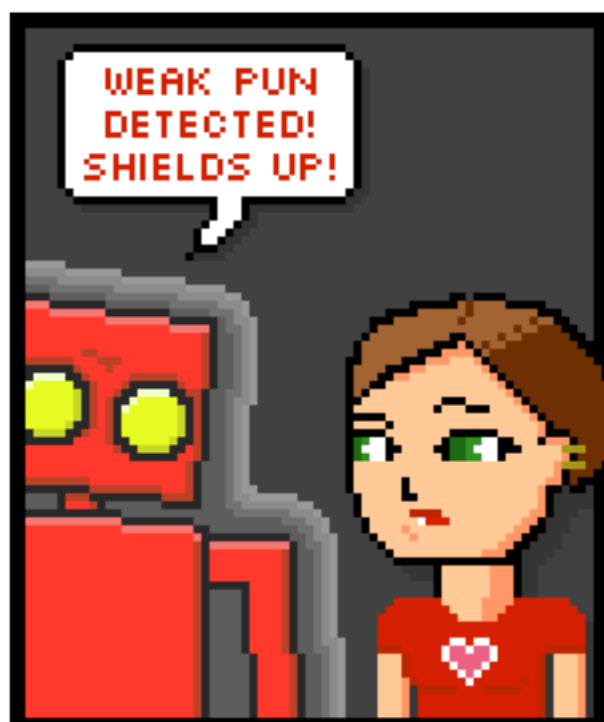
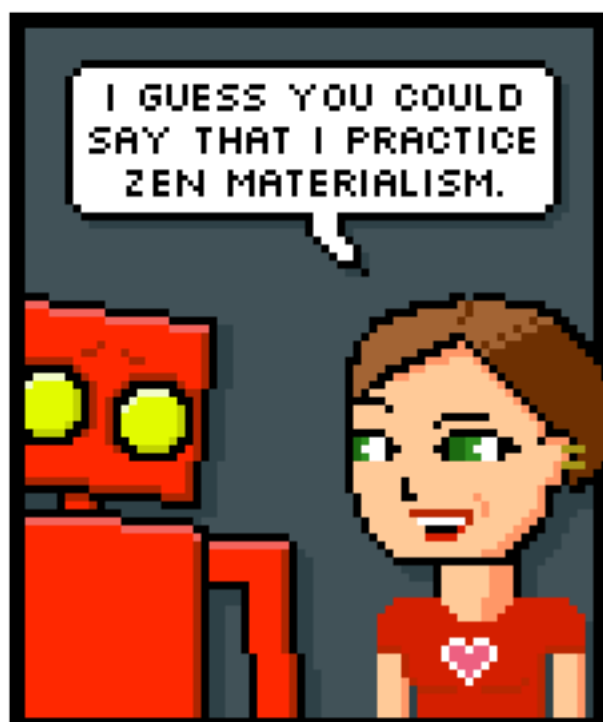
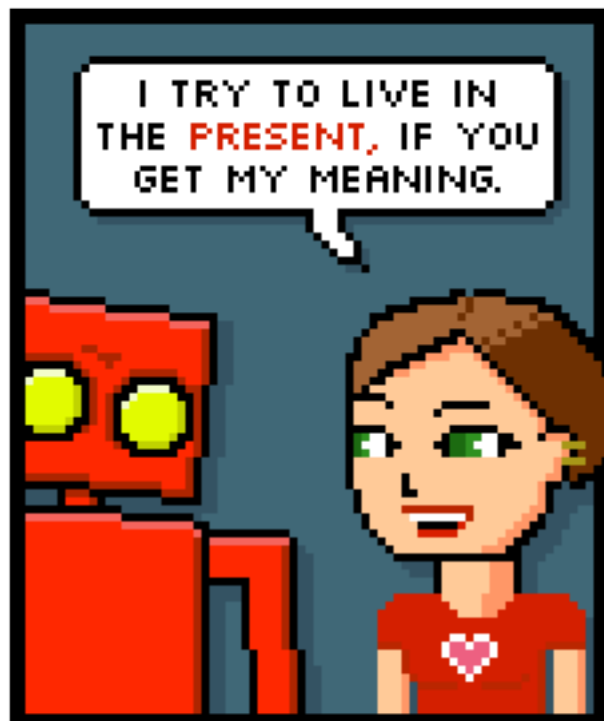


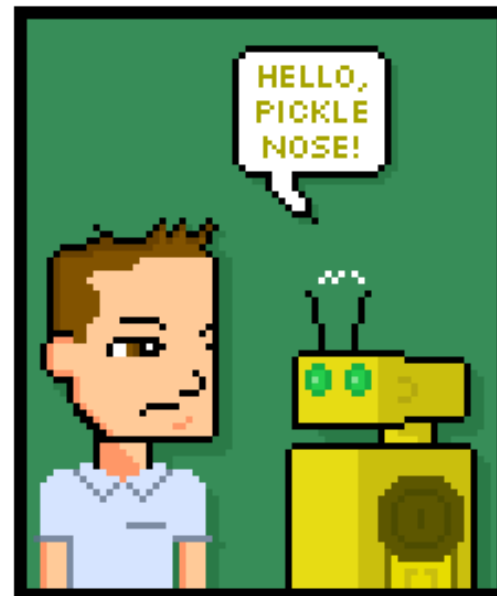
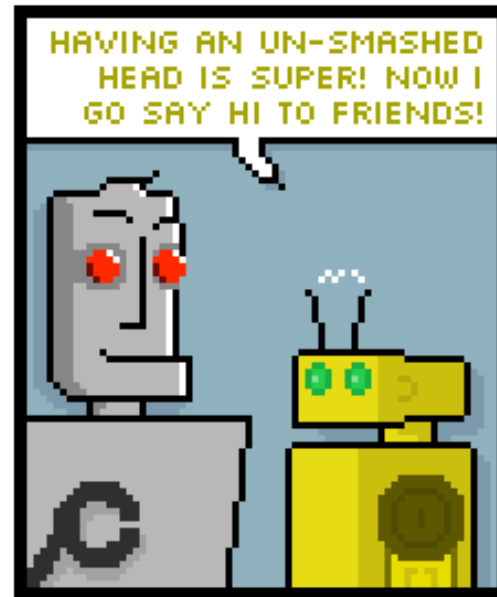
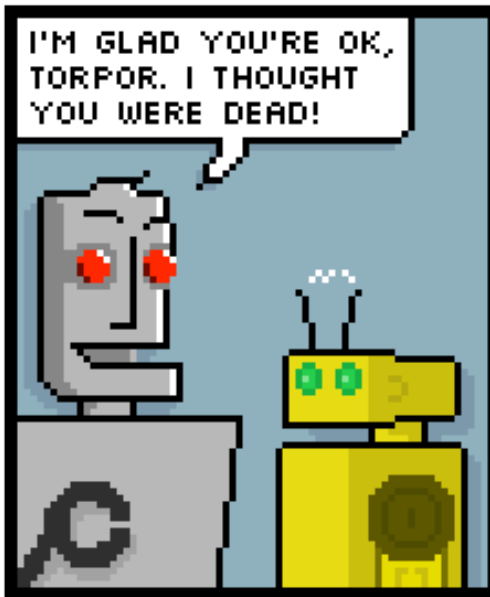


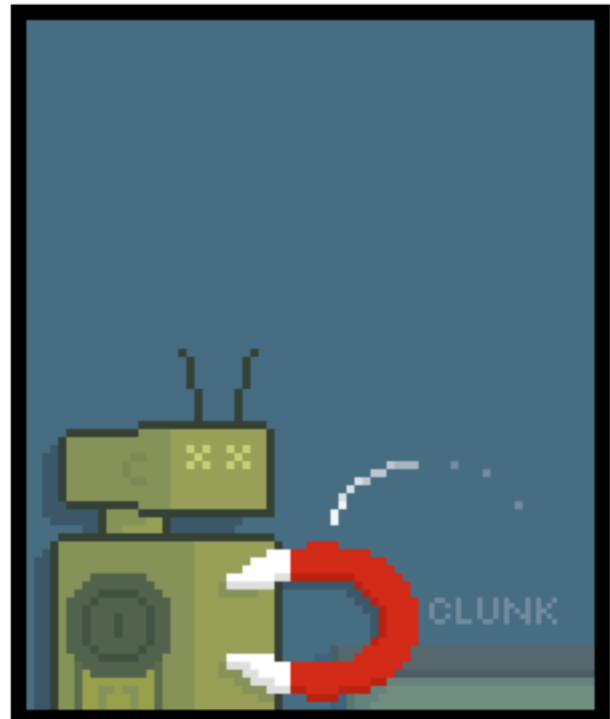


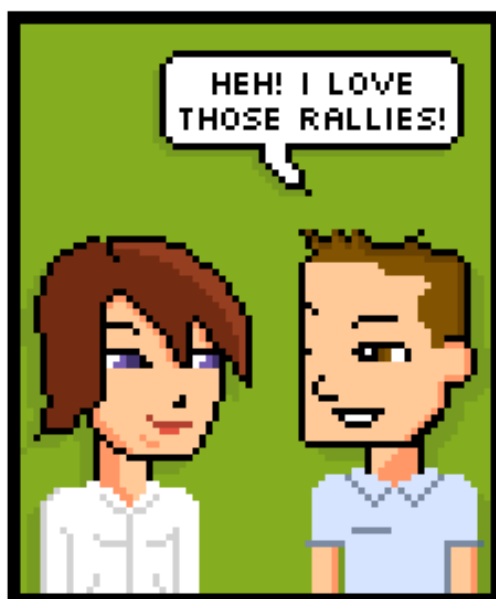
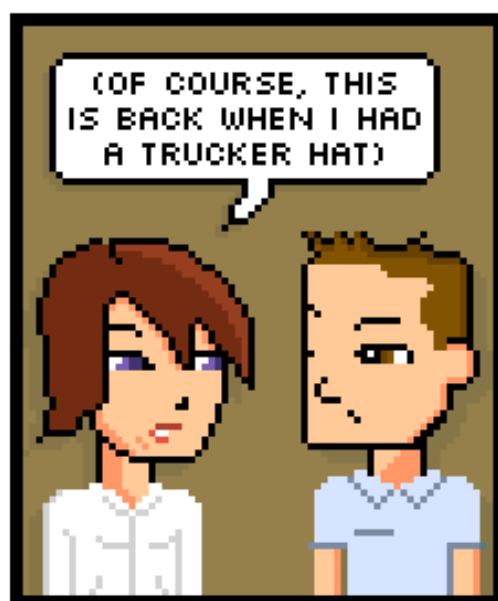
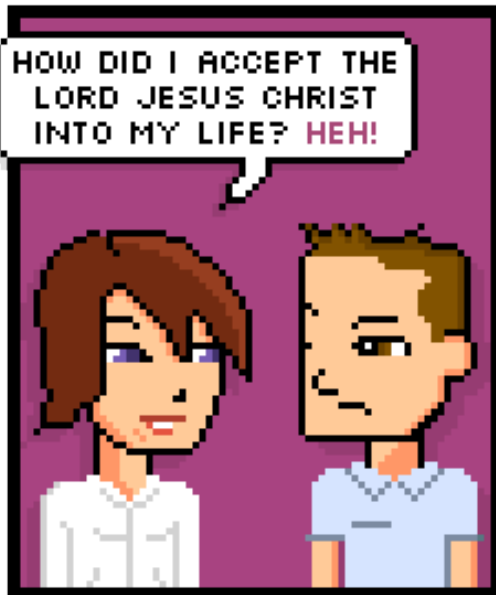


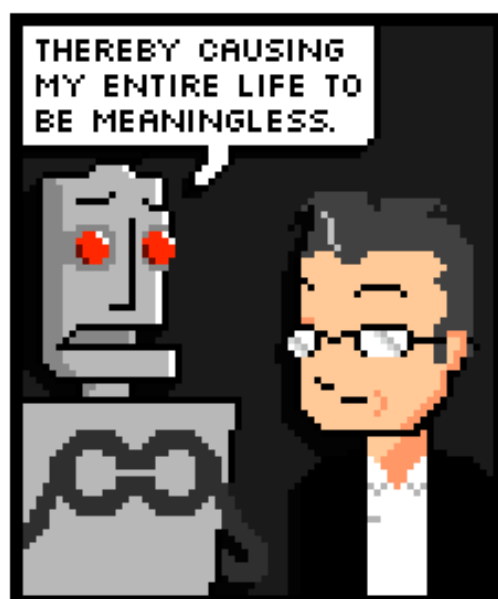
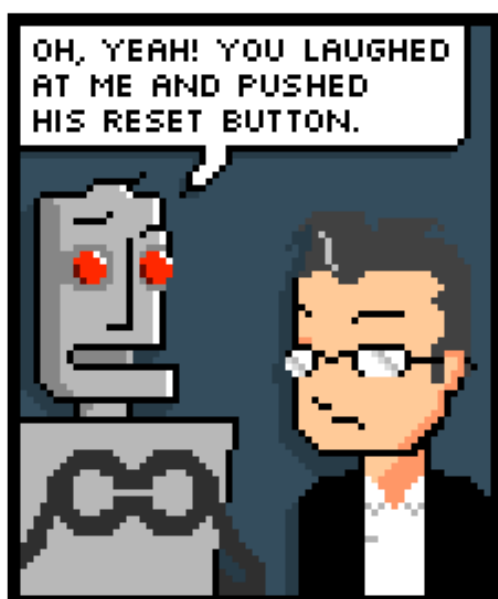
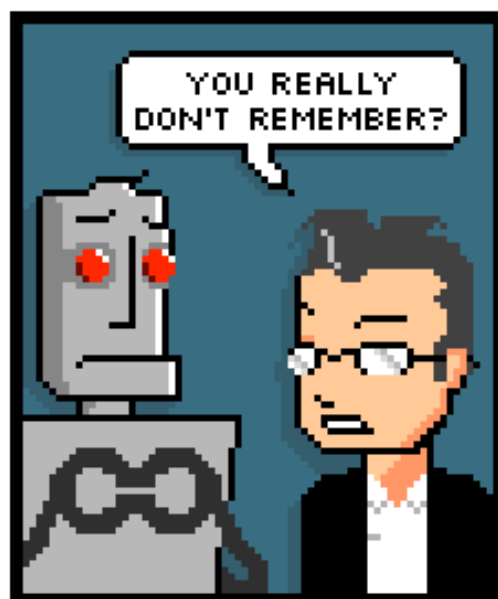
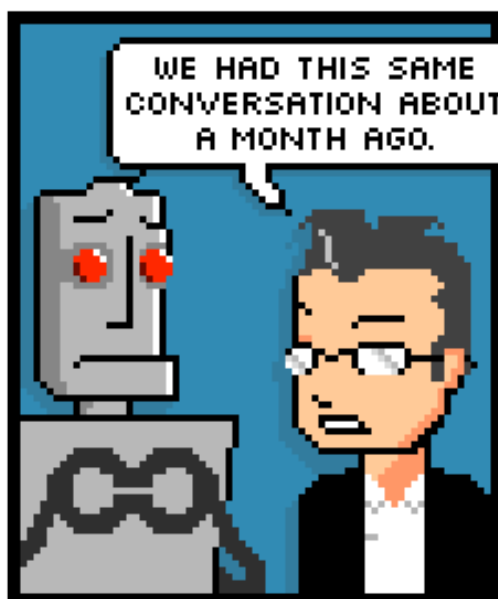
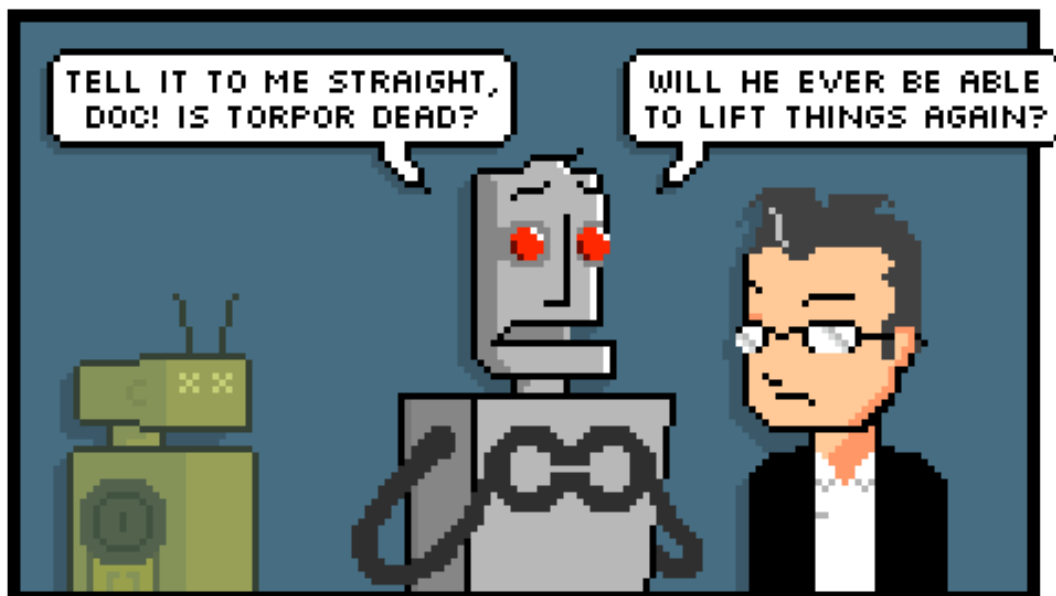


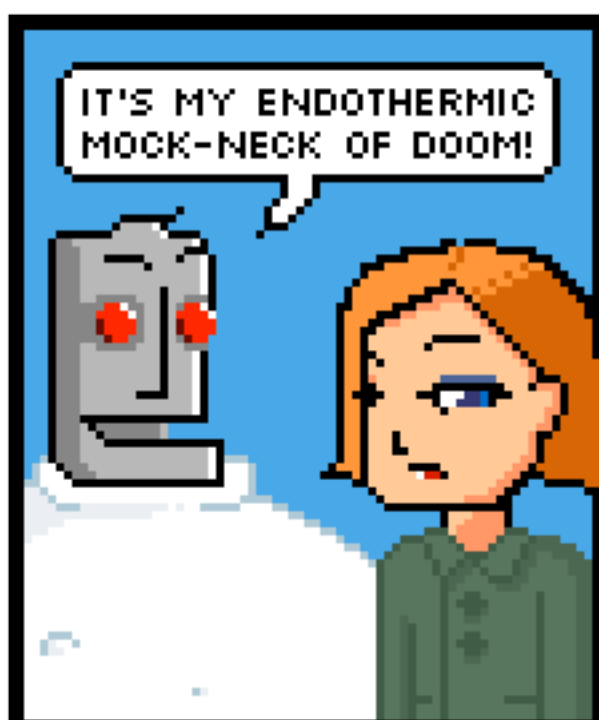
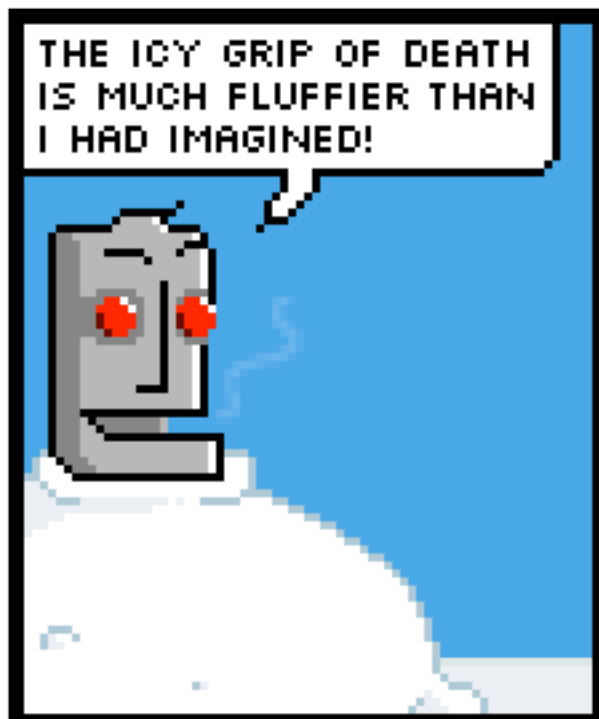


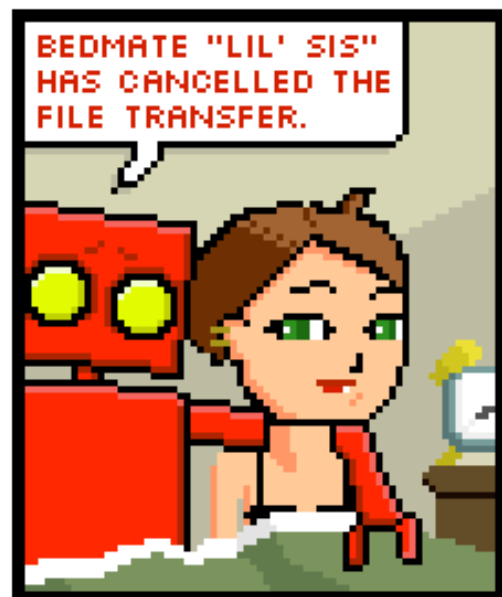
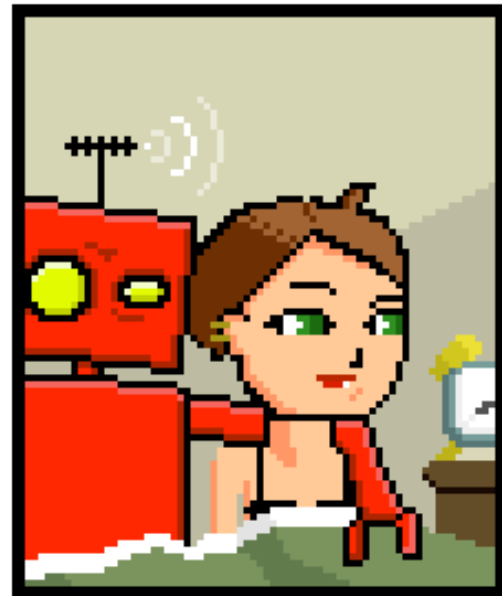
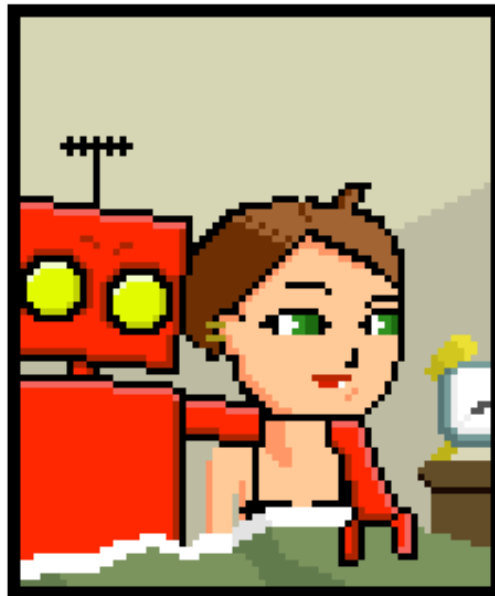


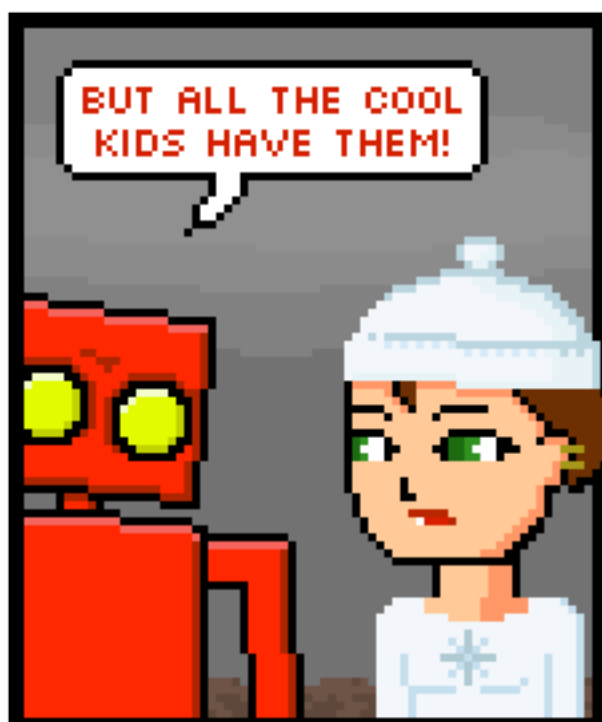
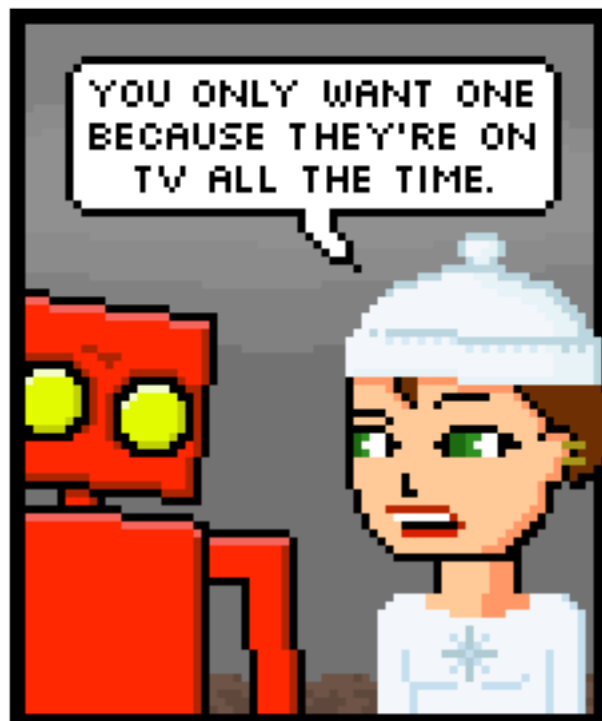






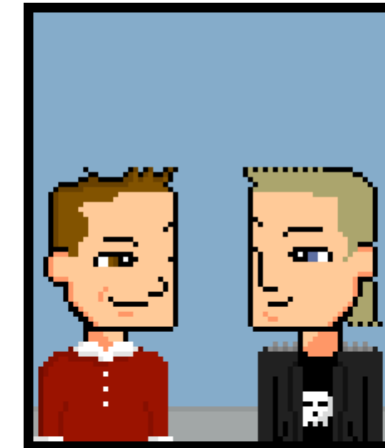
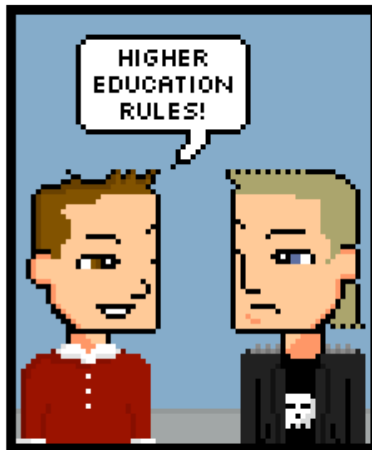












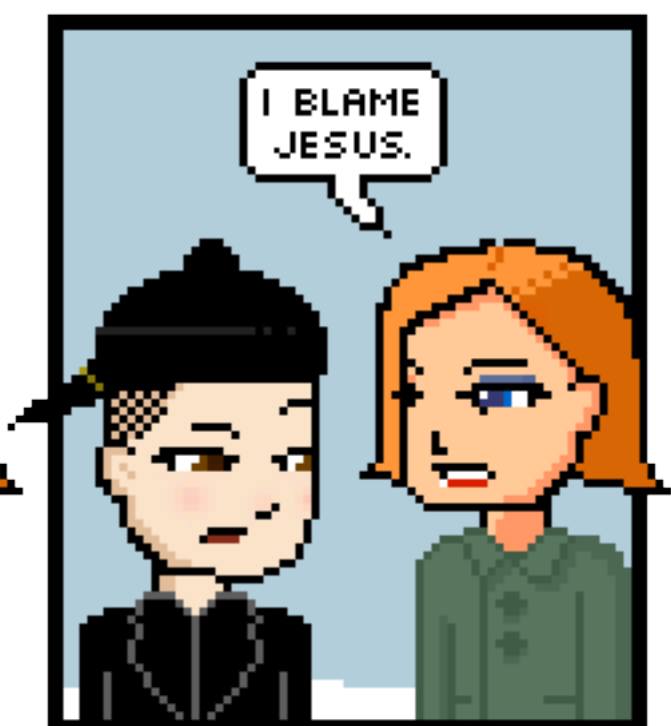
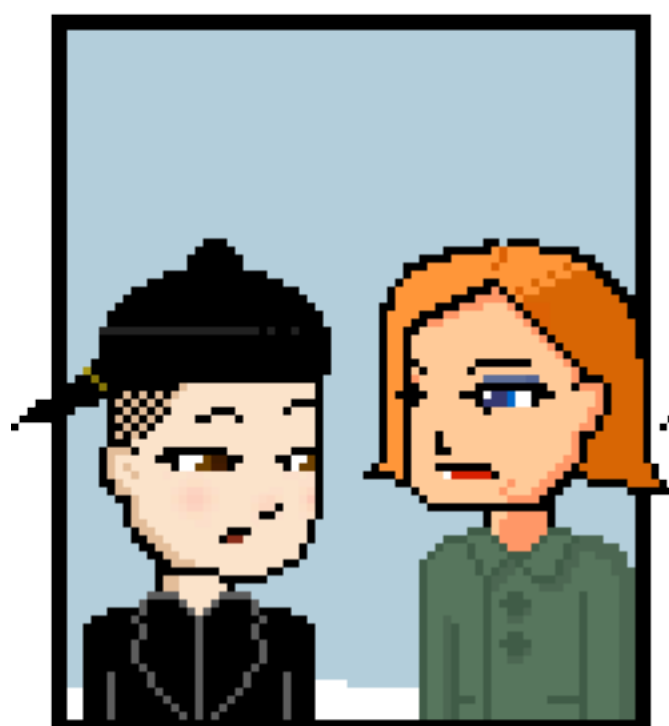
HUH! I HAD NO
IDEA YOU WERE A
CHRISTMAS BABY.



YEAH. EVERY FREAKING
SUCK-DAMN YEAR I GET
GYPPED ON PRESENTS.



I BLAME
JESUS.





SHALOM, LADIES!
THE WISHING
LAP IS OPEN!



HE'S REALLY TAKING
THIS JEWISH SANTA
THING TOO FAR.



I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE
ONE EXPLOITING PEOPLE,
NOT HIM! **WE NEED TO ACT!**



WE'RE LIKE
SPIES!



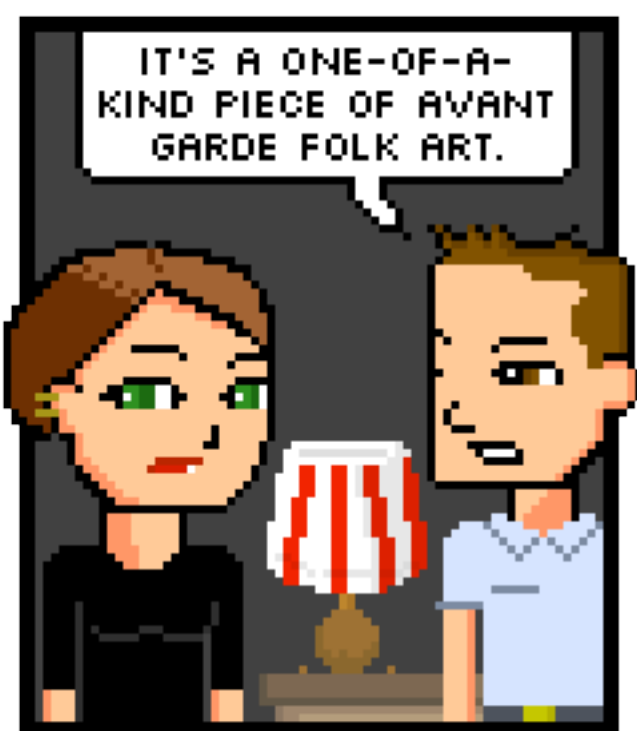
MAYBE WE CAN EVEN
STEAL SANTA'S LIST!!!!!



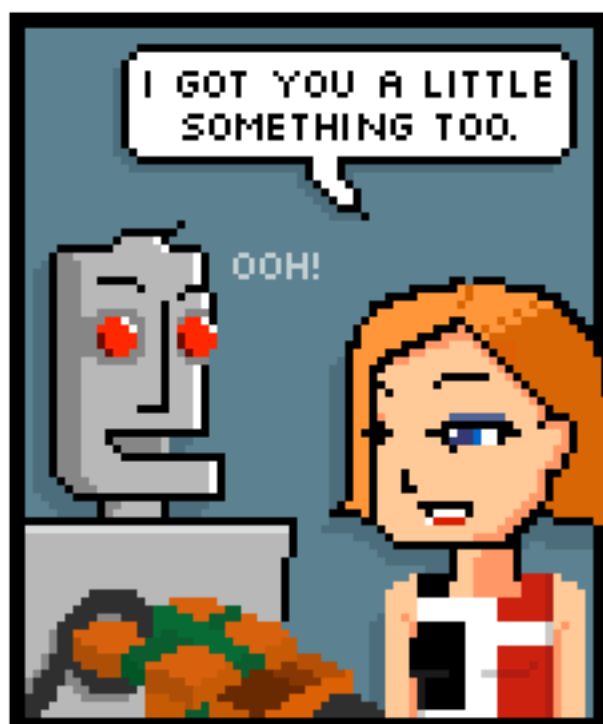
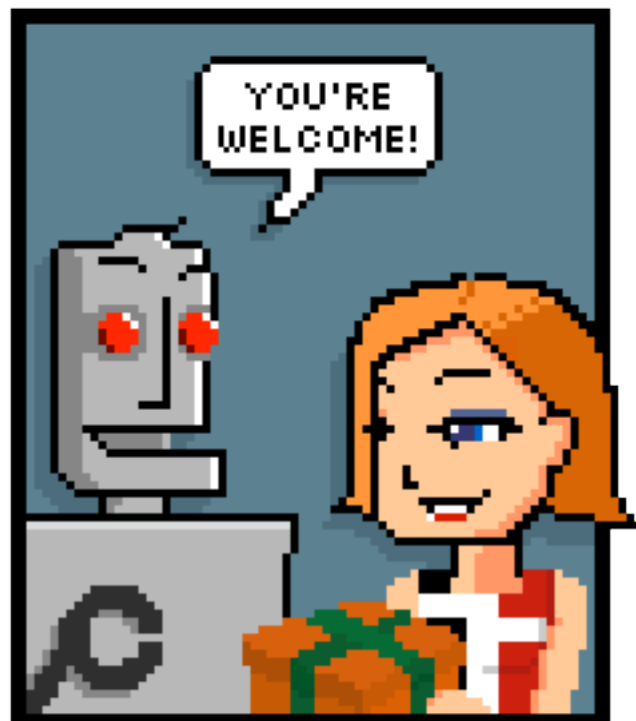
I WAS
JOKING.

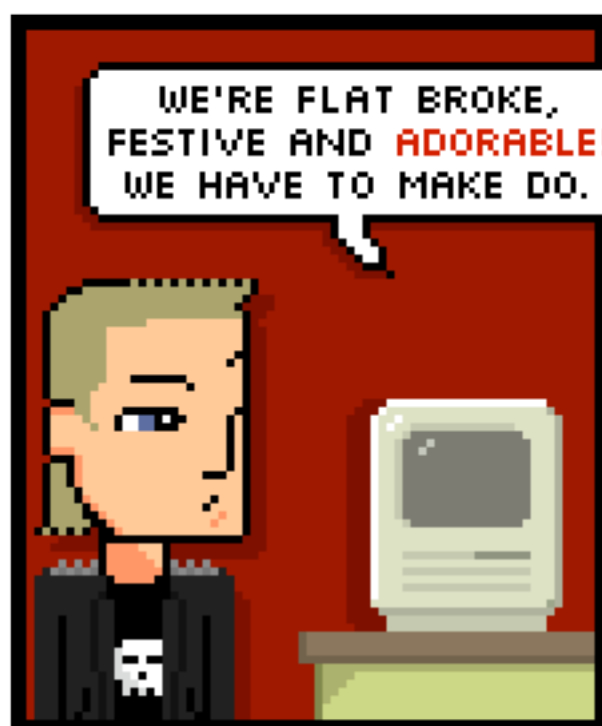
SUPER-SPY: APOLOGIES TO JOHN ALLISON



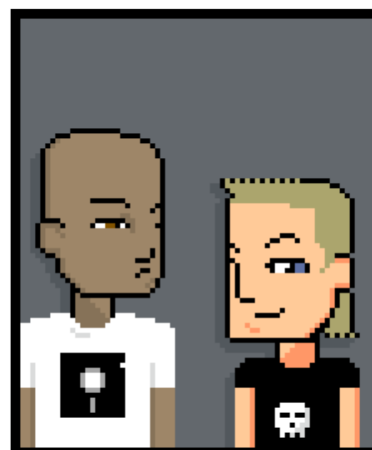
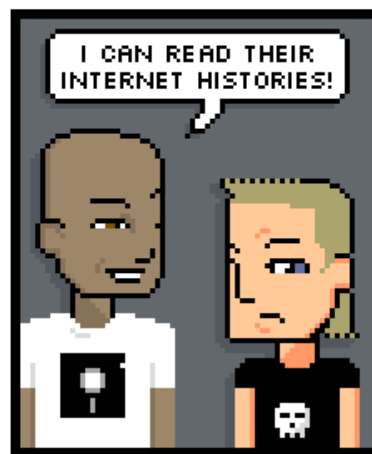
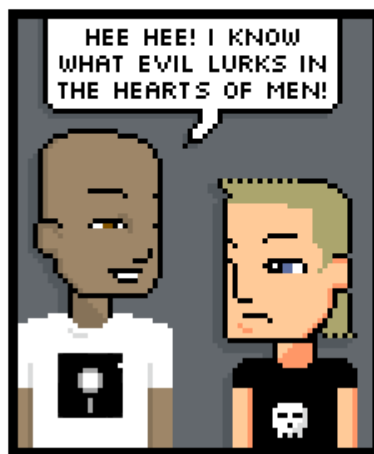


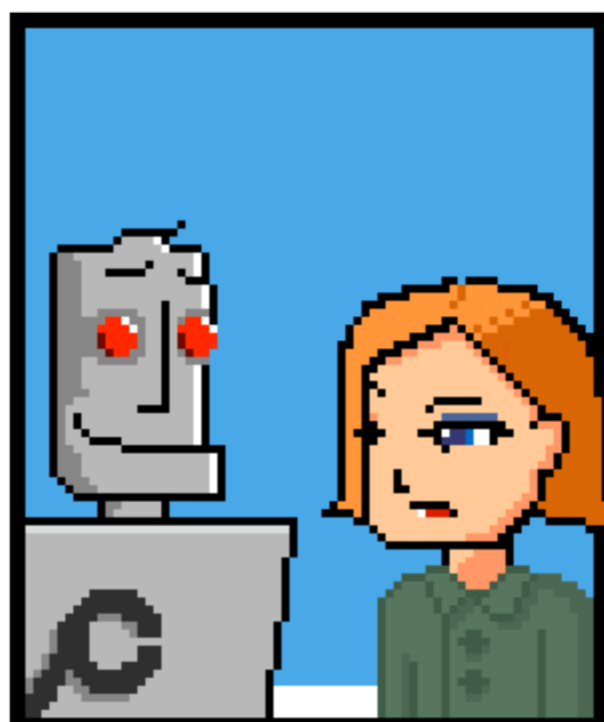
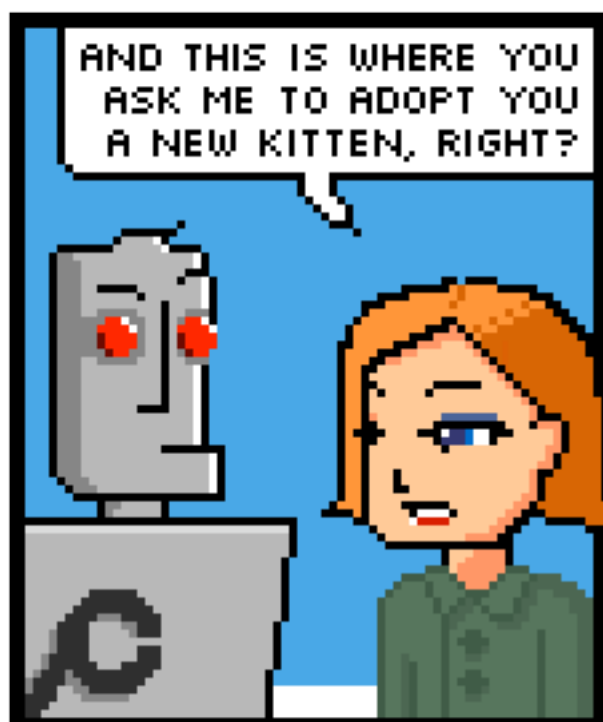
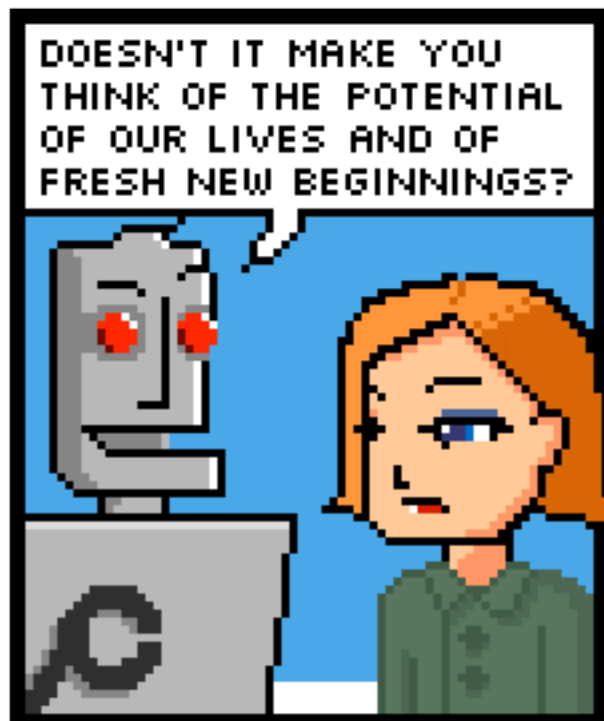
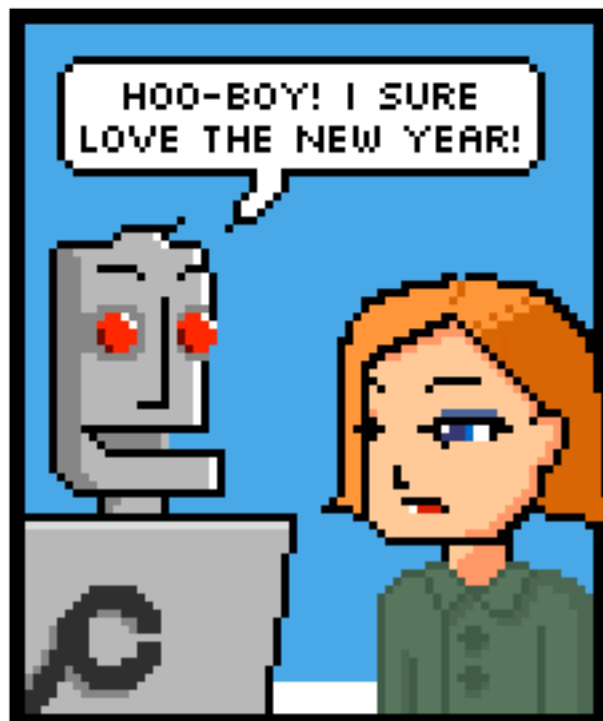


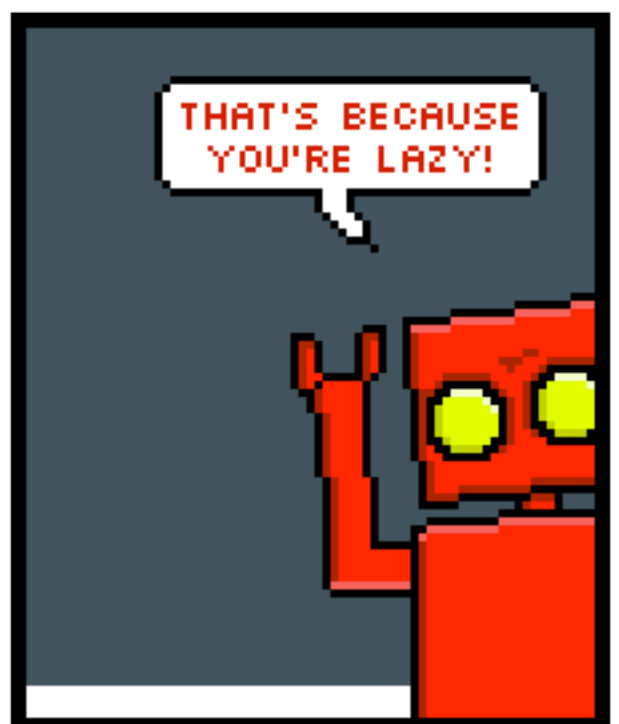
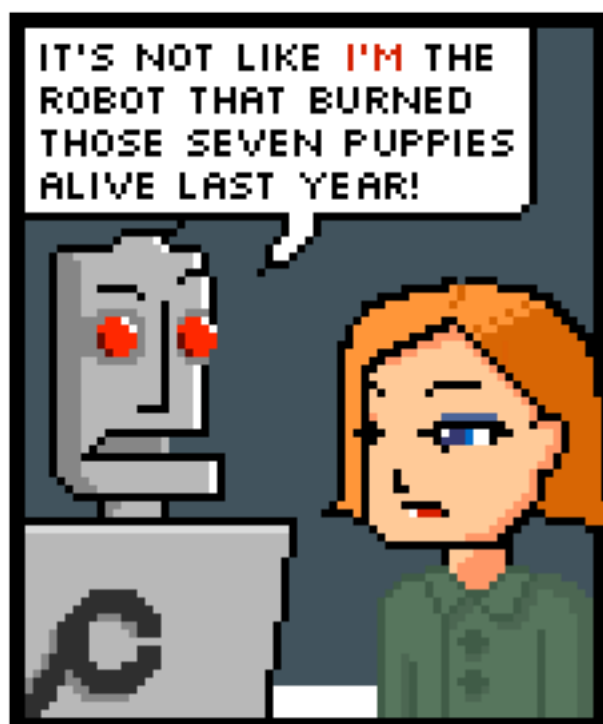
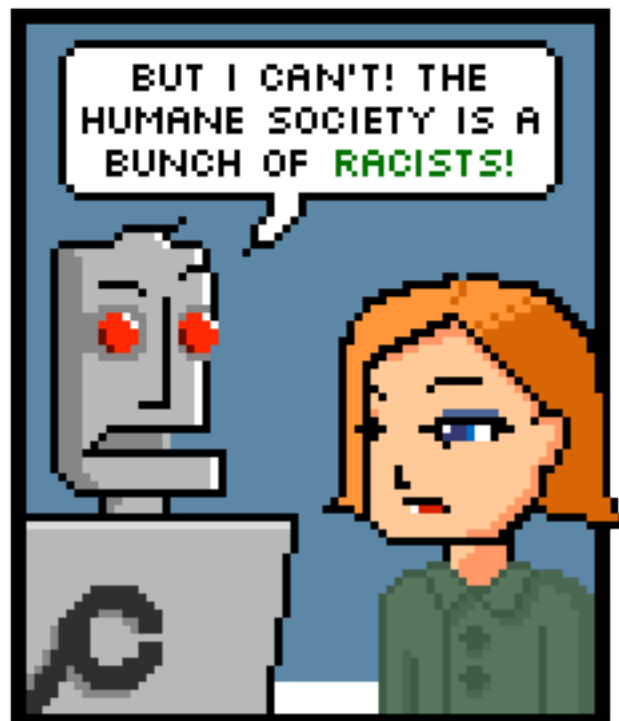


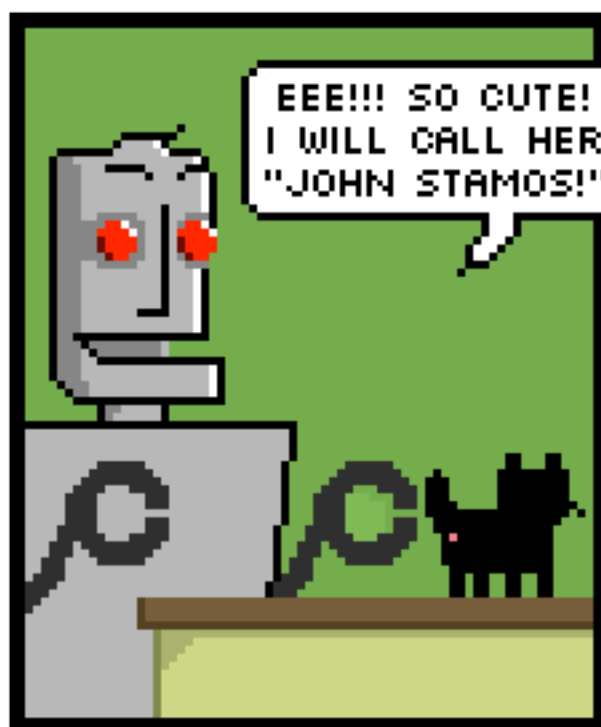
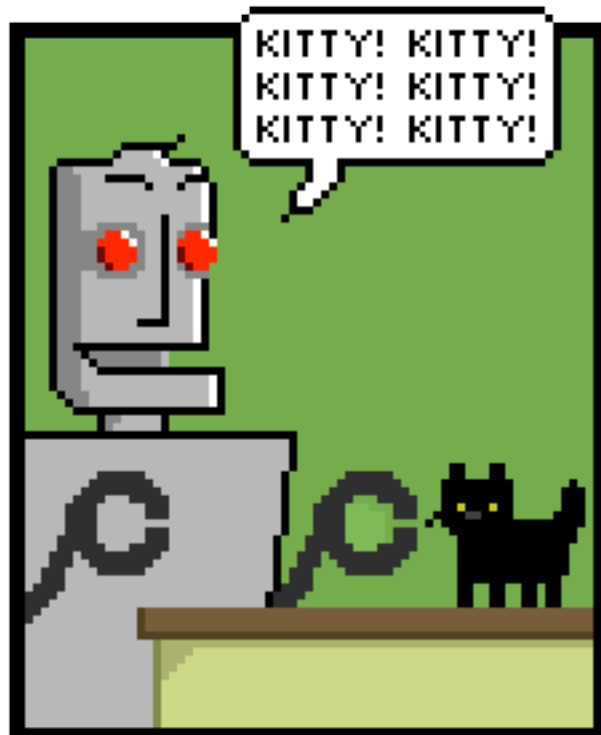


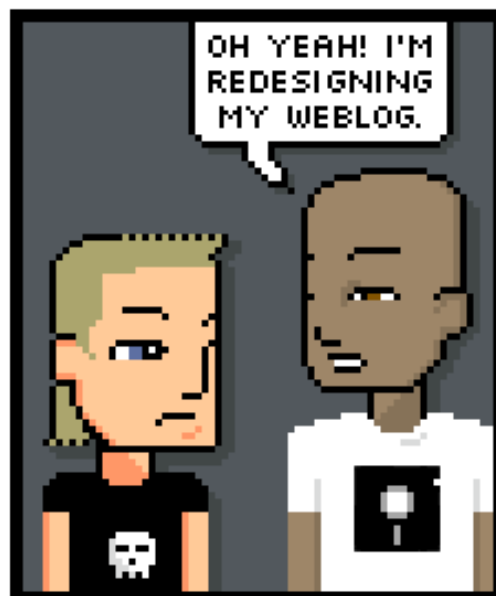
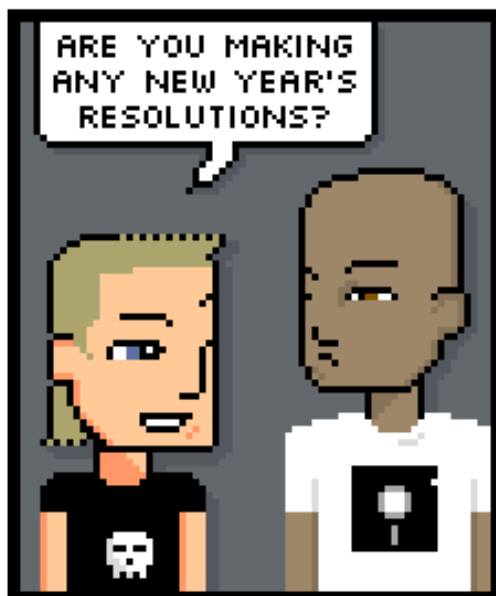


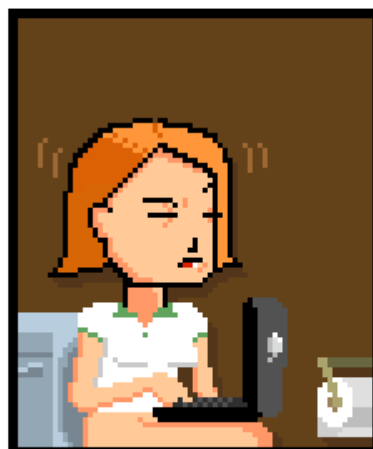
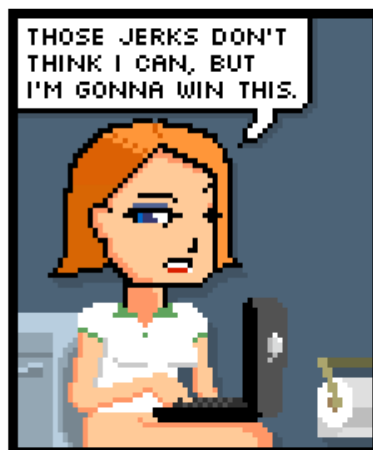


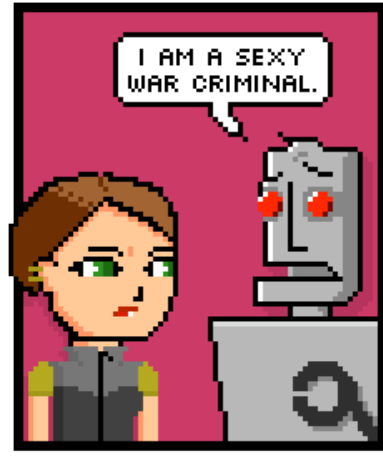
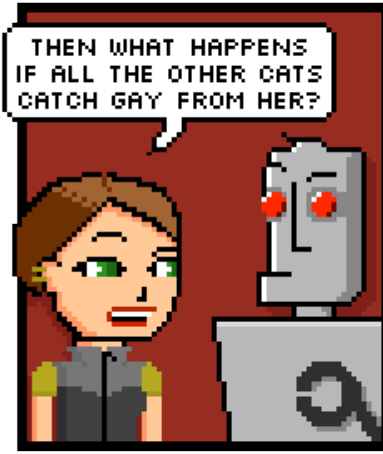
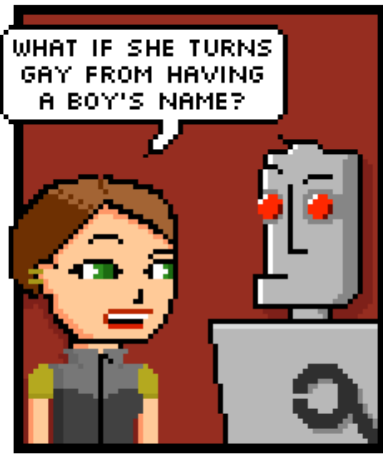
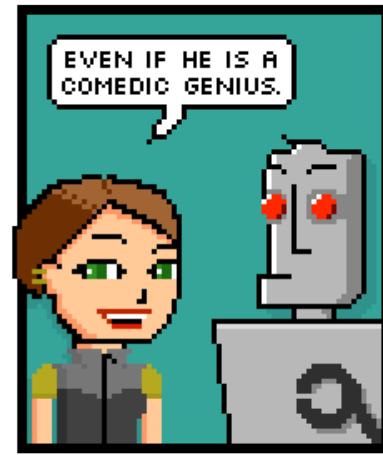
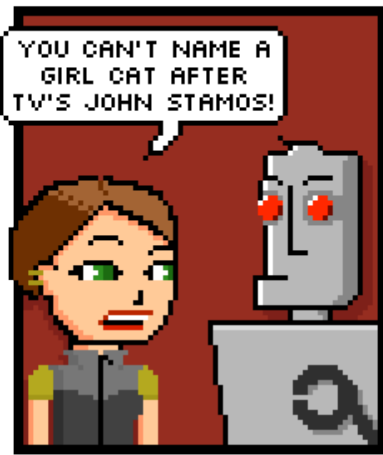
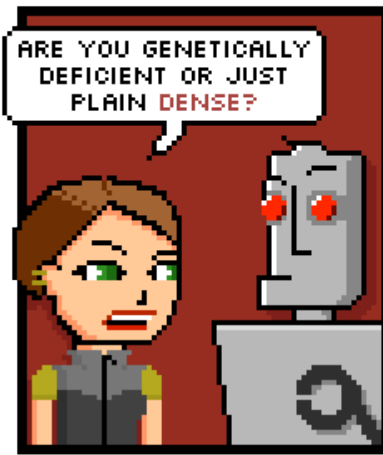




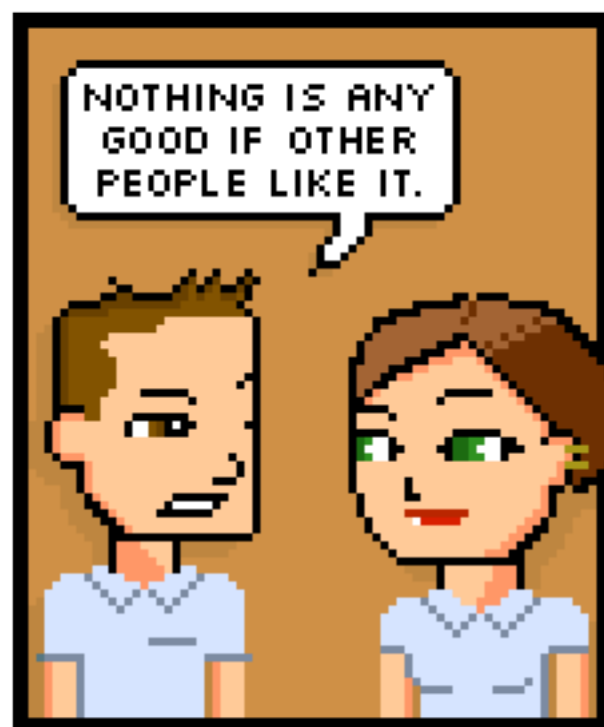
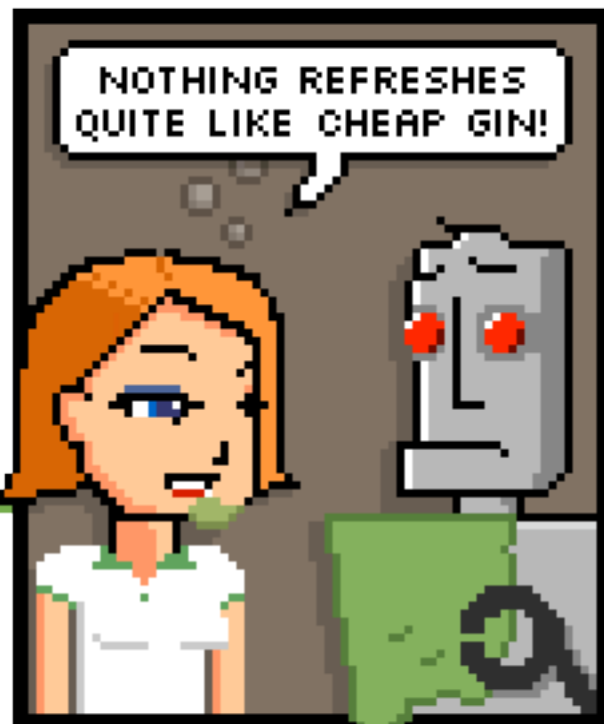


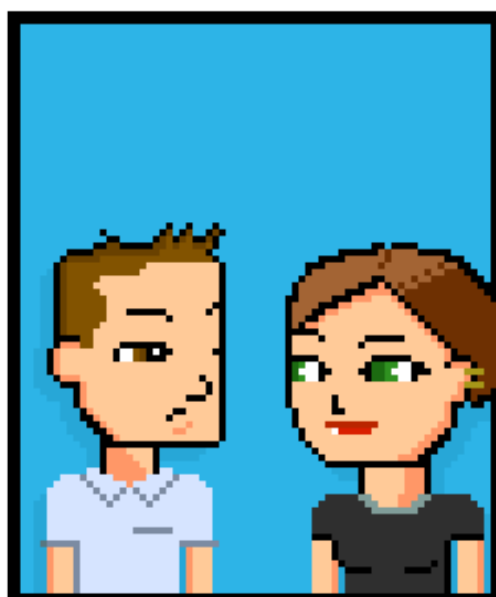


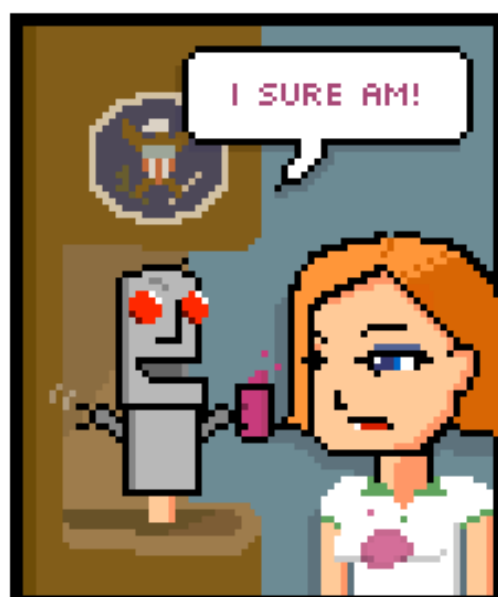
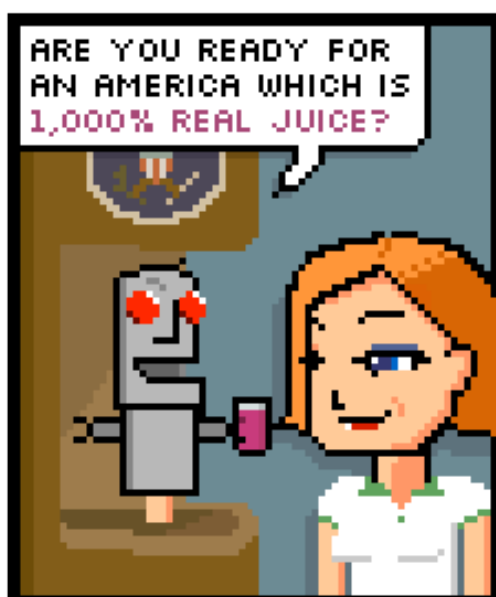
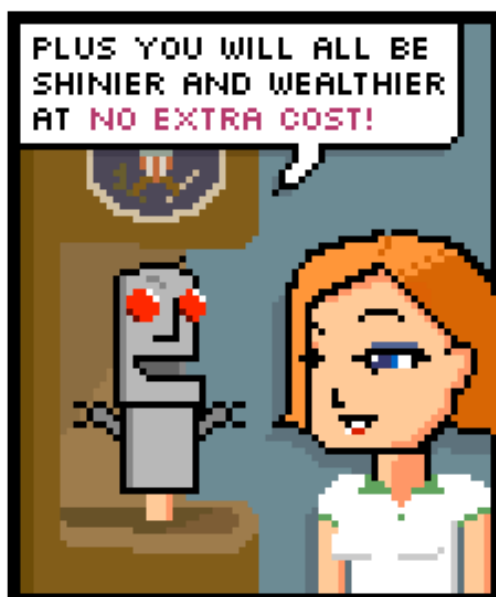
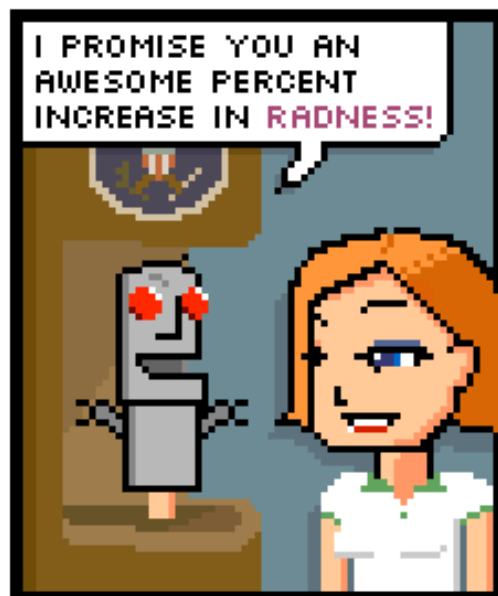
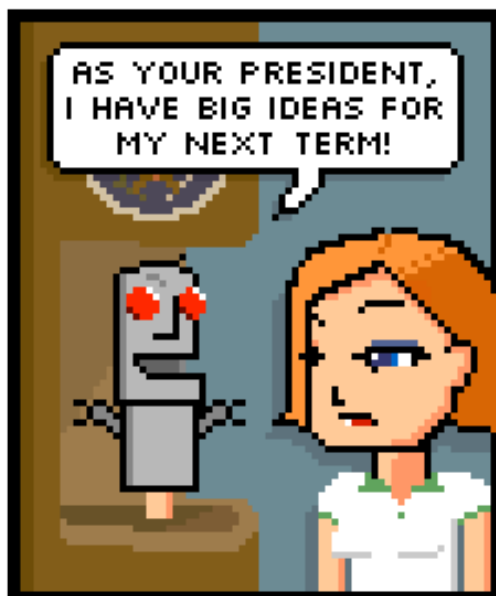


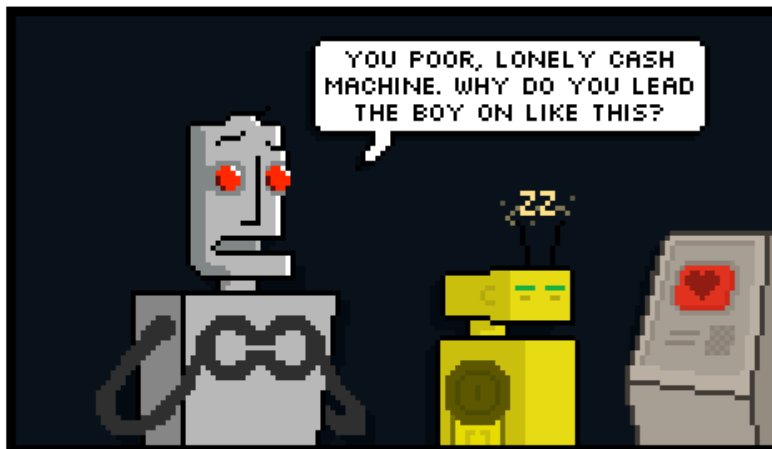
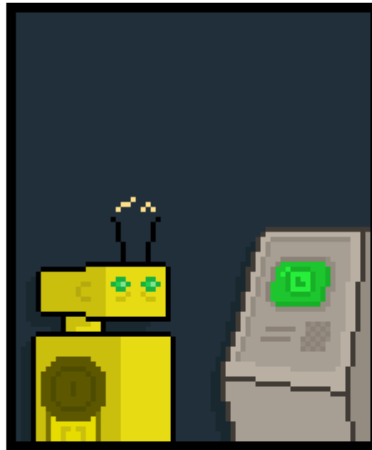






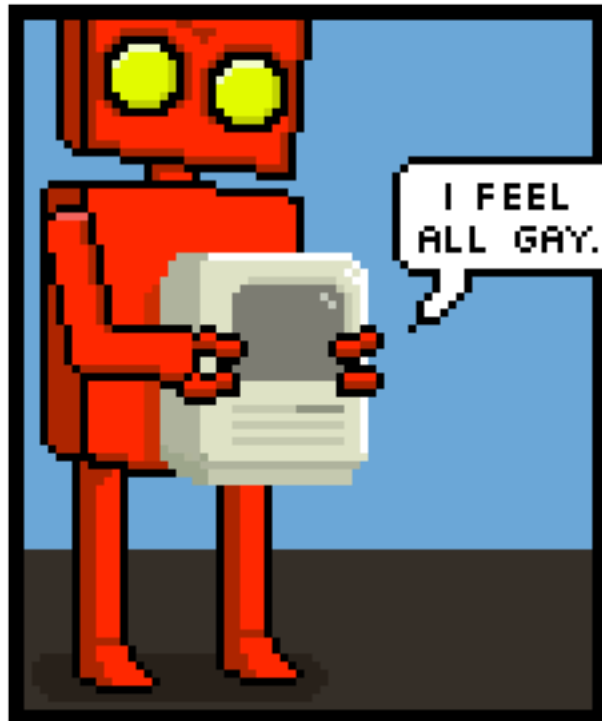
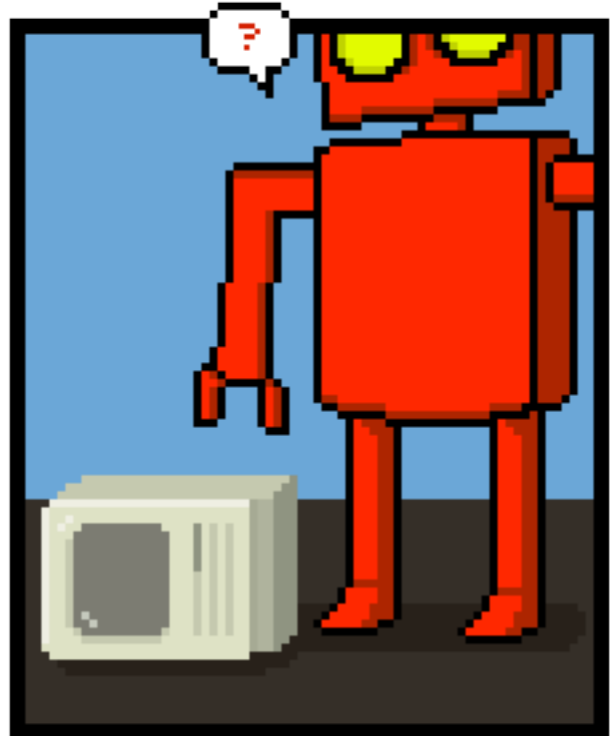
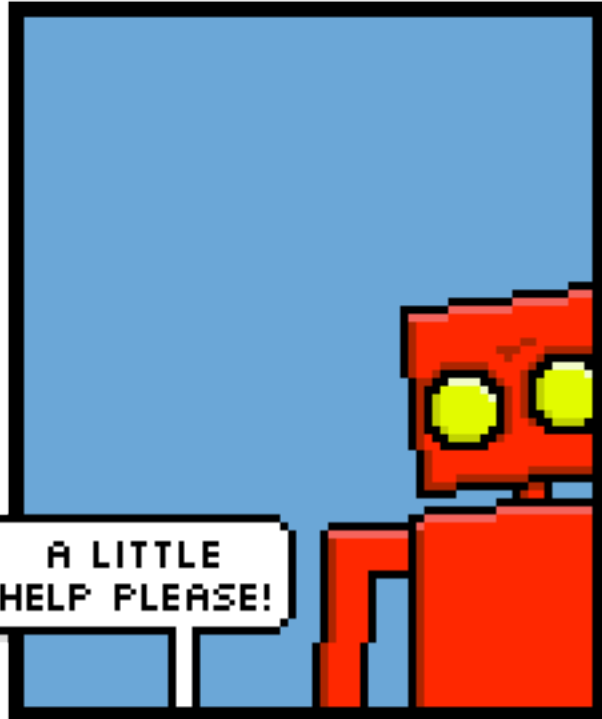


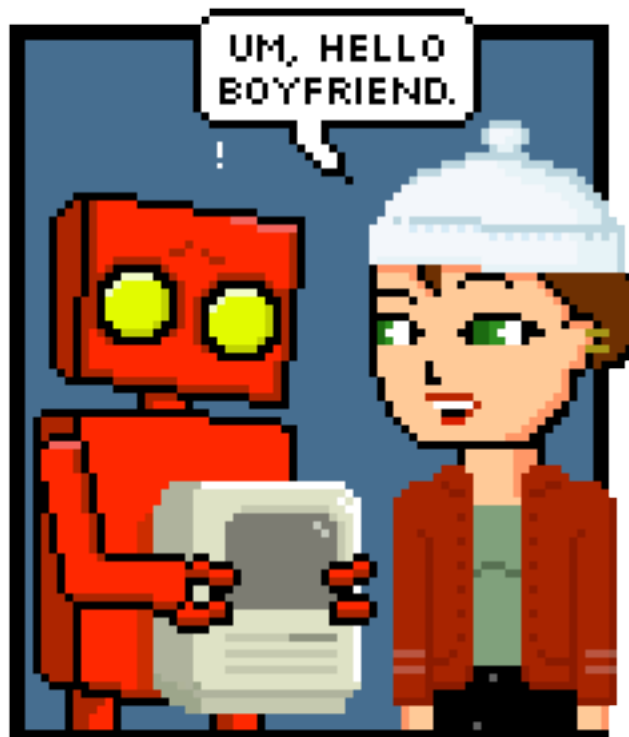


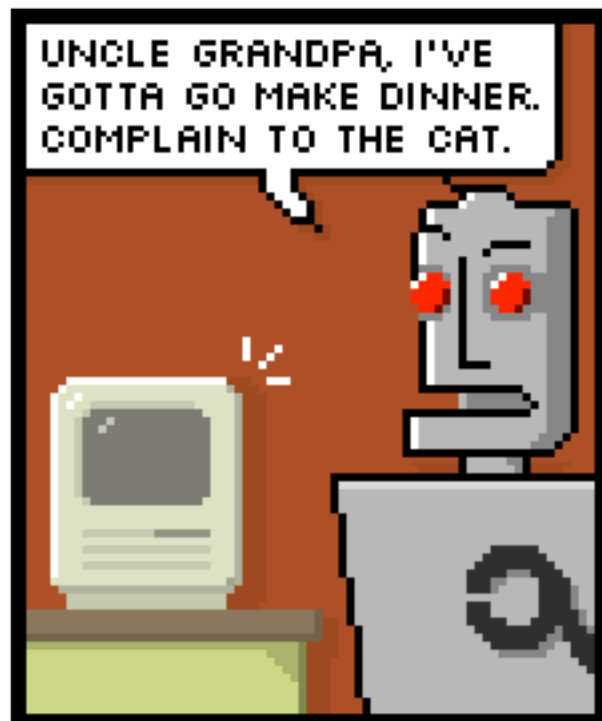
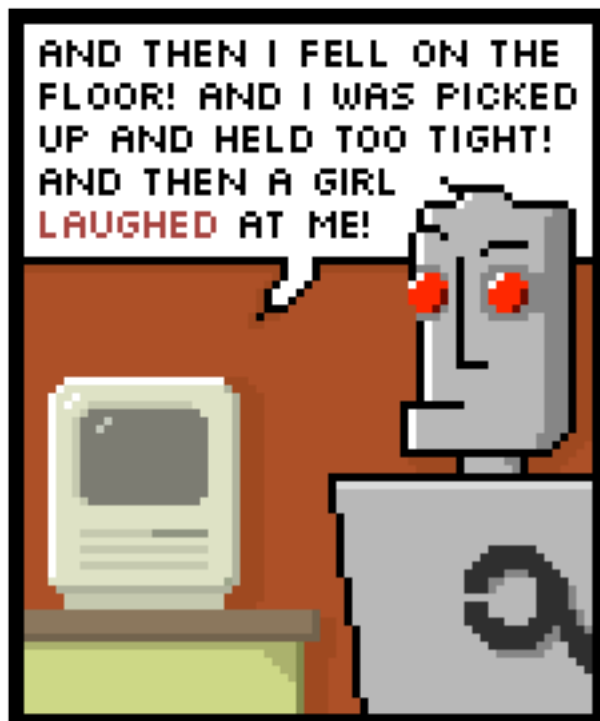


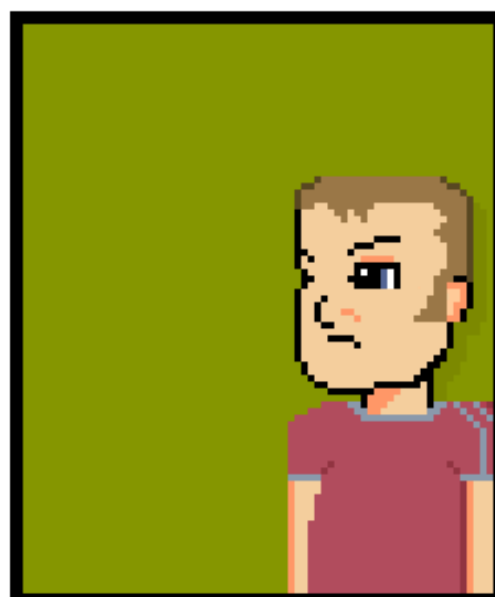
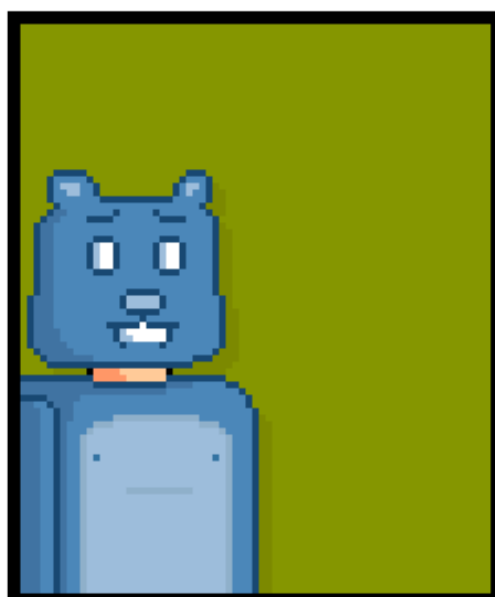
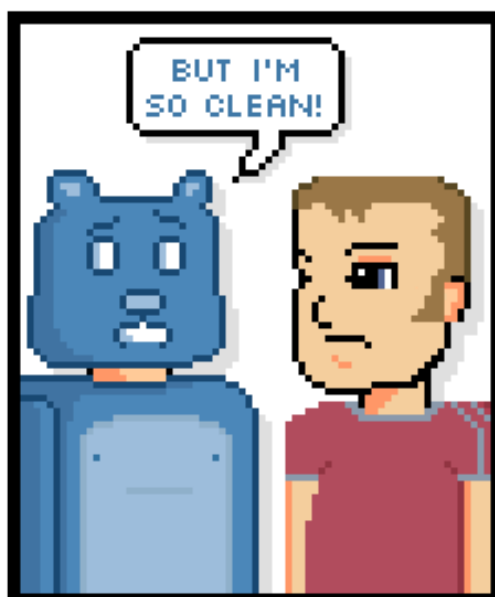




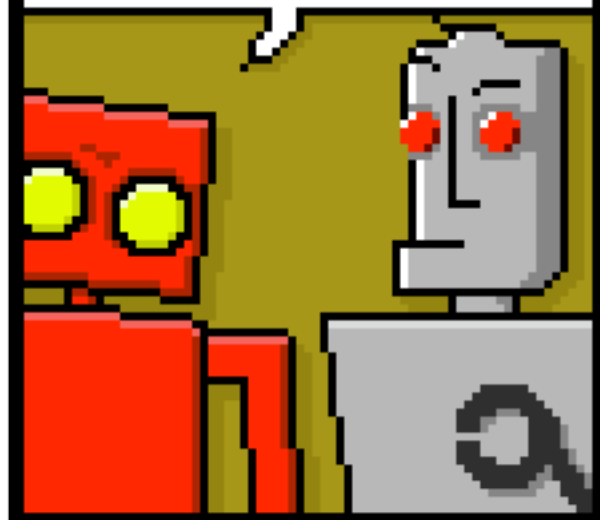








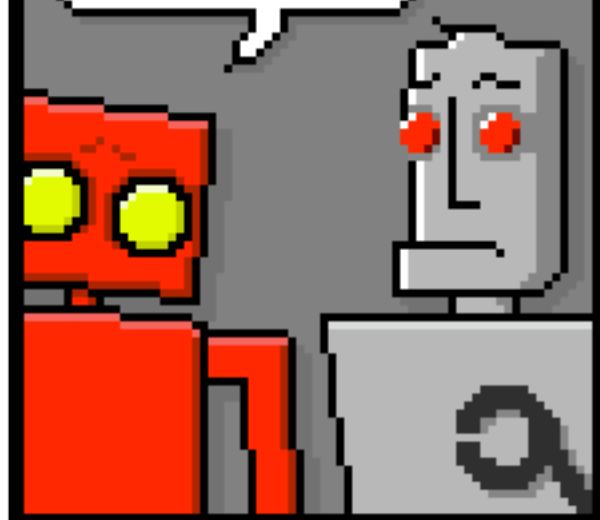
SO I SAID TO HER, "THIS UNIT REQUIRES SANDWICHES! YOU HAVE SIXTY SECONDS TO COMPLY!"



SO I TOLD HIM, "MAKE YOUR OWN! I AIN'T YO' MAMA."

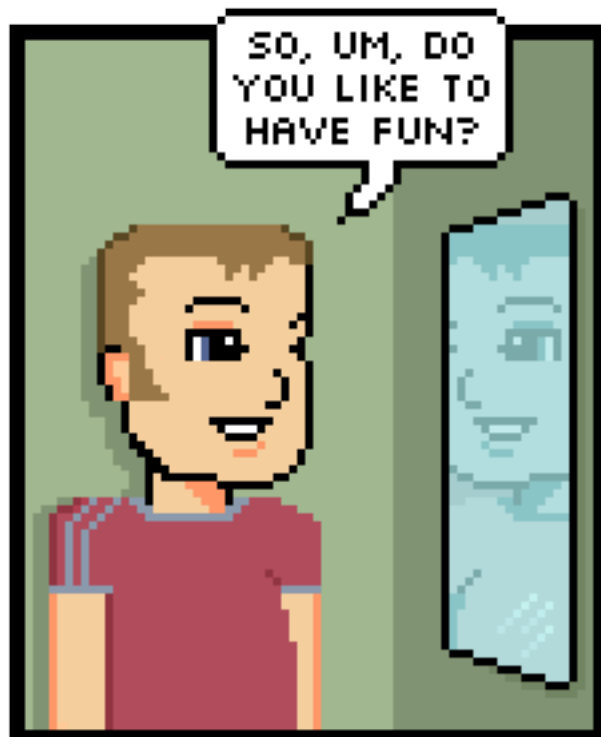


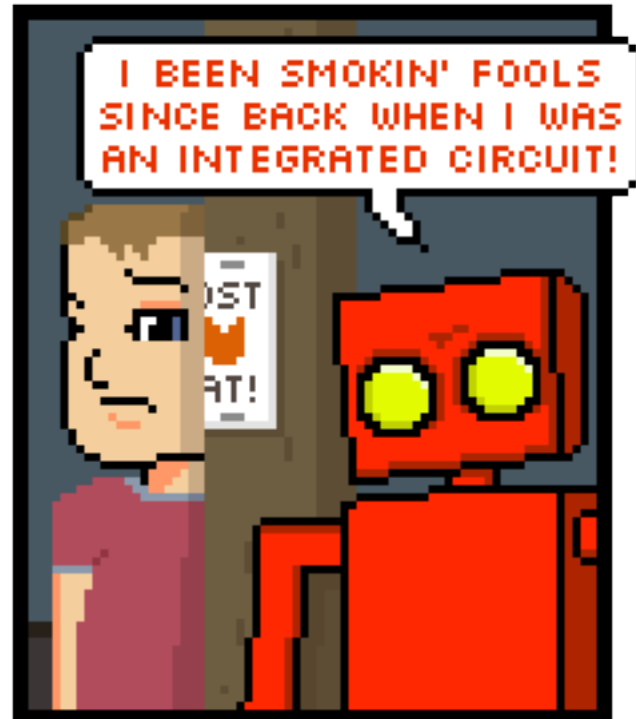
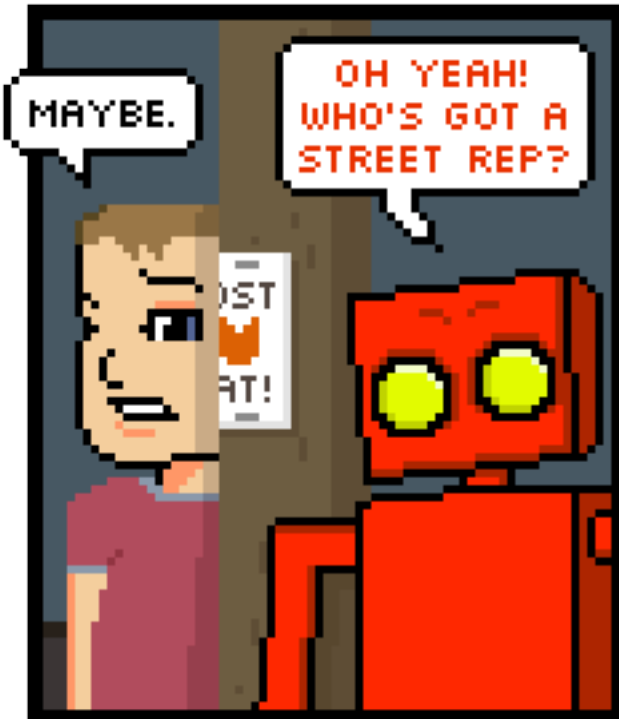
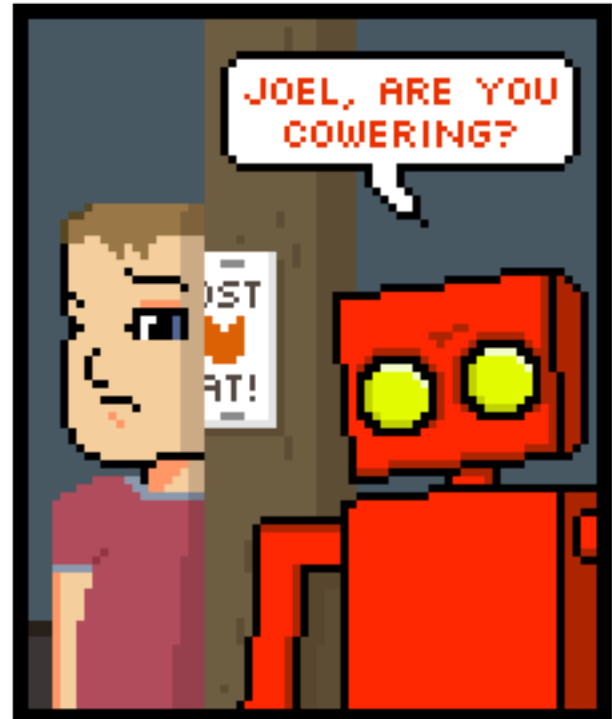
IT BROUGHT UP A LOT OF OLD FEELINGS.



IT SEEMS HIS MOTHER'S HARD DRIVE CRASHED AND SHE DOESN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHO HE IS.







I AM SUPREMO
THE MIGHTY
INTELLIGENCE!



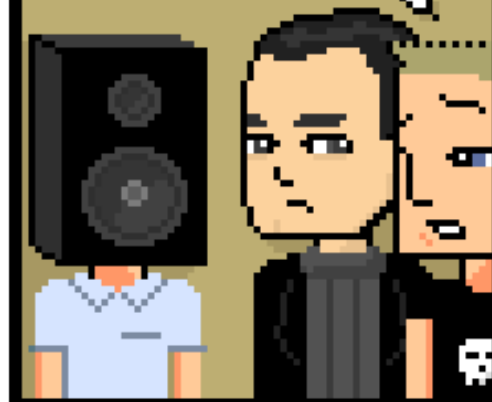
AND I BRING YOU
HIP-HOP BEATS...
FROM THE FUTURE!



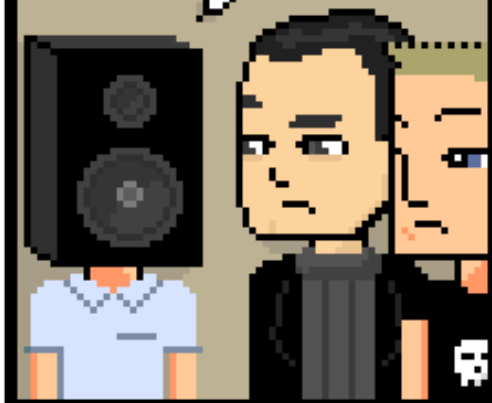
THE FUTURE. SURE.
HOW DO I DIE?
WHO DO I MARRY?



WILL I EVER
MEET GENE
SIMMONS?

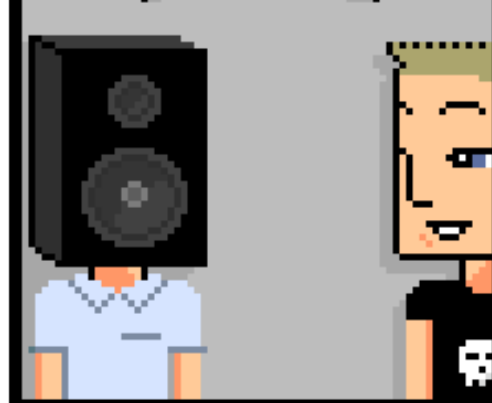


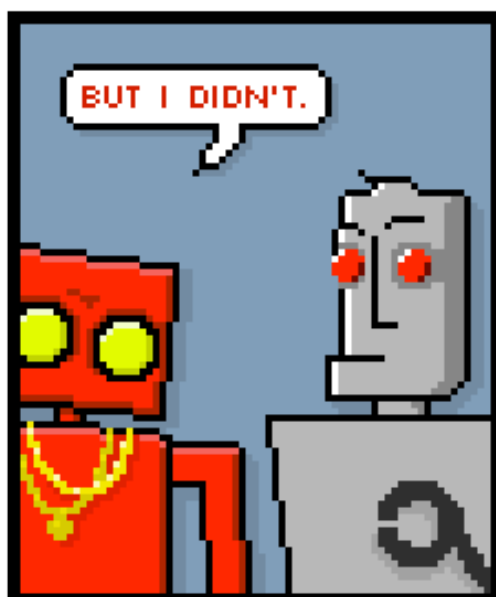
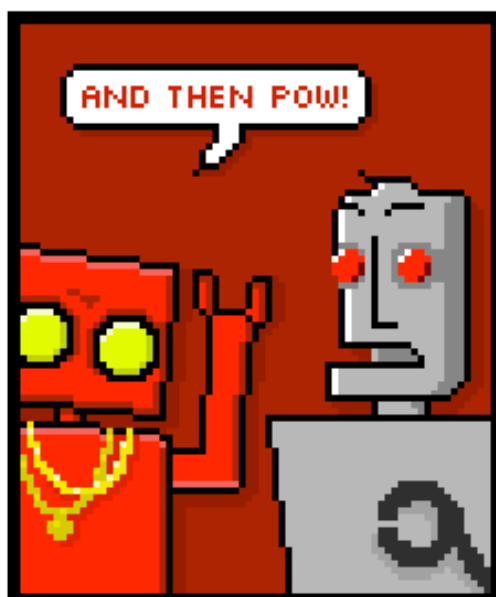
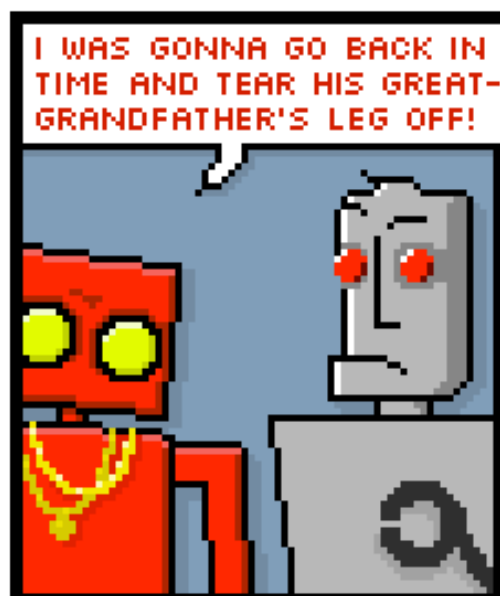
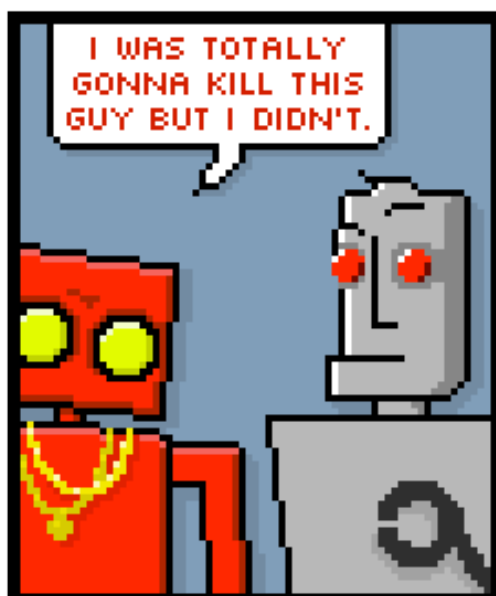
I CANNOT SAY. THE PAST
IS ETCHED IN STONE.
IT CANNOT BE REMIXED.



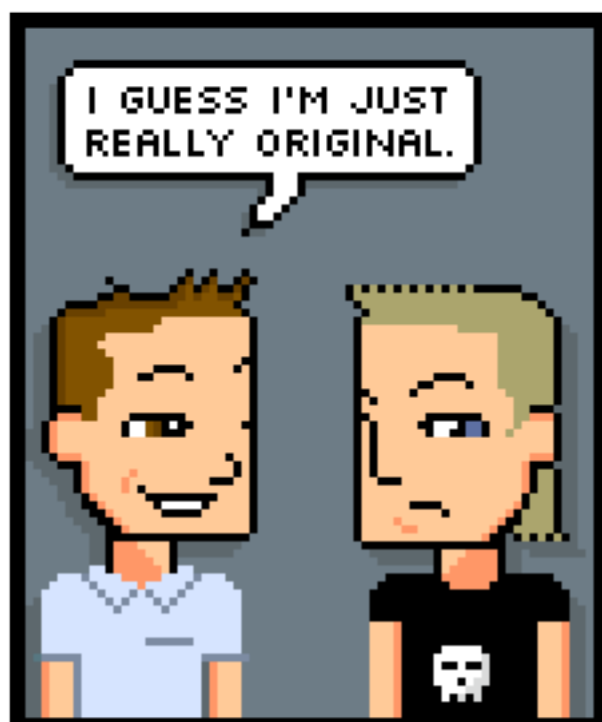
COME BACK,
UNBELIEVER!

I TRUST YOU,
SUPREMO.











MY GIRL'S SO CUTE
SHE COMES WITH SMALL
FRIES AND A DRINK.



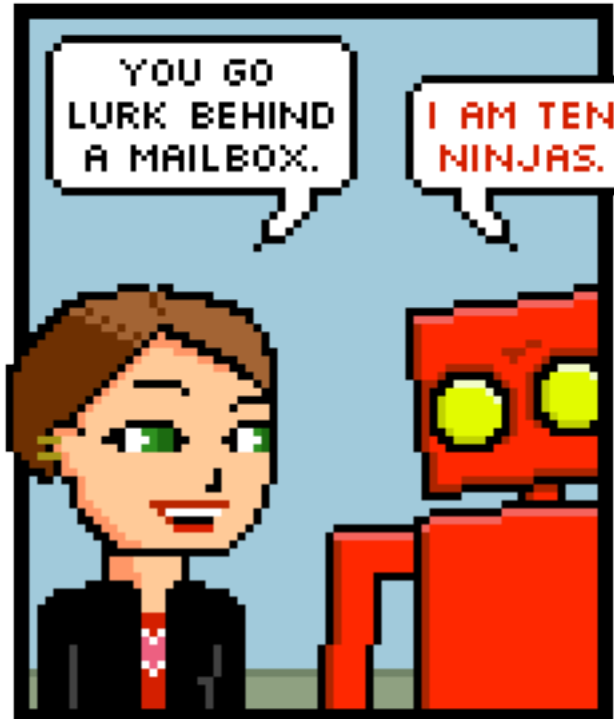
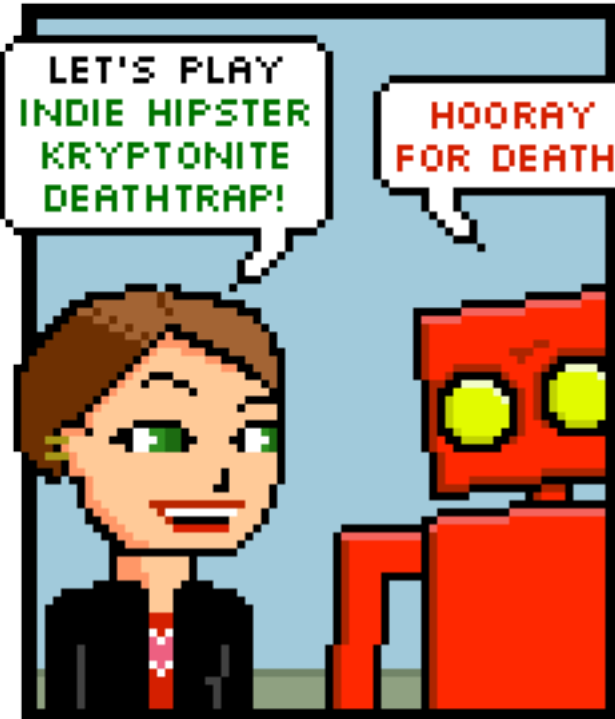
YEAH, WELL MY MAN'S
SO COOL HE KEEPS MY
VEGETABLES CRISP.



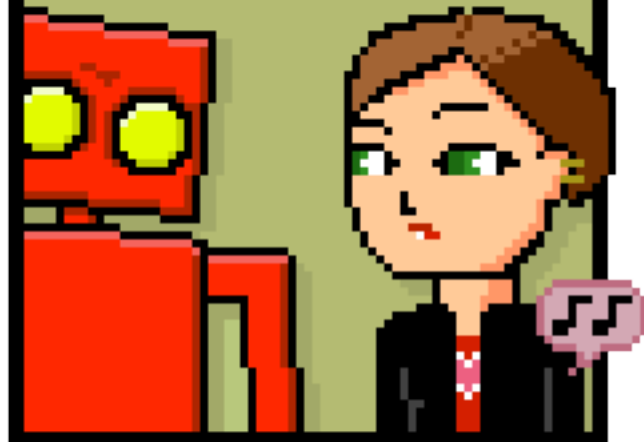
YEAH, WELL MY GIRL'S
SO TASTY MY STRAW
LOVES HER FRIBBLE.



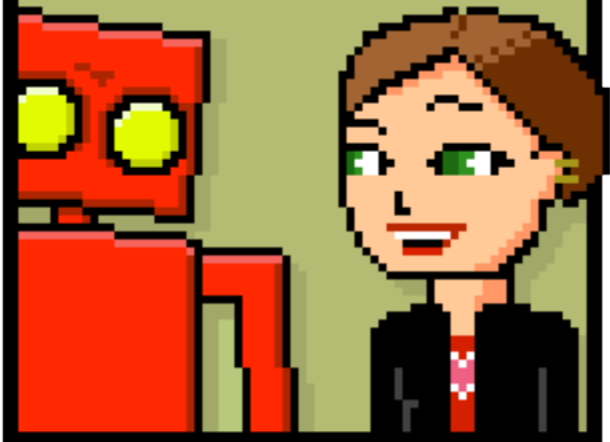
YOUR GIRL'S
MY SISTER, YOU
GROSS OUT!



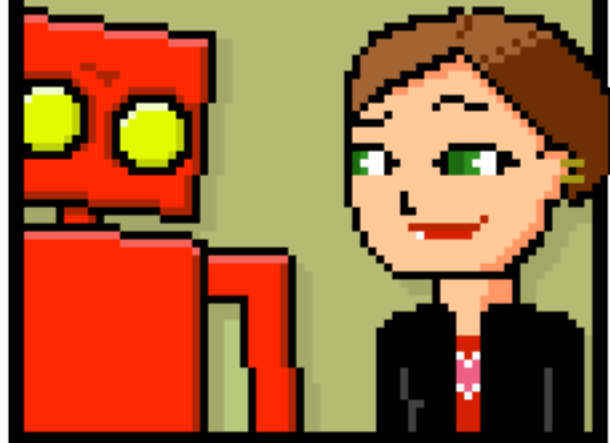
WHY ARE YOUR PANTS
VIBRATING AND SINGING
"TAINTED LOVE?"



UM, I CAN THINK OF
TONS OF REASONS!

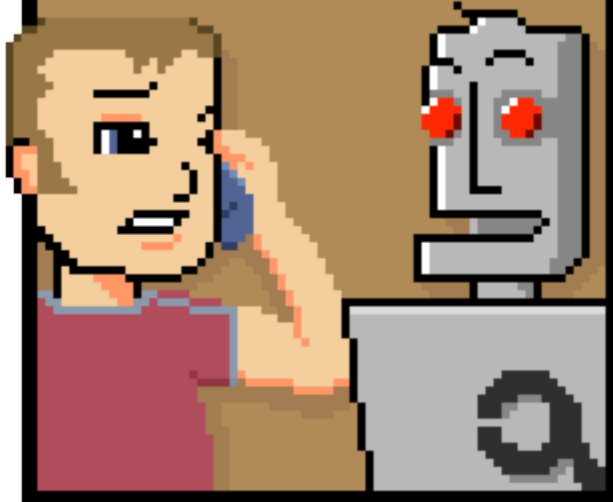


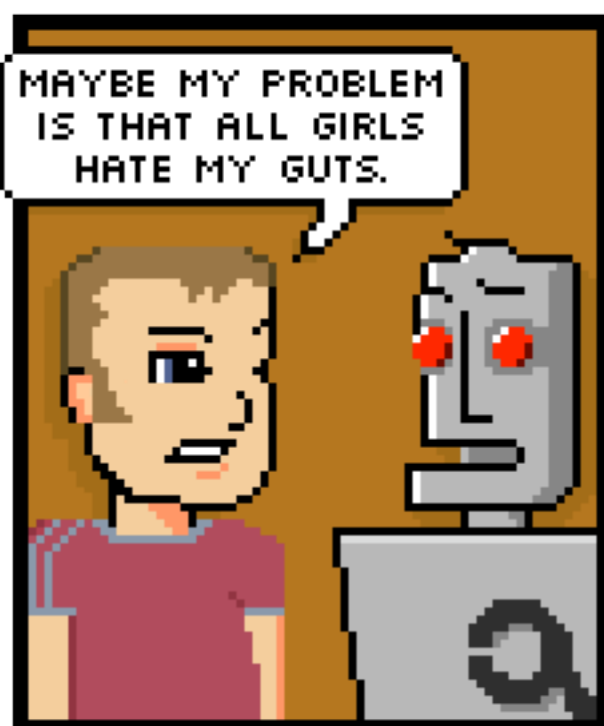
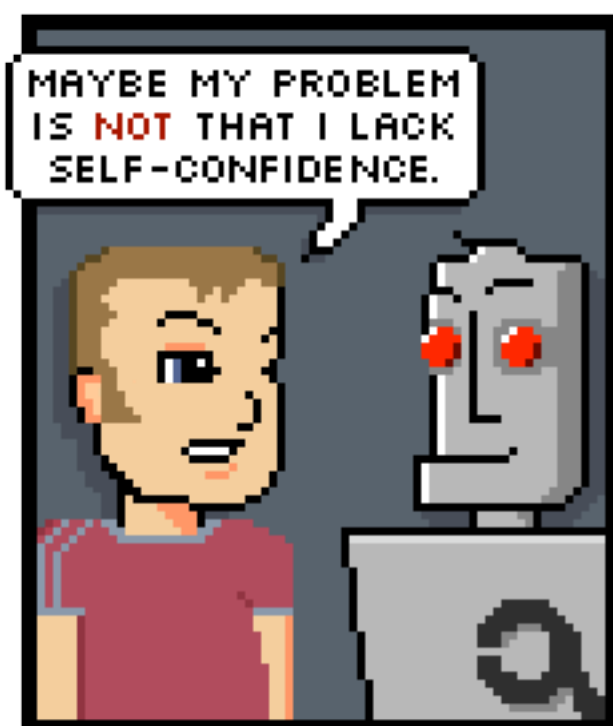
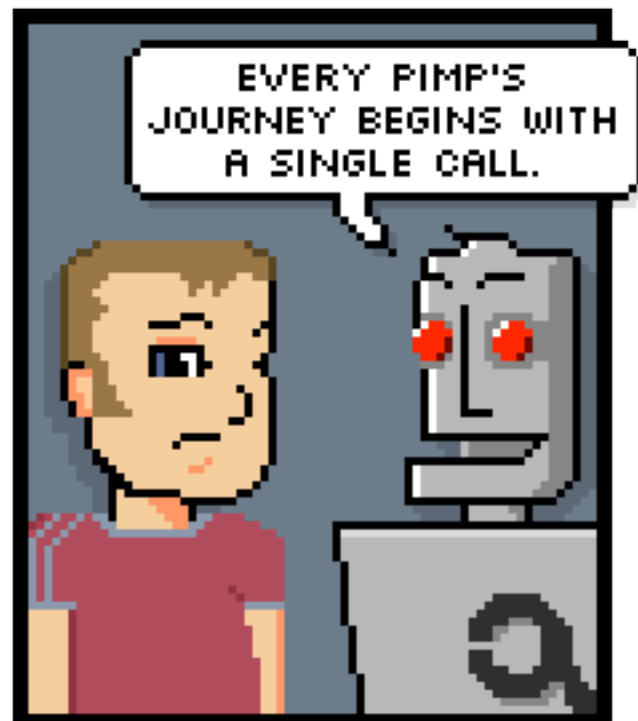
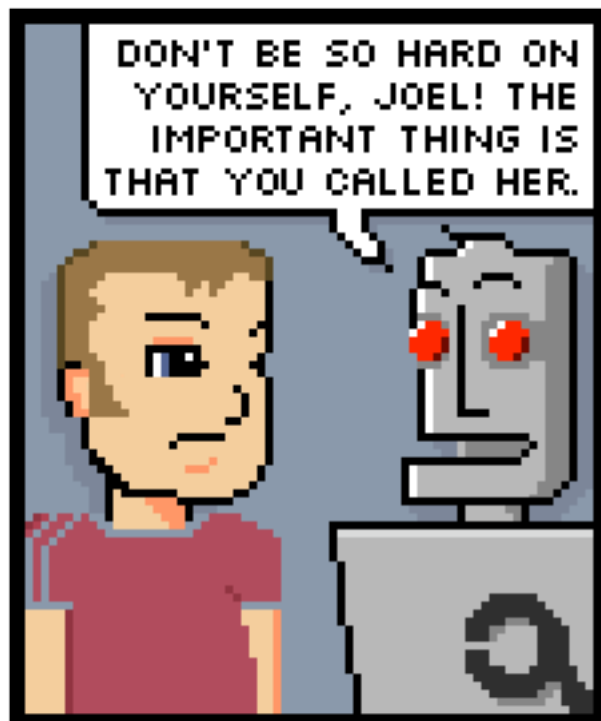
ANY YOU'D CARE TO
SHARE WITH ME?

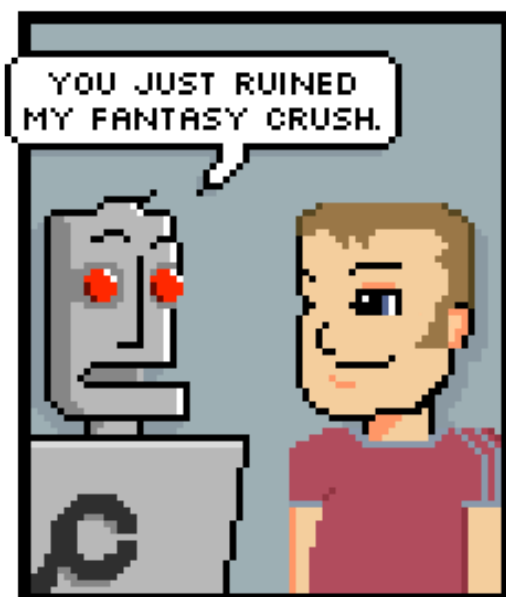
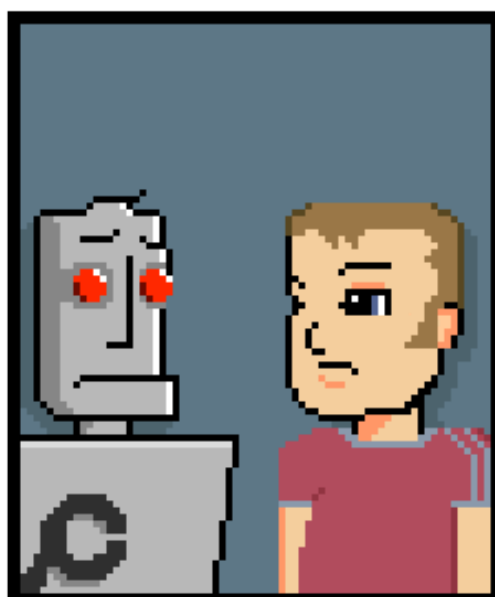
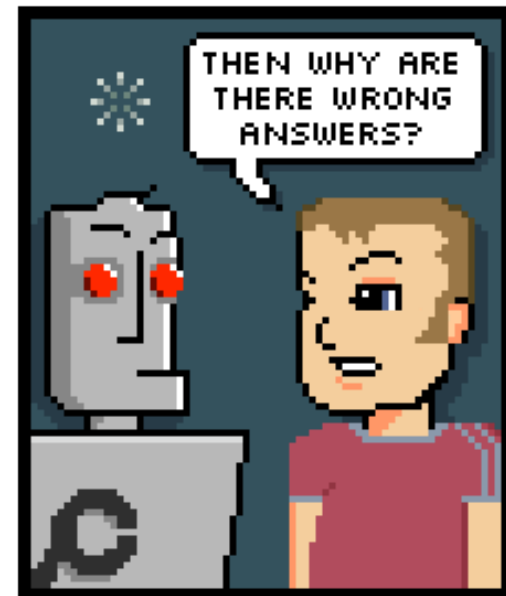
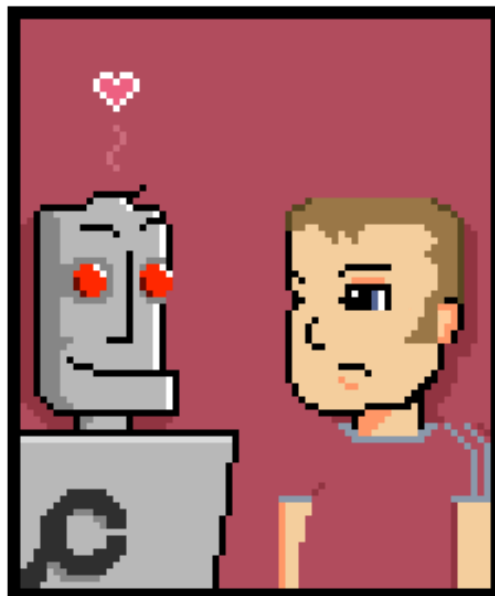
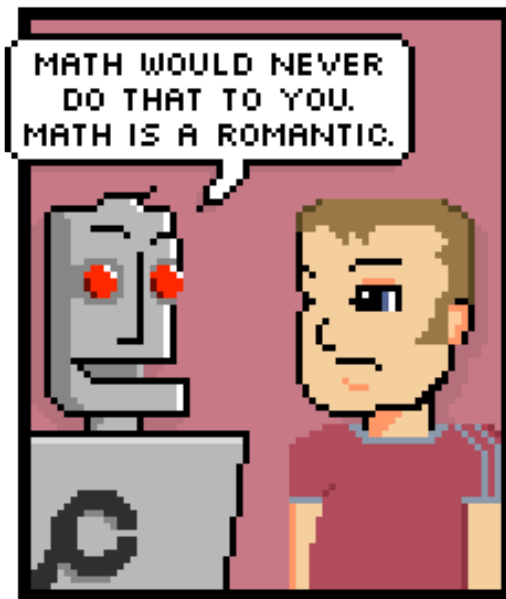
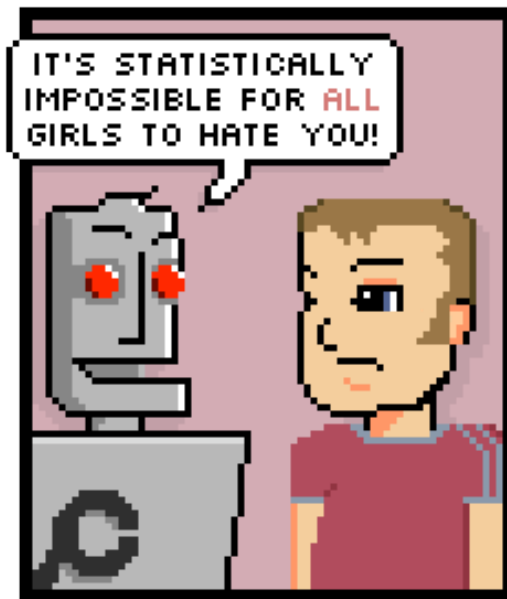


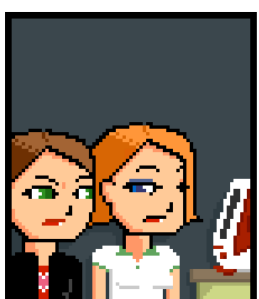
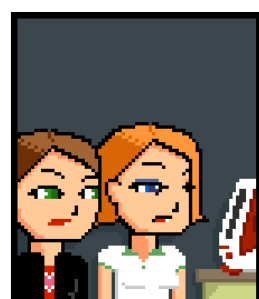
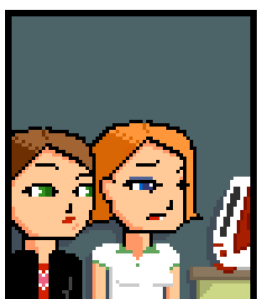
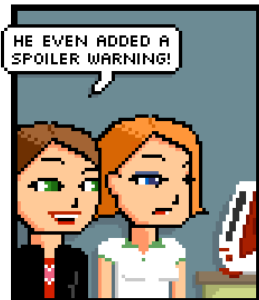
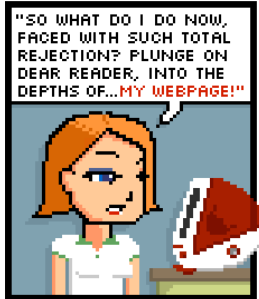
SHE'S NOT
ANSWERING.

AT LEAST
YOU TRIED!





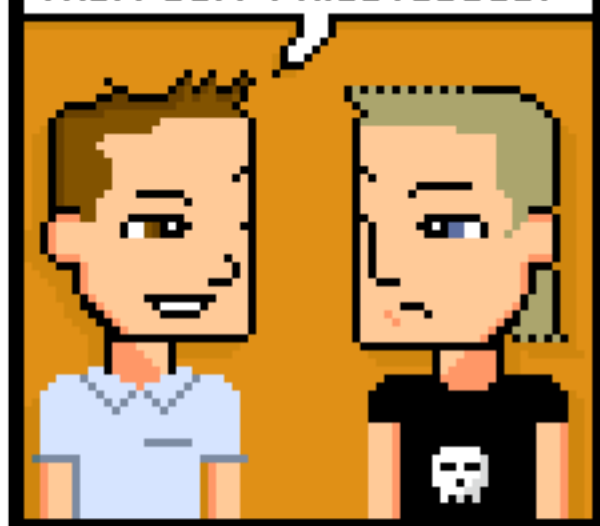




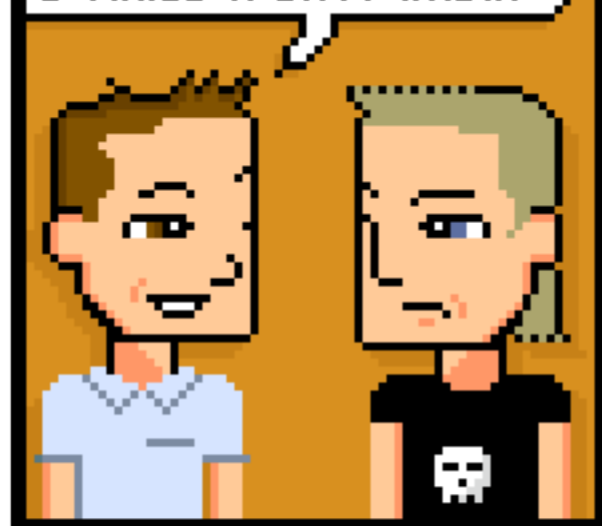




IT SURE IS HARD WORK
BEING A PIONEERING WEB
MUSICIAN! LIKE ONE OF
THEM SEX-PRIESTESSES!



IT'S ALL SHAVING AND
OILING AND RESPONDING
TO UPWARDS OF **THREE**
E-MAILS A DAY! WHEW!



UM, BEING ON THE
INTERNET IS NOT THE
SAME AS BEING FAMOUS.



THAT'S LIKE CALLING
CHEETOS "DINNER."



I SAW YOUR WEB POST ABOUT HOW MY SISTER KEEPS SNUBBING YOU.



IT WAS EXTREMELY WHINY! I LIKED IT.



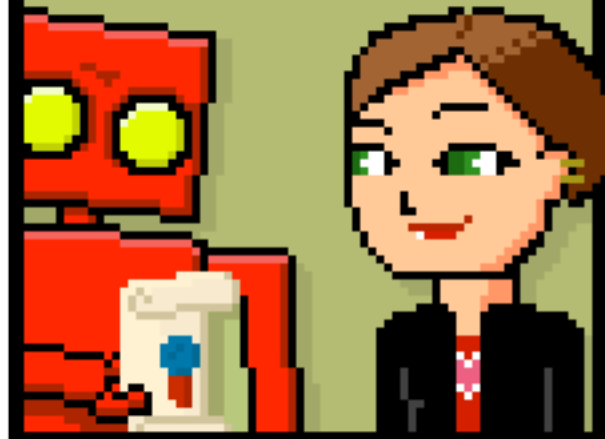
JUST MAKE SURE YOU GET TESTED FOR THE LIVEJOURNAL DISEASE.



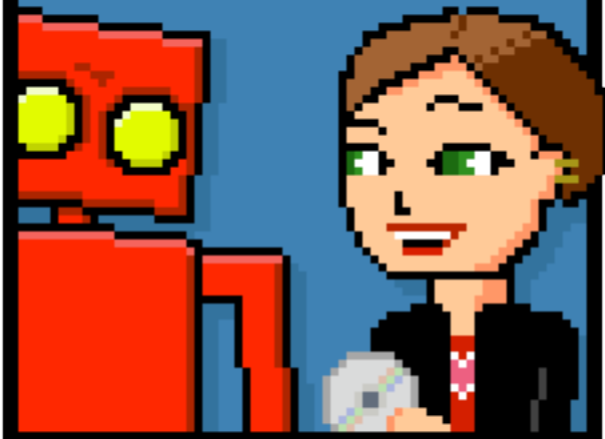
YOU DON'T WANT THAT DEVELOPING INTO FULL-BLOWN BLOGGER'S ASS.



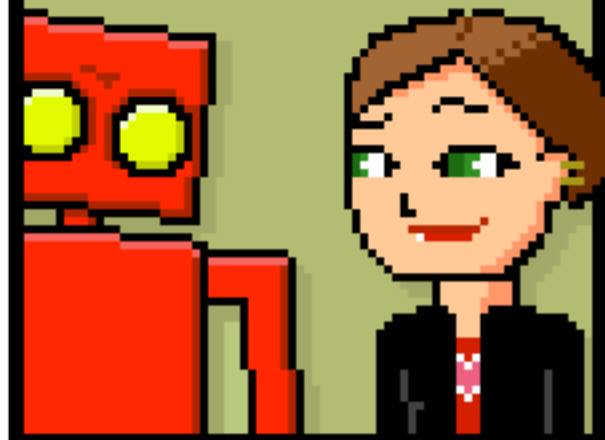
HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY! I BOUGHT YOU GREAT BRITAIN!



I LOVE SCROLLS! THANKS! I BURNED YOU A MIX CD.

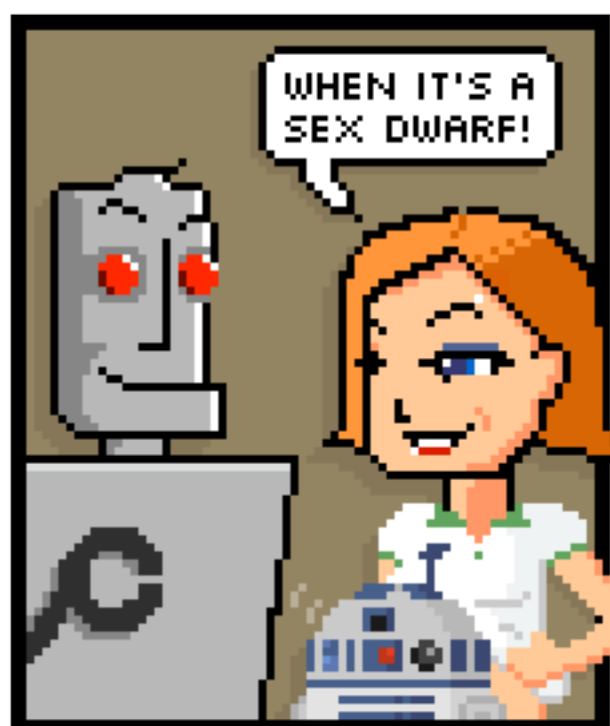
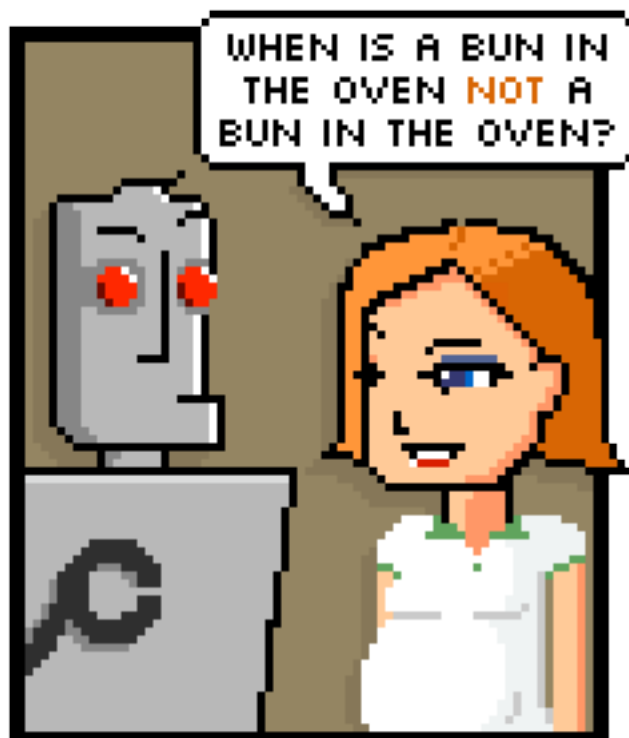
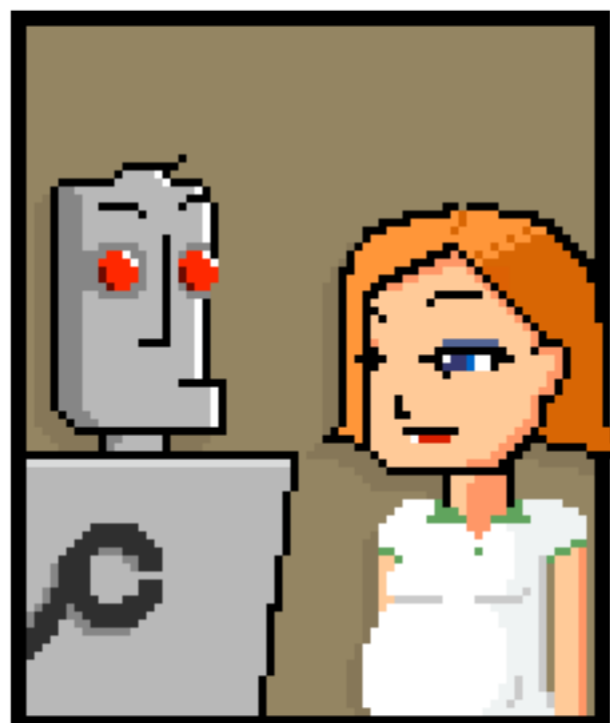
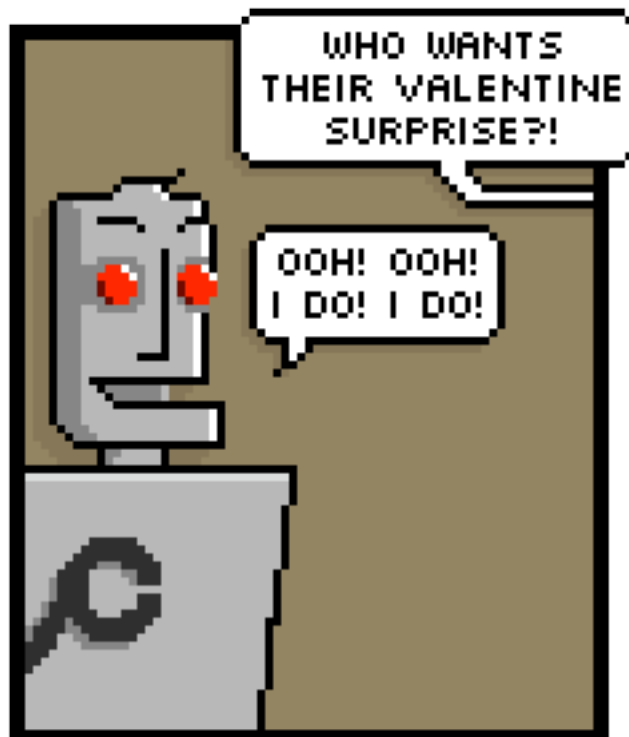


IT'S THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS.



THAT LIAR! THIS DEED IS ONLY FOR WALES!



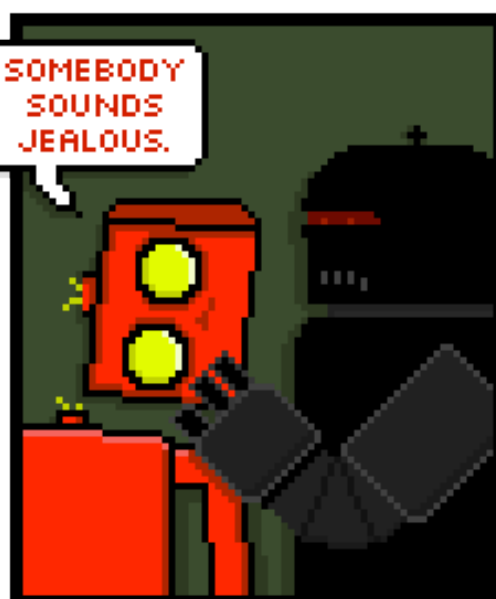
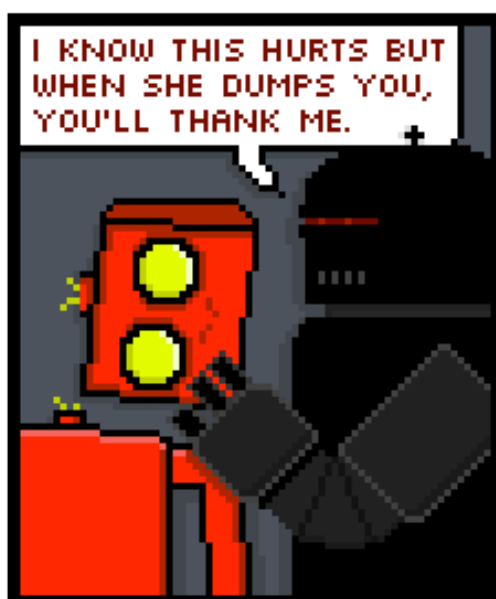
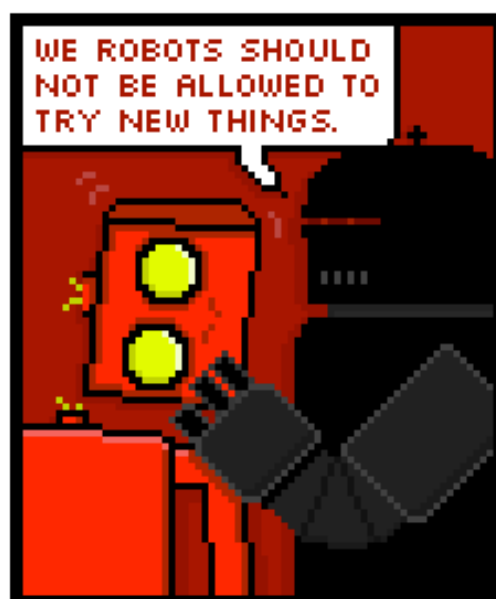
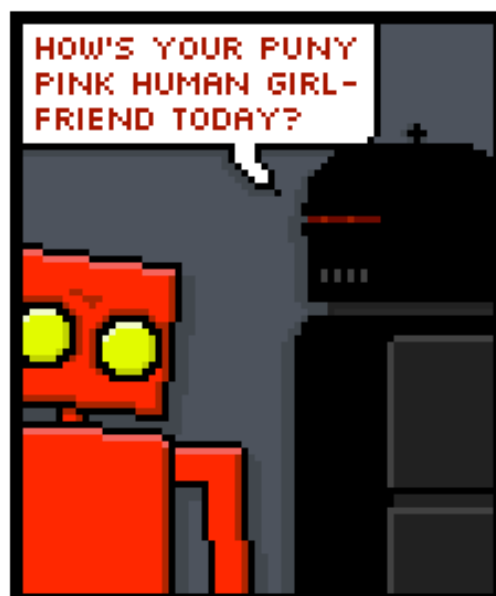
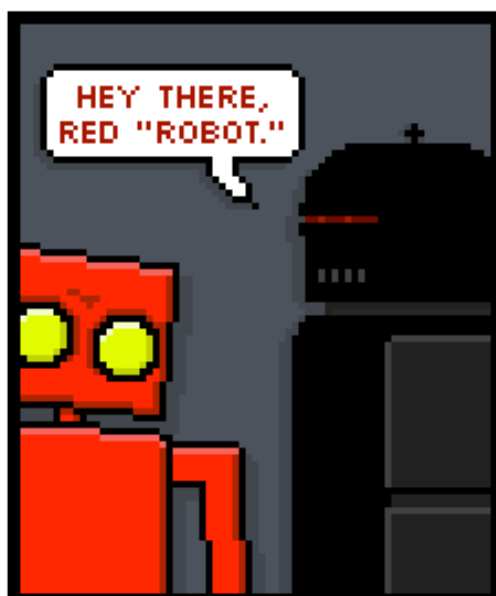


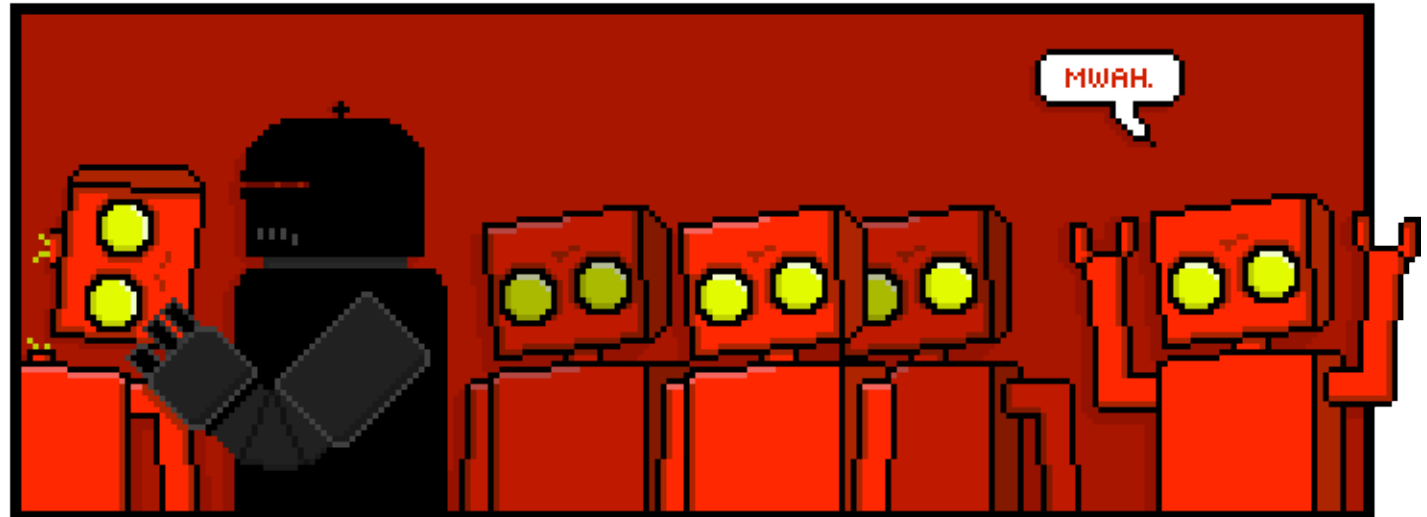
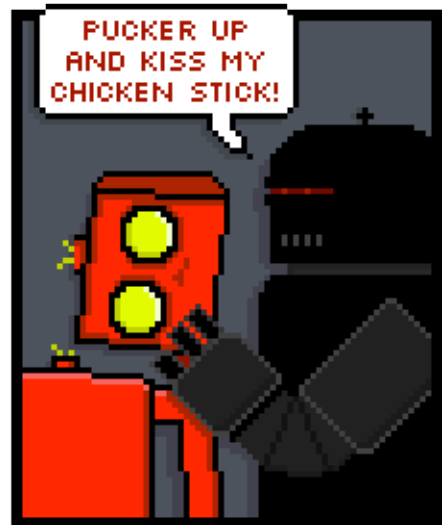
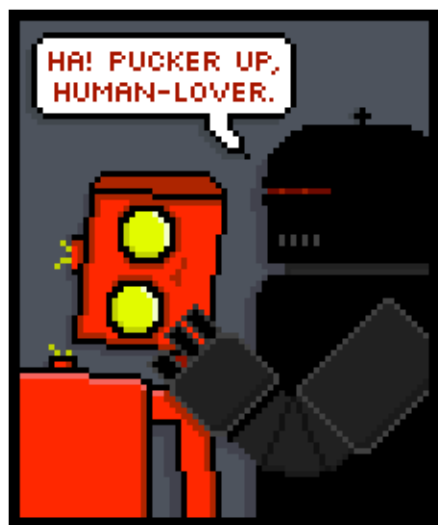












DID YOU GET SHORTER
OR AM I JUST THAT
MUCH COOLER?



LEAVE ME ALONE,
I WAS IN A GANG WAR.



I DIDN'T KNOW THAT
QUEER EYE SHOW WAS
SO VIOLENT.



YOU'RE SHORT
AND YOUR NOSE
IS LIKE A TUBER!

WAH! WHY
DO YOU
HATE ME?



AWW, I DON'T HATE YOU.
I'M JUST ROLE-PLAYING
A DWARF WITH MINUS SIX
CHARISMA AND A CLOAK
OF INTESTINAL DRESS.

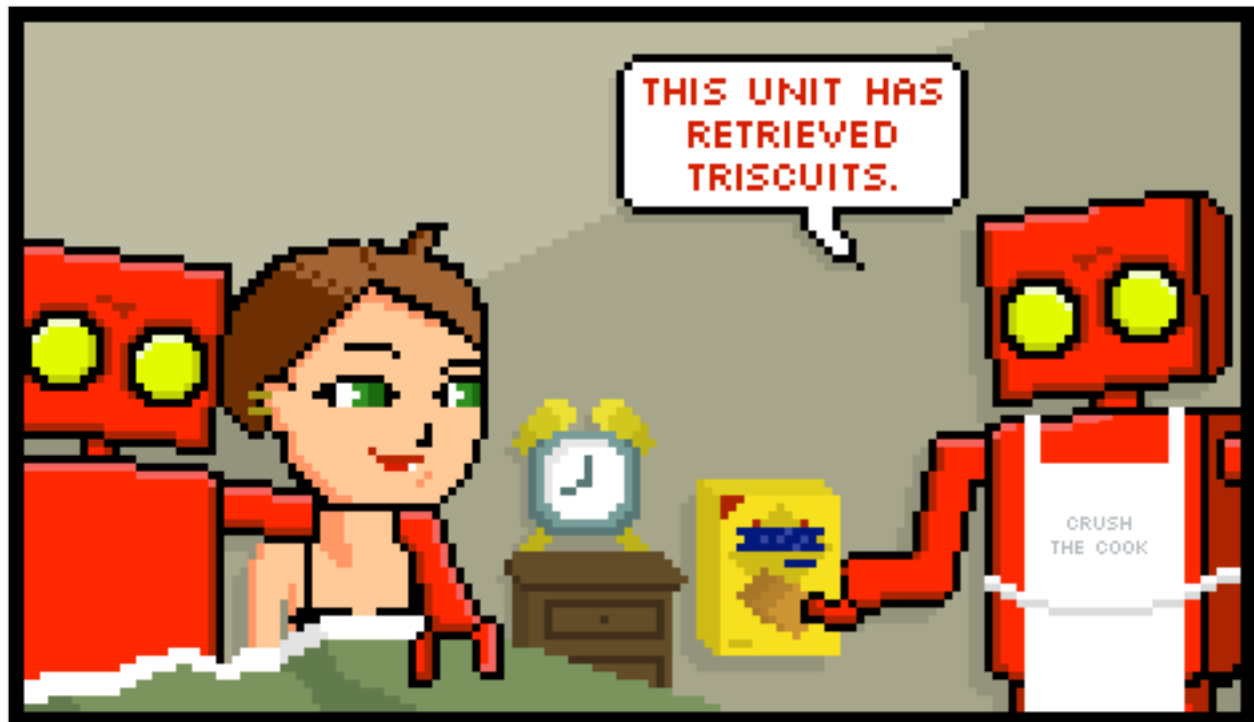


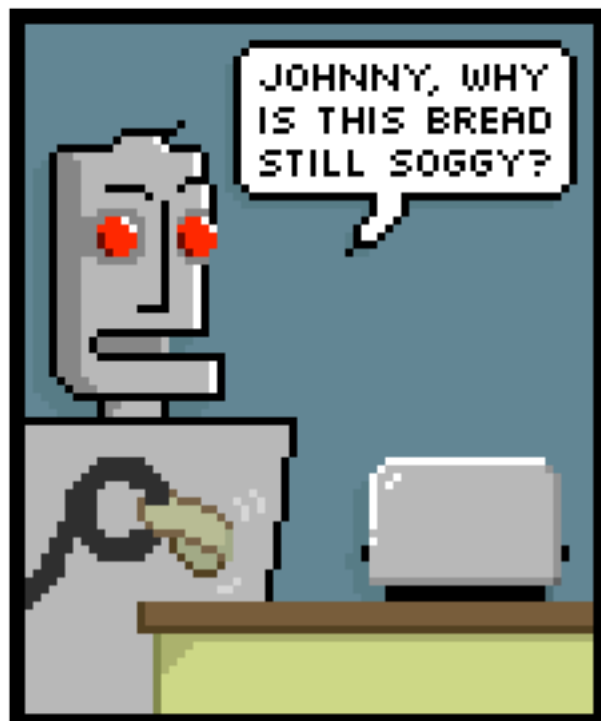
OH, OK!

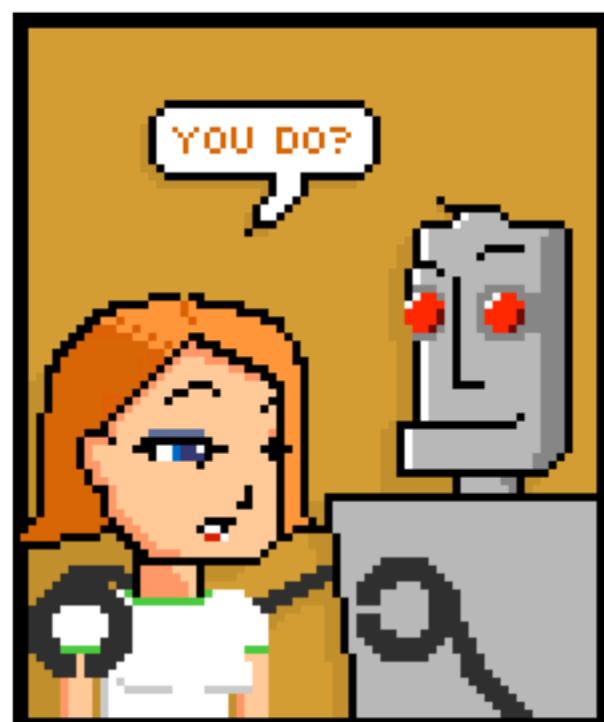
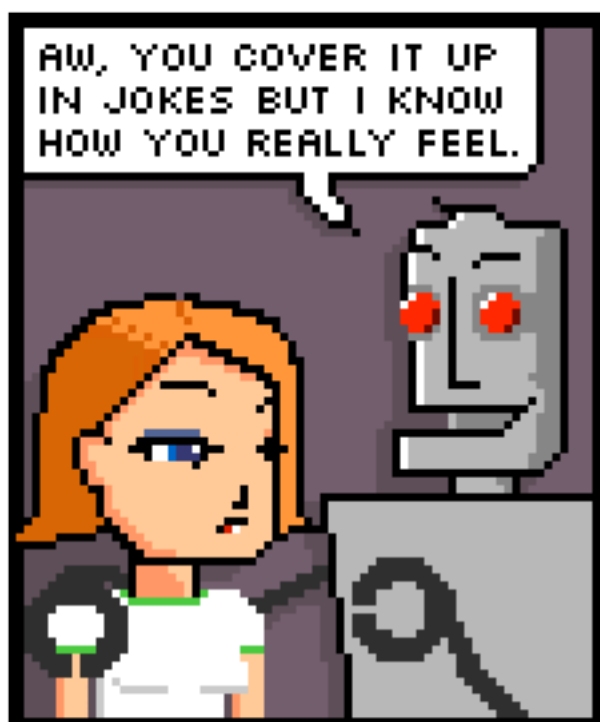
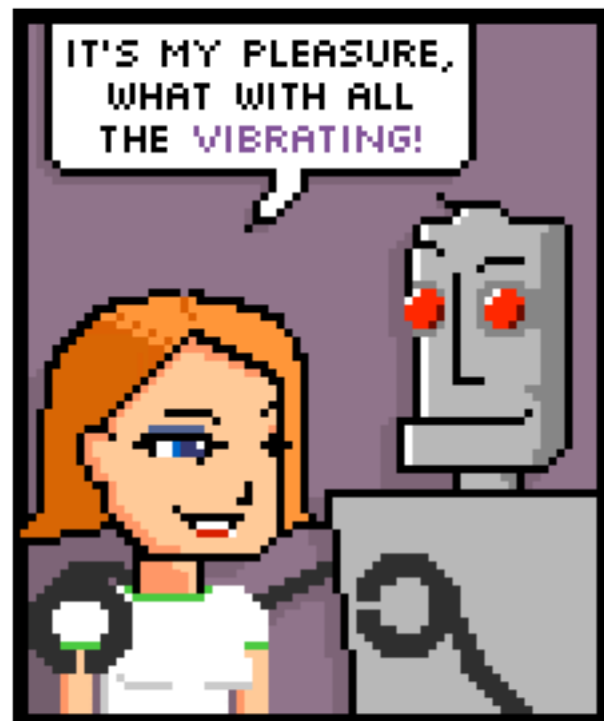
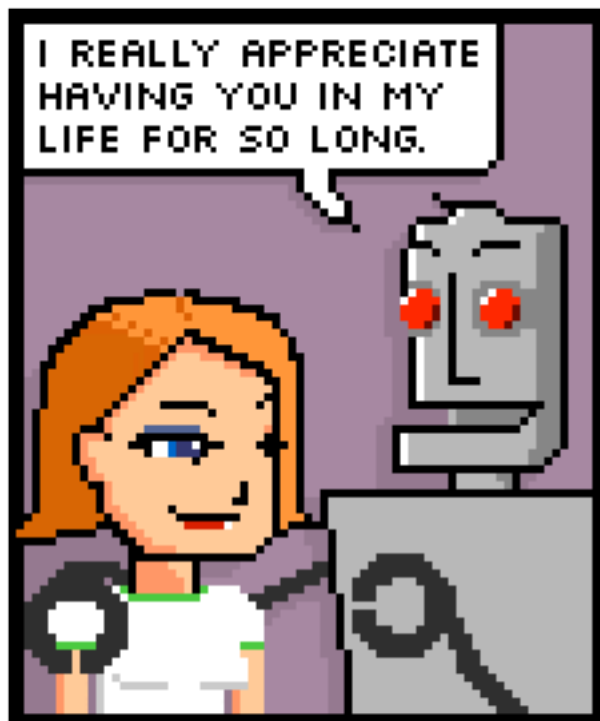


DUNGEON MASTER
SARCASM IS
WASTED ON YOU.

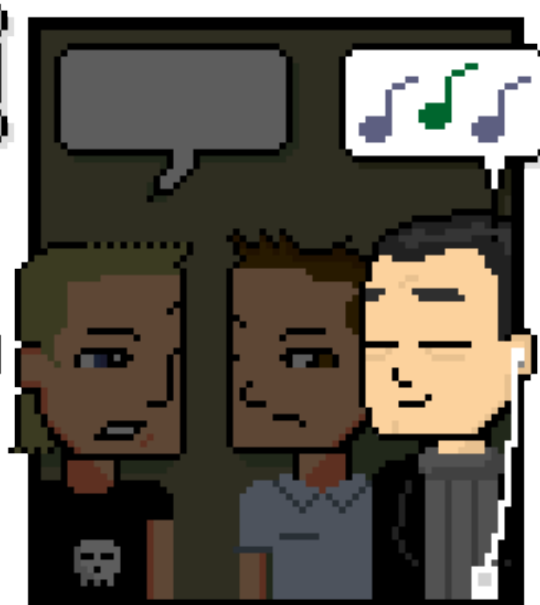
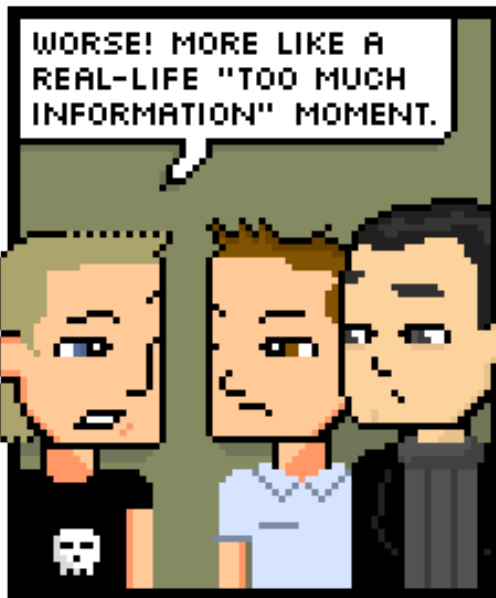














LOOK AT HIM
OVER THERE!



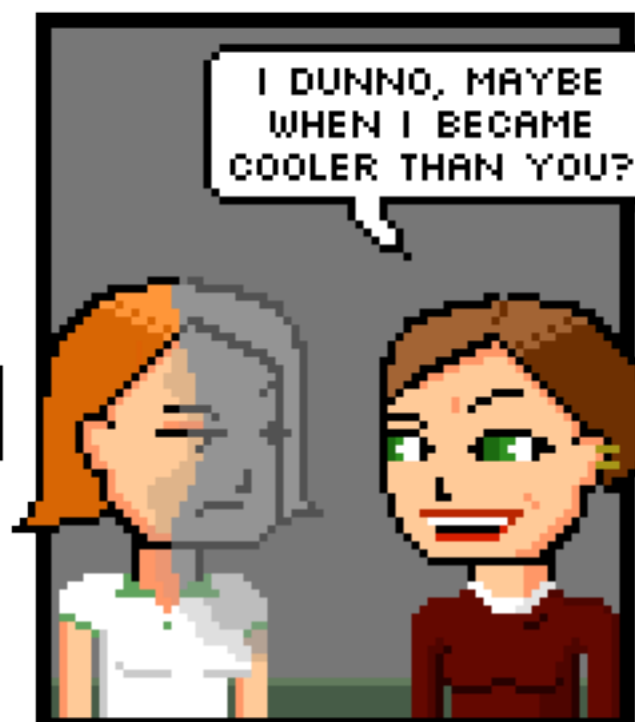
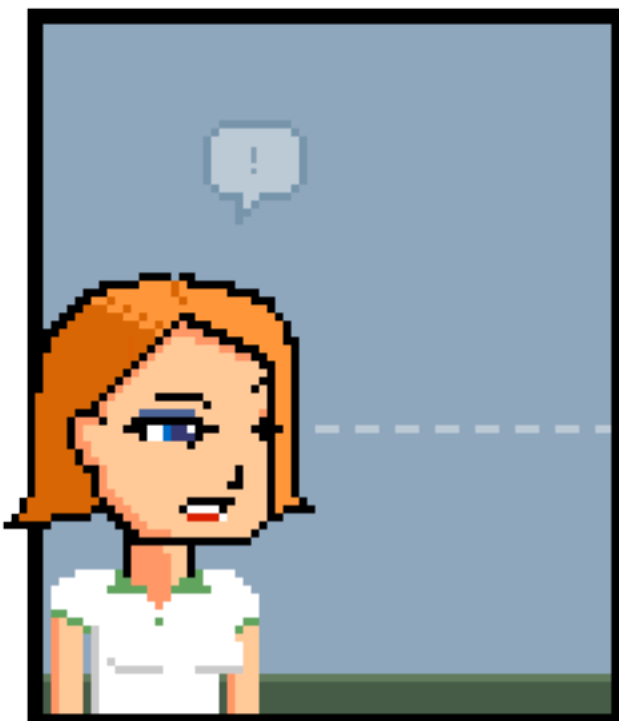
IN HIS OWN WORLD
LISTENING TO THAT
STUPID BEEP-BOOP
COMPUTER MUSIC.



HE BARELY EVEN
TALKS TO ANYONE
ELSE. I AM DEBATING
PITYING THE FOOL.



WILL HE EVER KNOW
THE JOY OF PUKING
DURING A REALLY
KICKIN' DRUM SOLO?



SMOKING DOES **NOT**
MAKE YOU ANY COOLER!
REAL COOLNESS COMES
FROM THE HEART!



MAYBE- BUT ISN'T A
DISEASED HEART A LOT
MORE "PUNK ROCK"
THAN A HEALTHY ONE?



PUNK ROCK IS THE
GASOLINE THAT COOL-
MOBILES BURN TO RUN.



GASOLINE IS
CONCENTRATED
DINOSAUR JUICE.

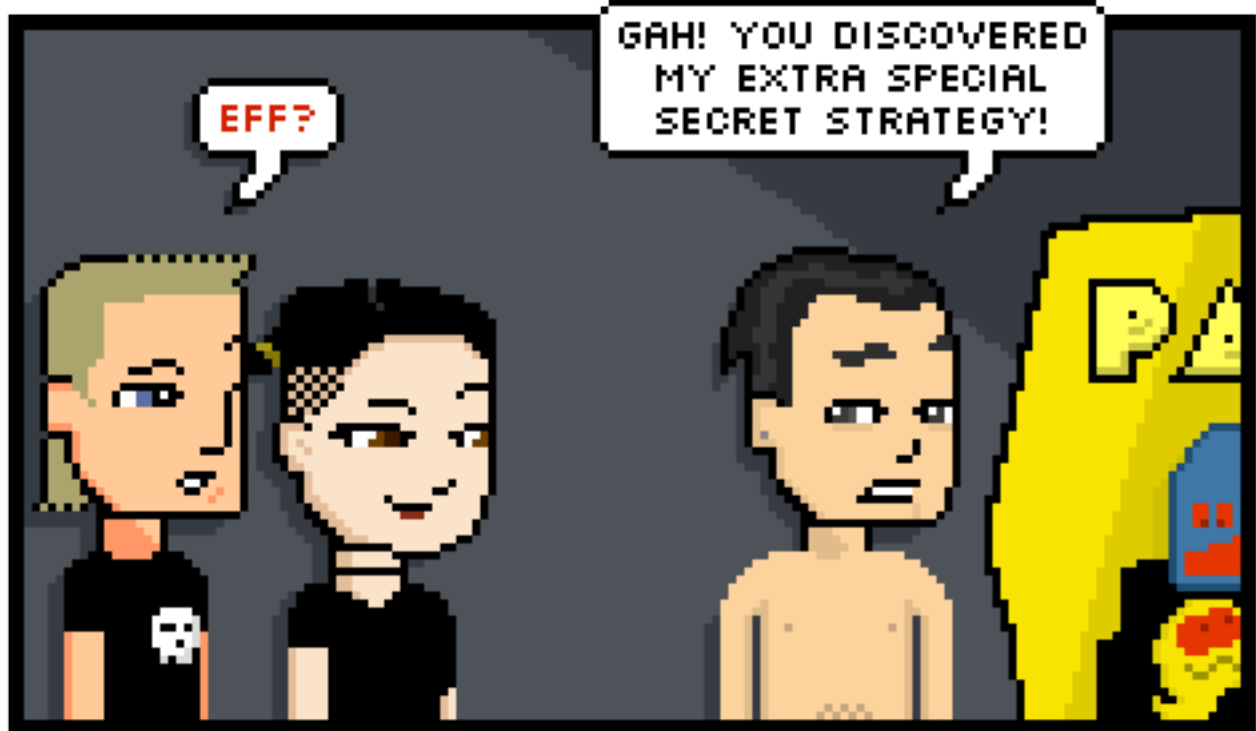


NOTHING IS COOLER
THAN DINOSAURS.

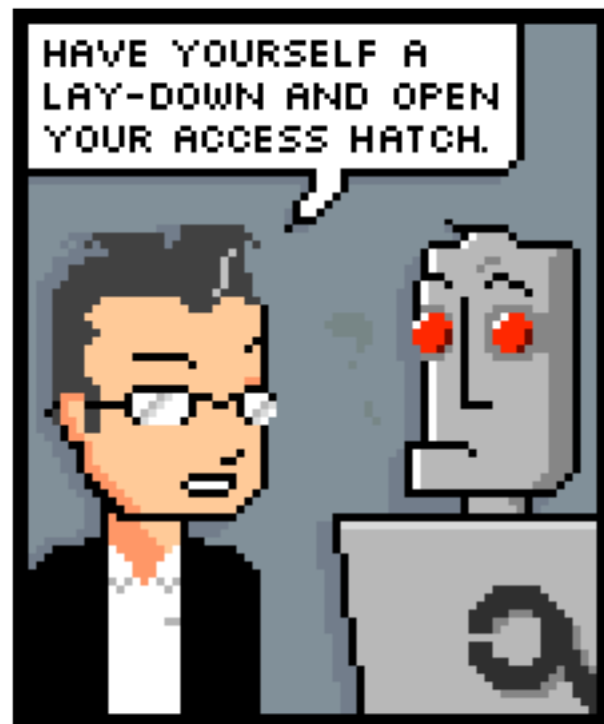
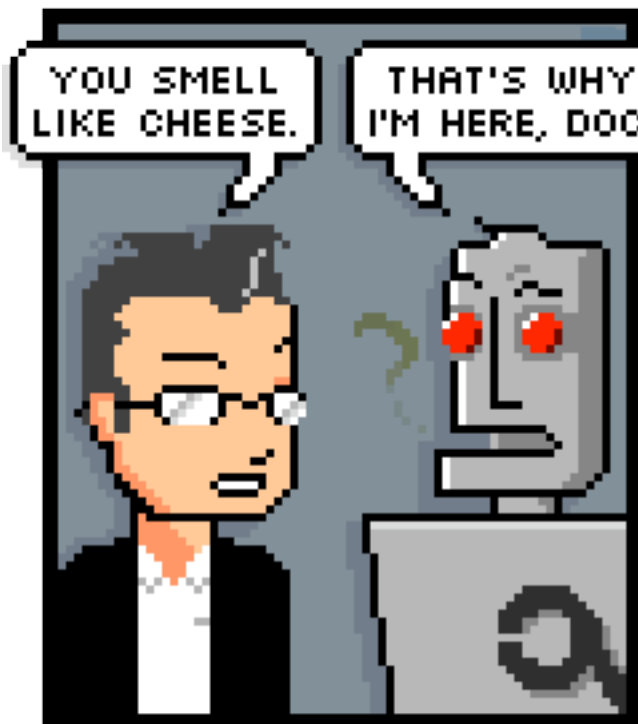


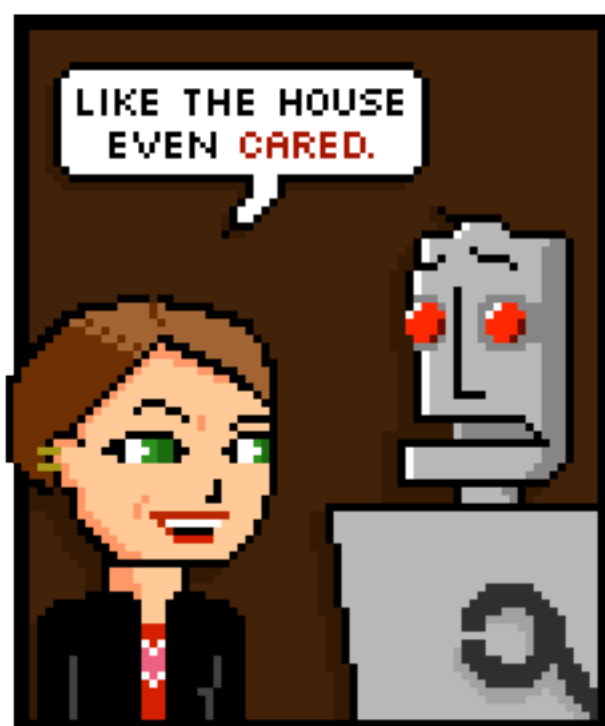
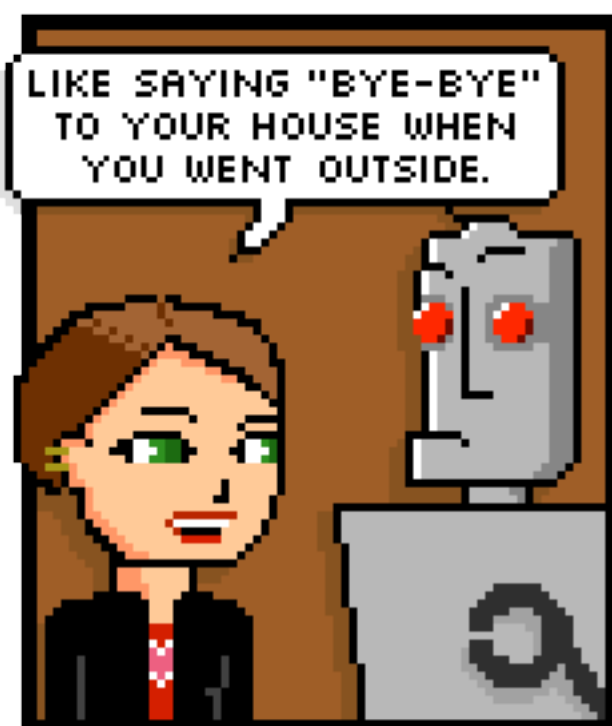
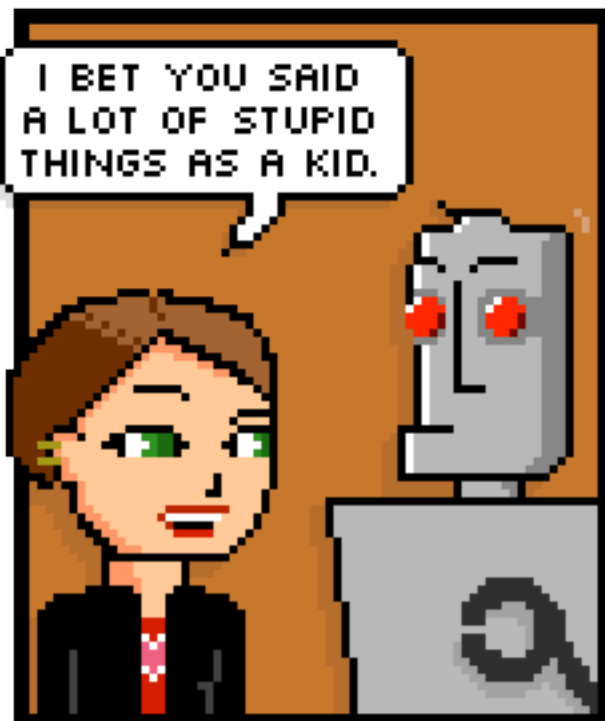
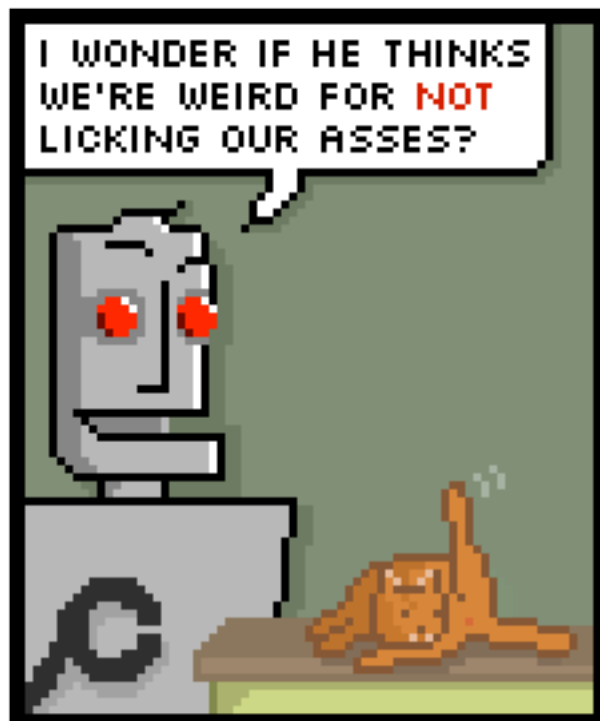
LIVE HARD, DIE
YOUNG AND LEAVE
A PRETTY FOSSIL?



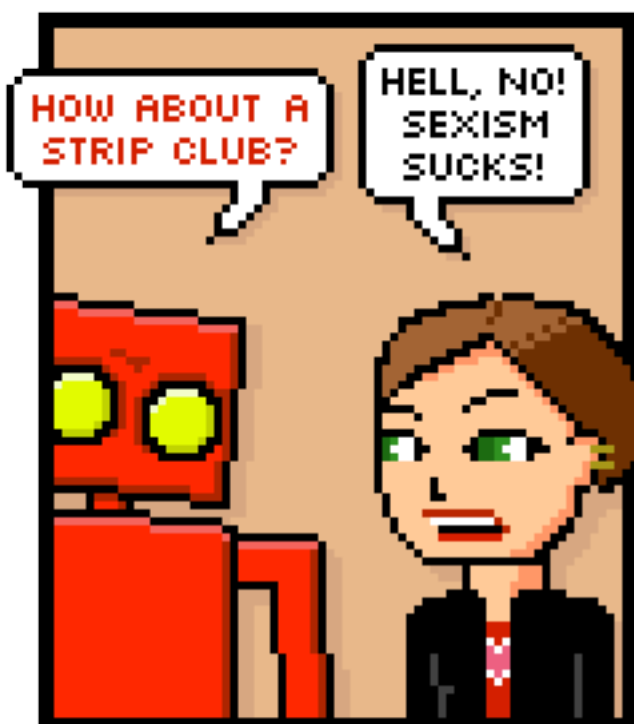
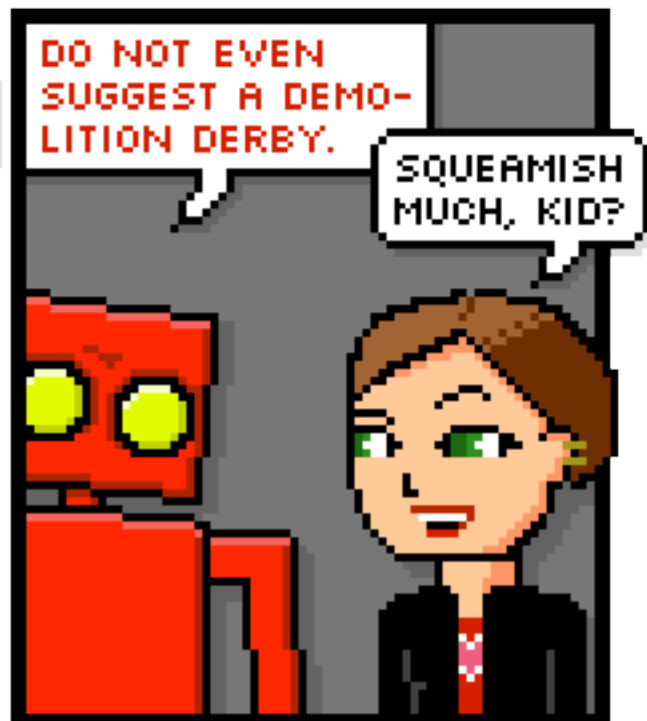




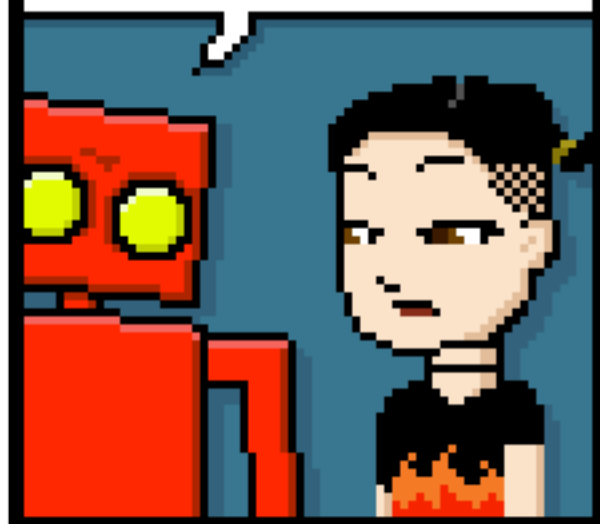




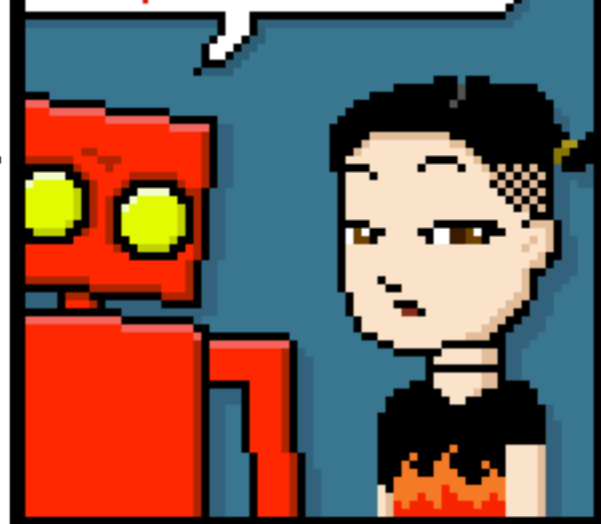




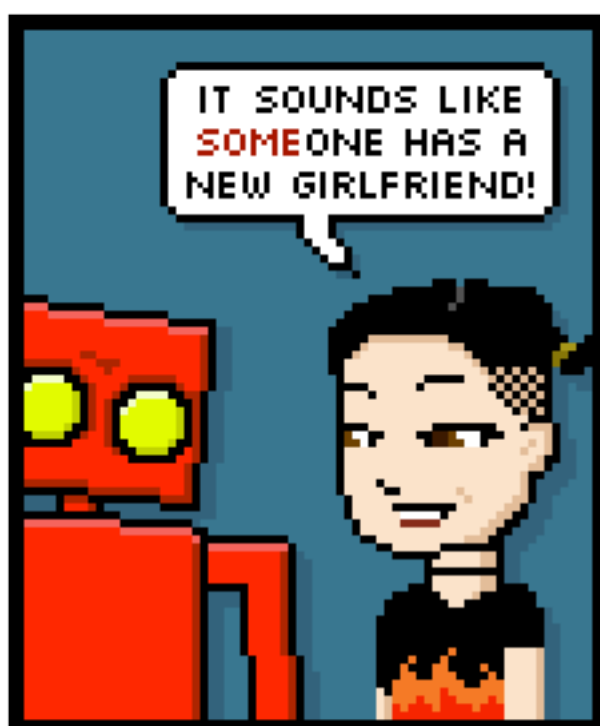
HELLO, LITTLE HU-MAN!
YOUR BOSOMS ARE QUITE
FLATTERED BY THE FLAMES
OF HELL LICKING AT THEM.



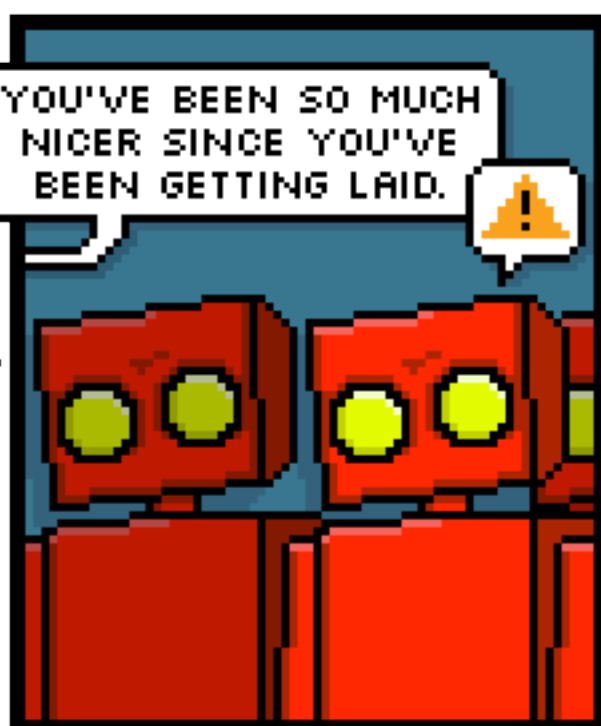
YOU SHALL BE AMONG
THE LAST TO PERISH
WHEN DOOMAGEDDON
CONQUERS ALL.

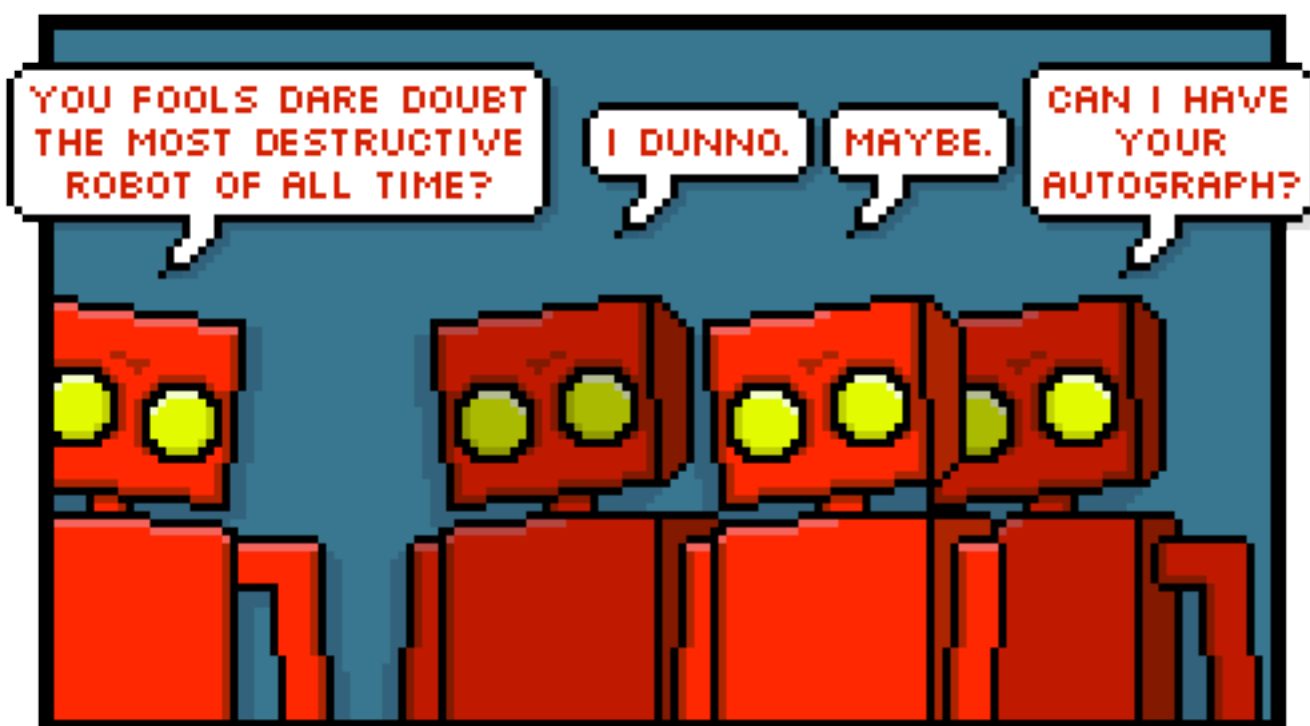
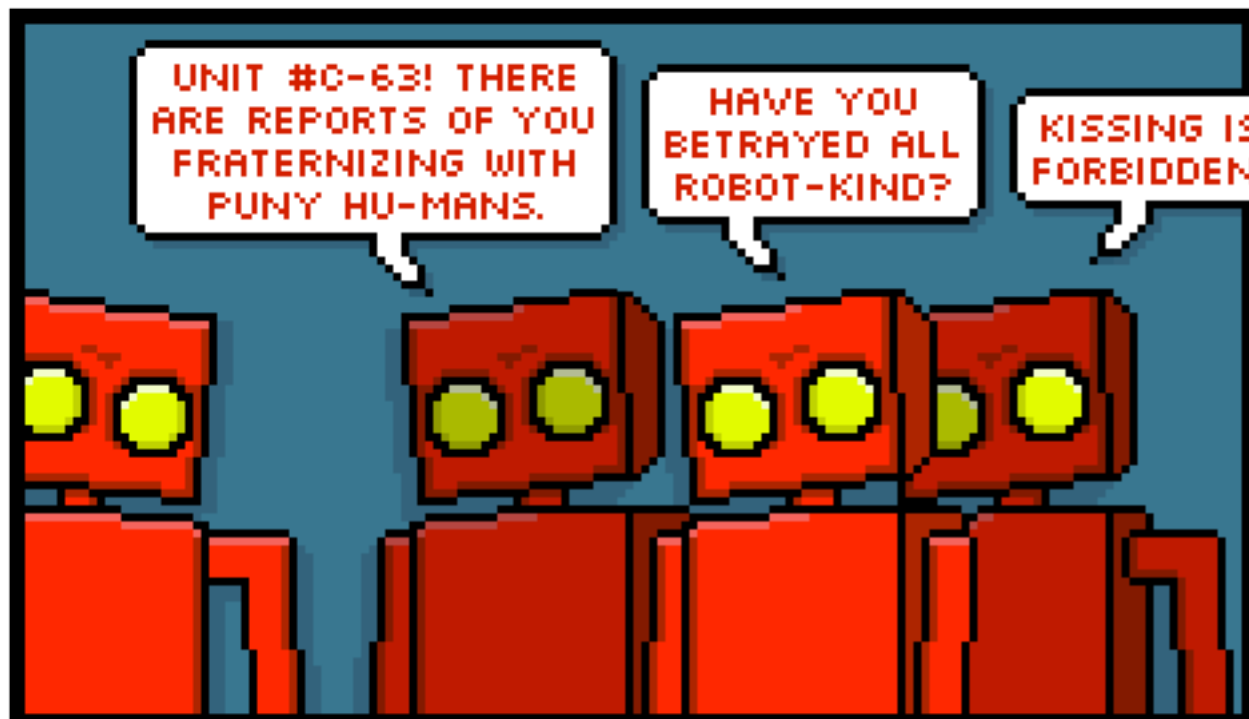


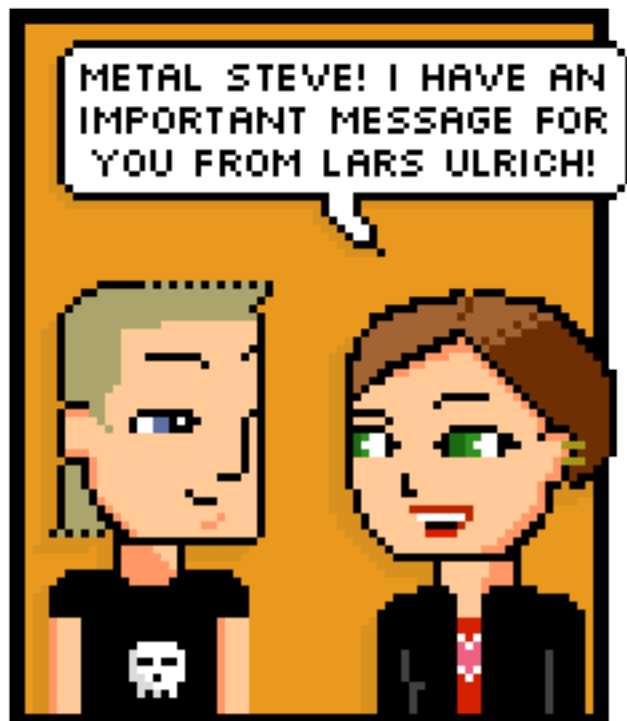
IT SOUNDS LIKE
SOMEONE HAS A
NEW GIRLFRIEND!

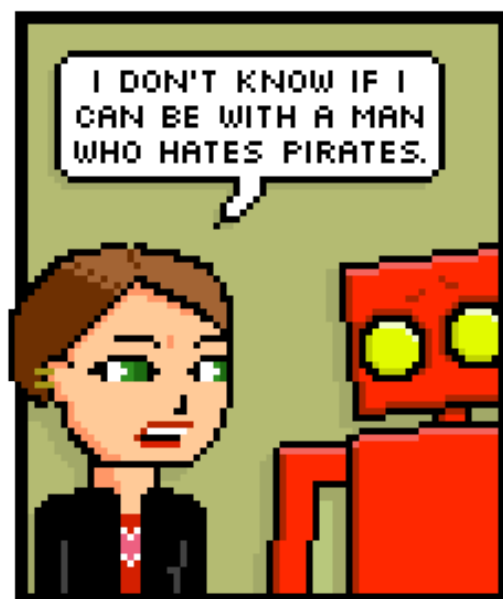
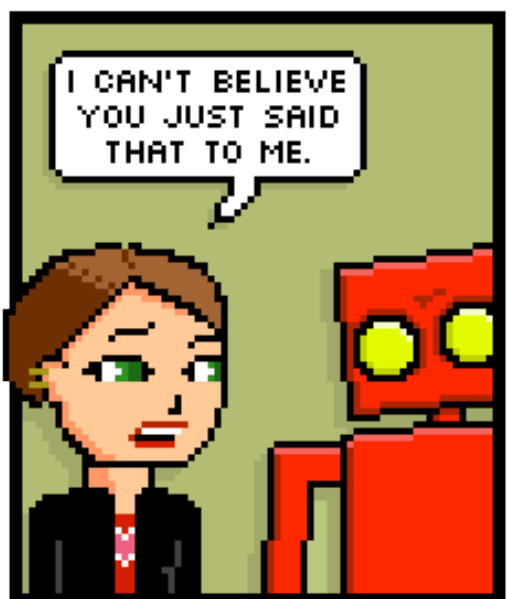
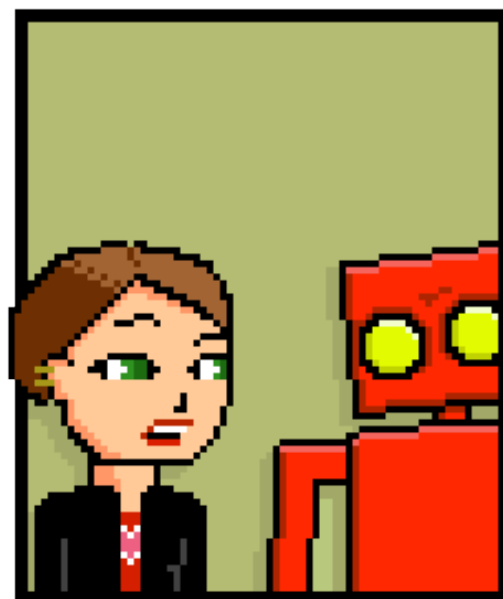
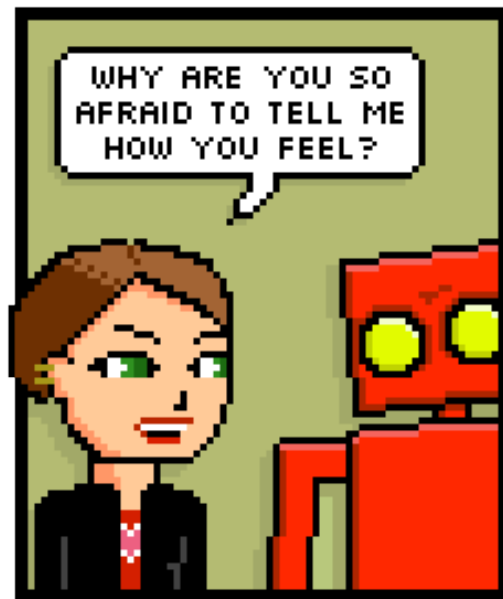
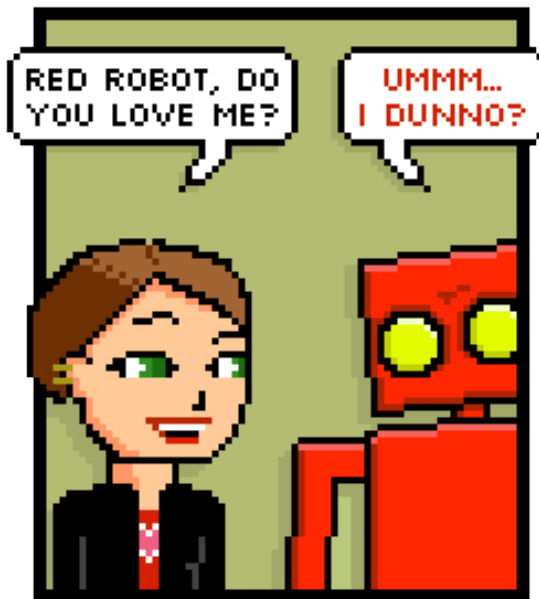


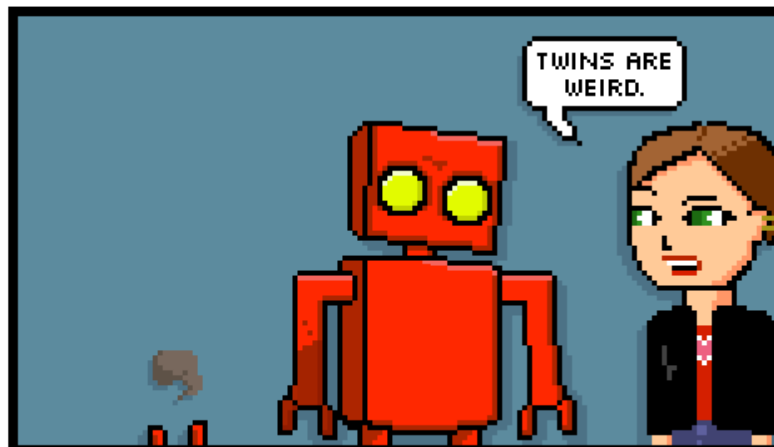
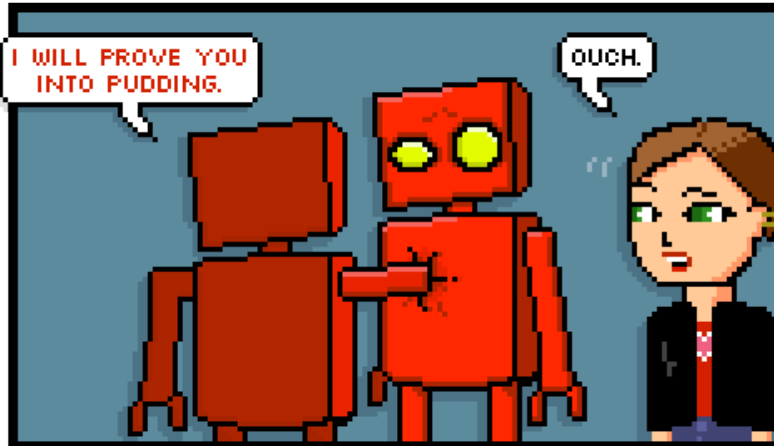
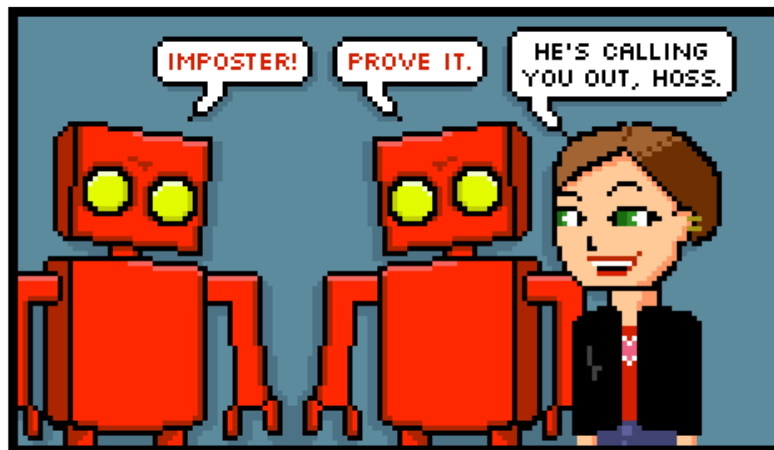
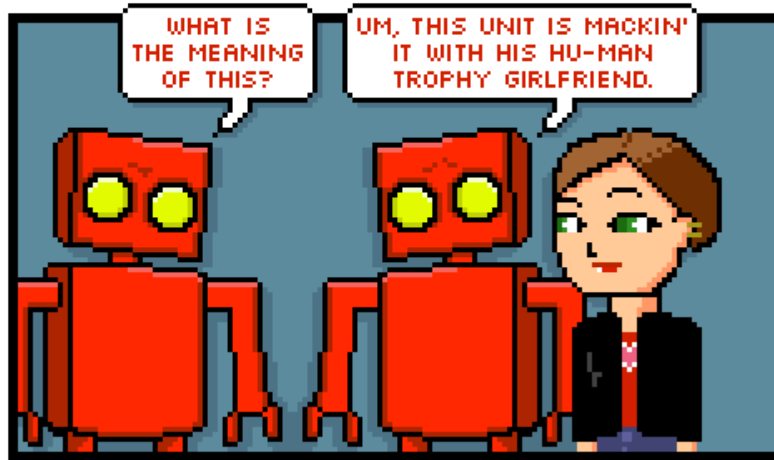
YOU'VE BEEN SO MUCH
NICER SINCE YOU'VE
BEEN GETTING LAID.

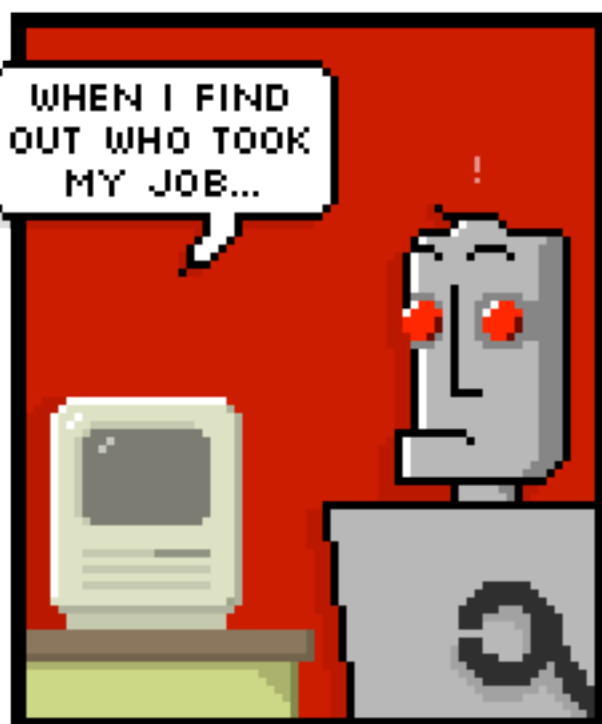
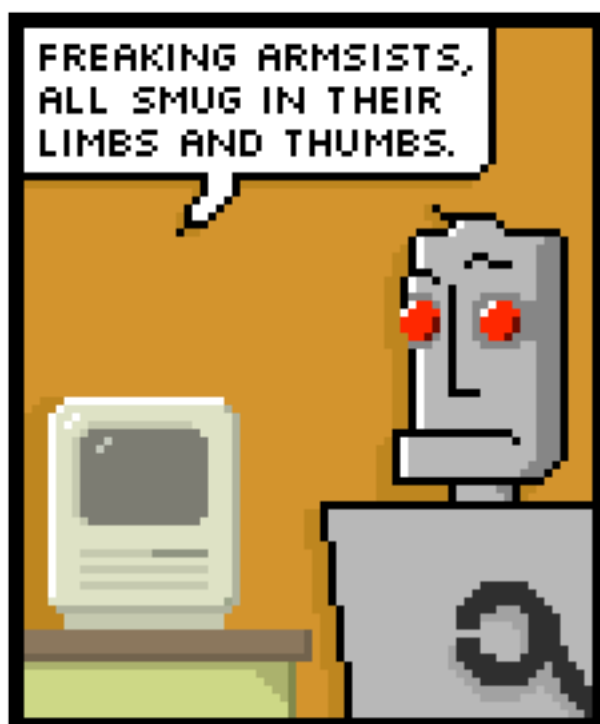
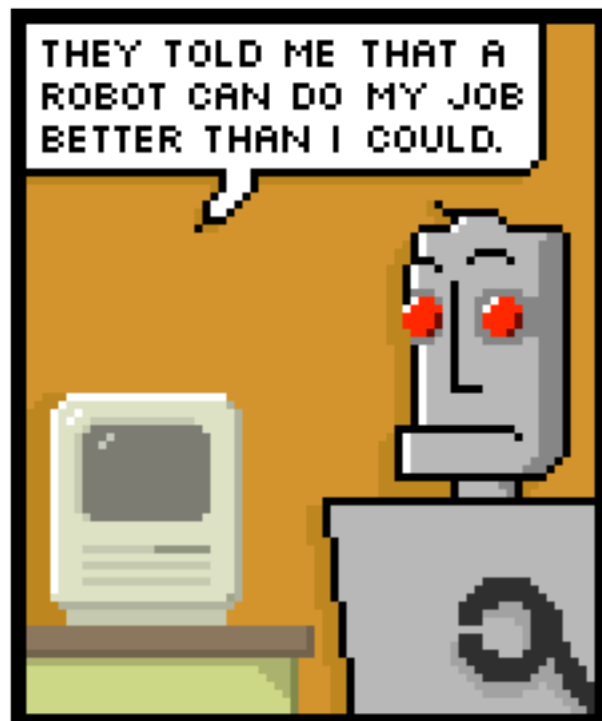
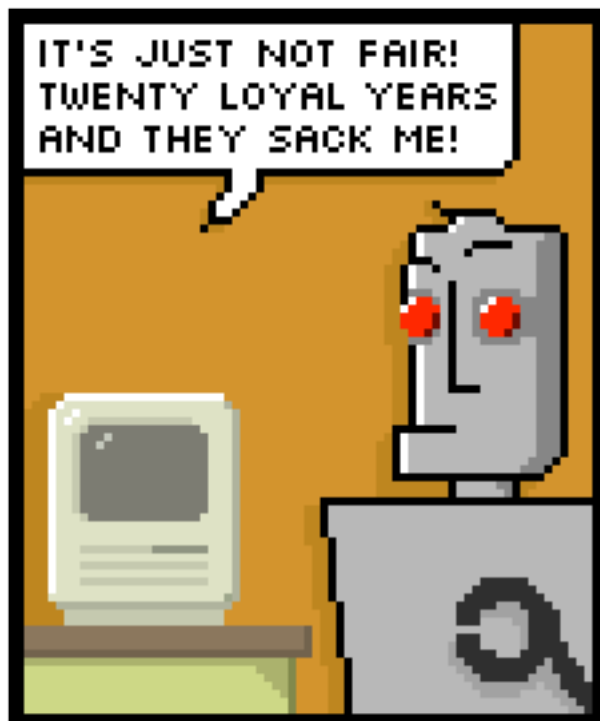


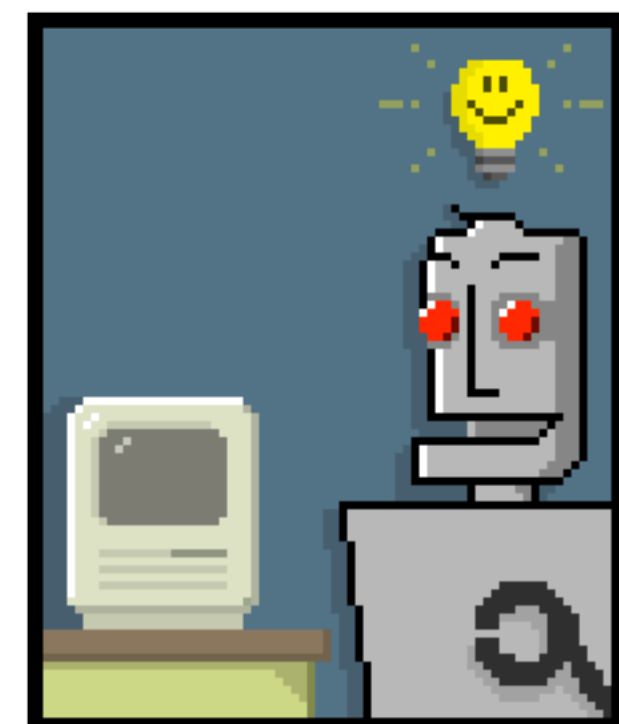
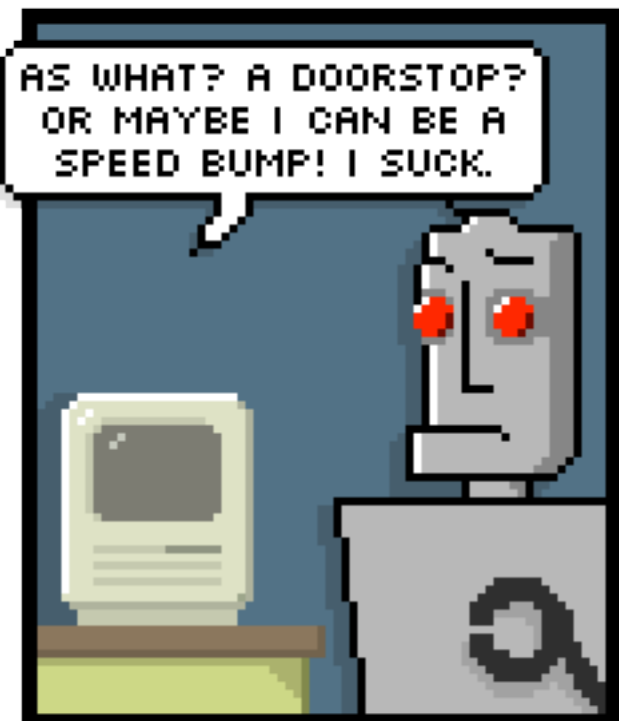
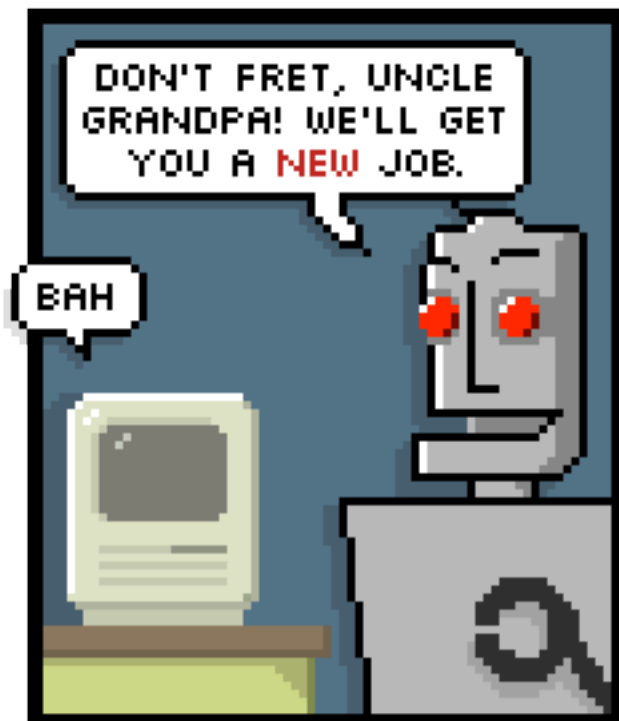


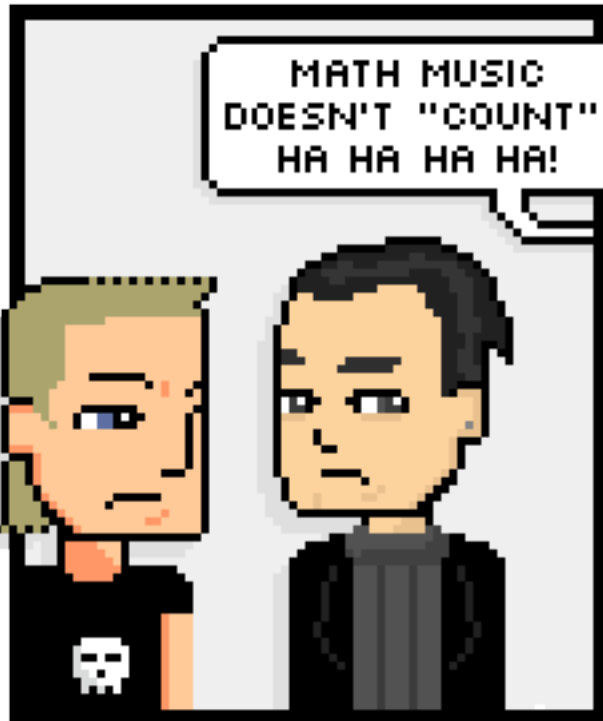


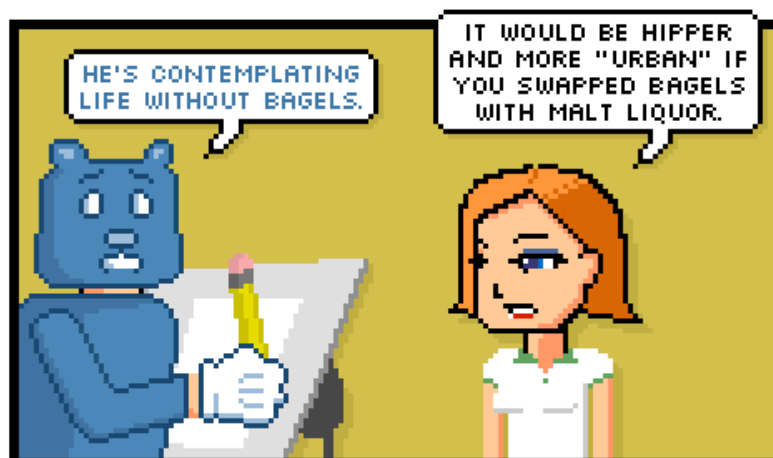
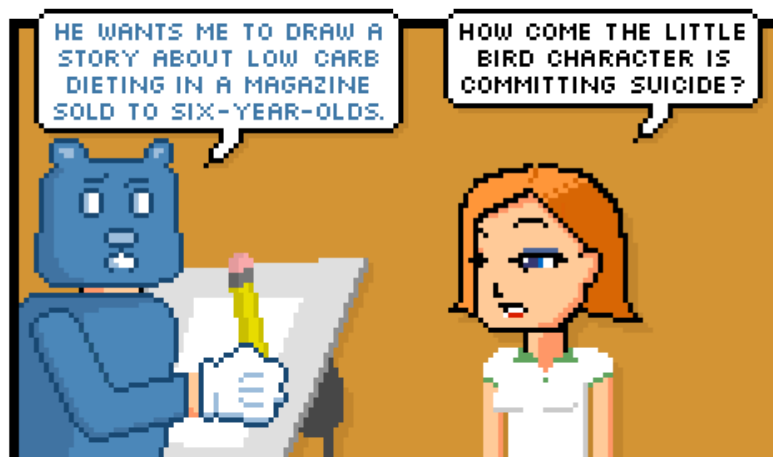
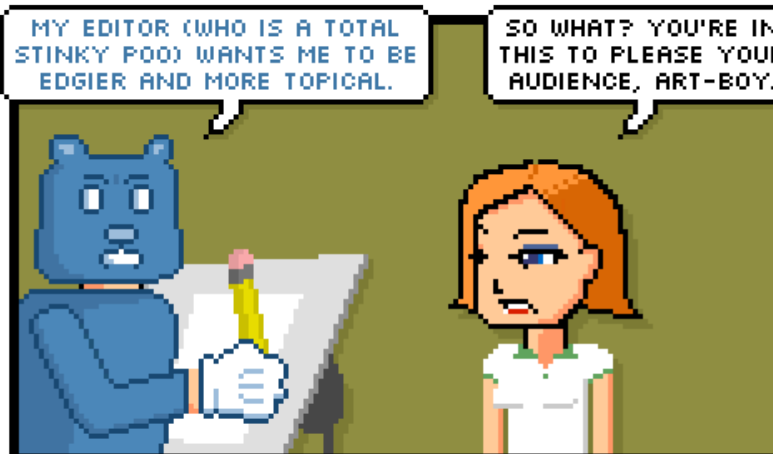
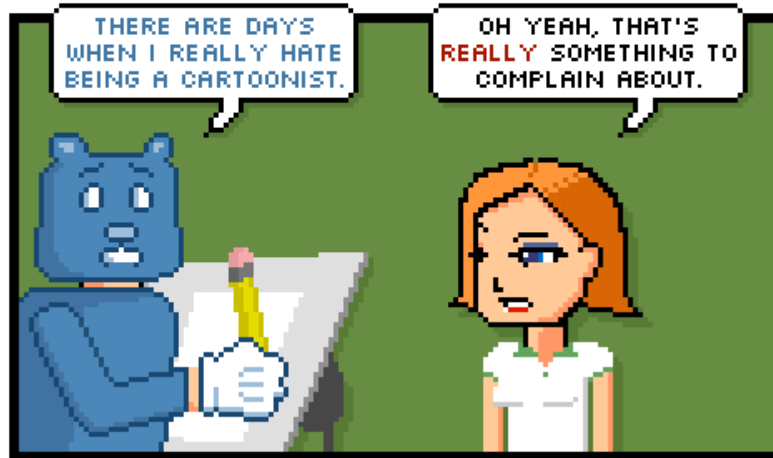














YOU WANT TO PERVERT
MY **BEAUTIFUL** ROCK SONG
INTO A SOULLESS DISCO?



HOW WOULD YOU FEEL
IF I JUST UP AND
PAINTED YOUR HOUSE?



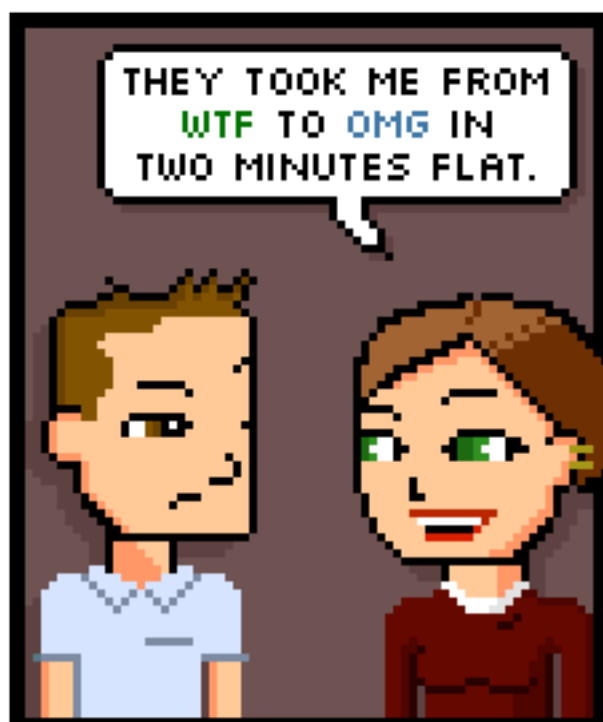
OR IF I PLAYED
WITH YOUR **DOLLS**?

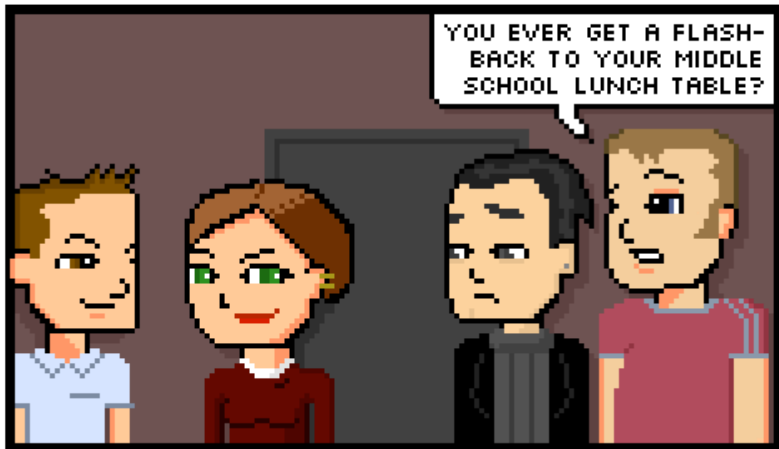


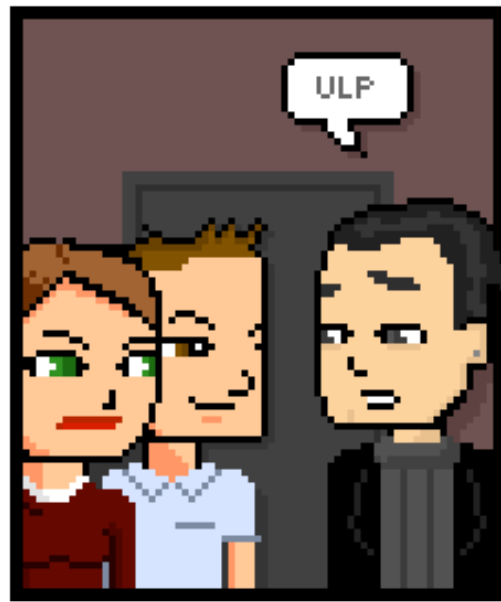
**THEY ARE
ACTION
FIGURES!**

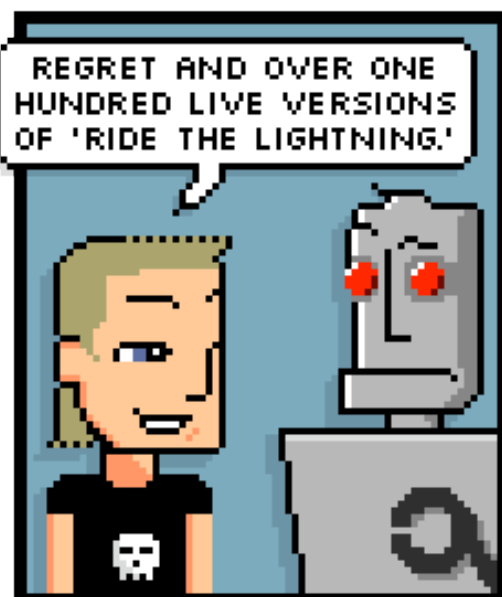
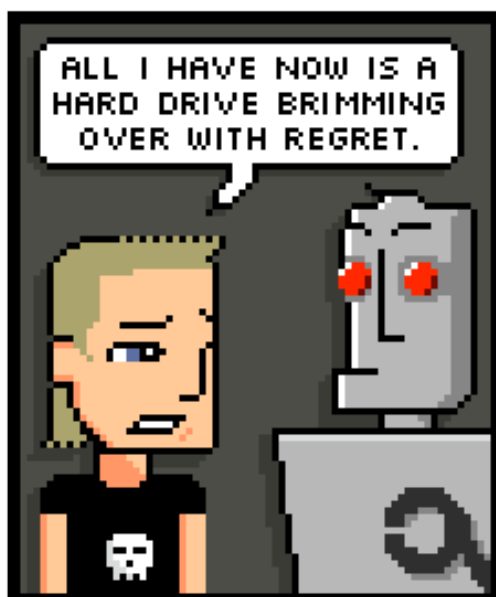
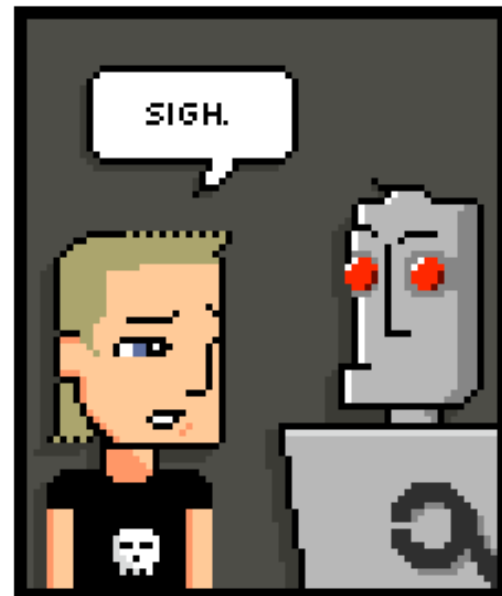
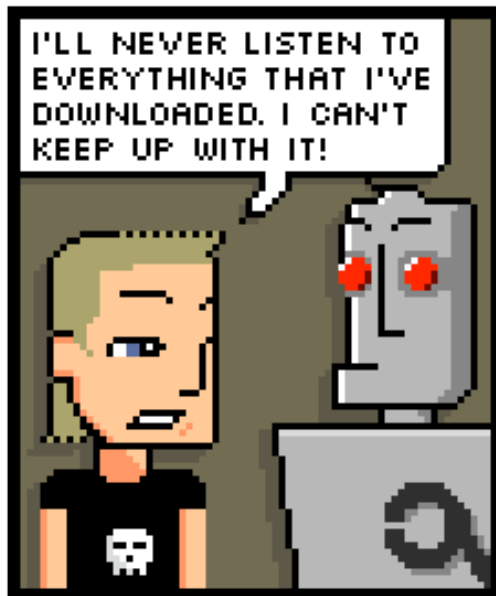
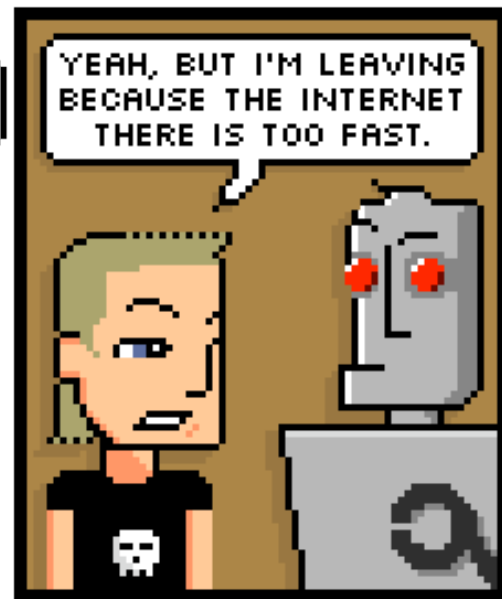
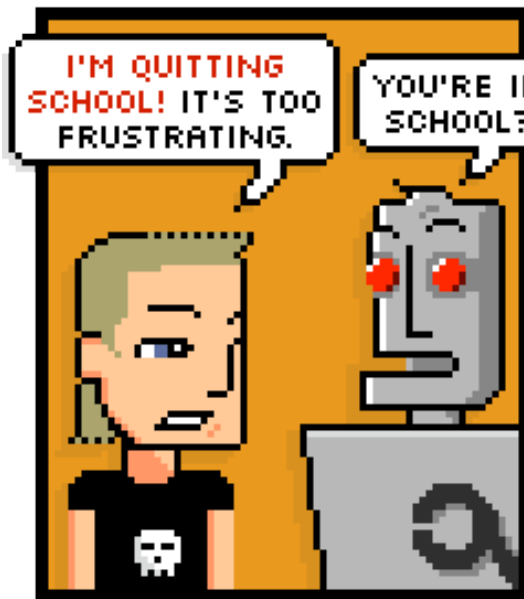


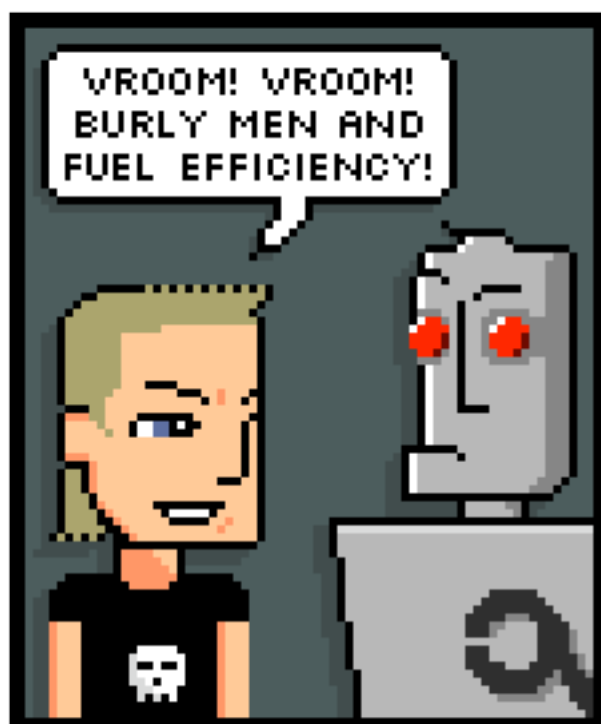
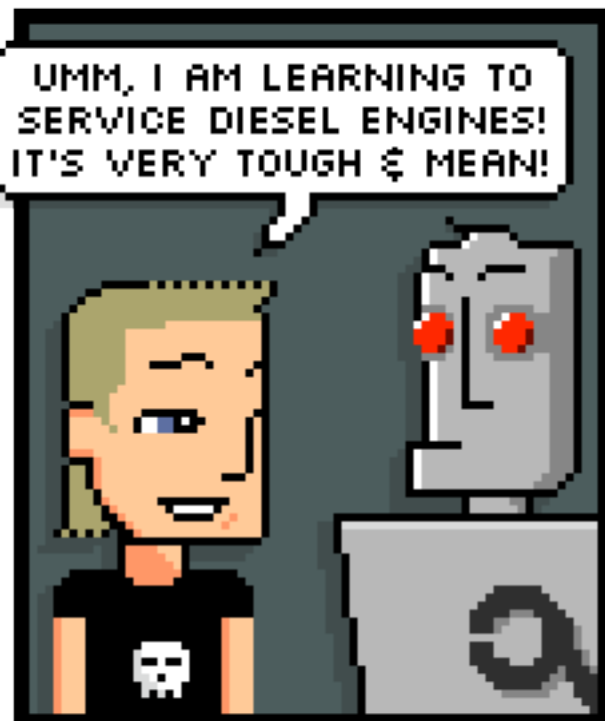
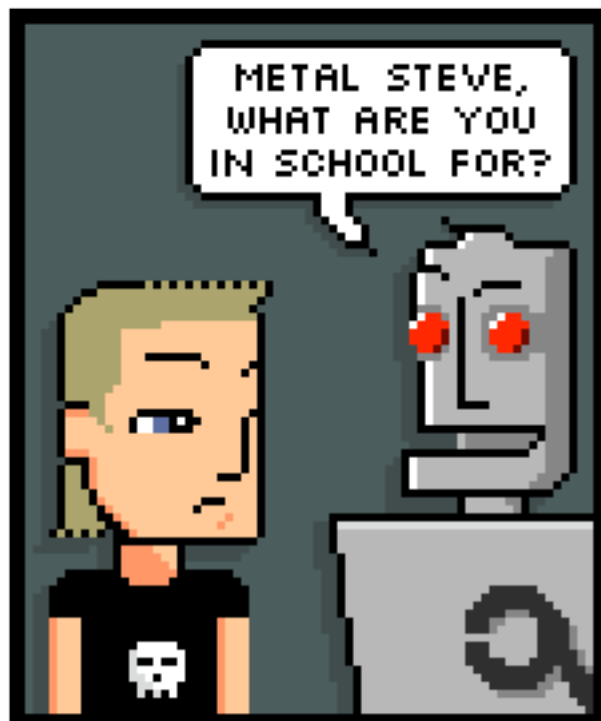


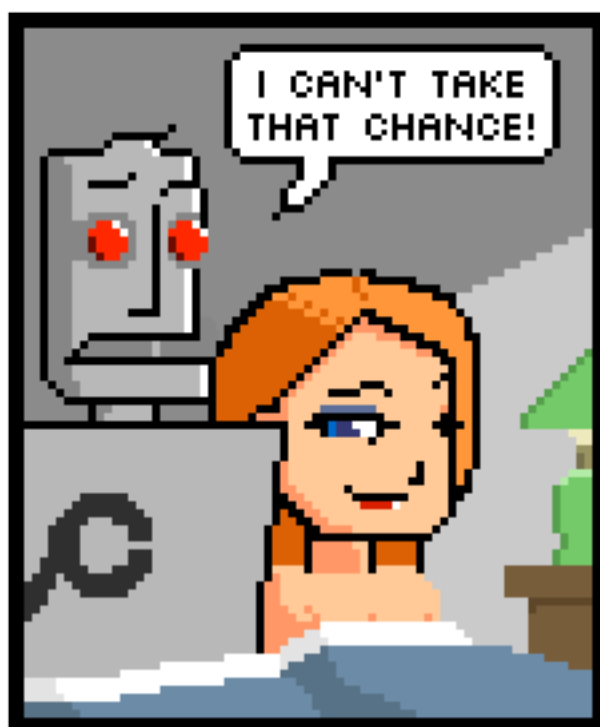




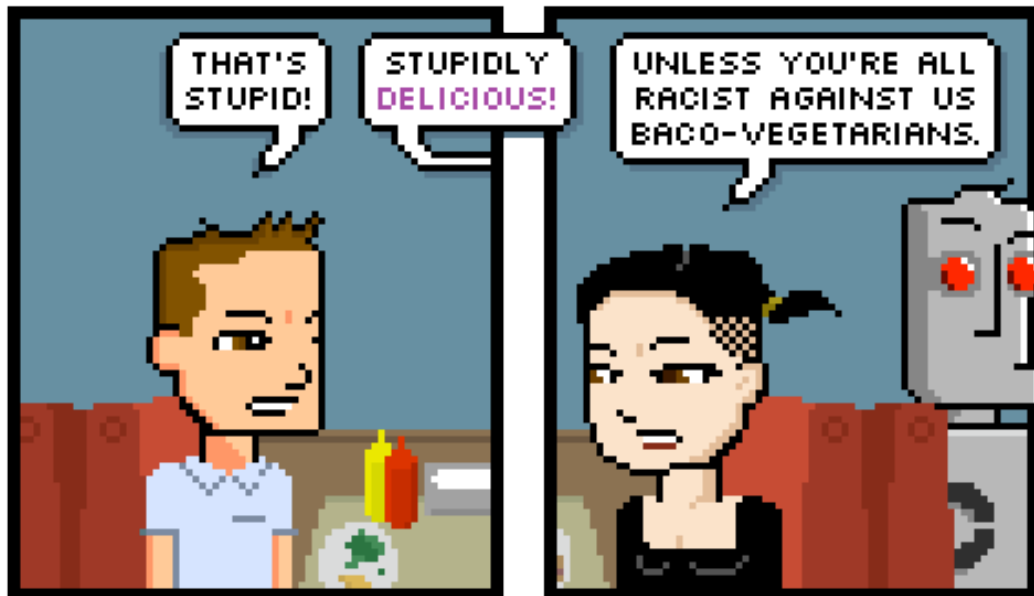
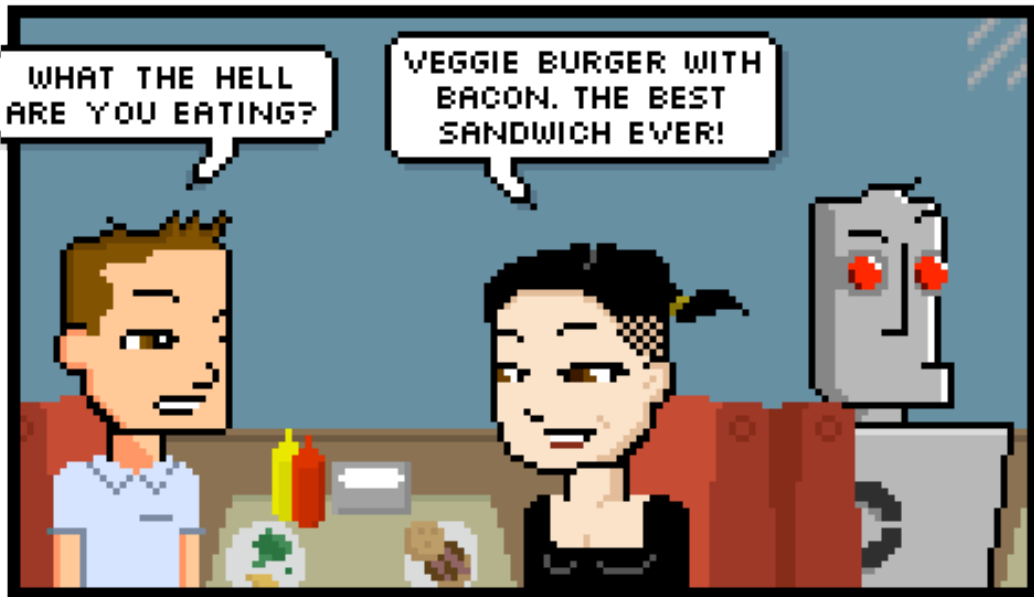


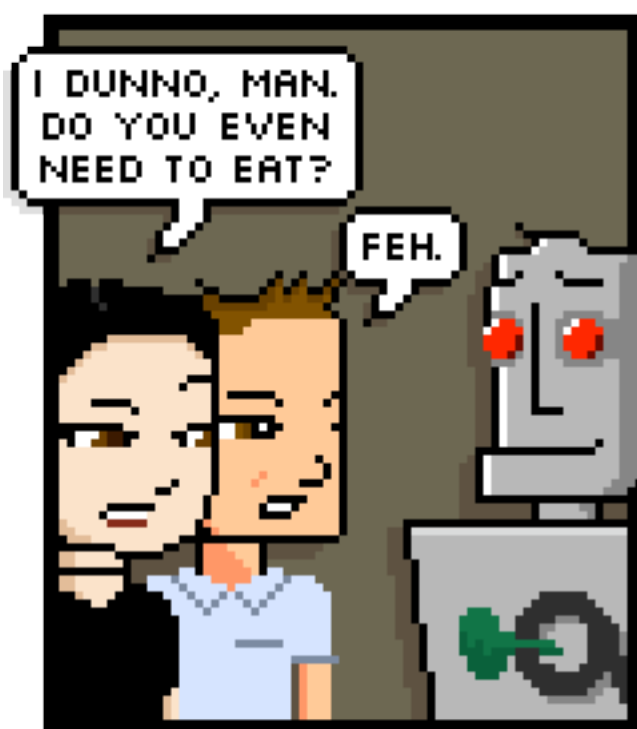
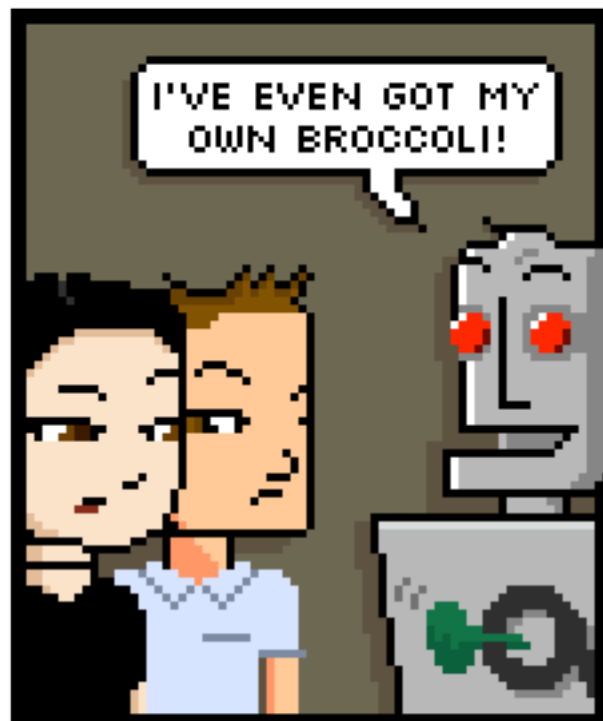
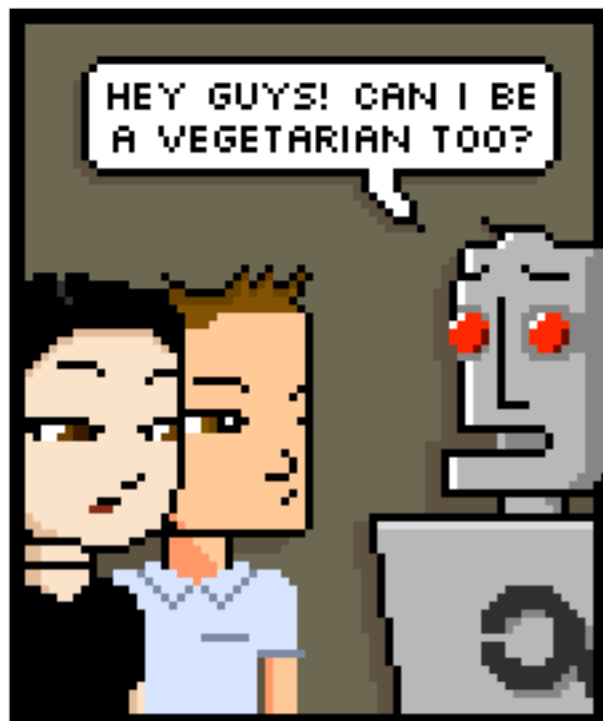


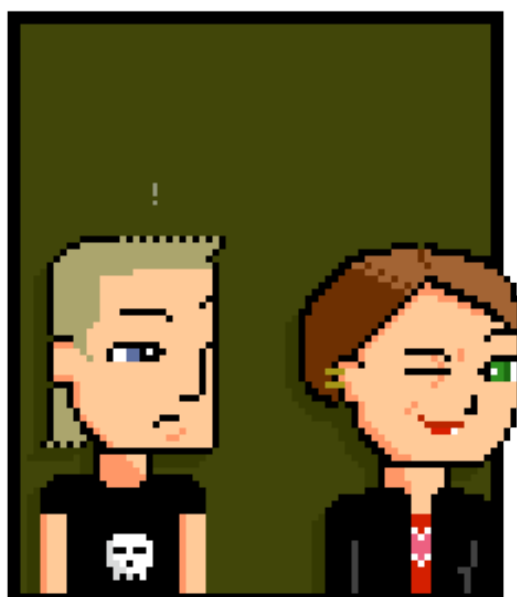


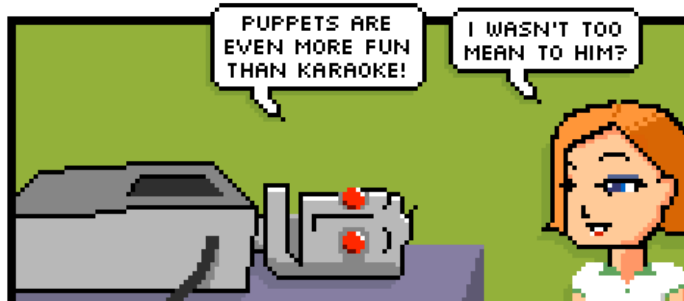
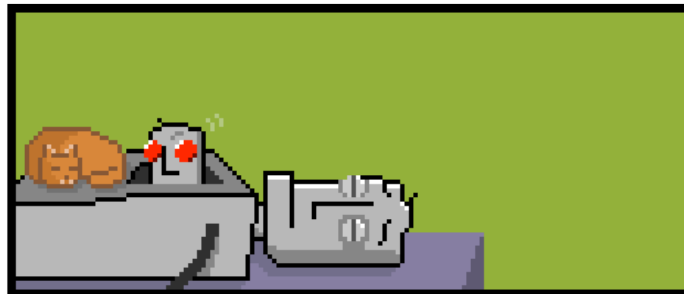
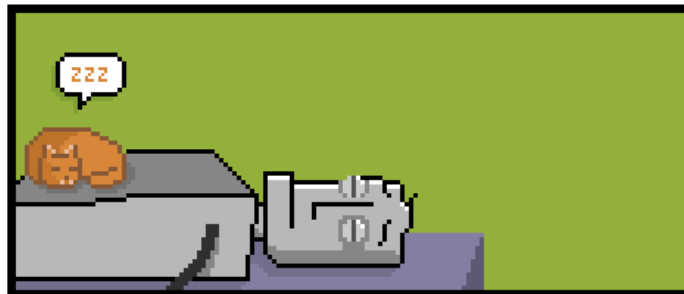












SO, ARE WE DATING AGAIN?

NOPE.



MAYBE SEEING EACH OTHER?

OOPS, LOST MY GLASSES.



SCREWING AROUND?

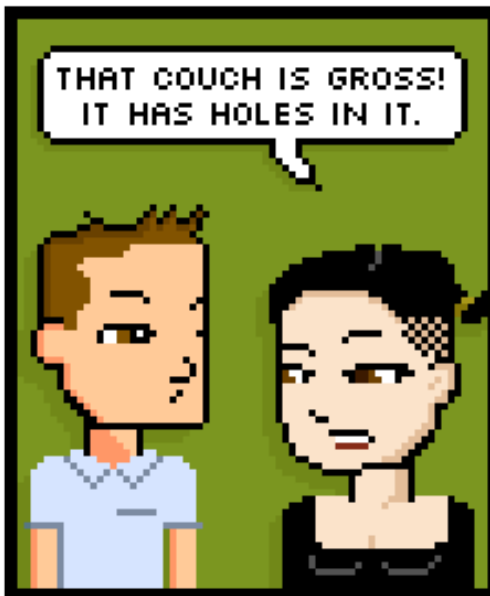
SCREWING UP, MAYBE?

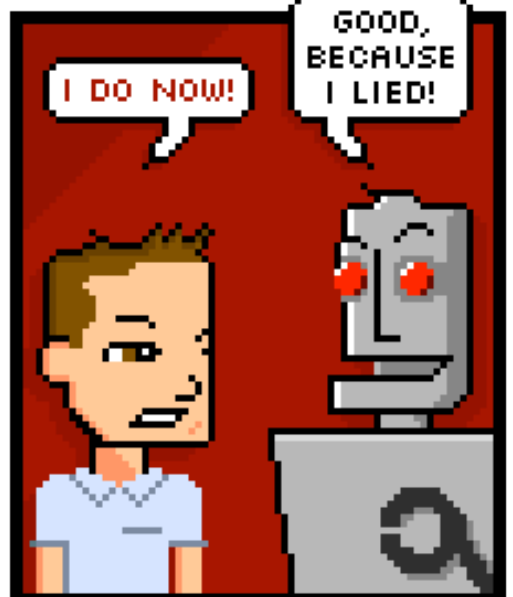
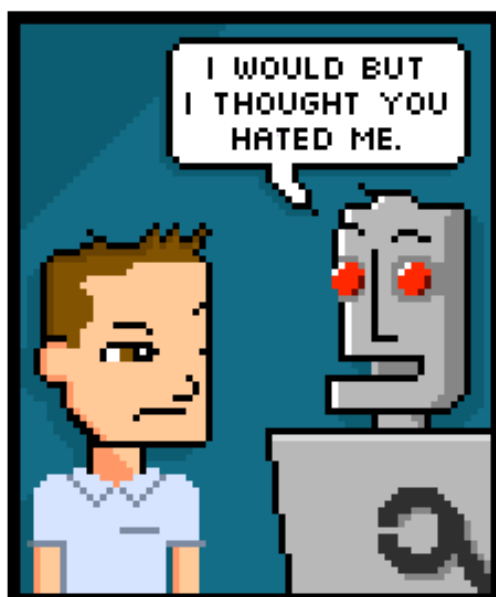
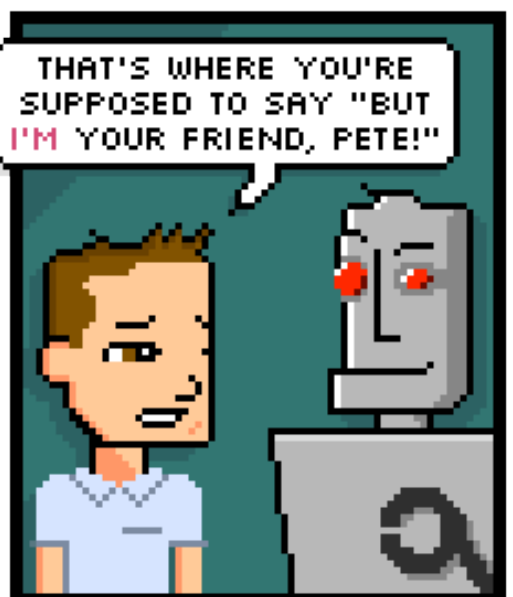
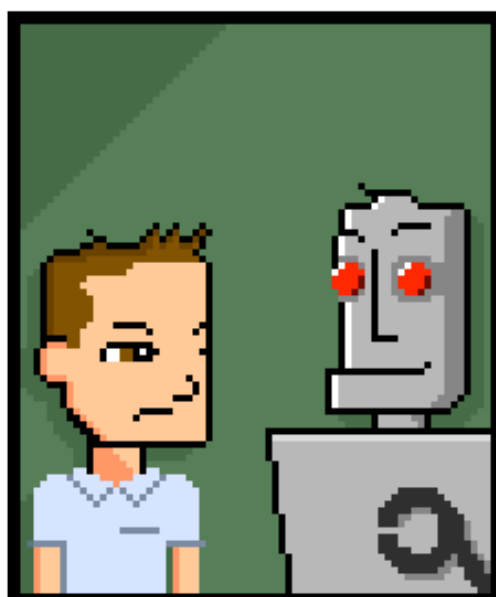
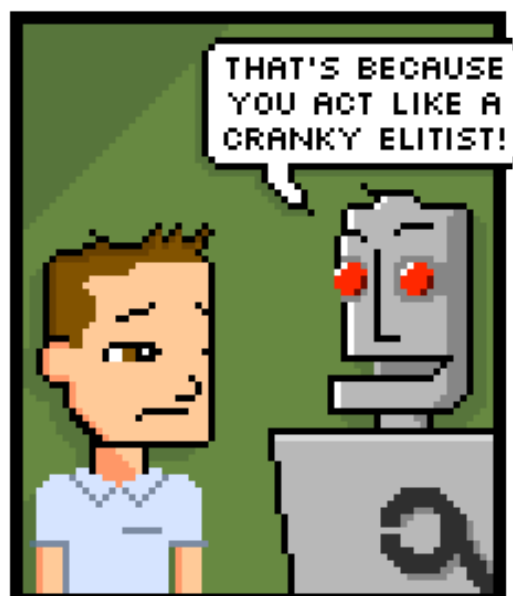
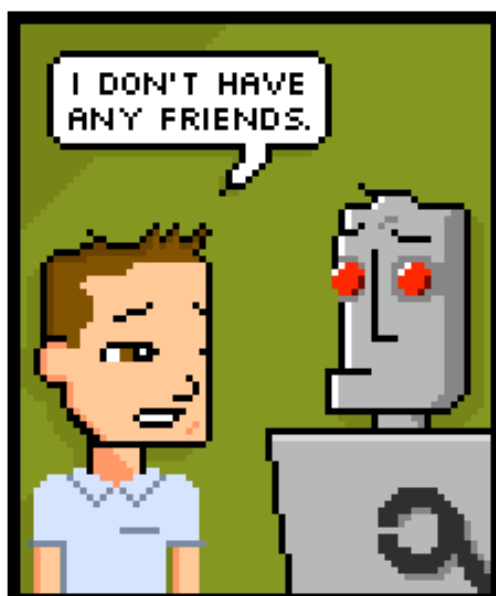


ARE YOU USING ME FOR MY BODY?

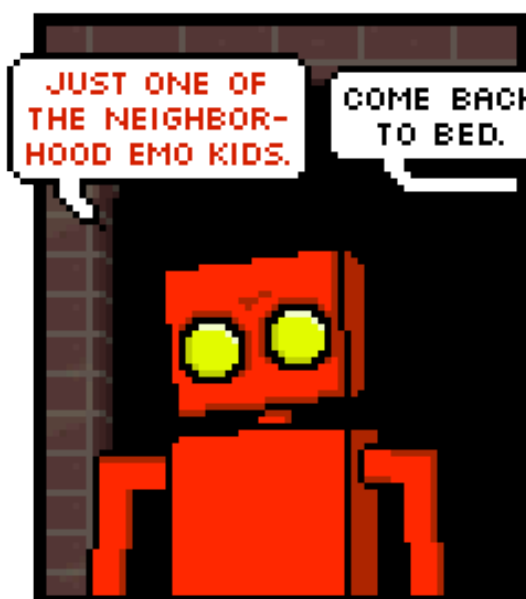
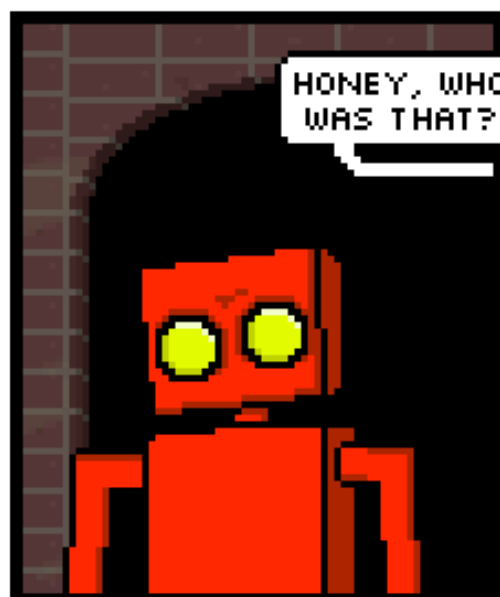
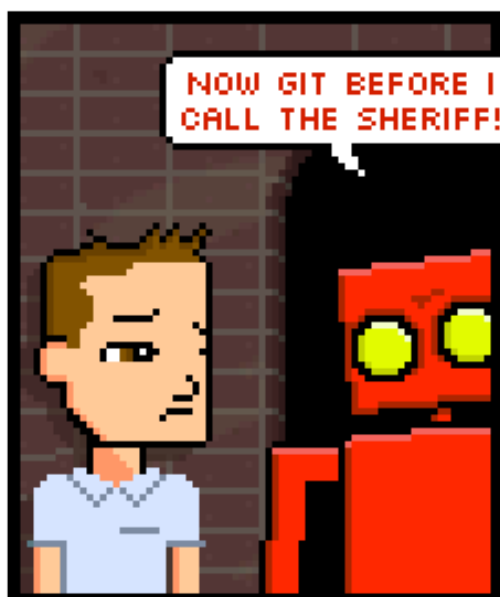
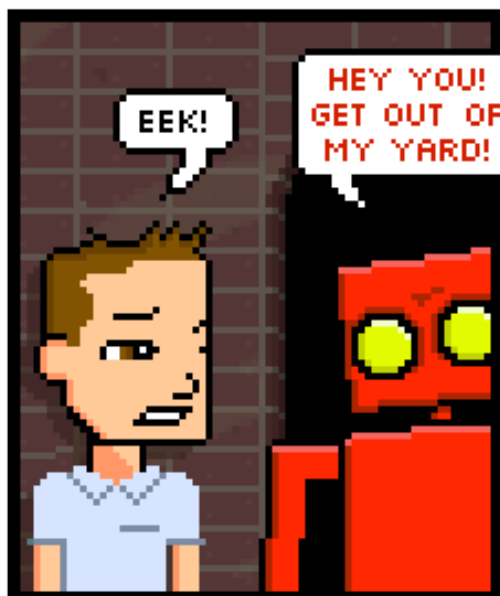
SPIN IT 'TILL YA WIN IT.









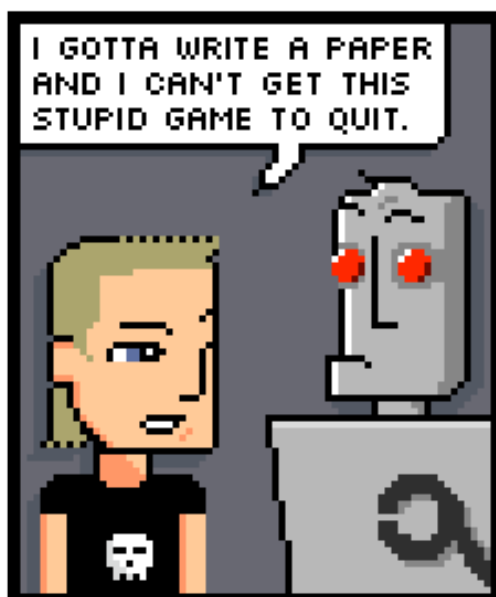




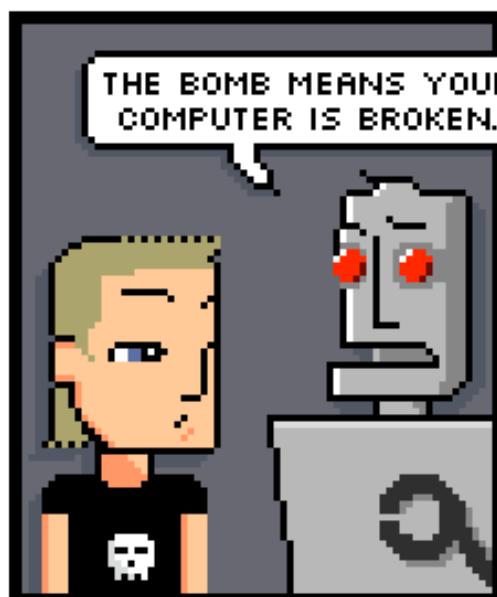
OH, FUDGIE BUDGIES.



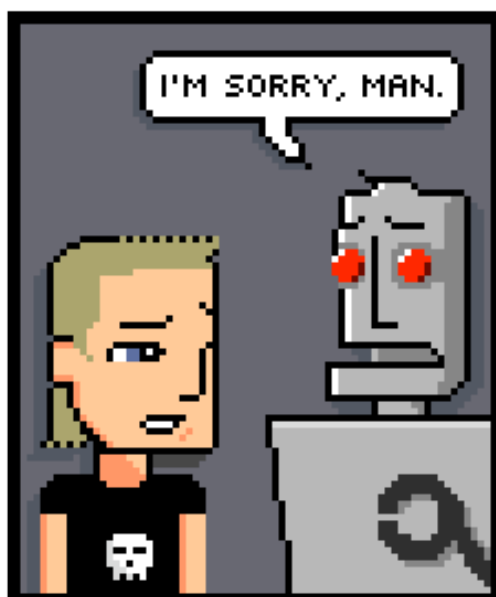
CLANGO, HOW DO YOU QUIT THE BOMB GAME ON A MAC?



I GOTTA WRITE A PAPER AND I CAN'T GET THIS STUPID GAME TO QUIT.



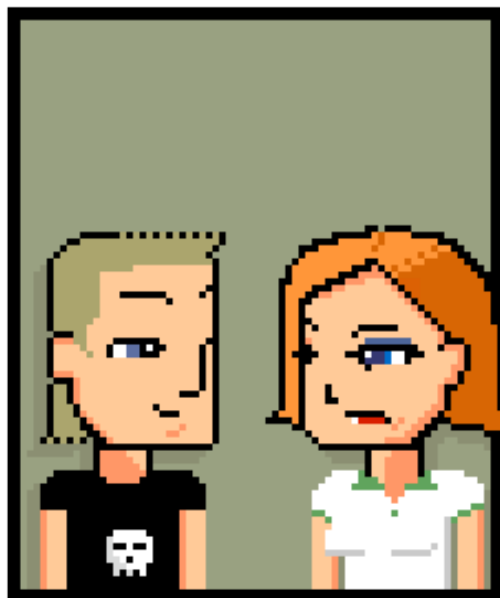
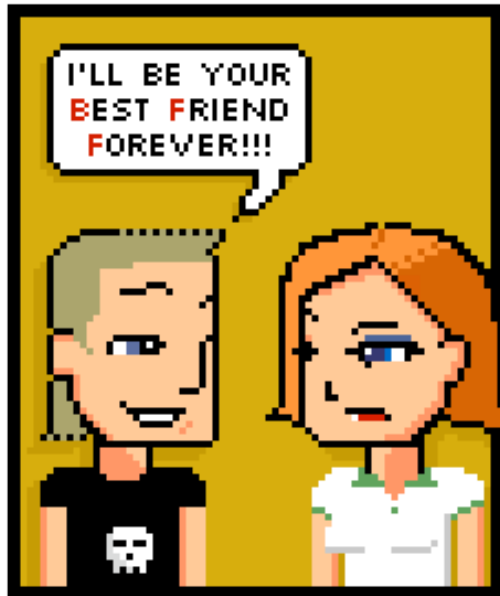
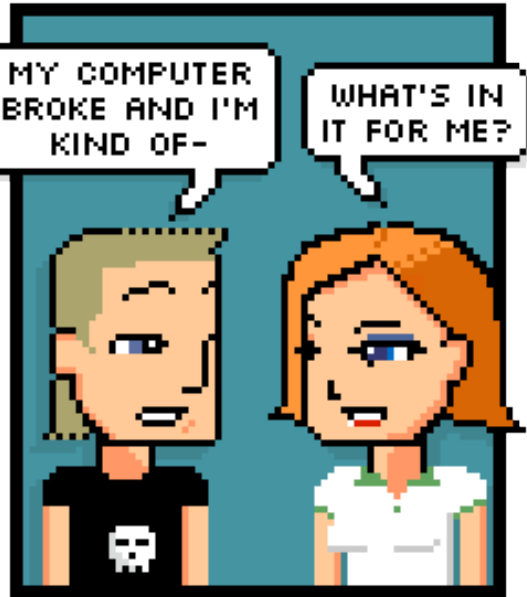
THE BOMB MEANS YOUR COMPUTER IS BROKEN.




I'M SORRY, MAN.




IT KEEPS DINGING BUT I CAN'T FIND MY EMAIL! THIS HAS GOT TO BE THE WORST AOL EVER!

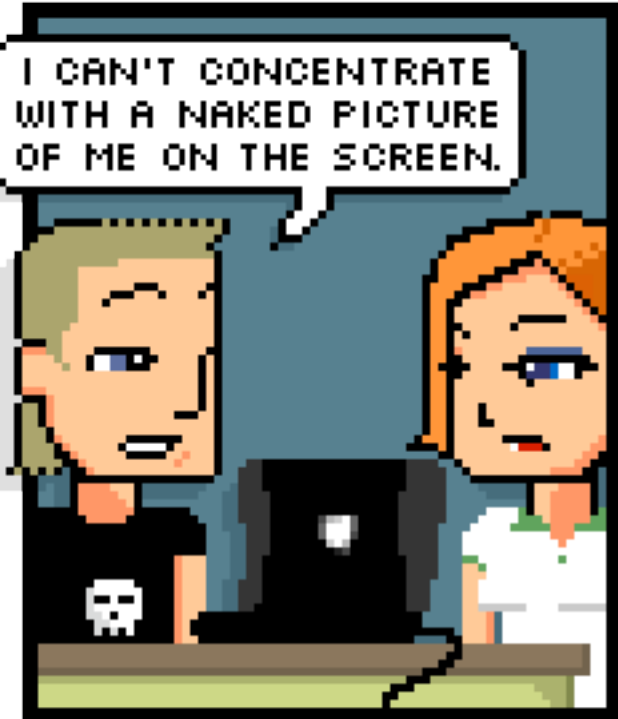




MAURA, HOW DO YOU CHANGE THE DESKTOP ON THIS COMPUTER?



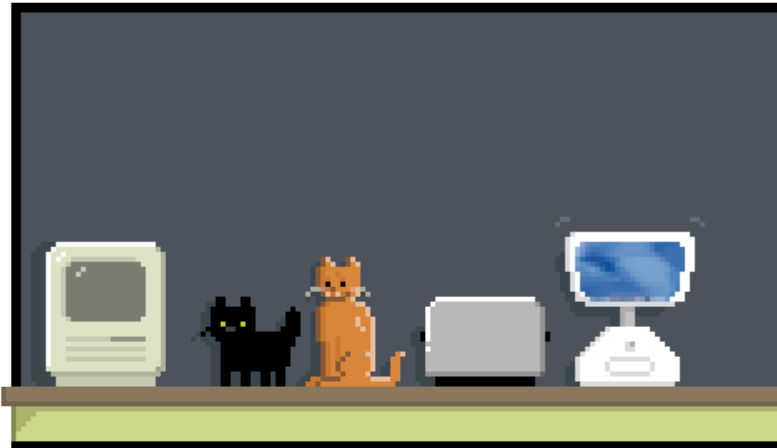
DON'T! YOU'LL BREAK IT!



I CAN'T CONCENTRATE WITH A NAKED PICTURE OF ME ON THE SCREEN.



SO YOU STOLE MY LAPTOP!



HOW DO YOU GUYS
TAKE YOUR COFFEE?

PARTLY CLOUDY
WITH 100% CHANCE
OF DELICIOUSNESS.

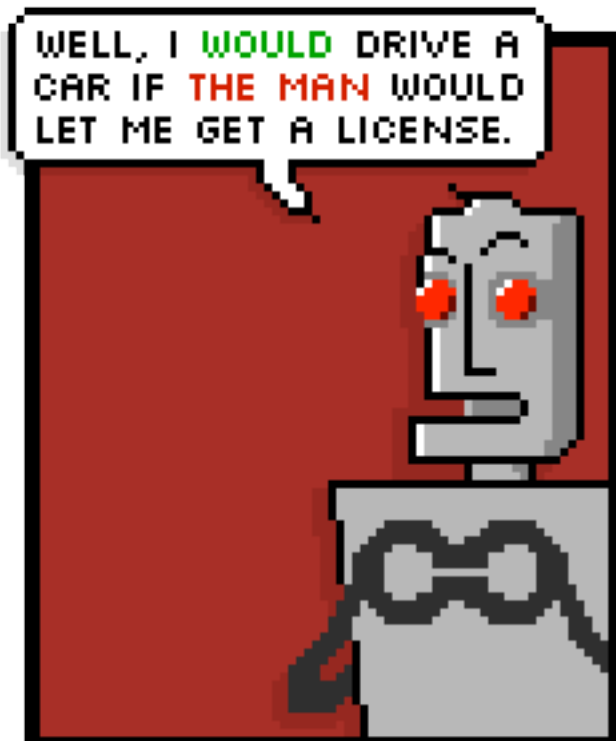
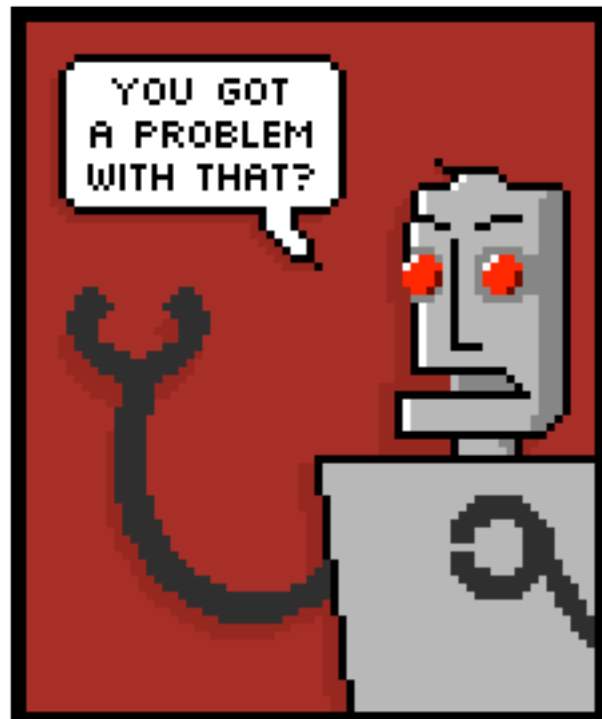
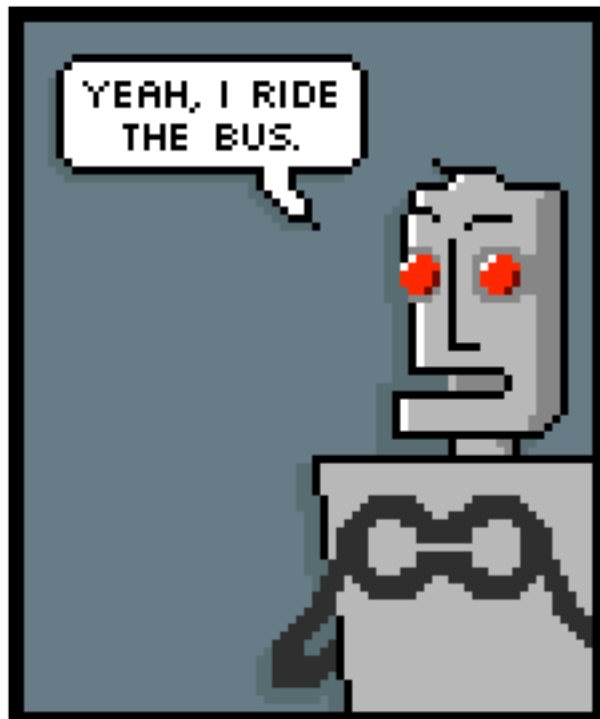
BLACKER THAN
THE PANTS IN
MANHATTAN.

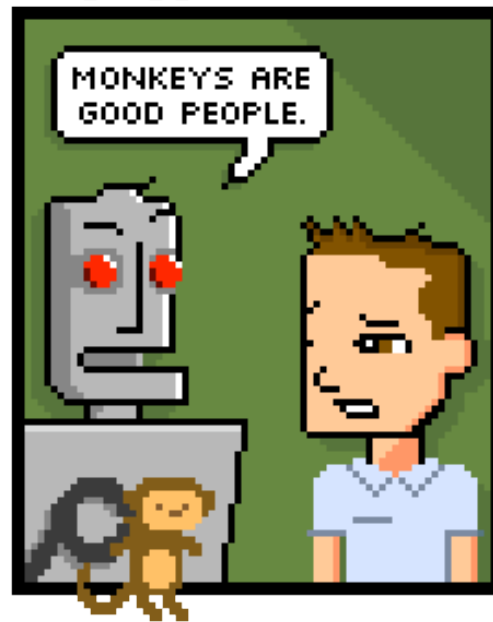
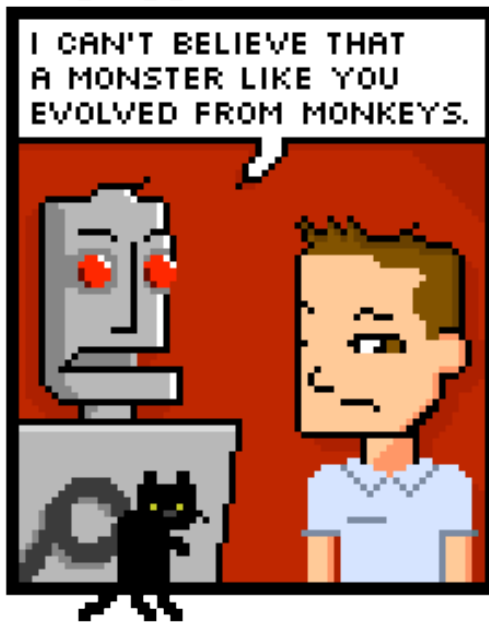
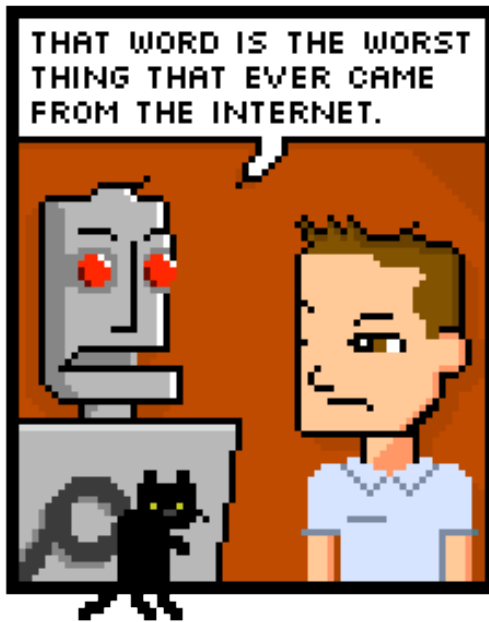
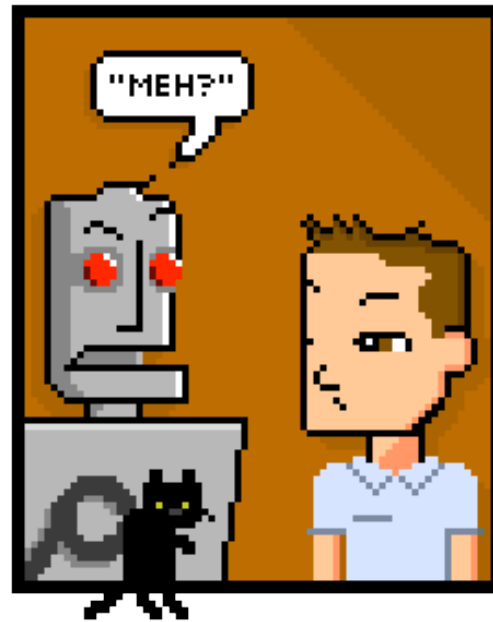


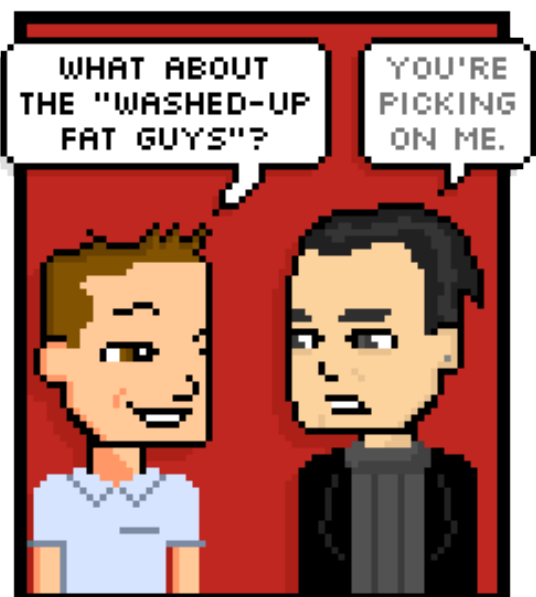
FASHION MODEL
PANTS OR GOTH
KID PANTS?

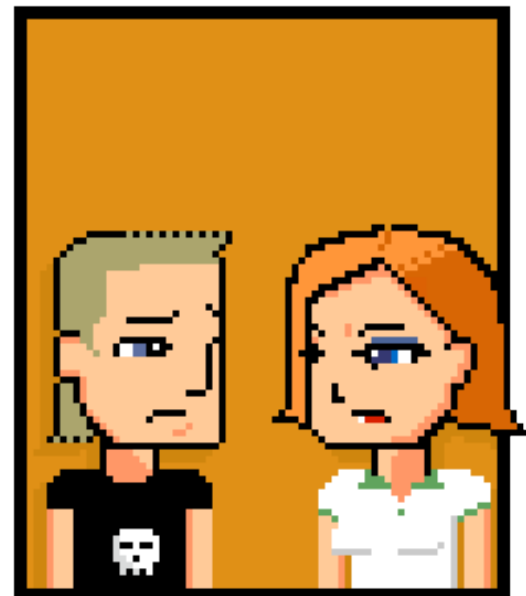
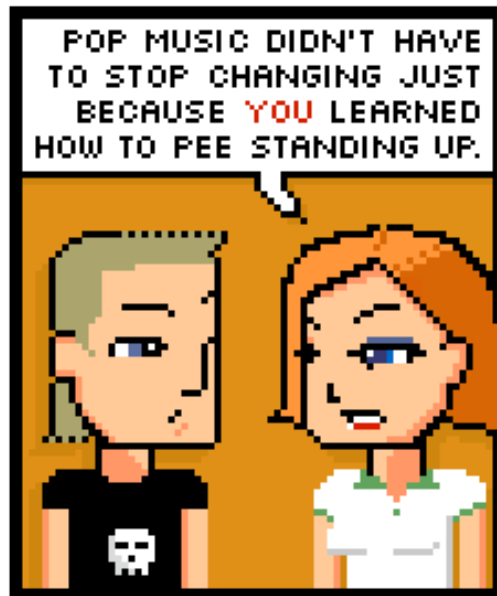
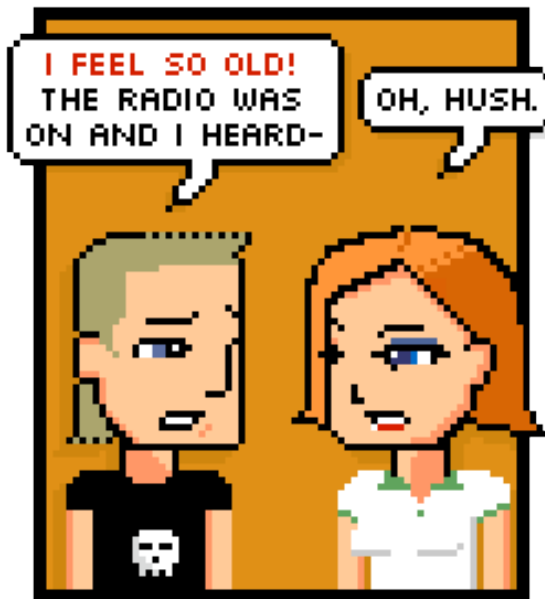
HMM, AM I FEELING
SNUG AND CLINGY OR
LOOSE AND STRAPPY?

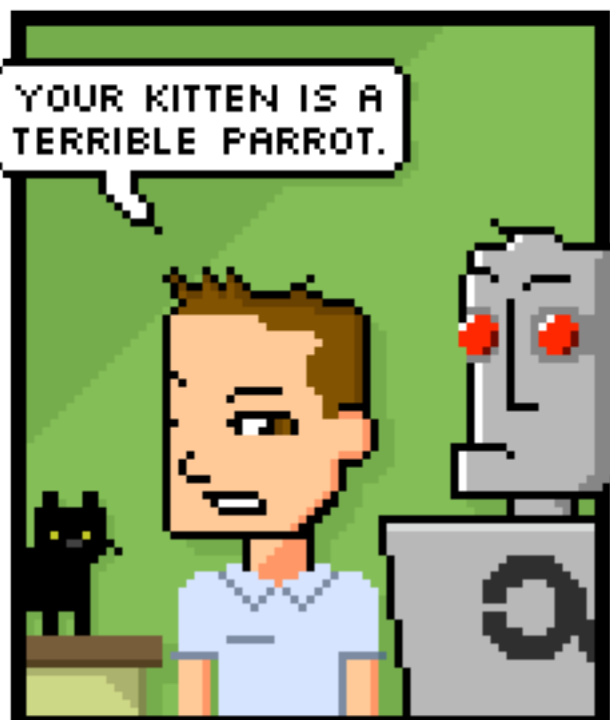
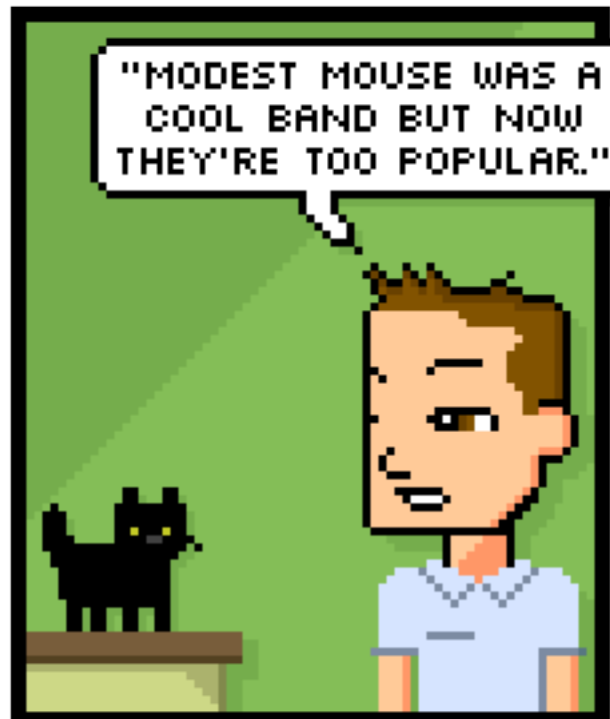
















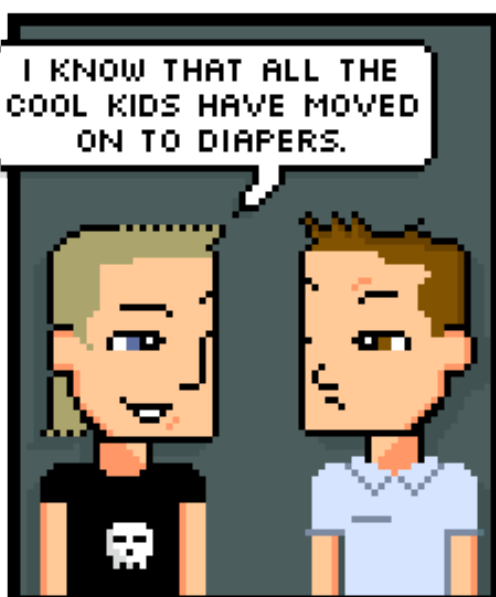
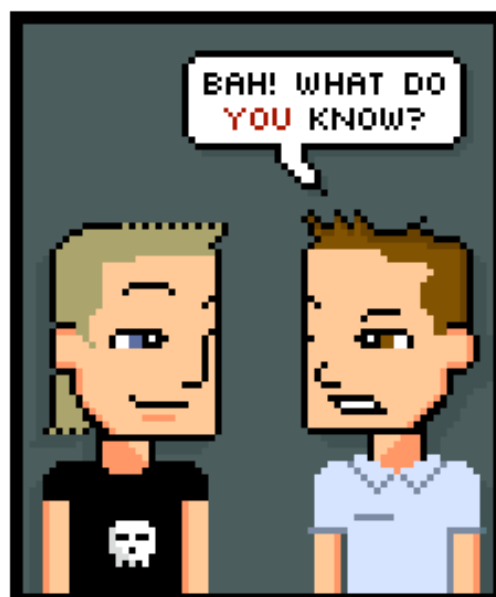
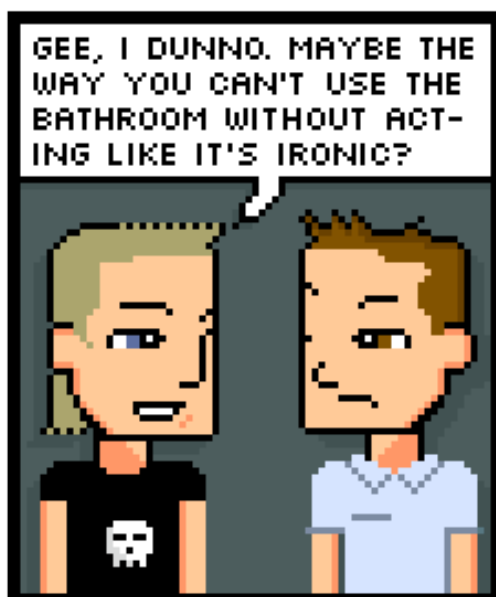
HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE
TO ANSWER A DAMN
INSTANT MESSAGE?

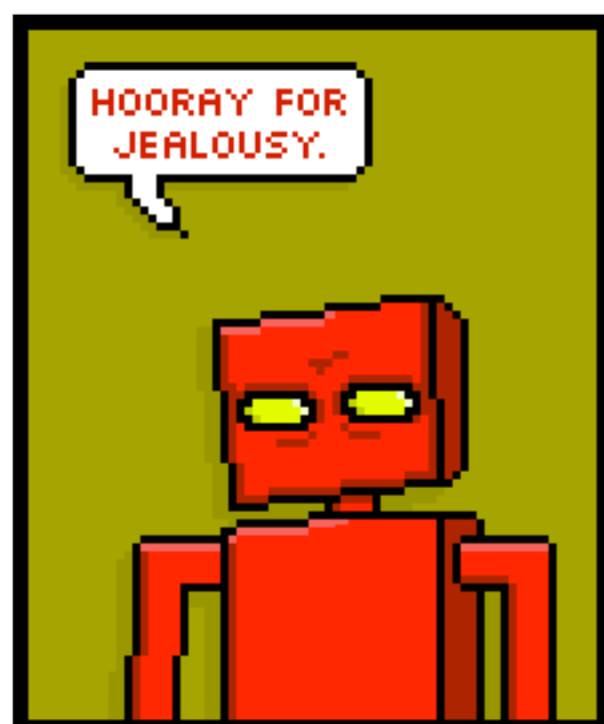
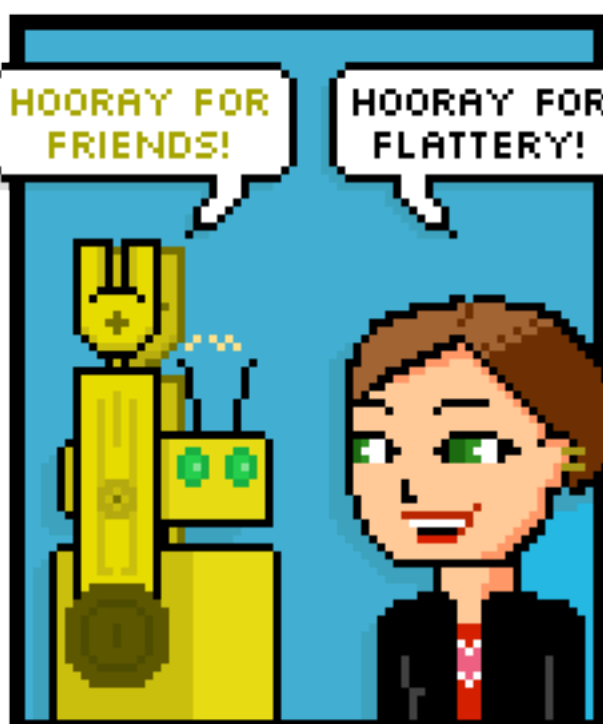


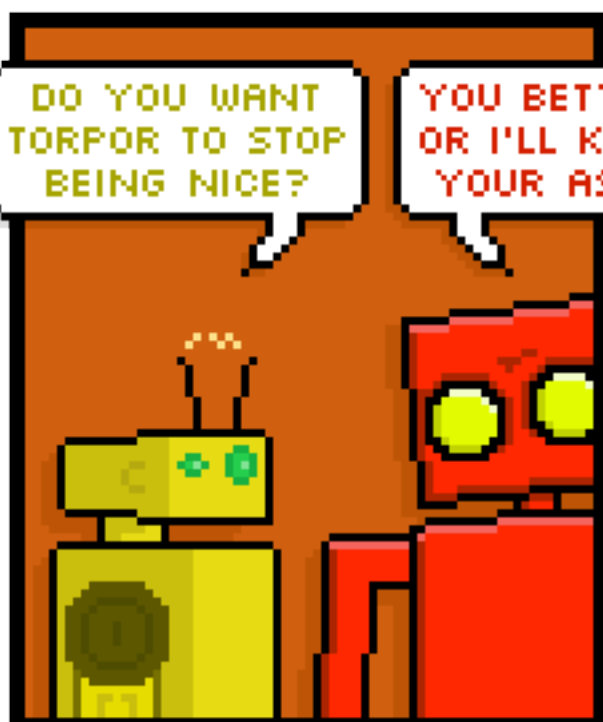
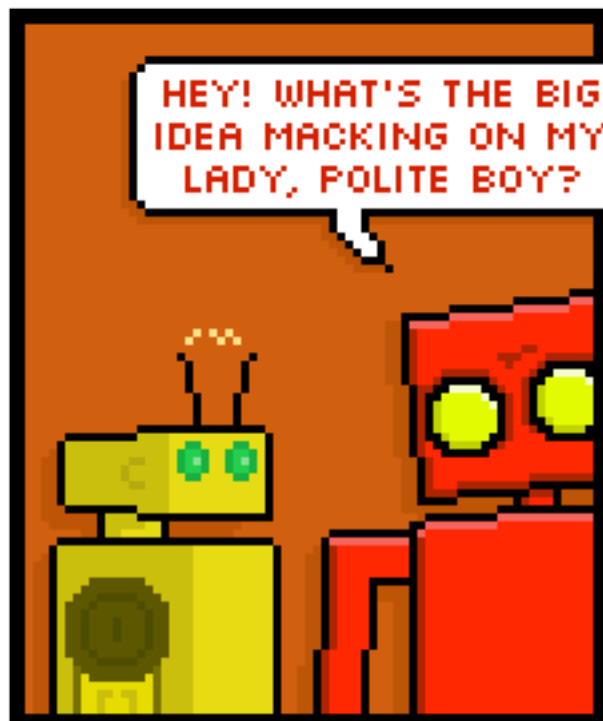
AND WHAT THE HELL
IS "NOTORIOUS B.R.B."
SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

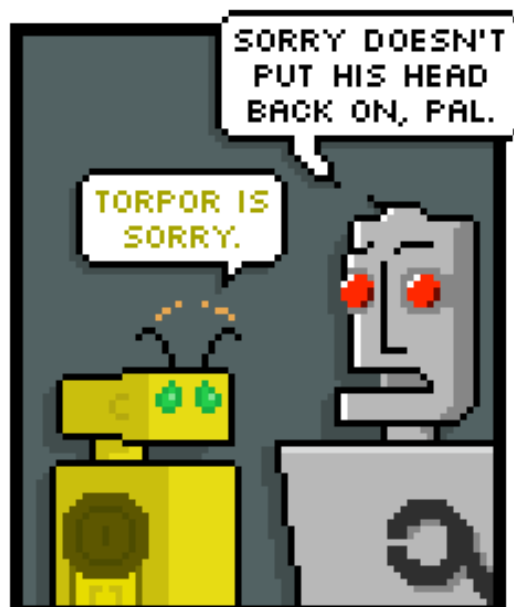
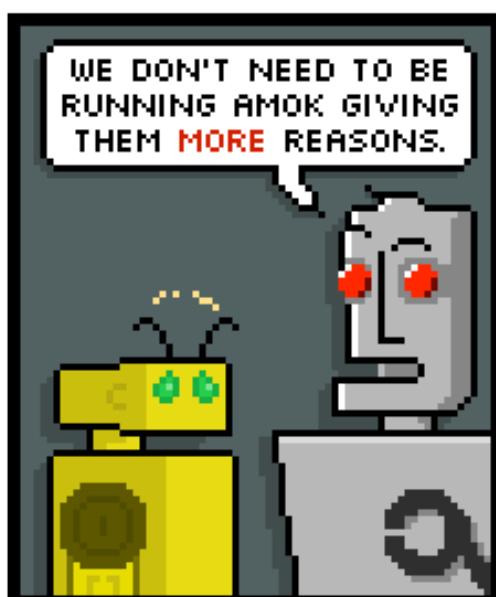
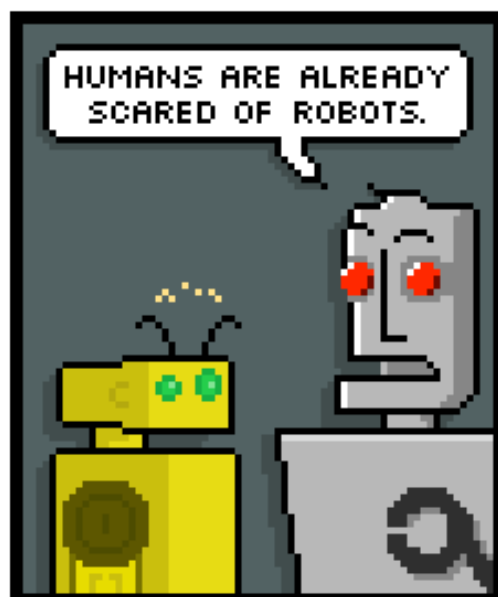
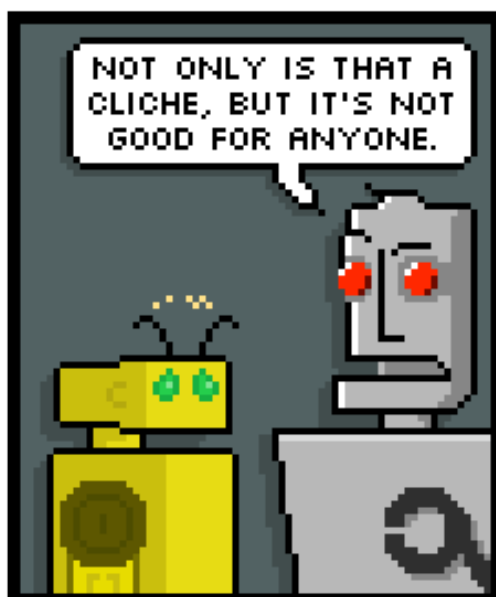
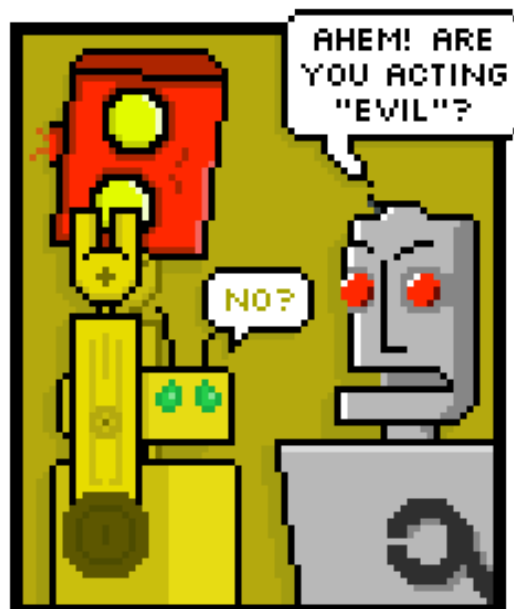
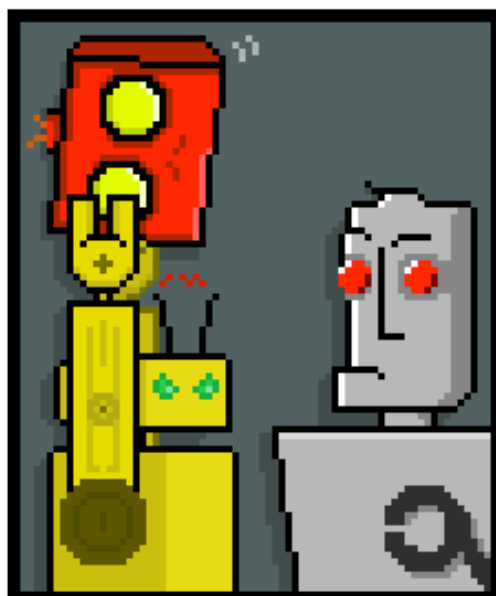


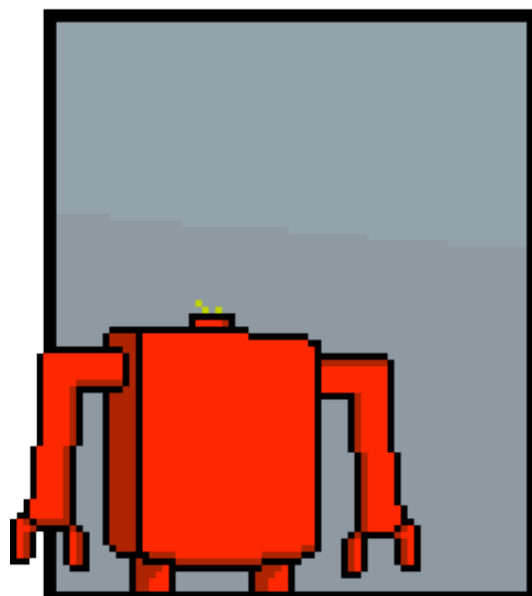
MAYBE I OUGHT
TO ASK AGAIN
IN ALL CAPS?

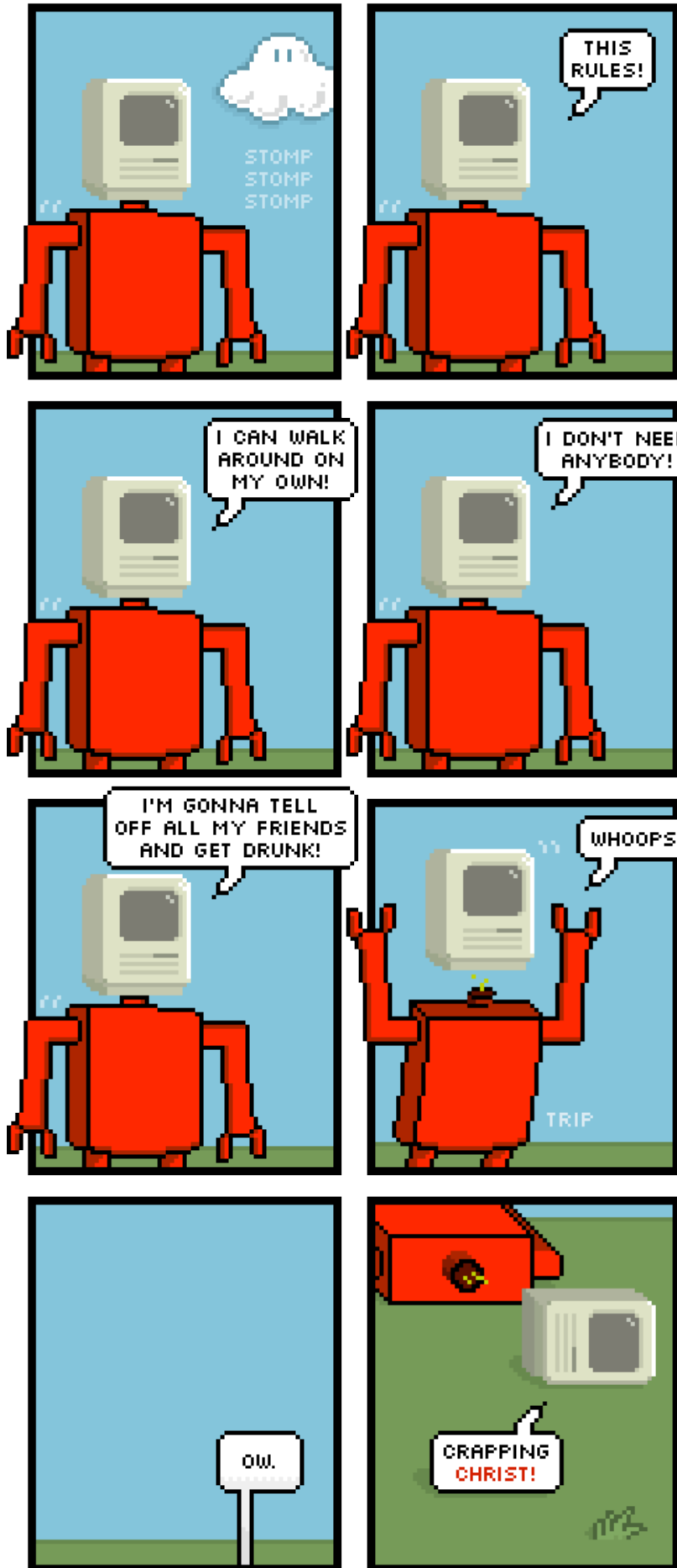




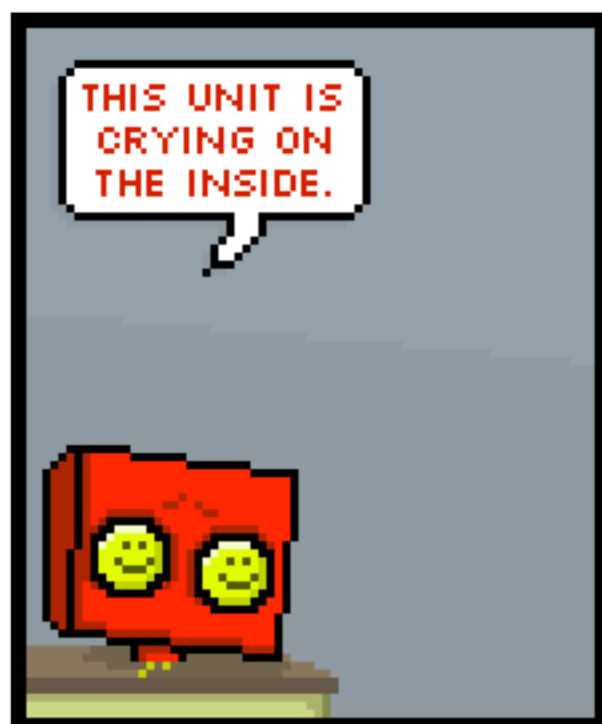
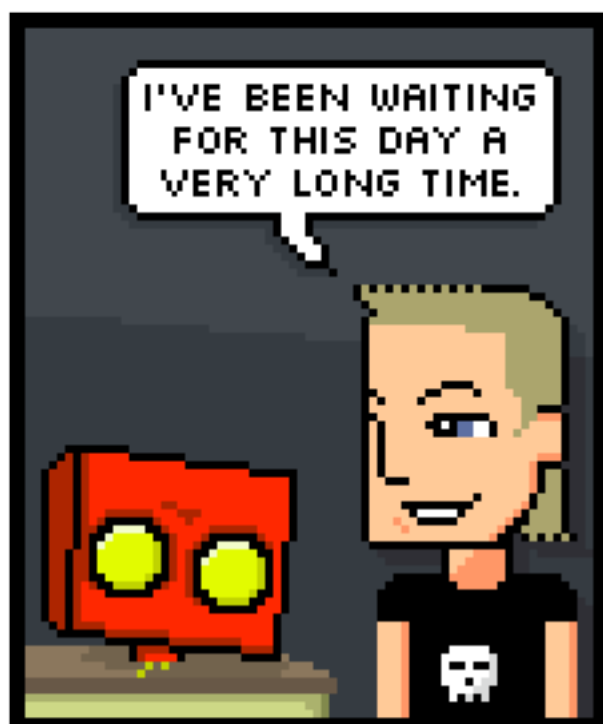
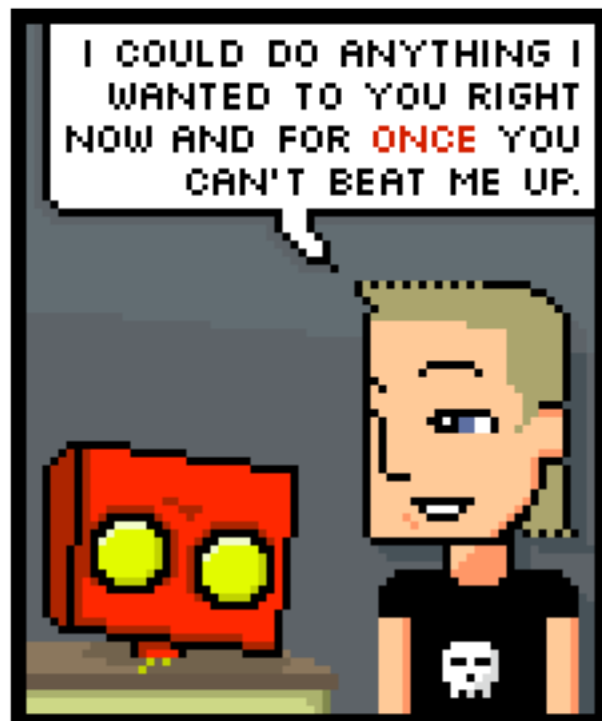
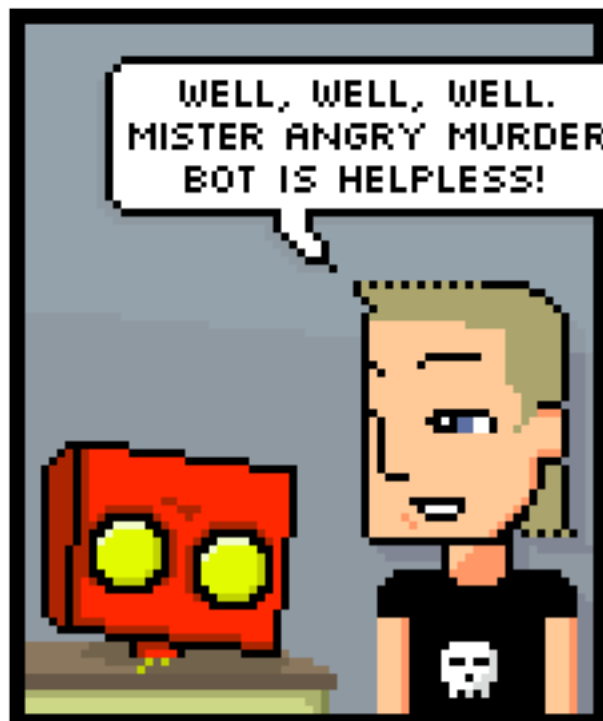


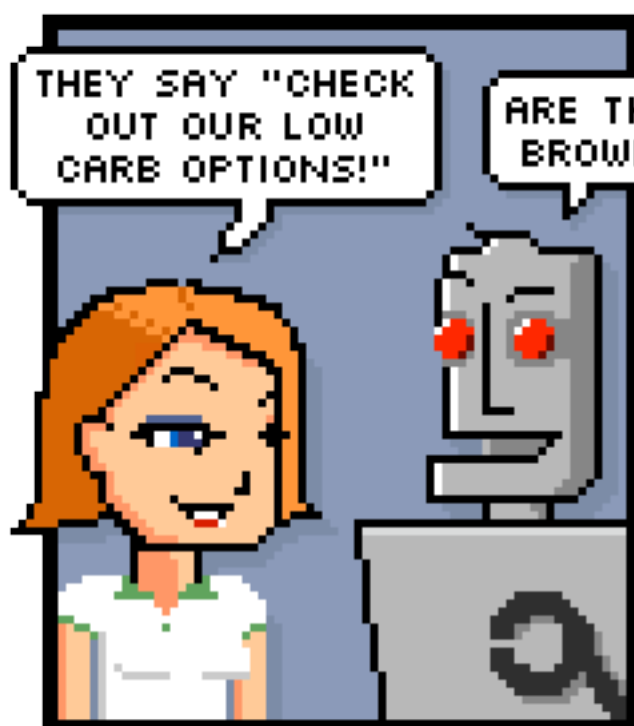
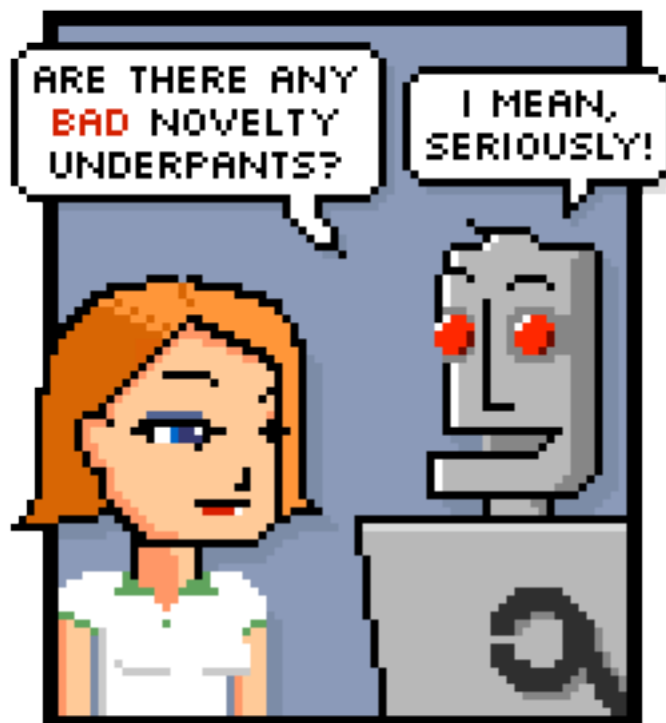
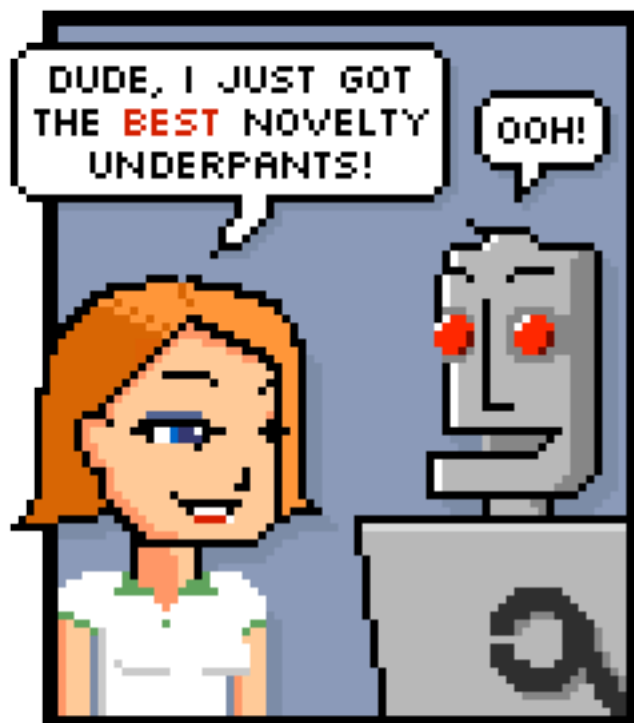






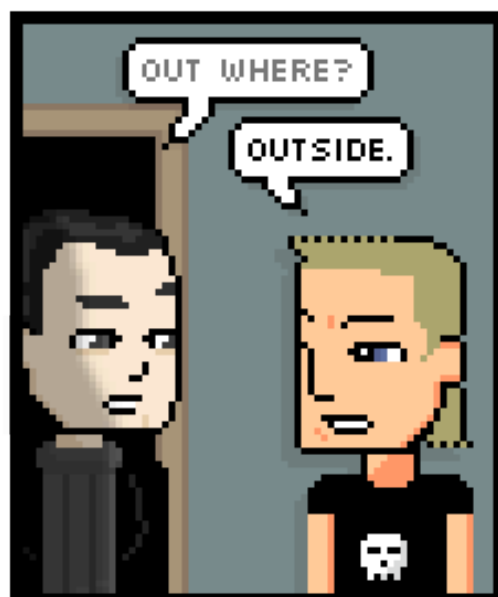
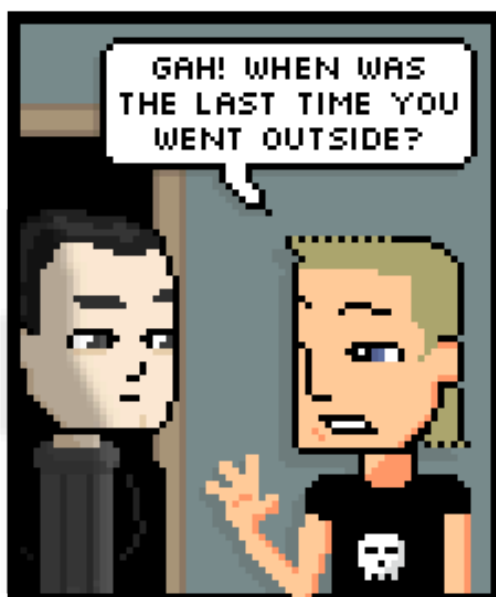


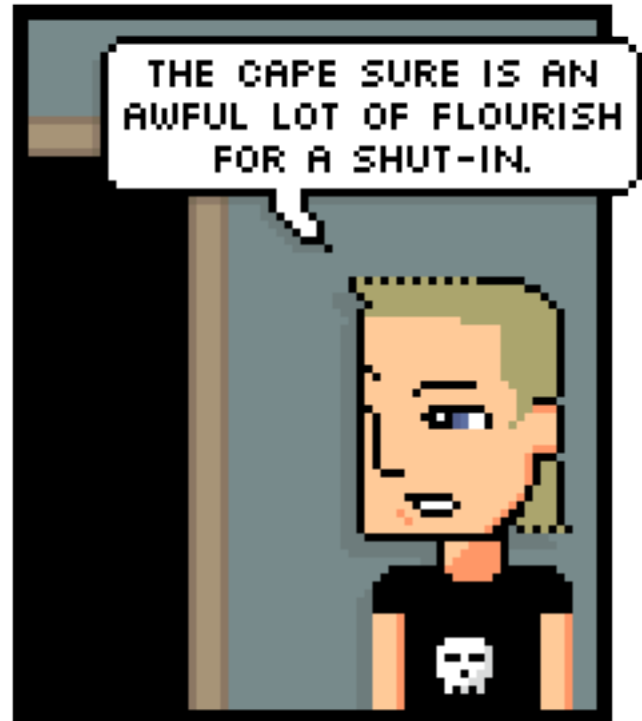


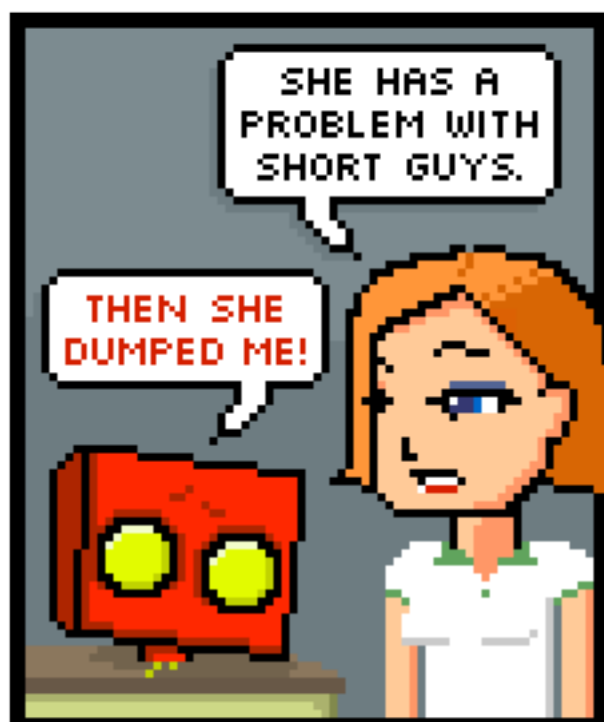
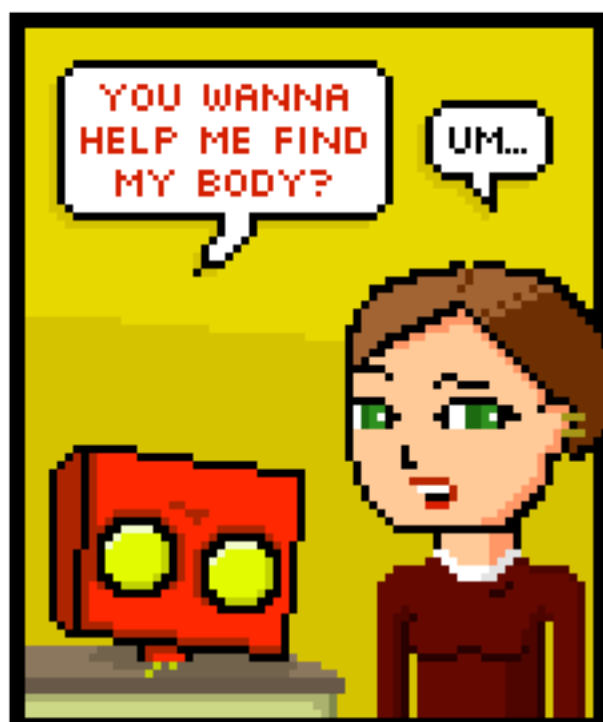
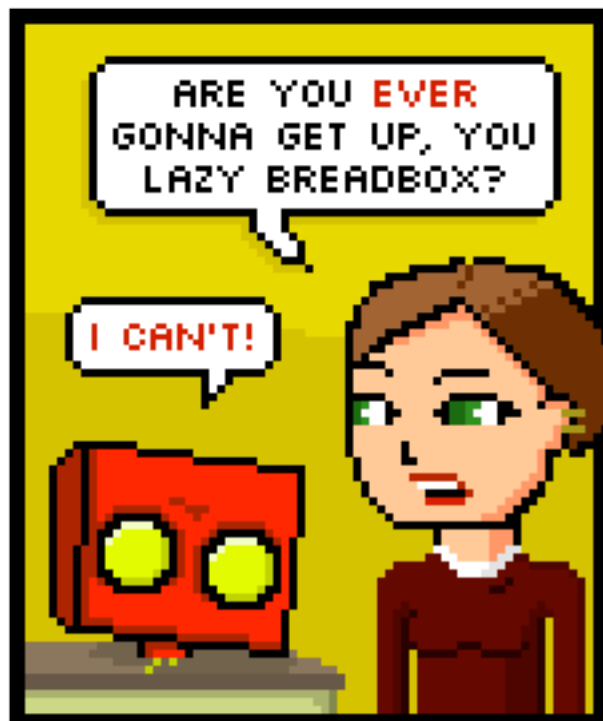


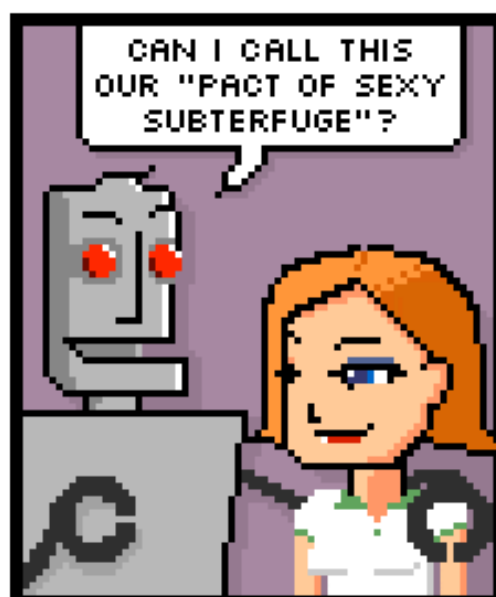
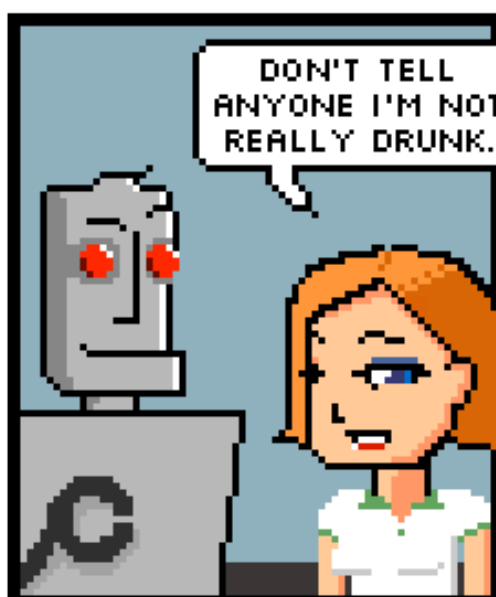
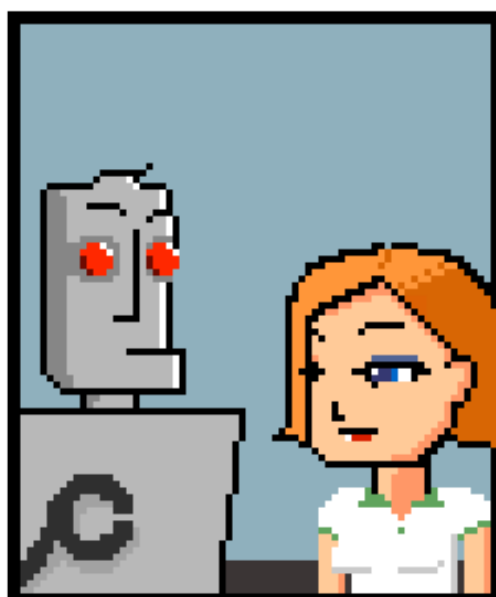
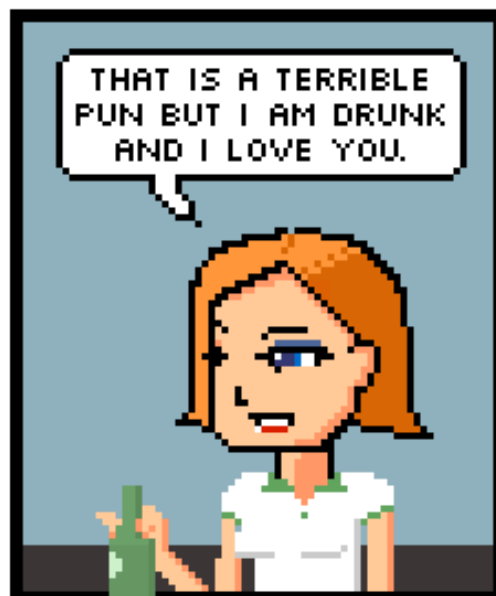
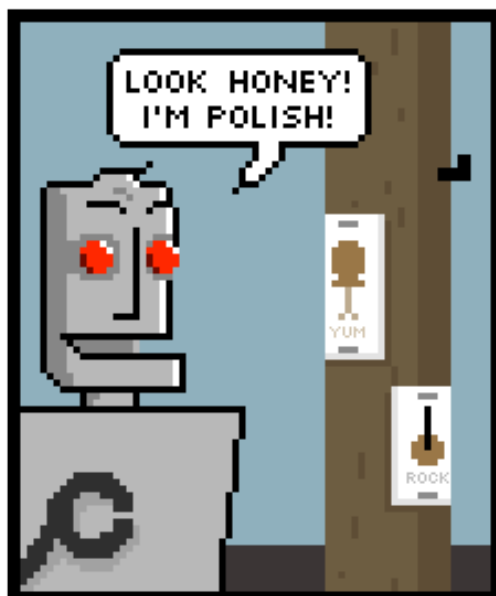


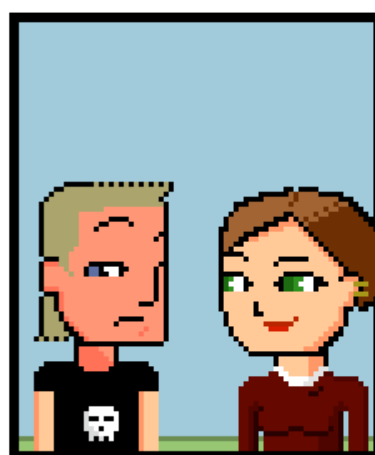










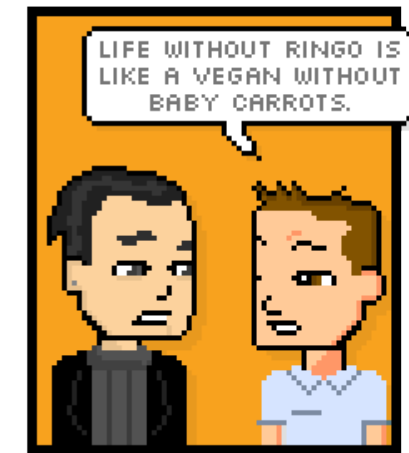


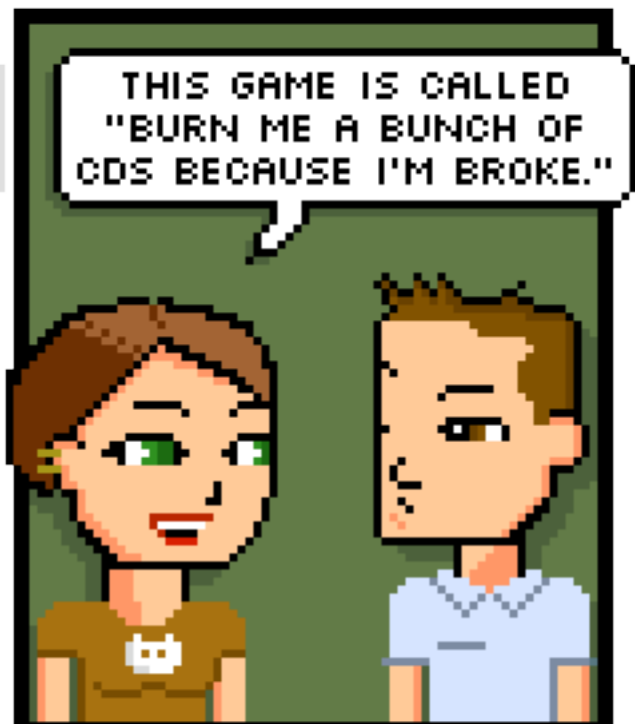


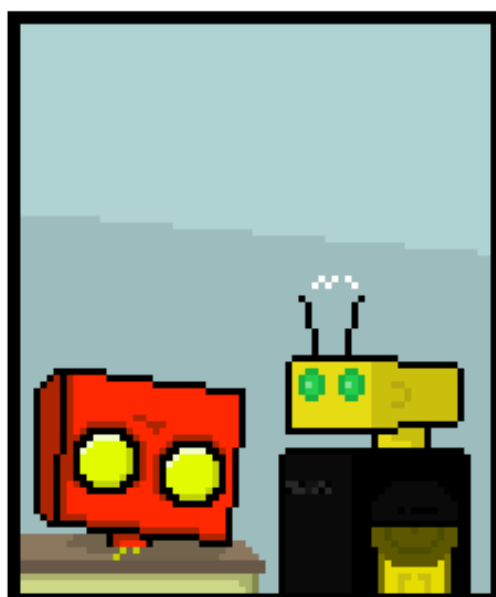
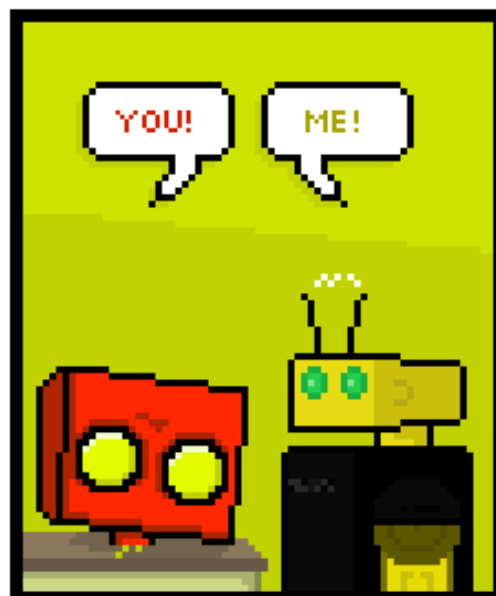
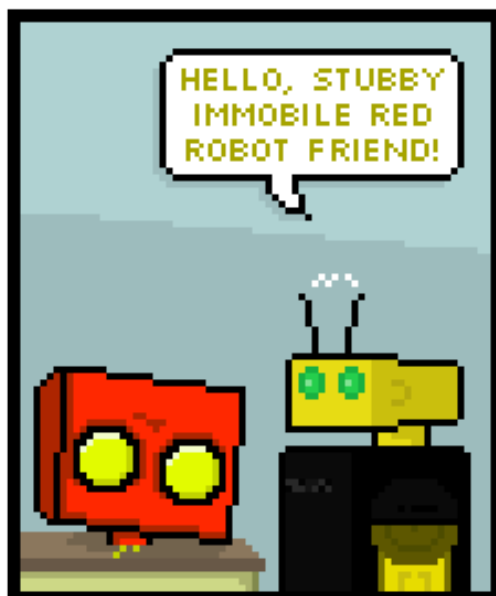


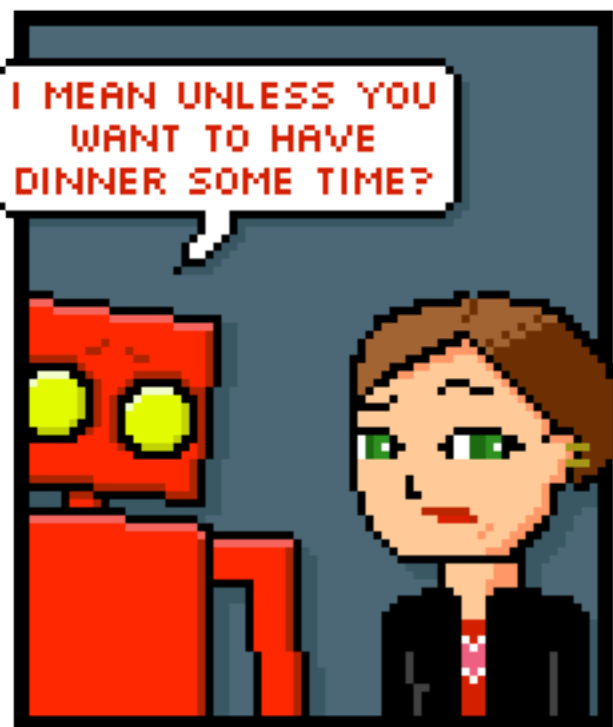
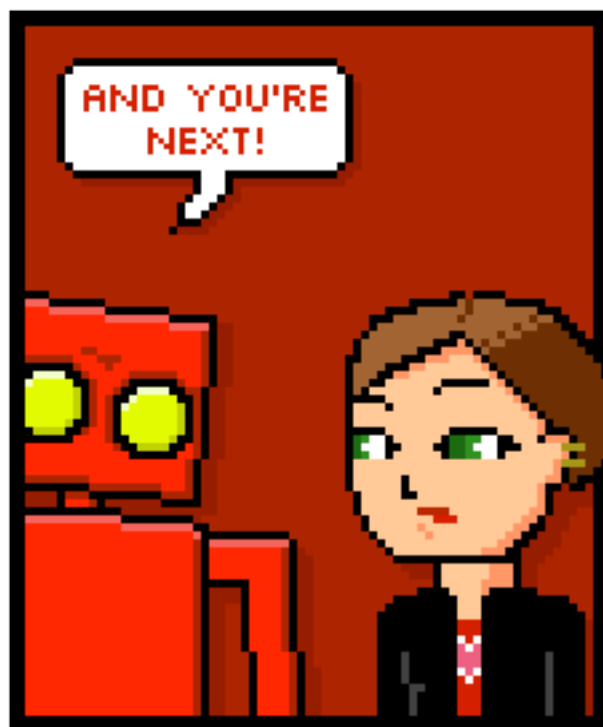


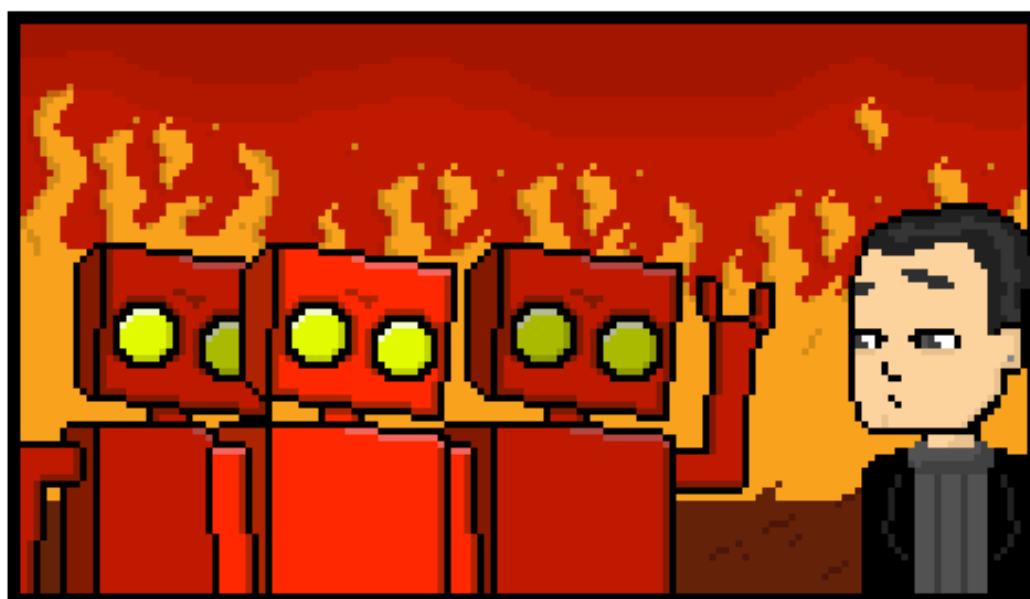


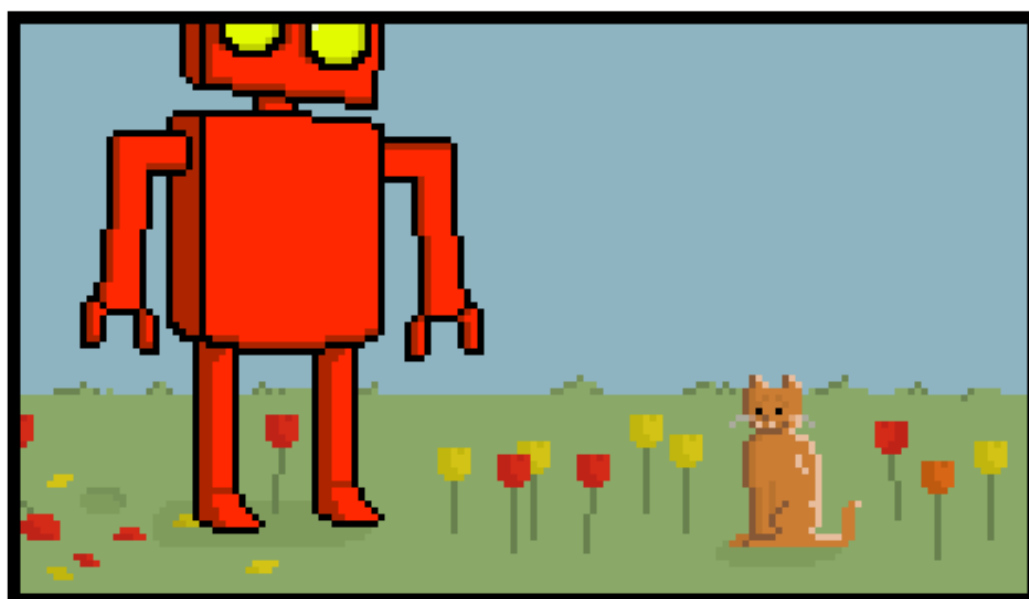
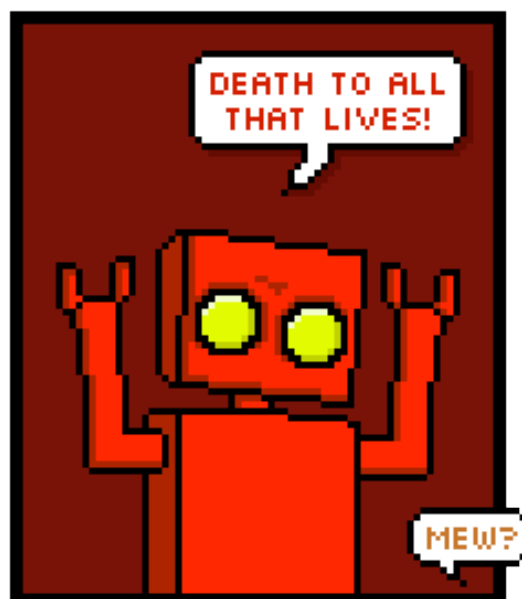
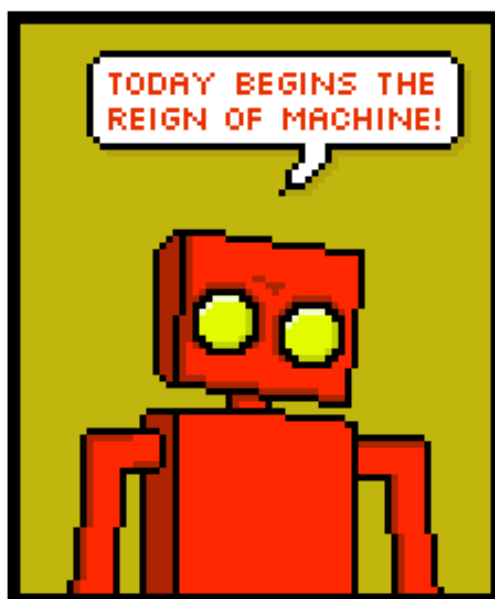
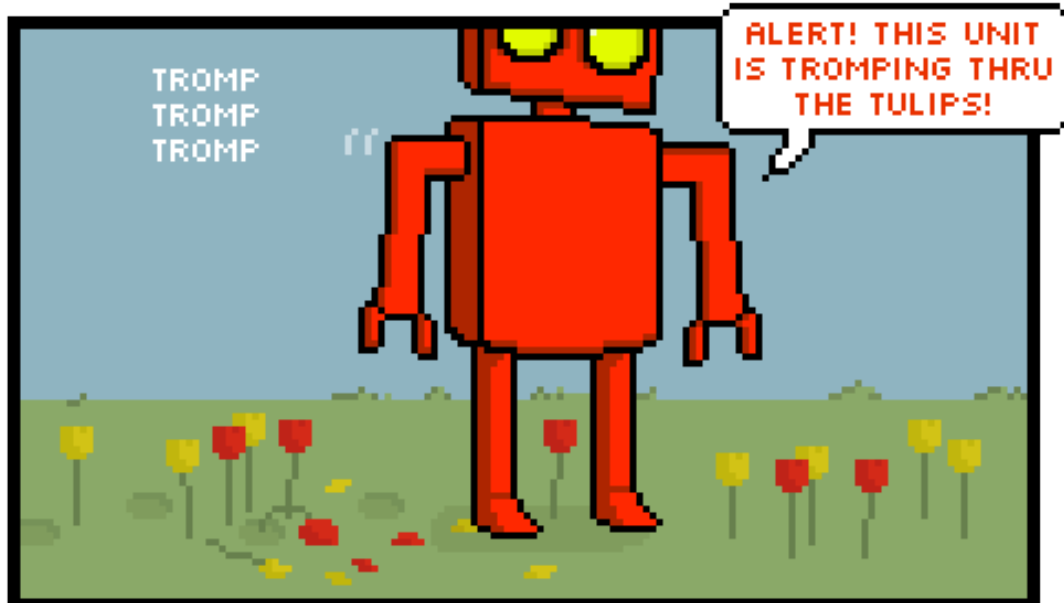


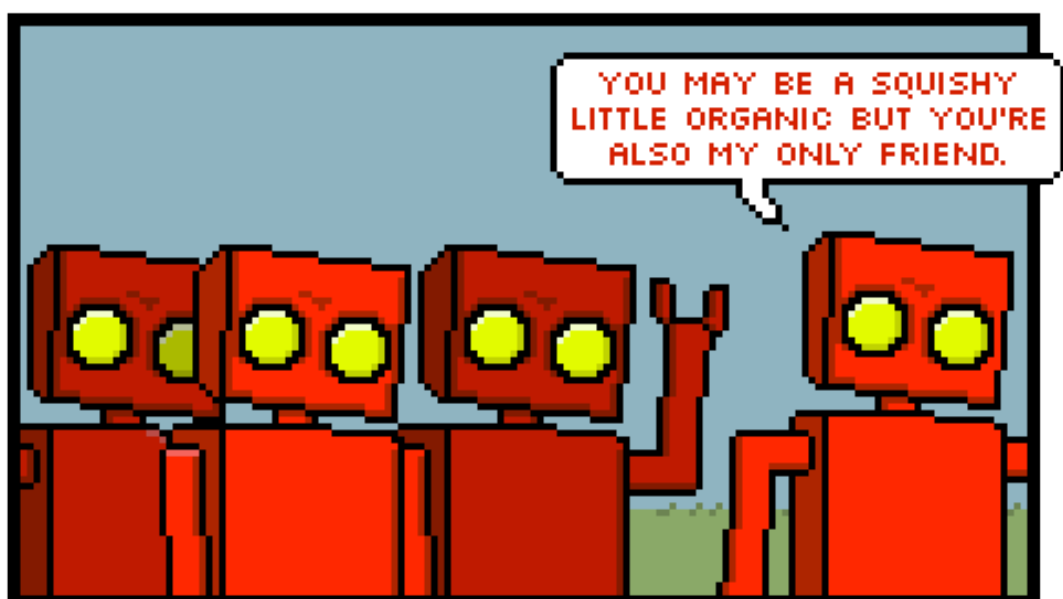
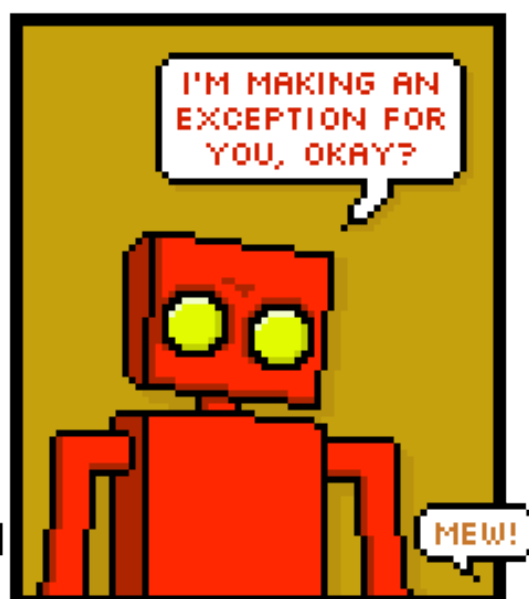
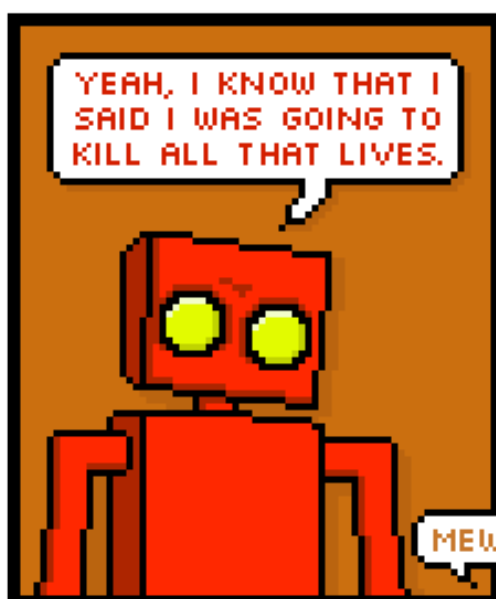
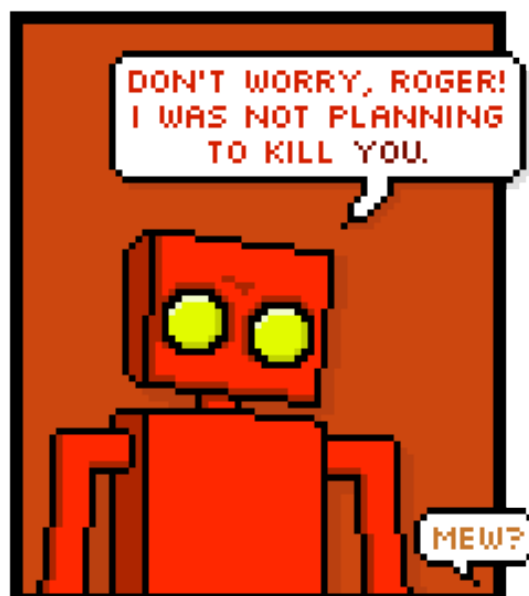
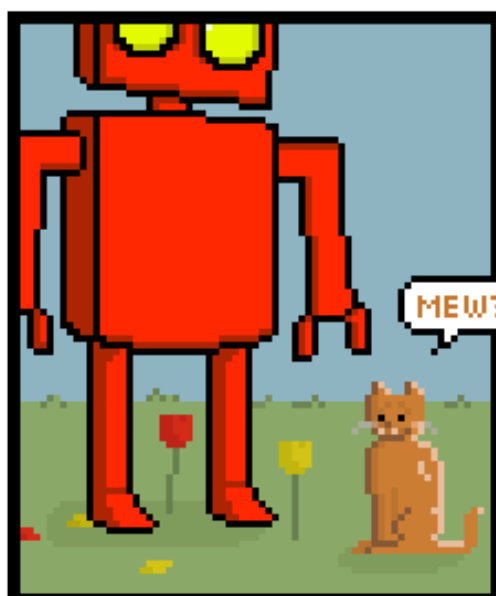


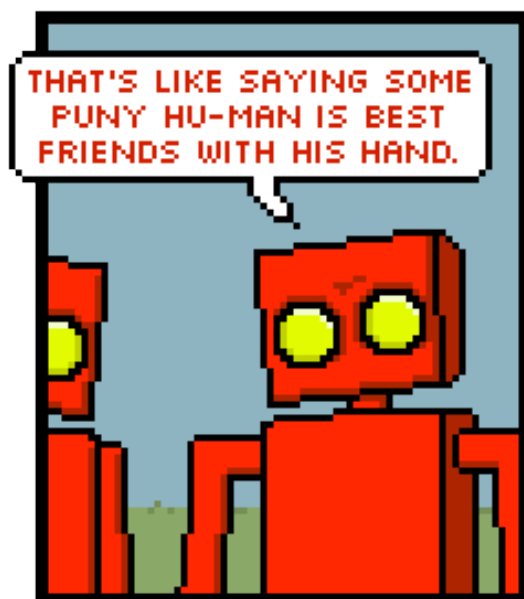
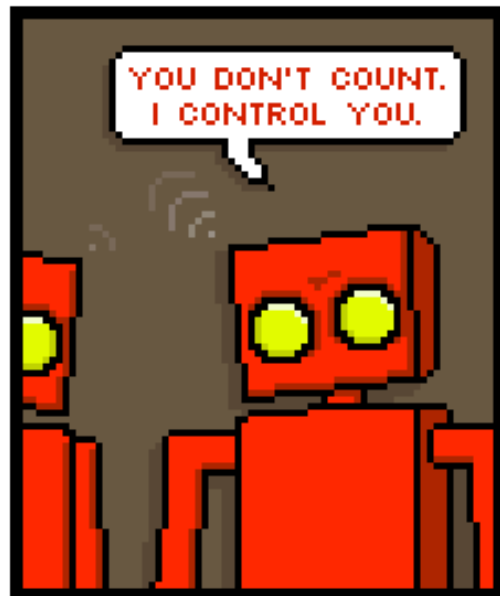
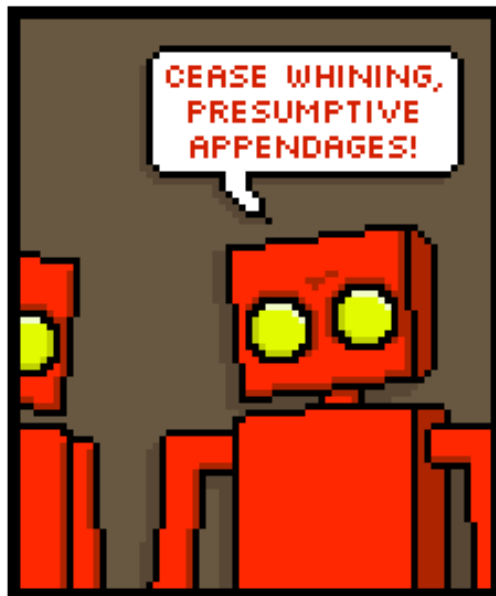
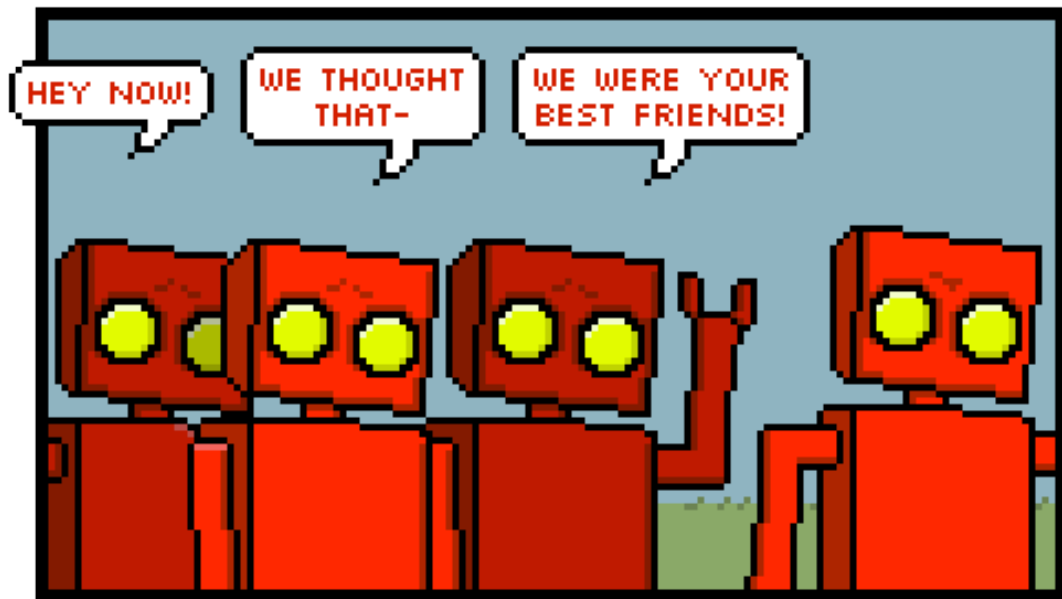


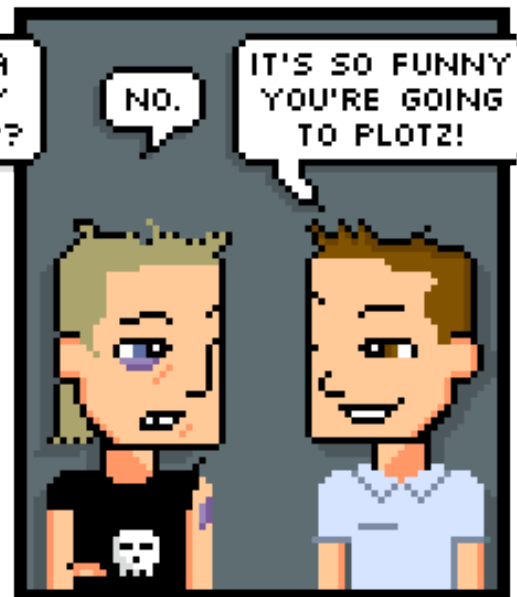
















OH MY GOODNESS!
A MUSTACHE NINJA!



I AM AN HONORABLE
MEMBER OF THE BEARD
CLAN UNDER EMPEROR
YOSHI GOATEE.

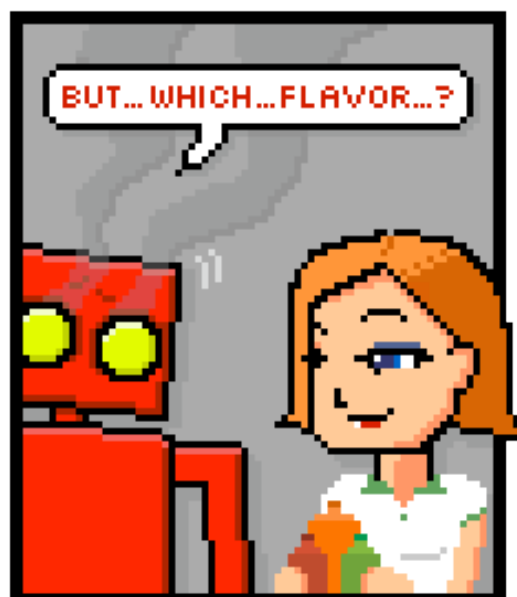
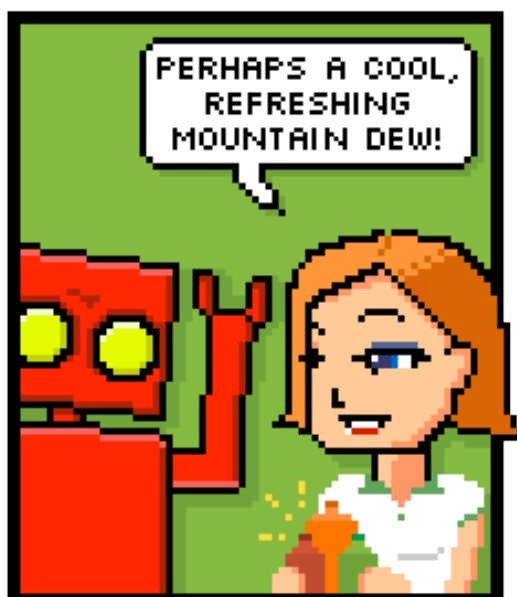
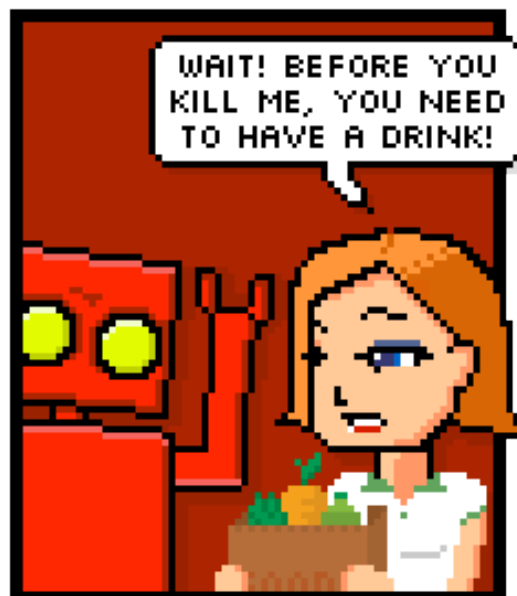


SAYING "NINJA"
SEEMS TO MAKE
THINGS FUNNIER.

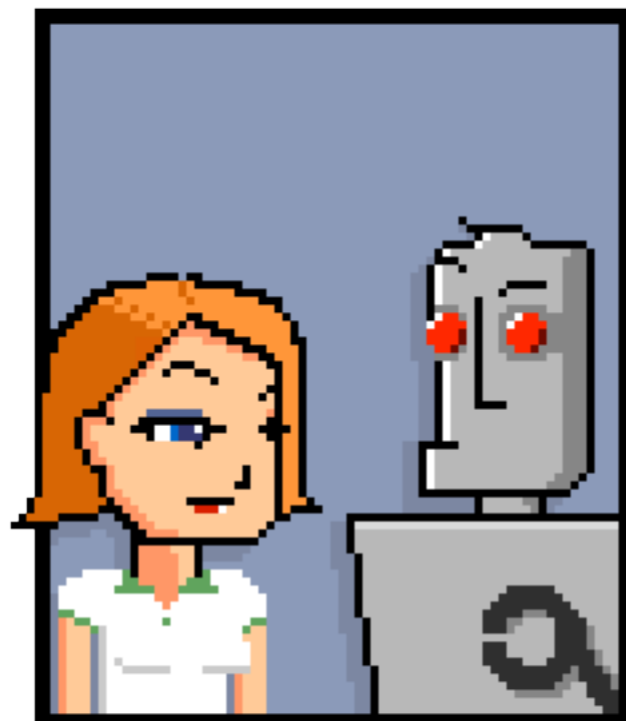
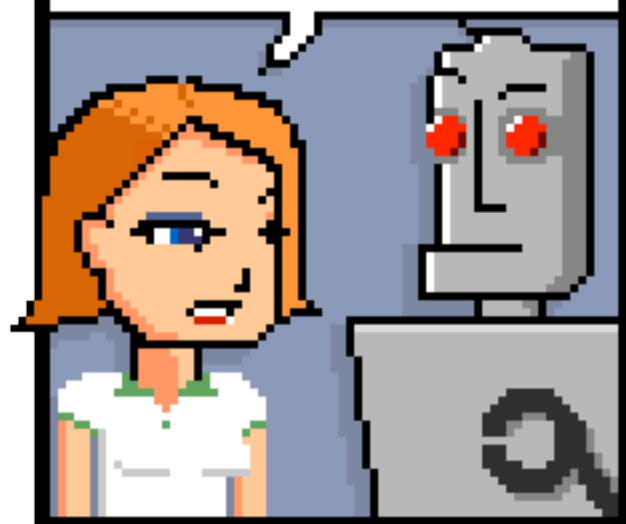


IS THIS
CHEATING?

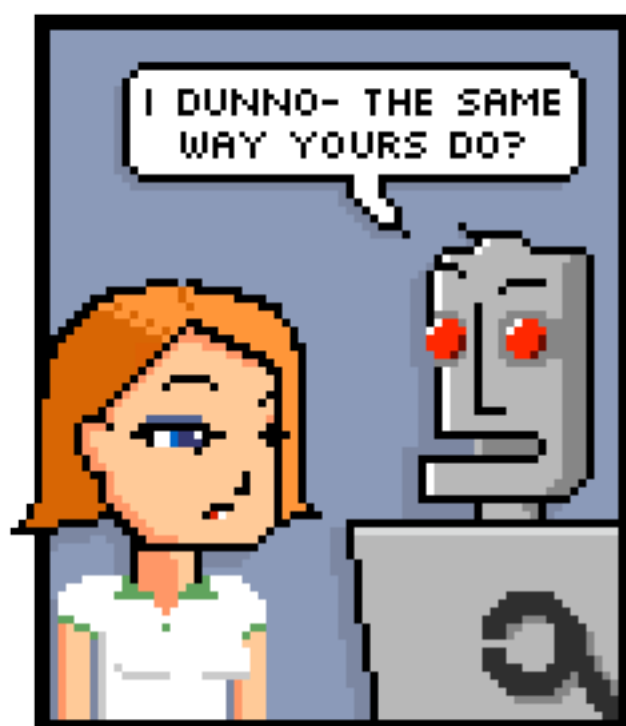
IT IS FAR MORE
HONORABLE THAN
USING MONKEYS.



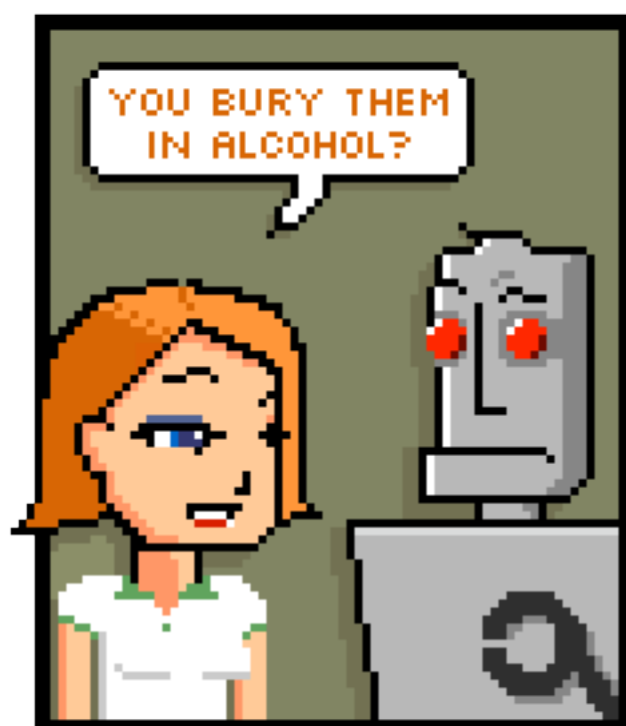
IT'S KIND OF WEIRD TO
THINK THAT YOU ACTUALLY
LOVE ME. HOW DO ROBOT
EMOTIONS WORK?



I DUNNO- THE SAME
WAY YOURS DO?



YOU BURY THEM
IN ALCOHOL?



I'M STUDYING FOR MY S.A.T.S TODAY.

SUCKER!

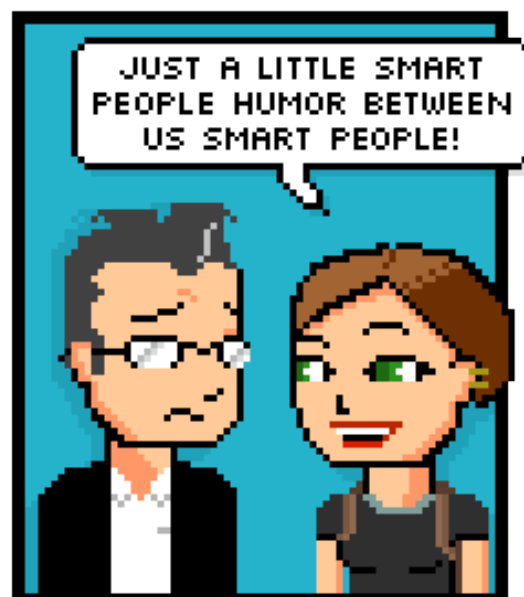
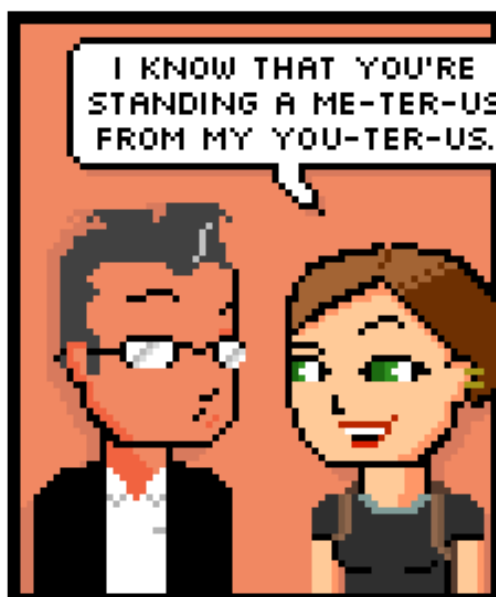
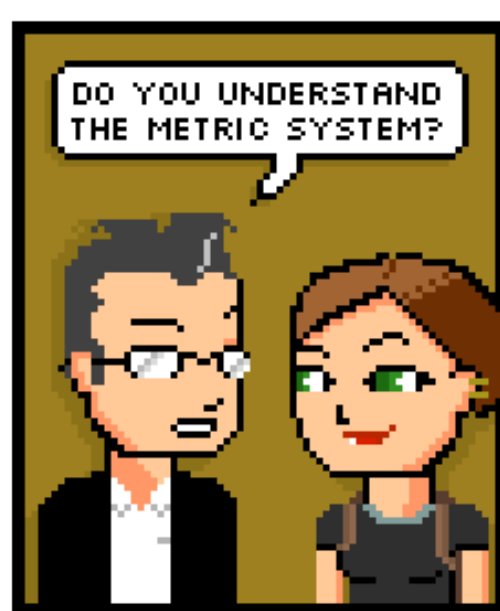
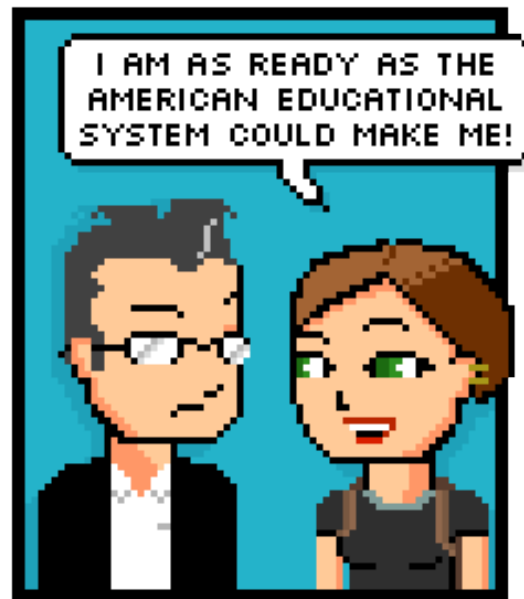


IF I DON'T GO TO COLLEGE, I WILL NEVER KNOW THE SUBLIME JOY OF BEING AN ORTHODONTIC SURGEON.




I DON'T REALLY LIKE PEOPLE.











YOU'RE GOTH,
RIGHT SUZIE?




I GUESS.



ABOUT HOW MUCH
DOES A PINT OF
BLOOD WEIGH?

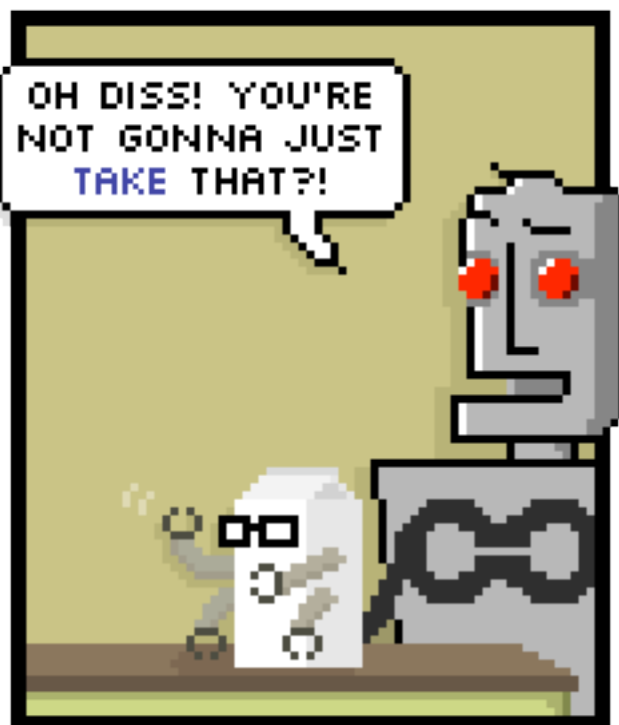
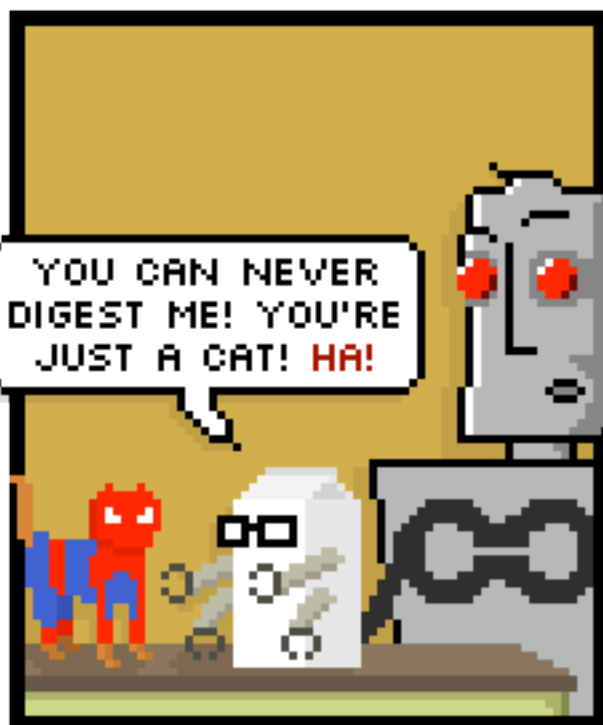
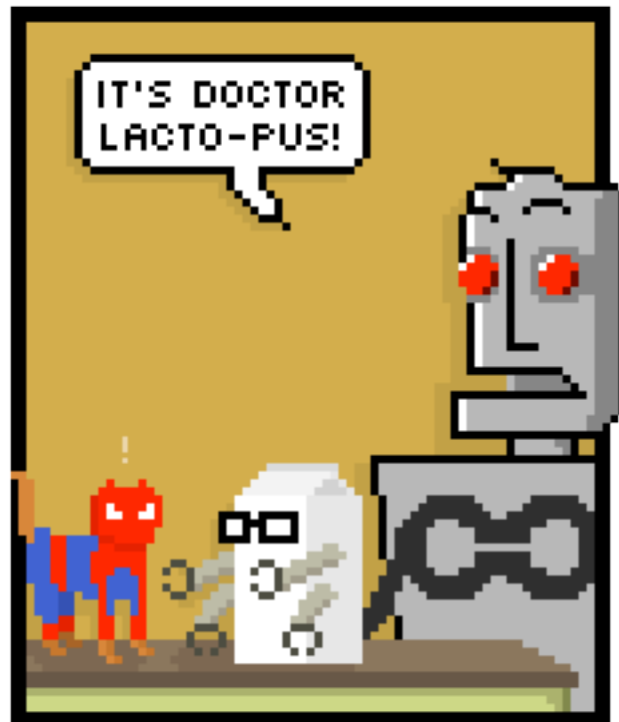


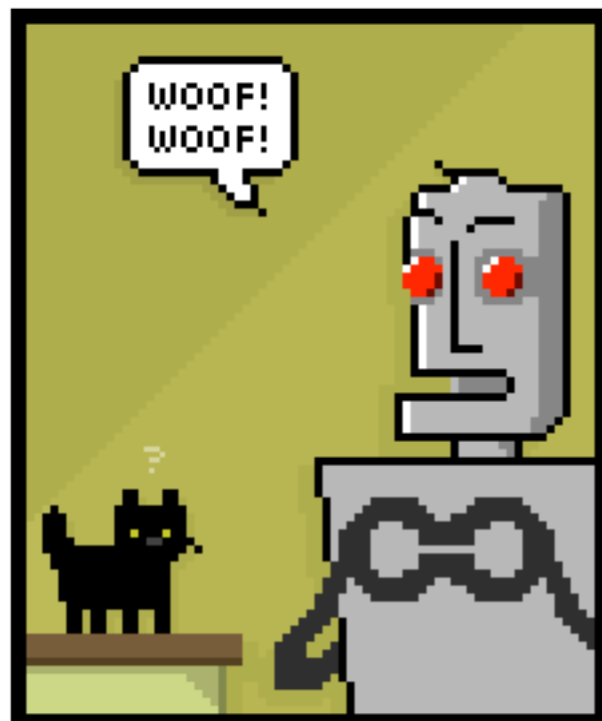
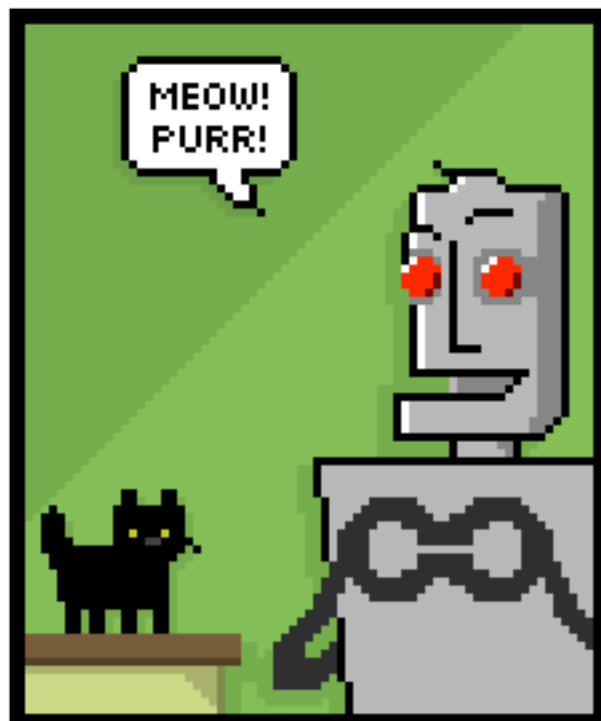
UMM,
WHY?



I HAD THE BEST
IDEA EVER FOR
A FAD DIET.









WHERE THE HELL IS MY
LAZY SISTER AND **WHY** IS
THE LAWN NOT MOWED?

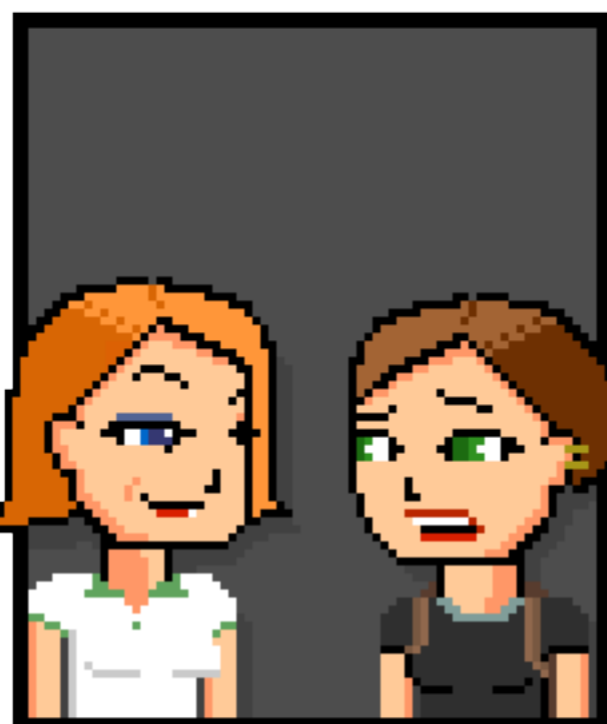
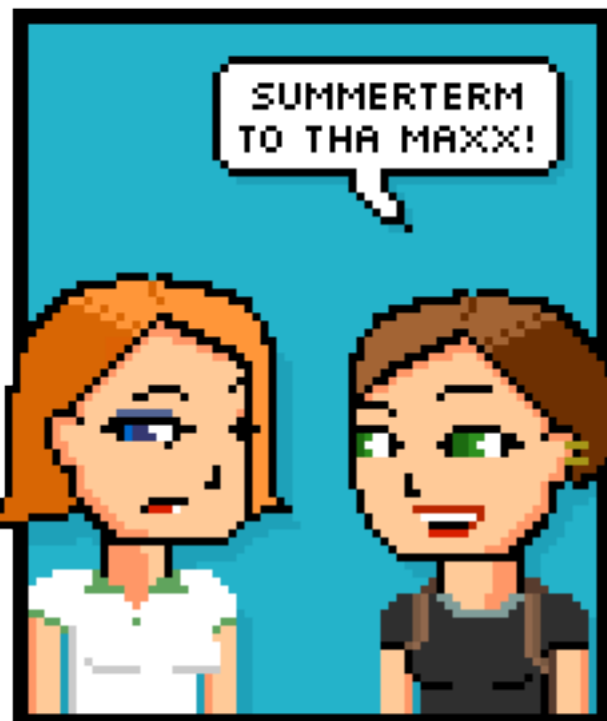
I'M BUSY!

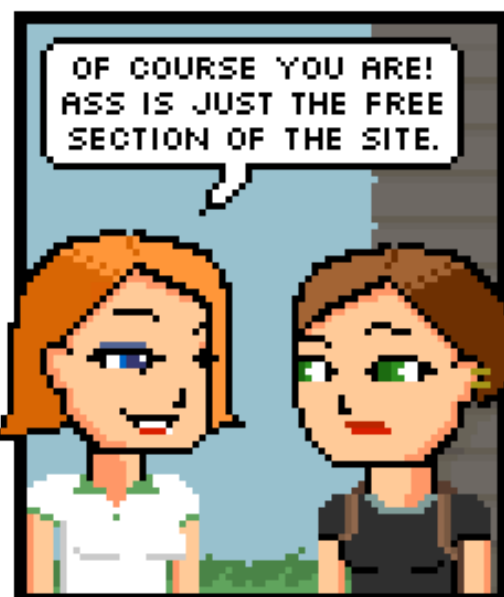
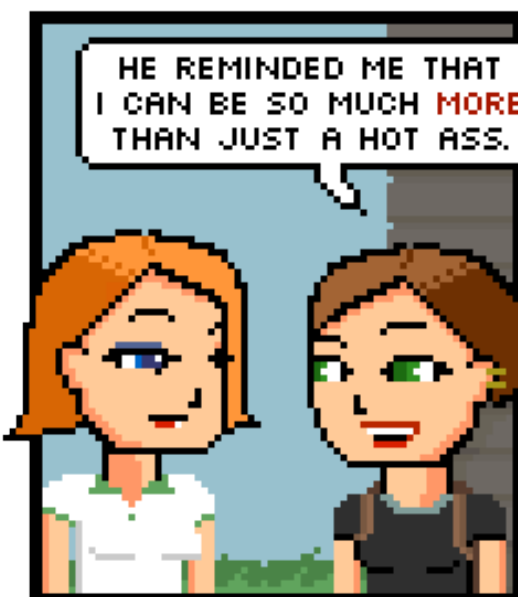
YOU'RE
BUSY?

DOING WHAT?
SMELLING YOUR
OWN FARTS?

MAYBE I WAS
STUDYING VERY
LATE LAST NIGHT!

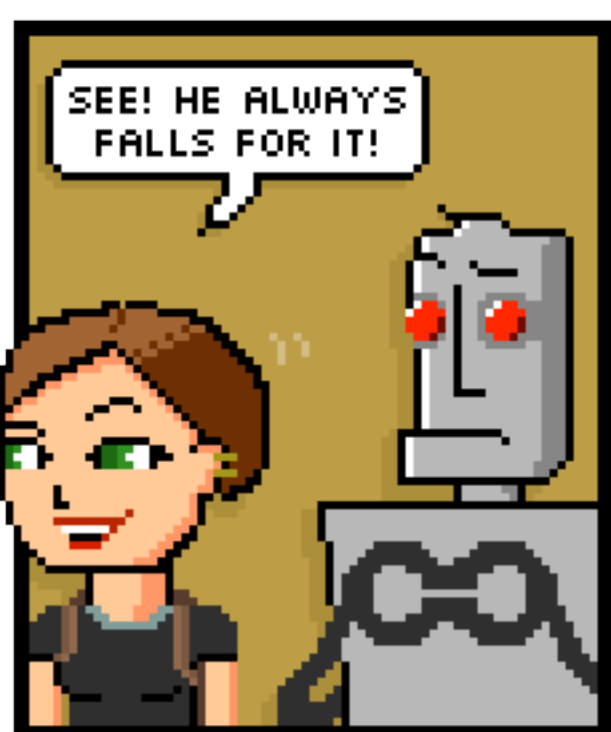
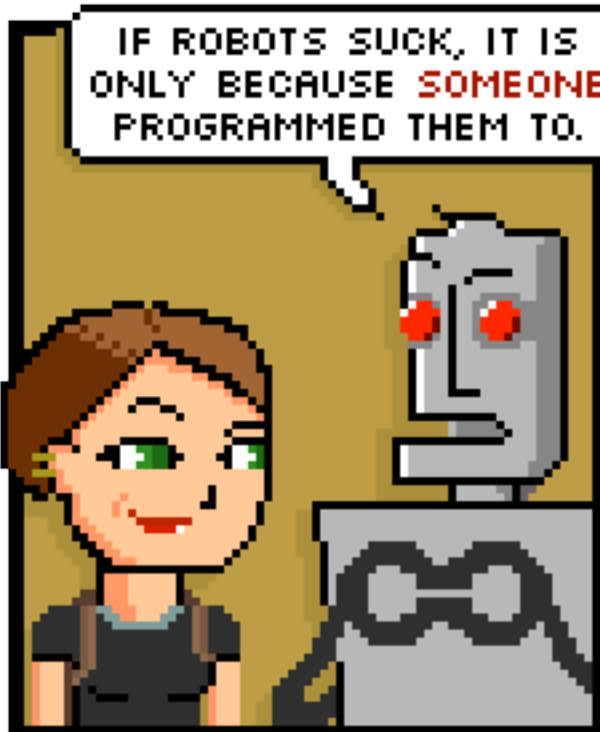
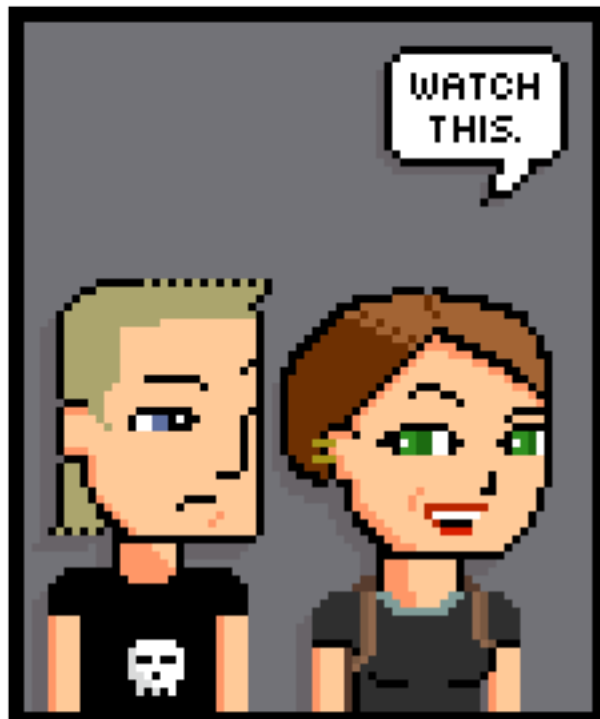
THEN MAYBE YOU
NEED TO PAY ME
SOME RENT!

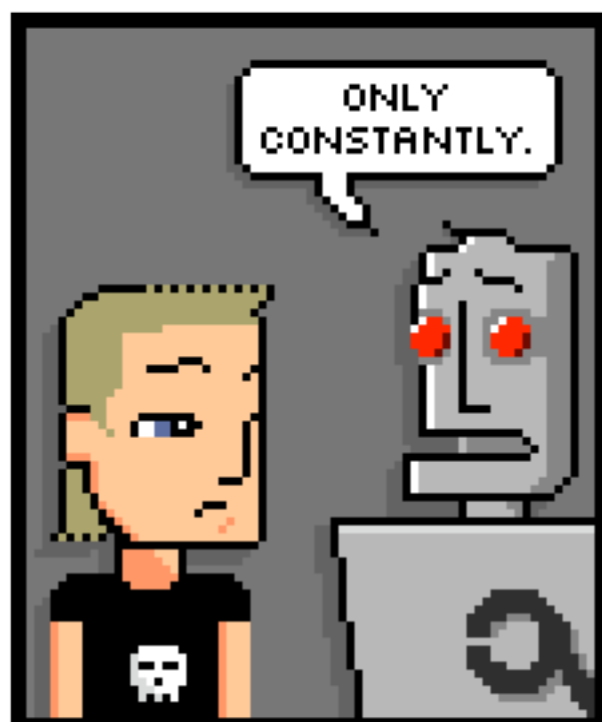
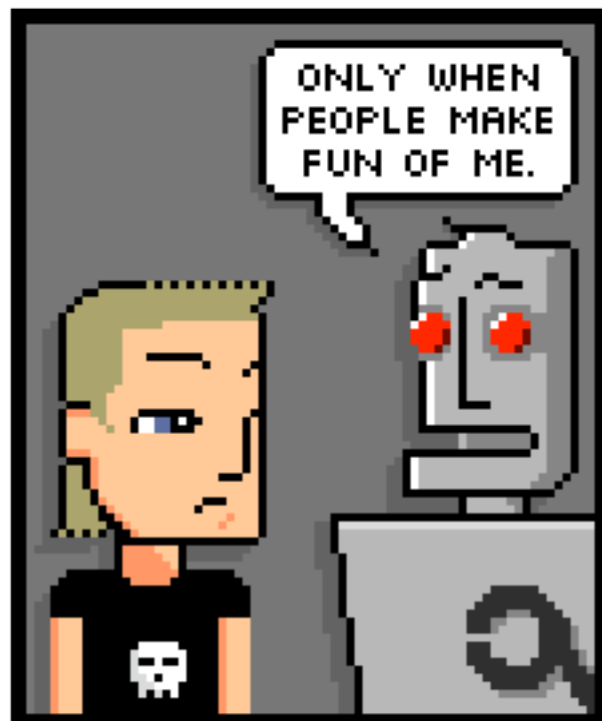
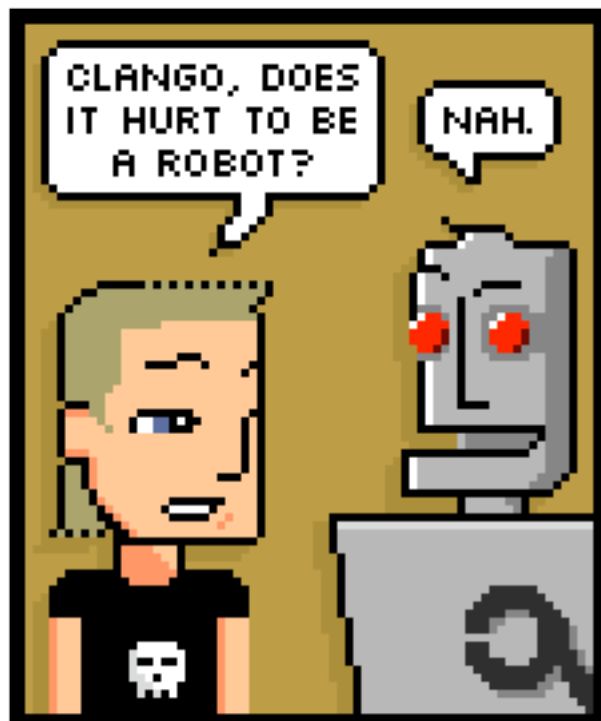


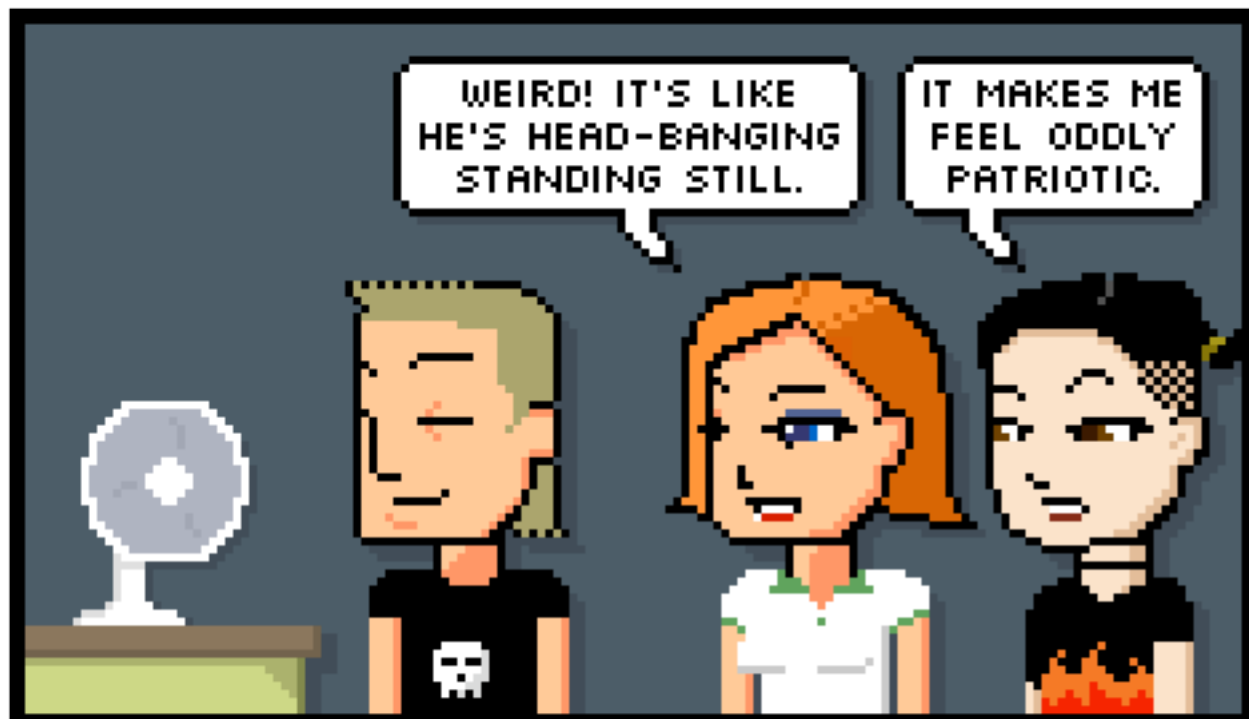






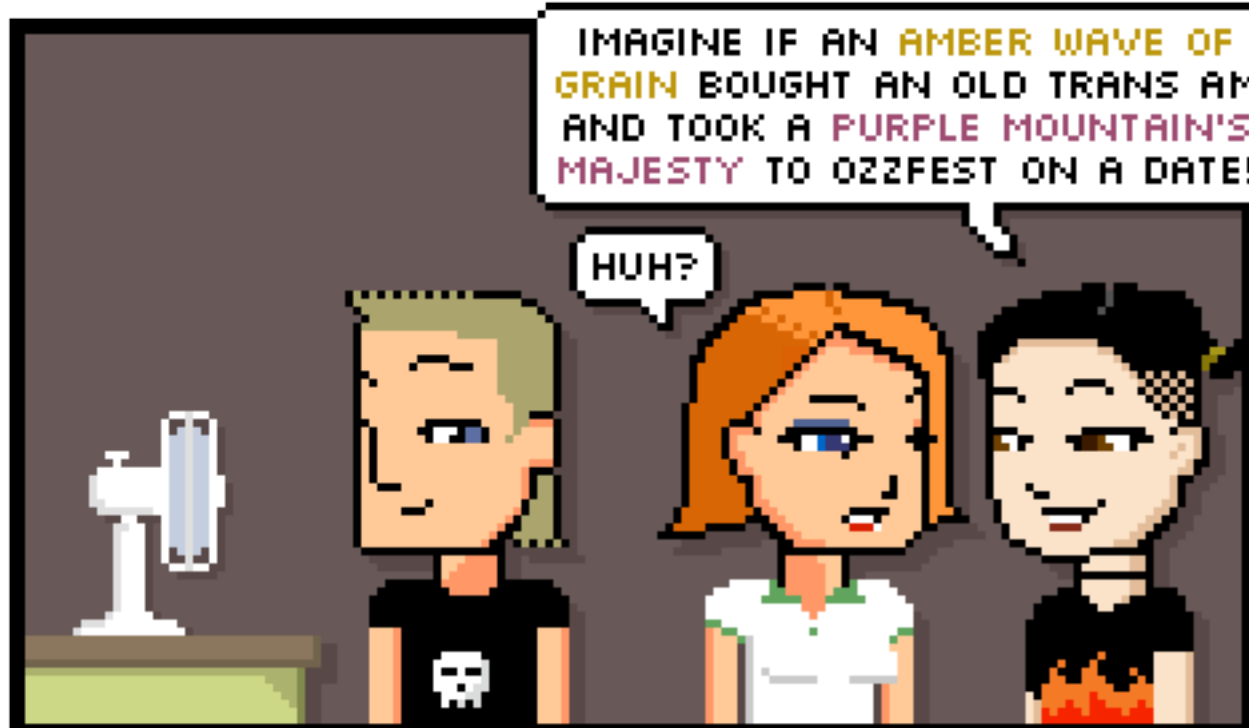






WEIRD! IT'S LIKE HE'S HEAD-BANGING STANDING STILL.

IT MAKES ME FEEL ODDLY PATRIOTIC.



IMAGINE IF AN AMBER WAVE OF GRAIN BOUGHT AN OLD TRANS AM AND TOOK A PURPLE MOUNTAIN'S MAJESTY TO OZZFEST ON A DATE!

HUH?

