

THE SUNDAY NIGHT

black & white

TRANSCRIPT OF AN ALIEN DOCUMENTARY

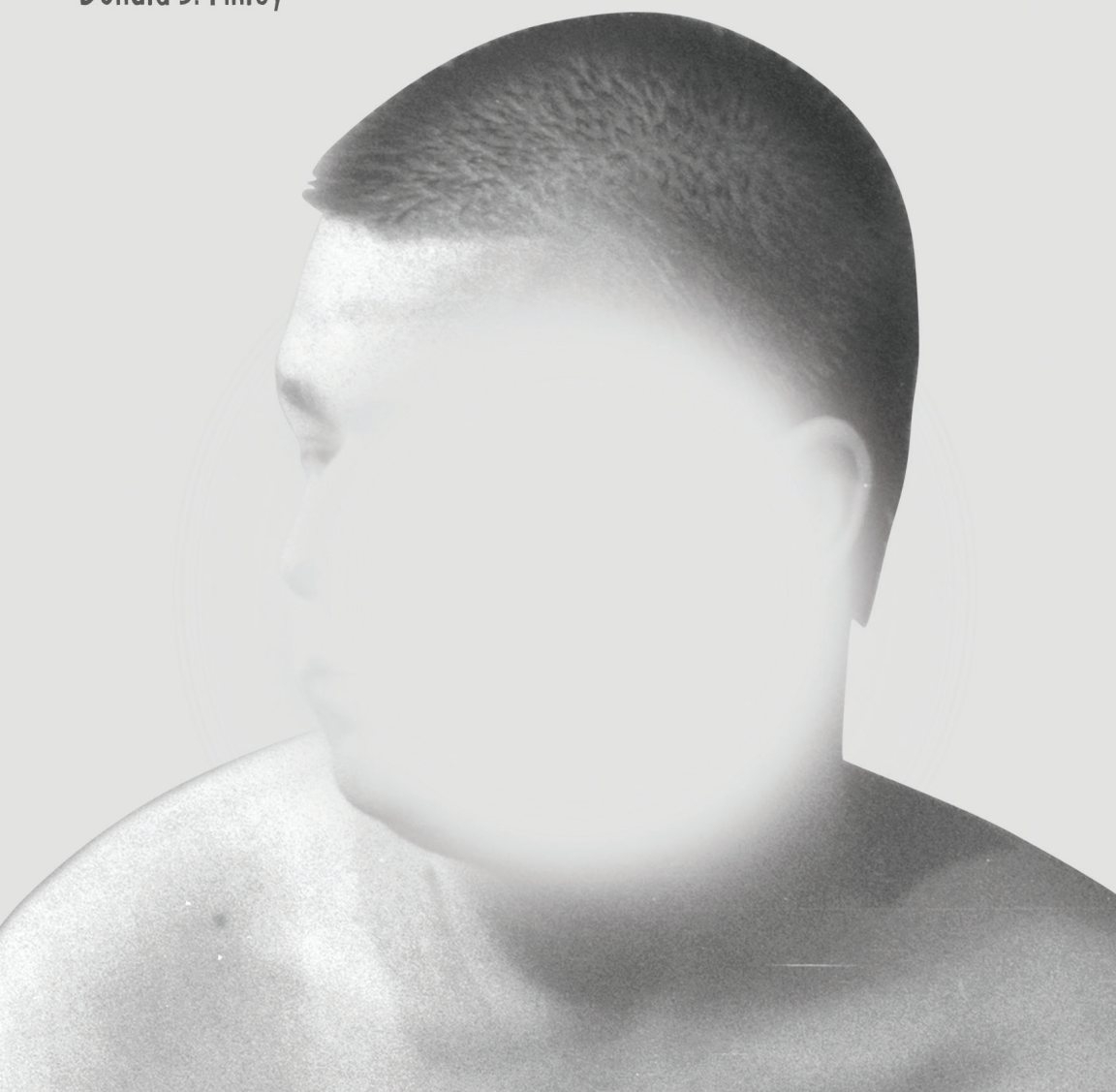
Mason Chennells

COLLECTED COMICS

Brian Roppel

RE: RELAPSE (7)

Donald J. Finley



THE SUNDAY NIGHT

black & white



Short Fiction - Photography - Illustration

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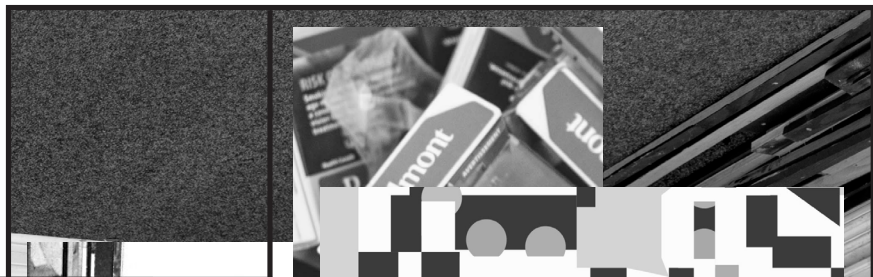
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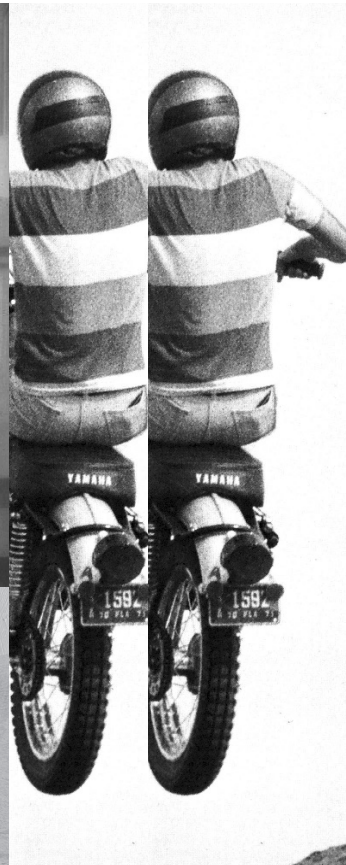
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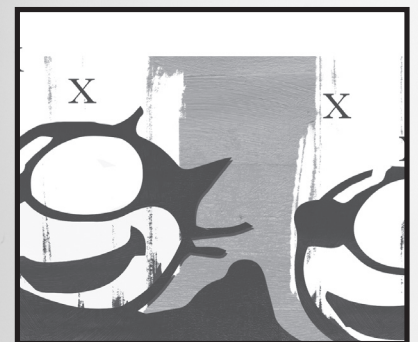
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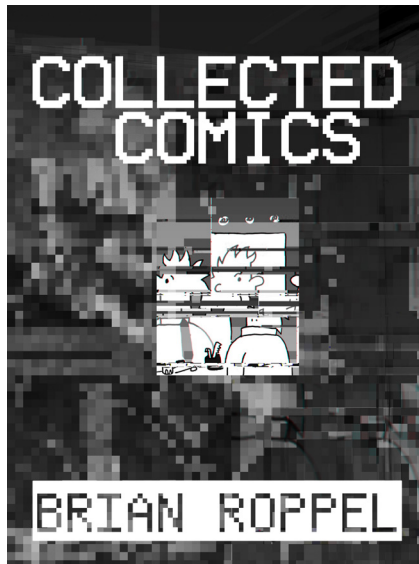
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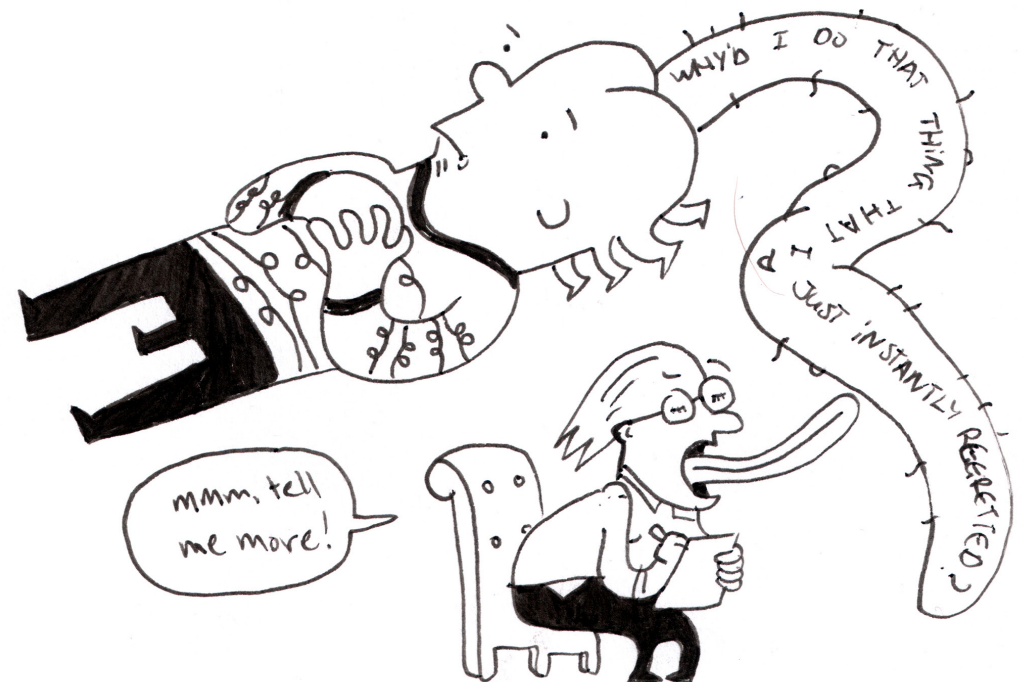
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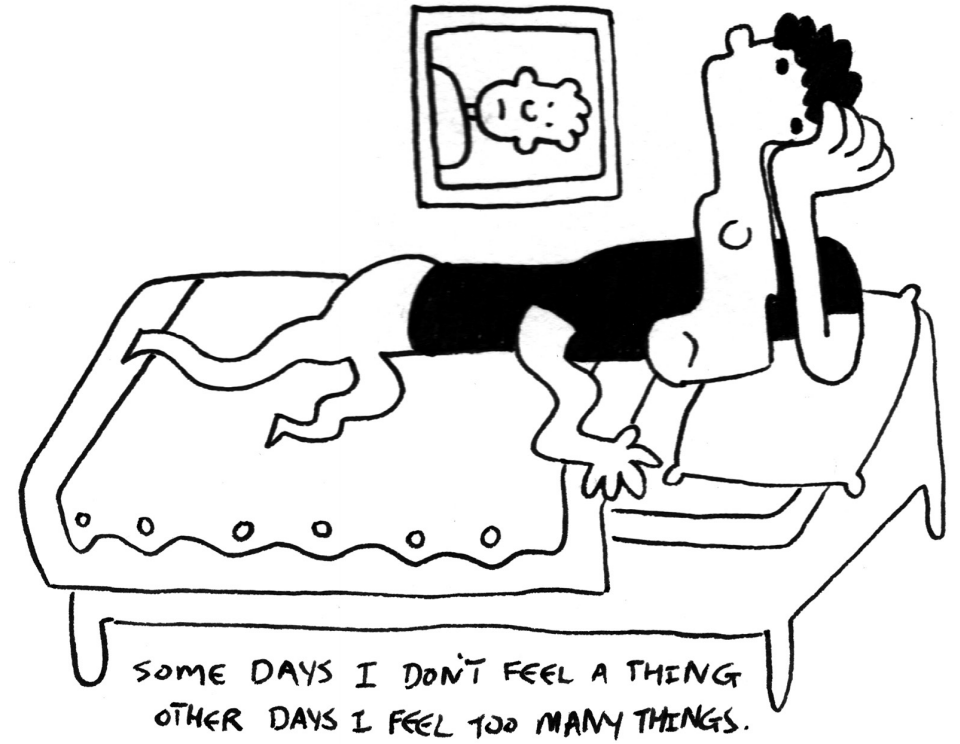
self reflection I



when I okay, will be with myself?



SELF REFLECTION II



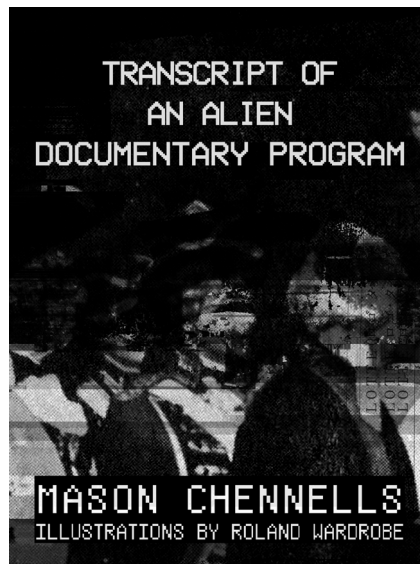
SELF REFLECTION III



GHOST STORIES



The most productive writer's room I've ever been in.



Welcome back.

Our next location can best be described as a Petri dish of civilized humanity at its most comfortable and leisurely. This habitat is known as a suburb, and can be found in many highly-populated areas across the planet Earth. The suburb is intriguing for its complete conformity to an almost unspoken rule as to how it is to be constructed and populated. Many tribes come and nest here, almost exclusively for reproduction; of course, as with most human habitats, there are exceptions. Sometimes, a lone male human or female human will move into these areas and occupy a single nest, but their motives are typically elusive and mysterious. Today, we'll be exploring a single night in the lives of a basic human tribe in one of these suburbs. Join us, as we unravel the mystery of the civilized suburbanite.

Many creatures exist with these suburbs, like this one here, a dominant male known as a ↓↓↓↔↘↓↓↘↓↓↔, or more commonly known as a 'business man'. These are the types of creatures who hold the most domain over suburbs, although there have been known to be many exceptions to this rule. However, such exceptions are rare and mostly found in first-world status suburbs. Watch how he walks with confidence

in his battle armor, that white and black combo as he goes and joins the hunters in the concrete jungle, as they take on elusive creatures known as profits. There is much to be gained from these hunts, allowing the business man to exist in luxury and security. Such exquisite living is easily obtained through these profit hunts, and the gains made from them are devoted to a peculiar human tradition known as 'status.' Status can best be described as a way of separating certain humans from other humans. The rules and restrictions that certainly come with status are not easily defined, but they do allow the most attractive and wealthy of humans to exist in pure states of happiness and security. It is currently unknown if happiness, the most elusive human resource, is available to those of lower-to-no status.



While the business man is away on a hunt, it's mate, the ⇨⇨↗⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨⇨, or 'house-wife,' stays home and tends to the upkeep of the nest, also known among humans as a 'house.' The house acts not only as a shelter, but also as a

place of entertainment, leisure, sexual rites, and the occasional transgression. One well-known and much-documented transgression is referred to as 'screwing the pool-boy.' If you see here, a young male human, significantly younger than the business man, known as the pool-boy tends to the pool owned by said business man. This pool is like many others, but unlike the larger pools we've featured previously, this pool is for private use only. Here, the pool-boy has been acquired through a yearly ritual known as 'summer employment,' usually undertaken by young males and females as a kind of ascent into adulthood or maturity. As time wears on through a normal human hour-cycle, the housewife will approach the pool-boy, usually around the afternoon period. Afternoon, for those just tuning in, is a part of a human day-cycle that occurs for the humans once they have committed the act of 'having lunch.'

Now, the housewife will leisurely walk up to the pool-boy when he is mid-task and promptly flirt and try to attract him for an act of non-reproductive intercourse. We should mention that the filmmakers have been watching this transgression take place for the course of a few 'months' (one month takes up about 30 to 31 day-cycles). We should also mention that, for the purpose of educating you, our viewers, on the fascinating ways that the average human exists, we must strongly warn you that the following footage is rather graphic. We will be showing the fornication in its entirety, however, from a safe distance within some bushes the filmmakers were able to hide in.

**WARNING: THE FOLLOWING IS SEXUALLY
EXPLICIT AND FEATURES PRIMITIVE ANIMALS
MATING IN A NON-TRADITIONAL FASHION**



The housewife firstly undresses herself inside her house. She is aware that the business man is gone for the day and will not return to the nest for some time. She brings out an offering of sorts, hoping to entice the pool-boy into joining her in an act of lunch. Once the pool-boy recognizes the offer, as you see here, he promptly drops his utensil and joins the housewife inside the house. Once indoors, the pool-boy then strips down and prepares to fornicate with the house-wife in what we believe has been called a 'master bedroom.' Now, watch here; see how he administers rough and speedy thrusts unlike the

business man. He also is yelling at the house-wife, and she in turn responds just as loudly, maybe more so. Unfortunately, the current state of our research into human communication and ritualism unfortunately has yet to crack their language and the many variations upon it, but we feel that what is being discussed by these two specimens is some kind of expletive trading. There is a call-and-response structure that has been placed between them, and every-time the pool-boy readjusts his position behind the house-wife, either to stroke his significantly large organ or re-enter into one of the presumably three sexual orifices, he seems to change his calls accordingly. The housewife seems to respond almost immediately, and openly accepts all sexual advances made by the pool-boy.

Once the ritual is complete, the two lie in bed before redressing themselves and returning to their daily routine. As aforementioned, this phenomena is a well-known transgression among humans, however we are not sure how frequent nor how widespread this act is among civilized suburbanites.

Elsewhere, we find our business man on his way home. His mode of transport is within the belly of a large metallic creature known as a 'bus.' By all accounts, they are a species that have been tamed and are now bred specifically for human transportation. Now, these 'buses' have been painted with specific indicators that display their chosen path, operated by a handler of sorts. How it is possible that such creatures have not killed any humans yet in an act of rage or defiance is anyone's

guess. On a side note, most accidents seem to be due in part to negligence on behalf of the operators and those around them, but this evidence is inconclusive.

Our business man is now home, greeting his mate, the house-wife, with the traditional human communication of affection. These are typically known as 'hugs' and 'kisses.' Hugs are embraces of a non-combative intent, usually done to show comfort or affection. Kisses are similar, however, they involve the placement of one human mouth upon another, or somewhere on another person's body without any biting or tearing. As is the case with most human traditions, there are exceptions, as there have been recorded incidents of biting and even blood-letting in times of physical intimacy.

As the business man and the house-wife commence their evening rituals, from the consumption of a more elegant form of lunch known as 'dinner,' and other leisurely activities, the mates now retire to their 'master bedroom,' where the house-wife had mated with the pool-boy from earlier, if you'll recall. Notice here, the business man does not retain any of the animalistic tendencies of the pool-boy, instead opting for a basic male-on-female approach that allegedly is referred to as 'missionary.'

-COMMERCIAL BREAK-

-COMMERCIAL BREAK-

-COMMERCIAL BREAK-

When we last left our civilized human mates, they had just finished their nightly mating ritual and now are fast asleep. It is here that we must introduce one of the deadliest of human predators. Even in the comfort of suburbia, there are dangers of all kinds. Here, we now focus on the one known as ⚡⚡⚡⚡⚡⚡⚡⚡, the serial killer.

The serial killer is a rare breed of human known and feared for its psychopathic and violent tendencies. Many of them are products of failed parenting rituals or undisclosed mental and psychological problems. However, others are impossible to understand. The serial killer is a fearsome hunter, choosing tactics of unnecessary brutality to strike down its victims. It'll partake in the desecration of their victims' corpses, either attempting to haphazardly mate with or sometimes consume them for nutrition or gratification. As evident by numerous research initiatives into these subordinate creatures, leading [REDACTED] scientists determine that they have no moral compass and will attack, typically, in a pattern or patterns.

Here, we see one known among the humans of the area as 'the Stalker of Fresno.' Its nickname is a reference to its tendencies to stalk its victims in a fearsome show of animal and human instinct fused together, as well as its particular hunting grounds, a large village known as Fresno. See here, it has attacked its first victim of the night, the pool-boy from earlier. Look here how it has brutalized and gutted the younger male with efficiency. Serial killers sometimes will utilize primitive

tools such as blades of a small stature or even a powder-based firearm to dispose of their victims. The filmmakers have been able to determine that this particular serial killer receives some kind of sexualized gratification from its actions, as evident by its panting and grotesque decision to relieve itself upon the corpse. As you can see, its organ is significantly small but noticeably erect. Unlike other serial killers, this one comes off as amateurish. You can tell by its forgetfulness regarding the act of 'hiding the remains.' Here, it leaves the body to freeze and dry up in the cool night, with the sidewalk doing all it can to give the pool-boy a place to die.



Now the serial killer continues its prowl, looking for fresh targets. It has now come across the home of our business man and house-wife. They are fast asleep, and the serial killer can sense this. Despite its amateurish approach to its atrocious pastime, it is not completely devoid of caution and preparation.

Watch as it uses its nimble hands, in tandem with a crowbar, to sneakily break into the nest, making sure to break a window in a carpeted room as to not alert the business man.

The serial killer then proceeds to intrude upon the nest and begin scouring for fresh blood. It stalks throughout the nest, careful not to alert the business man or house-wife. Watch how it monitors its own footing, always double checking so not to step on any creaky flooring. It makes its way through the house, snaking a trail of silence. And then, it senses a target. The light breathing of the occupants. It slowly opens the door, further transgressing the idyllic lives of our male and female. It readies its single talon, a long blade of startling reflection, and then... strikes!

The business man is awakened immediately to the sensation of something sharp and pointed having been plunged downward into his chest! It drops like a mighty hammer, downwards into the business man! Over and over again, great geysers of his red life-juice escaping into the sheets of the bed! His screams alert the house-wife, and she takes flight, hoping to escape the serial killer! She runs with immense speed, a speed that remains unrecorded in all our years of observing humans. She hurries through the house, but unlike previous cases we've seen, she instead goes to the kitchen instead of the front door, hoping to alert the local warriors, known as the ↗↙↗↙, or the police-men. The police-men are trained for hunting and capturing serial killers, and are typically very efficient hunters. The house-wife, using a memorized speech

pattern, alerts a messenger of unknown origin, who in turn alerts any nearby police-men to the transgression in progress. Meanwhile, the business man now lays still and silent in his reddened bed, as the serial killer makes for the house-wife, who is now arming herself with a revolving chamber firearm we believe is called a 'revolver.' It is small, as evident by its miniature barrel, but by all accounts it is capable of similar firepower to any other gun.

Ah, yes, the serial killer is now at odds with our house-wife. A rectangular monolith presents flanking opportunities for the serial killer to utilize in its attempt to kill the house-wife. Watch it carefully, see how it sways from one side to another, calculating and recalculating, devising and revising. It knows the house-wife is hysterical, but on the offensive. A common human expression, 'to smell one's fear,' could be accurately used here. The serial killer can 'smell the fear' of the house-wife. This standoff is a rare, but exhilarating event to witness, as most victims of a serial killer are not granted such a gracious opportunity to fight back.

Suddenly... the serial killer, with talon at the ready, strikes from the right! The house-wife turns to fire, but is too late. The predator has caught the prey. It sinks its talon deep into the house-wife's neck, letting blood loose upon the linoleum floor. It is another successful night for the serial killer. Three victims, all within two or so hours. A surprisingly efficient killer, this one.

The serial killer then makes his escape, sneaking back through the window he previously broke into, and takes off with talon and crowbar in hand. The police-man's transport creatures, howling their siren songs and spinning their two-colour bioluminescent ilicium to alert their presence on the scene, are too late. They begin investigating the home, where they find the bodies of the business man and the house-wife, bled dry in master bedroom and kitchen, respectively.

And so concludes this installment of our documentary series regarding humanity and their unusual and primitive tendencies. Next cycle, we'll be exploring the human tradition of prostitution, what kind of breeds of human are involved and the power structures implemented in this ancient and intriguing aspect of human existence.

Thank you and [UNINTELLIGIBLE].

Donald J. Finley

February 5, 2001

Re: Relapse (7)

Dear Diane and Wally,

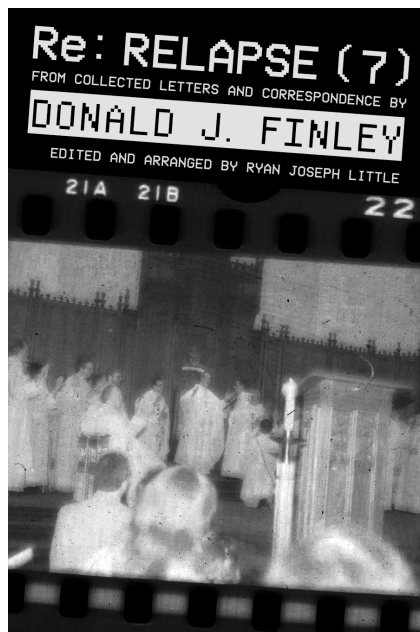
Long ago, while I was still a working stiff, I concocted this little vial of venom, and it's been festering ever since in my outdated computer, taking up precious memory. Faced with the choice of consigning it to the trash or letting it loose on an unsuspecting world, I have resolved, after much soul searching, to leave the decision up to you. It's called -

Guy in Church

There's this guy in church. I see him almost every Sunday when I'm in town. He sits on the same side of the centre aisle as I do, about two thirds of the way up to the front. I'm usually close to the back. I've never met him, and I don't know who he is. If I had, and if I did, he probably wouldn't burn my ass so much.

How can he annoy me so if he's almost a whole church away, you ask? How can I even see him, for that matter?

Well, it's like this. I'm a Catholic. At Mass, the priest is the one who stands up before the people, and wears the vestments, and asks for God's blessing, and gives the sermon, and tells those of us who may not be too swift when to stand and when to kneel and when to sit down. That doesn't bother me a bit. That's the way it's supposed to be. And besides, I'm used to it. When the priest raises his arms to heaven and holds them aloft, it doesn't look at all strange to me. That's what he's there for. For all I know, his arms are a big funnel, channeling God's grace down upon us, like rain. And for all I know, it works.



But about this other guy. How can I see him when he's so far away? Well, first of all, he's pretty big. Tall. And the light from the stained glass windows bounces off his shiny head, especially the bright pinks. So even when we're all standing, he sickens out.

Secondly, he's always the first to stand up when we're supposed to. Somebody has to be first, you say? True, but why must it always be him? Most of us are never first. We'd rather die than be first to stand up. There's always the chance that you'll stand up at the wrong time, and find yourself the only one standing, and have to pretend that you did it intentionally, as though you had boils or something, and sit back down as gingerly as possible. But not him. He'd rather die than not be first to stand up.



-2-

What does he think this is, some kind of a contest? Even if it were, does he always have to win? Does he want to tell everyone that he, for one, knows exactly when to stand up, and nobody else does? Sunday after Sunday, this can become pretty irksome.

Thirdly, - and this is what really bugs to me - when we're all finally standing and the priest raises his arms aloft, so does he. While the rest of us put our hands on the back of the pew in front, or clasp them, or fold our arms if we're feeling macho, he sticks his hands out palms up as though he's some kind of back-up priest. So there they are with their arms outstretched, the two of them - the priest in his flowing green chasuble looking for all the world like an angel with wings, and this guy in his rumpled tweed sports jacket looking for all the world like a jerk in a rumpled tweed sports jacket. What's he trying to do? Call down fire and brimstone to go with the gentle rain of grace the priest is working on? Or does he just like elbowing his neighbours, who, unless they are so unfortunate as to be forever shackled to him by blood or marriage, will shun the front third of the church all the rest of the Sundays of their lives?

No, in all charity, he is probably quite pious, and this is a sign of his piety. But if so, why does he not sit in the back row, so only God, the priest and the ushers have to see him? There it is. He's doing it to be seen. That's part of the game plan. Maybe he started a long time ago at the back of the church, and is gradually working his way forward, and only came into my ken when he passed the back quarter on his steady progress to the front. I'll have to keep an eye out for him as we enter the

holy season of advent to see whether a slow church creep will gradually bring him to the front row, and then, who knows, to the altar itself, where we can all have the benefit of admiring such devotion. Perhaps by then he will burn someone else's ass even more than mine, and for once in his life he will lose the race to be the first on his feet. Dear God, I sure as hell hope so.

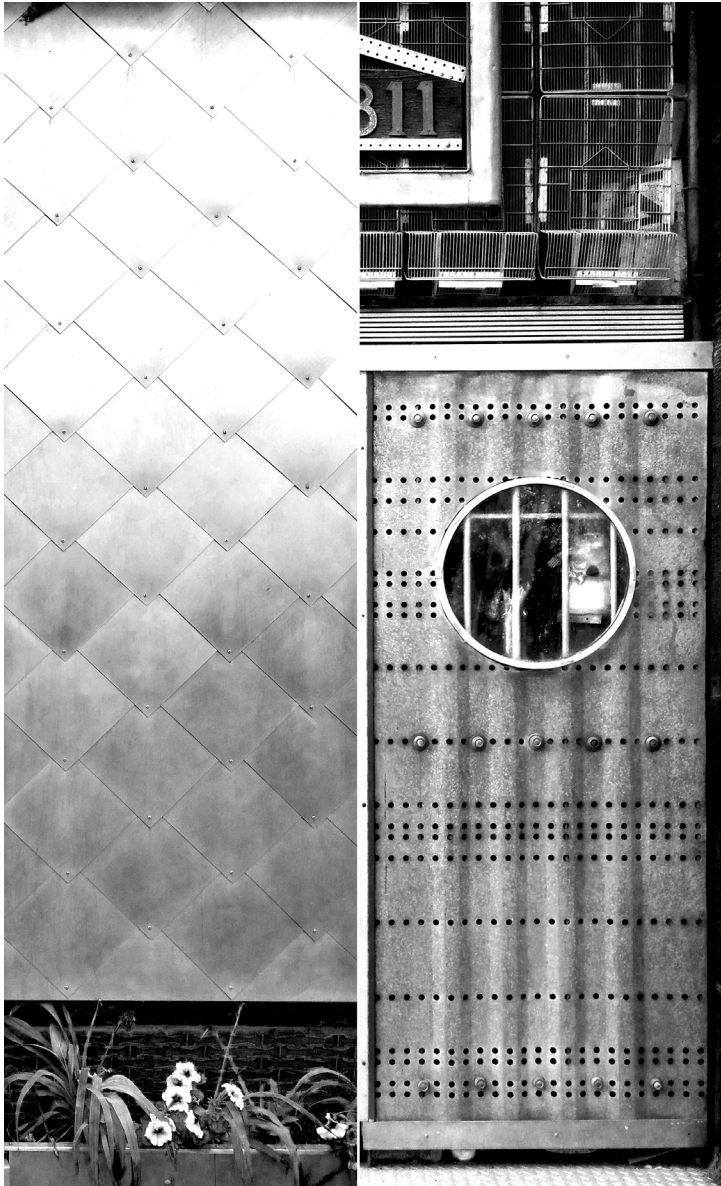
As the ancient Romans used to say, between weekly slaughters at the Coliseum, see how these Christians love one another!

D.

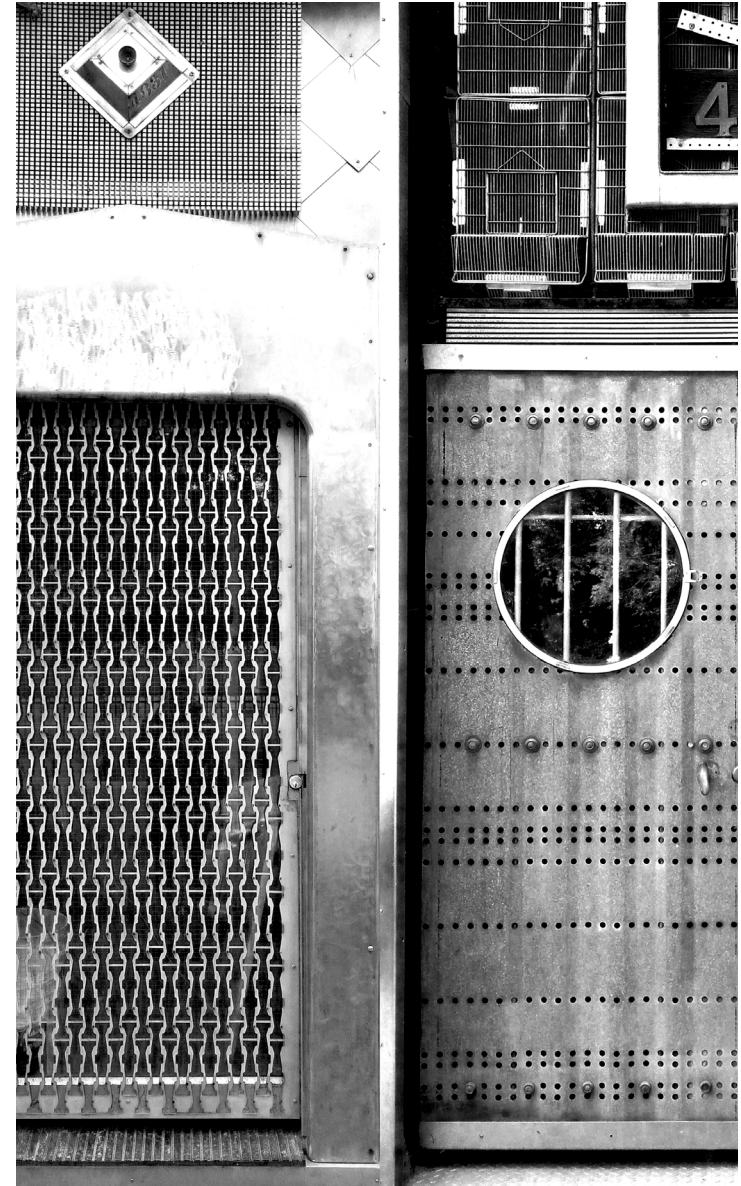
P.S. O.K., Diane. I know. I should have trashed it.



NO TITLE



FIVE YEARS AGO



I sat on the stair rails,

sort of on a tilt.

I was neither at the beginning nor the end,

I should have said the middle?

So I sat in the middle of the stairs, at a tilt,

like I always do.

Playing with the crust of paint.

I came here just last week, to look at the seagulls nibble,

haven't left since.

They were so easily content.

While I was amused.

I watched as tiny feet tracked over my knapsack

that lay precariously on the ground

some feet over.

The beak aggressively pecking

at the green burlap, clustered

with many buttons that grew into a collection

over many years.

One read,

"I eat Wheat, not Animals"

another stated

"baked potato!"

Perhaps the day

when humanity hits a road side bomb,

it would be a landmark that stands,

an example of things that we cared about.

**Super
dead**

**Enjoy
dependence.**

conscious
act of the imagination—the act
itself to provide another
an experience

together
emotional
talking
enjoying

he points it at me,
pictures in my mind,
not of anything.

**Who came?
Nobody**

So scared I feel
unaccountable

suspicious
kind of detached

I feel like
there's a lot going on
I can't describe

out there going
avoiding bitch

Blood be a dick
sacrifice to me

**equal power
equal power**

you may dream of
a very real fear

innocently
in fucking
love

**excessive
uncertainties
anxieties**

to use
too abstract
to know
to say
to start

**you,
you're dying**

we had
something fairly simple.
but I don't remember.

you change
the tape









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