

MAN, THIS PLACE HASN'T
CHANGED A BIT. CAN'T
BELIEVE I USED TO BIKE
AROUND HERE WITH THE
GUYS BEFORE AS A KID.

ALWAYS BEEN NICE AND
QUIET. EXACTLY WHAT I
NEED RIGHT NOW WITH
WORK BEING SUCH A
BITCH THANKS TO THAT
PUNK SNOT SMITTY.

BUT YOU MIGHT
AS WELL FACE IT,
MIKE. YOU'RE
GETTING OLD...
AND FAT.

POLLINATION

BASED ON A STORY BY ABSMAN
ADAPTED BY O'MELISSOKOMOS



HEY...
WHAT'S
THAT OVER
THERE?



IT'S SOME
SORT OF
WEIRD
FLOWER.

HEH... IT
LOOKS LIKE
A *COCK*.



UGH... IT
EVEN
SMELLS LIKE
A *COCK*!

LEMME TAKE
A CLOSER
LOOK...



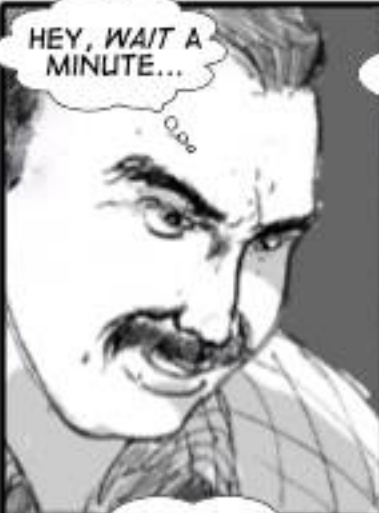
WHAT THE...

FLUCK!

Fwoomph

*KOFF
KOFF*

**FUCKING
PLANT!**




HEY, WAIT A MINUTE...



WHAT IF I TAKE PICS OF THIS FUNNY-LOOKING THING FIRST?

SELL THOSE?




THEN I CAN CRUSH THE SHIT OF IT!



YEAH, I'LL BRING A CAMERA WITH ME HERE TOMORROW.

DAMN, LUNCHBREAK'S OVER. NOW I HAVE TO GET BACK TO WORK.




DON'T WANT SMITTY RAILING ON MY ASS AGAIN.

AT THE WORKSITE
AFTER THE SHIFT



I'M TELLIN' YA,
SMITTY, I FEEL
FUCKIN'
AWESOME!



I AIN'T FEEL THIS
GOOD SINCE I
PLAYED BALL IN
HIGH SCHOOL!

HMM... WHAT'S
UP WITH MILLIANO
ALL DAY?

HE ACTUALLY
FINISHED AN ENTIRE
FLOOR BY HIMSELF.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT
THE FUCK IT IS, I MEAN
I FEEL *FUCKIN' GREAT!*







IT LOOKS
LIKE A BIG
COCK.

THAT'S
WHAT I
THOUGHT.

AND THE WAY
THAT ROOT THERE
IS EXPOSED? IT
LOOKS LIKE THE
THING'S *BALLS*.

SO, WHAT'S
THAT GOT TO
DO WITH YOU
LOOKIN'
BIGGER?

BUDDY, I
THINK I'M
HAVING A
REACTION TO
THIS THING'S
POLLEN.



WHAT?

SERIOUSLY MAN. I WAS LOOKIN' AT THIS PLANT AT LUNCH TODAY, AND IT SPIT ALL THIS POLLEN IN MY FACE.

I THINK THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED BECAUSE OF IT.

THAT'S CRAZY, MAN.

WHAT?



MAYBE. BUT YOU ASKED ME IF I'D COME IN CONTACT WITH ANYTHING UNUSUAL, AND THIS IS THE ONLY THING.

LOOK, THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT FOR SURE.

YOU SNIFF IT.

SNIFF IT. IF IT HAPPENS TO YOU, THEN WE'D KNOW IT'S THE PLANT. IF NOT, IT'S SOMETHIN' ELSE -- BUT I THINK IT'S THE PLANT. IT'S GOTTA BE.

SO SNIFF IT. WHAT'S THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN?



I SWEAR TO YOU MAN, I JUST
LEANED IN LIKE THIS...



MIKE!

Fwoomph

YES!

OH, YES!



... HE WAS
RIGHT ...



THERE IS
SOMETHING WITH
THIS PLANT.

MIKE!



FUUUCK..

NO! IT
MOVED
AWAY!

WAIT, THAT
DIDN'T SOUND
LIKE MIKE.

C'MON,
BLOW
ALREADY!

WHY?

OH MY GOD!





OH YEAH...



FEELS
FUCKIN'
GREAT!



MIKE?




WHOOOPS... PANTS
GAVE OUT. I BETTER
GET THE FUCK HOME
BEFORE I'M DRIVIN'
NAKED.

RRRIIPP




UPS-
DAISY,
SMITTY.

MY GOD,
MILLIANO'S
BIGGER THAN
EVER.



ALL
BECAUSE
OF THAT
PLANT!





MIKE, ARE YOU OKAY?

A black and white comic panel showing a man with a beard and a backward cap (Mike) looking towards another man (Smitty) who is in the background with his arms crossed.

AM I OKAY?

A black and white comic panel showing a close-up of Smitty's face. He has a beard and is wearing a cap, looking slightly to the side with a questioning expression.

SMITTY, I'VE NEVER BEEN BETTER!

A large black and white comic panel showing Mike flexing his massive biceps. He is wearing a light-colored t-shirt and a backward cap, looking directly at the viewer with a confident expression.

C'MON. LET'S GET BACK TO WORK.

A black and white comic panel showing a close-up of Smitty's face. He has a concerned or slightly annoyed expression, looking directly at the viewer.

LATER THAT NIGHT...

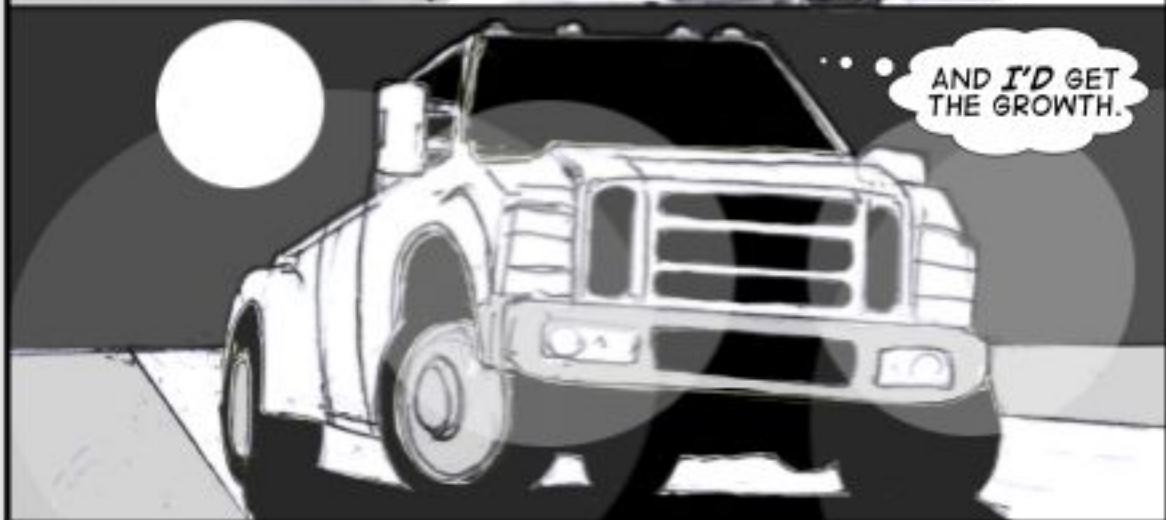


WHY DIDN'T THAT
FUCKIN' PLANT
WANT ME?

C'MON, I
NEEDED IT MORE
THAN MILLIANO
DID. HE *ALREADY*
GOT HIT BY THE
POLLEN. HE WAS
JUST BEING A
SELFISH
BASTARD.

NO WAIT.
THAT'S IT!
MAYBE THE
PLANT *DIDN'T*
SNUB ME.

MAYBE IT WAS
GETTING READY
TO SHOOT WHEN
MIKE *PUSHED* ME
OUT OF THE WAY
SO HE COULD
HAVE IT ALL TO
HIMSELF.



MEANWHILE...

AAAAAH!

FUCK, I'VE LOST
COUNT HOW MANY
TIMES I'VE SHOT
OFF TONIGHT.

AND LOOK AT ME,
I'M A FRICKIN'
BODYBUILDER.
I'VE GOTTEN
EVEN *BIGGER*
THAN I WAS THIS
AFTERNOON.

BUT SHIT, I WANT *MORE*



I GOTTA FIND
THAT FLOWER
AGAIN.

THERE...

THERE YOU ARE...



YES, I'VE
MISSED YOU
TOO.







F--FLUCK... WHATTA *RUSH!*

DAMN, I
GOTTA
GET
THESE
OFF!

I'M... I'M
GROWING
AGAIN!

RRRIIPP

A black and white comic book panel featuring a highly muscular man. He is wearing a white tank top and a white cap with a dark emblem on the front. He has a beard and is flexing both of his biceps, showing off his extreme muscle mass. His torso is also very muscular, with a prominent abdominal structure. He is looking down at his hands. A speech bubble in the upper right corner contains the text "MUCH BETTER." The background is dark and solid.

MUCH BETTER.



MY COCK'S
BIG ENOUGH
TO FIT INSIDE
THAT FLOWER
NOW... I
WONDER.



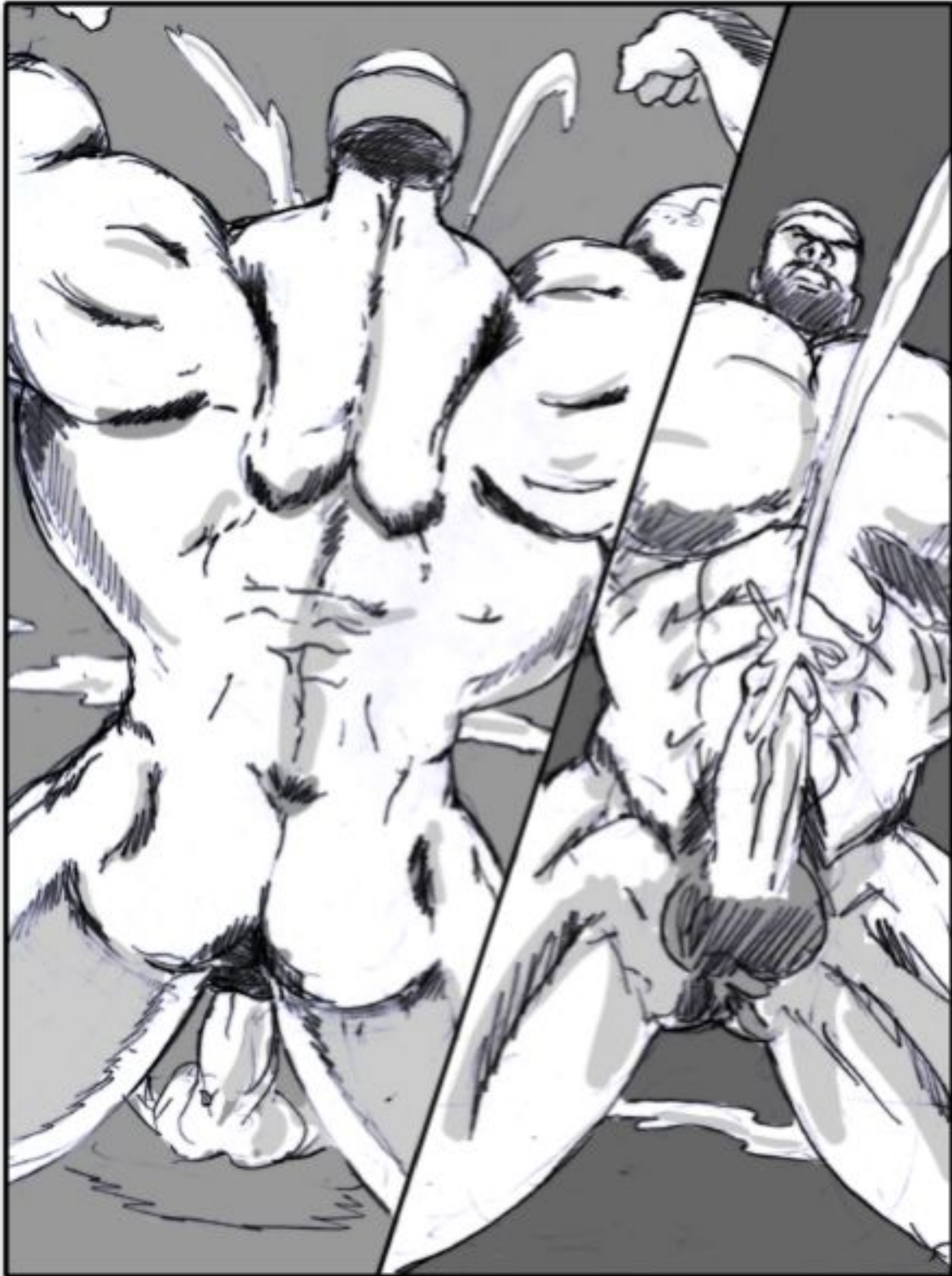








FUICCCCCKK!







YES, I UNDERSTAND NOW.



I KNOW WHAT
WE MUST DO.



THE NEXT MORNING...

I DON'T CARE HOW BIG MIKE GOT. THAT WAS JUST WRONG.

THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN TO ME. IT'S NOT WORTH IT, AT ANY PRICE.

ANYWAY, MIKE WASN'T AROUND WHEN I CALLED JONAS 15 MINUTES AGO.

GOOD, THAT GIVES ME TIME TO EVERYONE READY IN CASE HE COMES BACK.

SO GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, SMITTY. MILLIANO'S ONLY ONE MAN, AND YOU'VE GOT THE REST OF THE CREW TO WORRY ABOUT.

SMITTY!

MIKE?



AND *MORE.*



WHAT'S THAT
THING *DONE*
TO YOU?

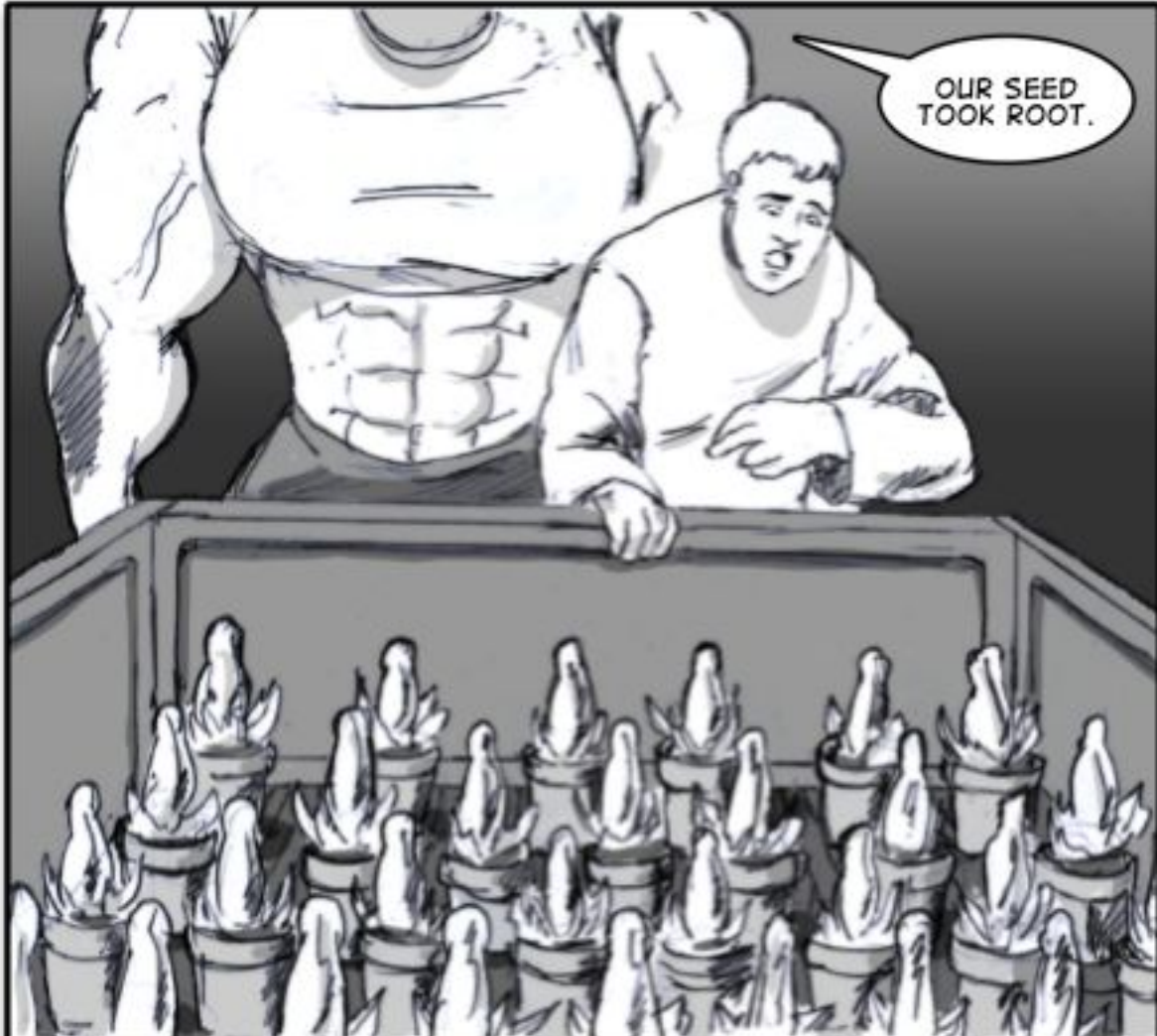
COMPLETED ME.
WHAT DO YA THINK,
SMITTY? WE'RE
FUCKIN' AMAZING,
AREN'T WE?



C'MERE. WE'RE
NOT GONNA HURT
YA, SMITTY. WE
JUST WANNA
SHOW YA.

WE PROMISE.


WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MIKE?
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY ARE
YOUR HANDS SO DIRTY?








AND GET
EVERYONE THE
HELL OUT OF
HERE!



THERE'S
JONAS! HE'LL
HELP ME OUT!



JONAS!



MORNIN' SMITTY!



HEY, YOU
WANTED TO
KNOW. MILLIANO
GOT HERE 15
MINUTES AGO,
RIGHT AFTER YOU
CALLED.

BUT I SEE
YOU'VE
ALREADY
FOUND HIM.

OH MY GOD!


HE'S *HUGE!*

YEAH, I KNOW.
I'M REALLY
STARTIN' TO FEEL
IT NOW, SMITTY.



AND
MILLIANO'S
RIGHT. IT'S
PRETTY FUCKIN'
AMAZING!

OH SHIT, MIKE
ALREADY GOT
TO HIM!



AND ME TOO! WHY
ARE WE BEING
AFFECTED *QUICKER*
THAN MIKE?

UNNNNGGH...

THE PLANTS
MUST'VE...
UNNH...
EVOLVED!



I HAVE TO RESIST!
I HAVE TO STOP
THESE PLANTS
FROM SPREADING!



FIND A WAY
TO *WARN*
EVERYBODY!



BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!



AAAAAHHHH!!!

30 MINUTES LATER...



