

CYANIDE & HAPPINESS™

A GUIDE TO PARENTING BY
THREE GUYS WITH NO KIDS

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with Advice by Dave McElfatrick

BOOM!™
STUDIOS

Quick Setup Guide

Follow this easy three-step guide to get your parenting setup running in no time:

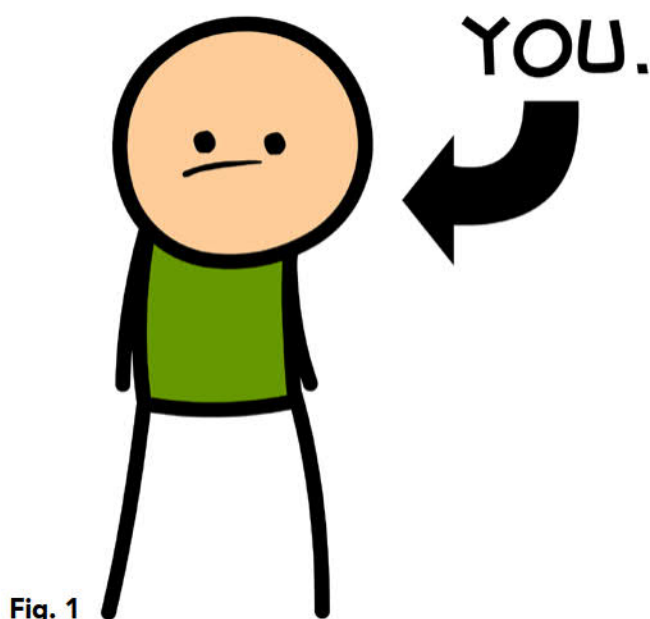


Fig. 1

Step A

The first ingredient on the list is you (see **Fig. 1**). Yes, you. We'll need all of you here. An entire serving. We'll need you to be of age—though it varies by state or country, you'll need to be around 16-18. Got that? Alright, you're halfway there already. Good job. Forget about your marbles. You won't necessarily need those. Any idiot can do this.

Step B

Okay, now that we've got you, the next step is to acquire another person with whom to make a child—after all, it takes two to tango, and two to fuck. If you already have another half, or spouse, then skip to **Step C**. If not, read on.

This is by far the easiest step. Simply approach another human being—perhaps in a public setting, such as a restaurant or speedboat—and ask them if they would like to make a baby with you. Be liberal with your askings. Ask multiple people at the restaurant, or cram multiple people onto what is presumably your speedboat. If you've done this correctly, you should have garnered a number of "absolutely, yes" responses, through which you can scour like a fisherman looking through his trawler net.

Depending on who you've hooked, you can move forward with varying degrees of difficulty. Let's run through your catch.

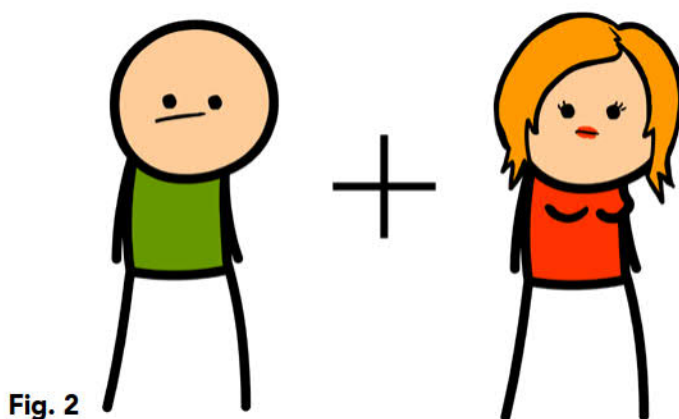


Fig. 2

Fig. 2 is a common option when selecting a mate with whom to conceive a child. Relatively expensive to maintain but mostly reliable, like a Mini Cooper. Has a two-door trunk as well. Like a Mini Cooper.

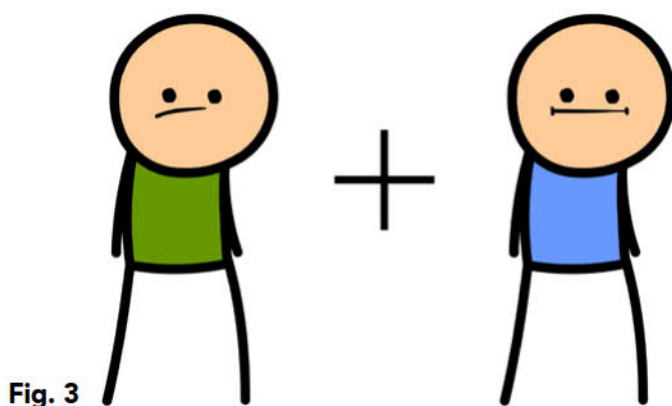


Fig. 3

Though it's unlikely that you'll be able to conceive a child with **Fig. 3**, you can certainly try. Absolutely try, in all sorts of different ways. Try often. I'm not stopping you. Who knows, perhaps if you keep trying, you'll come across a miracle—and I'm not talking about some dude called Miracle.

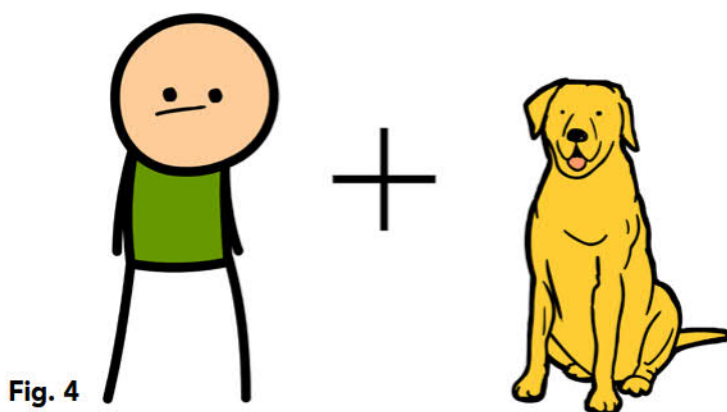


Fig. 4

Nope.

Step C

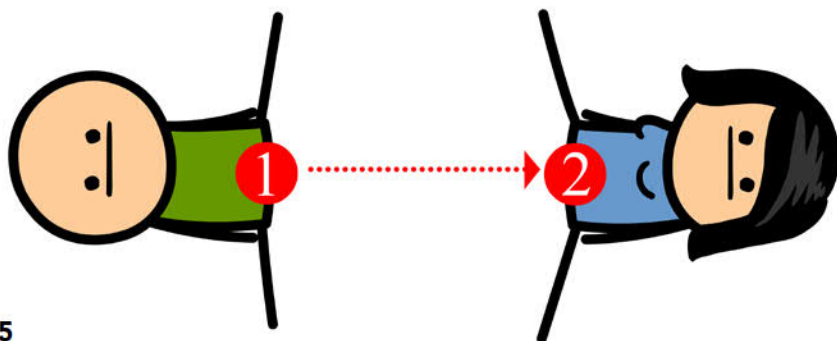


Fig. 5

Once you've found a reasonable mate, or host, now you must perform the act of creating a baby (**Fig. 5**). The only major step is to insert your pee pee (1) into her boomshakala (2), scientifically known as the hoochamama. Anything else is optional. You may derive pleasure from this part of the drill, but it is definitely not encouraged. Keep your mind on task.

The fiduciaries of intercourse can often prove clumsy and problematic, similar to trying to plug something into a power socket that's really far behind the couch. Depending on the utilities available to you, you may be able to reach with relative ease, or you may suffer defeat in a humiliating, confidence-destroying fashion. Here are some common positions you can use to help secure victory.

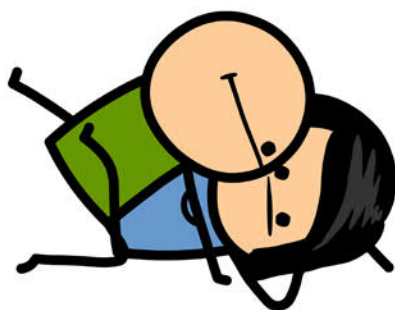


Fig. 6

This is the industry standard of conception: old-fashioned and reliable. Use this if you want to stare soullessly into the face of the person you are invading.

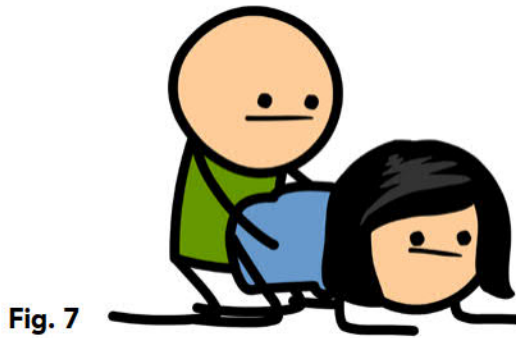


Fig. 7

Consider this option the “choose your own adventure” of intercourse. There is a fork in the road, and the direction you choose to take has severe consequences. Down one path, you will find companionship, parentage, and a sparkling new life of domesticity ahead of you. The other path leads to a potential mini-second of hedonism followed by a probable lifetime of disdain. Choose wisely. Treat the decision carefully, like which wire to cut when defusing a bomb.

If you’ve made the right decision, your partner will let you know. Now you can let loose. You are both now connected together like a train—you the carriage, your partner the thundering locomotive. Make pneumatic motions with your arms, and be a choo-choo train. Beep if you like. Enjoy yourself.

Fig. 8



Just try this one.



Your Only Chance

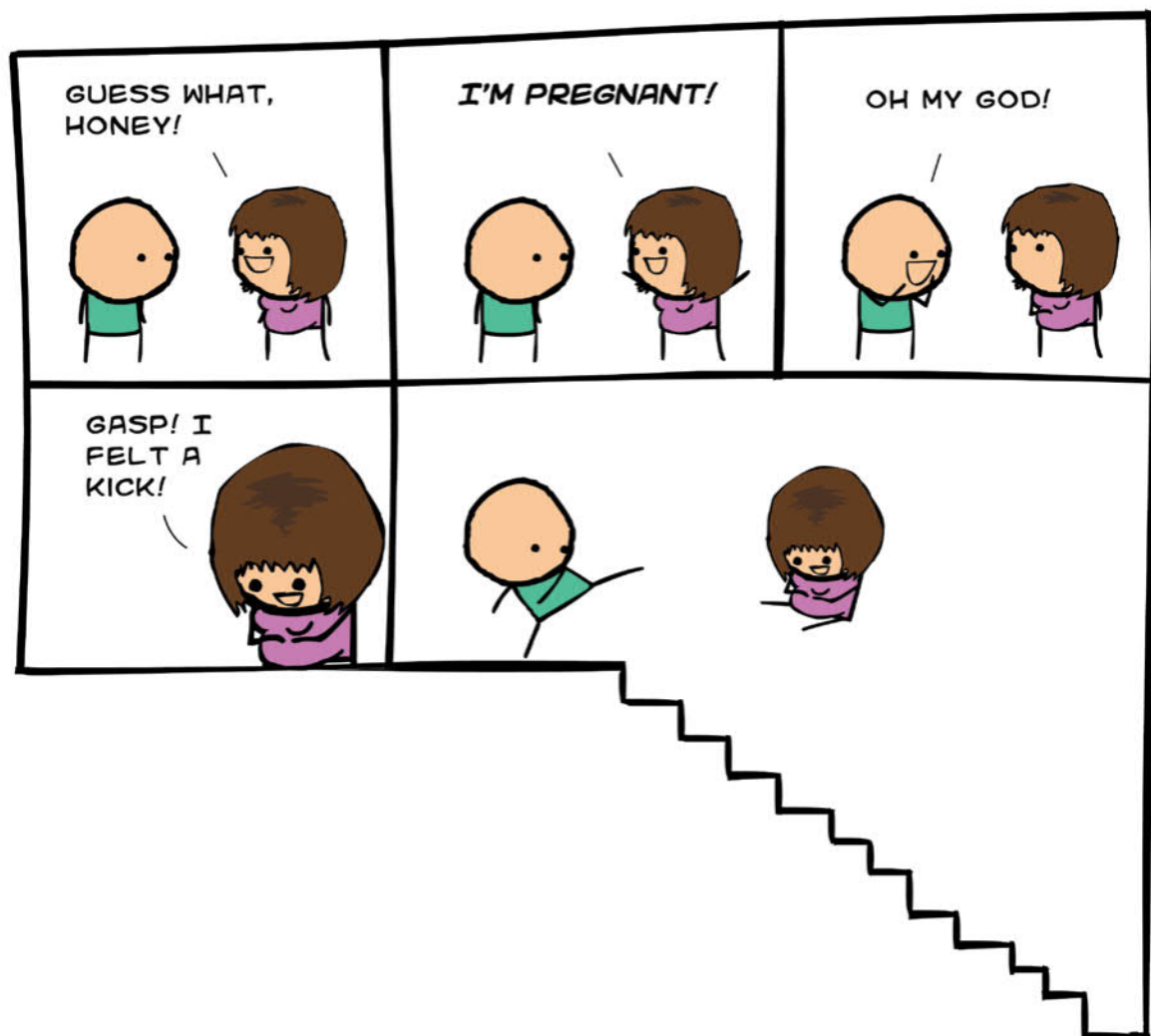
You've read the previous chapter of this book with the expression of a man who's just been forced to lick a popsicle made from bulldog spit. "No icky stuff for me," says the grown adult that is you. "I'm not gonna put my junk in there, it'll get all gooey! I still want a baby, though." Your words are definitely the words of a sane, mature human being who is absolutely up to the task of rearing a child, and they resound in my ears like a whisper in a tin can. Whilst I cannot wholeheartedly recommend this risky loophole, consider it the up, up, down, down, left, right, left, right, B, A of baby-making.

Just kidnap some kid instead.

Kidnapping is the à la carte of child-rearing. You have the opportunity to choose from a range of heights, ages, hair colors, and personalities from the very get-go, kinda like a create-a-character mode with really good graphics. Consider whether their current father is nearby. Is he? Does he look miserable? Perhaps he'd only be happy to have you nab the spoils of his loins. Observe carefully.

Upon choosing your child, maybe in a park from a bush or on a bus, smartly and confidently approach them and ask straight-up (don't be a creep), "Can I be your new dad?" If the child gives you a resounding "YES! I am an apple that wants to fall farther from my tree, take me," give pause before proceeding. You might be talking to an apple. If you have made sure that you are not in fact talking to an apple, after much deliberation, invite the child to come along with you. Congratulations, you have become a father without the inconvenience of your spouse being pregnant.

The authorities will confirm your new fatherhood officially by phone, sending you what is known as an "Amber Alert" to congratulate you on your passion for fatherhood. Now go, go explore your newfound parentage. Don't stop going. Go as far away as you can. Now you're ready to read the rest of this book. Better read it quick.

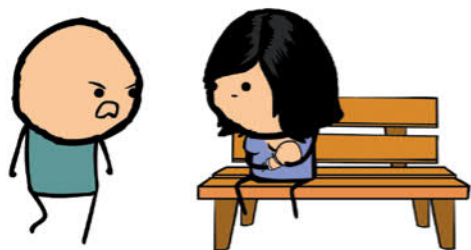


Pregnancy

If your spouse feels kicks and punches during pregnancy, that can only mean one thing – your child is already a violent offender at best and a wife-beating misogynist at worst. That kid's attacking your spouse! Defend her honor. Fight back. Land a swift jab or two to the womb. Show that prospective mothertrucker who's boss. Spar with it. Roundhouse kick that sucker so it knows who the big daddy is. Your spouse will greatly appreciate your valiance, and your child will eventually enter into the world with an immediate understanding of your absolute, crushing authority. Your significant other will absolutely not kick your ass, baby in stomach, like some Krang meat mech for so much as laying a finger on her.

Be prepared to fist fight during the childbirth process. Maintain a strong fighting stance as you stand at the bedside, as the battle may not be over yet. If your child comes out crying, that means you've won. Yeah, you lost, kid. Suck it down. Weep hard those salty tears of defeat. Down them like the cocktail of conquest they are. When the doctor presents to you the spoils of your groins, hold it by the back of the head and stare into its eyes. Do not flinch. Whisper through gritted teeth, "Who's the boss, bitch?" If you feel fear, do not show it. Do not show weakness. No, stop shaking. Stop it. Good lord, you are pathetic. You're off to a terrible start.

WHAT IS WRONG
WITH YOU?!



NOTHING IS **WRONG** WITH ME! I
HAVE THE RIGHT TO FEED MY
BABY! IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT,
THEN **GO SOMEWHERE ELSE!**



THAT'S MY BABY.

