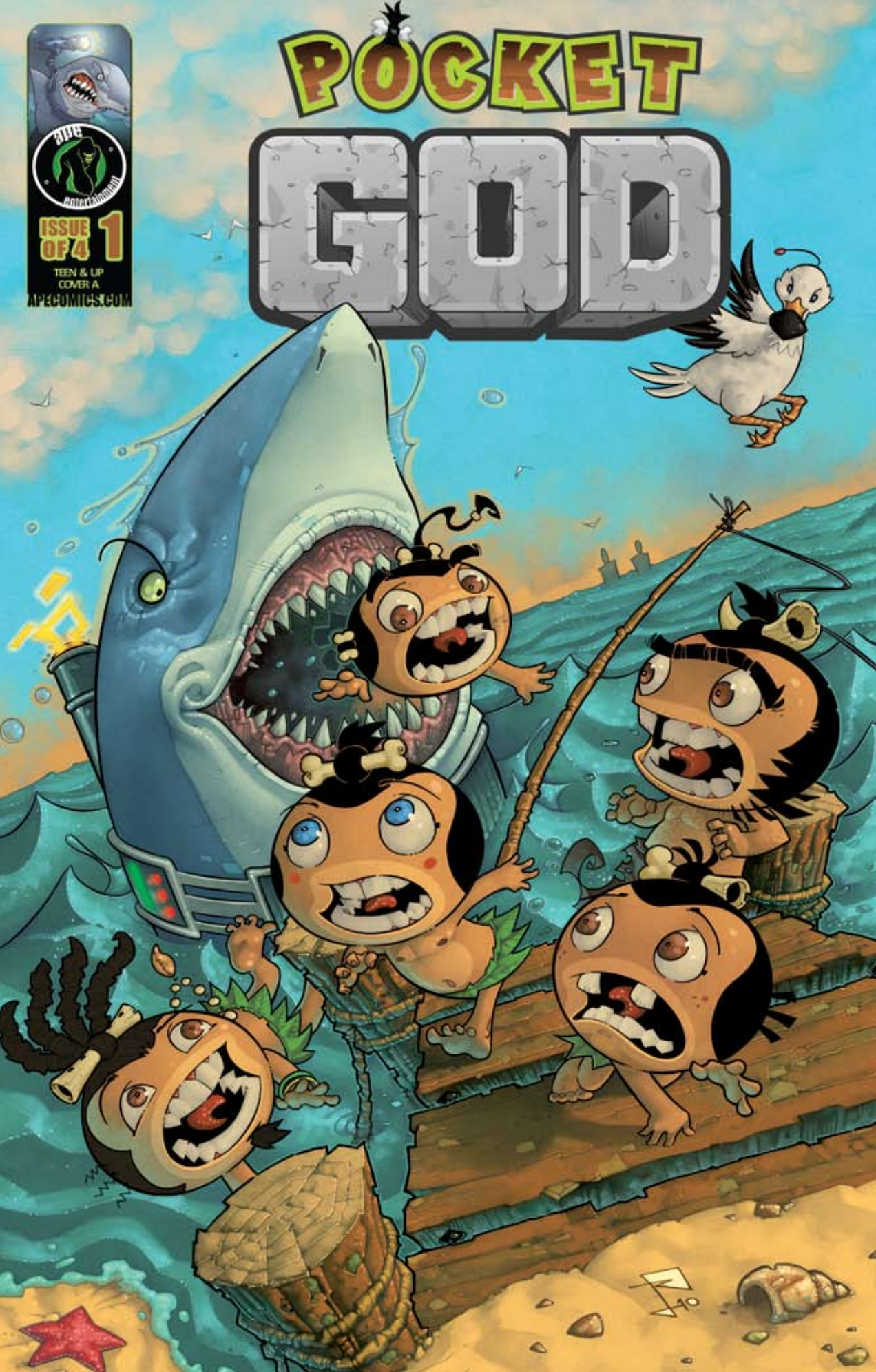




POCKET GOD







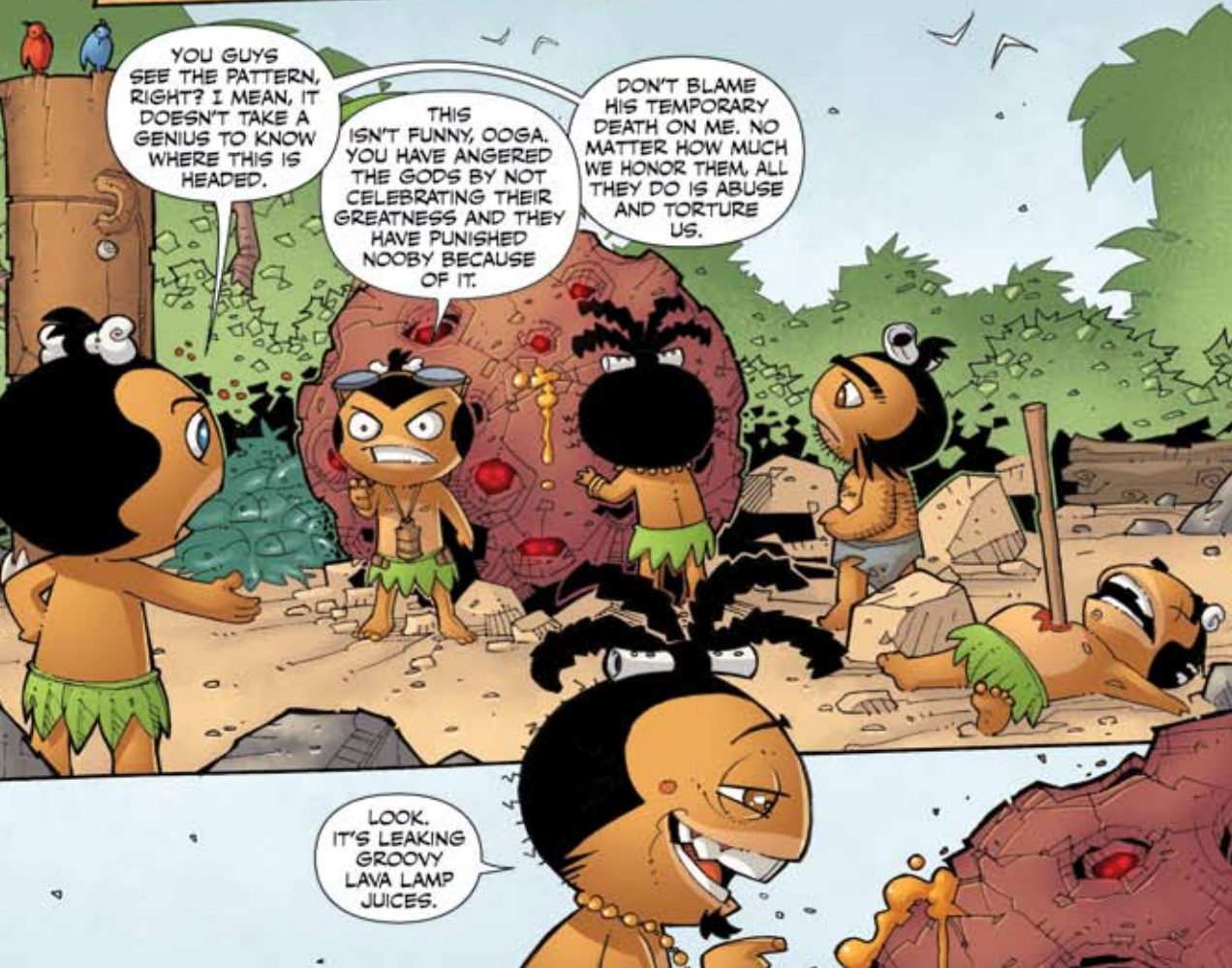


AND WHAT A
SWEET, SMOKY
FLAVOR IT GAVE
OFF!

QUICK...
SOMEONE GET
THE SNAIL KABOBS
READY, I'LL CRACK
THE SPACE NUT
OPEN.

CLANG

OR
NOT.



YOU GUYS
SEE THE PATTERN,
RIGHT? I MEAN, IT
DOESN'T TAKE A
GENIUS TO KNOW
WHERE THIS IS
HEADED.

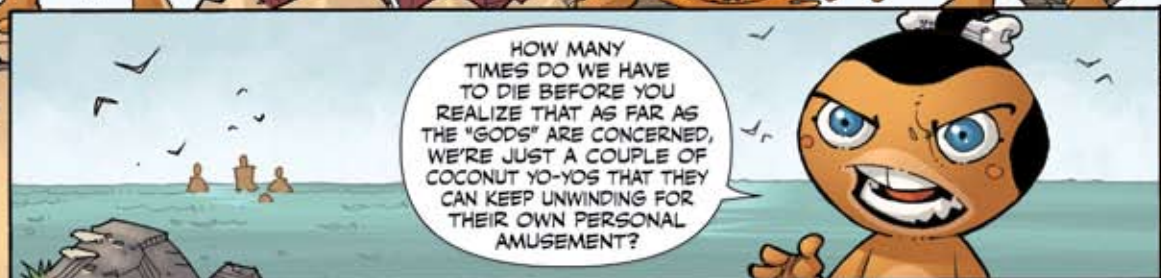
THIS
ISN'T FUNNY, OOGA.
YOU HAVE ANGERED
THE GODS BY NOT
CELEBRATING THEIR
GREATNESS AND THEY
HAVE PUNISHED
NOOBY BECAUSE
OF IT.

DON'T BLAME
HIS TEMPORARY
DEATH ON ME. NO
MATTER HOW MUCH
WE HONOR THEM, ALL
THEY DO IS ABUSE
AND TORTURE
US.

LOOK,
IT'S LEAKING
GROOVY
LAVA LAMP
JUICES.



HOW MANY TIMES DO WE HAVE TO DIE BEFORE YOU REALIZE THAT AS FAR AS THE "GODS" ARE CONCERNED, WE'RE JUST A COUPLE OF COCONUT YO-YOS THAT THEY CAN KEEP UNWINDING FOR THEIR OWN PERSONAL AMUSEMENT?



YOU SPEAK WITH A FORKED TONGUE, OOGA, BUT YOU WON'T EAT WITH ONE.

YOU'RE BANNED FROM THE SPACE GRILL.

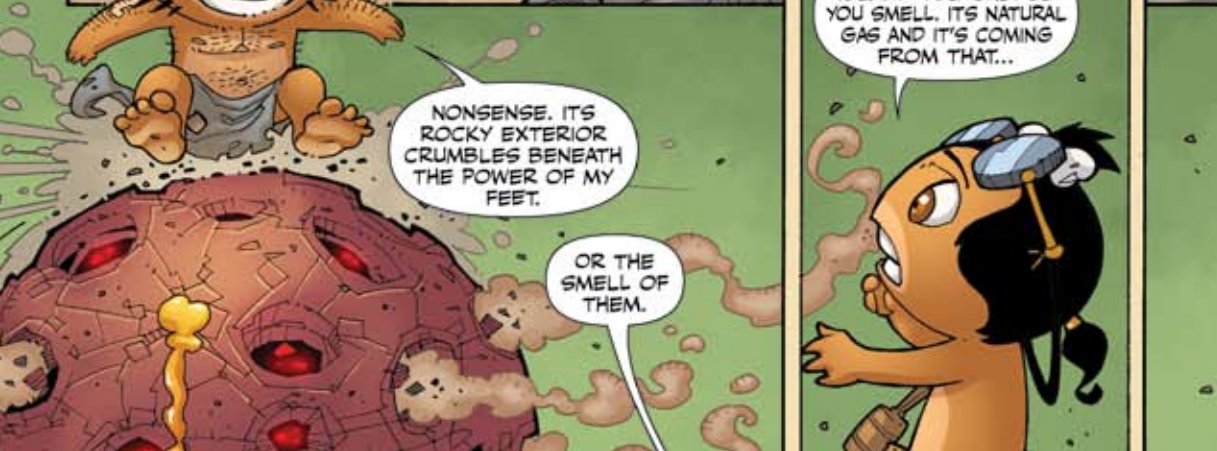
BOOGA... I DON'T THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO GET UP ON THAT THING LIKE THAT.



NONSENSE. ITS ROCKY EXTERIOR CRUMBLES BENEATH THE POWER OF MY FEET.

OR THE SMELL OF THEM.

THAT'S NOT ISLAND TOE CHEESE YOU SMELL. ITS NATURAL GAS AND IT'S COMING FROM THAT...





I CAN
SEE MY
HUT FROM
HERE!

BOOM

I GUESS
YOU WERE RIGHT
ABOUT ONE THING,
KLIK. THE GODS
ARE MERCIFUL.

CAUSE AT
LEAST THEY HAVE
THE DECENCY TO
BRING YOU BACK
AFTER THEY TAKE
YOU AWAY.







YOU'RE GOING TO BLOW A HEAD GASKET, BOOGA DUDE.

THE FOOD WON'T COOK ITSELF, DOOBY.



SO TRUE, BUT WHEN THE UNIVERSE DEEMS US WORTHY, IT WILL SEND US FIRE.

OR ANOTHER SPACE ROCK WITH A HOTTER CORE.



IF YOU ASK ME, WE NEED SOME KINDLING TO GET IT GOING.

NOOBY MAKES THE BESTEST SAND ANGELS.

AND WHO BETTER TO FIND THE WOOD THAN THE RESIDENT WOODY?



BOOGA WAS SMART TO SEND NOOBY IN SEARCH OF FIREWOOD. NOOBY IS BESTEST FORAGER IN ENTIRE TRIBE.



HELLO LITTLE FIRE ANT. DO YOU HAVE ANY FIREWOOD DOWN THERE?



MMM! NOOBY LOVES NECTAR OF COCO AND NUT.

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE.

