

WEIRD

LOVE™

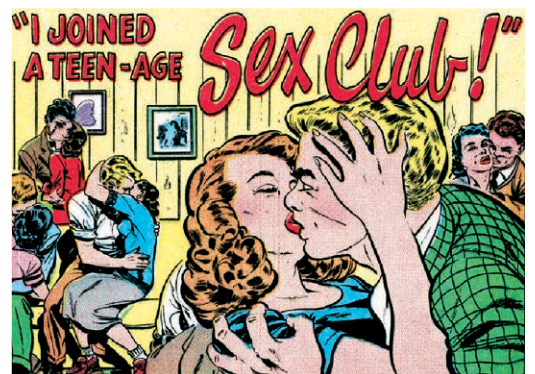
#7

ELENA...YOU **MUST**
COME **HOME** WITH ME!

LET'S IGNORE THIS SQUARE, LAMA.
I WANT TO STAY HERE AND STUDY
"FLOWER LOVE!"



This is a
YOY-MANCE
Publication



WEIRD-ITORIAL



Weird Love editors, Clizia Gussoni and Craig Yoe.

Dear Weird Lovers,

Putting together this issue of *Weird Love* was like looking back in time via some kind of miraculous mirror. In this loopy looking glass, we saw ourselves in our wild, crazy youth!

Back in the day, we joined a teen-age sex club—I mean, who didn't?! Clizia was in charge of refreshments. Craig held no special position, he was just a member in good standing.

Not that the club activities distracted us from our studies—the study of Flower Love! Like our cover girl, we and our dirty long-haired pals tried our best to ignore the squares in our pursuit of botanical bliss!

And like our young hostess in “Party Platter,” we, in our salad days, often got down on our knees and made loud canine barking noises to entertain our guests! Fun times!

Career-wise Clizia has been both a leopard bikini-clad lion tamer and a black marketeer. Craig had a spell where he was on stage and could only express his love through a ventriloquist dummy... all before we found our calling of editing *Weird Love* for you, dear reader!

But enough about our past! You are looking forward to reading the latest, greatest *Weird Love*! Let us just leave you with this one happy thought: “Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Woof! Woof! Woof!”

—Clizia Gussoni & Craig Yoe



Dear Weird Lovers,
**LOOK FOR ANOTHER BIZARRO
ISSUE OF WEIRD LOVE
IN TWO MONTHS!**

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Editors: Clizia Gussoni and Craig Yoe.

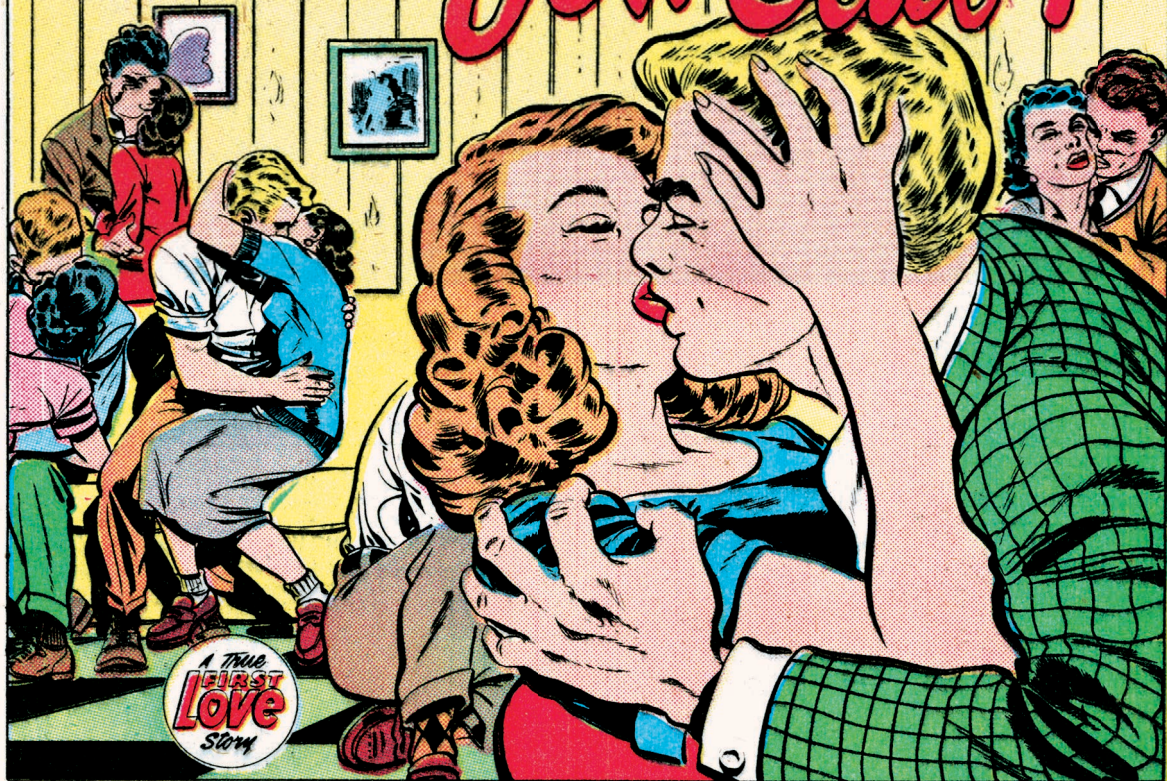
Many thanks to: Giovanna Anzaldi, Robert Carter, Tillmann Courth, Jeff Gelb, Mike Howlett, Michelle Nolan, Chris Ryall, Steven Thompson, and Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr. Special thanks to Jose Garcia Lopez.

On the cover, *Teen Confessions* #52, November 1968. Art: Ernesto Garcia Seijas. Charlton.

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HOW MANY FACES PASSING YOU IN THE STREET ARE HUNGRY WITH LONELINESS? HOW MANY POOR HUMAN CREATURES LIKE YOU AND ME ARE TRAPPED INTO DESPERATE MEASURES TO ESCAPE THE PAIN OF BEING ALWAYS ALONE! PERHAPS YOU'LL UNDERSTAND BETTER WHEN YOU KNOW MY LIFE STORY AND WHY...

"I JOINED A TEEN-AGE Sex Club!"

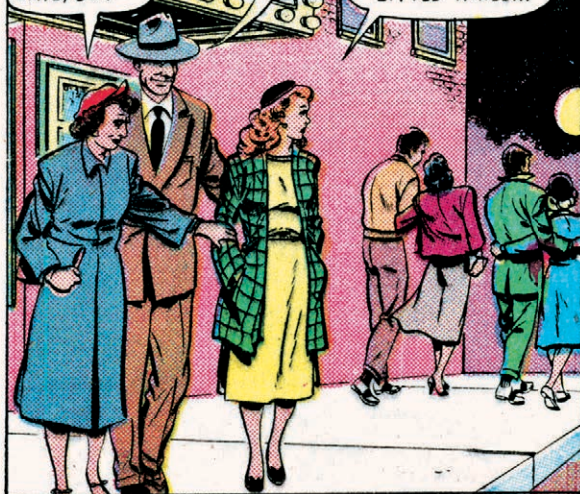


The start of it was Dad's job making us move to Flyndale, where we didn't know a soul! Saturday nights, for example...

COME ON, CHEER UP, GERI! YOUR OLD DAD'S NO DATE, BUT--

YOU'LL BE HAVING YOUR OWN DATES SOON, DEAR.

I... I'M NOT REALLY WORRIED ABOUT IT. THE KIDS'LL GET TO KNOW ME IN A LITTLE WHILE...

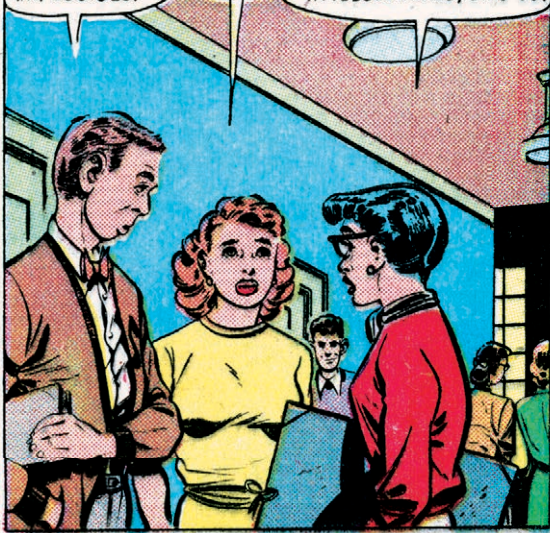


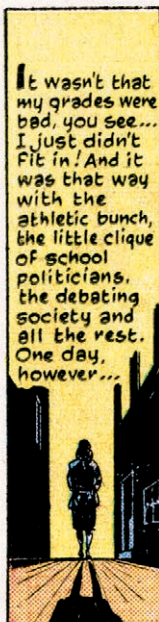
I couldn't tell them what it was like at school!

YOU SAY YOU'VE NEVER WRITTEN POETRY, GERI? IMPOSSIBLE!

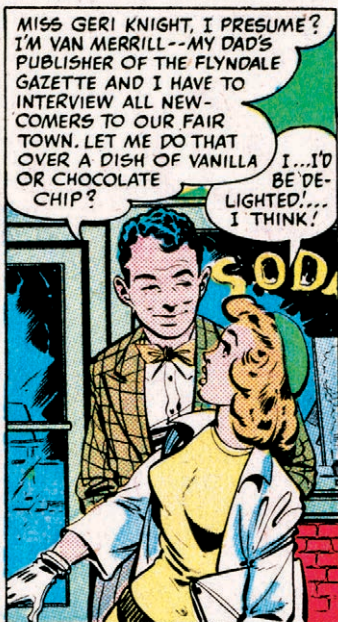
I LIKE TO READ IT, BUT--

I'M AFRAID YOU'D FEEL VERY UNCOMFORTABLE AMONG THE SCHOOL'S INTELLECTUALS, LIKE US!





It wasn't that my grades were bad, you see... I just didn't fit in! And it was that way with the athletic bunch, the little clique of school politicians, the debating society and all the rest. One day, however...



MISS GERI KNIGHT, I PRESUME? I'M VAN MERRILL--MY DAD'S PUBLISHER OF THE FLYNDALE GAZETTE AND I HAVE TO INTERVIEW ALL NEWCOMERS TO OUR FAIR TOWN. LET ME DO THAT OVER A DISH OF VANILLA OR CHOCOLATE CHIP?

I...I'D BE DELIGHTED... I THINK!



SO YOU THINK FLYNDALE IS UNFRIENDLY! I'D SAY IT WAS NO DIFFERENT THAN OTHER TOWNS... YOU HAVE TO GIVE THESE THINGS TIME TO DEVELOP!

BUT WE'VE LIVED HERE **WEEKS** ALREADY, VAN! AND I'M TREATED SO **COLDLY** BY EVERYBODY!



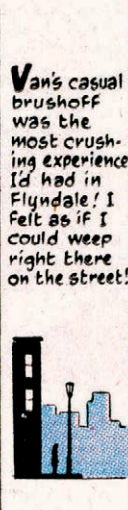
THAT'S NOT SO HARD TO UNDERSTAND, GERI. YOU'RE TOO PRETTY FOR THE GIRLS TO ACCEPT YOU... AND THE BOYS DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF YOU YET!

INCLUDING YOU?

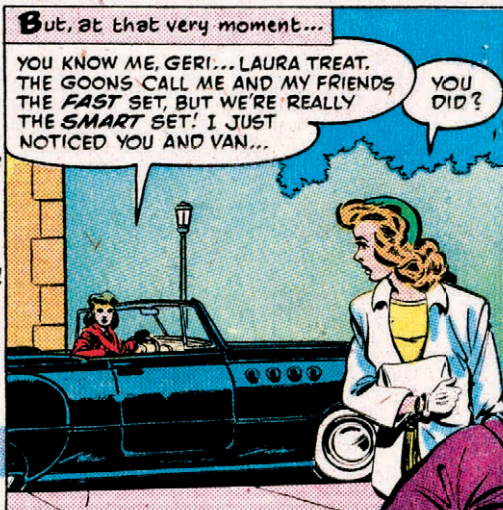


I DON'T COUNT! I'M JUST A HARD-WORKING REPORTER WITH NO TIME FOR ROMANCE! THANKS FOR THE INTERVIEW!

AGAIN!...AND THIS TIME IT **HURTS**! HE'S SO **GRAND**!



Van's casual brushoff was the most crushing experience I'd had in Flyndale! I felt as if I could weep right there on the street!



But, at that very moment...

YOU KNOW ME, GERI... LAURA TREAT. THE GOONS CALL ME AND MY FRIENDS THE **FAST SET**, BUT WE'RE REALLY THE **SMART SET**! I JUST NOTICED YOU AND VAN...

YOU DID?



Imagine... Laura Treat, one of the school sophisticates, asking me along for a drive!

WE'VE BEEN SORT OF WATCHING YOU, SWEETIE. WE FIGURED YOU WERE ATTRACTIVE ENOUGH, BUT SHY. IF YOU GOT VAN TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO YOU, THOUGH, I GUESS YOU'RE **SMOOTH**!

OH, BUT HE WAS ONLY...



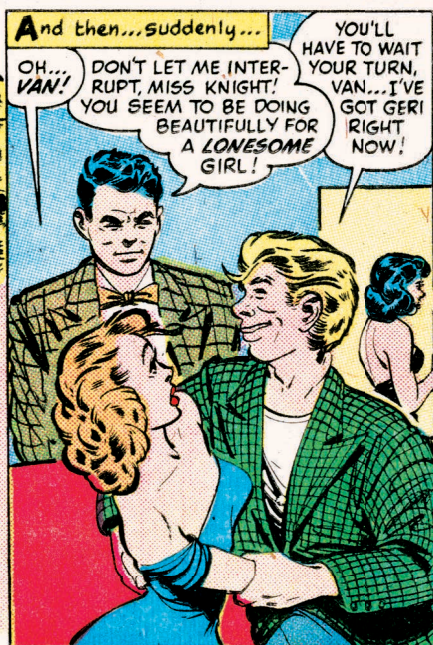
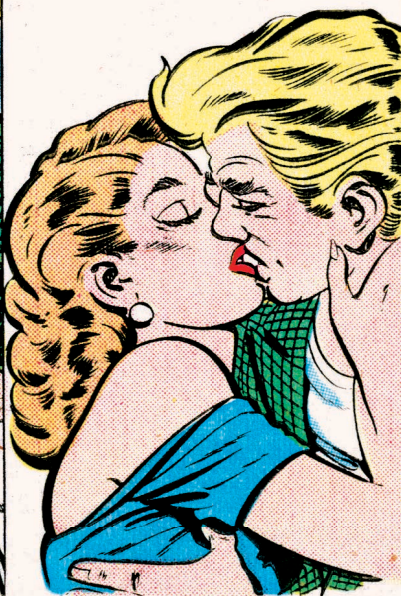
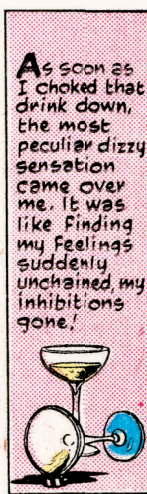
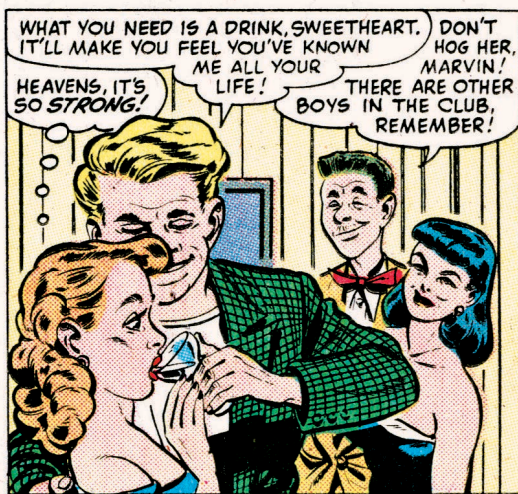
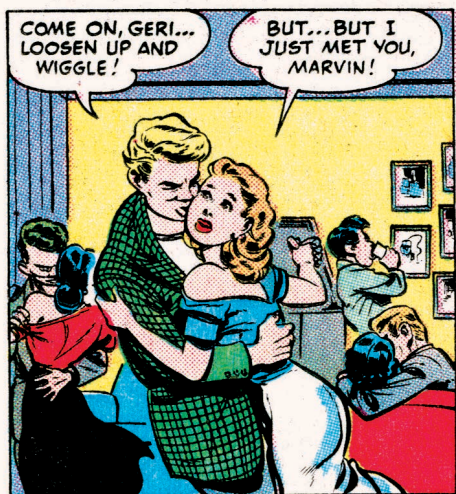
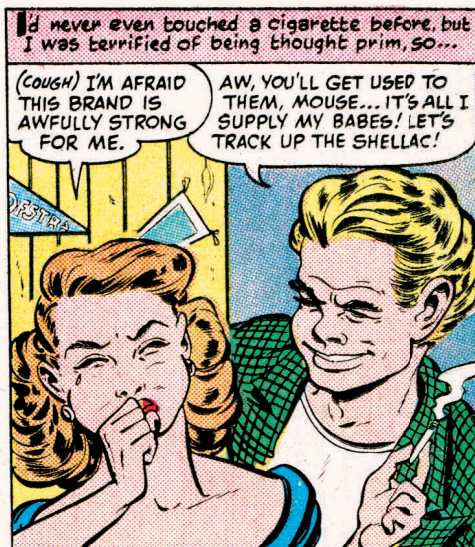
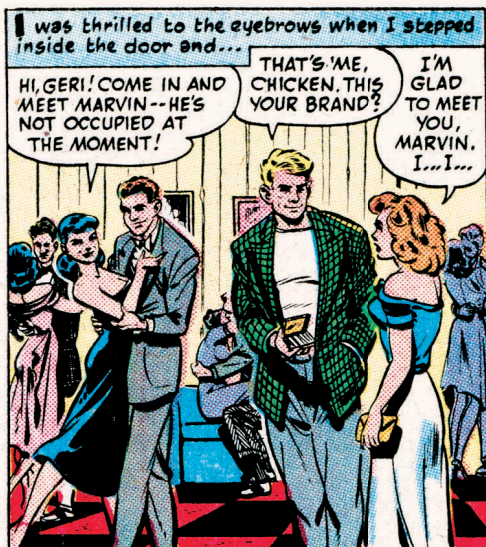
Just in the nick of time, I stopped my foolish tongue! Laura thought Van had been soda-dating me... well, let her think so! Especially if it meant being invited to join her group of gay kids...



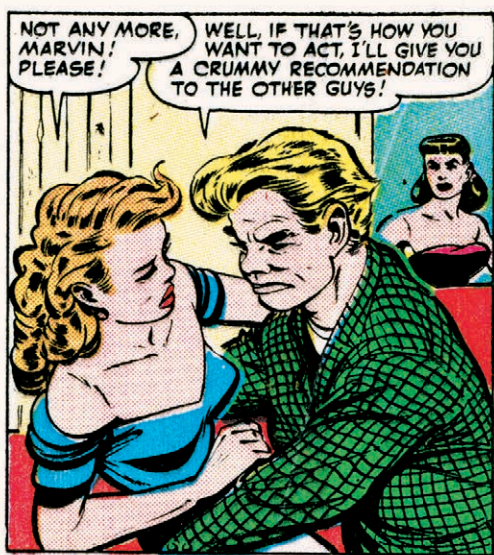
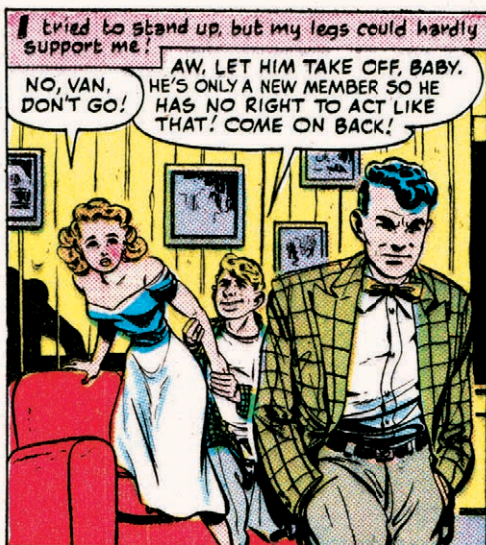
And it did! PUT ON SOMETHING SLINKY TONIGHT, DARLING. LET'S SEE HOW THE BOYS TAKE TO YOU!

OH, LAURA... I'D LOVE TO!

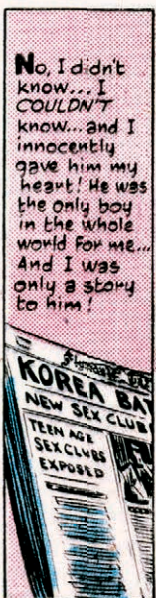
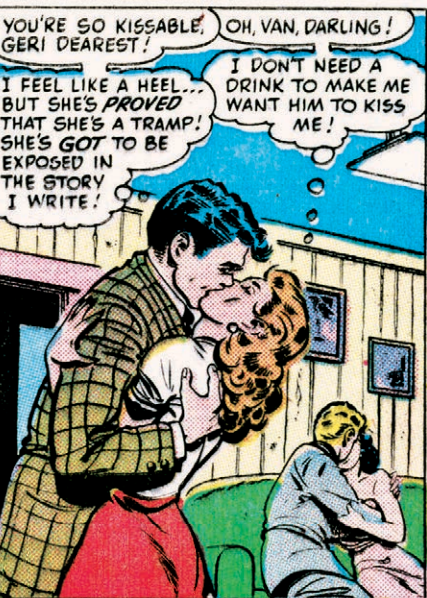
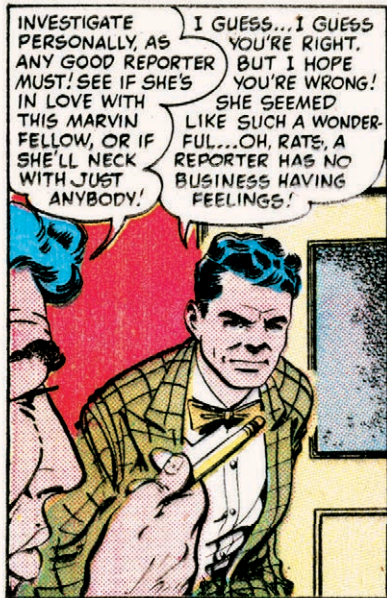
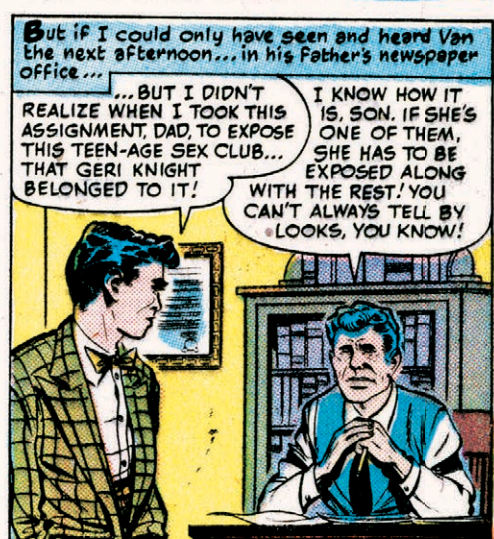
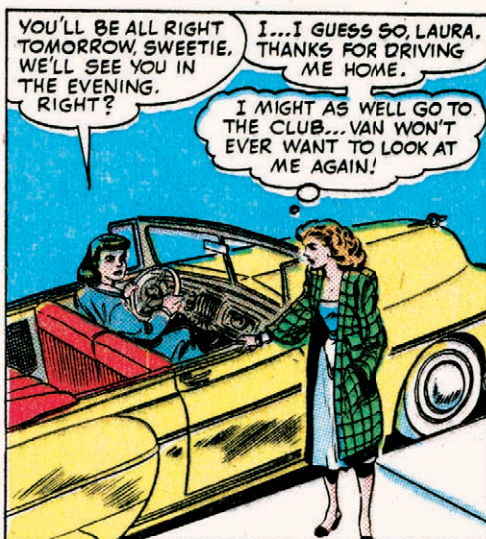
Dad and Mom were delighted when they saw how happy I was at dinner that evening. I could hardly wait to finish and dress and rush over to the club... a sort of basement that the kids had rented and furnished themselves, to which you were admitted only by invitation!




It was so humiliating and degrading! I hadn't known Van was a member of the club...and in any case, he'd treated me so casually that--I couldn't think! My mind was a blur of confusion...




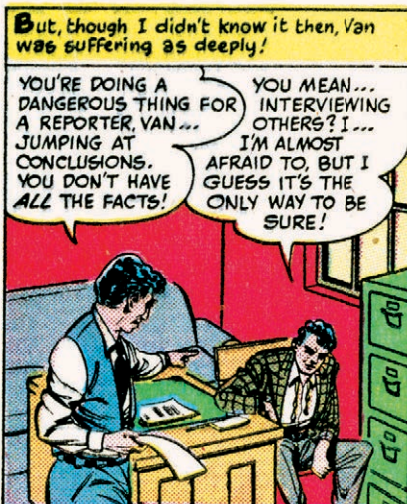
The girls tried to calm me down after Marvin left me, disgusted at my sudden reaction. They said it was all part of belonging to the club...that a drink or two could make any girl feel nice and affectionate! But I didn't feel like that...I just wanted to go home.




Van took me home that night. I felt as dizzy and weak as the drink had made me...only this time it wasn't alcohol that made my heart race, and my head feel light...




I don't have to tell you how my dreams were smashed with that slap! Nor how I wept...stayed away from the "club" despite the telephone calls from Laura and the others! I waited with daily dread and horror for Van's story to appear...

The girls were just as bad! The boys had blackened my reputation only to save their own...as great lovers. The girls were catty, of course. And the result: a few days later...




The End