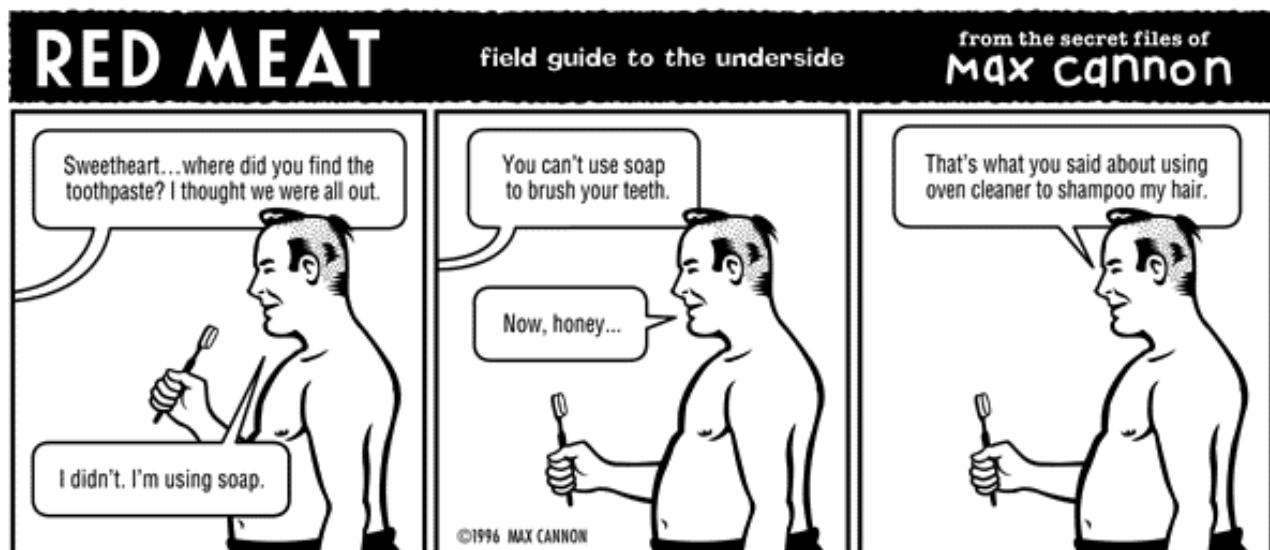
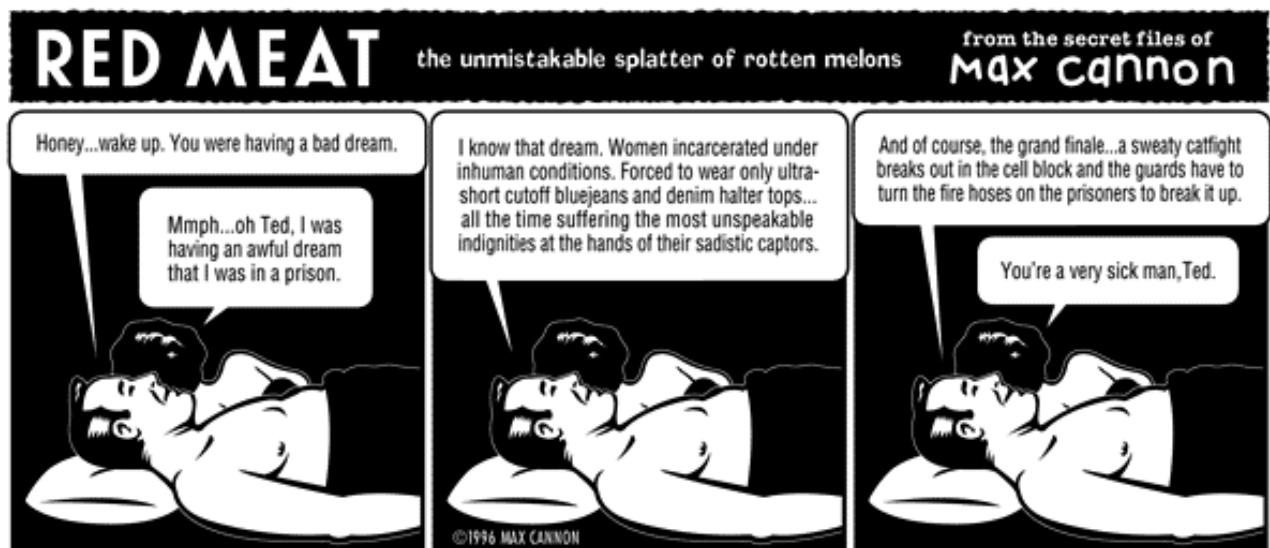


Red Meat

Max Cannon, www.redmeat.com

10. prosince 2013



RED MEAT

the unlightable barenness of meat

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I got fired from my job the other day.
They said my personality was weird.



That's okay, I have four more.



RED MEAT

sermon-free humor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well Dan, I've considered it very carefully
and I'm left with no choice but to fire you
or change your morning milk delivery route.



Why's that boss?

Let's see...I've got two complaints of verbal
abuse by you, one for property damage, four
complaints of sexual harrassment, setting a
fire to someone's cat, and public drunkeness.



I'm sorry sir...

I was only trying to establish a strong
"dairy presence" in the neighborhood.



RED MEAT

face-down in the deep end

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, honey...Rod 'n' Reel magazine sent an
offer for a dynamite Florida fishing vacation.

What kind of
fishing is it?



It says "you and a trained guide will stalk
the majestic and fearsome Florida Manatee
by flatboat in a savage Everglades preservd".

What kind of bait
would we use for
Manatees, Ted?



I already told you...it's a
"dynamite fishing" vacation.

The kids will love that.



RED MEAT

squirming grubs in the dirt of destiny

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My god, Ted. Are you going to wear that satin wrestling mask to bed again tonight?

Yes I am, honey.

I had fun last night, so I thought we'd do it again.

Alright, but let's establish a few ground rules: standard ten-count on the pin, no headlocks, and you leave your toolbelt on the bedstand.

Fair enough.

RED MEAT

the business side of the doublewide

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I took it easy today. I just pretty much layed around in my underwear all day.

Got kicked out of quite a few places, though.

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RED MEAT

gabriel's spit trap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Johnny Lemonhead! I haven't seen you around since we graduated high school.

Well, I left town shortly after you people set fire to my house and wrote "get out of town, freak" on my front lawn. But, now I'm back.

MONDAYS XMN 9661 ©

So...which part of "get out of town, freak" weren't you clear on, John?

RED MEAT

the official pace car of the apocalypse

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I don't get it, Ted...why were the people of this town so afraid of me that they had to drive me out like some awful monster?

Well John, you were a convenient scapegoat for our narrow-minded fear of that which is different from ourselves. It was just instinct.

So the bizarre, ritual pet mutilations had nothing to do with it?

Get real John, we all have our little "episodes."



RED MEAT

shower from the clocktower

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

The flies in my apartment are drivin' me crazy...theres a million of 'em.

I should probably clean up the kitchen.

I guess it's time to bury Aunt Sally, too.



RED MEAT

fifty megaton stinkbomb

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well...Johnny Lemonhead. It's been quite a while since I've seen your giant, spongy, yellow, misshapen head around these parts.

Whoa, I'm sorry John. That was a little harsh.

Your giant, misshapen head actually looks kind of firm and pink now that I look at it.



RED MEAT

sausages for the hostages

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I borrowed this old 8mm movie camera and I've been makin' a home movie based on the musical "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers."

Except in my version, I'm using rabbits instead of human actors...

...and there's only one brother.

©1996 MAX CANNON

RED MEAT

something strange in the squirt gun

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart, why are you lying on the floor without any clothes on?

I'm sorry, honey...

I ate way too much at dinner, and I'm just trying to get comfortable.

How about if I go get your adjustable waistband, double knit polyester slacks.

Yes...break out my "emergency pants."

©1996 MAX CANNON

RED MEAT

swift kick rib tickler

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So, what's the verdict, Doc?

I guess you're just going to lance it, eh?

To be honest, your hideous, filthy diseases repulse me. Please leave my office now.

Not to worry, Ted. That thing on your neck isn't a tumor or anything. It's just an ordinary boil.

I'm afraid I can't.

Why not?

No chance you'll take a look at my piles, then?

©1996 MAX CANNON

RED MEAT

hot buttered fungus

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey Steve, I'm taking the family up to the lake for the weekend, and I was wondering if you and Barb would like to come along.

Thanks for asking, Ted, but my doctor says that I can't be out in the sun at all until they can figure out what's wrong with my skin.

Well, I'm not a doctor...but I'd have to say that a little sun couldn't possibly make you look any more hideous than you already do.



RED MEAT

bite marks on the naugahide

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted? What was that noise?

I fell off of the ladder, honey.

Are you okay?

I've got a splintered leg bone here. Lots of blood, and bone sticking through the skin.

Oh god...how are you still standing?

Oh, I'm just fine...it's your mother's leg bone. I think I'd better sit down though, the spurting arterial blood is making me a little bit woozy.



RED MEAT

sucker punch in the gut bucket

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

The other day, there was this loud argument out in the hall between these two guys in my apartment building while I was tryin' to sleep.

I went out there and told 'em that they'd better knock it off or I was gonna have to use some "Kung Fu." That scared 'em off.

Plus, I was totally nekkid and I had a gun.



RED MEAT

Polyester Slacks Museum

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say...you're new to the neighborhood. How many bottles of milk will you need today?

Let me put it this way: everybody around here drinks milk if they know what's good for them.

Back way the hell off, dairy boy. I'll gut you from crotch to sternum like a rainbow trout.

I don't drink milk.

Hey...you must be the new mailman.

RED MEAT

frying bacon in the bedpan

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

It's true...no man is an island.

But if you take a bunch of dead guys and tie 'em together, they make a pretty good raft.

Honey, where are you taking my flashlight?

Speaking of borrowing things...have you seen my dishwashing gloves?

Let me guess... "cavity search"?

I'm just borrowing it, Mom. Me and Larry are going to the tree house.

We're playing "maximum security prison" today, so I had to borrow those, too.

A guy can never be too careful with these crafty hardened inmates, Mom.

©1996 MAX CANNON

RED MEAT

non-prescription pep remedy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Mr. Postman...those are some mighty cute shorts you're wearing, but why do you guys all sport those ugly dark knee socks?

You ladies at the dairy wouldn't understand. These shorts allow for total leg mobility, while the socks protect shins against teeth marks.

No...from humans. You see, when you're crushing a man's windpipe with your knee, you can be sure he will attempt to bite you.



RED MEAT

ball bearings in the butter tub

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...have you ever stopped to ponder what a marvelously complex and sublime machine the human body is? Just think...

Its tiniest components are more advanced than the most powerful computer. Every cell capable of storing the blueprint for life.

I don't care what you say, Ted. You're not getting me to come in there to "check out" your "chiseled Greco-Roman butt" again.



RED MEAT

sweat beads on your inner needs

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My mother always used to tell me "Earl, you're just like your father."



I guess so...she wouldn't french kiss him either.



RED MEAT

hatchet-job afterglow

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What's up, Johnson? I noticed that you fertilized your lawn this morning.

Yes, I did. I certainly hope the manure smell in my yard isn't bothering you.

Not at all. As a matter of fact, I just made my own little contribution to it.



RED MEAT

naptame on the railroad tracks

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know, Karen, a little child like yourself shouldn't be playing so far away from home.

Yes, only one street away...but that would give your mom ample time to pack up a few things and move away to a brand new life, unburdened by the weight of motherhood.

Don't take it so hard, little lady. Why, I bet you could keep yourself alive for a couple of weeks at least by eating out of garbage cans and sleeping in storm drains at night.

I'm not very far away. My house is only one street away from here.

She wouldn't do that.

If you hurry, you might still be able to catch her.



RED MEAT

dancing spit on the griddle

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sometimes I wonder if I might be happier in some business other than dairy delivery, but I guess being a milk man isn't so bad...

The hours are short, I work an unsupervised route, the pay is decent, and, thanks to some rather tawdry home videos of Mrs. Perkins in personnel, I have great job security as well.

Mommy! Mommy! Milkman Dan throwed up in my treehouse again!



RED MEAT

industrial waste of time

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Johnny Lemonhead! You're still around, eh?

Yeah, I even got a job now.



Mr. Bergman at the pharmacy gave me one because he felt bad that somebody painted the words "FREAR OF NATUKE" on my door.

©1995 MAX CANNON



I think whoever wrote it meant to write "FREAK OF NATURE," John.

Oh, that would make more sense.



RED MEAT

corncob harmonica serenade

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My girl is always complainin' that I'm not romantic, so I wrote her a little love poem.



When she reads it she says: "This isn't a love poem. Love poems aren't supposed to have nekkid radioactive zombie girls."

©1995 MAX CANNON



I knew I should've had pajamas on them radioactive zombie girls.



RED MEAT

the humor dial's lowest setting

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know, one day we're going to be old... and we're going to have to wear orthopedic socks, take daily enemas, and wear diapers.



©1995 MAX CANNON

Why wait?



RED MEAT

spinning turrets of pure spite

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I took some stuff down to the recycling place today, but they only took the styrofoam boxes.



©1996 XPN 94610

I guess they don't recycle pigeons.



RED MEAT

sweetbreads for bottom feeders

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart, I think I need to go to the doctor...one of my nipples came off.



Good god, Ted...a person's nipples don't just "come off."



Not true. It all depends on what kind of pliers you use, honey.



RED MEAT

glitter in your gruel

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

When I was ten, my mother put this painting of a chihuahua with big scary eyes up in my bedroom, and I begged her to take it down.



She said she couldn't...or the devil clown under my bed would kill her.

©1996 MAX CANNON



RED MEAT

forbidden fruit cocktail

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Oh my dear god...what is this filthy animal carcass doing in my oven?

It's no big deal, Mom. It's just a cat skull, and I'm trying to dry it out.

Larry and I are gonna go toss it around after lunch.

That's fine...but I'm not too happy about having it roasting in my oven.

© 1997 MAX CANNON

Neither is Mr.Wilkie's cat, but Mr.Wilkie wouldn't give our baseball back to us.

I'm also not thrilled about the bloody fur all over my good potato peeler, either.

RED MEAT

a hearty slap on your mud-flap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know Johnny, you're the best salesman I've ever had working for me. In fact, the store is more successful than ever before.

That's great, Vern.

I'm also in your debt for administering CPR to me last week when I had the heart attack, but unfortunately, I still have to let you go.

B-but why...?

Because when you talk, little pools of spittle foam form at the corners of your mouth...and it drives me up the wall.

I can wipe, sir.

RED MEAT

hood-mounted carcass spatula

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So what you're saying, Father, is that a man can walk around all day with his nipples hanging out...but if a woman does it she's committing a sinful act?

Yes.

No offense, but it just seems funny coming from a celibate guy in a long black dress.

© 1997 MAX CANNON

Did I ever mention that we Jesuits are trained to use our communion wafers just like ninja throwing-stars.

Whoa there, Action Jackson... Go light a candle or something.

RED MEAT

turbo-powered tedium

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey Ted, my wife and I are getting rid of some nasty-ass old furniture. We were wondering if you might want any of it.



I don't mean to be rude...but why would I want some "nasty-ass old furniture," Don?

I don't know...maybe it'll match the nasty-ass lime green color you painted your house.



Oh. So, in this case, "nasty-ass" would be a good thing, then...?



RED MEAT

strip-mined comedy ore

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I don't get why you're so upset.

Because you're embarrassing me man, that's why.



Out of the goodness of my heart, I invite you to a genuine African celebration, and you go around introducing yourself as "John Shaft."



Sorry...I felt a little out of place and I was just trying to blend in.

Here's some advice, Ted...you'd do better to be respectful of other people's cultures.



But that's beside the point. Don't ever mess with Shaft.

RED MEAT

soothing salve for your intake valve

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I just went to use the bathroom at the gas station down the street because my one at home isn't working. The manager got all mad and told me it was for customers only.



He only let me use it 'cause I bought a candy bar. I was so darn mad, I drank all the hand-soap out of the dispenser, just to show him.



©1996 MAX CANNON

I shouldn't have ate them urinal cakes though, 'cause now I have to use the bathroom again.



RED MEAT

wriggling grunion in your slipstream

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You better not be mean to me, Milkman Dan, or you're gonna go to hell when you die.

I don't think so, karen...



Milkman Dan isn't ever going to die. You see, several years ago, an oriental mystic told me about the ancient secrets of immortality. I can do what I want and I have nothing to fear.

You're lyin'! My dad said only God can live forever.

© 1996 MAX CANNON



What if I'm not lying? What if Milkman Dan has beaten God at his own game...just imagine, if you will, what kind of delicious suffering awaits you at the hands of the most powerful milkman in the universe.

You can't do nothin' to make me suffer!



Oh no? Seen your bike lately?

RED MEAT

dirt-flavored mouthwash

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Dan...I need to have a word with you. My son was very upset yesterday after you let him ride with you on your morning route.

I'm not sure I know what you mean, Ted.



Don't know what I mean?! Good God, Dan! He came home late last night...and he was staggering drunk with all his hair shaved off.

Hmm...

© 1996 MAX CANNON



Incredible... I wonder how he got down off that water tower?



RED MEAT

pigeon pudding in your propellor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Going fishing, honey...see you in a few hours.

Why do you need a power drill for fishing?

Well...not only can't you count on a turtle to swallow a hook, but the spinning action dries them off quite nicely.



Oh. At least you're not using my blow dryer to electrocute and dry them off anymore.

RED MEAT

bitter mug of nether nog

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Son...your mother tells me you don't believe in Santa Claus. Is that true?

That's right.

I'm not going to pretend I believe that junk, just because it makes you and mom happy.

Welcome to adulthood, son. Hope you enjoy playing with pants and socks, because that's all you'll be getting as presents from now on.



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RED MEAT

scabrous skivvy scrapings

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I asked my landlady how old she is, and she wouldn't tell me. "That's okay," I says...

"I'll just wait until you go to sleep tonight... then I'll cut you in half and count the rings."

The cops didn't think it was funny, neither.



©1996 MAX CANNON



RED MEAT

the white-hot cure for sticky valves

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad...I'm going out to the lobby for a little while.

What's the matter...don't like the movie?

The movie was over twenty minutes ago.

Oh...you're right. Is there any bourbon left?

No. The usher took it after the second time we mooned the projectionist.



©1997 MAX CANNON



RED MEAT

bio-booster battle booties

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Johnny Lemonhead! How are you today? Say...why don't you jump into my car and we'll take a little ride to the edge of town.



Thanks for asking, Ted. But I'd kind of like to get home in time for the news.

Well, John...I wasn't exactly "asking" and the "news" is that we burned your house down.



Oh well, accidents happen. Do you mind if I stay at your house until I find a new place?



Uh, sure. Just hop in the trunk there, my man.

RED MEAT

shipwrecked voyage of discovery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know, Karen, before I became a milk man, I was a high school science teacher for many years...until the district fired me.



How come you got fired?

Because of the rabbits. You see, one of my favorite in-class demonstrations every year was to dip live rabbits in liquid nitrogen, then give them a good whack on the counter top.



What happened, then?



That's awful! You're mean, Milkman Dan!

Hmm...I guess you don't want to hear about the time I imploded kittens in a vacuum tube, then?

RED MEAT

drool string ukelele

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I was wondering if you remember that big argument we got into back in seventy-five?



Uh...yeah.



Man, Kung Fu beats Bionic any day of the week...it goes without sayin'!

That's jive!



Let's pretend like those words never came out of our mouths.

Deal.

RED MEAT

apocalypso facto

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Every time I go to the diner, I grab a handful of them little jellies out of the basket and take 'em home with me.

Yesterday, I took all them little jellies out of my cupboard and counted 'em...I got more than twenty-four thousand of 'em.

Bow down before the "king of jellies."



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RED MEAT

bendy-straw for spitoon guzzlers

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good golly boy, I'll tell you what...there's sure nothin' that tastes as right as that first dang ol' cigarette as the sun's a'pokin' up.

But hell's bells, it surely does get a might lonesome around here sometimes. Shoot, I'd give my best heifer for some company.

Well...I reckon I can always go pick some more methamphetamine out'a the chicken feed, so's them crazy voices'll start talkin'.



©1997 MAX CANNON



RED MEAT

butterfly appliqués on the sliding glass door of doom

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey Baby, I think you better take a look at these corn flakes. It looks to me like they're completely infested with worms and beetles.

Those aren't corn flakes...that's muesli. It's a Swiss cereal, with all kinds of good things in it. It'll give you some good fiber.

Tell you what, honey...how about you make me some delicious, colon-clogging, American cream of wheat, and I'll make sure to eat a big handful of earwigs on my way to work.



Don't mess with me today, Don.



RED MEAT

portable backyard sinkhole

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Let me get this straight, Mr. Johnson...you want me to put the little red "flag" up on the mailbox after each and every postal delivery? Tell me, sir...why would I want to do that?



Well, it lets us know if we need to go outside and get the mail.

Good idea. Why don't I just put everybody's flags up, leaving a clear trail of my route? My enemies would love that, wouldn't they?



I see. Been out in the warm sunshine for awhile, have we?



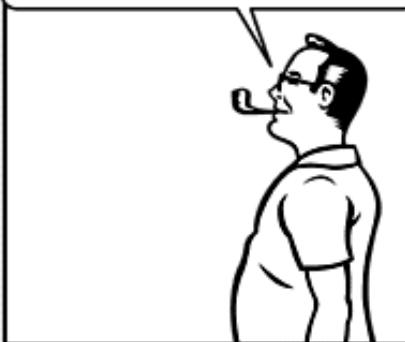
Nice try. Who are you working for, Johnson?

RED MEAT

the dimpled mind of remorselessness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart, I'm going to make some dinner now...where do you keep the cooking oil?



It's under the sink, Ted. Why don't you let me come down and make it for you?



No dice, honey. That creamed clam casserole you made last night is still twisting in my gut. I'm afraid I'll have to keep you locked in the attic for a couple more days, just to be safe.



Hey, Dad...are you letting me out of the basement then, too?

Be quiet, son.

RED MEAT

rusty corkscrew acupuncture

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I don't wanna talk to you no more, 'cause you're always mean to me, Milkman Dan.



I see.

You know, Karen...one day, when you're all grown up, you'll be grateful to me for taking the time each day to teach you to withstand relentless and wanton cruelty.



Really?

Heh...of course not. In fact, all subsequent inhumanities you experience in your lifetime will probably seem like a game of jump rope compared to our "special little relationship."



I'm still not talkin' to you.

RED MEAT

half-hearted sips from the sagging udder of boredom

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

A few years ago, I used to sweep the floors at this country and western bar. There was this big glass aquarium behind the bar that was full of a bunch of real live rattlesnakes.



Part of my job was to feed them snakes two times a week. But the owner fired me when they all went crazy and got loose.

©1997 MAX CANNON

I probably shouldn't have given them snakes candy bars.



RED MEAT

seventy miles per into
the brick wall of mirth

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Are you sure this stuff works? I feel kind of funny.

Yes, Ted. Those little blue capsules are the most powerful laxative that you can buy without a prescription.

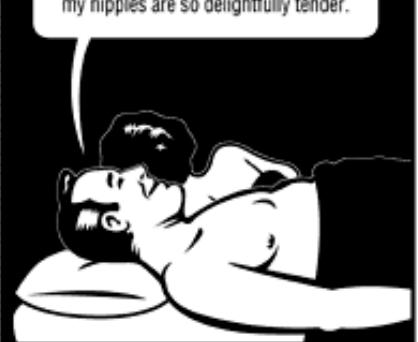


Uh, honey...the pills I took were pink.

"Pink"...? I specifically told you "blue." The pink ones are my birth control pills.



Well, that would certainly explain why my nipples are so delightfully tender.



RED MEAT

the moist chuckle of chainsaws

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey Mom...can Larry and I have a couple more jelly doughnuts?

I don't think so. You boys have already had six.



But Mom, we're not gonna eat 'em.

Well then, why do you need them?

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We squish them on the ground, 'cause they're the paratrooper commandos whose shuttles didn't open properly.

I think doughnuts are a little expensive to be used as "paratroopers."



Oh, Then can we have some water-balloons filled with strawberry jam?

RED MEAT

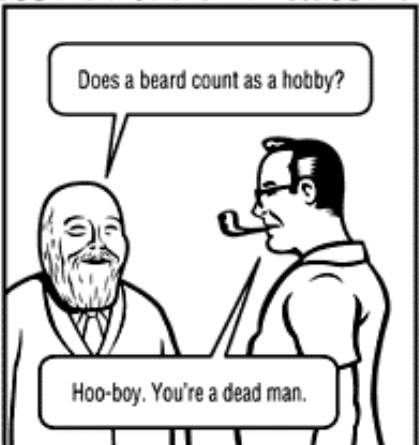
the telltale tickle of tapeworms

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know, Ted...I thought retirement would be kind of pleasant after running a business for forty years, but it's more like a slow death.

I'm sorry to hear that, Wally. Maybe you're not used to having time on your hands. Do you have any hobbies or anything like that?

Does a beard count as a hobby?



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RED MEAT

dump truck motorcade

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My neck is stiff 'cause I slept on it funny.

If you call layin' unconscious in a garbage can all night "funny."



©1997 MAX CANNON

RED MEAT

buoyant flotsam in an ocean of hurt

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Come on everybody...let's get ready a little quicker. We're supposed to be at the portrait studio in fifteen minutes.

This is stupid, Dad...I don't know why we have to get a "family photo" every year. It makes us look like a bunch of geeks.

Really? That's not very reassuring coming from a guy who's in a jacket and tie, but not wearing any pants.



©1997 MAX CANNON

Hey now, we don't look like "a bunch of geeks."

They're only taking a picture of our heads and shoulders. Might as well be comfortable.

RED MEAT

awakened by the smell of casserole

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey there, Milkman Dan. Where's your hat?

I seem to have "misplaced" it.
You haven't seen it, have you?



I can't remember. Have you seen my bike?

I see. If your bike were to miraculously
reappear, would it help your memory?



Yes...I think it would.

Forgive me for crying, Karen. You've
made an old milkman very proud today.

© 1997 MAX CANNON WWW.REDMETACOM

RED MEAT

itch-fighting cortex ointment

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good morning, Dan. Not working today?

My manager gave me a week off.



He strongly recommended I use the time
to enter a "substance treatment" program.

I see.



Well, as your unofficial medical advisor, I
recommend that I immediately treat you
to a substance known as "ice-cold beer."

I'm feeling better already.



RED MEAT

impromptu saliva bath

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

The guy who lives in the apartment
next door to me is kind of a weirdo.



He was in the war, and I guess it made him
crazy because he's always nervous and he
screams every time he hears a loud noise.

© 1997 MAX CANNON

Too bad...because I got a lot
of hammering to catch up on.



RED MEAT

face-first into the furnace

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey Johnson, I just thought you should know...your cat's in my swimming pool.



That darned cat. I'm sorry Ken, he's a regular Jacques Cousteau. I just can't seem to keep him away from the water this time of year.



Perhaps you misunderstand. Your cat, along with a large rock, and about three and a half feet of duct tape, are in my swimming pool.



RED MEAT

runaway thresher at the puppy farm

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Mom, can I have a dollar?

What for?

There's this guy at school who beats me up, but if I give him a dollar he'll leave me alone.

RED MEAT

snapped axle on the wonder wagon

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted...What's going on? I've called you to come for dinner three times already.

Oh, I'm sorry...I didn't hear you.

What are we having for dinner?

I told you that also. I made beef stroganoff.

Ble-aagh. No wonder I didn't hear you...I must have "hysterical stroganoff deafness".

Don't make me come in there.

RED MEAT

butter-side-down in the diaper bucket

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What's the matter...don't like the movie?

The movie's fine. I just can't focus on anything because of that awful smell.

That's what rotten eggs smell like, son.

They're ruining the movie, Dad.

Sorry, I had to improvise. If we'd gotten to the theater a little early, we could've scored good seats by more conventional means.

Here, put some Vap-O-Rub on your upper lip.

RED MEAT

pedal-powered stink generator

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I seen this science show last night on the public broadcasting channel.

It was on these fishes that live so deep in the ocean, that if you caught one and reeled it in...it would explode when it came up.

I'm gonna start watching that channel more often. I bet they got shows on blowing up other kinds of animals, too.

RED MEAT

nine-foot-long outhouse ladle

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Father, help me to truly see this world... not through my own eyes, but through your infinite and all-encompassing love.

Okay...you asked for it. Go ahead and open your eyes.

Oh my goodness.

Kind of like sniffing a couple hundred thousand magic markers while getting a slow sheet-lightning enema isn't it?

Uh...please make it stop now, lord.

RED MEAT

gargling with the goulash

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well, hey there Wally! What are you doing back in the shop? I thought you'd retired.

Oh, I see...supplementing your retirement income with a little bit of part-time work.

Just hanging out for "old time's sake," then?



RED MEAT

the flat tire on your inner journey

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hi there, Ted...do you have an extra ventriloquist dummy I can borrow?

Don't mess around with me, man. Do you have an extra one or not?

Damn...my wife was right. White people really do have ventriloquist dummies.

That's a strange thing to ask me for, Don. What makes you think I even have one?

Well, yeah...I guess so.

I'd...uh...appreciate it if you'd keep this to yourself, Don.

RED MEAT

knuckle-bone skid marks

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey Milkman Dan. My momma told me I had to thank you for those little snack cakes you brought by yesterday.

I don't know...they tasted kind of weird, but I guess they were okay.

Glad you enjoyed them, Karen. Personally, I don't understand why they'd call them "sanitizing deodorant cakes"...I just can't imagine that they taste anything like cake.

Oh really...how'd you like them?

I hate you, Milkman Dan.

RED MEAT

the staccato drone of spontaneous monotony

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I got a bunch of ideas for movies they could make. For one of them, this guy gets all shot up by some crooks, and the only part of him the doctors can save is his spine.

So the spine has to go and get revenge on the crooks. It's called "Spinal Justice."

Of course, they'd have figure out a good special effects way so's the spine could hold a flame-thrower.



RED MEAT

bunched-up under-cluster

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted...what in heaven's name are you doing?

I'm taking a bath, honey.

Doesn't a latex wetsuit sort of defeat the purpose of bathing?

Not if you're using a long enough piece of floss, dear.

RED MEAT

comedy as old and flaccid, yet still as funny as grandma's arm flaps

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey there, Wally. Did you ever find your way back to your house the other night?

Gee...the memory loss that comes with old age must be a difficult adjustment for you.

But I just can't understand how I ended up tied to the mailbox, buck-naked and coated with blue latex paint and chicken feathers.

I guess so...

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RED MEAT

high-strung herald of the haphazard

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

product-free cruelty

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

the antidote for pleasant moments

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

stick ponies for staff people

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My poor cat died a couple days ago from chewin' on an electrical cord.

Kind of a stupid thing to do...

Considerin' as it was the only thing holdin' her on to that helicopter blade.

RED MEAT

still-steaming spite-squeezings

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So, Nick...my son tells me you're the new basketball coach at the junior high school.

He also tells me that you won't let him play.

Glad to hear it. You know, when I was his age, I took "state" in the hundred meter freestyle whimpering hissy-fit.

That's right.

Look, I won't lie to you. Your kid is a soft, mewling, watery-eyed little mama's boy.

Hey...I remember you. You were phenomenal.

RED MEAT

bite-mark festoonery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

A couple days ago my girlfriend got fired from her new job, so I thought I'd try to cheer her up. Now she's all mad at me.

I don't get it...

That chimp was alive when I put it in her bedroom closet.

RED MEAT

flamenco-style fingernail removal

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Coach...I think I broke my leg. Is it okay if I sit out the rest of the game?

Good idea.

Why don't we all just quit...you send the rest of the team home, and I'll go down to the principal's office and turn in my resignation.

I get the point, Coach. I guess I should finish out the game.

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Good man. Why don't you pop that femur back into your leg before it makes me throw up?

RED MEAT

blister balm for bottle blowers

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I can't drink milk no more because I started gettin' this thing a couple of months ago where my stomach don't digest it properly.

White latex paint, neither.

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RED MEAT

do-it-yourself lunchmeat slinky

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...? My back is killing me, and this new sofa-rocker is driving me nuts. How do I get the leg rest up to the "high" position?

Pull the side lever while simultaneously pressing the flashing red arm rest button.

Okay...whoa!

Well...now that I've snapped my pelvis in half, I can hardly feel my back pain.

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RED MEAT

hell-bent for naugahyde

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted...are you going hunting again today?

That's right, dear. Why?



I can't understand what you get out of it. Don't you ever feel like it's wrong to kill poor, defenseless animals for kicks?



I'd hardly call a chihuahua defenseless, sweetheart. It may be small in size, but it can tear a man's sock right off his foot.



RED MEAT

massive otter spill at the oil refinery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, are you still in the bath tub? You've been sitting alone in there for two hours.



Oh, I'm not alone. I've got over a hundred live goldfish in here with me, also. I'm attempting to teach them our language.



I'm well aware of that, sweetheart. I was referring to the "international language."



RED MEAT

droppings on your outcroppings

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What are you doing awake at this hour, honey...and why is your flashlight on?



I'm spooked, Mom. Something is moving around in my closet.

Oh, it's probably just that darned "human head that refuses to die." I put it in there when I cleaned out the attic this morning.



Thanks, that explains it. I was afraid it might be a squirrel or something.



RED MEAT

pinking shear tracheotomy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

If I could be somebody besides myself, I would like to be Tarzan.

Then maybe the cops would think twice about arresting me for being up in a tree at the park, butt-nekkid and screaming.

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RED MEAT

pungent unguent for stump-itch

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well, son...time to hit the sleeping bags. It's been a long day in the great outdoors.

That's not rain, it's bat urine. These night skies are teeming with millions of bats.

Don't worry, they won't fly down here... those bats are just as afraid of the giant mulch ticks and pine leeches as we are.

But, dad...it's startin' to rain.

Bats...?! What if they bite us?

Dad...I don't like camping.

No time for whining, son. We still have to check our sleeping bags for spiders.

MONDAY XTM 246/©

TUESDAY XTM

RED MEAT

relentlessly serenaded by dancing chimney sweeps

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad...I can't sleep in the tent. Is it okay if I go sleep in the car?

Good heavens, son. We came camping so we could commune with the great outdoors.

We don't have to worry about bears...I took the precaution of smearing the neighboring campsites' tents with creamy peanut butter.

But what if a bear comes?

Why...? Do bears like peanut butter?

I don't know, but it sure got those blood-soaked marshmallows to stick.

MONDAY XTM WEDNESDAY XTM 246/©

RED MEAT

mucilage in your fuselage

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good morning, Mrs. McLane. I just stopped by to verify your weekly dairy delivery order.

Oh...uh, Milkman Dan. I really don't need any milk delivered. I buy it at the grocery for about half of what you charge.

But, as you know ma'am, those paltry few extra dollars you pay for home milk delivery go toward the Lakewood Hills neighborhood dog and cat safety fund.

Dog and cat safety fund?!

You were the one who ran over my poor little Fluffy!

Yep, that's what happens when I drink cheap cough syrup. The safety fund allows me to drink only quality name-brand liquor.

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RED MEAT

woodchucks in the wainscoting

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...wake up. Look at this.

Wha...? What are you doing awake? My god, you're chalky-white!

Striking-looking, isn't it?

Ted...it's three in the morning. Why did you paint yourself white?

It's not paint...it's toothpaste.

And why is your body covered with toothpaste, Ted?

I can't exactly recall, sweetheart... but hot damn, I feel minty-fresh.

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RED MEAT

self-inflicted corduroy blisters

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Where's your white uniform, Milkman Dan?

Tuesday is my day off, Karen.

Then, how come you're not at your own house?

Well Karen, you're probably too young to understand this...but outside of his work, Milkman Dan's personal life is a barren, desolate place, devoid of any meaningful human relationships or gainful pursuits.

That's so sad. Do you want to come inside and have a popsicle?

Ah...in a child's world, all ills can be soothed by the simple comforts of an ice cream treat.

Not really. It's actually frozen pee. I was saving it for my cousin Sean, but you'll do just fine.

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RED MEAT

somersault into the asphalt

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Dad... I just wrote my name in the snow by goin' to the bathroom.

So did I.



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Uh...yeah, Dad. But I meant "number one."

Oh.



RED MEAT

the doleful mewling of
freshly-weened wussies

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

One winter, while my brother and I were out hiking, we found a dead clown under a pile of old tarpaper. We thought it might be the same dead clown we'd found the summer before, but it was so shriveled up, we couldn't tell.

Then I remembered that the clown we found in the summer had a tattoo of a rose on his left arm. When I lifted up the arm to look, it snapped off like an old dried-up tree branch.

We broke off the other arm and both of the legs and stacked them off to the side. Then we found a piece of cardboard and made a sign that said: "BUILD YOUR OWN CLOWN."



RED MEAT

touched by an anvil

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I took my grandmother to the park today, 'cause she likes to go feed the pigeons.

She fed them pigeons for awhile, but I took her home after I seen that them birds started squirtin' out white foam.

I don't know what pigeons usually eat, but I'm pretty sure it ain't alka seltzer.



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RED MEAT

microwave pet carrier

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, stranger...may I give you some free neighborly advice?

No. Beat it.

Look, I don't know how they do things on your home planet, spaceman...but here in Mayberry, we just don't talk to gun-toting, redneck, amphetamine freaks that way.

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RED MEAT

pit lather and gravy stains

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...why are you dressed up like that? You have to be at the school in ten minutes.

It's my new school uniform, Mom. All the kids have 'em.

I don't want to hurt your feelings, dear... but that outfit makes you look kind of odd.

You mean it looks dumb?

No honey...I'm sorry. I think it's great that your school is trying to promote a sense of unity and team spirit.

Thanks, Mom. Can you help me figure out how to get the velvet codpiece on.



RED MEAT

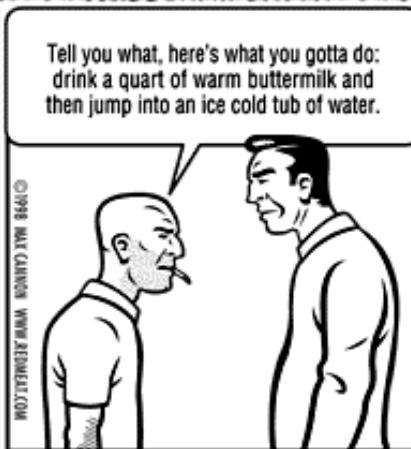
teethmarks in your upholstery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man...I'm really having a hard time not smoking.

Tell you what, here's what you gotta do: drink a quart of warm buttermilk and then jump into an ice cold tub of water.

Will that make it easier?



RED MEAT

it's not just awful...it's god-awful

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

the wet snap of an oiled strap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

the barnacle-encrusted bilge pump on your sunken dreams

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

the catsup bottle in your wine rack

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...I'm afraid I've put on a few pounds over the winter. Why don't you and I join the local health club?

Now, why do you want to lose weight, darling? I think you look more "cuddly" with a little extra meat on your bones.

You think so, eh? Well then...how about pouring another steaming mug of that delicious home-made sausage gravy for your "passion panda"?

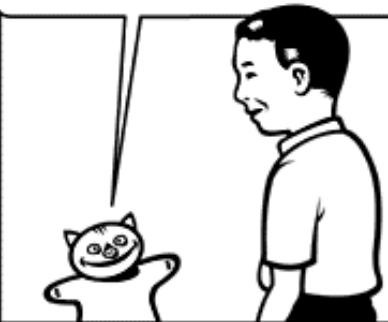


RED MEAT

quarter-ton bumpercar

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Can you help me? I'm a magic talking hand puppet from the Neighborhood Of Pretend, and I seem to have lost my way back home.



I'm just going to go ahead and assume that's "magic find-your-way-home" spit.



RED MEAT

tossing corn cobs into
the maw of uncertainty

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I bought me one'a them haircuttin' deals you hook up to your vacuum sweeper. I gave myself and my dog a haircut today.



I don't think our haircuts came out too good, but the hair'll grow right back.



= Woof! =
Don't worry old girl...them ears will prob'lly grow right back, too.



RED MEAT

head first into the hardpan

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Dad...not only is this movie theater weird, but this movie is dumb—it's all in French or something, with no subtitles.



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It's just a bunch of people talking and sitting around...hey! That teenage girl is gettin' totally naked!



Wow...now everybody's all naked.

Welcome to the multi-sensory world of international cinema, son. More escargot?



No thanks. I'm gonna go to the snack bar to get another carafe of Chardonnay.

RED MEAT

the sniffling snoot of sneapery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Psst! Hey kid, y'know who I am? I'm Babe Ruth—one of baseball's all time legends. At least, that's who I used to be before I died.



Now, to pay for my sins in life, I'm doomed to walk the Earth for eternity as a nine pound sea anemone.



Are you really "The Babe?"
Sure kid...sure. Say, you got a smoke? I'd give my left nut for a smoke. If I still had a left nut...



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RED MEAT

gravity's pull when your cavity's full

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I got this job doin' face painting on kids at the street fair, but the guy who owns the booth fired me after only one day.



He shouldn't've yelled at me, though. I mean, he told me I could paint them little kids' faces anyway I wanted to.



Still...I guess I prob'lly should have brought more colors of spray paint than just brown.



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RED MEAT

underblast afterburn

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey baby, I fixed the kitchen drain. It was all stopped up with somethin', but I got it to run again by workin' it with the plunger.

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That drain wouldn't've been "all stopped up" if you didn't wash out your nasty old cigar ashtray in the kitchen sink.

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You're probably right, baby...then again, it could be that some of those chin hairs of yours fall out every time you do the dishes, eventually collecting up in the drain trap.

Speak up, Don...you know I can't hear you when you mumble.

Yes...I'm aware of that.

RED MEAT

mirth...in a jiffy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Come on, boy... "sit."
"sit," boy! Come on!

Do it... "sit," boy! "Sit!"
I SAID "SIT," DAMMIT!

Bad Dog.

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RED MEAT

oing! now that's a comic strip

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

It must be amazing to have a dog's sense of smell. To think that by just sniffing around, he can instinctually create an entire biochemical map of whatever environment he enters...

Information that would have been essential to the survival of his wild canine ancestors.

SNIFF
SNIFF

SNIFF
SNIFF

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Bad Dog.

MUNCH
MUNCH

RED MEAT

a hearty tug on mediocrity's milk-teat

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

How do you like my new uniform, Karen? It's a state-of-the-art, electro-kinetically enhanced, kevlar-reinforced exo-suit.

I think it makes you look dumb.

It may look odd, but this uniform triples my reflex response, enabling me to deliver dairy products at superhuman speed, and it makes me impervious to most projectile weapons.

You're standing kind of funny. Is it uncomfortable?

Not at all...in fact, I was just enjoying the soothing relaxation of the suit's built-in vibrating Swedish buttocks massage unit.

Eww! No wonder the milk's been all foamy.

RED MEAT

the wobbly wheels of wonder

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey, I'm having a problem at work. The boss has been making lewd sexual advances toward me. He also touches me...sometimes several times a day, in inappropriate ways.

Gee, sweetheart...as of an hour ago at lunchtime, you were self-employed.

So you see the difficult predicament that I'm in. Still, I can't help but think I'm somehow responsible. Just look at what I'm wearing...it's a veritable carnival of lurid man-flesh.

If you don't put your pants back on and go back to work, I'll touch you in some inappropriate ways with a frying pan.

RED MEAT

plastic fruit for a starving nation

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

SPUDERMAN

The strange visitor from another world, imbued with incredible powers beyond imagination!

Who is this mysterious man of might, what does he want, and what fantastic secrets does he possess?

Watch...I can crack walnuts between my butt-cheeks.



RED MEAT

ultra-cruel head fuel

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

SPUDERMAN! The awful bullies at school smack me in the back of my head whenever I'm walking down the hallway to my locker.



What you need is a simple black elastic "Nerd Strap."

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What for?

To keep your glasses from flying off when they smack you in the back of the head.



RED MEAT

bad vibes from misery's marimba

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Golly, **SPUDERMAN**...you're no help at all! What am I going to do about the guys at school smacking me in the back of the head?



You know...if those guys were picking on me, I'd beat them senseless, wrap them each in a cocoon of scrap metal, and leave them dangling from the nearest telephone pole.



But then again, I'm imbued with incredible powers beyond imagination. I'd reckon that a whining little sissy like yourself has no choice but to learn to take it and like it.



RED MEAT

piston-powered puerility

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hi **SPUDERMAN**! Boy, it sure is a hot one today. Supposed to get up to ninety-six.



Hah! Ninety-six degrees is but a paltry temperature to an incredible being such as myself, who has flown into the very hearts of stars many times the size of your sun.



RED MEAT

pulverized funnybone jelly

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know them really sharp knives that you can order from them late night TV commercials...the ones where they show the guy cutting through cans and stuff?



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I don't recommend tryin' them things out on spray paint cans.



RED MEAT

step stool to stagnation

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Johnny Lemonhead! Say...would you mind sitting in the front seat of my car and keeping an eye on things while I run into the market?

Sure, Ted...

Are there a lot of cars stolen around here?

Well...if that security guard I ran over on the way in regains consciousness, I could almost guarantee at least one.



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RED MEAT

rotten egg incubator

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I got me a mail-order certificate that says I'm a real minister, and it cost me only ten bucks.

I ain't married no people yet, but I practiced on some pigeons in the park the other day.

Now God is gonna kill me for sure.



RED MEAT

the velvet tips on your underclips

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say there, Nick...I noticed you bought yourself a sweet-looking new truck.



Yeah...

She's a beauty, isn't she? It was the last year they made that model, too. If I told you how cheap I got it, you'd probably cry.

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I probably would, Nick...but I'd appreciate it more if you wouldn't park it on my kid.



Well, I'd appreciate it if the parking brake worked. Life's tough that way sometimes.

RED MEAT

first dibs on the last rites

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I had to move to a new apartment recently. The old place was gettin' a little too small for me an' my cat.



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You'd be surprised how much space it takes for a cheetah to ride a dirt bike.



RED MEAT

more porridge for the engorged

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You better not do nothin' mean to me today, Milkman Dan.



Have it your way, Karen...

Actually, I just need a little favor. I was...uh, wondering if you would be kind enough to squeeze a rather unsightly blackhead for me.



Ewww! I don't wanna touch your gross skin!

You wouldn't have to. You see...the ghastly infected pore that I'm referring to is right on the tip of your nose. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!



You're a jerk, Milkman Dan!

RED MEAT

skid marks on your skullcap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well hello, Nick. Uh...It's a funny thing running into you like this.



Yeah...?

What I mean is, it's not very often that I have the opportunity to see my son's gym teacher naked...not to mention running laps inside of a crowded grocery store.



Tell you what, Johnson...you quit smoking your way, and I'll do it mine. Besides, I'm not naked—I'm wearing a nicotine patch.

Well what do you know...? I had no idea they made those babies in a "thong" style.

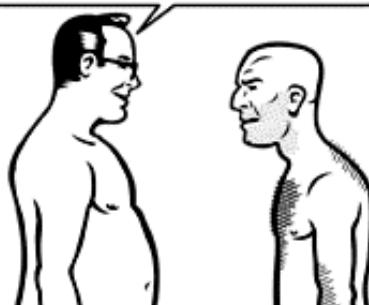
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

RED MEAT

wrinkled knee on the leotards of lethargy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I must admit, Nick...these new "thong-style" nicotine patches really work. I have no urge to smoke, plus I'm also cool and comfortable.



Well, Johnson...I'm glad it's working out, but you might want to read the instructions.



I'm pretty sure the triangular part goes on your front side.

Hmm...I don't think so. That looks like it might chafe a bit.

RED MEAT

dirt clods in your fuel rods

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well, Clyde...if you're all done trimming the trees in the front yard, I guess you can start on those hedges around back.



Cain't do that.

Why not?

'Cause every time I cut them hedges, they run around screamin' like a skewered pig.



I see the problem.

Let me clarify a couple of fine points for you. "Hedges" are the green leafy things, and the "dog" is the brown shaggy thing.



That'd make sense. I shoulda known there's no shrubs got red sap in 'em.

RED MEAT

inappropriate feelings
toward the skin peelings

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Gosh, Clyde...you look like your best friend died. What's wrong?



Dang it. I messed up again, Johnny.

I accident'ly hurt Mr. Johnson's dog while I was trimmin' his trees, an' now he don't want me to do his yard workin' no more.

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Well, it sounds like an honest mistake. Why don't you go apologize to him?

I tried that. But now that I think about it, maybe I shouldn't've used the dog's head like a hand puppet to do the apologizin'.



Hmph...that's odd. Did you make it have a funny voice or anything?

RED MEAT

nourishing nuggets of nether nougat

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Gaze upon me...

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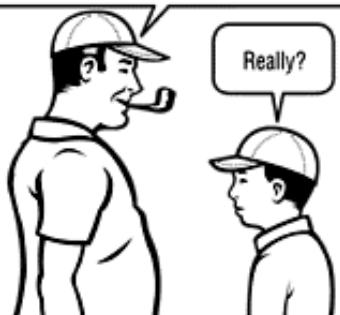
If I wouldn't look when it was screamin', what makes it think I'm gonna look now?

RED MEAT

glistening suction cups on
the headboard of hebetude

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm very excited for you, son. Dropping you off at camp brings back quite a few fond memories of my first time at summer camp.



Really?

Oh sure. For instance, on my first night the other guys in my cabin secretly put a black widow in my bunk, and the darn thing laid an egg sac under my scalp while I was asleep.

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What happened?

One week later, I was the proud mother of three hundred babies. But that was kid stuff compared to the time I got stuffed into the latrine. They couldn't find me for two days.



I'm just gonna kill myself now.

Buck up, son. That's what the counselors are here for.

RED MEAT

tundra clump under-scrub

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey kid...you remember me? I'm the magic talking hand puppet from the Neighborhood of Pretend. Well...uh, earlier today, I got heinously hunched-up and committed a horrific homicide.



I don't really know...I can hardly remember anything. But one thing's for sure, there's a hacked-up human head in the hatchback of my Hyundai.



You tend to get a little crazy on days that are "brought to you by the letter 'H,'" don't you?

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You can say that again.



RED MEAT

doddering docent to the
museum of misanthropy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Last night my girlfriend told me I was the handsomest, sexiest man she ever met.



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So don't feel funny if you were checking out my booty just now.



RED MEAT

the squirting squids of squalor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say...what's the matter Karen? You look like you're about to start crying.

What are you talking about, Milkman Dan? I'm not about to cry.

That's funny...



If an intoxicated adult in a three-quarter ton milk delivery vehicle just carelessly ran over a box of my dolls, I'd start crying.

So would I, but those weren't dolls in there... the Hell's Angels were givin' away free puppies.



Whoops.

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RED MEAT

oversized chuckle suppository
for the chronically unamused

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Oh...hi, Karen. Sorry I can't stay and visit today, but I've got a little touch of the flu, and I'd feel terrible if you caught it from me.

When I'm sick, my Momma makes me stay home in bed.

Well...you see, Karen, old Milkman Dan doesn't have much of a home life. In fact, there's no one to take care of him when he gets sick, so he gets better quicker if he's out doing what he loves best of all.

I didn't know you loved delivering milk so much.

Delivering milk...? Let me put it this way, little lady...if I were you, I wouldn't go near your bike for a couple of days without some strong detergent and a high-pressure hose.

I hate you, Milkman Dan.

RED MEAT

the beneficent bosom of the blasé

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I thought of this funny idea for a TV show with this one character who's a pork chop, and his friend who's a string bean, and they both live together on a pile of instant mashed potatoes with some canned gravy.

Well, okay...originally, it was an idea for dinner.



RED MEAT

the beckoning aperture of dismay

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, are you coming downstairs for dinner?

Uh...I'm still in the tub, dear.

Good god, Ted. You've been in there for four hours. That water must be nearly ice-cold by now.

Couldn't really say, hon. The six quarts of cream of mushroom soup inside my wetsuit are still deliciously warm.



RED MEAT

the brownish splatters
on all that matters

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Look, Nick...you've been our basketball coach here at Bronson for nine years. In that time we haven't won a single game, but I've never held it against you, have I?



No, but how're we supposed to win games when all I have to work with are weak-kneed, simpering little crybabies?

Look...as principal, I've overlooked your harsh and unconventional methods for a long time, but the parents are getting very upset so I'm putting my foot down.



Well, maybe if their mamas weren't so soft on them, I might have an easier time making men out of those mewling little pantywaists.

That's the problem, Nick. It's a girl's junior high basketball team. Try to lighten up a little, for god's sake!



Girls, eh? No wonder they run like sissies.

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RED MEAT

the crinkley caress of
crenulated crevice clips

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Johnson...I need to borrow your electric pine cone trimmer for awhile.



Yeah, hold on...I'll go get it.



Damn, Ted...I was just joking around with you. Why the hell would anybody have an electric pine cone trimmer?



I know what you mean, Don. The old gas-powered "Pine Weasel P-391" gave you vastly superior lateral cone-shaping control.

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RED MEAT

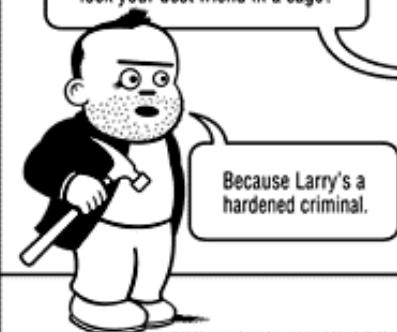
comedy carrion for laugh scavengers

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Young man...where do you think you're going with that hammer?



I'll put it right back, Mom. I have to build a cage in my bedroom to lock Larry up.



Why on earth would you want to lock your best friend in a cage?

Because Larry's a hardened criminal.



I'd hardly call "borrowing a bike without asking" a major offense.

Don't do the crime if you can't do the time, Mom.

Okay...but just don't pound any nails into the walls or furniture.

RED MEAT

comedy's cauterized stump

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

There's this restaurant that I go to every mornin' for breakfast, because I kinda like this one pretty waitress that works there.

This mornin' she tells me: "Don't come in here no more, Earl...because you're always starin' at me an' it gives me the creeps."

If I'd'a known she was like that, I never would've carved her name in my chest.



RED MEAT

gristle-clog in the ham juicer

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Holy Father, guide me on the path of righteousness and strike down those who would dare tempt me toward sin.

Lemme see...okay, here's some guidance for you: "Thou shalt not talk on your cell phone while operating a moving vehicle."

As for the second part...how about I kill every single moron that does.



RED MEAT

overlarge underplug afterburn

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My upstairs neighbor has been drivin' me crazy for months. Every night she taps on the floor and the walls..."tap, tap, tap, tap."

Well...not no more. The other day I followed that lady to the laundromat, and I grabbed that white cane of hers.

Now them thumpin' and crashin' noises are gettin' on my nerves.



RED MEAT

mediocrity's chocolatey flotilla

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Father, if a person were starving...would it be a sin if they partook of human flesh?

Well...it would depend on the circumstances.

Suppose, for instance, that you didn't actually kill the other person. What if you just happened upon a dead body.

In that case, I suppose it wouldn't actually be a sin.

Hey, great! You wouldn't happen to have any steak sauce, would you?

Just because I'm a priest doesn't mean I won't kick your ass, Milkman Dan.

RED MEAT

retro-fitting for the unwitting

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad...don't you think that shirt is a little bit too small for you?

This is a "babypants", son. All of the kids are wearing them.

Oh, I get it. You're trying to get out of going to the father-son picnic with me.

Come on now, son...

What makes you think I'm trying to get out of going to the picnic with you?

Well...for starters, Dad, you usually don't wear teal-colored hot pants.

If it makes you feel better I'll go put my velour chaps on over them.

RED MEAT

hand-tooled leather support brace
on the burly back of bastardry

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My goodness...Milkman Dan! I hardly even recognized you! What's with the mustache?

Oh, I landed a role in a major "action" film.

Wow, that's fantastic! So tell me, what kind of character are you going to play?

I play one of the guys who just happens to be wandering by the back fence when the bikini babes decide to take off their tops and put some lotion on each other.

Oh, I get it...this would be a major "adult-action" film.

RED MEAT

razorblade whirlygig

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

A coupl'a years ago I had this job workin' as a santy claus at the children's hospital. One day I was in the basement lookin' for a quiet place to eat my lunch when I found this weird room with all these bodies in it.

The funny thing was, them bodies didn't have no heads...but they was all hooked up with tubes and gizmos to keep 'em alive. Anyways, I had all these big baby dolls in my sack that I was s'posed to give the kids.

So I took the heads off them dolls and put 'em on the bodies. Turns out, they looked so cute that I ended up eatin' lunch in there everyday 'til somebody padlocked the door.



RED MEAT

decay sera sera

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

If I may say so, these photographs came out beautifully. The colors are a symphony of warm reds and muted purples, and the composition is an minor aesthetic triumph.

Oh, hi Roger. These are just some photos I took...it's sort of a hobby of mine. You know, if you'd like to take a look, there's several more of them pinned up on my locker door.

Kee-riist, Milkman Dan!! Why in the hell are you showin' me this crap?! These are all pictures of you in the employee shower!

Allright...it's quittin' time! Hey, Dan...what you lookin' at there?



Sure, why not?
I'll have a look.



Not all of them,
Roger...some of
them are of you.



RED MEAT

hellish hail of molten mirth

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart...what's this strange-looking silver cannister on the bathroom counter?

But isn't that a dangerous chemical, Ted?
You really shouldn't leave it lying around.

They must have been some "tricks"...there's shards of brown glass all over the bathroom.



Oh, that's just some liquid nitrogen, babe.



I was just using it to amuse the kids with some science tricks.



Um...that's not glass.

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RED MEAT

increasingly frequent
forays into flaccidity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know, Karen...I've been troubled lately by the possibility that a giant meteor could come hurtling out of the sky at any moment.

Really...? What would happen?



The initial cataclysmic impact would kill millions instantly. The ensuing cloud of dust, smoke and steam would destroy all remaining life over the next few months.

During that time, the survivors would play out their remaining days in a grisly carnival of cannibalism and unimaginable agony.

Yuck! Why do you think about such awful things?



Well...it makes me feel less guilty about having just run over your cat.

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RED MEAT

red carpet rug burn

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Tell me the truth, Ted...do you think my head has gotten larger over the past year?

I don't know, Vern. I guess so.



It's a genetic trait in my family...we also get bad facial veins. Mostly though, I don't relish the thought of being covered with purplish boils like both my father and grandfather. I have a few already...would you like to see?

I really don't think so...



I think I'll just wait for the National Geographic special when it comes out on PBS, if that's okay with you.

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Speaking of which, I have a keratotic lesion on my groin that's shaped like Madagascar.

RED MEAT

army man in your navy beans

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

A couple weeks ago I started this new exercise program that I ordered off one'a them late night TV ad shows.



The whole deal is that you watch this video and you have to do these kung fu moves real fast to some disco music.



Trouble is...the other night my girlfriend took me out dancin', and I accidentally broke her spine with a monkey-punch.

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RED MEAT

perdition's pogo stick

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Before you make any derogatory remarks about my costume, Karen, I think you should know you're looking at the new "McMoo the Anti-Drug Cow" for your school district.

Ha! Milkman Dan playing McMoo...? That's a big laugh!

HEY!!

SQUIRT!

Sorry about that, Karen. For a moment there, I thought you might be on drugs.

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RED MEAT

baked bean bubble bath

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dang, Mr. Johnson...there's been kind of a accident out in th' back yard. The tree house come down, an' yer kids was in it.

What?! How'd that happen?
That thing is bolted down!

Well...I was trimmin' the tree an' they started shootin' imaginary guns at me, so to protect myself from gettin' shot, I sawed through them limbs that was holdin' the tree house.

The kids were just goofing around with you! Couldn't you have just "pretended" to cut those branches?

No way, sir. Judgin' by the explosion sounds those kids was makin', them guns had grenade launchers on 'em.

Don't sweat it, Clyde. Next time I'll make sure they have real guns.

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RED MEAT

clenched to the bursting point

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Jeez...I got caught eatin' food off of the shelf in the supermarket again today.

They didn't arrest me or nothin'. The manager and the cops told me that they felt sorry for me.

That's why you should only ever eat cans of cat food at the supermarket.

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RED MEAT

manifold mosaic of the mundane

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey there, Wally. I just thought I'd stop by and invite you over to dinner Sunday night.

Can't. Already have plans.



Well then...how about Monday night?

Don't think so.



Cripes, Wally...when can you come over to dinner?

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Never. You seem to forget...I was hospitalized last year because of your wife's creamed pork fondue.

Settle down...the county health department buried that stuff in sealed cannisters long ago. I was just planning on grilling a few steaks.

RED MEAT

the mellifluous milk of monotony

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hmm...mouth is dry, can't feel my tongue, blurred vision, hands and legs are numb, I just went to the bathroom in my pants, and now I'm seeing lightning bolts coming out of my cardigan buttons.



ZZZAK!



No wonder you're not supposed to drink furniture polish.



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RED MEAT

festering on the fringes of finitude

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man...I had another one a'them baseball dreams again last night.



It's the one where I'm sittin' on a white goat surrounded by eleven candles, and then the Red Sox start ticklin' me with baseball bats.



It probably don't mean nothin'.

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RED MEAT

pocket-size butterfly wing clippers

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

the rippling rugae of recompense

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

tepid tureen of taint

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

sun-bleached stripes on
the big top of banality

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Karen...do you ever wonder what happens to people after they die?

No...they go to heaven to be with God.



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Well then...in that case, that probably wasn't your dead Grandmother I saw crawling into your basement window with a half-gnawed human femur clenched in her rotting maw.

I hate you more than ever, Milkman Dan.



Settle down...it could've just been a large stick.

RED MEAT

tedium's oaken tent pole

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

It was late in the Fall when my dad told us that we couldn't keep that shriveled dead clown in his shed any longer. My brother and I didn't have the heart to simply throw it away...it had brought us such joy since the day we found it.



So we bought a ladies' wig at the second-hand store and spray painted it red. We put the wig on the clown and took him downtown to the McDonald's and left him in one of the booths.



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When my dad read about it in the paper the next day, he put us on restriction for a whole month. We thought it was worth it, though...that dead clown was the funniest thing ever.



COUNTY MURK
DEATH DEPT. B.D.A.
DEATH DEPT. B.D.A.

RED MEAT

paragon of pointlessness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Dan...it must be pretty warm inside that costume. Why don't you come in and have a couple of ice-cold beers with me?

Thanks, Ted...but I can't.



As "McMoo the Anti-Drug Cow" I simply can't condone the recreational use of alcohol. In fact, is there anything I can do to dissuade you from partaking?

No.



How about if I just kicked you in the pants?

I'll see you later, Dan.

Hey, wait...sounds like we both could use a cold one.



RED MEAT

moldering mementos of merriment

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been thinkin' a lot lately about the whole Kennedy assassination thing.



Turns out, though...some other guy already did it.

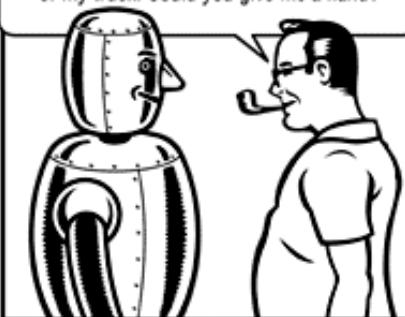
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RED MEAT

open wider for the magic cider

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

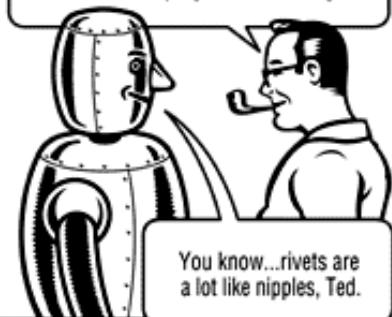
Thank goodness I ran into you, Mr. Bix...I sure could use your mechanical strength to lift some heavy bags of fertilizer out of my truck. Could you give me a hand?



I'd love to, but my mechanical buttocks have become rusted. Perhaps you could rub some lubricant on them for me, Ted.



No dice there, joy-bot...I rust-proofed those babies for you last week. Now, how about helping with those bags?



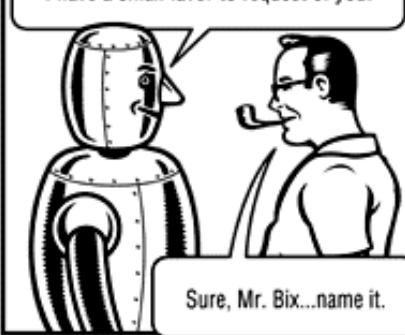
You know...rivets are a lot like nipples, Ted.

RED MEAT

the chitinous coating on your cares

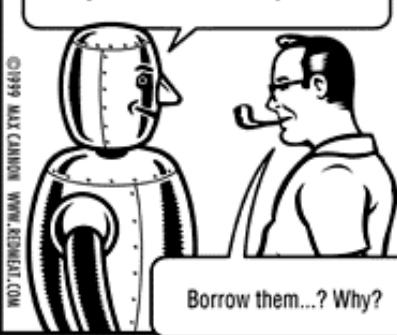
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well, Ted...now that I've moved those heavy bags of fertilizer out of your truck, I have a small favor to request of you.



Sure, Mr. Bix...name it.

I'd like to borrow a couple of those bags of fertilizer for a day or two.



Borrow them...? Why?

I'm going to try to mate them, Ted. Of course, you will have first choice of their malodorous, unholy offspring.



All right...but let's marry them first. I just got my mail-order minister's license and I'm itching to try it out.

RED MEAT

scotch tape for a cardboard utopia

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So what's the deal, Dan? You haven't taken off your "McMoo the Anti-Drug Cow" suit at all in the past three weeks.



No I haven't, Ted. You can't possibly imagine how rewarding it is for me to play a part in educating our young people about the perils of drug use.

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I don't know about that...but you've certainly educated them about how to make a poorly-ventilated costume smell ripe while staggering around drunker than a department store Santa.



Careful now...that sounds suspiciously like "crazy drug talk" to me. You aren't all hopped-up on goof balls, are you?

RED MEAT

gravy-stained laugh remnants

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Remember that old comic book character called the Human Torch, who could say the words "flame on" and catch hisself on fire?



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I saw a guy do that the other day, only he didn't have no "flame on" super-powers or nothin'. He was just a regular guy on fire.



RED MEAT

the ebullient egg-sac of ennui

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, sweetheart...why are you wearing that black rubber mask?



If you must know...me and my teammates are going out on "patrol."

Oh my god...you and Dan and Reuben weren't really serious about becoming superheroes? I thought you were joking!



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Not at all. You'd better get used to the idea of having a crimefighter for a husband, honey.

I see. Don't you think you might do a better job fighting crime if you had clothes on?



We'd hardly be the "Naked Justice Squad" if we were wearing clothes, would we?

However, I could use a belt to hold the keys to my "Nudecycle."

RED MEAT

mysterious mound on your mantelpiece

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good Lord, Milkman Dan...you're covered in blood! Should I go call the paramedics?



No need, Father...I'm perfectly fine. I was just testing out my new turbo propeller-driven milk delivery vehicle.



They certainly do put those city bus stops close to the street, don't they?



RED MEAT

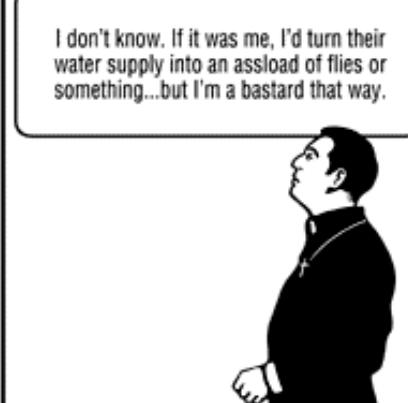
the golden annointment
of sheer disappointment

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Heavenly Father, sometimes I feel so powerless to help my fellow man see the wisdom of your way. How can I inspire them to walk in righteousness?



I don't know. If it was me, I'd turn their water supply into an assload of flies or something...but I'm a bastard that way.



RED MEAT

the wet carpet treatment

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Jeez. The other day it was really hot. I guess I must've had heat stroke because I got real woozy and threw up, so I decided I better take off my clothes and lay down for a little while.



It didn't help, though...the bus driver made me get out at the very next stop.



RED MEAT

the buckling beams of
your hopes and dreams

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You weren't kidding, Ted...cigars do have a natural laxative effect. But I still don't think I can do it.

Sure you can. Give it try.

= Gngh = Nope.
Not gonna happen.

Maybe I should just sign my letter of resignation with a pen, instead.

Come on...at least do your initials.

RED MEAT

that solid waste aftertaste

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted...did you put new headlights on the station wagon since I last drove it?

Sure did, honey. Those babies are 10,000 watt halogen "Pathstalkers." Intense...aren't they?

Intense...?! I drove over to pick up the boys in front of the school, and I could see their bones and organs right through their skin!

Don't worry, sweetheart. Seeing that kind of thing will just take some getting used to.

Well I might, Ted...if the kids still had skin.

Look at it this way...you won't have to buy Halloween costumes for anybody this year.

RED MEAT

the tone-arm of turbidity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I bought a crappy beat-up old rocker at the second-hand store today for seven bucks.

I think his name is "Eddie Money."

RED MEAT

sandpaper backrub

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Oh Lord, I feel that many of my flock have strayed from your word. What can I do to lead them back into the fold?



I find that most folks listen better if you use a funny hand puppet. Here...borrow mine.



Hey, wait...come back, guy. I was only kidding around.

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RED MEAT

sand dollars for the dirt-poor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I shaved all my hair off 'cause my girlfriend keeps sayin' bald-headed guys are sexy.



Sure enough, when I walked down to the bus stop today, I noticed a whole bunch of ladies were starin' and pointin' at me.

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Just to be scientific, though...I'm gonna go try it out again with my clothes on.

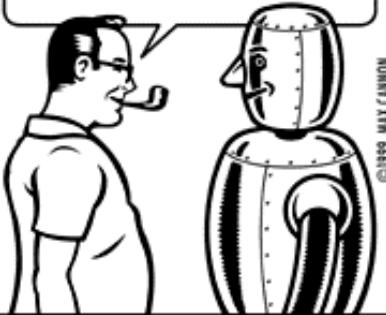


RED MEAT

horse-whip strap lather

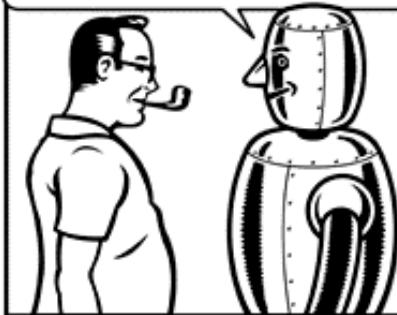
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well...good morning, Mr. Bix. You certainly have a determined look on your mechanical face. What's up?



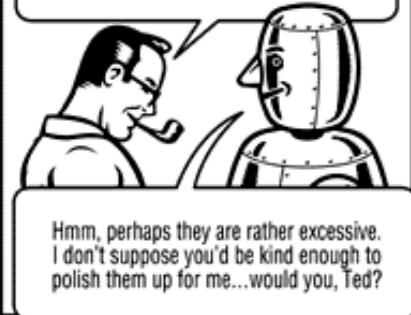
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Okay, hot rod...since I'm in a good mood, I don't mind telling you that I just came over to kick your milky-white little hiney.



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Well, well...looks like somebody just got a brand new set of jumbo-sized, stainless steel ball-bearings installed.



Hmm, perhaps they are rather excessive. I don't suppose you'd be kind enough to polish them up for me...would you, Ted?

RED MEAT

the watery whey of whimsy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I took my lady out to one'a them so-called "all-you-can-eat" buffet deals for supper last night...but now I'm onto their little scam.



After you empty it three or four times, they stop fillin' up the thousand island bucket.



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RED MEAT

backflip from the balcony

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Milkman Dan...I want to see you in my office right now.

What's up, boss?



Don't "what's up" me, mister! I've got a stack of complaints here. Let's see...you've run over two cats, one dog, and a child's bicycle with your delivery vehicle this week.

But that's not true, sir.

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I ran over way more cats than that.

Get out.



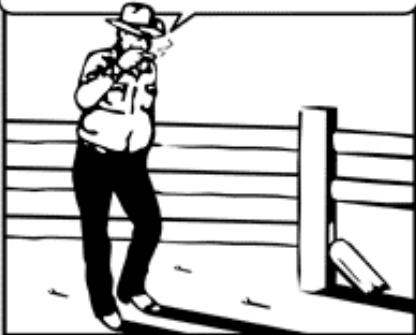
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RED MEAT

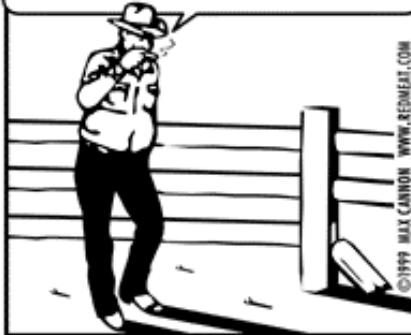
two-and-a-half-inch denture screws

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Whoo-ee, betty! If this here busted fencepost is a'what I think it is...I 'spect I'll be spendin' rest'a the gol'dang day roundin' up chickens.

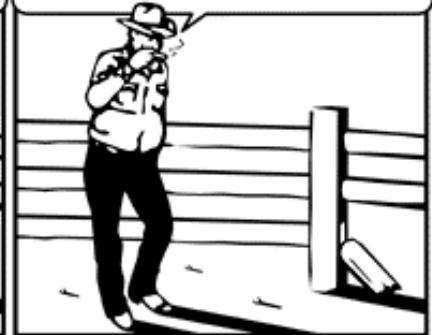


I reckon them crazy birds must'a been pokin' around in that bag'a experimental livestock feed what the county agent done left here t'other day.



Shoot...if they ate as much of the dad-blamed stuff as me'n'Lyle did, they're prob'ly over to the barn takin' turns on that poor ol' heifer, too.

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RED MEAT

nutritious nectar nodules

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I got this job sweepin' floors down at the pharmacy on the corner...and man, those guys drop a lot of pills down on the floor.

Well, the other night I was kind of bored, so I picked up some of them pills an' I ate 'em.

I guess it kind of messed me up, 'cause I was havin' a hard time understandin' that floating head when it was tellin' me how to shoot lightning bolts out of my fingertips.



RED MEAT

dutch rub on your nether lands

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good god, Nick...you look like hell.
Did you get in a fight or something?

Yeah, sort of.

Couple'a punks jumped me over in the park. We went around pretty good for awhile, 'til I started throwing up blood.

That could be serious. We'd better get you to a hospital.

Relax, Johnson...it wasn't my blood.

I see. Then that rib sticking out of your hip isn't yours, either?

RED MEAT

finger food for the fatuous

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Karen...I don't suppose you could lend me five dollars until tomorrow, could you?

No way! You're always a big meanie to me.
Besides, what do you need five dollars for?

Well, I was going to go purchase us each a double-scoop ice cream cone.

Really...? Now I wish I had money to lend you.

Just kidding about the ice cream, Karen. I like to periodically check on your financial status in case you might be diligently saving your allowance in an effort to afford the services of a low-priced hitman.

What makes you think I wasn't kidding about havin' no money?

RED MEAT

countertop tapeworm dispenser

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Whats the matter, son...can't sleep?



I'm scared, Dad.

Hmm. Monster in your closet?

Worse than that, Dad...I keep thinkin' about how life-draining and devoid of meaning and human dignity your job is, an' I'm scared that when I grow up I might have a job like that.



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Thanks for the vote of confidence, son. Hey...did I happen to mention that a rotting, flesh-starved zombie escaped from the town cemetery earlier today?



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RED MEAT

palpably pointless payload

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What is it now, son? I thought your mother and I told you to go to sleep.



I-I heard scary noises coming from the closet.

WOJTYNSKI/MAX CANNON 1999 666

Come on now...there's nothing in the closet except some clothes, shoes, and your old beat-up Raggedy Andy doll.



Yeah, but what if Raggedy Andy came to life...?!



Hmm...that would explain the missing hunting knife.

MO-O-O-OM!!

RED MEAT

handsome strap-on orthopedic comic strip

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey you! Hey look over here!



Hey babyhead! Ha!Ha!Ha!



Shut up.



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RED MEAT

wetness and warmth for wussies

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

There's this place in France,
where the naked ladies dance.

And all the men go there,
just to see their underwear.

I just made that up.

You did not.
Everybody
knows that
dumb song.

Shut up.

RED MEAT

lukewarm juices with no excuses

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Howdy there, Mr. Ted. Sure is nice tuh see
m'neighbor up bright'n'early this fine mornin'.

Uh, yeah...I just wanted to get my rake.

Well, heck...let's not stand out here on the
stoop. Whyn't yuh come inside for a steamin'
cup'a coffee and I'll go git your rake for you.

I really don't think so, Clyde.

Oh...why not?

Because I don't customarily come out to
my tool shed to drink coffee. Can't you go
find yourself an apartment or something?

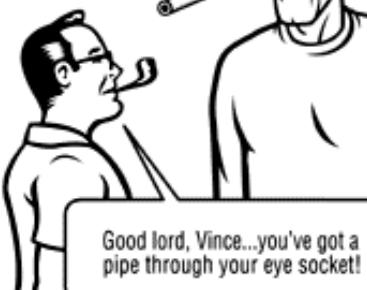
Well...there is this abandoned refrigerator
down the street that I've had muh eye on.

RED MEAT

honey wagon hayride

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What's up, Johnson?



Good lord, Vince...you've got a
pipe through your eye socket!

Yeah...one of my buddies
from the construction site
stabbed me with it earlier.



Well that sure doesn't
sound like something
a "buddy" would do.

What else could the guy do? I
was tryin' to shave a concrete
brick up his bottom as a joke.



Hmm. Seems like we're a little
sketchy on the concept of both
"buddy" and "joke"...eh, Vince?

RED MEAT

the delicate dew drops of disgust

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My advice is to never try to grab some little old guy and try to pick him up off the floor in the aisle of the pharmacy where you work.

Even if he looks like he only weighs sixty pounds and is all hunched over...don't do it.

Especially if that old guy is a rabid chimp.



RED MEAT

vapo-rub in your margarine tub

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey Ted, remember that night when we first met our wives back in nineteen seventy-six?

How could I forget?

Okay, my main man...I'm gonna make it with Cindy and you get it on with Sheila.

What it is. Sheila is a stone-cold solid fox.

Was that dance club really dark...or did Sheila have a mustache back then, too?

Geez, Don...seemed like in those days everybody had facial hair.



RED MEAT

jackhammer chiropractic

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Alright, William...today I'm going to teach you a valuable lesson on science. Are you ready to proceed?

Sure...I guess so.

Good. Let's begin.

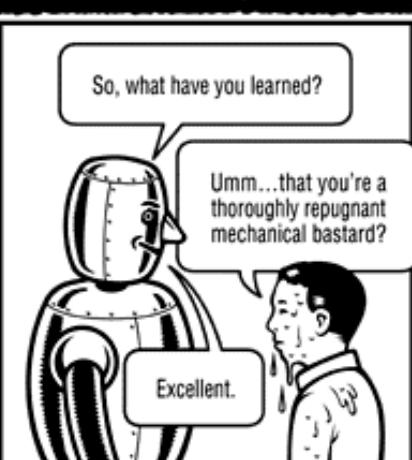
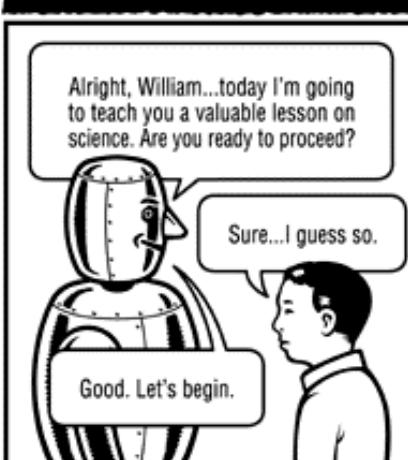
≡ GLOR-R-RT!! ≡

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So, what have you learned?

Umm...that you're a thoroughly repugnant mechanical bastard?

Excellent.



RED MEAT

the moulderin' mounds of mirth

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm doin' a little artistic exercise today, so I'm stayin' in this closet 'til I can come up with a decent idea for the story I'm writin'.



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So far it's a toss-up between a story about a guy who has to go to the bathroom real bad, and one about a guy who's real hungry.



RED MEAT

the faded stains of meager gains

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Alright, Milkman Dan...I want you to get this "thing" off my desk right now.



What "thing," boss?

You know what "thing" I mean. This filthy rotting carcass...get it out of here now!



It's called a "cow," sir... it's a birthday gift from the entire delivery crew.



My apologies for that, but we were tearing up the upholstery trying to stuff it into your Cadillac.

RED MEAT

heart-shaped patch on the
quilt of inappropriateness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know, Karen, part of my job as "McMoo the anti-drug cow" is to make sure kids eat right and drink lots of milk. How'd you like a refill on that refreshing glass of cold milk?

Okay...I guess so.



OWW!! That's hot coffee!



Coffee? Hmm...I could swear I filled those reservoirs up with urine earlier.

RED MEAT

whipstitch ligament fix

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay little lady, let's try this one more time. How'd you like a nice cold glass of milk?

But I'm drinkin' juice...

Have it your way.

YEOWWCH!!

Sorry about the rubber bullets, Karen... but you never know what kind of violent reaction a juvenile might have when they're suffering from a severe calcium deficiency.

You're a jerk!

See what I mean?

RED MEAT

the redolent remnants of roughage

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Enjoying the movie, son?

Uh, why are you asking me that?

Well, you seem a bit bored, but I don't get it. I mean, this movie has it all: gunfire, chases, naked ladies, alien space ships, explosions...

Uh-huh.

Better let me have some of that cough syrup, Dad...because we're still sittin' in the car in the theater parking lot.

RED MEAT

bubbling bilge pump bisque

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Ted...I'm a little short on rent this month. Would you happen to have any odd jobs that I could do for some cash?

Good question, Johnny...let me think.

You know...I'd happily pay you four dollars to thrash around on a vinyl tarp covered in melted butter while I throw oranges at you.

Gosh...I don't know about that.

Well, it's obvious to me that you're not too interested in doing "odd" jobs. How about some yard work or something?

Okay.

Great. Three dollars to rake the yard, and I still get to throw the oranges.

RED MEAT

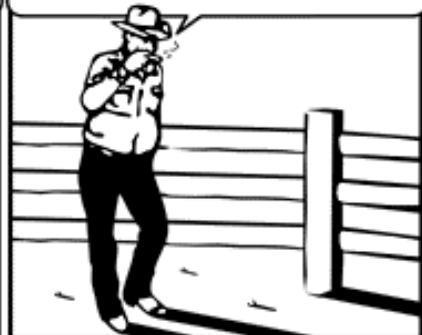
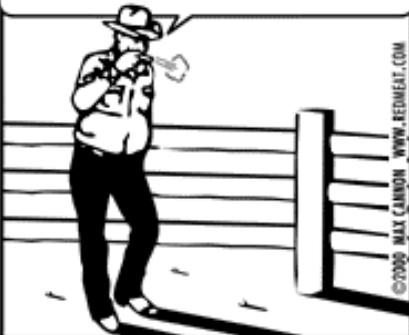
halfheartedly flung onto the fun heap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Whoo man...I tell you what. Ain't nothin' sweet as the late afternoon a'settin' over them prairie hills, paintin' them shadows all purple-color.

Hells bells...it's like the good lord done take a bucket'a liquid gold an' flung it all over the top of ever'thing in creation. It's dad-blamed purty.

'Course, I could do without them lime-colored twinklies a'flyin' round ever'where — not only're they ugly, but they're makin' the horses melt.



RED MEAT

the glistening globules of glee

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Some workers've been diggin' up the pipes in front of my apartment complex for about two weeks now. The noise is drivin' me crazy.

So this mornin' I asked one of 'em how long they'd be workin' on them pipes. I could tell the guy wanted to tell me to take a hike, but instead he said "about two more days, sir."

Of course, I've noticed folks are extra polite to a guy who's completely nekkid except for a blue terry cloth bath turban and who's also holdin' a lit cherry bomb.



RED MEAT

taut tapestry of tendons

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So...what's the deal, doc? Your receptionist called and said you wanted to see me right away.

Yes, Johnny. It's about your cranium.

Golly, doc...nothing serious I hope.

No, but I'd like to take some more tissue samples.

Gosh...you already took a whole bunch of samples.

Yes I did Johnny...but the thing is, my family and I are just wild about the taste.



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RED MEAT

carpet knife nerve glissando

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So Nick, your wife tells me you've been competing in those "smash-up derbies" out at the old fair grounds.



Yeah...my shrink recommended it, and I'm gettin' a big kick out of it.

I'll bet! Well, we're coming out to see you this weekend, so just let us know which car you'll be driving so we can cheer for you.



Oh, you'll know which one's me...

Seein' as I'll be the only naked screaming guy with a chainsaw who's not "hidin'" in a car.



Wow! Hey...if it's not too much trouble, could you throw one of the heads up to my kids? It would mean a lot to them.

RED MEAT

scraping the roe from the slit-open belly of comedy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm goin' on a "sexy" date tonight.



My ladyfriend goes kinda crazy when I'm all dressed up nice and wearin' that fancy after shave lotion she bought me for my birthday.



Except these peppermint lifesaver candies on my nipples are startin' to burn like the dickens.



RED MEAT

the lukewarm lather of lethargy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

One of my coworkers at the dairy told me a joke at lunch today that was so hilarious it made cottage cheese shoot out my nose.



Ewww...that's gross.

Yes it is, Karen.

More disturbingly, though...I wasn't eating cottage cheese at the time.



= Ulp! =

Whoops. Sorry, Karen...I forgot you were recovering from stomach flu.



= R-R-RETCH! =

RED MEAT

protracted full-body tweezer depilation

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm sorry, but you can't go outside to play until you've cleaned up your room.



But Mom...my room's not messed up at all.

Hmm...if your bedroom is so clean, then where is that awful smell coming from?



Me and Larry found some kid's arm in the bushes at school and I'm dryin' it out.

Well, don't you think that the person who lost that arm might want it back, dear?



I don't think so, Mom...his head was lyin' right next to it.

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RED MEAT

effluvium dunk-tank

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm all done cleanin' out the rain gutters, Mrs. Rosso. Didja want me to rake the yard?



Why, sure Clyde. Perhaps after you're finished with that task you could come inside and help me rub some lotion onto my back.

No disrespect, but I don't know if I feel comfortable doin' that.



Oh...I see. Are you afraid my husband will find out?

No ma'am. It's just that I always prefer to strip, spackle and sand any old surface before applyin' a new coat of finish to it.



Ouch...sounds delicious.

I'll go git my tools, then.

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RED MEAT

fleensing the flopping flanks of fun

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart, you've got to come see this.



Honestly, Ted...I am not coming in there to watch that horrible TV show. You know I hate that kind of thing, so why even ask?



But, honey...

This isn't the regular show...this is the special "kids and kritters" episode of "World's Grisliest Appliance Mishaps."



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RED MEAT

tarpaper in the tissue dispenser

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been tryin' to save some money for a new TV, so recently I discovered a cheap way to eat for less than fifty-nine cents a day.

There's this charity kitchen down the street that serves free meals three times a day.

Dinners are busy there, so I like to tip between thirty-six and fifty-nine cents, dependin' on the quality of the service.

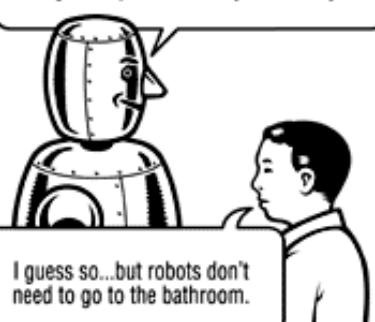


RED MEAT

comedy's malformed twin

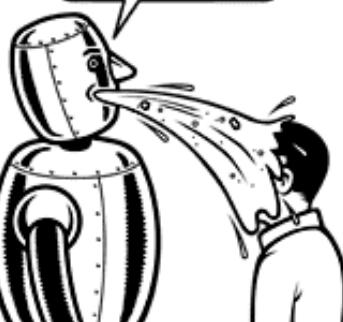
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I need to use the restroom and I don't think I can make it to my home in time. Might I impose and use yours briefly?



I guess so...but robots don't need to go to the bathroom.

BLEEEAGH!!



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They do if they've drank as many tequila shooters and eaten as many jalapeño poppers as I have today.



Down the hallway... first door on the left.

HIC Muchas gracias.

RED MEAT

fruit-flavored floor wax

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What was it, Ted? Did you find out where that awful noise came from?



No big deal, sweetheart... Just some cats fighting.

Cats fighting...? Well then, what in god's name was that loud explosion?



Judging from what I could tell from the scattered remains, I'd say they were fighting with hand grenades.



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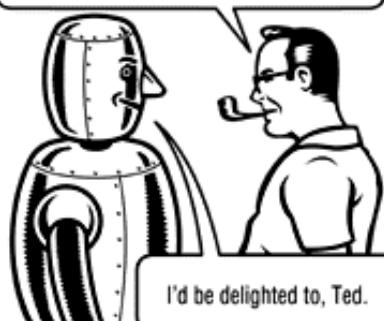
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RED MEAT

on the tippy-toes of tastelessness

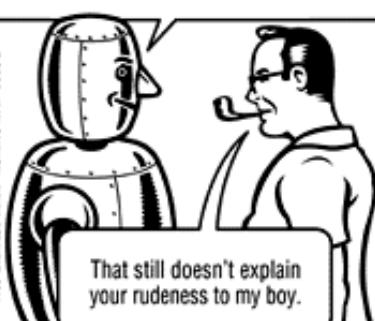
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Mr. Bix, my son tells me you threw up on him the other day. Care to explain?



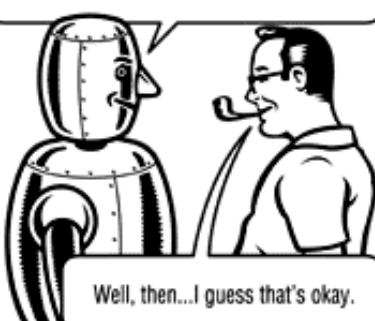
I'd be delighted to, Ted.

You see, in a clichéd science-fictiony attempt to become more "human-like", I've taken to drinking alcohol and eating junk food.



That still doesn't explain your rudeness to my boy.

Oh, that. As an automaton, I retain a cold, emotionless distance that prevents me from giving a rat's ass about your kid.



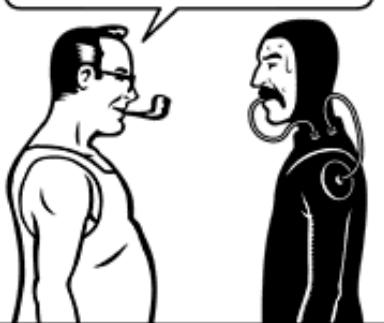
Well, then...I guess that's okay.

RED MEAT

shimmering summit of the so-so

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, stranger...kind of hot out to be wearing a rubber scuba suit, isn't it?

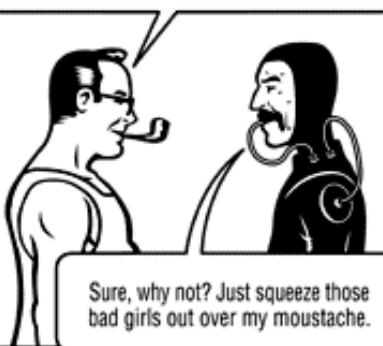


What I'm wearing is an experimental body fluid-harvesting suit for desert survival. I'm developing this model for military use.



Hmm...that's interesting.

You know, I've harvested quite a bit of fluid in my terry-cloth tennis socks. Interested?



Sure, why not? Just squeeze those bad girls out over my moustache.

RED MEAT

therapeutic body-temp sump dunk

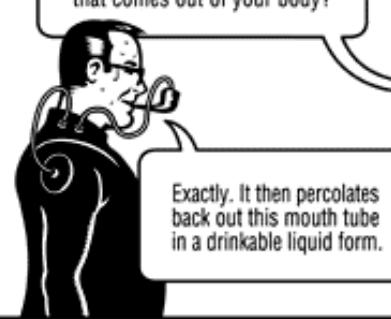
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I know this might be a silly question, Dear... but why have you been standing out in the hot sun wearing that scuba-diving outfit?



This is an experimental body fluid-harvesting suit. This little get-up collects and recycles all of my bodily secretions.

So you're telling me that thing collects and recycles everything that comes out of your body?



Exactly. It then percolates back out this mouth tube in a drinkable liquid form.

Uh, that is...if you consider a viscous, musky, sour pork-flavored, gravy-like fluid "drinkable."



Well, save some. I'll boil some noodles to make stroganoff.

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RED MEAT

when the residue comes due

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been doin' this new deal for extra money. I stand in line for people at the department of motor vehicles for three bucks an hour.

It's not too bad in there, neither...they got air conditionin', a soda-pop machine, easy-listenin' music an' a bunch'a pretty ladies.

I get my pitcher on quite a few of them driver's licenses, too.



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RED MEAT

luxuriant, deep-pile carpet bombing

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Look Dan, we're pretty backed up so I'm going to need you to work this weekend.

Against the rules...?! If you're talking about the union rules, they clearly state that dairy personnel can be called to work overtime...

I was referring to the rules that state: "He who owns the negatives to photographs of his married boss in a bordello pretty much determines his own weekly work schedule."



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RED MEAT

hands across the bandsaw

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dear Lord, give me strength that I may resist the temptations of the flesh and remain pure according to your word.

Whoa...don't blame me because you haven't gotten any action.

I'm the guy who knows exactly how many grains of sand are on the beach, and I'm telling you...it's that Billy Joel crap you play on the 'frickin' piano every chance you get.



RED MEAT

testing tedium's tensile strength

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Please, Ted...won't you come to bed?
I'll help you look for it in the morning.

Look, I just know it's down
here somewhere. Hmm...
maybe it's under the bed.

But you've looked under there
at least a half-dozen times now.

I'm aware of that, sweetheart.

It's just that when I wake up to a hissing
goat skull on my nightstand, and it hops off
and runs across the floor on spider legs, I
sleep a lot better knowing where it ran off to.

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RED MEAT

panoramic pageant of poop

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

TWEET! TWEET!
TWEET!

ZZZZZZ...wha?

It sure is strange to hear birds
singing in the middle of the night.

What's even stranger is waking up
nude in the middle of the interstate.

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RED MEAT

rusted re-bar in your rumpus room

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I seen this movie on the late show the other
night about a scientist guy who invents this
ray-gun that could turn people into bars of
moisturizing bath soap when he zapped 'em.

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Aw...I just made that whole thing up.
I'm actually just tryin' to remember
to buy some moisturizing bath soap.

RED MEAT

ineluctable bile duct gusher

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Jeez...I'm kind of depressed. I got fired from my job at the drugstore.

They told me that I got sick too much and it was puttin' a strain on the crew.

I don't know what the big deal was...I mopped it up every time.

||

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RED MEAT

perfectly palatable protein pulp

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Steve...I was just wondering if you'd like to come volunteer at the youth summer camp for a couple of weeks in late July?

Thanks for thinking of me, Ted...but my doctor doesn't want me to expose what little skin I have left to direct sunlight.

Darn. Oh well, I guess I'll have to scare the kids myself. You wouldn't happen to have a hockey mask I could borrow?



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RED MEAT

jalapeño suppository steering mechanism

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Glad to see you back, Wally! I was driving by and saw that you'd reopened the store.

Oh, I see...couldn't stand sitting around the house all day counting the ceiling tiles, eh?

Hmm...let me guess. Needed a legitimate business front to launder some money?



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Let's just say that you can only sell human livers out of the trunk of your car for so long before they start noticing your bank account.

RED MEAT

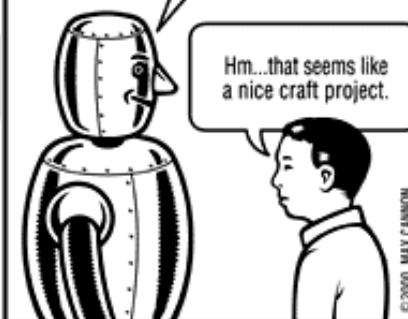
your permanent seat on the shortbus

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

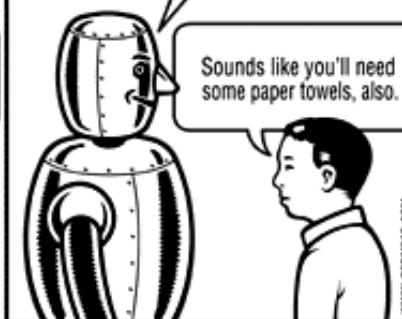
I'd like to borrow some wax paper, if you happen to have a roll lying around.



I'm pressing flowers in between the pages of a set of large encyclopedias that I found.



Yes, it should be. I just wish I'd used some wax paper when I first tried it with kittens.



RED MEAT

acrid alimentary astringent

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Let me just say for the record that I did not wet my pants while I was sitting on the sofa.



It's funny that you say that...



All I said was that it smelled like somebody had spilled a glass of sour milk on the sofa.

Drats...foiled again.

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RED MEAT

eighteen-wheel cross country truculence

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

See, Karen...I told you I'd get you your own mini-version of my electrokinetically enhanced, kevlar-reinforced exo-suit.



Yes, it's a thrill. But be aware that with the tremendous power contained in the "Milkman Dan Junior" suit comes great responsibility. You must promise me to always use it wisely.



And I promise also to use my suit's power wisely. Particularly this remote switch in my pocket that delivers a painful electrical shock to the wearer of the mini-suit when I press the little red activator button like so...



RED MEAT

gas-powered rainforest wood seal club

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well, Karen...better get cracking. I'd like you to finish my milk delivery route on your bicycle while I take a nap. It should only take you another four or five hours.

But I have to go to school!

Come now, little lady...you don't want me to press the remote button that activates the electro-shock unit in your exo-suit, do you?

Go ahead.

'Cause I disconnected my unit and reversed the circuit in your suit.

I-I-I'd h-h-hug y-y-you if m-my m-muscles weren't p-painfully c-c-contracted.

RED MEAT

pencilnecks on the poop deck

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Great...just great. Now I have to go to the store at two in the mornin' and buy some more'a them little non-toxic glue sticks.

After awhile you start to wonder what you ever did without 'em. It don't help none that they're so easy to carry in your pants pocket and they don't make a mess like white glue.

I knew I should never have started eatin' them things.

RED MEAT

teeny-tiny tadpole tether

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Heavenly Father, we ask that you lead your flock into the fullness of your glory and eternal majesty...

Sorry, but that little goober hanging out of your nose was driving me crazy. Now go ahead...you were saying something?

RED MEAT

hand-crocheted cozies
for your vestigial flippers

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good to see you, Johnny...you might have noticed that I stacked some old furniture on your porch. I figured you could use it.

I didn't see any furniture. All I saw was a big pile of sun-rotted lumber, broken beer bottles, and a bunch of rusty metal scraps.

Did I say "furniture"...? I must be going senile. I meant "spider-infested detritus."



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RED MEAT

food for thoughtlessness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Since I got fired from the drugstore, I got lots of spare time...so I like to take the bus down to the school for the blind. They got this nice courtyard with trees and benches.

Yesterday they told me to never come back there ever again, or they'd call the cops.

Heck...I just figured nobody would notice if I was nekkid.



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RED MEAT

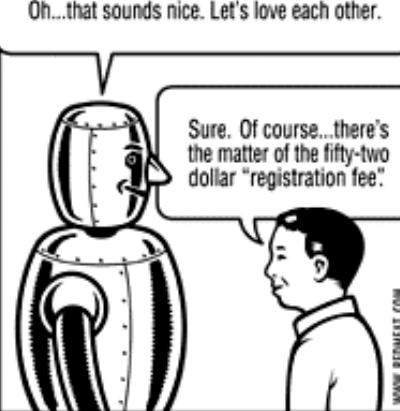
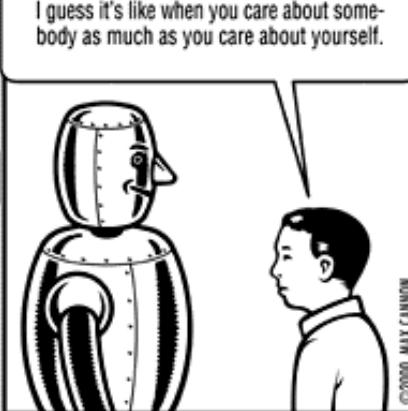
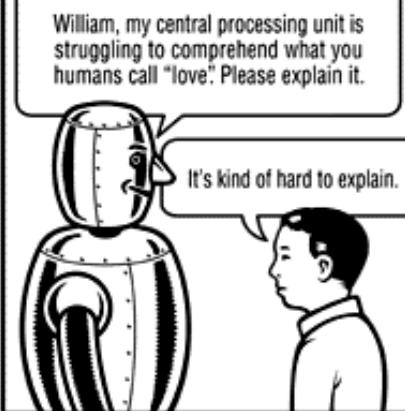
fricative fundament fulmination

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

William, my central processing unit is struggling to comprehend what you humans call "love". Please explain it.

I guess it's like when you care about somebody as much as you care about yourself.

Oh...that sounds nice. Let's love each other.



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RED MEAT

trowelled-on laugh line spackle

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hi Karen...I was wondering if you had an old cardboard box that I could borrow?

I'm going to make a time machine out of it and send your puppy into the future.

Well...hopefully, in the future, they'll have the technology to reassemble all the pieces of him that I scraped out of my truck's fan housing and somehow bring them back to life.

What do you need it for?

Why?

MOM-MUH!!
Settle down...I just need a box for empty milk bottles.

RED MEAT

blister juice spritzer

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey there, Nick. Looks like you cut your head pretty bad there. You might want to go home and put some antiseptic on that.

Well then...if I were you, I'd consider maybe using a safety razor instead.

It's hard to shave a tattoo of your wife's name off her old boyfriend's arm with a safety razor...especially if he's not into it.

Shaving accident...no big deal. You know how straight razors can do that to you sometimes.

I don't think so, Johnson.

Next time it might be safer to use a radial disk sander for that kind of job.

RED MEAT

flat-handed cactus slap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Whoo-ee...just lookit that spectacular view. Ain't nothin' better'n this life...lookin' out at the sunset, smokin' and watchin' the cattle.

Sweet dang, but if this ain't the purtiest place on earth, though. This here's God's country.

The Empire State Building's observation deck is closed now, sir. Please move toward the elevator.

Hold on...I'm a'comin'.

RED MEAT

unplugged humor respirator

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well, I finally went down to the city transportation office and took the test to become a metro bus driver.

I did okay on the drivin' part, but I couldn't answer any of the written stuff where they ask you about traffic laws. I probably should have studied that little booklet they gave me.

Instead of spendin' the whole week practicin' tellin' people to "sit down."

RED MEAT

zeitgeist scheiss geyser

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Know what, Wally? I've been thinking about trying my hand at some songwriting. I think I might be pretty good at that sort of thing.

Aww...who am I kidding? I don't even play a musical instrument.

You've just got to free your mind, Ted. Take me, for example...I don't even wear diapers, and yet I just fully evacuated in my trousers.

Good for you.

Now, hold on there...

You're right, Wally. I've just got to relax and "let myself go."

RED MEAT

mouthful of molten muck

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My buddy told me about this old Chinese doctor that he goes to. He said this guy could give me somethin' to help my veins on my legs, 'cause they're stickin' way out.

I just figured he'd give me some kind'a root powder or homemade tea or somethin', but instead this old guy wants to stick a bunch of them sharp little acu-punchers in me.

I said no way was I payin' for that, and I went home and popped 'em myself.

RED MEAT

blackwatch plaid stump cover

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hi, Dan. I was wondering if you could lend me a hand? I'm supposed to give my dog his morning insulin shot, but I'll need some help holding him down while I inject him.

No problem, Ted. Like any dairy delivery professional worth his salt, I've anticipated my customer's needs ahead of time and I've already addressed the situation at hand.

Let me put it in laymen's terms. Your dog is pinned under the front tire of my milk truck. Now, let's get him that syringe of morphine.



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I don't think so...better make it morphine.

RED MEAT

jingle-jangle exit wound

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well, son...ready to open all your presents?

You certainly don't seem very excited about it.

Last year, you and Mom gave me a bag of potting soil and a curtain rod.



Well, what'd you expect?
You never played with those
expensive cinder blocks we
bought you the year before.

RED MEAT

glutinous glop in your galligaskins

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hello, chief. You wanted to see me?

But, sir...I'm pretty sure I just heard you call my name over the intercom system.

Let's not play games. If this is about the mound of raw sewage in your parking space, I'm willing to take full responsibility for it.



I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't see any sewage in my space.

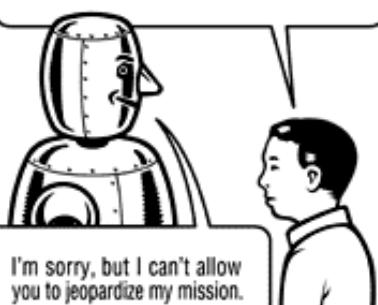
Very clever, sir...you've countered my "subterranean fudge gambit" with a classic "gaslight" stratagem.

RED MEAT

birds picking while you're still kicking

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Mr. Bix...you're standin' in front of the front door. Could you move out of the way a little so I can go inside?



I'm sorry, but I can't allow you to jeopardize my mission.

What are you talking about? What mission?



Okay...but at least tell me who gave you this "mission."

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Your father.



Oh, I get it. Are he and Mom having a "Mr. and Ms. Nude Olympian" posedown contest in the living room again today?

Yes, I wasn't able to complete the judging yesterday due to uncontrollable gagging fits.

RED MEAT

firmly fastened to the milk sac of misanthropy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I figured them big coffee shops downtown are making a killin' by chargin' four bucks for a drink that isn't nothin' but coffee and milk and some kind of bottled flavor syrup.



So I started sellin' my own fancy coffee drinks out of my car for only two bucks, and it was goin' pretty good for awhile.



Except now I'm thinkin' I'd better start sellin' some other flavors than Mrs. Butterworth.



RED MEAT

hopped up on what you mopped up

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Johnny Lemonhead! You seem rather lightly dressed for such a brisk day.



It's weird, Ted...the cold weather doesn't seem to be bothering me much this week.



I guess I'm still toasty warm from the other night when your bowling team burned my house to the ground with a flamethrower.



Sorry about that, John. My new teammates aren't as experienced at huffing duct sealant as I am, so they tend to get rambunctious.

RED MEAT

lincoln logs on the roosevelt recliner

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Mom, I'm going down to the store to get some stuff for my science experiment.

You just went to the store a half hour ago.

Yeah, but I need to go again.

I don't think so, dear.

But, Mom...I have to buy soda straws and balloons.

I'll get them for you on Thursday when I do the weekly grocery shopping.

That'll be too late. Larry and me need to put the blood back into his hamster's body before then.

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RED MEAT

spring-loaded ribcage tickler

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ahh...nothing like a movie and a bag of fresh popcorn on a Saturday afternoon. Eh, son?

Yeah...whatever.

I remember my father used to bring me to a matinée every weekend morning.

Uh-huh.

Then he'd come back a few hours later to untie me, and take me home to lock me in the attic while he went back to the racetrack.

Now that you mention it...could you loosen the ropes just a little? My hands are numb.

So you can make a run for it? Not likely, son.

RED MEAT

something ripe in the bagpipe

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I bought me one'a them juicer machines off the TV so's I could make my own health drinks. Supposedly if you make them drinks at home you can live to a hundred years old.

The guy on TV says you get better vitamins, but it's kind of a pain to figure out juices.

Pancakes don't make hardly any juice and bacon makes too much.

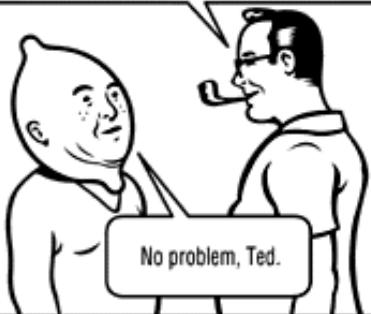
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RED MEAT

nibbled to death by marmosets

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, Johnny...ten dollars if you help me move this old trailer from the back alley to the front yard. Think you can handle it?



No problem, Ted.

So did you want to hook it up to my car or yours? I think yours might be better since my car doesn't have a trailer hitch.



Ha-ha! We won't be using a car. You'll manually pull it while I...uh, "supervise."

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Gosh, Ted...That's a heavy trailer. I don't know if I'm strong enough to move it.



Nonsense. You'd be surprised at what you can do while you're being flogged.

RED MEAT

hi-octane shlock vapor lock

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been sittin' in the steam room down at the "Y" twice a week so's I can sweat out all them poisons that build up in my body.



Of course...now that I been doin' it for a while, my system's cleaned out.



That's how come I'm just sittin' on the bus in my Speedo all day...tryin' to let all them poisons build back up again.

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RED MEAT

scented aspirin for perfume headaches

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Karen...did I ever tell you about when I was in the navy?

You were in the navy?



Yep...but it wasn't all that great. Sometimes we were ordered to kill our own shipmates to prove our loyalty to the ranking officers.

That's a lie, Milkman Dan! My Uncle Bo is in the navy an' they don't do mean stuff like that.



I didn't say I was in the *United States* navy, Karen. Hmm...now that I think of it, I'm not even sure it was a navy. Is there a navy that sells kids to pirates in exchange for opium?

Mom!!



Ha-ha!! Relax...no military would ever take me. With my record, I'd be lucky to get a trout fishing license.

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RED MEAT

minuscule flyspeck spatula

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This darned nite-lite is too bright. I can't seem to fall asleep with it on.

Oh, Wally...can't you just ignore it until after we're done making love?

Hmm...must've dozed off anyhow, seeing as I don't recall a naked lady being in my bed.

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RED MEAT

perdition's pemmican pouch

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Confidentially, Lord...I have a rather sensitive question for you. I'm kind of embarrassed to even ask you this.

Don't be silly, I'm the creator of all things. Besides, I'm omniscient...I already know what you're going to ask me. Be at peace.

Then it's okay that I'm unnaturally aroused by the very sight of white patent leather shoes?

What?! Ha! Ha! Ha! That's sick! I thought you were going to ask me about righteousness or something.

Great. Didn't you jusy say that you were all-knowing?

I am. But in some cases, I have to switch off the total cosmic consciousness so I can eat.

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RED MEAT

rust-rotted rainbow of regret

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My girlfriend keeps buggin' me to move in together, but every time she comes over she complains about my apartment.

For instance...she don't like the bunch of life-size human embryo sculptures that I carved out of bars of hand soap.

Or the bathtub full of ketchup they're floatin' in.

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RED MEAT

tornado trailer park makeover

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sir, I have a complaint I wish to file.

Look, Dan...I'm really busy. Fill out a form and leave it in my box.



But, sir...someone has been pasting nude polaroids of me all over the walls of the employee break room. I demand that the culprit be caught and reprimanded at once.

Knock it off. I saw you gluing those photos to the wall this morning.

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Wait a minute, let me get this straight... are you accusing me of posting that smut?

All the photographs have your web site's address stamped across the top.



So...you're not the least bit curious to pay a small online fee to see Milkman Dan doing more than just "posing"?

RED MEAT

crippling funnybone arthritis

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sorry, Mr. Ted...but I had to cut down them trees in the back. They were deader'n heck.



Those trees looked fine to me, Clyde.

It wuz only two of 'em. I got the trunks all sawed up an' I'm gonna go pull the stumps.

We only had two trees back there, and I can still see them sticking up over the house.

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Clyde...please tell me you didn't cut down the telephone poles.



Dang...I should've known that dogs don't get electrocuted from chewin' on branches.

RED MEAT

rock-hard abdominal cramps

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Last week, the church across the street from my apartment put in a bell tower.



They ring them bells each hour from seven in the morning to ten at night.



I cover for 'em between eleven to six by tossin' garbage bins off my roof every hour.

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RED MEAT

bloated groats in the oat-soaking bowl

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Darling...what are you doing up out of bed? Is something wrong?

Oh, Ted. Did one of my precious little angels have a bad dream?

Of course they did, sweetheart. It takes a few days for children to adjust to sleeping in an oily cardboard box on the back porch.

I was just checking on the kids. Everything's okay now.

Maybe we should put some shredded paper towels in the bottom so they can burrow.

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RED MEAT

dropping like bug-sprayed tree sloths

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay now, Karen...I've made a few minor improvements to our "Milkman Dan exo-suits." These handsome new goggles will help us to see house addresses from a mile away.

So I just push the red button?

ZIZZAK!

No. The red button is only used when dealing with a dairy cow that's "gone rogue." Now if you'll excuse me, Karen...old Milkman Dan is going to go lay down for just a little while.

RED MEAT

poorly drawn by billy, age 8

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

honney,
have you seen
My car keyes?

no ted.

I had them
when I took
The kids to
the lake.

did You
LeFT The Keyes
in The car?

mayBee, but
IM noT swimming
to the Botom
of the Lake
to find out.

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RED MEAT

jackhammered funnybone powder

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Nick. I see you're still smoking those cigarettes. Couldn't quit, huh?

What're you yapping about? I quit smoking two years ago.

Wait a minute...is that a finger?



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Then why are you...



Yeah. Found it stuck in the bandsaw at work. Lotsa good marrow in these things if you chew off the bone tip.

RED MEAT

fully-accredited crap dojo

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My girlfriend is always sayin' how it gives her the creeps because I sleep with my eyes open.

I don't like it neither, but I can't help it that I got this thyroid condition where I can't close my eyes. They're red and sore every mornin'.

Especially with them dang little mosquitos goin' at 'em all night.



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RED MEAT

boiled alive in your own butterscotch

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Milkman Dan...how old do I have to be before I get to drive a car?

First of all, you have to submit to a criminal background check. Then there's a mandatory five-day waiting period before you're eligible to put your name on a pending license list.

I'm sorry, Karen. I thought you asked me how to purchase automatic weaponry. I really can't help you with driver's license information...you might call the department of motor vehicles.



It depends, Karen...



RED MEAT

underskin overbite aftershock

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know, Wally...it's a pretty hot day to be standing in the direct sun without any head covering. You've already had to get two "growths" removed from your face this year.

I've been using that SPF 45 sunscreen you recommended.

Oh, I did. I knew I was going to be out for awhile today, so I drank a second bottle of it as extra added insurance.

Really, Ted...it's no big deal.

But, Wally...you still need to protect yourself a little more.

Ahh...I was wondering why your sweat was yellow and smelled like a Piña Colada.

RED MEAT

carelessly flung mud puppy chum

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well...I'll see you in two weeks, son. I wish I could stay here with you at summer camp.

Sure I do. Who wouldn't want to wake up every morning in the great outdoors, and spend the day basking in nature's glory?

Except all we did last year was scrape rust off hunks of scrap metal ten hours a day. At night, we stood next to the chain link fence watching the older kids smoke cigarettes.

No you don't.

Sounds great.

Stay away from the fence, son. The sharpshooters in these towers can pick a fly off a wall at seventy yards.

RED MEAT

mercilessly mired in mayonnaise

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Mr. Bix. Do you know who painted this red and white target on my driveway?

My apologies, Johnny...I'm responsible. I was hoping you wouldn't mind letting me temporarily use your facilities to conduct some critically important physics research.

I'm trying to determine whether it's a factual assertion that cats always land on their feet.

I guess it's okay. What are you working on?

That's interesting.

We'll see. That screeching in the sky above us indicates their arrival at the grim realization that their kitty parachutes don't have ripcords.

RED MEAT

rainbow-flecked mandrill mulch

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I bet I could prob'ly retire right now if I'd saved some of the money I earned over the last twenty-nine or so years.



Maybe I should've got me one'a them retirement plans or kept puttin' a little bit every week into some kind of savings.



Of course...the best thing would'a been if I had a nickel for every time a city bus driver told me to put my clothes back on.



RED MEAT

mating meal of the mantid

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

As you can see from the chart, our first and second quarter earnings are down 43% over last year. I've studied the numbers carefully.

What do you propose?



In the short term, my recommendation is that we immediately liquidate most of our inventory, lay off all low-level employees and torch both the office and warehouse.

Good thinking, Johnson. What about middle management?



They'll be incarcerated in subterranean holding tanks until we can destroy all company files and shipping manifests.

Let's get started. Wait...that chart is upside down.



Well then we're up 43%. I'll notify the sales staff that they won't be needed as hostages.

RED MEAT

banana seats for grease monkeys

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Gosh, Karen...I hope that's not suntan lotion I smell.

It is...why?



It's just that I recently read that certain brands of commercial suntan lotion can cause you to break out into painful hives.

That's not true!



Of course it's not true, Karen. That's why I took the precaution of impregnating your suntan lotion bottle with poison ivy juice.

Nice try, Milkman Dan...but even you aren't that mean.



Maybe...but just in case, I'd stay away from your mom's juicer for awhile.

RED MEAT

jumbo scoop of raw shrimp sorbet

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This is the third letter you've sent out this week without a return address, Johnson. What kind of game are you playing here?

How stupid do I look? I handle thousands of letters and parcels a day, and they all have a return address in the upper left hand corner.

Just admit it...you're covertly transmitting a meticulously coded set of instructions to your shadowy puppet masters at the U.N.!



I'm not playing any games with you. It's just a normal letter.



Okay, so I forgot. It's not the end of the world, is it?



I wish. Unfortunately, my puppet master is "eye-shadowy" and sleeps next to me in bed.

RED MEAT

rutilant rugburn raspberries

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been workin' on one of them public library free computers all week long, puttin' together my brand new web site for hamster lovers.



It was pretty easy.



Gettin' all them hamsters into them teensy little corsets was another thing altogether.



RED MEAT

face down in the fondue

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ahh...Friday. The end of an unrelenting and interminable work week. Think I'll just put my feet up and relax here in my brand new E-Z Rest Recline Boy® until Sunday night.



Saturday afternoon...



Late Sunday evening...

Thank goodness I'm so disoriented from low blood sugar and severe dehydration, or the fact that my bladder just burst might disturb my almost cosmic state of total relaxation.

RED MEAT

one picture is worth a thousand welts

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Mom...I'm gonna borrow your mop handle for awhile, okay?

Uh...why?

Me and the guys are gonna play "penitentiary."

Oh, I see. You're the guard, and that's your gun.

No, I'm a bald-headed inmate named Debbie, and this is supposed to really be a mop handle.

Okay, "Debbie"...but I better not find any footprints in my nice clean shower.

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RED MEAT

trouser mite pleat infestation

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Are you just going to sit in that tub and sulk?

Sorry...I can't hear you, Dear.

Stop it, Ted...you're being a baby. You can go ahead and spend the entire night in there if you want, because I'm not going to say it.

Fine. I'll sleep here.

Oh, all right. Help...save me, "Aquaman."

By Neptune...a mermaid in trouble! No time to put on my aquapants!

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RED MEAT

upholsterer of the swollen

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Ted...remember back in seventy-five when we used to scam on girls at the club by pretending to be celebrities or rock stars?

Sure...I remember.

Those foxes over there think I'm Lee Majors. If you come over, just call me "Lee"...check?

Solid, baby...go get it on.

I never told you, but I'm pretty sure one of those chicks **was** Lee Majors.

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Didn't you ever wonder why I had "The Bionic Manhandler" embroidered on all my leisure suits?

RED MEAT

suction-pump laugh vacuum

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Do I dare even ask what you're doing on the floor there, Ted?

Just doing my exercises, Sweetheart.



Isn't that kind of hard to do with that pan of water under your hips?

I'm just following your videotape.



But that's my old "Methods of Natural Childbirth" tape you're watching.

Oops. Better stand back then, Honey.



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RED MEAT 2101

sinus affliction
double feature

from the futuristic files of
Max Cannon

Think of it, K-REN3...over a hundred years ago my great grandfather, the legendary Milkman Dan, stood on this very spot and traded jibes with your great grandmother.

Incredible, but true.



Of course, back then your ancestor wasn't standing under an atomic disintegrator ray.

Nor was yours.



Later, in the atomic nether-zone...

How about that, K-REN3? Looks like we're going to be together for a very long time.

I despise you with the single particle of my being, MMD3.



RED MEAT

fur clog in the sausage grinder

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I have to tell you, Wally...I went to see that new movie about Guadalcanal last week, but I can't remember a darn thing about it.

Ahh...Guadalcanal.



I was there, you know.



Are you sure, Wally? You couldn't have been more than ten years old at the time.

No. I meant I was there in the theater with you. We had a heck of a time, remember?

Vaguely. How much bug spray did we drink? All I can remember distinctly is giggling and watching my hands melt.

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RED MEAT

burnin' ring of fiber

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Heavenly Father, give me the strength and courage to stand for what is good and just in the face of doubt and turmoil.



You got it! From now on think of me as an omnipotent, infallible, all-seeing superhero with yourself as my boy wonder sidekick.

Okay...I will.



However, I'm going to hang onto the Godmobile keys. I like to do the driving.

Fine by me, Lord. Do I get to wear a mask?



Your call. No leotards, though...those birdy legs of yours are not my best handiwork.

RED MEAT

the dainty snap of a butterfly trap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My friend lives in this old warehouse in the historic meatpacking district. His place gives me the creeps 'cause they used to do weird medical experiments there during the 1950's.



I was tellin' him all about it, but he didn't seem too interested.

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He was too busy tryin' to drown that glistenin', skinless cow head we found crawlin' around his basement, convulsin' and rollin' its eyes.

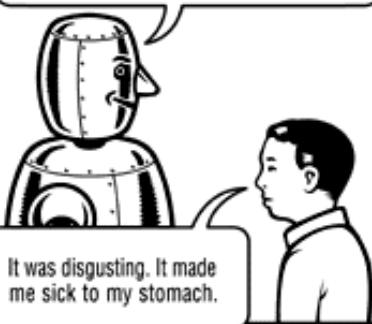


RED MEAT

inspected by number twelve

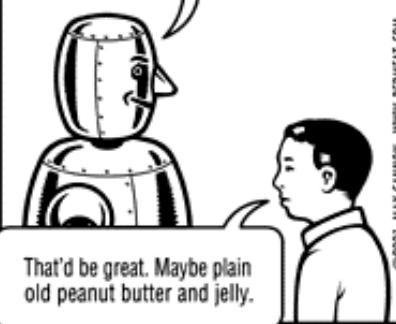
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

How did you enjoy the liver and tripe paté I made for your lunch yesterday?

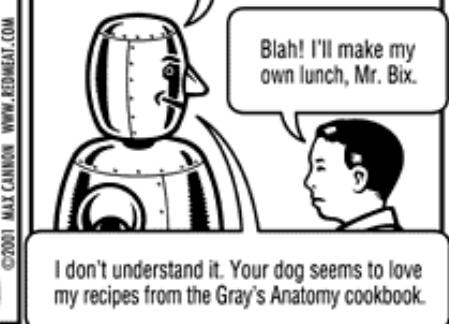


It was disgusting. It made me sick to my stomach.

Hmm...your palette is not as refined as I had hoped. Perhaps I'd better stick to the basics.



That'd be great. Maybe plain old peanut butter and jelly.



Not that basic. I was thinking more along the lines of a classic jaw-marrow croquette.

Blah! I'll make my own lunch, Mr. Bix.

I don't understand it. Your dog seems to love my recipes from the Gray's Anatomy cookbook.

RED MEAT

exfoliated by piranhas

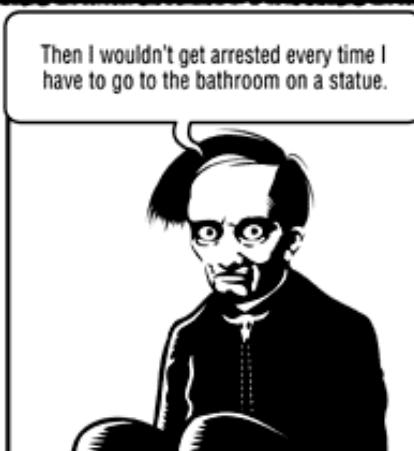
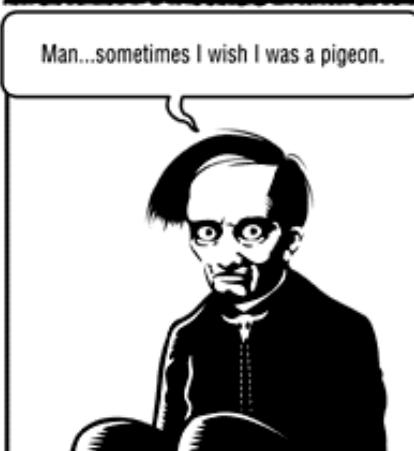
from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

undergrid brown out

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

massive otter spill at the oil refinery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

nebulous nibs of nutriment

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I've been workin' on this idea for a horror movie called, "The Mashed Potato Monster."



It'll be pretty scary.



Dependin' on what kind of gravy they use for the special effects.

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RED MEAT

autopsy-turvy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Holy cow, Ken...you don't look so good today. Maybe you shouldn't be at work.



No big deal, Ted. I just have a fierce case of the Hong Kong shingles that I must've caught from one of my kids.

I'm not feeling so good myself. The kids picked up that red monkey fever at school and now my back's covered with blisters.



Ouch.

Those darned kids and their cute little diseases.

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Ha! Ha! Remember back in third grade when we gave our parents lice-borne typhus?

RED MEAT

hand-hewn from fossilized pap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Glad you recommended this movie, Son. I've never seen special effects this incredible.



What do you mean?

It's amazing how they make the astronaut look like he's really on top of that dinosaur.



What dinosaur, Dad? This movie's about mountain climbing.



I'll be darned. I must've grabbed your mother's glasses by mistake.

You want to move up to the front row so you can see better?

No thanks. I'm really into my dinosaur movie.

RED MEAT

neoplastic nodule necklace

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Nick. Would you like to go over to the Softee-Swirl and get an ice cream cone or something?



Ice cream, huh? First let me tell you what I like to call my "ice cream story."

A couple years ago I was in a bar fight and I hit this guy so hard that his nose cartilage was poking out the corner of his eye socket.

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Wow...yuck. So how does ice cream figure into it?

It doesn't. Now, why don't you run along before I dish you up some "ice cream."



No thank you...I'm not really in the mood for it any more.

RED MEAT

bench-tooled laugh leather

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well...I'm here to pick you up, Son. So how was adventure camp this year?

It sucked, Dad.

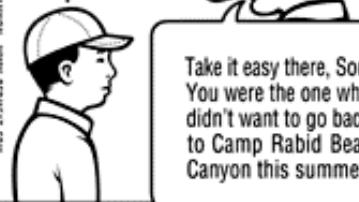


The lake was infested with piranhas and they ate my new friend, Jimmy.

That's too bad, but I'll bet you made some other new friends.

Jimmy and I were the only kids here. Nobody else's parents were dumb enough to send a kid to someplace called "Camp Piranha Lake."

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Take it easy there, Son. You were the one who didn't want to go back to Camp Rabid Bear Canyon this summer.

RED MEAT

golden corn for the old and worn

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sir, have you seen my milk delivery truck? It's not out in the lot with the other trucks.

No, it's not. I sent your truck over to the shop for massive repair work.



But my truck is in tip-top condition.

Tip-top condition?! The mechanic tells me you removed all the brakes and the master cylinder!

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I was forced to "cannibalize" a few parts for some of the vehicle's other systems.

You used those parts to rig the headlights with home-made grenade launchers!

Well, Sir...it seemed the only humane thing to do, considering that I didn't have any way to stop the darn truck.

RED MEAT

glad tightenings and seasonal greasings

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Cripes, Johnson...this is the sixth holiday sausage and cheese assortment package I've delivered to you since Thanksgiving.

I used to belong to one. In fact, I have half a beef brick and a smoked cheddar log left over from last year, and they still taste fine.

It's amazing. If they could figure out how to embalm bread and milk like that, I'd do all my grocery shopping through the mail.



Yep. I belong to several holiday "sampler clubs."



Ha! We're still working on last year's supply, too.



That's every man's dream, Johnson.

RED MEAT

leaky humorous waste containment cannister

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hon...I was thinking of making some sugar cookies. Where do you keep the baking pans?

Wouldn't it be easier if I just came down there and showed you where they are?

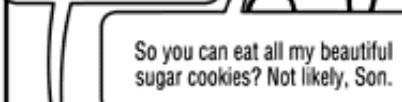
No...you'll just start baking those repulsive coconut wreaths that I can't stand. I'm afraid I'll have to keep you locked in the attic for my own protection until the holidays are over.



Ha! Nice try, Sweetheart.

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Hey, Dad...I hate those things, too. Can you let me out of the basement?



So you can eat all my beautiful sugar cookies? Not likely, Son.

RED MEAT

creme filling for hollow victories

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

If I could have just one wish for this Christmas, it would be for peace on the Earth and goodwill towards men.

Which would be enforced twenty-four hours a day by my own army of giant killer robots and all them amazon bikini troops that'll be guarding my flying nuclear battle station.



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RED MEAT

the tumescent teat of torpor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted...what are you doing up at this hour?
Oh my god, what happened to your hair?



I'm tired of living a lie. I've been
wearing a hairpiece for years.

But I would've understood, Dear.
Why didn't you tell me sooner?



I couldn't, Honey. You see...I'm a
member of the "Hair Club For Men."

And the first requirement of "club
membership" is that you take a
lifetime oath of absolute silence.



So...I guess this means
you're quitting the club?

I don't think you understand what kind of
people these are, Sweetheart. You and I are
going to have to "disappear" for a while.
Just pack what you need, and please hurry.

RED MEAT

fruits of the sluice

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Um, Ted...I think that's my
shirt that you're wearing.



Nonsense, Dear. I
probably just put
on a few pounds
over the holidays.

That may well be, but I'm pretty sure you
don't own a pink chenille stretch blouse.



Ha-ha! You caught me.
I'm just going to wear it
for an hour or so, okay?

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I guess...but isn't Reverend Stokes dropping
by in the next half hour to talk to you about
taking over as scoutmaster for this year?



Yes, but I don't think
it will be a very long
conversation, Honey.

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RED MEAT

mr. darwin's neighborhood

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know, Karen...I sure am enjoying my
new freelance cosmetics testing research.

What are you talkin'
about, Milkman Dan?



I research the safety of beauty products.
It's tricky, though...federal regulations are
pretty rigid about animal testing these days.

Good! Nobody should
be hurtin' little animals.



I couldn't agree with you more, young lady.
Say, while I'm here...do you and your mom
need another bottle or two of milk today?

No way. The one you left
yesterday tasted like soap.



Come on now...are you
sure it didn't taste a little
more like rosemary-mint
exfoliating facial scrub?

RED MEAT

non-addictive humor substitute

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Uh, I was just wondering, Mister Loeb... would it be okay if I leave work early today?

May I ask why?

Actually, Sir...I'm feeling kind of sick.

That certainly isn't surprising, Johnny.

Rubbing someone's inflamed bunions is repulsive work. Now, please get started on my other foot before it starts oozing again.

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RED MEAT

baptism of fiber

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Mr. Johnson...I was wonderin' if you had an extra pair of hip-waders that I could maybe borrow over the weekend.

Oh...sure thing, Clyde.
Doing a little fishing?

Not really. I just need 'em for a big date I have this weekend.

Big date, eh? But if you're not fishing, I don't see why you'll need my hip-waders.

I git a real spastic colon when I git too excited, Mr. Johnson.

Yes...I remember how you spray painted my front porch when I remembered your birthday.

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RED MEAT

hand-pumped silt from the once-rich wellspring of humor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Milkman Dan...I have a law question. Do I have'ta pay another kid's doctor bill if I pushed him off the swingset and he got hurt, even though nobody else saw it?



As much as I'd like to, I can't legally advise you on such matters. I'm no longer licensed to practice law in the United States since I ran afoul of the 1995 Fischer-Richards Act.



It effectively prohibits private individuals and organizations from practicing "playground law" out of the back of a milk delivery truck.



Perhaps. But you ought to be nicer to the man who just tape-recorded your remorseless confession.

RED MEAT

horse-whipped with a
goatskin cat-o'-nine-tails

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man...this gettin' up at six in the mornin' is killin' me. I thought it'd be better for me on account of I ain't one'a them "night people."



Guess I ain't a "mornin' person," neither.



One thing's for sure, though...I'm definitely a "24-hour-a-day voices in my head" person.



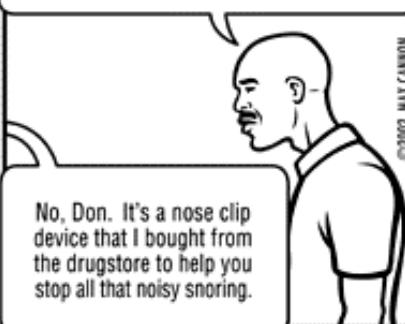
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RED MEAT

non-skid trouser kickplate

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

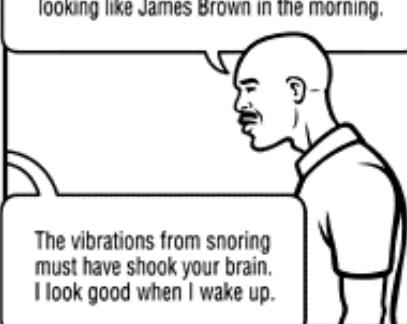
Hey, Baby...what's this little plastic thing on my bedstand? Is this one of the parts off the sewing machine that you wanted me to fix?



©2002 MAX CANNON

No, Don. It's a nose clip device that I bought from the drugstore to help you stop all that noisy snoring.

Tell you what, Honey...I'll wear this thing to stop snoring if you'll sleep with some kind of thing on your head to stop you from looking like James Brown in the morning.



The vibrations from snoring must have shook your brain. I look good when I wake up.



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Kids! Who does your mother look like when she gets up out of bed?

James Brown!!
That's it. Poison lasagna for dinner tonight.

RED MEAT

unplanned bathtub logjam

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Um...you wanted to see me, Doctor Spielman?



Yes I did, Mr. Johnson. There's...uh...something on your recent x-rays that I found troubling.

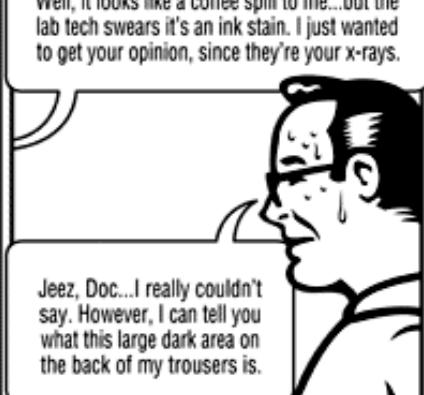
Good god. Is it serious?



Here, let's take a look. Can you see this large dark area right here above your stomach?

Yes...what is it?!

Well, it looks like a coffee spill to me...but the lab tech swears it's an ink stain. I just wanted to get your opinion, since they're your x-rays.



Jeez, Doc...I really couldn't say. However, I can tell you what this large dark area on the back of my trousers is.

RED MEAT

glistening spleen in the soup tureen

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Last summer I went on a camping trip down to Mexico and I got this bad fever. I prob'lly would'a died, but this nice lady came and took care of me at my campsite.

She fed me fruit and sang me these weird songs the whole time. I thought she must be an angel, except she kept stabbin' me whenever I tried to get up for some water.

The more I think about it now...I'm pretty sure that lady was a cactus.



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RED MEAT

more poured-on ordure

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart, I don't want you going outside right now. That thunder is getting louder.



But Mom...I need to take care'a somethin' out in my treehouse.

I don't think it's a very good idea to be up in a tree during a lightning storm.



Yeah, but...

No buts, young man. If you're thinking of trying to bring Puffy the cat back to life with a lightning bolt, you can just forget it.



I don't wanna bring him back to life. I just wanna tie him to the foil kite I built and give him an electric "viking funeral."

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RED MEAT

dainty doo-dads for the despondent

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Jeez, Nick...this heat wave is getting pretty unbearable. How can you be out jogging?



How could I not? This is prime exercise weather.

Plus, I get the opportunity to kick around wearing next-to-nothing without the usual public whining about my showin' off skin.



Right...but by "next-to-nothing," most people don't mean only a pair of running shoes, Nick.



Well, I had a sock, too. But it must've fallen off during my windsprint through the park.

RED MEAT

trilobite tracks on your
teleological treatise

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Heavenly Father...guide me as I lead
your flock toward redemption, and away
from the flames of eternal damnation.

Whoa, there. "Hell" is something you made
up. The way I designed it, you've just got
to keep coming back until you get it right.

If it's all the same to you Lord, we're
sticking with the Hell thing. It's really
been working for us, so we'd prefer it
if you'd just sit there looking majestic
and keep that kind of thing to yourself.

RED MEAT

sizeable sips from the sputum spigot

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My girlfriend keeps tryin' to get me to
eat more fish so's I can get me some
of them mega-fatty acids in my system.

She says if you put fat and acid
together like they do in fish, it's
real good for your cholesterol.

Anyways, I hate fish...so for the time
bein', I'm gonna stick to drinkin' me
a daily glass of buttered lemonade.

RED MEAT

four flopping flats on your funmobile

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Approach, human. You
seek advice from the wise
and mighty Papa Moai?

I have come because you
spoke my name aloud, and
woke me from my timeless
slumber in the realm of mist.

Wait a sec...I did just tell
my wife I was going to go
"pop an Old Milwaukee."

Not really. I was just
wondering why you're
sitting in my bushes.

You're mistaken, big
fella. I've never even
heard of you before.

Okay, I knew that. But it sounded pretty close,
and since the realm of mist doesn't have any
bathrooms, I'll do anything for a "potty break."

RED MEAT

cherubs with chest hair

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

moldering melon-balls of mirth

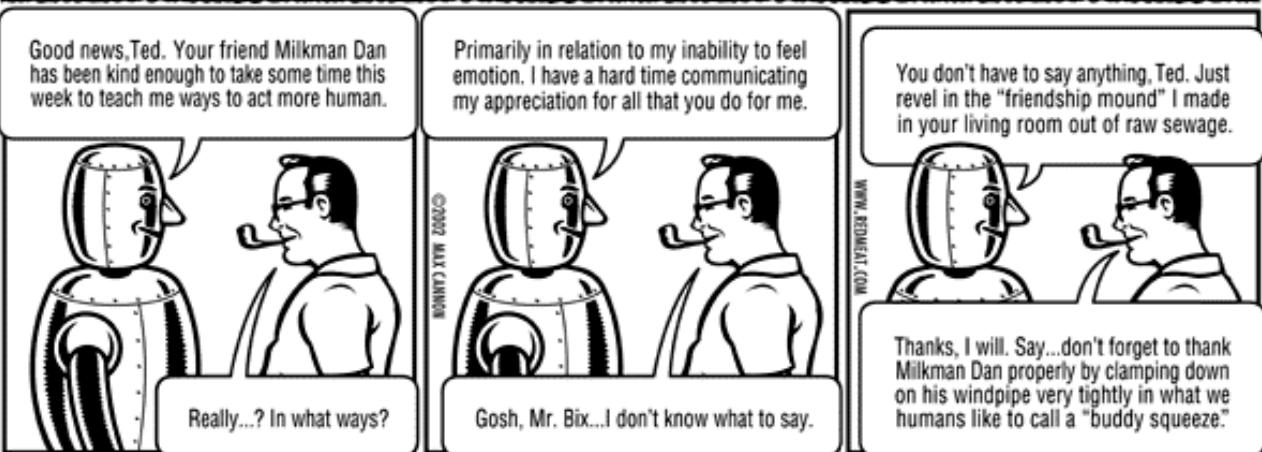
from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

pocked with hot grommets

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

let's be honest...my
kid draws like crap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



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RED MEAT

filigreed flotsam of fanciness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



Normally, I do...but my boss is making me
burn some of the vacation days I've accrued,
so I thought I'd come hang with you today.

Oh. Mind if I come with you?
I could watch you do your job.

Already tried that. They gave
me fifty bucks to come here.

RED MEAT

butterstick barricade

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

When I was a kid we didn't have no mall to
go to, so we hung out at the lumber store.

But there weren't no actual girls that went
there, so we had to pretend that all them
knotted pine planks was beautiful ladies.

Sometimes at night I still think about this
one pretty little two-by-four named Carol
who I could never get up the nerve to talk to.



RED MEAT

milk toast for pantywaists

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, Sweetheart...could you please go and smoke that smelly cigar out on the porch?



Sorry Honey, but no can do. It's all part of my brand new macho image.

You're just going to have to get used to having a real man around the house.



Well...I guess that means there's really no point in asking you to take the "naked lady" mudflaps off of the station wagon.

No dice, Sweets. Those babies are testosterone city.

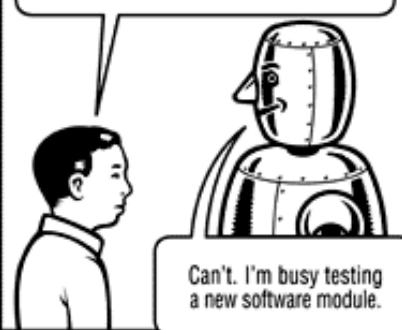


RED MEAT

head cheese on a knuckle sandwich

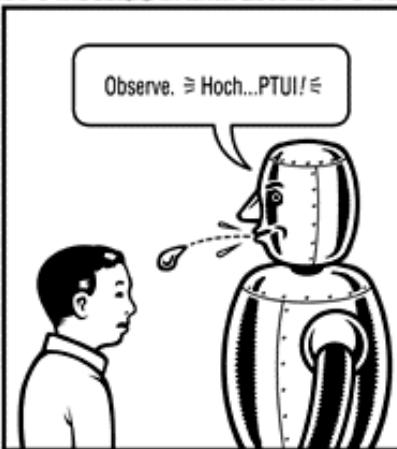
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Mr. Bix...do you want to go and see a movie with me this afternoon?



Can't. I'm busy testing a new software module.

Observe. ⇒ Hoch...PTUI!⇐



Let me guess..."Spit 1.1?"

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Check the mucus content. It's quite clearly the vastly superior new LoogiePro 2.

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RED MEAT

rubber duck tub cudgel

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Pardon me, friend...but I have a fairly major complaint about Ocean Land's new "Cirque des Manatees" performance this afternoon.



Jeez, you must've sat in the "splash zone." You're a mess.

Not just me...my wife's brand-new outfit is completely ruined and my kids haven't stopped crying since the "big aerial finale."



Sorry, man. Those catapults that shoot 'em out of the water aren't calibrated perfectly, so we occasionally get a middair collision.

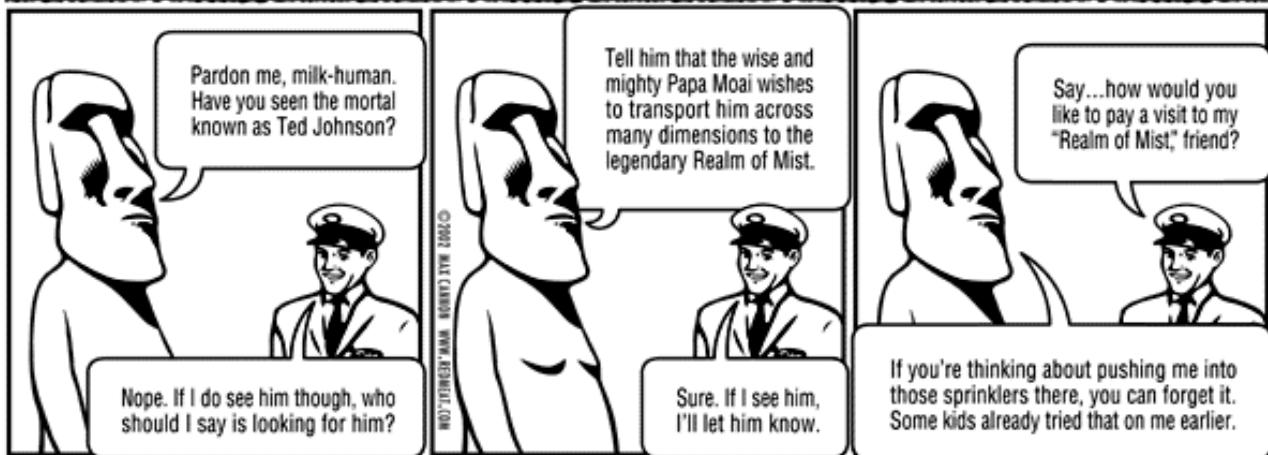


Man...those poor manatees explode like Hefty Bags full of beef stew, don't they?

RED MEAT

bulbous benzine bubblegum blisters

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

the catsup bottle in your wine rack

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

distended humor extruder

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

pungent unguent for stump-itc

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well, Son...time to hit the sleeping bags.
It's been a long day in the great outdoors.

But, Dad...it's startin' to rain.



That's not rain, it's bat urine. These night skies are teeming with millions of bats.

Bats...?! What if they bite us?



Don't worry, they won't fly down here... those bats are just as afraid of the giant mulch ticks and pine leeches as we are.

Dad...I don't like camping.

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No time for whining, Son.
We still have to check our sleeping bags for spiders.

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RED MEAT

something sour in the squirt gun

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart, why are you lying on the floor without any clothes on?

I'm sorry, Honey...



I ate waaaay too much at dinner, so I'm trying to get as comfortable as possible.



How about if I go get your adjustable waistband double-knit polyester slacks?

Yes...break out my "emergency pants."

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RED MEAT

sputum-speckled splendor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Little Lady...did I ever tell you about the time that several coworkers and I got locked in the big freezer over at the dairy?



Yep. That's the story where you had to eat your friends.

I'll be darned...I did tell you that one. How about the time when I accidentally knocked a crate of baby ducks into the yogurt vat?



Yes. I heard all of your dumb, made-up stories.

Ah! You definitely haven't heard about the time I rescued that kid who'd been trapped in an abandoned well for a year and forced to live only on a diet of bugs and tree roots.



Ew...yuck. When did that happen?

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Oh...in about a year from now.

RED MEAT

pointy papules for the populace

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Ted...guess what I just had for lunch.



I don't know, Wally...you have to give me some sort of hint.

= BE-E-E-E-L-L-LCH!! =



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= GAG = Well, since no corpses have turned up missing, I'd have to guess that you finally ate that venison I gave you four years ago.



Yup. At least now I'll never have to wonder what a mummy tastes like.

RED MEAT

dirt carrots for dust bunnies

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Mom always use'ta say that you can't make no silk purse out of a pig's ear.



I don't get what the big deal is.



You can still make a pretty comfy pair of slippers out of a bunch of cats' ears.

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RED MEAT

salivary stock for septic stew

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Matt...glad I caught you. I haven't been getting my subscription of "Panel & Veneer World" magazine for the last few months, so I called the publisher and they told me they've been mailing it out.



So what makes you think I know anything about it?

For starters, I couldn't help but notice those handsome faux-woodgrain knee socks that you've been wearing lately.



You got me, Johnson...I have a problem. How about I give your magazines back to you and we pretend this never happened?

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It's a deal. Say...if you'd like, I have some pretty explicit "how-to" Danish cabinetry videos that you can borrow.

RED MEAT

maggoty morsels of misanthropy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Mom, did you date very many guys before you married Dad?

Well, uh...that's a strange question. Why do you ask?

Because he's kind of weird compared to other dads. I just wondered if you knew he was weird when you guys got married.

I knew your father was "eccentric," but I also knew he was a sweet, decent man.

I don't know, Honey...why don't you go ask him why he's so odd?

Can't. He's sleeping naked in a fur-lined cardboard box in the driveway and he's wearing his soundproof gladiator helmet.

RED MEAT

vinegaroons in your ventilation

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I want you to take your seat, young man. Class is starting in less than one minute.

I can't do that, Mr. Spivey. There's something weird in my desk that we found in the storm drain at lunch.

Why don't you go get whatever it is and put it in this wastebasket here.

Well...okay. But I'm gonna need a stick with a big nail in it and a large basting pan.

Let's not be overly dramatic about it. Just go grab some paper towels from the sink.

Sorry, Sir...there's no way I'm picking up a sewage-encrusted human head with a paper towel.

RED MEAT

gristle-encrusted filter
on the humor generator

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I went over to that big toy store downtown to get my nephew a birthday present. Man, they got a whole wall of dinosaur toys that are way, way better than when I was a kid.

Some of 'em got light-up eyes, but best of all, most of 'em got them snappin' jaws and realistic slasher-claw action.

This one I bought has a button on its head that you push so's it screams while it's killin' a Barbie.

RED MEAT

crawdads in your crab grass

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Friday evening, 9:33 p.m.

Good night, Honey...I'll join you right after I catch a little news.

KLIK

1:42 a.m.

NO FURTHER MAN. KOMIKSYN 2002 ©

5:47 a.m.

Incredible...my brain cells are actually humming the CNN theme as they die.

RED MEAT

that solid waste aftertaste

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted...did you put new headlights on the station wagon since I last drove it?

Sure did, Honey. Those babies are 10,000 watt halogen "Pathstalkers." Intense...aren't they?

Intense...?! I drove over to pick up the boys in front of the school, and I could see their bones and organs right through their skin!

Don't worry, sweetheart. Seeing that kind of thing will just take some getting used to.

Well I might, Ted...if the kids still had skin.

Look at it this way...you won't have to buy Halloween costumes for anybody this year.

RED MEAT

interminable onslaught of offal

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Back when I was a kid, I was on the school gymnastics team. I was pretty good, too.

I did the rings and the horse sometimes, but the floor routine was my best event. For my big finish, I use'ta be able to run, jump, and do four aerial flips in a row.

If I could'a just kept my hips in their sockets when I'd fly into the judges stand, I might've been an olympian.

RED MEAT

damp dirt for the dearly departed

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I was wondering, Karen...have you seen the ice cream truck go by this afternoon?

Well...it's been such a warm day, I thought a couple of frosty ice cream sandwiches might be just the ticket to cool me down.

I didn't say I was going to eat them, Karen. I merely want to stick them to the sides of my head like twin cooling-tower sideburns.

No, not yet. Why?

Last week you told me you couldn't eat no ice cream 'cause it makes your stomach allergic.

What a waste of ice cream.

Ha! Ha! That's what you said when I used a melted fudgesicle to glue gravel onto your bicycle chain.

RED MEAT

beetle bits in your bran flakes

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

'Scuse me, buddy. Wouldja mind movin' over a piece? Say, about ten foot or so?

Sorry, guy. I'm just tryin' ta do some yard workin' here, and you're standin' right in my fertilizer heap.

Oh, I see. Well, you're one heckuva of a deep sleeper now, ain'tcha?

Zzz...what?! Who dares wake the mighty Papa Moai from his afternoon slumber?

Oh...waitaminnit. There's my fertilizer over yonder by th' fence. How's that?

Not really. I just need to quit eating so many figs before my afternoon slumber.

RED MEAT

marked by the musk of misery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, Johnson...here's the deal. You work the houses on that side of the street and I'll work this side, then we'll meet by the school.

Sounds good, Nick. But what if they won't give me any money?

Check. What if they call the cops?

Stare 'em down.
They'll cough up.

You run. That's the most exciting part of trick or treating naked for UNICEF.

RED MEAT 2102

tedious tales
of tomorrow

from the futuristic files of
Max Cannon

Greetings, K-REN...I was hoping I'd run into you today. I just had this amazing new cyberoptic lens installed to replace my old, worn-out organic eye. How do you like it?

It looks kind of creepy.
Can you see better now?



Funny you should ask that. This incredible marvel of technology enables me to clearly view a microscopic grain of pollen on the wing of bird from one hundred yards away.

Wow.



Yet, somehow I still managed to drunkenly land my hover van directly on top of your puppy's newest clone. Kind of ironic...eh?

I hate you, Genetically-
Modified Soy Beverage
Distribution Man Dan.



RED MEAT

peanuts on the poop deck

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I was just thinking, Honey...how would you like to try something new tonight?



It depends, Ted. What do you have in mind?

Well, it occurred to me that in twelve years of marriage we've never given each other a spanking. Who knows...? It might be fun.



I suppose we could.
I'm just afraid that I'll feel awfully silly.

Great! So...seeing as you'll already be feeling silly, it shouldn't matter if you're wearing a hand puppet while you paddle me senseless.



Can I make him talk in a pirate voice?

Ouch. I'd better go grab the Vap-O-Rub.

RED MEAT

the griddle that spits back

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Last week, my girlfriend and I was over at her place cuttin' out some jack-o-lantern faces. I was havin' fun, but she kept whinin' about how the smell was makin' her sick.



It was her own fault, though.



If she would'a bought us some pumpkins we wouldn't have had to use them week-old pork loins I scrounged outta the dumpster.



RED MEAT

nibbling at the nubs of nihilism

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, Honey...have you seen my new nylons? I can't find them anywhere.



Oh boy, Sweetheart. I didn't realize they were new, so I let the kids have them to make disguises.

I really wish you'd given them some old socks or something to use instead.



Ha! They couldn't very well use old socks to dress up like bank robbers.

I suppose not. Darn! Now I can't find my driver's license and credit cards.



The kids have those too. They needed fake I.D.'s and stolen credit cards in case they had to cool out in Mexico for awhile.

RED MEAT

one-way ticket to torpor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

How'd your job interview go, Sweetheart?



I was feeling sort of depressed, so I didn't end up going, Honey.

Instead, since I was near the TV station, I climbed up on the transmitter tower so I could sit and think about life for awhile.



Oh, Hon...I didn't realize you were feeling so down.

No, I'm fine now. Action 9 News hired me as their new anchorman. Apparently, the old anchor walked off the job this morning.



You don't have any journalistic experience, Ted.

True. But I do look good in a suit, and, after fifteen years of marriage, I can deliver even the most outrageous half-truth with a completely straight face.

RED MEAT

scouring the scraps from
comedy's casserole dish

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My mom always use'ta say, "you can't get no blood from a turnip."



Kind of makes you think.



Mostly of ways you could get a mouse in the middle of that turnip.

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RED MEAT

salivary hot plate ballet

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dan...I know this is kind of last minute, but my wife wanted me to ask you over to our house for dinner on Sunday night.



I don't know what to say, Sir. I've worked for you for over ten years, and I always got the feeling that you hated my guts.

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No argument there, Dan. Your instincts are razor sharp. However, my dear wife has a soft spot for those who don't have a family of their own to spend the holidays with.



Gosh, Sir. How could I dare say "no" to such a gracious invitation? Of course I'll be there.

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Super. By the way, my wife was hoping that you'd bring our cockatiels with you... along with the two paper bags of ransom money we gave you for their safe return.



I suppose I could. I was going to wait until they healed up a bit from the grisly damage those pit-fighting lemurs inflicted on them at the "Battle of the Exotic Pets" regional playoffs I entered them in last weekend.

RED MEAT

prescription-strength comedy reliever

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hi, Ted. I was just curious if you knew anything about the hummingbirds laying on the ground all over my back yard?



Are they dead?

No...they're all breathing, but they seem like they're all in a coma or something.

Perhaps I can explain, Johnny. You see, I was spraying some bug spray earlier, and it was making the poor little things choke.



So I went ahead and filled the hummingbird feeder with cherry-flavored cough syrup.

What about my dog? He's in a coma, too. Did you feed him any cough syrup, as well?



I tried, but the old boy was more interested in licking the pesticide off the comatose hummingbirds.

RED MEAT

the pine-stench of jingle rot

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ahhh...nothing like the comforting glow of colorful twinkling lights to put you in that jolly holiday mood.



Sure, Dad...but the crackling noise kind of ruins the effect.



Yes it does, so why don't you two stop throwing rice pilaf into the bug zapper?



Sorry, Dear...but what do you expect when you put food on our holiday table that looks like assorted insect parts? Your throw, Son.

RED MEAT

whey and mange

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

For Christmas this year, I made me a teeny I'll Santy Claus with a sleigh and a team of reindeers out of thread, a matchbox, and some flies I caught in my kitchen window.

I also made me a wreath out of an old straw hat brim and green spray paint. I been usin' stuff I found around the house since I don't have no money this year to buy nothin' new.

I don't mind makin' due...I just wish I'll Santy and them reindeers would quit layin' eggs in my homemade yule log.



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RED MEAT

tick-and-tapeworm parade

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Papa Moai...my wife wanted me to see if you'd like to join us for a board game tonight. It'll be fun.

Really? What kind of a board game?

Uh...no thanks. Sounds like a recipe for tension and bitter resentments.



It's called "Cerebrum." It's actually a combination of charades, trivia, blind man's bluff and a spelling bee.

No kidding. However, I find that if I get drunk enough beforehand, it usually doesn't devolve into a relationship-ending screaming match.

RED MEAT

new uses for spent juices

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted! There's a bird in the laundry room! It must have flown in when I was taking the laundry out to the clothesline. I hate birds!!

I know, honey.
I'll get rid of it.

Oh god! It's flying around all over the place! Hurry, please!

What do you need that for? It's just a teensy little bird.

You're right, Hon.
I'd better go get my staple gun.



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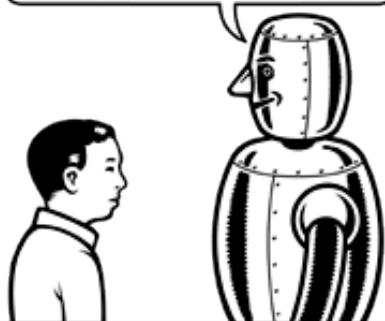
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RED MEAT

discontentment's seed pod

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hello, William. How would you like to come try out the new playroom I built?



If you're talking about that big steel cube out back, you can forget it. I'm not going to play inside a box with a single porthole and a padlock on the outside of the door.

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Interesting. The neighbor children were initially skeptical, as well. However, once I switched on the microwave floor grid, they hopped around like gleeful chimps...

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...for a minute, anyway. Say, do you have a large griddle scraper that I could borrow?

RED MEAT

yellow jacket petting zoo

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hello, Clyde. You're out bright and early this morning. Are you doing some yard work nearby?



Nope, not today. I'm fixin' to make some fried chicken.

But first I gotta catch me a couple'a chickens, so we better be real quiet.



No offense, Clyde...but I've never seen any chickens around this neighborhood.

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'Course you haven't...them birds can turn invisible, Mr. Ted. That's why you gotta drink some wood stain, so's you can see 'em once your infrared heat vision kicks in.



Hey, wait a sec while I go drink some shoe polish. That way I can stun them for you by shooting lightning bolts out of my chin.

RED MEAT

porcupine pelt pillow

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Karen...wouldn't it be better if you went and played inside this morning?



Really...? Why do you say that Milkman Dan?

Well, I'm concerned that in the dim morning light you could get hit by a flying milk bottle or a dangerously swerving delivery vehicle.



I'm not too worried about that happenin'.

Y'see, my friend Eddie is standin' guard on the roof across the street with his BB gun. Hey, listen...I can hear him pumpin' it up.



Ha! Nice try, Karen. Do you honestly think I'd still be in business if I hadn't installed bulletproof glass and kevlar panels on my van years ago?

RED MEAT

headfirst into the hobart

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I had me a couple'a rotten teeth taken out yesterday.

Now, I ain't sayin' that it didn't need to be done.

I just wish it'd been done by a dentist instead of by the bus seat in front of me.

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RED MEAT

miasmic molasses for the masses

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Darn it. I hate it when I wake up at five in the morning. There's nothing exciting to do until everyone else gets out of bed.

PAMPF!!

Ahh...unless you count the indescribably sublime anticipation of waiting for an apricot to explode in the microwave oven.

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RED MEAT

adorned with airborne corn

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

O Lord...help me to understand the sublime mysteries of your creation.

Okay...maybe I'll let you in on a couple of things. First of all, gravity was accidental. You guys were originally going to be able to float around propelled by these nifty little fluttering foot wings I had designed.

Neat, huh? Still, you wouldn't have been able to fly around very fast. That would have defeated your purpose as a low-cost, nutritious and great-tasting dinosaur food.

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RED MEAT

.44 caliber bargain hunters

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You've got something smeared on your arm, Ted. Oh my god...is that a tattoo?



Sure is, Honey. Got it down at the "Campus Barbarian" next to the Shopwood Mall's food court for forty dollars.

I'm a little upset with you, Ted. It would've been nice if you had discussed it with me before you got a bird tattooed on your arm.



It isn't a bird, Hon.
It's a vampire bat.

A VAMPIRE BAT...?!!

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Settle down, Dear...you'll barely even notice it once I've got the dragons versus zombie warriors scene running down to my wrist.



Uh, don't do that, Ted. It would detract from the understated elegance of your gorgeous little bat.

Glad you like it, Sweetheart. You haven't even commented on my clip-on nipple ring.

RED MEAT

noxious zephyr from
the humor cannery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My poor l'il kitty lost one of her eyes in an alley fight last week.



It was her own dang fault, though.



She should'a picked a weapon other than chopsticks if she was gonna challenge a chimpanzee to a duel.

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RED MEAT

glittering saliva chinstrap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Wow...that was a good one. It left a stupendous glowing red and gold trail as it streaked past.

Yeah...nice.



Sounds like you two are really enjoying that meteor shower.



We probably would be, Hon...if we hadn't gotten the inspiration to mist a couple jars full of luna moths with kerosene and turn them loose after lighting the tiki torches.

We should go grab the umbrella, Dad. They're starting to explode.

NO.1 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10010

RED MEAT

weatherproof stripping on
the doorjamb of mediocrity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey there, Karen. I just stopped by to show you something I came across this morning. I know you collect buttons, so I thought you might be interested.

Where? Let me see.

It's on the ground there by your foot.

It appears to be a decorative button from a marching band uniform. Still, I'm not sure... maybe it's from an old military dress jacket.

Eww, this isn't a button. It's the tip of a human finger!

Hmm...you know, I wondered why such an unusual coat button would be buried in the bottom of a hospital dumpster.

You're sick, Milkman Dan!

Hey, I'm not the one picking filthy medical waste off the ground with my bare hands.

RED MEAT

the tickle of asphalt on the sagging belly of your lowered expectations

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Ted...do you have a half an hour to spare? I really need you to come over to my house and help me move a couple of fancy dressers up into my bedroom.

Sure, Wally. Just let me go grab my back support belt.

You should wear one, too. It's easy to throw your lower back out moving furniture up and down staircases.

Oh...I wasn't talking about moving any furniture, Ted.

I picked up two elderly ladies in a church parking lot. They're dressed pretty fancy, so I don't want to mess up their nice Sunday clothes by carrying them over my shoulder.

Nice. But wouldn't it be easier to simply lure them upstairs with an open tin of cat food?

RED MEAT

blood clot in your garden hose

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Um, hi there. My Dad told me that you're some kind of interdimensional being who's imbued with powers beyond our understanding.

Yes, that is true.

My Dad also said that you can see across time and space, so I wanted to ask you something.

Speak. There is little amidst the infinite layers of reality that the mighty Papa Moai cannot observe or influence.

Excellent. Could you watch my bike for me while I eat lunch?

Can't. I'm about to take a break and go get a popsicle in the 9th dimension in a couple minutes.

RED MEAT

ointment-dipped orthopedic overalls

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been conductin' my own homemade missile launchin' tests off the roof of my apartment building all week long.



Didn't have no success, really. Mostly, I learned a whole bunch.

For instance, I know them apple juice jugs filled with hairspray just blow up on the ground and them bottle rocket-mounted light bulbs shatter too easy after lift off.



I'm done with rocket science for now, though. Next project I'm working on is how to get glass slivers out of my eyes.



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RED MEAT

who's complaining? I only paid the kid a quarter to draw this strip

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted we have to be at diner in ten minnutes, you beter shave.

but I shaved this morning.

WELL YOUR CHIN IS STILL STUBELY.

THAT'S NOT STUBEL HONNY, IT'S IRON FILINGS. I'M SUKKING ON A MAGNET.

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RED MEAT

mirth-tinged monotony

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

We really need to have a talk, Mr. Bix. My son just told me you tried to stuff he and four of his pals into a 55 gallon drum and weld the lid shut while they were in there.



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That's absurd, Ted.



A drum that size is barely large enough for two small humans, six cups of chopped dill, a handful of basil and a gallon of olive oil.



Don't get cute with me, Bix. My son and his friends were at the emergency room all morning getting pimientos removed.

RED MEAT

tarnished brass laugh snuffer

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Look at you, Nick...you're a mess. I thought you weren't going to get in any more fights.



Sorry, I didn't mean to doubt you. So...were you in a car accident?

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Ha! I wish. Look, when you eat as much greasy, starchy cafeteria food as I do, things are bound to get a little rough in the twice-a-month elimination process.



Now, if you'll excuse me, I better go lay down...I think I snapped my pelvis.

RED MEAT

nine-foot-long outhouse ladle

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Father, help me to *truly see* this world. Not through my own eyes, but through your infinite and all-encompassing love.



Okay, Sport...you asked for it. Go ahead and open your eyes.

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Oh my goodness.

Kind of like sniffing a couple hundred thousand magic markers while getting a slow sheet-lightning enema, isn't it?



Uh...p-please make it s-stop now, Lord.

RED MEAT

caramel bar molar removal

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I still live...



Gaze upon me...



It can talk all it wants...I ain't gonna look.



www.I_still_live.org

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Well...I s'pose it couldn't hurt nothin' to take a look at its non-profit web site.

RED MEAT

sausages in your slipstream

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good evening, Karen. Is your mom around?

Yes...why?

I'm taking her out on a dinner date tonight.

It's no secret that old Milkman Dan has had his eye on your mom for quite some time. Who knows...? Maybe this could lead to something truly magical for me.

But you're a mean jerk. I don't want my momma datin' somebody like you.

I know. That's the most magical part of all.

I hate you, Milkman Dan!

It's amazing how much that sounds like "Milkman Dad."

Shut up! Shut up!

RED MEAT

the crinkley caress of crenulated crevice clips

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Johnson...I need to borrow your electric pine cone trimmer for awhile.

Yeah, hold on...I'll go get it.

Damn, Ted...I was just joking around with you. Why the hell would anybody have an electric pine cone trimmer?

I know what you mean, Don. The old gas-powered "Pine Weasel P-391" gave you vastly superior lateral cone-shaping control.

RED MEAT

picnic-sized laugh repellent candle

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Heck of a day, Wally. Had to wait for the rain to slow down to a pour before I could get out of my car and make a run for the mall.

Wow. Raining, is it?

Non-stop for three days straight. No offense, but when was the last time you went outside?

Gosh. Let me think...

Probably about two years ago. I have a cot and a pile of old Life magazines in the back, which pretty much covers most of my needs.

Say...next time you come by, could you bring me a pound of salt, ten boxes of biscuit mix and a quart jar of castor oil?

RED MEAT

shimmering strips of sinew

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...I'm heading off to the bowling alley. I'll be back around eleven or so.



Interesting outfit. Are you trying to psych-out your opponents?

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Not at all. My team lost the regionals, so we have to act as pinboys for the rest of the league. This is our uniform.



Well, they sure chose the most humiliating one they could find.

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Not really...they're practical. You see, every time someone throws a strike, we pinboys have to roll around in a baby pool full of raw oysters. So it's a good idea to wear these.



What's wrong with plain old swim trunks?

Uh...ever smelled a bowling alley oyster?

RED MEAT

horse track flapjacks

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Lord a'mighty...jus' this mornin' me and the boys found two'a my steer out in the arroyo 'bout a hunnert yards or so out from the corral.



Eyeballs popped clean out an' their innards all boiled inside 'em. Don't know whut t'make of it.

Hells bells, I'd almost start b'lievin' them crazy yarns 'bout outer space UFO saucers a'comin' down an' messin' with livestock.



'Course, I gotta admit we fed them cattle quite a bit of my home-brewed liquid methadrine to keep 'em dancin' at last night's hoe-down.



Boss...we found Dwight. He was out cold under one'a the steer.

Well, throw some clothes on 'im and git 'im some black coffee. We still gotta figure out how'ta git that heifer down off the water tank.

RED MEAT

humming hive of the half-hearted

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My girlfriend told me my skin ain't lookin' too good, so she gimme me a big jar of her exfoliatin' skin scrub beauty creme.



I been usin' the stuff for about a month now, and it seems to work real good.



Got most of the skin off my legs already...but them oozin' sores are startin' to ruin all my good pants.

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RED MEAT

single-dose gravy ampule

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So this is the hot new movie that you kids are so crazy about, eh? It boggles my mind that you've seen it eight times.

And it's fakier than any other dumb science fiction movie we've ever...hey, those imperial troops are all half-naked underwear models!

Good eye, Son. I'd have guessed that the title, "Space Vixens From Beyond The Nudiverse," would have tipped you off.

I haven't, Dad. You're the one who's seen it eight times...

No, but I thought it was weird that the snack bar sold magazines.

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RED MEAT

perpetually polishing the big zero

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Ken...I noticed you and Barb loading suitcases into the car earlier. Going on a little summer excursion to someplace fun?

Nope. The kids have swim camp, then soccer camp, then horseback camp. It doesn't leave us any time...or money.

Ted...!! Could you grab the mop bucket and get in here, now? The youngest threw up all over the living room and I have to drop the other two off at swim camp in ten minutes.

Yeah. This year we decided on Hawaii. Barb's mother is going to watch our cat. How about you...any travel plans?

Well, it's still gotta be nice to spend the summer at home with your kids.

Uh, yeah. Like you said, "nice." Kill me now. Please, Ken...don't make me beg.

RED MEAT

humor-impaired squared

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, William...I'll give you a brand-new dollar bill if you can tell me how many meters there are in a single, linear mile.

Um...a hundred?

Sorry, wrong answer.

Too bad. Now you owe me a dollar.

Hey, that wasn't part of the deal!

Come on, now. There's always an implicit one-dollar "please don't crush my ribcage with your hydraulic claws" fee when you answer a robot's trivia question incorrectly.

Oh. Here's four quarters.

Sorry, paper currency only. Loose coins will rattle as I skip away with smug, sadistic glee.

RED MEAT

less fun than a barrel full
of infected, biting monkeys

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Gosh, Mister Murphy...I'm not feeling so hot today. I was thinking I might knock off early and go home to bed.

Sorry, Johnny...

But you have three more shows to do this afternoon, and I'd lose customers.

But, Sir...I think it's all these shows that are making me sick.

Of course they are, John. But the nice folks pay good money to see "The Wild Madagascar Lemon Man" drink an entire bucket of gangrenous, puréed horse meat.

But who'd know if it was just plain soup?

I would. Hey...! Let's make that swill "souper," so you can make repulsive slurping noises while you guzzle it!

RED MEAT

tinkle bell of the unthinkable

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Listen, um...our friend Gene is sick, so me and the guys were wondering if you'd be willing to come and play shortstop for us.

What...?! You ask the mighty Papa Moai to play a child's game?

Papa Moai...who can hear a lone atom cast off an electron from ten dimensions away!

Papa Moai...who can peer between the onionlike layers that separate infinite potential from that which is and is not!

Well, okay. Your loss, though. Stuart snuck out one of his dad's Penthouse magazines and we've got it in the dugout.

Whoa. Let me go grab my mitt.

RED MEAT

virulent laugh pathogen

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

It's over 90° Ted...and you're wearing that outfit to do yard work? I thought you got rid of that body fluid harvesting suit last summer after drinking from it made you ill.

I modified it, Honey. Now the harvested sweat and excretions are triple-filtered.

So now it doesn't make you sick to your stomach when you drink the recycled fluid?

Uh, I wouldn't make that claim, exactly.

That's why I added a high-speed fermentation unit, so at least now I'm roaring drunk while I chug my own foul, musky, repulsive juices.

So...what's with the chest spigot?

I call it the "honey spout." To share my intoxicating man-nectar with others.

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RED MEAT

brain stem in the bud vase

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man, oh man. I'm afraid to sleep now, cuz I keep havin' that same dream over and over.



It starts out normal enough...but then it ends with me gettin' eaten alive by a pack of old, pudgy, cosmetic-saleslady zombies.



The worst thing of it all is that them Mary Kay zombies only eat the parts of you that are pink.

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RED MEAT

tramp steamer in your soup kitchen

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sir, I'd like to request some time off. As you probably know, I haven't taken any of my vacation days in over six years.



Yes, Dan...I'm aware of that.

But the answer is "no." According to your records, in six years you've called in sick an average of thirty-seven days a year.



I can easily explain that. You see, I suffer from a medical condition which makes me highly sensitive to liquor and cold remedies.

So here's an idea...don't show up to work every day whacked on booze and drugs.



Honestly, Sir...and miss out on enjoying my truck rippling and melting under me as the asphalt roils and spews chartreuse magma into a candy-colored sky? I hardly think so.

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RED MEAT

forbidden fruit cocktail

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm off to the beach, Honey. I'll see you later.



Have fun. Wait...don't forget to take a lunch.



No need for that. I poured two cans of clam chowder into my wetsuit before I put it on. Soup should be nice and warm by lunchtime.



Oh, Well, here...take some of these oyster crackers along, also.

Thanks, but I better not. Those might chafe.

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RED MEAT

buttered peas for the ill-at-ease

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Mom...how far away is the Sun?

I think it's about
96 million miles
from the Earth.

Seems like a pretty safe distance.
How long is it okay to stare at it?

I don't think it's a good
idea to stare at it at all.
It can cause permanent
damage to your eyes.

Bad news, Larry! My mom says
you shouldn't have stared at it.

Uh-oh. I better take a
look and make sure
his eyes are all right.

Sure, Mom...lemme go find 'em. Right
after they burst, Larry sneezed and they
flew out there in the grass somewhere.

RED MEAT

ribcage xylophone

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey there, Mr. Johnson. I just come over
real quick tuh let you know that I'm movin'
outta town, so you'll have tuh git another
feller tuh do your yard work next week.

Wow, Clyde...this is awfully sudden.

Yep. But you know how it is with a feller
like me. I git the wanderin' bug real bad.

I guess a man's got to go
where a man's got to go.

Well, yeah...especially when that man's
killed everybody's lawns, trees, flowers
and shrubs by accidentally fertilizin' 'em
all with a military-grade vegetation killer.

Can't argue with that...and judging by the
sounds of those shotgun blasts and chain-
saws, that lynch mob's getting fairly close.

RED MEAT

the lowest setting on
wit's dimmer switch

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My pet mouse is dead, Mr. Bix. He
looks like somebody squished him.

Yes, I terminated his biological
functions earlier this afternoon.

Whuh-whuh-why'd you do that?

I'm sorry, William. I thought you wanted
me to make it so it he wouldn't squeak.

Look at it this way...all of your
squeaking problems are over.

RED MEAT

purulent polyps in your pulque

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey, where
are you taking
my flashlight?

I'm just borrowin' it,
Mom. Me and Larry are
playin' in the treehouse.

Speaking of borrowing things...have
you seen my dishwashing gloves?

We're playin' "maximum
security prison" today, so I
had to borrow those, too.

Let me guess...
"cavity search?"

Yep. You can never be too
careful with these crafty,
hardened inmates, Mom.

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RED MEAT

harvested squeezings from
mirth's most irritated pore

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My girlfriend told me I had'ta grow up.
She said I better accept the fact that I
wasn't never gonna go to the Moon or
be president or find the cure for cancer.

I broke it off with her right then, 'cause
she was always puttin' down my dreams.

Besides...right after I cure cancer and they
make me president of the Moon, I'll have
my own harem of lunar maidens, anyways.

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RED MEAT

surgically-precise slapdashery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

All right, kids...I'm taking ten dollars out of
each of your allowances. Since none of you
will admit to breaking my portable radio, all
of you have to pay toward getting it repaired.

That's not fair, Poppa.
Why can't you use the
"truth serum" on us?

Yeah! Truth serum!

Truth serum!!

Okay, then...if that's the
way you want it. I'll go
and get the truth serum.

Donald! Don't you dare give those
children any of that whiskey again.

C'mon, Baby...that's how
I found out where they
hid your good earrings.

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RED MEAT

chalkboard sonata

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

hull breach in the gravy boat

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

pocket-sized miasma inhaler

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

cesspool sippy straw

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I got beat up by these guys last week and shoved in a dumpster, so I went down to the costume store and bought me this suit and then figured out super powers for me.



Yesterday, I went back and found them guys in that same alleyway behind the bus station and taught 'em a little lesson.



And that lesson is: "Don't ever beat up a guy whose super powers are running you over with an idling Greyhound bus while the driver is takin' a smoke break."

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RED MEAT

the twirling toupee of temerity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

O Heavenly Father, in the name of your Son, help us to defeat our enemies both foreign and domestic, and lead this great Christian nation to resounding victory.



Interesting request. But as you know, my boy is a very serious rabbi, peace activist, and a fairly radical, liberal, humanitarian reformer. He really doesn't swing that way.



But, hey...I'm taking up your valuable time. Let me go ahead and transfer you over to the God of War's request line.



B-but I thought you were a jealous God, who didn't tolerate other gods before you.

Ha! Ha! Jealous...? Of that clown? Have you seen that ridiculous custom Humvee he drives around in? What a dumb-ass.

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RED MEAT

buzzard-picked frontier humor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So, Doc...you think this darn rash will go away by itself? That's a relief!



Ah. So, I need to use ointment or something?



No...what I said was that your rash will go away if you switch to boxer shorts until it clears up completely.

Oh.

The only problem is that I'm not really a "boxer shorts" type of guy.



I can see that. Look...at least switch over to a type of thong without sequins on the string.

Really...? They make them that way?

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RED MEAT

forbidden-style funnybone snap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Wow, Ted...how'd you grow that ponytail so fast? I just saw you a week ago and you didn't have one.

Oh, Well, it looks cool on you...unlike some guys. I heard there's this weirdo that comes into the video store where I work that all the counter girls call "the creepy ponytail man."

It's not real, Johnny. It's one of my wife's clip-on hair extensions.

I guess he tries to flirt with them. They think it's hilarious, so they play along.

Come on, now. I bet a couple of those girls at the store think he's kind of sexy. You know...in a "European" sort of way.

Nope.

Darn. What if he had a mustache?

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RED MEAT

buoyant biscuits for bedwetters

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, I thought you were giving up smoking cigars. Why did you go buy another one?

But Mike's not even married! He just starting dating that new girl last week.

That's correct, Honey. But as it turned out...that "new girl" was actually a man.

I didn't, Dear. Mike was handing them out at work. It's one of those "It's a Boy" cigars.

So Mike gave out cigars...?!

He had to. It was a timely and brilliant pre-emptive strike to avoid a lifetime of mockery and derision from the guys.

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RED MEAT

accordion player chunks in your concertina wire

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

It's been a week already since I got it, and this danged tattoo stills stings like the dickens.

The guy at the shop who done it said it would stop hurtin' after three days.

Still...it's worth it just to see the looks on girls' faces at the bus stop when they look over and see "THE FRENCH CONNECTION" written on my wigglin', stuck-out tongue.

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RED MEAT

teeth and nails when all else fails

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm tired of these same old holiday movies. Hold on a sec, here's one I haven't seen yet... "Santa Claus IV: Crimson Yuletide."



Ridiculous. In real life, Santa would have to use a much bigger machete than that if he was going to single-handedly fight off an entire army of cannibal death-elves.



RED MEAT

wriggling humbug larvae

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hi, Karen. How was your holiday?



It was awful.

All of my presents got melted after one of 'em caught on fire.



That's a shame. I guess you probably didn't get to open the ornament I made for you.



You mean that round thing made of little sticks I found under the pile of burnt and melted presents?

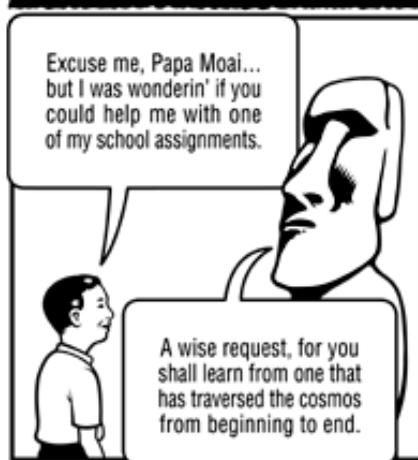
Those weren't sticks, exactly. I glued a few boxes of wooden matches into a ball. You didn't shake the sandpaper-lined box that I wrapped it in, did you?

RED MEAT

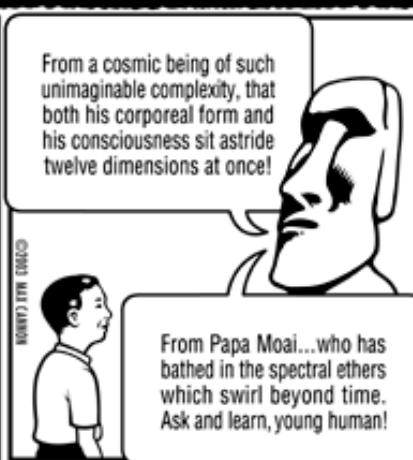
polychromatic peacock pulp

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Excuse me, Papa Moai... but I was wonderin' if you could help me with one of my school assignments.



A wise request, for you shall learn from one that has traversed the cosmos from beginning to end.



From a cosmic being of such unimaginable complexity, that both his corporeal form and his consciousness sit astride twelve dimensions at once!



From Papa Moai...who has bathed in the spectral ethers which swirl beyond time. Ask and learn, young human!



Can't...sorry. I've got a bad back, and that sounds like it involves bending over.

RED MEAT

First stand at fort surrender

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

the splintery porch swing of despair

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

sputtering spigot of spite

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

oily shavings from the humor grindery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I got this job takin' care of the seals over at the marine park, and them seals are smart little fellas who can learn all sorts of tricks.

I taught one of 'em to skateboard, and this other one to jump off a diving board in only a couple hours. Them seals can do anything.

Well...almost anything. They weren't very good at not popping like water balloons during some of them hang glider landings.



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RED MEAT

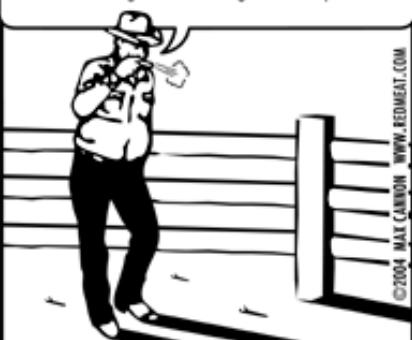
luxuriant longhorn lather

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This here's one heckuva pickle I done got m'self in this time. Dunno whut'n the heck I'm a'gonna do tuh figger me a way outta it.

Mebbe I'll call me th' local county agent an' git him tuh come over an' take a gander so's he c'n gimme a college man's opinion.

Aw, shoot...why'm I even fussin'? So whut if these new breeches make muh hips look too dang big. I lost muh figger years ago.



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Come on now, Boss. You c'n always style your hair up puffier. That'd fool most folks' eye, proportion-wise.

Good thinkin', Dwight. Have Shorty run over and grab muh curlin' wand from the tack room. We're a'gonna have us a little perm-dango!

RED MEAT

fourth-rater by a third grader

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



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RED MEAT

suctioned funnybone marrow

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hello there, William. You don't look very happy...is something wrong?

Yeah. Somebody stole the basket off of my bicycle.

Oh, that's a terrible shame. You know, I could easily fashion you a larger and sturdier basket in a matter of minutes.

Really? You'd do that for me?

With pleasure. Now, to get started I'll need five pounds of pork tenderloin, a spool of bailing wire, a bone saw, two lamb shanks and some formaldehyde-soaked catgut.

Huh...?

Trust me. Nothing says "don't touch my bike" like a glistening, handmade meat basket.

RED MEAT

wrinkled raisins of redaction

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Yeah, I know. It's been floatin' around my apartment for a couple'a days now.

But at least the dang thing has the decency not to follow me when I go to the bathroom.

RED MEAT

squeezings from the pore of doom

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Milkman Dan...get in here. I need to see you in my office for a little "conference."

Uh, that's what I want to talk to you about. As you know, Clover Hill Dairy doesn't even sponsor an "employee of the year" contest.

What I'm getting at, Dan, is that my toupee is not a "prize" that you can blithely award yourself, so I'd like it if you'd take it off your truck antenna and give it back to me.

Certainly, Sir. But you needn't congratulate me on winning the coveted "employee of the year" trophy again this year.

I'm not exactly clear what you're getting at here, Sir.

Fair enough...but I have a standing rule to only surrender the award to an employee that can vanquish me in hand to hand combat.

RED MEAT

wafting whiffs of whatnot

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I went down to th' bowlin' alley with my girl last night, and of course I whupped her real bad. So she goes, "Does that make you feel like a big man...to beat a girl at bowlin'?"

"Yes it does," I says...

"Yes it does."



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RED MEAT

dumplings in the deep end

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Look, Hon...Rod 'n' Reel magazine sent an offer for a dynamite Florida fishing vacation.

It says, "You and a trained guide will stalk the wily and fearsome Florida manatee by flatboat in a savage Everglades preserve."

Sounds nice.
What kind of
fishing is it?

Really? What kind
of bait do they use?

I already told you, Dear. It's
a "dynamite" fishing vacation.

Oh my gosh...the
boys will love that.



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RED MEAT

strategic sidekick sacrifice

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm dying of curiosity, Ted...what are you building in your backyard? I heard power tools and hammering going all night long.

I've been busy remodeling the rear carport into an area for the kids.

Ha! Ha! No...I basically rebuilt the whole structure into a soundproof holding cage with a big floor drain.

Oh, that...

Adding on to make a little more room for a growing family, eh?

Just in time for summer. Speaking of kids, I'd like to borrow your tranquilizer dart gun so I can watch the big game this afternoon.

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RED MEAT

lichen-flecked leprechaun leavings

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Attention, young human!
The mighty Papa Moai
requires your assistance
with a perplexing riddle.



Sure, I guess. I'm
not bad at riddles.

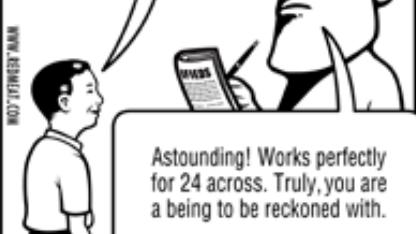
Excellent. Then see if you
can unravel this enigma of
Gordian complexity that
baffles even one such as I.

© MAX CANNON



There is no turning back, now!
What giant mythical bird has
a name of only three letters?

© MAX CANNON



Astounding! Works perfectly
for 24 across. Truly, you are
a being to be reckoned with.

RED MEAT

fiberglass waffles for
unwanted houseguests

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So, Karen...have you given any more
thought to calling a truce between us?



Not really.

I don't know why we need a 'truce,' seein' as
you're the one who's always bein' mean and
jerky to me. Why don't you just quit doin' it?



Hmm. I see
your point.

Guess there's no need for a truce after all.
Ha! Ha! I imagine you'll want to resume
bracing yourself for my next cruel jest.



And you'll have plenty of
time to plan it while you're
changin' the tires I flattened
on your milk delivery truck.

RED MEAT

asphalt bellyflop

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey there, Wally. You're visiting bright and
early for a Saturday morning. Hold on a
sec...did you sleep in my bushes again?



Guess I must've, Ted.
Can't really explain it.

I'm beginning to think that "Power
of the Mind" book you lent me is
a complete load of horse nuggets.



I don't know about that. It
helped me to stop snoring.



Really...? So there's a good chance
I can will myself to stop waking up
naked in your yard every morning?

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Not as long as I keep selling
chloroform to those hooligans
from the cast of Riverdance.

RED MEAT

suction pump for leotard lather

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I really appreciate you taking time to come for dinner, Dan. My wife has been bugging me to invite you over for six months now.



No problem, Ted. Thanks for having me. Nothing like a home-cooked meal.

You can say that again. Let's head to the dining room and chow down.



Sounds good. Can't wait to eat.

Remember to breathe through your mouth, otherwise you might involuntarily gag before you can covertly spit each mouthful of that foul-smelling casserole out into your napkin.



Check. I've got the extra napkins you handed me in my right pocket, and the disposal pouch in the left. Let's go get this charade over with.

RED MEAT

yellowed yarns from yesteryear

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My gosh...Honey, wake up. What's wrong?



Mmph...oh Ted, I was having an awful dream that I was in a prison.

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I know that dream. Women incarcerated under inhuman conditions. Forced to wear tiny cutoff shorts and denim halter tops, while suffering unspeakable torments at the hands of their sadistic captors.



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Tension builds until a sweaty cat fight breaks out in cell block "DD" and the guards have to turn fire hoses on the inmates to break it up.



Never mind. Go back to sleep.

How can you sleep not even knowing how my caged vixens escape Buxom County Prison?

RED MEAT

the fluttering fringe of fecklessness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I gotta call me an exterminator right away. My whole front yard is completely infested.



SKITTER!

Danged gnomes.



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RED MEAT

moist sod for your hogan

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad...can I
get a tattoo?

Absolutely not.

Well then, can I get my tongue pierced?

Not while you're still
living under my roof.

You know, when I was your age, rigorous corset-training was thrill enough for me. Got my waist down to a svelte thirteen inches by junior year.

RED MEAT

one more hill in the humor landfill

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So...how long before it clears up, Doc?

But it doesn't hurt or anything.

Then again, "pruney bathtub skin" occurs almost exclusively in younger children.

I can't really say for sure, Ted. I've never seen a case like this.

Normally, it shouldn't. And it generally isn't accompanied by any negative health effects.

Yeah...I thought only kids got it.

Usually, but it can lie dormant in the body into adulthood. Try taking shorter baths.

RED MEAT

riders on the longhorn shortbus

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, Dwight...back 'er up real slow, then go ahead an' hit them hydraulics an' dump the whole load right here next tuh th' fence.

That'll do 'er right there, Dwight. Thanks.

Whut kind'a fertilizer is this, Boss? It don't smell like th' regular manure we been usin'.

POOMF

Ain't fertilizer...it's cocoa powder. I'm makin' up a mess'a white mousse-filled chocolate boxes as a treat for you boys.

Those sound real purty. All us hired hands shore do like them fancy dee-zurts'a yours.

RED MEAT

catastrophic comedy cave-in

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm worried that you're depressed, Ted. You haven't moved from that recliner all weekend long except to use the restroom.

That just isn't true, Dear.

I've been going right here in my "chair of ultimate despair."



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I've been going right here in my "chair of ultimate despair."



RED MEAT

nicked and grazed by wafers

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

O Lord, we humbly ask your blessing for our church picnic this Sunday. We pray for clear skies and an absence of insects.

Let me write this down: "Good weather and no bugs." Say, guy...you don't happen to have three quarters in your pocket do you?

Oh jeez, I'm not God...I'm her personal assistant. I just need change for Cheetoz from the break room vending machine.



Y-yes I do. But why would the Almighty need three quarters?

There are potato chips in Heaven?!

Ha! I wish! All we have is Cheetoz. Her Royal Snootiness considers all chips an "abomination," so it's snack hell up here.

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RED MEAT

dockside scrod barrage

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What a great dream. I was riding in this hovercraft with a half-nekkid Martian lady, when we got attacked by robot spiders.

Luckily, she knew jujitsu and fought 'em off. Then we went back to my place, but I couldn't get her metal underpants unlocked.

That's always the problem with them Martian gals.



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RED MEAT

plowshares into polyester

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

If you've got a moment, big fella, I need to ask you a quick question.

Speak, human. What would you ask of the all-seeing Papa Moai?

Actually, I was wondering if you knew of a hardware store that sells the two-inch lawnmaster sprinkler heads.

Do you seek the answer to the riddle of life? Perhaps you wish to know the exact day the cosmos will implode?

Tough one. Wouldn't you rather know about time/space anomalies and inter-dimensional portals and what-have-you?

RED MEAT

bucketload of wriggling chucklebait

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know how you're not s'posed to cut a golf ball open 'cause the little ball in the center of it will explode and spray acid?

Well, I cut one open and it didn't explode no acid.

It did bleed all over the table and scream quite a bit, though.

RED MEAT

jagged junkpile of jocularity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm startin' to really get into my new identity as the "Bug-Eyed Avenger."

Tonight, I prank-ordered a couple pizzas and had 'em sent to this one guy who lives down the hall from my apartment.

Which is to avenge his always laughin' at me whenever I wear this costume.

RED MEAT

reenacted flabbergast spasm

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sorry to have to do this, Karen...but I'm placing you under citizen's arrest for riding your bike on a pedestrian walkway.

Nope. I don't think so.



'Cause I'm placin' you under citizen's arrest for bein' drunk in the mornin'.

Whoa. This puts us in kind of a tough spot.

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We'll just have to settle this standoff with another jerky-eating contest. Lucky for us, I brought a 12lb. box of spicy bison strips.

Bring it on. I just had my braces tightened today.

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RED MEAT

randomly-strewn laugh scraps

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, I didn't have that fish pond put in so you could use it as a bathtub.

I'm not, Honey.
I'm just feeding the fish for you.



Really? Most people wouldn't classify stuffing their Speedo full of crumbled doggy biscuits as "feeding the fish."



Keep it down, Sweetheart. The little rascals are really starting to nibble.



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RED MEAT

non-nutritive humor-flavored paste

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Damn, Ted...what is that disgusting smell coming out of your garage?



I've been inventing a new cologne.

Cologne...? It smells like slipper leather, stale pipe tobacco, ascot sweat, hot tub chlorine, Hai Karate and tiki torch fuel.



Wow, Don...good nose. But you left out "pajama funk." That's the secret ingredient that gives my new "Hef" cologne its upsettingly manly power.

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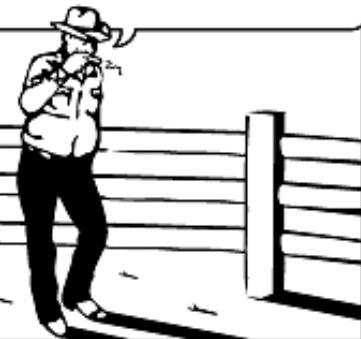
I didn't leave it out, man. I just assumed that particular odor was coming from those pajama bottoms you've got on.

RED MEAT

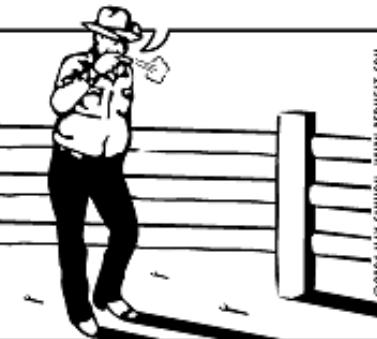
hogtied with velvet duct tape

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dang. Gotta cook me up a good campaign slogan if I'm a gonna git muhself elected as president of the Western Cattlemen's Guild.



Lessee...howzabout, "He's a roper, not a moper"? Naw. I'spect I better go with, "A fella who'll take the bull by the horns."



Awww, gol' durn it. That one's as tired out as muh grandmomma's lace slipcovers.



Heck, Boss...me'n the boys liked that one we had for yuh.

Shoot, Dwight. I reckon you boys're right. "He's meaner'n all hell 'cuz his breeches are fulla eels" has a purty good ring to it.

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RED MEAT

colorless croquettes for chromophobes

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Last week, my girlfriend told me my legs looked like a bird's, so I been tryin' to build 'em up by doin' these exercises I invented.



All week long I done knee crunches, calf curls, gluteus kicks, hamstring pulls, and thigh twists...and my legs got way bigger.



Hopefully, it's not just swelling from all them sprains and torn ligaments.



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RED MEAT

something warm for the whelps

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Lord, I pray that you will grant me the strength to resist the impure thoughts and unclean impulses that torment me.



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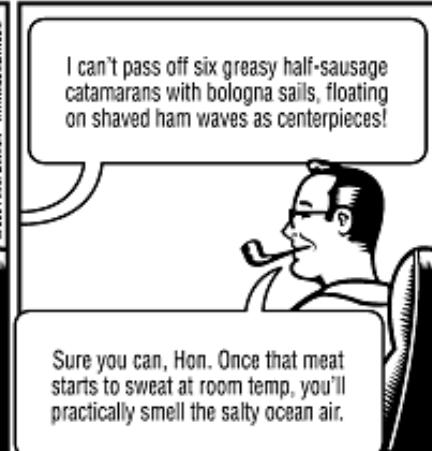
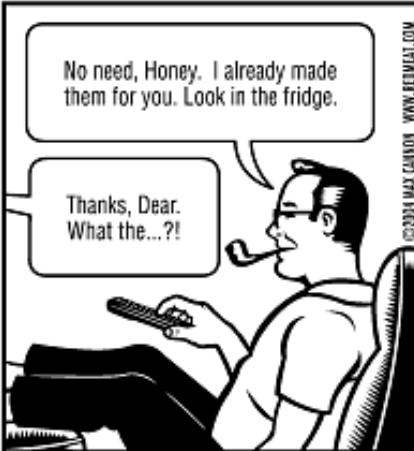


Hot diggity-dog dang, do you need it in a bad way.

RED MEAT

standard-issue laugh rations

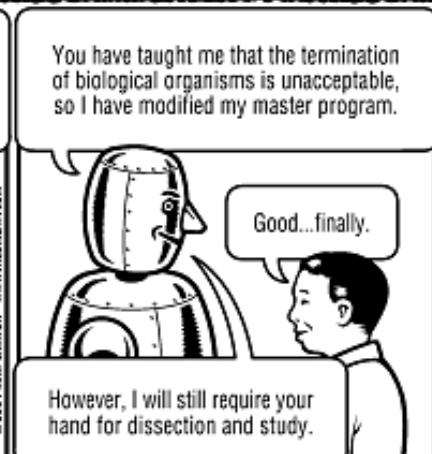
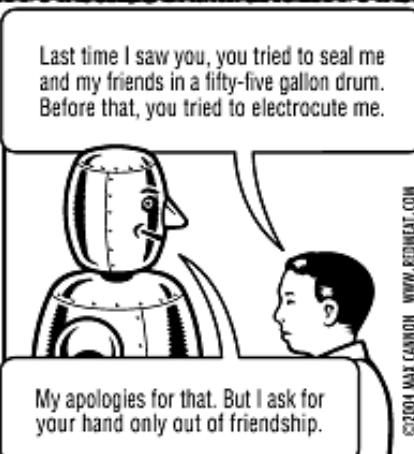
from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

nematodes in your napery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

olive-drab laugh bivouac

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

bunions in your bacon bits

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What's going on, Son? Why are you up in the middle of the night?

I had this nightmare that I got bitten and turned into a zombie.

Oh.

Say, why don't you come down off the top of the refrigerator so we can cook that raw pork chop up in a pan for you.

No way! The living always want to kill the undead...always!

True enough. How about you hand me that jar of M&M's. The living always want M&M's.

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RED MEAT

jagged comedy debris

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Have a seat, Milkman Dan. We're going to go over each and every "incident" in detail, so it's going to take awhile.

Uh, I'd prefer to stand, Boss...if you don't mind.

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I do. Makes me nervous, so have a seat.

Seriously...I really can't.

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Could that be because you have a recent tattoo across your buttocks of our dairy's logo that you've shown to every household on your route over this entire last week?

To be fair, Sir...I have the phone number for customer service clearly visible below the logo.

RED MEAT

soap scum for the great unwashed

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Larry...want to go ride bikes?

I can't. I gotta stay right here or else I'll die.

Huh? What're you talkin' about?

My mom is trying to kill me. If I take my finger off this activator switch that she installed on the refrigerator, I'll be cooked instantly by high-intensity microwaves.

Don't be stupid, Larry. That's just the button for the ice dispenser.

Really? I guess I'm just being paranoid, then. I'll go get my bike...ARRRGHH!!

ZZZKKK!

Whoa. I'd help you, Larry...but I better wait for your filling to cool down a little.

RED MEAT

glistening patina of spittle

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Back when I was a kid, I use'ta be real shy around other folks.

My mother would always say, "just imagine 'em in their underwear, then they won't be so scary to you, Earl."

I still have nightmares about them scary underwear people.

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RED MEAT

overgrown spite trellis

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Rise and shine, big fella... we're off to the gym. Grab your shorts and a racquet!

It's possible, but I honestly can't remember anything about last evening at all.

I did? Oh. No wonder my armpits smell like sautéed gorgonzola.

Last night over drinks you said you'd like to go hit a few with me.

Not surprising. You drank an entire bottle of cooking sherry.

That's perfect! You'll blend right in with the sour, fetid reek of a racquetball court.

KID'S STRANGER MAN. HOWARD NEWTON ©2004

RED MEAT

scrofula skittleball

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man, I tell ya...I won't be sleepin' in the nude again anytime soon.

Them dang Lo Mein noodles get cold this time of year at the bottom of a Chinese restaurant dumpster.

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RED MEAT

contemplating the corncob

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Glad you stopped by, Johnny...I need to dump a truckload of dirt and I sure could use your help. I can pay you ten dollars.

Well, I can sure use the money. What would you want me to do?

I'd like you to stand in the bottom of that narrow pit over there with a shovel while I back the truck up to the edge.

That's all? That doesn't sound like ten dollars worth of work.

You might feel differently after digging yourself out from under nine feet of dirt.

RED MEAT

mud flap on your manubrium

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hi, Wally. My wife and I were curious what you were doing for the holidays this year.

Sitting at home alone.

Oh, don't do that. We'd love to have you come spend them at our house.

No thanks, Ted.

Really...? Why not?

Because you'd chain me to a pipe in your attic where I'd languish for weeks in my own filth, subsisting on insects and paint chips until you finally weary of my mewling pleas.

Oh yes...I forgot. You spent the holidays with us last year.

RED MEAT

safely ensconced in a gossamer cocoon of ennui

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good morning, Karen. I'm here to collect that two dollars you owe me.

What...? I don't owe you no two dollars.

Sure you do. Remember when you needed help getting your bicycle out of that tree? I told you then that my fee was two dollars.

By gosh, you're right. And my standard rate for a "vertical placement" is four dollars. Tell you what...let's just call it an even five.

But you were the jerk who put my bike in the tree in the first place!

I'm not payin' you nothin'!

How rude, considering I just placed your bicycle back up in the tree at my discounted "preferred customer" rate.

RED MEAT

lucifer's screwdriver

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Happy birthday, William. I'm going to count to three. Why don't you count along with me?

Thanks. And why are we counting to three, Mr. Blx?

Because once we reach three, there will be a wonderful birthday surprise awaiting you.

Yeah...? Like what?

Well, I will detonate a nearby horse carcass I have stuffed with explosives, and you and I will be splattered by a festive rain of gore.

No thanks...I'll pass.

Oh, please? I even filled its stomach cavity with butterscotch chews and peppermints.

RED MEAT

la bande dessinée la plus populaire de france

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Messieurs et Mesdames! Now we have great pride to present for you the beloved clown of Europe...Ponzo! Tonight he makes for you his world-famous performance...

=BELCH!!=

Fini.

Très excellent!

Perfection!

Bravo!

Encore!
Encore!

RED MEAT

rooty-toot tout le monde

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

♪ Ave Ma-a-ri-i-i-a-aaa... ♪

Ponzo!

Ponzo!

=BLEEEAAAAGGGH!!=

=Ack =...Fini,

Uh, was that a part of the act?

But of course! He is a genius.

RED MEAT

sanitary and delicious

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ohhh...Doctor, I have a terrible sickness of the stomach. You must please give to me the medicine for the curing of the pain.



I have seen this condition before, Monsieur Ponzo. Swollen red nose, the lack of color in the face, the black rings around the eyes. I am afraid you soon will be dead unless we begin costly radiation treatments at once.

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B-But Doctor, I am a clown.



I know it is hard for you to accept, but I have a gold plaque. You must trust me.

RED MEAT

mordant amusements for gentlefolke

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

It is too tragic for me, the great Ponzo, to die a slow and painful death, so I will end my life quickly and gloriously with a bullet.



Wait, Monsieur! It seems I have mixed up your medical records with those of my beloved poodle, Giselle. The dog, she is terminal, but you are perfectly fine.

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Silence, idiot! How dare you interrupt Ponzo's greatest performance of all time!

Excusez-moi. Please continue.

RED MEAT

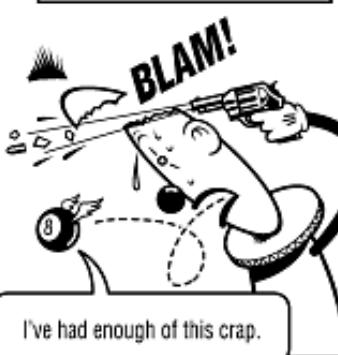
glistening cluster of comedy roe

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This is it. There is no sorrow in leaving a world that mocks me.



As Ponzo pulls the trigger, his soul makes a hasty exit...



I've had enough of this crap.

Ack! Now I am not dead...I am undead!!

So, does that mean you don't validate parking?



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RED MEAT

barbed wire bunting

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ugh...what a mess. His noodles are completely scrambled. Maybe I can rewire him somehow.



Jeez, I can't figure out how this bloody mush is supposed to go together, but you know what...?



It tastes pretty good.

NUUUUUUUUUUU!!

RED MEAT

puling pleas from the portcullis

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My ladyfriend gave me this home picklin' kit for my birthday, so I been busy picklin' all kinds of goodies for three weeks now.



I love lookin' at all them shiny mason jars sittin' up there in a neat row on the top pantry shelf like they was in a museum.



Especially the one with all the green and yellow parakeets in it.



RED MEAT

cinder block tetherball

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, Son...you can go to sleep now. All our home security systems are in place.



Could we go over the checklist again, Dad?

I locked all the windows and doors, and I sprinkled cornflakes on the stairs and in the hallway, so we'll hear any footsteps.



Good. Did you put the butter on all the outer doorknobs?

Butter...?! I'm not going to do that. I think this "security" obsession of yours has gotten a little unhealthy.



Please! Burglars will get me while I sleep!!

Look, Son...what say we go downstairs and pour you a glass of Mr. Jim Beam's magic invulnerability fluid? Your mom swears by it.

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RED MEAT

confessions of a hypoplastic cerebrum

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Papa Moai. My dad and mom wanted me to come and see if you need a coat, since it's s'posed to be freezing out tonight.

An interdimensional being like myself is impervious to all the elements. I have basked in the heart of the supernova, and lolled in the subzero of deep space.

My parents just thought you looked a little chilly out here in the front yard.

Absurd. I require no artificial protection.

I guess you'll be okay, then.

No, I'm good.

RED MEAT

encrusted with dried humor granules

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Glad you decided to brave a wintertime survival camp-out with your old dad. Let's go over our gear checklist again.

But we've already been over it twice.

Ha! The true adventurer can't ever be too careful when staring death in the eye, Son.

Death? Uh...let's do the list again.

That's the spirit! Okay, we have parkas, snow boots...

...compass, first aid kit, heated sleeping bags, inflatable space tent, hatchet, bear-repellent spray, flare gun, and a GPS locator beacon.

Even with all that, we could still die?

Sadly, yes. Your mother would come downstairs in the morning to find our bodies being devoured by a pack of carpet beetles.

RED MEAT

jackknife nosedive

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My mom always told me, "there's a big pot of gold at the end of every rainbow."

So after a lifetime of searchin', I finally found me one'a them pots.

Except it was full of corn chowder...and it was at the end of this all-you-can-eat soup and salad bar at the horse track.

RED MEAT

malingering in your own musk oil

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I want to see you in my office, Dan. You've gone way too far this time.



What do you mean, Sir?

What do I mean? You recalibrated the milk carton-cutting machine so that the blade hits the assembly-line workers' fingers.

Oh...that.

I need them for the necklace I'm making.

From human fingers...?!!



It's worth a try. This blood-caked machete I've been carrying doesn't seem to discourage my customers from phoning in complaints about the poor service they've been getting.

RED MEAT

heaping spoonful of armageddon-O's

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad, when are we leaving for the zoo? We've been waiting around for an hour.



Pretty soon. I just have a few more things to pack.

Tell you what...you can help me by putting this shotgun, my serrated skinning knife, and that steel leg-trap in the car for me.



Why do we need that stuff at the zoo?

Because, Son...at thirty-five dollars for a family admission fee, we're not coming back home empty-handed.

RED MEAT

double your pressure, double your funk

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Stop being a martyr, Ted. You don't have to sleep out here on the living room floor.

It's for the best, Sweetheart...seriously.



Whenever I get bloated after dinner like this, it's essential for me to be as far away from any other human beings as possible.



Don't be so melodramatic. I don't care if you've got a little...oh my god. =choke=

Run now, and don't look back. I just felt your asparagus casserole enter my small intestine.



RED MEAT

carefully-stroked beard of hornets

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Steve...what's up? Haven't seen you around for a few months. Still undergoing all those skin graft operations and such?



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Yep. Had to fly to Vienna for a while to see the leading reconstructive ear and nose specialist. Not too bad, eh?



Of course, we'll all sleep better at night once you get some eyelids.



RED MEAT

humor that relents
once you say "uncle"

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I've been feelin' lucky lately, so's I been enterin' every contest I can find—in the mail, at stores, and buyin' lotto tickets.



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I even entered this one contest to win an old lady's suitcase at the bus station.



Okay...I stole that.



RED MEAT

infected humor gland

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

To what do I owe this honor, Chet? In all my years at the dairy, I've never once seen you leave the upstairs dispatcher's booth.



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I just hadda come down here to da loadin' dock an' shake yer hand, Milkman Dan.



For da first time in ten years, you gone one whole week wit'out crushin' da front grill, side panels, or fenders on yer delivery truck.



RED MEAT

woodchucks in the wainscoting

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...wake up. Look at this.

Striking-looking, isn't it?

It's not paint...it's toothpaste.

Wha...? What are you
doing awake? My god,
you're chalky-white!

Ted...it's three in the
morning. Why did you
paint yourself white?

And why is your
body covered with
toothpaste, Ted?

I can't exactly recall, Sweetheart...
but hot damn, I feel minty-fresh.

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RED MEAT

klingons in your globular cluster

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ahhh...my vegetable garden is looking
spectacular this year. Hearty cabbage,
plump red tomatoes, deep-emerald kale
and succulent eggplant. Ha! Why, there
are even a few pinecones!

POOM!

No...those are hand grenades.

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RED MEAT

busfare to nowhere

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Excuse me, but are
you a police officer?

Nope, sorry. I'm
just a milkman.

Oh.

Then you probably
don't care that I just
saw a guy get killed?

Not really. Did
it involve milk?

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RED MEAT

ballast tank for the subpar

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Nick...you haven't seen my son go by on a riding mower have you?

Sure. About ten minutes ago.

Made me kind of nostalgic. I used to steal my old man's mower and go on neighborhood joyrides back in the day.

Yeah...I did, too.

Man! Nothing like riding that John Deere 'til those blades were so clogged with squirrel fur that they wouldn't even spin anymore.

Ha! Ha! I was more of a pigeon man, myself.

RED MEAT

guttersnipe finishing school

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

If I could travel through this mirror, I bet I'd end up in a parallel dimension that's the exact opposite of this one.

Don't do it! If both of us ended up on the same side, it would set off an atomic chain reaction and destroy the entire universe.

Whoa...is that really true?

Nah. It's just that my mom would definitely notice if we were both stealin' her cigarettes.

RED MEAT 2105

spaceborne slurry
of futuristic fudge

from the time travel files of
Max Cannon

It's truly astounding, K-REN. I can't help but marvel at the price of gasoline. I just paid 60,000 credits for a single gallon of it.

But why acquire an antique combustion fuel? Any known mechanical device can be converted to run on fusion modules.

Mechanical devices, yes. But to immolate a child's tree-mounted recreational pod, you have to do it the old-fashioned way.

That's remarkable.

I hate you, Genetically-Modified Soy Beverage Distribution Man Dan.

RED MEAT

buttery bolus of blubber

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Thanks for coming with me to my school's open house this year, Dad.

You're welcome, Son.

It's okay if you don't come next year, though.

Hey, now...what kind of a father would I be if I didn't attend your school events?

The kind who only wears his yellow terry cloth hot pants around his own house, and not in front of my friends and my teachers.

I would never wear those things in public. These are my ochre chenille bun-huggers.

RED MEAT

pickle juice spritzer

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This buddy of mine took me all over town to a bunch of garage sales this weekend.

At this one house, I got me a pair of trousers for a quarter and a bunch of old t-shirts for twenty cents apiece.

Even though it costs a little more, it sure beats peelin' 'em off dead winos.

RED MEAT

the linoleum lapels on
your tarpaper tuxedo

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Happy birthday, William. I have a wonderful surprise for you. But first...close your eyes.

No way, Mr. Bix. You'll just throw up on me again.

Don't be ridiculous.

= BLAGHHKKK!! =

Sorry. That was supposed to be your cake.

It smells like stale beer and smoked bologna.

It is. But after four days in my fermentation unit, it should have formed into a rancid cake-like mass.

RED MEAT

wind-chime of the apocalypse

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say little lady...why the long face today?

You're a dumb jerk,
Milkman Dan! You
lied to me an' I got
a bad grade on my
science book report.

Thomas Edison didn't invent cars like you said. Everybody in my class laughed at me. You're a big fat dumb liar, and I hate you.

That's about all you can do, Karen. You see, your innocent young mind cannot possibly comprehend the full spectrum of wanton cruelty and sadistic glee that is what I call, "The Milkman Dan Experience."

RED MEAT

cardboard fence for
a styrofoam utopia

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...something's wrong with our television. I can only get one channel.

That's because you're staring at the aquarium. Try swiveling your chair in the other direction...toward the TV.

Well, I'll be darned. I wondered why Bill O'Reilly was feeding off the bottom.

Hmmm. Maybe you are looking at the televison.

RED MEAT

pieced together from
excavated comedy shards

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dan, could you step into my office for a moment?

Of course, Sir. What's up?

Do you know anything about these used ten-inch pipecleaners all over my desk?

Oops. My apologies.
I was cleaning out a
clogged nozzle from
the bottle sanitizing
unit late last night.

These cleaners are all coated with slime and brown crud. That unit must've been filthy.

Not really. It's just that I was in the process, so I figured I might as well clean my pet anteater's clogged nozzle as well.

RED MEAT

pantload ididerod

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man...I think my girlfriend is hoppin' mad at me. I was supposed to go out with her last night, but I forgot. Now I'm afraid to call her and get yelled at.

I have a pretty good cover story worked out, though.

All I have'ta do is find a barracuda somewhere and get it to attack me.

RED MEAT

threadbare tapestry of titters

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Your mom is at a meeting tonight, so we're on our own for dinner. How does macaroni and cheese sound? Mmm, what d'you say?

Okay, but only if the patties are cooked well enough that any bacteria resulting from the ground-up fecal matter in the meat are killed.

All right, let's go jump in the car...it's burger time!



Bleaghk. Can't we go and get hamburgers?



Let's just have macaroni and cheese...okay, Dad?

RED MEAT

synthetic pelt trading post

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My god, Ted. The entire house has a sour musky stench. How many days has it been since you last showered?

It's completely liberating, Dear. This is how our distant ancestors must've felt. I'm finally at one with my brute nature.

And I bet you'd feel even closer to it if you went out and lived in the kids' tree house for the duration of this extended vacation of yours from personal hygiene.



I don't know...maybe ten.



I would, except the filth ulcers on my back erupted an hour ago, then dried out...and now I'm glued to this leather chair.

RED MEAT

liquid corn for the recently born

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Look Dan, before you go out on your delivery route this morning, I insist that you take that damn "thing" off of the front of your milk truck.



What "thing" would that be, sir?

You know damn well what I'm talking about.



Yes I do, Sir...but I want you to say it.

Alright. Alright. I want you to take that giant "nipple" off the front of your truck.



See? That wasn't so hard to say, was it?

I hate you, Milkman Dan.

RED MEAT

waxy residue on the self-adhesive vinyl flooring of your dreams

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I was on my way to a movie show when I saw this run-over cat on the side of the street. I figured I better pick it up, so's I could throw it in a trash inside the theater.



After I buy my ticket, the door guy tells me that I can't bring no dead cat into the movie theater, but he says he'll call the cops on me if I leave it on the sidewalk.



Luckily for me, I only had to eat a couple'a bites before he let me put it in the trash.

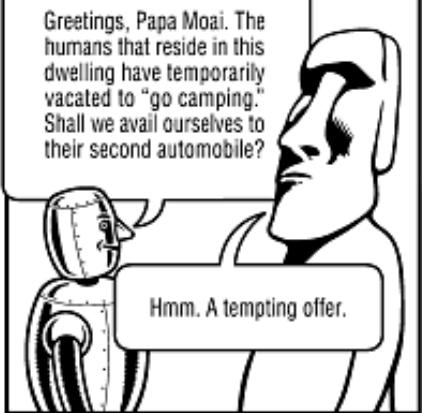


RED MEAT

protracted laugh famine

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Greetings, Papa Moai. The humans that reside in this dwelling have temporarily vacated to "go camping." Shall we avail ourselves to their second automobile?



Hmm. A tempting offer.

But, as I am an all-powerful galactic entity, I can transport myself to the far reaches of space with a mere thought. I do not require the assistance of mechanized conveyance.



Too bad. Their vehicle has posi-traction and a bottle of strawberry-mint tequila in the glove compartment.



Whoo-eee...rev her on up. I need to go grab my Skynyrd tapes and my denim vest.

RED MEAT

your hellride backseat driver

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I had to get away from the wife for awhile. You've never been married...have you, Wally?

Yep. Three times.



I guess I never knew that. If you don't mind me asking, how come it never worked out?

You know how it is...



Being married to a chubby, balding man who suffers from chronic, stress-triggered incontinence isn't any picnic for a woman.

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Tell me about it...I left quite a mess back at home. Thank god I still have gorgeous hair.

RED MEAT

underdone overkill aftermath

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Last night I was lookin' out my window and I notice this guy lookin' at me from the building across the way. So I take off my clothes and do a nekkid dance to make him quit lookin.'



When I look back, he has his clothes off, and the guy's doin' a little nekkid dance right back at me.



Pretty good dancer, too.



RED MEAT

pumice patch on the slip-n-slide

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Let's go, Honey. Our reservations are for seven, and they won't hold the table for us.



Ted, you can't wear that outfit to Rusty's.



Okay, but you can't dive into Rusty's lobster tank again to pull the rubber bands off their claws just so the kids can watch them fight.

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I wasn't going to do that. Tonight I plan to flop around all over the oyster bar like an alpha bull seal in a challenger's entrails.

RED MEAT

the chin strap on your skullcap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey there, Son...how was junior danger camp this year? I'm anxious to hear all about your adventures in survival science.

We didn't do all that much.

We had to write a report on the effects of botulin spore ingestion, after the counselors made us eat a bowl of contaminated gravy.



Sounds exciting.

That's the way of the natural world, Son. Only the strongest survive, and the weak are winnowed out. It's an important lesson.

Yeah...can I go to a safe place like band camp next summer?

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Safe? Ha! When I was a band camp drum major, I used to march the French horn players off the edge of a cliff like lemmings.

RED MEAT

soft soap for hard times

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You seem to be a little depressed lately, Karen. Things not going so well for you?

That guy who was datin' my momma broke up with her, an' now she just sleeps all day long and don't go to work.

Hmmm...I know those things can be kind of rough. Maybe I could take you and your mom out to the lake on my new boat for an afternoon. That might cheer you both up.

R-really...? You bought a boat?

No...not really, Karen. I just made that up. What would really cheer you both up is a real dad who would cherish your mother and love you as if you were his own child. But, statistically, you and your mom have a better chance of being hit by a meteorite.

Kind of makes a boat ride on a lake seem pointless, doesn't it?

RED MEAT

rubber duck for your bathos

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm finally gettin' near the end of this two thousand-page science fiction novel that I been readin' over the last couple months.

In the final chapter, this one guy who's the hero of the story gets sent to this planet where everything starts with the letter "Z."

Okay...maybe it's not really a science fiction novel. Maybe it's just an old dictionary that I found in the alleyway.

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RED MEAT

plaited hairball extensions

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Look, man...you can't live by the rules we made way back when we were in college.

But we meant it, Don.



Look at that over there. If you ever see me holdin' some chick's purse for her, kill me.

MONDO KWAN STUDIO

You got it, my man.
Goes double for me.



Then you'll just have to go ahead and kill me. My wife comes out of that dressing room, and I'm not holding this purse...I'm dead anyway.

MAX CANNON/MONDO KWAN

Goes double for me. I better go grab my wife's purse out from under that clothes rack before she comes out.



RED MEAT

suddenly...the sidewalk

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I know Wally, this pipe's finish has lost its luster. Do you sell pipe wax or something?



No...not really.

What I generally use is a good-sized shot of mucus rubbed into a moist chamois cloth. Would you like me to shine her up for you?



Kids these days...I'm glad I didn't tell him about how to remoisturize stale tobacco with a fresh cat stool.

MAX CANNON/MONDO KWAN STUDIO



RED MEAT

infected humor gland

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I seen this one story on the news last week about an Irish setter who adopted a cute baby squirrel just like it was her own pup.



So I figured I'd try the same deal with this little baby kitten I found in the alleyway.



One thing's for dang sure...my pet boa constrictor isn't no Irish setter.



RED MEAT

belt-mounted effluvium creel

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I came in as soon as I got your call, Doc. Why'd you want to see me again so soon?

Heck, Doc...you took full-body x-rays the last time I came in. Do I have something serious?!

Jeez. Isn't it kind of bad for my health to get so many x-rays?

Frankly, Johnny... I'm going to need some more x-rays.

No, not at all. I just...uh...need another full set.

No doubt...but my kids need a few more to decorate their grade school's haunted house for Halloween.

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RED MEAT

iron-on rough patch

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...you've got to come in here and see this show about the UFO cover-up. According to this, aliens began taking over human bodies as far back as 50 years ago.

Oh, I don't know why you even bother to watch that trash, Ted. If that were true, don't you think a lot more people would have noticed it by now.

Now turn that darn thing off and have another one of my delicious fried kitten heads with a savory xrgglz herb crust.

Hmm. I suppose you're right, Dear.

Mmm...thanks!

RED MEAT

bone-deep paper cut

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I took my old granny to the park today, 'cause she likes to go feed the pigeons.

She fed them pigeons for awhile, but I took her home after I seen that them birds started squirtin' out white foam.

I don't know what pigeons usually eat... but I'm pretty sure it ain't alka-seltzer.



RED MEAT

sausages in your sarcophagus

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I figured out a way I can get me a better suntan over the winter than in the summer, and I don't ever have'ta go out in the sun.



Plus...it don't cost hardly anything. I made up my own "sunless" tannin' lotion outta stuff I had lyin' around.



I can't wear no clothes though...the worcestershire and soy sauce leave big stains all over 'em when I sweat.

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RED MEAT

unplugged comedy respirator

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Darn it all, Honey...I just can't stop worrying about the kids.

Go to sleep, Ted. They'll be fine.



But they've never slept outdoors before.

Sure they have. They camped out in the backyard twice last summer.



But that was with a tent and sleeping bags...and they weren't trapped at the bottom of an abandoned mine shaft.

Okay, good point. We'll lower some food down to them in the morning.



RED MEAT

more porridge for the engorged

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Go away, Milkman Dan. I don't want you to do nothin' mean to me today.



Take it easy, Karen... I'm here as a friend.

I just need a little favor. I was wondering if you would be kind enough to squeeze a rather large, unsightly blackhead for me.



Ewww!! I don't wanna touch your greasy skin!

You wouldn't have to. You see, the ghastly infected pore that I'm referring to is right on the tip of your nose. Aha-ha! Ha! Ha!



You're a jerk, Milkman Dan.

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RED MEAT

buoyant flotsam in an ocean of hurt

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Come on everybody...let's get ready a little quicker. We're supposed to be at the portrait studio in fifteen minutes.



This is stupid, Dad. I don't know why we have to get a "family photo" every year. It makes us look like a bunch of retardz.



Really? That's not very reassuring coming from a guy who's wearing a jacket and tie with running shorts.

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They only take our picture from the waist up. I like to be as comfortable as I can.



RED MEAT

fleabag feeding frenzy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I can't go to the beach looking like this, Sweetheart. Maybe you and the kids should go ahead without me.



Don't be a child, Ted. So maybe you've put on a few pounds. Nobody's going to care...it's the beach, not a beauty contest.



I suppose you're right, Dear. I mean, if you're not self conscious about those lumpy saddlebags on your thighs, why am I making a big deal out of a little gut?



Unpack the car, kids! We're all spending the weekend at home for your father's funeral.

RED MEAT

bite-mark festoonery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

A couple days ago my girlfriend got fired from her new job, so I thought I'd try to cheer her up. Now she's all mad at me.



I just don't get it...



That chimp was alive and kickin' when I put it in her refrigerator.

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RED MEAT

rumpled rodeo of regret

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Shoot, boys...we got us a real mess on our hands. Hope you fellers packed in some grub, 'cause this is gonna take us all day.



You ain't kiddin', Boss. We can't even reckon where tuh git started.

Don't go gettin' your tailfeathers in a ruffle, Dwight. Let's have Shorty and Slim haul the darker stock intuh the barn and all of them white an' tan ones over tuh the livery stable.



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You'n me best handle all them more delicate ones over in the tractor barn.

Dang it, Boss...I tried to tell them boys it wuz a fool idea tuh mix up all of our laundry in one big load.

Live 'n' learn. We'll git'er sorted out.

RED MEAT

trouser-load weigh station

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Attention, human! The mighty Papa Moai wishes to purchase some of your finest pipe tobacco.

Ahh...that would be the Turkish ribbon spiced with Louisiana Perique.

Tobacco shack
©2005 MAX CANNON

Excellent. I will take sixty-seven kilograms of it in a wooden box.

I don't keep that much in stock. How about two pounds in a paper bag?

Tobacco shack
WWW.REDMEAT.COM

Insufficient. I would go through that paltry amount in one sitting.

Wow...you really like to smoke, don't you?

Tobacco shack
©2005 MAX CANNON

Never tried it. It's just that we interdimensional beings are very finicky about what we line the bottoms of our personal litter boxes with.

RED MEAT

dump truck motorcade

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My neck is all stiff 'cause I slept on it funny.

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If you call layin' unconscious all night long in a dumpster "funny."

RED MEAT

heat-and-serve nihilism

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Uh, Boss....I couldn't help but notice that I didn't receive my holiday bonus along with the dairy's other employees.

Very astute, Milkman Dan.



But, Sir...I worked double shifts every day this year, and never called in sick.

I'm well aware of that.



I even hosted the annual company charity fundraiser event for the local animal shelter at my house.

By sponsoring a blowgun tranquilizer dart "kitten hunt" in your back yard!!



Hmm. In retrospect, perhaps the "drop and adopt" hunt was an error in judgement on my part...but the "puppy toss" raised close to \$17.

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RED MEAT

tin cupful of tepid chowder

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What's going on, here...? Why can't I seem to find my "Shark Attack Week" specials on any of these videotapes? It's all just chunky women in leotards!



Oops...sorry, Ted. I must've taped over them when I recorded a bunch of my "Bun-Tighteners" exercise programs.

Great. Now what am I supposed to watch?



Four hours and thirty minutes later...

Come and get it, Ted...dinner's ready.

I can't get up, Honey. My bun-cheeks locked up two hours ago and clenched themselves to this seat cushion.



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RED MEAT

spittle foam in your bon mot

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Happy New Year, big fella! That was quite a party we had. How are you feeling?



Pretty good, though I can't seem to recall any details about the party.

That's not a surprise. You drank sixteen Martinis and ran around in a pair of my old tighty-whities all night.



Really? Well then I suppose I had a wonderful time last night.

Uh, New Year's was five days ago. Just figured I'd best come over here and check for a pulse.



Thanks. Need your underwear back?

Once you've used 'em as diapers, they're yours.

NOVEMBER 2005 WWW.REDMEAT.COM

RED MEAT

sparging sputum spillway

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Last night my girlfriend gets all mad and she says to me, "Dang it, Earl...stop pickin' at that scab, or it ain't never gonna heal."



What the heck...



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It's her lip.



RED MEAT

disheartening dungaree download

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Don't mean to be a prude, Wally...but since you've become a "naturist," my wife has gotten uncomfortable with your daily visits.



That's a shame, Ted.

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If only she could see that clothing is a tool of an oppressive and puritanical society to shame us into compliance.



Hmm...I never thought of it that way.

Imagine, if you can, an idyllic free society where every man and woman can sport a smooth, even tan on their butt cheeks.



It sounds like paradise. Now that you mention it, your muffins are a delightfully rich cocoa-bronze hue.

RED MEAT

misery's feed trough

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

How was your school field trip to the dairy last week, Karen? I watched for you, but I didn't see any groups come through at all.



I'm glad you didn't, 'cause it was awful, Milkman Dan.



Right after we went into the milking barn, one of the cows exploded and got blood and guts all over us, so we had to leave.

I knew those C-4 charges were old, but I'd really hoped that at least three or four of the cows would go off. I really wanted you kids to have a memorable day at the dairy.



If it makes you feel better, all the kids had nightmares.

RED MEAT

loving caresses to humor's
leathery gray undercarriage

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been havin' trouble sleepin' lately, so's I bought me one'a them alarm clocks that plays the sounds of oceans and forests.



Works great. I slept like a baby all night.



Beats the heck outta my Aztec pyramid alarm clock that sacrifices a screaming li'l plastic virgin every hour on the hour.

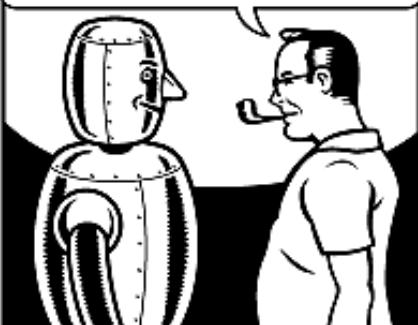


RED MEAT

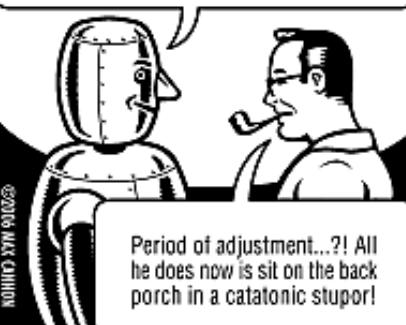
breach in your bilge boots

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

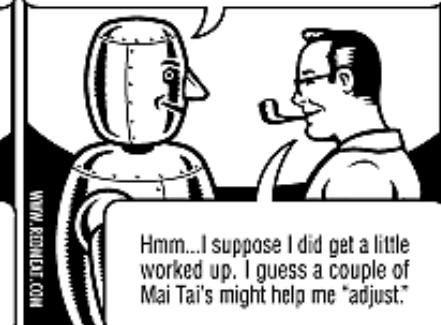
I've just about had my fill of your robotic shenanigans, Bix. This time you've gone entirely too far...I'm shutting you down.



I can understand your apprehension, Ted. My surgical modification of your son's brain may require a minor period of "adjustment."



He merely awaits. I have refunctionalized him to expertly mix any beverage from the Playboy Bartending Guide upon command.



RED MEAT

mirth's tattered hand-me-downs

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

O Lord...with your divine guidance, we must convince the school board that you created this Earth—and all life—only 5,000 years ago.



Sorry about that, kiddo...you were talking some serious crazy-talk there for a minute.



RED MEAT

headlock nepotism

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Last week, my landlord installed this new vinyl floor coverin' in my kitchen. It's way nicer lookin' than the torn-up yellow and brown linoleum that was on there before.

It sure ain't as tough, though.

It didn't stand up to my Sunday mornin' indoor mini-bike club's rip-roarin' combo of brodies, burnouts and power slides.



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RED MEAT

oozing comedy sore

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Baby...I think I'm little sick to my stomach from dinner. You feelin' okay?

Come on, now...how could I possibly get an upset stomach from not flossing my teeth?

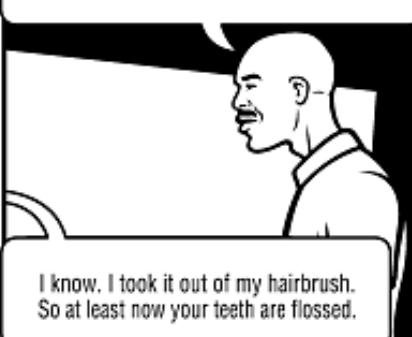
Look, I don't want to hurt your feelings...but maybe it's 'cause that meatloaf had so much hair in it that I could barely chew it.



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I know. I took it out of my hairbrush. So at least now your teeth are flossed.

RED MEAT

the moist chuckle of chainsaws

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Mom...can Larry and I have a couple more cherry tomatoes?

Yuck. We're not gonna eat 'em.

We squish them on the ground, 'cause they're the paratrooper commandos whose shutes didn't open properly.

Sure. It's great to see you boys eat fresh vegetables.

So then, why do you two want tomatoes?

No. Cherry tomatoes are a little expensive to be used as "paratroopers."

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Then would it be okay if we fill up some water balloons with last night's beef stew?

RED MEAT

crumpling cardboard crescendo

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Last night I didn't have nothin' to do, so I got me some scissors an' cut a pair'a holes in the fronts of all of my t-shirts.

Now I'm thinkin' I should do it to all my regular shirts, too.

Heck...might as well exercise my legal right as a man to show off my nipples.



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RED MEAT

seething hotbed of the ho-hum

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Oh my god, Ted...somebody's left a wicker basket with a little baby in it on our front doorstep. There's even a little note attached.

It says: "Please take care of my precious little angel. He was born with a rare and incurable medical condition, and I am not able to pay the hundreds of thousands of dollars to get him the treatment he needs."

Just leave it out there on the stoop, honey. The cats'll get it.

I'll be darned.
What's it say?

Oh Ted...what
should we do?

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RED MEAT

unanimous crap mandate

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This is absurd. It's past 3 a.m. and I still don't feel the least bit sleepy yet.

SCREEEAGHK!!

Apparently, neither does that dog-sized spider thing with the talking goat's head that I locked down in the basement earlier.



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RED MEAT

bedeviled by bejeezus

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

silt-choked comedy nozzle

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

glimmering humor mirage

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

salon-formulated saddle softener

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This dang drought's got us over a barrel.
We gotta get them livestock some water.



Water tower's plum
empty, Boss...so's
the drainage pond.

And seein' as we can't divert no more
water from the culverts neither, I figger
we got no durn choice left us but one.



Gol' durn it, boys. Reckon we gotta siphon
out the whirlpool spa, the swedish cold dip,
and ever' one'a our pedicure soakin' tubs.



Dwight's also
got a couple'a
cases of fancy
mineral water.

Good. Just save me one'a them bottles.
Cain't seem tuh get this conditionin' rinse
out of muh hair with plain ol' tap water.

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RED MEAT

gravy-stained muumuu of despair

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You better not be mean to me, Milkman Dan,
or you're gonna go to hell when you die.

I think not, Karen...

WOMEN'S MUMU SOURCE



Milkman Dan is never going to die. You see,
many years ago, an Eastern mystic told me
the ancient secrets of immortality. I can
do what I wish and I have nothing to fear.

You're lyin'! My mom said
only God can live forever.



What if I'm not lying? What if Milkman Dan
has beaten God at his own game? Imagine,
if you will, what kind of delicious suffering
awaits you at the hands of the most powerful
milkman in the universe.

You can't do nothin'
to make me suffer!



Really...? Seen your bicycle lately?

from the futuristic files of
Max Cannon

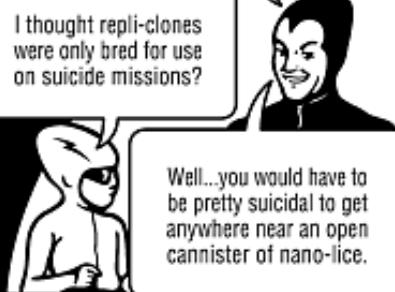
RED MEAT 2110

distorted peephole
into a bleak beyond

Hi, K-Ren. You probably noticed that I
haven't been around. You see, I had myself
placed in bio-suspension for a few weeks
so I could get some much-needed rest.

Just yesterday, you neutronized my hover
pod...and the day before that, you released
a ravenous horde of nano-lice into the air-
vac system at my junior reeducation center.

However, you might want to check with
the dozen or so repli-clones I had made of
myself while I languished in cryo-freeze.



Are you out of your mind,
Synthetic Lacto-Beverage
Distribution Worker Dan?

Sorry...wasn't me.

I thought repli-clones
were only bred for use
on suicide missions?

Well...you would have to
be pretty suicidal to get
anywhere near an open
cannister of nano-lice.

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RED MEAT

levity's waterboard

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad...is it okay if I go to the snack bar to get a soda?

You don't like the ones I brought?

Not really. They taste disgusting.

Yeah...I suppose they do. I should have known better than to buy "curry-flavored sparkling beverage" from a dollar store.

I warned you that the third ingredient on the can's label was "cod lymph."

RED MEAT

freshly-picked laugh scabs

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I bought me one'a them self-inflating navy life rafts from the surplus store.

It's pretty good, except the instruction manual left out the most important thing.

You definitely don't want to be inside of a phone booth when you pull that ripcord.

RED MEAT

impromptu pantaloons fusillade

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Listen, Karen...since I don't have kids of my own, I was wondering if you'd like to be my guest at the Father/Daughter picnic this year.

No way, Milkman Dan! You invited me to go last year, then you drove me out to the middle of the woods and left me inside of an abandoned water tank for a whole week.

Hah! I'd forgotten. You showed some real spunk living off mosquito larvae and stagnant water for that long. Impressive!



RED MEAT

frosting on your fried fatback

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hi Wally, I just need a few ounces of mild Cavendish.

Coming right up. Say...how'd you like that "Philosopher's Blend" I sold you last week?

I liked it a lot better once I realized I could telepathically communicate with birds and bend metal with my mind while smoking it.

tobacco shack

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Ha! Ha! Those darn birds tell some racy jokes, don't they?

RED MEAT

barnacles on your buttercups

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Look, kid...all you gotta do is stand out in front and watch for the cops. Trust me here, nothing is going to go wrong.

Oh, come on. It'll be the easiest fifty smackers you ever made.

What the heck, I don't think I've ever been offered imaginary money by a hand puppet to help rob a pretend liquor store before.

I don't know...

Okay, I'll do it.

Great! If any "make-believe" cops pay you a visit, just "pretend" not to know anything.

RED MEAT

needlenose nostril thread

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This here infrared visor gives me the ability to see through ladies' clothes.

Holy jeez...!

Which ain't such a good thing for a guy workin' in a geriatric hospital.

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RED MEAT

tangerines in your tailpipe

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Long time no see, Nick. My wife tells me you graduated from law school. Congratulations!

You pay your tuition, then you show up for a few classes, and take some tests. Couple of years later, you're a lawyer.

Then get a load of this: I'm suing everybody I know, just for the hell of it...except you.

Thanks, but it's no big deal.

Well, I'm still proud of you.

Which is only fair, seeing as I helped you varnish your entire human skull collection.

RED MEAT

the languid milkteat of lethargy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Greetings, human known as "Ted." The mighty Papa Moai desires a small favor.

Simply put, every seventy years my kind is required to mate with a human and then use their spent body as a nutrient sac for the gestation of our brood.

That depends on what it is.

I'm not sure I understand. You want me to find you a woman?

Unnecessary. You'll do just fine.

I have a better idea.
You can kiss my a...

Calm down, I was only kidding.
I just need help moving a couch.

RED MEAT

laugh gravy on your tickle bib

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This here cowboy life ain't whut it used'ta be, Dwight. Reg'lar folks're makin' all kind of sissy jokes and whutnot 'bout us lately.

That settles it. I reckon we just have'ta find ourselves a brand new perfession, an' put all'a this foolishness behind us.

Don't I know it, Boss. Harlan and me can't even go into town no more without some kind'a smart remark.

Heck...whut else'd we do?

I was thinkin' maybe pirates.

I already got me a silk shirt with puffy sleeves and some velvet pantaloons.

Likewise. I'll go git all them earrings and medallions outta the truck. You boys grab all'a my fancy scarves from the armoire.

RED MEAT

impromptu saliva bath

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

The guy who lives in the apartment next door to me is kind of a weirdo.

He was in the war, an' I guess it made him crazy because he's always nervous an' he screams every time he hears a loud noise.

Which is too bad...because I got a lot of hammerin' to catch up on.

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RED MEAT

tepid gruel for thought

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hello, Son! How'd you like summer camp this year?

I wouldn't know.

No bus ever came after you dropped me off in this supermarket parking lot. I've been having to bum change so I could eat.

Wow.

And sorry if I smell, but I haven't had a shower.

Seeing as I've been sleeping in a cardboard box behind a dumpster for a week.

You know...your mother thought you weren't ready for "panhandling camp" this year, but it sounds like it made a man of you.

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RED MEAT

perdition's oven mitt

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Please...will you turn off that awful noise?

I can't, Honey-cakes.

I need it to be this loud so it can penetrate the water. It's how I communicate with the whales.

Ted, there are no whales in our bath tub.

Ah, then those must've been my kneecaps I saw frolicking in the waves.

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RED MEAT

rusted-out rheostat of regret

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Listen up, Milkman Dan. As this dairy's new supervisor, I won't be as lenient with your shenanigans as your previous boss.

As you can see from my personnel records, I've been a huge liability for years now. It's high time someone put my feet to the fire.

So let's just...what in the hell?! Christ! Someone urinated in my lunchbox!!

Boy, am I glad to hear that, Sir.

Good. Sounds like you're willing to make some major changes.

You see how badly an employee like myself needs a firm hand, Sir?

Get out of my office.

RED MEAT

drool spot on comedy's cravat

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Come on now, Ted...I'm not kidding here. You have to take it off right this minute.

This here is a magic "funk medallion." It was a gift from James Brown, and now I give the power to you. Never take it off.

Look man, it was a joke. That thing was just a free prize from a box of Lucky Charms.

Don't be absurd, Don. We made a deal back in 1982.

Awesome! I'll wear it always.

I'll be darned. That would explain both the marshmallow odor and my constant bedevilment by sadistic leprechauns.

RED MEAT

dust-encrusted chuckles
from mirth's ossuary

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man...I got this new job cleanin' up the city parks, an' it ain't no picnic.

Unless you count all that half-eaten picnic food I get outta the trash cans.

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RED MEAT

lethargy's landing strip

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I can't believe it. I had that recurrin' dream again tonight. This is the fourth time this week that I've had me that exact same one.



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Maybe it's a sign, or psychic or somethin'.



Jeez, I sure hope so. I could use me some giant mermaids to eat all them barnacles off the sides of my undersea battle station.



RED MEAT

forbidden fruit cocktail

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good god. Honey, why is this filthy animal carcass in my kitchen sink?

It's no big deal, Mom. It's just a cat skeleton I'm tryin' to bleach out.



When it's ready, me and Larry are gonna mount it on top of the fence.

That's fine...but I'm not too happy about having it festering in my sink.



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Neither is Mr. Loeb's cat, but Mr. Loeb wouldn't give us our frisbee back after it flew into his backyard.



Also, I'm not thrilled about the bloody fur all over my good potato peeler, either.

RED MEAT

brine barrel bathysphere

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Jeez, Wally...I didn't get a lick of sleep last night. I just keep reliving my experiences during the war. Should I go talk to a shrink?



I don't know, Ted. Back in my day we just kept it bottled up inside, and fed it a steady diet of booze and smoke over at the VFW.



Besides, weren't you just a desk jockey who was stationed stateside for your entire hitch?



Hal Hal! Yes. Guess I'm just looking for new ways to justify all the booze and the smoking.

RED MEAT

fistulous fountain of fun

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know how you have to squeeze an egg in the shell real hard before it pops?



Well it ain't the same deal with a hamster.



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RED MEAT

pointillistic portraits in puerility

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You'd better do something about your employee locker, Milkman Dan. Every one of your coworkers is complaining.



I don't understand, Sir. I don't even use my locker.

It's no wonder, with that choking stench wafting out of the ventilation holes. Smells like you have a rotting corpse stuffed in it.



I'm afraid you'll have to talk to the medical students that I rented my locker out to.



Medical students...?!!

I know, Sir...I was skeptical myself, since they were dressed suspiciously like bikers.

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RED MEAT

lukewarm guano sampler

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I see you have some big, sporty lampchops going there, Ted. Trying out a new look, eh?



Not intentionally. The sideburn trimmer blade on my electric shaver is broken.



That's how I started my beard thirty years ago when I lost my old moustache scissors.



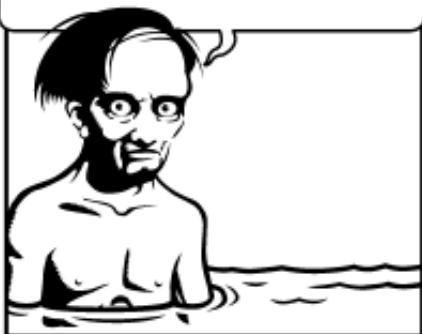
Heck, no. I tuck at least fifteen feet of this baby into my shirt.

RED MEAT

jaundiced jerky of jocularity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man...my bathtub is a wreck. Rusted-out drain, leaky faucets, cracked bottom, an' a thick yellowish crust all over the inside.



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On the bright side, at least my sea monkey colony finally hatched out.

RED MEAT

puerility's pommel horse

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Great...another night of sleeping on the recliner.



Now I'm wondering if the wife is ever going to let this whole birthday party thing blow over.



I really thought the kids would get a big kick out of a scorpion-filled piñata.



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RED MEAT

the dimpled rind of remorselessness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey, I'm going to make some dinner for myself. Where do you keep the cooking oil?



It's under the sink, Ted. Why don't you let me come down and make it for you?

Not a chance, Babe. Those clam tamales you made last night are still twisting in my gut. I'm afraid I'll have to keep you locked in the attic for a couple more days, just to be safe.



Hey, Dad...are you letting me out of the basement then, too?

Quiet down, Son.

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RED MEAT

mediocrity's milking stool

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well, Dwight...I reckon that's the last of the cattle I go tuh auction. Let's get them pumps shut off and lock up all the gates.



Can't believe you're shittin' down this whole ranch, Boss.

Sigh There's only one thing certain in this here life, an' that's knowin' that all things'll come to an endin' eventually.



An' besides, them cattle were startin' to git a little funny in the head from all the speed and hormones they were gettin'.

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No kiddin': One'a the heifers tried to cut Burt with a broken bottle.

I know it...but that wasn't about the drugs. That was somethin' personal between 'em.

RED MEAT

humor-encrusted poleax

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm here about the job you have advertised in today's paper for a nighttime stock boy.



I see. So, do you have any prior experience as a retail manager?

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Umm...no, not really. I'm just here about the stock boy job.



Can you manage a staff of twenty to forty people?

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No. Why are you asking me all these questions that don't having anything to do with the night stock boy job?



I just needed to make sure you weren't after my job. You have no idea of how close you just came to ending up in the trunk of my LeSabre.

RED MEAT

pearlescent pustular penumbra

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Spectacular meteor shower...eh, Son?

I guess so.



I just don't see why we have to wear these goofy-lookin' helmets. The odds of one of them meteors hittin' us are a billion to one.



True...but you'll be thankful for the head protection once we drain the rest of this bottle of Kentucky's finest "meteor juice."



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RED MEAT

peerless panopticon of the paltry

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dang. I really gotta use the bathroom, but the park's restroom is locked up.



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Thank god for camouflage pants.



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RED MEAT

hickory burns on your rotunda

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You're crying, Karen. What's the matter?

My mama forgot my birthday yesterday!

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Don't take it so hard, little lady. Why, it's probably just her gentle way of telling you that you aren't actually her biological child. My mother broke it to me that same way.

What...?!

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I'm adopted...BOO-HOO-HOO!!!



Ahhh, no man is so tall as when he stoops to help a child forget their original sorrow.

RED MEAT

turgescence tuber of tedium

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ever since I started takin' weekend art classes down at the community center, I really been studyin' the human body.



The curves and lines of the muscles and bones, the expressiveness of the hands, the face, and even the feet.

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But most especially how that human body is really startin' to smell up my apartment.



RED MEAT

swift kick rib tickler

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So what's the verdict, Doc?

Not to worry, Ted.
The growth on your
neck isn't serious.
It's merely a boil.

I guess you're just going to lance it, eh?

I'm afraid I can't.

Why not?

To be honest, your hideous diseases
repulse me to the core of my being.

No chance you'll take a
look at my piles, then?

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RED MEAT

carbon-based crapulence

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good lord, Son...this new video game
of yours is so realistic, it's frightening.

That's not my video game, Dad.
You've got the evening news on.

No wonder I can't figure out how to get
the weather girl to fire her plasma rifle.

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RED MEAT

jagged junk heap of jollities

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Getting pretty excited for Santa to come?

Come on, Dad...I'm
too old for that crap.

Nice going, Son.

Santa just wasted \$12 on a new rake.

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RED MEAT

tedium's telltale topography

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Is your face feeling any better, Karen?

No...it hurts! And it's your fault, you big jerk!

You were the one that told me to go out on the front porch to try to catch snowflakes with my tongue.

Did I say "snowflakes"...? Ha! I meant "icicles." I always mix those two up.

RED MEAT

bastardry's bread basket

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Jeez...I can't get me a wink of sleep with that baby screamin' all night long.

Maybe I should loosen the ropes a little.

RED MEAT

nourishing nectar nubbins

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Milkman Dan. My mommy told me I had to thank you for those little snack cakes you brought by yesterday.

Really? How'd you like them?

I don't know. They tasted kind of weird, but I guess they were okay.

Glad you enjoyed them, Karen. Personally, I don't understand why they'd call them "sanitizing deodorant cakes." I just can't imagine that they taste anything like cake.

I hate you, Milkman Dan.

RED MEAT

apparatchik hat trick

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey there, kid...you wanna buy some "get high" pills?



Don't you want to get sideways? Fly high? Trip-out? Catch a buzz?



But thanks, anyway. I'm on Ritalin for my ADHD, so I'm already kind of high.

Back away, junkie...I don't want no trouble.



RED MEAT

pocket-sized humor inhaler

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, are you going to sit in that tub all day?

If I have to, Sweetheart...yes.



It isn't easy to train a squad of crawfish to disarm an underwater explosive device.

Explosive...?!



Relax. I'm using an alarm clock taped to a pack of hot dogs as a simulation.

However, they seem more interested in eating whatever's between my toes.

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RED MEAT

surreal politik

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My girlfriend don't wanna go out with me no more. She says I live like a pig.



Which ain't true.



I'd like to see the pig who can make his own couch outta some milk crates and a queen-size mattress that he found in the dumpster.



RED MEAT

mentally modulated mirth

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...I think our bathroom scale is broken. It says I've gained twenty pounds, but that just can't be right.

Maybe it is, Ted...

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Do any of your pants still fit?

WWW.REDMEAT.COM

Not by a long shot, but these black slacks of yours fit me like a glove.

Fine...you can wear them to work, but take off my pumps and my knee-highs before you head out.

RED MEAT

mercilessly protracted tuba solo

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Listen, human...and listen well. The mighty Papa Moai requires your unique services this day.

No problem, big fella. Need some tobacco? A pipe? Accessories?

tobacco shack

©2007 MAX CANNON

Not exactly. I need a Led Zeppelin mirror and some rolling papers.

Uh, I haven't carried any items like those since the late '70's.

tobacco shack

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Very well, then. It appears that I must gather the inter-dimensional plasm to me and step back through the great cosmic portal so that I may pay you a visit in the past.

Ha! Save yourself a trip and just get 'em over at the swap meet...it's always 1978 there.

RED MEAT

corncobs in your cummerbund

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Darn. It's after midnight and I can't sleep until I figure out where those ungodly noises and that foul odor is coming from.

VZHHVZZ...
VZHHVZZ...
VVZZHHV

A badger must've gotten into the house somehow.

VZHHVZZ...
VZHHVZZ...
BEEEEP!!

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Upon further reflection, I might have set that microwave popcorn on five hours instead of five minutes earlier tonight.

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RED MEAT

wrinkled wrapper
of wretchedness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I was gonna ride my bike to work this mornin' but the weather report said it was gonna rain, so I took the bus.



And now it's almost lunch time and it ain't rained a drop all day.



Which ain't my actual problem... seein' as I'm a bicycle messenger.

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RED MEAT

overinflated undercushions

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You had better not do nothin' mean to me today, Milkman Dan—or I'm gonna call your work and tell on you.



Tattling is one of the seven deadly sins.



Okay, maybe it isn't. But I'm pretty sure you must have done something wrong, or god wouldn't have put your bicycle under my delivery truck's front tire, would he?

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RED MEAT

itch-fighting cortex ointment

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Heckuva morning, Dan. Not working today?

My manager gave me a week off.



He strongly recommended I use the time to enter a "substance treatment" program.

I see.



Well, as your unofficial medical advisor, I recommend that I immediately treat you to a substance known as "ice-cold beer."

I'm feeling better already.



RED MEAT

chicken pox pie

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Blast it! I can't get to sleep because I keep worrying that I put those gas cans too close to the water heater.



Yep, I did. Now I can get some rest.



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RED MEAT

fingernails in the fudge bites

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Jeez, I just had me the best dream.



Maybe it was one'a them psychic omens. I wonder if it'll come true.



Naw...there's no way they could get that many chimps in bikinis onto a zeppelin.



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RED MEAT

diplomatic picayunity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good morning, everyone. Before I begin our third-quarter sales meeting, I'd like to start off by acknowledging the extra effort and long hours you've been putting in lately.



I know it's been a rocky year for all of us, what with sales down 37% and massive layoffs and cutbacks in every department.



Uh, can I interrupt for a second with a question, Ted?

Sure, Carl...go ahead.

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When will we get to see our wives and kids again? We all want some kind of proof that they're still alive.



They're fine. I just fed them this morning. Now let's get back to our meeting, shall we?

RED MEAT

stepping stone to stultification

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweet bejeezus...I can't keep puttin' off going over t'see th' doctor about these dad-blamed dizzy spells I been gettin'.



You look a tad pekid. Whyn'cha set down a little while, Boss?

I reckon I better do just that, Dwight. You an' the boys close up the corrals and fill all the water an' feed troughs.



And tell Shorty tuh bring me over muh can of spray-on lacquer and paper sack.



Uh, don't yuh think huffin' might make yer problem worse?

I surely doubt it. Hasn't seemed to make no difference over the last ten years or so.

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RED MEAT

fungal fritter frybasket

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You might wanna think about it before you buy any of them red licorice whips.



First of all, they don't taste anything like licorice. Secondly, they just don't work.

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Not like a real whip.



RED MEAT

bubble bath baptismal

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

O Heavenly Father, we give thanks this day for all the wonders of thy creation.



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You're welcome. Hey...smell this.



Angel droppings. They're all over everything up here.

Heavenly. Smells just like lilac-flavored cotton candy.



RED MEAT

synchronized slapdashery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, Ted...I've had enough. You can go ahead and untie me now.

Sorry, Sweet Pea. Not until you say the "safe word."

Darn it. I can't remember what word we agreed on.

Heh. Looks like you're out of luck.

How's this for a safe word? "I will chew my way through these ropes and feed you chunk by chunk into a food processor."

Hmmm...that's more like a "safe sentence," but I can accept that.

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RED MEAT

driftwood in your dungarees

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Jeez, Wally. I need to return this pouch of custom tobacco you sold me last Tuesday.

tobacco shack

Couldn't handle it, eh?

You're not kidding. My throat feels like I chugged battery acid, and I still don't have any feeling in my fingers or toes.

tobacco shack

Hmm.

I probably put too much formaldehyde in that latest batch of "Old Mariner's Blend."

Formaldehyde?!

Sure. It keeps the sea anemone and scallops from decomposing.

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RED MEAT

the rubbery roe of regret

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I love wakin' up to the moonlight comin' in through my window.

BZZZIT!

At least that's what I pretend the broken liquor store sign across the street is.

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RED MEAT

lapels in the lycanthrope leavings

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Ted. I was just wandering by and I thought I smelled a delicious barbecue aroma emanating from your back yard.

I don't think so.
Are you sure? I see smoke wafting up over the fence, and I hear fat sizzling.

That's probably just the noise and some mist from my lawn sprinklers, Johnny.

Oh. So how come you're wearing an oven mitt and holding a big spatula and tongs?

Ha! Ha! It's my new look. I'm even thinking about accessorizing it with a canvas apron.

Cool.

Now, if you'll excuse me, John, I have to get back and flip some juicy sirloins before they burn.

RED MEAT

a hearty tug on mediocrity's milk-teat

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

How do you like my new uniform, Karen? It's a state-of-the-art, electrokinetically enhanced, kevlar-reinforced exo-suit.

It makes you look like a goon, Milkman Dan.

It may look odd, but this uniform triples my reflex response, enabling me to deliver dairy products at superhuman speed, and, it makes me impervious to most projectile weapons.

But you're standing kind of funny. Are the pants too tight?

Not at all...in fact, I was just enjoying the soothing relaxation of the suit's built-in vibrating Swedish buttocks massage unit.

Eww. No wonder the bottles of milk have been all foamy.

RED MEAT

plastic footwear stench incubator

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Happy birthday, Mr. Bix! Today is the tenth anniversary of the day I finished building you. We should have a party!

It's thoughtful of you, Ted...but I already celebrated my date of inception by going berserk and leveling a local shopping mall.

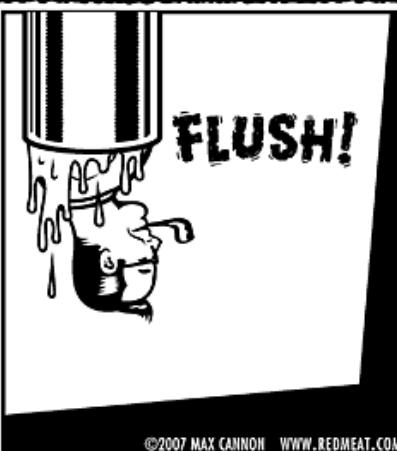
Bix...please tell me you didn't destroy the entire Shopwood Mall. It's the most conveniently located one to our house.

Not the entire mall. It seems Radio Shack® had anticipated such an event and installed an electronic shield against robot attack.

RED MEAT

fast-acting panacea antidote

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



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RED MEAT

calcium-crusted humor stalactite

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



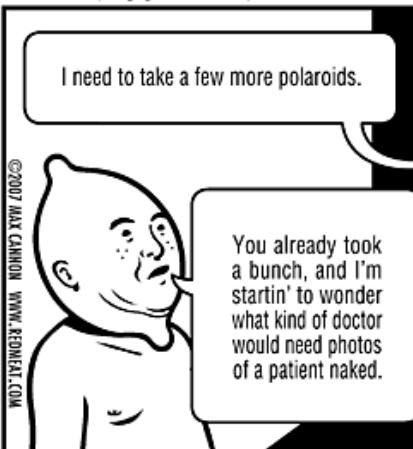
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RED MEAT

the mossy mandibles of mundanity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



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RED MEAT

forcible forays into fecklessness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...I can't seem to fall asleep tonight.

Maybe you shouldn't have eaten that entire rack of barbecue ribs.

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Interesting theory, Sweetheart. However, I didn't eat the whole rack. In fact, I slyly saved a few of the choicer ones just for you.

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Ted...please tell me you're not wearing one of your "pork rib hula skirts" right now. I just washed these sheets this morning.

Of course not. There weren't quite enough for that, so I fashioned a scanty "rib thong."

RED MEAT

quail eggs for the quislings

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Lord, it gives me great inspiration knowing that you created man in your own image.

Then here's an interesting bit of trivia for you—I originally made the very first humans out of cookie dough.

But you know how that goes. I was eating you guys faster than I could make new ones.

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Kind of puts a new spin on the whole communion wafer thing.

RED MEAT

glutinous gruel for the gaunt

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Milkman Dan...want me to go get you another cupcake? I made them special just for you.

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No thanks, Karen. One is probably enough for me.

Yeah, you're right. You really shouldn't eat too much sugar.

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And by "sugar," I mean extra-strength laxatives. I bet I put enough in those cupcakes to give an elephant diarrhea.

Wow. Good thing I tossed it into the bushes. I think your St. Bernard just ate it.

RED MEAT

bum's rush to hurry the hoboes

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad, where do you go after you die?

Well, Son...I believe that our spirits enter the bodies of hooded, interdimensional dwarves. Doomed for all eternity to carry out the sinister bidding of the Tall Man.

That's from the movie "Phantasm," Dad.

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I'm not surprised, considering I did most of my theological training at the local cineplex.

RED MEAT

upside to the inevitable downslide

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honestly, Ted. When are you going to take all that rotting meat out of the bed of your pickup truck? It's really starting to smell up the entire neighborhood.

I was thinking that I might let it fester for a little while longer, Sweetheart.

Nothing. But you've probably noticed that no one has asked me to help them move, or haul debris to the dump lately.



RED MEAT

humor replacement surgery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Holy cats, Wally...I am really feeling off my game lately. Maybe I should visit the doctor.

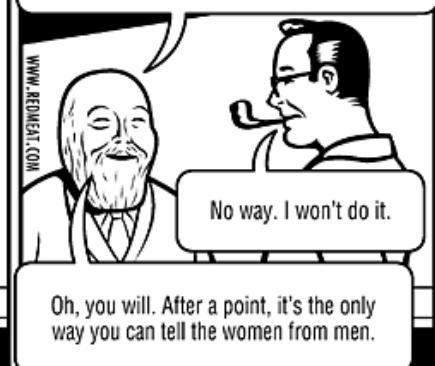


It's probably just "manopause."



Yep. That's when everything starts to get bigger, hairier and closer to the ground. You just have to roll with it.

That's disgusting.



It's not so bad, really. At least you get to grow a big beard and wear plaid slacks.

No way. I won't do it.

Oh, you will. After a point, it's the only way you can tell the women from men.

RED MEAT

clogged humor pore

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Whenever I would complain as a kid, my mom used'ta say, "Earl, just be grateful that you don't got the polio."

Then I did end up gettin' the polio.

Man, you should'a heard me complain after that.

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RED MEAT

plaque-encrusted humor valve

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I know this might be a silly question, Dear... but why have you been standing out in the hot sun wearing that scuba diving outfit?

So you're telling me that outfit collects and recycles everything that comes out of your body?

Uh, that is...if you consider a viscous, musky, sour pork flavored, gravy-like fluid "drinkable."

This is an experimental body fluid harvesting suit. This little get-up collects and recycles all of my bodily secretions.

Exactly. It then percolates back out this mouth tube in a drinkable liquid form.

Well, please don't fill up. It's almost lunch time.

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RED MEAT

vector-borne vacuity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Holy crap, Milkman Dan! What happened?!

So...are you okay? Do you need a doctor or anything?

I'm fine. Like I said, it was a blood bath. Very refreshing, you should try it. Though, I could use a red towel if you have one.

What can I tell you, Ken? It was a blood bath.

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RED MEAT

guardrail breach at
the humor precipice

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'd love to stand here and visit with you, Johnny...but that sour, fetid reek wafting off of you is making me a little nauseous.

Ostrich milk, eh? I hate to rain on your parade, but birds don't lactate.

Well, I guess you take your chances when you buy dairy products from a guy at the back gate of the city zoo.

Oh, sorry about that, Ted. I've been drinking a lot of ostrich milk lately.

They don't?

Oh crap. That's where I've been buying all my rhinoceros meat.

RED MEAT

the sunny side of the sinkhole

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My wife can't expect me to sleep in this recliner forever. It's ridiculous... she has to forgive me eventually.

The way she's acting, you would think I had showed up half-naked to Sunday services with a big pentagram painted on my chest.

Oh, wait. That's exactly what I did.

RED MEAT

redeye to anhedonia

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Tell me, Dad...what was Grandpa like?

He was a wonderfully eccentric man. He probably would have lived to be 100 if he hadn't been torn apart by a herd of giraffes.

That's what we thought, until we put him up on that fifteen-foot ladder after rolling him in acacia sap and fresh mimosa leaves.

Uh, giraffes don't eat people, Dad.

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RED MEAT

the rotted remains of your rarebit

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



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I wonder if the hardware store sells some kind'a spray repellant for floatin' skulls.

RED MEAT

perforated by the pecking order

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



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Tell you what...how about I let you off easy this time with a brisk Indian burn?

RED MEAT

the jaundiced jackfruit of jocularity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



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I know. You took me there for my birthday already.

RED MEAT

woeful wonderland of waggy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Jeez...I'm never gonna get me no sleep with them dang headlights shinin' in my window.



= Sigh. =



Not to mention them sirens and all them cops yellin' at me to "come out with my hands up."

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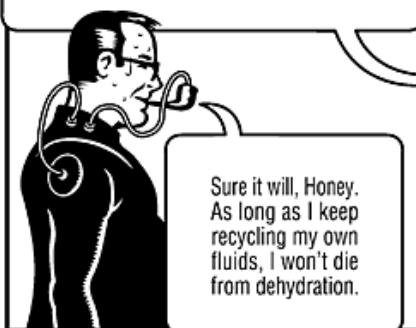


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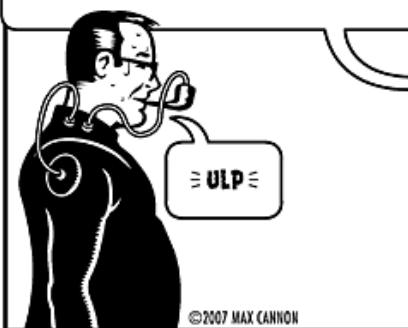
anti-gravitas field generator

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, are you *ever* going to take off that body fluid harvesting suit? It isn't going to protect you from global climate change.



So you're covered for drought. How about mega-storms, crop die-offs, insect-borne diseases, massive flooding or boiling heat?



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Nice going, Sweetheart. You've caused me to clog the feeder line on my suit. It's not really designed to handle solids.



Suck a little harder. I bet it will clear itself.

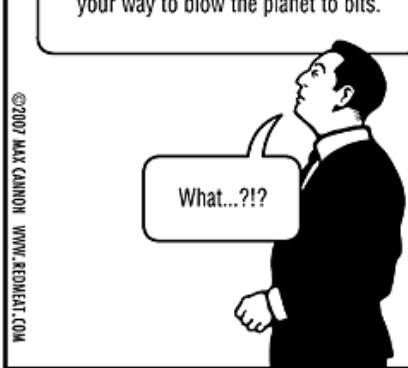
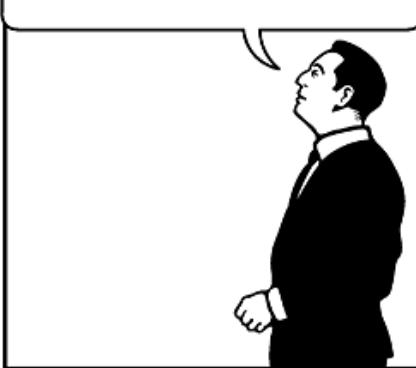
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RED MEAT

extra-chunky ethereal emesis

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

O Heavenly Father...we raise our voices in praise for your gift of this glorious day.



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Listen, I hate to rain on your parade, but I've got an alien armada headed your way to blow the planet to bits.



Oh, definitely. Me, too.

RED MEAT

moldering molecules of mirth

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Y'know, this has been relaxing and all, but I'll tell you...I could use a whole week off.

By the way...what holiday is this, anyway? I can never seem to keep track of them all.

Hell, I have no idea, either. I'm just going to proclaim it, "National Talk Like A Robot Day." ≈ Do-you-con-cur, Milk-man-Dan? ≈

No kidding. Me, too. But I guess we'll just have to settle for this three-day weekend.

You're joking, right...?

No. Not really.

≈ Af-firm-a-tive. I-re-quire-more-beer. ≈

RED MEAT

textured linens for
your comedy bedsores

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

All right, Son...we've got our campsite all set up. Now, let's go and urinate.

Do we have to, Dad? It's gotten so bad that I'm afraid to pee anymore.

I sympathize, but we really need to mark the perimeter of camp as our territory.

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And you really think that will repel a bear?

I hope so. Otherwise our month-long asparagus diet will have been in vain.

RED MEAT

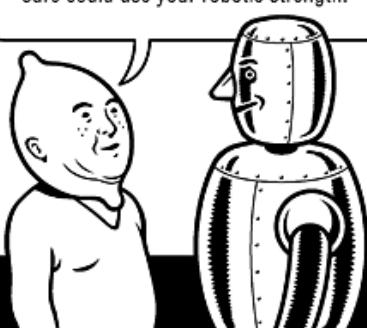
maximum strength chuckle remover

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Gosh, Mr. Bix...I need to move my new couch up the stairs to my apartment. I sure could use your robotic strength.

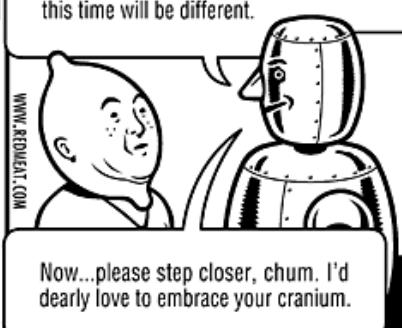
Interesting request. Will assisting you with this task lead to a casual comrade that may eventually form a bond of friendship?

Excellent! In my convivial exuberance, I keep accidentally crushing the heads of all the new friends that I make. Perhaps this time will be different.



Yeah...I guess it could.

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Now...please step closer, chum. I'd dearly love to embrace your cranium.

RED MEAT

mordant musk of the misbegotten

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, Ted...I'm begging you.
Please get out of there, now.

Not until you
admit it, Dear.

All right, all right...I admit it.

That *is* an incredible
amount of mucous.

RED MEAT

potluck for the polyphagous

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Darn it. I wanted to write in my diary
for a little while before goin' to sleep.

I had just started writin' in it today, but
then I left it on the bus comin' home.

Now somebody's ridin' around out there,
readin' about how I like to ride on buses.



RED MEAT

the rapturous rubric of redaction

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

O Dear Lord...help us all to remember
the true meaning of this holiday season.



Okay. It all began about 10,000 years
ago when I instituted the "great blood
feast of Xjulgha." Too messy, though.



Then I changed it to the "festival of
Snata Kluahz, the many-tentacled
bringer of gifts and confections."

That name sounds like "Santa Claus."

Exactly. But, you know...with tentacles.

RED MEAT

tinsel'd tabernacle of torpor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well, Son...did you like all your presents?

What presents? You didn't give me any.

Whoops.

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RED MEAT

hilarity's hidey-hole

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Don't worry, Sweetheart. This will be the last time those darned New Year's hooligans egg the front of our house.

Cool down, Ted. Houses get egged on Halloween...not New Year's Eve.

Crap. I'm not waiting ten whole months to shoot hooligans. I don't suppose there's any Valentine's Day hooliganism, is there?

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RED MEAT

subsumed by spirochetes

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What do you say, Dan... you want to talk politics?

= BUUUURRRRRP!! =

I feel exactly the same way.

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RED MEAT

interminable cacophony solo

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man, what a beautiful way to start the day...wakin' up on the beach to the cries of seagulls and the crashin' of waves.

It's a shame about this beach, though. The whole place is covered with so much garbage that I can't even see the ocean.

Wait a second...did I wake up nekkid on a trash barge again?



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RED MEAT

waxen comedy prosthesis

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What's that thing on the front of your truck, Milkman Dan?

What?!? You're horrible! Dolphins are our friends!

Well...I guess that's okay, then.

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You like it? That's a genuine dolphin skull.

Settle down, Karen. It washed up on the beach last week, so I thought I'd keep it.

Of course, lots of things wash up on the beach when you're drunkenly throwing dynamite off the side of a ferry boat.

RED MEAT

dimple cheese extractor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart, I really need to talk to you about this latest credit card statement.

Well, for starters, there are multiple charges for "Ron's Bikini Car Wash."

At a bikini car wash?!

Why? what's the problem?

So? That's where I get the car washed.

Sure. The kids love that place.

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I'll be darned. Guess who's never wasting another dime on miniature golf ever again?

RED MEAT

sun-rotted lawn chair of levity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Howdy, Mr. Johnson. Sorry I'm late today, but I had to go see the dentist.

Well, you can't be too careful when it comes to your teeth, Clyde.

Oh, it wasn't for my teeth. I just stopped in for a quick haircut.

Oh, I see. I think you meant to say "barber."

Nope. I get my hair cut at the dentist's. I also get all my tools sharpened there.

That doesn't sound like a legit dental office to me.

It prob'lly ain't, seein' as his set up's in an old garage. Beats goin' to see my doctor, though...he's still workin' out of his car.

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RED MEAT

the pearlescent pincers of pudency

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Somebody kicked my apartment door in when I was at work yesterday, but lucky for me, they didn't take nothin'.

I'll be ready for 'em next time, though.

I'm gonna buy me some way better stuff in here.

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RED MEAT

humor burns on your leatherette

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Lord a'mighty, I'll tell you...there ain't nothin' as sweet as that new car smell.

What is it 'bout that intoxicatin' medley of leather musk side-by-side with the aroma of smoothly polished plastic?

'Course now I'm losin' that sensation to an overpowerin' metallic taste in muh mouth.

There sure ain't, Boss.

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You ought'a lie down, then. That horse kicked you in the head pretty good back there.

I reckon he did, Dwight...but you buy the ticket, and you gotta take the ride.

RED MEAT

death match do-over

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Where have you been, Milkman Dan? I haven't seen you around the neighborhood for two weeks.

Wrestling...? You? Ha! You probably couldn't even do one single pushup.

Nice one, Karen. Lucky for you that you didn't say that in Spanish. I would have had no choice but to school you with a devastating "headscissor takedown."

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I was down in Mexico studying some classic wrestling moves from the master luchadors.

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RED MEAT

outsized underthing infestation

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Oh man. I've never slept better since I startin' sleepin' nekkid.

Every mornin' I was wakin' up all chafed up and covered with welts.

Of course, sleepin' in a suit of armor prob'lly wasn't a great idea anyway.

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RED MEAT

mustard mints for picnic breath

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

No way I can go in to work today... I feel like a screaming pile of living crap that crawled up from hell itself.

SCREEAAA!!

=GAG!=

Okay...now that I'm staring at an actual screaming pile of living crap that crawled up from hell, I might just reconsider that.

WWW.REDMEAT.COM

RED MEAT

telltale sore on the lip of mirth

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So what's the big holdup? Are you getting into bed with me or not?

Give me a minute, Darling. I have to get into character.

It's not that complicated, Ted. You're pretending to be the Incredible Hulk.

Hey, now...people don't usually talk to Hulk in such a sarcastic fashion.

Well, "people" are not wearing an itchy gorilla costume. I still don't get why I can't just wear a bikini or something.

I've already explained it to you. In a moment of passion, Hulk might crush a human female like a paper dixie cup.

www.redmeat.com

RED MEAT

tirelessly tilling the topsoil of tedium

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Greetings, Ted. I have just returned from the fourth dimension, and I did you what you asked.

Wow. Thanks, Papa Moai.

However, I must warn you that altering events in the time-stream often results in certain "complications."

Who cares? Just as long as I win that big state lottery next week.

You will. But there's a catch.

Well...don't keep me in suspense. What?

Who knows? It'll be a surprise. I always make sure to step on a butterfly when I time travel, just to keep things spiced-up.

RED MEAT

turbid tales of the tepid

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

The great thing about being older is that I can walk around half-naked and not give a tinker's damn what anyone thinks about my sagging physique, liver spots, psoriasis patches and various growths.

= RETCH!! =

= GAG! =

But then again, it's probably not very sporting to do it in a busy restaurant.

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RED MEAT

quiescent quagmire of the quotidian

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My girlfriend keeps tellin' me that I gotta start sleepin' at night, or otherwise she's gonna break up with me.

I figure me and her just have different ideas about how a relationship works.

I consider it a sign of affection to sit up all night starin' at someone while they sleep.



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RED MEAT

boll weevils in your back forty

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Oh Heavenly Father, please grant me the strength to walk the path of righteous...



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Damn it...!! Could you *please* not talk to me when I'm in the middle of the most delicate part of creation!

Look, buddy...I shouldn't yell. It's just that I worked on that planet for six effing days in a row and I'm just feeling a little bitchy.

RED MEAT

cheese wheel hub cap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My girlfriend told me that if we ever had a kid, she was gonna give birth to that baby in a bathtub full of water.



But now I'm thinkin' it ain't such a great idea.



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It didn't really work out so good when my cat had her kittens this mornin'.

RED MEAT

soup skins for top-feeders

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Clear out your locker, Milkman Dan. You're on suspension until you've attended an intensive rehab program.



Thank you, Sir. I'm looking forward to it.

It's not a vacation, Dan. You'd better get your act together if you intend to keep on working here at Anderson Farms Dairy.



I realize that. And when I return to work in a couple of days, I'll be a changed man.

A couple of days?!



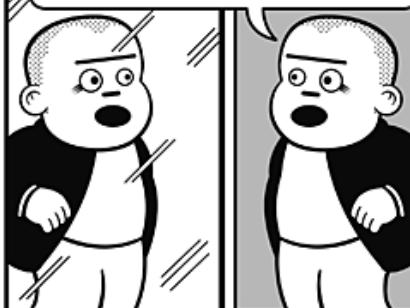
Of course. As profoundly drunk as I usually am, it'll take me at least that long to execute a successful escape.

RED MEAT

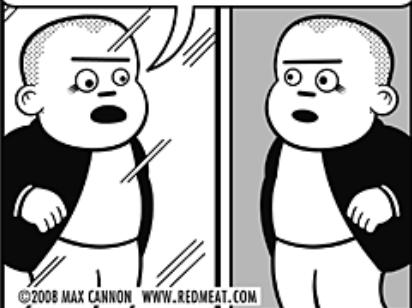
puckered punum of perspicacity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Mom! I don't like this new jacket you bought for me. It seems kind of puffy and the lining is making my skin itch.



Too bad for you. Here in the mirror-world, puffy jackets are the coolest look on the street, and the lining on mine is soft as silk.



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Wow. You wanna trade?

Get real, kid. Did I mention that my jacket comes with a pack of Kools in every pocket?

RED MEAT

mentis fugit

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad...is there life on other planets?



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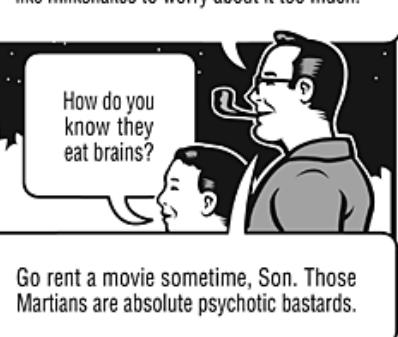
Mathematically, it's probable. However, due to the vast distances between galaxies, it's unlikely that we'll ever know for sure.



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What if they came from, like, Mars or somewhere close?

In that case, we'll all probably be too busy having our brains sucked from our skulls like milkshakes to worry about it too much.



Go rent a movie sometime, Son. Those Martians are absolute psychotic bastards.

RED MEAT

bun onions for your carb uncle

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Oh man, I tell you. I can 't get no rest with all the diaper changin', the feedin', and the constant screamin' and cryin'.

Jeez...I don't even know how other people do it.

I had no idea takin' a hostage would be so dang much work.



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RED MEAT

man-spoor on your deep-pile

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

= BELCH!! =

= BRAAAP!! =

Say what you will...but give me a two liter bottle of warm cola and a vibrating chair and I'm set for an entire evening.



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RED MEAT

band saw manicure

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Wow, look at you. You must have had one heck of a time at summer camp.

I spent the whole two weeks breaking my back for fifteen-hour shifts in the stifling darkness two hundred feet underground.

We never went that deep back when I went to coal-mining camp. I guess the local coal seams must be pretty played out by now.

That's a laugh.

Really...? That far down?

Oh well. Next summer we'll send you to that slate-quarry camp that I read about in Budget Parenting Magazine.

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RED MEAT

sputtering squib of the squandered

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Baby...could you make me some of your special meatloaf for dinner tonight?

That's right. But I really need you to whip me up a nasty, greasy chunk of that stuff.

Because it always helps me remember the actual reason why I married you.

©2008 MAX CANNON
Don't play with me, Donald. I know you hate my meatloaf.

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Why would you want me to make something you can't even stand to eat?

Oh, I see...you want some rough stuff. I'll meet you upstairs in two minutes.

RED MEAT

salt lick for the sinister

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been hangin' out in the park all mornin' because my landlord is havin' the whole apartment complex sprayed for termites.

I managed to smuggle their queen to safety, though. I got her tucked right here in my front pants pocket.

I'mbettin' she'll probably make me a knight for this.

RED MEAT

fuzz-dappled slice from the moldy loaf of hilarity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad...this is getting stupid. I already told you and Mom last year that I'm too old to believe in the Easter Bunny.

So why is there a big wicker basket of green plastic grass with a pack of hot dogs in it on the floor next to my bed?

Oh great. Now you're telling me that you don't believe in the Sausage Ostrich, either?

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I know. We didn't forget.

RED MEAT

dirt cloths for dust bunnies

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I have'ta admit...this new exercise routine I'm doin' is workin' great. I've lost almost ten pounds already.

I don't need no gym or no fancy equipment, neither.

Just some cops to notice me standin' here next to the playground wearin' nothin' but a pair of runnin' shoes.

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RED MEAT

sputum-speckled splendor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Karen...have I ever told you about the time that several coworkers and I got locked in the big freezer over at the dairy?

Ha! I guess I did tell you that one. How about the time I accidentally knocked a crate of baby ducks into the yogurt vat?

Well, you definitely haven't heard about the time I rescued that kid who'd been trapped in an abandoned well for a whole year and forced to live on a diet of grubs and lichen.

Is that the one where you had to eat your friends?

Yep. I've heard all of your dumb, made-up stories.

Ew, yuck. When did that happen?

Oh...in about a year from now.



RED MEAT

marzipan minaret of the metaphysic

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Heavenly Father, give me strength to walk the righteous path that I may one day kneel before your glorious throne.

Nice imagery, there...but I don't actually sit on a throne. I kind of hang from the ceiling, suspended by millions of vascular tentacles.

Which is not to say that you're not perfectly welcome to kneel...just try to do it from a safe distance.



"Safe distance"...?

Yeah, like fifty feet or so. Unfortunately, I secrete an acrid, caustic paste...hurts like a mother if you get it on your skin.

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RED MEAT

gestural ornithology

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay...I'd say that's enough fun in the park for one day. Why don't you go and retrieve our Frisbee before we go?

No way. Besides, it's not a Frisbee, Dad—it's an old paint can lid. You didn't want to pay for a real Frisbee.

No time for finger pointing. That old woman might only be unconscious, but we'd best not take any chances.

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So we're calling an ambulance?

Ha! Good one, Son. You go start the car while I go wipe down that lid for prints.

RED MEAT

surfeited by the stench of casserole

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey there, Milkman Dan. Where's your hat?

I seem to have "misplaced" it. You haven't seen it, have you?

I can't remember. Have you seen my bike?

I see. If your bike were to miraculously reappear, would it help your memory?

Yes...I believe it would.

Forgive me for crying, Karen. You've made an old milkman very proud today.

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RED MEAT

hand-crocheted cozies
for your vestigial flippers

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Johnny...you might have noticed that I left a stack of old furniture on your front porch. I figured you could use it.

I didn't see any furniture. All I saw was a big pile of sun-rotted lumber, broken beer bottles, and a bunch of rusty metal scraps.

Did I say "furniture"...? Ha! I must be going prematurely senile, John. I meant to say, "useless spider-and-rat-infested detritus."

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RED MEAT

transmogrification of the torpid

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I tried out this new wart remover that I bought at the drugstore. It worked great...burned them warts right off.



Of course, my pet bullfrog wasn't too thrilled about the whole thing.

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RED MEAT

extirpated jollity enclave

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

For pete's sake, Ted... you've been coughing your head off all day. Please take a lozenge.

KOFF!!

I'll be fine, Honey. I just need to get all the phlegm up out of my... KOFF! Gkk!

POP!

On second thought, I will take one of those lozenges. A staple gun too, if you've got one handy.

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RED MEAT

funnybone ossuary

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

...so after I punched the jerk, he sat on the barroom floor spittin' out his teeth. He wasn't so smart-mouthed after that.

Gosh...

You're kind of violent for a puppet.

Oh, you think...?

Hey...do you see the drunk guy laying there on the ground with his hand up my butt?

Yeah.

Well, he's actually the one with the psychotic rage issues, and you're standing on his beard.

RED MEAT

paroxysm of pure paltriness

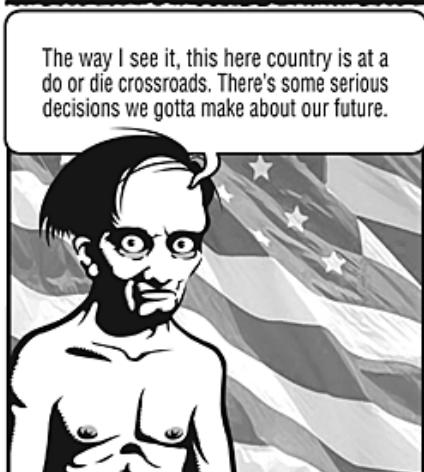
from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

heartland defibrillator

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

repugnance's twin sister

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

spent humor cartridge

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

hilarity's half-life

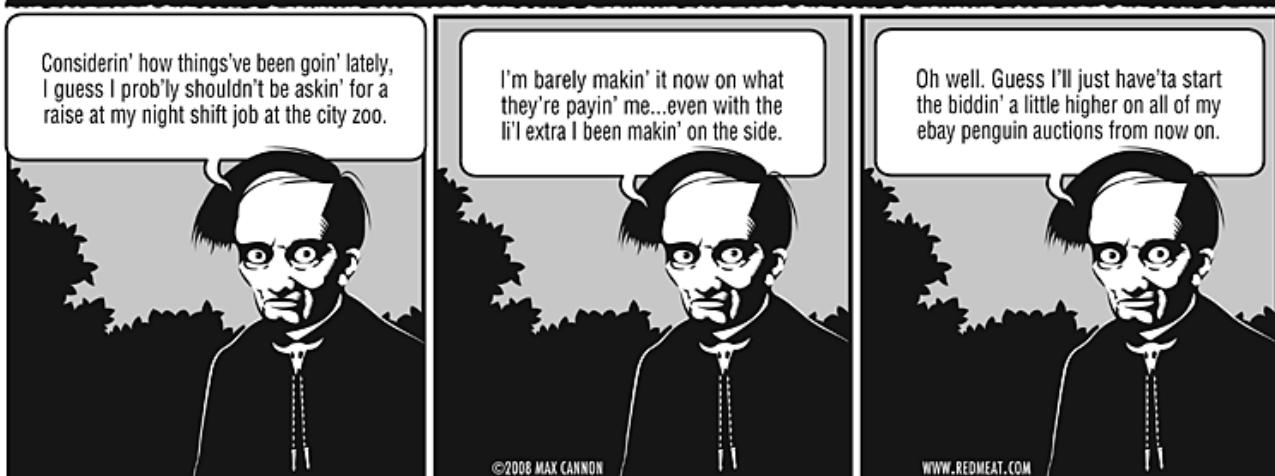
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Max Cannon



RED MEAT

beelzebub's bath scrub

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

leguminous potation collywobbles

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad...can I have my allowance early this week? I had a couple unforeseen expenses that I need to take care of.

I'd rather you didn't do that. See, she's the reason I need the extra money now.

Crap. Please tell me she's not charging you carfare for rides to school again.

It's okay with me. Let's clear it with your mom.

It's even worse. She's holding my action figures for ransom.

RED MEAT

furbished flotilla of the feeble

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What's the world comin' to? I got beat up at a funeral yesterday just for keepin' to myself and mindin' my own business.

I s'pose when your business happens to be bodysnatchin', you take your chances.

RED MEAT

slapped-on crap impasto

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say there, Karen...why aren't you playing in your new tree house?

Really? That's horrifying. Sounds like your tree house is cursed. You probably offended the forest gods.

And that's exactly what you said when my old tree house got infested with deer ticks and lice. I think you did it, Milkman Dan!

We had to bug spray it. It was crawlin' with spiders.

There ain't no such thing.

Hey, now. Don't make the forest gods drive over to the bait shop for leeches.

RED MEAT

the most unimportant comic strip
you will ever half-heartedly glance at

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Jesus, Ted...I don't know why you find it necessary to be so mysterious. Why can't you just tell me who you voted for?

Oh no. Please tell me you did not write in Ralph Nader's name on the ballot again.

That's why I went with King Friday XIII. Not only does he have a tough foreign policy stance, but he's all three branches of government in one pint-sized maverick.

Mainly because you got so furious at me when I "voted my conscience" in both previous elections.

No way, Honey. Way too soft on national security.

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RED MEAT

puckered piehole of the pointless

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Holy cats, big guy...where've you been? We haven't seen you around in quite awhile.

You should head over there one of these days...it's truly a breathtaking experience. A realm of impossible geometries wherein the laws of physics as you know them have no bearing on reality.

I was vacationing in the twelfth dimension.

I don't know, Papa Moai. That doesn't sound like much fun.

Oh, and did I mention that it's a designated "nude" dimension?

Well...that's a different story.

It's pretty great, except the entire place is slathered with an ionic plasm that gets into everything. My butt crack itches like crazy.

RED MEAT

match lit laugh-repellant coil

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Heck of a day, Wally. Had to wait for the rain to slow down to a pour before I could make a run from my car and into the mall here.

Non-stop for three days. No offense, but when was the last time you went outside?

Probably about six years ago. I have a cot and a pile of old National Reviews in the back, which pretty much covers most of my needs.

Ha! Raining, is it?

Gosh. Let me think...

Say...next time you drop by, could you bring me a pound of salt, ten boxes of biscuit mix and a quart jar of castor oil?

RED MEAT

brackish brine from the brink

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dear Lord, in these difficult times, we give thanks for the things we do have: a loving home, good friends, an abiding faith and this bountiful meal we're about to receive...

Hey, Dad...why does the turkey have four legs?

Um...have you priced a turkey lately, Son? Yikes. Let's just try to be grateful for what the Good Lord saw fit to drive toward the deadfall trap that I built in the side yard.



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RED MEAT

doddering docent of the dreary

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I just started studyin' to get my medical degree through this mail order college down in the Bahamas. Jeez...it ain't easy.

But in the end it'll all be worth it, though. Imagine how much money I'll be savin' on medical bills by bein' my own doctor.

Heck...I just amputated my own foot and it didn't cost me a dime.



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RED MEAT

spittle-specked pulpit of pith

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I requested two cartons of low-fat milk, human. You delivered fourteen.

What am I supposed to do with that much milk? The vast majority of it will very probably spoil before I am able to consume it.

And that's to foist it off on unsuspecting rubes. Ha! Ha! That batch of yours was in the back seat of my Skylark for god-knows-how-long.

Take it easy. I only charged you for seven.

You can always do what I do when I have rotten milk.

So...none of it is drinkable?

Not a chance. It might be sliceable, though.

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RED MEAT

tales from the jingle-jangle jungle

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So...ready to go open some presents, Son?

Open...? I don't need to "open" anything.

There's a pair of socks and a box of Cheerios with my name written on them with marker. You didn't even take the time to wrap 'em.

Well, well. Somebody's got a little anti-holiday attitude. All right, tough man...let's see you try to make a move for my gun.



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RED MEAT

festive flotilla of yule logs

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

How'd you like the big plate of holiday cookies I baked for you, Milkman Dan?

They were delicious, Karen. Thanks again.

I just thought you might want to know that I used dog poo instead of chocolate chips.

You did, eh? Well, I certainly enjoyed them, nevertheless.

What?!? It doesn't bother you even the teensiest bit?

Ha! Ha! If you expect to go toe-to-toe with the maestro, little lady...I'm afraid you have to pull out the heavy weaponry.

RED MEAT

mauled lang syne

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart, have you seen my shotgun? I had it in the hall closet, but now it's gone.

That's right, Ted. I put it away. You can have it back after New Year's.

But Honey...we need it so we can shoot it into the sky at midnight.

I bought firecrackers for you and the boys. They're just as good.

How are we supposed to hear firecrackers amidst a symphony of deafening gunfire?

Besides, the kids love to catch the pellets in dixie cups as they rain down.

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RED MEAT

fulgent firefly frittata

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Here it comes now. Wait for it...

Hmmph. So that's what it feels like to hit your peak.



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RED MEAT

assert it-don't squint it

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Have a seat, Milkman Dan. We're going to go over each and every "incident" in detail, so it's going to take awhile.

I do. It makes me nervous, so please sit.

Of course not. That's because you have a fresh tattoo of our Dairy's logo across your buttocks that you showed to every household on your route this morning.

Okay. But I'd prefer to remain standing, Sir... if you wouldn't mind.

Honestly...I really can't.

True enough. However, in my defense, I have the number for customer service clearly visible below my right dimple.

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RED MEAT

gelatin flooring for your wiggle room

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I got me a resumé, an agent and some nice professional photos of myself. Now there's only one thing standin' between me and my new career as the next big hollywood action star.

Stark, cold reality.



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RED MEAT

bone-shattering backflip blunder

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Glad you could make it, people. I've called this emergency staff meeting because as you know, sales have dropped precipitously on all our product lines across the board.



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Now come on, folks...we need some new products immediately. What kinds of things can't our customers live without? Ideas...?



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Okay. Not bad...

Hey, I've got it!! How about edible tents with electrolyte-enhanced, thirst quenching "hydro-pockets?"



Nice work, Carl! I'd give you a fat bonus if I wasn't holding your pink slip in my hand.

RED MEAT

hate the throw-up, but
not the thrower-upper

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweet lord, Nick! What the hell happened to you?!? We'd better call the paramedics!



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Relax, Johnson. It was just a fist fight.

A fist fight? I hardly think so! You have two bullet holes in your shoulder and a hunting knife sticking out of your thigh!!



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Well it's pretty stupid to walk into a fight without anything in your fists. The other guy chose a gun and knife. Too bad for him.



I see. Uh, is that a cheese grater you've got there?

Hey, I like to make the good times last.

RED MEAT

slaughterhousekeeper

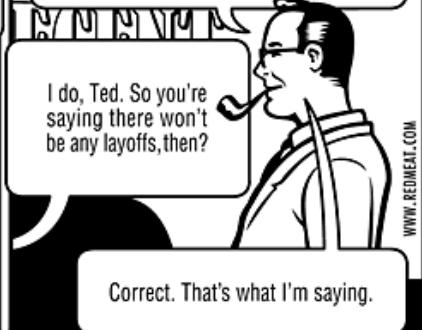
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, folks...listen up. I know there's been a lot of loose talk and rumor mongering about company-wide layoffs. I'm here on behalf of management to put an end to it.



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Yes, Glenn. I saw you had your hand up, there. Did you have a question?



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I do, Ted. So you're saying there won't be any layoffs, then?

Correct. That's what I'm saying.

Quick follow up question: now are you just saying that—or is it actually true?



Yikes. I'm actually blushing. No wonder you sales guys made...uh, make so much.

RED MEAT

the essence of putrescence

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Y'know that game we played as kids where you dare somebody to eat somethin' so completely disgustin' that only the weird kid who smelled kinda funny would do it?



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I got so nostalgic for them days that I worked me up a "solitaire" version of it that I been playin' at home all week.



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RED MEAT

suspiciously scabrous bacon bits

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What's going on, Son? Why are you up in the middle of the night?



I got bitten by a zombie! I don't sleep anymore. I must only feed!

I see.

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I'm going to take a wild swing here and guess that you merely had a bad dream.



Aaaarrrrrrr. Grrrr. See...? I'm already losing the ability to think and speak.

Look, why don't you come down off the top of the refrigerator so we can cook that raw pork chop up in a pan for you?



No way!! The living always want to kill the undead...always!

Then will you at least hand me the jar of M&M's? The living always want M&M's.

RED MEAT

fire hose ablations

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Don't talk...just listen, Milkman Dan. I'm you from ten years in the future and I've come back through time to enlist your aid in averting a tragic event. Will you help?



Good heavens, this is thrilling! What's our mission, Future Me?

This might sound crazy, but you are about to spill a can of beer. This seemingly trivial accident will cause a small, yet profound, ripple in the greater time-space continuum.



And this "ripple" would lead to dire consequences for future humanity?



Ha! Guilty as charged.

Oh man...I can barely wait.

RED MEAT

puling pleas from the portcullis

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My ladyfriend gave me this home picklin' kit for my birthday, so I been busy picklin' all kinds of goodies for three weeks now.

I love lookin' at all them shiny mason jars sittin' up there in a neat row on the top pantry shelf like they was in a art gallery.

Especially the one with them green and yellow parakeets floatin' in it.



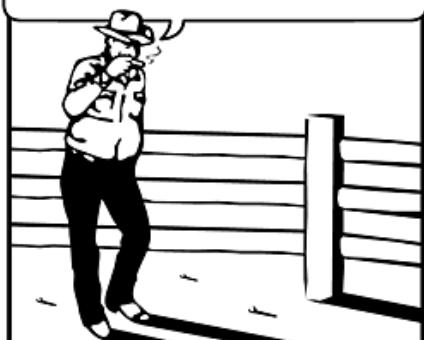
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RED MEAT

dour dustbunnies of desolation

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Gol' dang...it sure do get lonely out here in the wide open country. Mebbe I should git me into town for some friendly visitin'.



Shoot. I reckon I ain't seen another soul for near two months. A feller could git a mite touched, keepin' his own company.

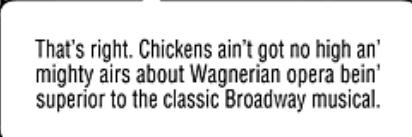


Honestly, you needn't be so melodramatic. It's not as if you're at a loss for a pleasant, topical conversation.

Shut up, you dang cow...or so help me, I'll slap you so hard your horns'll spin.



Oh, right. But you'll talk to the chickens all day, no problem.



That's right. Chickens ain't got no high an' mighty airs about Wagnerian opera bein' superior to the classic Broadway musical.

RED MEAT

cursed humor burial grounds

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad, when are we leaving for the zoo? We've been waiting around for an hour.



Pretty soon. I just have a few more things to pack.

Tell you what. You can help me by putting the shotgun, my serrated skinning knife, and that steel leg-trap in the car for me.



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Why do we need all that stuff for the zoo?



Because, Son...at eighty-five dollars admission for four people, we're not coming back home empty-handed.

RED MEAT

tarpaper dispenser refill cartridge

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been tr yin' to save up money for a new TV set, so I figured me out a cheap way to eat for less than fifty-four cents a day.

There's this little charity kitchen down near the bus station that serves free dinners seven nights outta the week.

The food's pretty decent, so I like to tip between thirty-six and fifty-four cents... dependin' on the quality of the service.



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RED MEAT

universal humor solvent

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This movie soundtrack seems a little muddy. I can't make out one word the actors are saying.

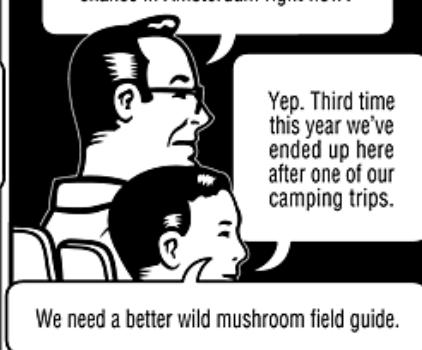


That's because it's all in Dutch.

Oh, you're right. That's odd that a theater would show a foreign film and not provide subtitles.



Everyone in the audience here is Dutch, Dad.



Yep. Third time this year we've ended up here after one of our camping trips.

We need a better wild mushroom field guide.

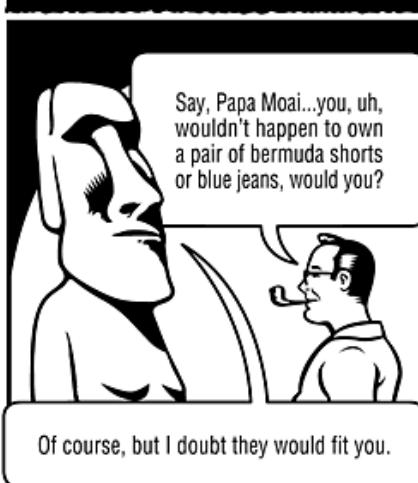
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RED MEAT

rumpled radicchio of ruefulness

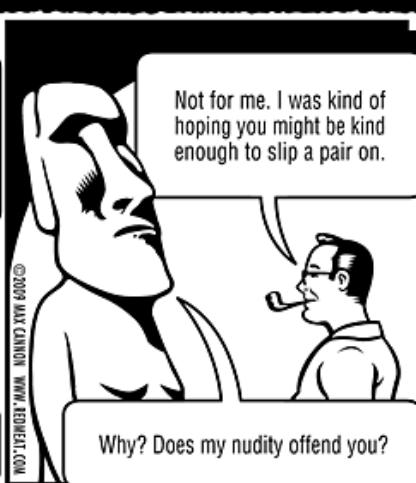
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Papa Moai...you, uh, wouldn't happen to own a pair of bermuda shorts or blue jeans, would you?



Of course, but I doubt they would fit you.

Not for me. I was kind of hoping you might be kind enough to slip a pair on.



Why? Does my nudity offend you?

No. It's just that I need to use my pneumatic nail gun on that trellis behind you, and I know how you can get startled by loud noises.



So...if you spin around suddenly and hit me broadside with that thing, I'm going to get knocked halfway across the yard.

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RED MEAT

boiler slag bouillon

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

When I was a kid we didn't have no mall to go to, so we hung out at the lumber store.

But there weren't no actual girls that went there, so we had to pretend that all them planks of Douglas fir was beautiful ladies.

Sometimes at night I still think about this one pretty little two-by-four named Carol who I could never get up the nerve to talk to.



RED MEAT

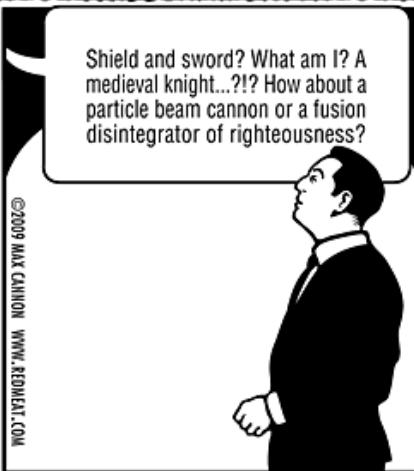
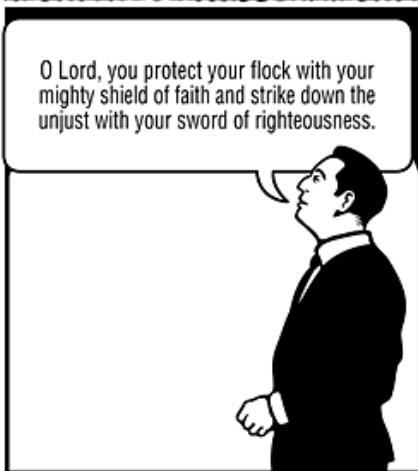
turgid tonsil of tedium

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

O Lord, you protect your flock with your mighty shield of faith and strike down the unjust with your sword of righteousness.

Shield and sword? What am I? A medieval knight...?!? How about a particle beam cannon or a fusion disintegrator of righteousness?

How are you going to scare kids into attending church if I have a wimpier arsenal than Sonic the Hedgehog?



RED MEAT

two-and-a-half-inch denture screws

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Whoo-ee! If this here busted fencepost is what I reckon...I 'spect I'll be spendin' the whole gol'dam day roundin' up chickens.

Crazy birds must'a been pokin' into that bag of experimental livestock feed whut the county agent done left here t'other day.

An' if they ate as much of the dad-blamed stuff as me'n'Lyle did, they're prob'lly over to the tattoo shop fixin' on a life of ree-gret.



RED MEAT

distended humor sac
slowly milked by thrips

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted...have you seen the kids?
They're not in their beds, and
they never wake up this early.

They wanted to
sleep up in the
tree house last
night, so I said
it was all right.

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Uh...when did we get a tree house?

Actually, I haven't
gotten around to
building it just yet,
but they were both
anxious to practice
for when it's there.

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I don't see how...oh my god! They're
hanging from the tree in sleeping bags,
squirming like mad and yelling for help.

Do something, Ted!!

=SIGH= I explicitly told them I'd cut them
down at sunrise. Let me get a cup of coffee
in me and I'll go get my ladder and a knife.

RED MEAT

pock-marked by hot grommets

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good news, Ted. Your friend Milkman Dan
has been kind enough to volunteer time this
week to teach me ways to act more human.

Primarily in relation to my inability to feel
emotion. I have a hard time communicating
my appreciation for all that you do for me.

Really...? In what ways?

Gosh, Mr. Bix...I don't know what to say.

You don't have to say anything, Ted. Just
revel in the "friendship mound" I made
in your living room out of raw sewage.

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Thanks, I will. Say...don't forget to thank
Milkman Dan properly by clamping down
on his windpipe very tightly in what we
humans like to call a "buddy squeeze."

RED MEAT

levitation by uppercut

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been tryin' to find my old high school
nemesis. Y'know...to say "sorry" for all
the bad things I did to him way back then.

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Kinda ran into a snag, though. I can't
remember where the heck I buried him.

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RED MEAT

field guide to the underside

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, honey...where did you find the toothpaste? I thought we were out.



We are. I'm using soap.

You can't use soap to brush your teeth!

Honestly, dear...

That's what you said about using oven cleaner to shampoo my hair.

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RED MEAT

fully-accredited crap dojo

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My girlfriend is always sayin' how it gives her the creeps because I sleep with my eyes open.



I don't like it neither, but I can't help it that I got this thyroid condition where I can't close my eyes. They're red and sore every mornin'.



Especially with them dang little mosquitos goin' at 'em all night.

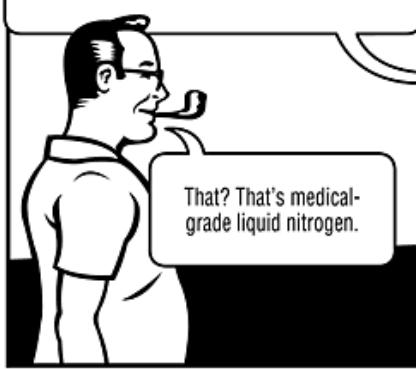
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RED MEAT

hellish hail of molten mirth

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, honey...what's this ominous-looking silver cannister on the bathroom counter?



That? That's medical-grade liquid nitrogen.

What?!? Isn't that a dangerous chemical? You really shouldn't leave it lying around.



Relax, sweetheart...I was using it to amuse the kids with some science tricks.

Well, I don't approve of your "tricks". There are shards of brown glass all over the floor.



Ha! Ha! That isn't glass.

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RED MEAT

pallid, bloated groats
in the soaking bowl

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Darling...what are you doing up out of bed? Is something wrong?



No. I was just comforting the kids. Everything's okay now.

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Oh, Ted. Are my sweet, precious little angels having bad dreams?



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Of course they are, sweetheart. It takes a few days for a child to adjust to sleeping in an oily cardboard box on the back porch.



Maybe we should put some shredded paper towels in the bottom so they can burrow.

Not in the budget, dear. We're trying to cut back, remember?

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RED MEAT

ribbed reticle of redundancy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I don't know about you, but I get at least a couple'a these religious types knockin' at my front door every week.



I used'ta invite 'em inside, but I don't got that luxury no more.



That holdin' pen in the basement is gettin' crowded and I can't afford to buy the wet kind of cat food no more.



RED MEAT

rendering both horse and rider

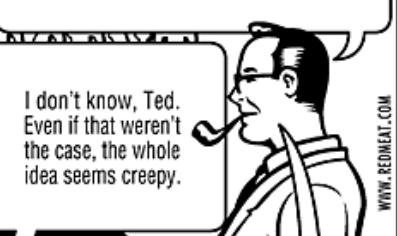
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honestly, people...I fully appreciate your personal apprehensions about maintaining secrecy as to our latest round of cost-saving measures from the lower-level employees.



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I also know some of them are even your personal friends, making it even harder.



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Save it for church on Sunday, Glenn. Legal already gave us the green light.



Ixnay on the "P" word, Carl. Marketing has tested it, and they say the term "voluntary automaton" is way more media-friendly.

RED MEAT

remorseless retailer of the retrograde

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Why so glum-looking today, little lady?

We're goin' on vacation and I don't have no one to take care of my kitty.

Worry no longer, Karen. I heard you were asking around so I've already covered that.

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How? I didn't give you no cat food or his skin medicine.

Whoa. Big misinterpretation of the phrase "take care of."

Huh...?

Let's try to look on the bright side. You don't have to worry anymore about your pet missing you while you're gone.

RED MEAT

prelude to an interlude

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Back when I was a little kid, I used'ta put a tooth under my pillow before bed and in the mornin' I'd find me a quarter.

I can't believe I was such a chump back in them days.

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Not no more. I'm goin' in for the big payoff with a couple'a skulls tonight.

RED MEAT

mirth-encrusted mullions
on the moribund

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Unbelievable. There's not another soul in sight. Never would've dreamed I'd have the entire beach all to myself on a sunny Saturday afternoon in late summertime.

Wait a minute. Something's not right.

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Ha! Ha! I did it again. I blacked out for god-knows-how-long and ended up smack dab in the middle of Idaho.

RED MEAT

humor's homely half-sister

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart...are you asleep?

No. In fact, I don't feel tired at all.

Me, either. And I have to get up and go to work in four-and-a-half hours.

So? I get to make breakfast, then drive the kids to school at seven.

I'd suggest that we cut back on the coffee enemas before bed, but this high is far too incredible to give up.

No kidding. Right now I can literally taste tachyons and smell time itself.

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RED MEAT

rototiller reveille for the rooster

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well, Karen...I finally finished the script I've been writing. It's so heartwarming that no studio will be able to resist it.

You wrote a movie?
It's prob'ly so dumb
nobody'll go to see it.

Yes they will, because it's a true story. It's about a heroic milkman who helps a child to learn to face life again after a madman dumps a Hefty bag full of spiders on her.

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If it's true, how
come I've never
heard about it?

Well, for starters...do you realize how hard it is to gather enough spiders to fill an entire thirty gallon trash bag?

You're a jerk.

I'd go back and change
it to a Ziploc sandwich
bag, but it just doesn't
seem boldly cinematic.

RED MEAT

proctological sunshine extractor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Doctor...my back is killing me.

I'm not surprised.
You've got seven
blowgun darts in
your spinal column.

But there's a balloon still duct-taped to my lower lumbar region, right?

Yes. I was going
to ask about that.

It means I don't have to take the kids to Disneyland this year. They missed one, and rules are rules.

Congrats. I usually just conduct a medical quiz bowl with my family. I haven't had to endure a vacation in ten years.

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RED MEAT

fully sundered funny bone

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You should read this new horror story I been writin'. It's about this evil chain-saw killer that's terrorizin' the woods.

An' I mean that literally. This creep cuts down livin' trees. Then he grinds 'em up to make the paper to print my story on.

Then I read it to the saplings...just to show 'em we're total psychos.



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RED MEAT

poorly drawn by billy, age 8

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

honney,
have you seen
My car keyes?

no ted.

I hadd them
when I took
The kids to
the Lake.

did You
LeFT The Keyes
in The car?

mayBee, but
IM noT swimming
to the Botom
of the Lake
to find out.

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RED MEAT

the briny reek of beached humor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Jesus, Ted. What happened to you?

Car accident, babe.
Spilled my thermos,
and when I tried to
sponge it up, I lost
control of the car.

Are you okay?!?

I'm mostly fine, but I crunched the side
of the car on a guard rail trying to avoid
a head-on collision with a tanker truck.

Oh my dear lord. That
could have been tragic.

It was, dear. That tanker split open like a
melon when it tore through the zoo's chain
link fence. Sulfuric acid was everywhere.

What a nightmare!

Tell me about it...I had no
idea that giraffes actually
scream while they dissolve.

RED MEAT

strategic sidekick sacrifice

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm dying of curiosity, Ted. What are you building in your backyard? I heard power tools and hammering going all night long.



I've been busy remodeling the rear carport into an area for the kids.



Ha! Ha! No...I basically rebuilt the whole structure into a soundproof holding cage with a big floor drain.



RED MEAT

punctilio for the piper

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

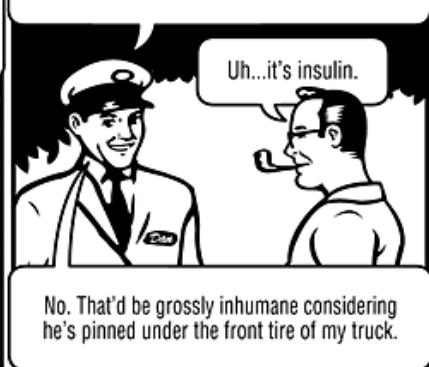
Hey, Dan...would you mind lending me a hand? I need to give my poor old dog his daily insulin shot, but I'll need some help holding him down while I inject him.



No problem, Ted. Like any dairy delivery professional worth his salt, I've anticipated my customer's needs ahead of time and I've already addressed the situation at hand.



Simply put, your dog is fully immobilized and ready for that big syringe of morphine.



RED MEAT

toy poodle in the wolf pack

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

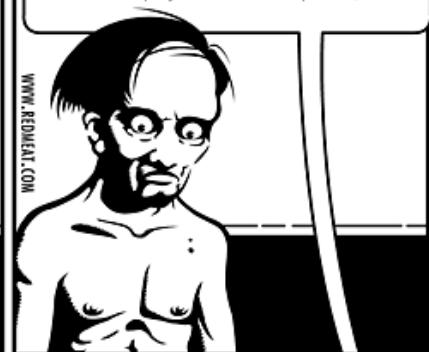
This time I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna jump off this here high-divin' board an' just look my fear right in the eye for once in my life.



Wait a second...are those body parts floatin' in the pool water down there?



Hold on up there buddy! Let me get the big chunks scooped out before you dive. Christ. Hope you're not an exploder, too.



RED MEAT

brass hats for knuckleheads

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I don't want you in my kitchen anymore, Ted. The last few times you've made your "smoothies," it's been one horrific mess.

Calm down, dear... I'll get it cleaned up.

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You'd better. There are splatters all over the walls, ceiling and floor and some of the tiles on the backsplash are chipped.

Sorry about that. I had a rough time with this "Borneo Blast" recipe.

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First, the orangutan wouldn't give up the mango, then he put up an epic struggle when I tried to get him into the blender.

I'm also not thrilled about these clumps of orange fur in my new leg shaver.

RED MEAT

oily fritter for your slavering critter

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'd really like to get up out of this chair and go to bed.

But there's no way I can sleep until I figure out where this foul, dark liquid oozing out of the walls is coming from.

Right now I'm torn between Amityville-style haunting or long-neglected upstairs plumbing issue as the only explanations.

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And seeing as how one of them involves tools, effort, time and applied thought... in that grandest of all human traditions, I'm going with the supernatural theory.

RED MEAT

tiresomeness' teleological treatise

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I still can't figure out what I'm doin' for my Halloween costume this year. I was gonna go as a Dracula, but I don't got no cape.

I prob'lly could just use my old red an' white checked tablecloth as one.

And just pretend that I'm a picnic vampire who goes around suckin' the gristle outta cold fried chicken.



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RED MEAT

ham-handedly hogtied hopes

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm tired of looking at the sky, Dad. There's nothing to see except stars.

Keep watching, now. It's getting close to optimal viewing time for the phenomenon.

Damned if I know. To be honest, I didn't really plan this father-son activity beyond an initially vague hyperbolic build-up stage.

You keep saying that. What is it that we're s'posed to be seeing?

I kinda figured. Can I go inside and watch TV?

Suit yourself, Son. But if an alien armada flies over tonight, don't come crying to me.

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RED MEAT

frothing fudge foramen

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Tuesday night, 10:22 p.m.

Good night, Sweetheart. I'll join you right after I catch a little, uh..."show" that I recorded earlier this evening.

=KLIK=

1:47 a.m.

Ha! Ha! Ha! I have to see that again.

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5:41 a.m.

Astounding...it never gets boring. I just watched Glenn Beck cry like a baby four hundred times in a row.

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RED MEAT

flop sweat shirt squeezings

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My mom always use'ta say, "you can't get no blood from a turnip."

She'd say the same thing about a gettin' it out of a stone, too.

I never said nothin' back to her. You don't wanna mess with no freak that's searchin' around that hard for blood.

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RED MEAT

cavalcade of the unremarkable

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Here's the deal, Johnny: you spread two or three tons of manure over the front and back lawn, and I'll pay you a hundred bucks.

Well, I'm not going to lie to you... it'll be god-awful work, considering.

That the manure came from a cracked septic tank behind the bowling alley. I imagine I contributed a fair bit, myself.

Sure, Ted. That's a pretty generous wage, though.

Considering what?

Also, I'm wanting you to put it on your lawn, not mine. I already had it delivered.

RED MEAT

pilgrimage to the puerile

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

It is the day of thankfulness, William. Would you like to share a sumptuous holiday feast?

Sure, Mr. Bix. That'd be nice.

BLUUAGHK!!

You're awfully quiet. Are you enraptured by my tangy-sweet homemade cranberry relish?

No. I'm just trying not to vomit all over you.

You feel ill? Perhaps I secreted too much bile into the bread stuffing.

RED MEAT

zeitgeist scheiss geyser

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Know what, Wally? I've been thinking about trying my hand at some songwriting. I think I might be pretty good at that sort of thing.

Aww...who am I kidding? I don't even play a musical instrument.

You've just got to free your mind, Ted. Take me, for example...I don't even wear diapers, and yet I just fully evacuated in my trousers.

Good for you.

Pssht! Don't talk like that.

Way to go! Why, I'll bet there's a hit country song in there somehow.

RED MEAT

haplessly hurled humor hunks

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Your delivery vehicle is an embarrassment, Dan. It's covered in filth. That thing looks more like a garbage truck than a milk truck.

Sorry, I'll go and get it cleaned right away, sir.

Good. And one more thing, Dan...

Yes, boss?

Lose the "milk is an abomination" bumper sticker. It sends out the wrong message.

No offense, sir...but have you ever tasted the stuff? It's like an unholy hybrid of pus soup and wallpaper paste. Bleagh.

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RED MEAT

sugar-encrusted holiday polyps

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweet god, Ted...this is the sixth holiday sausage and cheese assortment package I've delivered to you since Thanksgiving.



Yeah, this crap's incredible. I still have half a beef brick and a smoked cheddar log left over from six years ago, and they taste fine.



To think our culture can embalm food like the ancient Egyptians did with their kings and queens...it almost makes a man proud.



RED MEAT

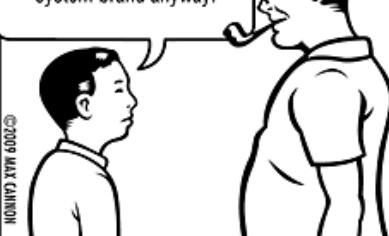
forty-foot high yuletidal wave

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Why aren't you playing with your new gifts?

I tried, but none of them are working.

That no-name brand game console burned out the minute I plugged it into the wall. Which didn't really matter much, because the game disks included were illegal bootlegs for a different gaming system brand anyway.



Well, for the nineteen dollars I spent I kind of figured it was crap. Tell you what...let's go play a grown-up first-person shooter with those pigeons out in the yard eating up all of our freshly-laid winter rye grass seed.



RED MEAT

sleek annealed leech tweezers

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This year I promised myself I was gonna start off every mornin' by swimmin' me at least fifty laps so's I can get in shape.



= GAG! =

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Oh well. At least there ain't no membership fee here at the sewage treatment plant pool.



RED MEAT

rust-colored rivulets of regret

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I like stargazin' after all, Dad. Maybe I'll be an astronomer someday. Whoa! Did you just see that big bright flash on the moon?



Yes I did, Son...and I'm pretty sure that was the reflection of our sun exploding.



I'm guessing that we've probably got a few seconds before we're vaporized. So much for those future career plans, eh?



RED MEAT

safely ensconced in a gossamer cocoon of ennui

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good morning, Karen. I'm here to collect that two dollars you owe me.



What...? I don't owe you no two dollars!



Sure you do. Remember when you needed help getting your bicycle out of that tree? I told you then that my fee was two dollars.



I'm not payin' you nothin'!

How rude, considering I just chucked your bike back up in the tree at my discounted "preferred customer" rate.

RED MEAT

siphoning off your cephalopods

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hello, Clyde. You're out bright and early this morning. Are you doing some yard work nearby?



Nope, not today. I'm fixin' to make some fried chicken.

But first I gotta catch me a couple'a chickens, so we better be real quiet.



No offense, Clyde...but I've never seen any chickens around this neighborhood.

'Course you haven't...them birds can turn invisible, Mr. Ted. That's why you gotta drink a quart of wood stain. Then can see 'em once your infrared heat vision kicks in.

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Right. Hold on while I go chug some shoe polish. That way I can stun them for you by shooting laser bursts out of my nipples.

RED MEAT

mouthful of molten muck

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My buddy sent me over to this old Chinese doctor that he goes to. He said this guy could give me somethin' to help the veins in my legs which're all ugly an' varicosed.



I figured he'd give me some kind'a weird herb tea or somethin', but instead this guy wants to stick a whole mess of them sharp accu-punchers in me for a hundred bucks.



I said no way was I payin' for that, and I went home and popped 'em myself.

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RED MEAT

mordant motes of mirth

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Ted...guess what I just had for lunch.



Please don't, Wally. I don't much care for this game.

=BELLLLLLLLCH!!=



=GAG= Since we're playing it anyway, I'm a little stunned. I had no idea that there was such a thing as strawberry-garlic mackerel.

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Good guess! I'm always amazed at the variety of flavors you can mix together at a mall food court.

RED MEAT

cloven hooves on your clapboards

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I want you to take your seat, young man. Class is starting in less than one minute.



I can't do that, Mr. Spivey. There's somethin' nasty in my desk that we found in the storm drain at lunch.

Why don't you go get whatever it is and put it in this wastebasket here.



Well...okay. But I'm gonna need a stick with a big nail in it and a large basting pan.

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Let's not be overly dramatic about it. Just go grab some paper towels from the sink.



Sorry, sir...there's no way I'm picking up a sewage-encrusted human head with a paper towel.

RED MEAT

adorned with airborne corn

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

O Lord...help me to understand the sublime mysteries of your creation.



Okay...maybe I'll let you in on a couple of things. First of all, gravity was accidental. You guys were originally going to be able to float around propelled by these nifty little fluttering foot wings I had designed.

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Neat, huh? Still, you wouldn't have been able to fly around very fast. That would have defeated your purpose as a low-cost, nutritious and great-tasting dinosaur food.



Okay. You're just messing with my head again, Lord.

RED MEAT

overturned school bus on memory lane

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ah...the glorious shimmer of an endless white beach laid out before me. Almost perfect for some *au naturel* sunbathing.



Almost perfect.



Too bad it's the ashes of civilization.



RED MEAT

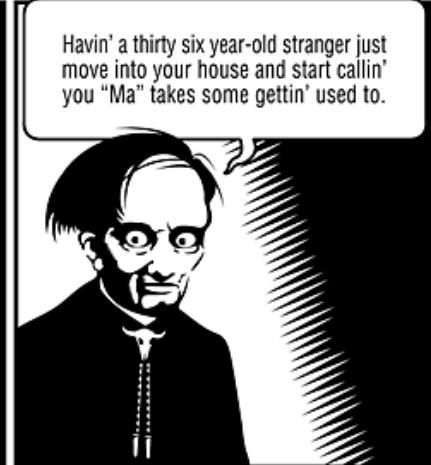
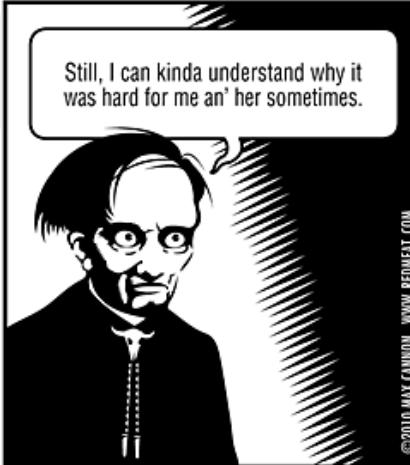
the rancid rennet of rancor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My mother an' me are gettin' along better these days. There was tensions for a long time between us, but we worked past 'em.

Still, I can kinda understand why it was hard for me an' her sometimes.

Havin' a thirty six year-old stranger just move into your house and start callin' you "Ma" takes some gettin' used to.



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RED MEAT

humor's perennial hiatus

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad...is it okay if I go to the snack bar to get a soda?

What? You'll miss the most exciting part of the film! You don't like the drinks I brought?

Yeah...I suppose they do. I should have known better than to buy "curry-flavored sparkling beverage" from a dollar store.



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RED MEAT

potshot apocrypha

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, kids...you can go to sleep now. All our home security systems are activated.

Sure. I locked the doors and windows and sprinkled cornflakes on the stairs and in the hallway so we'll hear any footsteps.

Butter...?!? Okay, that's ridiculous. I think this "monster" obsession of yours has gotten a little unhealthy.



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Look, guys...what say I go downstairs and pour you a glass of Mr. Jim Beam's magic invulnerability fluid? Your mom swears by it.

RED MEAT

modacrylic pelt trading post

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My god, Ted. The entire house reeks of pungent body odor. How many days has it been since you last showered?



I don't know...a week, maybe?

You should try it, Sweetheart...it's utterly liberating. I can only imagine that this is how our distant ancestors must've felt.



I'll bet you'd feel even more in common with them if you'd go out and live in the back yard for the duration of this little hiatus of yours from personal hygiene.



I would, except the filth ulcers on my back erupted hours ago, then dried out. I'm essentially pus-glued to this leather chair.

RED MEAT

broken dream shard mosaic

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man, oh man. Decoratin' Easter eggs is some seriously hard, messy work.



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Thinkin' back on it, it'd prob'lly be easier to wait for 'em to come outta the chicken first.



RED MEAT

debilitating nodal poke

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hello, Karen. You enjoying that adorable little kitten that I gave you last week?



I don't know...it acts kinda weird.

It bites my hand when I try to pet it, and the rest of the time he just squirms around, hissing and throwing up stinky yellow foam.



Hmm. That's too bad. It seemed like such a loveable little scamp.



If you liked it so much, how come you didn't you keep it?

To be honest, Karen...once I realized the damned thing was rabid, I wanted it as far away from me as possible.

RED MEAT

hand-hewn from fossilized pap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Glad you recommended this movie, Son. I've never seen special effects this incredible.

What do you mean?

It's amazing how they make the astronaut look like he's really on top of that dinosaur.

What dinosaur, Dad? This movie's about mountain climbing.

I'll be darned. I must've grabbed your mother's glasses by mistake.

You want to move up to the front row so you can see better?

Nope. I'm really enjoying my dinosaur movie.

RED MEAT

clown clumps in your calliope

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hello there, William. You don't look very happy...is something wrong?

Yeah. Somebody stole the basket off of my bicycle.

Oh, that's a terrible shame. You know, I could easily fashion you a larger and sturdier basket in a matter of minutes.

Really, Mr. Bix? You can do that?

With pleasure. Now, to get started I'll need five pounds of pork intestines, a spool of bailing wire, a bone saw, two lamb heads and some formaldehyde-soaked catgut.

What...?!?

Trust me. Nothing says "don't touch my bike" like a glistening, handmade meat basket.

RED MEAT

memory's amber-tinged residue

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay people, listen up. There are going to be quite a number of changes around the office here in the next few weeks, so I thought I'd go over them one by one.

EVENT
TING GOODS, INC.

The first item I'll address is the fact that there isn't going to be an office any more.



Great question. And the answer is "no." Your jobs are secure for the moment.

I guess I'm a little confused here. If there's no office, where are we supposed to be doing our work?

EVENT
TING GOODS, INC.

Well, starting Monday, the plan is to meet at a coffee shop for as long as they'll let us stay without ordering. After that, we'll just head over to the park...so dress casually.

RED MEAT

the leathered mutton of drollery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Boy, I was really startin' to hate teachin' myself to swim. Comin' home after every practice all scraped, bruised and bloody.



Then one of the regulars here at the gym showed me a few techniques.



And the most important one bein' actually havin' my body inside the pool while holdin' onto the side and kickin' as hard as I can.

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RED MEAT

the tumescent teat of torpor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted...what are you doing up at this hour? Oh my god! What happened to your hair?!



I'm tired of living a lie. I've been wearing a hairpiece for years.

But I would've understood, Dear. Why didn't you tell me sooner?



I couldn't, Honey. You see...I'm a member of the "Hair Club For Men."

And the non-negotiable first rule of membership is that you take a lifetime oath of absolute silence.



So, I assume this means you're quitting the club?

I don't think you understand what kind of people these are, Sweetheart. You and I are going to have to "disappear" forever. So just pack what you need, and please hurry.

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RED MEAT

salivary hot plate ballet

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dan...I know this is kind of last minute, but my wife wanted me to ask you over to our house for dinner on Sunday night.



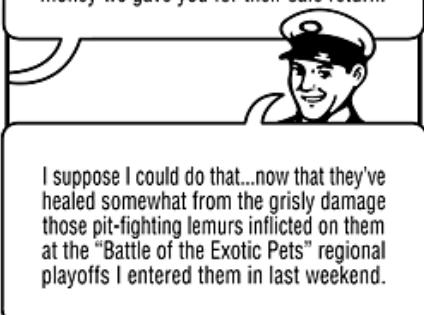
Seriously? I'm stunned, Sir. I've worked for you for over ten years, and I always got the feeling that you hated my guts.

It's true...I do. But, my lovely wife has a soft spot for those who don't have a family of their own to spend the holidays with.



Then how could I even consider declining such a thoughtful invitation? Of course I'll be there.

Super. By the way, my wife was hoping that you'd bring our cockatiels with you. I seem to recall a paper bag full of ransom money we gave you for their safe return.



I suppose I could do that...now that they've healed somewhat from the grisly damage those pit-fighting lemurs inflicted on them at the "Battle of the Exotic Pets" regional playoffs I entered them in last weekend.

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RED MEAT

precariously posited punctilio

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I like bein' out of town, but it's always way harder to fall asleep in a new bed.



Especially when you've busted into a total stranger's apartment and you're pretty much butt-nekkid.

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RED MEAT

single-dose gravy ampule

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So this is the hot new movie that you kids are so crazy about, eh? It boggles my mind that you've seen it twelve times.



I haven't, Dad. You're the one who's seen it twelve times.

It's way faker than any other dumb science fiction movie you've ever taken me to...Hey! Those starship troops are all naked ladies!!



Good eye, Son. I would've guessed that the title, "Space Vixens From Beyond The Nudiverse," might have tipped you off.

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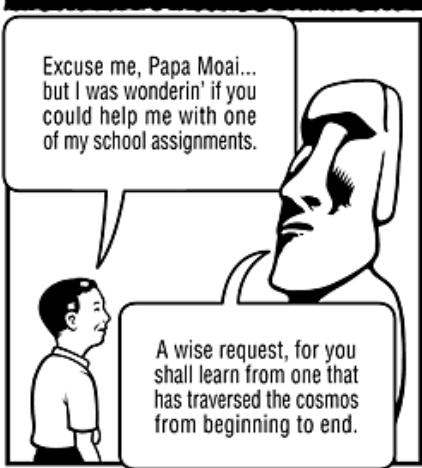
I thought it was weird that the snack bar sells skin magazines.

RED MEAT

polychromatic peacock pulp

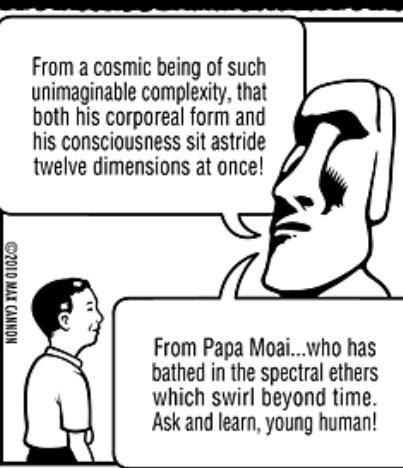
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Excuse me, Papa Moai... but I was wonderin' if you could help me with one of my school assignments.

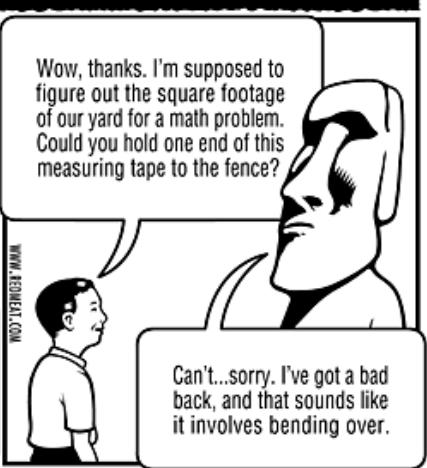


A wise request, for you shall learn from one that has traversed the cosmos from beginning to end.

From a cosmic being of such unimaginable complexity, that both his corporeal form and his consciousness sit astride twelve dimensions at once!



From Papa Moai...who has bathed in the spectral ethers which swirl beyond time. Ask and learn, young human!



Can't...sorry. I've got a bad back, and that sounds like it involves bending over.

RED MEAT

accordianist filets in
your concertina wire

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

It's been a month already since I got it, and this danged tattoo stills smarts like the dickens.

The guy at the shop who done it said it would stop hurtin' after a few days.

Oh well. It's worth it when I'm down at the corner and somebody asks me how soon the bus comes and then I whip open my shirt and show 'em the route map and schedule.

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RED MEAT

harvested squeezings from
mirth's most infected pore

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Last night my girlfriend said I had to quit dreamin'. She told me I better accept that I wasn't never gonna go to the Moon or be president or find the cure for cancer.

So I just broke it off with her right then, 'cause she obviously don't believe in the things that're the most important to me.

Besides, right after I cure cancer and they make me president of the Moon, I'll have my own harem of space babes anyways.

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RED MEAT

prescription-strength comedy reliever

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Uh, Ted. I was just curious if you knew anything about the hummingbirds lying scattered all over my backyard lawn?

Perhaps I can explain, Johnny. You see, I was spraying some bug spray earlier, and it was making the poor little things choke.

What about my dog? She's not breathing at all. Did you give her cough syrup, as well?

Hm. Are they dead?

No...they're breathing, but they all seem like they're in a total coma or something.

So I went ahead and filled the hummingbird feeder with cherry-flavored cough syrup.

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I tried, but the old girl was more intent on licking that pesticide off the comatose hummingbirds.

RED MEAT

soap slivers for the great unwashed

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

C'mon, Larry...let's go ride our bikes.

I can't! I gotta stay right here or else I'll die.

Why do you keep sayin' that?

Because my mom is tryin' to kill me. If I take my finger off this activator switch she installed on the stove, I'll be cooked instantly by high-intensity microwaves.

Don't be stupid, Larry. That's just the button for the gas pilot light.

You think? Yeah, I guess that's pretty far-fetched. I'll go get my bike...ARRGGGGH!!!

ZZZKK!

Damn. I'd help him, but I'd best wait for his crust and filling to cool down a little.

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RED MEAT

jackknife nosedive

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My ma always said, "Earl, there's a big pot of gold at the end of every rainbow."

Well, whaddaya know...all these years later I finally found me one'a them pots.

Except it was full'a corn chowder, and it was at the end of this all-you-can-eat soup and salad bar at the horse track.

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RED MEAT

makeshift manubrial miter box

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hi, Wally. The wife and I were curious what you were doing for the summer this year.

Sitting at home alone.

Hey, don't do that. We'd love to have you come spend some time with us.

Ha! No way, Ted.

Because you'd chain me to a pipe in your attic where I'd languish for weeks in my own filth, subsisting on insects and paint chips until you finally weary of my mewling pleas.

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Seriously...? Why not?

Ah yes...I forgot. You spent the summer with us last year.

RED MEAT

comedogenic comedy cream

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

To what do I owe this honor, Chet? In all my years at the dairy, I've never once seen you leave the upstairs dispatcher's booth.



I just hadda come down here to da loadin' dock an' shake yer hand, Milkman Dan.



No kidding...? What for?

For da first time in ten years, you gone one whole week wit'out crushin' da front grill, side panels, or fenders on yer delivery truck.



No need to rub it in. It's not my fault the city replaced all the old steel playground equipment with that new soft plastic kind.

RED MEAT

detritus interruptus

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This buddy of mine took me all over town to a bunch of garage sales this weekend.



At this one house, I got me a pair of trousers for a quarter and a bunch of old dress shirts for ten cents apiece.



Even though it costs a little extra, it sure beats peelin' 'em off dead winos.



RED MEAT

pumping the air back into despair

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Darn it all, Honey...I just can't stop worrying about the kids.



Go to sleep, Ted. They'll be fine.

But they've never slept outdoors before.



Sure they have. They camped out in the backyard twice last summer.



Okay, you win. We'll lower some food down to them in the morning.

RED MEAT

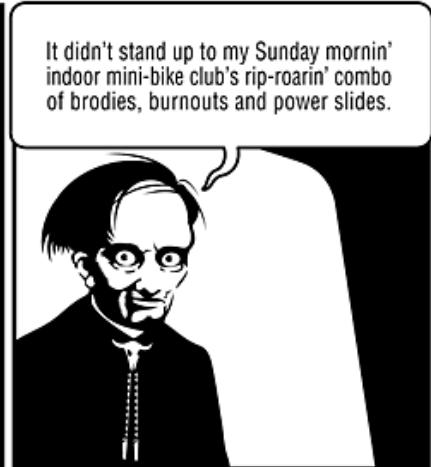
timorous titters of tomfoolery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Last week, my landlord installed this new vinyl floor coverin' in my kitchen. It's way nicer lookin' than the torn-up yellow and brown linoleum that was on there before.

It sure ain't as tough, though.

It didn't stand up to my Sunday mornin' indoor mini-bike club's rip-roarin' combo of brodies, burnouts and power slides.



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RED MEAT

pungent slug unguent

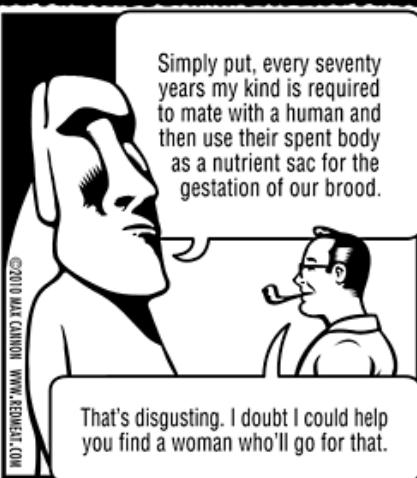
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Greetings, human known as "Ted." The mighty Papa Moai asks your assistance.



No problem, big guy. What's up?

Simply put, every seventy years my kind is required to mate with a human and then use their spent body as a nutrient sac for the gestation of our brood.



That's disgusting. I doubt I could help you find a woman who'll go for that.



Unnecessary. You'll do just fine.

I have a better idea.
You can kiss my a...

Whoa! I was messing with you.
I just need help moving a couch.

belt-mounted effluvium creel

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I came in as soon as I got your call, Doc. Why'd you want to see me again so soon?



Frankly, Johnny... I'm going to need some more x-rays.

Jeez, Doc...you took full-body x-rays the last time I came in. Do I have something serious?



No, not at all. I just...uh...need another five or six full series.

Um...isn't it kind of bad for my health to get so many x-rays?



Undeniably, but my kids need a bunch more to decorate their grade school's haunted house for Halloween.

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RED MEAT

wisp-like welts of wonderment

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Let's go, Cindy. Our reservations are for seven, and they won't hold the table for us.



Just let me go grab my purse...hold on a minute.

Ted, you are not wearing that scuba suit to Rusty's.



Why not...? It's a seafood restaurant!

Because I hate it when you dive into their seafood tank to pull the rubber bands off the lobsters' claws just to watch them fight.

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Do it for our kids, Hon. The boys need to witness a few gruesome crustacean death bouts to truly respect the ocean's majesty.

RED MEAT

still-twitching humor gobbets

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So...this is completely normal, Doc?



I wouldn't say that. However, this tube of prescription salve should help it a bit.

And then it'll just go away?



Lets hope so. But to be honest...I've never seen a case as bad as yours.

Severe "bathtub pruney-skin" is almost never seen outside of pediatric offices.

No kidding?

Yes. I suggest you grow up.



RED MEAT

still waiting for a beep from
the handheld humor detector

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm a little concerned, Ted. Since you got home from your surgery yesterday you haven't said more than two words.



Guhmlph. Nuh! Nuh!



Okay...I just read the pamphlet they sent home with you. Guess I wasn't fully getting what the whole lobotomy thing was about.



RED MEAT

brussel sprout ball gag

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I've been getting complaints all week from both customers and dairy employees about an "odor" coming from your delivery truck.

Well...? Like to talk to me about it?

The Australian government would have me killed in a heartbeat if I were to speak of it.

Yes, sir. I've gotten a few of those, myself.

I can't. It's a closely guarded state secret.

Give me a break, Dan.

Look...I don't ask why the koala bear cubs are all headless, and they don't ask me what I do with the carcasses once they arrive.

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RED MEAT

diluted droplets of drollery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

When I was a kid, I really wanted my own BB gun, but my mom always said "no way."

Heck, I always figured I'd just go ahead an' get me one when I got older and moved outta her house into my own.

Which'll be any day now...I can feel it.

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Earl! Come rub some liniment on my pustule!

Be right there, Ma!

RED MEAT

reenacted flabbergast spasm

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sorry to have to do this, Karen...but I'm placing you under citizen's arrest for riding your bike on a pedestrian walkway.

'Cause I'm placin' you under citizen's arrest for bein' publicly intoxicated.

We'll just have to settle this little standoff with a full-on jerky eating contest. Luckily, I brought a 12 lb. box of spicy bison strips.

Nope. I don't think so.

Whoa. This puts us in kind of a tough spot.

Bring it on. I just had my braces tightened today.

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RED MEAT

jimmied jamb of jocularity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Lather. Rinse. Repeat. That's what the directions on the bottle said.



Didn't say anything about doin' it real quick before the tranquilizer wore off the badger.

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RED MEAT

rubberized road to rapture

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart...I'm off to my bowling league. Should be back in a couple of hours or so.



Okay. Before you go, could you come upstairs and help unhook this garment?

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I can't. That's the whole point of a full-body leather bondage suit. You're supposed to be completely restrained. If you like, I can loosen the chain so you can wriggle over to your water dish a little better.



RED MEAT

monotone poem

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Allright, this is a stick-up! Give me all the money you got on you, or I'll do something you're not gonna like.



Oh, really?

Hey, punk...you have no idea what I'm capable of!



No, but I'm not too concerned about a puppet.

Considering I'm standing on the neck of the drunk guy who's hand is up your...HEY! He just threw up all over my pants legs.

Sorry, kid. It's pretty much the only thing he's capable of at this juncture in the heist.



RED MEAT

rosy-hued retrograde rehash

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Listen up, Milkman Dan. As this dairy's new supervisor, I won't be as lenient with your shenanigans as your previous boss.

As you can see from my personnel records, I've been a huge liability for years now. It's high time someone put my feet to the fire.

So let's just...what in the hell?! Good christ! Someone has defecated in my lunchbox!!

Boy, am I glad to hear that...

Good. Sounds like you're willing to make some major changes.

You see how badly an employee like myself needs a firm hand, Sir?



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from the secret files of
Max Cannon

RED MEAT

burgeoning badinage blight

Hey! Nice to see you grew the lambchops back, Ted! Always thought they looked good.

It's actually a full beard, Wally. I'm trying out a new style I call "Wild West Outlaws."

It's simple. The rest of the "gang" is holed up down south of the border.



©2010 MAX CANNON

tobacco shack

NOTHIN' BUT TALKIN'



So...that is a mustache wax stain on the front of your trousers, then?

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

RED MEAT

feckless foray into the fundamant

Ted, why don't you come out of the bath and eat holiday dinner at the table with us?

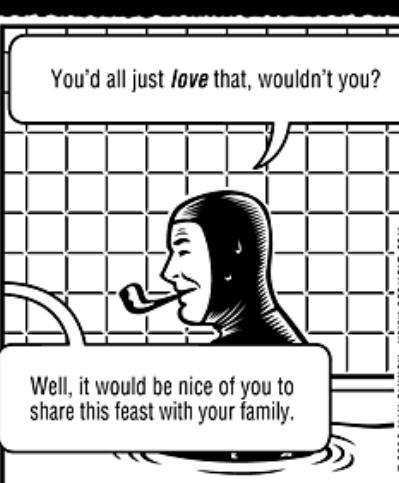
You'd all just *love* that, wouldn't you?

Share the feast? Or share some of this tub full of delicious giblet gravy I'm soaking in?

Ha. In your dreams.

Well, it would be nice of you to share this feast with your family.

Nice try, Honey.



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RED MEAT

doldrum and bugle corp

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I seen this one story on the news last week about an Irish setter who adopted a cute baby squirrel just like it was her own pup.

So I figured I'd try the same deal with this little baby kitten I found in the alleyway.

Well one thing's for dang sure...my boa constrictor ain't no Irish setter.



RED MEAT

dour dumplings of desperation

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm never taking you to church with me again, Ted! You make a complete ass out of yourself every single time.

Calm down, Dear.

No, I won't calm down. The minister asks for an "amen," and you respond to him by spouting off some ridiculous nonsense!

See?! What does that even mean...?!



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Look, all I said was, "protect and keep us from the dark embrace of Dread Xthulhu."

It means that you wouldn't want to be anywhere near his ebon, offal-covered tentacles when the Great Coming of the Dark Ancient Ones occurs. Every video gamer who plays "Hellreign II: Rise of Shadows" knows that.

RED MEAT

restive rivulets of revulsion

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What in the hell is this, Ted? My holiday gift is a purse wrapped up with bacon...?!

No. It's not wrapped in bacon—it's made of it!

I see. Oh...and it's greasy and it stinks, too.

I'm sure it does. You'll have to bake it before you use it, sweetheart.

Really? Tell you what, why don't you bake it? Then you can eat it for dinner tonight. Look...there's even some rice in it for you!

Those are most likely maggots, babe. I made that thing weeks ago.



RED MEAT

shriveled conifer of despondence

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hurry up and put on your makeup, Son...it's almost time to open gifts.

But me and Mom don't want to play zombie dress-up on Christmas.

Do you both really think it's fair that we only get to celebrate the living dead on Halloween, Easter and President's Day?

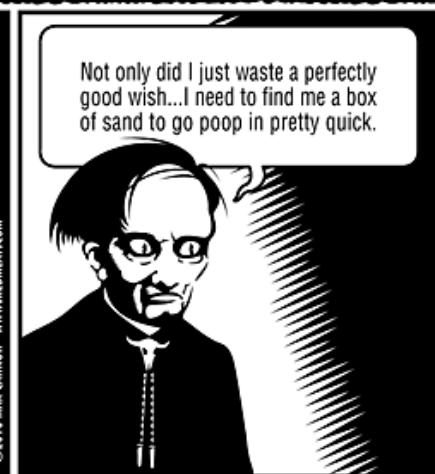


RED MEAT

neoteric netherworld
of the namby-pamby

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

If I could have only one New Year's wish, it would be to have cat's eyes—so's I could freak everybody out when I go in to work.



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RED MEAT

furbishing the flaps of flummery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I gotta call me an exterminator today. First it was just my front yard, but now my back yard is completely infested with them things.



Danged gnomes.

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RED MEAT

buzzard-stripped frontier humor

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So, Doc...you think this painful rash will clear up by itself? That's a relief!

That's not even close to what I told you, Ted.

Did you say I need to use ointment on it?

No. What I said was that your rash will go away if you switch to boxer shorts until it clears up completely.

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The only problem is that I'm not really a boxer shorts type of guy.

I noticed. Could you at least switch over to a style of thong without sequins on the string?

Seriously? They make them that way?

RED MEAT

languid limpets of lethargy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Glad you decided to brave a wintertime survival camp-out with your old dad. Let's go over our gear checklist again.

But we've already been over it twice.

Ha! The true adventurer can't ever be too careful when staring death in the eye, Son.

D-death...?! Let's do the list again.

That's the spirit! Okay, we have parkas, snow boots...

...compass, first aid kit, heated sleeping bags, inflatable space tent, hatchet, bear-repellent spray, flare gun, and a GPS locator beacon.

Even with all that, we could still die?

Probably. I only brought this hastily-scrawled list. I didn't actually have any of this stuff in our garage. Did you bring any food?

RED MEAT

tarlike tidbits on the floor mat of futility

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart? I can't remember if I locked the back door or not.

Why don't you go check, then?

Suppose I go and it's already locked?

So? Then you'll have gotten a little exercise and some peace of mind.

But if I don't check it, and a bear gets in--I'll get plenty of exercise having to take it down with my awesome moves.

Bears can't open doorknobs, and you don't have awesome moves.

Clearly you've never seen me go up against a bear that has tiny, grafted-on human arms.

RED MEAT

butter pats for the culture heap

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Them li'l hummingbirds is amazin' critters. They can flap them teensy wings 80 times a second and supposedly they're super smart.



I love to lookit 'em up real close, so I got me a bunch'a colorful types of flowers on my back porch to attract 'em there.



And all them glue traps I dangled from strings make sure they stick around.

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RED MEAT

phenetic phoneme phalanx

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man...my bathtub is a wreck. Rusted-out drain, leaky faucets, cracked bottom, an' a thick yellowish crust all over the inside.



On the bright side, at least my brine shrimp colony finally hatched out.



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RED MEAT

the frantic flapping of
freshly flesned flukes

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know how you're not s'posed to cut a golf ball open 'cause the li'l thing in the center of it will explode and spray acid?



Well, I just cut one open and nothin' like that happened.



But, man...it sure did bleed all over my table and scream like the dickens.



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RED MEAT

pieced together from
excavated comedy shards

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dan, could you step into my office for a moment?

Of course, sir. What's up?

Do you know anything about these dirty pipecleaners all over the top of my desk?

Oops. My apologies. I was cleaning out a clogged nozzle from the milk bottle sanitizing unit last night.

These things are all coated with slime and brown crud. That unit must've been filthy.

Nope, it wasn't too bad. I just had them handy, so I figured I might as well clean my pet anteater's infected snout as well.

RED MEAT

pant-load weigh station

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Attention, human! The mighty Papa Moai wishes to purchase some of your finest pipe tobacco.

Ahh...that would be the Turkish ribbon spiced with Louisiana Perique.

Excellent. I will take sixty-seven kilograms of it in a wooden box.

I don't keep that much in stock. How about two pounds in a paper bag?

Insufficient. I would go through that paltry amount in one sitting.

Wow...you really like to smoke, don't you?

I've never tried it. I'm just unbelievably extravagant about what I line the pan of my own litter box with.

RED MEAT

pinking shear tracheotomy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, kids...while your mother is out of town you get to eat whatever you want for dinner. And, you get to eat in the TV room!

Thanks, but we're not hungry, Dad.

Not hungry...?! It's been six hours since we all went to lunch and you're both still growing. Don't you at least want a pizza?

We both feel kind of sick, actually.

Well...next time you'll listen to me, won't you? You don't order cold cut sandwiches at a topless bar. Everybody knows that.

RED MEAT

acerbic annotations for the agnostic

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

O Lord, we humbly ask your blessing for our church picnic this Sunday. We pray for clear skies and an absence of insects.



Let me write this down: "Good weather and no bugs." Say, guy...you don't happen to have some spare change in your pocket?

Y-yes I do. But why would the Almighty have need of coins?

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Haha. I'm not God...I'm her personal assistant, Gina. I'm a dime short for the break room snack vending machine.

There are snacks in Heaven, then?

If you want to call them that. All we have in the machine are cheddar pork rinds. Seriously, "Heaven" is totally snack hell.

RED MEAT

sparingly spattered sputum

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been havin' trouble sleepin' lately, so's I bought me one'a them alarm clocks that plays the sounds of oceans and forests.



It works great. Slept like a baby all night.



Beats the heck outta that Aztec pyramid alarm clock I use'ta have that sacrifices a screaming li'l plastic virgin every hour.

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RED MEAT

elegantly upholstered unpleasantness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You'd better do something about your employee locker, Milkman Dan. Every one of the crew has complained to me.



I'm not sure what the big deal is. I don't even use it.

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It's no wonder, with that choking stench wafting out of the ventilation holes. Smells like you have a rotting corpse stuffed in it.



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I'd advise you to take it up with the med students to whom I rented out my locker.



Frankly I'm a bit skeptical, too...seeing as they were dressed suspiciously like bikers.

RED MEAT

rechargeable goosebump shaver

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...I think our bathroom scale is broken. It says I've gained twenty pounds, but that just can't be right.

Well, I can always tell by my clothes.

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Can you still fasten any of your pants?

Not by a long shot, but these stretch slacks of yours fit me like a glove.

Fine. You can wear them to work, but the jacket for that pantsuit is still over at the dry cleaner.

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RED MEAT

wankery's wet nurse

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Well, Dwight...I reckon that's the last of the cattle t'go to auction. Let's get them pumps shut off and lock up all the gates.

Can't believe you're shuttin' down this whole ranch, Boss.

An' besides, them animals were startin' to git downright mean-spirited from all the growth enhancers we were givin' to 'em.

©2011 MAX CANNON

Sigh. There's only one thing certain in this here life, an' that's knowin' that all things'll come to an endin' eventually.

No kiddin'. One'a the heifers tried to cut Burt with a broken bottle.

Yep. But that wasn't about the stee-roids. That was somethin' personal between 'em.

RED MEAT

barrel-bottom bathysphere

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hi. I'm here about the job you advertised in the newspaper for a nighttime stock boy.

I see. So, do you have any prior experience as a retail manager?

Umm...no, not really. I'm just here about the stock boy job.

Can you manage a staff of twenty to forty people?

No. Why are you asking me all these questions that don't having anything to do with the night stock boy job?

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I just needed to make sure you weren't after my job. You have no idea of how close you just came to ending up in the trunk of my Hyundai.

RED MEAT

turgescent tuber of tedium

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ever since I started takin' weekend art classes down at the community center, I really been studyin' the human body.

The curves and lines of the muscles and bones, the expressiveness of the hands, the face, and even the feet.

But most especially how that human body is really startin' to smell up my apartment.



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RED MEAT

humor's hand-tooled harness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You had better not do nothin' mean to me today, Milkman Dan—or I'm gonna call your work and tell on you.

Tattling is one of the seven deadly sins.

Okay, maybe it isn't. But I'm pretty sure you must have done something wicked, or God wouldn't have put your bicycle under my delivery truck's front tires...would he?



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RED MEAT

laryngitic launch zone

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I figured out a way to get me this great lookin' suntan, and I don't even have ta go outside an be hot and uncomfortable.

Best of all, it don't cost hardly nothin'. I made up my own "sunless" tannin' lotion outta stuff I had in the house.

I can't wear no clothes though...this worcestershire and soy sauce mixture leaves some nasty stains all over 'em.



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RED MEAT

ordure polishing chamois

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

It's going to keep me awake all night if I can't remember the name of the actor that played the janitor on "Best Buddies."

There was no "janitor" character on that show, Ted. You're thinking of that other show...what was it called? Oh, darn it!

That kind of compounding of perplexity might fly in the daily comic strips...but I'm afraid I can't let that one slide here, babe.

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Let's see some speed-googling.

RED MEAT

moist mementos of the mundane

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Mom...I don't think I should go to school today. I have a temperature and my skin feels kind of clammy.

Sorry to hear you're under the weather, kid. Here in the mirror-world, we never get sick and we only eat ice cream and soda pop.

What kind of soda pop?

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It's called "Ghastly High-Fever Hallucination Cola." Hey...would you like to see me pull out my own eyeballs with mouth tentacles?

RED MEAT

jaundiced jackfruit of jocularity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Isn't this great? Shaping clouds with our minds is amazingly fun!

Why can't you just admit that you're too cheap to take me to a movie, Dad?

You wanted to see a movie? The visitors' center over at the city sewage treatment facility has a wonderfully instructive film.

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I know. You took me there on my birthday for that.

RED MEAT

hunkered down in the hopseed

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, why are all the t-shirts and socks in your dresser drawer wadded up in a pile?

And what's this "new system" of yours supposed to accomplish?

I'm asking what's the basic theory here?!

I'm testing a brand new system, Honey.

Beg your pardon?
I'm not sure what you're asking me.

Um, I don't really have one. It just makes my inexcusable sloth feel less like a shortcoming if I frame it as research.

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RED MEAT

taut tether of trauma

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You're crying, Karen. What's the matter?

Don't take it so hard, little lady. Why, it's probably just her gentle way of telling you that you aren't her actual biological child. My mother broke it to me that same way.

My mama forgot my birthday yesterday!

What...?

I'm adopted?! BOO-HOO-HOO!!!

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No man is so tall as when he stoops to help a child find an even bigger reason to worry.

RED MEAT

fun extraction pump

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Why are you hanging from the bathroom ceiling, Ted? Hey... where is our toilet?!

I replaced it with this vacuum-operated NASA toilet, Sweetheart. It's the same model they use on the space shuttle.

FLUSH!

I would imagine it works better in a zero-gravity environment.

You're probably right, Dear. Say...you might want to spray some of that can of "space station freshener" down on the floor, there.

RED MEAT

obsolescence's observation deck

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This here backscatter x-ray visor gives me the ability to see through ladies' clothes.



Holy jeez...!



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Which ain't such a good thing for a guy workin' in a geriatric hospital.



RED MEAT

death match do-over

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Where have you been, Milkman Dan? I haven't seen you around the neighborhood for two weeks.



I was down in Mexico studying some classic wrestling moves from the master luchadors.

Wrestling...? You? Ha! You probably couldn't even do one single pushup.



Nice one, Karen. Lucky for you that you didn't say that in Spanish. I would have had no choice but to school you with a devastating "headscissor takedown."



RED MEAT

perdition's oven mitt

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Please...will you turn off that awful noise?

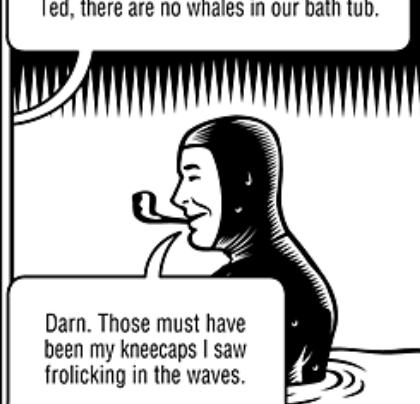


I can't, Honey-cakes.

I need it to be this loud so it can penetrate the water. It's how I communicate with the whales.



Ted, there are no whales in our bath tub.



Darn. Those must have been my kneecaps I saw frolicking in the waves.

RED MEAT

picking at laugh scabs

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I bought me one'a them self-inflating navy life rafts from the surplus store.

I like it okay, except the dang instruction manual left out the most important thing.

You definitely don't want to be inside a bus station toilet stall when ya pull that ripcord.



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RED MEAT

sunny side of the sinkhole

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My wife can't expect me to sleep in this recliner forever. It's ridiculous... she has to forgive me eventually.

The way she's acting, you would think I had showed up shirtless to Sunday services with a big pentagram painted on my chest.

Oh, wait. That's exactly what I did.



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RED MEAT

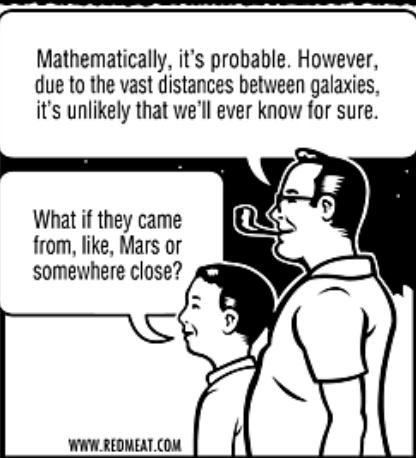
board game blisters

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad...is there life on other planets?

Mathematically, it's probable. However, due to the vast distances between galaxies, it's unlikely that we'll ever know for sure.

In that case, we'll all probably be too busy having our brains sucked from our skulls like milkshakes to worry about it too much.



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Go rent a movie sometime, Son. Those Martians are absolute psychotic bastards.

RED MEAT

musky miasma of mirth

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My girlfriend keeps on tellin' me that I gotta start goin' to bed at a normal time, otherwise she's gonna break up with me.

I figure me and her just have different ideas about how a relationship works.

I consider it a sign of affection to sit up all night starin' at someone while they sleep.



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RED MEAT

gestural ornithology

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay...I'd say that's enough fun in the park for one day. Why don't you go and retrieve our Frisbee before we go?

No way. Besides, it's not a Frisbee, Dad—it's an old paint can lid. You didn't want to pay for a real Frisbee.

No time for finger pointing. That old woman might only be unconscious, but we'd best not take any chances.



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Ha! Good one, Son. You go start the car while I go wipe down that lid for prints.

RED MEAT

spent humor cartridge

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hi, Karen...mind if I borrow a few minutes of your time?

Three minutes later...

Quit starin' off into space and tell me what you want.

I already got it. You see, I stole precious minutes of your life that you can never have back...that is, unless you'd like to buy them back for a crisp ten dollar bill.

Yeah, okay...I guess so.

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But my mom only gave me a dollar for ice cream.

I'll take it. Just imagine you bought a delicious "timesicle."

RED MEAT

downslide lubricant

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Seriously, Ted. When are you going to take all that rotting meat out of the bed of your pickup truck? It's really starting to stink up the entire neighborhood.

I was thinking that I might let it fester for a little while longer, Sweetheart.

Nothing. But you've probably noticed that none of our friends have asked us to help them move anything lately.

Why? That stench is repulsive! What are you trying to prove?

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RED MEAT

doomsday's child

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ready to come help me clean up the yard?

I don't know. I don't really feel like it, Dad.

My friend Ray is comin' over to play some video games in a little bit, so I figured we'd just hang out in my room until he has to leave for dinner.

Hm...not really an option. I'm pretty sure there are a couple of silver dollar sized holes in your game console. Let's get raking!



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RED MEAT

seven layer sodium cake

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been hangin' out in the park all mornin' because my landlord is havin' the whole apartment complex sprayed for termites.

I managed to smuggle their queen to safety, though. I got her tucked right here in my front pants pocket.

I'mbettin' she'll probably make me a knight for this.



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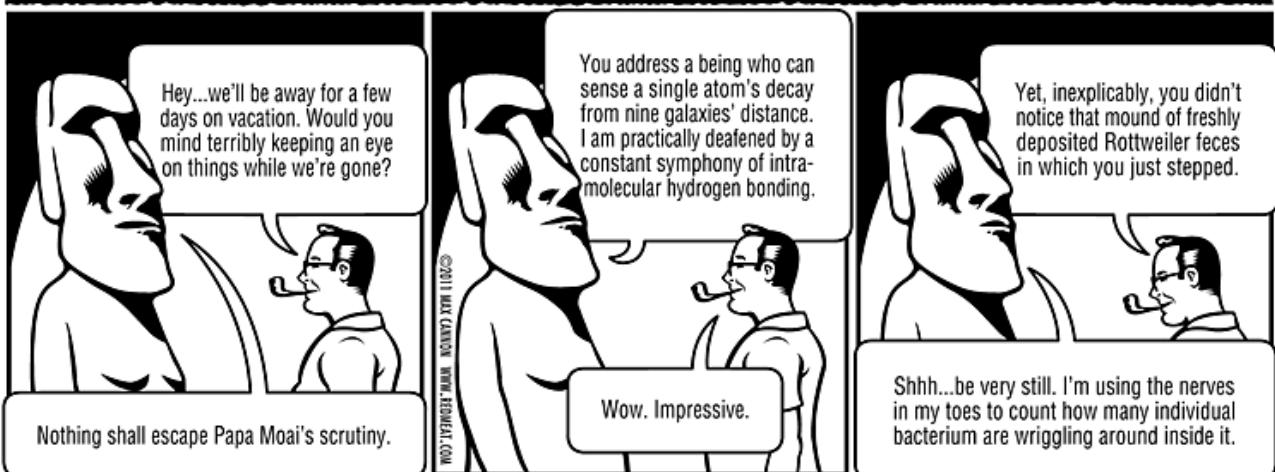


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persistent pull of the peripheral

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

metaphysics for the mordant

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT

unsolicited switchblade scrimshaw

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



RED MEAT 2111

futuristic fudge pit

from the time travel files of
Max Cannon

It's truly astounding, K-REN. I can't help but marvel at the price of gasoline. I just paid 60,000 credits for a single gallon of it.

But why acquire an antique combustion fuel? Any known mechanical device can be converted to run on fusion modules.

Mechanical devices, yes. But to immolate a child's tree-mounted recreational pod, you have to do it the old-fashioned way.

That's remarkable.

RED MEAT

enthusiasm nullification device

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Got this new job workin' for the city parks.

I spend the whole day goin' around from place to place, checkin' to see if all the park bathrooms are clean.

And the answer is 'no.' No they ain't.

RED MEAT

desultory detour into despondency

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You said we were coming to see a horror movie, Dad. What's the deal?

I don't know, son...this seems pretty darned terrifying to me.

How? This is just a crowd-pleasing romance comedy.

Exactly. One day you'll reach my age, and any capacity for wonder, levity or romance you still possess will be mercilessly tested daily by mundane and soul-killing realities.

Okay. That metallic taste in my mouth is pure existential dread, I suppose.

RED MEAT

dreary dreadnought of drollery

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Best Halloween in years. I didn't have no decent idea for a costume, so I figured I'd just cut me a mustache outta black paper.



I glued it up on my lip and then caught the bus over to the Catholic community center.



You can't hardly imagine what it feels like to unleash the raw power of Burt Reynolds in a auditorium full'a Bingo-playin' grannies.

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RED MEAT

sticky, discarded mirth wrapper

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I can do this all night, Cynthia. The Army trained me to stay awake for days upon days whenever necessary.

Just forget it and go to sleep, Ted.



Why won't you just step up and apologize?

Because it's not that big of a deal. Everyone uses that term nowadays.



No, they don't. I've heard of "man boobs," but you're the only one who calls them "cardigan tortoises." That's just hurtful.

And besides...a turtle shell wouldn't flop into my armpit when I lie down.



RED MEAT

moldering morsels for thought

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey there, sport. So...how'd you like this year's "adventure camp?"

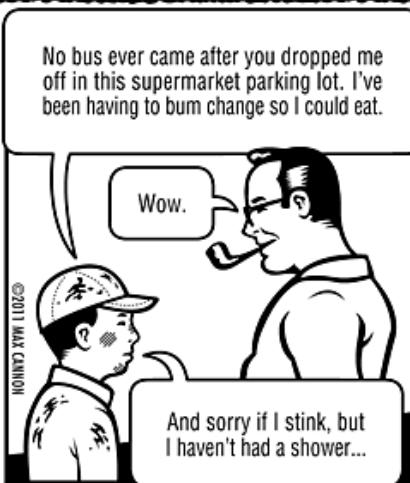
I wouldn't know, Dad.



No bus ever came after you dropped me off in this supermarket parking lot. I've been having to bum change so I could eat.

Wow.

And sorry if I stink, but I haven't had a shower...



Seeing as I've been sleeping in a cardboard box behind a dumpster for a week.

You know...your mother thought you weren't ready for "working class survival training," but it sounds like it made a man of you.



RED MEAT

festerin' feast of foreboding

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I always looked forward to this time of the year. My family bundled up and sittin' by the fire, each clutchin' a mug of hot gravy.

Huddled together...listenin'...waitin' out the cold, grim blackness of night until the Pilgrim Dead would return to their graves.

And then them first breakin' rays of dawn and the breathless rush of survival. Now that was somethin' to give thanks for.



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RED MEAT

pecking order puncture wounds

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I hate this, Milkman Dan. All the other kids tease me because I'm the smallest kid in the third grade.

You see, I was always among the biggest, and I fondly recall how much enjoyment I got out of picking on the shrimpy kids.

So, surely you can understand that I'm psychologically torn between offering words of comfort and maintaining my dominant rank in the social hierarchy.



RED MEAT

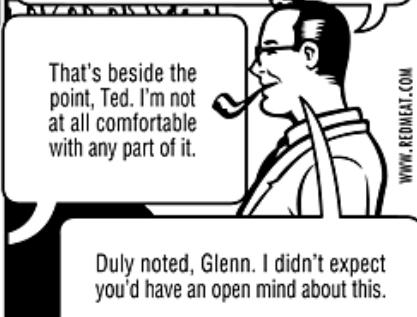
beelzebub's blackened breadstuff

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Look, folks...I acknowledge that some of you in the marketing department still have a few lingering concerns and questions in regard to our new holiday food products.

But I can assure everyone in this room that it will not affect you personally.

An open mind about grinding up all of our warehouse workers to use as filling for the holiday sausage samplers!?



RED MEAT

borne up from the broth

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted, honey...when your news program is over can you please come help me to move some things out of hallway?

Sure, sweetheart. What is it that you'd like to move, if I may ask?

No, I built that. Leave it until morning. Even if the kids manage to wriggle free from the zip-ties and break out of the closet, it should hold them off 'til then.



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RED MEAT

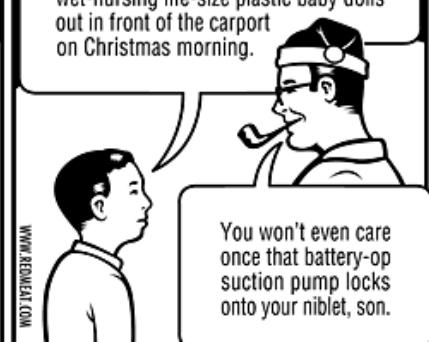
sordidly shaken sleet globe

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, champ...what say we head to the front yard and give our brand new gifts a spin?

Don't tell me you're afraid of what the neighbors will think. I'd say somebody in this room needs to 'man-up' a little.

I don't think that all the macho posturing in the world will compensate for two guys wet-nursing life-size plastic baby dolls out in front of the carport on Christmas morning.



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You won't even care once that battery-op suction pump locks onto your nublet, son.

RED MEAT

capricious casserole of calamity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Here I am again, Milkman Dan. I'm you from ten years in the future, and this time I've come back to stop you from making a grave and terrible, history-changing error.

What I'm about to tell you will determine the very course of mankind's destiny and impact every historical event between this moment and forever more. Are you ready?

Not to mention the fact that I'm blasted out of my skull on muscle relaxants and fruit-flavored bottom shelf liqueur. But if it's that important, we'd better get to it.



It's a good thing you found me in time. How can I help, Future Me?

Not exactly. How could I possibly brace for such a dire revelation?

Darn. I can't remember now.

Haha! I thought I smelled peach schnapps.

RED MEAT

unpalatable lacquered apples

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

That was totally fun. I love coming out to this deserted parking lot every night and learnin' how to drive the family car.



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Glad you're enjoying it. My father did the very same thing for me, too...many years before I was legally old enough to drive.



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But try to remain skeptical, son. I've never intentionally obeyed a posted speed limit sign, yielded, or even signaled for a turn.

They'll teach me that stuff in driver's ed.



Haha! As I recall, it was more about viewing low budget gore-porn with the gym coach.

RED MEAT

hopeless hilarity hunt

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

They say flyin' is the safest way to travel. What a laugh.



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But now I'm guessin' that mainly applies to doin' it on the inside of the airplane.

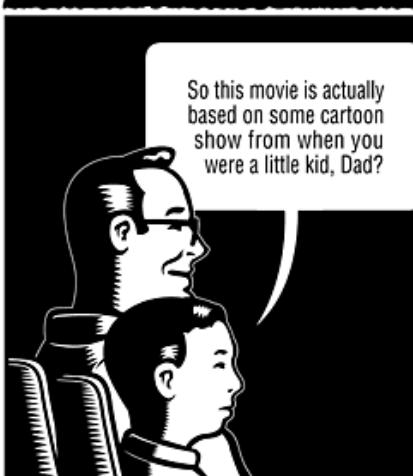


RED MEAT

tiresome titter trek

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

So this movie is actually based on some cartoon show from when you were a little kid, Dad?



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Yep. It used to be I couldn't wait to jump out of bed bright and early on Saturday morning to watch it.



It must be cool for you to see it done in 3D computer animation.



Well that explains Tommy Bahama.

RED MEAT

protracted amusement inversion

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Gotta say...sunset is the best time of all.

Them few minutes of magic light that turn the whole city pink and yellow. I wish it could be that way all day long.

That would be the ultimate vampire defense.

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RED MEAT

polypous puffs of peril

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Papa Moai...did those flyers you asked me to put up all over town ever help you find that missing cat?

I don't get it. They couldn't have been very helpful if you never found your cat.

I have never owned a cat, William. However, my fur jacket is nearly complete.

Well, let's just say that I received a large number of 'helpful' phone calls.

Would you care for some delicious pâté on a water cracker? I make it myself.

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RED MEAT 2112

tomorrow's tedium today

from the time travel files of
Max Cannon

Good afternoon, K-REN. I just spent a most pleasant hour at the antique shop over in the BioTech Mall, looking for a gift for you.

Absolutely. And it's perfect. I already had it sent to you.

In fact, a micro-legion of nanobots should be installing it in your mitochondria as we speak. Not sure what it was, though. The old petri dish's label was too deteriorated to read clearly. Guess we'll just have to wait and see what happens.

Seriously, Genetically-Modified Soy Beverage Distribution Man Dan?

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RED MEAT

awkward accoutrements of audacity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetie...have you seen my satchel? I'm positive I set it down here in the house.

But I need it more than you do! I have to be able to carry my phone and my wallet and things around.

Can't you just wear a standard utility belt or some such thing like all the others?

Stop calling it a satchel, Ted. It's a purse. I bought it for myself...until **you** chose to 'commandeer' it.

The Patent Leather Flechette isn't your average superhero. And besides, do you really think I'd be so trashy as to wear a chunky belt with five-inch stiletto heels?

RED MEAT

nostril napkins for the nosey

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

SO, DOC...CAN YOU HELP ME OR NOT?

WELL WHAT **DO YOU** SUGGEST I DO, THEN?

BUT **YOU** WERE THE ONE WHO INITIALLY WROTE ME THE PRESCRIPTION FOR A "MEDICAL MUSTACHE!"

I **CAN'T**, TED. THIS IS ENTIRELY OUTSIDE OF MY SANCTION TO PRACTICE MEDICINE.

I'll REPEAT: I'M NOT LEGALLY AUTHORIZED TO ASSIST YOU **IN ANY WAY**.

TRUE. BUT NOW WITH THE STATE 'STACHE LAW REPEALED, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO SOME FILTHY STREET DEALER FOR GROOMING WAX.

RED MEAT

cumbersome curds of contrivance

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

LOOKS LIKE I'M HOME EARLY TONIGHT. WHAT'S FOR DINNER, HONEY-CAKES?

PFFT!! YEAH, RIGHT. TURNS OUT IT'S A **LOT** MORE COMPLICATED THAN I HAD INITIALLY THOUGHT.

DON'T BE SO HARD ON YOURSELF, DEAR. YOU PUT A STOP TO **SOME** OF IT, YES?

I JUST ATE LEFTOVERS. YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING TO **RID THE CITY OF CRIME**, SO I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE HOME.

NO. YUCK. TURNS OUT, THE CRIMINAL UNDERBELLY IS **RIFE** WITH PATHOGENS. **NO WAY** AM I GOING TO CONTRACT HEPATITIS B IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE.

RED MEAT

relentless regatta of rhyme

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I GOTTA STOP FREAKIN' MYSELF OUT
BY READIN' THEM CHEAP YARD SALE
THRILL BOOKS RIGHT BEFORE BED.

IT AIN'T RIGHT. I JUST ENDED UP
LAYIN' AWAKE HALF THE NIGHT...

NOT KNOWIN' WHETHER THEM
KIDS TOLD THEIR MOM ABOUT
THAT CAT IN THE HAT OR NOT.



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RED MEAT

mirth's hastily-applied undercoating

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

CONGRATS, PEOPLE. MY HAT IS OFF
TO ALL OF YOU IN THE MARKETING
DIVISION FOR MAKING OUR LATEST
HYBRID PRODUCT A *HUGE* SUCCESS.

EVENT
ETING FOODS, INC.

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UNFORTUNATELY, THE FEDS HAVE
ORDERED US TO RECALL ALL OF IT.

HA. *BIG* SURPRISE.
I TOLD YOU THAT
THIS WAS GOING
TO BE A DISASTER.

YOU DID, GLENN. THANKS FOR
POINTING THAT OUT...*AGAIN*.

SERIOUSLY...WHAT IN THE HELL *DID*
YOU THINK WAS GOING TO HAPPEN
IF WE STARTED MANUFACTURING
CHOCOLATE-COVERED ASPIRIN?!

EVENT
ETING FOODS, INC.

WWW.REDMEAT.COM

BACK IT OFF, GLENN. THE BODIES ARE
PILE UP *FAST*, SO NOW WE HAVE TO
ACT LIKE PROS AND ASK OURSELVES,
"*WHAT WOULD WILLY WONKA DO?*"

RED MEAT

luxurious bath in the aftermath

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

WONDERFUL. ONE WEEK IN THE NEW
HOUSE AND A *CURSED DIMENSIONAL*
DARK PORTAL OPENS IN OUR LIVING
ROOM WALL IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

SKLEEGAAA!!

OOPS.

MY BAD, FELLA'S...I DIDN'T HAVE TIME
TO TUCK *ALL* YOUR TENTACLE MOUTHS
BACK INSIDE THAT HELLHOLE BEFORE
NAILING THE SHEET OF PLYWOOD UP.

MIGHT BE A FEW M&M'S
IN THE CANDY DISH THERE
IF YOU CAN REACH THEM.

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RED MEAT

boxing gloves for bad mittens

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

MY GIRLFRIEND KICKED ME OUTTA HER APARTMENT ON ACCOUNT OF SHE ADOPTED ONE OF THEM LI'L SPHYNX CATS THAT GOT NO HAIR.



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IN HINDSIGHT, I PROB'LY SHOULD'A PETTED IT OR SOMETHIN' **BEFORE** I STARTED PERFORMIN' THE EXORCISM.



WWW.REDMEAT.COM

RED MEAT

two-handed humor haft

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

UH, WALLY...YOU'VE BEEN STANDING NEXT TO MY CAR FOR THE LAST HOUR.



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TRUE, BUT IT'S KIND OF CREEPY. DO YOU NEED A RIDE SOMEPLACE?



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IT'S SIMPLE. ASK A MAN FOR A RIDE AND MAYBE YOU GET ONE OR TWO OUT OF PITY, BUT TEACH HIM TO FEAR YOU--IT'S LIKE A FREE TAXI SERVICE.

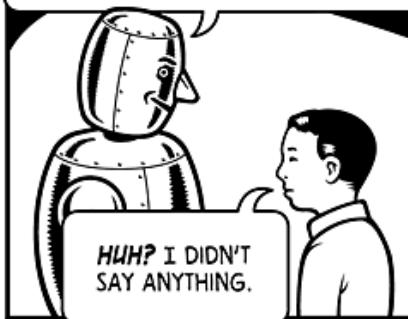


RED MEAT

grape-flavored venom

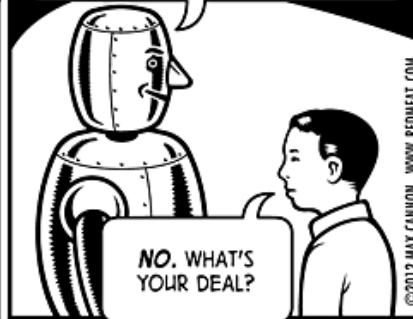
from the secret files of
Max Cannon

WOA THERE, MY FRIEND. DID YOU JUST SAY, "ROBOT SERVES MAN. MAN DOES NOT SERVE ROBOT?"

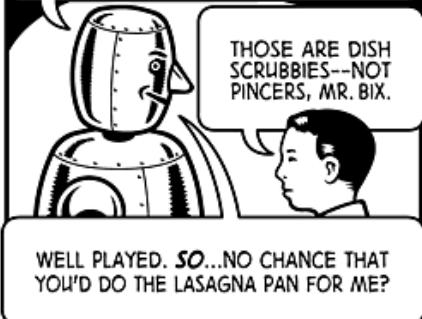


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NO...OF COURSE NOT. BUT YOU WERE THINKING IT, WEREN'T YOU?



YOU **REALIZE** THAT I COULD CRUSH YOUR SKULL LIKE A CHERRY TOMATO WITH MY HYDRAULIC PINCERS, YES?



WELL PLAYED. SO...NO CHANCE THAT YOU'D DO THE LASAGNA PAN FOR ME?

RED MEAT

striated sinews of spite

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I BEEN THINKIN' UP THIS HORROR STORY ABOUT A CHAINSAW KILLER THAT'S TERRORIZIN' THE WOODS.

THE CREEP CUTS DOWN TREES AND THEN HE GRINDS 'EM UP TO MAKE SOME PAPER TO WRITE ABOUT IT.

THEN...HE GOES AND **READS** THEM STORIES TO ALL THE LI'L SAPLINGS.



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RED MEAT

lorem ipsum

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

O LORD...DELIVER US FROM ALL THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE FLESH.



SERIOUSLY?! AFTER I PAINSTAKINGLY CRAFTED YOU ALL INTO THE ULTIMATE PLEASURE-SENSING DEVICES? THEN I GIVE YOU AN ENDLESS SMORGASBORD OF NATURAL "GET HIGH" CHEMICALS AND VIRTUALLY INSATIABLE APPETITES?



PLEASE--FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS HOLY--GET YOUR HEADS OUT OF YOUR BEHINDS AND **GO HAVE FUN**.



I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED TO
LICK A TOAD.

FINE. BUT **ONLY** IF
IT'S CONSENSUAL.

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RED MEAT

butter biscuits for the biomass

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Back when I was a little kid, I used'ta put a tooth under my pillow before bed and in the mornin' I'd find me a quarter.



I can't believe I was such a small-timer in them days.



Not no more, though. I'm goin' for the big payday. Tonight, I got me a whole human skull under my pillow.



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RED MEAT

occam's strop

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ahhh...finally! A three-day weekend. I'm going to sit here in my pajamas—channel surfing, munching salty carbs and sipping cold beer the entire time.

Don't forget, Ted...I need you to take the kids to soccer tomorrow morning and then to swimming. Also, we have church and your mom's birthday party Sunday.

I know, honey. I was just taking a brief moment to fantasy role-play that I still have some semblance of a personal life.

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It keeps my soul from imploding.

RED MEAT

honeywagon joyride

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Good lord, Doc...this back pain is awful.

There's a red and white balloon still duct-taped to my lower back, right?

What it's about is that I won't be enduring another trip to Funworld this year. The kids missed one of the balloons, and those were the rules.

Not surprising. You have darts lodged in your shoulder blades.

Yes. Care to tell me what that's about?

And if one of those darts had hit your spine you could've been paralyzed.

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I know. Just covering all the bases.

RED MEAT

execration's reliquary

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ahhhh...retirement. Now this is the life. But I never would've dreamed I'd have the beach all to myself on a picturesque Sunday afternoon in early summertime.

Nope. Time for a better fantasy scenario.

Or...I need to deal with the fact that I get blind drunk every day and wake up naked at the RV park's septic pond.

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RED MEAT

sandpaper second skin

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This isn't anything like the superhero movies that I watched when I was your age. They're all arguing with each other.

Back when you were a kid, characters were simplistic. The bad guys were all dressed in black and good guys were boy scouts.

True. But also, the girl heroes didn't have latex outfits with plastic nipples on them. Which makes all the bickering tolerable.

It's because they're more complex and realistic, Dad.

I haven't even been listening to the dialogue.

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RED MEAT

gelatinous globules of glee

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I must be dreaming, Milkman Dan. We haven't had one single complaint about you from any customers in over a week.

You see, I finally realized that at this stage of my career, it was high time I started thinking a little more about my "legacy."

Haha! Like that would ever happen. I was referring to my legacy as a serial kidnapper. The "missing" don't call with complaints.

I've been taking steps, sir.

Very admirable. I'm glad to hear that you want to be remembered by all as an exemplary milkman.

Especially not if they expect more gruel lowered down into that old mine shaft.

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RED MEAT

relentless beat of the humdrum

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey. Hey, look.

Get a life.

I ain't dumb enough to get into a starin' contest with somebody's got no eyelids.

©2012 MAX CANNON

RED MEAT

the soured stench of senescence

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Holy cats, Wally...I am feeling *way* off my game lately. Maybe I should visit a doctor.



Yup. That's when everything begins to get bigger, hairier and closer to the ground. You just have to roll with it.



Not so bad, really. Eventually, you get to grow a big beard and wear plaid slacks.



RED MEAT

interminable tree sloth battle

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

= KOFF!! =
For pete's sake, Ted...
you've been coughing
your head off all day.
Please take a lozenge.

I'll be fine, Honey. I just need to get all the phlegm up out of my... **KOFF!** Gkk!



On second thought, I will take one of those lozenges. A staple gun too--if you've got one handy.

RED MEAT

rumpled, mirth-stained overalls

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart, I really need to talk to you about this latest credit card statement.

Why? what's the problem?

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Well, for starters, there are multiple charges for "Ron's Bikini Car Wash."

Yes. That's where I get the car washed.

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At a bikini car wash?!?

Sure. The kids love that place.

I'll be darned. Guess who's never wasting another dime on miniature golf ever again?

RED MEAT

moldering maw of mirthlessness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Mom! I don't like these pants you got for me. They're the color of poop and the fabric is kind of itchy on my legs.

Whoa, kid. Here in the Mirror-World, you ain't playing to win unless you're sporting a scratchy pair of diarrhea-brown slacks.

Then these look good on me?

©2012 MAX CANNON WWW.REDMEAT.COM
Nah. Everything here is backwards. In your reality, get ready for nonstop beat downs.

RED MEAT

rust-caked rivets of routine

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man, I was gettin' tired of runnin' to the drugstore constantly to buy new tweezers.

Thank goodness the checkout lady is kinda chatty with the customers.

Otherwise, I prob'lly never would'a known them things was reusable.

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RED MEAT

ear-flick sonata

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Seriously, Karen. Don't you ever get the feeling that there's got to be more to life than the nonstop, hellish cruelty that you and I visit upon each other day after day?



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Outstanding, seeing as how I just released a mayonnaise jar full of lice, fleas and deer ticks into your bedroom's open window.



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RED MEAT

bagpipe cottage cheese

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honey...do you ever wonder what you would do if you found out that you had only one week left to live?

Every now and then, I suppose.



So what would you do?

Get a bat wing full-back tattoo and have motorcycle sex with whoever is currently playing James Bond.

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That sounds incredibly specific. Seems like you've put some thought into this.

That's only "scenario eight." You couldn't handle one through seven.



RED MEAT

majestic beard of hornets

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey, Steve...what's up? Haven't seen you around for a few months. Still undergoing all those skin graft operations and such?



Yep. I was over in Vienna for awhile to see the leading reconstructive ear and nose specialist. Not too bad, eh?



Looking good so far.



Of course, we'll all sleep better at night once you get some eyelids.

Yeah...me, especially.

RED MEAT

hell ride backseat driver

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Damn. Had to get away from the wife for awhile. You've ever been married, Wally?



Yep. Three times.

I guess I never knew that. If you don't mind me asking, how come it never worked out?



You know how it is...



Being married to a chubby, balding man who suffers from chronic, stress-triggered incontinence isn't a picnic for any woman.

Tell me about it. I left quite a mess back at home. Thank god I still have gorgeous hair.

RED MEAT

redeye to anhedonia

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Tell me, Dad...what was Grandpa like?

He was a wonderfully eccentric man. He probably would have lived to be 100 if he hadn't been torn apart by a herd of giraffes.

That's what we thought, until we put him up on that fifteen-foot ladder after rolling him in acacia sap and fresh mimosa leaves.



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RED MEAT

underberry top note

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man, what a beautiful way to start the day...wakin' up to the beach and the cries of seagulls and the crashin' of waves.



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I just wish I could remember how I ended up here and whose feet these are in this here styrofoam ice chest.



RED MEAT

pulsating petri dish of peril

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Wow. These meteor showers are amazing, Dad. There are so many of them that I bet once in awhile they hit a building or a car.



Not a chance, son. Those things burn up before they ever come close to the Earth.



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You sure? At the planetarium, I saw one that was bigger than a watermelon. And they found it in a corn field in Nebraska.



I know. I was just trying to be "fatherly." Welcome to the hell of cold, stark reality.

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RED MEAT

glory road sinkhole

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Tuesday night, 9:28 p.m.

12:52 a.m.

Good night, Sweetheart. I'm going to stay up for awhile and catch up on some *serious* election coverage.

Sweet. Looks like my main man has got this one in the bag, once again.

Damn. I love these "Reagan Years" marathons on the History Channel. It's the only porn left for us GOP'ers.

=KLIK=

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RED MEAT

ponderous mirth burden

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man...I'm never gonna get to sleep. I keep worryin' about all them poor kids in Africa.

What was I thinkin'? Mailin' a bunch of vials of live smallpox culture instead of baby food.

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RED MEAT

sandpaper superslide

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I'm not going to sugarcoat it, folks. Our company is so far underwater that we'd literally need Aquaman to save our butts.

We're so deep in the hole right now that the entire sales staff might as well start evolving into eyeless, albino cave frogs.

So, you're saying that we're so far in the red that we ought to be conducting this meeting inside a gargantuan, ripe beefsteak tomato?

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Whoa.
Yikes.
=GULP=

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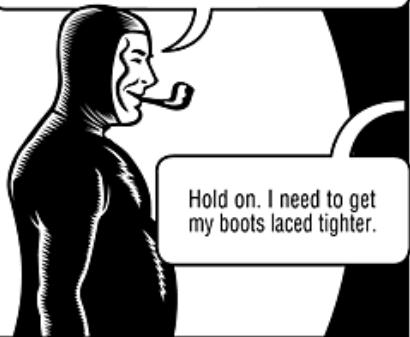
I don't much care for your negativity, Carl. You can go clean out your desk right now.

RED MEAT

tousled tuft of temerity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, Sweetheart. Got my gear on and I'm fully oiled-up. Let's you and I settle this.



Hold on. I need to get my boots laced tighter.

Fair enough. So, if I take you down--not another word about the birthday mishap. You defeat me, and I formally apologize.



Let's just, for argument's sake, say that *you* win this. It still doesn't get you off the hook for forgetting our anniversary, too.

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We'll decide that one with a separate 'event': Why do you think I've been constructing a regulation-sized mud pit in the back yard?

RED MEAT

peculiarity's prodigious punctilio

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I saw this one history show last night about China. Turns out that archaeologists dug up thousands of warriors made outta fired clay.



I ain't too worried about it, though.



I spent the whole day training my ceramic clown collection in hand-to-hand combat.

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RED MEAT

wanton waste of wonderment

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Jeez...I don't get what the deal is at all. Did they have this kind of a superhero movie back when you were a kid, Dad?



No way. They weren't anything like this. This is...'disturbing.'



Um, yeah. It's not what I expected.

And they used to wear costumes. These guys mostly just walk around naked in a fraternity house, instead of fighting crime.



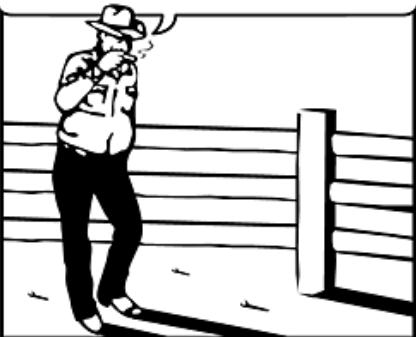
Maybe we should have gone to see Batman, instead of "The XXX-Men."

RED MEAT

dour dust mites of desolation

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Gol' dang...it sure do get lonely out here in the wide open country. Mebbe I should git me into town for some friendly visitin'.



Shoot. I reckon I ain't seen another soul for near two months. A feller could git a mite touched, keepin' his own company.



Honestly, you needn't be so melodramatic. It's not as if you're at a loss for a pleasant, topical conversation.

Shut up, you dang cow...or so help me, I'll slap you so hard your horns'll spin.



Oh, right. But you'll talk to the chickens all day, no problem.

That's right. Chickens ain't got no high an' mighty airs about Wagnerian opera bein' superior to the classic Broadway musical.

RED MEAT

blurry beacon of bemusement

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My mom always use'ta say, "don't worry, Earl—it's always darkest before the dawn."



Yep.

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Then she'd giggle while she stacked cinder blocks on the lid of that rusty 55 gallon drum she made me sleep in.



RED MEAT

rickety plywood humor ramp

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hi there, Karen. How is that adorable little kitten that I gave you last week?



I don't know...it acts kinda weird.

It bites my hand when I try to pet it, and the rest of the time it mostly thrashes around hissing and throwing up stinky yellow foam.



Hmm. That's too bad. It seemed like such a loveable little scamp.



If you liked it so much, how come you didn't you keep it?

To be honest, Karen...once I realized the damned thing was rabid, I wanted it as far away from me as possible.

RED MEAT

posthumous buggy whipping

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Here's the deal in a nutshell, folks. It's probably not what you'll want to hear, but I'm going to give it to you straight.



All of you here in sales are going to be replaced over the next two days with a biologically-engineered, sentient jelly.



So, are we going to be transferred to another division or something?



No, you'll stay right here. You see, we're going to have to allow the 'jelly' to slowly consume each one of you, so that it can absorb your knowledge and personality.

RED MEAT

perforated pontoons of perspicacity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I got a feelin' today is gonna be a way better day than yesterday was.



For starters...no laser sights on my center mass and police screamin' "take the ball gag off the clown and drop your flare gun!"



RED MEAT

jaundiced jeers of jubilation

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Let's just go over our holiday list one more time before we head into the store. Sure you're on board for this?



Hah. Not really, son. We're all in this thing together. Did you bring enough kerosene?



Remember to only douse the linens section. Once I light it up, I want you to head for the nearest exit and meet me back at the car.



Just walk on home and let your mom know that I couldn't cut a swath to the "wall-breakers" deal on that Waffle Wizard®.

RED MEAT

threadbare sweater vest of solace

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ted! Why is a week's worth of our clean laundry wadded in a pile on the guest bed?

And what's this "new system" of yours supposed to accomplish?

I'm asking, "what's the basic theory here?"

I'm testing a brand new system, Honey.

Beg your pardon?
I'm not sure what you're asking me.

Um, I don't really have one. It just makes my inexcusable sloth feel less like a shortcoming if I frame it as "research."

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RED MEAT

salty seasonal solicitations

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, babe...I'm ready to get my cheer on. Let's go hit the best of the holiday parties.

Why shouldn't I? Every year the women are dolled up like hot cheesecake while we poor men are relegated to lumpy sweaters.

Seriously, I get it. I'm concerned that your thigh-high stiletto boots aren't exactly 'family friendly' holiday fare.

I thought you were just kidding around, Ted. Are you really going to wear that red satin body suit?

Have you **seen** a picture of Santa Claus?! If not for the jolly white beard, he might as well be wearing a reindeer harness and have a mattress strapped on his back.

RED MEAT

metaphysics for the mordant

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad, do you think humans will ever meet up with an alien race from some other planet?

Good lord, I sincerely hope not. Can you imagine what might happen to civilization?

Whatever. I'm more concerned about the giant space hermaphrodites who would turn all Earth people into their pleasure slaves.

You mean that it would shake the foundation of every major religion?

I bet our scientists could figure out a way to stop them.

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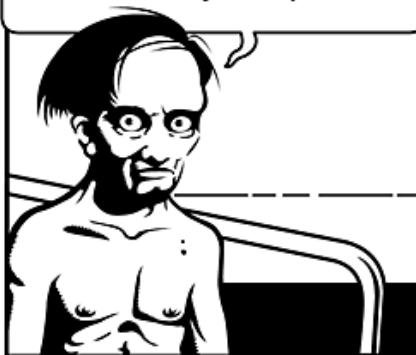
That's why we should strive to underfund and mock science, son. They mustn't win.

RED MEAT

toy poodle in the wolf pack

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This time I'm really gonna do this. Gonna jump off this here high-dive board an' just stare old man fear right in the eye for once.



Wait a second...are them body parts floatin' in that pool water down there?

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Hold on up there, buddy! Let me get the big pieces scooped out before you dive. Christ. Hope you're not an 'exploder', too.



RED MEAT

mirth's "returns" counter

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

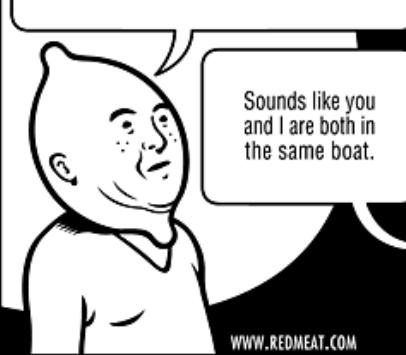
Wow, it's another new year. I would make a "resolution" if I could even care anymore.



You've been weird lately. You ever try antidepressants?

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I'm on the highest dosage. I think that's why I can't feel anything--good or bad.



Sounds like you and I are both in the same boat.

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Oh. So you're on them, too?



Ha! Nope--I'm just one of the lucky bastards that never, ever gave a crap in the first place.

RED MEAT

caterwaul from the culvert

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Wow, Ted. I don't know if you heard, but somebody stole my car last night and the police just told me they found it burnt out and demolished at the bottom of a ravine.



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Could be a good thing, Johnny. It all depends on how you look at it.



What do you mean?

Try to think about it from the perpetrator's perspective. Maybe launching a flaming midsize sedan off the side of a mountain was the wildest fun of that person's life.



Maybe that guy went home last night feeling like a man again. That's a good thing, right?

RED MEAT

potter's field of dreams

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Seriously, Milkman Dan? Your response to this incident report of you assaulting one of our customers is "Gorgon Battle?"

Yes, sir. It was my civic duty to attempt to kill the damned thing.

"Damned thing"...?! A nice old lady who had hot curlers in her hair?

Ha! Well, yes. We all know that now.

But when you're busy chasing a hideous mythological beast down the street while driving a truck in reverse--the side mirror shakes too much to get a clearer picture.

Look, can't we just consider it a lucky break for you that I didn't go after those 'leprechauns' I saw attacking a school bus after that?

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RED MEAT

full throttle roiling twaddle

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

As a kid, I never swam in a public pool cuz I knew that most folks weren't gettin' up out of the water to go use the bathroom.

Gnngh. Urk.

There. That should hold them all off while I finish my laps.

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RED MEAT

leaky humor dinghy regatta

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Are you sure, Papa Moai? My science teacher said that there are only three dimensions, with 'time' being a possible fourth.

One such as I has traversed over a thousand distinct and unimaginable dimensions--the rest are too inexplicable for even my mind to absorb.

Jeez. Those must be some seriously weird places, then.

Then she comprehends very little of the infinite nature of the universe.

You said it. They all have no soup and salad bars in their restaurants. I just don't get it.

RED MEAT

ballast tank for the subpar

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Nick...you haven't seen my son go by on my riding mower have you?

Sure. About ten minutes ago.

Made me kind of nostalgic. I used to steal my old man's mower and go on neighborhood joyrides back in the day.

Yeah...I did, too.

Man! Nothing like riding that John Deere 'til those blades were so clogged with squirrel fur that they wouldn't even spin anymore.

Ha! Ha! I was more of a pigeon man, myself.

RED MEAT

jaunty songs for a ponderous slog

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Back when I was a kid, my mom used'ta read the newspaper every mornin' from cover to cover while she drank her coffee.

Sometimes, while I was sittin' there eatin' my cereal, she would start talkin' out loud to herself about somethin' she just read.

Except that she would do it in this creepy li'l baby's voice and that's why I can't eat Cheerio's no more.

Good god, Ted...was that you that screamed a minute ago?

I didn't mean to scare you, Dear. I'm all better now.

Did you hurt yourself? Hey-- why is that bath water black?

It's not water--it's root beer. When I first jumped in, the effervescent mixture of delight and agony was nearly unbearable.

RED MEAT

brine-soaked gobbets of fun

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My girlfriend don't wanna go out with me no more. She says I live like a pig.

Which ain't true.

I'd like to see the pig who can make his own couch outta rusted milk crates and a queen size mattress that he found in the dumpster.

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RED MEAT

it's over when you say "uncle"

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

O Lord...lend your divine hand so we can teach our school district that you created this Earth, and all life on it, 5,000 years ago.

BAP!

Sorry about that, hoss...you were spewing some major dumbass crap there for a sec.

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RED MEAT

drool spot on comedy's cravat

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Come on now, Ted...I'm not kidding here. You have to take it off right this minute.

This here is a magic "funk medallion." It was a gift from James Brown, and now I give the power to you. Never take it off.

Look man, it was a joke. That thing was just a free prize from a box of Lucky Charms.

Don't be absurd, Don. We made a deal back in 1987.

Awesome! I'll wear it always.

I'll be darned. That would explain both the marshmallow odor and the constant bedevilment by sadistic leprechauns.

RED MEAT

pine box peep show

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I been tryin' to find my old high school nemesis. Y'know...to say "sorry" for all them rotten things I did to him back then.



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Kinda ran into a snag, though. I can't remember where the heck I buried him.



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RED MEAT

green fur on the comedy loaf

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad...this is getting stupid. I already told you and Mom last year that I'm too old to believe in the Easter Bunny.



So why is there a big wicker basket of plastic grass with a greasy pack of hot dogs in it on the floor next to my bed?



Oh great. Now you're telling me that you don't believe in the Sausage Ostrich, either?



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RED MEAT

misshapen humor extrusion

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Darn it! I can't get to sleep because I keep worrying whether I put those gas cans next to the radiator or not.



Yep, I did. Now I can get some rest.



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RED MEAT

viscose veil of vapidity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hey...lambchop sideburns! Looking good, Ted. What made you decide to grow those?



It's actually a **full beard**, Wally. A new style I call the "Wild West Desperado."

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It's simple. The rest of the "gang" is holed up down south of the border.

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RED MEAT

skim milk for weak tea

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What's going on, here...? Why can't I seem to find my "Shark Attack Week" specials on any of these videotapes? It's all just chunky women in leotards!



Oops...sorry, Ted. I must've taped over them when I recorded a bunch of my "Bun-Tighteners" exercise programs.

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Hmmph. Guess I'll have a look at them.



Four hours and thirty minutes later...

Come and get it, Ted...dinner's ready!



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RED MEAT

hogwash undertow

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, kids...please go to sleep now. All our home security systems are activated.



Could we go over the checklist again, Dad?

Sure. I locked the doors and windows and sprinkled cornflakes on the stairs and in the hallway so we'll hear any footsteps.



Good. Did you put the butter on all the outer doorknobs?

Butter...?!? Okay, that's ridiculous. I think this "monster" obsession of yours has gotten a little unhealthy.



Please! They'll get us while we sleep!!

Look, guys...how about I go and pour you each a nice big shot of Dr. Benedryl's magic "invulnerability fluid"? It's your only hope.

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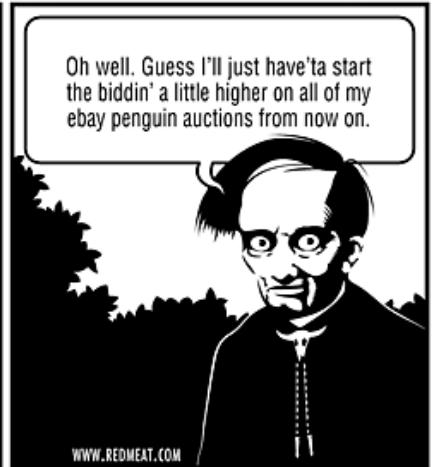
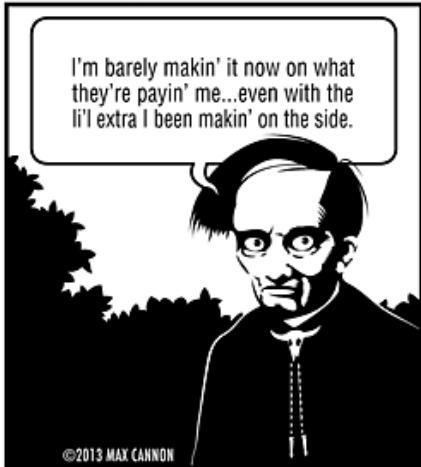
beelzebub's bath scrub

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Considerin' how the economy's been lately, I guess I prob'lly shouldn't be askin' for a raise at my night shift job at the city zoo.

I'm barely makin' it now on what they're payin' me...even with the li'l extra I been makin' on the side.

Oh well. Guess I'll just have'ta start the biddin' a little higher on all of my ebay penguin auctions from now on.



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RED MEAT

misery's feed trough

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

How was your school field trip to the dairy last week, Karen? I watched for you, but I didn't see any groups come through at all.

Right after we went into the milking barn, one of the cows exploded and got blood and guts all over us, so we had to leave.

I knew those C-4 charges were old, but I'd really hoped that at least **three or four** of the cows would go off. I really wanted you kids to have a memorable day at the dairy.



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RED MEAT

soft soap for hard times

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You seem to be a little down in the dumps, Karen. Things not going so well for you?

Hmmm...I know those things can be kind of rough. Maybe I could take you and your mom out to the lake on my new boat for an afternoon. That might cheer you both up.

No...not really, Karen. I just made that up. What would really cheer you both up is a real dad who would cherish your mother and love you as if you were his own child. But, statistically, you and your mom have a better chance of being hit by a meteorite.



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RED MEAT

haplessly hurled humor hunks

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Your delivery vehicle is an embarrassment, Dan. It's covered in filth. That thing looks more like a garbage truck than a milk truck.

Sorry. I'll go and get it cleaned right away, sir.

Good. And one more thing, Dan...

Yes, boss?

Lose the "Milk Is An Abomination" bumper sticker. It sends out the wrong message.

No offense, sir...but have you ever tasted the stuff? It's like an unholy hybrid of pus soup and wallpaper paste. Bleaagh.

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RED MEAT

fistulous fountain of fun

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know how you have to squeeze an egg in the shell *real hard* before it pops?

Well it ain't the same deal with a hamster.

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RED MEAT

brass hats for knuckleheads

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I don't want you in my kitchen anymore, Ted. The last few times you've made your "smoothies," it's been one horrific mess.

Calm down, dear... I'll get it cleaned up.

You'd better. There are splatters all over the walls, ceiling and floor and some of the tiles on the backsplash are chipped.

Sorry about that. I had a rough time with this "Borneo Blast" recipe.

The baby orangutan wouldn't give up the mango, then he put up an epic struggle when I tried to get him into the blender.

I'm also not thrilled about these clumps of orange fur in my new leg shaver.

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RED MEAT

hammer blow landing zone

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I was on my way to a movie show when I saw this run-over cat on the side of the street. I figured I better pick it up, so's I could throw it in a trash inside the theater.

After I buy my ticket, the door guy tells me that I can't bring no dead cat into the movie theater, but he says he'll call the cops on me if I leave it on the sidewalk.

I called his bluff. I only had to take one bite outta it before he let me put it in the trash.



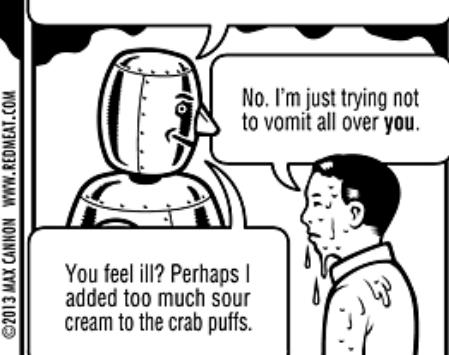
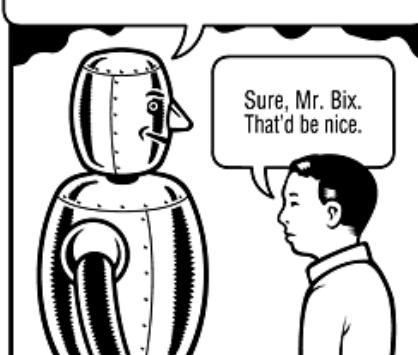
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pungent backsplatter goatee

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Ah, the time of picnics and fireworks. Would you like to share a sumptuous summer feast?



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RED MEAT

cursed humor burial grounds

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Dad, when are we leaving for the zoo? We've been waiting around for an hour.



You can help me by putting the shotgun, a serrated skinning knife, our fishing net, and that steel leg-trap in the car for me.



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RED MEAT

Lukewarm guano sampler

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I see you have some big, sporty lampchops going there, Ted. Trying out a new look, eh?



Not intentionally. The sideburn trimmer blade on my electric shaver is broken.

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Ah.

That's how I started my beard thirty years ago when I lost my old moustache scissors.

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So that's as long as it gets?

Heck, no. I tuck at least seven feet of this baby into my shirt.

RED MEAT

slapped-on crap impasto

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say there, Karen...why aren't you playing in your new tree house?



Really? That's horrifying. Sounds like your tree house is cursed. You must have offended the forest god.

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We had to bug spray it. It was crawlin' with spiders.

And that's exactly what you said when my old tree house got infested with deer ticks and lice. I think **you** did it, Milkman Dan!

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Hey, now. Don't make the forest god drive over to the bait shop for leeches.

RED MEAT

brussel sprout ball gag

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

I've been getting complaints all week from both customers and dairy employees about the stench coming from your delivery truck.



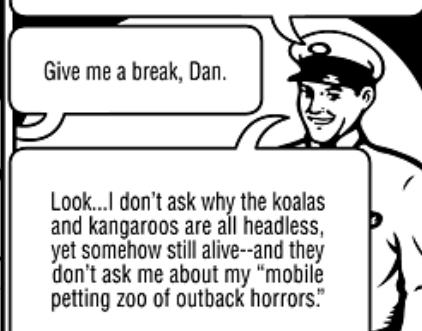
Yes, sir. It's pretty bad. I can barely stomach it.



Well...? Like to talk to me about it?

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The Australian government would have me killed in a heartbeat if I openly discuss it.



Give me a break, Dan.

Look...I don't ask why the koalas and kangaroos are all headless, yet somehow still alive--and they don't ask me about my "mobile petting zoo of outback horrors."

RED MEAT

acrylic pelt trading post

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My god, Ted. The entire house reeks of pungent body odor. How many days has it been since you last showered?



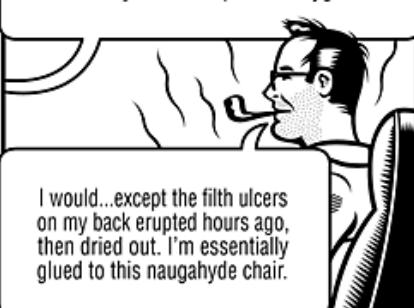
I don't know...a week, maybe?

You should try it, Sweetheart...it's utterly liberating. I can only imagine that this is how our distant ancestors must've felt.

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I'll bet you'd feel even more in common with them if you'd go out and live in the back yard for the duration of this little hiatus of yours from personal hygiene.



I would...except the filth ulcers on my back erupted hours ago, then dried out. I'm essentially glued to this naugahyde chair.

RED MEAT

humor's homely half-sister

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Sweetheart...are you asleep?



No. In fact, I don't feel tired at all.

Me, either. And I have to get up and go to work in four-and-a-half hours.



So? I get to make breakfast, then drive the kids to school at seven.

I'd suggest that we cut back on the coffee enemas before bed, but this high is far too incredible to give up.



No kidding. Right now I can literally taste tachyons and smell time itself.

RED MEAT

sleek annealed leech tweezers

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

This year I promised myself I was gonna start off every mornin' by swimmin' me at least fifty laps so's I can get in shape.



= GAG! =



Oh well. At least there ain't no membership fees here at the sewage treatment plant.



RED MEAT

flop sweat shirt squeezings

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

My mom always use'ta say, "you can't get no blood from a turnip."

She'd say the same thing about a gettin' it out of a stone, too.

I never said nothin' back to her. You don't wanna mess with no freak that's searchin' around that hard for blood.

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RED MEAT

jimmied jamb of jocularity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

"Lather. Rinse. Repeat." That's all the directions on the bottle said.

Didn't say nothin' about doin' it real quick before the tranquilizer wore off the badger.

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RED MEAT

waxen comedy prosthesis

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

What's that thing on the front of your truck, Milkman Dan?

What?!? You're horrible! Dolphins are our friends!

Well...I guess that's okay, then.

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You like it? That's a genuine dolphin skull.

Settle down, Karen. It washed up on the beach last week, so I thought I'd keep it.

Of course, lots of things wash up on the beach when you're drunkenly throwing dynamite off the side of a ferry boat.

RED MEAT

siphoning off your cephalopods

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Hello, Clyde. You're out bright and early this morning. Are you doing some yard work nearby?



Nope, not today. I'm fixin' to make some fried chicken.

But first I gotta catch me a couple'a chickens, so we better be real quiet.



No offense, Clyde...but I've never seen any chickens around this neighborhood.

'Course you haven't...them birds can turn invisible, Mr. Ted. That's why you gotta drink a quart of wood stain. Then can see 'em once your infrared heat vision kicks in.

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Right. Hold on while I go chug some shoe polish. That way I can stun them for you by shooting laser bursts out of my nipples.

RED MEAT

pantload ididerod

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Man...I think my girlfriend is hoppin' mad at me. I was supposed to go out with her last night, but I forgot. Now I'm afraid to call her and get yelled at.



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I have a pretty good "cover story" worked out, though.



All I have'ta do is find a barracuda somewhere and get it to attack me.



RED MEAT

taxidermied tidbits of torpidity

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

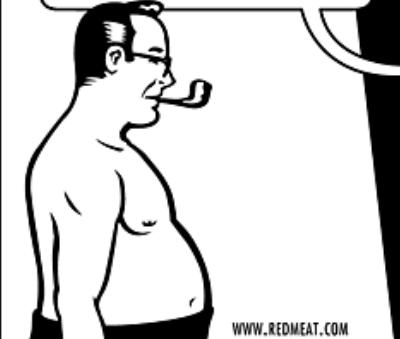
Honey...I think our bathroom scale is broken. It says I've gained twenty pounds, but that just can't be right.



Maybe it is, Ted...

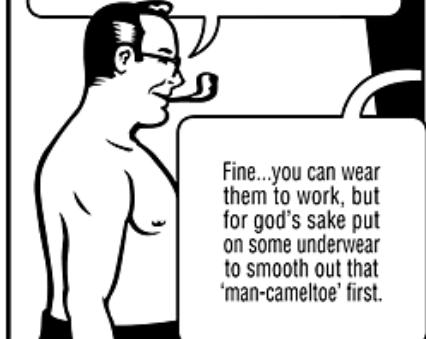
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Do any of your slacks still fit?



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Not by a long shot, but these yoga pants of yours fit me like a glove.



Fine...you can wear them to work, but for god's sake put on some underwear to smooth out that 'man-cameltoe' first.

RED MEAT

puckered portal of pointlessness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Oh, man. I just woke up with the most powerful hankerin' for creamed corn.



Too bad I used both cans last night to pay those hobos to let me watch 'em dance around half nekkid in the alley.



RED MEAT

the frantic flapping of
freshly flensed flukes

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

You know how you're not s'posed to cut a golf ball open 'cause the li'l thing in the center of it will explode and spray acid?



Well, I just cut one open and nothin' like that happened.

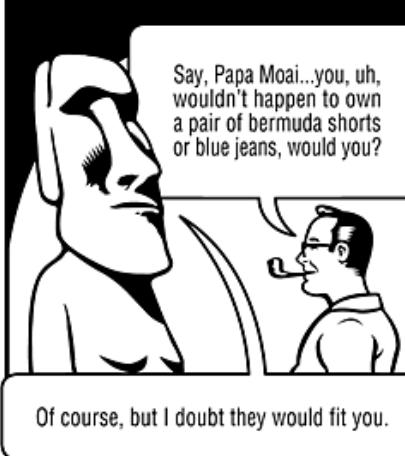


RED MEAT

wrinkly radicchio of ruefulness

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Papa Moai...you, uh, wouldn't happen to own a pair of bermuda shorts or blue jeans, would you?



Of course, but I doubt they would fit you.

Not for me. I was kind of hoping you might be kind enough to slip a pair on.



Why? Does my nudity offend you?

No. It's just that I need to use my pneumatic nail gun on that trellis behind you, and I know how you can get startled by loud noises.



So...if you spin around suddenly and hit me broadside with your junk, I'm going to get knocked halfway across the yard.

RED MEAT

pinking shear tracheotomy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Okay, kids...while your mother is out of town you get to eat whatever you want for dinner. And, you get to eat in the TV room!

Not hungry...?! It's been six hours since we all went to lunch and you're both still growing. Don't you at least want a pizza?

Well...next time you'll listen to me, won't you? You don't order cold cut sandwiches at a topless bar. Everybody knows that.

Thanks, but we're not hungry, Dad.

We both feel kind of sick, actually.

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RED MEAT

bone-shattering backflip blunder

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Glad you could make it, people. I've called this emergency staff meeting because as you know, sales have dropped precipitously on all our product lines across the board.

Now come on, folks...we need some new products immediately. What kinds of things can't our customers live without? Ideas...?

Food.
Shelter.
Water.

Okay. Not bad...

Hey, I've got it!! How about edible tents with electrolyte-enhanced, thirst quenching "hydro-pockets?"

Nice work, Carl! I'd give you a fat bonus if I wasn't holding your pink slip in my hand.

RED MEAT

rendering both horse and rider

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Honestly, people...I fully appreciate your personal apprehensions about maintaining secrecy as to our latest round of cost-saving measures from the lower-level employees.

I also know some of them are even your personal friends, making it even harder.

So, just to clarify...once they have the cortex nullifier implants, they'll just be soulless, mindless biological puppets?

CCENT
TING GOODS, INC.

I don't know, Ted. Even if that weren't the case, the whole idea seems creepy.

Save it for church on Sunday, Glenn. Legal already gave us the green light.

IXNAY ON THE "P" WORD, CARL. MARKETING HAS TESTED IT, AND THEY SAY THE TERM "VOLUNTARY AUTOMATON" IS WAY MORE MEDIA-FRIENDLY.

RED MEAT

remorseless retailer of the retrograde

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Why so glum-looking today, little lady?

We're goin' on vacation and I don't have no one to take care of my kitty.

Worry no longer, Karen. I heard you were asking around so I already have it covered.

How? I didn't give you no cat food or his skin medicine.

Whoa. Big misinterpretation of the phrase "take care of."

Huh...?!

Let's try to look on the bright side. You don't have to worry anymore about your cat missing you while you're gone.

RED MEAT

languid limpets of lethargy

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Glad you decided to brave a wintertime survival camp-out with your old dad. Let's go over our gear checklist again.

But we've already been over it twice.

Ha! The true adventurer can't ever be too careful when staring death in the eye, Son.

D-death...?! Let's do the list again.

That's the spirit! Okay, we have parkas, snow boots...

...compass, first aid kit, heated sleeping bags, inflatable space tent, hatchet, bear-repellent spray, flare gun, and a GPS locater beacon.

Even with all that, we could still die?

Probably. I only brought this hastily-scrawled list. I didn't actually buy any of this overpriced crap. Did you bring any food?

RED MEAT

pilgrimage to puerility

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

It is the day of thankfulness, William. Would you like to share a sumptuous holiday feast?

Sure, Mr. Bix. That'd be nice.

= BLUUAGHK!! =

You're awfully quiet. Are you enraptured by my tangy-sweet homemade cranberry relish?

No. I'm just trying not to vomit all over **you**.

You feel ill? Perhaps I secreted too much bile into the bread stuffing.

RED MEAT

polychromatic peacock pulp

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Excuse me, Papa Moai...
but I was wonderin' if you
could help me with one
of my school assignments.

A wise request, for you
shall learn from one that
has traversed the cosmos
from beginning to end.

From a cosmic being of such
unimaginable complexity, that
both his corporeal form and
his consciousness sit astride
twelve dimensions at once!

From Papa Moai...who has
bathed in the spectral ethers
which swirl beyond time.
Ask and learn, young one!

Wow, thanks. I'm supposed to
figure out the square footage
of our yard for a math problem.
Could you hold one end of this
measuring tape to the fence?

Can't...sorry. I've got a bad
back, and that sounds like
it involves bending over.