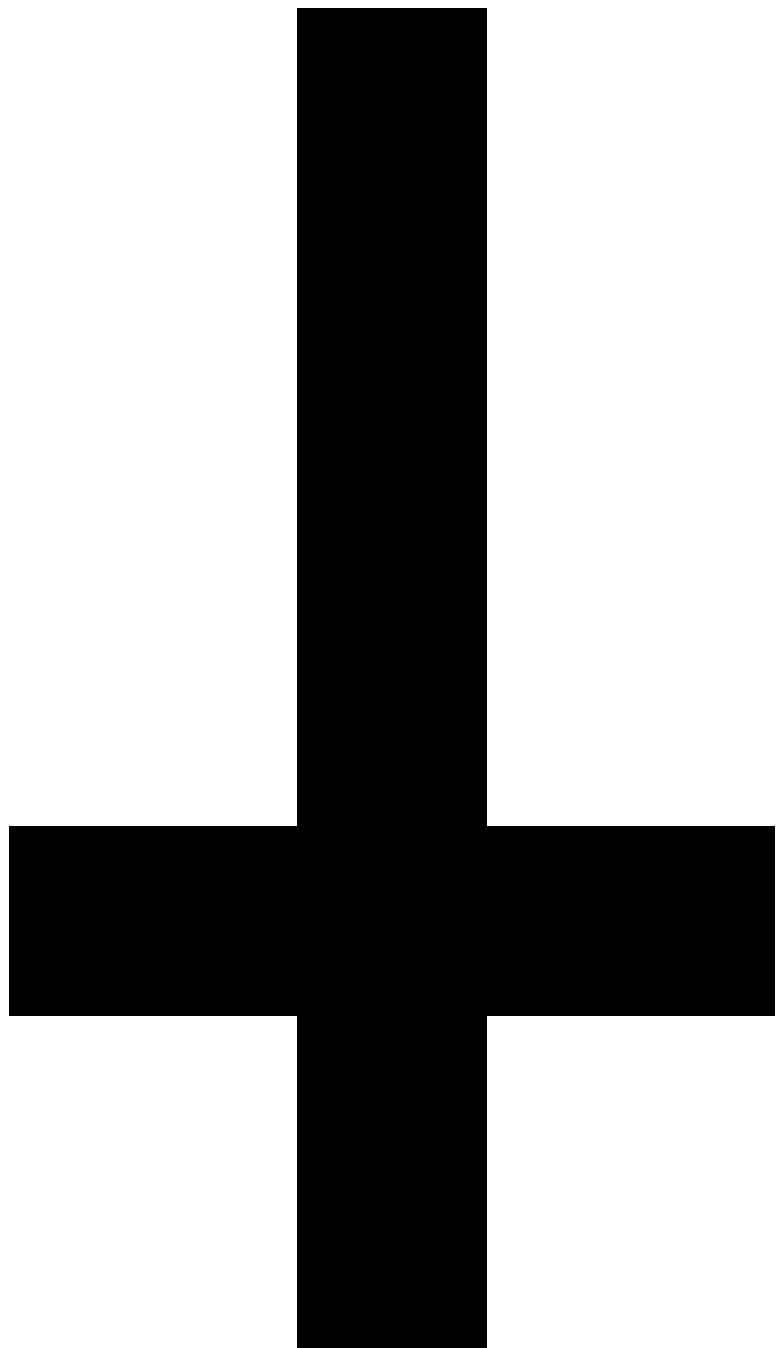


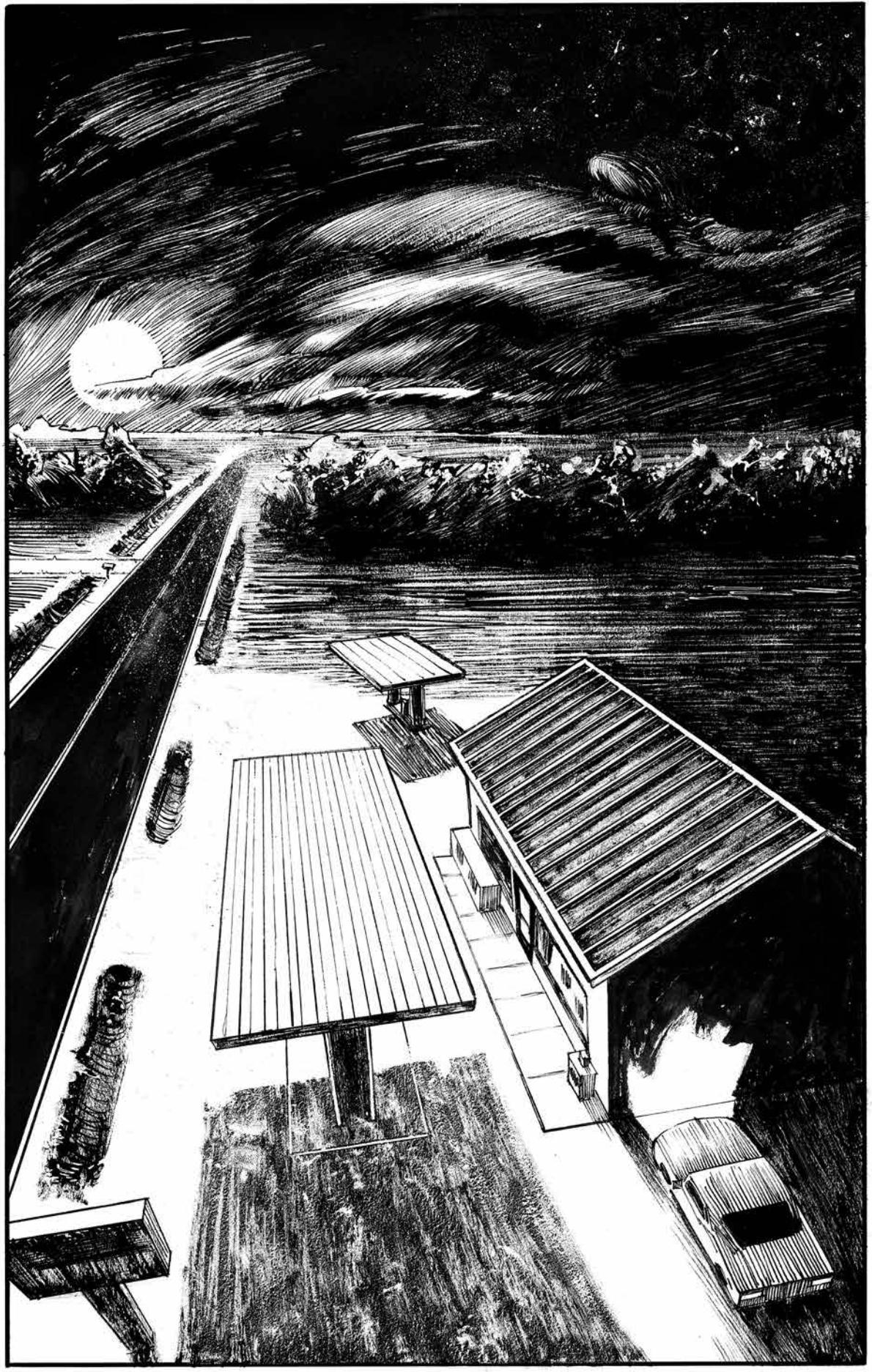
BAD BITCHES

By TIMOTHY WEAVER





© 2016 Timothy Weaver
All Rights Reserved
timoweaver.com







IT'S FOR
THE CAMERAS
SILLY.



JUST SELL
ME THE FUCKING
BEER.



THAT WAS
A ONE TIME
FAVOR FOR
YOUR SIS.



FOR
HALLOWEEN
MARCUS.



GIVE
ME THE
MONEY.



I GOT IT
FROM THE
GAS STATION
OVER BY THE
PIZZA PLACE.



NOW IF
SOMEONE ASKS
WHERE YOU
GOT THIS-



I GOT IT
FROM THE
GAS STATION
OVER BY THE
PIZZA PLACE.

DAMN RIGHT
YOU DID.

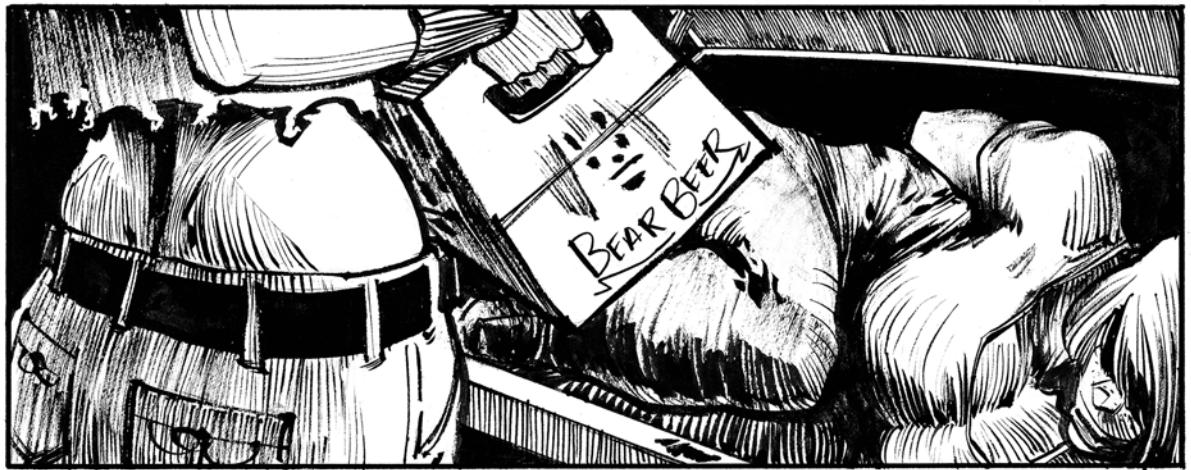
THANKS
MARCUS. I'LL
JUST GET THE
CHANGE AND GO.

WHAT
CHANGE?

YOU'RE
A GODDAMN
PRICK
MARCUS.

QUIT
BUYING BEER
UNDERAGE.

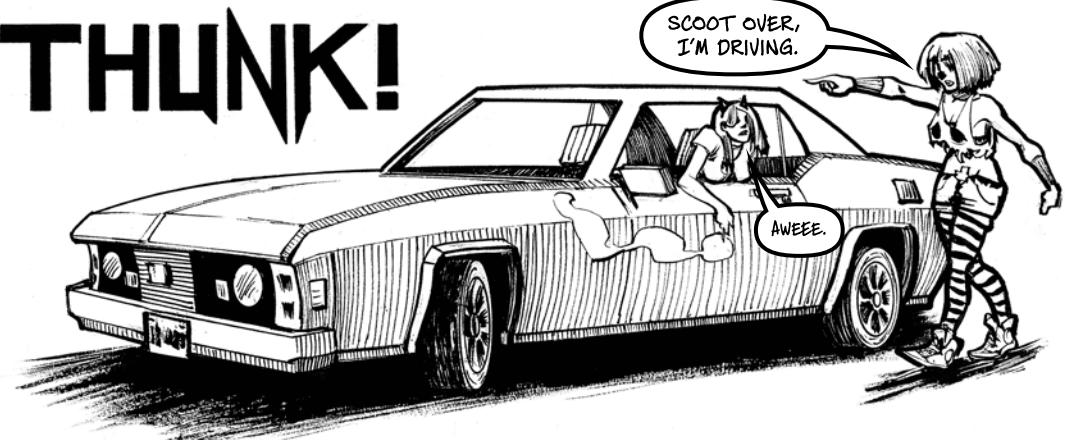
DING
DING

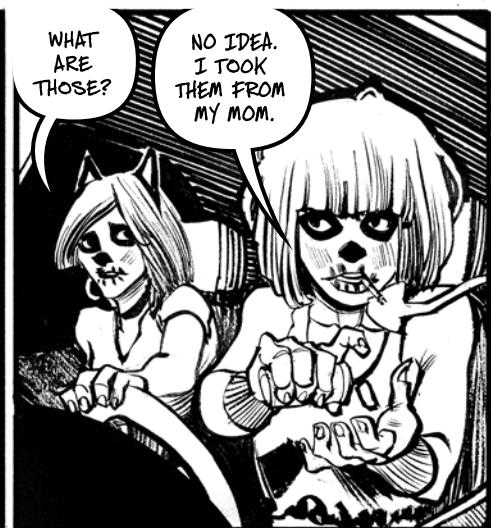






THUNK!







NAH
I'M GOOD.



I'VE HAD
LIKE THREE OF
THESE FUCKERS
TODAY.

OH FUCK,
OK, SO, MARCY
TODAY.



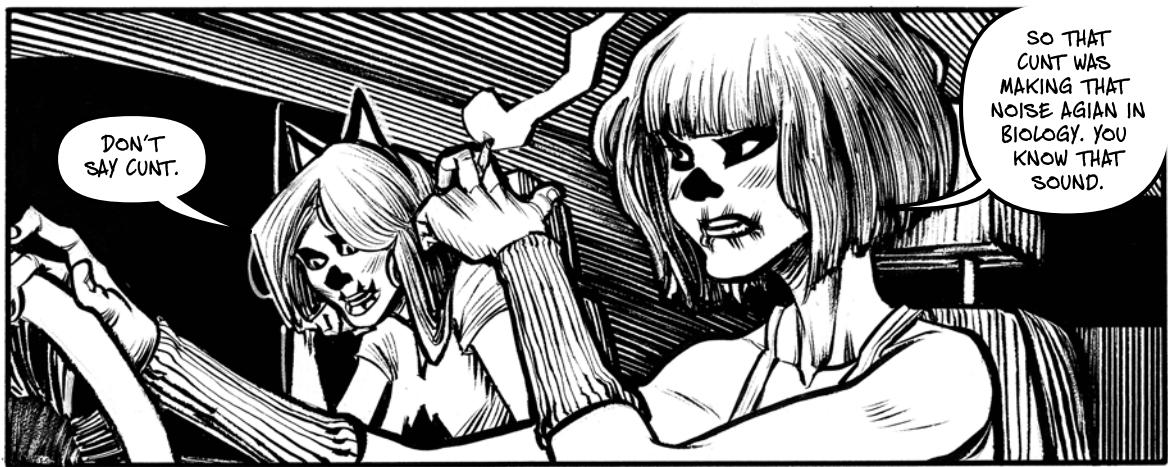
WHAT
DID SHE
DO?



YOU KNOW
HOW MUCH I
HATE HER.

OH
I KNOW.

SO THAT
CUNT-



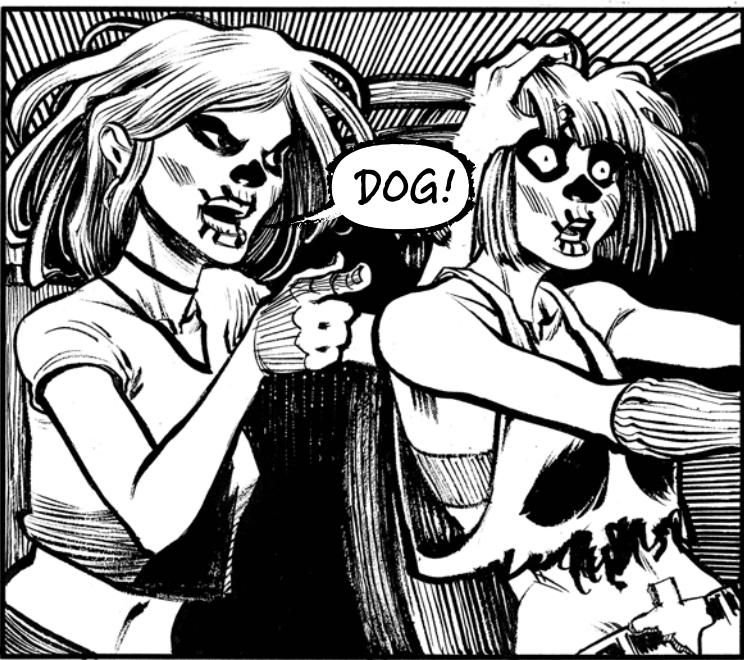


SHE KNOWS
WHAT SHE'S
DOING.

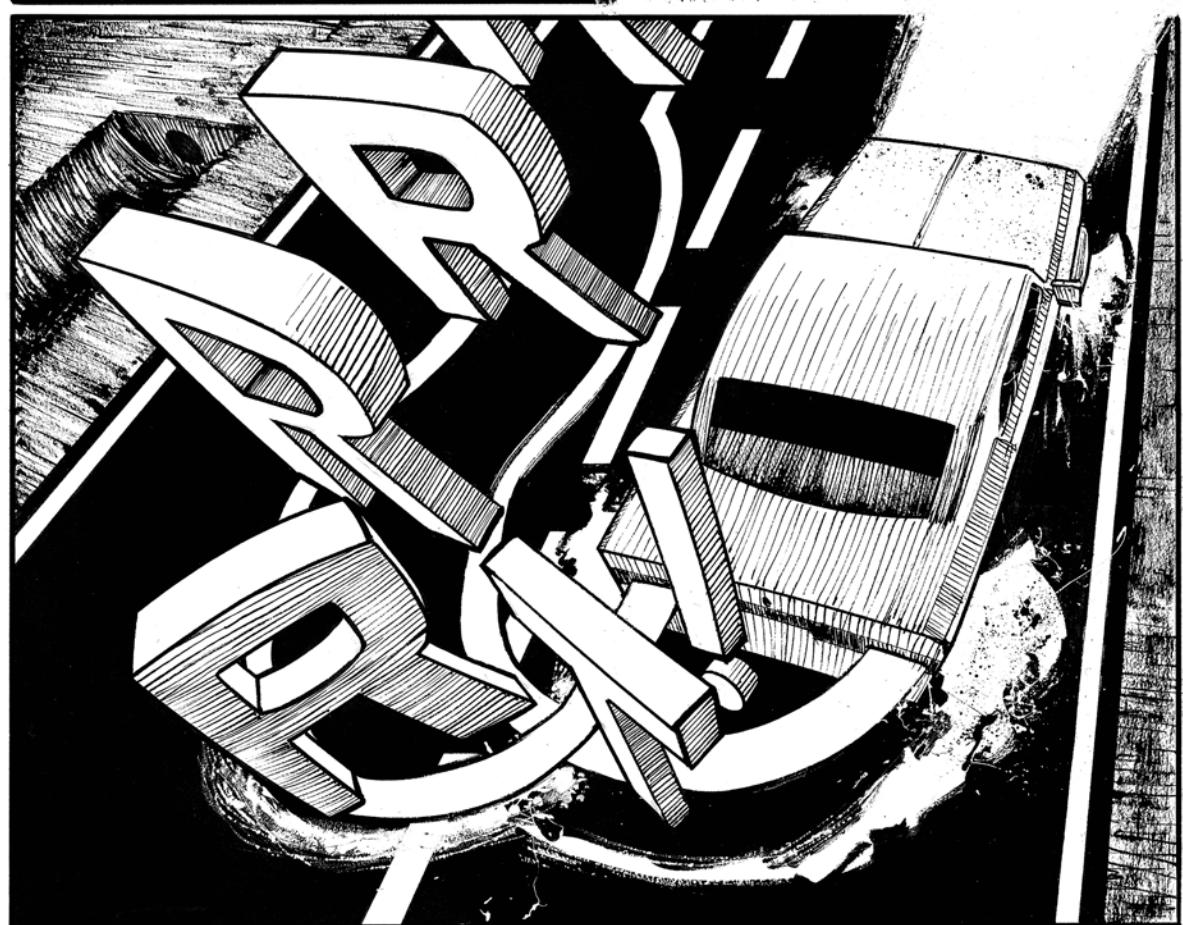


HEY
THERE'S A
DOG-

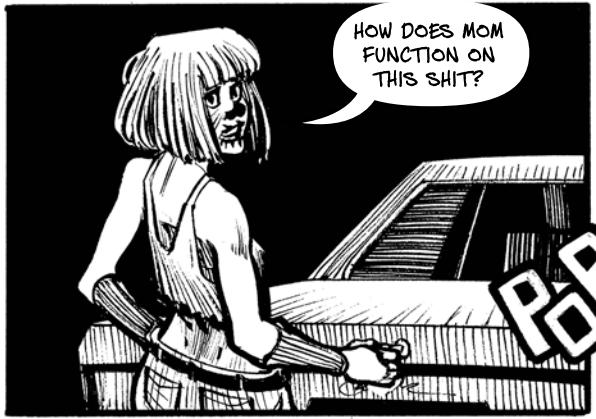
I KNOW
THAT SHE
KNOWS.



DOG!













Timothy Weaver spent way too long on this, and it's got a weird cliffhanger ending. List of people to thank: Sam, Clark, Stephen, Jordan, Logan, Tedd, Jill, Patty, Megan, Mom, Dad, and my grandparents. You all helped at some point over the four years this somehow took to make.

Jeez Tim.

