

# TV Dinner

By, Michael Gerard & SJ Roberts



Hey,  
how y'all doin? Welcome  
to Hot Lunch... Normally there'd  
be a story about me here, but since  
the guys behind the scenes can't get  
their shit together, I thought I'd  
take the reins.

This is SJ, a mediocre intellec-  
tual, he is... whattayacallit? Oh  
yeah, peaked too soon!

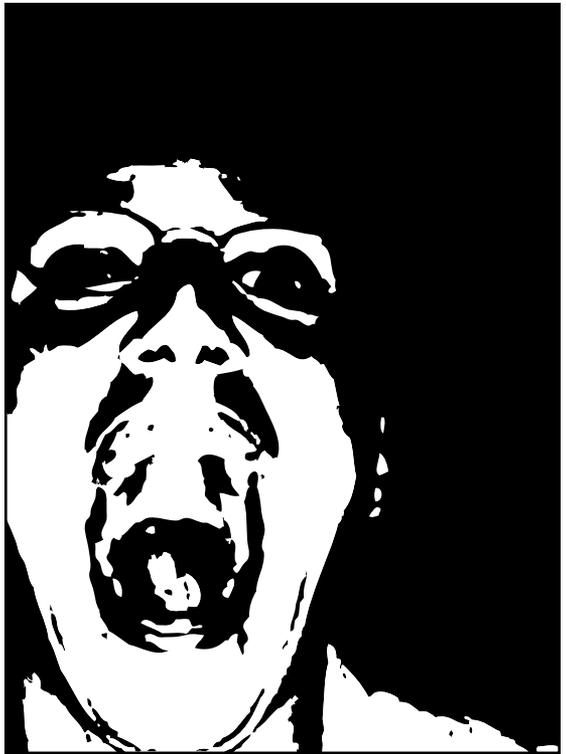


And this is Mike, a talented if  
subversive man, he's been hav-  
ing issues of late, too.

See, their plan was to write and draw a second issue of Hot Lunch. What is it about best laid plans?

SJ had a cancer scare, his dentist found some weird growths in his mouth... Right there where his wisdom teeth used to be.

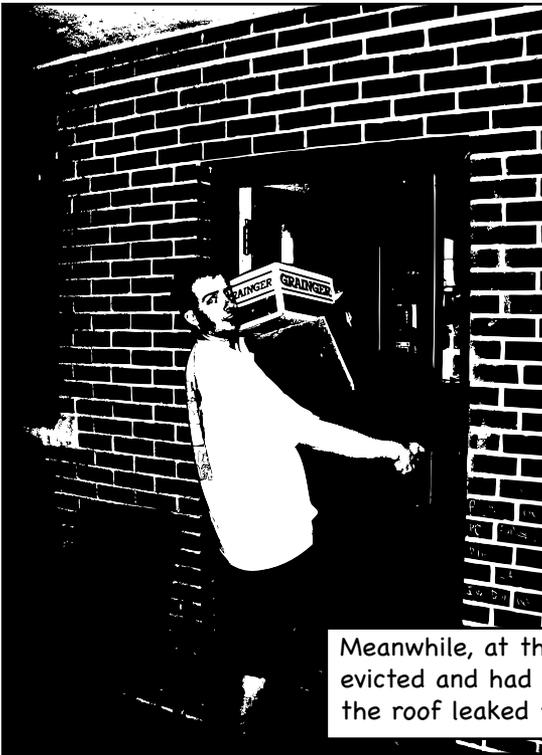
And Mike? Well he spent an inordinate amount of time- probably around six credit hours- trying to find parking.



SJ got sucked into extracurricular activities... Like organizing a 24-hour Comics Challenge.



And building a giant papier maché monster for a show that he got kicked out of..

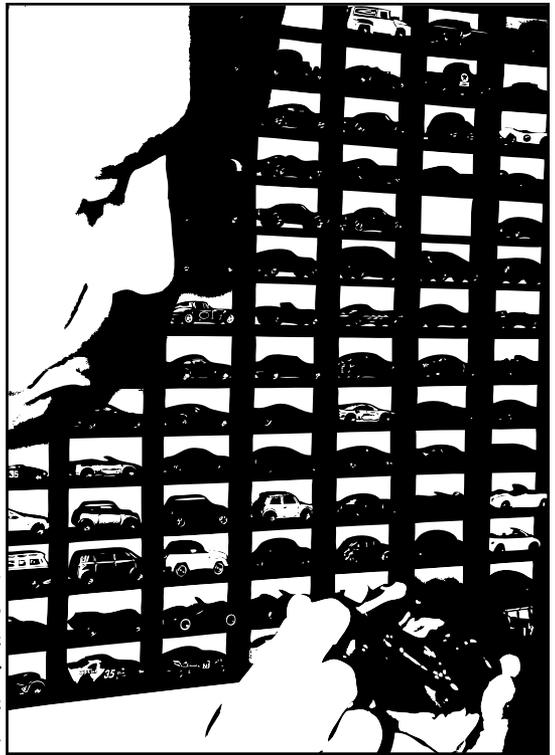


Meanwhile, at the Palms of Apalachee, Mike was evicted and had to move. But that's okay, cause the roof leaked for two years anyway.

The anxiety this caused him turned him into a chronic masturbator.



SJ, meanwhile, locked himself away for three days to dedicate himself to the cleaning of his exotic car collection... Alright, so they're Hot Wheels...



And yes, he used Q-Tips to loving detail each one.



Feeling unduly stressed, Mike and SJ went to the beach for a rousing game of catch.



Unable  
to find anyone with the pa-  
tience to listen to their bullshit, they  
both turned to blogging!



*The End*

