

WHAT'S IN  
THE POCKETS  
OF  
MR. PYALANGES?

(A SOGGY POEM OF THE DEEP)



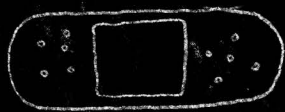
WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED, DEFILED & DESPISED BY MAX JOHNSON



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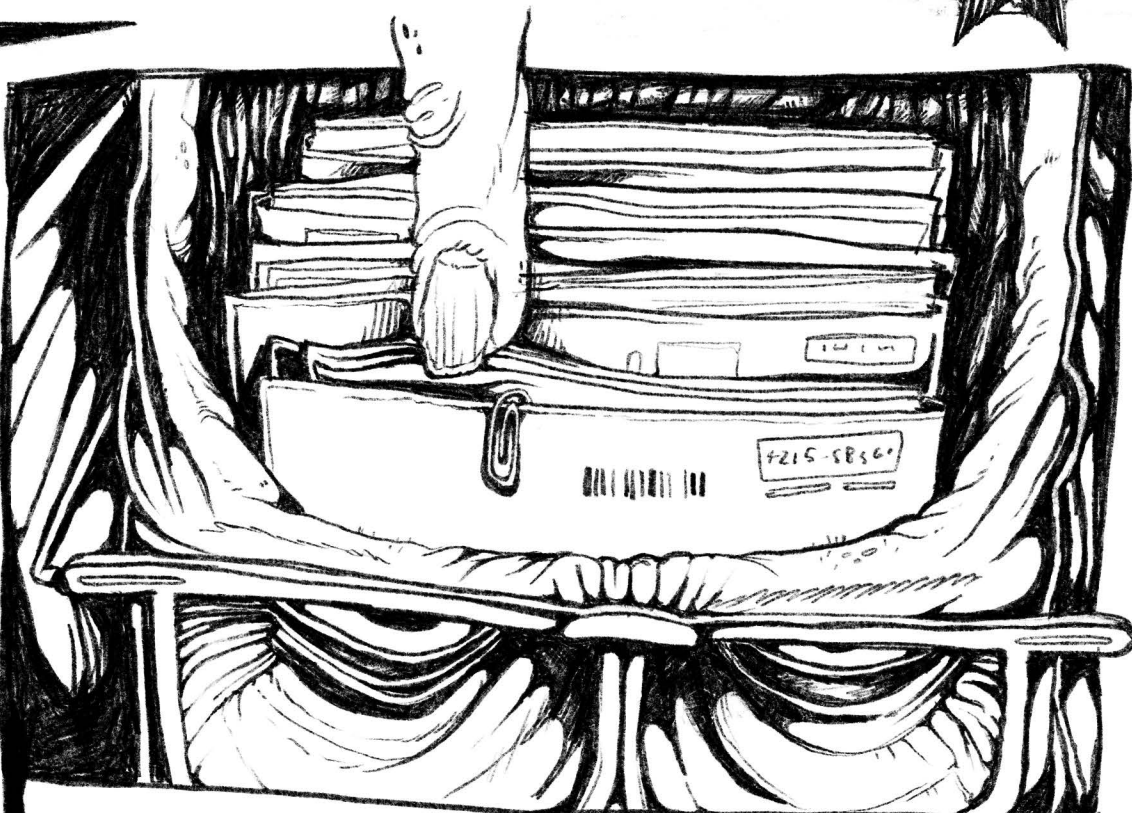


# PHALANGES • [FUH-LAN-JEEZ]

THE RAIN WEIGHED DOWN  
ON HIS HEAD AND HIS  
SHOULDERS...



WHICH INSPIRED RECOUNTING  
OF HIS MEMORY FOLDERS...



AN ITEM LAY DORMANT...



OF A FORMER INFORMANT...



WHOSE **THREAT** COULD BE MEASURED IN BOULDER S...



SOMETHING ON  
THE

DOCKET...

IN THE OLD  
GEEZER'S POCKET...

THAT COULD NO  
LONGER BE...

THERE.

THERE WAS SOMETHING DOWN THERE,



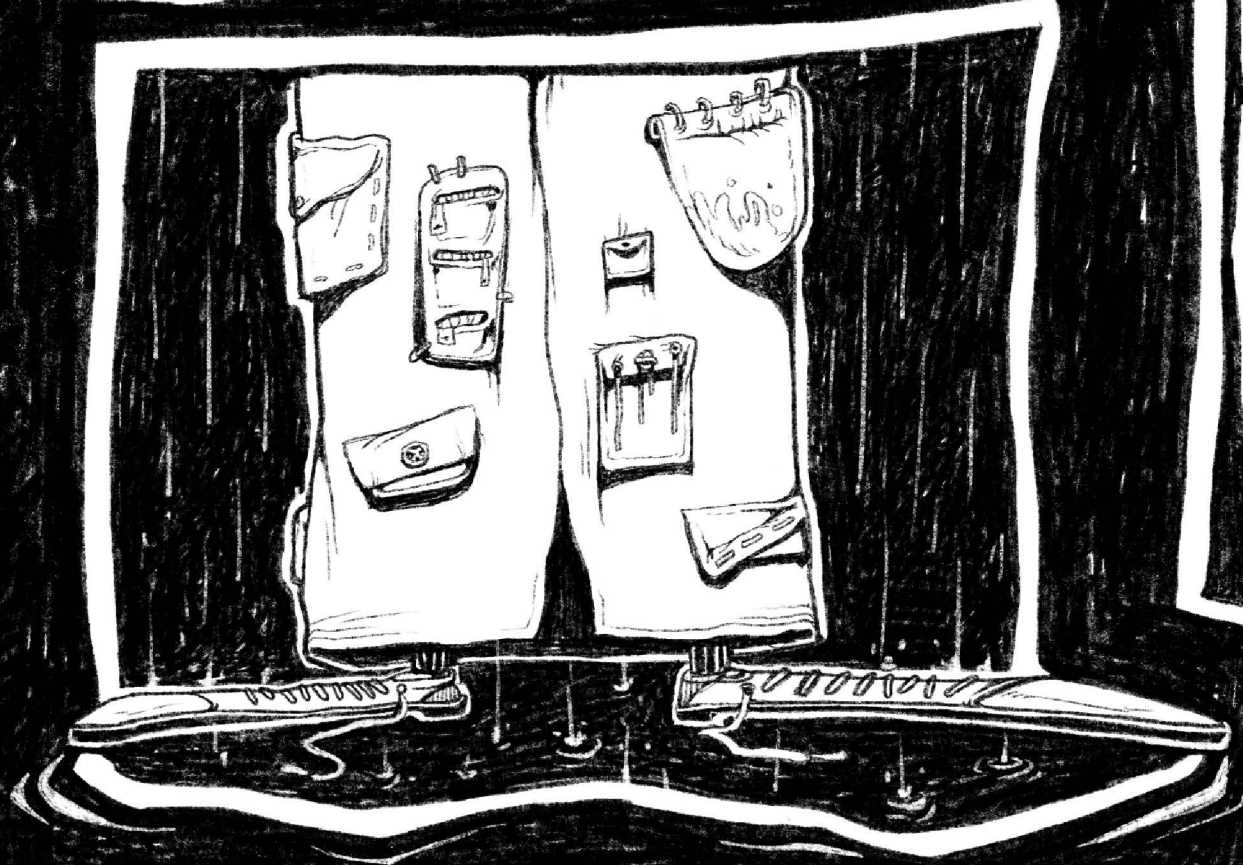
DEEP DOWN  
LIKE A LAIR,



OF WHICH NO SUNLIGHT  
COULD REACH IN ...



TO GLARE.




SOMETHING HE DARE NOT SHARE...



SOMETHING...

SOMEWHERE...



FOR IT WAS  
~ THERE ~  
THAT REST  
A MOIST  
POCKET SQUARE.

AND A THICK  
SLAB OF MEAT  
(QUITE RARE)

AND SOMETHING TO PAIR WITH THE MEAT, QUITE RARE...

LIKE THE  
HIDE OF A  
ROADKILL  
HARE.



MUCH PAST  
IT STILL,

WAS A  
LITTLE LOOSE  
PILL,

AND A  
CLOUD OF  
MYSTERIOUS  
AIR...



HIS FINGERS  
MOVED FAST.

AND SOON  
CAME TO  
PASS...

THE CHEWED UP  
LEG OF AN  
OLD LADY'S  
CHAIR.

THE BITE MARKS  
YOU SEE...



... COULD BE  
TRACED AND  
WOULD BE...



...CAUSE FOR MR. PHALANGE'S  
NECKWEAR.



THIS JUST COULD NOT BE, SO IT WAS BURNED BY THE SEA...



AS WAS THE HEART OF MR. PHALANGE.

HIS POCKETS STILL ENCUMBERED, AND HIS DAYS NOW FAR FROM NUMBERED,



A  
HOLE LEFT  
BEHIND,



PROVED A  
NIGHTMARE...

IT JUST WASN'T RIGHT.

AND IT JUST WASN'T  
FAIR.

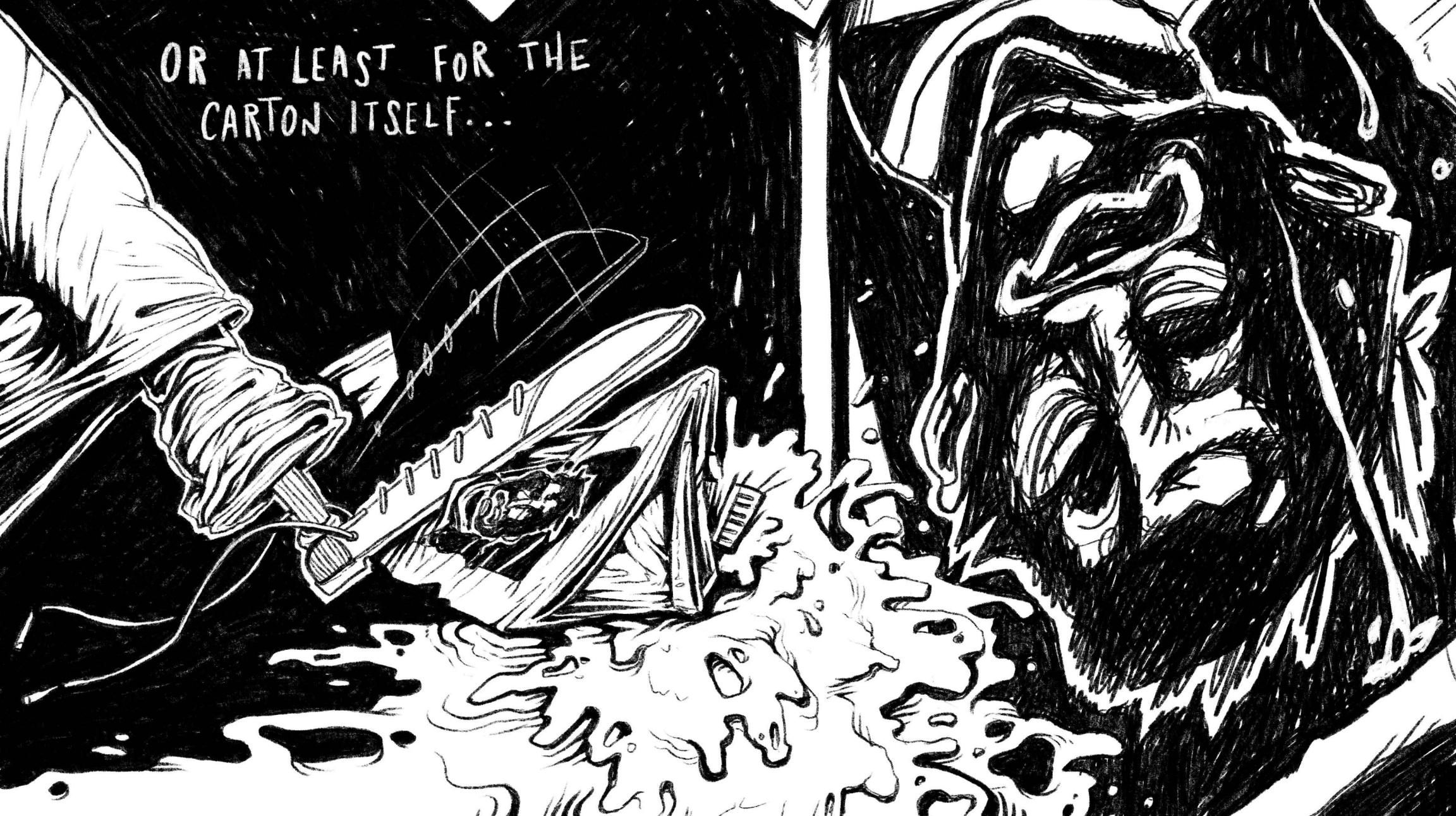
FOR HE KNEW,  
SOMETHING STILL  
MUST GO...





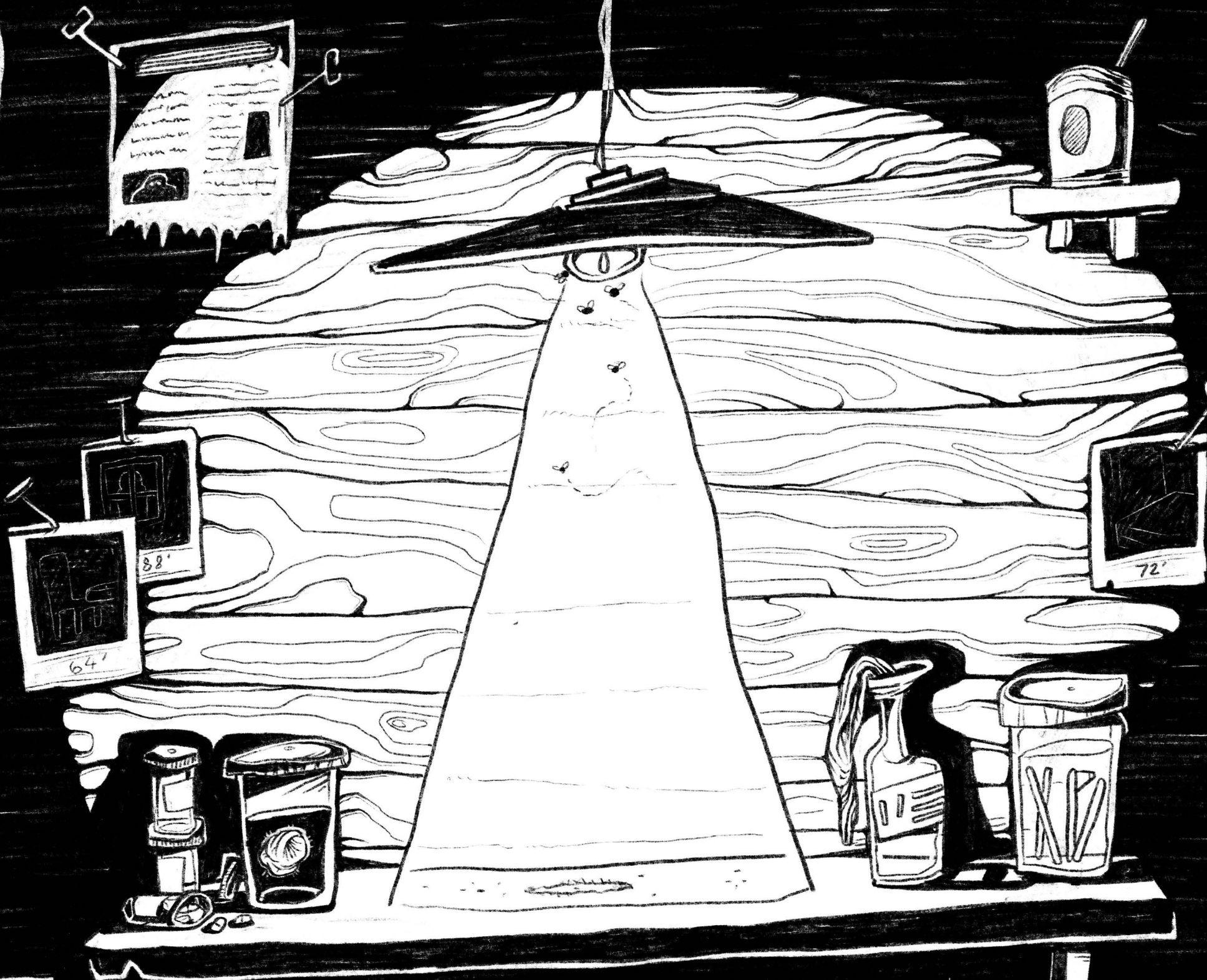


OR AT LEAST FOR THE  
CARTON ITSELF...

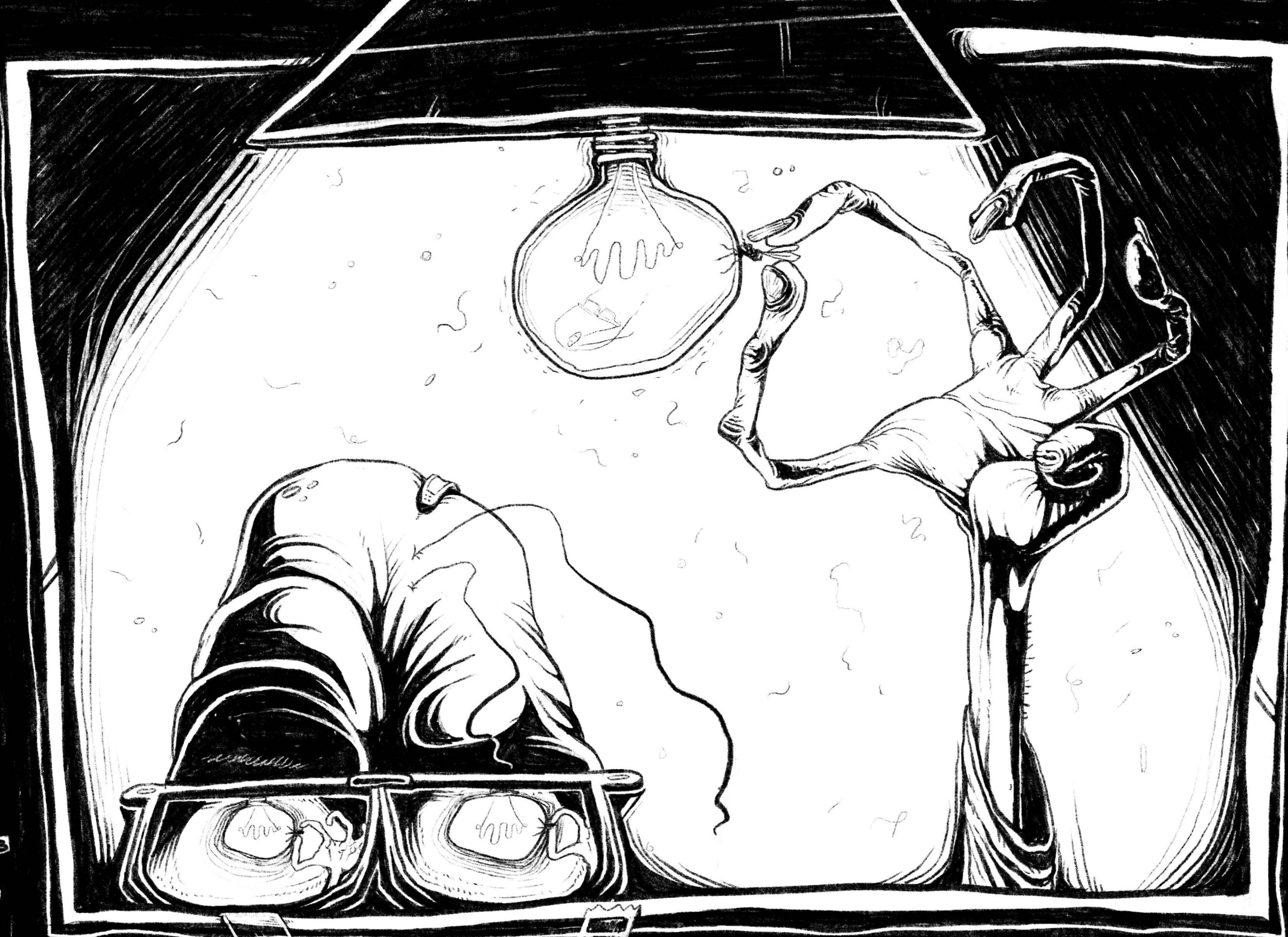


WHAT COULD  
IT BE?

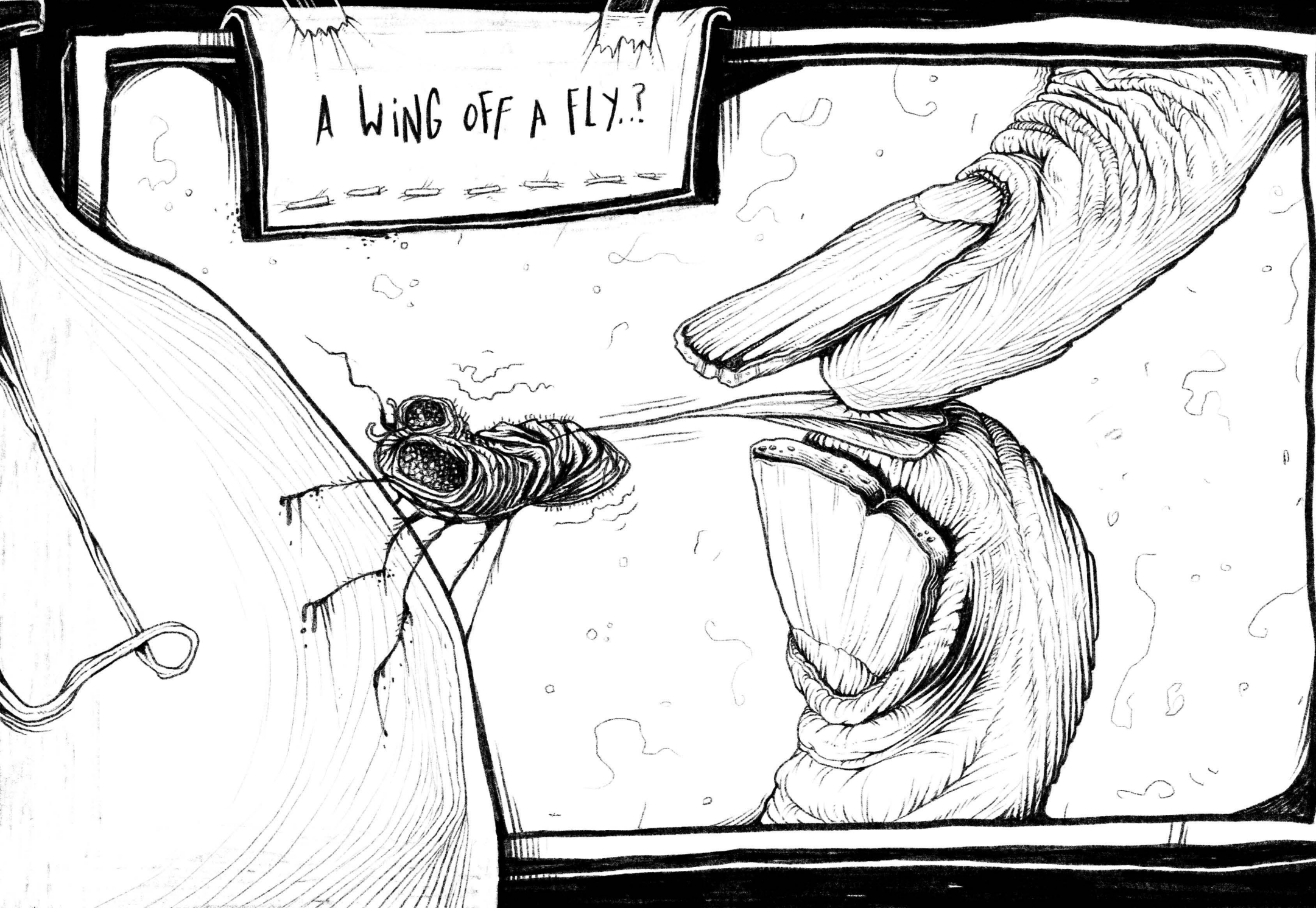
THAT WOULD  
TAKE UP THE  
SPACE?



LIKE A TROPHY ON A PRIZE WINNER'S SHELF.



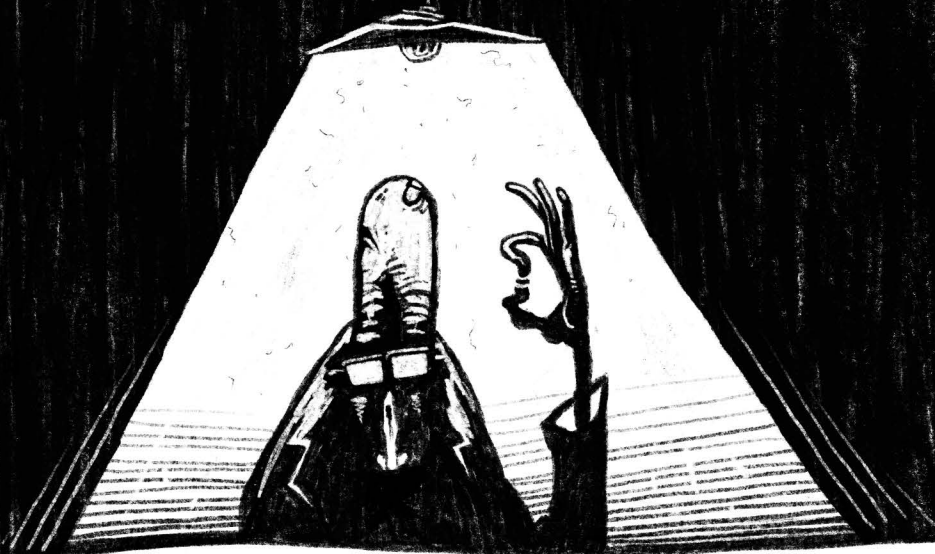
A WING OFF A FLY.?





OR HIS SCAB, THAT WAS DRY...

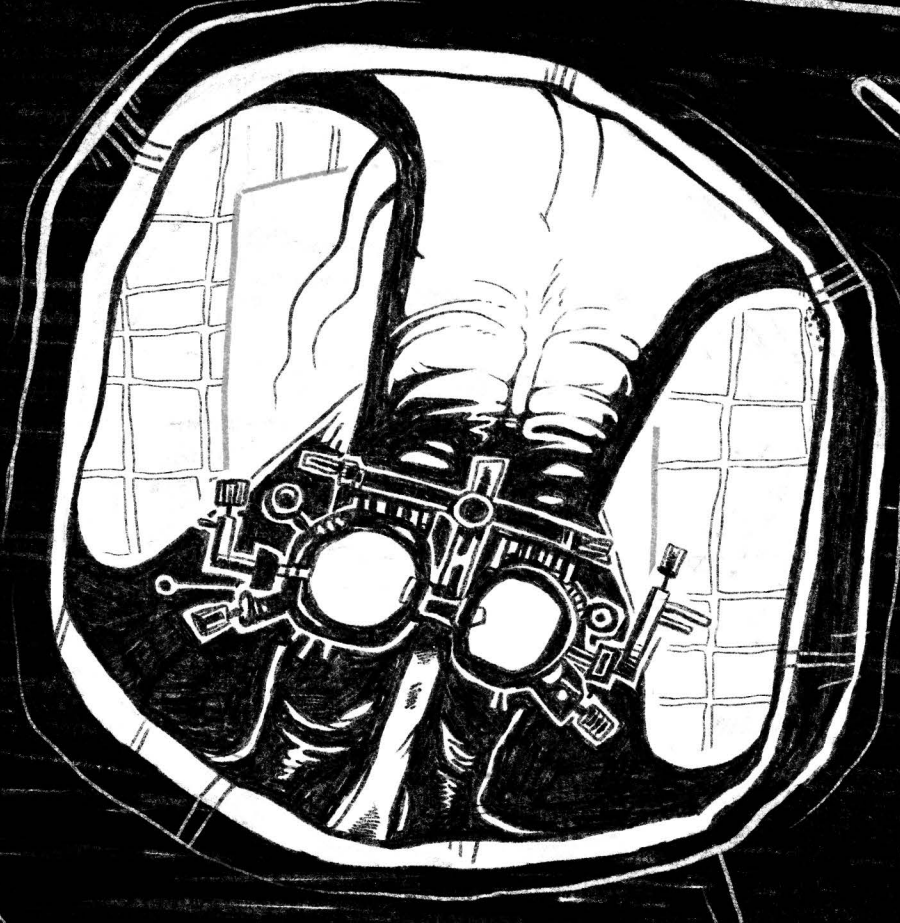
THE  
PHALANGE  
MAN

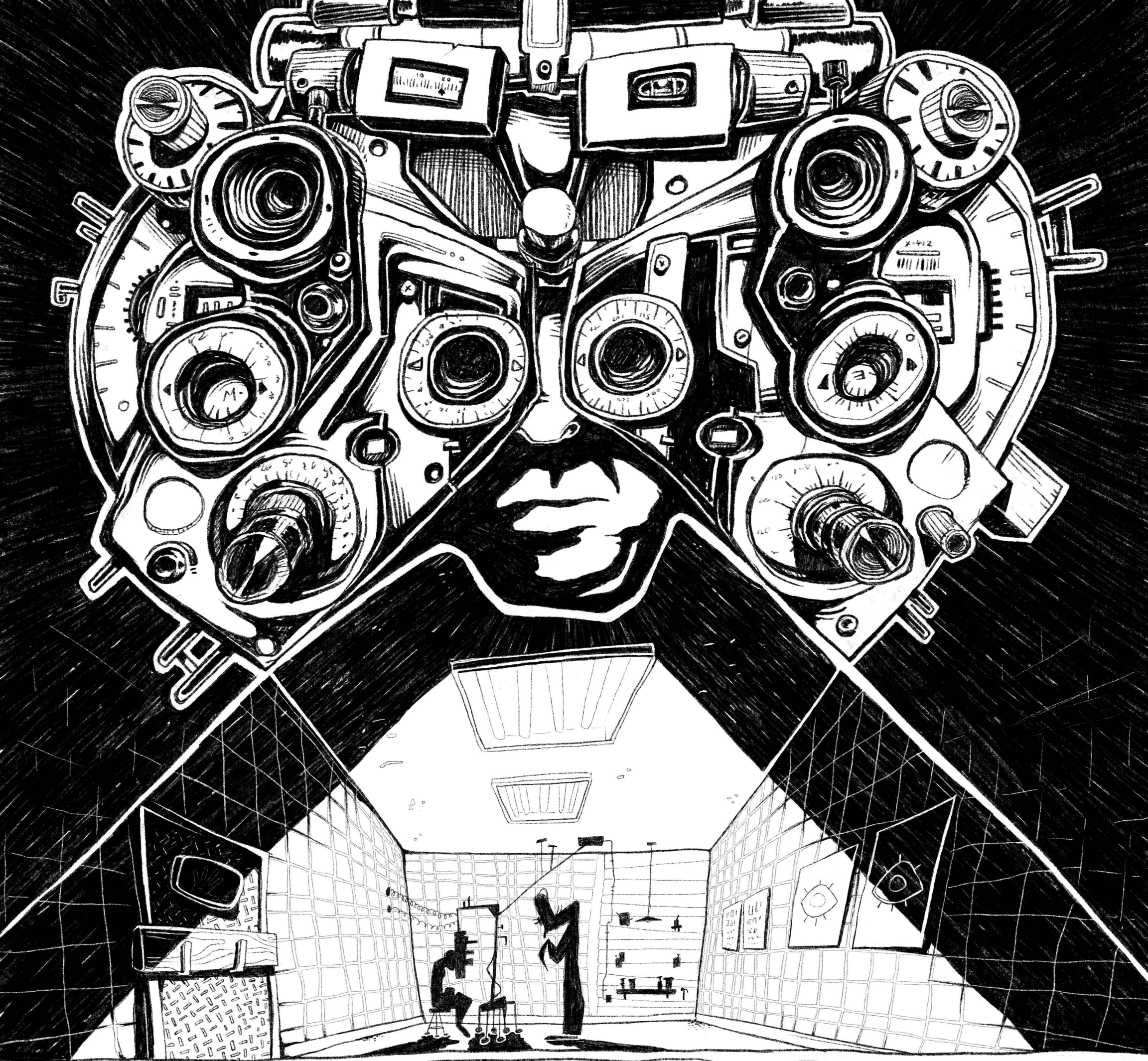


DOESN'T  
QUITE CARE.

SO KEEP  
YOUR EYES  
IN YOUR  
SOCKETS

AND NOT  
IN HIS  
POCKETS...

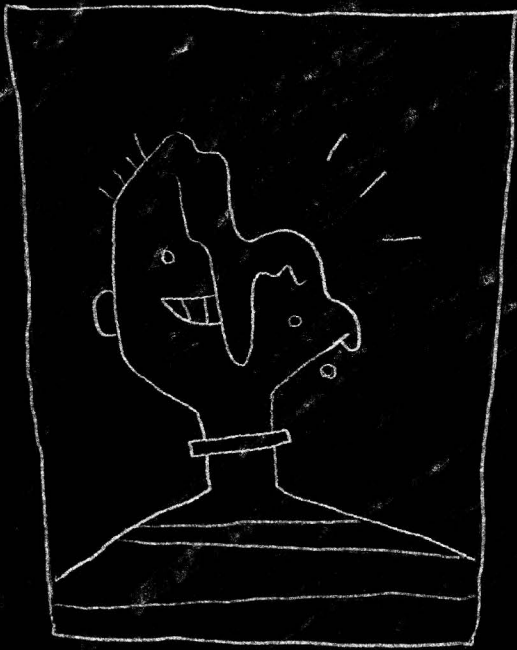




ONE DAY HE MAY TURN YOU  
INTO SOMETHING...







MAX JOHNSON

IS LOSING BRAIN FUNCTION

THANK &  
READING!