

# BUSHIE



# What Evil LURKS?

SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE....



WHU... WHU?  
WHERE AM I?

WHOO. HE'S  
FUNNY  
LOOKIN'.

TALKS KINDA  
LIKE DICK.



BLAH, BLAH.  
BLATTY BLARG.

BLAH, BLAH.  
BLAH! BLAH,  
BLAH.



HEH. HEH.  
DICK.

HEHHEH.

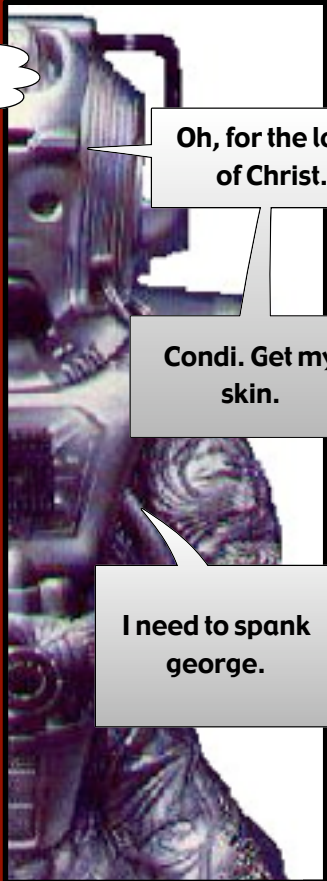
CHATTER.  
SPEECH.  
CHATTERY  
CHAT.

HEH. HEH.

HEH.  
HA!  
DICK!  
HA!



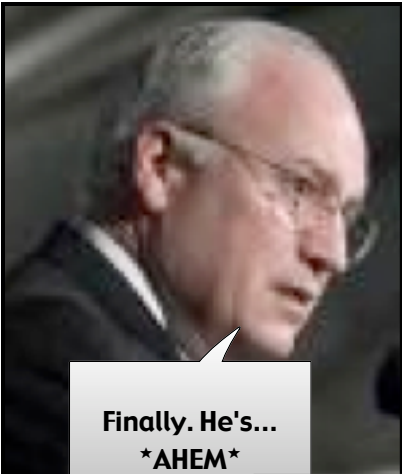
OH. HO!  
THAT'S  
FUNNY.



Oh, for the love  
of Christ.

Condi. Get my  
skin.

I need to spank  
george.



Finally. He's...  
\*AHEM\*

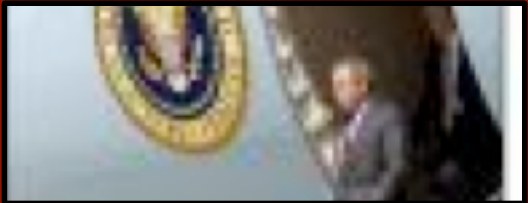


Landed

HEYA DICK!  
HEH.

Mr. President?

Get your ass over  
here George!



DICK, I THINK  
IT'S TIME FOR  
ANOTHER SHOT.

No!

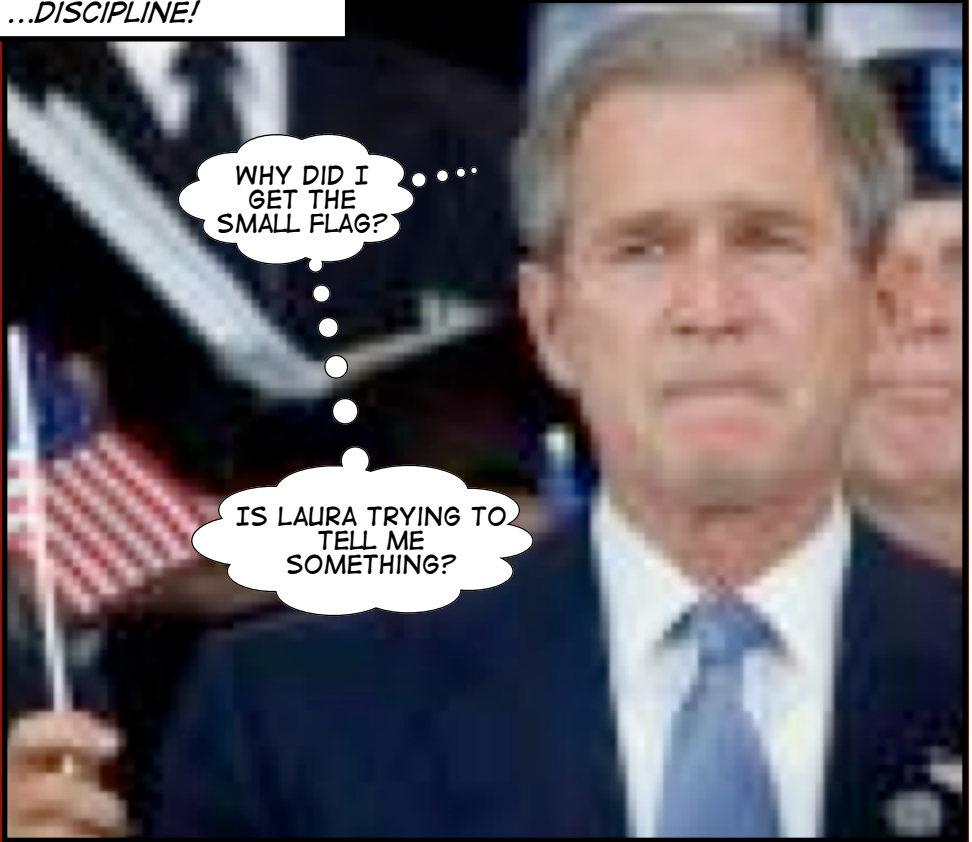
The more we modify him,  
the more his simian DNA  
revolts.

The more human DNA we flush his  
system with, the more monkey he  
becomes.



He just needs...

*...DISCIPLINE!*



WHY DID I  
GET THE  
SMALL FLAG? .....

IS LAURA TRYING TO  
TELL ME  
SOMETHING?

**BUSHIE \$1**

**STORY BY: KARL ROVE**

**COLORIST: CONDI RICE**

**PENCILS: SCOOTER  
LIBBY**

**LETTERER: DICK CHENEY**

HEH  
HEH...  
DICK!



MEANWHILE...

MIKE? WHY ARE WE MEETING IN A TRAILER?

BECAUSE WE'RE HOLLYWOOD LIBERAL MILLIONAIRES! NO ONE WOULD EXPECT TO FIND US HERE, AL.

WHY IS IT PARKED IN YOUR BACKYARD?

AFTER MY LAST BBQ, WHEN THEY SNAPPED THOSE SHOTS OF ME EATING... WELL...

...NOBODY LOOKS IN MY BACKYARD ANYMORE.

GOOD POINT, I WAS AT THAT BBQ.

NOW, BACK TO WORK.

RIGHT. BACK TO TURNING AMERICANS INTO...

**COMMIES!**

**GAY COMMIES EVEN!**

*BACK IN WASHINGTON, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE EVIL PLANS BEING LAID...*

MUST... NOT... SCRATCH... CROTCH ON CAMERA...

*BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF MOST EVERYTHING REALLY.*

PLEASE DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID.

Don't ask too much. I'll settle for nothing OBVIOUSLY stupid.

FIVE YEARS OF THIS. YOU THINK HE'D LEARN.

I'M SICK OF THIS.

Not too much longer. And then... we can turn Americans into...

# Christians!

I KNOW, BUT IT'S FRUSTRATING.

OH MY GOD. IS THAT A TATTOO?

YOU? I ALREADY AM.

WHAT TYPE OF SUCKER DO YOU THINK I AM?

LIKE YOU SAID, NOT TOO MUCH LONGER.

Just bear with me.


Good god. I might be ill.

Twenty bucks says he loves NASCAR.

I know they're our core constituency, but sometimes, I wish I could kill them all.

*WHITE, MALE, HETEROSEXUAL CHRISTIANS EVEN!*

*WITH CREEPY TATTOOS APPARENTLY...*



There. Good.  
His speech is  
over. Nothing  
worse than  
saying  
"Nucular"



Get him into my  
office.

THANK YOU,  
AND MAY GOD  
BLESS  
AMERICA!




HIYA DICK. YOU  
WANTED TO  
TALK TO ME?

No. I just  
wanted to see  
your vapid  
expression  
one last time.



OH. OKAY. CAN  
I HAVE A FRUIT  
ROLLUP?



No you idiot!  
We've got a  
problem.

OH NO! I HATE  
PROBLEMS! IS IT  
THAT GUY FROM  
SESAME STREET  
AGAIN?



What? No!  
It's Scooter.



**WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO MY  
SCOOTER!**



**ACTUALLY, DICK DID HAVE A SECRET  
SERVICE AGENT BACK THE SUV OVER  
GEORGE'S SCOOTER...**

NOOOOOOOOO!!

Not that one  
you idiot!

Scooter Libby!

*BUT I GUESS HE ISN'T COMING  
CLEAN ON THAT JUST YET.*

OH. HIM.

Yes him.

He did Karl a favor,  
while Karl was  
doing me a favor.

HIS NAME IS  
FUNNY.

And now he's a  
liability.

I'll deal with  
him.

But don't  
worry.

OH! CAN I THINK UP  
NEW WAYS TO  
DISENFRANCHISE  
BLACK VOTERS?

Just don't do  
anything  
stupid while  
I'm gone.

\*sigh\*  
Yes.

THAT'S MY  
FAVORITEIST  
GAME.

IN OTHER NEWS,  
SCOOTER LIBBY,  
INDICTED IN THE  
PLAME CASE, WAS  
KILLED TODAY.

IN ENTERTAINMENT  
NEWS, BRITNEY SPEARS  
IS PREGNANT AGAIN,  
BUT THIS TIME, IT'S  
ALIENS!

EYEWITNESSES REPORTED THAT A LARGE,  
OVERWEIGHT ROBOT APPEARED AND  
DEVOURED HIM, CACKLING DEMONICALLY.

IT THEN ATE  
SOME TREES.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

I LOVE  
THIS  
GAME...

MAYBE WE  
COULD  
REQUIRE  
TESTS  
BEFORE  
PEOPLE CAN  
VOTE.

QUESTION #1:  
ARE YOU A  
NIGGER?

QUESTION  
#2:  
ARE YOU  
GAY?



**DICK, WE NEED TO TALK.**

*KARL INTERRUPTS DICK'S... CELEBRATION...*



**IN THE NAME OF SATAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?**

Polishing my laser Doom gun.



**DON'T YOU THINK IT'S A LITTLE SMALL?**

It was big enough for Scooter. He seemed... Satisfied.



**SEE, THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU**

You mean how I satisfied Scooter in a way you never could?



**WELL, YES. I DON'T THINK IT WAS REALLY NEEDED.**

And I handled him well Karl. Now there's no chance of a slip up.

**I HAD SCOOTER WELL IN HAND.**

**I STILL HAD PLANS FOR HIM DICK!**



# Big plans!

MEANWHILE, IN  
MICHAEL MOORE'S  
BACKYARD...

I'VE GOT BIG  
PLANS AL!

EVERYTHING  
ABOUT YOU'S  
BIG.

STILL, THERE SHOULD BE MORE  
PEOPLE COMING. DIDN'T YOU SAY  
YOU HAD JON STEWART?:

MEANWHILE, IN CANCLIN...

I SAID I  
ASKED HIM. HE  
SAID MAYBE.

HE KNOWS IT'S  
IMPORTANT.  
HE'LL SHOW.

CORDDRY!  
WHY ARE YOU FUCKING A  
DEAD HOOKER IN MY  
BED?

AGAIN.



**BIG PLANS!**

Plans that I formulated!



**AND THAT I'M EXECUTING!**

I'm beginning to doubt your commitment, Karl.

**MY COMMITMENT? I'M THE ONE WHO SOLD HIS SOUL!**



I would have...

If I had one...

**I KNOW DICK. BUT THAT'S WHY YOU NEED ME.**

**JUST STOP FLYING OFF THE HANDLE, OKAY?**

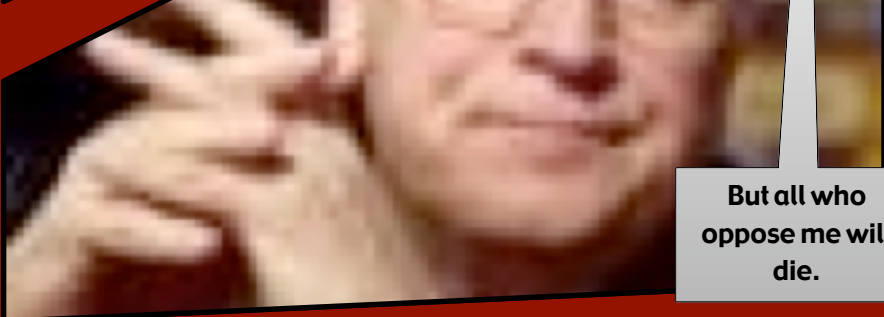
**NO MORE "ALL WHO OPPOSE ME SHALL DIE!"**



WELL?



Fine.



But all who oppose me will die.



CONDI?  
I HEAR UNCA'  
DICKIE AND KARL  
FIGHTING.

THEY'RE JUST  
HAVING A GROWNUP  
CONVERSATION.

ARE THEY  
GETTING A  
DIVORCE?



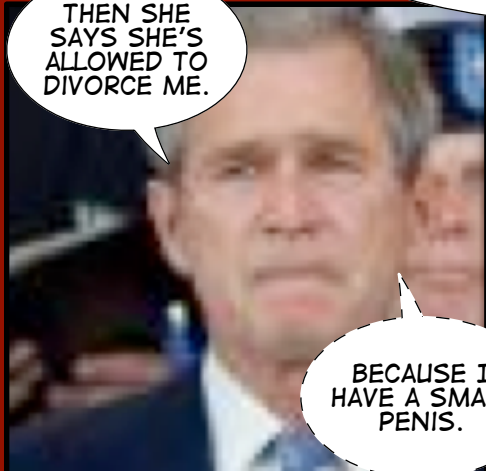
WHAT? NO! WE  
OPPOSE SAME  
SEX MARRIAGE,  
REMEMBER?

OH.

AND DIVORCE.



BECAUSE WHEN LAURA AND I FIGHT, SHE TELLS  
JENNA AND THAT OTHER GIRL WE'RE HAVING A  
"GROWNUP CONVERSATION."



THEN SHE  
SAYS SHE'S  
ALLOWED TO  
DIVORCE ME.

BECAUSE I  
HAVE A SMALL  
PENIS.



SHE'S JUST  
ANGRY. THAT'S A  
PERFECTLY  
REASONABLE  
SIZE.



George. Ms. Rice.  
What are you  
doing out here?



GEORGE JUST  
HEARD YOU  
FIGHTING WITH  
KARL.



I WAS  
SOOOO  
WORRIED!

SO KEEP IT  
DOWN NEXT  
TIME!



I see. Well, it's  
nothing to  
worry about.



Just a gentleman's  
disagreement.

Now let's go rehearse  
your next speech.

A LITTLE LATER...

WHEN IT GOES  
BIRD, TO  
HUMAN... TO  
HUMAN.

AVIAN FLU...

TERRORISTS...  
CULTURE OF  
LIFE... AVIAN  
FLU...

PANDEMIC...  
DESTRUCTION...

WASH YOUR  
HANDS!

WE MUST BE  
PREPARED FOR  
THE OUTBREAK

PANDEMIC... SPREAD  
LIKE WILDFIRE...

DEATH... 150  
MILLION... WORLD  
HEALTH  
ORGANIZATION CAN  
DO NOTHING...

A PANDEMIC IS LIKE  
A FOREST FIRE...

A PANDEMIC ISN'T LIKE  
ANY OTHER NATURAL  
DISASTER...

That's not bad George,  
but could you try  
again with ALL the  
words?

OKAY, BUT  
KARL SAID  
THESE WERE  
THE  
IMPORTANT  
ONES.

They're the most  
important. But  
you're the president!  
Every word you say  
is important.

HEH HEH. OH YEAH.  
THAT'S SOOO  
COOL.



AT A PRESS CONFERENCE TODAY, THE PRESIDENT'S PRESS SECRETARY RESPONDED TO LEWIS LIBBY'S DEATH, AT THE HANDS OF THE UNIDENTIFIED ROBOT.

DON'T YOU THINK SCOOTER'S DEATH IS A LITTLE TOO CONVENIENT RIGHT NOW?



HOLD ON THERE, BOB.



THE WHITE HOUSE THINKS IT'S INCONVENIENT.



WE WANTED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS AS MUCH AS ANYONE.



NO COMMENT...

WHAT ABOUT-

BUT I WANT TO KNOW-

NO COMMENT.

THE WHITE HOUSE HAS NO COMMENT ON THAT... NO COMMENT...

**IN OTHER NEWS... NO COMMENT.**



**HA! LOOK AT HIM DANCE!**

**WE'LL CRUCIFY BUSH ON THIS!**

**DING DONG!**

**WHO'S THAT AT THE DOOR?**



**OH... THAT? THAT'S OUR SECRET WEAPON!**

**BWHAHAHA!**



**I COME.**

**YOU?! BUT YOUR POLITICAL CAREER IS DEAD!**

**HOW LITTLE YOU KNOW MORTAL...**





MY POLITICAL  
CAREER HAS  
ALWAYS  
BEEN...

# UNDEAD

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T3KNOMANSER

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NEXT TIME,  
IN BUSHIE #2:  
CORPSICLES!