

# FANBOYS # 34 1/2

THE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

WWW.FANBOYS.INFO

Featuring the fine work of:

Jeremy Zeimis

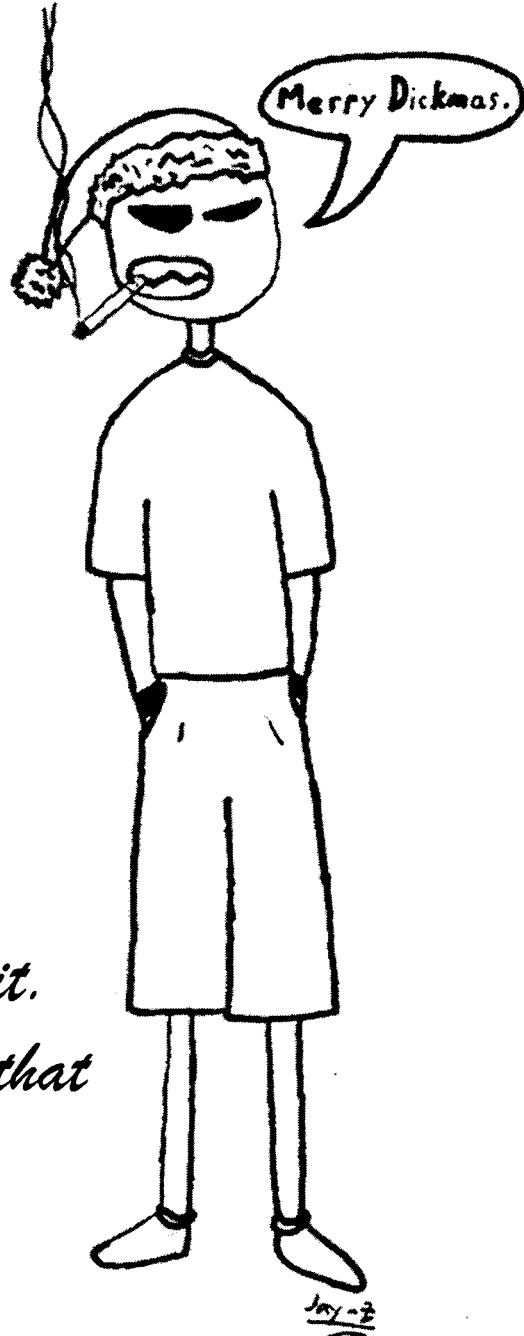
Bob Wall

David Recine

Distributed at:

Wherever you wind up finding it.

(The holiday issues are funny that way.)



Contact: [dadab@aol.com](mailto:dadab@aol.com)

# The Night Before Fanboy

by Robert Wall  
(artwork by David Recine)

Twas the night before Christmas and somewhere within Towers  
Dave was sitting in the lobby, counting the hours  
Fanboy was at the printers, and David's main cares  
were hoping it looked good, and that it soon would be there

Dave was getting restless, as he passed the time  
He was getting hungry, so he got it in mind  
To walk to the front desk, get a burrito to go  
And he looked out the front doors, to admire the snow!

But what to his wondering eyes should appear  
"Damn it that's the Deathtrap, how the hell'd it get here?"  
Bob opened the door and he rose from the seat  
saying "David, it's here, and the press run looks neat!"

"There's Topher, there's Traegorn, there's Davis & Jess!"  
"There's Freeman & Decker & that guy from FS!"  
"There's Trandem and the ads and even Bob Wall"  
"There's Stickman and Egnops, I love it all!"

David scattered the leaves throughout the lobby  
(Stapling and collating is David's hobby)  
Sorting & binding as fast as he could  
With care and with flair, as only David could



And when he was done, he admired the stack  
of at least 500 issues, in boxes and packs  
He looked at the issues, and his eyes, well they twinkled  
Now to get these distributed, before the pages get wrinkled"

Dave took all the issues, one stack at a time  
and ran through the hallways, making several beelines  
To the the entrance, the computer lab, and even the lobby  
Distributing the issues (Dave likes this hobby)

Counting and tossing, the issues they go  
and David keeps track, though why I don't know  
And if you would stop, and ask "are they free?"  
David says "of course there's no cost...here, take three!"

Take one for your roommate, one to share with your crew  
Take one for anybody else that you knew  
Take one for your parents, and one to gold-plate and mount  
Wait, that's more than three (We never said he could count)

Take them anyway, I've got a few hundred more  
to deliver and drop off at distributing stores  
And they heard David say, as he disappeared from sight  
Merry Christmas from Fanboy, and to all a good night!

# MERRY DICKMAS

## Welcome to the Fanboy super-short Christmas special.

I love Christmas. I love any time of year that happens to (in the context of my life, at least) bring friends and family together

As Christmas comes around again, the old guard returns or resurfaces, as they do 'roundabout any holiday. Brendan Shea, Dave Markwell, Pat and Mike Corey, Michelle Lyons, Jessi Bauer, Erik Meyer, Ben Trandem, Chris Decker, Pam Aiken, Anne Owen— they all left this stanky li'l one-horse college town like rats from a sinking school bus after they graduated high school (except Anne, who was never there to begin with) and they all come back to visit whenever they can. If common trends prevail, in fifteen years or so, half of them will probably be back indefinitely.

Y'know, because Eau Claire is such an incestuous vacuum. You get sucked back in unless you're very careful not to. Even then....

That's why I've never really left.

Brendan, Erik, Trandem, Michelle, Jessi, Dave, Decker, the Coreys, Pam, Anne — these are the people who have been there to help shape me into who I am. To the degree that I am great, they have made me great. This isn't to say I wouldn't be great without them. Just probably great in different ways. To the degree that I am anything but great— well, I appreciate them immensely for putting up with me.

Where you (the reader) are concerned— These are the people that have shaped Fanboy into what it is. And made it great. Like when Decker helped me found this publication back in 1995. Or when Pat created this publication's (nearly) most prolific and (nearly) most popular feature back when this thing was a high school underground— Study Hall Man. Or when Erik Meyer created this publication's indisputably most prolific and popular feature, Stickman. Or when Brendan would winge on endlessly about the value of being not just a good writer, but a great writer. The value of being well read, well educated, and not being stupid. And he'd compel me to write a lot, and draw a lot, and be smart, dammit, just so I could feel like I was keeping up with him. Or when Michelle became Fanboy's first female contributor, and let me write my own editorial about how I went to the Sadie Hawkins Day dance with her and nearly puked. Or the way Jessi Bauer would provide me with a never ending stream of material, advice, and moral support just be being— well, y'know— Jessi Bauer. Or when Ben Trandem took the helm as publisher of this rag for a year while I recovered from a rather nasty four month hospitalization. Or how Dave finally came out of his shell and agreed to let me publish all that great stuff he's been sitting on all these years. (Hopefully I'll start running it the next issue.) Or how Mike took time out of his busy schedule at the Des Moines register to write a mock journalistic piece in Fanboy number 34. Or the way Pam kept me drawing letters to her in comic book form (in ballpoint pen) during that agonizing year and a half when I otherwise couldn't bring myself to draw at all. Or the way I'd wake up countless mornings on some random floor in the Winona student district after an all night cartooning bender with Anne Owen looking over me with a puzzled look on her face (as if to say "Hmm, David on the floor. Now there's something I don't see every day"...), and then going out to breakfast with me to give me tips on my writing and showing me some of her writing.

Fanboy isn't exactly The New Yorker, or the New York Times, or even The Onion. It's not always stellar, but it's genuine. Erik Meyer says it's a family. I think it is. Chuck Davis, one of the old guard who never left home, is like a father to me. Erik, Ben, Brendan, Decker, Pam.... They're like brothers and sisters as well. Not soul mates perhaps (but then, what the heck is a "soul mate" anyway?), but soul buddies. To all or any of them who are reading this— Happy Holidays, wherever your actual religious affiliations (or lack thereof) lie. And merry Christmas to all of you newbies reading and contributing out there. For those of you who plan on sticking around for a bit, welcome (such as it is) to the family.

—David Recine,  
December 2001

# KIDS SAY THE MOST F\*%&ED UP THINGS...

(Case in point, one of the times I wrote my sister's English paper for her in junior high and wrote it so that she always refers to me as her "wonderful brother". Christmas themed, BTW.)

Cara Recine  
Martin  
English  
Dec. 10. 1995

Snow (sums it up, don't it?)

Every year, until fourth grade, I'd always had a white Christmas. That year, my family spent the year in South Carolina, the armpit of the South. My wonderful brother and I knew the chances were slim for snow on Christmas, and we knew it just wouldn't be the same. I mean, what's Christmas without snow angels (and demons), snowmen, sledding, frostbite, snowblindness, etc....

My wonderful brother and I were depressed at the thought of this (it really stunk) and as Christmas drew nearer, we prayed to the deities of our choice, pleading for snow. Things were looking bleak (what with the three-mile island climate), and my wonderful brother nearly committed seuku.

South Carolina weather was strange and perverted. Jack Frost visited us every morning, doing pretty things to our bedroom windows, but we'd freeze our butts off on the way to school. Of course, by the time school was out, it was nearly a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and we felt pretty \*&@ silly wearing thinsulate jackets. If only it could stay cold all day.

Anyhoo, on Christmas eve, Jack Frost worked his wizardry. It actually snowed. We laughed for joy. (In fact, we laughed so hard we triggered our vomit reflexes.) After we cleaned up the floor, we ran outside, trembling with joy.

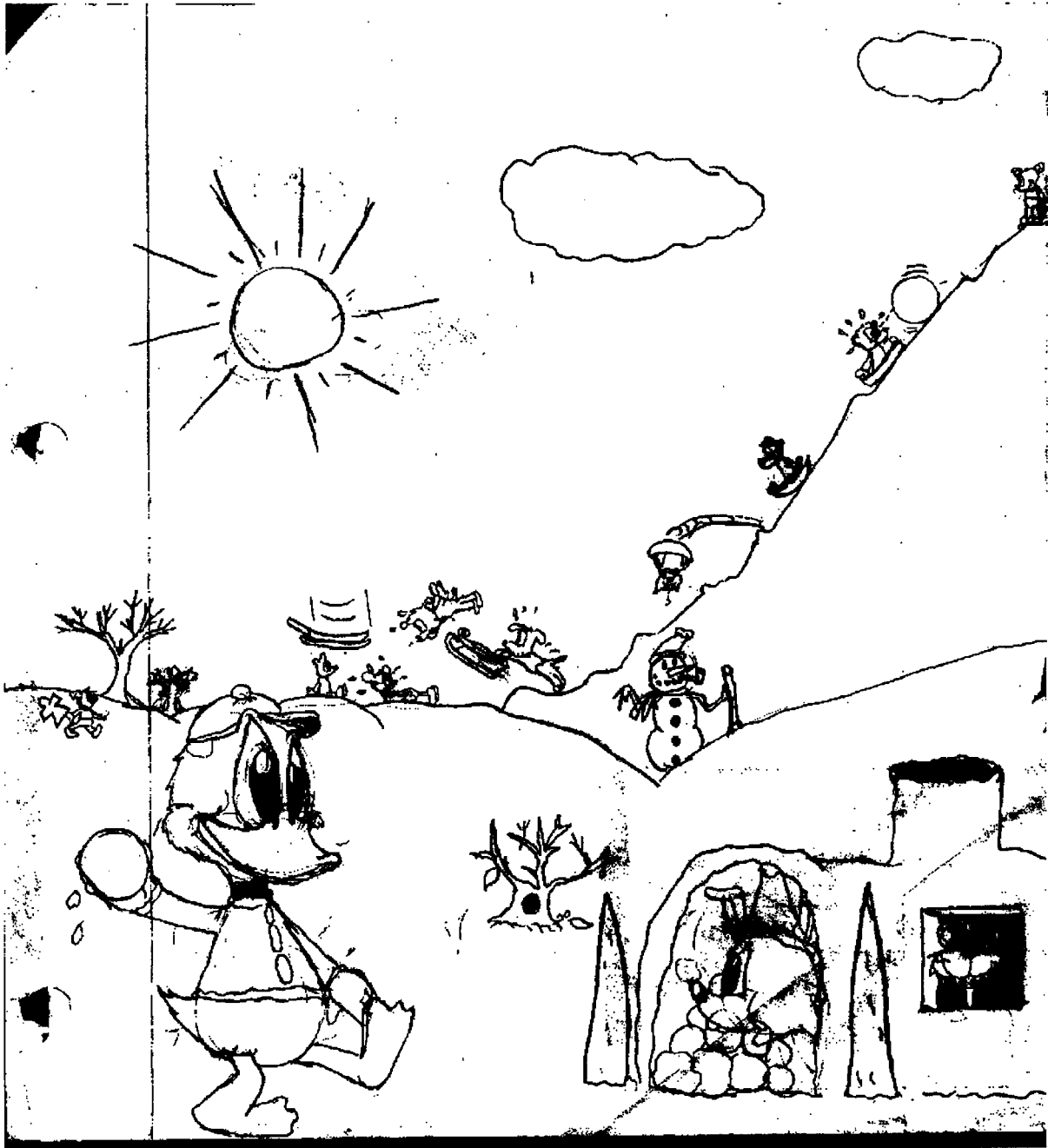
We were the only ones outside. Our Southern neighbors were afraid of the snow. They thought it was a tool of the devil (heh, heh, heh). Later though, one of our neighbors came over to (get this) ask us how t make a snowman. And I thought I was uncultured!

Of course, by noon it was eighty degrees. My wonderful brother invited a friend over, and they dismantled my snowman, having a snowball fight in their shorts and tee-shirts. Best of all, all the fire ants in our back yard drowned in the melted snow.

I'll never forget that Christmas, but thank goodness I'll never have to spend another holiday season down South, because after that "lovely" year we came back.

# KIDS SAY THE MOST F\*%&ED UP THINGS... PART DEUX

I drew this in the throes of homesickness while living in Columbia, S.C. (Back in 1991, I believe. My artwork was even more nauseatingly cute back in the day than it is now apparently.)



## FOR FANBOY:

DAVID REGINE, PUBLISHER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

BEN TRANDEM, CO-PUBLISHER

BOB WAHL, WEB HOSTING, DESIGN

TRAE DORN, WEB HOSTING, WEB ADMINISTRATION, DESIGN

TOPHER MAROHL, EDITOR EMERITUS

CHRIS DECKER, CONSULTANT, MASCOT



# NO BRAND CON

## General Information:

**Where:** Davies University Center @ University of Wisconsin Eau Claire

**Be More Specific:** Have some driving directions...

### *From Hwy. 53 North or South*

Exit Hwy. 53 onto Clairemont Ave. (Hwy 12) and go West. Turn left on Patton St. Take a quick right onto Lexington Blvd. Turn right on State St. (down hill). Turn left on Roosevelt Ave. (at bottom of hill).

### *1-94 from the West:*

Exit Interstate 94 at Hwy 37 (exit #65) and turn right. At first stoplight, turn right onto Hamilton Ave. (by Firststar Bank). Turn left on State St. Turn left on Roosevelt Ave. (at bottom of hill).

### *1-94 from the East:*

Exit Interstate 94 at Hwy. 93 (exit #68) and turn right. Turn left at Golf Road and follow for 1.8 miles. Turn right on State Street. Turn left on Roosevelt Avenue (at bottom of hill).

See also the University of Wisconsin Eau Claire's site for a map. ([www.uwec.edu](http://www.uwec.edu))

**When:** Friday April 5th, and Saturday April 6th, 2002.

**Be More Specific:** Events will take place all day Friday and Saturday. The Dealer Room(s) will be open from 4:30pm until 9:00pm on Friday and 10:00am until 6:30pm on Saturday. This is subject to change.

**How Much?:** \$8.00 Friday, \$10.00 Saturday. \$15.00 for weekend pass.

**Be More Specific:** Cost for children under twelve is \$5.00 a day (\$7.50 for a weekend pass), but *must* be with a supervising adult. Some events may not require admission to the Con (like the Anime Theaters).

If you have any other questions, please e-mail us at [nobrandcon@trhonline.com](mailto:nobrandcon@trhonline.com).

## Vendor Information:

### Table Price:

\$25.00	If registered before January 31st, 2002
\$30.00	If registered before March 15th, 2002
\$40.00	At the door.

Price of Table includes One Admission to the convention. Additional Exhibitor admissions will be \$5.00 per person.

Or, questions can be e-mailed to [nbcvendor@trhonline.com](mailto:nbcvendor@trhonline.com)