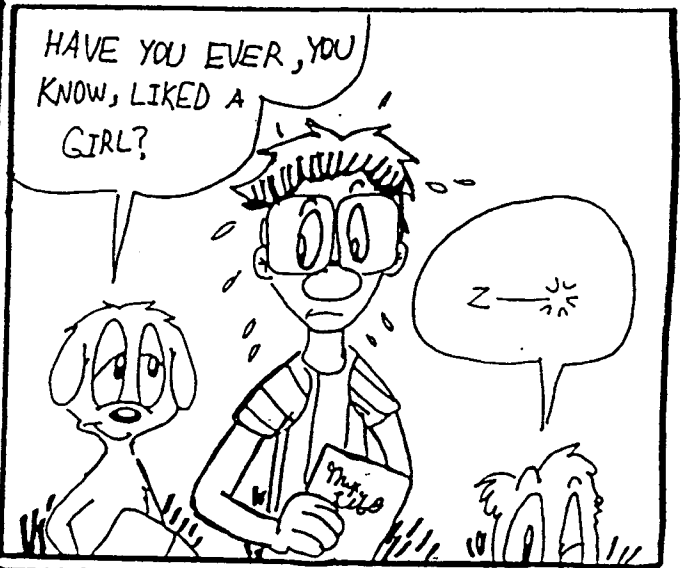
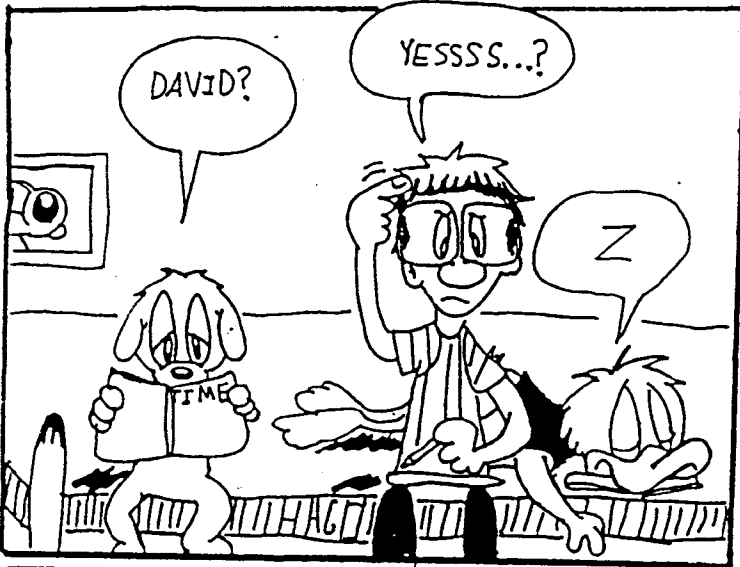
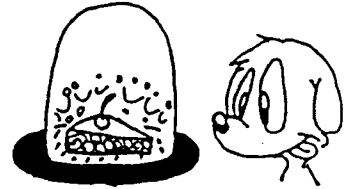
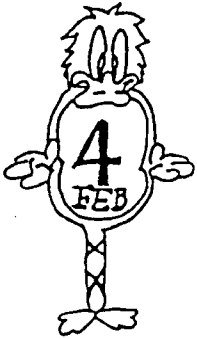
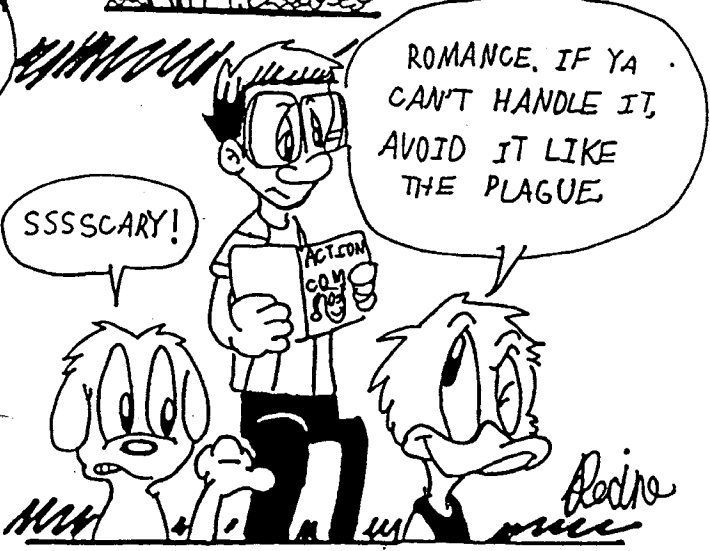
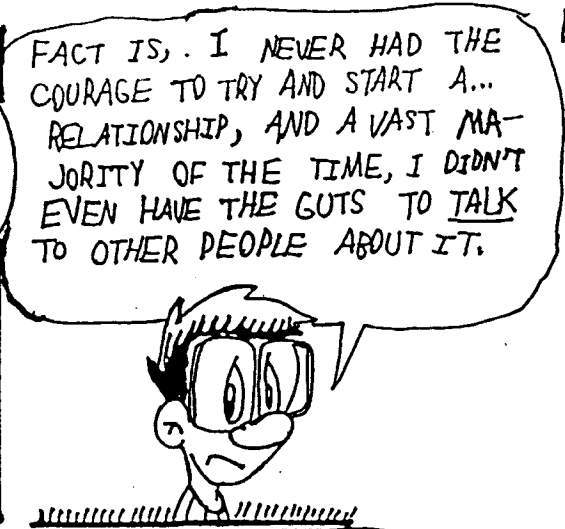


RECINE'S
Lanboy
 COMICS

VALENTINE'S
 DAY
 SPECIAL



DISCLAIMER: THE EVENTS IN THIS COMIC ARE AT LEAST SOMEWHAT HYPOTHETICAL, SO QUIT SMIRKING. GEEZI!



DISCLAIMER II: IN REAL LIFE, MY RELATIONSHIP WITH COMIC BOOKS IS PURELY PLATONIC.

THIS EPISODE IS DEDICATED TO EVERYONE WHO FINDS ROMANCE TO BE THOROUGHLY CONFUSING

Editorial Review

When Dave asked me to write this, I had no idea what I was going to write about. Since this is a Valentine's Day Special, I was thinking maybe something about love and dating in high school. But not only is that too obvious, quite frankly, I couldn't get a date to save my life. So, I was sitting there thinking about Valentine's Day and holidays in general, and then about what holidays really are and what they mean to people. I kinda got hung up on the "what are the holidays" bit, and here are some things I came up with.

1.) Family 2.) Excuses to party 3.) Gifts. But then it hit me: Candy. Think about it. All of your favorite holidays as a kid contain gross amounts of candy. Trick-or-treating on Halloween, stockings on Christmas, Yom Kippur, Thanksgiving. O.K., maybe Thanksgiving and Yom Kippur were a long shot, but you get the idea. What about Valentine's Day? Where's the candy there? Remember those parties in 4th grade where you'd decorate a cereal box, and then all of your classmates put Valentines in it, and you'd immediately throw away any envelope that didn't contain a stash of candy?

I was at a severe disadvantage on Valentine's Day. The basic candy staple was those little hearts with really profound sayings like "Just Friends" or "Be Mine" I hated those. Every school Valentine's Day I'd get tons of those and throw them at kids on the bus. Oh well. Maybe I should become Jewish. I hear Rosh Shashana has some pretty good candy.

- Eric Rasmussen

Crazy Dave's Editorial Comment

Today: Why this issue only has two pages of comics, and my personal opinion of Valentine's Day.

Right now you're probably thinking "Yeah, David, why does this issue only have two pages of comics?" To make a long story short, the editor rejected two of the strips, Chris Decker's "Kill and Joy", a comic about two grave robbers, and one of my "Son of Dave's World" comics, which had a drawing of a machine gun in it. I know text can be kind of boring, and as God is my witness, I won't have this much text again, unless I really want to. In the words of the British actor Norman Lovett, "Well that's cleared that up then."

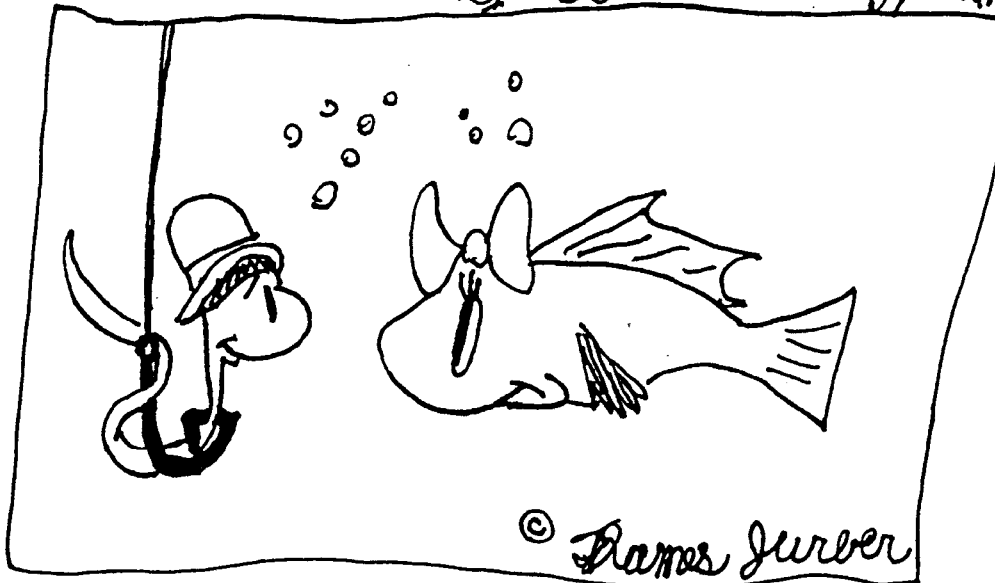
Now about Valentine's Day... It's a fun holiday to write about. I've always enjoyed the topic of love in comics. Who doesn't enjoy the bittersweet tale of Charlie Brown and the little red haired girl? Or Sarge's nervous romance with Louise Lugg in "Beetle Bailey?" If you read alternative comics, you're probably familiar with my personal favorite comics love story, the romance between Fone Bone and Thorn.

In my opinion, the best love stories aren't the "boy-

meets-girl/boy gets girl" kind of story. I mean, how often does that really happen? In a good love story, an accurate true to life one that any reader can identify with, the formula goes more like this: "Boy meets girl. Boy likes girl. But boy is too timid and loses all opportunity to form relationship with girl. Boy spends years agonizing over what might have been." It's a story I've seen played out a million times in the lives of my friends, and it's bound to happen to me sooner or later. It's a sad story but a beautiful story, a story that says to the reader, "So you missed your big chance. Cheer up. It's just you, me, and everybody else." That's the message I'm trying to convey in this month's comic.

-David Recine

Last Minute Space Filler[®] by Thames Jurber



"WEVE GOT TO STOP MEETING LIKE THIS"

Additional note: My new four page format gives me more room than I need for my own comic, and I'll have lots of room left over for other people's work. If you've written our drawn something you think is good, give it to me, and I'll publish it in Fanboy. And remember, if it doesn't see print, don't blame me. Blame Miss Norquist. She edits this thing.