

#7
JUNE '04

#2

ZUZU AND THE BABY CATCHER

GROPING
ABOUT IN THE
DARK,
OUR HEROINE
REALIZES...



THERE'S
ONLY
ONE
WAY
OUT!

SHOCKING!

all **TRUE CONFESSIONS**

BY

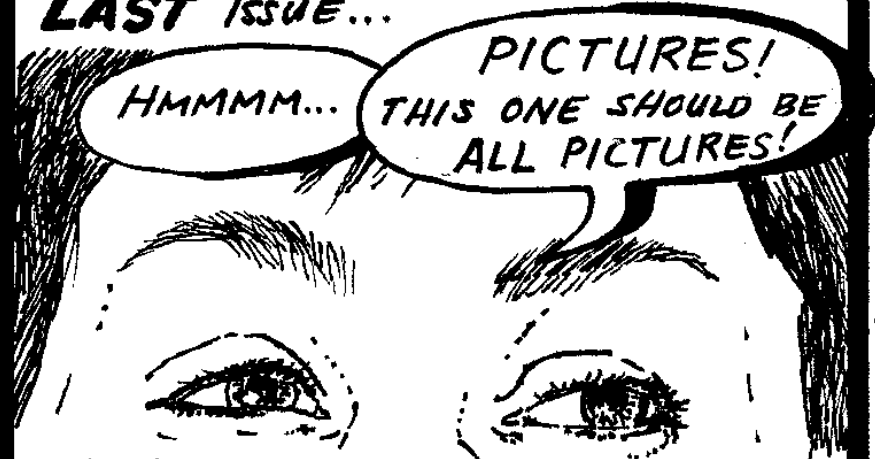
THE COMIX ISSUE!

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BELIEVE IT ... OR **NOT**... THE REAL-LIFE TALE OF #7!

I STARTED THIS ISSUE OF WITH JUST ONE THOUGHT IN MY HEAD... AFTER THAT TEXT-HEAVY **LAST** ISSUE...

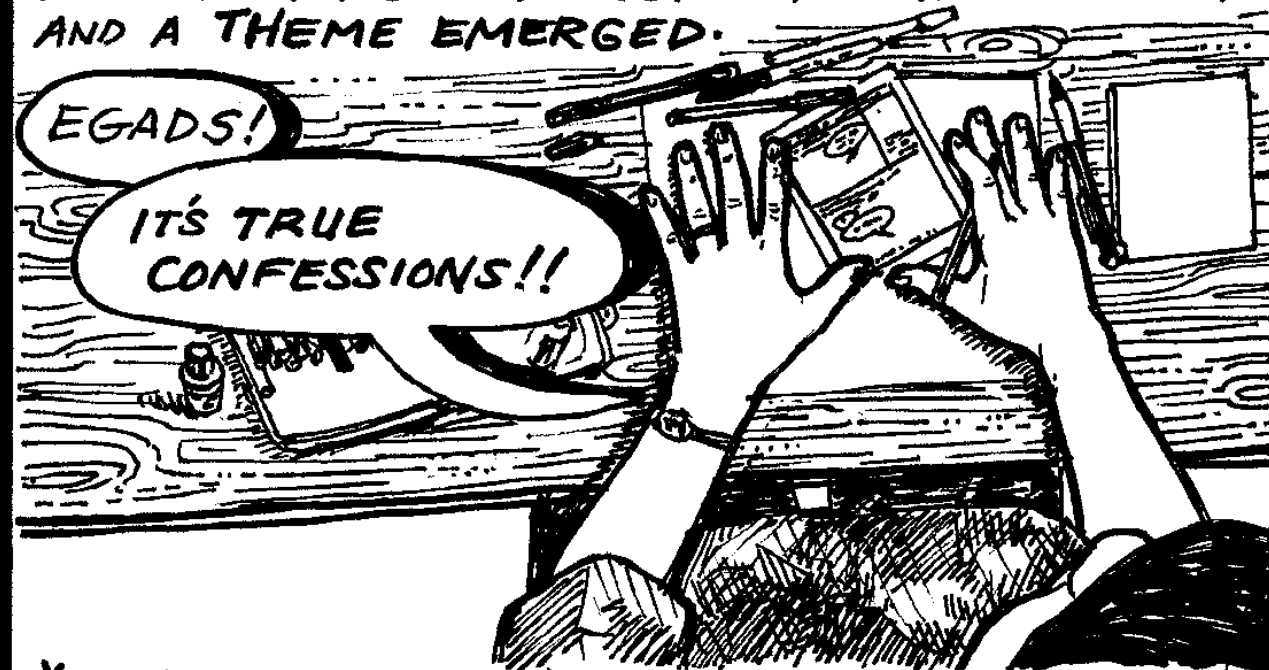


WHICH, OF COURSE, MEANT IT WOULD RESEMBLE A COMIC BOOK!!!



THE IDEA INTRIGUED ME... BUT I DOUBTED MY ABILITY TO DRAW MORE AND TALK LESS. COULD I DO IT??

I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO SIMPLY BEGIN. WITH MY TRUSTY WHITE-OUT AND A STACK OF INSPIRATION* BY MY SIDE, I SAT DOWN TO DRAW, AND A THEME EMERGED.



*Thank you ANDROO (cryptozoo), DELAINE (My Small Diary) and CARRIE (Asswhine)

BECOMING A MIDWIFE IN 10 EASY YEARS

I STARTED MIDWIFERY
SCHOOL IN MARCH, 1994.
MOST OF US WERE
STRANGERS TO EACH OTHER.
WE SAT AROUND THAT
BIG TABLE AND
SMILED HOPEFULLY
AT EACH OTHER.

WONDERING...
WHICH OF US WOULD
SUCCEED? WHO
WOULD FAIL? WHO
WOULD GET THE
MUCH-COVETED
APPRENTICESHIP
WITH OUR TEACHER?

AND...

WHO AMONG US WOULD
BECOME FRIENDS?
COMPETITORS?
BLOOD ENEMIES?

MOSTLY WE
WONDERED -
DO WE HAVE
WHAT IT TAKES
TO BECOME
MIDWIVES?

ONLY TIME
WOULD
TELL.



Thanks
Norman!

Love AND Phobias

I HAVE HAD BUT ONE FEAR THROUGHOUT MY LIFE. I HAVE HAD IT SINCE I WAS A CHILD AND I HAVE IT NOW.



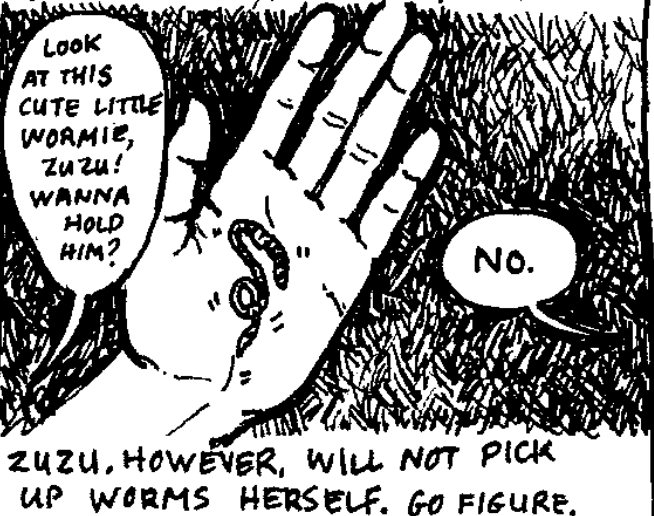
ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION SOME LUCKY FRIEND OR LOVER HAS HAD TO CARRY ME ACROSS A WORM-COVERED SIDEWALK, MY FEAR RENDERING ME PARALYZED.



SINCE CHILDREN CAN LEARN FEAR FROM THEIR PARENTS, I HAVE TRIED VERY HARD NOT TO SHOW ZUZU MY FEAR.



IN FACT, I HAVE ACTUALLY PICKED UP A FEW WORMS THAT ZUZU INSISTED NEEDED RESCUING. IT WAS ALL I COULD DO NOT TO SCREAM... BUT, FOR HER, I DID IT.



not a midwife

My first regular paying 'job' was as a babysitter. I watched a little one-year-old down the street every Friday while her parents went bowling and boozing. She was a totally sweet little girl. I loved rocking her to sleep in her room, singing softly.



IF YA
WANT MA
BODY AND YA
THINK I'M
SEXY COME
ON

They would stay out until 2, 3, sometimes 4 a.m. I took my job very seriously and always stayed up until they got home. Back then there was no MTV, so I would watch "Dr. Who" and "Friday Night Videos," struggling to keep my eyes open. I might not have known first aid or the fire department's phone number, but by golly I was VIGILANT.

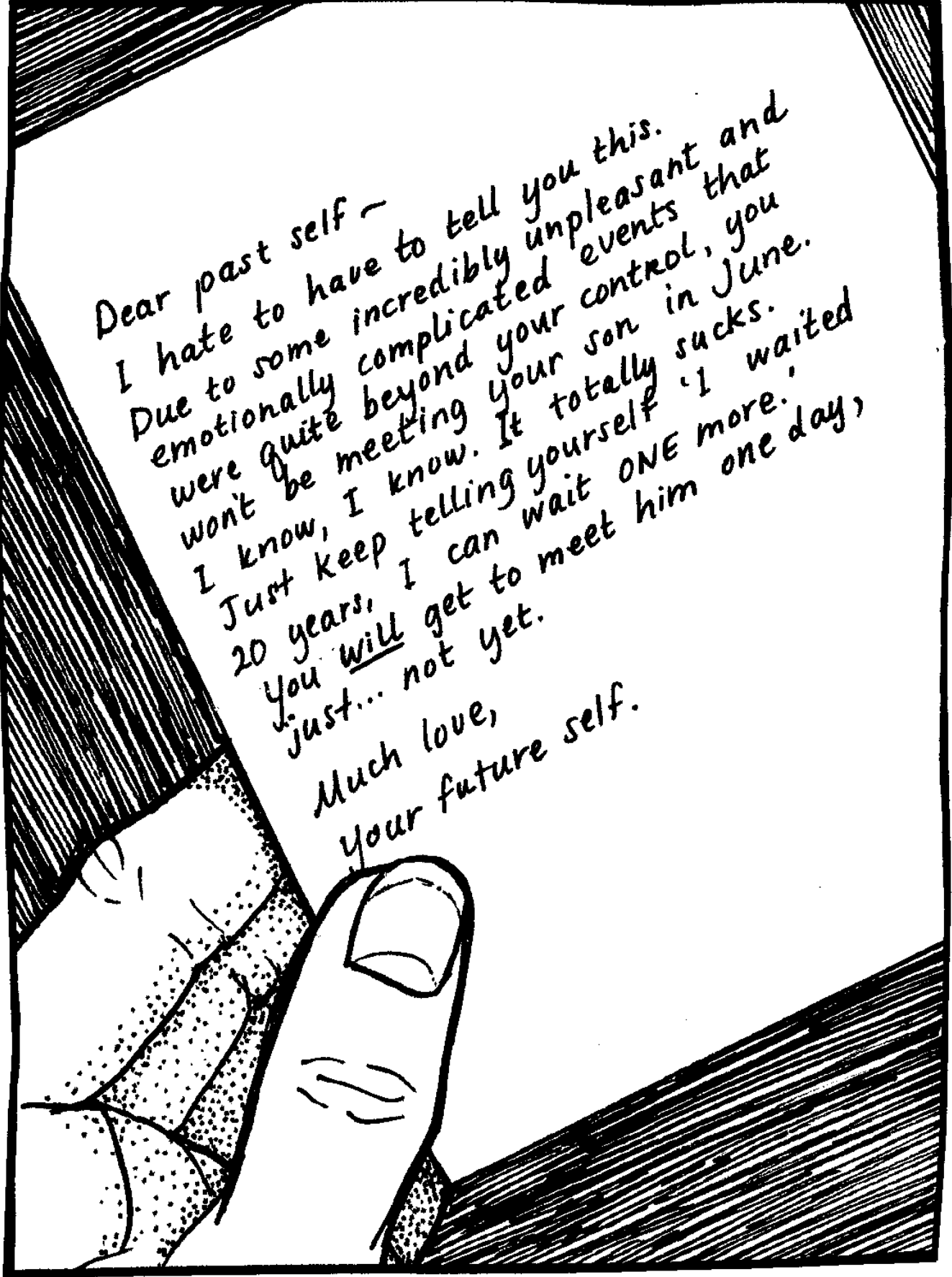
One night, despite my resolve, I fell asleep on the couch. \approx gasp! It wouldn't have been so bad, except I slept right through them coming home. To my horror and utter embarrassment, I awoke to find them standing there laughing at me. They were nice about it, though.



I babysat for them for years, even after they moved a few miles away. Until the night he was giving me a ride home, and 'forgot' where I lived. He stopped the car on a side street, leaned past me and locked my door, and asked what I would do if he kissed me. I responded by asking what he would do when his daughter is my age and this happened to her. Then I told him I would tell my mom. He took me home. I told my mom. My mom called his wife. I never babysat for them again. I still think about that little girl.

— REUNION with tyler —



A black and white illustration of a hand holding a piece of paper. The hand is shown from the side, with the thumb and index finger gripping the edges of the paper. The paper is tilted upwards and to the right. The background consists of dark, diagonal hatching lines. The text on the paper is handwritten in a cursive style.

Dear past self -
I hate to have to tell you this.
Due to some incredibly unpleasant and
emotionally complicated events that
were quite beyond your control, you
won't be meeting your son in June.
I know, I know. It totally sucks.
Just keep telling yourself 'I waited
20 years, I can wait ONE more.'
You will get to meet him one day,
just... not yet.

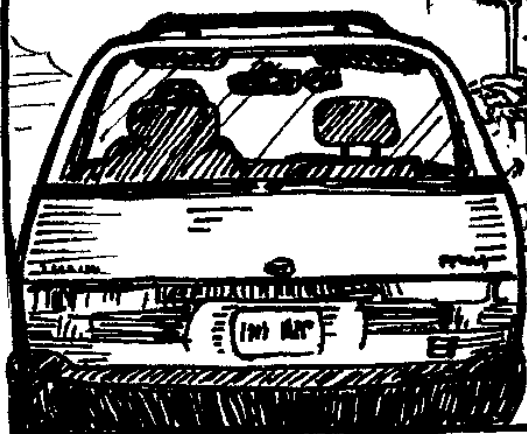
Much love,
Your future self.



DAWNING REALIZATIONS

I USED TO DRIVE
PAST THIS PERFECT
LITTLE BUNGALOW,
JUST RIGHT FOR
ONE.

I COVETED IT.



AND THEN ONE DAY IT WENT
UP FOR SALE! MY LITTLE HOUSE!
I BEGAN TO DAYDREAM...



OH, HOW I
WOULD LOVE BEING
IN MY LITTLE
HOUSE, JUST ME
AND CHIP...
LIKE IN THE
OLD DAYS.

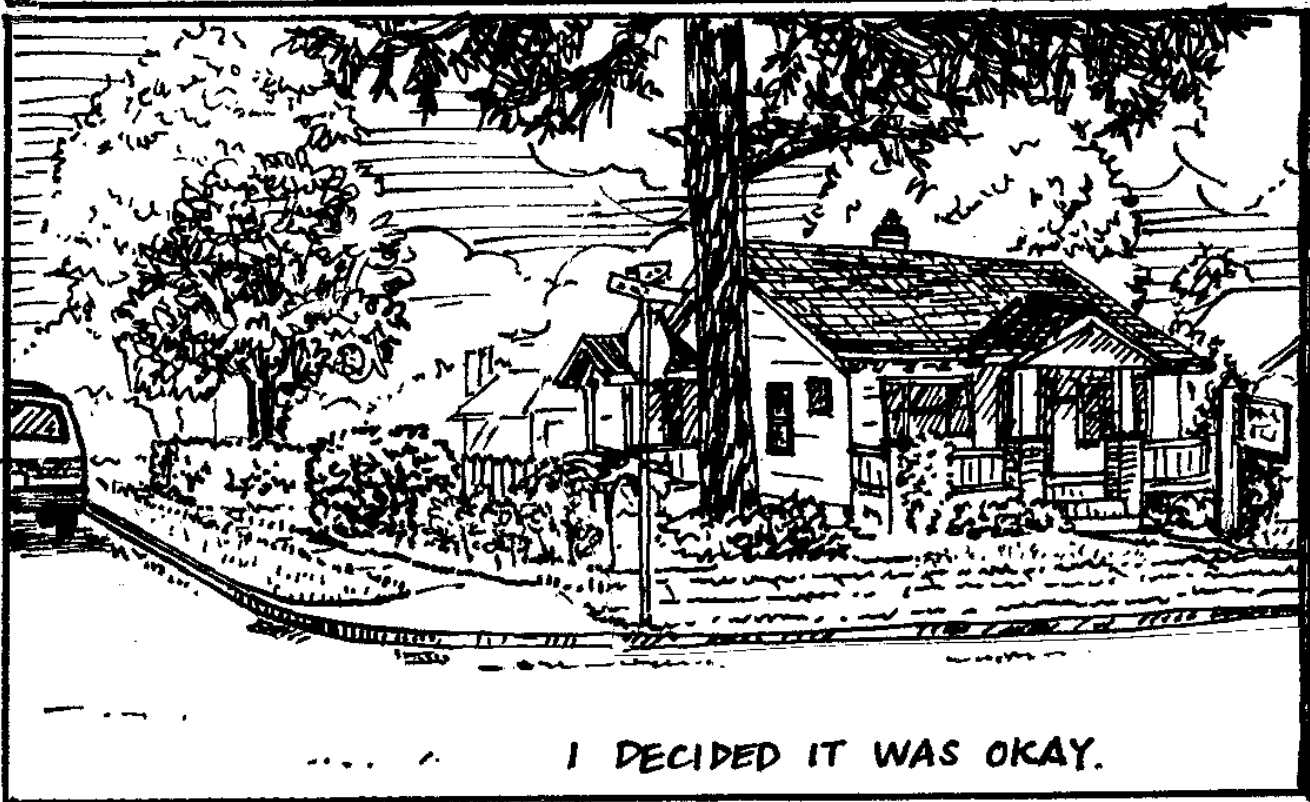
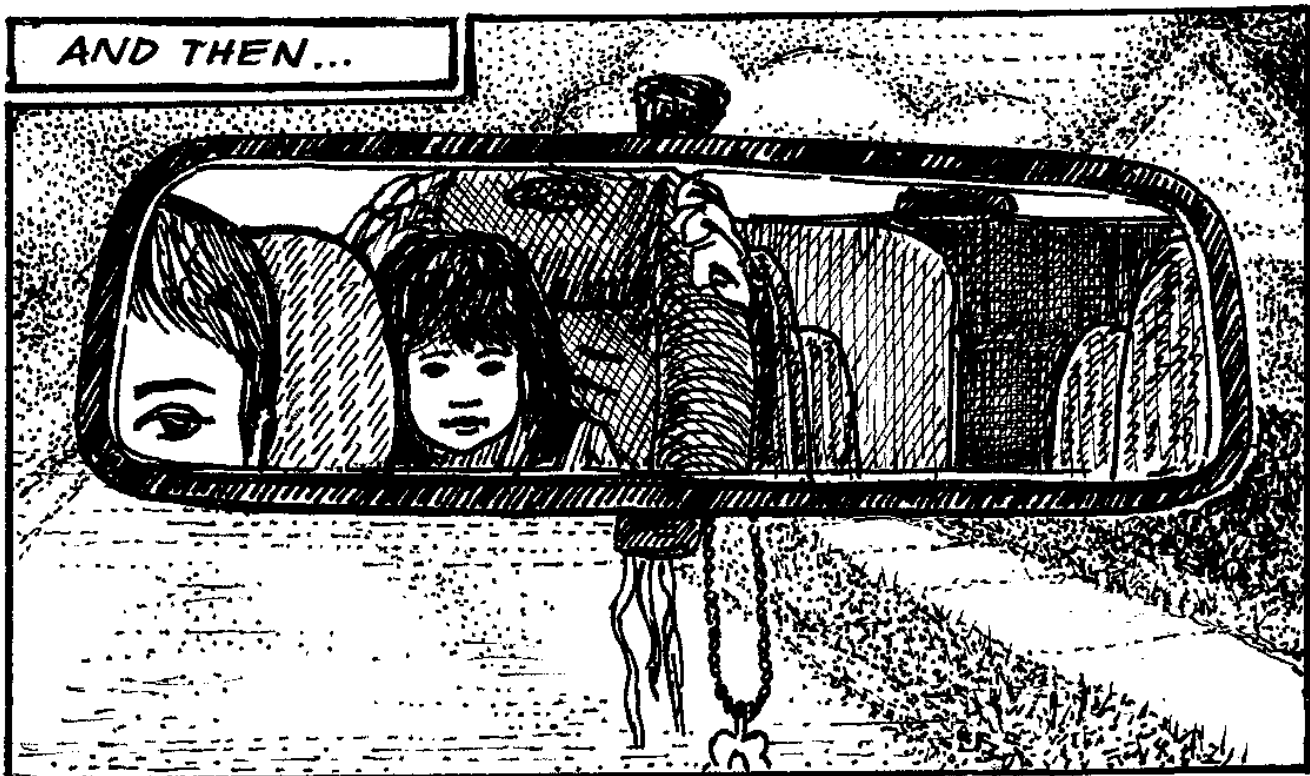
AH, WELL...
MAYBE
SOMEDAY.

THAT'S WHEN IT HIT ME:

I WILL NEVER LIVE ALONE AGAIN.

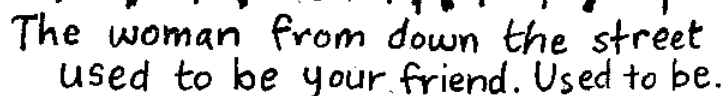
AND MY HEART SANK.

AND THEN...



I DECIDED IT WAS OKAY.

tip'o the hat to Cosmic Debris



Besides- she lives all the way Down the STREET. Why bother?

Besides - she lives all the way Down the STreet. Why bother?

Did she do something wrong?



Is that why you said nothing when her baby was born?

Did her kid do something wrong?



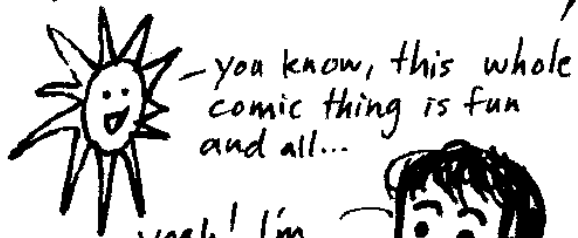
Is that why you don't invite her kid to your kid's birthday parties?

The woman down the street wonders if you realize...



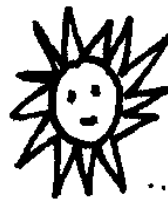

Misfits have feelings, too.

A moment in my head.



- you know, this whole comic thing is fun and all...

yeah! I'm having a blast! It's a real challenge.



- yeah. but have you noticed that all the stories so far are kind of.. ..well... depressing?

I prefer the term "somber"

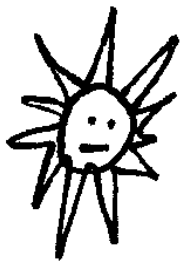


- do you think everyone appreciates your... uh... somberness?

well, this has been a pretty hard time for me.



besides, it's my zine! It's my life! I tell it like it is!



- well, at least Randy's story is funny!

shut up. I'm trying to work.



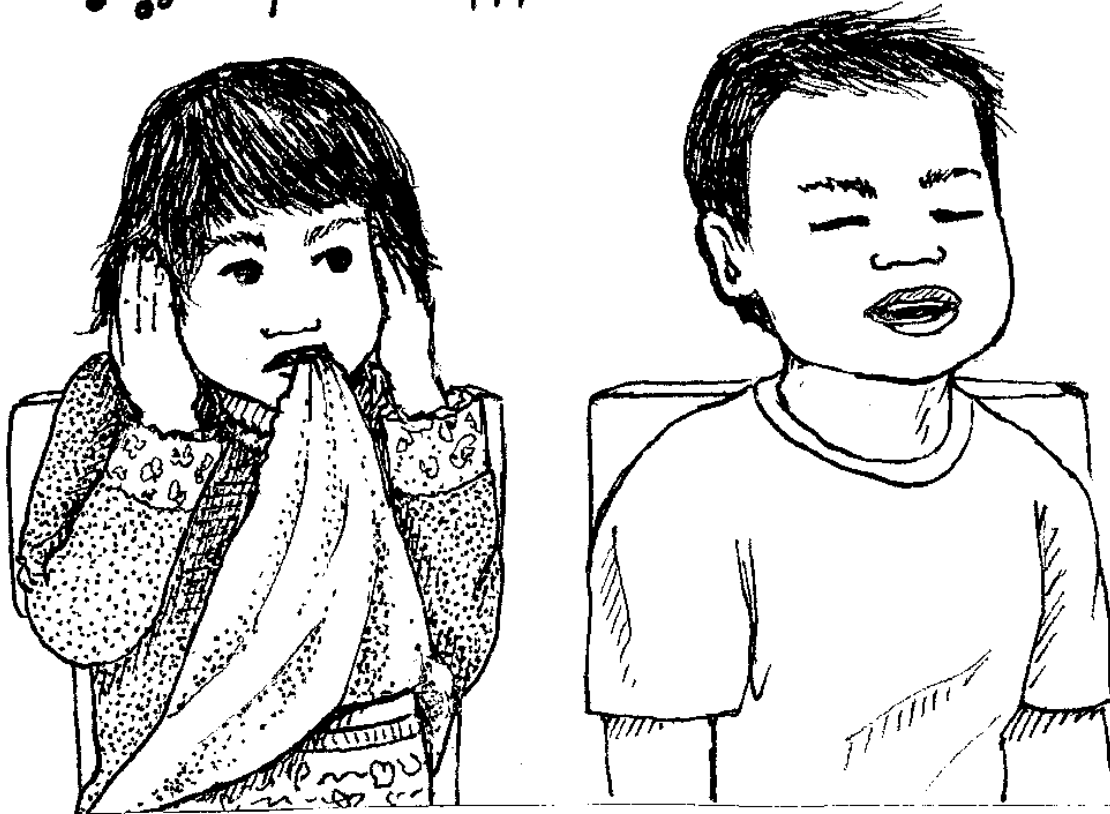
Graduation Day by Zuzu

(drawings by
Mama)



Today was graduation from preschool. I don't know what that is. I wore my favorite beautiful dress. But, it got chocolate milk on it. That can be okay. I sat down in the last chair I wanted. I like to hold my dress in my mouth.

♪ If you're happy and you know it CLAP YOUR



Teacher Elisha told us to sing a song, but I didn't want that song. I covered up my ears. I do like to sing The Itsy Bitsy Spider. Then I got a big booger out of my nose with my finger. It's okay if I wipe it on my dress. I don't mind.

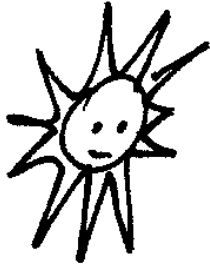


Then Teacher Elisha gave us a piece of paper and told me to stand beside her and smile so mama could take a picture. Silly mama! She forgot to bring the camera. I smiled a FAKE smile.



Then we ate some snacks. I ate frosting that was on my cupcake first. Mama shared her cupcake with me. We sat on the floor. Jose-a-Bose was rolling over. Then, we just went home. A end.

Yet another fine moment in my head.



-ahem.



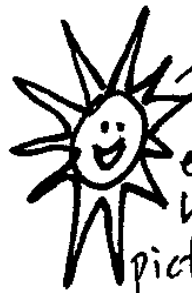
you again?
what now?



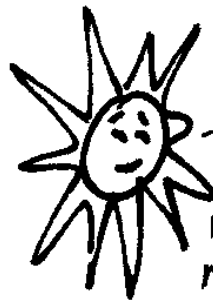
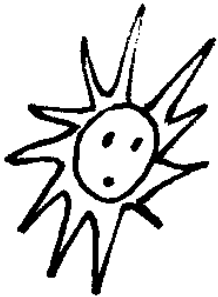
I noticed
you're
trying
to lighten
things up.



I'm trying. Yes.



I also noticed
that nearly
every story
has a
picture of just
the top half of your
face. Why is
that?



-oh.
Well..
never
mind!
carry on!



Thank
you.

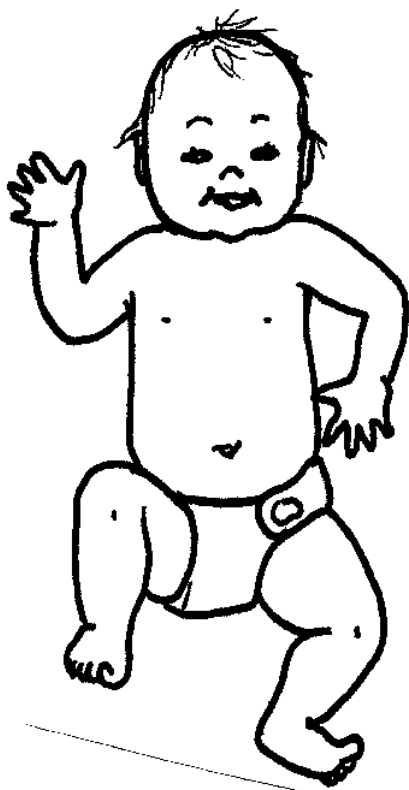
FLIP BOOK FUN

Josie, at four months, is loads of fun, and so painfully cute it's alarming. But, like most babies, she really doesn't do a whole lot. But if you really want to experience life with Jose-a-Bose, here's what you do:

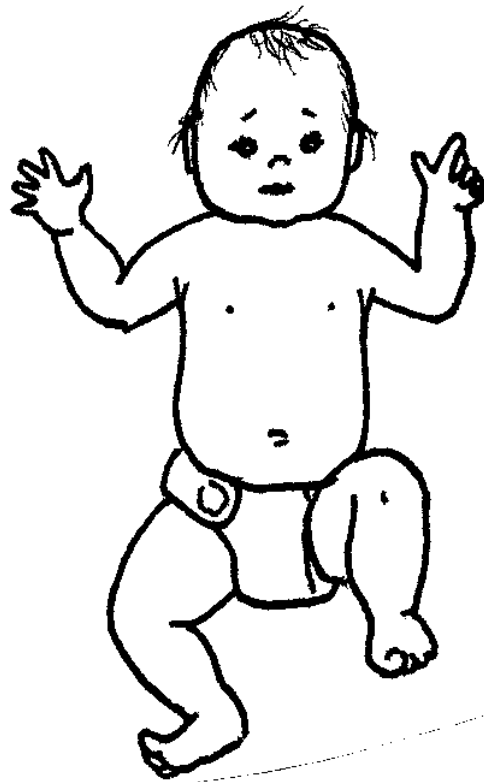
- ① Photocopy the next page on lightweight card stock, oh, twenty times or so.
If you do not want to waste so much card stock, you can make a master sheet by copying the next page FOUR times, and gluing them onto one sheet. Then you only have to make FIVE copies onto card stock. Clever!!
- ② Cut up the little pictures (on the dotted lines) and put them in what I would call continuous sequential order but what I'm sure some geek like my husband has a 'real' term for. In other words, put them in 1-2-3-4-1-2-3 order.
- ③ Hold the head or foot end of the stack and flip the pages with your other thumb. There! Now you can see Josie in ACTION!

Thrilling, isn't it?

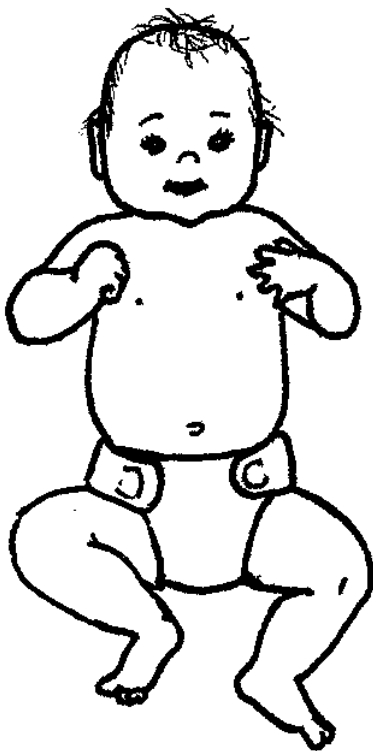
(Actually, if you're really for real gonna try it, you should cut them out and arrange them so there is an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ " at the top of each picture. So you have something to hold...)



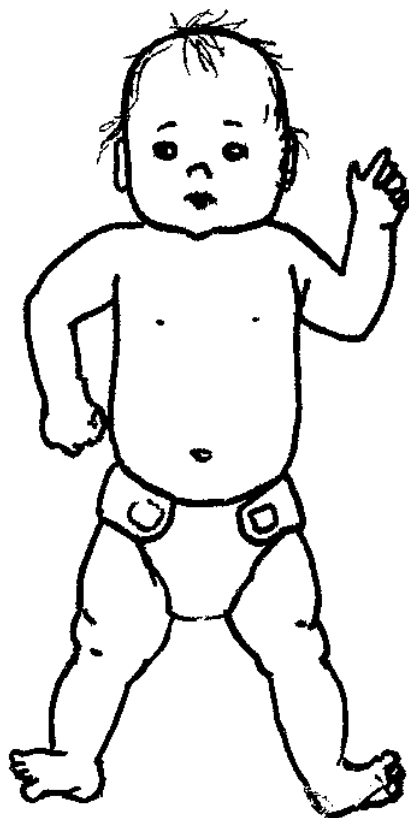
1.



2.

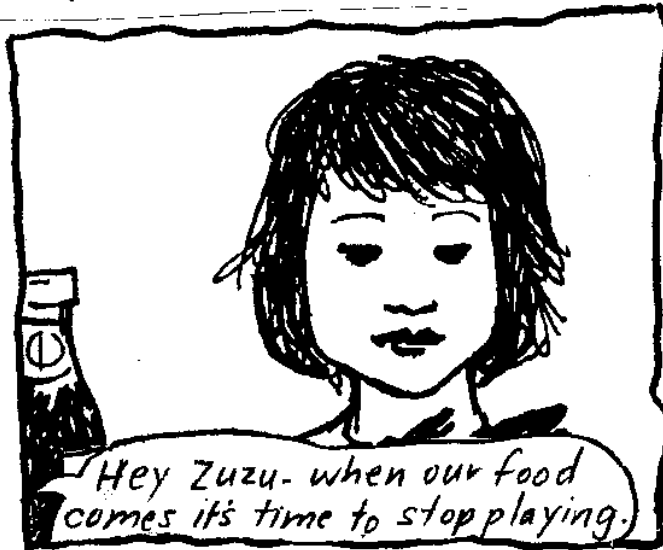


3.



4.

Now we are three... let the fun begin!



THE BEST BIRTH THAT I NEVER WENT TO

HI, RHONDA? LISTEN, I'VE GOT A GAL IN LABOR. SHE'S ONLY HAD ONE OR TWO CONTRACTIONS, BUT THIS IS BABY NUMBER SEVEN, SO I'LL BE OVER TO GET YOU IN A FEW MINUTES.

SHE LIVES ABOUT 20 MINUTES OUT... ON UNLIT COUNTRY ROADS! IT'S A GOOD THING IT'S 3AM... WE CAN **SPEED!**

BABY NUMBER SEVEN?

YEP! THEY HAVE **SIX BOYS!** OF COURSE THEY'RE KINDA HOPING FOR A GIRL THIS TIME... BUT YOU KNOW...

OH, I'LL **BET!**

THE MAMA IS GREAT... I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT HER AT ALL. BUT THE PAPA HAS **FAINTED** AT ALL SIX OF THE OTHER BIRTHS...

giggles

FAINTED?
OH, GREAT!
giggles



IT'S
ANOTHER
BOY!!
♥

YOU DID
GREAT,
HONEY!
♥

SO, SHE'S KNEELING
BY THE SIDE OF THE BED,
AND SHE SAYS 'I'M PUSHING!'

THEN SHE STARTS TELLING ME WHAT TO
DO BETWEEN CONTRACTIONS

SHE'S SO AMAZING!

I DIDN'T PASS OUT! I WAS TOO
BUSY!

AND SO THEN...
I CAUGHT HIM WITH MY OWN HANDS!

AS WE JOINED THEM FOR COFFEE, THEY TOLD US THE STORY.
THEY WERE ABSOLUTELY ELATED. I DON'T THINK I'VE
EVER SEEN A COUPLE SO THRILLED WITH THEIR BIRTH. I STILL
GET TEARY-EYED JUST THINKING ABOUT IT. SO WONDERFUL.

When DADDIES don't LISTEN.

Let me know when you want help with that big shelf. Don't try moving it yourself.

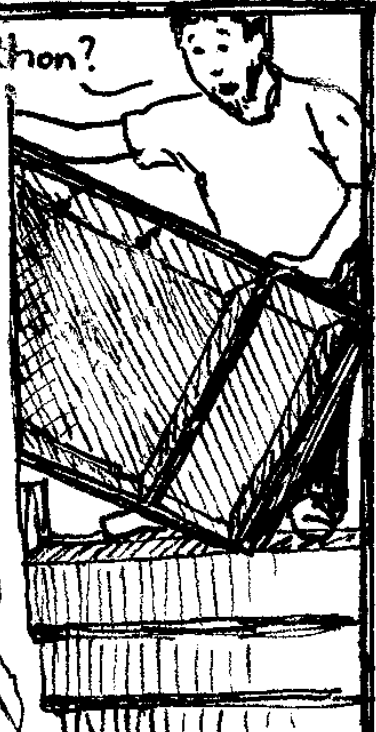


grunt.

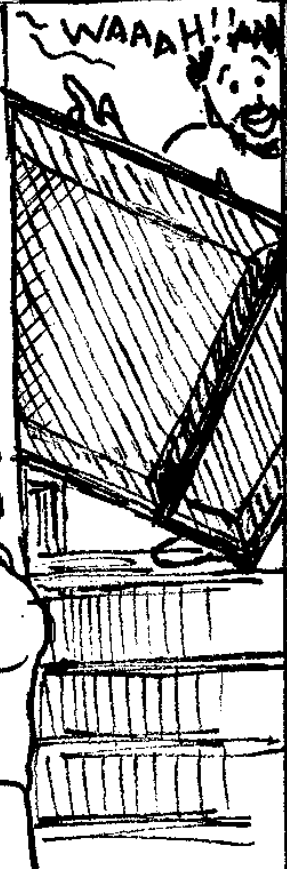


THUNK
THUNK
THUNK
Skid~
THUNK!
"Ugh!"
SCRAPE~
THUNK
THUNK

Uh... Rtion?
It's stuck.



Yes, it would seem so.
Where's Josie?

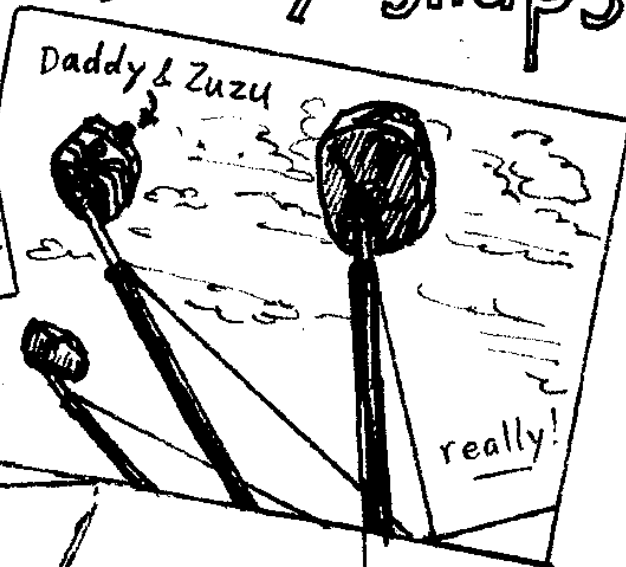


Damn good thing he took the middle shelves out!

family snapshots



↑ Zuzu riding the 'octopus' with her daddy.



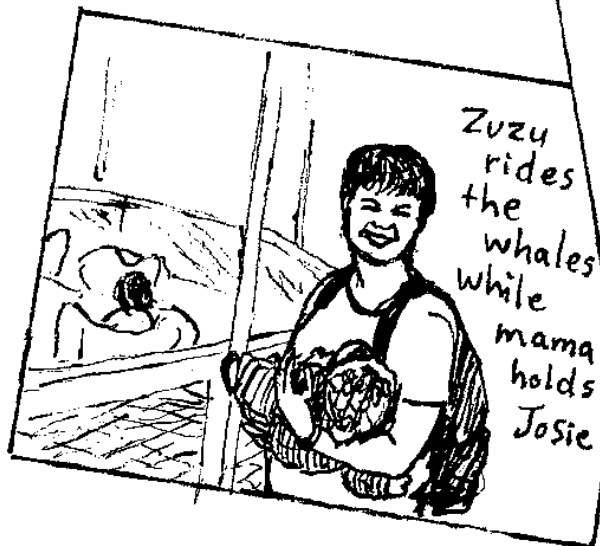
Daddy & Zuzu

really!

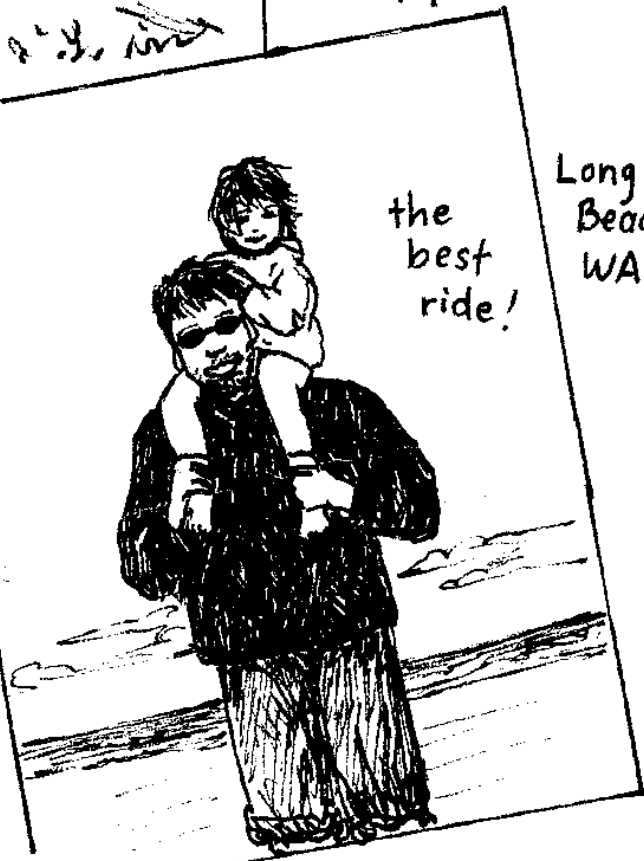


"Thanks for the ride, Octopus!"

Our favorite getaway -
Long Beach, WA
April 2004



Zuzu rides the whales while mama holds Josie



the best ride!

Long Beach, WA



VOLUME 2

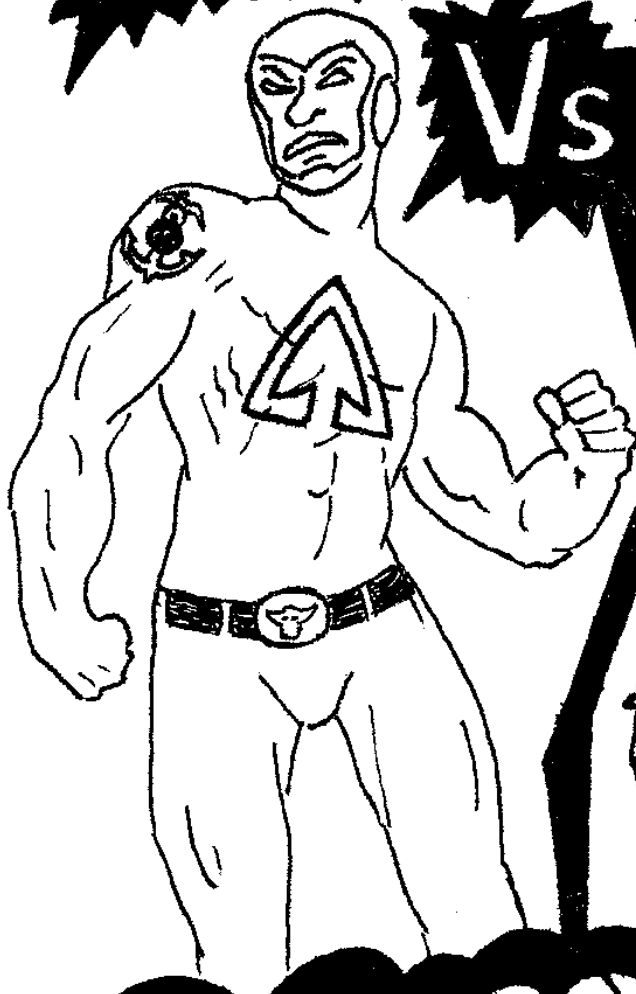
ISSUE 3

GEEK BADDY

10¢

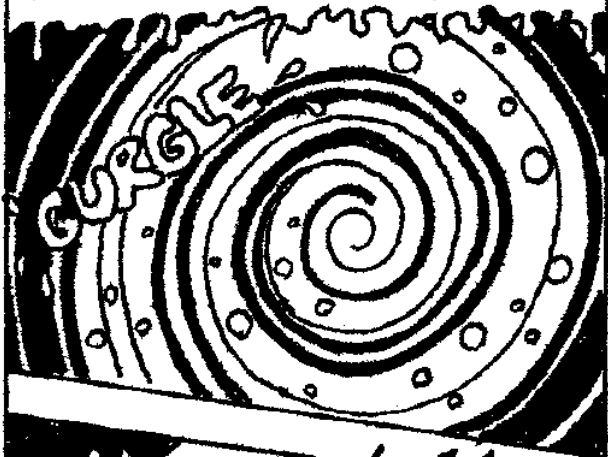
BUTCHER BAKER

VS.

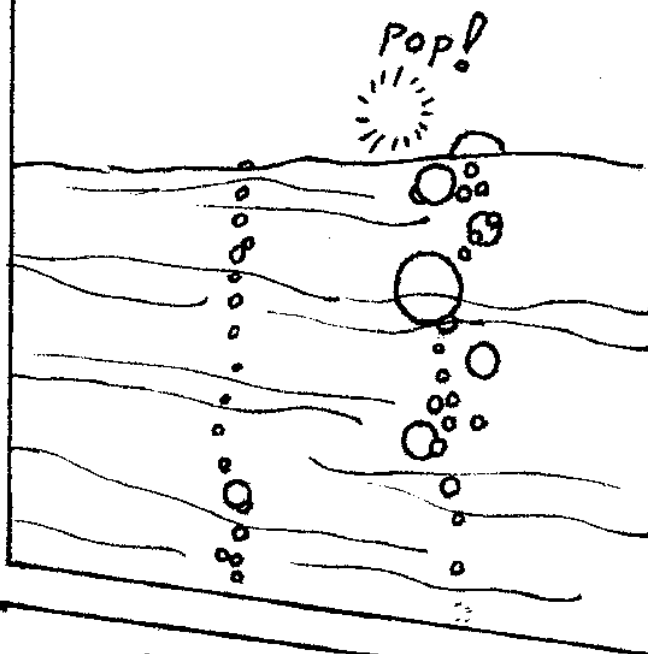


THE POTATO

A HOUSING DEVELOPMENT.
A HOUSE. DEEP WITHIN THE
BOWELS OF THIS SEEMINGLY
INNOCENT ABODE...



THE MENACE GROWS...



and
STRIKES!!!

SUPERMOM IS FIRST
ON THE SCENE. FIRST
TO DISCOVER THAT
EVIL HAS POSSESSED
THE FAMILY
COMMUNE!!

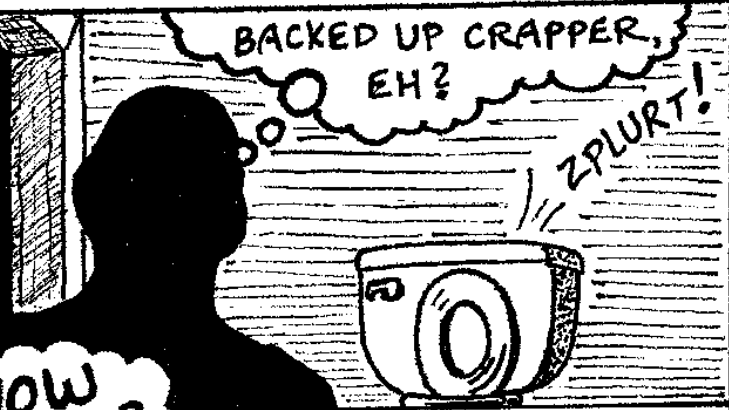
OH, CORNFLAKES!





EVEN IN THE SUPER-NUCLEAR FAMILY THERE IS A TRADITIONAL DIVISION OF LABOR...

OO NOW WHAT?

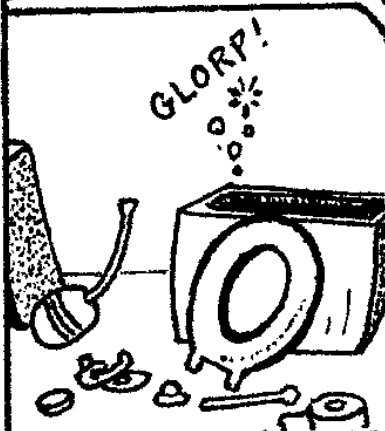


"BUTCHER BAKER" GIVES IT THE HOSE, RESTORING FUNCTION! ALAS, IT SOON BACKS UP AGAIN!!

FERENG! *PIECE OF \$!48!



*FOR ANY OTHER FOREIGN POWER



THE VILE DEVICE IS STRIPPED TO ITS COMPONENT PARTS...



IN THIS DARK HOUR, A CLUE TO
THE TOILET'S MYSTERIOUS
TREACHERY ARRIVES FROM
THE UNLIKELIEST OF PLACES.



DAD?
COULD
IT BE A
POTATO?



END.

WHAT. MAKES.
YOU. THINK.
THAT.
SON?

FUN FACT:

MR. POTATO HEAD
DID NOT ALWAYS COME
WITH THE DORKY
PLASTIC POTATO!

YOU JUST HAD THE
GOOFY ACCESSORIES,
WHICH YOU STUCK INTO
ANY OLD VEGETABLE
... OR FRUIT!

ASK MR. SCIENCE:
BUTCHER BAKER CLEARED THE
CLOG - WHY DID IT CLOG AGAIN?

ANSWER: A PIVOTING
POTATO, WEDGED AT THE
TOP OF THE TRAP.

