

Bombed *Clap of Thunder*



Lach Hazard
Vaupe



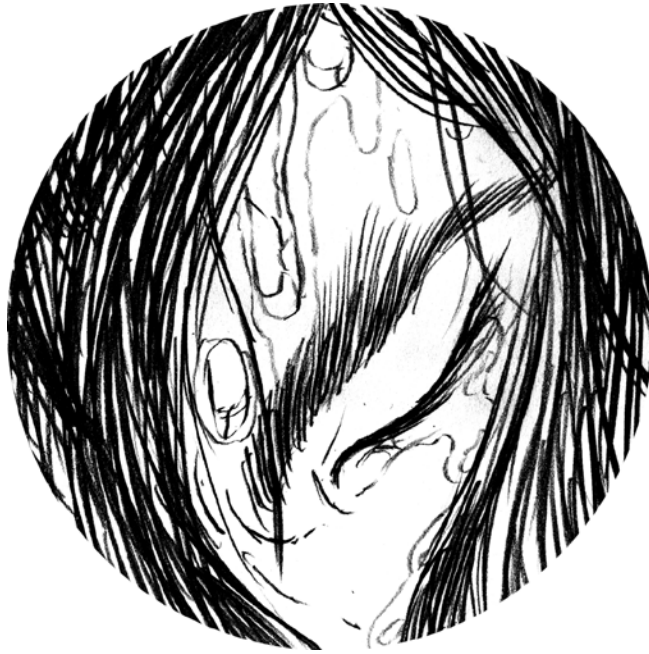
COMBED CLAP OF THUNDER is © 2017 Zach Hazard Vaupen
Retrofit #63

No part of this book may be reproduced without permission of the
artist except small portions for the purposes of review.

Published by Retrofit Comics & Big Planet Comics
Philadelphia Washington, DC
retrofitcomics.com/bigplanetcomics.com

Printed in Canada

THUNDER COMBED CLAVY OBE



3 SHORT STORIES BY ZACH HAZARD VAUPEN

Bombardier
of Thunder

Insanity Witches

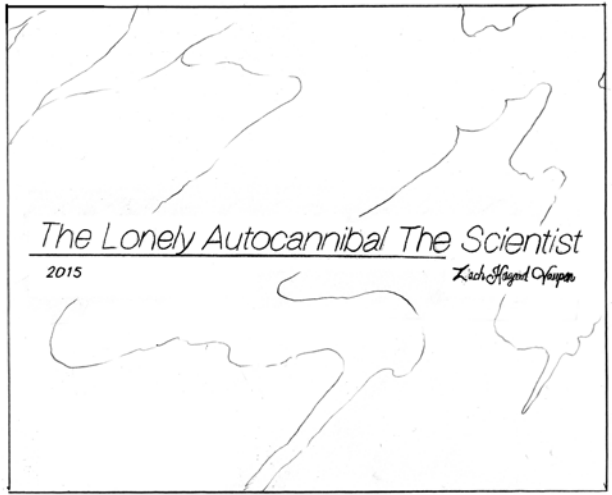
Drug Maniacs

Friend Addicts

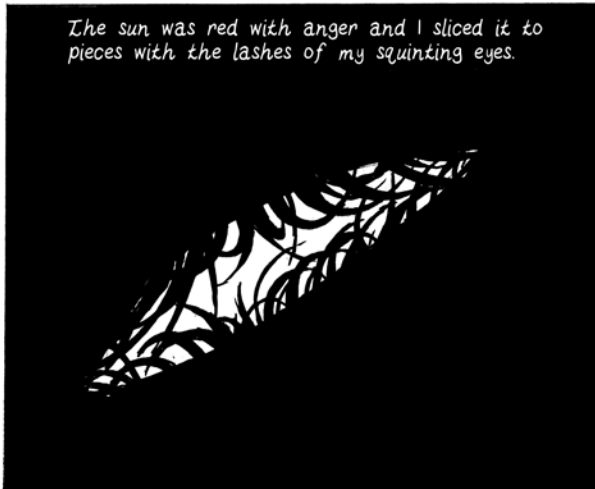
Bathroom Intolerants



The world is broken and I'm a person in it.

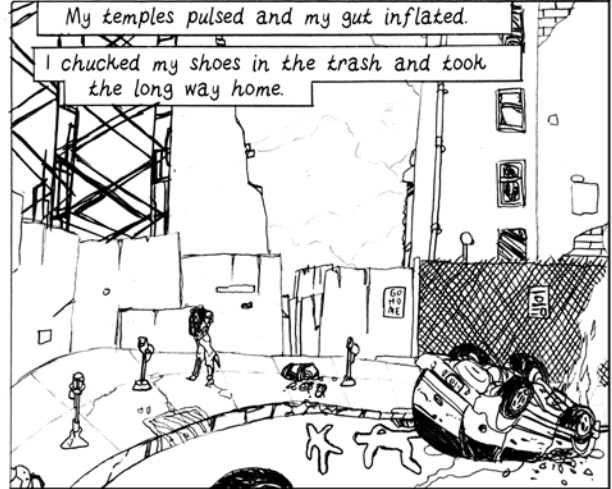


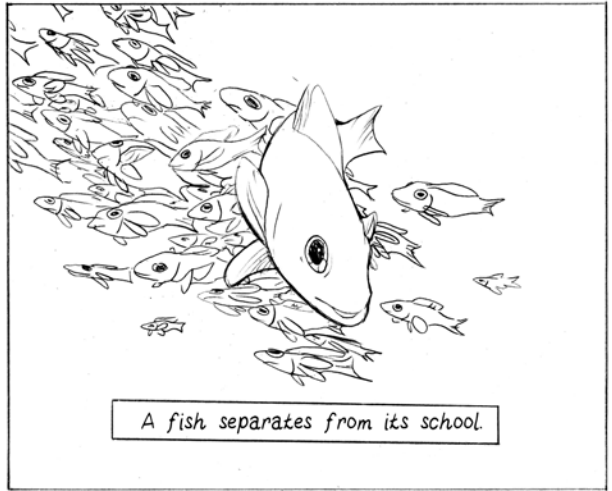
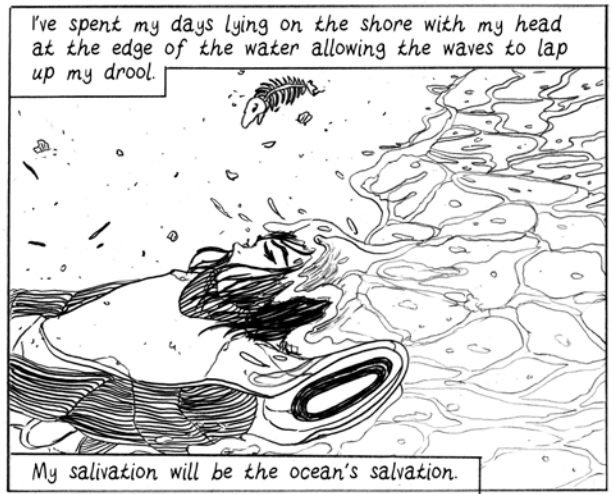
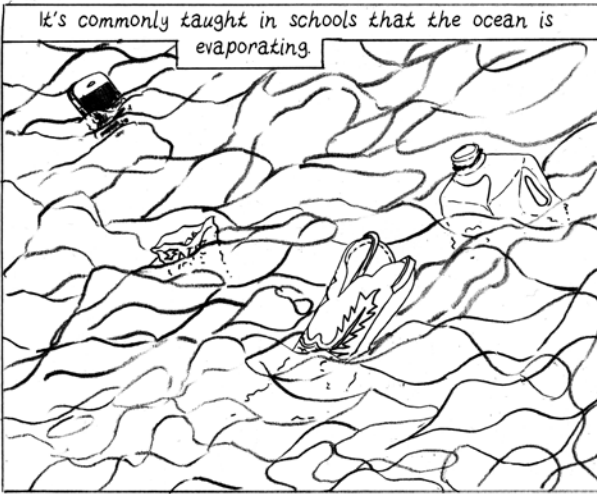
The sun was red with anger and I sliced it to pieces with the lashes of my squinting eyes.



My temples pulsed and my gut inflated.

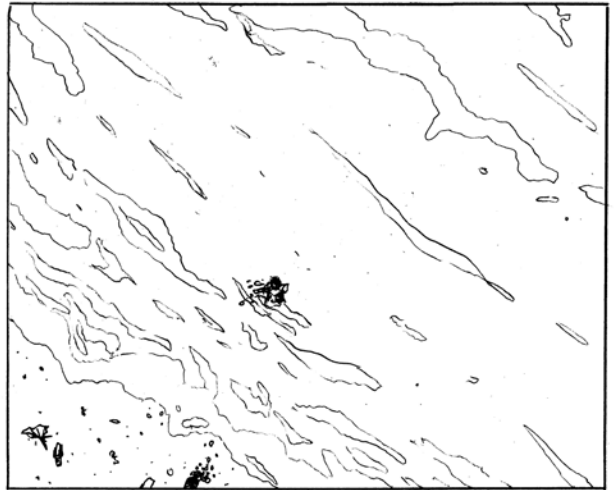
I chucked my shoes in the trash and took the long way home.







*My teeth pass through her flesh
like a flat hand through plywood.*



What a mess.

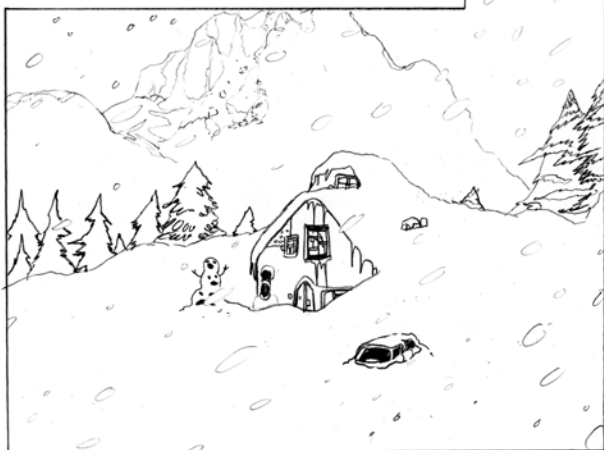


I thought I could be an animal.



but maybe that's too simple.

The following week brought a blizzard.



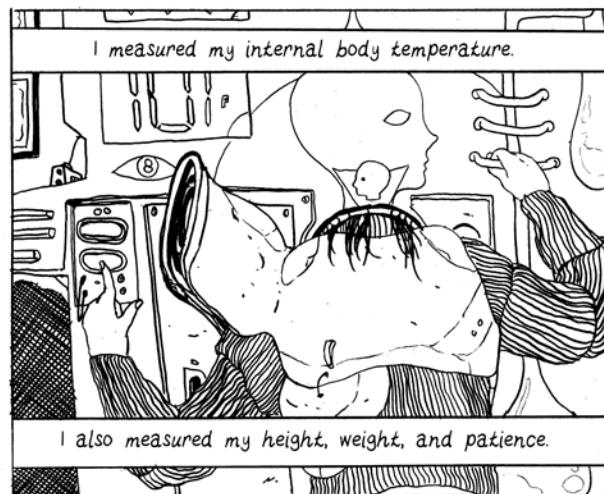
Its blinding light was uncannily candent
and I sweated ice on the hardwood floor.



My whole body was a
menstrual cramp.

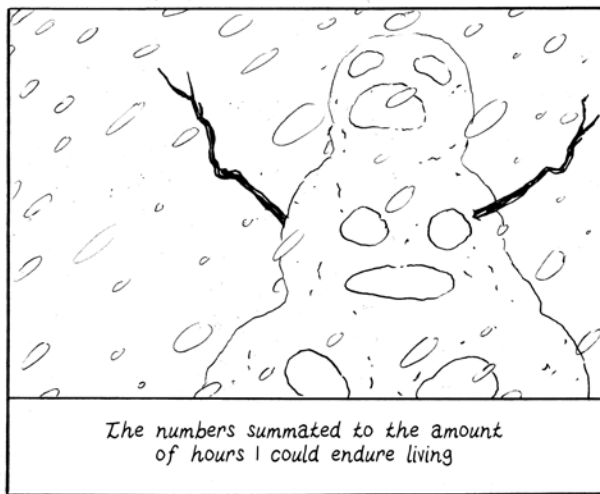


I drooled in bed and bled.



I measured my internal body temperature.

I also measured my height, weight, and patience.



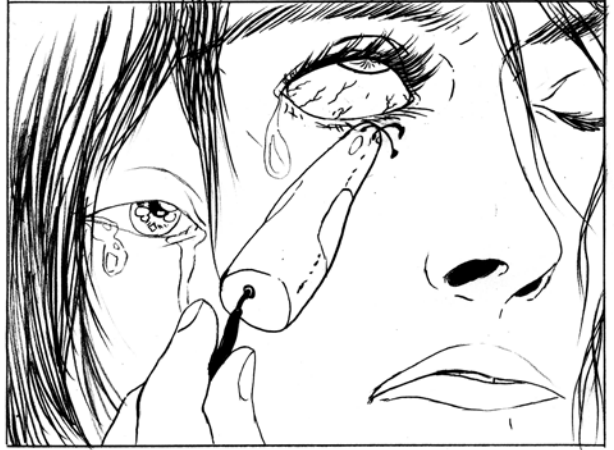
The numbers summated to the amount
of hours I could endure living

I thought about dying.

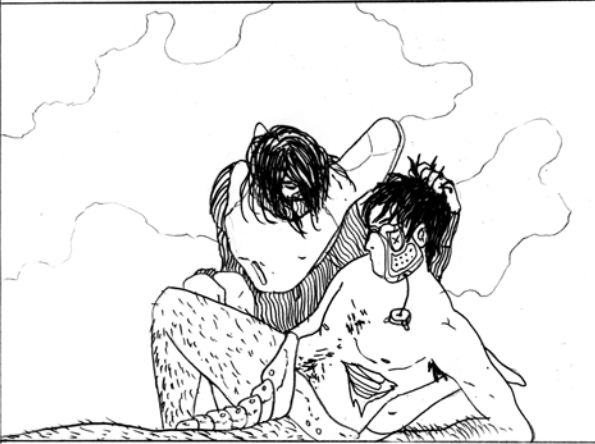


(In the way I fantasize death thinks of me in return.)

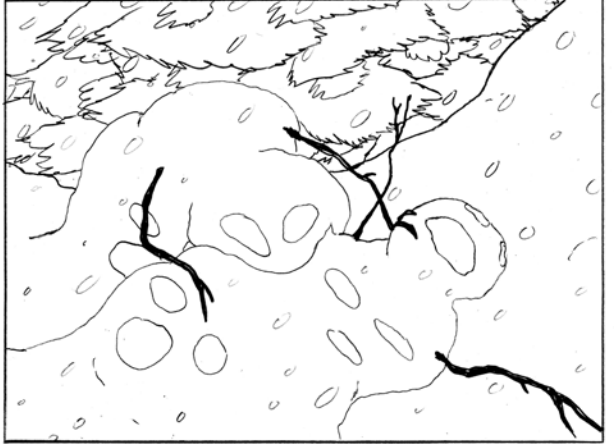
I imagined regret.



I imagined eating a man.



I don't know why.



but I could regret dying before eating a man.

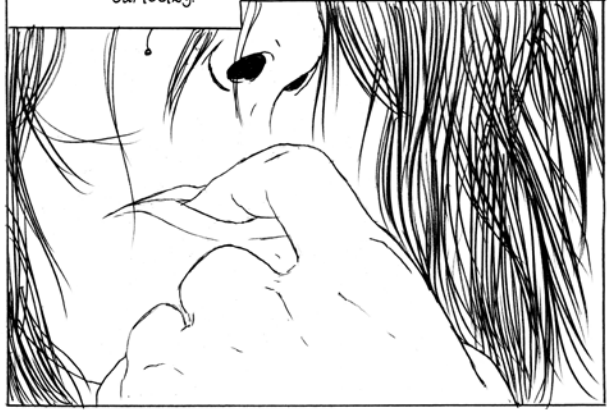


Before eating any person.





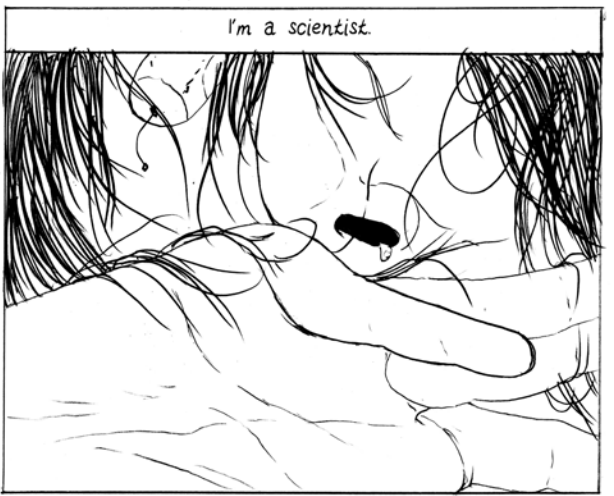
The blurred streaks of snow out my window whispered that it was mere curiosity.



Of course I'm curious.



I'm a scientist.



No

rest

for the

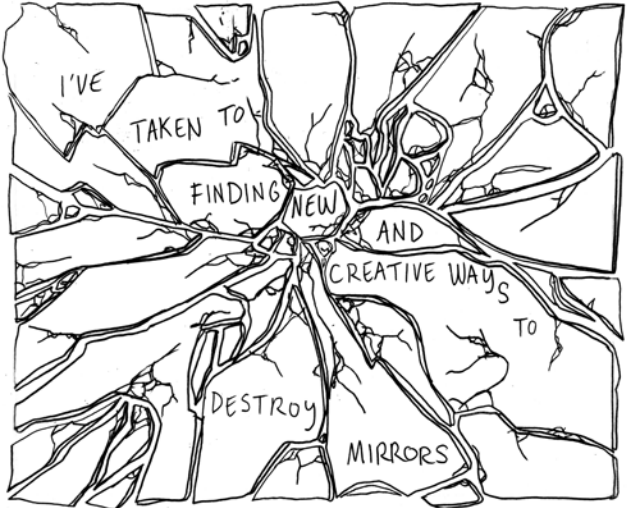
wicked.



I spun a candle by the wick like a loose propellor.



and tossed it through a mirror.



Their eyes are wrong.



and I can't see myself right through wrong eyes.

I followed a man through the woods for yards or meters or fermi.



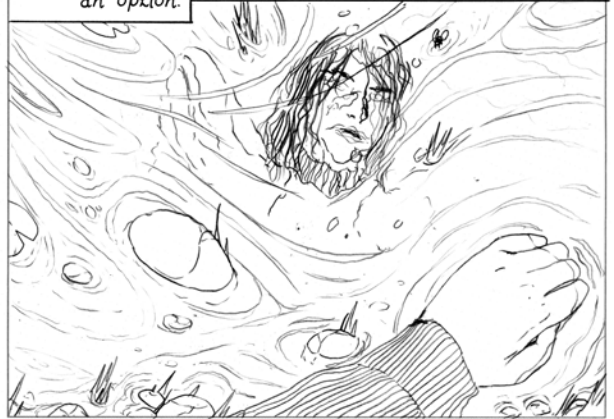
He caught a glimpse of my visage when I was only paces away and greeted my skin.



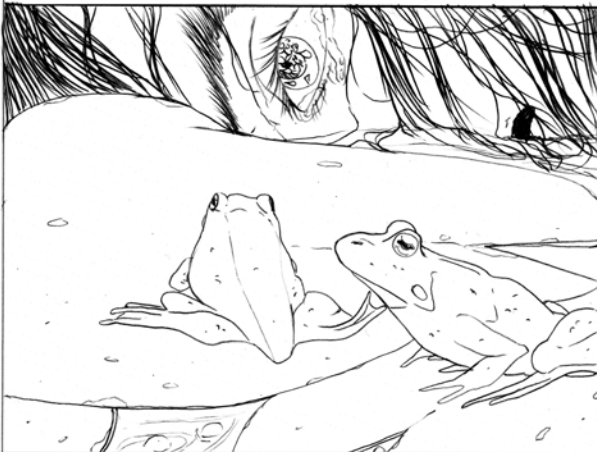
I fled for countless cubits until I came upon a lake.



I watched my reflection dance as my rippling lips confessed that others weren't an option.



The lake was broken and I was a person in it.



I was any person.





how pathetic...

I've chopped vegetables and boiled water and I can't bring myself to add the main ingredient.



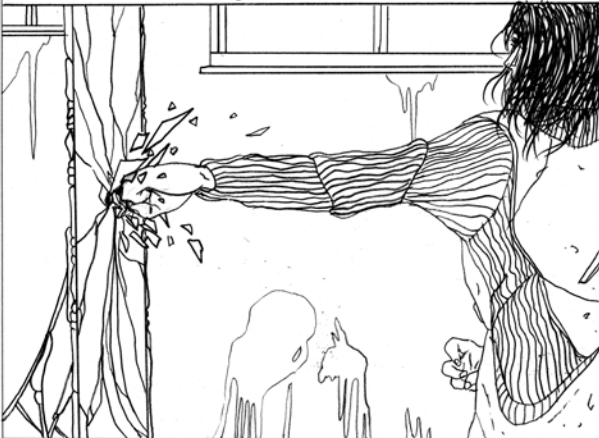
Look at me. Do I even look good enough to eat?



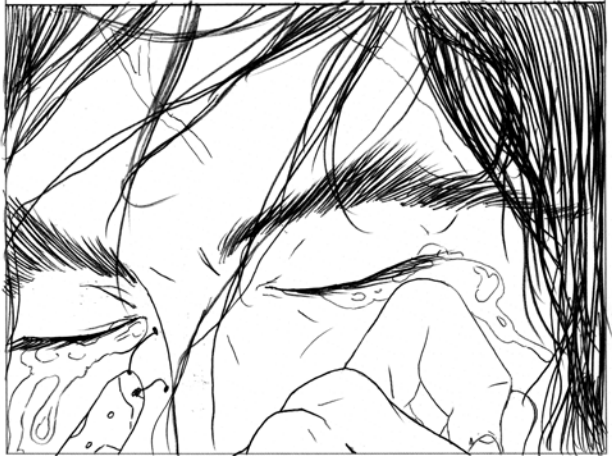
Do I look appetizing in the least?



I can't tell anything about myself through these mirrors.



Shit, my eyes are no better. I'm disgusting.



I used to fancy myself an insanity witch,

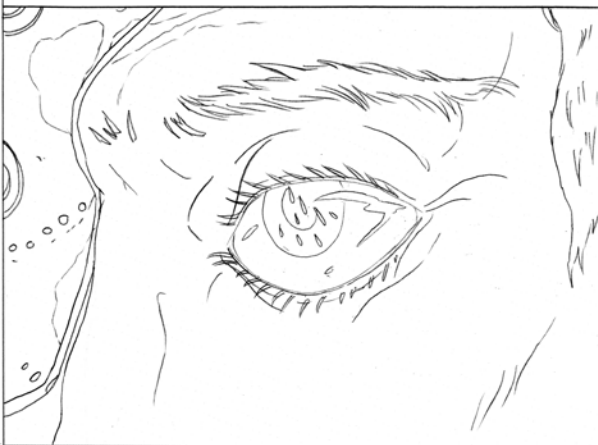


but I'm the palpable manifestation
of a bathroom intolerant.

I hate all others, but maybe society is the only tool
(and of course society is full of tools) I can use
to commune with myself.



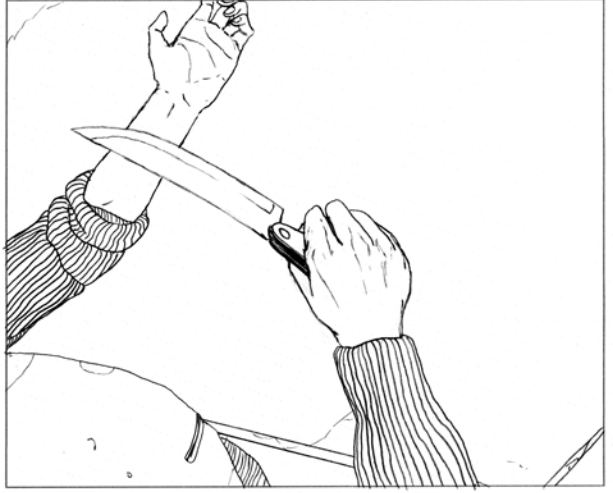
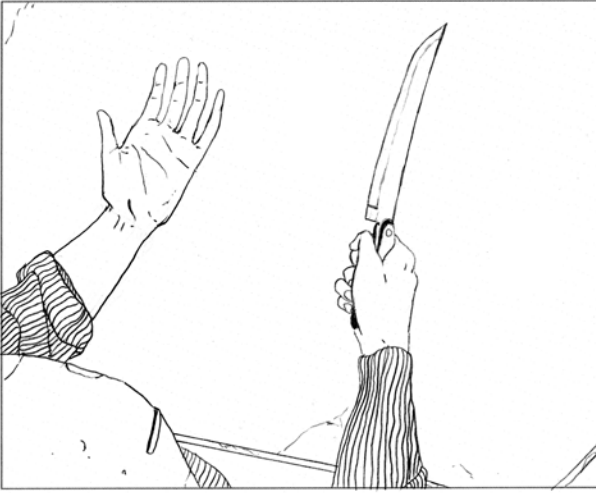
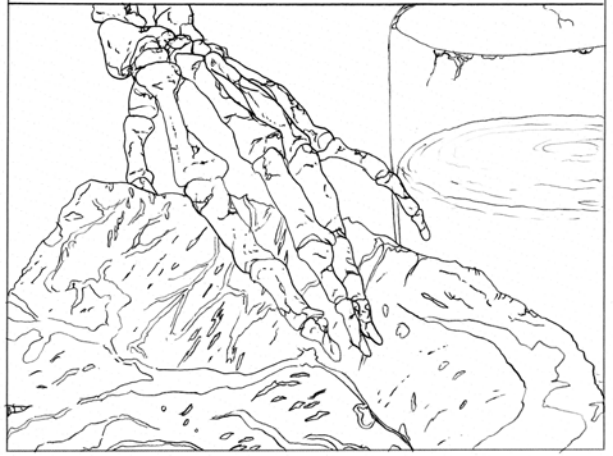
HELL, I can't see myself without wretched eyes.



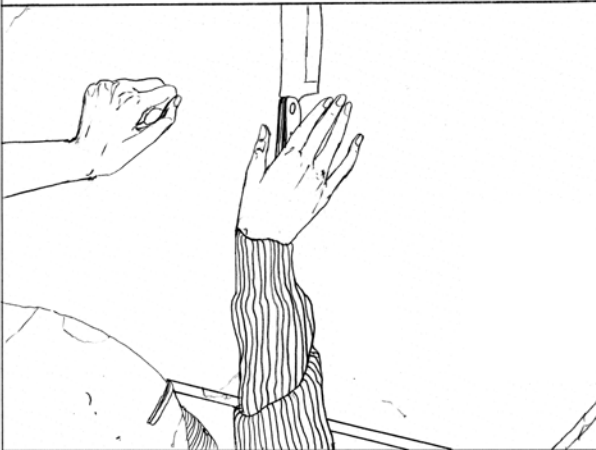
How will I be able to judge my flavor without reading a yelp review of my meat?



My service is one star.



DAMN!



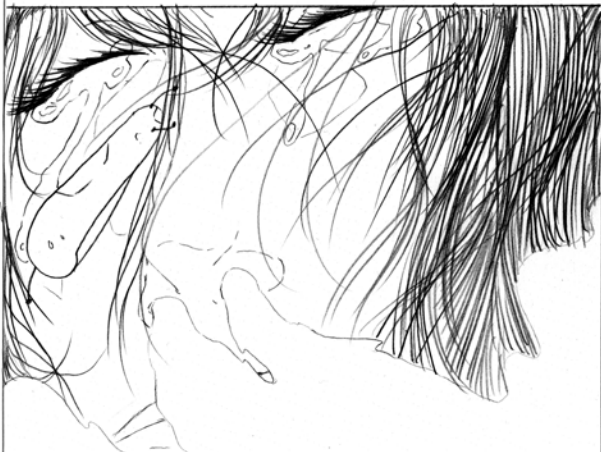
It's taking me a lifetime to remove my prerotting flesh.



FUCK, I obliquely slide my fist into the boiling water while attempting to avert my gaze.



The agonizing nightmare waxes aromatic marvel.



I'm delicious!



I was right all along. I'm a scientist.



I don't need others. I can live off myself 'til I die.



Despite myself, I'm not lonely—only alone.

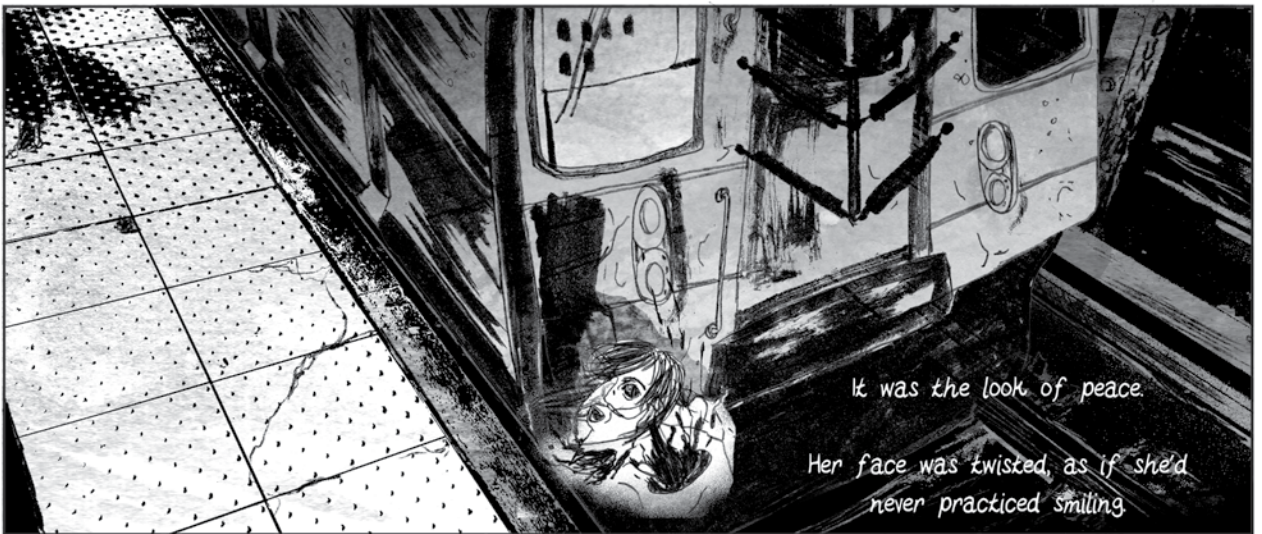
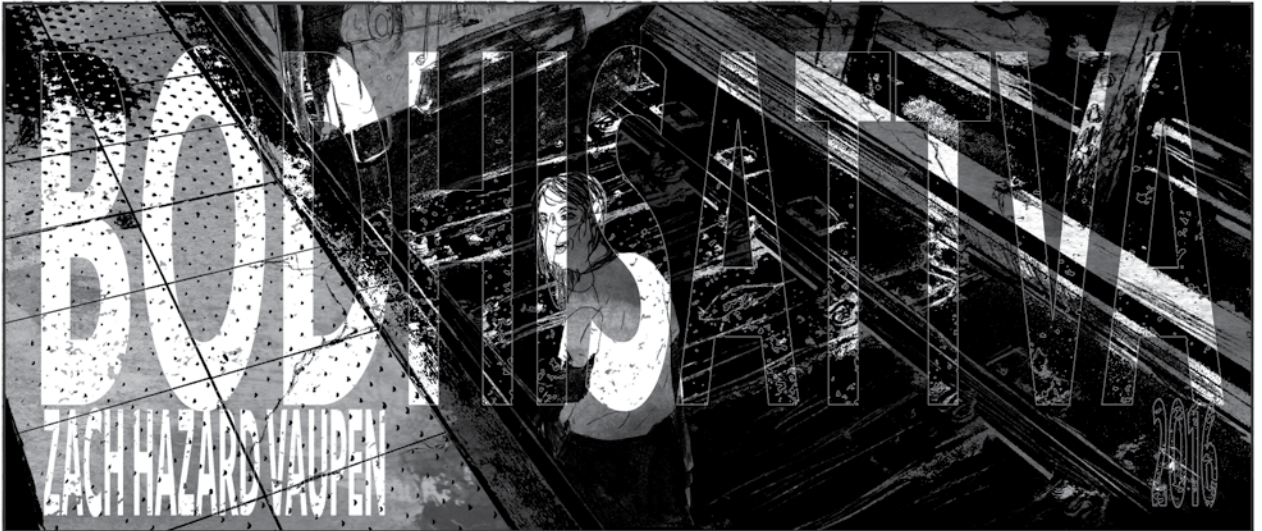


end



It wasn't the look of terror on her face.

*I could've handled that.
Her face was always full of terror.*



It was the look of peace.

*Her face was twisted, as if she'd
never practiced smiling.*



Admittedly, as her twin sister, I was offended that I wasn't her first choice when making suicide pacts.

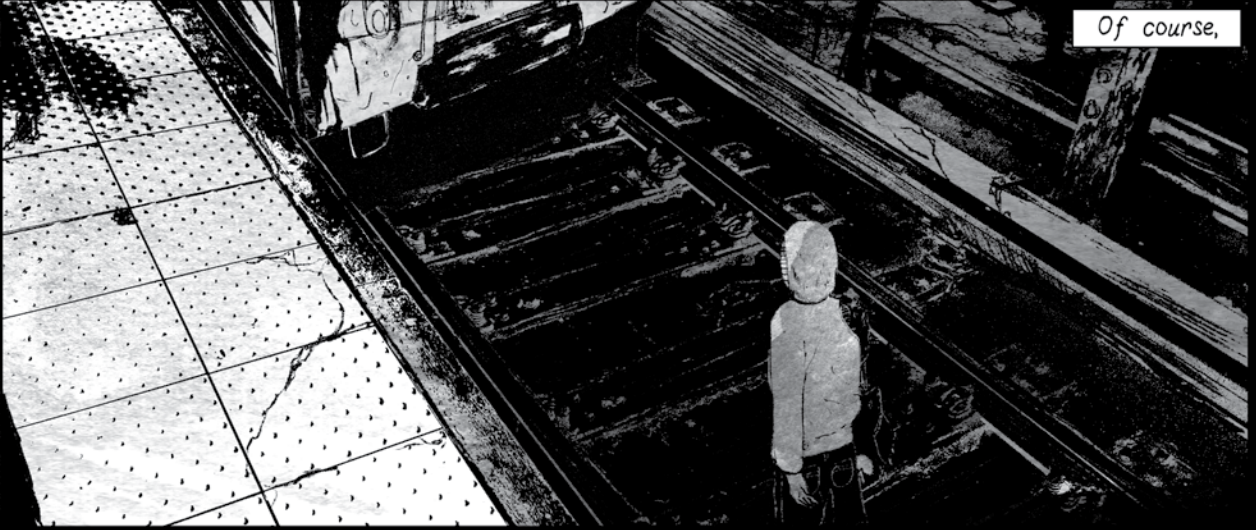


Maybe we never bonded like I'd imagined we had. She was morose, which made her the perfect evil twin.



And so I loved her. She allowed me to be the good twin. The hero to her villain. The loved twin.

Still...

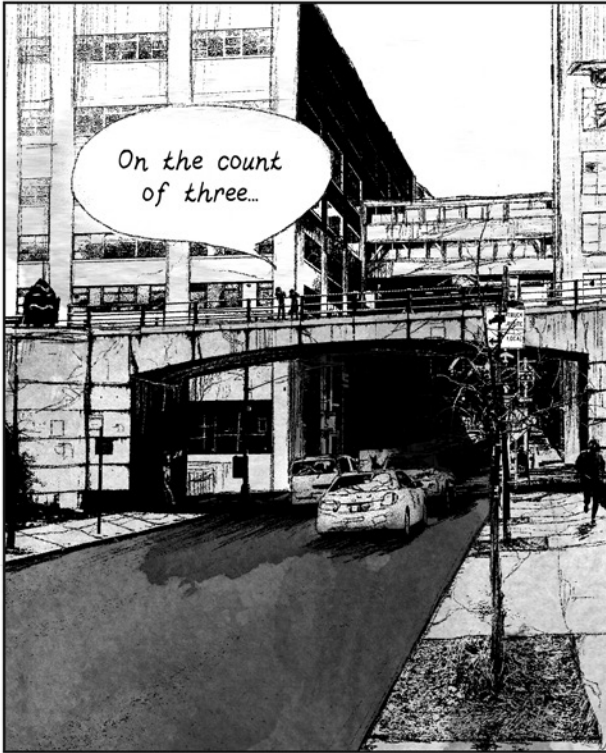


Of course,

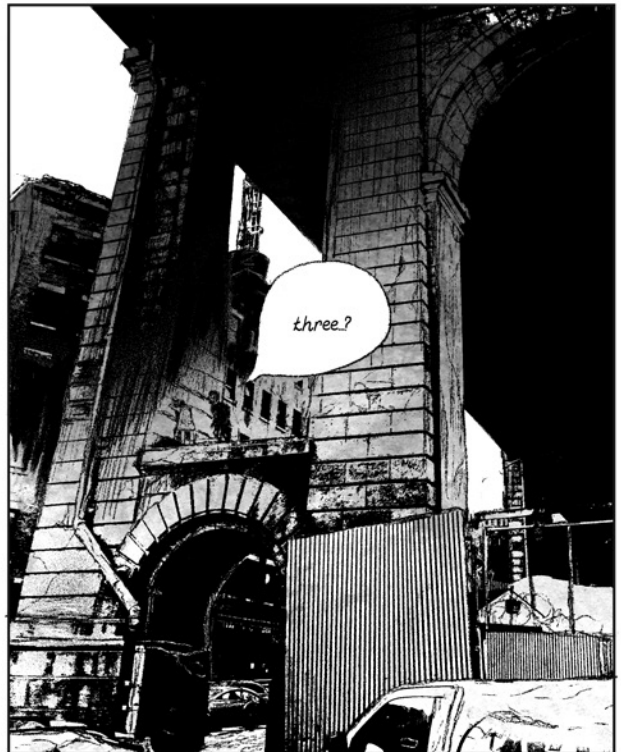


Suzi bailed...

Suzi wasn't her first choice either.



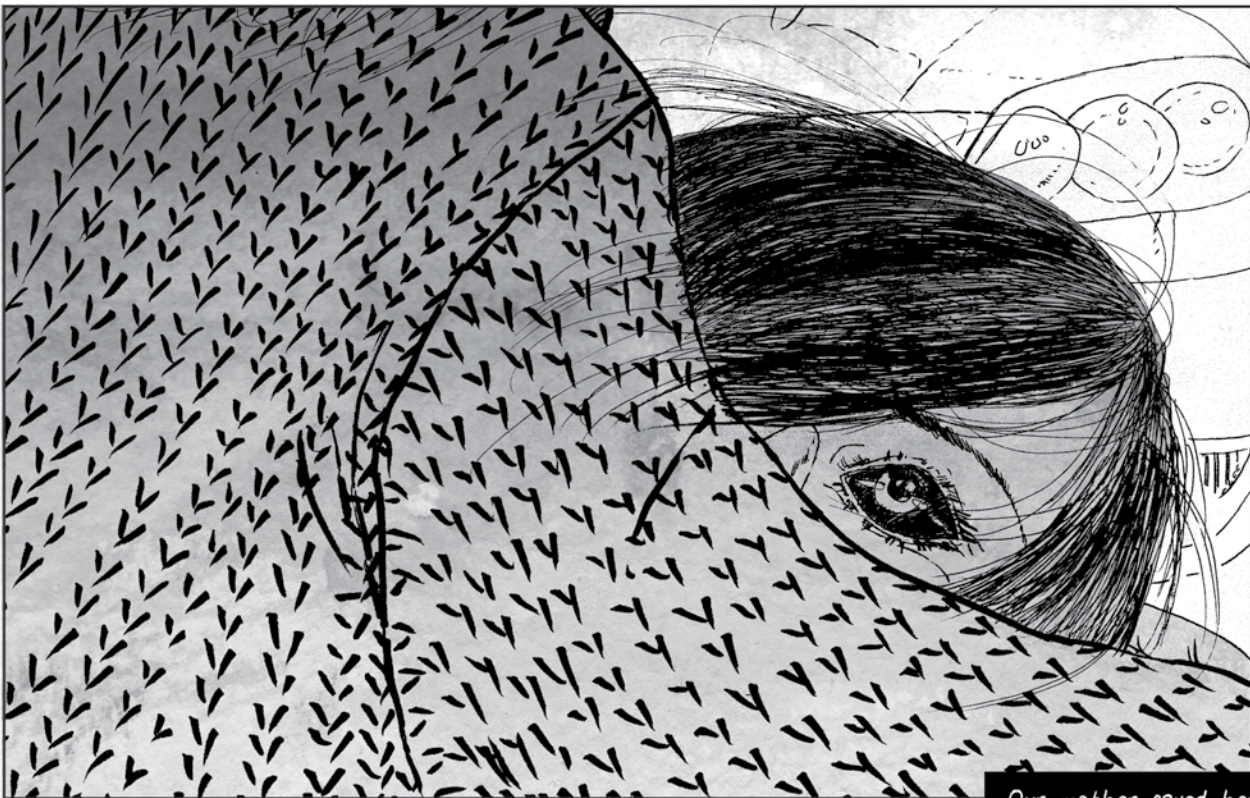
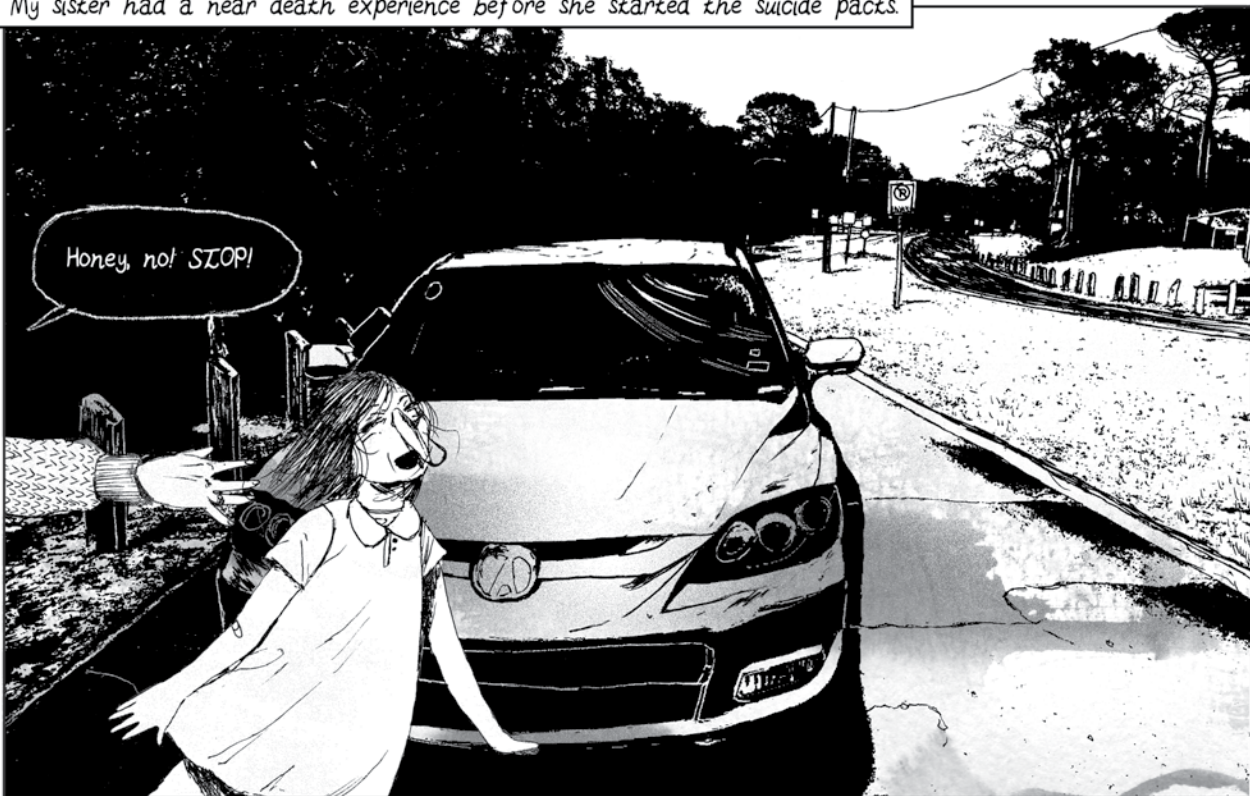
She tried it with tons of other girls.



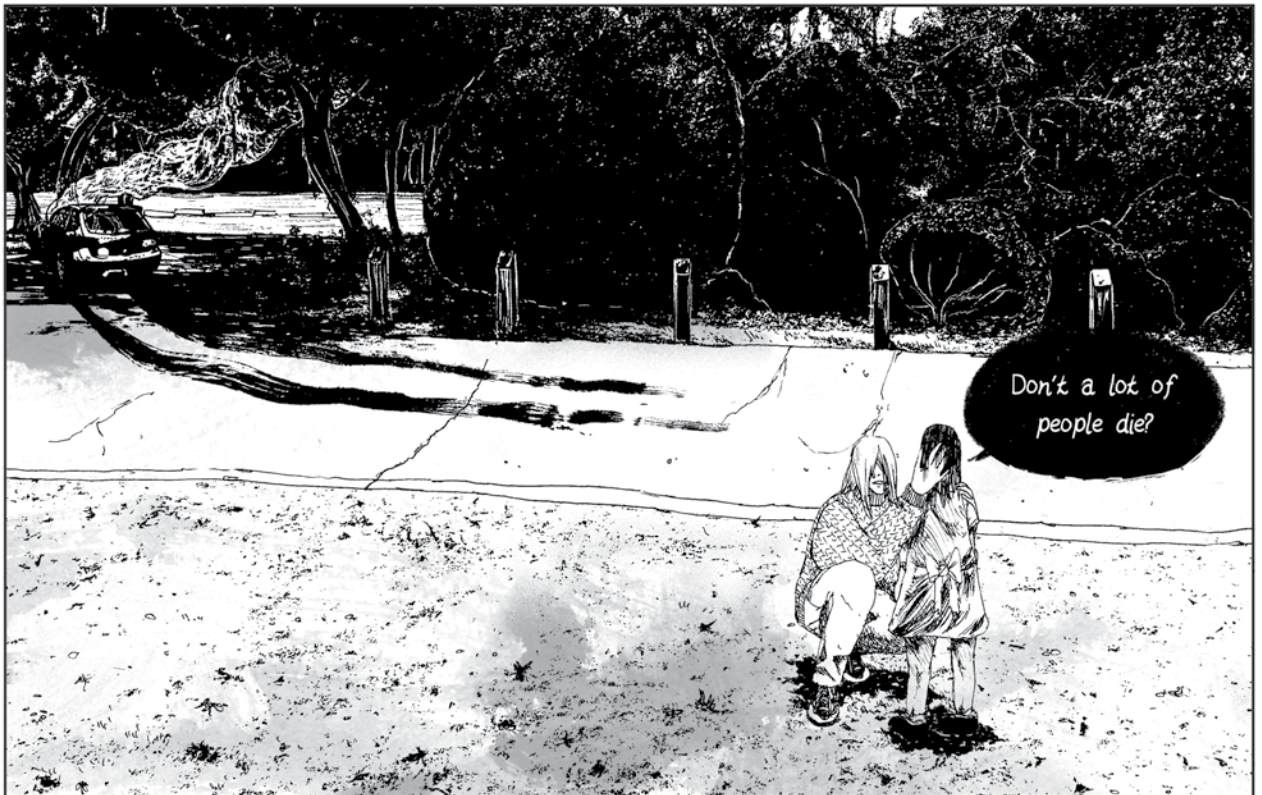
But at the last minute

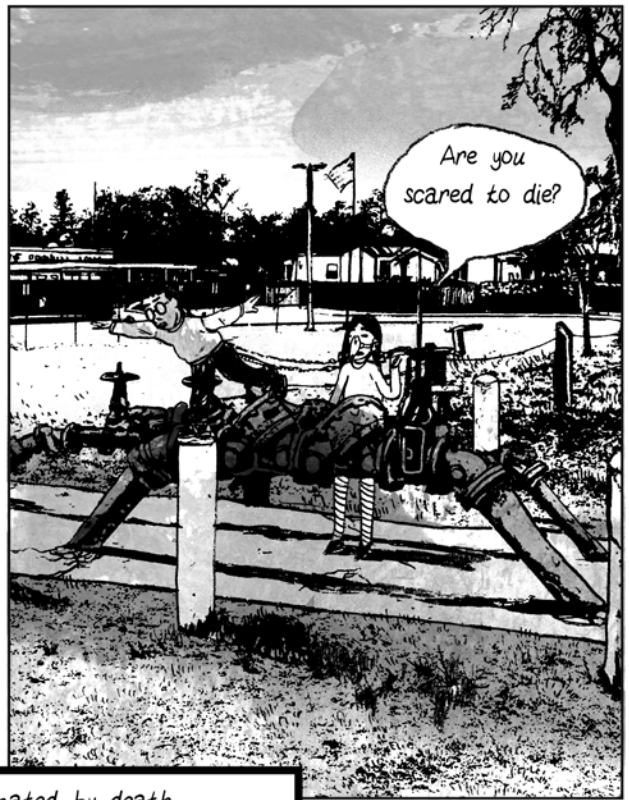
they always choked.

My sister had a near death experience before she started the suicide pacts.

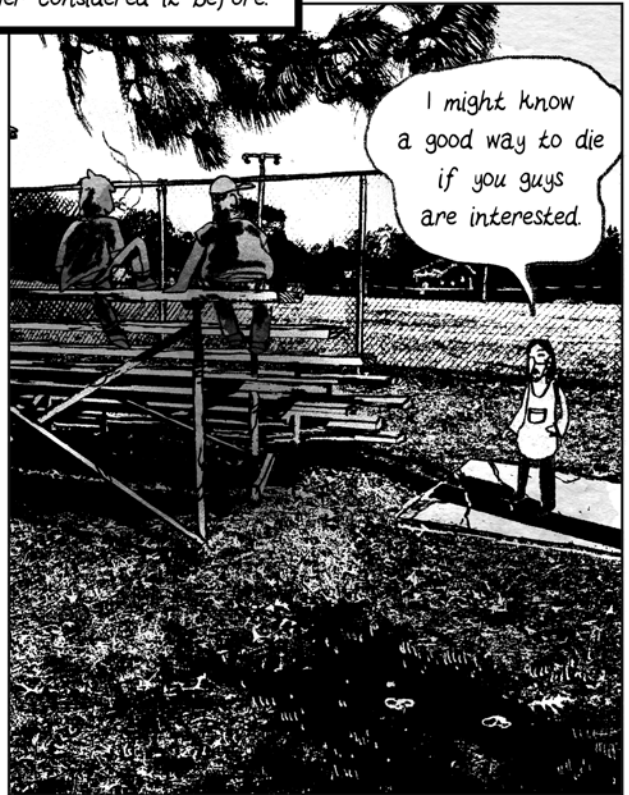
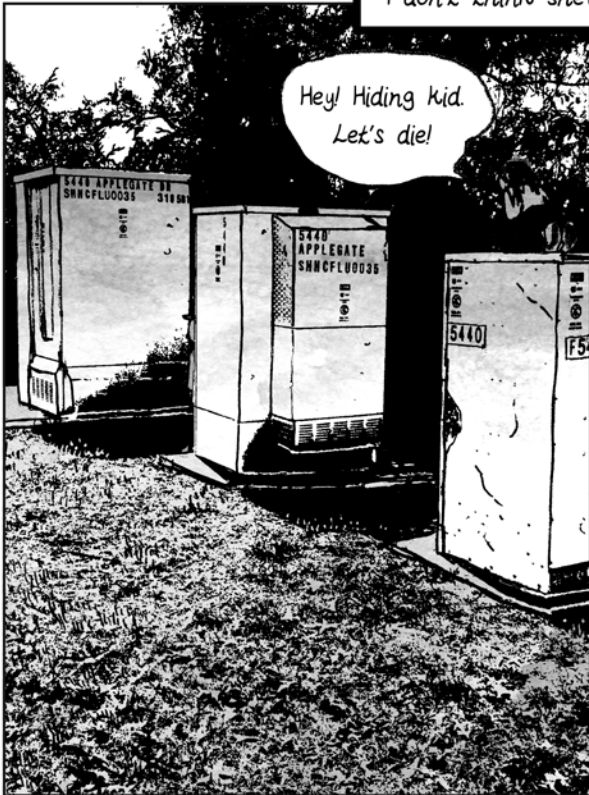


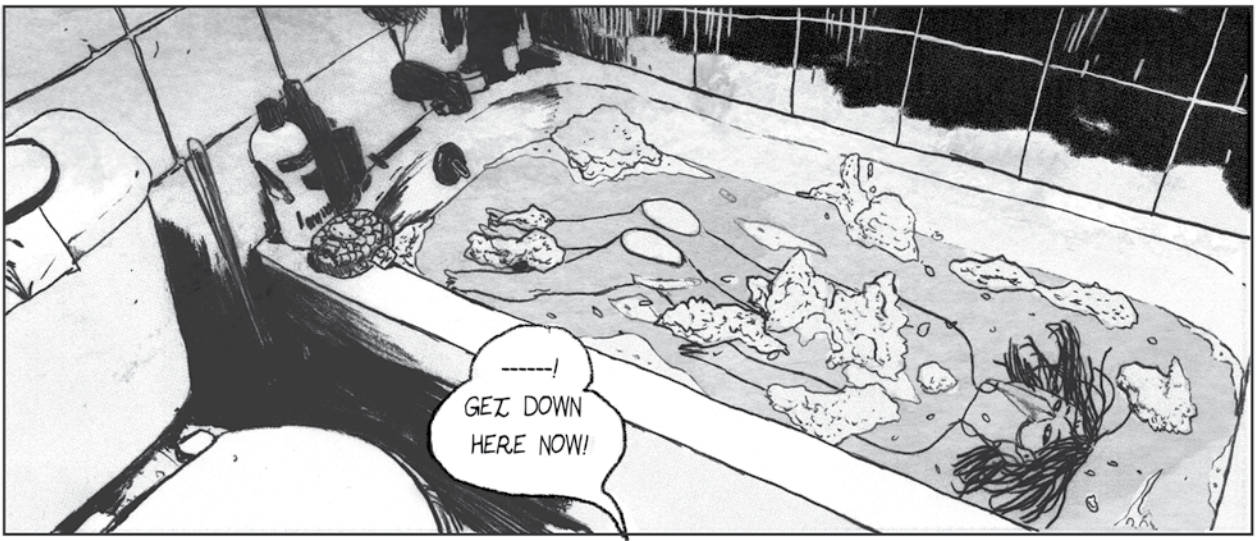
Our mother saved her.





She was fascinated by death.
I don't think she'd ever considered it before.





-----!
GEZ DOWN
HERE NOW!



ARE YOU
LISTENING, -----!??


NOW MEANS NOW,
YOUNG LADY!



WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOU?

YOU CAN'T CALL
LITTLE GIRLS ON THE PHONE
ASKING IF THEY WANT TO DIE!


*But I was always there,
and I thought she
could sense
that.*



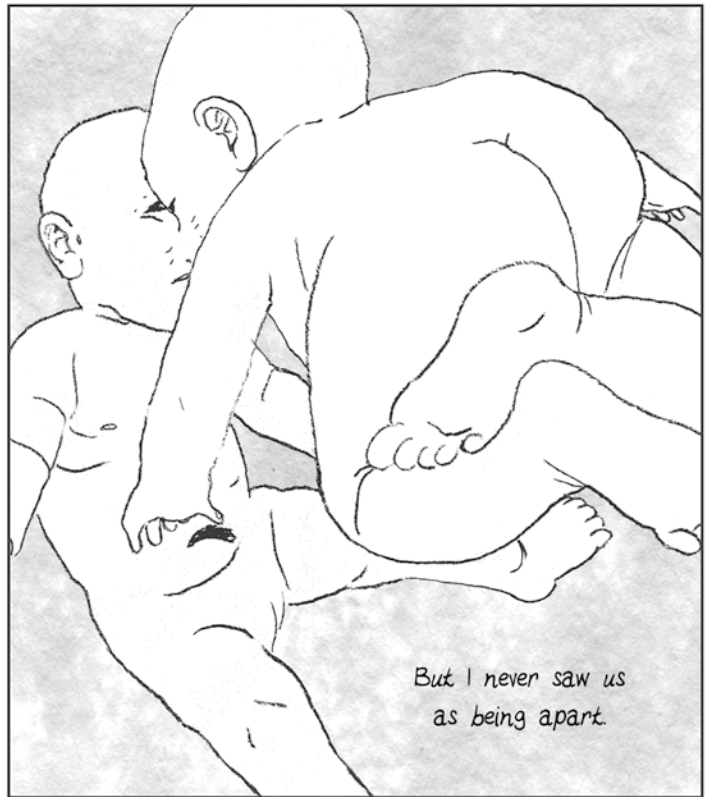
Death isn't a joke!

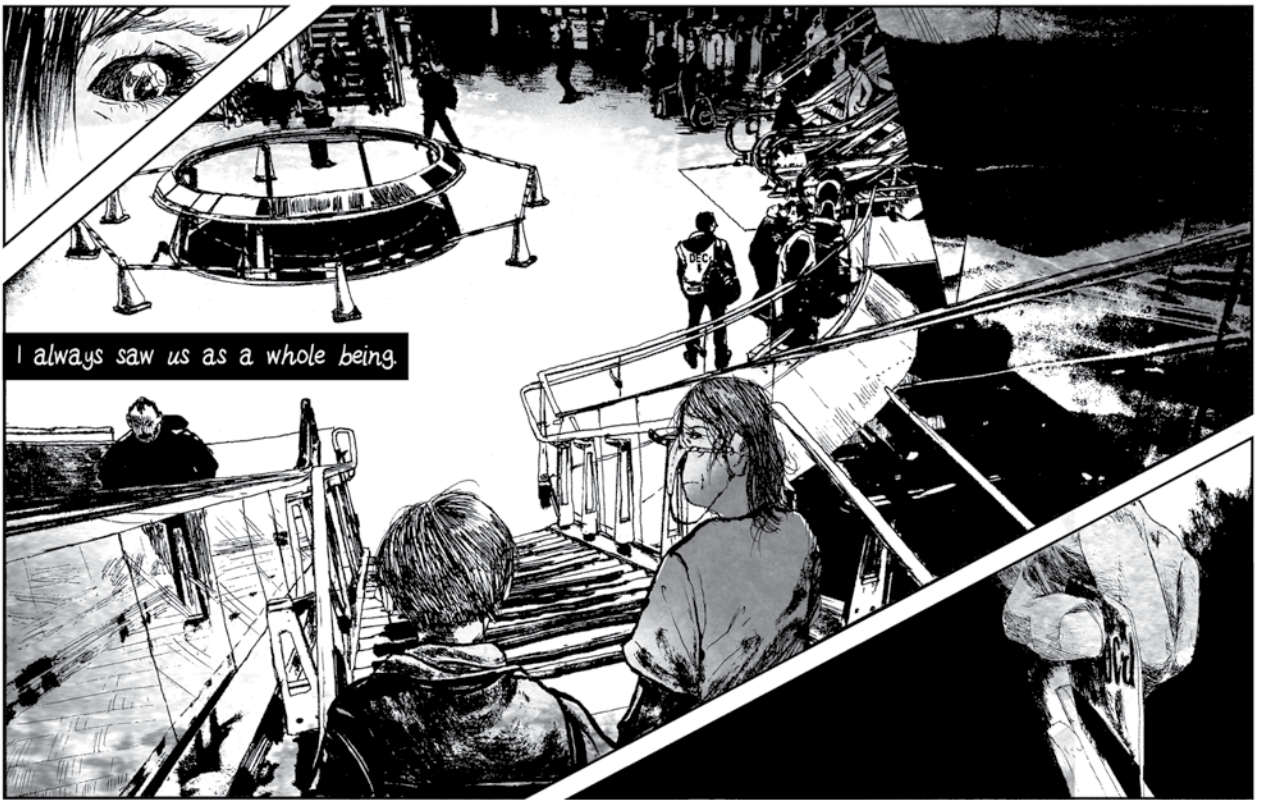


IT'S NOT FUNNY!
Do you understand that??



I didn't say
it was funny.





I always saw us as a whole being.



So if she had to go, then so would I.





For a brief moment, after all world religions finally coalesced, the general consensus of Earthpeople became that God was a man with a white beard.

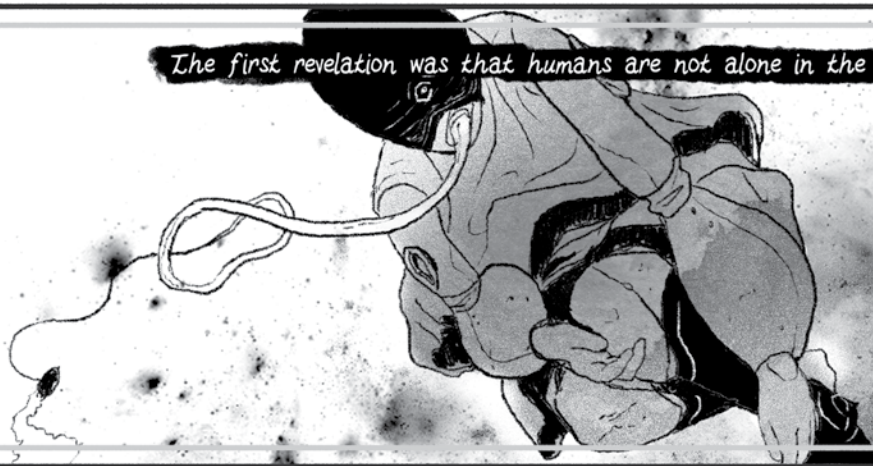
THE REAL WORLD

B Y Z A C H H A Z A R D V A U P E N

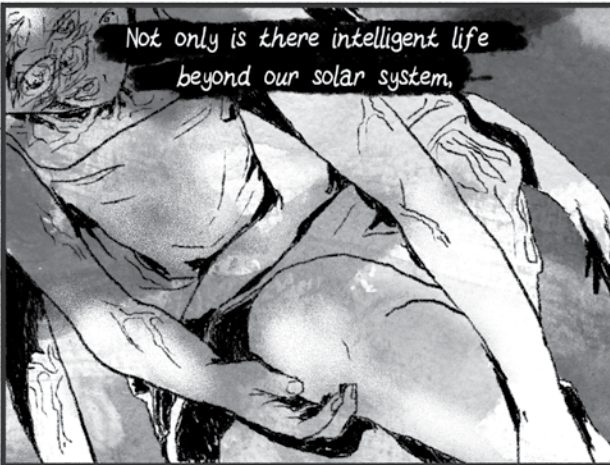
In the period immediately following, many revelations became known.



The first revelation was that humans are not alone in the universe.



Not only is there intelligent life beyond our solar system,



there's comparable intelligent life on Earth.



This led to the discovery that the image of the man with the white beard was not God, but God's dog.

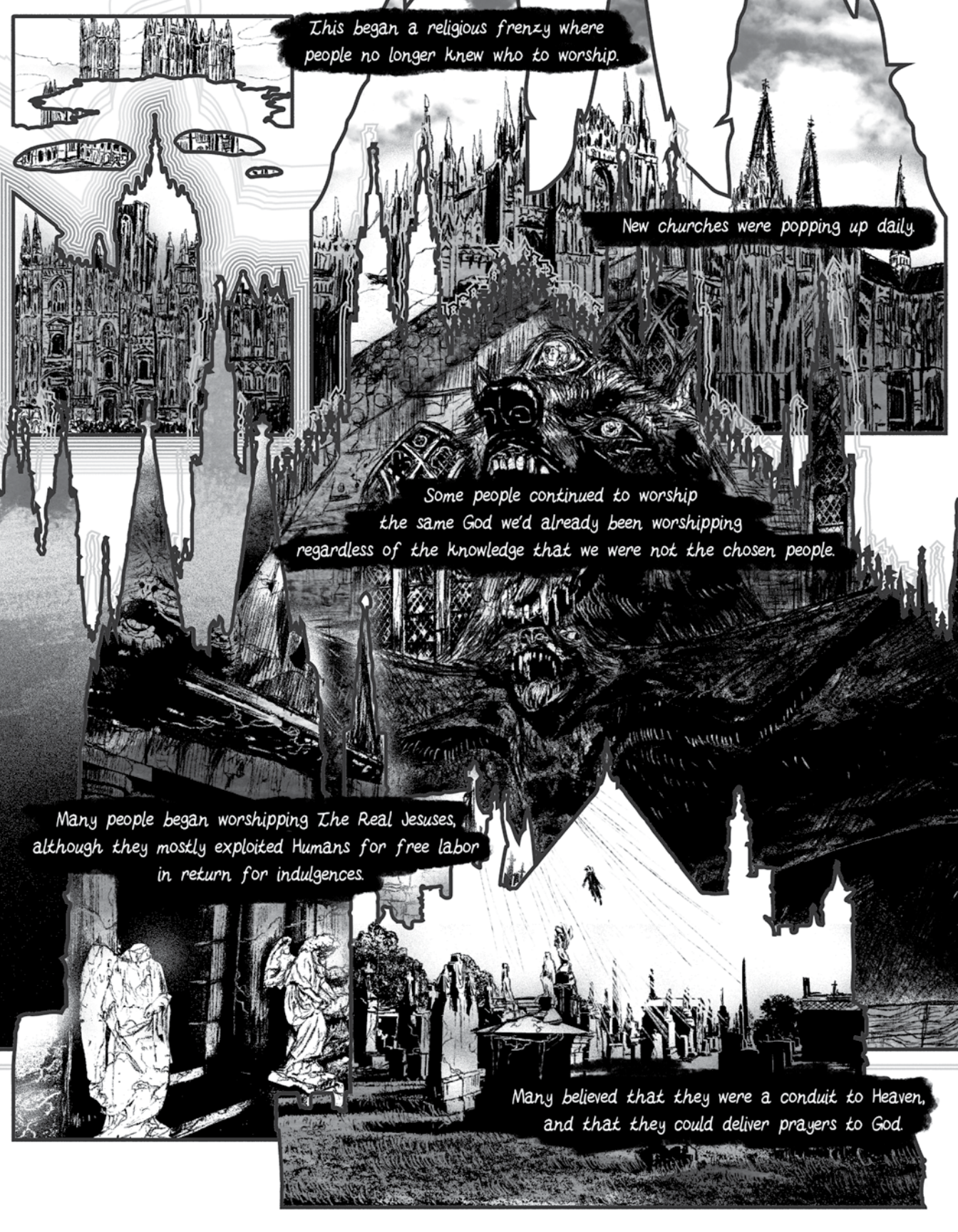


We were not created in God's image; we were created in God's dog's image.



The lifeforms that were created in God's image were called (or rather, we called them): "The Real Jesuses".






This began a religious frenzy where people no longer knew who to worship.

New churches were popping up daily.

Some people continued to worship the same God we'd already been worshipping regardless of the knowledge that we were not the chosen people.

Many people began worshipping The Real Jesuses, although they mostly exploited Humans for free labor in return for indulgences.



Many believed that they were a conduit to Heaven, and that they could deliver prayers to God.



*Others
decided
to continue
worshipping
God's dog.*



It was just easier.



*Possibly, they could get him to put in
a good word with The Lord Almighty.*



*Thus, circumventing the need
to deal with The Real Jesuses.*



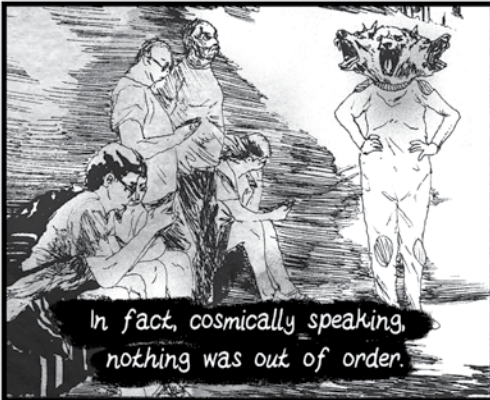
Who were, by all accounts, total pricks.



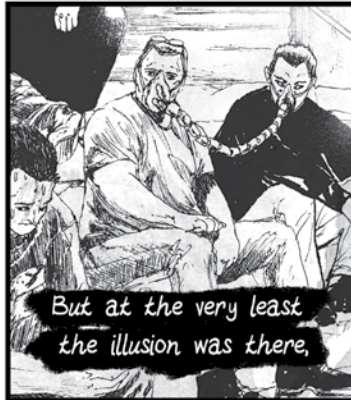
Many other churches, sects, and religions began popping up.

Eventually, when the ratio of world religions to people became approximately 6:1, the sun stopped setting.

The Earth hadn't stopped rotating, or revolving around the Sun.



In fact, cosmically speaking, nothing was out of order.

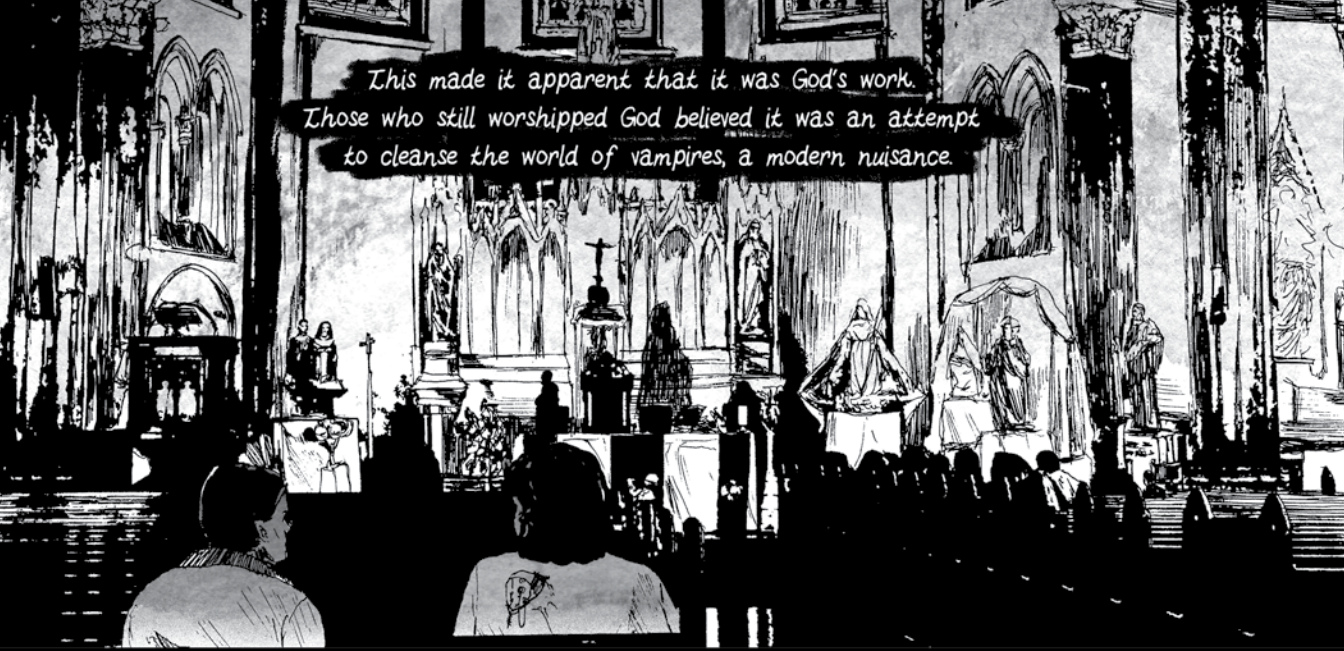


But at the very least the illusion was there,

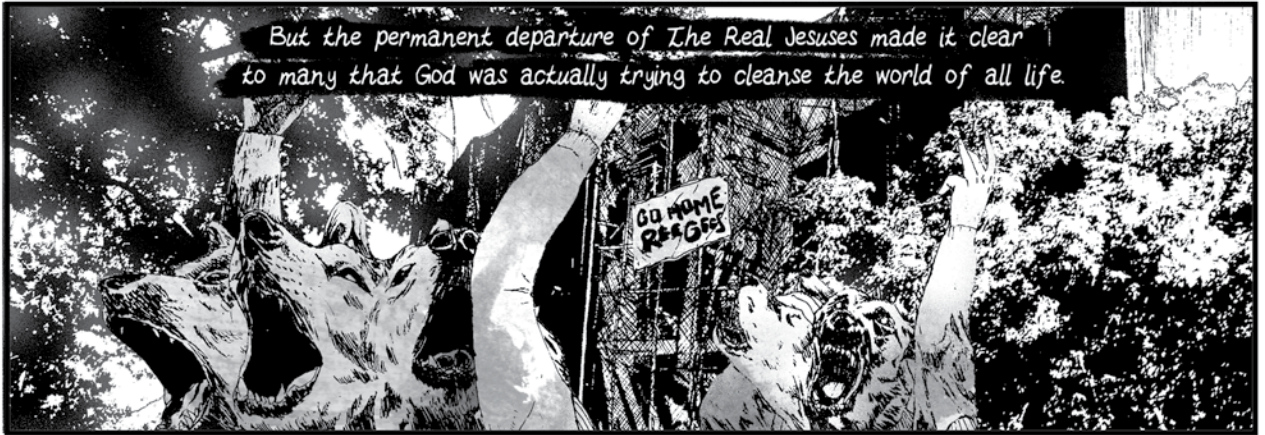


that the Sun was always high overhead and the night never came.

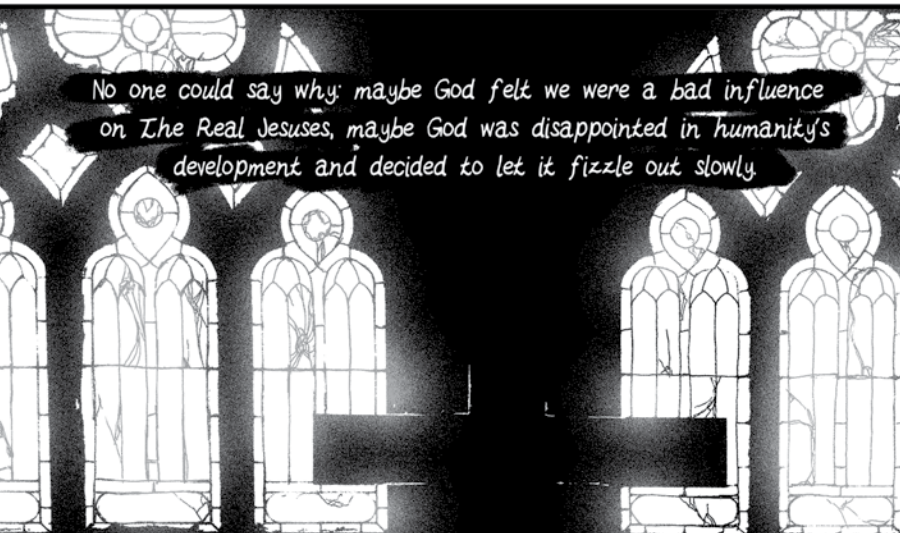
*This made it apparent that it was God's work.
Those who still worshipped God believed it was an attempt
to cleanse the world of vampires, a modern nuisance.*



*But the permanent departure of The Real Jesuses made it clear
to many that God was actually trying to cleanse the world of all life.*



*No one could say why: maybe God felt we were a bad influence
on The Real Jesuses, maybe God was disappointed in humanity's
development and decided to let it fizzle out slowly.*



*Maybe God just went out
for a pack of smokes
and accidentally left
the light on when he left.*



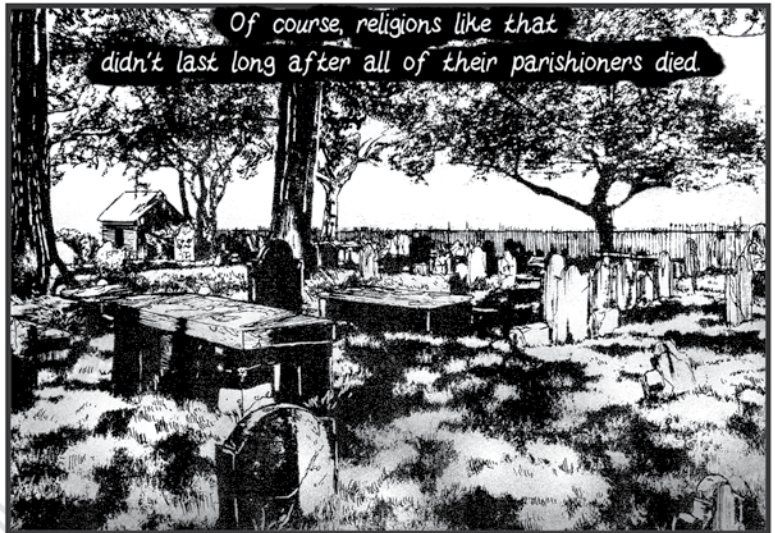
Regardless, for lack of a better term, life was hell.



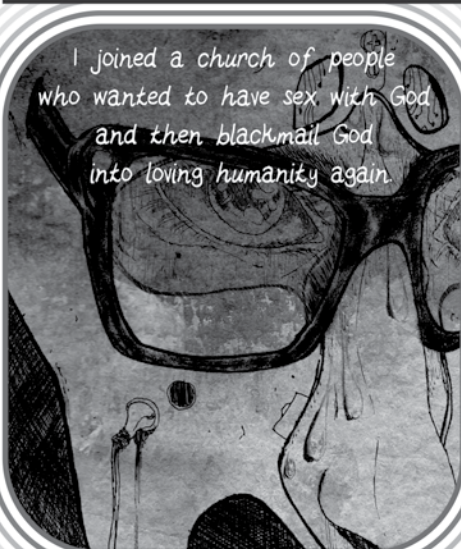
Religions became more like fads.



In a very popular religion,
they worshipped guns
and shot themselves in the head.



Of course, religions like that
didn't last long after all of their parishioners died.



I joined a church of people
who wanted to have sex with God
and then blackmail God
into loving humanity again.



We would try to get God's attention by feeding
the Eucharist to weasels and genuflecting backwards.

Neg God with blasphemies.



I had my own plans for what I'd do once I got into bed with God.

Big plans.

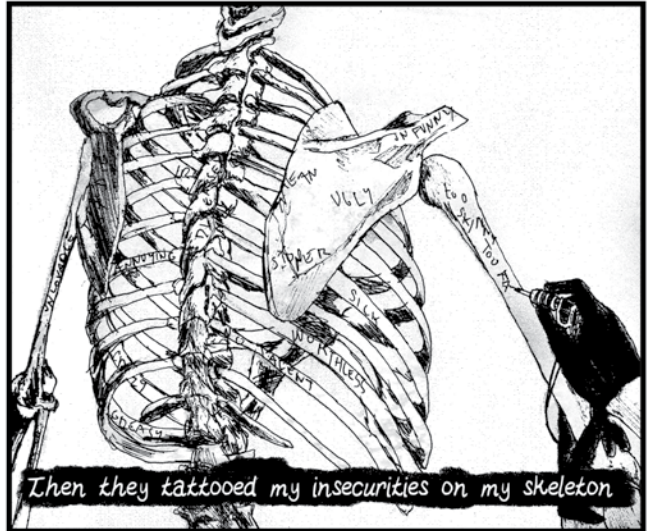


They'd have to be big for what I went through to join this church.

I had to take a "Meaninglessness Stress Test"

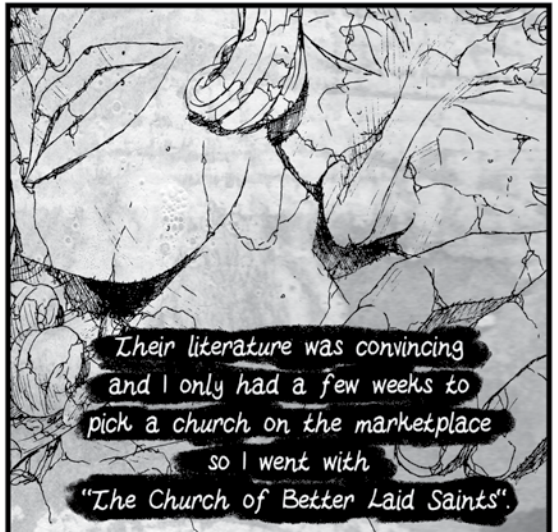
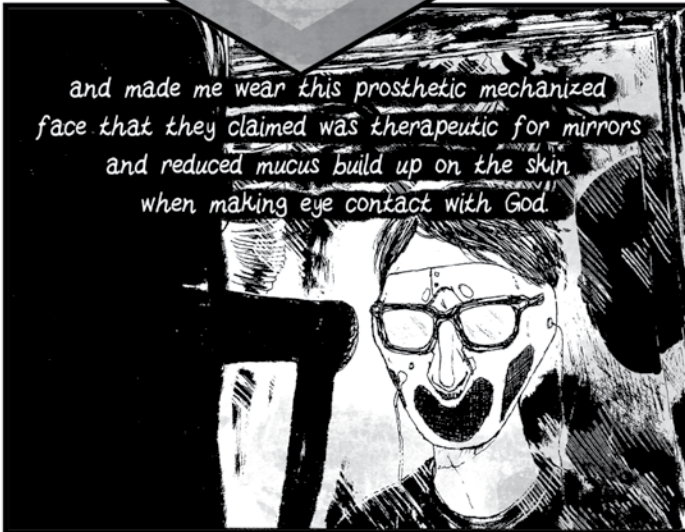


to see how well I understood the meaninglessness of life.



Then they tattooed my insecurities on my skeleton.

and made me wear this prosthetic mechanized face that they claimed was therapeutic for mirrors and reduced mucus build up on the skin when making eye contact with God.



Their literature was convincing and I only had a few weeks to pick a church on the marketplace so I went with "The Church of Better Laid Saints".

You can see dust floating in the air when you look right at it.



But most of the time you look past it and can barely see it all.

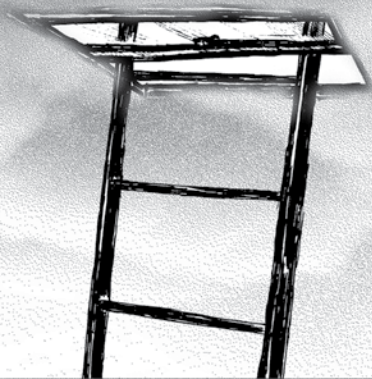


This was to be our method of infiltration into Heaven,
to appear as dust and walk through the gates in plain sight,
the Angels and Real Jesuses looking straight past us.

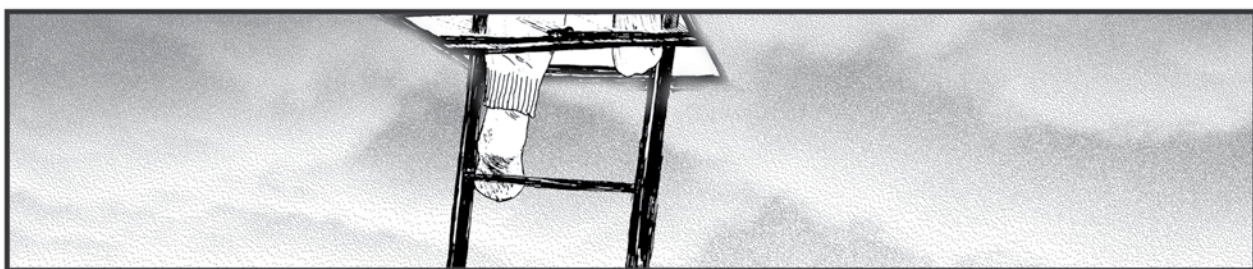
We prayed daily and meditated to reach a point of chaotic minimalism.

But even so, we couldn't pass through the front entrance without attracting attention.

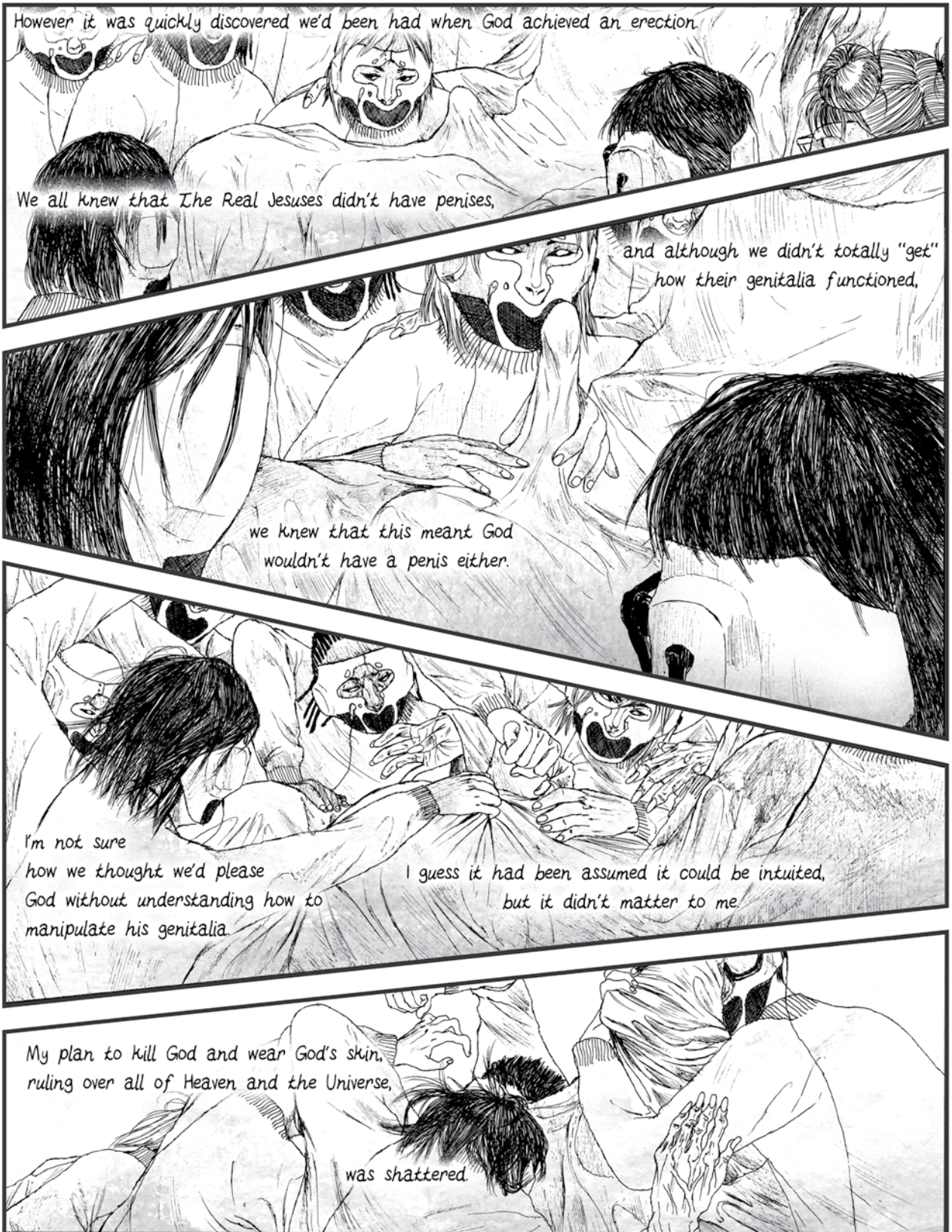
When God closes a door, he opens a window.



We finally attracted God's attention,
and in disgust, God closed Heaven's door,
leaving Heaven's window wide open for infiltration.



Chaotically minimal and DIFW/G, we passed through a roomful of dust and became it,
floating through the clouds ahead. We were in the presence of God and it was time.



However it was quickly discovered we'd been had when God achieved an erection.

We all knew that The Real Jesuses didn't have penises,

and although we didn't totally "get"
how their genitalia functioned,

we knew that this meant God
wouldn't have a penis either.

I'm not sure
how we thought we'd please
God without understanding how to
manipulate his genitalia.

I guess it had been assumed it could be intuited,
but it didn't matter to me.

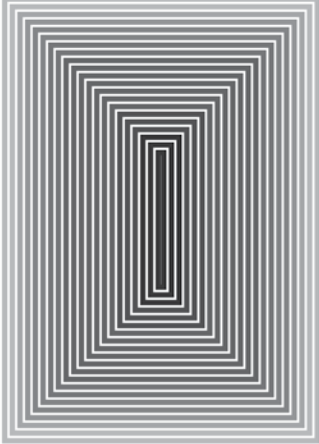
My plan to kill God and wear God's skin,
ruling over all of Heaven and the Universe,

was shattered.

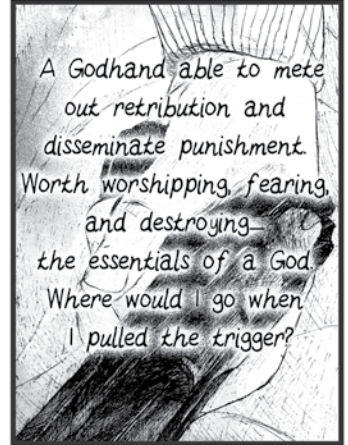
I killed the high priest posing as God and joined a gun cult.



I closed my eyes and saw nothing but white light.



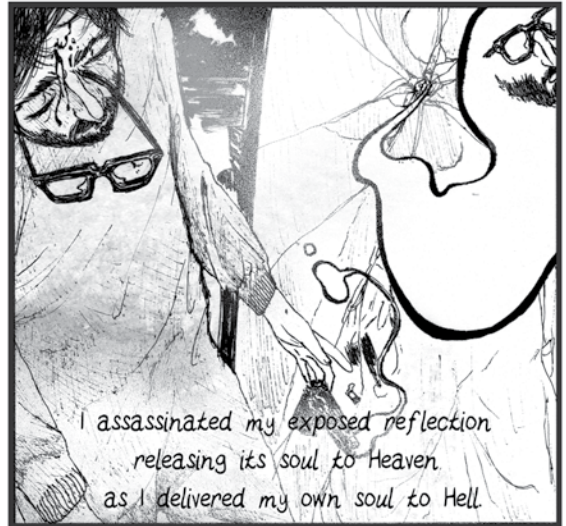
I sat as a sweaty gargoyle in the perpetual sun, contemplating my gun.



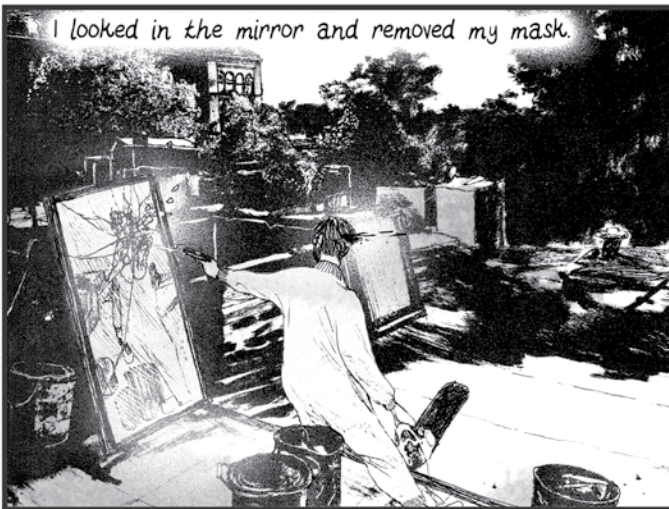
A Godhand able to mete out retribution and disseminate punishment. Worth worshipping, fearing, and destroying—the essentials of a God. Where would I go when I pulled the trigger?



I didn't want to go to Heaven or Hell, but maybe I could do both.



I assassinated my exposed reflection releasing its soul to Heaven, as I delivered my own soul to Hell.



I looked in the mirror and removed my mask.

I'll reign over both and redefine ubiquity.

This is how the world was born again for the first time and how I recreated it in our image.(gif)

About the Author



@zachhazard on twitter

@emo_sludge on instagram

