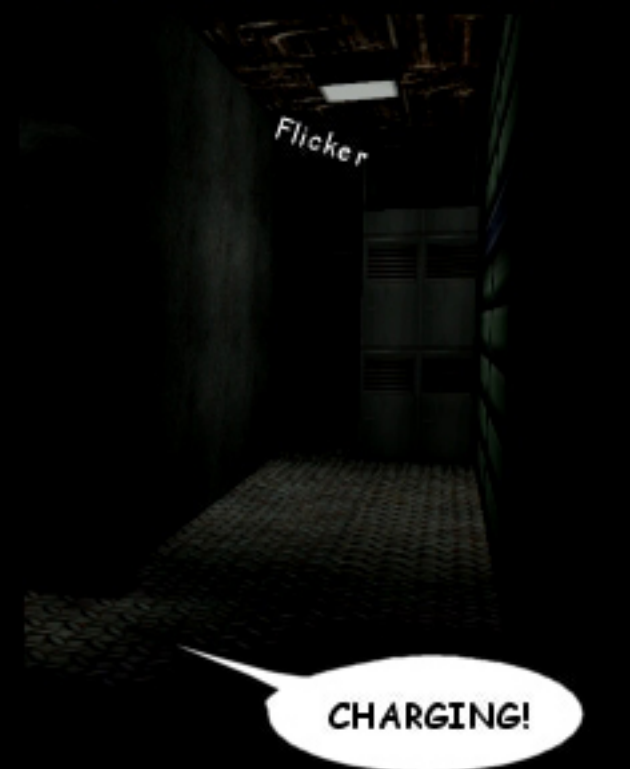
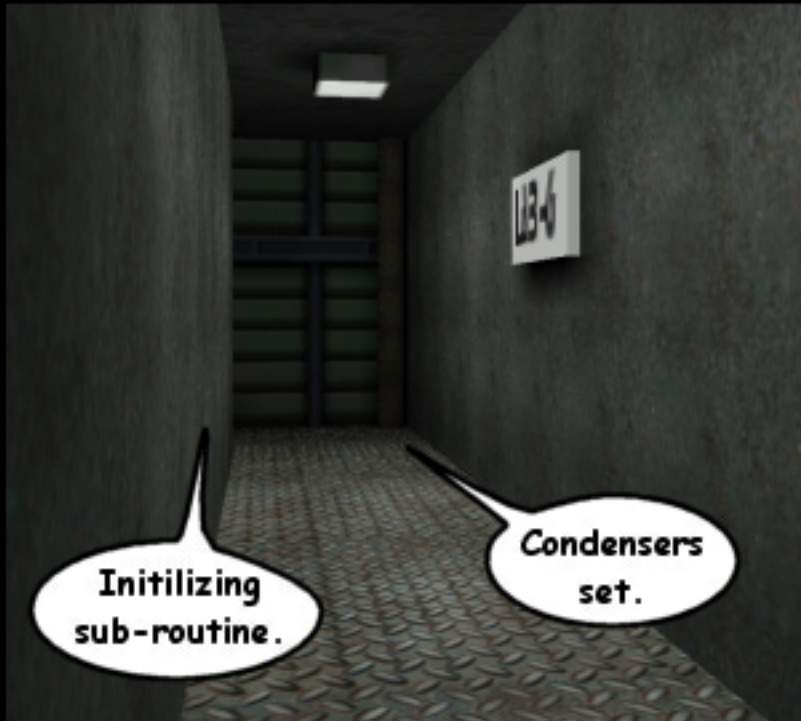


PARADISE
HOLDS
THE
KEYS

In a small mid-western town, an amazing discovery is about to take place!



With the experiment complete, Physics Dept. Assistant, Susan Weber carefully examines the results from her secret project!



The laser has caused the structure to inversly quantize its self on multiple levels!

FACINATING!



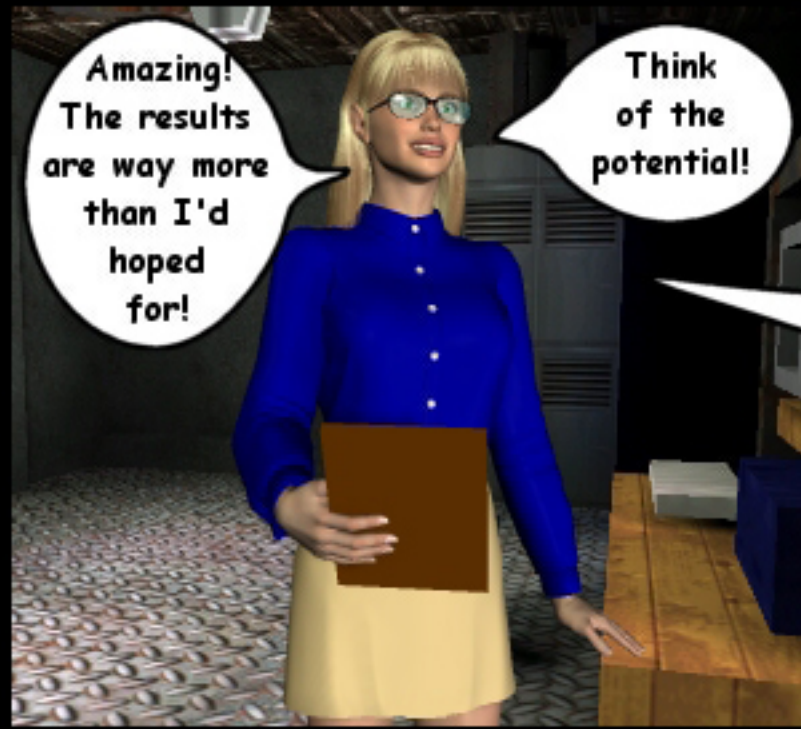
I just shrunk a half ton piece of scrap metal into a pile of red dust!

Or, in other words.



All systems check out. No error codes.

Transition levels are all nominal.



Amazing! The results are way more than I'd hoped for!

Think of the potential!

The enviornmental applications alone are staggering! Imagine shrinking our nations garbage to only a fraction of what it is now!

It would
virtually make
land-fill sites
extinct! I'll be
a hero!

NOBLE PRIZE
here I come!


But like all great discoveries, there are always. **SIDE EFFECTS!**

HUH!


What the...?

My shirt!

It's shrinking!



The red dust from the laser!
It seems to have retained some of
its shrinking properties!



I must have gotten
some on me when I
was examining it!



OH!

POP!



AHHHHHH!



Will Ms. Weber be able to solve the mystery of the red dust in time!
(I think you already know the answer to that question!)
STAY TUNED!

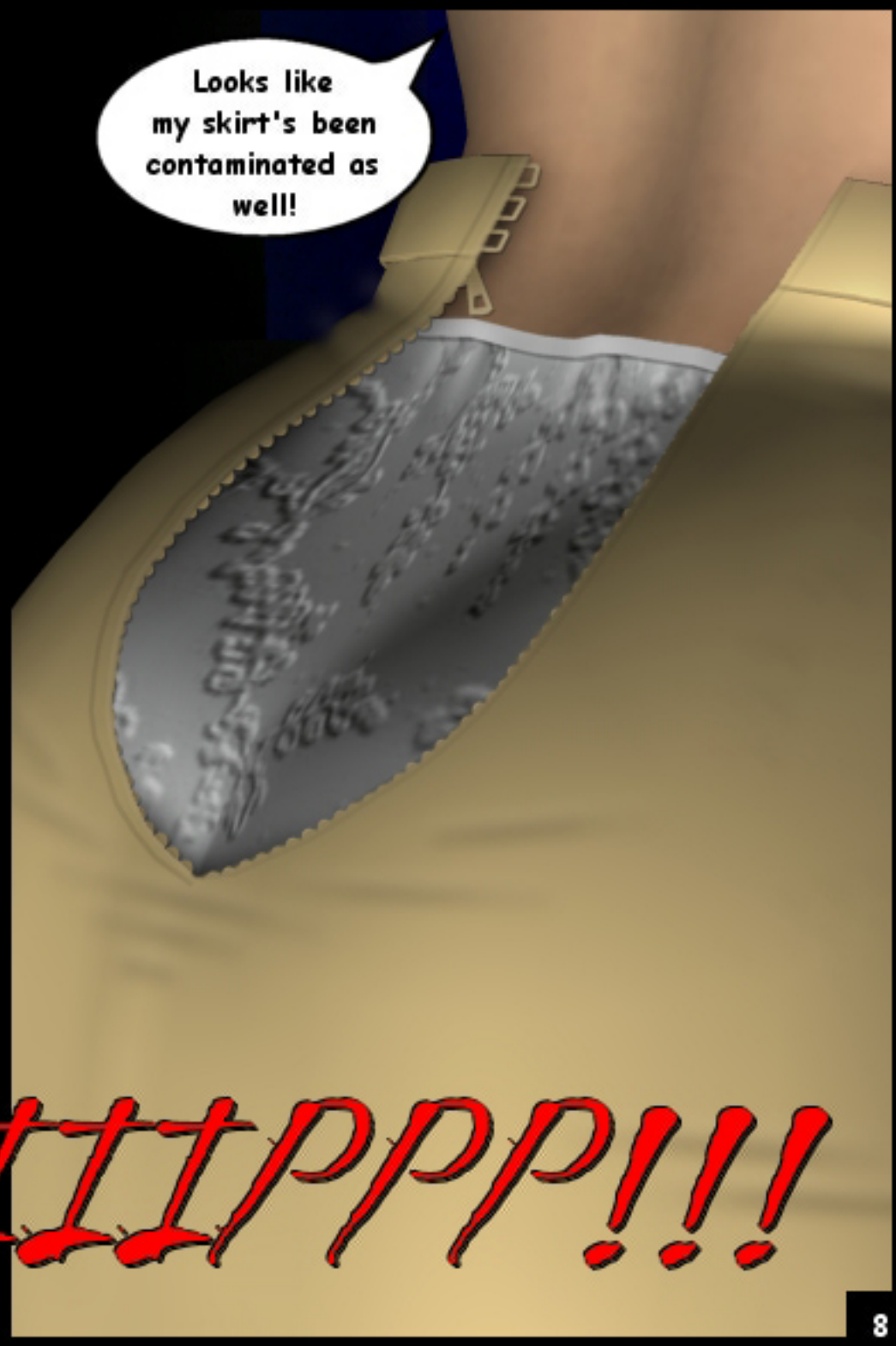


This can't be happening!





UH-OH!



Looks like
my skirt's been
contaminated as
well!

BRRRRIIIIIPPP!!!

MEANWHILE: Part-time maintenance wanna-be Frankie Thompson conducts his own analysis.



Lab 6 area.
Here we are. Report
said the power drain
happened somewhere
around here.



This section is
barely used anymore! I wonder
what could be causing it!



Frank Thompson. A quirky odd sort of fellow, but called a pleasant, fun loving kind of guy by his peers.



RIP!

AHH!

RIP!

OHH!

RIP!

RIP!

However. The female staff and students of Cloverdale University call him something else entirely.

Some one there?



Frankie The Feeler...

FrankenPerv...

And the latest...

Peeping Thompson!





OH MY GOD!



Frankie Thompson is about to live up to his reputation!



That red dust
has ruined my outfit!
Shrunk it right off my
body into barely
nothing!

My
experiment
is a complete
failure if I can't
figure this
out!

BUT WHY!!!

Red Dust?

Shrinking clothes?

What is she going on about?




Hmmm... where to start?

I guess
the best course of
action would be to
take a sample of
that red dust.


If I can
reverse engineer it,
I should be able to
obtain some clues as
to why this dust
shrinks clothing!

Then I can...!



OH NO!
Not my bra too!

SNAP!



NO WAY!

**Ms. Weber
actually designed a
powder that shrinks
clothes?!**

**Wonder why
she did that?**




Hmmm...!



Heh Heh...

**Frankie you
stupid ass!**

WHO CARES WHY!




**Just enjoy
the results!**






This is quickly becoming a panic situation!



OK. It's still early. I should be able to get to my locker without anybody noticing!




I must have a change of clothes stuffed in there somewhere. Maybe even a lab coat!



Come on Suzie, think, think!



Then I can get back here and begin analyzing that red powder!



OH SHIT!
Here she comes!

UH-OH!
Better hurry!



RIP!

OH!



RIP!

RIP!

EEEEEEEEK!!!

RRRRRIIPPPPII!

This is
to good to
be true!

!

WAIT A MINUTE!

Did she say she was coming back to do more testing?

Then that red powder must still be in this room!



Place is pretty barren!



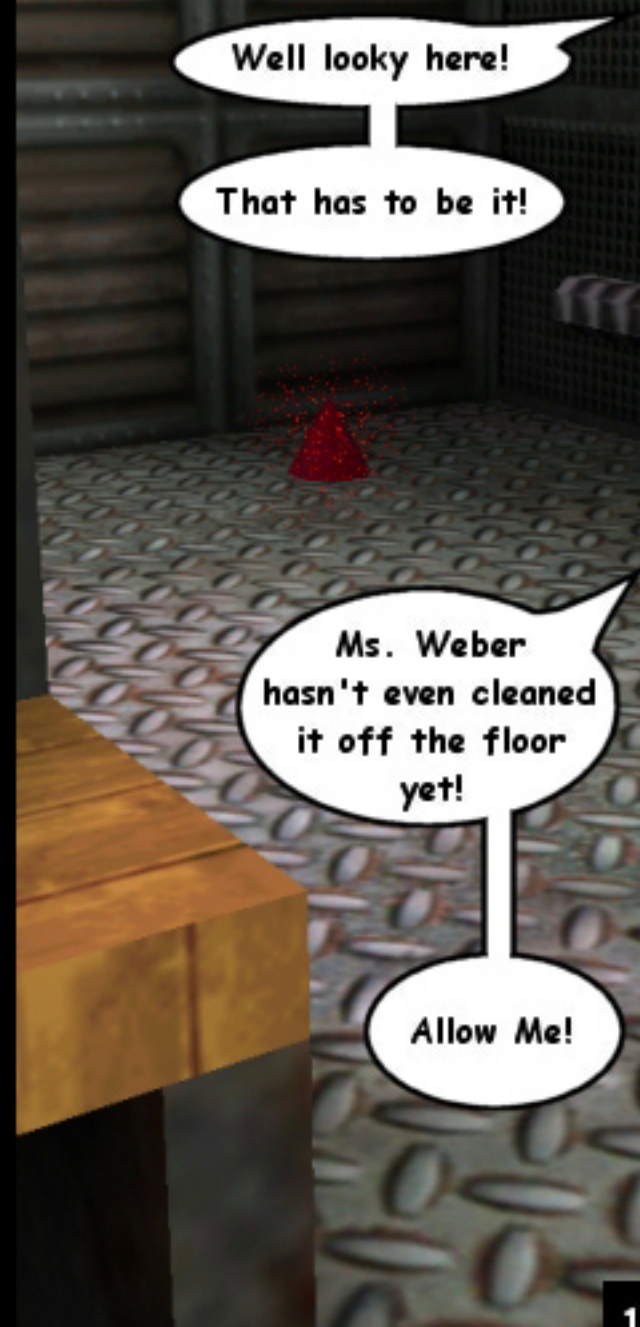
Shouldn't be too hard to find.

Well looky here!

That has to be it!

Ms. Weber hasn't even cleaned it off the floor yet!

Allow Me!



Let's see.
This IS a lab, there should
be something I can carry
this powder in!



Ah! Here
we go!

I can't
believe my luck! I will
have to thank Ms. Weber
someday for this
sample!



I can
hardly wait to
get this back
to the shop!

Then comes the fun part!



TESTING IT!

**OH WELL
THAT'S
JUST
GREAT!**

FRANKIE THE
PERV HAS JUST
SCOOPED UP
THE AMAZING
SHRINKING
POWDER FROM
SUSAN WEBER'S
BOTCHED
EXPERIMENT!
WHAT DASTARDLY
PLAN IS FORMING
IN HIS ROTTEN
LITTLE BRAIN!

STAY TUNED
FOR:

**CHAPTER
TWO!**

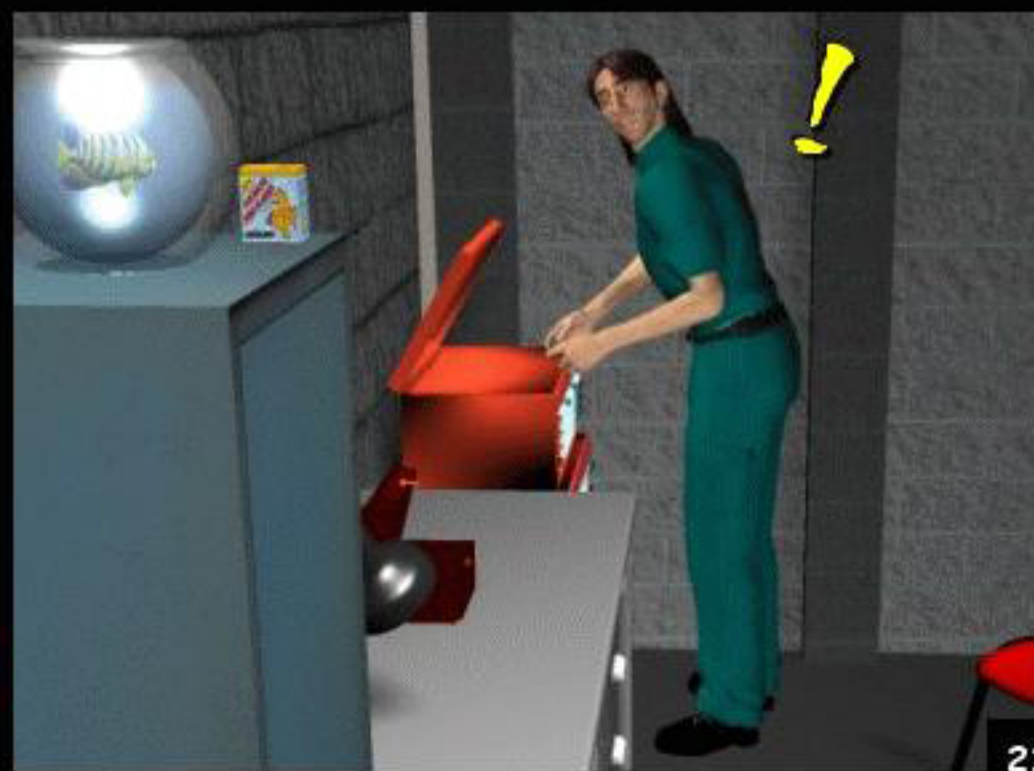
A little later...

DEPARTMENT
OF
MAINTENANCE



This chest will do nicely!





FULMAN'S FISH FLAKES.

That's it!

Sorry Boris, but I'm going to have to borrow your food container for a while!

That's perfect!

Besides, you probably could use a good diet. You're looking a little plump in your old age!

DUMPER! SCOOOP!

SHAM!

There, finished!

So ladies!
You've all branded me
the "FrankenPerv Of
Cloverdale U" eh? Heh,
heh. Guilty as charged
I guess!

And
if we should
be so fortunate as to
see more than we deserve,
is that such a crime! Ah
ladies, I know I shouldn't
be going through with this,
but technically in your eyes,
I am a pervert, so I'm only
doing what's expected
of me!

But
don't
fool yourself
into thinking
I'm the only one!
Any red blooded
male would jump
at the chance for
a glimpse of your
assets however
brief it
might
be!

Yessiree!
When fate deals you a
hand that has 4 aces in
it, there's only one thing
you can say to
that!

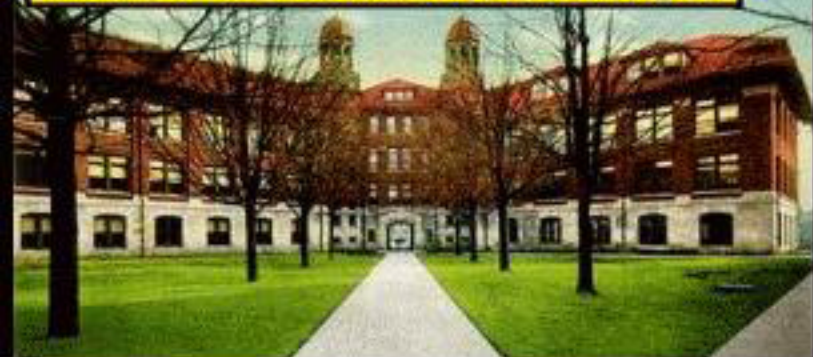
This
should keep you
safe until I need a
re-fill!

KLICK!

READ 'EM AND WEEM!

**CHAPTER
TWO!
FISH FLAKE
FLASCO!**

Later, at the Administration Building...



Might as well start at the lobby, then work my way back.



Get the high profile areas checked first.

WHOA!



CHASTITY BILLINGSWORTH!

Little Miss Prim and Proper!



I think I just found my first test subject!



GOOD MORNING CHASTITY!

Oh Great!

How are you this fine sunny day!


Franklin, what are you doing here?

Oh just some routine maintenance. Checking to see if all the systems are back up after this mornings power drain.



Sigh Whatever. Just hurry it up.

And keep your hands where I can see them!



Sure thing! This won't take long.

Good! I have an important meeting here, and I don't want you gawking at me while I'm in it!

A meeting?
With who?

Mr. Fletcher.
Not that it's any of your business.

Fletcher! Head of the University Fletcher!
That Fletcher! Why? Have you been a bad girl?

You wish!
Mr. Fletcher has a very important guest arriving today. A big industrial C.E.O of some sort, that he's hoping will become a major financial sponsor for this university.

Mr. Fletcher has specifically asked for ME to give our guest a personal tour of the campus and its facilities.



Sounds important!

It is! That's why everything has to be perfect. Which means removing yourself from the lobby!

Uh... Too late.



Here he comes!



WHAT! MR.FLETCHER? WH...WHERE? He's too early! I'm not ready yet!



Mr. Fletcher!
How are you today?

Very well thank-you.

Ms. Billingsworth,
I'd like to introduce
you to Mr. Baxter,
owner of Mayfair
Technologies.

It's a
pleasure to
meet you
sir!

The
pleasure's all mine
Ms. Billingsworth!

Ms. Billingsworth
is one of our finest
students. She's agreed
to give you a personal
tour of our university
today!

Excellent!
I'm looking forward
to it!



I'm proud to say that Ms. Billingsworth is top of her class in business. You two should have very much in common.

But I always dress conserva...???

This is totally inappropriate attire to be touring Mr. Baxter in!



Although I do wish she'd dress for the part!

Oh, that's alright. Today's young business execs are a lot more trendier than us old-timers!

NICE LEGS!

Ms. Billingsworth, you know this university expects you to dress in a conservative manner when dealing with official administrative duties!

Well I'm afraid it's not alright with me! I'll let it go for now, but I suggest young lady, that you change into something more respectable as soon as possible!









!!!!!!!!!!!!

WHOA!

MS. BILLINGSWORTH!!!

WHAT
IN HEAVEN'S
NAME ARE YOU
DOING!





I-I'm not doing anything Sir!

I, I mean I don't know what's happening Mr. Fletcher!

I, I mean...

OHHH!

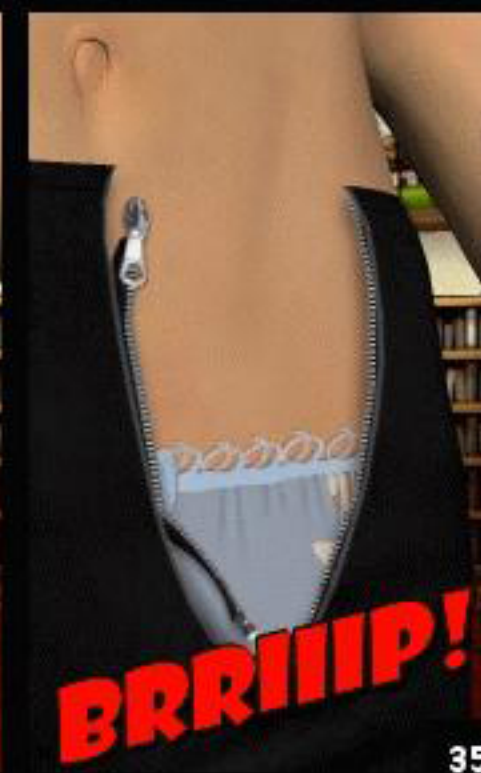
RRRIP!!!

It's not my fault!

RIP!

RIP!

RIP!





OH NO!

RRRIIP!



**Ms. Billingsworth
this has gone on long
enough!**

**Not only
have you managed
to violate every dress code
this school's ever created, you've
also done a spectacular job
at embarrassing every one
in this room!**

**Now if
you're finished bringing
down this university's high
moral standards, could you please
get dressed and meet me in my
office to discuss your
suspension!**

Somebody pinch me!!!



I'm canceling the tour Ms. Billingsworth. You've shown Mr. Baxter quite enough already!



WHAT!

NO! WAIT!

MR. BAXTER!



Please Mr. Baxter, give me a chance! I was looking so forward to this tour! It was my chance to make a lasting impression on you!

Well miss, you've certainly done that!

Please sir! I haven't even shown you my resume yet!







RRRIIPP!



I... ER... UM... WOW!



GOOD LORD!

OH GOD NO!

This isn't happening?!

Nothing like this ever happens to me!

**M-Mr. Baxter!
Mr. Fletcher!
I-I can explain!**

I'm not like this!

I'M A GOOD GIRL!

Not to me?!

**I mean
I can't explain!
I...**

**Please!
You have to believe me!**

REALLY!!!





Well, that just about says it all now, doesn't it?

gulp Uh-Huh!




AAAAHHHHH!!!




Hee hee hee! Look at her go!

Poor Chastity's gonna have a dilly of a time trying to make it back to her room without attracting a little bit of attention!

Ahh, Ms. Billingsworth. I'd love to see how the rest of this plays out for you, but alas, maintenance's work is never done!



Yes! This powder's working better than I could dare dream of!



Something tells me my little walk around campus today is going to be a little more exciting than usual!

MEANWHILE...

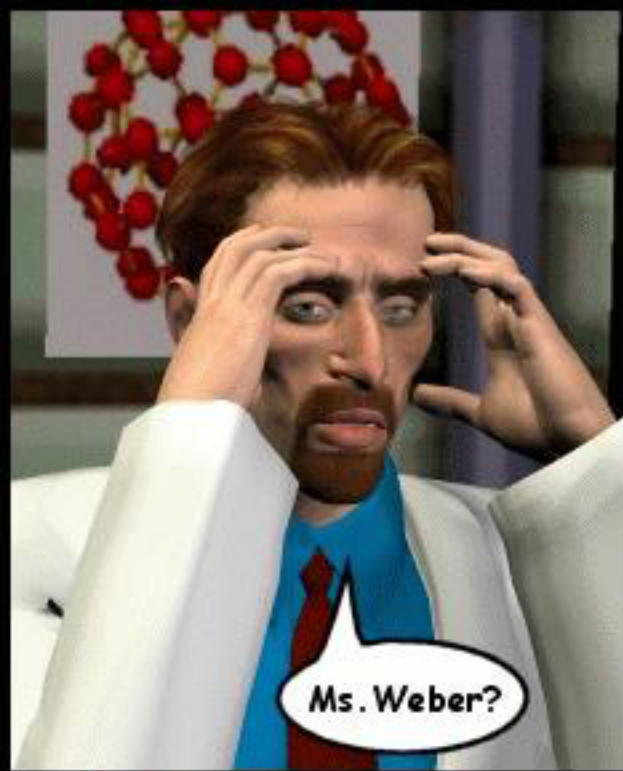
zzz...


SLAM!

pant PROFESSOR GORKY!

Ms. Weber,
will you ever learn to knock
before barging into my office?
You are interrupting a very
important scientific
experiment!

sigh!
So what is it
this time?





Professor Gorky, you have to come to the lab right now! It's an emergency!

My experiment's gone missing!



Ubb... I...?


Please Sir!
I need your help!



Follow me!



Ms. Weber!




Ms. Weber!
Umm... Why are you
dressed, er.. should I
say un-dressed like
that?

What?
Oh this!

It's
all I could
find in my
locker!

Please Sir!
Hurry!



See! It's gone!

What's gone?

My experiment!

There was a pile of red dust on the floor over there! I had to leave the lab briefly, and when I got back it was gone!

Red dust? Why are you panicking over a pile of red dust?

Well..., Umm.



That red dust. It's kind of..., Well...,

Unstable...hehe!

You see, when I fired the laser into...



YOU FIRED THE LASER!!!




So it was **you** that caused the power drain!


Power drain?

Ms. Weber,
this laser is tied
into the whole university
power grid! It requires
tremendous amounts
of energy to
use!

By just
merrily going off and
firing it, you caused a campus
wide black out! The business
department alone is screaming bloody
murder over the time it will take
to reboot all of their
systems.



What kind
of experiment would require
a laser of this
magnitude!



Um, I was
working with quantic inversion
isotopes.



OH BROTHER!



But Professor, in theory...

Yes, yes, I know the theory Ms. Weber! And it's full of holes!

But the red dust! I'm worried that it...

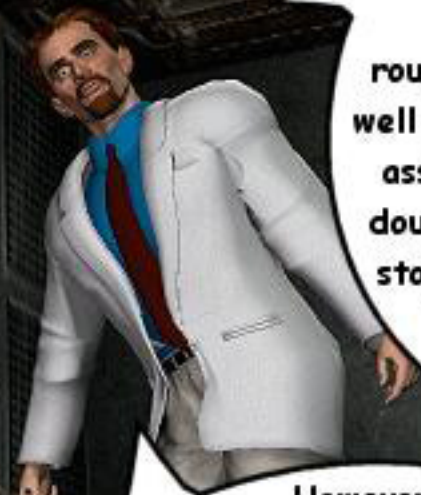
Ms. Weber the excessive power you used probably put a latent charge in your missing particles causing them to either inverse on themselves, or, combine with the surrounding air molecules.

Really?

whew
That's a relief!

The last thing I want to do is cause anymore disturbances.

Trust me. your red dust simply vaporized over time. Probably while you were out of the room. It's been known to happen in certian cases on a sub-atomic level.



Ms. Weber
you are a bright,
intelligent, well
rounded... *gulp* **very**
well rounded student, and
assistant. But I highly
doubt that you will ever
stop being a continuous
source of
distraction!

However,
I am willing to forget this
whole mess on one condition. I
would like you to help me de-activate
the laser before someone investigates
where that power drain originated.
If they trace it back to here,
we're both up the
creek!



Deal!



Which cable is it?

The one at
the bottom.

This one?

No, fruther down.

grunt This one?

That's it! Bingo!

What now?

Take the
coupler on the end of it,
and turn it counter-clockwise
very slowly!

Campus Medical Center.



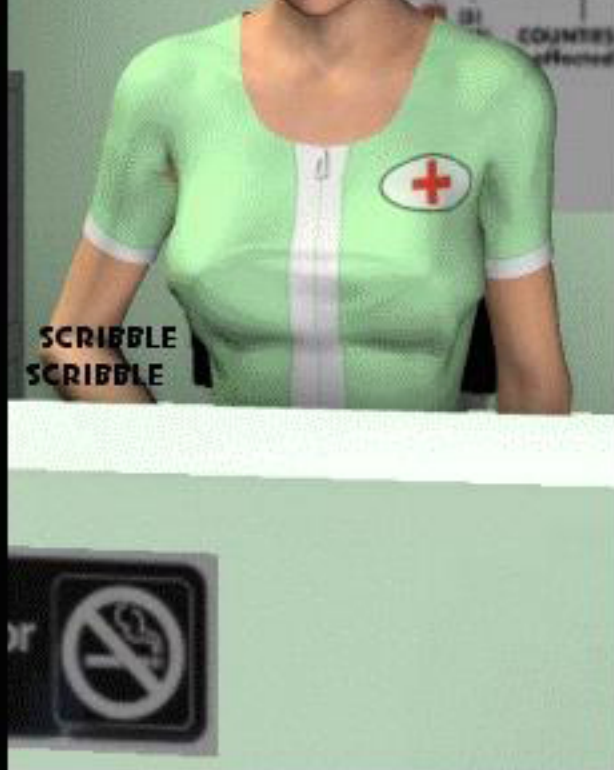
SCRIBBLE
SCRIBBLE



GRAB!



Thank You For Not Smoking



Thank You For Not Smoking



HEY!
Watch the
hands!

Sorry.
I slipped.
It's kind of
cozy down
here.

Yeh, I bet you slipped!

Hey, it's not my fault somebody decided to stick the junction box under here. And it sure would be a shame if your computer crashed and you had to re-enter all your patient files because I couldn't perform a proper systems check. And...



Alright!
Alright!

Quit yakking and start checking!

And quit grabbing my...

Oh! Hello there. Can I help you?



Is the doctor in yet?

That voice!



I know that voice! It sounds like..



**OH
YEAH!**




Fiona Chesney!

And she's wearing her yummy little school girl outfit!


What a tease!

A perfect 10!

And a perfect Victim No. 2!



Doctor Lutz
should be arriving any
time now!



Dwayne Dorfman
was shooting spit-balls
in english class
today!

I think
one of them's
still stuck in
my ear!

What's the problem?



Man,
what a
body!





Let's finish up in the examination room.



Away from prying eyes!

SLAM!

THROB!
THROB!

Jeez!
I thought they're supposed to treat injuries here!

Hmmm...

sniff
sniff

I smell a 2 for 1 deal!



I need to set up a medical file on you for our data base. It won't take long, and the doctor should be here by then.

Are you allergic to any medication?

No. Not that I'm aware of.

Magic powder do your stuff!

SPRINKLE!
SPRINKLE!

BUURRRPPP!

Damn! Someones coming.

UUUNNNGGHH!



Janet?
Is there any coffee
brewing?

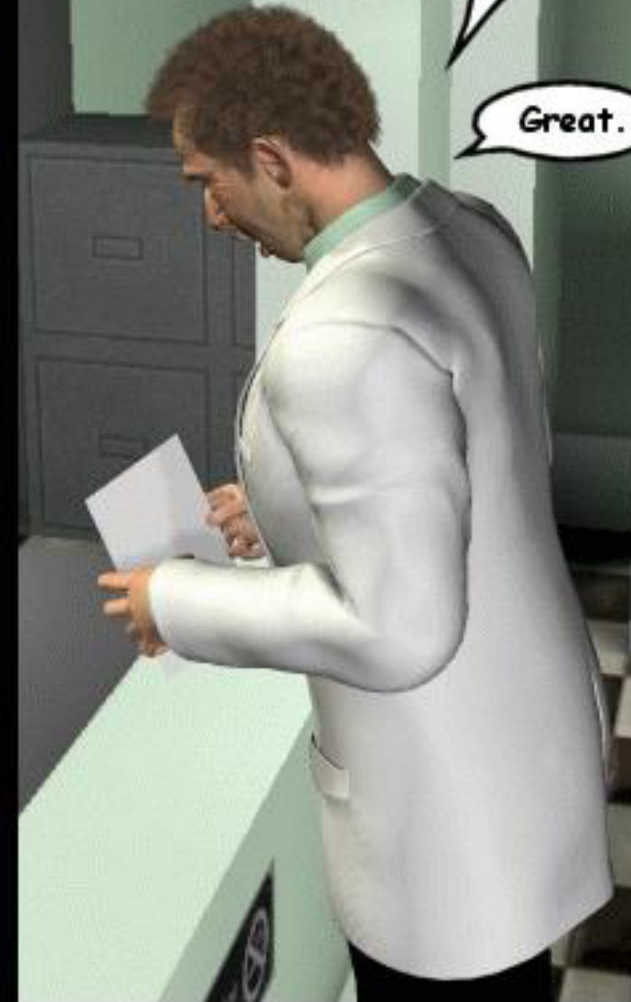
Janet, remind
me, the next time I go to
Sammy's Slut Palace, to spend less
on booze, and more on
sluts. Ok?



Janet?

Aww CRAP!
I got a patient already!
How do people injure themselves
this early in the freekin
morning?

Fiona Chesney.
Sounds like a Bulgarian
power lifter.



Great.

Alright, bring on the heffer, I'm ready for anything!

300lbs of cottage cheese stuffed into a spandex outfit doesn't scare me!

I...
Unnn...
300lbs...
c-cottage cheese!
Ewww...
I dont...
feel...



What a wreck!

Gack!

Cough!

SUPPLY ROOM

Hey!
There's my tie clip!

Good morning Janet. Busy already I see.

First casualty of the day, Fiona Chesney. Prelims are complete, she's all yours.

Hello Doctor.

Oh I can tell exactly what she has. A very nasty chest cold!

Um, she has...

Young lady, remove your shirt and bra and I'll grab my camera... er, um I, I mean stethoscope!

Fiona, this is Doctor Lutz. He will be finishing up the examination with you.

**WHOA!
WHAT A TOTAL
BABE!**

**WHAT!
I don't have cold!**



You sure?

How about the ear problem?



Hmm, looks clear.

Whatever it was...



must have dissolved.

I can see...



right to the other side!

HONK!



AHEM!
Are you finished!

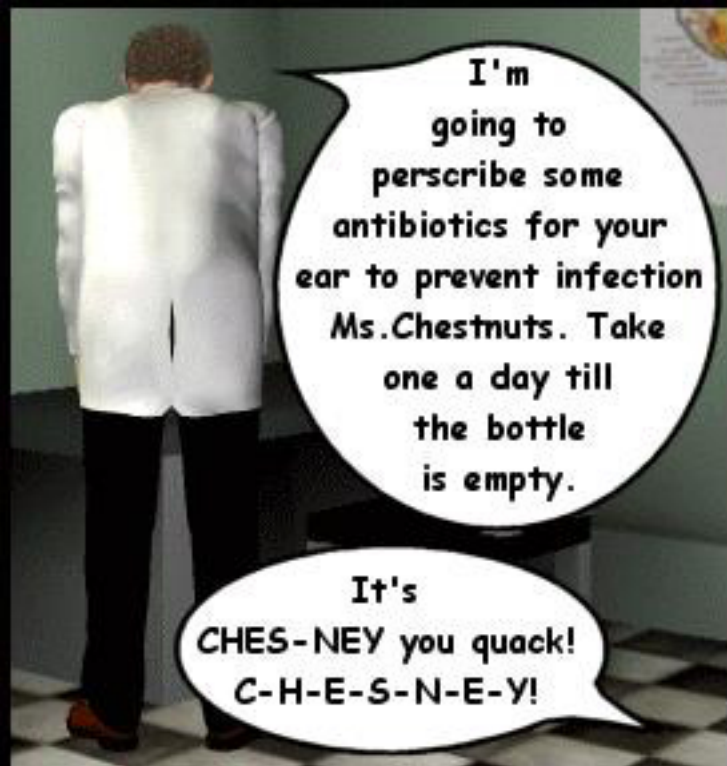


Umm..., Yup!
Good news! She doesn't have
a chest cold!

I thought
there was some
swelling but, uh...,
it turned out to
be something
else.

Yessiree,
Ms. Chesty is as
healthy as
an ox!

It's CHES-NEY!
God, is this whole department
run by perverts?!







I-
I don't
know!

This
outfit's
always been
a little snug
on me,
but...

OH!

It's
never
done this
before?!

RIP!

RIP!

POP!



I think that's right. Sure hope this isn't the same stuff I fed to those lab mice.

OH!

POP!

Man, I need a coffee.



Hey Janet, is there any java brewing yet?

AHH!

POP!

Janet?

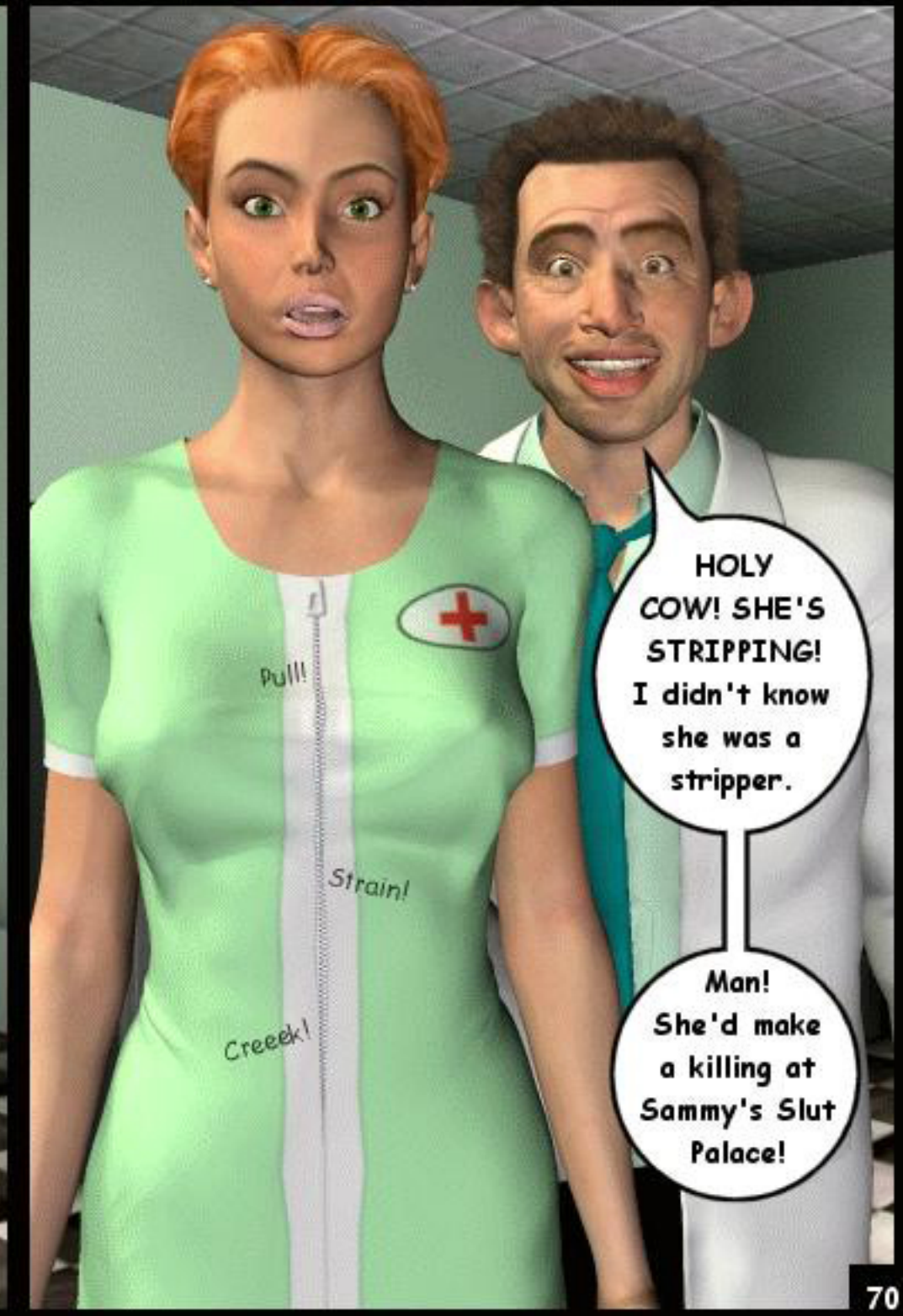


BRRRIIPPP!!!

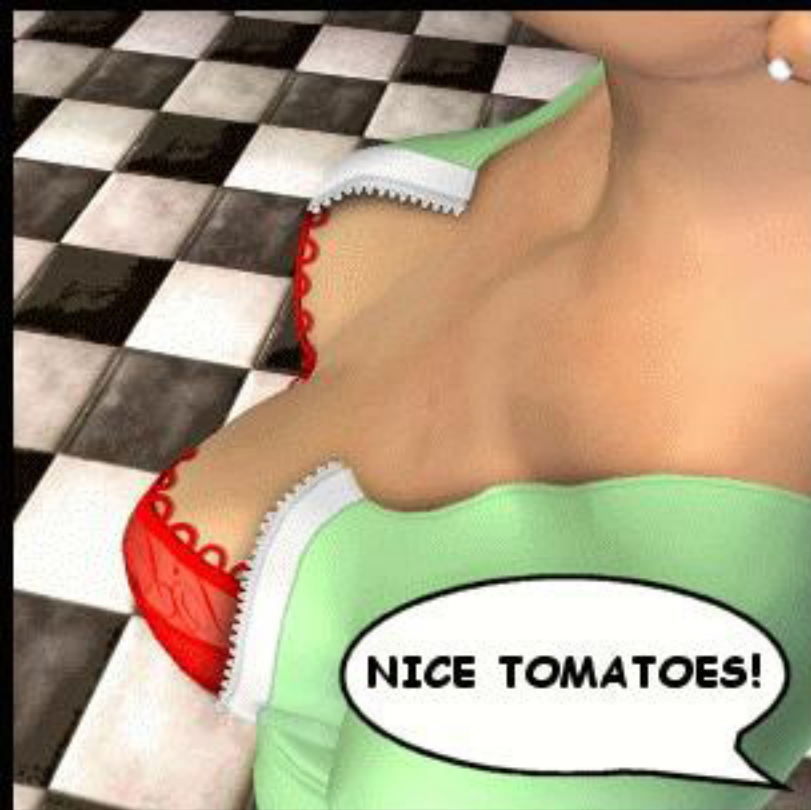


OH YEAH BABY!

OH NO!







NICE TOMATOES!



You should try out for Sammy's too!

GASPI!



They're always looking for hot new girls! You guys would be great!

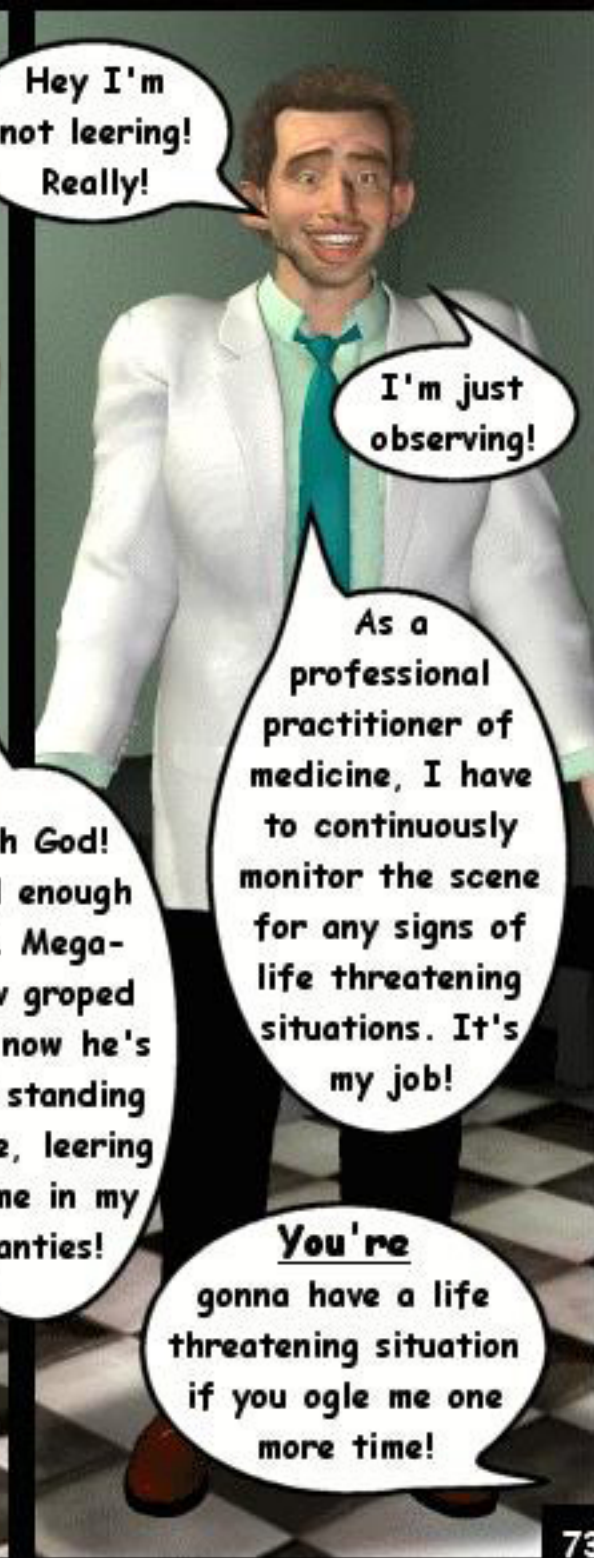
I could be your manager!

Shut up you worm!

Fiona! What happened to your skirt?

I don't know! It's like, totally disintegrated or something!

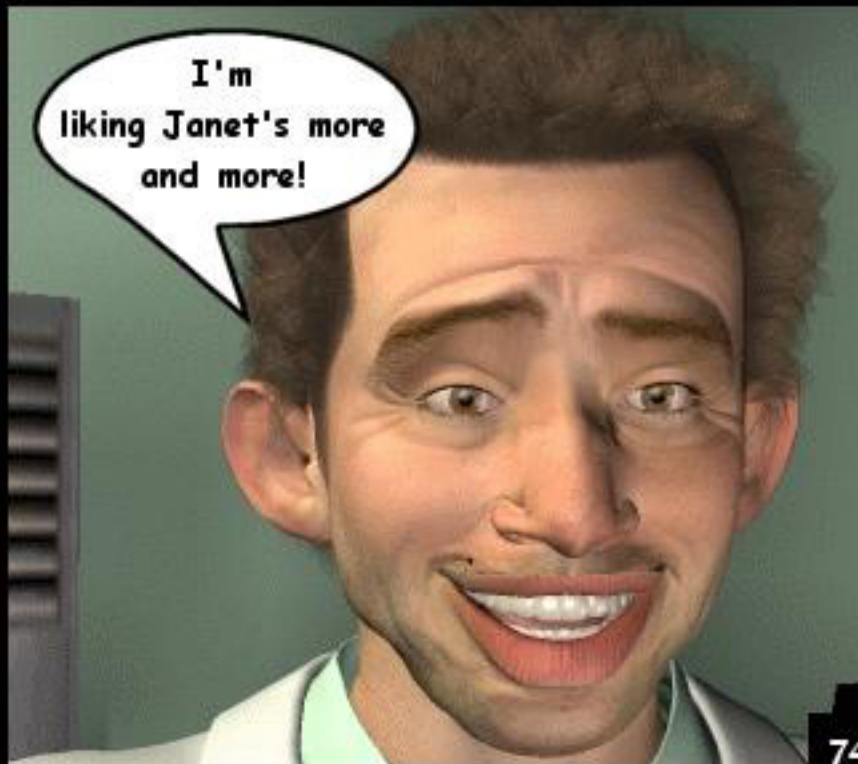
This is freaking me out big time!

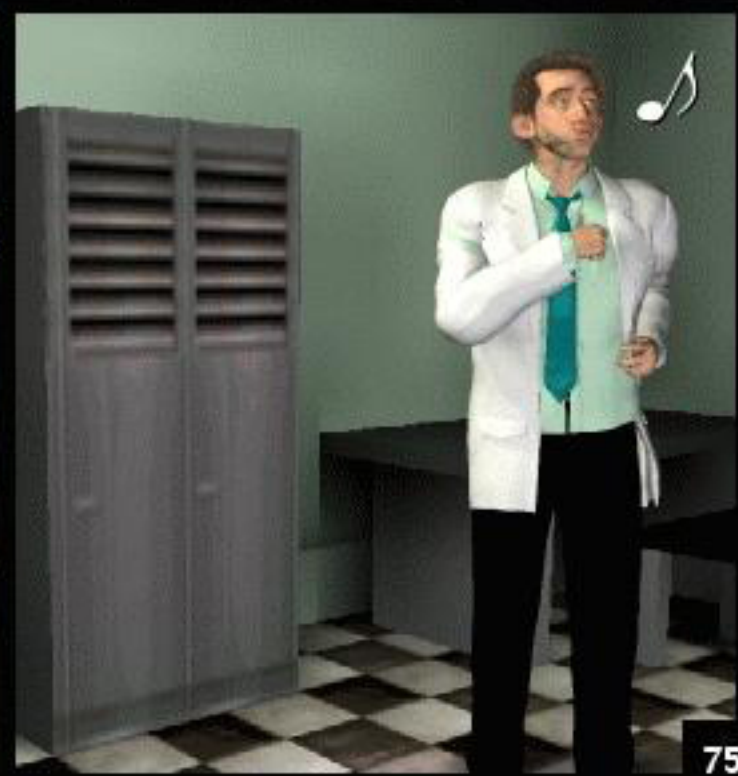
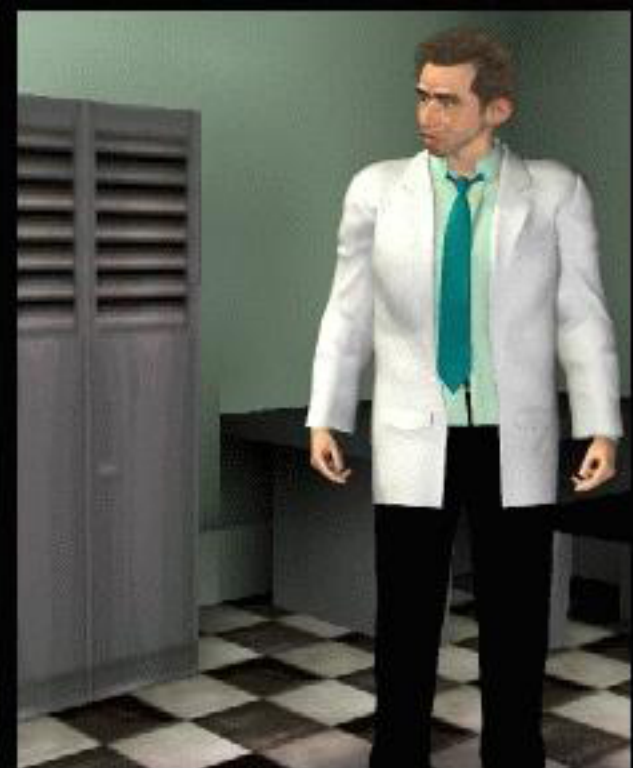


Wow!
speaking of
situations!



I'm
liking Janet's more
and more!





Stay put,
I'll be right
back!



OH NO!
It's happening
to my shirt
too!



HURRY!







Missing key?
Hmm... Let me think.

Golly!
Gosh! Darn!
What a time for it to vanish!

Nope.
Haven't seen any locker keys lying about lately.

They're usually left right in their locks so we can access them quicky in case of an emergency.

Don't know why that key's gone missing?

Total bummer for you guy's. Wish I could help.

RIP!



TOTAL BUMMER?



AHH!

RRRIP!

OH!

It's getting worse!

Janet! Hurry!

**I can't
get into the
locker! The
key is
missing!**

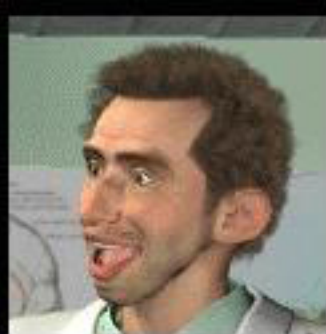
RRRIIPPP!!!

WE'RE SCREWED!



POPPIES

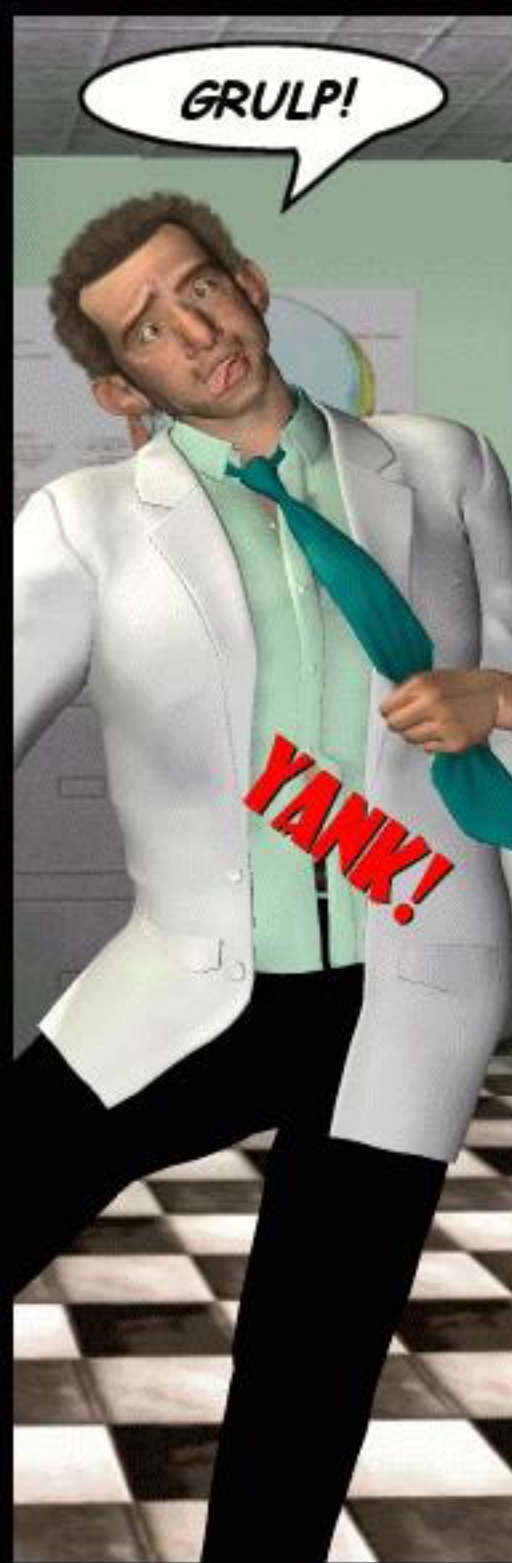




Man!
I need
another
pair of
eyes!

An extra
pair of hands
wouldn't hurt
either!

Oh Yeah!
Definitely an extra
pair of han...



GRULP!

YANK!



HURLMPHH!



You sick bastard! What have you done! I know it's you! This is some sort of perverse joke you're playing on us, isn't it?

ANSWER ME!

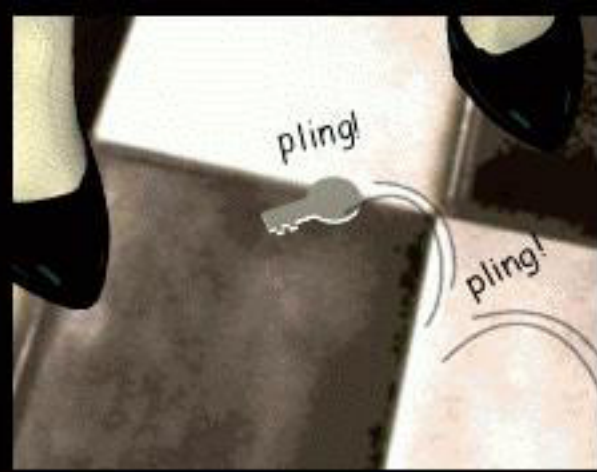


HELLLOOOO!
I'M UP HERE!

Look at the **size** of those things!

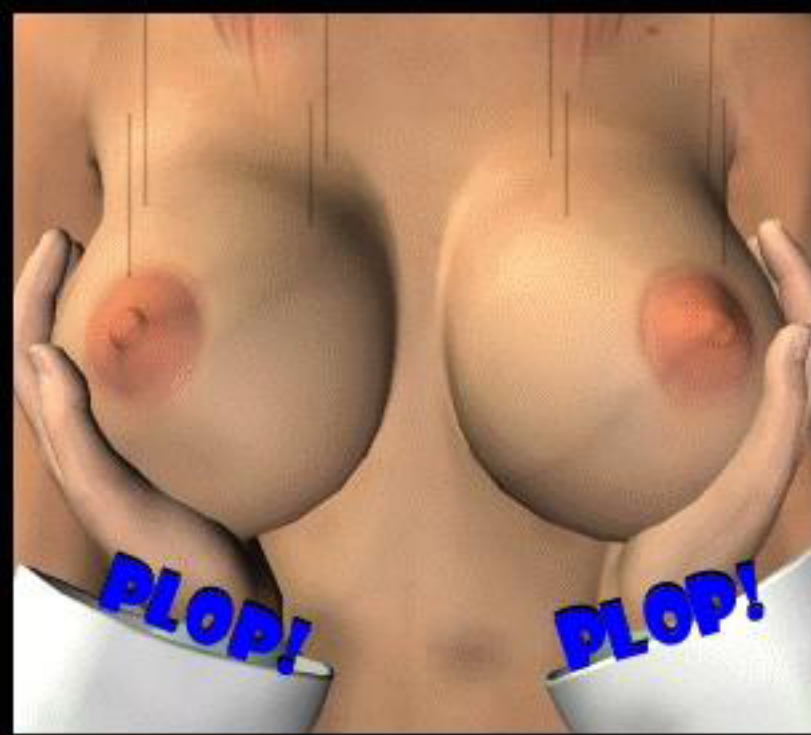
Yank my tie!
Pull me closer!

PULL ME CLOSER!









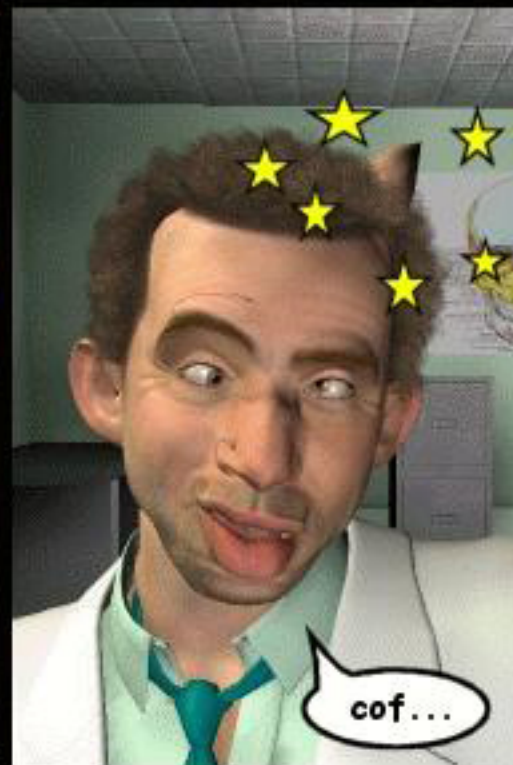


THWACK!









It's okay! Calm down. We're safe now!

I think I'm gonna hurl!

His
sweaty
hands were
all over me!
A-And his hairy
lips and bad
breath!

GROSS!

Try to
relax! He's
busy licking his
wounds. He won't
bother us
again.

Really?

Trust me.
The worst is over.

sigh
I guess you're
right.









OH NO!
The door won't
open! I think somethings
blocking it!



THUD!
THUD!



Try that door over there!

It's locked too!

That's impossible! It doesn't have a lock!

Well it does today!



Pull harder!

I'm pulling as hard as I...



RIP!

SHREEEEEEEEK!!!

RRRIIIIPPP!



Any more brilliant ideas?

Just one.

RUN!

OH MY GOD!
PERVERTS! MORE PERVERTS!
THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!!!

You two
playing "doctor"
in there?

WHOOO HOOO!!!

OHHH!!!

SPANK!

OH YEAH!

Oh nurse!
I think I pulled a
muscle!



SLAM!



Fletcher!
What the hell's
going on?!



Umm...
Apparently
Ms. Billingsworth had
some sort of... episode
this morning.



EPISODE!

Is that
what you're
calling it!

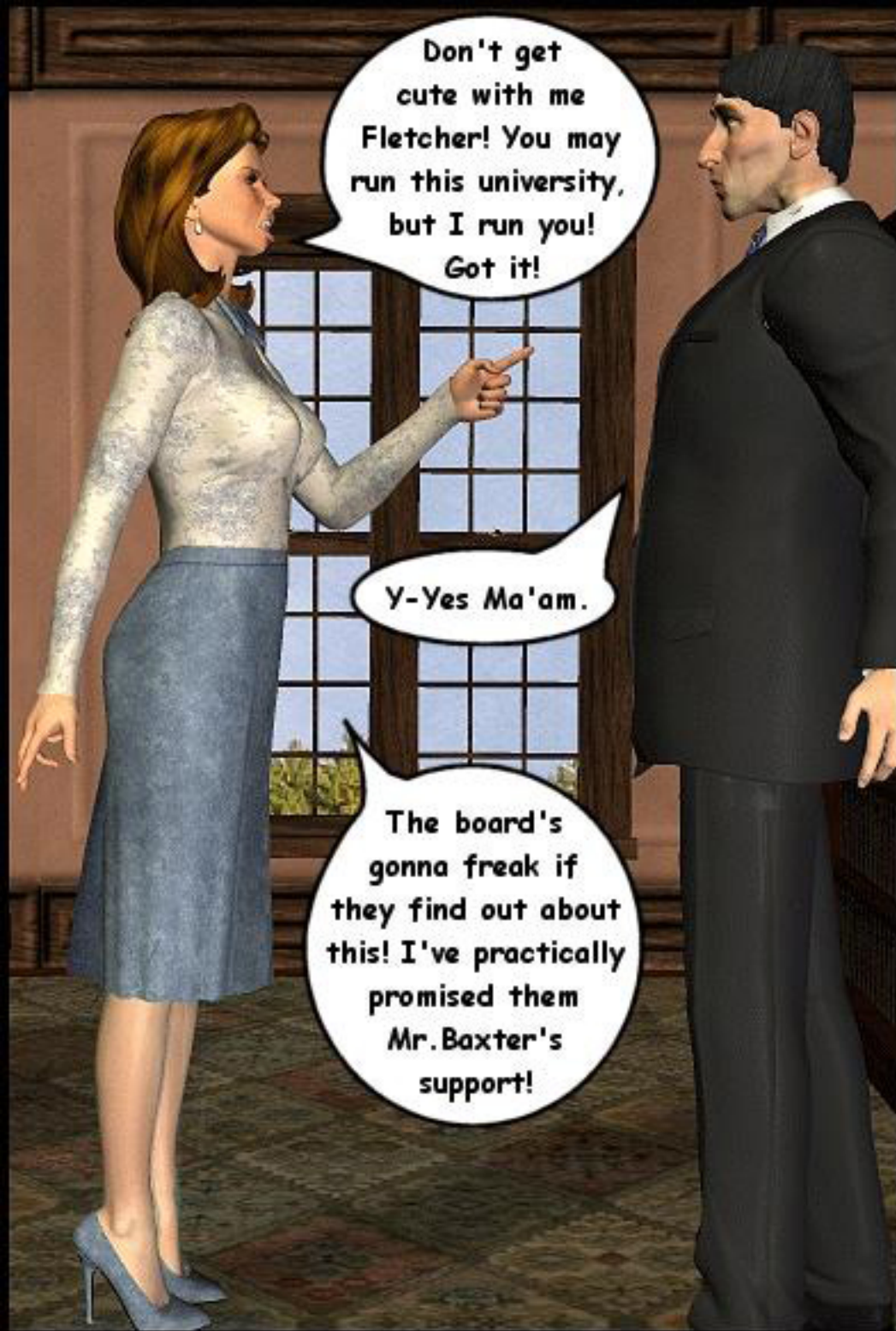


I have reports of one of our brightest students streaking through the prestigious halls of this university!

And your summing it up as an episode!

M-Maybe it was caused by stress. Exams are coming up.





Don't get cute with me Fletcher! You may run this university, but I run you! Got it!

Y-Yes Ma'am.

The board's gonna freak if they find out about this! I've practically promised them Mr. Baxter's support!



Fletcher, I don't need power outages or mad students flashing themselves in front of our guests! Especially today!



I understand completely.

I'll handle the rest of Mr. Baxter's tour personally.

Good. You do that. I want the rest of his day to run smoothly


Where is he?



I believe Mr. Baxter popped into the mens rest-room to splash some cold water on his face, as a result of this mornings events.



I'm surprised he hasn't run screaming off the campus.




Actually, he seems in very good spirits, considering.



**KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

We'll have to thank our lucky stars for that one.



Am I interrupting anything?




No No! By all means, come in!



Ms. Hornsby!



Mr. Baxter! How wonderful to see you again!




Your looking radiant as always Ms. Hornsby

Thank you!

I'm so glad you could take time out of your busy schedule to come visit us today!

How could I possibly refuse such a lovely invitation!



I see you two know each other.

Yes, we met at the municipality convention last month.

I attended one of her seminars on "Corporate Roles In Education" and was totally dazzled by her...

gush

presence!




Oh stop it!
You're going to give me
a big head!

I mean
every word of it
Ms.Hornsby.

Your
professionalism
shines in your
work!




Mr.Baxter
I must apologize
for this mornings events
concerning Ms.Billingsworth!
They were anything but
professional!



No apology necessary Ms.Hornsby. Hell, if the world ran perfectly everyday, what kind of fun would that be?

I can assure you Ms.Billingsworth will be reprimanded severely for her... outburst.

Aww, don't be too hard on the girl.



She's probably just stressed out from exams.

CHAPTER 3
STUDENT BODIES

STUDY HALL
WEST WING

No way dude!

It's true!
Scout's honor!

You're telling me
she's got some sort of ...
boob problem!

Ya man, I
heard they're like,
super-sensitive or
something.

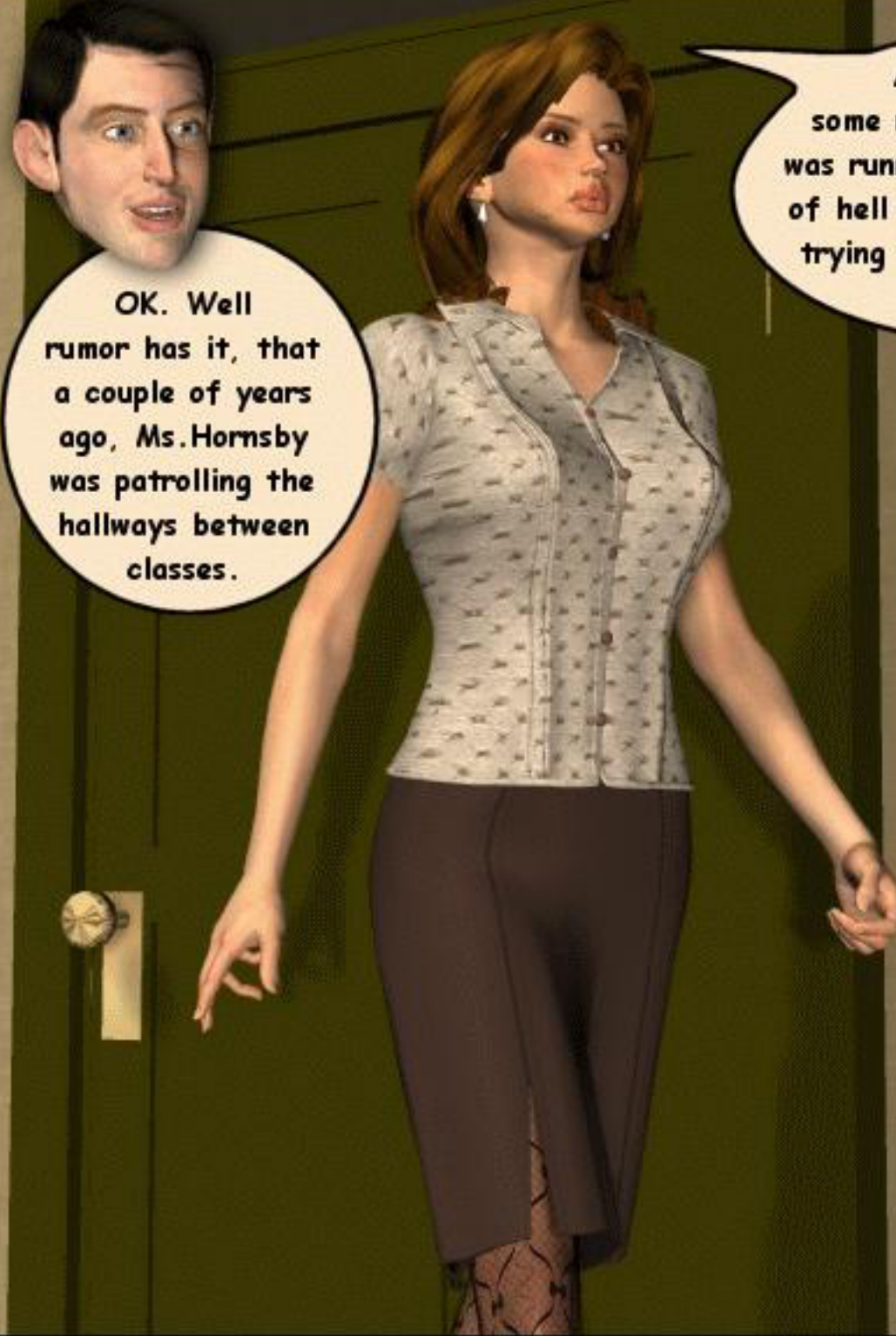
BULL!

Seriously!
That's why you
never see her around.
She's worried about
another incident.

Incident?

C'mon man,
you mean you've never
heard the story?

What story?



OK. Well rumor has it, that a couple of years ago, Ms.Hornsby was patrolling the hallways between classes.

Apparently, some newbie freshman was running like a bat out of hell the opposite way, trying to make his class on time!



He went racing around the corner and didn't see Ms.Hornsby...







She stands there in shock for a moment.



And then starts having...

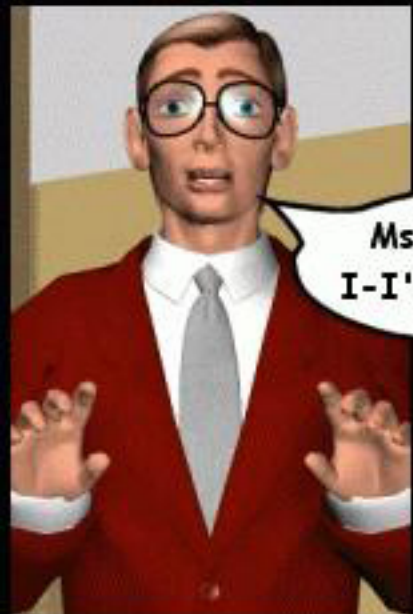
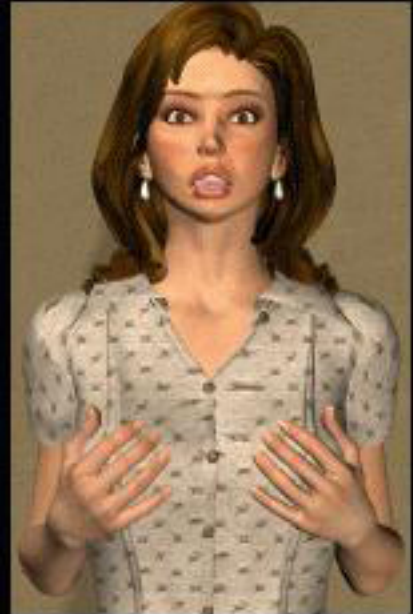


...unnh!

some kind of...



Ohh!



Ms. Hornsby!
I-I'm so sorry!

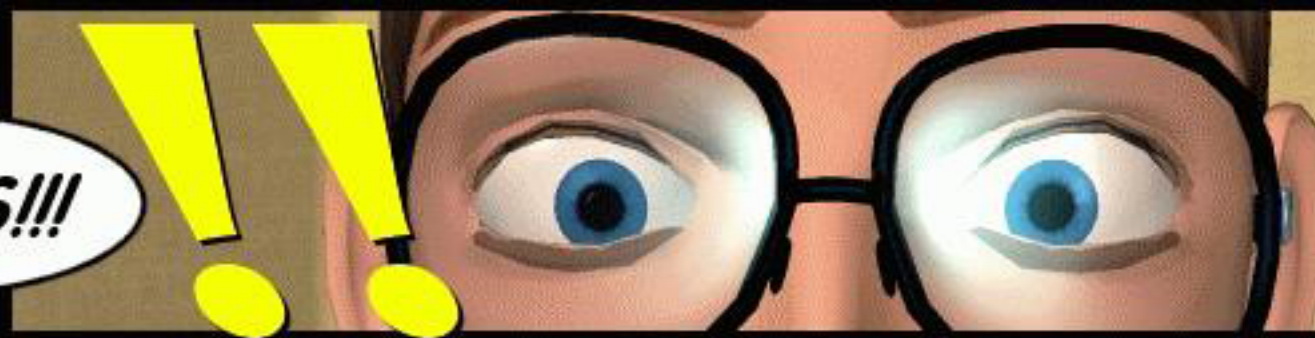
It was an accident!

H-Honest!



YESSS!!!

BRAPPT!



AHHH!!!

UNNHH!!!



ORGASMIC FIT



Umm...
a-are you okay
Ma'am?

I mean
like, she totally
loses control and
starts tearing her
clothes off right
in front of
the guy!

gasp! Uuuhh!!!
Too sensitive! can't...
resist! Aching... to be...
pant! released!

FLUMP!



OHH!



Click!





mmmm...

Just as she's going into heat!



gasp!
Oh Yeah!

I mean, talk about timing! You're a pimple-butt no-body, late for class, who just happens to bump into one of the most voluptuous authority figures on campus.

BOINK!

OHHHH!!!

The lucky bastard could've probably made it to home plate right in the school hallways if hadn't have been for the class bell sounding off!

mmmmfff.....

Oooooo!!!

It startled Ms. Hornsby enough to bring her back to her senses.

BBRRRIIIING!!!





That's when Ms. Hornsby went into panic mode! It seemed the more she tried to cover herself, the more uncovered she became!

wimper
wimper

SHRRRIIIIPPPP!!!







After dying from embarrassment, I guess that's when she decided to make a run for it!

Leaving behind a dazed rookie freshman, amongst a debris of tattered clothing!

Emotionally scarred for life!

But in a good way!

No one knows what happened to our hero. Rumor has it that Ms. Hornsby had him quietly transferred to another school with full scholarship, on terms that he kept quiet about what happened!

LUCKY PRICK!