

#two

# STEWIE

by LEON



STEWIE'S  
ROCK-N-ROLL  
DEBUT!

TAKE IT, KID, IT'S  
**FREE**

# STEWIE'S BAND

PART TWO

## THE STORY SO FAR:

STEWIE AND MONICA, FRUSTRATED BY THE LOCAL MUSIC SCENE, DECIDE TO...

START THEIR OWN BAND, WITH MONICA ON DRUMS AND THE LESS-THAN-CONFIDENT STEWIE ON BASS. AFTER A PAINFUL AUDITIONING ORDEAL, THEY FIND RON, THE SCRUFFY GUITAR PLAYER, AND ALTHENA, THE ANGRY RIOT GRRRL SINGER. NOW, THEIR BAND NEEDS A NAME. IN DESPERATION, THEY HAVE APPEALED TO THE STEWIE-READING PUBLIC...

AND THE RESPONSE IS OVERWHELMING!

I GOT ABOUT 600 MORE LETTERS HERE. WHERE YOU WANT 'EM?

HEY, LISTEN TO THIS ONE: SANTA'S ANAGRAMS

CENOZOIC-AGE BUTTERFLY?

BY THE DOOR IS FINE.

US MAIL

MONICA

STEWIE

BASTARD SONS OF HOLY MEN?

HEALING HEMMORHOIDS?

M.T. PROMISES?

STEWED SLUDGE?

RUDE DEVIL'S DISCO?

LOUNGE CAR?

RON ENTERS...

I WENT THROUGH ALL OF THESE.

ANYTHING GOOD?

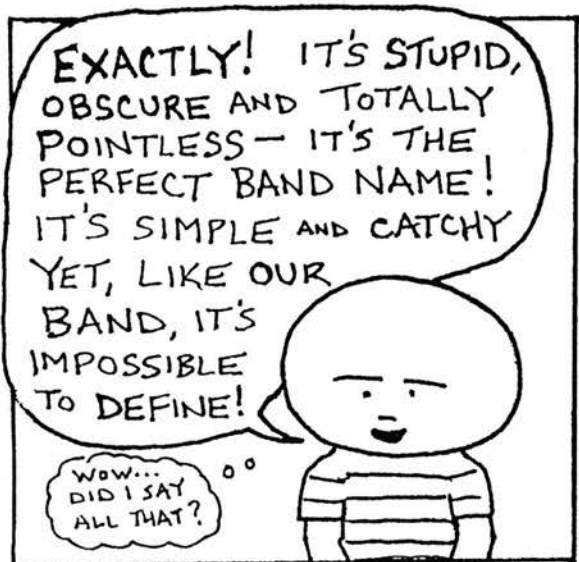
BLOSSOMING SUCK?

Hmm...



CORN?  
 JAMES EARL JONES? FRESH MELONS? LUSTY LADY!  
 FLEX STRIPS? THE SHITA-GI? BABY CRIB WITH A 'D'? TOADUS OAKS  
 JANGLE PANTS? R. RAY MOORE UNPLUGGED! YES HUH!  
 DIESEL CELERY? THE TÜCHTIGKEIT? THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE? TENGO UNA PLUM  
 THE QUALIFIED ELECTORS? SP SAINT ELSIE! FENDER BENDER  
 MUSTARD PLASTER? LESS SPARTAN WADZILLA! ENGORGED  
 DIRECTION? PALM? MIRROR? BUBBLEGUM?  
 ANAL HUMOR! HAND WRINGERS? FISH MIDDLE OF NOWHERE  
 BASEBALL BAT! YEAH, CAKE LAUGHTER +  
 BREWED STEW? ERIN ENJOYS FLORIDA. WERE FORGETTING  
 STEWED BREW? THE AUTHENTIC STEWIE BAND? WILD CHERRIES COOL!  
 THE NITTY GRITTY STEWIE BAND? OF LUST! PTERODACTYL?  
 ELDERLY OF TOMMORROW? GOOD COUNTRY PEOPLE!  
 Bicycles, muscles, + cigarettes? SYPHILLIS DILLER!  
 PRISON HIP SUBURBAN TEENS! FREEZE THE  
 BITCH! FROM A LOSER TO A FOOL? GRUNGAHOLICS!  
 ACCELERATED CULTURE? THE CARRIE NATIONS?  
 BASS DRUMMER ON FIRE! st. LYSOL + THE DISINFECTANTS?  
 (I DIDN'T MAKE ANY OF THESE UP, I SWEAR!)

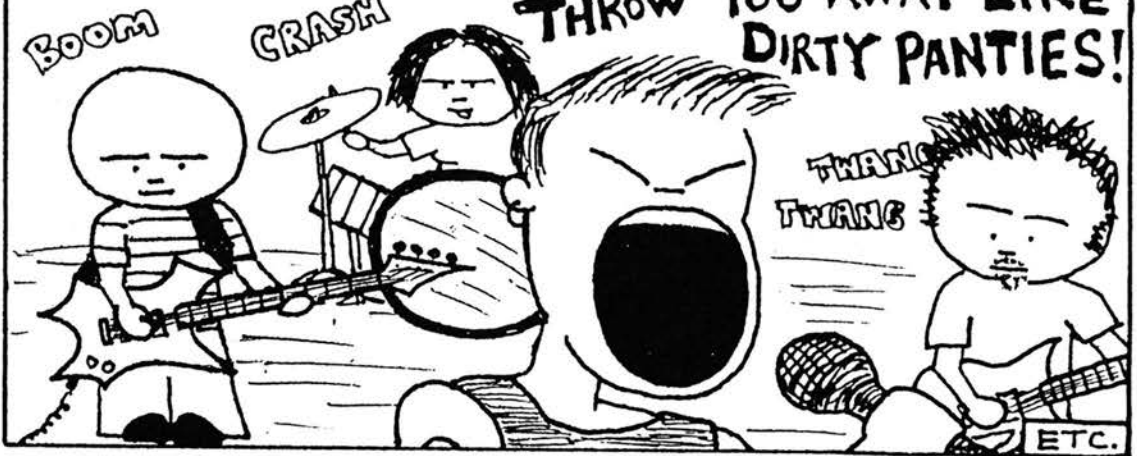
SKANKY-ASS HO! THE TIRED CLICHÉS? CROTCH  
THE WHIPPY-DIPS! A TOURIST ANTENNA? COOKIES?  
CARRY ON, OFFICER TUBA! THE BOLIVIAN ARMY?  
ASIAN PERSUASION! LANTERN-JAWED FREAK!  
HEY TAXI?



\* WELL-KNOWN '70S BLACK ACTION FILM (SEE ISAAC HAYES)

AND ROCK THEY DO...

I'LL KICK YOU IN THE FACE! STEAL YOUR CANDY!  
THROW YOU AWAY LIKE DIRTY PANTIES!



LATER...

OH YEAH, I GOT US  
A SHOW...

WHAT?

YEAH. MY FRIENDS  
GIRLFRIEND'S UNCLE  
OWNS A BAR.  
HE SAYS  
WE CAN  
PLAY  
THERE  
TOMMORROW  
NIGHT.

Wow.



WHAT'S THE PLACE CALLED?

IT DOESN'T HAVE  
A NAME. IT'S JUST  
CALLED 'BAR.'

WHERE'S  
IT AT?

ON SOME  
ROAD.

THIS  
SHOULD BE  
INTERESTING.

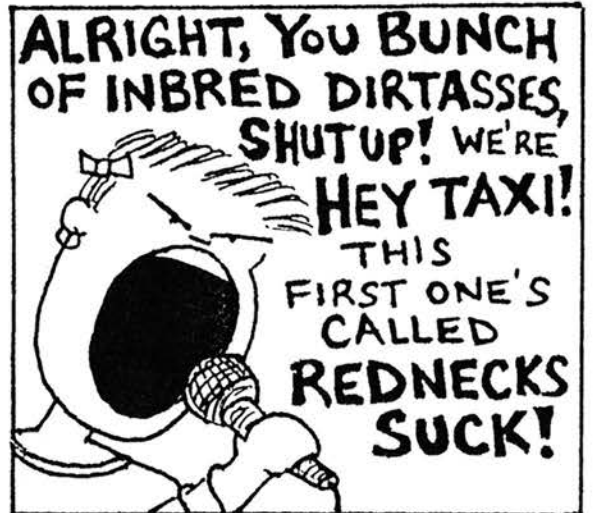


THE NEXT EVENING...

WHERE ARE  
WE?

I THINK IT'S  
JUST UP AHEAD.





YOU UPITY BITCH!  
I'LL FINISH YOU OFF  
LIKE A CHEAP 6-PACK!

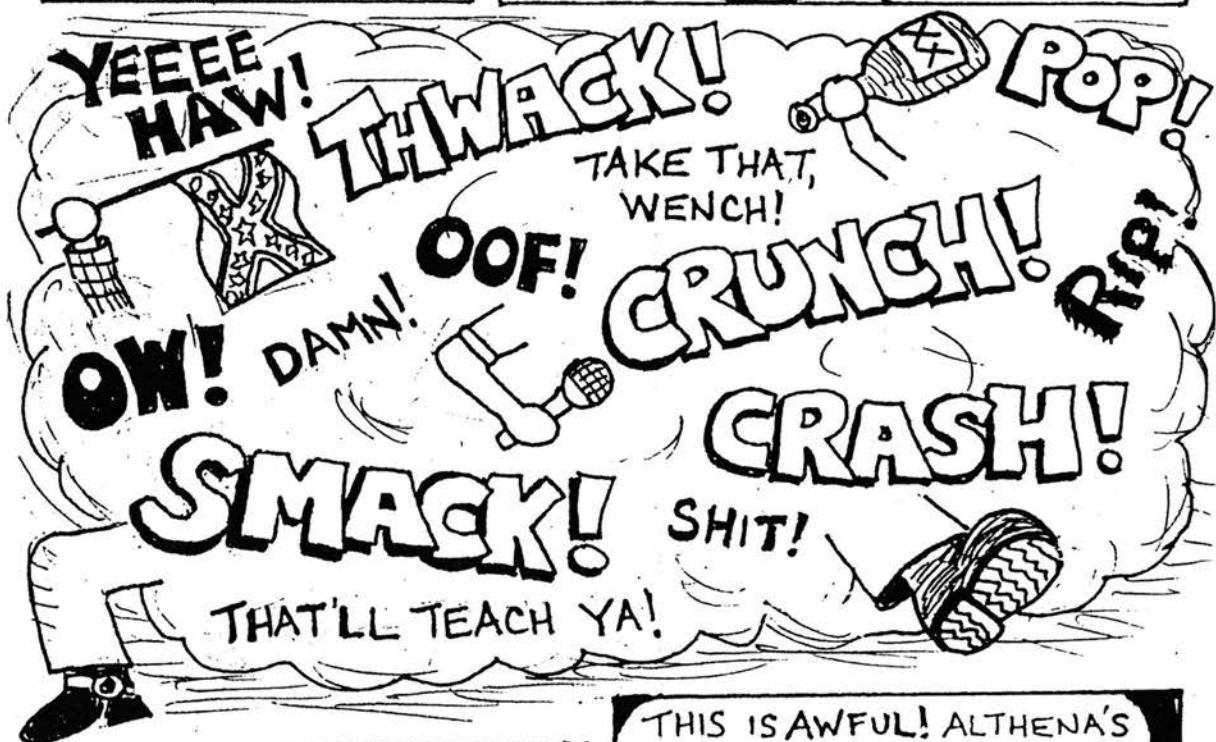


YEAH? WHY DON'T YOU COME  
ON UP HERE AND TRY IT, YOU  
DIRT-BIKIN', WAL-MART SHOPPIN',  
POT-PIE EATIN' REPRESSED  
FAGGOT!



I'LL  
TAKE ALL  
YOUR  
FAT  
PIGGY  
ASSES ON!

YOU GOT IT, BITCH!



YEEEE  
HAW!

THWACK!



POP!

TAKE THAT,  
WENCH!

OW!

DAMN!

OOF!

CRUNCH!

RIP!

SMACK!

SHIT!

THAT'LL TEACH YA!



MEANWHILE,  
UNDER  
THE BAR...

THEY'RE  
GONNA  
KILL HER!

THUNK!

SMACK

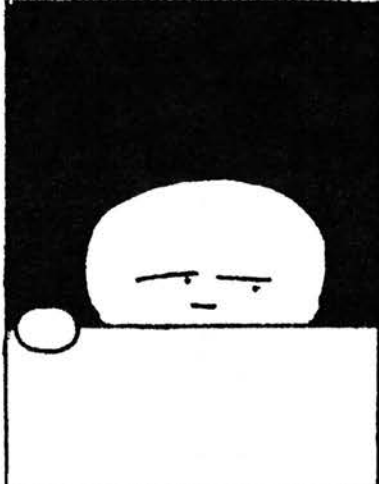
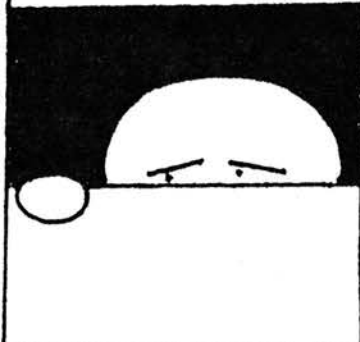


THIS IS AWFUL! ALTHENA'S  
GONNA DIE AND IT'S ALL  
MY FAULT! I CAN'T JUST  
SIT HERE!

I'VE  
GOT TO  
DO  
SOME-  
THING...

EVEN  
IF IT  
KILLS  
ME!

RELUCTANT, AFRAID,  
BUT DETERMINED TO  
HELP, STEWIE RISES  
FROM BEHIND THE BAR...



WHAT THE..?



ANYBODY  
ELSE GOT  
SOMETHING  
TO SAY?

THAT'S  
WHAT I  
THOUGHT...



THE OWNER EMERGES  
FROM BACKSTAGE...

DAMN! NOT EVEN  
THROUGH THE FIRST  
SONG AND ALREADY  
Y'ALL HAVE TALKED  
DIRTY, TRASHED  
MY BAR, AND  
BEAT THE  
LIVIN' HELL  
OUTTA MY  
PAYIN'  
CUSTOMERS!

UM... SORRY...

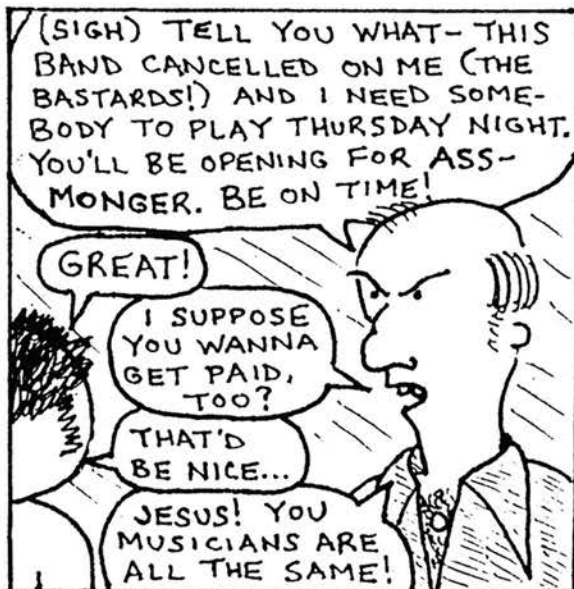


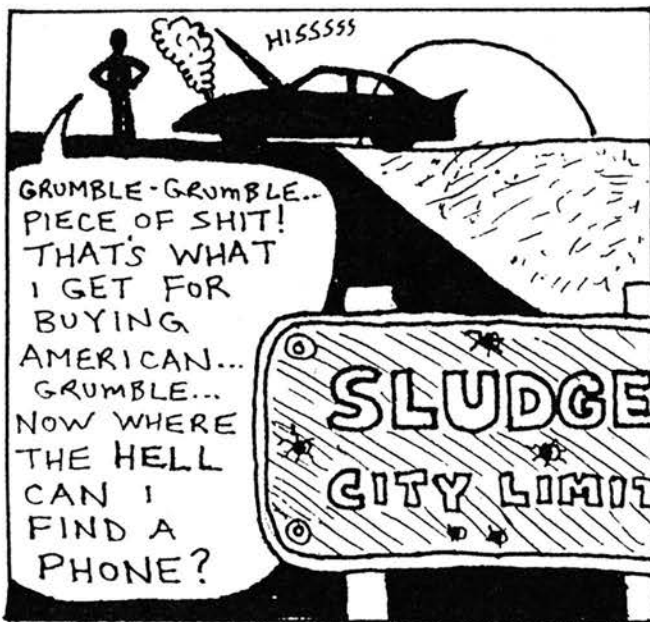
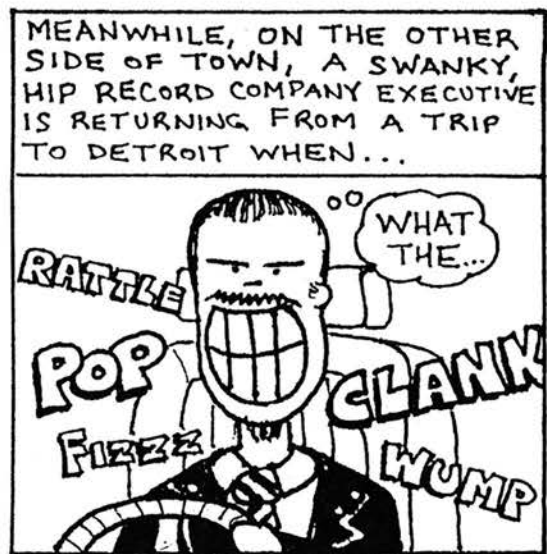
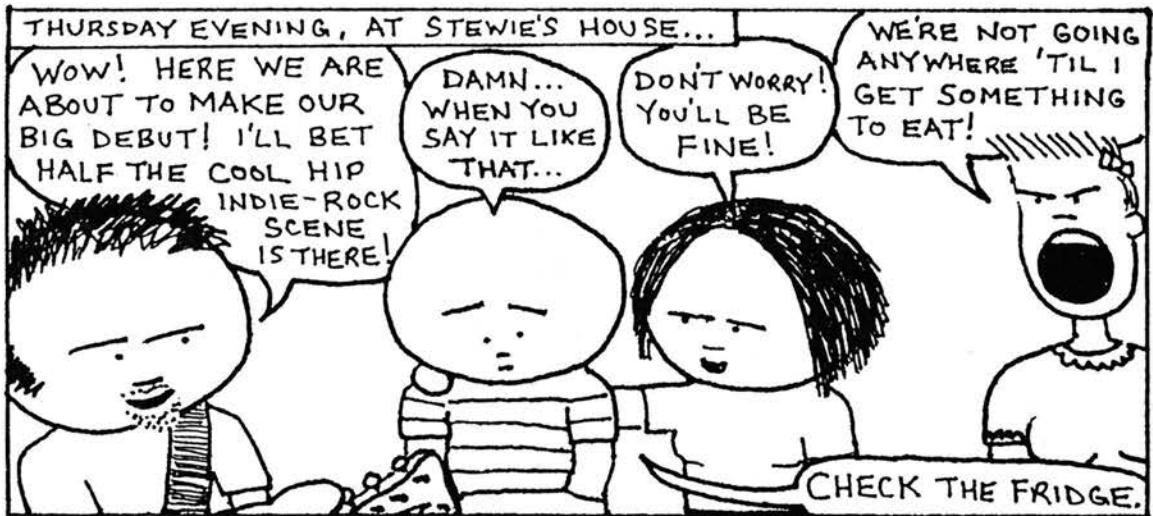
SORRY MY ASS!  
THAT'S THE MOST  
FUN WE'VE HAD  
HERE IN YEARS!  
CAN Y'ALL  
COME BACK  
AGAIN  
NEXT WEEK?  
I'D LOVE  
TO MAKE  
THIS A  
REGULAR  
THING...



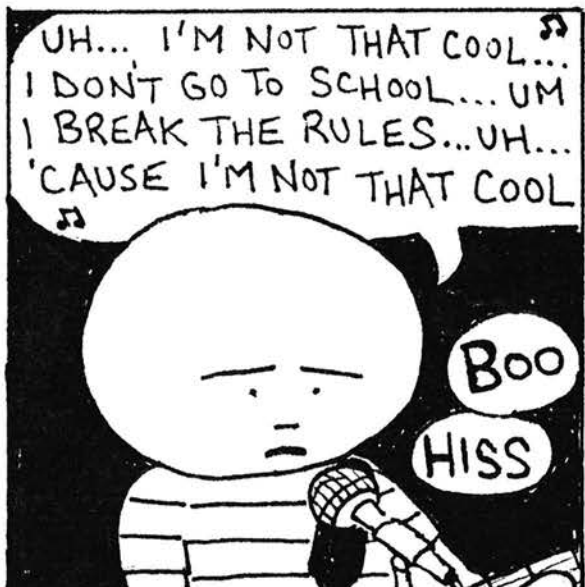
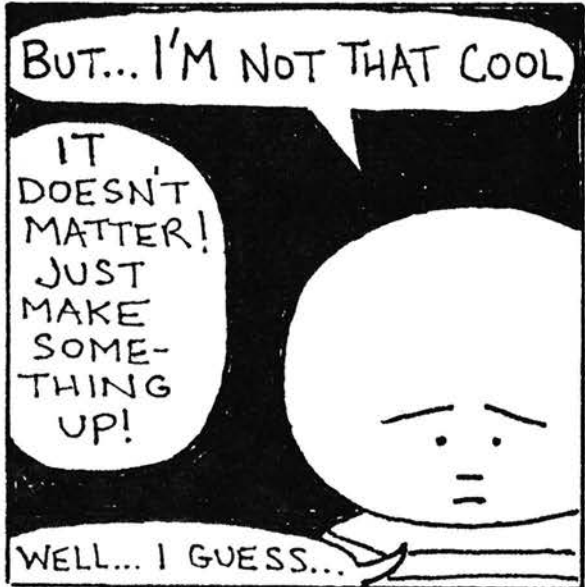


IN THE VAN...

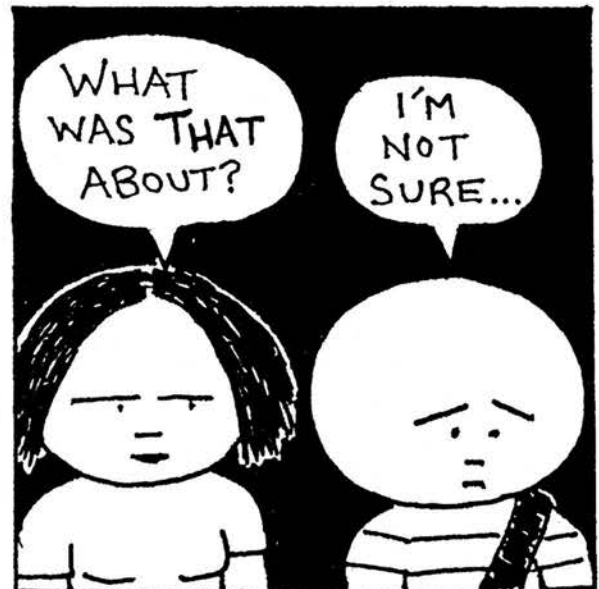










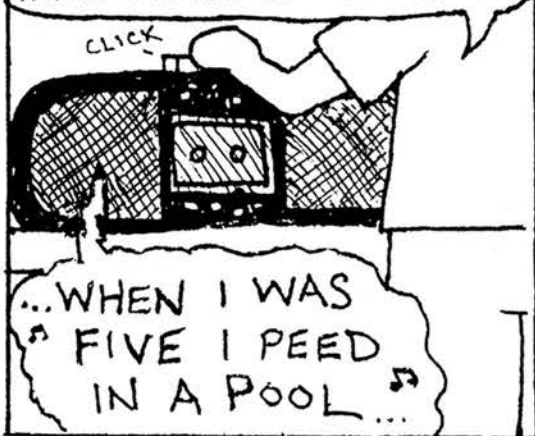


THREE DAYS LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL...

WELL, MOST OF THE MELON IS OUT OF HER SYSTEM, BUT I WANT TO RUN A FEW OTHER TESTS. SHE APPARENTLY HAS SOME DANGEROUSLY HIGH CONCENTRATIONS OF GRANOLA AND VODKA IN HER BLOODSTREAM...



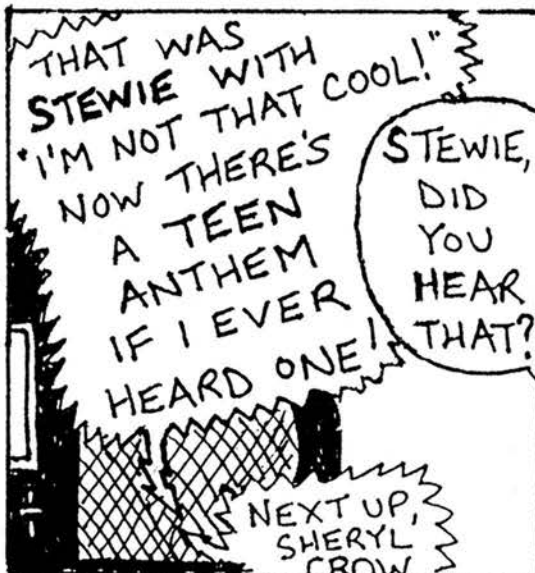
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO BUT WAIT... WE MIGHT AS WELL LISTEN TO THE RADIO...



WHAT?

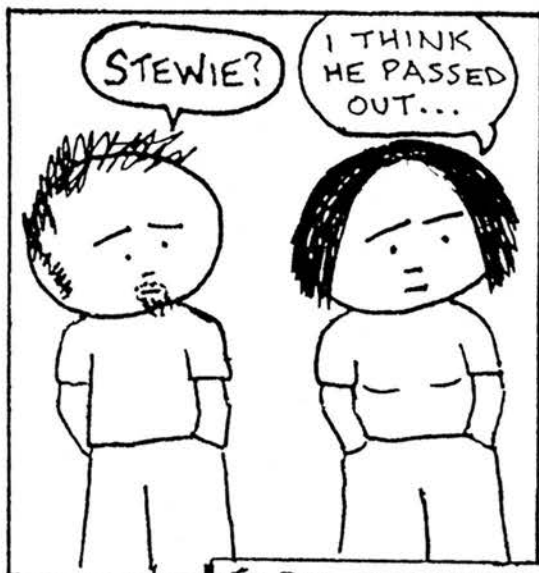
HEY!  
THAT'S  
US!

...I'M NOT THAT COOL...



STEWIE?

I THINK HE PASSED OUT...



TO BE CONTINUED!