



MU PRESS
MAD
RACCOONS

\$2.50

\$3.00 CAN

BY
CATHY HILL



No.2

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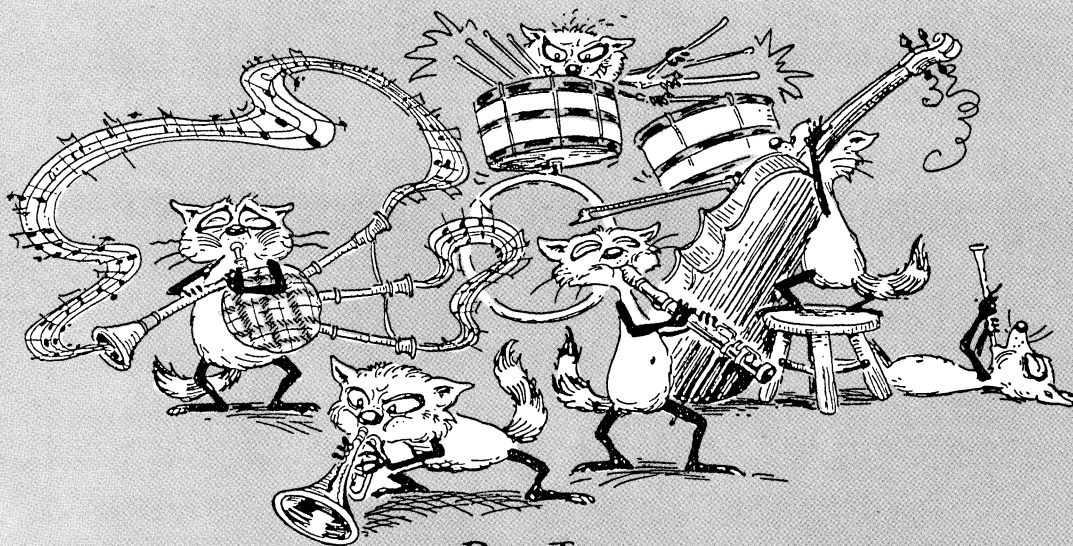


MU Press presents the world of Cathy Hill's Mad Raccoons

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Written and Illustrated
by Cathy Hill

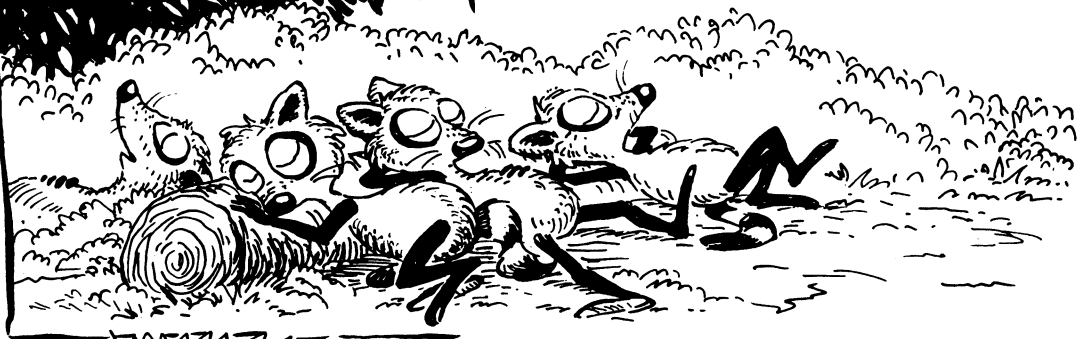
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Art Direction by Diana Vick
Production by Holly Downing



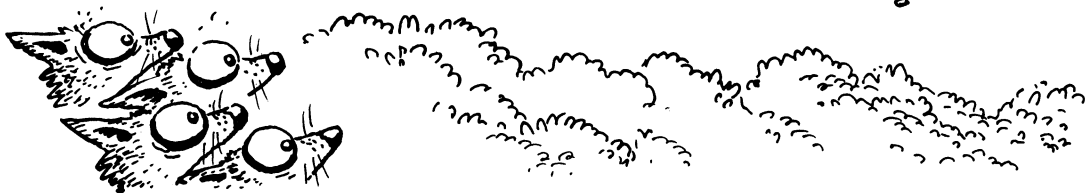
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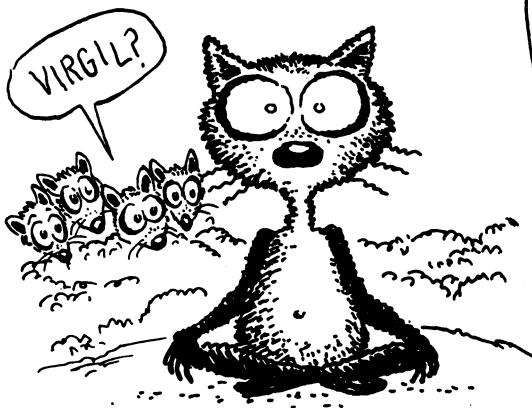
MUPubs #167.

VIRGIL DOES IT AGAIN...



EEEEEEEEEE...





VIRGIL?

VIRGIL?

HE'S SO QUIET.

HE DOESN'T MOVE.

VIRGIL, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

..BLANG MEE O TOW SUR ON TEE O...

WHAT DID HE SAY?

I THINK HE SAID, "BRING ME MY OLD TOASTER AND SOME TEA."

WHY WOULD HE WANT HIS TOASTER?

MAYBE HE'S HUNGRY.

ARE YOU HUNGRY, VIRGIL?

I DON'T THINK HE WANTS HIS TOASTER.

..BLANG MEE O TOW SUR ON TEE O... BLANG MEE O TOW SUR ON TEE O...

..BLANG MEE O TOW SUR ON TEE O...

..BLANG MEE O TOW SUR ON TEE O...

..BLANG MEE O TOW SUR ON TEE O...

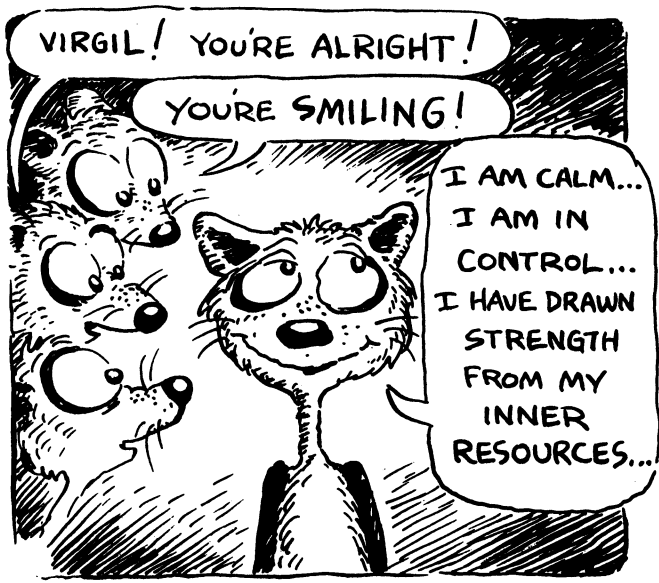
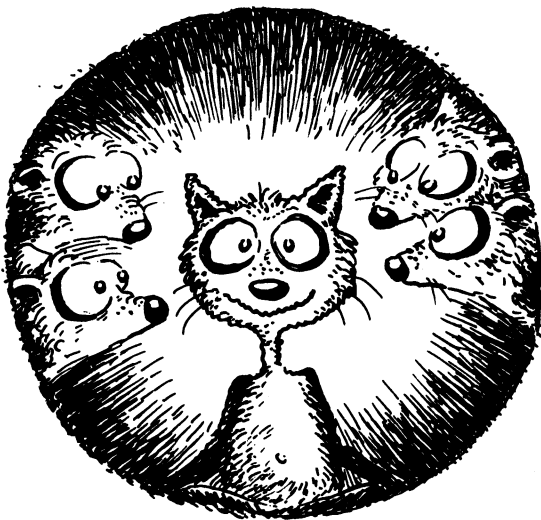
HE'S SO STRANGE!

HE'S NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE.

I JUST WISH HE'D GET ON WITH HIS TANTRUM AND ACT NORMAL.

VIRGIL, SPEAK TO US!

..BLANG MEE O TOW SUR ON TEE O... BLANG MEE O TOW SUR ON TEE O...



VIRGIL! YOU'RE ALRIGHT!
YOU'RE SMILING!

I AM CALM...
I AM IN
CONTROL...
I HAVE DRAWN
STRENGTH
FROM MY
INNER
RESOURCES...



THAT'S GOOD, VIRGIL.

...RESOURCES THAT CONNECT TO
AND TAP THE POWER OF THE COSMOS...

..I HAVE
BEEN IN A
TRANQUIL
POOL AND
PLACE OF
RESURGENCE..

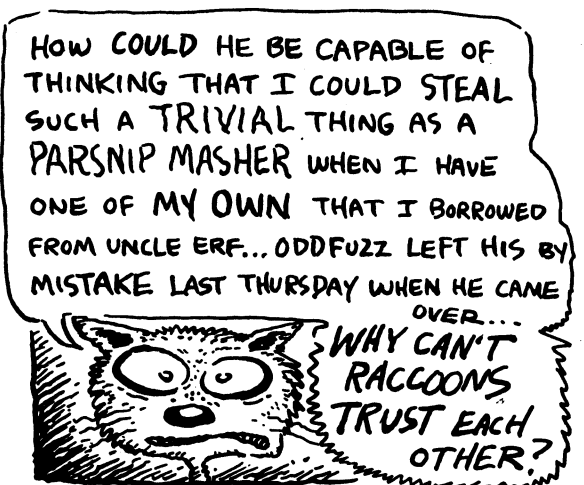


I AM PEACEFUL AND BEAR NO
GRUDGES... I CAN FORGIVE
COUSIN ODDFUZZ FOR HIS CRUEL
ACCUSATIONS... HE COULD NEVER
REALLY HAVE THOUGHT THAT I
STOLE HIS PARSNIP MASHER... HE
WAS JUST ANGRY AND OUT OF
CONTROL.

HE NEEDS TO CONTROL HIMSELF
.... LIKE ME...



HE NEEDS PEACEFUL RELAXING
MEDITATION... AND THEN CALM
CONTEMPLATION... AND HE WOULDN'T
BE SUCH A FOOL!



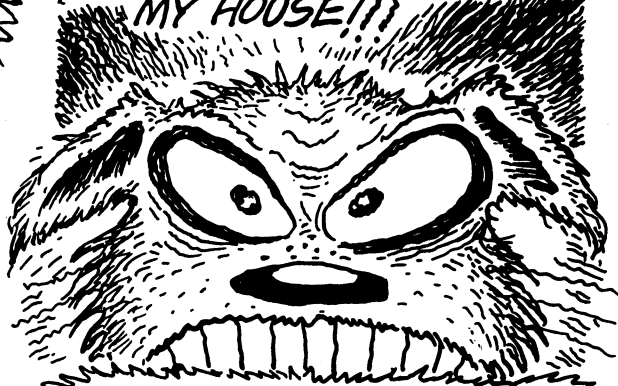
HOW COULD HE BE CAPABLE OF
THINKING THAT I COULD STEAL
SUCH A TRIVIAL THING AS A
PARSNIP MASHER WHEN I HAVE
ONE OF MY OWN THAT I BORROWED
FROM UNCLE ERF... ODDFUZZ LEFT HIS BY
MISTAKE LAST THURSDAY WHEN HE CAME
OVER...

WHY CAN'T
RACCOONS
TRUST EACH
OTHER?

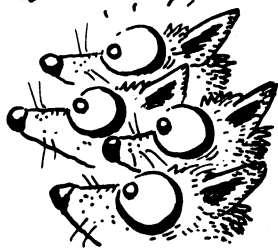
A LITTLE TRUST IN THIS WORLD
WOULD GO A LONG WAYS!!
NEXT THING YOU KNOW
UNCLE ERF IS GOING TO
ACCUSE ME OF STEALING HIS!
DOG!!



TELL ME, WHY SHOULD I HAVE
TO STEAL ERF'S WHEN ODDFUZZ
LEAVES HIS LYING AROUND ALL
WEEK... CLUTTERING UP
MY HOUSE!!!



DO YOU KNOW WHAT ODDFUZZ HAD
THE NERVE TO SAY TO ME? HE CALLED
ME A THIEVING PACK RAT!..AND
A HOARDING SQUIRRELY MARMOT!!
WHY WOULD I HOARD ANYTHING?
I HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED IN MY
INNER RESOURCES!! I DON'T NEED
OBJECTS!...I JUST DON'T CLEAN THE
PLACE UP VERY OFTEN...

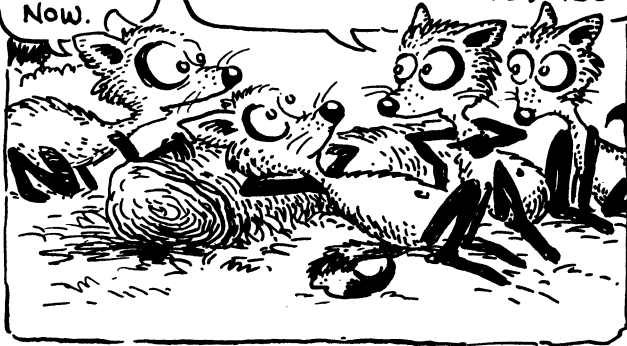


ALL OF IT!!
ALL OF IT!!!!!!



HE SOUNDS
MORE
NORMAL
NOW.

YES..YOU KNOW, MAYBE THAT'S
WHY HE WANTED HIS OLD TOASTER.
IT'S PROBABLY ODDFUZZ'S TOO.

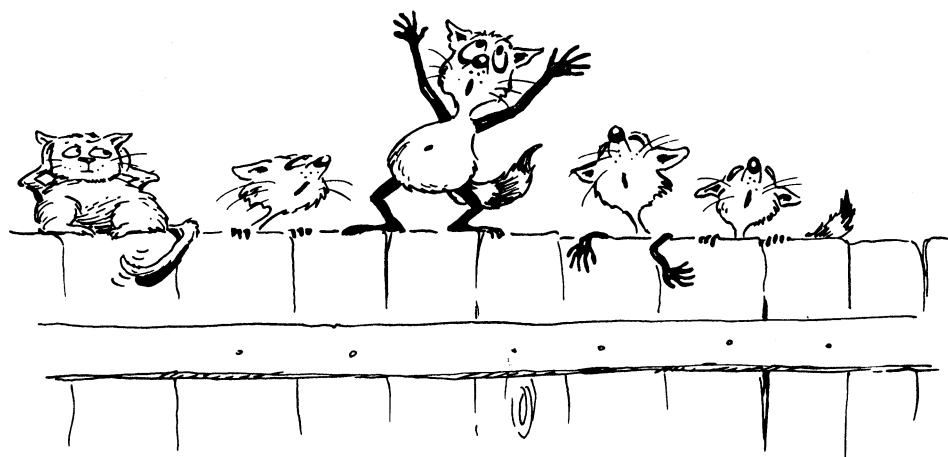




Raccoons and Music



Most people don't know that raccoons are very talented musically. Not only do they take naturally to any musical instrument but their voices are outstanding.

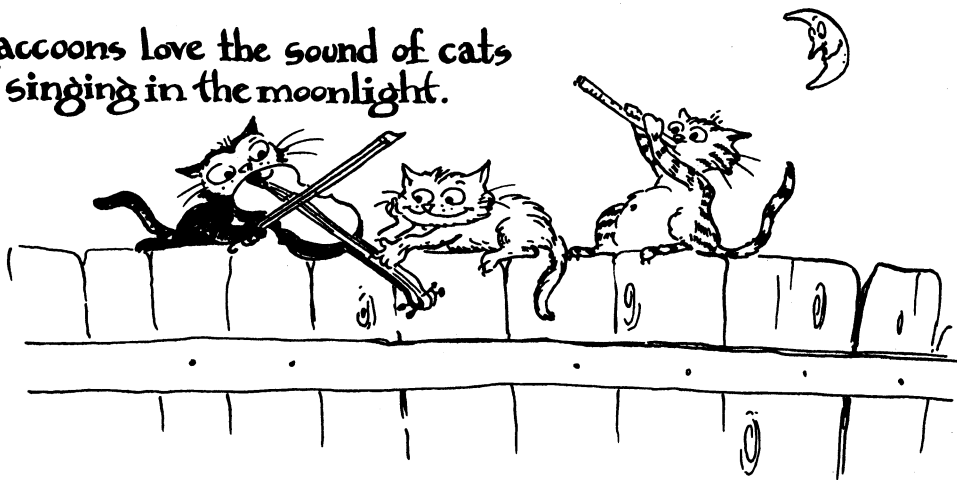


Raccoons sing better than cats.

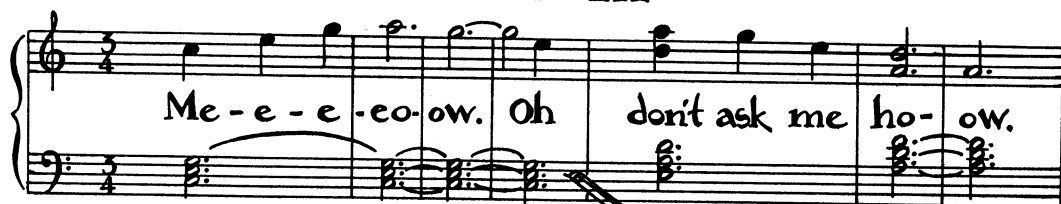


Rac-Jam

Raccoons love the sound of cats
singing in the moonlight.



Meowin'



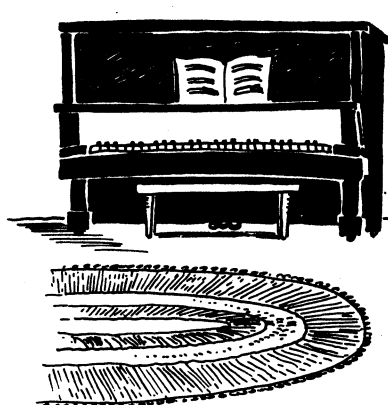
I'M NOT HAVING ANY
CATS IN MY BOOK! THEY
GOT ENOUGH BOOKS OF THEIR OWN!



WHEN IT COMES TO PLAYING THE PIANO, RACCOONS ARE BRILLIANT. ALTHOUGH, IN MY CASE, I HAD TO OVERCOME A CHILDHOOD DISLIKE OF PRACTICING.



When I was a rac-kid, my parents insisted that I take piano lessons.



I was forced to practice half an hour a day.

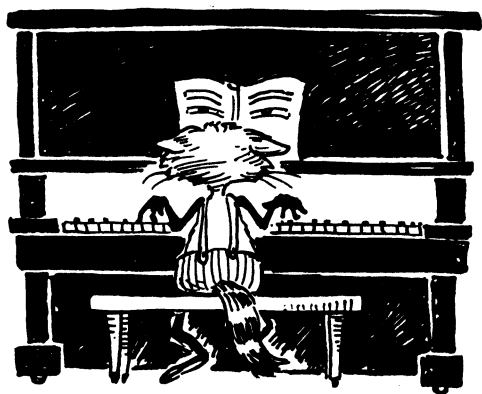


I hated to practice.

The thought of that unyielding piano made me cringe. I didn't like the way it stared at me.



All the keys looked alike to me. There was no telling one from another.

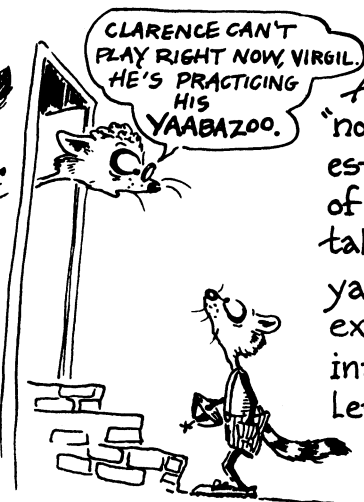


Scales, scales, scales, scales, scales, scales....



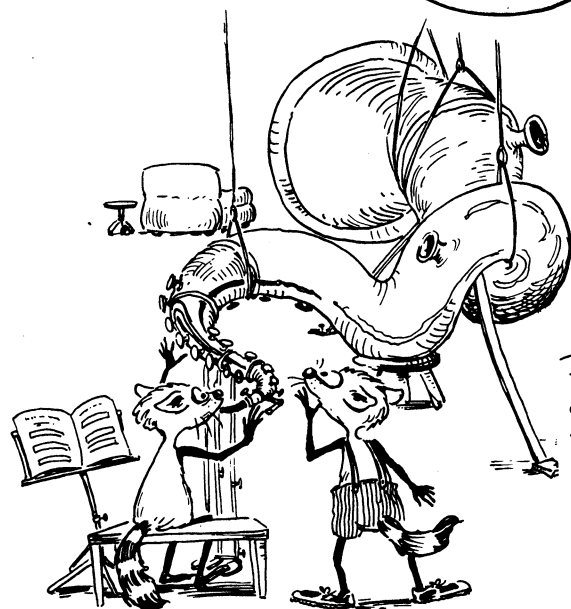
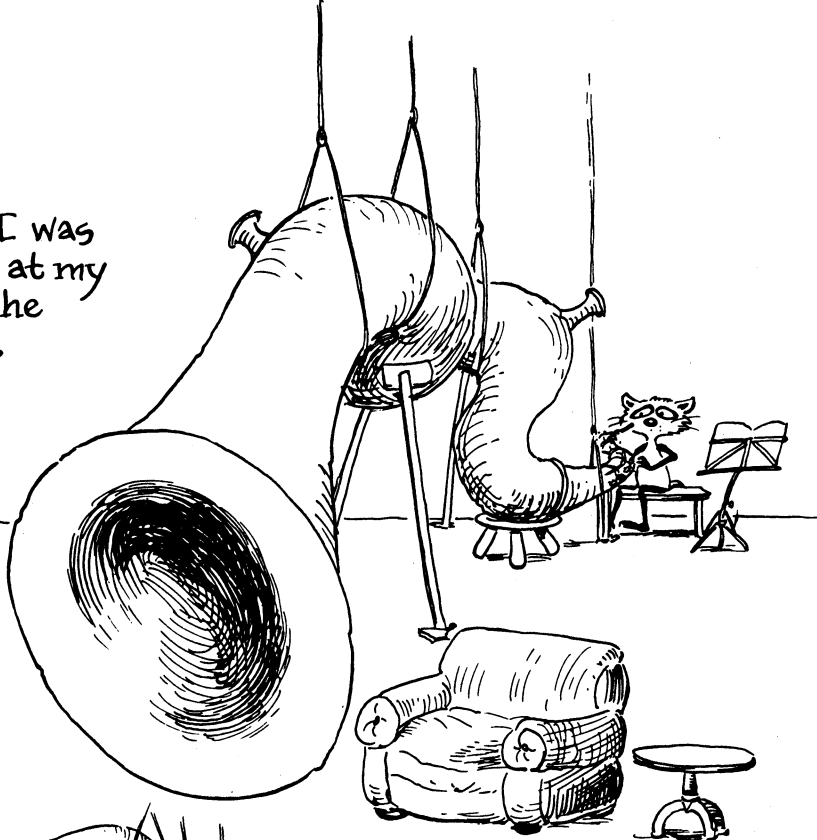
All I could think of was that I'd get the grisly business over with so I could go out and play.

At long last, I was free.
I could go and play with my
friend Clarence. But one day
that I'll never forget, I had
a surprise. *♩*



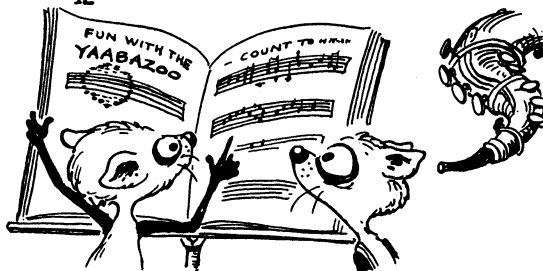
A yaabazoo! I thought:
"now that sounds inter-
esting!" I'd never heard
of a yaabazoo. Everyone
takes piano lessons. But
yaabazoo lessons! How
exotic! Since I was so
interested, his mother
let me come in and
watch.

I must admit, I was a little shocked at my first sight of the yaabazoo.

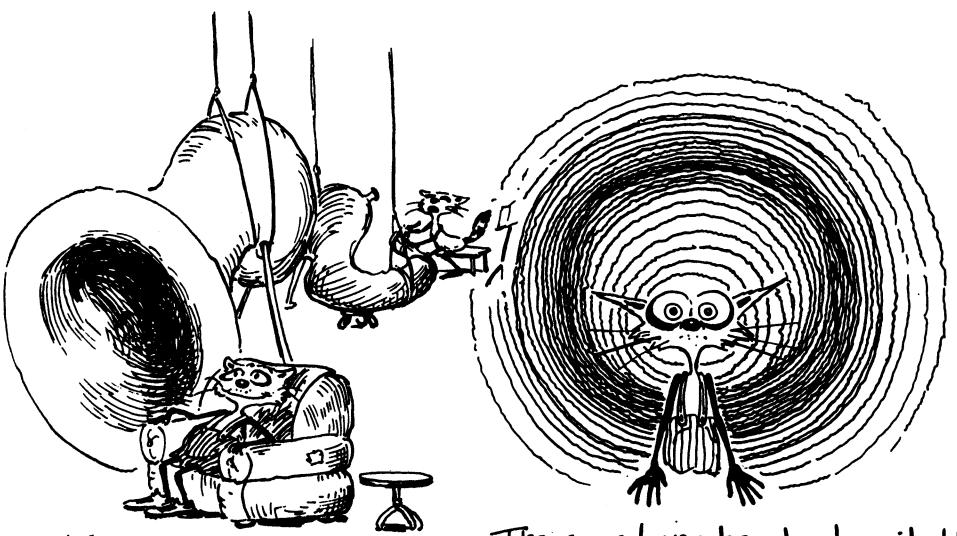


Clarence was glad to have company, and explained the instrument. It was an extremely rare horn played like a saxophone with pedals.

The timing was somewhat difficult. Sometimes it switched from $18\frac{3}{8}$ time to $16\frac{5}{12}$ time in the middle of a measure

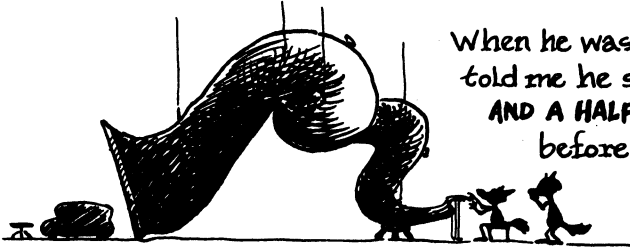


I said to Clarence that I didn't know if it would fit into the school band and wondered what kind of career he could have with it. Clarence did admit that the instrument was only used in the funerals of the ancient Babacoonians.



He agreed, however, to give me a demonstration; so I settled back to listen.

The sound was barely describable and entirely appropriate for a burial.



When he was finished, Clarence told me he still had another **HOURL AND A HALF** of scales to practice before he could begin the dirges.

I left Clarence, who looked a little sad at his task, and headed home thinking.



My outlook was changed. Even my piano looked friendlier.

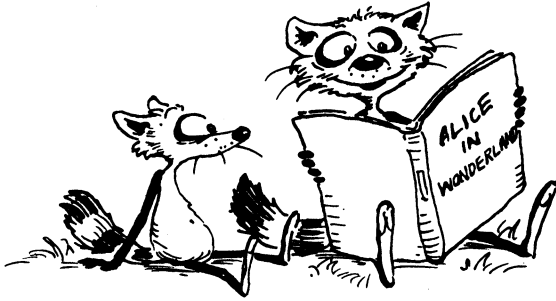


From then on, I practiced faithfully every day and became an excellent pianist.

END

RACCOONS in Literature

"RACCOONS HAVE BEEN THE SUBJECT OF MANY FAMOUS WORKS OF LITERATURE. THE STORY OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND IS A GOOD EXAMPLE."



"ALICE WAS GROWING VERY TIRED OF READING HER BOOK AND JUST AS HER EYES WERE BEGINNING TO CLOSE, SHE SAW A RACCOON HURRY BY CARRYING A WATCH AND TALKING TO HIMSELF."

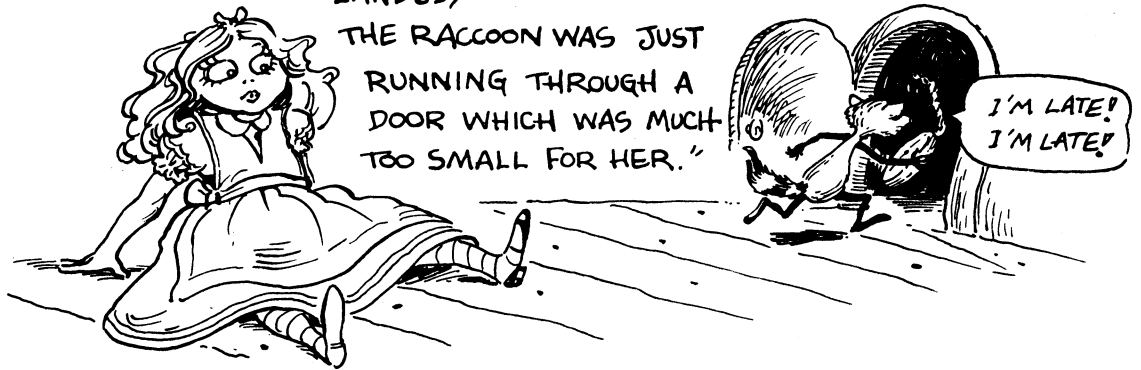
I'M LATE!
I'M LATE!

"SHE THOUGHT THAT WAS VERY CURIOUS INDEED SO SHE FOLLOWED THE RACCOON UNTIL HE DISAPPEARED INTO A DARK HOLE."

"IN ANOTHER MOMENT, ALICE
WENT DOWN AFTER IT. SHE
FELL DOWN, DOWN INTO WHAT
SEEMED LIKE A VERY DEEP
WELL."



"WHEN SHE
LANDED,
THE RACCOON WAS JUST
RUNNING THROUGH A
DOOR WHICH WAS MUCH
TOO SMALL FOR HER."

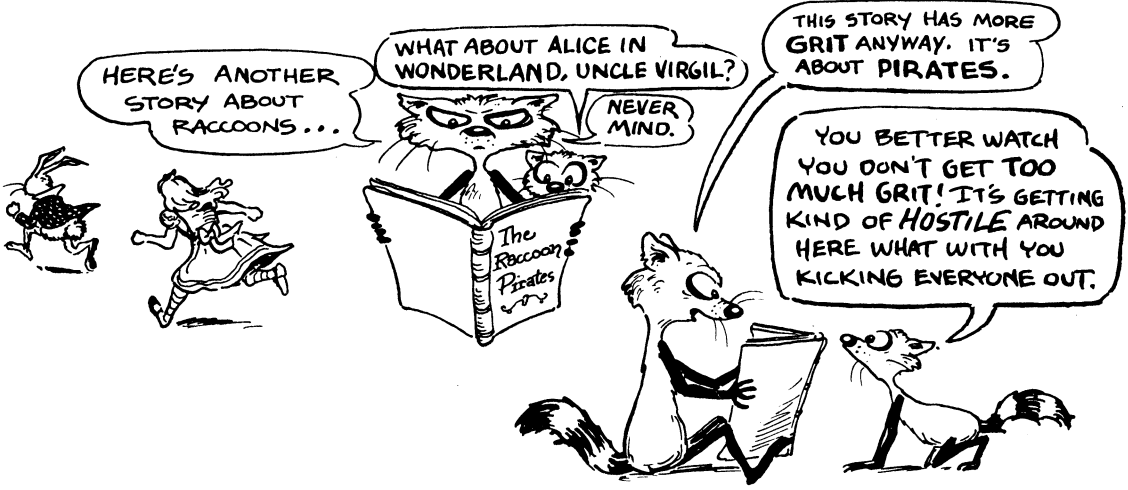
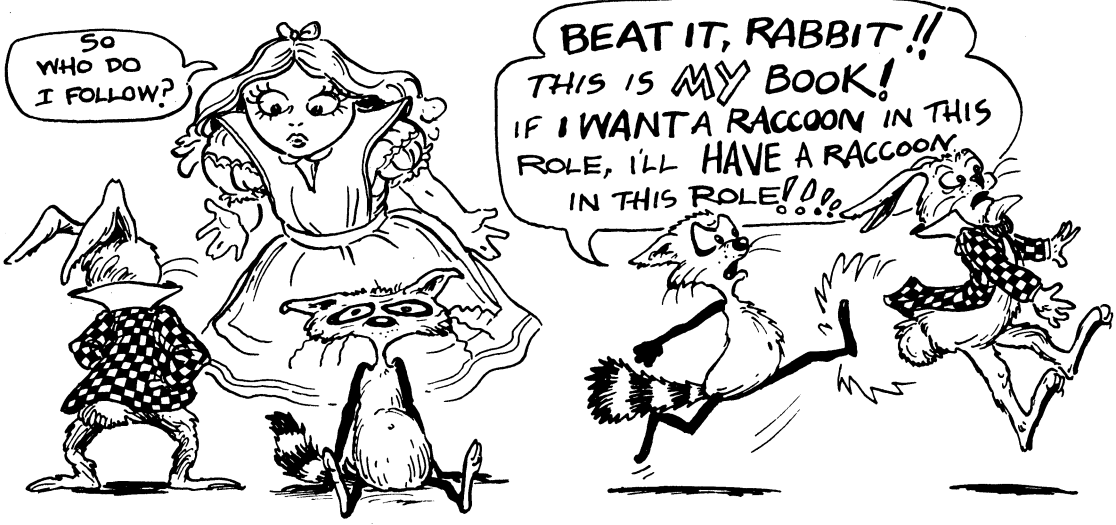


HOLD IT RACCOON!!
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO
PULL HERE? WHAT KIND
OF VERSION IS THIS?



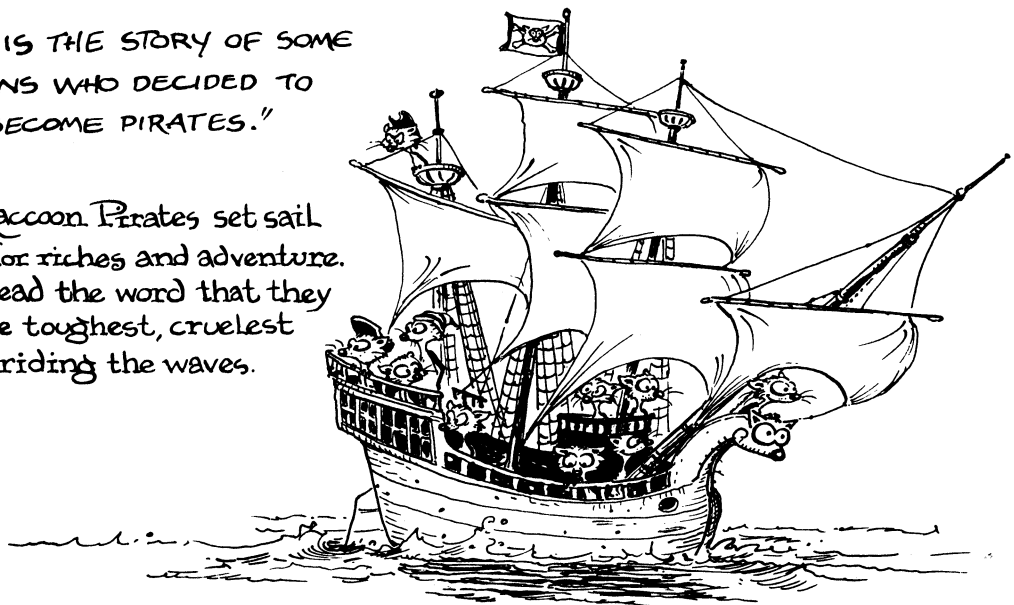
RACCOON NOTHING!!
THIS CHARACTER IS A **RABBIT!**
IT'S **ALWAYS** BEEN A **RABBIT!**
GO READ THE **BOOK!**





"THIS IS THE STORY OF SOME RACCOONS WHO DECIDED TO BECOME PIRATES."

The Raccoon Pirates set sail looking for riches and adventure. They spread the word that they were the toughest, cruelest pirates riding the waves.



They accosted all sailing vessels that they met and demanded their valuables.

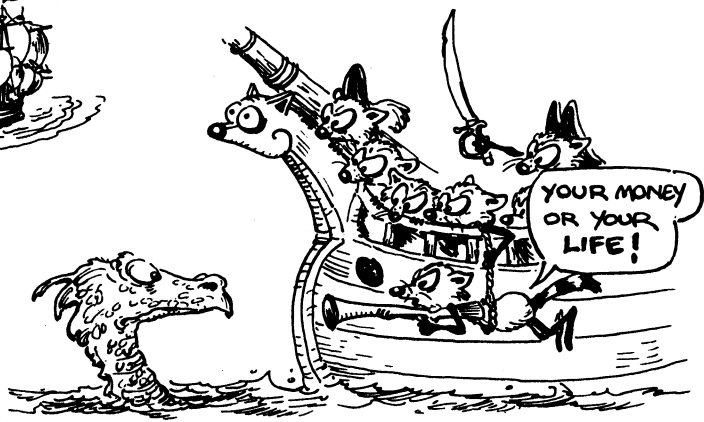
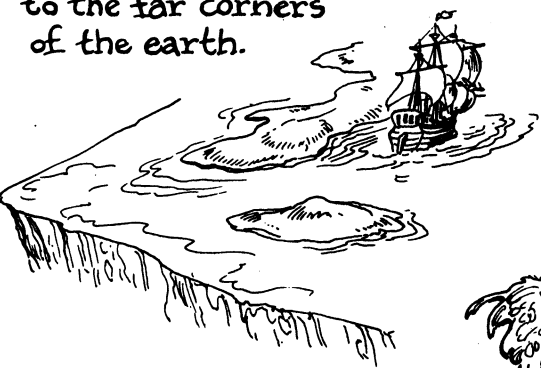


WE HAVE NO MONEY, WE'RE STARVING, AND WE'VE BEEN LOST AT SEA FOR THREE DAYS!

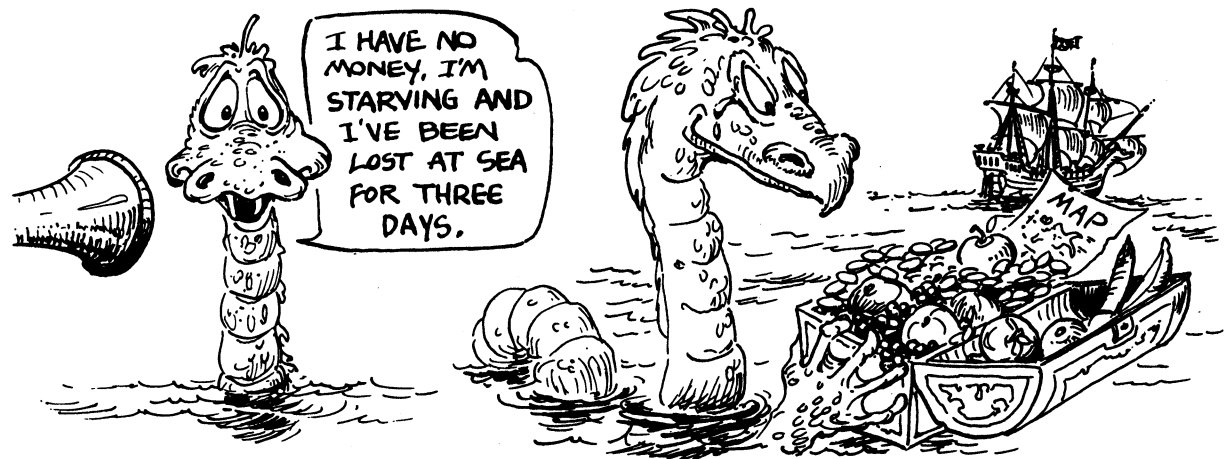


Being soft hearted raccoons, however, the pirates did not always take full advantage of their victims.

The raccoon's adventures took them to the far corners of the earth.



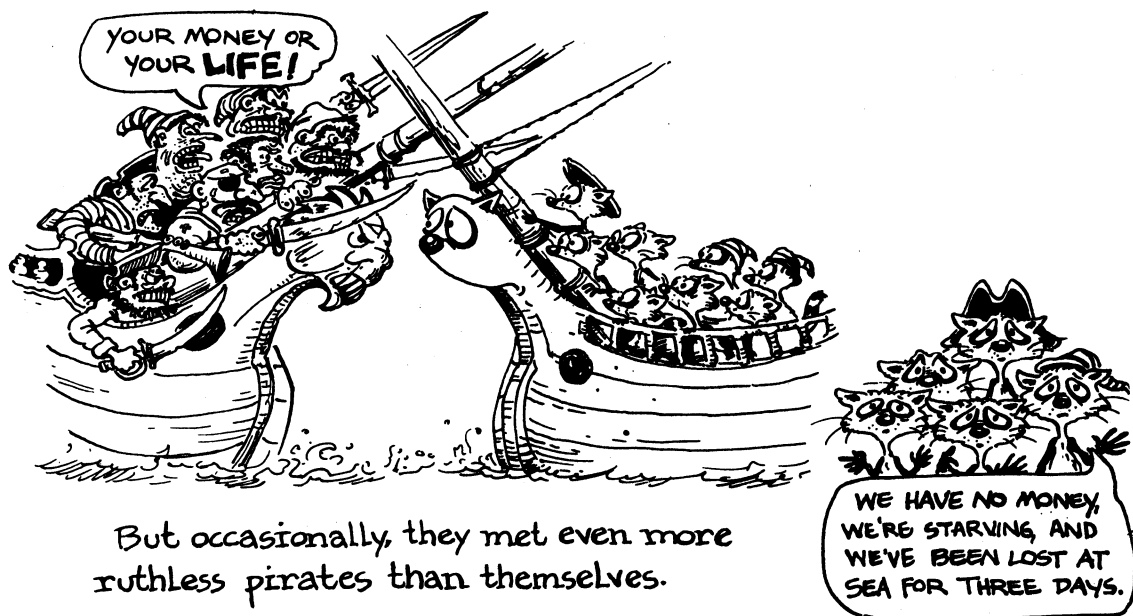
They met many strange creatures.



Always a sucker for a hard luck story, the pirates were beginning to soil their terrifying reputation.



Sometimes they even made friends.



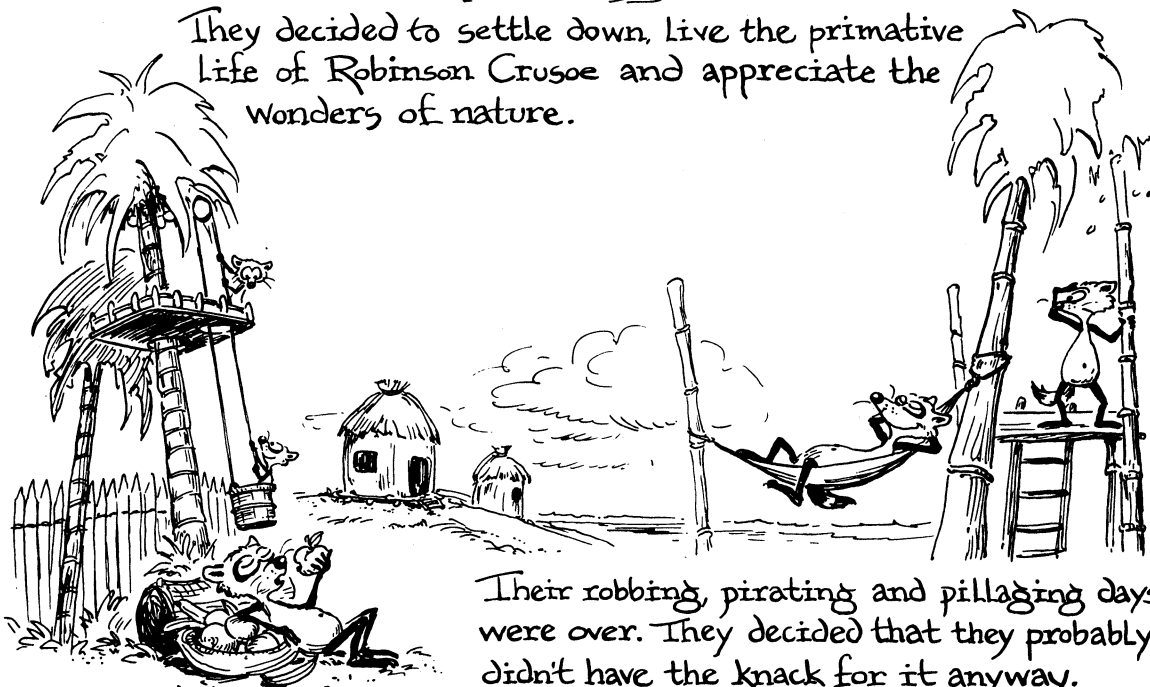
But occasionally, they met even more ruthless pirates than themselves.



All was not lost, however. The raccoons and their friend reached the safety of an uncharted tropical island.



They decided to settle down, live the primitive life of Robinson Crusoe and appreciate the wonders of nature.



Their robbing, pirating and pillaging days were over. They decided that they probably didn't have the knack for it anyway. They would live in peace from then on.

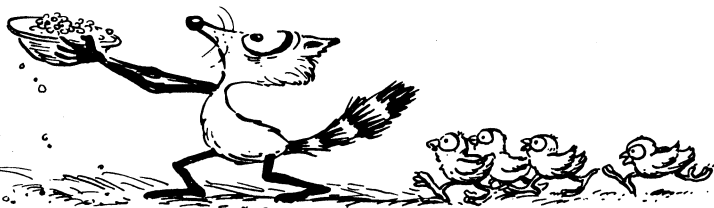


But the raccoons couldn't get piracy out of their blood, and, now that they were beginning to get the hang of it, they hoped to be more successful.

RACCOONS AND THEIR PETS...



RACCOONS ARE VERY CONSCIENTIOUS PET OWNERS. THEY FEEL VERY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LITTLE CREATURES THAT ARE DEPENDENT ON THEM.



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THE LEGEND OF MANGY

LISTEN, MANGY. IT'S A STORY JUST ABOUT YOU.



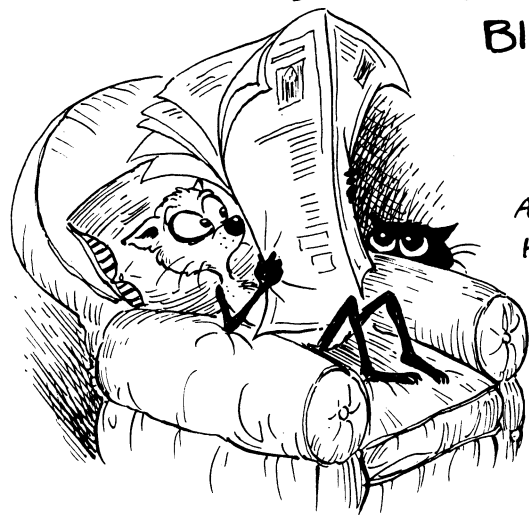
WHEN I FIRST FOUND MANGY, SHE WAS A STARVING LITTLE THING WITH NOT A SOUL TO LOVE HER. I GAVE HER FOOD AND SHELTER AND SHE WAS VERY APPRECIATIVE.



SHE SLOWLY GREW STRONGER AND HEALTHIER.



THE ONLY THING WRONG WITH POOR LITTLE MANGY WAS THAT SHE NEVER GOT ENOUGH FOOD. SHE WOULD LOOK AT ME WITH HER BIG EYES UNTIL I GAVE HER MORE.

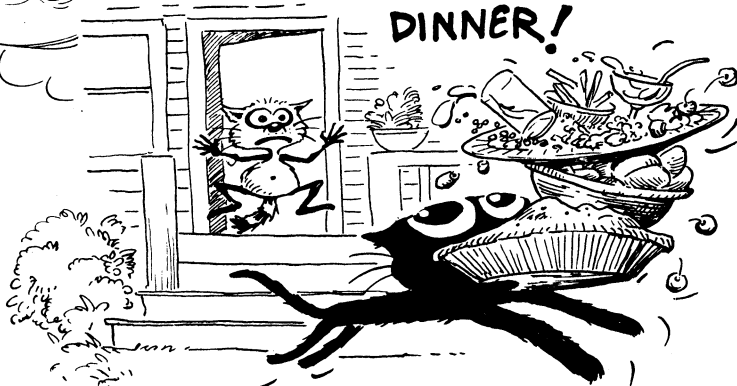


SHE WAS EATING ME OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME. I HAD TO LEARN TO IGNORE HER PLAINTIVE LOOK.



I DID, BUT SHE TOOK TO STEALING FOOD.

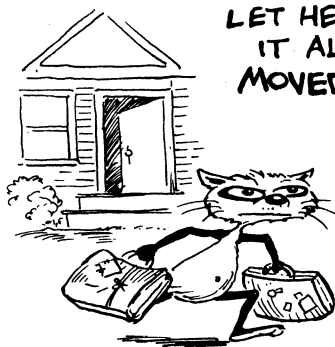
FINALLY, THE LAST STRAW STRUCK!
MANGY STOLE THE WHOLE
THANKSGIVING DINNER!



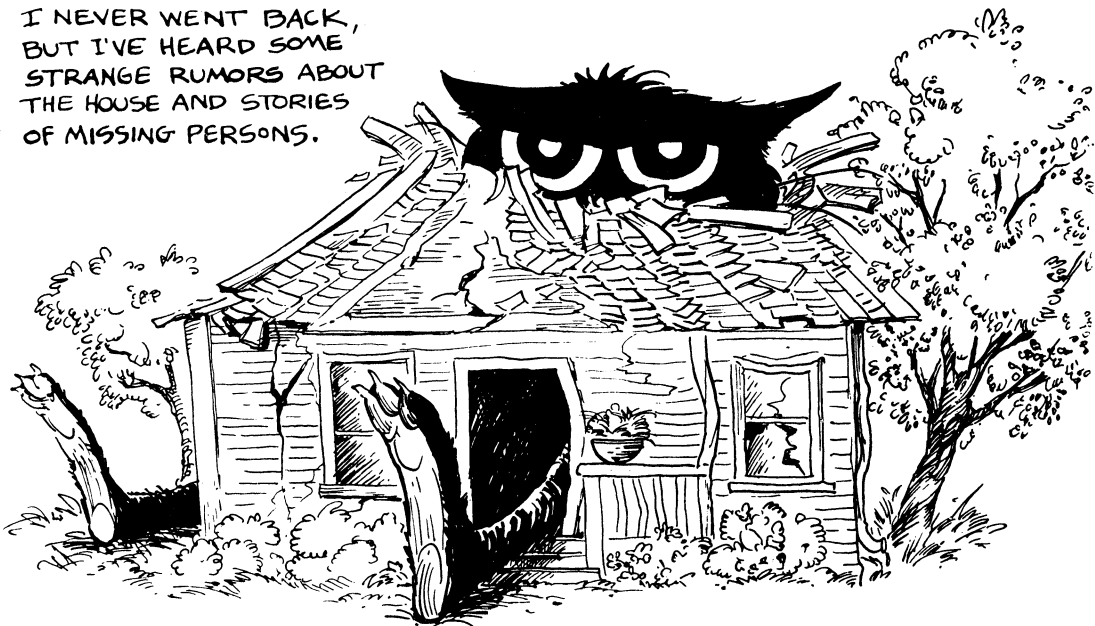
AS I ATE MY THANKSGIVING CEREAL, I
THOUGHT IT OVER. I SHOULD BE THANKFUL
FOR THE COMPANY OF MY LITTLE PET—
SO DEPENDENT ON ME... HOW COULD
I BE SO UNGRATEFUL AS TO BE
FURIOUS THAT SHE STILL KEPT
BEGGING FOR
MORE FOOD!



THE SITUATION WAS
HOPELESS!
I THREW OPEN THE
REFRIGERATOR DOOR,
LET HER HAVE
IT ALL, AND
MOVED OUT!



I NEVER WENT BACK,
BUT I'VE HEARD SOME
STRANGE RUMORS ABOUT
THE HOUSE AND STORIES
OF MISSING PERSONS.



I DON'T **LIKE** THAT
STORY, UNCLE VIRGIL.
IT'S NOT **TRUE!**
MANGY NEVER DID
THAT!

IT'S POETIC
LICENSE, KID.

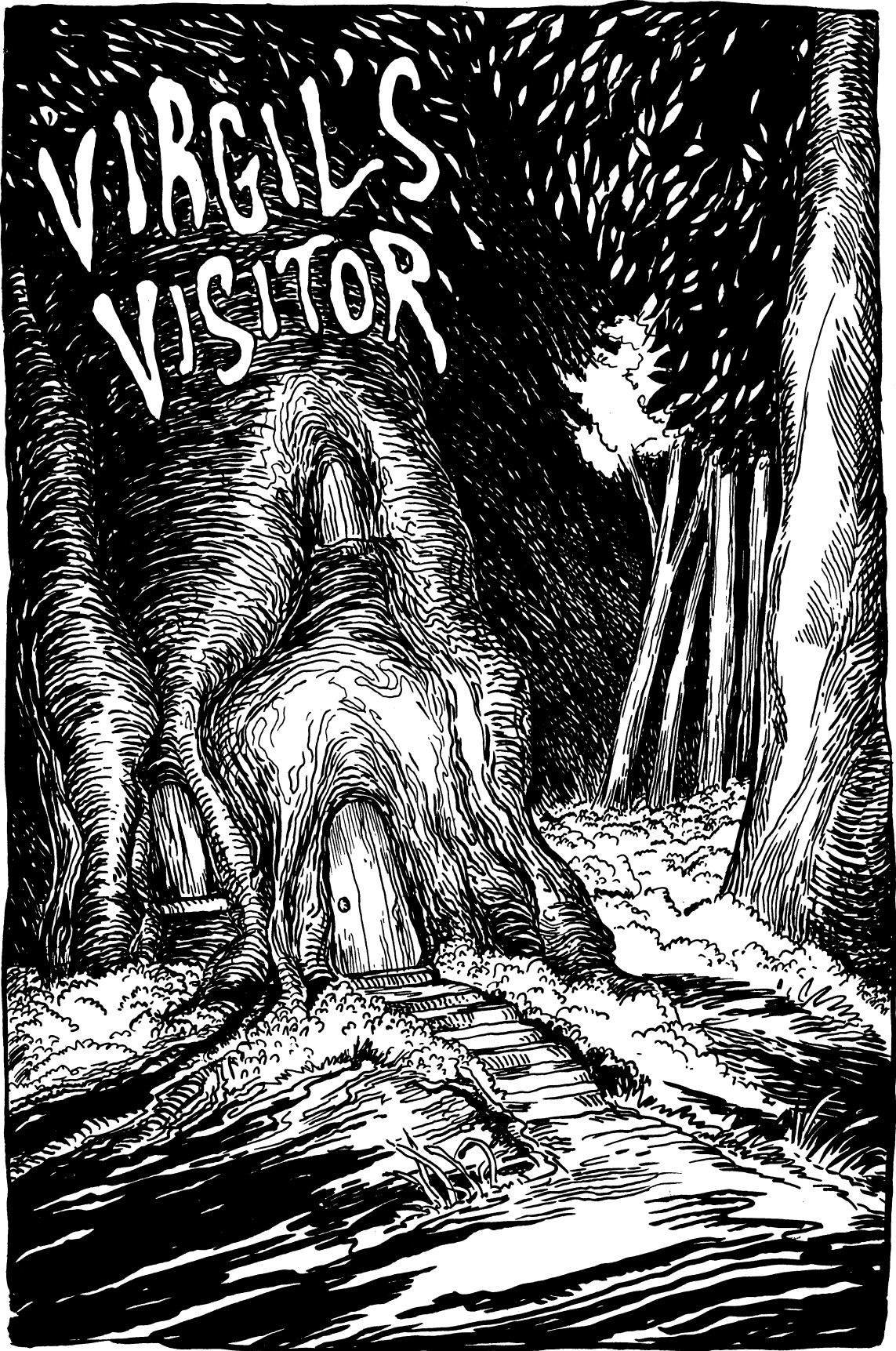


I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T
WANT ANY **CATS** IN
YOUR BOOK! HOW COME
THAT ONE GETS TO STAY?

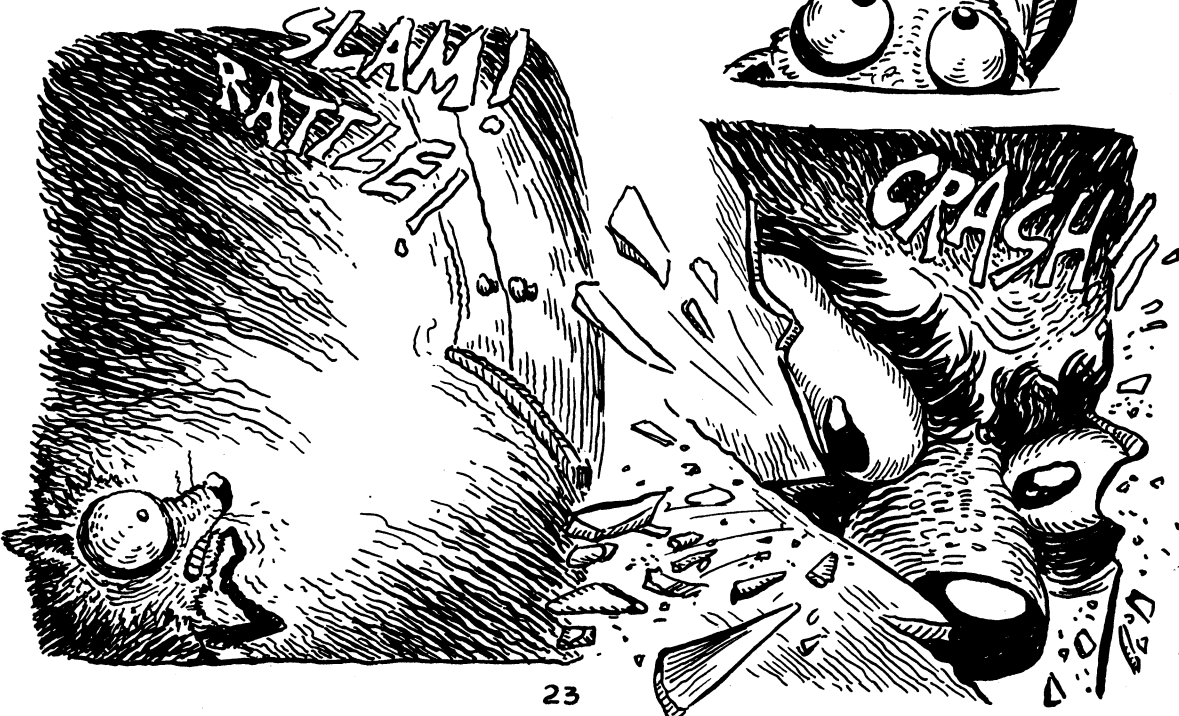
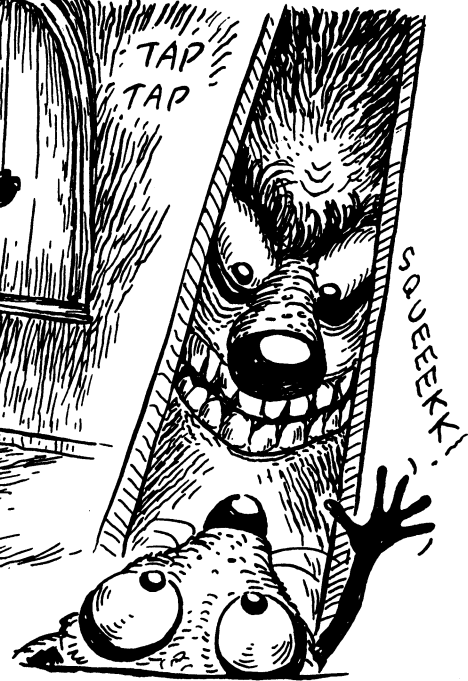
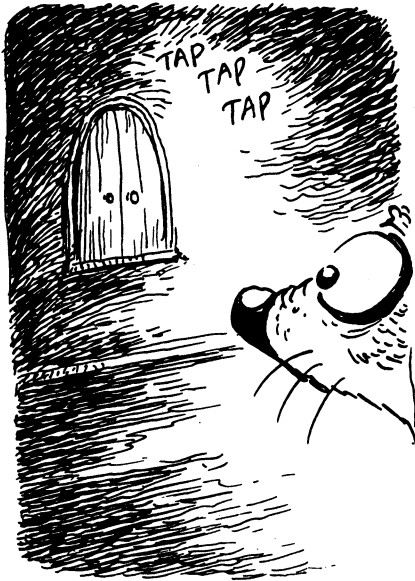
SHE KEEPS
HER MOUTH
SHUT.

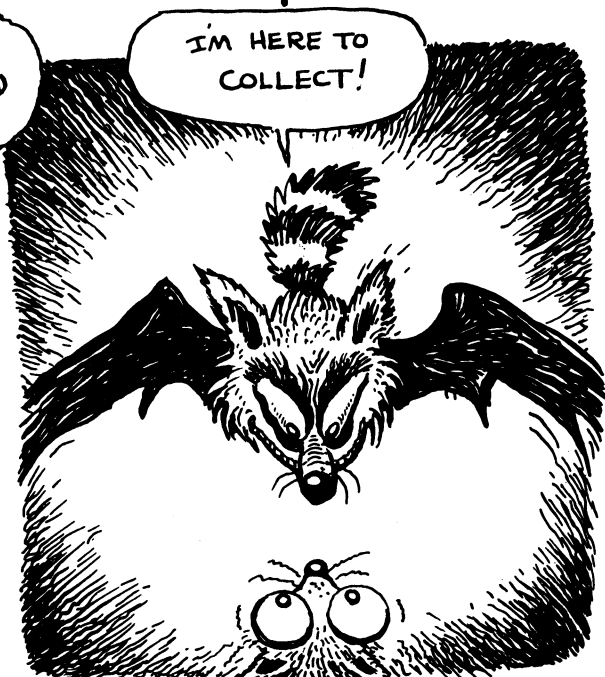
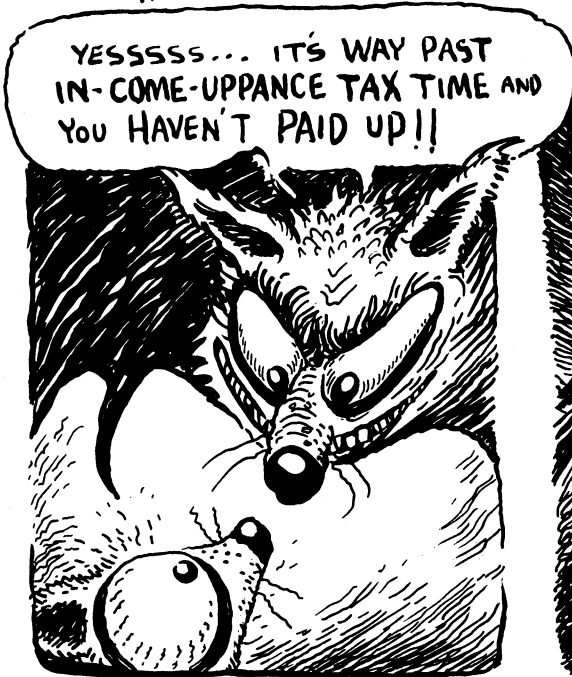
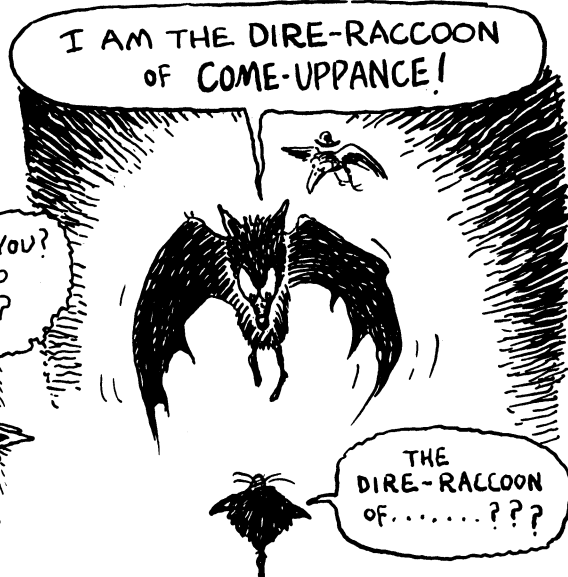
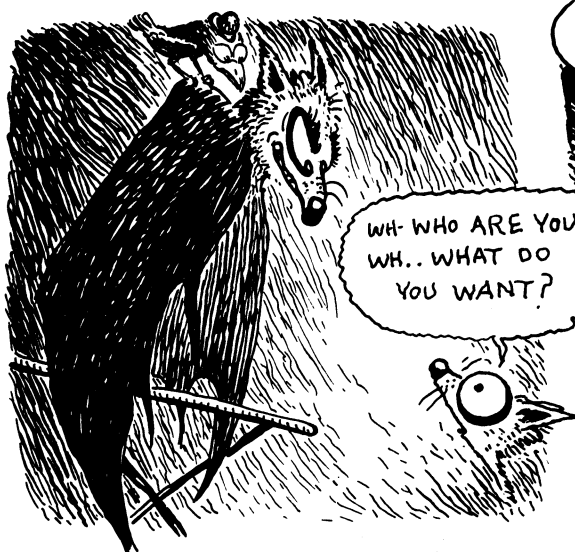
RACKETTY ANN



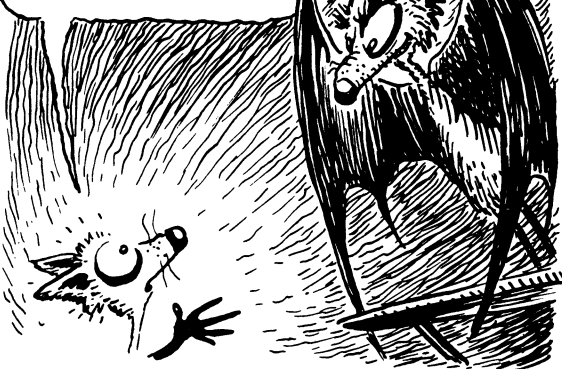


ONE DARK NIGHT...





B.. BUT... BUT.....
I NEVER HEARD OF
IN-COME-UPPANCE TAX..
I DIDN'T KNOW..



DIDN'T KNOW?!!

DID YOU THINK
YOU COULD GET
AWAY WITH
EVERYTHING?
YOU'VE SINNED
HAVEN'T YOU?



SINNED?

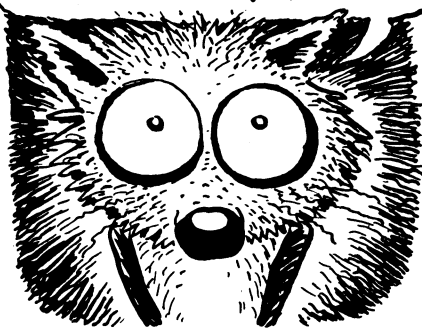
YESSSSS...



... AND YOU HAVEN'T PAID
YOUR GSSSSINCOME TAX!!!



BUT... BUT... SINGOME TAX..
I NEVER HEARD... WHEN DID
THEY..? HOW COULD... I
HAVEN'T SINNED....



HAVEN'T SINNED!!?!
VIRGIL, YOU JEST!!

I HAVE A LIST
OF
YOUR
INDISCRETIONS...



A LIST?... BUT WHERE... HOW...?

YOU DIDN'T THINK
YOU COULD
GET AWAY
WITH ANYTHING
DID YOU,
VIRGILL?

HERE!... WE HAVE... BORROWING
THINGS FROM UNCLE ERF AND NOT
RETURNING THEM.... HOARDING
PARSNIPS.... FIGHTING WITH
COUSIN ODDFUZZ ON APRIL 3RD...
...FIGHTING WITH COUSIN ODDFUZZ
ON APRIL 8TH... FIGHTING WITH
COUSIN ODDFUZZ ON.... IN FACT,
YOU'RE ALWAYS FIGHTING WITH
ODDFUZZ!!... AND HERE!
YOU STOLE 22 COOKIES
FROM MYRLIE IN
MAYYY...

COOKIES!?...
THERE CAN'T BE
A TAX ON
STEALING COOKIES!
WHO WOULD
COLLECT TAXES
ON STEALING
COOKIES?

THE
DI-R-ESSSSS!

HASN'T THE DIRE-WOLF EVER
KNOCKED ON YOUR WINDOW?

NO...

HE'S
BEEN
BUSY.

THE DI-R-ESSS KEEPS TRACK OF
EVERYTHING THAT YOU DOOO...
YOU MUST PAYYY....

PAY FOR STEALING THE COOKIES?...
..BUT I DID PAY FOR THAT! SHE
THREATENED ME WITH HER COOKIE
CUTTER AND CUT HOLES IN MY
DOORMAT!

THERE'SSS
MORE... ON
MAY 12TH,
YOU HAD A
TANTRUMMM..

..ON MAY 18, YOU HAD A TANTRUM...
..ON MAY 20, YOU HAD ANOTHER
TANTRUM AND CHOPPED DOWN
COUSIN ODDFUZZ'S
TREE HOUSE!

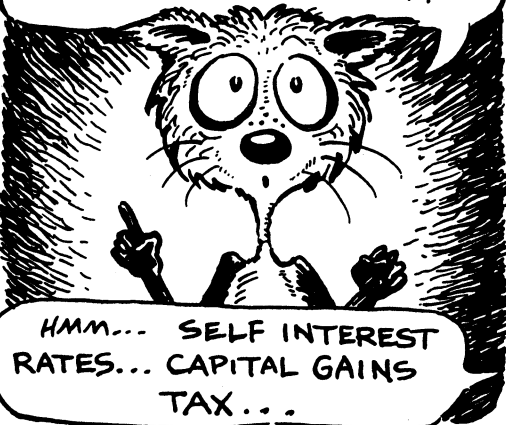
NOW WAIDAMINIT!!
I DID NOT CUT DOWN ODDFUZZ'S
TREE HOUSE! HE TRIPPED ON THE
POWER CORD WHEN I WAS
CHASING HIM WITH THE
CHAIN SAW AND IT WENT
THROUGH THE BATHROOM
WALL BEFORE I
COULD STOP IT!

I'M SORRY, BUT
THERE ARE NO
DEDUCTIONS FOR
ACCIDENTS.

SOOO... NOWW...
WHAT GOOD HAVE YOU DONE?!



I'VE ACCUMULATED YEARS OF
TRUST AND RESPECT AND
LOVE IN MY COMMUNITY!



HMM... SELF INTEREST
RATES... CAPITAL GAINS
TAX...

ON MAY 29, YOU HAD STILL
ANOTHER TANTRUM AND...
..MY, MY, YOU DOOO HAVE A
LOT OF TANTRUMMMS...



GOOD?...
I.. AH.. I'M.. I'M A GOOD..
... I'M A GOOD HEARTED...
FAIR MINDED RACCOON...



ANY
RECEIPTS
FOR THAT?

I TREAT MY FELLOW RACCOONS
WITH KINDNESS AND GOOD
WILL! WHY, I'D GIVE THEM THE
SHIRT OFF MY BACK!



THERE'RE NO DEDUCTIONS FOR THE
GOOD WILL EITHER...

ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT I AM **NOT** A TRUE NOBLE-HEARTED RACCOON.... OF DEEPEST INTEGRITY??!!

WHY YOU SANCTIMONIOUS BAT WINGED BABOON!!!
HOW DARE YOU!!

THE RETURNS DO NOT LIE....
AT LEAST, THEY'D BETTER NOT...

NOW, NOW...
TEMPER...
TEMPER...

I AM AS FRIENDLY,
LOVING, CARING,
AND GENEROUS A
RACCOON AS YOU'LL
EVER MEET!!

MY, MY!! QUIET
LITTLE THING, AREN'T
YOU, VIRGIL... BARELY
AUDITABLE, SO TO SPEAK!
HEE, HEE... HEE...

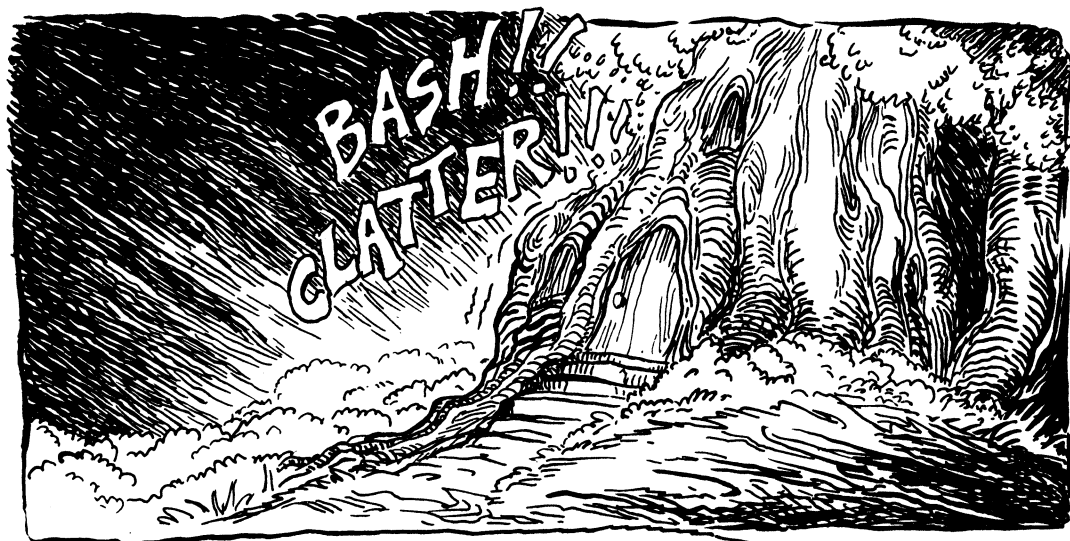
YOU WOULDN'T KNOW A GOOD-
HEARTED, HONEST RACCOON
IF IT GRABBED YOU
BY THE
THROAT!

I HAVE AN INDISPUTABLE
REPUTATION OF BEING...

VIRGIL! NO!!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY
WITH IT!!

THE SALT OF THE EARTH!!

AAAACCKK!



BASH!!
CLATTER!!

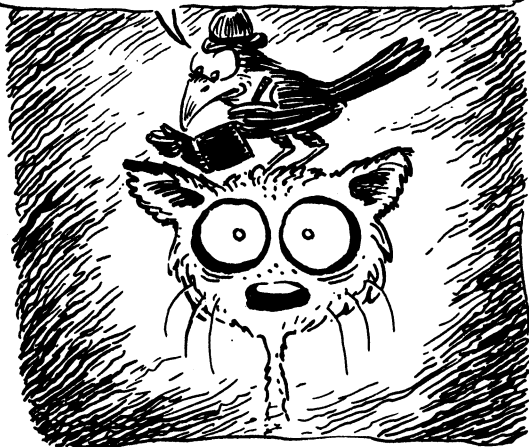
VIRGIL! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU
JUST DID!?!



YOU SQUASHED THE
DIRE-RACCOON OF
COME-UPPANCE!!!

TOO BAD, NOW THEY'LL SEND THE
DIRE-DRAGON OF DELINQUENCY
LIKE THEY DID TO COUSIN ODDFUZZ.

YESSSS...



Don't search high and low for your favorite MU titles...

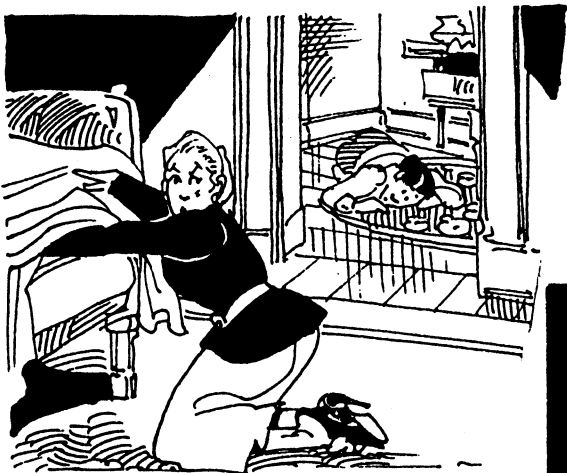
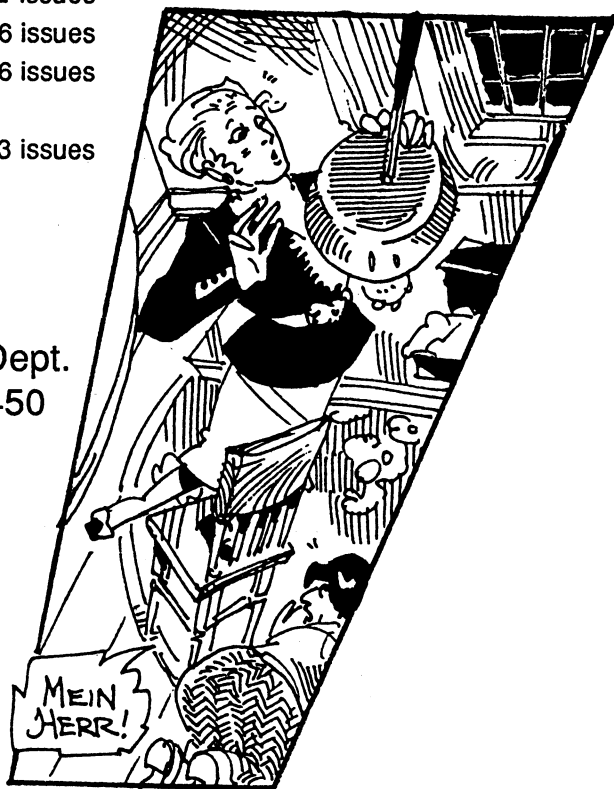
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Remember the long, dark nights that you spent huddled under the covers, reading your CRITTURS by candlelight, trying to hold back the shrieks of pleasure and desperately hoping that no one would discover you and your secret shame...

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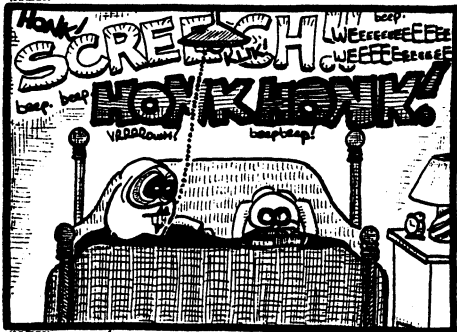
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CRITTURS™



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Within these hallowed pages, you will witness the **gut-bursting, spleen-twisting, colon-clenching** humor that has kept the name "CRITTURS" from becoming a household word. Spasms of joy will compress your spine as you see;



PAUL & LYSSA...
IN BED...
TOGETHER...
AT THE **SAMETIME!!**



CAPTAIN PARADOX...
ROCKETING THROUGH THE COSMOS
ON A HUMANITARIAN MISSION TO
DELIVER LIFE-GIVING MEDICINE
TO A PLANET INHABITED BY NUANS,
ORPHANS AND CRIPPLED BASH DUCKS!



RANDY...
HIT THE WALL
REAL HARD!



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wild kingdom



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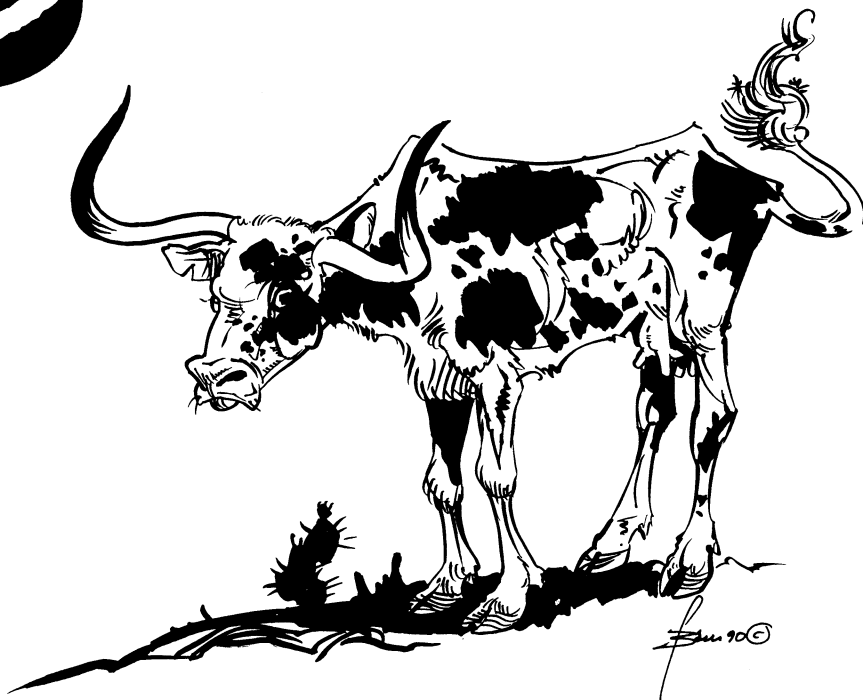
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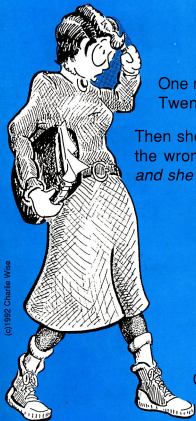
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One minute she's an insecure
Twentieth Century office worker.

Then she steps through
the wrong door...
and she's a Sixteenth Century pirate



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WE'RE PIRATES.

AND I'M OUR PIRATE
CAPTAIN.

OF COURSE. BELLY ME.

OH...CAPTAIN?
I CAN'T DO
CAPTAIN?

Could Lyssa be
losing her mind?

Find out in September, in

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BLUE MOON



ALONG
WITH,
IT
SEEMS,
ALL MY
TASTE
IN
CLOTHING.

