

ISSUE
2
2022

PANTSSTOWN

PSSST. IT'S
ME DENIM



INTRODUCING
NANTUCKET RED

It's been a busy few days for DENIM. His best friend BULLET BELT has been arrested for a murder. All evidence points towards guilty, as DENIM races around to make bail money.



Arriving to manage PANTSTOWN RECORDS, DENIM notices an overly designed sign taped to the shop window.



Hey Denim!

What the fuck is this shit?"

It's the help wanted sign you said I could design.

Dude I meant just write 'HELP WANTED' with a sharpie.

FREE BULLET

That's not really what I DO as a designer.

No one can read this VINTAGE BROWN.

What you're requesting is a complete stylistic pivot and it feels like micro managing.

Yeah, I'm the manager. We need to hire someone while BULLET BELT is in jail.

Is this all the money we've raised to FREE BULLET?

FREE BULLET



And when we told them about our VENMO they said they just don't like BULLET BELT so no.

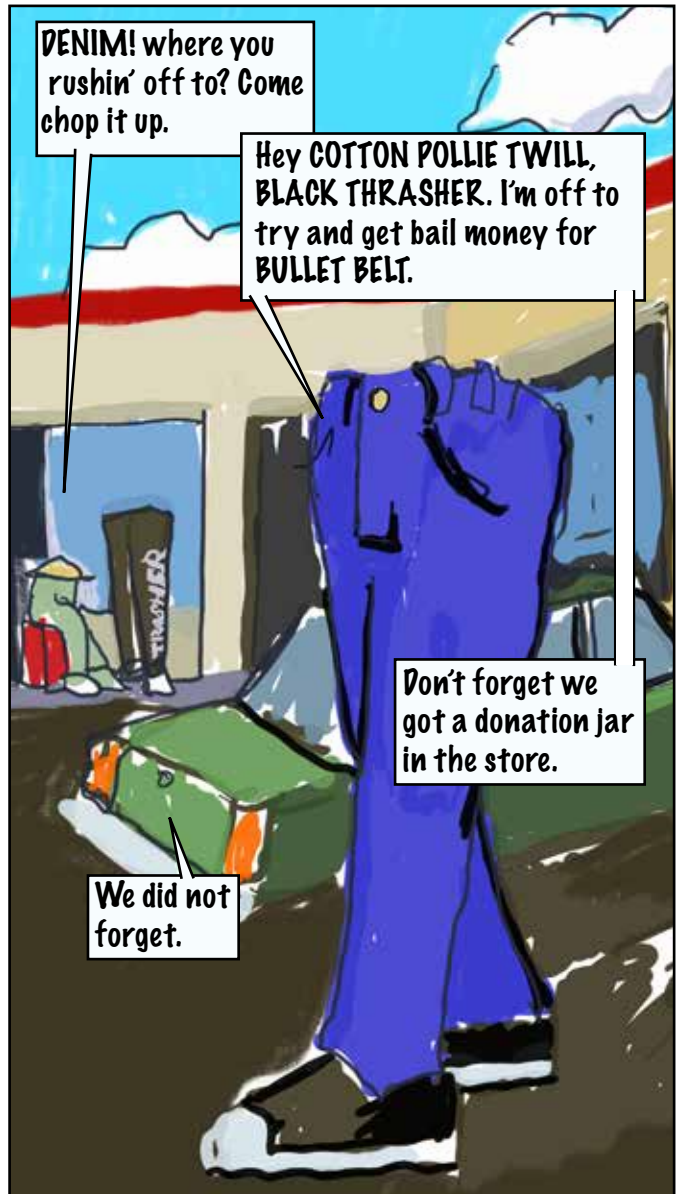
PANTS don't really carry cash these days.

I got to get him out. He's not stitched for prison.



I think I got an idea. See you two later.

Even if you don't use the sign option I'm still going to need invoice for supplies.



DENIM! where you rushin' off to? Come chop it up.

Hey COTTON POLLIE TWILL, BLACK THRASHER. I'm off to try and get bail money for BULLET BELT.

Don't forget we got a donation jar in the store.

We did not forget.



We better off with that boy in jail.



You ain't lyin' about that.

Up in the exclusive SLACKINGTON HEIGHTS, BOOTCUT pumps iron with his henchmen WORKOUT PANTS 1 and WORKOUT PANTS 2.

ffffff 4!

Of course the last two counted.

Mmmmm.
mmmm mm.

Now hand me that towel.

Time to try that new smoothie joint in TROUSER BAY.

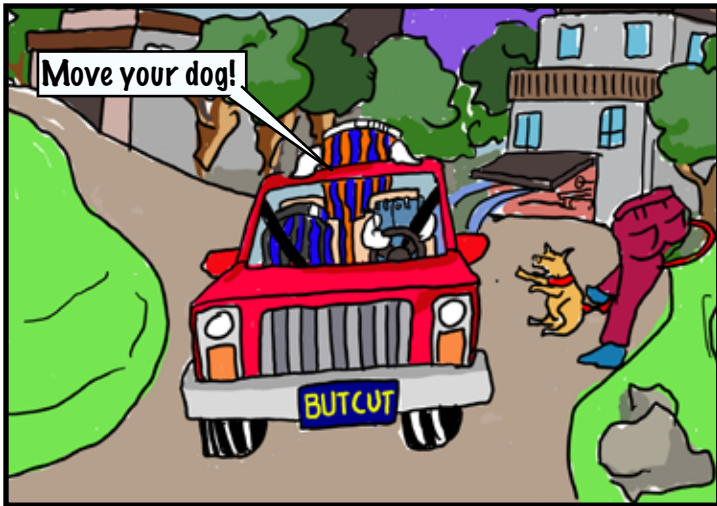
Put the weights away later WORKOUT 1.

I can't spend all day getting yoked.

I need to meet with my uncle MAYOR McPLEETS at noon.

Mmm. Mmmmm.

Yes another top secret mission but don't go blabbing about it.

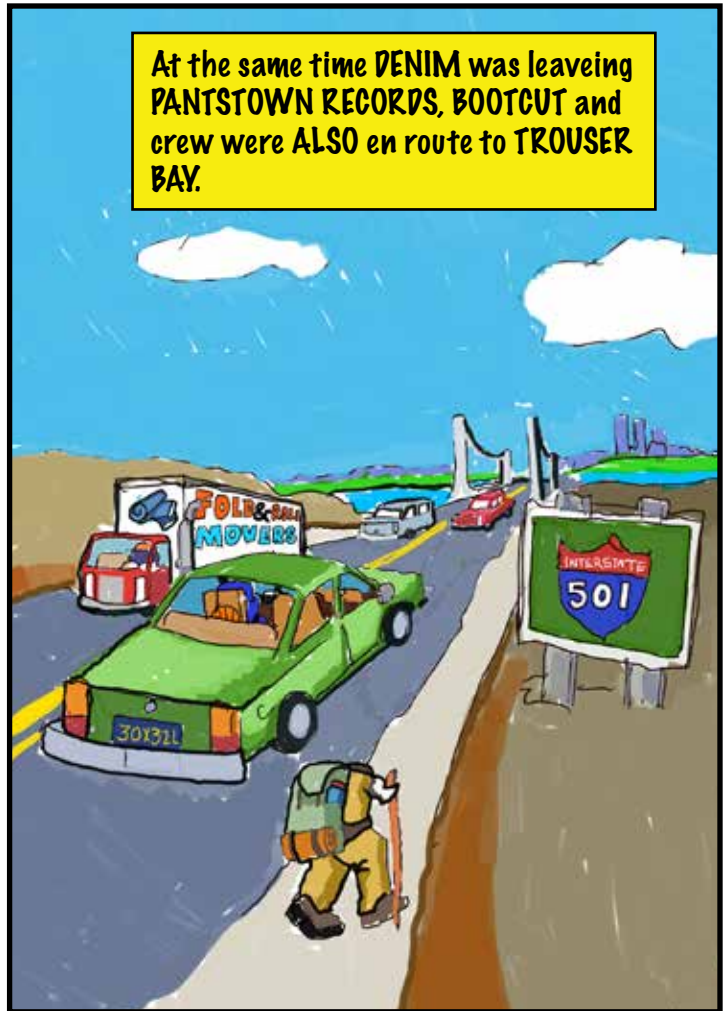


Move your dog!



They crossed paths at a stop sign just over the bridge.

Very DENIM of you to be wearing a seatbelt, NERD.



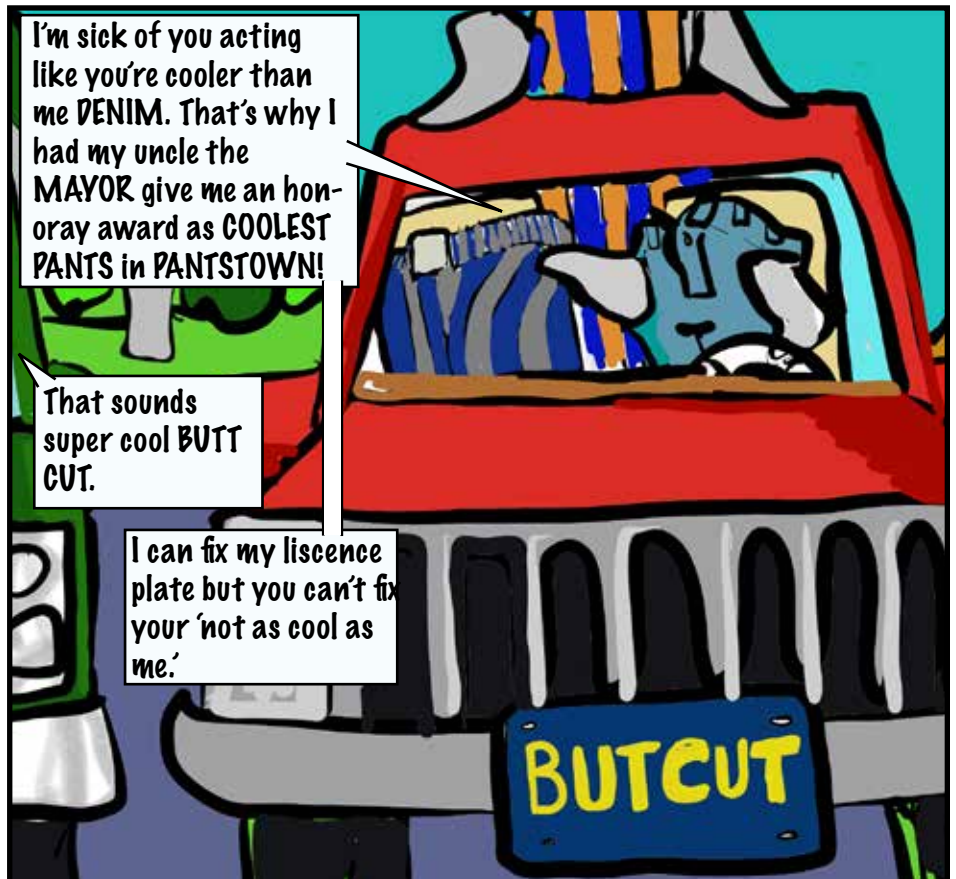
At the same time DENIM was leaving PANTSTOWN RECORDS, BOOTCUT and crew were ALSO en route to TROUSER BAY.



Oh hey 'BUTT CUTT.'

Not very funny for long DENIM.

I've already ordered new license plates.

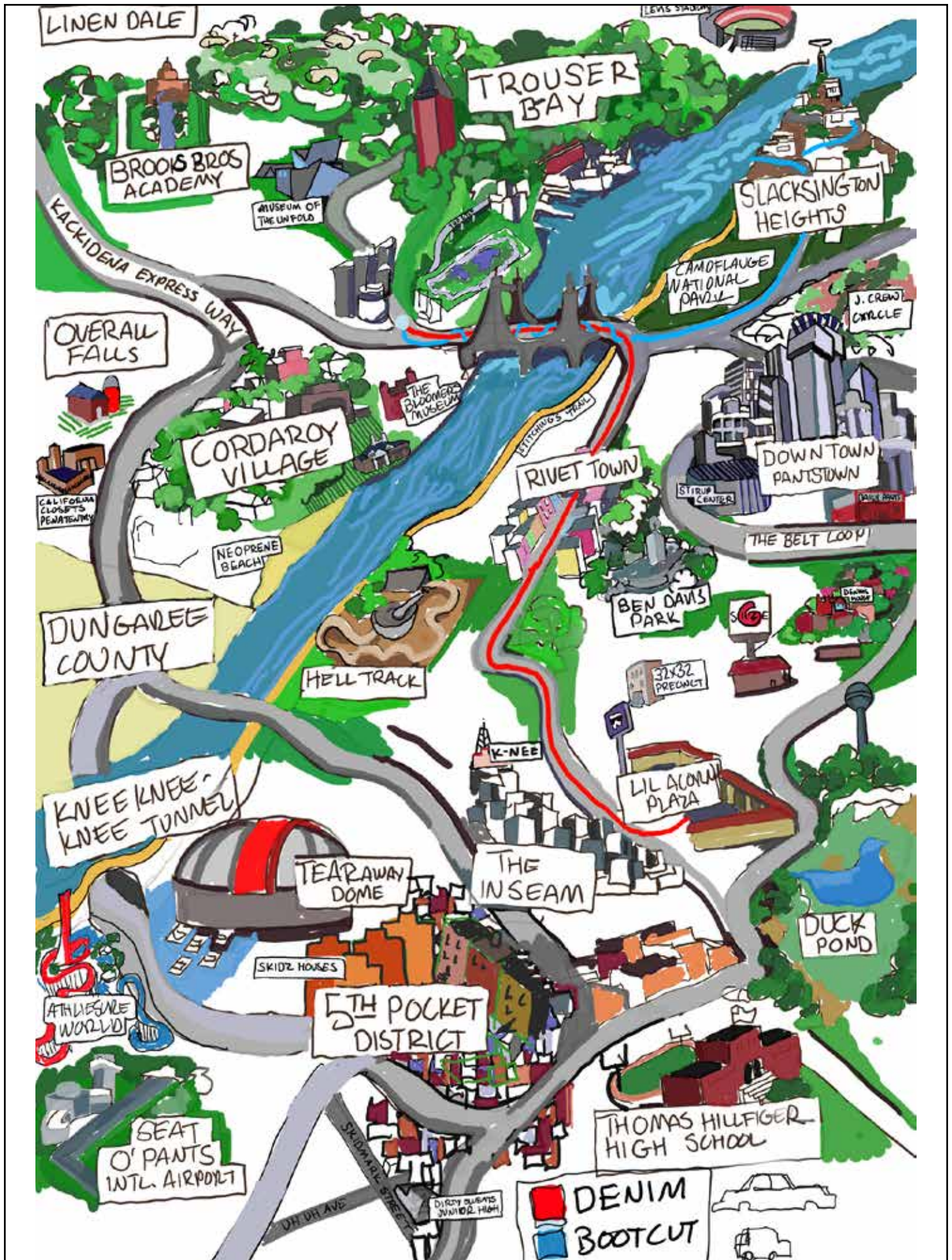


I'm sick of you acting like you're cooler than me DENIM. That's why I had my uncle the MAYOR give me an honoray award as COOLEST PANTS in PANTSTOWN!

That sounds super cool BUTT CUT.

I can fix my liscence plate but you can't fix your 'not as cool as me.'

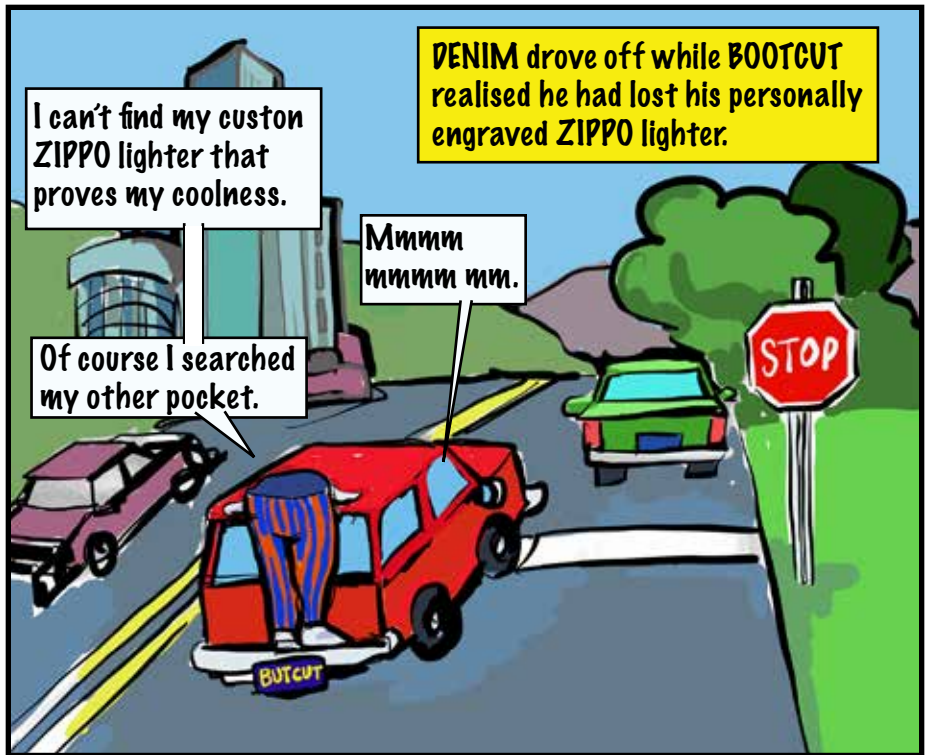
BUTCUT





This custom ZIPPO high end non-disposable lighter says it all DENIM. Read it and...

... SHIT! where is it?

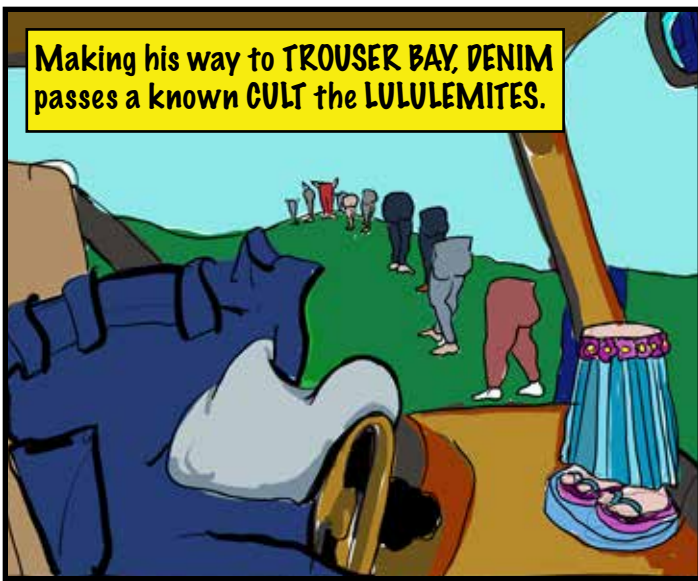


I can't find my custom ZIPPO lighter that proves my coolness.

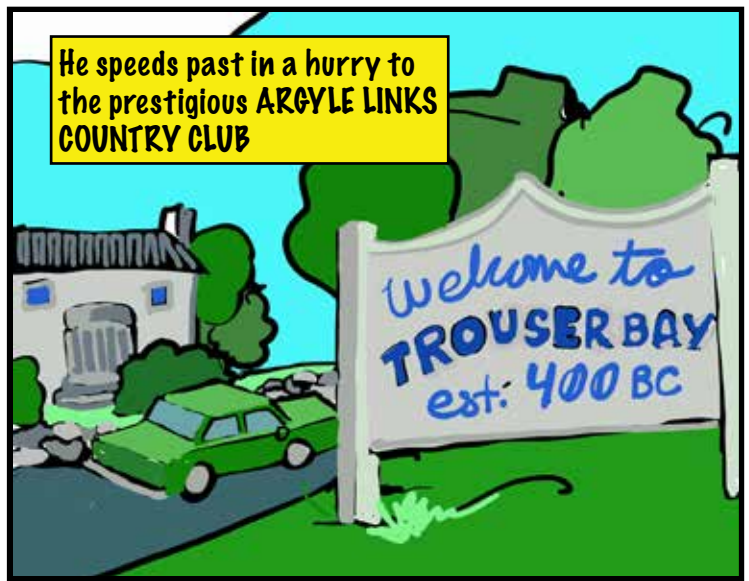
DENIM drove off while BOOTCUT realised he had lost his personally engraved ZIPPO lighter.

Mmm mmm mmm.

Of course I searched my other pocket.



Making his way to TROUSER BAY, DENIM passes a known CULT the LULULEMITES.

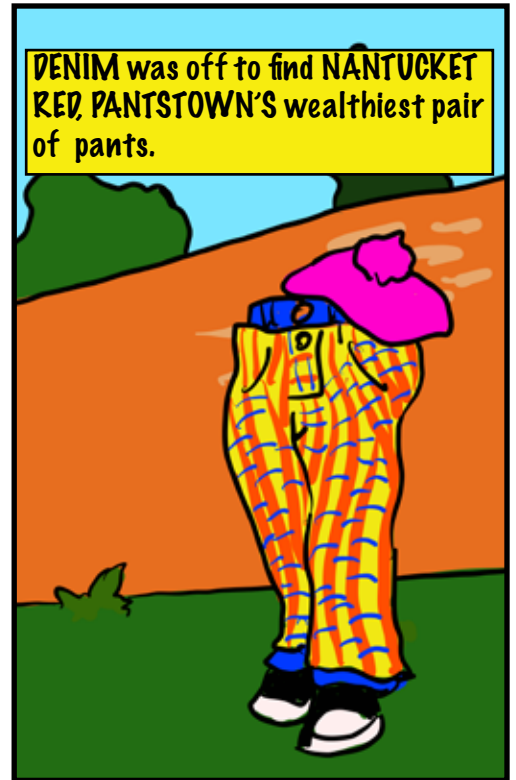


He speeds past in a hurry to the prestigious ARGYLE LINKS COUNTRY CLUB



DENIM knew ARGYLE LINKS strict guests only policy. He had also once worked as a caddie and later quit like a hero.

Luckily he had a disguise.





Whoever the hell you are, you're better off calling my lawyers

It's me, DENIM I'm in disguise.



I manage the record store in the plaza you own.

I taught you how to cheat at 3 CARD MONTE.

You said if I ever need a favor to not hesitate and ask.



I tell people to ask me for favors everyday.

I never say, 'come interrupt my golf game.'



I'm sorry, it just my best friend is in jail, and I need money to bail him out. We will pay you back!

Everyone comes to the richest pair of pants for money.



Well, yeah exactly.

I'll say this, the good news for you is you get to watch me sink this putt.



The bad news is... Lets you and I have a chat while DR. LOTS OF LOBSTERS, 3 putts the hole.



Drats!

Your friends 'little stunt' brought me BAD PUBLICITY."

BULLET BELT couldn't commit brutal homicide.



He did or he didn't.

Etither way bad publicity. Everyone knows I hate bad publicity.

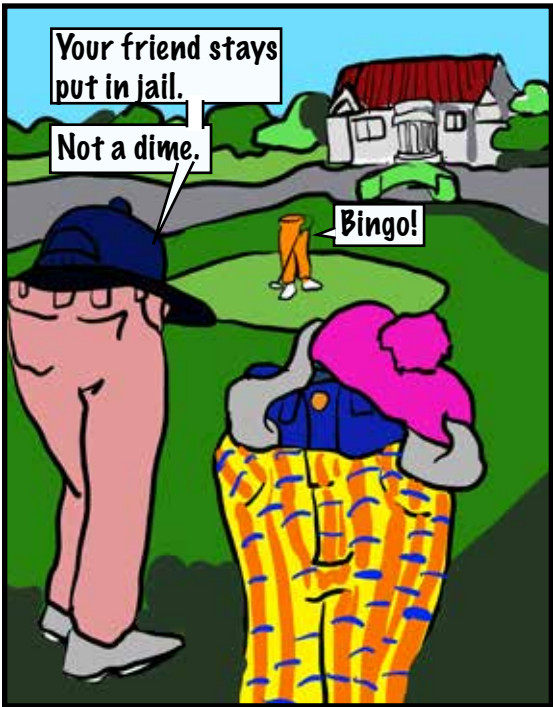
Dang!

[MAYOR] McPLEETS called me personally to take the property for the city.

Sell Lil Acorn Plaza?



One more incident and I just might.



Your friend stays put in jail.

Not a dime.

Bingo!



HEY! You can't be here, you're not a guest.

Whatever man.



Back at LIL ACORN PLAZA, CARGO decided to go to THE COFF-KNEE CUP for a cup of joe.

Hey DENIM call me back! I just saw the perfect pair of pants.



Having made a summer goal of taking more risks, CARGO was certain he wouldn't let TRACKBIKE JENNY sit and enjoy her coffee in peace.

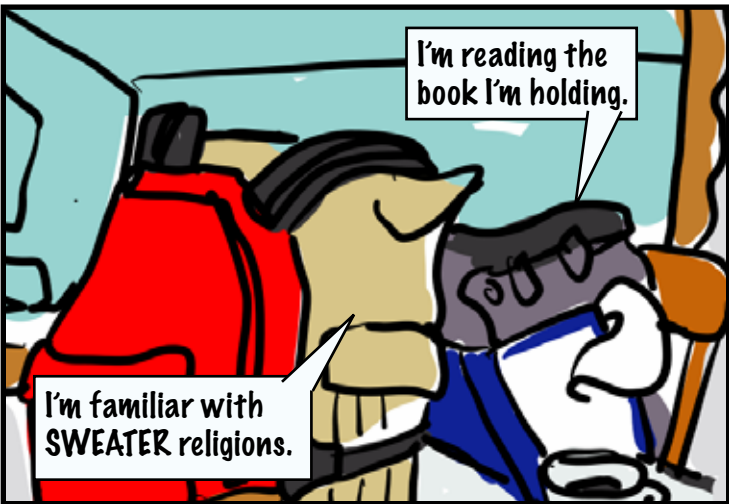


Experiencing a new found courage CARGO approached her table with gusto...



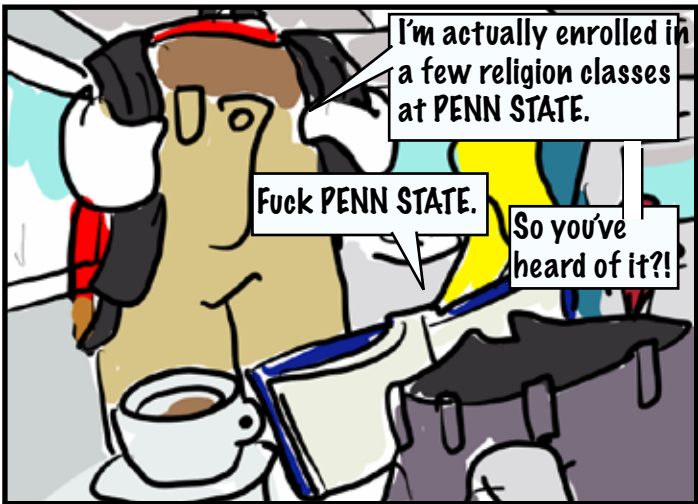
... to nervously ask her what she was reading.

Hey book... Uh What are you reading?



I'm reading the book I'm holding.

I'm familiar with SWEATER religions.



I'm actually enrolled in a few religion classes at PENN STATE.

Fuck PENN STATE.

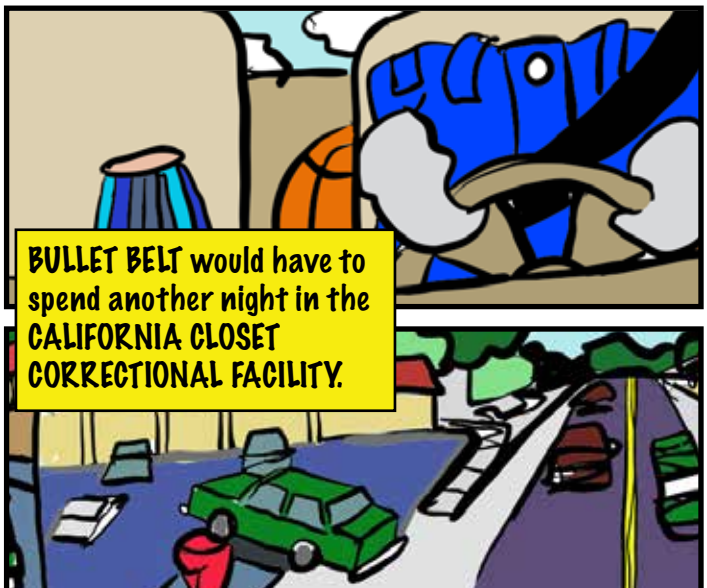
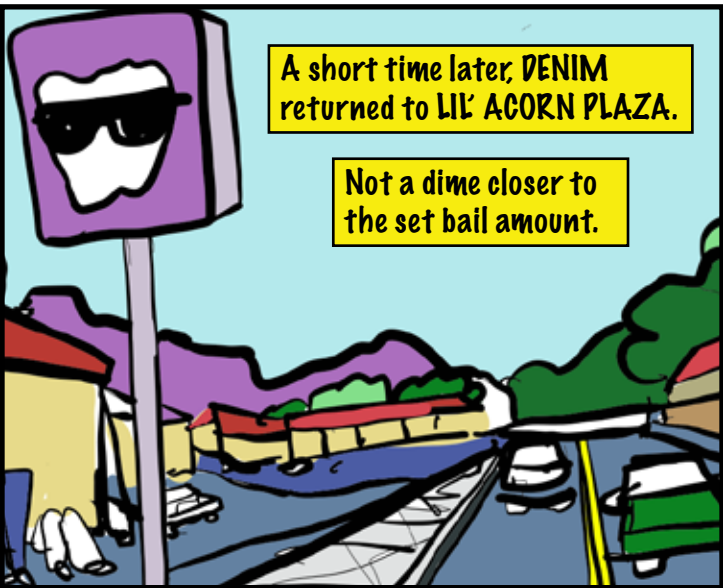
So you've heard of it?!

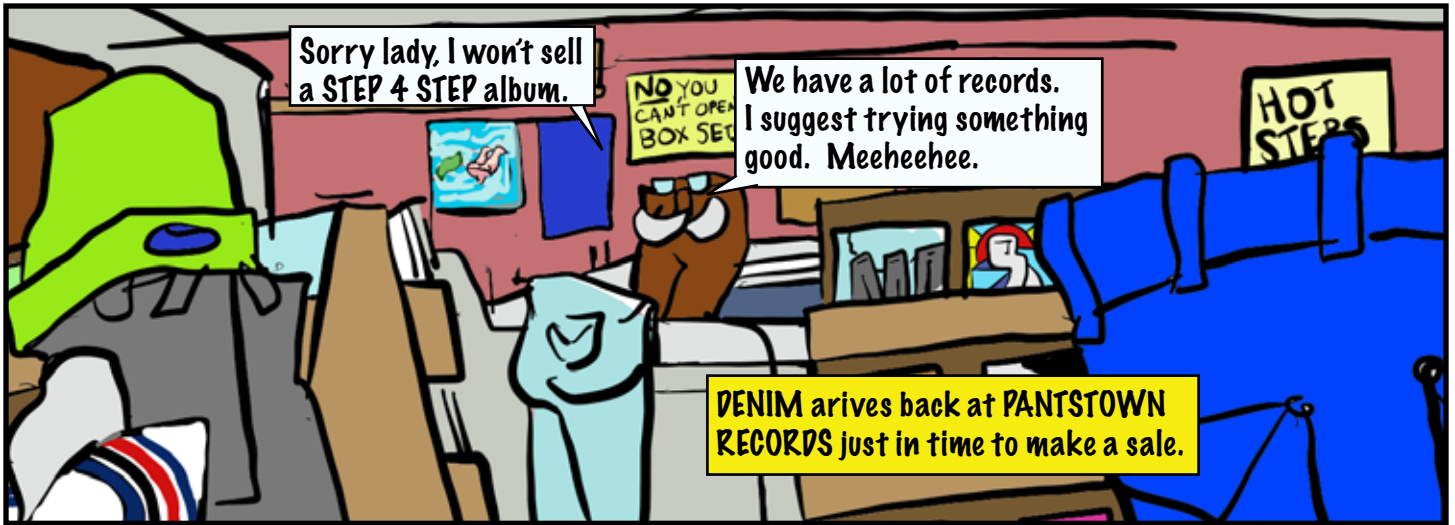


Hey buddy could you not sit with me?



Shocked and heart broken CARGO walked away, stood awkwardly, then left all together.





Sorry lady, I won't sell a STEP 4 STEP album.

We have a lot of records. I suggest trying something good. Meehehee.

DENIM arrives back at PANTSTOWN RECORDS just in time to make a sale.



If you won't sell it, why is it on the shelves?

That's an industry question.



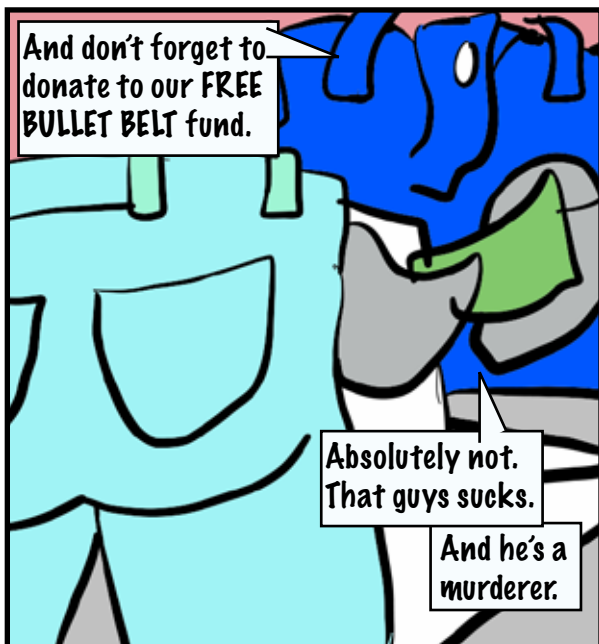
Hi I'll ring you up.



And mediocrity holds sway. Enjoy your bullshit album.

I'm never coming back. Thank God for Amazon.

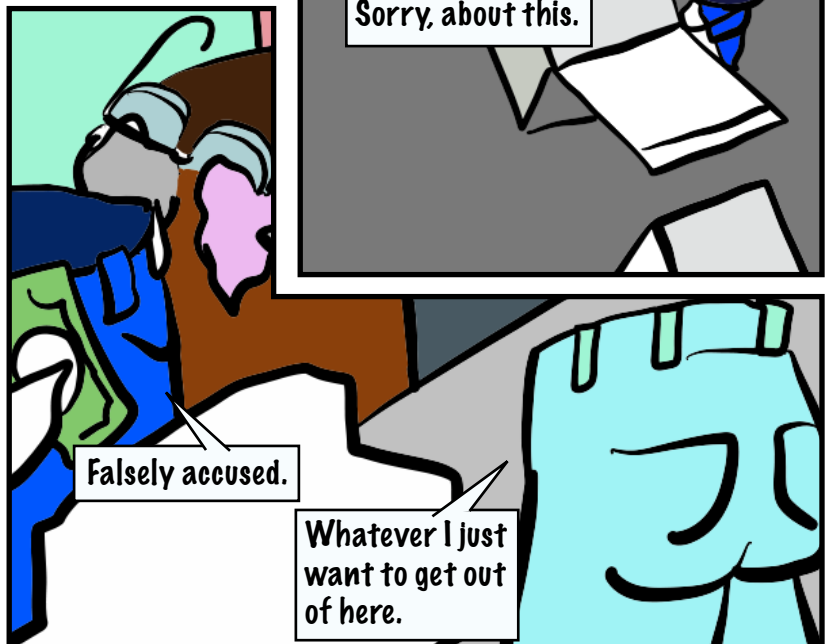
Sorry, about this.



And don't forget to donate to our FREE BULLET BELT fund.

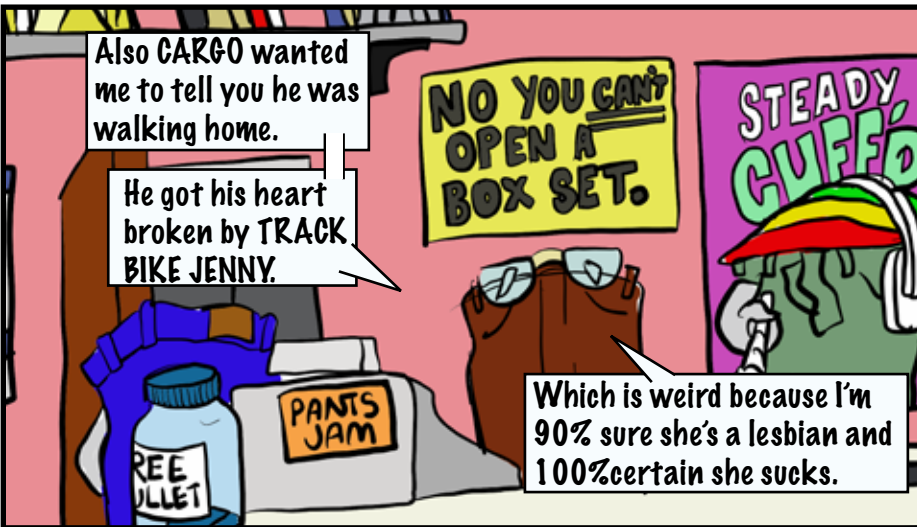
Absolutely not. That guys sucks.

And he's a murderer.



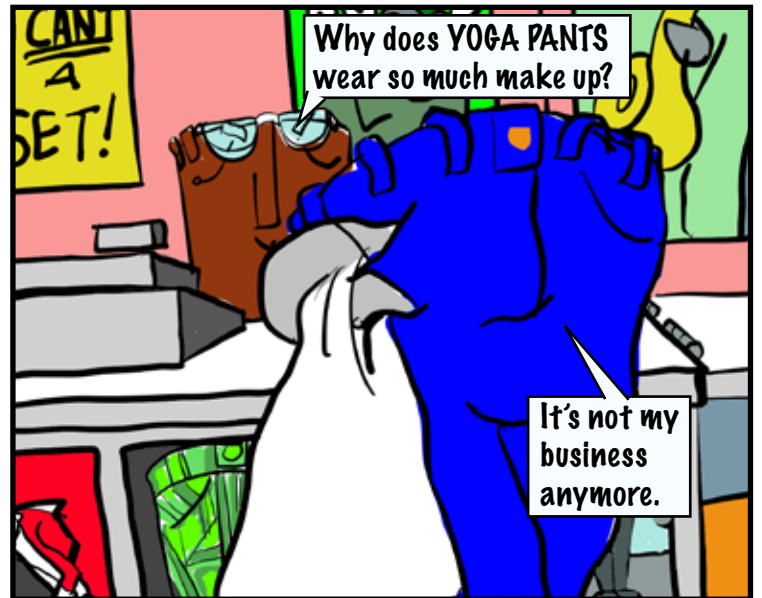
Falsely accused.

Whatever I just want to get out of here.





I don't think he cares VINTAGE BROWN.



Why does YOGA PANTS wear so much make up?

It's not my business anymore.



As he was bringing YOGA PANTS here make up, DENIM spots an old friend.

PETAH PINSTripES!!!



Cheerio DENIM. Unfortunately I have a spot of bad news. I'm afraid I have to close down WINSTON'S CHURCHILL'S BOOKSHOP.



I'm sorry to hear that. Is it the economy?

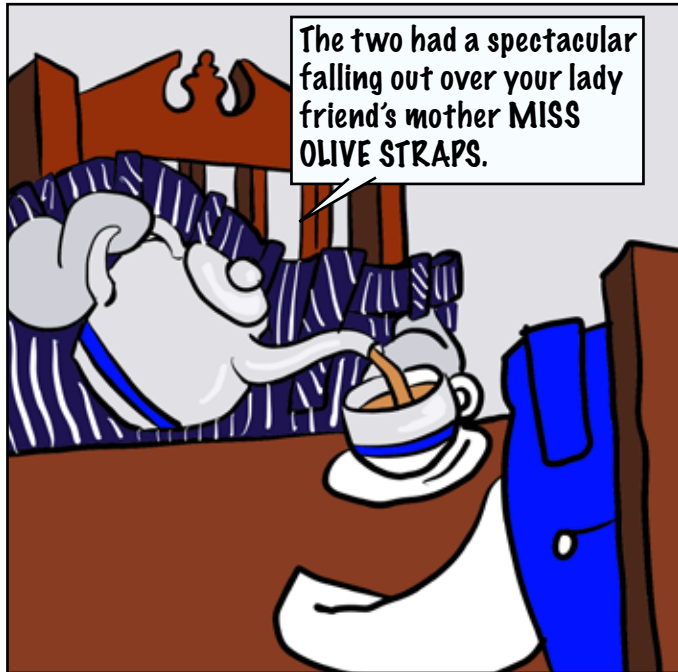
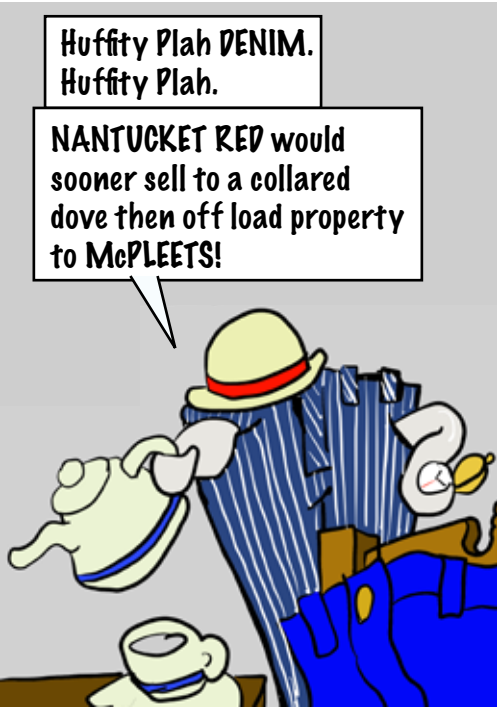
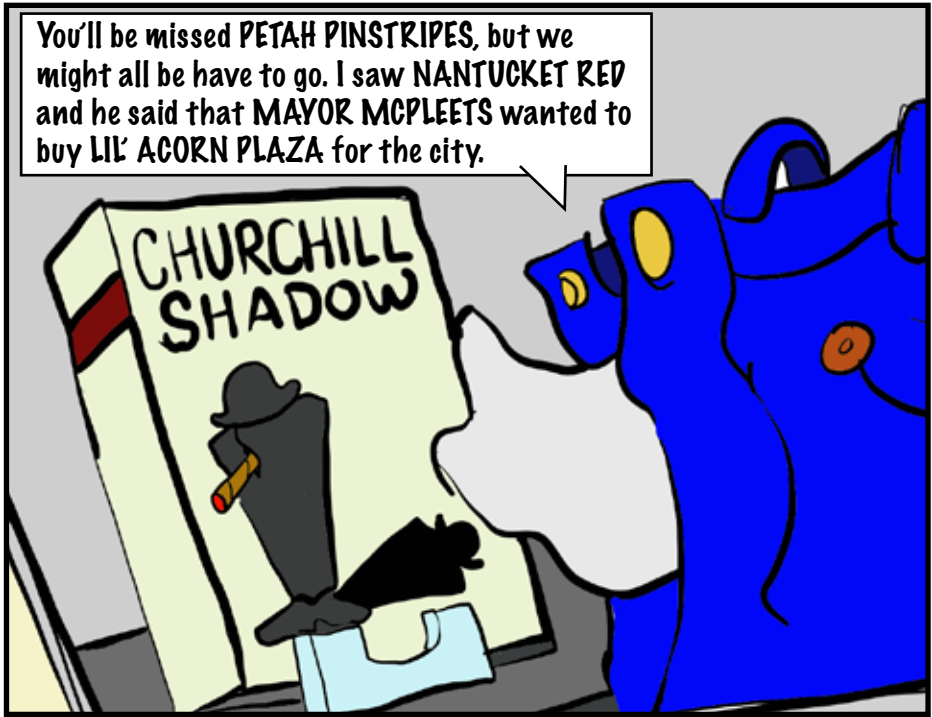
Or that you only sell books for and about that one guy?



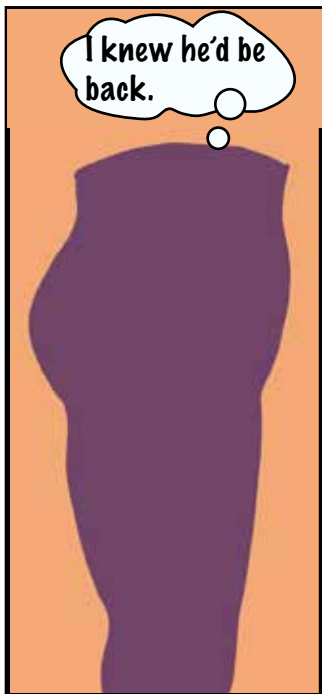
Well I believe it be a smidgie of both those things.

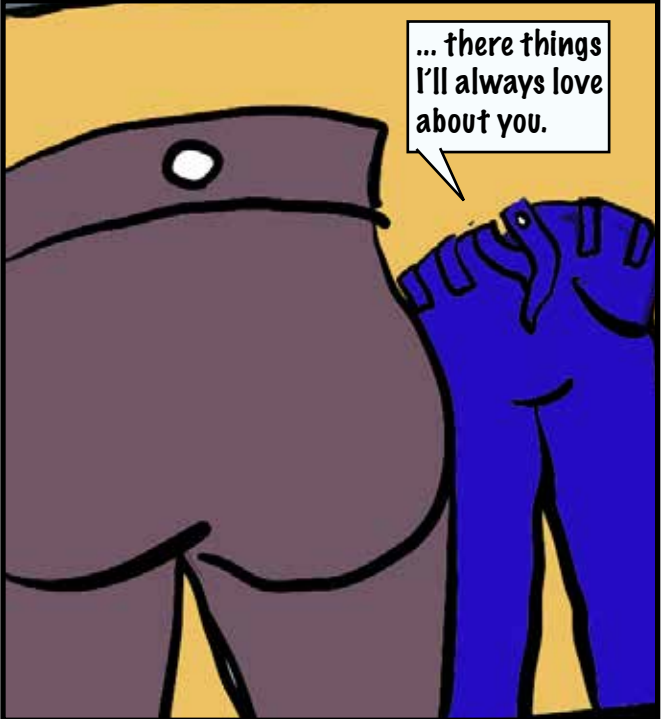
'Either the or,' would you have time for a spot of tea?

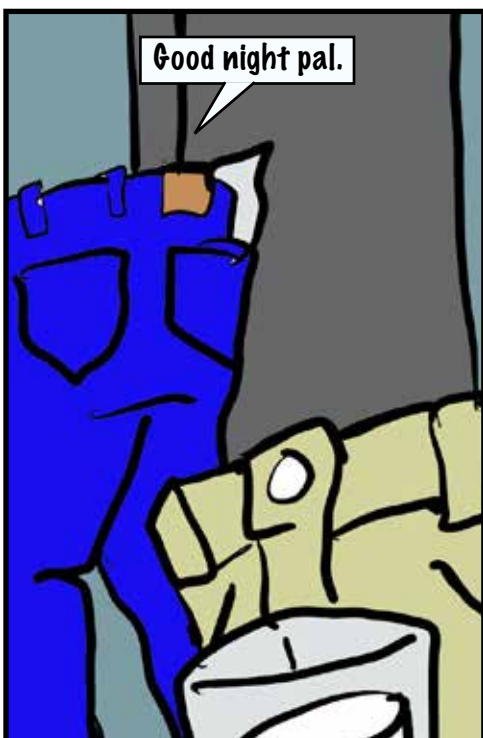
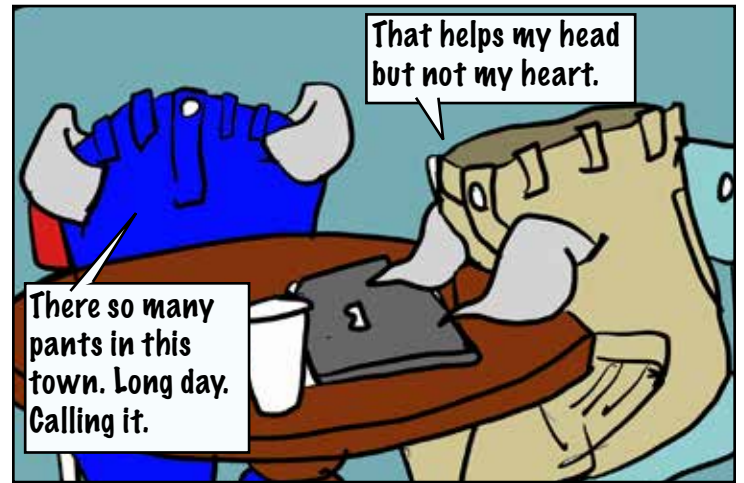
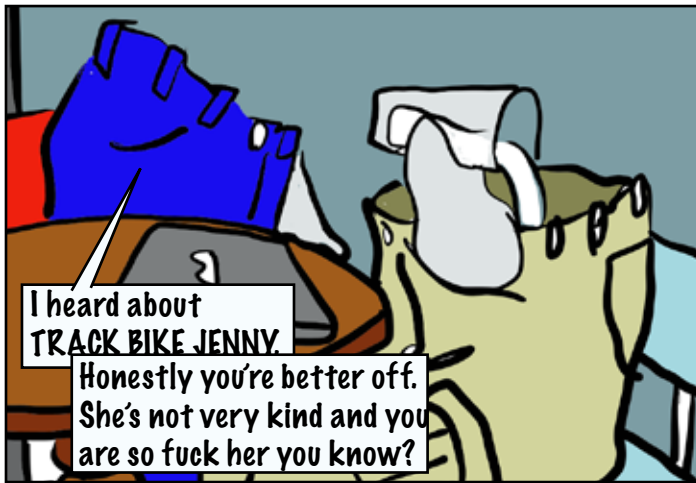
Abso-fuckin-lutely dude.



At the north end of LIL ACORN, YOGA PANTS and her mother MS. OLIVE STRAPS look to close THE BEAD SHOP.









Hey DENIM, I'm calling it too.



Goodnight CARGO. Tomorrow we figure out how to save BULLET BELT.



Good night DENIM. I'll be ready.



You know DENIM, we're not as great as our best days and it's not as bad as our hard days.

You're the fuckin' best CARGO.

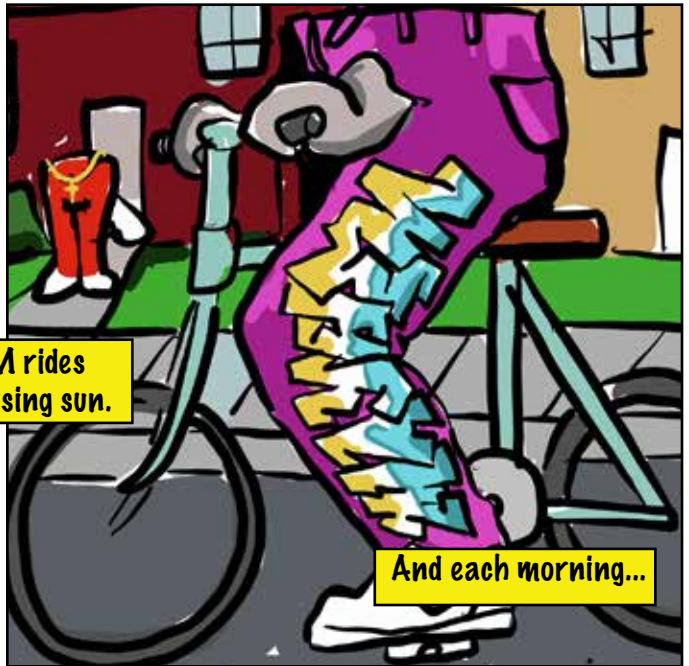


And Night falls over PANTSTOWN.



Early the next morning...

... MAYHEM rides with the rising sun.



And each morning...



...PROFFESOR CONVERTS TO SHORTS attempts to guard his prized lawn.



Last time I say suck my dick.

Last time I tell you....

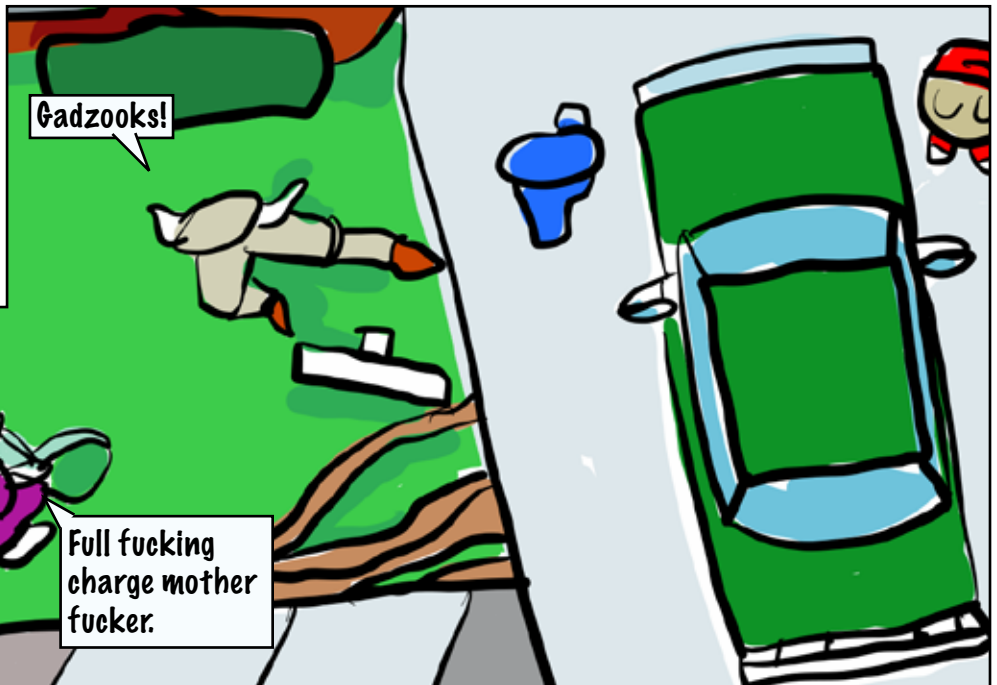
But prolly not really.



I repeat...



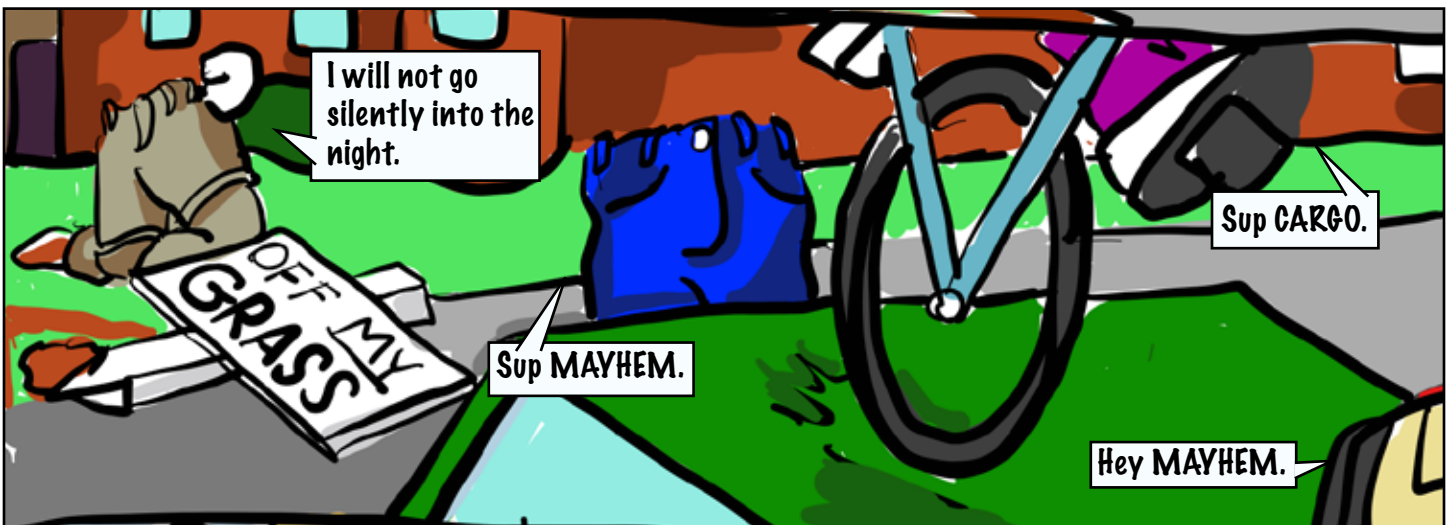
That ain't even your grass FAKE PANT.



Gadzooks!

Full fucking charge mother fucker.

DENIM'S new neighbor moved into the RIVET MANSION, displacing a much loved local family. MAYHEM took it all personally.



Arriving at DUCK POND, MAYHEM finds pants his own age playing football.

Go deep BRITCHES!

Oh hey MAYHEM we actually have even teams.

Fuck that KID STARCH, I'm playin' defense.

Mississippi 1-2-3.

You have to wait until after I hike the ball to start counting.

ATTACK!

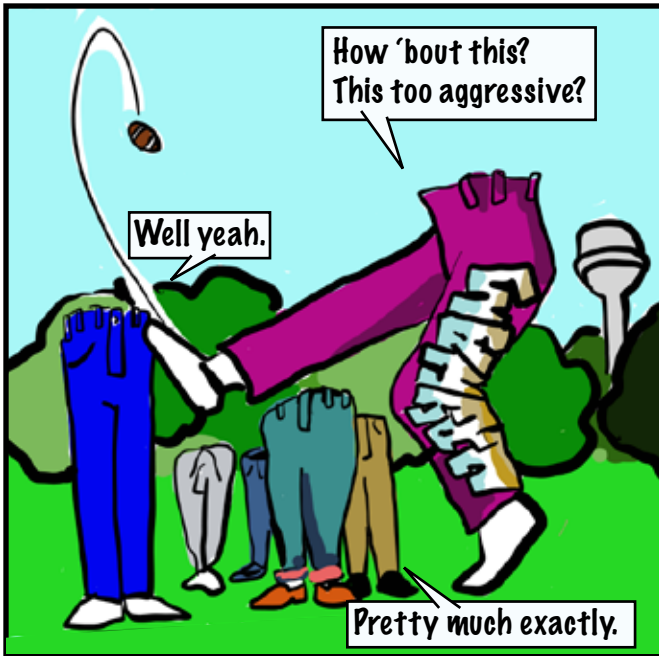
MAYHEM chill!

Drop bows drop bows.

Stawwwwp!

You can't play with us MAYHEM because you play too aggressive.

Sounds like a win to me!





Don't get bitter BRITCHES. Get better.

We're just kidding lighten up.

Mmm mmm mmm.



What do you think KID STARCH? Wasn't BRITCHES acting weird?

He's always a little weird.



BRITCHES mom knew he had played football at DUCKPOND.

I told you to stay away from that park.

Pants are murdered there. Its in all the papers.

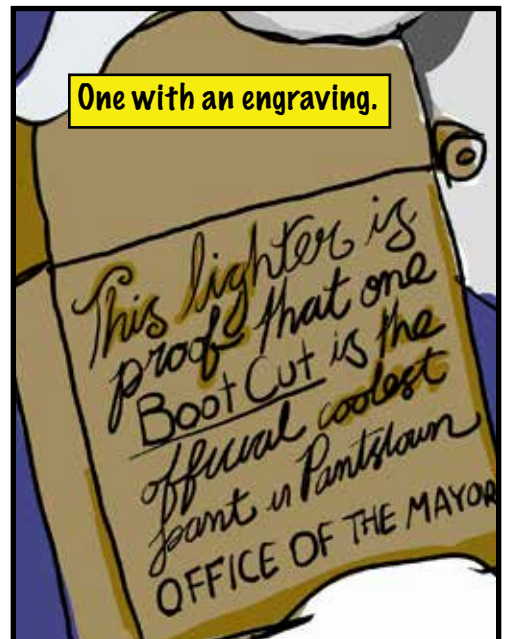
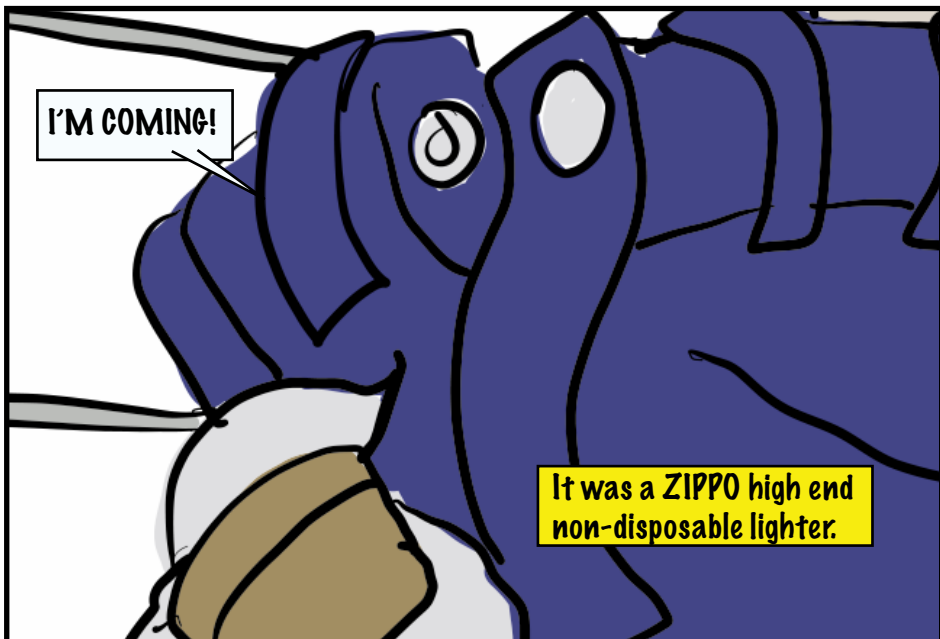


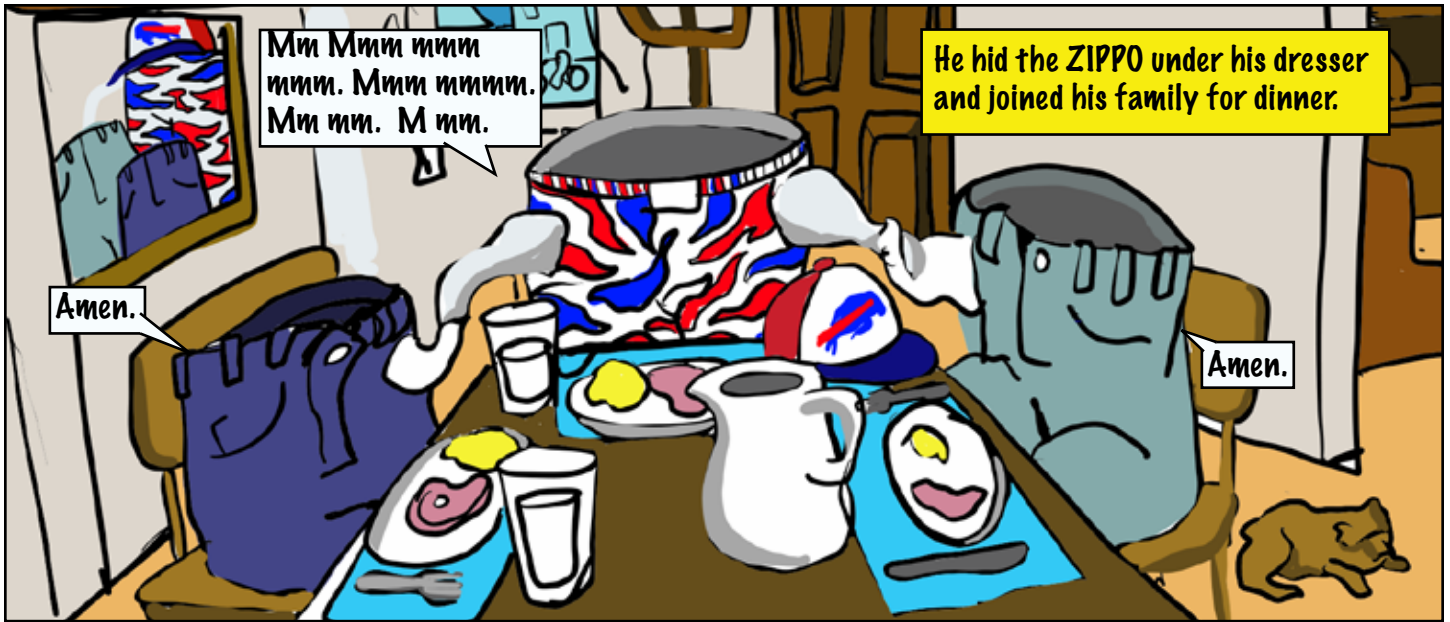
Now go up to your room and FEBREEZE for dinner.



Did you hear any of that BILLS or were you too busy with football on the TV?

Your son was playing at that murderer park.





Мн Мнн ннн
ннн. Мнн нннн.
Мн нн. М нн.

He hid the ZIPPO under his dresser and joined his family for dinner.

Amen.

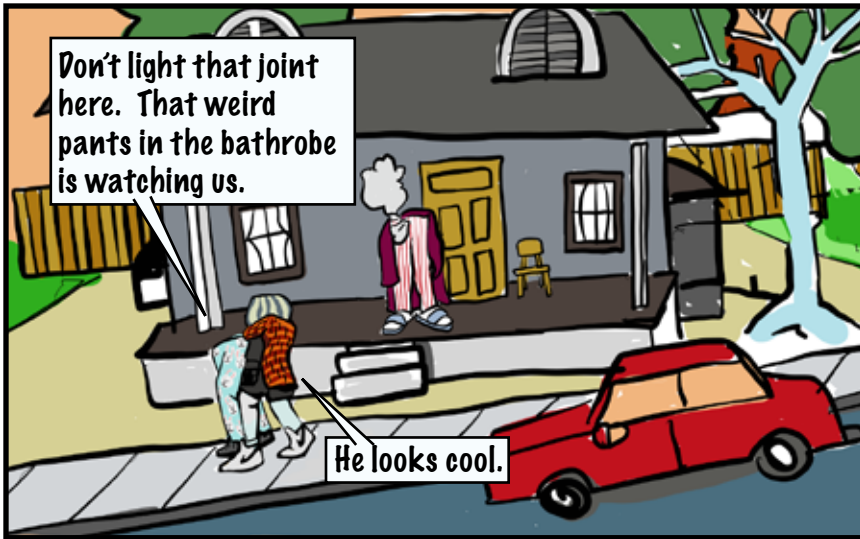
Amen.



Another quiet evening was about to be ruined by another disturbance at DUCK POND.

Oh EVENFLOW, you think one day we could afford one of these houses? They're all so nice except this one.

Of course BUNNY, when you graduate dentist school and my band takes off, we buy them all if we want to.



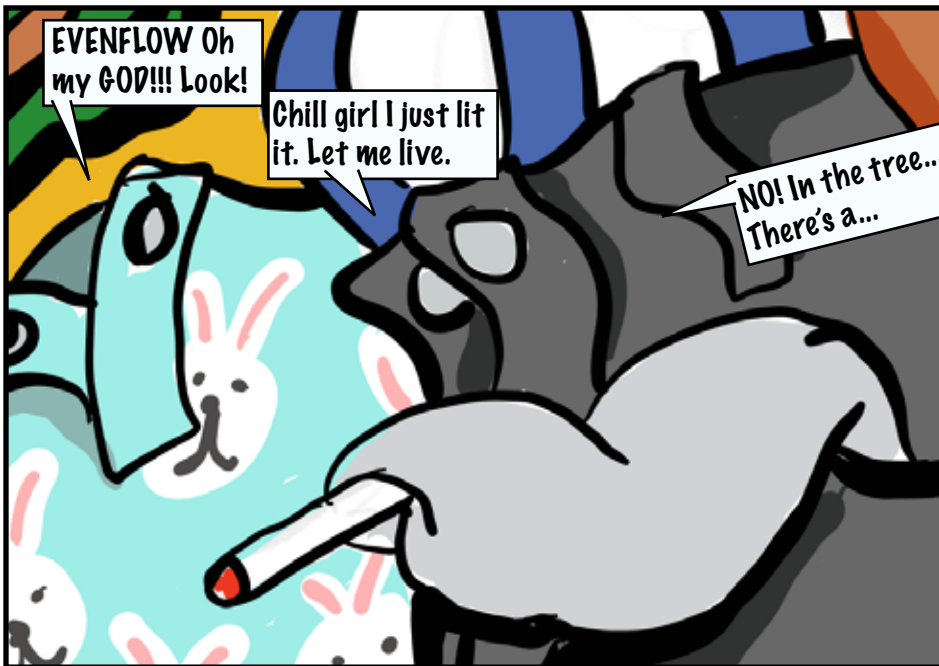
Don't light that joint here. That weird pants in the bathrobe is watching us.

He looks cool.



He looks like he'd want to join us.

Lets go to DUCK POND, and smoke in the woods.



EVENFLOW Oh my GOD!!! Look!

Chill girl I just lit it. Let me live.

NO! In the tree... There's a...



TO BE CONTINUED...