

TRANSMISSION 8:

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*"ONE FOR THE  
LADIES"*

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Listen.

Ladies.

We need to  
talk.

About the  
99%

and the 1%.

No,  
I'm not  
talking about  
ideologies.

I mean  
in terms of  
**MEN.**

Dudes.  
Fellas.  
Guys.  
Bros.

Dicks.

Your  
father  
was right:

99%  
of the  
male gender  
are very much  
those things.

But the 1%?

We're  
goddamn  
gentlemen.

See,

not **all** males  
want to jump  
**straight**  
into bed.

No,  
**some guys**  
enjoy  
romance.

Does that  
make us  
**pansies**  
and  
**dandies?**

...Probably.

It's also  
a sign that  
we've evolved  
beyond  
succumbing  
to our  
primal urges.

We  
loathe  
that age-old  
excuse given  
by a "man"  
caught  
cheating

**"Hey, a guy has needs!"**

(and no,  
we gentlemen don't cheat, either)

Yes,  
guys have  
"needs",

but for  
us gentlemen,  
a lot of those  
"needs"  
require a  
partner  
in crime,

not just a partner.

When we  
ask you out  
on a date,

you are our  
focus.

We want  
to show you a  
good time

(and  
I say that  
without a  
wink,  
nudge  
or any hint of  
sexual  
innuendo)

and we will  
bend  
over  
backwards  
to do so.

(Again,  
no innuendo.)

We  
will pay for  
everything,

not to  
show off,

but  
because  
spending  
money  
means less  
to us

than  
spending  
time  
with you.

We  
remember  
birthdays  
and  
anniversaries  
and  
holidays

and  
at the  
very  
least

give you a hand-made card.

Yes,

we're nervous

and awkward

and

fumble

over our words,

but

that's a

sign that

we like you.

We cook.

We clean.

We listen.

Most importantly,

we're honest.

Cuddling?

Spooning?

Hell.

Yes.

We will  
spoon the fuck  
out of you.

And if  
you want  
space,

we'll  
give you  
plenty of

space.

(Just as long as you return  
the favor when we ask.)

These  
gentlemen  
are also,  
simultaneously,

somewhat  
fragile  
creatures,

and  
each time  
you cross  
one

you're  
potentially  
creating a  
goddamn  
supervillain.

So,  
ladies,  
when you're  
in your  
thirties,

crying  
and  
wondering

where the  
**fuck**  
you went  
wrong

to be so

alone,

and you're greeted at your  
door by a small army of  
genetically-engineered cyborg  
T. Rex/bear hybrids,

you'll know  
who  
sent them

and  
why  
they're there.

the  
more  
you  
know





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