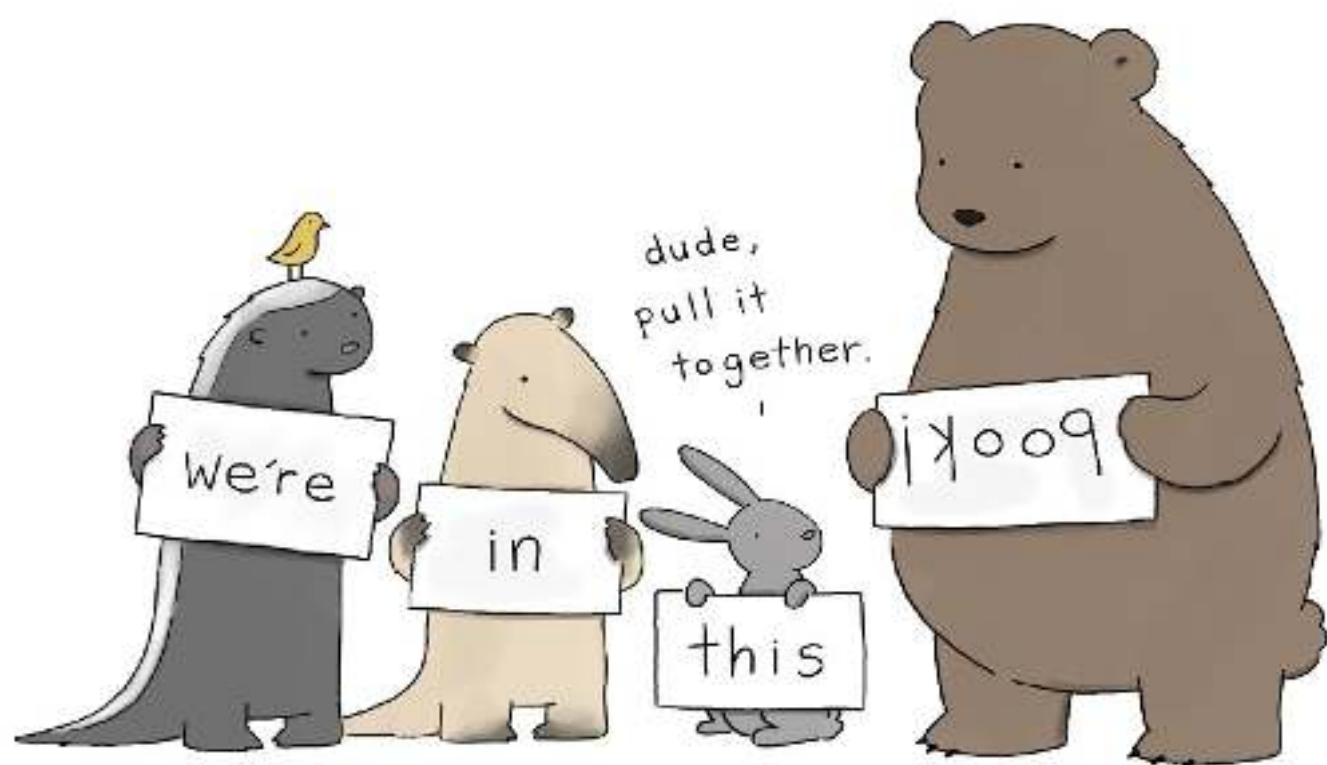


the  
little world  
of

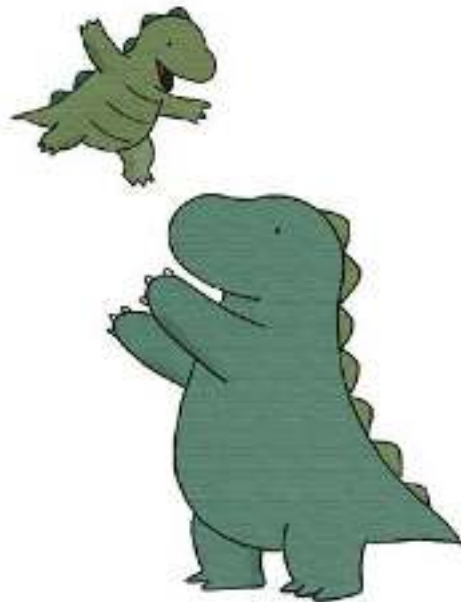
liz climo







the  
little world  
of  
liz climo



RUNNING PRESS  
PHILADELPHIA • LONDON

for my  
mom, dad,  
sister, and  
brother



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# Foreword

There is a time-honored adage that says, "To have a funny friend is to be rich in life." Actually, I just made that up. But it sounds like the kind of clichéd quote that typically kicks off book introductions. Original or not, I'm using it here because I believe it to be true. A funny friend can turn a night of shoddy service at a restaurant into a memorable meal, a boring road trip into a laugh-a-minute adventure, a bad movie into a so-bad-it's-good cult classic. Your funny friend takes the same mundane raw material life presents to all of us and somehow filters it through an idiosyncratic point of view, turning it into a potent and individual expression of humor. And you, as the friend, get to reap the benefits. Rich stuff indeed.

Liz Climo is one of the funniest friends I have. The kind of funny friend that always made me wish she could find a way to bottle up her particular brand of funny and share it with the whole world. Social networking coalesced our circle of friends over the last several years, like it did for just about everyone. Liz's posts are always consistently hilarious: short and sweet, never bragging or snide, yet overflowing with her uncommon wit and most of all, her unique humor. I once told her that Facebook should pay her to be a professional status updater.

And then Liz started drawing these comics and posting them online. I knew from the get-go she had figured out a brilliant way to bottle up her comedy. Her short and sweet text posts were transformed into charming illustrations, with no wasted lines, no extraneous background elements, only what is needed to tell the joke, pure and simple. So it was no surprise that Liz's comics resonated way beyond our little network of friends to delight tens of thousands of people across borders, oceans, and language barriers. Now the world can reap the benefits of having Liz Climo as its very own funny friend.

Bryan Konietzko  
Co-creator of *Avatar: The Last Airbender*  
and *The Legend of Korra*





# Introduction

Hi, I'm Liz!

Thanks for buying this book—that was so nice of you! Maybe you bought it because you like the drawings. Or maybe because you like the jokes inside. Or maybe you don't like either of those things but you just needed a doorstop or something. Either way, I am extremely grateful. The very notion that I would have a book that might be used as a doorstop is still a bit shocking. I never expected these characters to show up anywhere except the backs of bar napkins or on paper placemats at restaurants. And now, here they are—in this fancy little book, in your fancy little hands (or holding your door open).

I grew up loving to read and draw comics. When I was a child visiting my grandparents' house, I'd sit in the corner by myself reading their *Far Side* desk calendar in its entirety. I'd read it over and over, each time we'd visit, even though it never changed. I just loved it so much. At my mother's encouragement, I would write and illustrate my own stories, which always started at the back cover and read from right to left. (It was easier that way, because I'm left-handed, and also because I was a little weirdo.) I'd try to be darkly funny like the characters in Matt Groening's *Life in Hell*, or create beautiful illustrations like the ones in my *Calvin and Hobbes* books, but I would never quite achieve either of those things. Regardless, I drew my little heart out and dreamed of a day when I'd grow up to be an artist who drew her very own cartoons. I feel so lucky that I actually get to do that now, but I definitely encountered some obstacles along the way.

I have had the privilege of knowing a lot of extremely talented artists, who both inspired me and made me incredibly insecure. I struggled with drawing too "cartoony" in high school (my art teacher's exact words, and she was absolutely right). In college, I worked tirelessly toward a degree in Animation & Illustration, and was heartbroken when the admissions office rejected my portfolio. I caught a

lucky break soon after, when I got a job working as an animator on *The Simpsons*, which was an absolute dream come true. I was incredibly underqualified, but I worked hard and somehow managed not to get fired. After ten years of working in animation, I had seen the incredible talent there is in the industry, and it scared the bejeezus out of me. I had learned to draw the Simpsons just fine, but when it came to my own work, I was terrified my colleagues might laugh at my crude little cartoon drawings. Luckily, I married someone who was encouraging enough to convince me to keep drawing them—and bossy enough to make me post them on the Internet. He helped me get over all of that nonsense and start feeling proud of my work.

When I began posting my comics, I was still sort of figuring out who these characters were and what they meant to me. I watched them develop and come to life, completely exposed to the big bad Internet. I began to pay close attention to the things people around me said and the way people reacted to things. As I drew more comics, the characters' personalities began to mirror those in my daily life. The dinosaurs became my friends when they play with their children. The mother sloth and koala became my own mother, the way she would speak to me when I was a little girl. The clumsy bear became me, the sarcastic rabbit became my husband, and bullied characters represented my memories of being teased in high school. I began to really love and care about the characters because they represented everything that was dear to me in my own life.

So here they are, a whole book of my ridiculous comics for you to enjoy. I hope they make you laugh and smile, or even just feel a little bit better than you did before you started reading.

Liz Climo

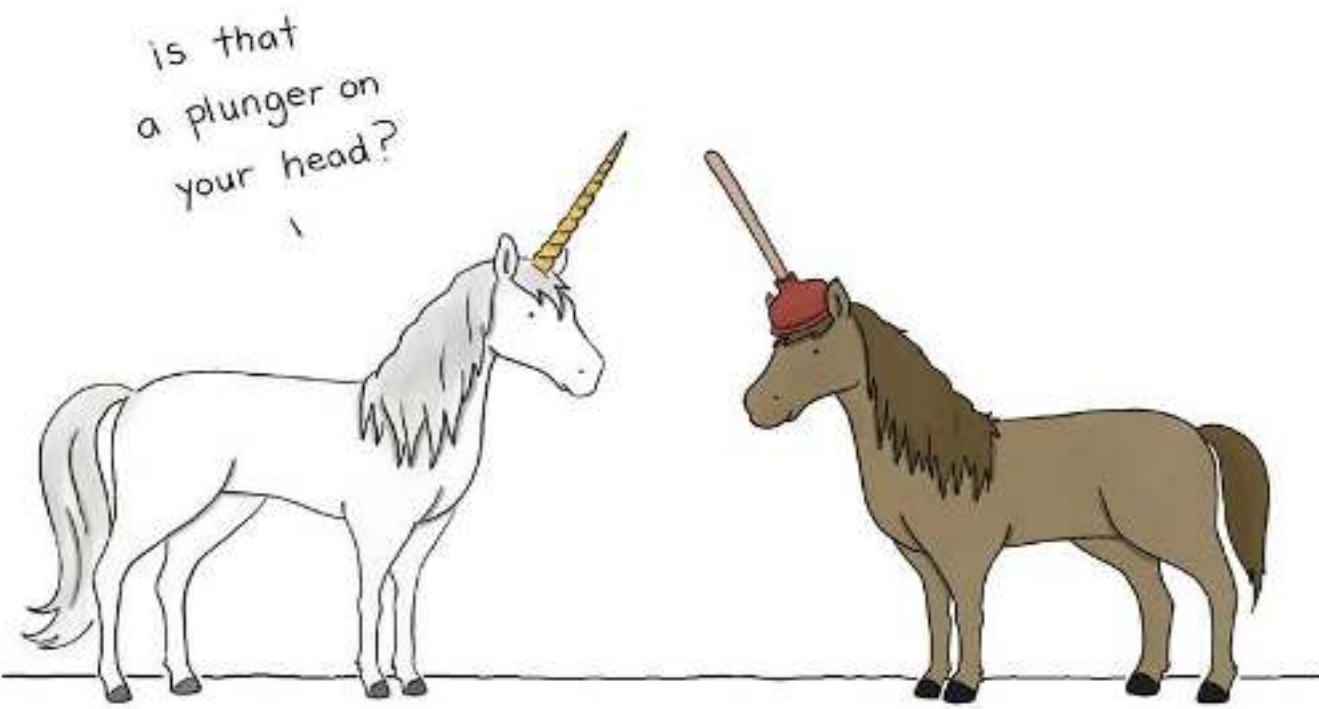


love and  
friendship

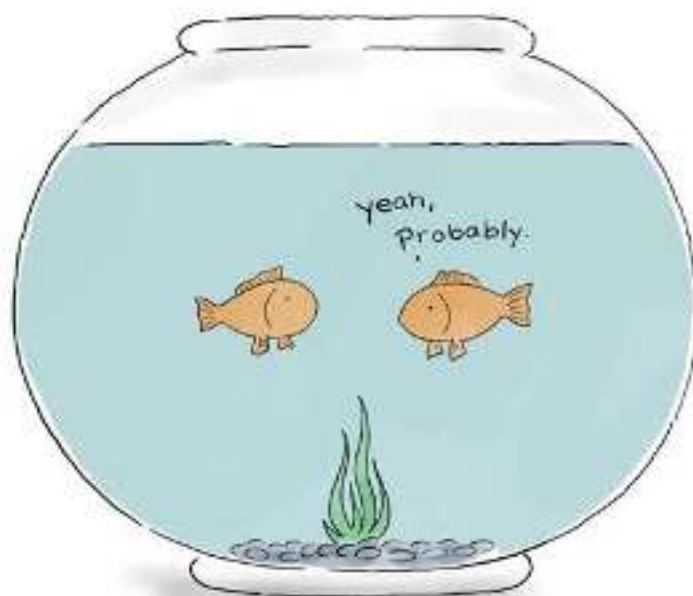
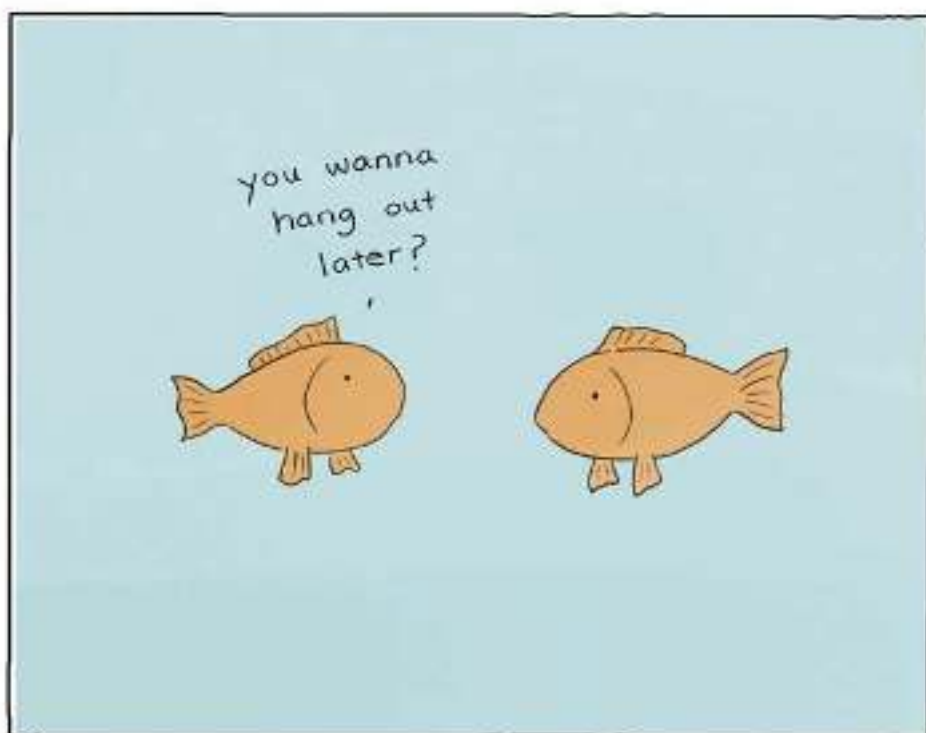




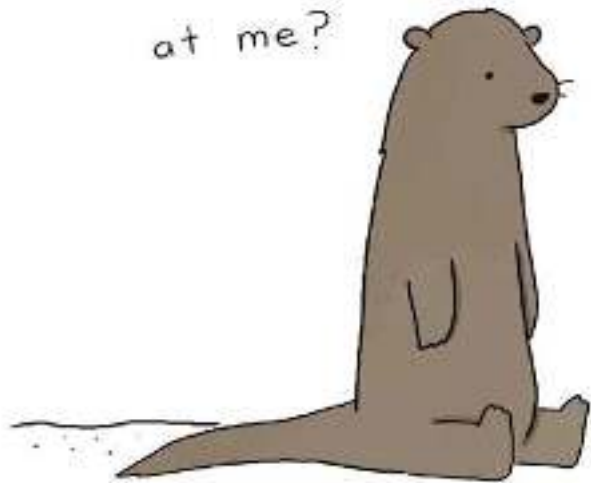
we unicorns  
need to  
stick together.



is that  
a plunger on  
your head?



why are  
you mad  
at me?



because you  
called me  
selfish.



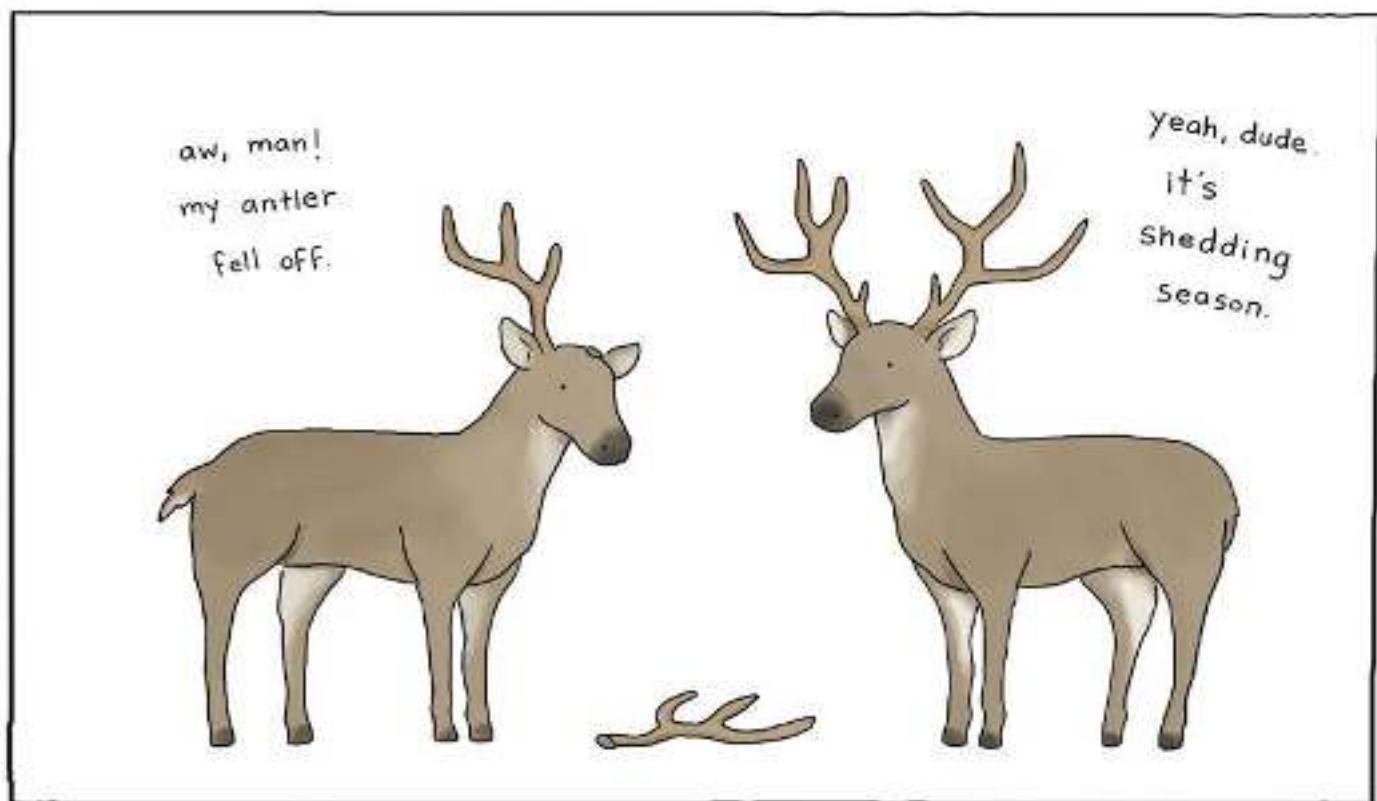
no, I  
called you  
shellfish.



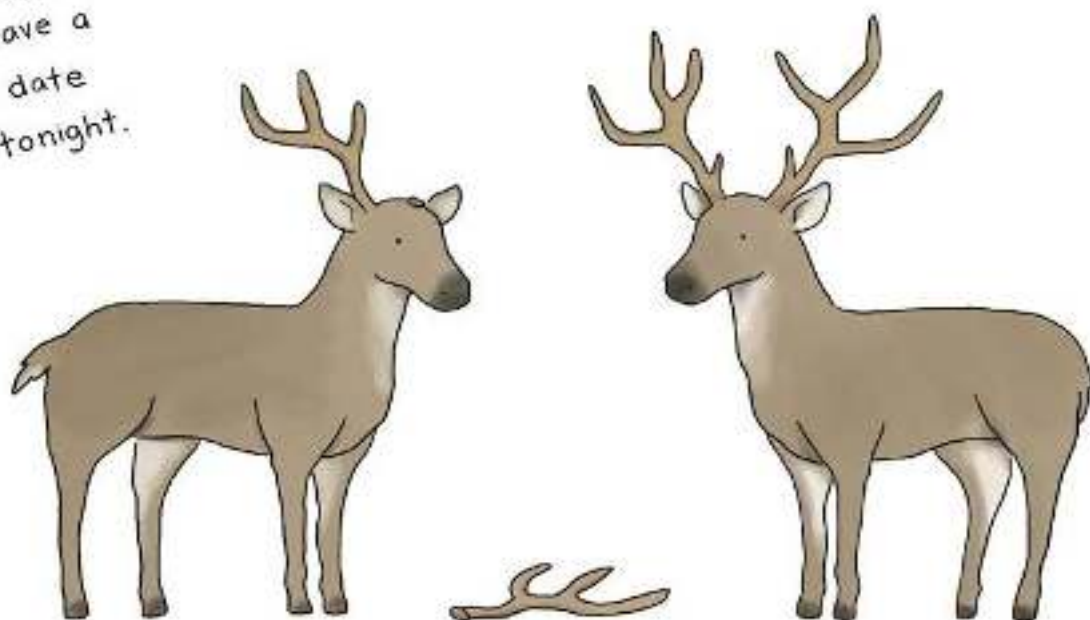
oh,  
well, that's  
accurate.



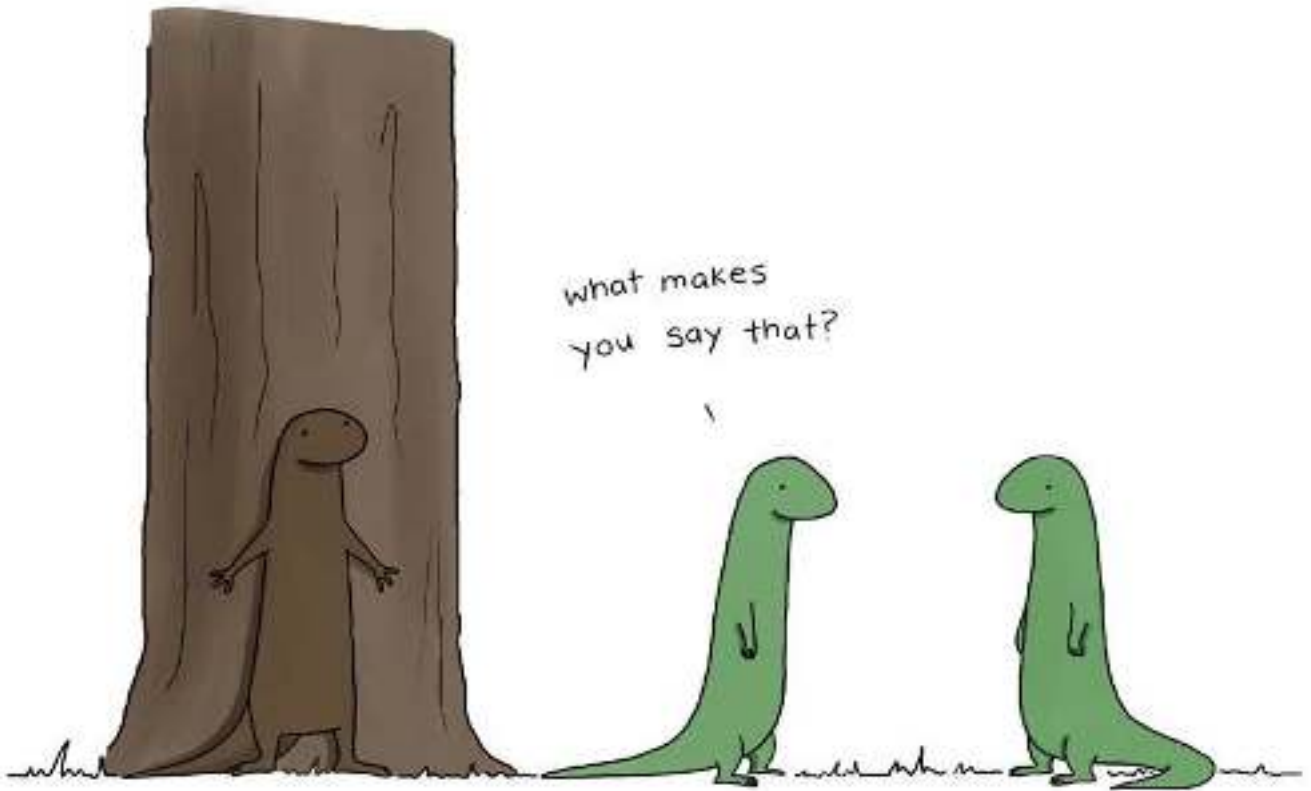
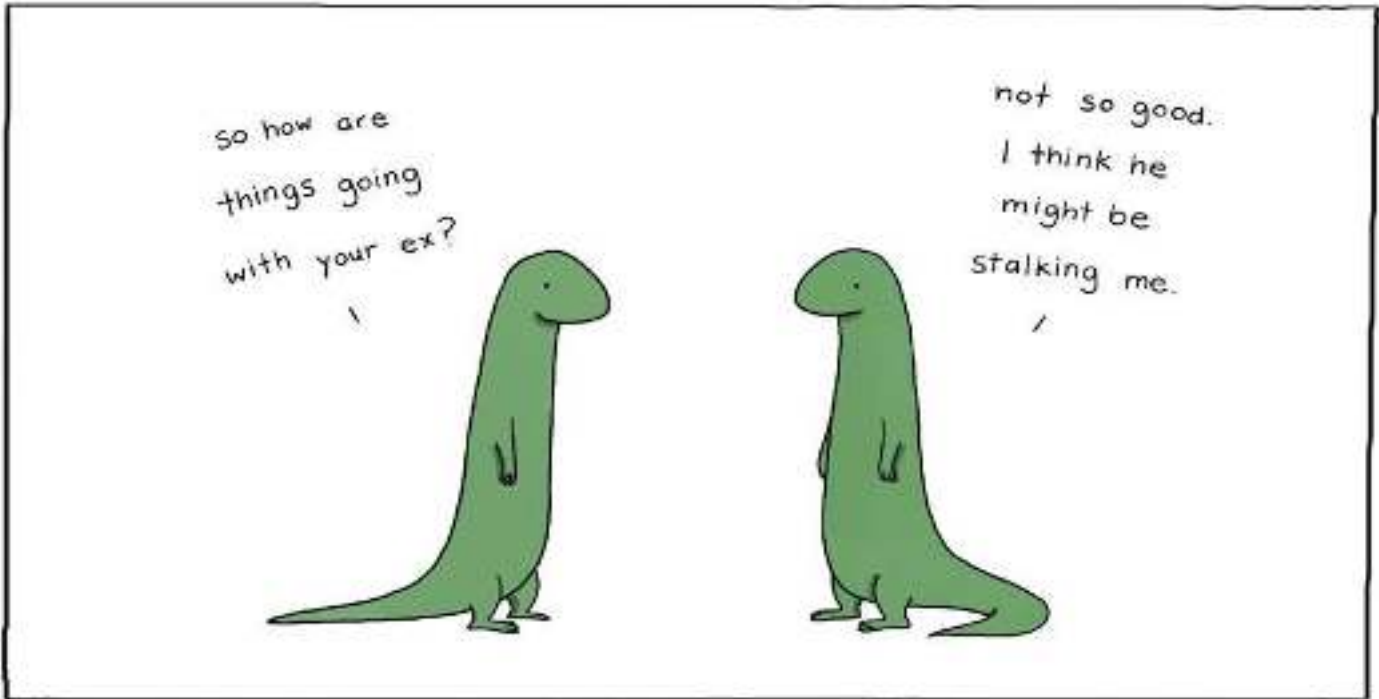




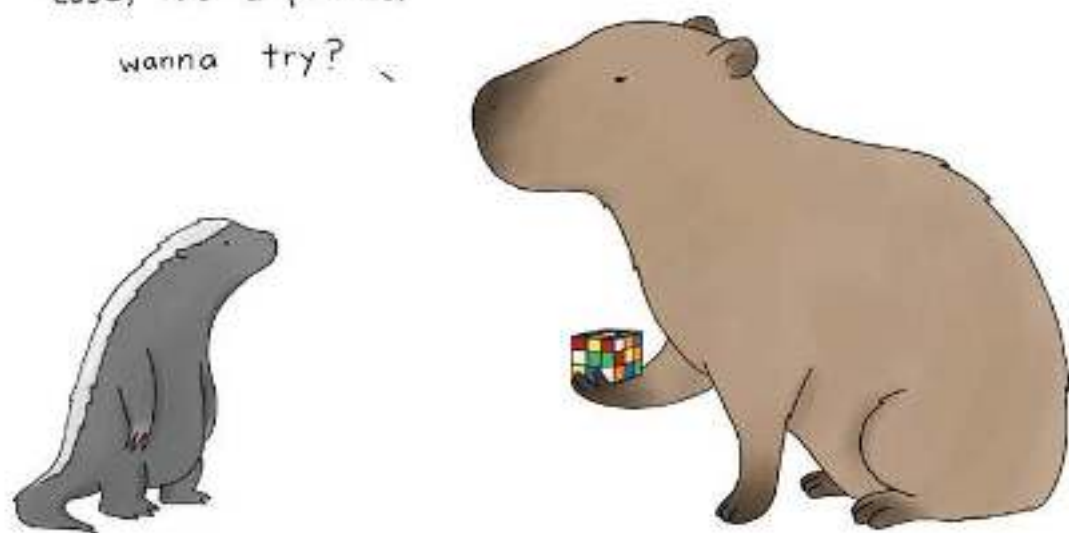
but I  
have a  
date  
tonight.



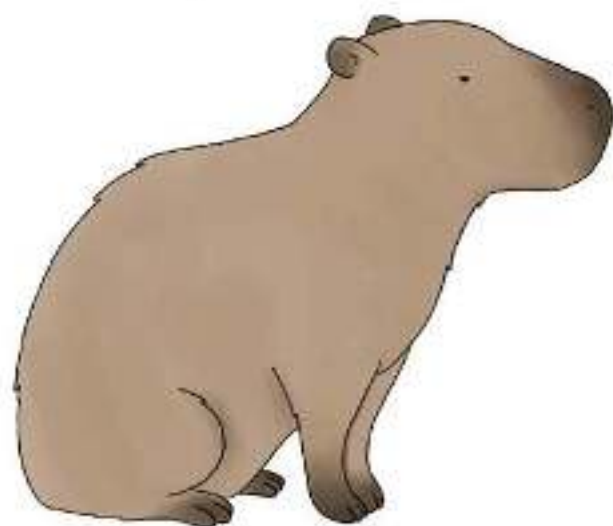




it's called a rubik's  
cube, it's a puzzle.  
wanna try?



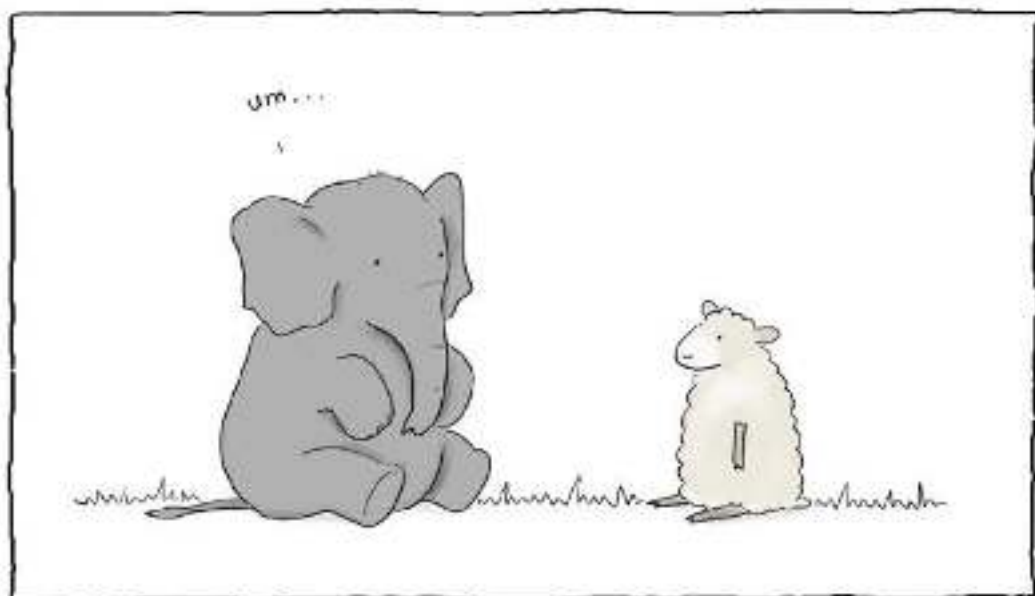
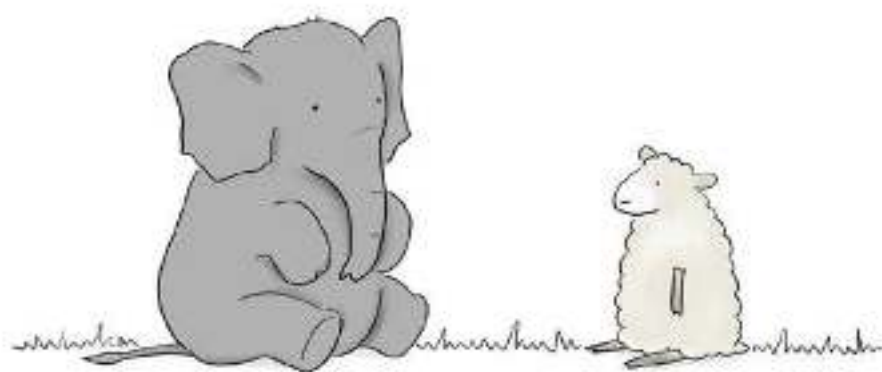
how'd it  
go



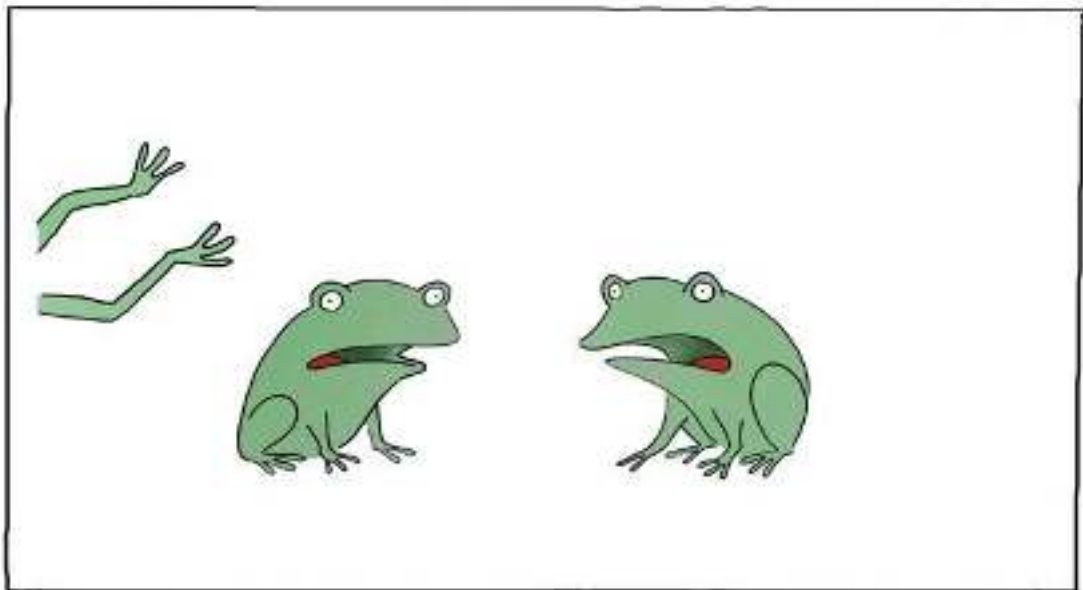
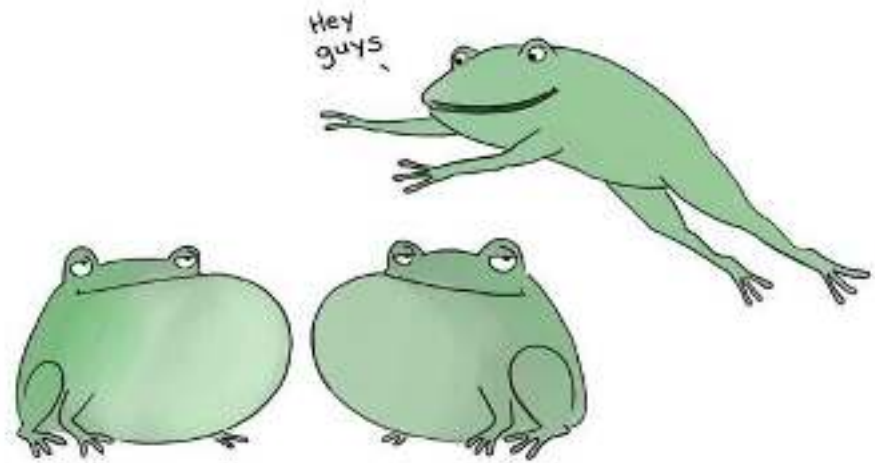
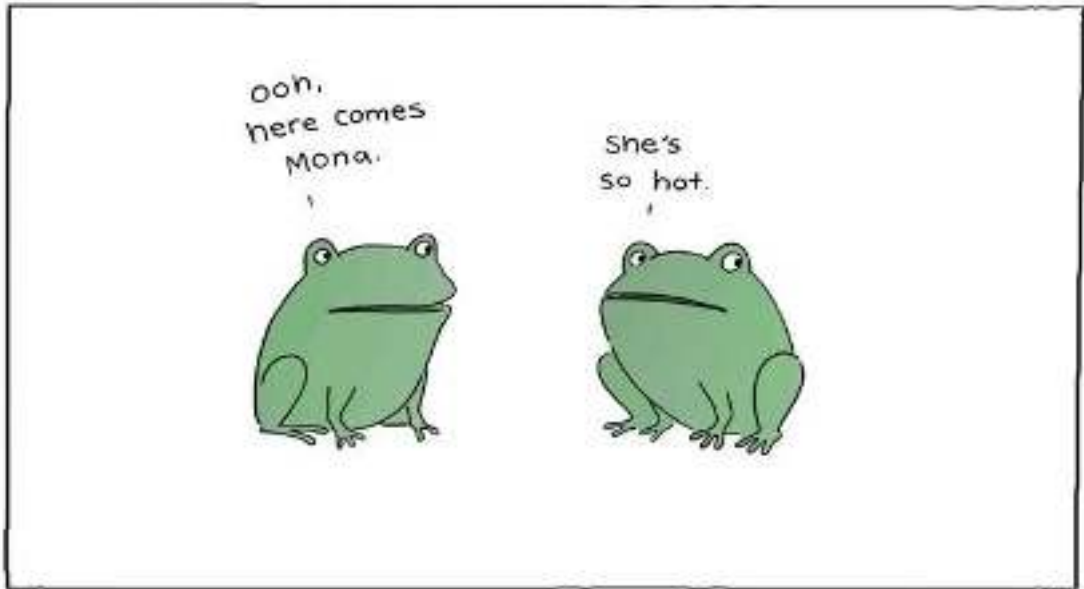
not well.







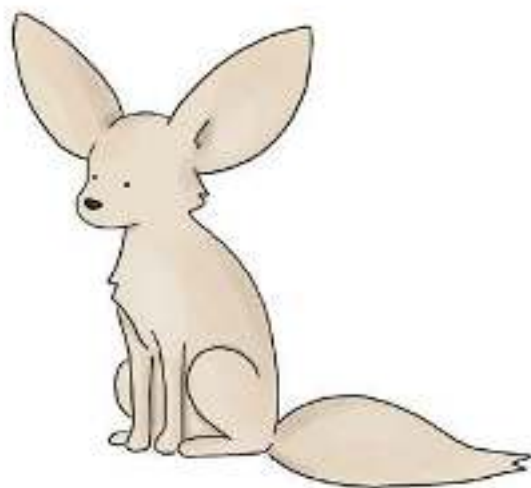




apparently,  
women think this  
book is really sexy.

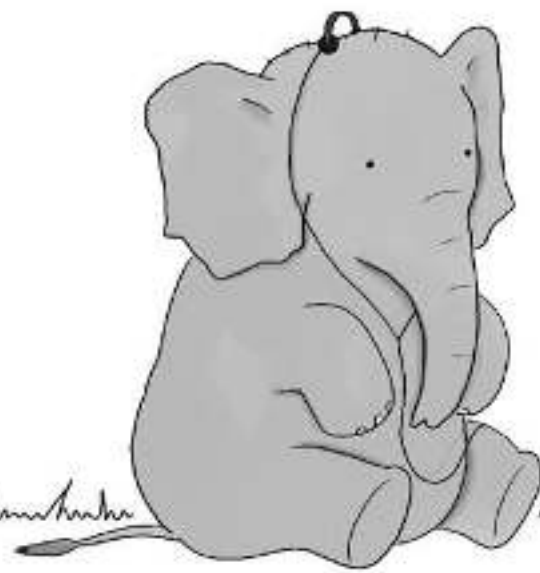


really?

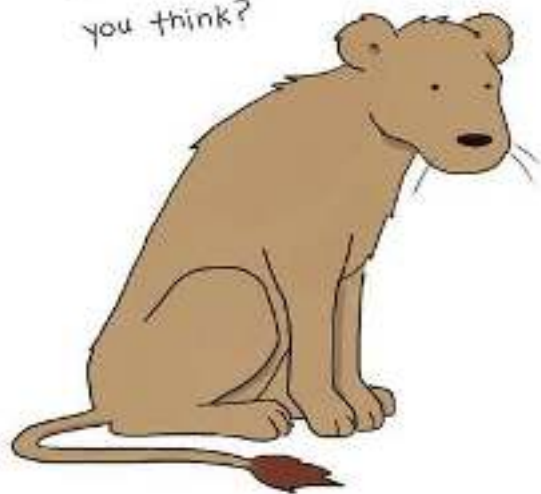




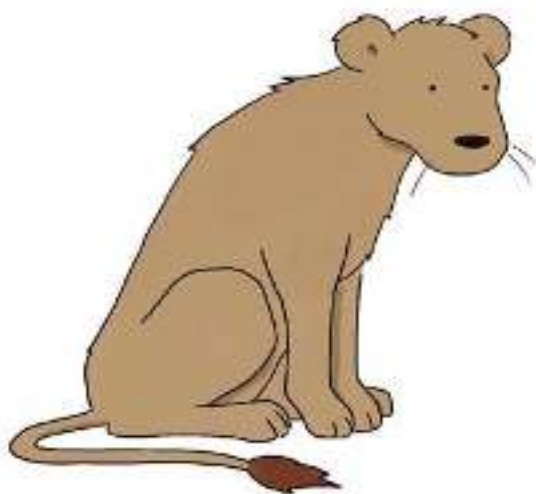
hey, I think  
your headphones  
are broken. I can't  
hear anything

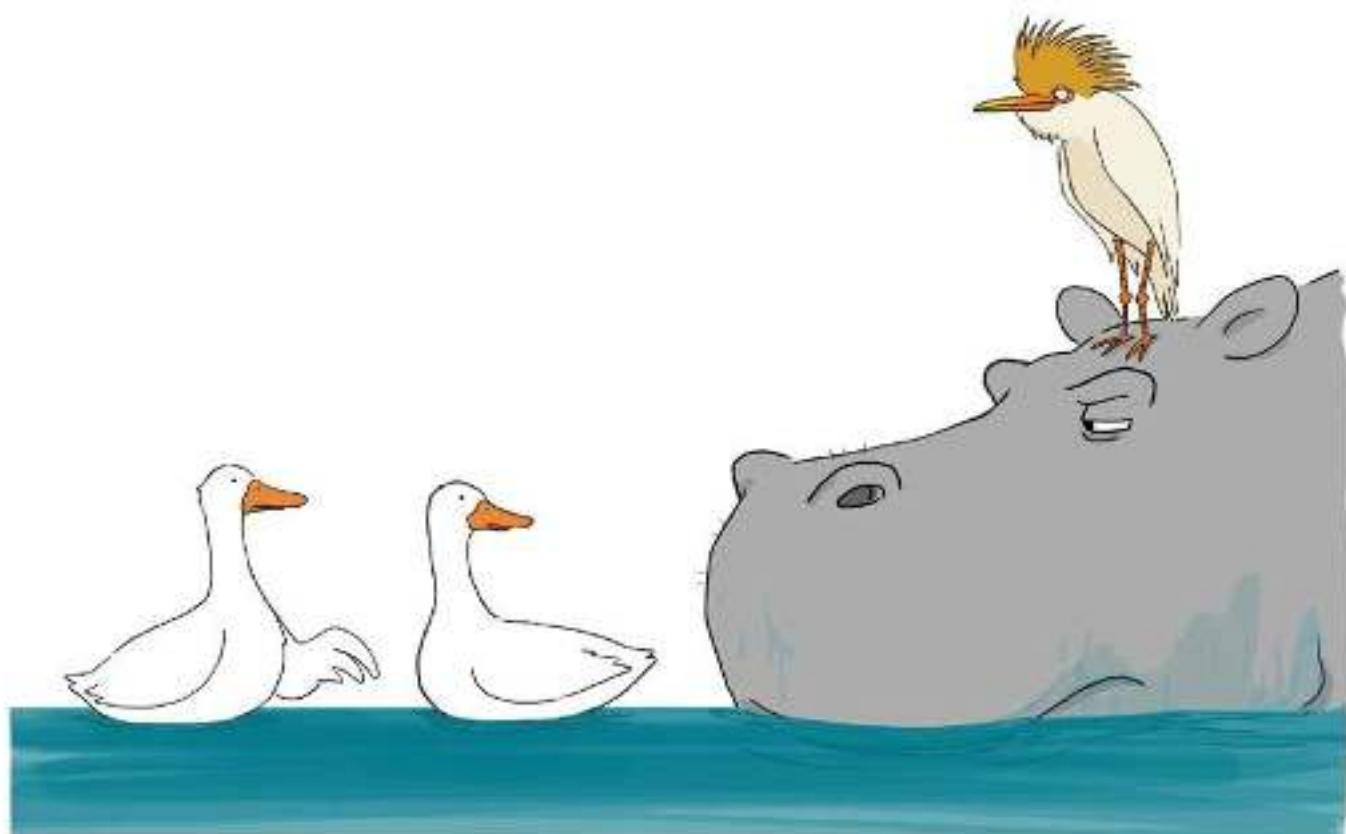
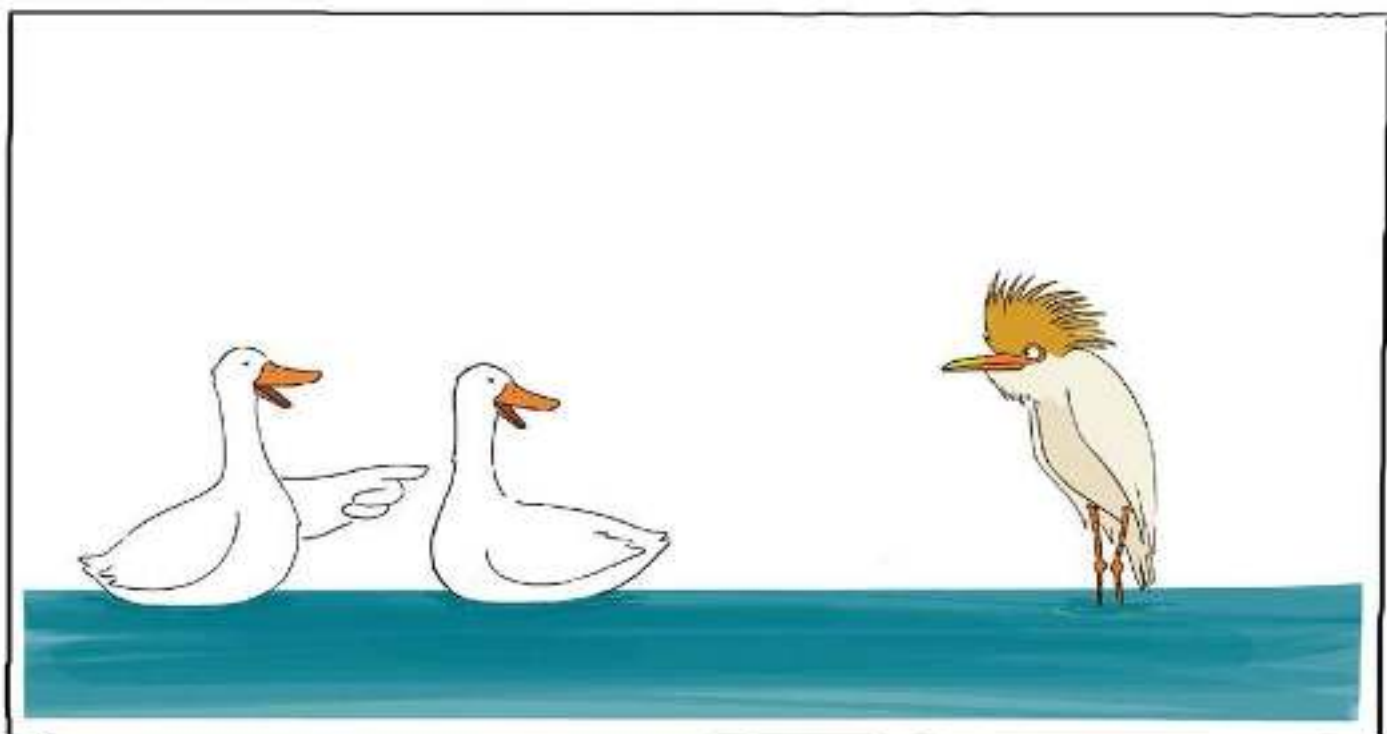


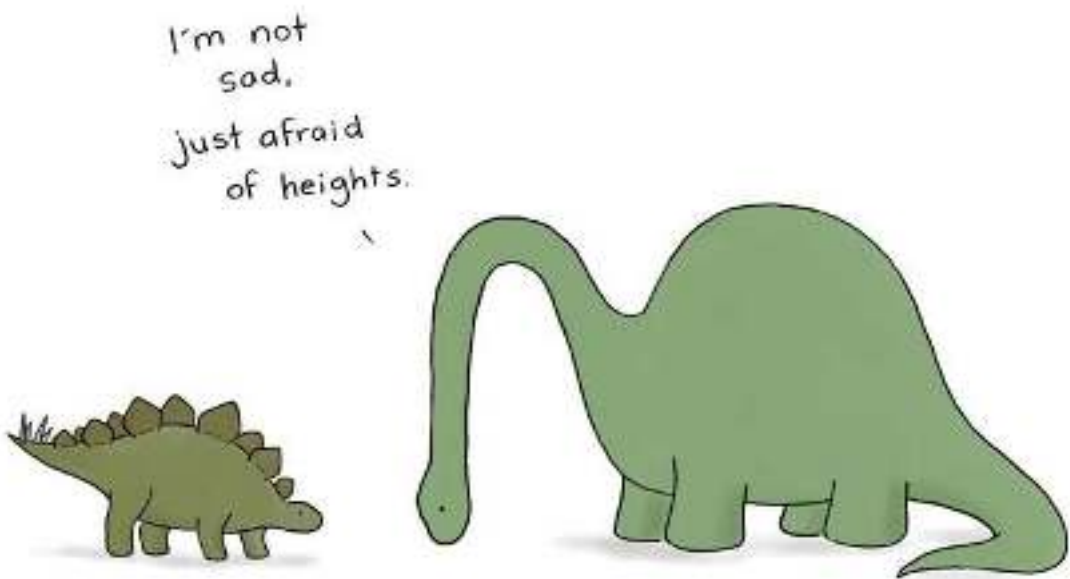
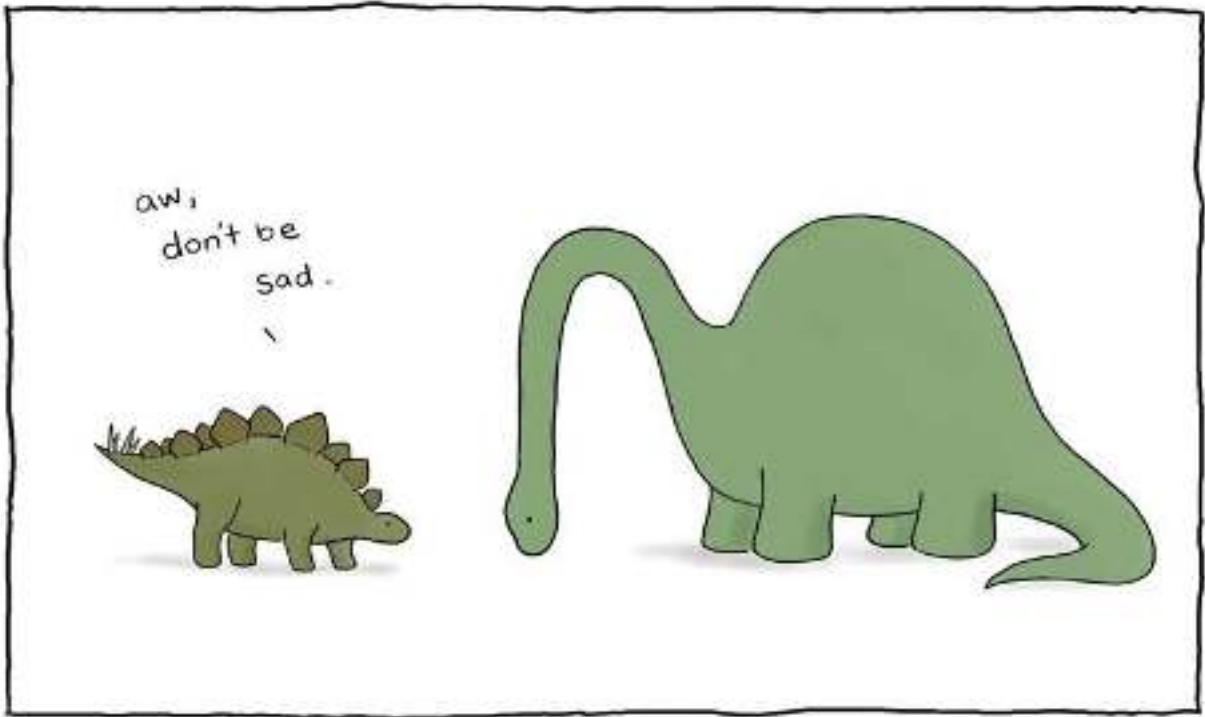
got a buzz cut  
for summer.  
what do  
you think?



I think  
you look like  
a girl.









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