

me!

WHO IS THE NEW

burrito

supreme!



COMICS

37-2022

\$2.99 US

\$3.99 CAN

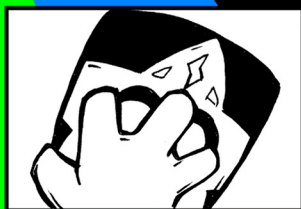
NOT
APPROVED
BY ANY
CODE



WHATSOEVER



32 PAGE
SUPER-SIZED
SPECTACULAR!



burrito supreme!

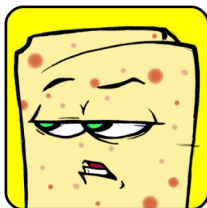
volume
one
issue
thirty-seven

LAST ISSUE:

After a tense battle with the ~~Wasabi~~ Wizard, our hero Benito Burrito has lost The Sacred Spork of Something-or-Other, leaving him powerless and no longer connected to The Supreme! Will The Powers That Be reunite him with his cosmic cutlery, or will a new spork-bearer appear? (I guess if you read the front cover you'd already know...)

Cast:

Chester "Chet" Chimichanga



Ravi "Noods" O'Lee



Frankenfurter



Estrella (Ella)



Ice Cube



Doctor DeFrost



WRITTEN, PENCILED, INKED, LETTERED, COLORED, & COVER BY: ~~DEATH~~MARK

THIS HAS BEEN A LABOR OF LOVE ALMOST 25 YEARS IN THE MAKING. IT STARTED WITH THE IDEA OF A STOP MOTION BUZZ LIGHTYEAR MEETS EARTHWORM JIM TYPE THING AND THEN GREW SLOWLY INTO WHAT YOU SEE BEFORE YOU.

THANKS TO THE MARK GRUENWALD COMIC BOOK CREATION CHALLENGE FOR GIVING ME A REASON TO GET MY PROVERBIAL POOP TOGETHER (AGAIN) AND FINALLY DO SOMETHING WITH THIS IDEA THAT'S BEEN PERKOLATING FOR FAR TOO LONG. THANK YOU AS WELL, DEAR READER, FOR GIVING *burrito supreme!* A FEW MOMENTS OF YOUR TIME. IF YOU'D LIKE TO SEE MORE SEND ME SOME FEEDBACK THROUGH THE *burrito supreme!* PAGE ON FACEBOOK.

burrito supreme! VOLUME 1 ISSUE 37, AUGUST 2022. PUBLISHED POSSIBLY NEVER BY me! COMICS, A DIVISION OF me! PRODUCTIONS (c) 2022. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. ALL CHARACTERS FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE AND THE DISTINCTIVE LIKENESSES THEREOF, AND ALL RELATED INDICIA ARE ALL TRADEMARKS OF me! COMICS. NO SIMILARITY BETWEEN ANY OF THE NAMES, CHARACTERS, PERSONS, AND/OR INSTITUTIONS IN THIS MAGAZINE WITH THOSE OF ANY LIVING OR DEAD PERSON OR INSTITUTION IS INTENDED, AND ANY SUCH SIMILARITY WHICH MAY EXIST IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

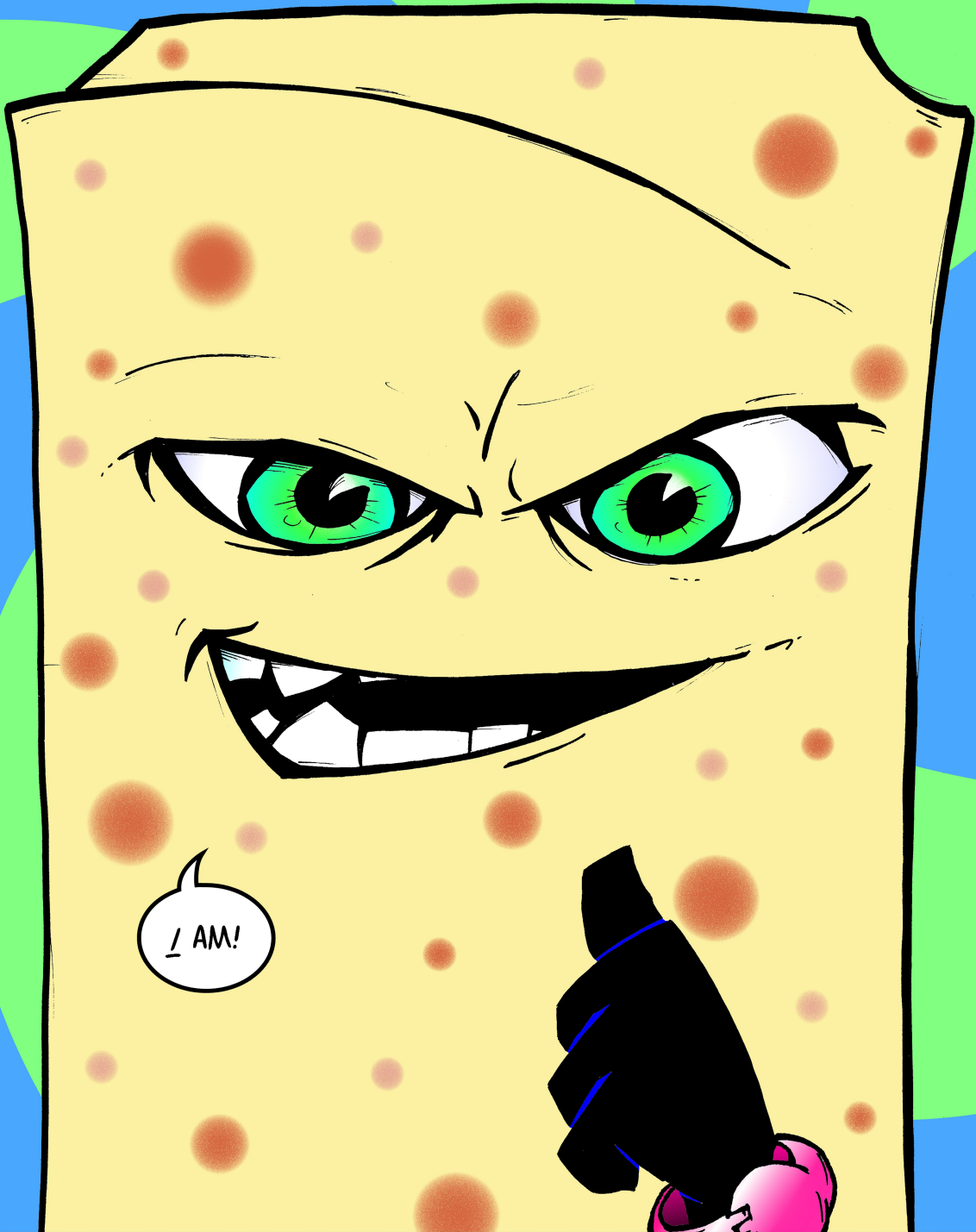
I DON'T KNOW IF THIS WILL EVER SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY AGAIN, BUT REGARDLESS, I OWN IT ALL.

me! COMICS PRESENTS

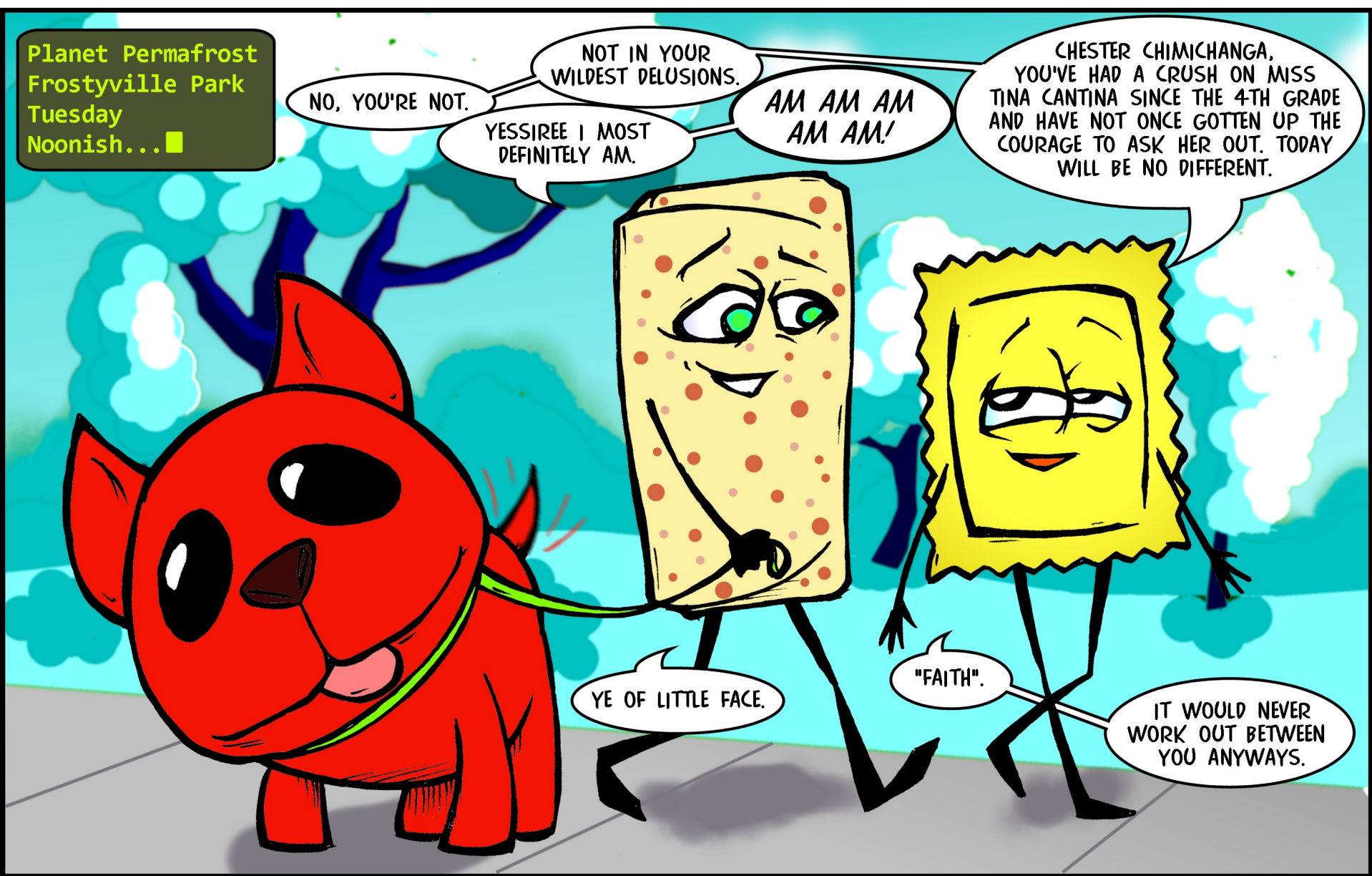
A SUPER-SIZE SPECTACULAR

"DAWN OF DOCTOR DEFROST!"

parte uno



Planet Permafrost
Frostyville Park
Tuesday
Noonish...■



NO, YOU'RE NOT.

NOT IN YOUR WILDEST DELUSIONS.

YESSIREE I MOST DEFINITELY AM.

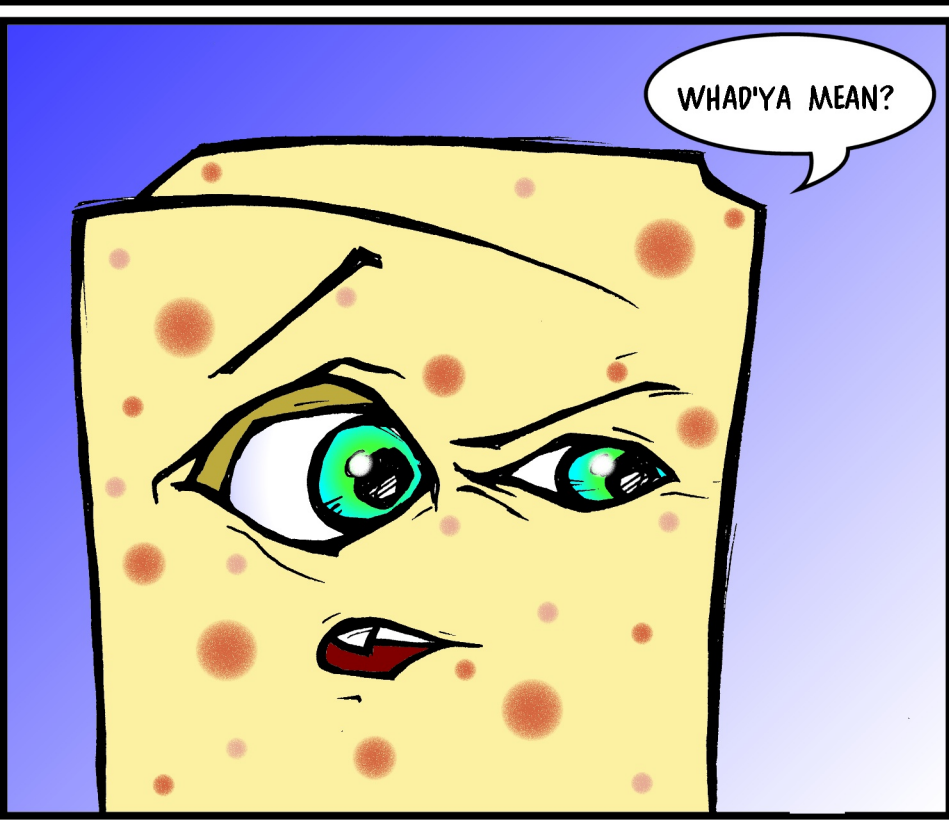
AM AM AM AM AM!

CHESTER CHIMICHANGA, YOU'VE HAD A CRUSH ON MISS TINA CANTINA SINCE THE 4TH GRADE AND HAVE NOT ONCE GOTTEN UP THE COURAGE TO ASK HER OUT. TODAY WILL BE NO DIFFERENT.

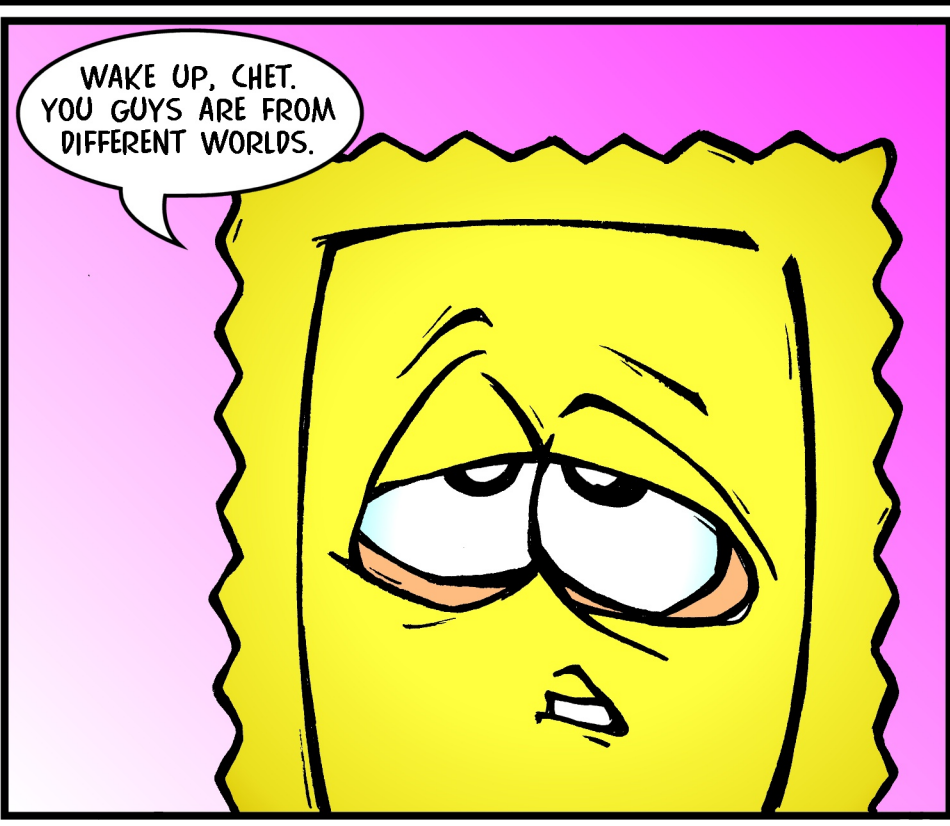
YE OF LITTLE FACE.

"FAITH".

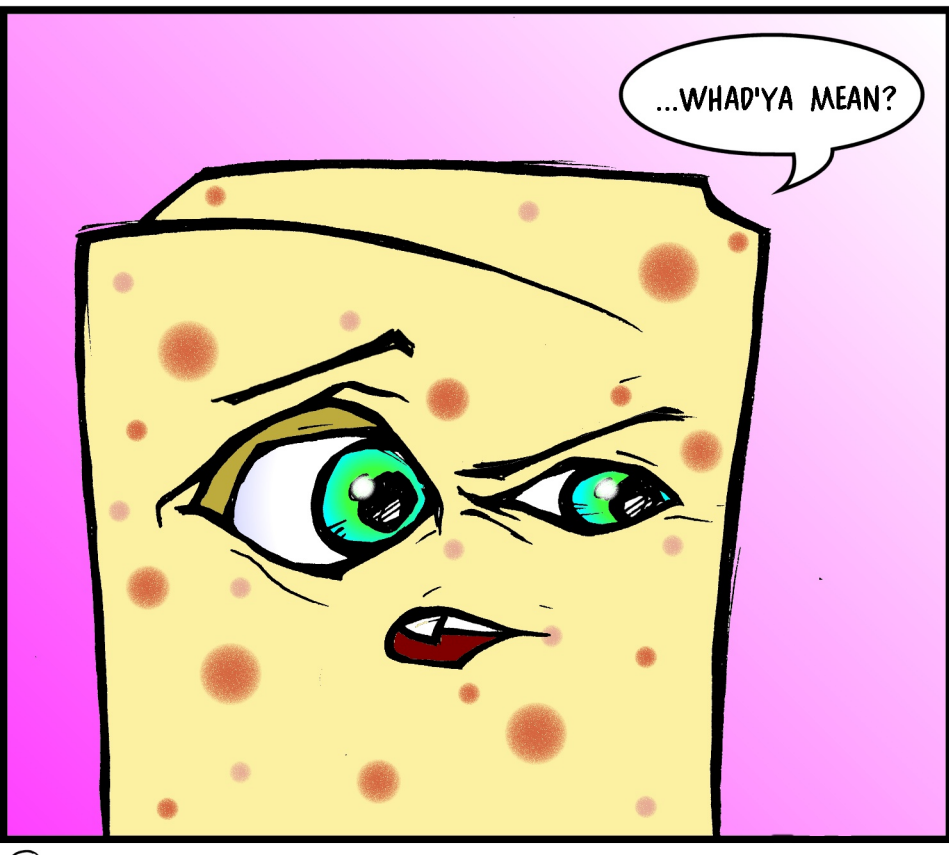
IT WOULD NEVER WORK OUT BETWEEN YOU ANYWAYS.



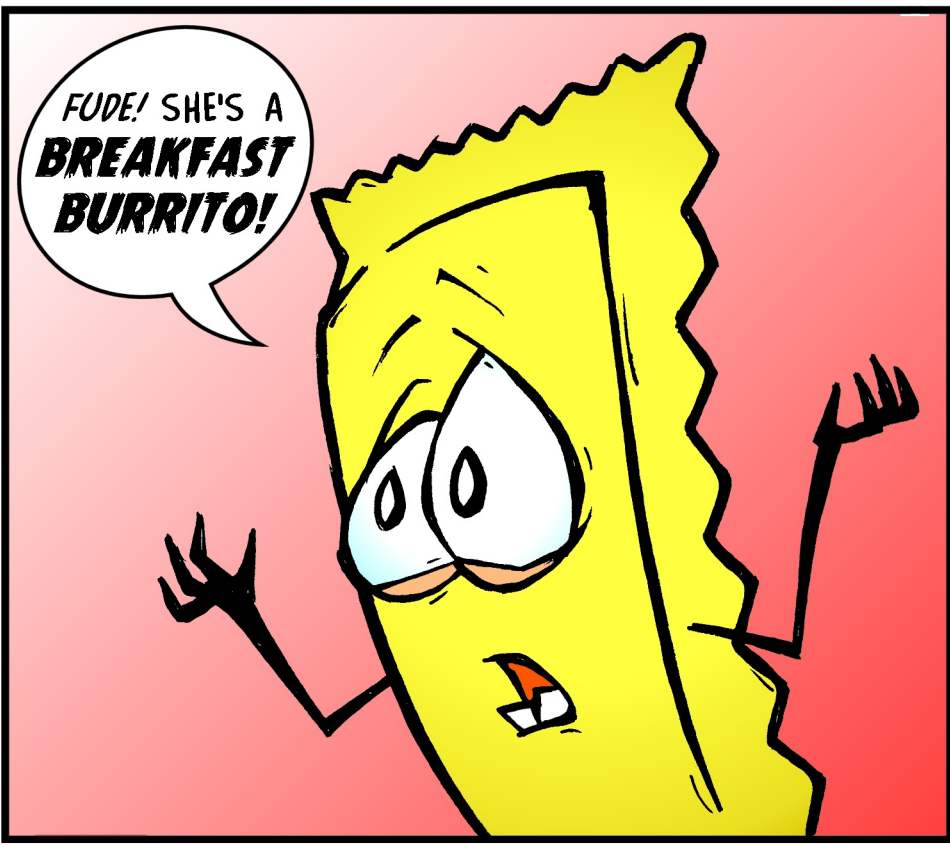
WHAD'YA MEAN?



WAKE UP, CHET. YOU GUYS ARE FROM DIFFERENT WORLDS.

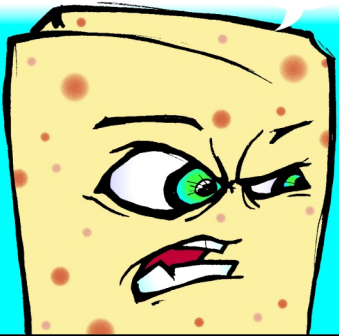


...WHAD'YA MEAN?



FUDE! SHE'S A BREAKFAST BURRITO!

NOT ALL BREAKFAST FOLK ARE MORNING
FOODLES, PASTA-HEAD. BESIDES, I'M NOT
THE SAME SAD ENTREE I WAS YESTERDAY.
I'VE GOT THIS NEW DOG WALKING JOB...



YOUR POINT BEING?

THAT'S JUST
FRANKENFURTER.



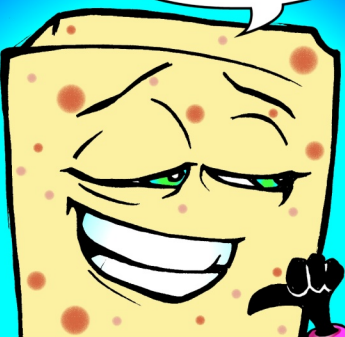
YOU CAN'T COUNT
WALKING YOUR OWN CORN
DOG AS A JOB.



HE'S NOT A CORN DOG -
HE'S A BONA FIDE PUREBRED
COCKTAIL WEENIE!



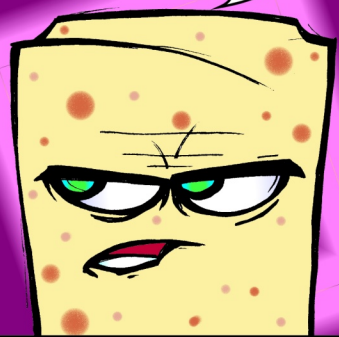
AND LET'S NOT FORGET...
I'M A SUPERHERO NOW.



OH RIGHT, I NEARLY
FORGOT ABOUT THAT BAT-POOP
CRAZY DREAM YOU KEPT ME UP ALL NIGHT
SPUTTERING INCOHERENTLY ABOUT.



YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE ME...

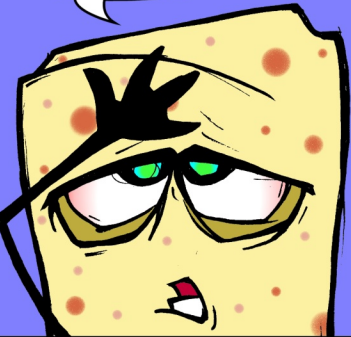


LIKE YOU WOULD BELIEVE *ME* IF I
BLEW UP YOUR PHONE 'TIL THE WEE
HOURS OF THE MORNING,
CARRYING ON ABOUT A
TALKING STARFISH
WITH A MAGIC
SPOON AND A
BARISTA
DRESSED UP
LIKE A JESTER...*

*I'LL MAKE
SENSE LATER.



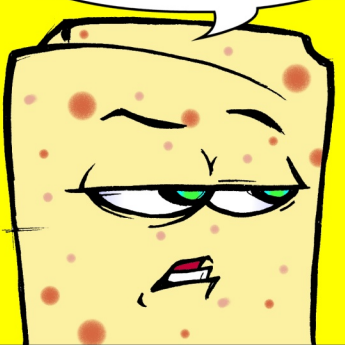
OHMAGOD YOU LISTEN
LIKE MY GRANDMOTHER...



IT WAS LATE
AND YOU WERE TALKING
DRIVE-THRU FAST...



LET ME GO OVER IT ONCE MORE,
AND THIS TIME, PAY ATTENTION.



YESSIR,
CAPTAIN NUT
ROLL SIR!



SHADDAP. AS YOU KNOW...

13-ish hours
earlier... ■

...I WAS DOING A LITTLE LATE-NIGHT
DUMPSTER DIVING BEHIND STORE4GEEK'S
(BY MYSELF, I MIGHT ADD), HOPING TO
FIND SOME UNWANTED TREASURES AMONG
THE DISCARDED TRINKETS AND BAUBLES.

WHAT THE HECK
IS A "POG"?

I WAS ABOUT TO GIVE UP WHEN
I HEARD A STRANGE VOICE...

MARIS?

I HOPPED
inside

THAN
SQUIP
MOM

STORE FOR
FRIENDS

SO'S I SLAPPED
IT ON MY WRIST.
I MEAN, YOU CAN'T
BEAT A FREE TRAVEL
SPORK, RIGHT?

SNACKS!

-SNAP!

...AND NOTICED A WEIRD GLOW
COMING FROM ONE OF THE BOXES...

...BUT THE ONLY THING INSIDE WAS
A HOT PINK SPORK SLAP BRACELET.

SUDDENLY EVERYTHING STARTED TO
FLOAT AND SWIRL AROUND ME AS I
WAS LIFTED OUT OF THE DUMPSTER.

THIS IS
NEW...

THEN THIS BOLT OF PURPLE
LIGHTNING SHOT OUT OF THE SKY
AND RAN RIGHT THROUGH ME...

...AND EVERYTHING
WENT BLACK.

WHEN I OPENED MY EYES...



...I WAS MIRACULOUSLY UNHARMED...

...I WAS SURROUNDED BY THE TWISTED,
SMOULDERING WRECKAGE THAT WAS UNTIL
QUITE RECENTLY MY FAVORITE DUMPSTER
(FOR DIVING PURPOSES ONLY, NATCH)...

...I WAS DRESSED LIKE
A CARTOON WRESTLER...



...AND THERE WAS A GLOWING
TALKING STAR LADY FLOATING
IN FRONT OF ME. SHE SAID:

Chadwick Chipotle...

...you have been chosen by
THE POWERS THAT BE
to serve as the bearer of
**THE SACRED SPORK OF
SOMETHING-OR-OTHER**

an instrument granting you
access to the near-limitless
powerful cosmic energies
referred to collectively as...

★**THE SUPREME**★

Bestowed with these gifts,
you are to serve as their
champion and avatar
(and occasionally gofer),
and take up the mantle of the
soldier of justice known as

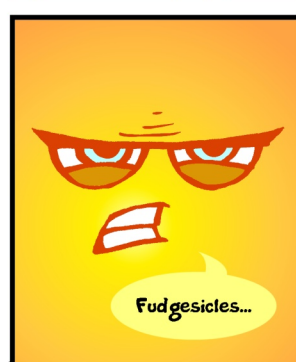
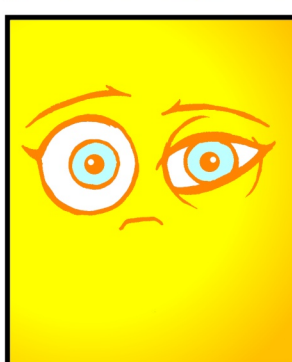
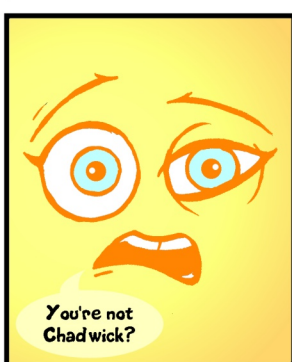
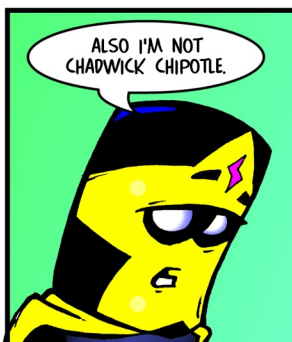
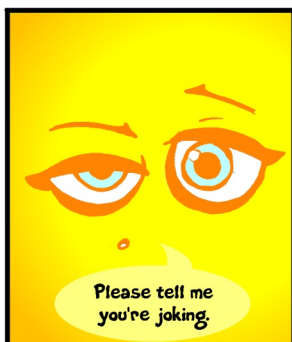
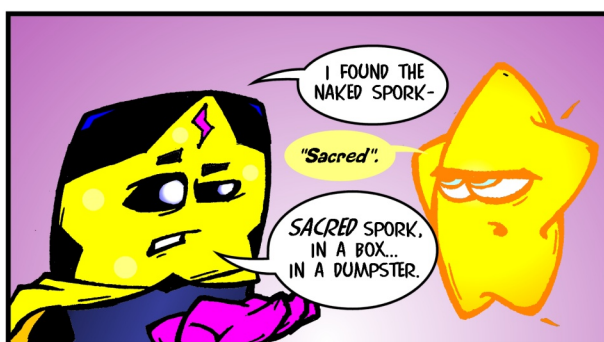
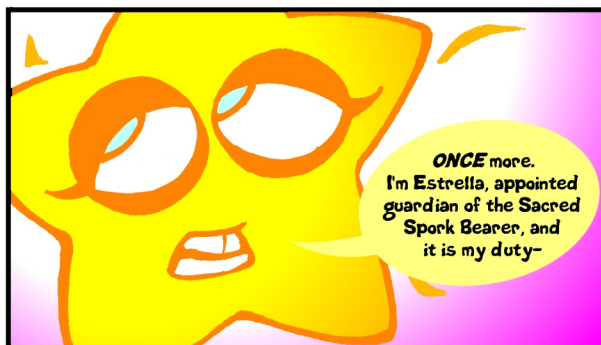
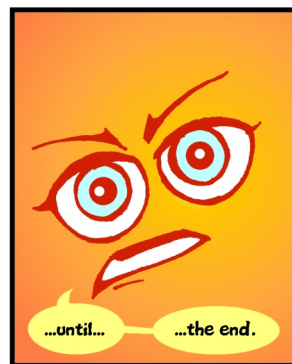
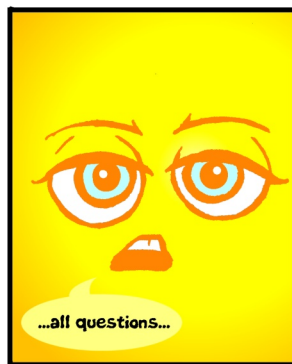
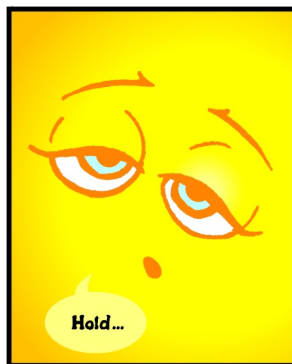
**burrito
supreme!**

I am Estrella,
appointed guardian of-

UM...MSS-?

Please hold all questions
until the end, as they may
be answered in my
introductory monologue.
As I was saying, I am Estrella,
appointed guardian of the
sacred spork bearer-

IT'S JUST THAT-



WOW, HOW COULD I *NOT* BELIEVE THAT STORY?

PROVE IT. TURN INTO THIS
"SUPREME" WHOJAMACALLITS.

IT'S ALL TRUE!

I CAN'T.
I'VE TRIED ALL
MORNING AND
IT JUST ISN'T
HAPPENING.

RIGHT. JUST SO YA KNOW, IN
THE WORLD OUTSIDE YOUR HEAD? THE ONLY
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YESTERDAY'S CHET AND
TODAY'S CHET IS THAT PINK BRACELET.

*YOU MEAN THE
SACRED SPORK OF
SOMETHING-OR-OTHER*

...NATURALLY. LOOK, CHET, BUBBY, MY FRIEND
ALMOST SINCE BIRTH - I WANT TO BELIEVE
YOU. TRULY. BUT THE SPORK ISN'T GLOWING.
YOU CAN'T TRANSFORM INTO THIS SPANDEX-
CLAD INTERGALACTIC RASSLER, THERE'S NO
STAR LADY FLOATING AROUND, AND BASED ON
THE LAUNDRY LIST OF LUNACY I CAN'T BELIEVE
I JUST RECAPPED, YOU SOUND ABSOLUTELY
ZONKERS. AND EVEN IF ALL THIS IS TRUE,
I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT ANY OF IT HAS TO
DO WITH YOU SO TOTALLY NOT ASKING
TINA CANTINA OUT TODAY (OR EVER).

OR IS "DELUSIONAL SELF-CONFIDENCE
BOOST" ONE OF YOUR SUPPOSED SHINY
NEW-FANGLED SUPERPOWERS?

DUNNO. SHE *DID* SAY IT
WAS "NEAR-LIMITLESS"...

SO-O-O-O...

...CAN YOU FLY?

DUNNO.

RUN SUPER DOOPER FAST?

NO IDEA.

SHOOT LASERS
OUT OF YOUR EYES?

COULD BE COOL.

EAT A BOMB?

WHY WOULD I...?

LIFT REDONKULOUSLY
HEAVY OBJECTS?

POSSIBLY?

ROLL YOUR TONGUE?

WAIT, WHAT?

USE CHOPSTICKS?

UM...

DRIVE A STICK SHIFT?

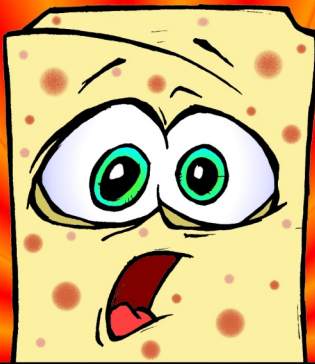
YOU HAVE A WEIRD
IDEA OF WHAT CONSTITUTES
A "SUPER" POWER...

AAAITYEEEEEE!!!

YEESH, HOLY NOISY
NUGGET STAMPEDE.

HURRY CHILDREN!
FIND A SAFE PLACE!

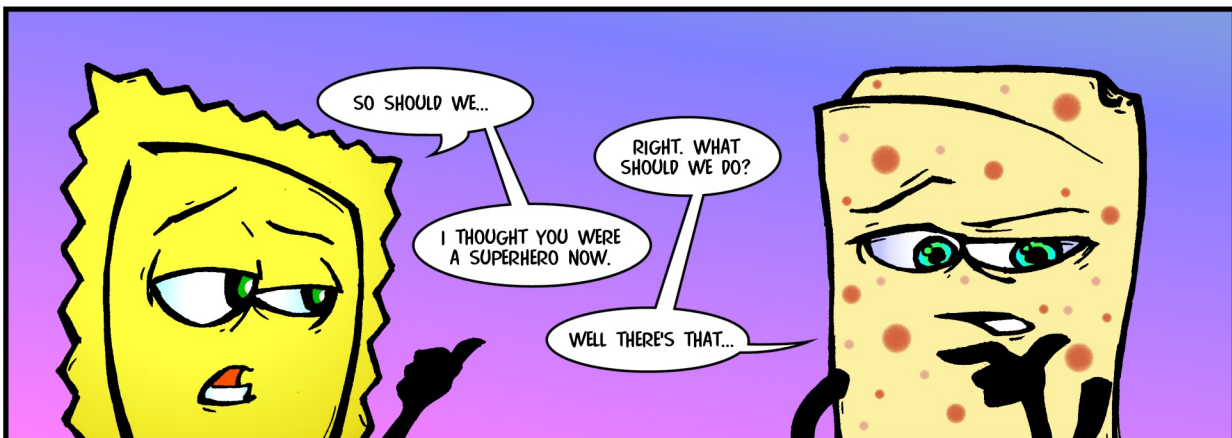
SETTLE DOWN,
FRANK. HEY, ISN'T THAT
OUR OLD TEACHER?

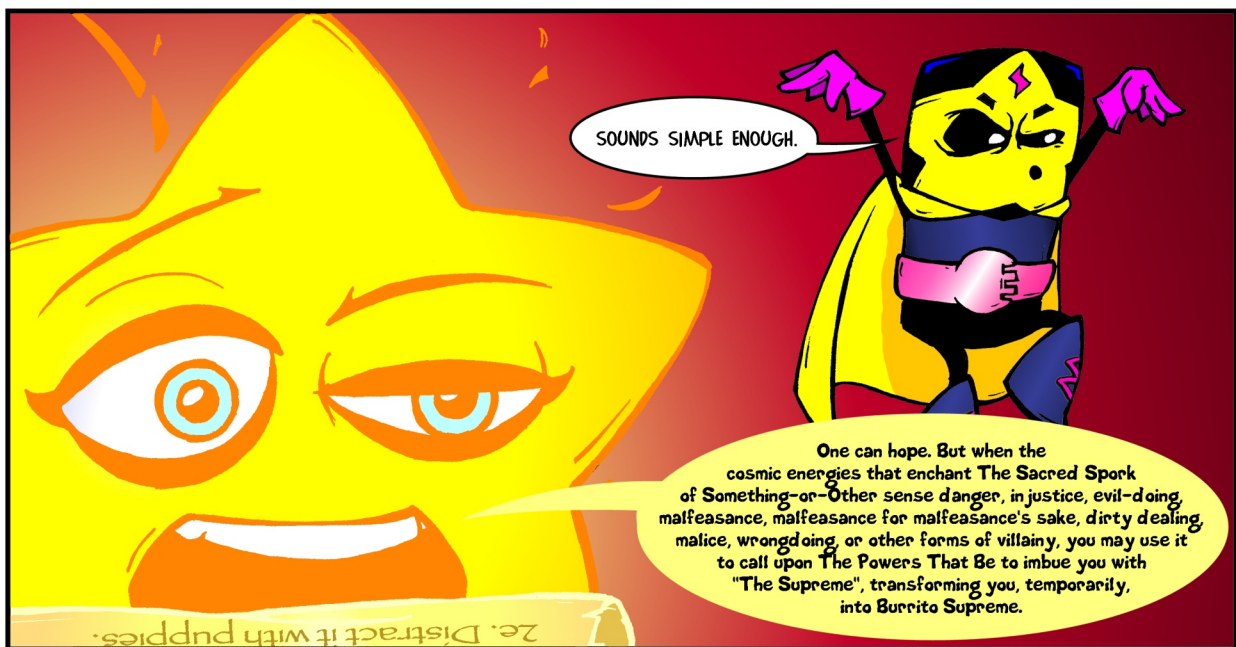
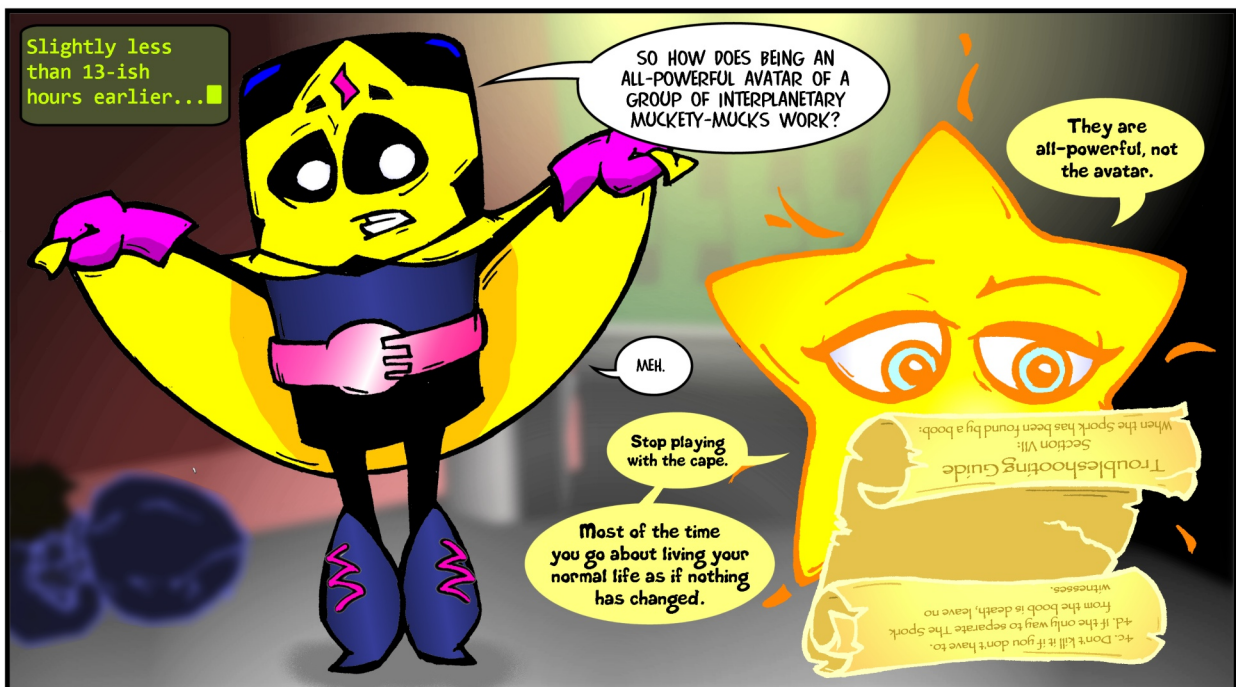
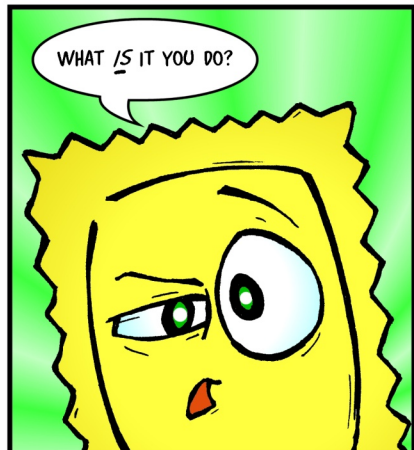
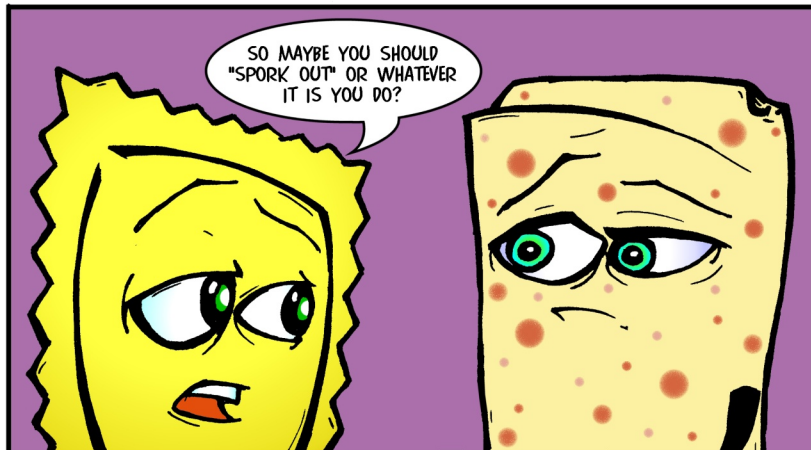


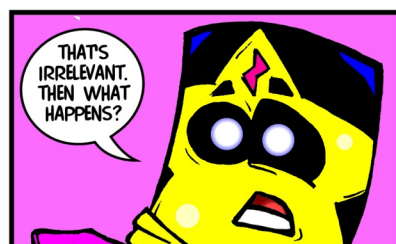
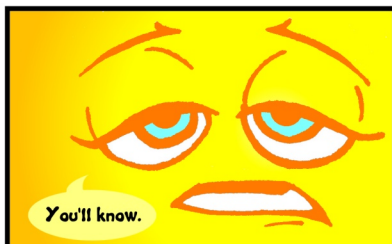
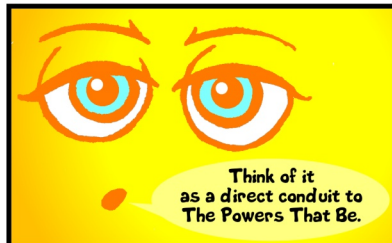
MISS
POT PIE!
WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

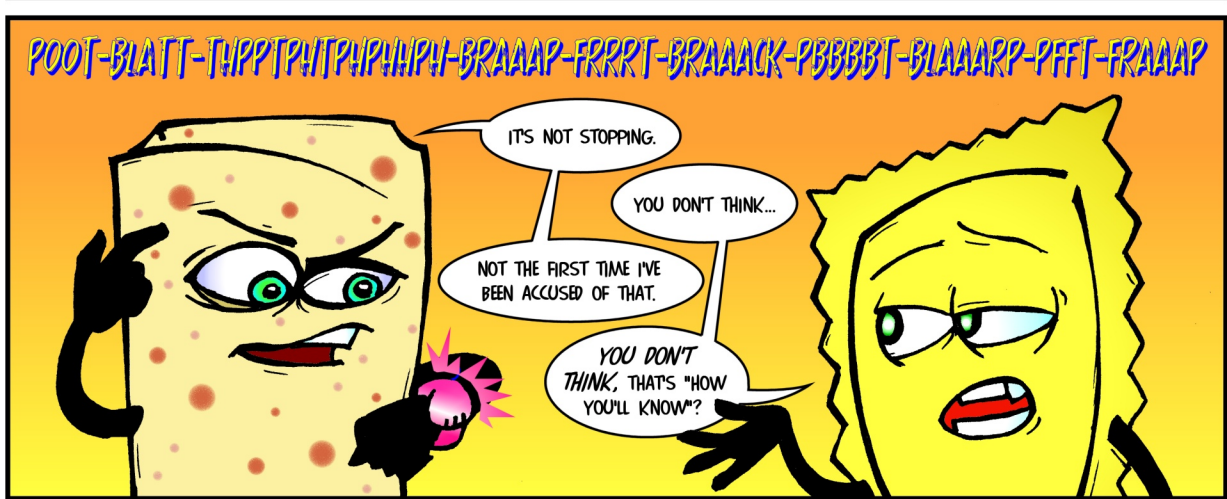
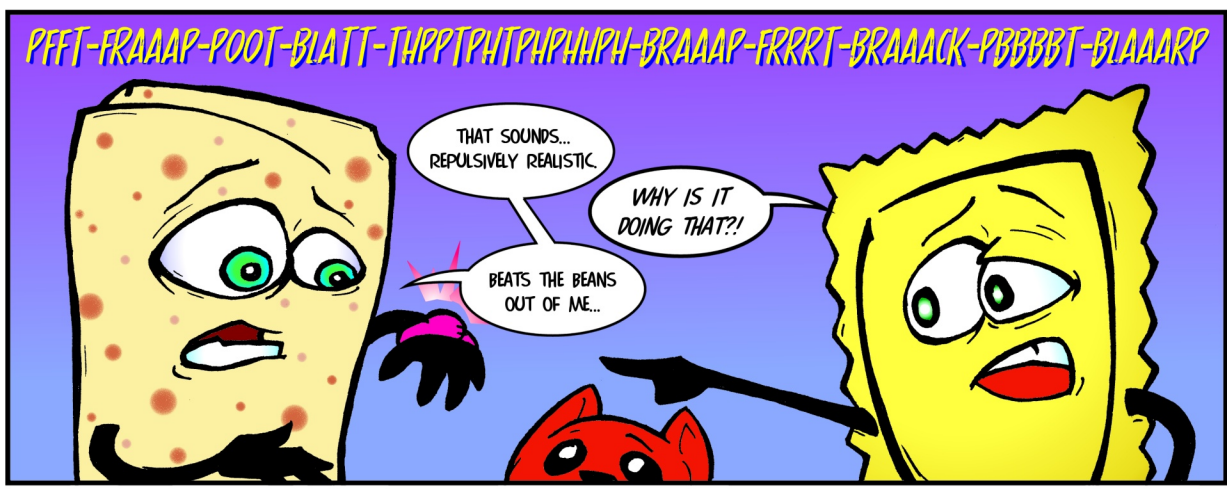
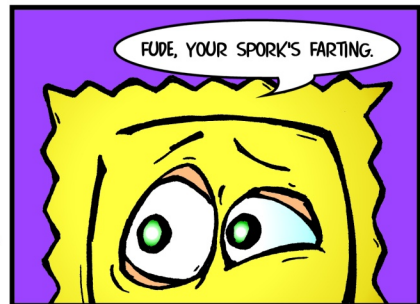
**CHET! RAV! SOME
LUNATIC IN A GIANT METAL
VEGETABLE THAWED OUT A CREW OF
CONSTRUCTION SAUSAGES THAT WAS WORKING
ON THE NEW PLAYGROUND! MY CLASS FLED AS
FAST AS THEIR LITTLE LEGS COULD CARRY THEM,
BUT THE REST OF THE NUGGIES AND
CURDLETS ARE TRAPPED AND IN
GRAVY DANGER!**









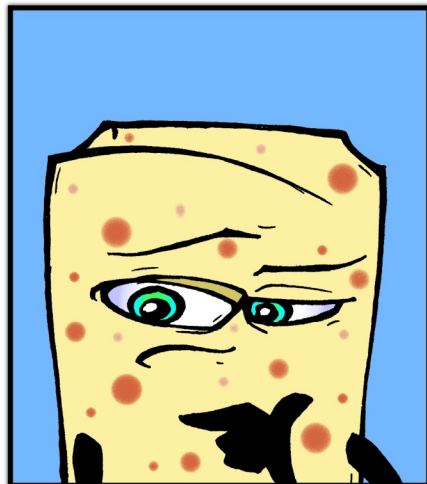


LEMME GET THIS STRAIGHT: YOU'RE SUGGESTING
A NEAR-LIMITLESS OBJECT OF PORTABLE WEARABLE COSMIC
CUTLERY IS TELLING ME IT'S TIME FOR ACTION...

...BY MAKING
FART NOISES?

YOU DON'T KNOW
THAT IT DOESN'T.

POOT
BLATT
FRRRT



TOUCAN.

IT'S TOU CHÉ, BEAN DIP.

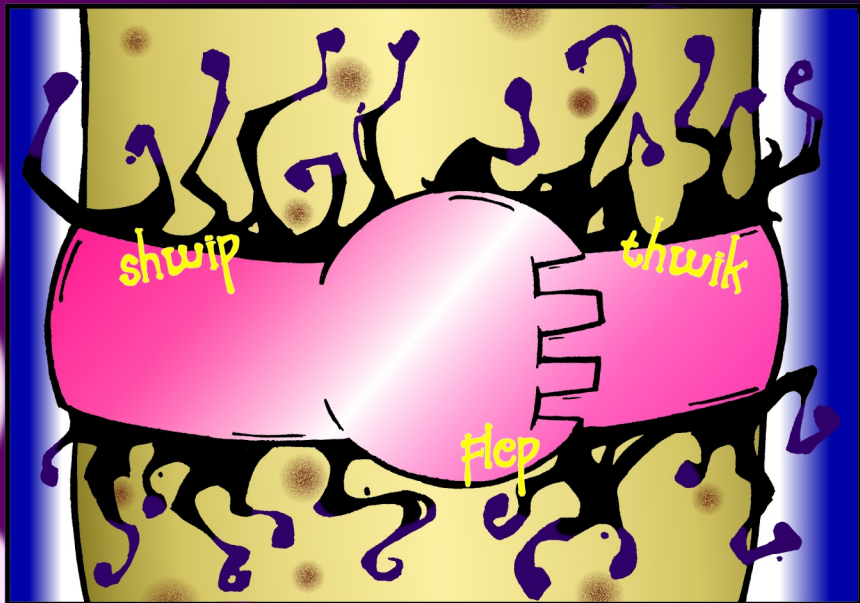
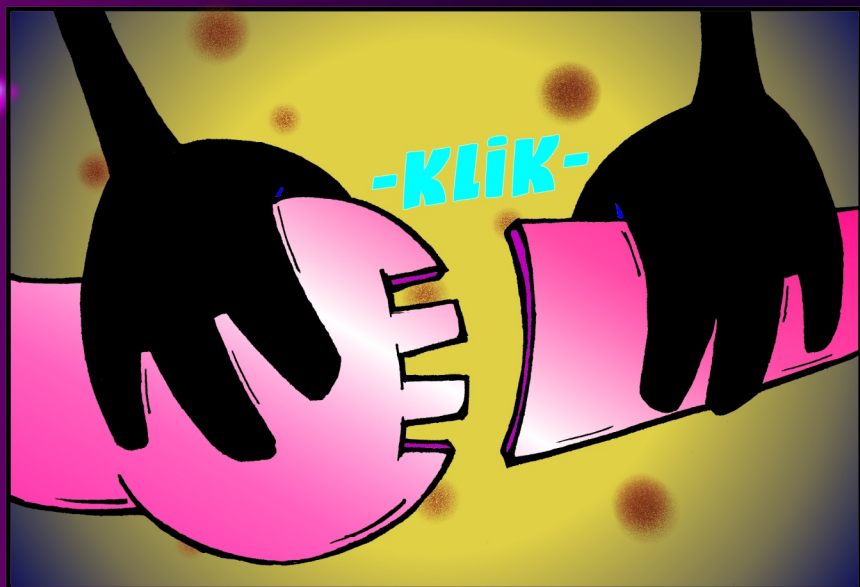
ALRIGHT, HOLD
FRANKENWEENIE AND
STAND BACK.

EH, I DON'T REALLY...

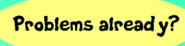
ESTOY LLENO
DE FRIJOLES!

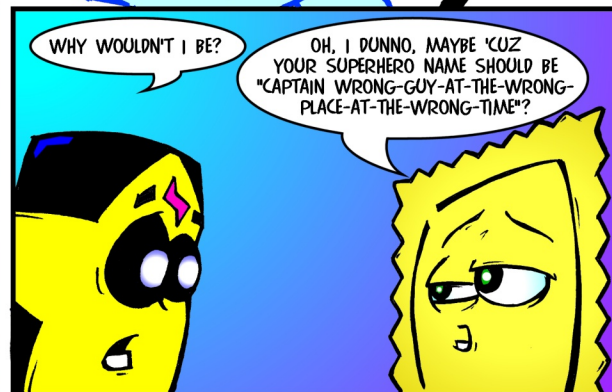
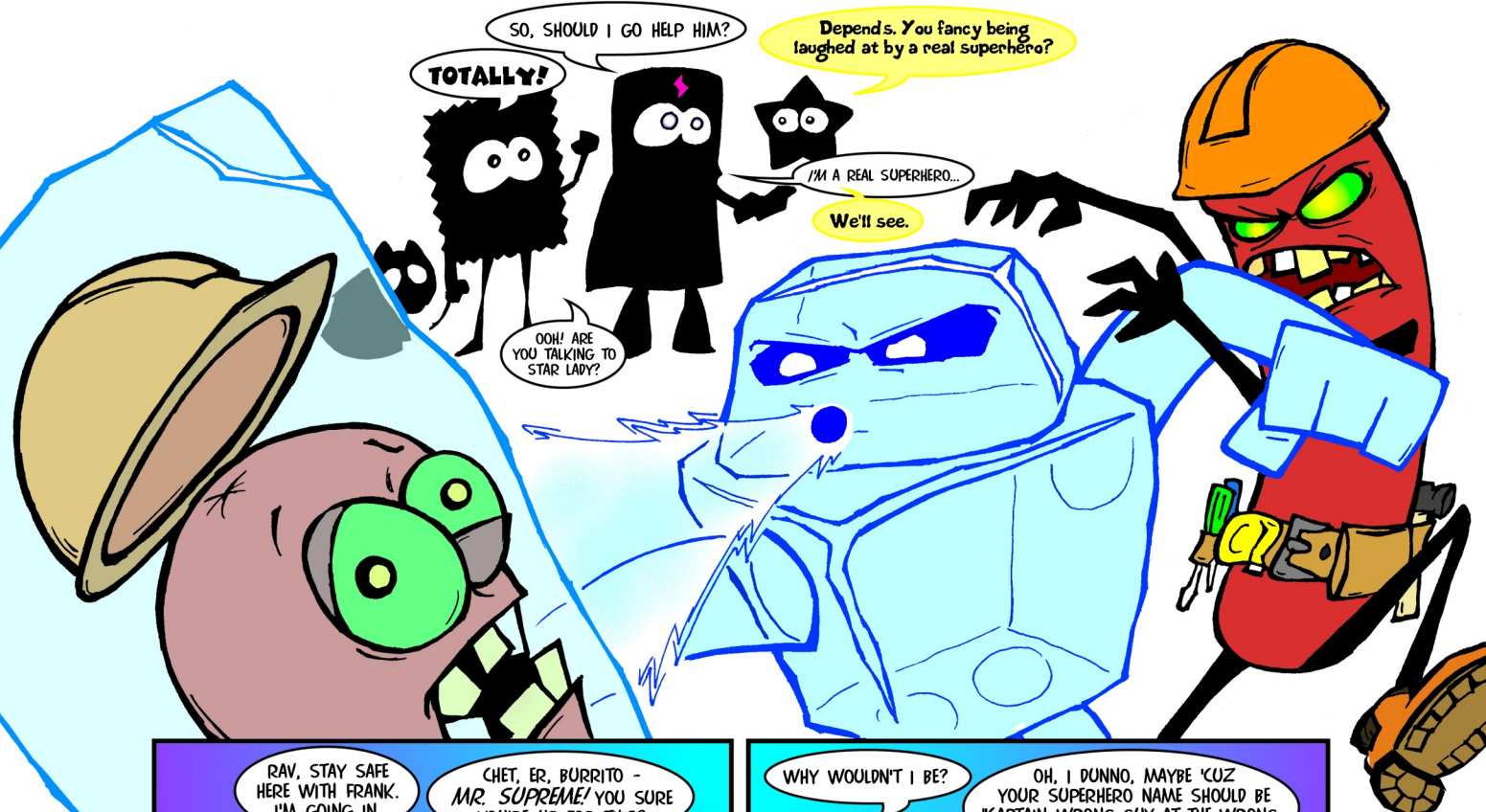
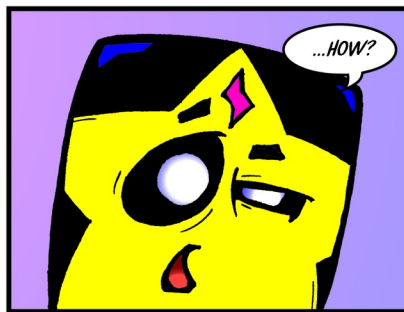
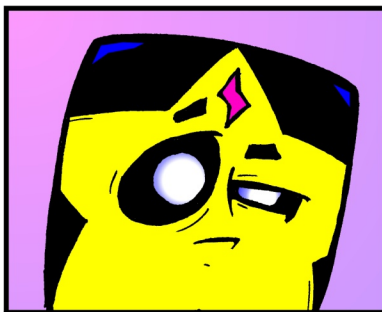
I'M GONNA SPORK
THIS THING UP!

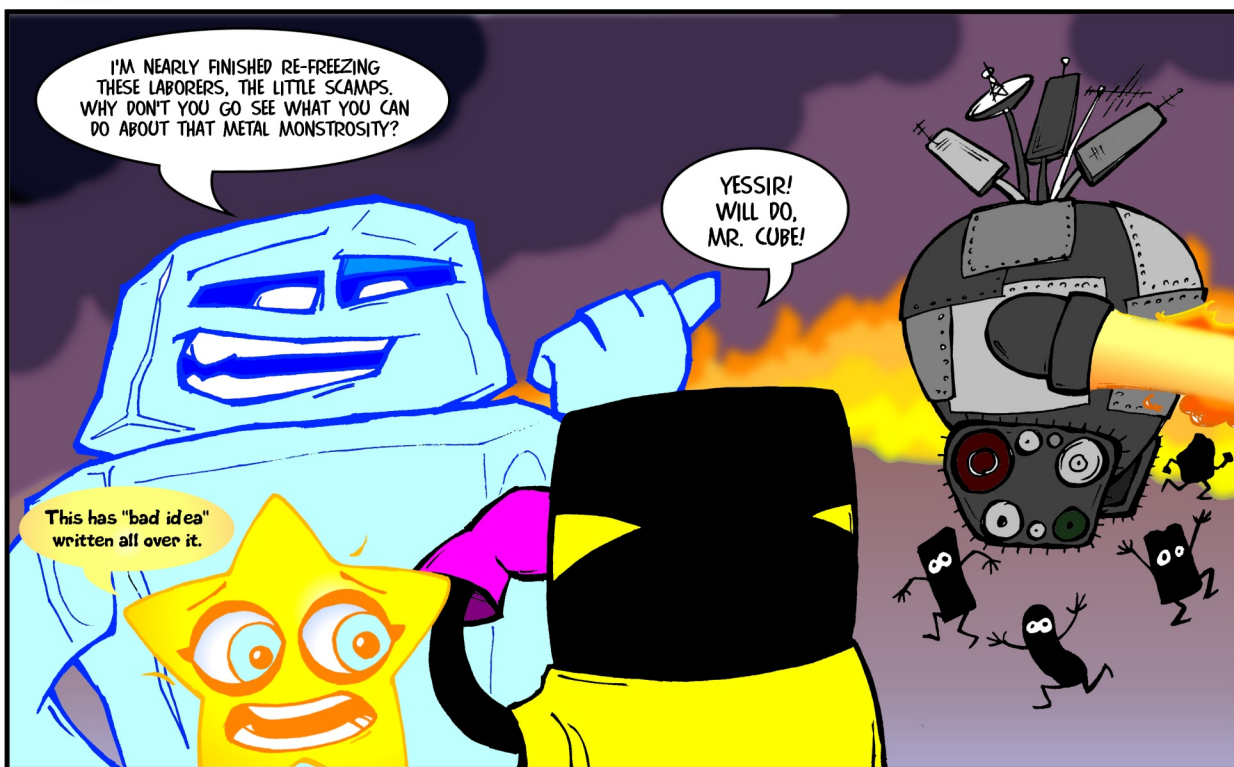
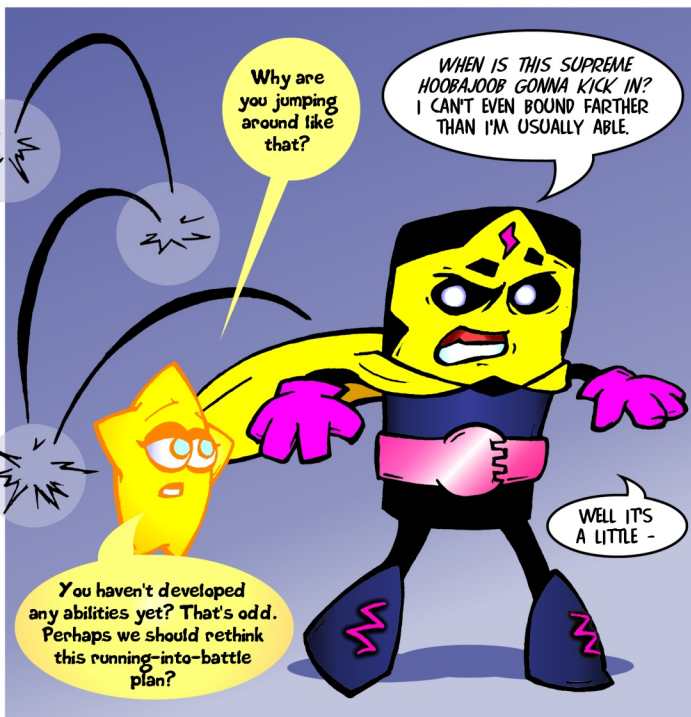
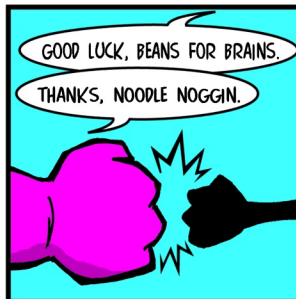
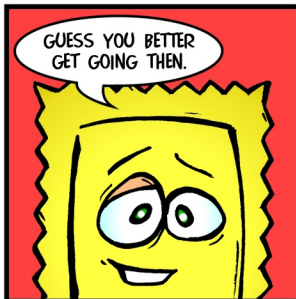
KRA-
KOOM!

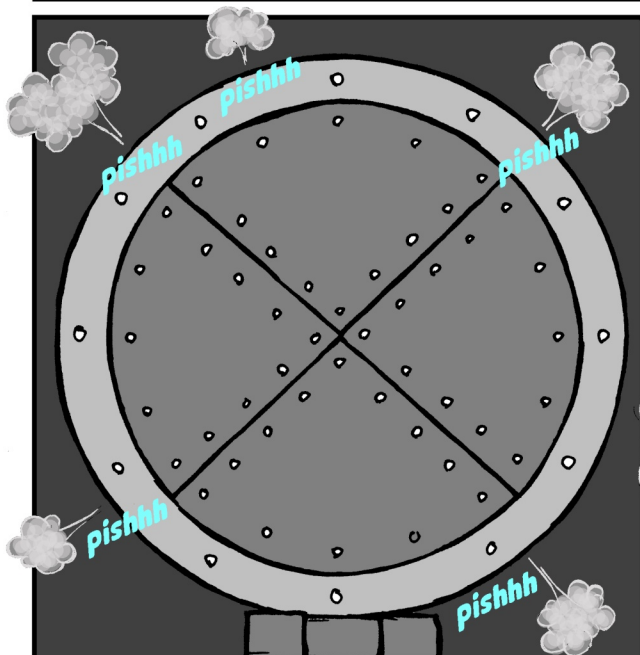
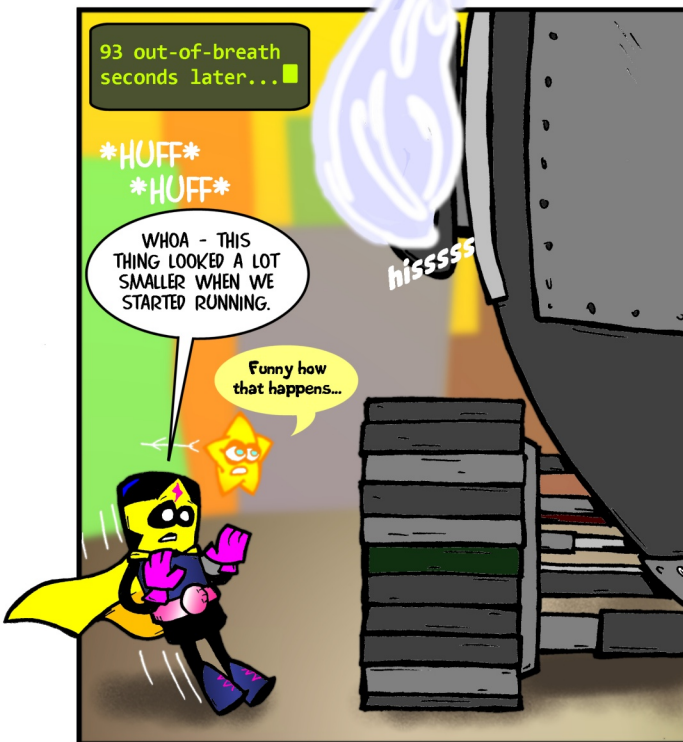


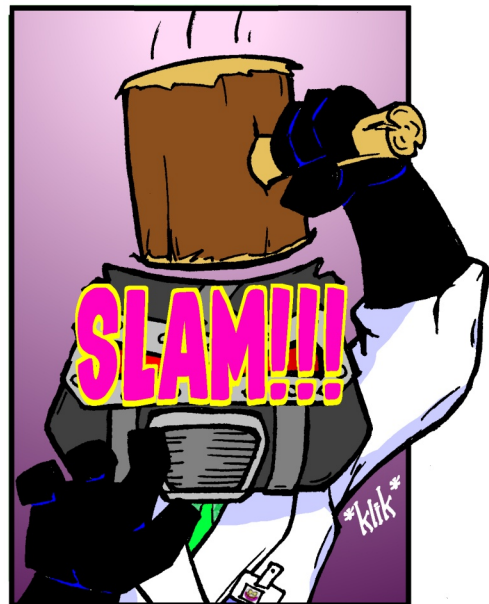
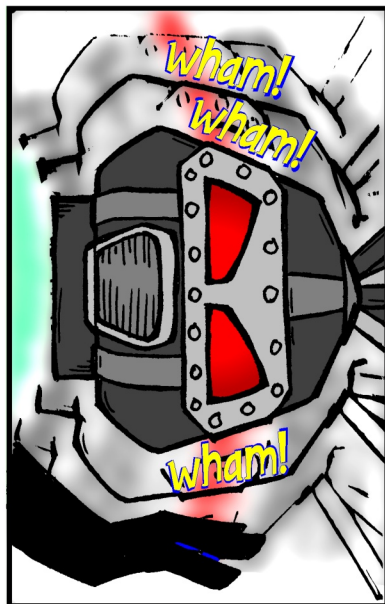
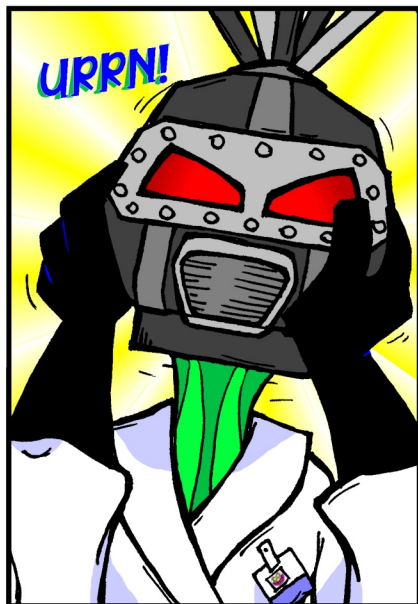
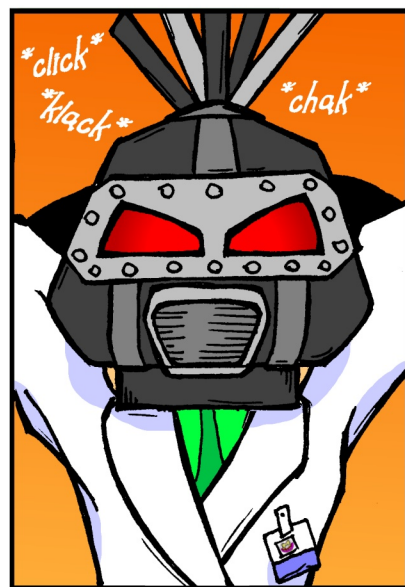
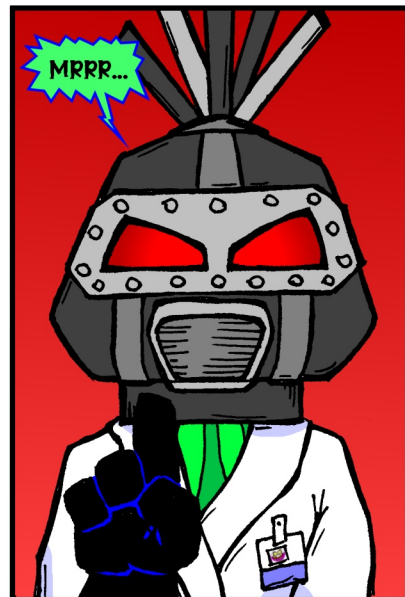












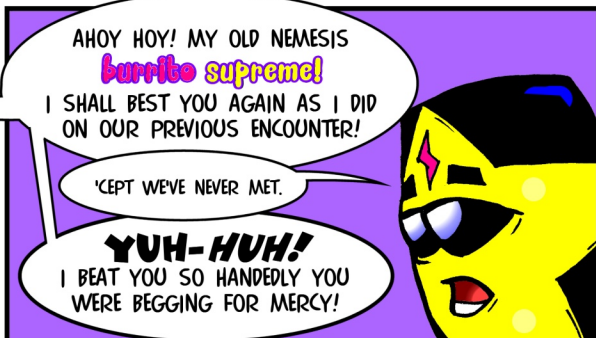


WOO -
THAT'S BETTER.



NOT FROM
WHERE I'M
STANDING...

Yup,
same loony
turnip...



AHOY HOY! MY OLD NEMESIS
Burrito Supreme!
I SHALL BEST YOU AGAIN AS I DID
ON OUR PREVIOUS ENCOUNTER!

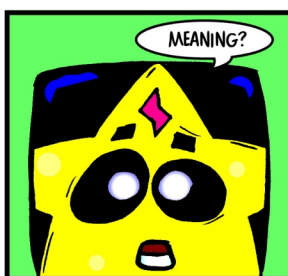
'CEPT WE'VE NEVER MET.

YUH-HUH!
I BEAT YOU SO HANDELY YOU
WERE BEGGING FOR MERCY!



NO!
NO!
NO!

It is pertinent no one be
made aware that you are not
the original Burrito Supreme!



MEANING?



Lie if you
have to!



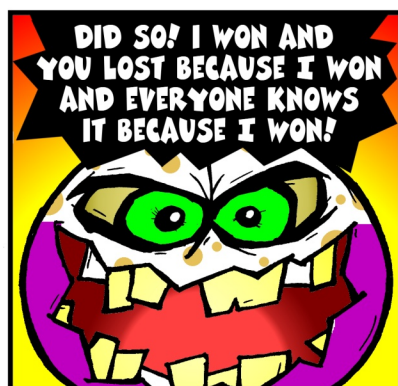
...OF "PERTINENT".



WHO
ARE YOU
TALKING
TO?

WHY...YOU, OF COURSE,
MR. VEG-HEAD SIR. I, OH,
PERTINENTLY DON'T RECALL IT
GOING THAT WAY.

Oh
me...



**DID SO! I WON AND
YOU LOST BECAUSE I WON
AND EVERYONE KNOWS
IT BECAUSE I WON!**



Hardly. This "terrifying" muppet
previously surrendered without a single
punch being thrown. He was left tied up and
sobbing on the doorstep of local
law enforcement.



WHY ARE YOU
BACK ON THE STREETS,
YOU EVIL BEET?

**NO PRISON
CELL CAN HOLD
DOCTOR
DEFROST!**



...AFTER MY LAST DEFEAT -

★ THOUGHT YOU SAID
YOU WON. "HANDFULLY".

IT'S "HANDEPLY", YOU DOLT!

AS I WAS SAYING, AFTER
I WAS WRONGLY IMPRISONED
FOR BESTING YOU LAST TIME...

★ SURE.

...I LEARNED DURING A FIERY PRISON
RIOT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE FOODLES
OF PERMAFROST GET THAWED OUT.*

SO I SPENT MY WRONGFULLY INCARCERATED TIME STUDYING UP ON THERMODYNAMICS (AND LEARNING BRAND MANAGEMENT), AND CAME TO THE THRILLING REALIZATION THAT WITH JUST A TWEAK OF THE TERRIFYING TURNIP TANK'S® JOHNSON RODS, I COULD CONVERT THE RUTABAGA CANNONS (PATENT PENDING) INTO BLAST FURNACE BLASTERS® ALLOWING ME TO QUICKLY THAW OUT THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THE PLANET, CAUSING TOTAL PLANETARY CHAOS *AND THEN IT WOULD ALL BE MINE!*



*FORGOT ALREADY? SEE PAGE 11!

AND TO MAKE SURE NONE OF YOU DO-GOODERS TRIES TO STOP ME, I'VE GOT A FEW SURPRISES THAT WILL KEEP YOU OUT OF MY ROOTS!

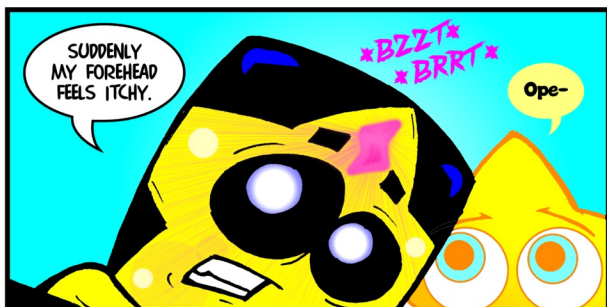
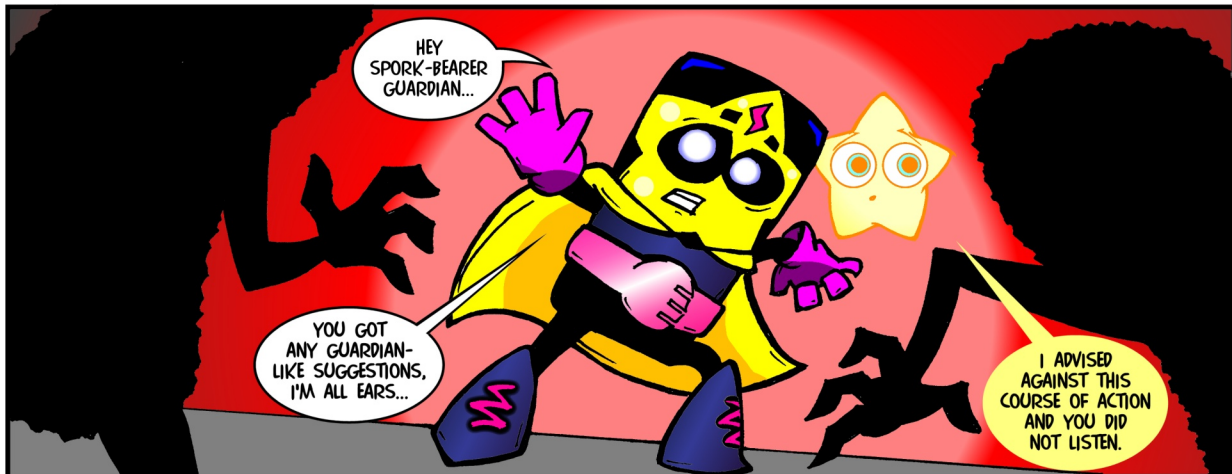


THROUGH A HAPPY LITTLE ACCIDENT, I DISCOVERED THAT IF FROZENS ARE HEATED UP A SCOPE BEYOND THAWING OUT, YOU RETAIN YOUR CHAOTIC RAGE BUT BECOME OPEN TO THE POWER OF PERSUASION! I COULD MAKE MY OWN FOODIE ARMY TO DEFEAT YOU!



NOW SAY "HELLO" TO A SUPER-SIZED APPETIZER OF MY
MOLTEN MOZZARELLA MEN!





We interrupt this slobber-knocker for a word on the depiction of gratuitous violence in comic books from **burrito supremel...**



Now back to our regularly scheduled program.

17 minutes and
237 non-sense sound
effects later...■

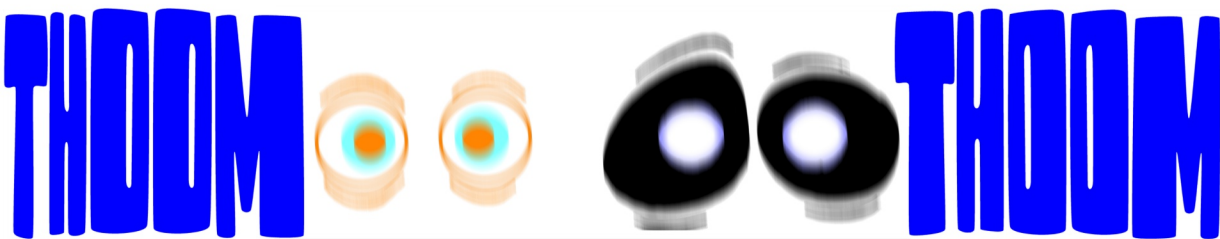
FEELS LIKE
THERE'S CHEESE
IN ALL MY
HEAD HOLES...



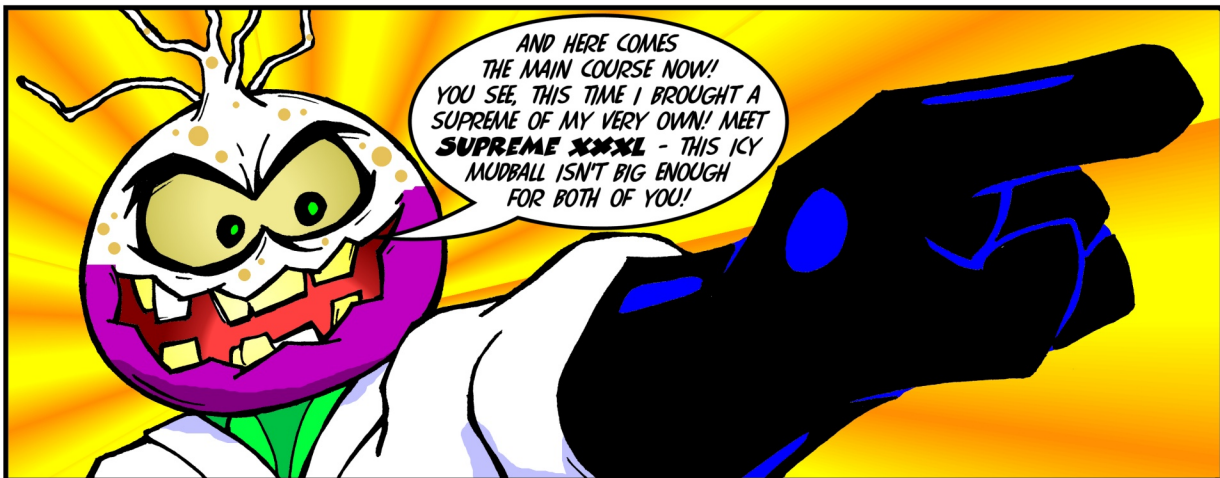
Did he say
"main course"?

SAY, ARE YOU REALLY
A DOCTOR OR DID YOU JUST
PUT ON A LAB COAT AND START
CALLING YOURSELF ONE ASSUMING
NO ONE WOULD QUESTION IT?

...SHUT UP.



AND HERE COMES
THE MAIN COURSE NOW!
YOU SEE, THIS TIME I BROUGHT A
SUPREME OF MY VERY OWN! MEET
SUPREME XXXL - THIS ICY
MUDBALL ISN'T BIG ENOUGH
FOR BOTH OF YOU!





NEXT ISSUE:
WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS,
"JUST SEND NOODS"



WALG!

CORNK!

NEED!

YINK!

FUNG!

JURP!

DIRP!

REEB!

HAWNK!

P'CHORT!

GORCH!

TUTE!

KRANTI!

MUEK!

VOOP!

SFEER!

BANCH!

LARP!