A Child's Treasury of Dysfunctional Family Circus



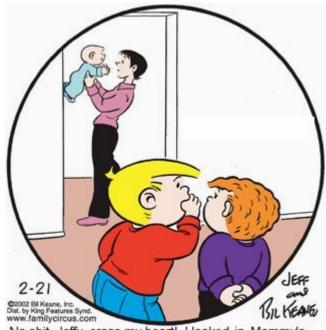
If you tell Mommy about our little secret, I'll kill her in front of you, then I'll kill you and the rest of the kids, and then I'll kill myself. I will, so help me God!



I don't care HOW "lonely" you've been since Grandpa "went to heaven"--this is SICK! Sick, sick, sick!



Cucumbers are OK, I guess.... But I prefer a mop handle covered with axle grease.



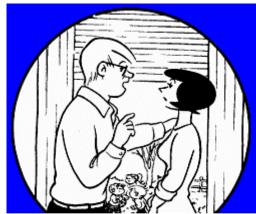
No shit, Jeffy, cross my heart! I looked in Mommy's nightstand, and she's got a dildo the size of my fucking arm!



I don't care if sodomy IS a "naval tradition." I want this to STOP!



Careful, Dad. If you put my clothes back on too neat, it'll look suspicious.



Thel, I don't care what the kids said! I swear to God nothing like that ever happened! They must have seen a movie on Lifetime, or something!



Hey, Sugarbuns! How's my favorite MILF?

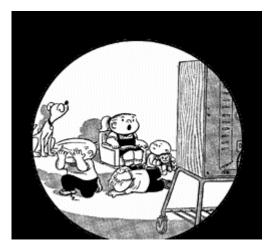




Hey! You remember what they did to Barfy when he started doing that?



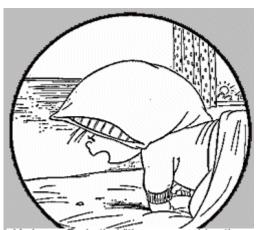
Uh, Mom? My face is up HERE.



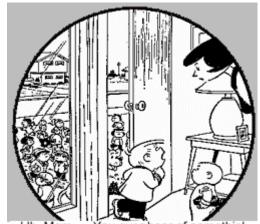
This goatse channel has gone too far!



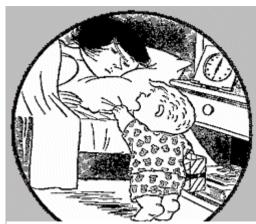
Daddy was watchin' this movie called Deliverance, and... oh, Gawd, Gawd, please just kill me!



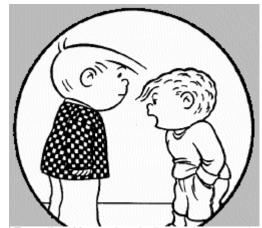
Ya know, Dad, that "the more cushion the better pushin" line's gettin' kinda old!



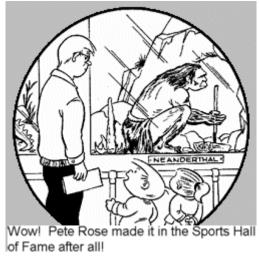
Uh, Mom.... You ever hear of somethin' called "pullin' a train"?



Awright, I brung ya a box of candy this time. Now turn over and spread 'em.



Every time Mom asks what's causin' my anal fissures, he says "Not Me!" or "Ida Know!"





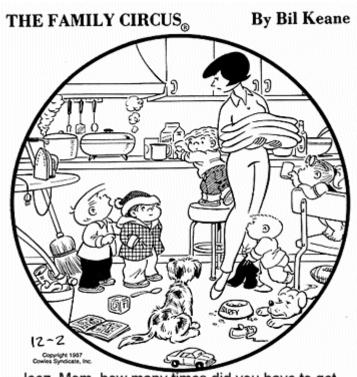
Well, the crazy bitch must be gone by now, so it's probably safe to come ou—Aaaaaaagh!!!!!



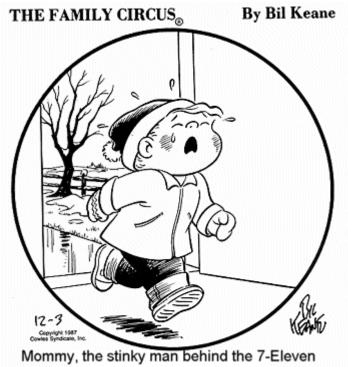
Mmmmm.... I won't be able to walk straight for a week!

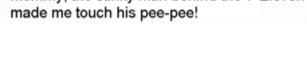


While you're down there



Jeez, Mom, how many times did you have to get knocked up before you figured out coitus interruptus didn't work?







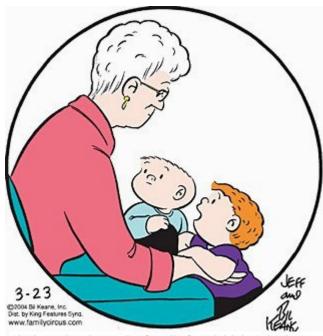
You know, Mom, Bil Keane must get a boner the size of Texas drawing you!



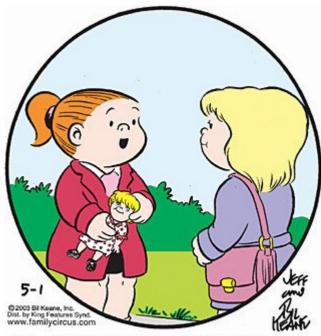
It's to warn Daddy what'll happen if he keeps sayin', "How about a little head?"



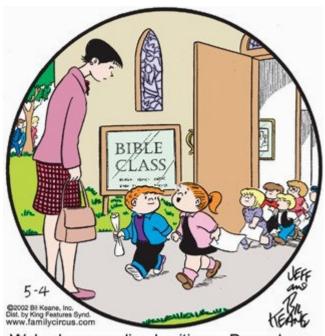
Gee, Daddy, it really IS an easy \$20--if I could just get this awful taste out of my mouth!



Awkward as it may be for all of us, I think we're long past due for a discussion of feminine hygeine.



Oh, cucumbers are all right, I guess, but I prefer a mop handle covered with axle grease!



We've been reading Leviticus. Do we have to stone Daddy and Barfy?





Please don't play that game any more, Mommy. My little peter's startin' to bleed.



The old bastard's finally asleep. Let's see how he likes MY sloppy seconds for a change!

