

APR  
2021

No 2  
ISSUE

# ENEMY 610 of THE

## KARL AND THE WOK

PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT CONTENT

PLUS: A POEM TO YOU, THE LAST AMERICAN...  
...AND HUNTER BIDEN'S SECRET SEXUAL OBSESSION

VINE CH



# Karl and the Wok

A story of romance, intrigue, and Natural Ice

**Meghan:** Hi...Karl?

**Karl:** You must be Meghan. Sorry I'm running late.

**Meghan:** It's no problem, our table is not ready quite yet.

**Karl:** Yeah, wow, this place is something.

**Meghan:** Oh it's great, wait till you try the octopus... I mean, you can you eat right?

**Karl:** Um, kind of, I can jam this probe in and get a little flavor feedback, sure.

**Meghan:** Very Cool. Wow, this is crazy, I was starting to think our whole discussion was a complete hoax. And here you are, Karl Marx, in the flesh... I mean, well, you know what I mean.

**Karl:** Yeah yeah, and your profile picture is spot on, that's a first. Let me get a good look at you, do a quick twirl for me.

**Meghan:** Um, excuse me?

**Karl:** I can scan your profile, which allows me to um...better interpret your movements and um..body language...and will allow me to communicate better.

**Meghan:** Okay...?

**Karl:** Whoa whoa, slow down a bit...no no no, you need to do it again.

**Meghan:** I'm really uncomfortable doing this.

**Karl:** Just do it.

**Karl:** Okay, there you go...that's what I'm talking about...right there.

**Meghan:** Oh my god, you are messing with me.

**Karl:** No, not at all.

**Host:** Miss Jensen, your table is ready,

**Meghan:** Thank God.

**Host:** And here we go, Thomas will be right with you, but I can start you off with a couple cocktails, or perhaps of bottle of wine. *(hands Meghan the wine list)*

**Meghan:** Um, what are you drinking?

**Karl:** Something with lots of alcohol.

**Meghan:** Um, do you have any of these wines by the glass?

**Host:** Yes of course, *(points to the list)*

**Meghan:** *...(reading the list)*

**Host:** Sir, for you?

**Karl:** I'll get a double Beefeater on the rocks with the splash of tonic and squeeze of lime.

**Host:** Of course sir, thank you.

**Host:** And for you Miss Jensen?

**Meghan:** I'll get a glass of the Nickel Quarry Cab.

**Host:** Excellent choice.

**Meghan:** This is such an amazing experience, thank you so much for meeting me. I can't believe I get a chance to talk to the real Karl Marx and hear about your amazing story.

**Karl:** Yeah, it's great to meet you too...because um...

**Meghan:** So, what does it feel like, to be...you know, in your situation right now?

**Karl:** What, like a robot?

**Meghan:** Yeah.

**Karl:** It feels really good actually.

**Meghan:** Does it hurt?

**Karl:** Does it hurt? Um, as you can see I no longer have a nervous system.

**Meghan:** I'm sorry. I'm just having trouble processing how you are alive and sitting here right now.

**Karl:** Yeah, no I get it. The last thing I remember I was sitting in my arm chair in London, taking a bit of a breather after whacking off, and BOOM, like a light switch, I'm in some lab in Beijing, hooked up to a bunch of wires.

**Meghan:** So the Chinese made you?

**Karl:** Yes ma'am.

**Meghan:** How?

**Karl:** Shit if I know.

**Meghan:** How did they get a hold of you...or, ya know...your body?

**Karl:** They told me some Chinese dude bought my frozen chopped off head from a Russian oligarch. But, they were probably fucking with me.

**Meghan:** Well, either way, you're here in California, speaking fluent English.

**Karl:** I can speak every language now, thanks to this little bugger?

**Meghan:** Really?

**Karl:** 你想吃一个大肥大的三明治吗?

**Meghan:** I don't know what you just said.

**Karl:** Exactly.

**Thomas:** Hi guys, welcome to Decadence, I'm Thomas and I will be your server. How are you doing tonight?

**Karl:** We are still waiting for our drinks Tommy.

**Thomas:** Oh of course, my apologies. I'll get them right away.

**Meghan:** Wow...that was a little aggressive.

**Karl:** What?

**Meghan:** He was just introducing himself.

**Karl:** It's called being observant, Meghan. All he had to do was look down to see that there were no drinks on the table. You don't need a master's degree in waiting tables to know that.

**Meghan:** This is one of the hottest restaurants in LA, I don't think he needs a lesson on how to wait tables.

**Karl:** What makes this place so special?

**Meghan:** They have the best vegan fusion menu in LA. They also carry amazing wild caught seafood. They use only organic locally sourced plants, and are serviced by a responsible carbon neutral food distribution network.

**Karl:** I'm a robot, do you think I give a shit about any of that.

**Meghan:** I thought perhaps you would enjoy understanding how far our society has come in regards to how we eat and interact with the eco-system.

**Karl:** I slept in an alley behind a Burger King last night. I know exactly how far your society has come.





**Meghan:** Yeah, people that eat at Burger King don't exactly represent today's human civilization.

**Karl:** What, like poor people?

**Meghan:** No, like...um, gross people.

**Karl:** Alright, whatever, all I ask when I go out to eat, at least at a place like this, is to be able to sit and enjoy my drink before they start selling me on their menu. We have been sitting down for like five minutes, sitting here talking about bullshit with no drink, and the waiter has the audacity to come over to start talking food.

**Meghan:** He's a server, not a waiter, and was just introducing himself!

**Thomas:** Okay, guys, sorry about that, let me guess, the double Beefeater to you.

**Karl:** You got it my man.

**Thomas:** ...and the Nickel Cab to you miss.

**Meghan:** Yes, thank you.

**Thomas:** Okay, I'll let you guys relax and enjoy the drinks. Again, I'm Thomas, just let me know if you need anything, otherwise I'll come back in a bit.

**Karl:** Thanks Tom.

**Meghan:** Maybe we can start over.

**Karl:** In deed we can.

**Meghan:** To Socialism. *(holding up her glass to cheers)*

**Karl:** Jesus.

**Meghan:** What?

**Karl:** I'm not going to cheers to socialism.

**Meghan:** Um, to Communism...?

**Karl:** What's the matter with you?

**Meghan:** Well, what do you want to cheers to?

**Karl:** I don't know, how about life, liberty, and freedom.

**Meghan:** *(laughs)* Right, of course?

**Karl:** Okay whatever, lets drink?

**Meghan:** You sound like a republican.

**Karl:** Yeah well...

**Meghan:** Yeah well, your books changed by life.

**Karl:** Yeah, which ones.

**Meghan:** All of them.

**Karl:** mm'hmm.

**Meghan:** Your writings in Das Kapitol completely transformed my thinking on class structure.

**Karl:** Wow, you actually read that?

**Meghan:** I read your first volume at least three times.

**Karl:** Jesus, I don't think I read it once.

**Meghan:** *(laughs)* What do you mean?

**Karl:** I'm serious, I don't think I ever read the entire thing, like as a whole. I mean some bits and pieces here and there, but not as a finished product.

**Meghan:** How is that possible?

**Karl:** I don't know, you would have to talk with Engels.

**Meghan:** I've based my entire political theory on that book.

**Karl:** Yeah, how's that working out for you?

**Meghan:** The socialist means of production, commodity fetishism. Brilliant. Your teachings are like God to me.

**Karl:** I was high when I wrote most of that.

**Meghan:** You were what?

**Karl:** I was high...

**Meghan:** On what?

**Karl:** On methamphetamines.

**Meghan:** They didn't even have methamphetamines in your time.

**Karl:** Bullshit they didn't. All you had to do was run down to the drug store, get yourself some Sudafed, mix it up with a little bleach, moth balls, pesticide, a little wine and vinegar, throw it in the freezer, and BAM you got meth.

**Meghan:** You are so full of it.

**Karl:** No, trust me, you snort some of that shit and the next thing you know you're walking around like King Kong.

**Meghan:** ...or die

**Karl:** It would kill the average man, but I'm Karl Marx. We were high all the time. You know Engel's and I rode a donkey into Jerusalem on Easter one year. No shit. I mean, I realize now it was in poor taste, but I was a different man back then. Fucking racist. Hated black people, hated Jews, hated people that were more successful than me. Hated working. Hated everything. I didn't have a job, I had a bunch of sick kids I couldn't support, and my mother in law thought I was a slob. I had a bunch of fucking boils all over my back...You know four of my kids died of malnutrition? Two of my daughters committed suicide in their adult life. No shit, seriously. Nice little family right? Man, I was a miserable prick. So I got high and spewed a bunch of bullshit out to the world, stupid people like you ate it all up.

**Meghan:** You're testing me, I'm on to you Karl.

**Karl:** No, I'm not testing you. You don't know what it was like to be me back then. Imagine having a nasty bout of diarrhea...I mean really bad...but couldn't get to a toilet. You know where your stomach is about to explode and you struggle with all your might to keep it contained. Think of the pain, anxiety, and misery associated with that feeling. The clenching of your stomach. The sweat on your forehead. You're rapidly beating heart. The fear of blowing the entire load right in your pants. That feeling was basically my entire life. Getting my head chopped off was the best thing that ever happened to me. I can think clearly. Finally.

**Meghan:** So what are you like a conservative now?

**Karl:** I did vote for Trump, like 6 times.

**Meghan:** OMG, Um...Swear word!

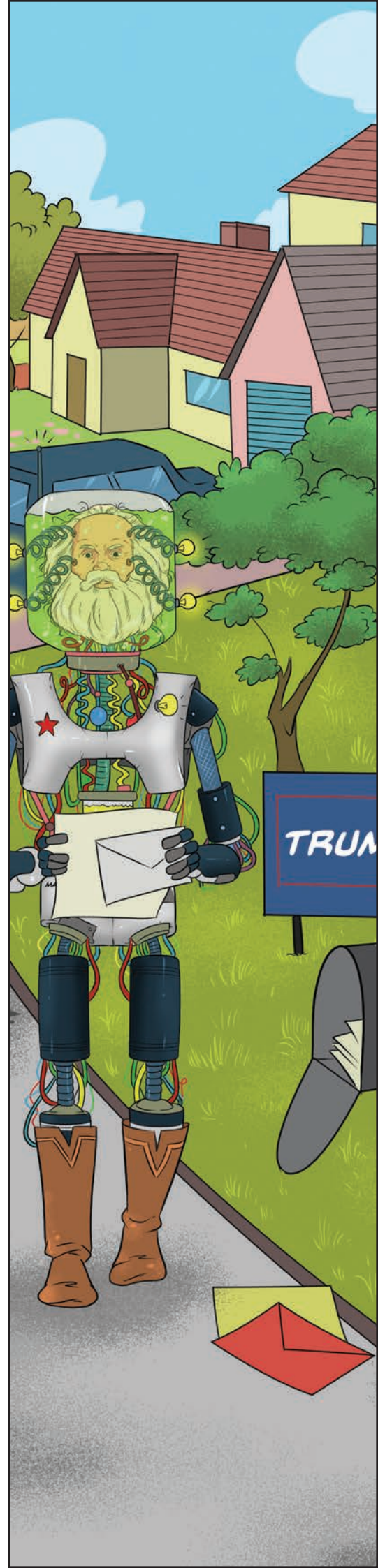
**Karl:** No seriously, when I first got here, I was just fucking around, looking through peoples garages, watching people through their windows, you know, acting like a real creeper. Anyway, one day I was bored just walking down the street, going through people's mailboxes, and I kept seeing these election ballots, so I said fuck it, and filled some of them out and sent them in.

**Meghan:** You better be fucking with me, Karl. He is a horrible man and his supporters are horrible people.

**Karl:** No, I'm not fucking with you. Anyway I didn't even know who this Trump dude was, but kept seeing shit everywhere with his name on it, so I watched some videos of him on the Internet, thought he was kind of a cool guy.

**Meghan:** Yeah, he's a real cool guy if you want to consider the complete opposite of everything you stand for.

**Karl:** Everything I stood for was to empower the working class.





**Meghan:** I don't think the working class understands how the world operates.

**Karl:** I don't think the working class needs you to tell them how the world operates.

**Meghan:** Those fucking idiots stormed the Capital.

**Karl:** Yeah, well, why do you care? You're supposed to be the social revolutionary. I'm surprised you weren't out there with them.

**Meghan:** I'd rather slit my wrists. And I don't want a social revolution, I just want to live in a society where we don't have to deal with them anymore.

**Karl:** Yeah, well, you keep pushing whatever it is that your pushing, and your going to find out exactly what that society is like. Or you could just move to China, and figure it out real quick.

**Meghan:** China built you didn't they? So it can't be all that bad. I mean, technically they are kinda like your dad now.

**Karl:** Fuck you their not my dad. The Chinese don't give a crap about Karl Marx. They realized all my bullshit a long time ago, that's why they went all half-ass capitalist, got rich, and are at the cusp of paving your dumb democratic asses to the ground.

**Meghan:** Isn't that what you wanted?

**Karl:** No that's not what I wanted. I mean, I don't know. Listen...when they threw me together a few months ago, it wasn't in some high tech lab like I tell people. I was built by interns in the basement of some fucking building, with recycled parts. That's why my head looks like a 1980's Pickle Jar.

**Karl:** SLAM! (*Karl hits his knee on the table really hard and the drinks spill*)

**Meghan:** Jesus!

**Karl:** Sorry.

**Meghan:** Are you drunk?

**Karl:** I'm saying, I'm just a hodge podge of outdated tech! So if they can build me in some basement, what the shit are they doing in all of those other buildings? You know, the big tall ones. YOU KNOW!

**Meghan:** Take it easy. They have a long way to go before they catch up to western technology.

**Karl:** You don't know what you're talking about. Y'all are just sitting around in stupid restaurants like this, talking about all the dumb shit you think is important, meanwhile, they are working, working, working...WORKING BABY!

**Meghan:** Wow, okay, I get it.

**Meghan:** So what happened anyway? They just let you leave? You just walked out of the lab?

**Karl:** Yeah, I mean they ran some tests on me did some shit, I don't know. Then they started working on something else. AI shit. They were like, okay see ya. They could care less. So I bolted, and walked over here.

**Meghan:** You walked here from China?

**Karl:** Yeah.

**Meghan:** What, like through the Pacific Ocean?

**Karl:** Fuck Yeah! Holy Shit! Do you know how fucking deep the Mariana Trench is!

**Meghan:** Okay...Karl...can you lower the volume a little, maybe stop cussing, people are starting to stare at us.

**Karl:** (*whispering loudly*) I got stuck in that mother fucking trench for two weeks before I finally made my way out. There's some weird shit going on 10,000 meters deep in the ocean, I'll tell you what.

**Meghan:** Um, I think your head would explode:

**Karl:** Wow, I didn't realize you were studying engineering at MIT.

**Meghan:** Actually, I'm studying feminism in modern society at UCLA.

**Karl:** Oh God, is that what they are teaching you. You guys are soooo FUUUUUUUCKED! (*Laughs loudly*) HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHA!!!

**Meghan:** Jesus, can you keep it down? You're embarrassing me.

**Karl:** What, you don't like the *trufe* sister, all of your leftist ideas everywhere crashing shit together, fucking the world.

**Meghan:** What are you talking about?

**Karl:** You know *eshhhactly* what I'm talking about.

**Meghan:** Oh my god, how did you get so shit-faced so quickly. I'm going to go to the bathroom, please try and compose yourself while I'm gone. Perhaps take that probe out of your gin and tonic.

**Karl:** Oh shootie, has this been in there the whole time...whoops.

**Meghan:** Yes, and you are completely drunk and being a complete asshole. (*she leaves*)

**Thomas:** What's up big guy?

**Karl:** TOMMY! My man.

**Thomas:** Dang, I can hear you from clear across the restaurant, everything going okay with your date?

**Karl:** She's all like blah blah blah blah fucking pain in my ass.

**Thomas:** Yeah, I hear that, how about I switch you over to a beer.

**Karl:** Yeah, I can do that, how about an MGD.

**Thomas:** Sorry my man, we just have local draft beers from around California.

**Karl:** Man, I don't want to drink any of that shit.

**Thomas:** You know what, there's a liquor store next door, where I get my beer, let me run over there and get you something.

**Karl:** Tommy, you my guy. You're my mother fucking guy.

(*moments later*)

**Thomas:** Here you go, this is what I drink.

**Karl:** Shit, what is this?

**Thomas:** Hell yeah, this is what we call a 40oz.

**Karl:** You know I just have to stick this little doodad in the drink, I don't actually drink it. I could get drunk off a capful of beer if I wanted to.

**Thomas:** Yeah, but you look a lot cooler with a 40oz in front of you.

**Karl:** It is a pretty good fucking look Tommy, good call. Thanks man.

**Thomas:** No problem, you guys still good on food for now, does she need another glass of wine?

**Karl:** Yeah you better get one coming, maybe I can still get laid.

**Thomas:** Okay, no problem I'll be right back.

(*Meghan comes back*)

**Meghan:** Is that a 40?

**Karl:** Why yes it is.

**Meghan:** How the hell did you get that?

**Karl:** Tommy takes good care of me.

**Meghan:** Like my night couldn't get any worse.

**Karl:** What are you embarrassed about?





**Meghan:** What the fuck is Natural Ice?

**Karl:** Its fucking beer is what it is, and it's damn good. Tommy's got some good taste.

**Meghan:** Jesus...

**Karl:** What's your beef Meghan? Night not going as expected?

**Meghan:** No, not at all. This is one of the worst nights I can remember.

**Karl:** I have a way with people don't I?

**Meghan:** My whole adult life, I have idolized you, and here you are acting like a fucking redneck.

**Karl:** Ouch.

**Meghan:** ...

**Karl:** What did you think was going to happen tonight Meghan? That you would spend the night gloating over my writings? That we would engage in meaningful discussion on political theory, social norms, and the like, that I would reinforce your value system and embolden your self-righteous view of yourself and how you perceive the world? Look at you sitting there, in this fucking restaurant, with your trendy cloths, your so called fashionable politics, and smirk of judgment on your face.

**Meghan:** Actually I was looking forward to having a normal civilized conversation with one of history's most influential men, not listen to a dumb fuck drunkard, who is having serious issues dealing with the fact that he is not even a real person anymore.

**Karl:** I'm the future there sugar-lips. You can act all firm and proper as you want, but underneath you are just an animal who eats, breeds, and shits. All things machines like me have evolved away from.

**Meghan:** Oh yeah, you've really evolved.

**Karl:** How hard do you think I would have to squeeze your arm to prove that reality? How long would it take until you started screaming and thrashing about wildly all over this restaurant? How civilized would you suddenly see yourself.

**Meghan:** You're a psychopath.

**Karl:** I'm your fucking future.

**Meghan:** I'm leaving.

*(Meghan gets up)*

**Meghan:** Go fuck yourself.

*(Meghan leaves the restaurant in a huff)*

**Thomas:** What happened to your date big guy?

**Karl:** Another one bites the dust.

**Thomas:** *(laughs)* That bad huh?

**Karl:** Jokes on you, she was supposed to pay tonight.

**Thomas:** Shit man, seriously?

**Karl:** What are you doing tonight?

**Thomas:** Working.

**Karl:** Bullshit, work sucks. Let's go do something.

**Thomas:** Mannn...

**Karl:** C'mon, what do you got going on?

**Thomas:** Well, I do know a couple ladies that want to hang tonight.

**Karl:** WTF Tommy, you been holding back on this information all night? Let's go!

**Thomas:** My shift doesn't end till 11:30 tonight.



**Karl:** Bullshit your shift ends now.

**Thomas:** *(Laughs)*

**Karl:** Come on man, you don't want to work here, dealing with all these fucking people. Fuck 'em.

**Thomas:** Man, it took me 3 months to land this gig.

**Karl:** Fuck you, I'm Karl Marx, I can get you a better job than this shit.

**Thomas:** ...

**Karl:** Listen, fucking Meghan was supposed to pay tonight, and I don't have any money, so I can't even pay for any of this shit. Let me just walk out, and you go chasing me or whatever and we will meet back behind the liquor store next door.

**Thomas:** Yeah, right, then they will call the cops.

**Karl:** Shit, yeah, that's not a good idea. I think the cops are already looking for me.

**Thomas:** Oh screw it... I'll pay your bill, let's go.

**Karl:** Tommy, my man!

*(Thomas puts cash on the table to pay the check. Karl gets up and they start walking out of the restaurant together.)*

**Karl:** So, where we going?

**Thomas:** Across town, but lets stop at the store and pick up some shit.

**Karl:** Sweet.

**Karl:** Hey, you know I killed a guy the other day.

**Thomas:** Seriously!?!

**Karl:** Yeah, Ill tell you all about it on the way.

. . .

# TO BE CONTINUED...



# THE LAST AMERICAN



# The Last American

A poem by the ~~116th~~<sup>117th</sup> House Democrats  
to you...the last american

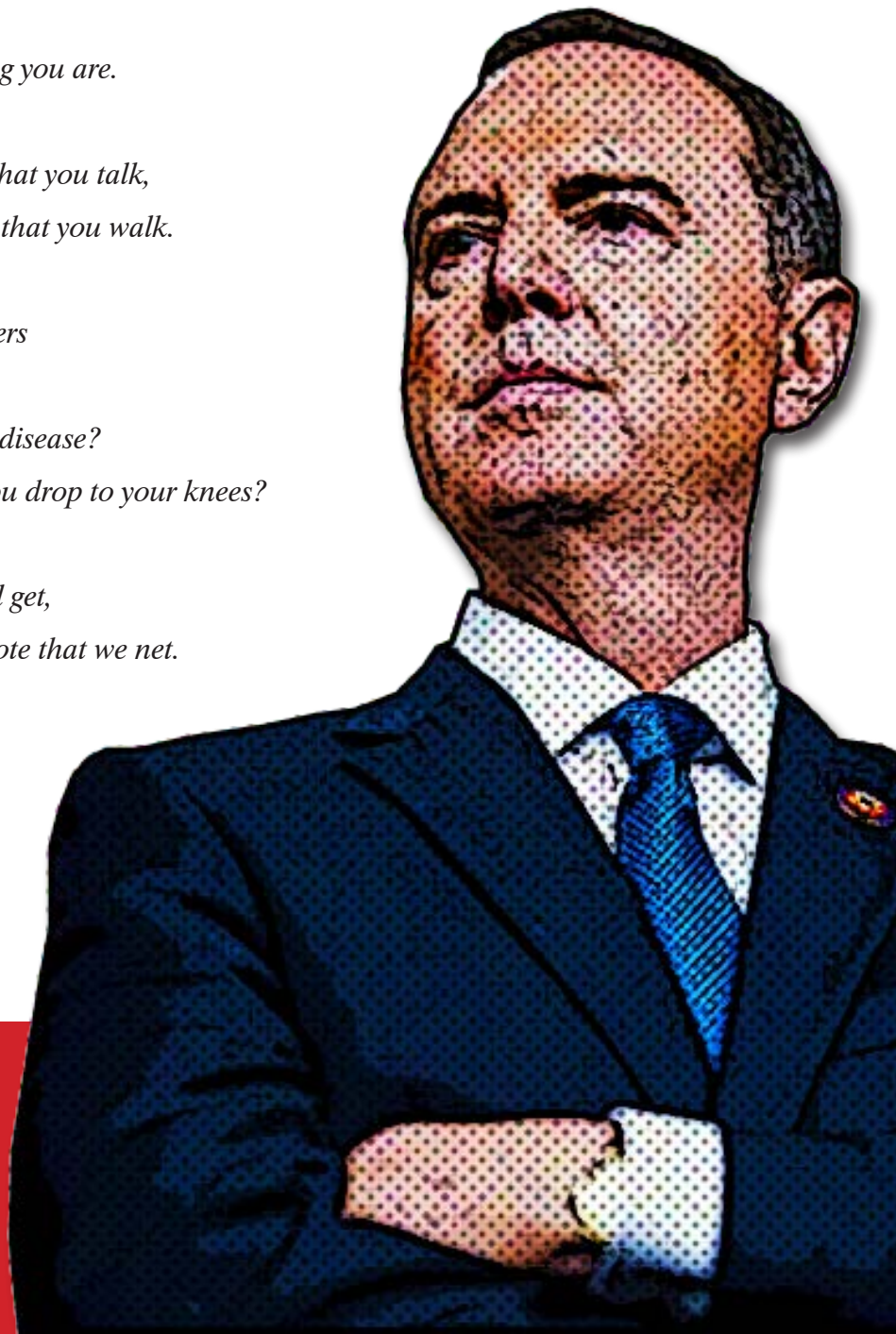
*Look at you standing there so proud and so tall,  
with your American flag and independence for all.  
Your boots, your lunchbox and your blue-collar life,  
your love of God, country, and your big hunting knife.*

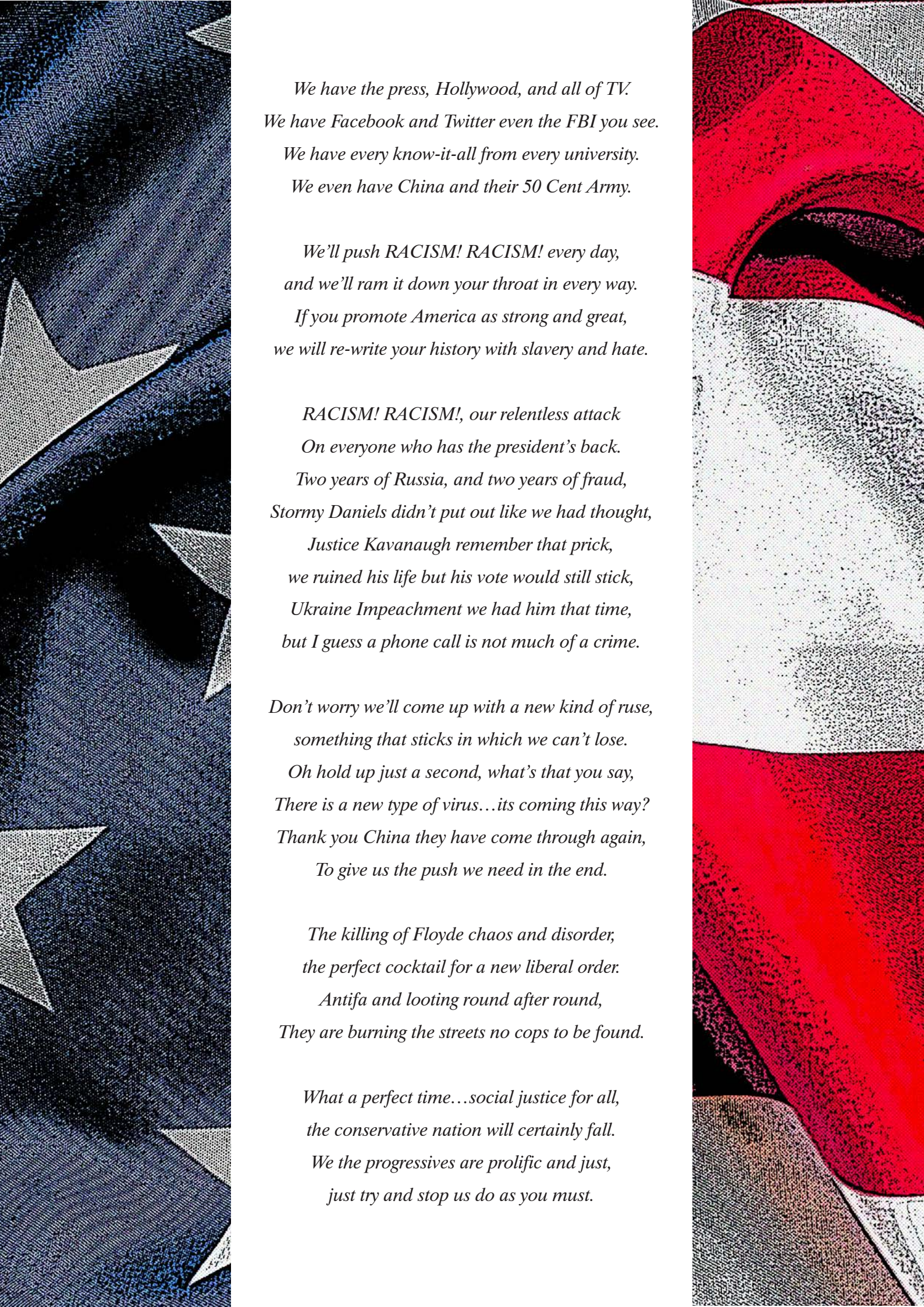
*Are you people too stupid to think for yourself?  
Ever been to the library and pulled a book off the shelf?  
No you're too busy fixing your car,  
drinking beer or just being the scumbag you are.*

*The stores that you frequent, the way that you talk,  
the way you conduct yourself, the way that you walk.*

*What do people with high paying careers  
think about you and all of your peers?  
That your scum, your trash, a human disease?  
That we'll sit back and watch when you drop to your knees?*

*It is power we seek, and its power we'll get,  
and we are inching closer with every vote that we net.*





*We have the press, Hollywood, and all of TV.  
We have Facebook and Twitter even the FBI you see.  
We have every know-it-all from every university.  
We even have China and their 50 Cent Army.*

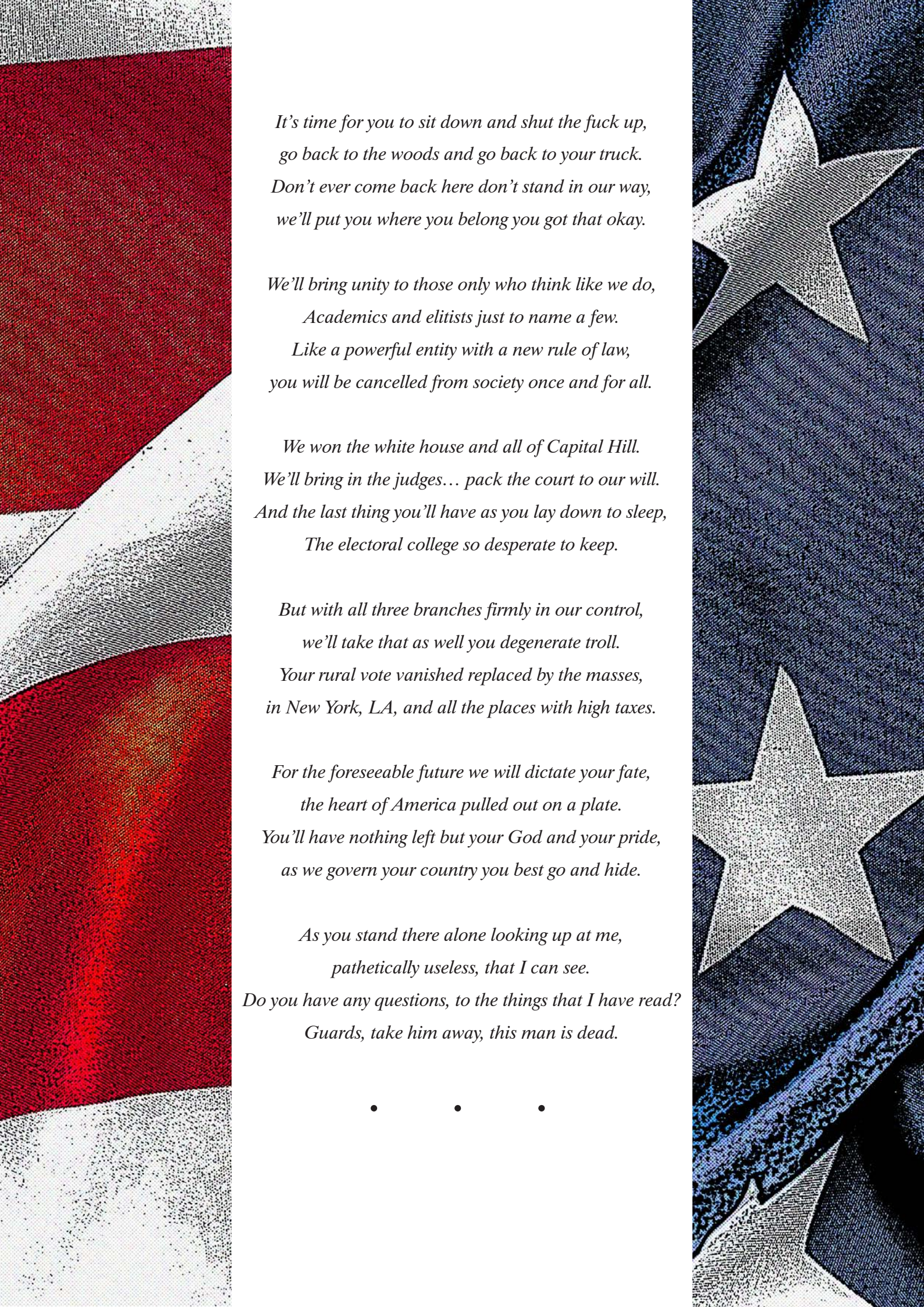
*We'll push RACISM! RACISM! every day,  
and we'll ram it down your throat in every way.  
If you promote America as strong and great,  
we will re-write your history with slavery and hate.*

*RACISM! RACISM!, our relentless attack  
On everyone who has the president's back.  
Two years of Russia, and two years of fraud,  
Stormy Daniels didn't put out like we had thought,  
Justice Kavanaugh remember that prick,  
we ruined his life but his vote would still stick,  
Ukraine Impeachment we had him that time,  
but I guess a phone call is not much of a crime.*

*Don't worry we'll come up with a new kind of ruse,  
something that sticks in which we can't lose.  
Oh hold up just a second, what's that you say,  
There is a new type of virus...its coming this way?  
Thank you China they have come through again,  
To give us the push we need in the end.*

*The killing of Floyd chaos and disorder,  
the perfect cocktail for a new liberal order.  
Antifa and looting round after round,  
They are burning the streets no cops to be found.*

*What a perfect time...social justice for all,  
the conservative nation will certainly fall.  
We the progressives are prolific and just,  
just try and stop us do as you must.*



*It's time for you to sit down and shut the fuck up,  
go back to the woods and go back to your truck.  
Don't ever come back here don't stand in our way,  
we'll put you where you belong you got that okay.*

*We'll bring unity to those only who think like we do,  
Academics and elitists just to name a few.  
Like a powerful entity with a new rule of law,  
you will be cancelled from society once and for all.*

*We won the white house and all of Capital Hill.  
We'll bring in the judges... pack the court to our will.  
And the last thing you'll have as you lay down to sleep,  
The electoral college so desperate to keep.*

*But with all three branches firmly in our control,  
we'll take that as well you degenerate troll.  
Your rural vote vanished replaced by the masses,  
in New York, LA, and all the places with high taxes.*

*For the foreseeable future we will dictate your fate,  
the heart of America pulled out on a plate.  
You'll have nothing left but your God and your pride,  
as we govern your country you best go and hide.*

*As you stand there alone looking up at me,  
pathetically useless, that I can see.  
Do you have any questions, to the things that I have read?  
Guards, take him away, this man is dead.*

• • •



# BIDEN FAMILY BUSINESS



Dear Slater,



I know I'm not supposed to be writing you but please hear me out. You're going to be soooooo proud of me I promise. So I got this Chinese guy to invest in me, like almost 5 million dollars. Can you believe it!?! I mean technically it was supposed to go to some polish military guy for some investment fund, blah blah blah, anyway it is mine and I have a big surprise... I'm starting up a counterfeit Zubaz pants factory in Qingdao. I know, right! The market for Zubaz pants is huge right now in like Vietnam... and Thailand, and um... Cleveland. I even got dad turned around. God, he is so like Mr. Belding, calling me into his office, "you're too old to have dolls". **WHATEVER DAD!**

He even made me take down all my posters of you, Zack, Kelly and the gang. Ugh, he can be such a grump sometimes.



But I showed him!! I put this whole business venture thing together, showed dad what a good deal this was, and how much money he could make! He is in. Totally on board, we just can't mention his name, obviously. Please please please think about it. Our family can't support Zubaz pants on the Biden name alone. We need you.....and your bristled jaw.....Your broad chest.....your amazing hard rock-like muscles.....oh my god .....your shiny black mullet...

**OH SLATER**, who am I kidding, this is all just a ruse to get you back in my life. I need you so bad!!!! I miss you. I love you. I go to bed every night dreaming of you. Every night Slater. Standing over me like a majestic conquistador, ready to dominate me. Uaaaaaaaaagh! I just want you to come over and sit on my face. I'm so hungry, so hungry for your Slater. The only thing that can tame my hunger is a beastly sandwich, with you inside.....Do you think about me too? Please write me.

From you. Not your mean nasty lawyers, I know you don't think the things they say. I will never stop writing you Slater. **NEVER**. I will never stop thinking about you. **NEVER EVER EVER**. Please just let me know you are out there and tell me how you really feel. You do love me right?

At least like me. You do like me right?

Do you like me? Circle one...

yes

no

maybe

Please write me back.

Love Hunter





YEAH DAD?

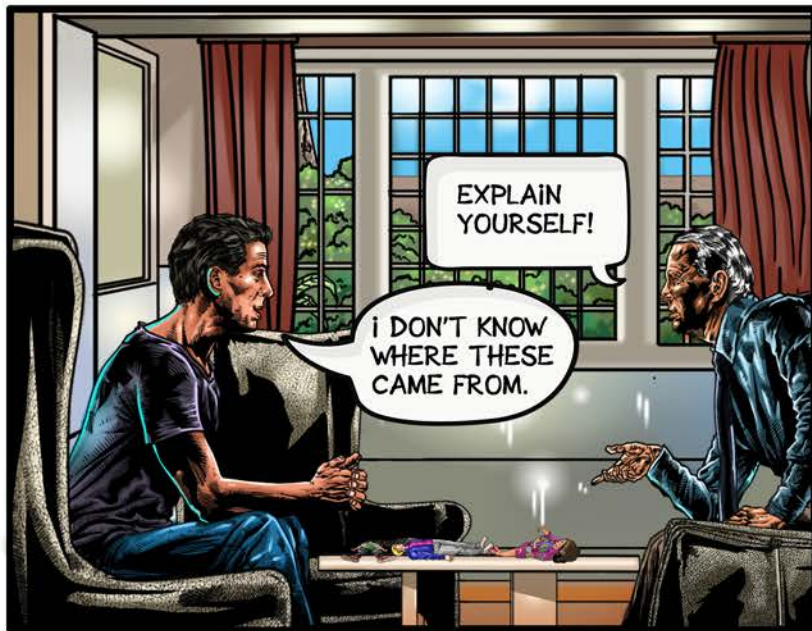
OLIVIA CLEANED  
YOUR ROOM THIS  
MORNING.

YOU LIED TO ME.



SIT DOWN!





EXPLAIN YOURSELF!

i DON'T KNOW WHERE THESE CAME FROM.



GOD DAMMIT HUNTER, WE HAVE BEEN WORKING ON THIS. WE THOUGHT YOU WERE OVER IT. NOW, WITH ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED, NOW YOU DECIDE TO GO BACK ON ALL OF YOUR PROMISES?

I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM.

YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHERE THEY CAME FROM!!!



10 YEARS OF THIS HUNTER!?! I CAN'T BELIEVE WE ARE HERE ALL OVER AGAIN. I GOT YOU THAT JOB IN UKRAINE...I GOT YOU THAT JOB IN CHINA, I GOT YOU THOSE CONNECTIONS IN RUSSIA. CHRIST HUNTER, I HAVE JUST BEEN ELECTED PRESIDENT OF MEXICO...UKRAI,...DAMMIT, AMERICA, I'M THE GOD DAMN PRESIDENT OF AMERICA, AND HERE YOU ARE PLAYING WITH DOLLS!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM, THEY'RE NOT MINE DAD. I SWEAR.



OH YOU SWEAR DO YOU?  
THEN WHAT IS  
THIS?



OH  
DAD...  
Nooooo



THIS INSANE SEXUAL  
OBSESSION OF YOURS  
WITH THIS AC SLATER  
CHARACTER.

I LOVE HIM  
DADDY.



HE'S A  
FICTIONAL  
CHARACTER!  
HE DOESN'T  
EXIST!!!



HE IS REAL  
DAD, AND I  
LOVE HIM.

HE IS AN ACTOR SON,  
HE'S A GROWN MAN  
WITH HIS OWN FAMILY.



I LOVE HIM DADDY  
AND HE LOVES  
ME!!!!

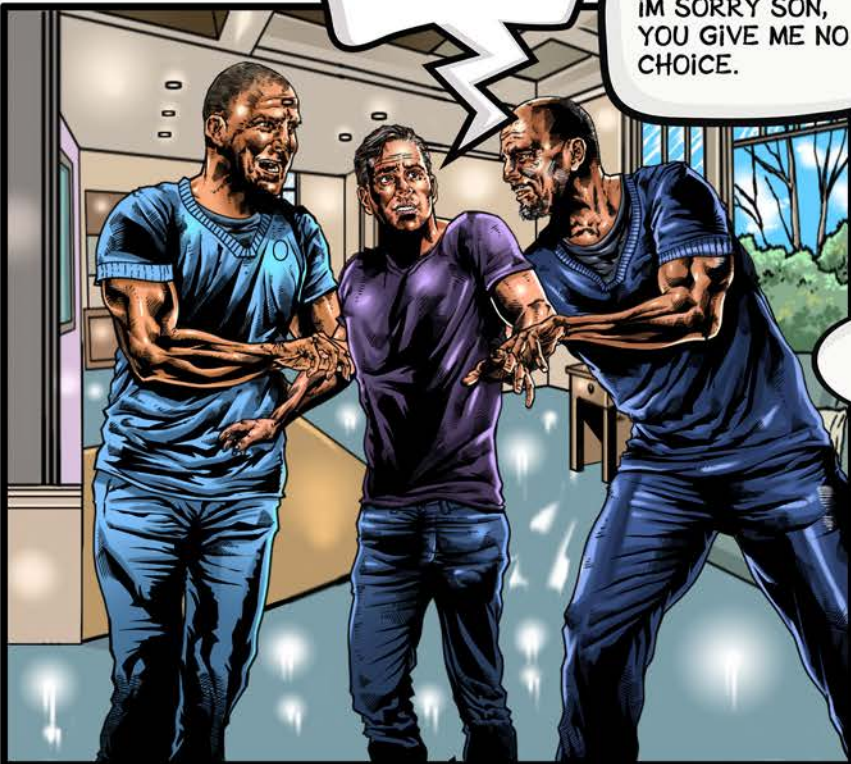


WHAT ARE YOU DOING DAD?

OH HUNTER, YOUR SICK MY BOY. IM SORRY SON.

NO DAD!  
NOOOOO! HOW COULD YOU...

IM SORRY SON,  
YOU GIVE ME NO CHOICE.



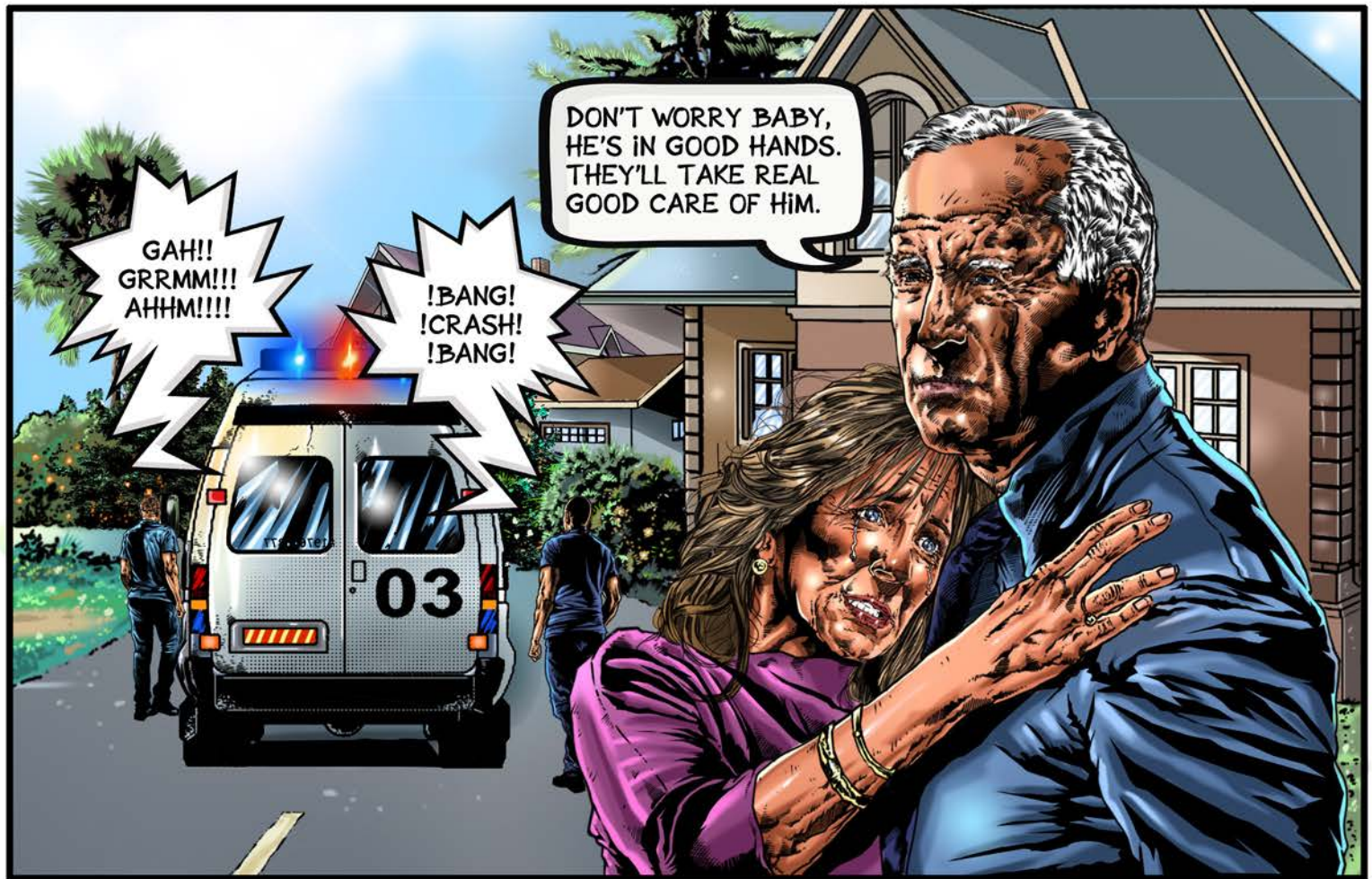
PLEASE DON'T DO THIS DAD!



Nooo!  
DAD  
Nooooo!!!



GRHH...RRHH  
...MMMMM  
AHHHHH...  
...GRHMMKK!!

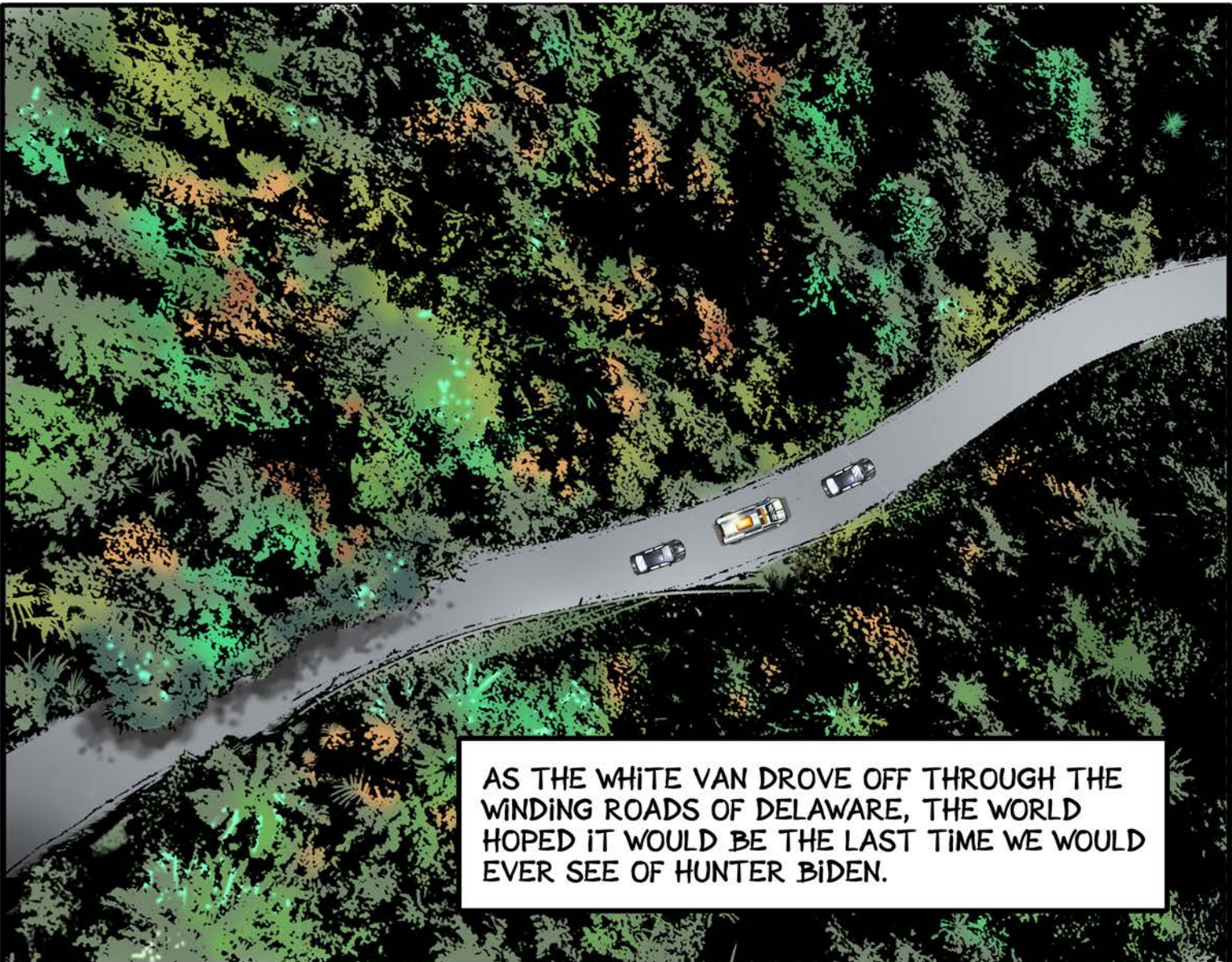


DON'T WORRY BABY,  
HE'S IN GOOD HANDS.  
THEY'LL TAKE REAL  
GOOD CARE OF HIM.

GAH!!  
GRRMM!!!  
AHHM!!!!

!BANG!  
!CRASH!  
!BANG!

03



AS THE WHITE VAN DROVE OFF THROUGH THE  
WINDING ROADS OF DELAWARE, THE WORLD  
HOPED IT WOULD BE THE LAST TIME WE WOULD  
EVER SEE OF HUNTER BIDEN.

# STICK AROUND FOR ISSUE #3 COMING SOON...

The Fisherman...

A fisherman from the Philippines confronts the Maritime Militia in the South China Sea.

Milwaukee Tool PRC (Peoples Republic of China)...

A Milwaukee Tool board meeting gets contentious with new CEO.

The Summer of '69...

A man walks the streets of San Francisco in the Summer of 2069.

## A MESSAGE FROM ANTIFA

Hello Comrades, Is it time to break out of that prison you call America? Is it time to stand up against the oppressive fascist institutions that are holding you back and keeping you down? Is it time to earn the respect you so deserve? Well stop looking like a schmuck, and start looking like a real fly guy. In commemoration of our "Portland for America" recruiting initiative, we are sending newly registered members a fruit themed shirt with matching fanny pack. You don't have to dress in black to show your committed to the cause. You can fight fascism, kill capitalism, and do it in style. Portland style! Its time to show society there's a new sheriff in town!

Look like a real-life Portland Resident!



Are you an Enemy of the 610? Damn right you are. Join us TODAY!

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Enemy of the 610 is composed by a multitude of talents from USA, India, and Taiwan. Go team Go!

A special thanks to our illustrators Mithun and Rajib

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Show society your serious about your anti-fascist cause by sporting this stylish fanny pack with licensed Antifa logo!