OMG I’m Going To Kill Everyone At Skype

Earlier this year they killed my account for no reason after I’d just paid $60 on it. And just now, they canceled my newest account for no reason again. At least this time I was paying by the month, so I’d only lose a couple of bucks from them this time. Dammit dammit dammit dammit dammit.

Anyway, I’m only making this thing for people who ordered stickers from me this past month. I’ve got about 30 people who I’m sending stickers to next week when the stickers arrive, so thanks you sticker people for helping me pay for this batch of stickers and for motivating me to make a new PLA Monthly. And all you people who receive this over the next 10 years, sorry this is so out of date.

Luv,
Brad
I'm not a cactus from space. Space is just my name, so I apologize for the misleading title. My mother told me, before she was taken by an evil band of cactus players, that I was named after one of the twelve spaghetti gods who ruled the desert after the overthrow of the Tittans, but personally, I think the author of this comic was just staring intently at his keyboard when he named me.

I live in the New Mexico desert, with my older brother, Stanley, and my little sister, Wendy. We're just a few miles from a small town called Roy.

Space, can you take the narrator somewhere else? I'm trying to transfixate here.

It's boredom out here, but there's a phone booth nearby, which I often use to call random phone numbers. My favorite is a line in Minnesota that tells a new story each week.

Here we are on the phone again with another episode of stories and stuff. This is spacebubbles, here in Minneapolis, and I'm your storyteller.

These call-in card numbers only last a few weeks, but when they go bad, I can still call toll-free lines.

When a motorist stops by to use the payphone, I stand as close as I can to the phone booth, so I can watch them tire in their call-in card number. Memorizing this number allows me to call anywhere in the world.

Thank you for calling the Delta Airlines reservation line! Press one for English.

Some cacti might be content to stand around all day, staring at the scenery with their brother or listening to their sister count the passing cars all day.

SEVENTY-TWO!

But I've always felt restless out here, and lately, I think a lot about what these places I'm connecting to on the phone must be like.

At the tone, the time in St. John's, Newfoundland will be 2:36 PM...

EIGHTY-SIX

What just happened?