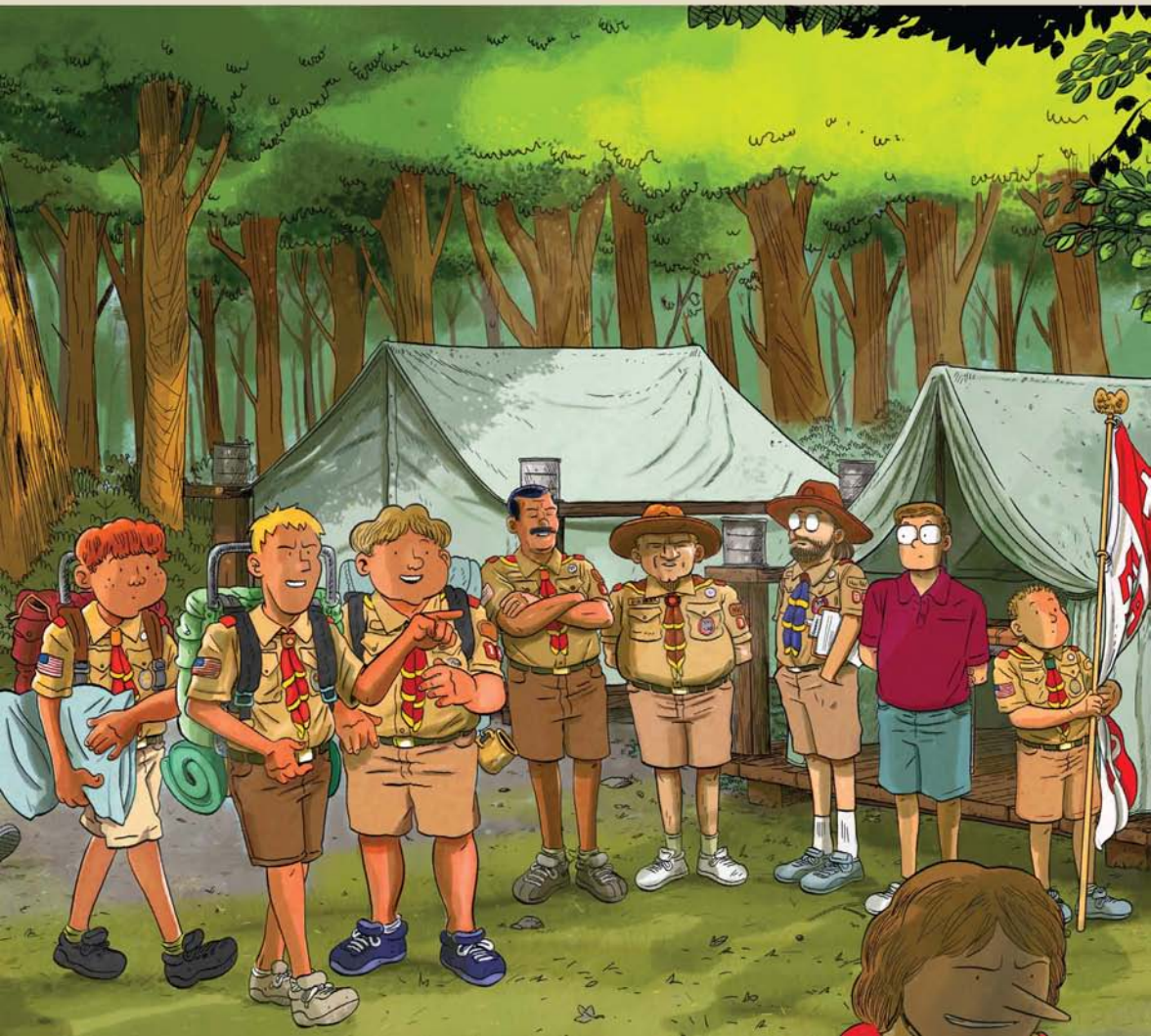
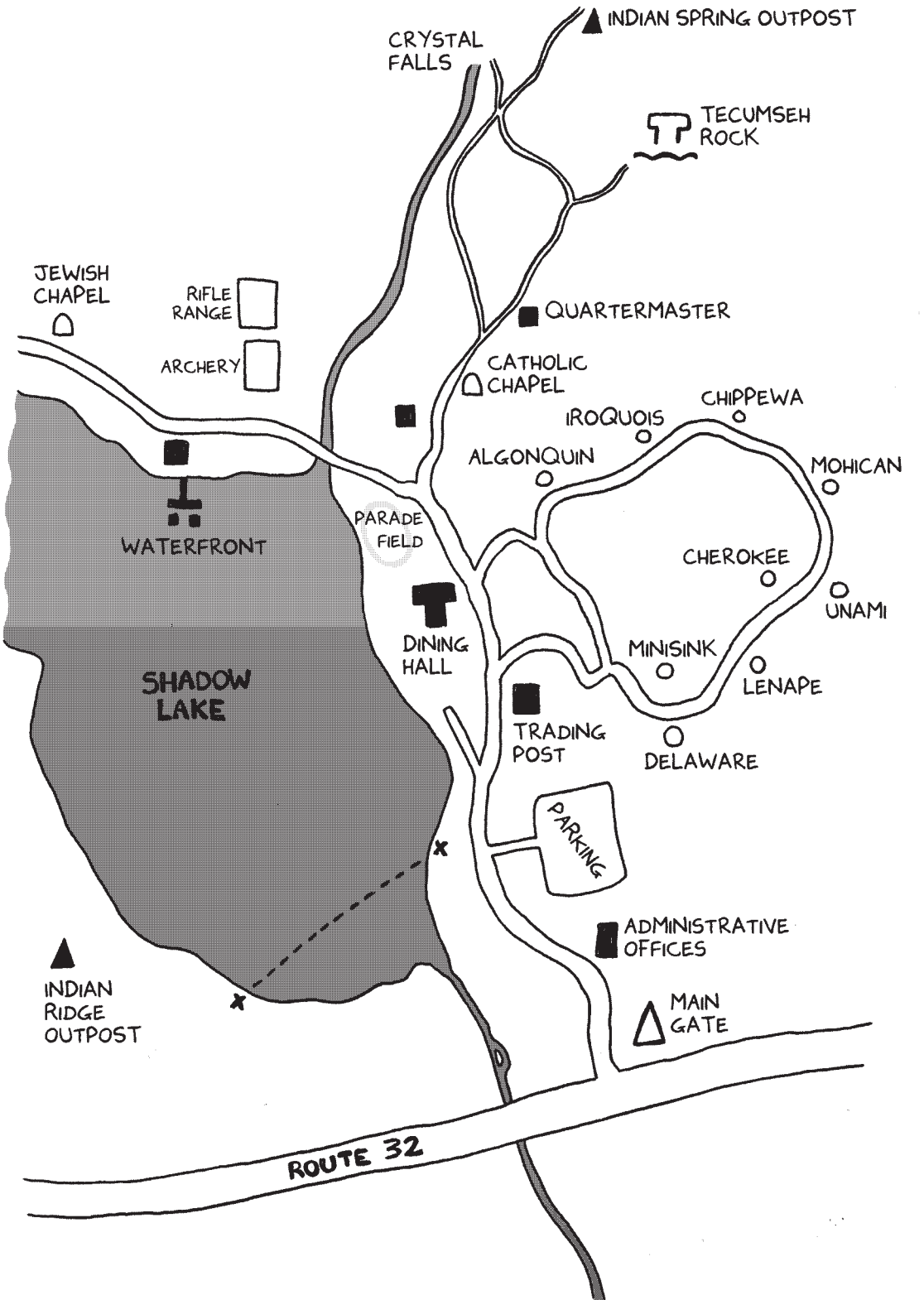
MIKE DAWSON

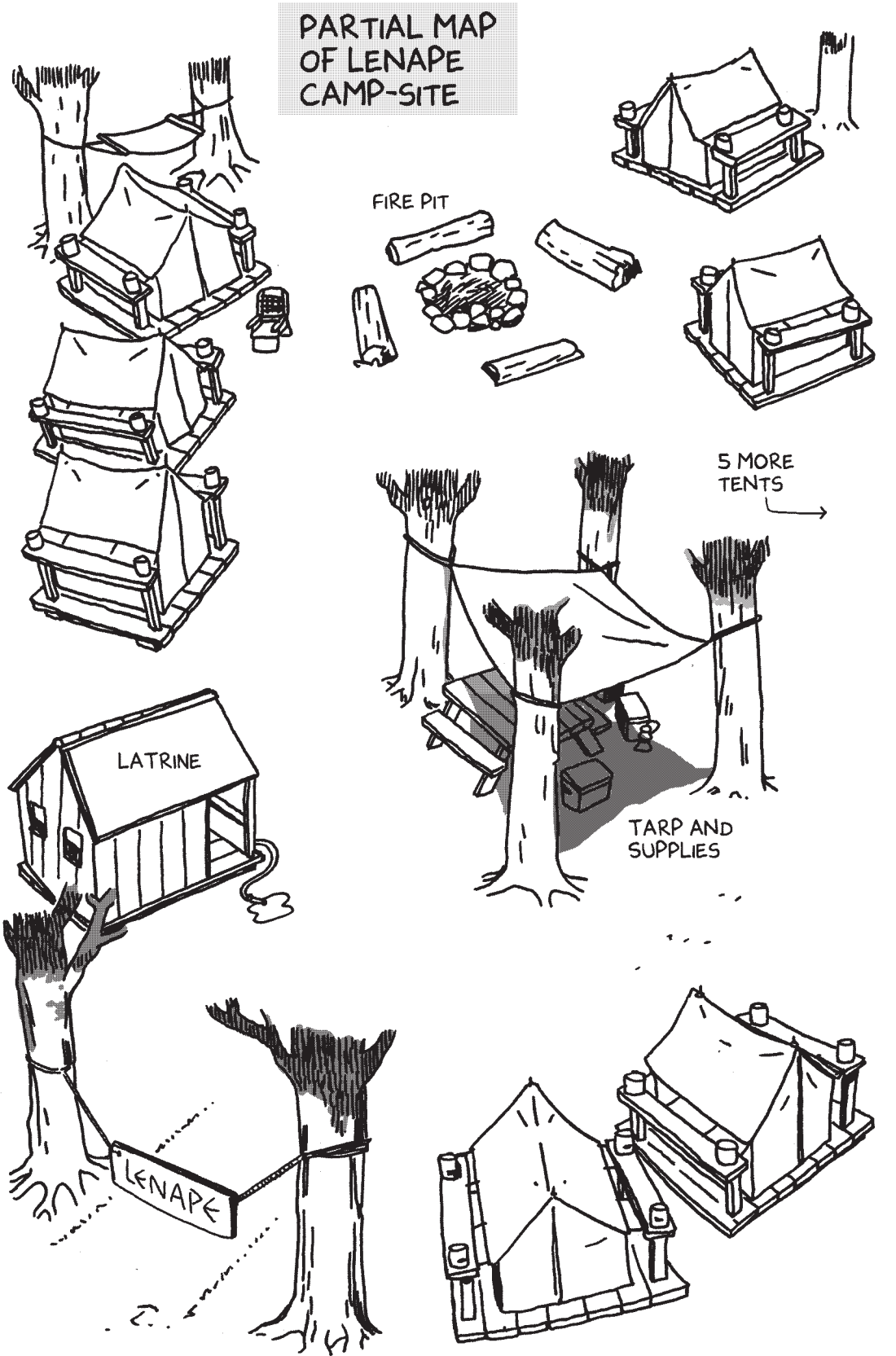
TROOP 142

A GRAPHIC NOVEL



MAP OF PINEWOOD FOREST BOY SCOUT CAMP




PARTIAL MAP OF LENAPE CAMP-SITE
FIRE PIT
5 MORE TENTS
LATRINE
TARP AND SUPPLIES
LENAPE

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PUBLISHED BY SECRET ACRES
DESIGNED BY MIKE DAWSON

SECRET ACRES
75-22 37TH AVENUE, #452
JACKSON HEIGHTS, NY, 11372

PRINTED IN SINGAPORE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS PCN: 2011924536

ISBN 10: 0-9799609-9-1
ISBN 13: 978-0-9799609-9-4

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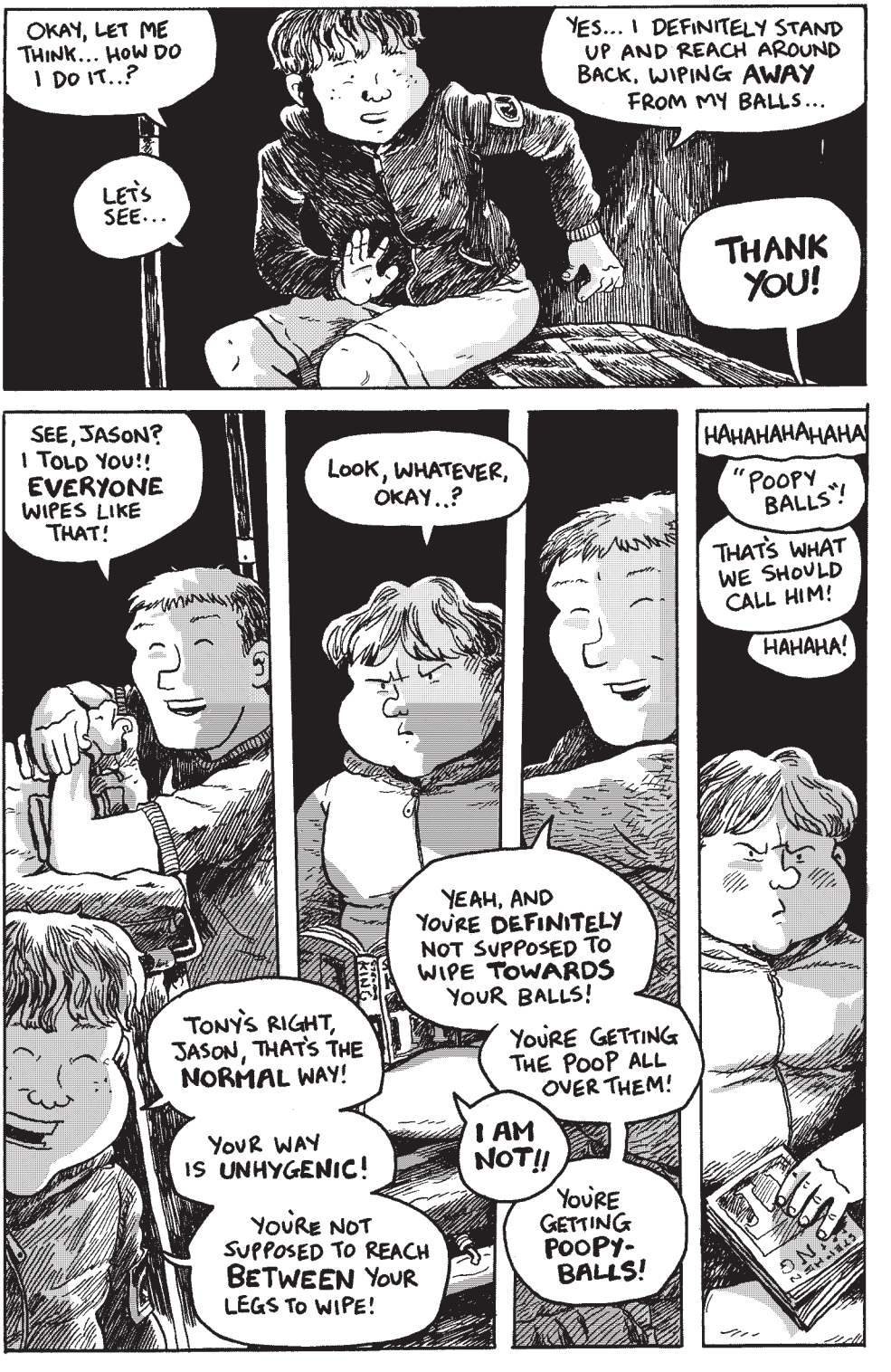
MIKE DAWSON TROOP 142

HAHA
HAHA!

UMMMM...
I DON'T KNOW IF I WANNA SAY...
COME ON! JUST TELL US!!

NO - YOU GUYS SAY FIRST...
CAN WE JUST DROP IT ALREADY?
COME ON, MATT - SPILL IT!!


OKAY, LET ME THINK... HOW DO I DO IT..?
LET'S SEE...
YES... I DEFINITELY STAND UP AND REACH AROUND BACK, WIPING AWAY FROM MY BALLS...
THANK YOU!
SEE, JASON? I TOLD YOU!! EVERYONE WIPES LIKE THAT!
TONY'S RIGHT, JASON, THAT'S THE NORMAL WAY!
YOUR WAY IS UNHYGENIC!
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO REACH BETWEEN YOUR LEGS TO WIPE!
LOOK, WHATEVER, OKAY..?
YEAH, AND YOU'RE DEFINITELY NOT SUPPOSED TO WIPE TOWARDS YOUR BALLS!
YOU'RE GETTING THE POOP ALL OVER THEM!
I AM NOT!!
YOU'RE GETTING POOPY-BALLS!
HAHAHAHAHAHA
"POOPY BALLS"!
THAT'S WHAT WE SHOULD CALL HIM!
HAHAHA!

SHUT UP, "NIMROD"!
SMEK!
IT
STEPHEN KING
HEY! WATCH IT!!
AND DON'T CALL ME "NIMROD"!
WHY NOT, "NIMROD"?
SERIOUSLY ASSHOLE, YOU KNOW I HATE THAT!
HAHA HAHA!
"POOPY-BALLS AND THE NIMROD"!
THAT WOULD BE THE NAME OF YOUR TV SHOW!
HAHAHAHAHAHA!
ANYWAY...

YOU GUYS WANT TO CHECK OUT "THE CANADIANS"?
YOU HAVE THE LSD?! LET'S SEE IT!!
JESUS!! DIPSHIT! CAN YOU SAY IT ANY LOUDER?
CHRIST!
YEAH, NIMROD! I DON'T THINK THEY HEARD YOU OVER IN THE NEXT CAMPSITE!
QUIT CALLING ME THAT, ASSHOLE!!
WHATEVER, NIMROD.
FUCK YOU!!
OKAY...
HERE THEY ARE...
LOOKIT, I GOT FOUR TABS.
FOUR?
WHY'S THERE AN EXTRA TAB?
WELL, I DECIDED TO GET TWO FOR MYSELF.

WHAT?! I THOUGHT WE WERE GONNA DO THEM TOGETHER!
YEAH! WHY DO YOU GET AN EXTRA ONE?!
JEEZ! RELAX, WOULD YOU?

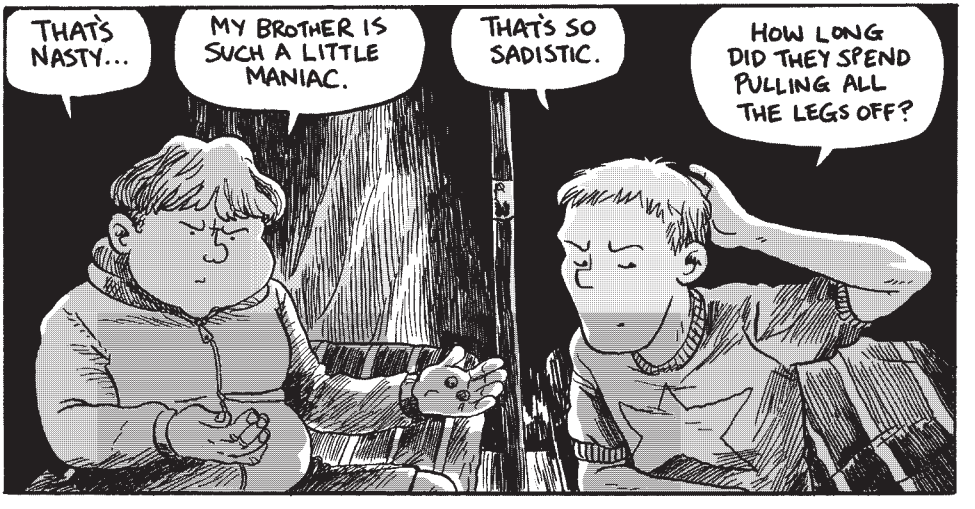
WE ARE DOING THEM TOGETHER.
I JUST GOT MYSELF AN EXTRA TAB FOR THURSDAY, WHEN IM DOING MY OVER-NIGHT IN THE WOODS FOR WILDERNESS SURVIVAL.
I KNOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP, SO ILL NEED SOMETHING TO KEEP ME ENTERTAINED.

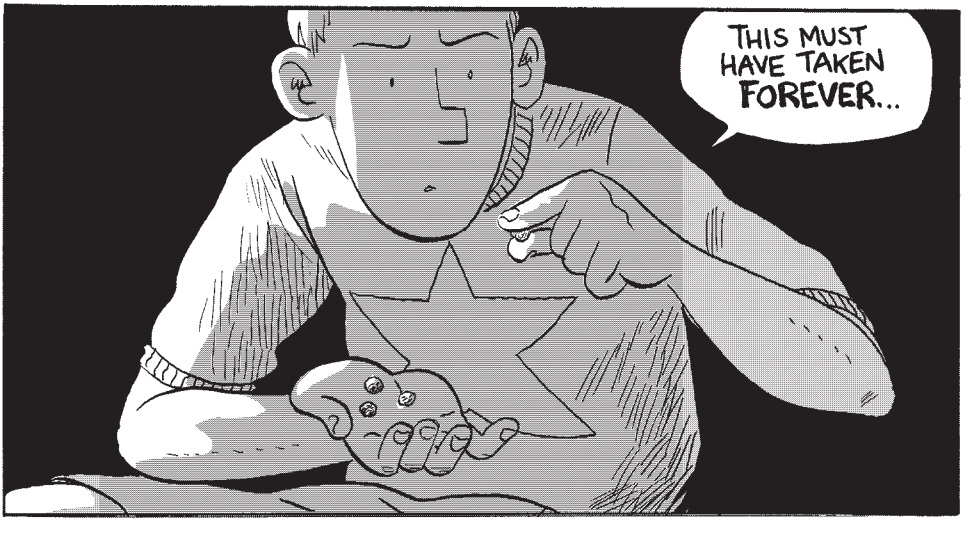
WAIT-
DID YOU GUYS JUST HEAR SOMETHING?

DADDY LONG-LEGS ATTACK!!
ATTACK!!
GAH!
DADDY-LONG-LEG-BALLS!!
AAH!
HAHA! HAHA!
EW!
WHAT ARE THESE THINGS?!

UGH! THEY LOOK LIKE DADDY-LONG-LEGS WITH THEIR LEGS PULLED OFF!
EW!

THOSE LITTLE SHITS!
I'M GONNA KICK THEIR ASSES!!
THESE ARE PROBABLY STILL ALIVE...

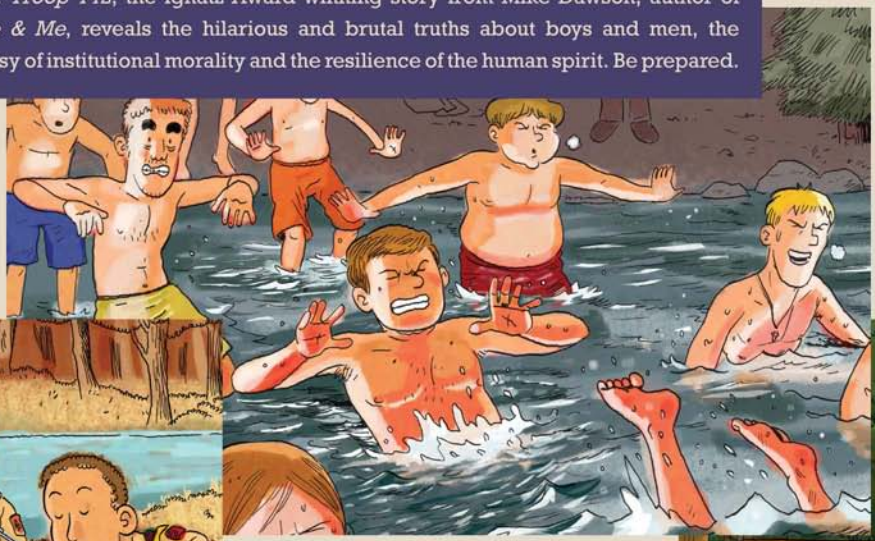

THAT'S NASTY...
MY BROTHER IS SUCH A LITTLE MANIAC.
THAT'S SO SADISTIC.
HOW LONG DID THEY SPEND PULLING ALL THE LEGS OFF?

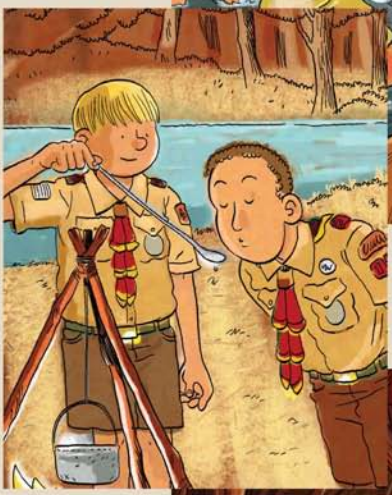

THIS MUST HAVE TAKEN FOREVER...

"*Troop 142* demonstrates once again that Mike Dawson is a poet of adolescent awkwardness, digging deep into the dark side of teenage - and adult - masculinity to reveal the brittle, wounded humanity at its heart."

- Dylan Horrocks, author of *Hicksville*

Join the Boy Scouts for a week of campfires, merit badge courses, group showers and merciless hazing at Pinewood Forest Camp, New Jersey, in the summer of 1995. *Troop 142*, the Ignatz Award winning story from Mike Dawson, author of *Freddie & Me*, reveals the hilarious and brutal truths about boys and men, the hypocrisy of institutional morality and the resilience of the human spirit. Be prepared.





$20.00

ISBN 978-0979960994