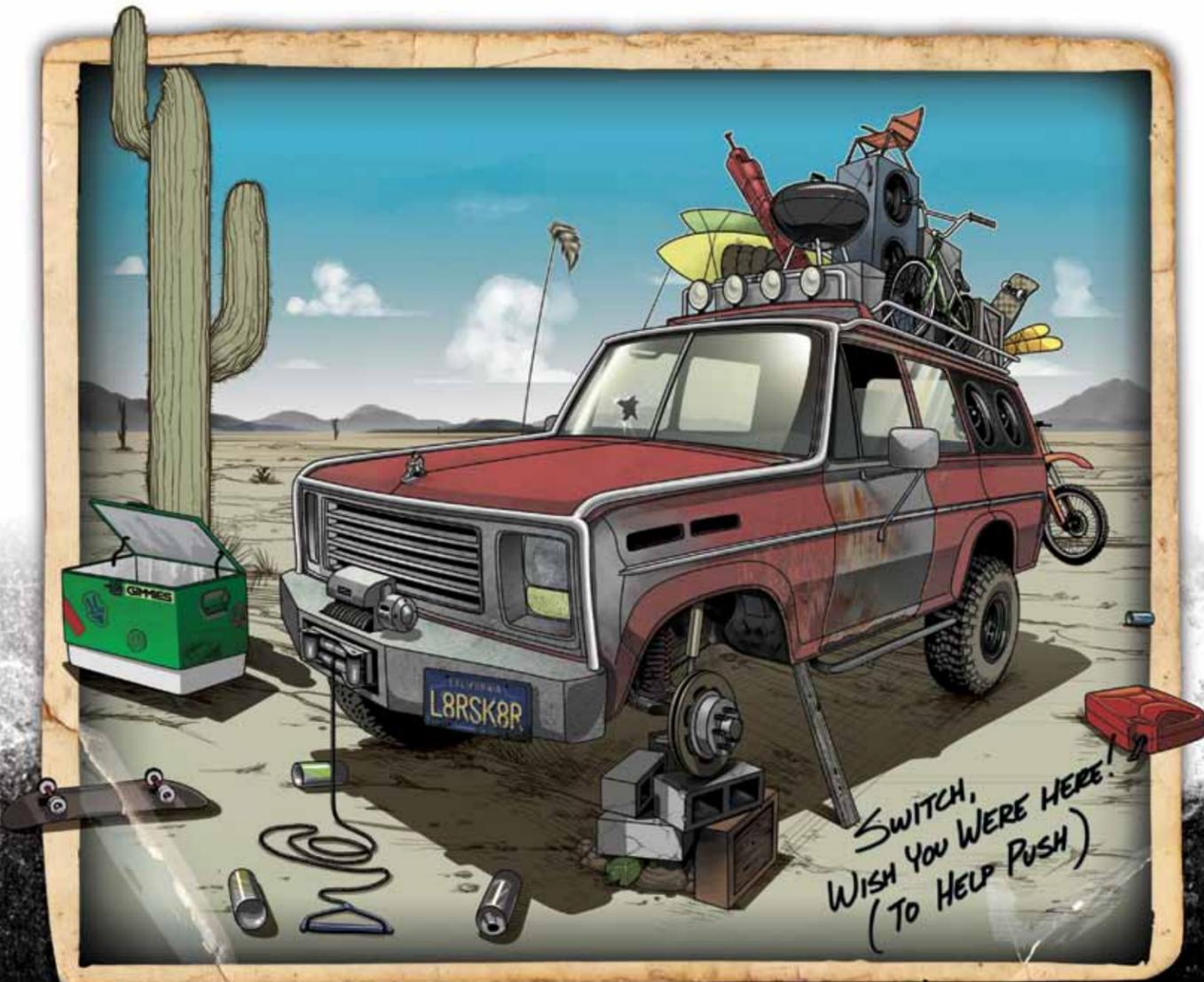


GIMMIES

Issue #1





In an endless search for the perfect skate spot, Ollie stumbles upon the ultimate diamond in the rough. Little does he know that he will soon find himself and some of his closest buds in the middle of a sinister plot to destroy their soon to be future love: Session City Skate Park.

This story goes out to the kids who for the first time stepped on a board and fell in love while falling down. They realized that the pain, scratches, bruises and broken bones are all a small price to pay. The years of travelling, stories, close calls, crashes and shredding everything near and far with some of your closest bros will always live with you as some of the best days of your life. This story is for the kid who can appreciate a long forgotten man-made drainage or a rain rutted downhill dirt trail as a way to have fun. You look at the world differently and for that we salute you. Keep shredding...

- The G-Crew

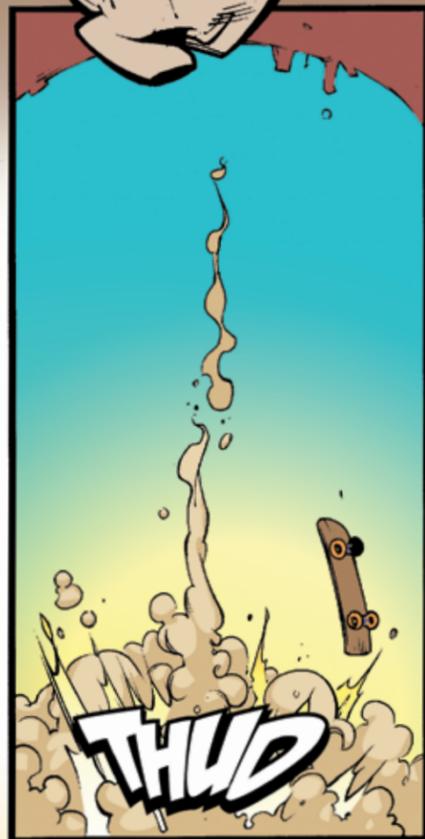
Credits and "Thanks" to all who helped in this project:
 Writers & Concept Development / Hilary Paige, Dan Janssen
 Art Direction & Graphic Design / Hilary Paige, Dan Janssen
 Character Bio Development / Colin Whyte, Hilary Paige
 Comic Book Art Direction & Story Breakdowns / Robert Atkins
 Gimmies w/ Senator Slick Spread Artwork / Brandon Hunsaker, Damasso Sanchez
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 Ollie Skateboard Ad Artwork / Neil Krolicki
 Character Design / Brandon Hunsaker
 Assistant Story Writer / Quinn Johnson
 Finishing Penciller / Enrique Rivera
 Colorist / Adam Street
 Letterer / Dave Sharpe
 Inker / Juan Castro

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AAAAAAHHHHH!



THUD



OOMPFF.



WELL, THAT COULD'VE BEEN WORSE.

KRRK-CRACK



AH... MAN...



SNAP!

NOT AGAAAAAIN!!



LUUUHH... I NEED TO WORK ON MY LANDINGS. THIS FALLING THING IS GETTING OLD QUICK.



WHOA! WHAT IS THIS PLACE? WHERE AM I?

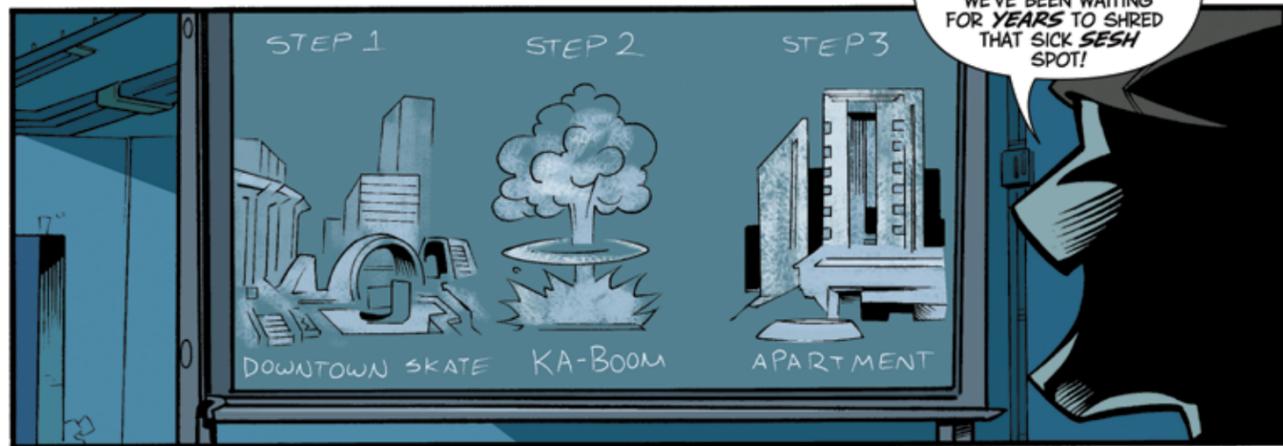
AND UNGH! WHAT AM I SITTING ON?



A STICK OF DYNAMITE?!



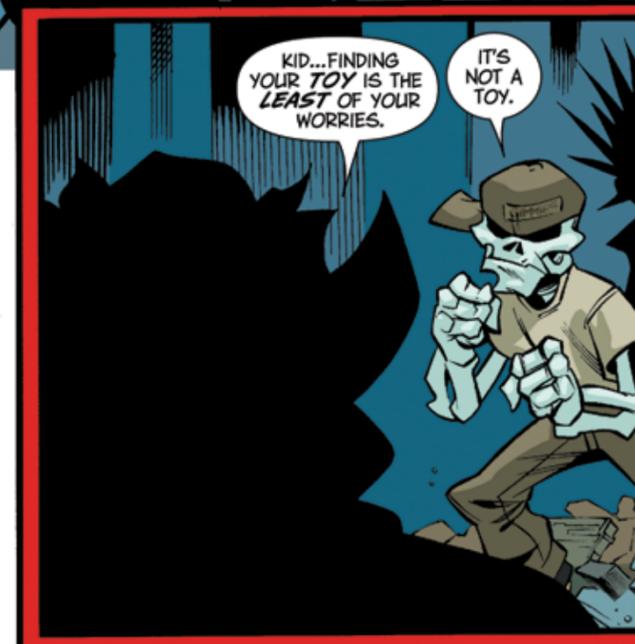
WHAT THE...! THESE ARE ALL FILLED WITH DYNAMITE!

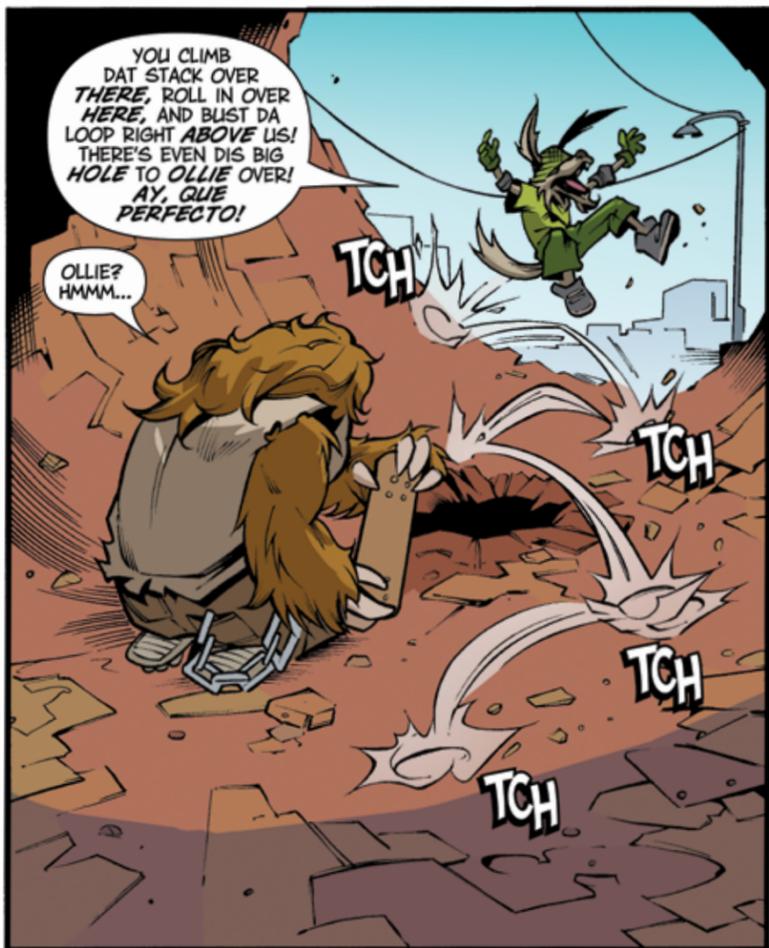


WHAT THE--?!
WHO WOULD POSSIBLY
WANT TO BLOW UP THE
NEW DOWNTOWN SKATE
PARK?! TH-THAT'S CRAZY!
WE'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR YEARS TO SHRED
THAT SICK SESH
SPOT!



GOOD, GOOD!
NOW LET'S GET THIS
LAST LOAD IN AND HEAD
BACK TO THE HIDEOUT. WE
GOTTA MAKE SURE WE GET
FRONT ROW SEATS
FOR THE SHOW! HERRR...
HEE...HERRR...
SNORT...







UMMPF! QUIT YER YELLIN', KID. NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE. BESIDES, WITH THAT UGLY BONEY MUG, WHO'D CARE ENOUGH TO HELP YOU?

SWAT



SHH! YOU HEAR THAT?

SQUEAK
SQUEAK
SQUEAK

WHAT IS THAT? A RAT?



I AM NO RAT! I AM UN COYOTE GUAPO! HA HA!

OOF!

HWUMPP

UMMPF!



BREATHE FREE AGAIN, HOMEY.

HUCK! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! THESE JOKERS ARE SOME REAL BAD NEWS! THEY'RE PLANNING ON BLOWING UP THE--

UH, BONE MAN, WE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS... BUT DEN AGAIN...



...SO DO THEY!

AAAAAEEEEEE!



LISTEN TO ME, HUCK! THE SKATE PARK! THEY'RE GONNA--

BRO, NO TIME TO TALK. IRAPIDO! IRAPIDO! LET'S GET UNCLE G AND GET OUT OF HERE. DIS PLACE NO ES BUENO!



DOWN, BOY!

GRAH, GET YOUR STINKIN' PAWS OFFA ME!

THWOK



GRRRRR

YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU STAY DOWN!



UROOOM

KREEEOK



WHERE'S BONEY BRAH?

DEY JACKED HIM, G. NOT TO WORRY, MI AMIGO PELLIDO. I PUT A TRACKING CHIP ON OLLIE. WE'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHERE DEY'RE TAKING HIM.

UROOOM
SMASH



GOOD THINKING, MY SHEISTY BRADDAH. LET'S HEAD TO DA BEACH AND HOOK UP WIT WEDGE. WE'RE GONNA NEED HIM IF WE WANT TO GET INTO THEIR HIDEOUT.

PROPERTY OF SLICK INDUS



WHAT UP, DUDES?! THE SURF IS PUMPIN' TODAY. I'VE BEEN HITTING IT SINCE MORNIN'. SOME DUDES AND I ARE GONNA TAKE A BOAT OUT TO MAVERICKS LATER TO CATCH SOME MASSIVE WAVES--HEARD IT GOT UP TO TWENTY FOOT OUT THERE.

REALLY?! CAN I ROLL?

SURE, BRAH. BE AT MY HOUSE TOMORROW AT 4AM.



WHAAAAAT?! DAT'S CRAZY! I NEVER WAKE UP DAT EARLY!

TOO BAD. YOU'RE GONNA MISS THE BOAT THEN.

SMACK

HUCK, SHUT IT! WEDGE, WE GOT A LITTLE SITCH ON HAND. OLLIE IS IN SOME NASTY BIZ. REAL BAD BIZ, BRAH.



WITH THE COPS AGAIN? WHAT LIBRARY OR HIGH SCHOOL WAS HE RIPPIN' UP THIS TIME?

NO, IT'S NOT LIKE DAT. SOME REAL MEAN DUDES GRABBED HIM AND TOOK HIM HOSTAGE.

WHERE?!

DEEP IN THE HILLS.



WE'VE BEEN TRACKING HIM WITH DIS!

FAR OUT, MY MAN!



DIG THIS, BRADDA. WE'RE GONNA NEED YOUR HELP TO GET OLLIE-MON OUT OF HIS MESSED UP STATE.

YEAH, BUT DON'T THINK IT'S GONNA BE EASY NEITHER. DESE GUYS ARE BIG-TIMERS. DEY HAD DYNAMITE, A TRUCK, AND SERIOUS ATTITUDES.

DON'T WORRY, DUDES. THEY MIGHT BE BIG AND BAD BUT THEY MADE THE MISTAKE OF MESSIN' WITH THE WRONG CREW. WE DON'T LEAVE ANY OF OUR BROS BEHIND.

HERE'S THE PLAN...



HELLO?
WHO'S
THERE?



OUCH,
MY EYES!
WH-WHERE
AM I?



YES, EXACTLY.
IF ALL IS IN PLACE,
THEN WE MAY PROCEED.
AT THIS POINT, I
FORESEE NO PROBLEMS.

NO PROBLEMS
AT ALL.



HELLO, BOY.
I'M SENATOR
SLICK. YOU'RE
PROBABLY
WONDERING WHY
WE'VE BROUGHT
YOU HERE.

UHHH...NOT
REALLY. NOW THAT
WE'VE ESTABLISHED
THAT, HOW ABOUT
YOU LET ME
GO?



SHUT
IT!
GULP!

YOU HAVE UNFORTUNATELY
DISCOVERED MY
"REDEVELOPMENT PLAN"
FOR DOWNTOWN SESSION
COUNTY. WE'LL BE CORRECTING
THE MISTAKE MADE BY THE
CITY COUNCIL TO BUILD THAT
RIDICULOUS CHILDREN'S
SKATE PARK ON PRIME
REAL ESTATE.



YOU'RE A
NUTJOB! EVERYONE
IS GONNA BE AT THE
GRAND OPENING, EVEN
THE MAYOR! YOU'LL
NUKE 'EM ALL!



DON'T WORRY, MY FREAKISH FRIEND.
WHEN THE ATTENDING CIVIC LEADERS
ARE GONE, I'LL REPLACE THEM WITH
MY OWN "ELECTED OFFICIALS," THOSE
WHO SHARE MY VISION OF THE
NEW 100-STORY
"SLICK TOWERS."



AND THE IRONIC THING IS THAT THE
EXPLOSIVES ARE RIGGED TO BLOW
WHEN YOUR FRIEND THE MAYOR
CUTS THE CEREMONIAL
TAPE!

BUT YOU
WON'T BE ALIVE
LONG ENOUGH
TO CARE.

FINISH
HIM, BOYS.



FINISH?!
THIS PARTY'S
JUST GETTIN'
STARTED!

WHAT?!

WEDGE!

HWA
GG-BRUNNCH



STOP
HI-OOF!

SMASH



WANNA
BLOW THIS
JOINT?

SHRIP

I'M
RIGHT
BEHIND
YA!





SCREEEECH

CHOK

COMING THROUGH, AMIGOS!

LOOOOONKKK... OUUUUUU!!!

NOOO! WE'RE NOT GONNA MAKE IT!

AND SO WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, THIS FELLOW SESSION CITIZEN AND I WILL CLIT THIS RIBBON--

THERE'S NO WAY I'M GONNA LET THIS PARK BLOW TO KINGDOM COME.

NO WAY.

OVER MY DEAD BODY!

OLÉ.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?! WHAT KIND OF CRAZY, INSANE MADMAN ARE YOU?! I WANT THIS KID ARRESTED THIS VERY INSTANT!

HOLA, CHICA. ¿COMO ESTAS?

GRRRRR-AAAAAHHH!!

MISTAH MAYAH, BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING RASH...



BRUH, YOU SHOULD KNOW THE WHOLE SITUATION!

CHECK IT OUT, YOUR MAYORNESS! THIS PARK IS SITTING ON A MILLION POUNDS OF EXPLOSIVES!



AND DA RIBBON WAS RIGGED WITH DA IGNITION CABLE! ONE SNIP...AND IT'S HASTA LUEGO!

AND THERE'S THE SCUM RESPONSIBLE!



SENATOR SLICK, OWNER OF SLICK INDUSTRIES!

I'M AFRAID THERE'S BEEN A MISUNDERSTANDING. A LARGE SHIPMENT OF DYNAMITE WAS STOLEN FROM ONE OF MY CONSTRUCTION SITES THIS MORNING.

I'VE JUST MADE MY STATEMENT TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE, AND I HAVE EXTENSIVE DOCUMENTATION THAT CLEARS MY NAME OF ANYTHING...LINSEMLY.

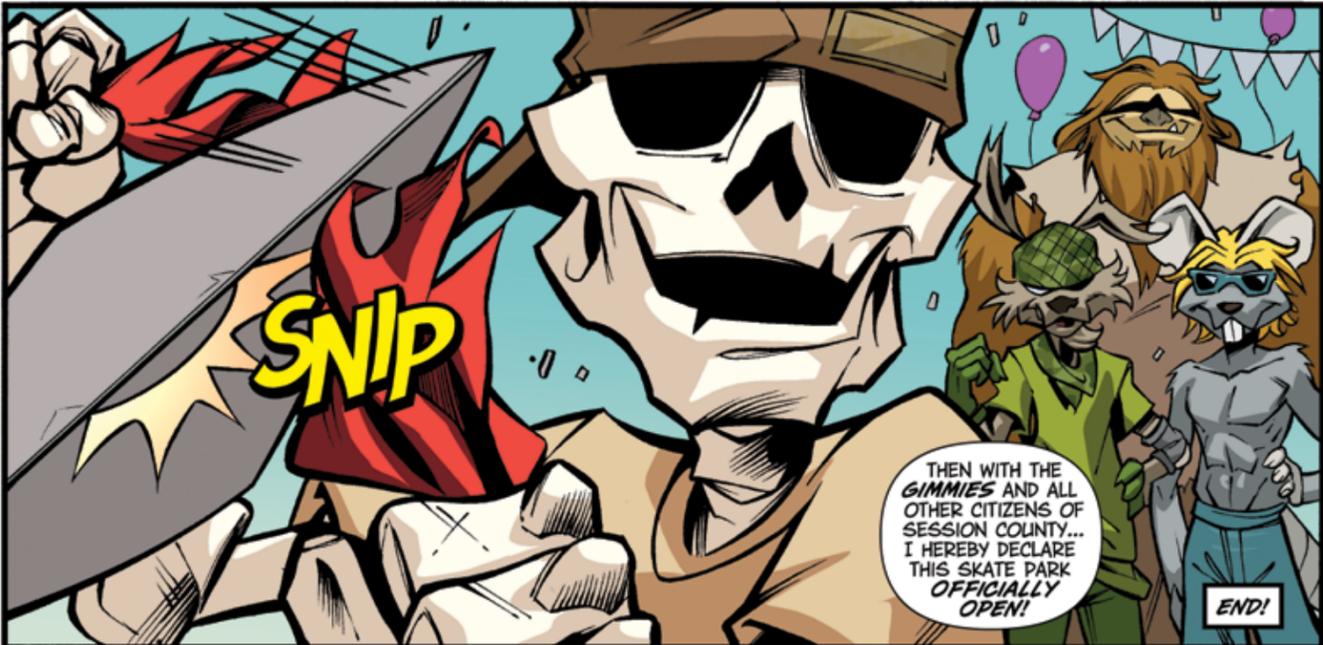


WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE I OWE YOU BOYS AN APOLOGY. YOU'RE HEROES!

BUT WHAT ABOUT DA GRAND OPENING? THERE'S NO RIBBON TO CUT TO MAKE IT OFFICIAL!



WELL...I THINK I MAY JUST HAVE A SUBSTITUTE.



SNIP

THEN WITH THE GIMMIES AND ALL OTHER CITIZENS OF SESSION COUNTY... I HEREBY DECLARE THIS SKATE PARK OFFICIALLY OPEN!

END!

FRONTSIDE INVERT

OLLIE

SESSION COUNTY SKATEPARK

"SPLATTER" TEAM MODEL
8.25 X 31.5

"STEEZE" PRO MODEL
7.75 X 31.5

GIMMIES PREMIUM QUALITY SKATEBOARDS

GIMMIESBRAND.COM



"Mobe"

"Huck"

"Steeze"

"Uncle G"

"Ollie"

"Wedge"

"Switch"

"Ollie"

Sport: Skateboarding **Vehicle:** Skateboard **Tagline:** "Just sayin"
Weaknesses: Girls; Smooth Concrete, Bacon Slushies
Animal/Ethnicity: Mutated Human / Skeleton / Caucasian
In a Nutshell: The Skeleton Key to Session City

NAME ORIGIN:
Ollies are the foundational trick for modern freestyle skateboarding. The skater transfers weight from the front to the back foot to snap the board up off the ground w/o needing hands or a jump, using only kinetic energy.

PERSONALITY:
Ollie is almost a double personality. He's patient but not scared to try something new. He has excellent manners; a kind, thoughtful (though fleshless) human being, looking out for others while skating everything in sight. Usually his aggressiveness comes out at the right moment (and some times at the wrong moment also).

BACKSTORY:
Ollie wasn't always the boney bro he is today. His background is a little foggy since he really doesn't know how he ended up as a skeleton. His dreams are filled with him running around as a normal kid, all flesh and bone. But just as some dreams can turn to nightmares, he recalls snippets of a situation gone wrong that changed him from a fun-loving teenage boy to a boney skeleton kid. It's a blurry memory and he vows to one day find out what really happened to him that one fateful day. His unlikely friend Steeze found him dumped in the desert. Steeze was able to bring him back to life and ever since they formed a brotherhood for which Ollie is forever grateful. While out skating one day he ran across Huck and the three formed the original core of The Gimmies. Together, as a pseudo family would, they vowed to help Ollie to be normal again some day.

'HOOD:
Downtown Session City -- a vile, gray concrete mass to most, but a skater's paradise for Ollie. It's a cross between Portland's skate park under the Burnside Bridge and the kind of dreamscape teen skaters draw when bored in class: bridges, tubes, walls, handrails and wedges. "Lines" everywhere. He knows every crack in every sidewalk and has lines from each Point A to each Point B in the city that allow him maximum air and/or grind time (viz. Guerrero's street part in Animal Chin). From concrete full pipes to chunky loading docks, Ollie skates it all with style.

ROLE IN THE GIMMIES:
Ollie's sub-conscience constantly brings him in contact with Sen. Slick and his cronies. He alone essentially kick-started The Gimmies as we know it. He made it his life's mission to stop Slick from destroying Session County and is always instrumental in starting new missions.

SKILLS:
Knowing what Senator Slick is really up to, thanks to his army of street level informants. Ollie essentially lives on the street, so he knows every hobo, secretary, banker, cop, criminal and graffiti artist in Session City. If something's up, he's one of the first to know. Also, because he's a skeleton, he can take massive physical abuse w/o slowing down. Not quite indestructible but pretty close...

That's Odd:
While in one of Senator Slick's secret labs, he came across some super sticky shoes. He decided to "borrow" a pair. Ever since, they have helped him crush some pretty crazy tricks and all the kids in the neighborhood always ask where he got those shoes. He loves these shoes but lately he's noticed that they seem to have a mind of their own.



"Senator Slick"

SEX: Male. Very. **SPORT:** Hunting (also but not often, he enjoys rollerblading)
ANIMAL/ ETHNICITY: Part-plastic mutant-human/Caucasian
TAGLINE: "It is what it is..." **FAMILY:** TBD
IN A NUTSHELL: One supremely oily ex-politician and the richest man in Session County
WEAKNESS: Deep-fried southern food. A new challenge. Winning.

NAME ORIGIN:
He's the Senator who put Session County on the map, and not always by legal and/or moral means. (Cough The Dark Sea). Apart from his relentless and ruthless real estate developments that are constantly ruffling The Gimmies feathers by encroaching on their "spots" and destroying the area's natural beauty wholesale, he's constantly experimenting out in his desert lab, always looking for an edge. Through too much time dealing with toxic chemicals, oils, plastics, heavy metals, garbage etc. he is actually half-plastic now, shiny and slick. Trust us: he uses this mutation to his full advantage.

PERSONALITY:
Ruthless but charming. Cruel yet strangely brilliant. Charismatic but capable of frightening displays of brute force when provoked. He retired from politics officially years ago and yet insists that everyone call him "Senator." Best imagined as a cartoon amalgam of Donald Trump's capitalist gamesmanship, George W. Bush's goofy charm (and occasional sociopathy), Richard Branson's bio, Lex Luthor's twisted self-image, the Grinch's selfishness, Montgomery Burns's nouveau-feudalism and The Toxic Avenger's...toxicity. He's fun to be around, a true spark plug for adventure, but a deadly and unpredictable character through-and-through. It's as if, by following his very greedy nose, he's searching for a new "way of being;" he's a Nietzschean Übermensch in the making -- every second of every day. And, just like the plastics that are slowly taking over the organic parts of his face and body, Sen. Slick's lust for land, control, and other forms of domination have metastasized and become both means and end. He craves power because, well, he craves power; i.e. he will stop at nothing to grow his personal empire.

BACKSTORY:
Senator Slick's humble beginnings in the deep south explain his hunger for capital here in present day Southern California, but the real essence of his character lies outside easy questions of class or cash. Since he was a child, Senator Slick, born Tiberius Chester Slayback, has had a pathological need to: Win. At. Everything. From schoolyard marble games (using gravel b/c nobody could afford actual marbles) to high school football (he escaped the hick South on a football scholarship) to politics to the high-stakes world of Session County real estate, he now finds himself atop, Slick really only cares about winning.

ROLE IN THE GIMMIES:
Primary antagonist and the source of most problems in Session County. Even when Senator Slick's not on camera or on scene, he often turns out to have been behind major problems/plot points.

VEHICLE:
Armored helicopter equipped with the latest weird tech weaponry that money can buy. On land he rolls a stretch limo -- well past its prime, but of sentimental value -- that spews thick, nasty exhaust. He also has an army's worth of black-primered, souped-up 4x4s, dirtbikes, and dune buggies out in the desert and can rustle up anything from an Arabian racehorse to a jetboat to an F-18 with a single phone call. Yep, he's that powerful.

'HOOD:
Senator Slick's "compound" takes up an entire cliff face out in ultra-wealthy Los Ricos and could make a James Bond baddy jealous w/ heli-pads, boat launches, a 1000 ft. waterslide to the Pacific (used for fun and disposing of poor-performing henchmen), satellite linkups, guard peacocks, heavy artillery, skeet shooting, and a cast of dimwit Ruffians running security (often poorly). Instead of the usual millionaire's swimming pool, Senator Slick has an infinity pool blasted into the cliff edge that is filled with thick, black crude oil which he swims in daily and finds rejuvenating. He invites his henchmen and mistresses in but, as of yet, no takers. "Your loss."

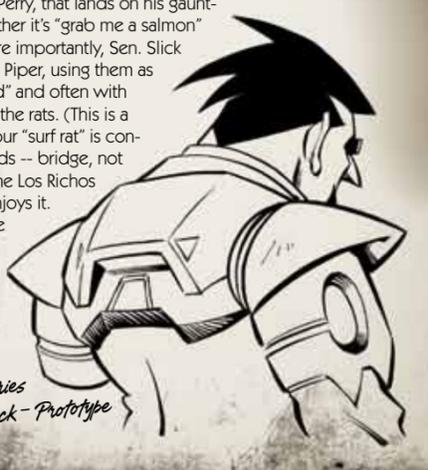
MAIN ALLIANCE(S):
His key henchmen are N00B & Knuckles and they do a lot of his dirty work and help him keep his hands "clean enough" in the public eye. He also has up to a dozen Ruffians at his beck and call. For more delicate matters, Sen. Slick relies on shady business associates and other obscenely wealthy, occasional characters from the polo grounds, racetrack and yacht clubs of Los Richos. Almost anyone with money in Session County is under Slick's thumb in one way or another -- just how he likes it!

SKILLS:
Can rebuild and repair damaged body parts through submersion in oil or molten



plastic. Severed arm? No problem. Pizza-sized hole through the torso? Fixed with one dive into his oily pool. Melt him down into a pool of plastic and a bucket of cold water will make him come back even stronger and w/o a scratch.

THAT'S ODD:
Has a pet peregrine falcon, Perry, that lands on his gauntlet and follows orders, whether it's "grab me a salmon" or "go steal N00B's hat." More importantly, Sen. Slick can control rats like the Pied Piper, using them as a sort of "plague on demand" and often with Perry helping to "shepherd" the rats. (This is a sticky skill as far as Wedge, our "surf rat" is concerned!) Slick also plays cards -- bridge, not poker -- with old ladies at the Los Richos Yacht Club and genuinely enjoys it. His Sunday afternoon bridge games are the only time he turns off his greed and nastiness (but he still likes to win). Also plays classical piano and karaoke. A real Dixie charmer.



Slick Industries
Ballistic Jet Pack - Prototype

SEX: Male **SPORT:** Any board or bike + a serious big wave surfer
ANIMAL/ETHNICITY: Sasquatch; 100% Hawaiian
IN A NUTSHELL: The Gimmies' Capital G
FAMILY: Only seen in the odd, short flashback brah.

"Uncle G"



NAME ORIGIN:

Both "Uncle" and "Cuz" are terms of endearment in native Hawaiian culture and Uncle G is very much from this tradition -- even if he's a Sasquatch. The "G" comes from both "Gimmies," since he is the hub to this crazy wheel, and "G" as it's used in hip-hop/street culture (e.g. "O.G.," "He's the G," or "Lend me a G, yo!")

PERSONALITY:

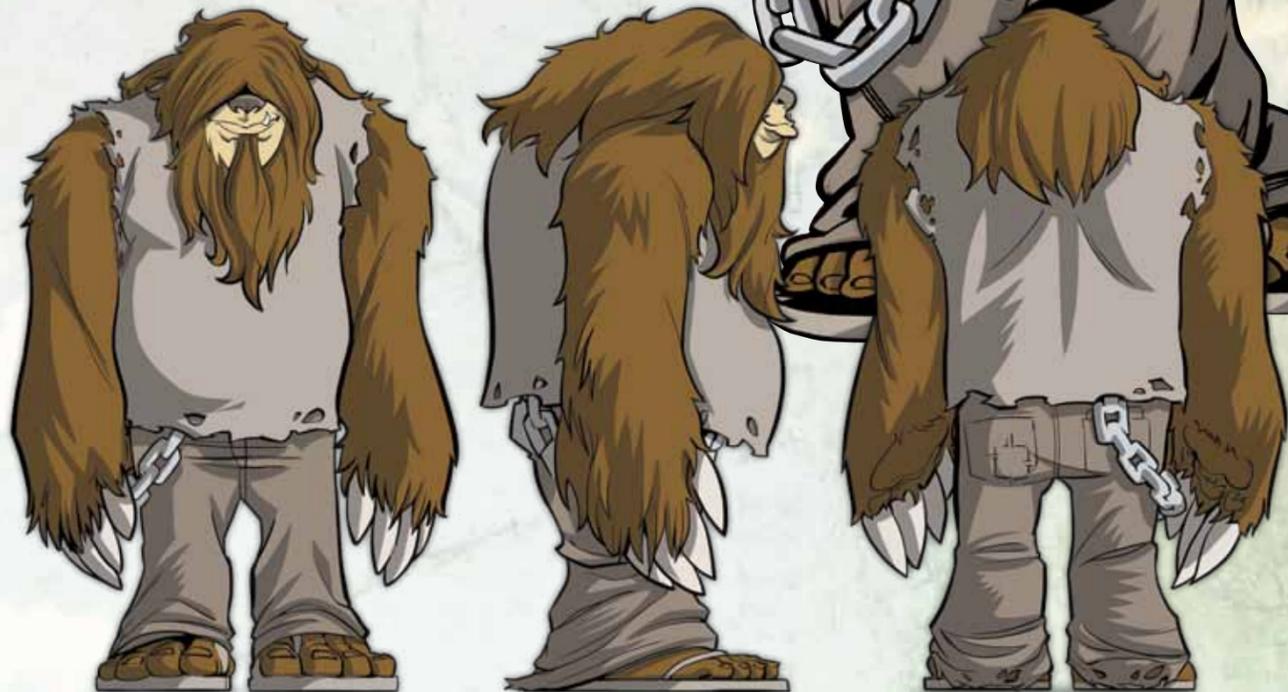
Affable and helpful, Uncle G has grown up in the great outdoors and seen first-hand what untrammelled development and greed can do. He was born high up on a volcano, Mauna Manna Moke, and his family lost their home when condos overran mountainside and chased him to the mainland. The development's fancy harbor also ruined his favorite surf break and he took this very personally.

ROLE IN THE GIMMIES:

Uncle G is like the Batman of The Gimmies, creating the technologies that give the kids an advantage over evil. With lairs all around Session County -- incl. one in an abandoned subway, one in the desert near Giv'r'side, and a super lab, the "K'Den" under the dam -- Uncle G gives the Gimmies the help they need to help themselves. Note: He is NOT the hero but he sets the kids up to be heroes almost every episode. He is also a great adult role model here because he operates without ego, always gets the job done and, unlike a lot of them a lot of the time, he thinks about other people first. In the long run, he shows that strength without wisdom and <cough> love is useless. If he was southern, he'd be a classic good ol' boy. But he's not, K?

VEHICLE:

The G-Ride: a multi-sport, BBQing, 4x4 machine that has racks for every bit of gear imaginable. Can be modified to suit different situations, i.e. tracks replace tires in the mountains; full amphibious capabilities etc. The "G-Ride" also has fun mods such as a wall ride, ramps, a slingshot



winch and a battleship slider bar on the roof. When the stress is on and the kids are having a hard time articulating a plan, Uncle G will suggest an Expression Session to loosen up (offering an excellent opportunity for animators to capture dynamic POV action, new tricks etc. every episode). The G-Ride has only two stickers: a die-cut of his home islands and, "Yeti Would Go," an inside joke every surfer in the audience will appreciate.

'HOOD:

Uncle G is the only adult in the group and the sole Gimmies member with no set 'hood. Most of the time he brings his house with him (the G-Ride) and is ready to go at a moment's notice. This is in contrast to some of the more scattered Gimmies like, say, Huck and Wedge who are never ready. Uncle G constantly accuses them of "being on Hawaiian Time" -- and of wasting his.

MAIN ALLIANCE(S):

He is aligned equally with all of The Gimmies, depending on the particular episode/storyline but his most important function often lies in his ability to relate to adults. If a security guard, cop or henchman laughs at one of the kids' demands, chances are they'll listen to a 7'4" 450 lb. Sasquatch with good manners, right? Uncle G also has a network of helpers scattered around the county, incl. a huge white Yeti in the Switchback Mountains (she's twice his size) and a Lochness Monster-like "cuz" at the Yankee Dam, "Angus." Everyone loves Uncle G, even if they're kinda

scared of the Moke 99-percent of the time.

SKILLS:

Incredibly strong but a gentle giant at heart. Never hurts anyone more than necessary and often holds Gimmies back (eg. Huck, Mobe) when they are being overly aggressive. Like MacGyver, he can build anything out of nothing, be it a weapon or one-off vehicle. His lairs hold tools to build more elaborate machines but the G-Ride is a worthy lab unto itself. The funniest part is when he goes "cyber mode," pulling his hair back and donning tiny granny glasses to see his computer screen to hack mainframes, security cameras etc. Needless to say, some of the Gimmies "talk some stink" about his glasses behind his back and he knows who! "Uncle G snap k!"

THAT'S ODD:

Uncle G's most notable feature -- apart from his massive size and hirsute nature -- is his unusual style of speech: 100-percent Hawaiian Pidgin. While most of the other Gimmies (except Mobe) speak with a variation of the classic SoCal beach accent, Uncle G speaks in a chipped syntax and unique vocabulary that is truly his own e.g. "No worries, beef curry. I goin' get you da stuffs guaranzl!"

WEAKNESS:

Animals: He is like a giant, furry St. Francis of Assisi with birds landing on his huge shoulders and squirrels getting caught up in his back hair. Oddly, he is a vegetarian, i.e. "He no eat food with dudes in it."

SEX: Male **SPORT:** BMX
ANIMAL/ETHNICITY: Coyote, Mexican/American
IN A NUTSHELL:

The Big, Bottomless Bag of Tricks
ROLE IN THE GIMMIES:

NAME ORIGIN:

A jump performed with maximum energy—and minimum worry—is a HUCK. 'Nuff said...

PERSONALITY:

Oh boy, where do we start?! Huck is your typical pre-teen coyote, half energy drink and half...baked ideas. He has boundless energy, screaming ADD, a big imagination and a limitless appetite for distraction, destruction and creativity, both on and off his bike. He might not travel in a straight line but if this coyote sets his mind to something it'll probably happen.

VEHICLE:

Huck's BMX "The Mijo" is a dirtjumpers dream. "Mijo" is a customized piece of rolling art. Huck's ADD and his ability to wrench on anything has giving new life to this old school diamondback frame. Customized paint job with all upgraded parts. Go ahead, spin the wheels. They'll spin for days.

'HOOD:

Las Pulgas, a polite, working class commuter 'burb east of Session City where parents devote more time to washing their cars and preening their lawns than fussing over what their kids might be up to. The yet-to-be developed far edge of Las Pulgas is where Huck builds his BMX features, jumps and tracks (with wood "borrowed" from construction sites). He also has a favorite wall-ride at the local mini-mall, home of the convenience store, the dance studio (where lil' sis Sofia takes ballet), the Karate Klub, dad's notary office and sundry other suburban businesses.

MAIN ALLIANCE(S):

Uncle G; Mobe. When Huck really needs off-the-wall advice, Kenny, the redneck Australian cat/owner of the Karate Klub always drops some nonsensical wisdom on him.

SKILLS:

Huck's backpack always seems to contain the perfect tool for any job at hand; incl. ones that couldn't possibly fit in there: generators, ladders, Jaws of Life, flood lights, etc. Rides his BMX so fast he's often the first Gimmie on the scene. And his hyper demeanor often causes mad trouble (1) for others to diffuse once they show up...

THAT'S ODD:

Can switch from English to Spanish and back again mid-sentence and speaks both at home (2). Knows how to breakdance. When he's not the center of attention he zones out.

FAMILY:

Huck's family give him a hard time about "having his head in the clouds" yet support him in anything he truly believes in. His father, Blasio, is a mumbling, stuttering notary coyote with a big heart, big brain and thick glasses, and originally from Mexico City. His gorgeous mother, Angela, is a school-teacher who grew up in Hollywood and retains a celebrity flair about her, even if the family is short on money. Little sister Sofia is the bane of his existence; she is adorable, wise and she straight idolizes Huck. (She can even do a few flatland BMX tricks on her tiny pink pony bike thanks to years of watching Huck in the driveway.) The older Sofia gets, the harder it becomes for Huck to keep her from following him on important --and dangerous--



"Huck"

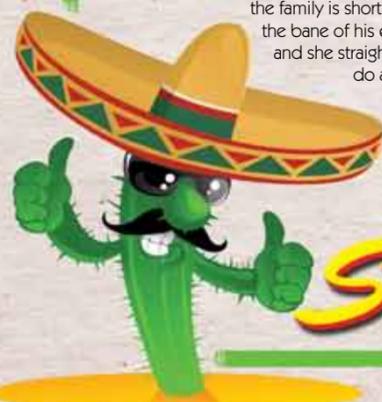


Gimmies missions.

WEAKNESS:

Impulsive. A bit too quick to try and impress his friends. Doesn't listen so well. He thinks he's a genius but, truth be told, it's 99-percent luck (3) and everybody else knows it.

1. His catch-phrase. 2. Great opp. for funny cartoon subtitling etc. 3. Note that the one constant in his magic backpack is a golden horseshoe.



Soupburto's Mexican Food

"Mobe".

SEX: Female **SPORT:** Wakeboarding
ANIMAL/ ETHNICITY: Mixed lizard
IN A NUTSHELL: Backwoods ways, big heart, who's isn't afraid to tell it how it is.
TAGLINE: "Y'all Crazy..."

NAME ORIGIN:
 Short form of "Mobiuss," a wake trick that changed what was possible behind the boat.

PERSONALITY:
 A firecracker spirit, who is bright but also moody. Snap judgments a specialty. Mobe prefers action over words yet has an over-the-top southern accent when she does speak, e.g. actually says "Y'all." Casually eats bugs flying by w/ a flick of her tongue, even in the middle of conversation or important duties.

ROLE IN THE GIMMIES: Most versatile aquatic athlete in the group: swims, runs, jumps and wakeboards on water or land. Brave. Probably the smartest member of the group yet her thick southern slang often means others don't appreciate her intelligence and abilities.

'HOOD:
 Yankee Dam, a massive hydro-electric dam and associated lake area located between Session City and the Behemoth Mountains.

MAIN ALLIANCE(S):
 Uncle G; Huck.

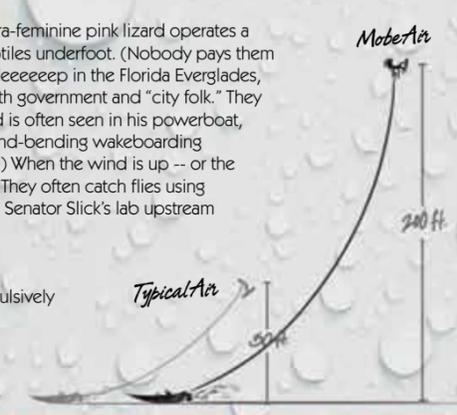
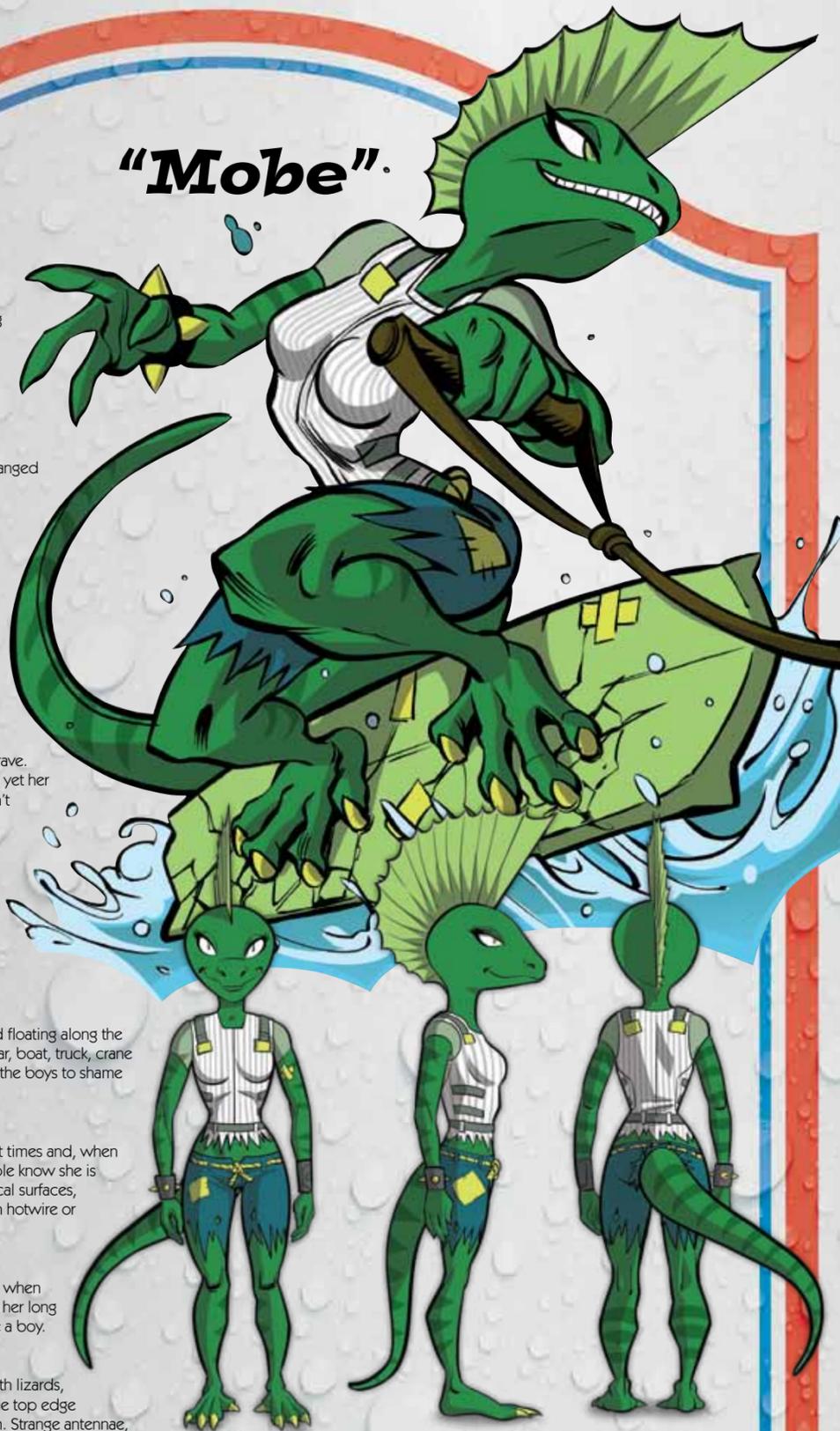
VEHICLE: Beat up old wakeboard she found floating along the water's edge. Her natural ability to drive a car, boat, truck, crane -- you name it, is second to none. She puts the boys to shame with her ability as a all around driver.

SKILLS:
 Her "hair" acts as a neck frill/sail/parachute at times and, when not in use, it's a cool mohawk that lets people know she is not to be messed with. She can climb vertical surfaces, even the dam. Thanks to her dad, Mobe can hotwire or jury-rig almost anything.

THAT'S ODD:
 Passes for a boy with her sunglasses on but, when removed, looks decidedly more female w/ her long eyelashes. She prefers pretending to be a boy.

FAMILY:
 Mobe lives with her parents, both lizards, in a double-wide trailer on the top edge of the massive Yankee Dam. Strange antennae, vents, racks and old BBQs adorn the trailer, built by her father Colton. Her mother, Jezebel, a voluptuous, ultra-feminine pink lizard operates a daycare out of the trailer so there are always strange young reptiles underfoot. (Nobody pays them much mind). Mom and Dad are unapologetic "hicks" from deeeeeeep in the Florida Everglades, proudly independent, self-sufficient and distrustful of both government and "city folk." They hang out with snakes, pirates and alligators, mostly. Dad is often seen in his powerboat, also homemade, and the main source for Mobe's mind-bending wakeboarding tricks. (She also has a homemade, portable winch.) When the wind is up -- or the boat is down -- Mobe likes "fly" fishing w/ Dad. They often catch flies using three-eyed (& other deformed) fish for "bait". Senator Slick's lab upstream is the obvious source of pollution...

WEAKNESS:
 Her hick ways can make her act impulsively at the wrong times.



"Switch"

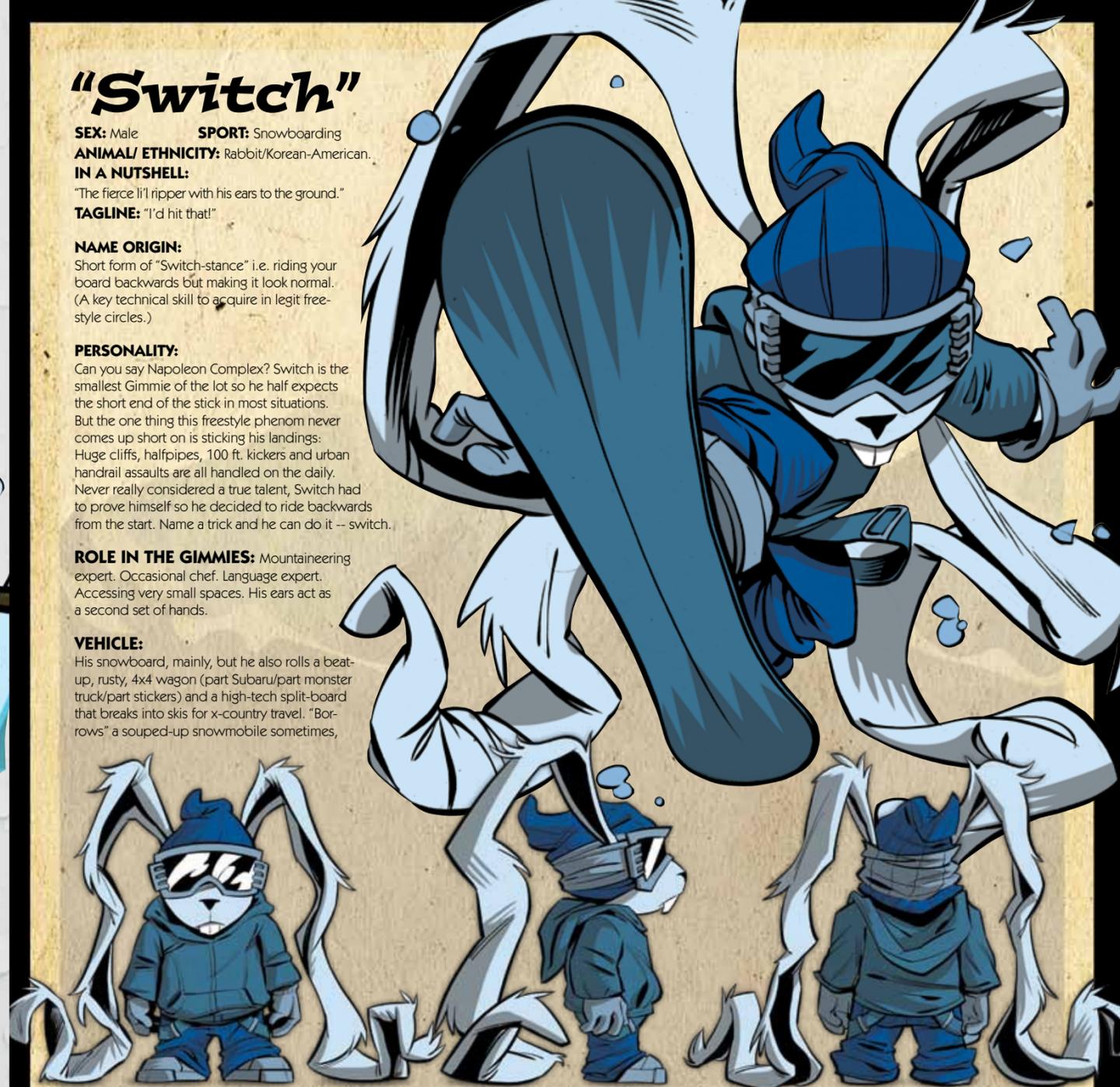
SEX: Male **SPORT:** Snowboarding
ANIMAL/ ETHNICITY: Rabbit/Korean-American.
IN A NUTSHELL:
 "The fierce lil' ripper with his ears to the ground."
TAGLINE: "I'd hit that!"

NAME ORIGIN:
 Short form of "Switch-stance" i.e. riding your board backwards but making it look normal. (A key technical skill to acquire in legit freestyle circles.)

PERSONALITY:
 Can you say Napoleon Complex? Switch is the smallest Gimmie of the lot so he half expects the short end of the stick in most situations. But the one thing this freestyle phenom never comes up short on is sticking his landings: Huge cliffs, halfpipes, 100 ft. kickers and urban handrail assaults are all handled on the daily. Never really considered a true talent, Switch had to prove himself so he decided to ride backwards from the start. Name a trick and he can do it -- switch.

ROLE IN THE GIMMIES: Mountaineering expert. Occasional chef. Language expert. Accessing very small spaces. His ears act as a second set of hands.

VEHICLE:
 His snowboard, mainly, but he also rolls a beat-up, rusty, 4x4 wagon (part Subaru/part monster truck/part stickers) and a high-tech split-board that breaks into skis for x-country travel. "Borrows" a souped-up snowmobile sometimes,



too, but he's really not supposed to.

HOOD:
 The massive Behemoth Mountains that run North/South like a spine separating East Session County from West. They hold snow year-round, esp. on the many glaciers, and Switch lives in the most elaborate "snow cave" you've ever seen: electricity, big screen TVs and video games; icy E-Z chairs for everyone, jibs and jumps in every room, and a perfect slope so you can move through the house w/o ever taking your board off. When other Gimmies come to visit, they're just way too cold to enjoy the many amenities. They turn blue (like him) but he never notices...

MAIN ALLIANCE(S):
 Wedge; Uncle G.

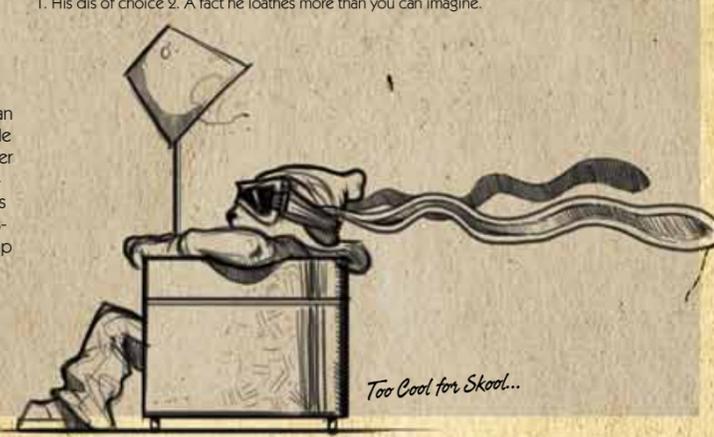
SKILLS:
 Switch's fantastically long ears allow him to basically hear ants fart and to perform stunts that make Jackie Chan look like a straight part-timer (1). He can grab a passing tree branch w/ his ears at 80mph and turn it into a trapeze. He can do an Andrecht using his ear instead of a hand to plant and use the other to grab his board. When he jumps off cliffs higher than 150 ft., his ears function like helicopter rotors to spin him back to earth -- a feat that makes 1080s look pretty tame by comparison. Bonus: Can pass for a little kid when necessary (2), winning sympathy & help from hapless adults (not to mention cheap lift tickets!). Good at getting into trouble and even better at getting out of it.

THAT'S ODD:
 Never gets cold. Great cook. Secret super-reader. Strangely touchy for such a crusty personality, always wrapping his long ear around another Gimmies' shoulder. Teardrop tattoo under his goggles but you'll never, ever see it.

FAMILY:
 None, a curiosity that none of the Gimmies have been bold enough to investigate. He's a scrappy survivalist who has carved a personal paradise out of a cold, unkind environment but his lack of family becomes one of the mysteries that slowly unfolds from season to season.

WEAKNESS:
 Call him a snow bunny -- we dare you! Remember: those buck teeth can chew through more than carrots, tough guy... He doesn't speak much but, you better listen since he won't repeat himself. Switch's biggest issue, like Huck's, is an inability to relax and not try to prove himself 24/7.

1. His dis of choice 2. A fact he loathes more than you can imagine.



Too Cool for Skool...

"Wedge"

SEX: Male **SPORT:** Surfing & More Surfing
ANIMAL/ ETHNICITY: Rat, American
IN A NUTSHELL: Bro-dent **TAGLINE:** "Gnarly..."

NAME ORIGIN:

The Wedge is a real, worldclass break in Newport Beach, Calif. known for its thick lip, lightning fast drop-ins and punishing wipeouts. The break is also famously flanked by oil rigs so nasty gunk stuck between your toes after a surf sesh there is pretty much a <cough> gimmie. "Wedge" straddles these two worlds of pure water and man-made pollution.

PERSONALITY:

This haole bro-dent hangs very, very loose. Nothing bothers Wedge that much -- as long as the waves are pumping and the wind's offshore. The only time he really gets his tail in a knot is when someone threatens his first love: the beach. All Gimmies are obsessed with their sport of choice, yet whenever Wedge is out of the water for too long, he exhibits the signs of a true addict: shakes, wild eyes, uncontrolled scratching, quick temper etc. Eating ranks a close second for Wedge, hobby-wise, and his boundless appetite often slows the Gimmies down. As he always says, "Gimmies gotta grind!" (If you enjoyed watching Fred Flintstone decimate corn on the cob, you'll love watching Wedge lay waste to longboard burritos, fresh coconuts or giant "kooky késadillas" the diameter of a NY pizza.)

ROLE IN THE GIMMIES:

Access expert: Wedge can gain entry into any building, vehicle or public space and let the others in. Climbs walls, swims, sometimes scares people if they're not used to rats.

VEHICLE:

Surfboard. Often seen "shooting the pier" which explain some of his scars.

'HOOD:

Welcome to Lotusland: Wedge was born and raised in K-12, ground zero for Session County surf culture since the '50s. Almost everybody he knows is a surf rat to the core. His extended family lives under the Poco Pier in a huge, multilevel super-nest that has been cleverly hollowed out of the dark, creaky timbers. It holds dozens of surfboards, has hammocks for everyone, and boasts multiple TVs that play (*live action) surf movies 24/7. The rest of K-12 is a boardwalk of bikini palapas, swank sushi joints and the most smoothie shops per capita in the USA. Rats, roaches, and wealthy humans wear flip-flops year round and, like Wedge, many don't even own shirts.

MAIN ALLIANCE(S):

Uncle G, Ollie, crusty local sea creatures (shark, pelican, old parking lot dude etc.)

SKILLS:

His tail is extra long, extra strong and it functions (like Switch's ears) as everything from a bullwhip to a man lift to a python-like appendage. (Careful, or he might give you a Wedgie®.) His powerful teeth can gnaw through sheet metal like corn chips. But Wedge's most vital skill, apart from his insane abilities on a board, is his willingness to see the big picture. When other Gimmies are running around like chickens with cut-offs on their heads, Wedge calmly assesses the situation from behind his shades and stops them all from plunging into disaster.

THAT'S ODD:

Waaaay smarter than he looks, like honor student smart. Combs his hair every Sunday to go to church (alone, on the DL) yet still wears no shirt at mass. Loves hot sauce.



FAMILY:

He's the oldest of 10 surf rats who all share his beach blonde mop and love of water. Climb into their convoluted nest and the siblings look like Russian dolls: power-chillin' in their hammocks; suckin' bright smoothies through buck teeth. Dad Dewey is an exterminator who makes a modest living chasing pests from local mansions -- "We don't do rats" -- but his true love is surfing, as evidenced by his many trophies dating back to the '70s. Mom Deandra is a skinny, new age white rat who designs ugly crystal jewelry, hardly ever eats and talks as though it's still 1974.

She loves her kids openly and embarrassingly while her gift shop, Karma Krafts, is a spot for K-12 moms lookin' for gossip, gripes or ginseng tea. Wedge only goes into Karma Krafts when he needs money but, since he always needs money, he's pretty much always in there...

WEAKNESS:

Hates planning. Thinks anything that happens more than five blocks from the beach is "inland" and, therefore, totally irrelevant. Loses patience quickly when kooks get in his way out in the water. Poco Pier is his break and, well, you'd best respect that.



Rat Wax. Stick it, then Rip it! -Wedge

"Steeze"

SEX: Male **SPORT:** Freestyle Motocross **TAGLINE:** "..."
ANIMAL/ ETHNICITY: Human, Hell Spawn
IN A NUTSHELL: The Dark Horse
ROLE IN THE GIMMIES: The tough guy. The speed.

NAME ORIGIN:

Style with Ease = "Steeze." Never seems to be trying but always succeeds. This guy just might have menthol running through his veins...

PERSONALITY:

Dark. Silent. Mysterious. Steeze is a kind of po-mo version of a medieval knight but his only allegiance is to the Gimmies and he answers to no one, not even Uncle G. Unlike many of the other hyperactive Gimmies, Steeze gives the impression of being older, wiser and yet he never ever speaks. Body language is everything with him: read it wrong and you'll wish you didn't. Some might call him "devilishly handsome" yet seeing as his helmet and goggles stay on even when he's eating BBQ, submerged in sewage, or sleeping, nobody really knows. Half the Gimmies think Steeze hates them; the other half just really hope he doesn't.

VEHICLE:

Few paved roads in Giv'rside mean Steeze's Steed is the perfect ride. This high performance dirtbike is super custom, hand-built by him. It runs on waste veggie oil and combines the long range dependability of a Dakar with the lightness and freestyle capabilities of an FMX stunt bike. He can ride slow technical terrain, Trials-like, cover huge distances in loose sand, or style out a tail-whip of epic proportions off the numerous natural hips and step-ups in the dunes. The last guy to ask, "Did you see that?!"

'HOOD:

Giv'rside, a poor, deserted dune area in East County where the only living things are almost postapocalyptically tough. The sun bleaches all and many creatures, incl. humans, are blind from it, their eyes white and milky. A dead inland sea (viz. Salton) called The Dark Sea is the focal point of the area, with dilapidated luxury homes arranged along its shores and private docks being slowly digested by the toxic water. On the far shore is a massive refinery, abandoned and seeping its goo into the inland sea and River of Golden Dreams so that the entire side is a uniform gray, totally devoid of life. (Exc. Steeze who lives in the refinery). Although wealthier folks on the coast turn a blind eye, The Dark Sea is home to fish with hands, two-headed talking seagulls and sharks with long fur, and is a constant reminder of Senator Slick's legacy of death and decay in Session County.

MAIN ALLIANCE(S):

Uncle G and Switch are the only Gimmies who really "get" Steeze's brooding silence. (Huck calls him "the two-stroke joke" behind his back.) With Switch, he shares a traumatic family history and with Uncle G he shares the hollow loneliness that comes from everyone being scared of you due to your appearance.

SKILLS:

Working alone. Steeze doesn't need back pats, pack rats, or detailed plans on missions -- he just goes. Most of his skills involve his bike, e.g. landing on the roof of a speeding semi, jumping an inconvenient canal or 30 ft. razor-wire fence, but he also excels at any board game that is non verbal (chess especially). And, oh yeah, he can predict the weather by lying on the ground.

THAT'S ODD:

If you try and thank Steeze for a good deed he will wag his finger in your face menacingly. Also, he is one of the only residents of Giv'rside/Dark Sea healthy enough to even leave the area and, despite his evil appearance, he regularly helps out other residents with supplies etc. (1)

FAMILY:

No one really knows.

WEAKNESS:

Thinks he has to do everything alone and therefore becomes extra sullen when a mission needs everybody's input and skills. Wants everyone to fear him (because he fears all forms of love, intimacy and friendship) but then gets angry when the world takes him at the angry, rebellious face value he projects. Most emotional showdowns end w/ him tearing off on his steed in a cloud of dust. Actually, make that all of them.

(1) A running gag involves Steeze stopping mid-mission to buy a 25 lb. turkey for an elderly neighbor or performing death-defying stunts with a Costco-sized jar of mayo, 24 pack of soda, or large bag of cat litter strapped to his bike. Ruffians, Senator Slick and various baddies all fear Steeze more than the other Gimmies but little old ladies love him. They just love him...



*Hellonda - G250
"Rides like a Bat Out of Hell!"*

"Knuckles"

SEX: Male **SPORT:** Working Out
ANIMAL/ ETHNICITY: Ram, Guido
IN A NUTSHELL:
 Yo Dawg, with a Major Complex
TAGLINE: "I'll Smash Yo Face!"
WEAKNESS: Protein powder shakes

NAME ORIGIN:

Knuckles got his name from the large metal knuckles that protrude from his hands. He uses them to "convince" others to do as he wishes. They also come in handy when he needs to attach other hand weapons to his fists. It doesn't help that he's always cracking his knuckles when he's bored.

PERSONALITY:

Knuckles is a "transplant" from the deep inner city of the East coast. His personality reflects that. He's



the ring leader of Senator Slick's gang of thugs who do most of his dirty work. If something shady needs to be done, Knuckles is usually the one involved. He loves being on the West coast but you would be hard pressed to hear anything but bragging about how the East coast is so much better. He has quickly established himself as a big fish out in Session County where only a handful of petty crimes popped up now and again. Since Knuckles has come to town, things are a bit more shady.

BACKSTORY:

Knuckles was always the little guy who got pushed around in school. No one ever took him all that seriously. Years of being knocked around and ignored, he decided it was time to make a statement and show the world who he really was. Over the course of a few years, Knuckles found an obsessive love for the gym and working out. He took any and every kind of muscle enhancer to get him to the size of what he is today. In the event of becoming a force to be reckoned with, he used his size to intimidate others. His years as a night club bouncer got him the recognition he looked for, but his strong arm tactics were what got him fired from club to club. Eventually, no one liked the guy and he found himself out of work and with no friends. Eventually he went into the business of robbing and providing "neighborhood security" for small mom and pop shops in his neighborhood. His business led him to run-ins with the law constantly. Eventually, he made his way west and landed in the nice, quaint city of Session. He sees that the "fruit" is ripe for picking and it's harvest time!

'HOOD:

Knuckles lives in downtown Session. He lives in a highrise building, with

underground parking and swanky, lavish amenities. He lives way beyond his income and is always on the hunt to supplement his lifestyle by any means possible. When we say any means possible, we mean crime is the only method he knows. If not out roughing up innocent downtown neighborhood citizens, he's pumping iron in his state-of-the-art gym. He doesn't like venturing far from the city for anything but when he's ordered to do so by Senator Slick or to squash some annoying surfer-types, his agitated state ramps up to an annoyed stated right away.

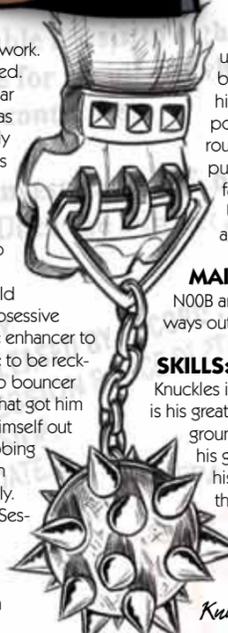
MAIN ALLIANCE(S):

N00B and the rest of his gang the "Ruffians". Senator Slick but he's always out to figure a way to take over his empire by any means possible.

SKILLS:

Knuckles is extremely BIG. His ability to muscle himself in or out of trouble is his greatest skill. It would take a Mac Truck to knock this guy to the ground. Uncle G is comparable in size, but Knuckles' rage can be his greatest advantage and disadvantage. In addition to his size, his metal attachment points fused to his hands allow him to bust through just about anything that gets in his way. Plus, have you seen the horns on his head??? This guy is an out of control crazy train that just got derailed. It's best to walk on the other side of the sidewalk if you see this guy coming.

Knuckles' Favorite Toy: "The Ol' Ball & Chain"



"N00B"

SEX: Male **SPORT:** Import Car Tuner, Gamer, CyberPunk
ANIMAL/ ETHNICITY: Human Weirdo
IN A NUTSHELL: A Slurry of Fast Food and Energy
 Drinks Gone Wrong
TAGLINE: "Kidd... You just got PWNED!"
WEAKNESS: No internet connectivity on his DSL modem

NAME ORIGIN:

No one really knows where N00B (The "O"s in his name are actually zeros) got his name but people believe it comes from his persona online. Probably a left over artifact from the Myspace era or what he gets called while playing online games.

PERSONALITY:

N00B is the epitome of the spoiled child. He does what he wants, when he wants. Tell this guy "no" and see what happens. His obsession with getting his own way only grew worse as N00B got older. With no real parental supervision or anyone willing to keep him in line he does as he pleases. He has the attention span of a gnat and he's a hard one to keep on track with the task at hand. He's easily excitable and hard to keep interested. ADD is an understatement.

BACKSTORY:

N00B wouldn't be such a bad guy if it wasn't for his overly obsessive, greedy, childish, fanatical and eagerly ways.

These characteristics make him a high strung, fully powered magnet for trouble. His life of crime started way back when he was just a baby. As his mom pushed him in his stroller down the aisles at the local store, N00B would use his baby rattle with chewed up gum to reach out and grab candy and toys to hide in his diaper. N00B is an intelligent kid but his obsessive, neurological behavior has got the best of him. He continues to live at home with his mom, Midge. She is a large, full time, stay-at-home mom who spends her time laying around the house in her nightgown, eating tv dinners for breakfast, lunch, dinner and buys everything under the sun from home shopping TV shows. Doing everything in her power to keep her son from getting mad, she gives him all that he wants. One example of the N00B's necessity to have everything happened a few summers ago.

"In Helium We Trust..."

N00B stole and maxed out his mom's credit card. He ordered a Cold War era, decommissioned MIG jet online and when the delivery rig pulled up in front of his house, his mom actually made him return it. He was put on restriction for a whole 5 days but was still allowed to play video games, drink sodas and surf the internet. And since he was such a good boy she let him off after two days of punishment. The gas mask he wears allows him to breath in large amounts of helium. It's what gives him that weird nasal sounding voice. He's perfected his mask so that he can adjust the helium and air mixture which allows him to sound like anyone he wants. This gives him a nice little advantage when ordering things through the phone. Lately, his new obsession with money has made him a little more extreme. Between, his online banking and credit card hacking business and running jobs for Senator Slick, N00B is one busy guy. His hunger for bigger, better "toys" is increasing too. He is saving up for something big. What it is, nobody knows? I'm sure we'll find out soon enough.

'HOOD:

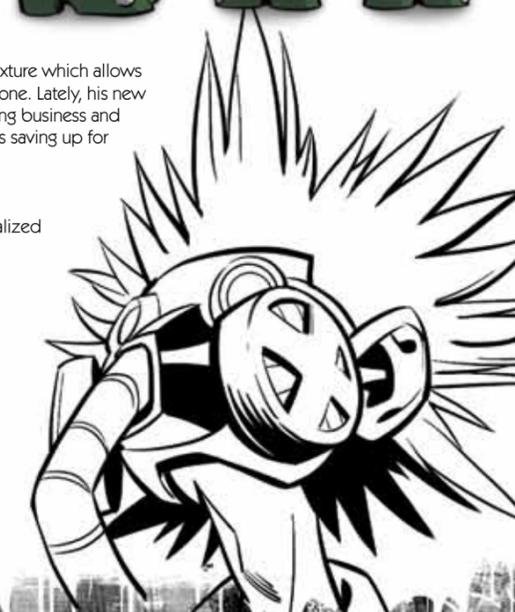
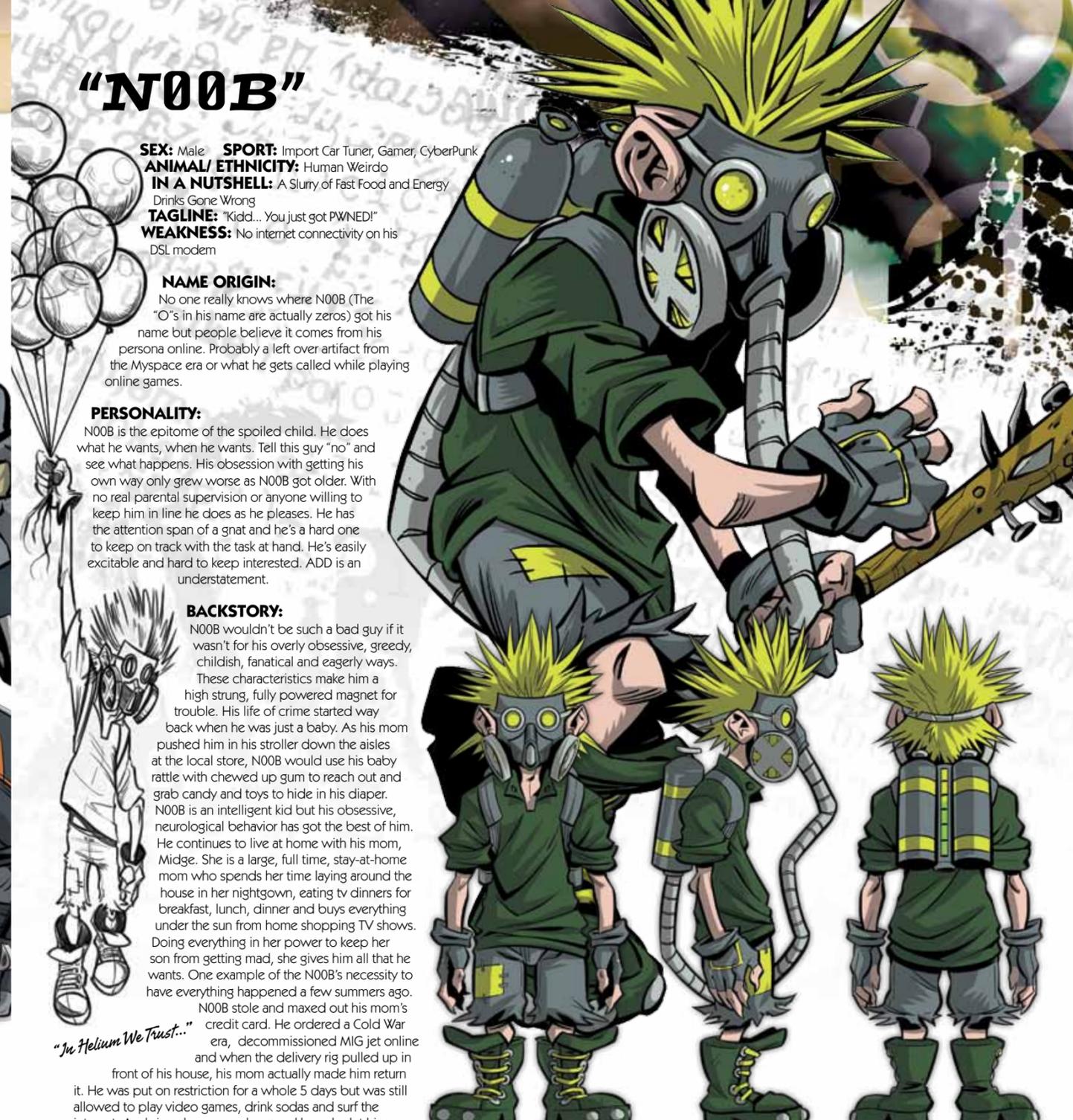
N00B lives with his mom in same suburbia area as Huck. They used to be friends for a short time until Huck realized N00B was just a little too weird. They don't hang anymore. N00B's mom Midge allows him to use the garage as a workshop. Little does she know that he's got more tech, more explosives and contraband in there to annihilate 5 city blocks.

MAIN ALLIANCE(S):

His mom: Midge, Knuckles and a network of underground internet users.

SKILLS:

N00B has mad technical skills. Internet, vehicles, weaponry, it's all interesting to him. He's knows just enough to be dangerous. Wait, a minute. I mean EXTREMELY dangerous. Since most of the projects he builds, he gets about 85% done then gets bored with it. Only some of his creations are reliable but all of them sure do look neat.



"G-Ride"

BACKSTORY:

Without question this is the ultimate off-road vehicle. It might look like an old, beat up SUV on the outside but under the skin of this rust bucket you'll find an state-of-the-art network of new-age technology that makes a nuclear powered aircraft carrier jealous. Wi-Fi & 4G? Yes. Satellite phone? Standard. Advanced aerial tracking? Who doesn't? Kitchen sink??? Right next to the 60" flat screen. The only thing the G-Ride lacks is air conditioning. The A/C broke a while ago and Uncle G can't seem to get it fixed.

Exotic "Pleather" Steering Wheel

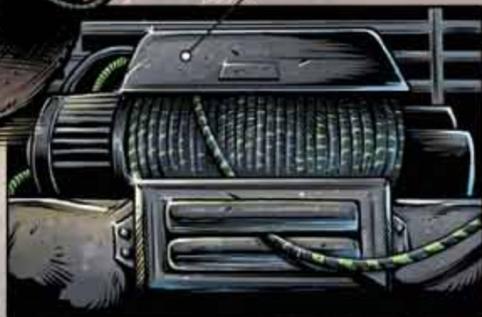


"Wahine Laki"

Hi-Def Tachometer & Speed-O-Meter Readout in 1080P Resolution

Uncle G's Lucky 8-Ball Shifter Ball

Antsy Antelope's XJ-2000 Super Fast Tow Rope Ski System



35" Armadillos All-Terrain Tires on 20" rims.

Hydraulic Sam's Hi-Performance Suspension

Custom Rack and Skate/Snow Rail System

(4) Hi-Intensity Dawn Patrol Off-road Lights



Gimmies Camping & Riding Gear

Uncle G's Custom Paint Job

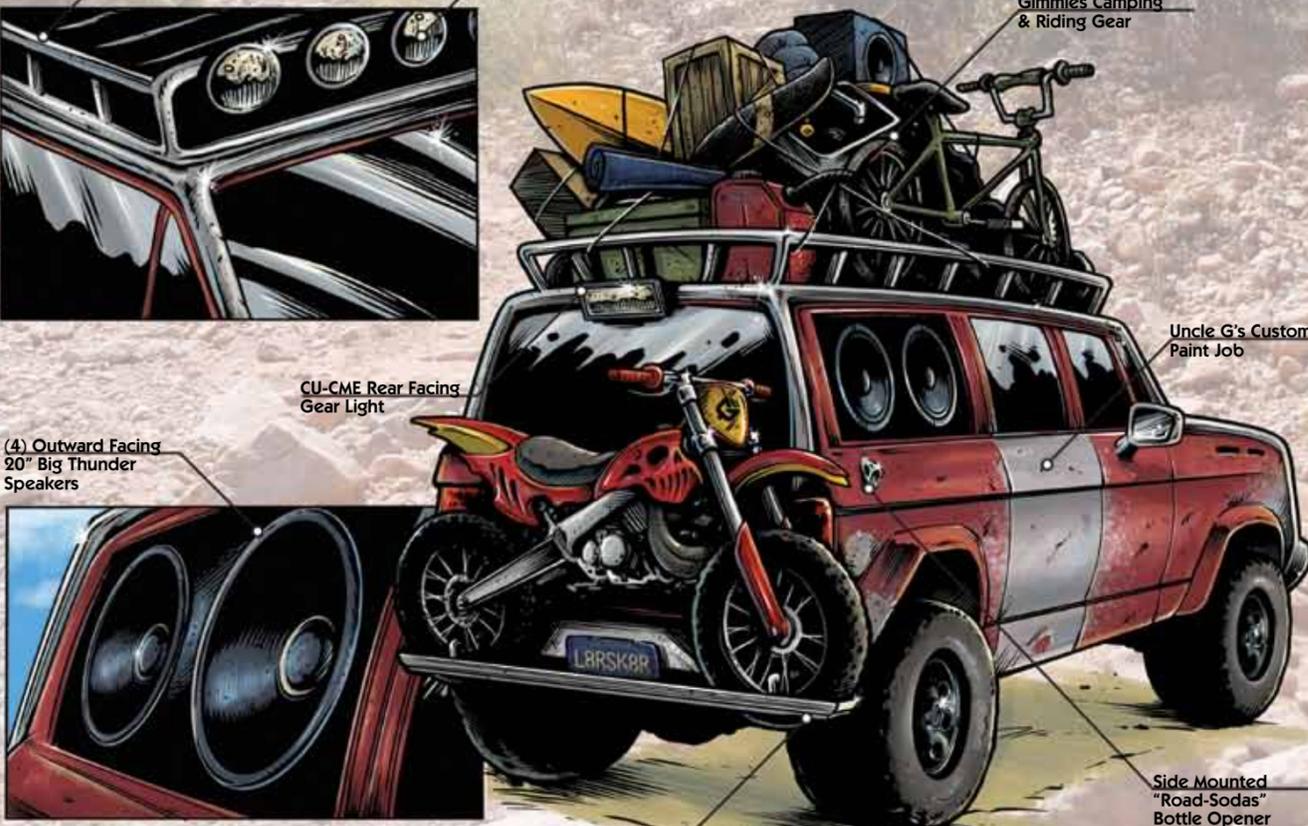
CU-CME Rear Facing Gear Light

(4) Outward Facing 20" Big Thunder Speakers



Big Bawler's Bike Hauler

Side Mounted "Road-Sodas" Bottle Opener



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Population: 999,993 +7 Gimmies





Go with this concept!



"OLLIE"

Ollie's Evolution

Uncle G Original Concept

Steeze's Helmet Design Exploration

Huck's OG Concepts



