I'm sure you could have hidden it somewhere in the house where your kid brother couldn't find it!
How badly was Judy hurt, Val?

Only a sprained back...but she has to stay in bed a couple of days...

Judy should know better than to wrestle with a boy!

It wasn't a boy, Evie...it was three boys! She sprained her back carrying one of them home!

I want to bring her something nice, but I don't know what!

Flowers are the usual thing...

Too bad there aren't any edible flowers...

How about a cauliflower?

Later...a bouquet of bananas! How did you ever think of it, Val?
THIRTEEN

BEGINNER'S LUCK...

VAL! WHAT'S WRONG?

OH, FOR G-GOODNESS SAKE, EVIE! ISN'T THERE ANY PRIVACY...

VAL, HOW MANY TIMES MUST I REMIND YOU THAT HALF THIS CELL IS MINE?

EVEN ELEPHANTS HAVE A SECRET PLACE TO CRAWL AWAY TO WHEN THEY WANT TO DIE!

WELL... WHAT WERE YOU BAWLING ABOUT THIS TIME?

I WASN'T BAWLING! I WAS WEEPING SOFTLY!

OKAY, WHAT WERE YOU WEEPING SOFTLY ABOUT?

I SEE... JUST CRYING FOR LAUGHS?

OH, IF I ONLY HAD SOMEONE TO CONFIDE IN!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH CONFIDING IN MOTHER?

ARE YOU KIDDING? MOTHER IS THE ONE I NEED SOMEONE TO CONFIDE IN ABOUT!

NOTHING! ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!!
WELL... DON'T TELL ME ABOUT IT!

DON'T WORRY, I WON'T!

SOME PEOPLE SEEM TO THINK WE'RE STILL LIVING IN MEDIEVAL TIMES... OUR FAMILY NAME SHOULDN'T BE ROUND TABLE... I'M 5½ HOURS OLDER THAN JUDY GILLIGAN, YET SHE'S ALLOWED TO USE IT...

OH, THE LIPSTICK SOLILOQUY! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED!

I THINK I KNOW HOW YOU GOT YOUR FIRST NAME, EVIE! FROM EAVESDROPPING.

YOU'RE GETTING SMARTER EVERY DAY, VAL!

NOT SMART ENOUGH TO TALK MOTHER INTO LETTING ME USE JUST A TEENY BIT OF LIPSTICK-- SAY, EVIE, I BET YOU COULD GET MOTHER TO CHANGE HER MIND...

I COULD? HOW?

BY THREATENING TO LEAVE!

WHAT? YOU WANT ME TO THREATEN TO LEAVE UNLESS YOU CAN USE LIPSTICK?

SUPPOSE MOTHER CALLED MY BLUFF AND I HAD TO LEAVE?

WELL, HAVING A WHOLE ROOM TO MYSELF MIGHT BE SOME LITTLE CONSOLATION...
I think I have mother pretty worn down now, Evie! Maybe if you spoke a few words to her...

Okay, I'll do that!

Tell mother I'm showing definite symptoms of a nervous breakdown, Evie!

That I won't do!

A little while later...

Val! I have good news for you!

Mother said it's okay, Evie?

Quick, go back and ask her about mascara!!

Oh, I'm sure mascara is okay, too!

Really? Mascara? Everything?

The whole bit! Go to it, kid!

Doesn't anybody around here care about me any more?

Really, Val! You are difficult to please!
WELL... I SUPPOSE MOTHER IS SURE I WON'T ABUSE THE PRIVILEGE LIKE CERTAIN OTHER PEOPLE.

YES, AND SINCE IT'S ONLY AROUND THE HOUSE, ANYWAY...

WHAT ??

WHY, VAL! I TOOK IT FOR GRANTED YOU KNEW...

ONLY AROUND THE HOUSE! BIG DEAL! GREAT BIG FAT DEAL! I COULD ALWAYS DO THAT!

I'M SORRY, VAL! IT'S THE BEST I COULD DO!

WHAT A MISERABLE LIFE! WHAT A FANTASTICALLY MISERABLE LIFE!

HELLO, BOB! YES! CERTAINLY! YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO ASK, SILLY! SURE! BRING HERBIE, TOO!

BOB? HERBIE? HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?

BOB‘N HERBIE ARE COMING OVER TO SHOOT THE BREEZE WITH YOU FOR A WHILE!

OH, I'LL MURDER YOU! YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT THOSE AWFUL DRIPS!!

LATER
WHY I THINK THEY'RE VERY NICE, EVIE!

YOU WOULD! THEY'RE A COUPLE OF SILLY, BORING KIDS!

KIDS! THEY'RE SIXTEEN! ONLY A YEAR YOUNGER THAN YOU!

IF YOU THINK THEY'RE SO TERRIFIC, YOU CAN ENTERTAIN THEM! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

TELL THEM... OH, TELL THEM ANYTHING! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE THINKING OF SOMETHING!

THAT ISN'T A COMPLIMENT, BUT I'LL LET IT GO!

I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!

A HALF HOUR LATER...
ZA-ZU ZA-ZU ZA-

ZA-

ZA-ZU—
Kind of EARLY for HALLOWEEN, isn’t IT, VAL? HA! HA! HA! HA!

For a second there I thought they rented a room to a LIL’ OL’ WEIRD’ MIDGET!

Okay, VAL, WHERE’S THE BEAUTIFUL ONE IN THE FAMILY?

Evie’s... NOT HOME... HAD TO GO... SOMEWHERE...

I can’t IMAGINE how those stains got on the rug, MOTHER! Say, it looks like some kind of HORRIBLE FACE!

Feels Very Damp... it should come out EASILY...
Val, aren't you even a little bit curious to know who's ringing your doorbell downstairs?

No, Judy... I'm not expecting anyone.

But it might be something important, like a telegram...

If you're so curious, Judy, why don't you go over to the window and look down?

You were right, Val... Nothing important... only a boy...

Y-yes?

M-meat order... from Schmidt's market...

Thump! Thump! Crash!
Thank you! Would you mind waiting a moment?

Val! You must have broken every bone in your body!

Gosh, Judy, will you be quiet?

But you fell down that whole flight of stairs!

Only from the second step from the top! Judy, that boy! Where did he come from?

Schmidt's Meat Market!

I mean I never saw him before... Darn! Wouldn't you know! Mother keeps lots of change in this drawer, but all I can find now is a quarter!

Keep looking... Maybe you'll find something smaller...

I wanted something larger! But I guess this quarter will have to do...

You're going to give him a quarter tip?

Here you are!

Val, you're out of your mind!
FOR GOODNESS SAKE, JUDY! WHY CAN'T YOU BE QUIET?

HMM-M... IT SEEMS TO ME IT'S A LITTLE LATE IN THE YEAR FOR A COOK-OUT!

I THINK HE'S THE HANDSOMEST BOY I EVER SAW!

DOZENS OF FRANKFURTERS!

THERE'S SO MANY, I'M SURE YOUR MOTHER WON'T MIND IF I TAKE ONE!

HE LOOKS SO ELEGANT ON HIS BIKE!

JUDY, DO YOU THINK GIVING HIM THAT QUARTER MIGHT HAVE SEEMED A LITTLE TOO OBVIOUS?

YES... OBVIOUS THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE YOUR HEAD EXAMINED!

A HALF HOUR LATER....

WITH THE PRICE OF MEAT THE WAY IT IS, I GUESS IT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD TO BE MARRIED TO A BUTCHER!

THERE'S THE DOORBELL, VAL! I'LL GET IT!

I MADE A MISTAKE LEAVING THAT ORDER HERE! IT WAS FOR SOMEBODY ELSE! HEY! WHAT ARE YOU EATING?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!
THAT MEAT WASTN'T FOR YOU AFTER ALL, VAL! HA, HA, HA!

OH, I'LL BRING IT TO HIM!

DO YOU WANT YOUR QUARTER BACK?

OF Course NOT! AFTER ALL, YOU HAD TO MAKE TWO TRIPS!

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND, VAL!!

JUDY, PLEASE!

HE'S LUCKY HE DIDN'T LEAVE THOSE FRANKFURTERS WITH SOMEBODY WHO WOULDN'T RETURN THEM!

HEY—!

IT WAS HEAVIER BEFORE!

HEAVIER?

HEAVIER?

THERE'S ONLY FOUR FRANKFURTERS HERE! WHERE'S THE REST OF THEM?

THE REST OF THEM?

I KNOW THERE WAS LOTS MORE FRANKFURTERS IN THIS BAG BECAUSE I... ER... LOOKED AT 'EM ON THE WAY OVER HERE!

YOU ONLY LOOKED AT THEM?
WELL...I ATE ONE, BUT THAT'S ALL! I'LL BET YOU GIRLS ATE ALL THE REST!

I BEG YOUR SILLY PARDON!

I'M NOT GOING TO STAND AROUND HERE AND BE INSULTED!

IF YOU DON'T PAY ME FOR THOSE FRANKFURTERS, I'M GOING TO HOLLER FOR A POLICEMAN!

OH, YOU MUST BE JOKING!

POLICE!

DON'T PLEASE!

WAIT! THERE'S FOUR BEAUTIFUL LAMBCHOPS IN THE REFRIGERATOR! I'LL GIVE THEM TO YOU!

LAMBCHOPS?

LAMBCHOPS ARE MUCH MORE EXPENSIVE THAN FRANKFURTERS!

THEY'RE COOKED ALREADY!

WELL, YES... MY FATHER CAME HOME LATE A COUPLE OF NIGHTS AGO AND DIDN'T FEEL LIKE EATING... HERE, LET ME PUT THEM IN THE BAG!

NO!! POLICE!!
NOT IN MY POCKET, EITHER! POLICE!

WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?

MOTHER, HE DELIVERED SOME FRANKFURTERS HERE BY MISTAKE AND WHEN HE CAME BACK FOR THEM HE SAID JUDY AND I ATE SOME OF THEM!

THEY ATE MOST OF THEM. AM I GOING TO GET IN TROUBLE WITH MR. SCHMIDT!

TELL MR. SCHMIDT, MRS. WHEELER WILL PAY FOR THEM.... I'M MRS. WHEELER!

BUT, MOTHER... OH, WHAT'S THE USE?

WAIT, YOU! DON'T TRY TO SNEAK OFF WITH THOSE LAMBCHOPS!

I DIDN'T WANT 'EM!

NOW I'LL Bet MY POCKET IS ALL GREASY!

NO, MY FATHER LIKES HIS LAMBCHOPS COOKED VERY DRY. SAY, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME HOW OLD YOU ARE?

ELEVEN AN' A HALF!

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT! OH, IF THE GIRLS EVER FIND OUT I FELL FOR A MERE CHILD! BUT HE WAS SO TALL FOR HIS AGE. I'M SURE ANYONE WOULD HAVE TAKEN HIM FOR FOURTEEN!
VAL

"STICKY STU"

VAL, THAT WAS YOUR FRIEND STU ON THE PHONE!

OH, MOTHER, I WISH YOU'D STOP CALLING STU MY FRIEND!

STICKY STU, STICKS LIKE GLUE! HE'S SUCH A FANTASTIC PEST, MOTHER!

IF YOU DISLIKE HIM SO MUCH, VAL, WHY DON'T YOU DROP A LITTLE HINT...

NOTHING LESS THAN A PIANO DROPPED ON HIS HEAD WOULD IMPRESS STU!

IS HE SO THICK-SKINNED?

THICK SKINNED? HE'S SOLID SKIN FROM EAR TO EAR! WHAT DID HE WANT, MOTHER?

OH... HE JUST ASKED ABOUT YOU...

WELL... HE IS IMPROVING! HE HAD BETTER SENSE THAN TO ASK TO SPEAK TO ME!

HE DID, BUT I TOLD HIM YOU WERE GETTING READY TO GO SHOPPING DOWNTOWN...
Oh, mother! I told you never to give him any information about me!

What was the harm...

I've got to get over to the bus stop fast!

I won't feel safe until I'm on that bus! Hurry! Hurry!

I'm safe!

A seat! This is my lucky day!

I don't see him anywhere on the street.

I guess I was too quick for him...
A-A-AH

OH... NO!

STU, IF YOU DON'T STOP FOLLOWING ME...
I WAS ON THE BUS FIRST, VAL!

YOU WATCHED FOR ME FROM THE STOP AHEAD...

IT'S A FREE COUNTRY, VAL!

IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE FOR ME!

I PROMISED YOUR MOTHER I'D KEEP AN EYE ON YOU, AND I NEVER BREAK A PROMISE!

MY MOTHER ASKED YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON ME?

NO... BUT I PROMISED HER ANYWAY...

A THIRTEEN YEAR OLD KID LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T GO DOWNTOWN ALONE...

OH-H-H! WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO BE A GORILLA FOR JUST ONE MINUTE!
I'LL GET AWAY FROM HIM EASILY IN THESE CROWDS...

I GUESS I LOST HIM...

I'M SURE MOTHER DIDN'T TELL HIM I WAS GOING TO STURM'S DEPARTMENT STORE!

SOMETHING TELLS ME SHE DID!

I GIVE UP, STU! YOU WIN!

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAME TO YOUR SENSES, VAL...

A THIRTEEN YEAR OLD KID LIKE YOU CAN'T TAKE CARE OF HERSELF... OW! KNOCK!
I'm sorry... that was my fault.

Lucky for you I caught your glasses, Stu!

Thank you, Val... may I have them?

I'm over here, Stu!

Val, will you please give me my glasses?

This way, Stu...

Where are you taking me, Val?

Here we are, Stu!

Now, Stu, I'll give you your glasses if you promise to get on this bus and go home!

What bus?

If you won't promise, I'll leave you right here and run off with your glasses!

Okay, I promise!
REMEMBER, STU, YOU PROMISED!
I NEVER BREAK A PROMISE!

I WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM HIS GLASSES, ANYWAY!

WHAT A RELIEF TO BE RID OF STICKY STU!

A HALF HOUR LATER...
I LIKE THIS RED BLOUSE! I WONDER IF IT WOULD GO WELL WITH MY HAIR?

NO!

STU! YOU BROKE YOUR PROMISE!
NO... I PROMISED TO GET ON A BUS AND GO HOME, AND I DID...

THEN I GOT ON ANOTHER BUS AND CAME BACK....
MOTHER MUST HAVE ALSO TOLD HIM WHAT I WAS SHOPPING FOR...
Ooh! Here comes that horrible Willy Fitch! He's such a tease!

"Last Laugh"

He knows he only has to make a face to start me giggling...

Well as long as he doesn't sit at this table...

I won't look at him... I'll concentrate on my book and forget that he's there.
10 MINUTES LATER...

BLAHAHAHA!

HAHAHAHA!

HAHAHA!

JUDY! YOU PROMISE NOT TO DO THAT ANYMORE —

WILLY... MADE A... FACE...

HAHAHA!

SHE'S OUT OF HER MIND!
SIT OVER AT THIS TABLE WHERE YOU CAN'T SEE WILLY, JUDY.

NOW YOU HAVE NO EXCUSE FOR LAUGHING, JUDY.

YES MAM—I MEANT NO MAM.

I'LL CONCENTRATE REAL HARD.

THIS TIME YOU CERTAINLY CAN'T SAY IT WAS BECAUSE WILLY MADE A FACE, JUDY!

NO... I JUST COULDN'T HELP IT, MISS PULLY.

BLAHAHAHR!

HA HA

HA HA

HA HA
YOU CAN COME BACK WHEN YOU'VE LEARNED SOME SELF-CONTROL, JUDY!

WHAT A DISGRACE!

HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!

A HALF HOUR LATER.

SO LONG, MISS PULLY.

SO LONG WILLY.

JUDY!

HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!

HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!

 TICKLE, TICKLE, TICKLE, PROMISE WILLY! PROMISE!

JUDY!

I PROMISE! HA, HA, HA, HA, STOP! HA, HA, HA, HA!

YOU BETTER KEEP YOUR PROMISE, TOO, WILLY!

JUDY!

I WON'T BE GIGGLING IN THE LIBRARY ANYMORE, MISS PULLY! WILLY JUST PROMISED HE WOULDN'T COME IN WHILE I WAS THERE!
Tomboy Terry

Terry was troubled. There had to be some reason for Joe's strange behavior. She was quite sure she hadn't said or done anything to make him mad at her—not lately, anyway. And Joe wasn't the kind to sulk or carry a grudge like so many other people do—especially girls.

Terry had known Joe practically all her eleven years. He had been her best friend, even if he sometimes behaved as if he didn't know it. Not that he was ever deliberately mean, or anything. Joe couldn't be mean to anybody. It was just the way he'd suddenly go off somewhere with other boys without asking Terry if she'd like to go along too.

Anyway, for almost a week now it had been obvious to Terry that Joe was avoiding her. The few times she had suddenly met him on the street, he had mumbled "Hi" and quickly looked away. The first time this happened Terry thought Joe's mind had been on something else and he hadn't recognized her, but when she called after him and he didn't turn around, she knew he had recognized her after all.

If I at least knew what it was that I did, thought Terry.

A little while later Terry was standing outside Joe's door. She hesitated for a moment and then knocked. I'll die, she thought, if Joe opens the door—and slams it in my face...

But Joe's mother answered the door. She smiled warmly at Terry and invited her inside. "You'll find Joe in the basement, Terry," she said. "Probably making—or breaking something."

Terry reached the foot of the basement steps before Joe heard her and turned around. He looked at her for a moment and then turned back to the fishing reel he was taking apart for cleaning.

Terry walked over to the work bench and watched for a while. "You'd better remember how those parts fit together, Joe," she said.

"You're not the only one in the world who can put a fishing reel back together again, Terry," Joe said.

Terry looked at Joe. "Joe," she said, "you're mad at me, aren't you?"

"No," Joe mumbled, "I'm not mad at you, Terry... It's just... well, I don't think we ought to pal around together anymore!"

"Why not, Joe?" cried Terry.

"It was okay when we were kids, Terry!" said Joe. "But, gee, I'm twelve years old now! The guys were making fun of me—"

"Oh, Joe, don't let that bother you!" pleaded Terry.

"Listen, Terry," said Joe firmly. "Go find yourself a girl friend to pal around with and leave me alone! That's final!"

Terry turned and slowly walked away. She paused for a moment at the foot of the steps, "Would it make any difference if I got a crew cut, Joe?" she called out.

"No!" said Joe, without looking around.

Terry climbed half way up the stairs and stopped. "Joe," she said, just loud enough for him to hear, "couldn't we meet in secret?"

But Joe wasn't answering any more questions.

An hour later Terry was still moping in her room. She had given up trying to think of any girl she knew who might take Joe's place. Nobody would ever take Joe's place. Then the phone rang—and rang—at least a dozen times before Terry dragged herself to the extension in the hall.

"Hello?" said Terry, who couldn't care less.

"Who? Joe? Y-you changed your mind? Yes, Joe! In secret! It'll be more fun that way! Right away? Fine! Remember, over the back fence, keep in the shadows till you reach the back door—"

Ten minutes later a figure darted out of the shadows and in through the half open back door—silent, except for the jingle of fishing reel parts it carried in a little paper sack. —The End
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! AN INVITATION FROM MARILYN VAN GILT TO A DANCE AT HER HOUSE SATURDAY AFTERNOON!

ISN'T SHE THE VERY RICH LITTLE GIRL IN YOUR CLASS WHO NEVER TALKS TO ANYONE?

YES, MOTHER! I DIDN'T THINK SHE KNEW I EXISTED!

APPEARENTLY YOU MADE AN IMPRESSION!

HM—I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THERE'D BE A HITCH TO IT! IT SAYS TO BRING AN ESCORT!

SURELY YOU KNOW SOME NICE BOY YOU CAN ASK—

ME ASK A BOY, MOTHER? I'D NEVER RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK IF HE SAID NO!

HOW ABOUT BILLY WILSON NEXT DOOR?

OH, BILLY—I ALWAYS THINK OF BILLY AS A GOOD FRIEND—

HE'S TURNED OUT TO BE A VERY HANDSOME BOY!
YES--I SUPPOSE SO--ALL MY GIRL FRIENDS SEEM TO THINK SO--BUT, I GUESS BECAUSE I PRACTICALLY GREW UP WITH HIM--

I'M SURE BILLY WOULD LOVE TO TAKE YOU!

BILLY! GUESS WHAT! I GOT AN INVITATION TO A SATURDAY AFTERNOON DANCE--

WELL, BULLY FOR YOU!

NO, BILLY FOR ME! I HAVE TO BRING AN ESCORT! WILL YOU--

ARE YOU KIDDING, VAL?

FAT CHANCE YOU'VE GOT--GETTING ME TO WASTE A SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT A DANCE!

BOY! HOW SILLY CAN YOU GET? HA, HA, HA!

WELL, BILLY--I GUESS I'M KIND OF GLAD YOU DID REFUSE! AFTER ALL--

NOW I'VE GOT A GOOD EXCUSE TO STOP HELPING YOU WITH YOUR HOMEWORK!

UH, OH!
SATURDAY AFTERNOON

COME IN, BILLY! VAL SHOULD BE READY ANY MINUTE, NOW!

ARE YOU KIDDING, MRS. WHEELER?

SHE WAS READY AT LEAST AN HOUR AGO WHEN I SAW HER PEERING ANXIOUSLY OUT THE WINDOW AT MY HOUSE!

OOGH!

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN MY MOTHER YOU SAW, BILLY!

SURE, SURE! YOU WEIGH 200 POUNDS LIKE YOUR MOTHER--

I BEG YOUR PARDON, BILLY! I DON'T WEIGH--

FOR YOUR INFORMATION, BILLY, MY MOTHER WEIGHS--

THAT'S ENOUGH, VAL! NOW RUN ALONG!

BOY, I WISH WE WERE GOING ANYWHERE ELSE EXCEPT TO THAT LITTLE SNOB, MARILYN VAN GILT'S HOUSE!

MAYBE SHE ISN'T REALLY SNOBBISH, BILLY, JUST SHY!

I WISH SHE WAS GOING TO BE SHORT ONE GUEST THIS AFTERNOON-- ME!

OH, YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE A VERY GOOD TIME, BILLY!
I wonder if there'll be anybody here we know?

None of the girls I know got an invitation!

Miss Valerie Wheeler and Master Billy Wilson!

Oh, do come in!

You! I'm sure I've seen you somewhere before!

Billy goes to our school, Marilyn—he's in the class ahead of us!

Introduce yourself to everyone, Val!

I'll bet you're a terrific dancer, Billy!

I feel like I should have been stuck in an umbrella stand!

You are a terrific dancer, Billy!

Only two other couples here—I don't see a boy for Marilyn!
HM—I THINK I DO! SHE'S DANCING WITH HIM!
SO THAT'S WHY SHE INVITED ME!

SHE KNEW BILLY AND I WERE GOOD FRIENDS AND I'D PROBABLY BRING HIM—
MASTER STU KRINKLEY!

STICKY STU! SHE INVITED HIM FOR ME!
VAL! FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!

SHALL WE DANCE? OKAY STU—I'M BEYOND CARING!
NOW, POOR VAL HAS A PARTNER ALL HER VERY OWN!

LET'S DANCE OUT ON THE PATIO, BILLY!
SURE, MARILYN

GOSH, A SWIMMING POOL! RIGHT OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR!
WE FIND IT VERY CONVENIENT!
WELL, THIS IS SURPRISING!
WHAT-- IS-- SURPRISING-- STU?
I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD DANCE!
THIS-- IS-- A-- WALTZ-- STU--

IT IS? I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER HOW I DID IT--
ONE THING I MUST ADMIT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DO, VAL--
WH-- WHAT'S THAT--

TURN! BUMP EE! HEY!

PLUNK PLUNK
I'm very sorry Val bumped you——

It was supposed to have been an accident, I'll bet!

I'm sure it was, wasn't it, Val?

Well, it won't be an accident when you two go in!

Gangway!

Hey!

Thank you!

You would open the door for her, you——

Billy, what happened to Stu? Did she——

Yeh!

He was surprised to find out he could swim!
Judy Junior
Wrong Number

I wonder what's goin' out there in the outer world?

Ring! Ring!

Help!

I am a beautiful golden haired little princess who is being held prisoner here by a wicked lady giant!

Honest?

She beats me all day long with a hockey stick and makes me take vitamins!

Gosh, that's terrible!

Every night she locks me in a dark closet full of mice and won't buy me a burp gun!

Oh, no!

Though still very beautiful, I am thin and run-down from suffering! I can't possibly last much longer!

I'll do something about this!
ARE YOU A TALL, HANDSOME YOUNG KNIGHT ON A WHITE HORSE?

YES!

WELL? I'M WAITING!

JUST HANG ON...

I'LL CALL A COP —

NO!

YOU RESCUE ME!

JIMMY FUZZI FROM ACROSS THE STREET! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!

JUDY JUNIOR FROM ACROSS THE STREET! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!

THAT BEAT-UP TRICYCLE OF YOURS ISN'T EVEN WHITE, JIMMY FUZZI! YOU FIBBED ABOUT EVERYTHING!

NO! I AM TALL FOR MY AGE!
HEY FATSO, GET THE BALL?

QUICK, BEFORE AN AUTO RUNS OVER IT!

MY NAME IS JUDY!

OKAY, JUDY! NOW GET THE BALL!

QUICK BEFORE AN AUTO RUNS OVER IT!

SAY PLEASE, JUDY, GET THE BALL!

YOU SAY IT!

NO, YOU SAY IT!

TAILS! YOU LOSE! YOU HAVE TO SAY IT!

PLEASE, JUDY, GET THE BALL!!

YOU'LL HAVE TO SAY IT NICER THAN THAT!

PLEASE JUDY GET THE...

Bop

DO YOU STILL WANT IT?