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THIRTEEN

FEB.—APR.

"Going on Eighteen"

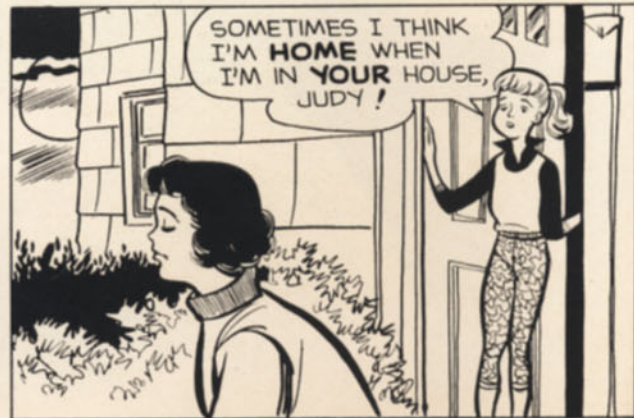
STOP **COMPLAINING**, BILLY!
YOU **PROMISED** IF I LET YOU
WATCH THE **WESTERN** WE
COULD **DANCE** TO THE
BACKGROUND MUSIC!



VAL and JUDY



VAL and JUDY



VAL

DINNER PARTY

MOTHER! JUDY AND I JUST HAD THE MOST FABULOUS IDEA!

VAL HAD IT FIRST!

I'M SURE!

WE'D LIKE TO COOK DINNER FOR A COUPLE OF BOYS THURSDAY NIGHT!

COOK DINNER HERE?

WHERE ELSE, MOTHER? POOR JUDY CAN'T EVER POSSIBLY ENTERTAIN ANYBODY IN HER HOUSE!

OH? I DIDN'T KNOW...

THERE'S A HORRIBLE WORN SPOT IN HER DINING ROOM RUG SHE'S TERRIBLY ASHAMED OF -

OH...

I KEEP TELLING JUDY IT'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF, MOTHER - BUT NATURALLY YOU COULDN'T EXPECT HER TO HAVE ANY BOYS OVER -

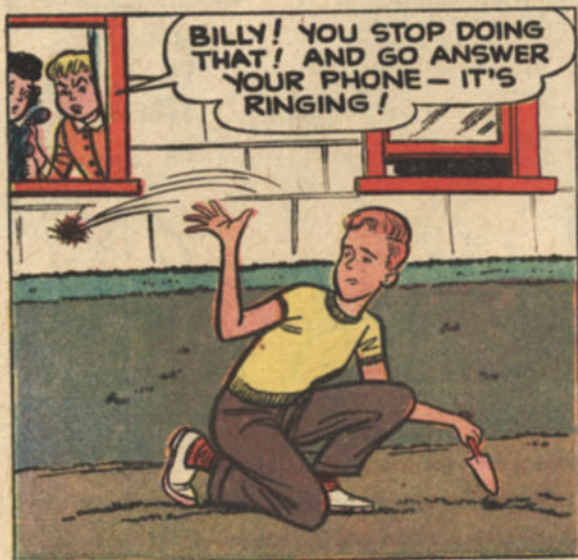
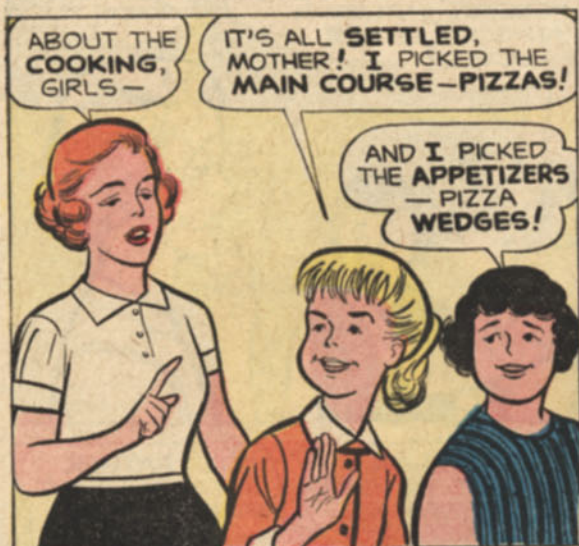
YOUR FATHER AND I ARE GOING OUT THURSDAY NIGHT, VAL...

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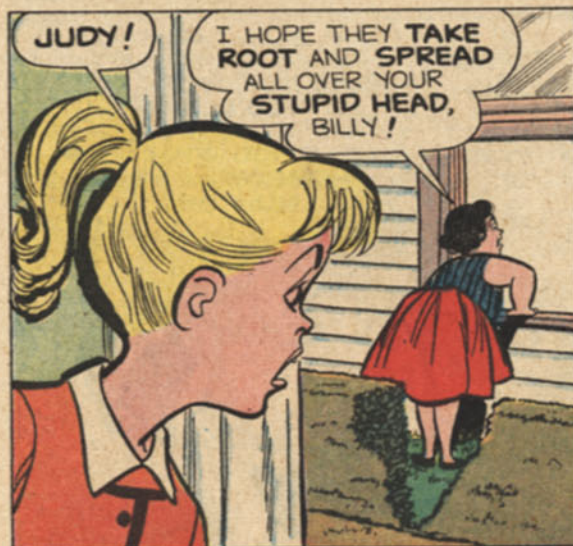
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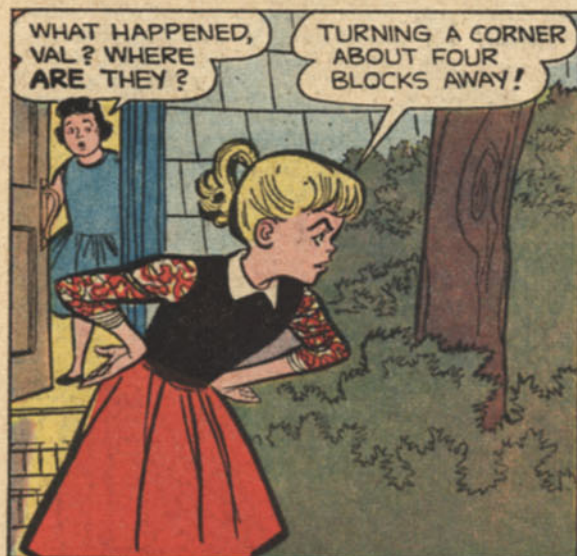
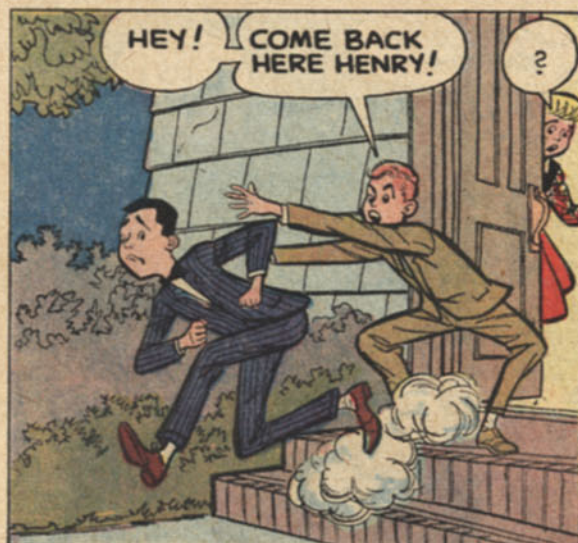
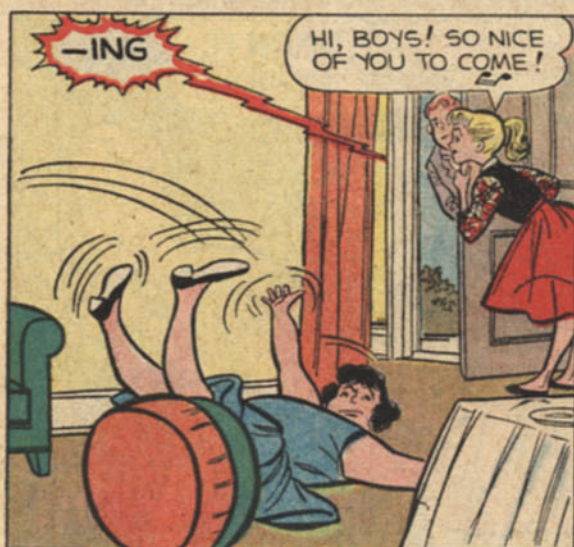
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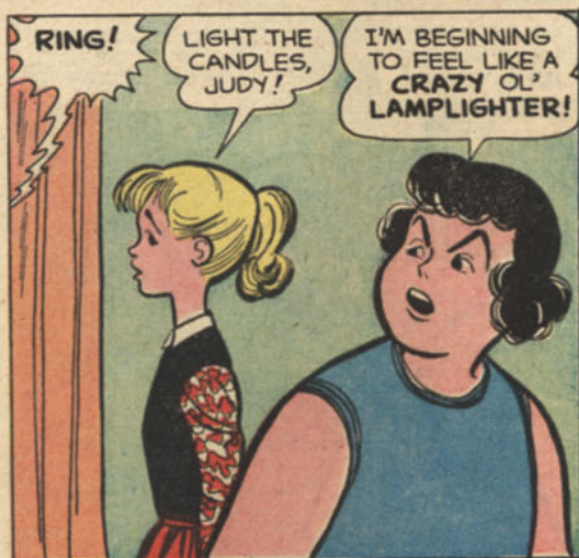
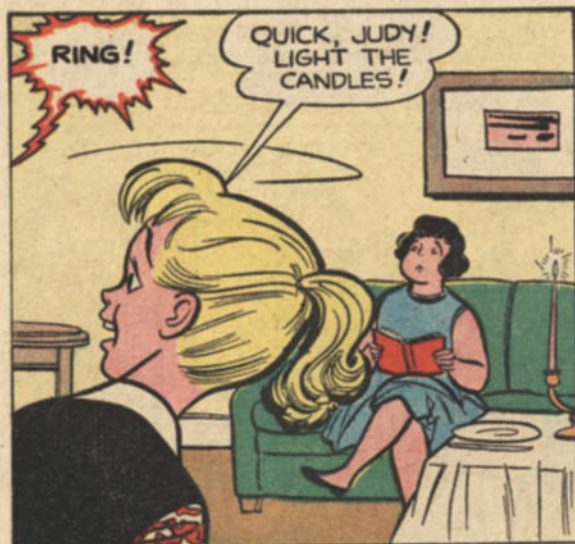
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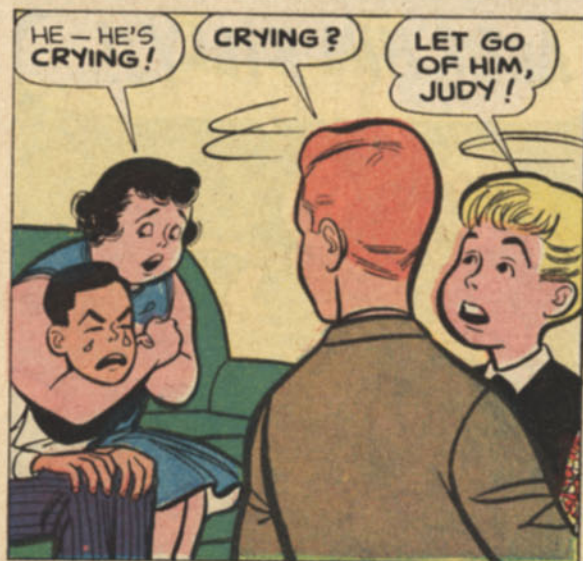
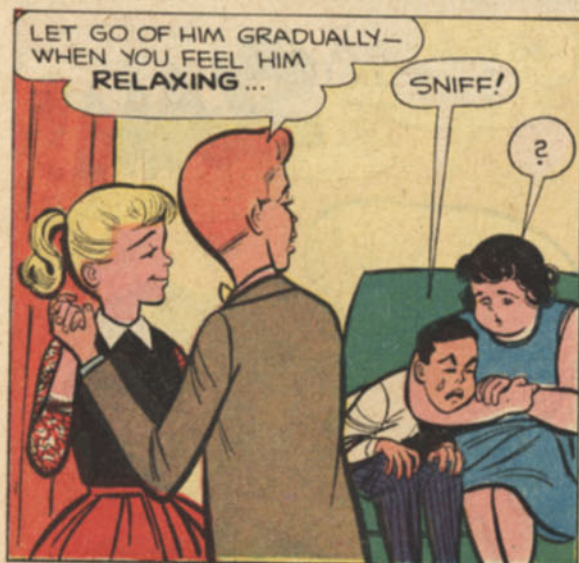
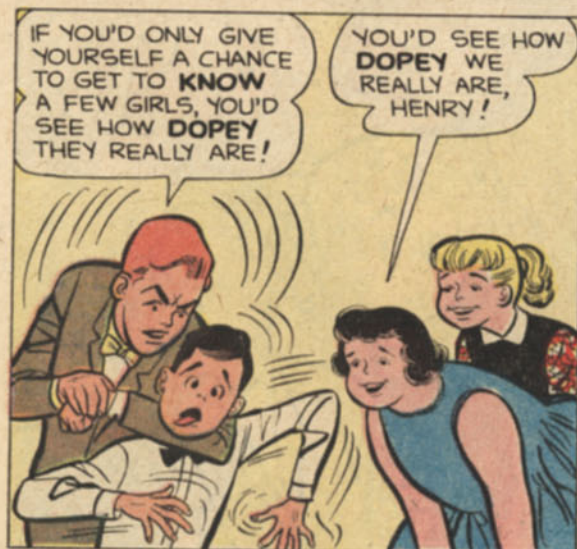
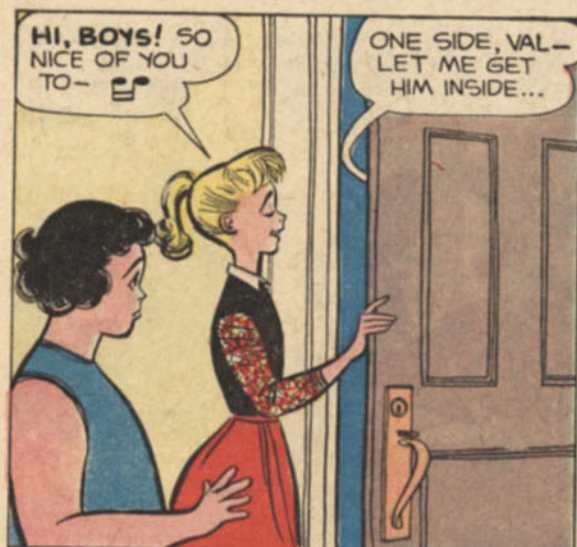


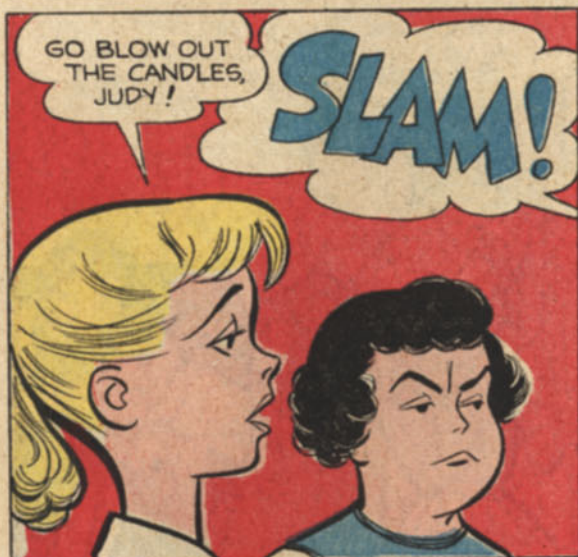
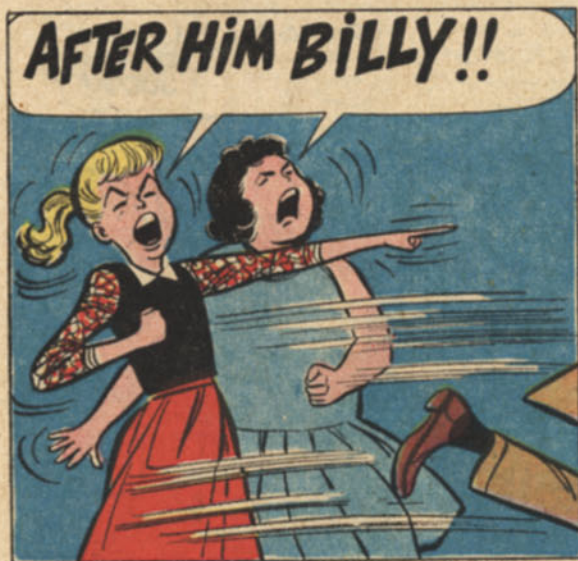
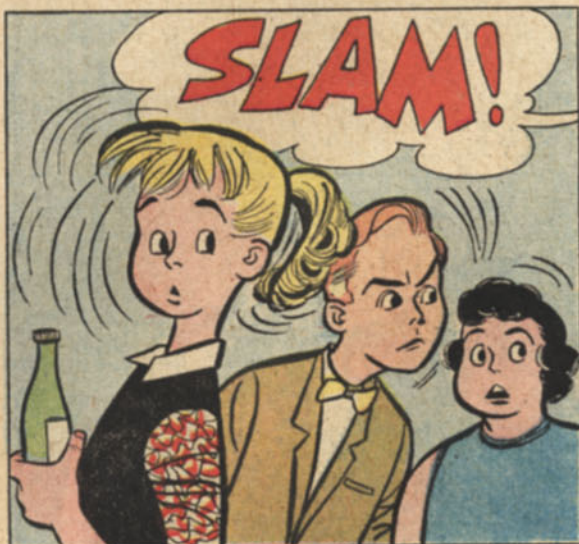
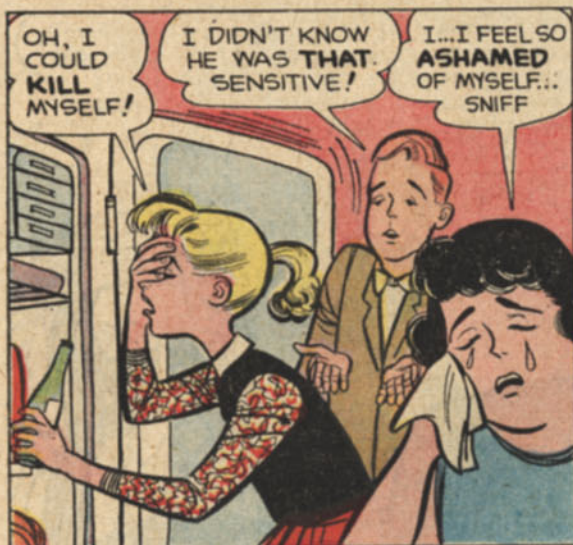


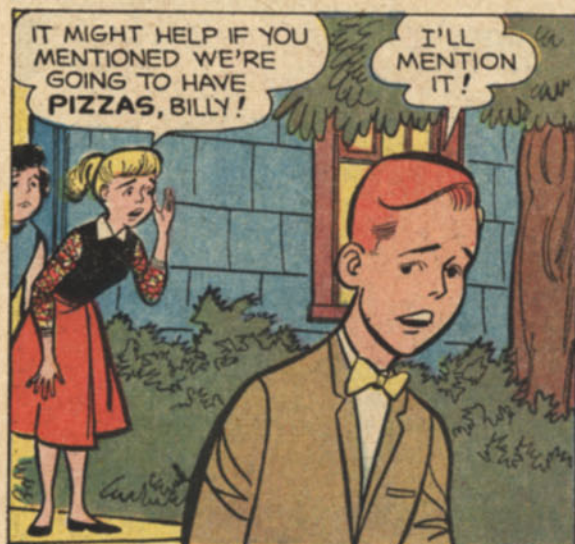


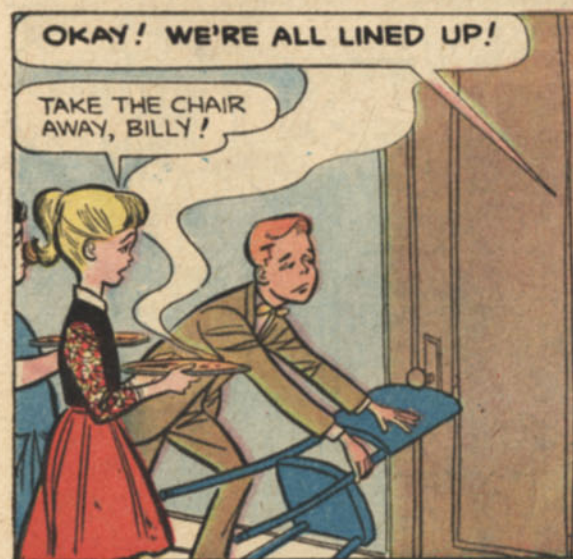
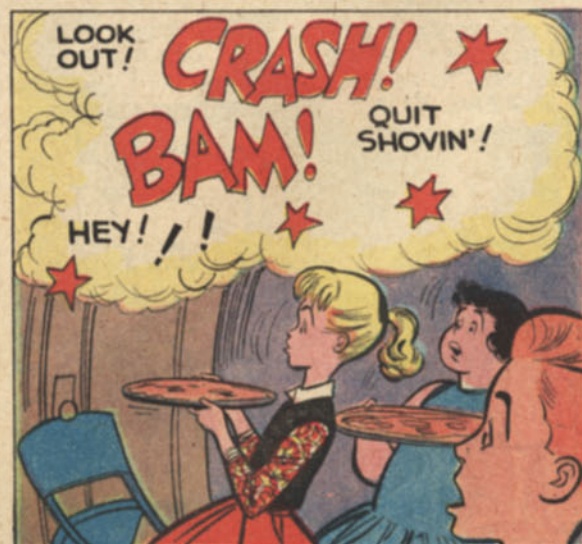












VAL

TOO YOUNG

WHO'S SITTING
ON THE PORCH
AGAIN, VAL?

STICKY STU, OF COURSE
HE'S THERE PRACTICALLY
ALL THE TIME

FUNNY, I NEVER
SEEM TO NOTICE
HIM...

YOU PROBABLY TAKE
HIM FOR AN EMPTY
MILK BOTTLE OR
SOMETHING EVIE... STU
IS THAT FASCINATING!

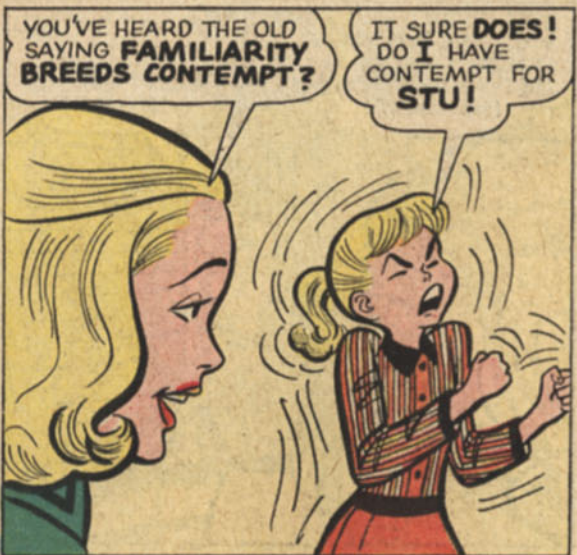
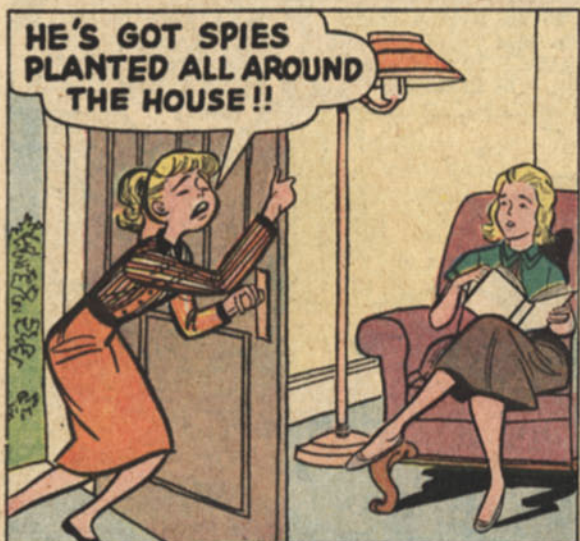
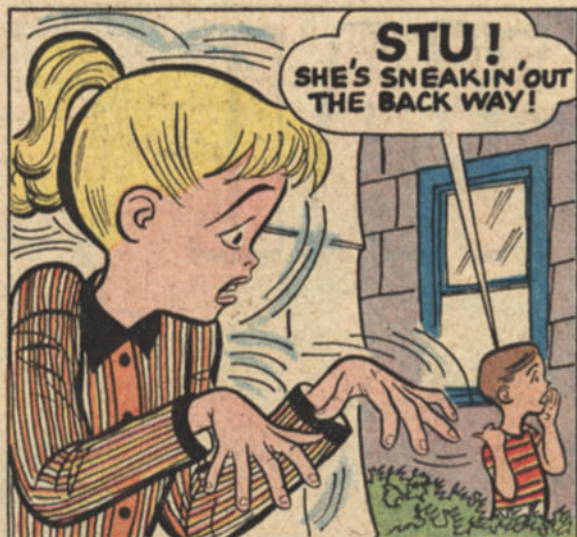
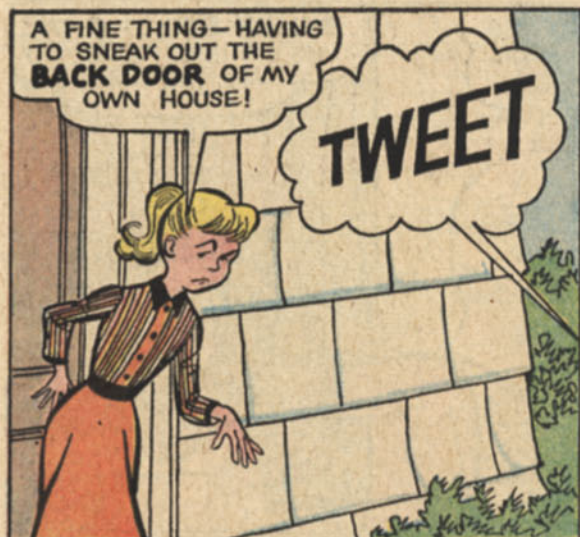
THERE WAS A TIME
WHEN HE AT LEAST
USED TO GO HOME
FOR LUNCH—

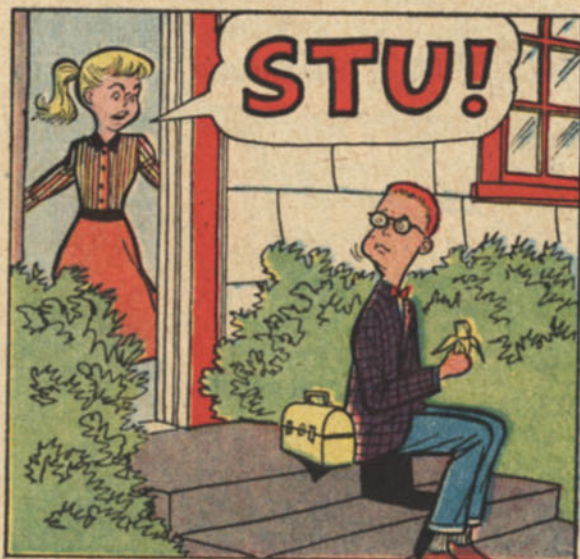
STU! PICK UP
THAT SANDWICH
WRAPPER AND PUT
IT IN YOUR LUNCH
BOX!

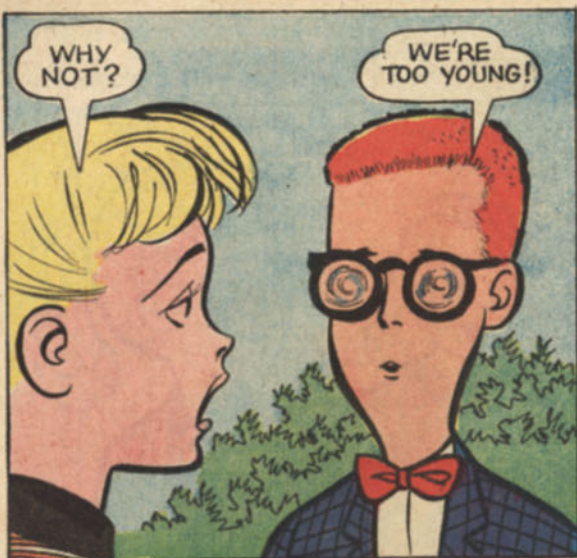
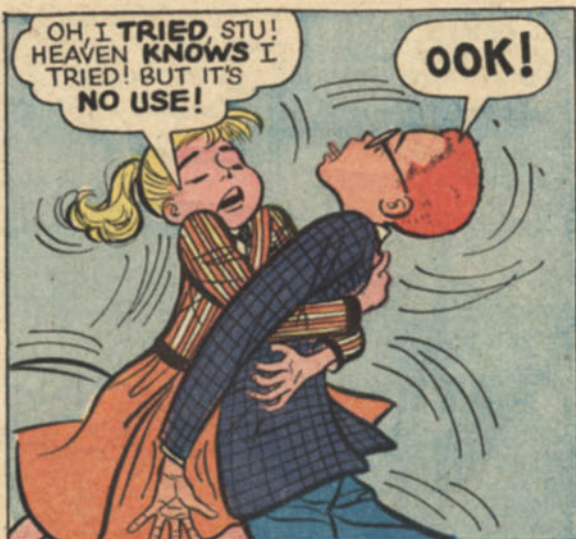
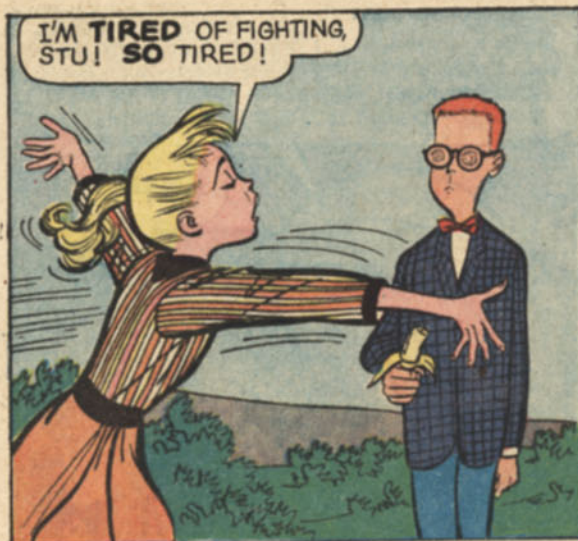
YOU SHOULD FEEL **FLATTERED**,
VAL! THE **AVERAGE** GIRL
DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO BE **ADORED**
LIKE THAT!

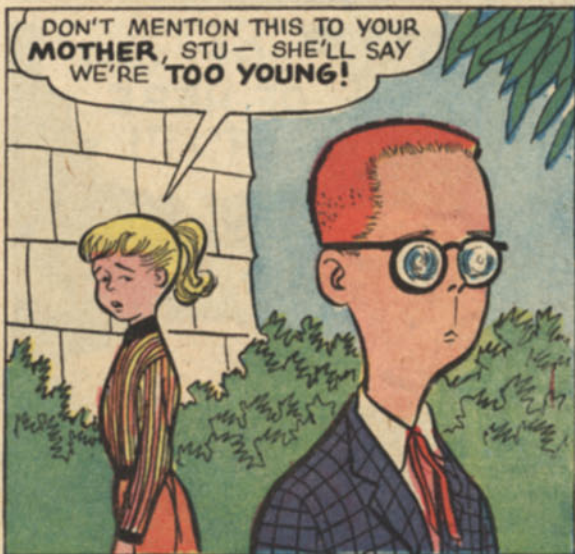
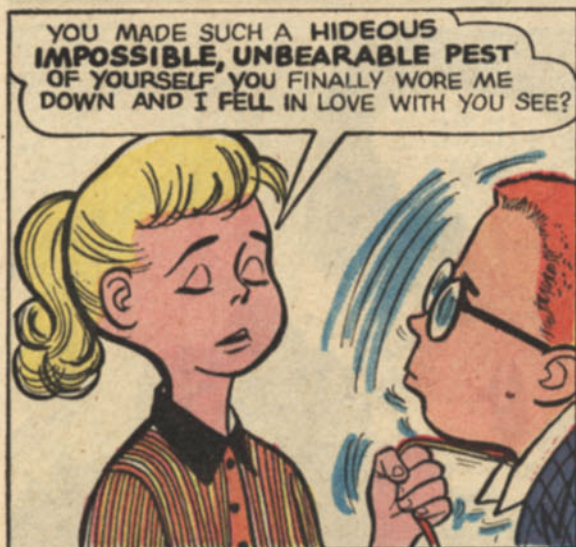
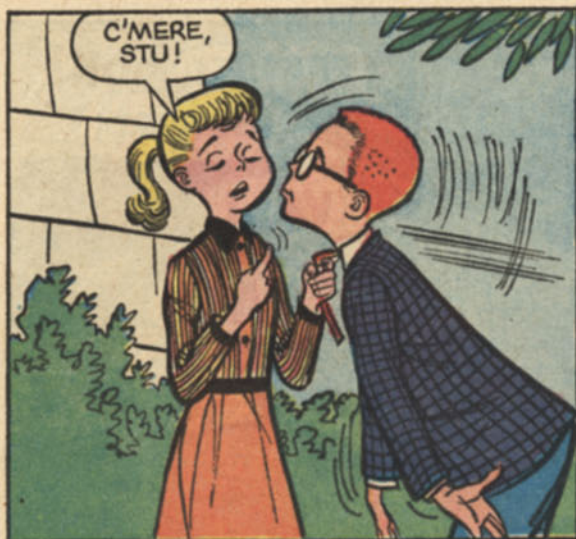
TAKE MY
WORD FOR
IT EVIE, YOU
AREN'T MISSING
A **THING**!

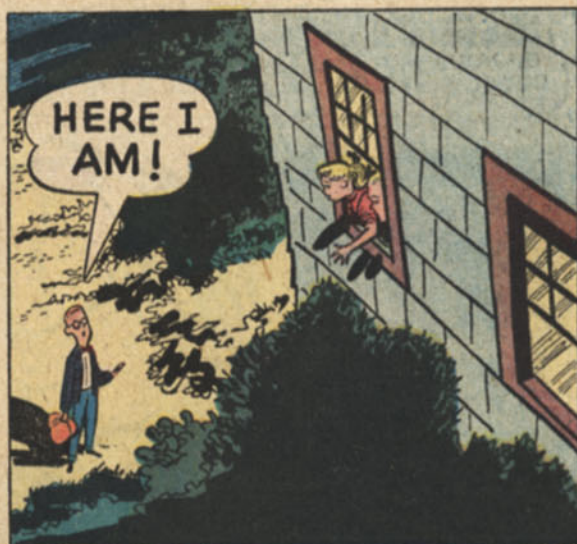
I WANT TO GO OUT, BUT
THAT SILLY **GLOP** WILL
FOLLOW ME WHEREVER
I GO!











VAL

OVERNIGHT
SENSATION

OH, VAL! YOU POOR,
POOR DEAR!

?

IT HURTS, DOESN'T
IT, VAL? BUT YOU'LL
GET OVER IT—

AS SOON ...
AS YOU
LET GO
OF ME,
JUDY!

JUDY, WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT?

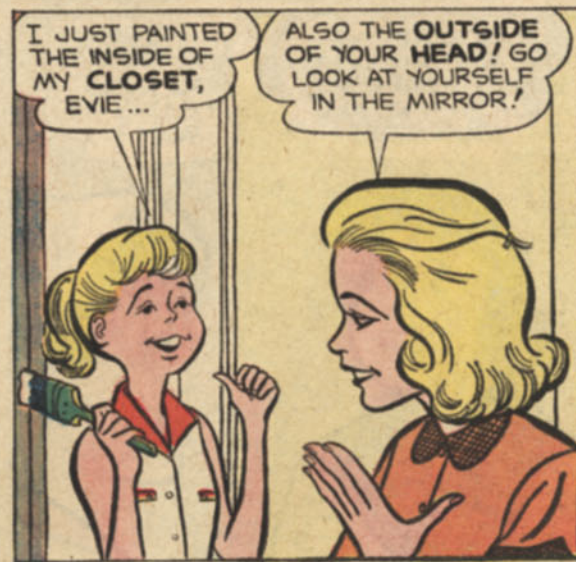
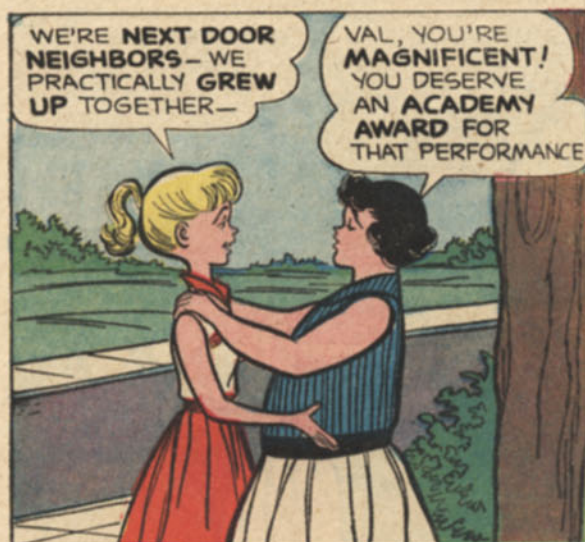
EVERYBODY
KNOWS,
VAL! THERE'S
NO USE
PRETENDING!

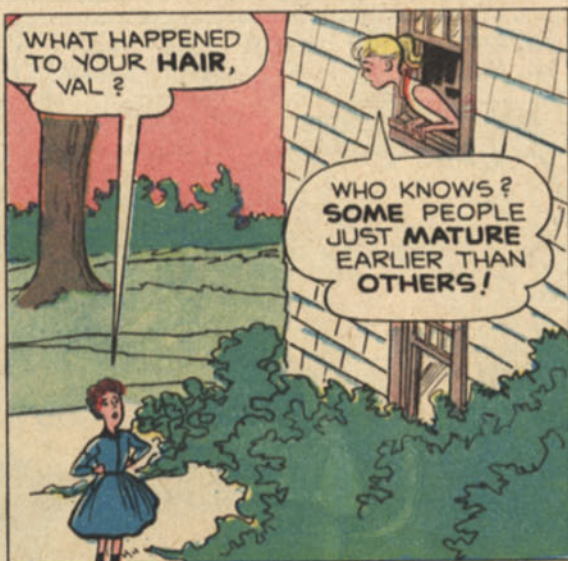
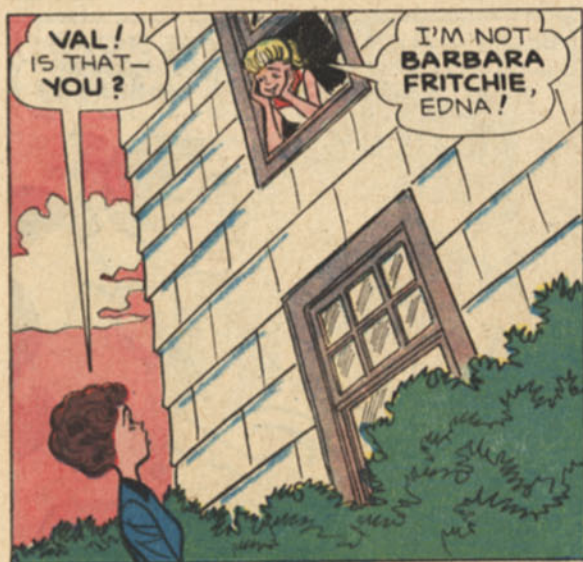
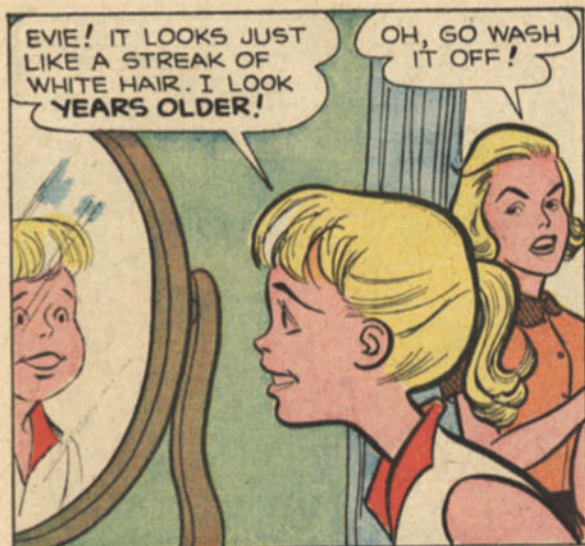
BUT YOU'RE THE
ONE WHO HAS EVERY-
BODY'S SYMPATHY,
VAL! THEY'RE ALL
ON YOUR SIDE!

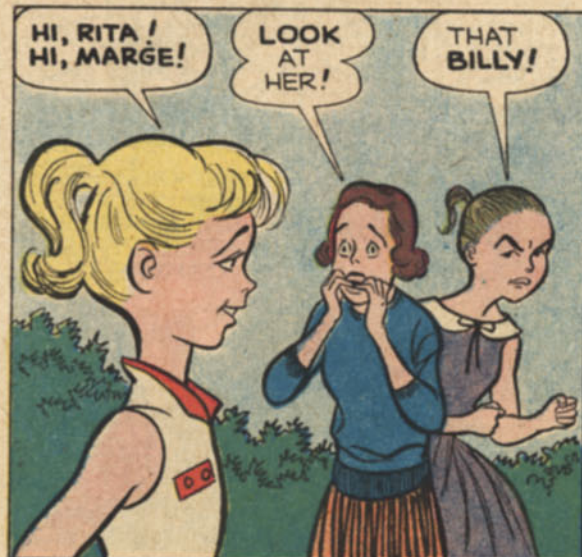
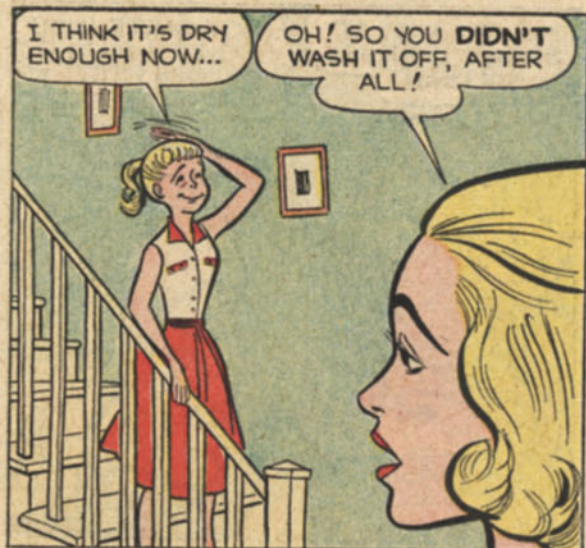
THAT'S NICE!
NOW WOULD
YOU MIND
TELLING ME
WHY?

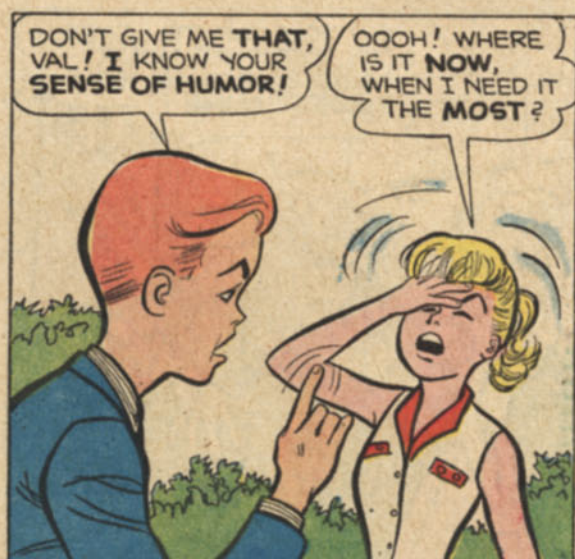
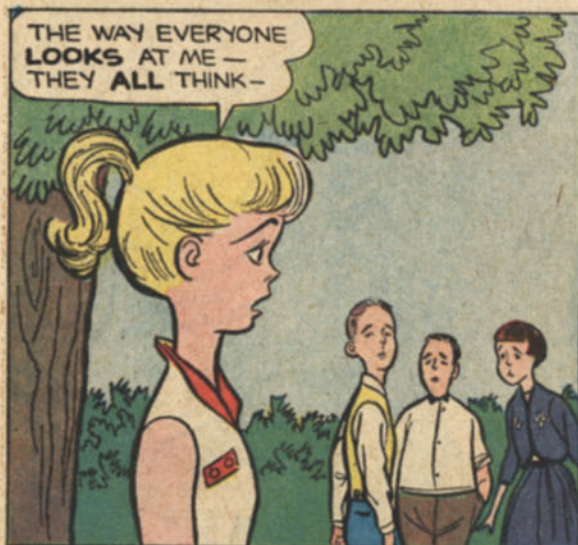
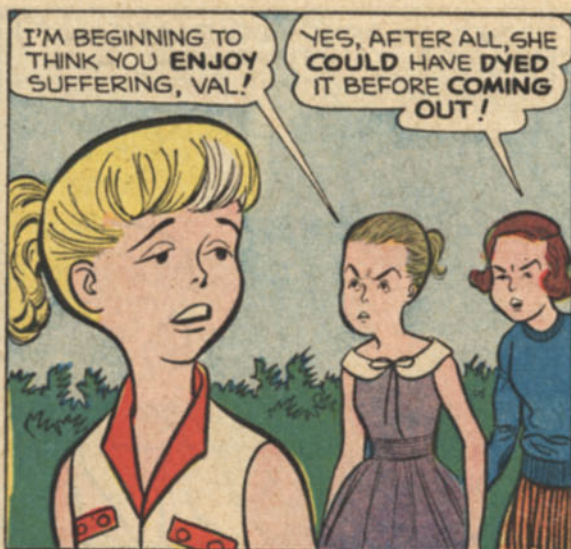
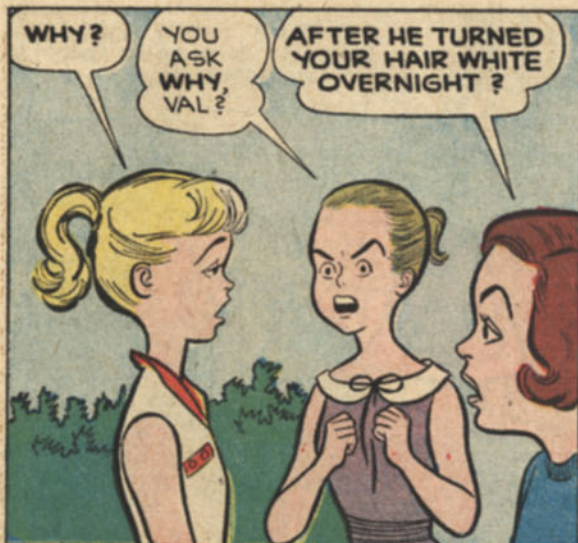
I UNDERSTAND, VAL—
YOU'D RATHER NOT
TALK ABOUT IT!

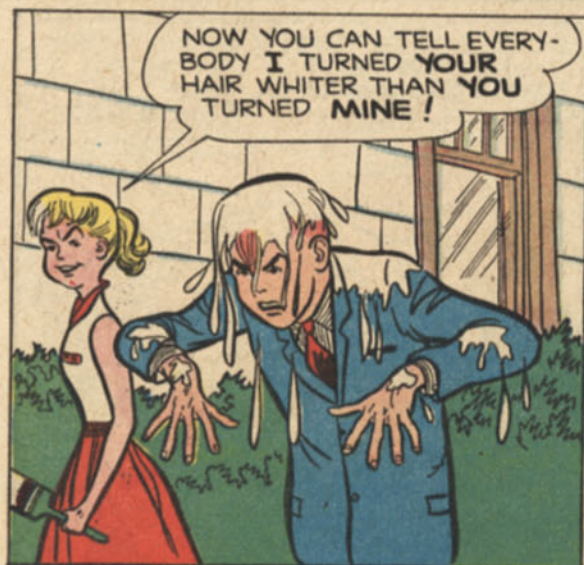
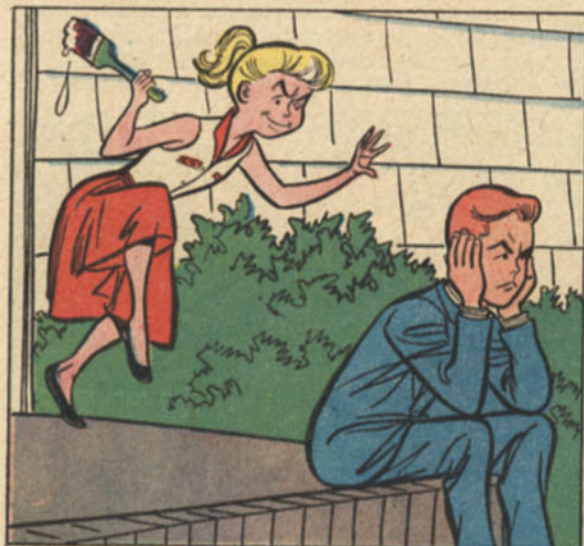
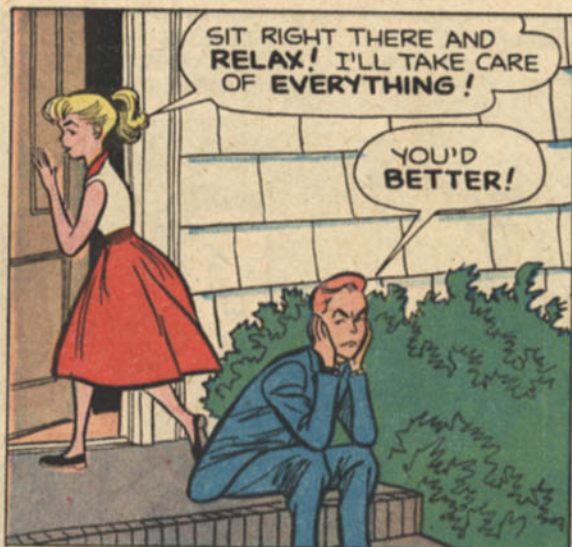
TALK ABOUT
WHAT,
JUDY?

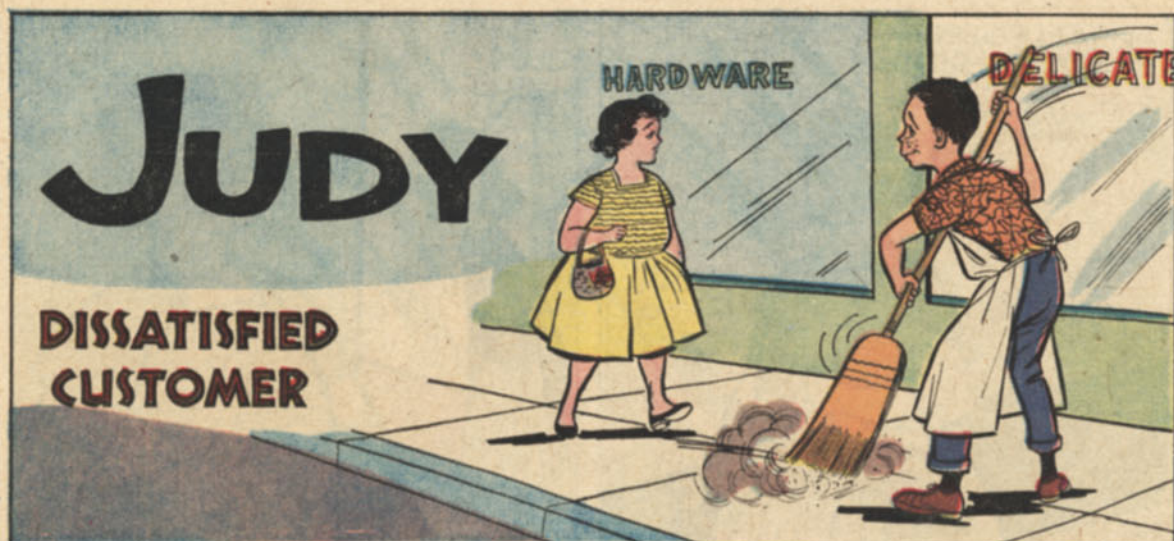




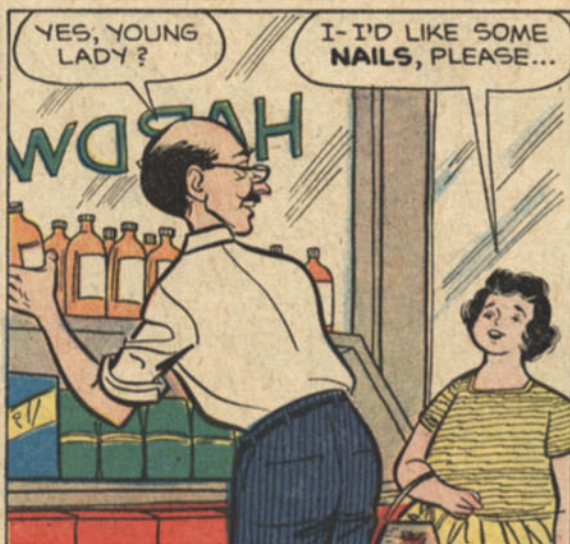
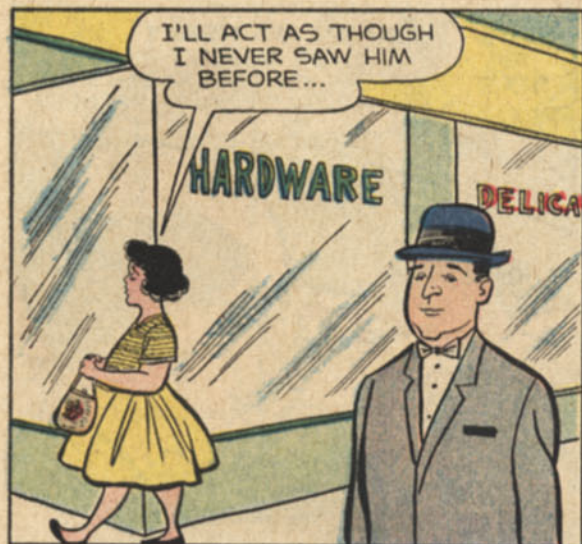


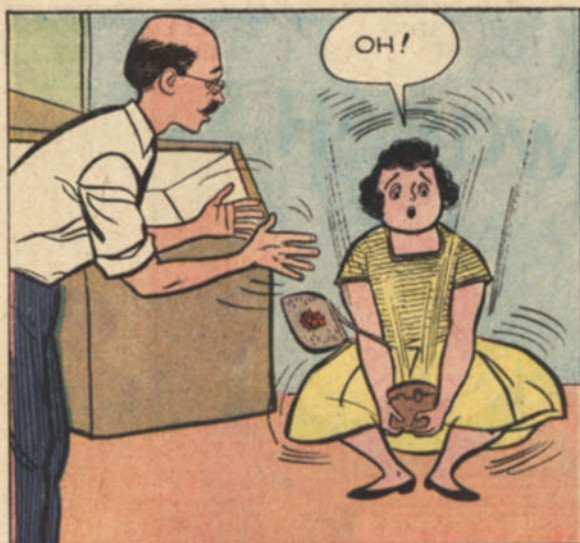


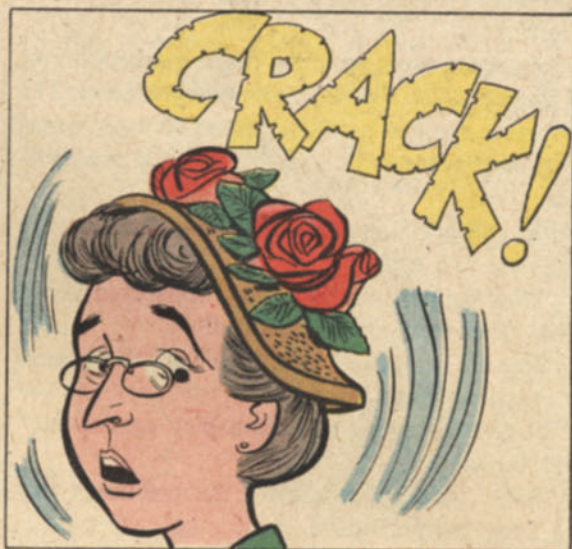












TOMBOY TERRY

TERRY shook her head in dismay as her friend, Joe, missed another easy shot. Joe was just about the best ping-pong player Terry knew. His opponent, Nancy, was the worst; she very rarely could even hit the ball over the net. But here she was, actually beating Joe.

Only a short while before, Terry had played against Joe, and he had played unusually well, beating her easily. And she was almost as good as Joe. What could have happened to Joe so suddenly, Terry wondered?

Finally the game was over.

"I won! I won! I beat you, Joe!" squealed Nancy gleefully.

Joe turned away from the table, a sheepish grin on his face. *That's* strange, too, thought Terry. The few times she had seen Joe beaten he had been a good enough loser. But he had never grinned like that.

Joe, still grinning sheepishly, leaned against the wall next to Terry.

"What happened to you, Joe?" whispered Terry. "I've never seen you play so badly!"

"Just off my game," mumbled Joe. "It happens to everybody once in a while."

"It never happens when you play against *me*!" said Terry.

"Well... maybe I'll do better the next time I play her," stammered Joe.

They turned their attention back to the ping-pong table.

Nancy's next opponent was Eddie Simpson, who had only started to play ping-pong that day. But he beat her easily. Then Terry played Eddie, and, of course, beat him without half trying.

Now Terry was playing Joe again. But Joe was back in his old form. He played a fast, furious game and beat Terry by an even wider margin than in their first game.

Then it was Nancy's turn to play Joe again. This time he'll show her, thought Terry. He couldn't possibly play so badly *twice* in one day... But Joe was even worse than before! He missed the easiest shots! It seemed as though he were playing blindfolded! Nancy's triumphant squeals of glee were louder than ever when she beat Joe for the second

time that day.

When Joe walked back to her with the same silly grin on his face the truth suddenly dawned on Terry. Joe was *letting* Nancy win.

And there could be only one reason why, thought Terry. He had a *crush* on Nancy!

Terry felt sick. She always knew Joe didn't have a crush on herself, but she thought he liked her too much to hurt her feelings by having a crush on another girl.

And why did it have to be Nancy, of all people? She's the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, thought Terry, but she can't *do* anything. She can't run fast. She threw a ball the way most girls do, as though she didn't have any hinge in her elbow, and, of course, her ping-pong game wouldn't improve if she played a million years! How could sensible Joe possibly have a crush on such a girl?

Joe didn't even notice Terry walk out of the recreation hall. Still grinning sheepishly, he was watching Nancy play Eddie Simpson, who was beating her again.

Hands stuffed deep in the pockets of her blue jeans, Terry wandered down the street trying to whistle the way Joe taught her. But she couldn't concentrate. She kept thinking of all the times her mother had suggested that she behave more like a little lady, that she wear frilly dresses like other girls. I'm too old to change now, Terry cried inside, I'm almost thirteen!

Then she heard a shout behind her. It was Joe, running to catch up with her. But Terry didn't want Joe to see the tears in her eyes and she headed for home as fast as she could. She almost made it, but half way across her lawn she hit the ground with a tremendous thump. She lay there for a second or two, then slowly sat up.

"That was a beautiful tackle, Joe," said Terry dazedly. "I never knew what hit me."

"That's because I tackled you low, Terry," said Joe. "The way I'm always telling you to do it."

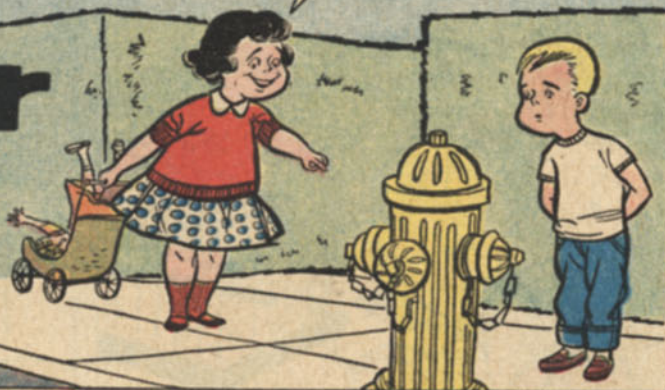
"W-why did you leave the recreation hall?" stammered Terry.

"Got disgusted when Nancy lost to Eddie Simpson and threw her paddle at him," said Joe. "If there's anything I hate it's a poor sport."

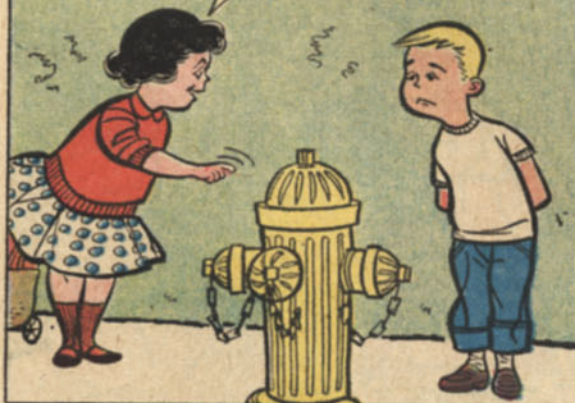
JUDY Junior

FEAR TRADE

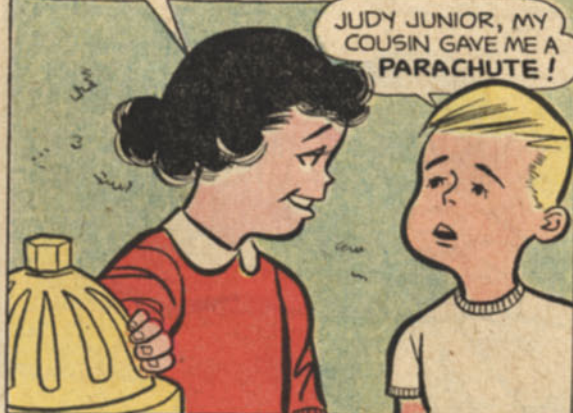
YOU MUST BE KIDDING, JIMMY FUZZI!
YOU DON'T REALLY EXPECT ME TO
BELIEVE YOU NEVER KNEW WHAT
THAT THING WAS UNTIL NOW?



ALL THESE YEARS IT'S BEEN STUCK
RIGHT THERE IN FRONT OF YOUR HOUSE
AND YOU NEVER EVEN **GUESSED**
WHAT IT WAS?



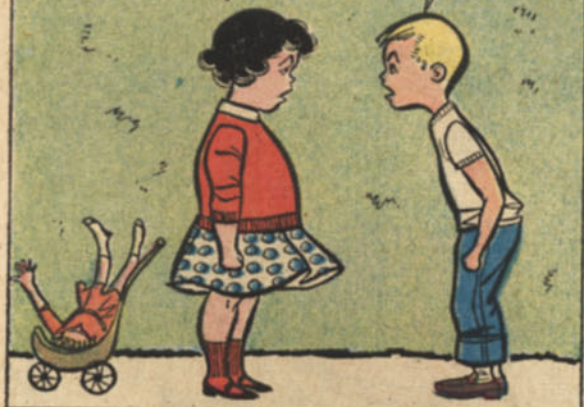
DAY IN AN' DAY OUT IT'S BEEN STANDING
THERE STARING YOU IN THE FACE AND
NEVER **ONCE** DID IT ENTER YOUR MIND
IT WAS AN **IRON MUSHROOM?**



JUDY JUNIOR, MY
COUSIN GAVE ME A
PARACHUTE!

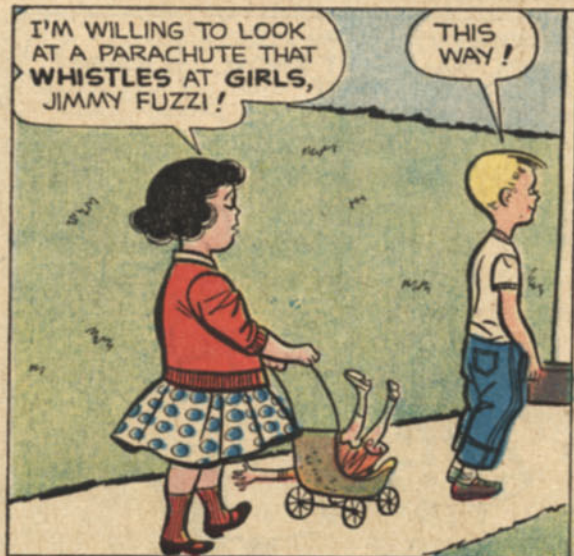
WHO CARES, JIMMY
FUZZI? WHAT'S SO
UNUSUAL ABOUT AN
OL' PARACHUTE?

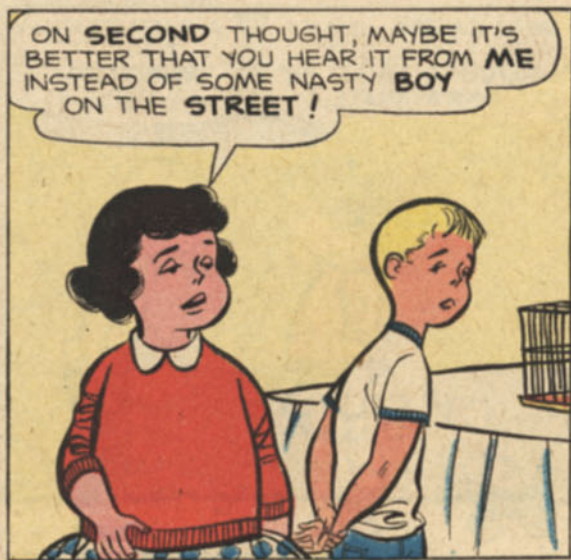
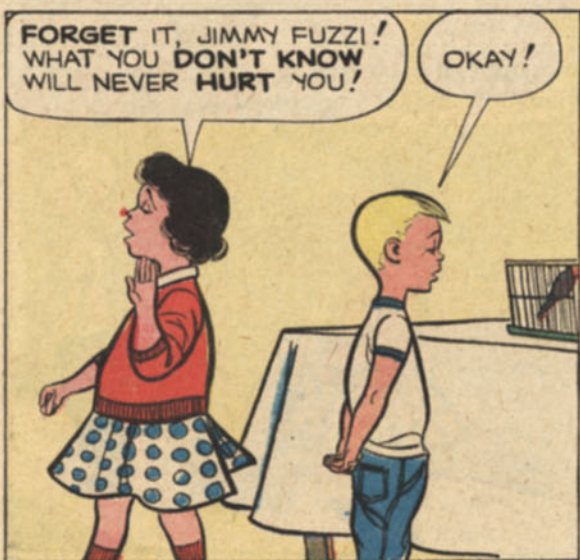
A PARACHUTE
THAT
WHISTLES
AT GIRLS?

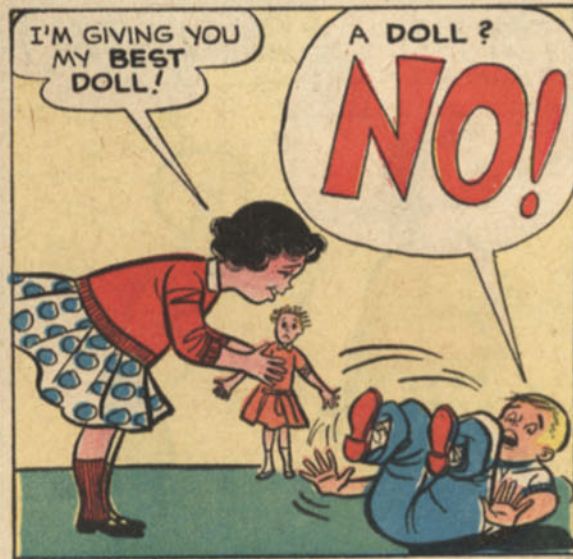
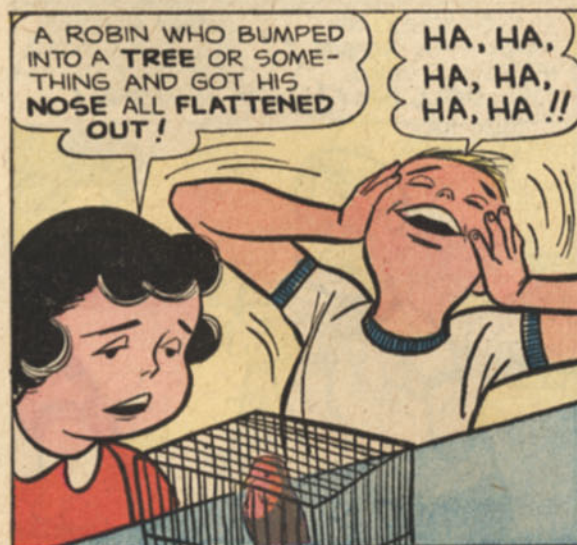


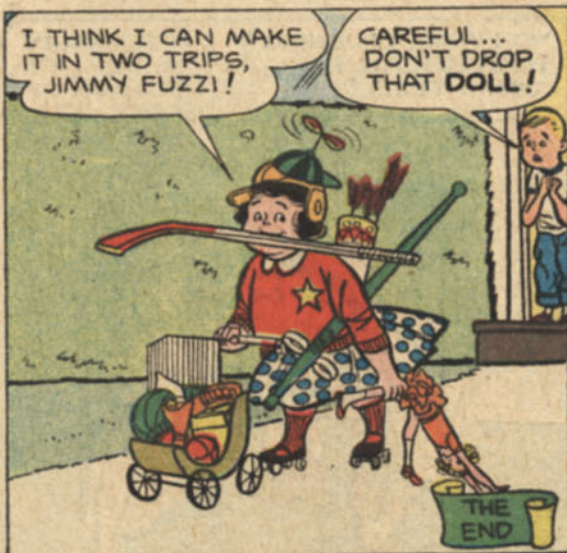
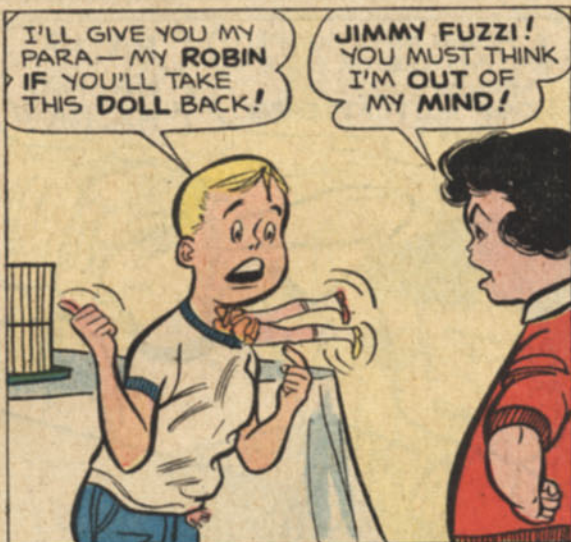
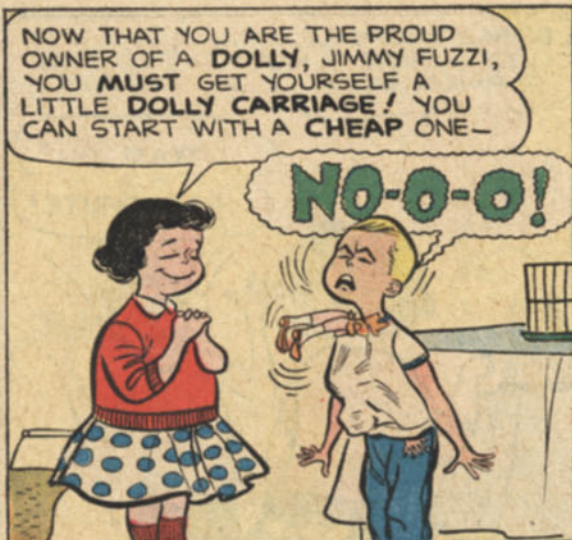
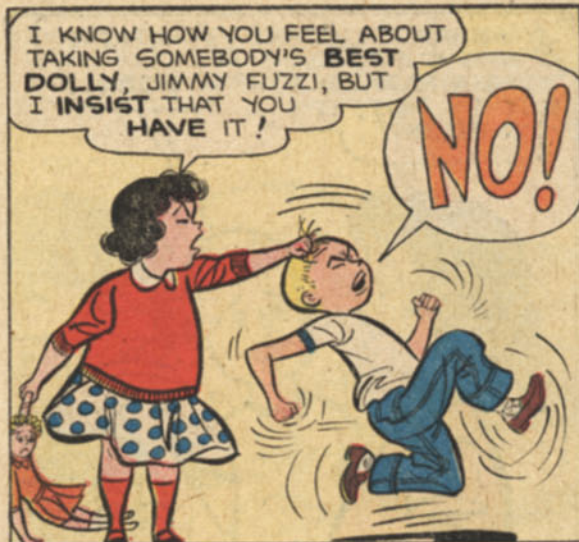
I'M WILLING TO LOOK
AT A PARACHUTE THAT
WHISTLES AT GIRLS,
JIMMY FUZZI!

THIS
WAY!

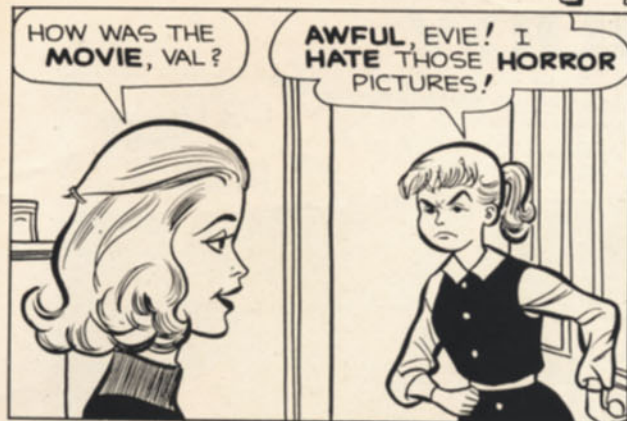




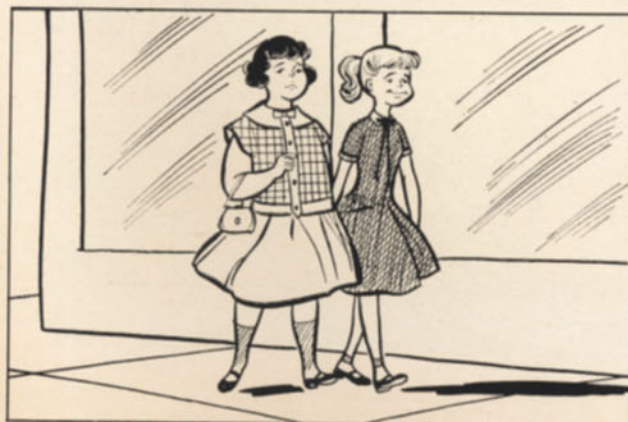
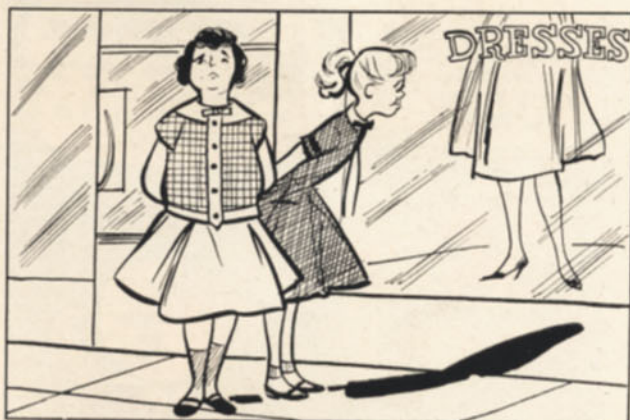




VAL



VAL and JUDY



VAL and JUDY



VAL and EVIE

