THIRTEEN
“Going on Eighteen”

OH, JUDY, IT’S ONLY WASH BILLY IS TAKING TO THE LAUNDRY FOR HIS MOTHER!
JUDY

I HOPE GARY REMEMBERS TO BRING ME A CORSAGE... I'D HATE TO BE THE ONLY GIRL AT THE DANCE WITHOUT ONE...

RING!

JUDY

HI, JUDY! READY TO GO?

NO CORSAGE... AND ALL THE FLORISTS ARE CLOSED BY NOW...

JUST A MINUTE, GARY

CANDY

A CORSAGE OF LOLLYPOPS! HOW ORIGINAL, JUDY!

AND COLORFUL

AND TASTY!

AND TASTY!

HANDS OFF, GARY!

OW!

JUDY JR

JIMMY FUZZI!

IT'S JUDY JUNIOR! WE'LL LET HER GET CLOSE AN' THEN BOMB HER!

PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!

FIRE!

WOW! WE BURIED HER!

HEY!

I CAME IN THE BACK WAY 'CAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO INTERFERE WITH WHATEVER YOU SILLY BOYS WERE DOING AROUND THERE IN FRONT!

HEY!
WELL, VAL, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THAT NEW BOY IN OUR CLASS?

NEW BOY, JUDY?

YOU KNOW — THE TALL, BLOND BOY, PAUL VAYNE! ISN'T HE THE DREAMIEST?

I WAS VERY BUSY TODAY, JUDY... I'M AFRAID I DIDN'T NOTICE...

VAL, IT'S AWFULLY HARD TO BELIEVE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE A BOY AS HANDSOME AS PAUL VAYNE,

YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, JUDY... I'LL TRY TO REMEMBER TO GLANCE AT HIM TOMORROW!

LOOK, VAL! THERE'S YOUR VERY GOOD FRIEND, BILLY, WALKING DONNA HOME AGAIN!

SO, JUDY?

HE SHOULD BE WALKING YOU HOME, VAL!

WHY?
YOU LIVE RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO HIM, VAL! HE SHOULD KNOW THAT CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME!

WHY, I BEG YOUR PARDON, JUDY! I AM NOT A CHARITY CASE!

IS ANY BOY WALKING YOU HOME RIGHT NOW, VAL?

N-NO...

THEN LET'S FACE IT— YOU'RE A CHARITY CASE!

OH, GOOD-BYE, JUDY!

HEY—

OW!

UH!

VAL, LOOK—

FOR GOODNESS SAKE! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

SEEMS TO ME I SAW A PONYTAIL COMING STRAIGHT AT ME— OR WERE YOU WEARING IT PINNED ON YOUR NOSE AT THE MOMENT?

YOU LOOK OLD ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO CROSS THE STREET BY YOURSELF... BUT SOMETIMES APPEARANCES ARE DECEIVING...

OH, YOU ARE A FUNNY ONE, AREN'T YOU?
THAT'S HIM, VAL! THE NEW BOY! PAUL VAYNE!

BIG DEAL, JUDY! WHO CARES?

UNBEARABLY CONCEITED TYPE...

SHOULD SPELL HIS NAME V-A-I-N...

HEY--!

THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE MY BLACK NOTEBOOK! IT'S TOO NEW!

IT'S HIS! AND HE'S GOT MINE!

I'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK! I'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK!

SKREEK!

IT'S... HOPELESS... I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE LIVES...
Val! That's no way to treat your school books! Doesn't matter, mother... I won't be needing them anymore!

You... won't be needing them? I'm not going back to school tomorrow, mother! I've given the matter a great deal of thought...

If everybody in the world is educated who's going to do the dirty work? The ones who've always done it—mothers!

Okay! Then it's decided! I'll be an ignorant mother!

It certainly is not decided! Here! You're going to need these for a while yet!

Next morning

I can't face him... I can't! I can't! I can't! I ca-a-an't!

But I've got to...
There's always the possibility that he didn't look in that notebook...

Hi, Jaywalker! I've got something of yours?

I... know... and I've got your notebook...

You've got real drawing talent! That's a terrific likeness of me you drew in your notebook!

It was just doodling! Don't think it means anything! Here's your notebook!

DID YOU LOOK INSIDE MINE?

No, I didn't!

Go ahead! Be my guest! Look inside the back cover!

I can't draw as well as you, but my work has sincerity! It wasn't just 'doodling,' like yours!
HI, VAL! WHO ARE YOU DANCING WITH?

WHO DO YOU THINK, DONNA? BILLY, OF COURSE!

HMPH! THERE MUST BE TWO BILLYS! I JUST SAW ONE OUT IN THE HALL!

OH... HE'S GONE!

HEY, BILLY! ISN'T THAT VAL?

OOPS! SHE'S LOOKING FOR ME! WITH FIRE IN HER EYE, NO DOUBT!

SO, BILLY! YOU WALKED OFF AND LEFT ME DANCING BY MYSELF, LIKE A FOOL!

WHY, NO, VAL! LOOK! I'M DANCING!

...WE JUST WANDERED A LITTLE FARTHER APART THAN USUAL! I GET SO CARRIED AWAY WHEN I DANCE WITH YOU!

OH... FLATTERER!
Bob should be here any second, now, mother! Just wait till you see him!

You really like this boy, don’t you, Evie?

Mother, Bob is the—most?

The absolute most, mother!

And, I suppose, he thinks you’re the most, too!

Well... I have some competition—of a sort—He has this ancient jalopy he’s positively crazy about, but I think I’ll outlast it!

I’m sure you will, Evie!

There’s only one little dark cloud in my sky, right now—if Val comes in while Bob is here, I hope she remembers that three is a crowd!

She might—and ask you to leave!
IF SHE HANGS AROUND LONG ENOUGH SHE'S SURE TO SAY SOMETHING TO EMBARRASS ME...

I'M SURE SHE'LL BE CAREFUL, EVIE... SHE'S HEARD YOU TALK ABOUT BOB - SHE KNOWS HE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL!

I DO WANT EVERYTHING TO GO RIGHT TODAY!

RING!

THAT MUST BE BOB NOW!

SOME TIME LATER

HMMPH!

BOY! SOME CHARACTER IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD SURE HAS A NERVE!

PARKING THAT JUNK HEAP RIGHT SMACK IN FRONT OF OUR DOOR!
I'd like to pretend I never saw her before, Bob, but this is my little sister, Val...

So you think my car is a junk heap, eh?

Nobody pays any attention to what Val says, Bob...

That's right! I'm the family idiot!

In fact, I'm bigger than that—I'm the county idiot! No, I'm statewide—no, I'm—

You're Global, Val!

When I said something about a junk heap I wasn't necessarily referring to your car!

What other junk heap is out there? No, I mean—

Please, Bob, it's nothing to get upset about.

Oh—yes, mother!! Coming!!

I didn't hear your mother call her...

She uses one of those high-pitched whistles humans can't hear...
Quick, Mother! Where can I find some Junk?

Junk, Val?

Billy! You've got to help me! I need some Junk!

Junk? What kind of Junk, Val?

Any kind of Junk, silly!

Hey!

Give me that bike, Val!

Please, Billy! I need Junk desperately!

It's a matter of life and death, Billy! You must have some Junk lying around your house!

If you can find any, you're welcome to it, Val.

Val! Come back with those kitchen chairs!

You said if I found any Junk, Billy—
SAY, I'M SUPPOSED TO CLEAN A LOT OF STUFF OUT OF MY BASEMENT—

NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY, BILLY!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, VAL?

THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, BILLY—GO ON, GET DOWN THERE!

REMEMBER, BILLY, PILE ALL THE JUNK IN FRONT OF MY HOUSE!

I'D HELP YOU CARRY SOME OF THIS STUFF OUT, BUT I DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE ME!

HIM? WHO IS HIM?

OH... SOME JUNKMAN FRIEND OF EVIE'S WHO'S ALREADY USING THE FRONT OF MY HOUSE FOR A DUMP!

OH—?
THAT'S ALL, BILLY! THERE ISN'T ANY MORE!

FINE! SAY, ABOUT THIS JUNKMAN FRIEND OF EVIE'S, VAL-

I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT HIM LATER, BILLY! I'VE GOT SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO DO RIGHT NOW!

I TELL YOU I'M NOT ANGRY! I'M NOT BROODING OVER YOUR KID SISTER'S CALLING MY CAR A JUNK HEAP!

YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO BE ANGRY, BOB... I'D BE ANGRY, TOO-

OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKE! DO YOU PEOPLE STILL THINK I WAS REFERRING TO THE CAR BEFORE?

PLEASE GO AWAY VAL!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST STEP OVER TO THE WINDOW AND TAKE A LOOK?

HMPH!

HEY!

HEY?
WHO DID
THAT?

WHO . . . DID
WHAT?

OH . . .
THAT
BILLY.

LIKE I SAID, SOME
CHARACTER IN THIS
NEIGHBORHOOD SURE
HAS A NERVE!

ARE YOU SATISFIED
WITH THE JOB I DID?

VAL!
YOU DID THAT?

WAIT! I ASKED HIM TO!

YEH... WHAT'S THE BEEF, JACKSON?

BILLY, WHY ALL OVER THE CAR?

GOSH... WHEN YOU SAID SOME JUNKMAN FRIEND OF EVIE'S WAS ALREADY USING THE FRONT OF YOUR HOUSE FOR A DUMP, I FIGURED YOU'D WANT ALL THE JUNK FILED TOGETHER!

I'VE HAD IT! SOON AS I GET THIS CLEARED AWAY I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

BAM! CRASH!

THIS CAR MAY LOOK LIKE A JUNK HEAP, BUT IT'S GOOD ENOUGH TO TAKE ME FAR, FAR AWAY FROM HERE! SO LONG!

HAPPY MOTORING!

BILLY, DOES THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION HAVE A LADIES' AUXILIARY?

(RR-RR-)

(BNIFF)
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

[Dialog box]

HAPPY MOTORING!

[Scene: Man and woman outside car]

A HALF HOUR LATER

[Dialog box]

HAPPY MOTORING!

[Scene: Woman outside car]

OH, BE QUIET, BILLY!

[Scene: Man and woman outside car]

YOU! GIVE ME A HAND HERE!

OKAY, BUT I'LL BET THAT HEAP CAN'T EVEN BE PUSHED!

I DON'T WANT A PUSH! HELP ME PUT THIS OTHER JUNK BACK WHERE IT WAS.

WHAT?

[Scene: Man and woman outside car]

THAT THING HAS KEPT ME BROKE LONG ENOUGH, EVIE. COME ON, I'D RATHER SPEND THE MONEY IT WOULD COST TO GET IT STARTED AGAIN, ON A DINNER AND SHOW...

SAY... I'LL BET THERE'S PLENTY OF MILEAGE IN THAT CAR YET! I'LL ASK MY MOTHER IF I CAN PUSH IT IN MY YARD AND KEEP IT UNTIL I'M OLD ENOUGH TO GET A DRIVER'S LICENSE!

YOU JUST TRY KEEPING THAT JUNK HEAP IN YOUR YARD, BILLY, AND YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GET A DRIVER'S LICENSE!

VAL, DON'T CALL THAT CAR A JUNK HEAP!!

[Scene: Man and woman outside car]

The end.
JUDY

The champ

Students... you've probably noticed that almost half the student body is absent today! This is unusual, to say the least! But what is even more unusual is the fact that these absentees are all boys!

So far, there's been no word from their parents as to what ails these boys... meanwhile, I called this general assembly to caution the more imaginative among you who might think there's an epidemic of some mysterious disease that attacks only boys—please—please—don't jump to any such silly conclusion!

Pssst! Mr. Bulbly!

...until we learn more about this frightful ep-er-absenteeism, we must be calm! We must not panic—

Mr. Bulbly!

Yow! Don't touch me!!

All those boys are out today with sprained wrists, twisted ankles, dislocated shoulders, Charley horses, and stuff like that, because yesterday, after school, they challenged Judy to an Indian wrestling match—assembly dismissed!

Listen, Mr. Bulbly!

I didn't mean to hurt 'em, Mr. Bulbly!
VAL

Ah, love!

Shovel your sidewalk for fifty cents, lady?

Why, bless your little heart! I'm not a lady!

How Frank, Val!

Thanks, but we've made other arrangements...

Val, what do you mean we've made other arrangements? You know mother has been waiting for one of the neighborhood boys to come around—

Okay, kid!

Calm down, Evie! Billy just started to shovel his sidewalk, next door!

What do you want to bet he'll do ours, too, while he's at it? For nothing!

Why should he do that?

Modesty forbids me to say, Evie— but... I suppose you've heard that love moves mountains!

Of snow, too? The street cleaning department should know about this!
A WHILE LATER

VAL! BILLY FINISHED SHOVELING!

OH... DID HE DO... Ours--?

COME LOOK OUT THE FRONT WINDOW...

HE NOT ONLY DIDN'T DO OURS, BUT HE SHOVELLED MOST OF HIS SNOW OVER ON OUR SIDE!

WHY, THAT--

HEY! HERE COMES STICKY STU! WITH A SHOVEL!

LOVE TRIUMPHS, AFTER ALL, EVIE! I CAN DEPEND ON STU'S LOVE TO MOVE THAT MOUNTAIN OF SNOW OUT THERE!

JUST LISTEN TO HIS LITTLE SHOVEL GOING OUT THERE! IT ALMOST MAKES ME FEEL A WEENSY BIT GUILTY ABOUT ALL THOSE TIMES I TREATED HIM MEAN...

Hmm
After all, there's nothing so terribly wrong with ol' stick sitting on my stoop morning, noon and night.

Hm... the shoveling stopped...

Guess he's taking a little breather... Stu isn't exactly the athletic type...

Val!

Just shoveled enough space for himself to sit down!

Love, ah love!

That cur-eeep!

I'll fix him!
HEAVY...

BE WORTH IT... SEEING IT LAND... ON HIS STUPID HEAD...

Almost there... Now just over... To... Window...

BAM! BAM! BAM! WHUMP!

Oh... hello, Charles!

Shovel your sidewalk, Evie?

How much, Charles?

For you, nothin', Evie!
CHARLES! BEFORE YOU START ON THE SIDEWALK WOULD YOU MIND SHOVELING THE UPSTAIRS HALL?

THE UPSTAIRS HALL?

OKAY

IT ISN'T OFTEN WE GET AN INSIDE JOB...

HURRY, CHARLES! BEFORE IT MELTS!

EASY, VAL... WE GOTTA AGREE ON A PRICE FIRST!

A PRICE? BUT I HEARD YOU SAY YOU WERE DOING THE SIDEWALK FOR NOTHING!

THE SIDEWALK I'M DOIN' FOR EVIE! THIS I'M DOIN' FOR YOU!

H.M... DELICATE JOB... HAPTA BE CAREFUL NOT TO TEAR THE CARPET... IT'LL COST YOU TWO BUCKS!

I'LL DO IT MYSELF!

YOU WANT ME TO SHOVEL STU OFF, TOO, EVIE? FOR NOTHING?

I'LL WAIT A WHILE... MAYBE BILLY WILL COME ALONG AND I'LL GET THE WHOLE BUNCH OF THEM TOGETHER... INCLUDING EVIE...
JUDY

R: I'VE HEARD ENOUGH MUSIC, JUDY! I'M HUNGRY! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO START COOKING THE PIZZA?
J: OH... RIGHT AWAY, GARY!

R: WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SOMETHING?
J: I CAN'T STALL ANY LONGER! HE JUST WON'T GO HOME!

R: ARE YOU KIDDING?
J: I MENTIONED IT A THOUSAND TIMES ALREADY, BUT YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING THAT THING SO LOUD-

R: I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND TO THINK THIS ONE LITTLE PIZZA WOULD BE ENOUGH!
J: HE'S SURE TO EAT MOST OF IT, AND I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT TEN LIKE THIS ALL BY MYSELF!
OH, HOW CAN I GET RID OF HIM WITHOUT HURTING HIS FEELINGS? HOW? HOW?

SCUSE ME, GARY — THIS WILL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE, OR SO, AND THEN I'LL START COOKING IT...

HEY! YOU'RE PUTTING THAT PIZZA ON THE PHONOGRAPH?

OF COURSE, GARY! I ALWAYS PLAY MY PIZZAS BEFORE COOKING THEM!

JUST LISTEN TO THAT! ISN'T IT DIVINE?

I—I'VE GOT TO GO, JUDY! JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING...

AS LONG AS I'VE GOT THE PIZZA ALL TO MYSELF!

SLAM!

WOW! WHO CARES IF HE THINKS I'M CRAZY!
I'm sorry, Judy... Val isn't home... she went for a stroll with that new boy, Paul Vayne... you should have phoned first...

Hmph!

Hi, Judy!

Oh!

I never thought I'd see the day when I'd have to phone for an appointment to see Val...

I've just about had it!

Oh, Judy... it's only been a couple of days...

Every time I've come around you've been out with that Paul!

My, you're looking well, Val! You've hardly changed at all since I saw you last!

Oh, don't be sarcastic, Judy...
I HAVE MY PRIDE, VAL! YOU'LL HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN PAUL AND ME RIGHT NOW!

FORGET IT, VAL! I (SNIFF) HOPE YOU AND PAUL WILL BE VERY HAPPY TOGETHER...

I CHOOSE YOU!!

YOU DO? WHAT A SAP—

I MEAN—WHAT A SAP PAUL IS FOR THINKING HE COULD COME BETWEEN US...

NO BOY COULD EVER COME BETWEEN US, JUDY!

PALS TO THE END, JUDY!

I'LL NEVER LET YOU DOWN, VAL!

JUDY!
Flop! Yes, Herbie?

Who won the World Series in 1931?

St. Louis!

Thanks, Judy!

SLAM!

Any time, Herbie!

OH!

Val! Is something wrong?

You'll never let me down!

I must have been out of my mind, Val! I know - it's this tight beanie I'm wearing! It squeezes my head -

Oh, sure!
I only left you for a second to talk to Herbie, Val! It isn’t as though a boy came between us!

All right, I forgive you, Judy!

Pals to the end, Val!

I’ll never let you down, Judy!

Ri-Ing!

Hello? Paul! Oh, no, Paul! I’m the one who should apologize! Yes, it was a silly argument! Sure, I’ll meet you in front of the ice cream parlor, Paul—

Thud!

Don’t forget to close the door on your way out, Judy, dear!

Hmm... so they’re beginning to fight already? It can’t last in a little while Val will come to her senses and appreciate the nice, quiet, peaceful friendship she had with me!

The end.
TOMBOY TERRY

Terry’s mother almost dropped the big serving platter she was drying when the front door slammed as only Terry could slam it.

"Mother!" Terry shouted, "where are you?"

For a moment Terry's mother stood hugging the platter, eyes closed.

"Here!" she finally called, turning to the cabinet and starting to raise the platter to put it away.

Terry bounded into the kitchen and stood behind her mother.

"Look what my friend, Joe, gave me, mother!" she cried happily.

Terry’s mother knew that Joe was Terry’s best friend. (At least Terry thought so) and almost constant companion—almost, because sometimes, for no reason Terry could figure out, Joe preferred the company of other boys. Even then, Terry could always be found somewhere nearby, waiting patiently for Joe to come to his senses and take up with her again.

Terry and Joe had the same likes and dislikes—they both like sports and disliked girls. The fact that Terry was a girl was never mentioned. Terry often said to her mother that Joe should go in the diplomatic service when he grew up because he had the most wonderful way of pretending he didn’t notice that she was a girl.

But, now, to hear that Joe had given Terry a gift! Could it be that their rough and tumble friendship had blossomed into something more...like puppy love?

"Look, mother!" Terry insisted.

Still holding the platter, Terry’s mother looked around—and dropped the platter.

Quick as a cat, Terry lunged and caught the platter before it hit the floor.

"And you wouldn’t ever let me dry this because you were afraid I’d drop it!" cried Terry gleefully!

"Joe...gave you...that?" she said, weakly.

"Yes," laughed Terry, carefully laying the platter on the table. "Isn’t it a beauty?"

Terry gingerly touched her swollen, plum-colored right eye with a fingertip.

"Boy! she said, "it’s still swelling! I’ll bet it’s a lot darker now, too. I’m going to look at it in the mirror, mother!" Terry bounced toward the door.

"Wait!" her mother cried. "How...did it happen?"

Terry paused at the door. "Joe punched me mother! to teach me a lesson!"

"What lesson?" Terry’s mother cried indignantly.

"To always keep my left up? We were boxing in Joe’s basement, mother! With boxing gloves, so that we wouldn’t hurt each other!"

Terry skipped out the door. A moment later her head popped back in again.

"Mother! How long does a black eye last?"

"About a week, or so," said Terry’s mother.

"Is that all?" cried Terry, disappointment written all over her face.

Then she brightened a little. "Mother may I buy some film for our camera? Color film? I’ve got to have some pictures taken of this eye while it’s still a beauty."

"All right," she said, "you might as well have a record of it because there won’t be any more eyes like that!"

"You bet there won’t, mother!" laughed Terry. "I really learned my lesson! From now on I’ll always keep my left up—"

"No...I wouldn’t depend on that," said Terry’s mother. You seem to like having a black eye too much! From now on there’ll be no more boxing in Joe’s basement. Even with boxing gloves...so that you can’t hurt each other."

Copyright © 1966 Dell Publishing Co., Inc.
I hope Jimmy Fuzzi appreciates this...

I'm sure nobody else in the whole wide world would be silly enough to visit him on a day like this!

Once and for all this ought to prove to Jimmy Fuzzi what a really good friend I am to him...

I can see his pale little face. Now, when the door opens, and he says—

—Oh...you again, Judy Junior?
JIMMY FUZZ-EE!

BANG! BANG!

OH... HELLO... MRS. JIMMY FUZZI'S MOTHER...

HELLO, JUDY JUNIOR! I WAS JUST GETTING JIMMY DRESSED TO GO OUT...

HE’LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT, JUDY JUNIOR! HE CAN’T WAIT TO TRY OUT HIS NEW SLED!

A SLED IN THIS KIND OF SNOW? ISN’T THAT JUST LIKE JIMMY FUZZI?

ONE SIDE, JUDY JUNIOR!

WHAT?

HERE I COME, READY OR NOT!

I’M READY, JIMMY FUZZI!

WHEEEEEE-

WUMP

WHEEEEEE-

MISSED!
TISK... TISK...

COME ON, JIMMY FUZZI, DON'T BE SO STUBBORN! THE SNOW IS TOO DEEP FOR SLEIGH-RIDING!

OOPs!

SMUMPH!

MRS JIMMY FUZZI'S MOTH-ER!

NO HURRY - WHEN YOU'VE GOT A MINUTE -

OH!

YES, JUDY JUNIOR?
BAW!

ISN'T THAT AWFUL, MRS JIMMY FUZZY'S MOTHER?

HE PROBABLY SWALLOWED A TON OF SNOW, BUT I WOULDN'T LET THAT BOther ME...

SLAM!

TISK... TISK...

IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW IGNORANT SOME PEOPLE ARE...

IMAGINE... TRYING OUT A NEW SLED ON A DAY LIKE THIS!

WHY, IT'S HARDLY A FIT DAY FOR EVEN TRYING OUT A NEW PAIR OF ROLLER SKATES!

THE END
I'd better go now, Val... would you get my bag, please?

Sure, Judy!

I feel sorry for any snowball-throwing boys you meet on the way over, Judy!

I don't!

Which one of you silly boys is Jimmy Fuzzi?

Won't talk, eh? too bad!

I wanted to give him something!

Wait, Judy Junior! I'm Jimmy Fuzzi!

What are you going to give me, Judy Junior?

This rope...

Start pulling, Jimmy Fuzzi!
I won't! I won't... won't, won't, won't, won't...
Boy, that was close! I'd never forgive myself if I fell in front of those boys and lost my dignity!

How dare you, Jimmy Fuzzi? Oh, how dare you?
I suppose you think I think that's only a great, big snowball you made there, eh?

You're not fooling me for one minute, Jimmy Fuzzi—
Even without the beanie, anybody could tell that's a snowman of me you made, Jimmy Fuzzi! Oh, how dare you—

Well...

Isn't it?