WHY ARE YOU MAD AT ME, HUGO?
I'M NOT MAD AT YOU!
OH, YES YOU ARE. I CAN TELL.
I AM NOT!
OH, YES YOU ARE
YOUR LIPS SAY "NO", BUT THAT VEIN POPPING OUT OF YOUR NECK SAYS "YES!"
LET'S TAKE A SWIM, VAL.
I CAN'T, MONA. I FORGOT TO SHAVE MY LEGS TODAY AND I'M TOO EMBARRASSED TO WALK AROUND LIKE THIS.
NO ONE'S GOING TO NOTICE IT. I'D TELL YOU IF YOUR LEGS LOOKED HAIRY.
REALLY?
TRUST ME.
MONA'S SUCH A GOOD FRIEND. I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON HER MOST HONEST OPINION.
HEY, MIKE, CHECK OUT THE TARANTULA IN THE STRIPED BIKINI!
SO MUCH FOR MY BRIEF FANTASY ABOUT HONESTY.
WELL, I'M ALL SET TO GO CYCLING.
YOU LOOK PRETTY WELL-EQUIPPED.
YOU BET I'M EQUIPPED... I'VE GOT MY HELMET, MY PADDED GLOVES, SPANDEX PANTS,...
... CYCLING SHOES, WATER BOTTLE AND A BUNCH OF QUICK ENERGY BARS IN MY KNAPSACK.
Continued
IS THERE A PROBLEM?
COULD YOU LIFT ME ONTO MY BIKE?