



**SAPPO**  
BY SEGAR

DON'T GET SORE AT ME, SAPPO— SHE MADE ME DO IT

SHE CAUSED YOU TO GET A DIVORCE SO THAT SHE COULD HAVE THE FUN OF WINNING YOU BACK

WOTASNOZZLE MADE HER SKINNY SO I WOULDN'T KNOW HER AND I MARRIED HER AGAIN— THEN HE MADE HER TURN BACK TO HER OLD SELF

YOU'VE GOT TO DO ME A FAVOR— GIVE HER SOMETHING THAT WILL CAUSE HER TO SHRINK TO MY SIZE

WHEN HE MAKES HER SMALL SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO BEAT ME UP— H-M-M— I'LL BE BOSS THEN

I GAVE HER SOME STUFF IN A GLASS OF WATER— SHE'LL SHRINK TO YOUR SIZE IN A MINUTE— BUT THERE'LL BE HECK TO PAY— HER DRESSMAKER IS HERE WITH A NEW GOWN

YES, MY DEAR, IT FITS YOU PERFECTLY

OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!!  
HEH! HEH! HEH!

### Thimble Theatre

I'LL BET POOR WIMPY HAS DESERT MADNESS— PROBABLY RAVING AROUND SAYING POETRY. THEY ALWAYS DO WHEN THEY GET DESERT MADNESS

OH, FLOWER OF DEATH, SO FRAIL, SO RED, GROWING FROM A THING SO DEAD— EVEN AS I— WILL BE QUITE SOON, MERELY BONES 'NEATH SUN AND MOON—

OH, LIFE— OH, DEATH— SO CLOSE AKIN, BUT DEATH CAN'T LOSE— LIFE CAN'T WIN— FOR DEATH IS SURE— BUT LIFE— AH, WELL, 'TIS NOT FOR ME TO BREAK THE SPELL THAT BINDS ALL THINGS IN A MIGHTY PLAN THAT CAN'T BE CHANGED BY LAWS OF MAN

THAT CAN'T BE ALTERED BY HUMAN TRICKS, OR E'EN BE TILTED BY POLITICS— FATE ALONE CAN PULL THE STRINGS THAT CONTROL ALL HUMAN AND EARTHLY THINGS

IT IS JUST SO, AND SO 'T WILL BE, TILL THE VERY END OF ETERNITY— SO I CAST MY LOT ALONG WITH MY KIND AND THERE'LL BE NOBODY ABOVE TO REMIND— TO REMIND THE GATE-KEEPER AN' PASS THE TIP THAT J.W. WIMPY WAS ONLY A GYP

BUT— SHALL YOU LIVE ON? YOU— JUST A WEED!— TO SCATTER FORTH YOUR WORTHLESS SEED— WHILE I, CREATION'S THING SUPREME, PASS ON TO FURTHER NATURE'S SCHEME?

NAY! NAY! NOT SO! I'LL TURN ABOUT, I'M FATE TO-DAY, YOU LOWLY SPROUT— I'LL PULL YOU UP, YOU LITTLE CUSS— HAH! DUST TO DUST THE EACH OF US!

OH, DESERT DAISY, SO PURE, SO SWEET, YOU GREW FROM SOIL THAT ONCE WAS MEAT— AYE, MEAT OF MY CHOICE YOU CHOSE FOR FOOD, OH, WHY?— WHY HAVE I BEEN SO RUDE?

WE BOTH CRAVE BEEF, WE'RE UNLIKE THE OTHERS— WE'RE KINDRED SOULS, WE MAY BE BROTHERS— BUT I'VE KILLED YOU, MY FLOWER SO BRIGHT, PLUCKED YOU FROM YOUR HOME— SO WHITE

SORROW STILLS MY DESERT MADNESS— WILD EMOTIONS TURN TO SADNESS— BUT IN MY BRAIN THERE IS NO LULL, FOR I PICKED YOU FROM YOUR DESERT SKULL—

A SKULL YOUR THRONE, WHEREUPON YOU SAT— AND THE SKULL OF A COW AT THAT, AT THAT— AND THE SKULL OF A LOVELY COW AT THAT

AND THE SKULL OF A LOVELY COW AT THAT PLOP

