

BIG NATE

HEY, LOOK WHO I GET TO GUARD! WHERE'S THE REST OF YOU, SQUIRT?

HUH? WHAT'S THIS?

Hello. I am your opponent for today's game. I cannot communicate with you verbally because our coach doesn't allow us to trash talk.

So I will not be telling you that your jump shot looks like a cat coughing up a hairball, or that an armless Ken doll has better ball-handling skills than you do, even though both statements are true.

Nor will I mention that, having hacked into your school's academic records, I now know that you're not bright enough to understand most of what I say, anyway.

In fact, while you've been busy trying to read this note, I have dribbled into the corner, from where I am about to launch an uncontested 3-point shot.

SWISH

I CAN'T TALK TO YOU, BUT I THINK YOUR COACH MIGHT WANT TO.



They say we're about to be a part of the biggest reality competition show in history.

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PHOEBE AND HER UNICORN

BY DANA SIMPSON

\*ahem\*

I am the very model of a modern magic unicorn

My scarf and warmers constitute my standard winter uniform

My entrances are heralded by trumpets and a flugelhorn

I've eaten magic bagels and my horn can write in cuneiform

I make up for my lack of hands with magic ingenuity

Manipulating objects with a startling acuity

Mangold is pretty

I'm also rather stunning in a way that's undeniable

To stare at me in wonder is completely justifiable

It is all true.

I know.

RHYMES WITH ORANGE

BY HILARY B. PRICE

OVERT OPERATIONS

YOU WILL MEET AGENT X UNDER THE BRIDGE AT DUSK. WEAR A PINK CARNATION SO THAT HE KNOWS IT'S YOU, AND NOT A SPOTTY PATCH OF GRASS.

rhymeswithorange.com

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