

CLASSIC PEANUTS

BY CHARLES SCHULZ









I THINK IT STARTED BECAUSE OF SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED AT A PLAYGROUND ... I WAS PLAYING IN A SANDBOX WITH A COUPLE OF OTHER KIDS ... I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHO THEY WERE ...



ANYWAY, ALL OF A SUDDEN, ONE OF THEM POURED A WHOLE BUCKET OF SAND OVER MY HEAD... I STARTED CRYING, I GUESS, AND MY MOTHER CAME RUNNING UP, AND TOOK ME HOME





ANYWAY, THE NEXT DAY WE DROVE OUT TO THE DAISY HILL PUPPY FARM, AND MY MOTHER AND DAD BOUGHT ME A DOG ...

































































