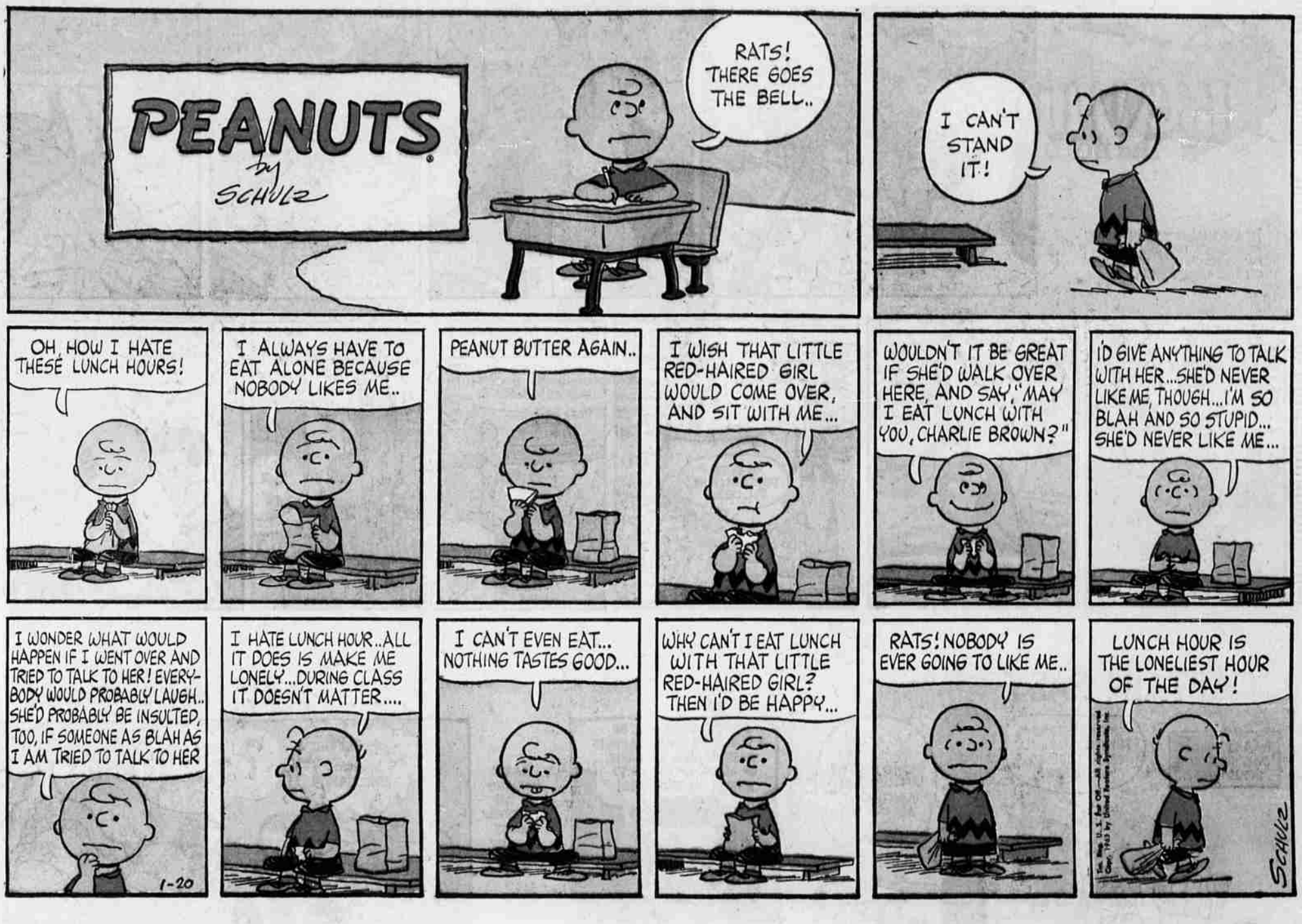
PEANUTS
by SCHULZ
RATS! THERE GOES THE BELL..
I CAN'T STAND IT!
OH, HOW I HATE THESE LUNCH HOURS!
I ALWAYS HAVE TO EAT ALONE BECAUSE NOBODY LIKES ME..
PEANUT BUTTER AGAIN..
I WISH THAT LITTLE RED-HAIRED GIRL WOULD COME OVER, AND SIT WITH ME...
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF SHE'D WALK OVER HERE, AND SAY, "MAY I EAT LUNCH WITH YOU, CHARLIE BROWN?"
I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO TALK WITH HER...SHE'D NEVER LIKE ME, THOUGH...I'M SO BLAH AND SO STUPID... SHE'D NEVER LIKE ME...
I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I WENT OVER AND TRIED TO TALK TO HER! EVERYBODY WOULD PROBABLY LAUGH.. SHE'D PROBABLY BE INSULTED, TOO, IF SOMEONE AS BLAH AS I AM TRIED TO TALK TO HER
1-20
I HATE LUNCH HOUR..ALL IT DOES IS MAKE ME LONELY...DURING CLASS IT DOESN'T MATTER....
I CAN'T EVEN EAT... NOTHING TASTES GOOD...
WHY CAN'T I EAT LUNCH WITH THAT LITTLE RED-HAIRED GIRL? THEN I'D BE HAPPY...
RATS! NOBODY IS EVER GOING TO LIKE ME..
LUNCH HOUR IS THE LONELIEST HOUR OF THE DAY!
SCHULZ

YOU'RE FIRED!
ALLEY OOP
BY V.T. HAMLIN
HEY, WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE IN TH' BRUSH?
WHOA, DINNY!! HOLD UP, BOY... LET'S GO HAVE A LOOK
HOLYCOW, IT'S TH' GRAND WIZER!
MY GOO'NESS, GRAND WIZER, WHAT YOU DOIN' 'WAY OUT HERE?
I'M NOT TH' GRAND WIZER ANYMORE, OOP, I'M JUST PLAIN OL' POOKY NOW...
...I GOT CANNED!
OH, TOO BAD... BUT DON'T YOU KNOW THIS IS DANGEROUS COUNTRY FOR AN UNARMED MAN?
I'M A MEDICINE MAN...I WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH A WEAPON
PROB'LY NOT WITH AN AX OR A SPEAR...
...BUT YOU CERTAINLY COULD USE A KNIFE! HERE!
NOW YOU CAN AT LEAST PEEL TH' FRUIT YOU EAT
YEH... THANKS!
T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
WELL, SO LONG, POOKY... TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF NOW!
I'LL BE OKAY, OOP!
1-20
YEH.... HEH HEH!
MEANWHILE
AWRIGHT, TAKE IT EASY, YOU GUYS! ONE AT A TIME NOW... NO SHOVIN'!
CANDIDATES FOR POST OF GRAND WIZER LINE UP→ NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED
ROYAL PALACE OF MOO
MORE NEXT WEEK
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—V.T. Hamlin