SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS GOES "BOINK"

A Calvin and Hobbes Collection by Bill Watterson
I want that truck, Twinky.

IT'S MINE, MOE. I BROUGHT IT FROM HOME.

I said gimme the truck.

MOE, YOU CAN'T JUST TAKE THINGS FROM PEOPLE BECAUSE YOU'RE BIGGER!

I'm not taking it. You're giving it to me because we'll both be so much happier that way.

HOW TOUCHING.

MOE, GIVE ME MY TRUCK BACK. IT'S NOT YOURS.

It is now. You gave it to me.

I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, DID I? IT WAS EITHER GIVE UP THE TRUCK OR GET PUNCHED!

SO I ONLY "GAVE" IT TO YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE BIGGER AND MEANER THAN ME!

Yeah?

...So?

THE FORENSIC MARVEL HAS REDUCED MY LOGIC TO SHAMBLES.

You're saying you changed your mind about getting punched?
BY GOLLY, I AM GOING TO STEAL MY TRUCK BACK FROM MOE! IT'S MINE AND HE HAS NO RIGHT TO HAVE IT!

I'LL JUST SNEAK UP BEHIND THE SWINGS HERE, AND WHEN MOE'S NOT LOOKING, I'LL RUN UP, GRAB THE TRUCK AND TAKE OFF!

THIS PLAYGROUND SHOULD HAVE ONE OF THOSE AUTOMATIC INSURANCE MACHINES LIKE THEY HAVE IN AIRPORTS.
OK, Moe's got his back to me! Now I'll zip over, steal my truck back and run like crazy!

Hell, never know what hit him! By the time he sees the truck is gone, I'll be a mile away! It's a fail-proof plan! Nothing can go wrong! It's a snap!

There's no reason to hesitate. It'll be over in a split second, and I'll sure be glad to have my truck back! I'll just do it and be done! Nothing to it! It's easy!

Obviously my body doesn't believe a word my brain is saying.

Phoebe, who am I kidding? I'd never get away with stealing my truck back from Moe. The ugly galoot is the size of a Buick.

Hm... Since I can't fight him, maybe I should try talking to him. Maybe if I reasoned with him, he'd see my side.

Maybe he'd realize that stealing hurts people, and maybe he'd return my truck willingly.

Maybe if I'm really lucky I won't go through life with the nickname "omelet face."
LISTEN, MOE, THAT'S MY TRUCK, AND I WANT IT BACK!

Yeah?

Yeah? It's my favorite truck. You had no right to take it!

Yeah?

Yeah! So give it back! Now!

I'll fight you for it.

I'll bet my autopsy reveals my mouth is too big.

C'mon, wimp.

I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT YOU, MOE! IF YOU WON'T GIVE ME MY TRUCK BACK, FINE! GO AHEAD AND KEEP IT!

You're the one who has to live with yourself. I can't make you do what's right! You can have the stupid truck!

OK, thanks. Heh heh.

Hey, kid, if you're not gonna swing, get off and let someone ELSE on, huh?
...So Moe stole my truck, and when I tried to get it back, Moe wanted to fight me for it. I didn't want to fight, so I walked away and Moe kept my truck.

I don't understand it, Hobbes. What makes some people so greedy and mean?

Why is it that some people don't care what's wrong and right? Why don't people try to be nice to each other?

The problem with people is that they're only human.

Well, you're lucky you don't have to be one.

You know, sometimes the world seems like a pretty mean place.

That's why animals are so soft and huggy.

...Yeah...
CALVIN AND HOBBES

by Watterson

DEAR, SOME TIME I WANT YOU TO
LOOK AT THAT DISCOLORED SPOT
ON THE RUG. IT SEEMS TO BE
GETTING BIGGER ALL THE TIME.

MAY I LEAVE
THE TABLE?
LIKE RIGHT
NOW?
Mom! Momm!

What is it? What's the matter?

Hobbes had a bad dream.

You woke me up at 2 A.M. Because you think your stuffed tiger had a bad dream??

He dreamed he was so hungry, he ate us all up.

I must be having a bad dream.

Don't you think you should make Hobbes a sandwich, just in case?

Know what, Dad? At the fish counter in the supermarket, you can buy real squid. They have them in a bucket.

They're really gross.

Mm, I'll bet.

Calvin, what are you doing?
Calvin and Hobbes
by Watterson

Tigers are great! They're the toast of the town. Lives always better when a tiger's around!

This meeting of the top-secret club G.R.O.S.S. (Get Rid of Slimy Girls) will come to order. Supreme dictator-for-life Calvin presiding. All salute!

Ok, the first order of business: President and first tiger Hobbes will read the minutes of our last meeting.

Thank you. 10:30 a.m.: Read minutes of previous meeting. 10:31: Debated so-called "editorial slant" of minutes. Much nonsense and commotion from dictator-for-life. "Nonsense"?

10:32: President-and-first-tiger offers reasonable solution, but dictator-for-life takes needless exception.

Reasonable solution?? You told me to go jump in a lake!


Call me a liar, will you? By golly, I'll call you worse than that.

Clownhead! Morgan! Ogre! Fleabag! (Pant, pant) (Gasp, pant) Truce?

Well, another productive meeting! What a great club!
Have you seen my shoes? I thought I had them out right here.

Your shoes? I don't know.

They were right here. Where could they have gone?

We're going to be late.

Well, I can't go anywhere without my shoes. Help me look.

They're not leaving us with a baby sitter tonight!

DING DONG

It's Rosalyn! Answer the door, will you please, Calvin?

Hi Roz. My parents changed their minds about going out, so we won't be needing your services.

Goodbye.

Hi, Rosalyn. What are you talking about, Calvin?

You can't go out if mom can't find her shoes, right?

And what do you know about that?

I'd like to be paid in advance tonight.

Uh, nothing! Ha ha! Um, why? Are her shoes missing?
Phooey. Mom and Dad left. Now we're here alone with the baby sitter from the Black Lagoon.

Hee hee? Do you think she remembers how last time we threatened to flush her science notes down the toilet?

Ha ha ha! Our finest moment!

Ok, you get in bed. WHAT? It's not even 6:30!

She remembers, all right. She can't get away with this. We'll call the rescue squad.

Rosalyn? What are you doing out of bed?

I thought I heard something outside.

I didn't hear anything.

It was kind of a thump. Will you go look, and make sure it's not anything scary?

I'll check, but I didn't hear any thump.

Yes...yes! Go out the door! Two more steps! Oh please, oh please! Yes, yes, yes!

See? There's nothing out here.
SEE, CALVIN? THERE'S NOTHING OUT HERE.

BUT I KNOW I HEARD SOMETHING! GO LOOK, OK? PLEASE?

OK, IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL
HEY!

SLAM

THIS WAS A TRICK? WHY YOU SNEAKY LITTLE DRIIIP, I'LL GET YOU!!

HOBBES! I LOCKED HER OUT!

NOW WE CAN WATCH TV AND EAT COOKIES TILL WE'RE SICK! OH BOY!

THIS IS THE BEST WE'VE EVER BEEN BABY SAT!

CALVIN, YOU LET ME BACK IN THE HOUSE THIS INSTANT!

DON'T WORRY, ROSALYN! THERE'S ONLY A 50% CHANCE OF RAIN TONIGHT! HA HA!

SHE'S TRYING TO OPEN THE DOWNSTAIRS WINDOWS.

IT'S OK. I ALREADY LOCKED THEM.

YOU OPEN UP THAT DOOR!

HEY ROZ! WHAT'S IN YOUR PURSE? MIND IF WE LOOK??
CALVIN, I'M TELLING YOUR PARENTS ABOUT THIS! NOW LET ME IN!

PIPE DOWN, WILL YA ROZ? HOBBS AND I CAN HARDLY HEAR THE TV!

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE WATCHING TELEVISION!

HEY, IF YOU RENT US A VCR AND A MOVIE, WE'LL PUT THE TV NEAR A WINDOW SO YOU CAN WATCH TOO!

LET ME IN!

ARE YOU 18? YOU COULD GET US "VENUSIAN VAMPIRE VIXENS"!

CALVIN!

HANG ON, ROZ. THE PHONE IS RINGING!

I HOPE IT'S YOUR PARENTS! I HOPE THEY ASK TO TALK TO ME! BOY, YOU'LL BE IN TROUBLE THEN!

IT'S YOUR BOYFRIEND, CHARLIE! SHOULD I TELL HIM YOU'RE INDISPOSED? HA HA!

NO! LET ME TALK TO HIM!

SAY CHAS, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE SETTLING FOR TOO LITTLE IN THE GIRLFRIEND DEPARTMENT?
It was all a misunderstanding! An innocent mistake! Let me explain!

Calvin, listen closely. Locking Rosalyn out of the house wasn't just mean, it was dangerous. If you'd hurt yourself or if there was a fire, she wouldn't have been able to help you.

You go apologize to Rosalyn right now.

I'm sorry, Rosalyn. And we're sorry too. I promise you Calvin will behave himself next time.

Boy, did I get in trouble.

Stealing Mom's shoes and making Mom and Dad late... then locking the babysitter out of the house... whoof.

That's a lot to live down for just one evening. I feel pretty bad.

And having eaten a whole package of Oreo's doesn't help.

You said it.
OH NO! IT'S THE MIDDLE OF RECESS AND THERE'S A TYRANNOSAURUS ON THE PLAYGROUND!

PANDEMONIUM ENSUES! TEACHERS LINE THE KIDS UP TO GO INSIDE, BUT THAT PROVES TO BE A SAD MISTAKE!

WALKING QUIETLY IN SINGLE FILE, THE KIDS ARE Gobbled Up like children McNUGGETS!

SOON THE PLAYGROUND IS EMPTY! IT'S ALL HIS! THE TYRANNOSAURUS LETS OUT A TRIUMPHANT ROAR!

SAY, WHERE'S CALVIN? RECESS IS OVER. DIDN'T HE SEE US LINE UP TO COME IN?

I SEE HIM, MISS NORMWOOD! HE'S OUT BY THE SWINGS AND HE'S YELLING OR SOMETHING!
MAN, THIS IS BORING!

HOW AM I EVER GOING TO READ THREE WHOLE PAGES OF THIS BY TOMORROW? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

...IMPOSSIBLE?? WHY, NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE!

NOT FOR...

STUPENDOUS MAN!

BUM BA BA DAA DUM

BUM BA BA DAA DUM...

YES! IT'S... STUPENDOUS MAN! FRIEND OF FREEDOM! OPPONENT OF OPPRESSION! LOVER OF LIBERTY!

GREAT MOONS OF JUPITER! CALVIN (STUPENDOUS MAN'S 6-YEAR-OLD ALTER EGO) HAS THREE PAGES OF BORING HOMEWORK TO READ! IT'S TYRANNY!

ALTHOUGH STUPENDOUS MAN COULD EASILY READ THE ASSIGNMENT WITH STUPENDOUS HIGH-SPEED VISION, THE MASKED MAN OF MIGHT HAS A BOLDER PLAN!

WITH STUPENDOUS POWERS OF REASONING, THE CAPED COMBATANT CONCLUDES THERE'S NO NEED FOR HOMEWORK IF THERE'S NO SCHOOL TOMORROW!
A blinding bolt of blazing crimson careens across the sky. It's **Stupendous Man**!

Seconds later, the amazing Marvel alights upon an observatory telescope at Mount Palomar!

With stupendous strength, **Stupendous Man** carefully unscrews the giant lens...

...and blast's into space with it.

**Stupendous Man** circles the earth with a 200-inch telescope lens!

Aligned perfectly with the sun, the magnifying lens focuses the terrible solar energy...

"...and fries a certain elementary school clean off the map!"

Now mild mannered Calvin has no need to do his homework ever again. Liberty prevails!

How's your homework coming, Calvin?
AND WHY, MAY I ASK, ARE YOU STANDING IN YOUR UNDERWEAR IN THE CLOSET?

OH, NO REASON. UM... I WAS HOT.

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DOING YOUR HOMEWORK!

I DON'T NEED TO DO IT NOW, THANKS TO STUPENDOUS MAN!

OH YEAH?

IT WAS GREAT! HE FRIED THE SCHOOL WITH A BIG MAGNIFYING LENS IN SPACE! I'M SURE IT WILL BE IN ALL THE PAPERS TOMORROW.

BoY, SHE'LL BE IN TROUBLE WHEN SHE GIVES ME MY COSTUME BACK. BIG TROUBLE.

Uh oh, it's my arch-nemesis, mom lady! She can't discover my secret identity.

Calvin? Are you doing your homework in there?

Quickly, Stupendous Man leaps into the closet to change back into his 6-year-old alter ego, mild-mannered Calvin.

Calvin? Are you in here?

Unfortunately, Stupendous Man's cape is caught in mild-mannered Calvin's zipper! Curses!

This is going to be a good one, I can tell.

Geez, mom! Can't a guy have a little privacy?
Calvin and Hobbes

by Watterson

That big, dumb bully Moe punched me at school yesterday.

Really? What did you do?

Well, first I skidded across the playground. Then I caromed off a rock and...

I wish I had more friends, but people are such jerks.

If you can just get most people to ignore you and leave you alone, you're doing good.

If you can find even one person you really like, you're lucky.

If that person can also stand you, you're really lucky.

What if you find someone you can talk to while you eat apples on a bright fall morning?

Well, yeah... I suppose there's no point in getting greedy, is there?
Uh oh, Calvin the Reptile is in trouble.

As an ectotherm, his body relies on the environment to warm or cool its temperature.

Now that it's colder outside, Calvin's body temperature falls and he becomes sluggish! He'll go into torpor if he can't find a warm place to lie!

Leave the thermostat alone, and put on a sweater if you're cold.

I heard that big cats don't purr.

That's true. We're too fierce and ferocious. We don't ever purr.

Well, what do you call the noise you make when you get your tummy rubbed?"

Growling friendly-like.
I'M HOME!

Every day this maniac is so glad to see me that he blasts out like a big orange torpedo! A dog will just wag its tail, but of course a tiger has to pounce on you! Stupid animal!

HE POUNCES ON YOU?

OH, and don't think he doesn't enjoy the cunning and treachery of it all! Tigers live for the thrill of a sneak attack! It's their evil nature!

HE'S JUST SITTING THERE.

OH, SURE, big disguise! Like no one can fathom the savage mind of a jungle cat! HA! He's a killer to the core!

I WISH MY PARENTS WOULD MOVE. My diary is getting weirder every day.

Yeah, you know who I'm talking about? Wipe off that grin or I'll do it for you!
CALVIN, YOUR MOM AND I LOOKED OVER YOUR REPORT CARD, AND WE THINK YOU COULD BE DOING BETTER.

WHY NOT? YOU LIKE TO READ AND YOU LIKE TO LEARN. I KNOW YOU DO.

I MEAN, YOU'VE READ EVERY DINOSAUR BOOK, EVER WRITTEN, AND YOU'VE LEARNED A LOT, RIGHT? READING AND LEARNING ARE FUN.

SO WHY DON'T YOU LIKE SCHOOL?

WE DON'T READ ABOUT DINOSAURS.

I'M NOT GOING TO BRIBE YOU, CALVIN. YOU SHOULD APPLY YOURSELF FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

RATS. I THOUGHT I COULD MAKE AN EASY FOUR BUCKS.
HELLO? VALLEY HARDWARE?
YES, I'M CALLING TO SEE
IF YOU SELL BLASTING CAPS,
DETONATORS, TIMERS AND
WIRE.

JUST THE WIRE? OK,
FORGET IT. DO YOU RENT
BULLDOZERS OR BACKHOES?

NO, NO, A ROTOTILLER WON'T
DO AT ALL. I NEED SOMETHING
MORE LIKE A
WRECKING BALL. DO YOU
KNOW WHERE I COULD
GET ANYTHING LIKE THAT? NO?
OK, GOODBYE.

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER
BORING DAY, HOBBS.

I CAN'T SLEEP.
HOBBS. I'VE
BEEN THINKING.

WHAT ABOUT?

WELL, SUPPOSE THERE'S
NO AFTERLIFE. THAT
WOULD MEAN THIS LIFE
IS ALL YOU GET.

AND THAT WOULD MEAN
I'M SITTING HERE IN BED
AS PRECIOUS MOMENTS
OF MY ALL-TOO-SHORT LIFE
DISAPPEAR FOREVER.

HONEY, WAKE UP.
DO YOU HEAR THE
TELEVISION ON?
CALVIN AND HOBBES

GOSH, IT'S 1:30 AND I'M STILL AWAKE.

I JUST CAN'T... GET...
COMFORTABLE.

MMF.

I'M EXHAUSTED. BUT
I CAN'T FALL ASLEEP.

MAYBE IF I JUST LIE STILL AND
THINK ABOUT HOW GOOD IT FEELS
TO BE IN BED, AND HOW SOFT
THE PILLOW IS, AND HOW VERY,
VERY TIRED I AM...

...PHOOEY. THIS ISN'T WORKING.
ALL I WANT IS TO GET SOME
SLEEP. THIS IS AWFUL.

CALVIN?

GEE MOM, ARE
YOU AWAKE TOO?

IT'S TIME
TO GET UP.

IT CAN'T BE! IT'S
THE MIDDLE OF THE
NIGHT AND I HAVEN'T
SLEPT A WINK YET.

CALVIN?

HUBBGH

CMON, UP AND
AT 'EM.

BLINK BLINK

THIS IS GOING TO BE
A BAD DAY.
THE STRANGEST THING HAPPENED TO ME A FEW MINUTES AGO.

OH? WHAT?

I WAS MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS, WHEN SUDDENLY, I WAS ZAPPED INTO SOME SORT OF SPACE VOID VORTEX!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NOW?

NO, NO, SEE, IT WASN'T ME...

THERE I WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS AN EVIL DUPLICATE OF MYSELF FROM A PARALLEL UNIVERSE TOOK MY PLACE ON EARTH, AND...

AHA! I SEE YOU! SNEAKING UP TO POUNCE ON ME, EH?

PHOOEY. YOU SEE WHY MOST TIGERS DON'T CHUCKLE TO THEMSELVES.
WANT TO PLAY A GREAT GAME I INVENTED?

OK.

IT'S CALLED "GROSS OUT." YOU SAY THE GROSSEST THING YOU CAN IMAGINE, AND THEN I TRY TO THINK OF SOMETHING EVEN GROSSER.

WHOEVER COMES UP WITH THE GROSSEST THING GETS A POINT, AND WE PLAY UNTIL SOMEONE GETS 50 POINTS, OK?

I THINK I ALREADY KNOW WHO'S GOING TO WIN.

IT'S WEIRD. NOBODY HAS EVER PLAYED A WHOLE GAME WITH ME.

PAY ATTENTION TO ME.
I've got to write a report for school.

What's your topic?

Bats? Can you imagine anything more stupid?

Heck, I don't know anything about bats. How am I supposed to write a report on a subject I know nothing about? It's impossible!

I suppose research is out of the question.

Oh, like I'm going to learn about bats and then write a report? Give me a break!

Hello, Susie? This is Calvin. You know this report we're supposed to write for school? Yeah, my topic is bats. What's yours?

Elephants? Hmm. Well, are you going to the library to look up elephants? You are?

Great!

While you're there, could you research bats too, and make copies of all the information you find, and maybe underline the important parts for me, and sort of outline it, so I wouldn't have to read it all?

How'd it go?

I really loathe girls.
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS REPORT ON BATS? YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, HOBBES!

OK, ...UM, FIRST LET'S MAKE A LIST OF WHAT WE KNOW.

YEAAH! THAT'S A GOOD WAY TO START! GREAT!

NUMBER ONE: WHAT ARE BATS?

THEY'RE BUGS, AREN'T THEY? YEAH, PUT THAT DOWN.

#1 BATS = Bugs

ARE YOU SURE?

THEY FLY, RIGHT? THEY'RE UGLY AND HAIRY, RIGHT? C'MON, THIS IS TAKING ALL DAY!

I THINK WE'VE GOT ENOUGH INFORMATION NOW, DON'T YOU?

ALL WE HAVE IS ONE "FACT" YOU MADE UP.

THAT'S PLENTY. BY THE TIME WE ADD AN INTRODUCTION, A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS, AND A CONCLUSION, IT WILL LOOK LIKE A GRADUATE THESIS.

BESIDES, I'VE GOT A SECRET WEAPON THAT WILL GUARANTEE ME A GOOD GRADE! NO TEACHER CAN RESIST THIS!

A CLEAR PLASTIC BINDER! PRETTY PROFESSIONAL LOOKING, EH?

I DON'T WANT CO-AUTHOR CREDIT ON THIS, OK?
Hi Susie! Did you write your report? Yeah, I spent all last evening on it. Did you?

Well, when you know as much as I do, it doesn't take as long. Mine took about 15 minutes.

I guess you won't be setting the grade curve this time, Susie! Read it and weep. "Bats: the big bug scourge of the skies."

Note the professional clear plastic binder. Bats aren't bugs!

All right, class, who would like to give his report first?

I would! I would!

Why Calvin, what a surprise to see you volunteer! You must have done a good job. Go to the front of the class.

Oh boy!

Now let's all pay attention. Go ahead, Calvin.

Thank you. Before I begin, I'd like everyone to notice that my report is in a professional, clear plastic binder.

That's very nice. Go ahead.

When a report looks this good, you know it'll get an "A." That's a tip, kids, write it down.
MY REPORT IS ON BATS.

AHEM...

"DUSK! With a creepy, tingling sensation, you hear the fluttering of leathery wings! BATS! With glowing red eyes and glistening fangs, these unspeakable giant bugs drop onto..."

BATS AREN'T BUGS!!

LOOK, WHO'S GIVING THE REPORT? YOU CHONDERHEADS... OR ME?!

CALVIN, I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU A MOMENT.

MAN ALIVE! CAN YOU BELIEVE WHAT MY TEACHER WROTE ON MY REPORT?

SHE SAYS I OBTINEMENTS did NO RESEARCH WHATSOEVER ON BATS AND THAT MY SCIENTIFIC ILLUSTRATION LOOKS LIKE I TRACED THE BATMAN LOGO AND ADDED FANGS.

SHE'S PRETTY PERCEPTIVE.

SHE DIDN'T EVEN GIVE ME CREDIT FOR MY PROFESSIONAL CLEAR PLASTIC BINDER!

WHAT DID YOUR PARENTS HAVE TO SAY?

NOTHING. AND IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A HAND HERE, IT WILL STAY THAT WAY.
Dad, how come old photographs are always black and white? Didn't they have color film back then?

Sure they did, in fact, those old photographs are in color. It's just the world was black and white then.

Really?

Yep. The world didn't turn color until sometime in the 1930s, and it was pretty grainy color for a while, too.

Yeah.

That's really weird, well, truth is stranger than fiction.

But then why are old paintings in color? If the world was black and white, wouldn't artists have painted it that way?

Not necessarily, a lot of great artists were insane.

But... but how could they have painted in color anyway? Wouldn't their paints have been shades of gray back then?

Of course, but they turned colors like everything else did in the '30s.

So why didn't old black and white photos turn color too? Because they were color pictures of black and white, remember?

The world is a complicated place, Hobbes.

Whenever it seems that way, I take a nap in a tree and wait for dinner.
HI SUSIE. WHAT DID YOU BRING FOR LUNCH TODAY?
A SWISS CHEESE AND KETCHUP SANDWICH.

IT'S MY VERY FAVORITE, TOO, SO I DON'T WANT TO HEAR WHAT GROSS THING YOU BROUGHT.

RELAX, SUSIE. I BOUGHT THE CAFETERIA LUNCH TODAY.

GOOD.

IT APPEARS TO BE CIGAR BUTTS IN A GALLSTONE SAUCE.

THAT'S BEANY-WIENIES!

REALY? OH GROSS.

HELLO?
HI, DAD. IT'S ME, CALVIN.

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT SCHOOL!
I AM AT SCHOOL.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY ARE YOU CALLING?

I TOLD THE TEACHER I HAD TO GO TO THE BATHROOM. QUICK, WHAT'S 11+7?
I believe history is a force.

It's an unalterable tide that sweeps all people and institutions along its relentless path. Everything and everyone serves history's single purpose.

And what is that purpose? Why, to produce ME, of course! I'm the end result of history.

You? Think of it: thousands of generations lived and died to produce my exact, specific parents, whose reason for being, obviously, was to produce ME.

All history up to this point has been spent preparing the world for my presence.

Hmm. 4½ billion years probably wasn't long enough.

Now I'm here, and history is vindicated. So now that history's brought you, what are you going to do?

Ooh, you wascawwy wabbit!
I was reading about how countless species are being pushed toward extinction by man's destruction of forests.

Sometimes I think the surest sign that intelligent life exists elsewhere in the universe is that none of it has tried to contact us.

What are you doing? You're going to be late for school! Hurry up and put your clothes on right.

It's sad how some people can't handle a little variety.
I wonder why man was put on earth. What's our purpose? Why are we here?

TIGER FOOD.

A LITTLE HIGH-STRUNG, ARE WE? WE TIGERS CALL IT LIGHTNING QUICK REFLEXES.
Calvin and Hobbes

by Watterson

CRICKK

I sure wish it would snow.

What's with the sled? There's no snow.

I aim to fix that right now with an appeal to the snow demons.

Snow demons?

Obviously they're tormenting us with this wimpy weather because they're angry. We must appease them.

Oh.

I'm going to lie here on my sled and think snow thoughts until the snow demons have mercy and unleash a blizzard.

Snow, snow! High and low! Wherever we go! Let it blow! To and fro! Hi-de-ho! Snow! Snow! Snow!
OW! WHAT AM I DOING ON THE CEILING?

Hmm... nothing else fell up, just me. This is very strange.

Even if I try to jump to the floor, I land back on the ceiling! My personal gravity must have reversed polarity!

You'd think this would be the type of thing we'd learn about in science class, but no, we learn about cirrus clouds.
HAVING MY PERSONAL GRAVITY POLARITY REVERSED IS A REAL NUISANCE. HOW AM I GOING TO GET UP TO THE FLOOR?

THERE'S NOT ANYTHING ON THE CEILING THAT I COULD EVEN CLIMB UP.

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO DO MY HOMEWORK WHEN I'M TRAPPED ON THE CEILING? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

MOM AND DAD WON'T BE TOO HAPPY ABOUT THIS, NO SIR.

DAD WILL HAVE TO BOLT MY BED TO THE CEILING TONIGHT, AND MOM WILL HAVE TO STAND ON A STEPLADDER TO HAND ME DINNER.

THEN I'LL HAVE TO HOLD MY PLATE UPSIDE-DOWN ABOVE MY HEAD AND SCRAPE THE FOOD OFF THE UNDERSIDE! AND IF I SPILL ANYTHING, IT WILL FLY 10 FEET UP TO THE FLOOR AND SPLAT!

THIS IS GOING TO BE THE MOST FUN I'VE EVER HAD!
All this wide open ceiling space! I wish I could get my roller skates.

Hey, maybe I can climb up this bookcase and when I get to the bottom shelf, leap to a chair!

Then I can pull myself across to other pieces of furniture and work my way to my toy chest.

...I can hear mom now: "How on earth did you get sneaker prints on the underside of each shelf?"

There, I think I can jump to that chair and hang onto the back.

Geeronimoo!

¡Whoa! Wham!

Great. Just great.

Calvin, quit banging around."
I'm telling you. My personal gravity reversed its polarity! I'll fall up now!

I've been trapped on the ceiling! I couldn't do my homework up there! My desk is on the floor!

You should be glad I wasn't outside when it happened, or I'd be sailing through the ionosphere!

Right. Now I don't want to hear any more nonsense until you're through with your homework, understand?

Don't let go! Don't let go!
IT'S... IT'S A MIRACLE! MY PERSONAL GRAVITY IS BACK TO NORMAL!

GLAD TO HEAR IT. NOW DO YOUR MATH.

YOU BET, MOM. BOY, WHAT A RELIEF TO BE PULLED DOWN INSTEAD OF UP!

I'LL CHECK YOUR PROGRESS IN A LITTLE BIT.

UH OH.

THIS HAS BEEN A MOST PECULIAR AFTERNOON.
I've got to get outside before I grow bigger.

I suppose I should get my pituitary gland checked.

I know! I'll run downtown and find Dad at work! Maybe he can help.

Hmm... now which building does Dad work in? They all look the same.

Well, maybe Dad can find me.
Well? How's your math coming along?

I've almost started!
OH BROTHER! ANOTHER "DISCUSSION" ABOUT MY STUDY HABITS AND THE IMPORTANCE OF HOMEWORK.

I TRIED EXPLAINING THAT IT'S HARD TO STUDY WHEN ONE'S SIZE SUDDENLY STARTS INCREASING, BUT DOES SHE CARE? HAH!

NO, IT'S JUST BLAH BLAH BLAH LIKE IT'S ALL MY FAULT! MOM'S NEVER BEEN AS BIG AS A GALAXY, SO SHE CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANYONE ELSE COULD BE! SHEEESH.

OOPS, IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'S WRAPPING UP. BETTER START NODDING.

GOOD, I'M GLAD WE HAD THIS LITTLE TALK.

DOING HOMEWORK? YEAH... DO YOU REMEMBER THE SHOW I MISSED?

I GOT A BIG LECTURE FROM MOM JUST BECAUSE I GOT STUCK ON THE CEILING AND THEN GREW SO BIG I FELL OFF THE PLANET WHEN I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DOING MY MATH?

GEE, THAT'S NOT VERY FAIR.

YOU SAID IT. HERE, HOW ABOUT HELPING ME HURRY UP WITH THESE PROBLEMS?

SURE! TIGERS ARE GREAT AT MATH! NOW WHAT DO THESE LITTLE HORIZONTAL LINES MEAN?

THAT'S A MINUS SIGN. LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU'RE DONE, OK? I'LL BE READING COMIC BOOKS.
TRIP!

YAAAM!

POOF

CALVIN? ARE YOU GETTING UP?
WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET A CHRISTMAS TREE?

OH, I DONNO. PROBABLY A LITTLE AFTER NEW YEAR'S.

AFTER NEW YEARS?

SURE, WE CAN JUST GO UP THE STREET AND PICK THE BEST TREE FROM THE NEIGHBORS' DRIVEWAYS.

WHAT?!

SOMETIMES THERE'S STILL TINSEL ON THE TREE TOO, SO YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO DECORATE IT! WE'LL SAVE TIME AND MONEY!

OK, WHAT DID YOUR DAD TELL YOU THIS TIME?

---

YES, CALVIN? YOU HAVE A QUESTION?

YEAH, I WAS WONDERING IF WE COULD STOP THE LESSON HERE AND ADJOURN TO THE PLAYGROUND FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.

OF COURSE NOT. NOW THEN, LET'S ALL TURN TO PAGE 24 AND...

MISS WORMWOOD?

YES?

HOW ABOUT JUST ME THEN?
OUT IN THE FARthest REACHES OF THE GALAXY, ZOOMS INTERPLANETARY EXPLORER SPiFF.

THE MUCK MONSTERS OF MORDO ARE CLOSING IN ON OUR HERO! A FIERY FLASH OF FATALITY-FIARE MISSES BY MERE MICROMPS!

SPiFF'S DESPERATE GAMBIT: TO FLY THROUGH THE RINGS OF PLANET ZK-5 BELOW! OUR HERO THROTTLES THE THRUSTERS AND DIVES!

IT WORKS! THE MUCK MONSTERS VEER OFF, AFRAID TO FOLLOW THE FEARLESS SPiFF INTO THE FROZEN FRAGMENTS OF ICE AND ROCK!

SWERVING LEFT, RIGHT, UP, AND DOWN, THE AMAZING SPACEMAN SPiFF PILOTS AROUND EACH HURLING MISSILE! WHAT SKILL! WHAT FORTITU...

POW!

OH NO! OUR HERO IS GOING DOWN!

Got 'im! Heh heh.' THose DARN LITTLE GUYS ARE HARD TO HIT, AREN'T THEY?

I HATE PLAYING 'DODGEBALL' IN GYM CLASS.
FOR "SHOW AND TELL" TODAY, I HAVE SOMETHING THAT WILL ASTOUND AND AMAZE YOU! THIS LITTLE GUY CAN...

HAVE YOU ALL HAD YOUR SHOTS?

ARE THERE ANY MONSTERS UNDER MY BED TONIGHT?

OF COURSE NOT. COME UNDER AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

Yeah, come and see. Heh heh heh.

OH RIGHT! YOU THINK I'M FALLING FOR THAT?! WHO AM I TALKING TO IF THERE AREN'T ANY MONSTERS DOWN THERE?!

Umm... uh...

They're all teeth and digestive tract. No brains at all.

Why, we're dust balls!

Yeah, little dust balls!
DEAR SANTA,
HOW ARE YOU?

WELL, ENOUGH CHIT CHAT.
LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.
THIS YEAR I WANT...

THAT'S A BIG ENVELOPE. ARE YOU MAILING A BOOK?

THIS IS MY CHRISTMAS LIST. CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS IS COSTING ME $2.40 TO SEND?

YES, WELL, AT THIS PRICE, ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT SANTA HAD BETTER READ IT DARN CAREFULLY. LAST YEAR I DIDN'T GET HALF OF WHAT I WANTED!

HAVE YOU BEHAVED ANY BETTER THIS YEAR?

IT DEPENDS HOW YOU... HEY, JUST WHAT ARE YOU INSINUATING?? WHY, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN A VERITABLE ANGEL THIS YEAR. JUST LIKE ALWAYS!

IN THAT CASE, WE CAN HAVE A COOKOUT WITH YOUR STOCKING CONTENTS. DON'T GET SMART, BUB, OR I'LL WALLOP YOU ON THE 26TH.

DID YOU PUT ANYTHING ON YOUR LIST FOR ME?

WHAT, AND PAY MORE POSTAGE? THIS PACKAGE IS BREAKING MY ARMS ALREADY! Go WRITE YOUR OWN LIST!

TIDINGS OF COMFORT AND JOY TO YOU TOO.

LOOK, IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF IN THIS WORLD. NOW GIVE ME A BOOST, WILL YA?!
EWW! WHAT'S THIS DISGUSTING STUFF?!

IT'S SPIDER PIE. YOU CAN PICK OUT THE BIG LEGS AND GIVE THEM TO YOUR DAD IF THEY'RE TOO HAIRY FOR YOU.

S-S-SPIDER PIE?

WHY, I BELIEVE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A QUIET DINNER FOR ONCE.

I KNOW I DON'T FEEL LIKE OPENING MY MOUTH.

HEY, I LIKE IT!

WANT TO GO PLAY OUTSIDE?

NO, IT'S TOO MUCH TROUBLE. FIRST I'D HAVE TO GET UP. THEN I'D HAVE TO PUT ON A COAT. THEN I'D HAVE TO FIND MY HAT AND PUT IT ON. (SIGH) THEN WE'D RUN AROUND AND I'D GET TIRED, AND WHEN WE CAME IN I'D HAVE TO TAKE ALL THAT STUFF OFF. NO WAY.

SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO INSTEAD?

I'M JUST GOING TO SIT HERE AND WAIT FOR A GOOD TV SHOW TO COME ON.

I'LL TELL YOUR MOM TO TURN YOU TOWARD THE LIGHT AND WATER YOU PERIODICALLY.

INSIDE OF MAKING SMART REMARKS, YOU COULD GET ME THE REMOTE CONTROL.
Calvin and Hobbes

It snowed!

Oh my gosh, look at it all! A creeping mountain of ice has crushed half the neighborhood!

It's a glacier! Right in my own town! Everything north of here has been wiped off the face of the earth! This is great!

Wow! Wooly mammoths! I've never seen those before!

It's a new ice age! Hooray! Sled city!

One... lousy... half... inch.

Look, the sun is coming out!
What are you doing still in bed? I've called you three times! You're going to miss the bus!

That's the idea. I'm staying in bed until Christmas. I want tons of loot this year, and I figure my chances of being good improve greatly if I don't get up.

Disobeying your mother and missing the bus isn't good. It's bad.

That darn Santa has got me every way I turn.

I hate this time of year. I've got to be good for two more weeks if I want any goodies this Christmas. I'll never make it.

I try to be good! I do! My heart is as pure as driven snow. It's just that, well, sometimes events beyond my control conspire against me!

I'm usually an innocent bystand... Hey, I saw you roll your eyes! So you don't believe me, eh?!

Me?!

By golly, each of your eyes will be rolling toward the other when I'm through with you!

Ha! I hope you asked Santa for some crutches.
Miserable miscreant! Question my integrity, will you?

I can't question it until I see some evidence of it!

Aughh! I've been fighting!

Only in the loosest sense of the word.

Santa, he made me! I didn't mean to fight.

Yes he did! Yes he did! He started it!

I did not! Did too! Did not! Did too! Liar! Liar!

Look Hobbes, no one saw us fighting, right? This can be our little secret, ok? Santa doesn't have to know about this, right?

Ok, ok, I'll even apologize! I'm sorry. How's that? See, it's ok to fight just a little bit if you say you're sorry afterward.

You bit and kicked.

I said I was sorry! What more do you want?

You could let me read all your comic books.

Over my dead body!

"Dear Santa, know what Calvin did today?"
Boy, if it wasn't so close to Christmas, I'd pound you good.

Yeah, I'd like to see you try.

Oh no you don't! You're not tempting me! I want every item on my Christmas list, so I'm being good. No matter what the provocation!

Here comes Susie Derkins.

Really? Quick, help me find a pine cone I can throw at...

...No! I'm being good! Good! Good! You'll never make it till Christmas. Give up now and enjoy yourself.

Hi Calvin. Are you bringing your stuffed tiger to school today?

No, he's just keeping me company while I wait for the bus.

Oh.

But actually, he's been nothing but trouble today. He's trying to sabotage my Christmas by making me be bad instead of good.

Fortunately, I asked Santa for such great presents that I can withstand any temptation. I'm being an absolute angel.

What did you ask for?

A heat-seeking guided missile. I figure five minutes with one of those babies will make up for this whole rotten month.
Calvin and Hobbes

Calvin, look! You got a letter?

A letter? I didn't hear the mail truck. A letter for me?

The return address says 'North Pole'.

Oh my gosh, it must be from Santa. Santa sent me a letter! Wow! Gee!

Read it! Read it!

"Dear Calvin, you rotten little kid..."

Oh no! Santa called me rotten! I'm doomed!

What else?

"I'm writing to give you one last chance. You've got seven days to get on the 'good boy' list."

Seven days! Oh no! What can I do??

Maybe he says.

"I'd suggest you start by being kind to animals. Perhaps you know an animal who would like a snack soon. Or maybe you should let an animal read your comic books sometime. Think about it."

Sounds like sage advice.

Signed, Santa Claws.

Santa Claws?

Wait a minute! I recognize this handwriting! It's yours! Santa didn't write this at all!

Give you a snack, huh? How about a knuckle sandwich?"
WANT TO HELP ME WRITE A BOOK?
SURE. WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT HISTORICAL FICTION IS? THIS IS SORT OF LIKE THAT. I'M WRITING A FICTIONAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IT'S THE STORY OF MY LIFE, BUT WITH A LOT OF PARTS COMPLETELY MADE UP.

WHY WOULD YOU MAKE UP YOUR OWN LIFE?

BECAUSE IN MY BOOK I HAVE A FLAME THROWER!

STILL AND QUIET FELINE FORM, IN THE SUN, ASLEEP AND WARM. HIS TAIL IS LIMP; HIS WHISKERS DROOPED. MAN, WHAT COULD MAKE THIS CAT SO POOPED?

SHEESHH...
Hi Mom. I'm making my own newspaper to report the events of our household. That's nice.

Now I'm looking for a page one lead story. Can I interview you?

Sure.

OK, what are you cutting up there for dinner?

Fish.

Knife-wielding mother hacks Ichthyoid. Grim melee is evening ritual. Suburban family devours victim.

Out of the kitchen. Out! Out!

Hi Dad. I'm making my own newspaper to report the events of our household. Would you help me out?

Sure, what do you need?

Well, you can take your pick. Either you can give me 15 bucks to pay my labor and production costs...

...or you can be the subject of a comic strip called "Dopey Dad."

Or you can be the subject of a comic strip called "Dopey Dad."

So in the next panel, Dopey Dad yells, "It's bedtime for you, young man!"

Hee hee! Look how big I made his mouth!
OH NO, NOT AGAIN.' THAT'S WHAT YOU HEAR EVERY NIGHT. LET'S READ SOMETHING DIFFERENT. HAMSTER HUEY AND THE GOOGLY KABLOOIE!

WHAT STORY WOULD YOU LIKE TONIGHT, CALVIN?

I WANT HAMSTER HUEY! I WANT HAMSTER HUEY!

C'MON, WE'LL READ A NEW STORY TONIGHT. YOU'LL LIKE IT. I PROMISE.

NO I WON'T. I'LL STAY AWAKE UNTIL MORNING IF YOU DON'T READ HAMSTER HUEY!

I DIDN'T REMEMBER HAMSTER HUEY HAVING QUITE THAT SARCASTIC TONE OF VOICE.

OR DOING EVERYTHING SO FAST.
Christmas Eve

On window panes, the icy frost leaves feathered patterns, crisscrossed. But in our house the Christmas tree is decorated festively with tiny dots of colored light that cozy up this winter night. Christmas songs, familiar, slow, play softly on the radio.

Pops and hisses from the fire whistle with the bells and choir. My tiger is now fast asleep on his back and dreaming deep. When the fire makes him hot, he turns to warm whatever’s not. Dropped against him on the rug, I give my friend a gentle hug. Tomorrow’s what I’m waiting for, but I can wait a little more.
HA HA! IT'S CHRISTMAS! HURRY UP, MOM AND DAD! IT'S ALMOST DAWN!

HURRY, YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER NEED TO HURRY!

HERE, I GOT YOU A PRESENT.

YOU GOT ME A PRESENT? GOSH HOBBES, HOW NICE!

I PICKED IT OUT MYSELF! OPEN IT!

WHY, IT'S... IT'S THREE CAN'S OF... Uh... SALMON. Um, thanks, Hobbes.

YOU'RE WELCOME!

GEE, I DIDN'T GET YOU A PRESENT. I FEEL TERRIBLE.

I THOUGHT OF THAT. SEE, YOU COULD GIVE ME MINE BACK. THAT WOULD BE A GOOD PRESENT!

WELL THEN, HERE! MERRY CHRISTMAS, HOBBES!

WHY, THANK YOU! IT'S JUST WHAT I WANTED! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

CALVIN, DID YOU KNOCK THESE CANS OVER IN THE PANTRY?

WELL, HERE WE ARE, POISED AT THE PRECIPICE OF "PALLBEARER PEAK" ON A FLIMSY, UNSTEERABLE SLED!

THE MIND RECOILS IN HORROR TO IMAGINE THE AWFUL DESCENT! YES, IT'S A THOUSAND FOOT VERTICAL DROP ONTO A BOULDER FIELD LINED WITH PRICKER BUSHES! IT'S A JOURNEY CALCULATED TO EXCEED THE HUMAN CAPACITY FOR BLINDED FEAR!

READY TO GO? READY.
NEW HAT, DAD?
Yep.
I LIKE IT. THANK YOU. SO DO I.

Aaugh!
You're going to be late for work, Dad?

You don't like my "snowman house of horror," do you?!
I SEE YOU, HOBBS! MAN, WHAT A LOUSY SHOT! TIGERS CAN'T THROW WORTH A...

SMACK!

I JUST THREW THE FIRST ONE SO YOU'D TURN AROUND.

A NEW DECADE IS COMING UP. YEAH, BIG DEAL! HMPH.

WHERE ARE THE FLYING CARS? WHERE ARE THE MOON COLONIES?
WHERE ARE THE PERSONAL ROBOTS AND THE ZERO GRAVITY BOOTS, HUH? YOU CALL THIS A NEW DECADE?! YOU CALL THIS THE FUTURE?? HA!

WHERE ARE THE ROCKET PACKS? WHERE ARE THE DISINTEGRATION RAYS? WHERE ARE THE FLOATING CITIES?

FRANKLY, I'M NOT SURE PEOPLE HAVE THE BRAINS TO MANAGE THE TECHNOLOGY THEY'VE GOT.

I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS! WE STILL HAVE WEATHER?!! GIVE ME A BREAK!
Calvin and Hobbes

Are you going out for New Year's Eve?

Are you making any resolutions for the New Year?

Resolutions? Me?? Just what are you implying? That I need to change?? Well, buddy, as far as I'm concerned, I'm perfect the way I am.

For your information, I'm staying like this, and everyone else can just get used to it! If people don't like me the way I am, well, tough beans! It's a free country. I don't need anyone's permission to be the way I want. This is how I am - take it or leave it.

By Golly, life's too darn short to waste time trying to please every meddlesome moron who's got an idea how I ought to be. I don't need advice! Everyone can just stay out of my face!

I...

Hmph!

He should resolve to be more attentive when someone is speaking.
BEFORE GOING DOWN A STEEP HILL LIKE THIS, ONE SHOULD ALWAYS GIVE HIS SLED A SAFETY CHECK.

RIGHT.

SEAT BELTS?

NONE.

SIGNALS?

NONE.

BRAKES?

NONE.

STEERING?

NONE.

WHEEEE
HOW COLD IS IT OUTSIDE?

I DON'T KNOW. WHY DON'T YOU CHECK?

IT'S PRETTY DARN COLD, I'D SAY.

LET ME SHOW YOU AN INTERESTING GADGET THAT'S HANGING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW.
This is the part of winter I like best... when you come inside, freezing cold and soaked...

...and you put on fresh dry clothes, and run up to the warm kitchen, where Mom's got a steaming mug of hot chocolate waiting for you!

Mom... Mom?? Hey Mom!

"Calvin, I'm next door. Don't have anything to eat, or you'll spoil your appetite. Mom."

It's going to be a long, cold, dark winter.

While I'm doing this brain surgery, you can make a donor and do a heart transplant!

Forget it, Calvin. I'm not playing with you any more.
Calvin and Hobbes

by watterson

Hee hee hee hee

I'm a genius, Hobbes. There's simply no other word for it. Who else would think to arm a toboggan? It's just genius!

See Susie Derkins down there? She's building a snowman and doesn't even know we're up here! We'll zip down and pelt her silly with snowballs!

You steer and I'll throw! See, the snowballs will gain even more force from our own velocity! Genius, huh?

Ha ha! We'll be a mile away before she can even pick her head out of the snow!

There she is! Steer closer so I can get her! Lean!

Augh! Steer! You're too close! Mayday!

Piff!

Another genius thwarted by an incapable assistant. Hey Calvin, look up.
Look, Hobbes! My newest invention!

Isn't that your Transmogrifier?

IT WAS, BUT I MADE SOME MODIFICATIONS.

See, the box is on its side now.

It's a duplicator!

Ah.

It combines the technologies of the Transmogrifier and a photocopier, so instead of merely making a reproduction on paper, this machine actually creates a real duplicate!

Duplicator.

So our financial worries are over? And counterfeiting is just one of its many uses around the home!

Have you tested your duplicator machine yet?

I was just about to. You can help.

Oh boy! What will we duplicate first?

Me!

Yeah! Mom wants me to clean my room, so I'll duplicate myself and let the duplicator do the work! Smart, huh?

You??

I can picture the look on your parents' faces when they find out they've suddenly had twins.

Twins, heck! This summer I can make a whole baseball team!
OK, Hobbes, press the button and duplicate me.

Are you sure this is such a good idea?

Brother! You doubting Thomases get in the way of more scientific advances with your stupid ethical questions! This is a brilliant idea! Hit the button, will ya?

I'd hate to be accused of inhibiting scientific progress... here you go.

Boink

Scientific progress goes "boink"?

It worked! It worked! I'm a genius!

No, you're not, you liar! I invented this!

The duplicator worked! Hobbes, not sure I'm ready for this.

Hey, nice room.

Oog, I'm dupe! Hobbes and I are going out to play. You clean my room, and when you're done, I've got some homework you can do, too.

Forget it, bub! Find some other sucker to do your dirty work! Last one outside is a rotten egg!

Hey! Come back here!

He's a duplicate of you, all right.

What do you mean? This guy is a total jerk!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING? DID YOU CLEAN YOUR ROOM LIKE I ASKED YOU TO?

I'M GOING OUTSIDE. CALVIN CAN CLEAN HIS OWN ROOM.

I DON'T WANT ANY NONSENSE, CALVIN. GO UPSTAIRS.

CALVIN? I'M NOT CALVIN. I'M HIS DUPLICATE. CALVIN'S IN HIS ROOM.

WHAT DID I JUST SAY? NO NONSENSE, CALVIN! GO CLEAN YOUR ROOM.

BOY, YOU ARE A CRABBY LADY! WHO ARE YOU? CALVIN'S CRUEL GOVERNESS?

THAT DOES IT.

C'MON, HOBBES. WE'D BETTER GO FIND MY DUPLICATE BEFORE HE GETS ME IN TROUBLE.

I'M TELLING YOU. LADY, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG GUY! I'M A DUPLICATE OF CALVIN! CALVIN'S IN HIS ROOM!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. GIVE ME YOUR COAT.

SEE, CALVIN? THERE'S NO ONE HERE. NOW THAT'S ENOUGH GAMES. CLEAN YOUR ROOM, OK?

I DON'T SEE HIM, HOBBES. MAYBE HE'S OUTSIDE, HUH?

WE'D BETTER HURRY. I THINK I HEAR YOUR MOM COMING DOWN THE STAIRS.
CALVIN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUTSIDE? DIDN'T I JUST SEND YOU TO CLEAN YOUR ROOM TWO MINUTES AGO?!

I DID TOO! NOW GET BACK UPSTAIRS. I'M LOSING MY PATIENCE FOR THIS GAME!

SHE MUST'VE FOUND MY DUPLICATE! C'MON HOBBES, WE'D BETTER HURRY BEFORE HE GETS US IN MORE TROUBLE!

NUMBER THREE, HI! I'M NUMBER TWO! CHARMED.

MOM SAID SHE SENT ME UPSTAIRS A MINUTE AGO! THAT MUST'VE BEEN MY DUPLICATE!

WHAT A MESS THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE!

YOU SAID IT! HE GETS IN TROUBLE, BUT I'M THE ONE WHO GETS BLAMED! WE'D BETTER STRAIGHTEN HIM...

AAUGH!

YOUR DUPLICATOR IS A BIG SUCCESS. ARE YOU KIDDING? IT BURNED OUT AFTER THE FIFTH ONE OF US!
OH NO! MY DUPLICATE MADE Duplicates!

HOBBS, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

BETTER TELL YOUR MOM TO PUT OUT THE EXTRA TABLE SETTINGS.

LOOK, YOU GUYS HAVE TO STAY IN HERE AND BE REAL QUIET! IF MY MOM FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS, SHE'LL HAVE A FIT.

I'M THE ORIGINAL! YOU HAVE TO DO WHAT I SAY.

OH YEAH? LET'S PUT IT TO A VOTE.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU, BUT I'M GOING TO GET SOME COOKIES!

I'M GOING OUTSIDE!

YOU GUYS, COME BACK! MOM WILL SEE YOU!

I WONDER WHAT'S ON TV NOW?

I THINK WE SHOULD CHECK INTO A HOTEL UNTIL THIS IS OVER.

SO WHAT? SO LONG AS WE SPLIT UP AND SHE ONLY SEES ONE OF US AT A TIME, SHE'LL JUST THINK WE'RE YOU.

WHAT A BUNCH OF DECEPTIVE LITTLE STINKERS! WHERE'D THEY LEARN TO MISBEHAVE LIKE THAT?!
CALVIN, YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO EAT COOKIES BEFORE DINNER! PUT THOSE AWAY! DID YOU CLEAN YOUR ROOM YET?

I'M NOT CALVIN. I'M A DUPLICATE.

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT. NOW MOVE!

OHH, SOME DAYS THAT KID OF MINE...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE?

WHY? ARE YOU TAKING A SURVEY?

I'M HOME!

HI, CALVIN.

HI. I SAID HI.

HI. KNOCK IT OFF, CALVIN.

DEAR, HAVE A TALK WITH HIM. HE'S BEEN DRIVING ME CRAZY.
OK Duplicates, listen up. As long as you're all here and I don't know how to get rid of you, we might as well cooperate.

Specifically, with five duplicates, we can divide up the school week so there's one duplicate for each day.

If the rest of us lay low, we can take turns going to school, and no one will be the wiser!

Now that still leaves us with the question of who gets the bed tonight. We'll fight you for it.

Hi Calvin. I'm not Calvin. I'm duplicate number two.

I'm not Calvin.

We drew straws, and today's my day to go to school. We're all taking turns so we each only go once a week.

Calvin, you are so weird.

I'm not even going to talk to you.

I'm not Calvin.

I wish I lived somewhere where I went to a normal bus stop.

Are you in Calvin's class? Will you help me find his locker?
CALVIN, WOULD YOU PLEASE DEMONSTRATE THE HOMEWORK PROBLEM YOU WERE ASSIGNED YESTERDAY?

I WASN'T HERE YESTERDAY. YES, YOU WERE, CALVIN. DIDN'T YOU DO YOUR PROBLEM?

I'M NOT CALVIN. I'M DUPLICATE NUMBER FIVE. DUPLICATE TWO WAS HERE YESTERDAY, NOT ME. WE'RE ALL TAKING TURNS. NUMBER TWO WILL BE BACK NEXT WEEK, AND YOU CAN ASK HIM TO DO THE PROBLEM THEN.

LOOK, I DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO HARD ABOUT THIS!

GUY'S? IT'S OK TO COME OUT? IT'S ME, NUMBER FOUR. I'M HOME.

HOW WAS SCHOOL TODAY? AHH, I GOT SENT TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, JUST LIKE NUMBERS TWO AND FIVE DID.

GEEZ, YOU GUYS! EVEN I DON'T GET SENT TO THE PRINCIPAL EVERY DAY! YOU'RE MAKING ME LOOK BAD!

LOOK, CALVIN, IF YOU DON'T LIKE OUR PERFORMANCE, YOU CAN GO TO SCHOOL YOURSELF!

WHOA, LET'S NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS! I'M JUST SAYING THERE'S ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

HEY FOUR, WERE YOU ABLE TO SWIPE ANY CHALK?

YEAH! THE PRINCIPAL NEVER FRISKED ME!
Hobbes, we've got to get rid of these duplicates! All they do is get me in trouble!

Everyone thinks I'm doing all these rotten things, when really it's a duplicate! I'm being framed by my own doubles!

Run! Hide! Outta my way!

It appears you've just perpetrated another crime. The worst part is that I don't even have the fun of doing the stuff I'm getting blamed for.

All right, what did you guys do now?

You'd better hide, Calvin! Your mom's on the warpath!

Calvin?

She's coming! Quick, get under the duplicator box!

There you are! What have you got to say for yourself? I want an explanation for this behavior!

Tell her you need a bigger allowance!

Yeah! Five times bigger!

Um, can I get back to you on this, mom?

No.
Boy, Mom sure read me the riot act, didn't she?

I have an idea.

Psst, Calvin! Is the coast clear?

Did your mom go away yet?

Can we come out now?

Oh no! Your mom's coming back!

There she is, stay in the box, guys! Keep quiet!

Sshh! Tykes!

Tobes, you're a genius!

I don't hear her. Do you?

Hey, what's going on out there?

So long, duplicates!

What do you mean? We're not going anyhow...

Zap!

What did you transmogrify them into?

Worms?

Worms! Well, I didn't want them to be unhappy...

Cool! Look at us!

Ha ha! Let's go gross someone out!
WELL, MOM, YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT ME GETTING IN TROUBLE ANY MORE.

OH REALLY?

YUP. SEE, I MADE THESE DUPLICATES OF MYSELF, AND THEY WERE THE ONES WHO WERE BAD, NOT ME.

OH, SEE, I MADE THESE DUPLICATES OF MYSELF, AND THEY WERE THE ONES WHO WERE BAD, NOT ME.

UH HUH...

OH, UH HUH...

BUT NOW LOOK! I TRANSMOGIFIED THEM!

BUT NOW LOOK! I TRANSMOGIFIED THEM!

OH, CALVIN! DON'T CARRY WORMS THROUGH THE HOUSE! OUT! OUT!

OH, CALVIN! DON'T CARRY WORMS THROUGH THE HOUSE! OUT! OUT!

WELL THERE! YOU GOT ME IN TROUBLE ONE LAST TIME. I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY!

WELL THERE! YOU GOT ME IN TROUBLE ONE LAST TIME. I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY!

YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO PUT US ON YOUR DAD'S DINNER PLATE TONIGHT BEFORE WE GO?

YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO PUT US ON YOUR DAD'S DINNER PLATE TONIGHT BEFORE WE GO?

WELL, HOBBS, I GUESS WE LEARNED A VALUABLE LESSON FROM THIS Duplicating MESS.

AND THAT IS?

AND THAT IS, UM...IT'S THAT, WELL...

AND THAT IS, UM...IT'S THAT, WELL...

OK, SO WE DIDN'T LEARN ANY BIG LESSON, SUE ME.

OK, SO WE DIDN'T LEARN ANY BIG LESSON, SUE ME.

LIVE AND DON'T LEARN, THAT'S US.
WHAP!

DID YOU THROW THAT?!

THROW WHAT?

LET ME SEE YOUR MITTENS! THERE, LOOK! FLECKS OF BARK, PIECES OF GRAVEL, SPOTS OF MUD, AND GRANULES OF ICE. THAT WAS YOUR SNOWBALL, ALL RIGHT.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH HAVING A SIGNATURE STYLE.

HA! YOU MISSED BY A MILE! NYAH NYAH! THBP'TBH!

YES?

YOU'RE DARN LUCKY I DIDN'T GET THAT SNOWBLOWER FOR CHRISTMAS!
I hate these forced marches! When are we going home?

This is just a little walk, Calvin. The exercise is good for you.

But I'm freezing! It must be 10 below! My toes are numb!

Numb toes build character.

Yeah? Well, what about frostbite? What about hypothermia? What about death? I suppose those build character too! I can't believe I'm out here!

This is the worst day of my entire life! I hate this! Aren't we going home yet? It seems like we've been walking for hours!

Calvin, will you please stop griping?

Gripping? I'm not griping! I'm just observing what a miserable experience this is! But ok! Sure! As long as I'm trudging hundreds of miles for no apparent reason, I might as well do it in silence! Right?!

Just because I'm out in the elements like a complete idiot, watching my digits turn to ice and fall off, I sure as heck wouldn't ever want to spoil the . . .

We're what? Oh, look, we're home!

We're what? Oh, look, we're home!
QUIZ:
Jack and Joe leave their homes at the same time and drive toward each other. Jack drives at 60 mph, while Joe drives at 30 mph. They pass each other in 10 minutes. How far apart were Jack and Joe when they started?

PLANNED TO TAKE THE DAY OFF AND SPEND TIME WITH A COUPLE OF BUDDIES. MY BUDDIES TRAVEL LIGHT AND THEY'RE FUN TO HAVE AROUND. ONE TRAVELS IN A HOLSTER, AND THE OTHER IN A HIP FLASK.

MY NAME IS BULLET. TRACER BULLET. WHAT PEOPLE CALL ME IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN. I'M A PRIVATE EYE. IT SAYS SO ON MY DOOR.

THE LAST THING I WANTED THIS MORNING WAS A CASE TO SOLVE, BUT THE DAME WHO BROUGHT IT WAS PERSUASIVE. MOST DAMES ARE, SOMEHOW.

IT WAS ANOTHER BAFFLING CASE. BUT THEN, YOU DON'T HIRE A PRIVATE EYE FOR THE EASY ONES...

GET TO WORK, CALVIN.
I TOLD HER IT WOULD COST HER FIFTY GREENBACKS A DAY, PLUS EXPENSES.
I stepped out into the rainy streets and reviewed the facts. There weren't many.

Two saps, Jack and Joe, drive toward each other at 60 and 30 mph. After 10 minutes, they pass. I'm supposed to find out how far apart they started.

Questions pour down like the rain. Who are these mugs? What were they trying to accomplish? Why was Jack in such a hurry? And what difference does it make where they started from?

I had a hunch that, before this was over, I'd be sorry I asked.

First I figured I'd try the Derkins Dame. Susie and I never hit it off, although occasionally we hit each other.

Susie had a face that suggested somebody upstairs had a weird sense of humor, but I wasn't going to her place for laughs. I needed information.

The way I looked at it, Derkin's acted awfully smug for a dame who had a head for numbers and not much else. Maybe she's got something on Jack and Joe. The question is, will she sing?

No, I won't tell you what the answer is! Do your own work!
THE DERKINS DAME WASN'T TALKING. SOMEONE HAD GOTTEN TO HER FIRST AND SHUT HER UP GOOD. I KNEW SUSIE, AND CLOSING HER MOUTH WOULD'VE TAKEN SOME WORK.

I NEEDED A CLUE AND A DRINK. ONE OF THEM I KNEW WHERE TO FIND.

YOU'VE MADE ENOUGH TRIPS TO THE WATER FOUNTAIN. FINISH YOUR QUIZ.

SUDDENLY A GORILLA PULLED ME IN AN ALLEY, SQUEEZED MY SPINE INTO AN ACCORDION, AND PLAYED A POLKA ON ME WITH BRASS KNUCKLES!

YOU'RE AIN'T GON' NOWHERE, FLATFOOT.

THE INSIDE OF MY HEAD WAS EXPLODING WITH FIREWORKS. FORTUNATELY, MY LAST THOUGHT TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS WHEN IT LEFT.

WHEN I CAME TO, THE PIECES ALL FIT TOGETHER. JACK AND JOE'S LIVES WERE DEFINED BY INTEGERS. OBVIOUSLY, THEY WERE PART OF A "NUMBERS" RACKET!

BACK IN THE OFFICE, I PULLED THE FILES ON ALL THE NUMBERS BIG ENOUGH TO KEEP SUSIE QUIET AND WANT ME OUT OF THE PICTURE. THE ANSWER HIT ME LIKE A .44 SLUG. IT HAD TO BE THE NUMBER THEY CALLED "MR. BILLION."

Answer: 1,000,000,000

TIME'S UP. BRING YOUR PAPERS FORWARD.

CASE CLOSED!

Calvin and Hobbes by Watterson

I think this is my favorite time of year! The new snow makes everything look so pretty.

WUMP!

I think this is my favorite time of year! The new snow muffles approaching footsteps! Hoo hoo!

Man, I can't wait for spring.
I MISSED THE BUS, MOM.

OH NO.

HURRY! IF WE JUMP IN THE CAR, YOU CAN ZOOM UP, PASS THE BUS ON A STRAIGHTAWAY, DROP ME OFF AT A LATER STOP, AND I CAN RIDE THE BUS FROM THERE!

C'MON! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? REV UP THE CAR!

MOM'S SO LAZY.

READY... AIMM...
CALVIN AND HOBBES

LET'S HURRY DOWN THIS HILL AND GO HOME.

WHAT'S THE RUSH?

THERE'S A TV SHOW ON SLEDGING I WANT TO WATCH.

IN MY OPINION, TELEVISION VALIDATES EXISTENCE.

TAKE THIS SLED RIDE, FOR INSTANCE. THE EXPERIENCE IS FLEETING AND ELUSIVE. BY TOMORROW, WE'LL HAVE FORGOTTEN IT, AND IT MAY AS WELL HAVE NOT EVEN HAPPENED.

BUT IF WE WERE ON TV NOW COUNTLESS VIEWERS WOULD SHARE IN THE EVENT AND CONFIRM IT! THIS RIDE WOULD BECOME A PART OF MASS CONSCIOUSNESS!

AND ON TV, THE IMPACT OF AN EVENT IS DETERMINED BY THE IMAGE, NOT ITS SUBSTANCE!

SO WITH SOME STRONG VISUALS, OUR SLED RIDE COULD CONCEIVABLY MAKE US CULTURAL ICONS!

INSTEAD OF BEING BORING O' CALVIN AND HOBBES, WE'D BE "CALVIN AND HOBBES—AS SEEN ON TV!" WOULDN'T THAT BE GREAT? DON'T YOU WISH WE WERE ON TV?

AT THIS MOMENT, I LIKE MY ANONIMITY.

I THINK WE SHOULD GO FOR THE HIGH-BROW PUBLIC TV AUDIENCE, DON'T YOU?

By Watten

CALVIN & HOBBES © Bill Watterson. Distributed by Andrews McMeel Syndication.
Bedtime, kiddo.
Aw, mom! Can't I watch the next program?
No, you need your sleep. C'mon.
Can I just watch another 15 minutes? Please? OK, just 10 minutes. Then I'll go straight to bed! Five minutes! Just five minutes, OK?
Turn off the TV.
Look, I'll just watch a few more commercials, OK? See, here's my favorite gum commercial!
I guess that got pretty pathetic.

Oh no! I just remembered that today is "show and tell" day. I need something to show and tell about!

Why can't you think of these things more than two minutes before the bus comes?

What can I take? I've gotta take something!

I've... ah...

Achoo!

Never mind, mom! Do we have any plastic bags? I don't want to know. I don't want to know.
Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson

Winter has wrapped the land in a soft, white blanket, and the earth sleeps quietly...

Whoa-oomphaa! Look out below! Lean! Lean! Augh!

Mayday! Bail out!

You call that steering? We almost got killed! My fault? Yeah, step over here and say that, you stripey dope! That's right. I'm talking to you!

Hey! Ow! Quit biting! Oof! Take that!

I think when I grow up, I'll live in the tropics.

Wee! Let's get the sled out of the tree and do that again!

You know what we need for our sled? A siren!
AARGH! I MISSED!
IT'S THESE DARN FUZZY MITTENS! THE SNOW STICKS TO 'EM AND YOU CAN'T THROW STRAIGHT. DARN IT! DARN IT! DARN IT!

I HATE THESE FUZZY MITTENS! IF ONLY MOM HAD GIVEN ME PADDED GLOVES INSTEAD OF THESE NO-GOOD, AWFUL, ROTTEN FUZZY MITTENS!

WHAP!

WELL I'LL BE! MY FUZZY MITTENS HAVE PADS!
THE INCREDIBLE SPACEMAN SPIFF, INTERPLANETARY EXPLORER EXTRAORDINAIRE, DESCENDS TOWARD AN ALIEN PLANET SURFACE!

THE FEARLESS SPACEMAN SPIFF CRUISES LOW OVER PLANET QUORG, A DESOLATE WORLD OF DEEP GORGES AND CANYONS.

SEARCHING FOR LIFE, OUR HERO EXPLORES THE PECULIAR ROCK FORMATIONS!

...THE VERY PECULIAR ROCK FORMATIONS! ...A LITTLE TOO PECULIAR, PERHAPS!

SUDDENLY OUR HERO REALIZES THAT THIS LANDSCAPE WAS NOT CREATED BY GEOLOGICAL FORCES! SPIFF HITS THE THRUSTERS!

While SPIFF was searching for alien life, it seems alien life was searching for SPIFF. No doubt it wanted the earthling for dinner!

CALVIN, WHERE ARE YOU? IT'S TIME FOR DINNER!

UHHH! SPIFF BLASTS INTO HYPERSPACE!
ONE. LOOK AT THE TORTURED COUNTENANCE OF THIS FIGURE CONFIRMS THAT THE ARTIST HAS DRUNK DEEPLY FROM THE CUP OF LIFE. THIS WORK SHALL ENDURE AND INSPIRE FUTURE GENERATIONS.

ANY DUMB KID CAN BUILD A SNOWMAN, BUT IT TAKES A GENIUS LIKE ME TO CREATE ART.

THIS SNOW SCULPTURE TRANSCENDS CORPOREAL LIKENESS TO EXPRESS DEEPER TRUTHS ABOUT THE HUMAN CONDITION! THIS SCULPTURE IS ABOUT GRIEF AND SUFFERING!

ONE LOOK AT THE TORTURED COUNTENANCE OF THIS FIGURE CONFIRMS THAT THE ARTIST HAS DRUNK DEEPLY FROM THE CUP OF LIFE! THIS WORK SHALL ENDURE AND INSPIRE FUTURE GENERATIONS!
STILL MAKING SNOW ART?

YEP!

YESTERDAY YOUR SCULPTURE MELTED.

THIS TIME I'M TAKING ADVANTAGE OF MY MEDIUM'S IMPERMANENCE.

THIS SCULPTURE IS ABOUT TRANSIENCE. AS THIS FIGURE MELTS, IT INVITES THE VIEWER TO CONTEMPLATE THE EVANESCENCE OF LIFE.

THIS PIECE SPEAKS TO THE HORROR OF OUR OWN MORTALITY.

HEY STUPID! IT'S TOO WARM TO BUILD A SNOWMAN! WHAT A DOPE! HA HA HA HA!

A PHILISTINE ON THE SIDEWALK.

GENIUS IS NEVER UNDERSTOOD IN ITS OWN TIME.

HOW'S YOUR SNOW ART PROGRESSING?

I'VE MOVED INTO ABSTRACTION!

AH.

THIS PIECE IS ABOUT THE INADEQUACY OF TRADITIONAL IMAGERY AND SYMBOLS TO CONVEY MEANING IN TODAY'S WORLD.

BY ABANDONING REPRESENTATIONALISM, I'M FREE TO EXPRESS MYSELF WITH PURE FORM. SPECIFIC INTERPRETATION GIVES WAY TO A MORE VISCERAL RESPONSE.

I NOTICE YOUR OEUVRÉ IS MONOCHROMATIC.

WELL C'MON, IT'S JUST SNOW.
Dad, if you threw a snowball at someone, but deliberately missed, would that be "bad"?

Well, I suppose that would be provoking. So yes, it would be a little bad.

No, not that bad, but worse than if you hadn't thrown it at all.

Suppose you just grazed the person. How bad would that be?

Say maybe you knocked off his hat and his glasses or something.

That would mean instant death.

Boy, this pudding was great! Can I take a bowl upstairs to Hobbes?

No, I think you've had enough.

I didn't say for me. I said for Hobbes!

Well, I don't think 'Hobbes' needs any either.

Why not?

Um... because tigers need to stay lean and mean.

That's what she said.

I'm lean! I'm mean! Tell her chocolate pudding makes my coat lustrous.
Calvin and Hobbes
by Watterson

If there's more to life than this, I don't know what it is.
WHY SHOULD I GO TO SCHOOL? WHY CAN'T I STAY HOME?

WHY DO I HAVE TO LEARN? WHY CAN'T I STAY THE WAY I AM? WHAT'S THE POINT OF THIS? WHY DO THINGS HAVE TO BE THIS WAY? WHY CAN'T THINGS BE DIFFERENT?

LIFE IS FULL OF MYSTERIES, ISN'T IT? SEE YOU THIS AFTERNOON.

AT 7:00 AM, MOM'S NOT VERY PHILOSOPHICAL.

ALL SET?

OK, GET READY!

NOW!

SMASH

TOO BAD THE BACK OF THE CAMERA OPENED WHEN WE LANDED. THAT WOULD'VE BEEN A GREAT PICTURE!
HA! I've got a great word and it's on a "double word score" box!

"ZQFMGB" isn't a word! It doesn't even have a vowel!

It is so a word! It's a worm found in New Guinea! Everyone knows that!

I'm looking it up. You do, and I'll look up that 12-letter word you played with all the Xs and Js!

What's your score for ZQFMGB?

Mom says you should watch TV and I should read the dumb book.

Ugh, I only like nature documentaries.

Hey, no TV until your homework is done.

It's getting done.

Not with you sitting here. It isn't.

Hobbes is reading my book for me.

After I'm done watching TV, he'll tell me what the book was about, and I'll tell him what the TV shows were about! See, we're doing twice as much in the same amount of time!
Hey Twinky, gimme a quarter.

WHAT?? WHY SHOULD I GIVE YOU MY MONEY?!!

It's for the 'Let Calvin Live Through Recess Fund.' SOUNDS LIKE A WORTHY CAUSE.

His motto is "Give before it hurts."

MOMMM! I NEED A DRINK OF WATER!

MPHHH... CALVIN, IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT. GET A DRINK YOURSELF.

I CAN'T. THERE ARE MONSTERS UNDER MY BED! I'M SCARED.

OK... OK... OK...
140 million years ago, the incredible Ultrasaurs wander the earth! Some weigh over 10 tons, and even the vicious Allosaurs are no match for these giants!

But wait! A distant rumbling sends the Ultrasaurs into a panicked stampede! Is it a volcano? Is it an earthquake?

No! It's... it's a Calvinosaurus!

Named after the renowned archeologist who discovered it, the huge Calvinosaurus can eat an Ultrasaur in a single bite!

Phoezy! I never find anything.

It looks like you've hit the sewer pipe.
OK HOBBS, Toss up this deck of cards, and I'll plug the ace of spades!

OH BOY, A SHOOTING TRICK!

GO!

BLAM BAM POW ZING BLOOE BANG

HERE IT IS! WOW! SIX CLEAN HOLES THROUGH THE ACE!

PRETTY GOOD, HUH? WANT TO KNOW HOW I DID IT? I USED A HOLE PUNCHER AHEAD OF TIME!

Hmm, on second thought, I'll fold.

Hey, what's with this deck?

This morning I had a wonderful dream. By holding my arms out stiff and pushing down hard, I found I could suspend myself a few feet above the ground. I flapped harder, and soon I was soaring effortlessly over the trees and telephone poles! I could fly! I folded my arms back and zoomed low over the neighborhood. Everyone was amazed, and they ran along under me as I shot by. Then I rocketed up so fast that my eyes watered from the wind. I laughed and laughed, making huge loops across the sky. ...That's when Mom woke me up and said I was going to miss the bus if I didn't get my bottom out of bed. 20 minutes later, here I am, standing in the cold rain, waiting to go to school, and I just remembered I forgot my lunch.

Tuesdays don't start much worse than this.
I DID IT.
I DID IT.

SOMEHOW I IMAGINED THIS EXPERIENCE WOULD BE MORE REWARDING.

HEWNO! IS HOBBESIE-WOBBSIE SWEEPY? OOH, HE'S JUST A BIG SNOOGIE-WOOGIE, ISN'T HE? YES HE IS! HEWNO, SNOOGIE-WOOGIE!

GLOMP! HEY. HEY.

OW! LEGGO, YOU BLOODTHIRSTY CARNIVORE! OW! OW!

I CAN SEE WHY LITTLE TABBY CATS ARE SO MUCH MORE POPULAR.
ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A...

YOU KNOW WHAT ID LIKE TO SEE? I'D LIKE TO SEE THE THREE BEARS EAT THE THREE LITTLE PIGS, AND THEN THE BEARS JOIN UP WITH THE BIG BAD WOLF AND EAT GOLDILOCKS AND LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD!

TELL ME A STORY LIKE THAT, OK?

AND HOW SHOULD HANSEL AND GRETEL MEET THEIR UNTIMELY DEMISE?

THE WITCH EATS THEM AND THEN THE WOLF EATS THE WITCH.

HEY DAD, CAN I TAKE THE GAS CAN FOR THE LAWN MOWER OUT IN THE BACK YARD?

WHAT ON EARTH FOR? IT'S 8:00 AT NIGHT!

I WANT TO POUR GASOLINE IN BIG LETTERS ON THE LAWN... AND SET FIRE TO IT SO AIRPLANES CAN READ IT AS THEY FLY OVER!

NO, YOU CAN'T DO THAT! DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!

I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE INTENDED TO WRITE.
CALVIN AND HOBBES

by WATerson

THIS MEETING OF THE TOP SECRET CLUB G.R.O.S.S. (GET RID OF SLIMY GIRLS) WILL COME TO ORDER. TODAY THIS AUGUST ASSEMBLY WILL DECIDE WHETHER TO DEMOTE PRESIDENT HOBBES ON CHARGES OF HERESY.

HERESY?!

LET THE RECORD SHOW THAT THE DEFENDANT MADE AN UNDISPARAGING COMMENT ABOUT THE POSSIBLE MEMBERSHIP OF SUSIE DERKINS, AN ADMITTED GIRL AND ENEMY OF THIS CLUB.

HA! HA! I'M WRITING "HOBBES EQUALS UGLY FUR BALL" — WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

IT IS NOT GIMME THAT.

DEAR STENOGRAPHER, I REFUSE TO ENTER THE VERDICT. IN FACT, I'M PROMOTING MYSELF TO "EL TIGRE NUMERO UNO"!

OH YEAH? WEL THEN, I PROMOTE MYSELF TO "MOST HIGHEST GRANDEST, EXALTED, UM, SUPREME, UM..."

WHAT A GREAT CLUB. TOO BAD WE DON'T HAVE MORE MEMBERS.

MAYBE WE SHOULD ALLOW SUSIE TO JOIN.

HERE COMES SOMEBODY!

O.K., JUST FOR THAT, YOU'RE ALSO CHARGED WITH INSUBORDINATION! THIS COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY ON BOTH COUNTS AND STRIPS YOU OF YOUR TITLE!

HA, HA, HA! I TAKE THE SUPREME DICTATOR NAT! NOW I'M THE SUPREME DICTATOR!

YOU GIVE IT DECLARE THAT BACK, AND VOID!

OH HO! I DECLARE THAT BACK, AND VOID!

TRUCE? TRUCE.

TRUCE?
Do you... I mean, does Hobbes want any tuna fish this week?

No, Hobbes stopped eating canned tuna. You know, they kill dolphins to get it.

OK, I'll put it back.

So what does Hobbes like now instead?

Fresh swordfish steaks. He likes them grilled outside.

Mm-hmm. How about peanut butter?

Here's some clean clothes. Will you put them away please?

Hey, my underwear isn't pressed! Neither are my socks! You didn't finish ironing!

Buddy, if you want your underwear ironed, you can do it yourself!

What kind of mother are you?

She should take more pride in her work.
I asked mom if I was a gifted child. She said they certainly wouldn't have paid for me.

You can relate this little story when the reporters ask how I went bad.

Mom: Hobbes is reading my comic books! Tell him to stop!

I told him to go buy his own, and he shared at me! Make him give 'em back!

Maybe you should be glad he's more literate than most stuffed animals.

But they're my comic books, not his!

Well, you should learn to share. I don't think Hobbes will hurt them.

Are you kidding? He drew a mustache and glasses on every picture of Nuke-Man last issue! In pen!

Why don't you go play outside, Calvin.
How's your math coming?

I don't do math any more. I decided I'm more of a "visual" person.

Good, visualize being the only 45-year-old in first grade.

Visualizing a few sums now, eh?

Actually, I'm visualizing you in traction. Help me do these, OK?

Hey Hobbes, I'll give you 20 questions to guess what I have in my hands, OK?

OK, is it loathsome?

Yes!

Is it some big centipede with poison pinchers?

Centipedes have poison pinchers?

I think so.

Man, it's a good thing you guessed it so fast.

With you, it's never too difficult.
CALVIN AND HOBBES

by Watterson

Boy, rough life. Hungry? What have you done today?
Peppe!
WHERE DO WE KEEP THE EXTENSION CORDS?
IN THE PANTRY, ON THE BOTTOM SHELF.
WHERE DO WE KEEP THE BLADES FOR DAD'S ELECTRIC SAW?
IN THE... WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Huh? Oh, I'm just making an inventory list so we'll always know where to find things.

I get the feeling there was no right answer to that question.

CALVIN, COME OUT FROM WHEREVER YOU'RE HIDING AND TAKE YOUR BATH.

DO YOU HEAR ME, CALVIN?! I MEAN NOW!

OH NO! LOOK AT YOU! AUGH! GET OFF THE RUG!

LIKE IT'S MY FAULT SHE HASN'T GOTTEN THE CHIMNEY SWEEPED.
MOM! MOM! I JUST SAW THE FIRST ROBIN OF SPRING! CALL THE NEWSPAPER QUICK!

HA HA! A FRONT PAGE WRITE-UP! A COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE! A CIVIC CEREMONY! ALL FOR ME! HOORAY! HOORAY!

OH BOY! SHOULD I PUT THE PRIZE MONEY IN A TRUST FUND OR BLOW IT ALL AT ONCE? HA HA! I CAN'T BELIEVE I DID IT!

CALVIN...

IT'S A HARD, BITTER, CRUEL WORLD TO HAVE TO GROW UP IN, HOBBES.

CHEER UP! DID I TELL YOU I SAW A ROBIN YESTERDAY?

I SURE LIKE CHOCOLATE FROSTED SUGAR BOMBS! LOOK HOW BROWN THE MILK GETS!

UGH.

WANT TO SEE SOMETHING WEIRD? LOOK AT THE NUTRITIONAL INFORMATION ON THE BACK PANEL.

WOW. 100% OF THE DAILY RECOMMENDED ALLOWANCE OF CAFFEINE!

HEY LOOK! YOU CAN SEND AWAY FOR A CHOCOLATE FROSTED SUGAR BOMBS "BUZZY THE HUMMINGBIRD" DOLL!
COUNTY LIBRARY? YES, DO YOU HAVE ANY BOOKS ON HOMEMADE BOMBS?

THAT'S WHAT I SAID. I NEED A BOOK THAT LISTS SUPPLIES AND GIVES STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS FOR BUILDING, RIGGING, AND DETONATING THEM.

WELL WHAT ABOUT YOUR OTHER BRANCHES? DON'T THEY HAVE ANY BOOKS LIKE THAT?

BOY, AND PEOPLE WONDER WHY KIDS DON'T READ.
Calvin and Hobbes

Isn't this a nice way to spend the evening? We should do this more often.

I still think one of you broke the rabbit ears on purpose.

It's getting late, Calvin. You'd better head up to bed.

But I'm not tired! Can't I read a little more?

I don't think so. You see, we don't want you to get too smart.

You don't?

Ha ha! Of course not! If you were smarter, you might realize...

"Your 'parents' are really bug-eyed aliens from Neptune!"

Augh!

Let me go! Let me go!

Got the batter ready?

Yep! Let's dunk the kid!

M-m-m! There's nothing like a fresh batch of Earth Boy waffles.

Waffles? Help! Help!

EEP! Poof!

I wasn't asleep! I'm not tired!

Look, his face was pushed into your leg so hard, it left corduroy lines!
I'm free! I'm free!

At last! Home sweet ho...

Oh no.

Hoo hoo! That was a good one! Look how far we landed!

A house with a tiger is never a home.

Look at you! How could anyone get so dirty at school?

Well, it doesn't matter. You'd better get in the tub now anyway.

A bath? But it's the middle of the afternoon.

Yes, but I have to get in the shower before your dad gets home, so we can take one.

Why all the baths? Is there some epidemic going around?

I told you this morning we're going out tonight. Rosalyn will be here at 6:00.

Augh HHH!
Look, I know you don't like Rosalyn, but she's the only baby sitter I could get.

And you remember our talk, after what happened last time, don't you? I want you on your best behavior tonight.

You do exactly what she tells you, I don't want to come home and hear any horror stories, OK?

For goodness sake, Calvin! Take a breath before you pass out on the floor.

What are we going to do, Hobbes? Rosalyn will be here in just a few hours!

Do you think she'll remember how you locked her outside last time?

If she does, we're dead! She'll probably stick my head on a stake in the front yard as a warning to other kids she baby-sits!

Well no matter what, we're in big trouble unless we think of something fast!

I must've gotten water in my ear. What did you say?

Nothing, forget it.

I suppose we could try being good.
Hi Rosalyn, come on in. Thanks for coming again.

No trouble.

Hi Rosalyn! You don't need to worry this time. Calvin will be on his best behavior tonight. Even so, I'd like an advance.

An advance? But... but...

Dear, May I speak with you a moment?

But we gave her an advance on the night she left last time!

I don't care. Just pay what it takes to get us out of here!

Ok, we're going... and Calvin?

Yes?

Gckkkhk!

I think I'll sit in the middle of the floor and look at the wall tonight.

Good. I'll tell you when it's bedtime.
THIS IS AWFUL! IF WE STEP OUT OF LINE ONCE TONIGHT, ROSALYN WILL KILL US, AND THEN MOM AND DAD WILL KILL US AGAIN WHEN THEY GET HOME.

I GUESS THAT'S THAT.

WHAT? ADMIT DEFEAT? NEVER!

THINGS MAY LOOK GRIM FOR US, BUT NOTHING IS GRIM FOR...

...STUPENDOUS MAN! CHAMPION OF LIBERTY! FOE OF TYRANNY!

I'M GOING TO GET IN BED NOW AND AVOID THE RUSH.

A BOLT OF FIERY CRIMSON STREAKS ACROSS THE SKY! IT'S STUPENDOUS MAN!

THE FIENDISH BABY SITTER GIRL HAS A LOCAL HOUSEHOLD IN HER IRON GRIP OF TERROR! THE MAN OF MEGA-MIGHT ZOOMS TO THE RESCUE!

I'M IN LUCK! BABY SITTER GIRL IS MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED!

HI CHARLIE, IT'S ROSALYN. YEAH, I'M OVER AT THE LITTLE MONSTER'S HOUSE AGAIN. HMM? NO, ACTUALLY HE'S BEEN PRETTY GOOD TONIGHT. YEAH, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.
Anyway Charlie, I'm sorry we couldn't go out tonight, but this little creep's parents are so desperate to get away from him once in a while that they...

YAH! FREEDOM AND JUSTICE SHALL ALWAYS PREVAIL OVER TYRANNY, BABY SITTER GIRL!

GET OFF ME, CALVIN, YOU PEST! OH! LET GO! QUIT IT!

STUPENDOUS MAN HAS THE STRENGTH OF A MILLION MORTAL MEN! GIVE UP!

LISTEN CHARLIE, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CALL YOU BACK. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT THIS CRETIN IS WEARING.

WITH MUSCLES OF MAGNITUDE, STUPENDOUS MAN FIGHTS WITH HEROIC RESOLVE!

OK CALVIN, YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, HUH?

YOU'VE GOT TWO SECONDS TO GET YOUR CAPED BUTT IN BED, OR I'LL PUT IT THERE FOR GOOD!

OH NO! THE EVIL AMERICAN IS USING SOME PSYCHO-BEAM TO WEAKEN MY STUPENDOUS WILL!

I'M COUNTING! ONHHNE...

TWO!

IN A VERMILION FLASH, STUPENDOUS MAN IS IN THE AIR!
WITH STUPENDOUS SPEED, STUPENDOUS MAN IS OUT THE DOOR!

ALL RIGHT, CALVIN! WHERE'D YOU GO? I KNOW YOU'RE OUT HERE!

YOUR PARENTS TOLD YOU TO BEHAVE TONIGHT, REMEMBER? THEY'RE NOT GOING TO BE HAPPY WHEN THEY HEAR ABOUT THIS!

SEE, IF WE HAD BOUGHT A DOG INSTEAD, LIKE I WANTED, WE COULD GO OUT LIKE THIS ALL THE TIME.

HONEY, WE CAME HERE TO RELAX. LET'S TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE.

THERE IS NO WAY I'M GETTING PAID ENOUGH FOR THIS KIND OF AGGRAVATION. HOW COULD A KID WITH SUCH LITTLE LEGS GO SO FAST?

SECURE IN HIS SECRET FORTRESS, STUPENDOUS MAN PLANS HIS STRATEGY. BABY SITTER GIRL IS NO MATCH FOR STUPENDOUS MAN'S STUPENDOUS INTELLECT.

CALVIN, YOU'RE IN BIG TROUBLE IF YOU DON'T COME OUT!

YOU MADE IT BACK ALIVE!

OF COURSE! I MADE A STUPENDOUS DASH AS SOON AS ROSALYN WENT AROUND THE HOUSE. SHE STILL DOESN'T KNOW WHERE I AM!
THERE GOES ROSALYN AROUND THE HOUSE AGAIN. SHE STILL DOESN'T KNOW YOU SNEAKED BACK INSIDE.

NOW I'LL CHANGE BACK INTO MY SECRET IDENTITY ALTER EGO!

UH OH. SHE SAW THE LIGHT ON IN THIS ROOM. SHE'S COMING IN!

QUICK! GET IN THE COVERS! PRETEND WE'VE JUST BEEN READING IN BED!

BUT SHE KNOWS YOU ATTACKED HER AND RAN OUTSIDE HALF AN HOUR AGO!

THAT WAS STUPENDOUS MAM! NOT MILD-MANNERED CALVIN! I'VE BEEN IN BED WITH MY PJ'S ON SINCE 8:00.

YOU THINK SHE'S GOING TO BELIEVE THAT?

MY COVERS ARE HERE. MY PAJAMAS ARE HERE. IT'S AS PLAIN AS CAN BE!

ALL RIGHT! I FOUND YOU!

FOUND? WHY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I'VE BEEN IN BED READING ALL EVENING WITH HOBES.

DON'T GIVE ME THAT! YOU JUST NOW SNEAKED INSIDE, TOOK OFF YOUR SILLY COSTUME, AND JUMPED IN BED! I KNOW WHAT YOU DID. WELL, YOU'RE GONNA GET IT NOW, BUCKO!

OH YEAH? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME, HUH? YOU CAN'T SEND ME TO BED WHEN I'M ALREADY IN BED! SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR FUN, YOU EEL!

OK, DOWNSTAIRS! MARCH!

HEY, YOU CAN'T TAKE ME OUT OF BED! I NEED MY SLEEP! HEY! HEY!
While your dad is taking Rosalyn home, perhaps you'd like to explain what happened tonight.

Gosh Mom, what's to tell? At 8:00, I put on my pajamas, brushed my teeth and went straight to bed. Nothing happened.

And this? Uh... lies! All lies! Rosalyn made me do that just so I'd get in trouble! She hates kids! None of that is true! I went straight to bed!

Nice try, Pinocchio. Well, who'd've thought Rosalyn would make me write a full confession?

No TV for a week! What injustice!

They think they've won, but they haven't!

I'll show 'em! I refuse to learn a lesson!

I'm indomitable! They can't change me!

I'll sit in front of the TV all week even if I can't turn it on!
Boy, I'm in a rotten mood. The world had just better look out!

Hey, you're in my way! Move it!

What's the matter? Did you go deaf? Get out of my way! Scram!

C'mon, hurry up! You think I've got all day?

Now are you going to step aside or what? I'm coming through!

Mmph! Ggghh! What are you doing? I said move aside!

Doggone it, when I say move, I expect you to jump! Move!

Move! Move! Move! Move!

Hey! Put me down! Where are you taking me? I demand an explanation... Hey, is that a mud hole? You'd better not, you hear me?

See why I'm in such a bad mood?
Dad, will you explain the Theory of Relativity to me? I don't understand why time goes slower at great speed.

It's because you keep changing time zones. See, if you fly to California, you gain three hours on a five-hour flight, right?

So if you go at the speed of light, you gain more time, because it doesn't take as long to get there. Of course, the Theory of Relativity only works if you're going west.

Gee, that's not what Mom said at all! She must be totally off her rocker.

Well, we men are better at abstract reasoning. Go tell her that.

Mom, can we go out to the highway?

See, I'll put on my roller skates and tie a rope from the car bumper to my waist. Then when I give you the high five, you patch out while I ride behind at 55 mph.

What do you say? Can we go?

I sure wish you could drive.
ACE PILOT SPACEMAN SPIFF CRUISES LOW OVER THE PLANET AT HIGH SPEED.

THE INTREPID SPACEMAN SPIFF LANDS ON PLANET GORZARS-5!

OUR HERO SETS OFF ACROSS THE DESOLATE TERRAIN IN SEARCH OF HELP! IN THE DISTANCE, METHANE CLOUDS RAIN SODIUM HYDROXIDE, A CAUSTIC ALKALI!

OH NO! THE DOWNPOUR WAS TOO HEAVY FOR THE GROUND TO ABSORB! A STEAMING RIVER OF CORROSIVE LIQUID RUSHES TOWARD OUR HERO!

THE BRAVE SPACEMAN SPIFF SCRAMBLES TO HIGHER GROUND, BUT THE FLOOD CONTINUES TO RISE!

OUR HERO IS TRAPPED! IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL THE FOAMING NOXIOUS WASH CLEANES THE MEAT FROM SPIFF'S BONES! HOW COULD THINGS EVER GET WORSE?!

AUGH! AN ALIEN COMES TO PUSH HIM IN!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, CALVIN! JUST GET IN!
WOW! NOBODY IS ON THE SWINGS! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

HA HA! I ALMOST NEVER GET A SWING AT RECESS!

THIS IS GREAT!

NO ONE IS TELLING ME TO HURRY UP!

HIGHER! HIGHER!

WHEE!

 EITHER THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY, OR I MISSED THE END-OF-RECESS BELL AGAIN.

HEY CALVIN, DIDN'T YOU SIGN UP TO PLAY BASEBALL AT RECESS?

NO, WHY?

YOU MUST BE THE ONLY BOY WHO DIDN'T. ALL THE OTHERS ARE PLAYING IN THE BACK FIELDS.

YOU MEAN I'M THE ONLY BOY ON A PLAYGROUND FULL OF GIRLS?!

IT SURE LOOKS LIKE IT. WANT TO RIDE ON THE TEETER-TOOTER WITH ME?

OH NO! I'M IN COOTIE CENTRAL! I HAVEN'T HAD MY SHOTS.

RELAX. STUPIDITY PRODUCES ANTIBODIES.

AIR FILTER! AIR FILTER!
Hey, lookit the sissy who didn’t sign up for recess baseball!

I’m not a sissy!

Oh yeah? You’d rather play dolls on the playground with girls.

I wasn’t playing with dolls!

Sure you weren’t. Let me see your Barbie doll, you sissy wimp.

I’m not a wimp! In fact, I was going to the office to sign up for baseball right now.

Then again, if I’m not a wimp, why am I taking the path of least resistance?

Then again, if I want that, I’ll join the army and at least get paid.
I signed up to play baseball every recess, and I don't even like baseball that much.

I mean, it's fun playing baseball with just you, because we both get to pitch, bat, run and catch all at once. We get to do everything.

Well, sports are good for you. They teach teamwork and cooperation. You learn how to win graciously and accept defeat. It builds character.

Every time I've built character, I've regretted it. I don't want to learn teamwork! I don't want to learn about winning and losing. Heck, I don't even want to compete! What's wrong with just having fun by yourself? Huh?

When you grow up, it's not allowed. All the more reason I should do it now!
C'mon, let's go outside and try some catches before dinner, ok? A little practice will make you more confident tomorrow at recess.

I hate these father-son things.

Go out a little bit, and I'll hit you a grounder.

Why did I sign up for this? I should just move.

Ready? Now, be sure to run up to the ball. Don't just let it roll to you.

Are you ok? Sometimes the ball bounces up like that, and you've got to be ready.

Thangs for the tub, Dad. Fide my node and pod id in ice so they can sew id bag od.'

Goodness, what happened? You were only out there a minute!

A grounder bounced up and hit Calvin in the nose.

I'b bleedig! By ode dad id tryig to gill me!

Hold your head back, honey. Here's some more.

I'b nod playig badeball eddy more! Nebber again! I made it!

Sit still, so the bleeding can stop, ok?

I guess we can forget having a millionaire baseball player support us in our old age.

Dear! All by charadger id dripping out by node!
How's the nose?

It finally stopped bleeding. I guess that means I'll have to go to school tomorrow.

My whole life is a disaster. I get injured just trying to learn the skills it takes to play a game I don't even want to play.

Your nose is probably all clogged up now, huh?

*SNRKK*

Yeah, why?

If you snore, I'm tilting the bed so you roll out the window.

It's always nice to have a sympathetic friend to talk to.

I see you're bringing a glove today. Did you sign up for recess baseball?

Yeah, don't remind me.

You're lucky that girls don't have to put up with this nonsense. If a girl doesn't want to play sports, that's fine!

But if a guy doesn't spend his afternoons chasing some stupid ball, he's called a wimp! You girls have it easy!

On the other hand, boys aren't expected to spend their lives 20 pounds underweight.

And if you don't play sports, you don't get to make beer commercials!
I think baseball is the most boring game in the world. I've been standing out here in deep left field all this time, and not a single ball has come out here!

Actually, I suppose that's just as well. I don't know what base to throw to anyway. In fact, I'm not even sure I can throw that far.

Hey, what's everyone doing? Are people switching teams, or what? The guys at bat are now out here!

Well, I'm sure someone would tell me if I was supposed to be doing anything different.
OUR HERO, THE FEARLESS SPACEMAN SPIFF, IS MAROONED ON THE MOST DISTANT PLANET IN THE GALAXY!

THERE'S NO HOPE OF RESCUE FROM THIS BLEAK AND ISOLATED WORLD!

OH, WHAT A DESOLATE PLACE TO BE TRAPPED! SPIFF TRIES DESPERATELY TO REPAIR HIS DISABLED SPACECRAFT!

CRACK

HIGH FLY TO LEFT FIELD! WHO'S OUT THERE?!

OUR HERO PAUSES. THERE'S SOME COMMOTION ON THE HORIZON. ALIENS! SPIFF GRABS HIS BLASTER!

WHERE'S THE LEFT FIELDER?!

SOMEONE CATCH IT!

LEFT FIELD? HEY, THAT'S ME!

WOW! A HIGH FLY RIGHT TO ME! I GOT IT! I GOT IT!

I CAUGHT IT!!

HE CAUGHT IT! IT'S AN OUT!

I'M JUST A NATURAL ATHLETE, I GUESS.

HEY, WHO'S HE?

ISN'T HE ON THE OTHER TEAM?
HEY, LOOK WHO MADE THE OUT!
IT'S CALVIN!

HECK, IT WAS NOTHING, GUYS. WHEN YOU'RE IN TOP PHYSICAL CONDITION LIKE ME, YOU CAN...

YOU MORON! WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE OUTFIELD?
IT'S A NEW INNING! WE'RE UP TO BAT!

Huh?

YOU CAUGHT THE BALL FOR THE WRONG TEAM!
YOU GOT OUR OWN GUY OUT! WHAT A DWEEB! WHAT A JERK!
WHAT AN IDIOT!

OOPS, I DROPPED THE CATCH IT DOESN'T COUNT NOW, RIGHT?

GET HIM OFF OUR TEAM, MR. LOCKJAW!
CAN I HIT HIM WITH THE BAT? PLEASE? PLEASE?

HEY, STUPID, IF YOU'RE GOING TO GET OUR GUYS OUT, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN THE OTHER TEAM?!

WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE OUTFIELD?
DON'T YOU EVEN KNOW HOW TO PLAY?!

C'MON GUYS, IT'S JUST A GAME! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE FUN!

GAMES ARE ONLY FUN WHEN YOU WIN, BONEHEAD! YOU'RE GONNA MAKE US LOSE!

IF YOU SCREW UP AGAIN, YOU'RE DEAD MEAT, CALVIN!

WHO TAUGHT YOU HOW TO PLAY ANYWAY? YOUR GRANDMOTHER?

WAIT TILL I TELL THE OTHER TEAMS ABOUT THIS!

MR. LOCKJAW, I DON'T WANT TO PLAY ANYMORE. THERE'S TOO MUCH TEAM SPIRIT.

OK, QUITTER. GOODBYE.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, HOBBS.

THE KIDS TEASED ME WHEN I DIDN'T PLAY BASEBALL. THEN THEY YELLED AT ME WHEN I DID PLAY. THEN THE TEACHER CALLED ME A "QUITTER" WHEN I STOPPED PLAYING.

UNLESS YOU'RE A STAR, YOU CAN'T PLEASE ANYONE.

IN THAT CASE, WHY NOT JUST PLEASE YOURSELF?

BECAUSE MOM WONT LET ME MOVE TO MADAGASCAR.

IT'S SATURDAY! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?

ANYTHING BUT PLAY AN ORGANIZED SPORT.

WANT TO PLAY CALVINBALL?

YEAH!

NO SPORT IS LESS ORGANIZED THAN CALVINBALL.

NEW RULE! NEW RULE! IF YOU DON'T TOUCH THE 30-YARD BASE WICKET WITH THE FLAG, YOU HAVE TO HOP ON ONE FOOT.
EVER NOTICE HOW DECISIONS MAKE CHAIN REACTIONS?

HOW SO?

WELL, EACH DECISION WE MAKE DETERMINES THE RANGE OF CHOICES WE'LL FACE NEXT.

IF WE HADN'T TURNED LEFT AT THE FORK, THIS NEW CHOICE WOULD NEVER HAVE COME UP.

I NOTE, WITH SOME DISMAY, YOU'VE CHosen TO JUMP THE LEDGE.

RIGHT. AND THAT DECISION WILL GIVE US NEW CHOICES.

LIKE, SHOULD WE BAIL OUT OR DIE IN THE LANDING?

EXACTLY. OUR FIRST DECISION Created a CHAIN REACTION OF DECISIONS. LET'S JUMP.

SEE? IF YOU DON'T MAKE EACH DECISION CAREFULLY, YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE YOU'LL END UP. THAT'S AN IMPORTANT LESSON WE SHOULD LEARN SOME TIME.

I WISH WE COULD TALK ABOUT THESE THINGS WITHOUT THE VISUAL AIDS.

NOW, AS A DIRECT RESULT OF THAT DECISION, WE'RE FACED WITH ANOTHER CHOICE: SHOULD WE JUMP THIS LEDGE OR RIDE ALONG THE SIDE OF IT?

THE TURBO IS POOPED.

THAT'S OK. GRAVITY JUST KICKED IN.
TODAY FOR "SHOW AND TELL," I HAVE A SOUVENIR FROM THE AFTERLIFE! YES, YOU HEARD RIGHT! EQUALLY AMAZING IS MY OWN STORY OF YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, WHEN I ACTUALLY DIED OF BOREDOM!

I WAS DOING MY HOMEWORK, WHEN SUDDENLY I COLLAPSED! I FELT MYSELF RISING, AND I COULD SEE MY CRUMPLED BODY ON THE FLOOR. I DRIFTED UP IN A SHAFT OF LIGHT AND I ENTERED THE NEXT WORLD!

EVENTUALLY, MY HEART STARTED AGAIN AND I CAME BACK TO LIFE... BUT NOT BEFORE BRINGING THIS BACK!

AND SO, HAVING EATEN HER FULL, THE MOTHER BIRD RETURNS TO HER NEST...

WHERE SHE REGURGITATES THE WORMS TO FEED HER HUNGRY BROOD.

IT WAS PRETTY BORING THERE, TOO.

LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THAT HOMEWORK.
Calvin and Hobbes

What story would you like tonight, Calvin? I want a story about Hobbes and me.

OK, hmm... let's see... once there was a boy named Calvin who lived with a tiger named Hobbes.

This is great.

Today they got up at the crack of dawn and made a huge ruckus running up the stairs, galump, galump, galump, and sliding down again, bump, bump, bump.

Yeah, then the big bad dad yelled that if we didn't knock it off, he'd mail us to Pluto third class.

Who's telling this story, you or me? You did say that. Don't try to deny it.

So finally, Calvin got the hint and he went to rot his innards with chocolate cereal and to rot his brain watching cartoons.

Hey! No editorials!

At last Calvin and Hobbes went outside, and it was nice and quiet in the house again. At least for a while. Well, good night.

Good night? That's not the end. You didn't even get us to lunchtime!

That's right... it's not the end of the story. This story doesn't have an end. You and Hobbes will write more of it tomorrow and every day after. But now it's time to sleep. So good night.

Oh, ok. Good night.

This is a good story about us if it doesn't end. That's the kind of story I like best. Good night, ok, buddy?

Me too! See you tomorrow!
Hey Mom, did you feel anything funny when you got dressed today?

Funny? What do you mean?

Well, tickly... or scratchy? Anything like a bite or a sting?

Why? And what have you got behind your back?!

Um... here, you may want these. Well, heh heh, gotta run!

Women! Always changing their clothes!

After I get that kid, you're next.
I'M FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

HO HO! THEY TRIED TO MAKE ME LEARN, BUT I WAS TOO TOUGH FOR 'EM!

I'M HOME!

WHY HELLO, CALVIN! DO COME IN, WON'T YOU?

CLICK

MAY I READ ALL YOUR COMIC BOOKS? I MAY?

MAY I DRAW MUSTACHES ON ALL THE SUPERHEROES? I MAY?

I'LL GET HIM FOR THIS IF IT TAKES MY WHOLE LIFE.
This time I'm really going to learn how to ride that bicycle!

Balancing on two wheels is just as easy as balancing on two fee... bonk on

I'd say that crossed the line from ironic coincidence to evil omen.

I don't want to do my homework. I want to have fun.

Too much stress is unhealthy, you know! I don't see why I had to come in.
CALVIN AND HOBBES

by Watterson

..EWWW.
Poke Poke

NUGH!

CLINK CLINK

HA!

SPLAT!

TOAD STROGANOFF!

DON'T BLAME ME. I'M THE ONE WHO SAID WE SHOULD CALL FOR A PIZZA.
I've come up with a new system for doing homework. I call it "Effective Time Management," or "ETM" for short.

I've drawn up a schedule for each school subject, and I use this kitchen timer to monitor my pace.

Thanks to ETM, I'm much more efficient, and my work goes faster!

RINGG

There! My math minute is up! Set the clock for my spelling assignment, OK?

Um, your schedule calls for smaller time increments than this clock can measure.

No, I won't take a picture of you.
KA

ZAM!

WHAT?

EWWW! WHAT IS THIS?!
IT LOOKS LIKE COMPOST!

MOM DOESN'T APPRECIATE ME.
Hey Hobbes, what's a "Paper Tiger"?

It's like a paper boy. You know, a tiger with a newspaper route.

Oh.

This book makes no sense at all.

Hey Dad, would you pay me a dollar to eat a bug?

No, you'd have to eat a bucket of bugs before I'd pay you a dollar.

A whole bucket?

Or I'd pay you a dollar to pick up sticks in the back yard.

All my real skills are undervalued.
Calvin and Hobbes

Another planet, another sweeping panorama of indescribable grandeur!

The incredible Spaceman Spiff zooms to the surface of Ahnooie.

The Incredible Spaceman Spiff zooms to the surface of Ahnooie.

Touching down, our hero sets off to search for sentient life!

Alas, Spaceman Spiff only discovers a hideous blob so monumentally stupid that it just stares straight ahead, completely unaware of anything around it!

Compassionately, our hero decides to put the blob out of its misery. Spiff sets his blaster on "liquefy."

Ew! Miss Wormwood, Calvin's shooting spit balls!

Perplexed by the blob's resilience, Spiff adds more juice and prepares to fire again!
ON DISTANT PLANET ZARK, WE FIND THE EMPTY RED SPACECRAFT OF OUR HERO, THE BOLD SPACEMAN STIFF!

UH OH! UP AHEAD, THE ROCKS ARE CHARRED WITH DEATH RAY BLASTS! A VIOLENT STRUGGLE TOOK PLACE HERE!

AND ONLY THE TRACKS OF A LARGE, SINISTER ALIEN LEAVE THE SCENE! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE EARTHLING EXPLORER?

CALVIN, THIS IS HUMILIATING!!

I DON'T WANT TO GO! PUT ME DOWN!

SPACEMAN STIFF IS BEING HELD PRISONER BY HIDEOUS ALIENS! WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH HIM?

SPIFF IS SOON TO FIND OUT! OUR HERO IS CALLED BEFORE THE ALIEN POTENTATE!

WHERE IT BECOMES CLEAR THAT SPIFF IS ABOUT TO BE SACRIFICED...

TO APPEASE THE EVIL GOD THEY CALL "NOLLIJ?" UP TO THE BLACKBOARD, HURRY UP.
SPIFF ESCAPES! THE Dank AND Smelly Corridors OF THE Alien Fortress ARE Deserted! All the Aliens Had Gathered For the Spectacle Of Our Hero's Demise!

THE Fearless Space Explorer Makes it to the Planet Surface, But the Alien Queen Is In Pursuit!

SPIFF JUMPS Into the Cockpit, Pressurizes The Launch Thrusters, And...

BLASTS OFF! Our Hero is Safe!

CALVIN, GIVE ME THAT RUBBER BAND RIGHT THIS MINUTE!

I SAID NOBODY MOVE!
Calvin: What are you doing home? It's not even noon!

Mom: Uh, they let us out early today. There was, um, a gas leak.

Calvin: What? Does anyone know you left? I'm calling the school.

Mom: Don't waste your time! Everyone was evacuated! There's nobody there.

Calvin: Hello? Elementary school office, please.

Our hero hadn't counted on running into a zark enforcer ship! Spiff's evasive maneuvers come to naught! This could be the end!

Boy: I sure got in big trouble today. Mom hit the roof when she found out I just left school.

She: She drove me back and we had to talk to my teacher and the principal. They talked about my study habits, and now I've got extra homework!

Calvin: Ooh.

Boy: And Dad is going to check it every night to make sure it's done right. Can you believe it?

Calvin: So try to do an extra good job now, OK?

She: You're lucky tigers are so smart.
Calvin and Hobbes

HA HA! I STOLE YOUR FLAG!

I DON'T HAVE TO SING THE SONG! I WAS IN THE "NO SONG" ZONE!

I DONT HAVE TO SING THE SONG! I WAS IN THE "NO SONG" ZONE!

NO YOU WEREN'T. I TOUCHED THE "OPPOSITE POLE," SO THE "NO SONG" ZONE IS NOW A "SINGING ZONE."

I DIDNT SEE YOU TOUCH THE "OPPOSITE POLE." YOU HAVE TO DECLARE IT!

I DECLARED IT OPPOSITELY BY NOT DECLARING IT. START SINGING.

I BLEW IT! HE'S SORRY! I KNEW IT! SO SORRY! I'M VERY VERY JUST DON'T DO IT SORRY THAT I ANY MORE, YOU TAKEN YOUR SCARY PRECIOUS FLAAGG! SCALAWAGGG!

I'M FREE! I GET FREE PASSAGE TO WICKET FIVE!

NO, THAT'S WHAT WE DID LAST TIME. REMEMBER?

OH, YES. HMM.

OK, THE NEW RULE IS WE HAVE TO JUMP EVERYWHERE UNTIL SOMEONE FINDS THE BONUS BOX!

THAT'S GOOD!

THE ONLY PERMANENT RULE IN CALVINBALL IS THAT YOU CAN'T PLAY IT THE SAME WAY TWICE!

THE SCORE IS STILL 8 TO 12!
UFO's! ARE THEY REAL??
HAVE THEY LANDED IN OUR TOWNS AND NEIGHBORHOODS?

DO THE CHILLING PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER REALLY SHOW A SINISTER ALIEN SPACESHIP AND THE GRIM RESULTS OF A CLOSE ENCOUNTER, OR ARE THE PICTURES AN ELABORATE HOAX?

LISTEN TO AN EXPERT ON SPACE ALIENS SPECULATE ON THEIR HIDEOUS BIOLOGY AND THEIR HORRIFYING WEAPONRY! ALL THIS AND MORE...

...ON CALVIN'S SHOW AND TELL... NEXT!
CALVIN, WILL YOU COME HERE PLEASE?

Twitching tufted tail,
A toasty, tawny tummy:
A tired tiger.

...An alliterative haiku
By Calvin. Thank you,
Thank you.

Sheesh.
You know how people look at modern art and always say, "My 6-year-old kid could do that!"?

Well, that gave me this great idea. I've decided to become a forger and get rich passing off fake paintings to museums!

A lot of paintings sell for tens of millions of dollars now, so I make a pretty good hourly rate.

You should probably scratch out the copyright date on the cartoon stationery.

Ooh yeah, glad you caught that!

Once upon a time there was...

Hold it. This story doesn't have any shoot-ups in it, does it?

You mean guns? No.

Any violence at all?

Um... not really.

Any references to Satanism?

Any profanity?

Any car chases?

Any lend parts?

Of course not.

What makes you think I'll like this?
Hey mom, want to see something great?

With one sip from this ordinary can of soda, I can burp for almost ten seconds straight!

Calvin, I don't...

But that's not all! At the same time, I'll also recite a gross limerick I learned at school! Ready?

Maybe if you recited the Gettysburg address...

Forget it. My talents are wasted on her kind.

Well, look who's up! Good morning sleepyhead!

You've missed the best part of the day! I've been up since 6:30 getting many things accomplished.

At least when I have a day off, I can tell the difference.

I just know some nurse switched the bassinets.
KNOCK KNOCK

GREAT MOONS OF NEPTUNE! A FOOL MORTAL FEMALE!

CALVIN?

I'M NOT CALVIN! I'M STUPENDOUS MAN! FRIEND OF FREEDOM!

I'VE COME TO SAVE THE DAY!

OPPONENT OF OPPRESSION!

UH HUH. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I WAS JUST ABOUT TO USE MY STUPENDOUS POWERS TO LIBERATE SOME COOKIES BEING HELD HOSTAGE ON THE TOP SHELF OF THE PANTRY. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, DUTY CALLS!

SLAM!

A BOLT OF CRIMSON STREAKS ACROSS THE SKY! THE MAN OF MEGA-MIGHT IS OFF TO SAVE THE DAY!

DID THEY HAVE AN EGG YOU COULD BORROW?

NO ONE WAS HOME, MOM.
BUT THE POINT ON THE RECORD'S EDGE HAS TO MAKE A BIGGER CIRCLE IN THE SAME TIME, SO IT GOES FASTER. SEE, TWO POINTS ON ONE DISK MOVE AT TWO SPEEDS, EVEN THOUGH THEY BOTH MAKE THE SAME REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE?

PLAYING A RECORD? I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING INTERESTING.

COMPARE A POINT ON THE LABEL WITH A POINT ON THE RECORD'S OUTER EDGE. THEY BOTH MAKE A COMPLETE CIRCLE IN THE SAME AMOUNT OF TIME, RIGHT?

YEAH...
Calvin and Hobbes

Calvin: My life could be a lot better than it is.
Hobbes: I'm happy, but it's not like I'm ecstatic.

Life is like topography, Hobbes. There are summits of happiness and success.

Calvin: Flat stretches of boring routine...

Hobbes: And valleys of frustration and failure.

But I'm dedicating myself to experiencing only peaks! I want my life to be one never ending ascension.

Each minute of every day should bring me greater joy than the previous minute.

Calvin: I'm just going to jump from peak to peak! I'm... WHOOPS.

I should always be saying, 'My life is better than I ever imagined it would be,' and it's only going to improve.

At least with flat places you don't have so far to go down.

Only losers go down. For me, it's only going to be up and up!
ON YOUR MARK... GET SET... GO!

I'M GOING SO SLOW, I'M MOVING BACKWARD! I'M WINNING!
THAT'S CHEATING!

HELLO?
HI DAD!
CALVIN, IS THIS IMPORTANT?
OOPS, WAIT. FORGET I CALLED YOU "DAD". OK? THIS ISN'T CALVIN.

CALVIN, I'VE GOT WORK TO DO. I'LL SEE YOU WHEN I GET HOME. OK? GOODBYE.

WAIT! DO YOU HAVE ANY CRIMES TO REPORT?

PHOOEY. THIS SECRET IDENTITY STUFF IS HARD TO GET USED TO.
Calvin and Hobbes

by Watterson

Oh no! Everything has suddenly turned Neo-Cubist!

It all started when Calvin engaged his dad in a minor debate. Soon Calvin could see both sides of the issue. Then poor Calvin began to see both sides of everything!

The traditional single viewpoint has been abandoned! Perspective has been fractured!

The multiple views provide too much information! It’s impossible to move! Calvin quickly tries to eliminate all but one perspective!

It works! The world falls into a recognizable order!

You’re still wrong, Dad.
WANT TO SEE SOMETHING COOL? I'VE GOT A BABY TOOTH THAT'S JUST HANGING BY A THREAD...

...AND I CAN TURN IT ALL THE WAY AROUND WITH MY TONGUE...

...OR MAKE IT SWING FROM SIDE TO SIDE! SEE? SEE?

THEY'RE ALL JUST JEALOUS.

LOOK!

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING. YOU MISSED IT. WELL, I'M DONE.

WHAT DID HE SEE? AN OPPORTUNITY.
Calvin and Hobbes

Calvin, would you please empty this in the garage trash can?

Boy, some vacation this summer is!
HOP IN, HOBBS.  WE'RE GOING TO GET RICH!

OH NO, I'M NOT GETTING IN THAT BOX. I DON'T WANT TO BE TRANSFORMED OR DUPLICATED OR WHATEVER.

WHAT? WHEN THE TOP IS OPEN, IT'S A TIME MACHINE, REMEMBER?

EVEN WORSE.

OH, DON'T BE SUCH A BABY. THE WAY YOU ACT, YOU'D THINK THE DINOSAUR ACTUALLY GOT US LAST TIME. WHY, IT WASN'T EVEN A CARNIVORE.

I DON'T CARE. YOU AND THAT BOX ARE PLAIN BAD NEWS.

TOO BAD YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK TO THE JURASSIC WITH ME. AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS DOESN'T COME ALONG EVERY DAY, YOU KNOW.

THE LESS OFTEN, THE BETTER, IS WHAT I SAY. WE'RE JUST GOING ON A PHOTO SAFARI! WHEN WE COME BACK WITH REAL DINOSAUR PHOTOS, WE'LL GET RICH!

YOU CAN DROP THE "WE" STUFF. I'M NOT GOING.

OK, WELL, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO EAT ALL THESE GREAT SNACKS MYSELF THEN.

SNACKS? WHAT KIND OF SNACKS? ARE THEY GOOD SNACKS? HOW MANY SNACKS DID YOU BRING??

NEVER MIND. YOU SAID YOU'RE NOT GOING.
I GUESS IF WE GET TO HAVE SNACKS, IT WOULD BE OK TO TIME TRAVEL. IF THEY'RE GOOD SNACKS, I MEAN.

GREAT! PUT ON YOUR VORTEX GOGGLES.

THE DIAL IS SET FOR 1.4 MILLION YEARS AGO, SO OFF WE GO-O-O!

I HAVE A QUESTION. WHY DON'T WE GET YOUNGER AS WE GO BACK IN TIME, AND DISAPPEAR AS WE PASS THE DAY WE WERE BORN?

I'D EXPLAIN IT, BUT THERE'S A LOT OF MATH.

I THINK WE SHOULD EAT THE SNACKS NOW. SIT STILL, WILL YOU? YOU'LL MAKE ME SWERVE.

IS IT TIME FOR SNACKS YET?

HOBBS, WE'RE TRAVELING AT LIGHT SPEED THROUGH AN INTERDIMENSIONAL CONTINUUM LAPSE. WAIT TILL WE LAND!

OK, I'LL JUST INVENTORY THE SNACKS AND RECORD THEM IN THE JOURNAL.

YOU COULD HELP ME DRIVE, YOU KNOW. IF WE MISS OUR EXIT, WE COULD FLY RIGHT INTO THE BIG BANG!

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN THEN?

THERE'D BE NO UNIVERSE, AND PROBABLY NO TIME!

WHAT WOULD THERE BE THEN?

PROBABLY STEAM.
There's a diplodocus! We're in the jurassic! We made it!

Ugh, I can't believe you wanted to come back here.

Last time we didn't bring a camera.

All we need are a few good dinosaur photos and we'll be rich when we get home.

If we get in National Geographic, maybe I'll get to meet some of those tigress babes they showed in the April issue! Wow!

Those were females? Really, I don't know how you can even tell the difference.

Hey! Here's a chance to get a picture of some stegosaurs!

See, these photos will answer hundreds of questions about dinosaur anatomy and behavior. Paleontologists will pay through the nose to see these!

Take a picture of this one. He's smiling.

Just a minute. Just a minute.
Quick! My sandwich had mustard. Is this one yours?

Put on your vortex goggles! We're taking off!

Eww, this banana is mushy. He can have this.

We did it! We're off!

Boy, that was a close call, but it will be worth it when we get these pictures developed.

Since I rescued your sandwich, can I eat it?

What's this ugly brute called?

An allosaur!

I'm right here. You don't need to shout.

Run!

When we get to the time machine, throw him the snacks we packed! Maybe that will divert him while we take off!

You can throw your snacks. I might still want mine.

You're going to be a snack yourself! Get in! Get in!
Hey Mom, guess where Hobbes and I have been.

I saw where you were. You were playing in a cardboard box out back.

Nope! That's just what it looked like.

We time-traveled to the Jurassic, but we returned at the split second we left. That's why it didn't look like we were gone! We saw lots of dinosaurs!

Well, you've had a productive morning then.

Yeah. Will you take this film to be developed? I'll pay you back when Time magazine coughs up for my story.

Hobbes, look! We got our pictures back from our Jurassic trip!

Oh boy! Let's see!

Wow, these came out good! Look at that apatosaur!

There's me! There's me!

Yes! Yes! We're rich! Ha ha! Now we can get our own apartment!

This dinosaur blinked.

I'll buy a car too, but since I can't drive for another decade, we'll have to get a chauffeur.

If we pay him, he has to let us sit up front and beep the horn, right?
WELL DAD, IT'S TOO BAD YOU WEREN'T ANY NICER TO ME ALL THESE YEARS.

BEG PARDON? YEP, I CAN'T SAY I'M PARTICULARLY INCLINED TO SHARE MY FUTURE MILLIONS WITH YOU. HERE, LOOK.

DINOSAURS? HOBBIES AND I WENT TO THE JURASSIC TODAY AND CAME BACK WITH THESE DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS! WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH!

I DIDN'T REALIZE DINOSAURS LOOKED SO SMALL AND PLASTIC. HEY, WHAT ARE YOU INSINUATING?

DAD DOESN'T BELIEVE WE WENT TO THE JURASSIC AND TOOK PHOTOGRAPHS OF REAL DINOSAURS.

HE SAYS IT LOOKS LIKE WE JUST PUT MY TOY MODELS IN THE YARD AND TOOK PICTURES OF THEM! HE SAYS OUR GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEME WON'T WORK.

HE SAID IF WE REALLY WANTED TO GET SOME MONEY, HE'D PAY US A DOLLAR TO PULL NEEDS OUT OF THE FRONT WALK.

JUST A DOLLAR? OF COURSE I TOLD HIM WE DIDN'T WANT THE MONEY THAT BAD.
UH OH! IN ANOTHER OF LIFE'S MYSTERIOUS QUIRKS, CALVIN FINDS HIMSELF AN INCH TALL ON THE WRITING DESK!

HIS ONLY HOPE IS TO TEAR OFF A SHEET FROM A NEARBY PAD OF PAPER!

AT HIS TINY SIZE, FOLDING THE SHEET IS DIFFICULT, BUT SOON CALVIN'S PATIENCE IS REWARDED!

HE PUSHES OFF AND CATCHES A SMALL THERMAL RISING UP THE FRONT OF THE DESK!

A GUST FROM AN OPEN WINDOW SENDS CALVIN SOARING ACROSS THE HOUSE!

THERE'S DAD! LEAN! LEAN!

YES! CALVIN IS ABLE TO STEER! THIS SHOULD GET DAD'S ATTENTION!

I DON'T NEED PARENTS. ALL I NEED IS A RECORDING THAT SAYS, "GO PLAY OUTSIDE!"
The End