

COULD YOU DISTRIBUTE
THE MAIL FOR ME,
SWEETIE? IT'S BEEN
PILING UP A LITTLE.

SURE!

PUT DADDY'S MAIL IN
HIS DEN, PUT THE JUNK
MAIL ON THE HALLWAY
OFFICE TABLE, AND
TAKE JANIE'S LETTER
UP TO HER ROOM.

JANIE'S
LETTER?

THIS IS A
LOVE
LETTER!

MOM, THIS COULD
BE FESTOONED
WITH COOTIES!

I CAN'T BE
HANDLING THIS
SORT OF
STUFF!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR
COOTIES, NONE OF YOU
WOULD BE HERE.

WHAT'S THAT
SUPPOSED
TO MEAN!?

JUST
GO.

THUNK
THUNK

DELIVERY.

WHAT'S WITH
THE GET-UP?
WEIRDO.

COOTIES.

SERIOUSLY?

THAT'S A LOVE
LETTER. OBVIOUSLY
WRITTEN BY A POOR
BOY RIDDLED WITH
COOTIES.

YOU MUST
HAVE GIVEN HIM A
PRETTY BAD
CASE, WHATEV-

GRAB!

SMEAR
SMEAR
SMEAR

**OH
GOD!
HELP!**

I'VE SUMMONED YOU ALL FOR A GAME OF FOOTBALL.

IT'S COLD AS **BALLS**. CAN'T WE JUST PLAY MADDEN ON THE XBOX?

NO.

I NEED OUTDOOR CONTACT SPORTS.

I CAME IN CONTACT WITH A **COOTIE-INFESTED** LOVE LETTER FOR MY SISTER.

WHOA! SERIOUS?

WHO WROTE JANIE A LOVE LETTER?!

WHO CARES?! SOME POOR DELUSIONAL WEIRD-ASS WHO DOESN'T REALIZE SHE'S A **DEMON** IN TRACK SHOES!

IF I DON'T **ROUGH-HOUSE**, I COULD END UP JUST LIKE HIM!

WOW. TAKES **BALLS** TO WRITE HER A LOVE LETTER.

SHE **IS** KIND OF PRETTY WHEN SHE'S NOT KICKING SOMEONE'S ASS.

HEY! NOT COOL!

IF ANY OF YOU
WROTE THAT
LETTER, I'D HAVE
TO PUNCH YOU IN
THE SCROTE!

NAH. I
ALMOST
ASKED JANIE
TO THE
WINTER
DANCE,
ONCE.

HH
HH
HH

HEY,
JANIE!

WAIT
UP!

HH
HH
HH

I WAS WONDERING
IF... *WHEW*...

GASP...
WANTED...
DANCE...
HUFF

PANT...
WITH...
OH GOD

PUFF

WHEEZ

HH
HH
HH

AND?

I REALIZED
SHE WASN'T
MY TYPE.

YAWN

COME ON, BUDDY! IT'S TIME TO SUIT UP FOR PRACTICE!

AW, DAD! WE'RE ABOUT TO START A GAME HERE!

YOU WON'T MAKE IT TO THE NFL PLAYING IN THE YARD WITH YOUR FRIENDS. COACH GREEN IS WAITING.

SORRY DUDE. IF YOU WANT A QUARTERBACK, YOU CAN ASK MY SIS.

CHARLIE?

SHE'S THE LEAST COOTIE-INFECTED GIRL IN THE WHOLE WORLD.

AND SHE HAS A GOOD ARM.

I LOVE FOOTBALL.

WELL, YOU CAN'T CARRY COOTIES IN THREADS LIKE THAT.

YEAH. I GUESS YOU CAN PLAY.

YOU'RE PRACTICALLY A BOY, ANYWAY, CHARLIE.

AW, THANKS.



I DIDN'T HIT HIM THAT HARD!

... GREEN EYES...

...LONG WHISKERS...

ARE YOU OKAY, THOMAS?

HE'S GOT THE COOTIES BAD.

MIKO WAVED AT HIM AND THAT'S WHAT DID IT.

MIKO IS SO PRETTY.

DUDE, I AINT TOUCHIN' HIM!

I HAD COOTIES ONCE AND THAT SHIT'S NO JOKE!

WE SHOULD HELP HIM.

TAP
TAP
TAP

ABBY! WE NEED TO HELP YOUR BROTHER!
HE'S GOT THE COOTIES SO BAD,
HE'S JUST BABBLING NONSENSE!

COOTIES?
HOW?

JANIE RUBBED A LOVE LETTER ON HIM, AND THEN MIKO WAVED AT HIM AND THEY SEEM TO HAVE... **ACTIVATED.**

ACUTE COOTIES COMBINED WITH A CASE OF ASIAN FEVER.

I DON'T THINK I CAN HELP HIM.

BUT HE CAN!

BRING HIM TO THE TREE HOUSE IN **FIFTEEN MINUTES!**

A TEDDY BEAR?



HOW IS HE?

HE'S STABLE.



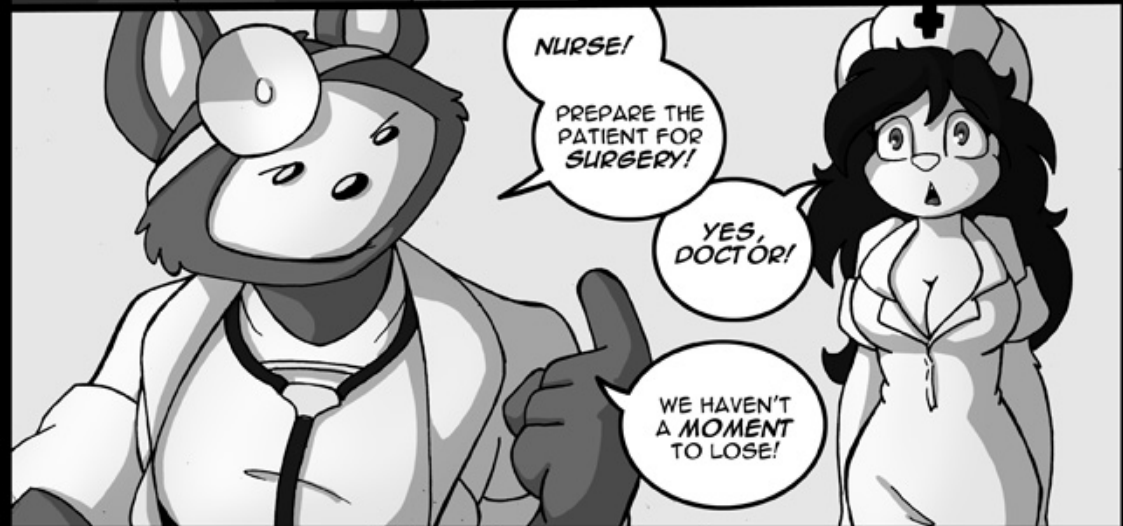
FEVER?

NEGATIVE.



BLOOD PRESSURE?

NORMAL.



NURSE!

PREPARE THE PATIENT FOR SURGERY!

YES, DOCTOR!

WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

SCISSORS.

SCISSORS.

RIBBON.

RIBBON.

I'VE NEVER
SEEN A CASE
SO BAD.

HANG IN
THERE,
YOUNG
MAN.

I'VE DONE
ALL I CAN.

NOW, ALL WE
CAN DO IS
HOPE.

MIRROR...
GIVE ME A
MIRROR.

YOU **HAVE** TO
UNDERSTAND
THERE WAS
EXTENSIVE
DAMAGE.

YOU **SEE**
WHAT I HAD
TO WORK
WITH!

WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME!?

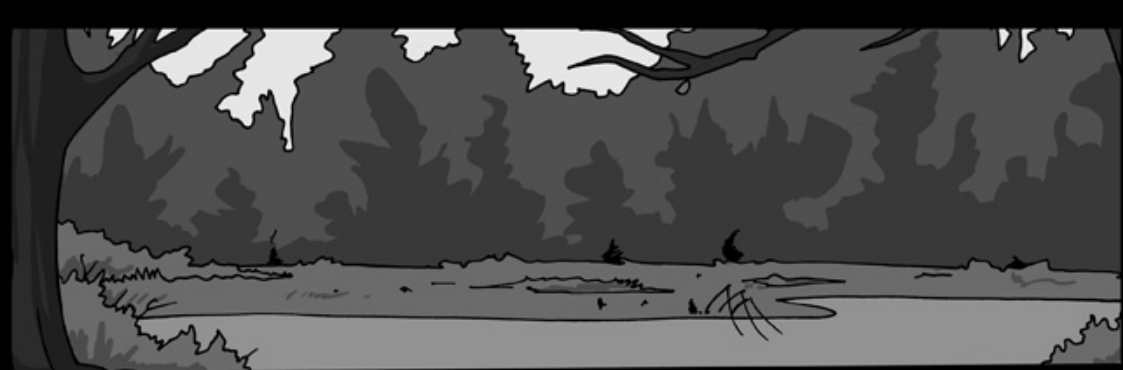
THIS SHOULD COUNTERACT THE-

GET AWAY FROM ME!

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH ANYTHING GIRLY EVER AGAIN!

WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM!?

WE CURED HIM!



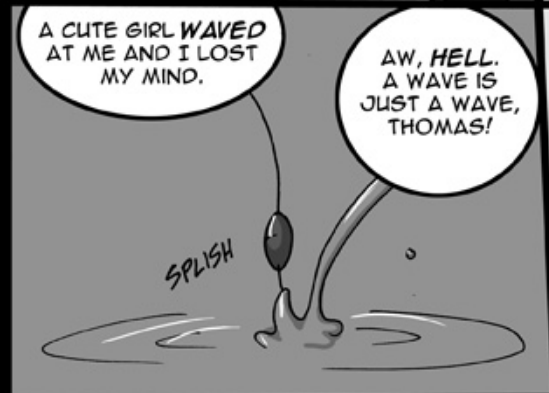
HELLO, MR. FANG.

THOMAS, BOY!
WHAT BRINGS YOU
DOWN TO THE
LAKE?



RECOVERING FROM
A BAD CASE OF
COOTIES. JUST
NEED SOME QUIET
TIME.

COOTIES, EHP?
HOW'D YOU GO
AND MANAGE
THAT?



A CUTE GIRL WAVED
AT ME AND I LOST
MY MIND.

AW, HELL.
A WAVE IS
JUST A WAVE,
THOMAS!



IT FELT LIKE
MUCH MORE
THAN THAT.

LET ME TELL
YA ABOUT
LADIES...



READIN' WOMEN
IS A LOT LIKE
FISHIN' ...

YOU SAY
THAT ABOUT
EVERYTHING.

SIMMER
DOWN AND
LISTEN,
BOY.

AS A SINGLE MAN, EVERY LADY WHO REPRESENTS A POSSIBLE RELATIONSHIP IS LIKE A LINE IN THE WATER.

AIN'T SAYIN' THAT MEN USE **BAIT** AND WOMEN ARE BEIN' HOOKED AGAINST THEIR **WILL**.

BUT WHEN IT COMES TO READIN' WOMEN, THIS IS A MAN'S PERSPECTIVE.

A LADY CAN GIVE YOU A SIGNAL.

SOMETHIN' LIKE A **WAVE** OR A **SMILE**, OR A TOUCH ON THE ARM.

AND **THIS** IS A WIGGLE ON THE LINE.

SOMETIME'S LADIES DON'T KNOW THEY'RE PUTTIN' OFF SIGNALS.

BUT YOU **STARE** AT THE LINE A LITTLE HARDER, AND LOOK FOR MORE SIGNS.

YOU CAN **PLAY** THE LINE A LITTLE, SEEN' IF YOU CAN HOOK HER, BUT A WOMAN WILL **ONLY** HOOK HERSELF TO YOU BY HER OWN WILL.

SO, YOU REEL HER IN?

NOT SO SIMPLE. A WOMAN WON'T ALWAYS **TELL** YOU WHEN SHE'S HOOKED, OR JUST **PLAYIN'**.

YOU GOTTA DEVELOP A **SENSE** ABOUT IT!

IF YOU YANK THE LINE WHEN SHE AINT QUITE HOOKED, SHE'LL BREAK FREE AND SWIM AWAY!

BUT IF YOU REEL HER IN AT **JUST** THE RIGHT TIME...

GIRLS ARE COMPLICATED. I THINK I'D RATHER JUST FISH.