

BABY'S FIRST WORDS



GLAME, I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT YOU TODAY...

WELL SPOTTED, BILL. I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET SOMEONE...

..THIS IS MY LITTLE NEPHEW, BERTIE. I PROMISED I'D LOOK AFTER HIM FOR THE DAY.

GOO GOO!



ISN'T THAT A BIT DANGEROUS, TAKING AN INFANT ON ONE OF YOUR INSANE MINI ADVENTURES?

NOT AT ALL. BABY BERTIE IS FROM STRONG FAMILY STOCK. HE'S AS READY TO FIGHT VILLAINY AS I AM!

AND SO OUR HEROES SALLY FORTH, SNIFFING OUT ADVENTURE WHEREVER IT MAY BE...

THE ONLY THING I AM SNIFFING AT THE MOMENT IS TWO FEET TALL AND IN NEED OF CHANGING. PEE-YEWW!

WHAT'S THAT, BILL?



IT'S YOUR ANKLE BITER. HE'S BROWNED HIMSELF.

OH NO, BERTIE! YOU HAVEN'T HAVE YOU? THAT'S DISGUSTING!

WELL, GO ON THEN. SEE TO HIM.

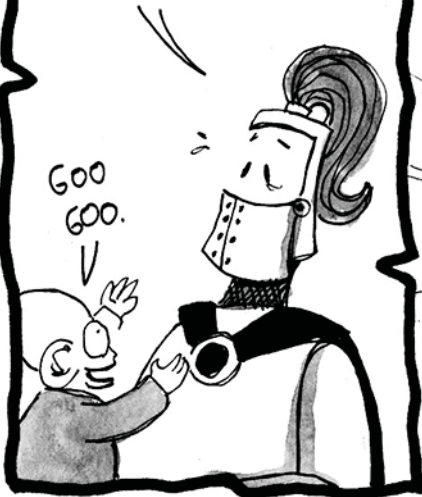
NO, NO. NOBLE KNIGHTS DO NOT CHANGE NAPPIES, IT IS UNBECOMING ... AND GROSS.



I THOUGHT YOU ALWAYS SAID YOU WERE READY TO TAKE ON ANYTHING! YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF A MESSY NAPPY, ARE YOU?



OF COURSE NOT! IT'S JUST THAT I... UM.. I JUST—



YET SIR GLAME DOES NOT HAVE TIME TO ANSWER HIS DOUBTING HORSE'S CHARGE BECAUSE...

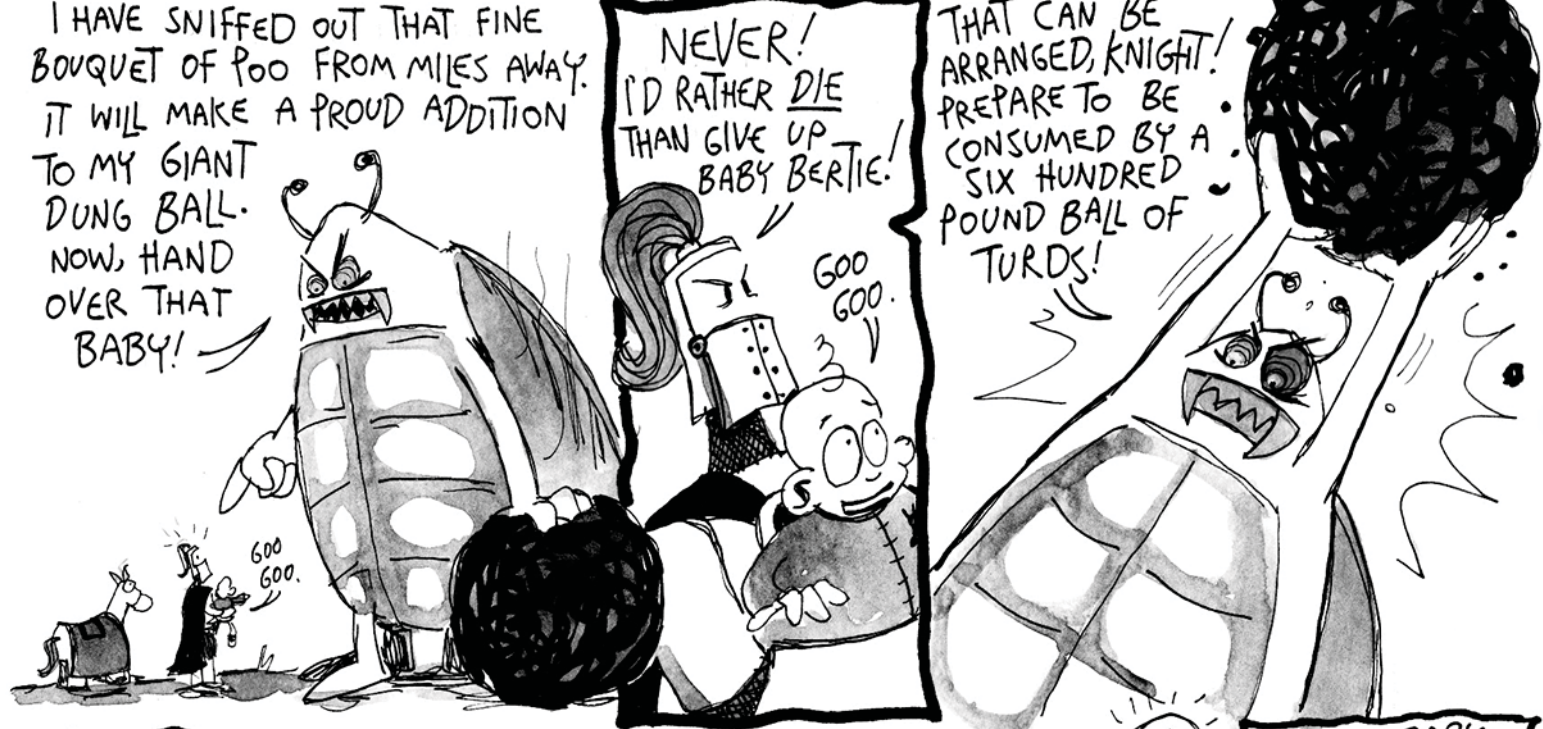


STAND FAST, SPORES! IT IS I, DERDRIE, THE GREAT DUNG BEETLE OF THE NORTH!

I HAVE SNIFFED OUT THAT FINE BOUQUET OF POO FROM MILES AWAY. IT WILL MAKE A PROUD ADDITION TO MY GIANT DUNG BALL. NOW, HAND OVER THAT BABY!

NEVER! I'D RATHER DIE THAN GIVE UP BABY BERTIE!

THAT CAN BE ARRANGED, KNIGHT! PREPARE TO BE CONSUMED BY A SIX HUNDRED POUND BALL OF TURDS!



NO, WAIT! DERDIE, LET'S NOT BE HASTY. YOU ONLY WANT THE POO ITSELF, DON'T YOU? HERE, YOU'RE WELCOME TO THE LAD'S NAPPY. TAKE AND ENJOY.

AHH, THANK YOU, HORSE SHAPED ONE. INDEED YOUNG BERTIE IS A PRODIGY IN THE ART OF BUM SCULPTURE.

GOOD THINKING, BILL!

GOOD LUCK, MORE LIKE IT.

AND SO BABY BERTIE'S DAY WITH UNCLE GLAMEY DRAWS TO A CLOSE...

I'M SO PROUD, BILL. TO THINK: I INSPIRED HIS FIRST WORDS.

*GROAN~ SOON TO BE HIS LAST.

