



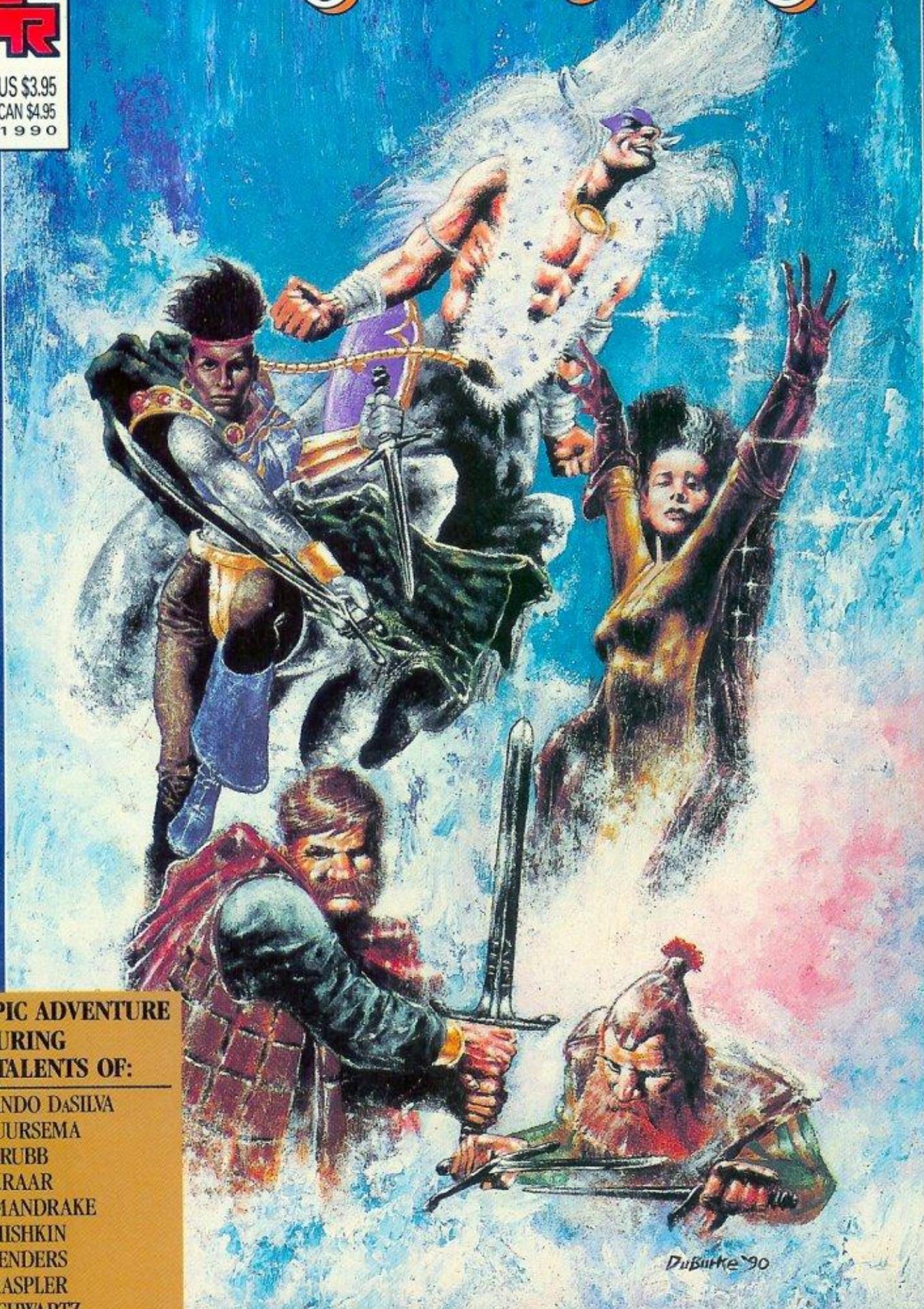
ANNUAL  
1990



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1990

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# Advanced Dungeons & Dragons™



AN EPIC ADVENTURE  
FEATURING  
THE TALENTS OF:

FERNANDO DASILVA  
JAN DUURSEMA  
JEFF GRUBB  
DON KRAAR  
TOM MANDRAKE  
DAN MISHKIN  
KEN PENDERS  
DAN RASPLER  
BEN SCHWARTZ

Dubuque '90

WATERDEEP, CITY OF SPLENDORS--

--AND OF SIMPLE PLEASURES TOO.

I GET TO BE LORD PIERGEIRON, OKAY?

ZING! GOTCHA!

DID NOT!

DID TOO!

NO WAY!  
YOU WERE LORD  
PIERGEIRON LAST  
TIME, YOU  
CHEATER!

I'LL BE THE  
HEAD OF THE  
THIEVES  
GUILD!

STUPID!  
WATERDEEP  
DOESN'T HAVE  
A THIEVES  
GUILD!

I KNOW  
WHAT I AM,  
YOU BUNCH OF  
BABIES.

OOGA  
BOOGA!!



# PLAYERS



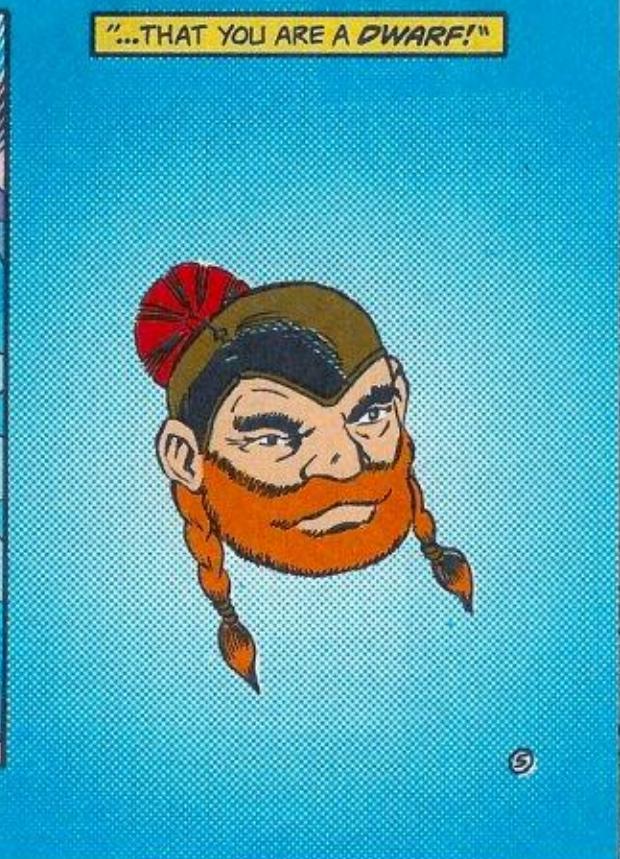
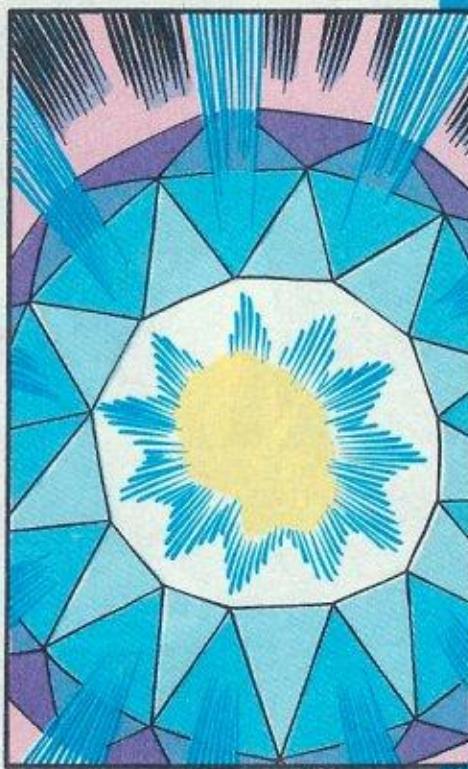
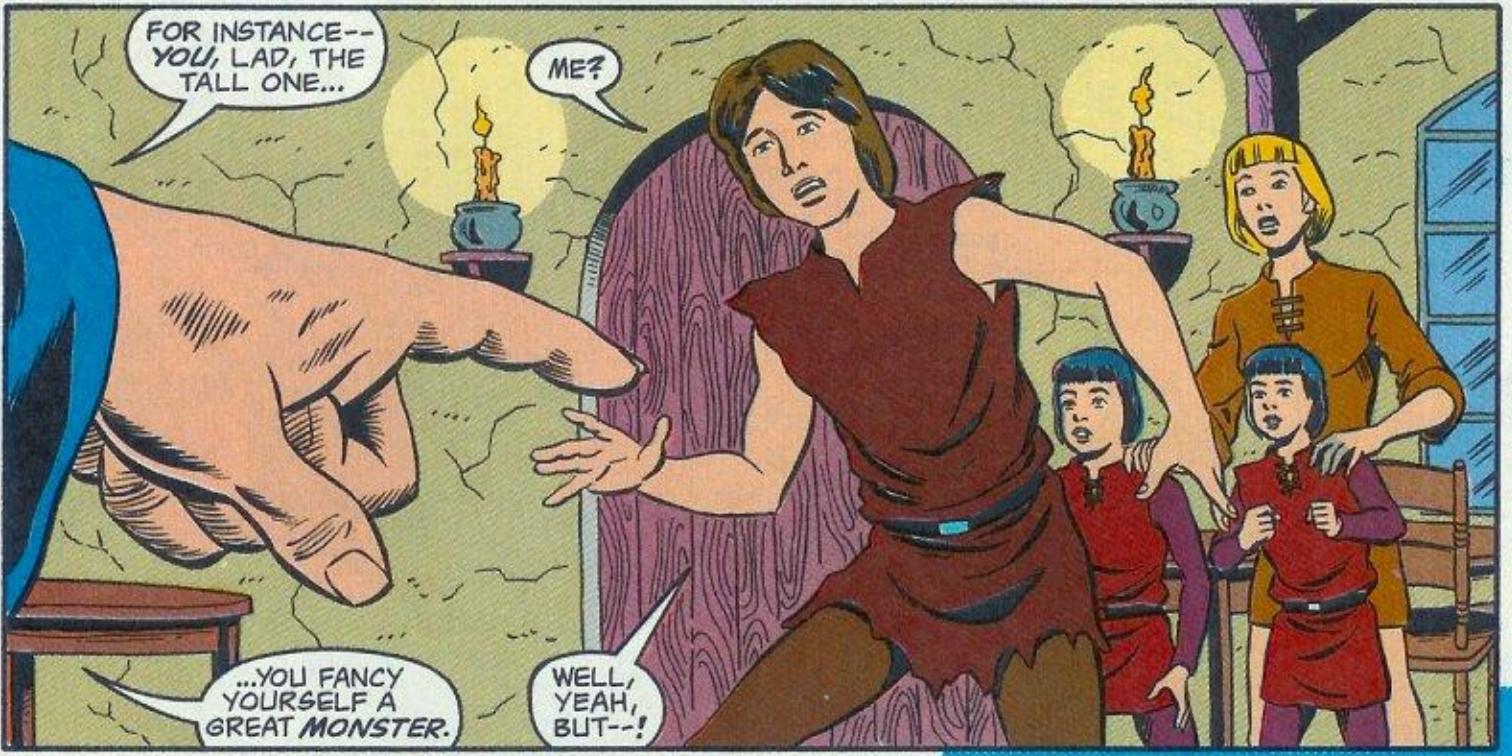
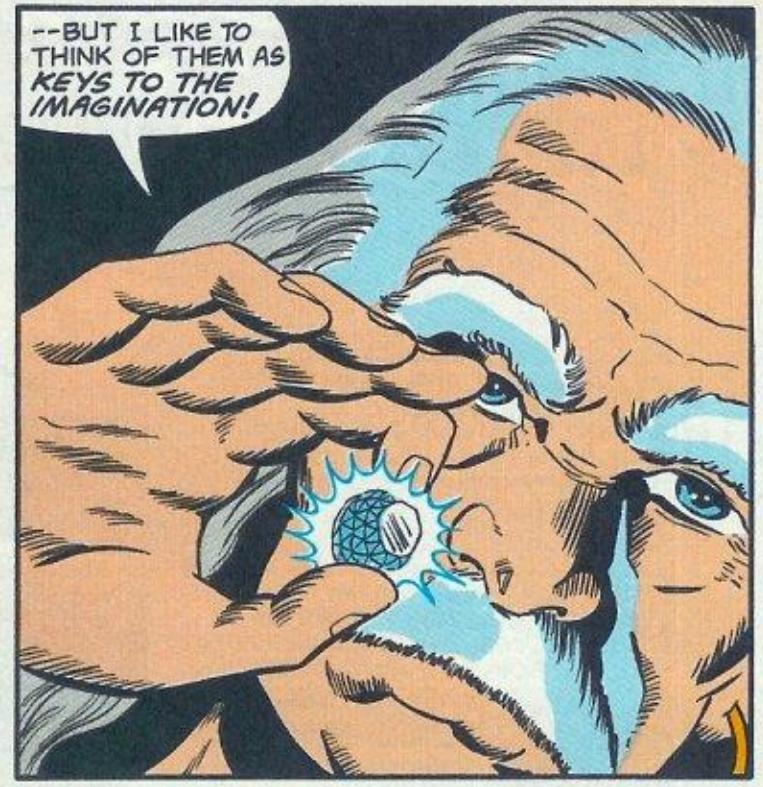
DAN MISHKIN  
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COLORIST EDITOR





# DWARVES' NIGHT OUT

"NOW DWARVES ARE HEARTY ADVENTURERS, WILLING TO PUT THEIR VERY LIVES ON THE LINE FOR THEIR ALLIES."

"THEY ARE ALSO SHORT-TEMPERED, BOASTFUL, OVERLY SURE OF THEMSELVES, AND LACKING IN TACT TO THE POINT OF RUDENESS."

"SEVERAL YEARS AGO..."

CURSED!

ALL THAT TIME AND EFFORT!

ALL THAT BLOOD AND SWEAT!

AND THE DAMNABLE THING WAS CURSED!

JEFF GRUBB  
WRITER

KEN PENDERS,  
BOB DOWNS  
ARTISTS

"WELL,  
THE SAGE SAID  
IT WAS A MINOR  
CURSE."

"AYE, A CURSE  
OF POVERTY, AND IT  
HIT THE MOMENT  
WE ENTERED THAT  
SAGE'S HOVEL."

"I HAD  
HOPE FOR A BIG  
KILLING, AND WHAT  
HAVE WE TO SHOW  
FOR IT?"

YE OWN  
COLLECTOR

"A FEW  
GOLD COINS, AND  
A SMATTERING  
OF SILVER!"

"IT SEEMS  
TO ME THAT A FEW  
GOLD IS BETTER THAN  
NO GOLD, WHICH IS  
WHAT WE HAD TO  
START WITH--"

--AND  
THE MONEY IS ENOUGH  
FOR WARM QUARTERS AND  
A GOOD MEAL. WHERE  
SHALL WE GO?

HOLD ON, ...WHAT'S ALL  
HERE... THE "WE"  
BUSINESS?

I'M TAKING MY  
SHARE OF THE  
GOLD AND GOING  
TO HANG OUT  
WITH MY OWN  
PEOPLE FOR  
AWHILE.

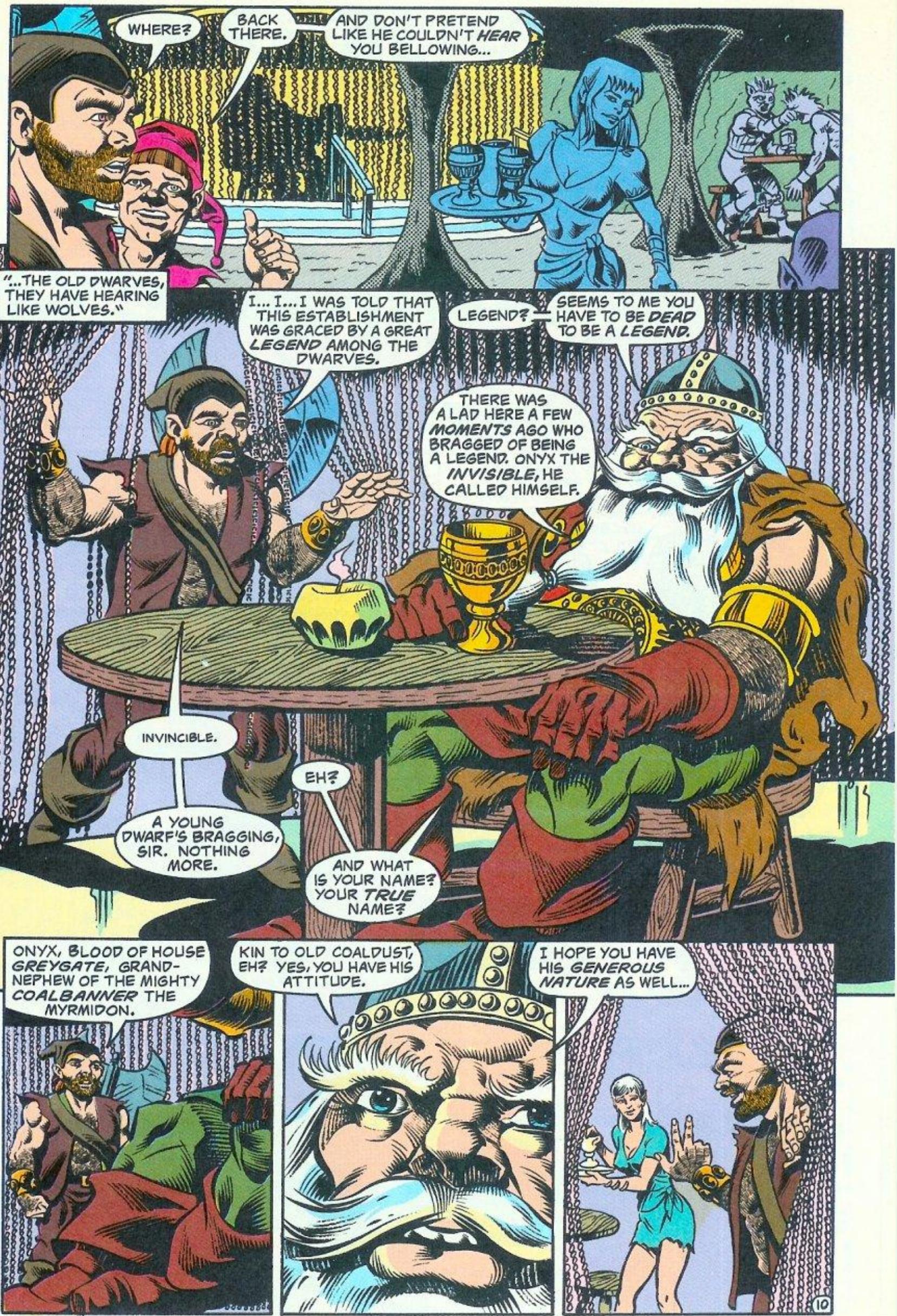
"YOU'RE  
A GOOD FIGHTER,  
TIMOTH, BUT I'D RATHER  
SPEND MY FREE TIME  
WITH FOLK WHO SHARE  
THE SAME HEIGHT  
AND NUMBER OF  
LEGS."

"WHY NOT  
CHECK OUT THE STABLES?  
MAYBE YOU CAN GRAB  
A FEEDBAG OR  
SOMETHING."



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YOU KNEW COALDU--  
I MEAN, GREAT-UNCLE  
COALBANNER?

HE DIED AT HASTERGATE,  
HOLDING BACK AN ORCISH  
HORDE UNTIL THE RELIEF  
COLUMN ARRIVED.

HE WAS A  
GREAT  
DWARF.

HE WAS A  
GREAT  
IDIOT!

HE AND TWO  
HUNDRED OTHERS.  
ALL DIED. BUT THEY  
BROKE THE ADVANCE  
OF THE HORDE.

BUT YOU  
JUST SAID  
HE--

I SAID THAT  
TWO HUNDRED DWARVES  
DIED FOR A PIECE OF  
GROUND. HAVE YOU SEEN  
TWO HUNDRED DWARVES  
RECENTLY?

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN  
THEM BECAUSE THE  
DWARVEN RACE IS  
DYING!

WE GRUB  
FOR OUR METALS  
AND FIGHT TO THE  
DEATH TO KEEP  
WHAT IS OURS AND  
THEN GO LOOKING  
FOR MORE.

WE'RE  
LEGENDARY  
FIGURES, BUT  
HAVE PAID IN  
BLOOD. THERE  
ARE FEWER OF  
US EACH  
PASSING WINTER.

NOT FOR  
A WHILE,  
BUT...

THE WINTERS SEEM  
TO HAVE MADE YOU  
CAUTIOUS, GREAT  
ONE...

TWENTY  
MILLION.

PARDON?

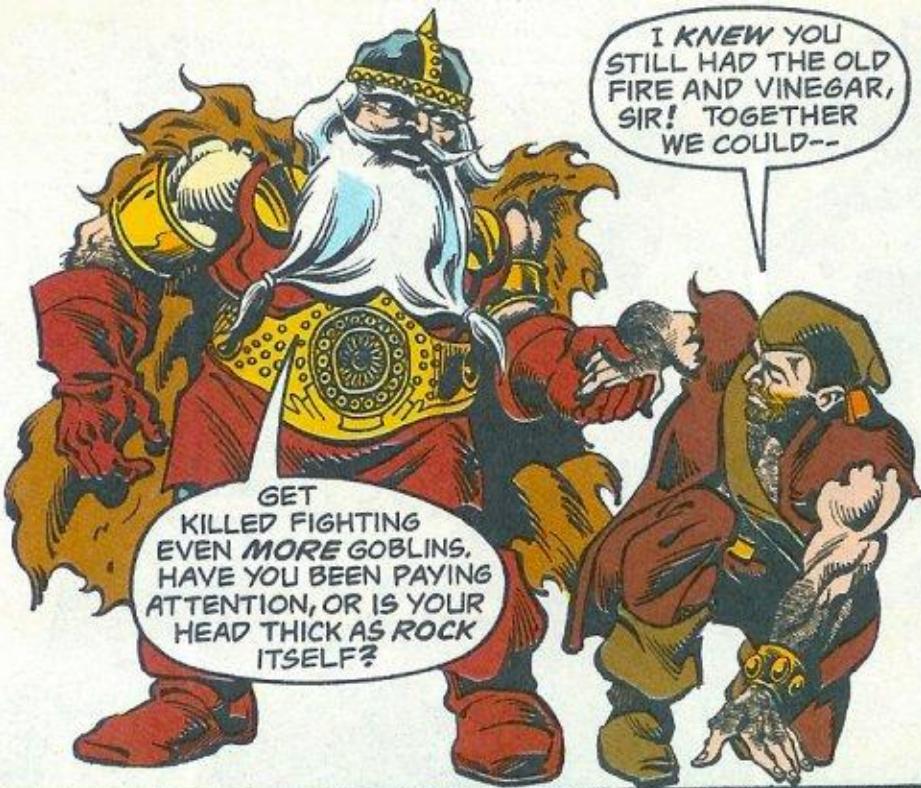
TWENTY MILLION  
OF US, IN THE NORTH,  
THE YEAR I WAS BORN.  
A FRACTION OF THAT  
NUMBER NOW--OUR  
FORMER HALLS ARE  
HAUNTS FOR GOBLIN  
PRINCES.

HOW  
LONG UNTIL WE ARE  
ALL REDUCED TO  
DEAD LEGENDS?

HEY, MATE!  
WE'RE OUTA BEAH!  
YOU WANNA GET  
US MO?



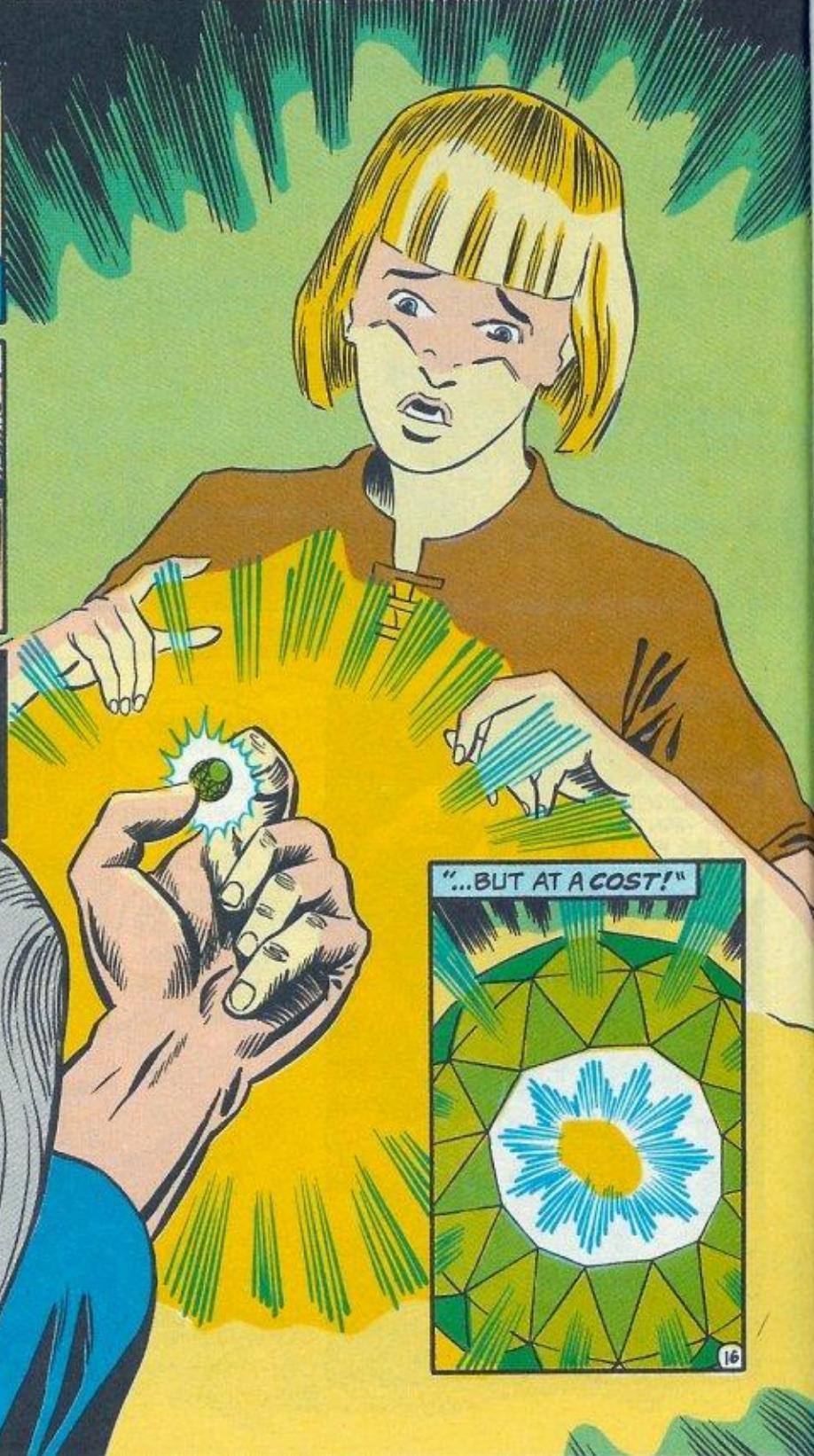
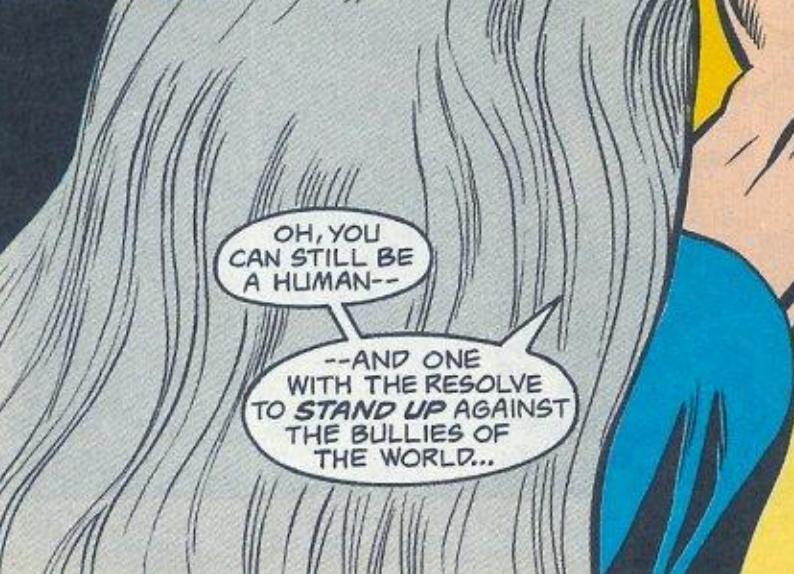
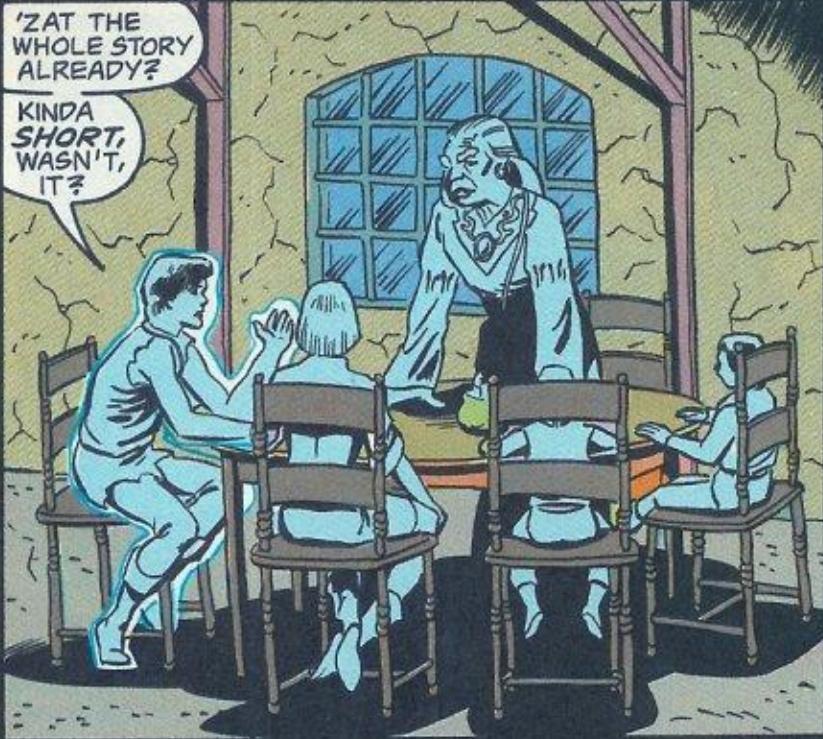






"...BY DYING YOUNG."









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SO YOU SEE  
MY PROBLEM,  
MASTER.

BUT AS YOU SEE,  
MY SOLUTION  
IS MOST  
SIMPLE.

SIMPLE? THEN WHY  
DO I STILL FAIL TO  
UNDERSTAND YOUR  
WHINING, GUSAN?  
ARE YOU IMPLYING  
THAT I AM STUPID?



AGREED, MASTER.  
BUT IN THE LONG  
RUN, HIS TALK OF  
REBELLION AGAINST  
THE ARENA WILL  
COST US MORE.

YES, HE HAS NO  
GRATITUDE. AND  
HIS WORDS BEGIN  
TO INFLUENCE OUR  
NEW SLAVES--  
LIKE VAJRA.

SHUT UP.  
LIBER IS OBNOXIOUS,  
BUT THE CROWDS  
LOVE HIM. WHY SHOULD  
I KILL OFF SUCH A  
PROFITABLE COMMODITY  
AND LOSE TICKET  
SALES?

OH NO,  
MAJESTY!  
NEVER, NEVER.  
ALL OF THE REALMS  
KNOW OF MIGHTY  
ABON DULUM'S WISDOM,  
NEVER WOULD  
I--



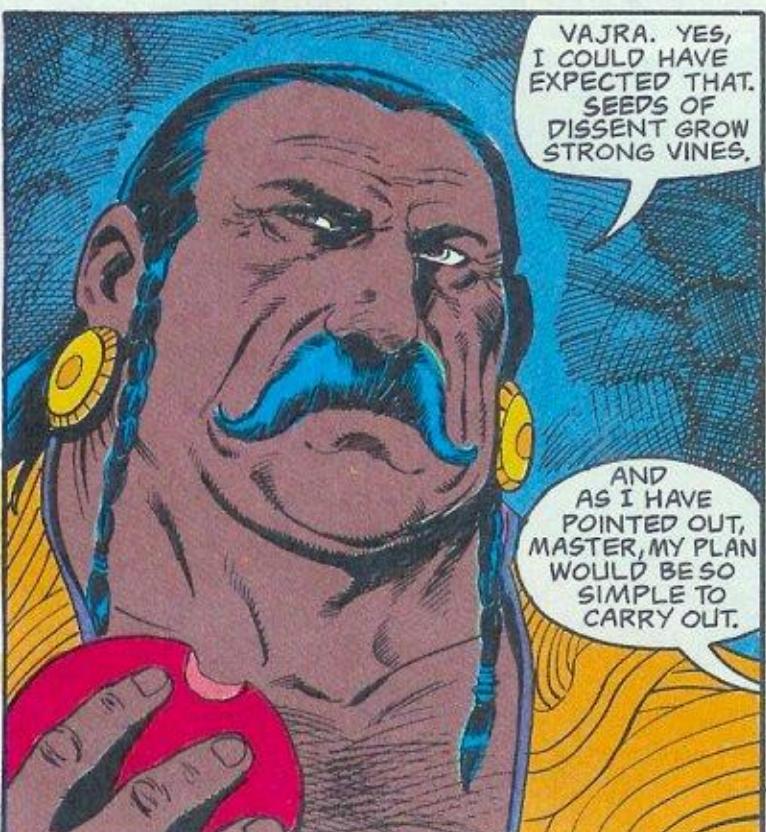
VAJRA. YES,  
I COULD HAVE  
EXPECTED THAT.  
SEEDS OF  
DISSENT GROW  
STRONG VINES.

AND  
AS I HAVE  
POINTED OUT,  
MASTER, MY PLAN  
WOULD BE SO  
SIMPLE TO  
CARRY OUT.

VERY WELL, GUSAN.  
CARRY OUT YOUR  
PLAN, BUT NO  
MISTAKES.

AND MAKE SURE  
VAJRA SEES THE  
FRUITS OF LIBER'S  
BEHAVIOR.

YES,  
MASTER.







"AND SO SHE FOUGHT. IN BOUT AFTER BOUT, HONING AN UGLY SKILL IN AN UGLY TRADE. DREAMING OF REVENGE; OF FREEDOM."

VAJRA!  
VAJRA!

WHY  
DOESN'T  
SHE ANSWER?  
HAS SHE NO  
PRIDE?

DID YOU NOT  
TELL HER TO  
ANSWER  
THEM?

A THOUSAND  
TIMES, MASTER.  
BUT NO MATTER  
HOW MANY  
LASHINGS, SHE  
WILL NOT  
ANSWER.

"SOON, THE CROWDS CHANTED HER NAME AS THEY DID GORDA'S-- BUT SHE HATED THEM ALL."

AN UNBREAKABLE SPIRIT.  
SOME DAY,  
I WILL TAME HER.

"AND WHEN SHE HAD MASTERED THIS BRUTAL CRAFT, SHE MADE A PUBLIC CHALLENGE OF HER OWN."

"ONE THAT, BY LAW, COULD NOT BE DENIED."

FOR TEN YEARS I HAVE FOUGHT AND WON IN YOUR ARENA, ABON DULUM.

NOW I PUBLICLY CHALLENGE GORDA IN A BOUT TO THE DEATH.

IT IS THE LAW.

WE CANNOT ALLOW THIS! ONE OR THE OTHER WILL DIE!

THE LOSS IN TICKETS WOULD BE DISASTROUS.

BUT HIGHNESS, YOUR OWN LAW STATES THAT A PUBLIC CHALLENGE COMES FIRST.

ARRANGE THE MATCH. BUT GORDA MUST WIN. VAJRA AMUSES ME, BUT SHE IS NOT THE DRAW GORDA IS.

GIVE HER WHAT YOU GAVE LIBER.

"SO SHE HAD HER MATCH, AND HER REVENGE ON THESE MURDERERS WOULD COME AT LAST."

YOU KNOW I NEVER DRINK BEFORE A MATCH, GUSAN. IN FACT, NO ONE KNOWS BETTER THAN YOU.

I WASN'T GIVING YOU THE CHOICE, VAJRA. RESTRAIN HER.

I WANT HER CONSCIOUS! SHE STILL HAS TO WALK OUT THERE!

THESE SLUGS HAVE BEEN AFRAID OF ME SINCE I WAS SEVENTEEN, GUSAN!

THEN LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO AGAINST THREE OF US, SLAVE!

UACK!  
**THUNK!**

FIRST RULE OF COMBAT--NEVER LEAD WITH YOUR FACE!

I'M GOING TO STICK GORDA AS EASILY AS I STICK THESE PIGS! THEN WHERE WILL YOU BE?

DON'T THINK I'VE FORGOTTEN ANYTHING, SLAVE DRIVER. EITHER GORDA OR I WILL DIE TODAY.

AACH!  
--GUARDS, HELP!

GUARDS!  
QUICKLY,  
MORE GUARDS!

HOPE IT'S ME.

TODAY--GORDA,  
THE LAST DECADE'S  
GREATEST FIGHTER,  
AND VAJRA, THE  
SWIFTEST AND  
YOUNGEST OF ALL  
CHAMPIONS, FIGHT  
TO THE DEATH!---

--AND TO  
THE  
GLORY!

GLORY--  
PHHT!

LET  
THE GAME  
BEGIN!

GORDA  
MOVE FAST  
TOO, LITTLE  
GIRL!

FASTER  
THAN LIBER  
WHEN YOU  
MURDERED  
HIM, APE?

KILL HER!  
DON'T GIVE  
HER ANOTHER  
SECOND,  
GORDA!

LIBER?  
STUPID,  
JUST LIKE  
YOU.

GORDA  
HATE  
STUPID  
PEOPLE!

STUPID PEOPLE  
NEVER SHUT UP.  
ALWAYS COMPLAIN.

I TEACH  
YOU NOT BE  
STUPID.

KILL HER NOW!  
GORDA, NO!  
--WATCH OUT!



WHAT SAY YOU, DUUM?  
WILL THE MATCH  
CONTINUE BETWEEN  
MYSELF AND GUSAN,  
WHO HAS LOST YOU  
YOUR CHAMPION  
TODAY?

THAT WASN'T  
MY FAULT!  
ABON DUUM, I  
WORKED MY WAY  
UP FROM SCRUB  
BOY TO ARENA  
MASTER! I'M  
NO SLAVE!

I'LL KILL YOU,  
VAJRA! FOR THE  
GLORY OF ABON  
DUUM AND THE  
ARENA!

YOU  
SNIVELLING  
INCOMPETENT!

YOU'RE THE WORST  
OF ANY HERE, GUSAN.  
YOU'RE A SLAVE  
AND YOU LIKE IT.  
YOU MAKE ME  
SICK!

VAJRA!  
VAJRA!

VAJRA,  
DO YOU  
HEAR THE PEOPLE?  
SHOW THEM YOUR  
GRATITUDE--ANSWER  
THEM AT LAST!

HERE IS MY ANSWER,  
ABON DUUM!

I WILL ANSWER  
WHEN I'M FREE!

"TICKET SALES  
WENT UP THAT  
YEAR, OF COURSE..."



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CHEATING AT  
KNUCKLEBONES  
IS CHILD'S PLAY.

LOADED DICE ARE A  
HELP, BUT IT'S THE  
TIMING THAT  
DOES THE JOB.

THE TRICK IS TO START  
LOSING IMMEDIATELY.  
PUT YOUR OPPONENTS  
OFF THEIR GUARD.

GAMBLE WITH THE RIGHT  
CROWD AND YOU CAN'T  
FAIL...

...PROVIDED  
THERE ARE NO  
DISTRACTIONS.

HAH!  
WE WIN  
AGAIN!

YES!  
WIN!  
HEH!

HOLD,  
CONNER.

WHO'S THERE?  
SHOW YOURSELF!

# "I, CONNER"

STORY BY  
DAN RASPLER      ART BY  
TOM MANDRAKE

ASSASSIN?  
THAT'S THE SECOND  
TIME I'VE BEEN  
INSULTED  
TODAY!

KNUCKLEBONES?  
DISAPPOINTING.  
I EXPECTED CRAZY COINS  
AT THE VERY LEAST,  
CONNER!

WHO'S THAT?

THAT'S OLD  
LAYSH!

HE'S THE  
CHIEF ASSASSIN  
FOR THE BARON  
NORROR!

I'M NOT  
A KILLER,  
YOU FOOLS...  
I'M AN  
ARTIST!



I'VE BEEN WRONGED,  
CONNER. ABUSED BY MY  
STRIPLING LORD!

HE'S A BOY!  
A CRETINOUS,  
INFANTILE, VAIN,  
MISERABLE--  
NNNNKKKK.

I'VE GIVEN  
MY BEST YEARS TO  
HOUSE NORROR! I'VE  
BEEN HAND-TORTURING  
THEIR BLASTED  
PRISONERS FOR FIFTY  
ONE YEARS!

YOU STILL HAVEN'T  
TOLD ME WHAT HE'S  
DONE, LAYSH.

DONE?  
HE... HE BOUGHT  
A... AN IRON... BY THE  
GODS, I CANNOT  
EVEN SAY IT!

THAT  
MISERABLE  
WORM OF A  
WIDOW'S SON  
BOUGHT AN...  
IRON  
MAIDEN.

OH, YES... CABINET IN THE  
SHAPE OF A WOMAN. SPIKES  
ON THE INSIDE. PRETTY  
BRUTAL, BUT...

BUT  
UNIMAGINATIVE!  
SO EASY!

I CAN'T LOOK  
AT THE WRETCHED  
THING WHEN I GET  
TO WORK!

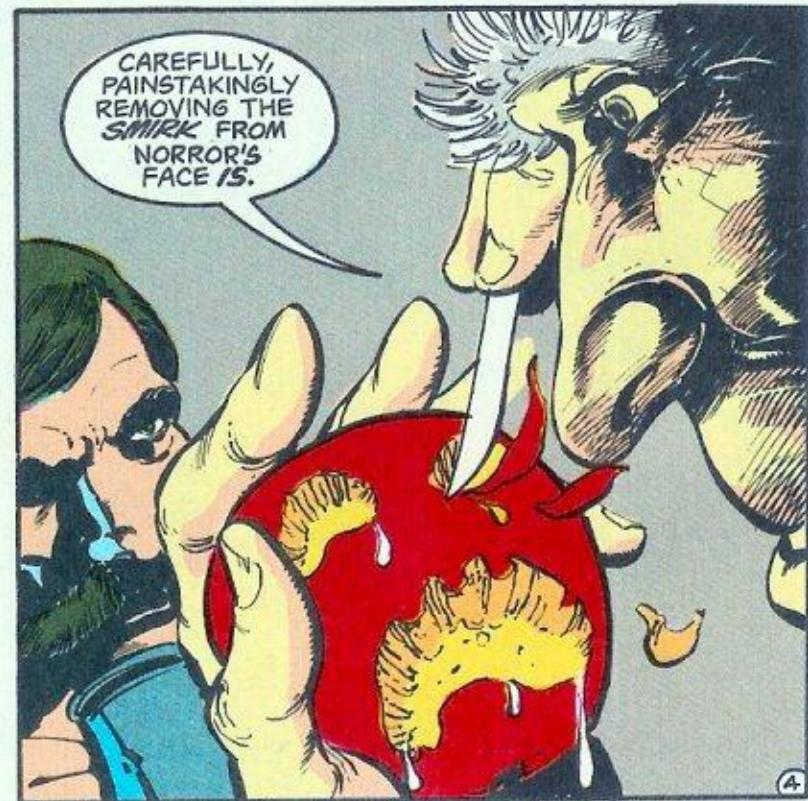
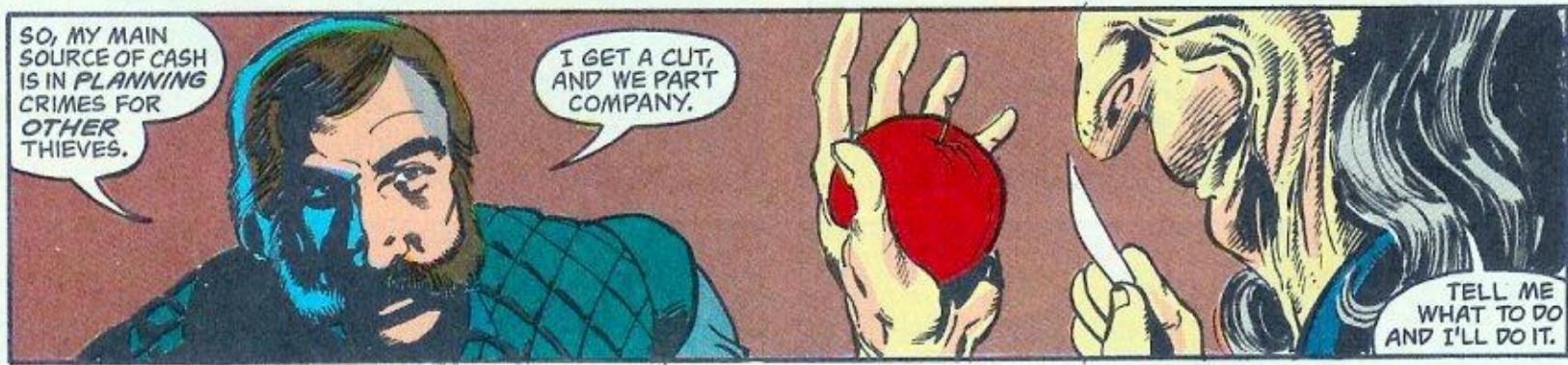
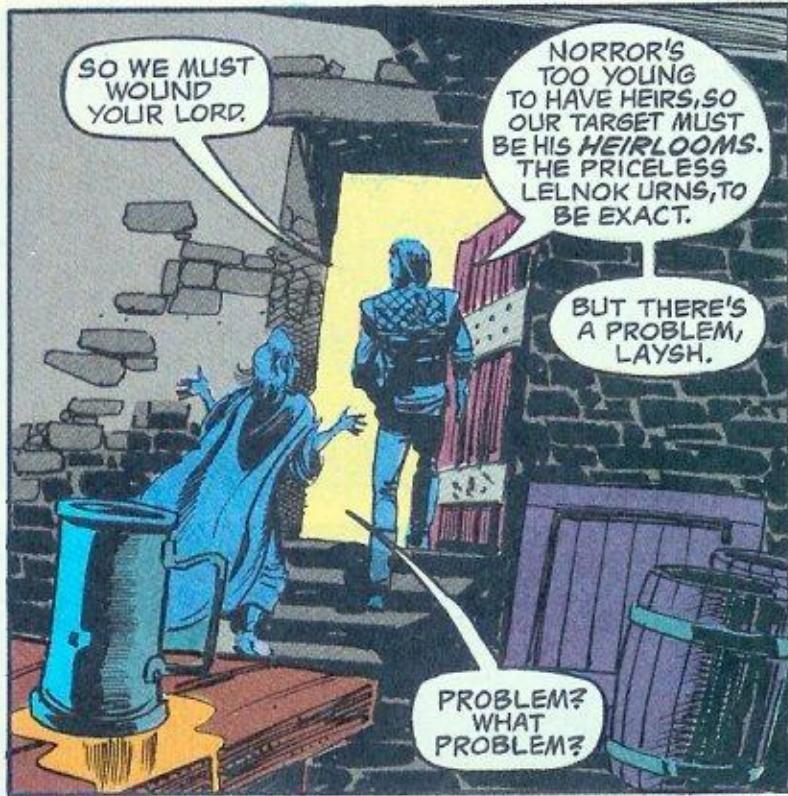
REVENGE,  
CONNER!!

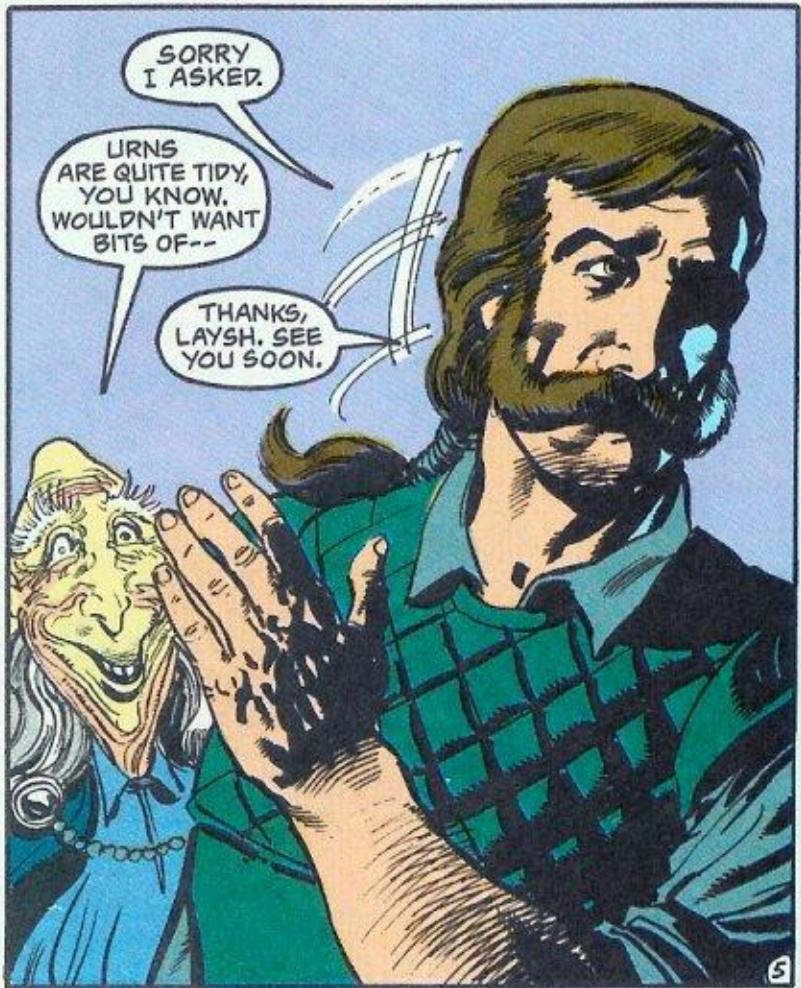
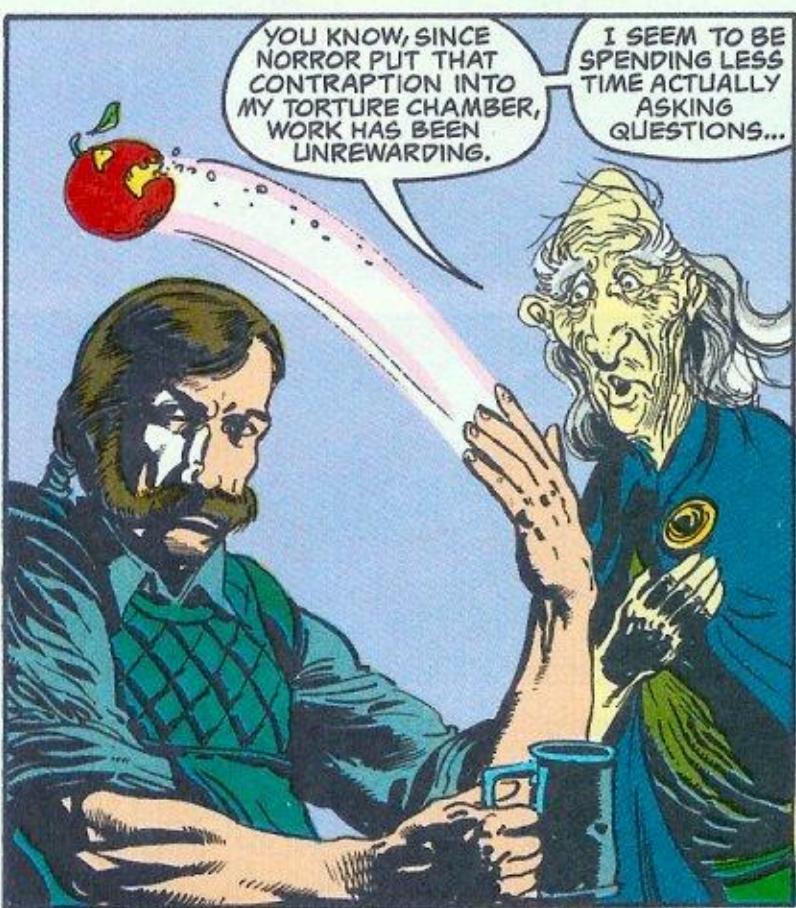
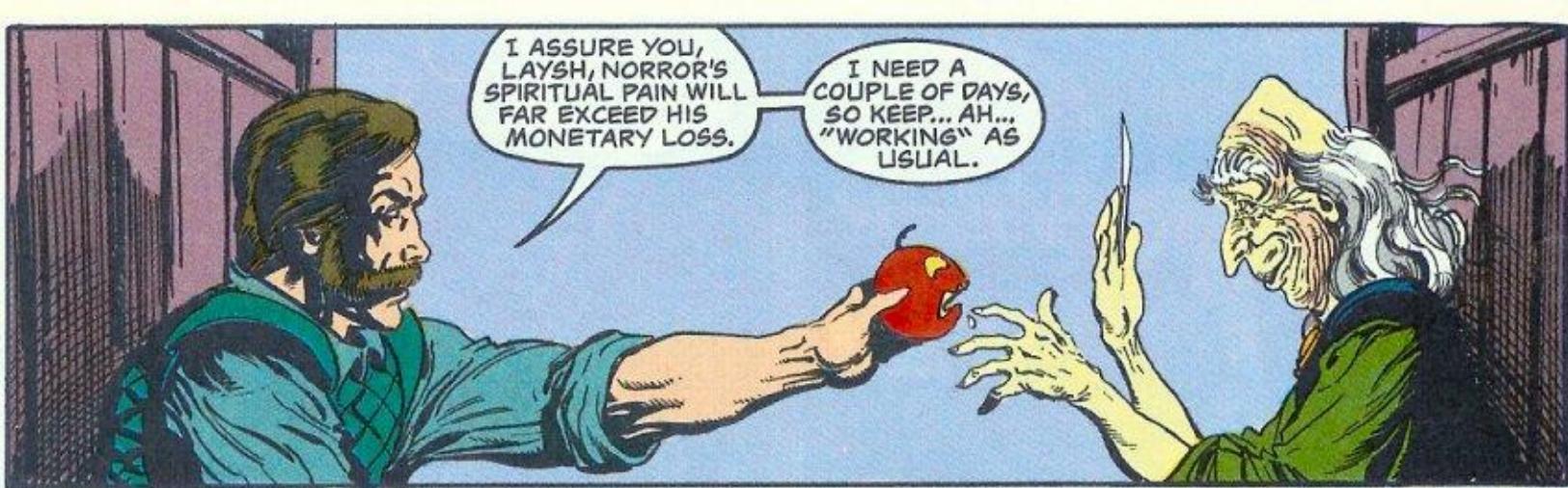
WE WILL REDUCE  
THE BARON NORROR  
TO HIS COMPONENT  
PARTS: VANITY...  
STUPIDITY...

...AND FEAR.

WORKING EVEN NOW,  
AREN'T YOU, LAYSH?  
YOU WANT ME TO  
FUNCTION AS YOUR  
BRANDING IRON,  
OR TONGS, OR WHIPS,  
OR SCALPEL.

FRIEND CONNER,  
I'VE COME TO THE  
RIGHT MAN.





IT IS STRANGE PLAYING THE PART OF A TORTURER'S TONGS, BUT TO GET MY HANDS ON TWO GENUINE LELNOK URNS...

...I'D PLAY THE IRON MAIDEN HERSELF!

HIS BEDROOM IS A MAUSOLEUM. THE OLD MAN SLEEPS LIKE A CORPSE. FITTING.

RECKONING TIME, OLD MAN.

WHO'S THERE? WHAT DO--

SOFTLY, LAYSH. IT'S CONNER.

THE PLAN'S AFOOT.

YOU'VE ALREADY STOLEN THE URNS, THEN?

UNFORTUNATE. I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO IT, SOMEHOW.

I'VE STOLEN NOTHING. THESE TWO URNS ARE FORGERIES I HAD MADE UP LAST NIGHT FOR A FEW SILVER MARKS.

THIS WHITE STUFF COMES OFF WITH WATER. NOW LISTEN CLOSELY--

PERHAPS WE SHOULD NOT DO THIS THING, CONNER. PERHAPS I SHOULD NOT HAVE--

NATURALLY. NOW I UNDERSTAND WHY BARON NORROR PREFERS HIS NEW IRON MAIDEN TO HIS OLD STRAW MAN. SHE'S RELIABLE.

LAYSH, IT'LL BE DAYS BEFORE ANYONE SPOTS THE FAKES.

HERE'S THE PLAN...

"CONDUCT BUSINESS AS USUAL."

"BE YOURSELF. DON'T PUT ON AN ACT."

I'VE FOUND  
ANOTHER  
RECALCITRANT  
SERF, LAYSH.

HOW  
WONDERFUL FOR  
YOU, LORD BARON.  
WHAT, PRAY TELL,  
WILL YOU DO WITH  
HIM?

"WAIT FOR A  
GOOD DISTRACTION..."

I'M AFRAID  
WE HAVE NO  
CHOICE BUT TO...

...PUT HIM IN THE  
IRON MAIDEN!  
AH HAHAHA!!  
AH HAHAHA!!

MASTER LAYSH?  
ARE YOU DOWN  
THERE? WHAT ARE  
YOU UP TO?

"AND CASUALLY BRING THE  
FORGERIES UP TO THE  
BARON'S BEDCHAMBER."

HIS ELBOWS,  
LORD BARON.

"YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO  
WHEN YOU GET THERE."

I....SEE.





I KNOW LAYSH FELT HURT ENOUGH TO COMMIT THE CRIME, BUT I CANNOT BE SURE HE WILL FEEL HE'S SETTLED HIS SCORE WITH NORROR.

AND HAVING BETRAYED HOUSE NORROR PURELY FOR SPITE, I KNOW HE IS NOT ABOVE BETRAYING ME AS WELL.

SO I LOAD THE DICE.

HEY, OLD MAN!

WHAT? WHO'S THERE?

IT'S ONLY ME. OSSLI.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS? TWO PRICELESS URNS HAVE BEEN STOLEN FROM THE VERY BEDCHAMBER OF THE BARON NORROR!

REALLY? THEN NORROR MUST BE THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THE WHOLE TOWN, RIGHT?

I WOULDN'T KNOW, BUT I DO KNOW THAT THE OFFICERS OF THE WATCH ARE OUT LOOKING FOR THE CULPRIT RIGHT NOW!

OH. DO THEY... WHAT DO... HAVE THEY ANY...

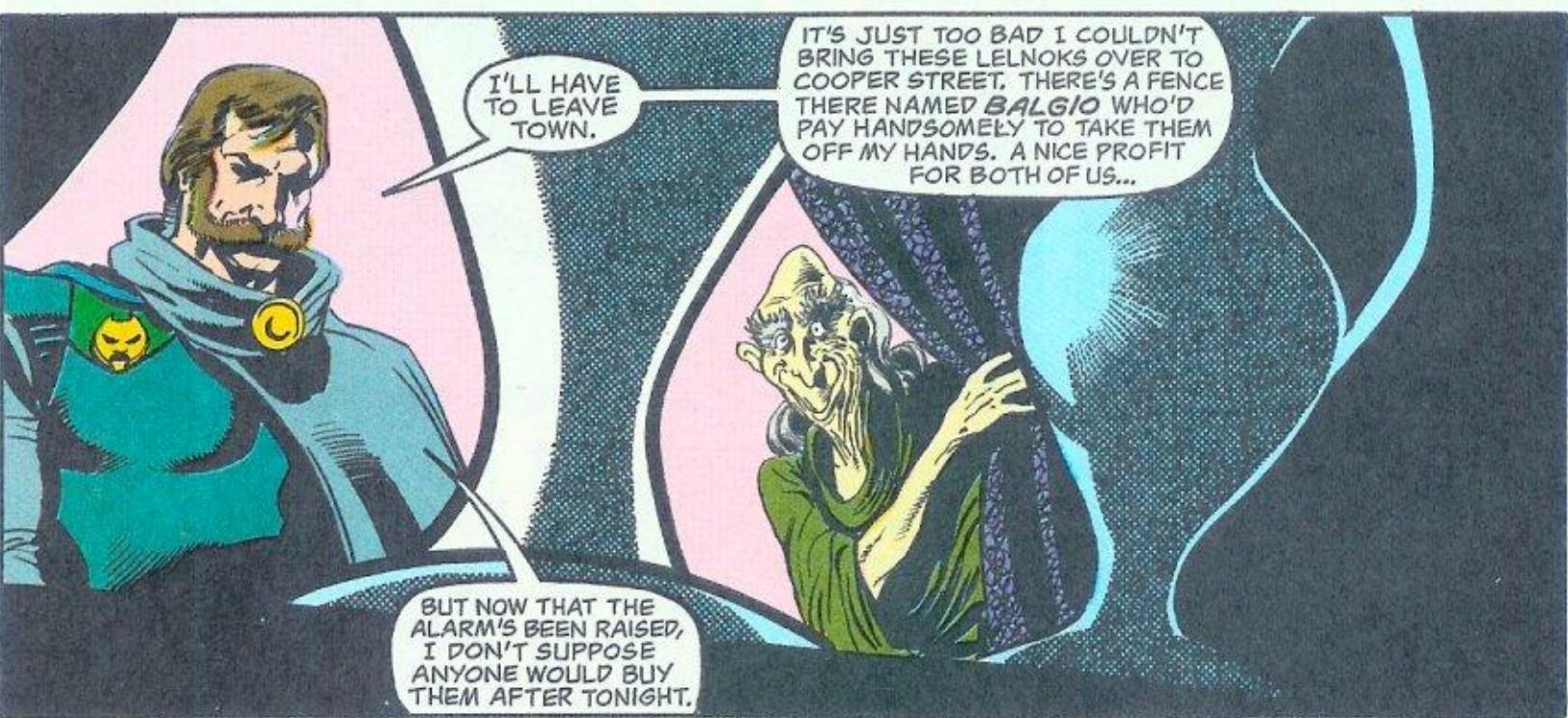
I'VE HEARD THEY WON'T REST 'TIL THEY'VE GOT THE THIEF STRUNG UP!

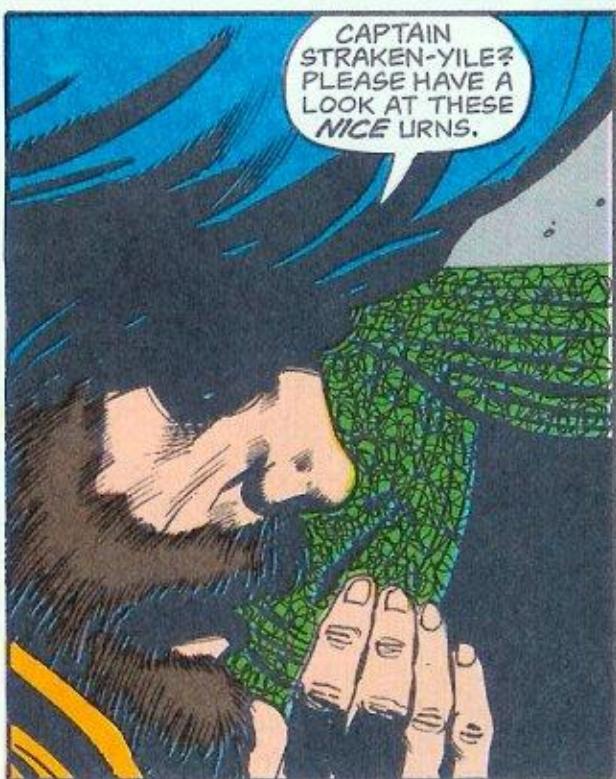
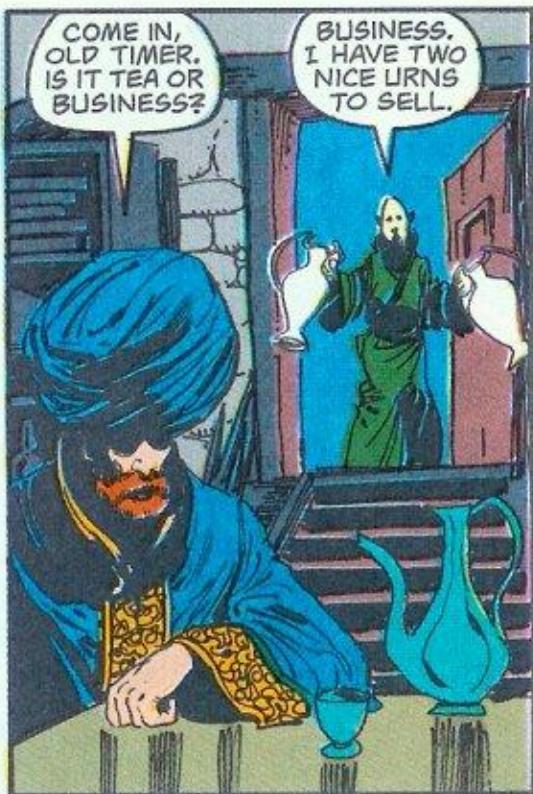
THIEF? THEN THEY KNOW WHO IT IS!

OH, SURE.

IT'S CONNER. 'BYE.







YOU DRIVE A  
HARD BARGAIN!  
SEVEN SILVER  
FOR BOTH!

SEVEN...?  
SILVER?  
BUT...

IS THERE  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
THESE PLAIN-LOOKING  
URNS THAT YOU'RE  
NOT TELLING ME,  
OLD MAN? ARE THEY  
NOT SIMPLE WATER URNS?

I SUPPOSE  
SEVEN SILVER  
FOR BOTH SEEMS  
A DECENT--

SOLD!

HOW'D I DO, CONNER?  
WAS I MEAN ENOUGH?  
GIVE ME A SWORD  
NEXT TIME AND I'LL BE  
EVEN MEANER!

YOU  
WERE FINE,  
OSSLI...

...BUT I DON'T  
THINK THERE  
WILL BE A  
"NEXT TIME."

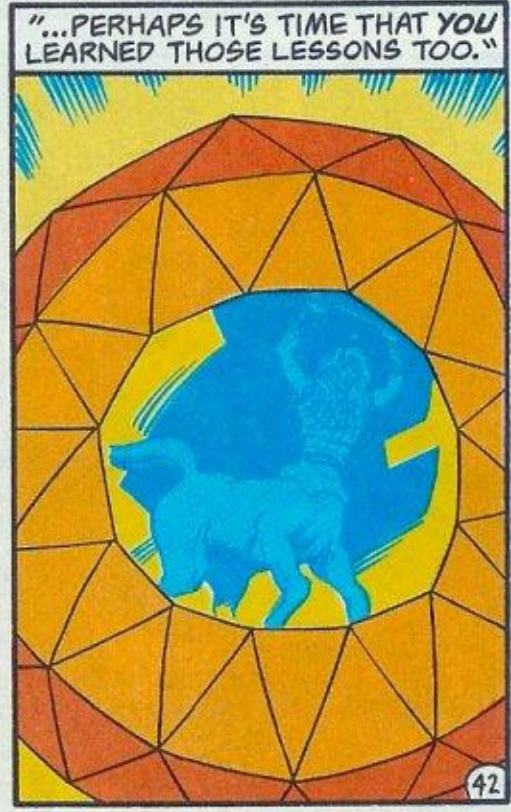
GAMBLING ISN'T  
EXACTLY FRAUGHT  
WITH DANGER, BUT  
YOU SHOULD CHOOSE  
YOUR OPPONENTS  
CAREFULLY.

FIND PLAYERS  
WITH WHOM YOU  
ARE EQUALLY  
MATCHED...

...PLAYERS WHO  
PRESENT A  
CHALLENGE TO  
YOUR SUCCESS...

...THEN  
AVOID  
THEM.





THE CENTAUR CHIEFTAIN OF  
IS DEAD. TOMORROW THE STRONGEST AND  
SHREWDEST OF THE YOUNG CENTAURS WILL  
MEET THE FINAL CHALLENGE TO DETERMINE  
HIS SUCCESSOR.

# The Challenge of Timoth Eyesbright

by DON KRAAR &  
FERNANDO daSILVA

THEY'LL HAVE  
TO CARVE A NEW  
STAFF FOR ME WHEN  
THEY MAKE ME CHIEFTAIN!  
WHAT KIND OF FLOWERS  
DO YOU WANT TO  
WEAR IN YOUR  
GARLAND...?

...YOUR  
THOUGHTS ARE  
FAR AWAY, LLANA,  
FOR SOMEONE WHO'LL  
BE THE CHIEFTAIN'S  
CONSORT  
TOMORROW.

AH, TIMOTH,  
CHILDHOOD  
DREAMS...







MORNING-- THE DAY OF THE GREAT COMPETITION TO CHOOSE THE NEXT CHIEFTAIN OF THE TRIBE...

PREPARE YOURSELVES, FOR THE TEST TO COME WILL BE ARDUOUS AND CRUEL.

YOU KNOW YOU TWO CAN QUIT NOW. WHATEVER YOU DO WON'T MATTER!

BRYON, YOU'RE LIKE A MAGGOT ON A DUNG HEAP-- NO REAL THREAT BUT HARD TO IGNORE.

SAVE YOUR BREATH, MY FRIEND, YOU'LL NEED IT.

4



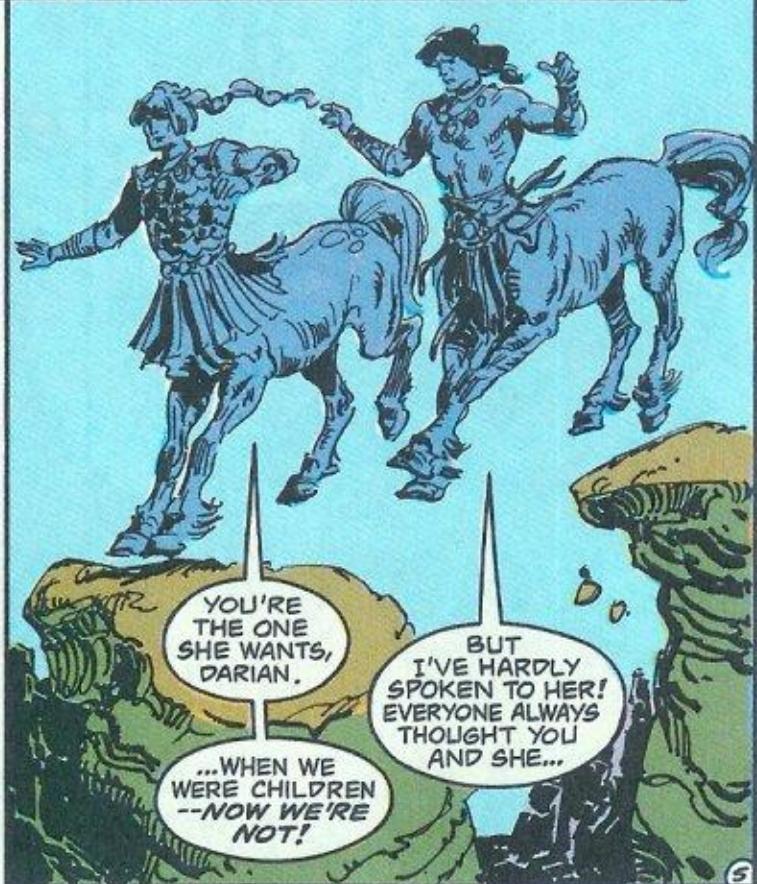
AS THE COMPETITORS APPROACH THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF DANGEROUS JUMPS...

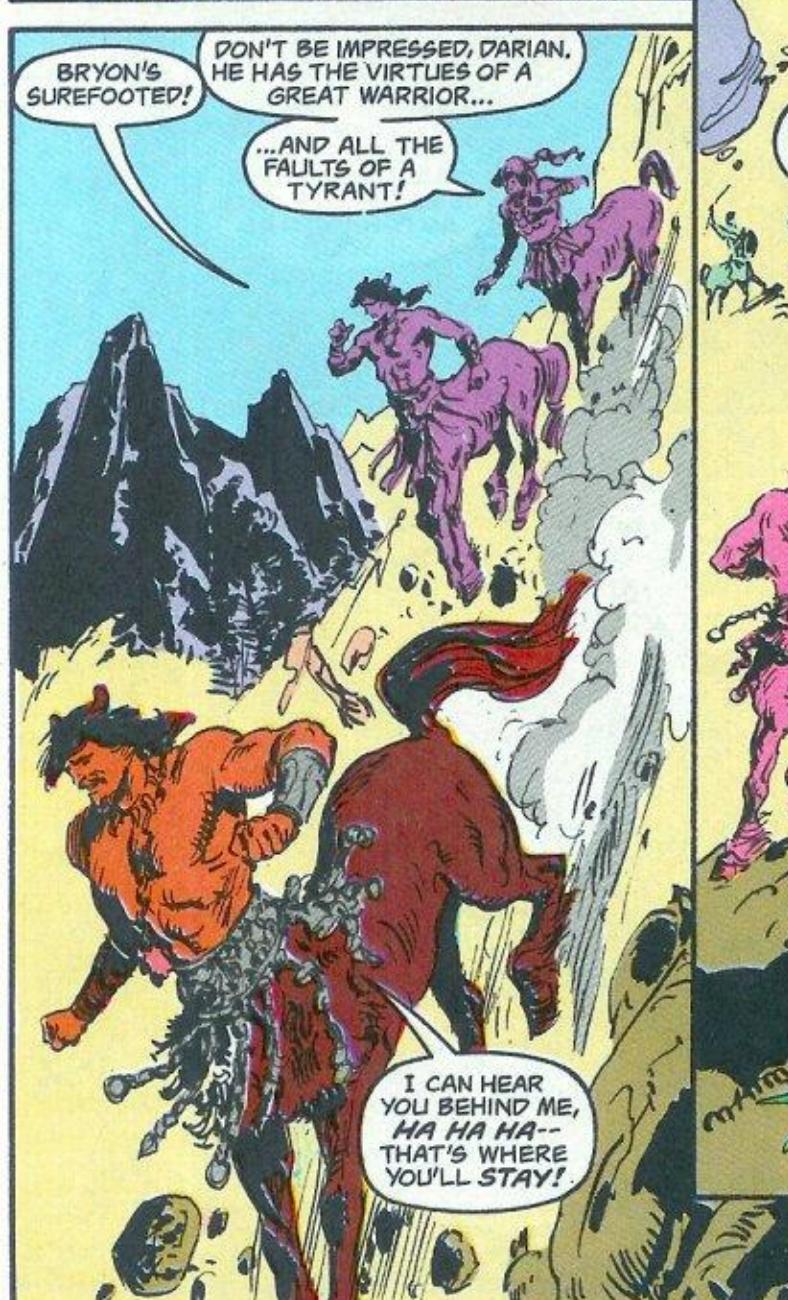
DARIAN, SLOW DOWN AND WE'LL BACKTRACK TO BUILD SPEED.

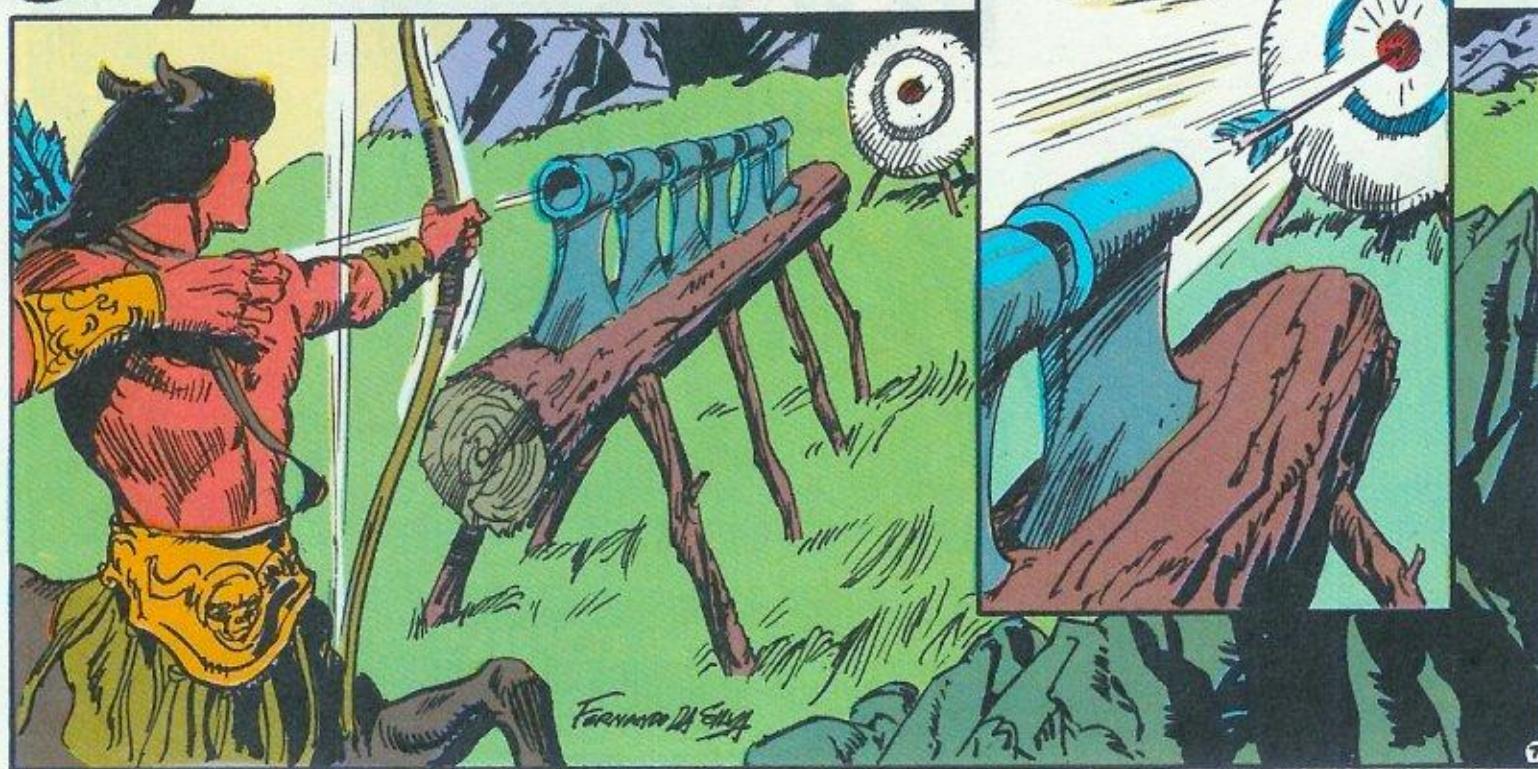
YOU'RE RIGHT, TIMOTH. BUT WE'RE COMPETING, REMEMBER? YOU CAN'T BE CONCERNED ABOUT MY WELFARE!

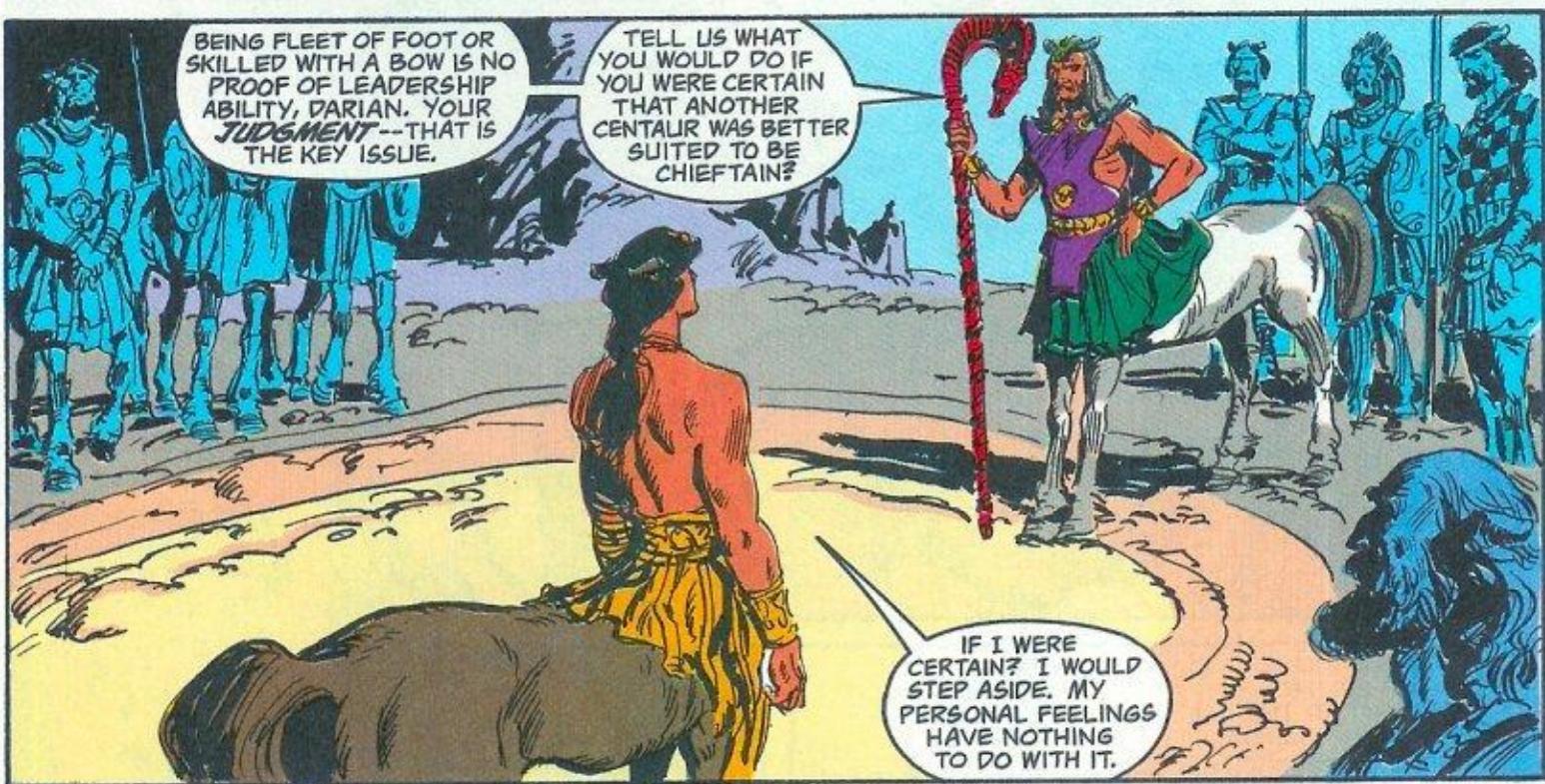
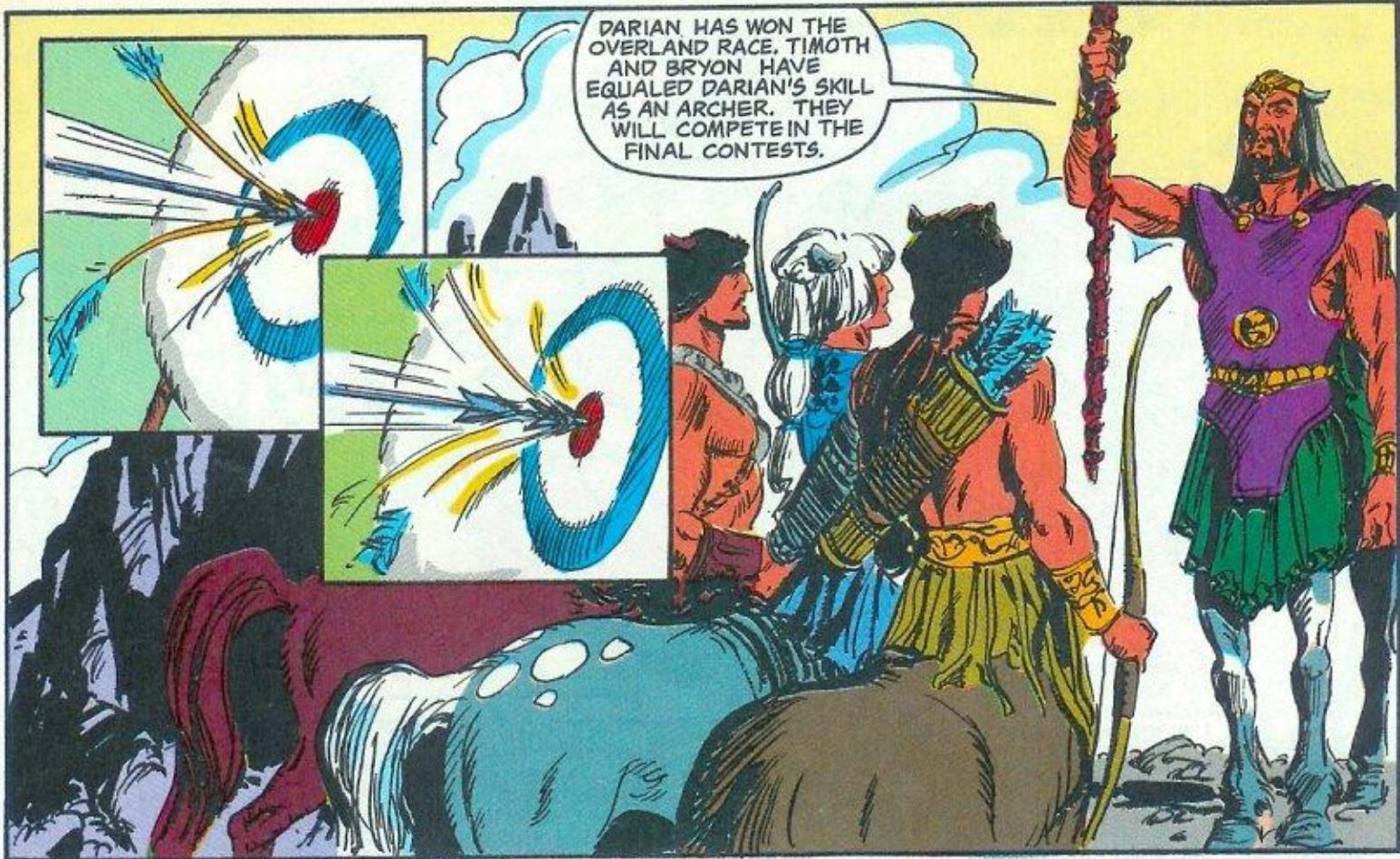
GOODBYE, FOOLS! HOPE YOU BOW BETTER THAN YOU RUN!

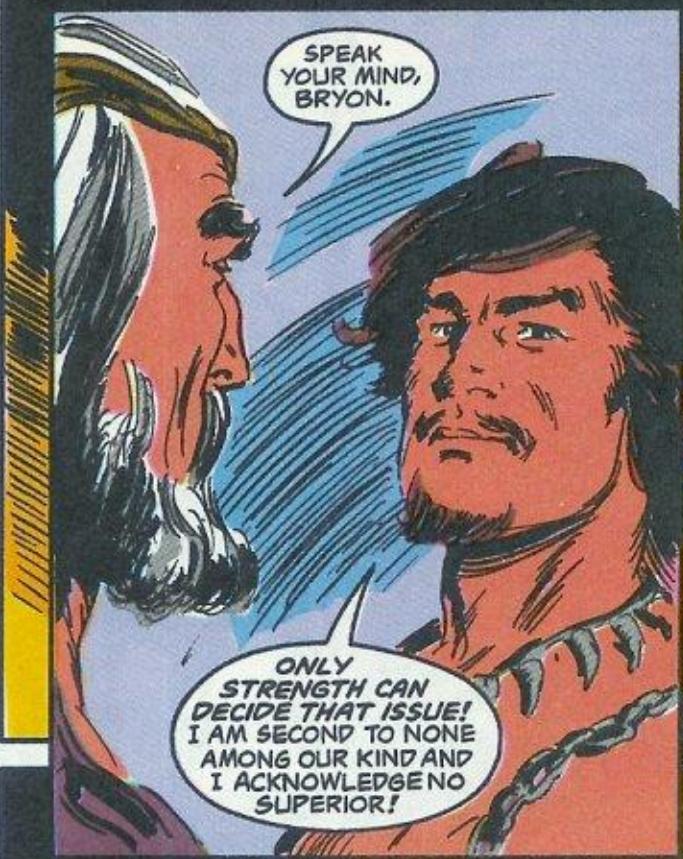
4













WHOEVER  
WINS HAS TO  
WIN HONESTLY,  
TIMOTH! UNDER-  
STAND?

DARIAN,  
YOU WERE  
ALWAYS TOO  
NOBLE!

YOU'LL  
MAKE A BETTER  
CHIEFTAIN! GO ON,  
TIMOTH, FINISH  
IT!

I CAN'T STAND  
STILL LONG ENOUGH  
TO LEAD ANYONE!  
ARE YOU IN LOVE  
WITH LLANA?

WHAT  
DOES IT  
MATTER  
NOW?

I... I  
YIELD!

YIELD!



AND NOW WHEN YOU PLAY YOUR GAME--

--YOU CAN DRAW UPON THAT GREATEST RESOURCE, KNOWLEDGE OF ONESELF--

--AND TEST THE LIMITS OF WHAT STILL IS LEFT TO KNOW.



YOUR OWN IMAGINATIONS ARE EQUIPPED TO DO THAT NOW--

...TO RECOVER THE MOONPENGUIN OF BOOF! INTO BATTLE WITH A GIANT JESTER SKELETON? OFF TO THE REALM OF THE GODS?

HE'S FADING AWAY!

--AND WHO KNOWS WHERE THEY WILL TAKE YOU...

I WONDER WHAT

--DO YOU MEAN I LOST THE TREASURE? THE REST OF YOU NEVER EVEN GOT NEAR IT!

BECAUSE YOU SAID THAT YOU HAD IT, CONNER!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D TRY ONE LAST CLEVER SCAM!

TOO CLEVER BY HALF, IF YOU ASK ME!

AND ANOTHER  
THING, OLD MAN!  
I --

WELL?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
RAGAMUFFINS  
ALL STARING AT?



WHAT IN THE WORLD  
GOT INTO THEM?

AND HOW COME  
YOU DIDN'T RUN  
OFF, TOO?

ME? I DON'T RUN FROM  
FIGHTS, YA LAME-BRAINED  
OAT-EATER...

...I'M A  
DWARF!

HMP. AND  
A DARNED  
FINE ONE,  
TOO...

...I  
THINK.

END

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