

SOMETHING UNDER THE BED IS DROOLING



A Calvin and Hobbes Collection by Bill Watterson
Foreword by Pat Oliphant



SOMETHING UNDER THE BED IS DROOLING



**A Calvin and Hobbes Collection by Bill Watterson
Foreword by Pat Oliphant**

Foreword

There is a mystical quality to Bill Watterson's work. What we have here is no mere comic strip. It possesses a dimension which was found once upon a time in George Herriman's Krazy Kat and, later, in Walt Kelly's Pogo. That, however, was long ago, and since their passing, there has been nothing in the world of cartoon art to replace them. Now, we have Calvin and Hobbes.

There are no mealy-mouths or namby-pamby characters in this strip. The kid is delightfully and dedicatedly rotten. The mother and the father (no names are given or necessary) live alongside their offspring in a state of agitated wonderment at what they must have done to deserve this child. The kid, for his part, lives a good 70 percent of his time in a world I remember well from my own childhood, peopled with unspeakable creatures of the imagination, and the rest of the time in a real world peopled with other unspeakables (the teacher, the girl, the school thug). Refuge from the latter world is found in the former. And then there's the goofy stuffed tiger. A gentle soul, he is much smarter than the kid, whose brashness he leavens with a wry, endearing wisdom.

There are many comic strips out there, a few good, some average, a great many merely background clutter. All have their own cast of characters, engaging or not, all glued and patched together with dialogue, some good, some not. Very few bright stars appear who possess that peculiar magic which can provoke comparison with the best of the past. Looking at the work of our two comparisons, Herriman and Kelly, we can see a wedding of idea and art rarely seen these days; a feeling that words can enhance art and art can do the same for the written — that a carefully wrought blend of these ingredients can create a degree of enchantment which bespeaks genius.

You want magic?

Watterson the alchemist has conjured forth a work of subtlety, character, and depth far out of proportion to his tender years. I wish him long life, and may the powers of his sorcery never diminish.

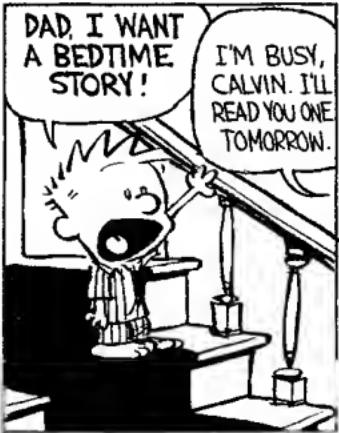
You want magic?

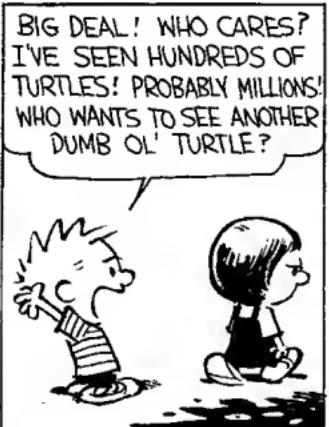
This is a collection of the sorcerer's recipes for changing simple ink and paper into the purest gold. Humbly allow me to present Calvin (the kid) and Hobbes (the tiger). This book is magic.

— PAT OLIPHANT



To Mom and Dad







WATTERSON



WATTERSON

Calvin and Hobbes

by WATerson



WANNA TOSS THE
OL' PIGSKIN AROUND?



HECK NO.

PHOOEY.



THE CENTER
SNAPS THE
BALL!

THE QUARTERBACK
LOOKS FOR AN
OPENING!

THE DEFENSE DISINTEGRATES
BENEATH THE COMING
ONSLAUGHT! THE QUAR-
TERBACK JUMPS AND DODGES!



HOBES
BREAKS
CLEAR!
CALVIN
PASSES!



AN AMAZING CATCH! HOBES
IS AT THE 30...THE 20...THE 10.

...BUT HE'S TACKLED
FROM BEHIND AND LATERALS
TO CALVIN SO HE CAN
MAKE THE TOUCHDOWN!



BUT CALVIN FUMBLES THE BALL
AND HOBES RECOVERS IT!

BUT A PENALTY IS
CALLED ON THE PLAY
AND HOBES IS
SENT TO THE BENCH.



HOBES DEFECTS TO THE
OTHER TEAM AND IS GREETED
WITH ENTHUSIASTIC CHEERS!
THE CROWD GOES WILD!



CALVIN PREPARES
TO CRIPPLE THE
TRAITOR WITH AN
ILLEGAL FACE
MASK PULL!



HOBES DEFIES
HIM BY POURING
OUT HIS MOUTH
GUARD ONTO
CALVIN'S HELMET!

BOY, YOU CAN SEE
WHY FOOTBALL IS
SUCH A VIOLENT
GAME!

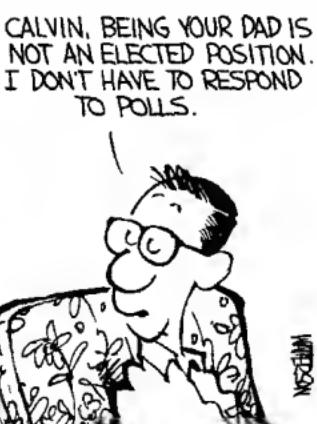


HOBES' TEAM GAINS A
YARD! ALL THE CHEER-
LEADERS COME OUT
FOR SMOOCHEES!!

WATSON







Calvin and Hobbes

by WATerson



GRAVITY IS ARBITRARY!

CALVIN WAKES UP ONE DAY TO FIND HE IS IMMUNE TO THE FORCE OF GRAVITY.



HE HANGS ON TO THE GROUND FOR DEAR LIFE, BUT HIS GRIP IS WEAKENING!



HE CAN'T HOLD ON! HE... HE LETS GO!



HIGHER AND HIGHER, AS UPWARD HE FALLS!



ONLY BY GRABBING THE TAIL FIN OF A PASSING JET DOES CALVIN SAVE HIMSELF FROM BEING HURLED OUT INTO SPACE!



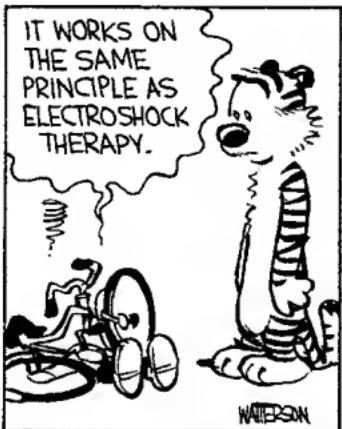
NO, NO, LET HIM FINISH. THIS IS VERY INTERESTING. SO AFTER YOU LANDED IN PHOENIX, WHAT HAPPENED?



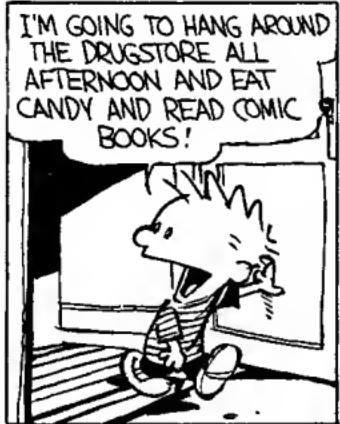
WELL, I DON'T CARE. I'M NOT SEWING VELCRO ON THE OUTSIDE OF ALL HIS CLOTHES.

WELL, ABOUT THEN MY GRAVITY CAME BACK, SO I...









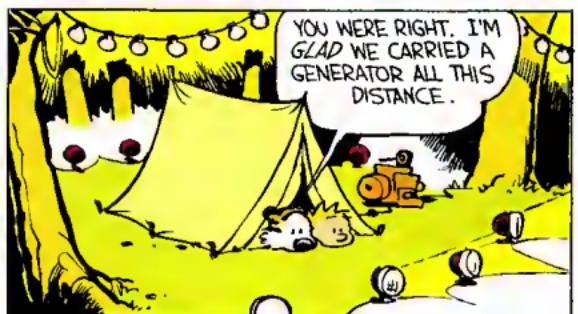
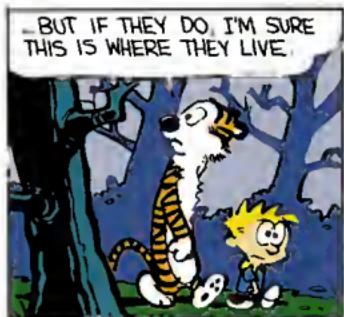
Calvin and Hobbes

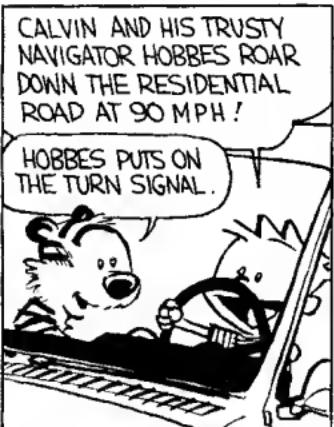
by
WATTERSON

DO YOU THINK BOOGYMEN
REALLY EXIST?

I DON'T KNOW.

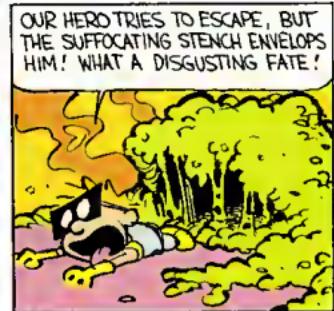
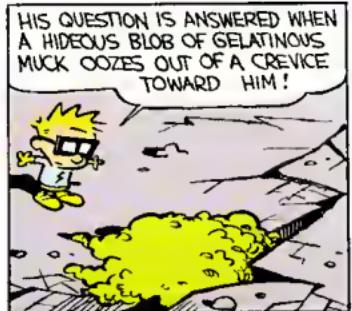
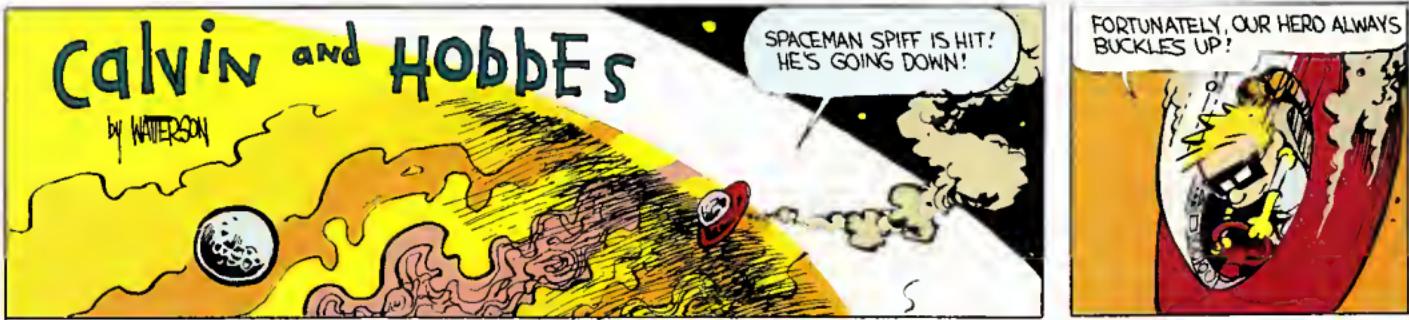
BUT IF THEY DO, I'M SURE
THIS IS WHERE THEY LIVE.

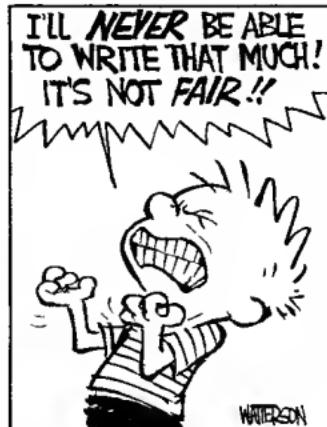


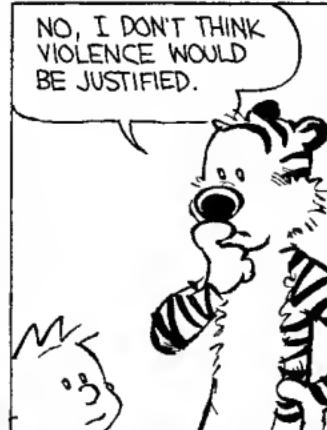
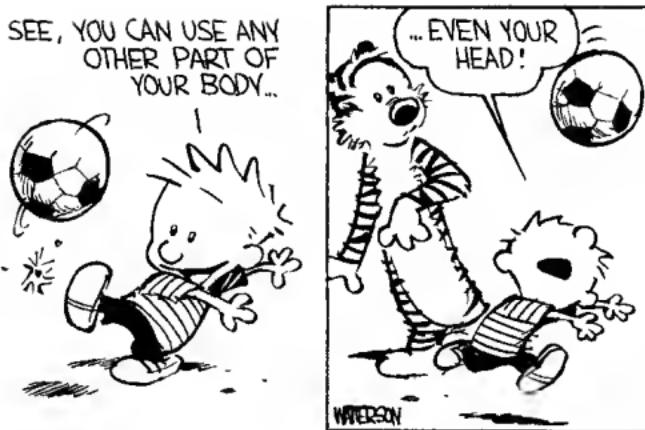








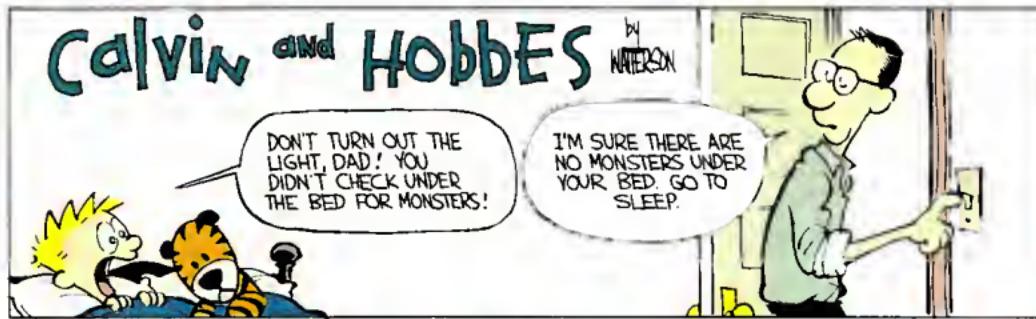


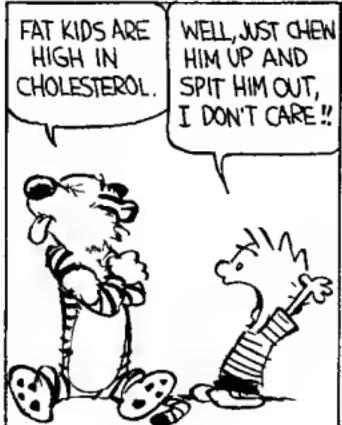




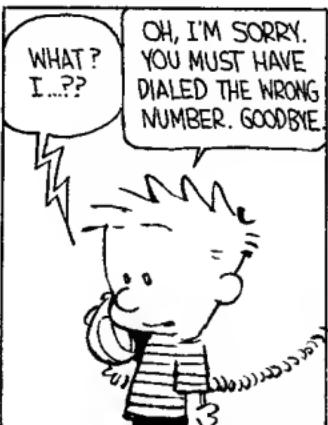
Calvin and Hobbes

by
WATKINSON









Calvin and Hobbes

by
WATTERSON

QUIT SQUIRMING, CALVIN.
YOU'VE GOT ICE CREAM
ALL OVER YOUR SHIRT.



RATS, I WAS SAVING
IT FOR LATER.



THANKS FOR THE
ICE CREAM, DAD.
IT WAS GREAT.

YOU'RE
WELCOME.



KUCH

YEAH



I'M TIRED OF
PULLING YOU.
IT'S MY TURN
TO RIDE.



YOUR DAD DIDN'T
GET ME ANY
ICE CREAM, SO
I GET TO
RIDE BOTH WAYS.



NO, YOU DON'T!
DAD SAID TIGERS
DON'T *LIKE*
ICE CREAM!
IT'S MY TURN
TO RIDE!



TIGERS DON'T KNOW
IF THEY LIKE ICE
CREAM UNTIL THEY
TRY EVERY KIND.
I'M NOT PULLING.



I'VE GOT NEWS,
FUZZ BRAIN.
I'M NOT PULLING,
EITHER!

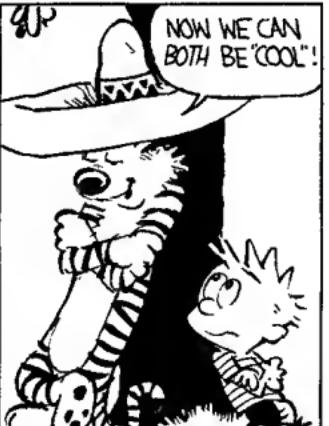
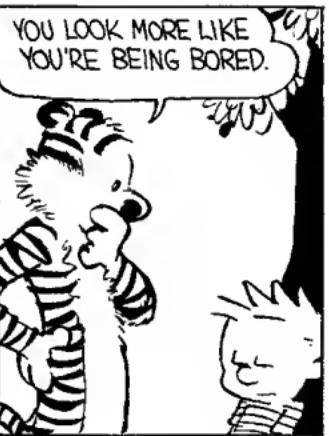


WELL THEN, I
GUESS WE'LL
BOTH JUST SIT
HERE UNTIL
WE DIE.



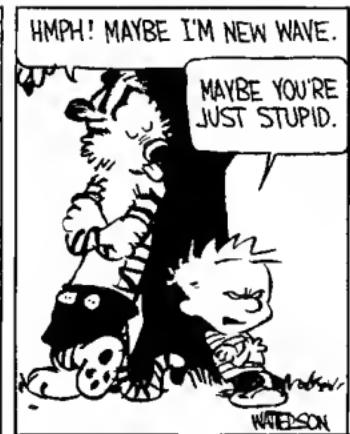
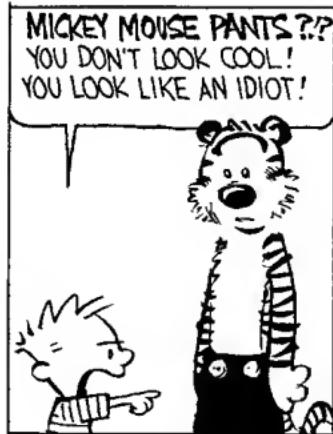
WHY DO THESE "WALKS"
ALWAYS END UP
AS "RIDES"?

OH, YOU NEED THE
EXERCISE MORE
ANYWAY.



A SOMBRERO? ARE YOU CRAZY?! COOL PEOPLE DON'T WEAR SOMBREROS! NOBODY WEARS SOMBREROS!







Calvin and Hobbes

by WATTERSON

I'M HUNGRY.
WHEN'S
LUNCH?

RIGHT
NOW.

HI, SUSIE!

OH LOOK, YOU'VE GOT YOUR STUFFED TIGER!
CAN I SQUEEZE HIM?

WHAT ARE YOU, *CRAZY*?
HOBES IS A FEROUS
MAN-EATING JUNGLE
BEAST!

FEROCIOUS? HE
LOOKS FUZZY AND
CUDDLY TO ME!

HA! BENEATH THAT SOFT EXTERIOR LIE
TERRIBLE MANDIBLES OF BONE-CRUSHING DEATH!
HELL GRIND YOU INTO HAMBURGER!



EACH MIGHTY PAW HIDES RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS TO RIP THE LIVING
HIDE OFF ANY HUMAN THAT
WANDERS TOO CLOSE! HE'S
A MONSTER!

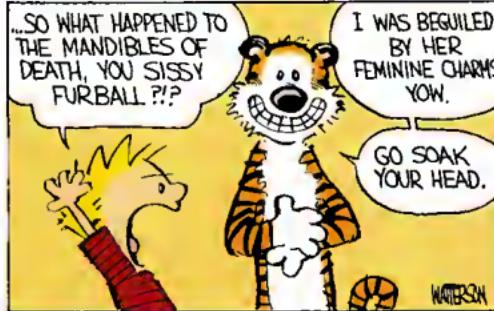
NO, HE'S NOT. HE'S
A BIG CUTIE.

OH NO! I CAN'T
LOOK!!

...SO WHAT HAPPENED TO
THE MANDIBLES OF
DEATH, YOU SISSY
FURBALL ?!

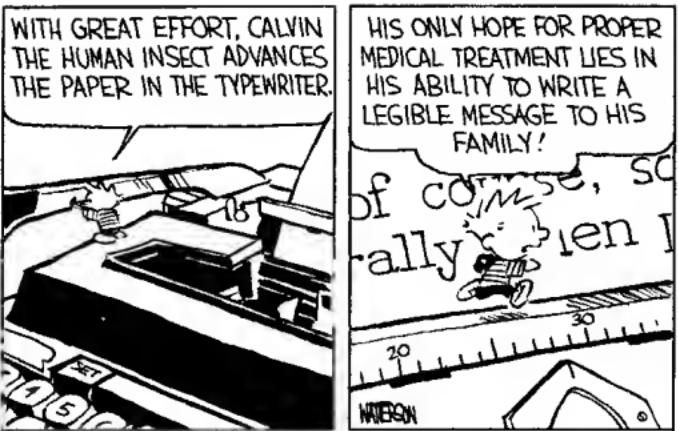
I WAS BEGUILED
BY HER
FEMININE CHARM.
YOW.

GO SOAK
YOUR HEAD.



WATTERSON

WITH GREAT EFFORT, CALVIN THE HUMAN INSECT ADVANCES THE PAPER IN THE TYPEWRITER.



HIS ONLY HOPE FOR PROPER MEDICAL TREATMENT LIES IN HIS ABILITY TO WRITE A LEGIBLE MESSAGE TO HIS FAMILY!



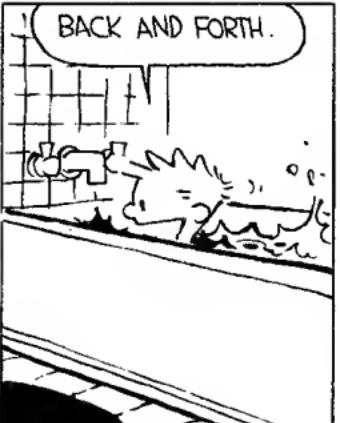
HE CRAWLS TO EACH KEY AND JUMPS!



WHO WROTE "HELP I'M A BUG" ON MY LETTER TO GRANDMA?



BACK AND FORTH.



BACK AND FORTH.

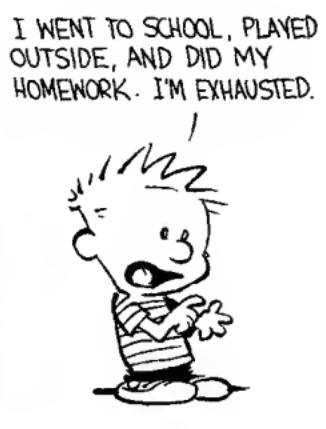
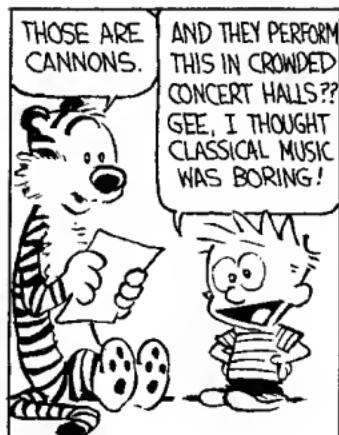
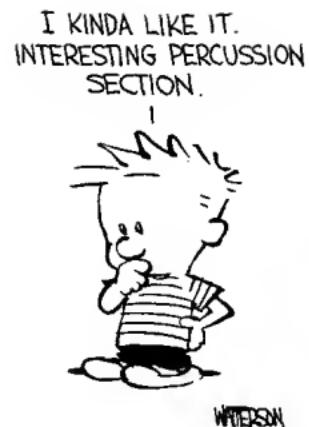


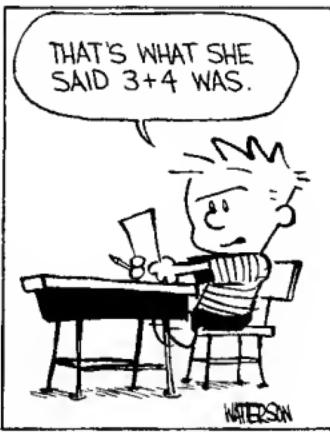
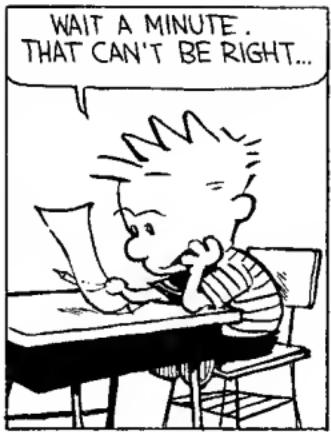
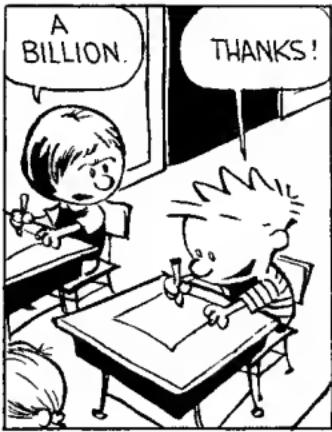
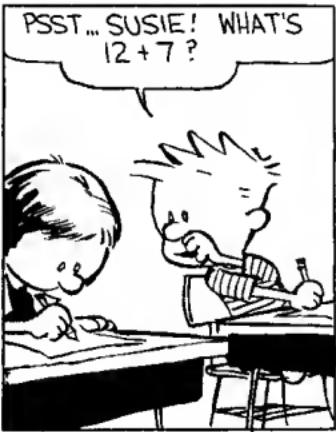
TIDAL
WAVE!



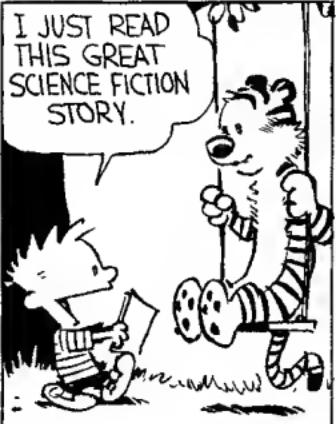
BEATS ME, MOM.
MAYBE THE SEAL
AROUND THE TUB LEAKS.







WATERSON



R
WATERSO

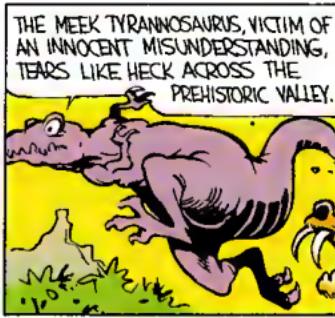
Calvin and Hobbes

by
WATTERSON

WERE THERE DINOSAURS
WHEN YOU WERE A
KID, DAD?

OH SURE! YOUR GRANDFATHER
AND I USED TO PUT ON OUR
LEOPARD SKINS AND HUNT
BRONTOSAURUS FOR ALL THE
CLAN RITUALS.

LISTEN, BUSTER, I THINK CALVIN'S
GRADES ARE
BAD ENOUGH
ALREADY, DON'T
YOU?



TOMORROW WE'RE GOING TO DISCUSS "CURRENT EVENTS" IN SCHOOL.



EACH OF US HAS TO FIND A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE, READ IT TO THE CLASS, AND EXPLAIN IT.



WHAT ARTICLE DID YOU CHOOSE?

THIS ONE.



"SPACE ALIEN WEDS TWO-HEADED ELVIS CLONE."

ACTUALLY, THERE'S NOT MUCH LEFT TO EXPLAIN.



LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH BIG SOCKS!



JUST PUT ONE OVER EACH EAR, AND ONE OVER YOUR NOSE...



AN ELEPHANT! HA HA!
I WANT SOME SOCKS TOO!



IF I MISS THE BUS, IT'S GOING TO BE UNPLEASANT AROUND HERE!

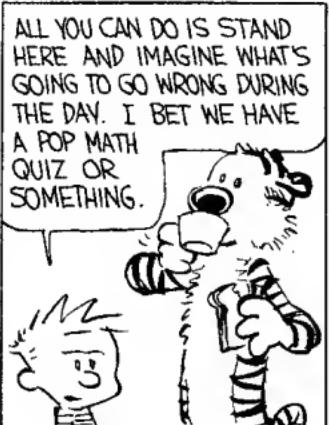




© 1990 Watterson



© 1990 Watterson

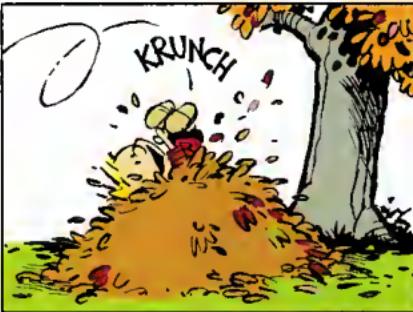


Calvin and HOBBES

by
WATerson

NOW WHERE DID ALL
THE BED PILLOWS GO?

THIS IS GONNA
BE SOFT!



UGH, JUST IMAGINE ONE OF THOSE
SLIMY MUCKBALLS SLIPPING UP
YOUR PANT LEG! THERE MIGHT
BE DOZENS IN THERE!



AS YOU CAN SEE, SPACEMAN SPIFF, WE HAVE WAYS OF EXTRACTING INFORMATION FROM EVEN THE MOST UNCOOPERATIVE PRISONERS!



OUR HERO, CAPTURED BY ZORKONS, EYES THE DIABOLICAL INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE!



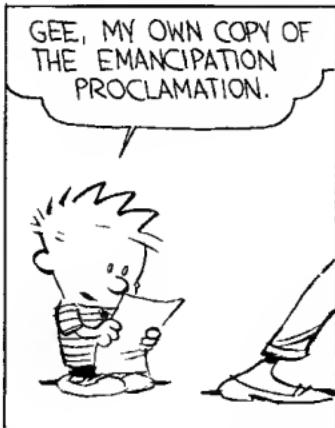
VERY AMUSING, YOU TWISTED SPACE FROG. WHAT'S *THIS* FIENDISH DEVICE CALLED?



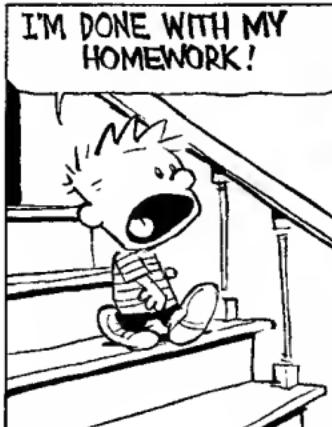
A CHIN-UP BAR. GET ON IT.

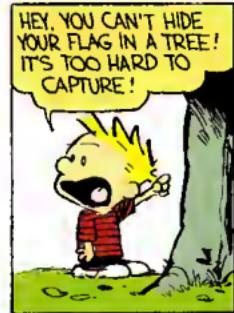
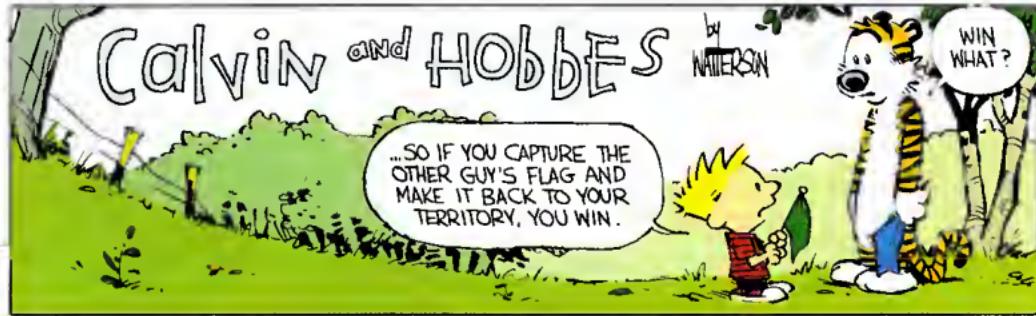


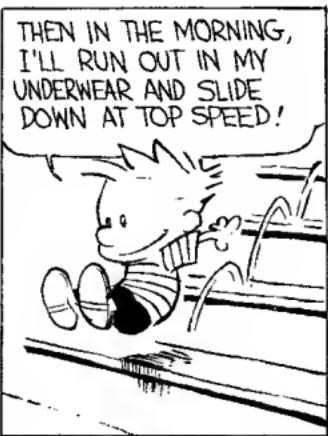
SPIFF READIES HIS DARING ESCAPE...

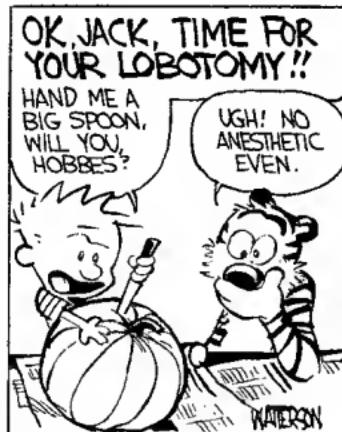














Calvin and Hobbes

by
WATERSON



ENEMY SIGHTED!
BATTLE STATIONS!
BATTLE STATIONS!



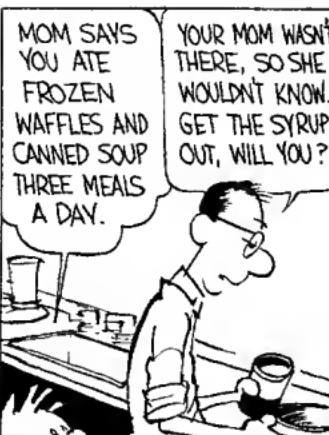
AHWOOGA!
AHWOOGA!

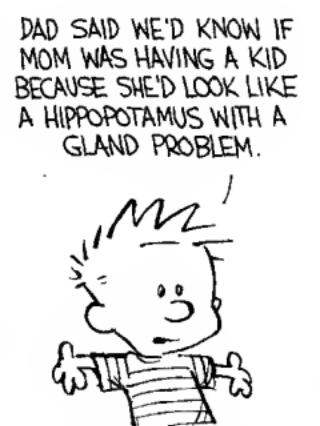
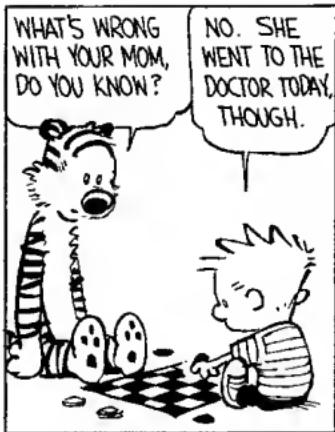






AS YOU CAN SEE, I
SURVIVED TWO YEARS OF
MY OWN COOKING WHEN I
HAD AN APARTMENT AFTER
COLLEGE.

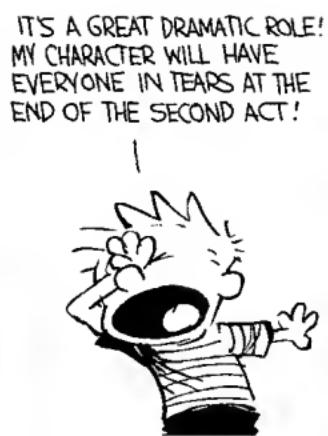


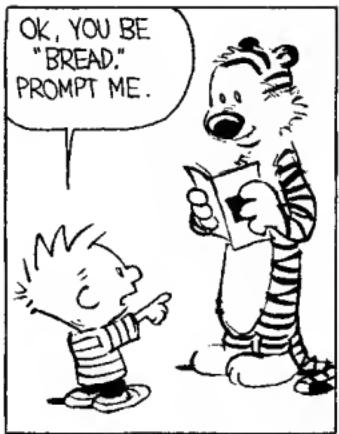


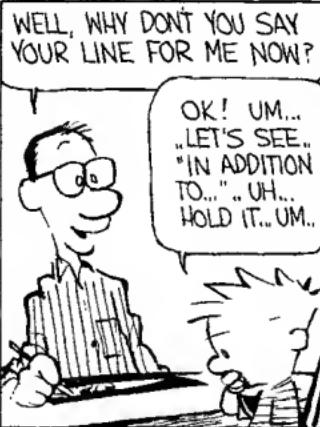
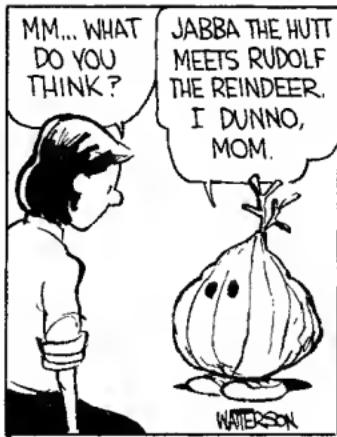
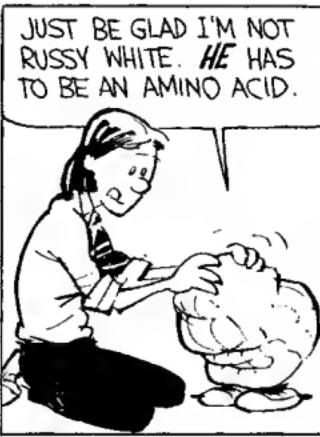
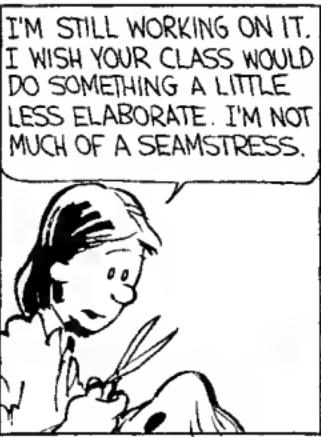
Calvin and Hobbes

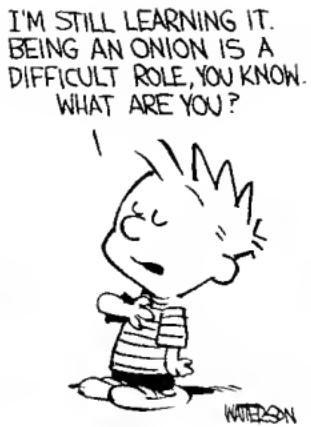
by WATTERSON

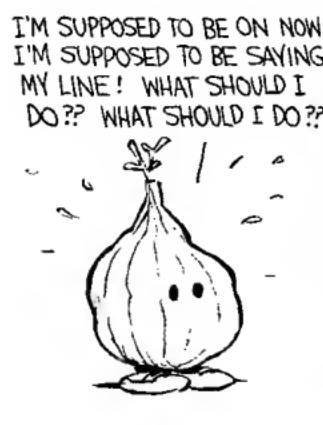














TERRIBLE. I GOT STUCK
IN MY ZIPPER IN THE BATH-
ROOM, AND THEY HAD TO
STOP THE PLAY AND GET
A JANITOR TO FIND ME
AND GET ME OUT.



Calvin and HOBBES

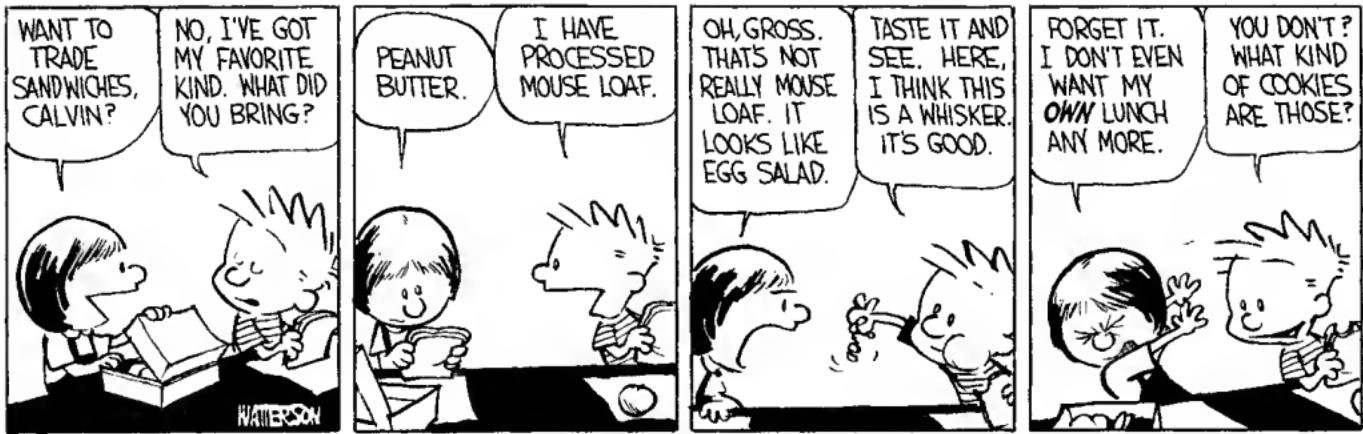
by WATTERSON

P ZIP ZOP ZIP ZOP ZIP ZOP ZIP ZOP ZIP ZOP ZIP ZOP



SNOW
PANTS.





Calvin and HOBBES

by
WATTERSON

CAN HOBSES AND I
COME IN THE STORE
WITH YOU, DAD?

NO, YOU
STAY IN
THE CAR.



SHEESH. KNOCK OVER ONE
LOUSY DISPLAY STAND, AND
PAY FOR IT THE REST OF
YOUR LIFE.



I'LL JUST BE A MINUTE.
WAIT HERE.

OK.

LET'S HIDE AND GIVE DAD
A SCARE! MAYBE HE'LL
THINK WE RAN AWAY!

HEE
HEE!

LIE DOWN AND I'LL PULL
THIS BLANKET OVER US.

THEN PUT THIS
BAG ON TOP.



HEE HEE! I
HEAR HIM
COMING!

SSHHH!
HEE HEE!

GEE, I WONDER WHERE
CALVIN WENT! AND
HIS TIGER'S GONE TOO!

HEE HEE!!
MPH. SHHH!

NOW'S MY CHANCE
TO GET AWAY BEFORE
THEY GET BACK! WON'T
MOM BE GLAD WHEN SHE
HEARS I LOST THEM!

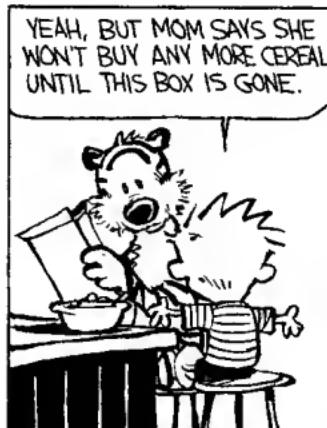


MOM WON'T BE
GLAD AT ALL,
YOU SICKO!
SORRY TO SPOIL
YOUR GETAWAY!

WHAT? YOU'RE
HERE?? OH
RATS...I MEAN,
GOOD!





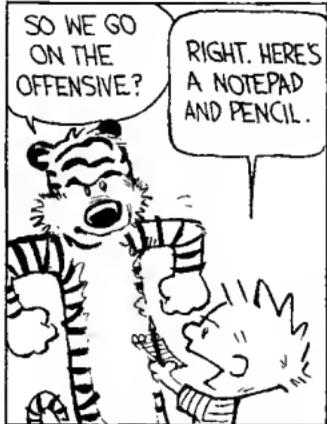


CALVIN AND HOBBES

by WATTERSON



WATTERSON





ROSALYN, WE'RE GOING TO BE A LITTLE LATER THAN WE EXPECTED, SO I THOUGHT I'D BETTER CALL YOU.



THAT'S FINE. CALVIN WENT TO BED EARLY, SO I'M JUST HOLDING DOWN THE FORT.



WHO'S ON THE PHONE? IS IT MY MOM? I WANT TO TALK TO HER! MOM! MOM! CAN YOU HEAR ME?!



COME HOME NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! HELP! HELP!

NO, THAT'S JUST THE TV.
I'LL SEE YOU AT 11:30 THEN.
ENJOY THE PLAY.



SORRY WE'RE LATE, ROSALYN.
DID YOU GET CALVIN TO BED?

YES, BUT...



MOM! DAD! IS THAT YOU?
I'M NOT ASLEEP! DID YOU
GET RID OF THE BABY SITTER?
THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HOME!



HAS HE BEEN THIS WAY ALL NIGHT?

WELL, HIS VOICE GAVE OUT ABOUT 11 O'CLOCK, BUT IT SEEMS TO BE



IF SHE'S STILL HERE, DON'T PAY HER!

GIVE HER A LITTLE EXTRA,
WILL YOU, DEAR?

IS FIVE ENOUGH?

COULD YOU MAKE IT EIGHT?
COLLEGE TUITIONS ARE UP.



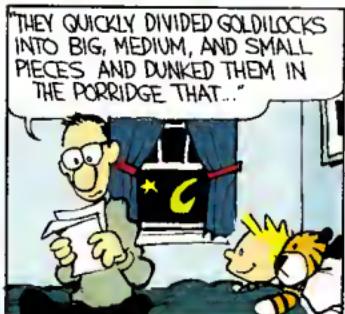
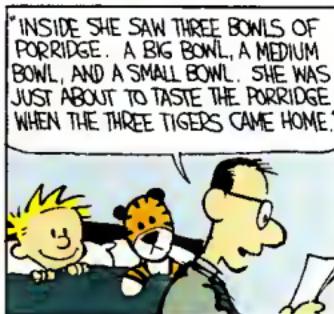
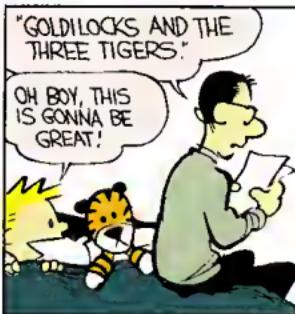
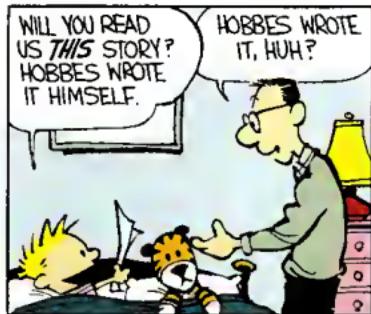
Calvin and Hobbes

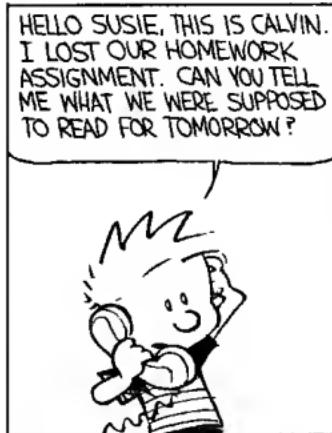
by WATTERSON

I'M READY FOR BED,
DAD. WHAT'S TONIGHT'S
STORY GOING TO BE?

HERE'S ONE.
"READINGS ON
DIALECTICAL
METAPHYSICS."
YOU'LL LOVE IT.

FORGET IT, DAD.
YOU CAN'T GET
ME TO DROP OFF
THAT EASY.





I'M HOME FROM SCHOOL!



I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA
FOR SCHOOL TOMORROW.



I CUT A PING-PONG BALL
IN HALF, AND NOW I'M
DRAWING DOTS ON EACH
END.

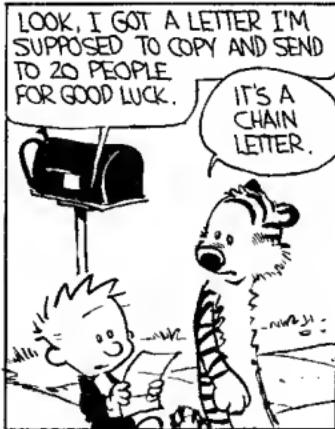
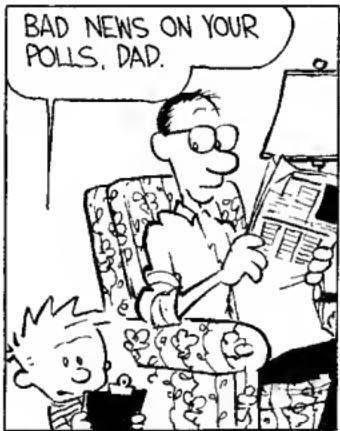


I'LL JUST PUT ONE OVER
EACH EYE, AND IT WILL
LOOK LIKE I'M REALLY
PAYING ATTENTION.



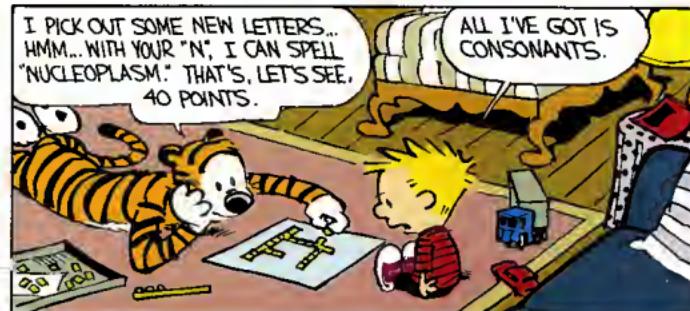
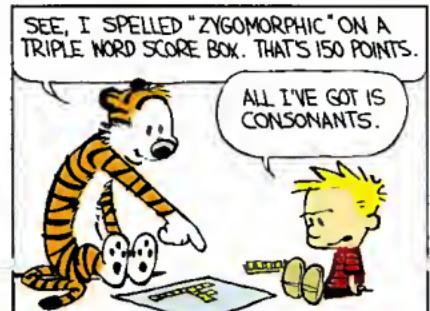
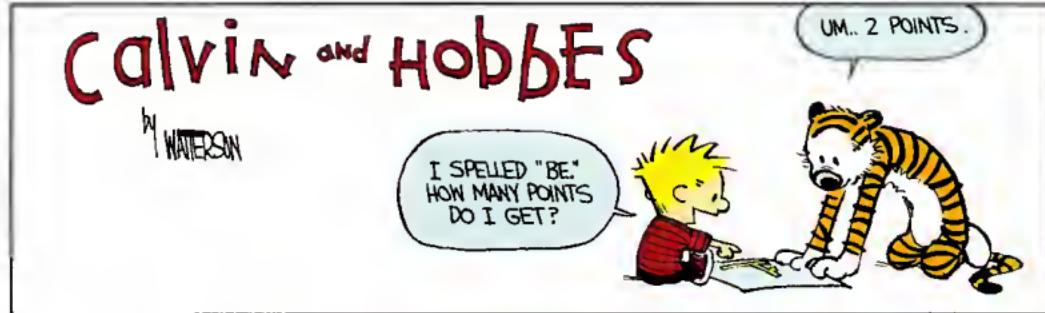
...OR WILL
I LOOK *TOO*
INTERESTED?





Calvin and Hobbes

by WATTERSON



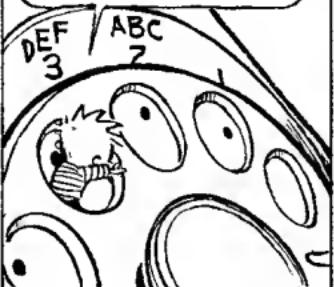
CALVIN HAS MYSTERIOUSLY SHRUNK TO THE SIZE OF AN INSECT!

HIS ONLY HOPE IS TO CALL FOR HELP! PUSHING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT, CALVIN DIALS THE GIGANTIC TELEPHONE!

IT'S RINGING! HE RUNS TO THE MOUTHPIECE! WILL ANYONE BE ABLE TO HEAR HIM??

BZZ BZ!
BZZZZ!
BZZ BZZ!
BZZ BZ!

CALVIN, THIS HAD BETTER NOT BE YOU.



FWOOSHHH



WATTERSON

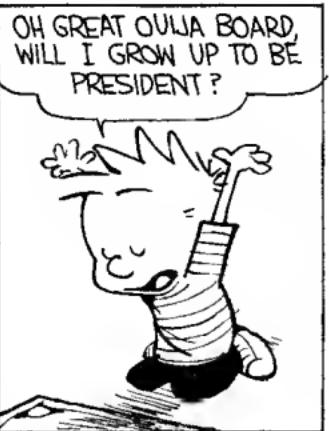
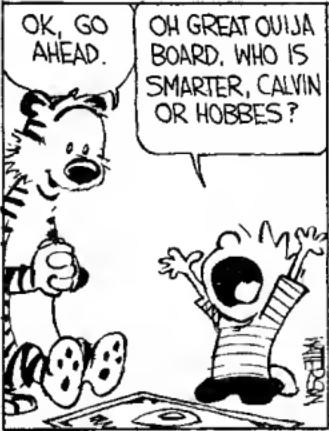
GREETINGS,
EARTH FEMALE.
DO NOT BE
ALARMED.

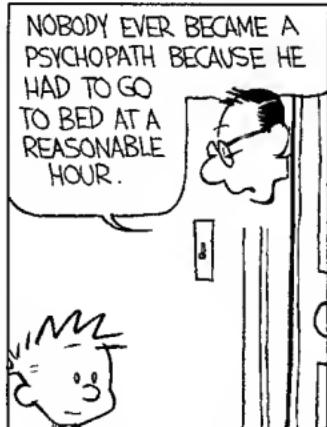
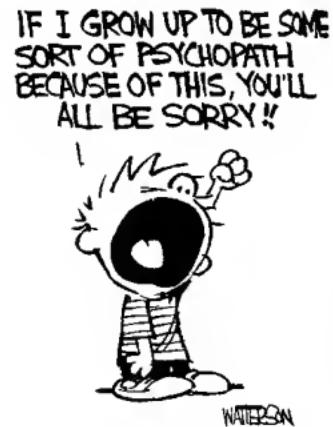
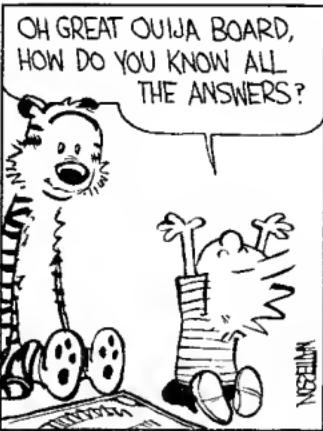


OUR PLANET IS DYING. WE NEED COOKIES TO SURVIVE. DO NOT TRY TO RESIST OR YOU WILL BE DESTROYED.

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT.
GET BACK HERE.







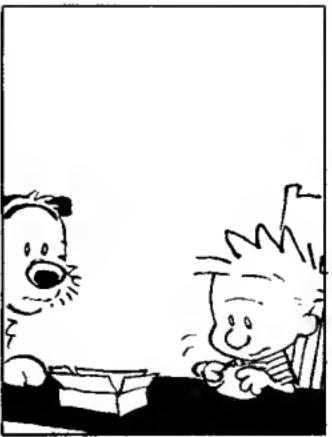
Calvin and Hobbes

by WATerson

RUN!
LOOK OUT!
AIEEE!

I WONDER WHY JAPANESE
PEOPLE KEEP MOVING THEIR
MOUTHS AFTER THEY'RE
THROUGH TALKING.

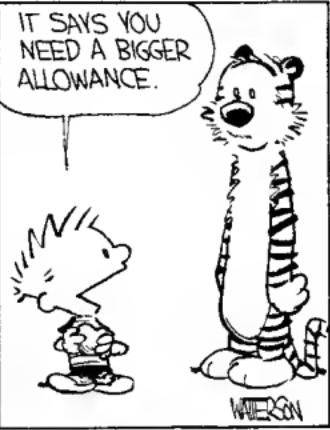




WATERBOON



IT SAYS YOU CARE ENOUGH
TO INVEST YOUR TIME AND
SKILL IN IT.



WATERSOON

THIS ARTICLE SAYS THAT
MANY PEOPLE FIND CHRISTMAS
THE MOST STRESSFUL
TIME OF YEAR.



I BELIEVE IT. THIS
SEASON SURE FILLS
ME WITH STRESS.



REALLY?
HOW COME?



I HATE BEING
GOOD.



PSST! ARE
YOU AWAKE?
IS IT
CHRISTMAS?
IT IS! IT IS!



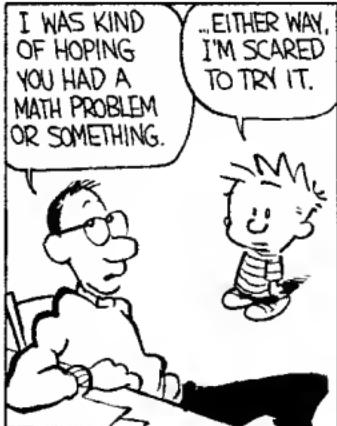
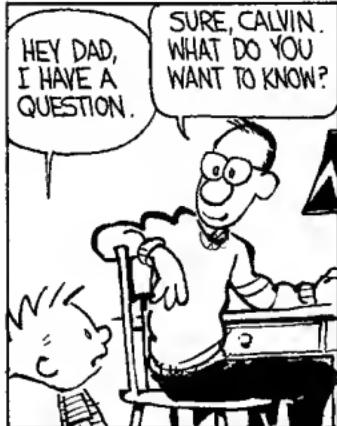
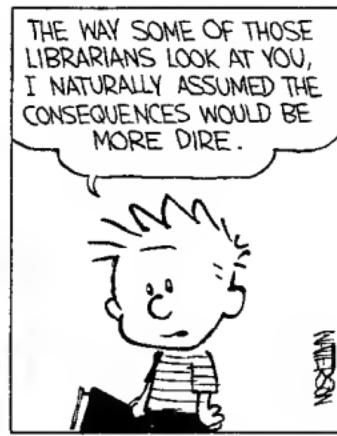
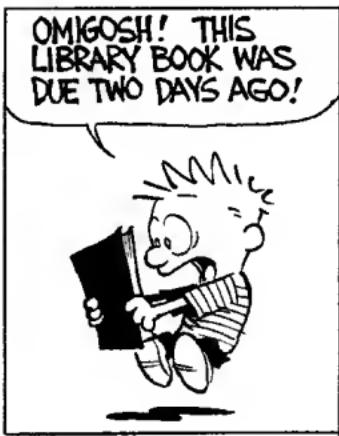
LET'S GO
WAKE MOM
AND DAD AND
OPEN ALL
OUR LOOT!
SINCE IT'S
CHRISTMAS,
MAYBE WE
SHOULD LET
THEM SLEEP
IN A LITTLE.



THAT'S LONG ENOUGH!
WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
IT'S CHRISTMAS!



QUARTER TO 6. HE
LET US SLEEP IN
THIS YEAR.



Calvin and Hobbes

by WATerson

TOBOGGANS GIVE
BETTER RIDES THAN
RUNNER SLEDS.

WHY IS THAT?

THERE'S NO WAY
TO STEER.

ON THESE CLOUDY WINTER
DAYS, SOMETIMES I LIKE
TO LIE BACK ON MY SLED
AND LOOK AT THE SKY.

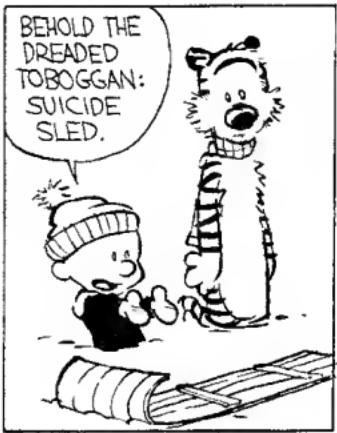
IT'S JUST GRAY AND SILENT.
NO BIRDS SINGING OR BUGS
BUZZING. EVERYTHING IS
MUFFLED BY THE SNOW.

IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD BE
LIKE WITHOUT ANY PEOPLE OR
HOUSES AROUND. IT WOULD
BE PERFECTLY STILL.

PRETTY NEAT, HUH?
YES, VERY
PEACEFUL.

I HATE ALL
THAT SILENCE.

WATerson







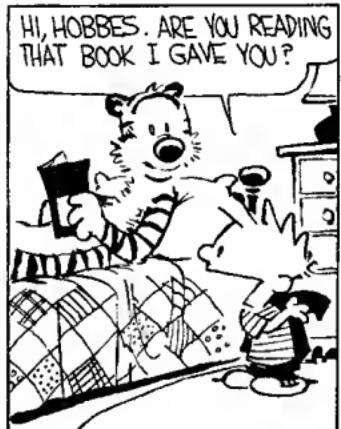
Calvin and HOBBE'S

by WATTERSON

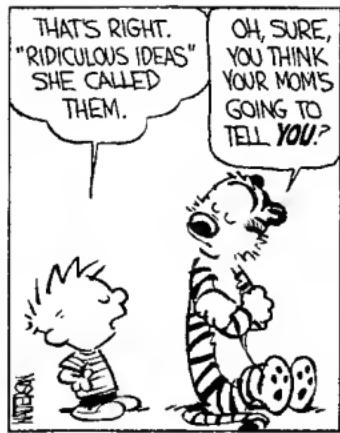




WATerson



WATerson



GO AHEAD DOWN. YOU'LL
MISS ALL THOSE TREES.



YOU CAN DO IT. YOU'LL STOP
BEFORE YOU GO OVER THAT
LEDGE AT THE BOTTOM.



YOU WON'T GO INTO THAT POND.
BESIDES, THE ICE IS PROBABLY
REAL THICK ANYWAY. GO
AHEAD DOWN.



MY BRAIN IS TRYING
TO KILL ME.



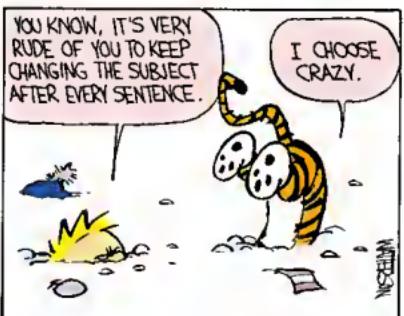
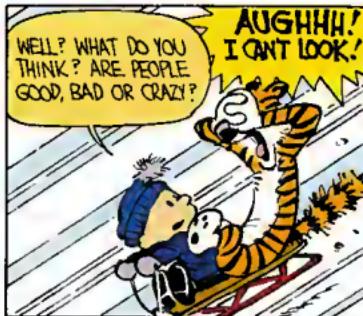
GALOSH
GALOSH
GALOSH

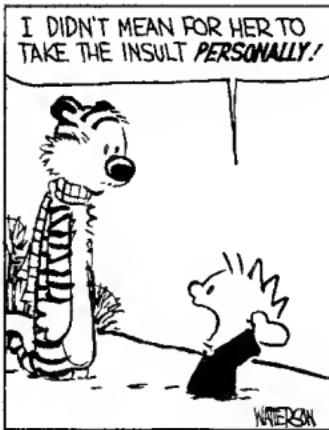
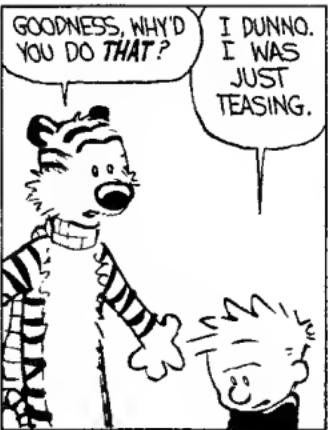


calvin and HOBBES

by WATTERSON

BOY, IS THIS HILL BIG!
WE'LL HAVE A GOOD
LONG RIDE DOWN!





I FEEL BAD THAT I CALLED SUSIE NAMES AND HURT HER FEELINGS.



I'M SORRY I DID IT.



MAYBE YOU SHOULD APOLOGIZE TO HER.



I KEEP HOPE THERE'S A LESS OBVIOUS SOLUTION.

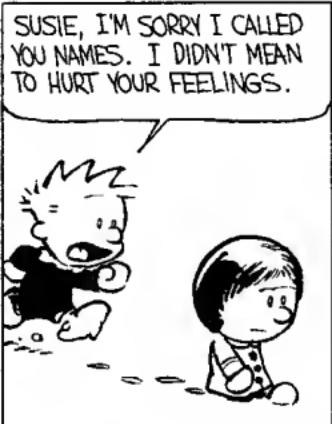
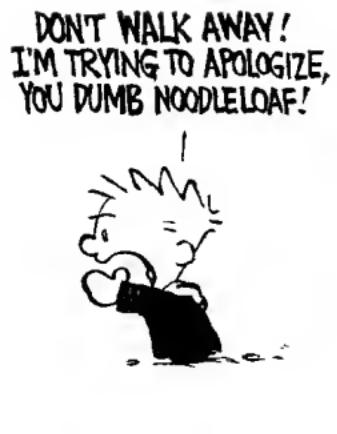


"STICKS AND STONES
MAY BREAK MY BONES,
BUT WORDS WILL
NEVER HURT ME."



YEAH, RIGHT.





WATERSON

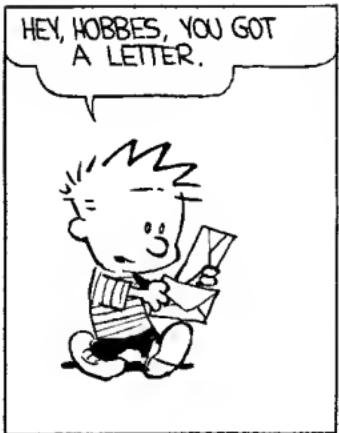
Calvin and Hobbes

by WATTERSON

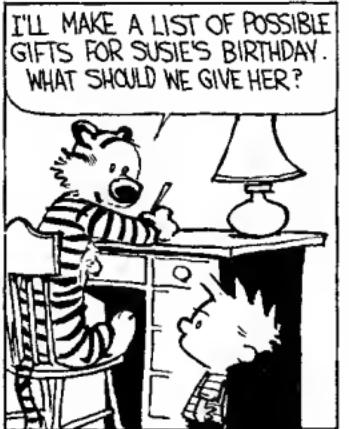
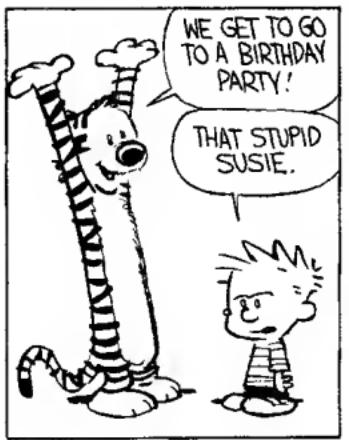
SHOULD I OR
SHOULDN'T I?

TOO LATE!
I DID.











OK, EVERYONE, THE IDEA OF A SCAVENGER HUNT IS TO BRING BACK AS MANY OF THESE ITEMS AS YOU CAN IN HALF AN HOUR. LET'S GO!



QUICK, HOBBS, WHAT'S THE FIRST ITEM?

AN OLD LICENSE PLATE.



GREAT! I SAW ONE ON THE WAY OVER! C'MON!



GOOD THING I ALWAYS CARRY A SWISS ARMY KNIFE. NOBODY'S COMING, RIGHT?

IS THIS GAME LEGAL?



HERE'S A PAPER PLATE FOR THE BIRTHDAY CAKE, CALVIN.

THANK YOU.



I HOPE IT'S GOOD. I HATE IT WHEN THE BIRTHDAY KID CHOOSES SOMETHING GROSS LIKE COCONUT.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY. IT'S CHOCOLATE.

OH, GOOD. DID YOU SEE IT?



HEY! WHO CUT A PIECE OF MY CAKE ALREADY?! I DIDN'T EVEN GET TO BLOW OUT THE CANDLES!!

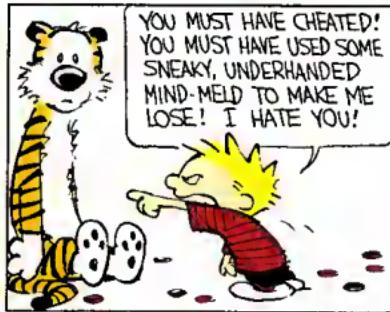
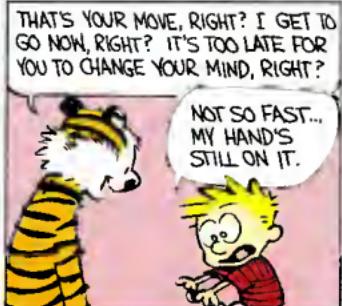
IT'S NICE AND MOIST, TOO.

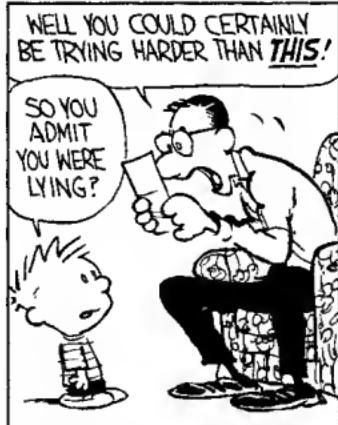
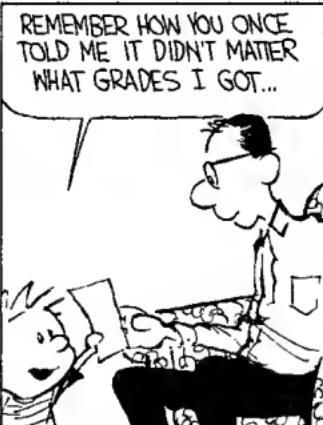
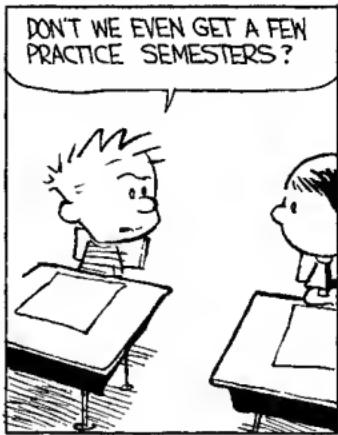
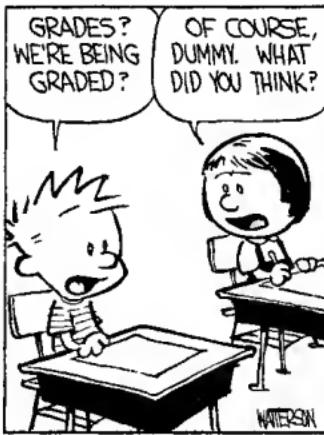




calvin and HOBBES

by WATTERSON





DAD SAYS MY REPORT CARD SHOWS THAT NOT ENOUGH TIME IS BEING SPENT ON MY HOMEWORK.



SO FROM DINNER TILL BED IS NOW DESIGNATED AS "HOMEWORK TIME."

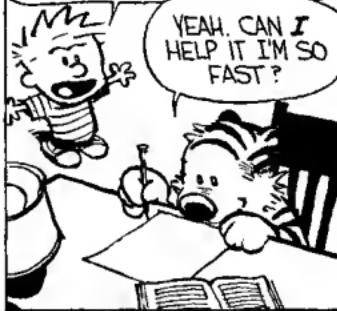


WATTERSON

I DON'T THINK THAT'S FAIR!



IF IT DOESN'T TAKE THAT LONG TO DO, WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO STAY IN MY ROOM ALL THAT TIME?



YEAH, CAN I HELP IT I'M SO FAST?

CAN I HAVE SOME CLAY?

HELP YOURSELF. THIS STUFF'S IMPOSSIBLE TO WORK WITH.



THANKS.

I'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD BOWL OR SOMETHING GOING HERE.



IT STARTED OUT AS A PHANTOM JET, BUT IT SORT OF SQUASHED, SO NOW I THINK IT'S A BOWL.



MMM. THAT'S VERY GOOD.

YEAH, I'M REAL PLEASED WITH IT.



WATTERSON

calvin and HOBBES

by WATerson





calvin and HOBSES

by WATERSON

WHY CAN'T I EVER
FIND MY STUPID
SCARF?



HOBSES AND
I ARE GOING
OUTSIDE, MOM.



THIS IS GOING TO
BE THE BIGGEST
SNOWMAN EVER
BUILT!

PEOPLE WILL COME FROM
MILES TO SEE OUR
GIGANTIC SNOWMAN!

THIS WON'T GO ANY
MORE. IT'S TOO
BIG TO PUSH.

OK, LEAVE
IT HERE.



I'M EXHAUSTED!

WELL WE CAN'T
STOP NOW! WE
NEED NINE MORE
OF THESE!

NINE
MORE?!

SURE! THIS IS
JUST ONE OF
HIS TOES!

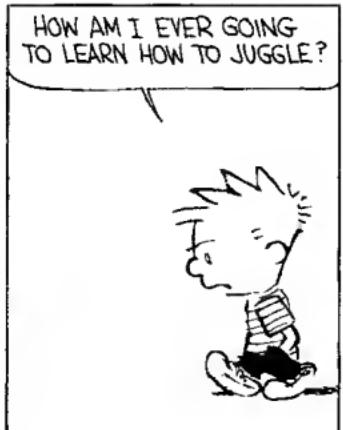




WATSON



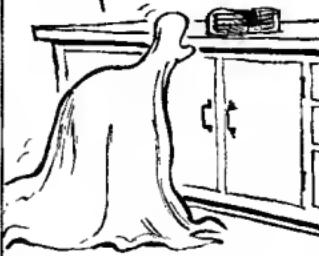
WATSON



THE GIANT AMOEBA SLIDES ALONG THE KITCHEN FLOOR.



EXTENDING A CYTOPLASMIC PSEUDOPOD, THE PROTOZOAN ENGULFS A PACKAGE OF OATMEAL COOKIES.



THE MAJESTIC EAGLE CIRCLES SLOWLY IN THE CLOUDS.



WITH EYES SO SHARP HE CAN SPOT MOVEMENT A MILE BELOW, HE SIGHTS HIS PREY AND DIVES!



REACHING SPEEDS OF MORE THAN 100 MPH, HIS UNWARY PRIZE WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT IT!



WATSON

CALVIN AND HOBBES

by WATTERSON

HERE IS SUCCESSFUL MR. JONES. HE LIVES IN A 5-ACRE HOME IN A WEALTHY SUBURB. HERE IS HIS NEW MERCEDES IN THE DRIVEWAY.

IT'S ANYONE'S GUESS AS TO HOW MUCH LONGER MR. JONES CAN MEET HIS MONTHLY FINANCE CHARGES.

HERE COMES MR. JONES OUT OF HIS ATTRACTIVE SUBURBAN HOME. HE HOPS IN HIS RED SPORTS CAR.

OFF HE GOES TO WORK. 80... 90... 100 MILES AN HOUR!

... ALONG THE EDGE OF THE GRAND CANYON !!

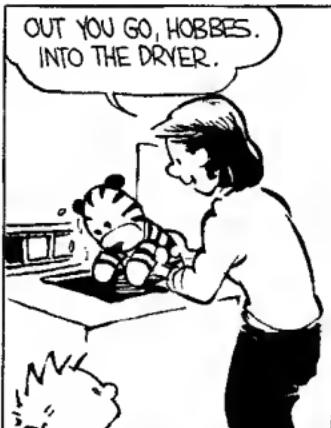
SUDDENLY, HIS STEERING LOCKS AND HIS BRAKES FAIL! HE CAREENS OVER THE EDGE! OH NO! DOWN HE GOES!

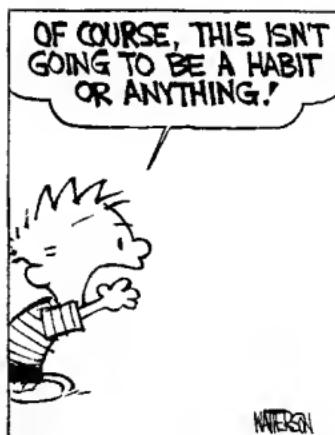
HIS ONLY HOPE IS TO CLIMB OUT THE SUN ROOF AND JUMP! MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, HE CAN GRAB A BRANCH AND SAVE HIMSELF! HE UNWINDS THE SUN ROOF! CAN HE MAKE IT??

NO! THE CAR EXPLODES IN MID-AIR, PROPULSION MILLIONS OF TINY SHARDS INTO THE STRATOSPHERE! **KABLOOIE!**

THE NEIGHBORS HEAR THE BOOM ECHOING ACROSS THE CANYON. THEY PILE INTO A MINI-VAN TO INVESTIGATE! WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THEM?







WATSON



WATSON



Calvin and Hobbes

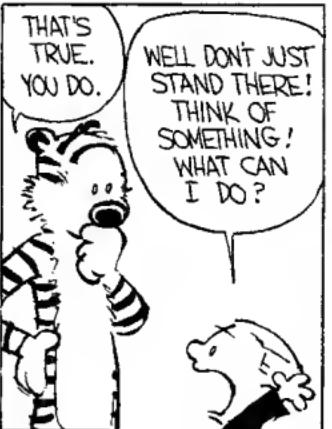
by WATTERSON

AAAAAHHH! EEEE! HEE HEE HEEHEE! WOO! ACK! HEE





I TOLD MOM I'M GETTING MY SCHOOL PICTURE TAKEN TODAY, AND SHE MADE ME COMB OUT THE CRISCO I PUT IN MY HAIR. NOW I LOOK LIKE A MORON.





OK, KID, SIT UP STRAIGHT
ON THE STOOL AND LOOK
RIGHT AT ME. THAT'S IT.



ARE YOU READY TO TAKE MY
PICTURE? SHOULD I TAKE
OFF MY SHIRT NOW?



KID, WHAT ARE...?
DON'T TAKE OFF
YOUR SHIRT!!

SEE? I
PAINTED
A FACE
ON MY
STOMACH.



KID, PUT
YOUR
SHIRT
BACK ON.

BUT LOOK! WHEN
I BREATHE OUT,
THE FACE CHANGES!
SEE? OK, TAKE
ONE QUICK!



LOOK, HOBBS, I GOT MY
SCHOOL PICTURES BACK.



LOOK AT YOU! HA HA HA!
LOOK AT YOUR HAIR!
HEE HEE! THESE ARE GREAT!



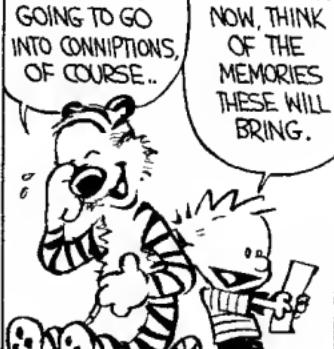
HEE HEE HEE!
LOOK AT THIS
ONE! WHAT AN
EXPRESSION!
HOO HOO HOO!
HA HA!

YEAH, SEE HOW
I GOT MY ONE
EYE TO ROLL
BACK?



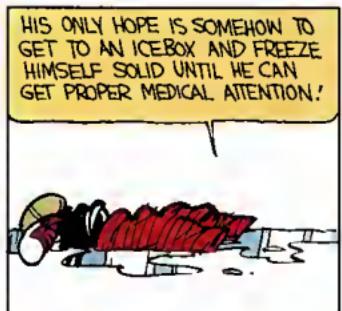
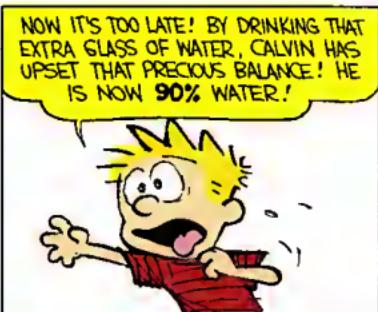
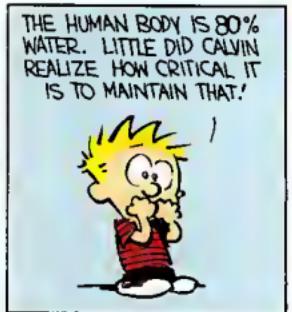
HA HA HA!
YOUR MOTHER'S
GOING TO GO
INTO CONNIVENTS,
OF COURSE...

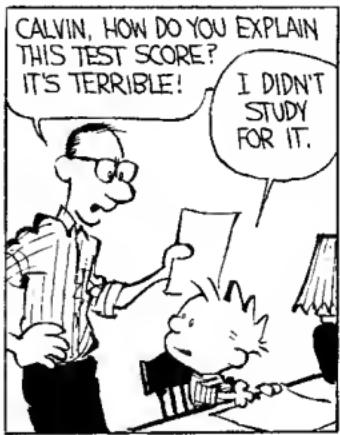
OH, C'MON.
YEARS FROM
NOW, THINK
OF THE
MEMORIES
THESE WILL
BRING.

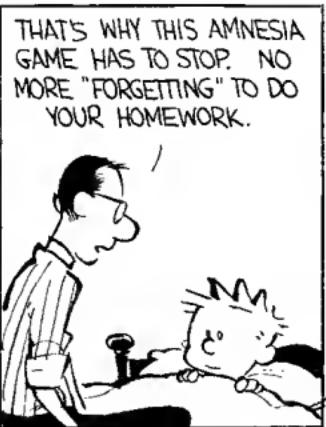
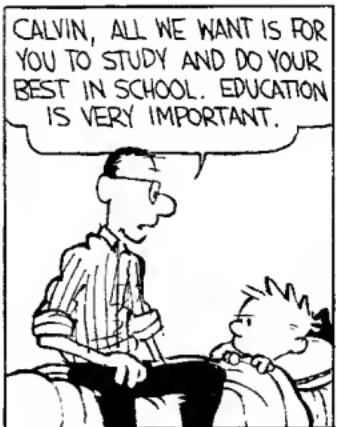


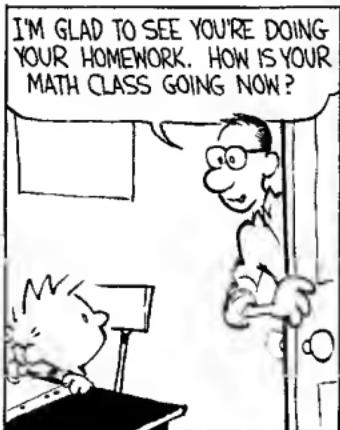
Calvin and Hobbes

by WATTERSON





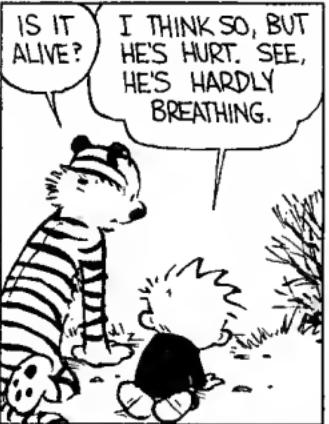




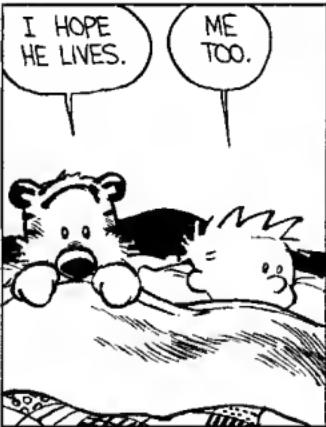
Calvin and Hobbes

by NATE WOODSON











MOM SAYS DEATH IS AS NATURAL AS BIRTH, AND IT'S ALL PART OF THE LIFE CYCLE.



SHE SAYS WE DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND IT, BUT THERE ARE MANY THINGS WE DON'T UNDERSTAND, AND WE JUST HAVE TO DO THE BEST WE CAN WITH THE KNOWLEDGE WE HAVE.



WIEDEKIN

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TREES HERE? WHO CLEARED OUT THE WOODS?



THERE USED TO BE LOTS OF ANIMALS IN THESE WOODS! NOW IT'S A MUD PIT!



THIS SIGN SAYS, "FUTURE SITE OF SHADY ACRES CONDOMINIUMS."



ANIMALS CAN'T AFFORD CONDOS!



"SHADY ACRES"? THE ONLY SHADE I SEE IS FROM THAT BULLDOZER.





Calvin and Hobbes

by WATerson

HERE'S A PHOTO
I TOOK OF YOU.

THE PICTURE IS
KIND OF FUZZY.

YOU'RE
KIND OF
FUZZY!

OK, MAKE
A FACE!

HOWTH THITH?

GREAT!
HOLD IT!

POOF

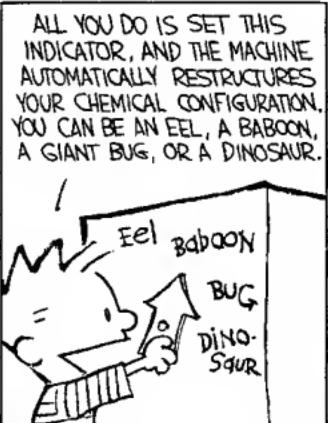
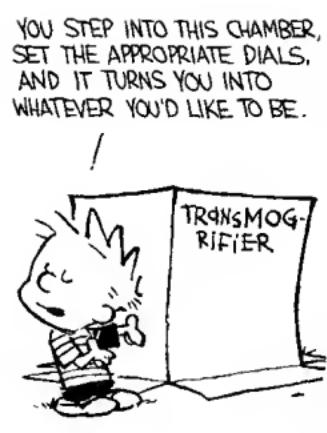
LET'S SEE!
LET'S SEE!

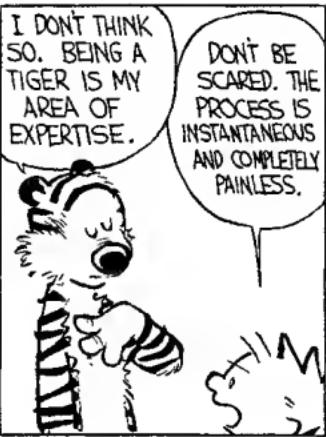
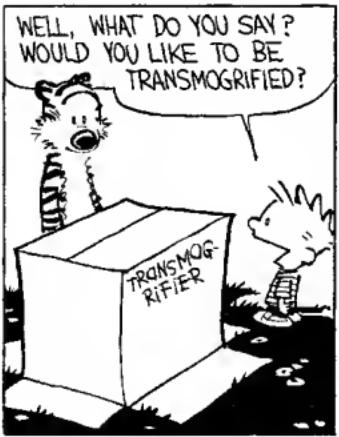
IT'S
DEVELOPING.
I CAN START
TO SEE IT!

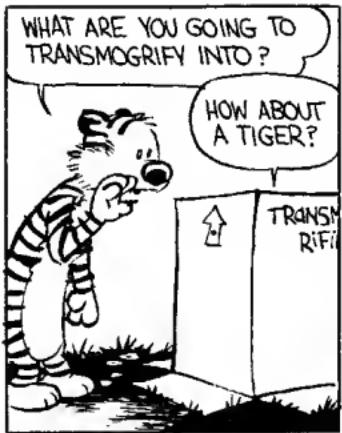
THERE I AM!
LOOK! LOOK!

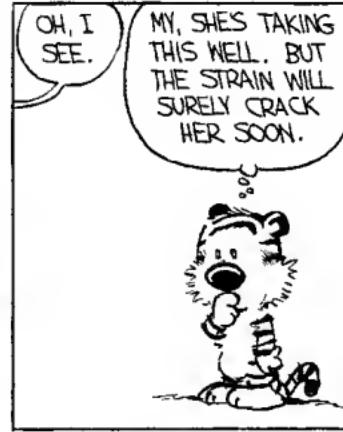
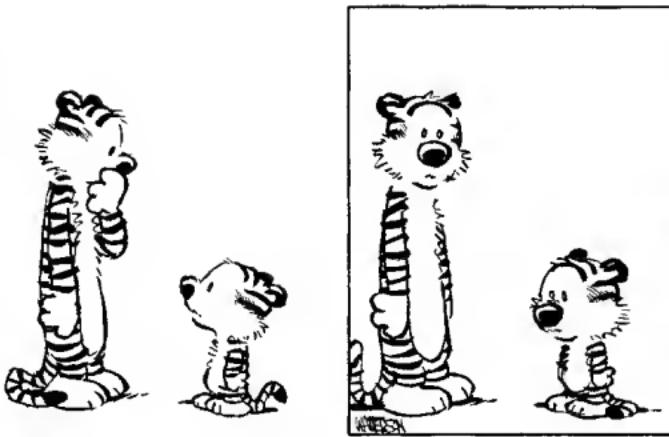
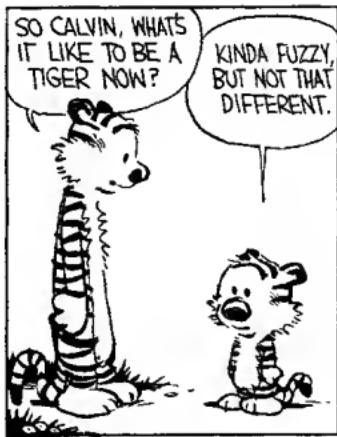
HA! HA!
IT'S GREAT!
WHAT A
PHOTOGRAPH!

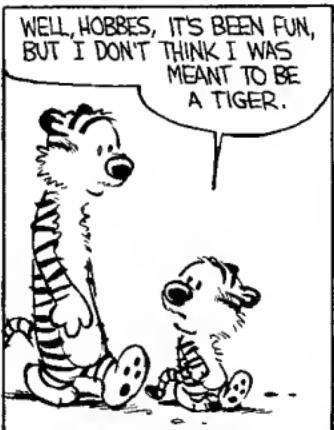


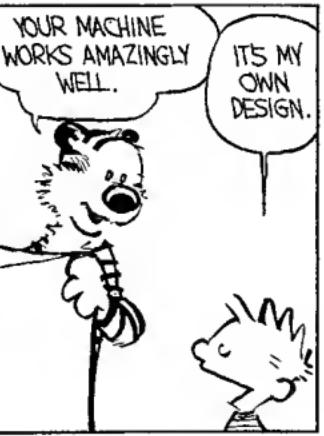












Calvin and Hobbes

by
WATKINSON



BOY, I LOVE WEEKENDS! WHAT BETTER WAY TO SPEND ONE'S FREEDOM THAN EATING CHOCOLATE CEREAL AND WATCHING CARTOONS!



CALVIN, YOU'VE BEEN SITTING IN FRONT OF THAT STUPID TV ALL MORNING! IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY! YOU SHOULD BE OUTSIDE!



IT'S GOING TO BE A GRIM DAY WHEN THE WORLD IS RUN BY A GENERATION THAT DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING BUT WHAT IT'S SEEN ON TV!

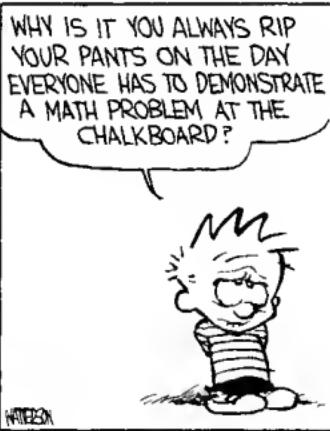


HOW CAN YOU SIT INSIDE ALL DAY? GO ON! OUT! OUT!



KIDS ARE SUPPOSED TO RUN AROUND IN THE FRESH AIR! HAVE SOME FUN! GET SOME EXERCISE!





LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS RIP! MAYBE I CAN PULL MY SHIRT DOWN OVER IT.



NO, THAT DOESN'T WORK. MAYBE I CAN TUCK MY SHIRT INTO THE HOLE. .. NOPE..



MAYBE I CAN STICK THE RIPPED PART UNDER MY BELT. NO, THAT DOESN'T WORK EITHER.



MAYBE I CAN SCOOT AROUND ON MY REAR THE REST OF THE DAY.



PLEASE DON'T LET THE TEACHER CALL ON ME! DON'T MAKE ME GO TO THE BOARD IN MY RIPPED PANTS!



ANYONE BUT ME! JUST LET HER CALL ON SOMEONE ELSE! PLEASE DON'T EMBARRASS ME IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE CLASS!

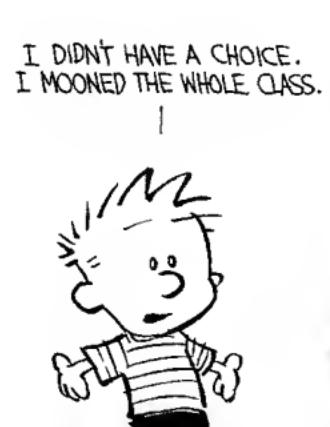
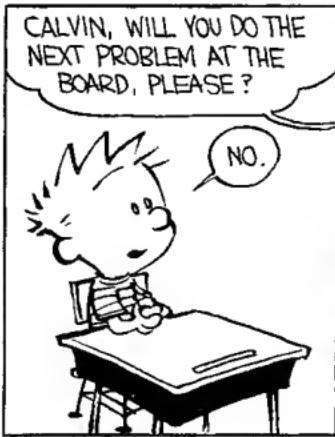


CALVIN, WOULD YOU DO THE NEXT PROBLEM AT THE BOARD?



SO MUCH FOR MY EVER JOINING THE CLERGY.





Calvin and Hobbes

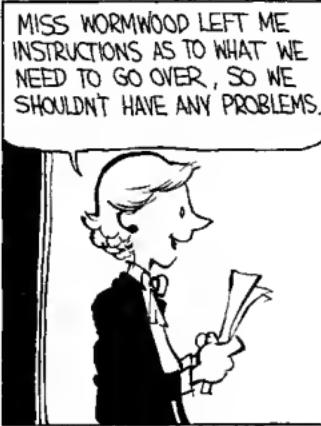
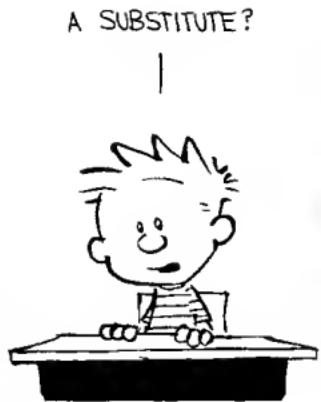
by WATERSON

THANKS FOR THE
LUNCH, MOM! I'M
GOING OUTSIDE.



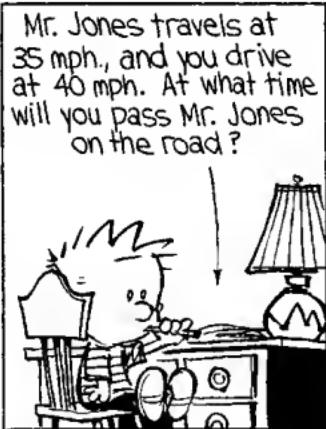
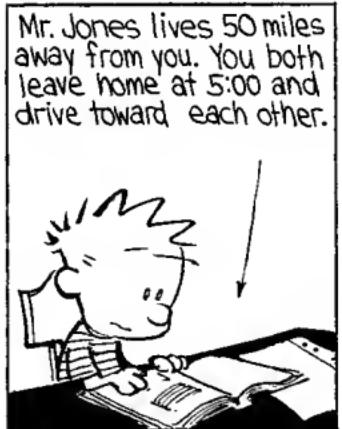
REFUELED, THE 727 TAXIS
ONTO THE RUNWAY.







WATSON

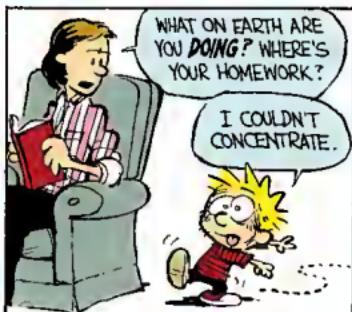
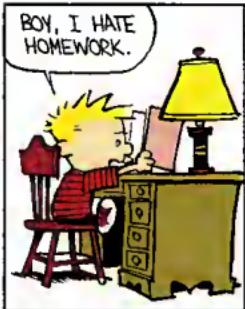


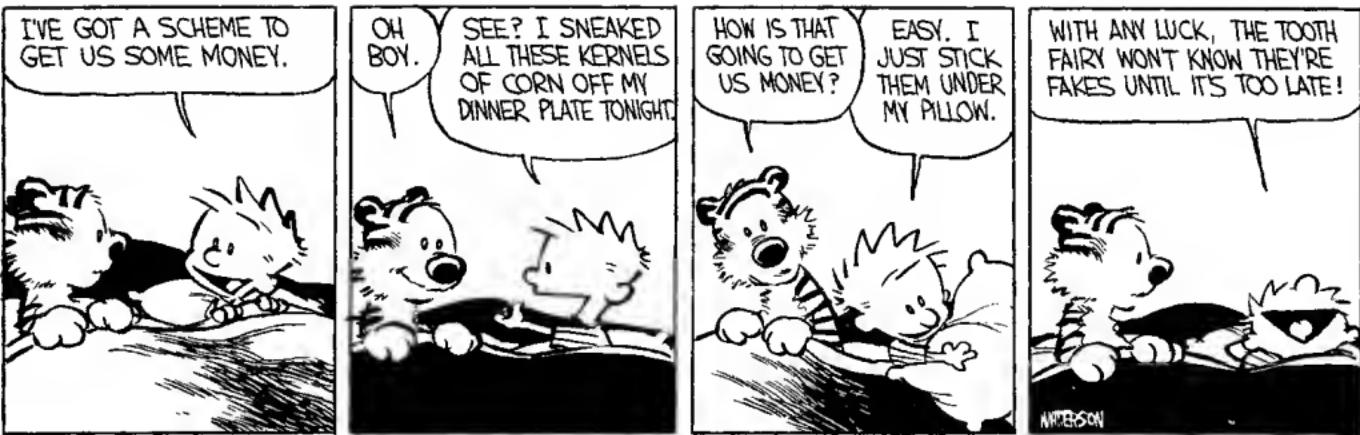
NEARY

Calvin and Hobbes

by WATSON

Look, Jane. See Spot.
See Spot run.
Run, Spot, run.
Jane sees Spot run.





WATTERSON



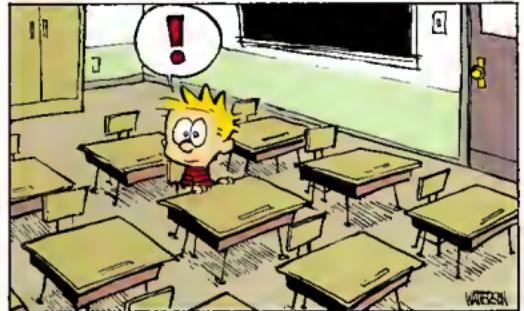
WATTERSON

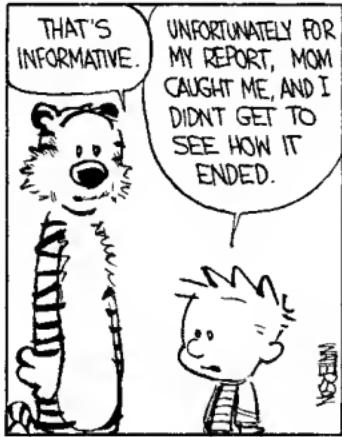
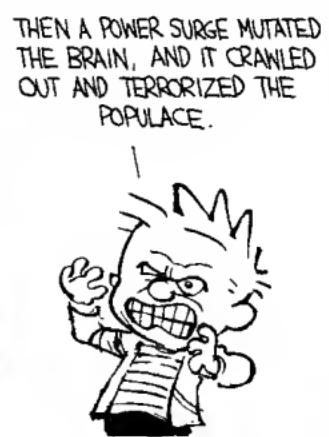
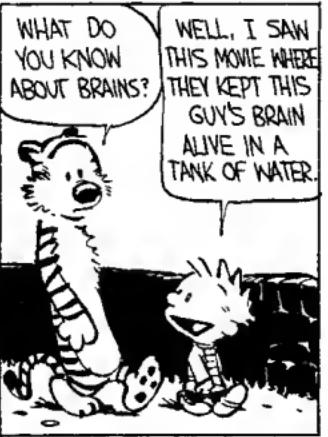
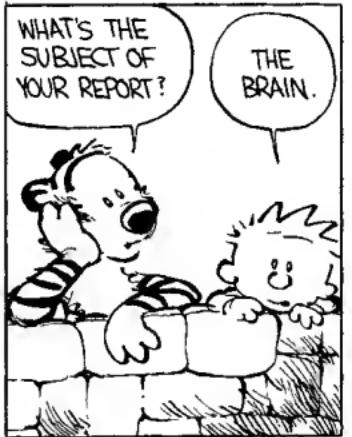
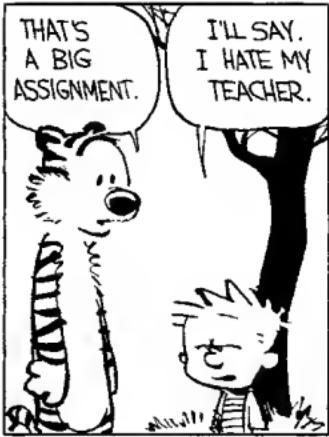
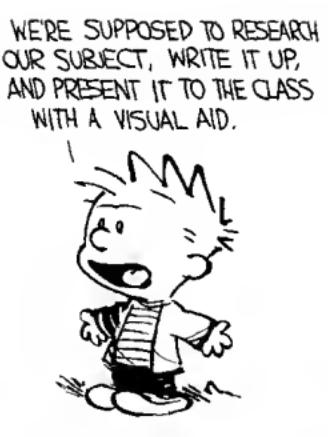
Calvin and HOBBES

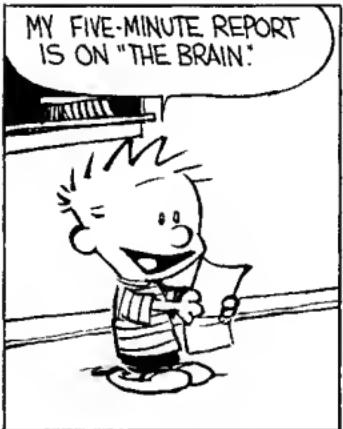
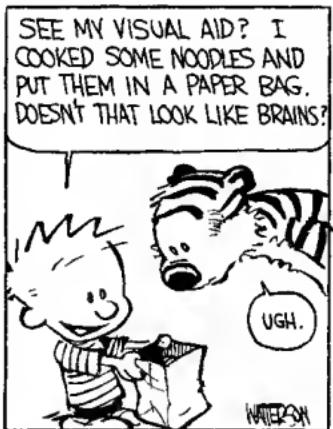
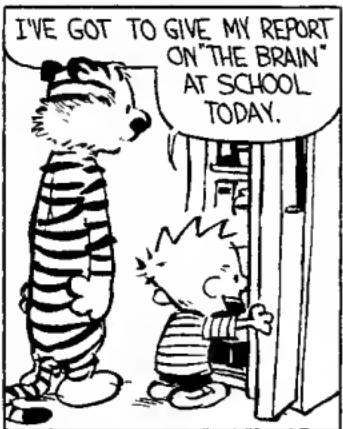
by WATSON

"DURING EMERGENCY LANDING,
REPLACE DINNER TRAY AND
BRING SEAT TO UPRIGHT POSITION.
EXTINGUISH ALL SMOKING
MATERIALS."

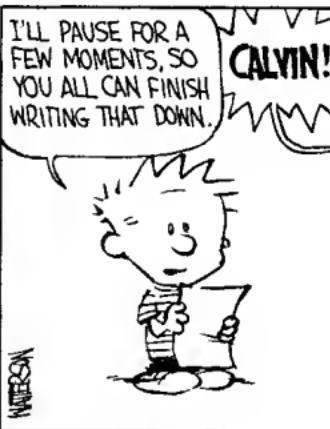
"... INCLUDING SPACECRAFT,
IF POSSIBLE."







OF COURSE, IT'S DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN THE COMPLEXITIES OF THE BRAIN IN JUST FIVE MINUTES, BUT TO BEGIN, THE BRAIN IS PART OF THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM.

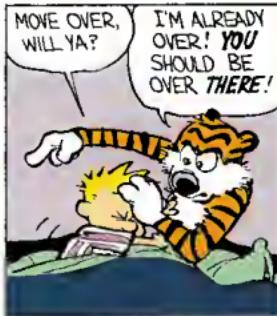


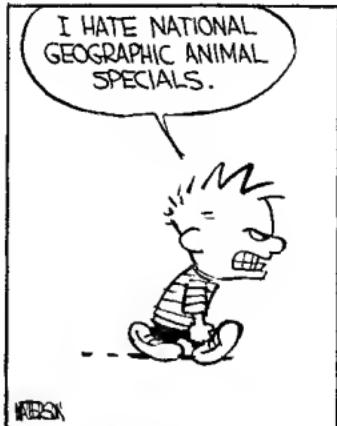
Calvin and Hobbes

by WATSON

HOW COME YOU
DON'T PUT ON ANY
PAJAMAS?

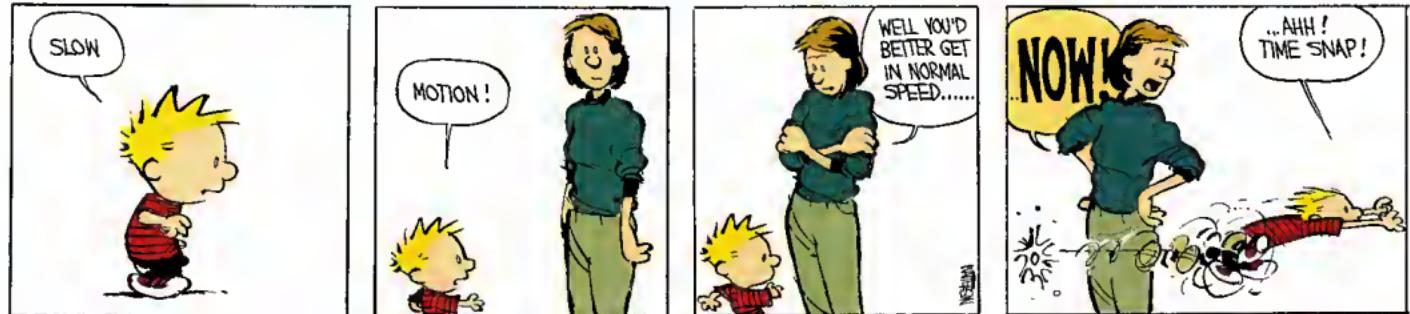
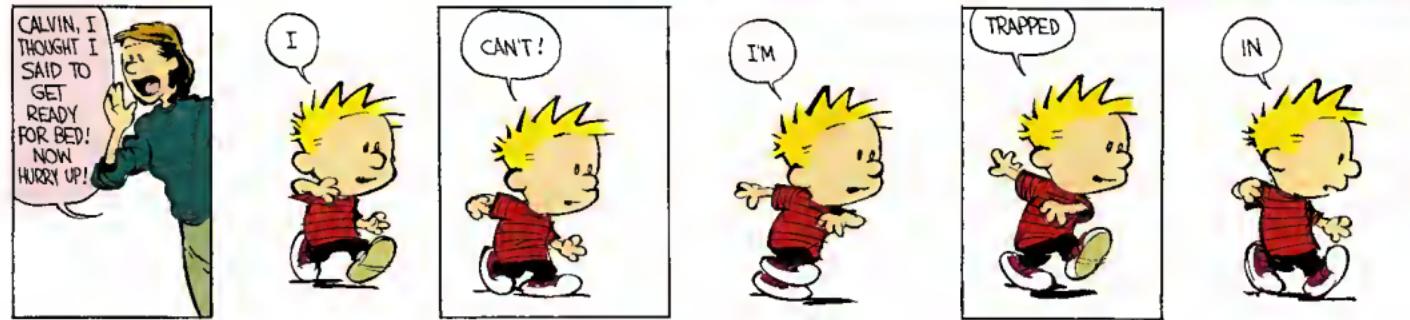
FACT IS, I NEVER
TAKE 'EM OFF!



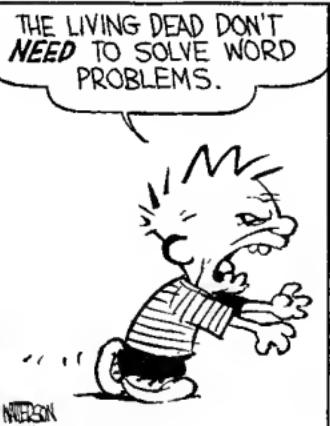
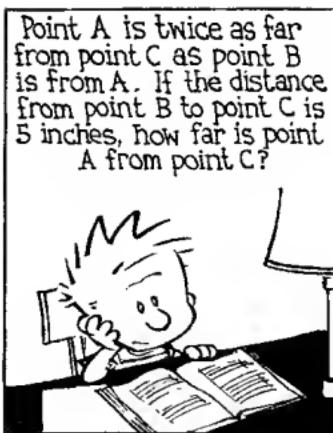


Calvin and Hobbes

by WATSON



Point A is twice as far from point C as point B is from A. If the distance from point B to point C is 5 inches, how far is point A from point C?







Calvin and HOBBES

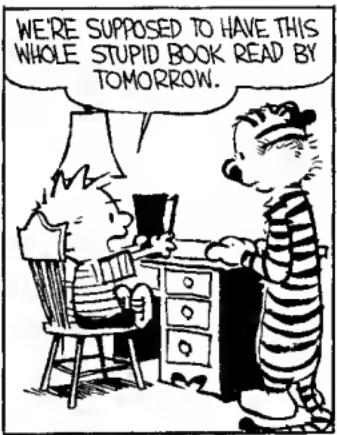
by WATSON

GOSH, IT'S **PERFECT**
KITE FLYING WEATHER!



BUT WHY LET THE STUPID
KITE HAVE ALL THE FUN?









calvin and hobbes

by wattenberg

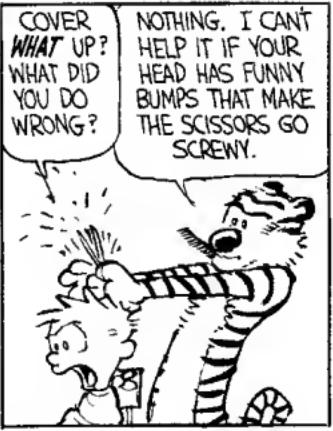
EVER NOTICE HOW DIFFERENT
THE AIR SMELLS AFTER A
GOOD RAIN? IT SMELLS
LIKE .. LIKE..

DEAD
WORMS!

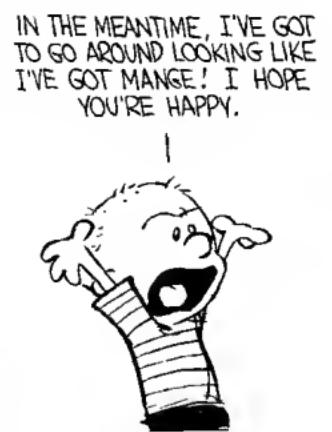
WOW! LOOK AT THE SIZE
OF THAT PUDDLE!







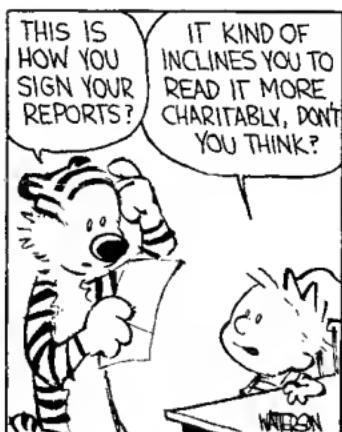
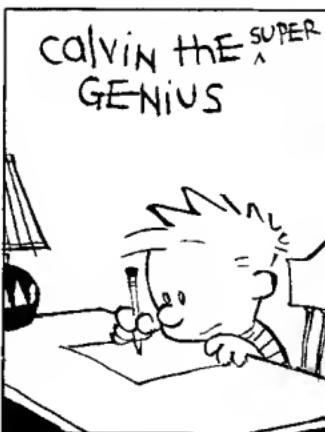
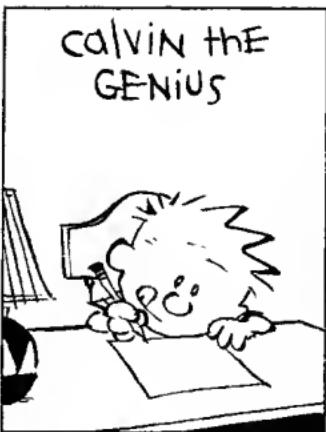






WEBBON





calvin and HOBBES

by WATTERSON

THIS IS SUPPOSED
TO BE GREAT ART.

...SO WHY DOES IT LOOK LIKE
A BUNCH OF DECAPITATED
NAKED PEOPLE?

A STRANGE FEELING
COMES OVER CALVIN
IN THE ART MUSEUM.



HIS PARENTS, ENGROSSED IN
CULTURE, REMAIN BLISSFULLY
UNAWARE OF CALVIN'S
TERRIBLE TRANSFORMATION!



YES, A TYRANNOSAURUS IS
LOOSE IN THE ART MUSEUM!
THE CURATOR SHRIEKS, AND
PANDEMONIUM ENSUES!



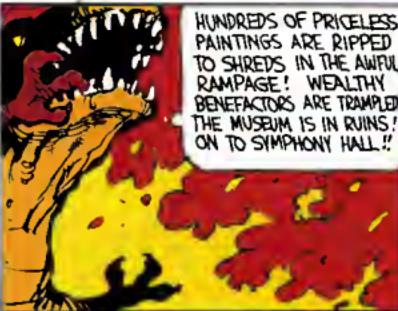
A GUARD REACHES FOR HIS
PISTOL, BUT THE DINOSAUR
IS UPON HIM AND HE IS
MESSILY DEVOURIED!



THE GIANT LIZARD'S GLORY IS CAPTURED FOREVER ON FILM BY THE
ANTI-THEFT CAMERAS! PATRONS OF
THE ARTS FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES!



HUNDREDS OF PRICELESS
PAINTINGS ARE RIPPED
TO SHREDS IN THE AWFUL
RAMPAGE! WEALTHY
BENEFACORS ARE TRAMPLED.
THE MUSEUM IS IN RUINS!
ON TO SYMPHONY HALL!



CALVIN? ...CALVIN?
WE'RE IN THE NEXT
ROOM NOW. C'MON.



I THINK WE'D BETTER GET HIM OUT OF
HERE. HE HAD THAT GRIN AGAIN.



I WANNA SEE
THE DINOSAURS
AT THE NATURAL
HISTORY MUSEUM
AGAIN.

WE SPENT ALL
AFTERNOON
THERE, CALVIN.



THE END.

"There is a mystical quality to Bill Watterson's work. What we have here is no mere comic strip. . . . Watterson the alchemist has conjured forth a work of subtlety, character, and depth far out of proportion to his tender years. This book is magic."

— Pat Oliphant, from the Foreword

