

How you like
your eggs

JASMINE?

I WISH I
COULD FLY

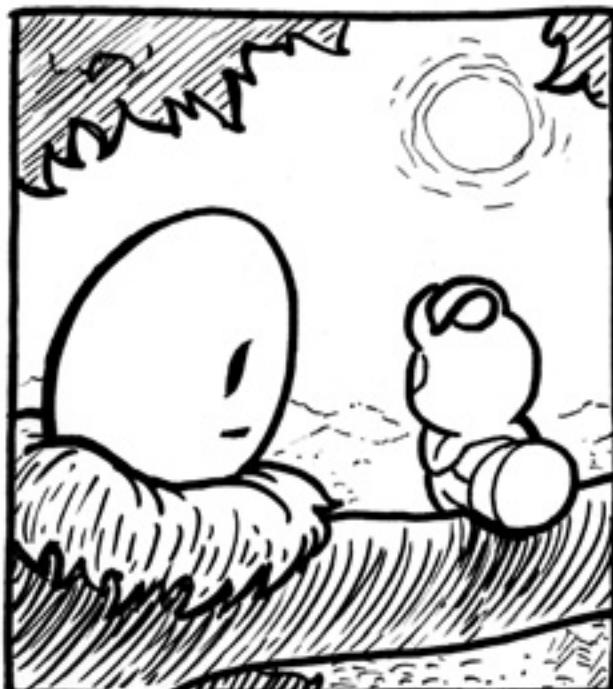
I KNOW,
BURNE,
ME TOO.

ONE DAY WE
WILL, WON'T
WE, JAS?

I THINK SO.
WELL...
MAYBE.

I READ IN A BOOK
ONE TIME THAT EGGS
BECOME **BIRDS** AND BIRDS FLY
AND THAT CATERPILLARS
BECOME A **CHURSALISS** AND
THEN A **BUTTERFLY** AND
BUTTERFLIES FLY

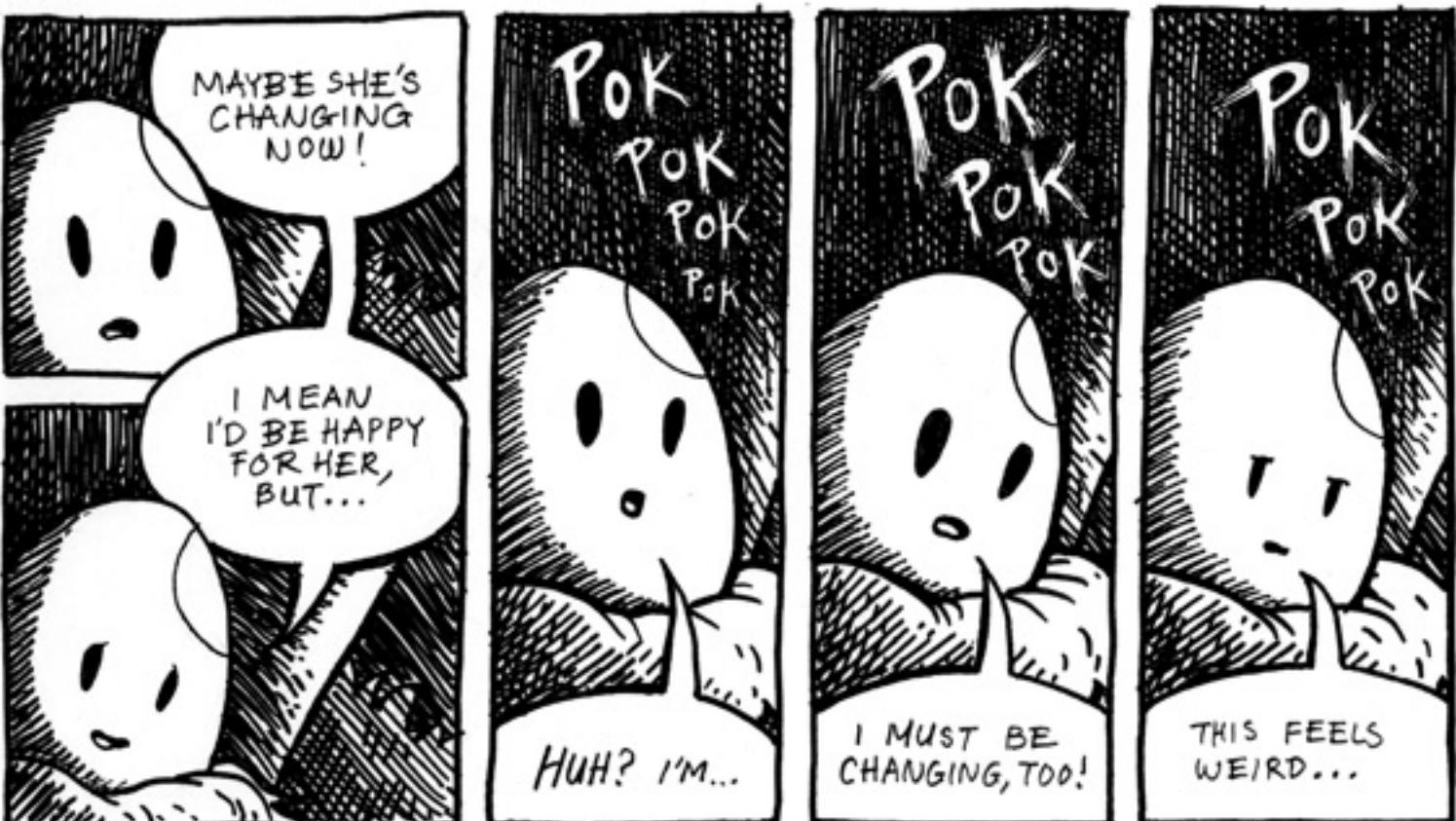
YES, WELL... IT
MIGHT BE A BIT MORE
COMPLICATED THAN
JUST THAT.





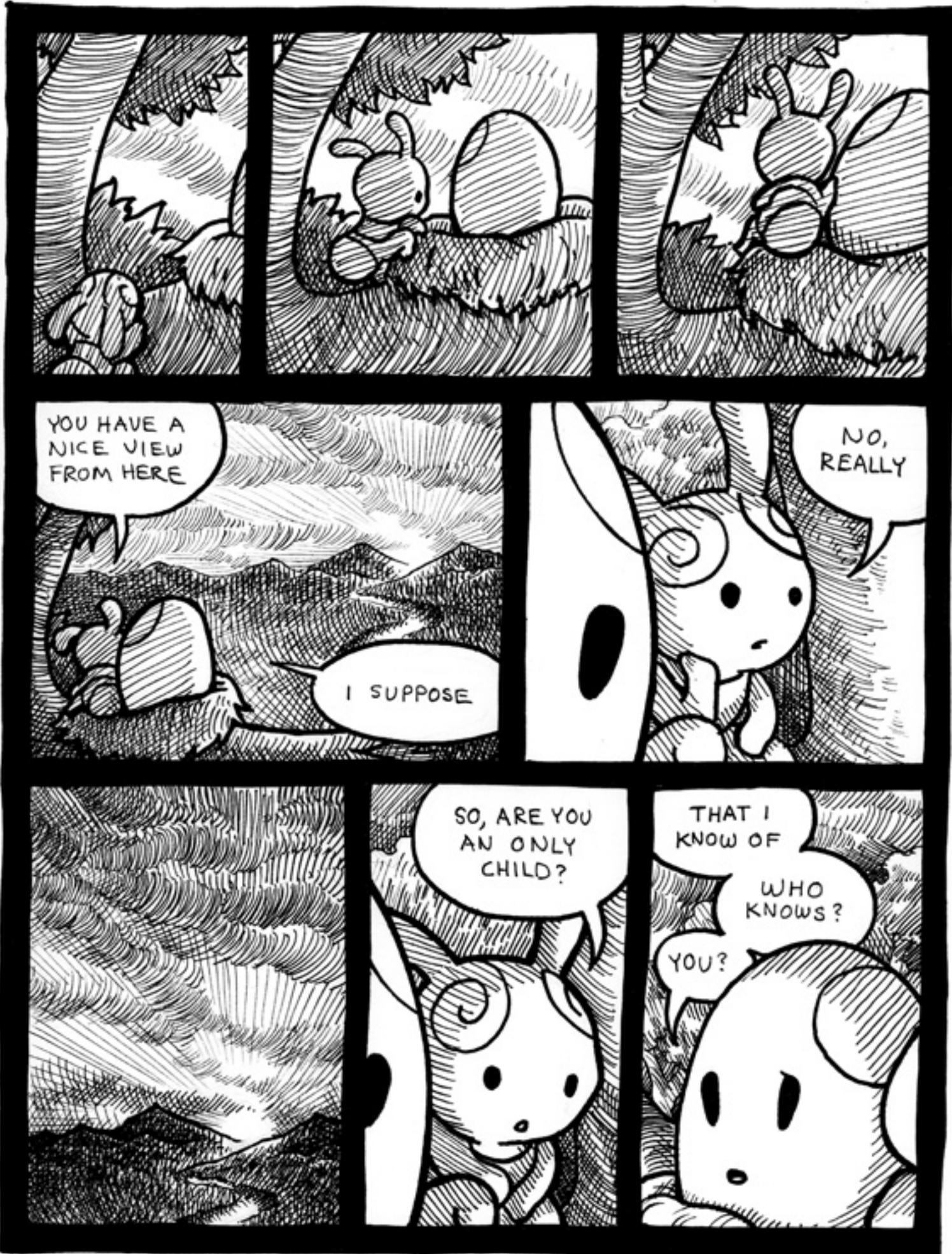












I HAVE A LOT OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS. I DON'T TALK TO THEM MUCH THOUGH

SO DO YOU GET A LOT OF MOM-TIME?

I GUESS, SHE TAKES CARE OF ME. TURNS ME AND SITS ON ME AND STUFF.

SHE'S OFF FORAGING NOW BUT SHE'LL BE BACK SOON.



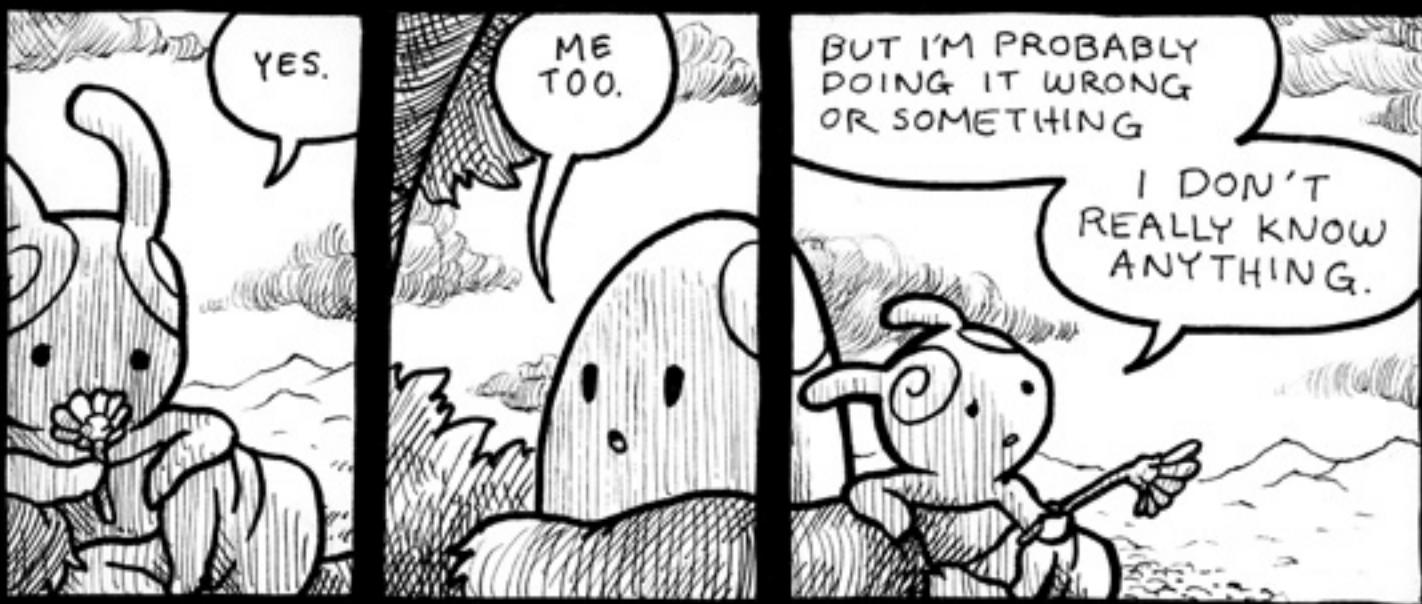
WELL... I DO HAVE THIS WEIRD FEELING. LIKE... LIKE I'M NOT REALLY HER SON...

I MEAN, I CAME FROM HER, BUT, YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY A BIRD.

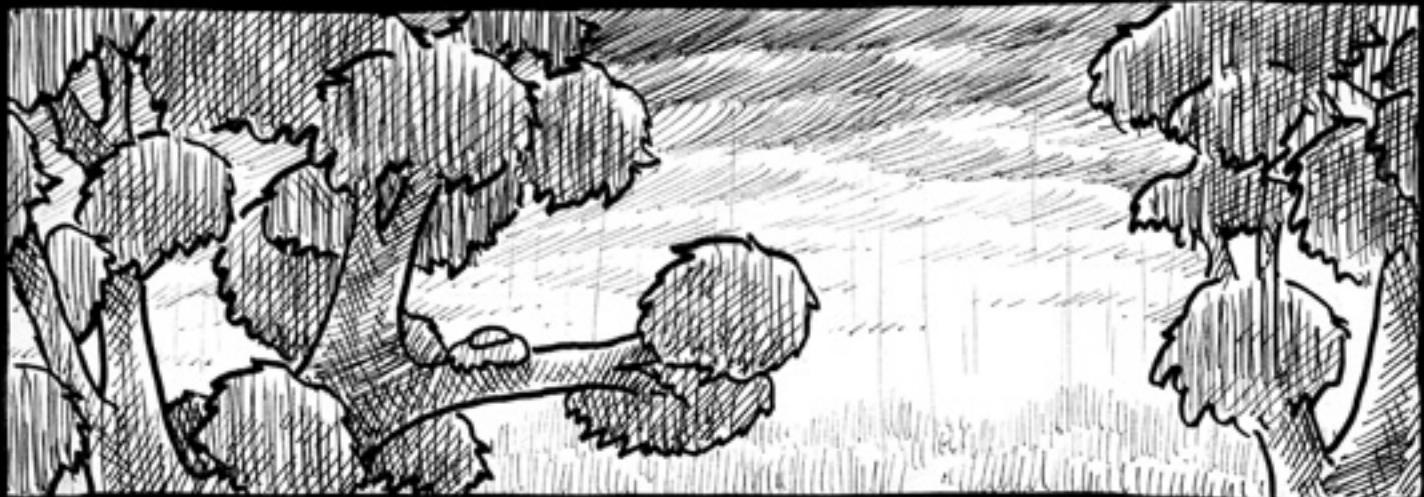
H.M.

YOU'RE AN ODD ONE, MR. BURNE



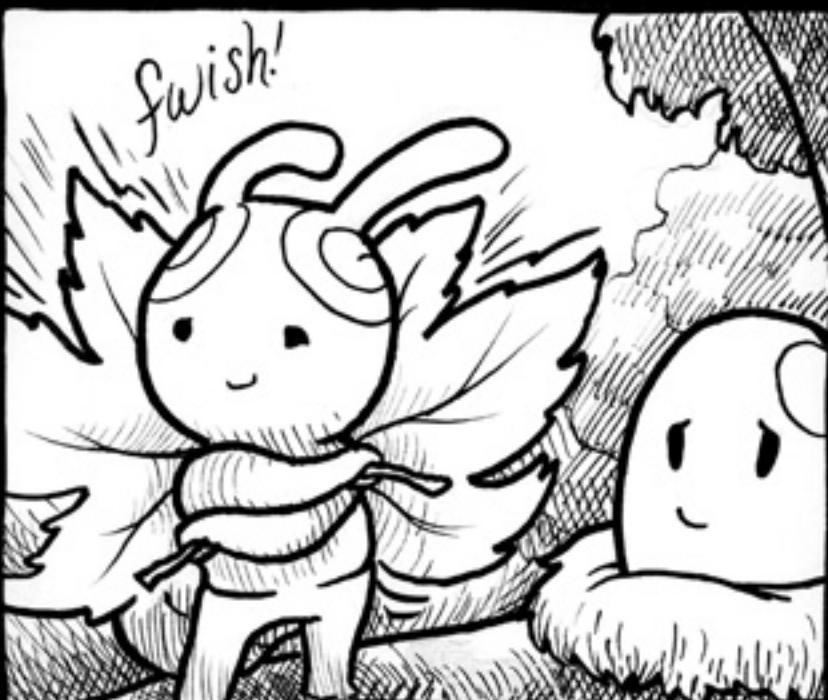




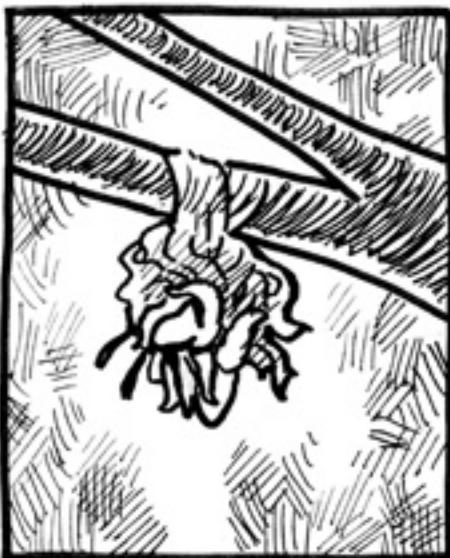
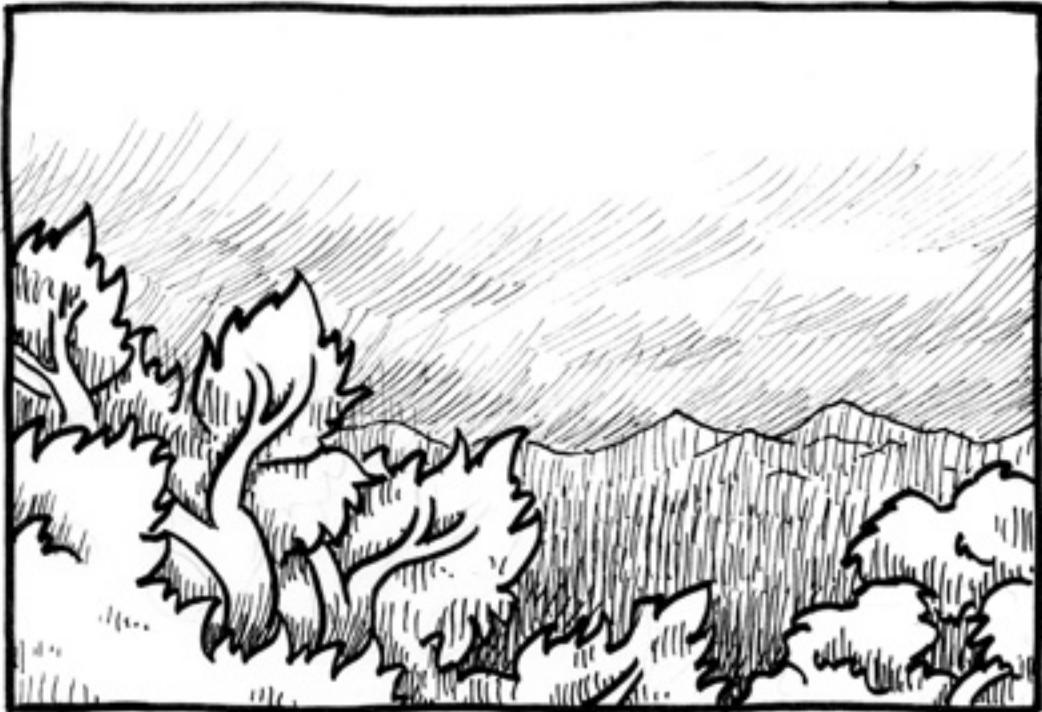




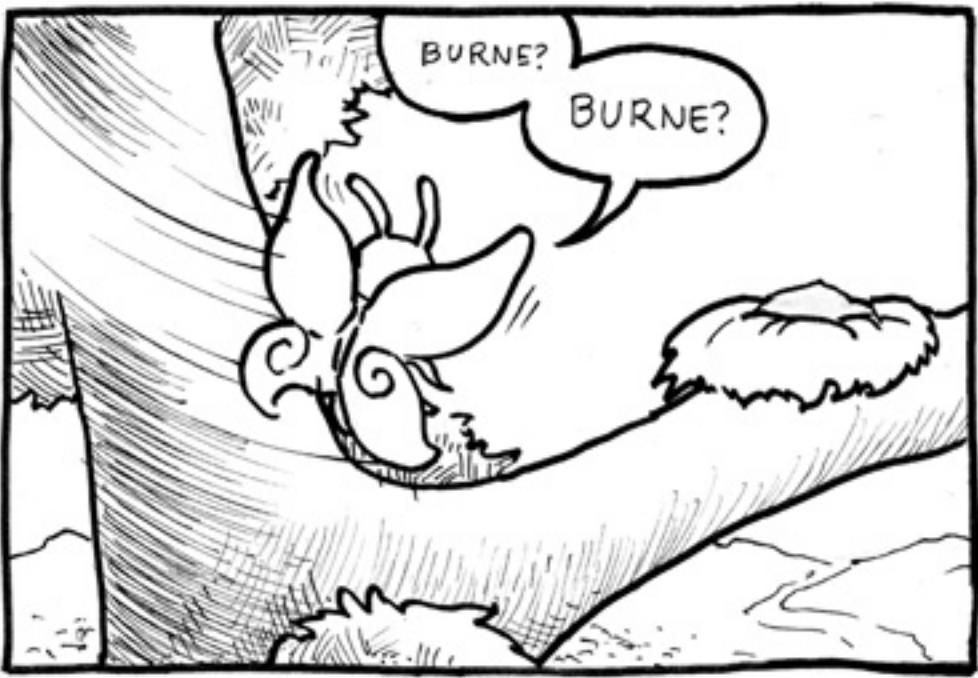
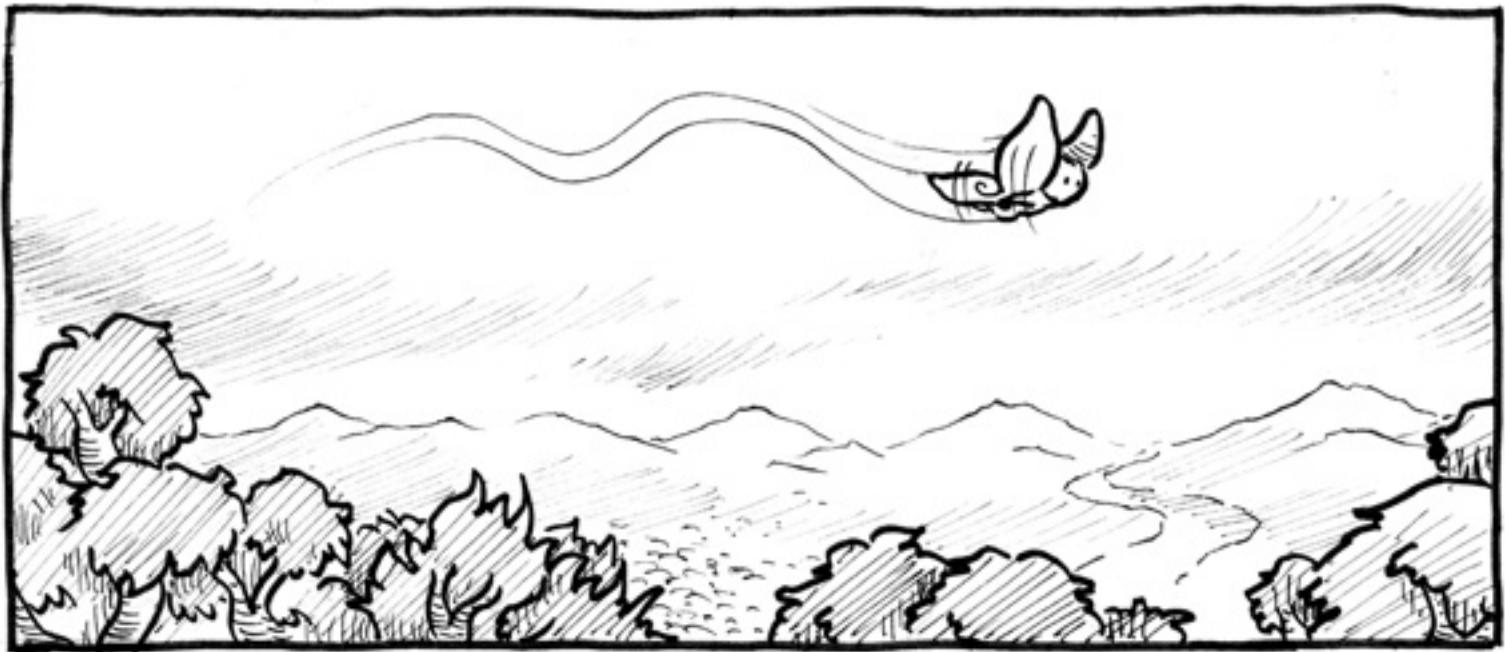




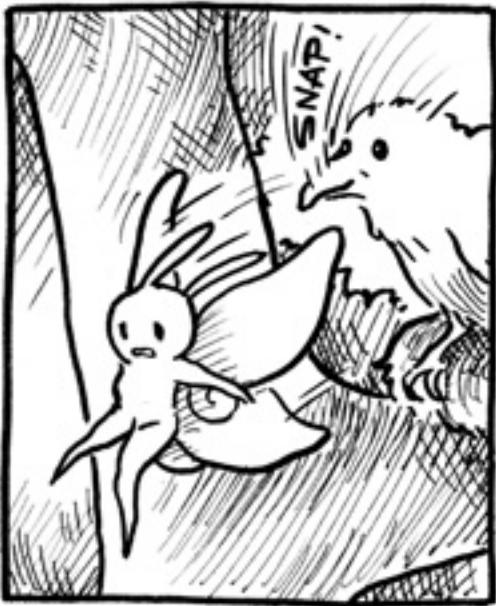




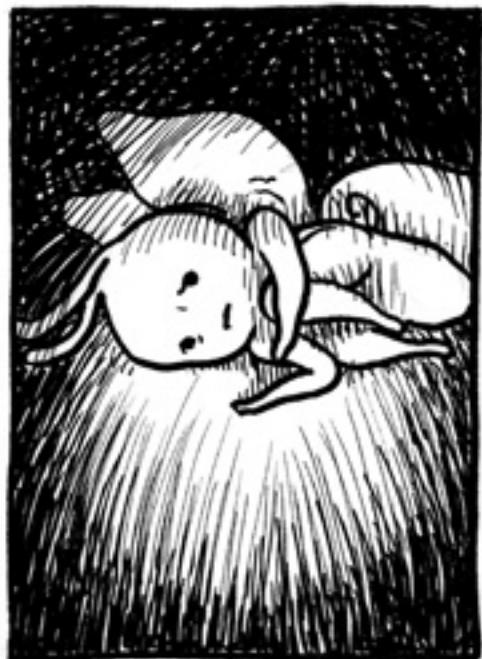


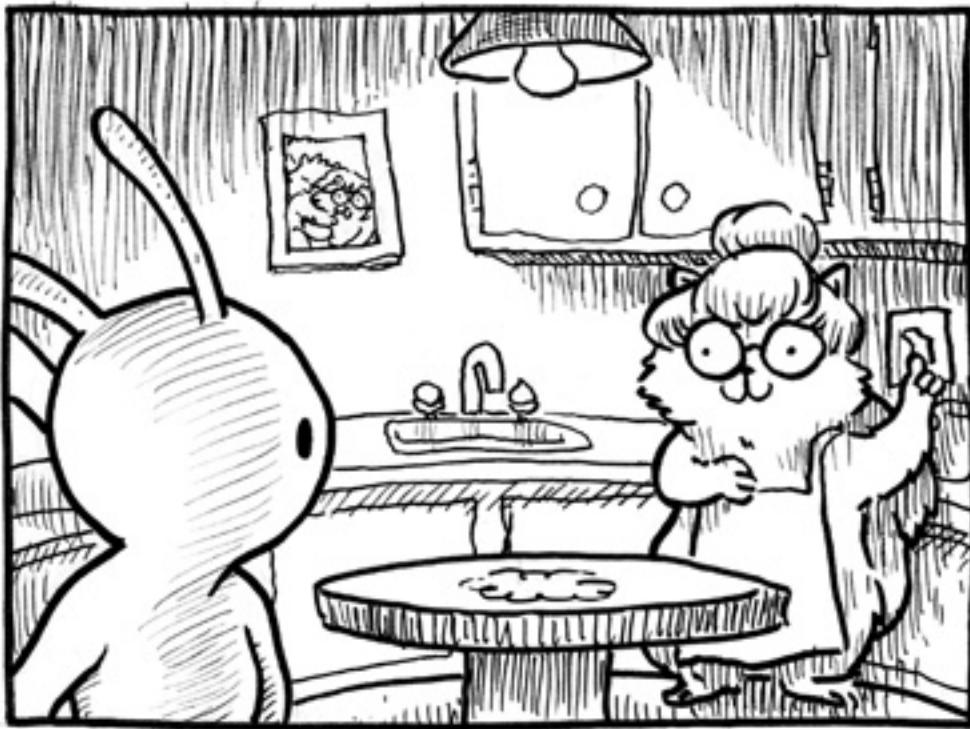


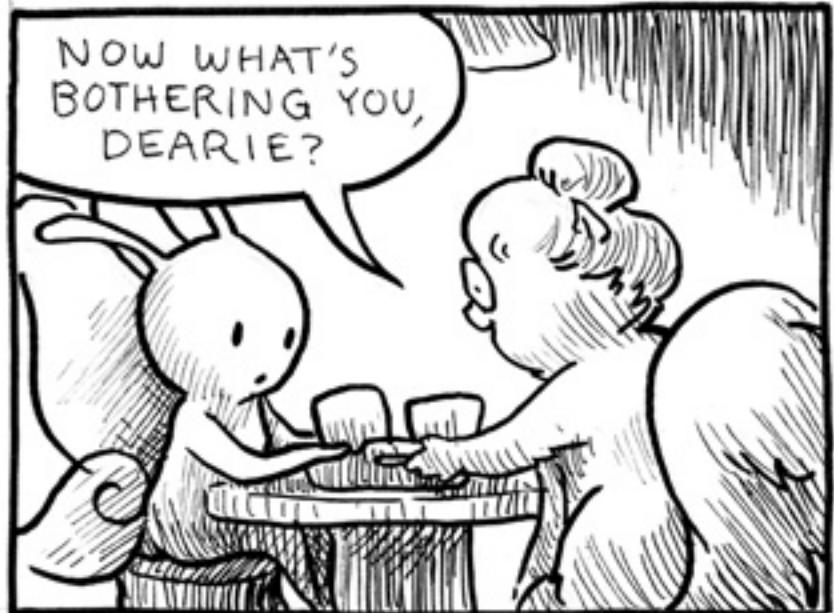
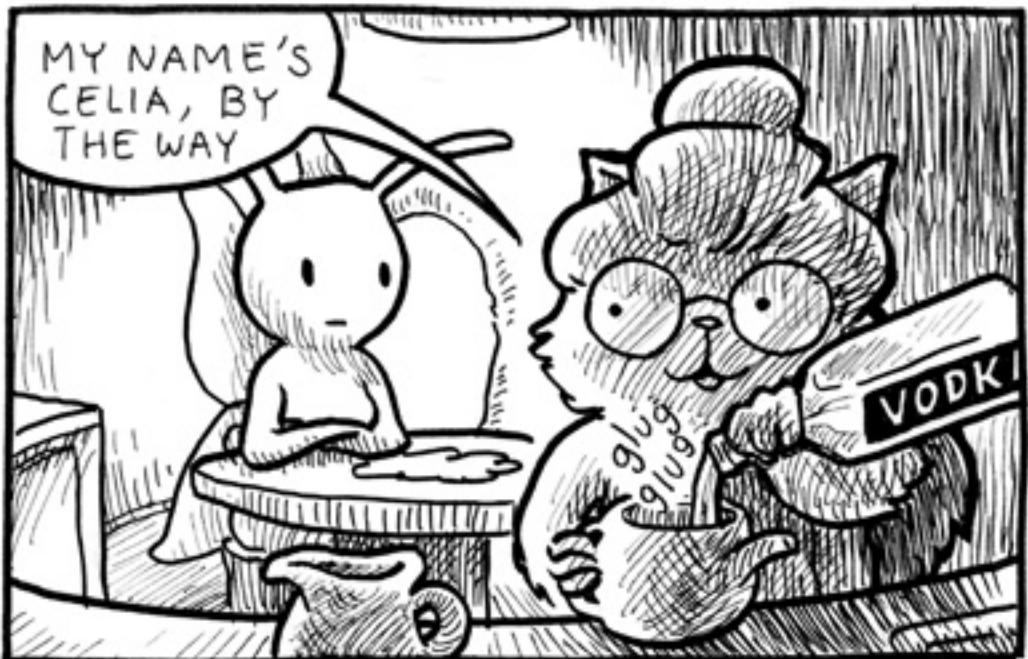










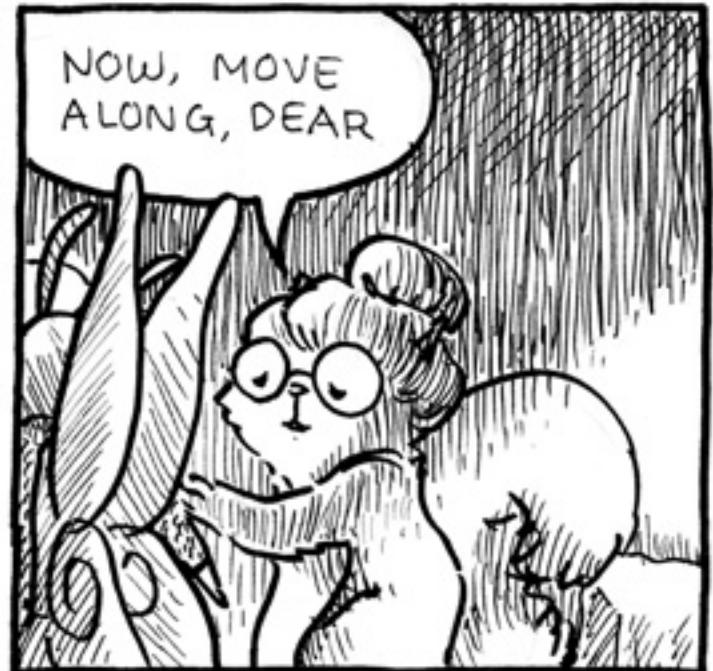






GOOD!







OH, HEAVENS
NO! I LOVE
CHILDREN!
THAT MUST
HAVE BEEN
VELMA!



