

The following morning--

WHATCHA DOING, TAD?

JUST TALKING
TO MY DOLLS
BEN THEY'RE
REAL SMART!
THEY KNOW
EVERYTHING!

TALKING? RAG
DOLLS CAN'T
TALK, TAD! RAG
DOLLS ARE
JUST TOYS!

THEY CAN
TOO TALK--
THEY **REALLY**
CAN!

TELL YOU WHAT, KID... WE'LL HAVE
A PARTY WITH THE DOLLS...
HAVE A CAKE AND EVERYTHING
...THEN I'LL TRY TO TALK TO
THEM... MAYBE ASK THEM
SOME QUESTIONS...

OH, GEE,
BEN... WOULD
YOU? THAT'LL
BE FUN!

BUT, TAD... IF I ASK THE
DOLLS SOME QUESTIONS
AND THEY DON'T ANSWER
THAT'LL MEAN THEY
REALLY CAN'T TALK.
WON'T IT?

OH, THEY'LL ANSWER
YOU, BEN... THEY
ALWAYS ANSWER
WHEN I TALK
TO THEM!

SO WITH
MOCK
SOLEMNITY,
THE BIG
BROTHER
HELPED
THE LITTLE
BROTHER
PROP THE
LIMP RAG
DOLLS INTO
SITTING
POSITIONS
AROUND A TABLE...

AND NOW, I WOULD LIKE TO ASK ANY
OF YOU A QUESTION... "WHAT IS THE
SIXTH ANCIENT WONDER OF THE
WORLD?"