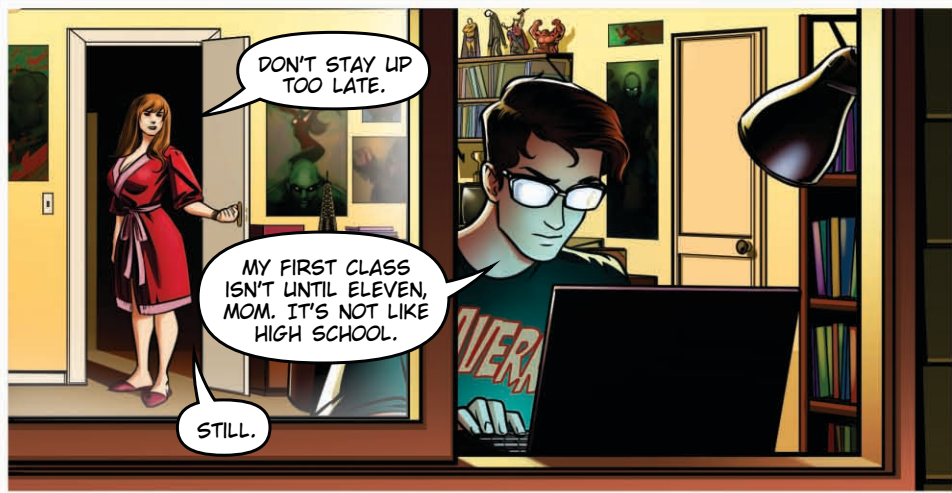




"JEREMY? WHERE ARE YOU?"

"MY ROOM, MOM!"



DON'T STAY UP TOO LATE.

MY FIRST CLASS ISN'T UNTIL ELEVEN, MOM. IT'S NOT LIKE HIGH SCHOOL.

STILL.

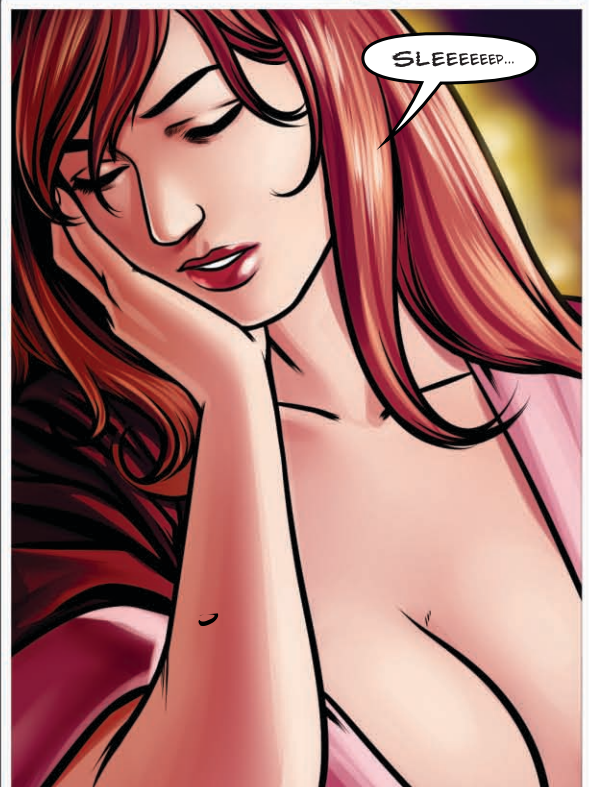


I'M GOING TO WATCH TV.

HAVE FUN.



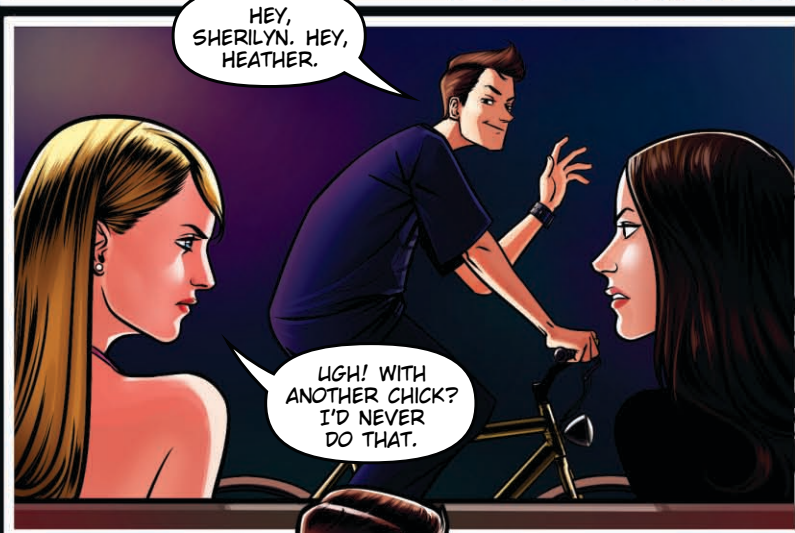
Written by Daphne
Art by Joseph Martin Gutierrez
Lettering by George Zipp





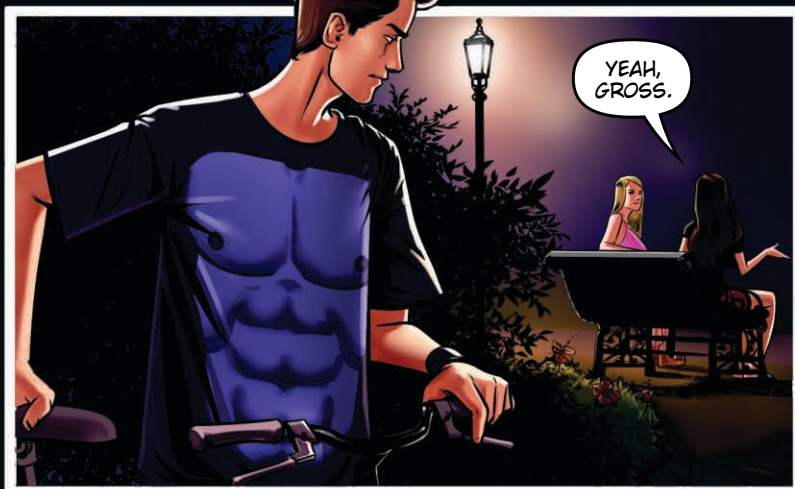
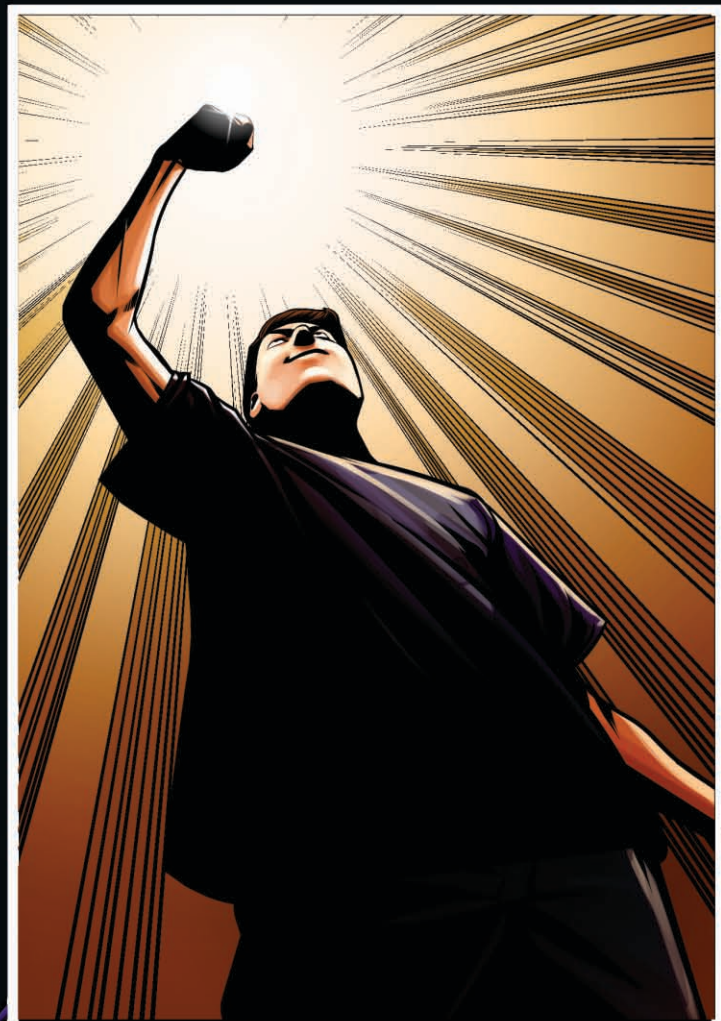
NO WAY!

LHHUH. WENDY SAID SHE SAW THE TWO OF THEM MAKING OUT.

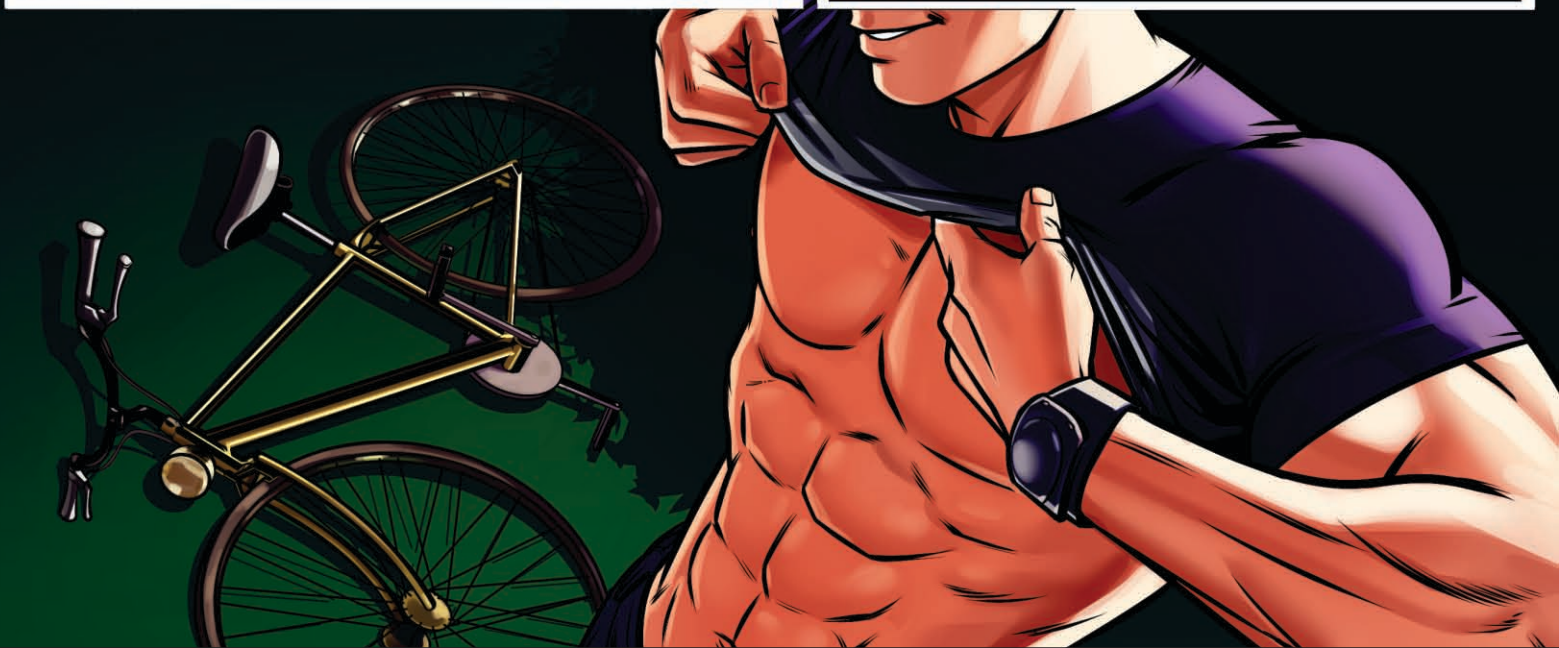


HEY, SHERILYN. HEY, HEATHER.

UGH! WITH ANOTHER CHICK? I'D NEVER DO THAT.



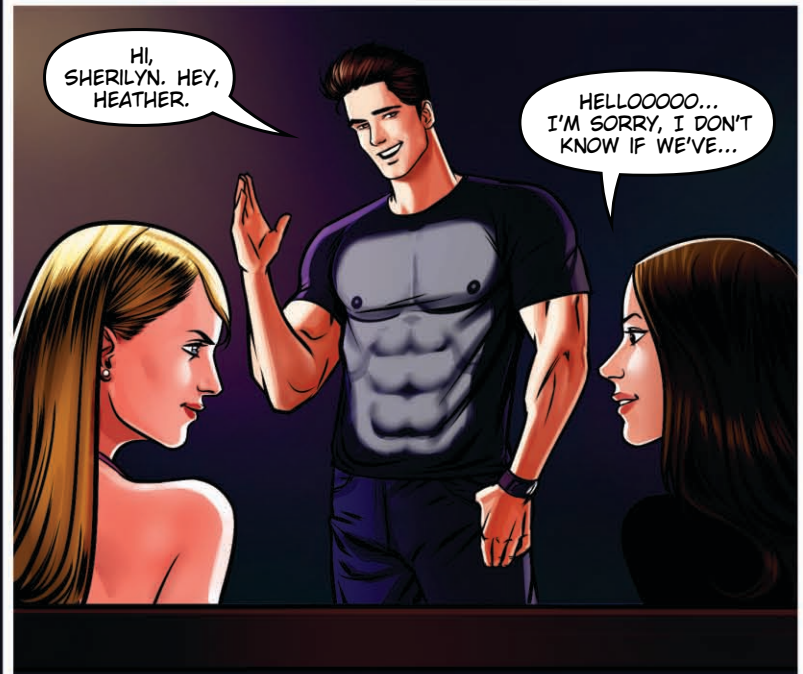
YEAH, GROSS.





WHAT ABOUT THAT GUY WENDY WAS SEEING?

DUMPED HIM. DUNNO WHY.



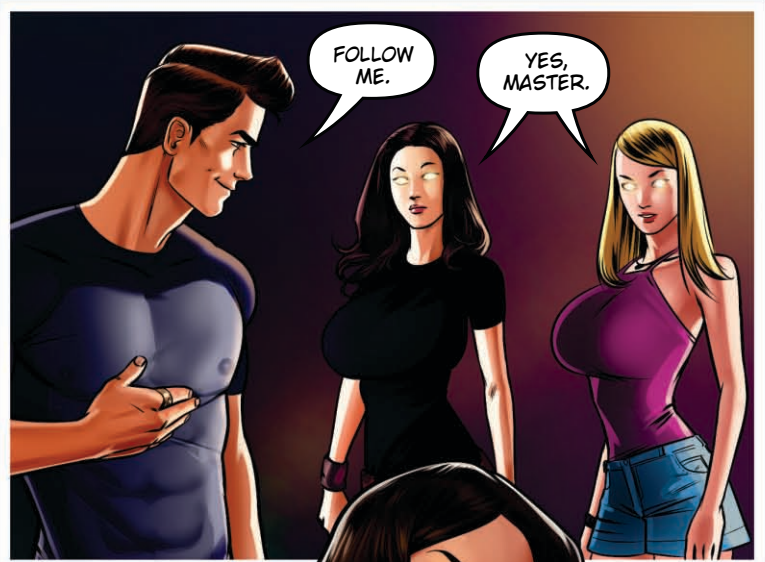
HI, SHERILYN. HEY, HEATHER.

HELLOOOOO... I'M SORRY, I DON'T KNOW IF WE'VE...



...MET?

UH.



FOLLOW ME.

YES, MASTER.



IN THERE.

YES, MASTER.



THAT'S VERY GOOD.



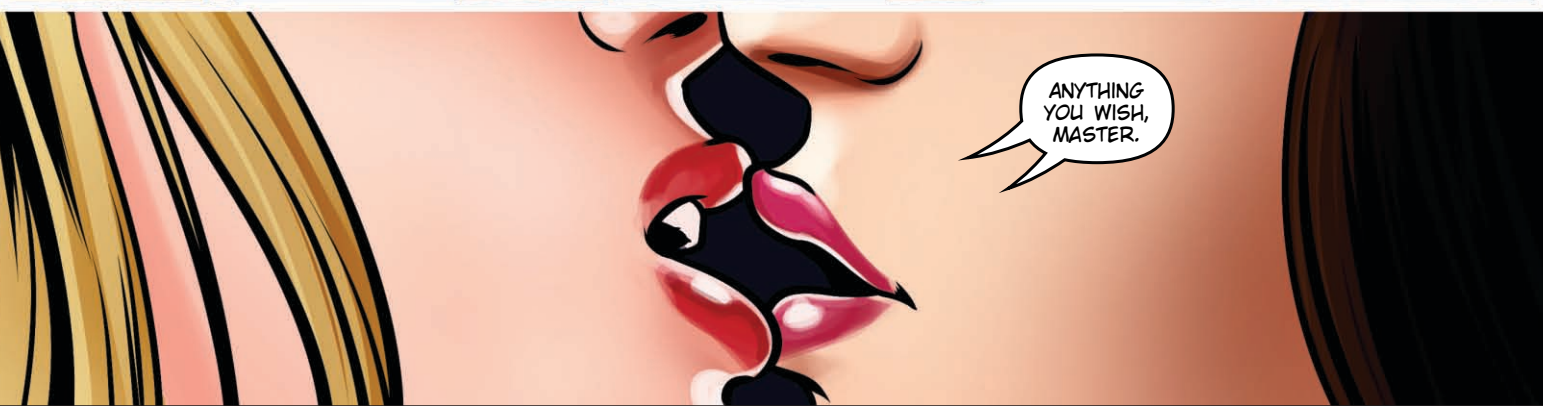
STRIP. YES, MASTER.



NOW, MAKE OUT.

YES, MASTER.

YES, MASTER.



ANYTHING YOU WISH, MASTER.



