

Garfield

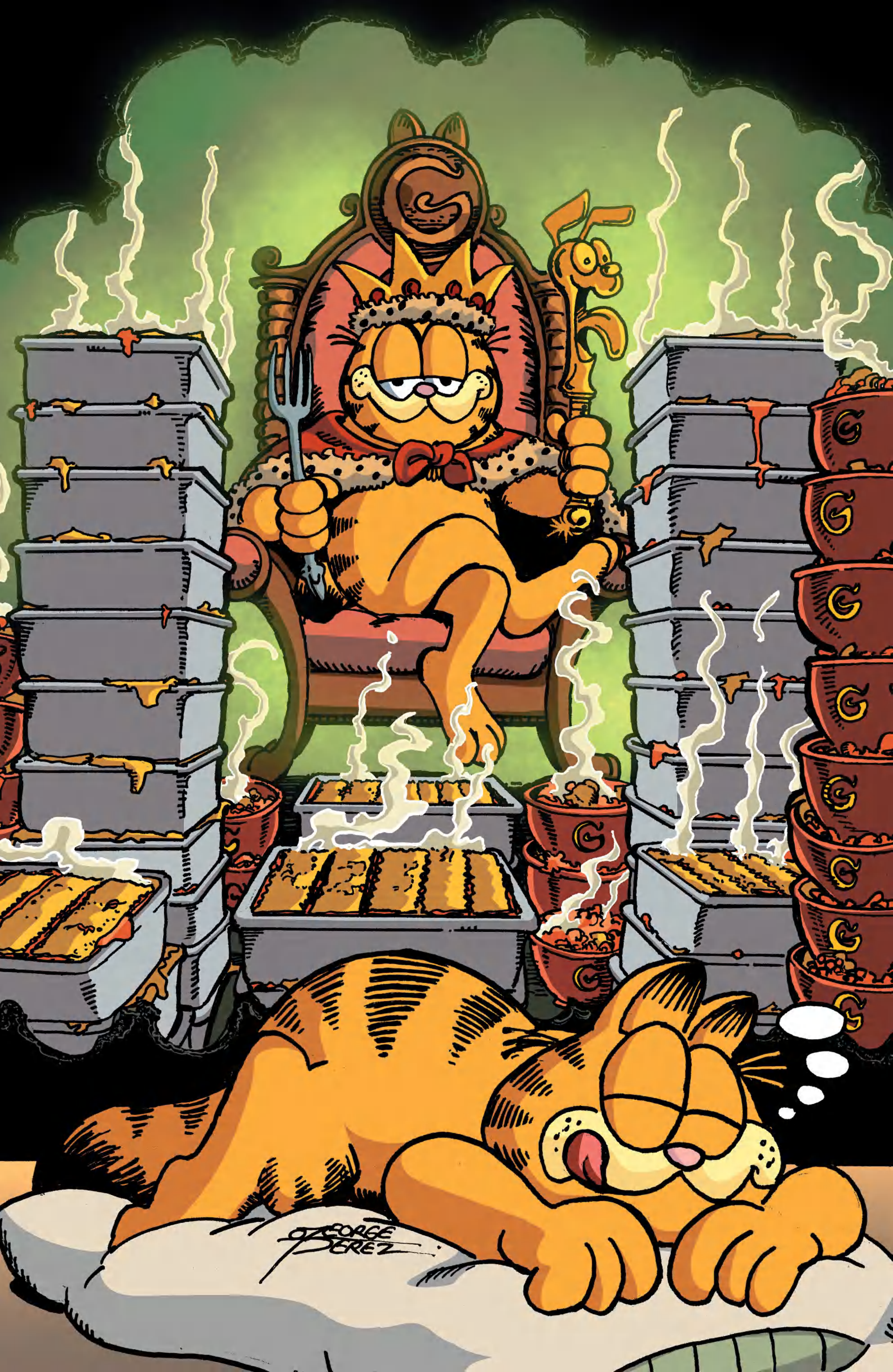
kaboom!

BY JIM DAVIS

®

#25





Garfield®

GARFIELD CREATED BY
JIM DAVIS

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ART BY
ANDY HIRSCH

"FOOD FIGHT"

WRITTEN BY
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LISA MOORE

LETTERS BY
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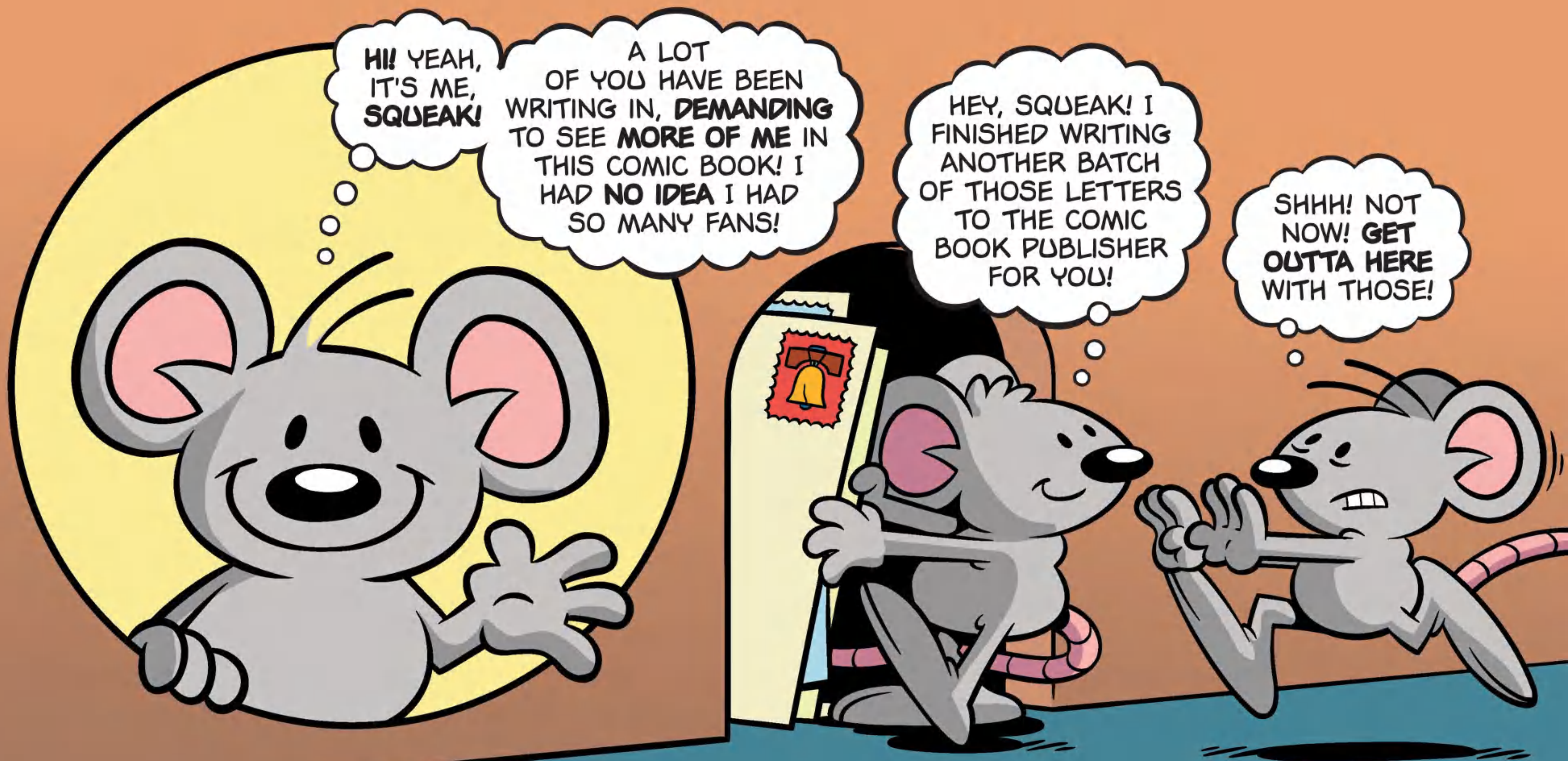
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SHANNON WATTERS



SPECIAL THANKS TO SCOTT NICKEL, DAVID REDDICK, AND THE ENTIRE PAWS, INC. TEAM.

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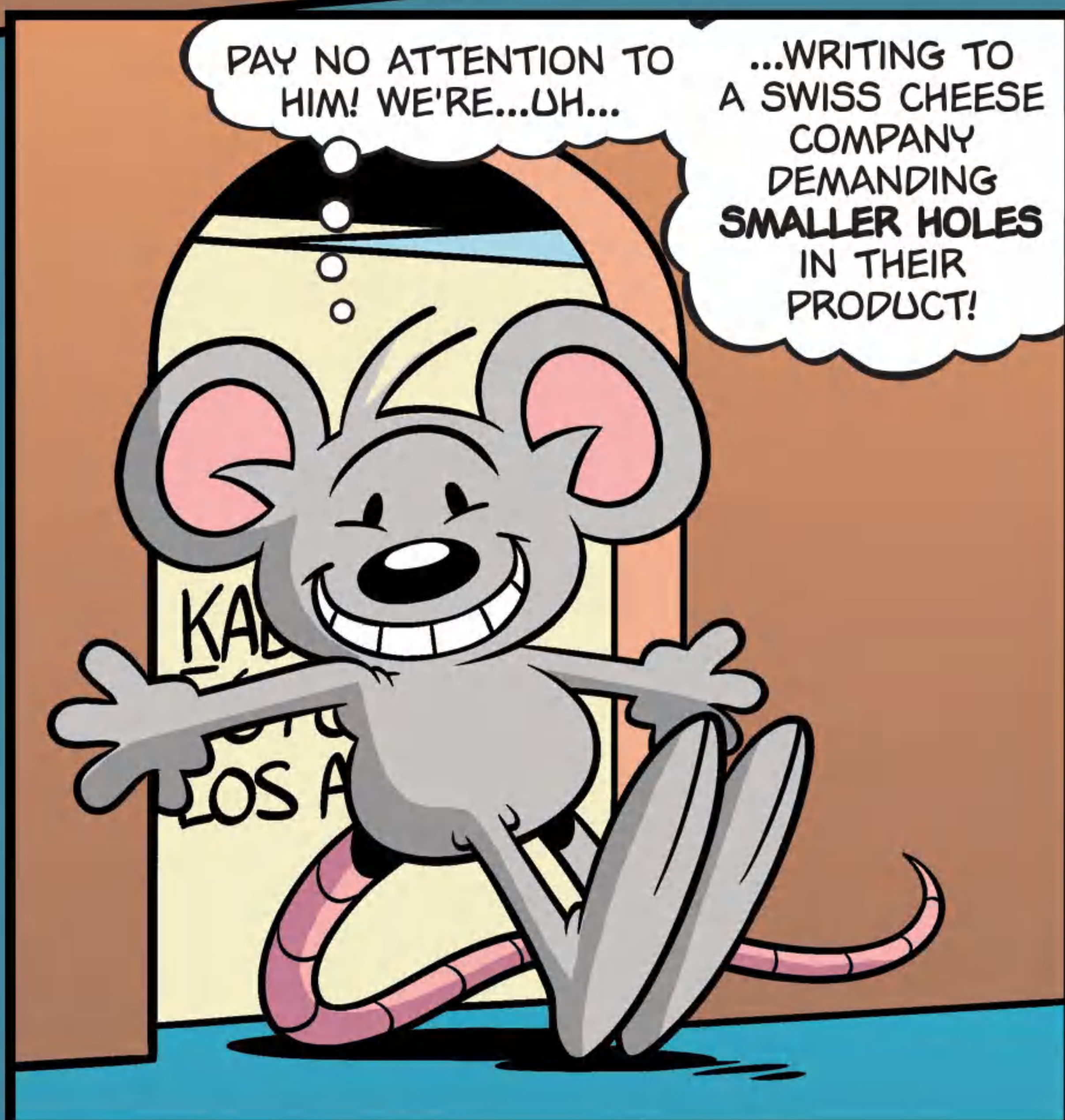


HI! YEAH,
IT'S ME,
SQUEAK!

A LOT
OF YOU HAVE BEEN
WRITING IN, **DEMANDING**
TO SEE **MORE OF ME** IN
THIS COMIC BOOK! I
HAD **NO IDEA** I HAD
SO MANY FANS!

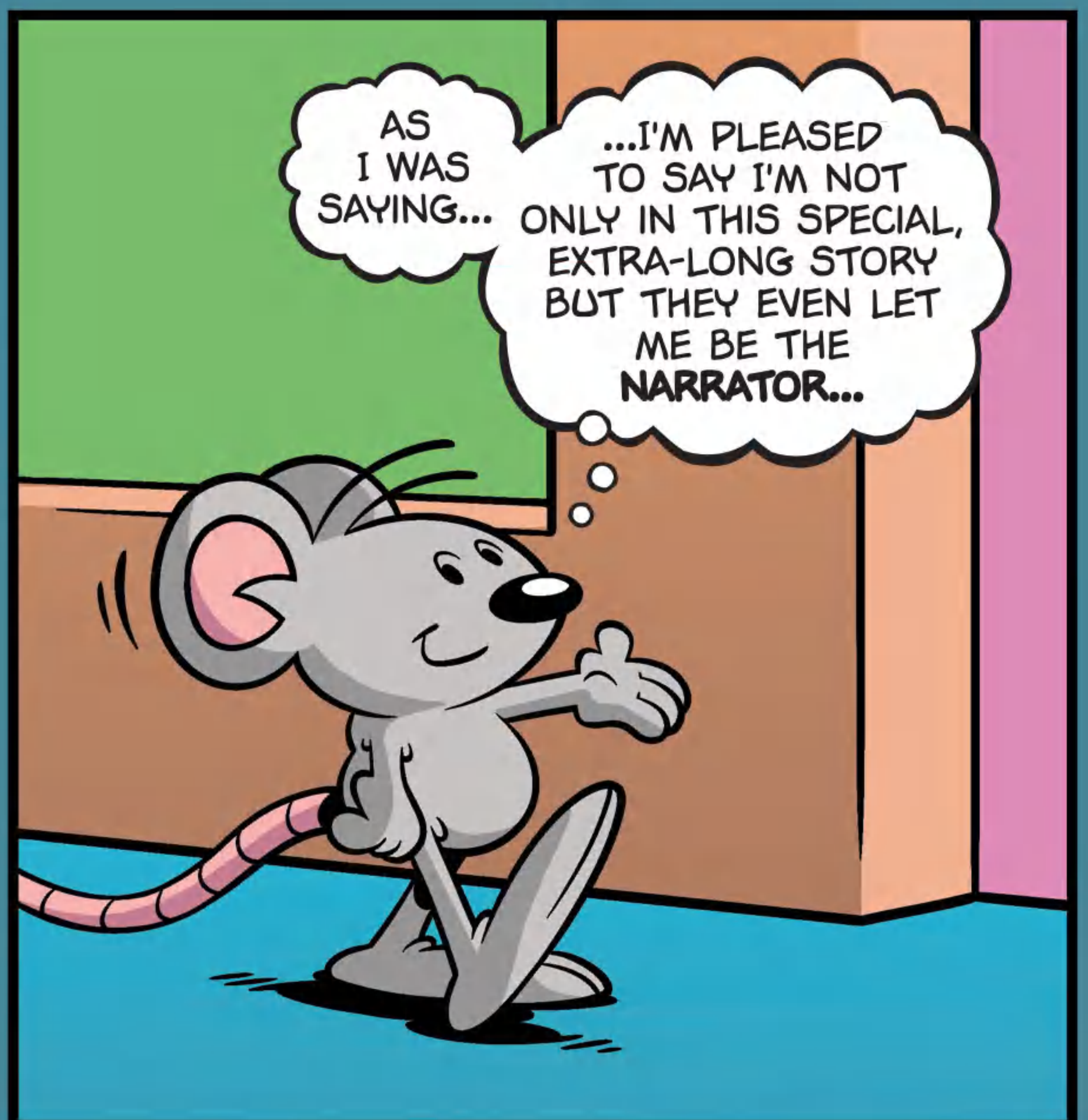
HEY, SQUEAK! I
FINISHED WRITING
ANOTHER BATCH
OF THOSE LETTERS
TO THE COMIC
BOOK PUBLISHER
FOR YOU!

SHHH! NOT
NOW! **GET**
OUTTA HERE
WITH THOSE!



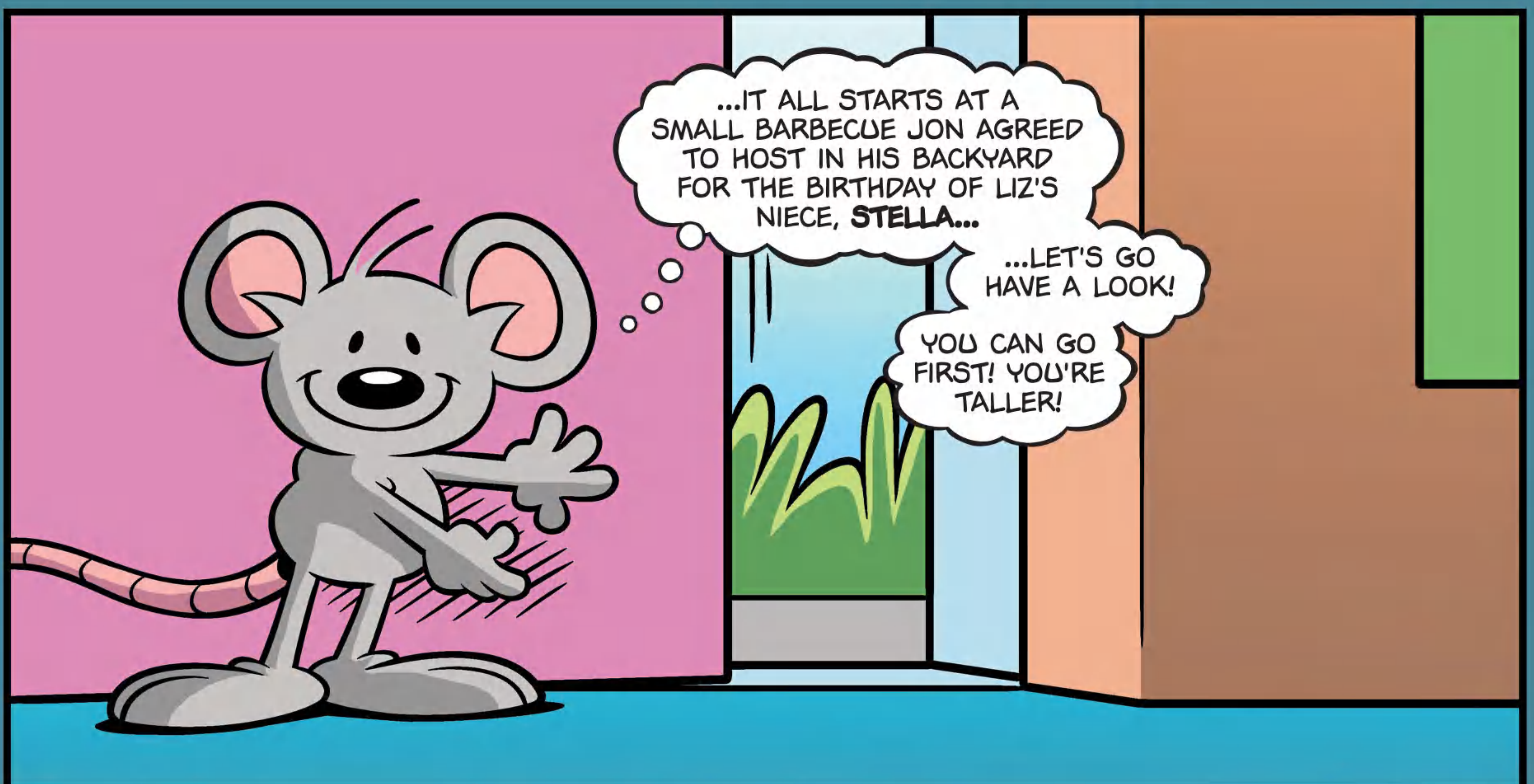
PAY NO ATTENTION TO
HIM! WE'RE...UH...

...WRITING TO
A SWISS CHEESE
COMPANY
DEMANDING
SMALLER HOLES
IN THEIR
PRODUCT!



AS
I WAS
SAYING...

...I'M PLEASED
TO SAY I'M NOT
ONLY IN THIS SPECIAL,
EXTRA-LONG STORY
BUT THEY EVEN LET
ME BE THE
NARRATOR...



...IT ALL STARTS AT A
SMALL BARBECUE JON AGREED
TO HOST IN HIS BACKYARD
FOR THE BIRTHDAY OF LIZ'S
NIECE, **STELLA...**

...LET'S GO
HAVE A LOOK!

YOU CAN GO
FIRST! YOU'RE
TALLER!

YOU MAY NOTICE SOMETHING **MISSING** FROM THIS BIG BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR STELLA...

...**GUESTS!**

SHE INVITED EVERYONE IN HER CLASS AT SCHOOL! YOU CAN SEE HOW MANY SHOWED UP!

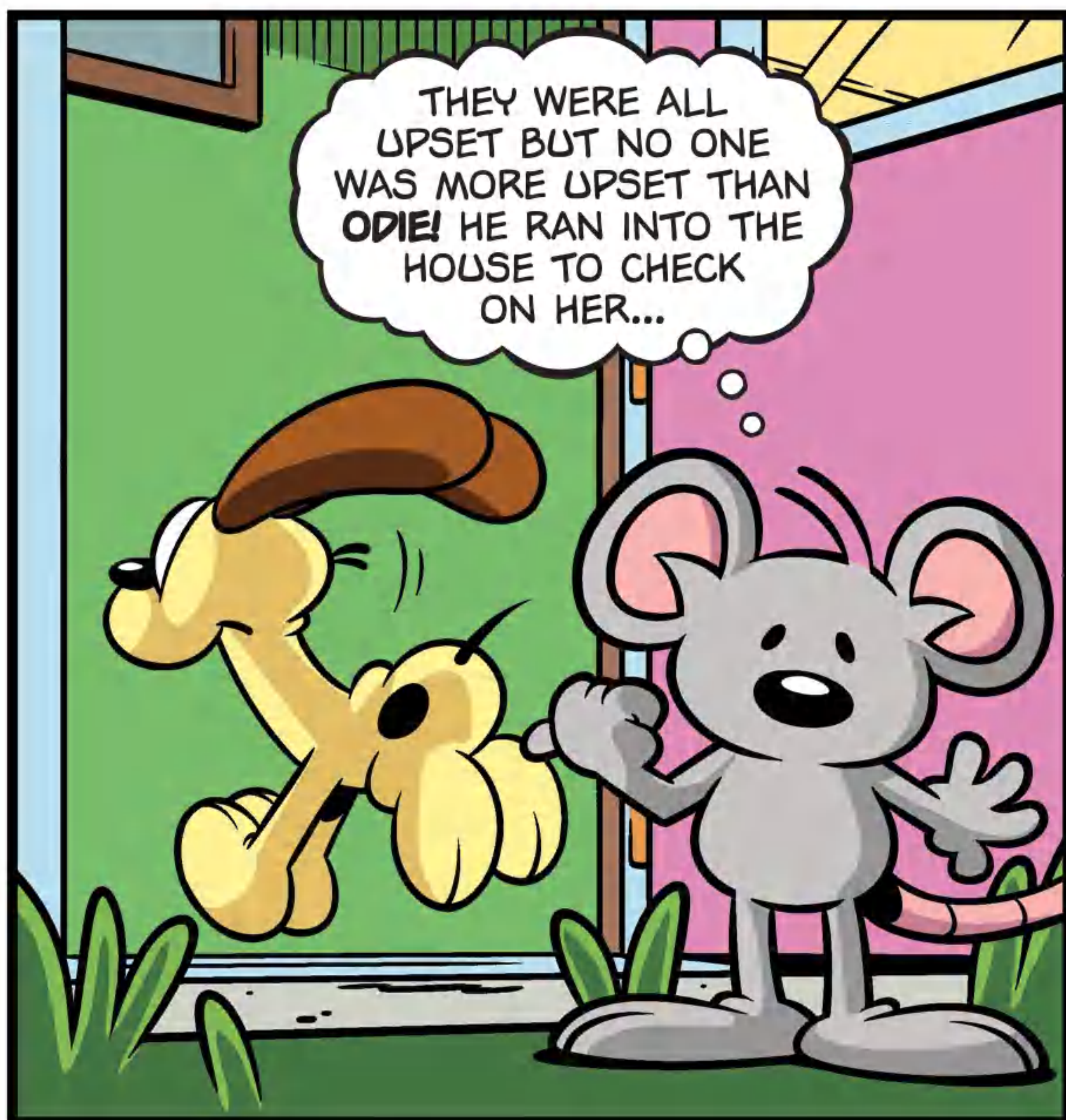
I'M SURE EVERYONE IS JUST **LATE**, DEAR!

NO, THEY'RE **NOT LATE!** THEY'RE **NOT COMING!**

I'M SORRY I LET YOU THROW THIS PARTY FOR ME! I KNEW NO ONE WOULD COME!

HEY, LET'S HAVE A GREAT BARBECUE WITHOUT THEM! WE CAN EAT! WE CAN PLAY GAMES AND SING!



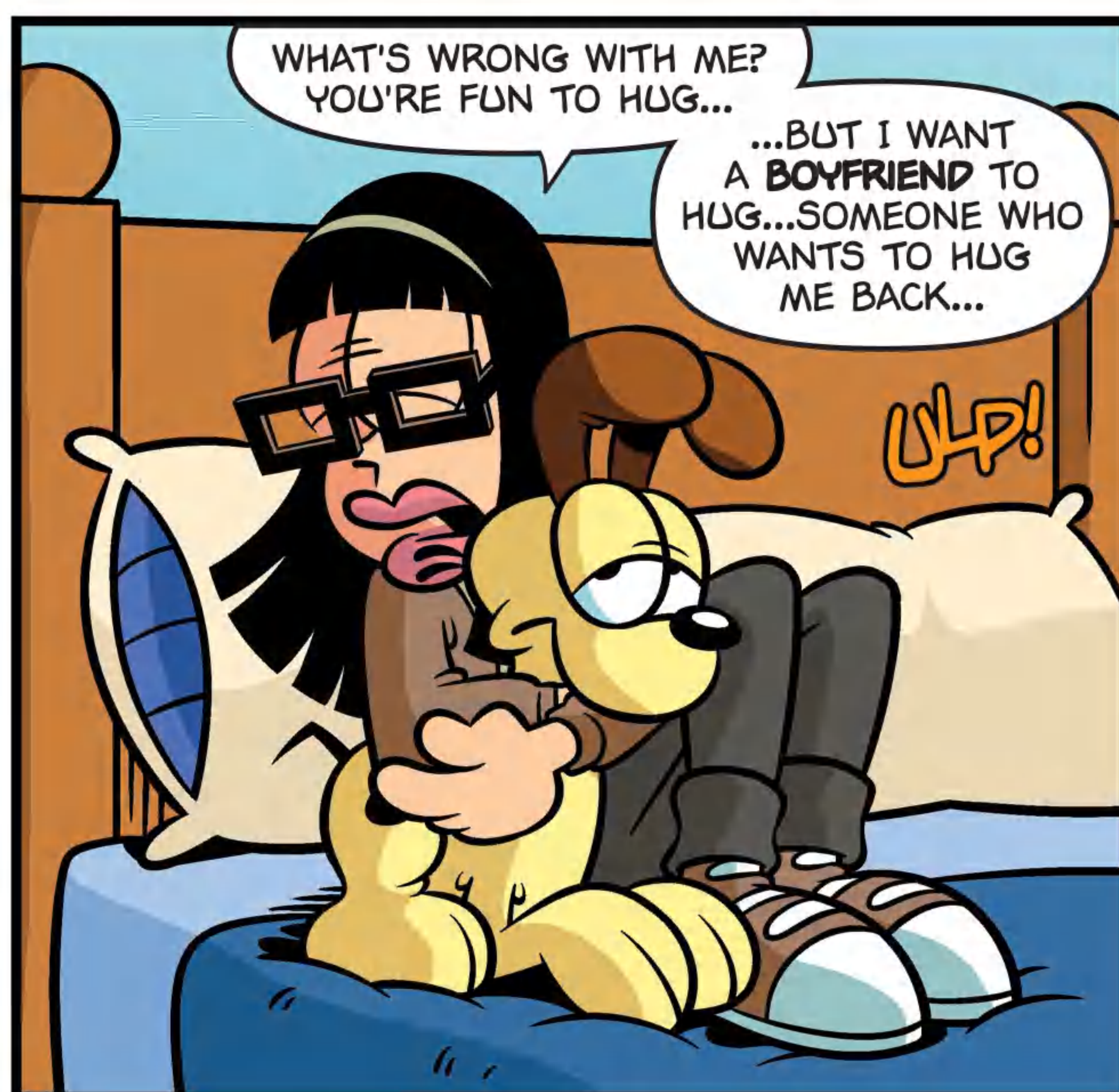




OH, ODIE, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE! YOU'RE A CUTE PUPPY DOG! **EVERYONE'S** HAPPY TO SEE YOU!

THE OTHER KIDS AT SCHOOL DON'T EVEN KNOW I'M **ALIVE!**

AWW...



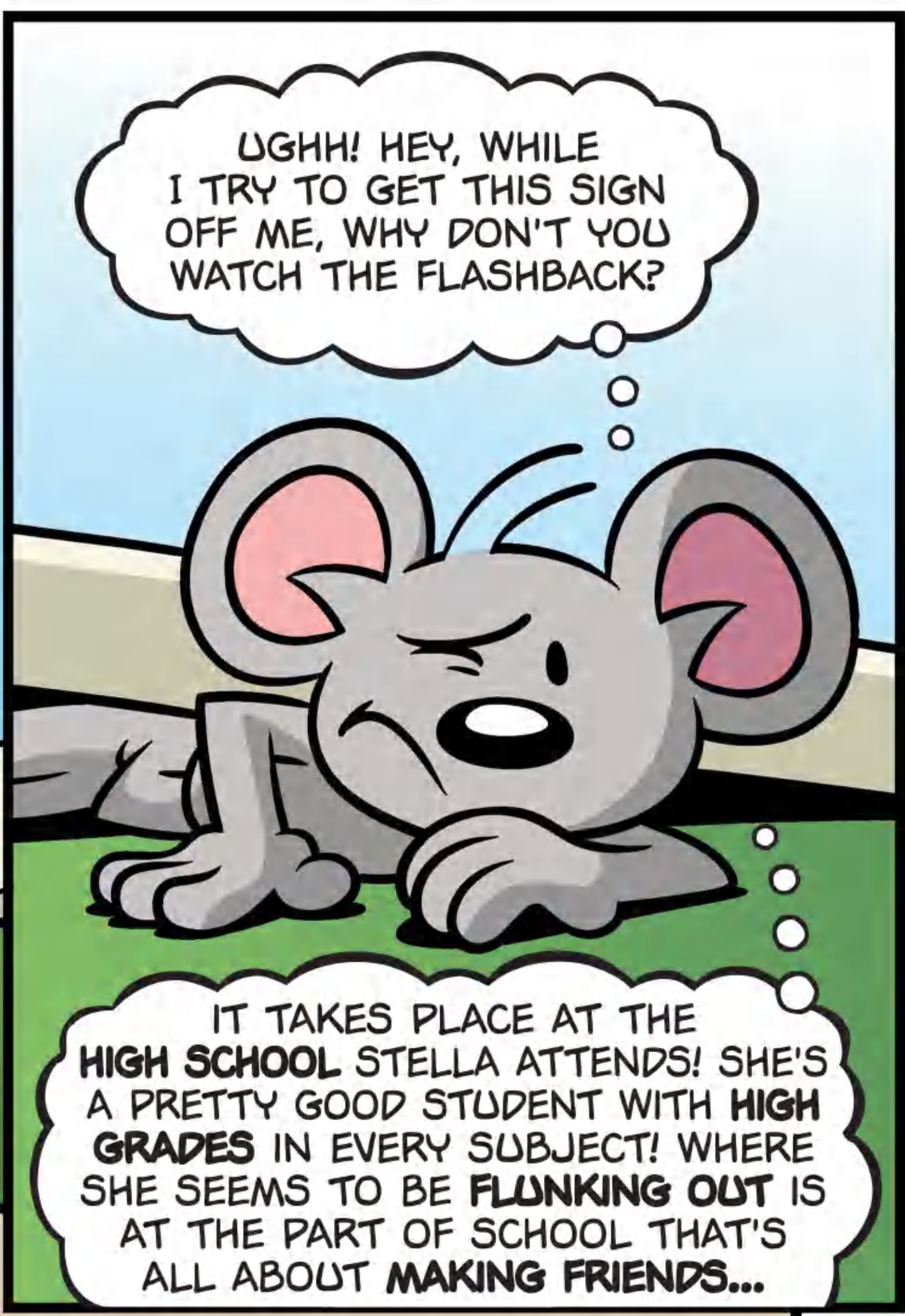




...AND SINCE THIS IS A **GARFIELD** STORY, I SUPPOSE SOMEONE'S EXPECTING **ME** TO MAKE THAT HAPPEN!

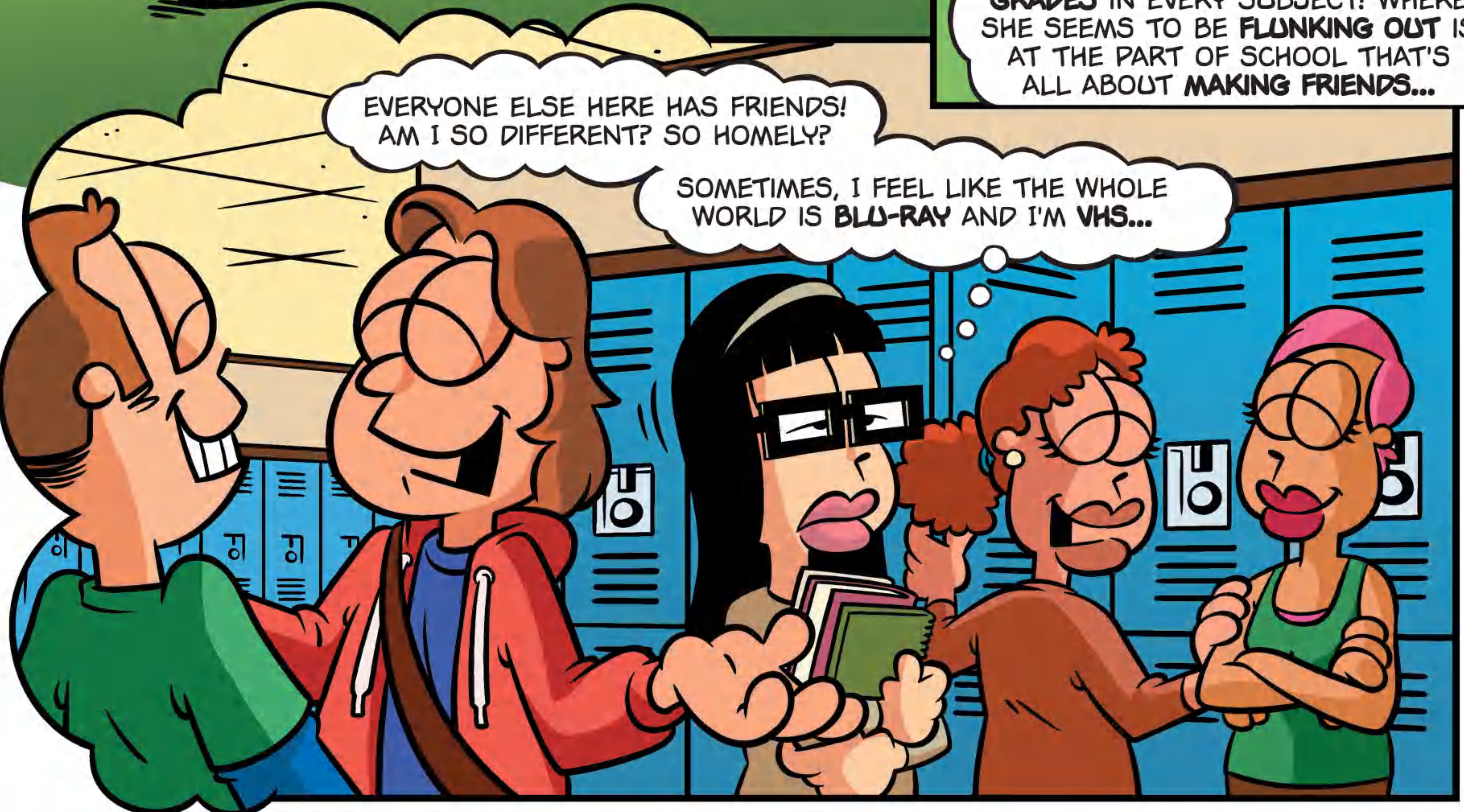
WELL, **NO CHANCE!** THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO HELP STELLA! I'M GOING TO HELP **MYSELF**--TO ICE CREAM!

HELP.



UGHH! HEY, WHILE I TRY TO GET THIS SIGN OFF ME, WHY DON'T YOU WATCH THE FLASHBACK?

IT TAKES PLACE AT THE **HIGH SCHOOL** STELLA ATTENDS! SHE'S A PRETTY GOOD STUDENT WITH **HIGH GRADES** IN EVERY SUBJECT! WHERE SHE SEEMS TO BE **FLUNKING OUT** IS AT THE PART OF SCHOOL THAT'S ALL ABOUT **MAKING FRIENDS...**



EVERYONE ELSE HERE HAS FRIENDS! AM I SO DIFFERENT? SO HOMELY?

SOMETIMES, I FEEL LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD IS **BLU-RAY** AND I'M **VHS...**

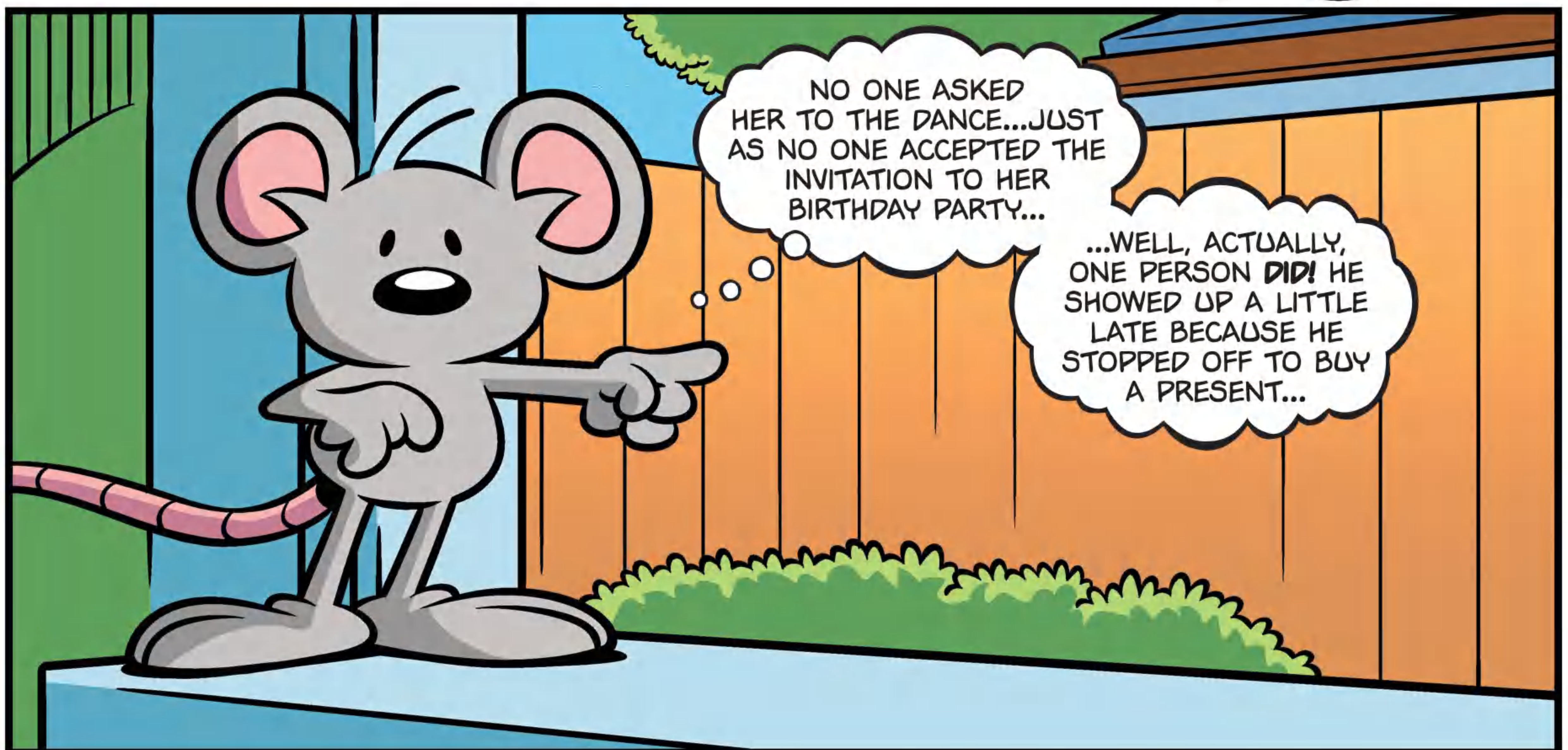
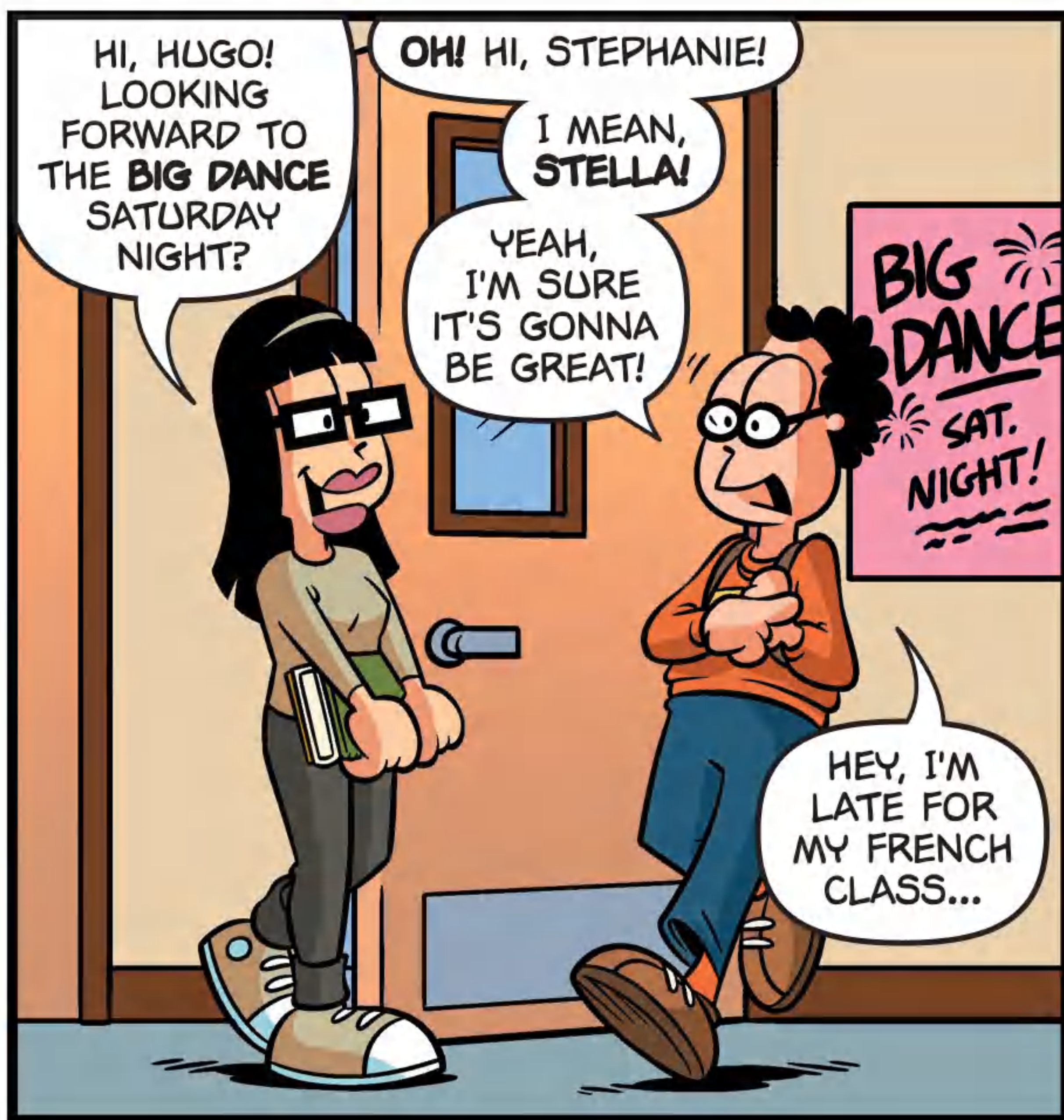


BRITTANY SURE DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT A DATE TO THE DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT!

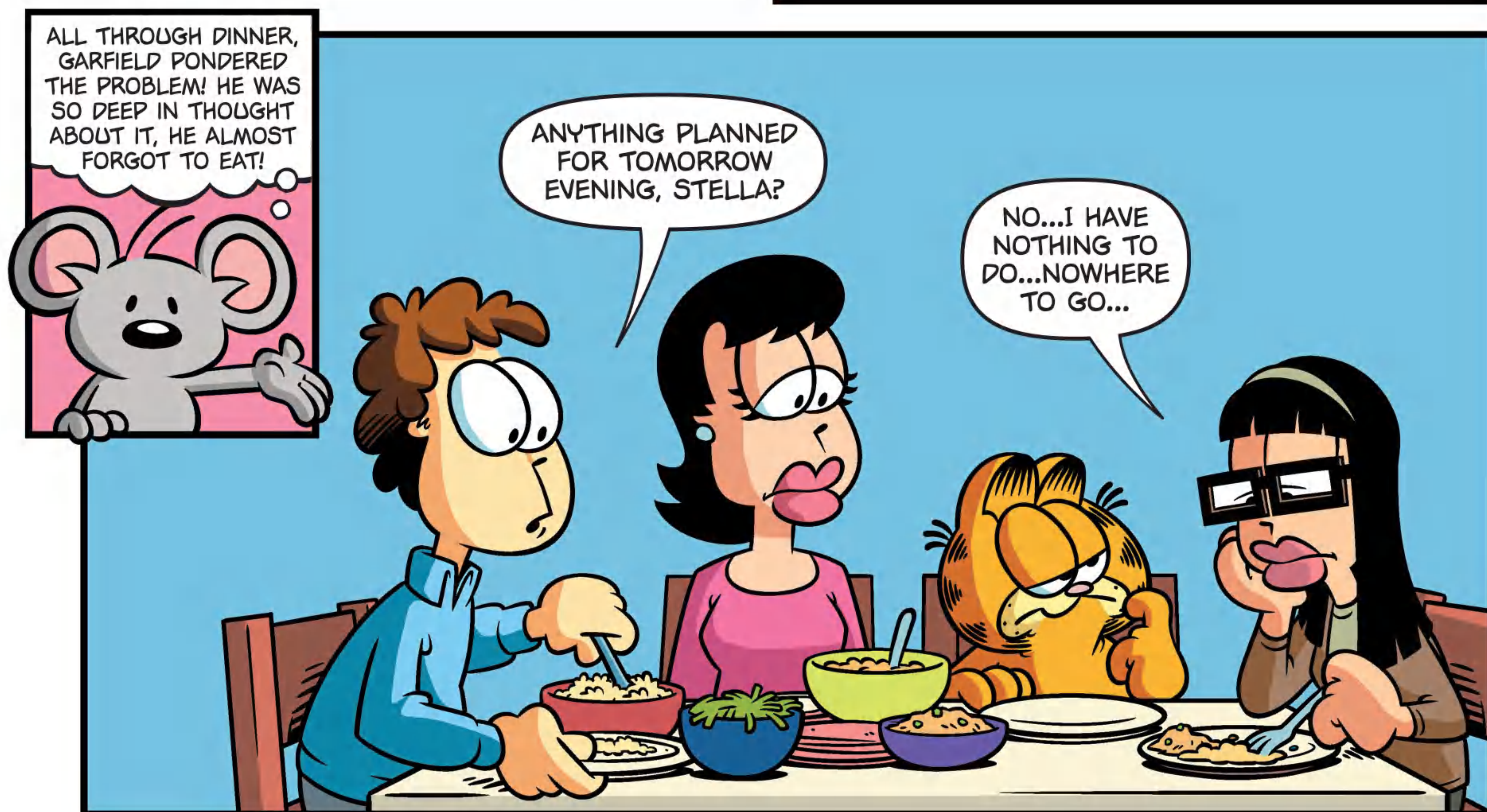
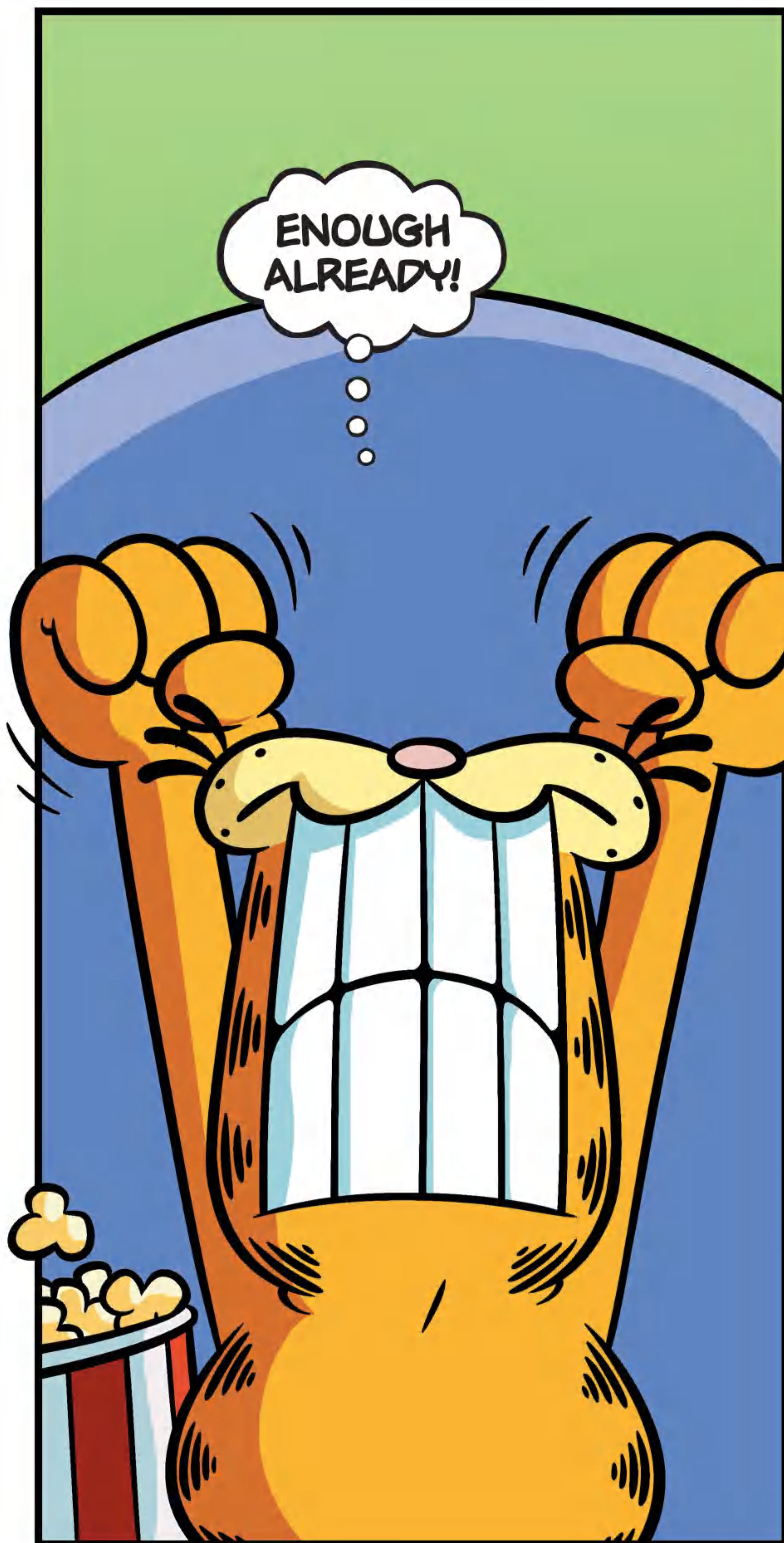
SHE'S GOT **RONNY** ...CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM!

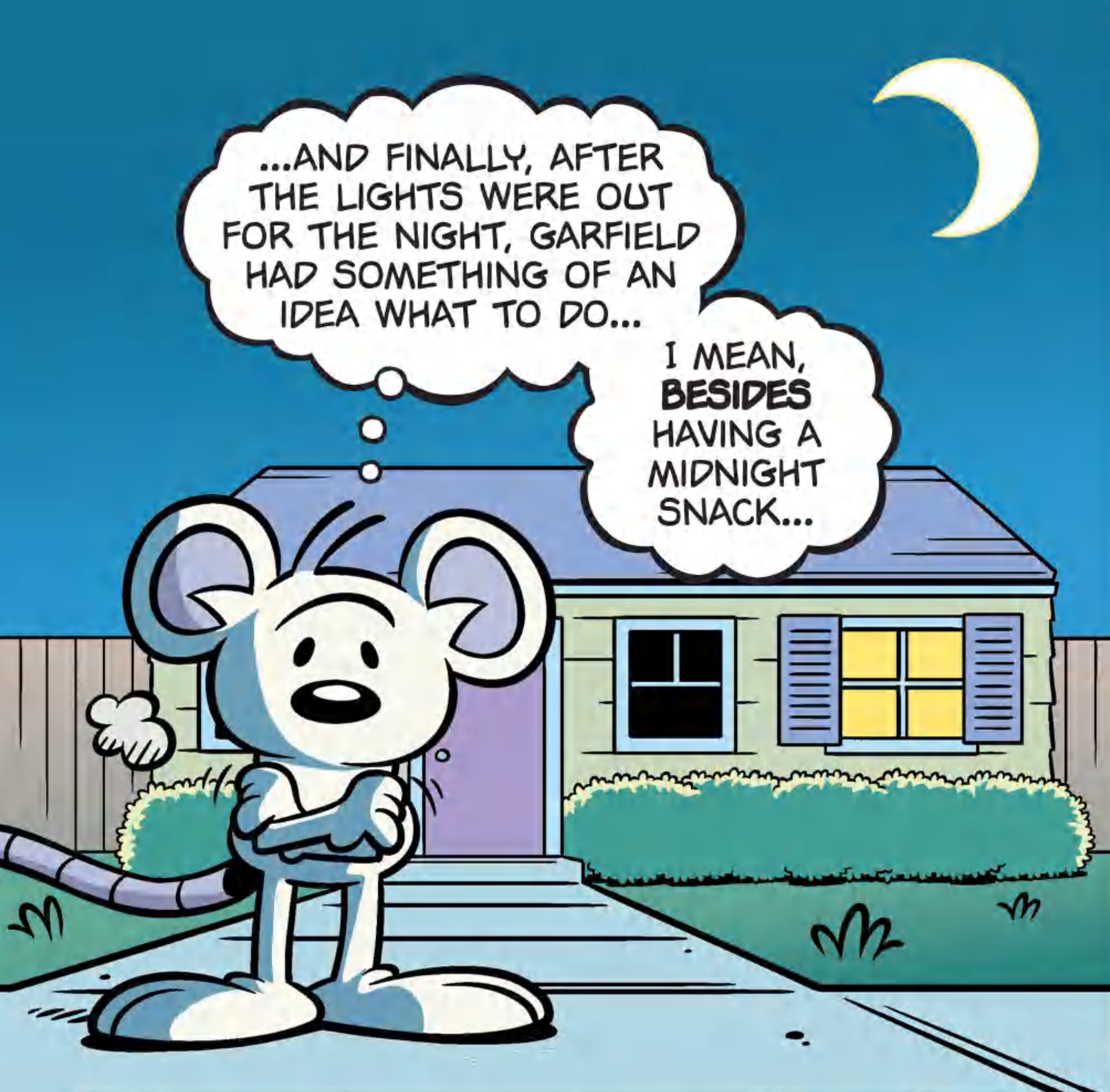


I'LL BET **HUGO** DOESN'T HAVE A DATE FOR THE DANCE! MAYBE IF I DROP A FEW SUBTLE HINTS...









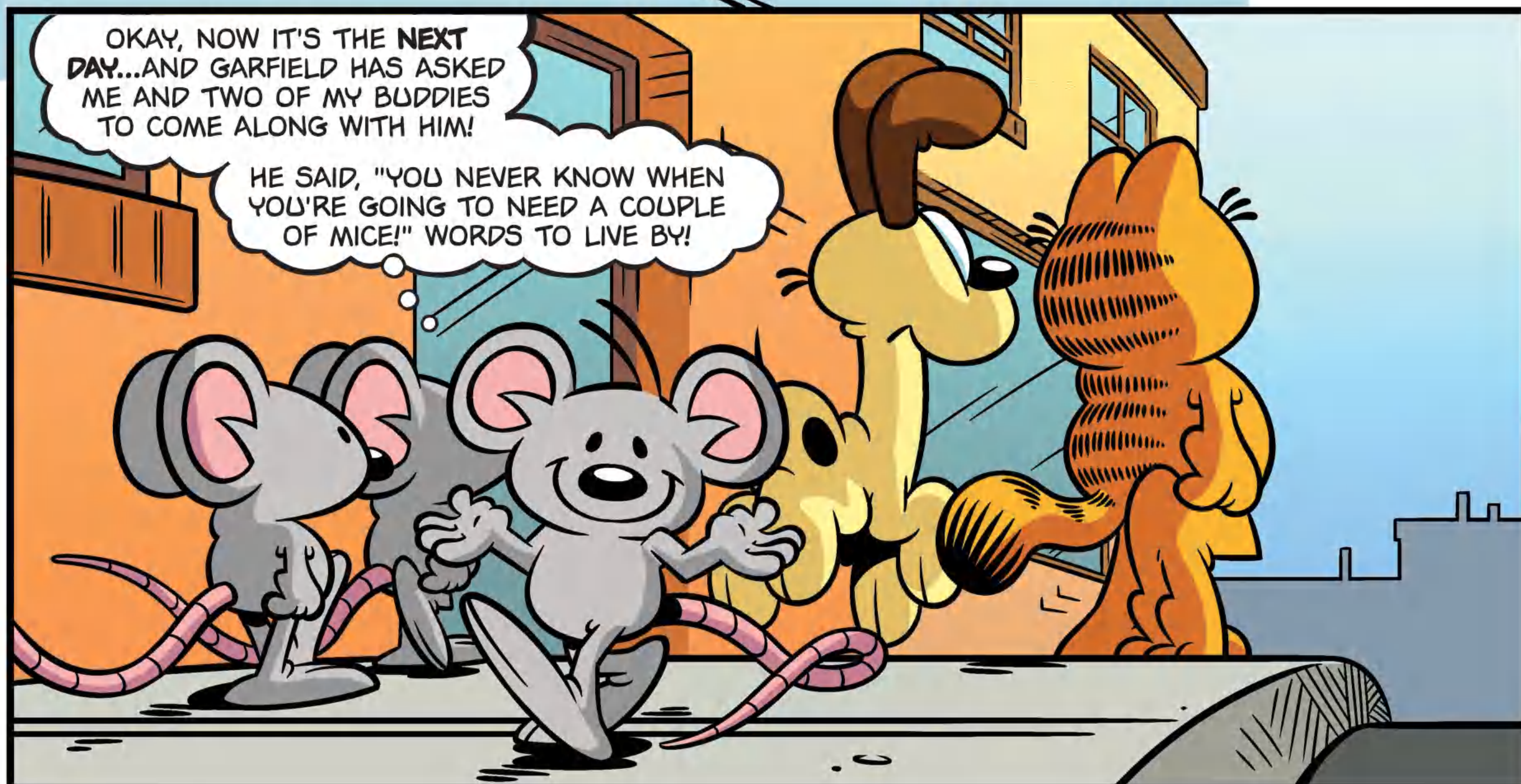
...AND FINALLY, AFTER THE LIGHTS WERE OUT FOR THE NIGHT, GARFIELD HAD SOMETHING OF AN IDEA WHAT TO DO...

I MEAN, **BESIDES** HAVING A MIDNIGHT SNACK...



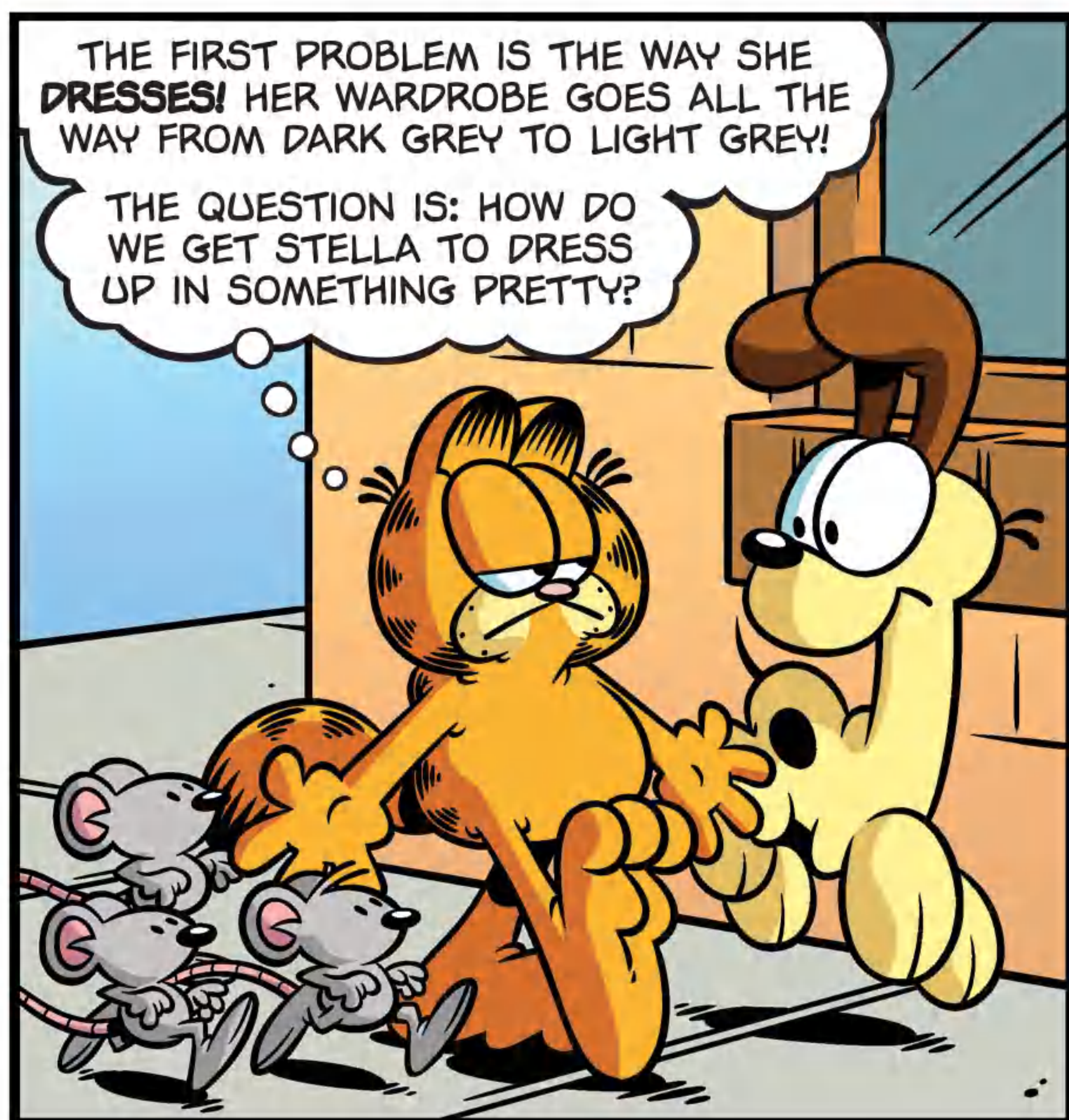
I THINK I KNOW WHAT SHE NEEDS...AND I DEFINITELY KNOW WHAT I NEED: THIS **SANDWICH!**

TOMORROW, WE'LL FIGURE OUT HOW TO HELP STELLA...



OKAY, NOW IT'S THE **NEXT DAY**...AND GARFIELD HAS ASKED ME AND TWO OF MY BUDDIES TO COME ALONG WITH HIM!

HE SAID, "YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO NEED A COUPLE OF MICE!" WORDS TO LIVE BY!



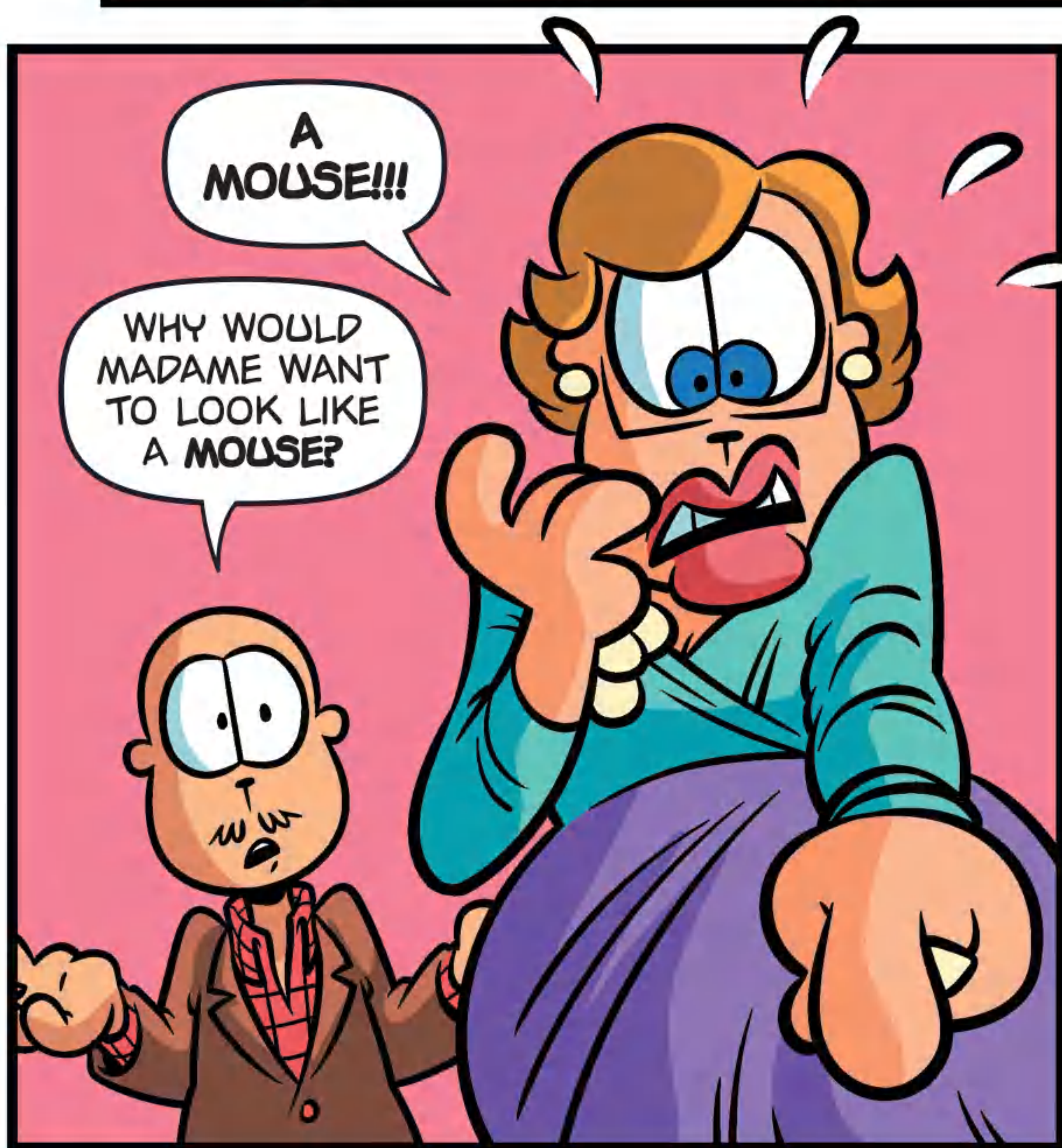
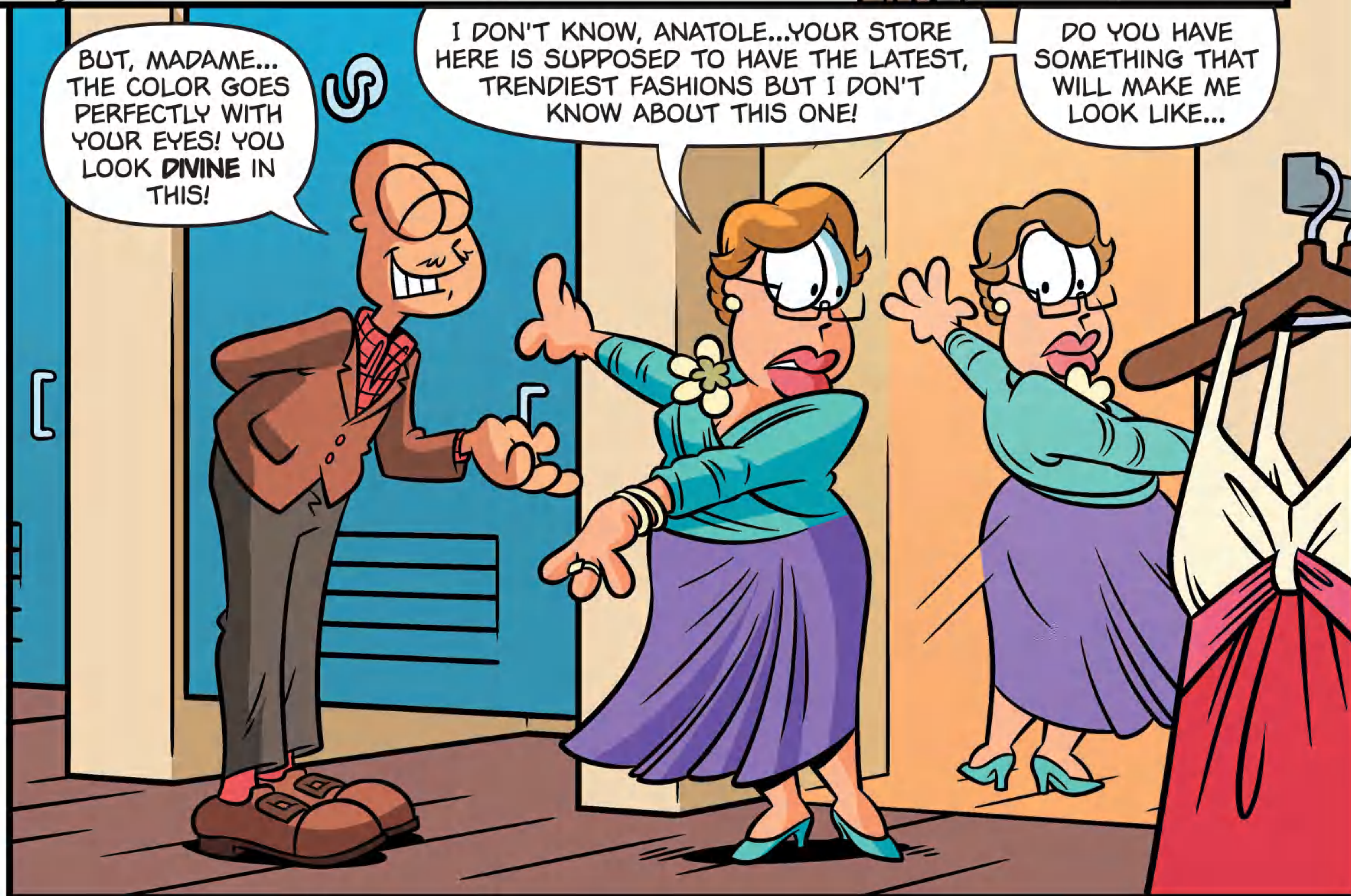
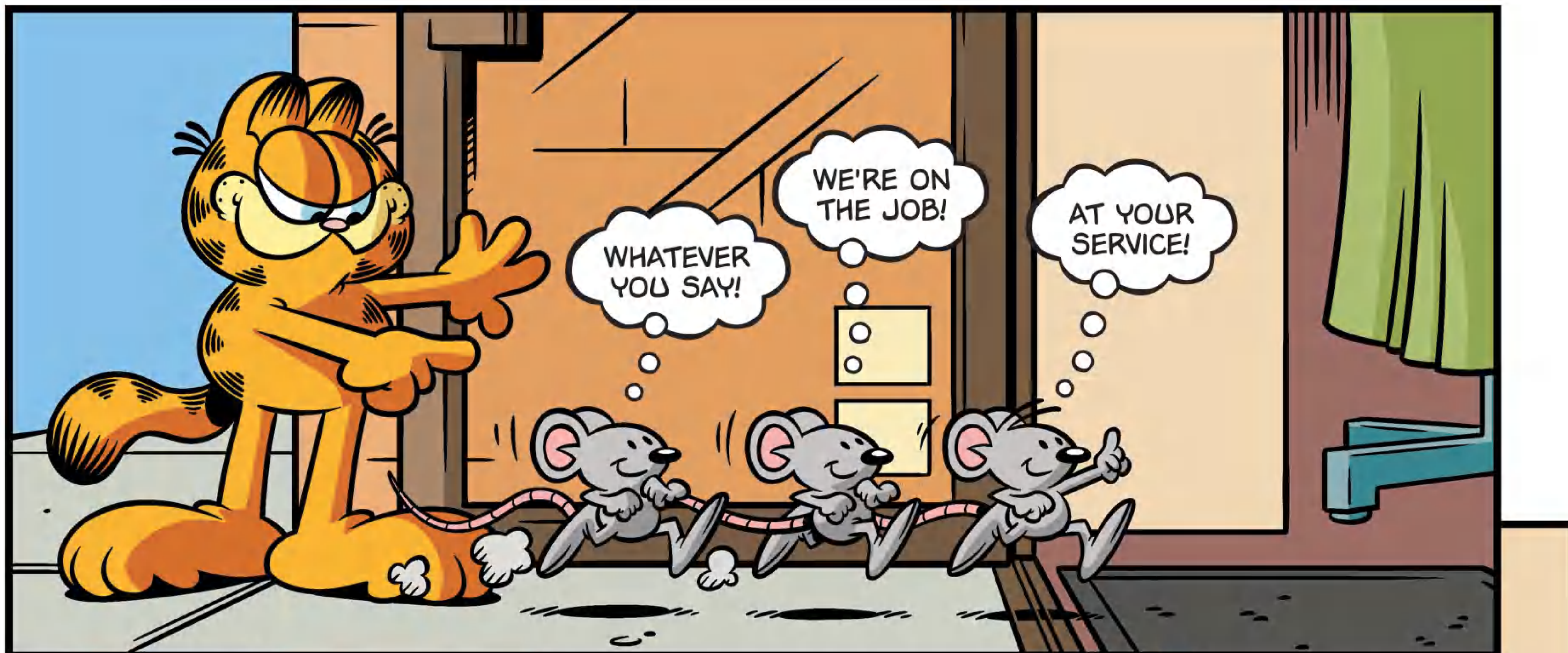
THE FIRST PROBLEM IS THE WAY SHE **DRESSES!** HER WARDROBE GOES ALL THE WAY FROM DARK GREY TO LIGHT GREY!

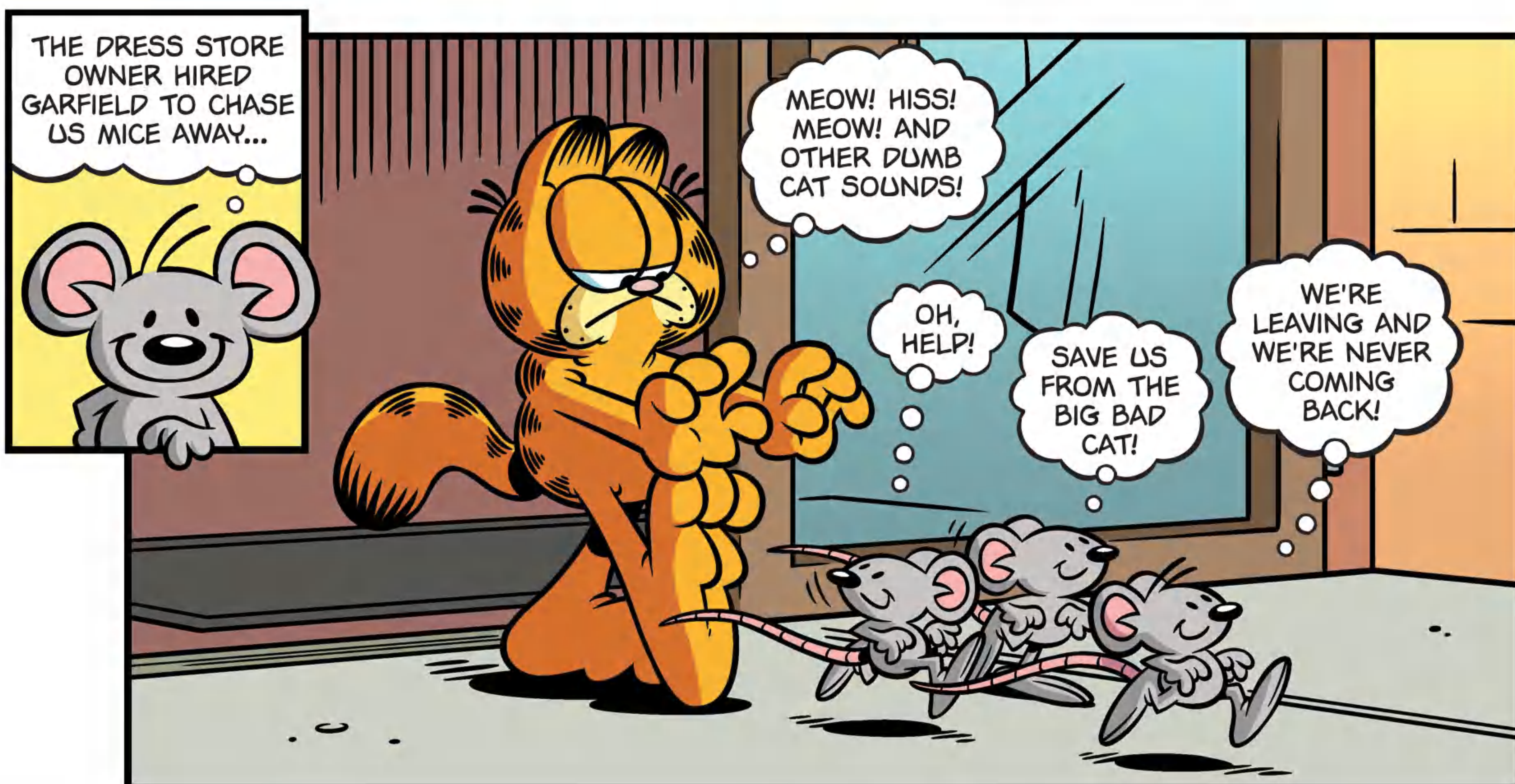
THE QUESTION IS: HOW DO WE GET STELLA TO DRESS UP IN SOMETHING PRETTY?

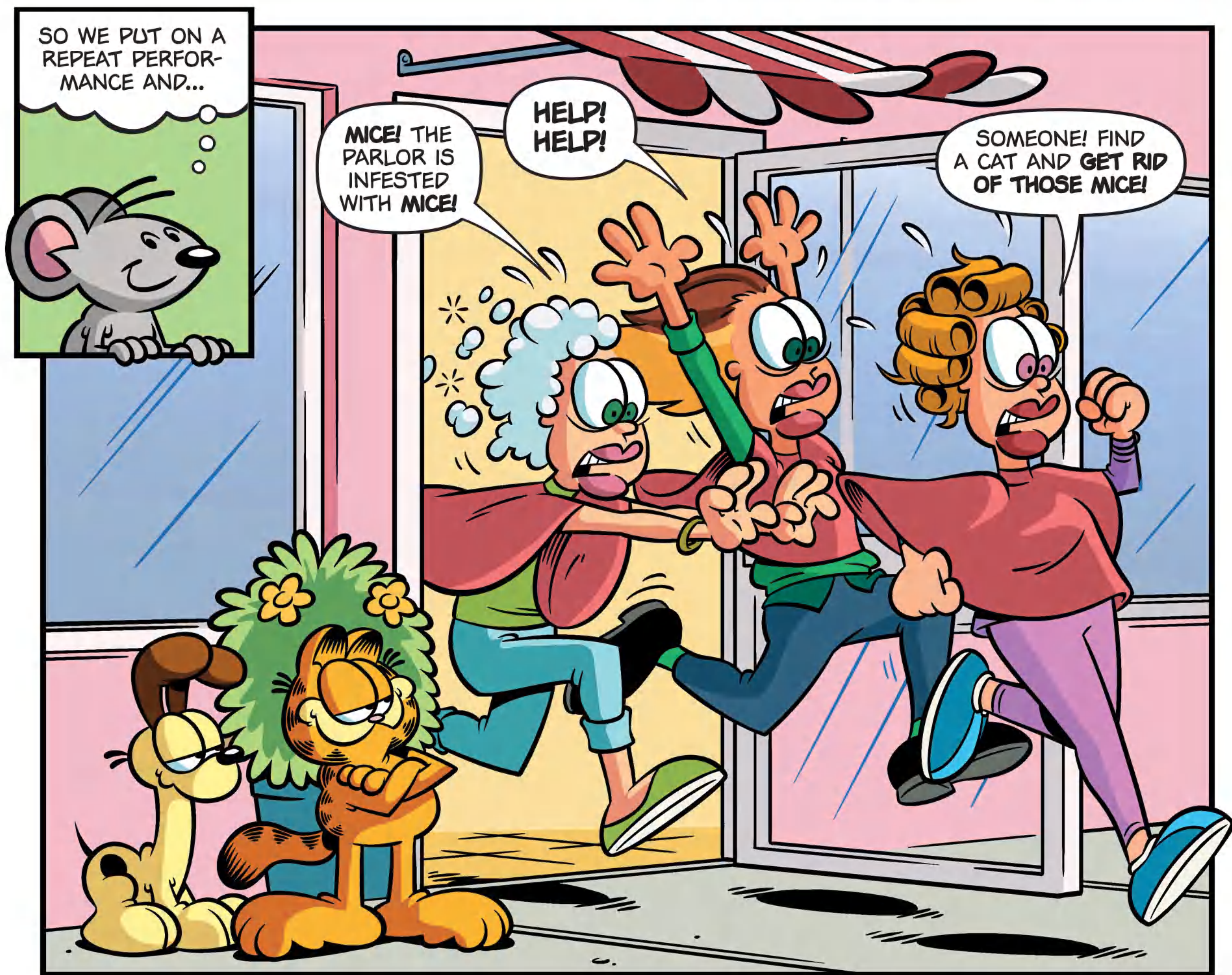


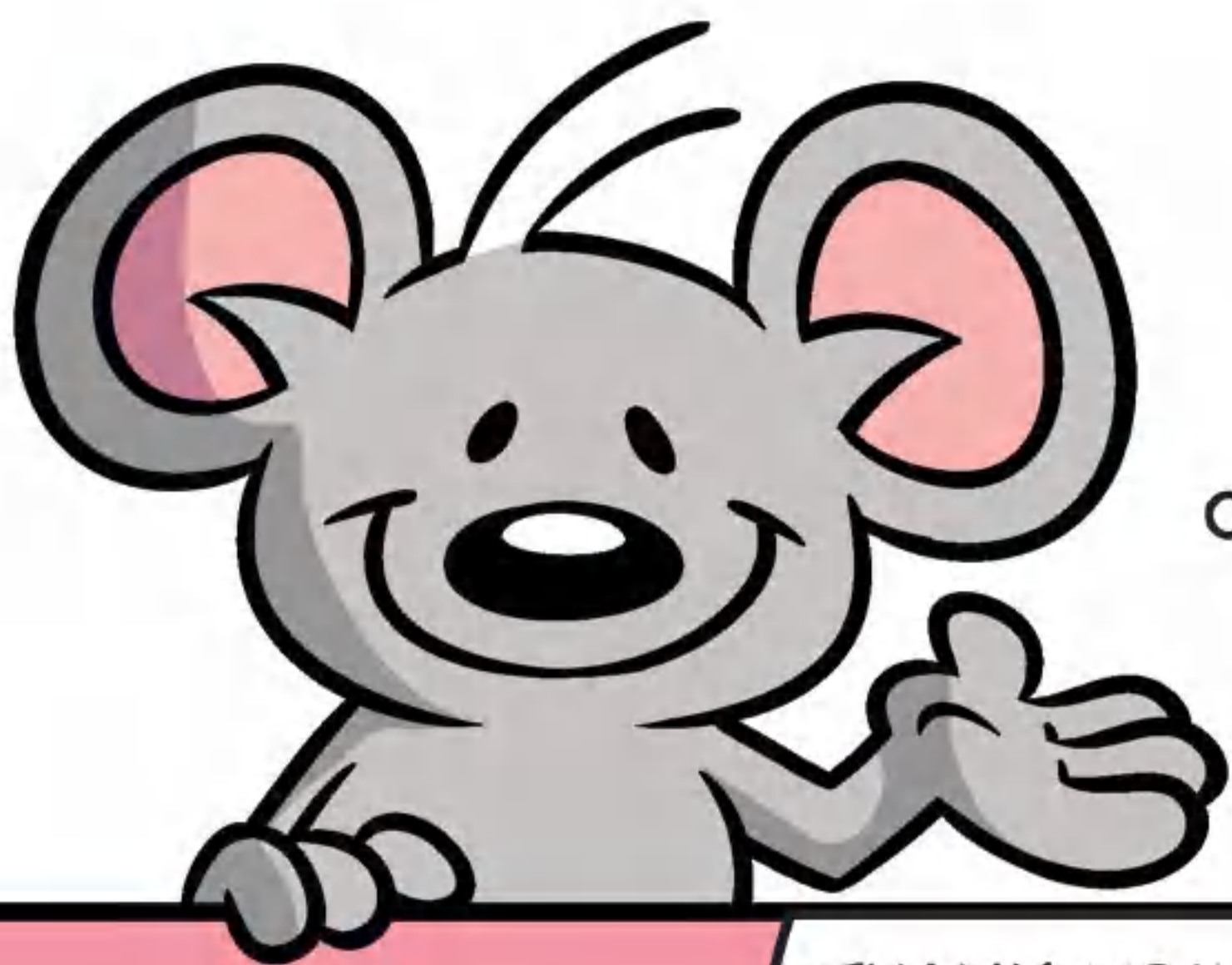
GIVE SOMEONE A GIFT CERTIFICATE FOR A NEW OUTFIT!

HMMMM...

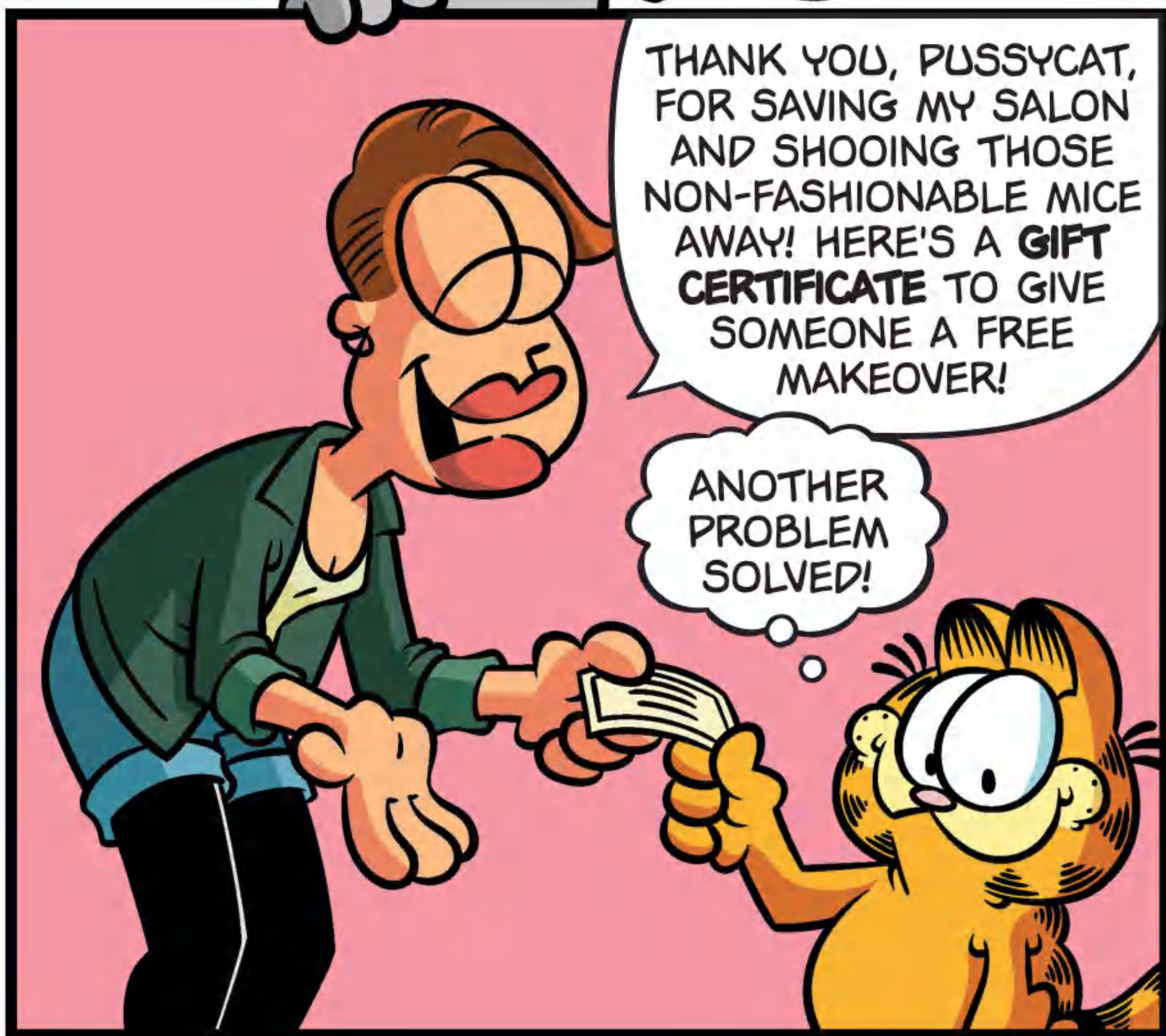






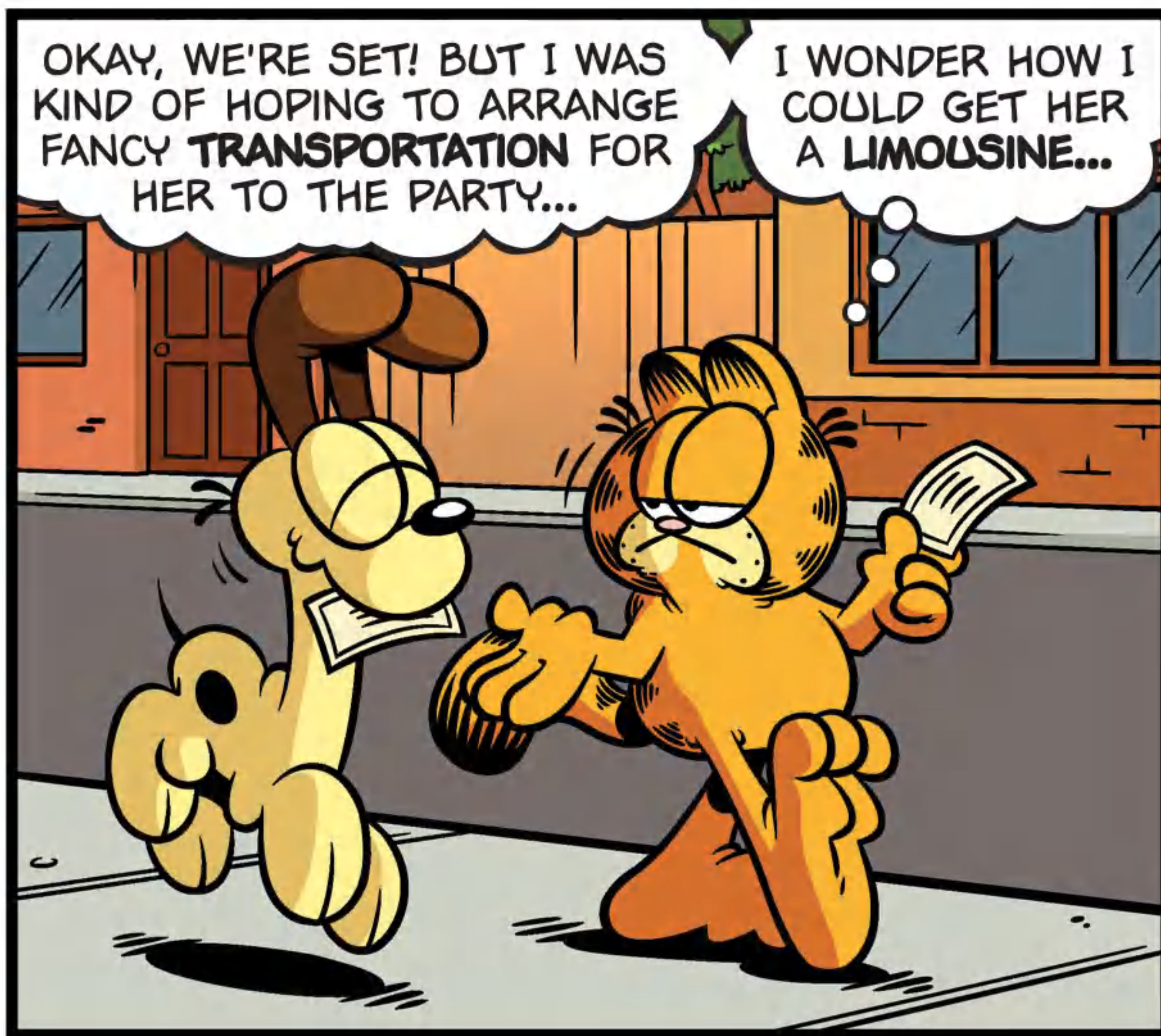


IT WENT
EXACTLY AS
BEFORE...



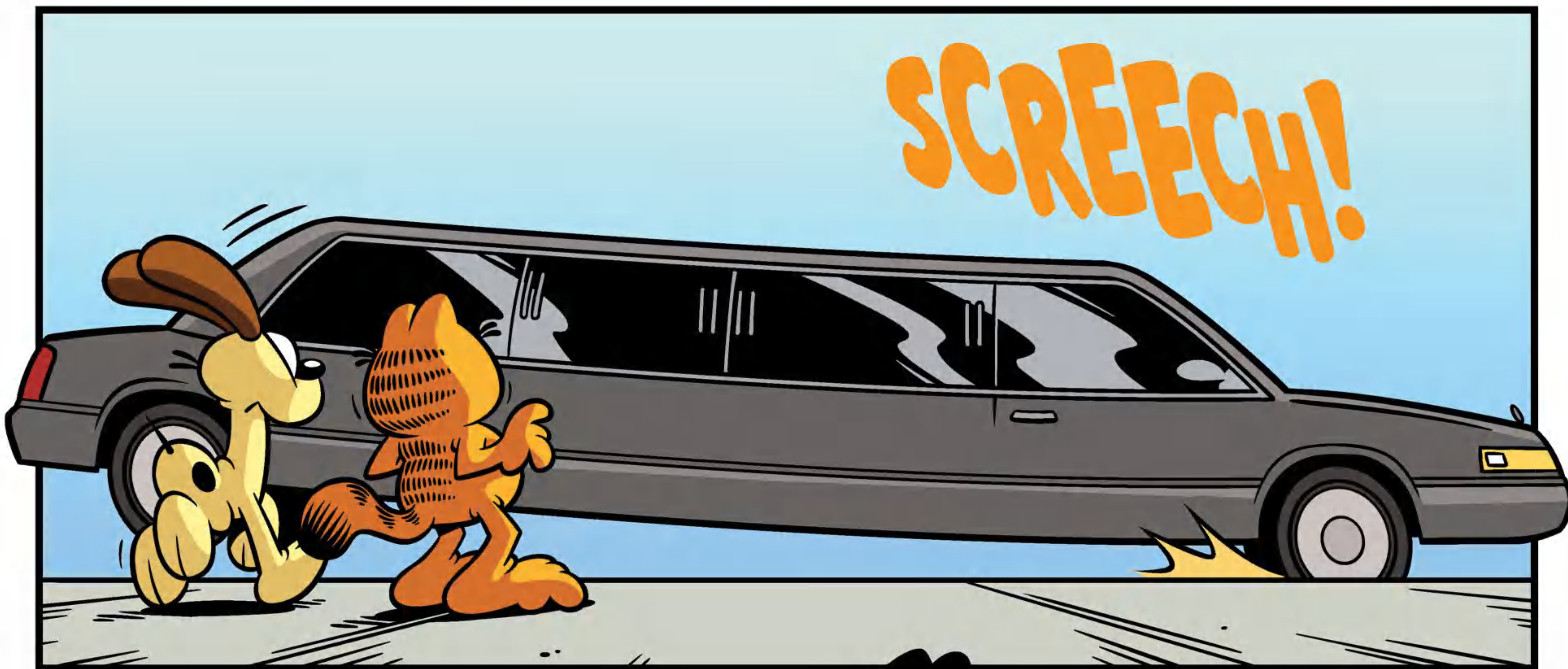
THANK YOU, PUSSYCAT,
FOR SAVING MY SALON
AND SHOOING THOSE
NON-FASHIONABLE MICE
AWAY! HERE'S A **GIFT
CERTIFICATE** TO GIVE
SOMEONE A FREE
MAKEOVER!

ANOTHER
PROBLEM
SOLVED!

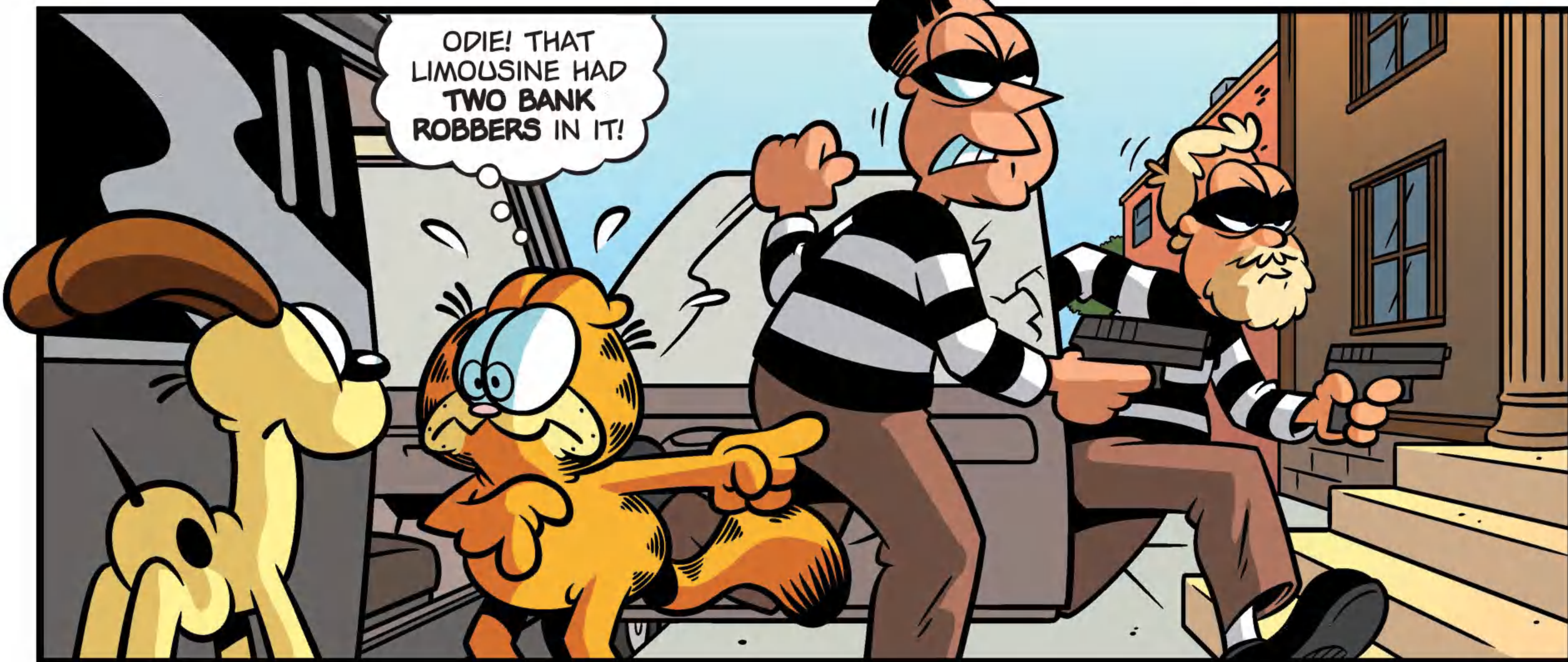


OKAY, WE'RE SET! BUT I WAS
KIND OF HOPING TO ARRANGE
FANCY **TRANSPORTATION** FOR
HER TO THE PARTY...

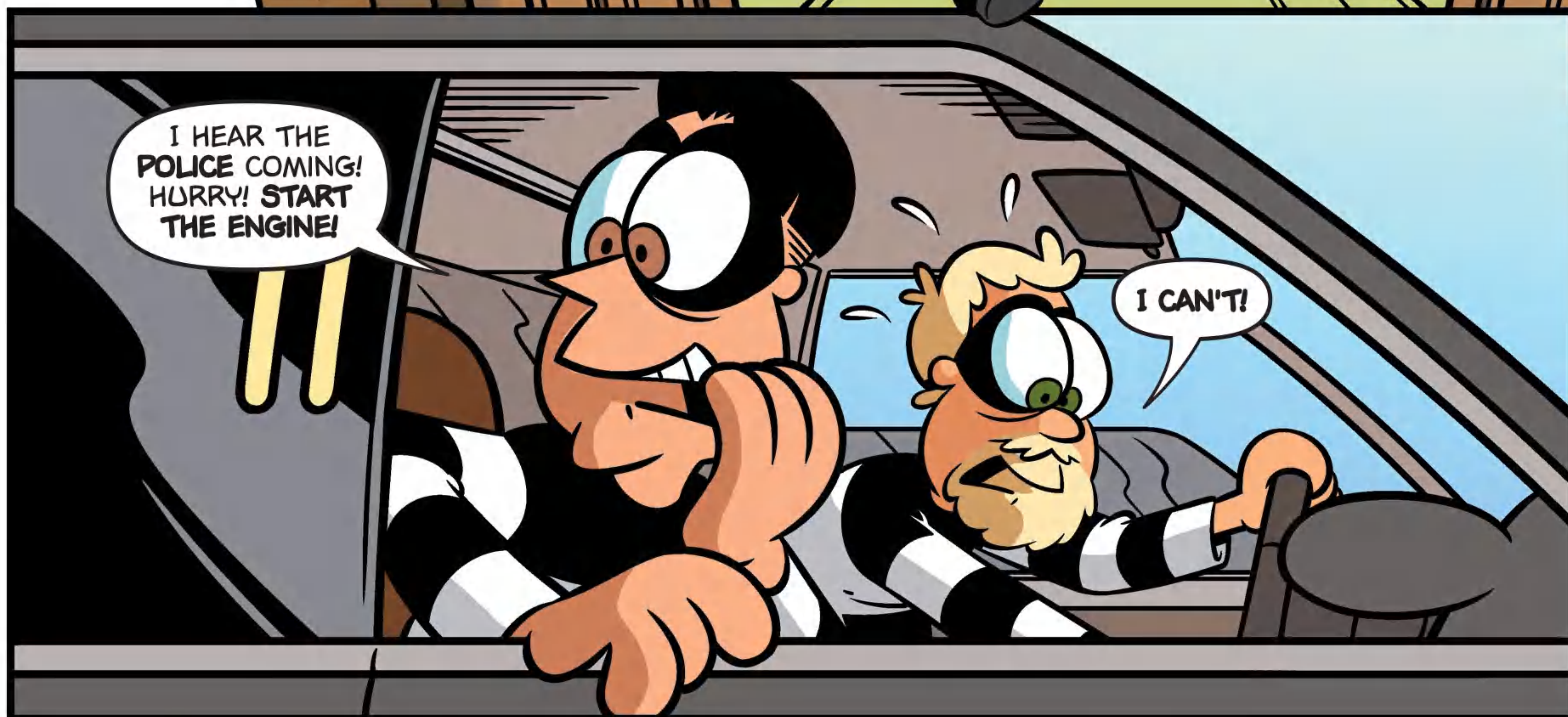
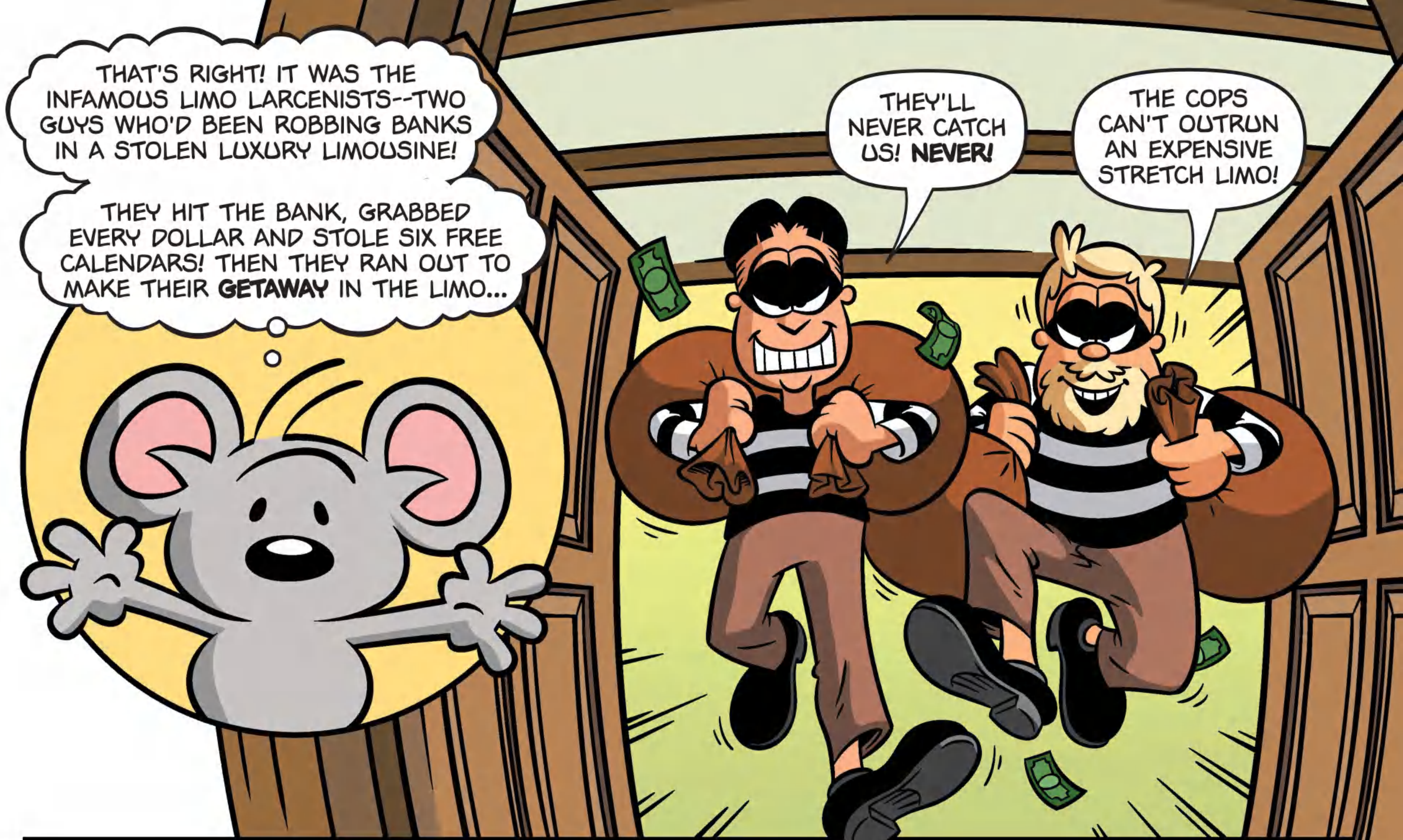
I WONDER HOW I
COULD GET HER
A **LIMOUSINE**...



SCREECH!



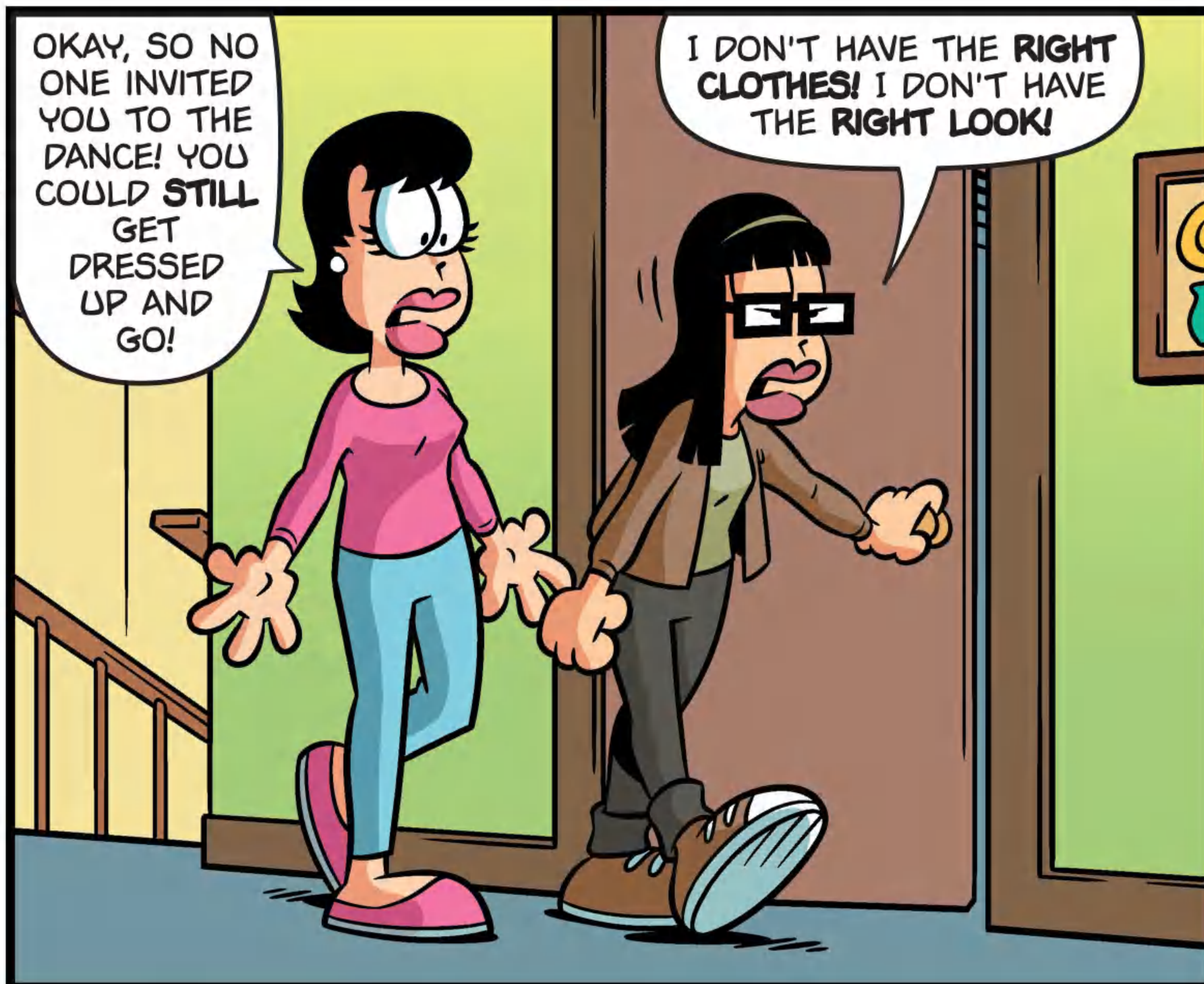
ODIE! THAT
LIMOUSINE HAD
**TWO BANK
ROBBERS** IN IT!



THE POLICE ARRESTED THE CROOKS AND THE LIMOUSINE COMPANY GOT BACK ITS STOLEN LIMO!
THEY WERE SO HAPPY, THEY GAVE GARFIELD A CERTIFICATE FOR A **FREE LIMO RIDE!**
IN THE MEANTIME, STELLA WAS GETTING READY TO **NOT** GO TO THE DANCE THAT NIGHT...



OKAY, SO NO ONE INVITED YOU TO THE DANCE! YOU COULD **STILL** GET DRESSED UP AND GO!



I DON'T HAVE THE **RIGHT CLOTHES!** I DON'T HAVE THE **RIGHT LOOK!**

YOU DON'T HAVE THE **RIGHT ATTITUDE!**

STELLA, SOMETIMES IT'S LIKE YOU **WANT** TO BE REJECTED AND ALONE! YOU COULD PRETTY YOURSELF UP...WORK ON YOUR HAIR...

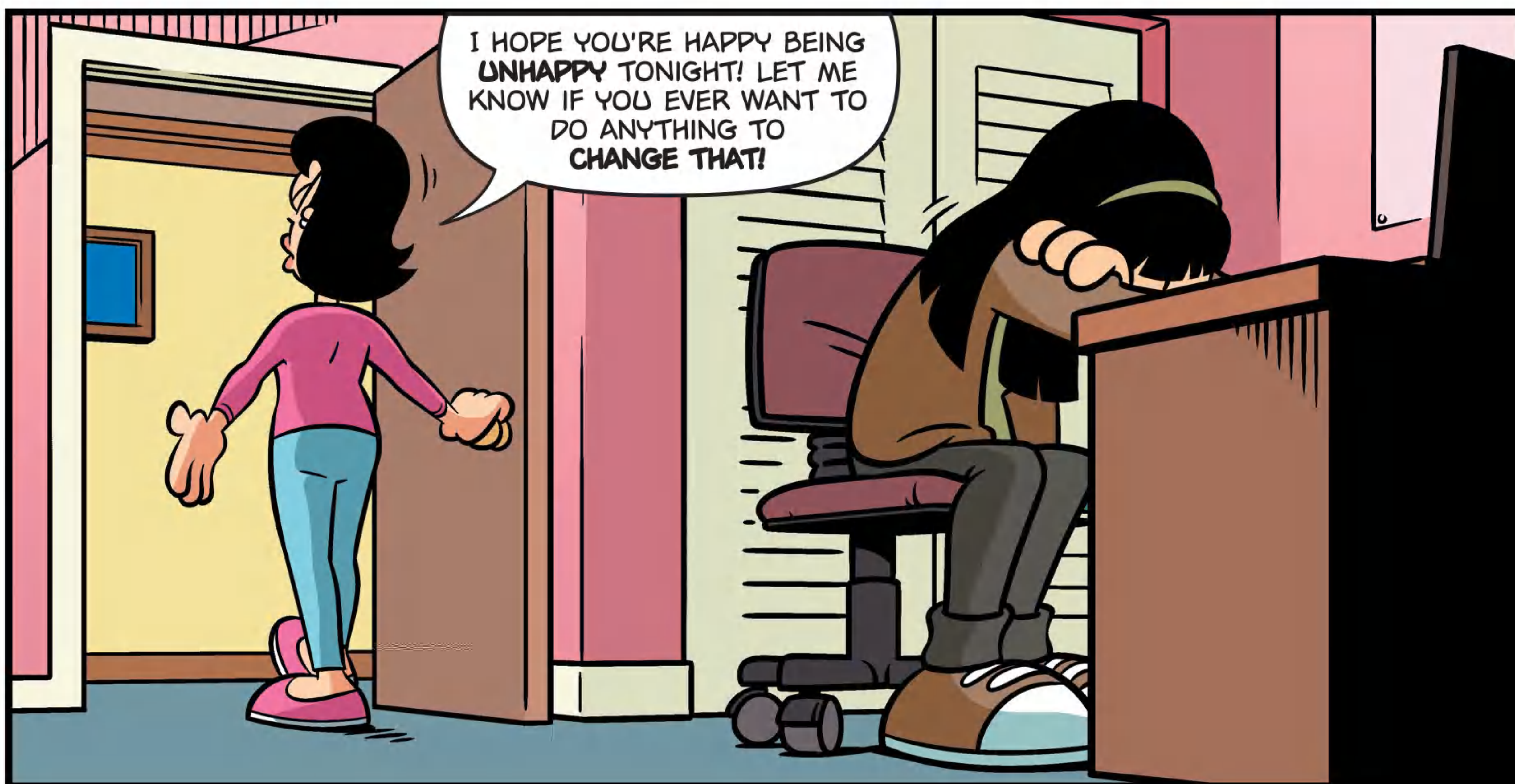


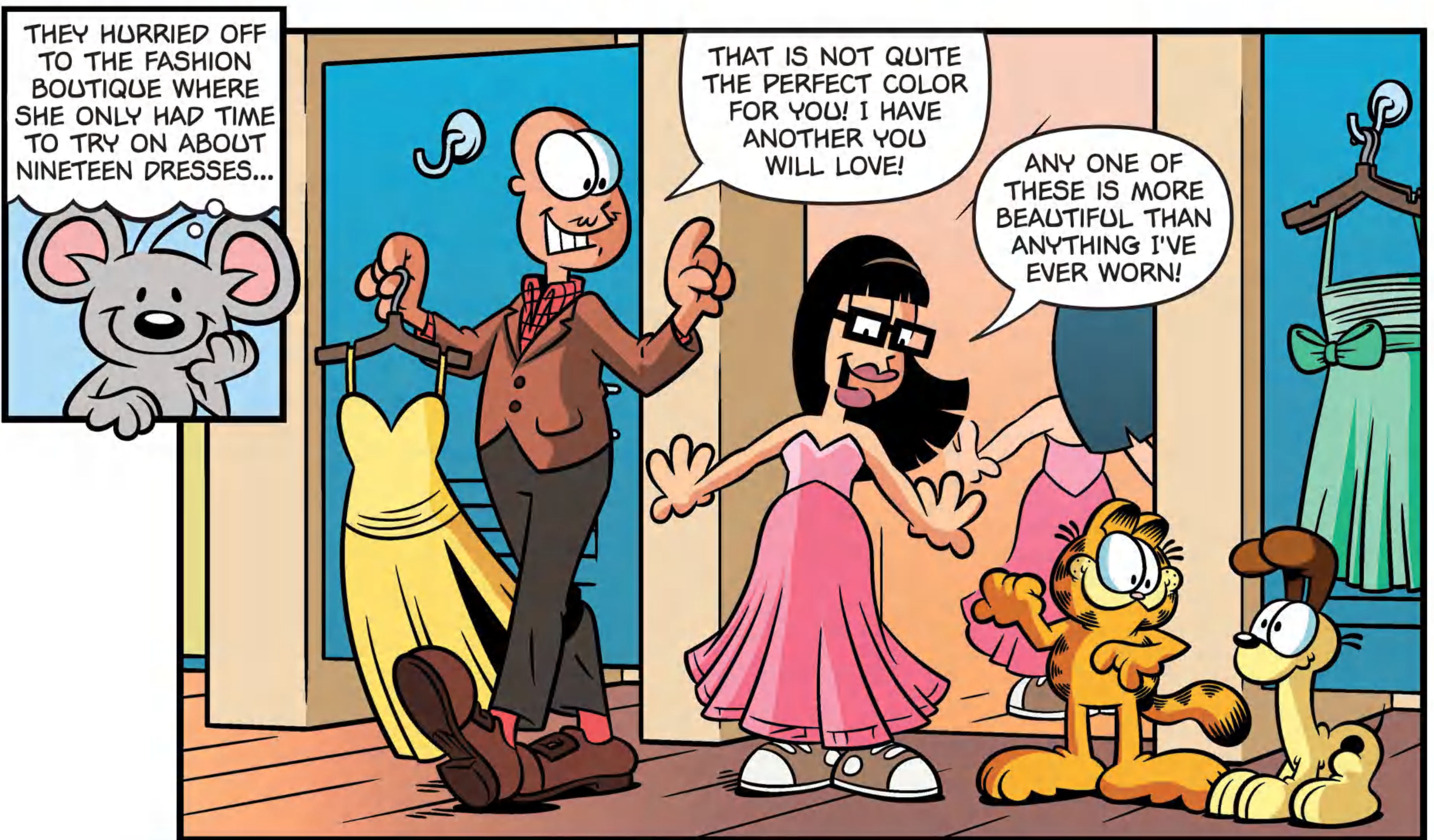
YOU COMPLAINED YOUR GLASSES MADE YOU LOOK NERDY SO WE BOUGHT YOU **CONTACT LENSES!** BUT DO YOU **EVER** WEAR THEM?

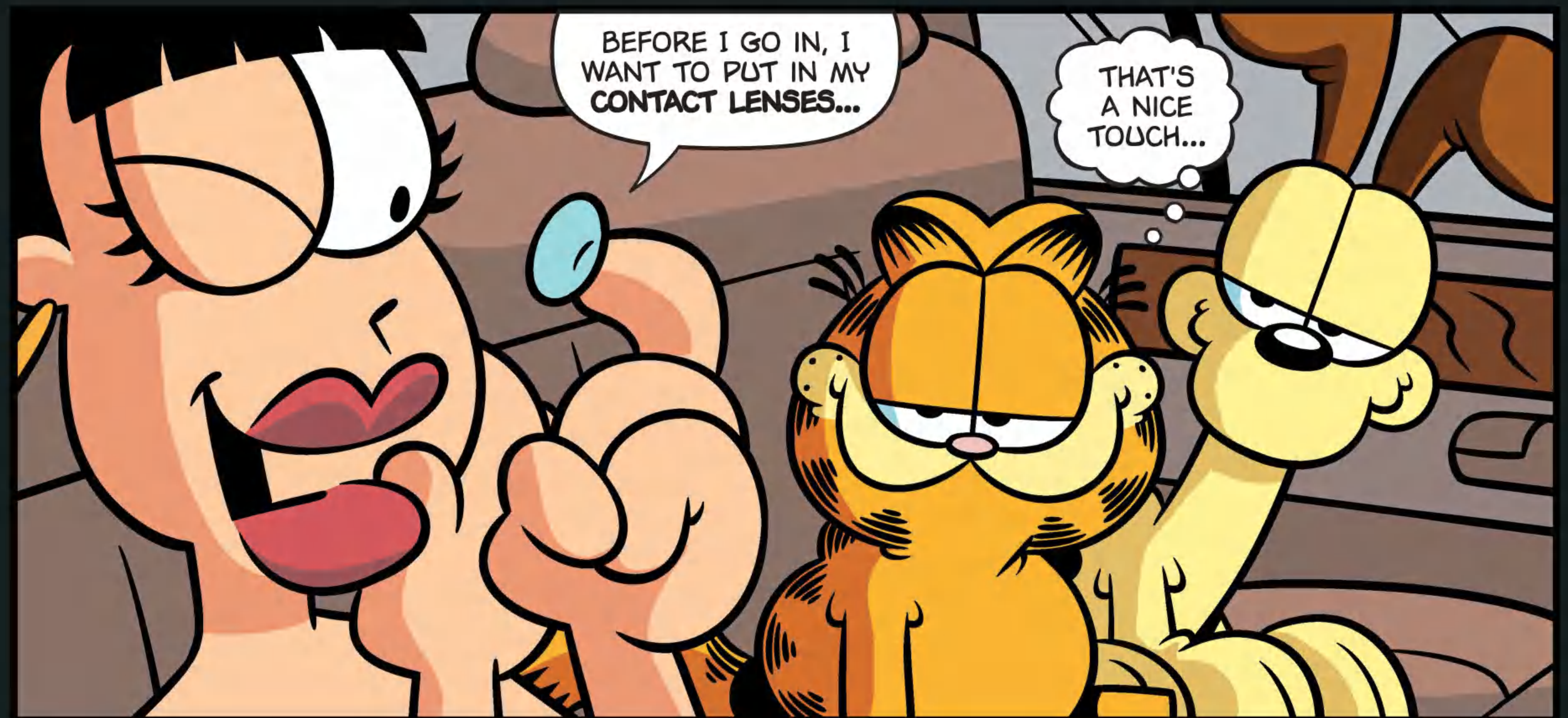
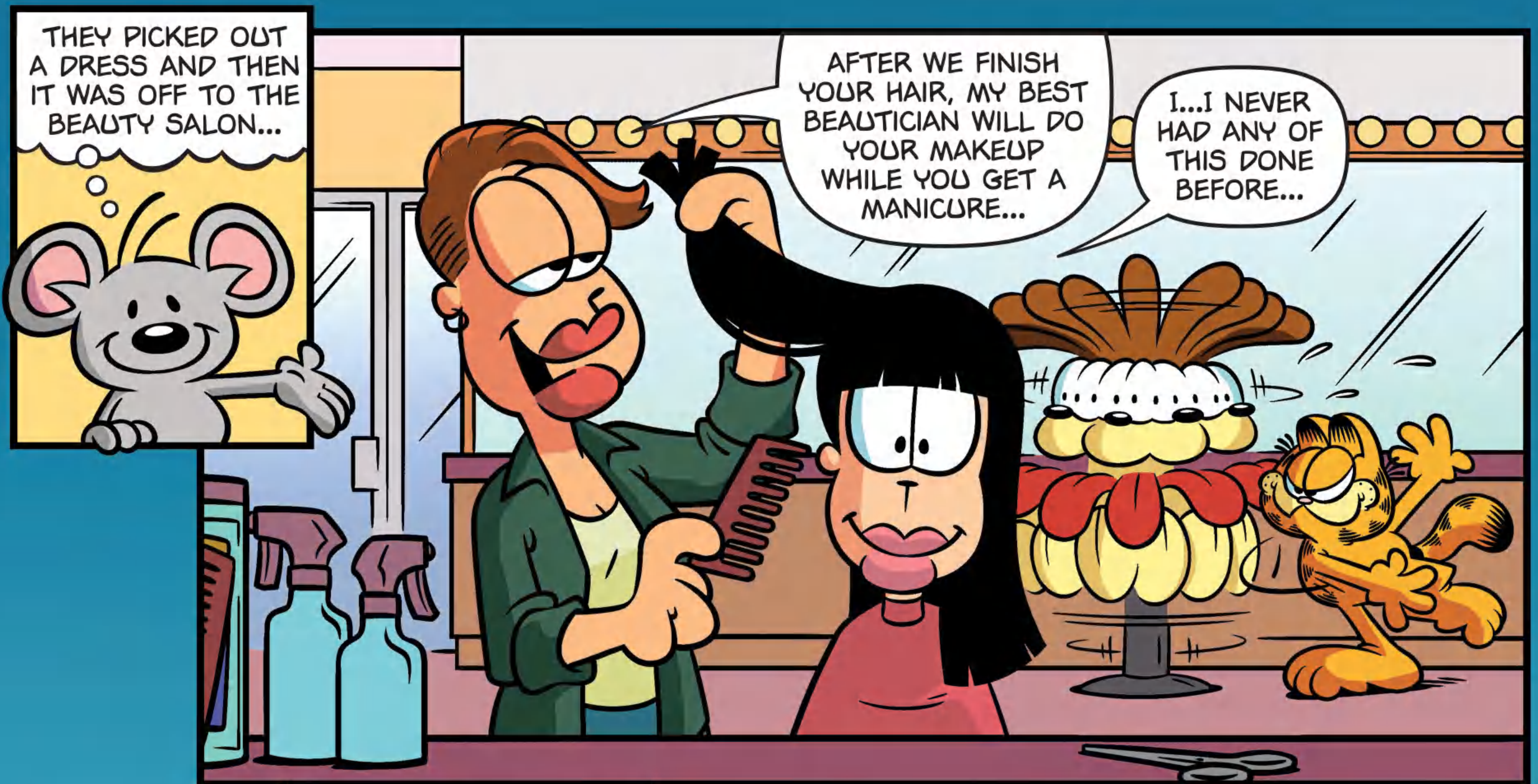
THEY WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD! I'D **STILL** LOOK LIKE A NERD!

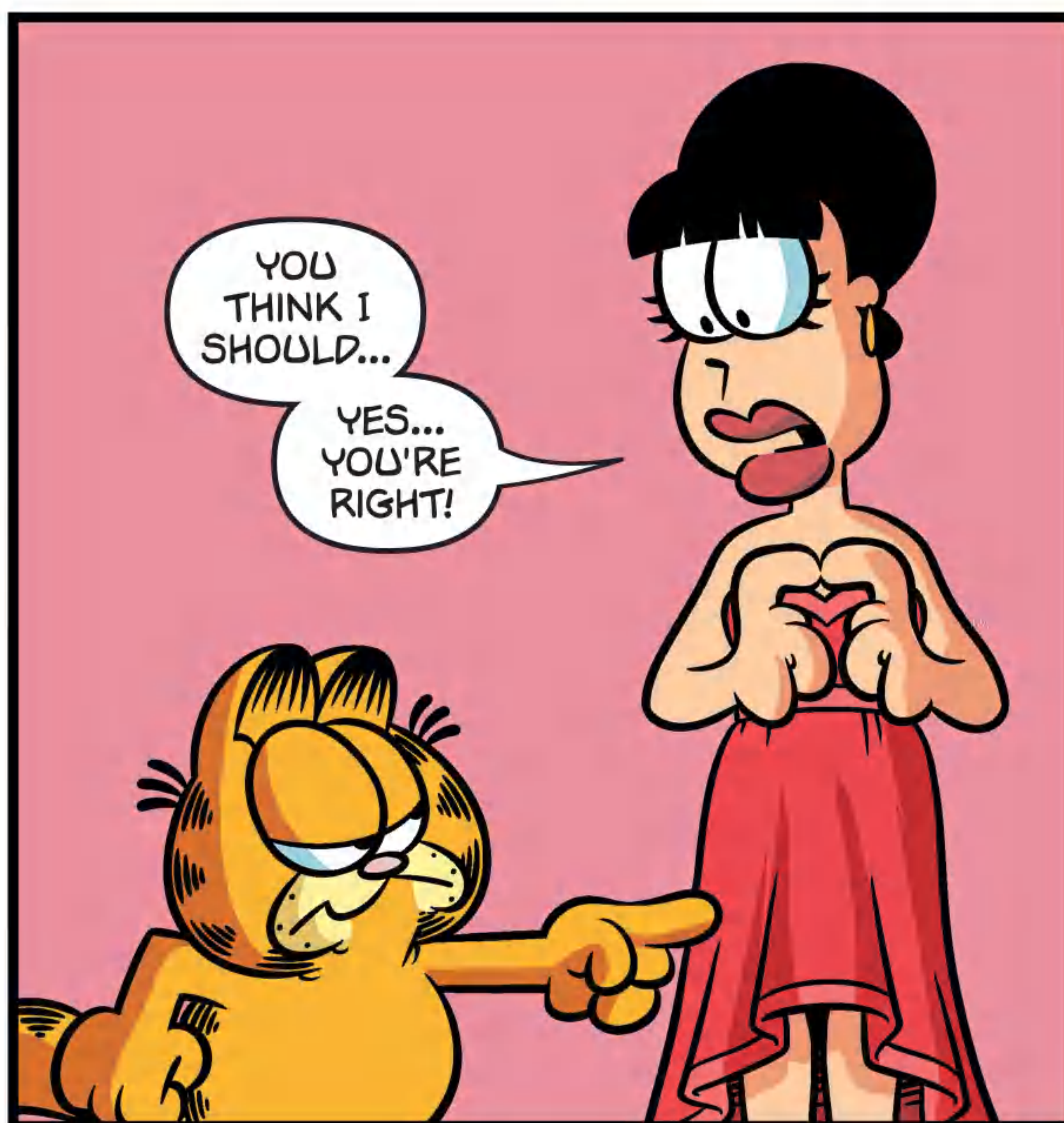
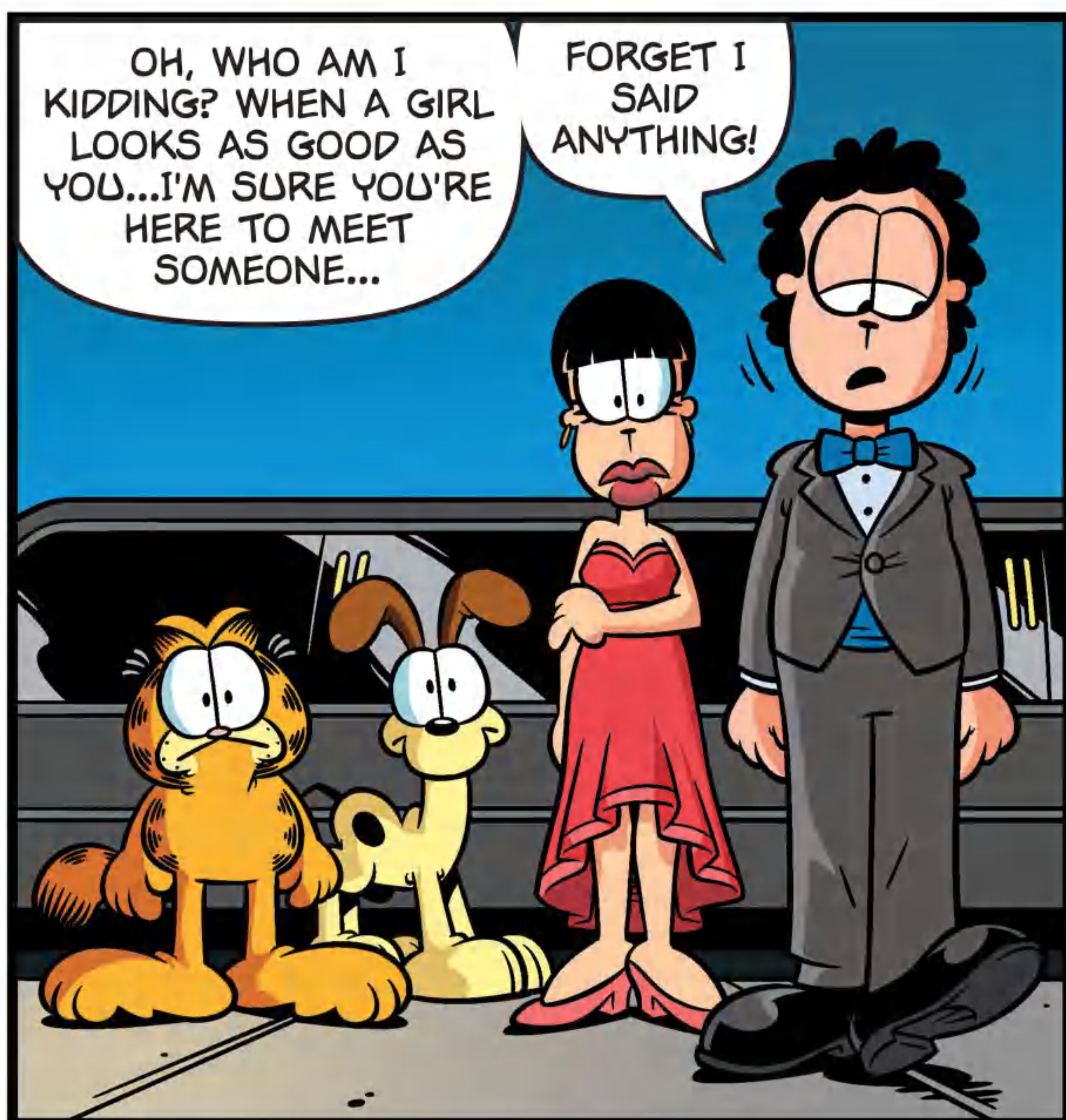
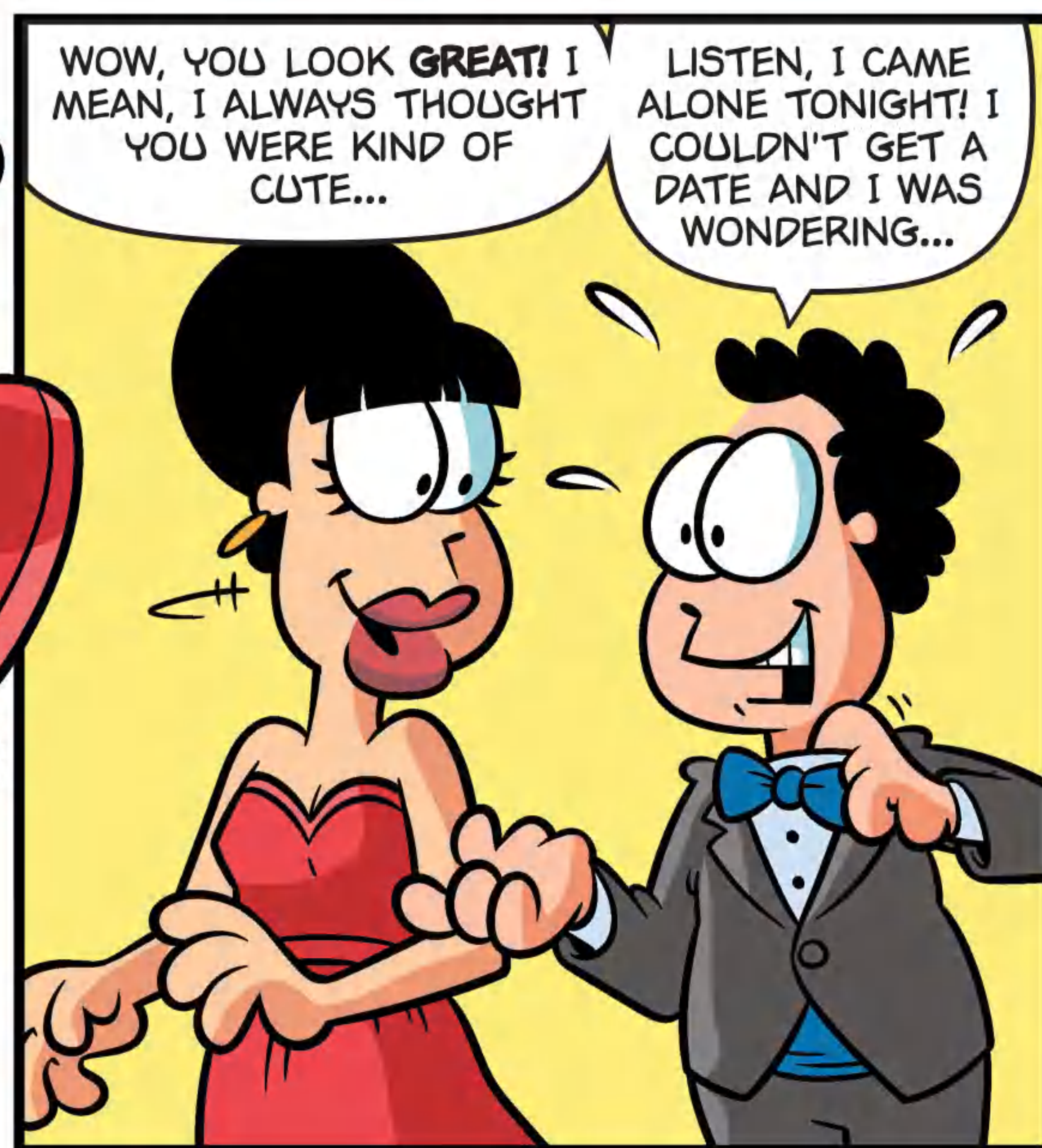


I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY BEING **UNHAPPY** TONIGHT! LET ME KNOW IF YOU EVER WANT TO DO ANYTHING TO **CHANGE THAT!**





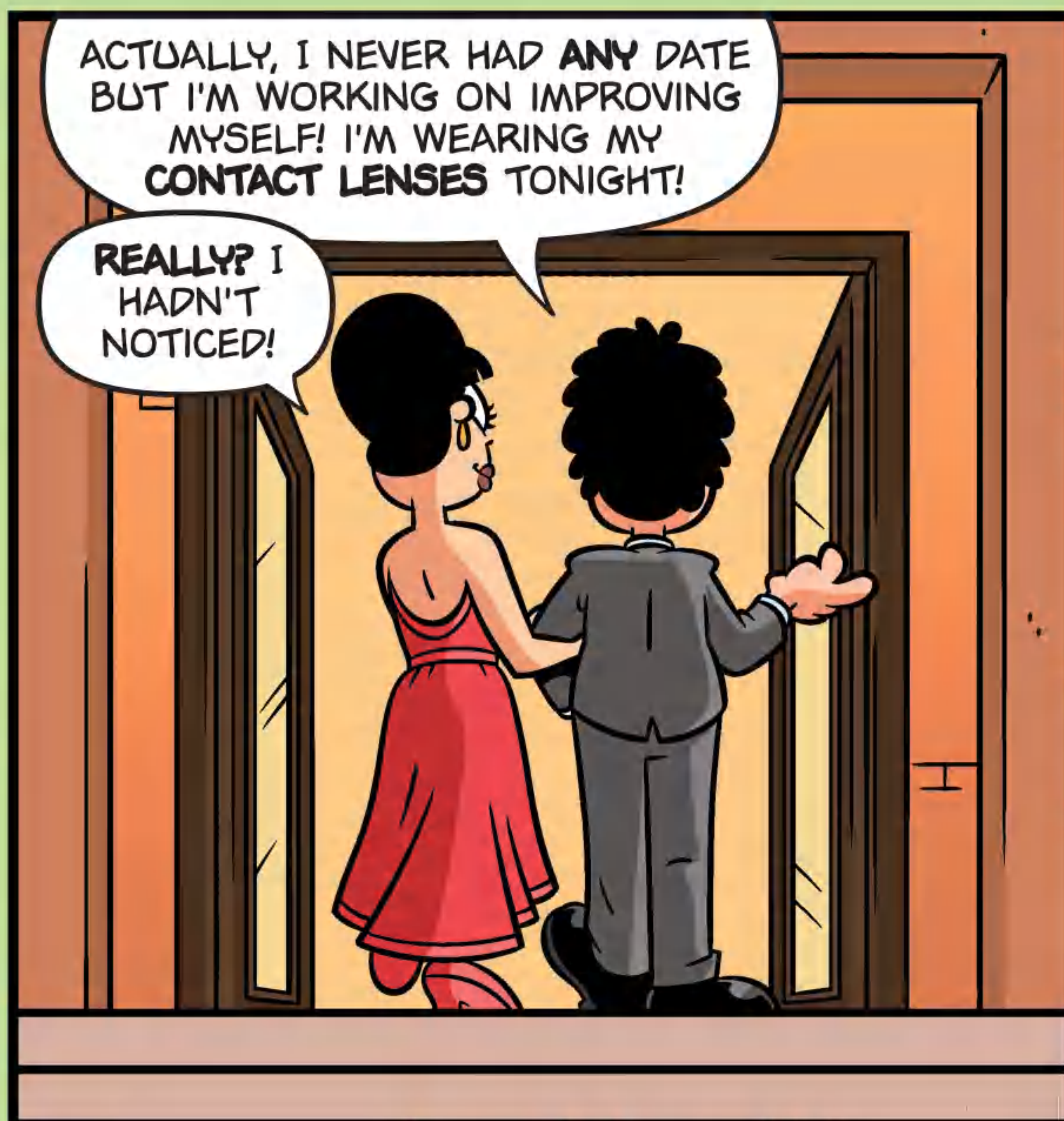






HUGO! I'D BE HONORED TO BE YOUR DATE TONIGHT!

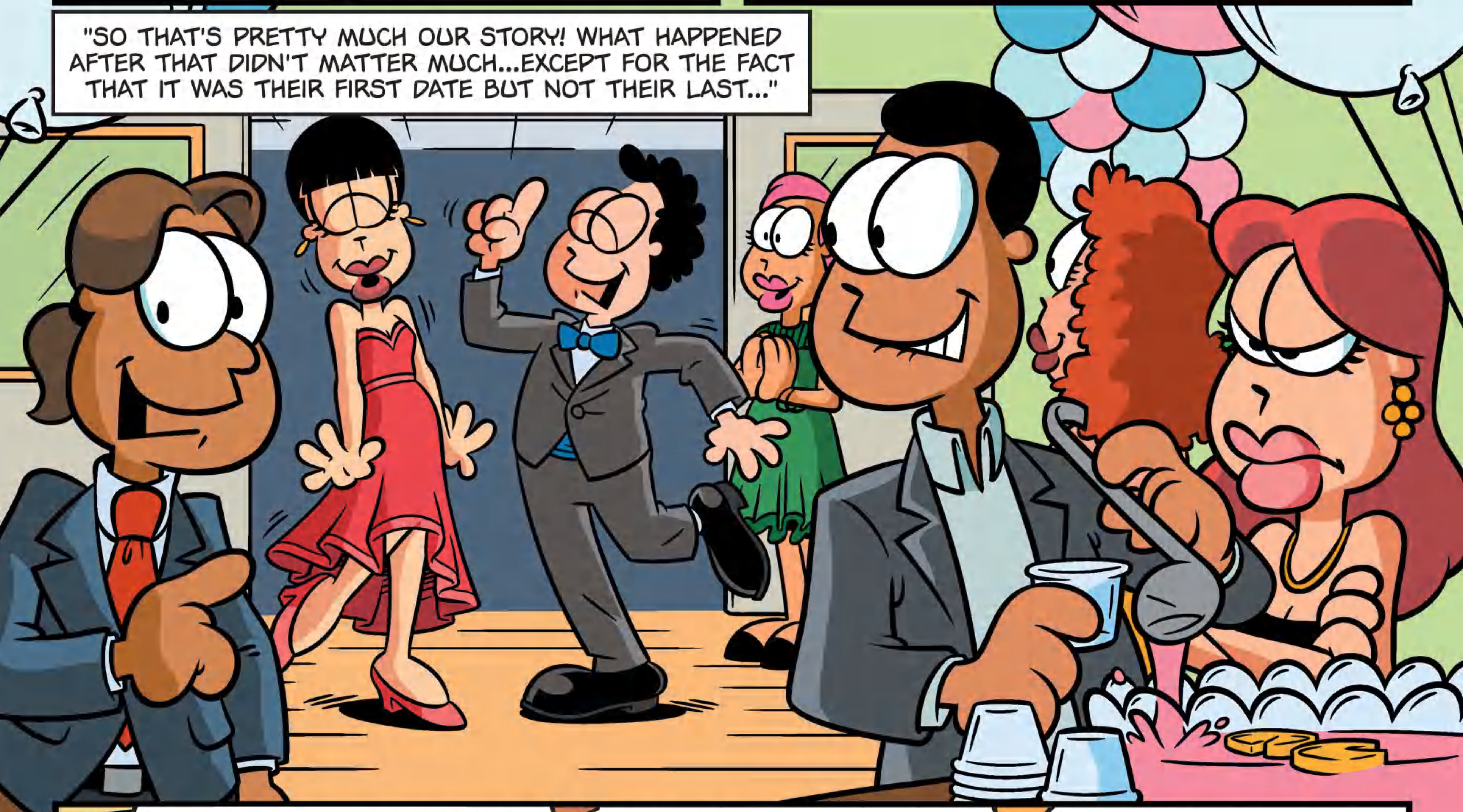
YOU WOULD? WOW AGAIN! I NEVER HAD A DATE THAT LOOKED THIS GOOD...



ACTUALLY, I NEVER HAD ANY DATE BUT I'M WORKING ON IMPROVING MYSELF! I'M WEARING MY CONTACT LENSES TONIGHT!

REALLY? I HADN'T NOTICED!

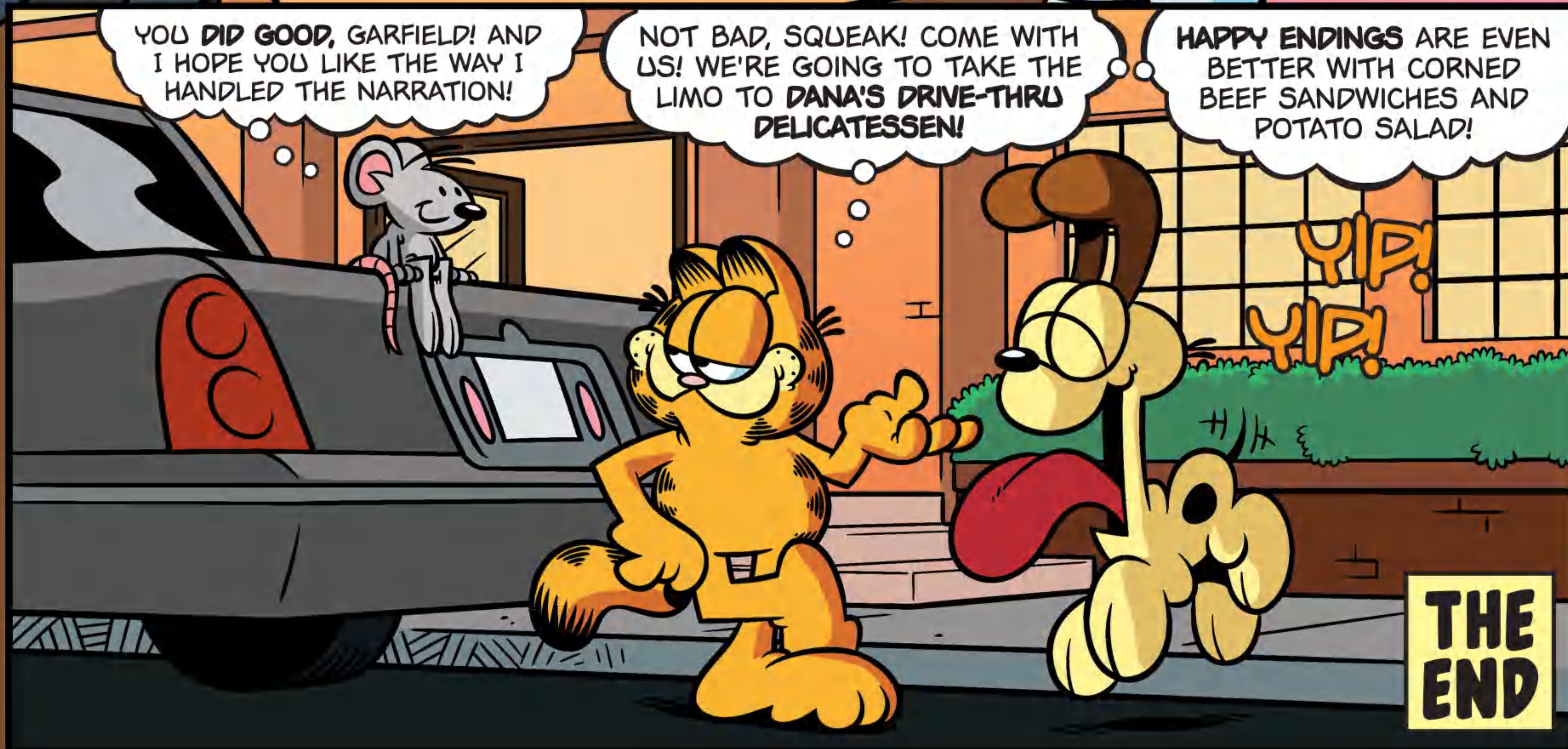
"SO THAT'S PRETTY MUCH OUR STORY! WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT DIDN'T MATTER MUCH...EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT IT WAS THEIR FIRST DATE BUT NOT THEIR LAST..."



YOU DID GOOD, GARFIELD! AND I HOPE YOU LIKE THE WAY I HANDLED THE NARRATION!

NOT BAD, SQUEAK! COME WITH US! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THE LIMO TO DANA'S DRIVE-THRU DELICATESSEN!

HAPPY ENDINGS ARE EVEN BETTER WITH CORNED BEEF SANDWICHES AND POTATO SALAD!

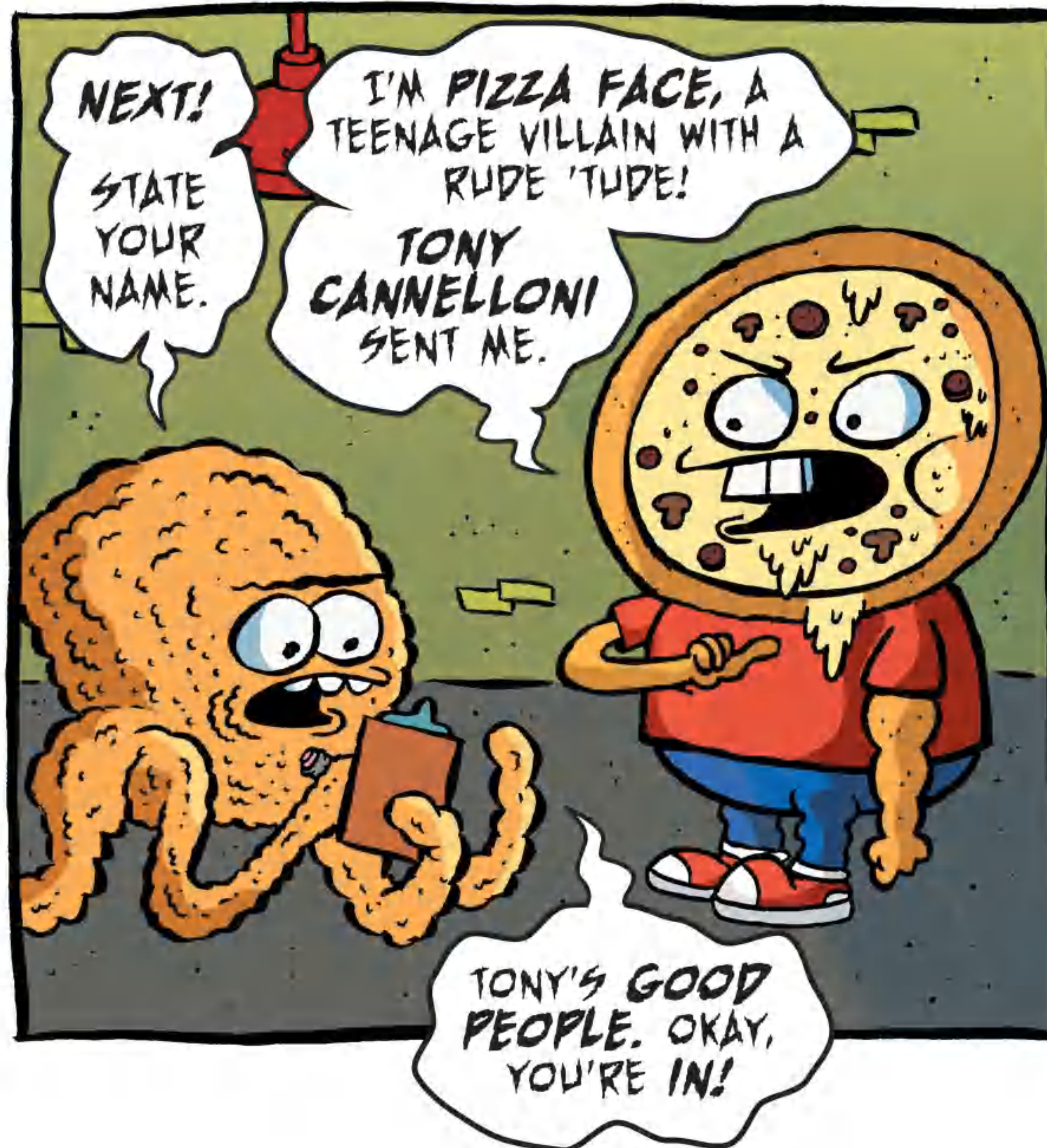
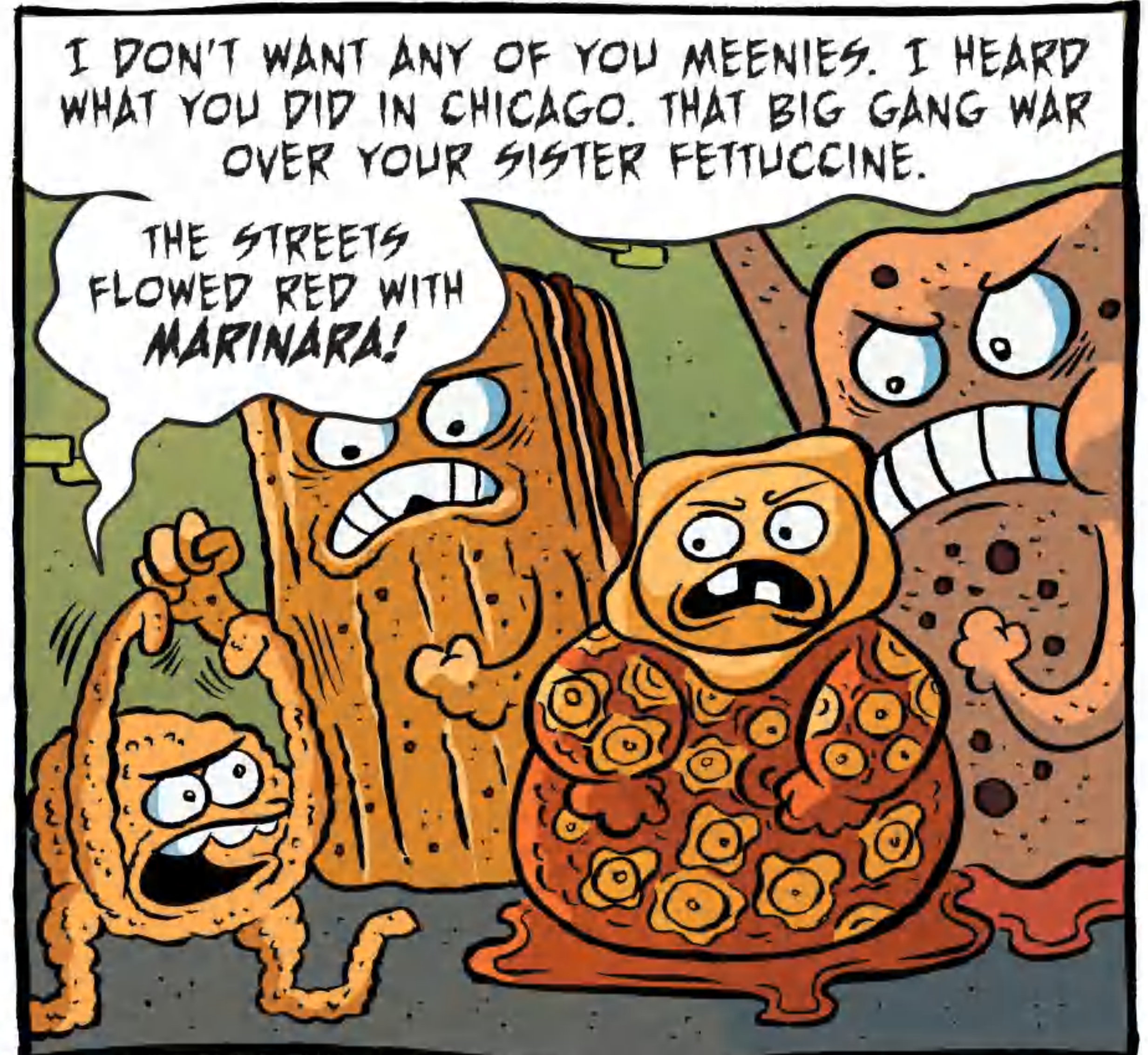
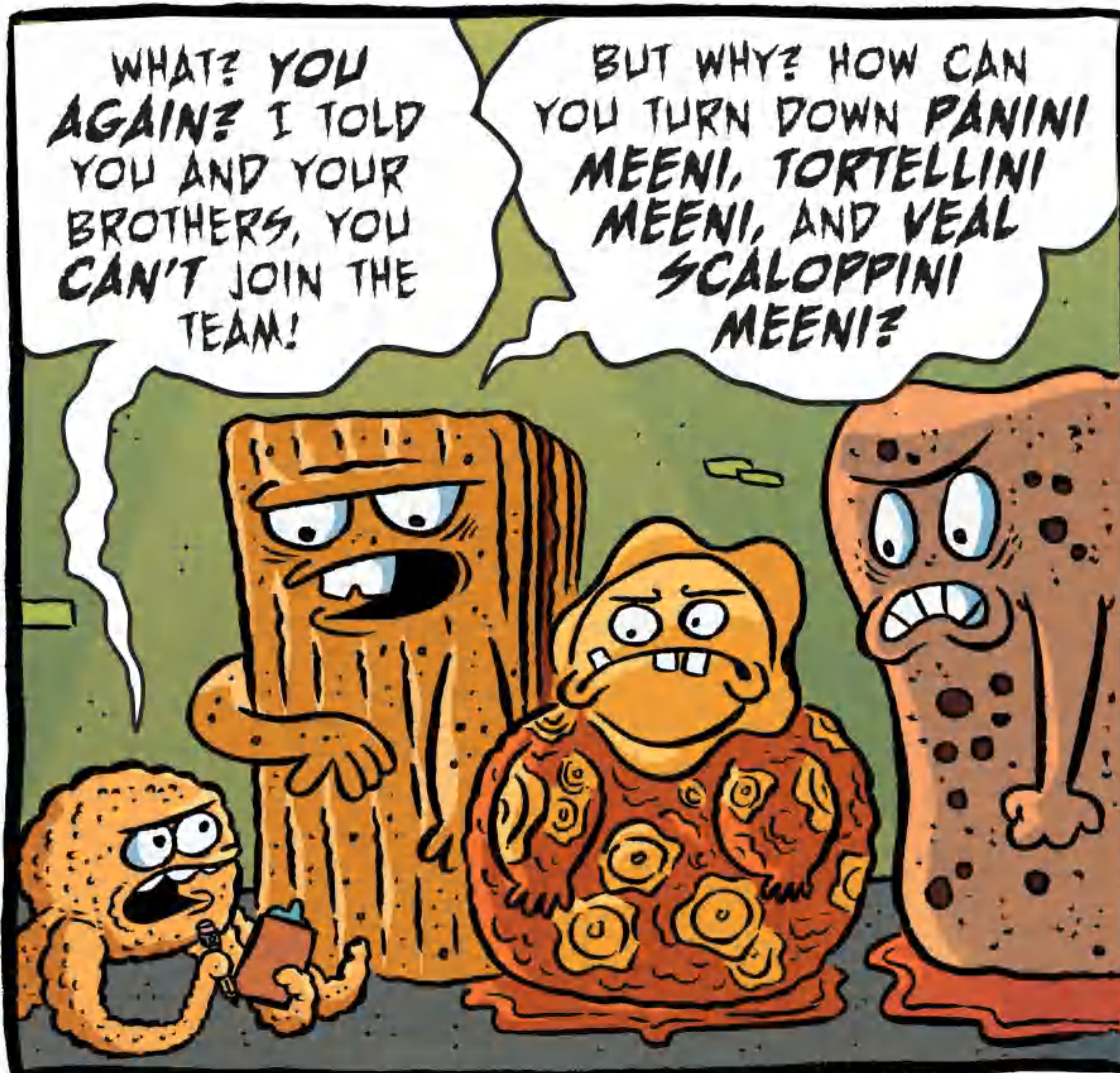
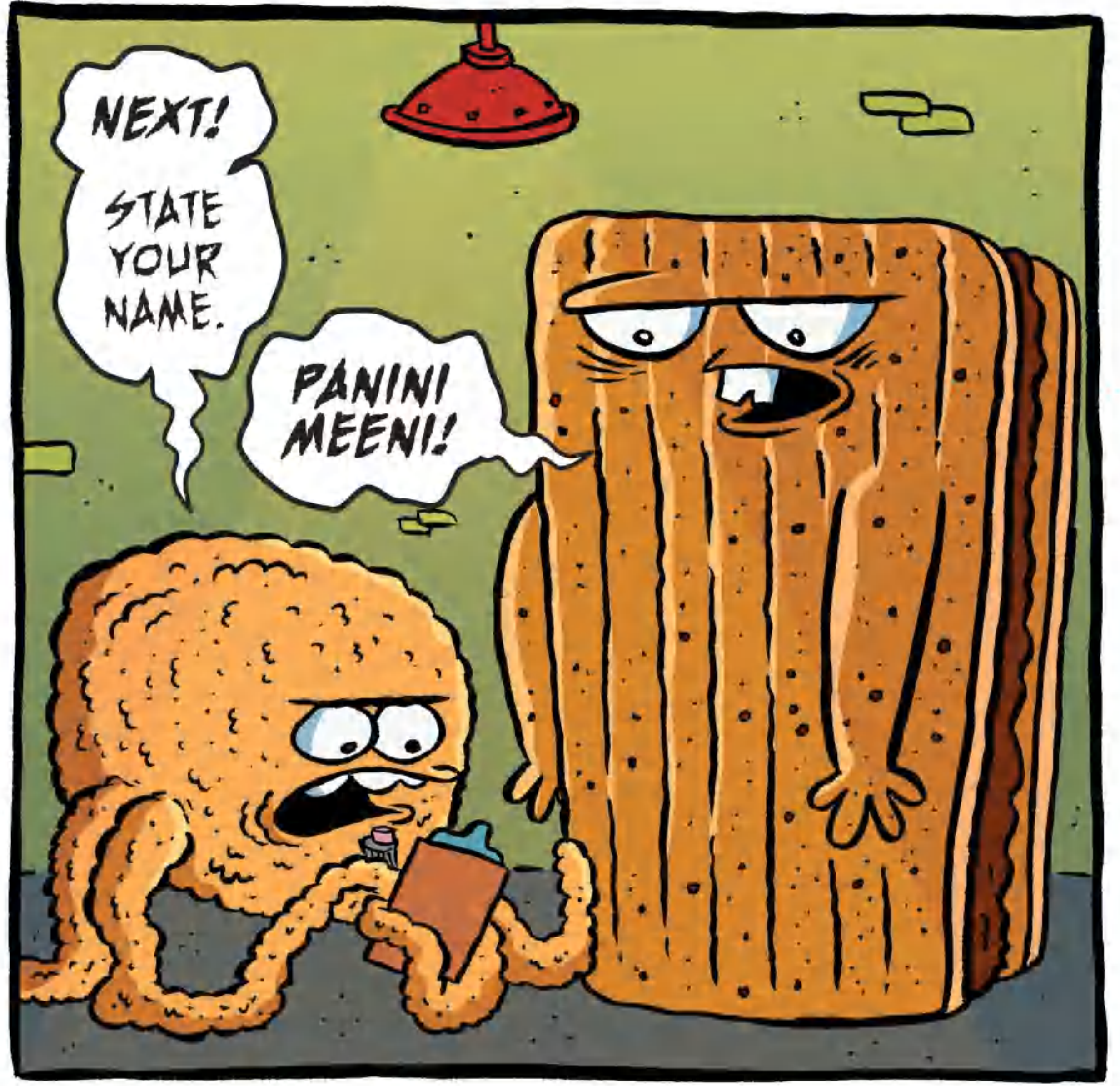
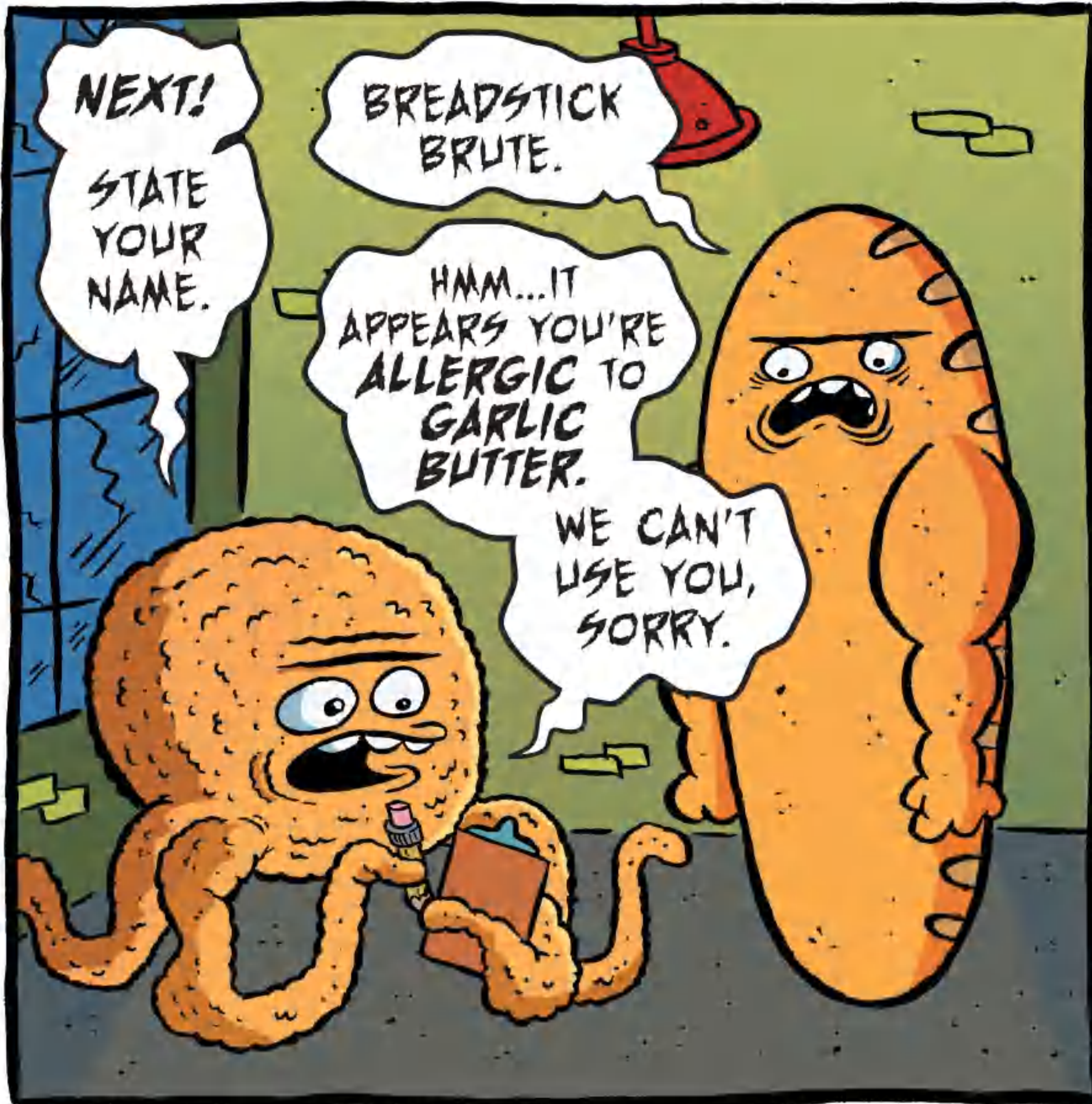


YIP!
YIP!

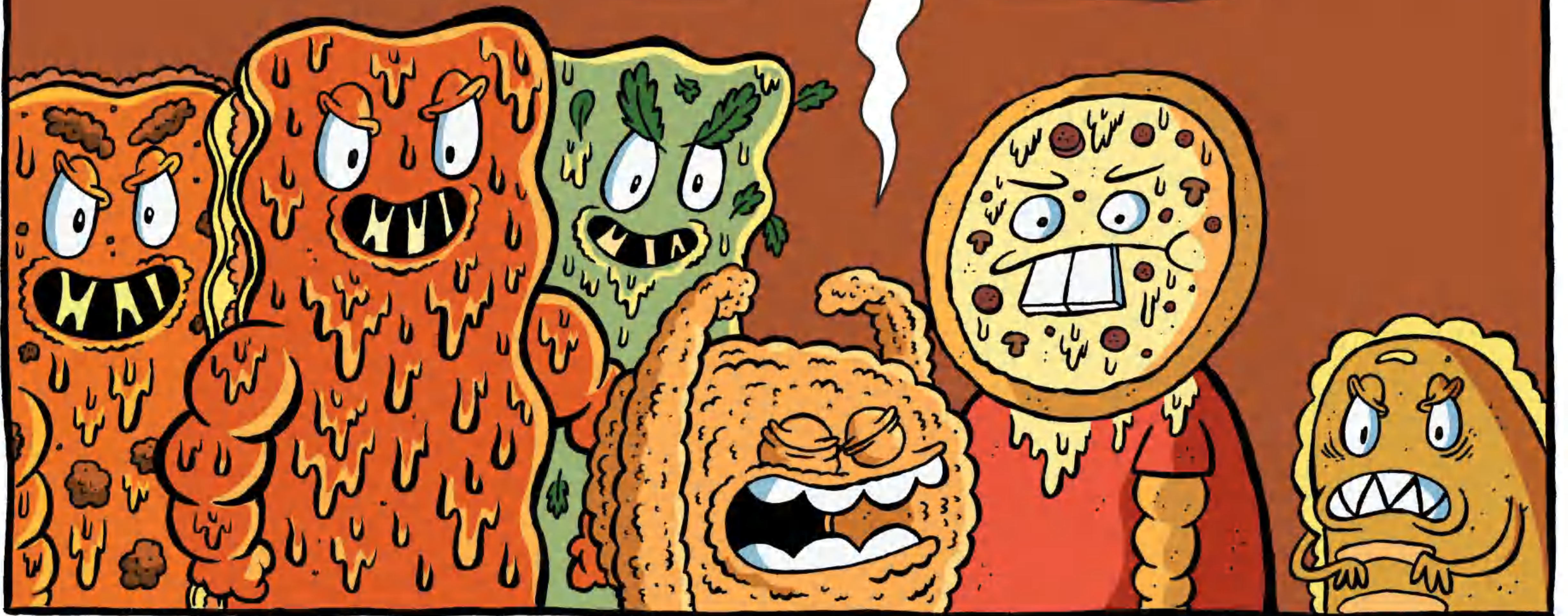
THE
END

PROLOGUE:

IN AN OLD DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE...



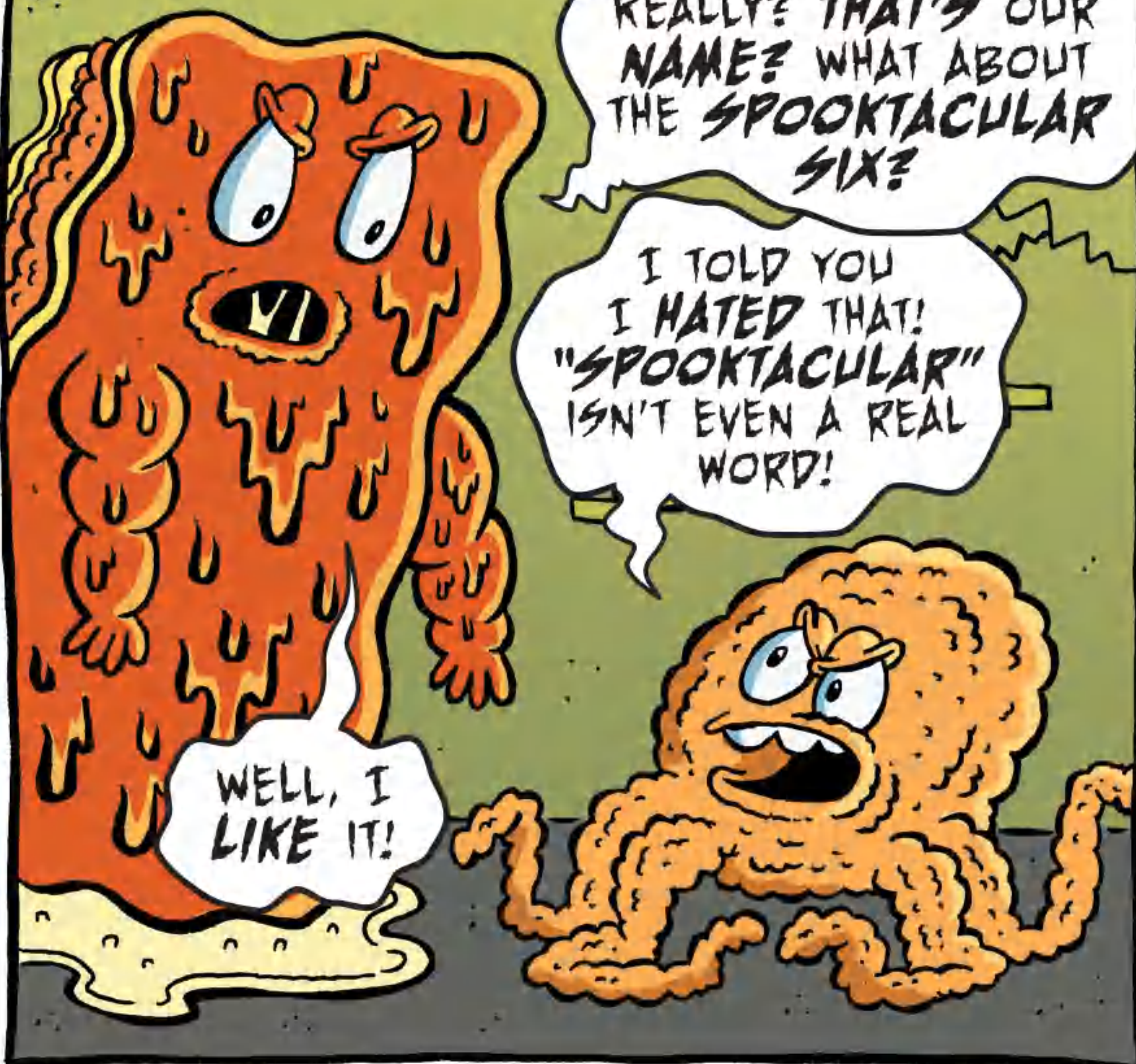
...THE FANTASTICAL FOODS OF FEAR!



REALLY? THAT'S OUR NAME? WHAT ABOUT THE SPOOKTACULAR SIX?

I TOLD YOU I HATED THAT! "SPOOKTACULAR" ISN'T EVEN A REAL WORD!

WELL, I LIKE IT!

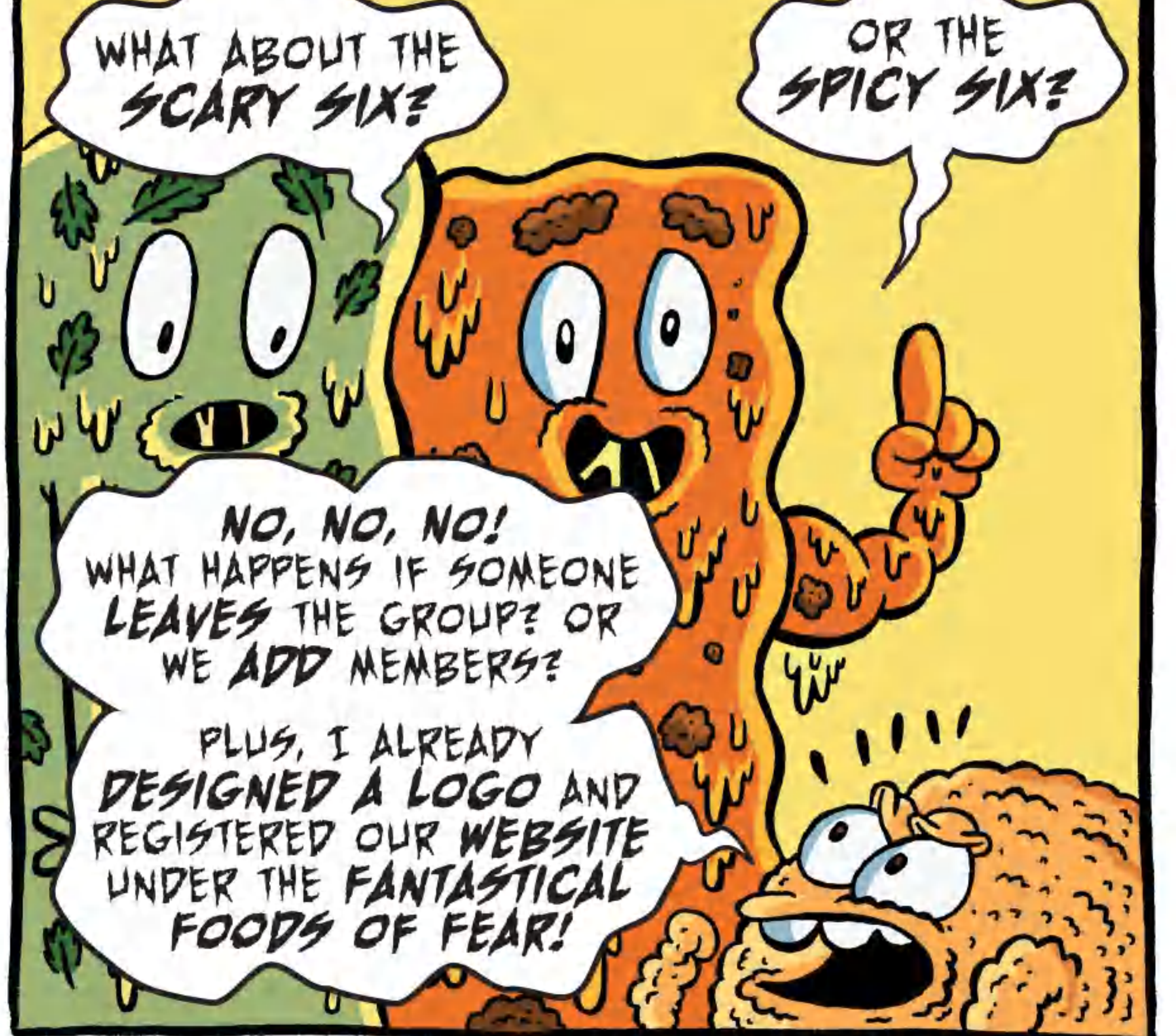


WHAT ABOUT THE SCARY SIX?

OR THE SPICY SIX?

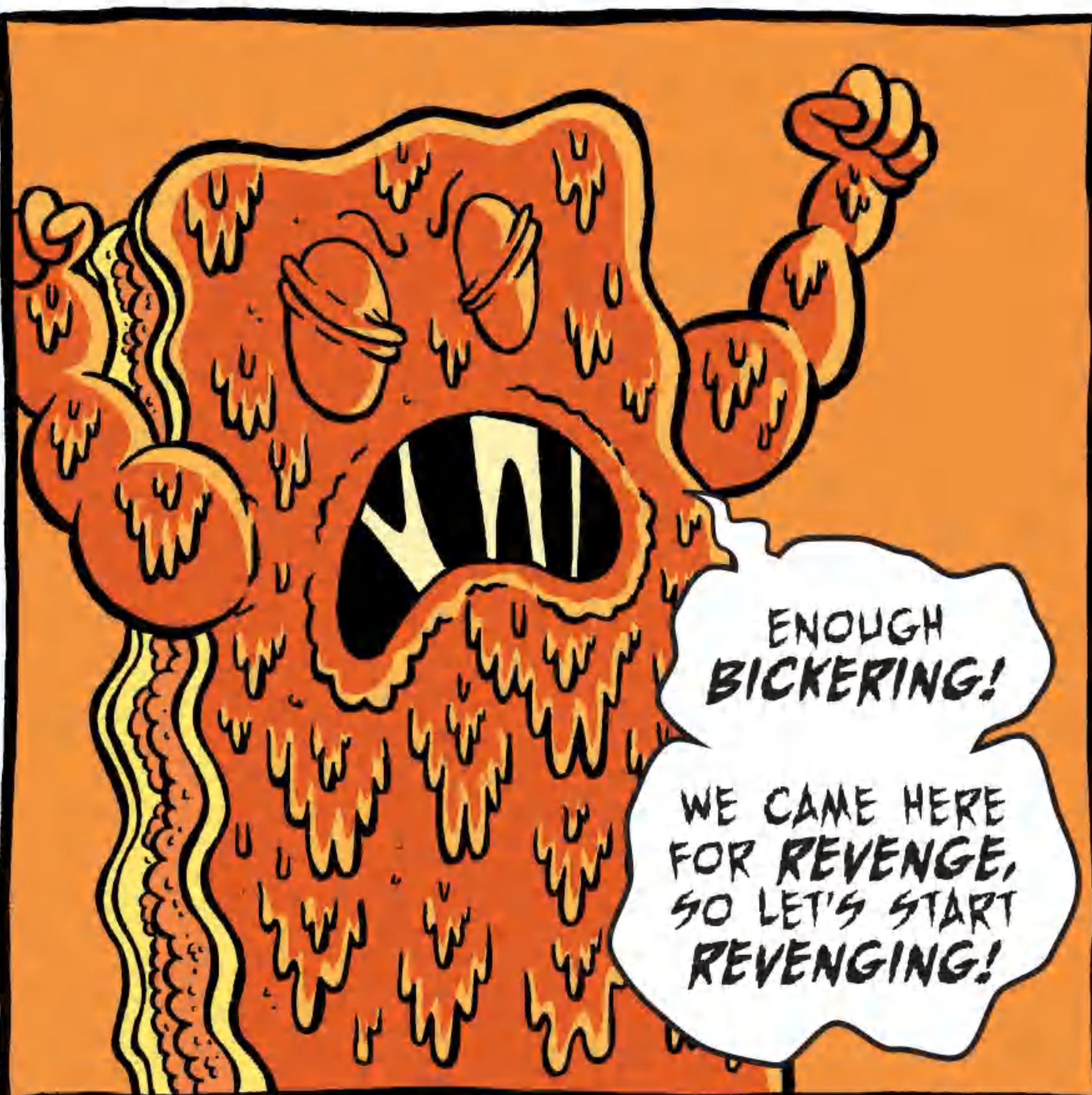
NO, NO, NO! WHAT HAPPENS IF SOMEONE LEAVES THE GROUP? OR WE ADD MEMBERS?

PLUS, I ALREADY DESIGNED A LOGO AND REGISTERED OUR WEBSITE UNDER THE FANTASTICAL FOODS OF FEAR!



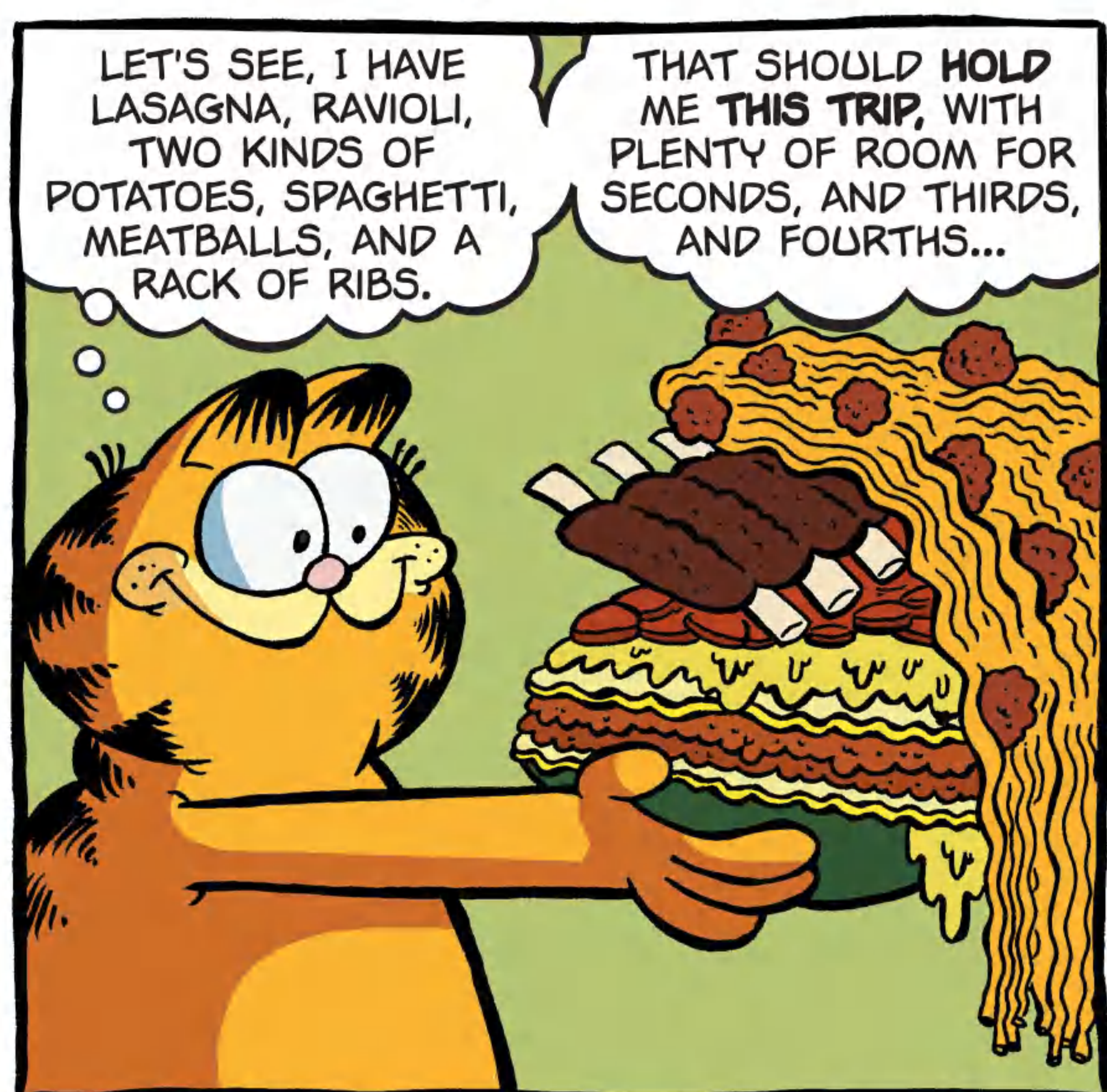
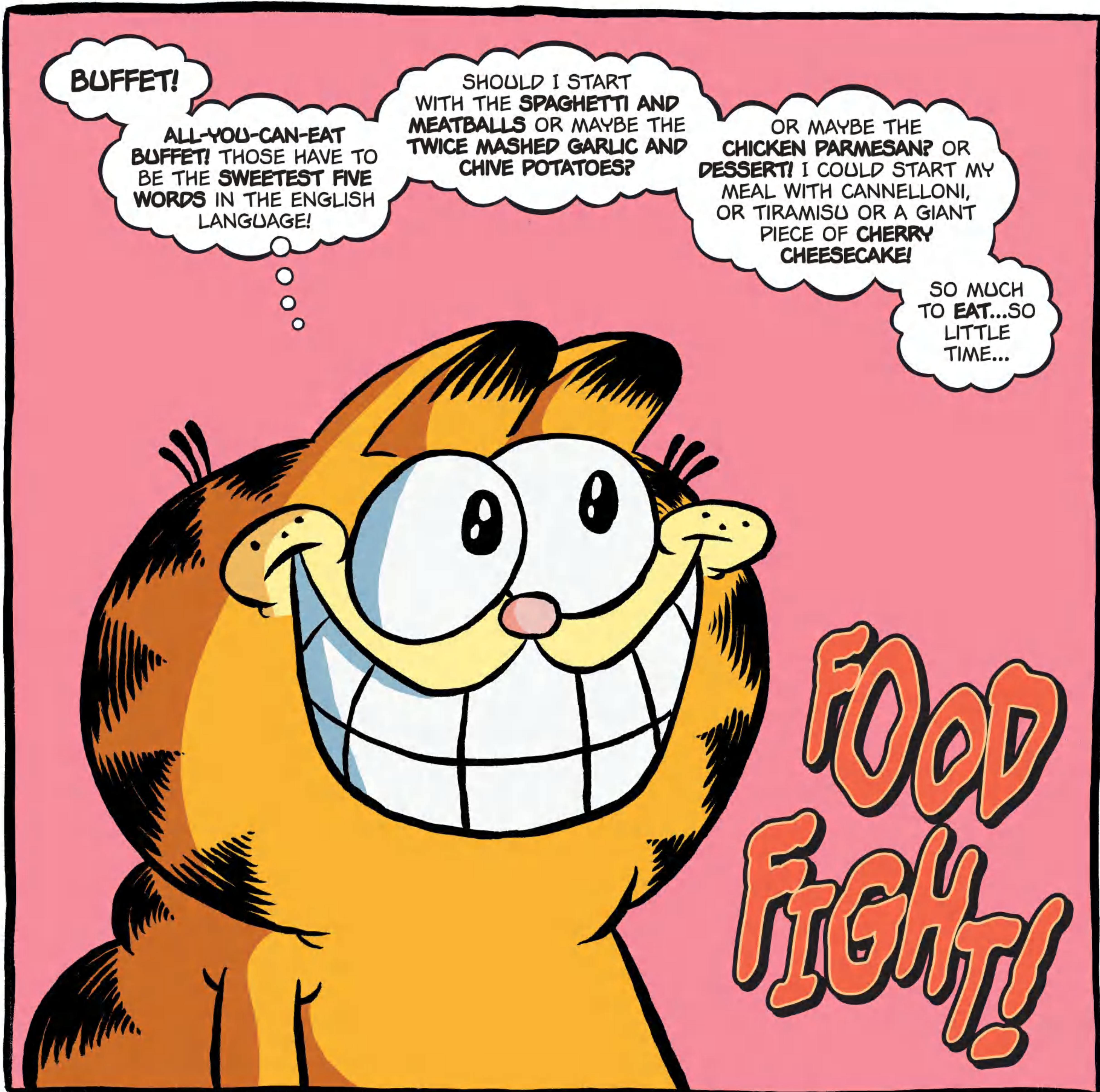
ENOUGH BICKERING!

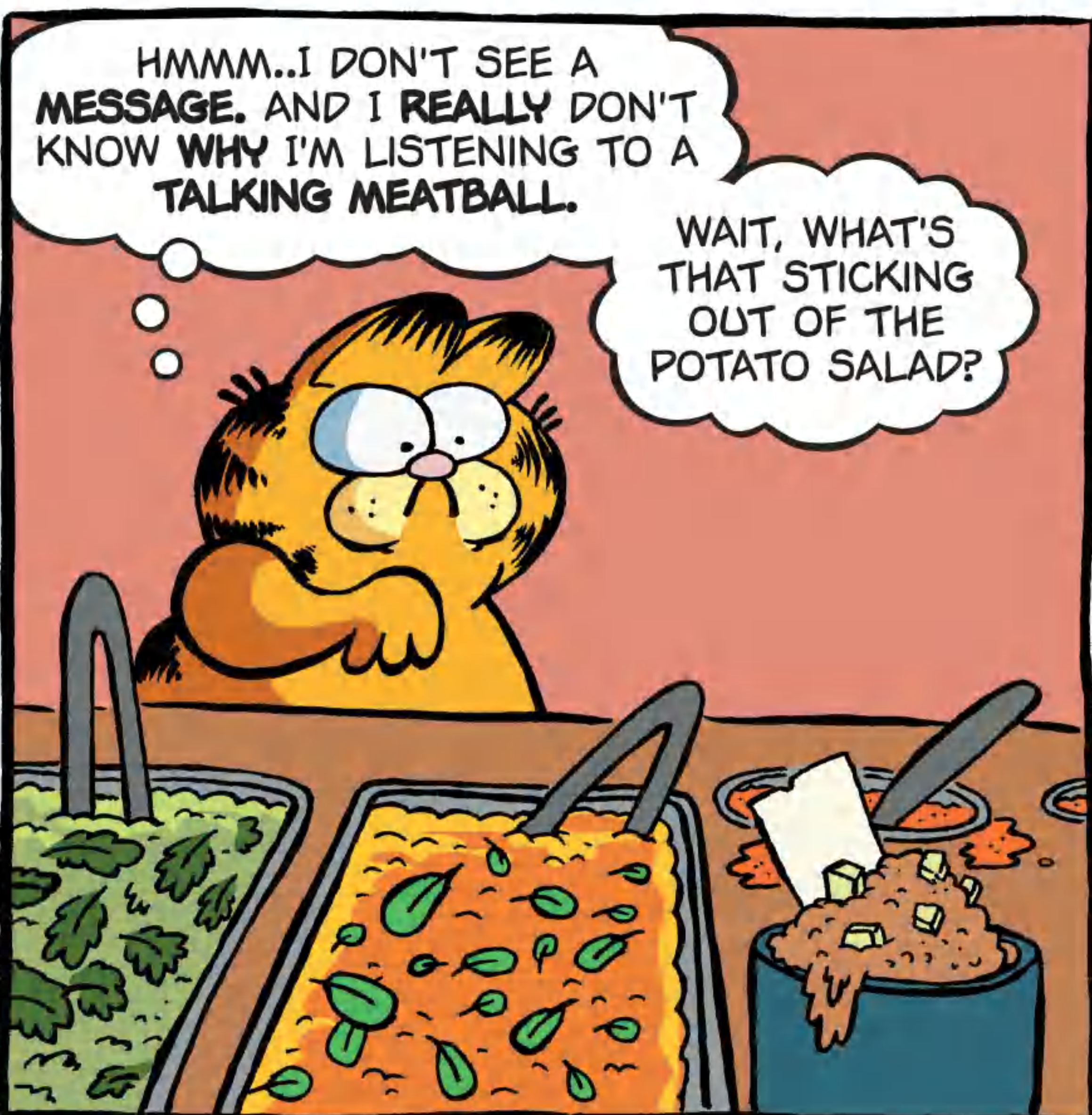
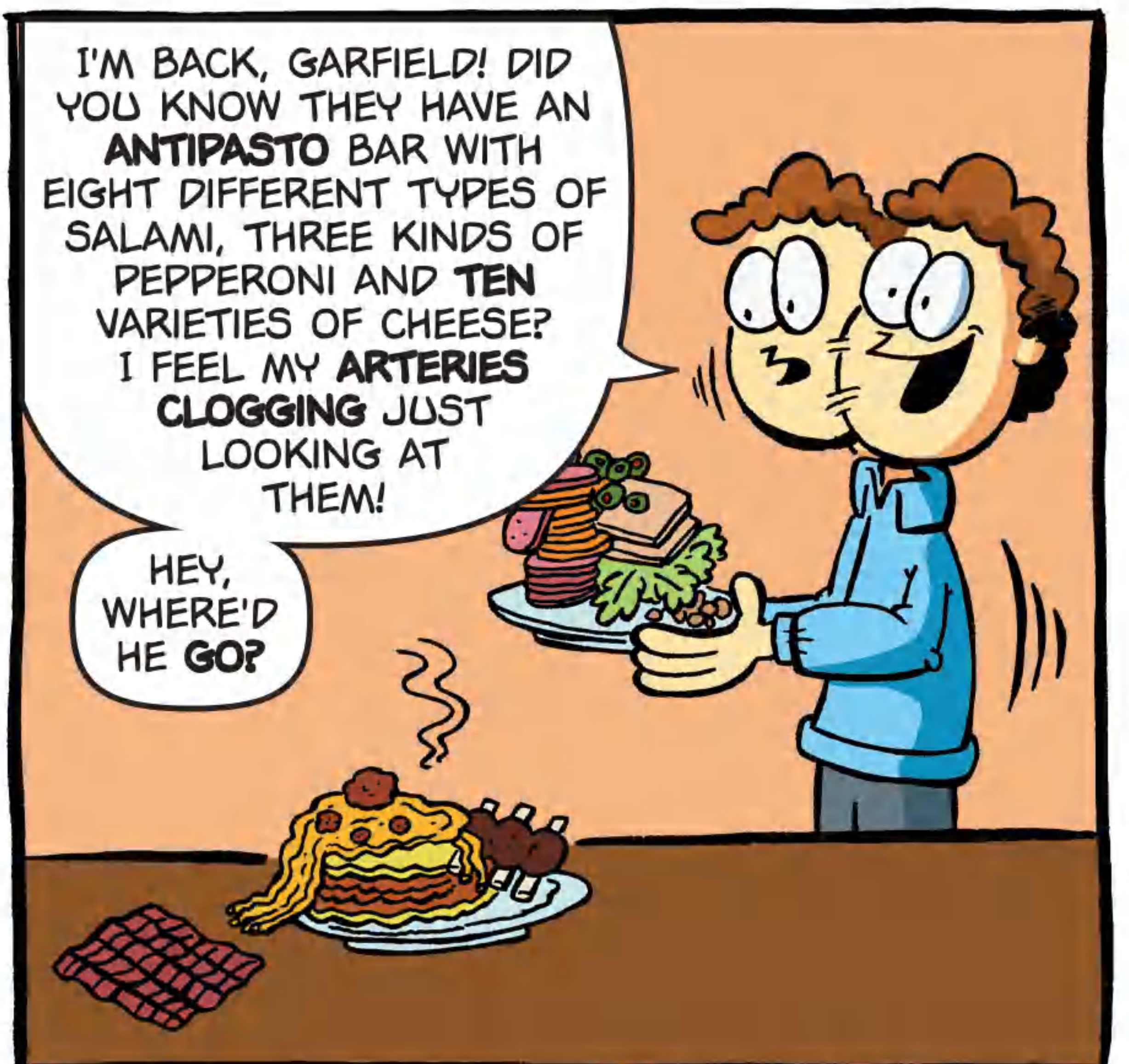
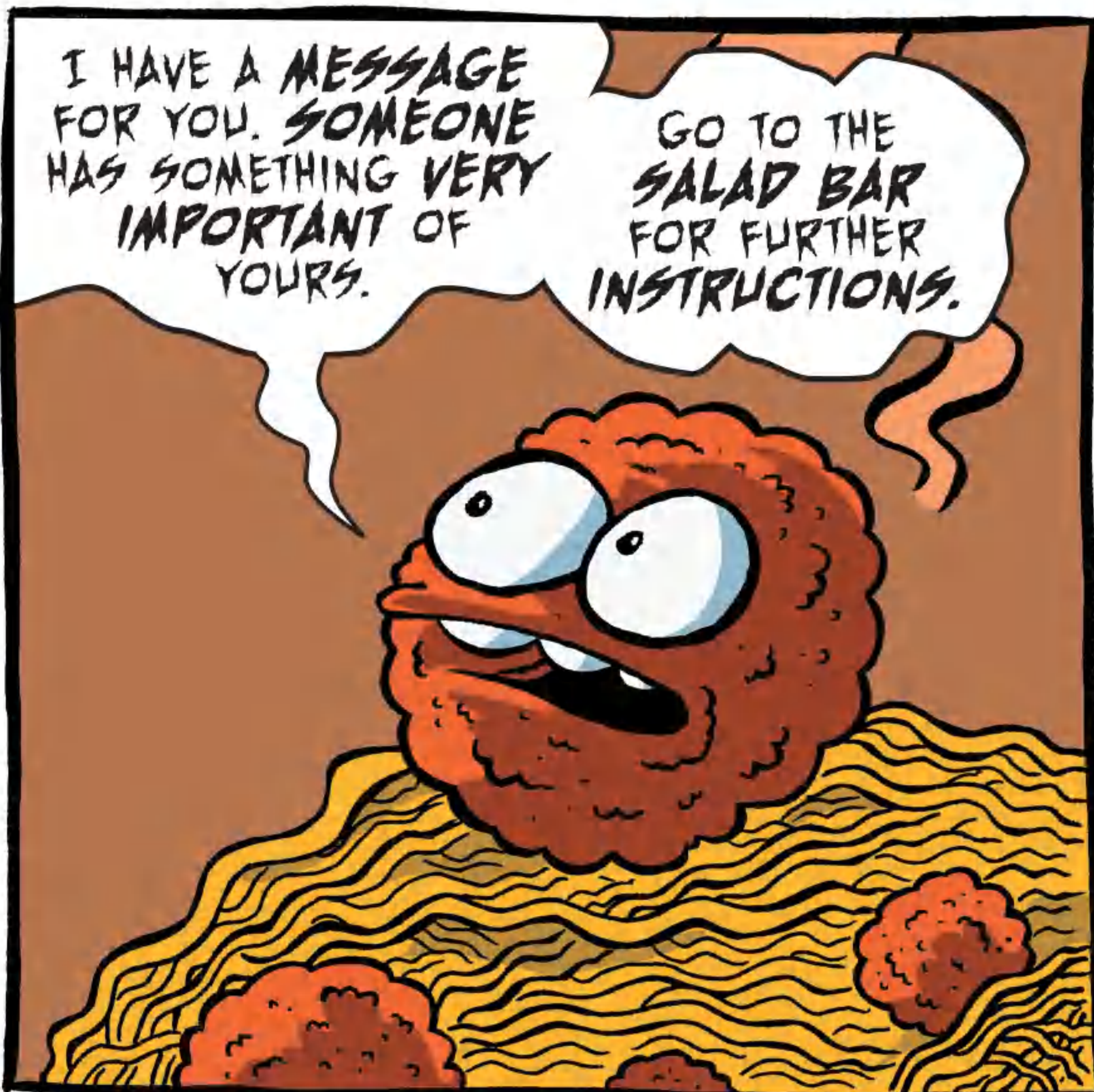
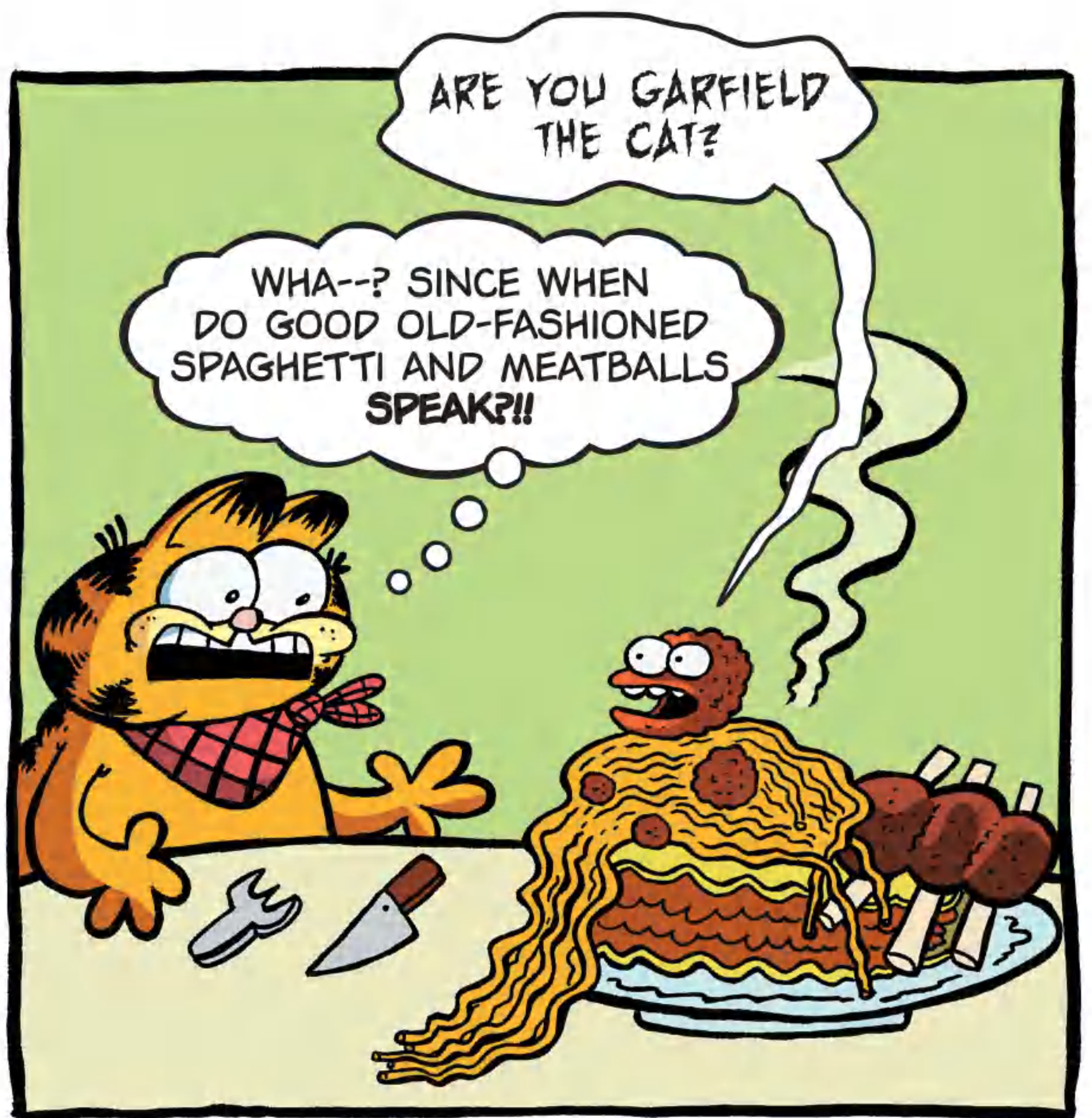
WE CAME HERE FOR REVENGE, SO LET'S START REVENGING!

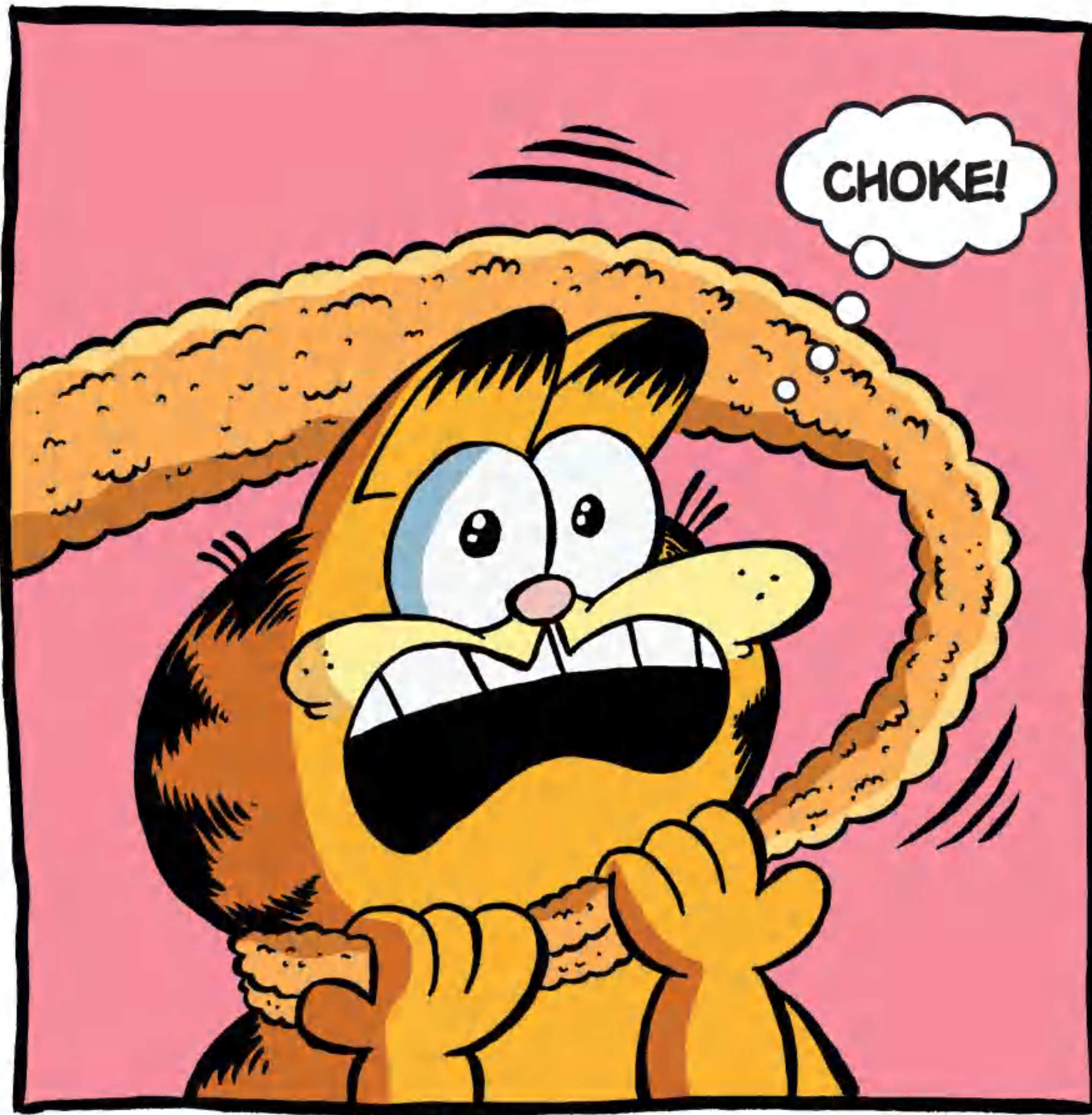


WE WILL SEE YOU SOON, ORANGE ONE. AND WHEN WE DO, YOUR LAST WORDS WILL BE...



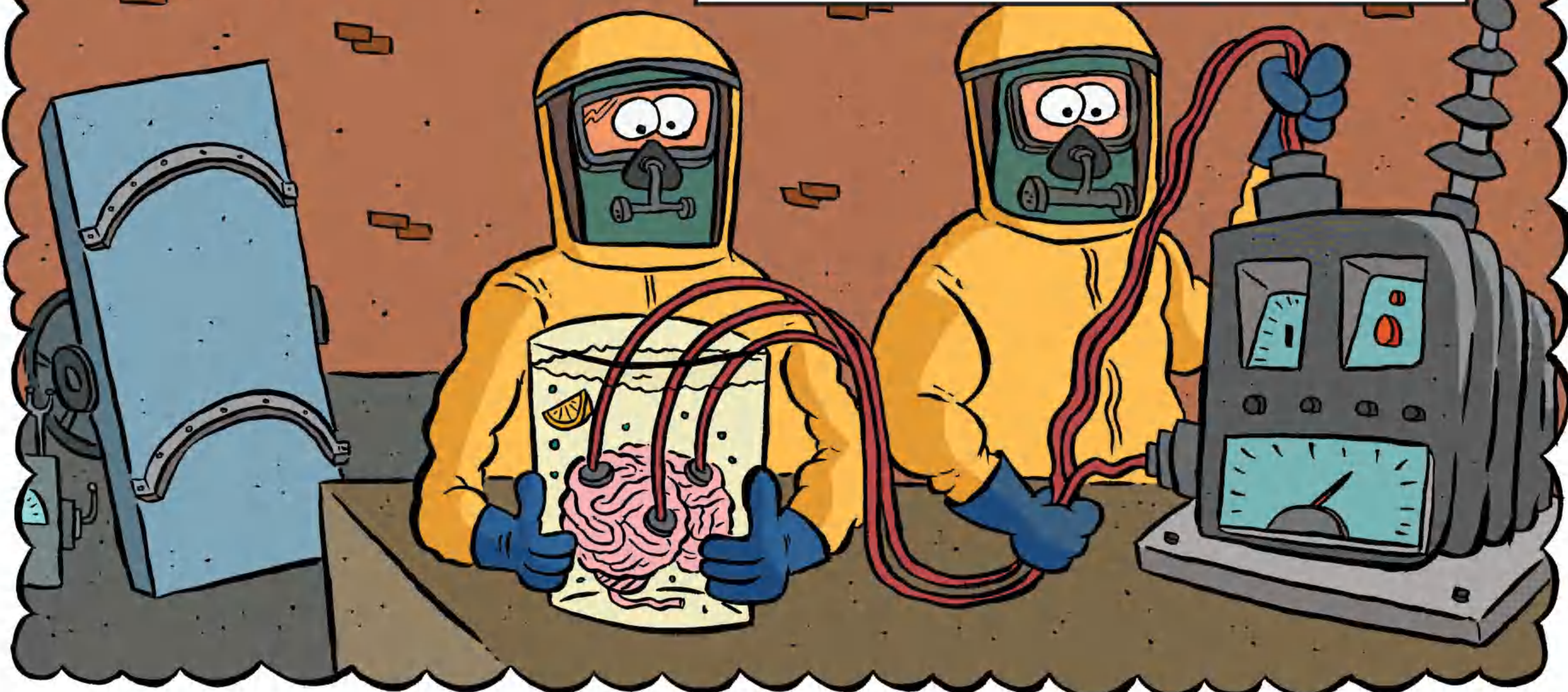




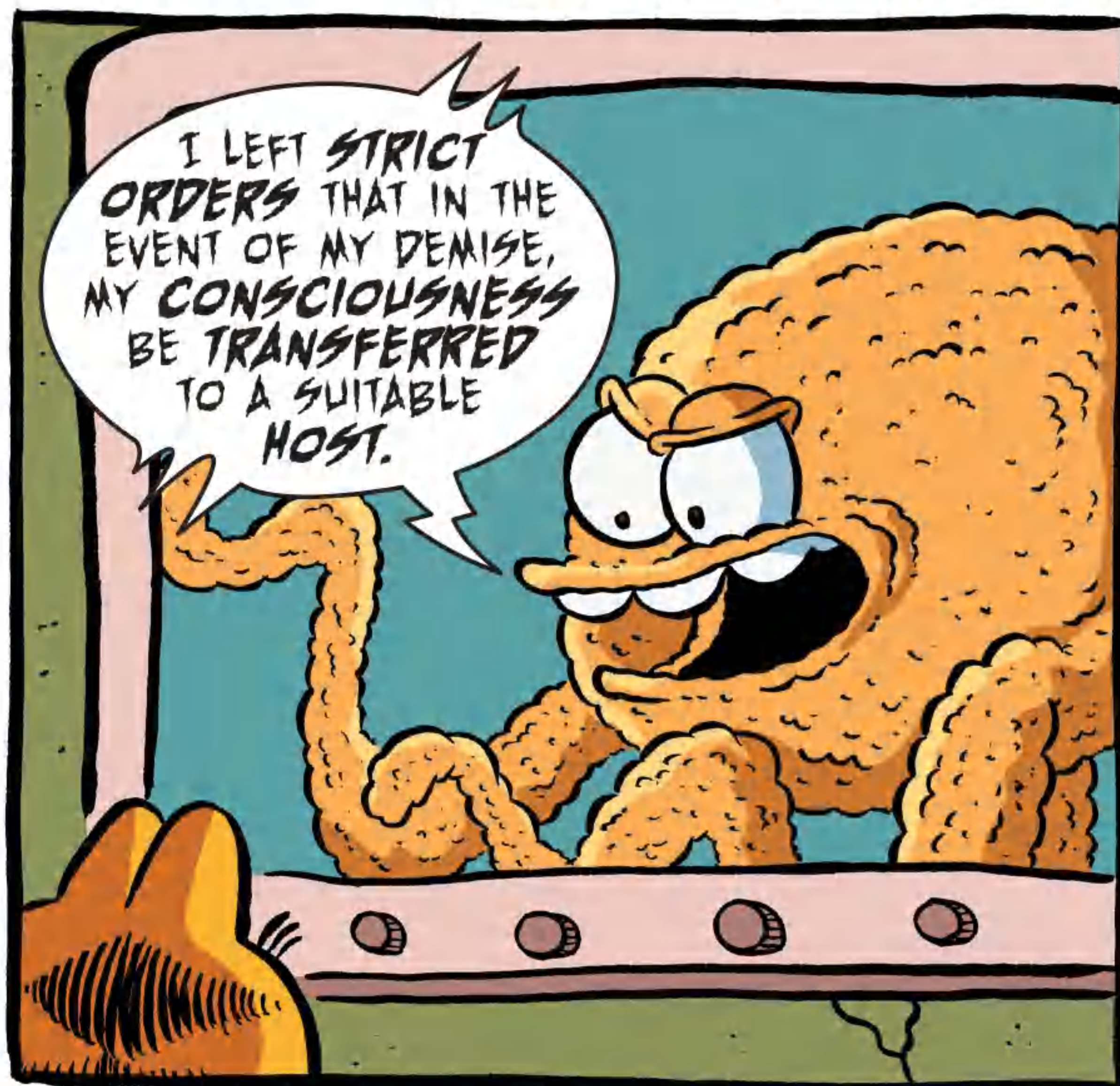


"TRUE, FAT CAT. I WAS DESTROYED.
BUT WHAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW IS THAT I
HAD AN **INGENIOUS BACK-UP PLAN.**"

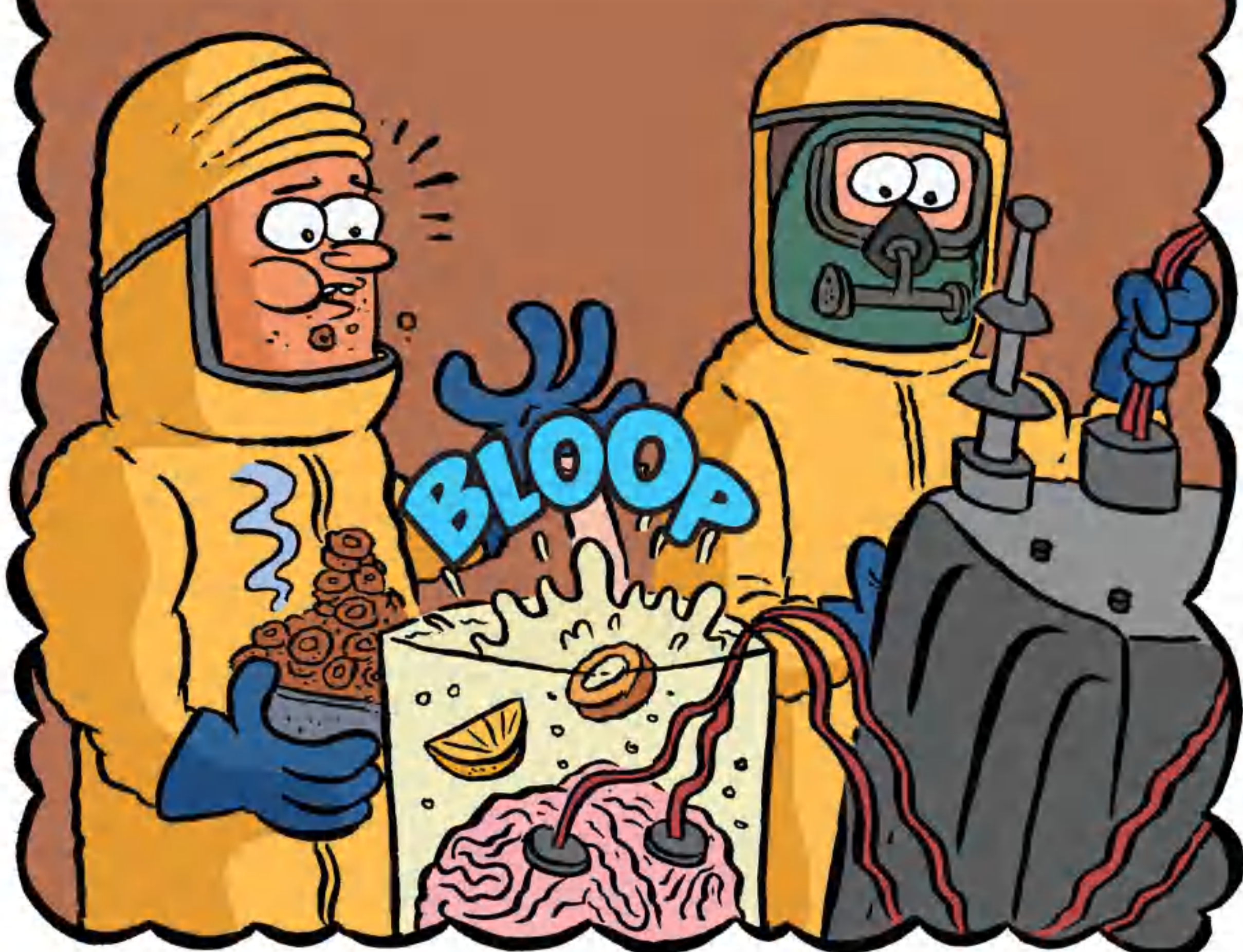
"I HAD TAKEN THE OPPORTUNITY TO **GROW A
CULTURE OF MY BRAIN** AND KEEP IT **VIABLE**
IN A MIXTURE OF ESSENTIAL AMINO ACIDS AND
CLUB SODA...WITH A TWIST OF LIME!"



I LEFT **STRICT
ORDERS** THAT IN THE
EVENT OF MY DEMISE,
MY **CONSCIOUSNESS**
BE TRANSFERRED
TO A SUITABLE
HOST.



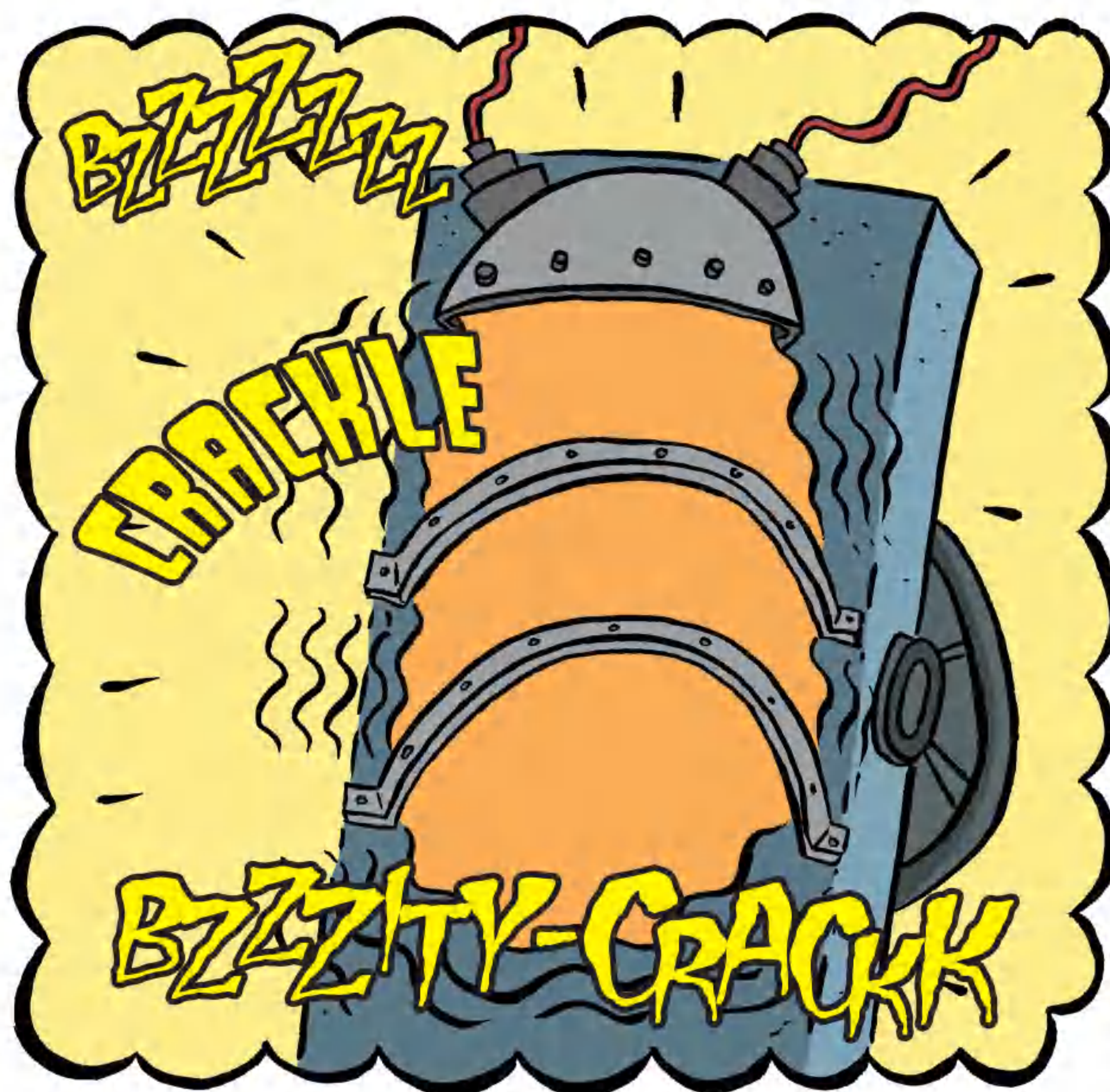
"UNFORTUNATELY THE **INCOMPETENT** TECHNICIAN
DROPPED SOME FRIED CALAMARI INTO
THE LIQUID DURING THE PROCESS..."



BZZZZZ

CRACKLE

BZZZITY-CRACKK



UH-OH...

"...AND I EMERGED AS
WHAT YOU SEE TODAY...
**THE CALAMITOUS
DR. CALAMARI!**"





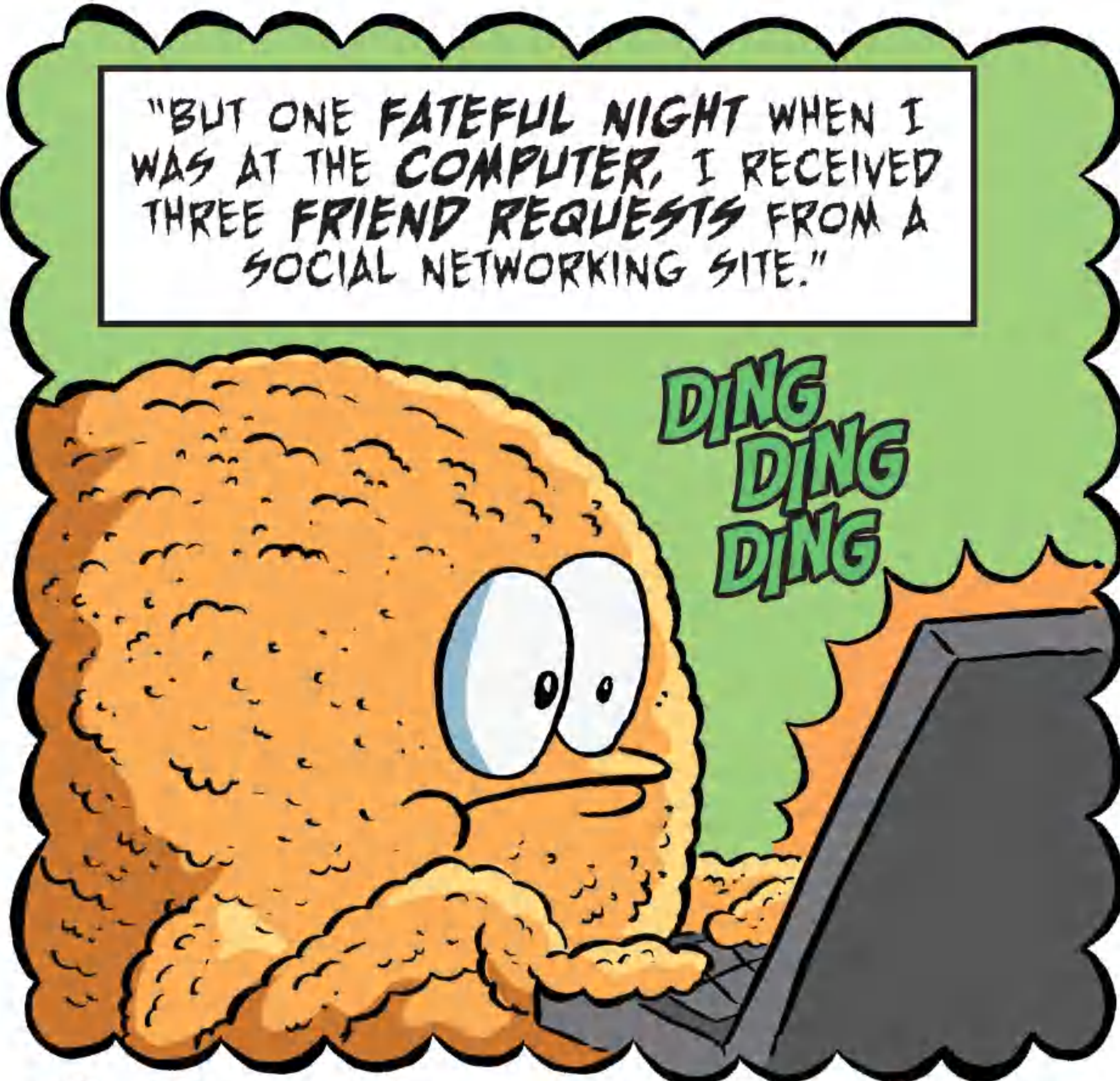
A GIANT
BREADED
SQUID?
THAT'S A
SUITABLE
HOST?

**DON'T
JUDGE ME!**

I WAS GOING
TO **TURN MY BACK**
ON MY **EVIL WAYS** AND
LEAD A NORMAL LIFE.
WELL...AS **NORMAL** AS
A GIANT BREADED
SQUID CAN.



"I PLANNED ON OPENING MY OWN
RESTAURANT--**DR. CALAMARI'S HOUSE**
OF DEEP-FRIED FIXINS', HOME OF
ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT **CHUM NUGGETS!**"

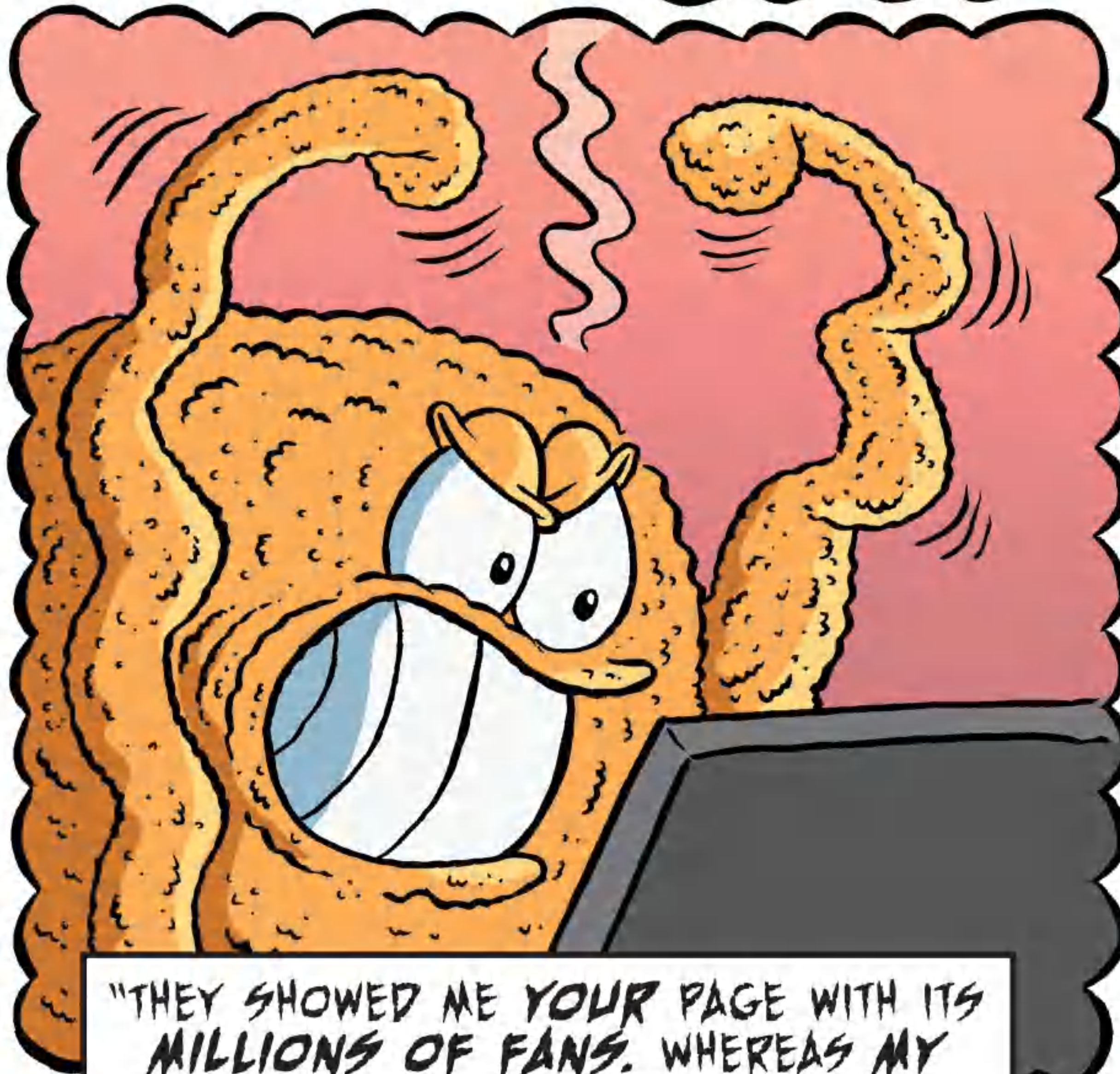


"BUT ONE **FATEFUL NIGHT** WHEN I
WAS AT THE **COMPUTER**, I RECEIVED
THREE **FRIEND REQUESTS** FROM A
SOCIAL NETWORKING SITE."

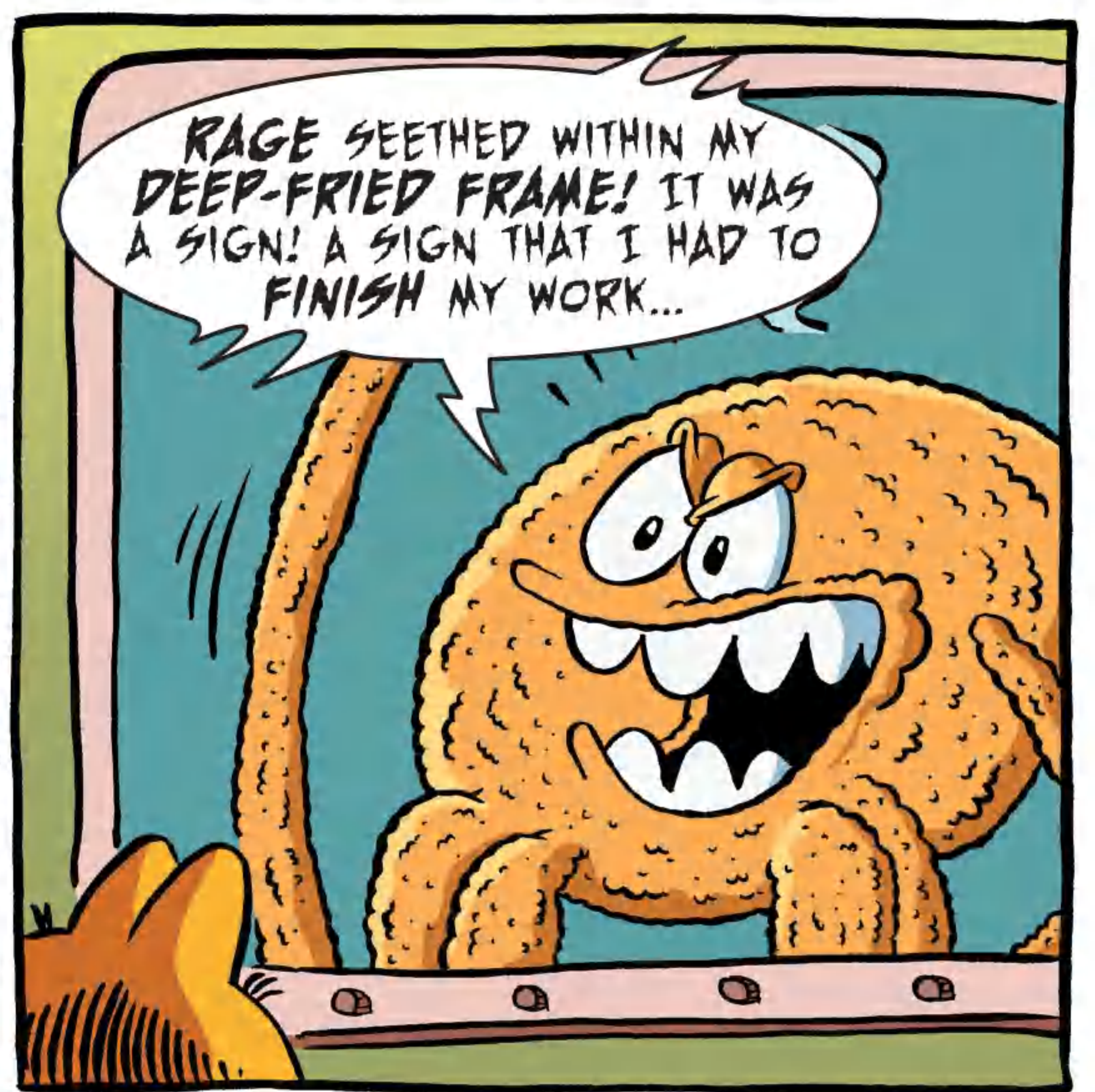
**DING
DING
DING**



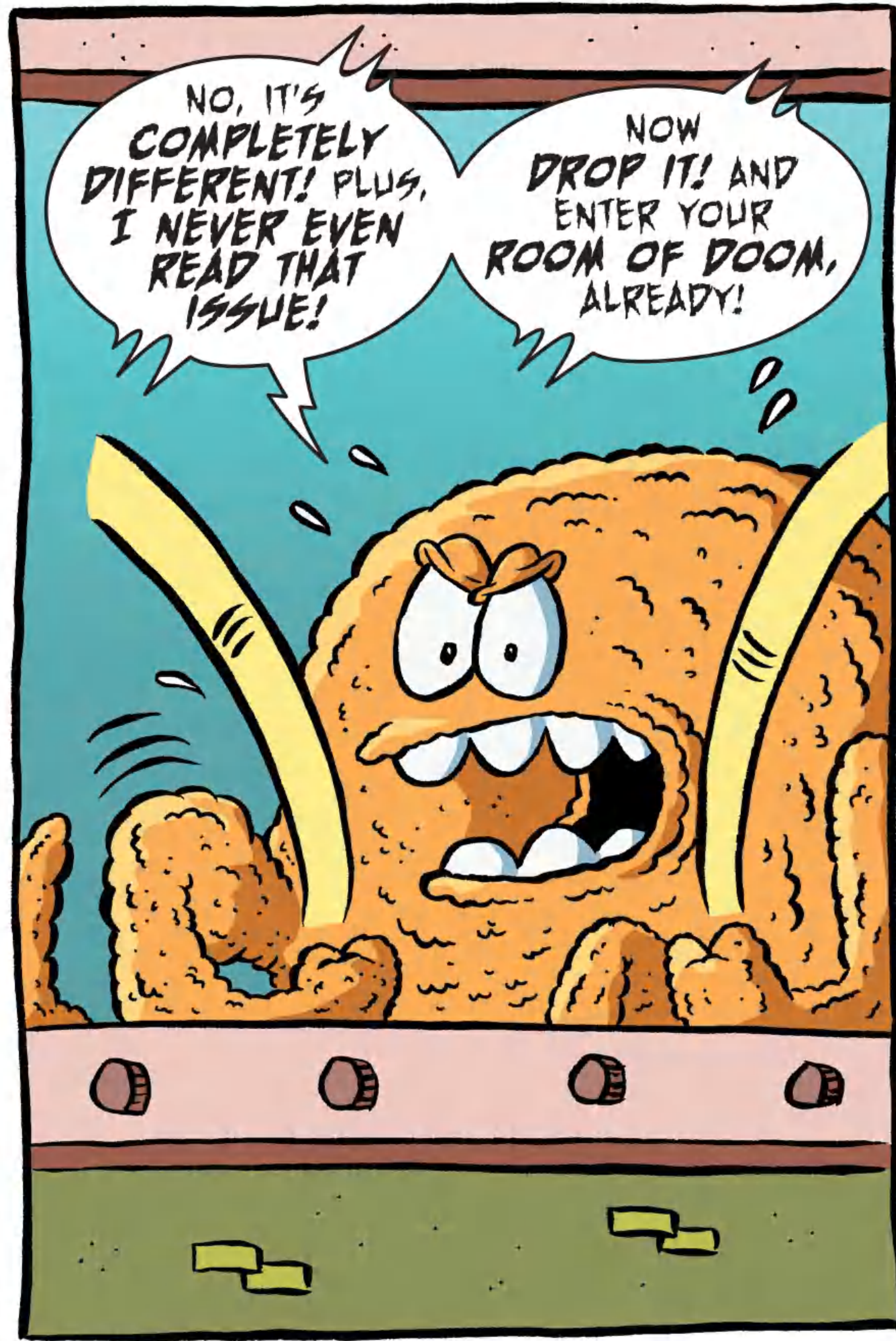
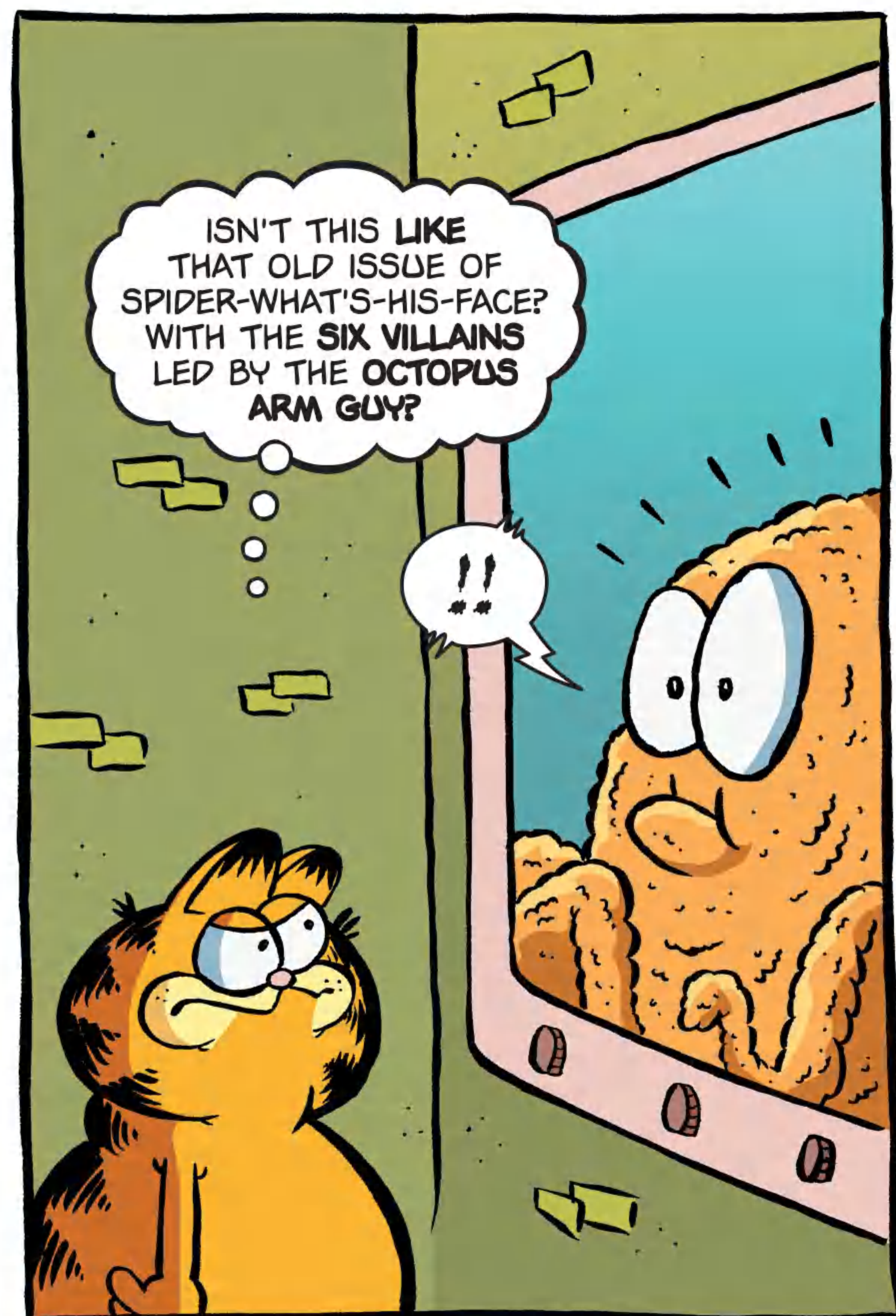
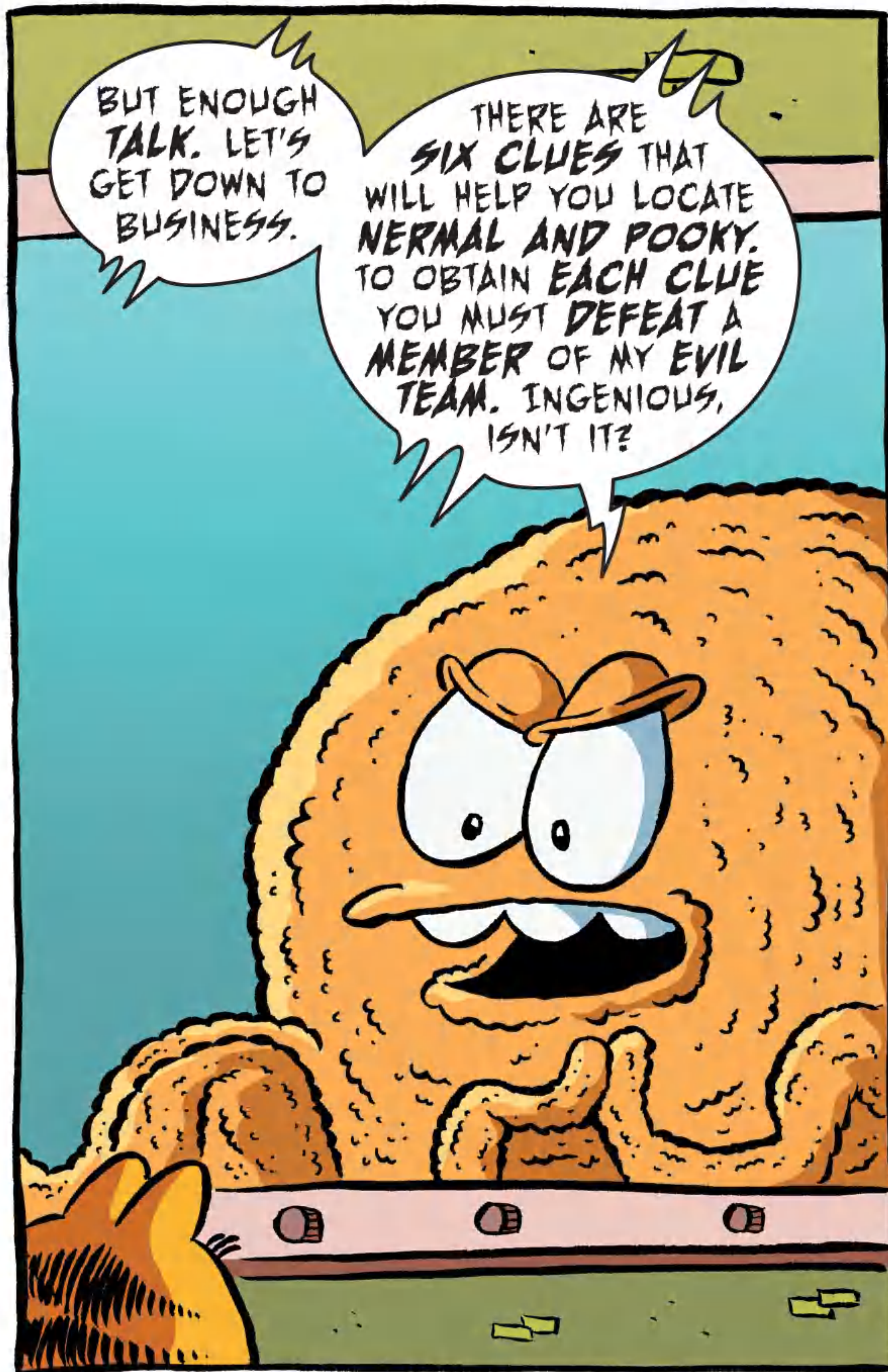
"IT WAS THE **LASAGNA MONSTERS**.
THEY'D TRACKED ME DOWN."



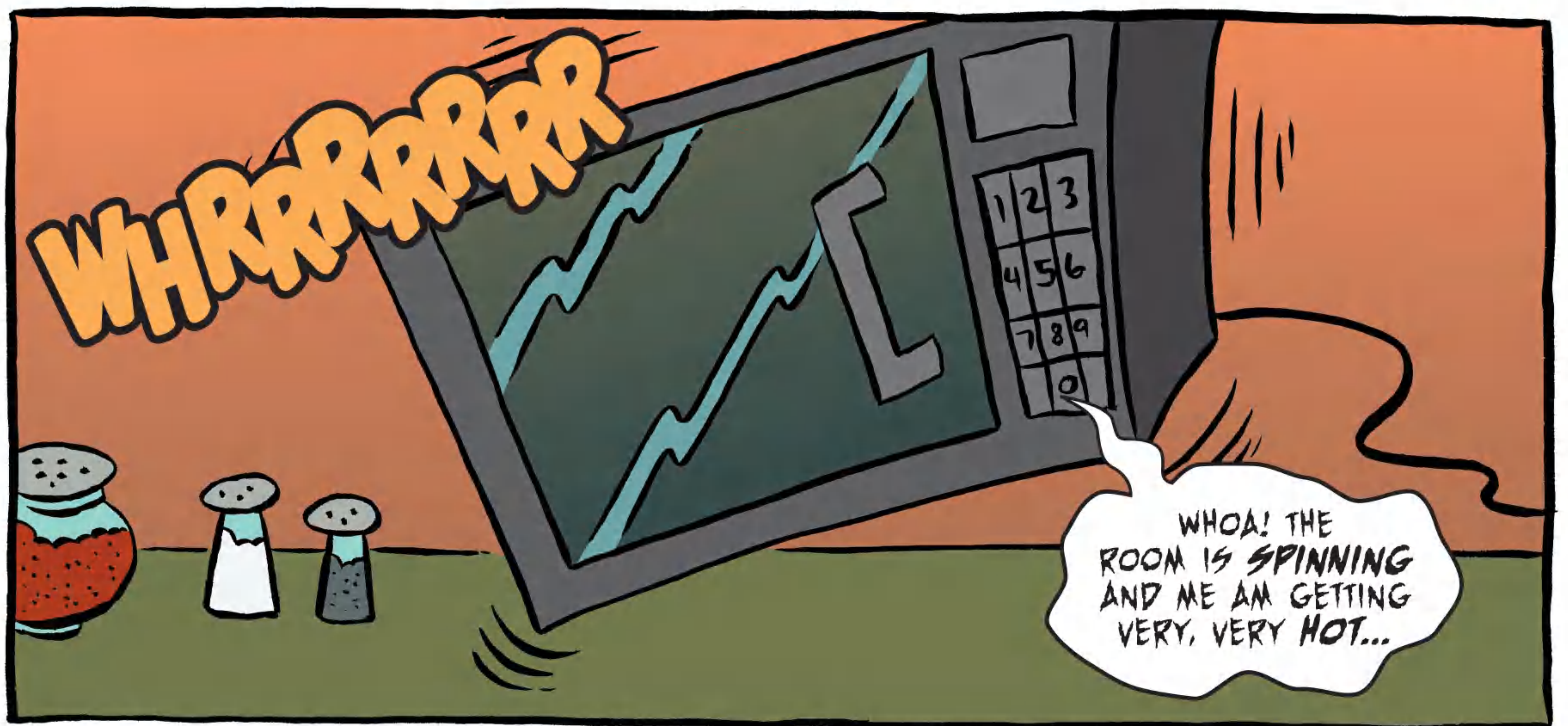
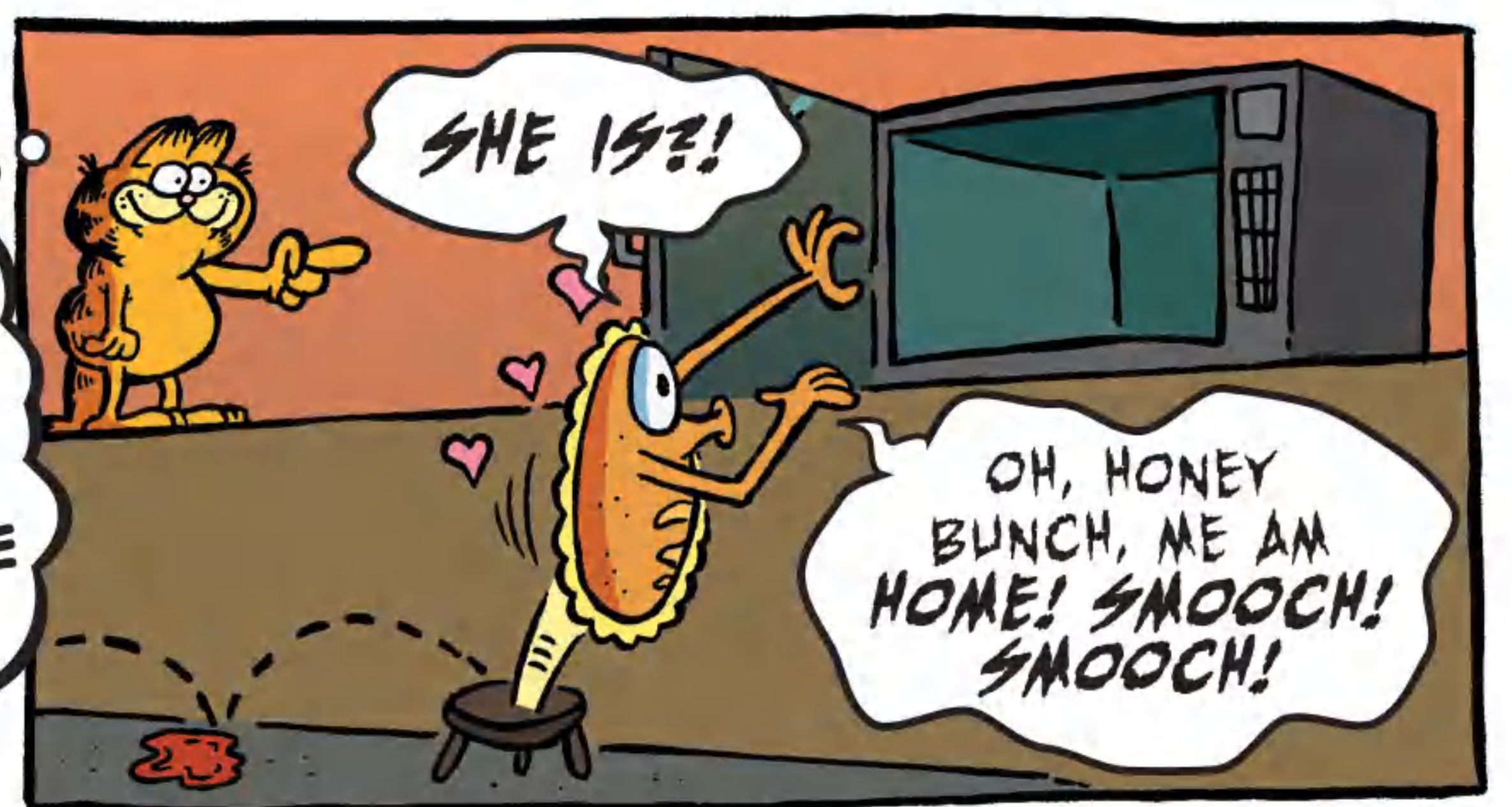
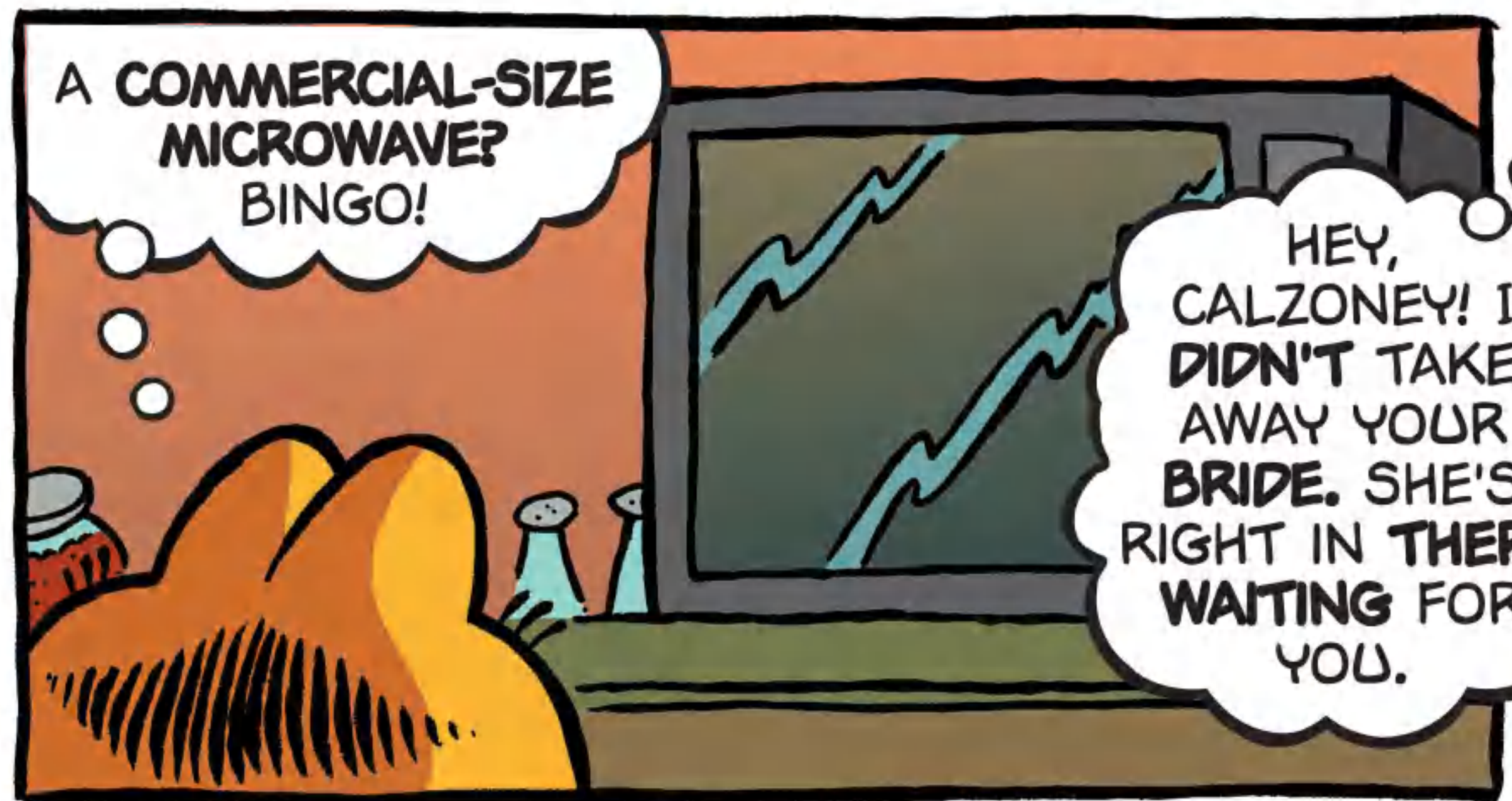
"THEY SHOWED ME **YOUR PAGE** WITH ITS
MILLIONS OF FANS. WHEREAS MY
FAN PAGE ONLY HAD TWO: **MYSELF**
AND A **FAKE ACCOUNT** I'D SET UP."



RAGE SEETHED WITHIN MY
DEEP-FRIED FRAME! IT WAS
A **SIGN!** A SIGN THAT I HAD TO
FINISH MY WORK...











--WITH
SOME HOT
PEPPER!

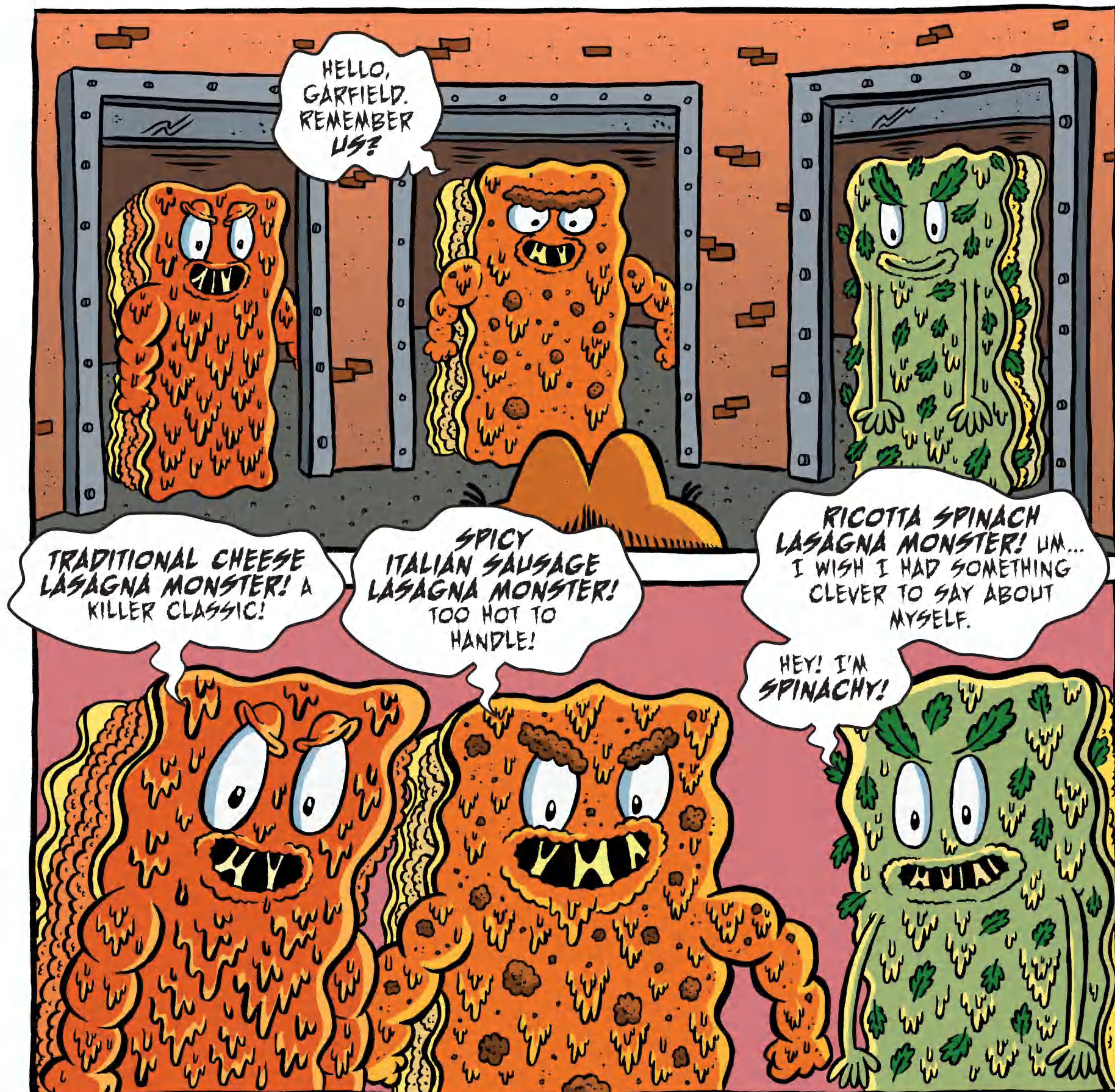
SHAKE
SHAKE
SHAKE

ARGHH!!

MY EYES!
MY SKIN! I'M
GONNA TELL MY
MOMMY!!

YAAGHH!

WELL THAT'S
TWO DOWN.
AND HERE'S MY
SECOND CLUE.
"IN." "LOOK
IN..."



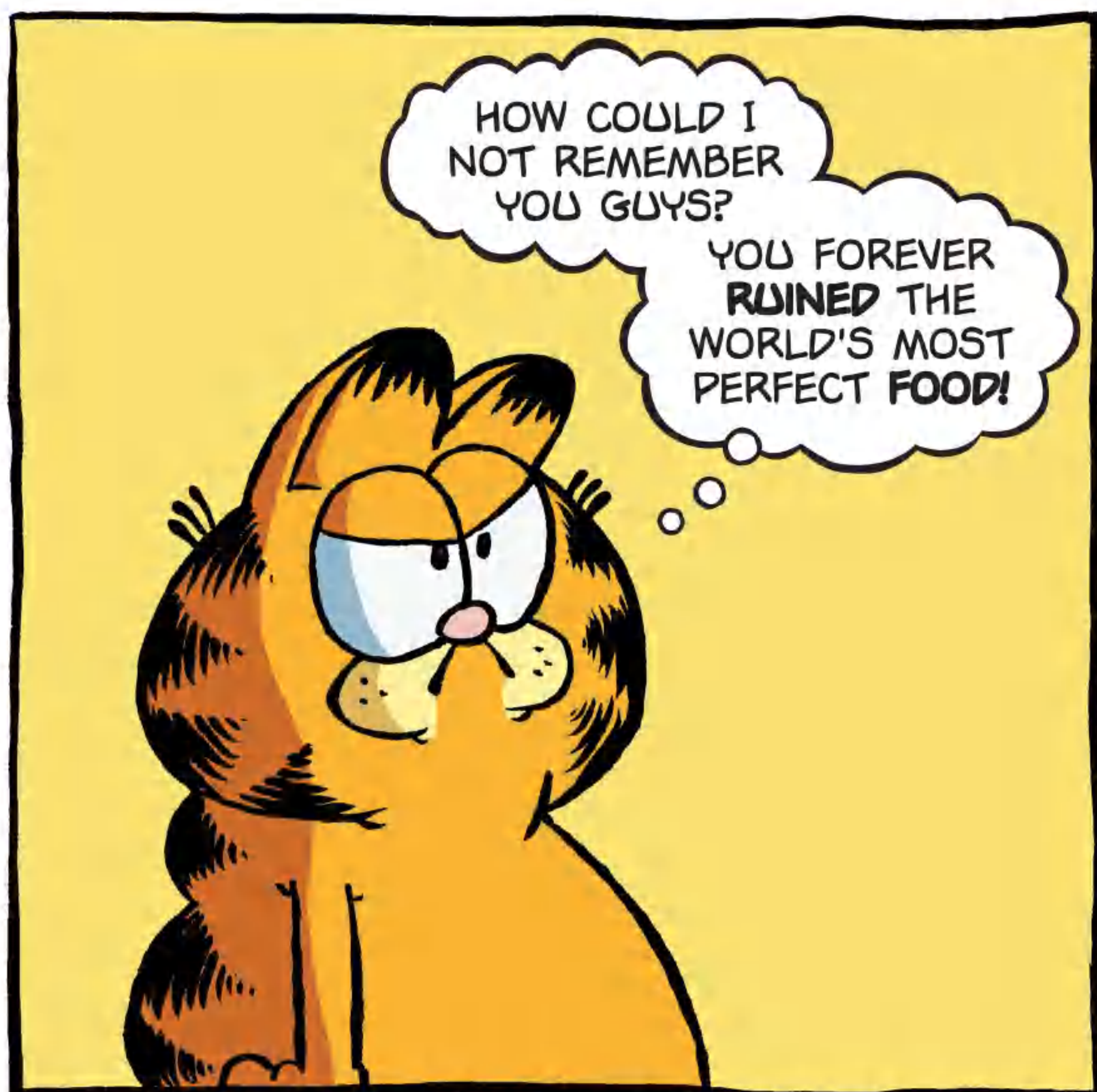
HELLO,
GARFIELD.
REMEMBER
US?

TRADITIONAL CHEESE
LASAGNA MONSTER! A
KILLER CLASSIC!

SPICY
ITALIAN SAUSAGE
LASAGNA MONSTER!
TOO HOT TO
HANDLE!

RICOTTA SPINACH
LASAGNA MONSTER! UM...
I WISH I HAD SOMETHING
CLEVER TO SAY ABOUT
MYSELF.

HEY! I'M
SPINACHY!



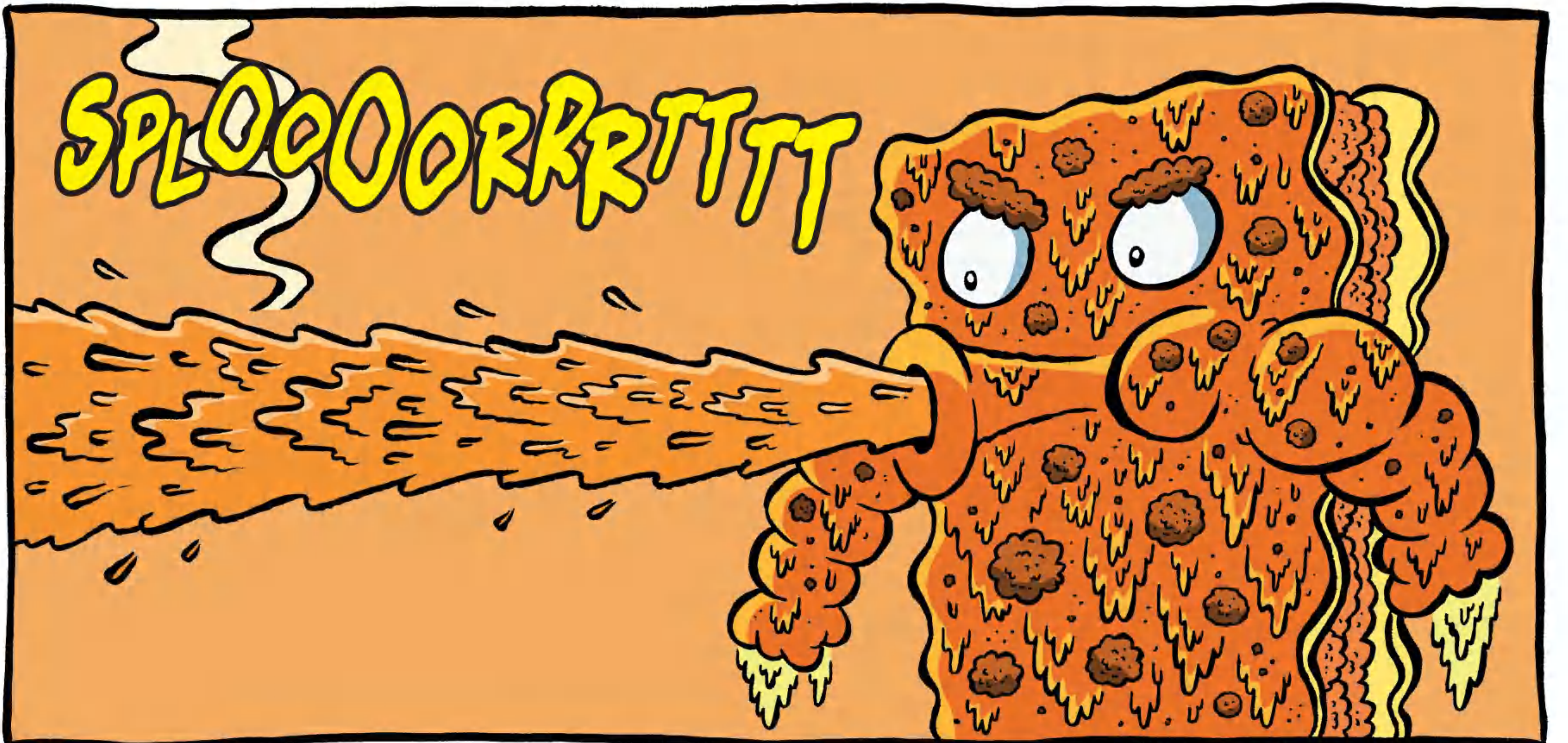
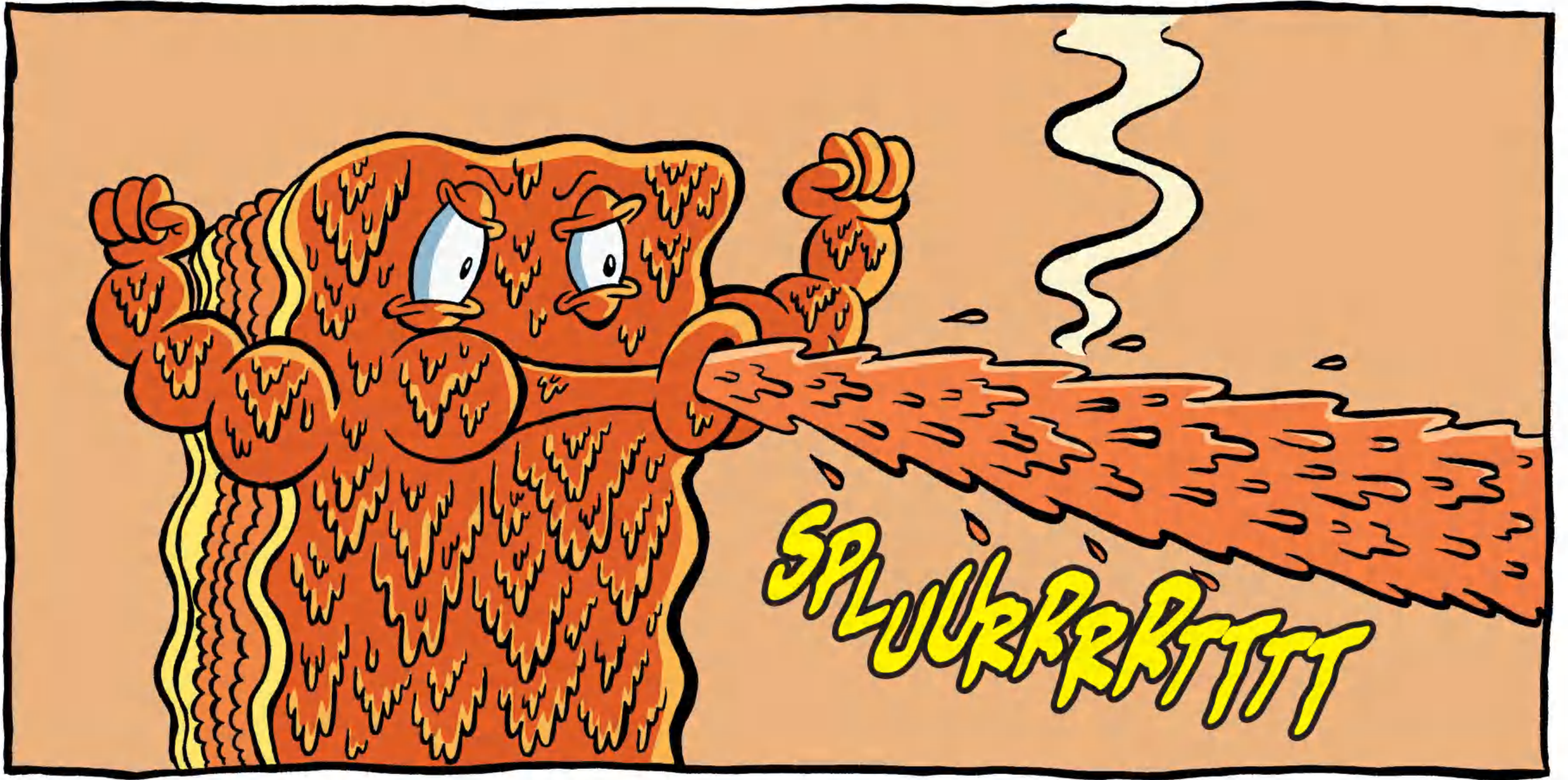
HOW COULD I
NOT REMEMBER
YOU GUYS?

YOU FOREVER
RUINED THE
WORLD'S MOST
PERFECT FOOD!

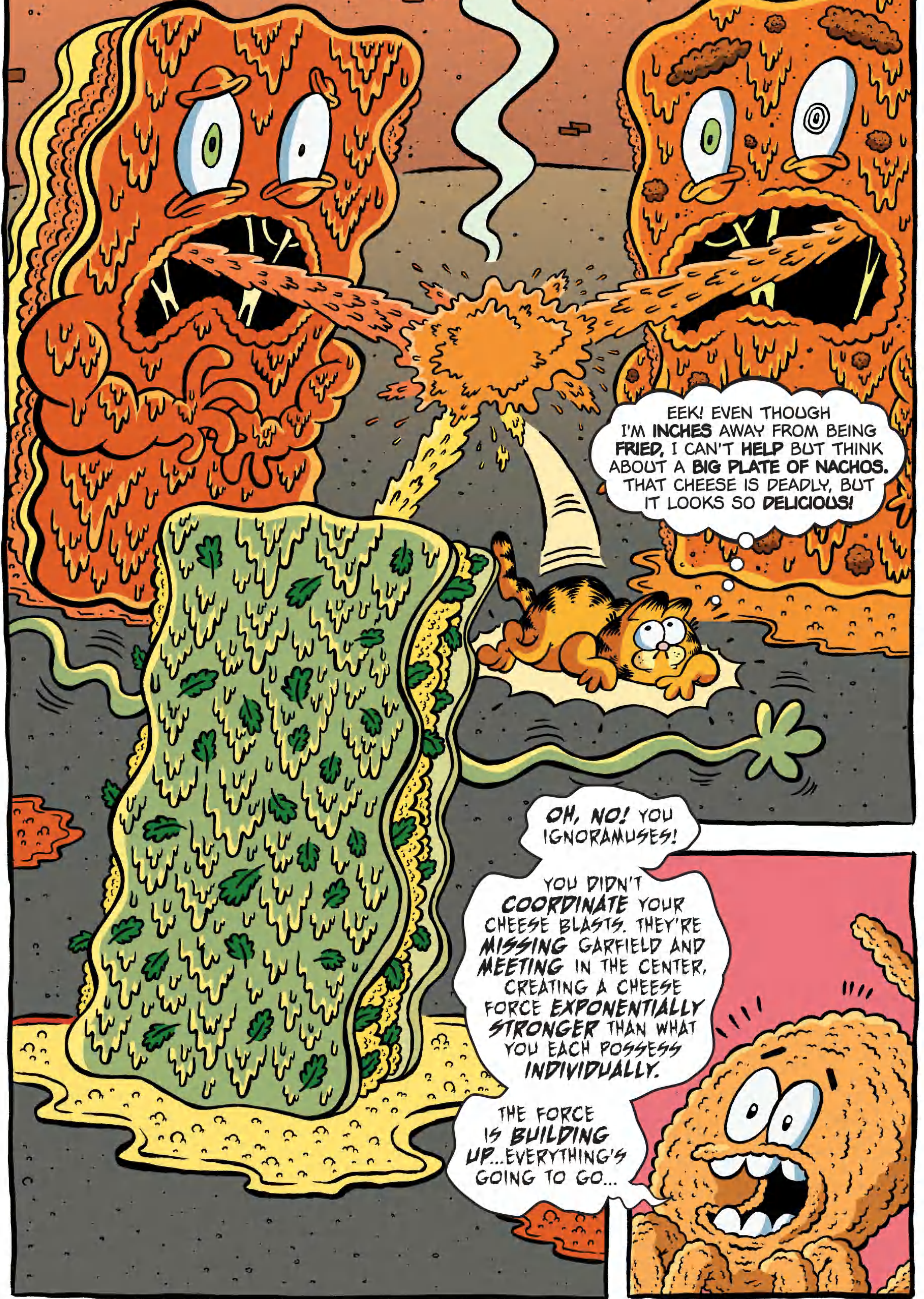


AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO
RUIN YOU. AND BY RUIN,
WE MEAN DESTROY!

YOU WILL
SEE THAT WE NOW
HAVE HEIGHTENED
POWERS. SO
PREPARE TO TASTE
A TRIPLE BLAST
OF MOLTEN
CHEESE!!



SPLURRRRTZZ



EEK! EVEN THOUGH I'M INCHES AWAY FROM BEING FRIED, I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK ABOUT A BIG PLATE OF NACHOS. THAT CHEESE IS DEADLY, BUT IT LOOKS SO DELICIOUS!

OH, NO! YOU IGNORAMUSES!

YOU DIDN'T COORDINATE YOUR CHEESE BLASTS. THEY'RE MISSING GARFIELD AND MEETING IN THE CENTER, CREATING A CHEESE FORCE EXPONENTIALLY STRONGER THAN WHAT YOU EACH POSSESS INDIVIDUALLY.

THE FORCE IS BUILDING UP...EVERYTHING'S GOING TO GO...



YABLOOY!

WOW, LOOK AT ALL THAT CHEESE. THAT'S GONNA TAKE FOREVER TO CLEAN.

OH, WELL.

Garfield is shown from the chest up, looking upwards with a wide-eyed, somewhat resigned expression. He is orange with black stripes. The background is a solid pink color.

NOW FOR MY NEXT THREE CLUES. "THE" "DUMPSTER" "AT"...

OKAY, SO WE HAVE "LOOK IN THE DUMPSTER AT." WHERE? THE DUMPSTER WHERE??

Garfield is holding a stack of three blue cards. He has a thoughtful or slightly confused expression. The background is a solid tan color.

YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT, FAT CAT, BECAUSE YOU'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH ME FOR THAT CLUE...

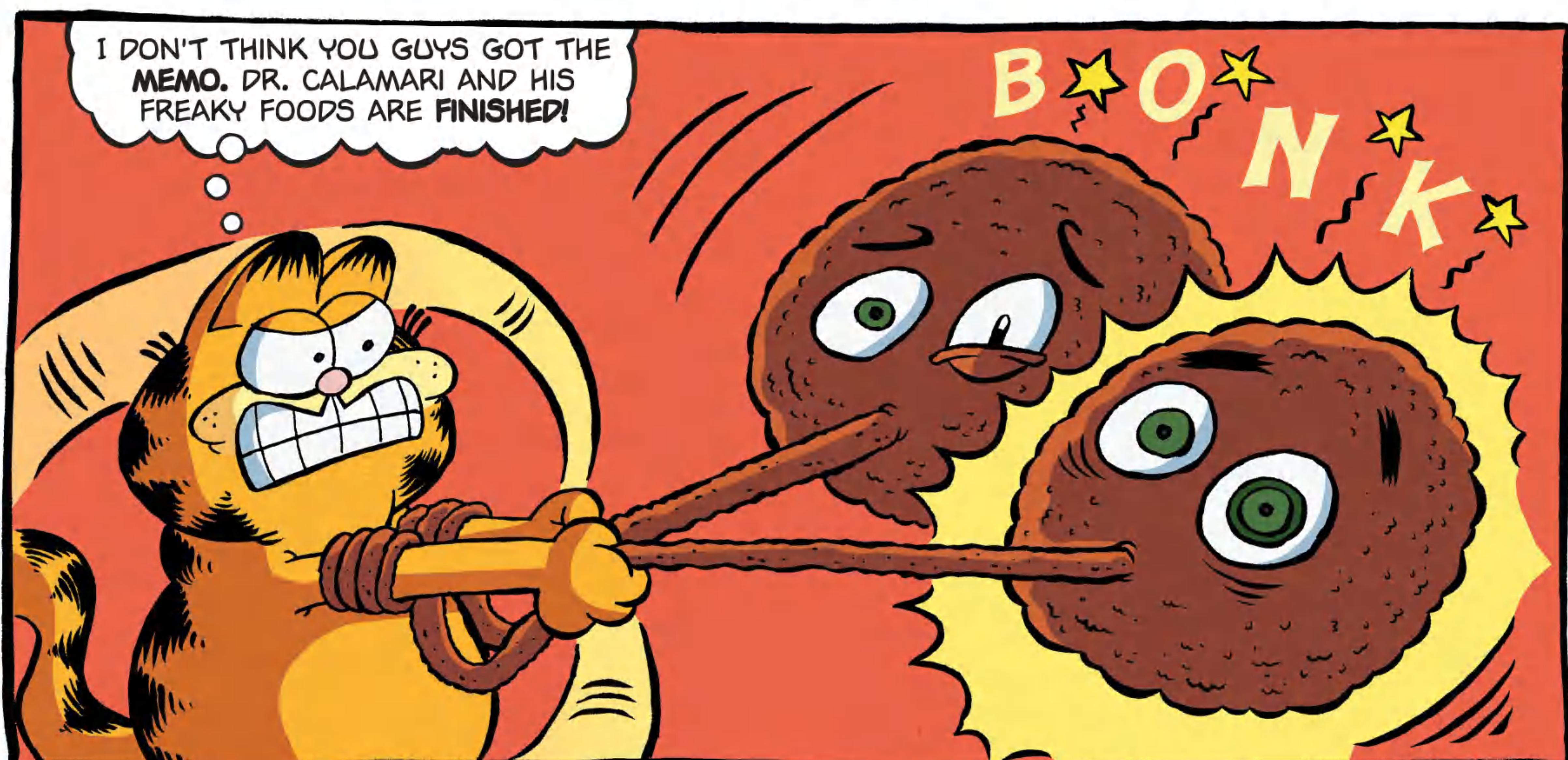
AND YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STOP HIM FROM GETTING THAT CLUE. YOU'RE GOING DOWN!

A large, anthropomorphic monster made of melted cheese is blocking the path. It has a grumpy face, small eyes, and is standing with its arms outstretched. The background is a simple brown and grey floor.

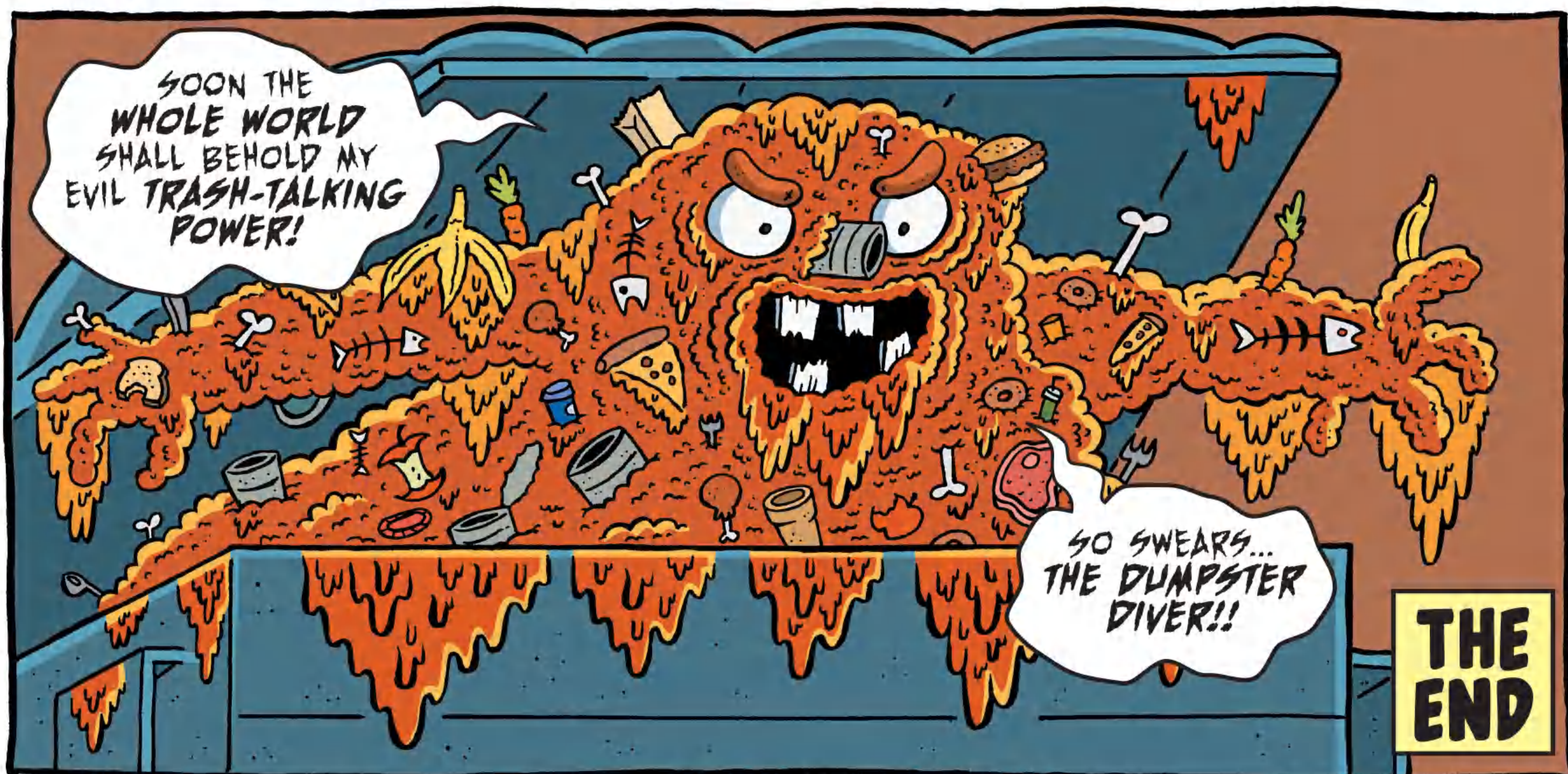
WHAT? OH NO! NOT YOU!!

A close-up of the cheese monster's face. It has a very wide, open mouth showing sharp teeth, and its eyes are wide and staring. The background is a solid green color.









PIN-UP BY
COURTNEY BERNARD

