

THE ADVENTURES OF HAROLD MITTY PIZZA BOY

OKAY, LET'S DEAL WITH THIS RIGHT HERE ON PAGE ONE. MY NAME'S HAROLD MITTY. I'M 23 YEARS OLD AN' I LIVE IN A ONE ROOM BASEMENT APARTMENT. AN' I DELIVER PIZZA. IF YOU'RE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE I KNOW, YOU THINK ALL THAT MAKES ME A LOSER. WELL, SCREW YOU- THIS IS JUST A TEMPORARY ARRANGEMENT. IT FREES UP MY DAYS TO PERFECT MY CRAFT...

Y'KNOW HAROLD, YOU'VE GOT TO BE THE WORST DELIVERY BOY I'VE EVER HIRED!

YOU SEE, I'M WORKING ON A GRAPHIC NOVEL AND I'M NOT TOO MODEST TO SAY THAT I THINK STEVEN SPIELBERG WILL BE VERY INTERESTED IN IT WHEN IT GETS PUBLISHED BUT I DIGRESS- THE STORY I REALLY WANT TO TELL YOU BEGAN LAST MONDAY NIGHT...

HAVE a LUNCH PIZZA!

WELL GEE MR. ABACUS MAYBE IF YOU PAID ME A LIVING WAGE I COULD AFFORD TO FIX MY TRUCK. THAT'S WHY I'M ALWAYS RUNNING-

WELL MAYBE IF YOU DELIVERED THE PIZZAS ON TIME YOU'D ACTUALLY MAKE SOME TIPS AND COULD AFFORD A NEW TRUCK. NOW GET THESE PEACH AND PLACENTA PIES TO 97/WILLCHUCK.

NOO! NOT WILLCHUCK AVENUE! THOSE GUYS ARE ANIMALS! THEY DON'T TIP! AND THE LAST TIME I WAS OUT THERE- they gave me a wedgy...

LOOK HAROLD, I DON'T CARE IF THEY GAVE YOU THE BUBONIC PLAGUE- UNLESS YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO CLEANING STALLS AT THE 4H CLUB, I SUGGEST YOU GET YOUR SORROWFUL ASS IN GEAR...

AND DELIVER THOSE PIZZAS!

OH ARE YOU GONNA BE SORRY YOU TREATED ME LIKE THIS WHEN MR. SPIELBERG OPTIONS MY GRAPHIC NOVEL!

SEE WHAT I HAVE TO DEAL WITH? PHILISTINES! A TOWN FULL OF PHILISTINES WHO HAVE NO SYMPATHY FOR THOSE OF US WITH AN ARTISTIC VISION!

TO BE CONTINUED...