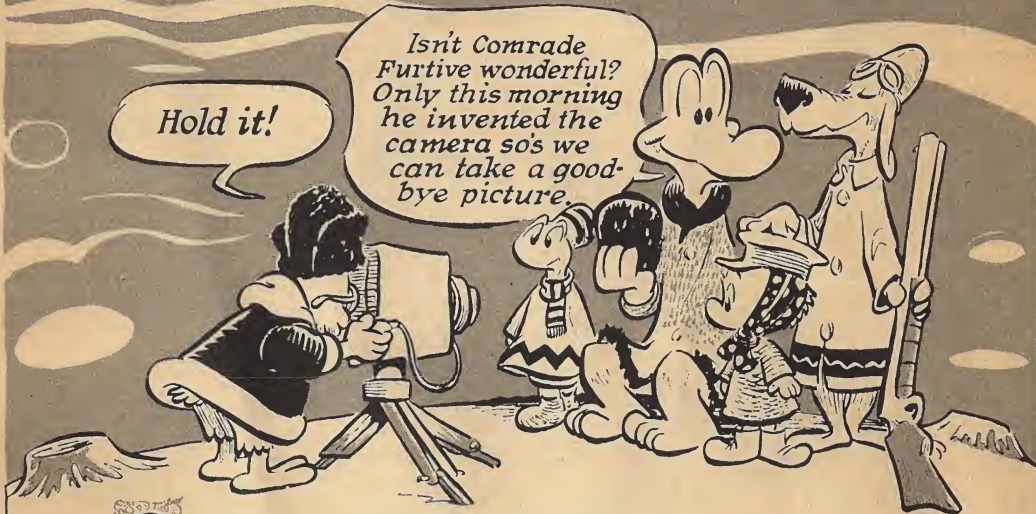


Back to Earth



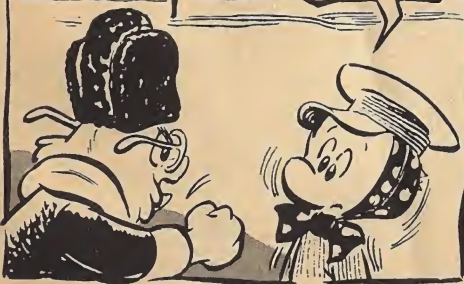
Hold it!

Isn't Comrade Furtive wonderful? Only this morning he invented the camera so's we can take a good-bye picture.

Our story opens on the dark side of the moon where a small group of scientists plan to return to Earth bringing with them the secrets of the Universe, the chart of the stars, the keys to the Heavens.

By Nab! When I say hold it, I mean hold it!

How can I hold it when I gotta shiver?



It's against the constitution to shiver, comrade... shivering is for people who are cold, people who are weak, frightened, unhappy...

I can shiver for all four reasons.





Comrade Morose, I orders you to send Comrade Pogo to Siberia.

It can't be done Beloved Leader, until we gets down to earth.



Send him by parcel post; send him by air mail.

But up here we don't got no Siberia.



You mean our moon, our splendid new possession, got no place worse than this here?

Every-thing up here is worse.



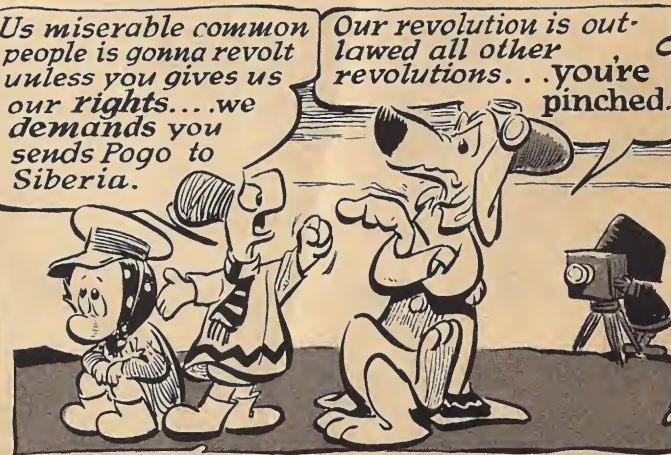
Please send me to Siberia! Compared to here, Siberia is Miami Beach.

Just for that you can't go.



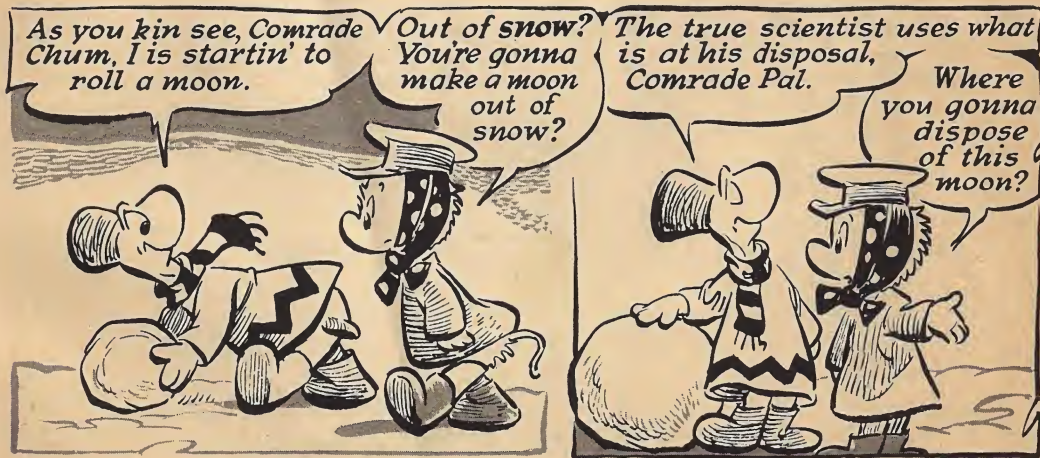
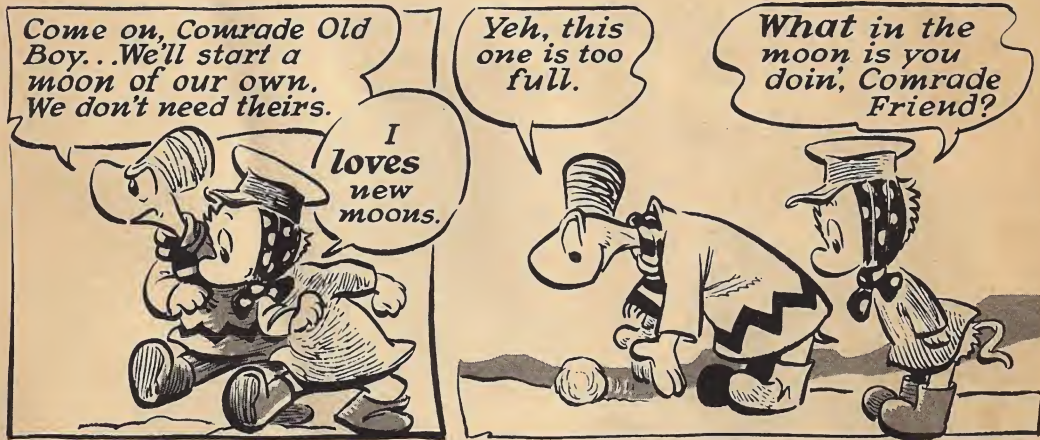
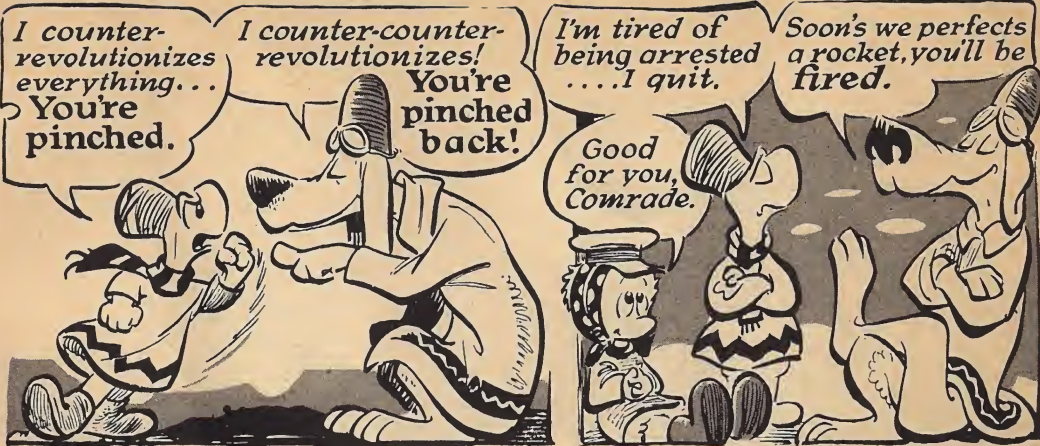
What's wrong, Tovarish?

I never get any breaks... They won't send me to Siberia.



Us miserable common people is gonna revolt unless you gives us our rights...we demands you sends Pogo to Siberia.

Our revolution is out-lawed all other revolutions...you're pinched.



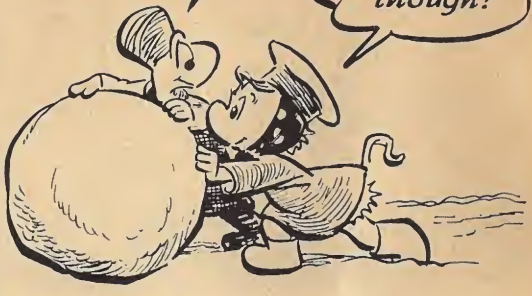
I figgers we'll fly the scaper back to the U.S. and sell it to the gummint.



Good! Then they kin rent it out to song writers an' everybody'll be rich.



Exactly. A good snow moon ought to be worth a cool million.



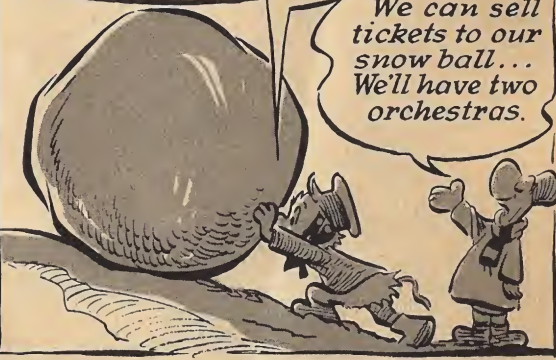
How you gonna get a hot moon into the country, though?

We'll drop it in... Say, right into Shibe Park... an' call it a ice meteor.



Splendid.

I sure gotta hand it to you, Comrade Boon Companion.

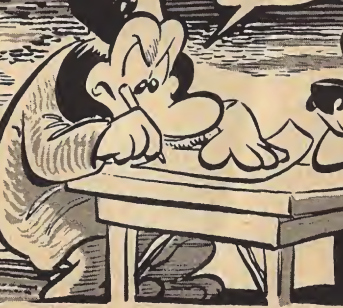


We can sell tickets to our snow ball... We'll have two orchestras.

What are those two little revolutionaries up to? Humph, they seem to be rolling a snow ball.

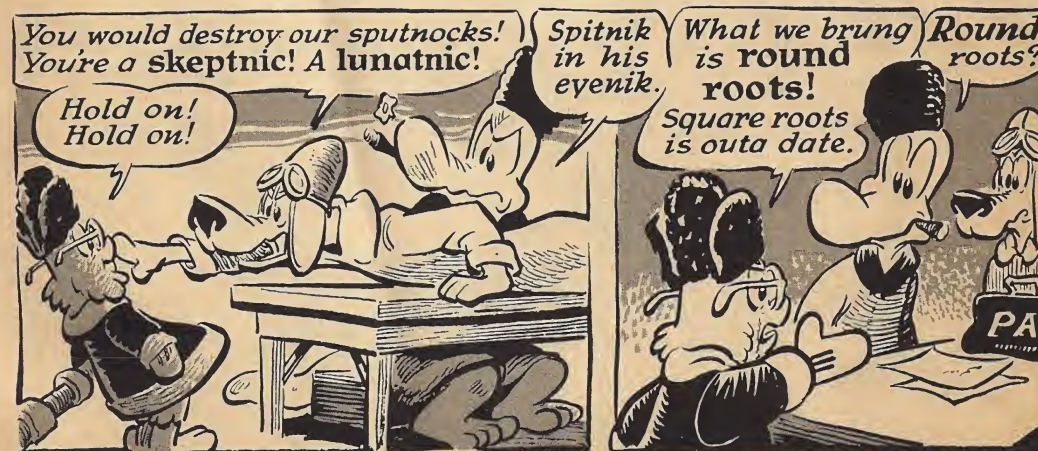
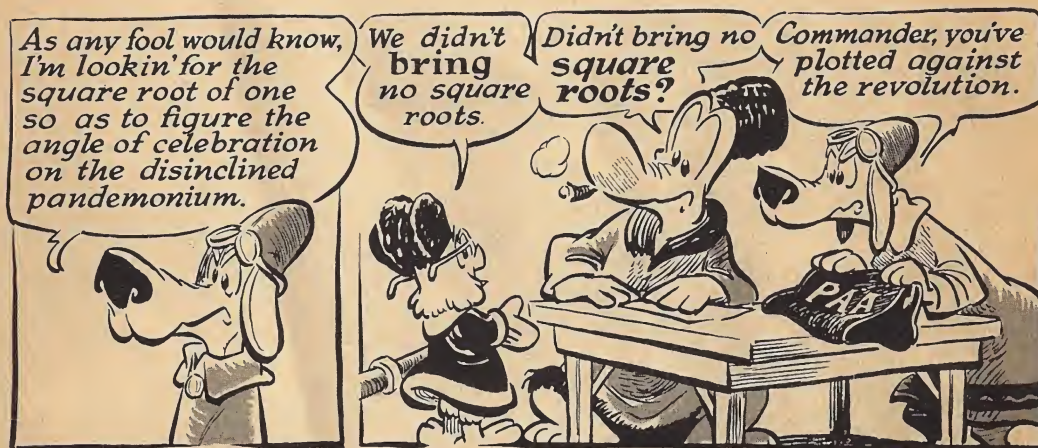
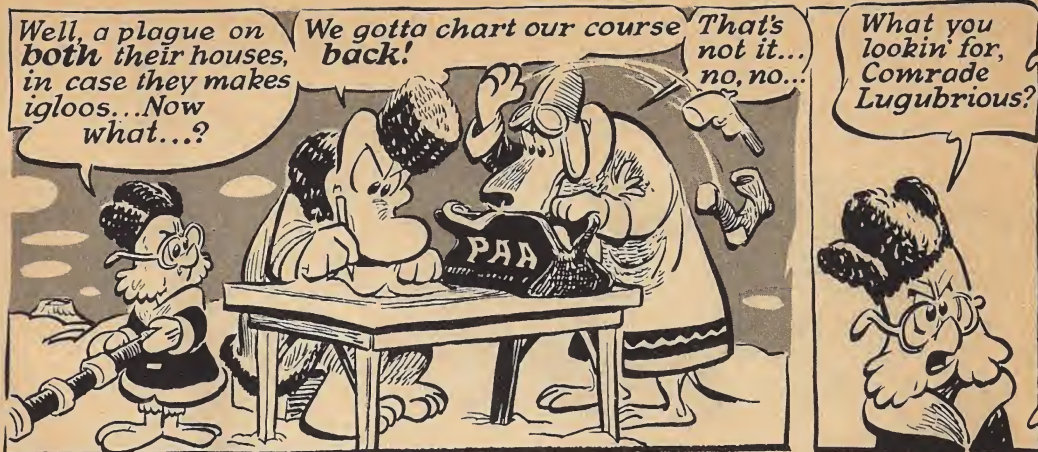


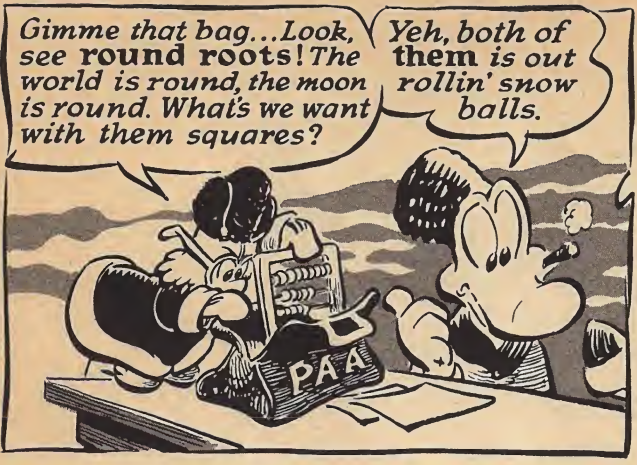
Bah! Making a snow man. Playing children's games while we wears our brains out.



Yes, just when we need every ounce of brain power at our command, two of our ounces is missing.







Gimme that bag...Look, see round roots! The world is round, the moon is round. What's we want with them squares?

Yeh, both of them is out rollin' snow balls.



We figure everything on these round roots from now on...We got nothin' to sphere but spheres themselves.



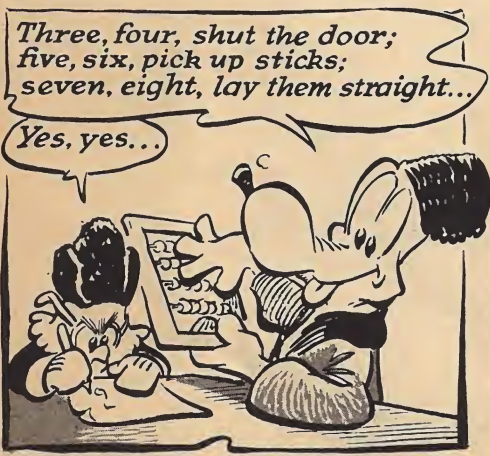
All right now, I'll need some figures... You start countin, Beloved Leader; Comrade Melancholic, you go shoot the sun.

If you says so, Commander.



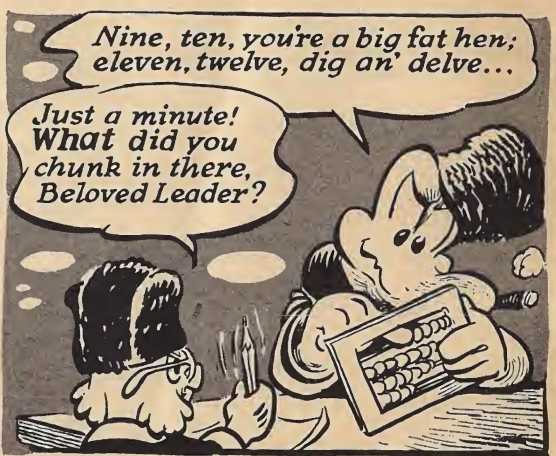
Okay, B.L., put the first load on the scale and we'll see if we hit in the low seventies.

Okay it is, Commander... Let's see now, one, two, buckle my shoe...



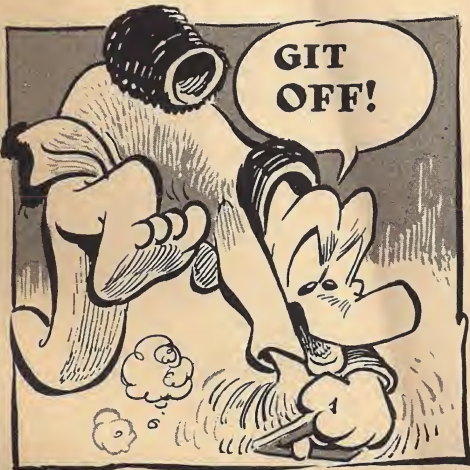
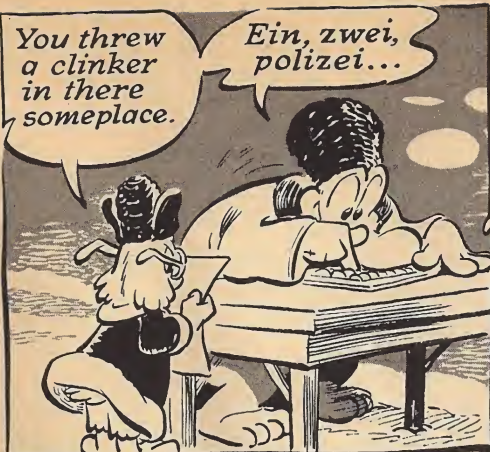
Three, four, shut the door; five, six, pick up sticks; seven, eight, lay them straight...

Yes, yes...

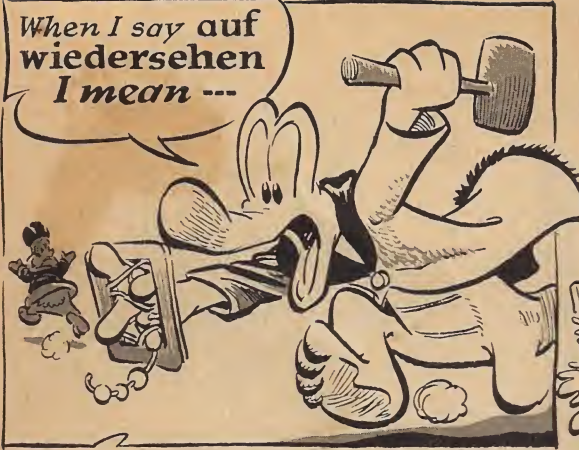


Nine, ten, you're a big fat hen; eleven, twelve, dig an' delve...

Just a minute! What did you chunk in there, Beloved Leader?



When I say auf
wiedersehen
I mean ---

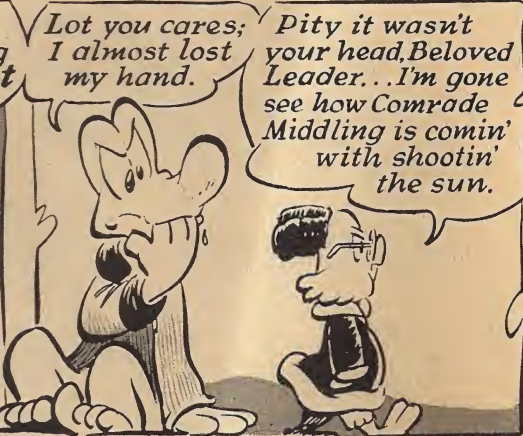
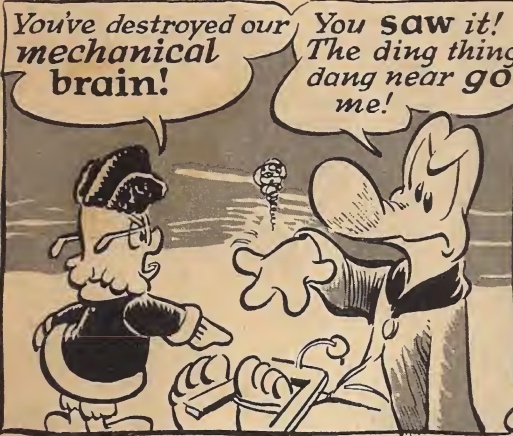


You've destroyed our
mechanical
brain!

You saw it!
The ding thing
dang near got
me!

Lot you cares;
I almost lost
my hand.

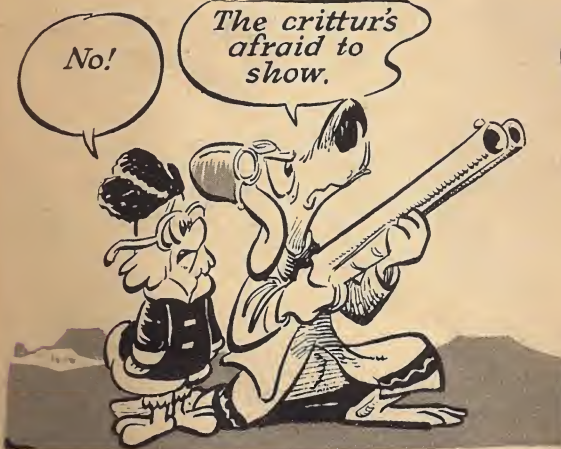
Pity it wasn't
your head, Beloved
Leader... I'm gone
see how Comrade
Middling is comin'
with shootin'
the sun.



No!

The crittur's
afraid to
show.

Why did I leave my
laundry job in Sandusky
an' join the party?

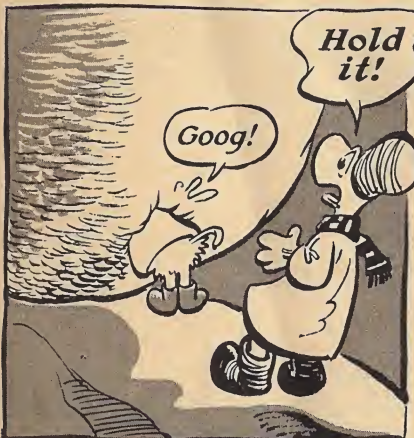




Say, did you notice this ain't a real snowball? It's made of strawberry ice cream!

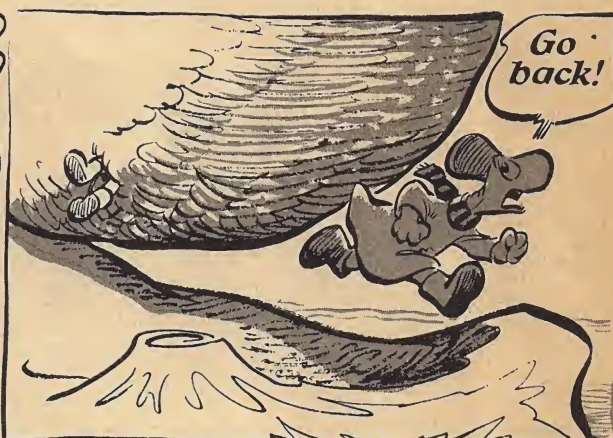


Ice cream or not, it's rollin' down on us...

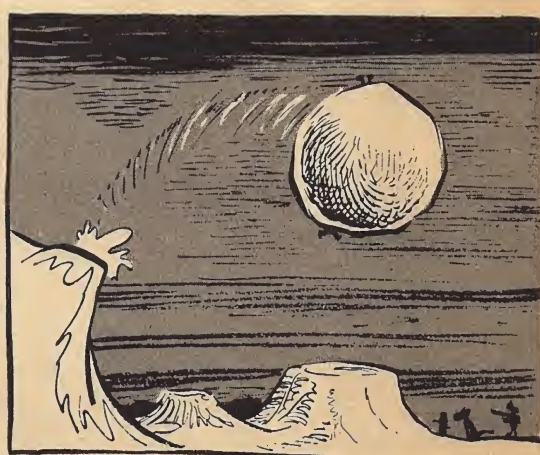


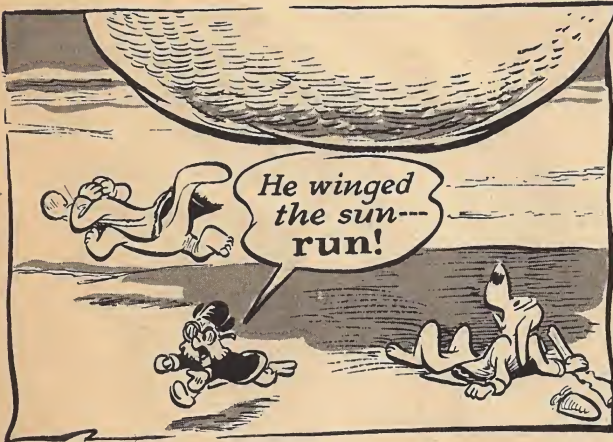
Hold it!

Goog!



Go back!





Bah! You destroyed our mechanical brain an'---an'---

An' he shot down the sun! I'm through with both of you!

