

House of Dreams Redux Part 9 Preview



Areg5

MINUTES LATER...

**WE COULDN'T
ALL FIT IN IT,
DORKUS.**

**WHY COULDN'T WE
TAKE YOUR CAR, AUNT
NADIA? THAT ONE'S
COOL.**

**THAT'S RIGHT, LAURIE.
THAT'S WHY WE'RE TAKING
YOUR CAR.**





*SHE'S TOO
LITTLE TO DRIVE IT
ANYWAY. WE'D ALL BE
KILLED.*

*SHE CAN START
DRIVING IT AGAIN IN
A FEW YEARS.*

*AND DON'T WORRY,
JON. I PROMISED YOU A
RIDE IN MY CAR AND
YOU'LL GET IT.*



I ALREADY RODE IN AUNT
NADIA'S CAR. SHE'LL HAVE TO PUT
A BABY SEAT IN IT FOR YOU,
DORKUS.

**WHINE*... LAURIE'S MAKING
FUN OF ME AND CALLING ME
NAMES, AUNT NADIA.*

I HAFTA TAKE OFF MY
SEAT BELT SO I CAN
SLUG HER ONE.

THEN I'LL PUT
IT BACK ON.

THERE WILL BE NO FIGHTING
IN THE CAR, AND THE BELT
STAYS ON, JON.

NO ONE LIKES A
TATTLE TALE, JON.
YOU'RE SUCH A BABY!

WHINE... AUNT
NADIA...

LAURIE'S A PAIN IN THE
ASS, IF YOU ASK ME.



TELL ME ABOUT IT.
SHE WAS REALLY
PISSING ME OFF.

GROWING UP WITH
HER WAS WORSE THAN
BEING MARRIED TO
HER.

YIKES. WELL, IN HER
DEFENSE SHE DIDN'T SIGN
ON TO GET TURNED INTO
A KID.

YOU DID.

AND BEFORE YOU SAY
ANYTHING, I KNOW YOU DIDN'T
INTEND TO BE TURNED INTO AN
EIGHT YEAR OLD.

I WOULD BE
MIGHTY PISSED
MYSELF IF THAT
HAPPENED TO ME.


click





DID YOU
JUST HEAR
A CLICK?

JUST DON'T
GET MIGHTY PISSED
AT ME. I DIDN'T DO
IT.



I TOLD YOU
CHILDREN TO GO TO
BED! YOU HAVE SCHOOL
TOMORROW!

DON'T MAKE ME
COME BACK IN HERE.

YES,
INSIDIA.

WE
WON'T.



I DON'T LIKE THAT
SHE'S LEARNING HOW TO
USE THE REMOTE!

THIS IS ALL YOUR
FAULT! I SHOULD HAVE
NEVER LET YOU PLAY WITH
IT!



HEY, DUDE... SHE TOOK IT
FROM YOU, NOT ME! BUT I'LL
AGREE THAT YOU FUCKED UP...

...YOU
TRUSTED ME.

I DON'T WANNA BE
STUCK LIKE THIS! HOW ARE
WE GONNA GET IT BACK
FROM HER?!



I MIGHT
HAVE THE
BEGINNING OF AN
IDEA.

IT CENTERS AROUND
SCHOOL, AND HER BEING
CONVINCED SHE'S
A BABYSITTER.

YOU MEAN
INSTEAD OF AN
INSANE SOUL
EATER?

YEAH, THAT'S
PROBABLY THE ONLY
REASON WE'RE STILL
BREATHING.



I AGREE. I STILL HAVE
MY PHONE. I CAN CALL
FOR HELP TOMORROW.

IF I DO IT NOW,
SHE MIGHT BE
ONTO US.

OK. THERE'S NOT
MUCH LEFT. WE PARKED
AND WENT INTO THE
DOCTOR'S OFFICE...

OK. TOMORROW
IT IS. SINCE WE
HAVE SOME TIME TO
KILL...

...NURSE SARA WAS AT A LOSS FOR WORDS.

GASP

JON AND LAURIE
SMITH TO SEE DR.
NANCY.

THEY HAVE AN
APPOINTMENT.



OF... OF COURSE,
MA'AM. OH MY,
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO
THE TWO OF YOU?!

WE'RE HOPING DR.
NANCY WILL HAVE THE
ANSWER TO THAT.



I'M SURE SHE'LL
HAVE *INSIGHT* INTO THE
PROBLEM.

I'M NOT SO
SURE. HEY...

...TAKE A PICTURE,
IT'LL LAST LONGER.

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM,
NURSE SARA. HE'S JUST
CRANKY 'CAUSE HE WANTED
TO SLEEP LATE.

I'M THE SAME WAY.
HAVE A SEAT IN THE
WAITING AREA. I'LL CALL
YOU IN A FEW MINUTES.



HAVE A SEAT KIDS.
IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO
LONG.

OKAY.

YES, AUNT
NADIA.

I THINK SO... BUT HE
LOOKS A WHOLE LOT
DIFFERENT THAN HE DID.

SHUT UP.
HEY, FRANKI.

HEY, DON'T
YOU KNOW THAT
KID?

YEAH, WELL SO
DO YOU!





HI, JON. WOW,
YOU GOT LITTLER,
HUH?

DON'T
REMIND ME.

ER... NOT
EXACTLY.

DO YOU STILL
HAVE A
WIENER?

JOIN THE
CLUB.



I'D RATHER BE IN
THE BOYS CLUB!
MAYBE DR. NANCY CAN
FIX IT...

DON'T HOLD YOUR
BREATH. ALSO, IF SHE
CAN FIX ANYTHING, I GOT
DIBS.

WHY ARE YOU
WEARING A SKIRT?

MOM THOUGHT IT
LOOKED CUTE ON ME. I
DON'T MIND IT TOO
MUCH.



SAYS
WHO?

YOUR MOM IS RIGHT! YOU
LOOK TOTALLY CUTE IT THAT! JON
WANTED TO WEAR GRUBBY BOYS
CLOTHES.

HE'LL COME
AROUND.



SAYS ME! I LOVE YOUR
TOP, AND I HAVE A SKIRT
JUST LIKE YOURS.

THANKS! I TRIED TO
CONVINCE JON TO WEAR
SOMETHING CUTE, BUT HE'S
BEING A TOOL.

WHOSE
SIDE ARE YOU
ON?!



I'M SO GLAD
THEY'RE MAKING
FRIENDS.

HOW OLD ARE
YOUR CHILDREN?

HE JUST HAS TO GET
USED TO BEING A GIRL,
IS ALL.

WHAT'S TO GET USED
TO? THE CLOTHES ALONE
WOULD DO IT FOR ME.

IT'S DIFFERENT FOR
YOU, LAURIE! YOU WERE
ALWAYS A GIRL!



IT DOES TAKE GETTING
USED TO. ARE THEY BOTH
IN THE STUDY?

MY CHILDREN?
I...

JON IS. WE THINK
LAURIE *CAUGHT* IT
FROM JON.

I'M SURE I'LL HAVE
THE ANSWER TO YOUR
QUESTION AFTER THEY
SEE THE DOCTOR.

WELL, THEY LOOK LIKE
THEY'RE AROUND THE SAME
AGE AS MY FRANKI.

WILL JON AND
LAURIE BE
ATTENDING
SHOEMAKER
ELEMENTARY?

I HAVEN'T EVEN
THOUGHT ABOUT IT. TWO
DAYS AGO, I HAD NO
CHILDREN.

NOW I
HAVE TWO.





I FEEL YOUR PAIN.
FRANKI'S IN THIRD GRADE
AT SHOEMAKER.

MAYBE
THEY'LL BE
CLASSMATES.

HAHA...
HILARIOUS!

I NEVER SAW
THIS ONE
BEFORE!

HEH... IT IS
PRETTY FUNNY.




JON?
LAURIE?



YOU CAN COME ON
BACK. THE DOCTOR WILL
SEE YOU NOW.

I WANNA SEE THE
REST OF THE SHOW!

WE CAN WATCH
WHEN WE GET
HOME.



LIKewise, NADIA. YOU HAVE MY NUMBER. MAYBE WE CAN GET THE KIDS TOGETHER FOR A PLAY DATE.

GOOD LUCK WITH DR. BAKER.

THAT'S OUR CUE. IT WAS SO NICE TO MEET YOU, DIERDRE.

DEFINITELY. I'M SURE THEY WOULD LOVE THAT.

YOU TOO.



NO FAIR! YOU
GOT A HEAD
START!

BYE, FRANKI!
C'MON, LAURIE, I'LL
RACE YOU!



**NO
RUNNING IN THE
DOCTOR'S OFFICE,
KIDS.**

**OK! WE
WON'T!**

**HEY!
SNITCHES GET
STITCHES!**

**HE'S STILL
RUNNING, AUNT
NADIA!**



HAHA... I KNEW I
WOULD WIN, SLOW
POKE!

IT'S NOT A RACE,
AND I WASN'T TRYING
ANYWAY!



I AM SO SORRY FOR
THEIR BEHAVIOR, SARA.
THEY DON'T SEEM TO
LISTEN TO ME VERY
WELL.

NO WORRIES. WE'RE
VERY USED TO IT AROUND
HERE. THEY'RE FINE.



LB

53.2

ON

OFF

CLEAR

WOW! I LOST A LOT
OF WEIGHT! THAT MUST
BE 'CAUSE I'M AN ACTIVE
KID!



I'M LEAN
AND MEAN!

AND
UGLY,
TOO!

HEY!

STEP
ASIDE. IT'S
MY TURN.

**DAMN, YOU'RE HUGE!
BETTER GET OFF BEFORE
YOU BREAK THE SCALE!**

WOW!

**VERY GOOD,
LAURIE. YOU'RE OVER
58 POUNDS.**





EXCUSE ME? WHY
WOULD I BREAK THE
SCALE?

NO REASON...
EXCEPT 'CAUSE
YOU'RE SO FAT!



YOU DID
NOT JUST CALL
ME FAT!

HAHA... SURE I
DID! WEREN'T YOU
LISTENING?

YOU'RE A BIG,
FAT LOAD!

I WILL
WHEN YOU LOSE A
FEW!

FATTY, FATTY,
BOOM-BA-LATTI!

YOU TAKE
THAT BACK,
RUNT!

GRR...





THAT'S ENOUGH,
GIRLS! BEHAVE
YOURSELVES.

THAT'S IT! I'M
KICKING YOUR
ASS!

YOU AND
WHAT ARMY?!

OW! GET
OFFA ME!!



**NO ONE
CALLS ME
FAT!**

**OW! AUNT NADIA!
LAURIE WON'T GET
HER FAT BUTT OFFA
ME!**

Isla Serpie

38°43'00"N 9°

The mountains of
zone are so inaccess

P. 335-434 access
8786

PAUL



LET ME UP OR
YOU'LL BE SORRY!

I'M NOT LETTING YOU
UP UNTIL YOU APOLOGIZE
FOR CALLING MY BUTT
FAT!

OUCH! FINE! I'M
SORRY YOU HAVE A FAT
BUTT!!



**YOU ARE SO
DEAD!!**

**OW!! AUNT NADIA...
LAURIE'S BEING MEAN
FOR NO REASON!**

**JON...
LAURIE...**



I AM SO SORRY,
DR. BAKER. THEY
WERE EXCITED TO SEE
YOU.

I'LL TAKE
CARE OF IT.

LOOKS LIKE I ARRIVED
IN THE MIDDLE OF
SOMETHING.

CHILDREN! THE
DOCTOR IS HERE AND
YOU ARE BEHAVING VERY
POORLY!

STOP FIGHTING THIS
INSTANT OR I'LL HAVE TO
SEPARATE YOU!



THAT'S
BETTER. THANK
YOU, NADIA.

WHAT DO WE
SAY TO THE
DOCTOR?



WE'RE
SORRY.

A woman with brown hair and glasses, wearing a white lab coat over a dark blue dress, stands in a room. She is talking to two children whose backs are to the camera. The child on the left has red hair in a ponytail, and the child on the right has dark hair. The room has a wooden floor, a green armchair, and a vase with a plant.

NO HARM DONE, KIDS.
DID NURSE SARA GET YOUR
HEIGHT AND WEIGHT YET?

WE GOT ON THE
SCALE...

THEN LAURIE
ATTACKED ME!

THAT WAS ONLY
'CAUSE HE
DESERVED IT.

I SEE. CAN YOU
LET NURSE SARA
MEASURE YOUR HEIGHTS?
THEN I'LL DO A QUICK
EXAM.

NO
NEEDLES,
RIGHT?



NO NEEDLES,
JON. SARA?

SHE'S
STANDING ON HER
TIPPY-TOES.

SHUT
UP, NO I'M
NOT!

LAURIE IS 54
INCHES.

YOUR
TURN, JON.

A comic book illustration featuring three characters. On the left, a girl with long red hair in a ponytail, wearing a light blue tank top and jeans, is shown in profile. In the center, a girl with short dark hair, wearing a black t-shirt and jeans, stands facing forward. On the right, an adult woman in a pink patterned top and pink pants is holding a wooden board against a wall. Four speech bubbles contain dialogue. The word 'Purchase' is written in large yellow letters at the bottom right.

HA! I'M TALLER
THAN YOU ARE,
SHRIMP! NYAH
NYAH!

JON IS 52
INCHES.

I AM VERY
COMFORTABLE WITH MY
HEIGHT, TUBBY.

THAT'S
ENOUGH, KIDS.

Purchase