

THE SEVERED Fingers!

YOU KNOW, THIS LOOKS LIKE A POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS SITUATION!

GET LOST, RODNEY!

YEAH, NIMROD, CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE TRYING TO PLACE A PRIVATE CALL HERE?

TELEPHONE

SERIOUSLY: YOU FELLOWS KID AROUND AND KID AROUND, UNTIL SOMEONE GETS HURT-- JUST LIKE THOSE CLOWNS AT THE DRIVE-IN OVER IN EAST AURORA!

"THIS FELLOW LIKE ME WAS OUT ON A DATE AT THE DRIVE-IN. THEY WERE JUST MINDING THEIR OWN BUSINESS AND HAVING SOME GOOD OLD-FASHIONED FUN..."

"... WHEN A CARLOAD OF RUFFIANS CAME ALONG AND DECIDED TO SPOIL THINGS FOR EVERYONE!"

"THEY WERE DRUNK AND ROWDY, SO THE YOUNG FELLOW ADVISED THEM POLITELY, BUT FIRMLY, TO SETTLE DOWN..."

"... AFTER WHICH THINGS REALLY GOT UGLY!"

"THINKING ONLY OF HIS DATE, THE YOUNG MAN GOT HER OUT OF THERE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE."

"LATER, WHEN HE GOT HOME, HE FOUND THREE BLOODY FINGERS JAMMED BEHIND HIS REAR BUMPER!"

I CAN ASSURE YOU FELLOWS THIS IS COMPLETELY TRUE!

IT'S STRAIGHT FROM MY UNCLE'S THIRD COUSIN BY WAY OF HER HAIRDRESSER'S BEST FRIEND!

OR WAS IT... MY UNCLE'S HAIRDRESSER BY WAY OF...

NO, WAIT! IT'S...

