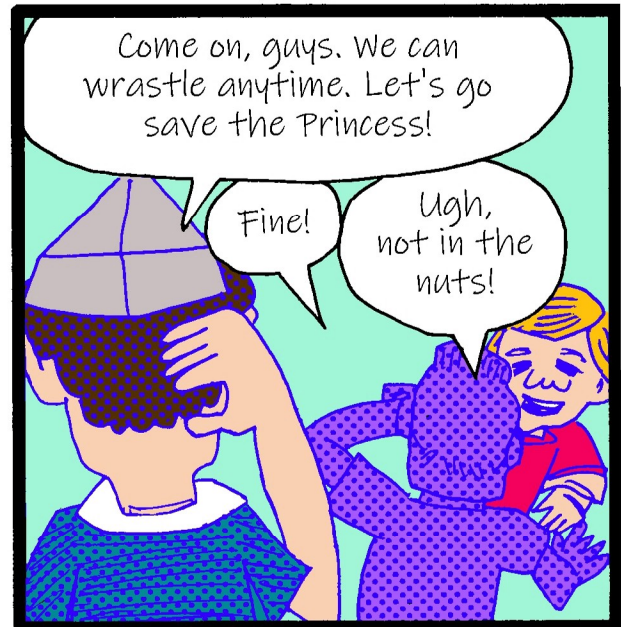
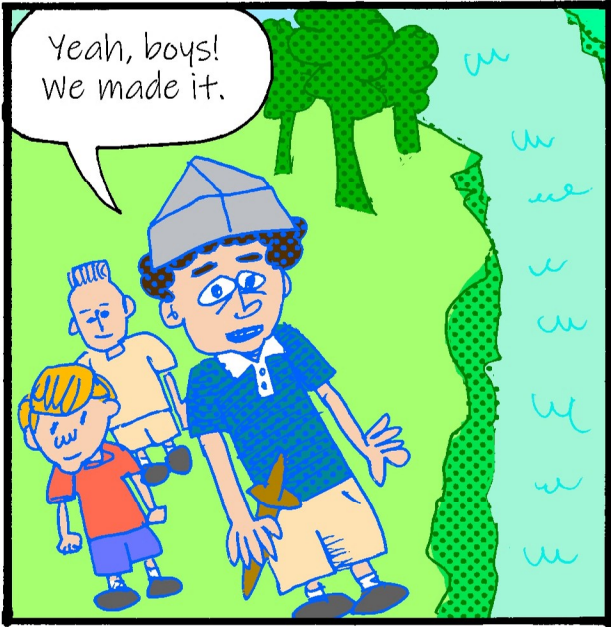
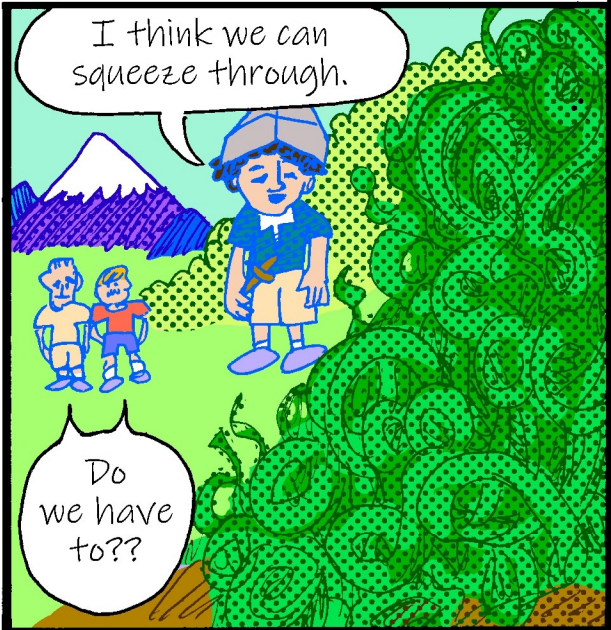
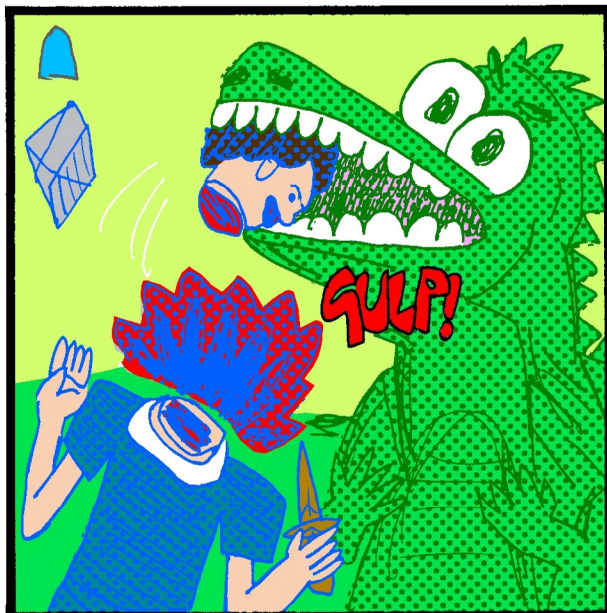
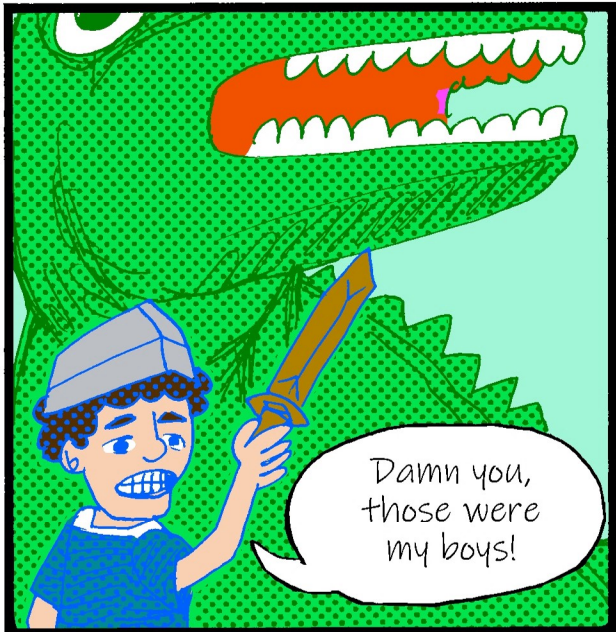
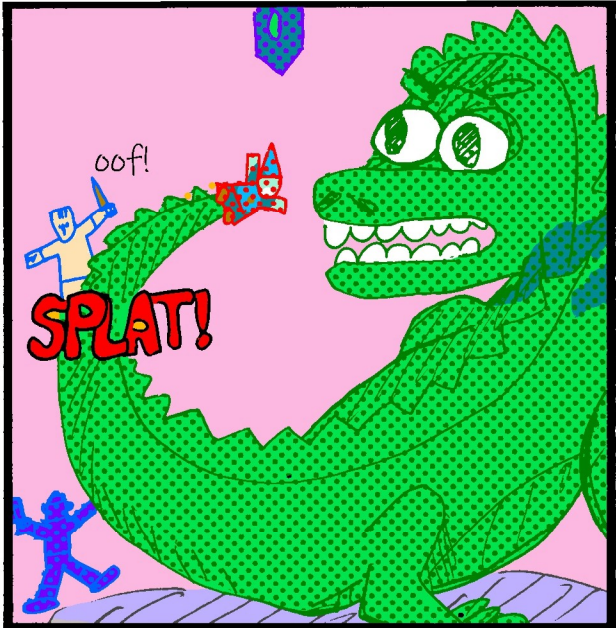
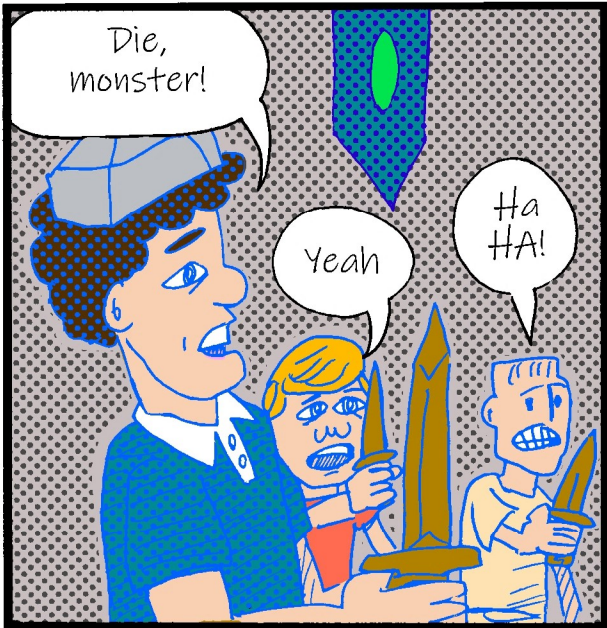


Kid Gloves

Story and Art by
Paul Jeter









Eat up, ya gotta be big n' strong now.

No, Daddy! I don't want no soggy kale n' carrots! Yuck!



Ya bedder cuz ya need to marry a rich and handsome prince. You know that!

No way, Daddy! I'm gunna marry fer love!



Onward, boys! Let's go!

My feet hurt

I'm tired



I need someone who's gunna love me fer me, an' respects me as a person, somebody who isn't gunna hurt me cuz they feel like it.

I don't want no money!

I need love, dang it!



Good gravy

An' I want my OWN castle, ta decorate myself. I wanna put on shows, an' have lots of parties with all my friends!



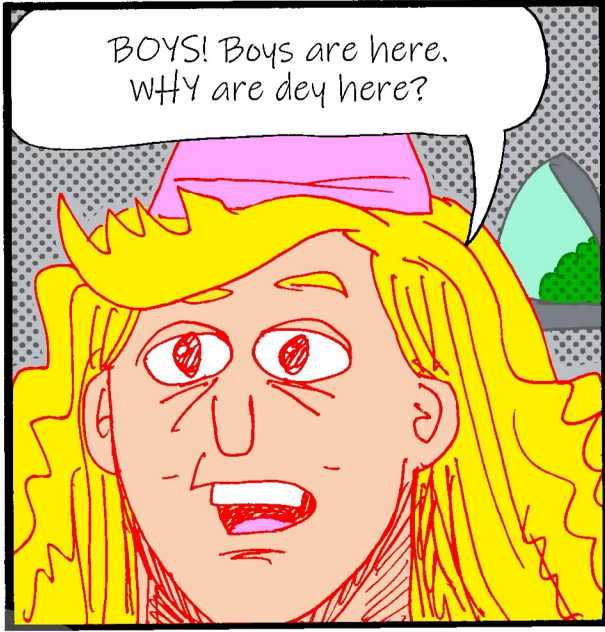
I'm gunna be SICK

Oh Daddy, you're so funny!

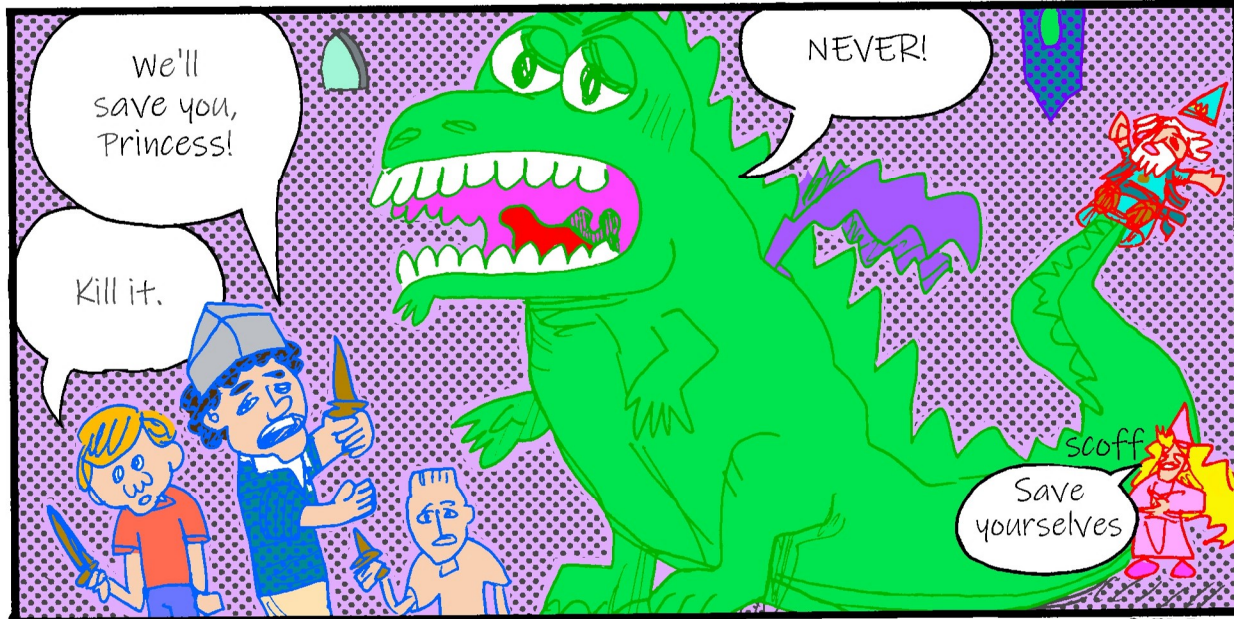
BOFF



HEYAH!



BOYS! Boys are here. WHY are dey here?



We'll save you, Princess!

Kill it.

NEVER!

scoff
Save yourselves