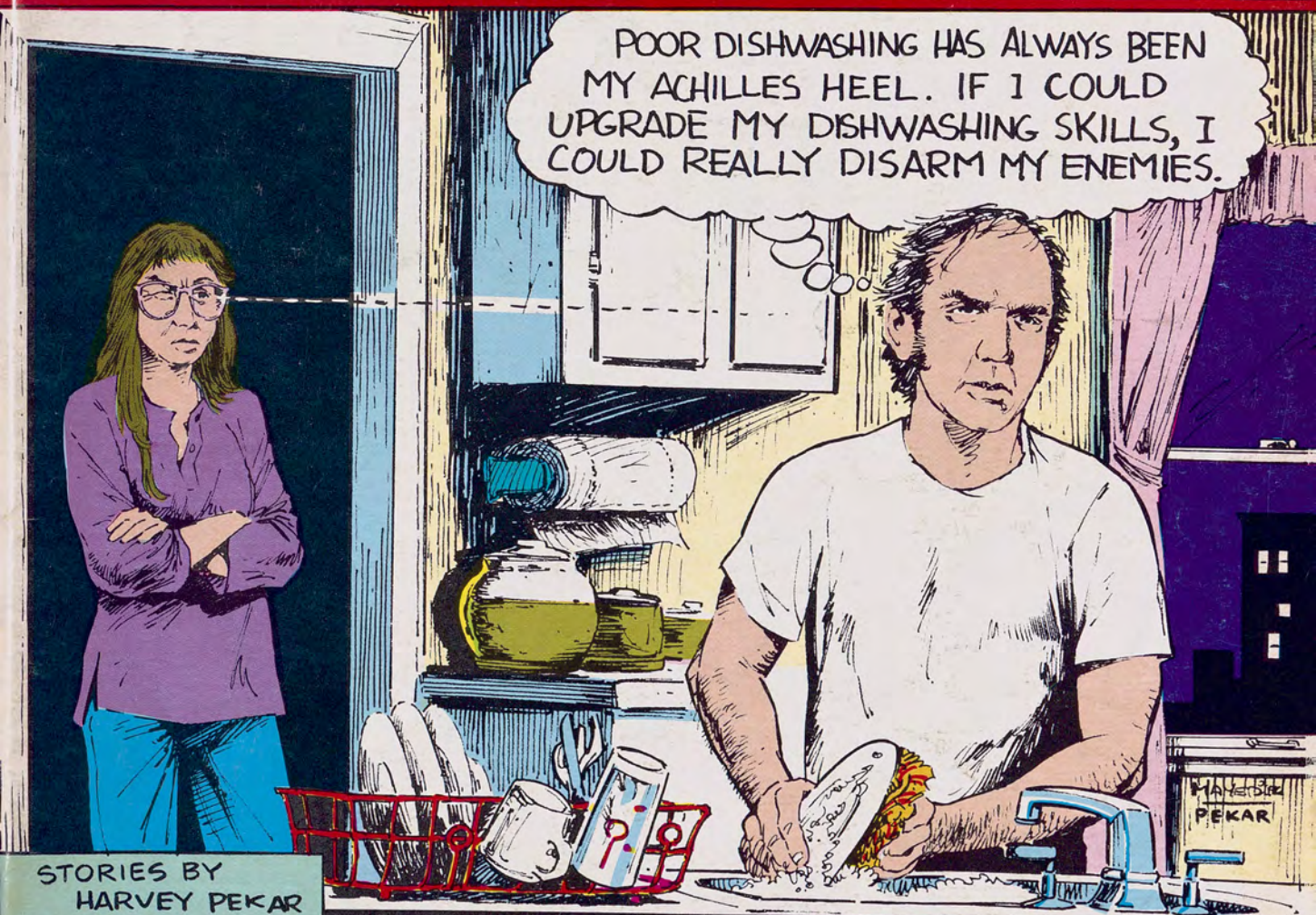


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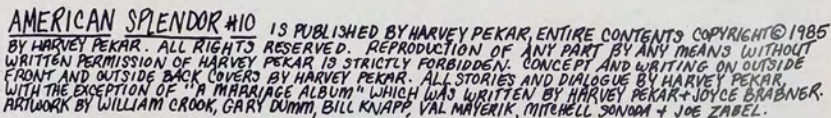
IN THIS
ISSUE:

HARVEY'S LATEST CRAPSHOOT:

HIS THIRD MARRIAGE TO A
SWEETIE FROM DELAWARE AND
HOW HIS SUBSTANDARD DISHWASHING
STRAINS THEIR RELATIONSHIP.

ART BY VAL MYERIK

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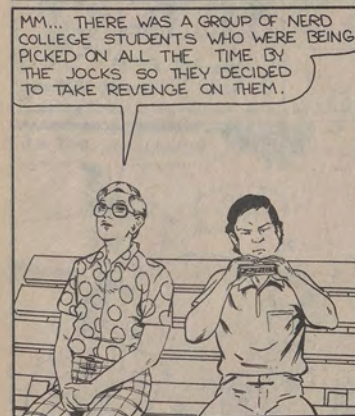
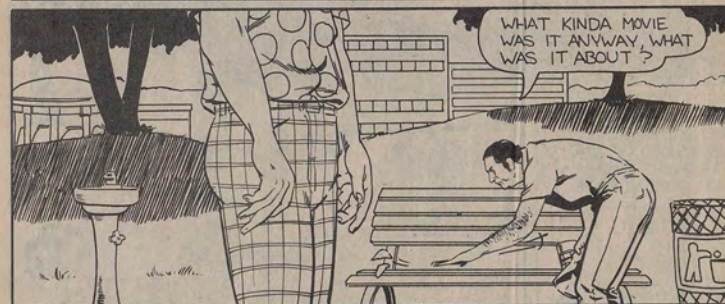
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THE BIRD MAN

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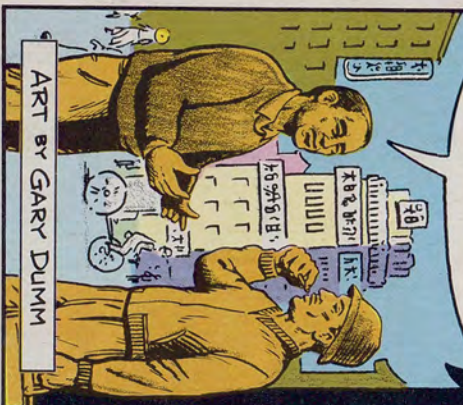
DOUBLE PART REVENGE FEATURE 2 OF THE NERDS



The Ridge

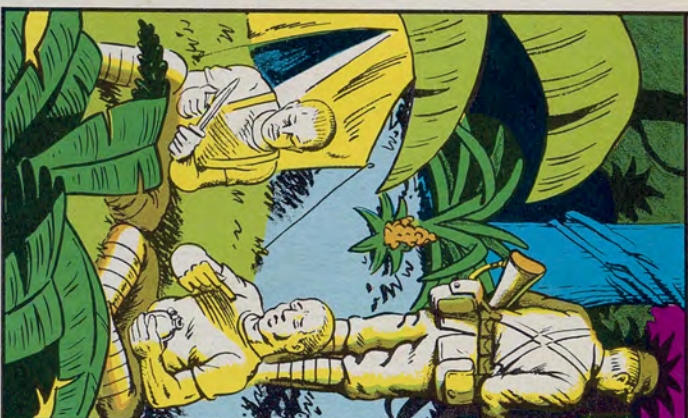
STORY BY HARVEY PEKAR

WE'D BEEN IN THE JUNGLE ALL WEEK. IT WAS SWAMPY, FULL OF INSECTS, AT SUNDOWN WE CAME TO THE EDGE OF A CLEARING AND MADE CAMP.



ART BY GARY DUMM

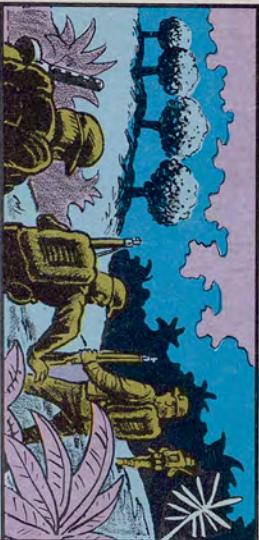
THERE WAS A RIDGE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CLEARING WITH A ROW OF TREES GROWING ALONG THE TOP. I COULDN'T SEE BEYOND THEM. THEY MIGHT'VE BEEN FRUIT TREES AND IT SEEMED LIKE THEY WERE BEING CULTIVATED. BUT BY WHOM?



THE SIGHT OF THAT WELL-ORDERED LINE OF TREES TOGETHER WITH THE COOLER EVENING WEATHER CALMED ME. I WANTED TO GO TO THE TREES, BUT SOMETHING STOPPED ME. STRANGELY, NO ONE ELSE WAS INTERESTED IN GOING WITH ME. I WAS EXHAUSTED AND COULDN'T REALLY TELL HOW FAR AWAY THE TREES WERE. I THOUGHT I'D WALK UP TO THEM IN THE EARLY MORNING. THEN I LAY DOWN, LOOKED AT THEM, AND FELL ASLEEP.



THAT WAS A MISTAKE. THE NEXT DAY WE WOKE BEFORE DAWN, MARCHED PARALLEL TO THE RIDGE FOR A WHILE, THEN MOVED BACK INTO THE JUNGLE.



I WAS IN THAT GENERAL AREA SEVERAL TIMES AGAIN DURING THE WAR AND I TRIED TO FIND THE CLEARING WITH THE TREES BUT I NEVER COULD.



SOMEHOW THE MEMORY OF THAT PLACE HAS REMAINED WITH ME, THOUGH. EVERY SO OFTEN I HAVE A VISION OF IT. I ALWAYS REGRET NOT GOING THERE AND SEEING WHAT WAS BEYOND THE TREES.

