

# Calvin & Hobbes, Bil Watterson (1990s)

I want that truck, Twinky.

IT'S MINE, MOE. I BROUGHT IT FROM HOME.

I said gimme the truck.

MOE, YOU CAN'T JUST TAKE THINGS FROM PEOPLE BECAUSE YOU'RE BIGGER!

I'm not taking it. You're giving it to me because we'll both be so much happier that way.

HOW TOUCHING.

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MOE, GIVE ME MY TRUCK BACK. IT'S NOT YOURS.

It is now. You gave it to me.

I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, DID I? IT WAS EITHER GIVE UP THE TRUCK OR GET PUNCHED!

So?

Yeah? -So?

THE FORENSIC MARVEL HAS REDUCED MY LOGIC TO SHAMBLES.

You're saying you changed your mind about getting punched?

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OK, MOE'S GOT HIS BACK TO ME! NOW I'LL ZIP OVER, STEAL MY TRUCK BACK AND RUN LIKE CRAZY!

HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM! BY THE TIME HE SEES THE TRUCK IS GONE, I'LL BE A MILE AWAY! IT'S A FAIL-PROOF PLAN! NOTHING CAN GO WRONG! IT'S A SNAP!

THERE'S NO REASON TO HESITATE. IT'LL BE OVER IN A SPLIT SECOND, AND I'LL SURE BE GLAD TO HAVE MY TRUCK BACK! I'LL JUST DO IT AND BE DONE! NOTHING TO IT! IT'S EASY!

OBVIOUSLY MY BODY DOESN'T BELIEVE A WORD MY BRAIN IS SAYING.

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PHOOEY, WHO AM I KIDDING? I'D NEVER GET AWAY WITH STEALING MY TRUCK BACK FROM MOE. THE UGLY GALOOT IS THE SIZE OF A BUICK.

HMM... SINCE I CAN'T FIGHT HIM, MAYBE I SHOULD TRY TALKING TO HIM. MAYBE IF I REASONED WITH HIM, HE'D SEE MY SIDE.

MAYBE HE'D REALIZE THAT STEALING HURTS PEOPLE, AND MAYBE HE'D RETURN MY TRUCK WILLINGLY.

MAYBE IF I'M REALLY LUCKY I WON'T GO THROUGH LIFE WITH THE NICKNAME "OMELET FACE."

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LISTEN, MOE, THAT'S MY TRUCK, AND I WANT IT BACK!

Yeah?

YEAH! IT'S MY FAVORITE TRUCK. YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO TAKE IT!

Yeah?

YEAH! SO GIVE IT BACK! NOW!

I'll fight you for it.

I'LL BET MY AUTOPSY REVEALS MY MOUTH IS TOO BIG.

C'mon, wimp!

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I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT YOU, MOE! IF YOU WON'T GIVE ME MY TRUCK BACK, FINE! GO AHEAD AND KEEP IT!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO HAS TO LIVE WITH YOURSELF! I CAN'T MAKE YOU DO WHAT'S RIGHT! YOU CAN HAVE THE STUPID TRUCK!

OK, thanks! Heh heh.

HEY, KID, IF YOU'RE NOT GONNA SWING, GET OFF AND LET SOMEONE ELSE ON, HUH?

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...SO MOE STOLE MY TRUCK, AND WHEN I TRIED TO GET IT BACK, MOE WANTED TO FIGHT ME FOR IT. I DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT, SO I WALKED AWAY AND MOE KEPT MY TRUCK.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, HOBBS. WHAT MAKES SOME PEOPLE SO GREEDY AND MEAN?

WHY IS IT THAT SOME PEOPLE DON'T CARE WHAT'S WRONG AND RIGHT? WHY DON'T PEOPLE TRY TO BE NICE TO EACH OTHER?

THE PROBLEM WITH PEOPLE IS THAT THEY'RE ONLY HUMAN.

WELL, YOU'RE LUCKY YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE ONE.

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YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES THE WORLD SEEMS LIKE A PRETTY MEAN PLACE.

THAT'S WHY ANIMALS ARE SO SOFT AND HUGGY.

...YEAH...

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