

SUPERSTITION *made me* AFRAID TO LOVE



*True
FIRST
Love
Story*

"I DON'T KNOW JUST WHEN IT HAPPENED. IT'S HARD TO TELL THE EXACT MOMENT YOU FALL IN LOVE. BUT THE FIRST DATE I HAD WITH RED WE WENT DANCING-- AND WE HAD SO MUCH FUN THAT SUDDENLY I FOUND MYSELF WISHING WE COULD BE TOGETHER ALWAYS..."

SAY, WE'LL HAVE TO DO THIS MORE **OFTEN**, JINX! YOU'RE NOT ONLY LOVELY TO LOOK AT-- BUT A WONDERFUL DANCER TO BOOT!

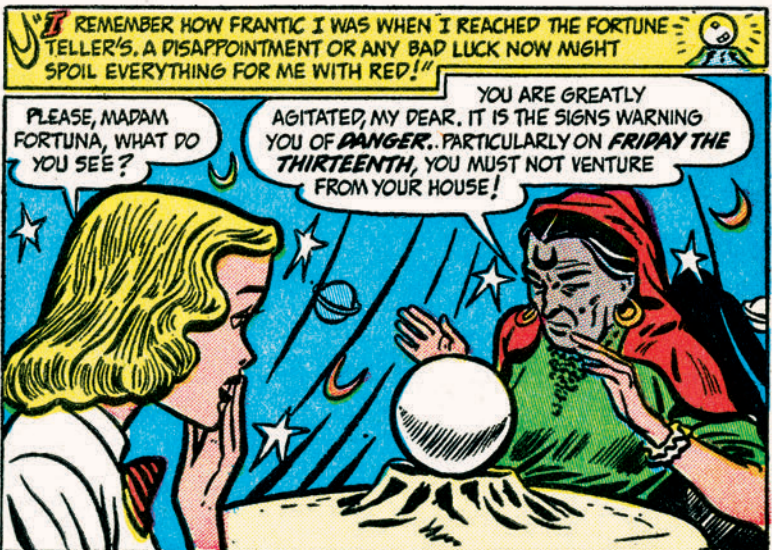
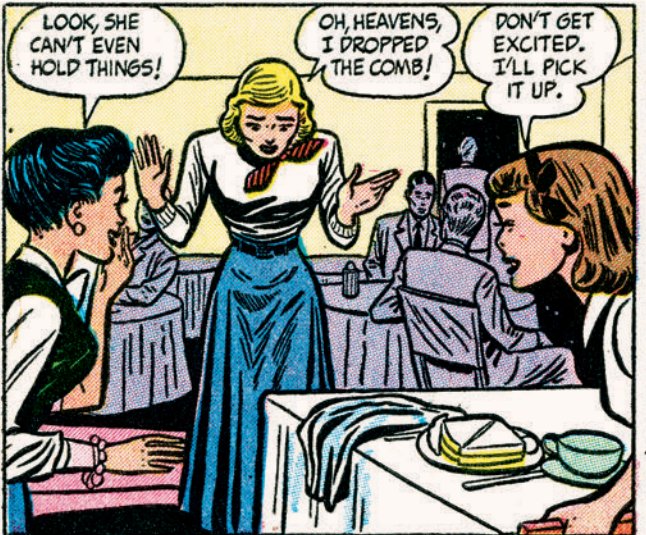
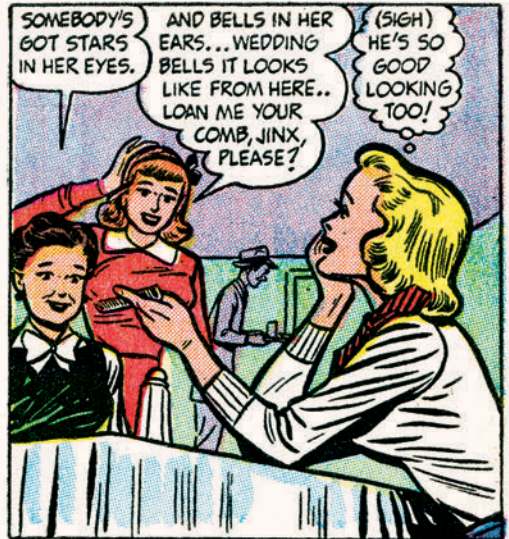
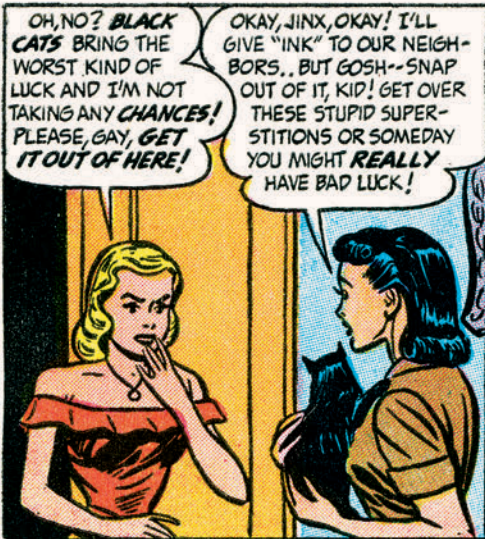
YOU FLATTER ME, SIR, AND I LOVE IT!

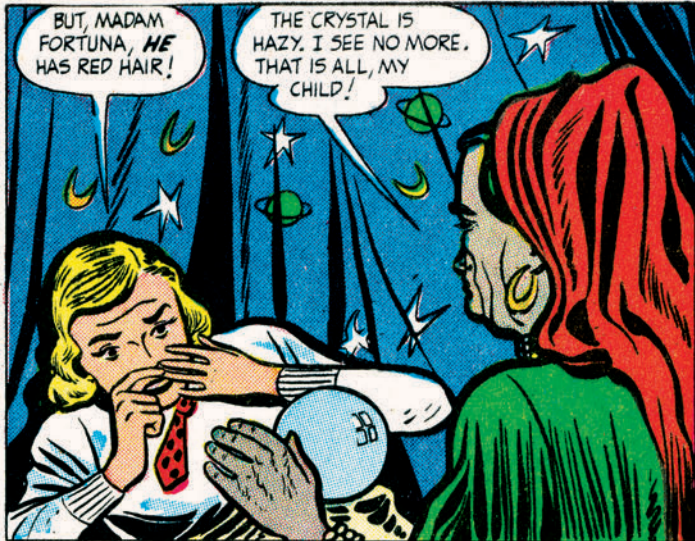
GOSH, HE'S SMOOTH. HE SEEMS TO BE EVERYTHING A GIRL COULD ASK FOR IN A MAN!

AFTER SUCH A SUPER EVENING, I WAS IN FOR A TERRIBLE SHOCK WHEN I CAME HOME TO THE APARTMENT I SHARED WITH GAY EDWARDS..."

EEEEK! HOW COULD YOU, GAY? GET IT OUT OF HERE **QUICK-- IT'S BLACK!**

OH, JINX, DON'T BE SO SILLY! HE'S JUST A HOMELESS KITTEN, I PICKED UP-- HE CAN'T HURT YOU!





SICK AT HEART, I RUSHED HOME TO CONSULT MY ASTROLOGY BOOKS! HOW COULD I AVOID RED? NOT NOW! YET A DARK-HAIRED MAN WAS THE ONE I'D MARRY... THE CRYSTAL SAID SO...

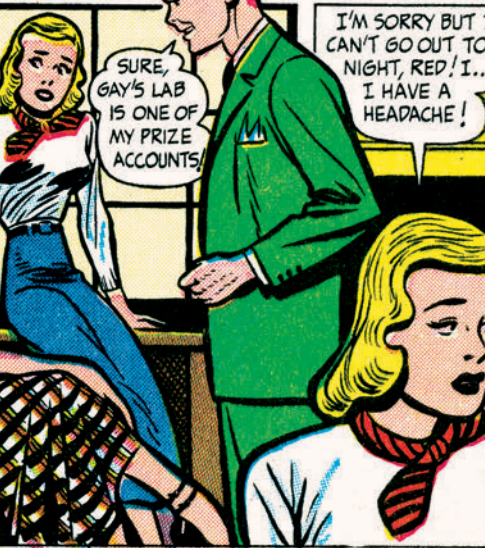
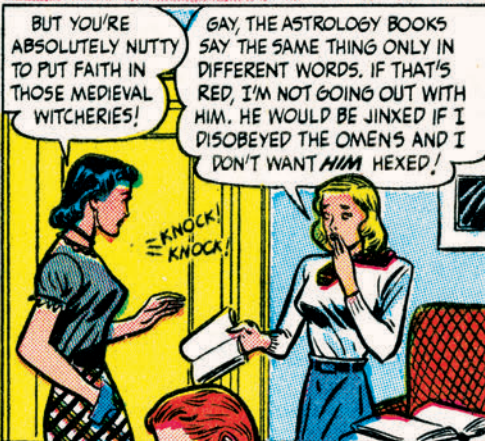
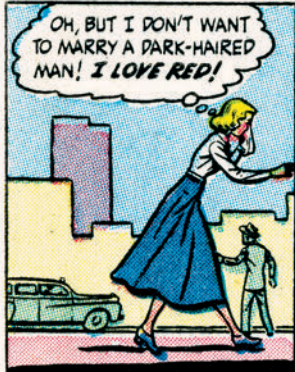
WHEN I TOLD GAY, SHE SCOFFED... BUT HOW WAS SHE TO KNOW THE **OCCULT MEANINGS?** SHE NEVER HAD TO OVERCOME A NAME LIKE JINX!

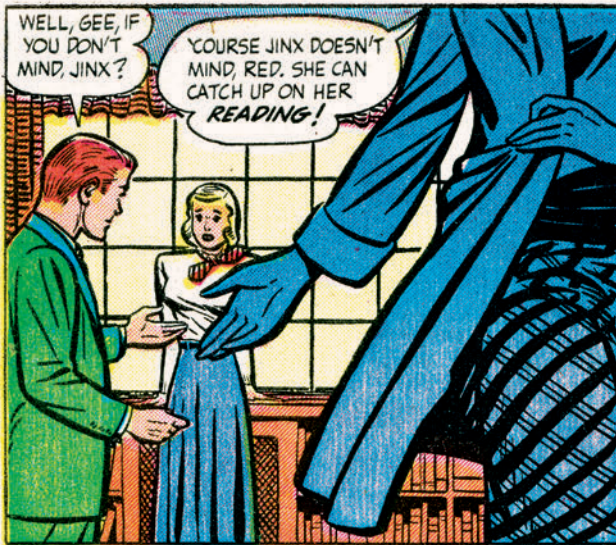
PLEASE DON'T TELL HIM WHY, GAY.

COME IN..

GAY EDWARDS! GOSH I DIDN'T KNOW YOU AND JINX WERE ROOMMATES!

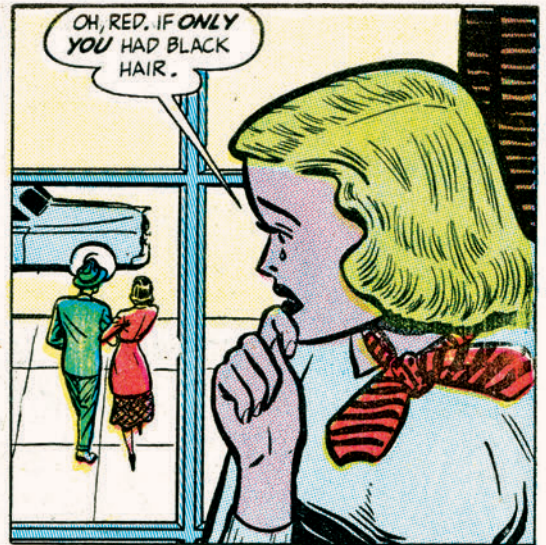
BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD IT'LL DO YOU!





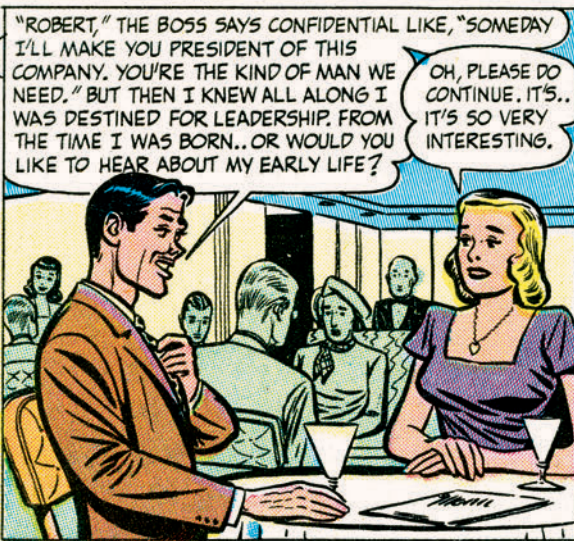
WELL, GEE, IF YOU DON'T MIND, JINX?

COURSE JINX DOESN'T MIND, RED. SHE CAN CATCH UP ON HER READING!



OH, RED. IF ONLY YOU HAD BLACK HAIR.

"RED PHONED SEVERAL TIMES AFTER THAT, BUT I PRETENDED I WAS BUSY AND COULDN'T SEE HIM. MEANWHILE, ONE OF OUR OFFICE SALESMEN ASKED ME OUT. HE DIDN'T EXACTLY APPEAL TO ME BUT HE WAS TALL AND HE DID HAVE **DARK HAIR...**"



"ROBERT," THE BOSS SAYS CONFIDENTIAL LIKE, "SOMEDAY I'LL MAKE YOU PRESIDENT OF THIS COMPANY. YOU'RE THE KIND OF MAN WE NEED." BUT THEN I KNEW ALL ALONG I WAS DESTINED FOR LEADERSHIP. FROM THE TIME I WAS BORN..OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT MY EARLY LIFE?

OH, PLEASE DO CONTINUE. IT'S.. IT'S SO VERY INTERESTING.



AND SO ANOTHER YEAR PASSED, BUT THE NEXT ONE..

GOSH! I HOPE THE CRYSTAL BALL DIDN'T MEAN I'LL MARRY HIM!

AND THEN I SAW THEM, GAY AND RED, AND I REALIZED THAT SHE WAS PROBABLY DATING HIM A LOT LATELY. AS THEY APPROACHED OUR TABLE, I WASN'T TOO SUCCESSFUL IN HIDING MY JEALOUSY..."



HI, JINX! HOW'S THE HEADACHE, HONEY?

WHY, GAY, FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!

HMMM-- I GUESS YOU WERE TOO BUSY WITH YOUR CHARTS WHEN I TOLD YOU RED WAS TAKING ME INSTEAD TONIGHT!



WATER WHEN WE GOT HOME I APOLOGIZED... I'M SORRY I WAS SO RUDE, GAY, BUT I STILL LIKE RED AN AWFUL LOT! ONLY I'M AFRAID TO RISK GOING WITH ANY RED-HEADED MAN!

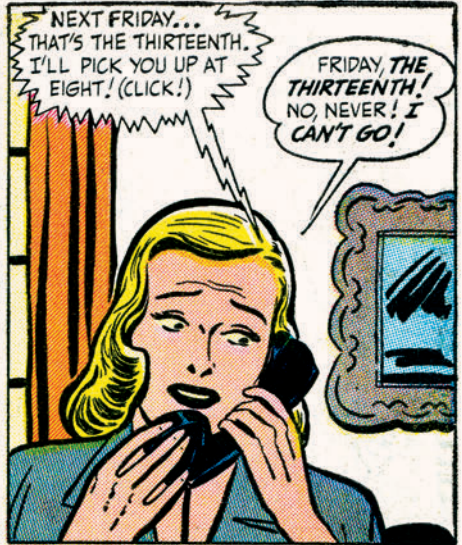
I LIKE RED, TOO! AND FORTUNATELY, WE CHEMISTS ARE TOO PRACTICAL TO BE FOOLED BY THAT WITCHY HOKUM..IF YOU WANT TO BE SUPERSTITIOUS THAT'S YOUR TOUGH LUCK.. IF YOU'LL PARDON THE PUN.

FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS MY FORECASTS WERE DANGEROUS... ESPECIALLY IN MATTERS OF THE HEART. AND WHEN I LOST MY RABBIT'S FOOT, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER... YET WHEN RED CALLED I COULDN'T HELP BEING NICE TO HIM...



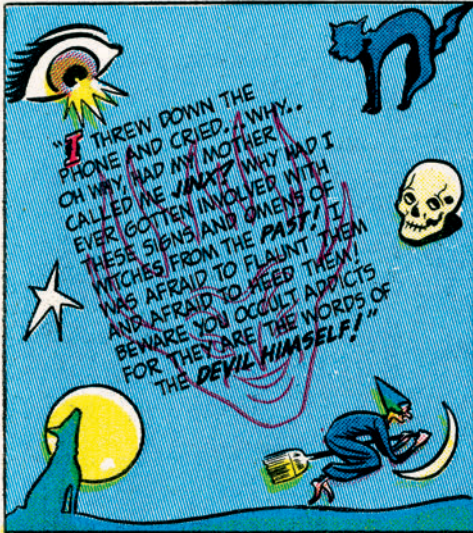
AW, JINX, YOU'VE GOT TO COME... IT'LL BE A SWELL PARTY... EVERYBODY'LL BE THERE.

WELL, ALL RIGHT RED. WHEN IS IT?



NEXT FRIDAY... THAT'S THE THIRTEENTH. I'LL PICK YOU UP AT EIGHT! (CLICK!)

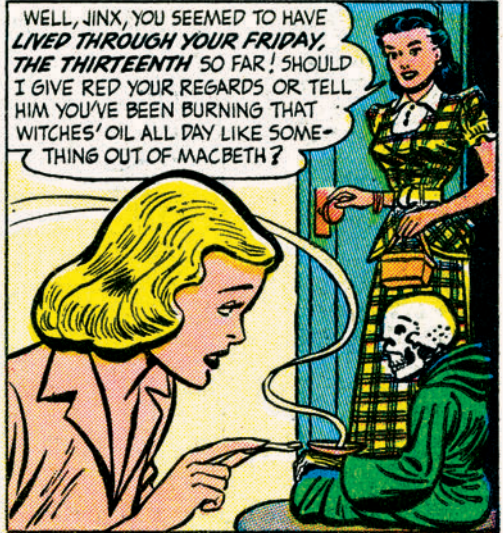
FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH! NO, NEVER! I CAN'T GO!



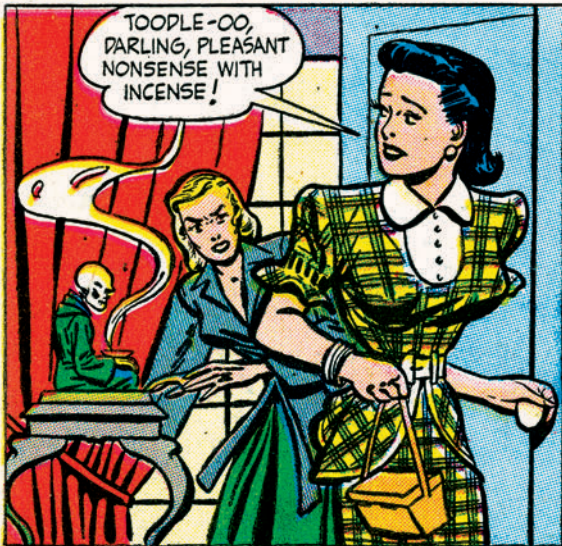
I THREW DOWN THE PHONE AND CRIED. WHY... OH WHY, HAD MY MOTHER CALLED ME JINX? WHY HAD I EVER GOTTEN INVOLVED WITH THESE SIGNS AND OMINES OF WITCHES FROM THE PAST? I WAS AFRAID TO FLAUNT THEM AND AFRAID TO KEEP THEM! BEWARE YOU OCCULT ADDICTS FOR THEY ARE THE WORDS OF THE DEVIL HIMSELF!

IT HURT TO SEE GAY'S SMILE OF VICTORY AS SHE ACCEPTED THE INVITATION I HAD TO REFUSE. MY HEART SEEMED DOOMED TO DESPAIR AS I VIEWED THE HOPELESS FUTURE WITH MY RED..

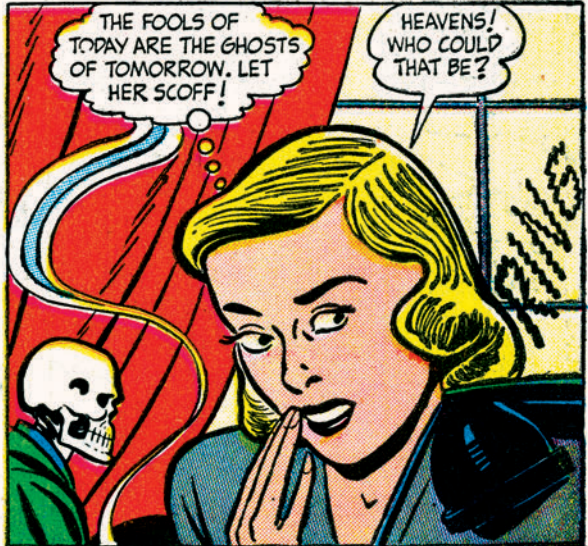
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WELL, JINX, YOU SEEMED TO HAVE LIVED THROUGH YOUR FRIDAY, THE THIRTEENTH SO FAR! SHOULD I GIVE RED YOUR REGARDS OR TELL HIM YOU'VE BEEN BURNING THAT WITCHES' OIL ALL DAY LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF MACBETH?



TOOPLE-OO, DARLING, PLEASANT NONSENSE WITH INCENSE!



THE FOOLS OF TODAY ARE THE GHOSTS OF TOMORROW. LET HER SCOFF!

HEAVENS! WHO COULD THAT BE?