



The AMAZING
Duddo in:

*Whattya Wanna Be
When Ya GROW UP?*



Let's face it, life in the actual workforce is quite a bit different than we may have pictured back in our dreamy school days.

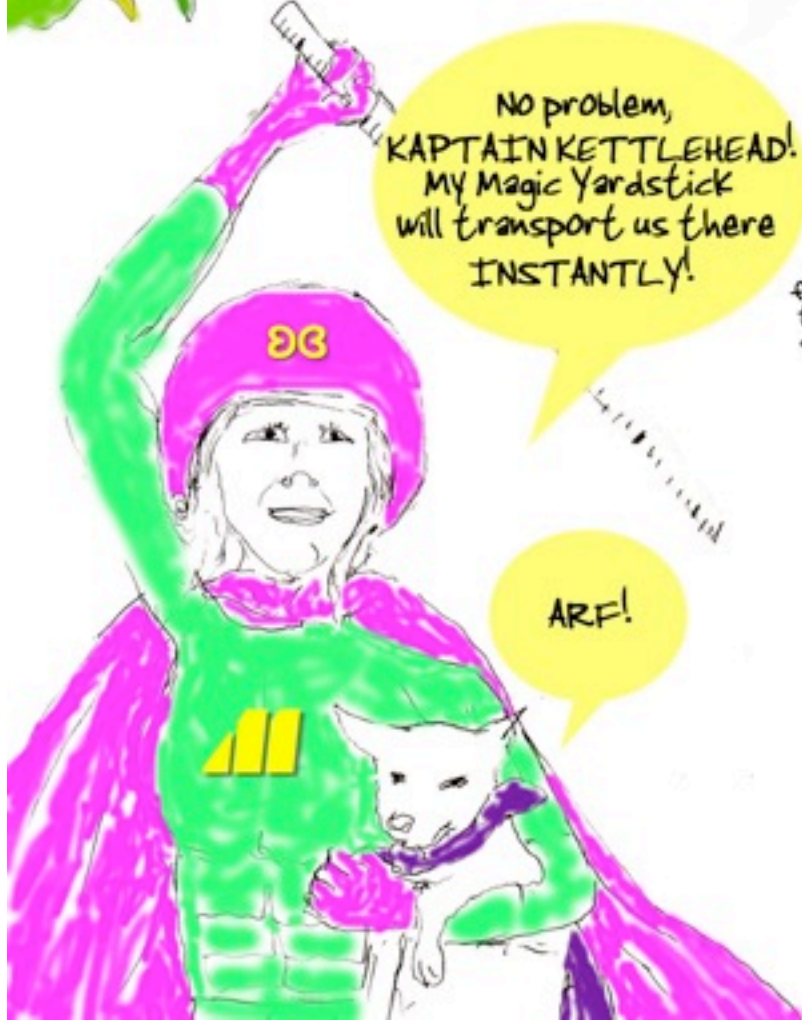
My first job was profoundly unlike anything I had imagined from the comfort of my homeroom desk.

It was called "detassling," but by any other word it would still be "slave labor." Sunstroke, blisters and stinging insects were some of the highlights of the job.



Okay, so maybe my scientist idea wasn't all that realistic. But who knows what the future holds? Maybe even a career as a COSTUMED CRIMEFIGHTER!

No time to lose, METRIC WOMAN --- We've got to get The ELONGATED DOG back to physics camp!



No problem, KAPTAIN KETTLEHEAD! My Magic Yardstick will transport us there INSTANTLY!

ARF!



special specs for looking into the 4th dimension

LATER...

Movin' UP in the world! No more farm labor for this urban sophisticate... Actually, I've merely traded sunstroke for heatstroke. Oh well. Now that, I've learned the guitar, I'm sure it's only a matter of time before I embark on my illustrious career as a SUPERSTAR MUSICIAN!



As I grew a little older, my goals became a little more REALISTIC...

But not much.

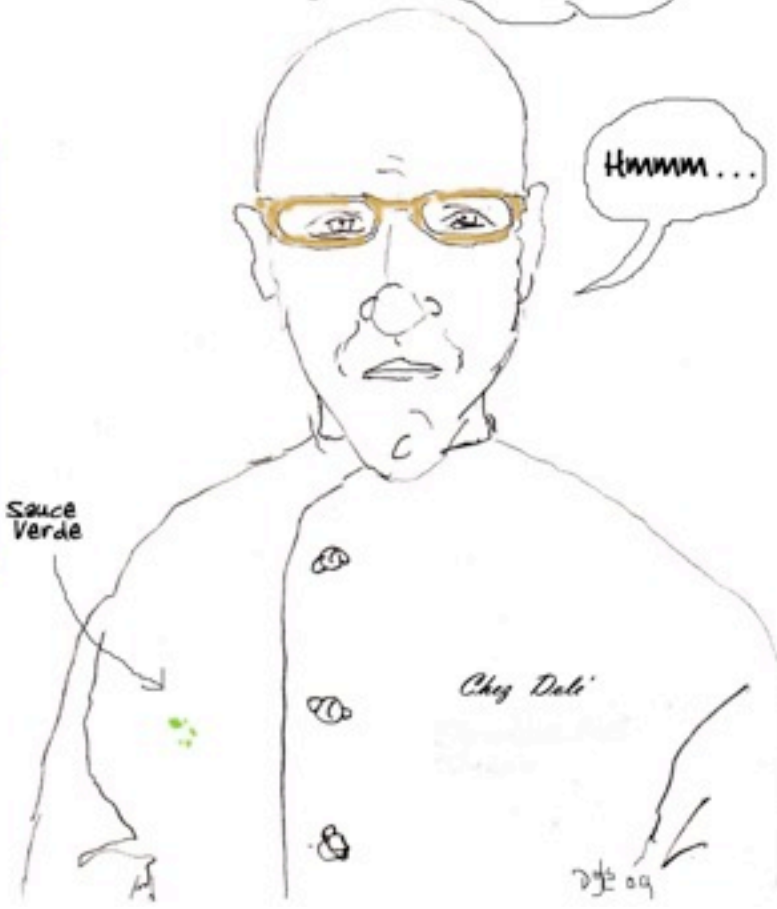
I bounced back and forth between interests like a pinball...

The two that I always seemed to come back to were music and cooking.

But not in that order.



And so I continue to visualize the future . . .
 Maybe "visualize" isn't isn't the right word . . .
 Oh well, I have never even FANTISIZED that I was a WRITER!



THE END