

Oscar And Annie



by Gary L. Fethers



for Diane.

Introduction

I'm not exactly sure where the idea for *Oscar and Annie* came to me from. Physically, Oscar is loosely inspired by a character named "Goob" from the Disney movie, "Meet the Robinsons."



Cute little fella, ain't he? His sleepy eyes and the fact that he looked so incredibly un-athletic, yet he was wearing a baseball uniform, just appealed to me. Probably why Oscar's always wearing a green sports-looking jersey with the number "1" on it. I like the irony going on there.

And Annie? I really don't know. Maybe I needed someone for Oscar to play off of, and naturally thought of a character who's outgoing and boisterous, and brings Oscar out of his shell and just adores him, for whatever reason. Yep, I guess that must've been it. :-)

I think Oscar's imaginary friend Steve came along because he's so introverted, I figured that's the kind of friend he'd have had before Annie showed up. Steve is named after a dear friend of mine. I think he'd enjoy knowing that I named a cartoon character after him.

I drew up a few dozen strips or so, and decided to enter it into an online comic strip contest in 2012. *Oscar and Annie* made it all the way to the final round of 13, out of 120-some strips that started. It didn't win, but it made me think I'd like to do more with it someday.

And, someday turned out to be this year.

I'd been doing a comic strip called *I'm Telling Mom!* (the latest version of my old *WonderBrat* comic strip) for a few years online, and I was ready to try something new. I took a fresh look at the *Oscar and Annie* strips, and decided to see if I could come up with some new ones.

I did, and so far, they've kept coming. I am really enjoying exploring these characters and seeing where they take me.

I had a few dozen *Mom!* strips that I'd run online but never put into book form, so I thought I'd include them here as a little bonus at the end.

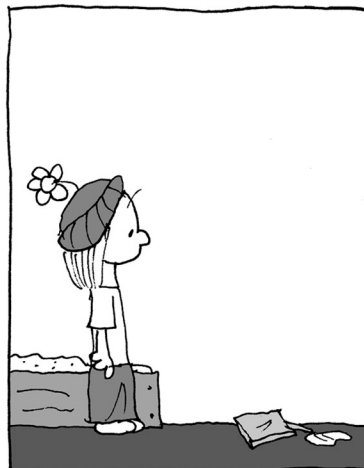
Thanks, again, for coming along for the ride and reading my latest comics!

Enjoy!

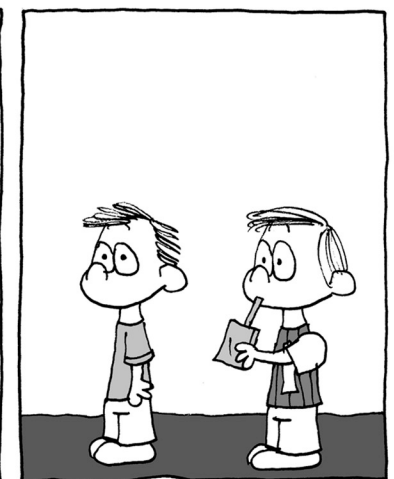
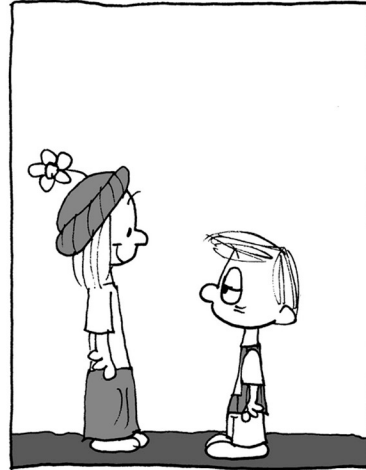
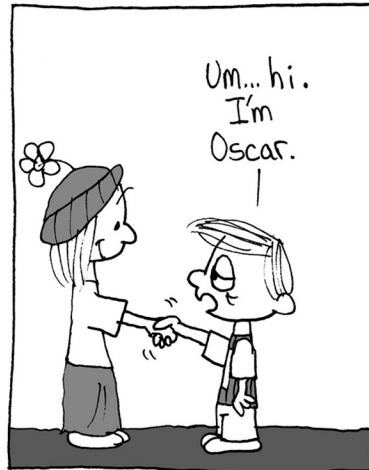
Gary,
2016

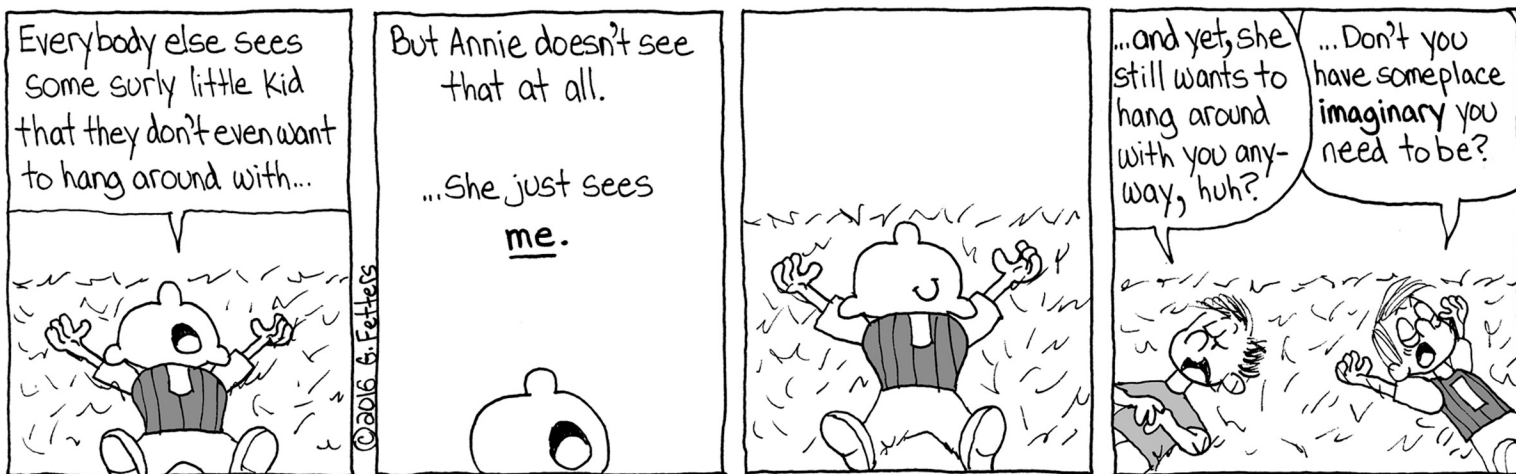
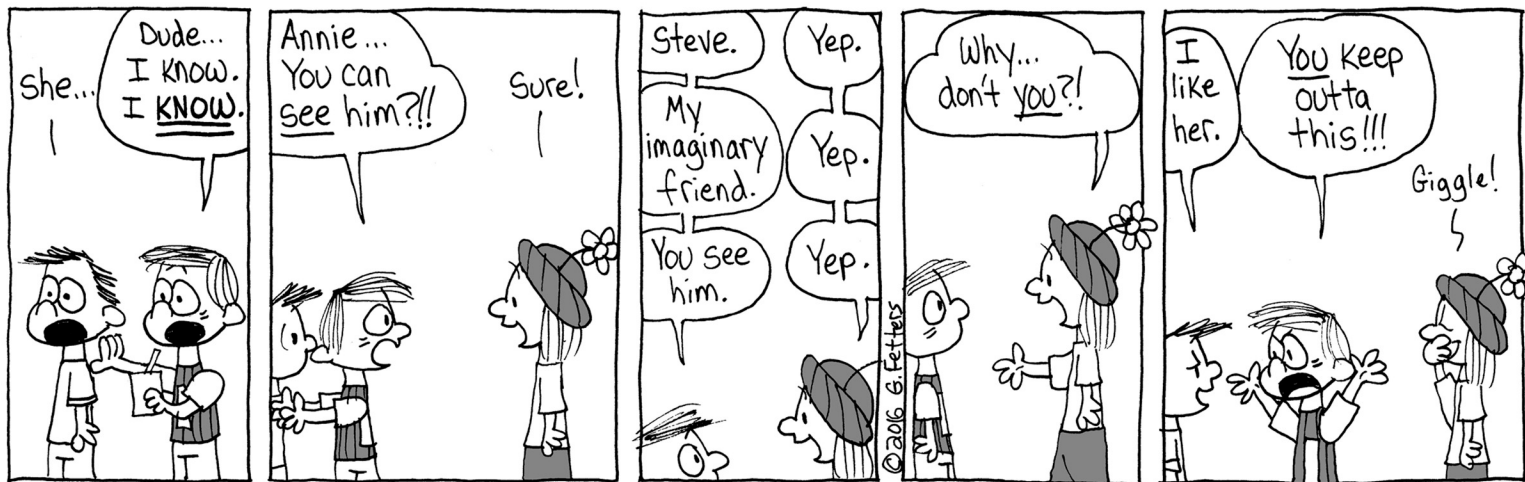


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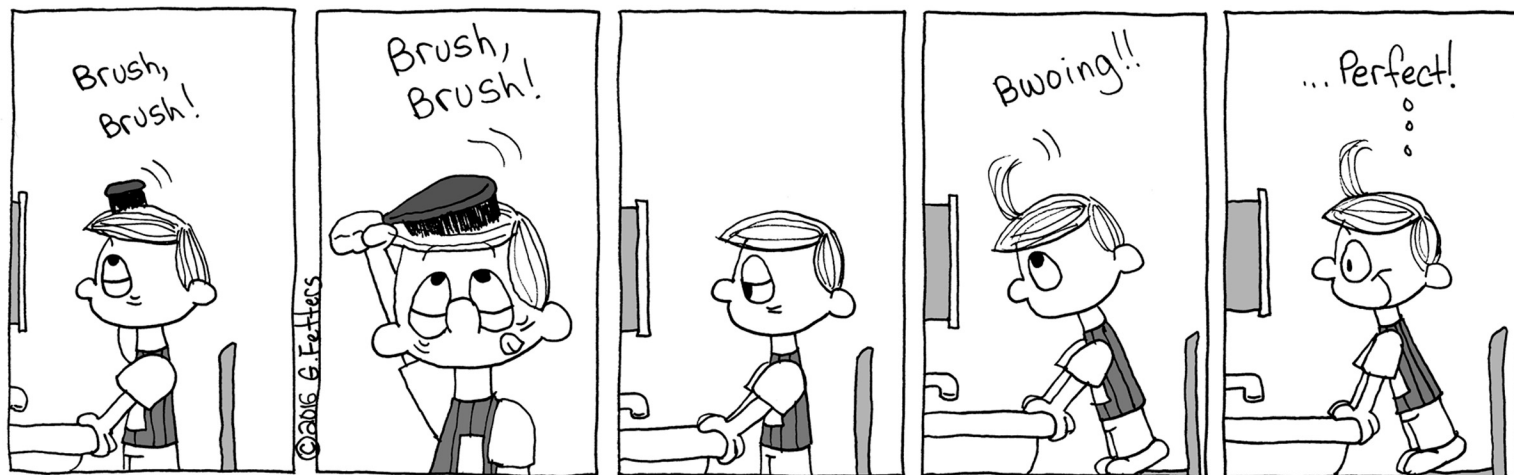


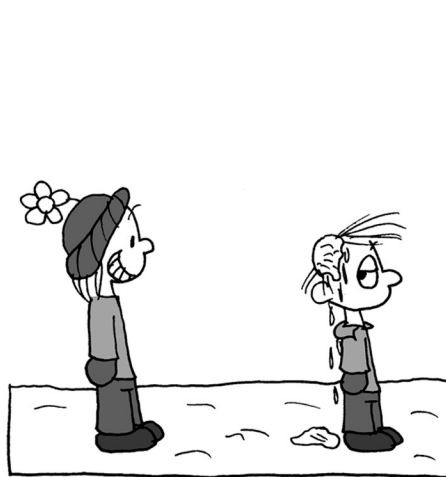
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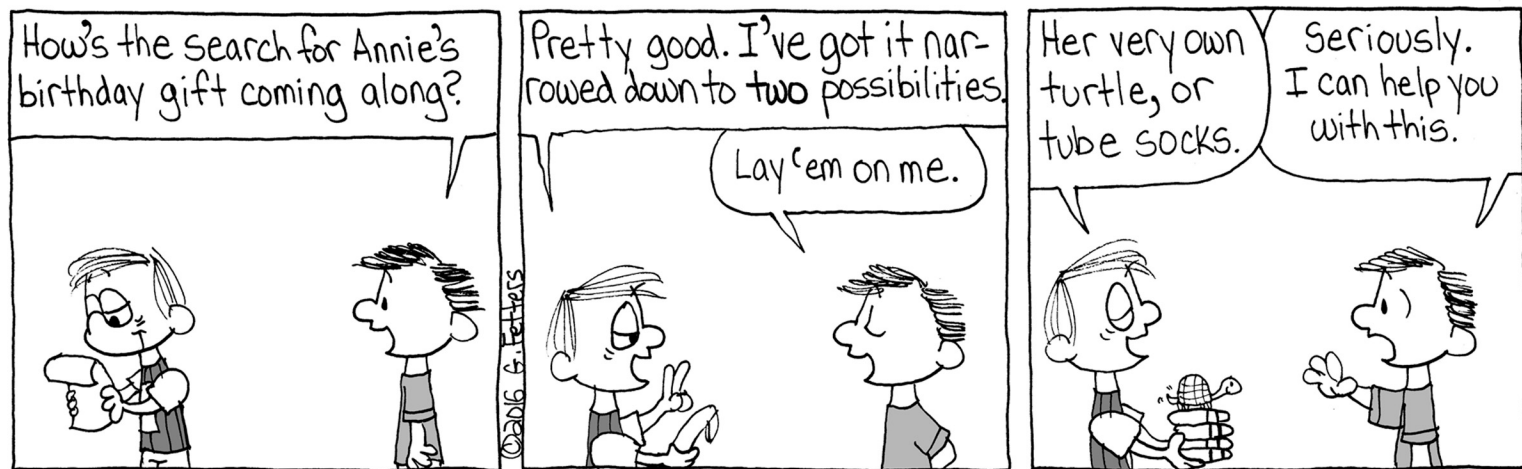




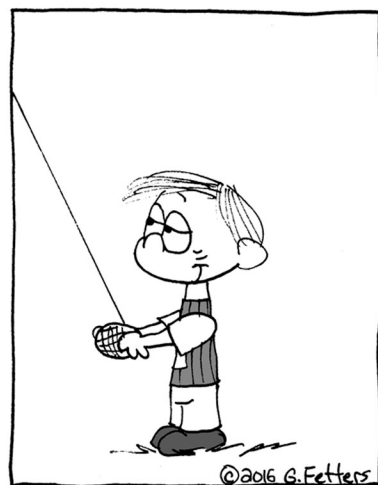


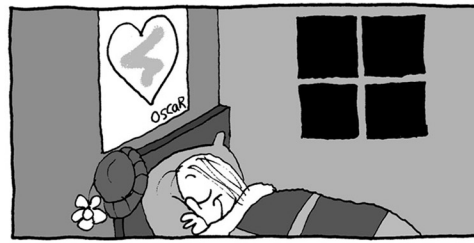
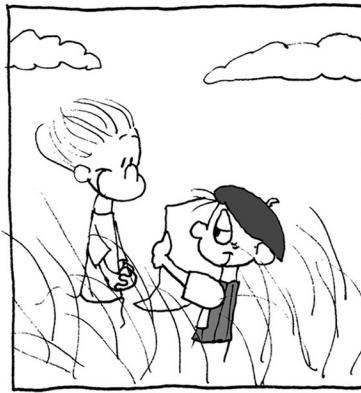
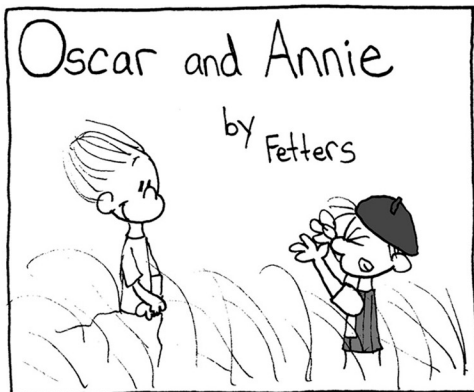


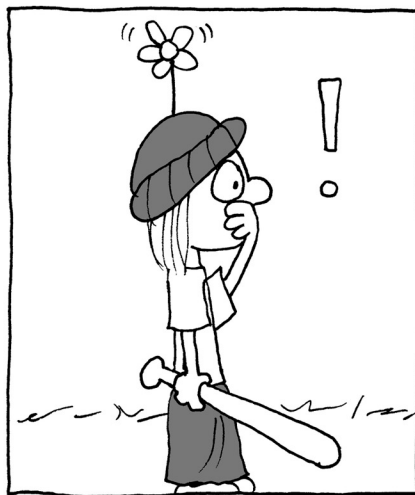
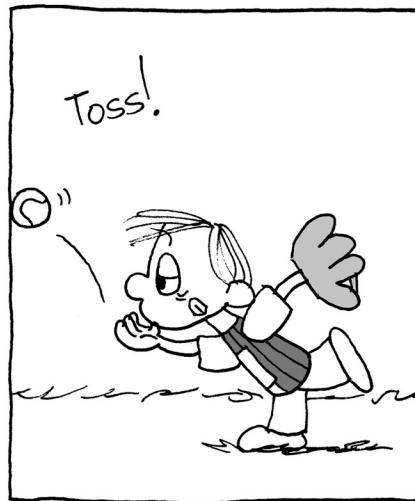


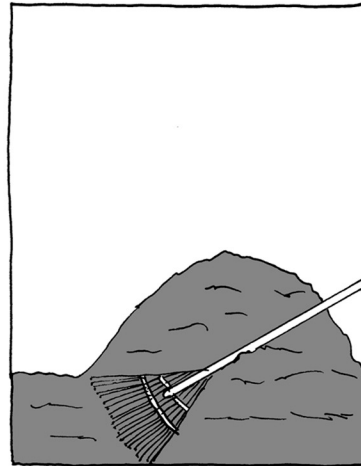
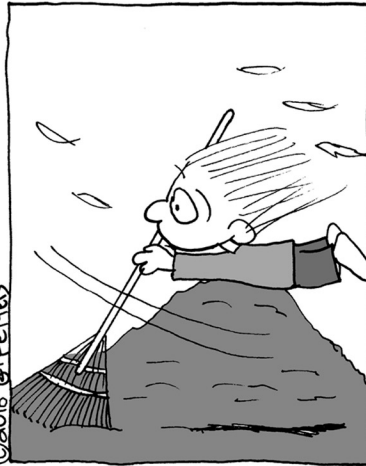


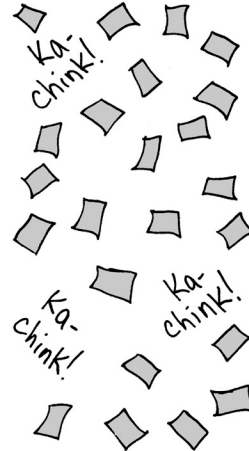
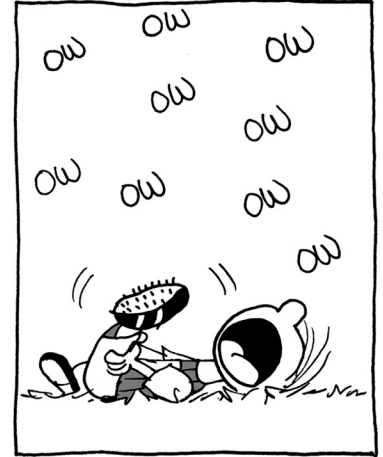






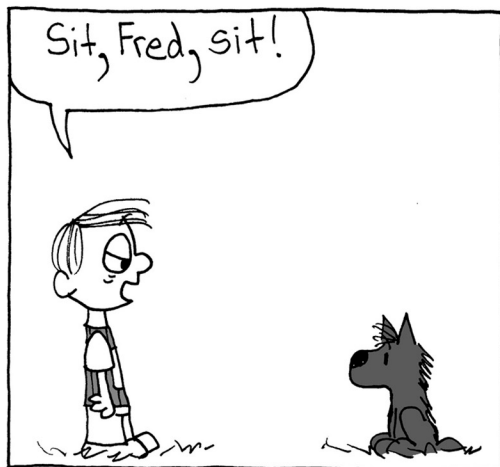
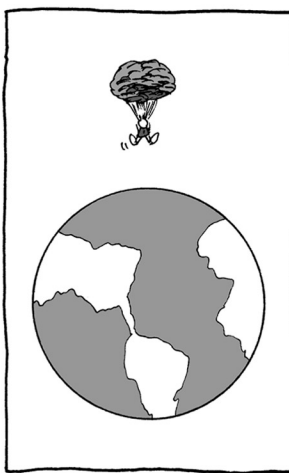




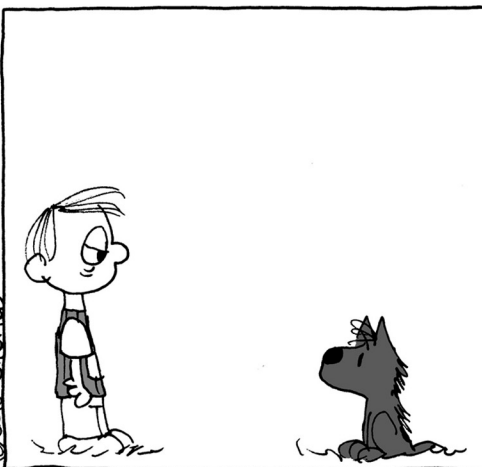




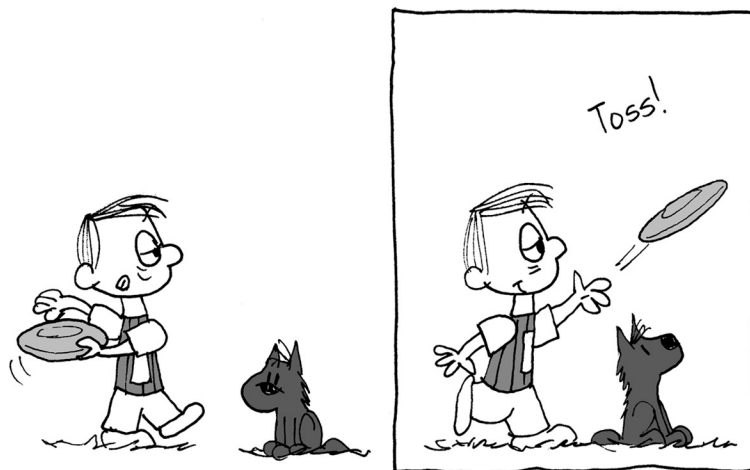
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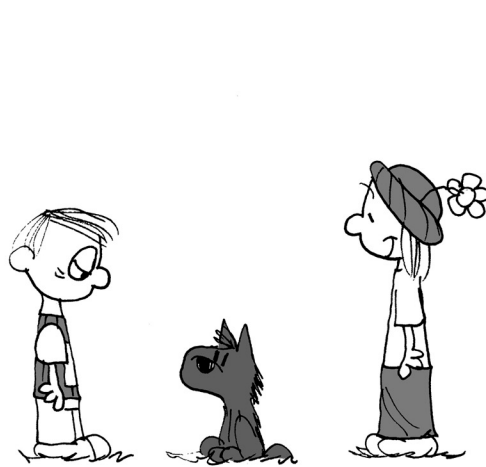


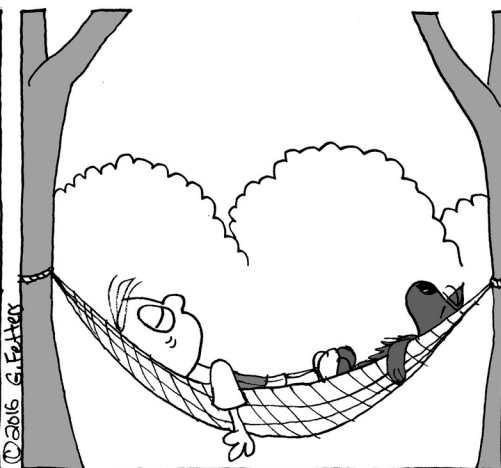
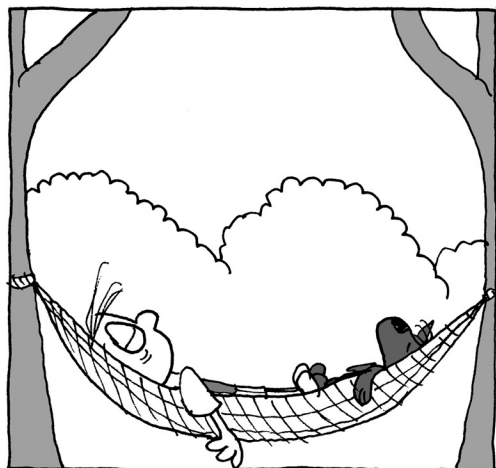
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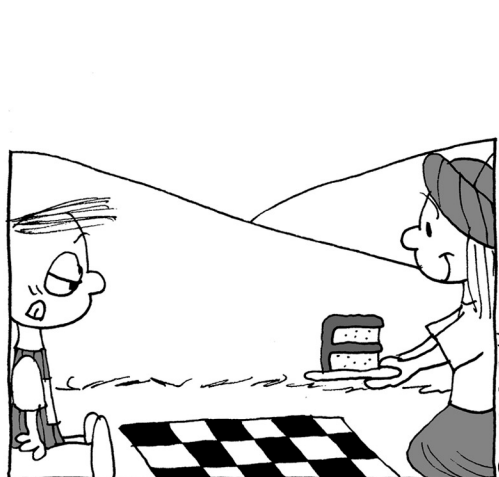




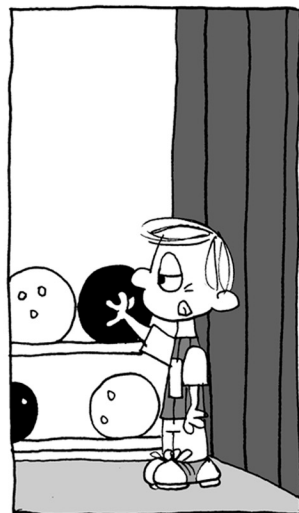
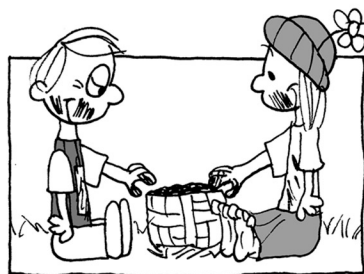
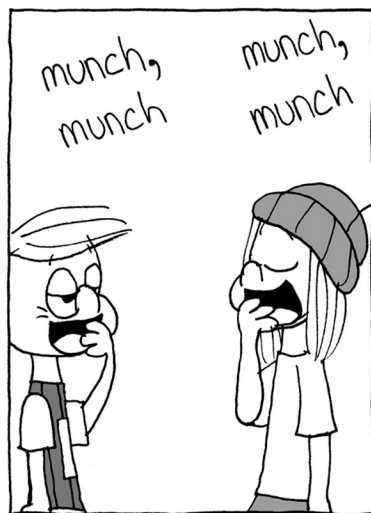


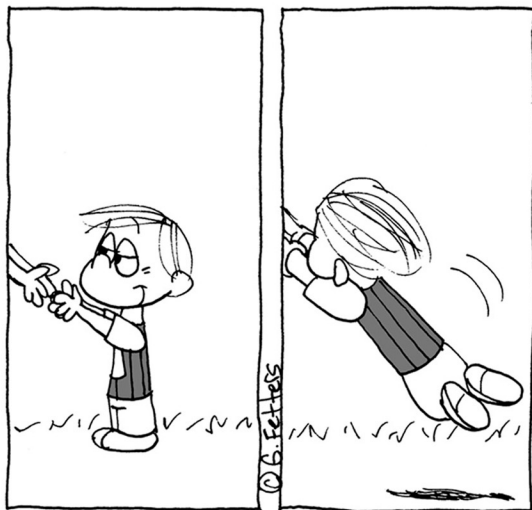












...you don't think
any of the guys
saw that, do you?

I checked.
Coast was
clear.



Hey, Oscar.
What'cha
doin'?

I'm supposed to
be feeding Freddie.

So, why
aren't you?

His food's in the scary
part of the basement,
where the ghosts are
waiting to get me.

Huh. That
does pose
a problem...

You'd think parents
would think this stuff
through, you know?



Hey, what if I go downstairs **with** you? Would that help?

Couldn't hurt to try!

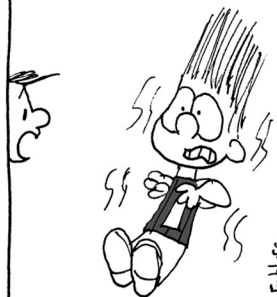


See? We're in the "scary" part of the basement, and nothing happened!

Hey... you're right!



...Whatsa matter?



@G.Fettus

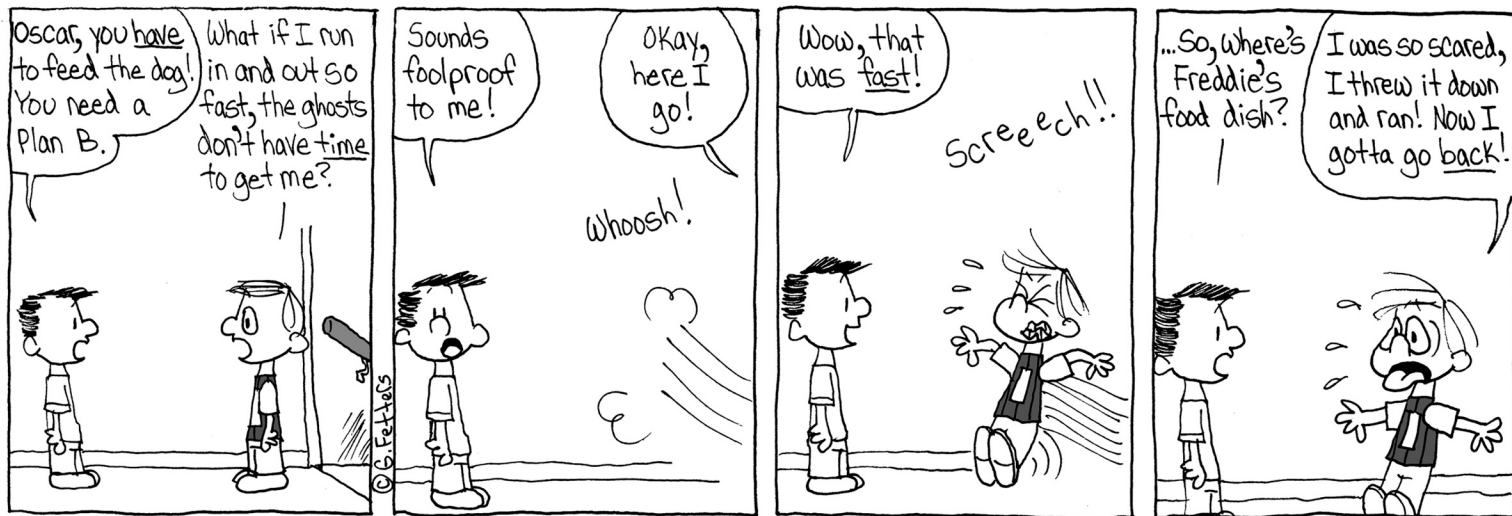
You're imaginary! You can't possibly help if a ghost attacks me!

AAAAAIEEE !!!

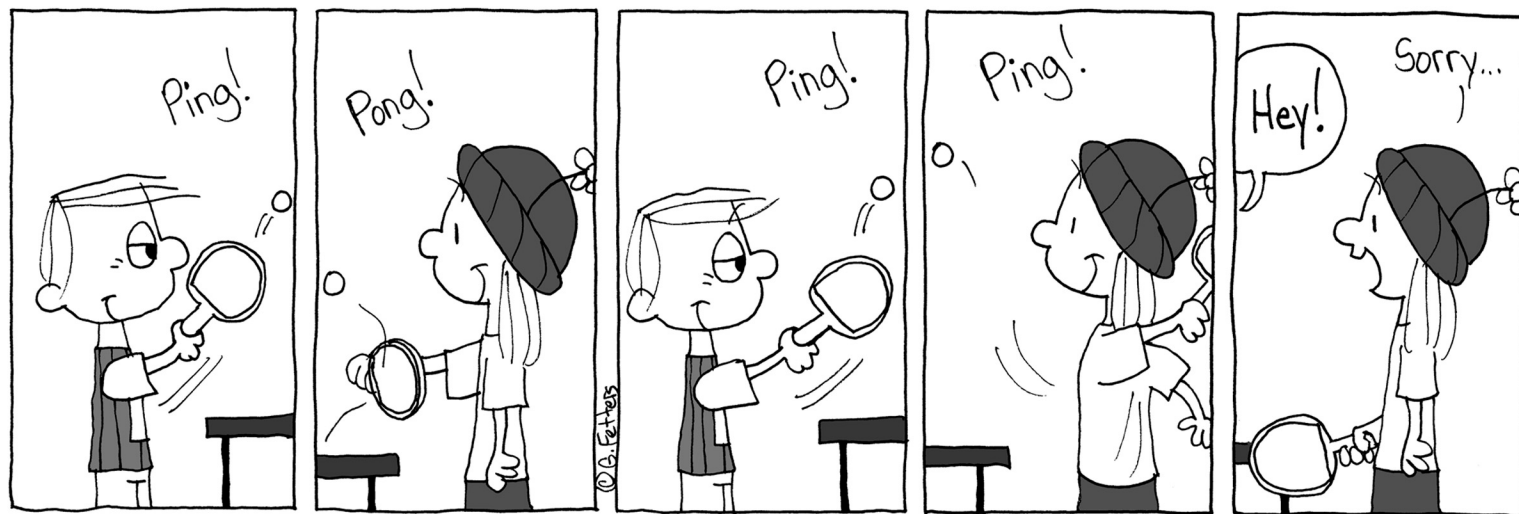


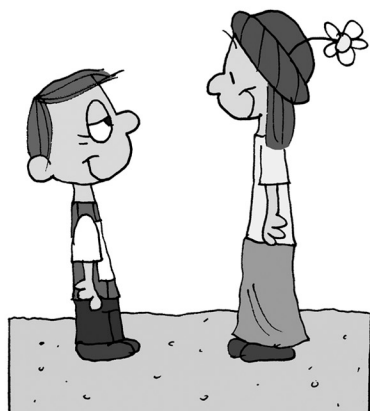
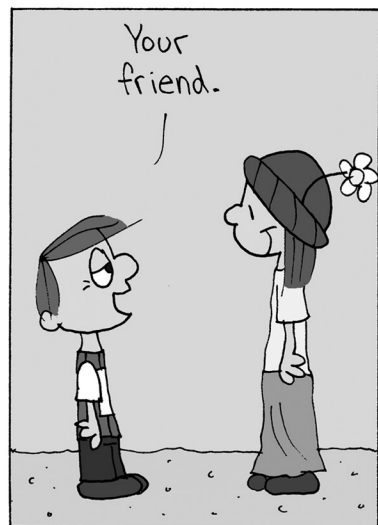
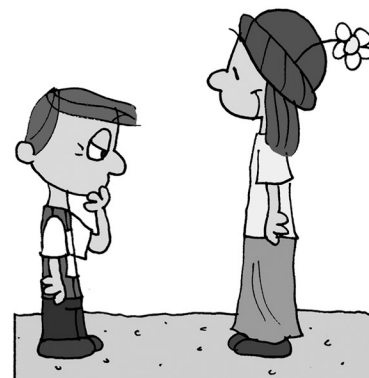
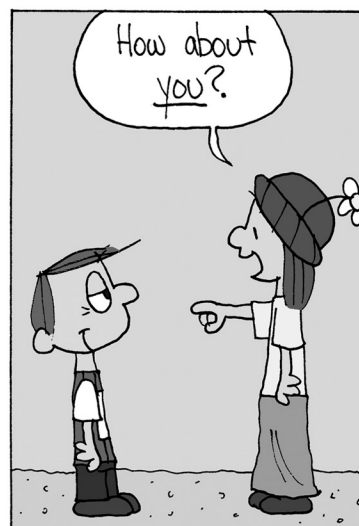
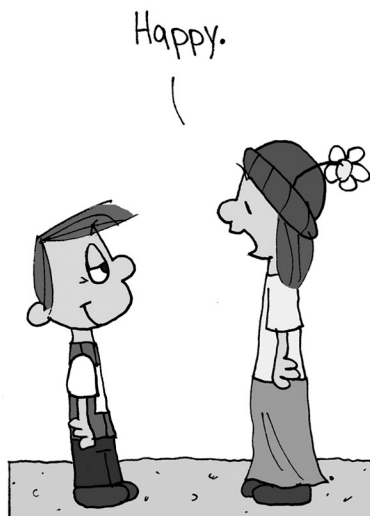
...he found my plan's fatal flaw!

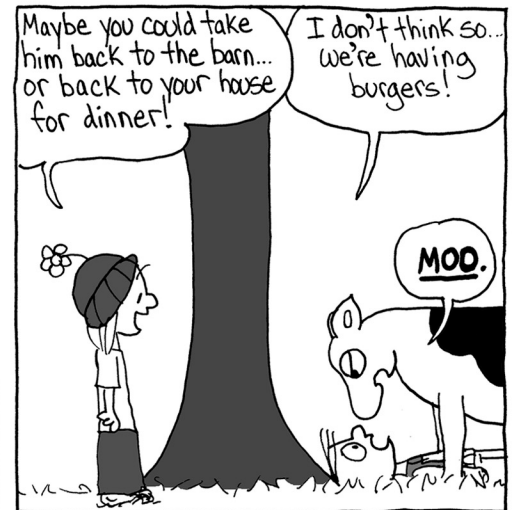






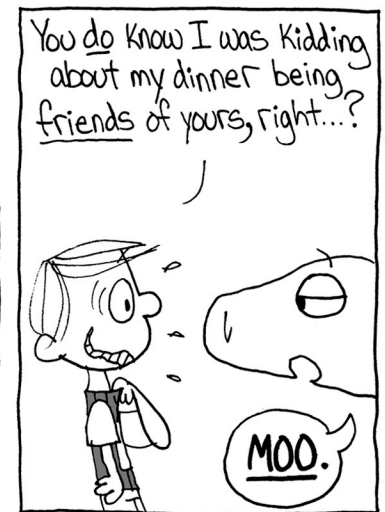
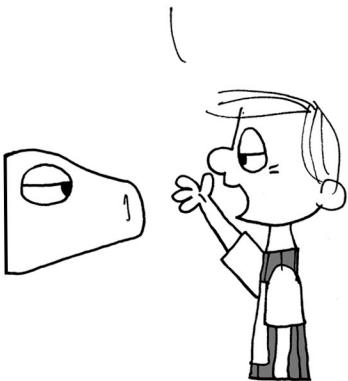




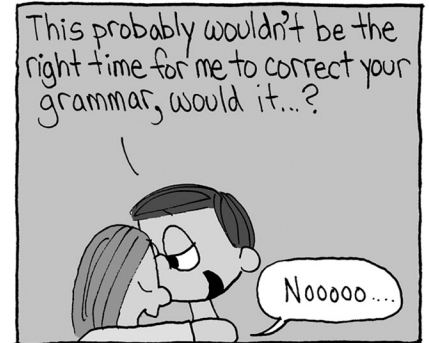
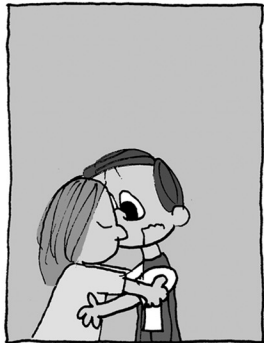
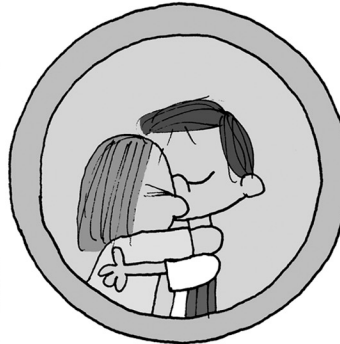




Well, here's your barn, cow... I gotta go eat some of your friends for dinner! See ya!







HEY!



Hey, what?



Did you just push my friend Annie down?



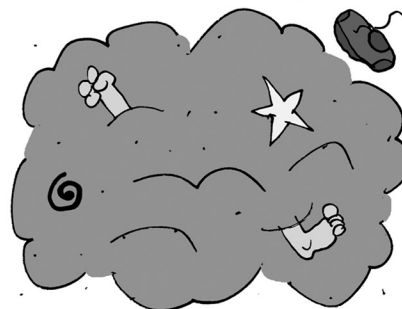
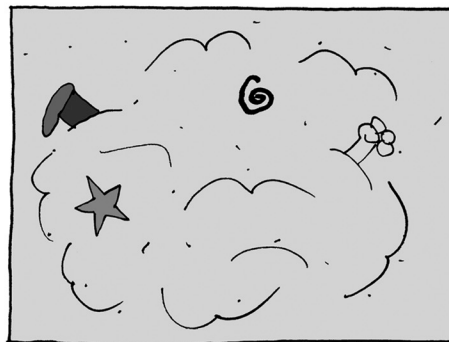
You mean the kid with the funny-looking hat? I guess so... why?



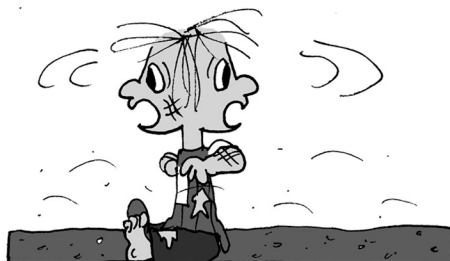
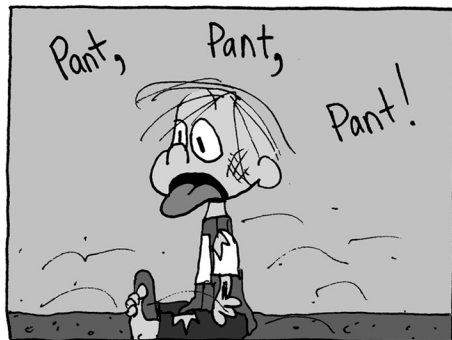
Because she's my best friend, and when you mess with her, you mess with me!!



AAAAAAAAAAA!!!



Pant, Pant, Pant!



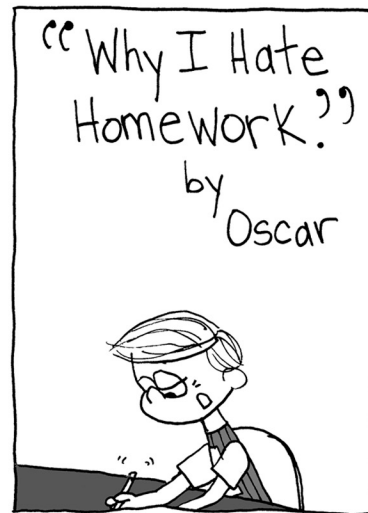
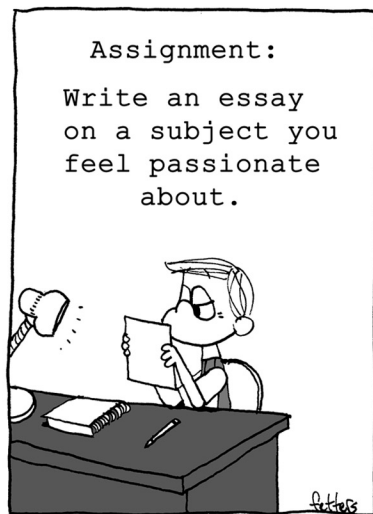
I disintegrated him!



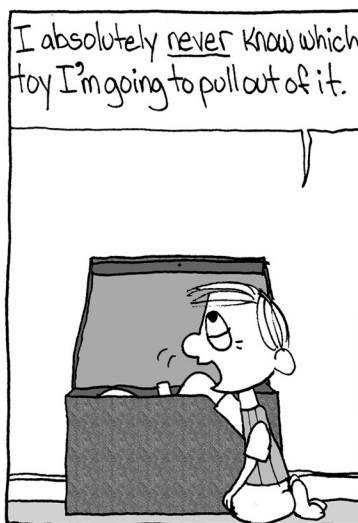
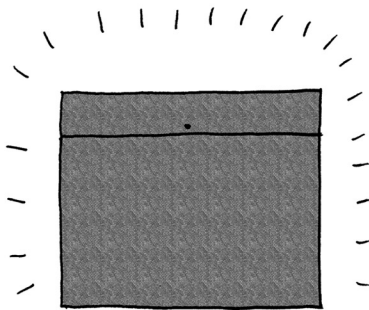
He left 10 minutes ago, when he lost you in all the dust...

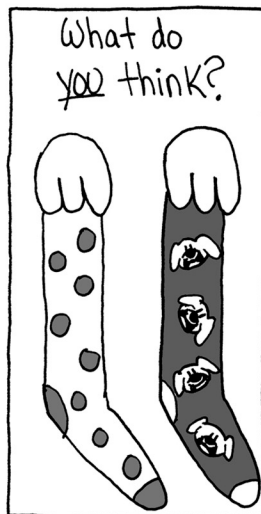


But you were very brave.

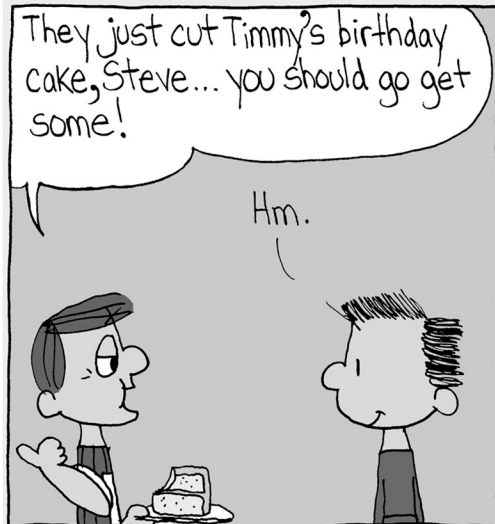


It's filled with every single
special little toy I've ever
had.

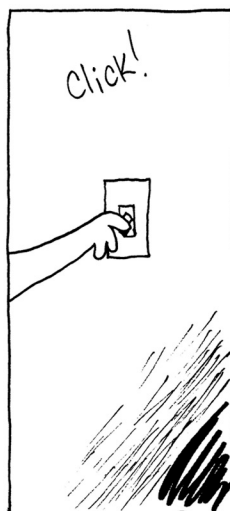


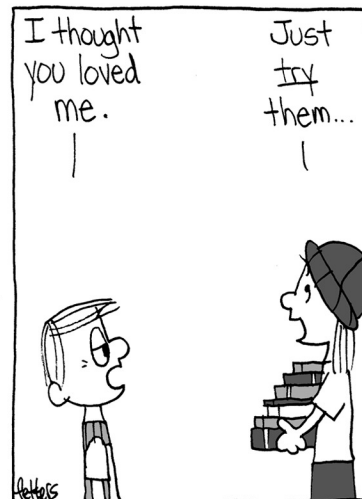
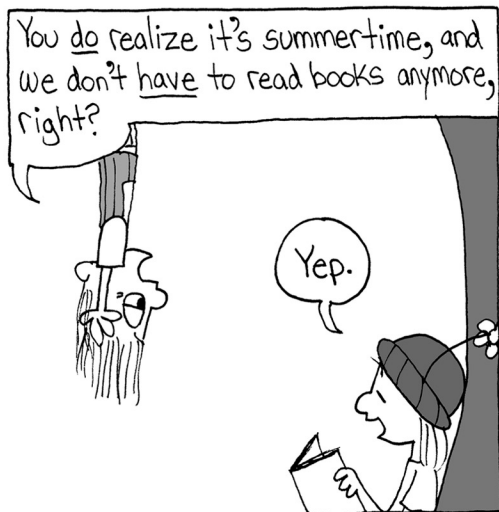


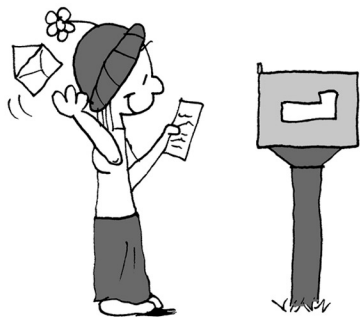




Letters







Dear Annie,
Thank you for the
swell books you
lent me.



I have to say, you
were right! They are
making my summer
more enjoyable already!



letters

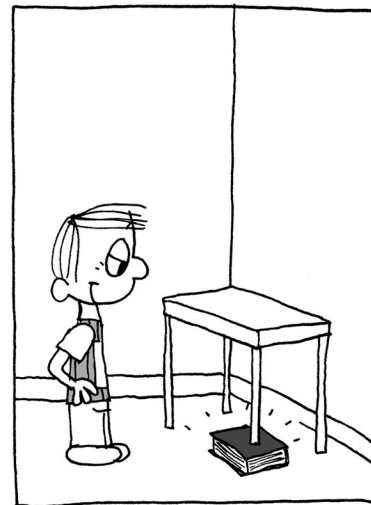


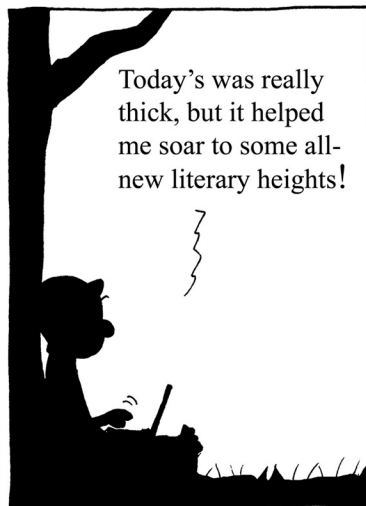
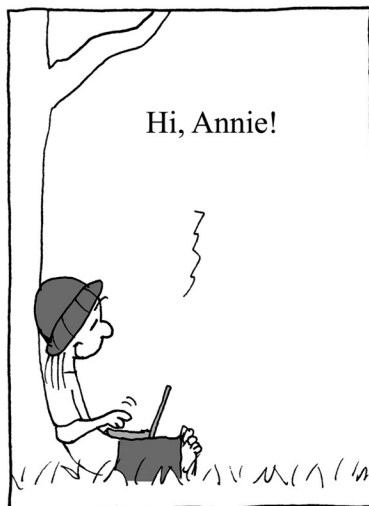
Hi, Annie!
Thanks again for
those books you
lent me!



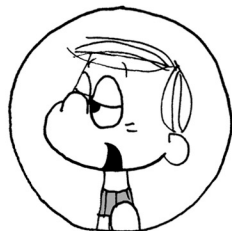
letters

They have been a lot
more helpful to me
than I ever could have
imagined!





I'm not quite done with them yet, though... do you mind if I keep them a little longer?





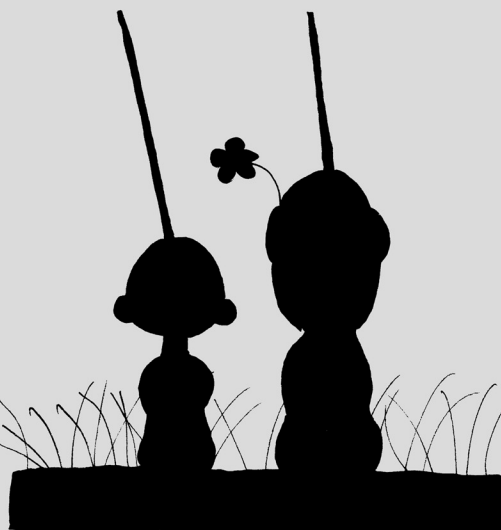
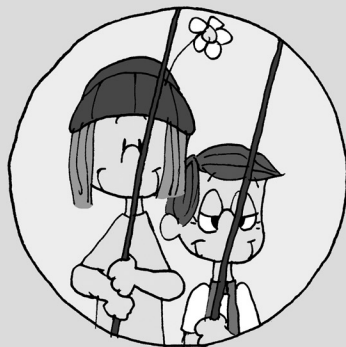
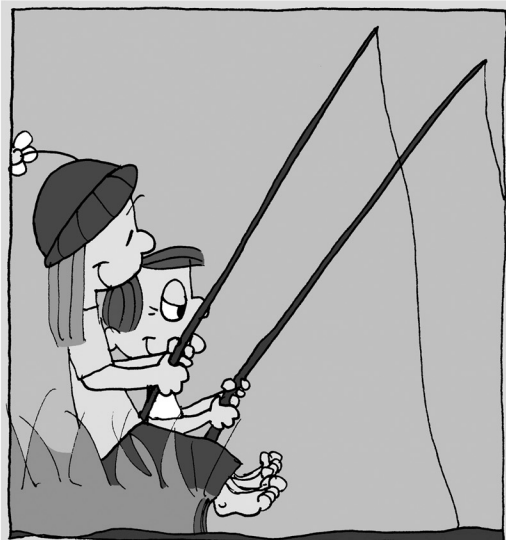
...Oscar,
WAIT!!

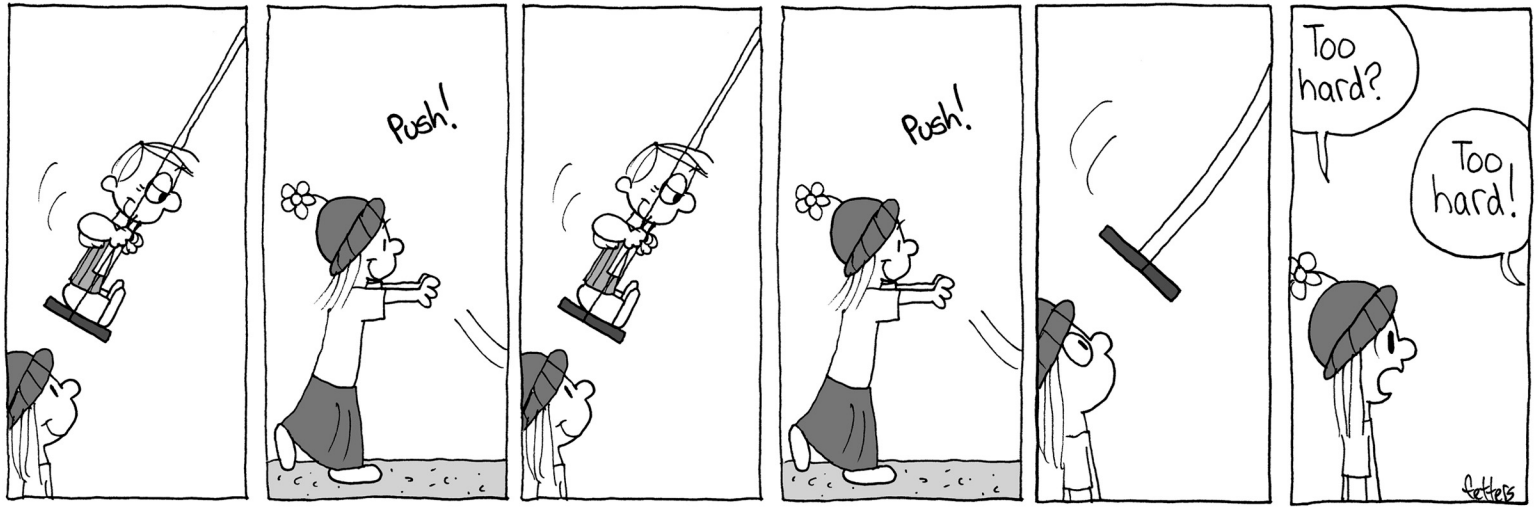


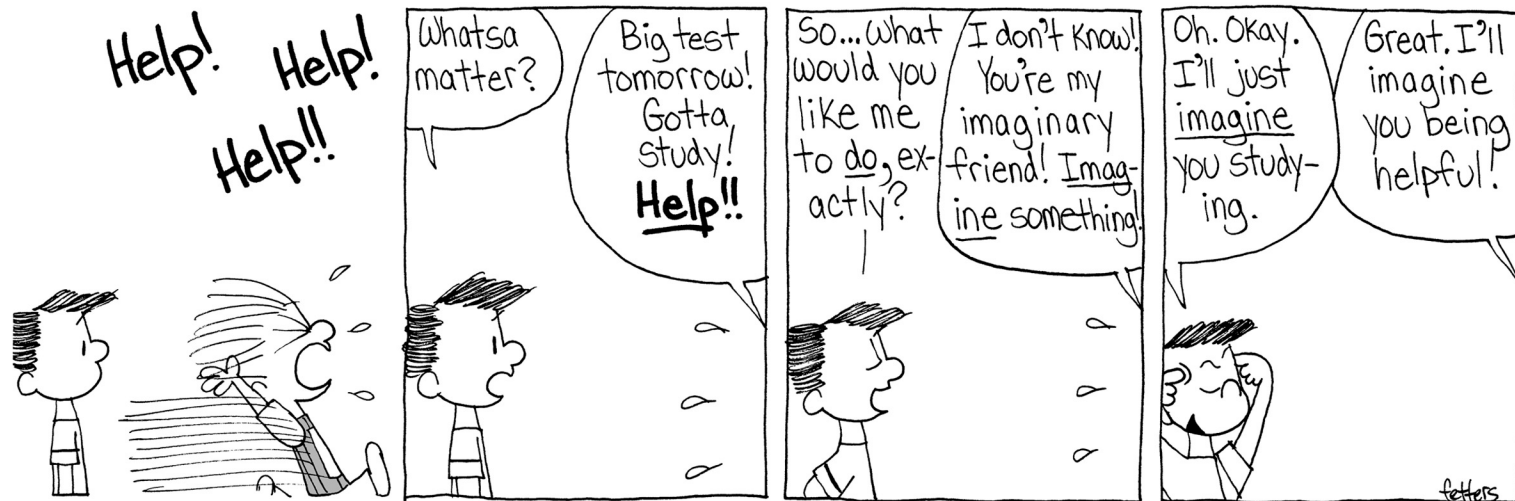
...Are you okay?
...Will you live??

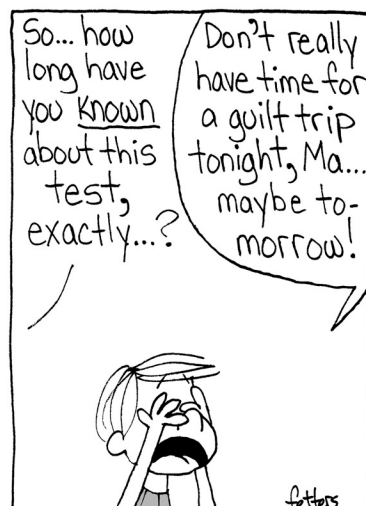
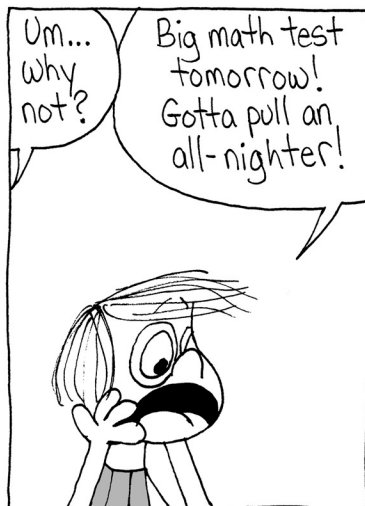


...I am going to be okay.
If you could just go and get me a teeeeeny little bit of water, though, that would be wonderful...

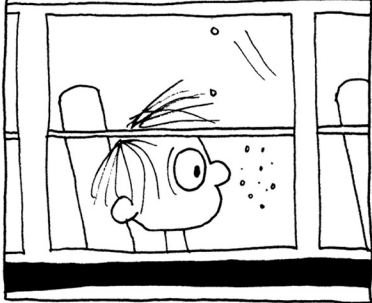




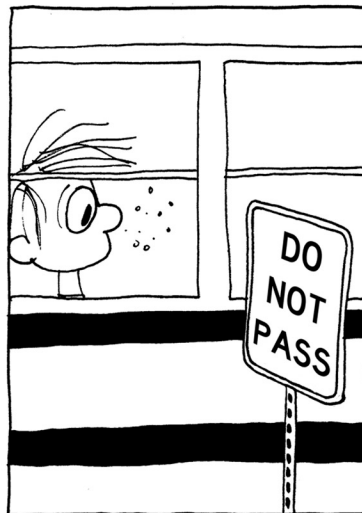




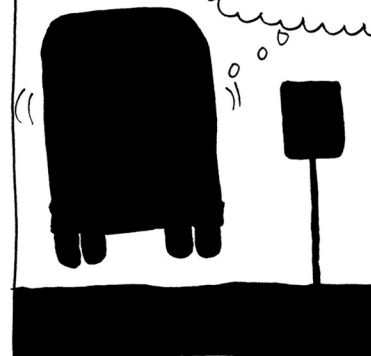
I can't believe I stayed up the whole stupid night studying for that test...



I really have to start paying more attention in class... what was I thinking?



Heh... no worries about that!



Ugh... here it comes. Why don't you just hand me my "F" now, and save us both some time??



I'm Mr. Lovejoy, your substitute teacher. Your teacher, Miss Melon, is out sick today...

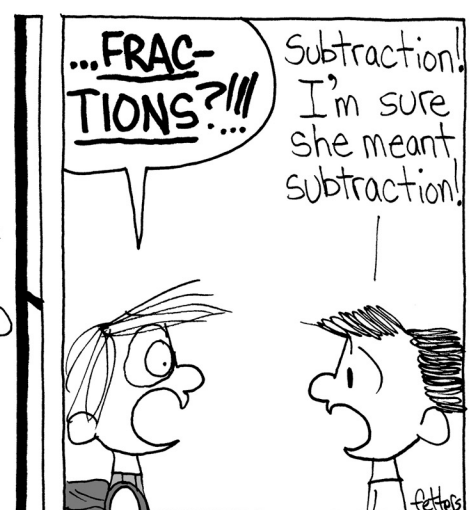
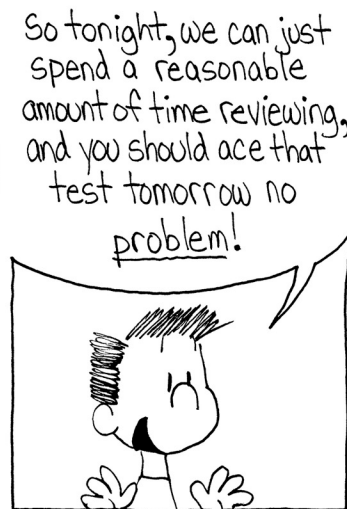


Whatever she had planned for you is being postponed until tomorrow! Please turn in your books to page 63...



Isn't that great, Oscar? You got a reprieve! You stayed up all night for nothing!





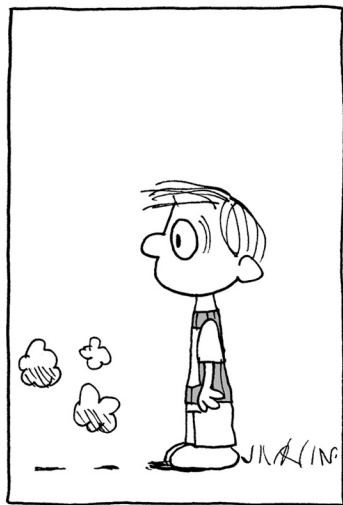


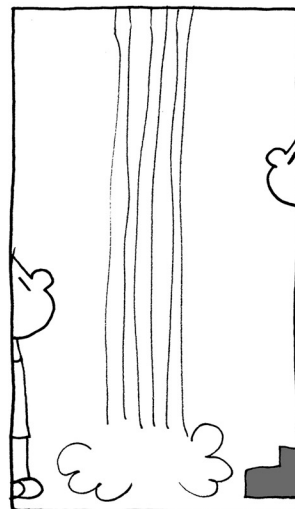
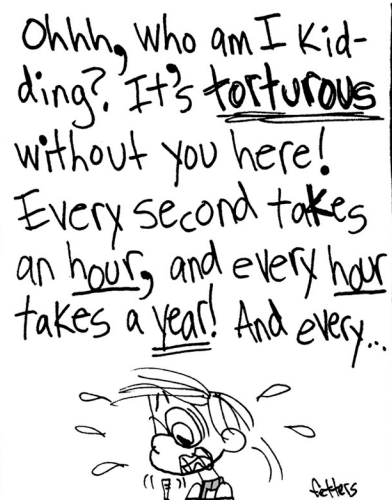
Does she, like, live across the street, or something?



No, she lives across town...



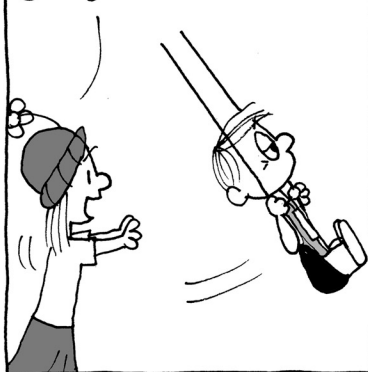




Hey, Annie - can you come over here and give me a push?



So, I guess you missed me a little while I was gone, huh?



Yeah... but I don't think it's gonna be a problem anymore!



...So you've matured, eh?

If getting you to stand in a big puddle of superglue is maturing, then sure!



Looks like most of the other boys are over there playing baseball...

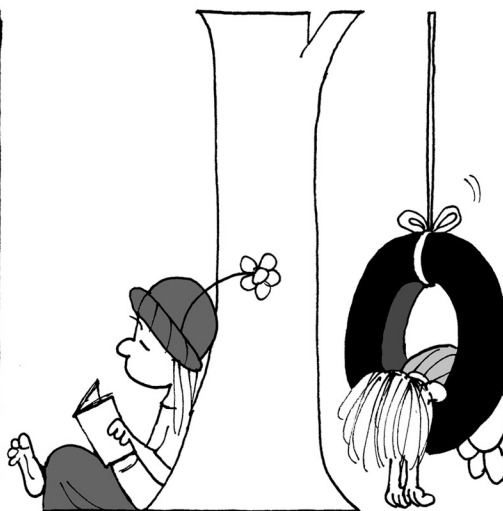


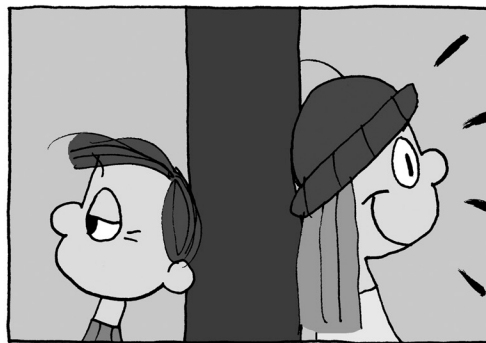
Yeah...



I don't understand it, either...







Dear Spiders in the basement,
I am so glad that we have become such good friends.



However, my mom does not seem to understand how wonderful you all are. This may be why she gooshed Charlie, instead of just saying hello to him.



So, even though it breaks my heart to do so, I have to ask you all to please leave to avoid any further gooshings.



I will miss you all very much. Love, your friend,
Annie



ps.- My mom is a very good person. She just has trouble with your hairy legs.

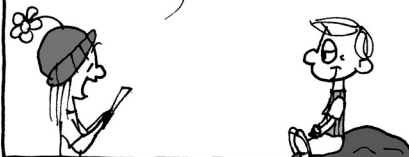
Oscar, Oscar, it worked! The spiders wrote me back!



"Dear Annie,
Thank you so much for your nice letter- and for the heads-up! We have moved to the house next door."



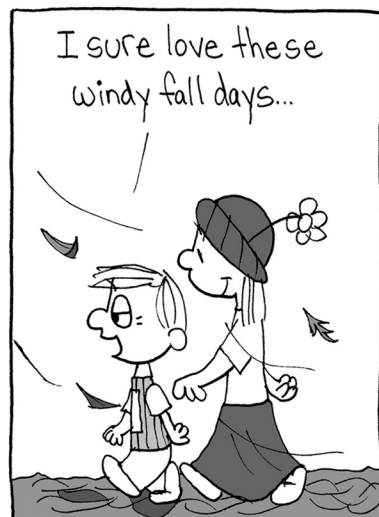
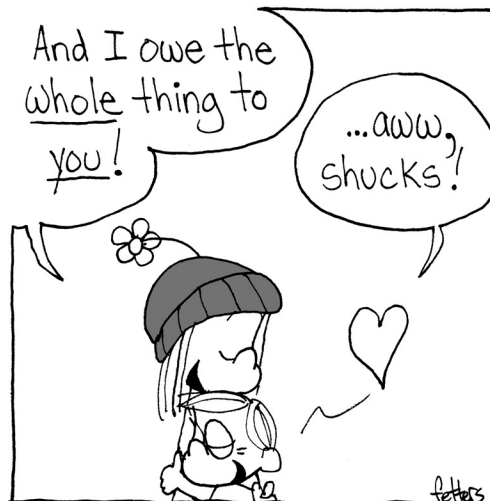
"We will miss you very much, and we hope that the people at our next house are half as nice as you!
Love, your friends, the spiders in the basement"

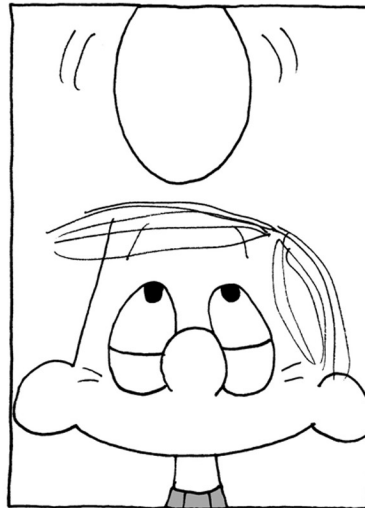
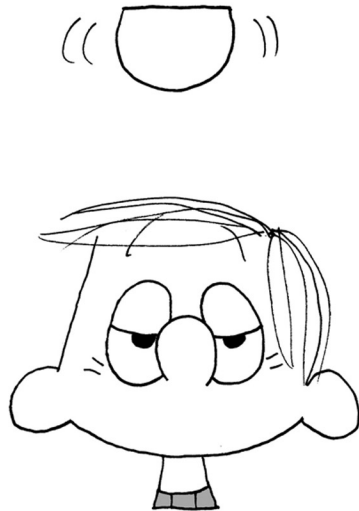
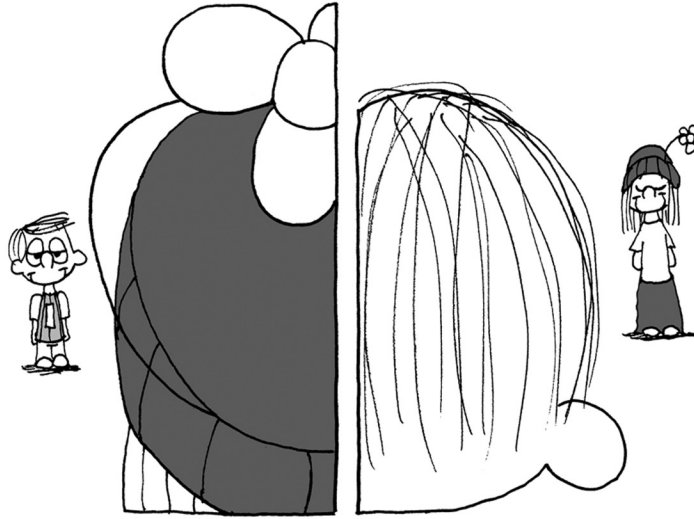
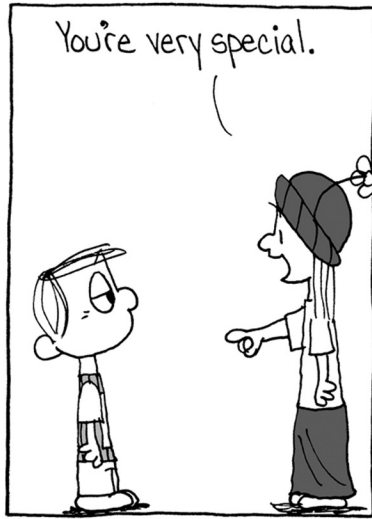


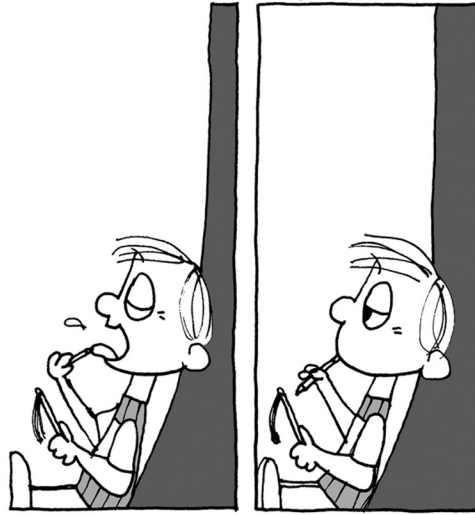
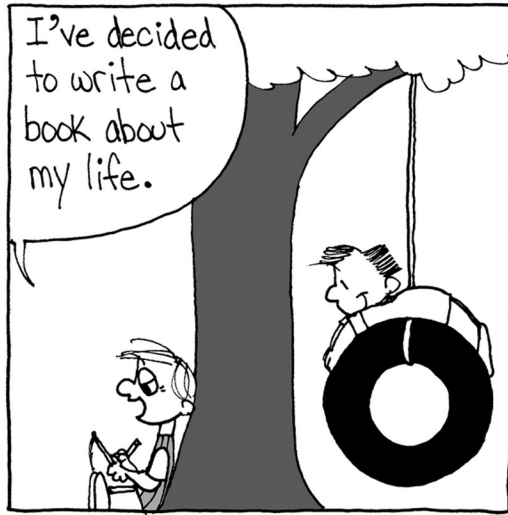
"P.S.- We don't hold it against your mom. We get the 'hairy legs' thing all the time!"

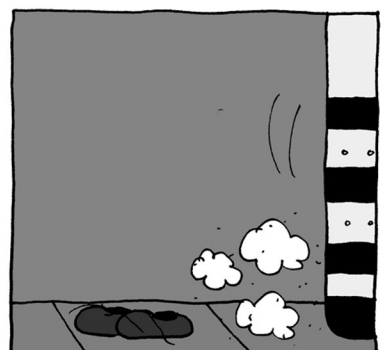
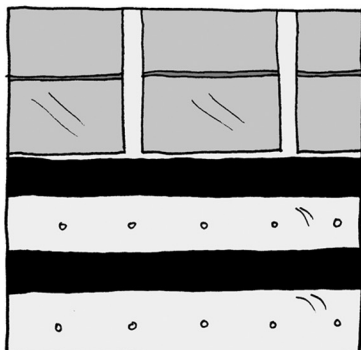
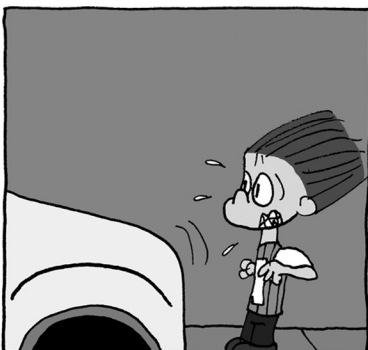
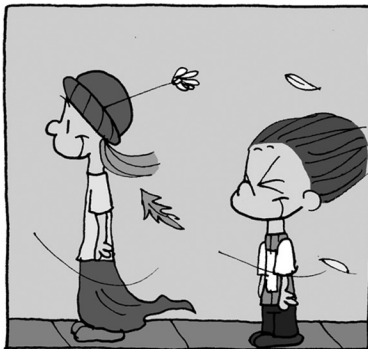
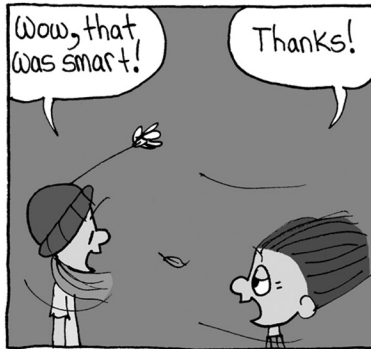
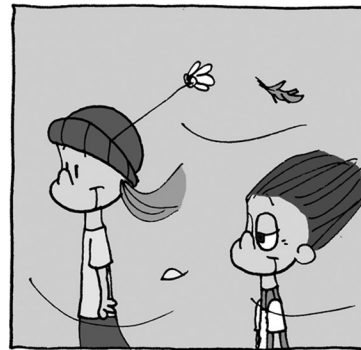
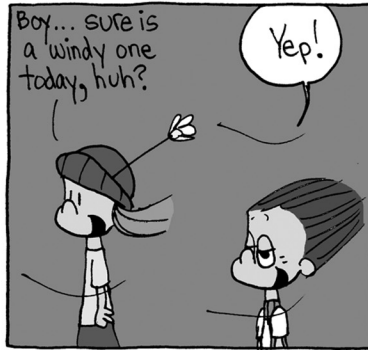
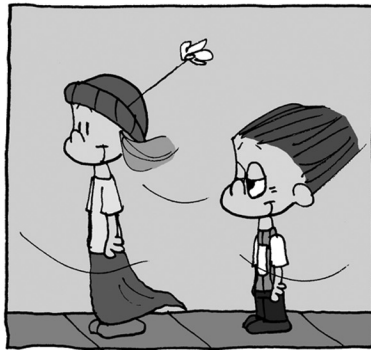


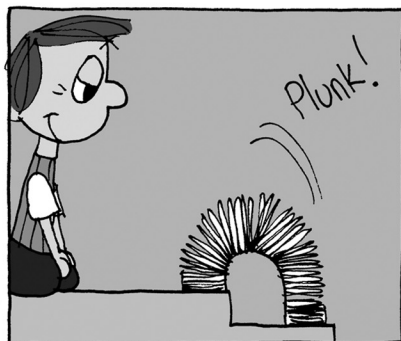
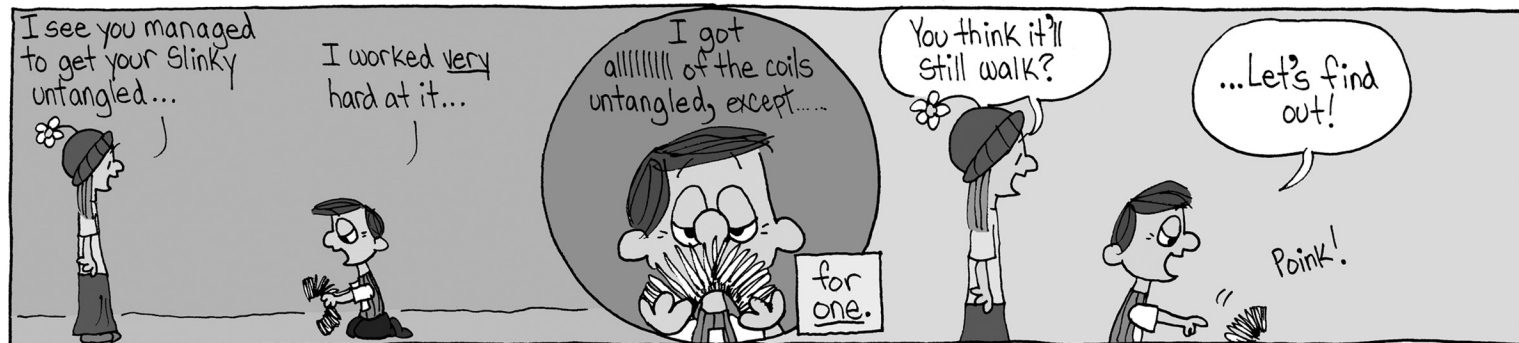
...yeah, I'll bet they do!







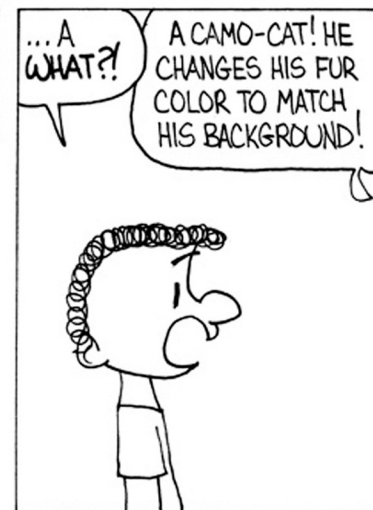


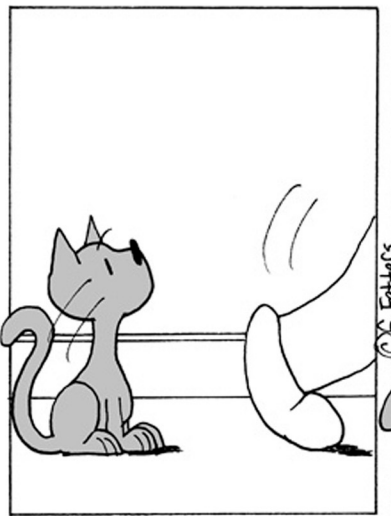


I'M TELLING MOM!



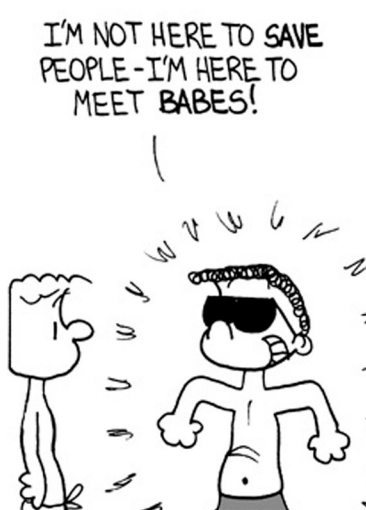
BONUS MATERIAL!









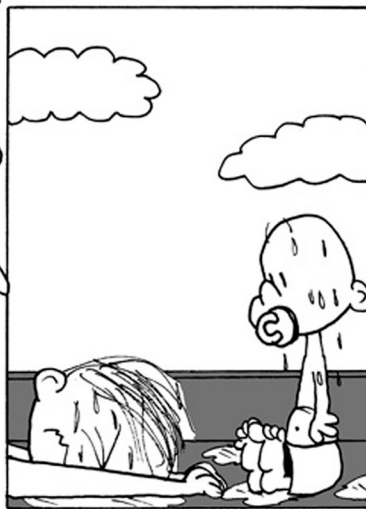


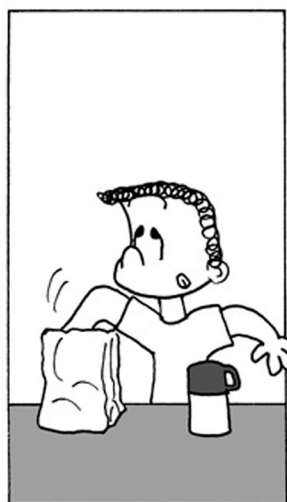
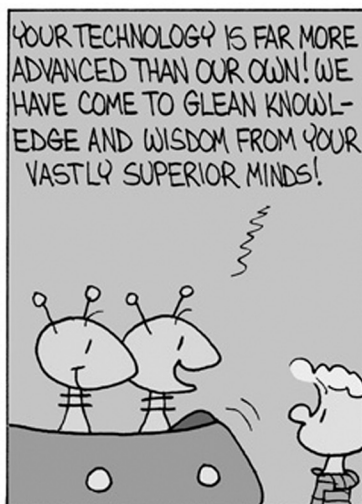


WHAT'S WRONG?

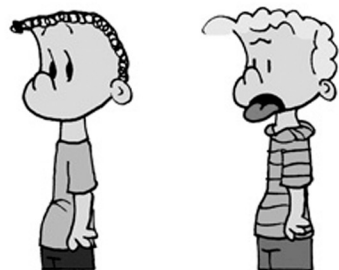
THAT BOY CAN'T SWIM!





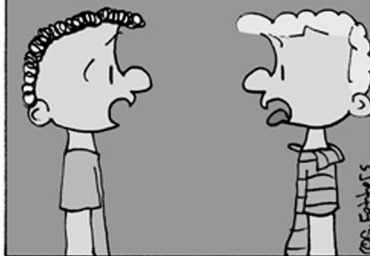


I'M PRODUCING
TOO MUCH SALIVA.



YOU'RE...
PRODUCING...
TOO MUCH...

SALIVA, YEAH.
I CAN HARDLY
KEEP IT IN
MY MOUTH.



YOU KNOW...
THERE'S SUCH
A THING AS
TOO MUCH
SHARING...

THORRY...
WHAT'D YOU
THAY?

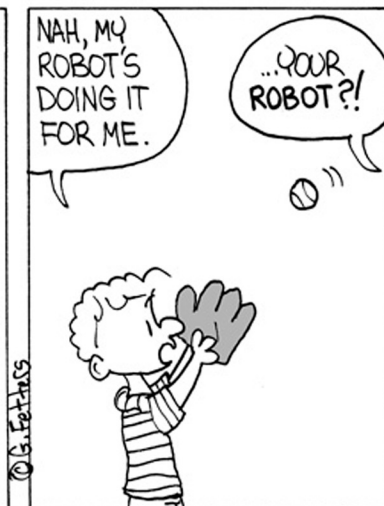


DIDJA GET YOUR
HOMEWORK DONE
YET, JIMMY?



NAH, MY
ROBOT'S
DOING IT
FOR ME.

...YOUR
ROBOT?!



YEAH, I DESIGNED A ROBOT
TO DO ALL OF MY CHORES
AND HOMEWORK AND STUFF
FOR ME...

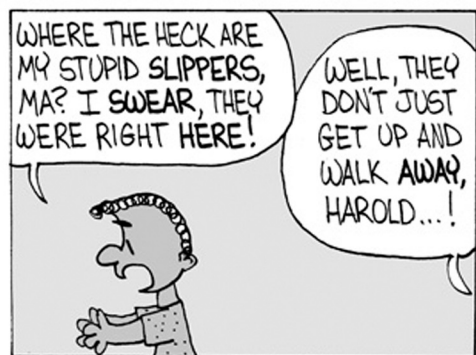
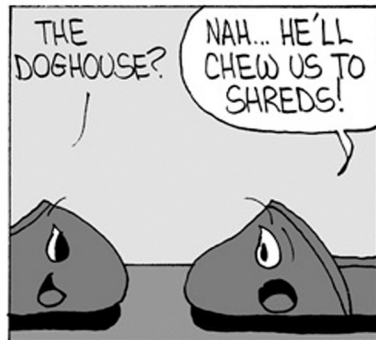
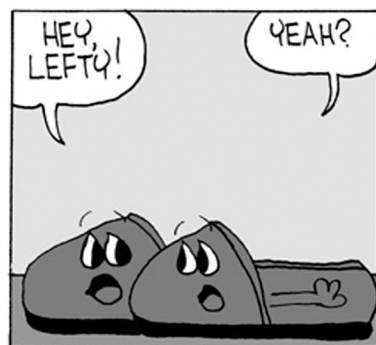


I HAVE NO IDEA
WHY I DIDN'T
THINK OF IT
SOONER...

WELL,
YOU'VE
BEEN
BUSY...



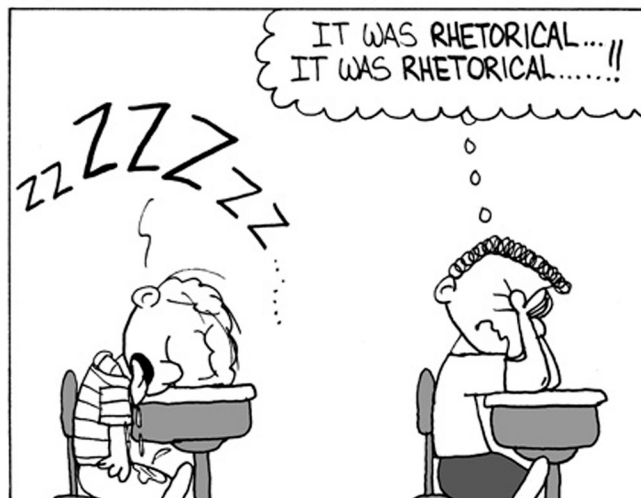




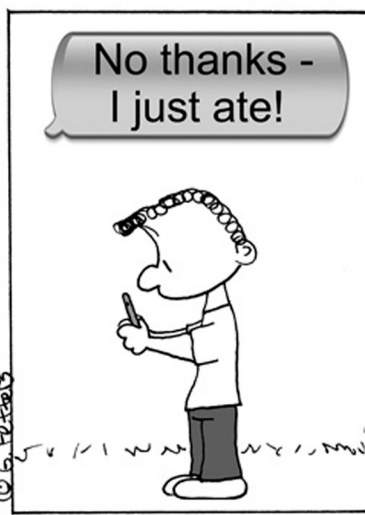
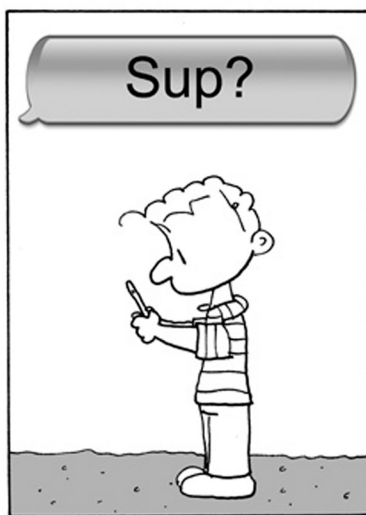




OH, NO, MA'AM, DON'T WORRY... YOU WEREN'T DISTURBING ME OR ANYTHING... THANK YOU FOR ASKING ME, THOUGH...











I NEVER MADE IT TO THE NORTH POLE, HAROLD. SANTA NEVER GOT MY LIST, AND NOW HE'S GONNA GIVE ME SOCKS AND UNDERWEAR FOR CHRISTMAS, I JUST KNOW IT...



JIMMY, SANTA ALWAYS BRINGS TONS OF LOOT FOR THE GOOD KIDS, AND YOU'RE ALWAYS A GOOD KID!



SURE! NOT TOO BRIGHT, MAYBE... NOT ALL THAT COORDINATED... AND YOU SAY A LOT OF DUMB THINGS, AND STUFF, BUT...



...SO, WHAT DOES SANTA BRING FOR THE KIDS WHO MAKE FUN OF THE GOOD KIDS, THEN?



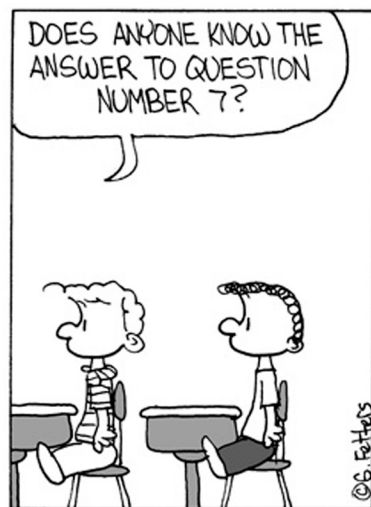
MY DAD MARRIED A SUPERMODEL..



DIDN'T THAT UPSET YOUR MOM??







ANYBODY AT ALL...?



THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION, SALLY... ACTUALLY, THE AREA THAT CONTROLS OUR BALANCE IS LOCATED IN OUR INNER EAR!



