

Exercise



“This nonsense stops the minute we’re married!”

Invitation

SO, I DID SOME RESEARCH, AND THERE'S A STATIONERY STORE JUST DOWN THE STREET THAT MAKES NICE INVITATIONS.



WE'D MEET WITH ONE OF THE CONSULTANTS, LOOK AT SOME SAMPLES --



ARE YOU KIDDING? I CAN DESIGN AN INVITATION WITH MY EYES CLOSED!



I KNOW, BUT THEY HANDLE EVERYTHING: THE DESIGN, THE PRINTING...

COME ON.



THIS IS THE **ONE** PART OF THIS WHOLE PROCESS THAT I ACTUALLY KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT, SO LET ME DO IT.



THE NEXT DAY...

DONE!



HMM... I THINK MAYBE THE BRIDE'S PARENTS SHOULD BE LISTED FIRST.



AND AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO SPELL THE DATE OUT, INSTEAD OF USING NUMBERS?

BSIGH

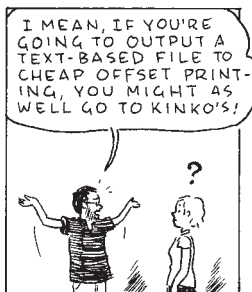


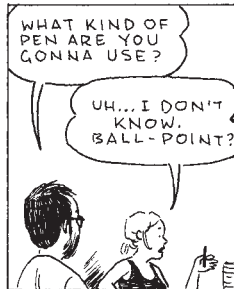
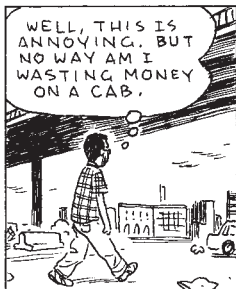
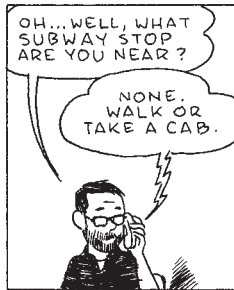


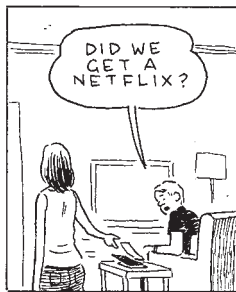
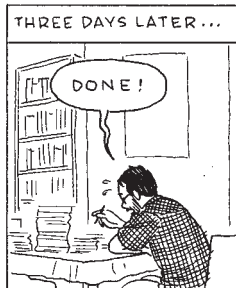
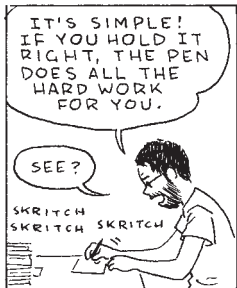
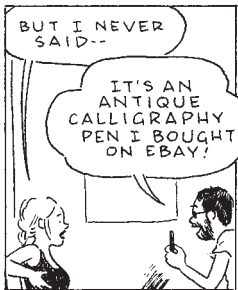
FIVE HOURS LATER...



THE NEXT DAY...







Hundred Dollar Necktie



*“...And you’re sure I can’t just wear the one
I bought for your grandma’s funeral?”*