

LOPOPO'S LOST SOCK

by Alexander Serra



SATURDAY MORNING WEBTOONS

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PRESENTS

"LOPOPO'S LOST SOCK"

BY ALEXANDER SERRA

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ODDBITS!!

MASTER LOPOPO, PLEASE.
IT DOES NOT LOOK AT ALL
RESPECTABLE HAVING THE
PRINCE SHOUTING AT THE
TOP OF HIS LUNGS.

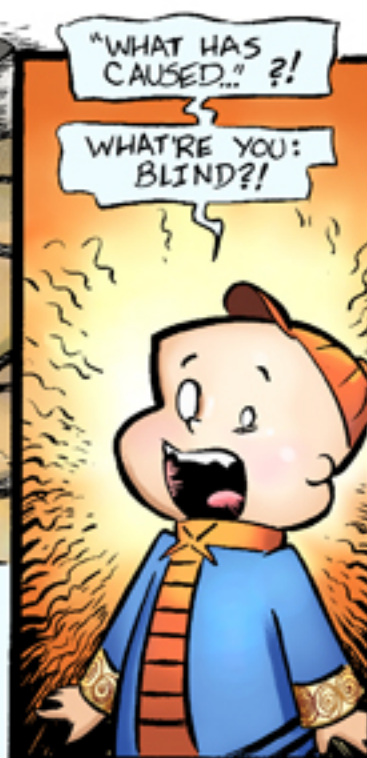


I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, ODDBITS:
WHEN YOU CAN START READING MY
MIND AND KNOWING WHEN I NEED
YOUR SERVICES, THEN I'LL STOP
SHOUTING. HOW DOES THAT
SOUND?



I'M FAIRLY CONFIDENT WE AREN'T
LIMITED TO THOSE TWO OPTIONS,
SIR, HOWEVER WE CAN DISCUSS
IT ALL LATER. RIGHT NOW I'M
MORE CONCERNED IN WHAT HAS
CAUSED YOU SO MUCH DISTRESS.

"WHAT HAS
CAUSED..." ?!
WHAT'RE YOU:
BLIND?!



MY SOCK'S
MISSING
!!

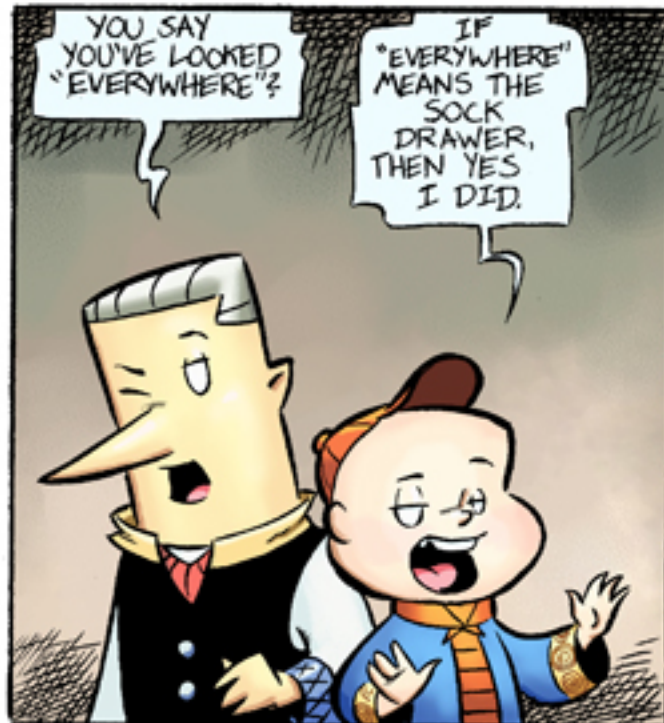


YOUR SOCK IS
MISSING?
ALL YOUR ANXIETY
AND SHOUTING...
IS FOR A MISSING
SOCK?!



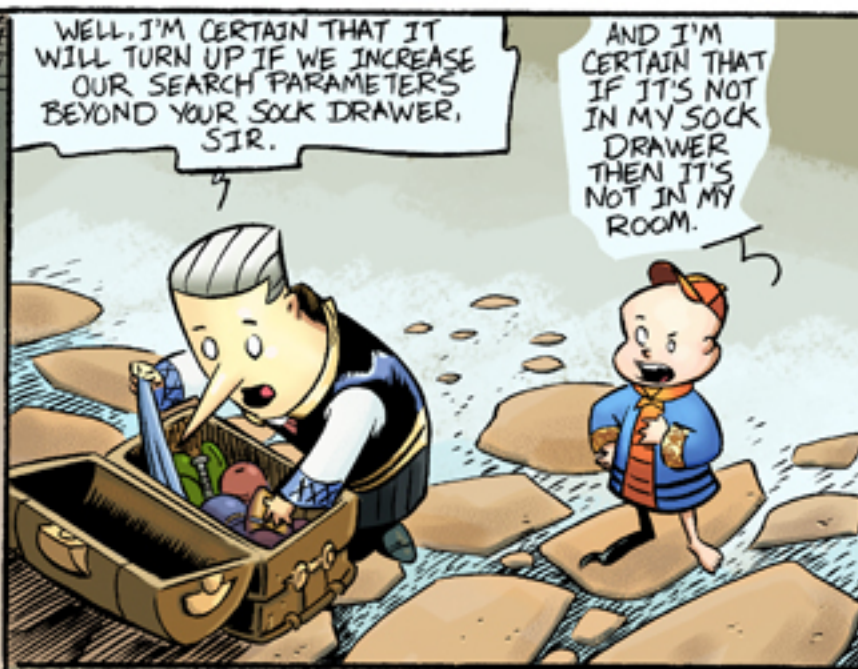
AWWWW...
GET OFF MY
CASE WILL YA,
ODDBITS?!
I'VE LOOKED
EVERYWHERE
AND I CAN'T
FIND IT!

OOOOOH...
I LOVED
THAT SOCK.
SNIFFLE
!!!



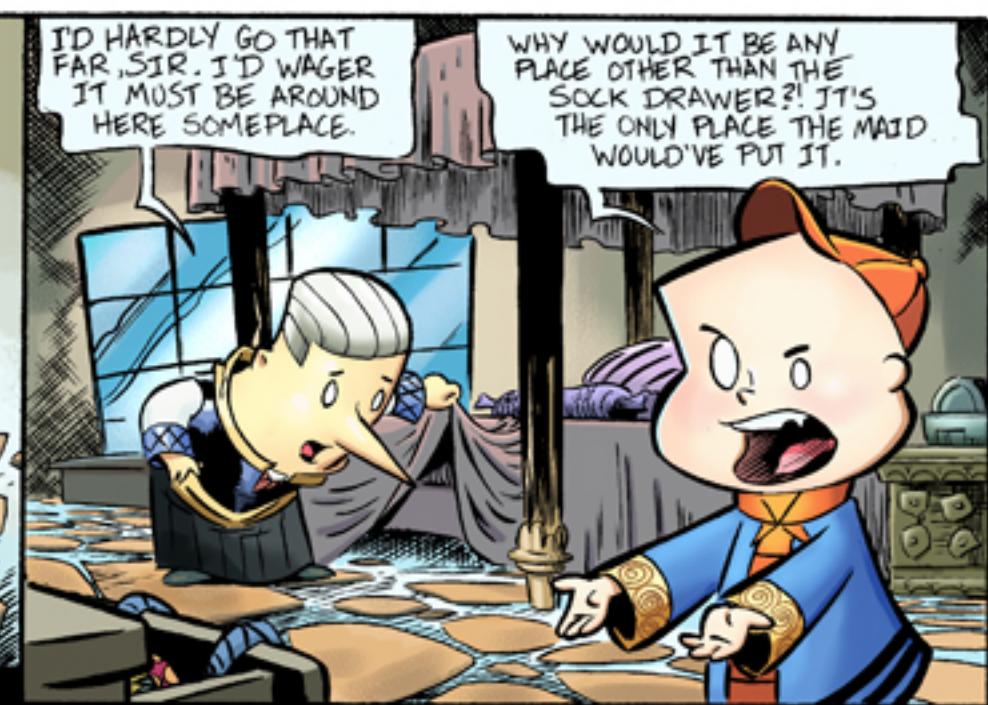
YOU SAY YOU'VE LOOKED "EVERYWHERE"?

IF "EVERYWHERE" MEANS THE SOCK DRAWER, THEN YES I DID.



WELL, I'M CERTAIN THAT IT WILL TURN UP IF WE INCREASE OUR SEARCH PARAMETERS BEYOND YOUR SOCK DRAWER, SIR.

AND I'M CERTAIN THAT IF IT'S NOT IN MY SOCK DRAWER THEN IT'S NOT IN MY ROOM.



I'D HARDLY GO THAT FAR, SIR. I'D WAGER IT MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE.

WHY WOULD IT BE ANY PLACE OTHER THAN THE SOCK DRAWER?! IT'S THE ONLY PLACE THE MAID WOULD'VE PUT IT.



THAT'S IT!! THE MAID! THAT INCOMP... THAT INCOMP... THAT INCOMP... THAT STUPID COW!!



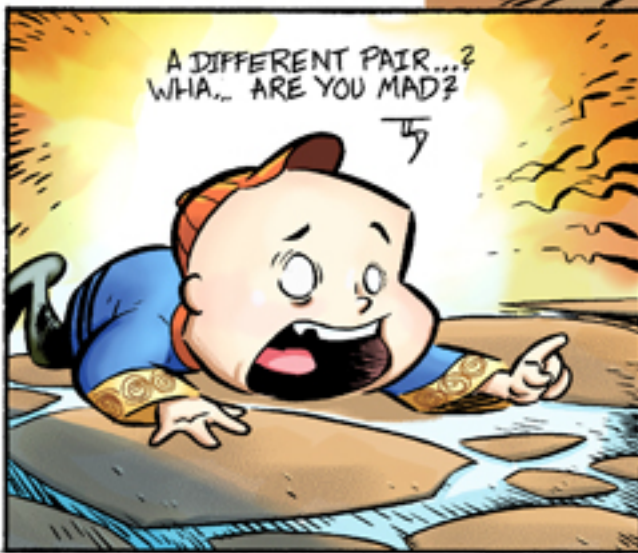
SHE'S PROBABLY LOST IT... OR STOLEN IT!

NOW SIR, I CAN'T IMAGINE ANY SCENARIO THAT WOULD HAVE THE MAID ABDONDING WITH YOUR SOCK.



THEN IT'S LOST! **WAAAAH!** MY PRECIOUS SOCK LOST FOREVER!!

THERE, THERE, SIR, YOU'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO DON A DIFFERENT PAIR OF SOCKS FOR THE DAY.



A DIFFERENT PAIR...? WHA... ARE YOU MAD?



YOU WANT ME TO REMOVE THIS SOCK, THEN PUT ON ANOTHER PAIR?

WHAT'M I? THE MOST ENERGETIC KID IN THE WORLD?

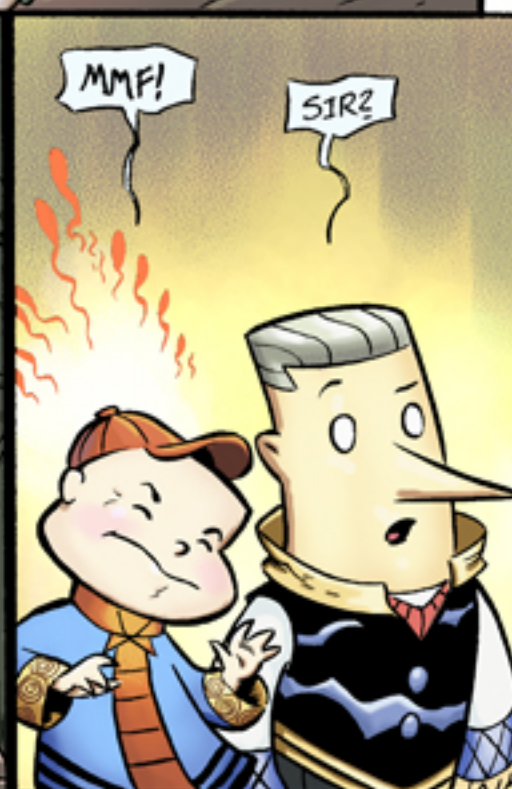
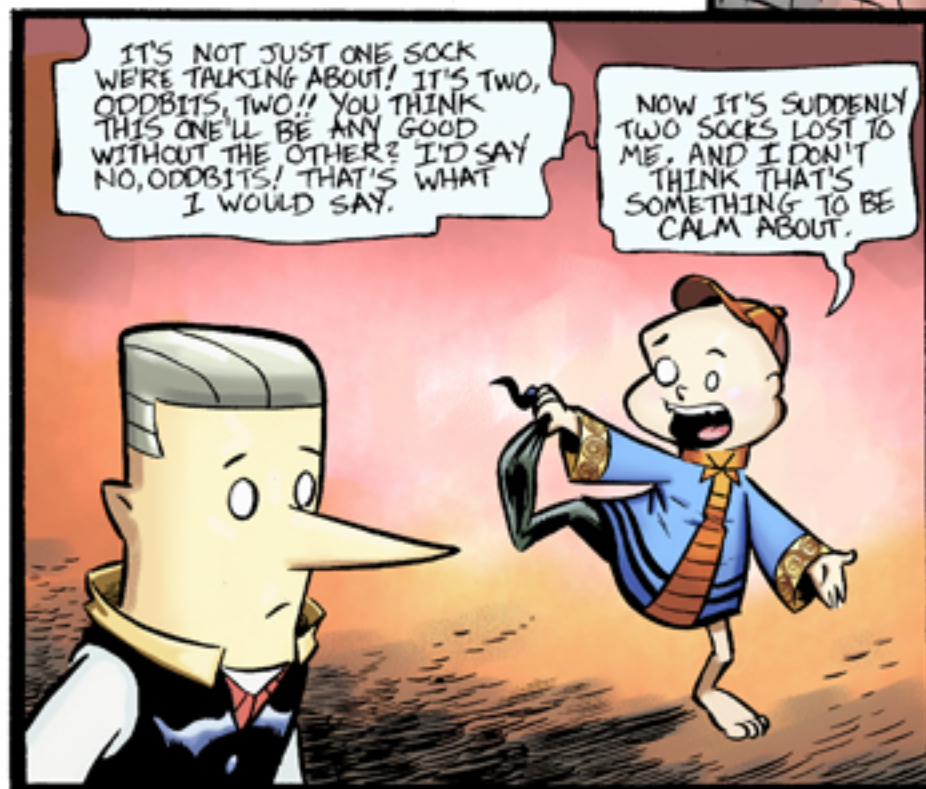
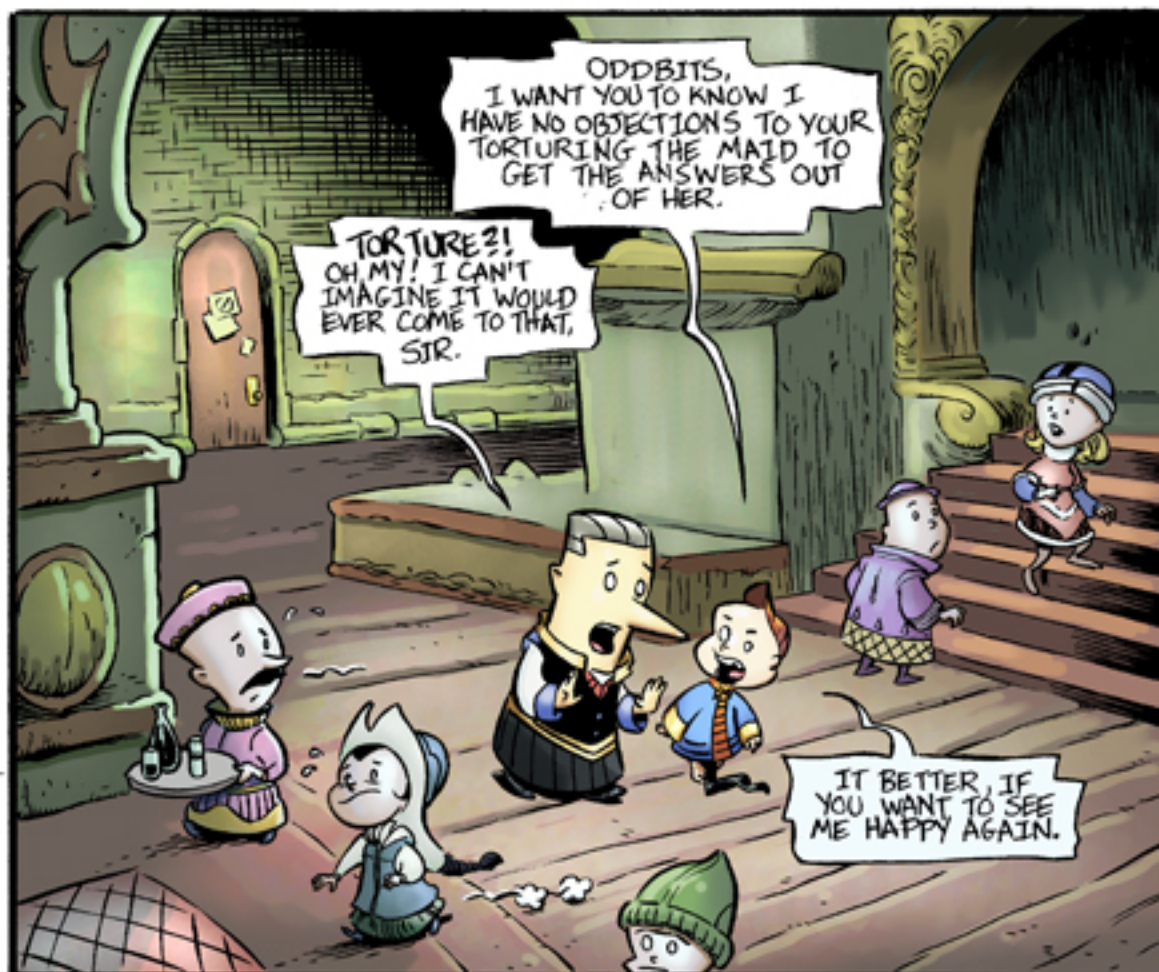
YES, WELL... I DON'T SUPPOSE I THOUGHT THAT ONE QUITE THROUGH.



NO, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU DID, NOW DID YOU? SO PLEASE COME UP WITH SOME PLAN THAT HAS ME DOING NEXT TO NOTHING.



WE COULD VENTURE TO THE LAUNDRY ROOM TO SEE THE MAID. I IMAGINE THAT WOULD BE AS GOOD A PLACE AND PERSON TO START WITH AS ANY OTHER.





UGH! DO SOMETHING, ODDBITS!! I'M GOING MAD HERE! MAD FROM MATH!

QUICK, SIR! THINK OF SOME OTHER SUBJECT— HISTORY, PERHAPS?



ARGH! YOU'RE MAKING IT WORSE!



GYM THEN, SIR! SIMPLE EXERCISES AND SUCH!



OH! RUNNING AROUND A GYM! YOU'RE KILLING ME! KILLING ME!

BUT I CAN'T THINK OF A MORE SIMPLE... NO-- WAIT! RECESS, SIR! IT'S RECESS!



RECESS!?! AGH! NO! THERE'S ALWAYS MORE CLASSES AFTER RECESS, ODDBITS! ALWAYS!



IT'S SUMMER VACATION, SIR! NO! WAIT! YOU'VE GRADUATED... UH... NO-- THE SCHOOL HAS BEEN BLOWN UP!!



BLOWN UP...? THAT'S GOOD, RIGHT? FOR ME AT LEAST.



GOOD WORK, ODDBITS. MY HEAD HAS STOPPED POUNDING.

QUITE, SIR.

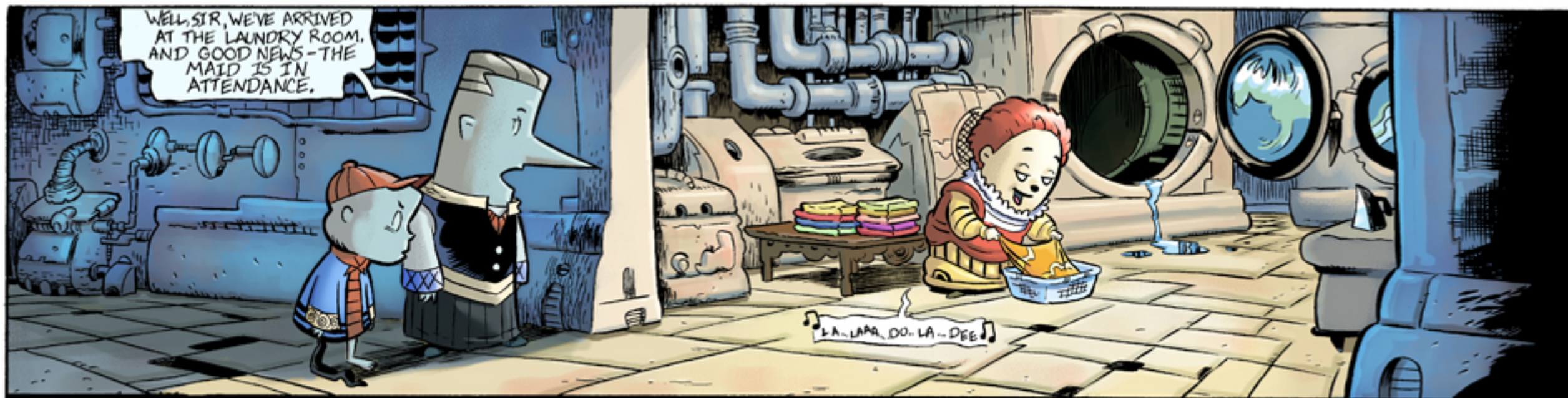


HEY, ODDBITS? YES?

DO YOU THINK THAT IN YOUR STORY, I COULD BE THE ONE THAT BLOWN UP THE SCHOOL?

IF ANYONE ELSE WERE TO DO IT, I WOULD FIND IT INSANE.

YOU'RE THE BEST ODDBITS, THE BEST.





YOU'RE NOT SCARED?

SCARED? OH-HO, YOU JUST DON'T HAVE A MEAN BONE IN YOUR BODY, LOPOPO. YOU'RE JUST TOO SWEET TO SCARE ANYONE.



WHAT?

OH-HO!! YOU'RE JUST SO ADORABLE. BUT TELL YOU WHAT: I CAN PRETEND TO BE SCARED IF YOU--



HEY! THAT'S GOOD.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!



BUT, LOPOPO ?? - WHERE IS YOUR SOCK? YOU WALK AROUND BAREFOOT LIKE THAT YOU'LL CATCH A COLD OR GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT--!!



EXACTLY! THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO EXPLAIN TO ODDBITS, BUT HE JUST DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.

HOLD ON, NOW. I WOULDN'T SAY THAT.

SHAME ON YOU, ODDBITS, ALLOWING YOUNG LOPOPO TO STROLL AROUND JUST AS YOU PLEASE WITH ONE SOCK.

LET ALONE THE DANGERS OF GERMS ON A DIRTY FLOOR, BUT AS PRINCE HE SHOULD BE HELPED TO SHOW A SENSE OF DECORUM.



MADAME~I MOST CERTAINLY TRIED--

OH, PLEASE, I NEVER...

SHAME ON YOU, SIR! I'M CERTAINLY NOT TO BLAME FOR A MISSING SOCK. WHAT USE WOULD I HAVE FOR SUCH A THING?

YEAH! WHAT WOULD SHE NEED IT FOR?



IT'S TRUE, MAID, I SHOULD BE SHOWN A GOOD SENSE OF DECO... DECA... -- DECORATION -- BUT ODDBITS JUST WANTED TO COME AND BLAME YOU FOR MY MISSING A SOCK!

WHATEVER COMES OUT OF THAT WASHING MACHINE GOES STRAIGHT TO THE PROPER PEOPLE, TO THE PROPER ROOMS, TO THE PROPER DRAWERS OR CLOSETS.

RIGHT! PROPER STUFF! IT'S ALL PROPER!

HMMF! WELL THEN, MA'AM, I DOUBT YOU'D OBJECT TO AN INSPECTION OF THIS WASHING MACHINE OF YOURS.

HELP YOURSELF.

PERHAPS OUR MISSING SOCK HAS FOUND SOME TRICKY LITTLE HIDING SPOT WITHIN THIS--

OH-MY-GOODNESS.

DID YOU FIND IT, 'BITS?

NO, SIR, I HAVEN'T...

BUT I HAVE FOUND... SOMETHING.

SOMETHING NOT QUITE... PROPER.

YEAH, WHATEVER. WHAT'RE WE DOING ABOUT FINDING MY SOCK?

AND SO...

HMMMM... YES - AHA! MR. ODDBITS, I'LL BE A DOOR KNOCKER IN A PIG'S SHED IF THIS ISN'T A PORTAL TO ANOTHER DIMENSION.

PIG'S SHED? UGH. STINKY.

A PORTAL?

HOW DID YOU COME UP WITH THAT IDEA?

IT'S RIGHT HERE, SEE? THERE'S A PHOTO OF IT IN THIS BOOK I WROTE: "PORTALS TO ANOTHER DIMENSION."

WELL, I'LL BE... THERE IT IS.

YOU DID RIGHT, ODDBITS. DID THE COMPLETELY RIGHT THING IN CONTACTING ME ABOUT THIS.

YES, WELL, YOU ARE THE EXPERT ON THINGS THAT MAKE NO SENSE.

AH, YES, YOU OBVIOUSLY
HAVE READ MY TWELFTH
BOOK: 'THINGS THAT
MAKE NO SENSE
WHATSOEVER.'

NOT REALLY. I READ AN
ARTICLE YOU WROTE IN
'SWOLLEN CRANIUM' TITLED
'SO, YOU'RE COMPLETELY
BAFFLED AND DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO.'

I'M
BAFFLED.



BAFFLED ABOUT WHY
WE'RE SPENDING SO
MUCH TIME ON SOME
STUPID PORTAL
IN SOME STUPID
WASHING MACHINE
WHEN MY
NOT-SO-STUPID
SOCK IS STILL
MISSING!!

HEY, WAIT JUST A MINUTE NOW. A MISSING
SOCK, A PORTAL TO ANOTHER DIMENSION
AND A WASHING MACHINE...

WHAT?!
WHY, OF COURSE!

VERY CLEVER, SIR!
YOUR SOCK IS ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THAT
PORTAL. IT MUST BE.

REALLY?
WHAT MAKES
YOU SAY
THAT?

WHAT?!
BUT YOU
JUST
SUGGESTED...

NOOO... I WAS SUGGESTING OUR MAID
HERE IS A DIMENSION-HOPPING,
CLOTHES-WASHING SOCK-STEALER.

OH, LOPOPO... GO ON NOW.

LATER...

SEE HERE, GENTLEMEN.
I'VE BUILT YOU A
PORTAL JUMPER.

IT'S FEEDING OFF THE TINY
PORTAL'S ENERGY, EXPANDING
IT LARGE ENOUGH FOR YOU
TO PASS THROUGH.

PASS THROUGH?

JUMPING THROUGH
PORTALS... YOU SILLY
BOYS HO-OH!





YOU'RE FIRED, ODDBITS!

I BELIEVE, SIR, YOU MAY CHANGE YOUR MIND WHEN I TELL YOU I HAVE LOCATED YOUR SOCK.



MY SOCK?

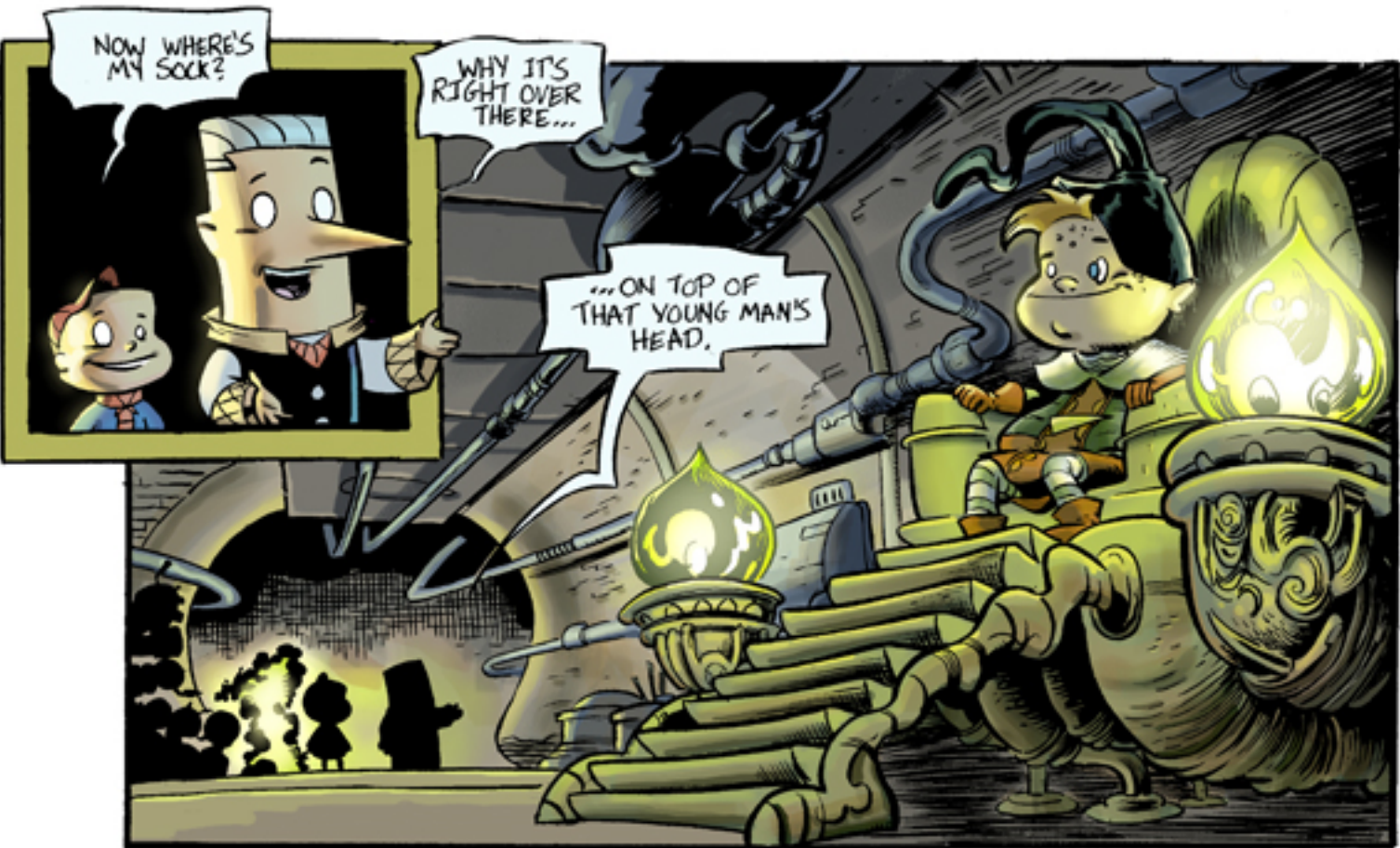


OH, ODDBITS!! I LOVE YOU! MY SWEET, SWEET SOCK! WHERE IS IT, ODDBITS? OH, TELL ME. TELL ME, PLEASE.

UMM... ABOUT MY FIRING, SIR?

"FIRED?" WHAT?! WHERE'D YOU HEAR THAT? I SAID YOU'RE GETTING A RAISE. A BIG RAISE!!

REALLY?? AH, WELL... YES, THEN, THANK YOU.



NOW WHERE'S MY SOCK?

WHY IT'S RIGHT OVER THERE...

...ON TOP OF THAT YOUNG MAN'S HEAD.



ODDBITS?

YES?

WHY IS IT ON HIS HEAD?



I CAN ONLY OFFER THAT HE BELIEVES IT TO BE A HAT OF SOME SORT.

WELL, HE'S NOT REALLY COMING OFF AS A BRANIAC, 'BITS. GO GET IT FROM HIM.

I SHALL TRY MY BEST.

AHEM--EXCUSE ME, YOUNG MAN, MY CHARGE AND I HAVE TRAVELLED FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION IN SEARCH OF HIS MISSING SOCK.

YES... AND?

IT WOULD APPEAR, SIR, THAT OUR MISSING SOCK-- WELL-- IT'S ON YOUR HEAD.

RIGHT ON TOP THERE...

OH-- HA! HA! NO, I'M SORRY, BUT THIS COULDN'T BE YOUR SOCK, FOR YOU SEE: IT'S MY HAT.

UM, NO-- YOU MAY BELIEVE IT TO BE A HAT, BUT IT IS MOST ASSUREDLY A SOCK.

S'RIGHT.

HA! HA! HA!

I SAID IT WAS MY HAT!

AH!

SIR, I'M NOT CERTAIN WE CAN QUITE KNOW WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH HERE.

HE MAY BE DANGEROUS, PERHAPS WE--

YOUR HAT?!!

THAT IS NO WAY YOUR HAT! THAT'S MY SOCK!

BUT IT MUST BE MY HAT. IF IT WASN'T, THEN WHY IS IT ON MY HEAD-- HA! HA! HA!

I WOULD HAVE TO BE MAD TO PUT SOMEONE ELSE'S SOCK ON MY HEAD AND CLAIM IT TO BE MY HAT-- HA! HA! OH, YES, MOST DEFINITELY...

...MAD!

IF YOU AREN'T MAD, THEN I MUST BE, CAUSE LOOK--I'M WEARING A HAT JUST LIKE YOURS-- ON MY FOOT!

YES, I HAD NOTICED. HOWEVER, I CHOSE NOT TO POINT IT OUT TO SPARE YOU EMBARRASSMENT.

ME?!
EMBARRASSED FOR WEARING A SOCK ON MY FOOT? YOU MUST BE INSANE!

I BELIEVE I HAVE BEEN HINTING AT JUST THAT. WEREN'T YOU PAYING ATTENTION?

LISTEN CAREFULLY,

HAHA! IF THIS WAS A SOCK ON MY HEAD I'D HAVE TO BE MAD. OH, YES... MOST CERTAINLY...

...MAD!

SEE?

LOOK! ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME BACK MY SOCK OR NOT?

I COULDN'T EVEN IF I WANTED TO. FOR YOU SEE, IT WAS SENT TO ME AS A GIFT FROM MY GOD.

MY SOCK?

NO-
MY HAT.

SEE OVER THERE? A DOOR TO HEAVEN OPENED AND THROUGH IT DID COME THIS GIFT... THIS HAT. IT WOULD BE A SIN TO SIMPLY GIVE IT AWAY.

THAT'S NO PORTAL TO HEAVEN, YOU TWIT! THAT'S MY LAUNDRY ROOM THROUGH THERE!

IF THAT WAS A PORTAL TO YOUR LAUNDRY ROOM AND NOT HEAVEN, THEN I WOULD HAVE TO BE MAD TO WEAR THIS ON MY HEAD, NO DOUBT?

DARN TOOTING!

OH.

SEE? HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY REASON WITH ME?

HE'S MAKING SENSE, SIR,
IN A NON-SENSICAL WAY.

HOW ABOUT
A TRADE?

TRADE?

I WOULD HAVE TO
BE MAD TO TRADE
THIS AWAY.

I BELIEVE
THAT'S A
YES.

BUT
WHAT TO
TRADE HIM?

HEY! HOW ABOUT
ODDBITS?

?!

HMM?! A SERVANT, EH?
THAT WOULD BE QUITE
USEFUL. THERE'S MUCH TO
BE DONE AROUND HERE.
YES, AN ASSISTANT OF A
SORT WOULD MAKE
A PERFECT SENSE.

SO, NO.

PHEW!

WHAT'RE
YOU?!
NUTS!?

RIGHT.

WELL, I'VE ONLY
ONE OTHER THING
TO OFFER...

BUT NO-

ONLY A FOOL
WOULD ACCEPT IT.

NO,
PLEASE.
TRY ME.

MY SOCK
FOR YOUR HAT!

WHAT?

MMM...!

THAT'S-- THAT'S PERFECT!
YES! I MUST DEFINITELY
ACCEPT.

YOU, MY
FRIEND, DRIVE
A HARD
BARGAIN.

AND YOU,
GOOD MAN,
ARE A
CRAFTY
NEGOTIATOR.

BUT SIR, THAT
DEFEATS THE
WHOLE PURPOSE
OF OUR BEING
HERE.

IT DOES, DOESN'T IT?

BUT THERE ARE MORE
IMPORTANT THINGS
THAN MATCHING
SOCKS.

WELL... I AM AWARE OF THAT, BUT YOU...?
ALRIGHT, THEN, WHAT IS IT THAT YOU
BELIEVE TO BE MORE IMPORTANT
THAN A MATCHING PAIR OF SOCKS?

SPITE!

SPITE?

EXACTLY!
HEY, HAT GUY!

YES?

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY
ABOUT ME IF I TOLD
YOU I SPENT MY
WHOLE DAY LOOKING
FOR MY MATCHING SOCK?
GOING SO FAR AS TO
COME TO ANOTHER
DIMENSION TO
FIND IT?

I WOULD SAY
YOU WERE A
FAN OF THE
FASHIONS, SIR.
A MAN WHO
CAN TRULY
APPRECIATE A
PAIR OF
MATCHING
SOCKS.

THEN I'D PROBABLY HAVE TO
BE MAD TO TRADE ONE SOCK
FOR ANOTHER, JUST
TO END UP
WHERE I
STARTED.

HA HA! OH, YES, YOU WOULD
DEFINITELY HAVE
TO BE --

...MAD...?

NO, WAIT!

IN YOUR
FACE,
HATBOY!

NO, WAIT!
COME BACK! IT'S
ME THAT'S MAD!

IT'S ME!

NO! DON'T CLOSE
THE PORTAL!

WAIT!!

PLEASE!!

Bloop!

UH-OH...

ODDBITS! LOOK!
WE HAVE A VISITOR.
WHAT AN UNEXPECTED
SURPRISE.

WHAT
AN ODD
HAT.

QUITE SHOCKING,
SIR. NO MISTAKE
THERE.

OH~ WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
THIS TRULY IS A
LAUNDRY ROOM.

HA! HA! YOU
SCAMP! OF
COURSE IT IS.
WHAT ELSE COULD
IT BE?

WOW... OH... WOW... AND
THERE I WAS... UTTERLY
CONVINCED THIS
WAS HEAVEN.

OOOKAY~ I SUPPOSE
YOU'D JUST HAVE TO CHALK
IT UP TO ME BEING
QUITE...

A BIG MORON!

I'M NOT GONNA HEAR ANYMORE
ABOUT YOU BEING MAD, OR INSANE,
OR CRAZY, OR KOOKY OR
DOPEY OR ANYTHING ELSE.

I JUST WANT
MY SOCK BACK.

THAT'S RIGHT! MY SOCK!

SEE?! IT FITS PERFECTLY
ON MY FOOT. NOT MY
HEAD--MY FOOT!

YOU KNOW WHY? YOU
WANNA KNOW WHY THAT
IS? DO YOU?

JUST TAKE A GUESS
GO ON~ DO IT!



BECAUSE...



- IT'S A SOCK! EXACTLY!



WUMP



OW.



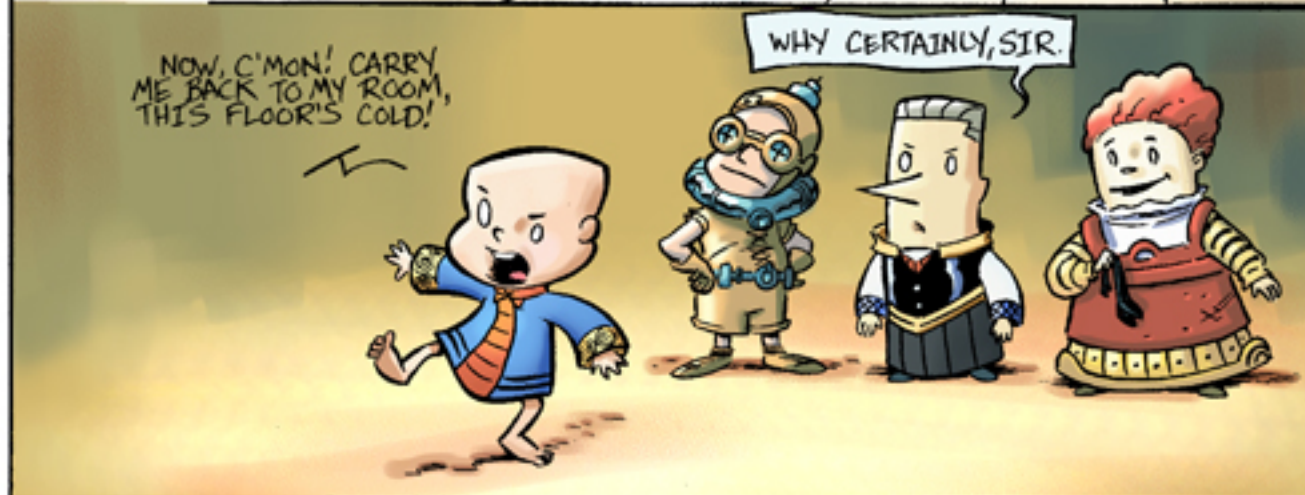
WHAT AM I EXPECTED TO DO WITH THIS UGLY THING YOU HAD ON YOUR HEAD,



BLOOP!



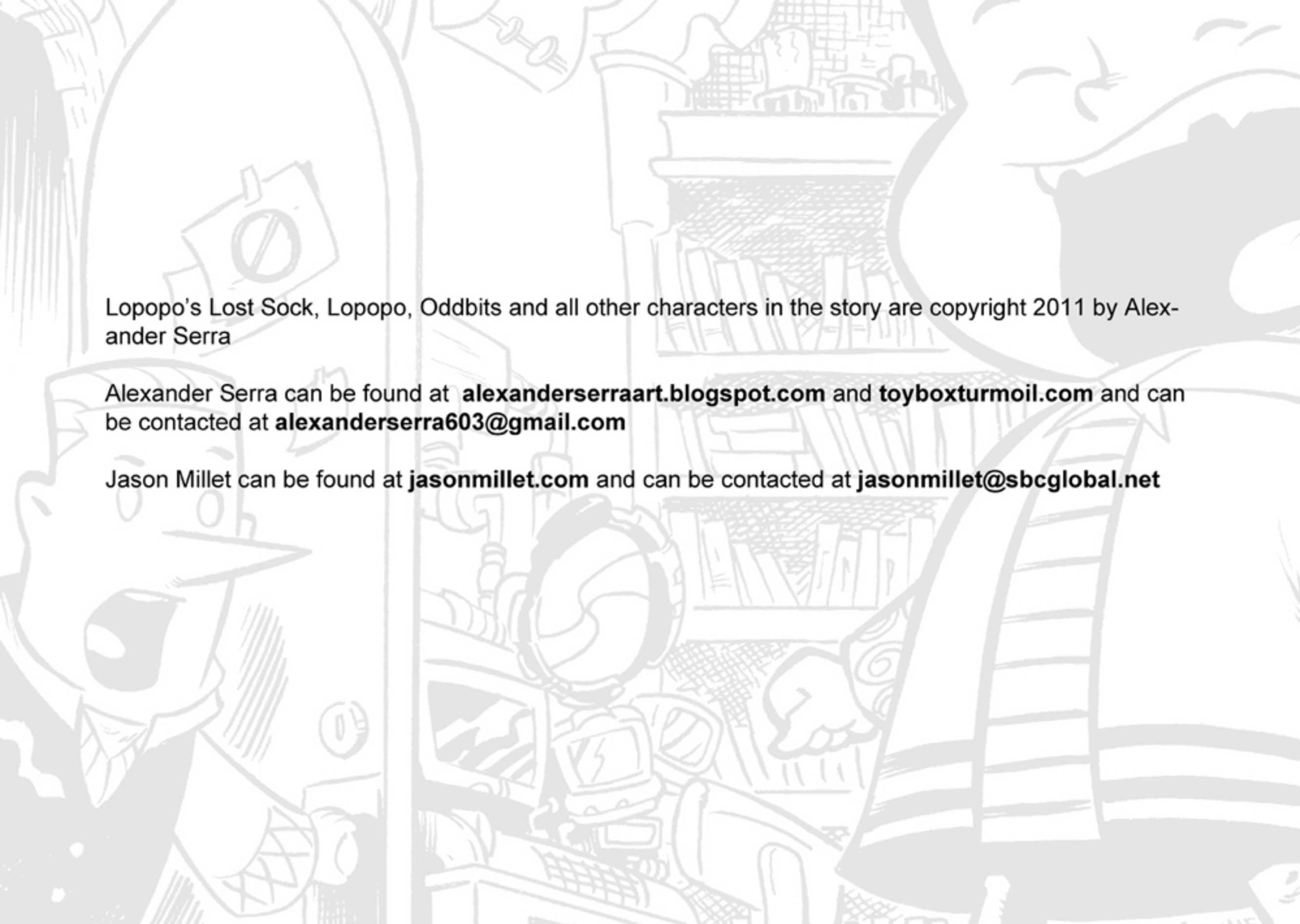
MMRRRRRRRRRAAA...





LOPOPO'S LOST SOCK

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Coloured By Jason Millet



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