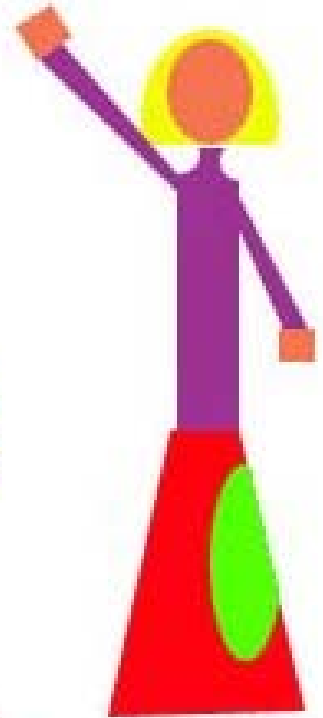




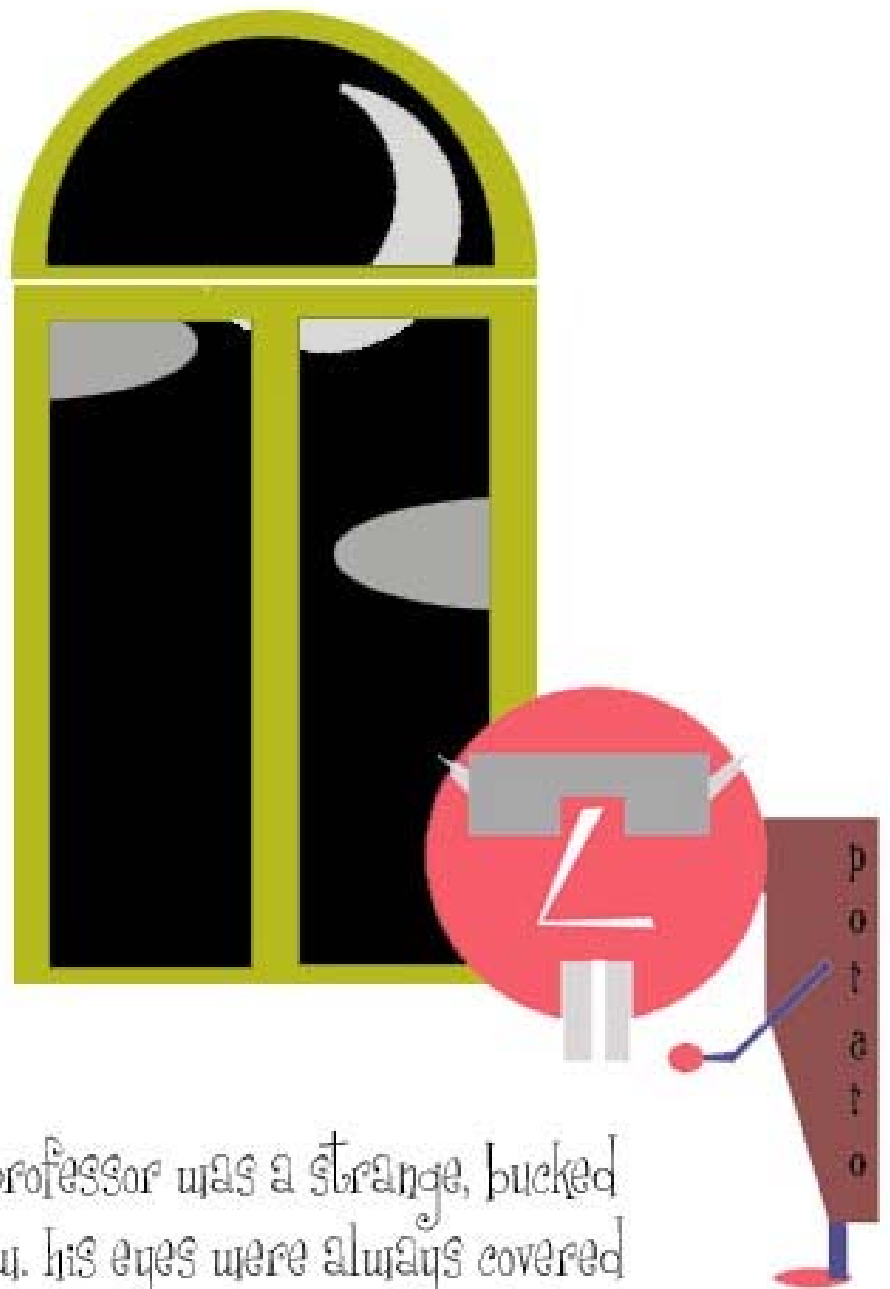
Em and B



and the

Maaaaad Professor

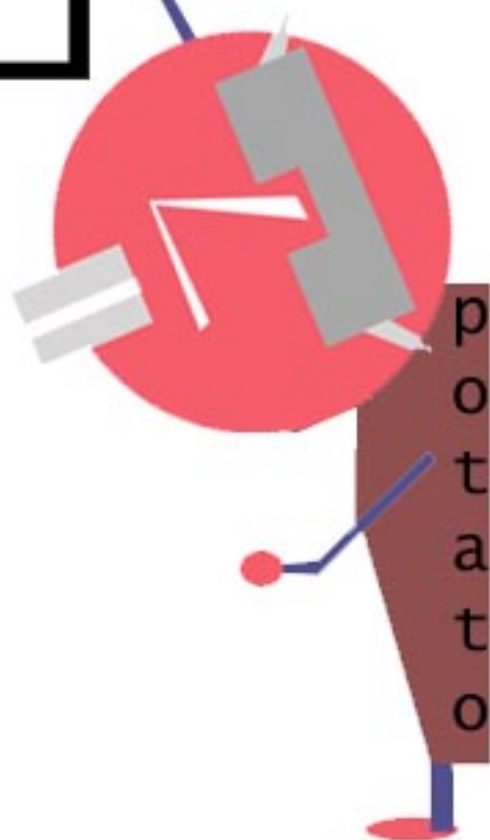




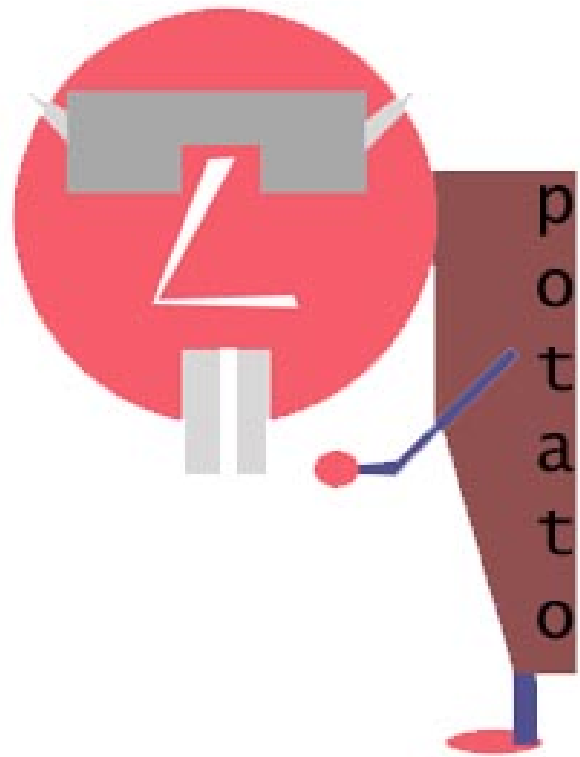
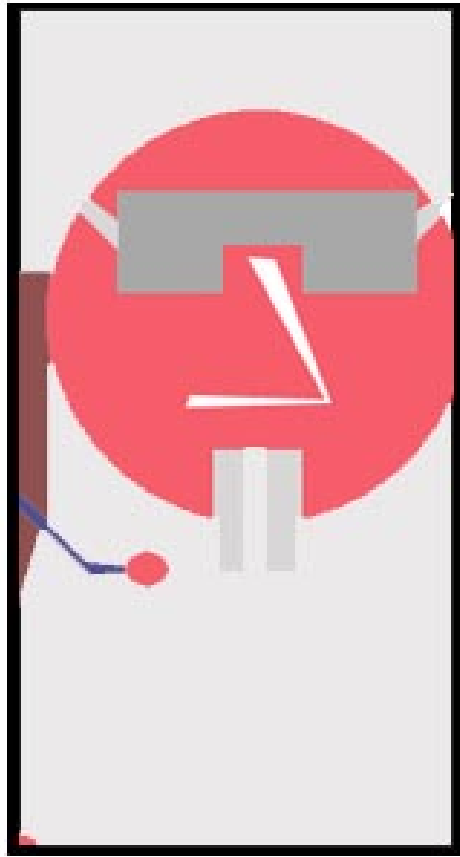
The Maaad professor was a strange, bucked toothed fellow. His eyes were always covered by thick glasses and he only wore a potato sack from a previous year's company picnic.



The professor liked to take baths, without taking off his potato sack. It was terribly comfortable and allowed him time to think about his newest creations. On this particular day he was pondering the uses of feet if they were combined with frying pans.



The Maaad Professor was the kind of guy whose favorite band was Cameo. He had all their albums. That was how evil he really was.



What kind of fiendish plan could this evil semi-genius have in mind? Could it be something to do with frying pans? maybe monsters? or perhaps.... perhaps... ACHOOO! sorry.



Meanwhile, back at their milk carton, Em and B sit and discuss the strange things that have been going on all over town. especially the strange, nasally laughter coming from the castle on the mountain.



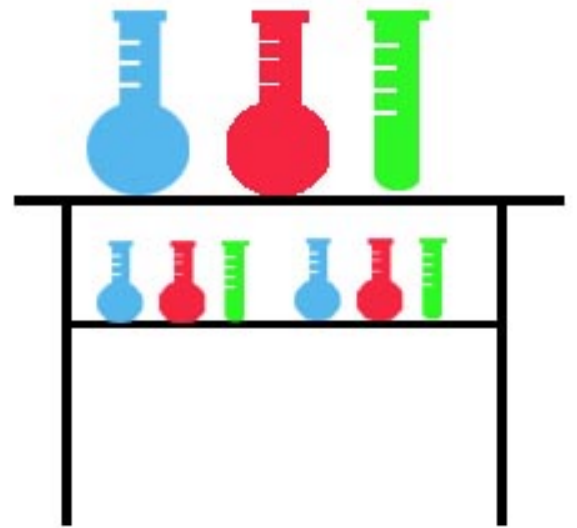
It was strange. As they approached the doors they realized that they weren't getting any bigger. It was strange. They even got right up to the doors. it turns out, the doors were just really really small.



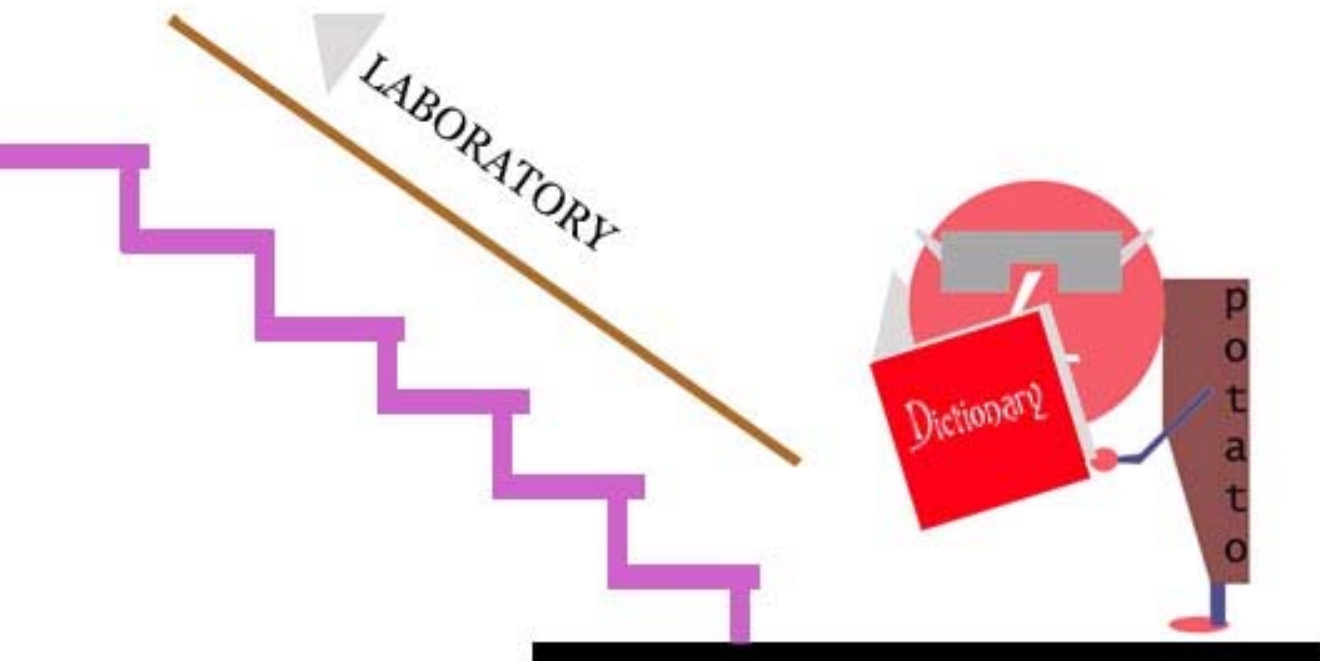
It was a good thing that Em had a hovercraft in her pocket. it allowed them to fly up to a window around the side of the castle.



you can't spell "Mad Scientist"  
without the "ientist".



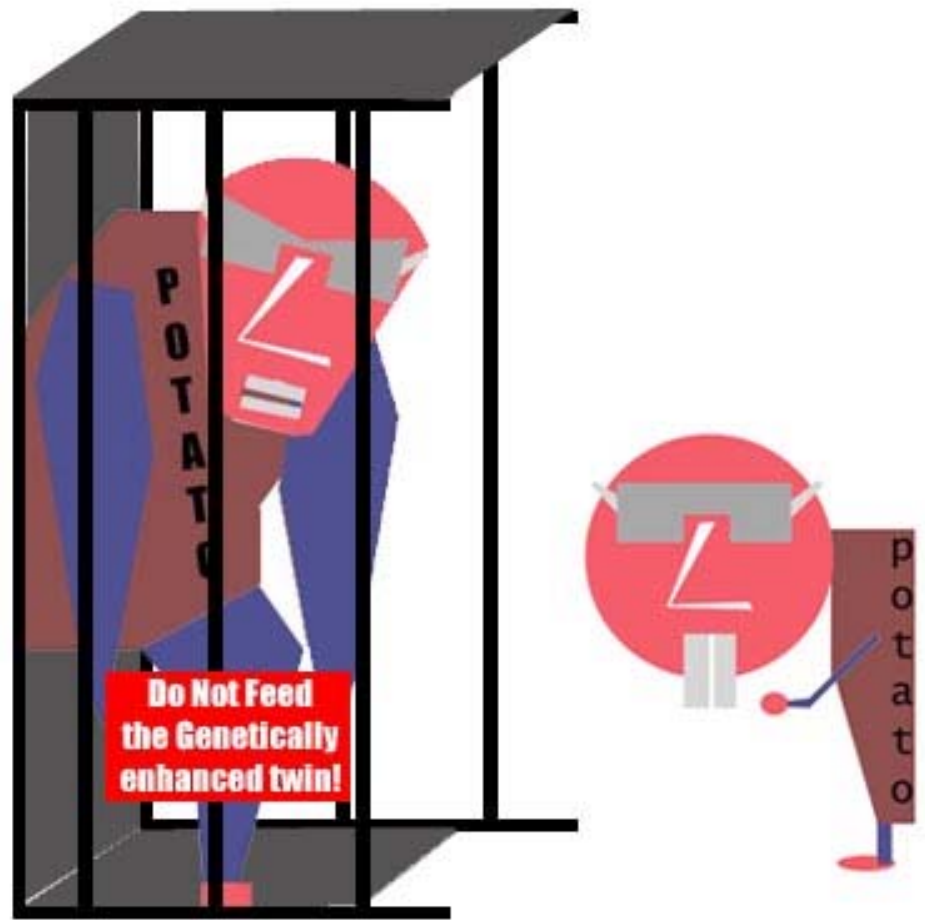
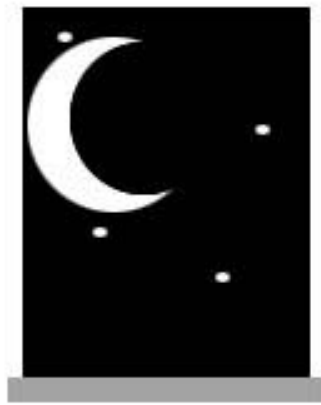
Em jumped in through the window while B peeked in from the balcony. it was a strange room. the girls couldn't figure out if it was a laboratory or a la-bore-a-tory.



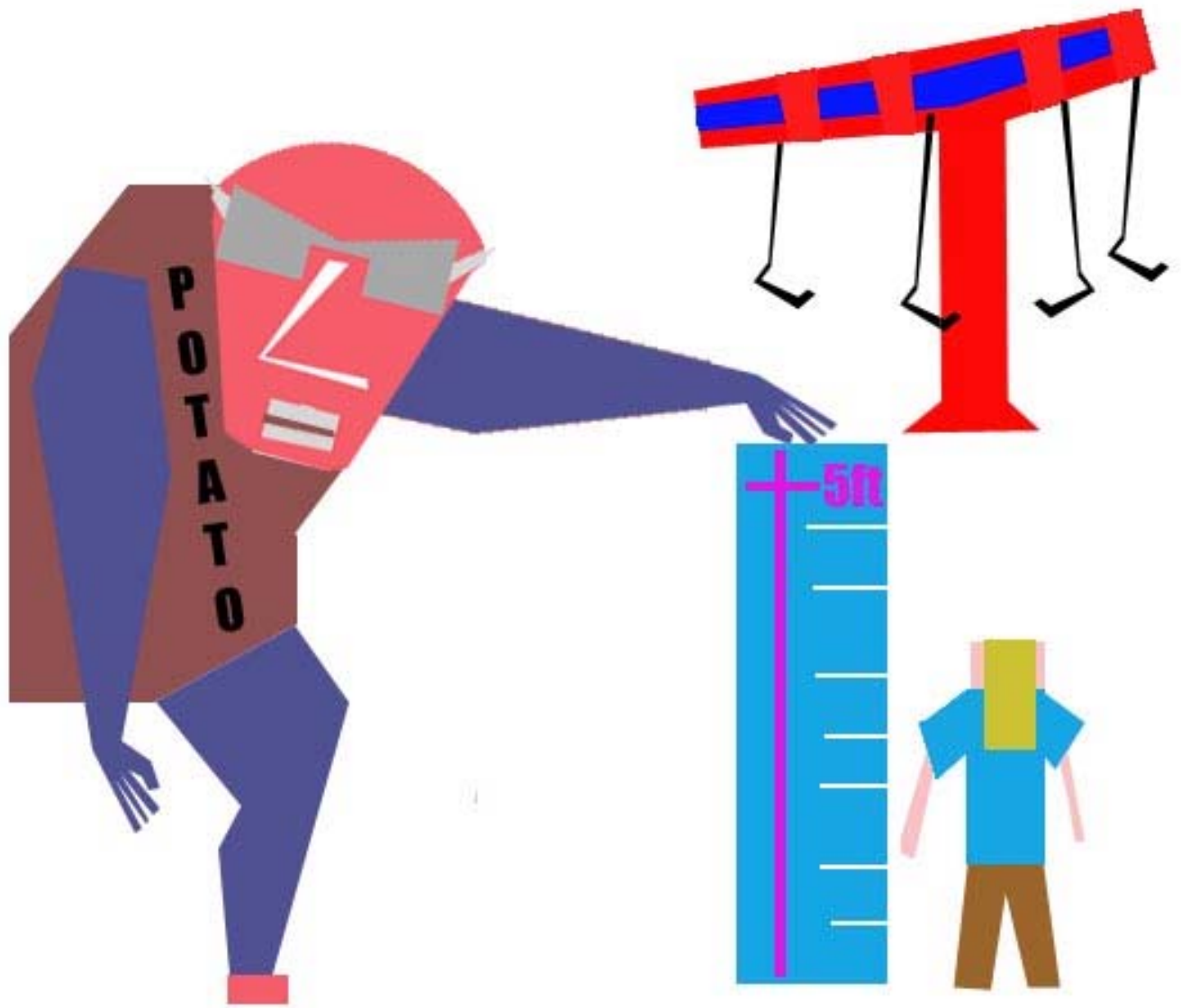
Hey Maaad Professor! what's that noise upstairs? could it be intruders in your domicile? do you even know what a domicile is? its a home. look it up professor.



Em and B looked into a closet. Inside, sort of looking back at them with no eyes was a strange creature. It was a frying pan with a shoe on! The girls were shocked and moved. B poked it with a stick.



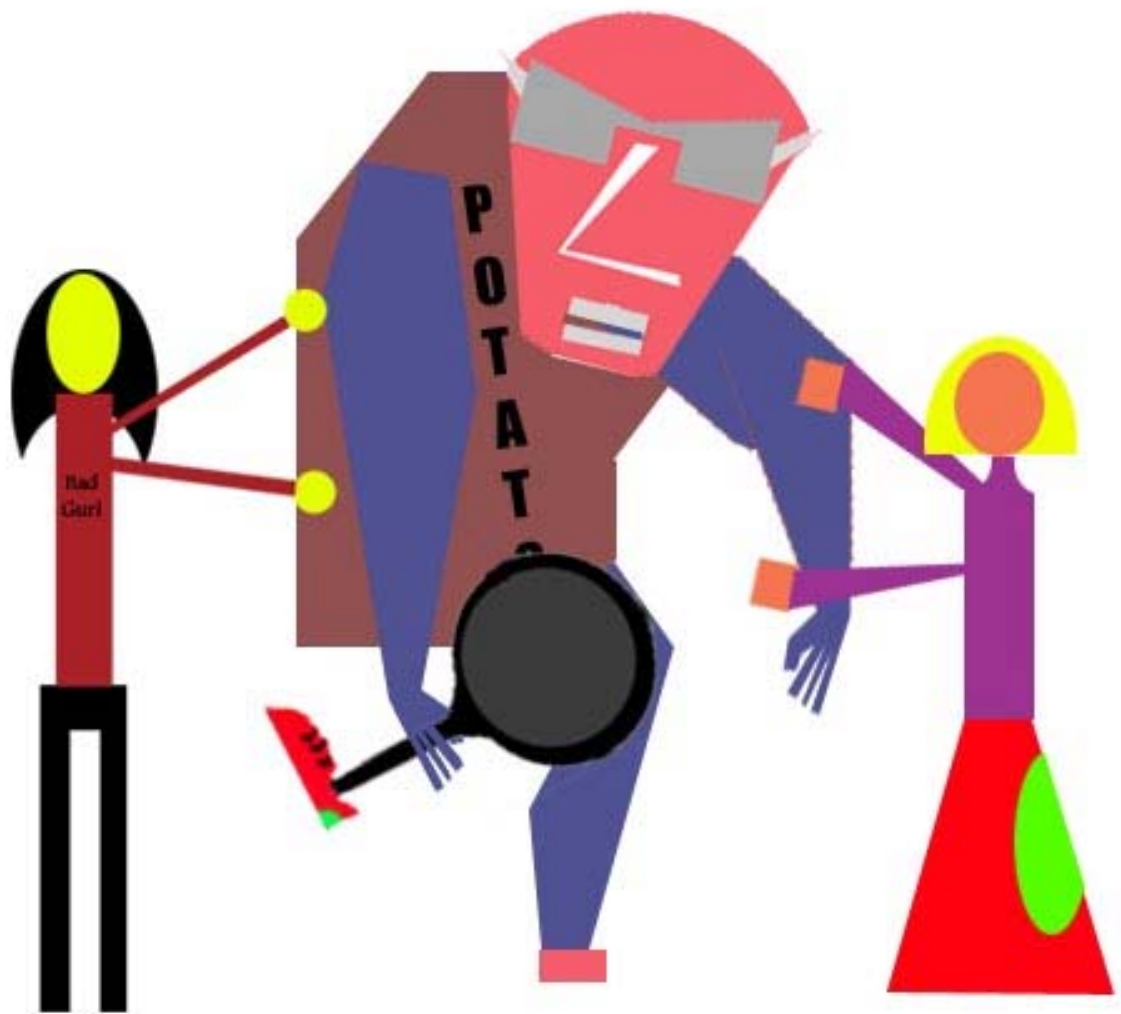
The Maaad Professor needed help in dealing with his unwanted visitors. They could not find out about his most secret of plans! so he called in his genetically enhanced twin (far better than the original) whose name was Biff.



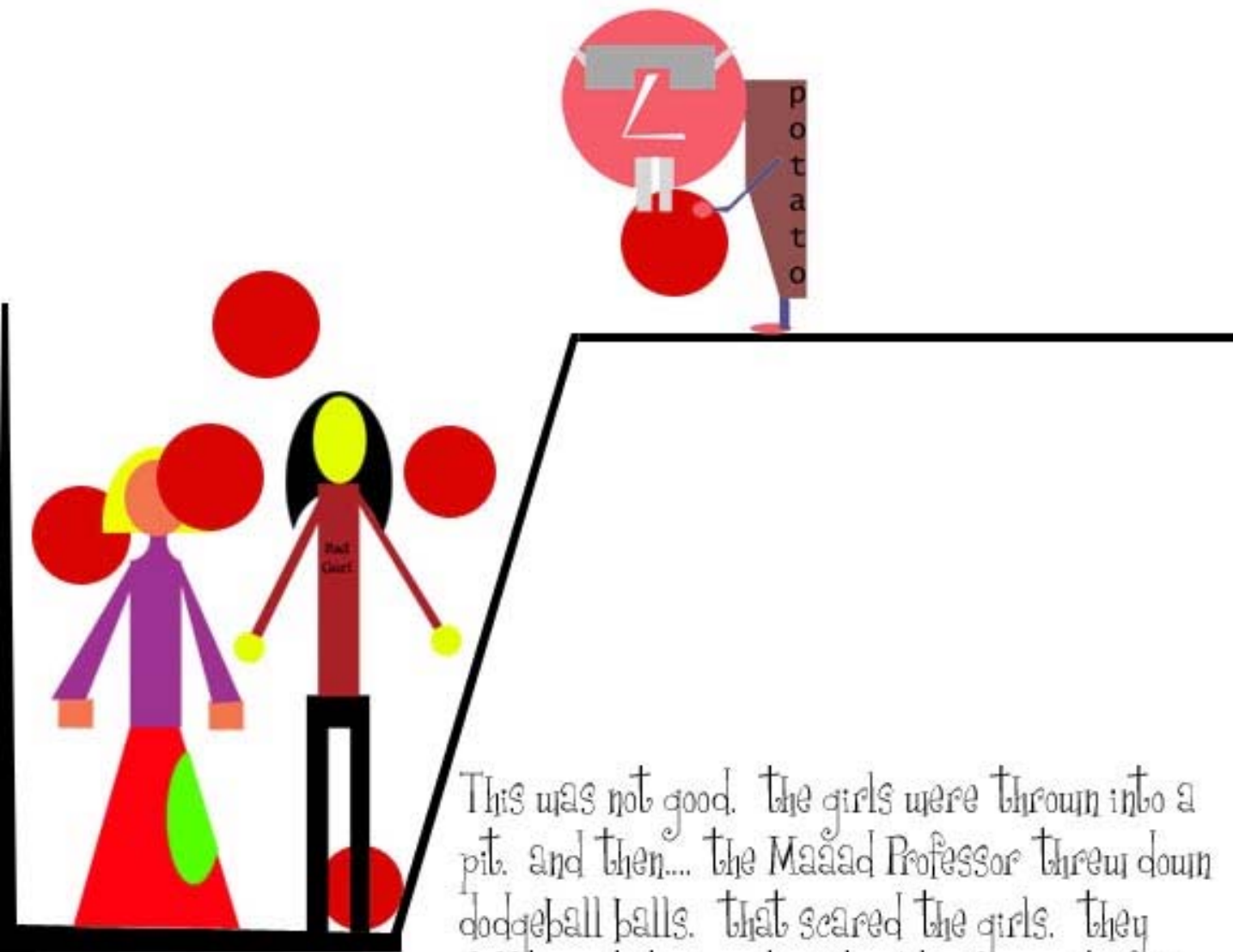
The ehanced twin used to be the guy who told people how tall they had to be to ride the crazy-swings at six flags.



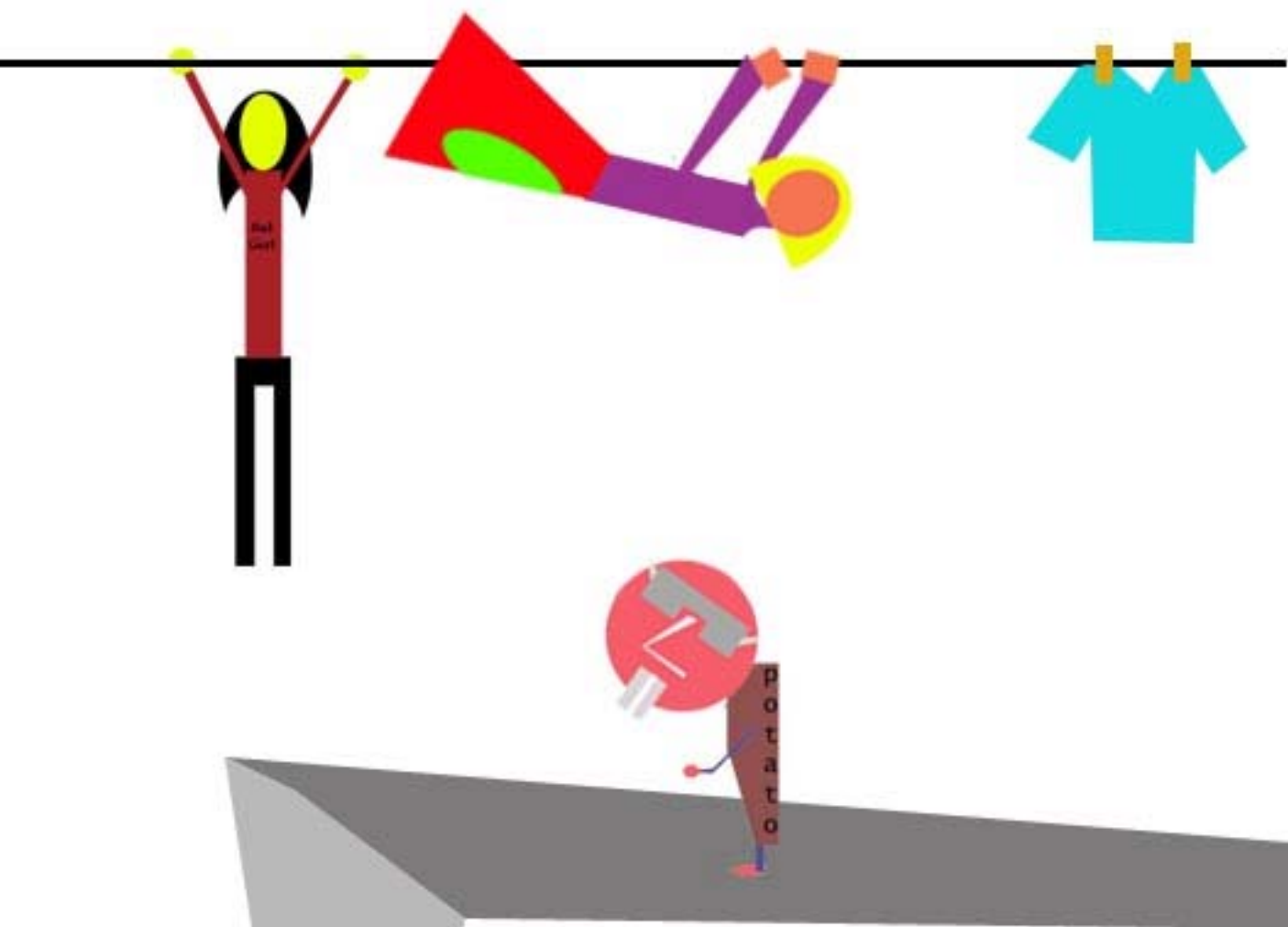
This is strange, thought the two girls. Em and B couldn't figure out where the gigantic shadow had come from. Perhaps a tree had grown out of nowhere. Look Up!! Is that a genetically enhanced twin of some sort?



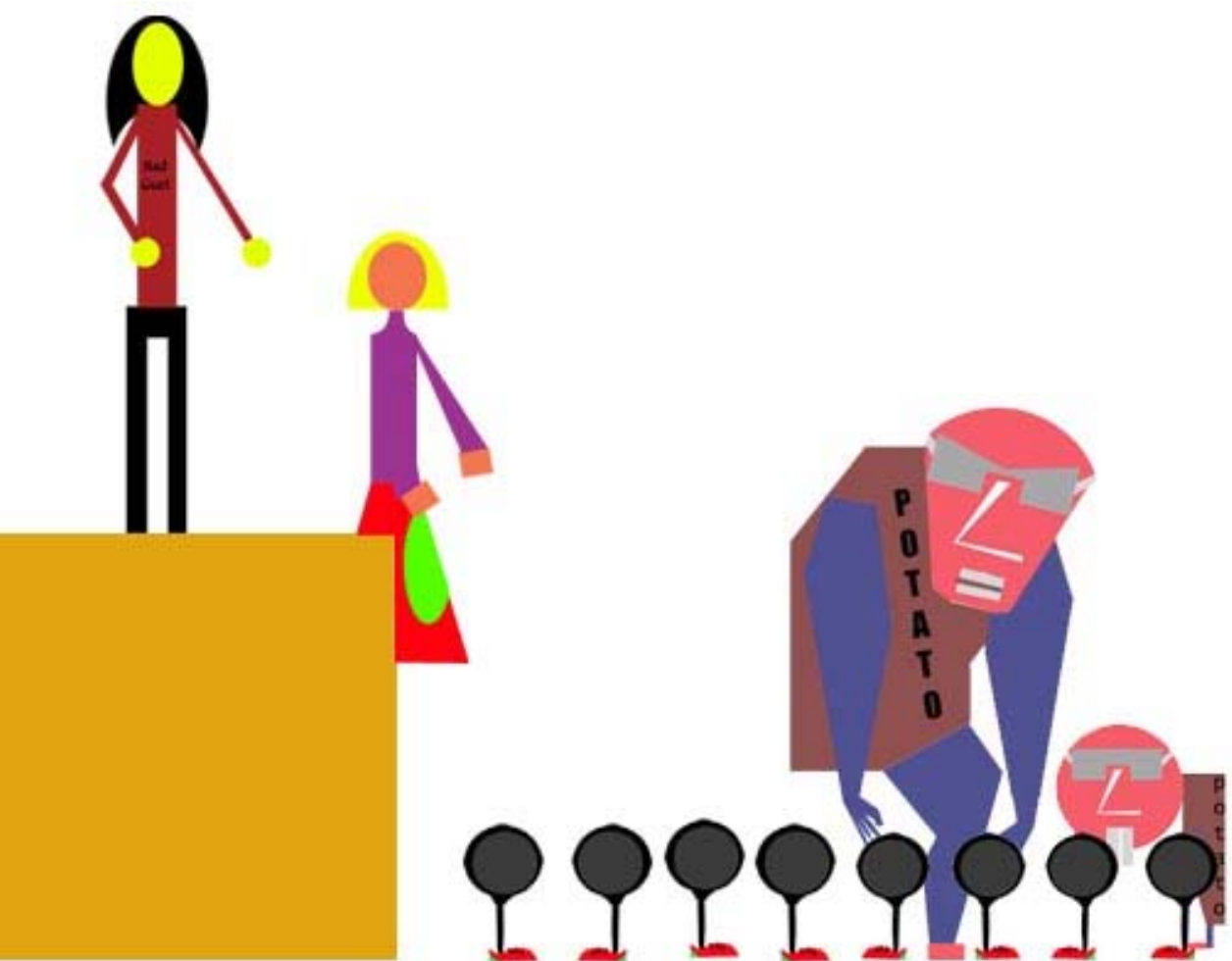
The girls finally realized that the genetically enhanced twin was not an evil twin, just a twin. That was, until he picked up frying-pan-with-shoe fella. That was just rude. The girls thought the best thing to do was point.



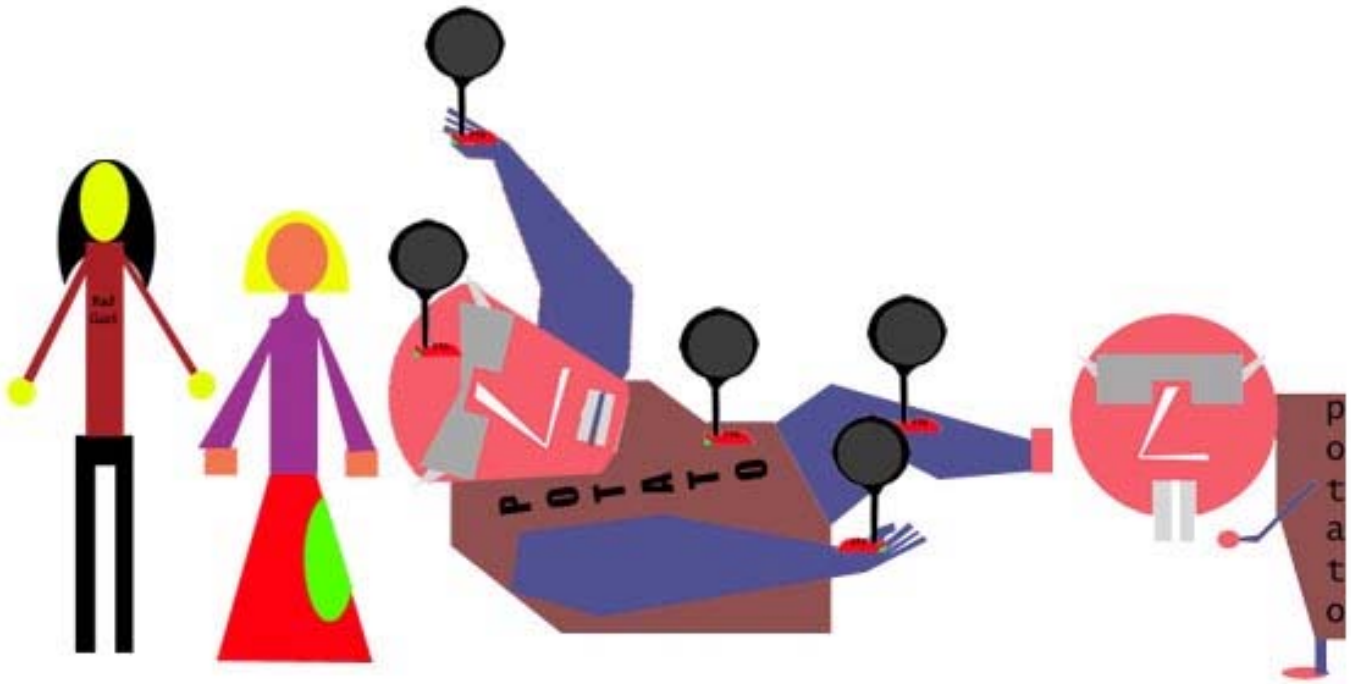
This was not good. The girls were thrown into a pit. and then... the Mad Scientist threw down dodgeball balls. That scared the girls. They didn't want to be out. but, after being struck by the dodgeballs, they were, in fact, out!



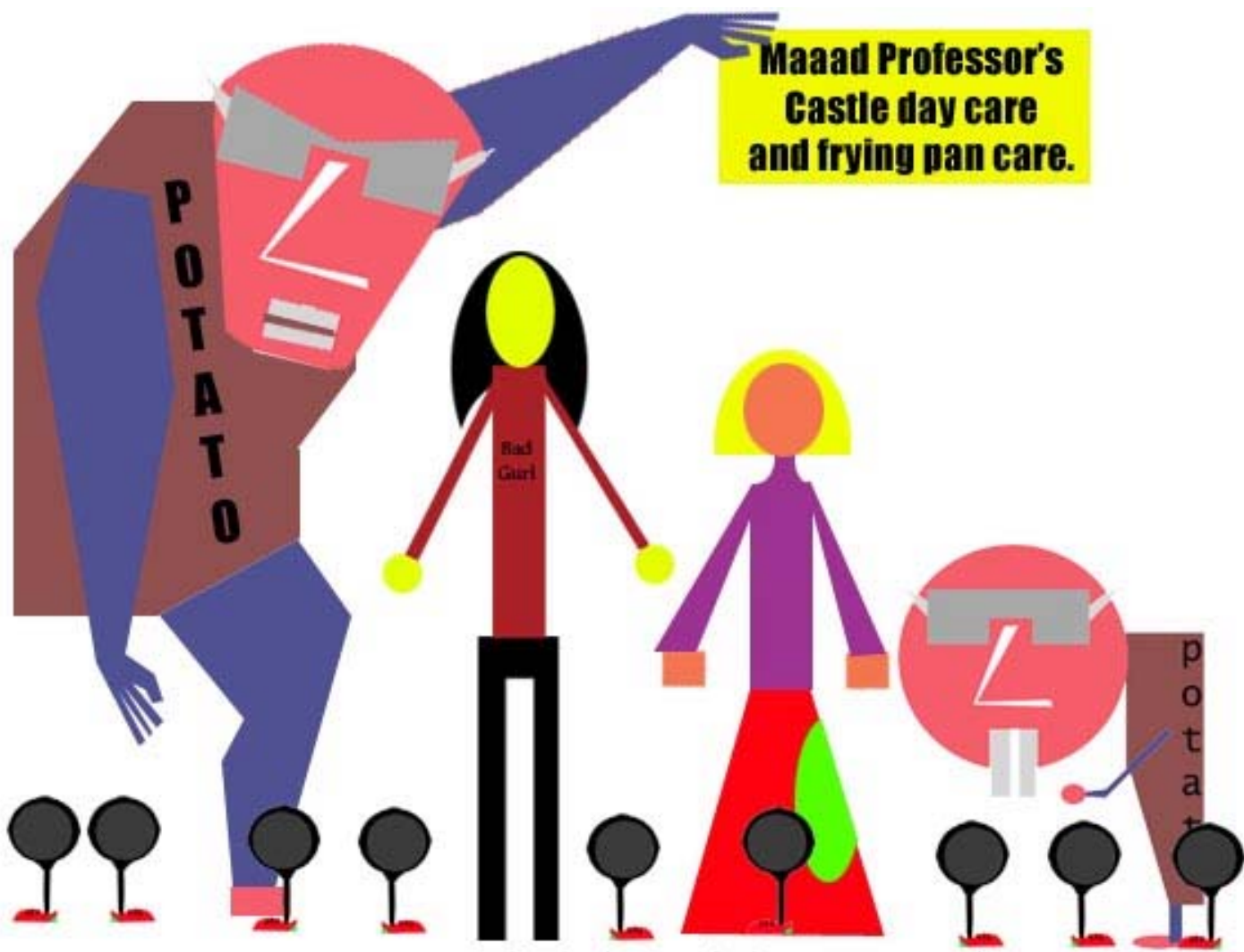
Ah, sweet escape! the girls jumped really high and grabbed onto an overhanging clothes line that was not being used. the professor watched them and sneered. he would have jumped but he had no vertical leap.



What's going on down there? B wants to know. E'm told her not to worry about it. it's probably nothing. B told her that they had come to the castle for a reason, to find out what was going on. E'm agreed. But, once again, they were spotted!



What is going on here? demanded the girls in their outside voices. the Masad Professor looked at them with the only look he ever gave. and then, slowly, he told the genetically enhanced twin to calm down with the frying-pan-with-shoes.



The Maaad Professor explained to them that any nasally laughter they had heard were the sweet laughs of congested children. He had received his day and frying pan care certificate through a correspondence course the previous week. The girls had no idea how many frying-pans needed to bring their children someplace so they could go to work. There were no evil plots afoot, and the genetically enhanced turn was there as a guardian, nothing more. The girls were relieved.



So the girls, satisfied that the Masad Professor was doing nothing wrong, headed back to their milk-carton. It had been a long night of breaking and entering. They needed their sleep.