Deep in the enchanted forest lives a band of little elves. Oliver is the littlest of them all... but does that bug him? No way! Not with secret friends like these: spider, flea, scorpion, and of course... Centipede!!
Each day at lunch time, Oliver and his friends engage in the kind of games that only elves and bugs could enjoy...

Not to worry, Oliver--I’ve taken precautions to insure your safety!

It’s S-slippery!

That’s fine for him--but what about my backs?!

And, after some more good clean fun, Oliver shares his lunch with his many-legged friends... Of course, the menu in the enchanted forest is rather limited, since berry jam and mushroom bread is all that elves eat!

I hope no ants show up--they always ruin our picnics!

But soon...

One o’clock! Lunch is over!

Chomp! Chomp!

That’s my cue--back to the mushroom patch!
YOU GUYS CAN KEEP ON PLAYING—BUT THIS ELF HAS WORK TO DO!

SO IT'S TIME FOR ME TO HUG A BUG, AND SAY GOODBYE TILL TOMORROW!!

G'BYE...

...OLLIE...

...SEE YA...

...TOMORROW...

...AND DON'T FORGET TO BRING MUSHROOM BREAD, Y'HEAR!

AND SO, WITH A TWINGE OF ELFEN SADNESS, OLIVER SETS HIS INSECTS ASIDE, TO HEAD BACK TO THE VILLAGE.

BUT WHILE OLIVER'S PLAYTIME HAS ENDED, HIS ADVENTURE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!!
Within moments, Oliver arrives at his humble abode on the outskirts of the village, there to begin the harvesting of the winter's mushroom supply.

But it is destined to be a bitter harvest...

For, high on Mt. Mushmore, a particularly evil wizard has a particularly evil plan...

Heh heh... now there's an especially nice-looking mushroom patch...

This blast oughta really shake 'em!

And with one broad stroke of his gnarled hands, the wizard's "frightening rod" sends out a bolt of terror-fied energy--

...just ripe for rotting!!
Which, not-so-coincidentally, blasts one beautiful mushroom patch to smithereens, and scares one innocent elf silly!!

Omph!! Yeeow!!

When the smoke clears, a gruesome transformation is revealed to Oliver and his parents!

Oliver! Are you all right!? Look, dear! Our mushroom patch has been turned to mush!

Not just mush, dad—toadstools!!

And they're not just toadstools either, Oliver—they're the smelliest, yuckiest, grossest toadstools ever made—a piece of black magic, courtesy of that wily wizard!
SNIFF! SNIFF! PHEW! OUR WHOLE CROP--GONE! NOW WHAT WILL WE EAT THIS WINTER?

TOAD-STOOLS?

THE WIZARD IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS! HE'S DESTROYED ONE PATCH AFTER ANOTHER! HE WANTS US TO LEAVE THIS FERTILE VILLAGE SO HE CAN PLANT POISON TOAD-STOOLS HERE FOR HIS PUTRID POTIONS--BUT WE'LL NEVER LEAVE--EVER!!

WORD OF THIS LATEST ATTACK SPREADS QUICKLY THROUGH THE VILLAGE--AND THE ELVES--AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT--ARE MORE THAN A LITTLE TICKED OFF!

IT'S GETTING SO IT'S NO FUN BEING AN ELF ANYMORE!

FOR SURE!
AS ONE, THE ANGRY ELVES RACE TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN TO SEE THE NEWEST BATCH OF TERRIBLE TOADSTOOLS AND PLAN THEIR NEXT MOVE.

THE ELDERS DECIDE THAT THE WIZARD MUST BE STOPPED-- AND THAT EVERYONE MUST HELP--

WELL... ALMOST EVERYONE...

BUT WHY CAN'T I GO, DAD?

BECauses you're too little-- AND the wizard especially dislikes little elves! You stay here and chop down the toadstools-- We MUST try to replant before winter-- or we may STARVE!!

ALAS, SUCH ARE THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF BEING THE VILLAGE'S LITTLEST ELF!
While down in the once-fertile valley, Oliver prepares to take a whack at the toadstool problem...

Even if I am the littlest elf!!

The villagers begin their trek up the narrowly winding mountain path in search of... evil wizards!

Soon the villagers reach the treacherous cliffs of Mt. Mushmore, where the wizard hangs out...

Heh, heh!

Unfortunately, that means he has them right where he wants them!!
You said it! Sparks of frightening lightning shower down on the villagers as the wizard does his evil business!

And, once again, when the smoke clears—you guessed it—toadstools!!

At last I've triumphed!

Hee hee! No more elves! Tons of toadstools! I love it!!
TROLLING DOWN THE TOADSTOOL-LADEN PATH, THE WIZARD ADMIRIES HIS DIRTY WORK...

I T MAY LACK IMAGINATION, BUT IT GETS THE JOB DONE!

BUT SUDDENLY...

**Thok! Thok!**

**Eh?**

A TINY ELF! HACKING AWAY AT MY PRECIOUS TOADSTOOLS! I'LL PUT AN END TO THAT--

**Thok! Thok!**
I'll swoop in close and turn him into a toadstool—
a little one, but a toadstool still!

Down, down the wizard plummets, his only thought...

It's toadstool time!!

One ex-elf—coming up!

And down below...

Whew! This sure is hard work!

As the wizard's sights focus on the feast below, he mutters the traditional bat-wing incantation—and prepares to dive!
But, as the evil sorcerer prepares to finish off the unknowing elf, his wicked shadow gives him away!

Not a second too soon, Oliver drops his axe and runs as fast as his furry little feet can carry him!

The wizard! But where are the villagers?
In a panic, Oliver races to the village in search of help—not realizing that the town is deserted...

Help! Help!!

No one's here... I'm alone!

And he's still after me!

Try and escape, will he?

I'll zap everything in sight until I catch him!

And poor Oliver can only watch helplessly as the wizard zaps rooftop after rooftop into toadstool pâté!

Curses!! Where is he?
I'll find him if it's the last thing I do--

But, lost in his destructive frenzy, the wizard fails to see--

---until it's too late!

He-he's headed this way--I'm done for--
Hey Oliver!! Open your eyes--the wizard's "frightening rod" is right under your nose!!

Gee... the wizard's wand...

It sure doesn't look magic!!

Ouch!

Help!

I don't think it--yeow!

As if resenting Oliver's thoughts, the magic stick blasts off!!!
Talk about sticky situations! Oliver hangs on for dear life as the hot rod drags him through the woods!

I said stop!

Finally Oliver reaches the breaking point, and... asserts himself!

And as though he had earned its respect, the wand gently lowers Oliver to the forest floor!

I knew your bark was worse than your bite!

You're not such a bad stick after all!
But when the stick lets him down, Oliver finds himself in the middle of... nowhere!!

I'd better find my folks before the wizard finds me!

Mom! Dad! Anybody!!

There's good news and bad news for Oliver: the good news is that the villagers are right behind him; the bad news is that they're still a bunch of toadstools -- and Oliver doesn't know it!

But the worst news of all is that Oliver is being watched...

That bratty elf!!!

He's got my rod -- and I'm practically powerless without it!

But I still have a few tricks left!!
THE EVIL WIZARD JOURNEYS DEEP INTO THE FOREST TO THE E.B.S.C. (ENCHANTED BUGS SOCIAL CLUB) TO PUT "OPERATION STICK RETRIEVAL" INTO EFFECT!

A GREAT WIZARD LIKE ME RELYING ON INSECTS FOR HELP—THAT REALLY BUGS ME!

ANYBODY HOME? CAN I COME IN?

ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK!

TO WHAT DO WE HUMBLE BUGS OWE THE HONOR OF THIS VISIT?

HUMBLE BUGS? HUMBUG! I HAVE A PROPOSITION FOR YOU!
GET MY WAND BACK FROM OLIVER, THAT ELFEN RUNT, AND I SHALL REWARD YOU WITH YOUR WEIGHT IN TOADSTOOLS!

WE DON'T NEED ANY TOADSTOOLS—IN FACT, WE HATE THEM!

BESIDES—WE LIKE THAT “ELFEN RUNT!”

SO BUG OFF— OR SIT IN ON THE CARD GAME!!

SO YOU REFUSE? I HAVE WAYS OF MAKING YOU DO MY BIDDING—PERHAPS A LITTLE HYPNOSIS WILL DO THE TRICK!

ZAP!

NOW—HEH HEH— GO FIND THE ELF— AND RETRIEVE MY WAND— BEGONE!!
AND I'LL BE FOLLOWING YOU GUYS--SO NO FUNNY STUFF!

NOW--GET CRAWLING!!

BUT AS THE HYPNOTIZED BUGS GO OFF, THE LAST AND LITTLEST SEGMENT OF THE CENTIPEDE STILL HAS A MIND OF ITS OWN!

EVIL IS AFOOT! I'VE GOT TO WARN OLIVER!!

THE 'PEDE RACES THROUGH THE WOODS AHEAD OF THE OTHERS, UNTIL HUFFING AND PUFFING, HE FINDS THE WAYWARD ELF...

O-O-O-OL OLIVER; GASP! I'VE GOT TO GASP; TELL YOU; GASP!!

HAVE I GOT A STORY FOR YOU GUYS!

HI, 'PEDE! LONG TIME NO SEE!--HEY! WHERE'S THE REST OF YOU?
THE OTHER BUGS--GASP! COMING FOR YOU--

GREAT! I WAS GETTING KINDA LONELY! HERE THEY COME NOW!

OVER HERE, GANG!!

BUT THE WIZARD'S HYPNOTIZED THEM! THEY'RE OUT TO GET YOU AND THE WAND! RUN FOR IT!!!

Hmm... now that you mention it, they do seem to be acting kind of funny!!
THERE'S NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT A BUNCH OF BERSERK BUGS! WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! THAT TREE! IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE!

I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU 'PEDE! LET'S GET CLIMBING!

THEY'RE STILL AFTER US! THEY'LL BE UP HERE IN NO TIME--UNLESS--THAT STICK! IT'S MAGIC! USE IT!

WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE! THEY'RE PRACTICALLY HERE ALREADY! YOU'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE--THINK GOOD THOUGHTS--THEN THE MAGIC WILL WORK FOR YOU!!

NO WAY! I'D RATHER BE UP A TREE THAN FLYING OVER IT!

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN'!!

JUST TRY IT, OKAY?
CONCENTRATE... CONCENTRATE... GOT TO THINK GOOD THOUGHTS... LEMME SEE... OR... UH...

I HOPE THIS WORKS, OLIVER-- I'M TOO YOUNG TO BE A POISON TOADSTOOL!

ZAP!

A MUSHROOM! OF COURSE! WHAT COULD BE NICER THAN A HARMLESS MUSHROOM?

I ALWAYS KNEW YOU COULD DO IT, KID!
WE'RE SAFE! WE'RE SAFE! WE'RE SAFE!

Uh-oh! If we're safe, then how come I'm Trembling like a leaf!

It's not you, Pedo--it's the tree!

It's scorpion--he's hammering away at the tree like it was a punching bag!

Guess there's only one thing to do!

Scorpion's been turned into a mushroom too! This magic stick works like a charm!

Didn't I tell ya so, Ollie m'boy?!
OLIVER! HERE COMES FLEA! GIVE HIM A GOOD ZAP BEFORE HE GETS CLOSE ENOUGH TO TICKLE US SILLY!

I'M GETTING THE KNACK OF IT, PEDER—WATCH THIS!! FLEE FLEA!

Point! Point! Point! Point!

Tlop! Tlop! Tlop!
AND NOW-- FOR THE MAIN EVENT...

ON THE COUNT OF THREE... YET ANOTHER MUSHROOM!

BE GENTLE WITH HIM, KID-- HE'S MY FRONT END!!

BUT OLIVER UNDERESTIMATES THE MOST FORMIDABLE OPPONENT OF THEM ALL!

WHOA?-- HE'S BROKEN INTO SEGMENTS! I-- I HAVE UNDERESTIMATED THE MOST FORMIDABLE OPPONENT OF ALL!!

I-- I GOT A COUPLE-- BUT THEY JUST KEEP COMING!!
By now, the Wizard has come on the scene to retrieve his Rod in Victory!

Heh heh! The Centipede is all broken up!

I can't zap them all!

We're doomed!

The Wizard's celebration begins--albeit a bit prematurely!

Ha ha! I love it when I win!

Not so fast, Wizard! You may be light on your feet, but I'm one jump ahead of you!!

Quit bluffing, kid--it's all over for us!
Suddenly, the evil wizard is suspended in mid-air!!

Un-hypnotize those pede parts, or I'll turn you into a mushroom too!!

No! No! Not a mushroom! Anything but that!!

Let him have it, kid -- right between the evil eyes!!

* For a toadstool-loving wizard, ending up as a mushroom is the absolute pits!!
Okay already! I'll do it! I'll do it!!

Great! Now--get crackin'!

Now who's afraid of the big bad wizard!

I'm sure to need glasses after this workout!

Zap!

Zap!

Zap!

And all at once...

Where are we?

We're all over the place!

He hypnotized us!

It was that wizard!

What's he doin' up there?

Just hangin' out!

Let's get him!

I feel like I've been a mushroom in a previous life!
BEFORE ANYONE DOES ANYTHING-- WIZARD!!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY PARENTS AND THE OTHER VILLAGERS?

I-er-uh-turned them into poison toadstools...
I-er-don't suppose an apology would help a great deal?

TSK! TSK!
WHAT A CREEP!
YOU SAID IT!

YOU'RE GONNA LEAD ME TO THEM, WIZARD--
BUT FIRST, I'LL CHANGE MY FRIENDS BACK TO NORMAL!

AND WITH YET ANOTHER WAVE OF HIS WAND,
THE THREE MUSH-KETEERS ARE TRANSFORMED BACK INTO...

SCORPION...

...FLEA...

...AND SPIDER MAKES THREE!
Soon, at the foot of Mt. Mushmore…

The suspension is killing me—turn them back to elves—please?

It’s great to be back together again!

One good zap should turn the villagers back to normal!

---ZAPP!

Oliver! I thought I told you to chop down those toadstools!!

Things are back to normal all right!

And if you’re wondering what happened to the evil wizard…
OLIVER GAVE HIM SUCH A ZAP...

ZAP!
NO NO! DON'T SHOOT!

SORRY, WIZ--THIS IS ONE STORY THAT'S HEADED FOR A HAPPY ENDING--AND THAT INCLUDES YOU TOO!

WHY YOU LITTLE...

ER-UH-I-THAT IS... GULP!

I DO HOPE I'LL GET THE OPPORTUNITY TO HELP YOU FINE ELVES WITH YOUR MUSHROOM HARVEST!

WITH THE HELP OF HIS NEW AND IMPROVED "NOT-SO-FRIGHTENING ROD" OLIVER TURNED ALL THE TOADSTOOLS BACK INTO MUSHROOMS...

FOR HIS HEROIC DEEDS, OLIVER WAS VOTED ELF OF THE YEAR, WHICH, AS EVERYONE KNOWS, IS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN MUSHROOM BREAD--NOT BAD FOR THE LITTLEST ELF OF ALL!

THAT'S MY BABY!

THINK I'LL QUIT WHILE I'M A HEAD!!

AND WHAT ABOUT THE LITTLEST 'Pede? HE WAS SENT TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE, WHERE HE GUIDES THE OTHER 'Pedes TO THIS VERY DAY!

THE END