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A Dilbert Book by Scott Adams

Shave the Whales



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Shave the **Whales**

**A Dilbert Book
by Scott Adams**

Andrews and McMeel
A Universal Press Syndicate Company
Kansas City

Dogbert™ and Dilbert® appear in the comic strip Dilbert distributed by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

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For Pam, my role model

Introduction

You may think this book is simply a cynical way to cash in on the popularity of the strip without doing much of anything in the way of extra work. And you'd be largely correct about that. But look at it this way: After you enjoy it, you can give it to somebody else as a gift. That's something you can't do with, say, a bottle of wine (at least not gracefully). A Dilbert book is a rare opportunity to satisfy your greed and your nagging gift-giving guilt at the same time. It's a win-win scenario.

The only problem is that the book doesn't quite lay flat after you've pawed your way through it. You'll need an alibi.

I recommend that you get a felt-tipped pen and write "Best Wishes—Scott Adams" on the inside cover and try to pass it off as an autographed copy. You could even sketch a little Dogbert in there. If he looks a little deformed, just say my arm was in a sling.*

If the recipient hunts me down to verify your clam, I'll lie for you. You have my word on that.

On a related topic, many of you have written to ask how you can join a Dilbert/Dogbert fan club, mailing list, cult, or paramilitary force. So far, all we have is a mailing list. There are two benefits to being on the mailing list: 1.) You get a free Dilbert newsletter if we feel like it, and 2.) When Dogbert conquers the world, you will form a new ruling class.

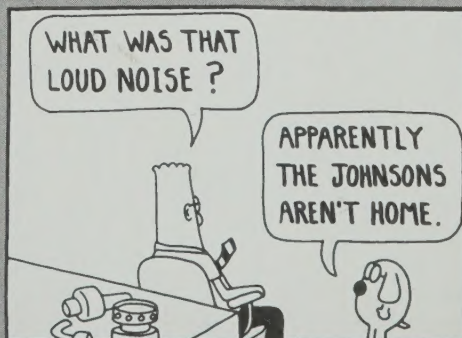
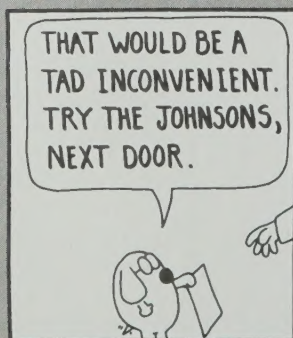
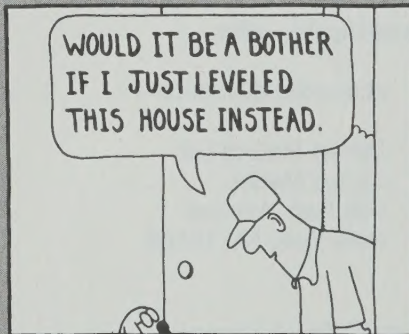
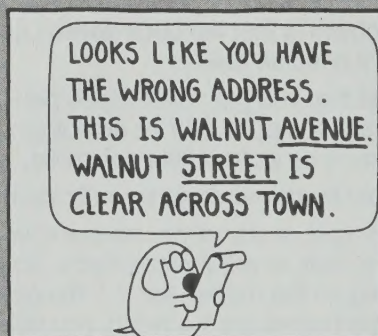
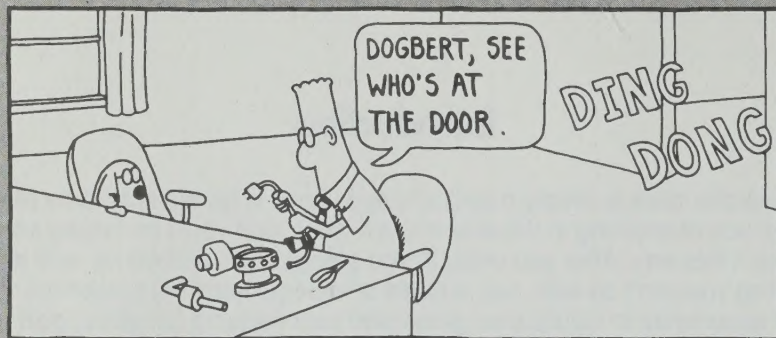
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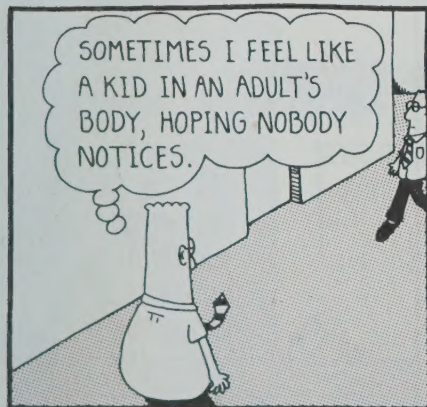
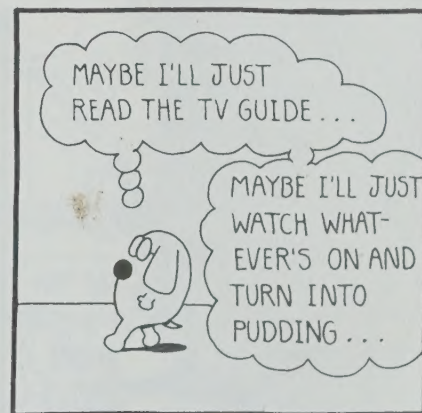
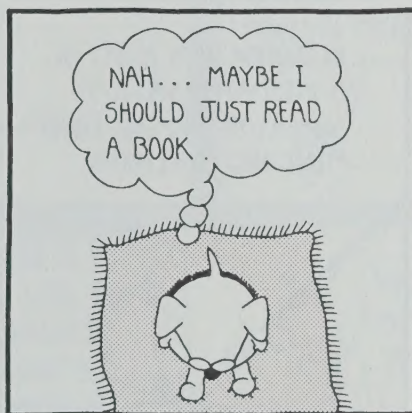
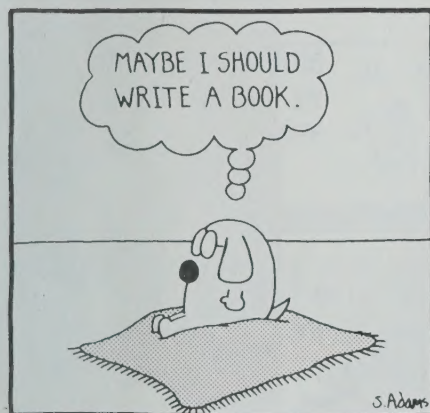
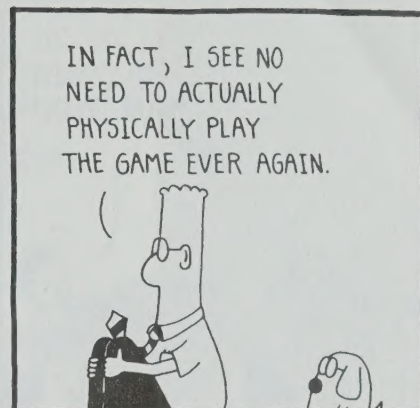
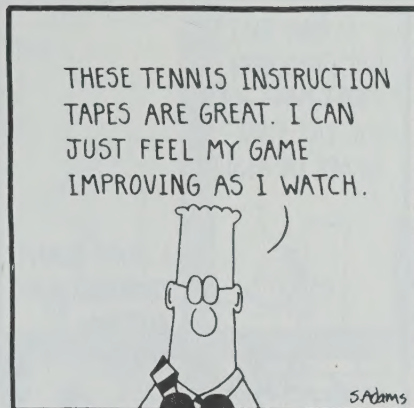
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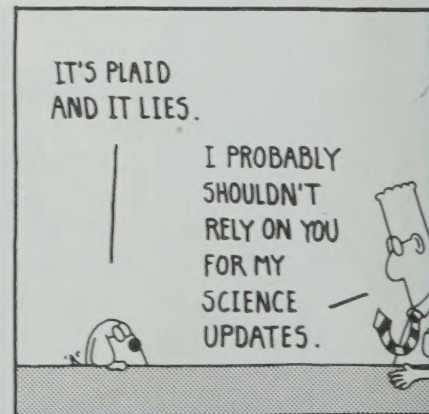
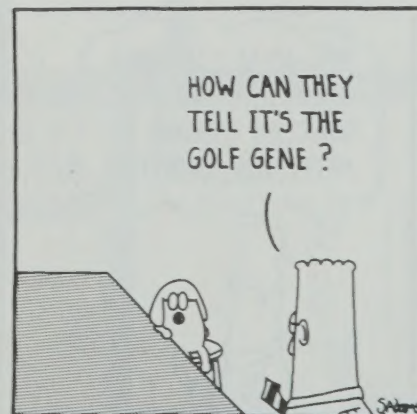
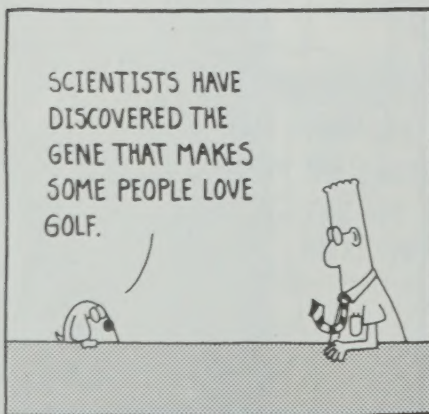
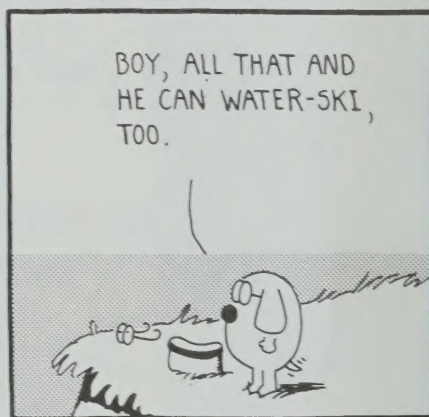
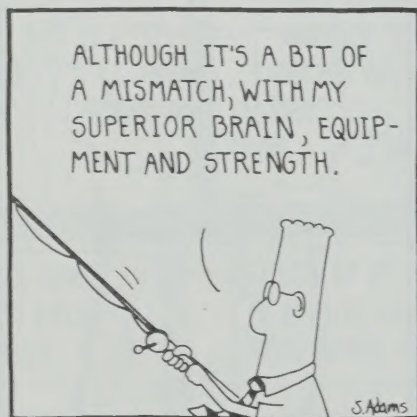
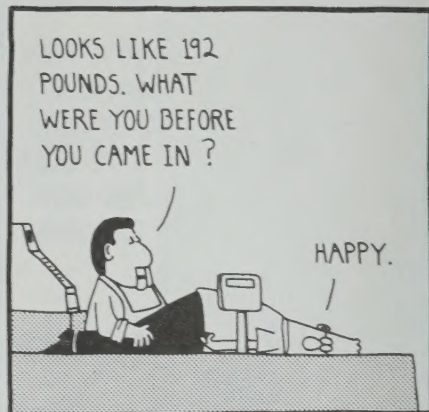
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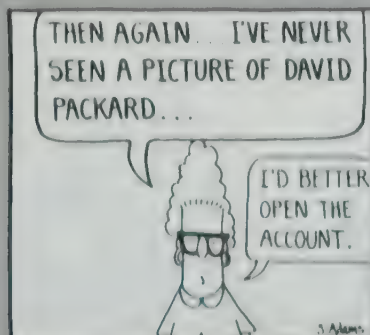
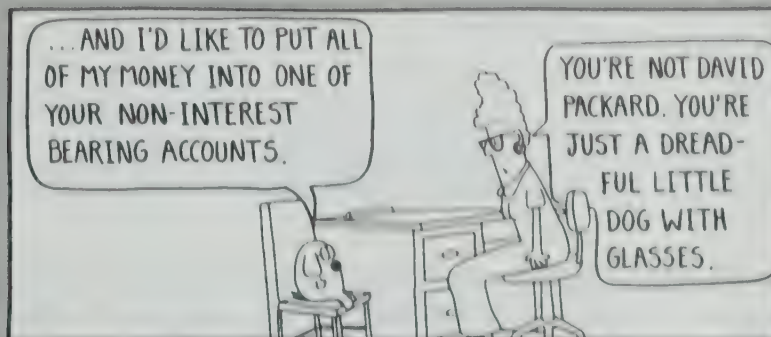
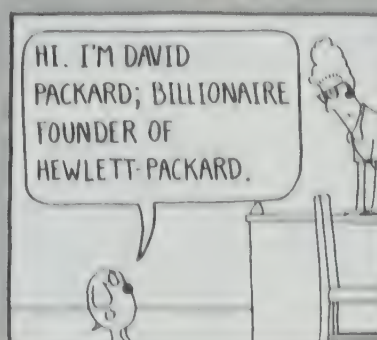
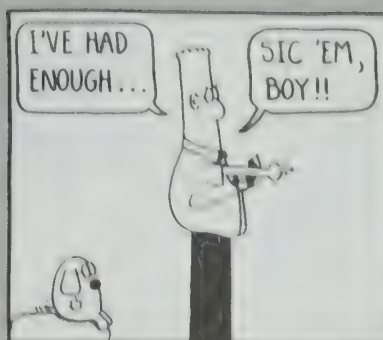
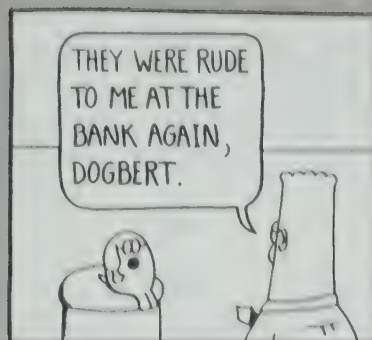
Scott Adams

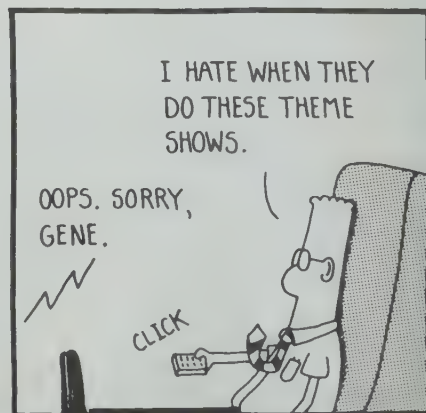
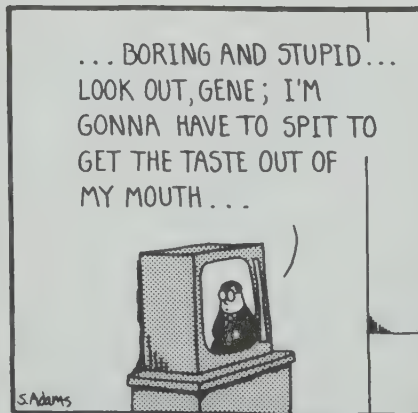
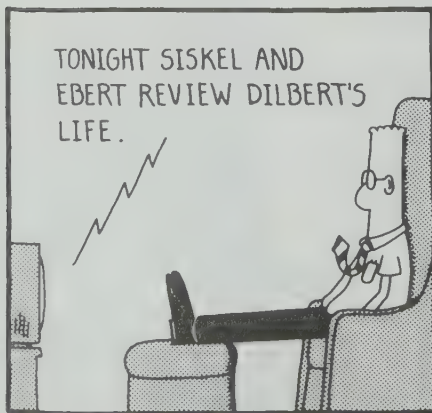
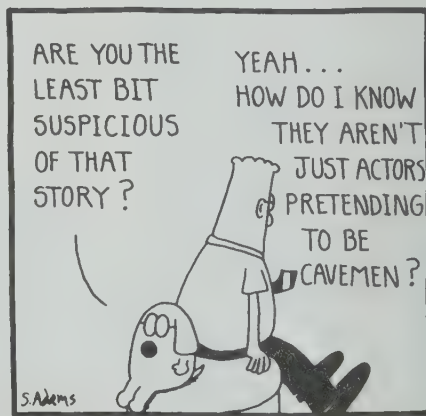
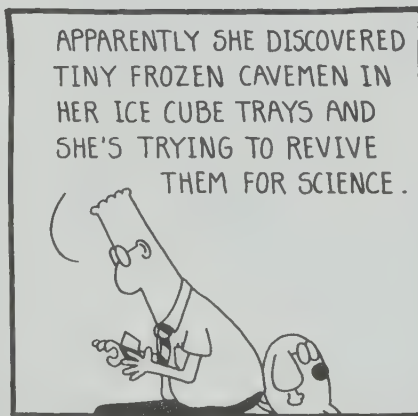
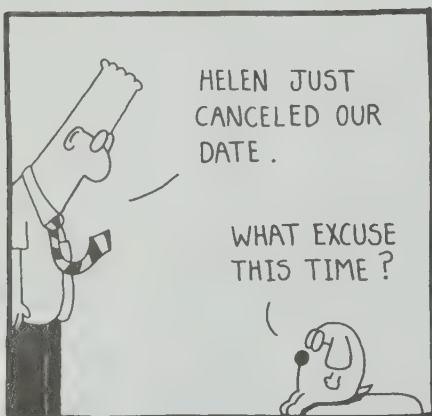
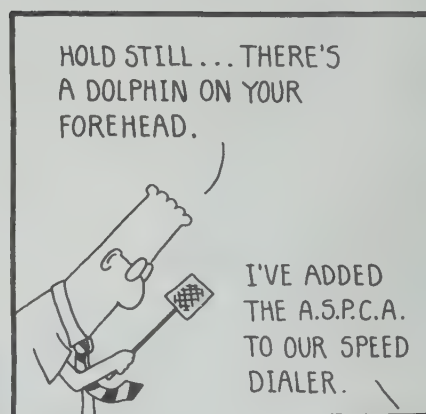
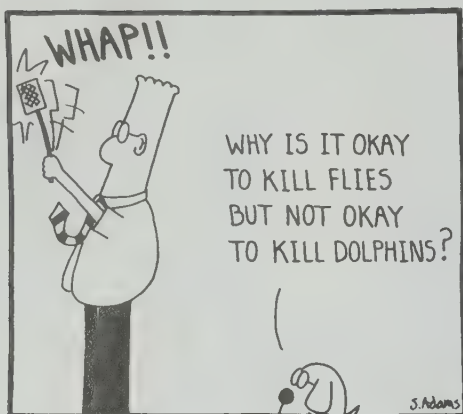
*If it looks better than I draw it, I hate you.

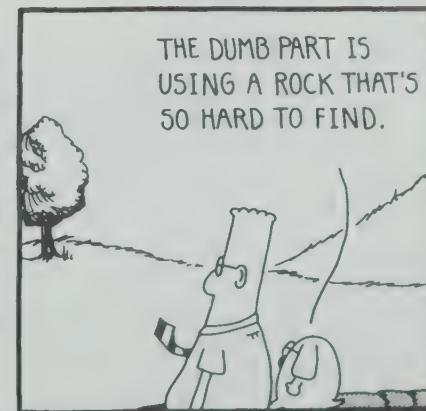
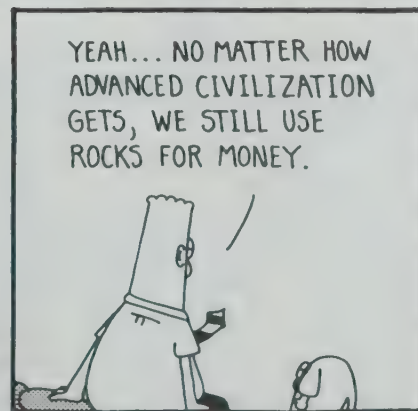
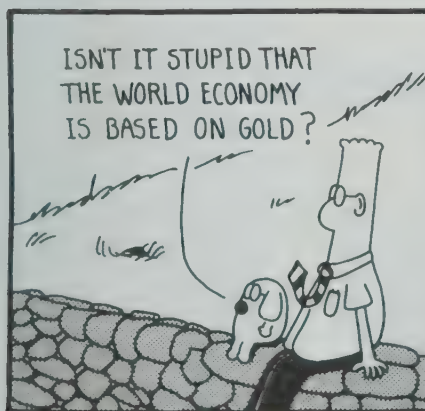
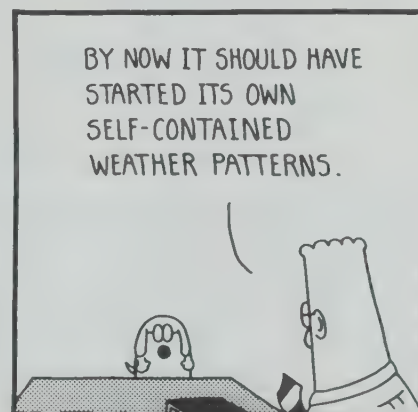
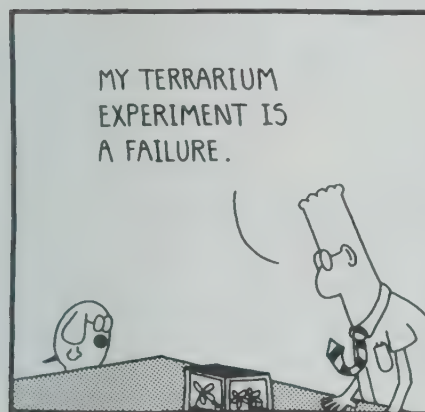
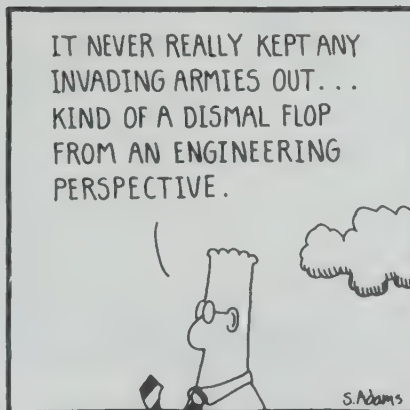




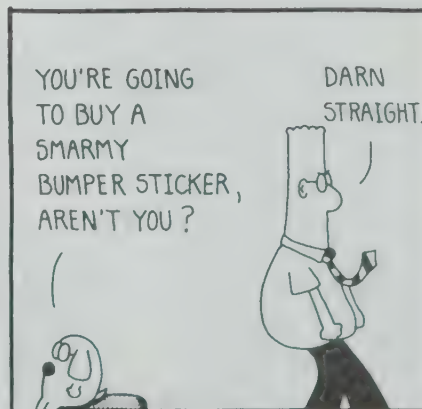
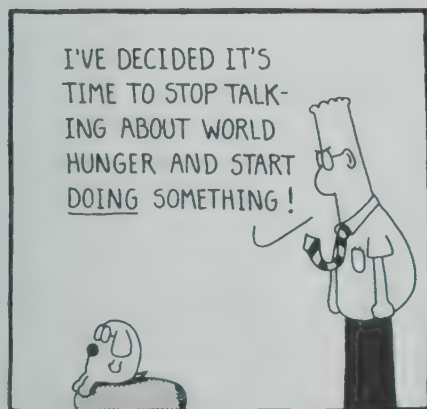
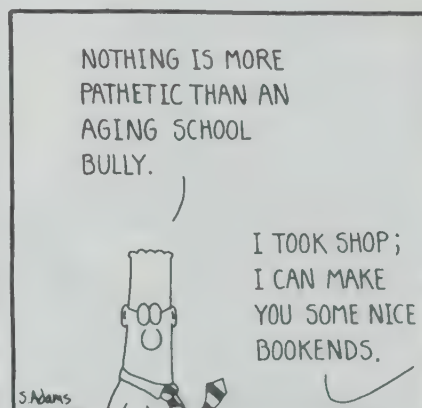
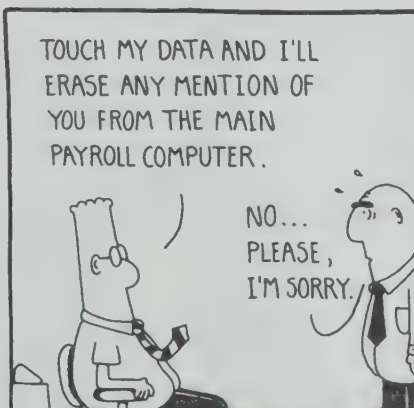
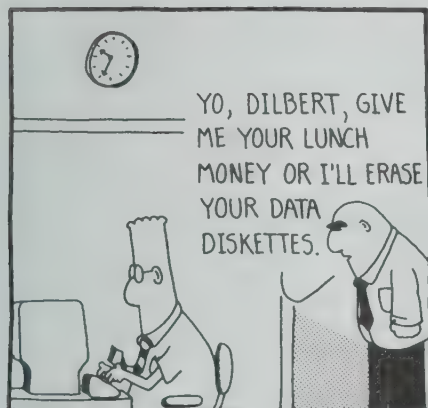
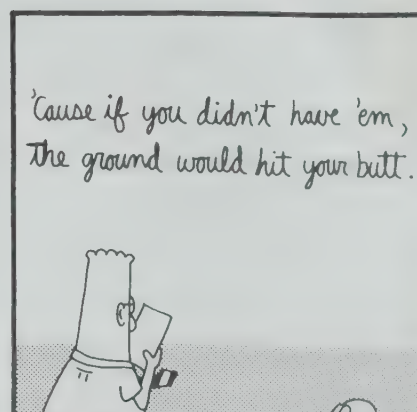
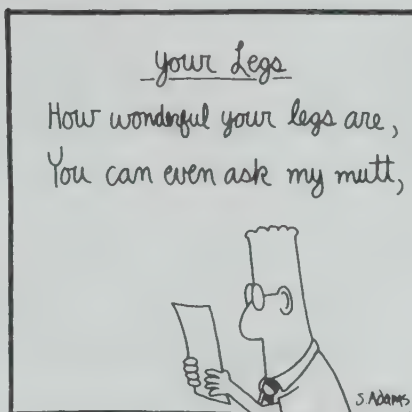
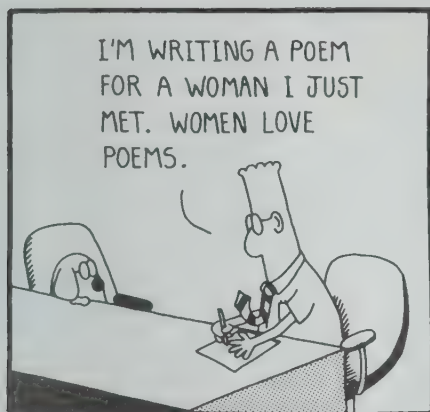


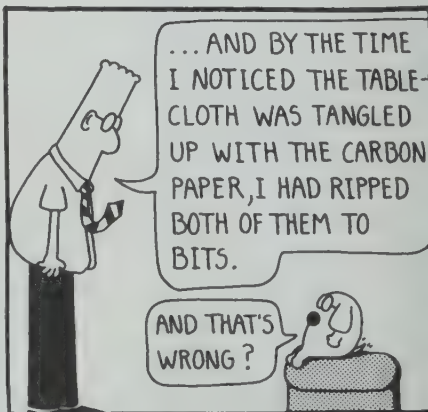
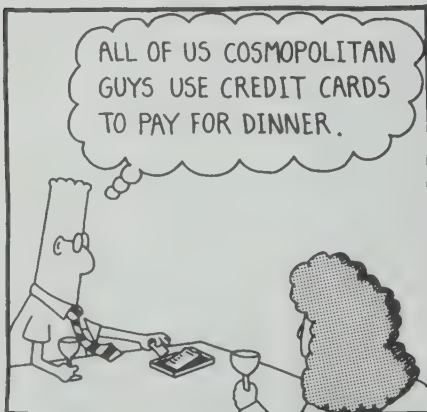
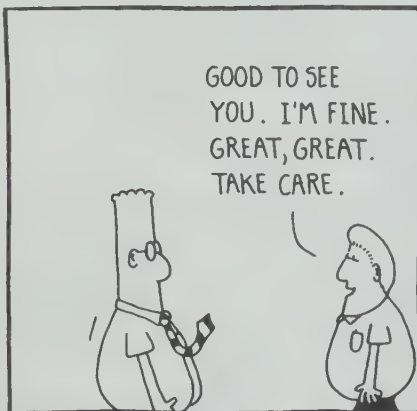
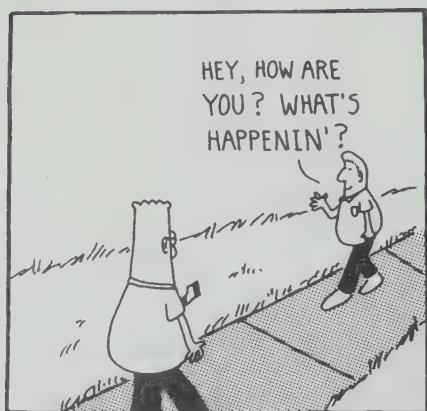
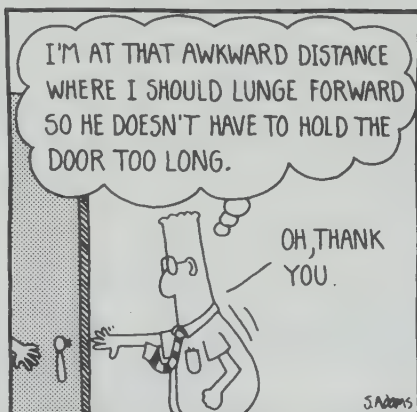
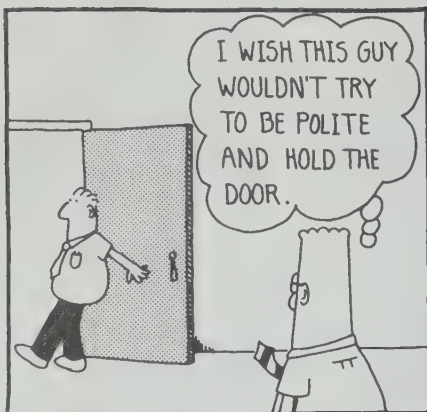


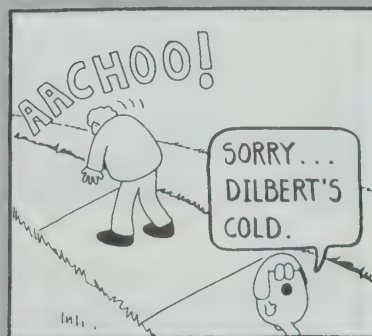
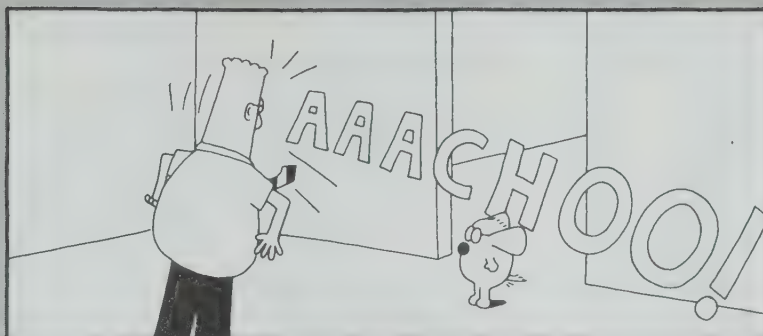


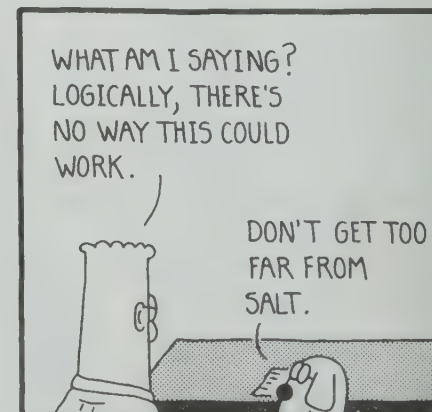
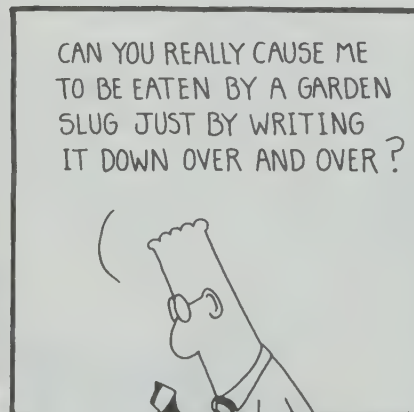
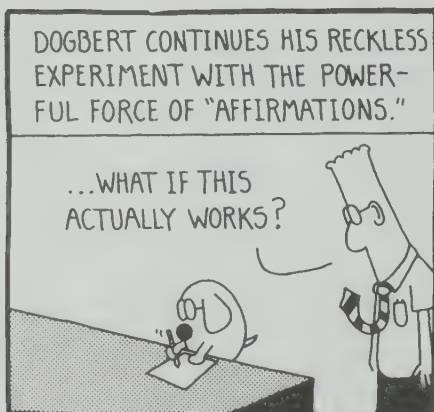
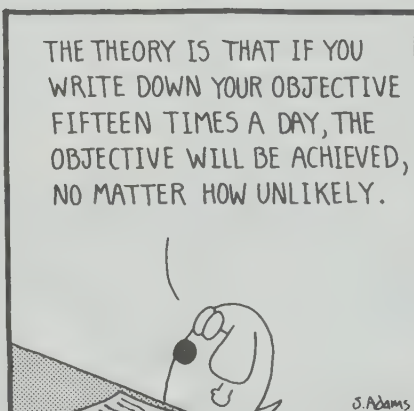
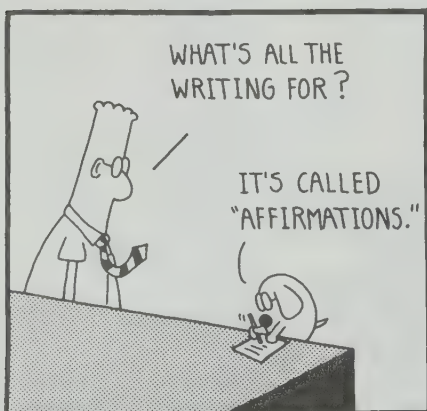
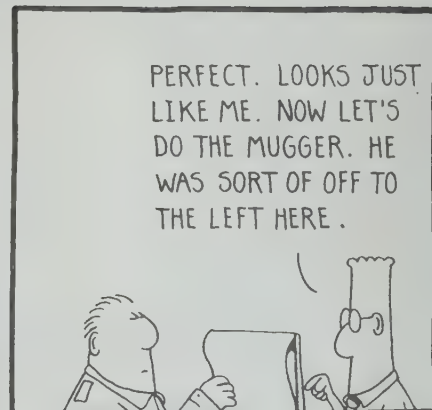
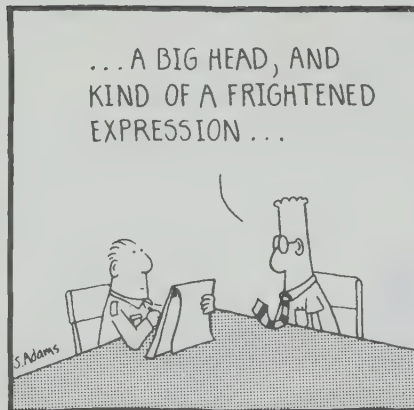
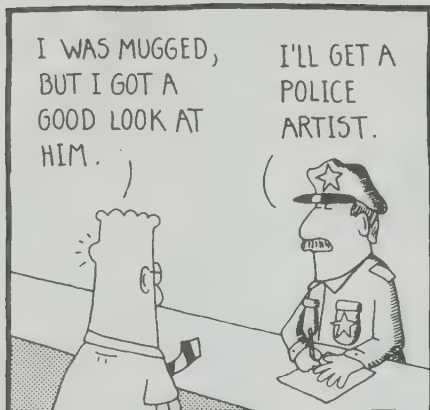


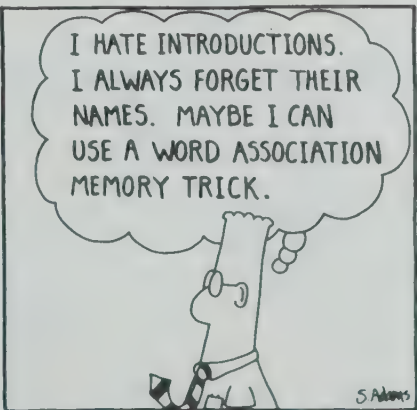
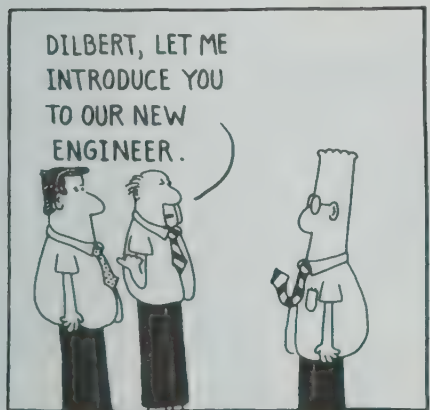
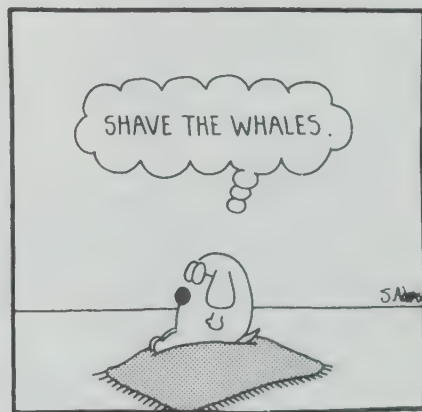
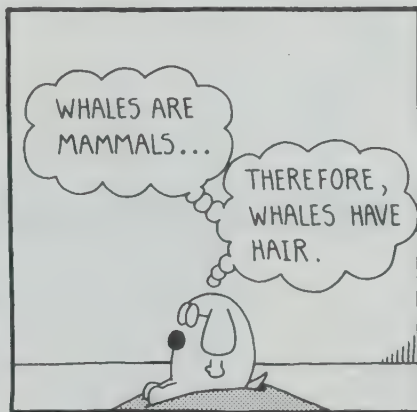
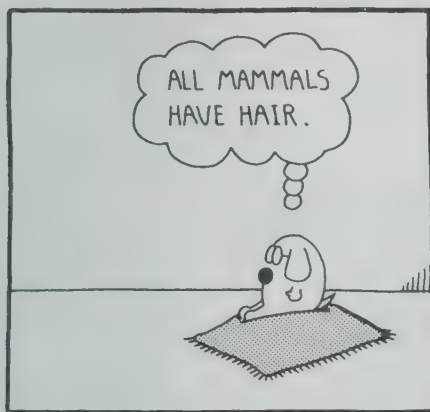
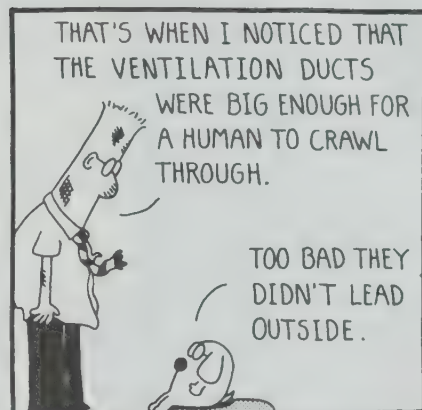
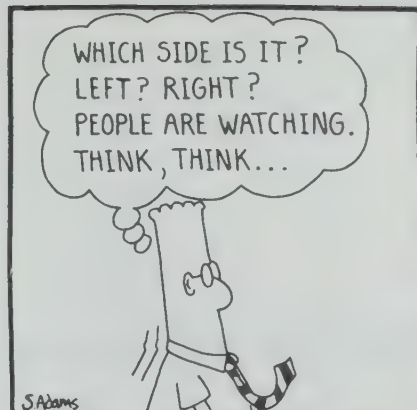
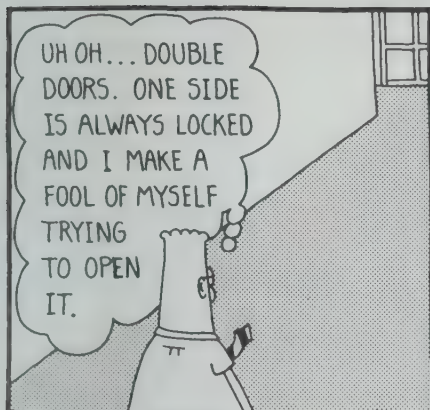


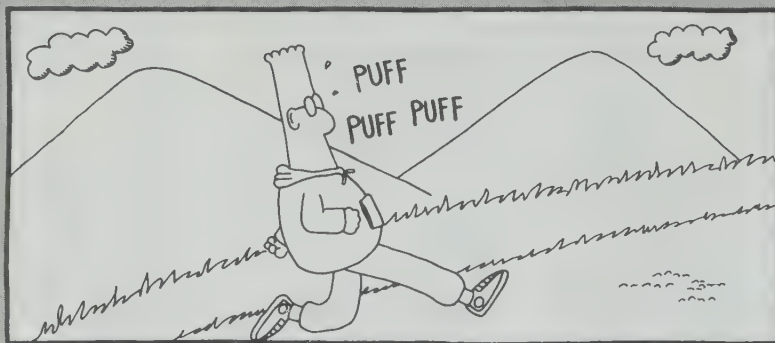


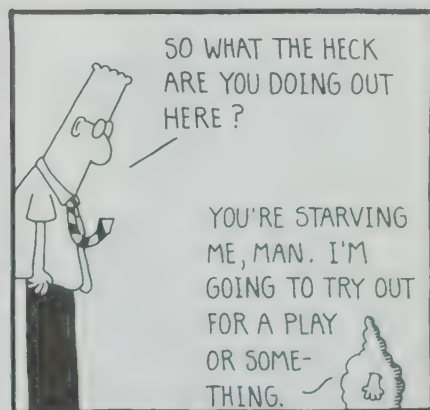
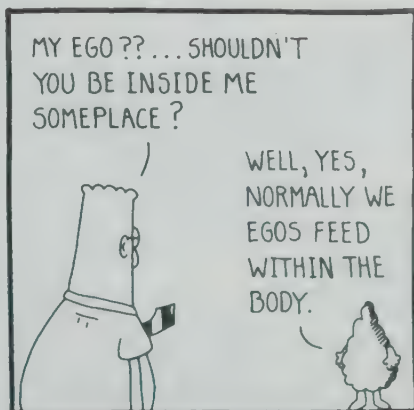
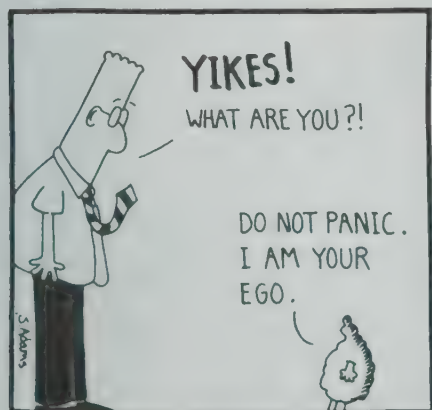
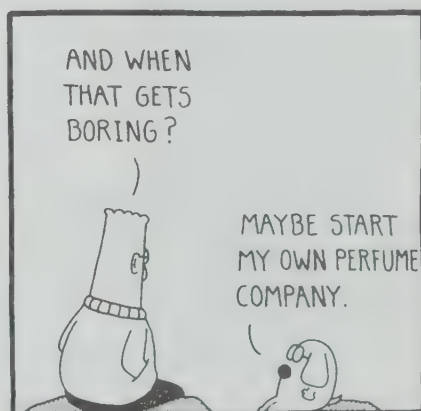
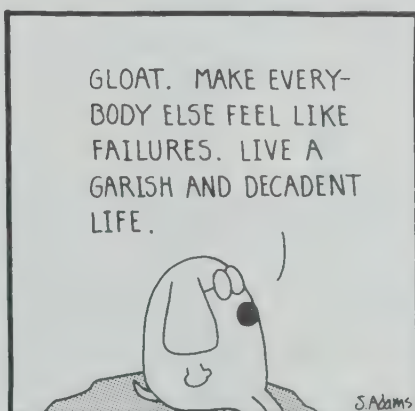
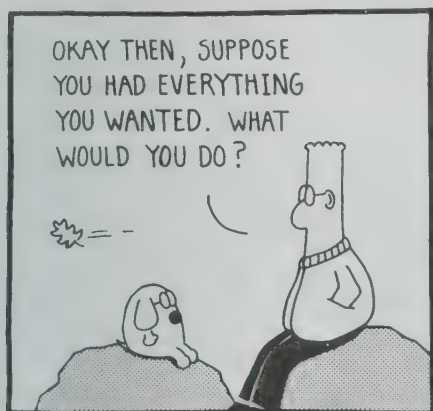
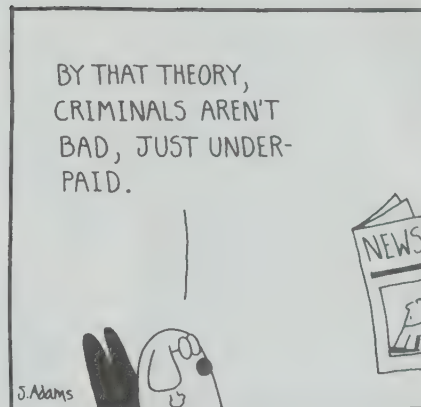
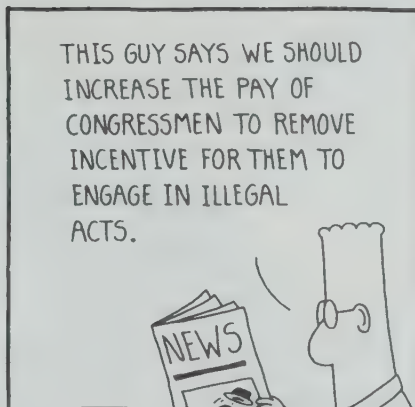


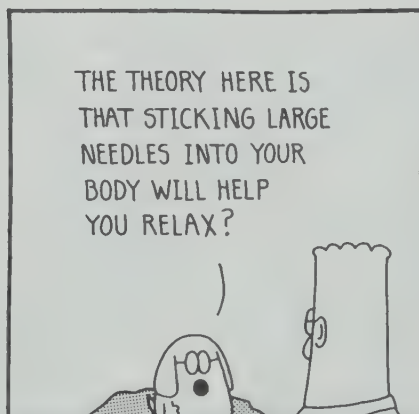
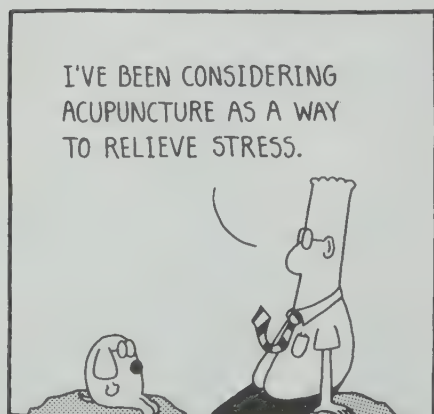
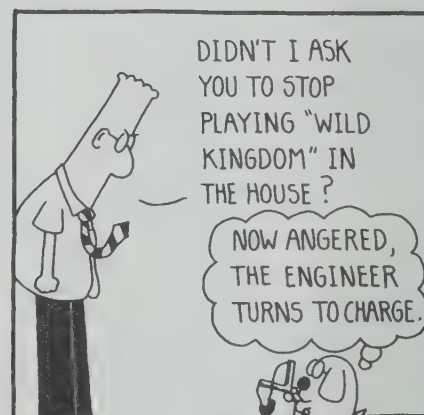
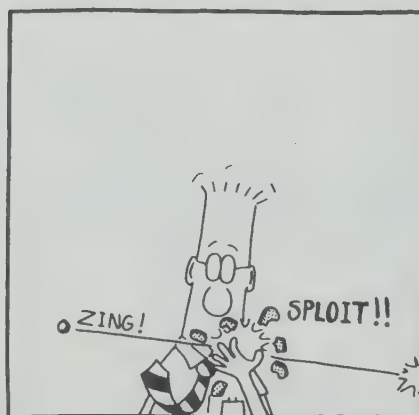
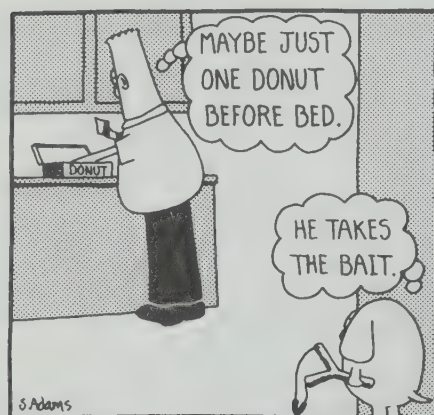
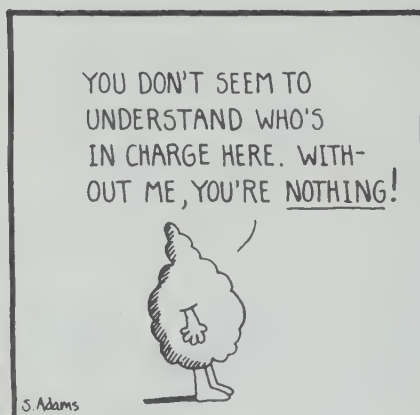
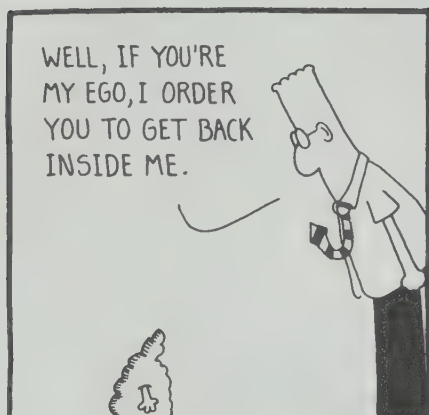


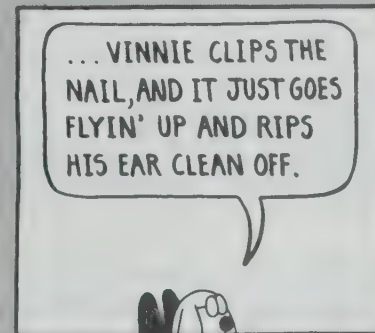
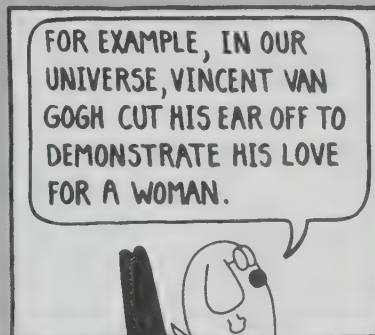
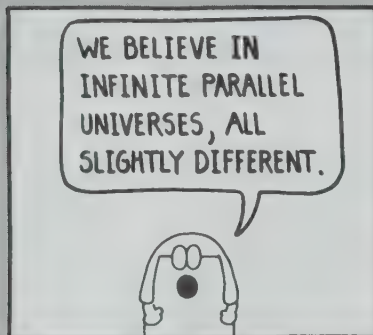


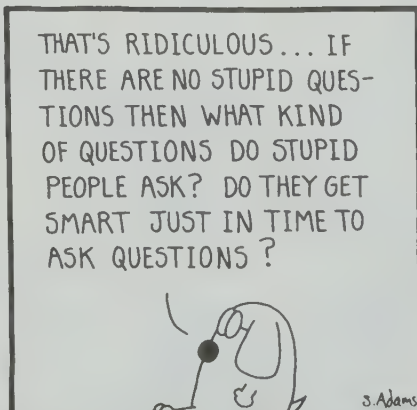
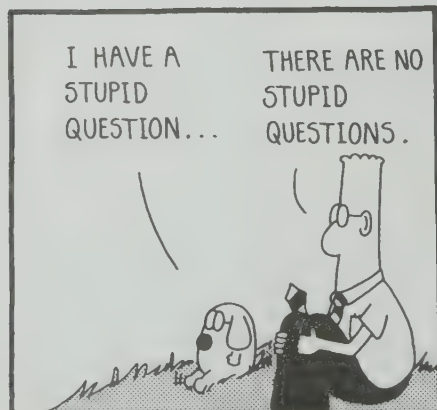
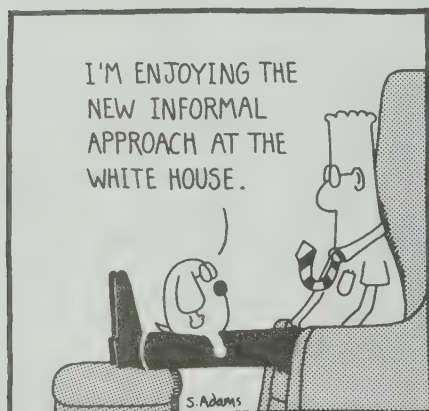
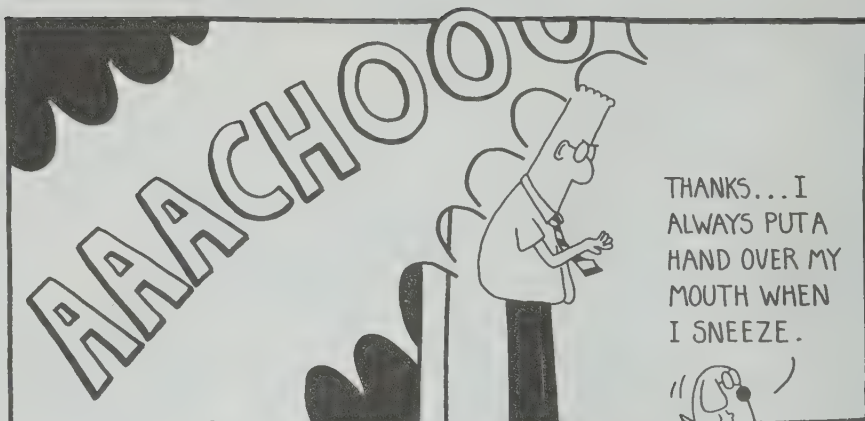


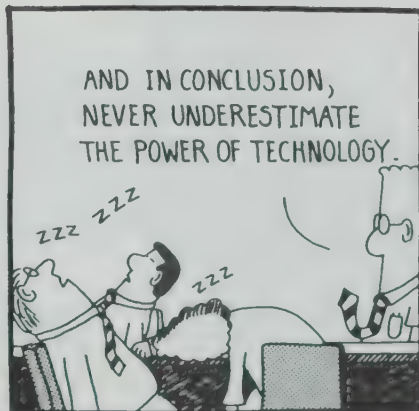
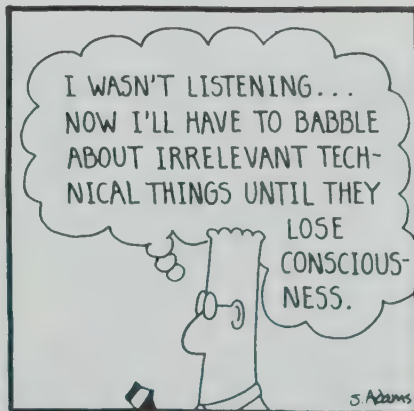
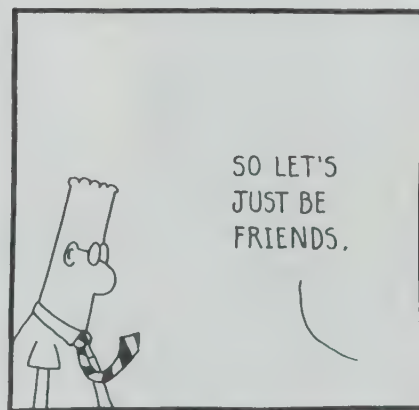
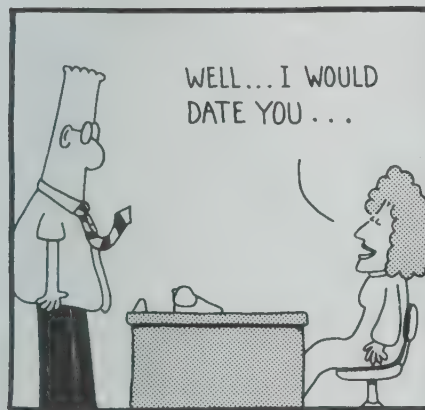
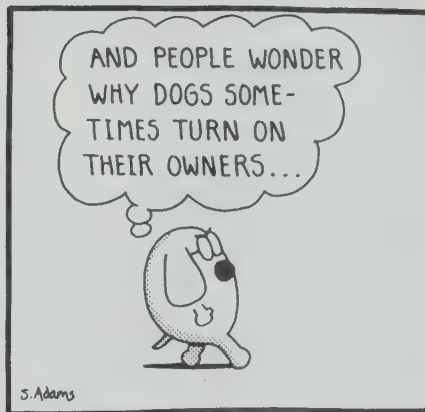
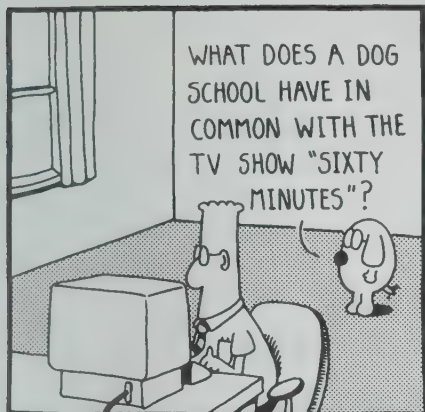


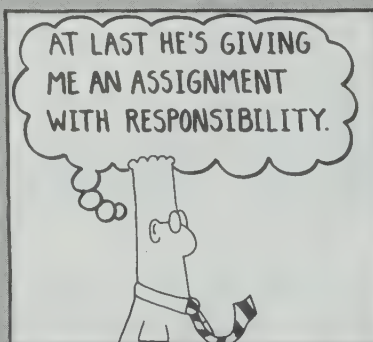


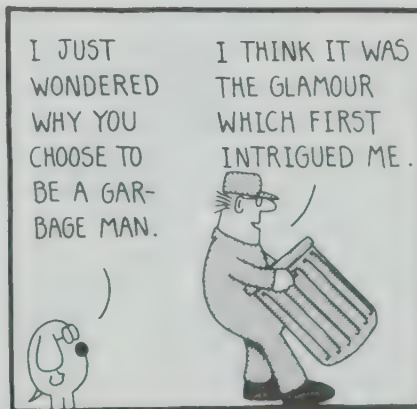
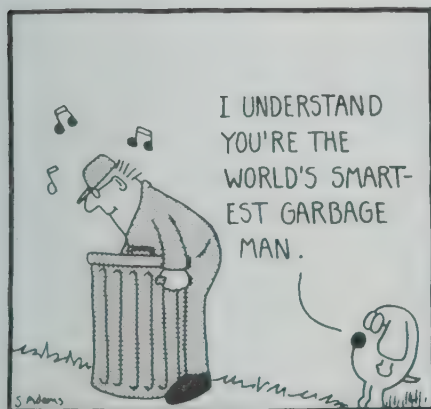
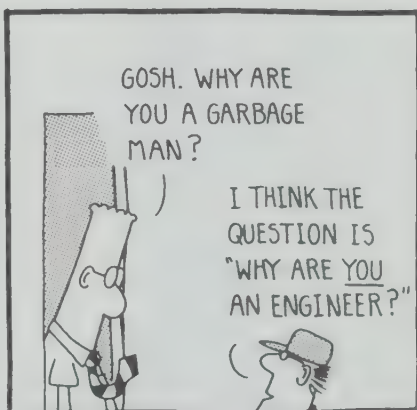
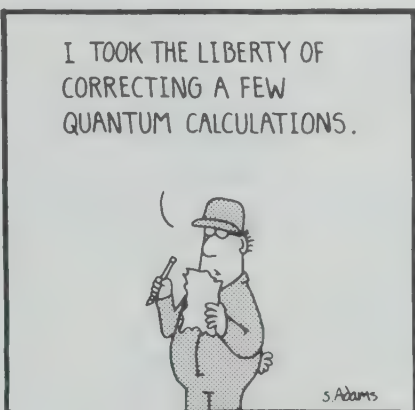
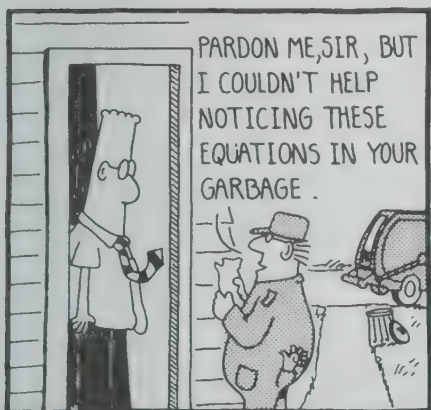
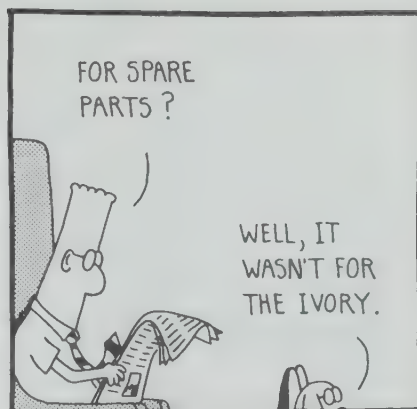
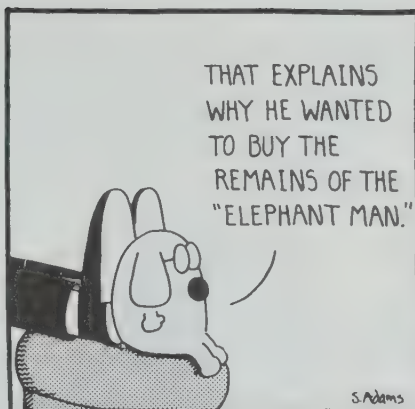
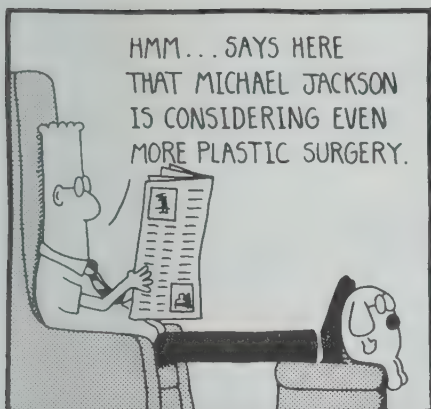


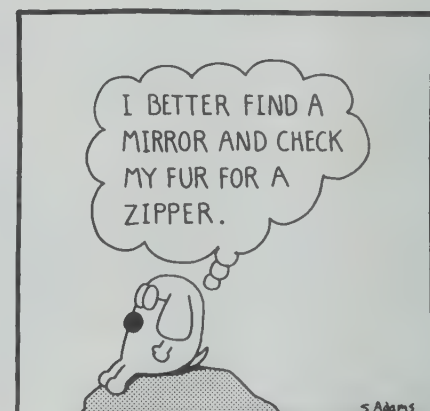
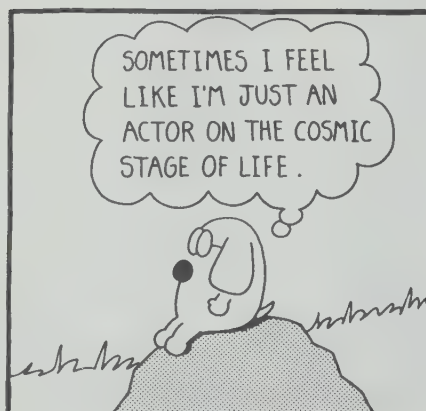


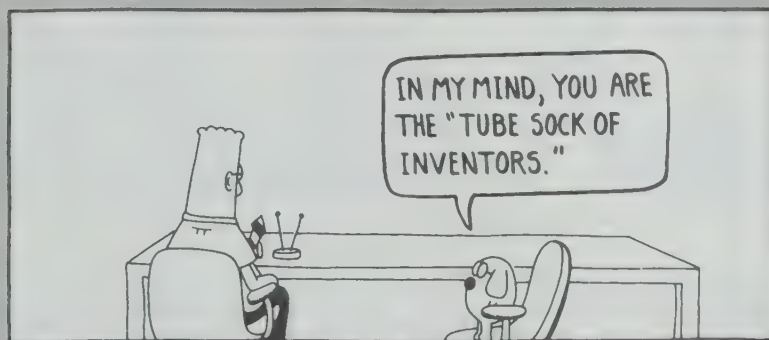
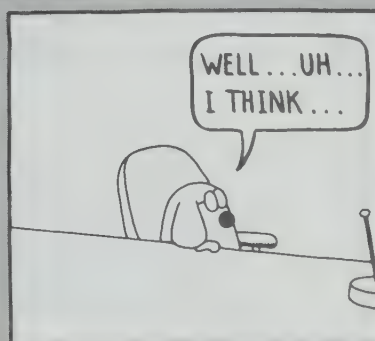
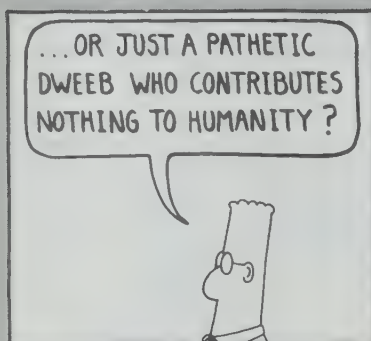


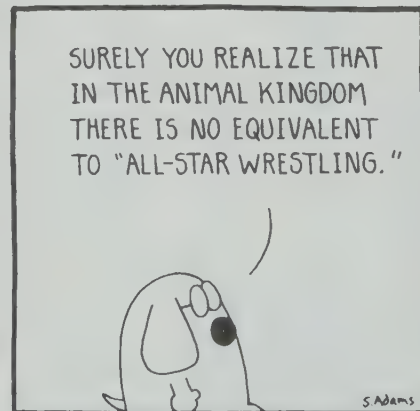
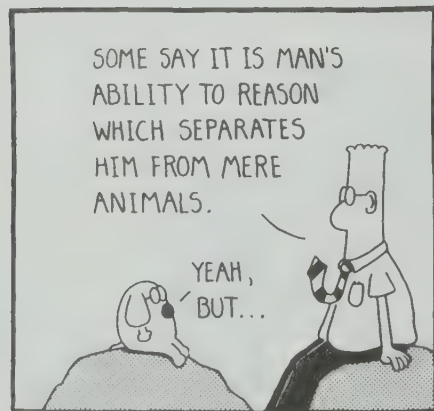
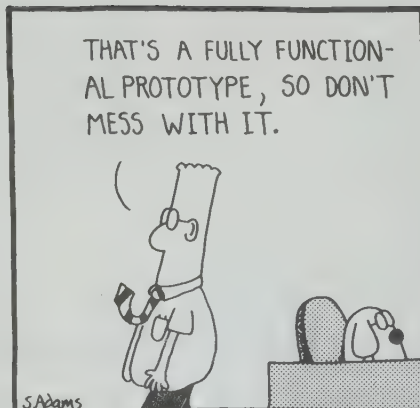
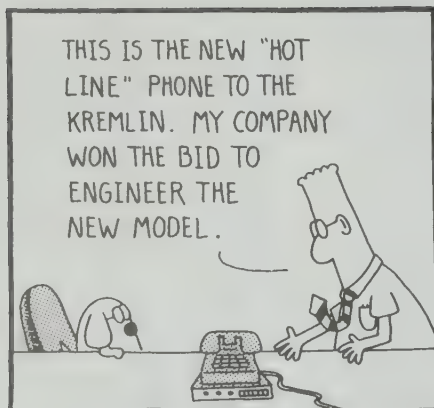


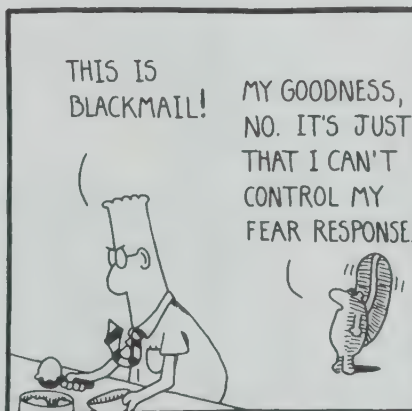
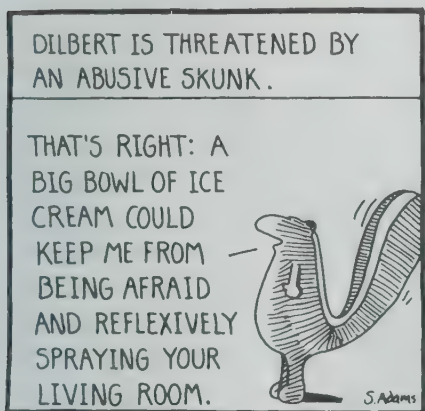
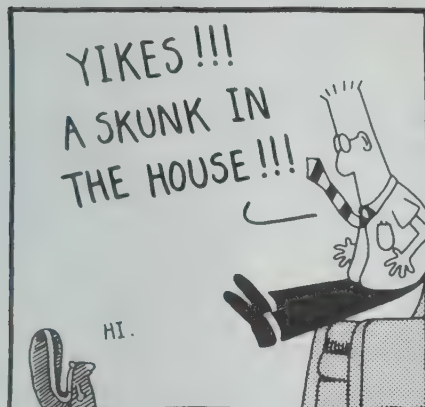


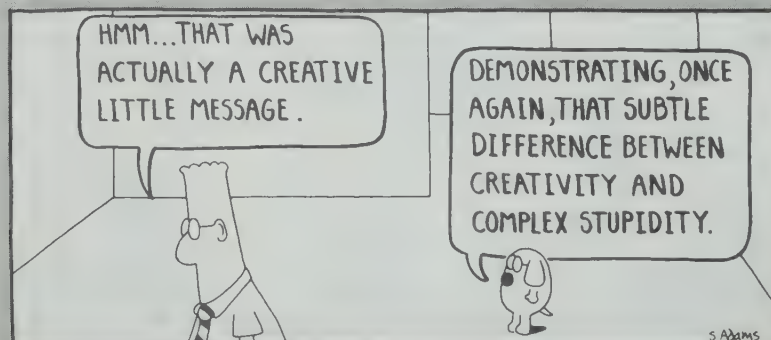
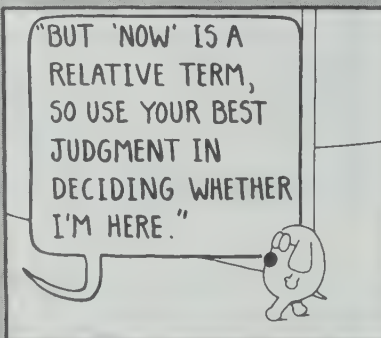
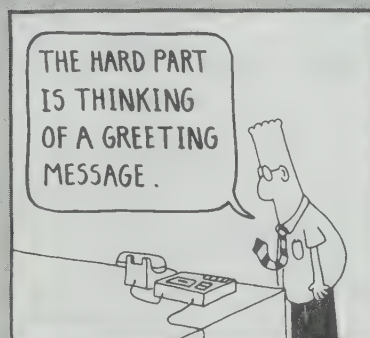
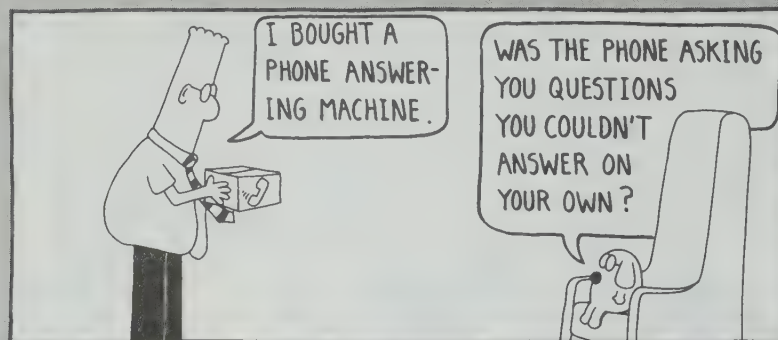








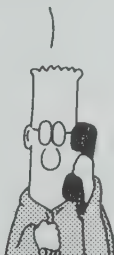




THAT'S RIGHT... COUGH-
COUGH!... I WON'T BE IN
TO WORK... COUGH-WHEEZE-
COUGH...

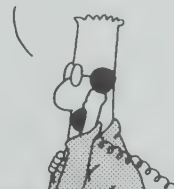


BAD COLD? WELL, NO,
ACTUALLY I HAVE A BAD
HEADACHE...



S. Adams

BUT I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO MAKE A
HEADACHE SOUND OVER
THE PHONE.



I GOT HIT BY
A RENTED CAR.



HERTZ?



NOT ANY MORE,
BUT THANKS
FOR ASKING.



THAT'S ABOUT ALL THE
SYMPATHY I CAN
MUSTER FOR ONE DAY.



S. Adams

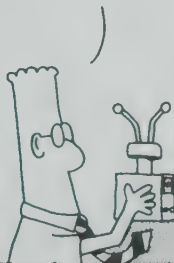
I'M AFRAID I'LL
NEVER FIGURE OUT
HOW TO MAKE MY
INVENTION WORK.



YOU ARE TOO
LOGICAL. USE
THE RIGHT SIDE
OF YOUR BRAIN.



HMM... YES, I MUST
CALL ON MY CREATIVE
SIDE...

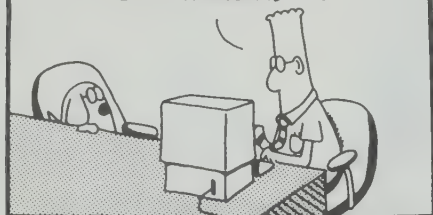


S. Adams

NOW IT DOESN'T
WORK AND I
WANT TO CRY.



MY COMPUTER HAS
DETERMINED THE
FUNNIEST WORDS
IN THE WORLD...

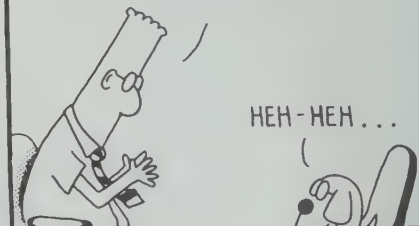


THEY INCLUDE CHAINSAW,
WEASEL, PRUNE AND
ANY REFERENCE TO
"GILLIGAN'S ISLAND."

NOW I CAN
MAKE MY
OWN JOKES!



...SO THEN THE SKIPPER
GETS ATTACKED BY THIS
PRUNE-EATING WEASEL
WITH A CHAINSAW...

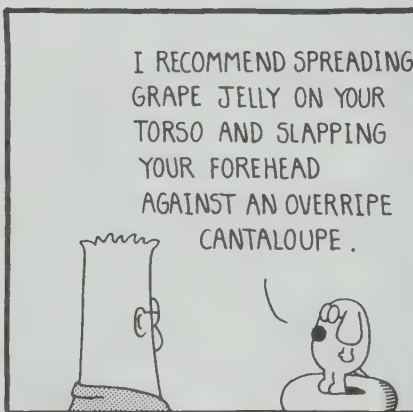


HEH-HEH...

DOGBERT, I CAN'T
SLEEP... DO YOU
KNOW ANY FOLK-
REMEDIES?



I RECOMMEND SPREADING
GRAPE JELLY ON YOUR
TORSO AND SLAPPING
YOUR FOREHEAD
AGAINST AN OVERRIPE
CANTALOUPE.



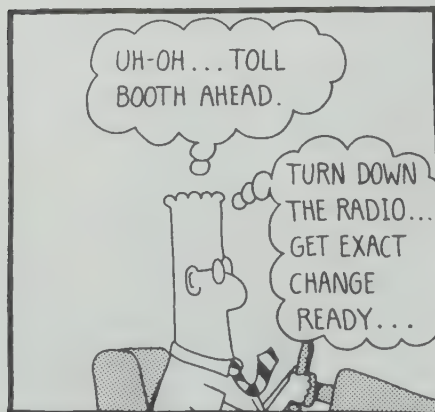
THIS MUST BE
HOW ALL FOLK
REMEDIES GET
STARTED.



SLAP
SLAP
SLAP

UH-OH... TOLL
BOOTH AHEAD.

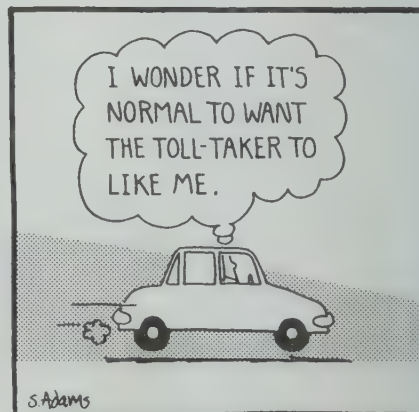
TURN DOWN
THE RADIO...
GET EXACT
CHANGE
READY...



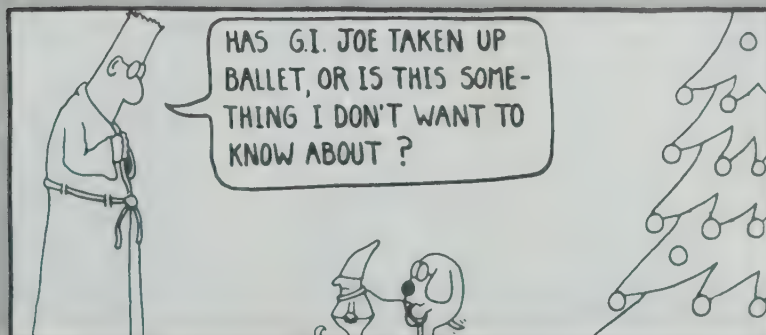
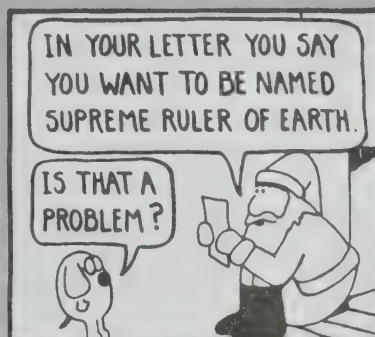
GOOD
MORNING!

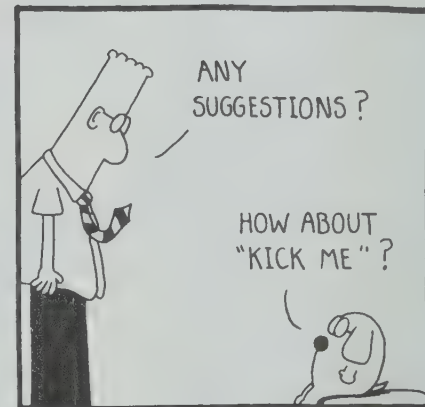
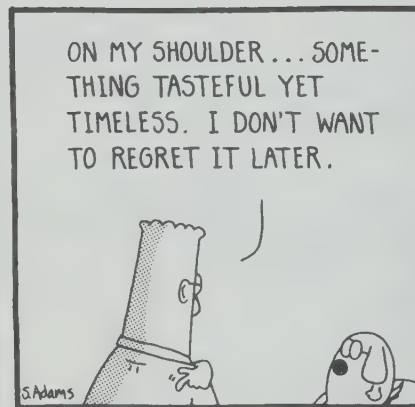
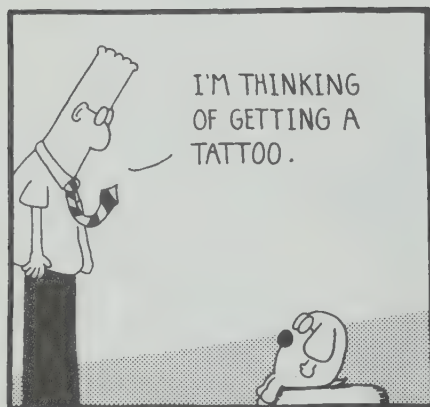
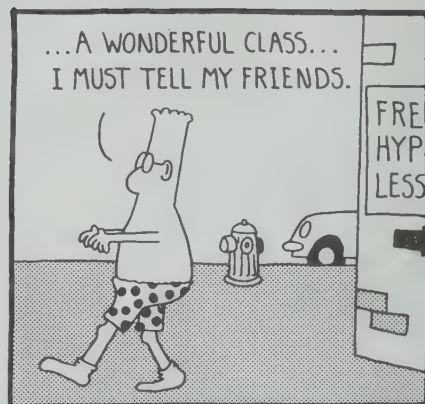
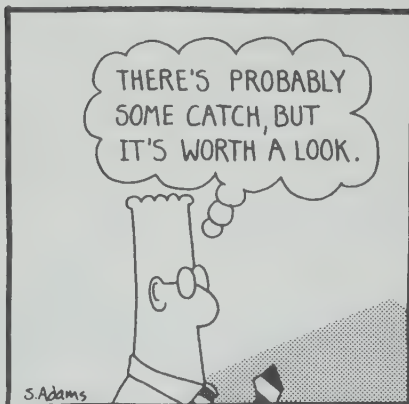
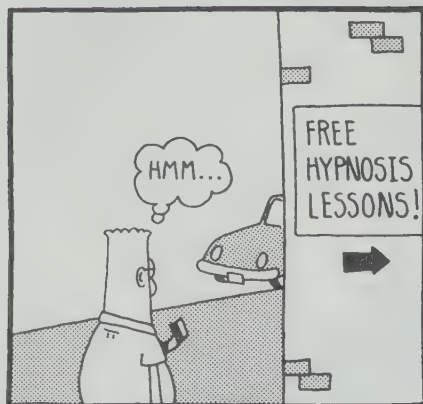


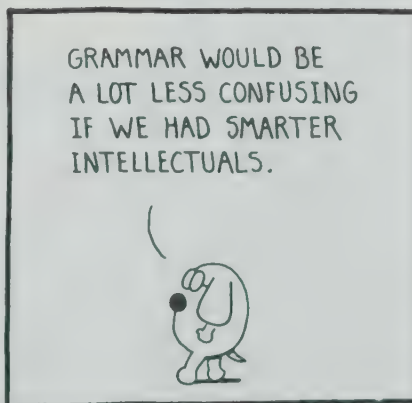
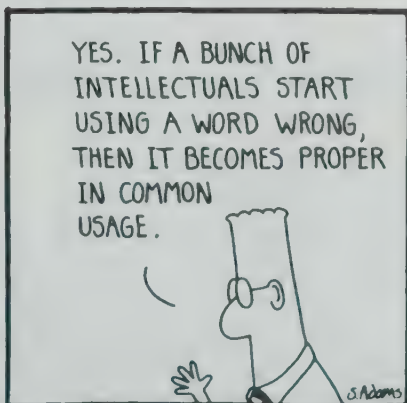
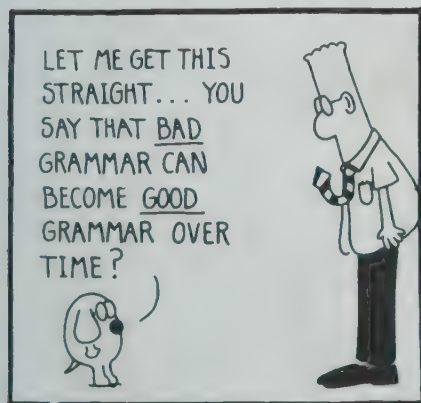
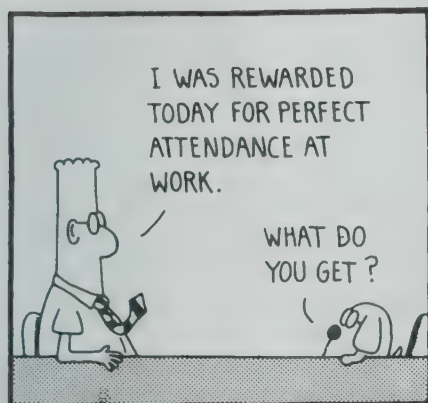
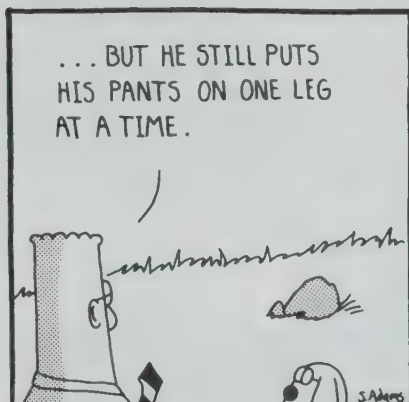
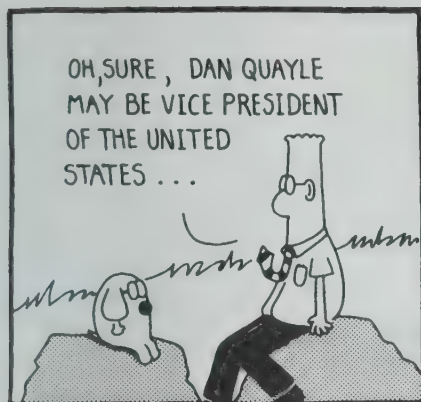
I WONDER IF IT'S
NORMAL TO WANT
THE TOLL-TAKER TO
LIKE ME.

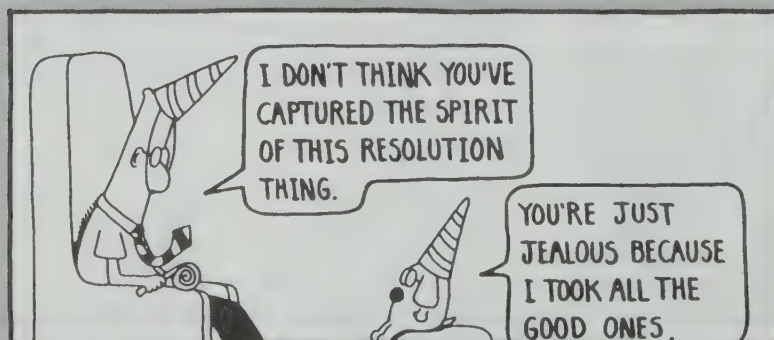
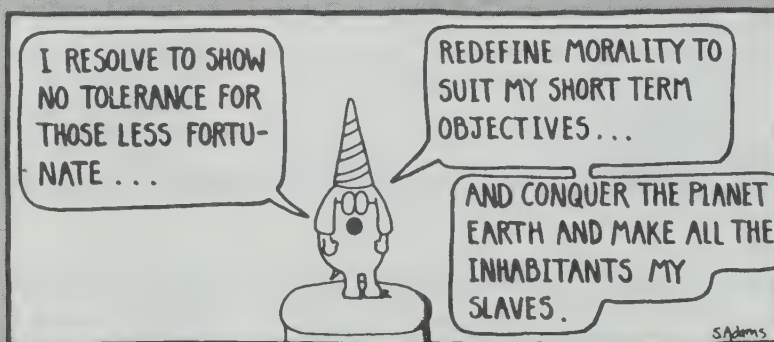
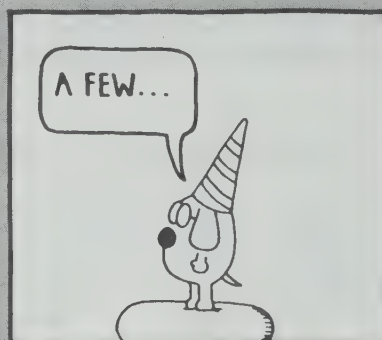
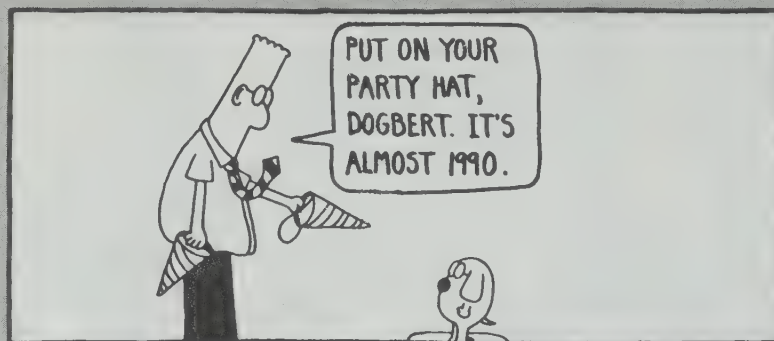


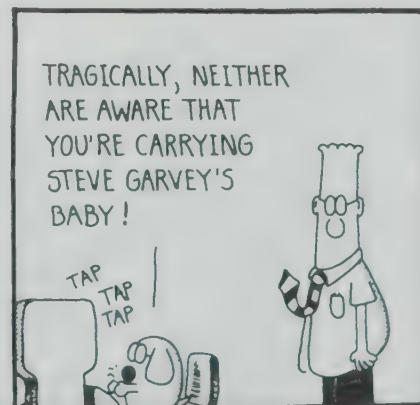
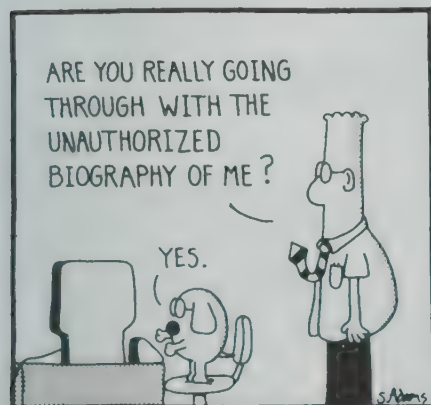
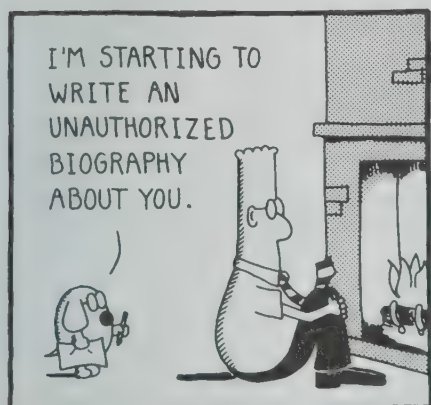
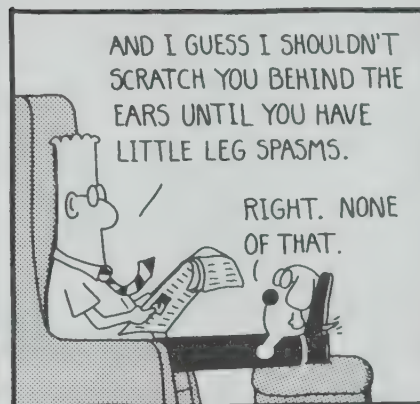
S. Adams

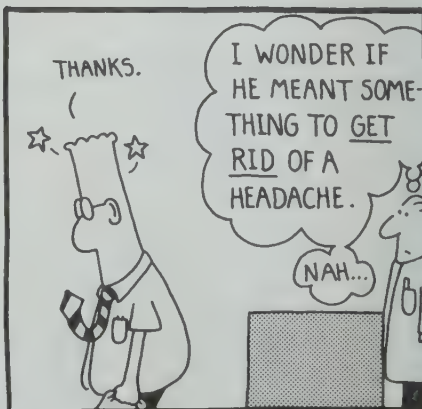
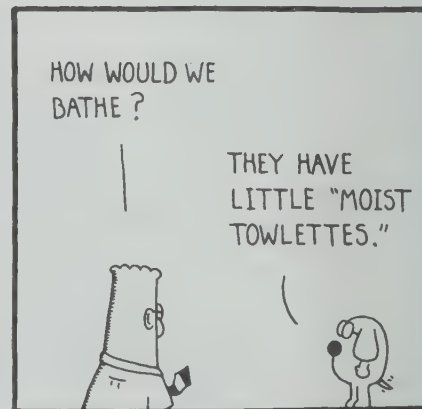
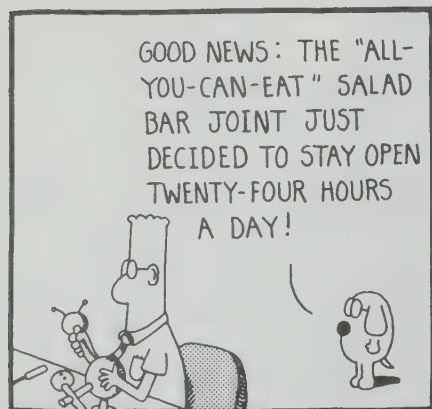
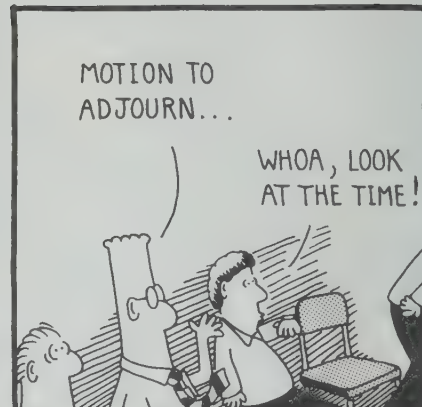
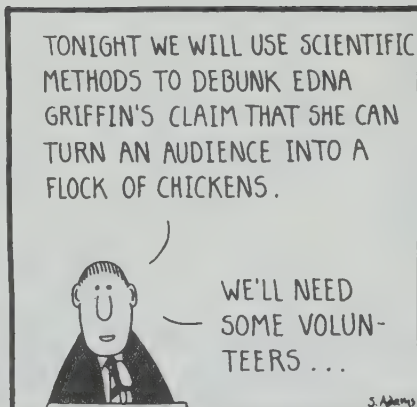


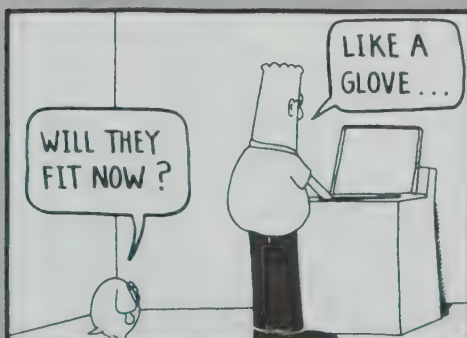
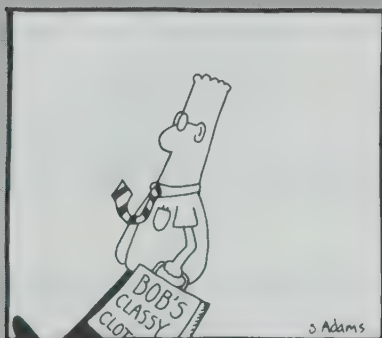
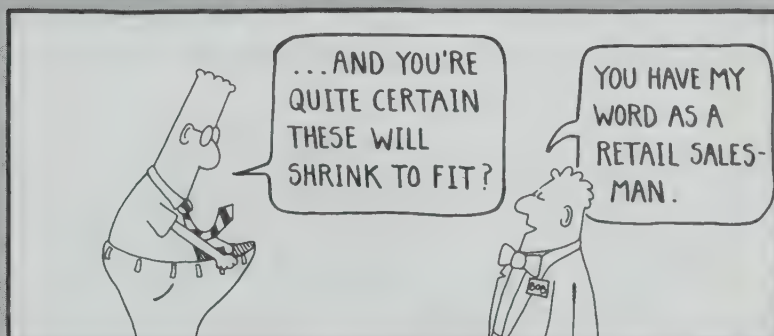
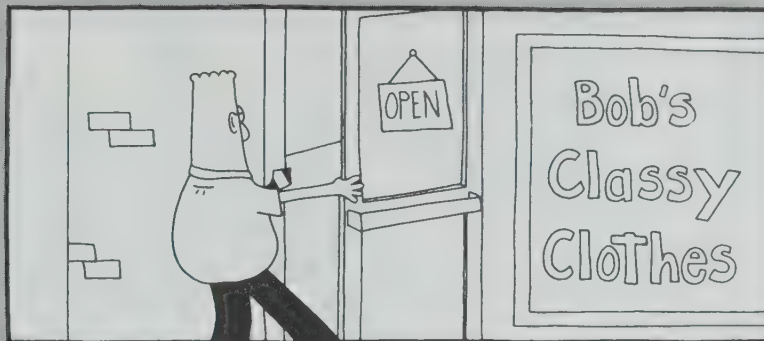


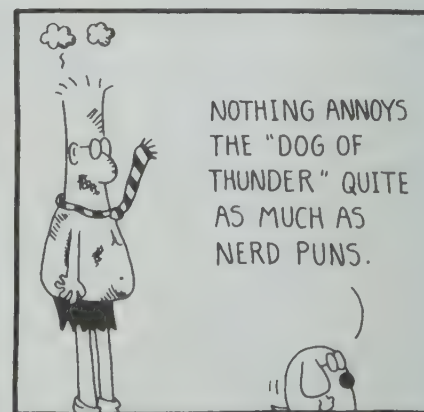
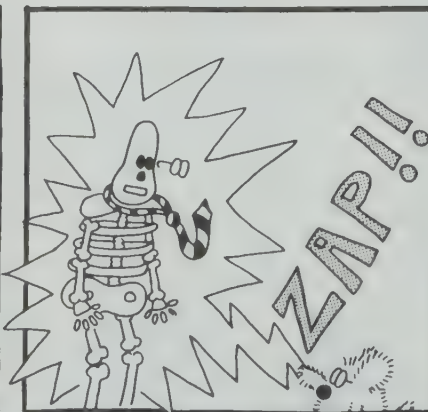
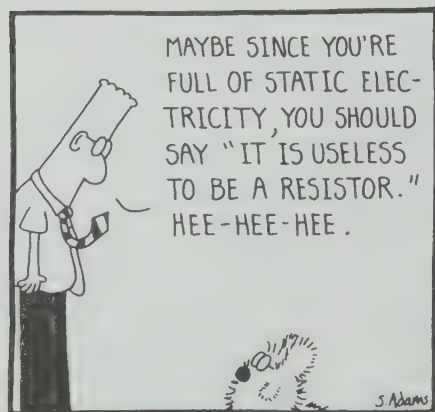
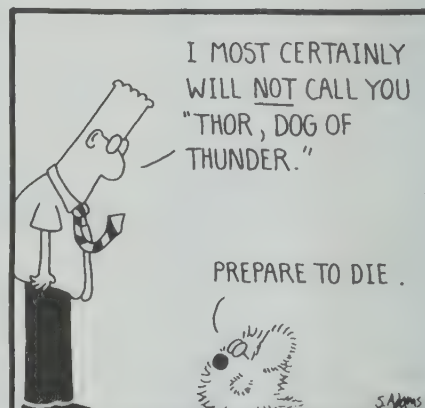
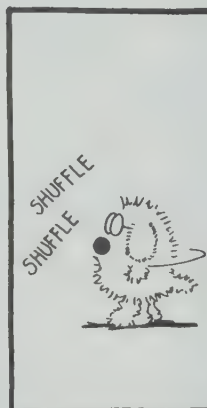
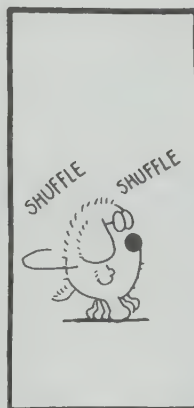
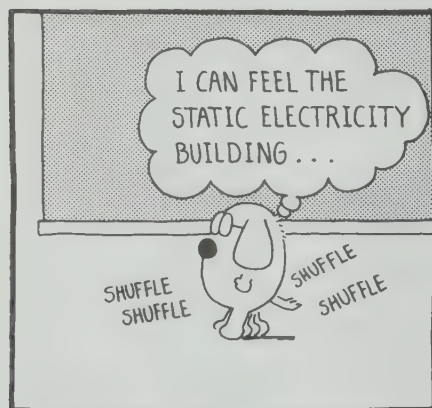
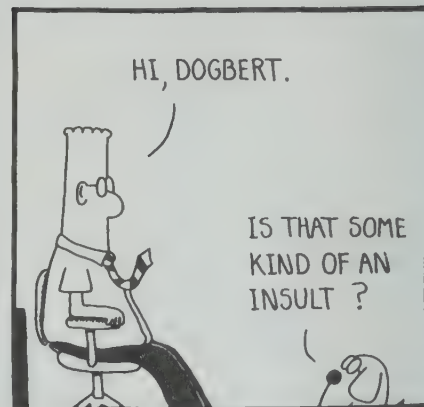
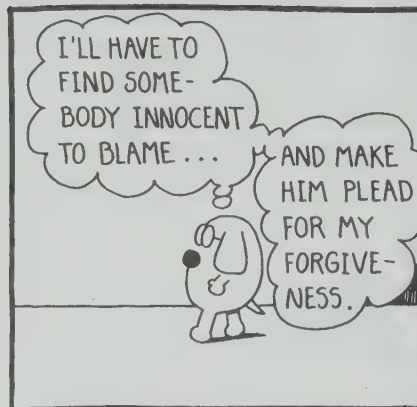


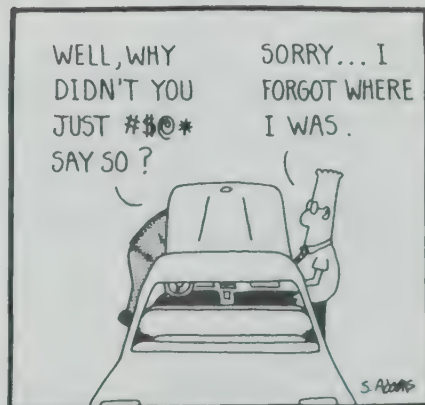
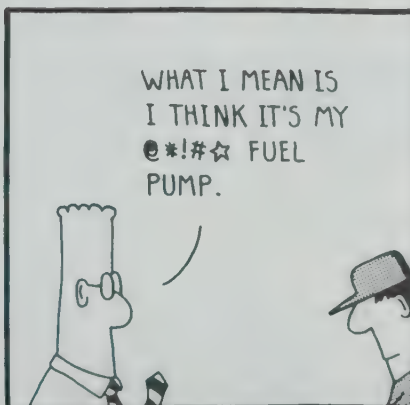
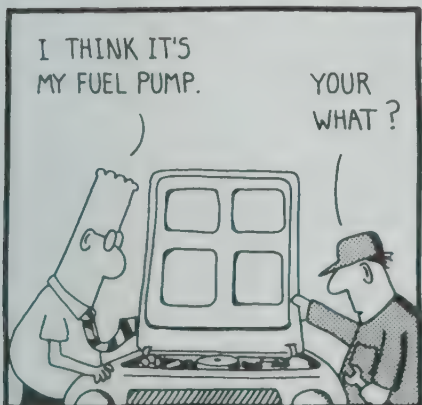
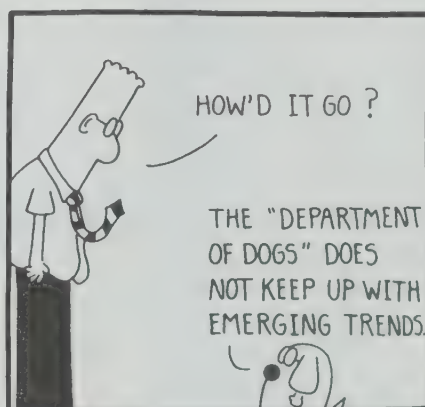
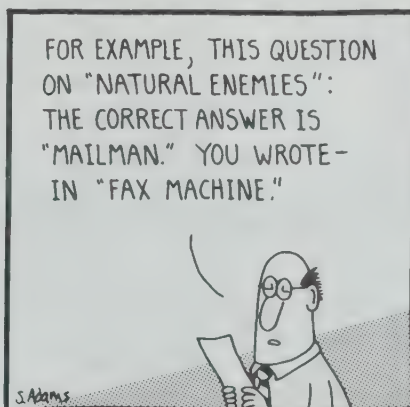
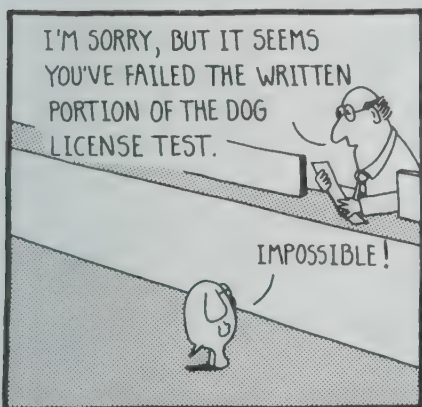
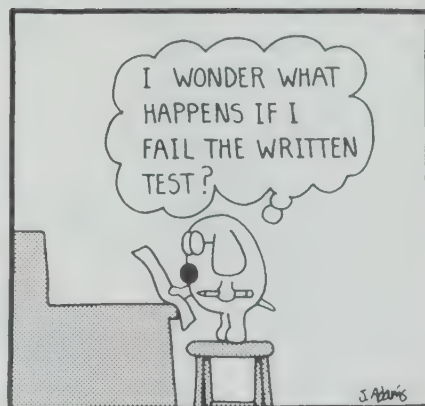
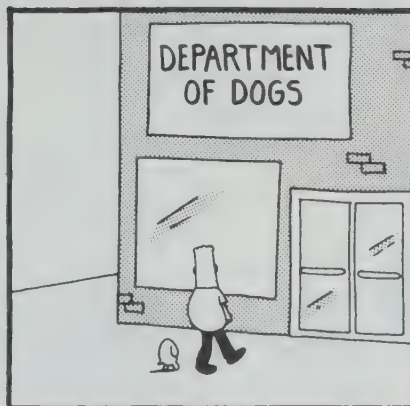


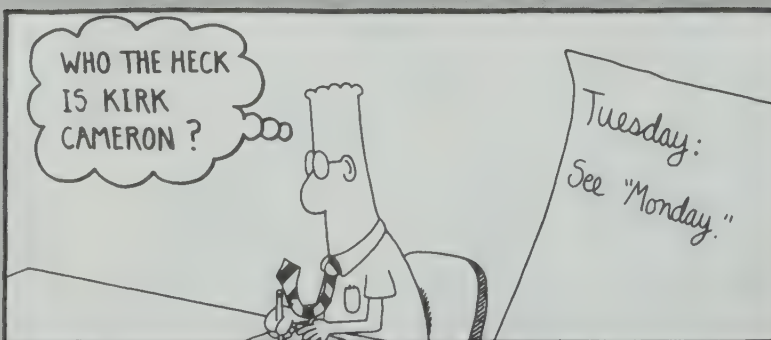
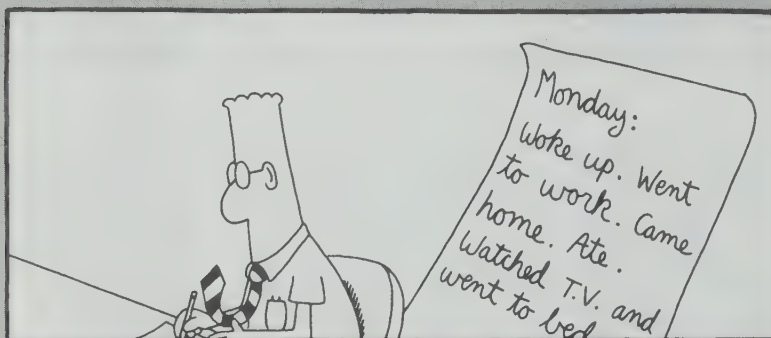


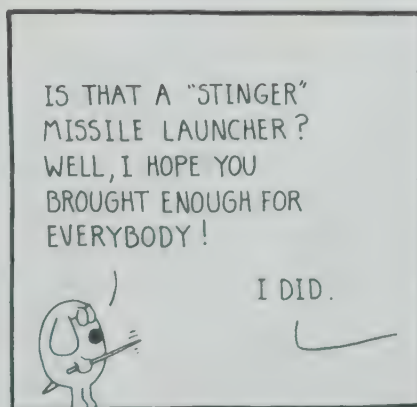
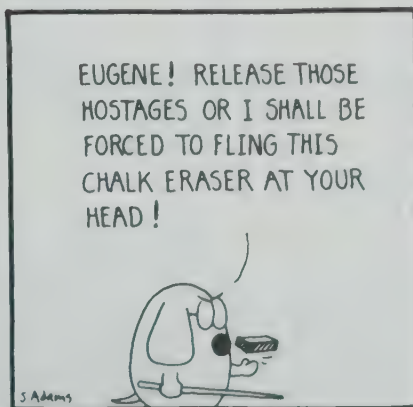
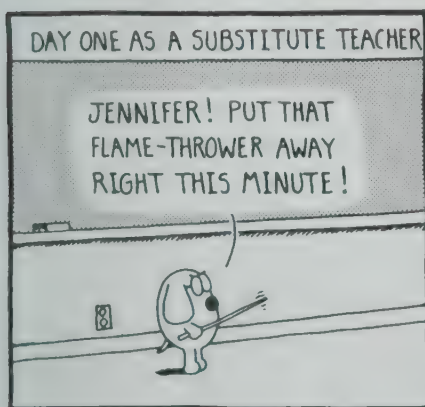
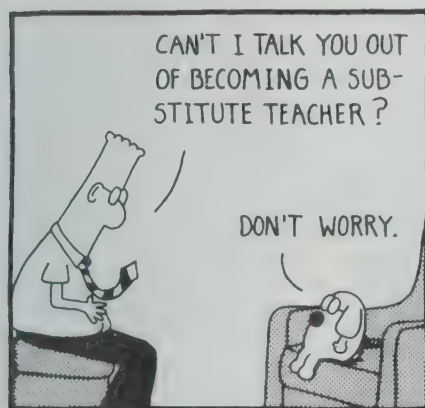
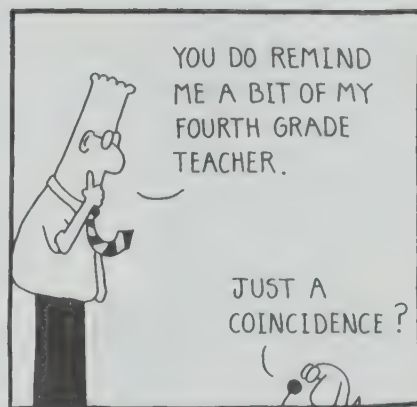
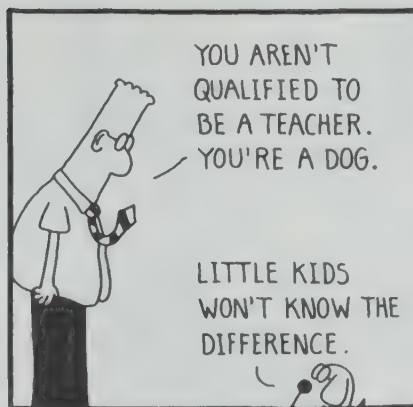
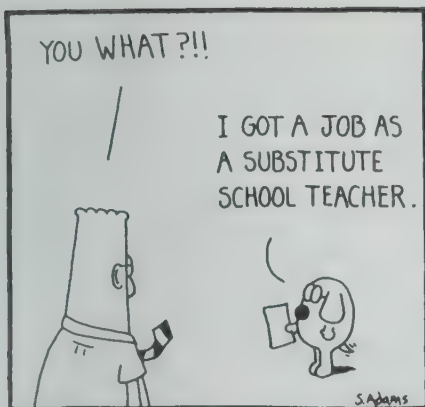




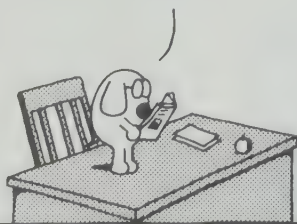




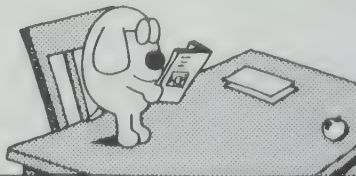




OKAY, CLASS . . . PUT YOUR WEAPONS AWAY AND OPEN YOUR TV GUIDES.



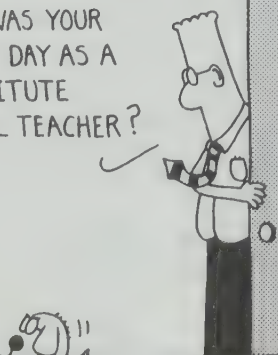
TIMMY, PLEASE READ ALOUD THE PASSAGE FROM "FALCON CREST" UNDER THE FRIDAY LISTINGS.



THERE'S GOT TO BE A BETTER WAY TO TEACH SEX EDUCATION.



HOW WAS YOUR FIRST DAY AS A SUBSTITUTE SCHOOL TEACHER?



IMAGINE FEELING COMPLETELY POWERLESS . . . LIKE A MARBLE STATUE . . .



GOSH . . . THAT SOUNDS PRETTY BAD.

NOW IMAGINE THE BIGGEST FLOCK OF PIGEONS YOU EVER SAW . . .



I THINK I'M LOSING MY HAIR.

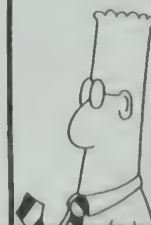


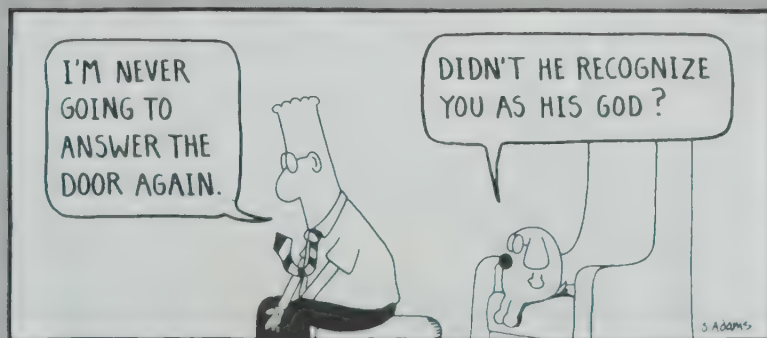
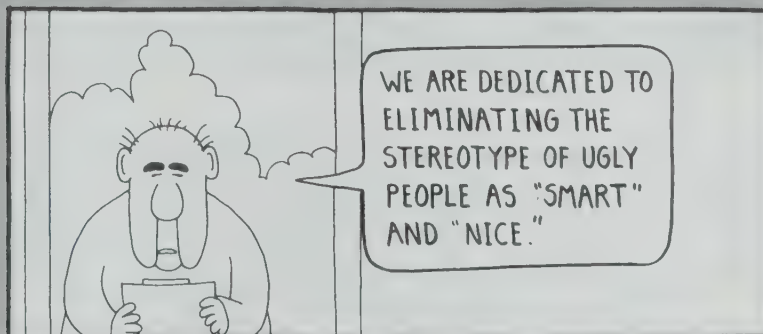
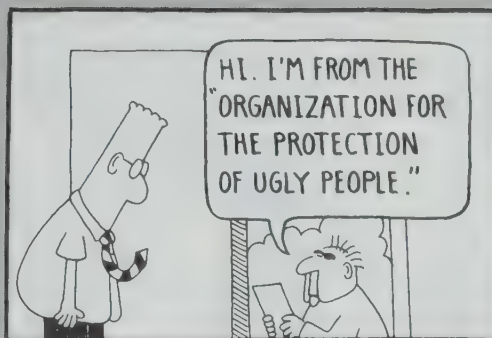
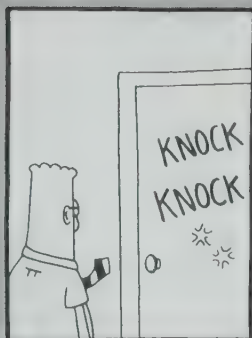
DON'T BE SILLY. YOU AREN'T LOSING YOUR HAIR.

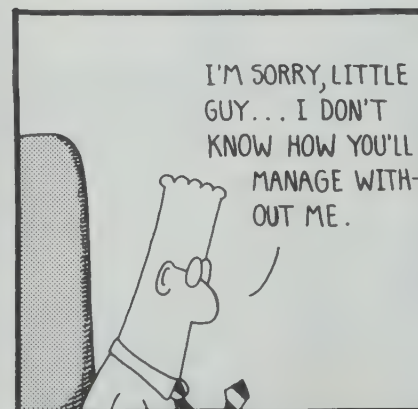
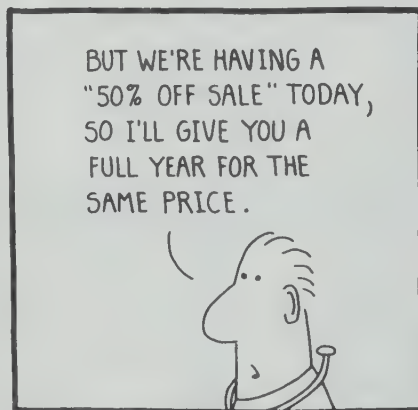
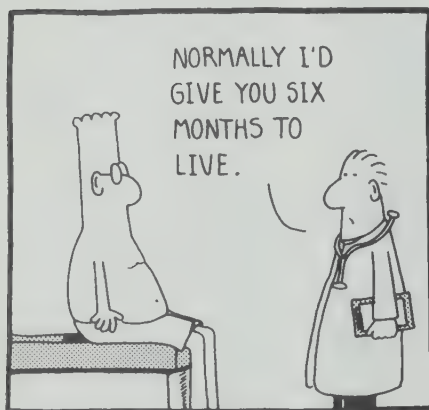
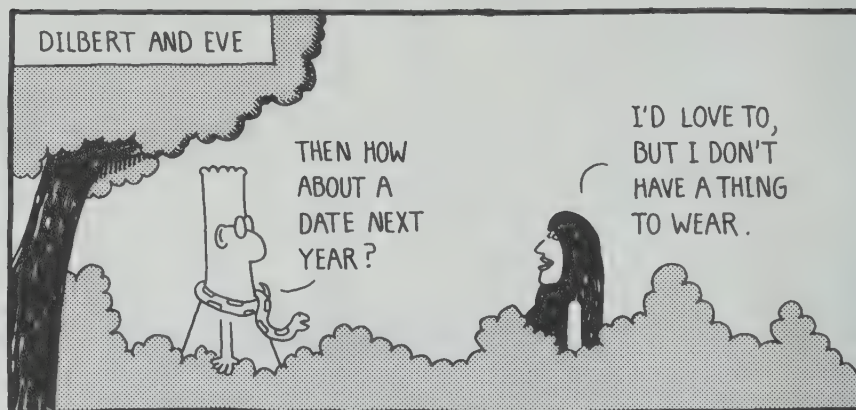
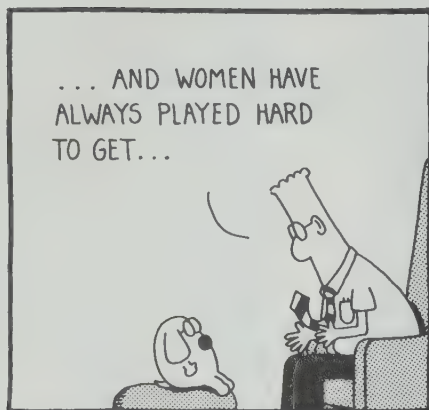


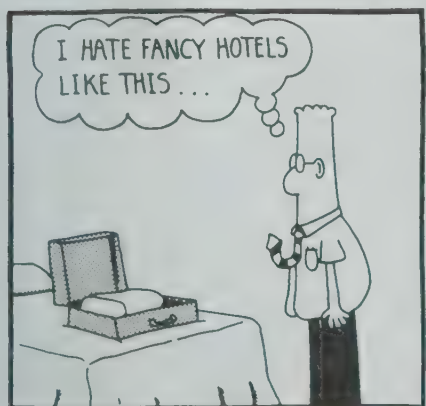
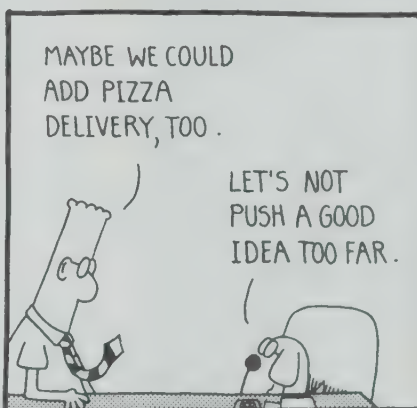
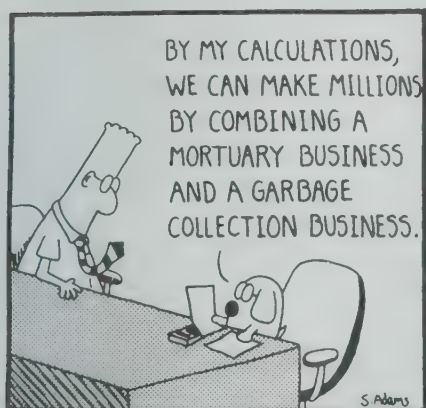
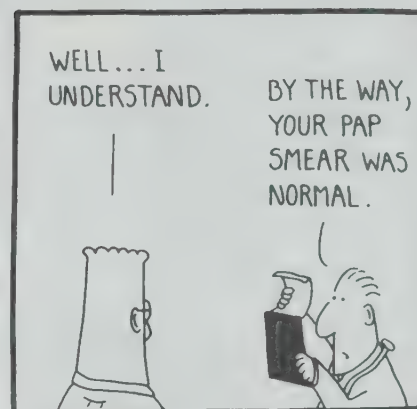
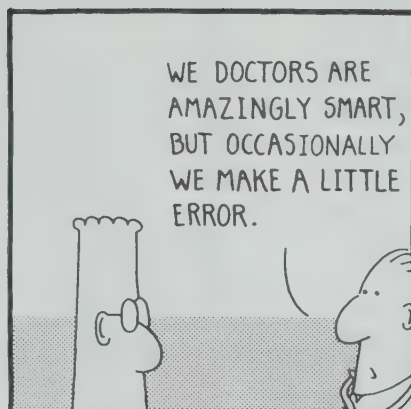
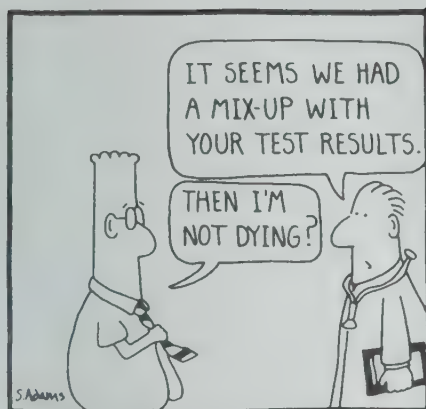
I'M NOT? OH, GOOD.

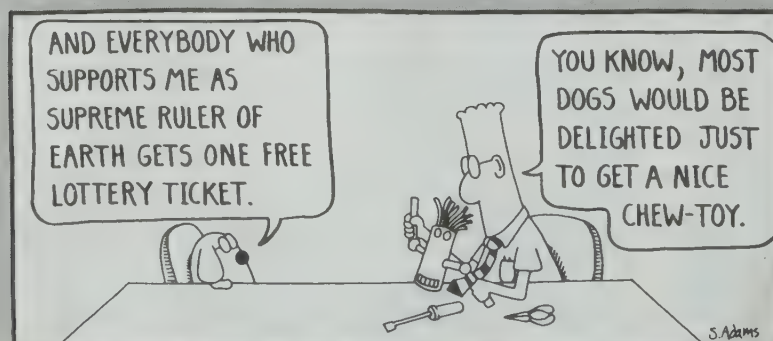
HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY LOSE THESE HUGE CLUMPS . . .











I'VE DECIDED TO
WRITE DOWN ALL
OF THE SO-CALLED
"UNWRITTEN
RULES."

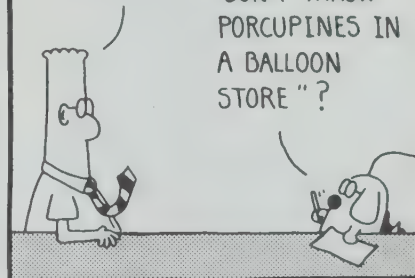


SO FAR I HAVE "DON'T
PHONE AFTER TEN P.M."
AND ...UH...

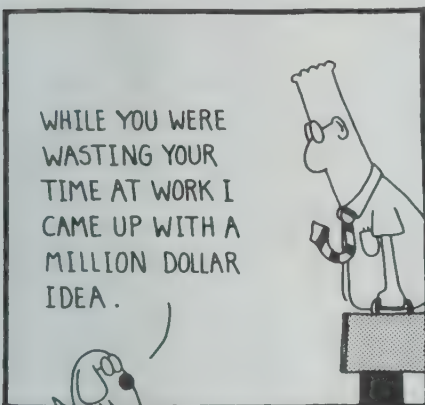


THAT'S
IT?

HOW ABOUT
"DON'T THROW
PORCUPINES IN
A BALLOON
STORE"?



WHILE YOU WERE
WASTING YOUR
TIME AT WORK I
CAME UP WITH A
MILLION DOLLAR
IDEA.



IT'S THE "MADONNA
SUN TAN LOTION
APPLICATOR" FOR
LONELY GUYS !!



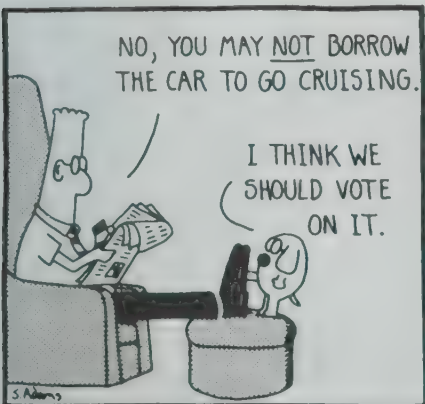
I'LL TAKE ONE.

IT LOOKS LIKE
BARBIE ON A
STICK, BUT IT'S
MADONNA.



NO, YOU MAY NOT BORROW
THE CAR TO GO CRUISING.

I THINK WE
SHOULD VOTE
ON IT.



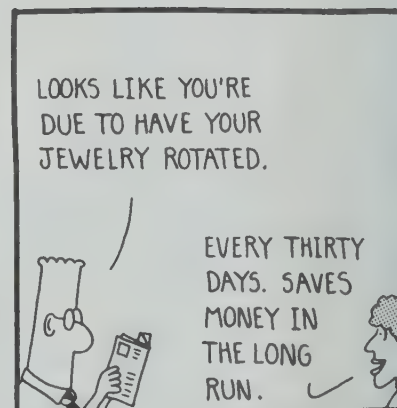
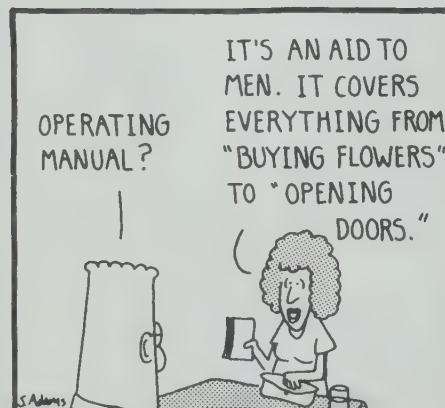
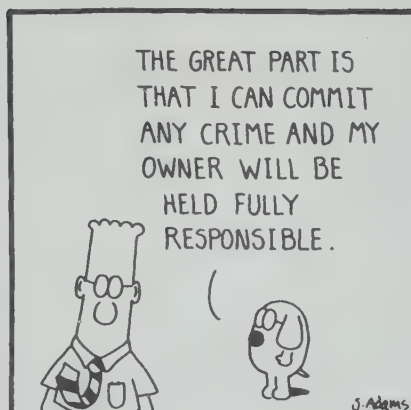
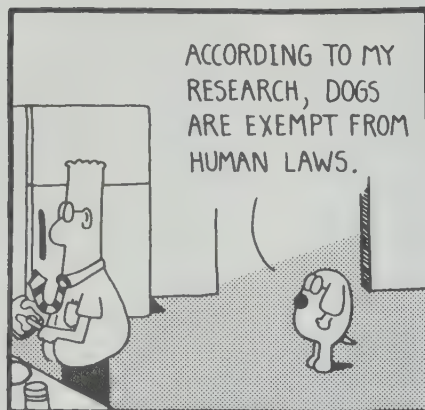
HEH-HEH... OKAY, BUT
A TIE MEANS NO CHANGE
IN THE DECISION.

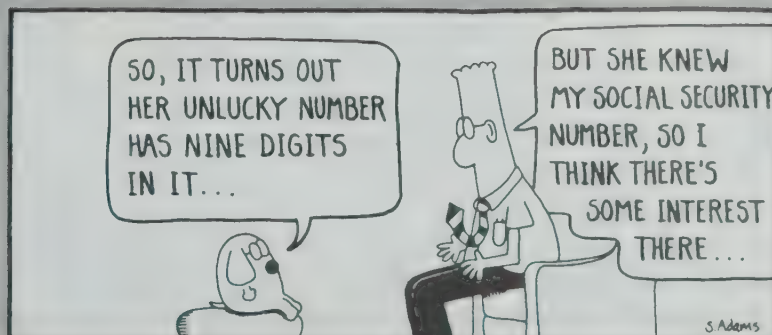
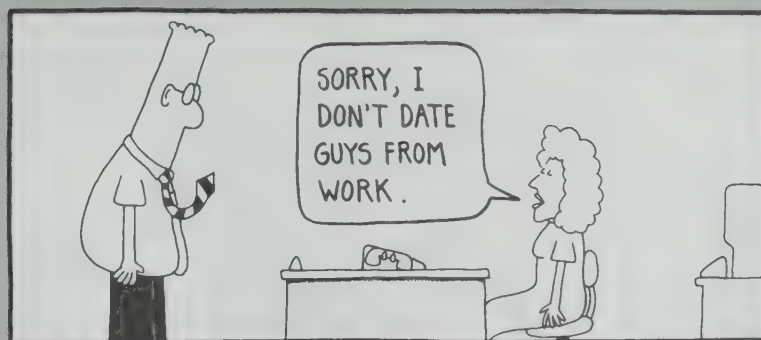


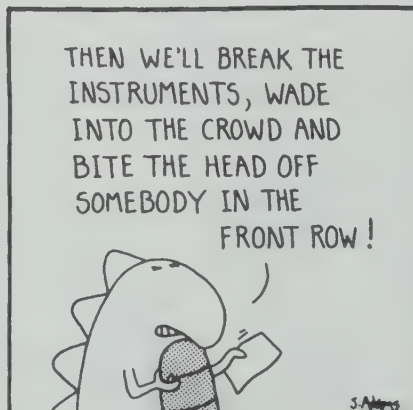
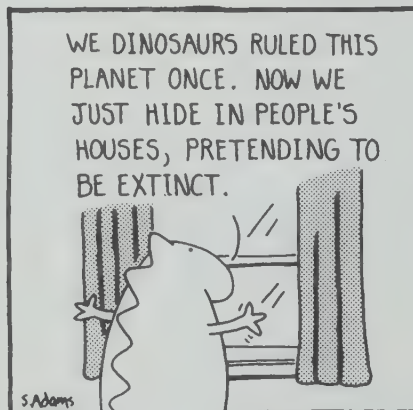
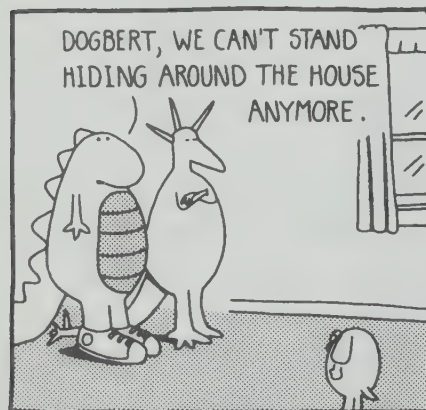
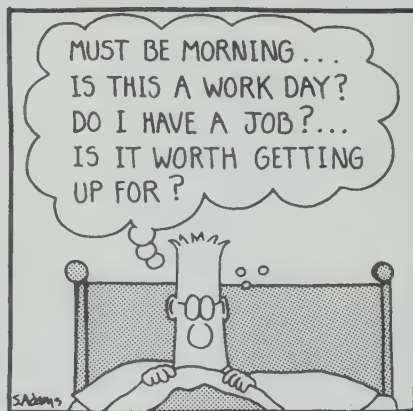
FAIR
ENOUGH.

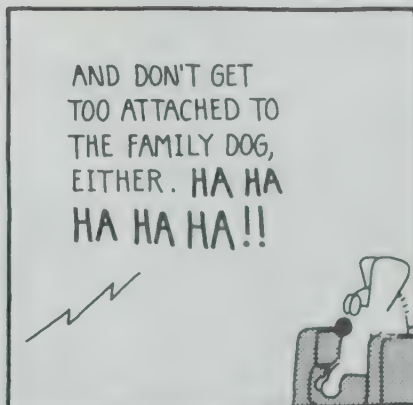
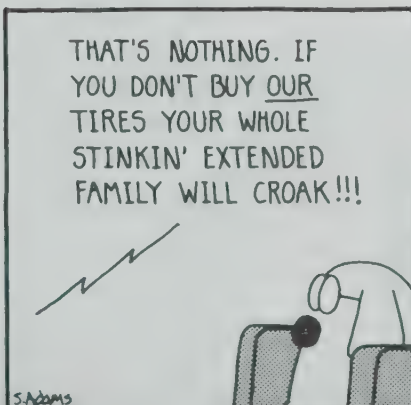
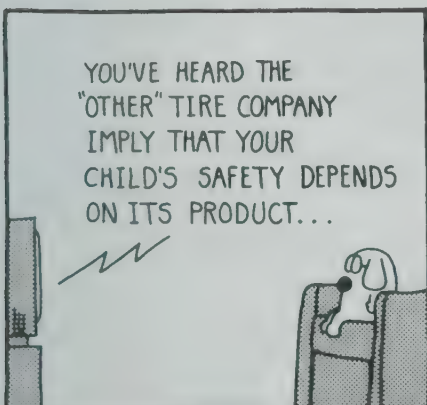
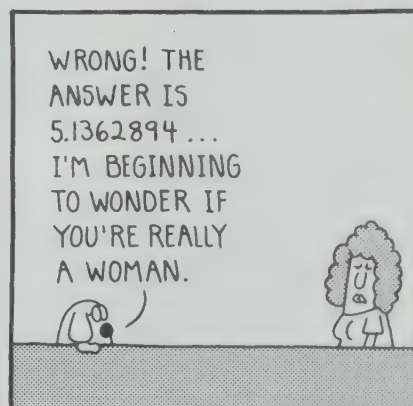
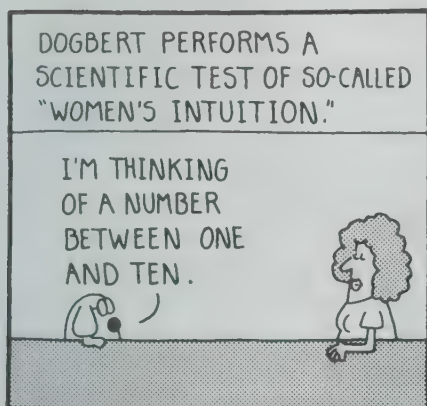
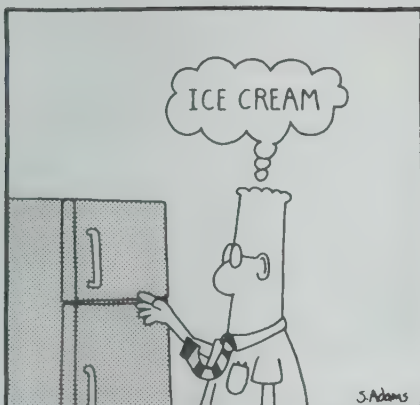
I'M GLAD
HE DIDN'T
DEMAND A
RECOUNT.

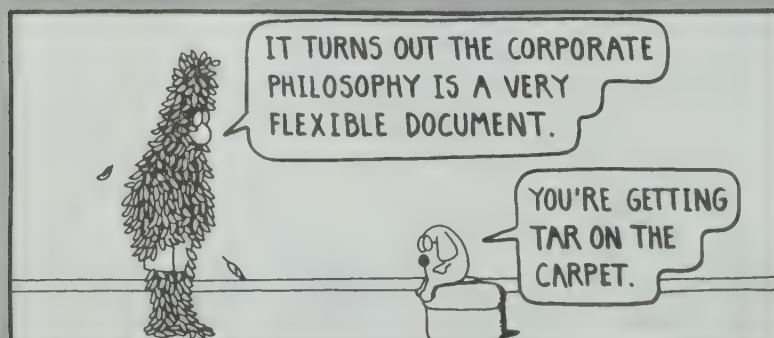
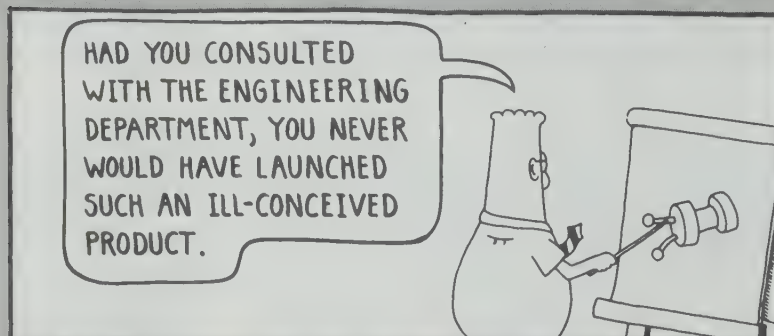
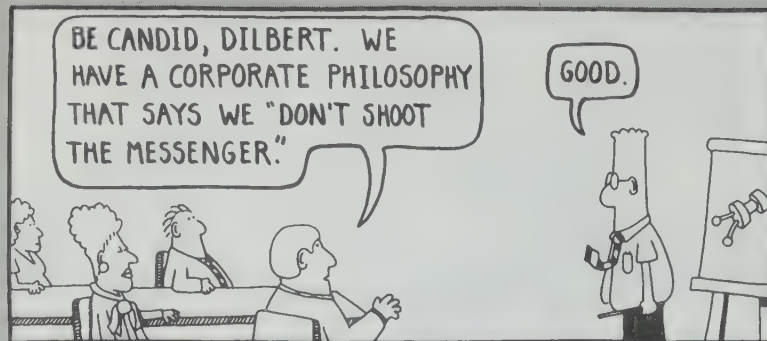


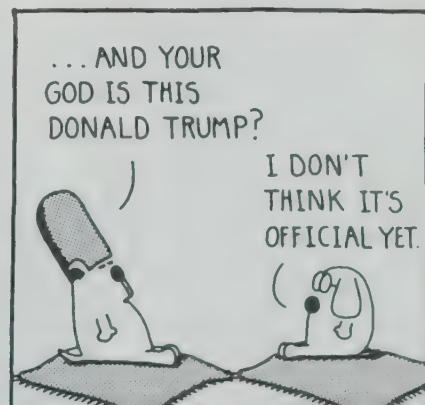
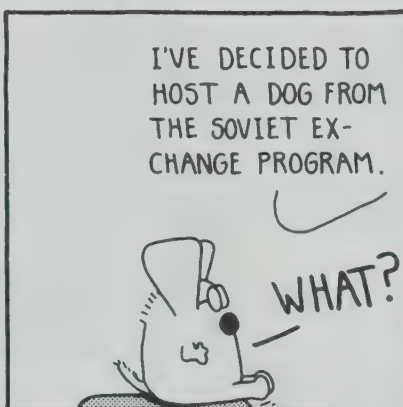
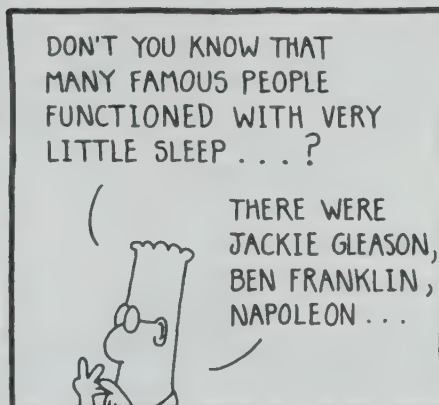
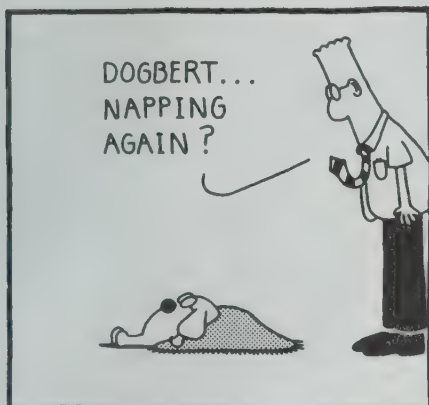


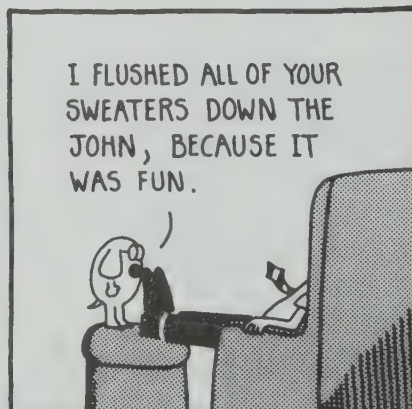
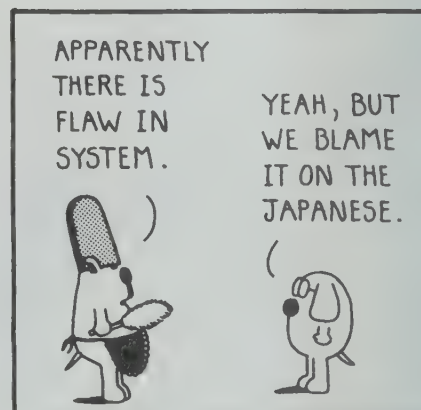
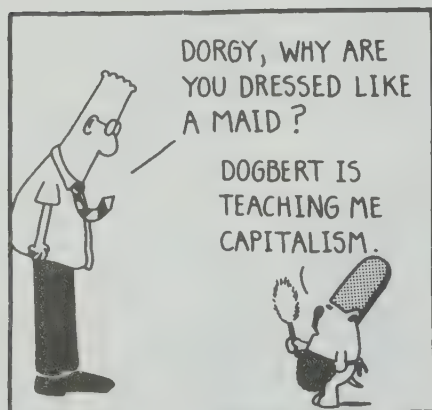
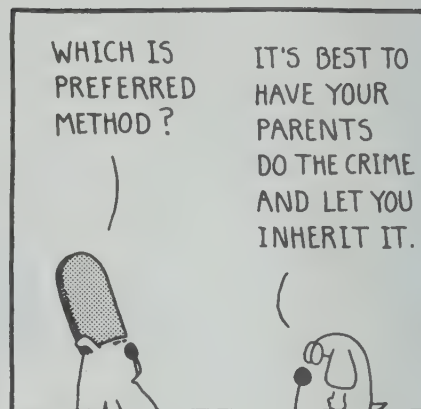
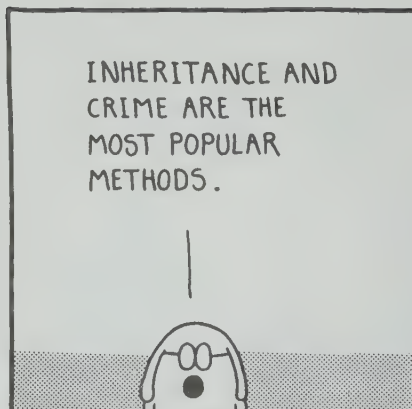
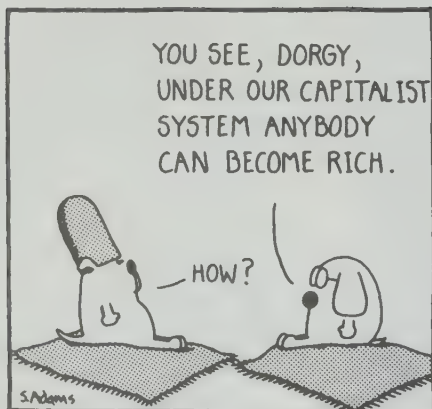


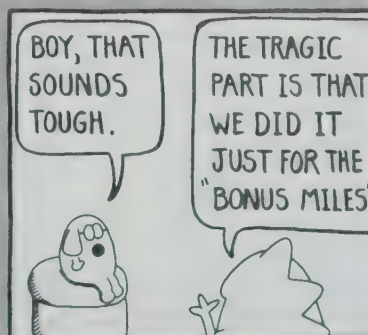
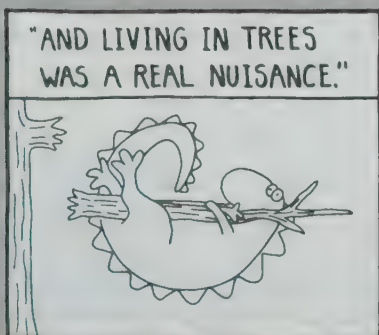
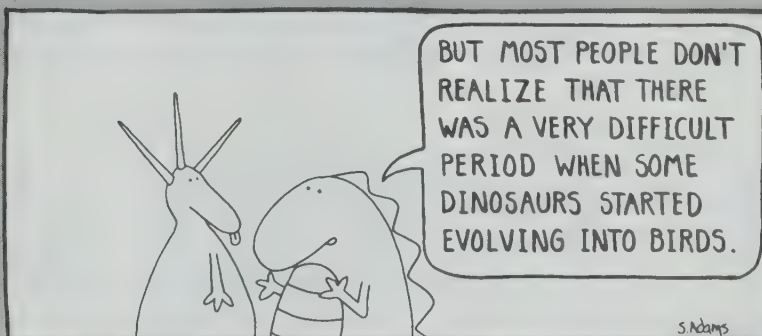


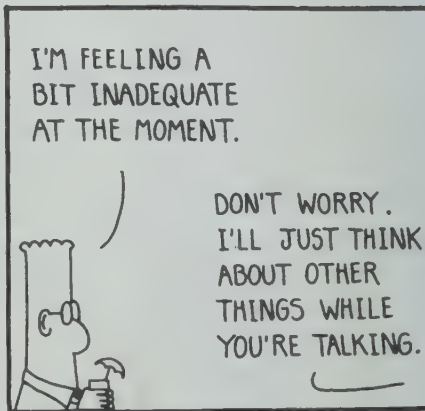
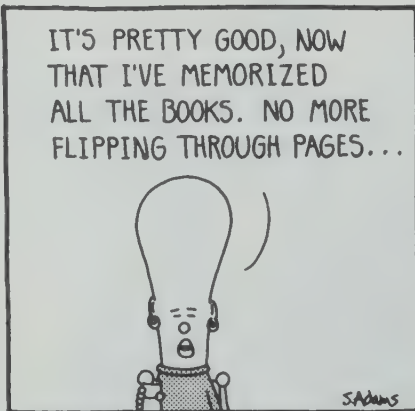
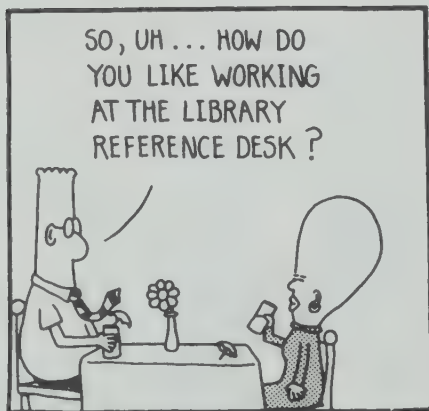
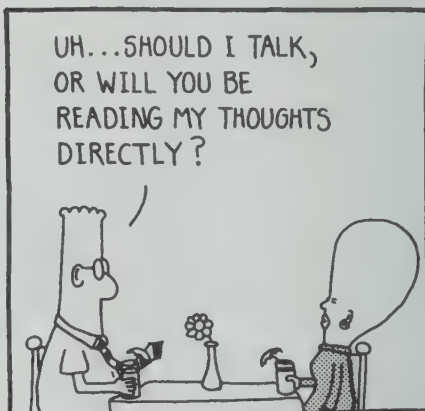
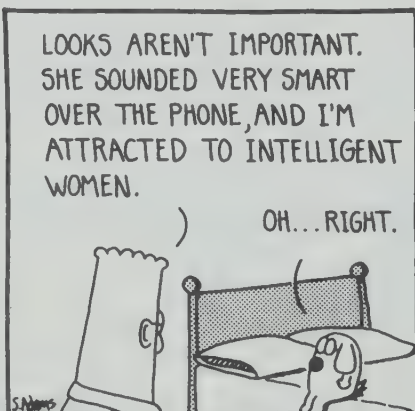
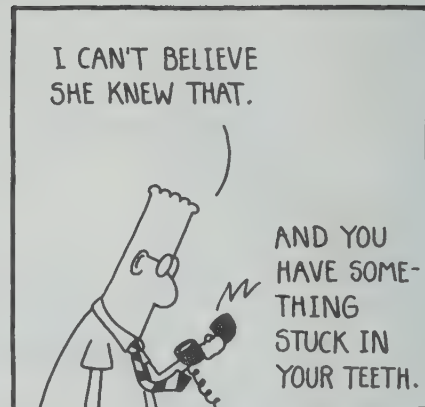
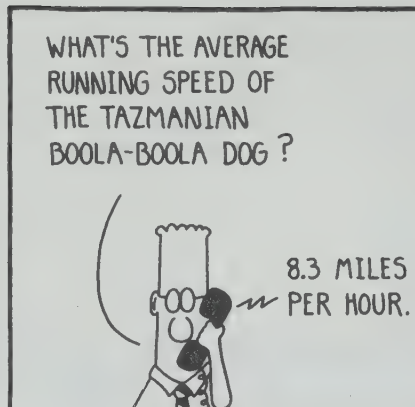


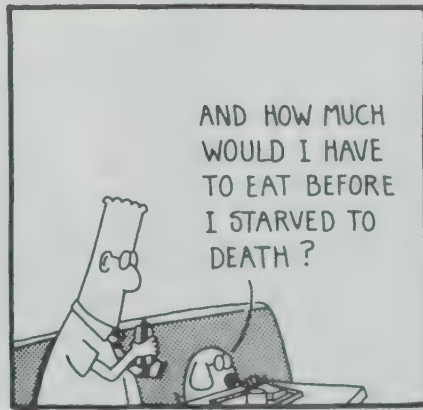
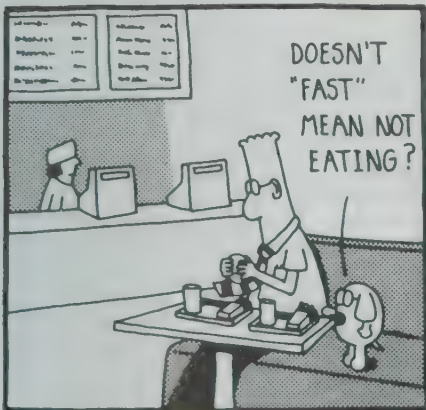
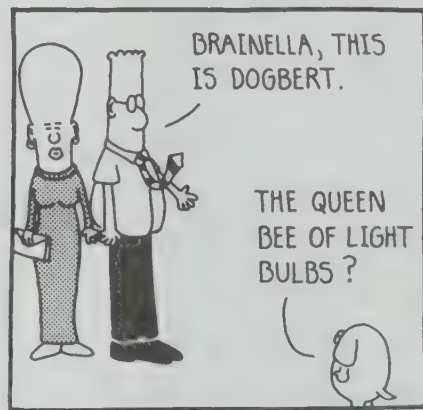
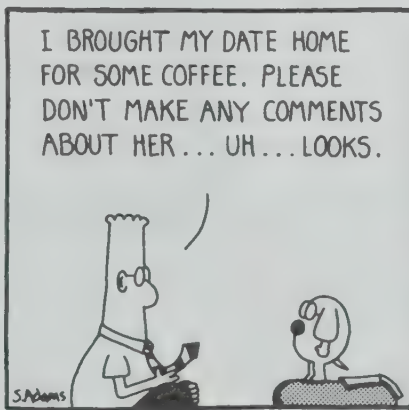
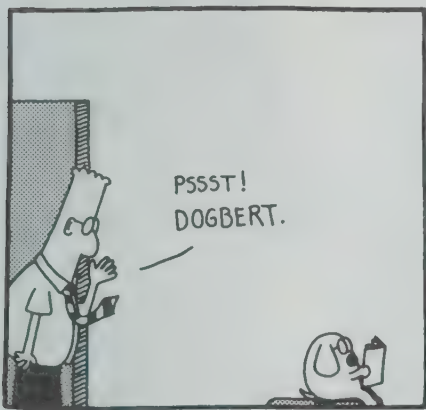
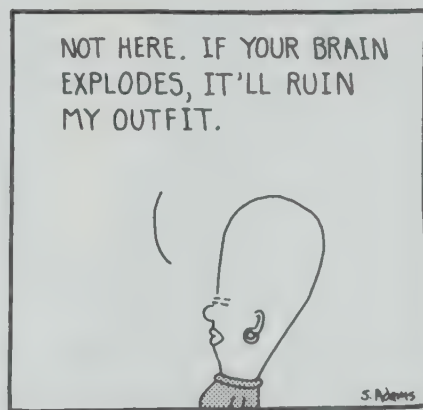
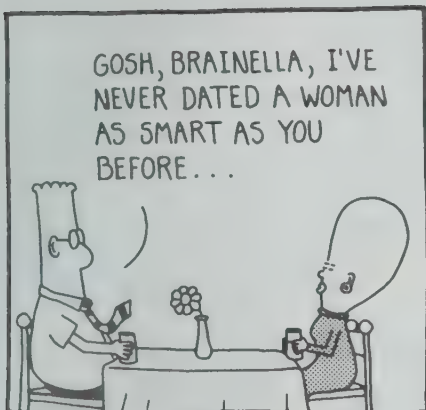


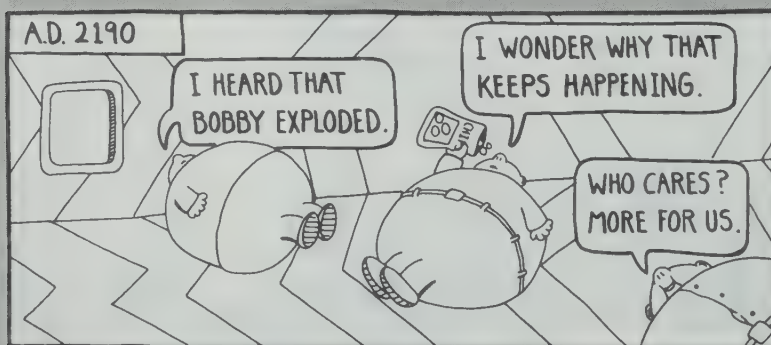
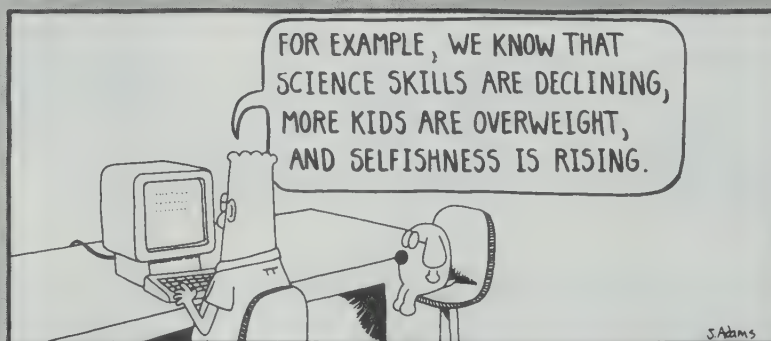
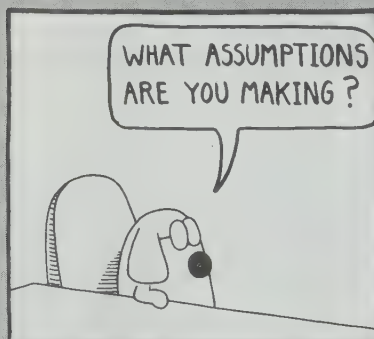
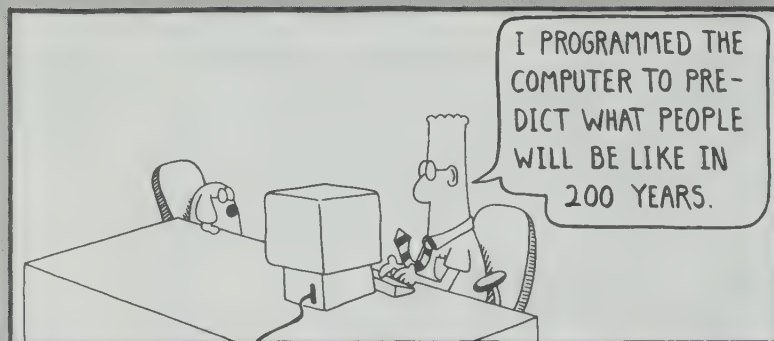




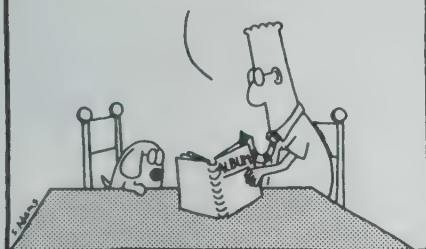




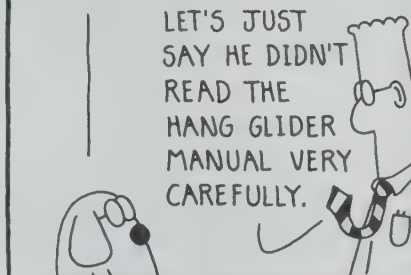




THIS IS UNCLE PHIL
BEFORE HE DIED
HANG GLIDING.



DID HE HIT
A TREE?



LET'S JUST
SAY HE DIDN'T
READ THE
HANG GLIDER
MANUAL VERY
CAREFULLY.

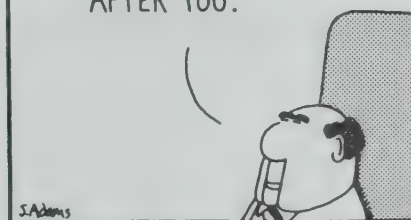


I DECIDED TO
RECOGNIZE YOU
FOR YOUR JOB
PERFORMANCE.



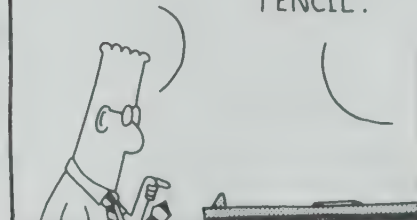
SO I NAMED ONE
OF MY PENCILS
AFTER YOU.

J. Adams



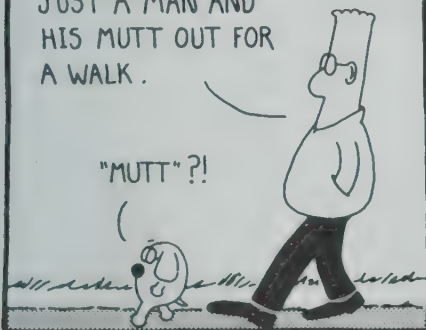
GOSH. IS
THAT IT
RIGHT
THERE?

NO. THAT'S
MY GOOD
PENCIL.



THIS IS SO NICE...
JUST A MAN AND
HIS MUTT OUT FOR
A WALK.

"MUTT"?!
/



I THINK OF IT MORE AS A
"CANINE AND A CLOD" OR
A "DOG AND A DUMMY"...
MAYBE A "POOCH AND A
PINHEAD" OR A "BOWSER
AND A BLOCKHEAD."



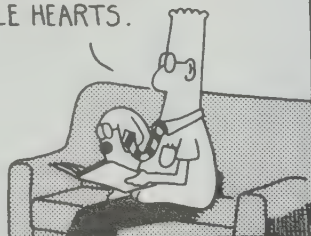
J. Adams

I THINK THAT'S
ENOUGH.

A "HOUND AND
A HINEY."
/



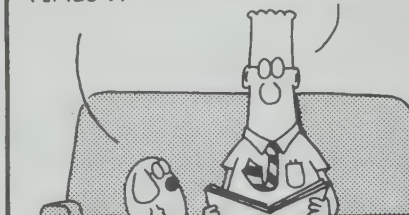
HERE'S A PICTURE OF MY
UNCLE JUST BEFORE HE
WAS DRAFTED. HE WAS
AWARDED ELEVEN
PURPLE HEARTS.



S. Adams

HE WAS
WOUNDED
ELEVEN
TIMES ?!

UNCLE WILLIAM
INSISTED THAT
HIS FRIENDS
CALL HIM "WILL"...



OKAY, MEN,
FIRE AT WILL !!



HELLO?

THIS IS
YOUR BANK.



S. Adams

WE'RE HAVING TROUBLE
MEETING PAYROLL ...
COULD YOU COME DOWN
AND MAKE SOME
DEPOSITS RIGHT AWAY?



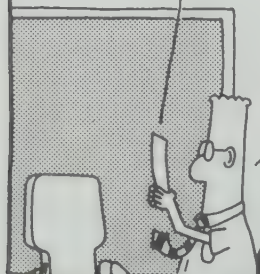
WILL YOU TAKE
A CHECK ?

FROM YOU ?



"URGENT MEMO TO
ALL EMPLOYEES: "

UH-OH.
LOOKS
IMPORTANT.



S. Adams

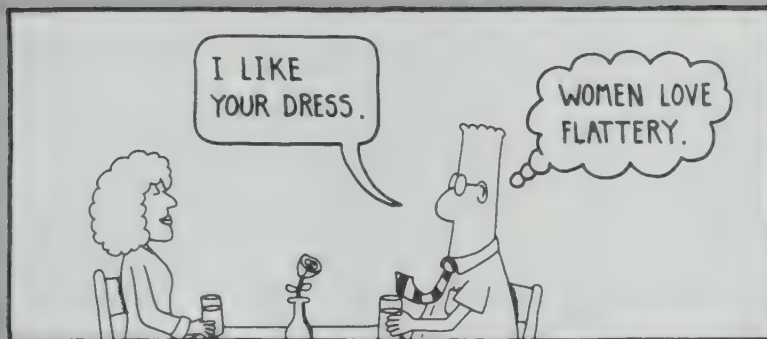
"IF WE ARE TO REMAIN
COMPETITIVE, YOU MUST
PROACTIVELY IMPROVE
QUALITY ON ALL ACTION-
ABLE ITEMS!"

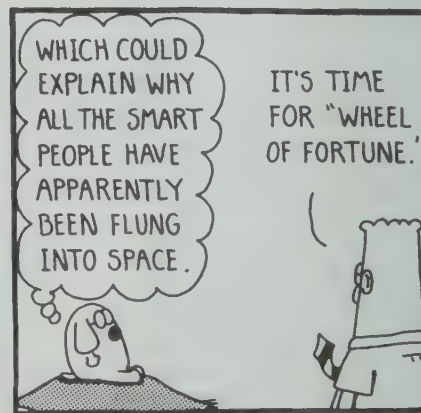
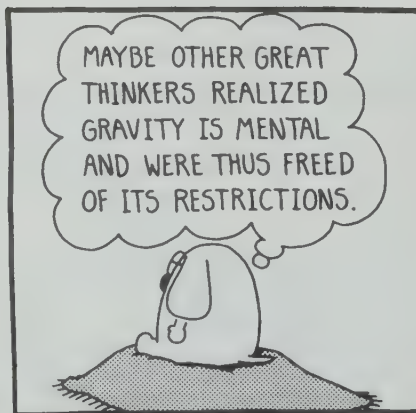
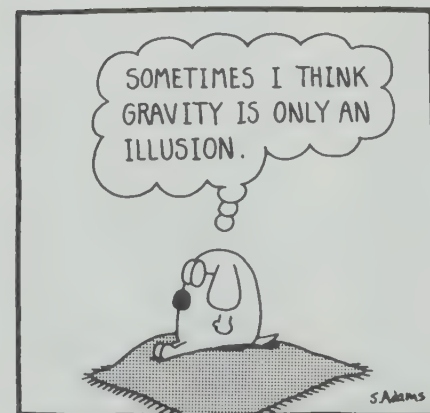
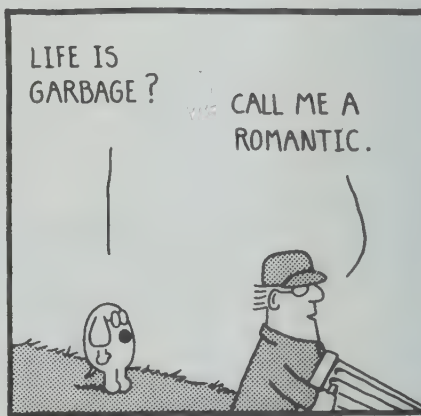
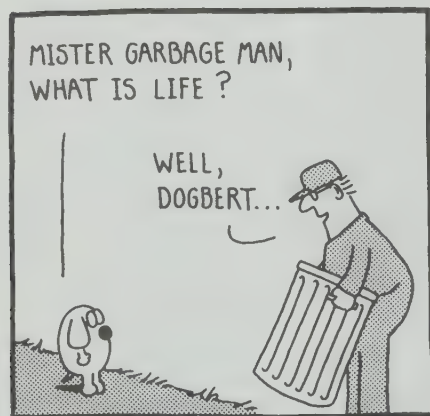
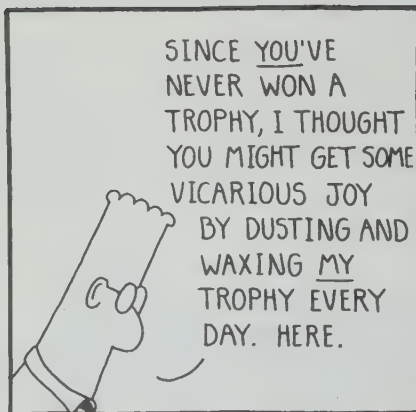


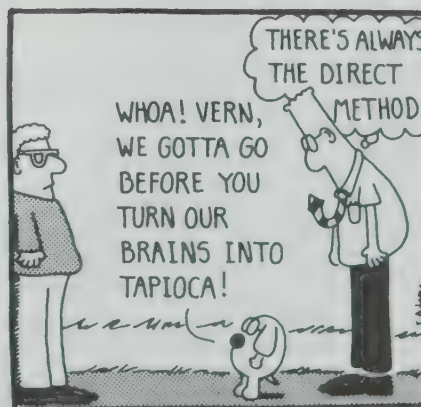
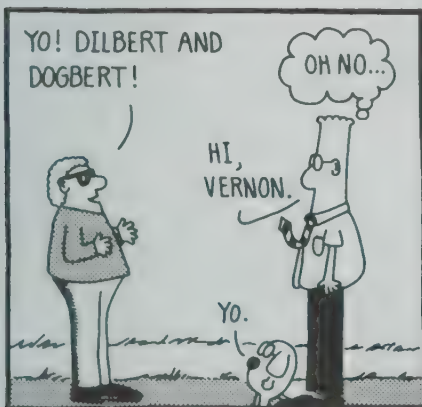
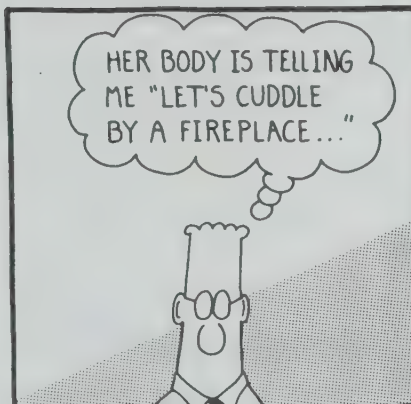
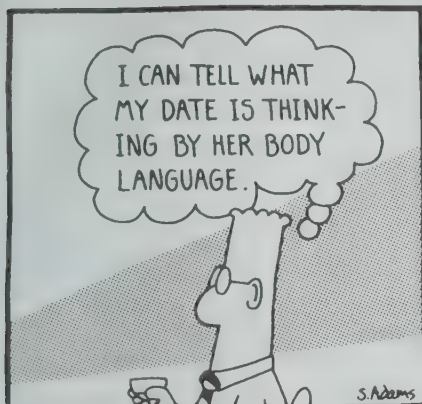
WOW! THAT WAS
INSPIRING. MY
HEART IS POUNDING
I'M ALL TINGLY...

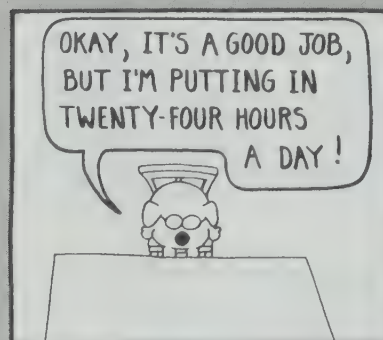
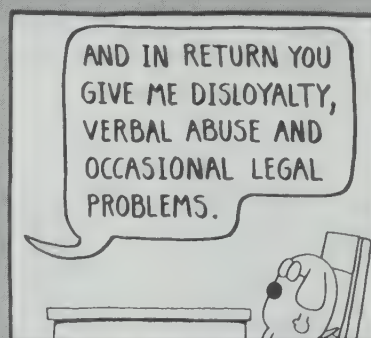
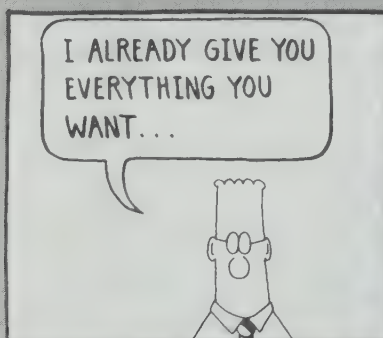
I'D BETTER
TAKE THE
REST OF
THE DAY
OFF...

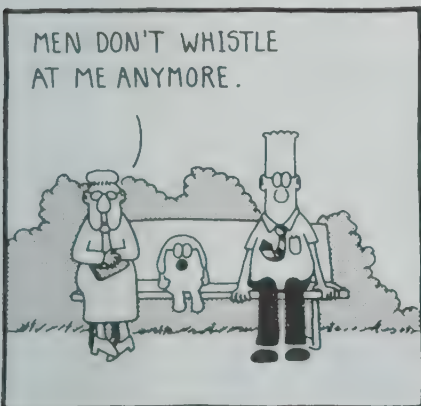
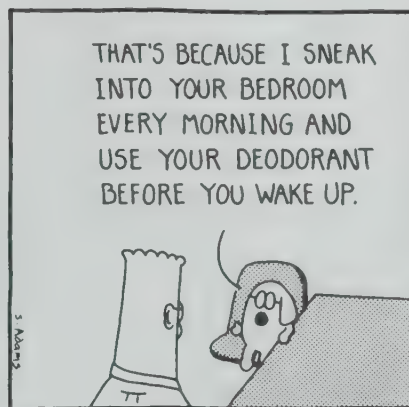
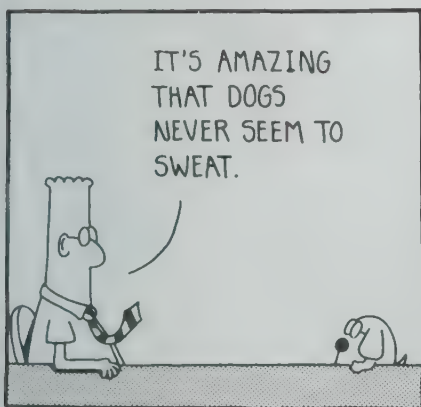
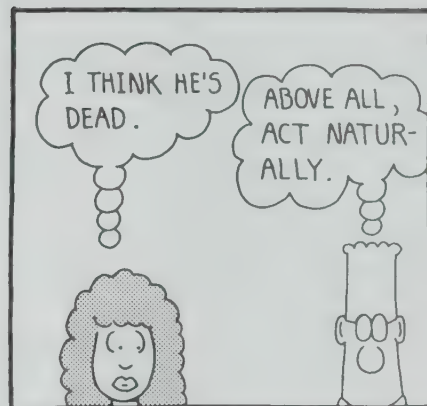
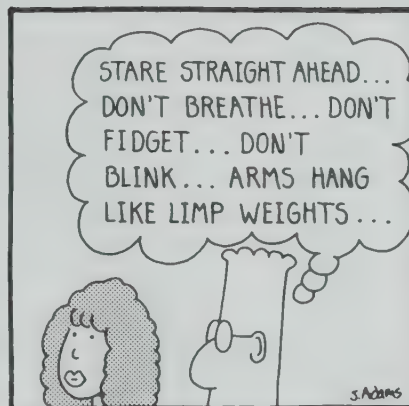
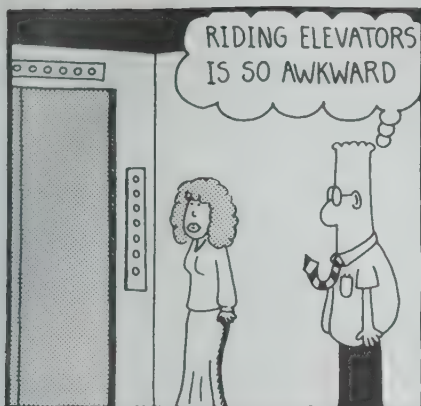


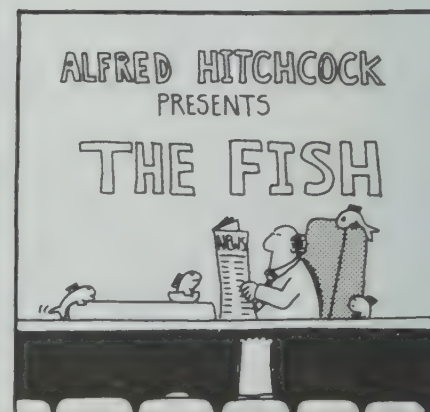
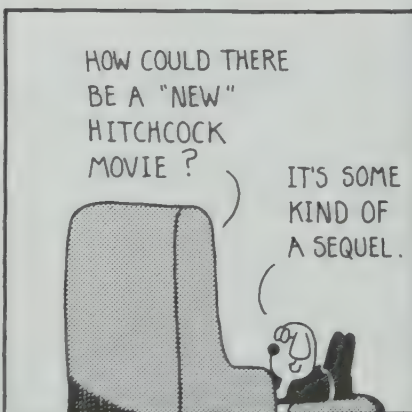
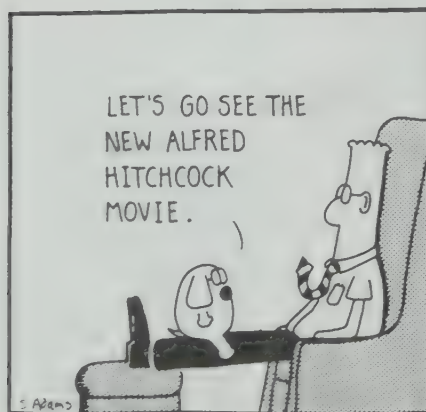
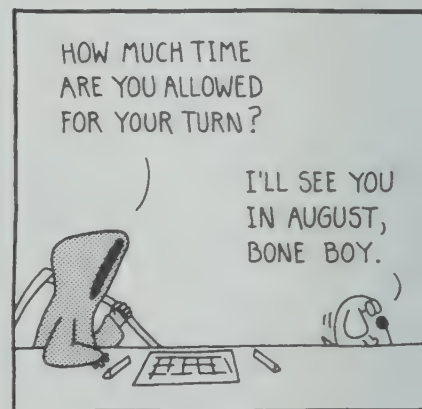
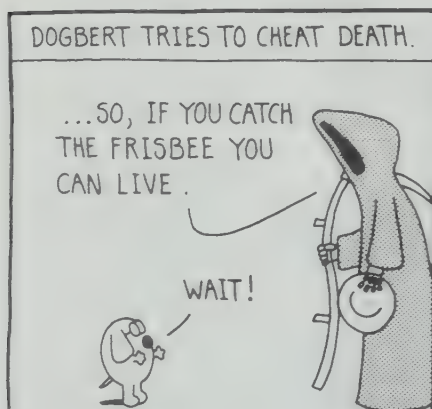
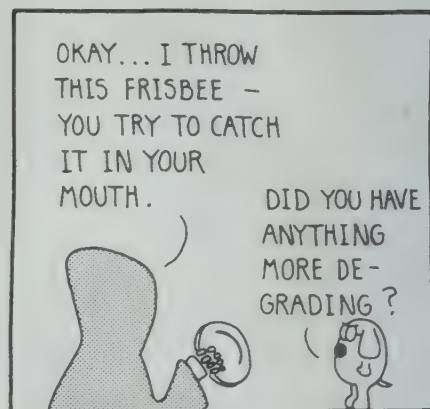
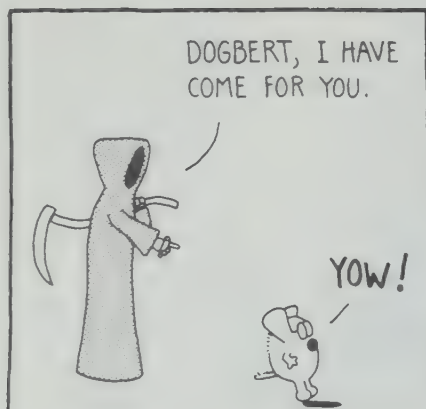


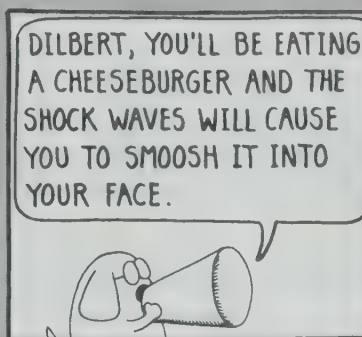
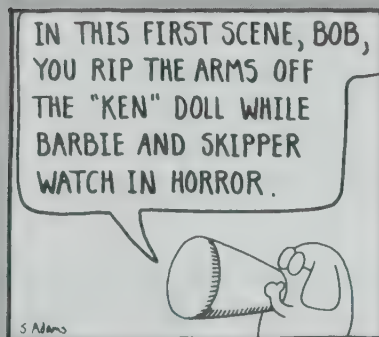
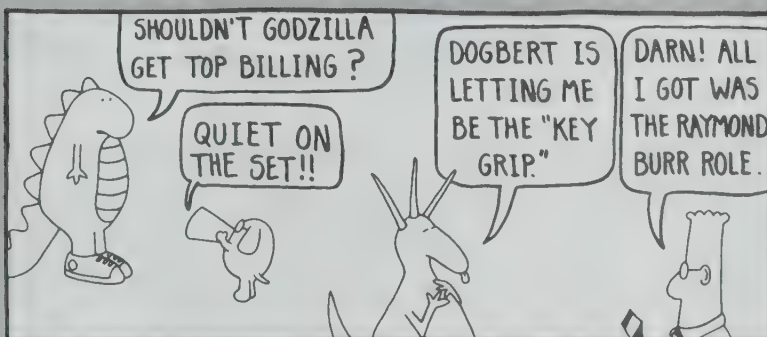
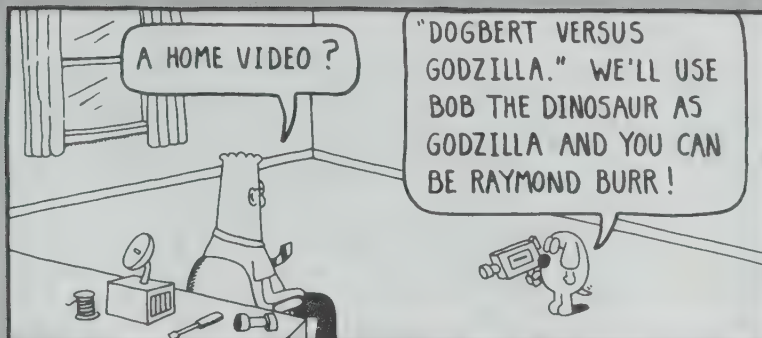


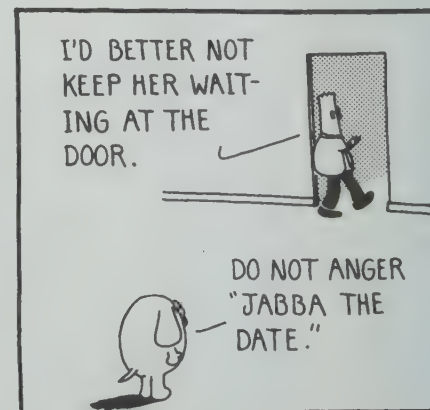
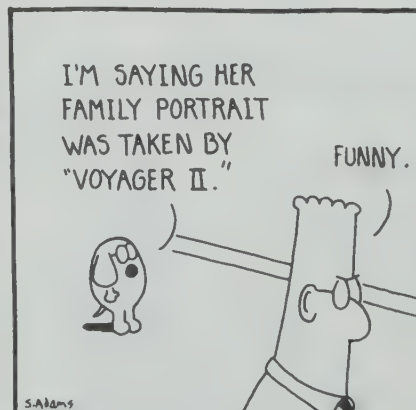
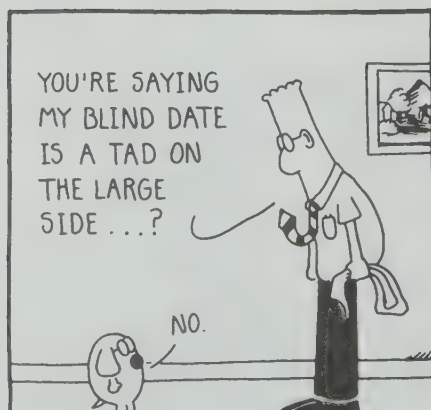
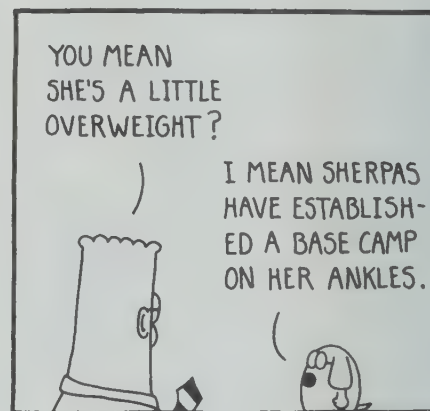
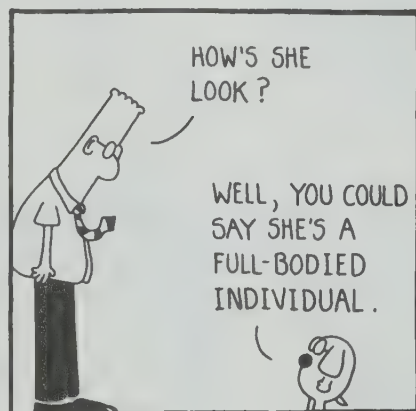
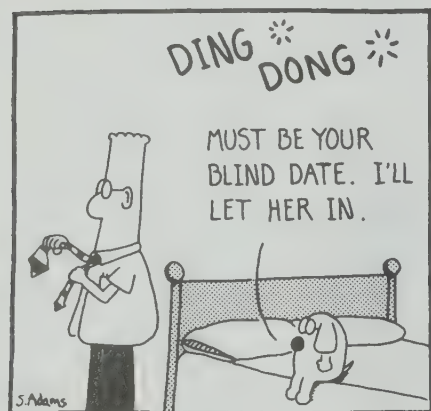
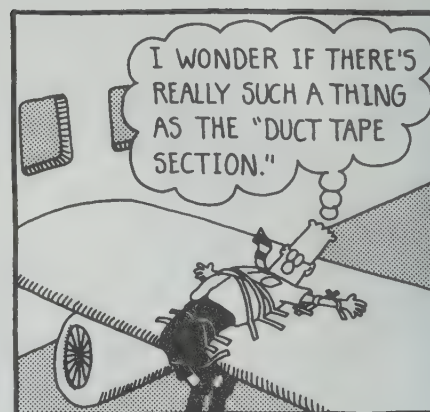


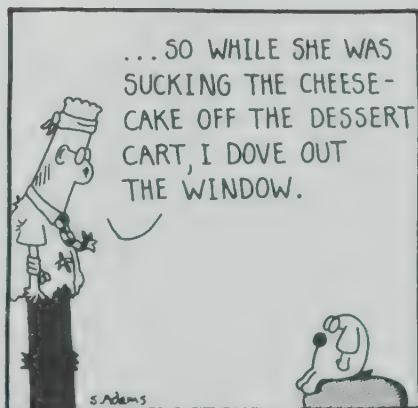
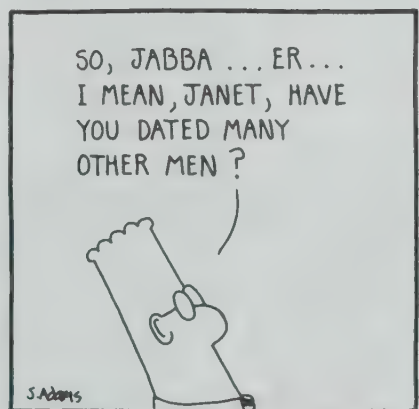
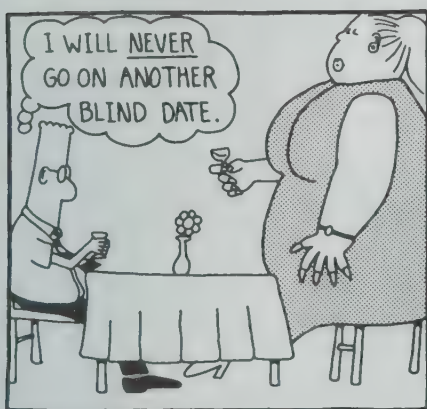


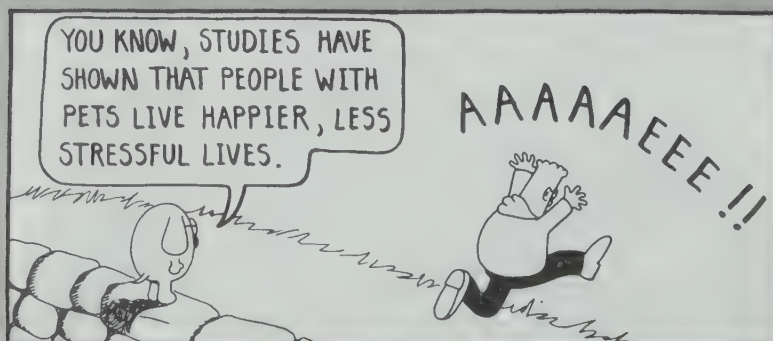
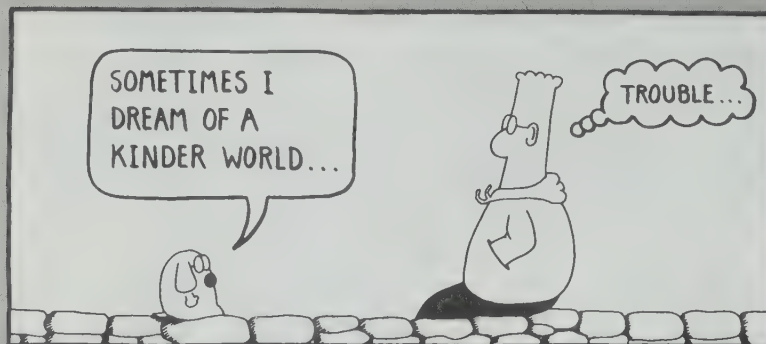


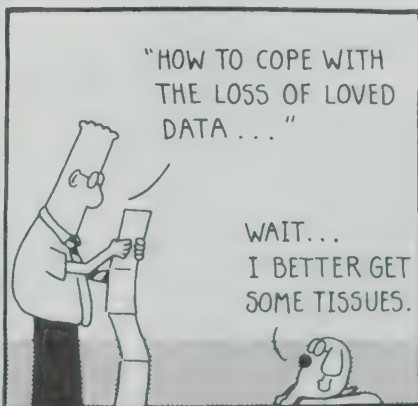
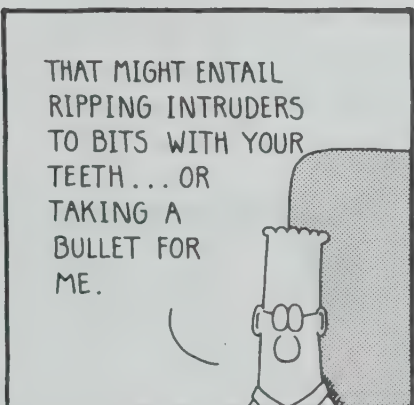
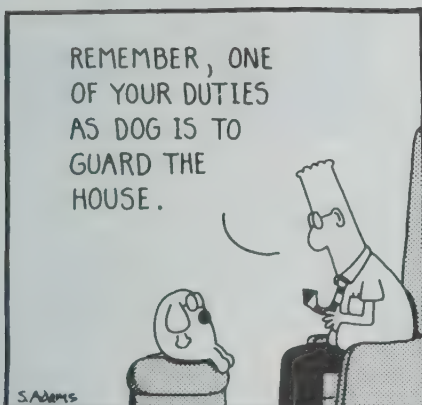
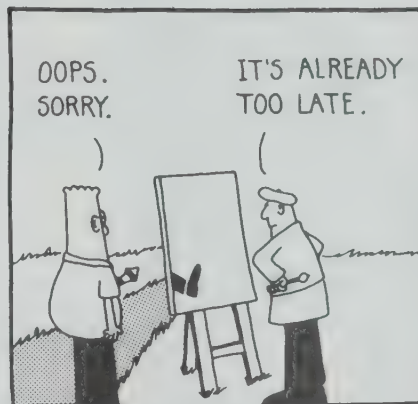
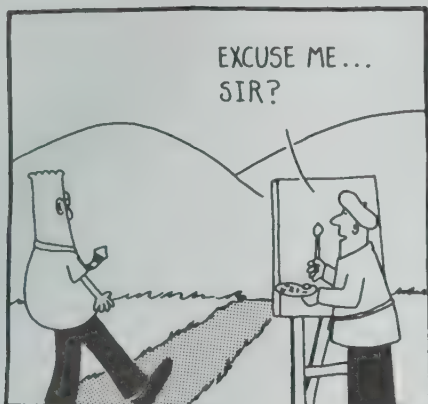




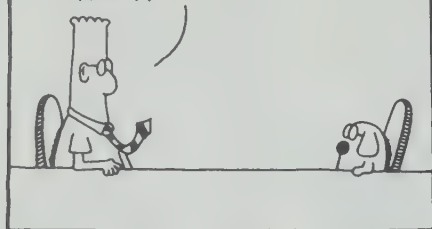








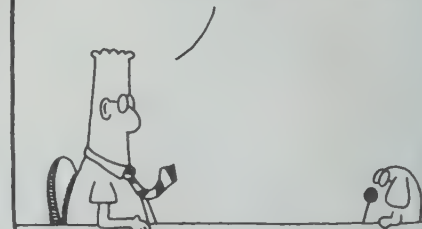
WHEN I WAS A KID I
THREW SPITBALLS AT
GIRLS TO SHOW I LIKED
THEM.



NOW I JUST GROVEL
AND BEG FOR DATES.



FRANKLY, THE
OLD WAY WAS
MORE SATISFYING.



99¢ SPECIAL

Burger Queen

ONLY 99¢ ?!! HA HA
HA!! GIVE ME TEN
THOUSAND OF THEM!
FOR HERE!!

THESE LOTTERY
WINNERS ARE REALLY
STARTING TO BUG
ME.



WHAT I LOOK FOR
FIRST IN A MAN
IS HONESTY.

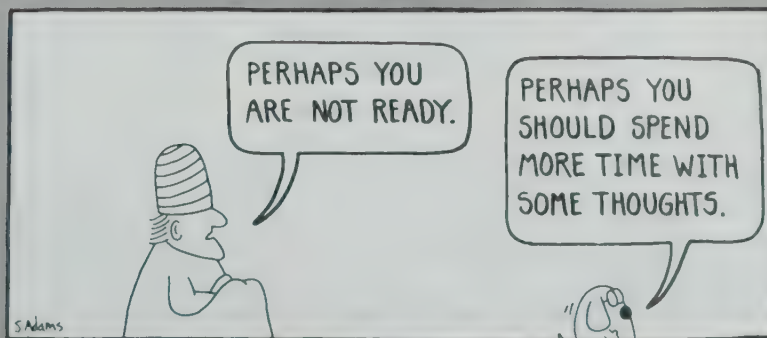
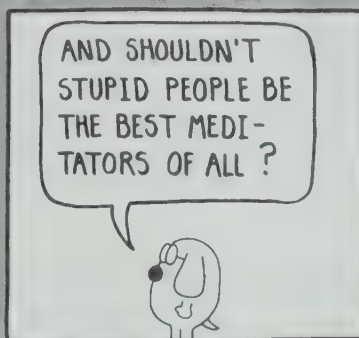
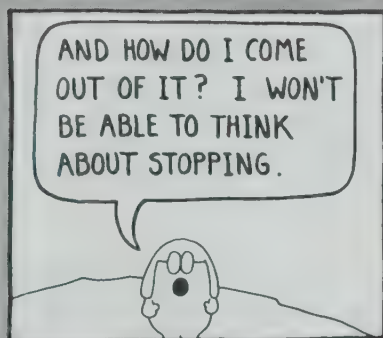
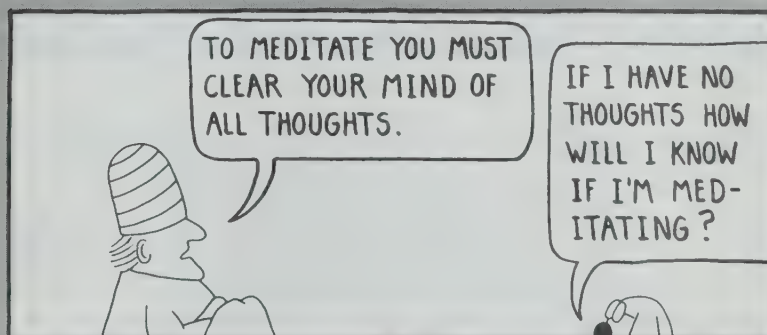
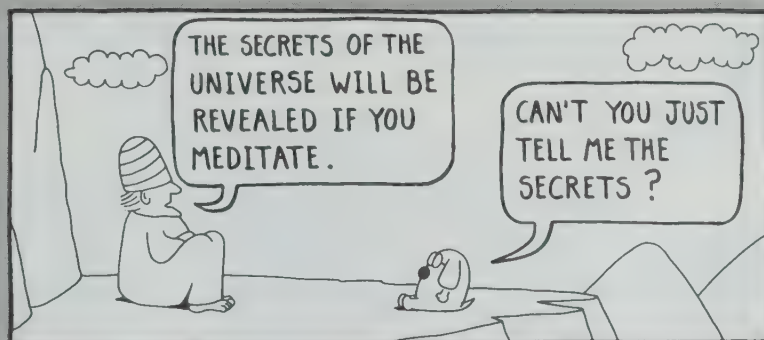


OKAY... I'D LIKE
TO SKIP THIS BORING
CONVERSATION AND
GO SMOOCH.



I DIDN'T MEAN
HONESTY ABOUT
RELEVANT
THINGS.



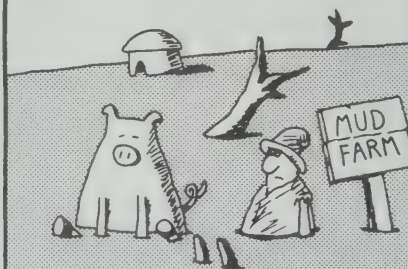


DID YOU HEAR THAT THE
TINY EAST EUROPEAN
COUNTRY OF ELBONIA HAS
ABANDONED COMMUNISM?



WHOA! BIG
CHANGES
AHEAD.

ELBONIA: MONDAY



S. Adams

ELBONIA: TUESDAY

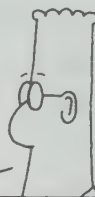


DILBERT, I'M
SENDING YOU TO
ELBONIA TO OPEN
OUR NEW SUB-
SIDIARY.



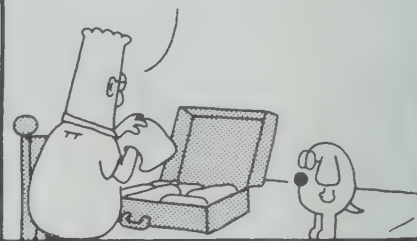
ELBONIA?

BUT THEY ONLY RENOUNCED
COMMUNISM LAST WEEK!!
THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND
CAPITALISM OR ECON-
OMICS. THEY
HAVE NO
APPRECIATION
OF THE REAL
WORLD.



S. Adams

... HE THINKS
THEY'LL MAKE
FINE ENGINEERS.



DILBERT ARRIVES AT THE
EX-COMMUNIST COUNTRY
OF ELBONIA.



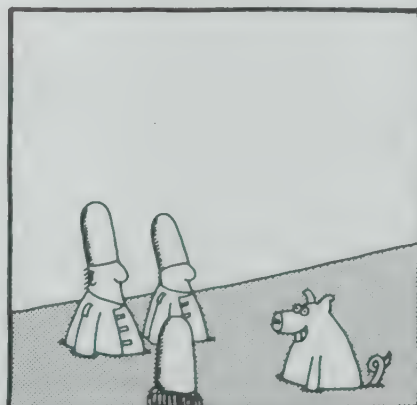
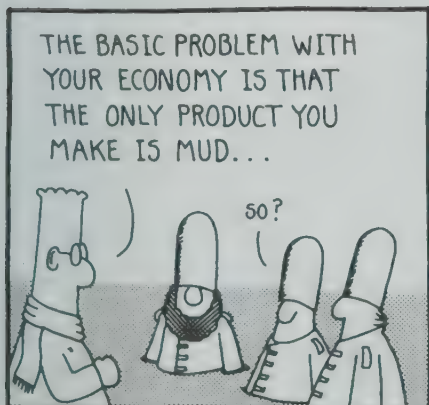
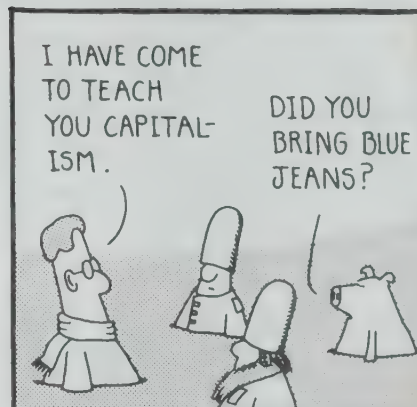
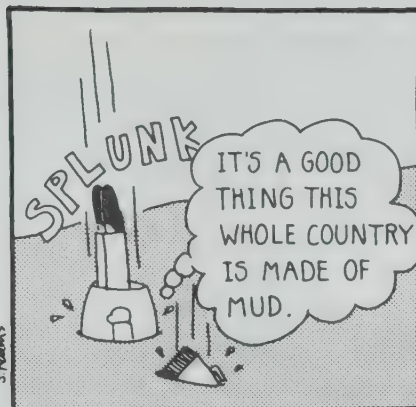
I NEED A
FLIGHT TO
YOUR
CAPITAL.

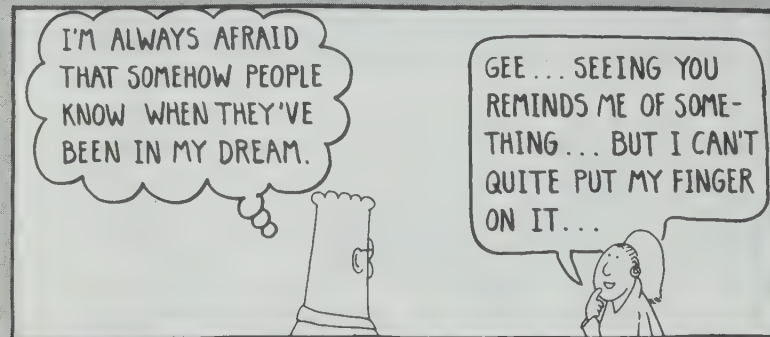
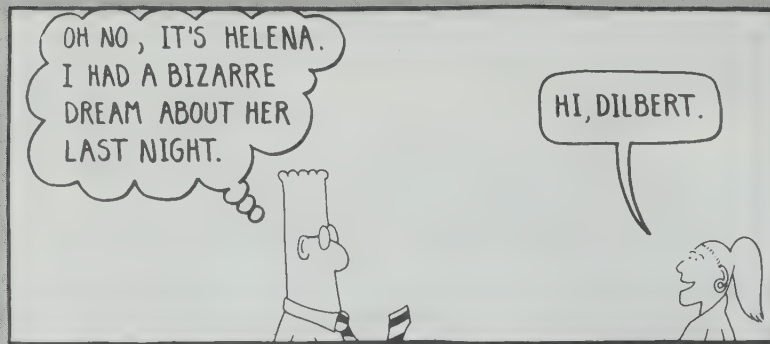
S. Adams

FOR A MOMENT
I WAS WORRIED
THAT THIS BACKWARD
LITTLE COUNTRY
WOULDN'T HAVE A
COMMUTER
FLIGHT.

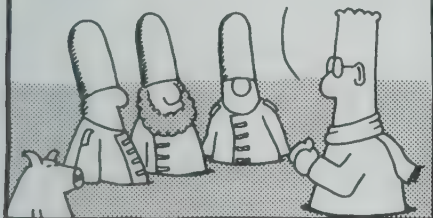


I HATE LIVING
NEAR THE
AIRPORT.





THE FIRST THING YOU
ELBONIANS MUST UNDER-
STAND ABOUT CAPITALISM
IS THE INCENTIVE SYSTEM.

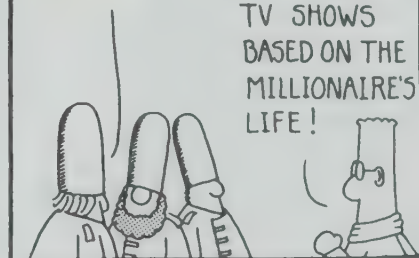


IF YOU'RE WILLING
TO WORK TWELVE
HOURS A DAY,
EVENTUALLY THE
GUY WHO OWNS
YOUR FACTORY
WILL GET
RICH.

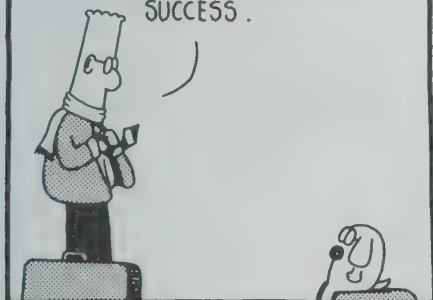
S. Adams

AM I MISS-
ING SOME-
THING HERE?

THEN YOU
GUYS GET TO
WATCH GREAT
TV SHOWS
BASED ON THE
MILLIONAIRE'S
LIFE!



MY TRIP TO ELBONIA
WAS A COMPLETE
SUCCESS.



I OPENED OUR SUBSIDIARY,
TAUGHT CAPITALISM TO
THE LOCALS AND SHOWED
THEM HOW TO MAKE
COMPUTER CHIPS OUT OF
SAND.



S. Adams

OH GREAT...
NOW THEY
WILL BECOME
AN INDUSTRIAL
GIANT AND
COMPETE
AGAINST US.

DON'T WORRY.
I ALSO TAUGHT
THEM OUR
MANAGEMENT
TECHNIQUES.



WHAT'S WRONG,
BOB?

I CAN'T DENY
MY FEELINGS
ANYMORE.

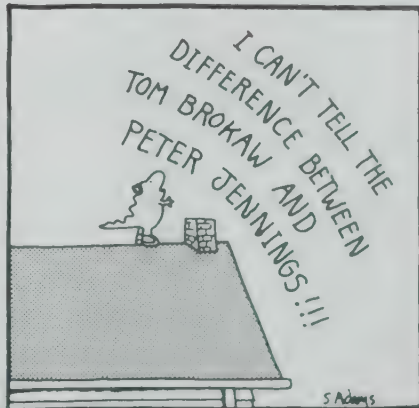


NOT THE
ROOF
AGAIN!

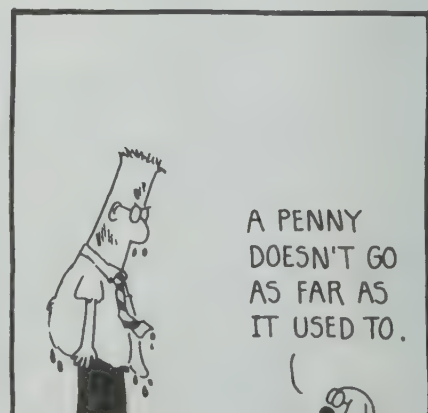
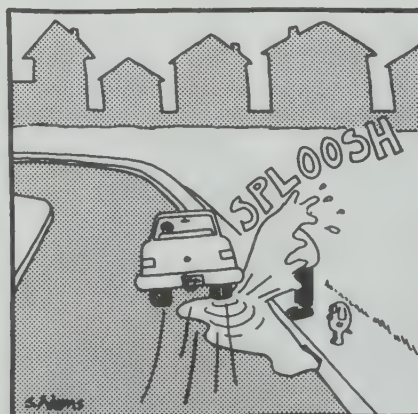
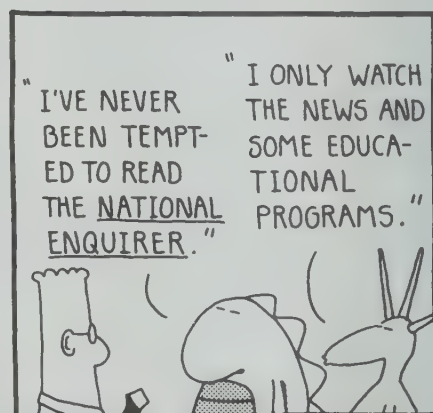
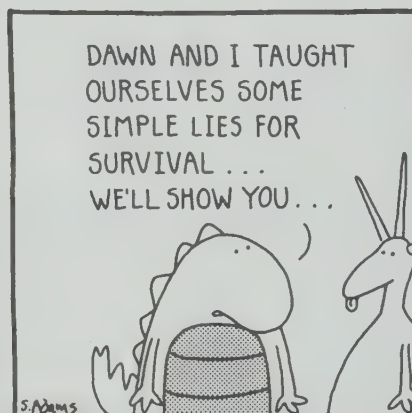
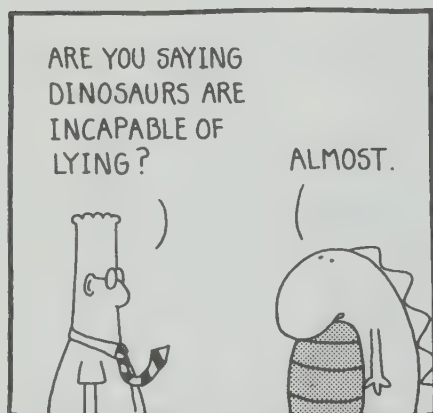
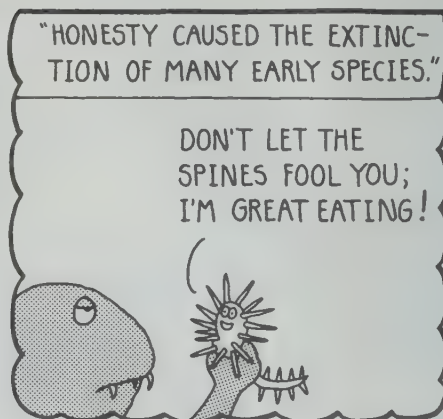
I HAVE
TO TELL
PEOPLE

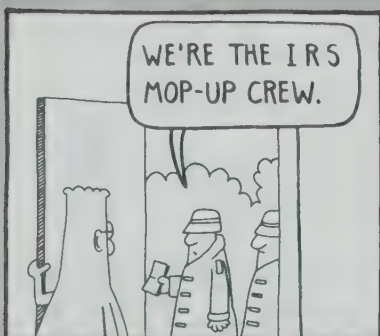
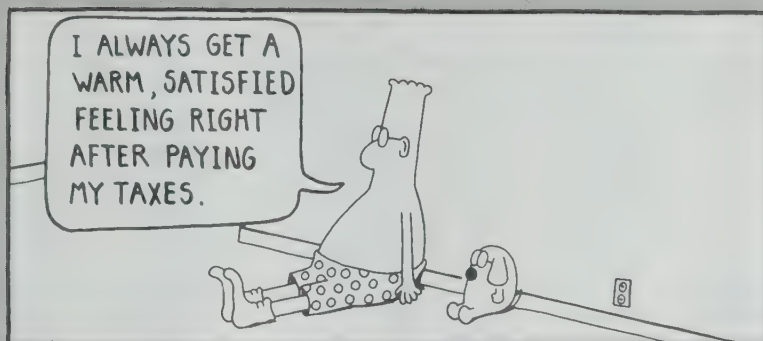


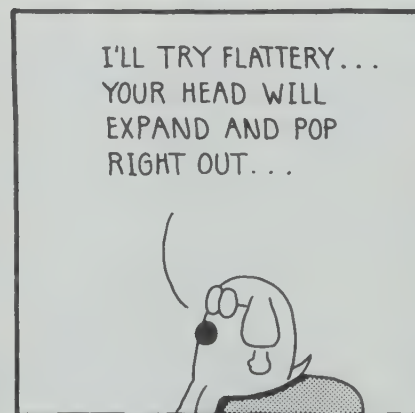
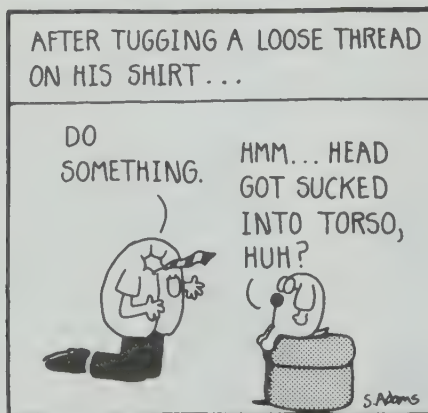
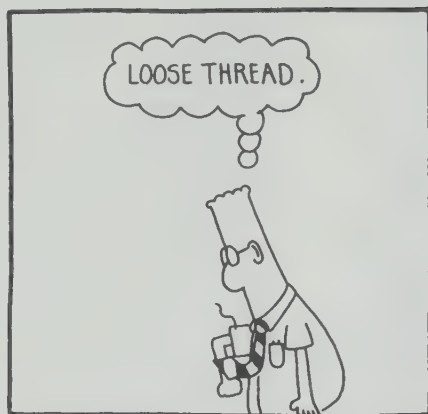
I CAN'T TELL THE
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN
TOM BROKAW AND
PETER JENNINGS!!!

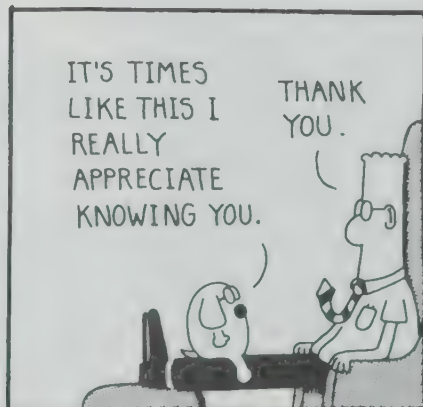
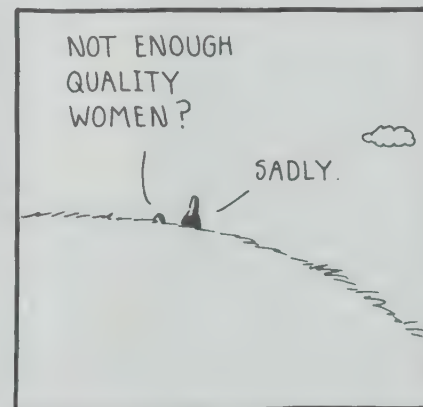
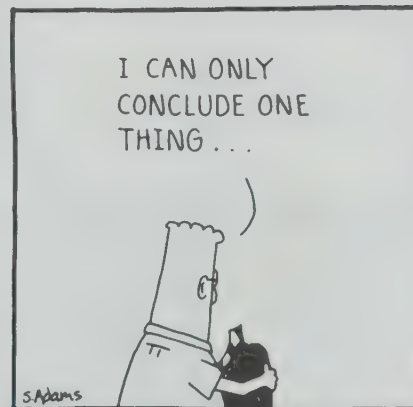
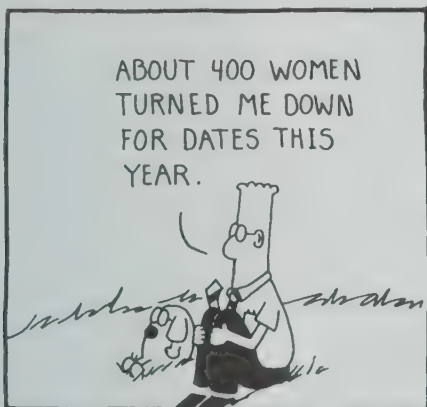
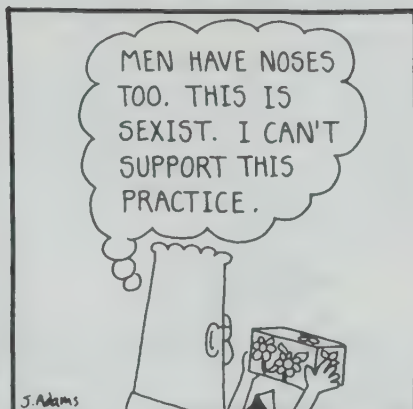
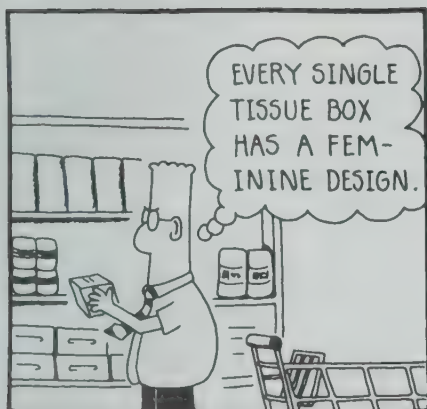


S. Adams









THE GREAT THING
ABOUT ADULT MALES
IS THAT THEY'VE
BECOME IMMUNE TO
VERBAL ABUSE.

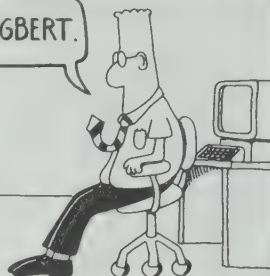


ADULT FEMALES MAY
HAVE SOMETHING TO
DO WITH IT.

HEY, YOU GROTESQUE
PILE OF PETRIFIED
CAT SPITTLE ...



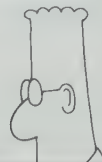
HI, DOGBERT.



IS THAT YOUR HEAD, OR
HAS SOME KIND OF
ZUCCHINI SPROUTED
FROM YOUR TORSO ?



WOULD YOU LIKE TO
JOIN ME FOR SOME
CHOCOLATE CAKE ?



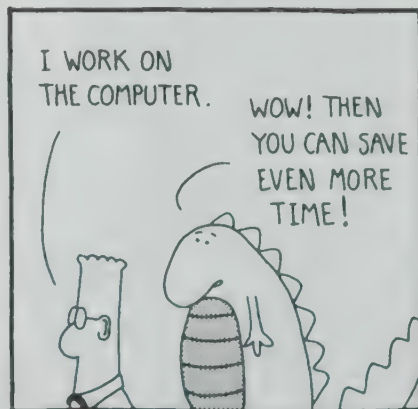
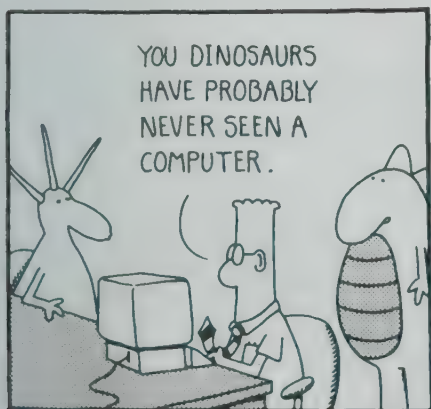
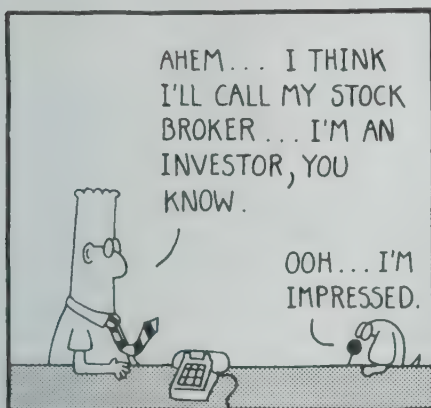
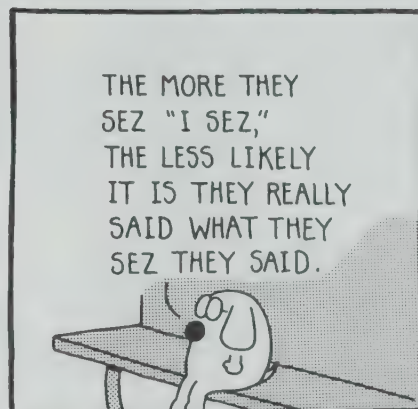
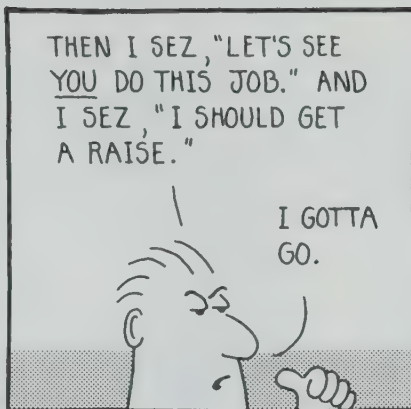
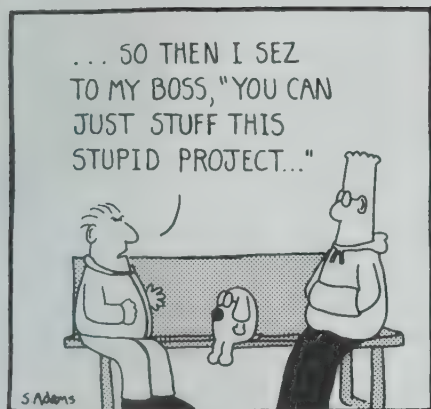
IF BRAINS WERE BEANS,
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE
ENOUGH TO MAKE A
BEE BURP.

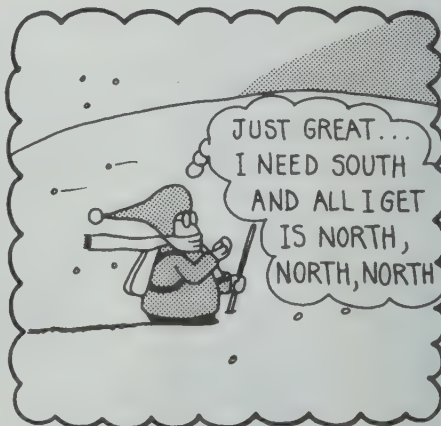
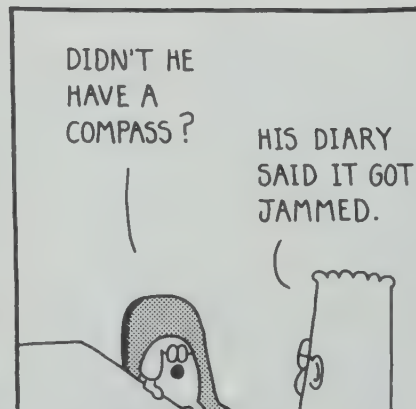
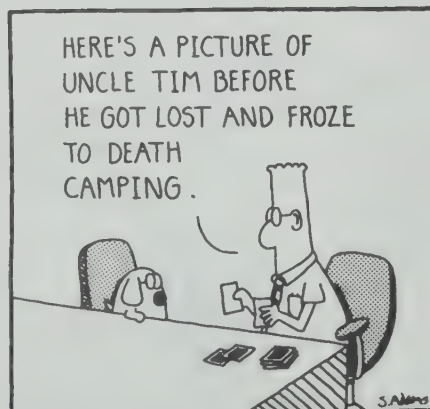
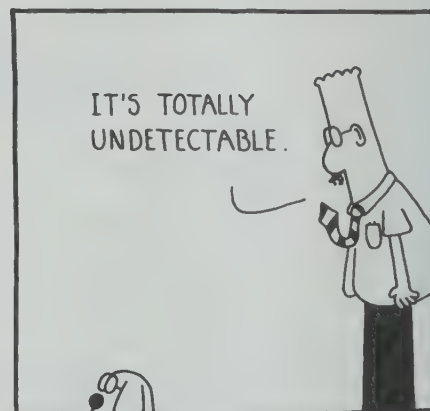
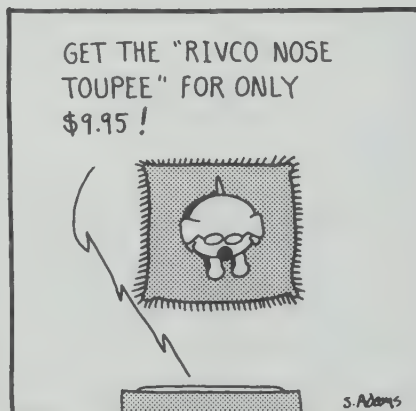
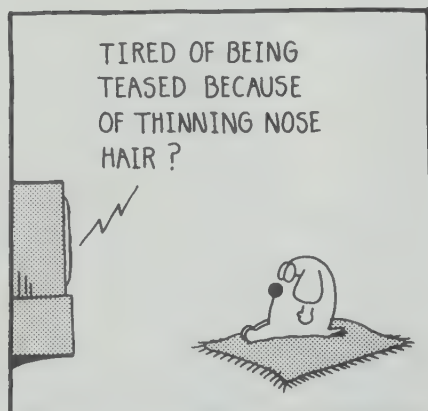
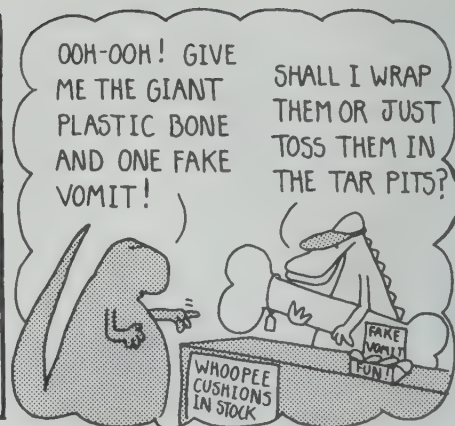
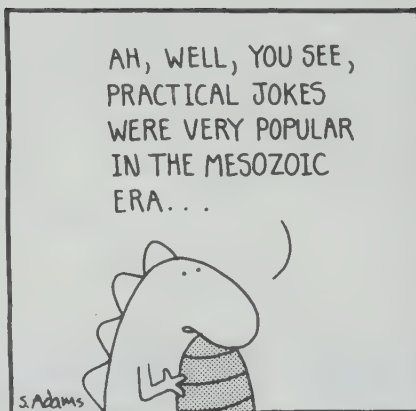
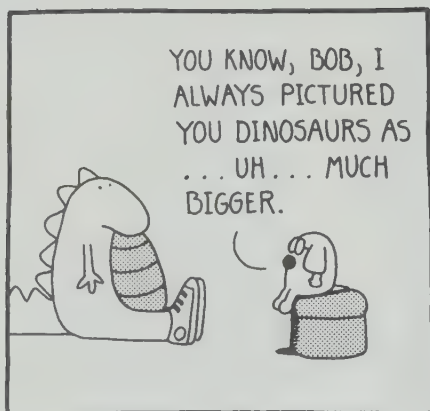


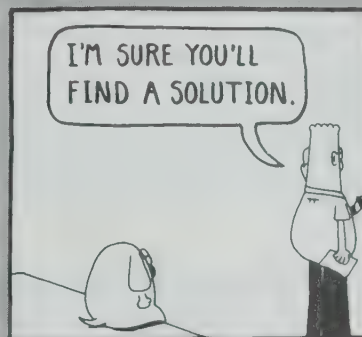
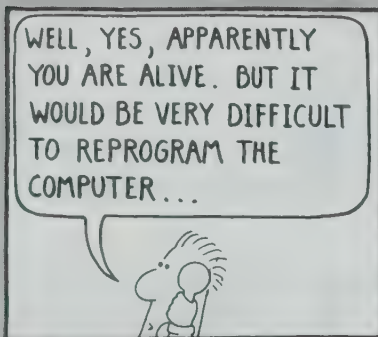
HEY! WE DON'T
INSULT BEES IN
THIS HOUSE!

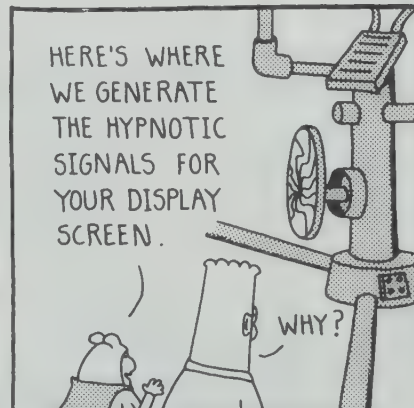
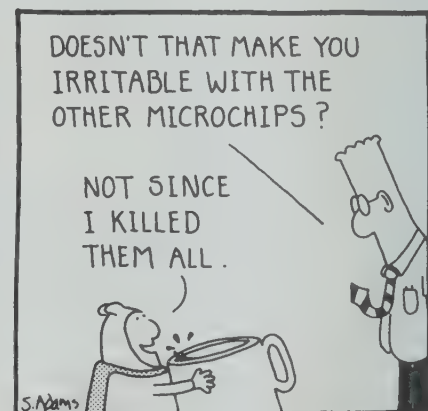
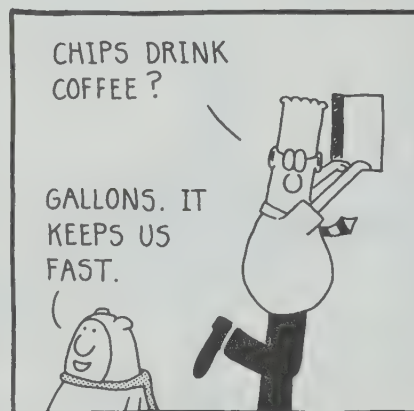
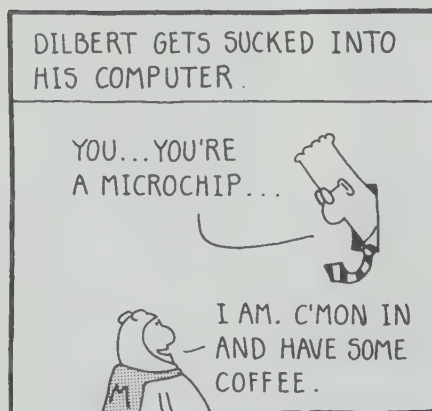
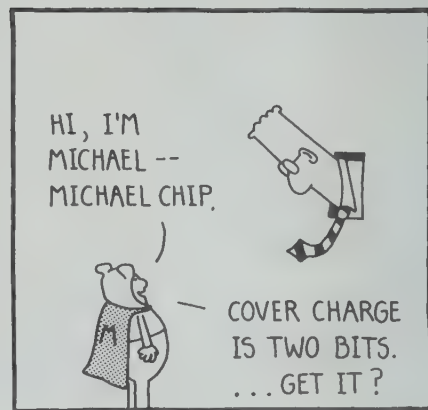
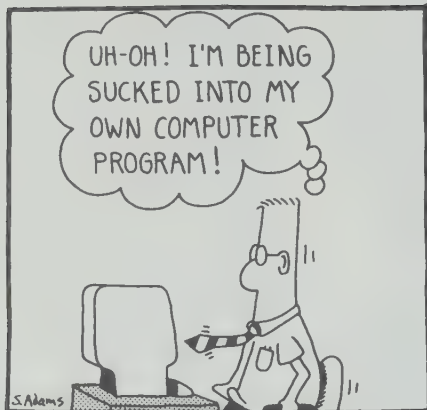


S. Adams









A MICROCHIP GIVES DILBERT THE TOUR INSIDE HIS COMPUTER.

...SO YOU SEE,
IT'S MOSTLY A
TRICK...



WE'VE BEEN SENDING
YOU SUBLIMINAL
HYPNOTIC SUGGESTIONS
THROUGH THE
VIDEO DISPLAY
FOR YEARS.

LIKE
WHAT?



GOOFY STUFF, LIKE
"COMPUTERS ARE
FUN" AND "PUT
ALL OF YOUR PENS
IN YOUR SHIRT
POCKET."



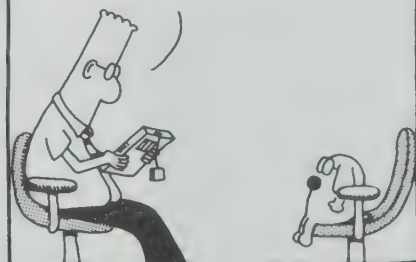
... AFTER YOU LEAVE
YOU WILL NOT REMEMBER
BEING INSIDE YOUR
COMPUTER TALKING
TO A MICRO-
CHIP.



YOU WILL PURCHASE
WORTHLESS COMPUTER
UPGRADES AND ARGUE
THAT IT SAVES MONEY
IN THE LONG RUN.



IT'S A STATIC BYTE
DWINKELIZER...
A NECESSITY REALLY.



HEAR ABOUT THE
NEW GUY? HE'S
FROM NEW YORK.

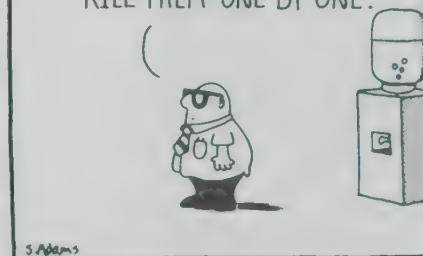
GULP*
HERE
HE
COMES!

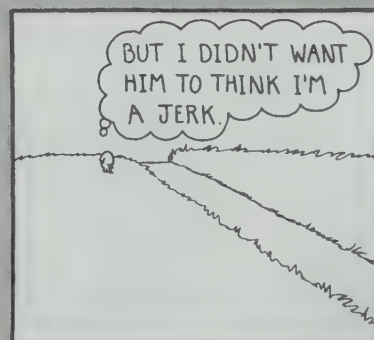
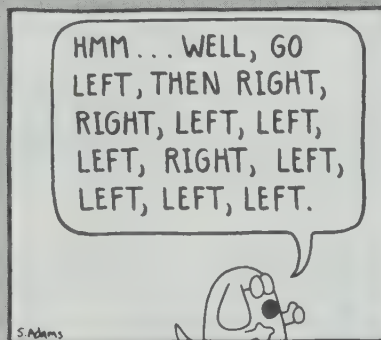
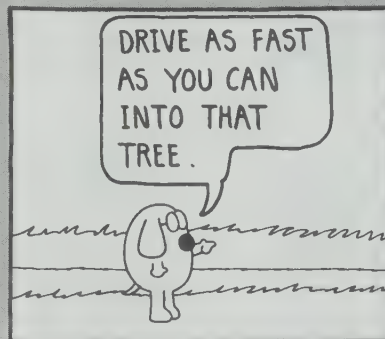
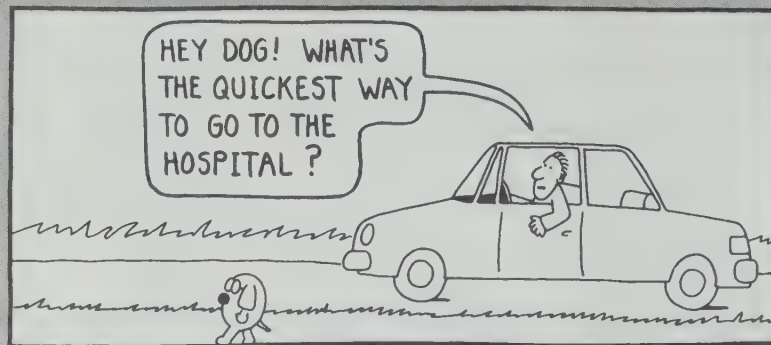


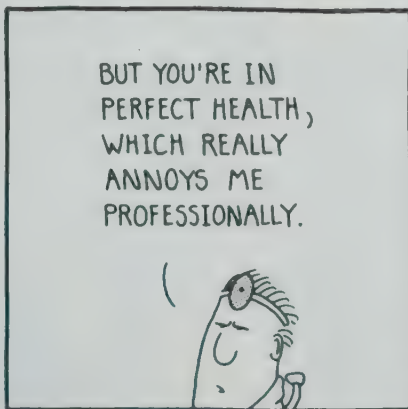
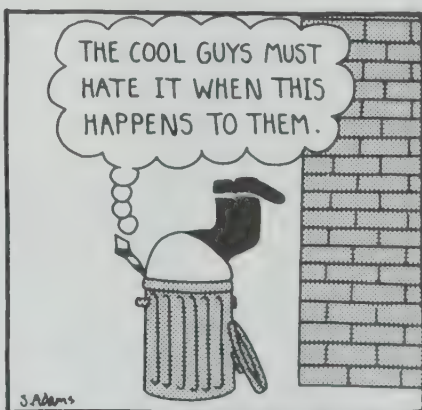
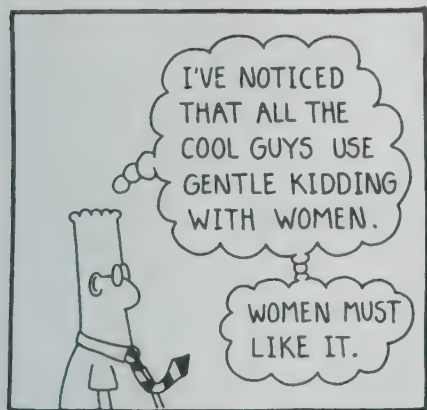
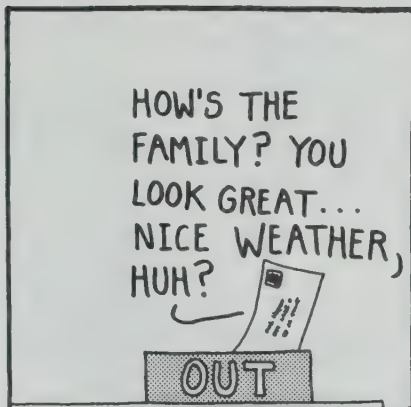
AAAEEEEEE!!
AAGH!

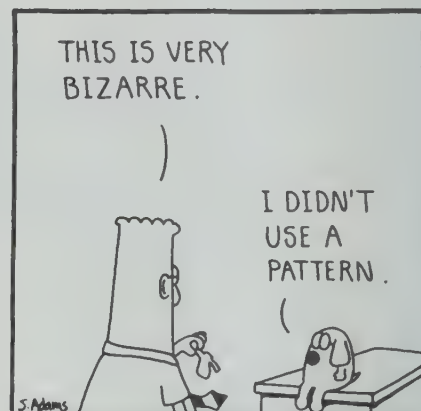
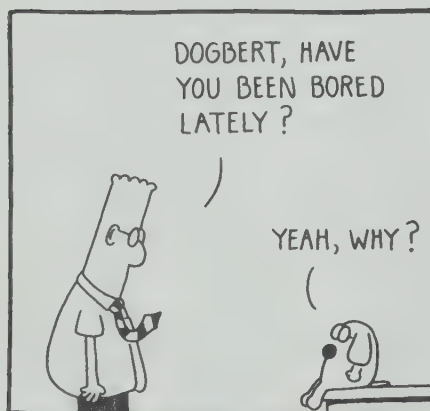
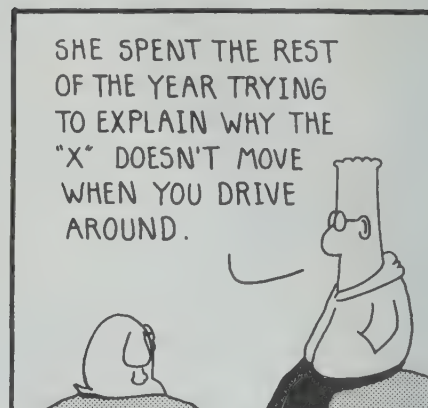
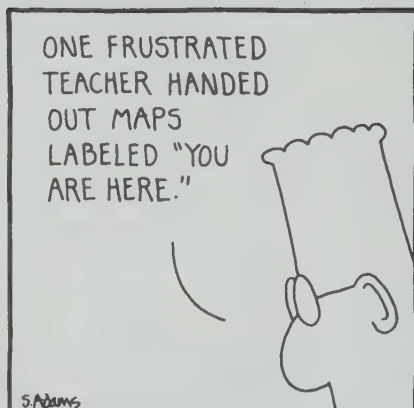
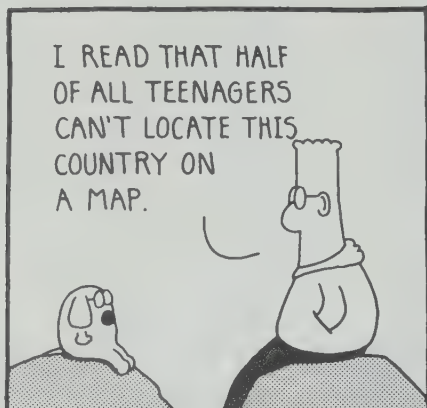


WELL, I SUPPOSE I COULD
HUNT THEM DOWN AND
KILL THEM ONE BY ONE.









DILBERT SPECIAL !

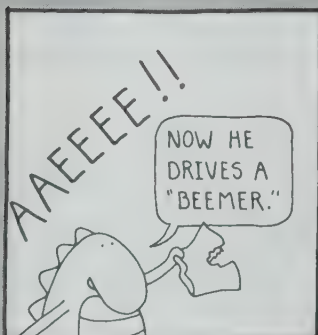
BOB THE DINOSAUR WILL
RIP THE UNDERPANTS
OFF GUYS WE HATE !

EXAMPLE



CASE #1

...BOUGHT MY FIRST
HOUSE FOR 75¢.
SOLD IT A YEAR LATER
FOR \$400,000...



CASE #2

IT'S A GREAT MOVIE.
YOU'LL BE SURPRISED
WHEN YOU FIND OUT
THE PARAKEET IS
THE MURDERER.



CASE #3

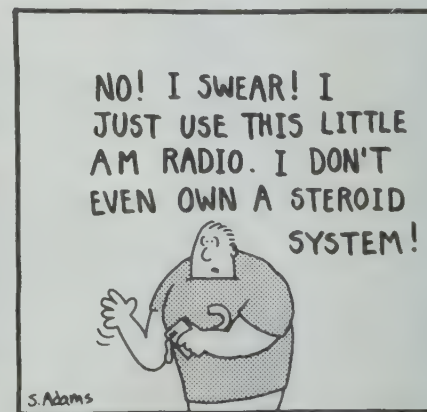
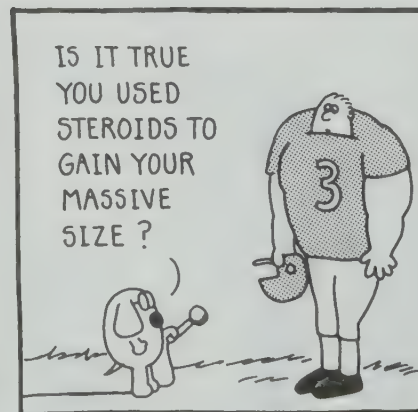
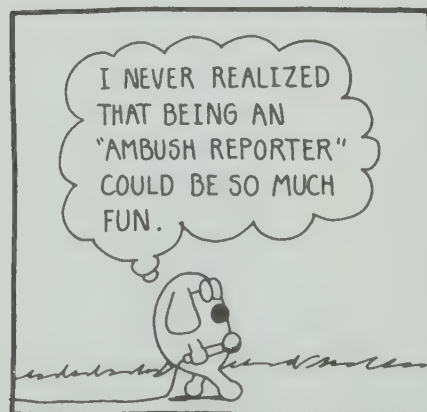
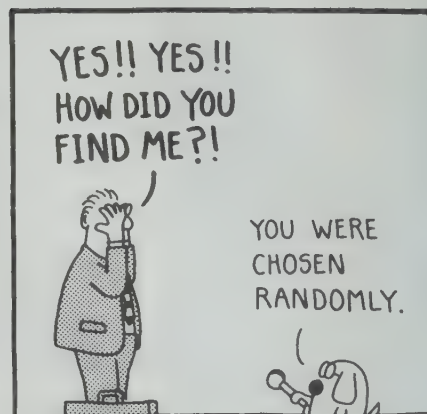
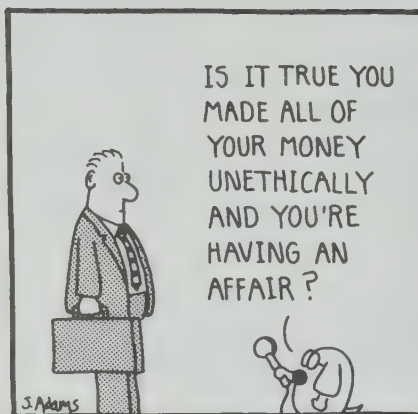
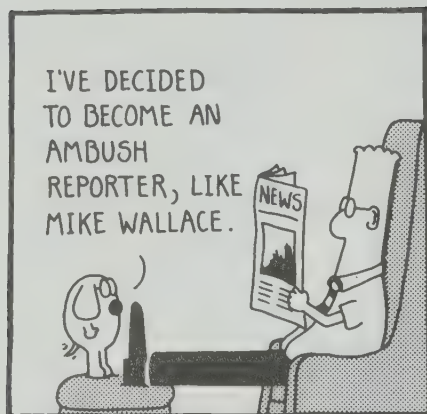
WAIT HERE AND I'LL
TRY TO CONVINCE MY
BOSS TO SELL THE CAR
AT YOUR PRICE.



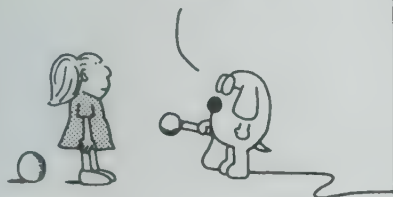
FINALLY...

ONLY AN IDIOT WOULD
THINK COMPUTERS ARE
CONFUSING.





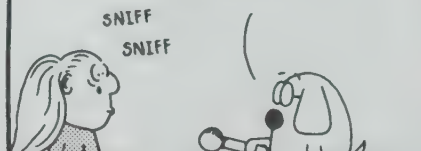
JUST A MOMENT,
LITTLE GIRL. I'M
DOGBERT, THE
AMBUSH REPORTER.



IS IT TRUE THAT YOU
PRETEND TO BE CUTE
IN ORDER TO MANIP-
ULATE ADULTS !!



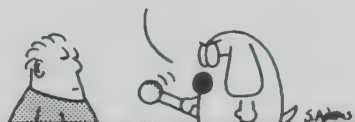
OH, HEY, WAIT...
I'M JUST KIDDING.
CAN I BUY
YOU SOMETHING
EXPENSIVE ?



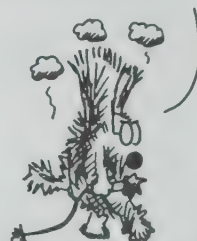
EXCUSE ME, YOUNG
MAN. MAY I ASK
YOU SOME PROBING
AND EMBARRASSING
QUESTIONS ?



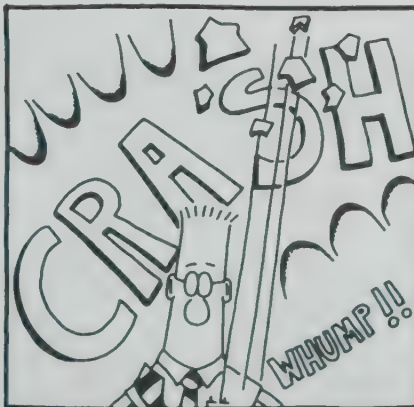
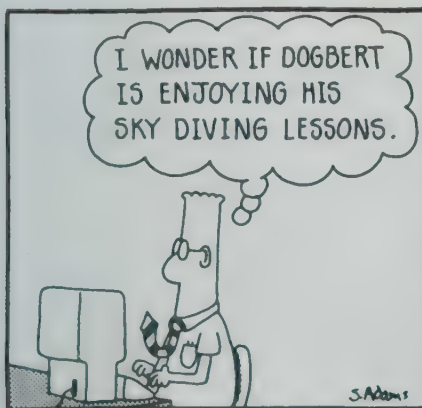
IS IT TRUE THAT YOU
SPEND A GREAT DEAL
OF TIME CONTEMPLATING
THE EFFECTS OF FIRE-
CRACKERS ON INVESTI-
GATIVE REPORTERS ?!!



I'LL BET THIS HASN'T
HAPPENED TO MIKE
WALLACE EVEN ONCE.

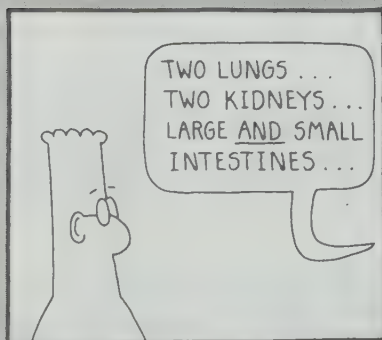
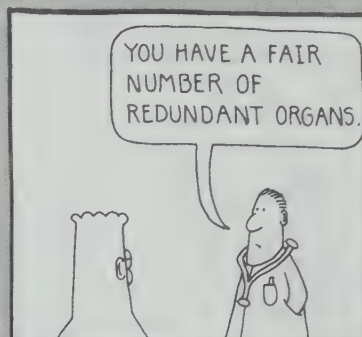
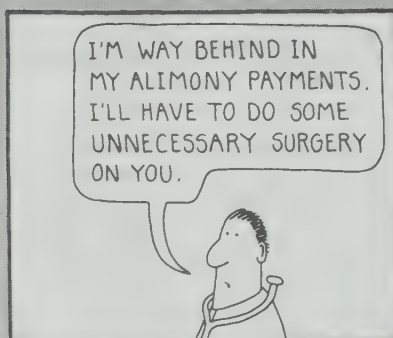
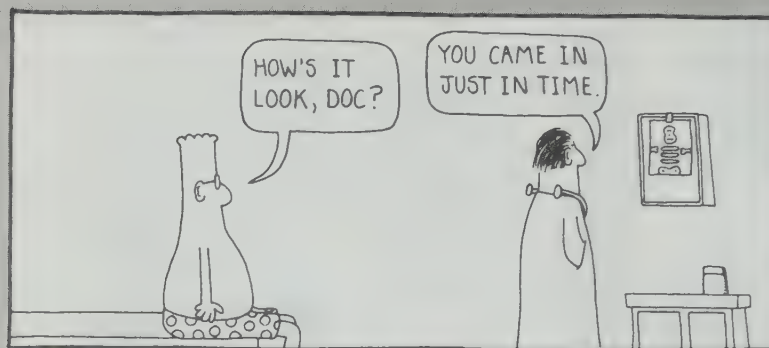


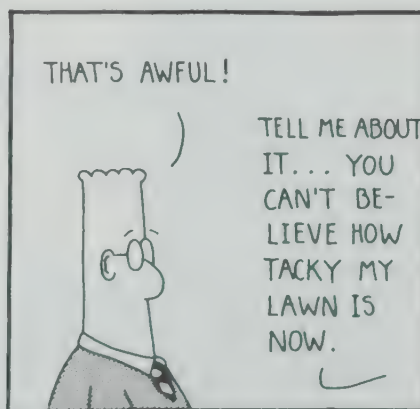
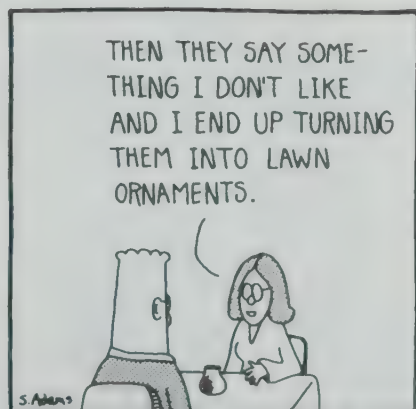
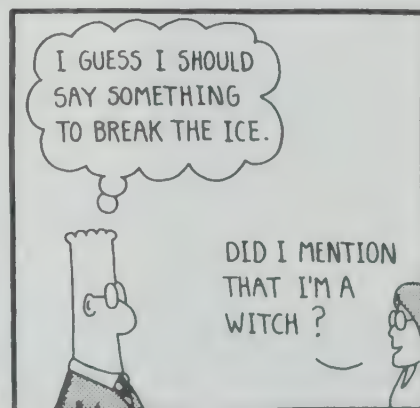
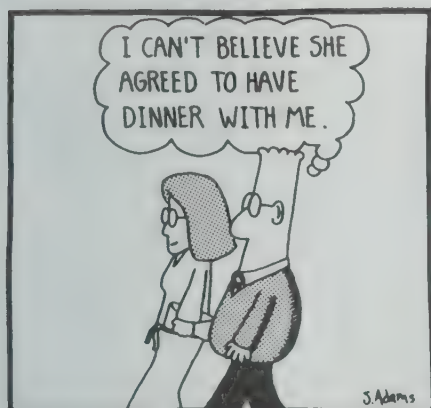
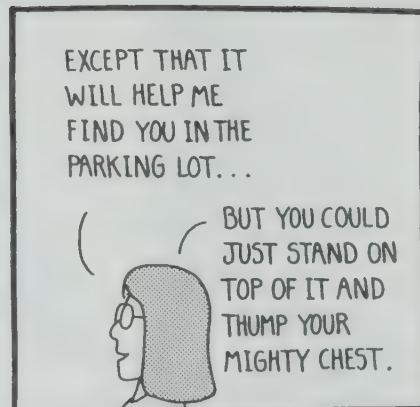
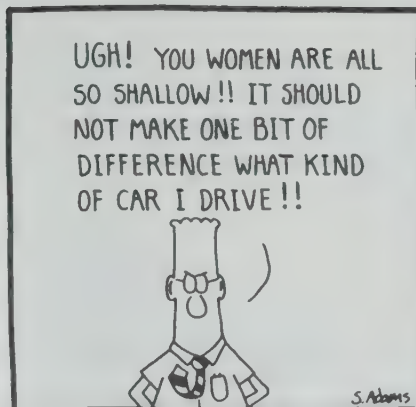
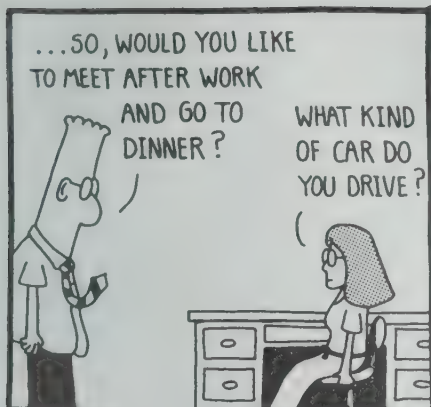
I WONDER IF DOGBERT
IS ENJOYING HIS
SKY DIVING LESSONS.

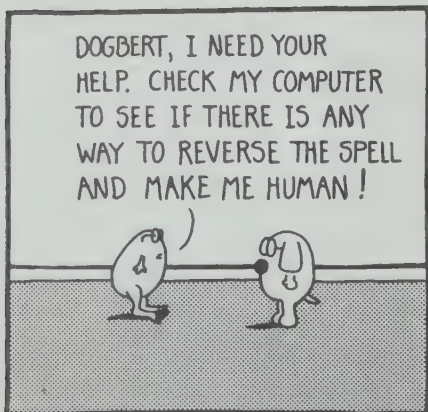


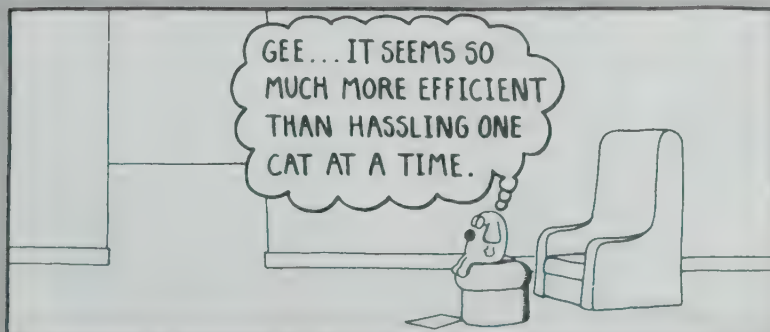
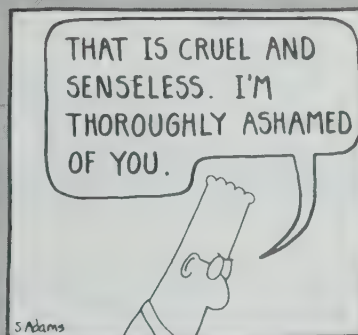
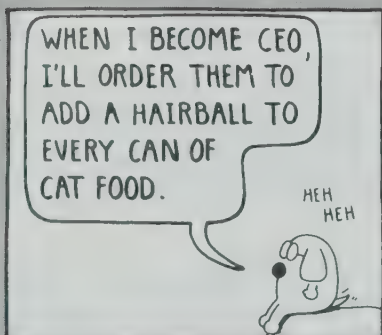
BOY... NO
WONDER THEY
ONLY CHARGE
SIX BUCKS.



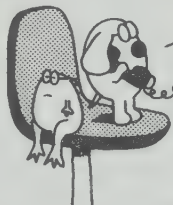








HELLO... BUCKINGHAM PALACE?
I WAS WONDERING IF THE
PRINCESS WOULD BE WILLING
TO KISS A FROG AND REMOVE
A WITCH'S CURSE FOR US.



S. Adams

OH... LADY DI DOES
NOT KISS HIDEOUS
LITTLE CREATURES...

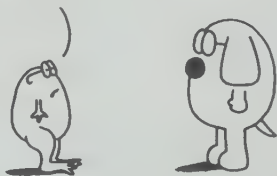


THAT MUST BE MIGHTY
AWKWARD AT FAMILY
REUNIONS ... HELLO?



DILBERT NEEDS A KISS FROM A
PRINCESS TO REMOVE THE FROG
CURSE.

IT'S HOPELESS...



S. Adams

THERE'S ONE
CHANCE, BUT
WE'LL NEED
SOME PROPS.



YOU SERIOUSLY
THINK THIS WILL
FOOL LADY DI?

I'D WAIT
UNTIL SHE'S
HAD A FEW
MARGARITAS.



NOTE:
SOME NEW READERS OF THIS
STRIP MAY BE CONFUSED BY
THE PRESENCE OF A CHARACTER
WHO LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE
A POTATO. THE FOLLOWING
COMPARISON SHOULD CLEAR
THINGS UP:

S. Adams

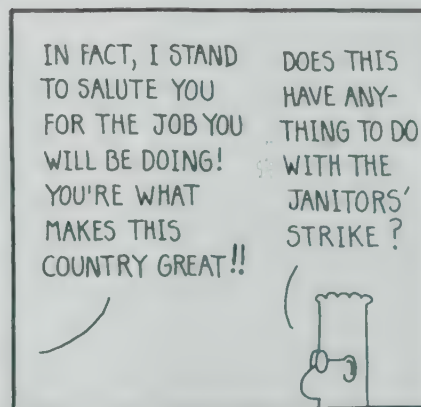
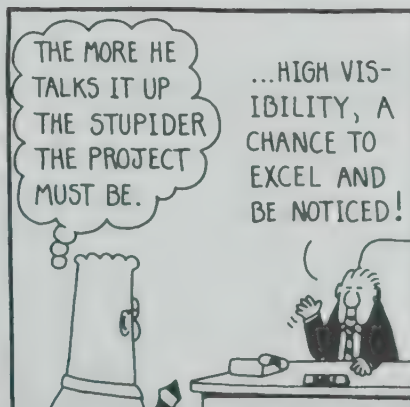
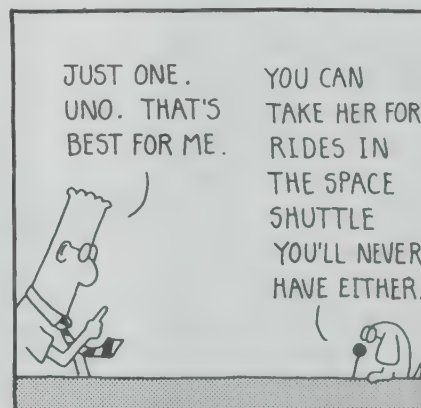
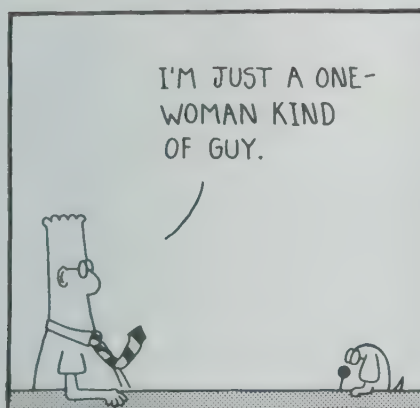
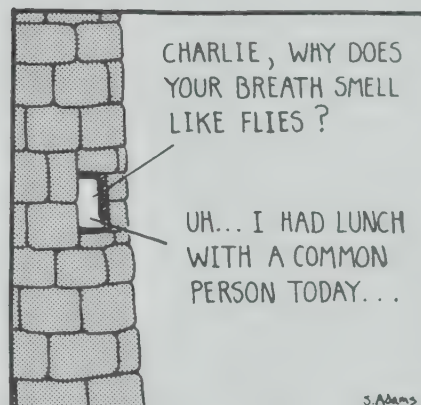
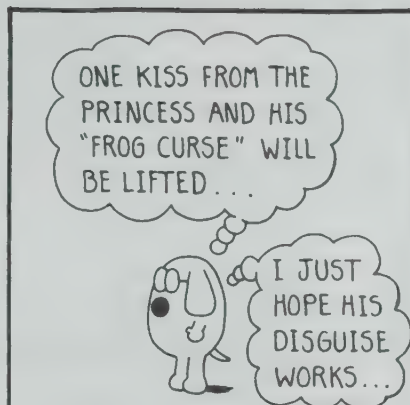
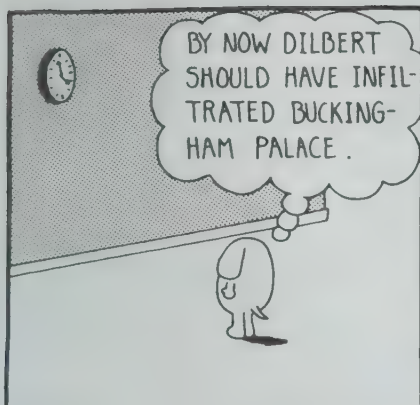
DILBERT (TURNED
INTO A FROG AND
DISGUISED AS
PRINCE CHARLES).

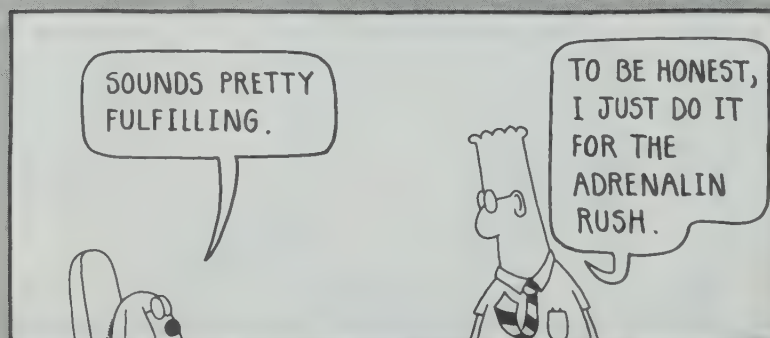
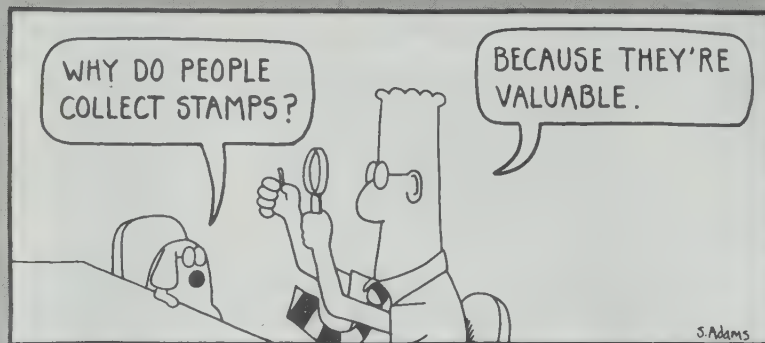


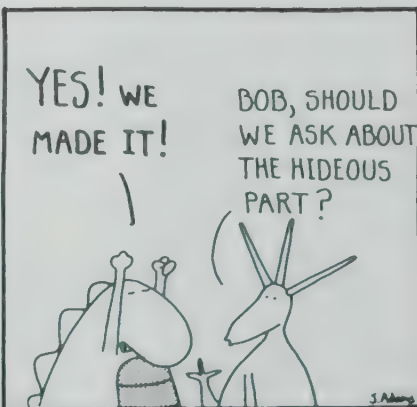
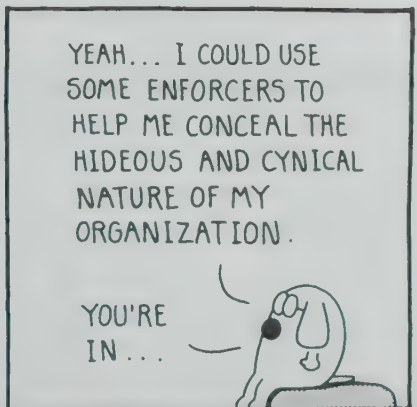
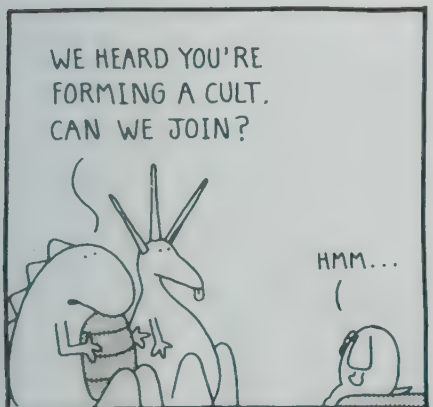
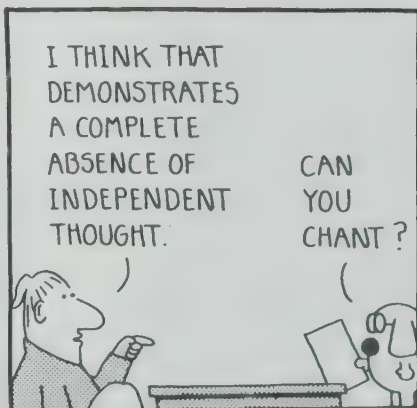
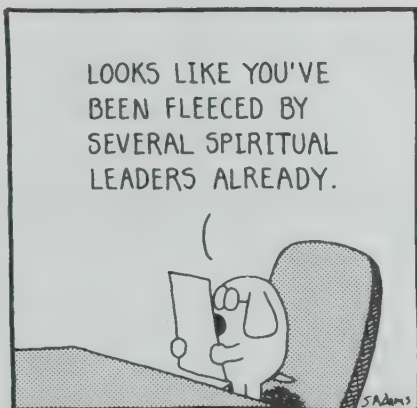
A POTATO

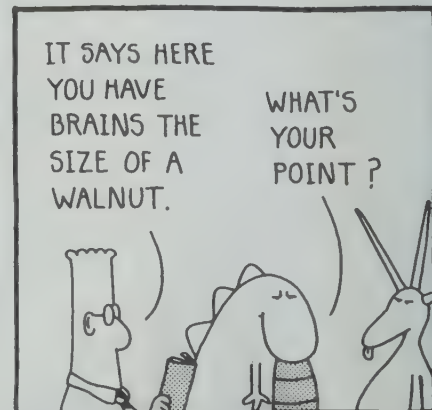
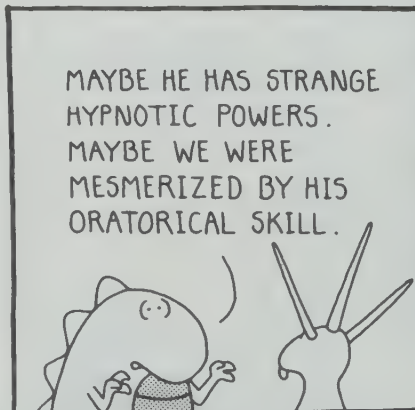
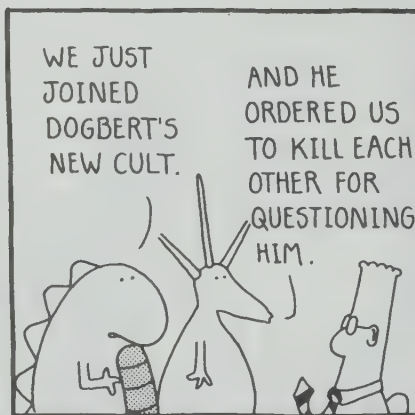
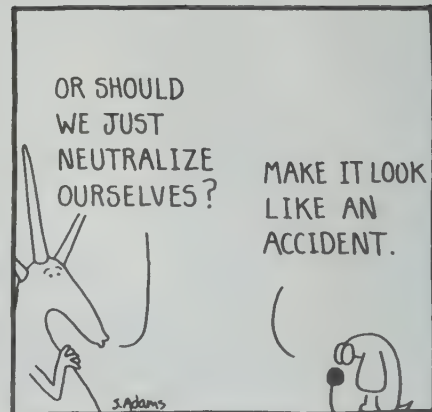
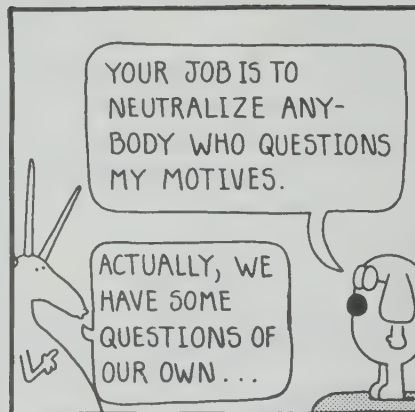


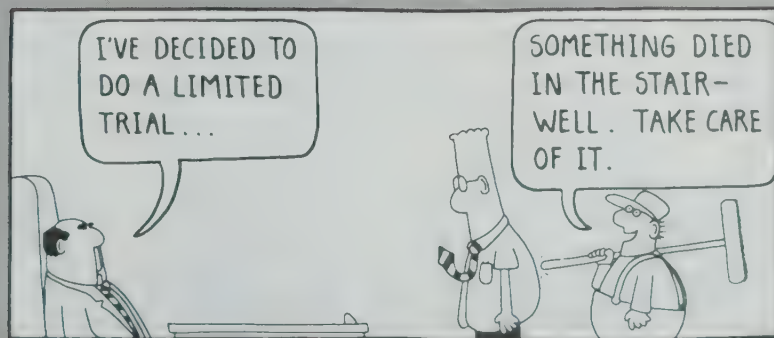
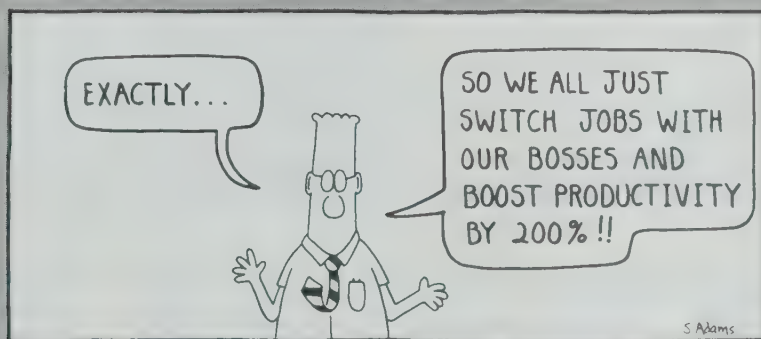
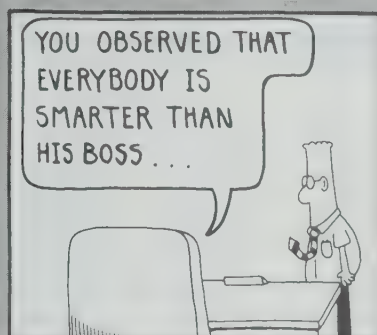
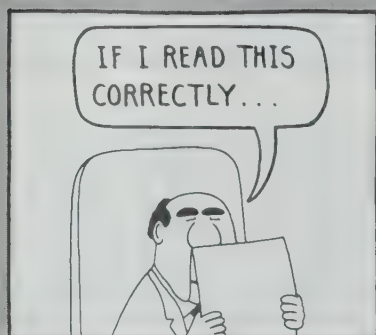
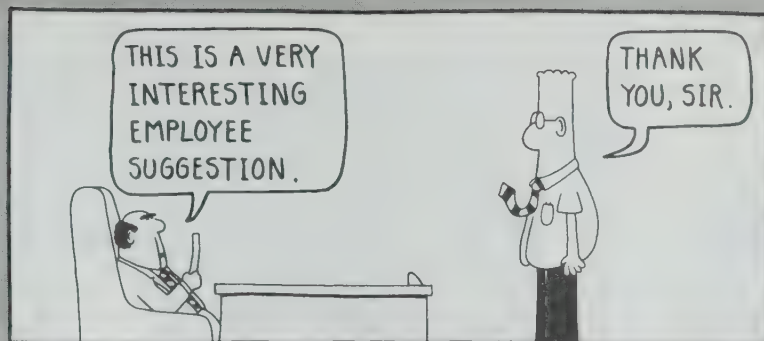
A HANDY RULE FOR TELLING
WHICH ONE IS A POTATO IS
TO LOOK FOR THE PRESENCE
OF GLASSES. ALTHOUGH
POTATOES DO HAVE EYES,
THEY ARE KNOWN TO BE
VAIN AND GENERALLY
PREFER CONTACT LENSES.
KEEP THIS REFERENCE
GUIDE WITH YOU.



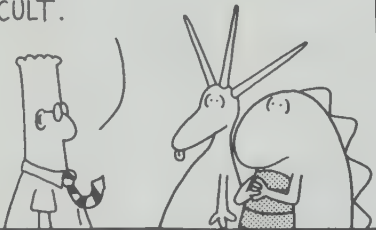




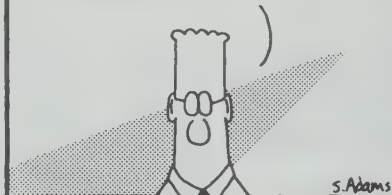




I HAVE A PLAN TO
DEPROGRAM YOU
FROM THE CONTROL
OF DOGBERT'S
CULT.



MY THEORY IS THAT
THE BRAIN REFLEXIVELY
EMBRACES THE MOST
RIDICULOUS EXPLANATION
OF REALITY.



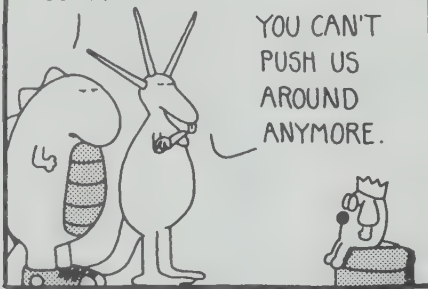
SO, WE JUST HAVE
TO THINK OF SOME-
THING MORE
RIDICULOUS THAN
FOLLOWING A
DOG'S COMMANDS.

LIKE
LISTEN-
ING TO
YOU?

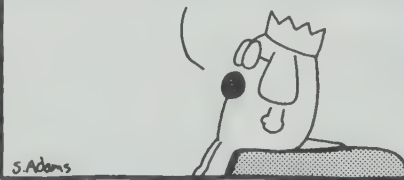


DOGBERT, WE'VE COME
TO RESIGN FROM YOUR
CULT.

YOU CAN'T
PUSH US
AROUND
ANYMORE.

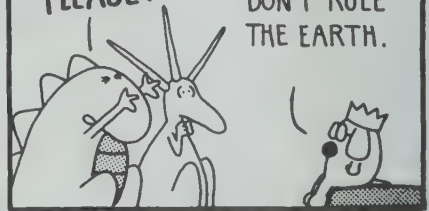


RESIGN?!! HA!
YOU'RE UNWORTHY!
I KICK YOU OUT.
THE CULT DOESN'T
NEED YOUR TYPE!



NOOO!!
TAKE US
BACK!!!
PLEASE!!!

I THINK THIS
EXPLAINS WHY
DINOSAURS
DON'T RULE
THE EARTH.



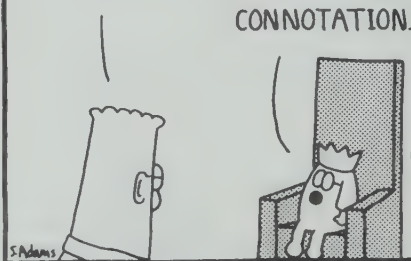
I THINK YOU'VE TAKEN
YOUR CULT IDEA TOO
FAR.

WHO SAYS IT'S
A CULT?



YOU SAID
IT'S A
CULT!

THAT WORD
HAS A BAD
CONNOTATION.



I PREFER TO THINK OF
IT AS A BUNCH OF MORONS
WHO HAVE NOTHING
BETTER TO DO WITH
THEIR LIVES.

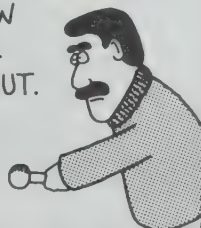


TODAY ON "GERALDO"
OUR ENTIRE SHOW IS
ABOUT A DOG WHO
STARTED HIS OWN CULT!

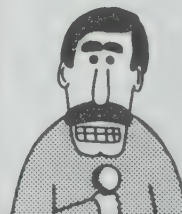


S. Adams

ACTUALLY, GERALDO,
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT.



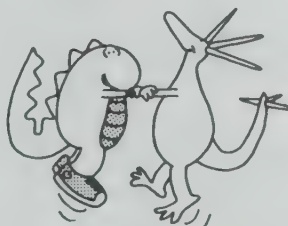
I LOVE LIVE
TELEVISION.



I'M DISSOLVING
THE CULT. YOU
TWO ARE FREE
TO DO AS YOU
PLEASE.



WE'RE FREE!
WE'RE FREE!

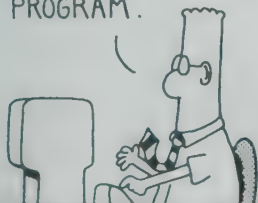


S. Adams

BOY... YOU DON'T
KNOW UGLY 'TIL
YOU'VE SEEN
DINOSAURS DANCE.



ONE MORE CLEVER
MOVE AND I WILL
HAVE WRITTEN THE
PERFECT COMPUTER
PROGRAM.



S. Adams

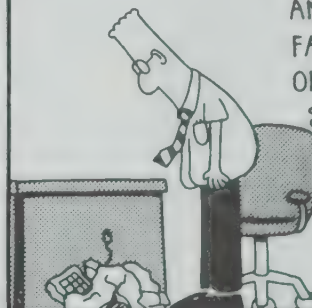
YES!

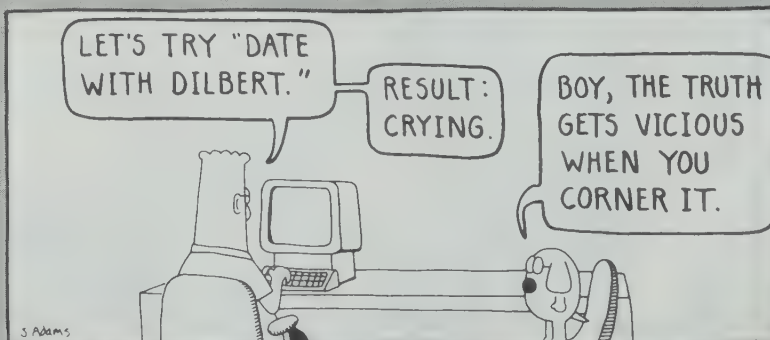
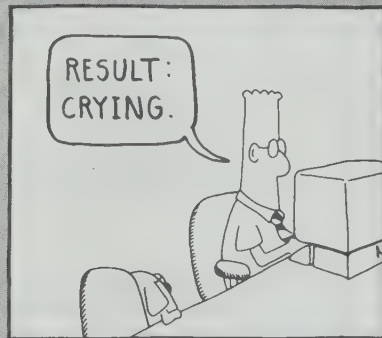
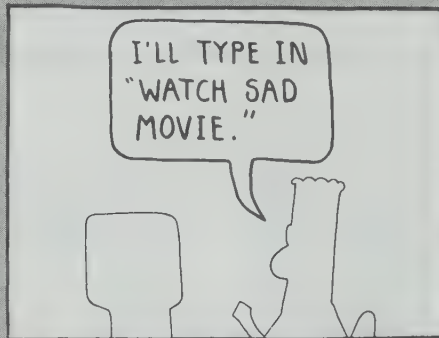
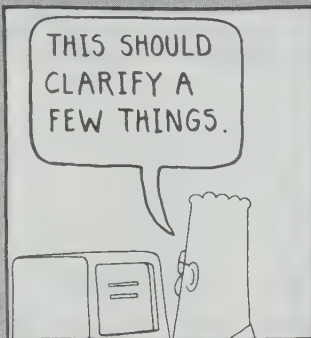
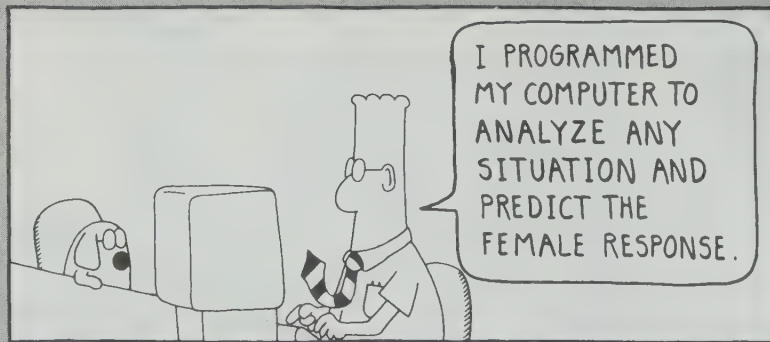


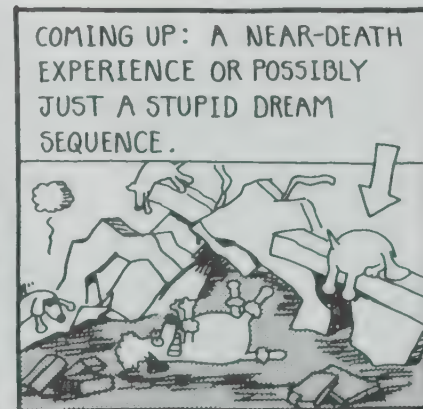
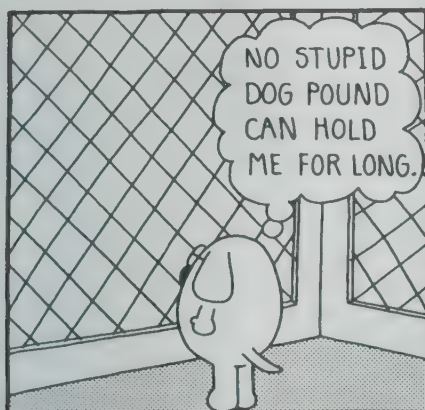
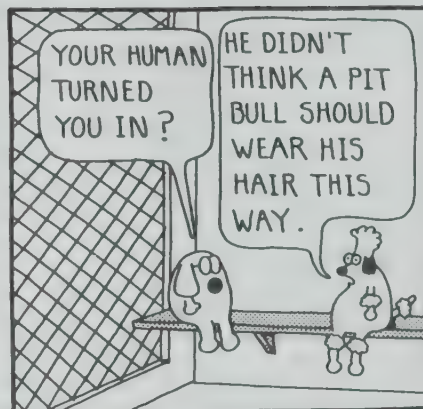
SPIKE IT
IN THE
END ZONE!

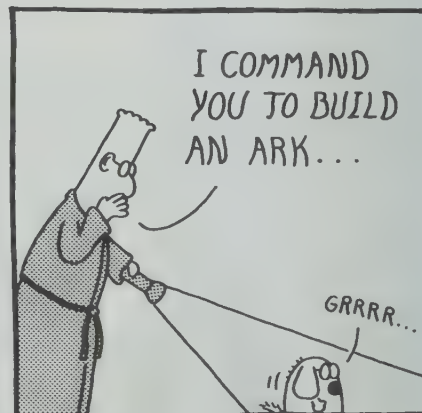
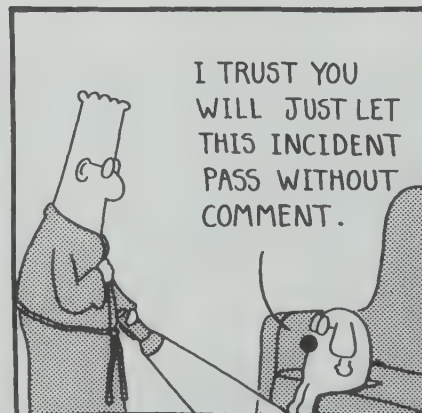
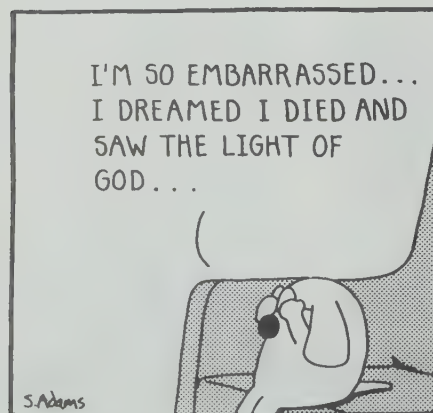
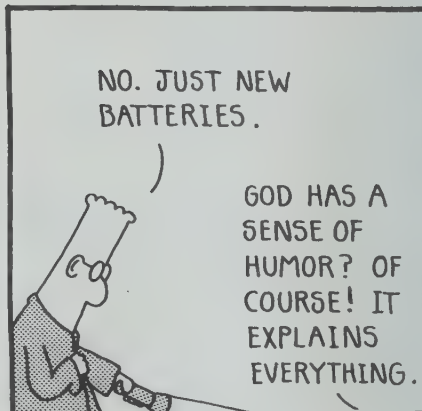
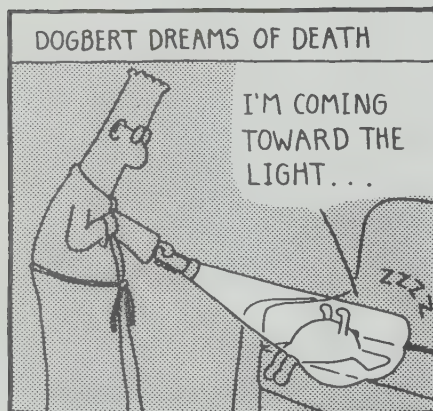
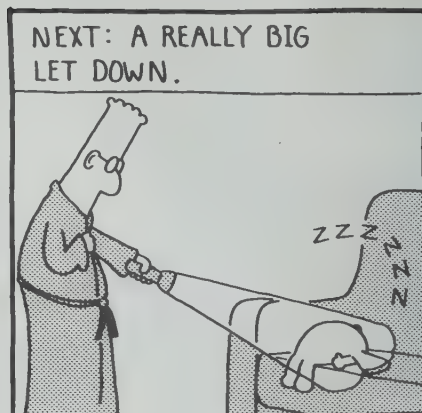


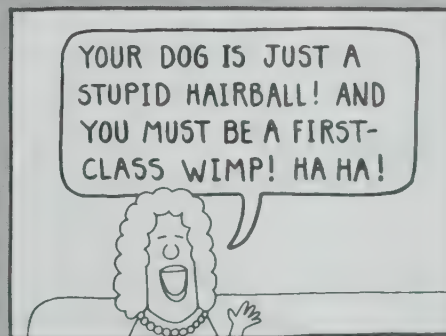
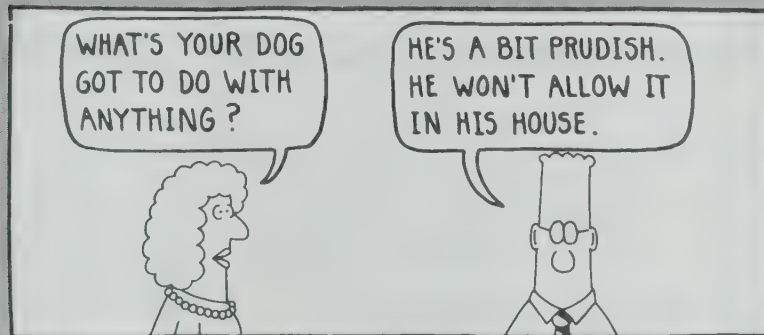
ANOTHER
FAILURE OF
THE
SPORTS
META-
PHOR.





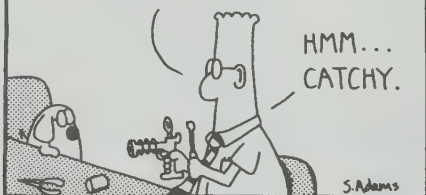






THIS COULD BE MY MOST
IMPORTANT TECHNICAL
ACHIEVEMENT YET. I'LL
CALL IT THE "SONIC
OBLITERATOR."

HMM...
CATCHY.



THIS BABY CAN
BLAST A BUFFALO
INTO RANDOM
PARTICLES IN ABOUT
HALF A NANOSECOND.



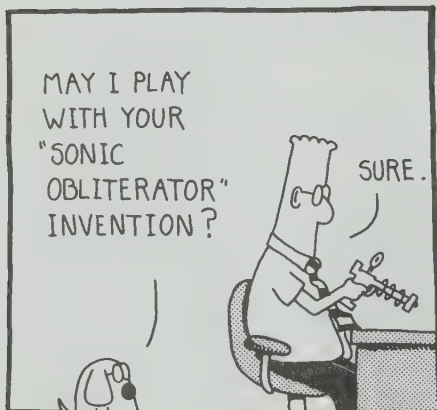
OF COURSE, IT MIGHT
HAVE LIMITED
APPLICATION AROUND
THE HOUSE.

AT LEAST THE
BUFFALOES WILL
SHOW US SOME
RESPECT.



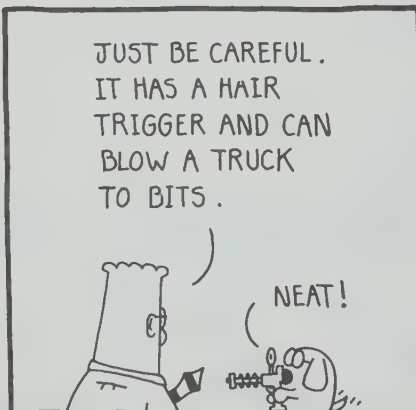
MAY I PLAY
WITH YOUR
"SONIC
OBLITERATOR"
INVENTION?

SURE.



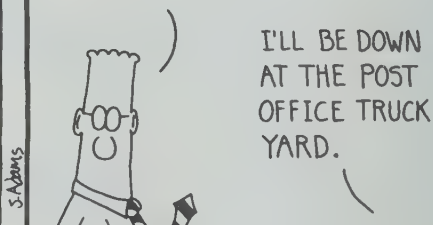
JUST BE CAREFUL.
IT HAS A HAIR
TRIGGER AND CAN
BLOW A TRUCK
TO BITS.

NEAT!

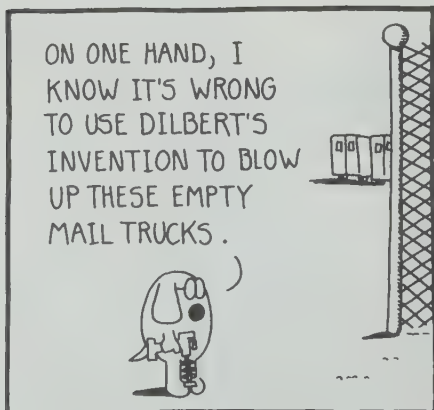


YOU HAVE TO
SHOW THEM
THAT YOU
TRUST THEM.

I'LL BE DOWN
AT THE POST
OFFICE TRUCK
YARD.



ON ONE HAND, I
KNOW IT'S WRONG
TO USE DILBERT'S
INVENTION TO BLOW
UP THESE EMPTY
MAIL TRUCKS.

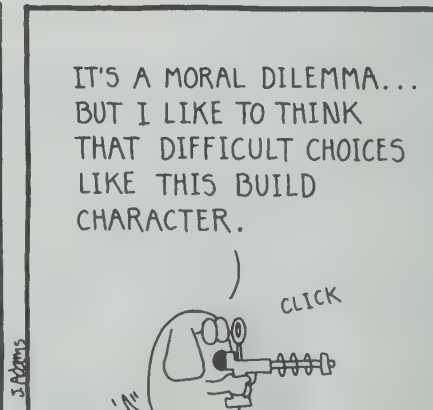


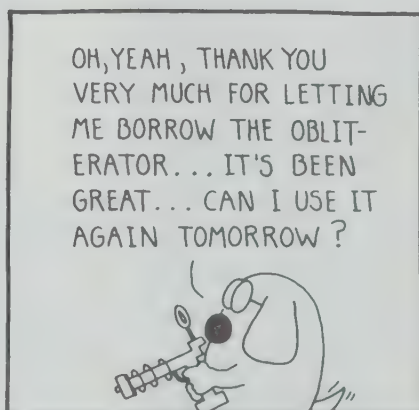
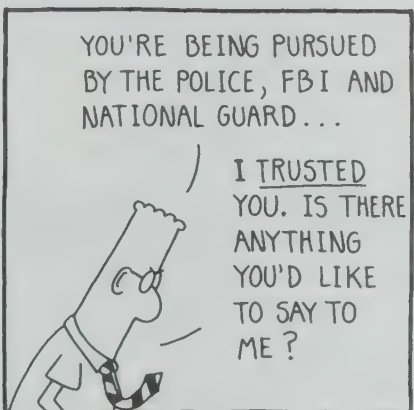
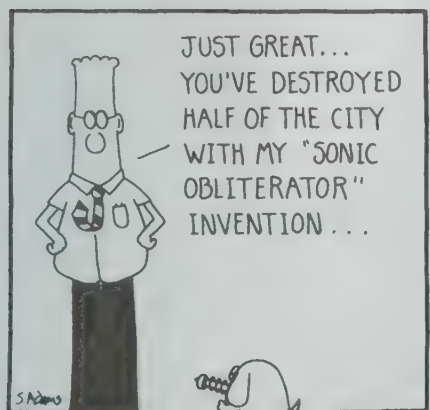
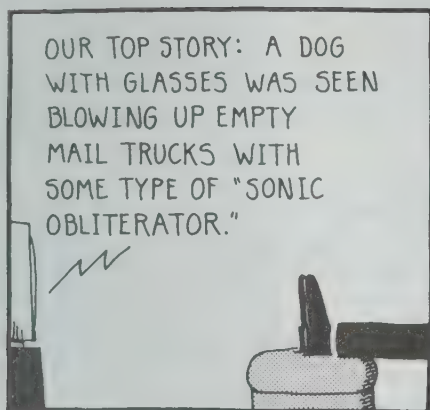
ON THE OTHER PAW,
THIS IS GONNA BE
MORE FUN THAN
SNEEZING ON
STRANGERS.

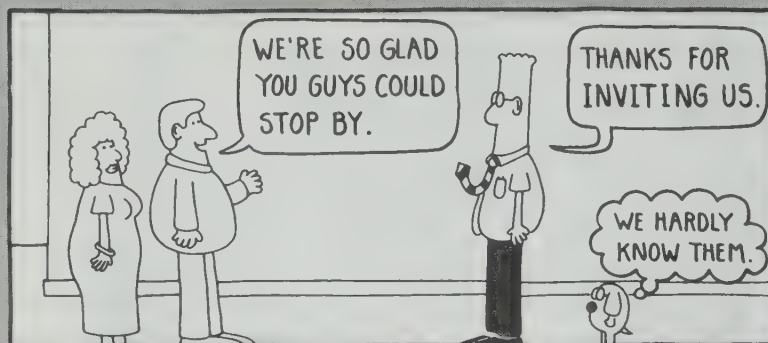


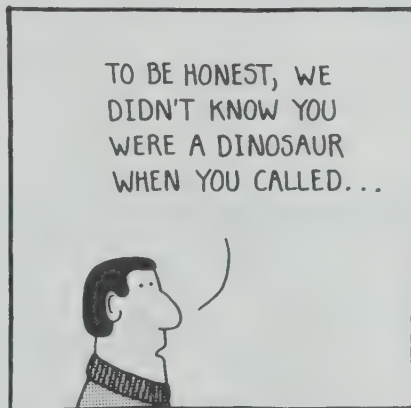
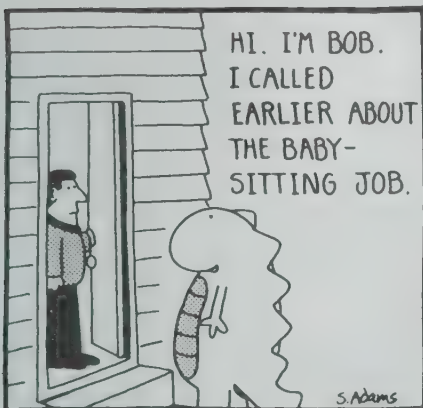
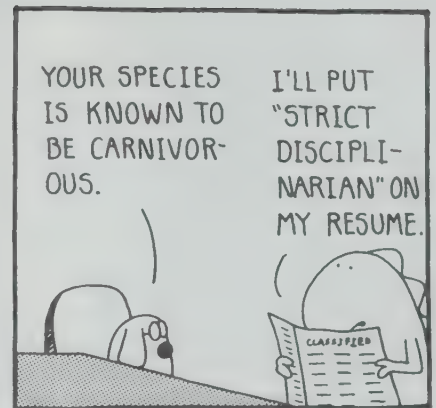
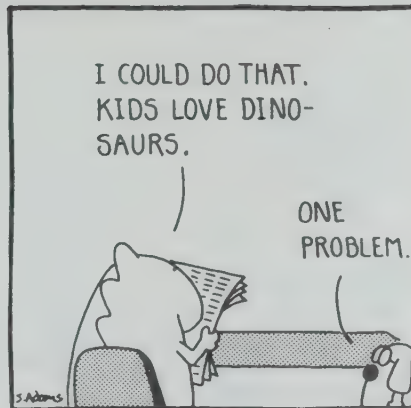
IT'S A MORAL DILEMMA...
BUT I LIKE TO THINK
THAT DIFFICULT CHOICES
LIKE THIS BUILD
CHARACTER.

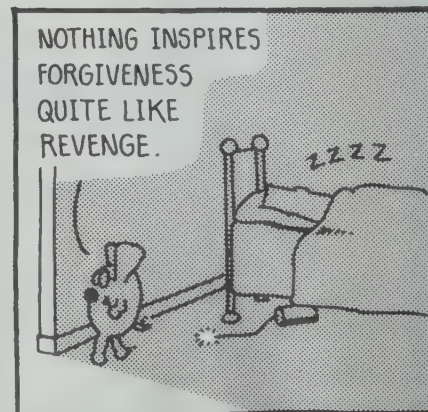
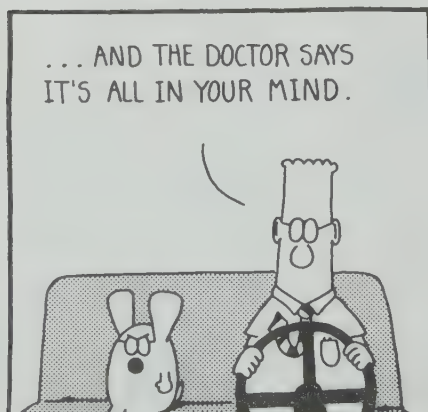
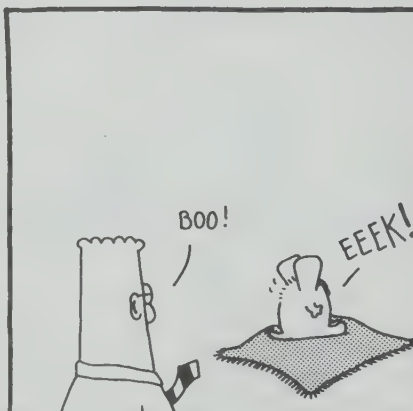
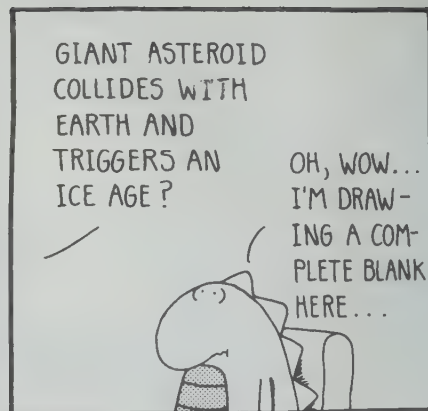
CLICK











WHAT IF
PEOPLE
HAD
TAILS ?



FIRST OF
ALL, IT
WOULD
LOOK
DARNED
SILLY

ONLY THE TRULY UNOBSERVANT WOULD LOSE AT POKER.

HE'S BLUFFING.



CONTROL...
DON'T WAG...

JURY TRIALS WOULD BE SIMPLER.



...THEN I FOUND
MY HUSBAND DEAD.



S. Adams

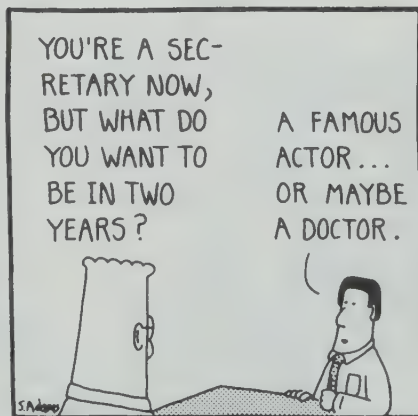
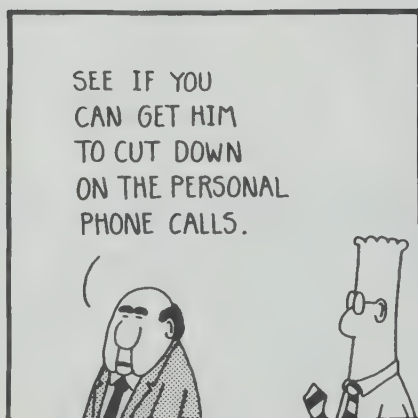
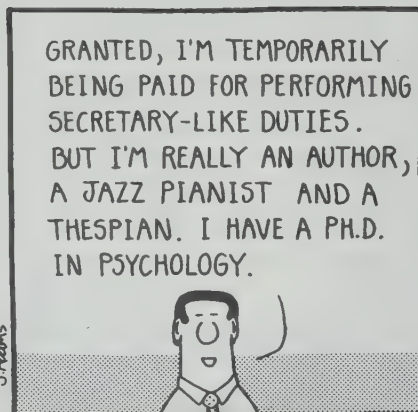
AND PARTIES WOULD BE EVEN MORE AWKWARD.

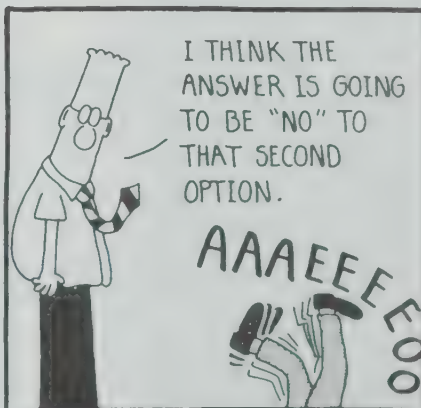
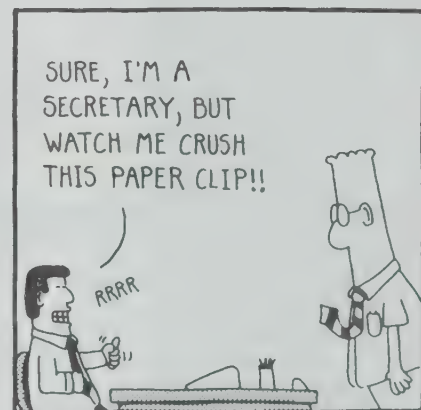
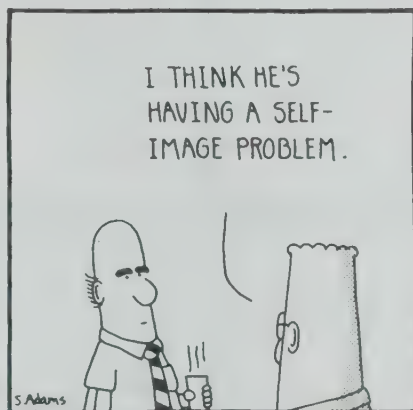
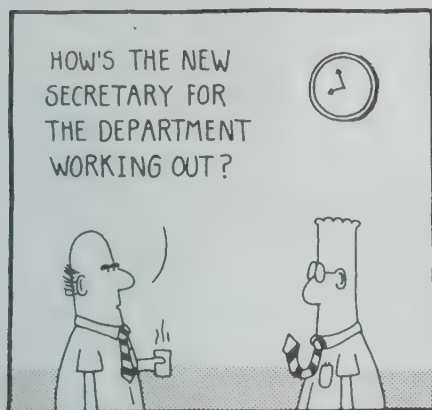
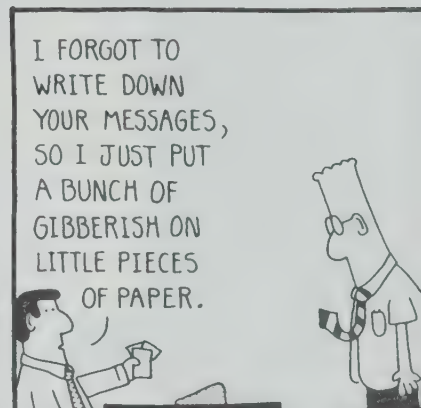
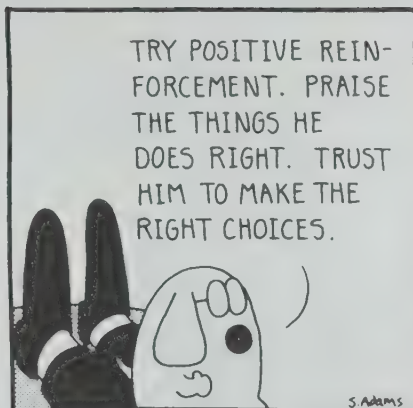
THAT'S WHEN I
LEARNED THAT IF
YOU DRIVE A PORSCHE,
YOU SHOULD NEVER
MAKE FUN OF A MAN
ON A STEAMROLLER.

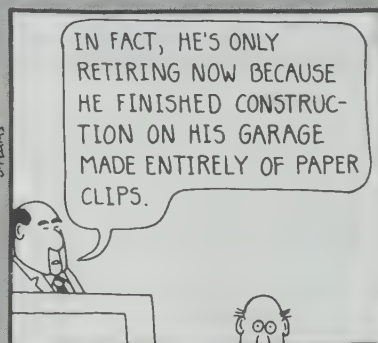
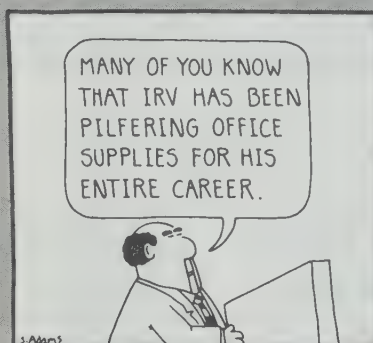


TRAGIC...
REALLY.

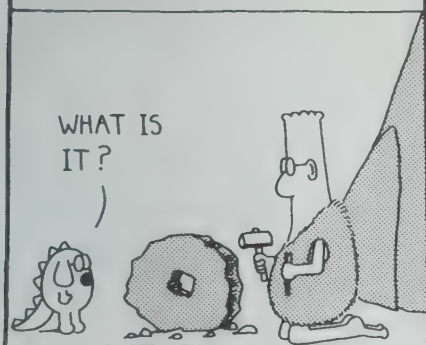




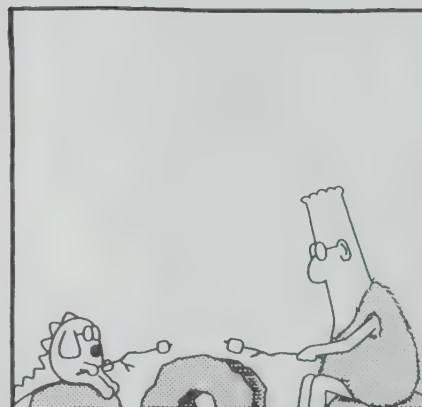
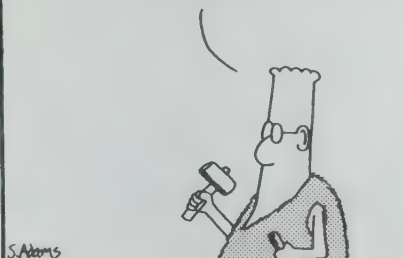




PREHISTORIC DILBERT...



I CALL IT
"THE WHEEL."



I'M FEELING
TIMID TODAY...

I FELT
TIMID
YESTERDAY
TOO...

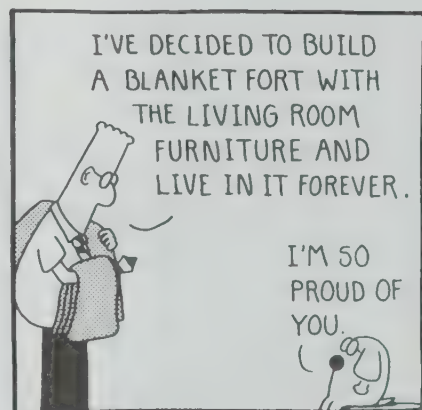


HOLY CHEESE! I MAY
BE A TIMID PERSON.

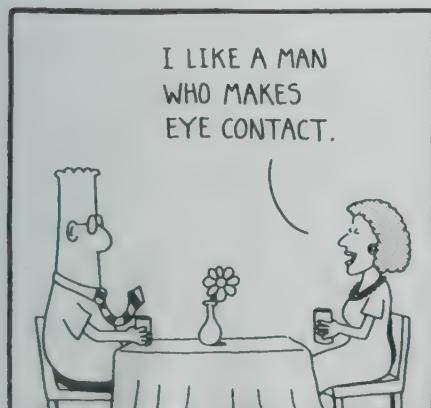


I'VE DECIDED TO BUILD
A BLANKET FORT WITH
THE LIVING ROOM
FURNITURE AND
LIVE IN IT FOREVER.

I'M SO
PROUD OF
YOU.

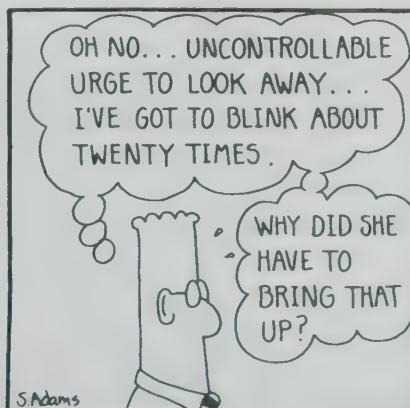


I LIKE A MAN
WHO MAKES
EYE CONTACT.



OH NO... UNCONTROLLABLE
URGE TO LOOK AWAY...
I'VE GOT TO BLINK ABOUT
TWENTY TIMES.

WHY DID SHE
HAVE TO
BRING THAT
UP?

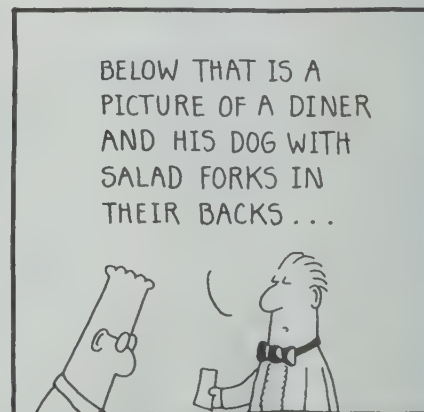
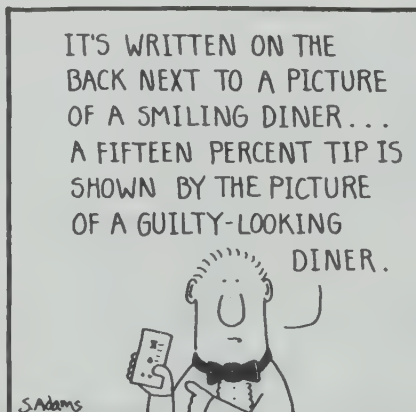
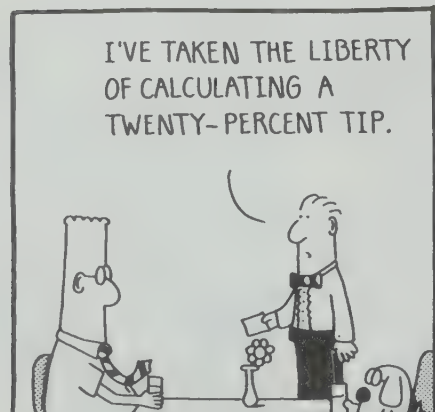
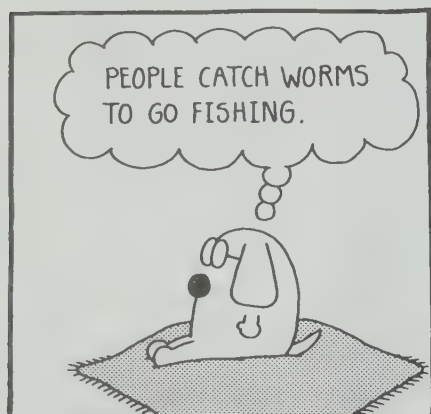
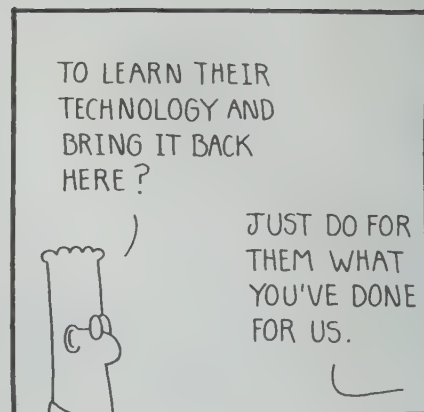
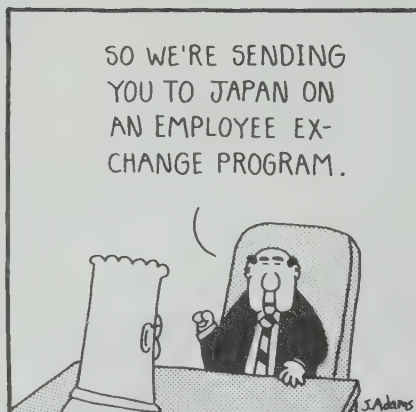
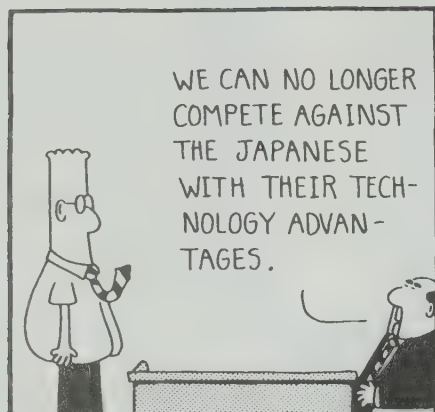


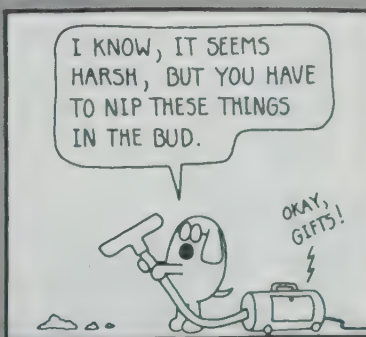
AAEEEEII!!
GASP

BLINK
BLINK
BLINK
BLINK
BLINK

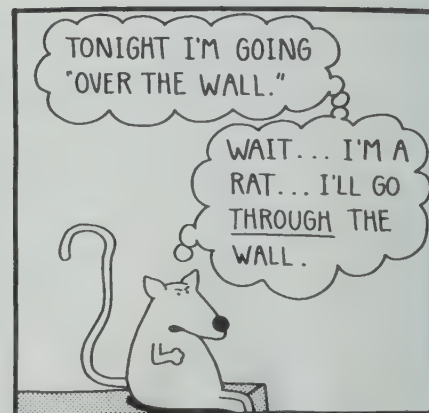
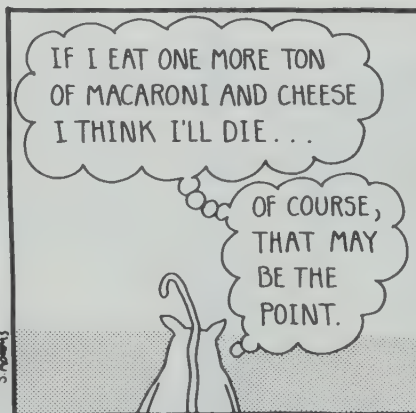
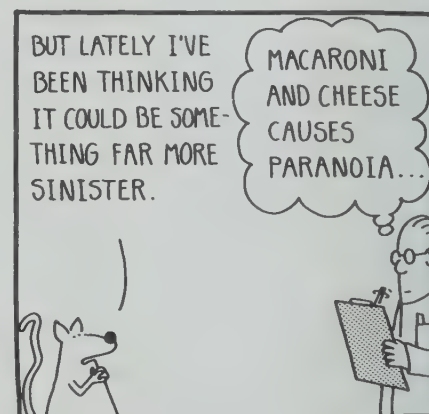
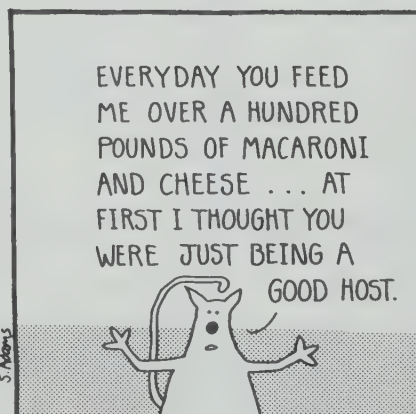
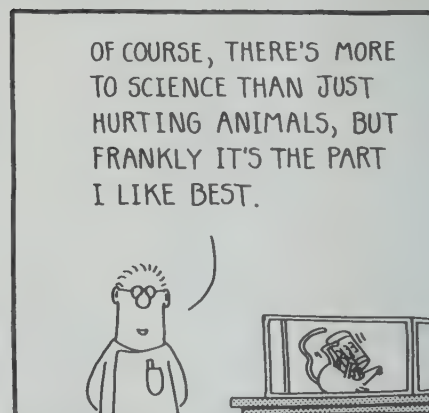
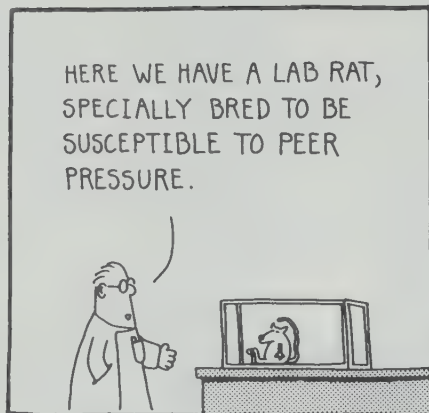
I LOVE
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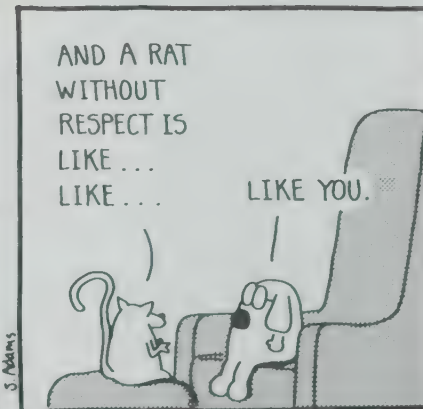
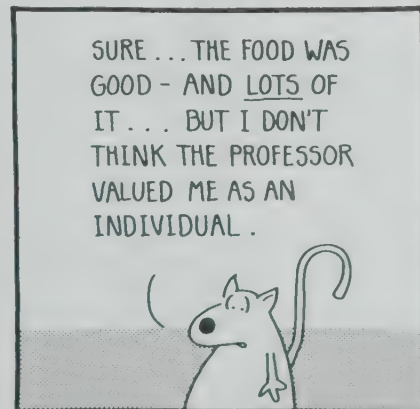
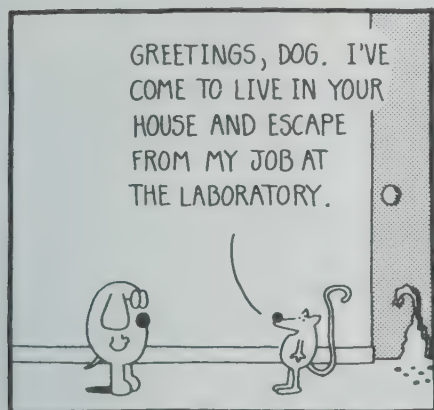
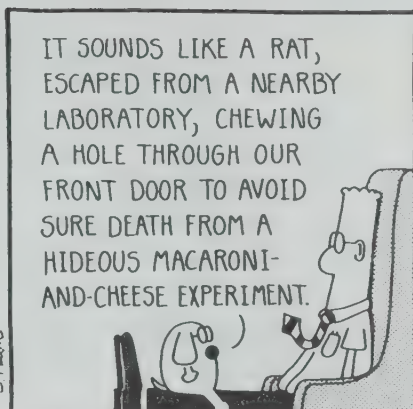
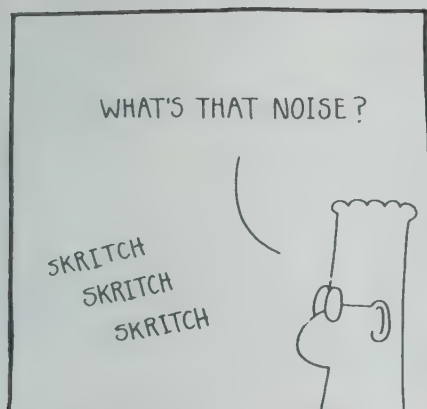




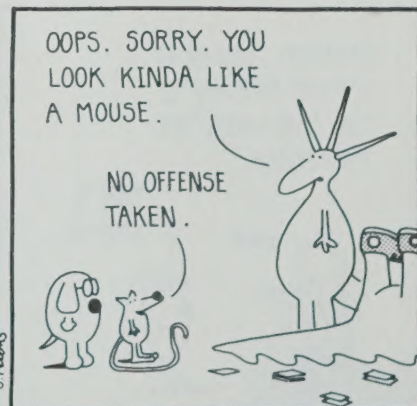
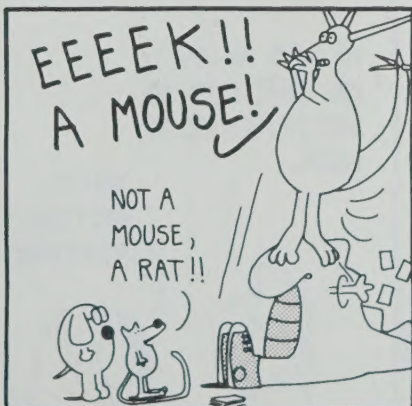
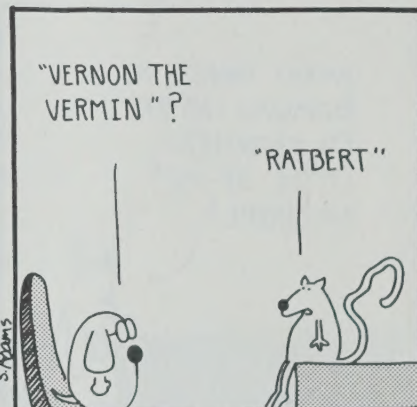
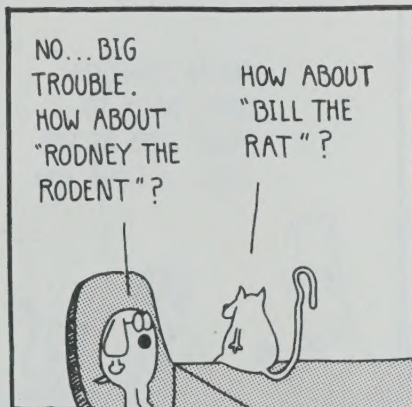
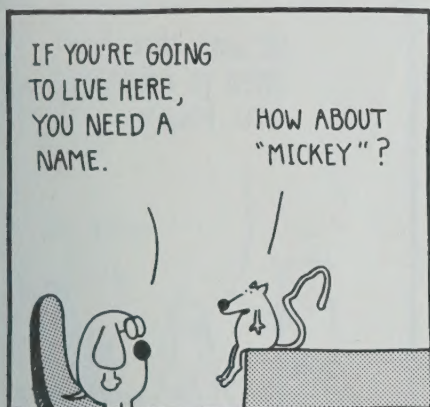
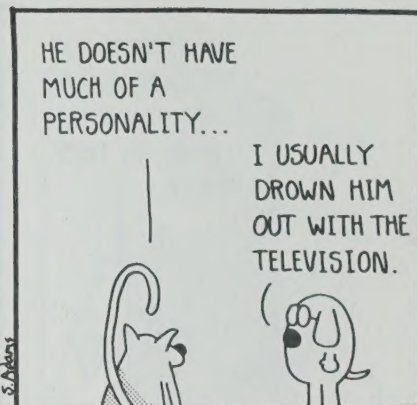
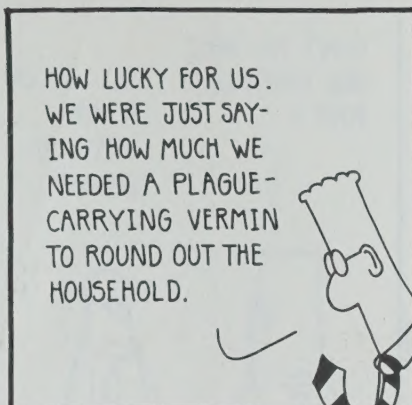
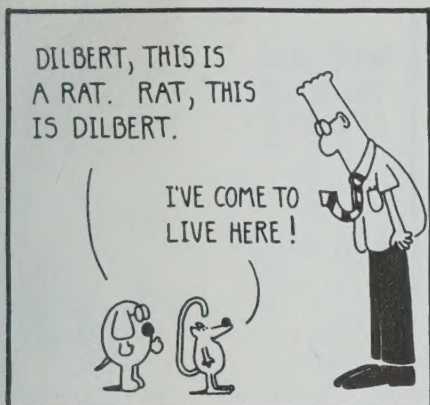


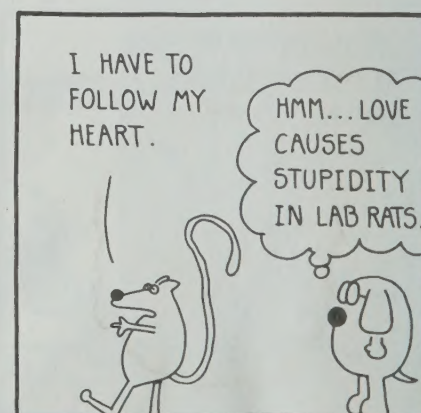
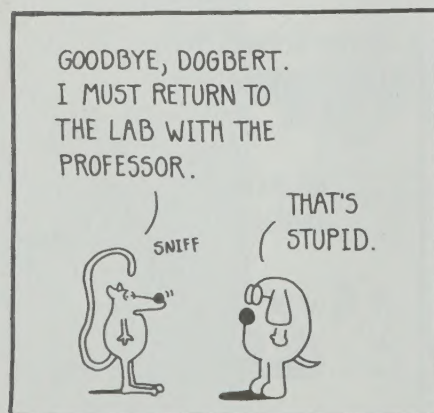
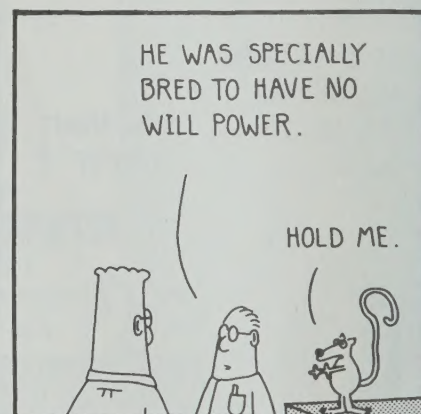
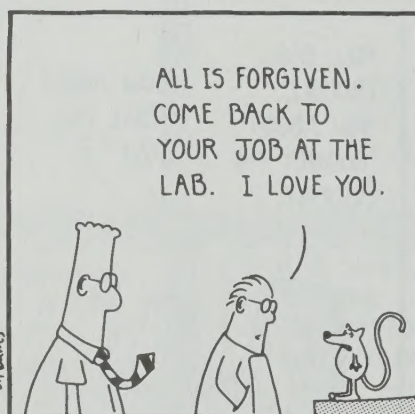
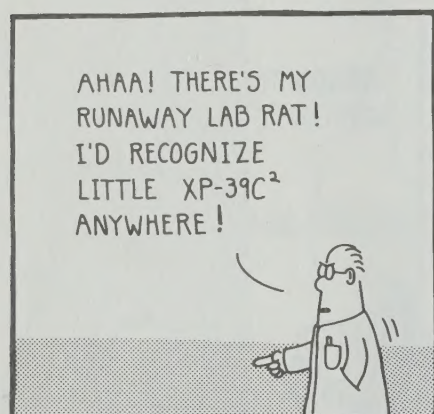
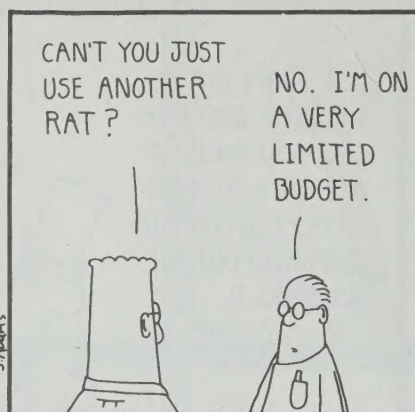
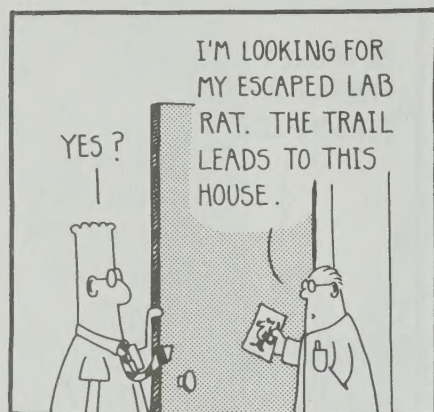
S. Adams











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For those who don't already know, Dilbert is the cartoon for the '90s. It's the classic American story of an introverted engineer and his megalomaniac dog, filled with meaningful insights (sarcasm), warm relationships (between man and computer), lofty ambitions (delusions of grandeur), and deep-down belly laughs (easily mistaken for indigestion).

Dilbert appears daily in more than 175 newspapers in North America, and, quite fittingly, is the first nationally syndicated cartoon strip to be offered by an on-line computer service (America Online). Scott Adams has been drawing Dilbert for five years, and researches his subject matter by working as an applications engineer for a California telecommunications corporation. ***Shave the Whales*** is the fourth Dilbert collection.

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