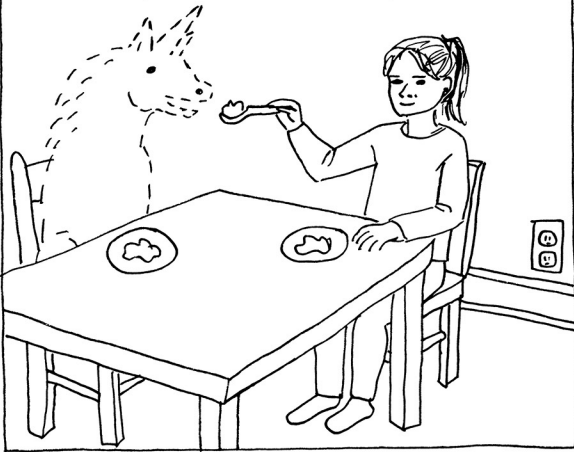


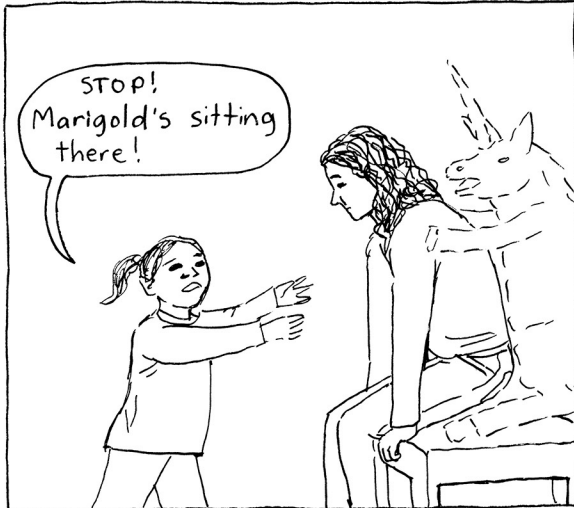
I'm annoyed by imaginary friends.



Logically, I think they're fine. I'm in favor of a free plaything that doesn't make a mess.



STOP!
Marigold's sitting
there!



A nice adult would play along.

Pardon me.



But I see it as an inconvenience -
even a burden.

You can tell your
little "friend" to get
out of my chair.

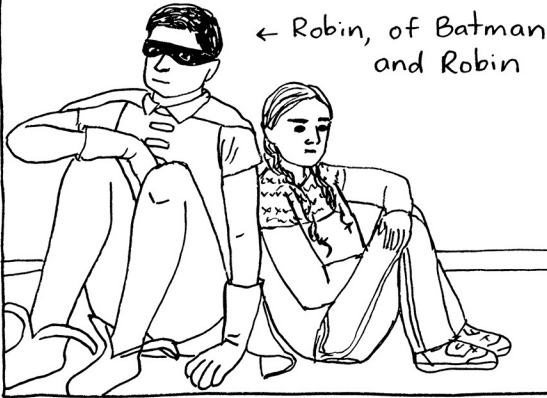


It seems to be a way for a child
to gain power. They can "see" and
"hear" something I can't.

It's not nice
to tell secrets.



For a brief time I had an imaginary friend of my own.



He didn't keep me company though. He was just a scapegoat.

Can you please be more careful?

It was Robin.



Imaginary friends are hard to share.

Hi Marigold. What can I get you to eat?

Mom, she's over there.



It's fine to have imaginary friends. Just do it when you're alone - away from me.



Mom, you should have one too. What kind of animal do you want?

I don't want one.



Fine. Mine's a bat.

Great! What's their name?

Jesus.



