



dedicated  
to...

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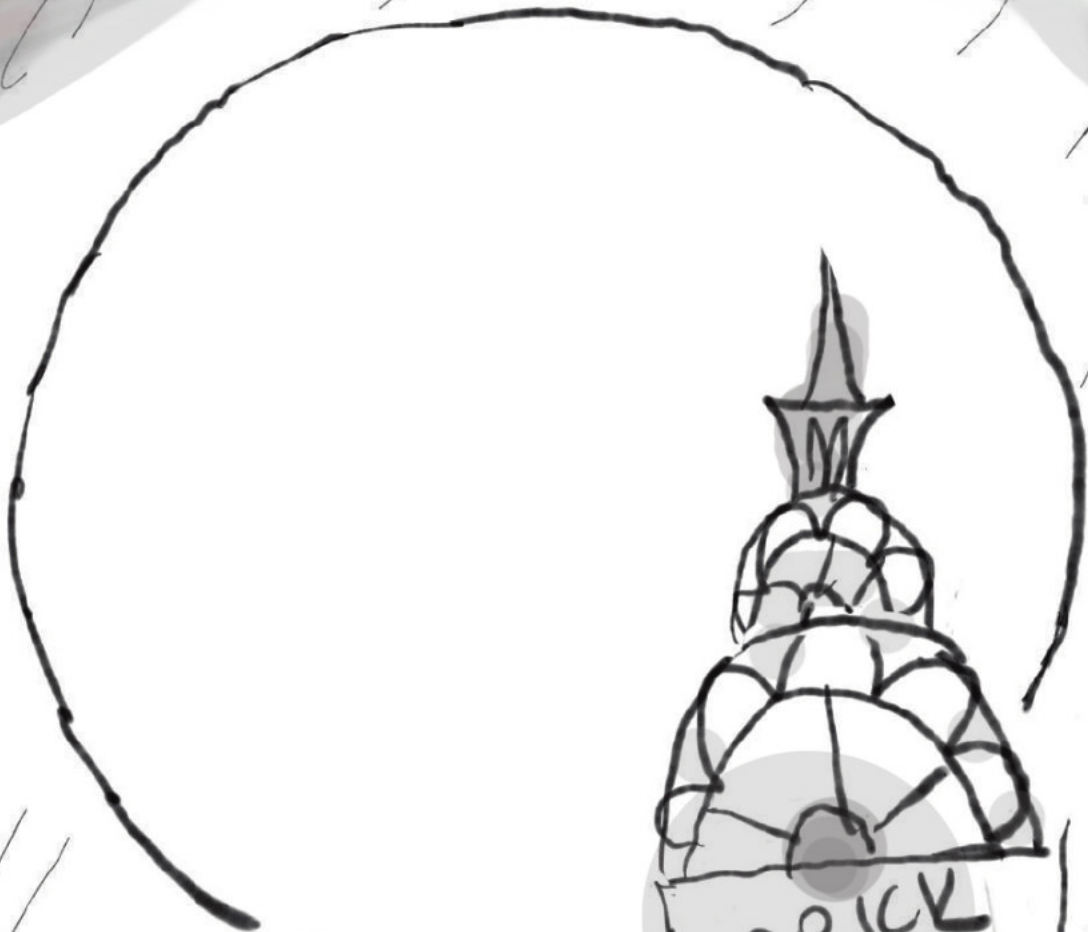


THE DIARY OF DR. KNUCKLE  
A Fractured Scary Tale  
by Vicky Rubin

There was a full moon in Got Ham City.



There was a full moon in Got Ham City.



GAIN WEIGHT

BRICK HOUSE

Insurance  
&  
Casualty





I was in my lab, working on cures to save swinekind, when Nurse Hocks said on the intercom, “Dr. Knuckle, the benefit gala at Hogswood Hospital is starting soon, and you’re Guest of Honor!”



I groaned. It meant giving a speech. I had all the charisma of wilted cabbage. I dreaded the dancing--I had four left hooves. I was a bore, an egghead, a clumsy, waddling wallflower.



Inspiration hit! I would make a potion to give me confidence.. For pep in my step, I added a nano-smidgen of wolf dander. If only I had known ...



Then ...

My pants, suddenly loose, dropped to the floor. There was fur on my shank—but it wasn't mine!

Something had gone terribly wrong! I was no longer Cornelius P. Knuckle, General Porktitioner, but a wolf, a pig's worst enemy!

## SYMPTOMS

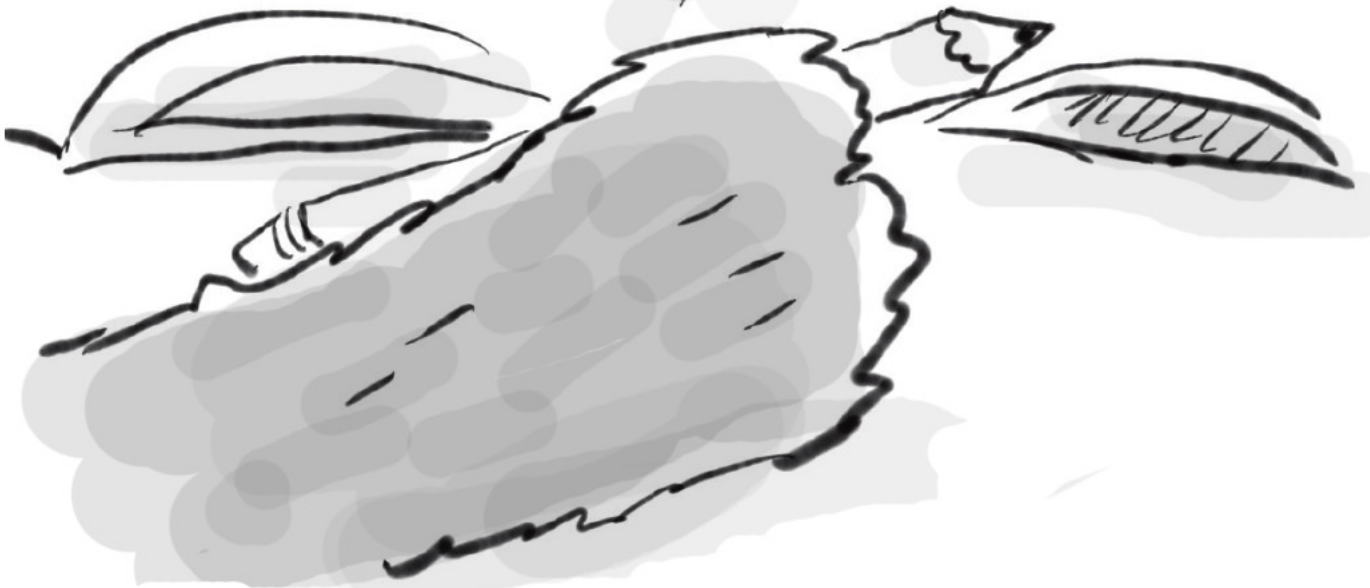
- Cold, pointy snout with Super sniffing power
- Claws that could cut through brick
- Eyes that could find a needle in a haystack
- Excessive chinny-chin hair
- **HUNGRY LIKE A WOLF**

## DIAGNOSIS

Pigitis Wolfitis  
Extremis\*\*  
\*\* Acute!!

## CURE

WISH I  
KNEW!



I scribbled some lab notes.



I searched for an antidote. But I was starving!

“WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH DR. KNUCKLE?” squealed Nurse Hocks.

“I’m--I--” *She would taste great with sauerkraut*, I thought.



No! I had to run before I did something rash.



NO  
LOITERING

10.  
W.  
REF



The streets were filled with walking hot dogs and giggling pepperoni sticks. *I'm a pig, a swine, a hog!*



I was in a new part of town. Smelling a musky, homey scent, I followed my nose down a dark alley.

*Wolves! Real ones! Scary ones! A grinning one!*

“Welcome, brother wolf. I’m Lara, leader of the pack. And you?”

I wished I could hide. “I’m--Mr. Hide.”

“Howling time. Let’s climb!” said Lara.



They howled. I snorted. "Allergies," I stammered.





None of the pigs will ever believe this.



Being a wolf was my wildest dream come true. I could stay up as late as I wanted. I could do whatever I wanted!

INVADER  
GOT HAM  
CITY 7 PM  
Dinner 8 PM  
dessert 8:30

I was having a good time. Too good. I didn't see the writing on the wall.



“Party at Hogswood Hospital,” Lara announced. “And we’re invited--for ham!”

“With coleslaw?” I asked.



We raced to Got Ham City.  
There were the porkers, like sitting ducks! I had  
never realized the foolishness of pigs.  
Their earthy aroma rejuvenated my ravenous hunger.  
We leaped.



The chase was on! A most succulent pig was aiding the others. Where had I seen her before? No matter. I was about to dine on this swine.



As I looked into her small, round eyes, it all came back to me. I had been a pig. But what was I now?

I didn't like fighting. I liked studying. And a warm cup of slops at bedtime. Wolves had no bedtime. I was not Mr. Hide, a wolf. I was Dr. Knuckle, a pig, and I had to save the pigs!



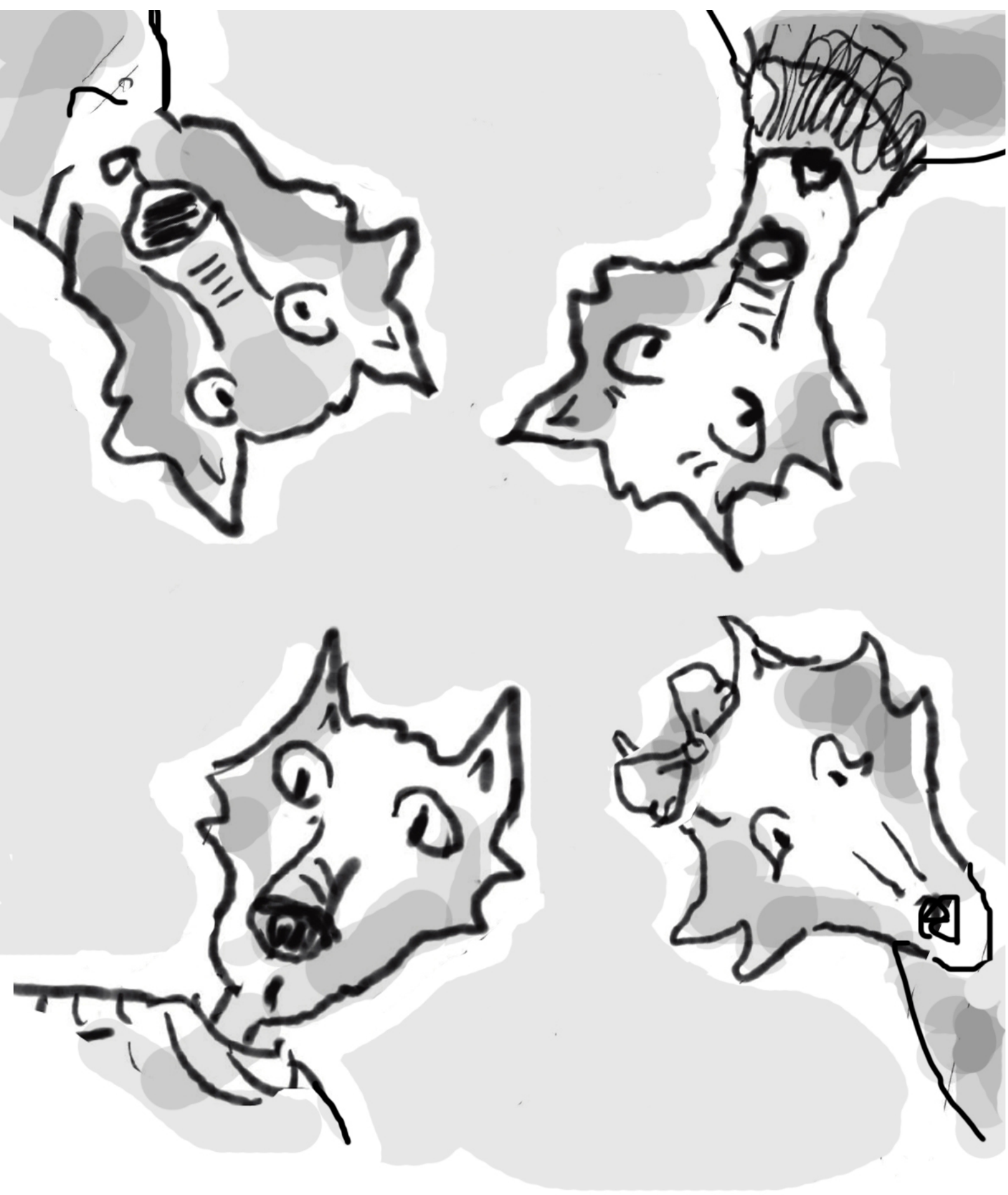
Arooo



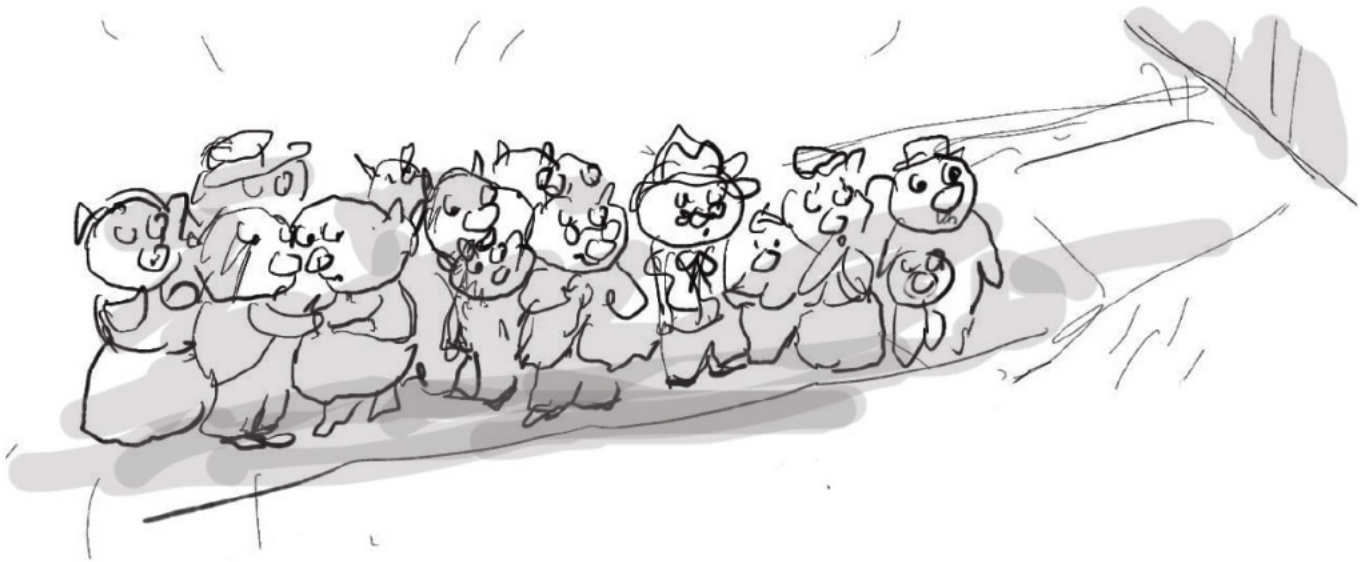
oiiiiinnnk



I hurled myself at the wolves. AARROO-  
OOIIIINNNK! I was a pig again!



A pig surrounded by wolves.



“Mr. Hide,” said Lara. “You look sick!”

Nurse Hocks thought fast. “He took one bite, and now look at him. We pigs are unsafe for consumption!”

The wolves froze. “But we’re *hungry*,” said Lara.

“Cabbage stew?” I offered.

“Fat chance.”

They had just tried to eat US, but who could blame them? We’re delicious.



Inspiration struck! “Nurse--to the lab!”



Using corn, modern science, and a dozen herbs and spices, we created artificial pork-flavored veggie chops.



“Tastes like the real thing!” said the wolves.  
I shuddered.



Nurse Hocks and I bandaged scratched snouts and soothed sore paws.



We all sat down for supper.

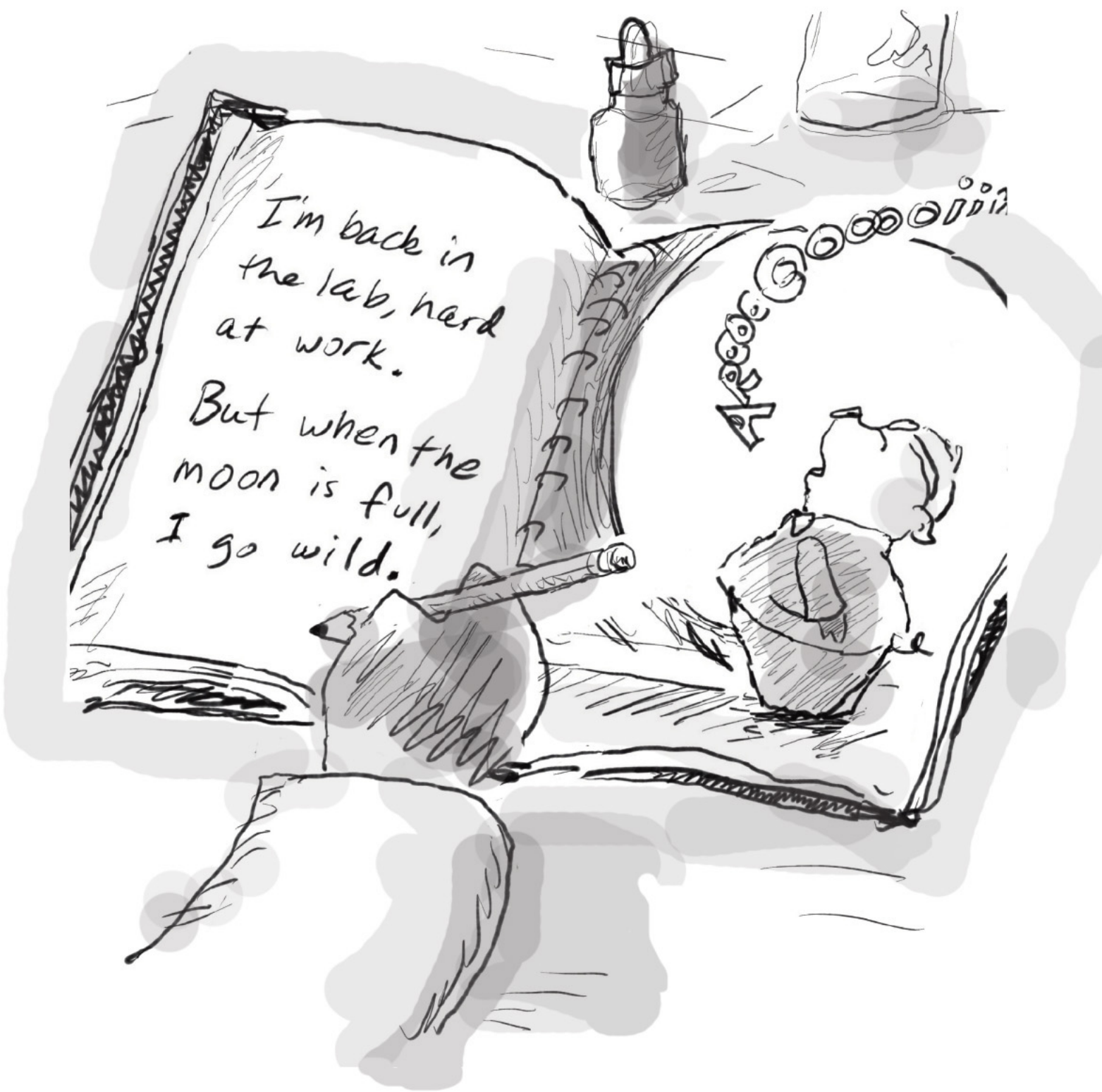


Instead of my prepared speech on the health benefits of mud baths, I spoke about my evening. "Be yourself. Whenever possible," I concluded. "And, eat your veggies." I got a stomping ovation!



“Let's dance!” I said.

“Why, Dr. Knuckle,” said Nurse Hocks. “You're a great hoofer!”



I'm back in the lab, hard at work.  
But when the moon is full, I go wild.