

# SIR DAD



Written & illustrated by  
**LOUIS DECREVEL**

Decrevel

SIR DAD



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AND THE  
SMELLY BABYPANTS

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The most extraordinary thing in the world  
is an ordinary man  
and an ordinary woman  
and their ordinary children.

— G.K. Chesterton

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## SIR DAD and the SMELLY BABYPANTS

Based on a true story

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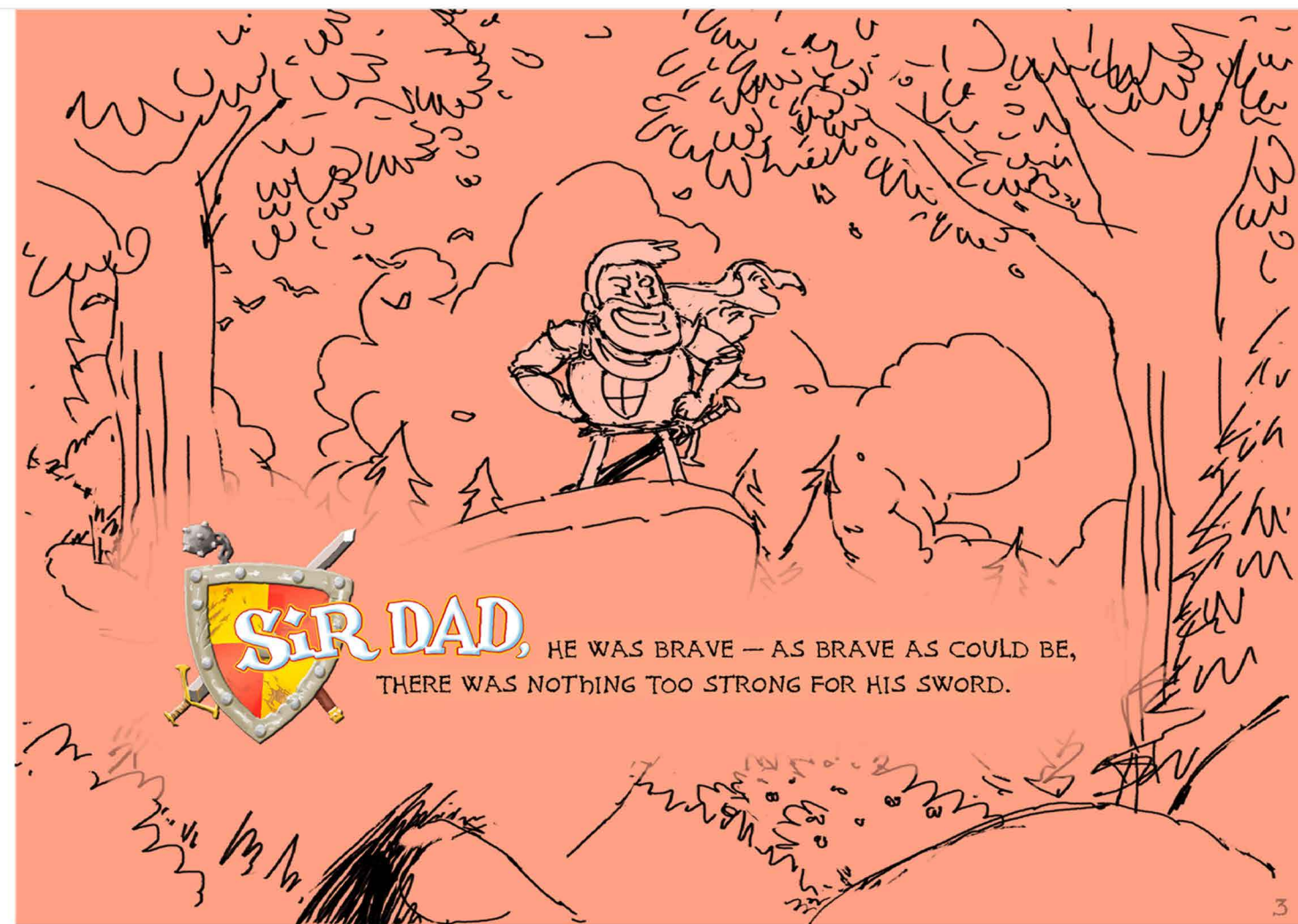
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HE WAS NOT AFRAID OF THE THING IN THE SWAMP,



OR SCARED OF THE  
SKELETON HORDE.





WHEN EACH DAY WAS OVER,  
SIR DAD JOURNEYED HOME,



AND GREETED HIS WIFE WITH ROMANCE.



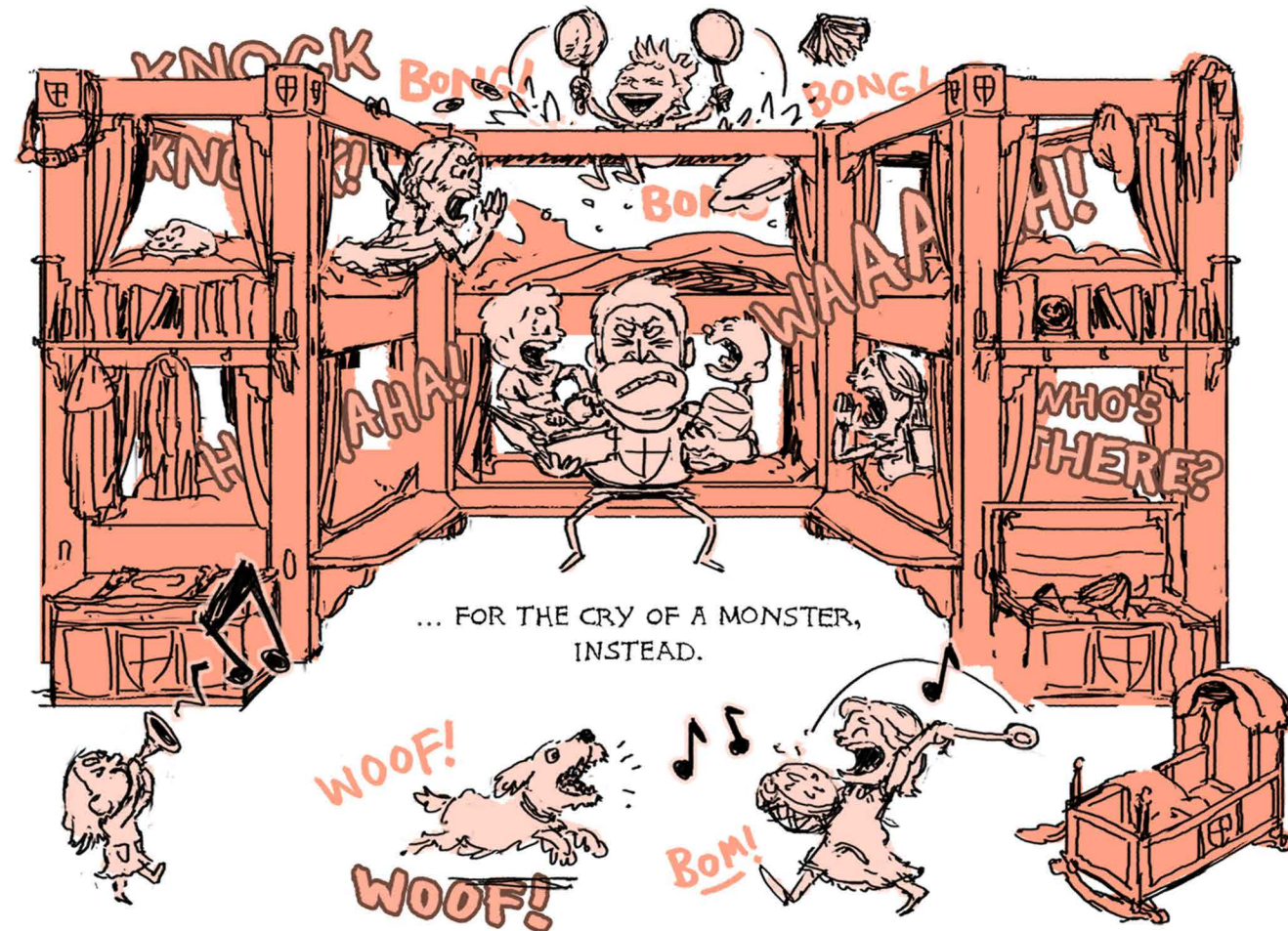
BUT HERE WAS A THING THAT  
JUST *TERRIFIED* HIM ...

THE *SMELL* OF THEIR NEW BABY'S *PANTS*.



HIS KIDS COULDN'T WAIT FOR THEIR HERO'S RETURN,  
THEY RAVED WHEN HE PUT THEM TO BED.

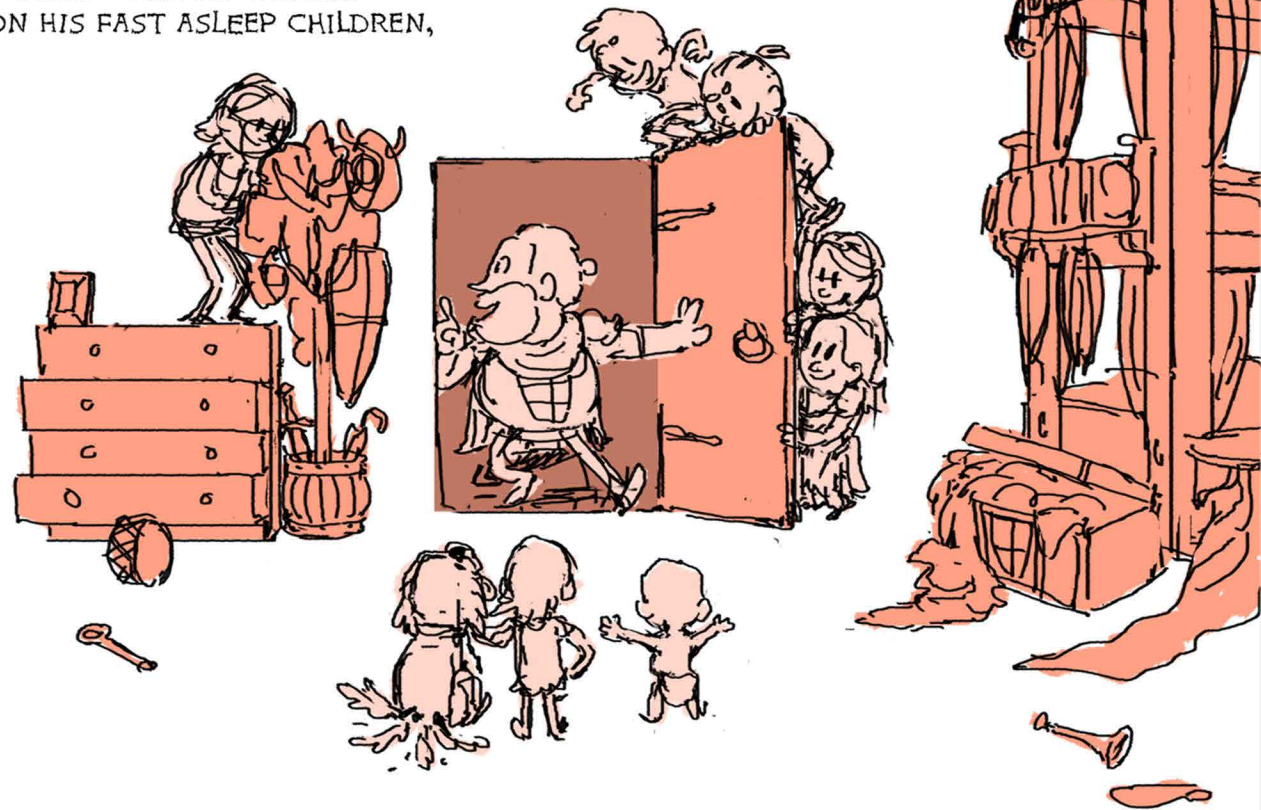
OH, HOW HE LONGED  
FOR THE SOUNDS OF THE HUNT ...



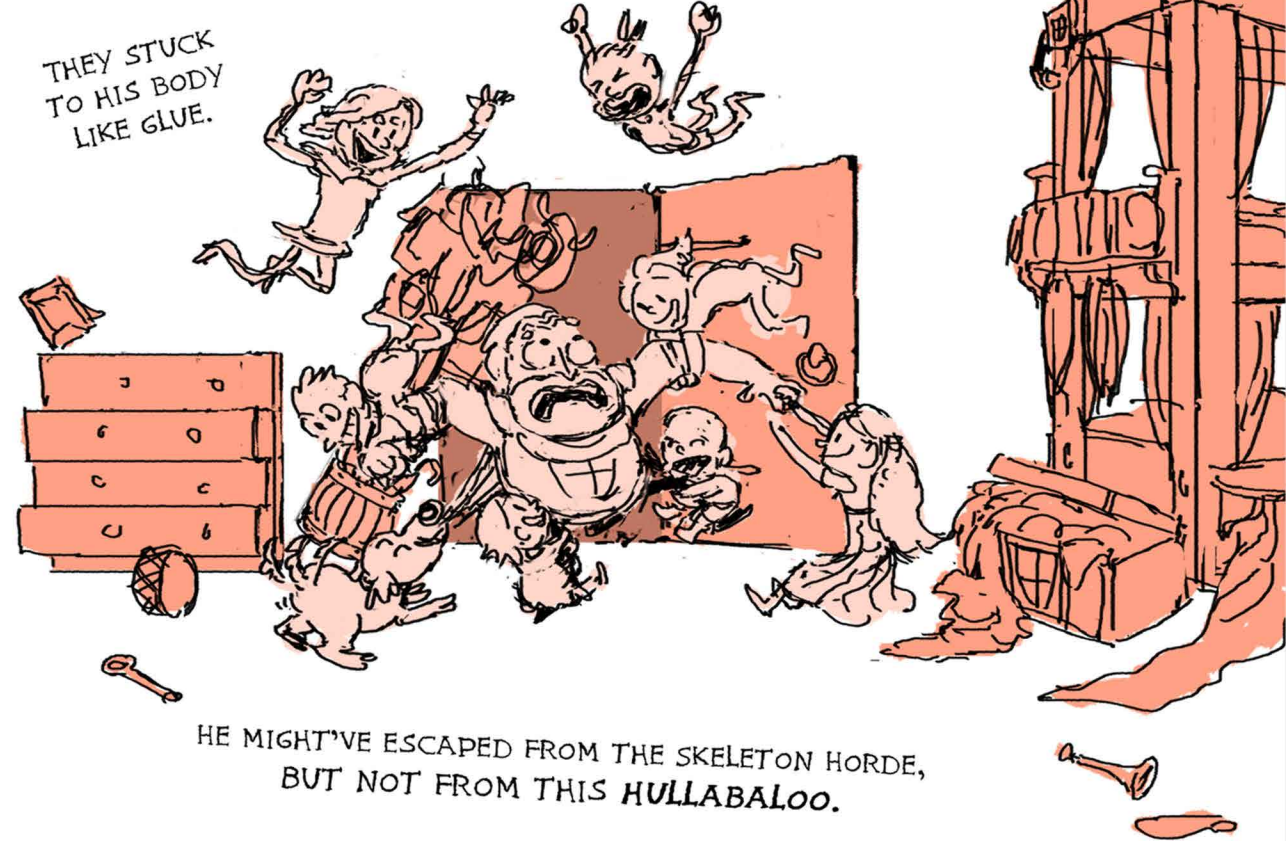
... FOR THE CRY OF A MONSTER,  
INSTEAD.



AND **THEN** WHEN HE CHECKED  
ON HIS FAST ASLEEP CHILDREN,



THEY STUCK  
TO HIS BODY  
LIKE GLUE.

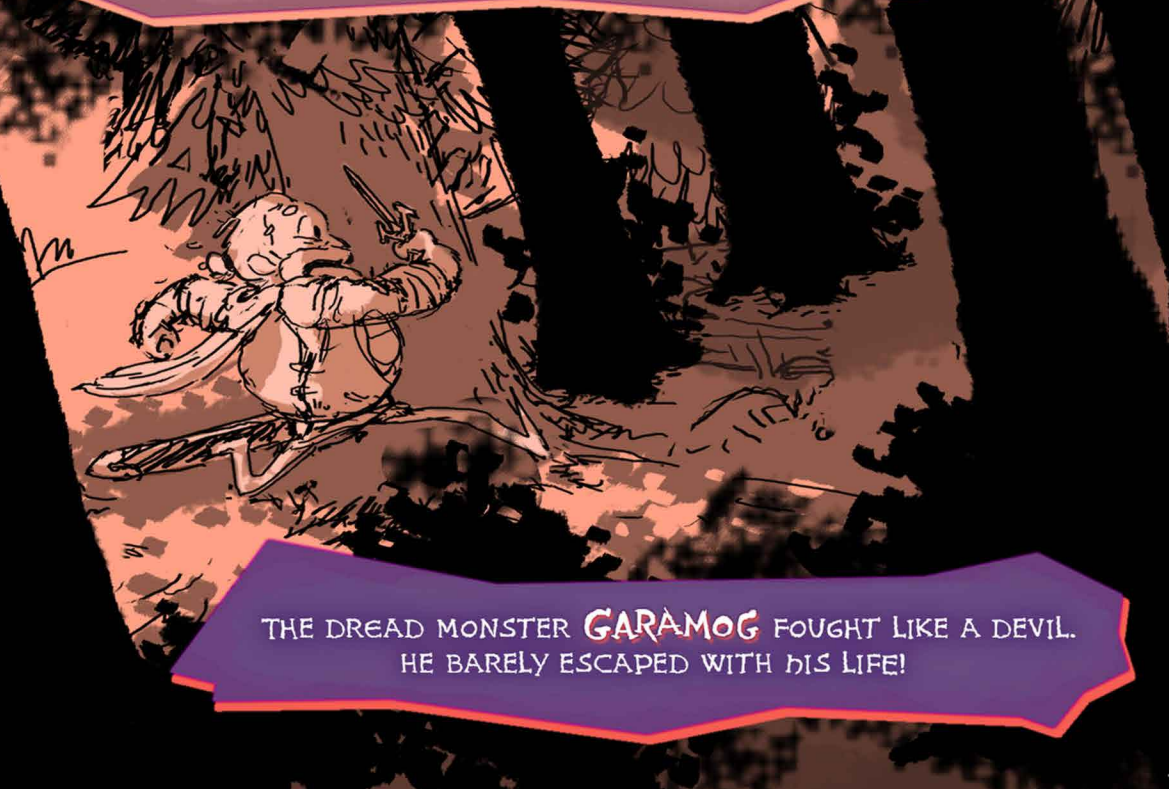


HE MIGHT'VE ESCAPED FROM THE SKELETON HORDE,  
BUT NOT FROM THIS **HULLABALOO**.





THEN ONE DAY SIR DAD MET A BLOOD-CURDLING BEAST.  
ITS CLAWS WERE AS SHARP AS A KNIFE.



THE DREAD MONSTER **GARAMOG** FOUGHT LIKE A DEVIL.  
HE BARELY ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE!





HE WAS IN A TIGHT SPOT  
AS HE WATCHED IT GO PAST.  
"THIS THING DESTROYS  
ALL THAT IT TOUCHES!"



BUT HIS HEART NEARLY QUIT  
WHEN THE TRACKS LED HIM HOME!  
NOW IT HAD LADY MUM  
IN ITS CLUTCHES!

THIS WAS IT. HE WAS LEFT  
ALL ALONE WITH HIS FEARS.  
"CHILDREN," HE HEARD  
HIMSELF GRUNTING.



"FETCH MY CHAINMAIL AND  
THE SPIKY-BALL FLAIL."

FOR THIS TIME WE'RE  
ALL GOING HUNTING."



THEY HUNTED FOR EVERYONE'S SHOES AND THEIR COATS,  
WHICH TOOK THE BEST PART OF AN HOUR.



THEN FOLLOWED THE GARAMOG'S TRACKS IN THE SNOW.  
SIR DAD FELT A DRAIN IN HIS POWER.







EXHAUSTED, THEY CAME TO  
THE GARAMOG'S LAIR.

SIR DAD TOLD HIS CHILDREN TO HIDE.  
"STAY HERE," HE IMploRED,  
"DOWNWIND—NOT A PEEP."

THEN CREPT DOWN  
TO RESCUE HIS BRIDE.



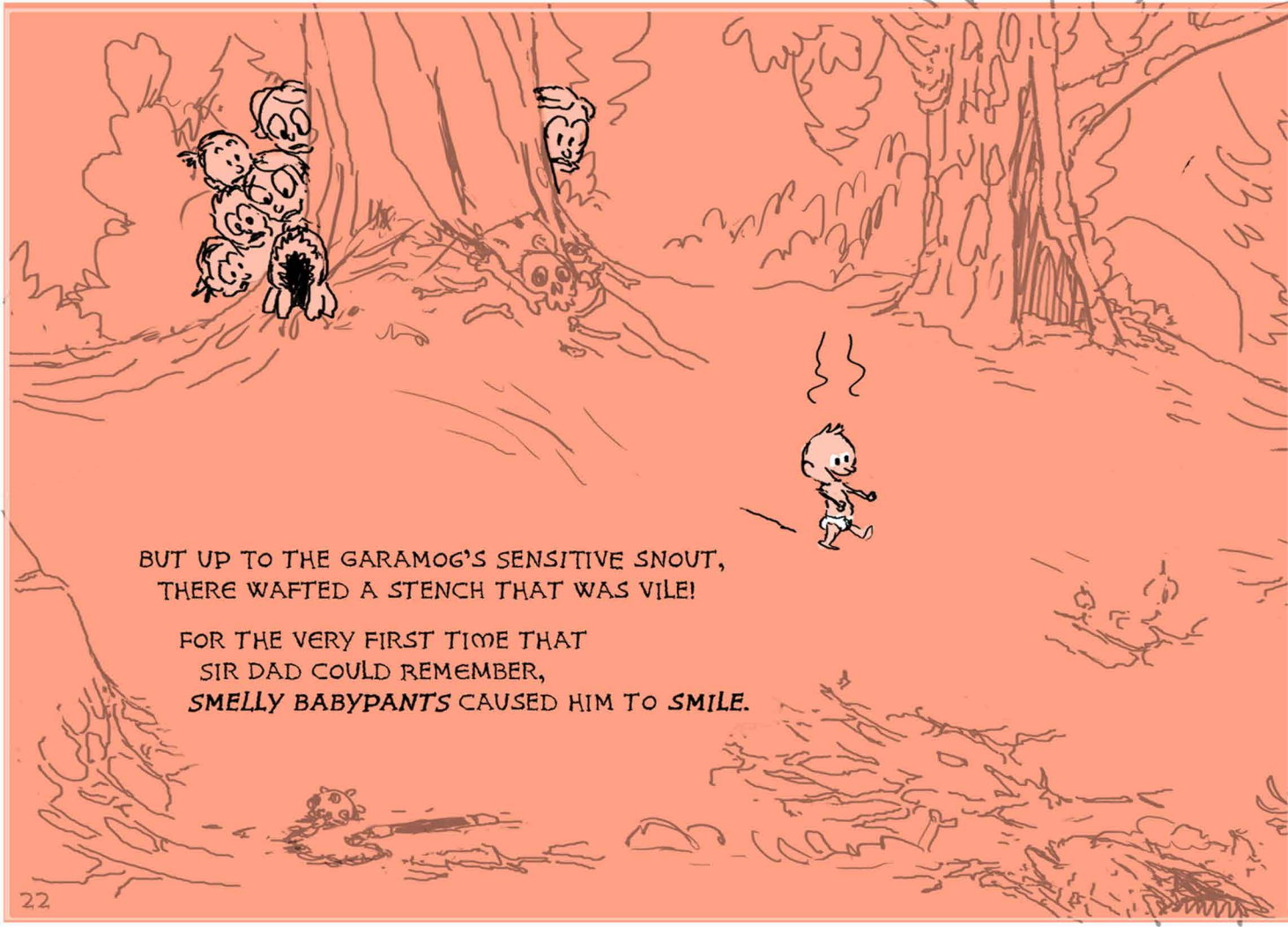
BUT THE GARAMOG'S HEARING WAS SIMPLY TOO SHARP,  
AND ITS SHREWD SENSE OF SMELL WAS TOO KEEN;  
IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, SIR DAD WAS UNDONE,  
THE BEAST MOVED TOO FAST TO BE SEEN.

ALL IS LOST, THOUGHT SIR DAD, IN UTTER DESPAIR.  
NOT THE ROARINGEST WARRIOR COULD BEAT IT.  
AND HIS WHOLE WORLD CLOSED IN AS HE LET THE THING WIN.

SIR DAD HAD AT LAST BEEN DEFEATED.

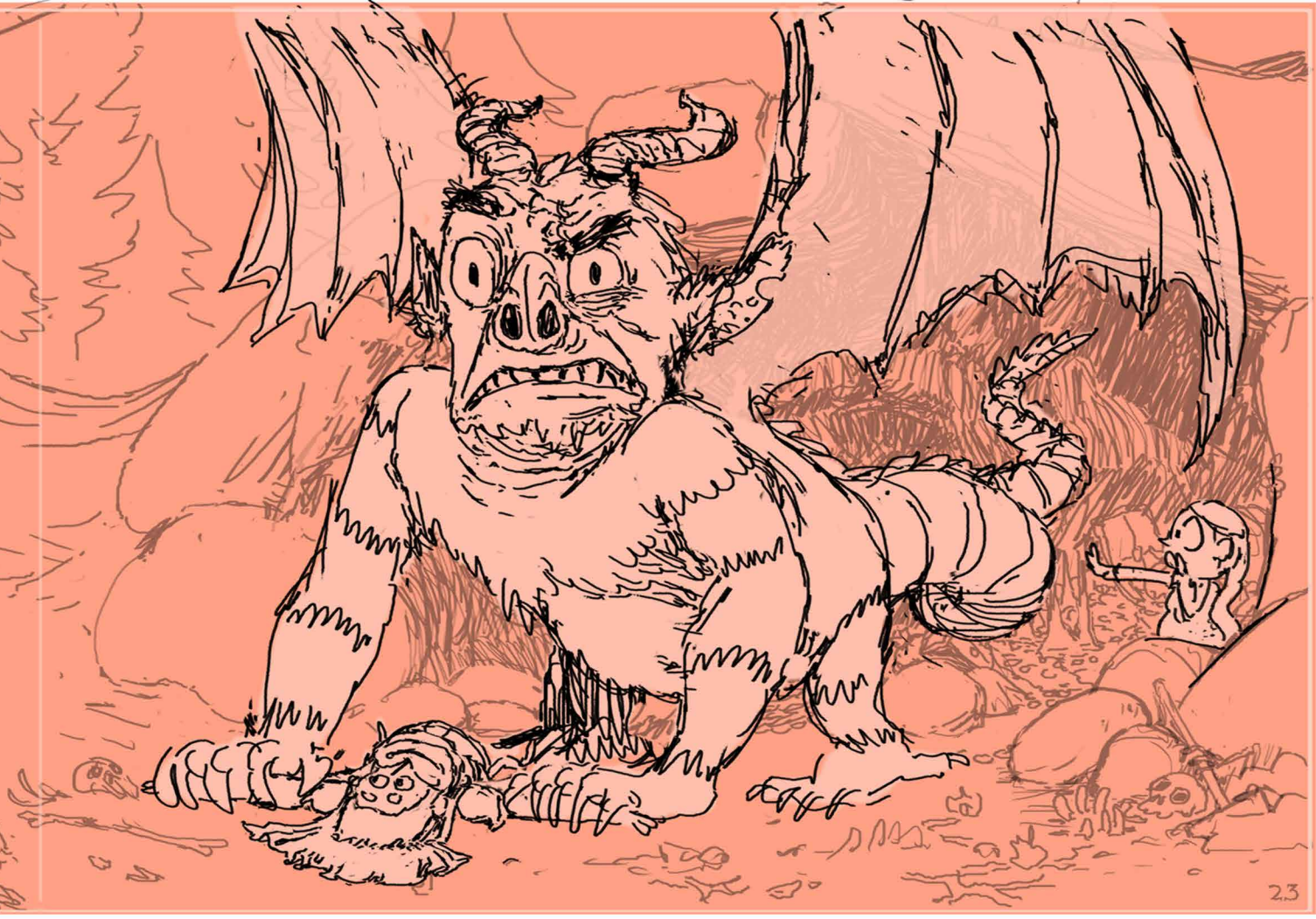






BUT UP TO THE GARAMOG'S SENSITIVE SNOUT,  
THERE WASTED A STENCH THAT WAS VILE!

FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME THAT  
SIR DAD COULD REMEMBER,  
**SMELLY BABYPANTS** CAUSED HIM TO **SMILE**.





CHARGE!

BONG!

BONG!

WOOF WOOF

AARGH!

AAAAA!

YAAAH!

GRRR!

yoo! oo! oo!

RAAAH!

AAAAA  
AARRR!

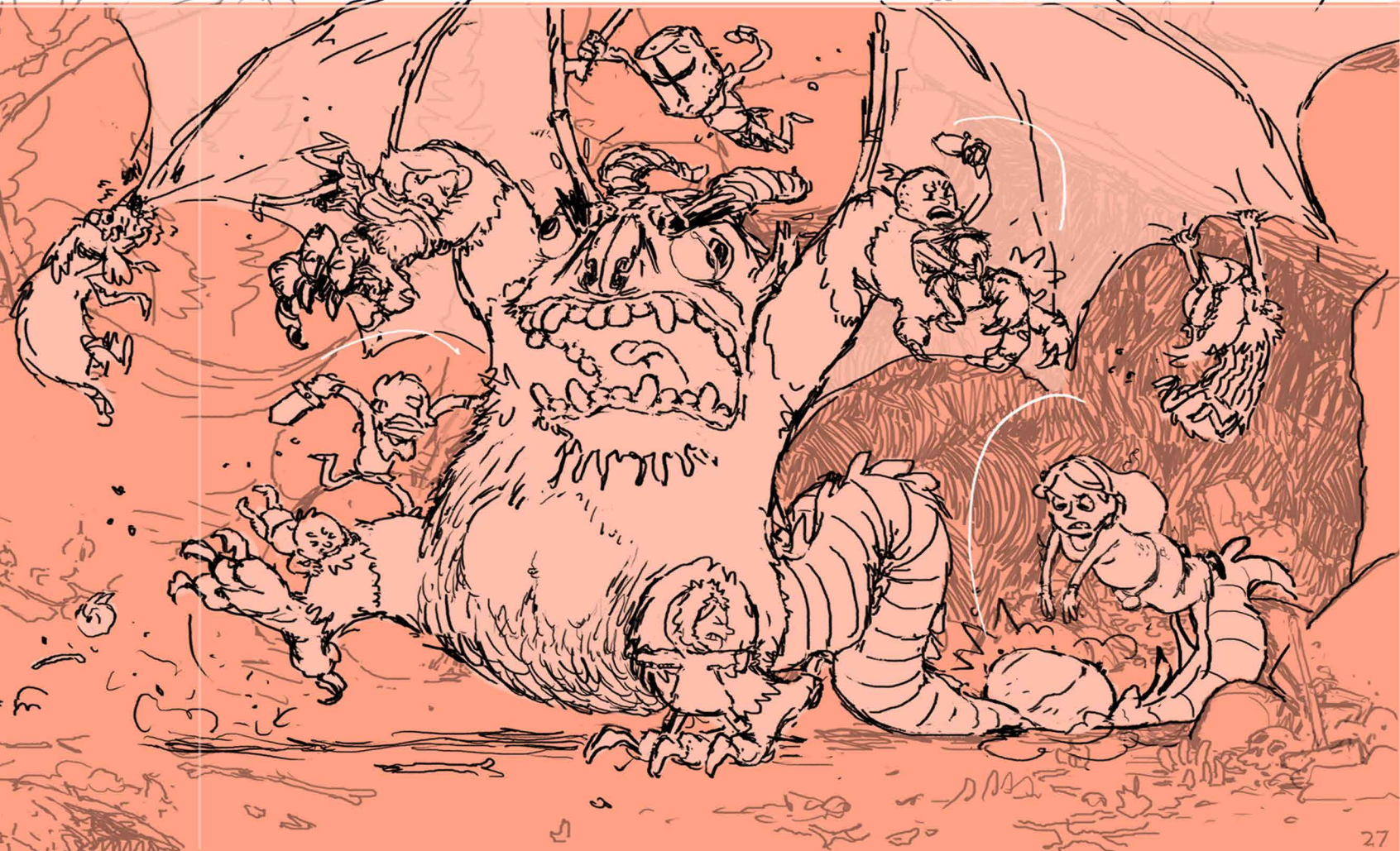
THEN INTO THE GARAMOG'S  
FINELY TUNED EARS CAME THE  
CLASH OF A FRIGHTENING DIN!

TO SIR DAD THE COMMOTION WAS HEAVENLY MUSIC,  
THIS RUCKUS WAS MAKING HIM GRIN.

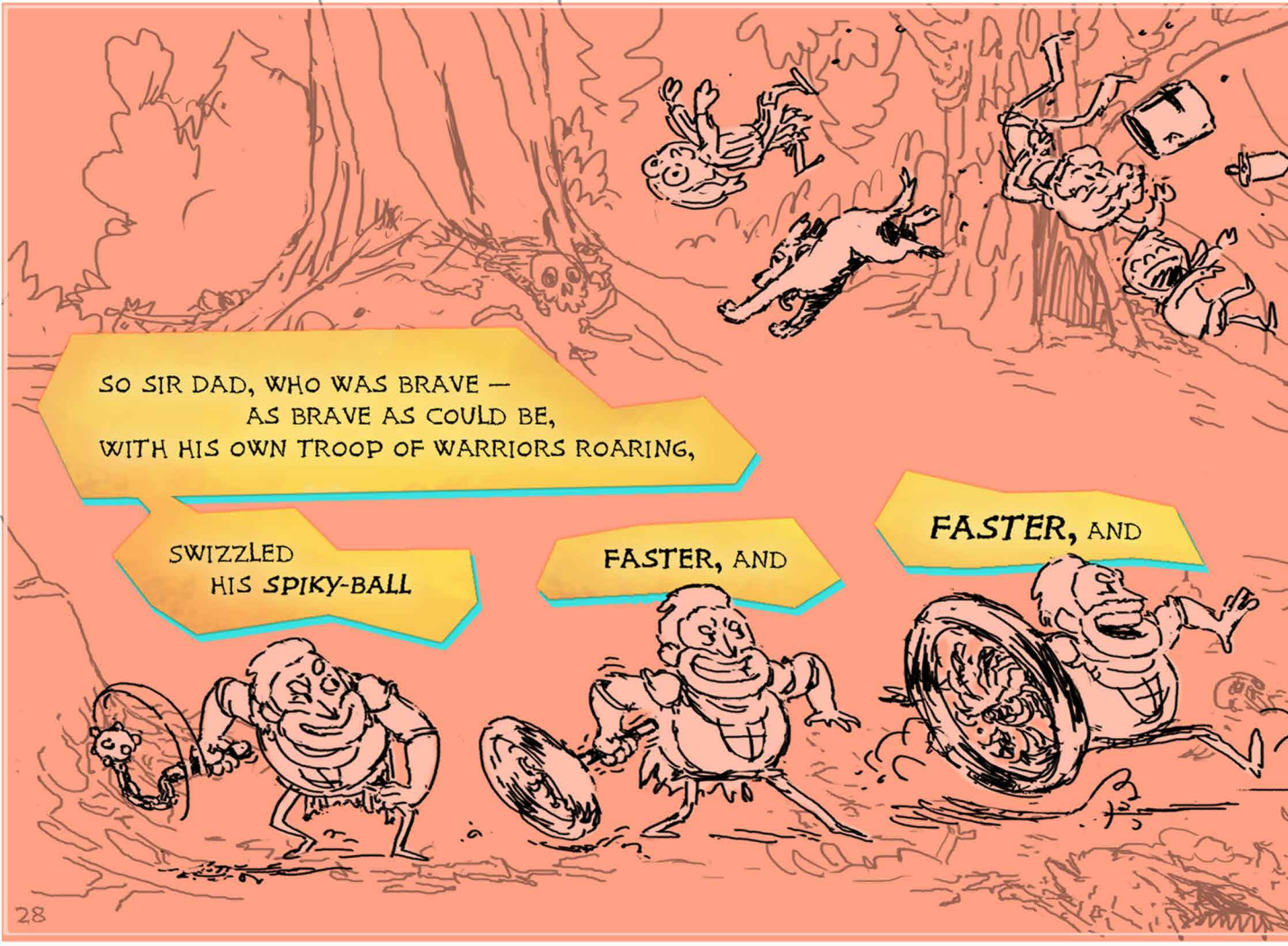


THEN THE CHILDREN ATTACKED!  
THEY JUMPED ON THE MONSTER  
AND STUCK TO ITS BODY LIKE GLUE.

IT MIGHT'VE DEFEATED THE LIKES OF SIR DAD,  
BUT NOT WITH THIS HULLABALOO!







SO SIR DAD, WHO WAS BRAVE —  
AS BRAVE AS COULD BE,  
WITH HIS OWN TROOP OF WARRIORS ROARING,

SWIZZLED  
HIS SPIKY-BALL

FASTER, AND

FASTER, AND



**WHAM!**

SENT THE GARAMOG SOARING.

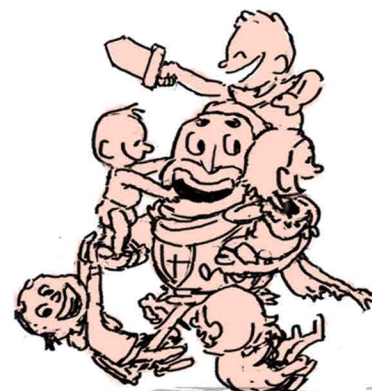




"SHALL WE TAKE HOME SOME TREASURE?" LADY MUM ASKED,  
EYING OFF WHAT THE GARAMOG STOLE.

"I AM," SAID SIR DAD, LOOKING BACK WITH A SMILE.

"I'M CARRYING ALL I CAN HOLD!"





LADY MUM LOOKED AROUND AT HER WARRIOR TRIBE  
AND SHE GAZED AT SIR DAD IN ROMANCE.  
HE WAS HOLDING HIS BREATH BUT HE MANAGED TO SAY:

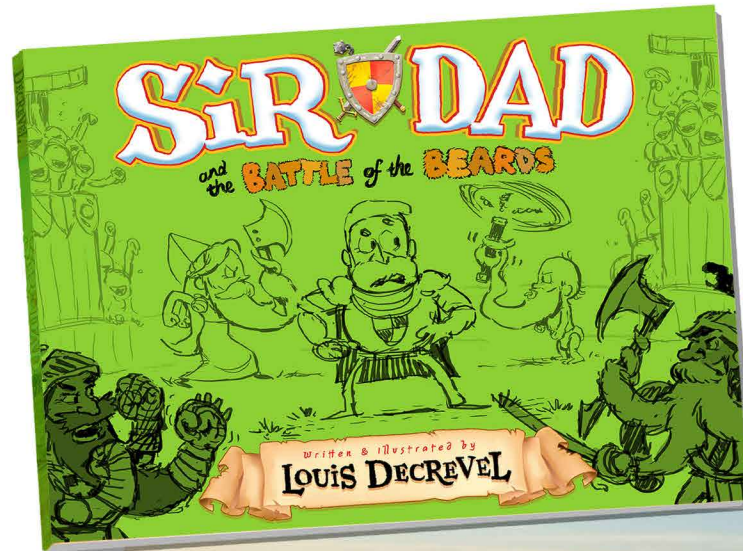


THE END

(BUT WAIT,  
THERE'S MORE?!)







## THE BATTLE OF THE BEARDS

THE TOURNAMENT OF WHISKERS IS ON, AND SIR DAD IS AFRAID THAT HIS BEARD HAS LOST ITS LUSTRE.

NOT TO WORRY — GRANDPA WIZ HAS A SPELL FOR THAT.

UH-OH. NOW THE KIDS HAVE WOKEN UP WITH BEARDS? CAN THE DAY BE SHAVED?



## THE PET WIZARD

SIR DAD IS UPSET BY THE CHILDREN'S SQUABBLING.

NOT TO WORRY — GRANDPA WIZ HAS A POTION FOR THAT.

IF THE KIDS BEHAVE, G. WIZ TURNS INTO A PUPPY. WHEN THEY'RE NAUGHTY, HE BECOMES A DRAGON.

UH-OH. SIR DAD FIGHTS DRAGONS ...

