

Jingle, Jingle, Jangle

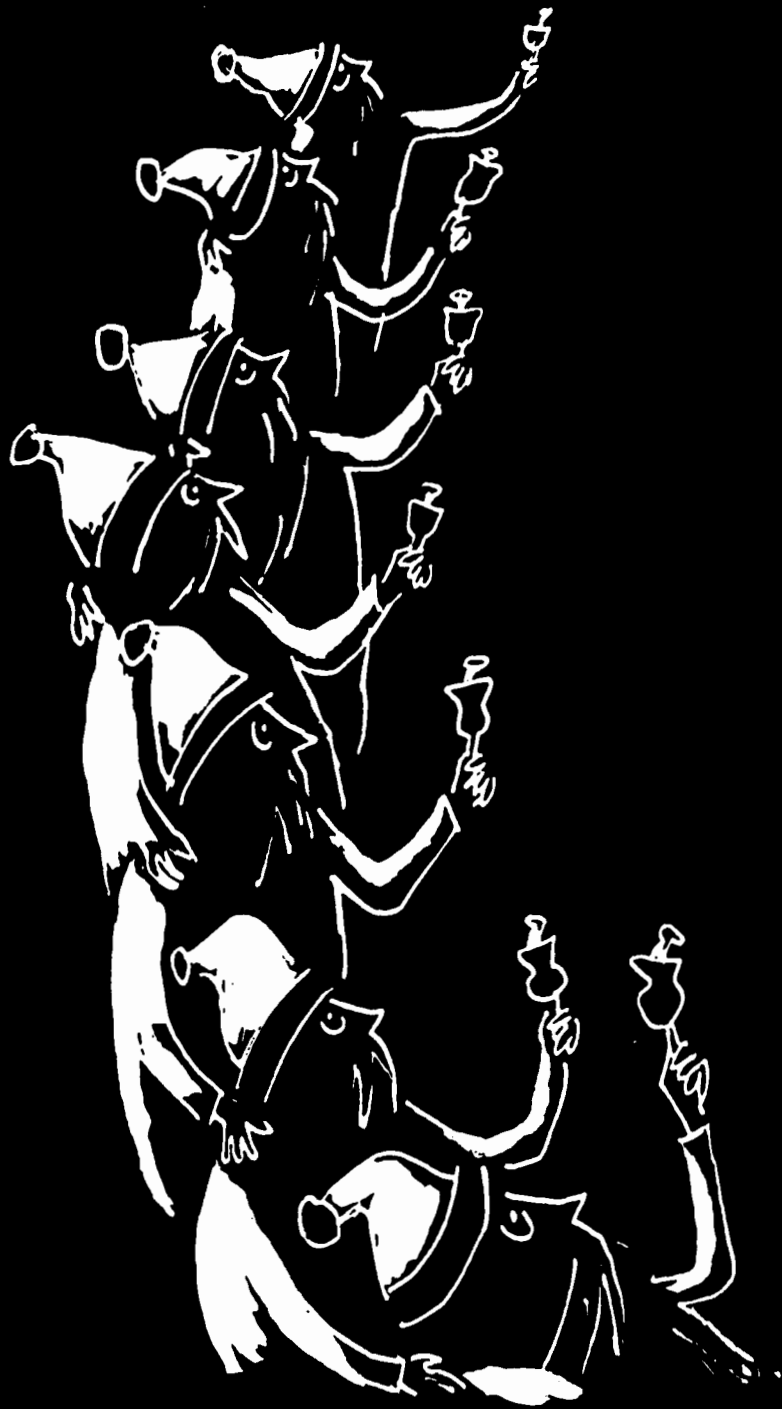
(A brief resume of the running story, as portrayed in the drawings)
- Mine Okubo

The Aliens from Far Land, disturbed by the missiles and satellites fired at them by Earthman, decide, in self-defense, to investigate the Earth and the Earthman by launching a silent invasion there. Groups of Aliens dressed as Santa Clauses - a perfect disguise to hide their real purpose, since Santa Claus is a symbol of peace and good will - are chosen as spies; the time: Christmas season, when the Earth people are engrossed in the holiday rush and spirit; the festing ground: New York City.

The better to keep their mission secret, the Aliens' first landing place on Earth is on the silent snowlands of the North Pole. They leave their strange space craft, shed their space suits and change into Santa Claus costumes, boarding jet planes. On a dark, cold winter night, they arrive over New York City. The Santa Aliens parachute to Earth, alighting on the streets of New York. At once they take up strategic spy stations, mingling with the people and losing themselves among the rest of the Santa Clauses.

But the operation is doomed almost from the start. The unexpected tumult, the dreadful hustle and bustle everywhere, and the strange goings on on Earth, "Unalien the Aliens." The operation backfires, ending in complete failure. The Santa Aliens, utterly confused and prostrate, are ready for the psychiatrist's couch. Lost in the crowd, one is haplessly and hopelessly enlisted among the homeless and the welfare. Many of them have become like the native New Yorkers.

The drawings, with brief captions, aim to gently and subtly satirize the people of a big city and their lives in this rat-race age. Without ridiculing or offending, attention is focused on some of the aimless and insane aspects of our daily lives. The drawings themselves, with a minimum of text, call upon the imagination of the reader to supply an entertaining poignant story.



" Jingle, Jingle, Jangle. "

by Mine' Okubo

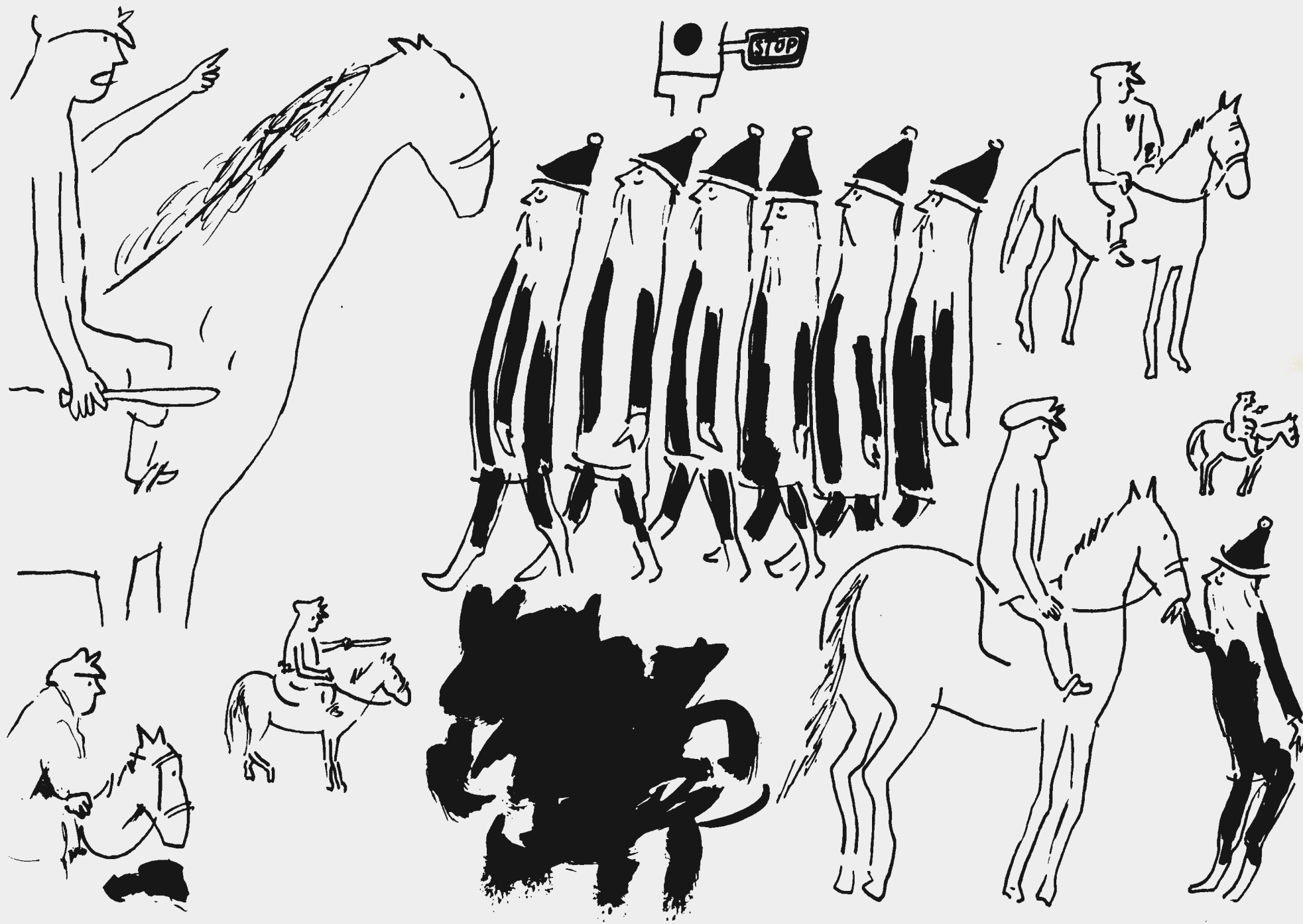
Ding! Ding!



In the land Aliends plans for invasion.
Project Earth and New York.



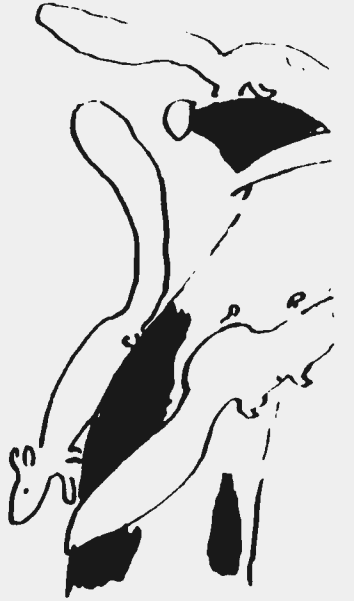
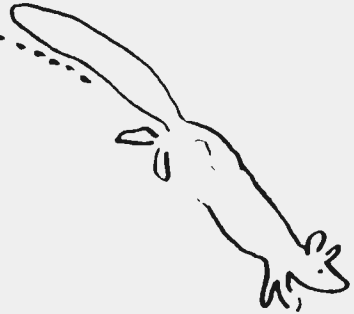
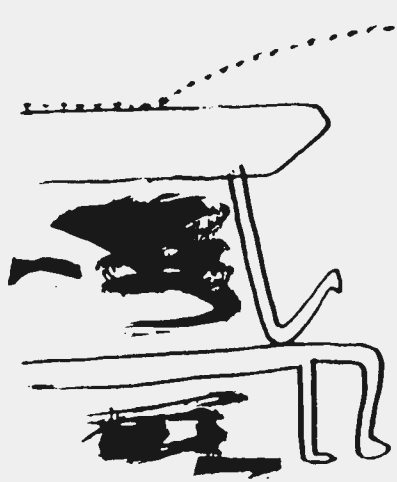
So this is New York! Is this for real? Wow!



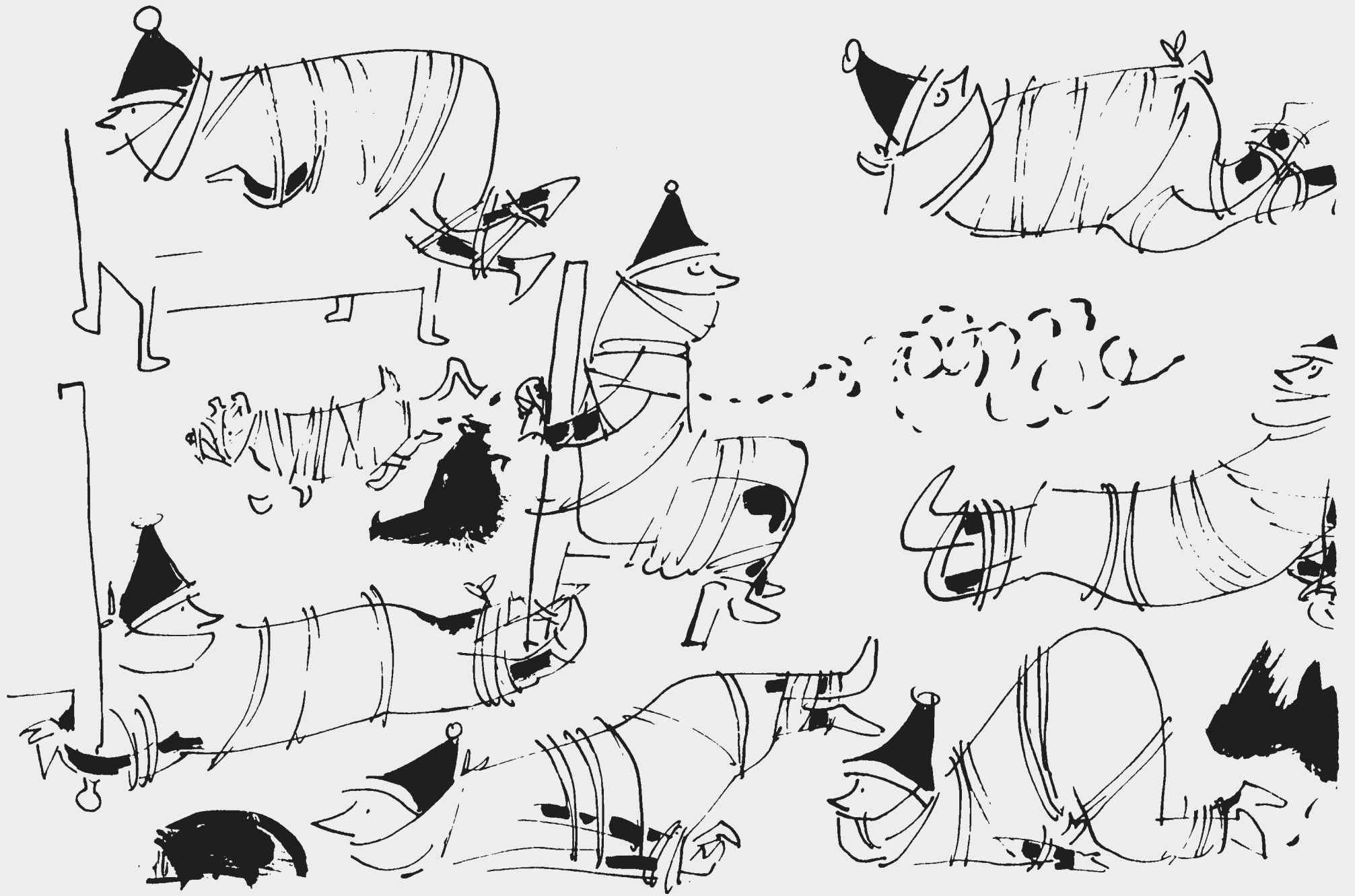
Look where you are going!



Tell it like it is!



It is a matter of who you know.



Call 9II.