

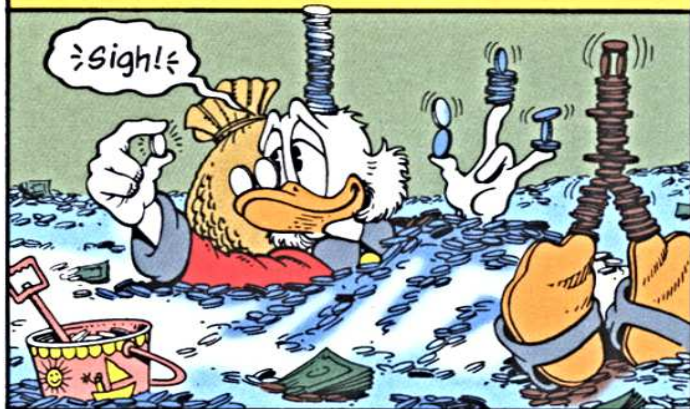
WALT DISNEY'S
UNCLE SCROOGE

\$ CROOGE McDUCK IS THE WORLD'S RICHEST DUCK! HE LOVES HIS MONEY, ALL FIVE MULTIPLIJILLION, NINE IMPOSSIBIDILLION, SEVEN FANTASTICATRILLION DOLLARS AND SIXTEEN CENTS OF IT!

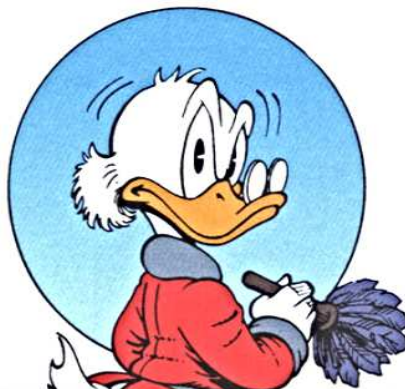


HE LOVES IT SO MUCH BECAUSE HE WORKED SO HARD TO EARN IT! HE LOVES IT SO MUCH BECAUSE HE WORKED JUST AS HARD TO KEEP IT!

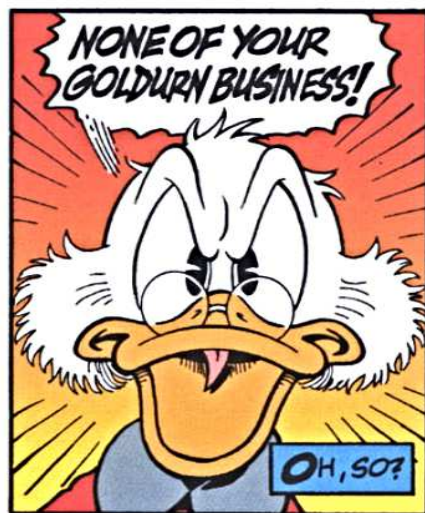
HE KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE HE GOT EACH COIN HE SO CAREFULLY HOARDS! TOGETHER, THEY TELL THE STORY OF HIS LIFE...



...BEGINNING WITH HIS NUMBER ONE DIME, THE FIRST COIN HE EVER EARNED, WHICH HE HAS PLACED LOVINGLY ON A VELVET PILLOW!

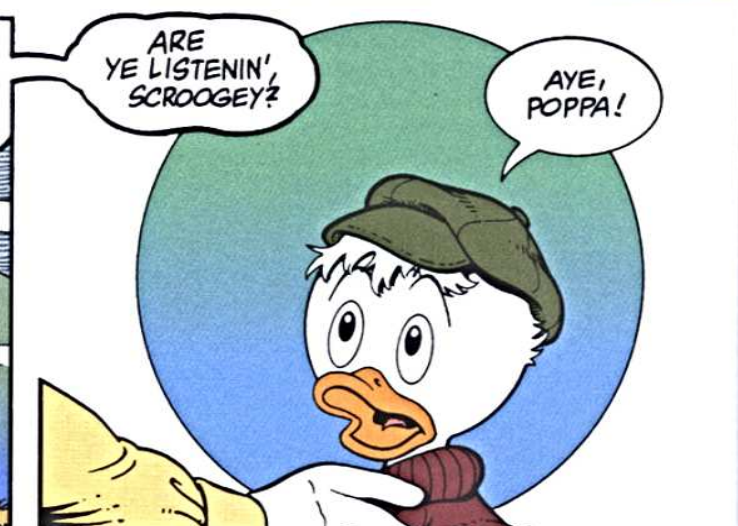
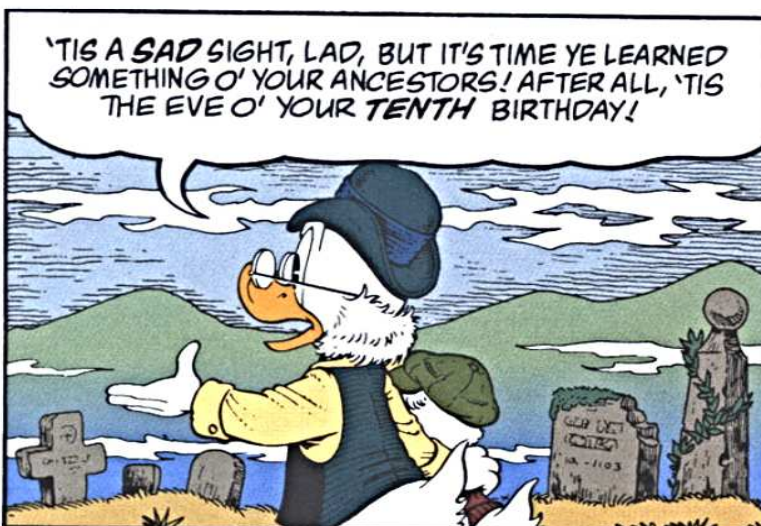
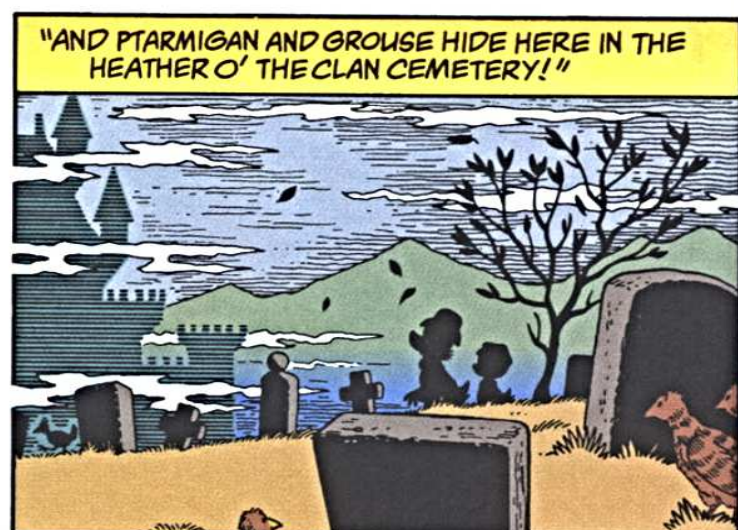
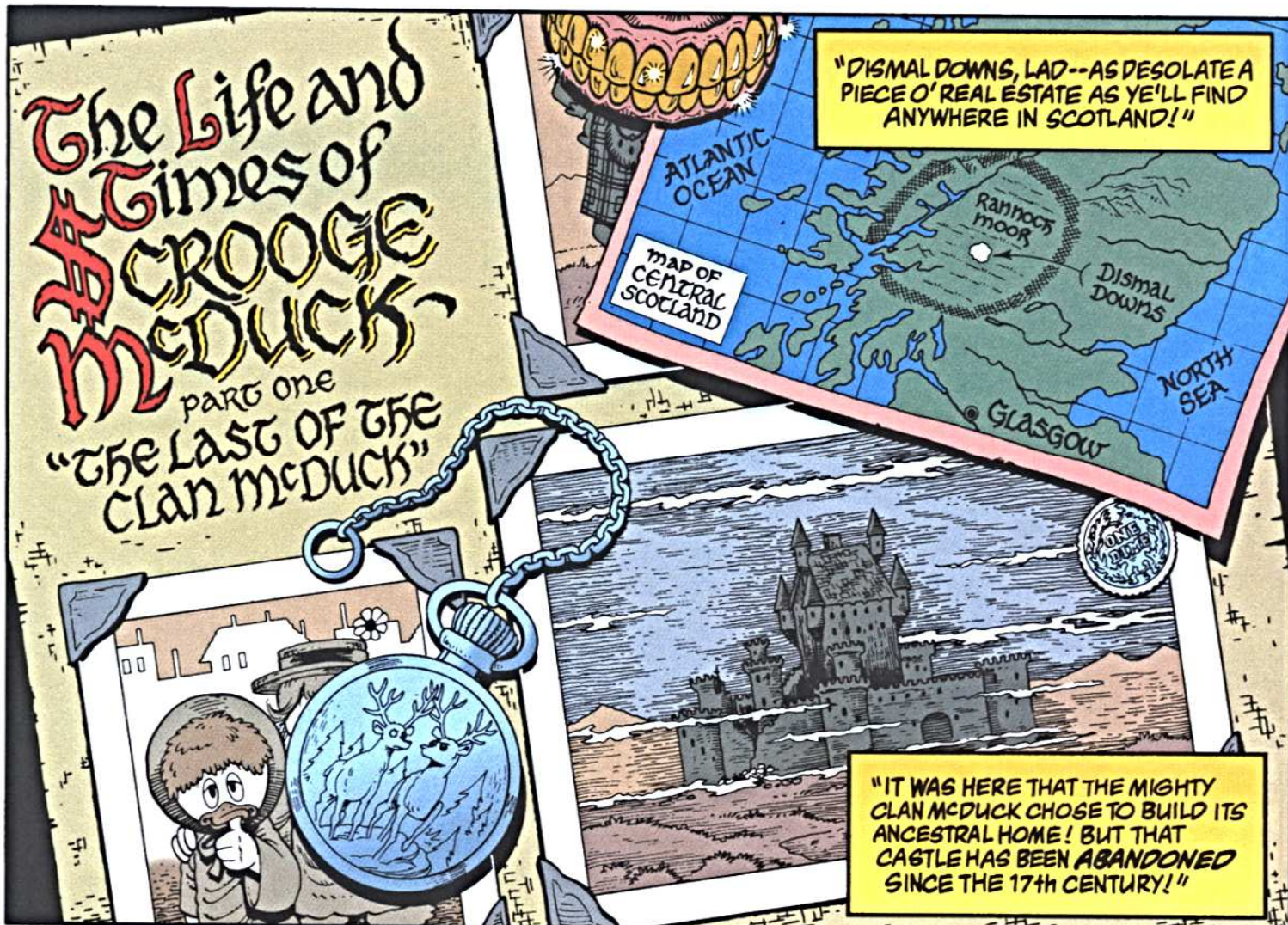


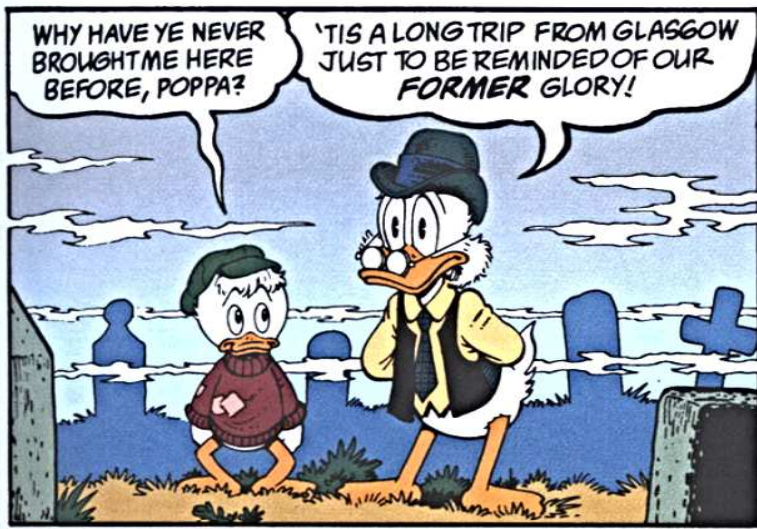
BUT HOW DID HE EARN THAT DIME? HOW DID HE GET TO BE SO RICH? WHAT IS THE STORY OF HIS LIFE?



NONE OF YOUR GOLDURN BUSINESS!

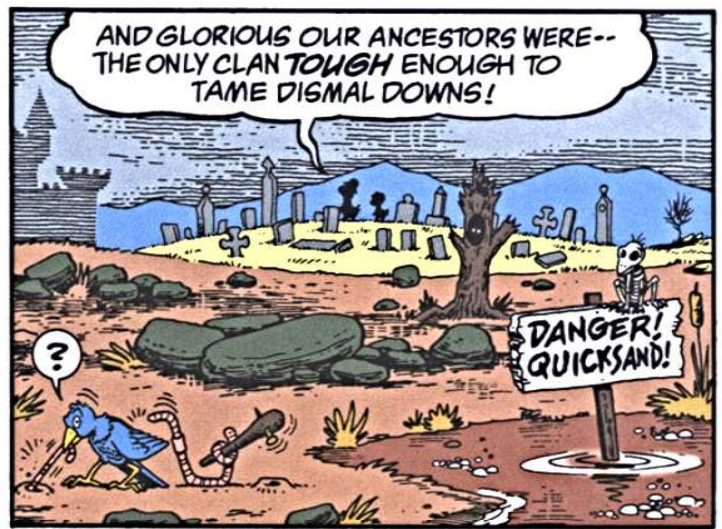
OH, SO?



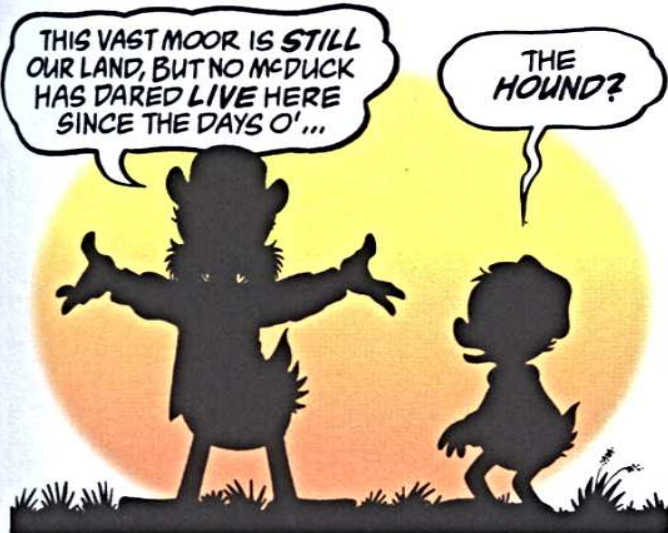


WHY HAVE YE NEVER BROUGHT ME HERE BEFORE, POPPA?

'TIS A LONG TRIP FROM GLASGOW JUST TO BE REMINDED OF OUR FORMER GLORY!



AND GLORIOUS OUR ANCESTORS WERE-- THE ONLY CLAN **TOUGH** ENOUGH TO TAME DISMAL DOWNS!

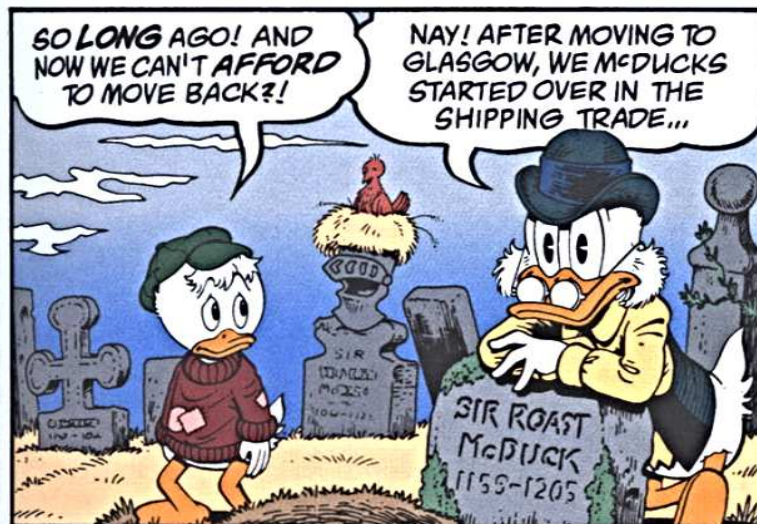


THIS VAST MOOR IS **STILL** OUR LAND, BUT NO MCDUCK HAS DARED **LIVE** HERE SINCE THE DAYS O'...

THE **HOUND**?

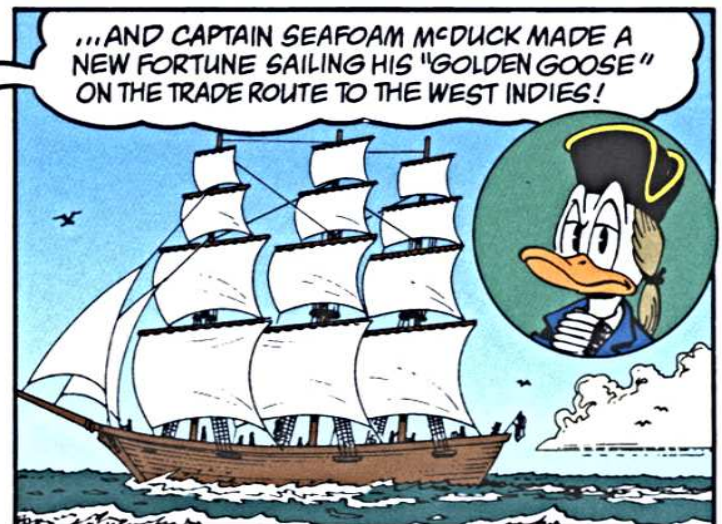


AYE, LAD, THE HOUND--A MONSTROUS DEVIL-DOG THAT DROVE OUR ANCESTORS FROM THEIR HOME IN 1675!

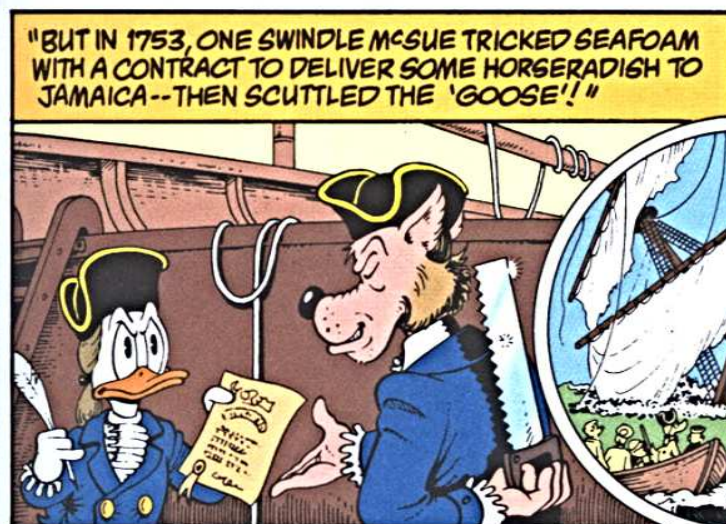


SO LONG AGO! AND NOW WE CAN'T AFFORD TO MOVE BACK?!

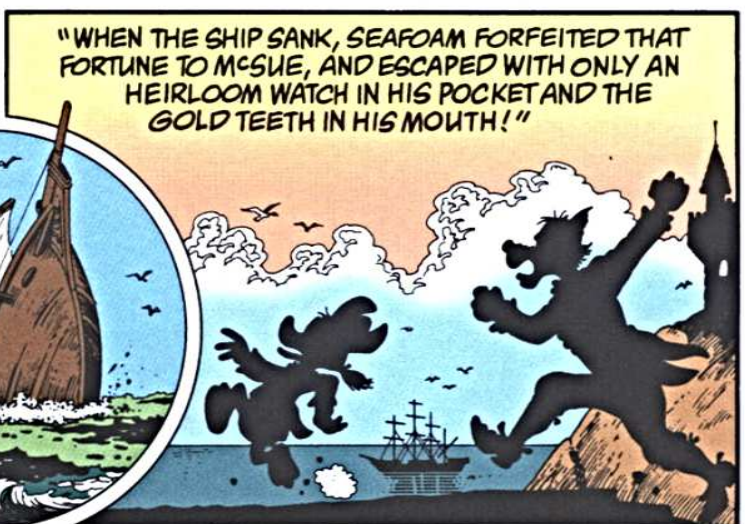
NAY! AFTER MOVING TO GLASGOW, WE MCDUCKS STARTED OVER IN THE SHIPPING TRADE...



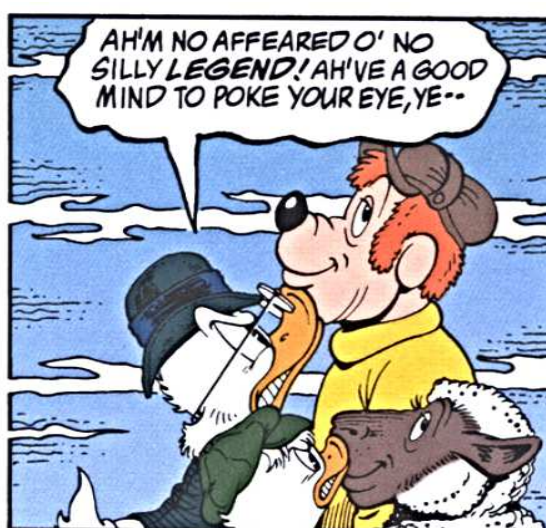
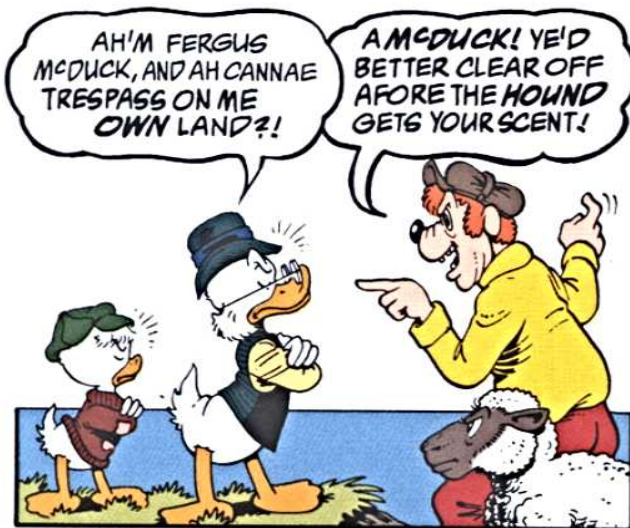
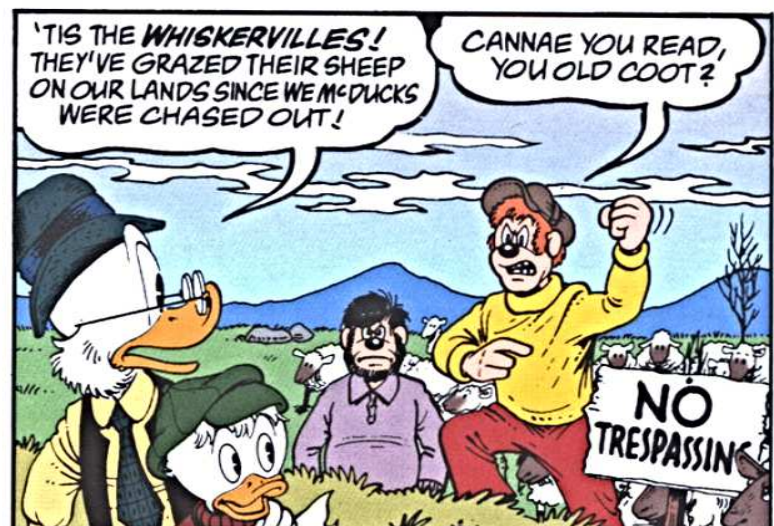
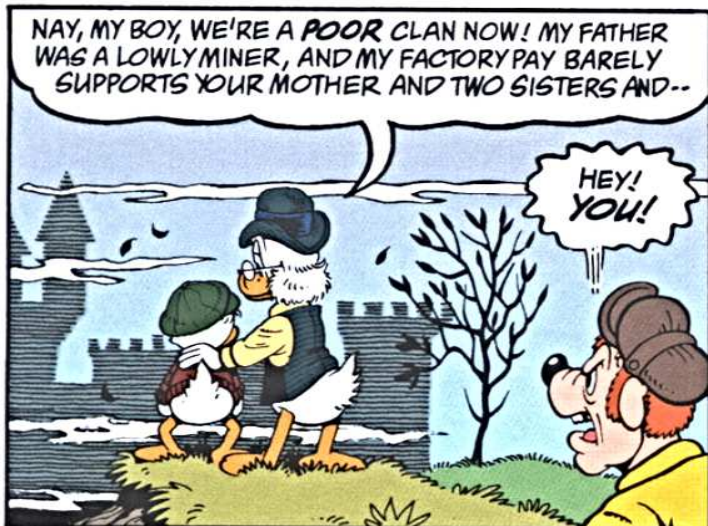
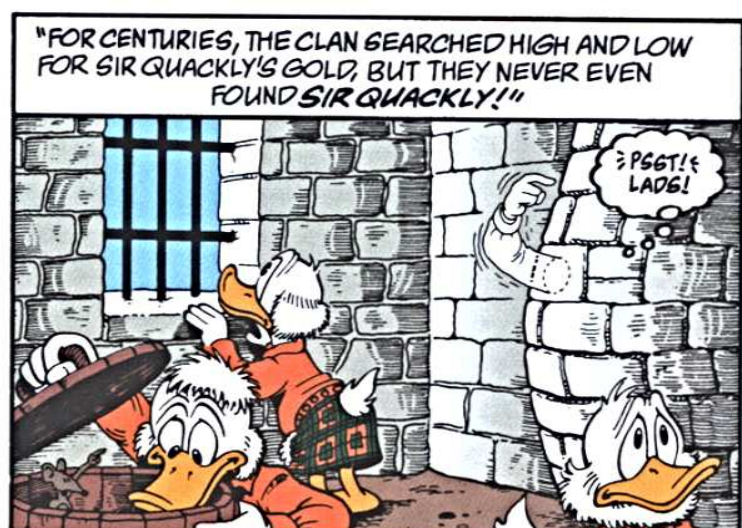
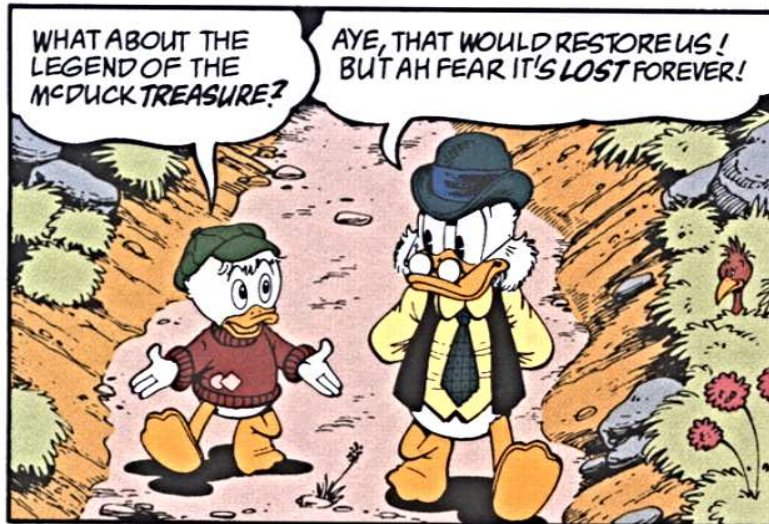
...AND CAPTAIN SEAFOAM MCDUCK MADE A NEW FORTUNE SAILING HIS "GOLDEN GOOSE" ON THE TRADE ROUTE TO THE WEST INDIES!

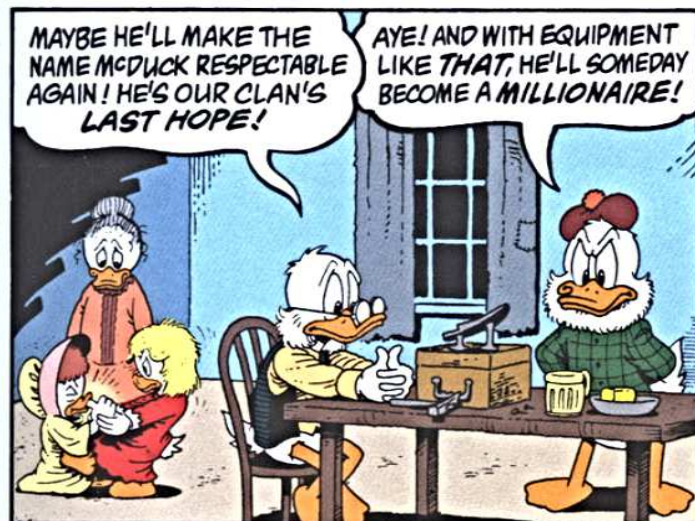
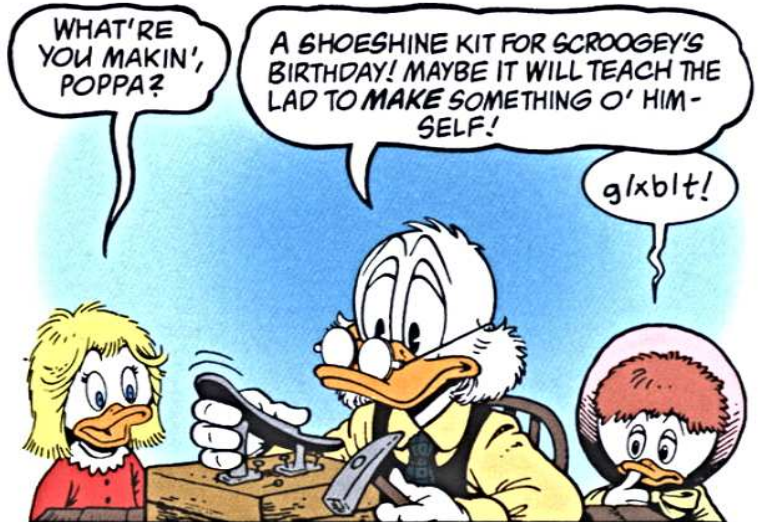
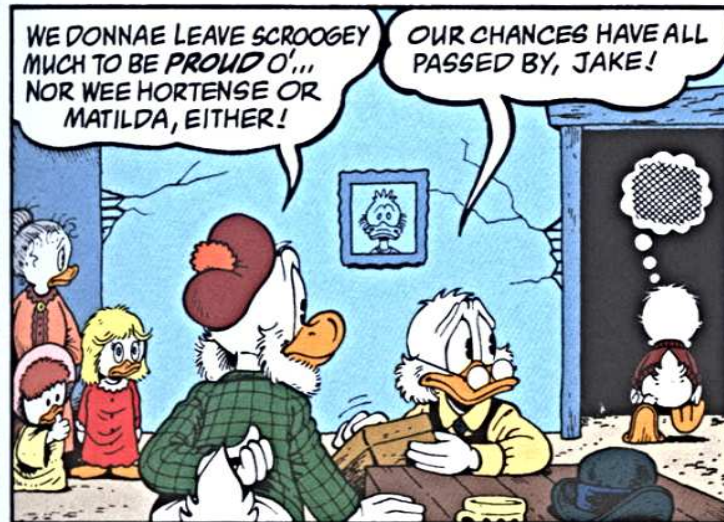
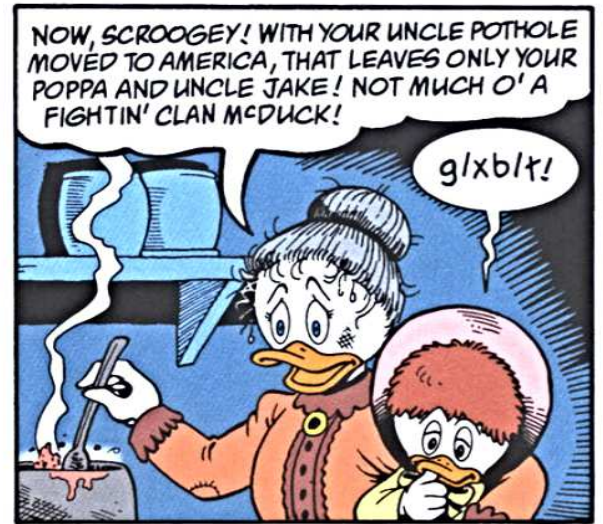
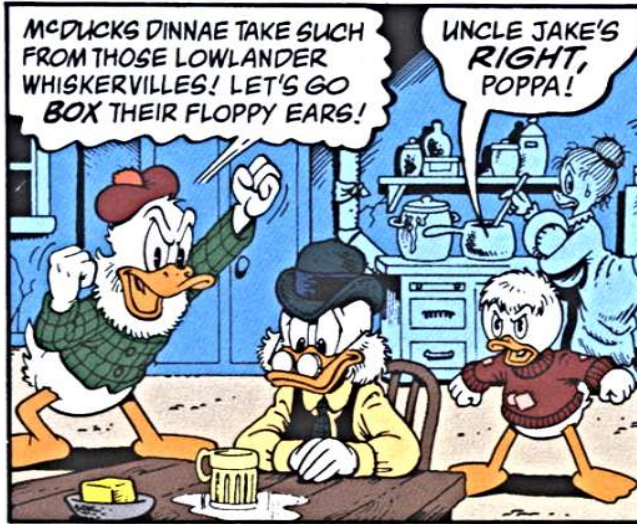


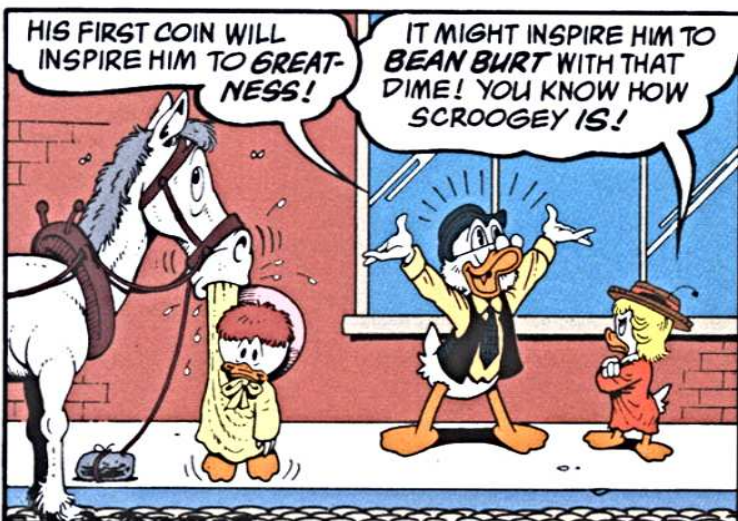
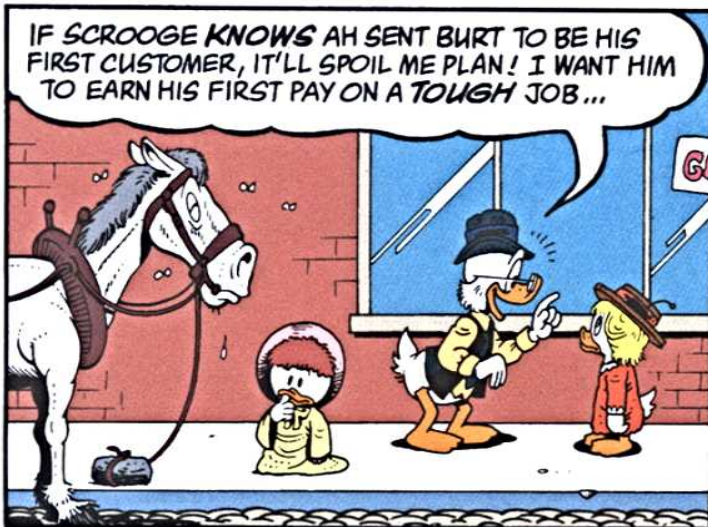
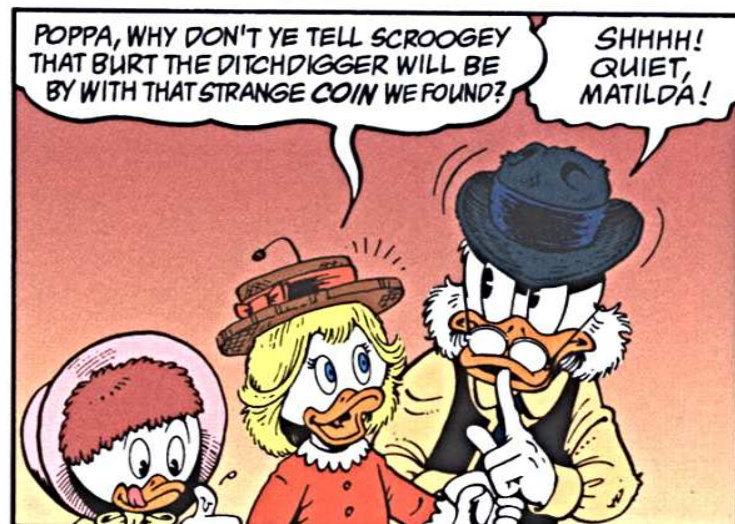
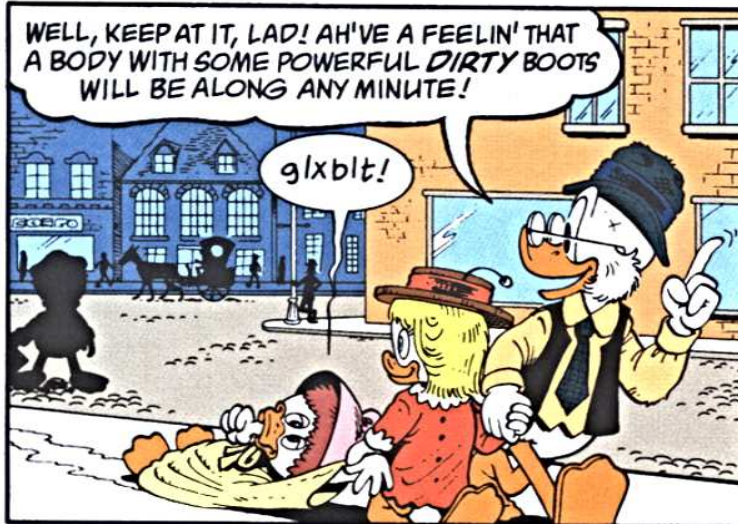
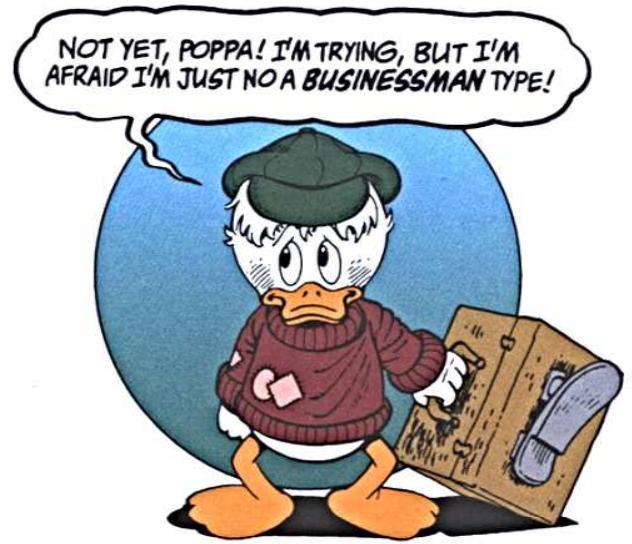
"BUT IN 1753, ONE SWINDLE MCSUE TRICKED SEAFOAM WITH A CONTRACT TO DELIVER SOME HORSE RADISH TO JAMAICA--THEN SCUTTLED THE 'GOOSE'!"

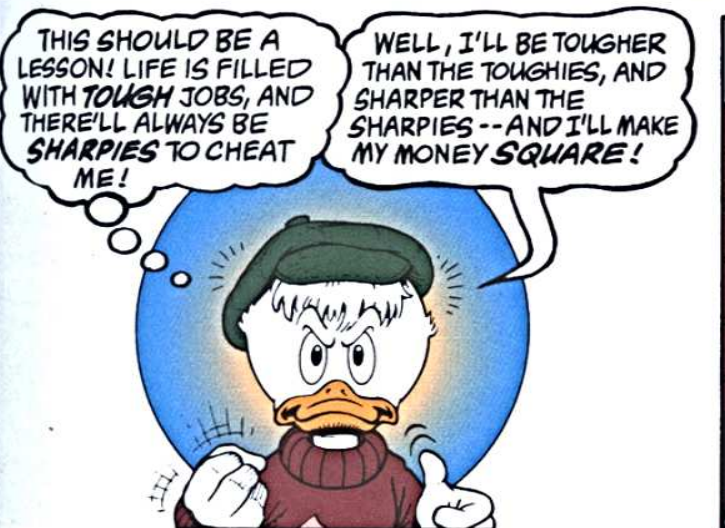
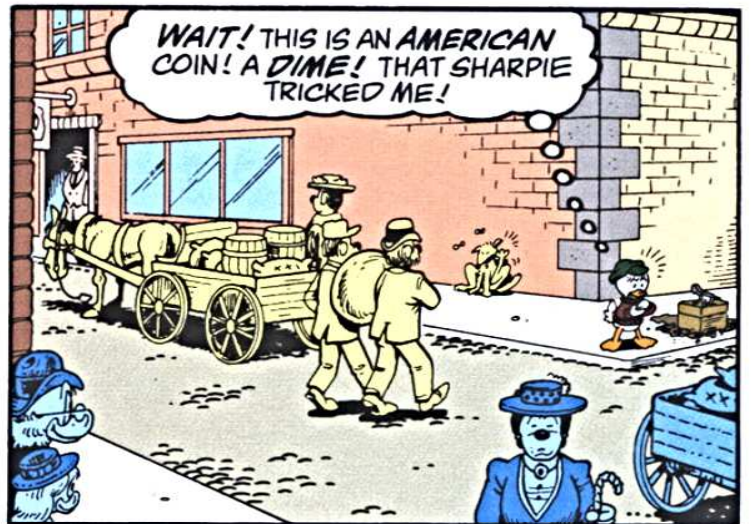
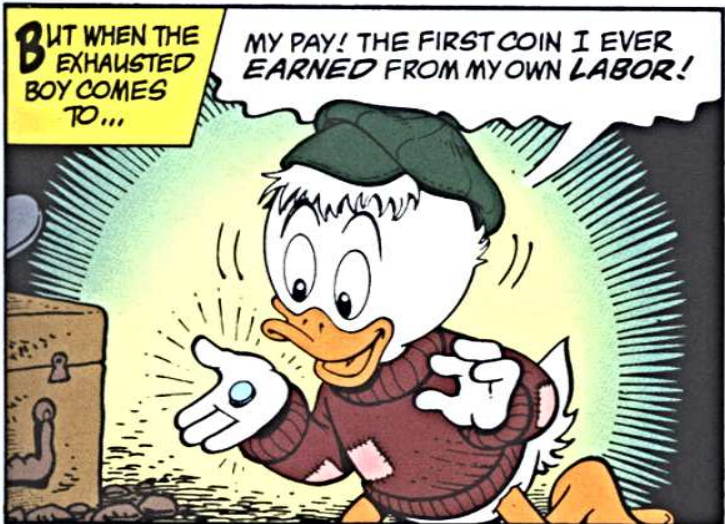
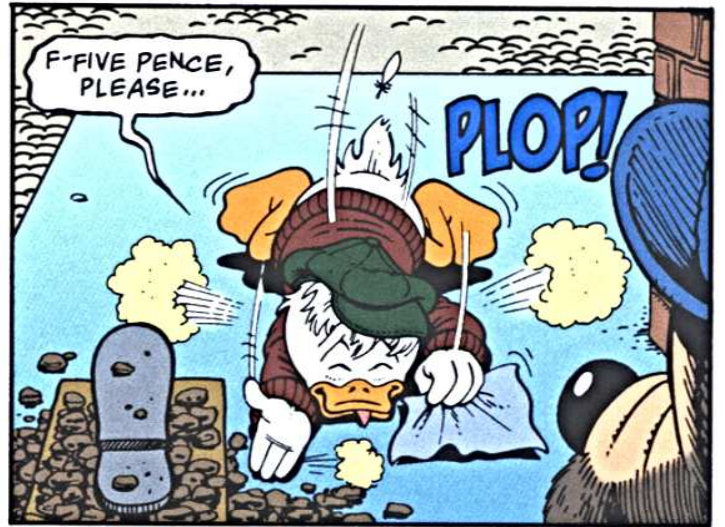
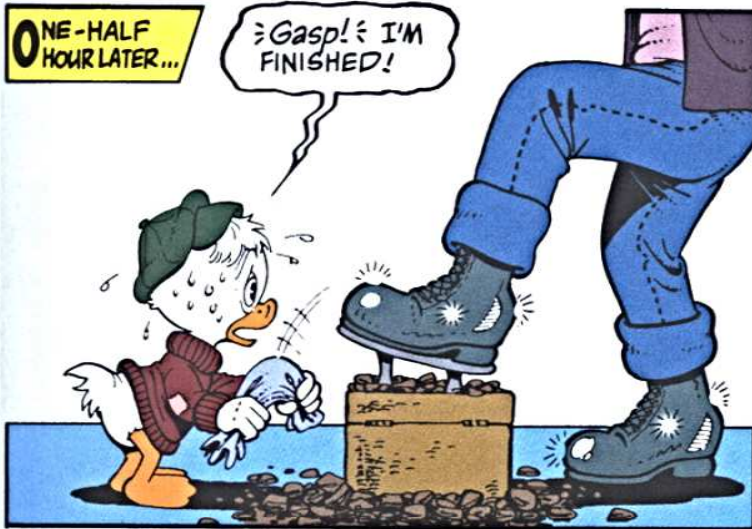
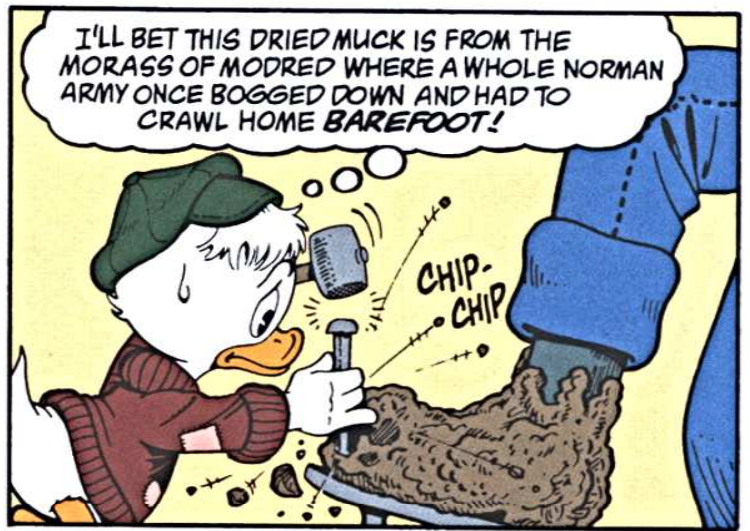
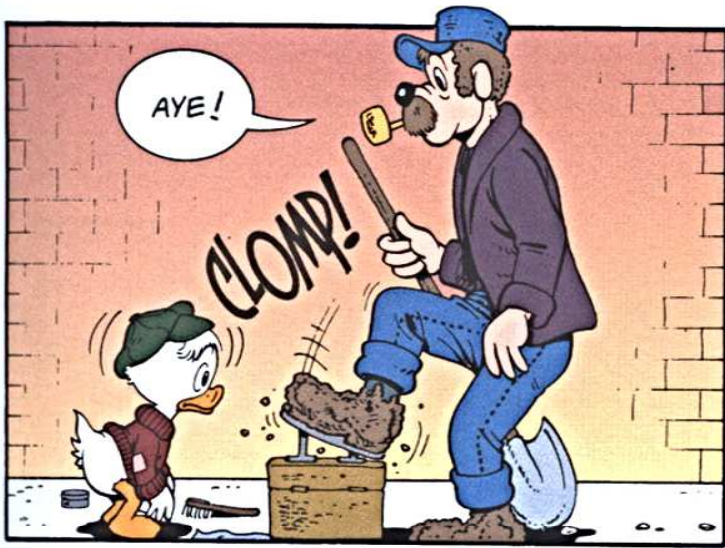


"WHEN THE SHIP SANK, SEAFOAM FORFEITED THAT FORTUNE TO MCSUE, AND ESCAPED WITH ONLY AN HEIRLOOM WATCH IN HIS POCKET AND THE GOLD TEETH IN HIS MOUTH!"





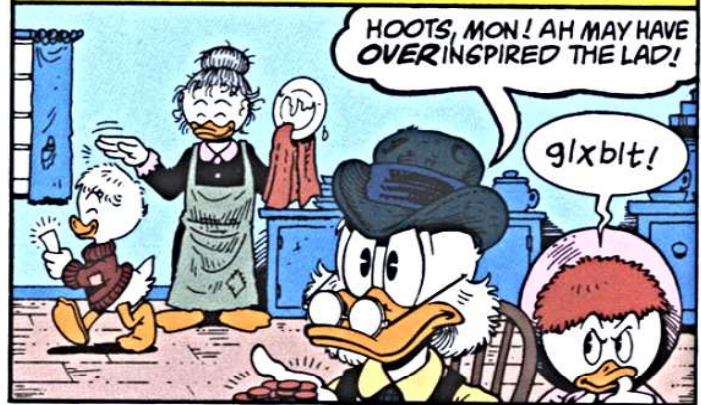




FROM THAT DAY ON, YOUNG SCROOGE WORKED WITH A FERVOR AND PERSEVERANCE NOT SEEN IN A McDUCK SINCE THE GLORY DAYS OF THE CLAN!



HE ALWAYS GAVE SOME OF HIS EARNINGS TO HIS PROUD FATHER TO HELP PAY EXPENSES...THOUGH HE ALWAYS INSISTED ON A RECEIPT (FOR TAX PURPOSES)!



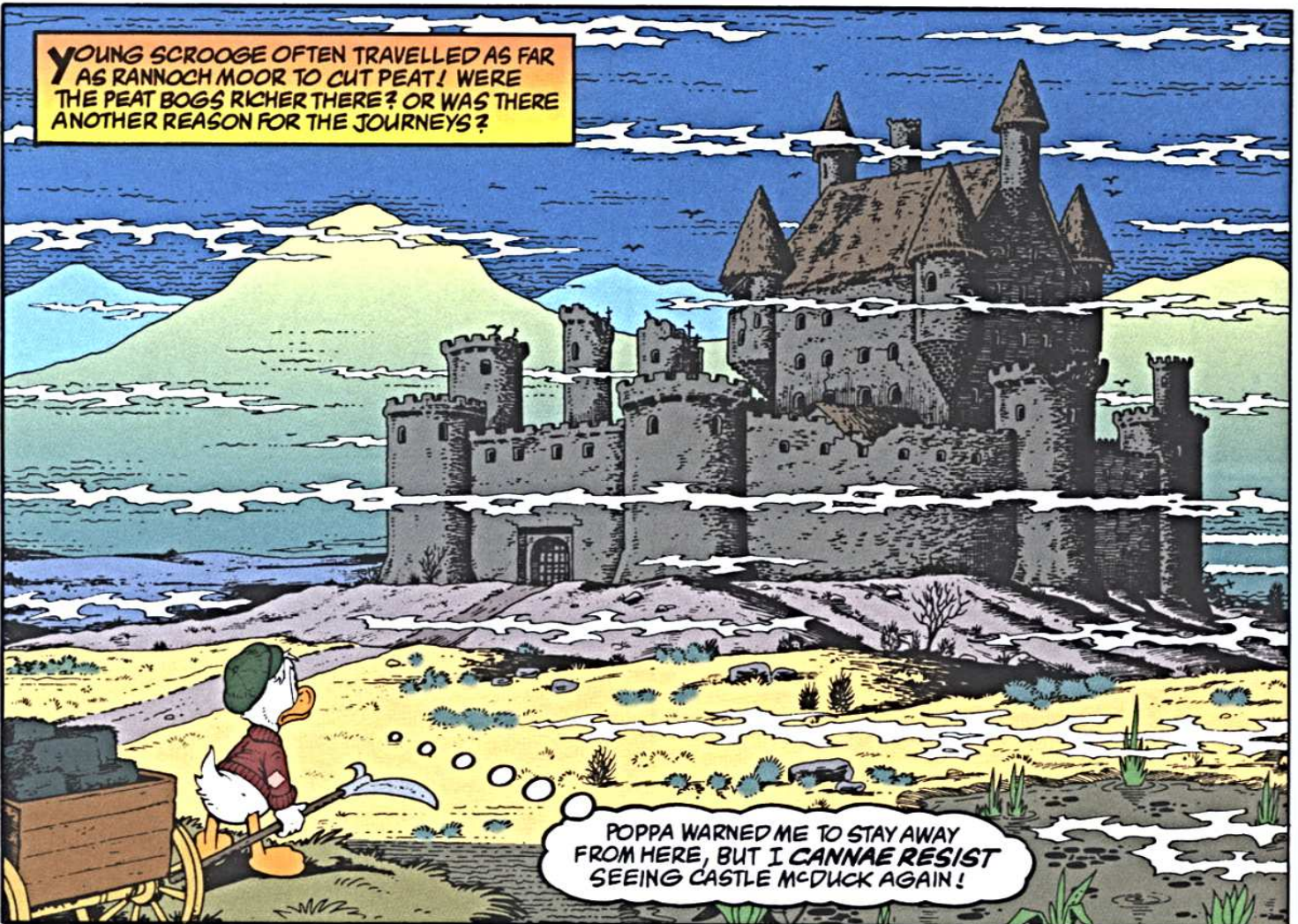
IN A FEW YEARS, SCROOGE HAD SAVED ENOUGH TO BUY A HORSE AND CART! HE STARTED GATHERING FIREWOOD TO SELL TO THE WEALTHY CITY DWELLERS...

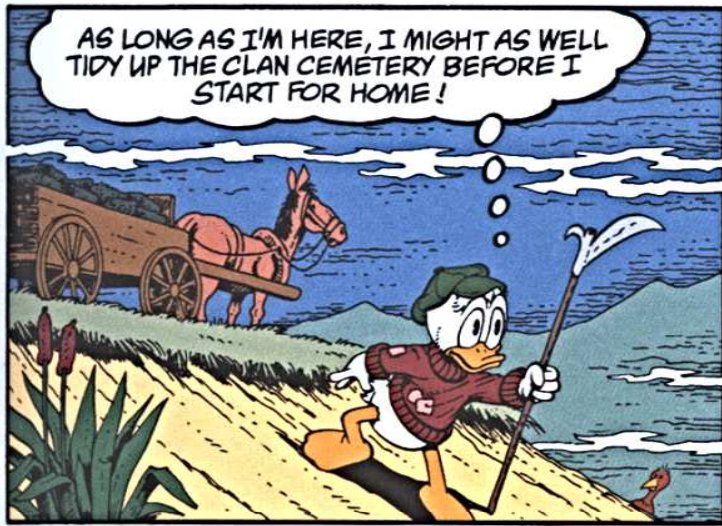


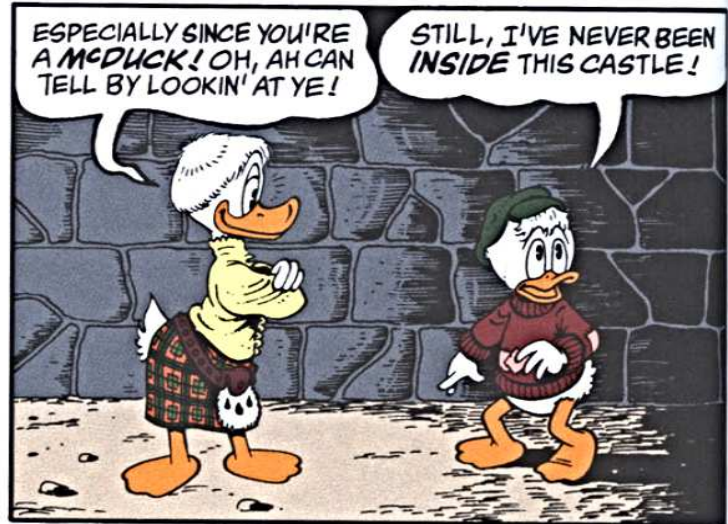
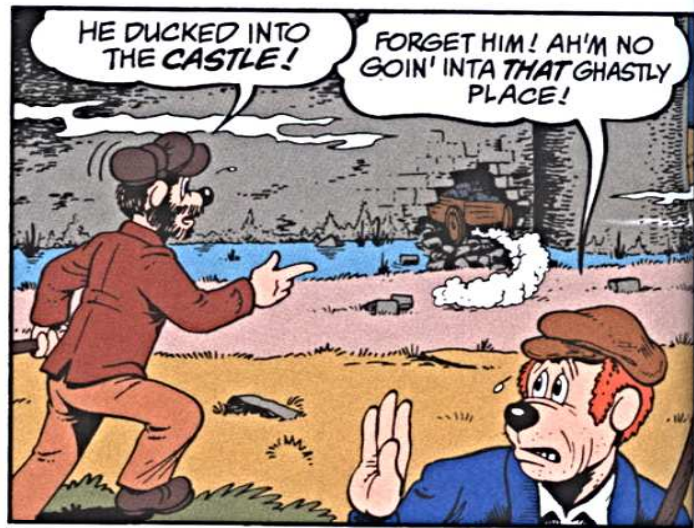
...BUT SOON DISCOVERED THAT SELLING PEAT BLOCKS TO THE RICH WAS EVEN MORE PROFITABLE!

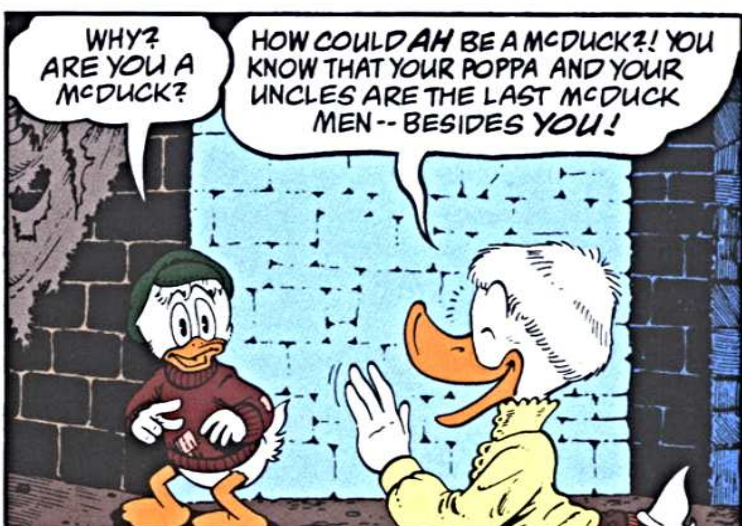
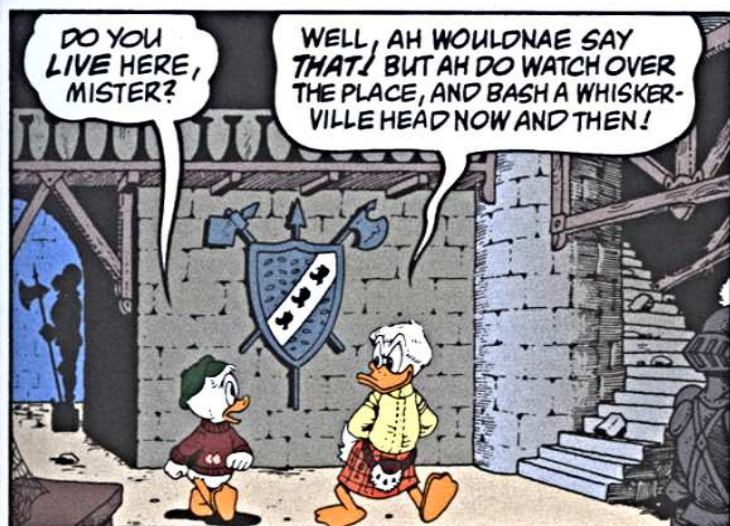
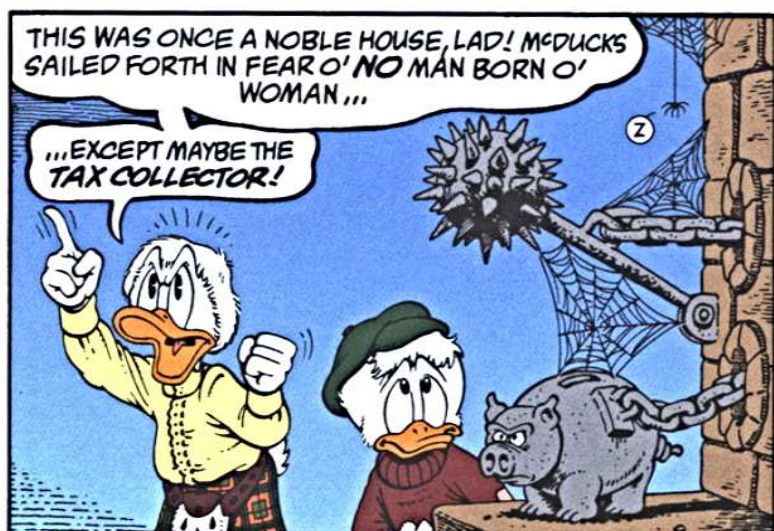
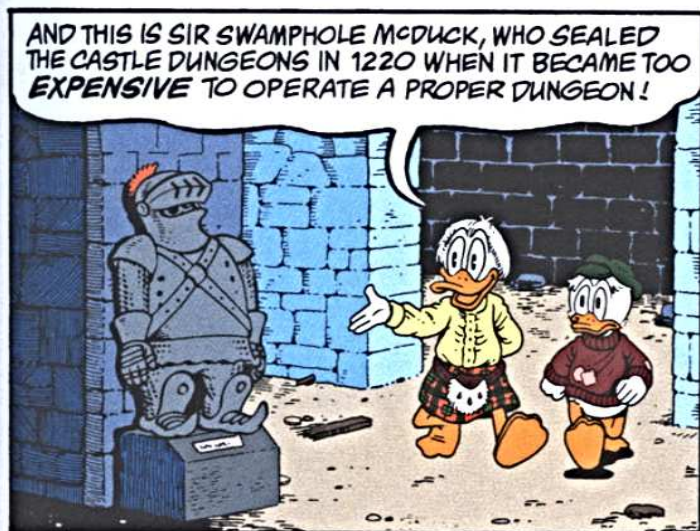
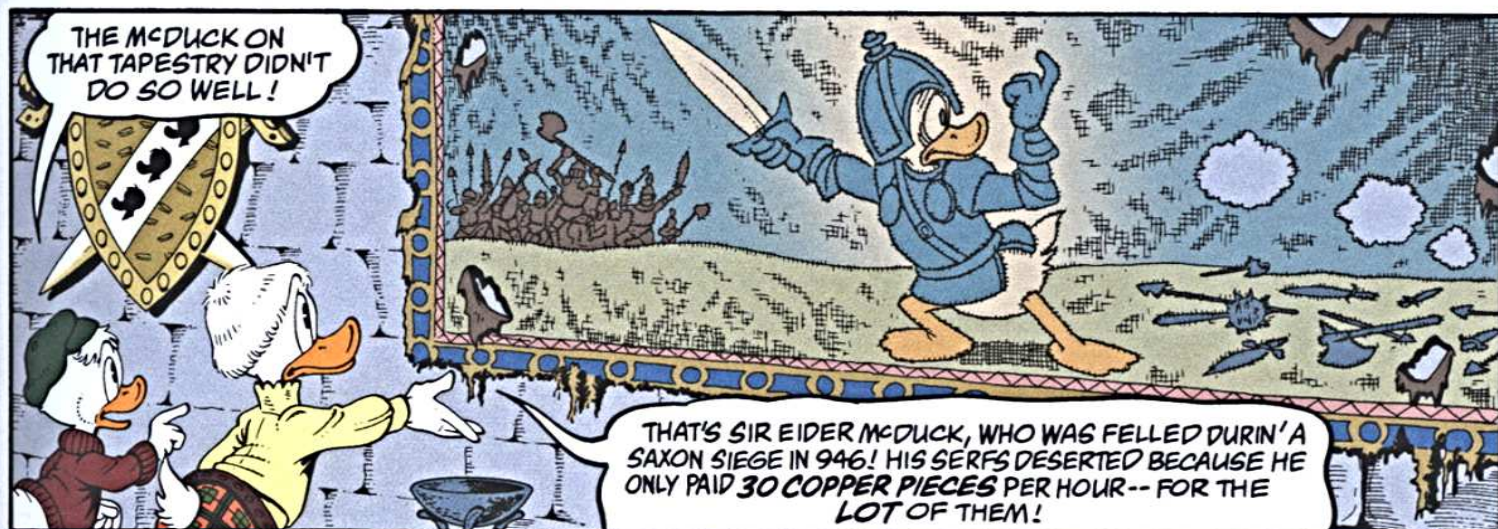
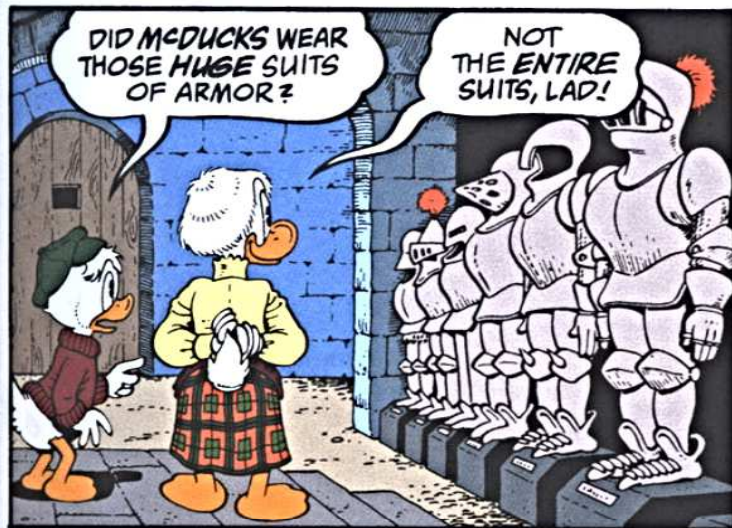


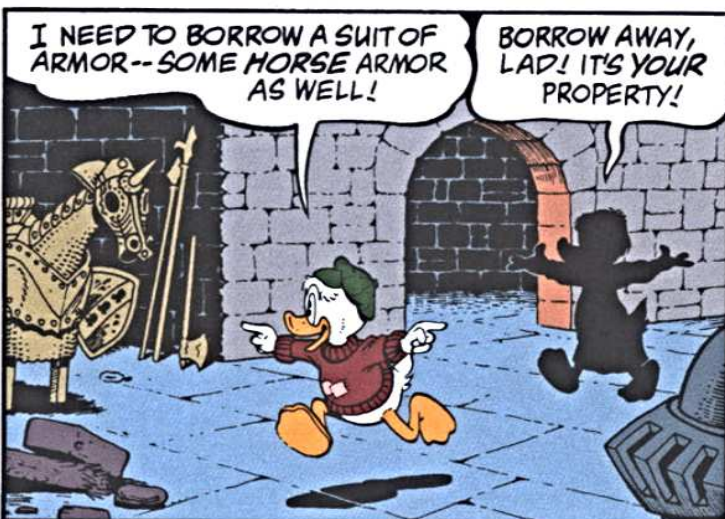
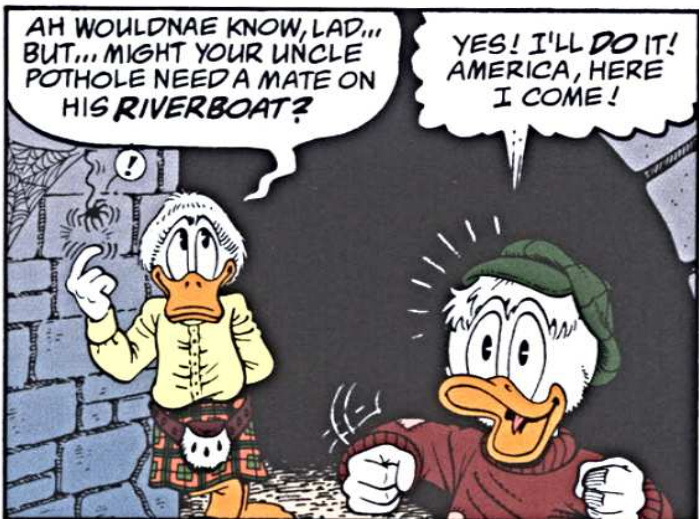
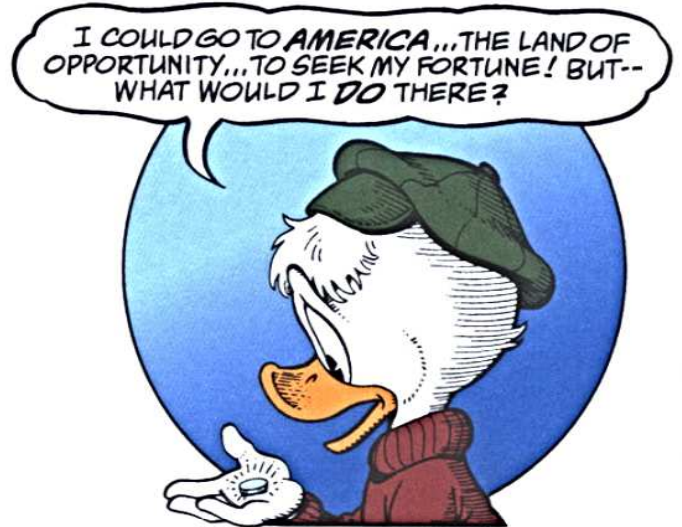
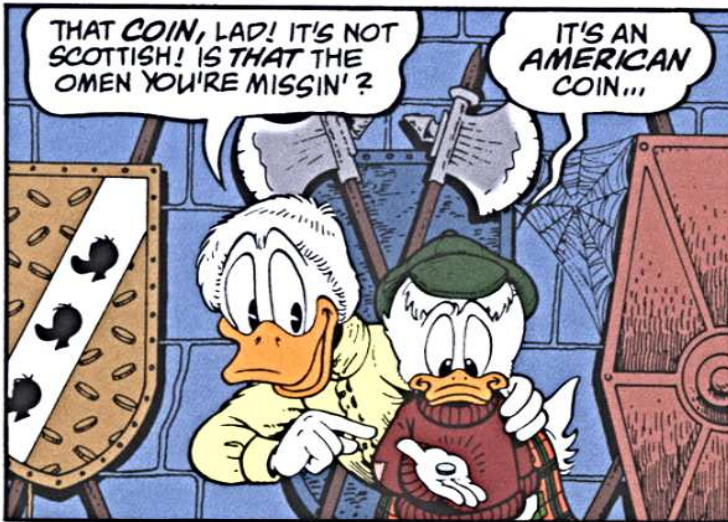
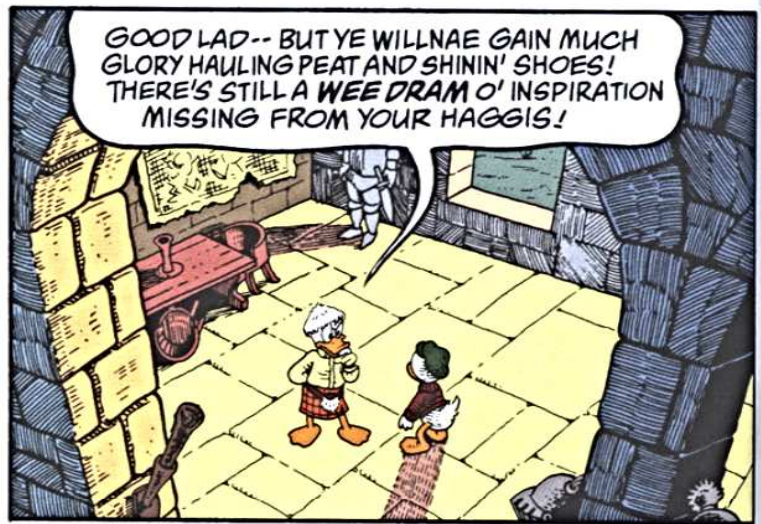
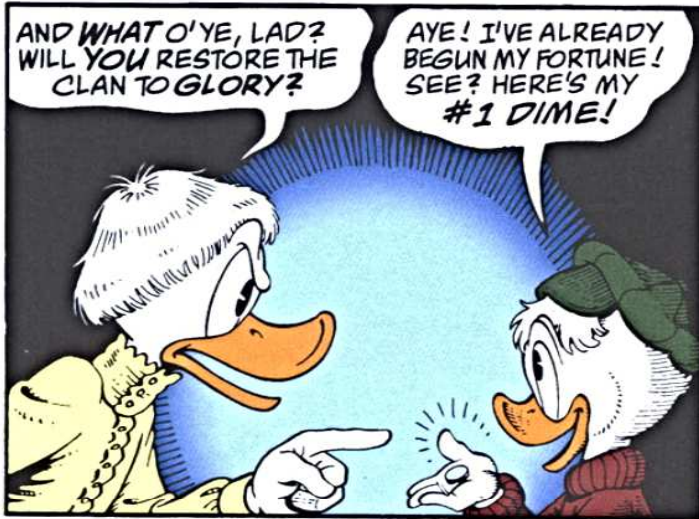
YOUNG SCROOGE OFTEN TRAVELLED AS FAR AS RANNOCH MOOR TO CUT PEAT! WERE THE PEAT BOGS RICHER THERE? OR WAS THERE ANOTHER REASON FOR THE JOURNEYS?











SHORTLY...

GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS SLAB, MATES! IT'S STARTIN' T' GIVE!



WHO DARES DESECRATE MCDUCK GRAVES IN SEARCH OF MY GOLD?!!!

WHAT IS THAT...?!



I AM INVINCIBLE!!!
I AM DOOM ITSELF!!



HA! THEY RAN SO FAST THEY WERE TOO QUICK FOR THE QUICKSAND!



I'M ON MY WAY TO AMERICA, MISTER! BUT I'LL BE BACK SOMEDAY!

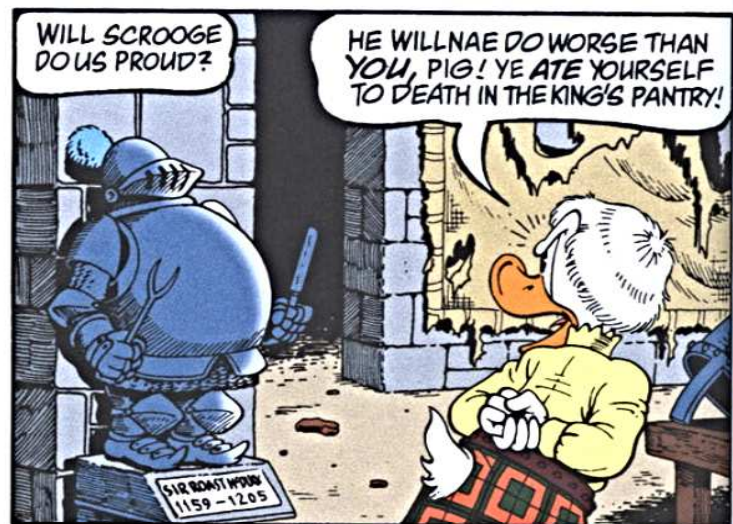
THAT'S THE MCDUCK SPIRIT, LAD! GOOD LUCK!!





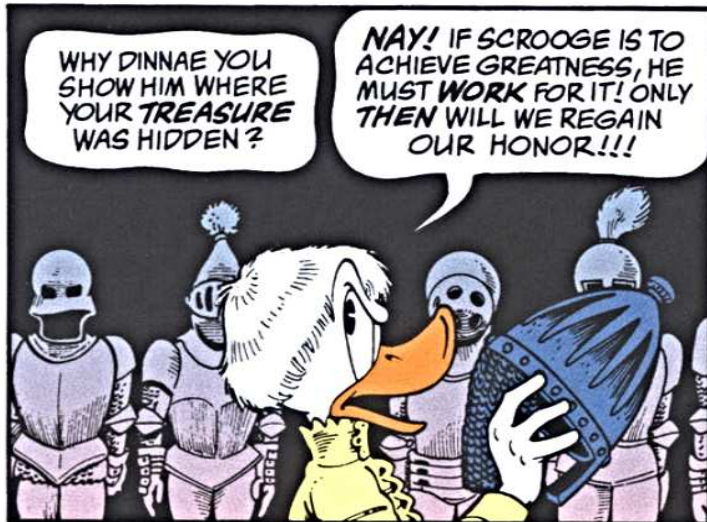
WHAT D'YE THINK?

AH THINK THERE'S A **NEW HOPE!** THE NAME **McDuck** WILL SHINE AGAIN!



WILL SCROOGE DO US PROUD?

HE WILLNAE DO WORSE THAN **YOU, PIG!** YE ATE YOURSELF TO DEATH IN THE KING'S PANTRY!



WHY DINNAE YOU SHOW HIM WHERE YOUR **TREASURE** WAS HIDDEN?

NAY! IF SCROOGE IS TO ACHIEVE GREATNESS, HE MUST **WORK** FOR IT! ONLY THEN WILL WE REGAIN OUR HONOR!!!

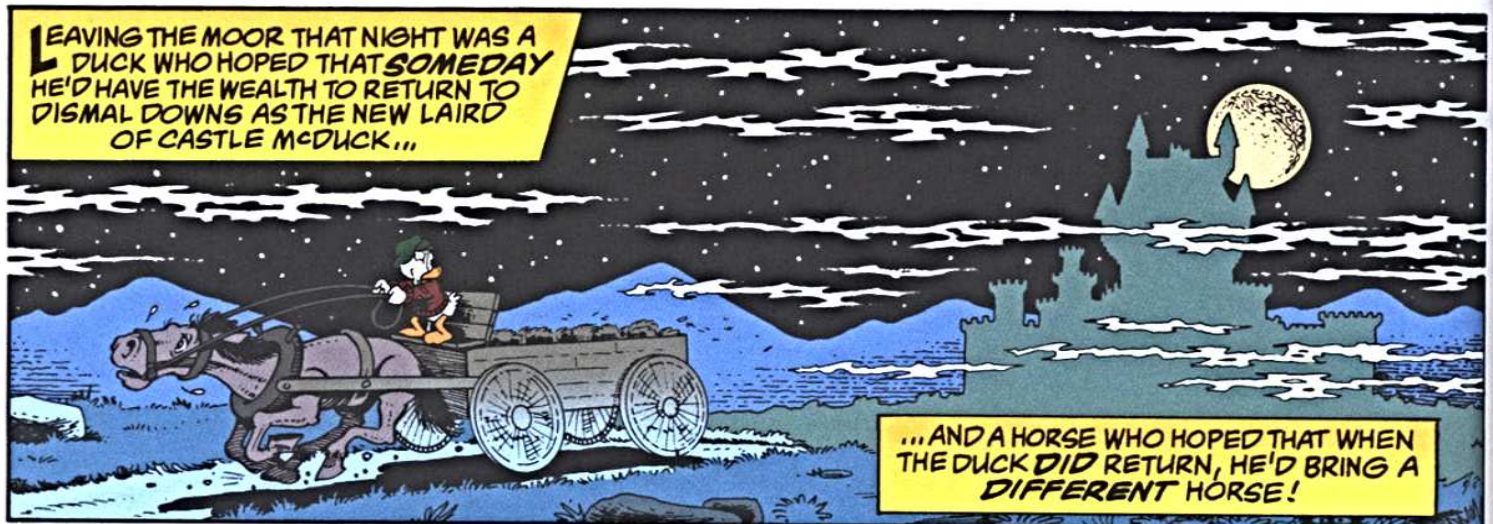


BUT REALLY... I DONNAE THINK I LOOK AS FRIGHTEENIN' AS ALL THAT GRAVEYARD NONSENSE!



YOU'RE NO BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE!

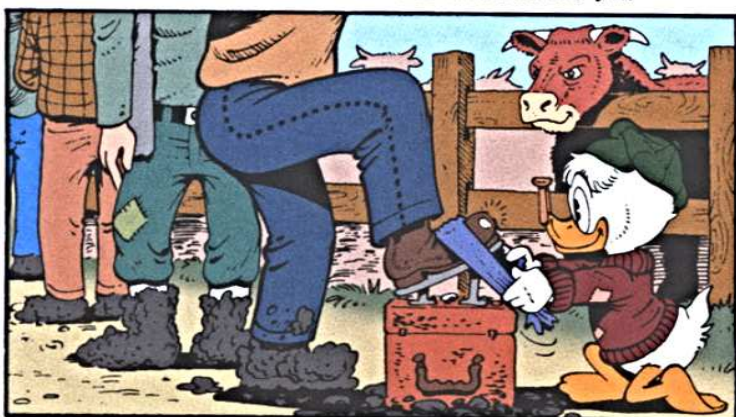
OH, SHUT UP!



LEAVING THE MOOR THAT NIGHT WAS A DUCK WHO HOPED THAT **SOMEDAY** HE'D HAVE THE WEALTH TO RETURN TO DISMAL DOWNS AS THE NEW LAIRD OF CASTLE McDuck...

...AND A HORSE WHO HOPED THAT WHEN THE DUCK **DID** RETURN, HE'D BRING A **DIFFERENT** HORSE!

FROM THEN ON, SCROOGE BASED HIS SHOESHINE TRADE AT THE GLASGOW STOCKYARDS (WHERE SHOESHINES WERE ALWAYS IN DEMAND)...



OPPORTUNITY SOON KNOCKED, AND HE POUNCED ON A JOB OFFERING WORK AS A CABIN BOY ON A CATTLE SHIP HEADED FOR NEW ORLEANS...



