



Spring 2008

Toy Story 2030

Michael Marg
University of Pennsylvania

Follow this and additional works at: https://repository.upenn.edu/showcase_comics

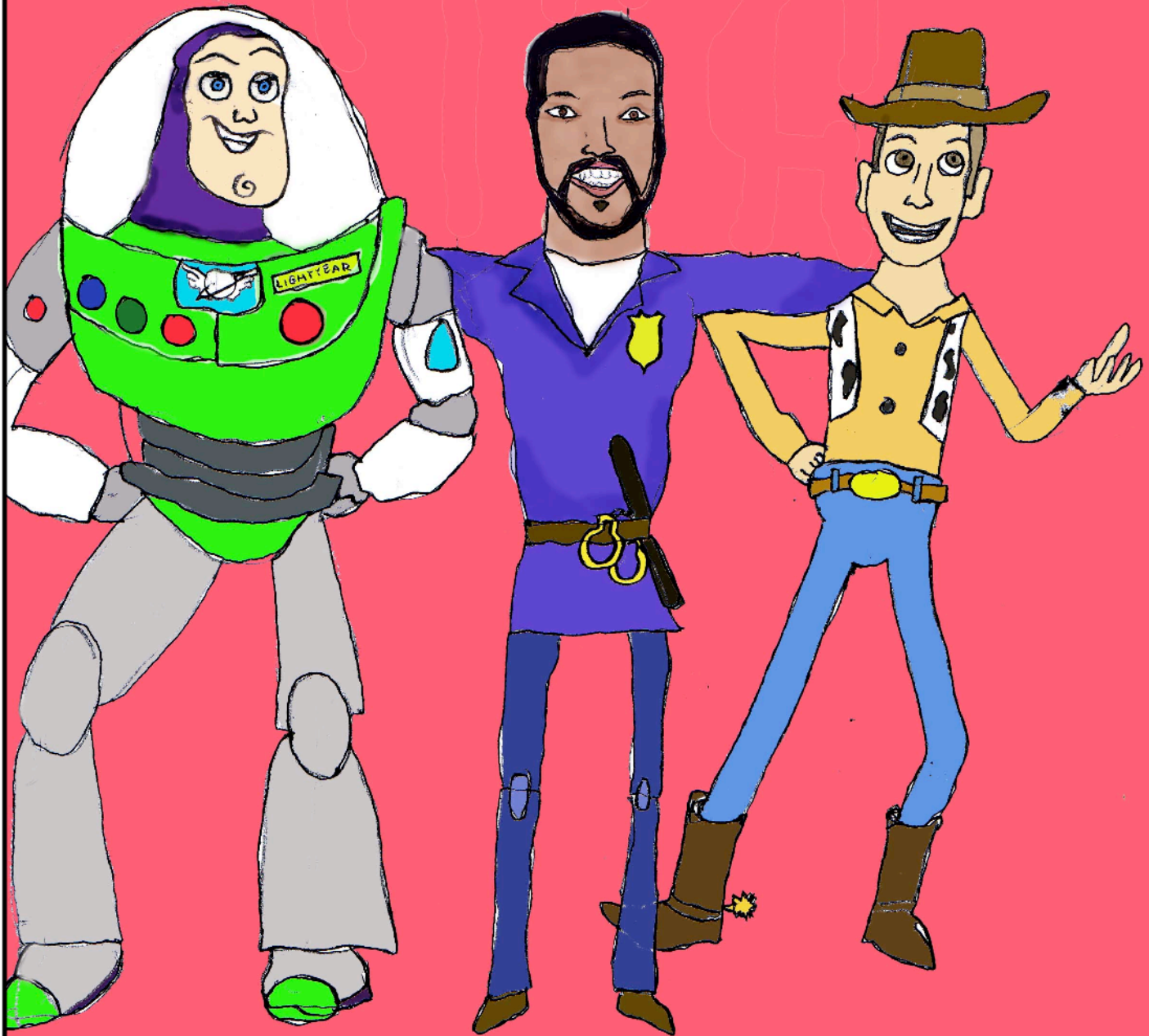
 Part of the [Anthropology Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Marg, M. (2008, April 01). Toy Story 2030. Retrieved from https://repository.upenn.edu/showcase_comics/29

This paper is posted at ScholarlyCommons. https://repository.upenn.edu/showcase_comics/29
For more information, please contact repository@pobox.upenn.edu.

TOY STORY 2030



The Year's 2030
And Andy's become
Forty years old
And a sad jobless bum

He's living with mother,
And toys are his life,
He hasn't got prospects,
And he hasn't a wife

But its quite alright, people,
Because toys are quite fun,
'Cause to Andy his toys are,
Like G-d to a nun.

**CLASSIC ARCADE FUN -
BANK ON IT!**

YOU'LL SCREAM AND SNOOT!
READY...
AIM...
GO EGG WILD!

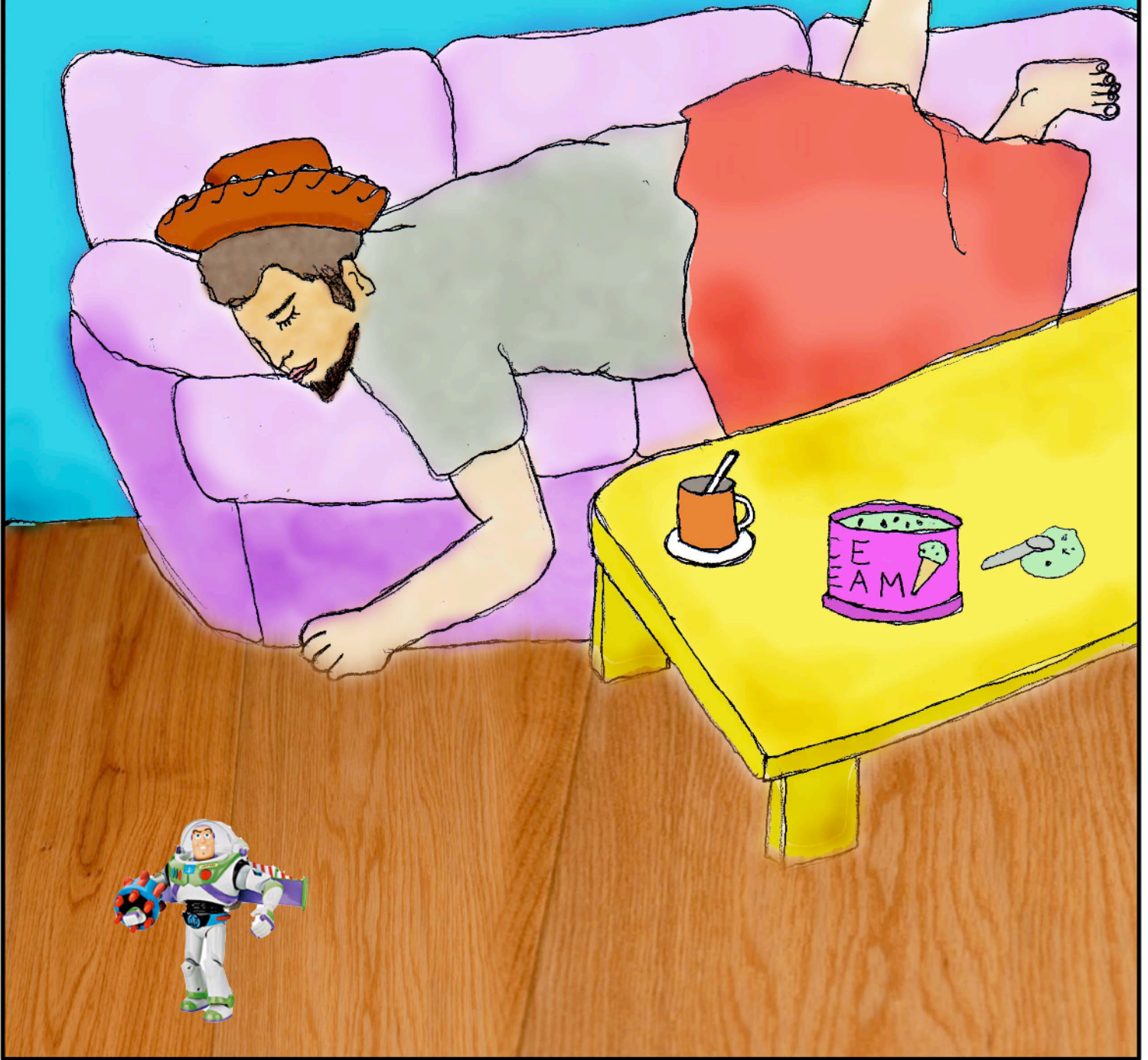


ALWAYS EXCITING,
NEVER BOAR-ING!

SAVE SOME
FUN
FOR NEXT
SUMMER!

HAMM

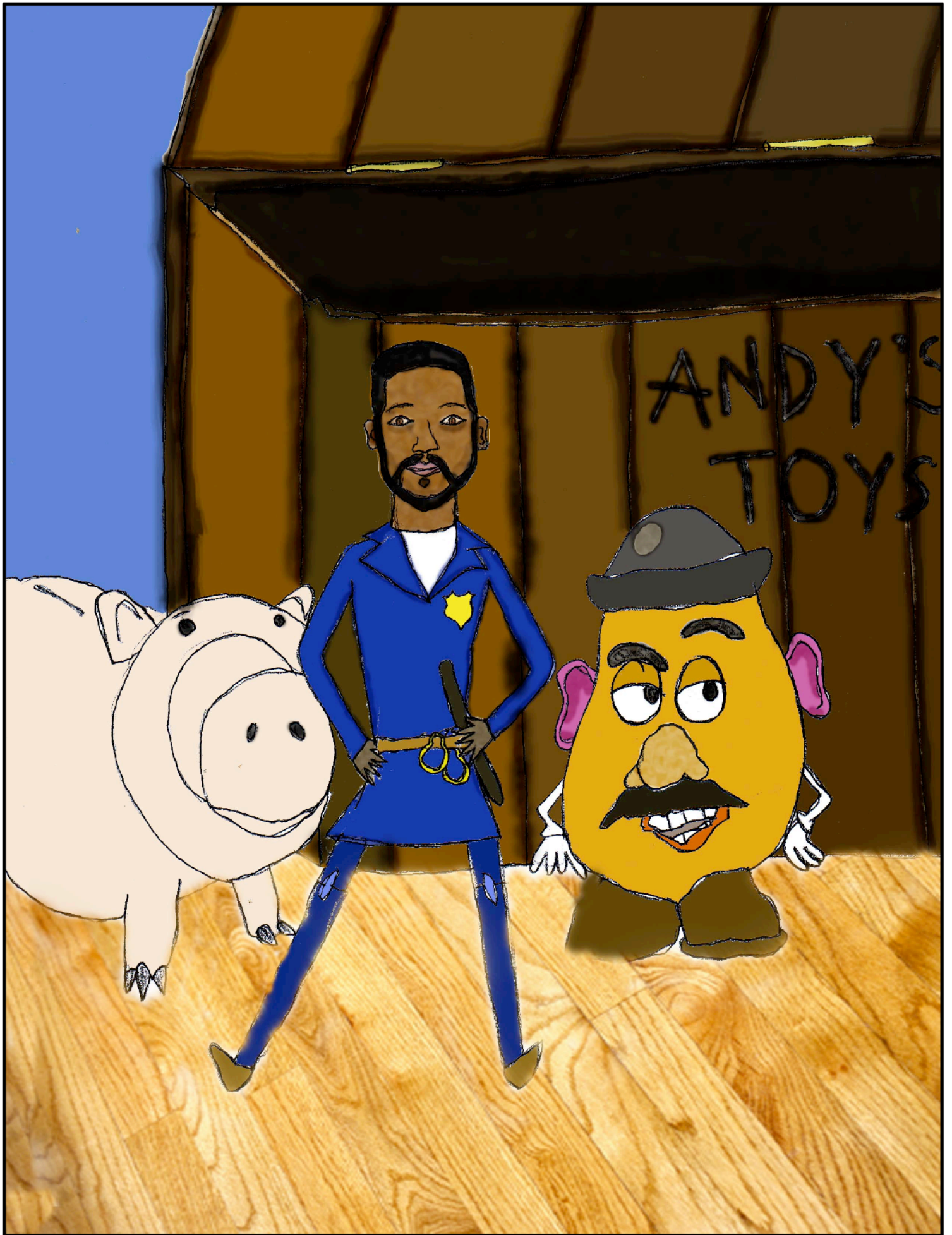
OPENS
SUMMER '08



His favorite toy now
Is a Del Spooner doll
A hard nosed cop,
Who keeps watch of them all

He works closely with Woody
And works closely with Buzz,
To catch those bad toys,
Who run from the fuzz.

But most toys are nice,
And most play by the rules,
They're simple to follow;
'Cause these toys are not fools.



You must live without motion
With humans around,
If they catch you walking;
You drop to the ground.

You're job's to be played with
No matter the price
If they drool upon you,
You pretend that its nice.

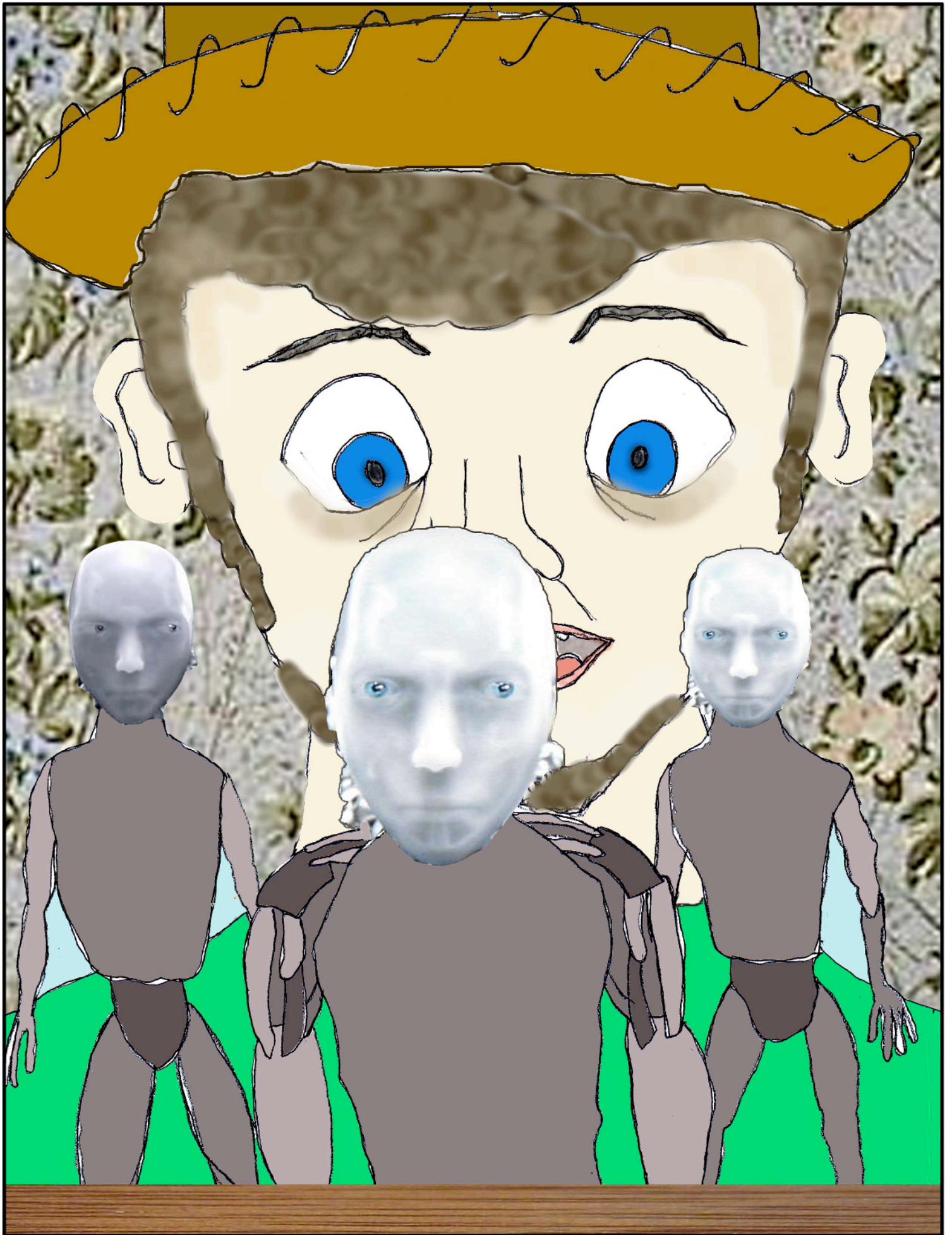


But this year on his birthday
Andy would buy
A new line of toys
That'd make things go awry

These were toy robots;
They were top of the line
With microchip brains,
Quite unlike yours and mine

Programmed to do things,
Like to cook and to clean,
These toys were not normal,
If you know what I mean

They followed no toy rules,
And didn't fit in,
They moved around humans,
Speaking with human kin!



The toys were unhappy,
These robots were wrong
Spooner just didn't trust them;
This instinct was strong

They didn't fit in
With the rest of the toys,
With Potato Head and Hamm,
And the Green Army Boys.

But these new toys, see, did not act
Standoffish or low,
They would certainly never,
Push Buzz out a window,

But they did talk to humans,
And didn't play dead
If approached by the humans,
Were they sick in the head?

A ROOTIN' TOOTIN'
SHOOTIN' GOOD TIME'S A COMIN'!

BE QUICK
ON THE
DRAW!

NEW
BRAND
OF FUN!

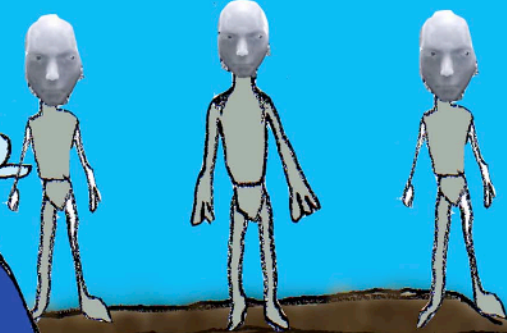


HEY
HOWDY
HEY!

STAMPED
BACK NEXT
SUMMER!

WOODY

OPENS
SUMMER '08



ANDY'S
TOYS



“Now see here” said Spooner
After having enough,
“There’s rules here in this room,
Following them isn’t tough

We are played with by humans,
For we are their toys,
We are at the mercy, you see
Of these girls and these boys.

You may not talk to them,
You may not interact,
They may not see you moving,
This is the toy pact!



The robots all stopped,
Yes, they stopped and they stared,
It looked like these robots,
Were hearing impaired

But then one spoke up,
He spoke loudly and said,
But sir, we are not toys,
We are robots instead!

We follow different rules,
We have different demands,
Please do not blame us;
It's out of our hands.

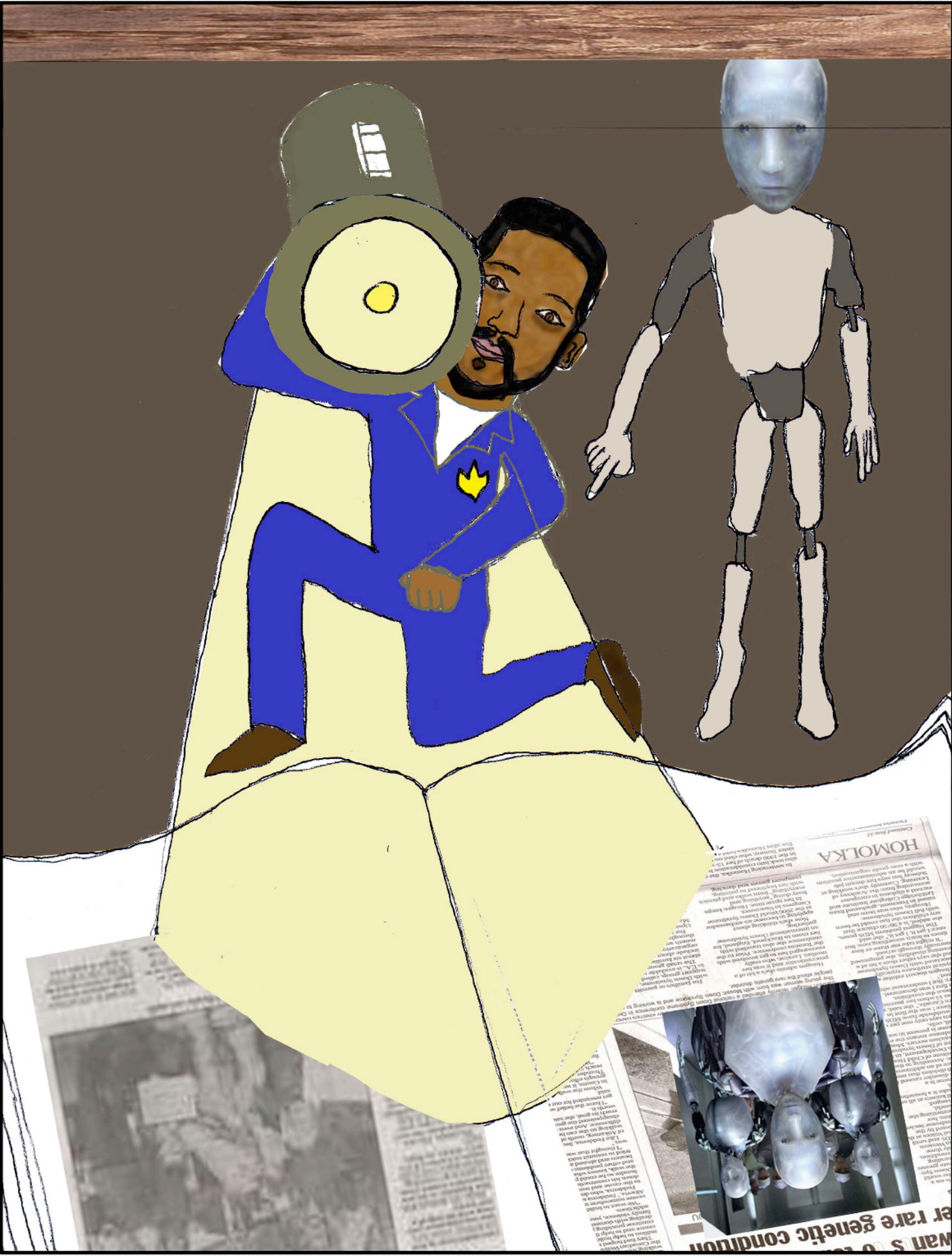


Our rules make us cook,
Our rules make us clean,
Look, look, sir, its right here,
In iRobot Magazine!

Spooner took a quick look
His jaw dropped as he read,
The advertisement,
Hidden under the bed.

“These Robots will help you!”
The page clearly did say,
“These things are essential,
To get you through your day!”

The photos that followed,
Opened up Spooner’s eyes,
The robots were truthful,
To his own great surprise.



Pictures showed them in action,
Serving people in print,
Here, retrieving a ball,
There one's fetching a mint,

Finally Del understood,
His mistake here was grave
These things were not toys,
They were glorified slaves!

At first he was jealous,
But he had been a fool,
Moving in front of humans
Just wasn't that cool.



Del apologized quickly
and climbed on top the bed
To explain to the others,
What the robots had said.

“Now see here, you toys,
You listen up well,
Can you see from the back?
Hamm? Rex? Mr. Spell?

This is an emergency meeting,
So you all gather round,
I need to share with you,
These facts that I’ve found.

The toys looked at Del,
With a gleam in their eyes,
Del opened his mouth,
To share the surprise



I know you've all been worried,
About these odd machines
Polishing Andy's floors,
And crocheting his jeans,

They're freaks! Yelled Potato
from the front of the crowd
They talk to people,
And they aren't allowed!

And why can't we? Why can't we?
Asked Spooner to Spud
Is this something we've learned?
Or is this in our blood?

Potato head was dumbfounded,
We was taken aback,
His rock solid argument,
Was starting to crack.

I . . . I don't really know.
The potato conceded
It's just what I've always thought
Us toys always needed.



THE CLASS
TINKER
CONSTRUCTION

WARNING:

Listen here, Ugly Spud,
Said the officer then,
You just listen to me,
I won't tell you again.

We don't even know why
We toys act this way,
It's just a tradition of ours,
Not of Robots, okay?

Spooner cleared up his throat,
And continued his speech,
It was their job to learn now,
And his job to teach.

"The truth is they're robots,
This is what they're made for,
While we lay around lifeless,
They have to do chores,"

"Their lives are much tougher,
They work round the clock,
So what if the humans,
Get to see those things walk?"

"We must understand,
That their culture's unique,
And being different from us,
Doesn't make him a freak.

