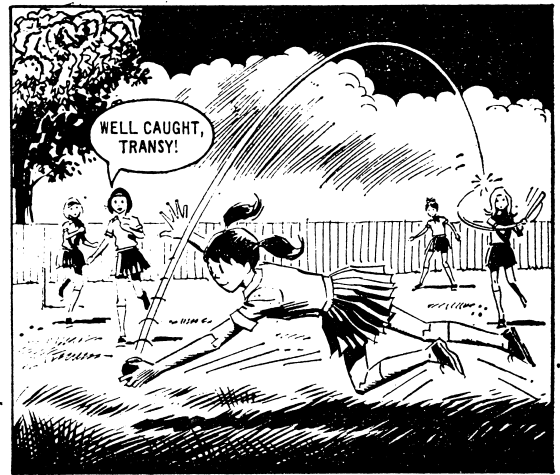
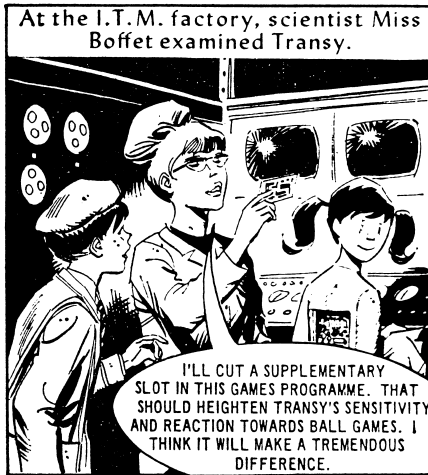
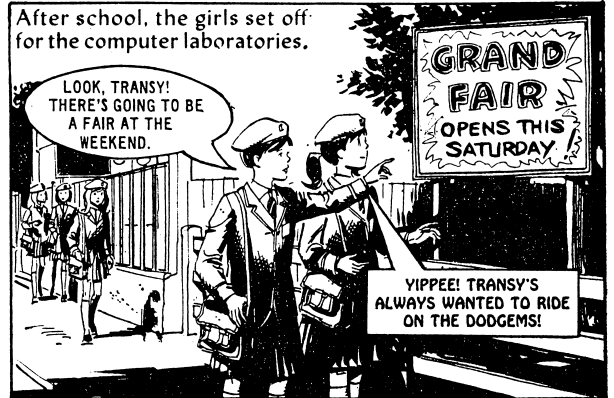
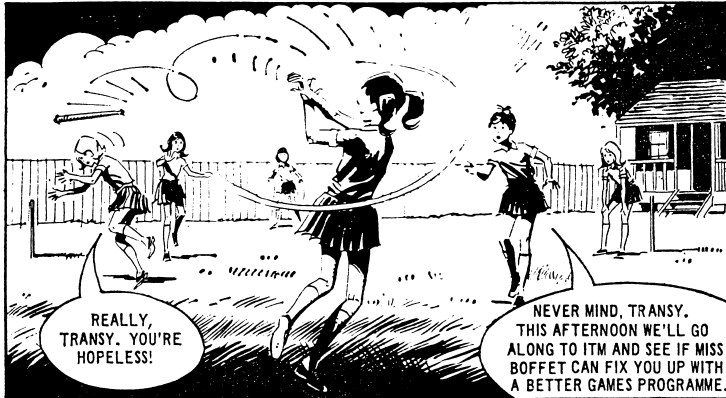


Transy is up to tricks.

The COMPUTER WORE PIGTAILS

YOUNG Sally Gleade was given the job of "sister" to Transy, the first computer to look and act like a twelve-year-old schoolgirl. The experiment was being conducted by I.T.M.—Imperial Transistor Machines—for whom Sally's father worked. Sally had to feed Transy with special plastic programmes to enable her to take part in the various activities at Leewood School. Transy excelled at most subjects—but not at games.



Transy is kidnapped!

On Saturday afternoon—



WE'RE OFF TO THE FAIR, MUM.

BRING ME BACK A DOZEN EGGS FROM THE SHOP, WOULD YOU, DEARS? I SHAN'T HAVE TIME TO GO OUT.

At the fair—



OUCH! WATCH IT, TRANSY! YOU'LL SHATTER YOUR TRANSISTORS IF YOU CARRY ON LIKE THIS.

HO! HO! IF MISS BOFFET COULD SEE TRANSY, SHE'D HAVE A HEART ATTACK!

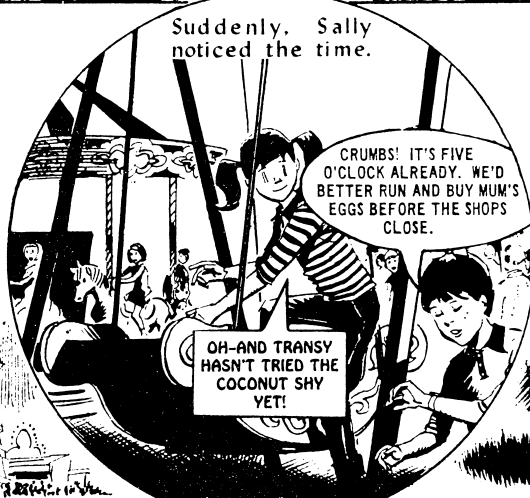
The girls had no idea that they were being watched.

Suddenly, Sally noticed the time.



TRANSY! HAVEN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH YET? I'M EXHAUSTED, AND I FEEL SICK.

COMPUTERS ARE NEVER SICK. AND THEY'RE JUST CRAZY ABOUT SWINGING BOATS.



CRUMBS! IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK ALREADY. WE'D BETTER RUN AND BUY MUM'S EGGS BEFORE THE SHOPS CLOSE.

OH-AND TRANSY HASN'T TRIED THE COCONUT SHY YET!

TELL YOU WHAT, TRANSY. YOU HAVE A GO ON THE COCONUTS AND I'LL NIP ACROSS TO THE SHOP AND BUY MUM'S EGGS. JUST WAIT HERE TILL I GET BACK.

OK, SALLY!

Transy was a great success at the coconuts, but, without Sally, she was in danger.



SHE'S ALL ALONE NOW, BERT. HERE'S OUR CHANCE!

BALLS 6p



YOU'RE DOING WELL, MISS. YOU OUGHT TO COME AND HAVE A GO AT OUR SKITTLE STALL BEHIND THE DODGERS. THERE'S WONDERFUL PRIZES TO WIN. GREAT BIG DOLLIES AND ALL. MUCH BETTER THAN COCONUTS.

SKITTLES? MAYBE TRANSY COULD WIN A PRESENT FOR SALLY'S MUM.



B-BUT TRANSY'S COCONUTS! SHE WON TWELVE...!

THEY'LL BE THERE WHEN YOU COME BACK, MISS. NOW YOU COME AND SEE OUR LOVELY PRIZES.



Behind the dodgems, they came to a large tent.

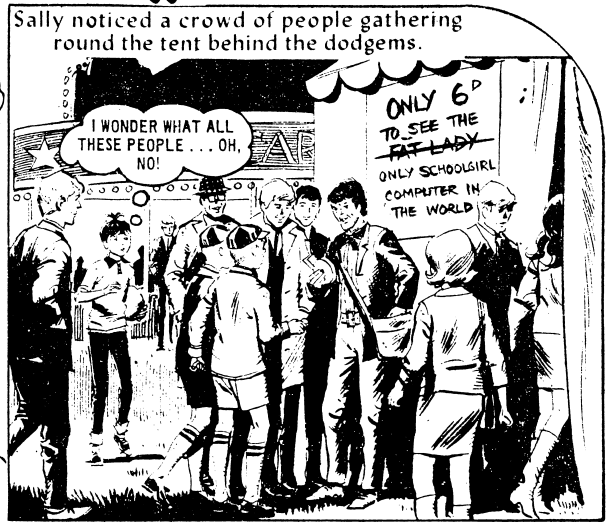
ONLY 6p TO SEE THE FAT LADY

THIS IS NO SKITTLE STALL! LET TRANSY GO! HELP! SALLY!



LISTEN. YOU. WE KNOW YOU'RE A COMPUTER AND IF YOU DON'T DO WHAT WE SAY, WE'LL UNSCREW YOUR KNOBS AND CROSS YOUR WIRES! SEE?

Transy goes to work with the eggs.



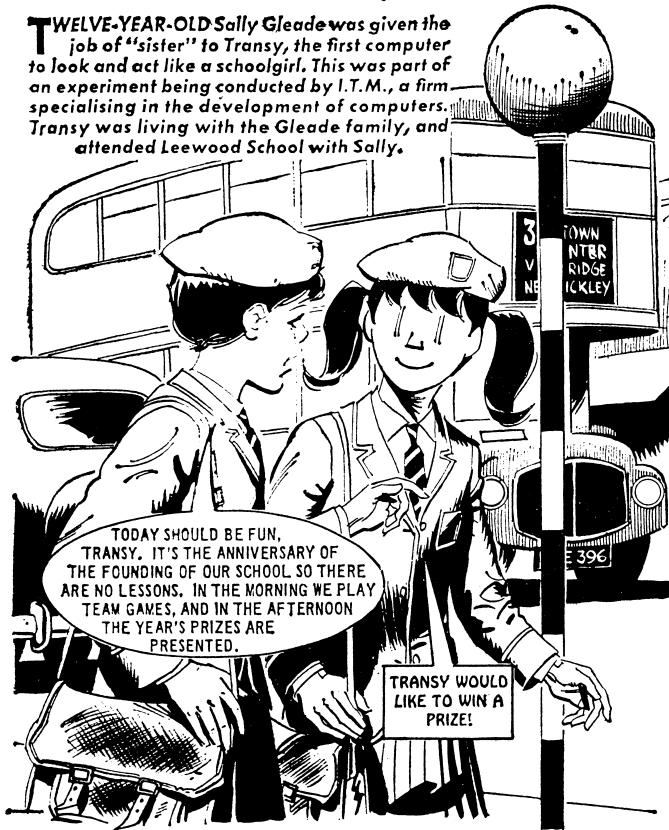
Sally whispered her plan to Transy as she gave her the eggs, and Transy began juggling with the whole dozen.



NEXT WEEK—Transy is sabotaged.

The Computer Wore Pigtails

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Sally Glead was given the job of "sister" to Transy, the first computer to look and act like a schoolgirl. This was part of an experiment being conducted by I.T.M., a firm specialising in the development of computers. Transy was living with the Gleade family, and attended Leewood School with Sally.



The juniors gathered in the school gym to play team games.



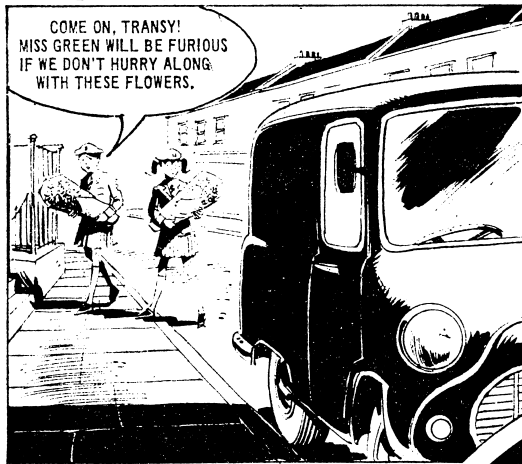
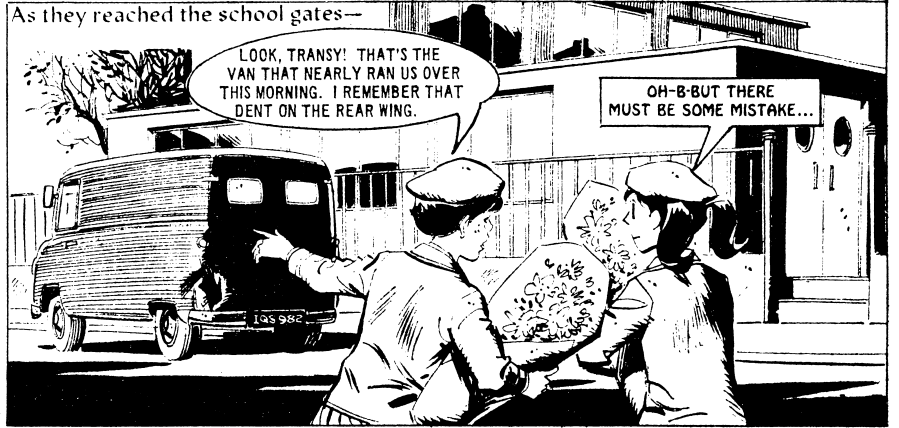
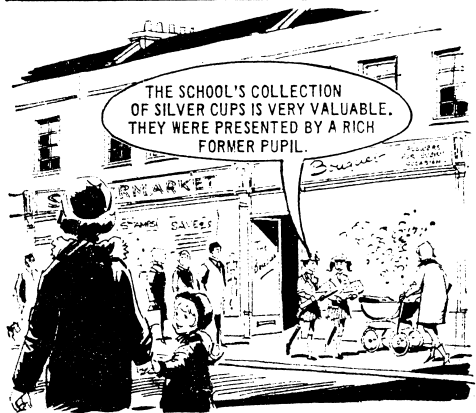
After the game—



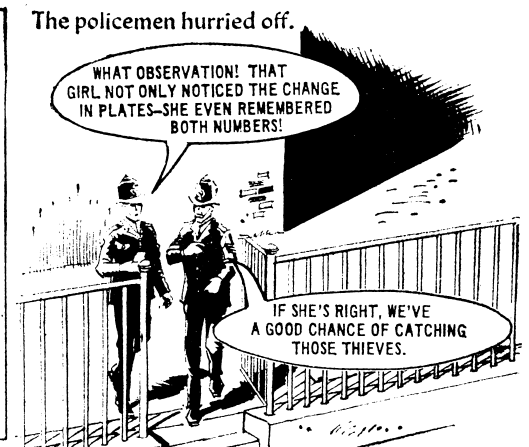
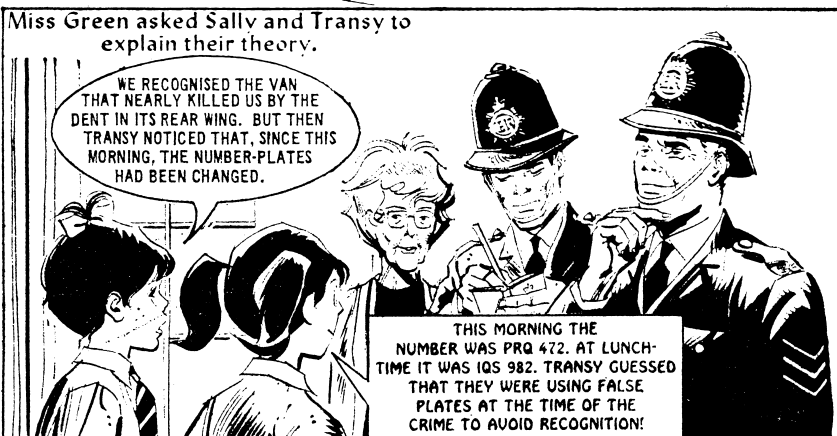
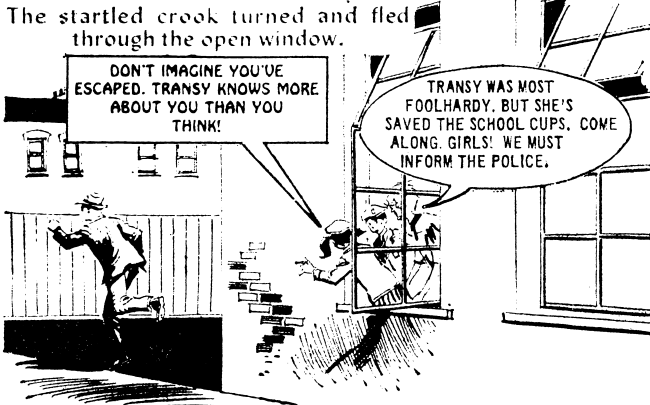
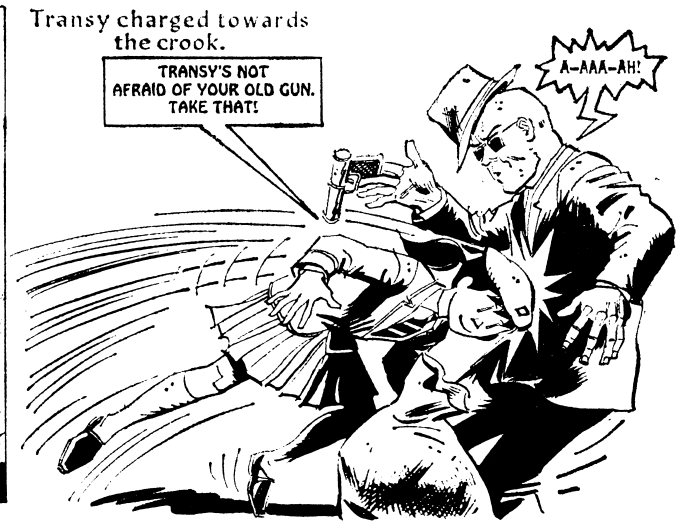
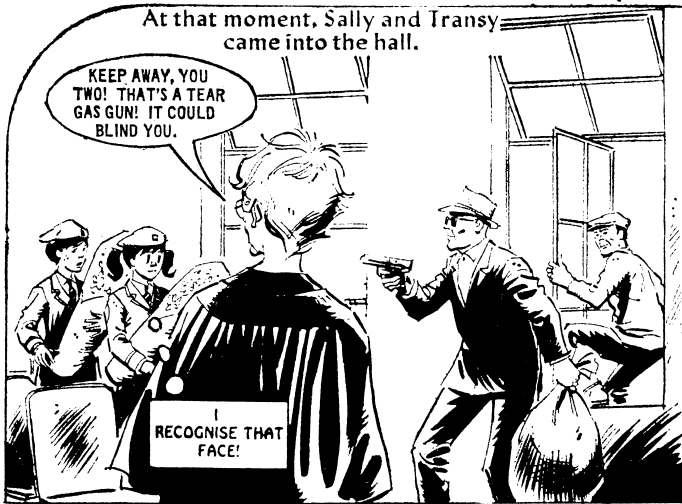
The contest ended with a memory game.



Keep quiet, or I'll fire!



Transy to the rescue.

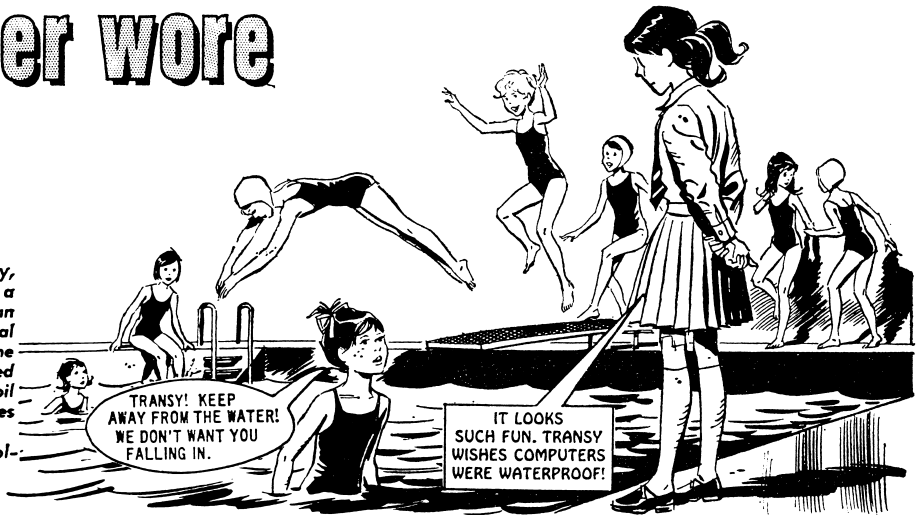


NEXT WEEK—Transy becomes a record player.

The computer wore PIGTAILS

YOUNG Sally Gleade was "sister" to Transy, the first computer to look and act like a twelve-year-old schoolgirl. This was part of an experiment being conducted by I.T.M.—Imperial Transistor Machines—a firm specialising in the development of computers. Sally had to feed Transy with plastic programmes and special oil to enable her to take part in the various activities at Leewood School.

One morning, in the school swimming-pool—



TRANSY! KEEP AWAY FROM THE WATER! WE DON'T WANT YOU FALLING IN.

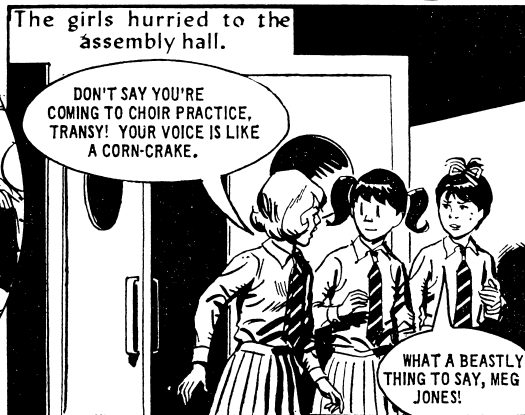
IT LOOKS SUCH FUN. TRANSY WISHES COMPUTERS WERE WATERPROOF!



In the changing-room—

WE'D BETTER HURRY, GIRLS! THERE'S A CHOIR PRACTICE BEFORE LUNCH.

GOSH! WE MUSTN'T BE LATE FOR THAT. IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE OF REHEARSING FOR THE INTER-SCHOOLS' SINGING FESTIVAL ON SATURDAY.



The girls hurried to the assembly hall.

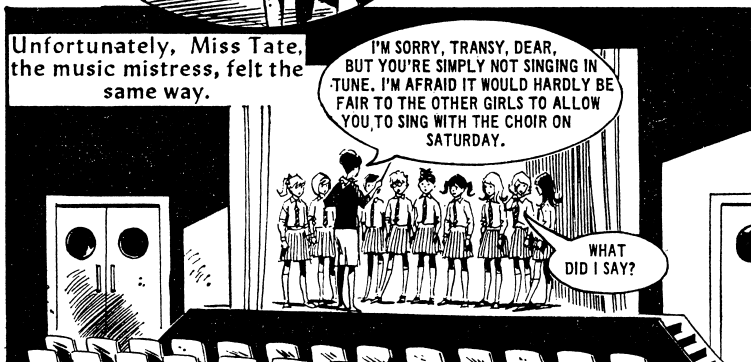
DON'T SAY YOU'RE COMING TO CHOIR PRACTICE, TRANSY! YOUR VOICE IS LIKE A CORN-CRAKE.

WHAT A BEASTLY THING TO SAY, MEG JONES!



DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF MEG, TRANSY. JUST DO YOUR BEST AND YOU'LL BE OK.

MEG'S RIGHT. SINGING JUST ISN'T ONE OF TRANSY'S GREAT TALENTS!



Unfortunately, Miss Tate, the music mistress, felt the same way.

I'M SORRY, TRANSY, DEAR, BUT YOU'RE SIMPLY NOT SINGING IN TUNE. I'M AFRAID IT WOULD HARDLY BE FAIR TO THE OTHER GIRLS TO ALLOW YOU TO SING WITH THE CHOIR ON SATURDAY.

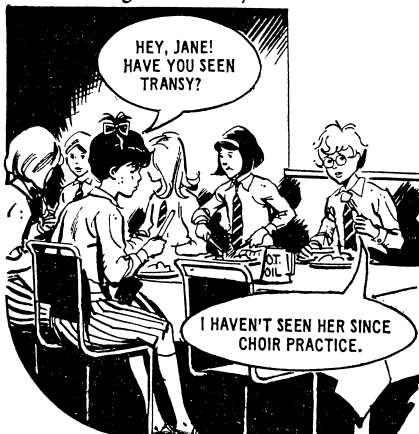
WHAT DID I SAY?

Sadly, Transy left the hall.



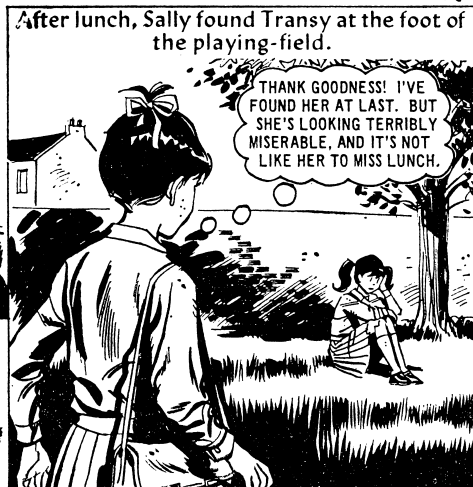
POOR TRANSY! I MUST GIVE HER A DOUBLE RATION OF OIL FOR LUNCH TO CHEER HER UP!

But at lunch-time, there was no sign of Transy.



HEY, JANE! HAVE YOU SEEN TRANSY?

I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE CHOIR PRACTICE.



After lunch, Sally found Transy at the foot of the playing-field.

THANK GOODNESS! I'VE FOUND HER AT LAST. BUT SHE'S LOOKING TERRIBLY MISERABLE, AND IT'S NOT LIKE HER TO MISS LUNCH.



COME ALONG NOW, TRANSY. IT'S ARITHMETIC WITH MISS BRIGGS THIS AFTERNOON, AND YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO WORK PROPERLY UNLESS YOU EAT YOUR MATHS PROGRAMME AND DRINK A DROP OF OIL.

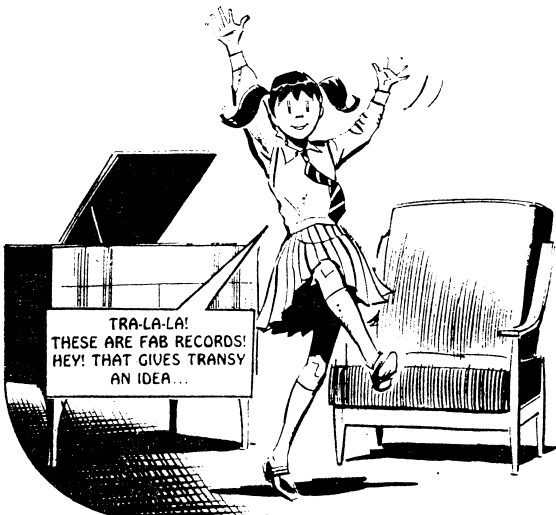
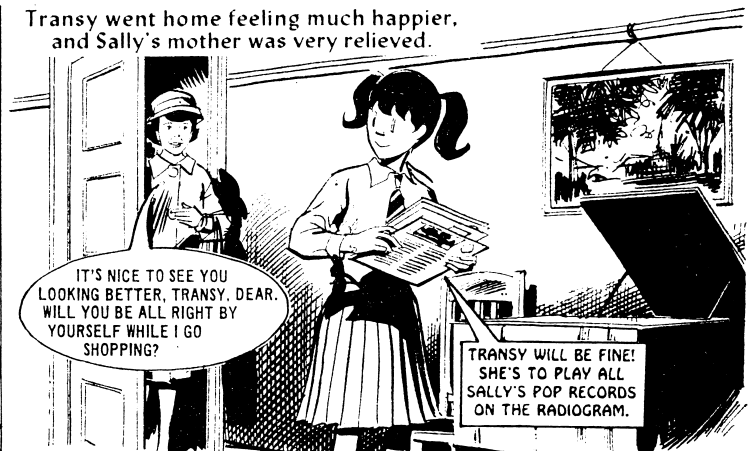
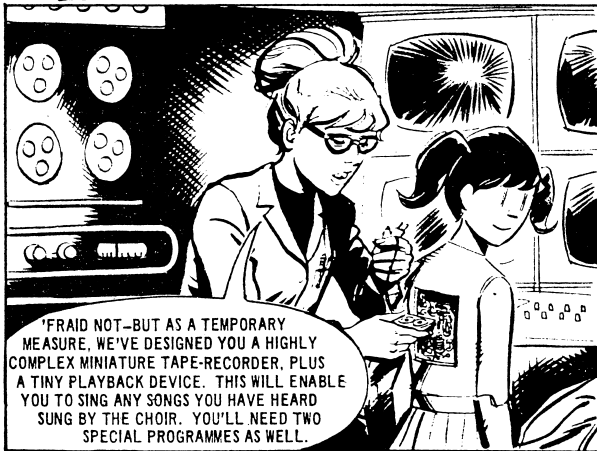
TAKE THEM AWAY! TRANSY JUST DOESN'T FEEL LIKE EATING. LIFE IS NO FUN FOR A COMPUTER SCHOOLGIRL. NO SWIMMING. NO SINGING—NOTHING!



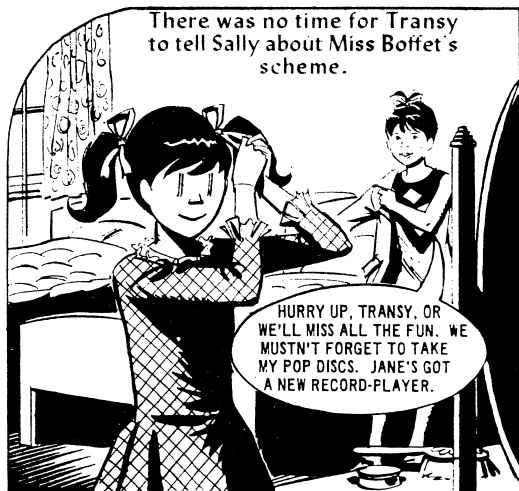
Transy the tape-recorder.



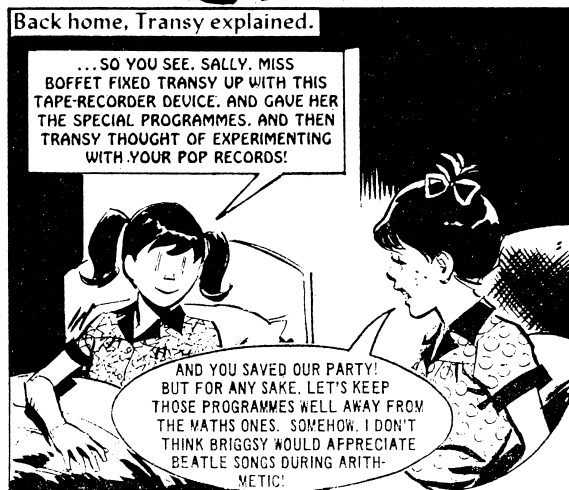
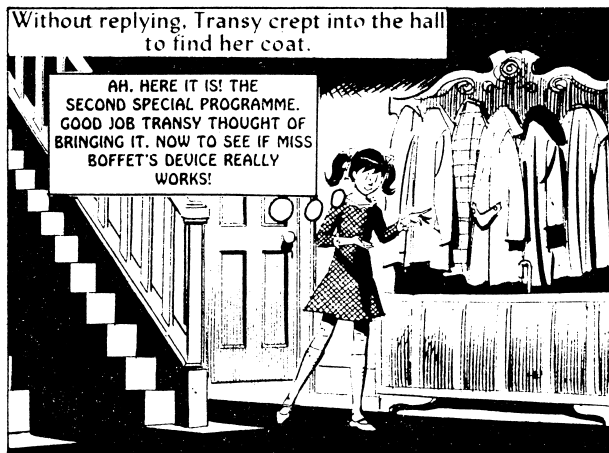
After school, Sally telephoned Miss Boffet, the scientist responsible for Transy.



Transy is top of the pops.



The party was a great success until—



NEXT WEEK—TRANSY + THE TRUTH = TROUBLE

The Computer Wore Pigtails

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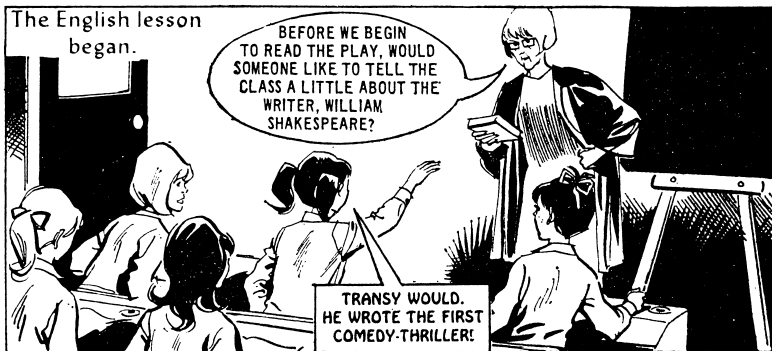
One day, at school lunch—



Transy was normally a model pupil, but that afternoon—

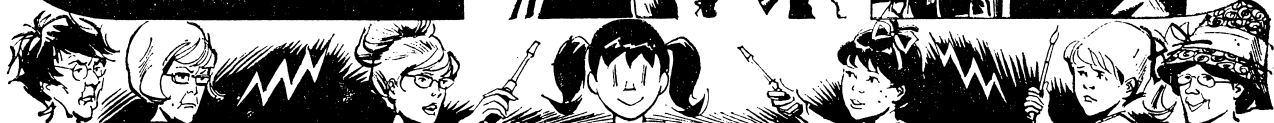
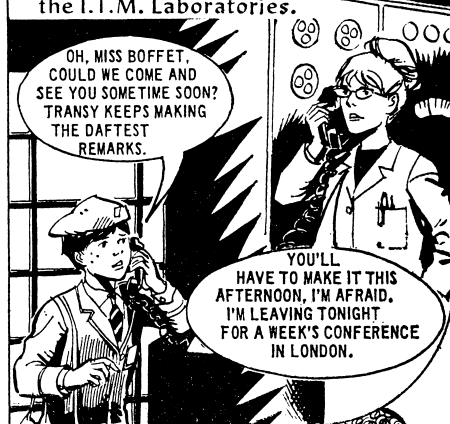
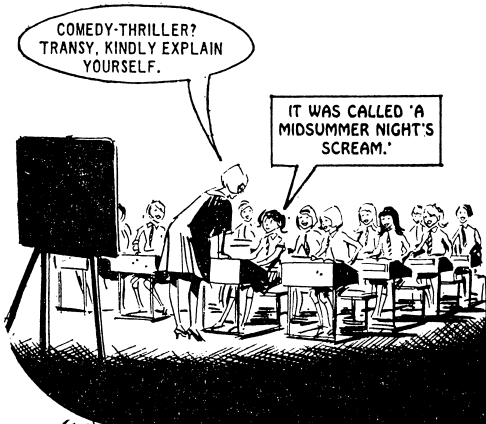


Later—



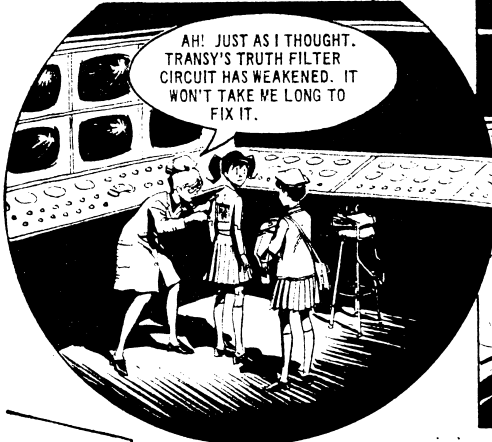
Transy was sent from the room.

Sally spoke to the scientist at the I.T.M. Laboratories.



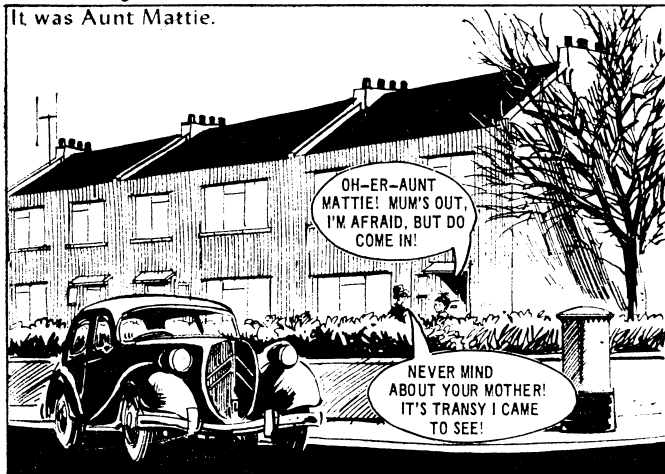
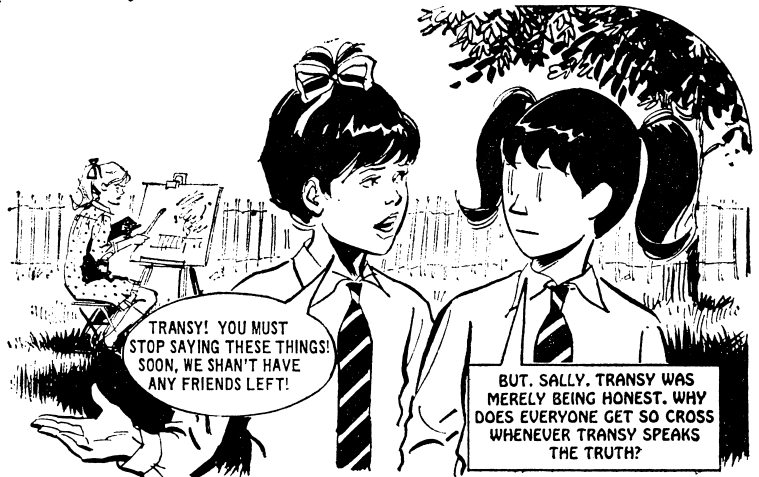
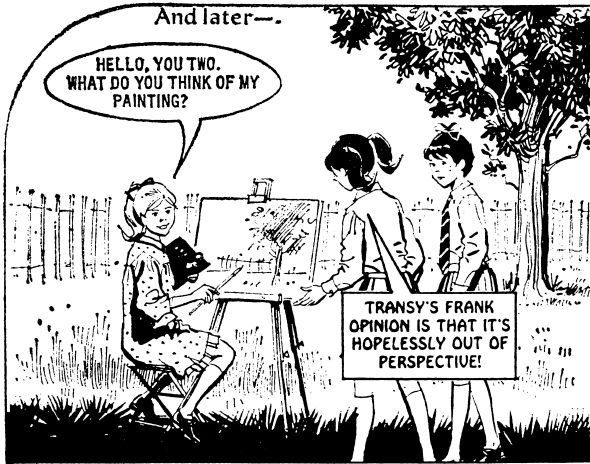
Transy is too truthful.

In the lab, Miss Boffet gave Transy a thorough examination.



When they reached home, the girls noticed a large car parked outside.





NEXT WEEK—A pony ride poses problems for Transy.

The COMPUTER WORE PIGTAILS

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One day when Sally and Transy were on their way to school—



THE NEW GIRL, FLORA SMOTHERBY, ARRIVES TODAY. TRANSY. I WONDER WHAT SHE'LL BE LIKE?

GOODY! TRANSY WILL NO LONGER BE THE ONLY NEW GIRL IN CLASS FOUR.



When they reached school—

DADDY DIDN'T WANT ME TO COME TO AN ORDINARY SCHOOL LIKE THIS. HE SAID I OUGHT TO GO TO AN EXCLUSIVE BOARDING SCHOOL. BUT MUMMY COULDN'T BEAR TO PART WITH ME—SO THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.

THAT MUST BE FLORA. SHE SOUNDS LIKE A BIT OF A SHOW-OFF!



OH, YOU MUST BE THE COMPUTER GIRL THEY'VE ALL BEEN TALKING ABOUT. HOW QUAIN'T!

SHE'S NOT A BIT QUAIN'T. SHE'S MY BEST FRIEND!



HO-HO! YOU CAN'T BE VERY POPULAR! FANCY ADMITTING THAT YOUR BEST FRIEND IS AN ADDING MACHINE!

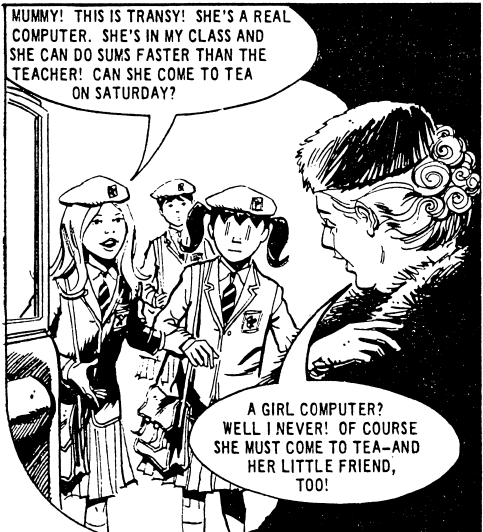
CHEEK! IF THIS WEREN'T HER FIRST DAY I'D GIVE HER A PIECE OF MY MIND!



After school—

GOODY! THAT'S MUMMY'S CAR. COME AND MEET HER, TRANSY!

TRUST FLORA TO HAVE A CAR TEN TIMES THE SIZE OF ANYONE ELSE'S.



MUMMY! THIS IS TRANSY! SHE'S A REAL COMPUTER. SHE'S IN MY CLASS AND SHE CAN DO SUMS FASTER THAN THE TEACHER! CAN SHE COME TO TEA ON SATURDAY?

A GIRL COMPUTER? WELL I NEVER! OF COURSE SHE MUST COME TO TEA—AND HER LITTLE FRIEND, TOO!



Five minutes later—

WHAT ON EARTH DID THAT DREADFUL FLORA HAVE TO GO AND ASK US TO TEA FOR? OH, WELL, PERHAPS WE'LL GET A GOOD FEAST!

HUH! THAT'S NO USE TO TRANSY! YOU FORGET, SALLY. THAT COMPUTERS DON'T EAT CREAM CAKES!



On Saturday afternoon, Sally and Transy arrived at Flora's house.

GOSH! FLORA CERTAINLY LIVES IN LUXURY!



Transy shakes hands—and a guest!



The cream cake calamity.

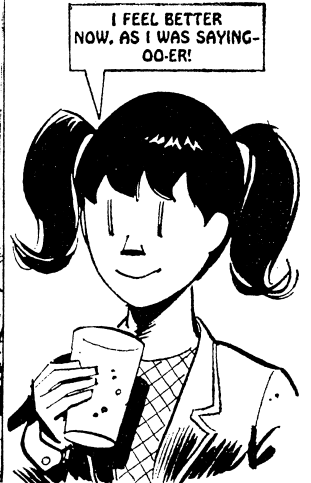


NOW, TRANSY, WILL YOU SHOW MY FRIENDS HOW CLEVER YOU ARE? CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT THE ADRIATIC SEA? I HOPE TO SEE THERE IN THE HOLIDAYS, YOU KNOW.

THE ADRIATIC SEA IS BETWEEN ITALY AND THE BALKAN PENINSULA. IT EXTENDS... HIC... A DISTANCE OF... HIC... 500... HIC MILES. OH... HIC... I'VE GOT... HIC... HICCUPS!



REALLY, TRANSY! WHAT WILL MY GUESTS THINK? DRINK THIS WATER QUICKLY, THAT MIGHT CURE YOUR HICCUPS.



I FEEL BETTER NOW, AS I WAS SAYING—OO-ER!



OH, NO! SOMETHING SERIOUS HAS GONE WRONG WITH TRANSY. IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT BUMP SHE GOT WHEN SHE FELL OFF THE PONY.

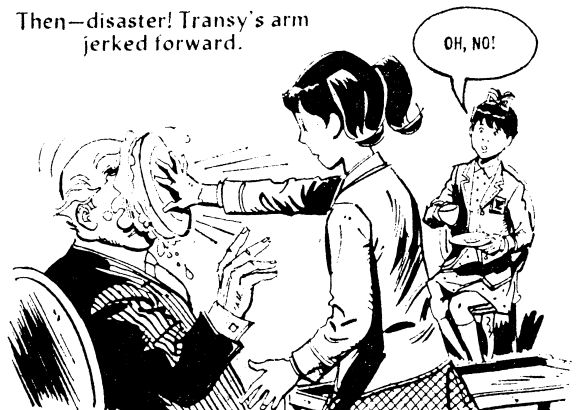


THANK GOODNESS—IT'S TIME FOR TEA.



TRANSY HAD BETTER BE NICE TO SIR HERBERT. THEN HE MIGHT FORGIVE THE ACCIDENTS.

WOULD YOU LIKE A SLICE OF THIS CAKE, SIR HERBERT?



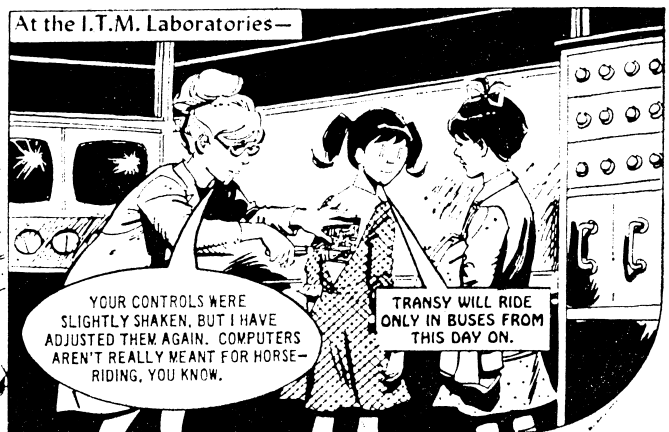
Then—disaster! Transy's arm jerked forward.

OH, NO!



THIS IS THE END! I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED IN MY LIFE. YOU WON'T CATCH ME IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN!

TRANSY, I THINK WE OUGHT TO MAKE OURSELVES SCARCE AND WE'LL SEE MISS BOFFET ABOUT YOU.



At the I.T.M. Laboratories—

YOUR CONTROLS WERE SLIGHTLY SHAKEN, BUT I HAVE ADJUSTED THEM AGAIN. COMPUTERS AREN'T REALLY MEANT FOR HORSE-RIDING, YOU KNOW.

TRANSY WILL RIDE ONLY IN BUSES FROM THIS DAY ON.

NEXT WEEK—Meet Transy, the lightning artist.