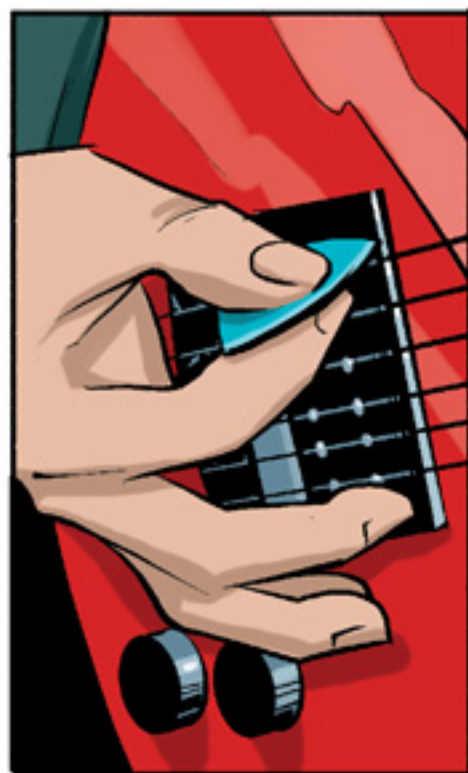
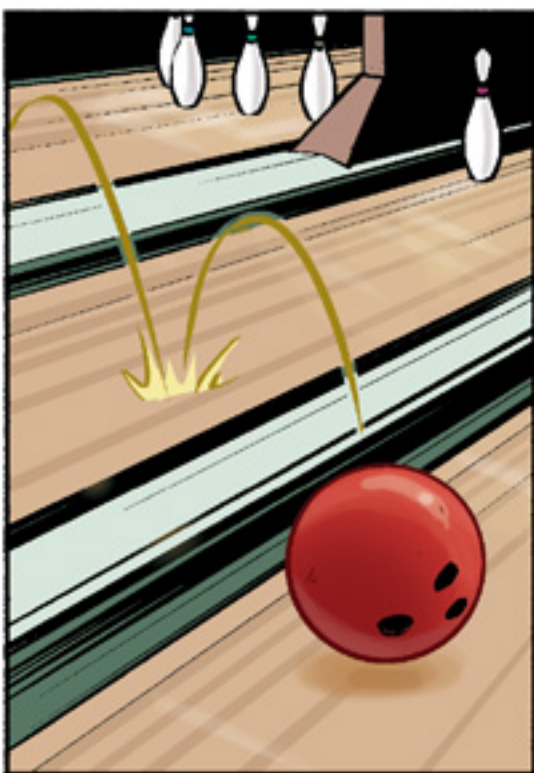


CHAPTER THREE:







MR. SECRET WEAPON!

NICE OF YOU TO DRESS FOR THE OCCASION.

HEY. YOU'RE LUCKY I'M WEARING PANTS. HAVE THE ROYAL COUPLE ARRIVED YET?



HURRY UP, BOYS! I'M NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER!

THANK GOD.

ALMOST DONE, PRINCIPAL WEATHERBEE! GOOD NIGHT, DANCE... HELLO, XBOX.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN ARMIE'S NOT HERE?



HE'S LEAD GUITAR, AND WE ARE ON! CALL HIM!

WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING? HE'S NOT PICKING UP!

Huh.

Y'KNOW, ARCHIE PLAYS AS WELL AS YOUR MAN.



YOU! RED! YOU'RE DRAFTED! GET READY TO JAM!

ME?

IN FRONT OF--ALL THESE--?

I CAN'T! I--I--



CHWUNK



eep.

