

# CHAPTER ONE:

# 2 KITTENS AND A PUPPY







"...BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER WE CAN FOOL HIM."

IT WASN'T ARCHIE'S FAULT, DADDY.

OF COURSE NOT. IT WAS MINE.

IF I DIDN'T WANT ANDREWS TO GET HIS HEAD STUCK IN SOMETHING, I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM WITHIN 500 YARDS OF IT.



HE'S A LITTLE CLUMSY. BUT HE--

WHOA. WHATWHAT? WHAT?



I'M RUNNING FOR MAYOR. WHICH I'M PERMITTED TO DO, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION, WITHOUT YOUR MAJESTY'S APPROVAL.

VOTE LODGE

GO AHEAD. RUN. RUN FAR. I DON'T CARE.



THEN WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?

NOW I KNOW WHY YOU MOVED US TO--TO SEWERDALE!

VOTE LODGE

WHY I HAVE TO GO TO THAT SCHOOL WITH THE UGLY GREEN PAINT AND THE TEACHERS WHO SMELL LIKE GAS STATION FOOD!













NO DAD?

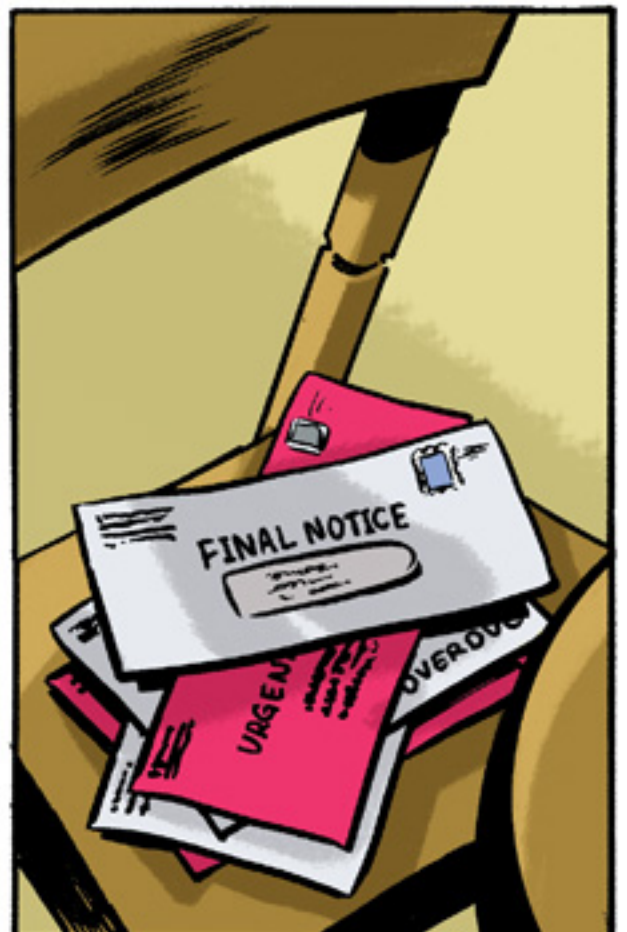


HE'S WORKING LATE.

AGAIN?

HE'S ANGLING FOR A PROMOTION. BEST TO REMIND HIS BOSSES HOW DEDICATED HE IS.

I FORGOT THE BUTTER.



THAT'S NOT FOR YOU, ARCHIE.

BUT--

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. IF YOU'RE GOING OUT AFTER DINNER, BRING HOME SOME COFFEE FOR YOUR FATHER. HE NEEDS HIS COFFEE WITH THE HOURS HE'S PUTTING IN...