



Mine.

What? No! It's mine!

I don't think so.

Why?



I've told you before. You owe me.

Owe you?

Yes. Always have. Always will.

Why?

Sigh. Do I have to tell you about our ancestors again?

Uh... yeah?



Very well.

Our story begins in the Old West, during a time when the frontier had yet to be tamed.

If you'll stop interrupting me, I'll get to it.

It would be in the frontier town of Sassafras, where our ancestors would meet.

What does the Old West have to do with cat toys, Grumpy?

Sorry.

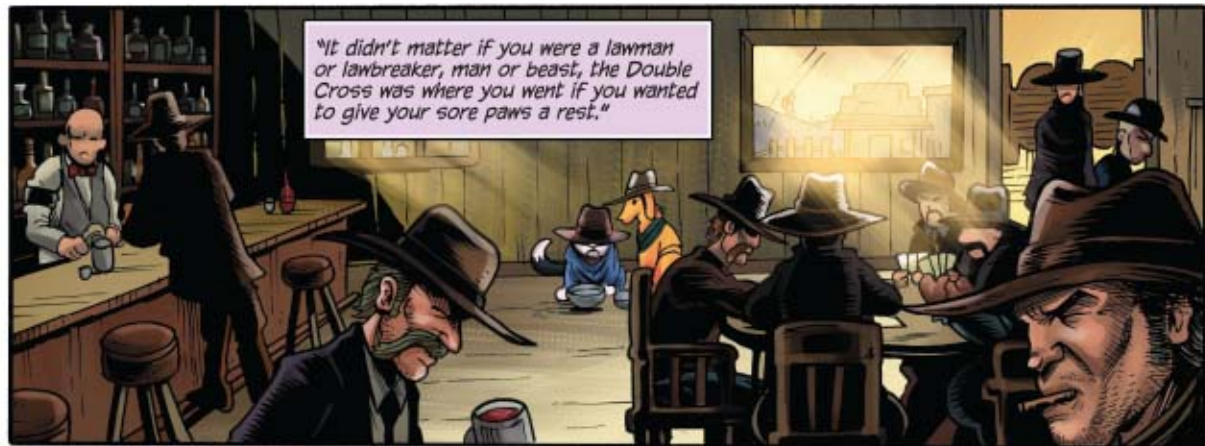
"Ha! Sassafras is a funny name!"

DOUBLE CROSS SALOON

### THE GOOD, THE BAD, & THE GRUMPY

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Whatever. Our ancestors met where everyone in that dusty town did, in the Double Cross Saloon."







That train headed for Sassafras may not be stopping to pick up passengers...

But it will be picking up something.

Which would be?



"The town's mail. There will be two bags of it that are gonna end up on that train."

"Okay, so there's a mail delivery scheduled. But what does that have to do with this smelly dog?"

"This 'smelly dog' belongs to the postman--"



"--so he's the perfect candidate to get the postman to drop the mail bags--"

--woof--

--woof--

What in the Sam Hill? What's wrong with you dog!?



"--and distract him long enough for us to climb into them."

You git! Git along, bad dog!



Durn near gave me a heart attack.

"Once we stow away in the mail bags..."



"We just need to sit tight as the mailman hangs us on the mail hook for the train to pick us up."

Soon as I get home that mutt's gonna lose that hat of his. Teach him a lesson.



I don't believe this is gonna work.

I don't believe this is gonna--



WOOOORR!



So far, so good. That slow-witted cat-poke--



--came up with a plan that actually worked! This is--

--oof--



--more painful than I expected.