



# Garfield

## *His 9 Lives*®

Part 3 of 4

GARFIELD CREATED BY

**JIM DAVIS**

WRITTEN BY

**SCOTT NICKEL**

## **“Super Cat”**

ILLUSTRATED BY

**BRITTNEY WILLIAMS**

## **“Sam Spayed”**

ILLUSTRATED BY

**ANDY HIRSCH**

INTRODUCTIONS ILLUSTRATED BY

**ANDY HIRSCH**

COLORS BY

**LISA MOORE**

LETTERS BY

**STEVE WANDS**

COVER BY

**ANDY HIRSCH**

WITH ADDITIONAL ART BY

**BRITTNEY WILLIAMS**

VARIANT COVER BY

**ANDY HIRSCH**

DESIGNER

**KARA LEOPARD**

ASSISTANT EDITOR

**CHRIS ROSA**

EDITOR

**REBECCA TAYLOR**

GROUP EDITOR

**SHANNON WATTERS**

SPECIAL THANKS TO JIM DAVIS  
AND THE ENTIRE PAWS, INC. TEAM.

**kaboom!**™

WWW.KABOOM-STUDIOS.COM

GARFIELD No. 35, March 2015. Published by KaBOOM!, a division of Boom Entertainment, Inc., 5670 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 450, Los Angeles, CA 90036-5679. Garfield is © 2015 PAWS, INCORPORATED. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. "GARFIELD" and the GARFIELD characters are registered and unregistered trademarks of PAWS, Inc. KaBOOM!™ and the KaBOOM! logo are trademarks of Boom Entertainment, Inc., registered in various countries and categories. All characters, events, and institutions depicted herein are fictional. Any similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, events, and/or institutions in this publication to actual names, characters, and persons, whether living or dead, events, and/or institutions is unintended and purely coincidental. KaBOOM! does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork. For information regarding the CPSIA on this printed material, call: (203) 686-3836 and provide reference #RICH - 609027. PRINTED IN USA.

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING  
HAIRBALL! STRONGER  
THAN A MOUNTAIN OF  
CATNIP! ABLE TO EAT  
WHOLE LASAGNAS IN A  
SINGLE GULP! IT'S...



# SUPER-CAT!

OUR STORY BEGINS HIGH UP IN THE  
OFFICES OF MEGAVILLE'S LARGEST  
NEWSPAPER, THE DAILY COMET!

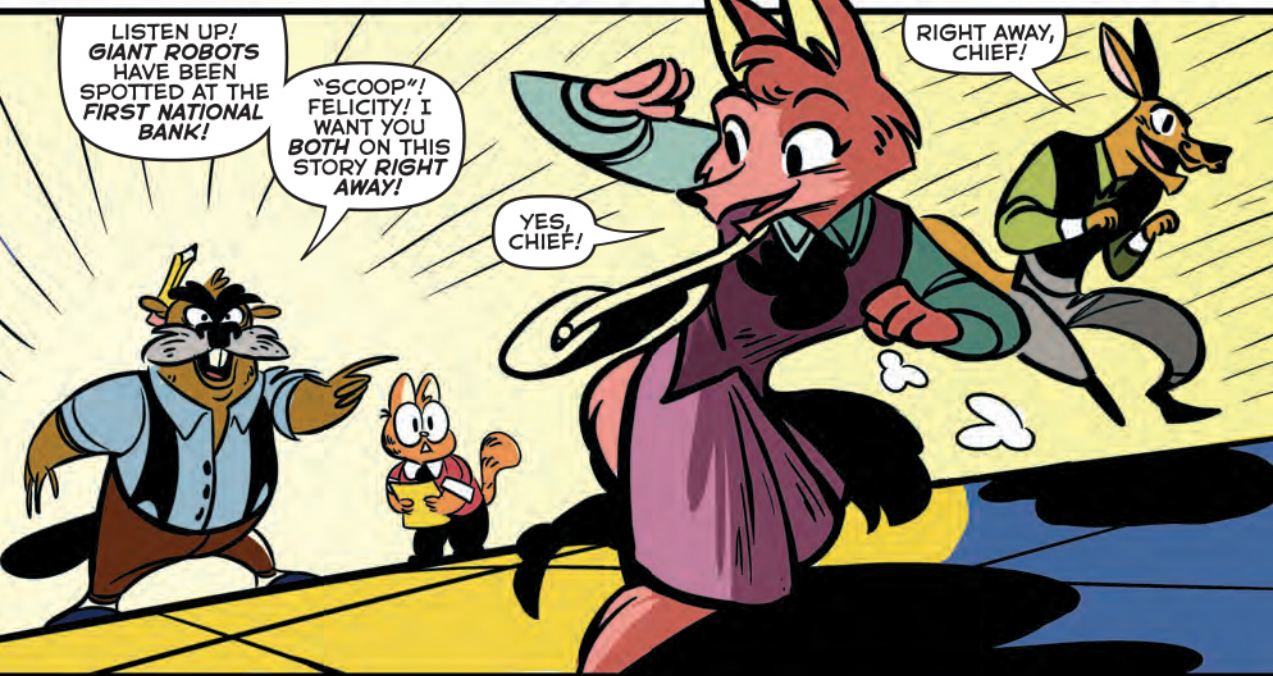
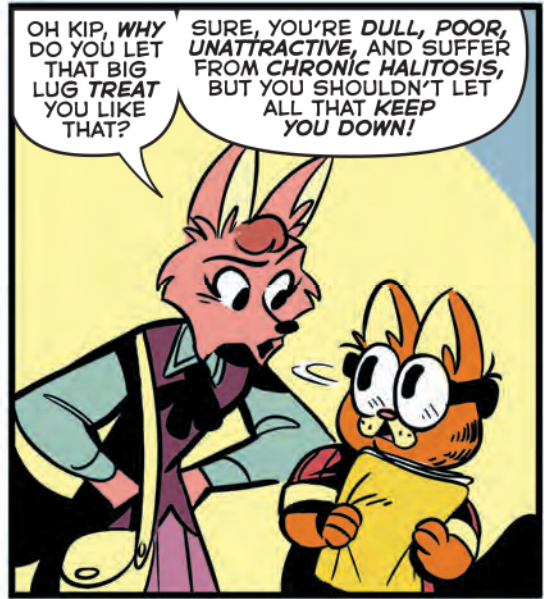


MILD-MANNERED KIP KLUTZFORD  
CARRIES A STACK OF STORIES  
ACROSS THE NEWSROOM...



BUT KIP IS NO ORDINARY COPY BOY. HE  
IS, IN REALITY, THAT GUARDIAN OF ALL  
THINGS GOOD AND JUST--SUPER-CAT!







GIANT ROBOTS IN DOWNTOWN MEGAVILLE! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR...

SUPER-CAT!

HUHP?!



OH, HI, SMITTY! DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE. I GUESS MY SECRET'S OUT, EH?

ARF!  
ARF!  
ARF!



BUT YOU SAY YOU WON'T TELL ANYONE IF I MAKE YOU MY SIDEKICK?

YEAH!  
YEAH!  
YEAH!



OH, ALL RIGHT.

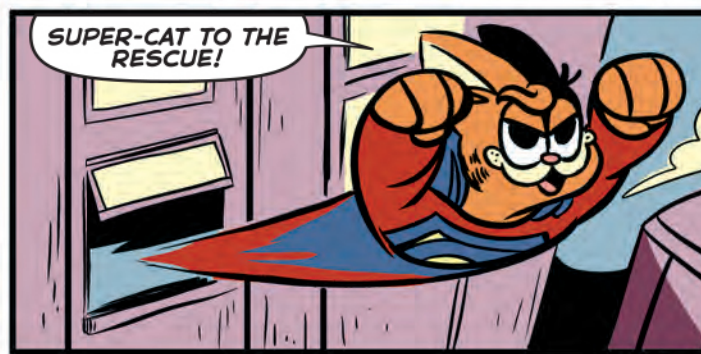
THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPER-CAT AND ACE THE WONDER HOUND!

ARF!



ACE, YOU HOLD DOWN THE FORT. I'LL FLY OUT AND CHECK ON THOSE ROBOTS!

YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!



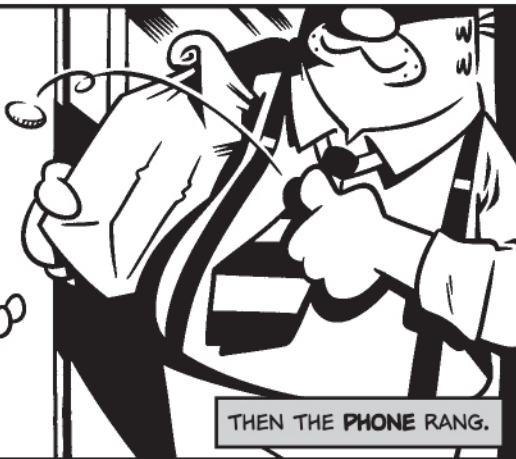
SUPER-CAT TO THE RESCUE!

IT WAS 12:15 PM. I'D JUST WOKEN UP FROM MY **MID-MORNING NAP**, WHICH WAS PRECEDED BY MY **EARLY MORNING NAP**.

**LUNCH WAS BEING DELIVERED** BY VITO'S, MY FAVORITE ITALIAN RESTAURANT.

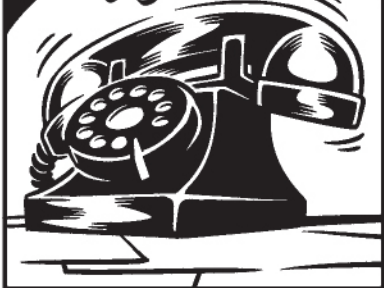


I **TOSSED THE DELIVERY BOY** A NICKEL AND DECIDED TO GET DOWN TO SOME **SERIOUS EATING**.



THEN THE **PHONE RANG**.

**RINNGG RINNGG**



SPAYED...  
WHATEVER YOU DO...**DON'T EAT THAT LASAGNA**. DON'T DO IT, OR YOU'LL...  
**HEE-HEE-HEE!!**

**CLICK**



THEN THE LINE WENT **DEAD**.

THE **LASAGNA...MUST BE POISONED**. JUST MY **LUCK**. KILLED BY MY FAVORITE FOOD. WHAT A **ROTTEN WAY TO GO!**



**DON'T EAT THE LASAGNA??**

**TOO LATE!**



**SAM SPAYED: THE LETHAL LASAGNA**



SO WHO'S BEHIND THIS? I HAVE PLENTY OF ENEMIES. IT COULD BE ANY OF THEM.

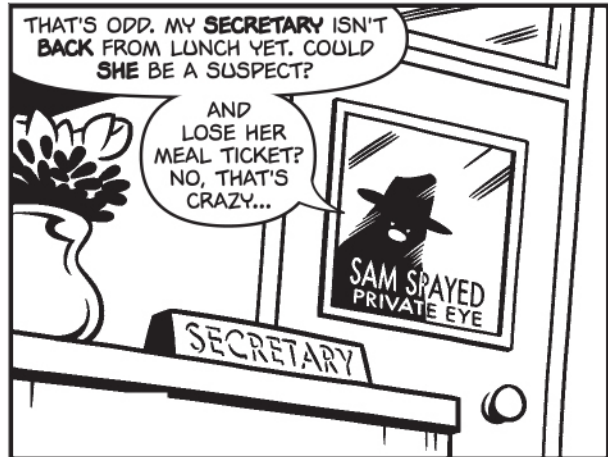
BUT I'D BETTER START LOOKING. AND FAST. SOMETHING TELLS ME I DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH TIME...



IF I'M GONNA GO ANYWAY, I MIGHT AS WELL GO WITH A FULL STOMACH.

FOR SOMETHING THAT'S PACKED WITH POISON, THIS LASAGNA TASTES SURPRISINGLY DELICIOUS!

SNARE!

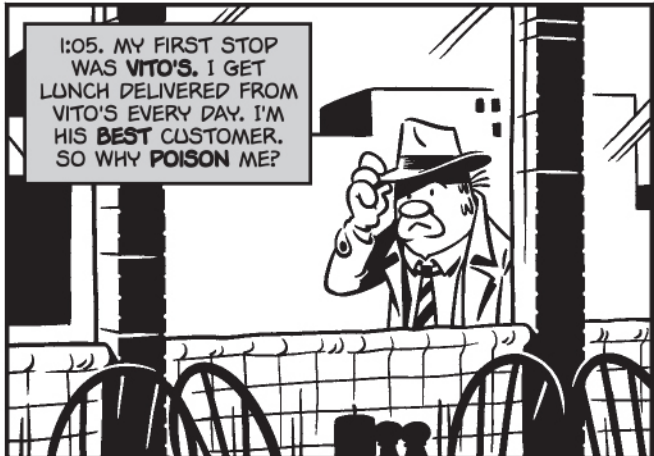


THAT'S ODD. MY SECRETARY ISN'T BACK FROM LUNCH YET. COULD SHE BE A SUSPECT?

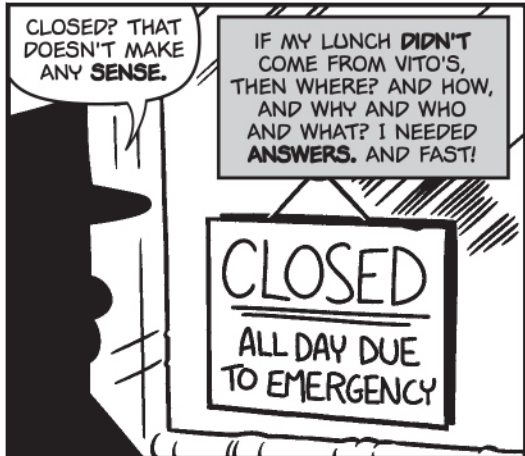
AND LOSE HER MEAL TICKET? NO, THAT'S CRAZY...



SECRETARY



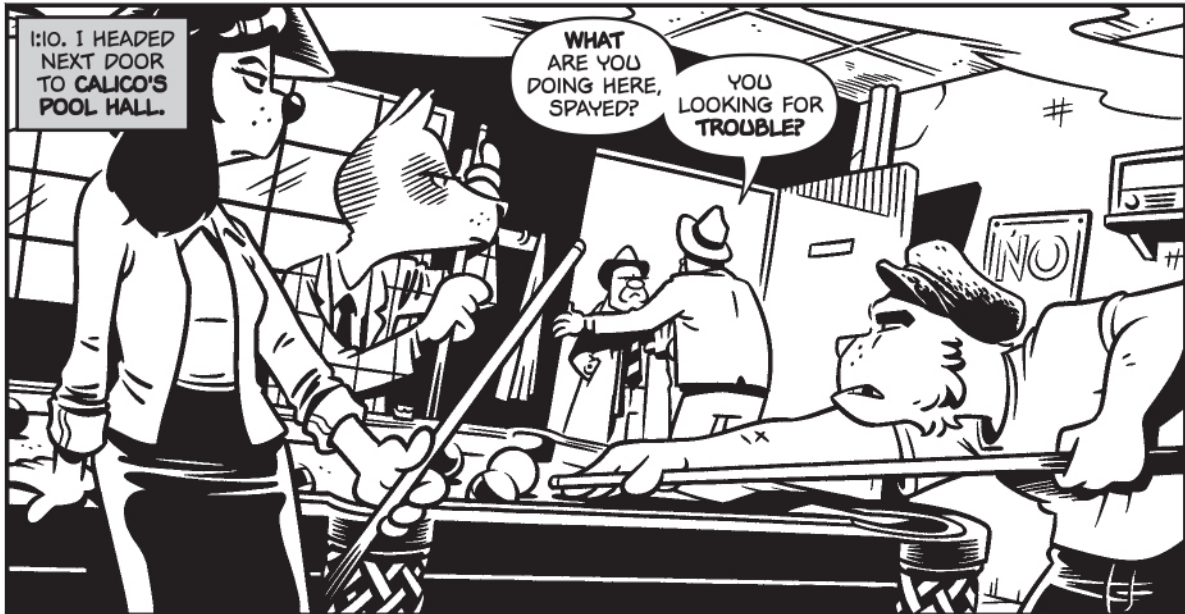
1:05. MY FIRST STOP WAS VITO'S. I GET LUNCH DELIVERED FROM VITO'S EVERY DAY. I'M HIS BEST CUSTOMER. I'M HIS BEST CUSTOMER. SO WHY POISON ME?



CLOSED? THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.

IF MY LUNCH DIDN'T COME FROM VITO'S, THEN WHERE? AND HOW, AND WHY AND WHO AND WHAT? I NEEDED ANSWERS. AND FAST!

CLOSED  
ALL DAY DUE TO EMERGENCY



1:10. I HEADED NEXT DOOR TO CALICO'S POOL HALL.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, SPAYED?

YOU LOOKING FOR TROUBLE?

NO

CALICO'S MADE THE BEST NACHOS IN TOWN. PLUS I FIGURED THAT MAYBE **EATING MORE** WOULD **SLOW DOWN** THE **POISON** IN THE LASAGNA. OKAY, SO I'M NO SCIENTIST, BUT IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD ENOUGH REASON TO GET NACHOS.

NO, I'M LOOKING FOR NACHOS!

WELL DON'T LET **BIG EDDIE** CATCH YOU IN HERE...



HEY, SPAYED. YOU GOT A CALL.



HELLO?

HELLO, SPAYED. DID YOU EAT THAT LASAGNA? I WARNED YOU NOT TO...

SAME WEIRD VOICE. MY MYSTERY POISONER MUST BE FOLLOWING ME.



OH, YEAH? SO WHAT HAPPENS IF I DID?



FIRST YOUR EYES WILL BULGE...



THEN YOUR TONGUE WILL HANG OUT, AND YOU'LL SHAKE LIKE A CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE...



YOU ONLY HAVE SIX HOURS TO FIND THE ANTIDOTE...OR IT WILL BE TOO LATE!

click