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Pokey Falls in Love









THE NEXT MORNING...

Grumpy, I was up all night thinking!

But then I figured it out. You're a girl.

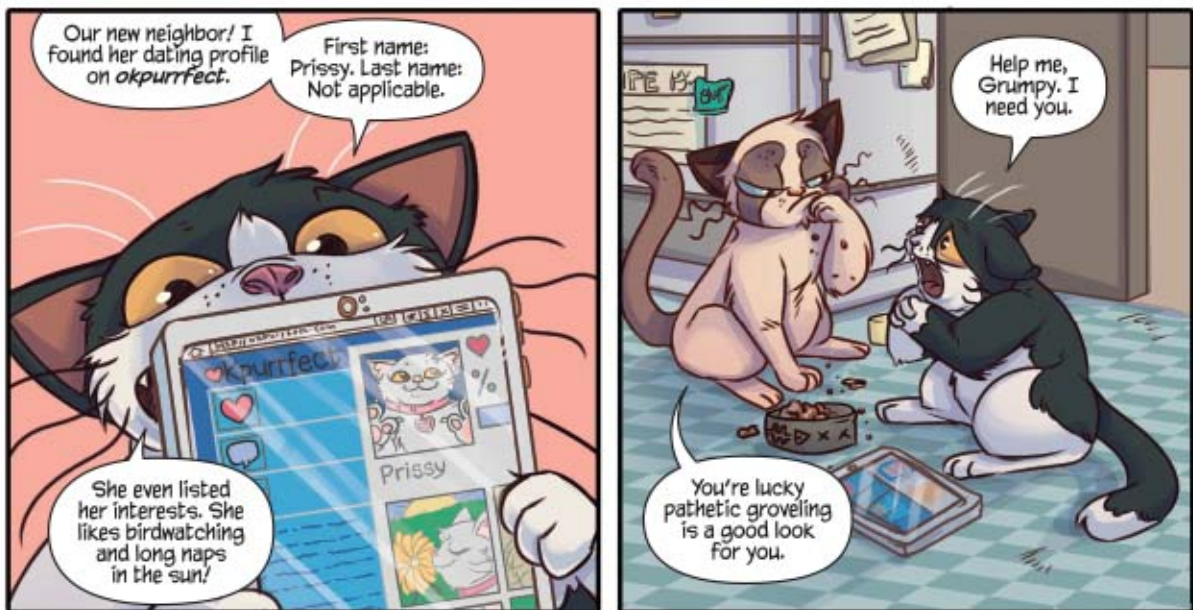
No, I mean, you're a girl, so you know what girls like.

You'll teach me everything I need to know to sweep Prissy off her feet.

That's never a good sign.

You just figured that out?

...wait, who is Prissy?



Our new neighbor! I found her dating profile on *okpurrfect*.

First name: Prissy. Last name: Not applicable.

Help me, Grumpy. I need you.

She even listed her interests. She likes birdwatching and long naps in the sun!

You're lucky pathetic groveling is a good look for you.



Just promise me we'll get this next part over with quickly.

The worst part of every romance.

The makeover montage.

What part, Grumpy?





How's this?

No.



No.



No.



No.



No.



Stop. We can work with this.



All we need to do... is take off the glasses.



Jumping J.J. Abrams, why am I even wearing these?

I can see so much better without them.

We've done everything we can here, Pokey. Now go march over there and tell Prissy how you feel.



Hold on... talk to her? What do I say?

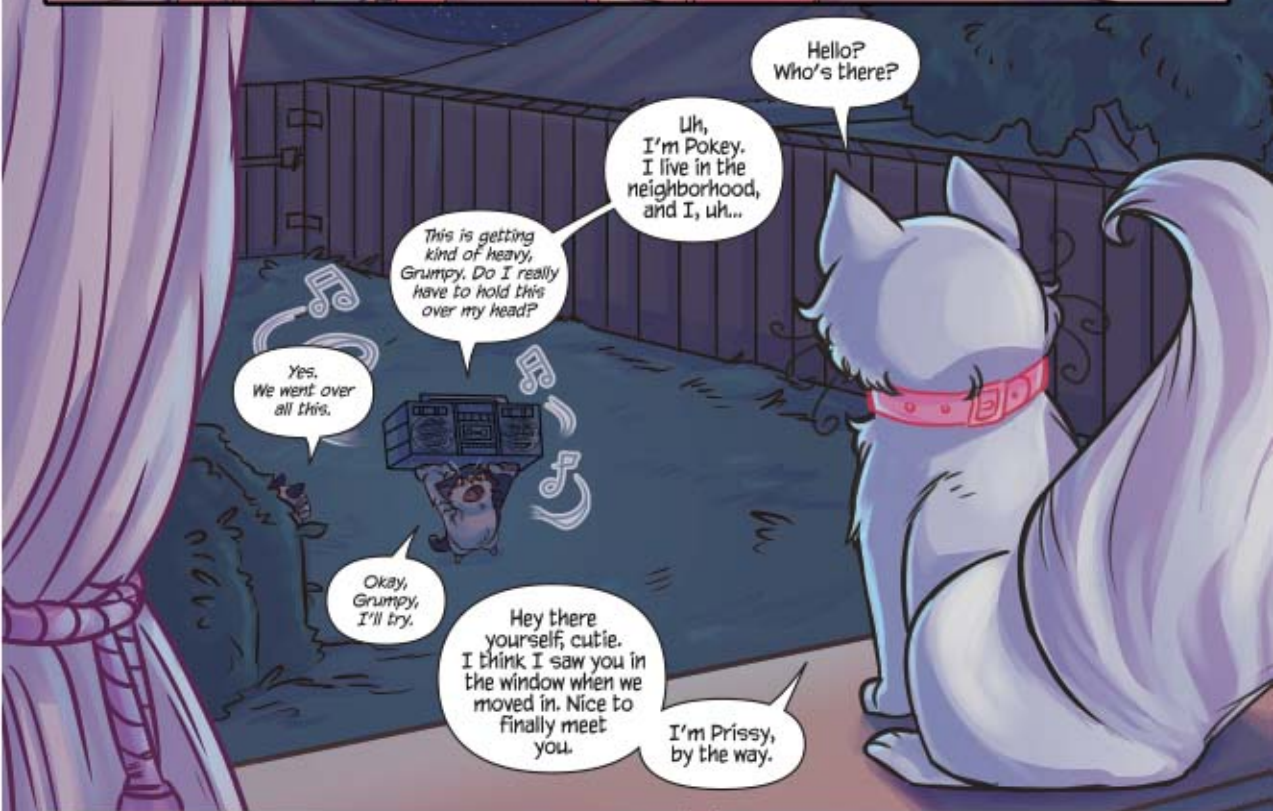
Or worse yet, what if I get so choked up that I forget to say anything?

In your case that might actually be a plus.

No way, Grumpy!

You need to come with me in case something happens!





Hello?  
Who's there?

Uh,  
I'm Pokey.  
I live in the  
neighborhood,  
and I, uh...

This is getting  
kind of heavy,  
Grumpy. Do I really  
have to hold this  
over my head?

Yes.  
We went over  
all this.

Okay,  
Grumpy,  
I'll try.

Hey there  
yourself, cutie.  
I think I saw you in  
the window when we  
moved in. Nice to  
finally meet  
you.

I'm Prissy,  
by the way.



I know! Uh, I mean...  
Prissy. I just came  
over to tell you that  
I, uh--

Umm--

Uh--

Ummmmmm--



=ulp=