

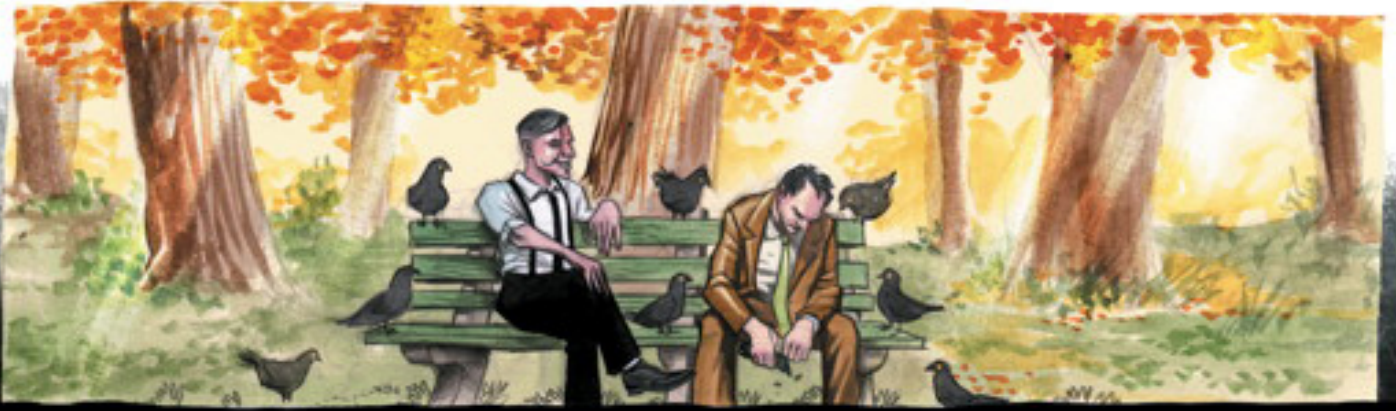


NO. I'M MY OWN MAN.



MY NAME IS NIMBLE JACK.

THAT'S GOOD. I'M HAPPY FOR YOU.









DO WE NEED DETERGENT?

GOT IT WHEN YOU WERE TRYING TO FIND THE YOGURT AISLE.



WELL, NO *WONDER*. THE YOGURT WAS ACROSS THE *ENTIRE* STORE, OUT THROUGH THE PARKING LOT, OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS AND *HALFWAY* TO GRANDMA'S HOUSE.

YEAH...GROCERY STORES LOVE SPREADING THINGS OUT. IT'S ON PURPOSE. MAKES YOU STARE AT A THOUSAND DIFFERENT PRODUCTS JUST TRYING TO FIND THE ONE YOU WANT.

AND OF COURSE YOU GET HUNGRY WALKING ALL OVER. SO...MORE IMPULSE BUYS.



ARE YOU BUYING A TWENTY-FOUR-PACK OF DONUTS? DO YOU THINK THAT'S *SMART*?

NOT REALLY. BUT IT WAS THE BIGGEST PACK THERE WAS.

YOU THINK I SHOULD BUY TWO PACKS?



BESIDES, I LIKE HAVING YOU FEED THEM TO ME. I FEEL LIKE A KING.

OH, DECLAN.



WE'LL FIND A WAY TO DEAL WITH YOUR *FINGERS*. THERE *HAS* TO BE A WAY TO...I DON'T KNOW...TRANSPLANT SOME--

*WHOA!* DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU SAD.

LOSING MY *FINGERS* WAS, LIKE, THE *SMALLEST* POSSIBLE PRICE TO PAY FOR LEAVING BEHIND ALL THAT--



*AHH!*



HOW'D A PIGEON GET IN HERE?