



I'D HAVE CAUGHT IT BY NOW IF I WEREN'T TIED UP IN THESE RIDICULOUS GARMENTS.

THERE HAS TO BE A QUICKER WAY... THINK, DEJAH, THINK!



THE ATTACKS WERE CLUSTERED; I'LL BET THE CAT HASN'T GONE FAR.

AND WHY DO WE WANT TO CATCH IT AGAIN?



THAT IS CLASSIFIED. I'M CERTAINLY NOT PERMITTED TO TELL A LONDON CABBIE OF ALL PEOPLE.

BUT, SINCE YOU ASK, MY BOSS WANTS THE CAT BECAUSE IT ATE THE PRIME MINISTER.

WHERE'S THE WHEELS GONE? HOW'S IT STILL GOING?





"I'M SORRY, MY EARS ARE PLAYING UP. I THOUGHT YOU JUST SAID IT--"

"ATE THE PRIME MINISTER. YES. IT DID."



SO...YOU'RE GONNA ARREST IT THEN? IS THAT IT?

HA! AND MAKE IT STAND TRIAL ACCUSED OF MURDER?

I BELIEVE BRITISH LAW HAS PROGRESSED PAST TRYING ANIMALS, BUT I MIGHT BE WRONG I SUPPOSE.



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE WANTS WITH IT."

"MAYBE HE WANTS TO TRACK THE OWNER, OR STUDY IT, OR MAKE A PET OF IT. I MAKE A POINT OF NEVER ASKING."



"I'D HATE TO GIVE HIM THE SATISFACTION OF HAVING INTRIGUED ME..."



UNGH!

THAT WITCH ASSASSIN IS FAST IN HER BARSOOMIAN CHARIOT...



...BUT I BELIEVE THIS MIGHT BE FASTER.



I SEE YOU WITCH. YOU CAN'T OULTRUN ME. I'M GOING HOME, AND YOU'RE GOING TO SHOW ME HOW.



wooooo

IF ONLY JOHN  
COULD SEE  
ME NOW.

HE WOULDN'T  
BELIEVE ME IF  
I TOLD HIM...

