







EYES ON  
THE PRIZE, THO',  
TOOTS.

GOOD  
OL' FORSYTHE  
PENDLETON JONES  
HAS A WILY STREAK  
IN HIM, AND WE DON'T  
WANT THAT ONE TO  
SLIP AWAY.



HAVE YOU  
ALREADY FORGOTTEN  
HOW *THIS* SNEAKY GUY  
CAUGHT A SIGHT OF  
YOU'S WHEN HE WASN'T  
SUPPOSED'TA?



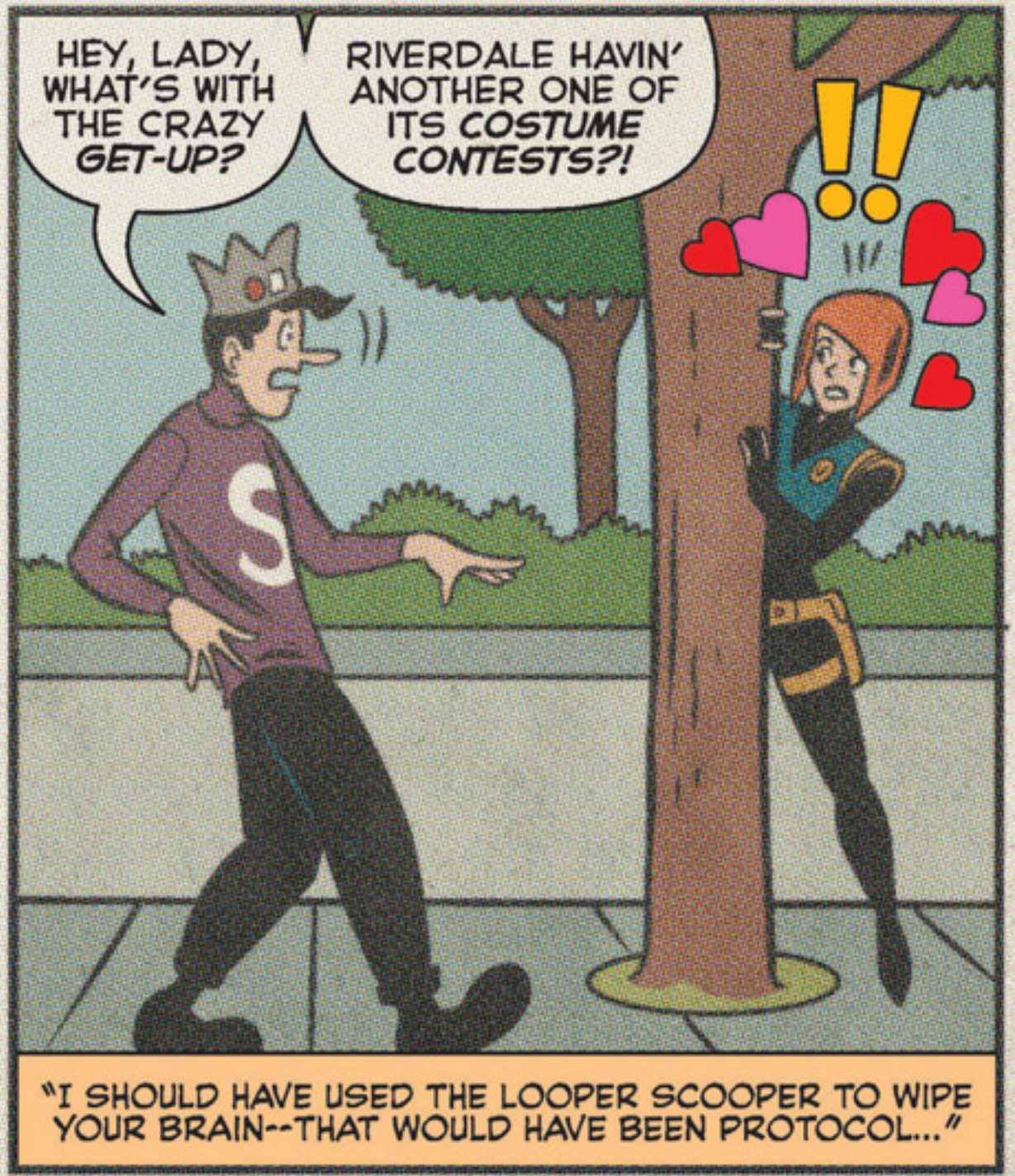
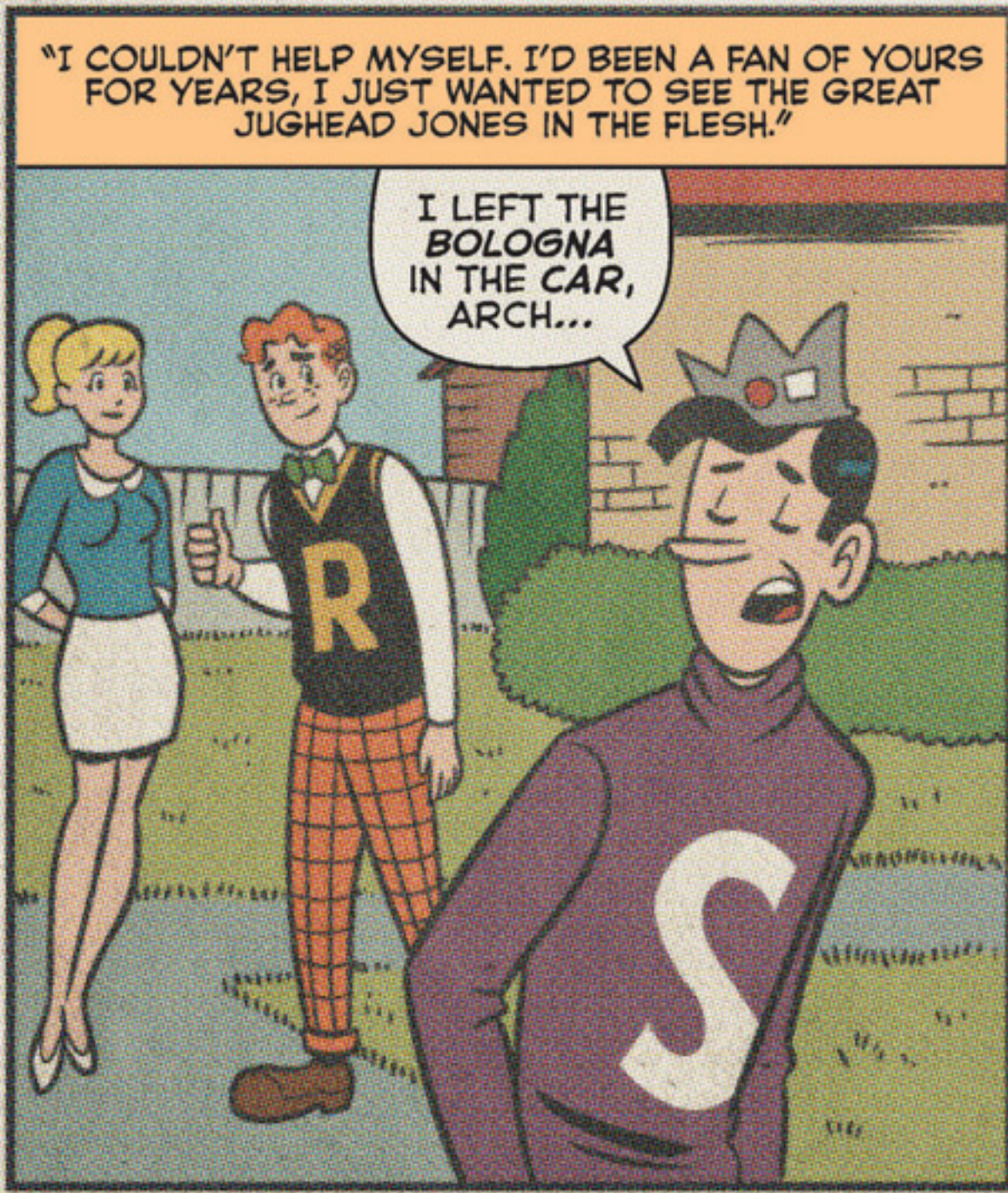
OF COURSE NOT--  
I REMEMBER IT  
LIKE IT WAS  
YESTERDAY.



WHEN  
REALLY IT WAS  
FOUR DAYS  
AGO.

BUT STILL--  
EVERY MOMENT  
OF IT BURNS  
BRIGHT IN MY  
MEMORY...









DANG, REFLEX.

Uhhhh...  
I WANTED  
TO OFFER YOU  
SOME PRE-TOOTH  
BRUSHING ICE  
CREAM.

BUT  
I ONLY  
BROUGHT  
ENOUGH...  
FOR TWO.



WE CAN'T  
LET HIM GET  
AWAY!

GIMME  
THAT LOOPER  
SCOOPER!



YIPES!

BZAKT

BZAKT  
BZAKT



IF  
WE LET  
HIM GET  
AWAY,  
JUG--

I KNOW,  
I KNOW--  
THE WHOLE  
RACKET'S  
CAPUT.





'SCUSE ME--  
PARDON ME.

I LEFT  
MY ESCAPE  
PLAN IN THERE,  
SORRY.



ICE  
CREAM,  
YOU MULTI-  
PURPOSED  
WONDER,  
YOU.

*Scoooooooooooot*



HOW DO I  
NOT STICK  
OUT



WHERE DO  
I HIDE



HOW  
DO I BUY  
TIME??

