

OH, HIM? HE LIVES RIGHT AT THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN. HE USED TO ROAM AROUND IT AS IF HE OWNED IT. BUT NOW, YOU'VE MOVED IN RIGHT NEXT TO IT.



YOU CATCH MY DRIFT?

AH, I SEE...

I DON'T KNOW WHO TO BELIEVE...



HMM, I WONDER WHERE WE COULD FIND A LITTLE PLOT FOR A GARDEN...



I'VE GOT SOME FIELDS I'M NOT USING. YOU WANT TO USE ONE?



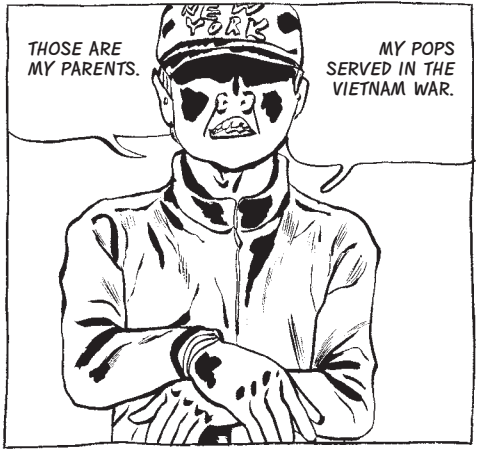
REALLY? IF YOU COULD SPARE ONE, WE'D BE TRULY GRATEFUL.

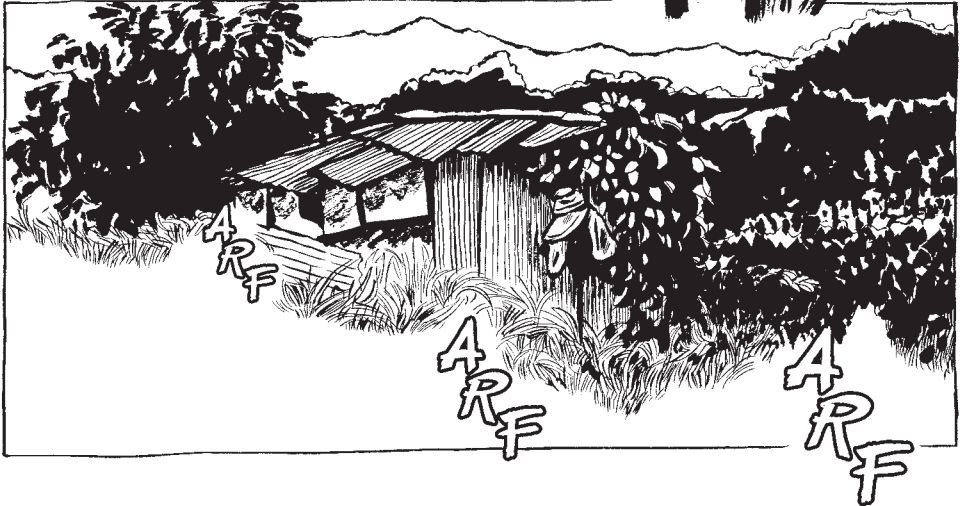
SO WE'LL ACTUALLY HAVE A GARDEN OF OUR OWN?

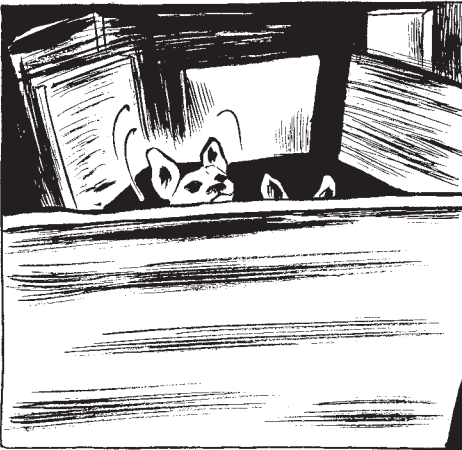


WHAT A WONDERFUL NEIGHBOR!



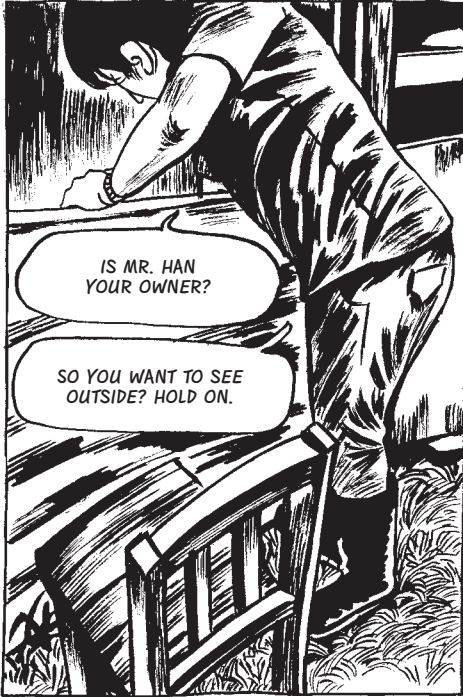






THREE PUPS, AROUND FIVE OR SIX MONTHS OLD, WERE BOUNCING UP AND DOWN, TRYING TO ESCAPE THEIR KENNEL. THEY LOOKED SO ALIKE, AS IDENTICAL AS SLICES IN A LOAF OF BREAD. YOU COULD TELL THEY WERE SIBLINGS.







DON'T BE SCARED.
LOOK OVER THERE.



WE NAMED THEM SLICE 1, SLICE 2, AND SLICE 3. EVERY TIME WE HEADED OUT TO OUR GARDEN, WE HELD THE PUPS UP TO GIVE THEM A PEEK OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD. OF COURSE, WE DID IT SECRETLY.



THEN ONE MORNING...

THEY'RE GONE.





CHESTNUT TREE, DID YOU
SEE WHERE THEY WENT? DID
SOMETHING HAPPEN TO THEM?