

















OH, MAN...

GRUMPY!
WHERE DID YOU GO?!



THE CELLAR?
REALLY...?



RULE NUMBER ONE OF
EXPLORING A HAUNTED
HOUSE--NEVER HEAD
DOWN INTO THE
CELLAR!

GRUMPY!
ARE YOU DOWN
THERE...?



GR-GRUMPY?



WHAT
THE--









DID HE SHARE THEM WITH ME? **NO CHANCE!** THE GREEDY SWINE DEVoured THE ENTIRE BAG HIMSELF!

BUT EVER THE DIMWIT, POKEY FORGOT TO DISPOSE OF THE EVIDENCE.

THERE IS **NOTHING WORSE** THAN FINDING A SHREDDED, HASTILY SCARFED DOWN BAG OF TREATS. **NOTHING!**



BUT NOW I HAVE MY REVOLTING REVENGE, PLUS A WEEK'S WORTH OF TREATS TO ENJOY WHEN I GET HOME.

I'M QUITE THE GENIUS, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF..



BUT I'M STILL GRUMPY ABOUT MISSING OUT ON THAT WHOLE BAG OF TASTY NIBBLES...



DID THOSE STINKIN' CATS JUST INVITE THEMSELVES INTO MY HOUSE? THE NERVE OF THEM--!



ONE OF 'EM EVEN SCRIBBLED FACES OVER MY CLEAN BED SHEETS!

PESKY, GOOD FO' NOTHIN' FUR BAGS...

THE END.