

THERE IS A  
PLAAACE... THAT IS A  
**NIGHT-MARE...**

A LIV-ING  
DREAMMM... YOU CANNOT  
**A-WAKE...**

EV-'RY-ONEEE...  
THAT FINDS THEM-SELVES  
**IN-SIDE IT...**

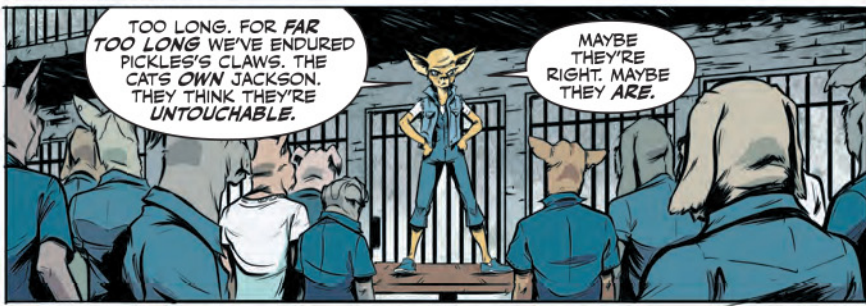
THEY BEG FOR  
**PEEEACE...**  
FOR ANNNY SWEET  
**ES-CAPE...**

WITH-IN THESE  
WALLLLS... ALL HOPE  
**GOESS** TO DIE...

DROWN-ING IN  
THE TEARRRS... THAT  
**WEEE** ALL CRY...

OUR PAWS ARE  
WORN AND SORE...  
FROM ALLLL THE  
**MAR-CHING...**

AN ENNNDLESS WALK  
IN **JACK-SONNN...**  
FOR ALL TIME...



TOO LONG. FOR FAR  
TOO LONG WE'VE ENDURED  
PICKLES'S CLAWS. THE  
CAT'S OWN JACKSON.  
THEY THINK THEY'RE  
UNTOUCHABLE.

MAYBE  
THEY'RE  
RIGHT. MAYBE  
THEY ARE.



WAKE  
UP, MUTTS!  
IT'S ONLY GONNA  
GET TOUGHER WITH  
THOSE PUSSES  
IN POWER.



SO WHAT ARE WE  
GONNA DO ABOUT IT?  
ARE WE GONNA FINALLY  
TINKLE ON THIS PLACE  
AND LEAVE?

OR ARE YOU  
GONNA SQUIRM UNDER  
THEIR PAW FOR THE REST  
OF YOUR LIVES, WHILE  
YOUR WHISKERS TURN  
GRAY AND YOUR FOLDS  
GET MOLDY?



IF THE CATS  
WANT THIS POUND  
SO BAD, I SAY  
LET 'EM KEEP IT.  
LET'S BUST  
OUTTA HERE.



DOGS  
DESERVE  
FREEDOM!

I'M BREAKIN'  
OUT. TODAY. NOW  
WHO'S WITH  
ME?!



