

# REGGIE AND ME <sup>in</sup> KNOW YOUR ENEMY!



MY NAME IS VADER.

I USUALLY  
CONSIDER  
MYSELF THE  
**LUCKIEST**  
DOG ALIVE.

NOT TODAY.

NOT WHEN  
MY VERY  
BEST FRIEND  
IS ABOUT  
TO GET  
HIS FACE  
**MASHED.**

**ROFF**

**ROFF  
ROFF**



I SUPPOSE  
I SHOULD  
START AT THE  
BEGINNING.

REGGIE MANTLE  
SEEMS LIKE A  
GUY WHO HAS  
EVERYTHING.

HE IS HANDSOME  
AND HILARIOUS.

STYLISH,  
SLICK  
AND  
SMART.

DRIVES A  
BRAND-NEW  
SPORTS  
CAR.

LIVES IN A  
LUXURIOUS  
HOUSE.

AND IS  
ACCOMPLISHED,  
ADORED AND  
ADMIRER.

(JUST ASK HIM!)



BUT THERE IS  
ONE THING HE  
DOESN'T HAVE--



--MIDGE  
KLUMP.

(DON'T  
ASK ME  
WHY THIS  
MATTERS.)



(I'VE NEVER  
UNDERSTOOD  
THE APPEAL  
OF TEENAGE  
GIRLS OR...)

sniff  
sniff

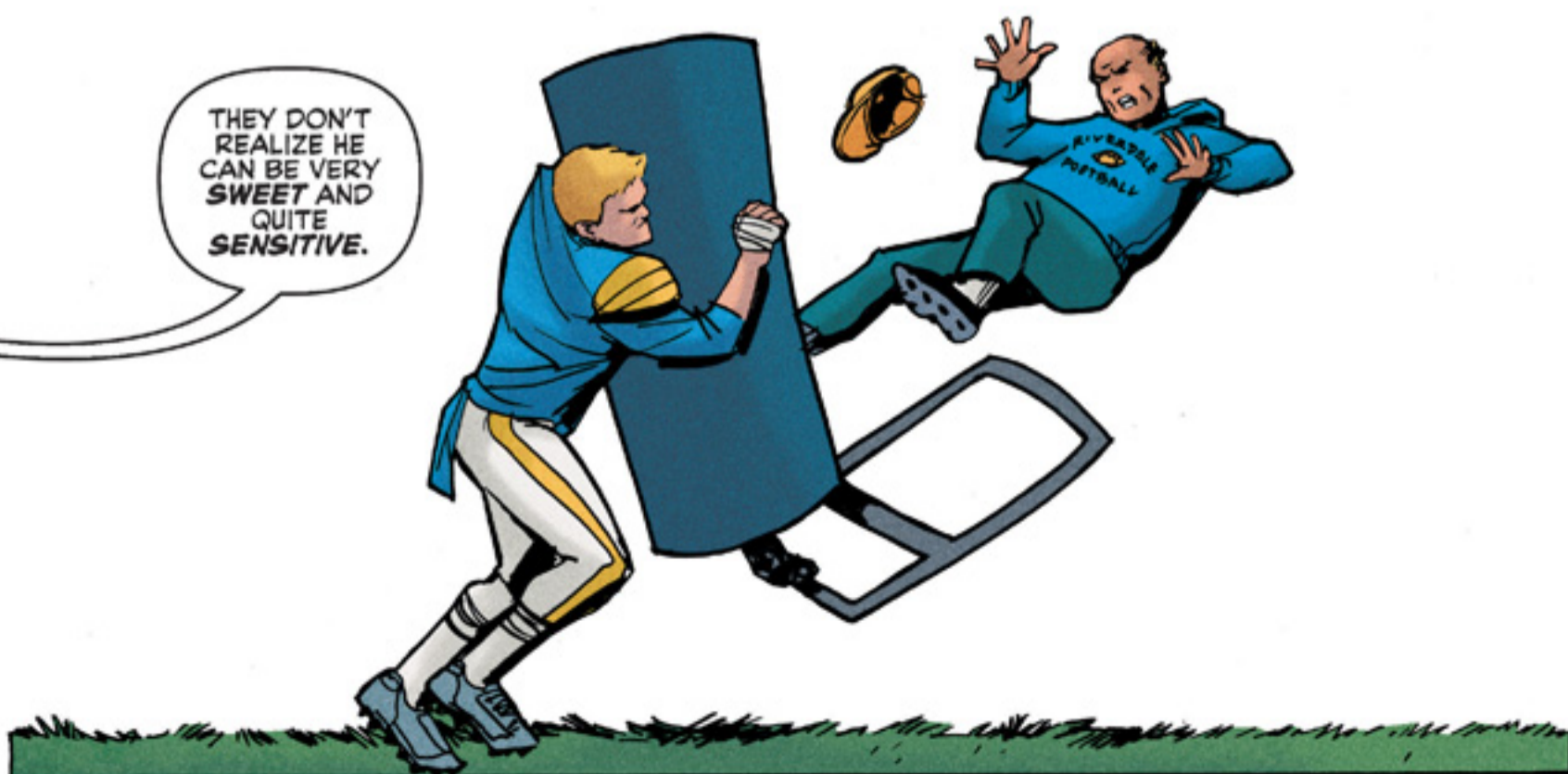


SMELLS LIKE SOMEBODY HAD  
CHILI FRIES FOR LUNCH.

JOEY!!

K-KEEP  
YOUR VOICE  
DOWN, MATT. I  
THINK THE DOG  
SPOTTED US.

RELAX!  
AIN'T LIKE  
HE CAN TELL  
ANYBODY.



**SENSITIVE?  
SWEET?!?  
AND REGGIE  
CALLS  
ARCHIE  
CLUELESS!**



**SHE DOESN'T REALIZE  
THAT REG IS HER  
ONLY HOPE FOR TRUE  
HAPPINESS.**



**HE CERTAINLY  
IMPROVED  
MY LIFE.**

LOOKS LIKE  
PRACTICE  
IS OVER.



NOW  
WHAT?

I'M HEADED  
FOR THE  
LIBRARY,  
BUT MOOSE  
IS FREE.

