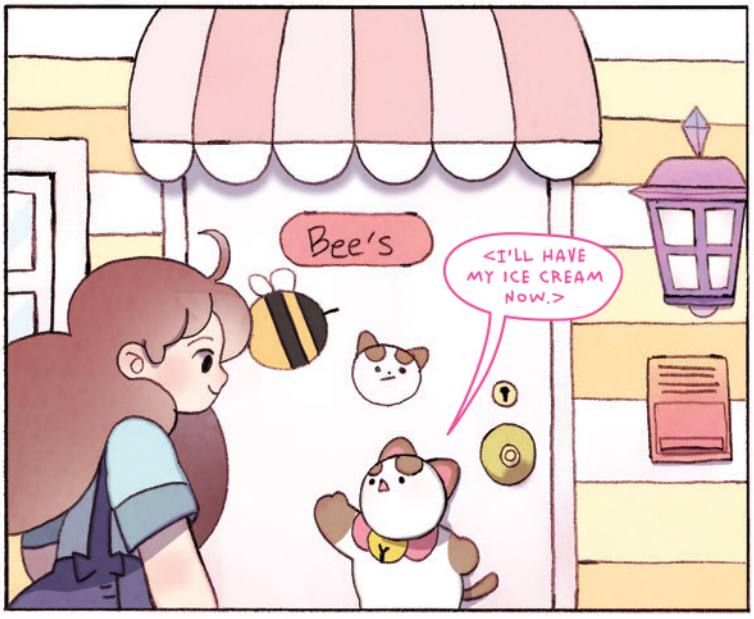
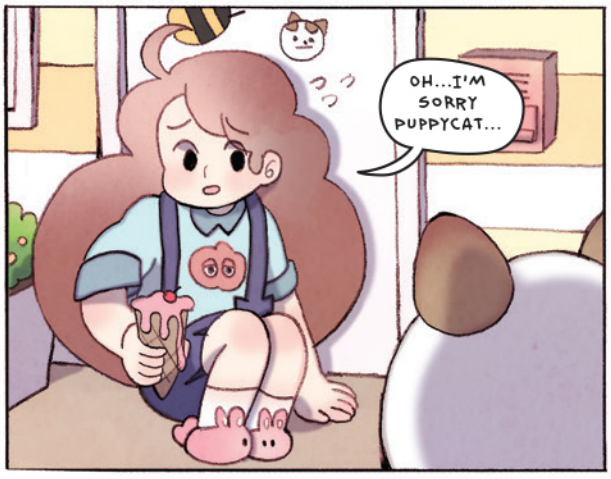
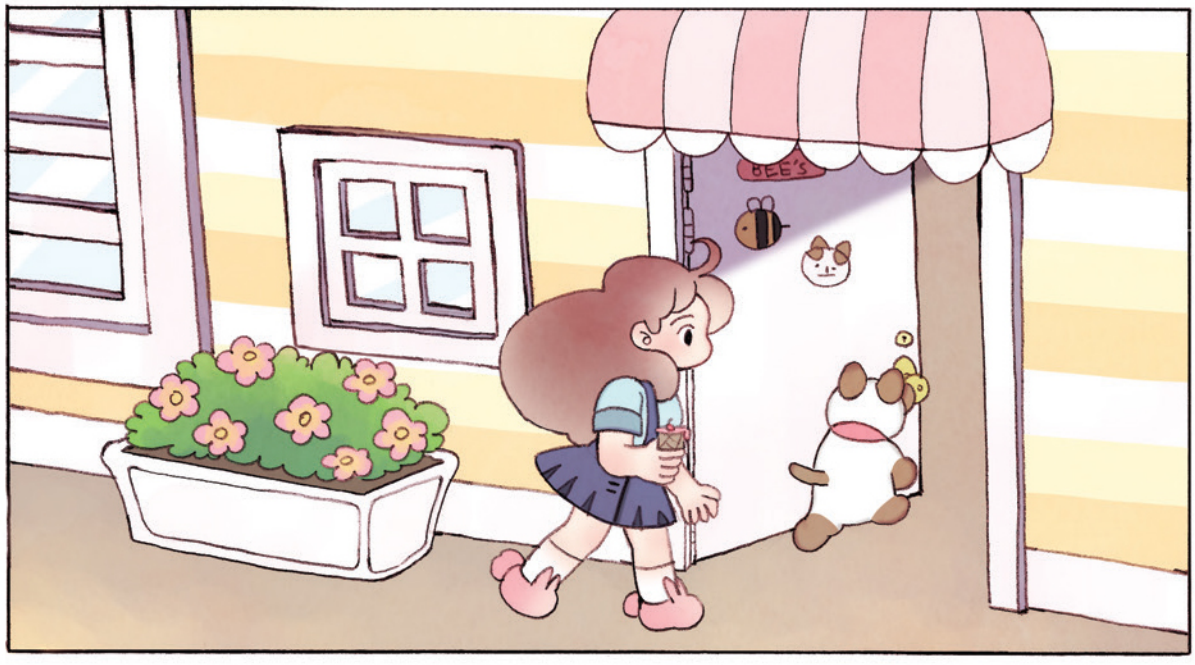
SLURP! SLURP!
SLURP! SLURP!
<HEY!! ISN'T THAT ONE MINE?!>
NO WAY! YOURS IS IN MY LEFT HAND. IT'S JUST GETTING MELTY.
<BUT THAT IS YOUR LEFT HAND...>


Bee's
<I'LL HAVE MY ICE CREAM NOW.>

HERE YA GO, EAT IT QUICK BEFORE--


OH...I'M SORRY PUPPYCAT...

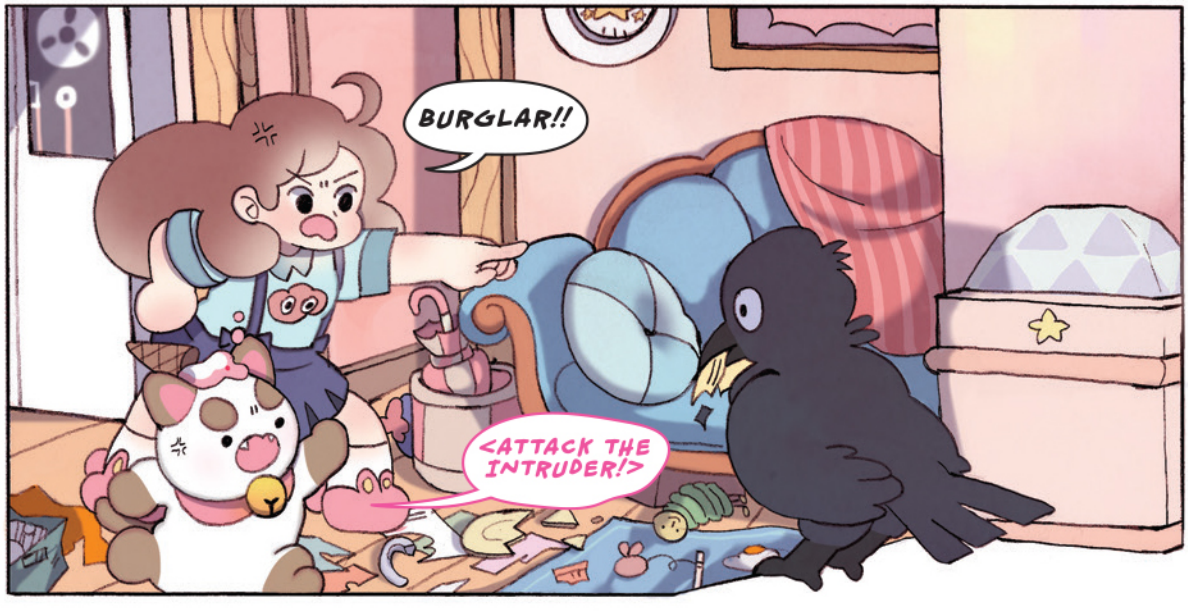
<NEXT TIME I'LL GET A BOWL.>


BEE'S

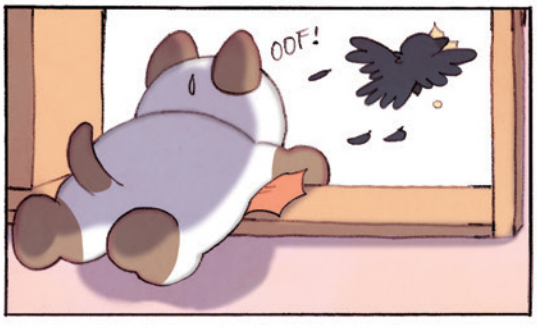
CRASH!

SPLASH
<GASP!>

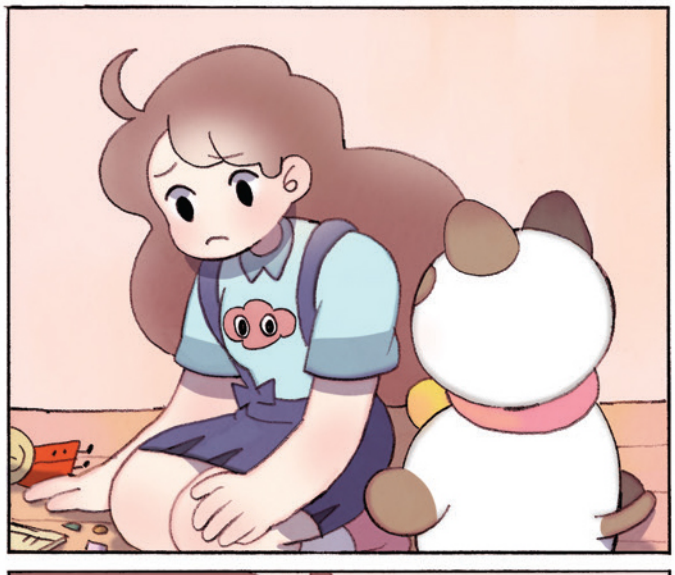
...


BURGLAR!!
<ATTACK THE INTRUDER!>

!!


OOF!

<DID THAT BIRD GET IN THE TRASH? WHAT IS ALL THAT?>
NO, IT'S NOT TRASH, THESE ARE ITEMS I'VE COLLECTED OVER THE YEARS THAT MEAN A LOT TO ME. I'VE GOT LIKE A BOX OR TWO UNDER THE COUCH.



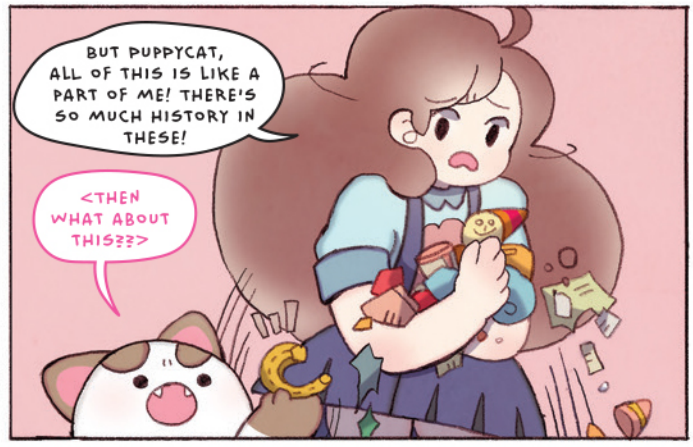
<YOU'VE GOT BOXES???>

YEAH, AND THIS WAS FROM A MASON JAR I MUST'VE LEFT OUT.

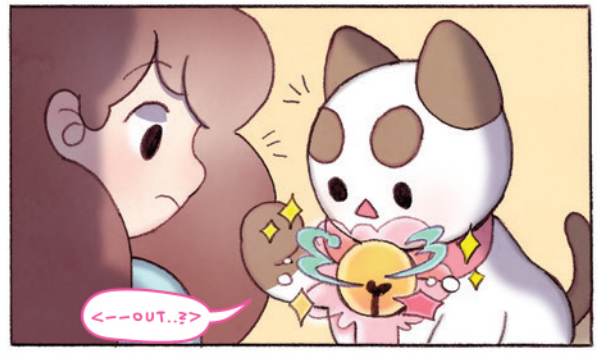
<AH! YOU'VE GOT A BUNCH OF BOXES!>

<HOW LONG DID YOU INTEND TO KEEP ALL THIS STUFF?>
OH! UH.. FOREVER? I DON'T SEE THE BIG DEAL.

<YOU GOTTA START GETTING RID OF SOME OF THIS STUFF OR IT'S JUST GOING TO PILE UP!>
WHAAAAA...
THUD


BUT PUPPYCAT, ALL OF THIS IS LIKE A PART OF ME! THERE'S SO MUCH HISTORY IN THESE!
<THEN WHAT ABOUT THIS?!?>

UH...I THINK... THAT WAS... UH...
<MY POINT EXACTLY. LET'S START THROWING SOME OF THIS STUFF-->


<--OUT..?>