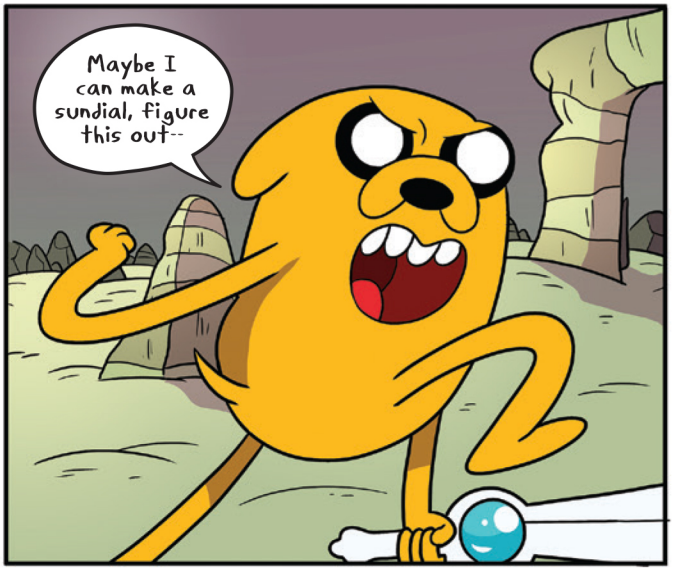
Man, how long have I been WALKING?

Days? Hours? Years? Never? Always?
What do you think, dude?

You know the REAL you can TALK, and ALSO cut things if he wanted to.
You're like HALF as good.


Maybe I can make a sundial, figure this out--

Oh right. I checked my sassy stretch magic at the door.

You could always use that fancy metal stick as a sundial...
EH?

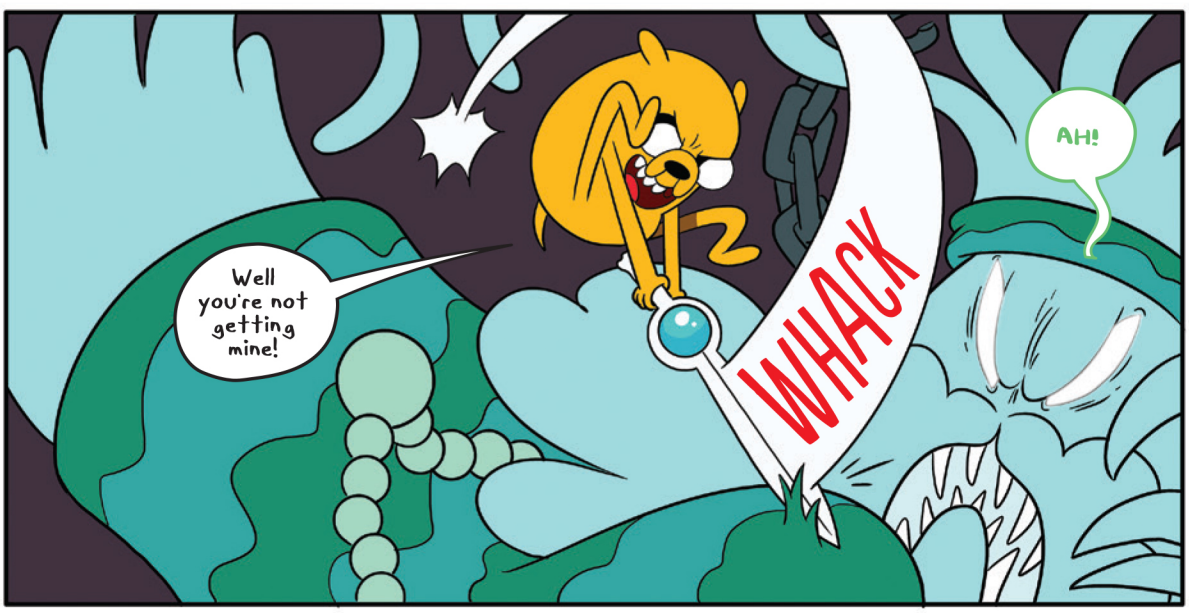
Not that'd it do much good. You're wherever you think you should be, here.
Oh. So, I guess it seemed like a good time to find an oasis. So I did.

Mmm. What brings you to this land of the dead, live dog?
I'm tryin' to find Ghost-A-Rica.
Business in town?
Yeah, I gotta go ruin your evil governor's evil plans and save my buddy. You all hate this guy, right? The last ghost I met made it seem that way.

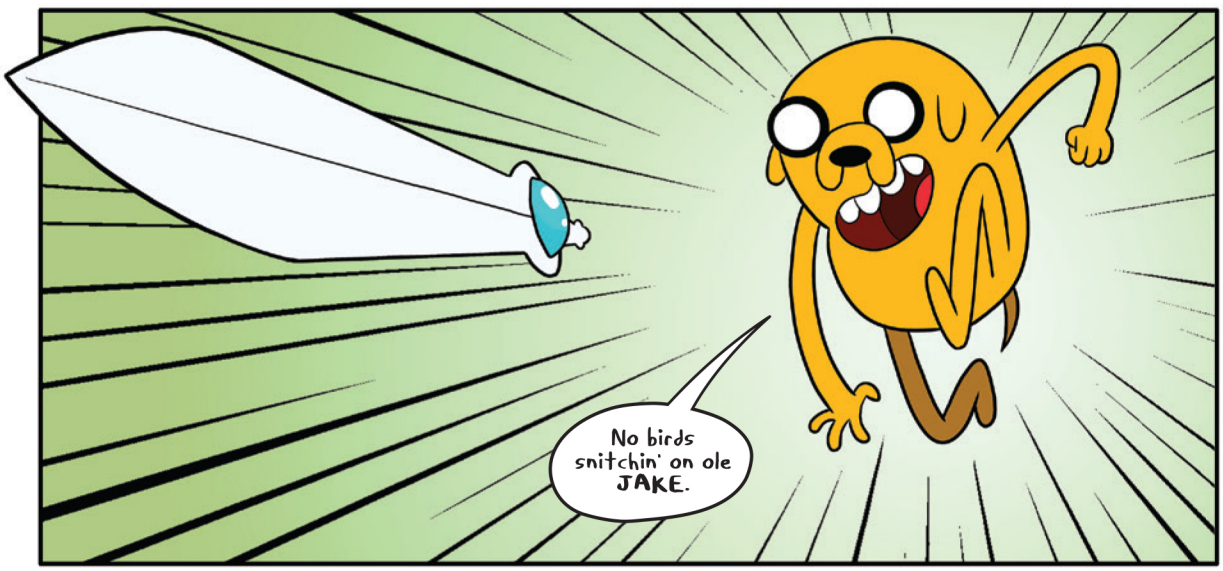
Mmm.
Well now, I suppose you'll make your way into town once the time is right.
Okay! Thanks for that tip. What time do you suppose it is now?
Well, I was just sitting here for an awful long time, and I was thinking it was...

LUNCH TIME!
ABBA JABBA!!!

YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN, FRESH-BREATH.
Since when do ghosts eat DOGS?
Is that an insult here?
I can't find any of the entrances to the OVERWORLD, like the Governor's OTHER servants, so I SIT HERE and wallow away, these shackles making me so HUNGRY for YOUTH!


Well you're not getting mine!
WHACK
AH!

A weapon of pure life potential...
GO, BIRDS! Tell the governor his final drops have arrived! A dog with countless breaths of life, and his BLADE OF VITALITY.


No birds snitchin' on ole JAKE.

Aaaaa BIRDS.

Heheheh you think you can stop the governor. Many have tried. Better to just let him get on with his plans.
Mr. Ghost I am SO DONE with...

...

...you.