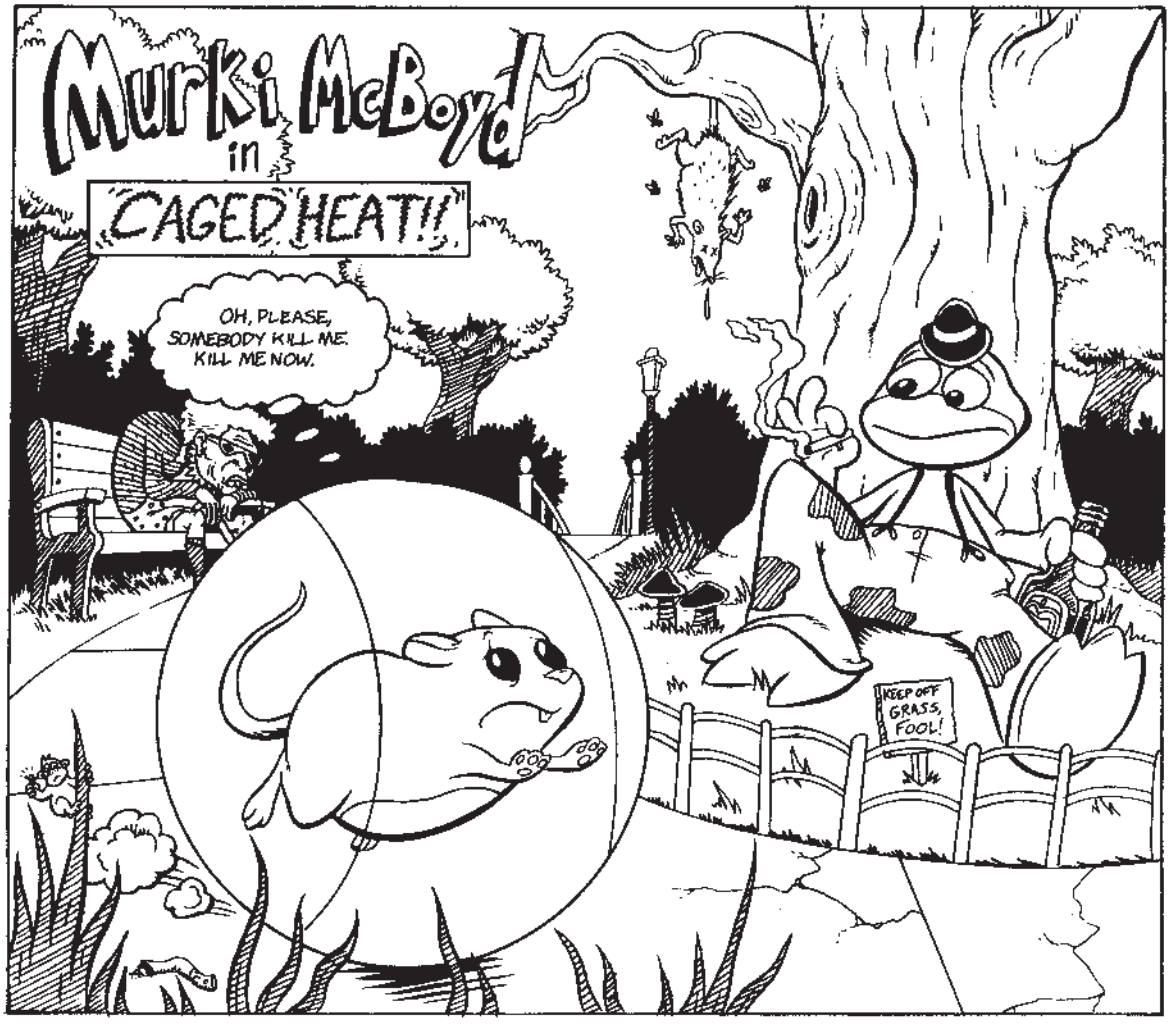
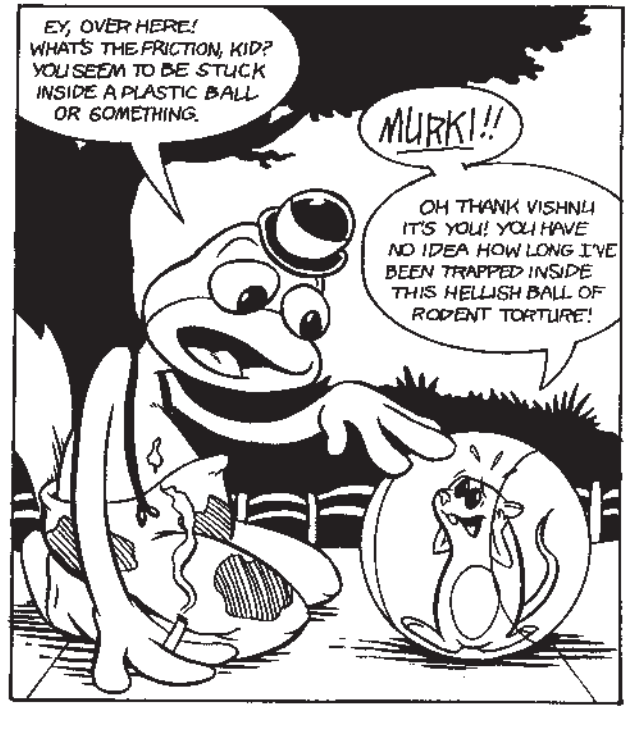
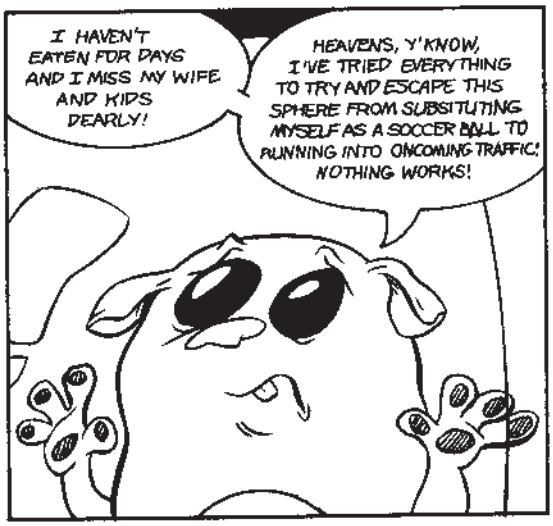
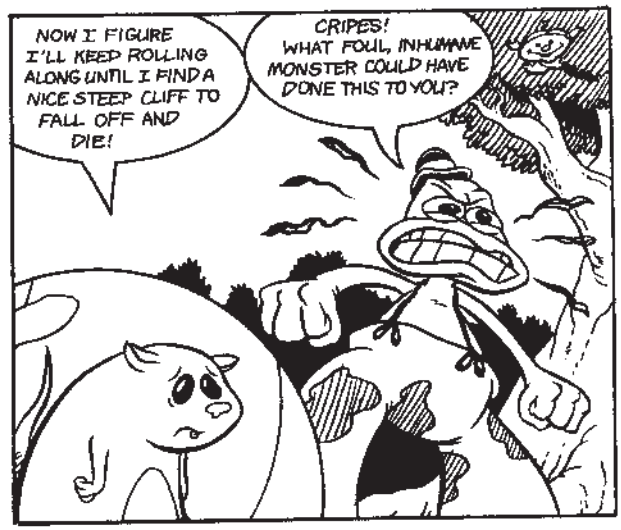
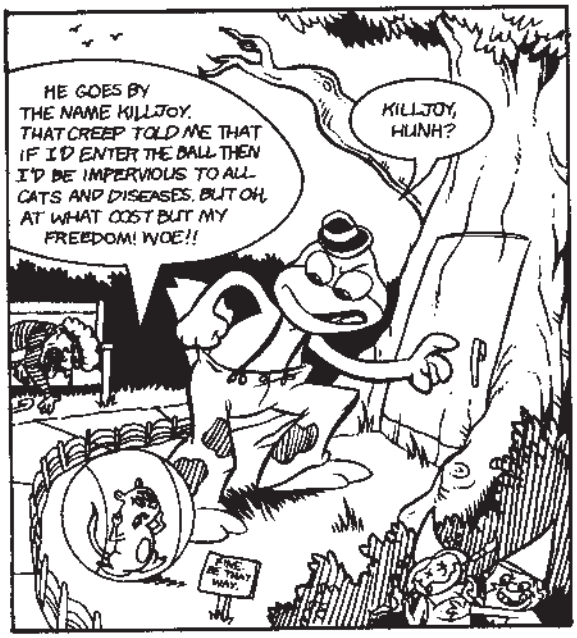

Murki McBoyd in "CAGED HEAT!!"
OH, PLEASE, SOMEBODY KILL ME. KILL ME NOW.
KEEP OFF GRASS, FOOL!

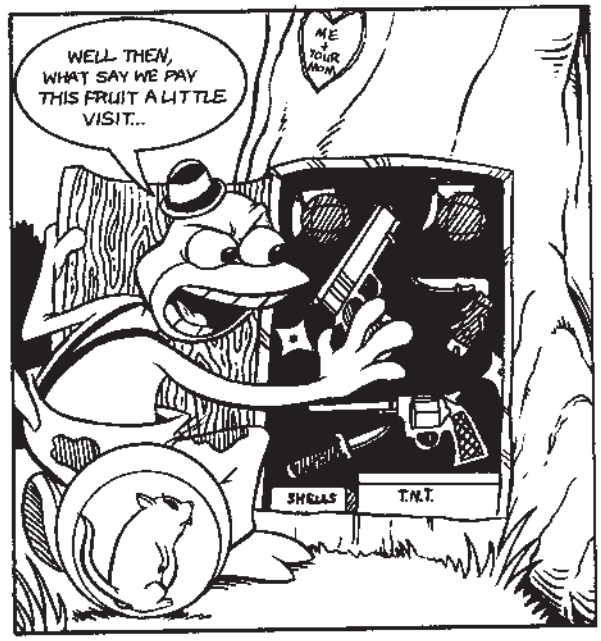
MR. SQUEAKS? IS THAT YOU BUDDY?
HUH? WHAT? DID YOU SAY SOMETHING GOD?
THAT'S BETTER.


EY, OVER HERE! WHAT'S THE FRICTION, KID? YOU SEEM TO BE STUCK INSIDE A PLASTIC BALL OR SOMETHING.
MURKI!!
OH THANK VISHNU! IT'S YOU! YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW LONG I'VE BEEN TRAPPED INSIDE THIS HELLISH BALL OF RODENT TORTURE!


I HAVEN'T EATEN FOR DAYS AND I MISS MY WIFE AND KIDS DEARLY!
HEAVENS, Y'KNOW, I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING TO TRY AND ESCAPE THIS SPHERE FROM SUBSITUTING MYSELF AS A SOCCER BALL TO RUNNING INTO ONCOMING TRAFFIC! NOTHING WORKS!

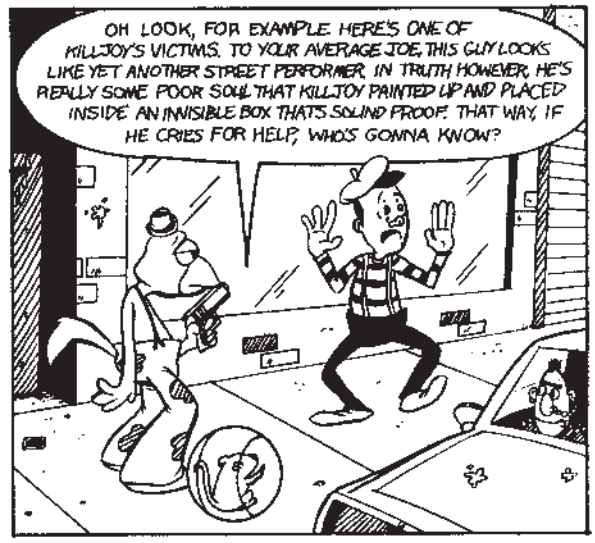

NOW I FIGURE I'LL KEEP ROLLING ALONG UNTIL I FIND A NICE STEEP CLIFF TO FALL OFF AND DIE!
CRIPES! WHAT FOUL, INHUMANE MONSTER COULD HAVE DONE THIS TO YOU?


HE GOES BY THE NAME KILLJOY. THAT CREEP TOLD ME THAT IF I'D ENTER THE BALL THEN I'D BE IMPERVIOUS TO ALL CATS AND DISEASES. BUT OH, AT WHAT COST BUT MY FREEDOM! WOE!!
KILLJOY, HUNH?
FINE, BE THAT WAY.


WELL THEN, WHAT SAY WE PAY THIS FRUIT A LITTLE VISIT...
ME + YOUR MOM
SHELLS
T.N.T.

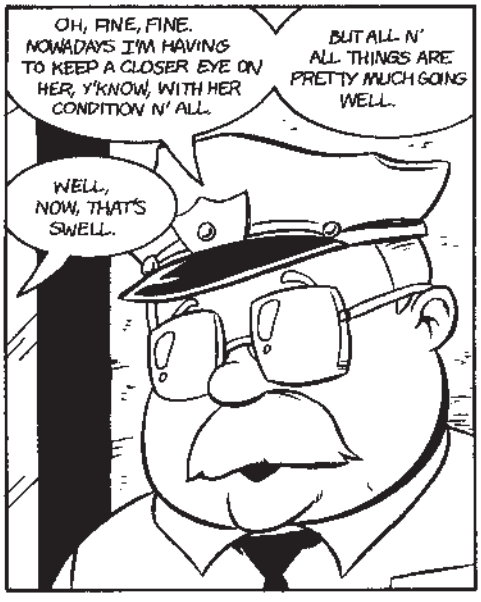
...AND SEE TO IT THAT HE GETS THE BAD KARMA THAT'S COMING HIS WAY.

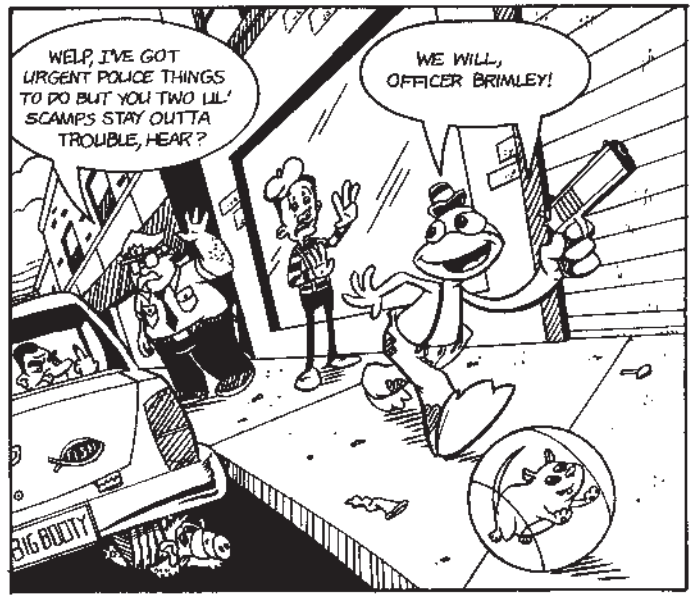
SOON, DOWN IN THE CITY...
SO, WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THIS KILLJOY MOOK?
WELL, FROM WHAT I GATHER, HE MUST BE SOME KIND OF FREAKO FETISHIST WHO GETS OFF ON SEEING OTHERS IN CAGES AND BONDAGE.


OH LOOK, FOR EXAMPLE. HERE'S ONE OF KILLJOY'S VICTIMS. TO YOUR AVERAGE JOE, THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE YET ANOTHER STREET PERFORMER. IN TRUTH HOWEVER, HE'S REALLY SOME POOR SOUL THAT KILLJOY PAINTED UP AND PLACED INSIDE AN INVISIBLE BOX THAT'S SOUND PROOF. THAT WAY, IF HE CRIES FOR HELP, WHO'S GONNA KNOW?

WOW, AND THE FACT THAT THIS GUY LOOKS LIKE A MIME MEANS THAT HE'LL GET NO SYMPATHY WHATSOEVER.
EXACTLY. THAT'S PRECISELY THE KIND OF SICKO THAT WE'RE DEALING WITH HERE.

MORNIN' BOYS! WHAT ARE YOU TWO RASCALS UP TO TODAY?
NOT MUCH, OFFICER BRIMLEY, WE'RE JUST HEADED DOWNTOWN TO POP A CAP IN SOMEONE'S ASS. HOW'S YOUR MOM DOING?


OH, FINE, FINE. NOWADAYS I'M HAVING TO KEEP A CLOSER EYE ON HER, Y'KNOW, WITH HER CONDITION N' ALL.
BUT ALL N' ALL THINGS ARE PRETTY MUCH GOING WELL.
WELL, NOW, THAT'S SWELL.


WELP, I'VE GOT URGENT POLICE THINGS TO DO BUT YOU TWO LIL' SCAMPS STAY OUTTA TROUBLE, HEAR?
WE WILL, OFFICER BRIMLEY!
BIG BUDDY