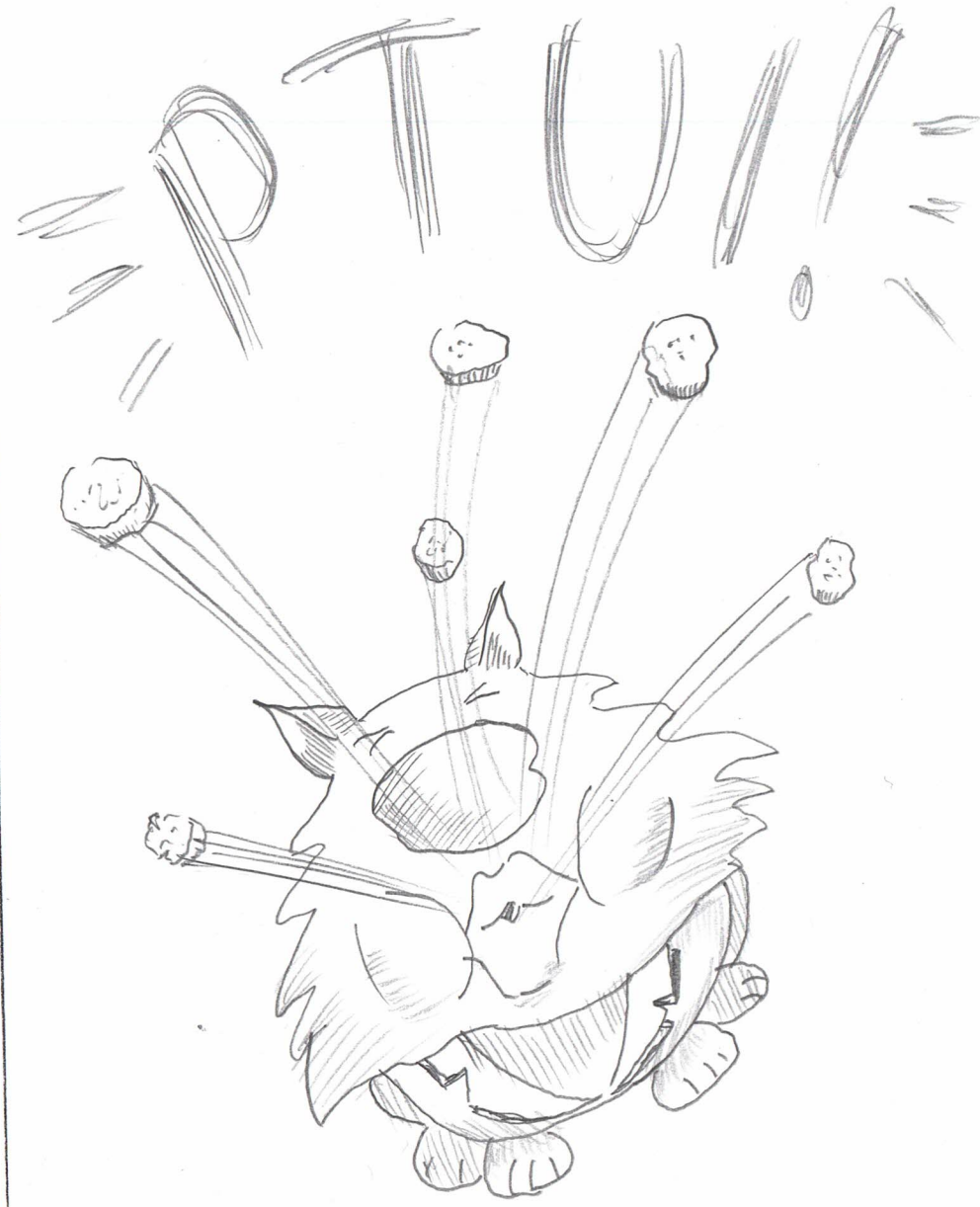


WOOF!

by Roderick Fong

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"I'm tired of kibbles," said Jules.

"Do you think the Girl who feeds us likes kibbles?" asked Levi.



"THAT'S IT!" cried Jules.

"Let's find out what she eats."

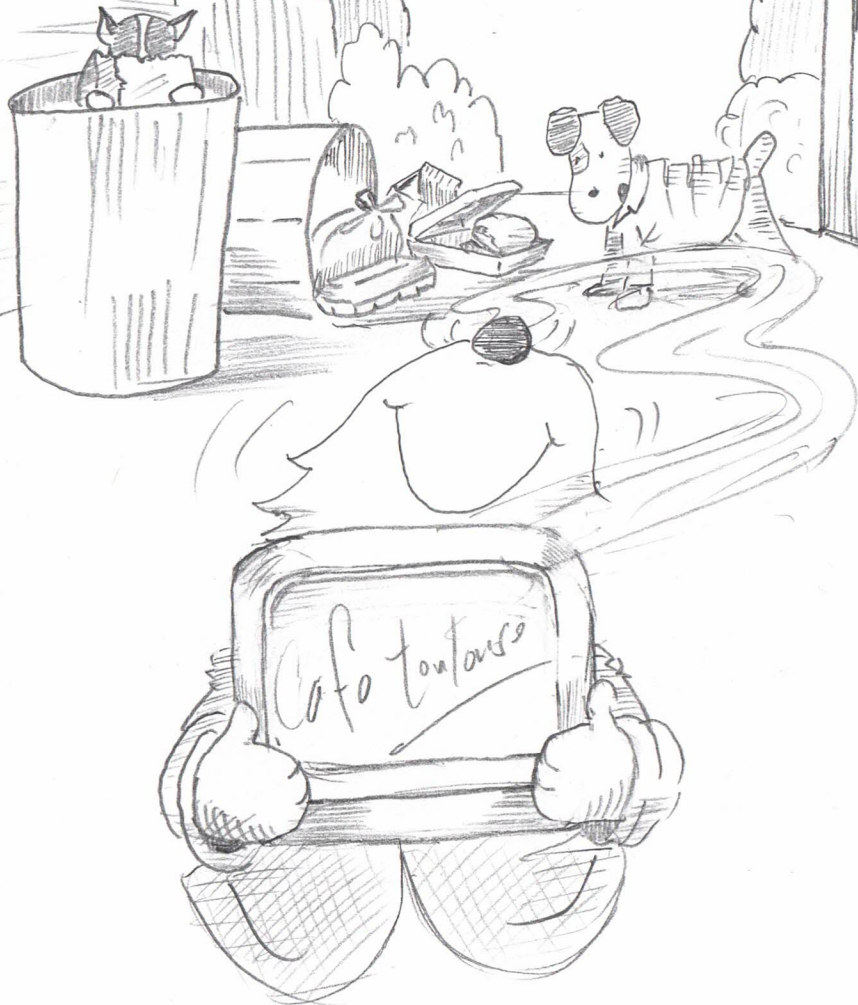
"How?" asked Levi.



"This is 'the source,' asked Levi.
"An empty kibbles bag?"

"What'd you find, Jules?"
asked Ross.

"Something
wonderful,"
said Jules



"I have the scent, fellas," said Jules.
"We just need to follow it."

"Well saddle up! Let's go," said Levi

"Where?" asked Ross

"If my guess is right, we're going to..."





“THE CITY!”

“My nose has picked up the scent of fine dining,” said Jules.
“That’s what we need to do,” said Levi.
“Find dining.”
“Who’s whining?” said Ross. “I said I’ll give it a try.”



Levi pulled a kibble from his pocket and popped it into his mouth.

"Hey! You can't eat kibbles in a restaurant," said Ross.

"Okay! Okay!" said Levi, who tossed the remaining kibbles over his shoulder.



Eureka!

"Whoa!" said Jules.
"I found it!"



"IT'S ..."

CAFE TOULOUSE

... HERE!

Looks fancy, but we're wearing fancy jackets. It was meant to be," said Jules.



"To be or not to be, that's the question," said Levi.

"Let's go home! That's the answer," said Ross.

"Too late," said Jules. "We're here."

"Up on your hind legs and go into 'begging' mode," said Jules.

(12)

At that moment, inside ...



"Andre! Chef said he saw a Monsieur Wolfe down the street," said Pierre. "He may visit us next!"

"The food critic? What does he look like?" asked Andre.

(13)

"Hmmm. He's short, with bushy white hair, and beard, and..."



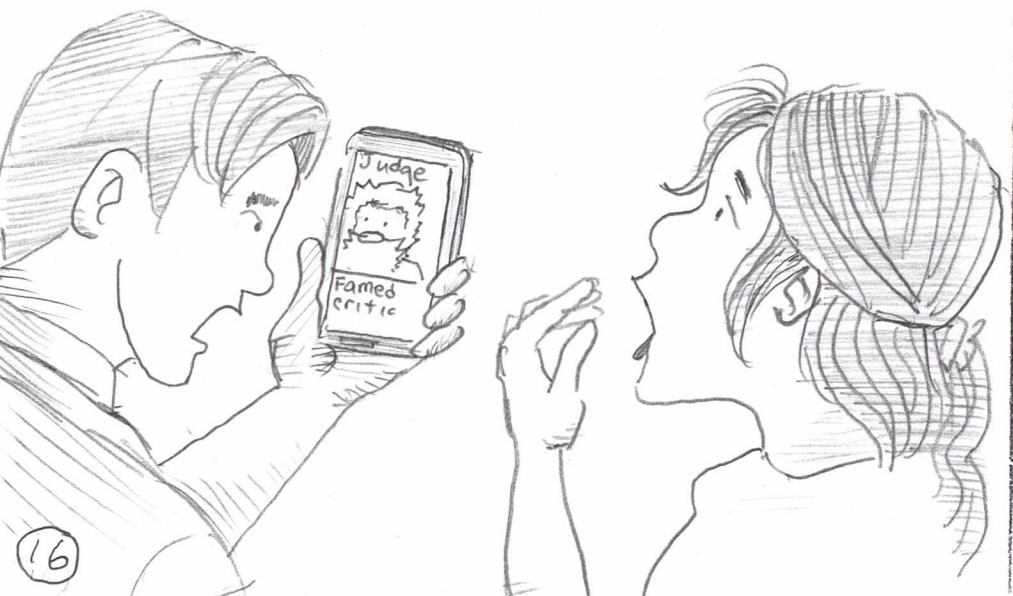
"Andre! See who is scratching at the door!"

OH, MON DIEU!

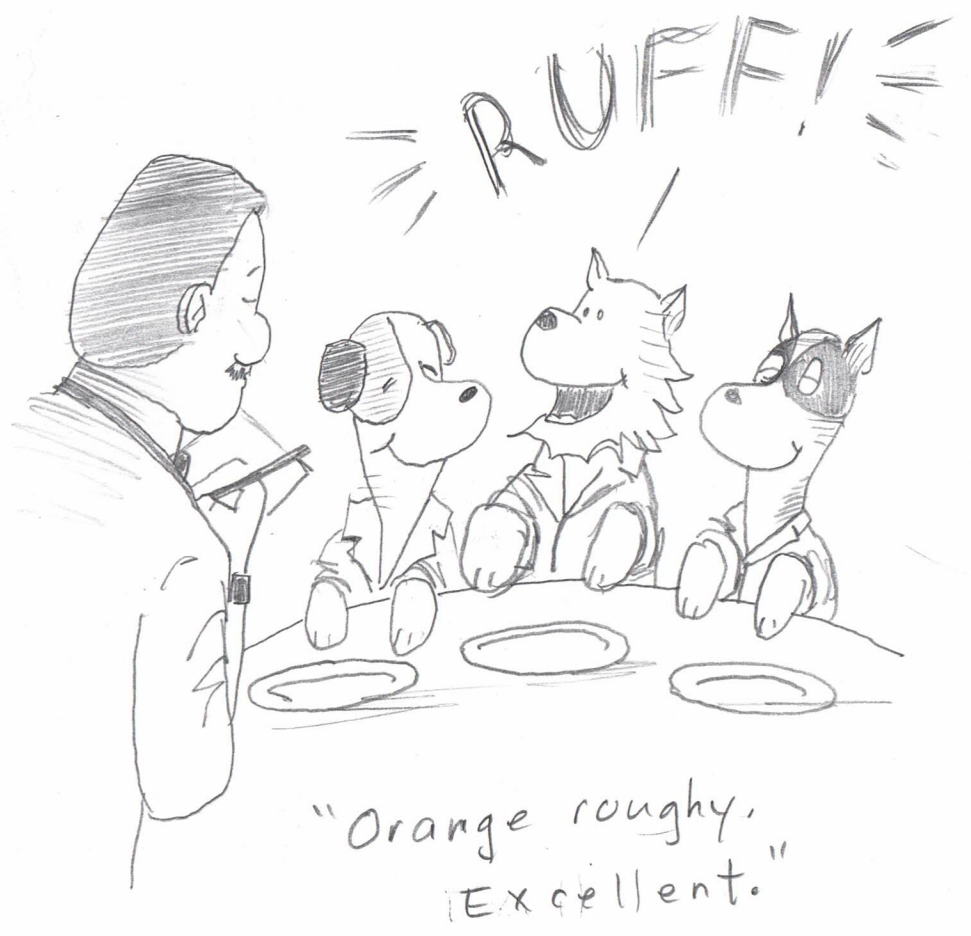
It's... IT'S...



"Monsieur Wolfe! Of course. This way, please," said Pierre.



"Monsieur Wolfe, would you like the medallions of beef, or the orange roughy?"



The trio were noticed
by the other diners.



"We heard Monsieur Wolfe,
and we want to change
our order to orange roughy."

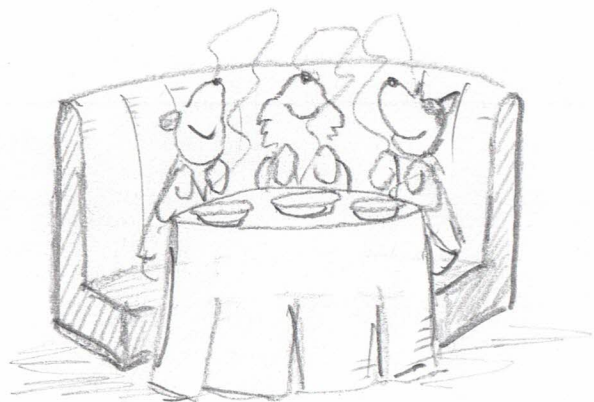
Same here!
We want
what he's
having.



So do
we! —



The first course served
was soup...

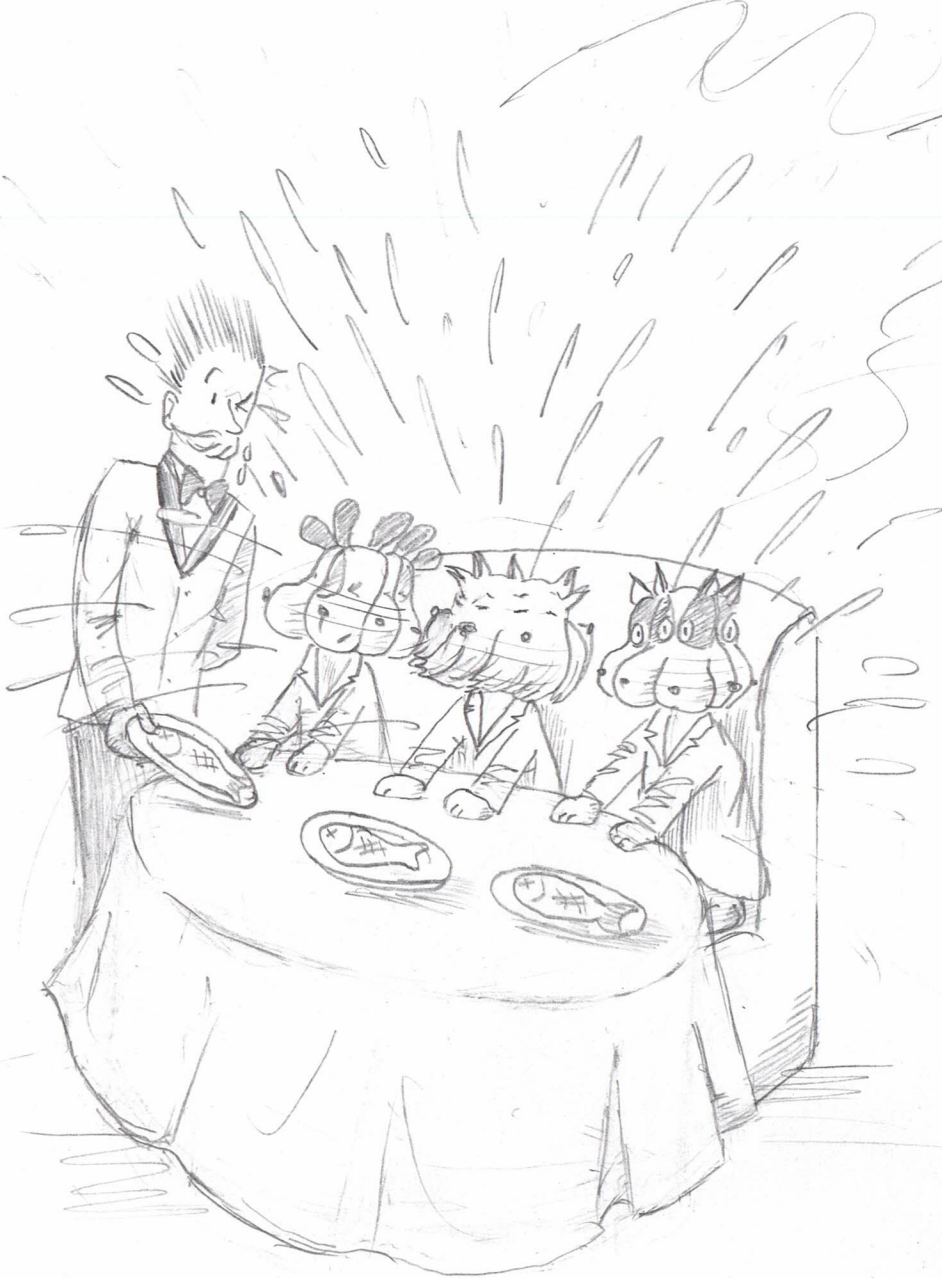


...which they ate in their
usual manner.

Y'know. They're
not only hairy like...
but they eat like...

... famous
food critics;
And that's
good enough
for me





Wet from the soup, the trio
dried themselves off.

Phew! What's
that smell?



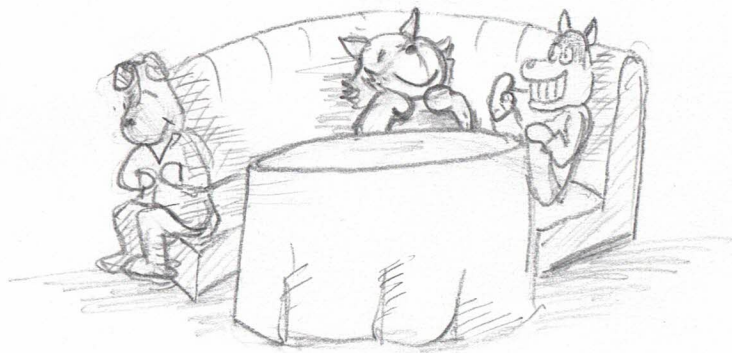
Ohh! They
smell like...



... wet dogs.
That's what they
smell like!



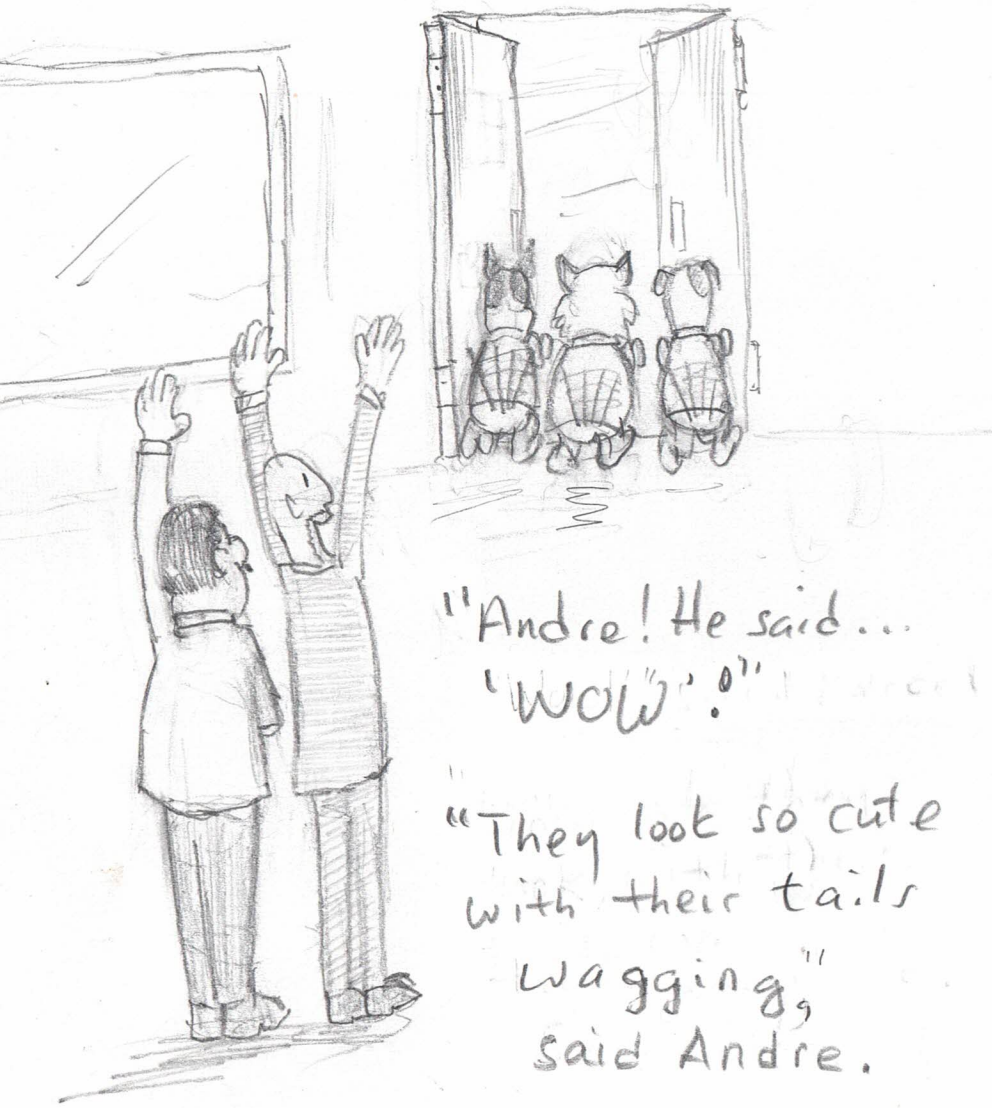
The meal finally came to an end.
"Had enough fellas?" asked Jules
"Oui, Oui," said Levi.



"Oooh! Don't say 'wee-wee,'
said Ross. "I think I
ate too much."

"How was your meal?"
asked Pierre.





"Andre! He said ...
'WOW'!"

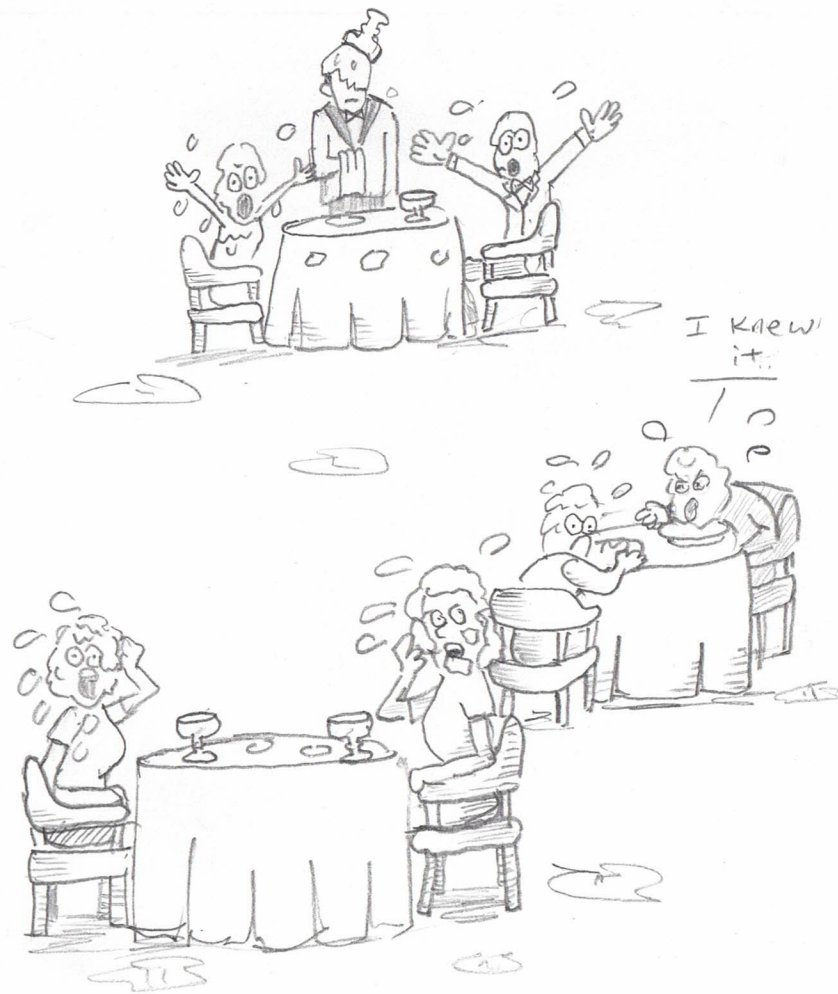
"They look so cute
with their tails
wagging,"
said Andre.

TAILS?!?
THEY'RE DOGS?!!

WHAT?!



THEY ACTUALLY WERE DOGS?

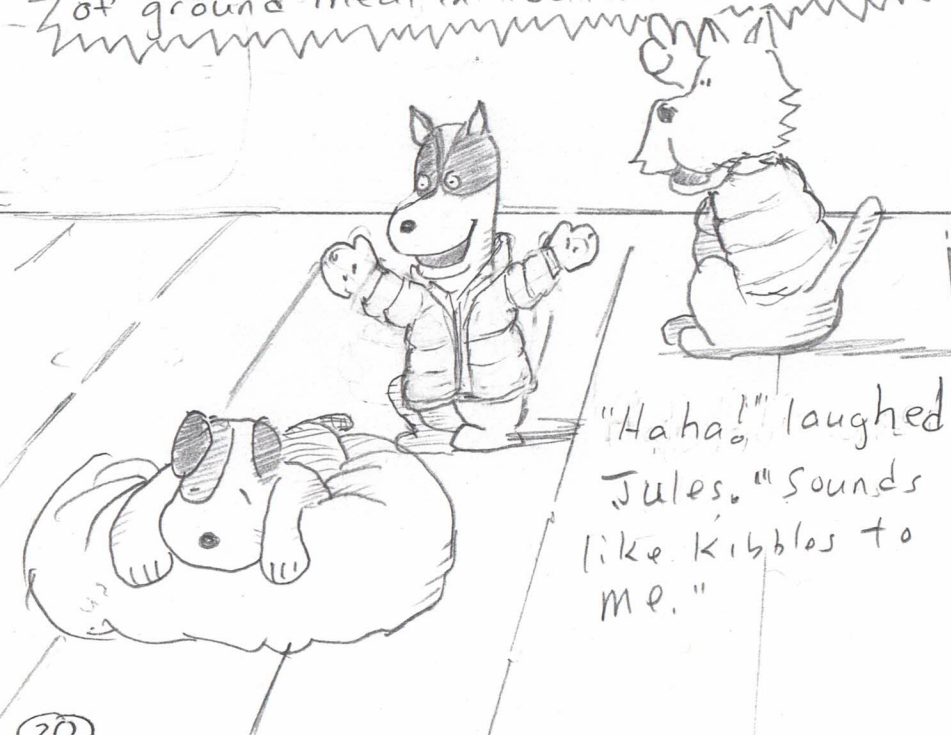


THE NEXT MORNING...



"HEY! Wake up Ross. It's puffer jacket day," said Levi.

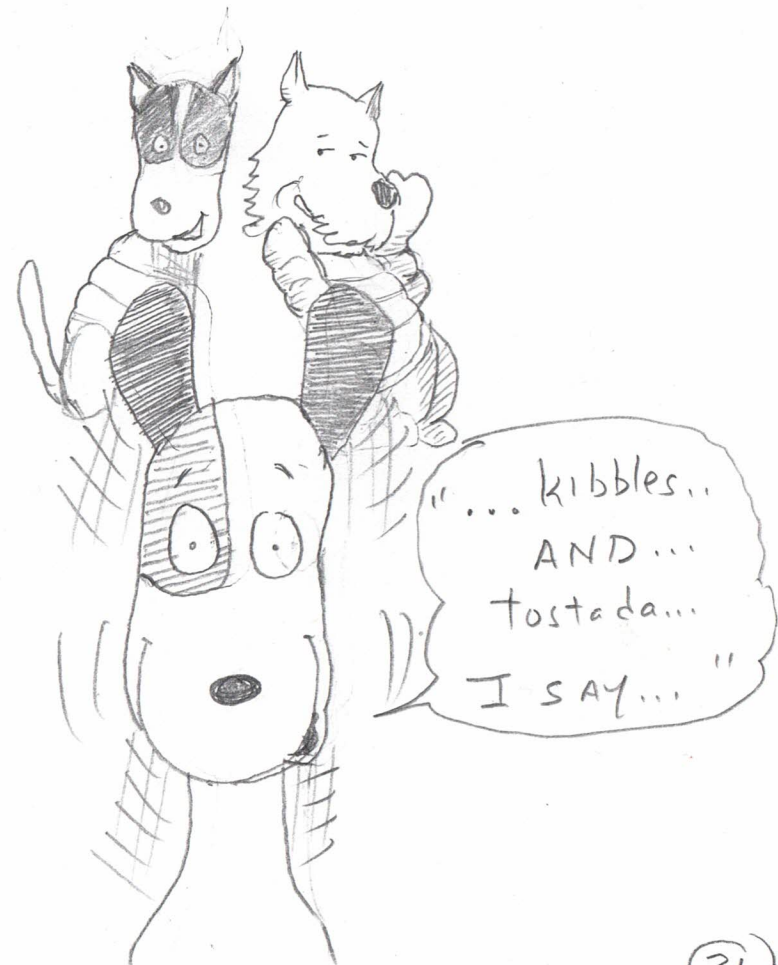
"Oooh! Never again" moaned Ross
 "...and our own Chef of Taqueria Palace
 won an award for his inventive use
 of ground meal in tostadas."



"Haha!" laughed Jules. "Sounds like kibble to me."

"Hmm. Kibbles and tostadas
You thinking what I'm
thinking?" asked Jules.

"Yeah," said Levi. "What do
you say, Ross?"



"... kibble...
AND...
tostada...
I SAY..."

ANDALE!

