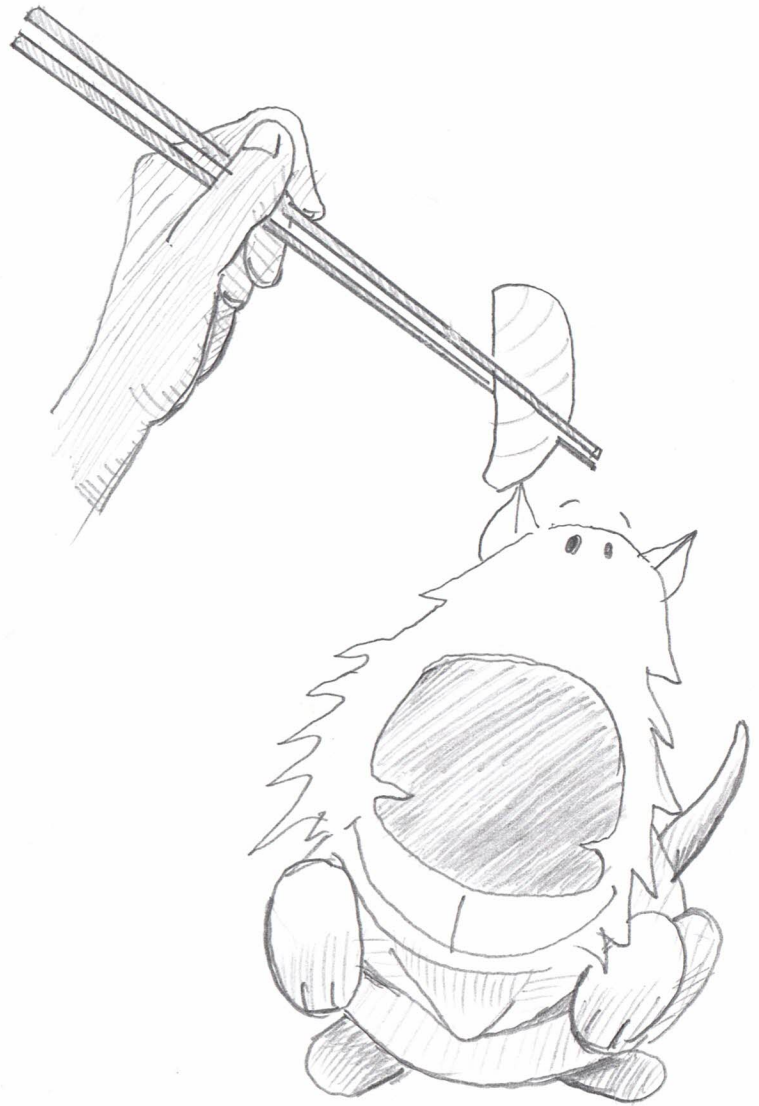


WOOF!

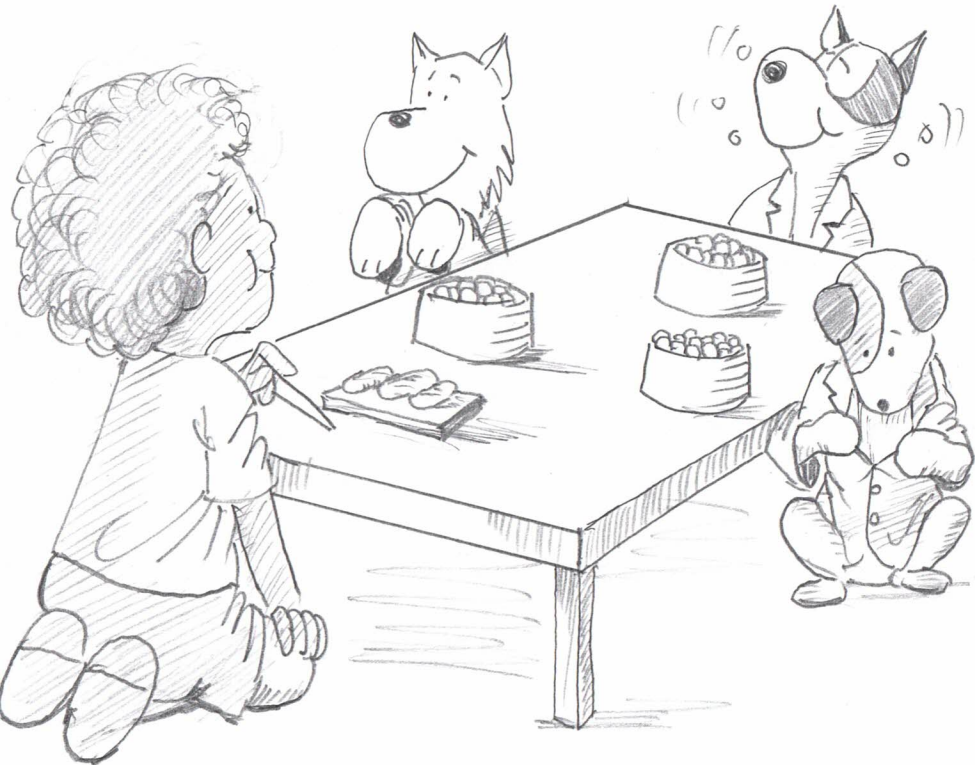
by Roderick Fong

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"Mmm. Isn't it nice
having a formal dinner
together?" said Babette.

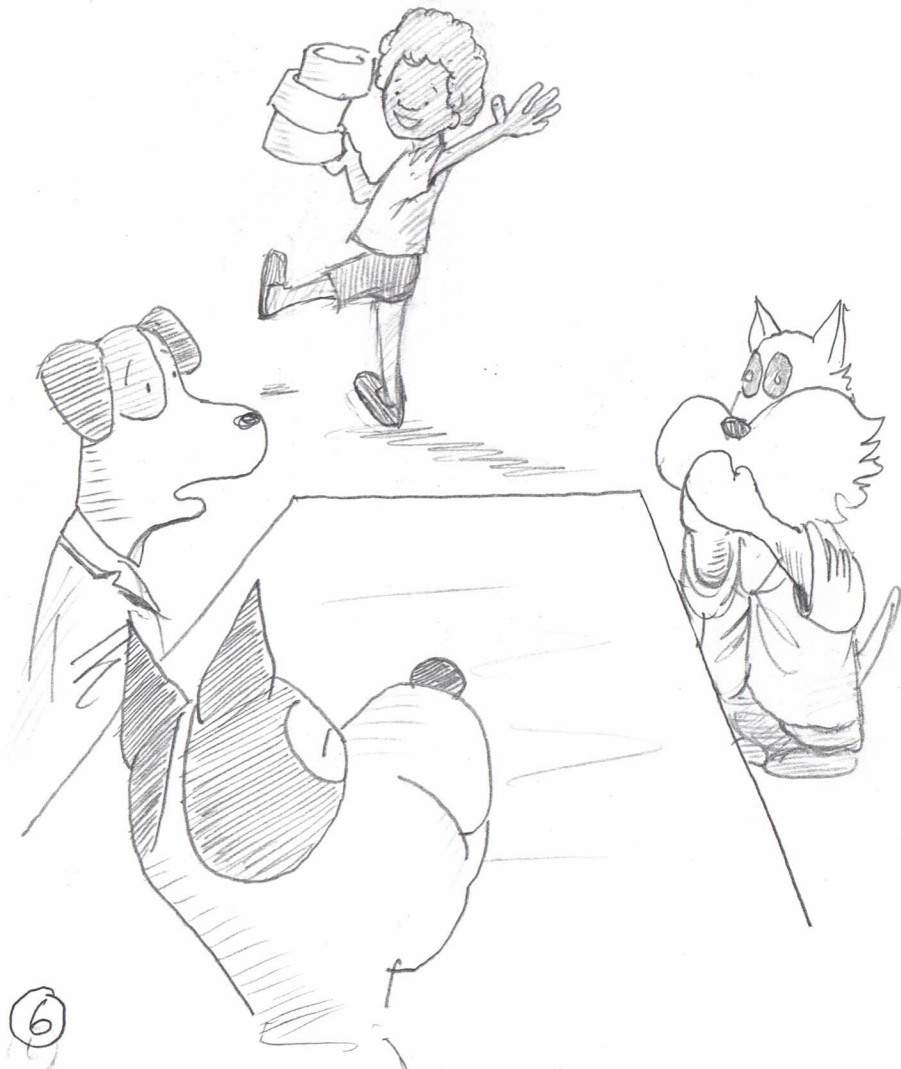
"Oh! How cute. You don't have to beg, Jules. I know what you want..."



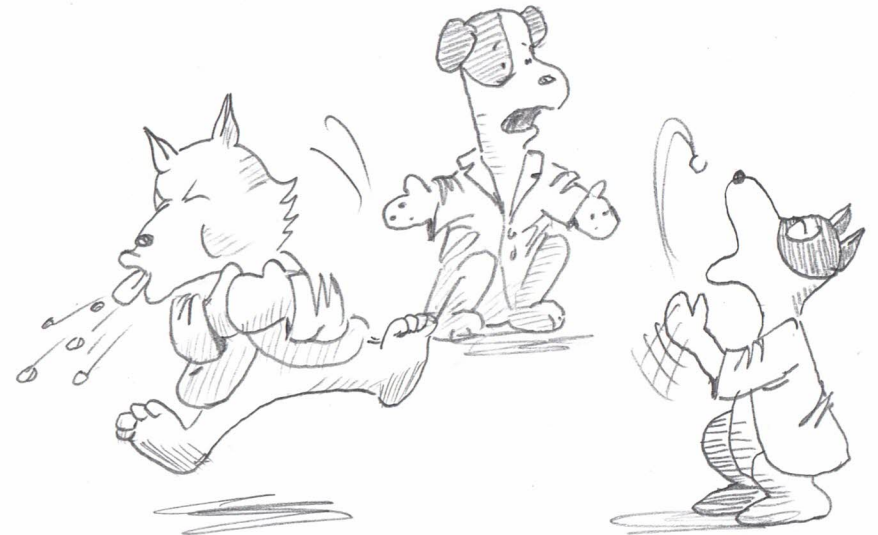
== KIBBLES! ==



"I better go inside," said Babette.
"Those jackets will keep
you warm. I'll keep the dog
door unlocked."



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



"Does this jacket look
better buttoned?" asked Ross.
"I fill my pockets with
kibbles," said Levi.

"Well, I'm going to get real chow,"
said Jules.

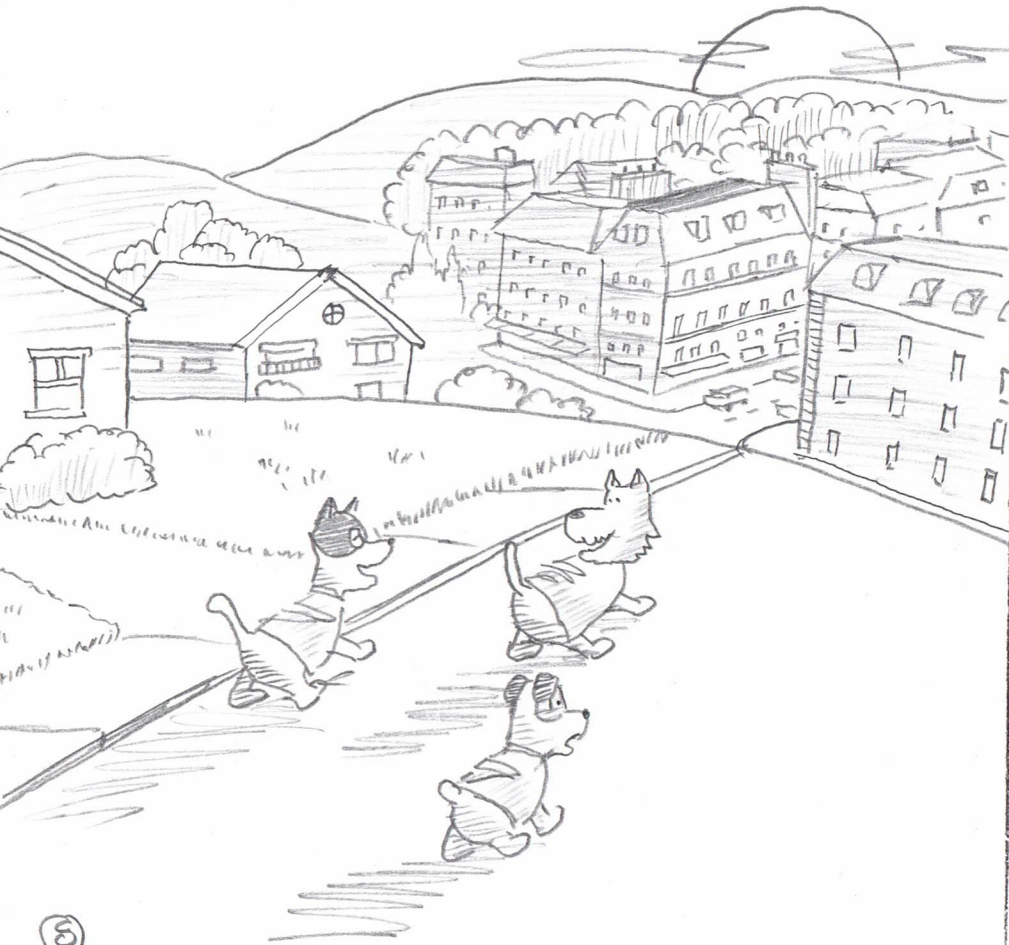
"Where?" asked Ross.

"The City," said Jules.

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

"Oh, I guess so," sighed Ross.

And off they went.

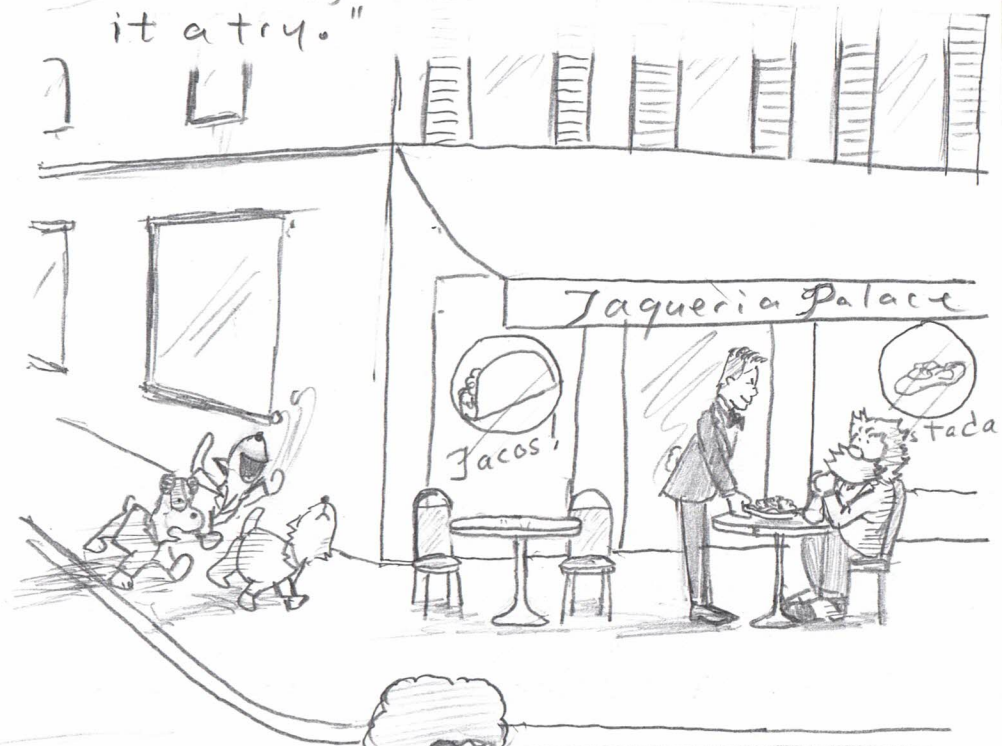


"My nose has picked up the scent
of fine dining," said Jules.

"That's what we need to do," said Levi.

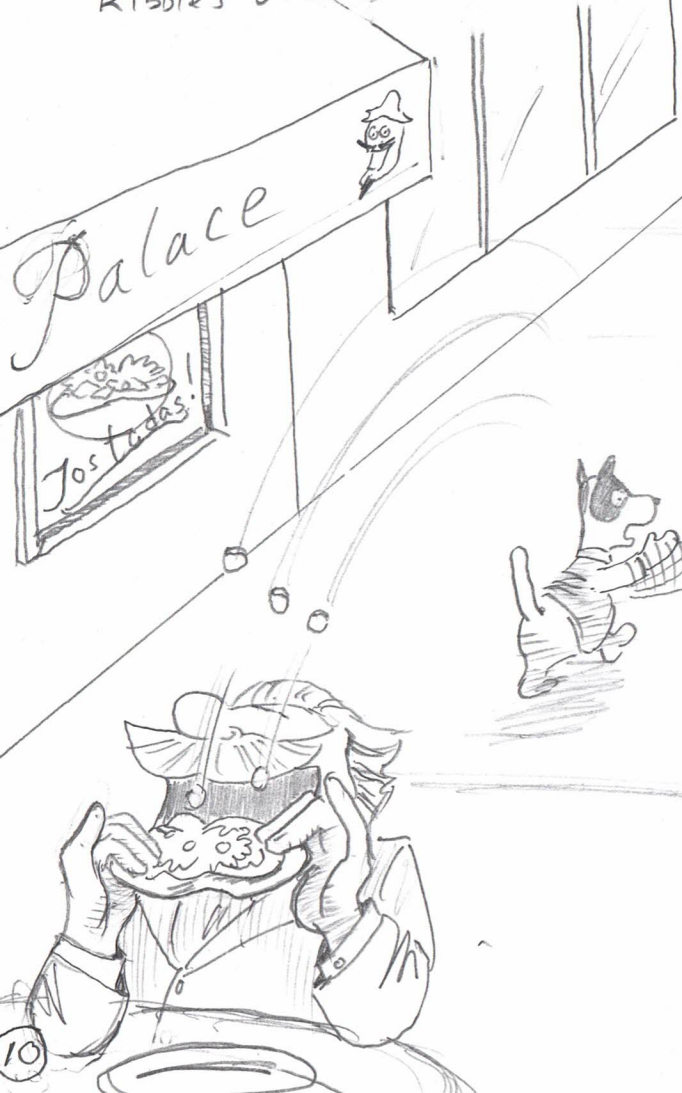
"Find dining."

"Who's whining?" said Ross. "I said I'll give
it a try."



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

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



"Eureka!"

"HOLD UP!" said Jules.
"I found it!"

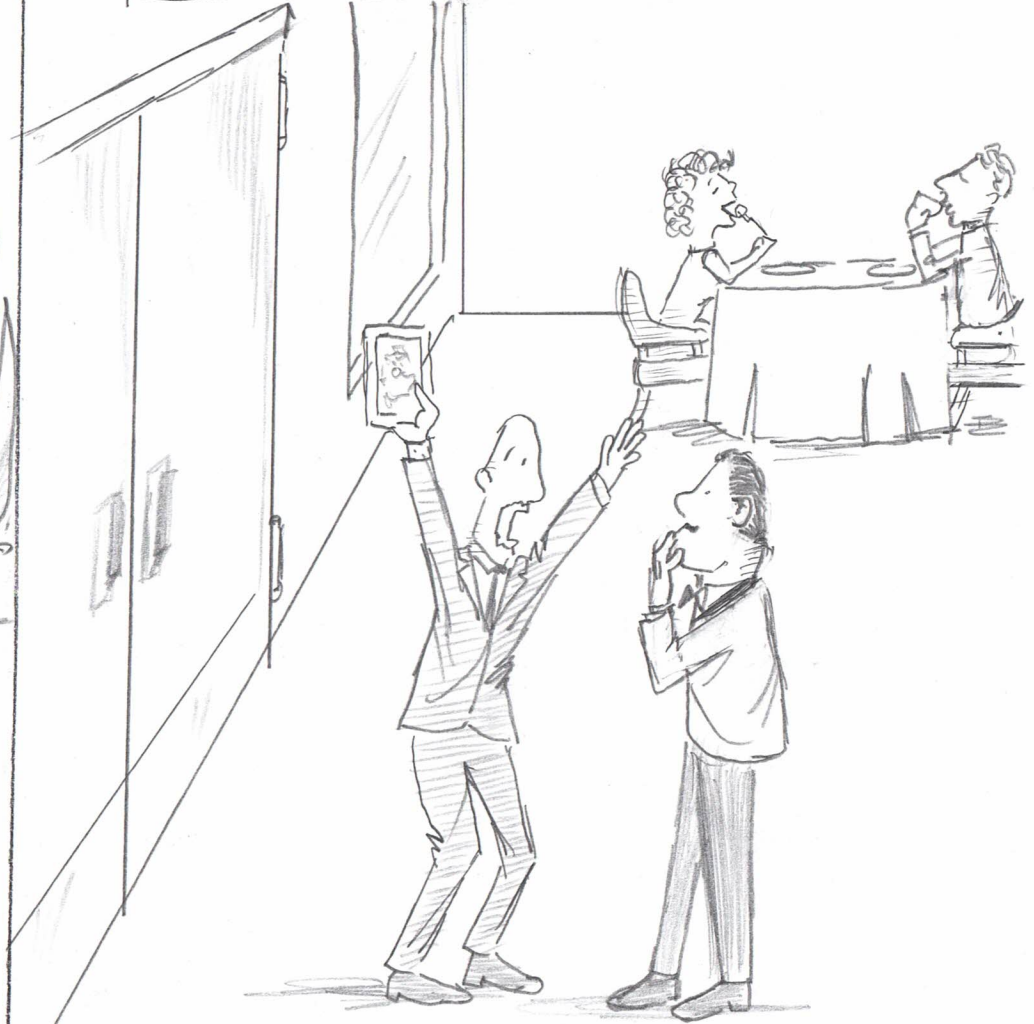


"IT'S ..."



"Okay. On your hind legs and go into 'begging' mode," said Jules.
"Let's go."

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.

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



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

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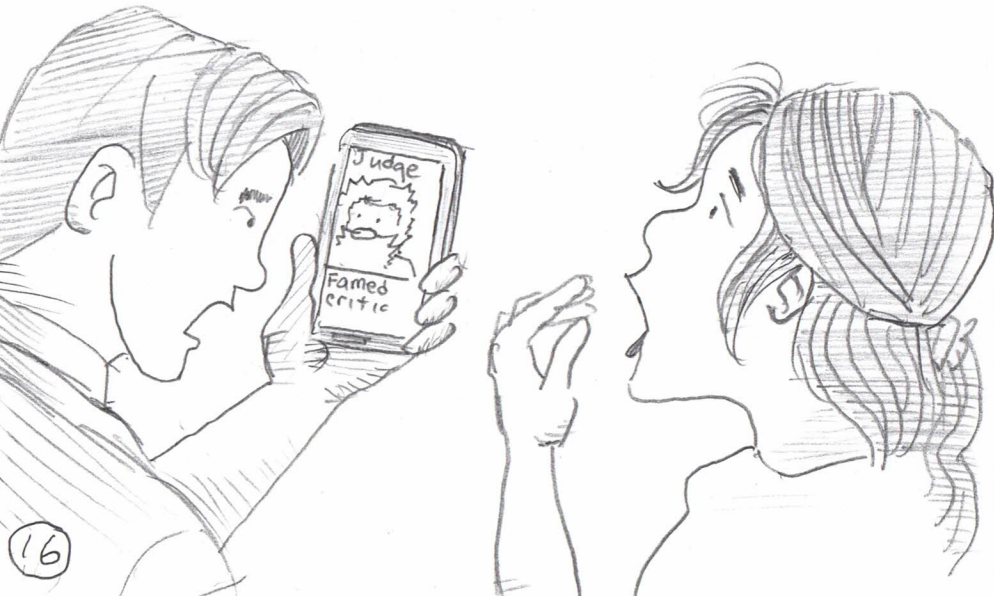
OH, MON DIEU!

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

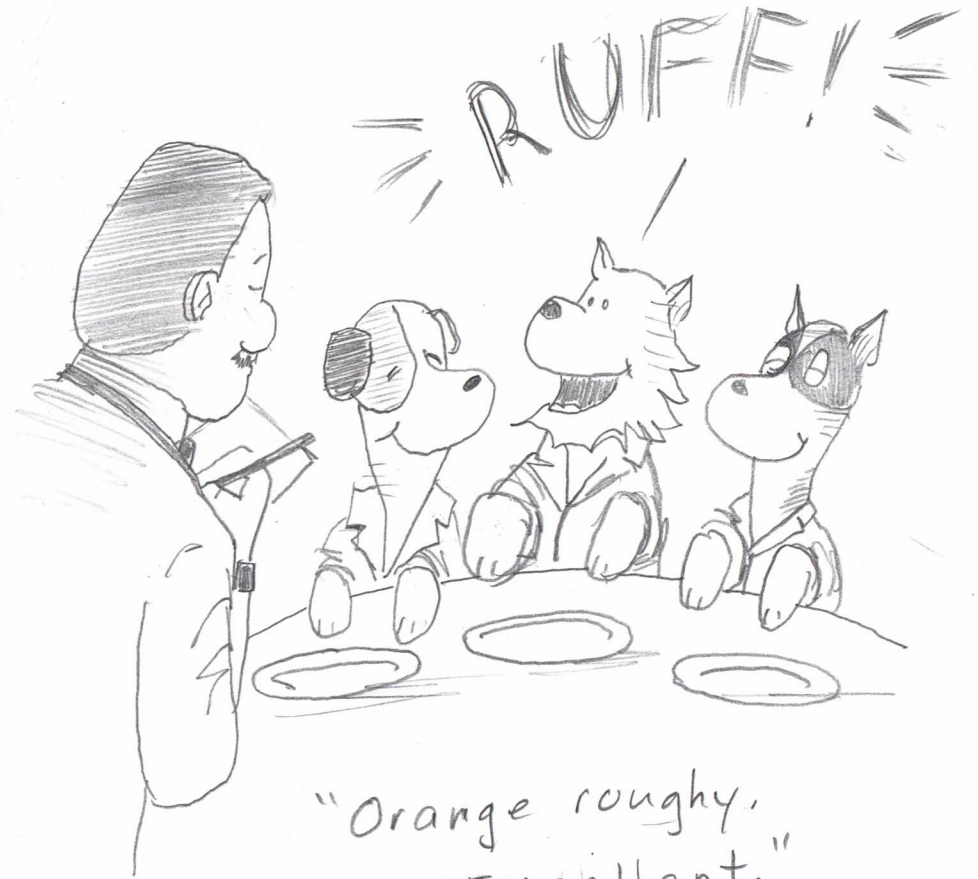


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"Monsieur Wolfe! Of course. This way, please," said Pierre.



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



"Orange roughly.
Excellent."

The trio were noticed
by the other diners.



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

Same here!
We want
what he's
having.



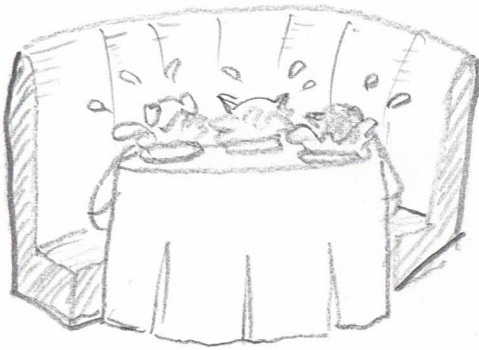
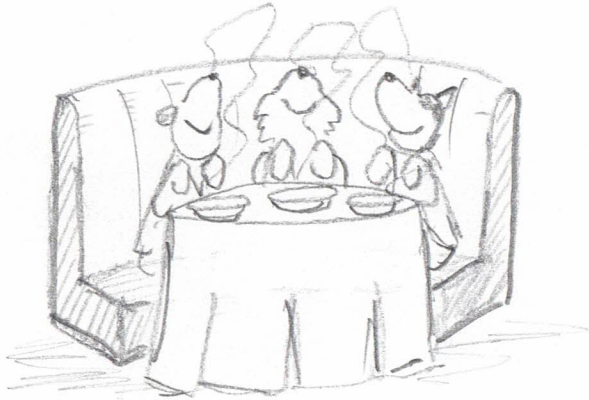
Ruff!
Ruff!
Ruff!



So do
we! —



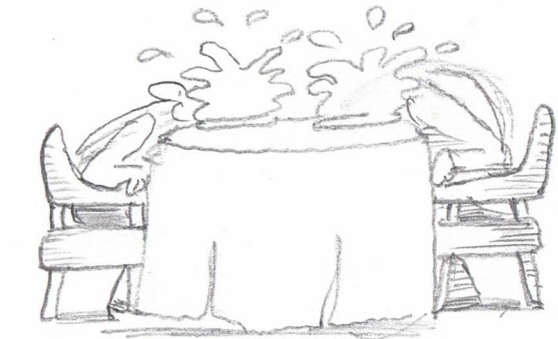
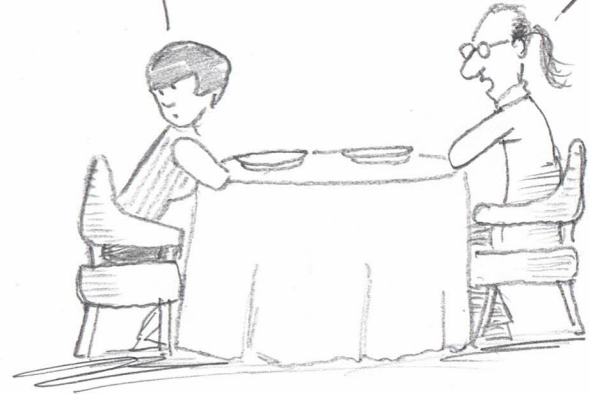
Course after course
arrived...



...which they ate in their
usual manner.

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

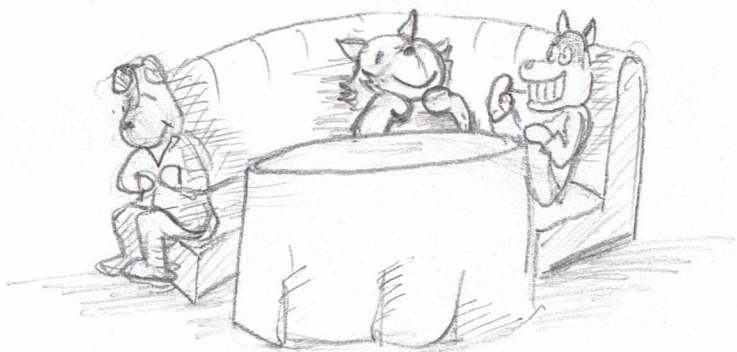
... famous
food critics.
And that's
good enough
for me



The meal finally came to an end.

Jules asked,
"Had enough, fellas?"

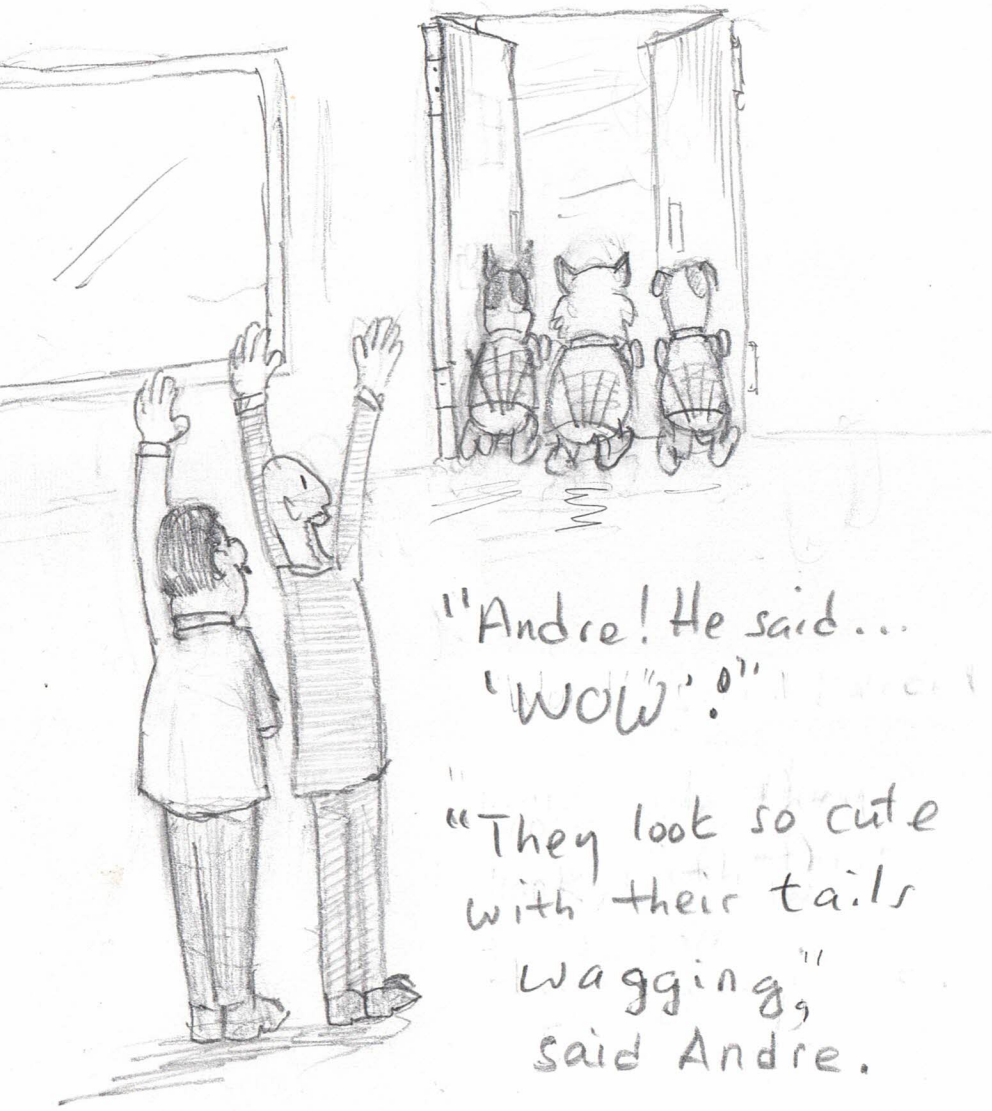
"Oui oui," said Levi.



"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

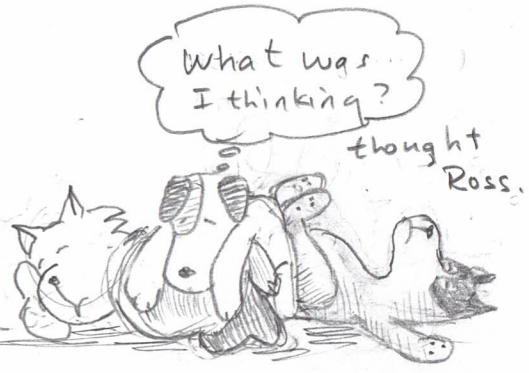


WERE DOGS!



The next morning...

"Oh my. Three dogs made a mess of Cafe Toulouse last night," said Babette.



Oh look! Mario, the chef at Taqueria Palace, won an award for his inventive use of ground meal as a garnish in tostadas!"



"Hahaha! Sounds like kibbles to me!" said Babette.



"Well, gotta go.
Be good!"

"You hear that?" said Jules
"You thinking what I'm
thinking?"

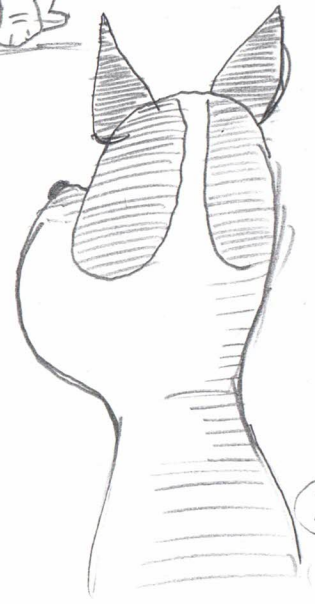
"Yeah," said Levi.
"But what about
Ross? Hey!!
Look at
Ross!"



"... kibblers
AND...
Tostada..."

"What
are you
saying?"

"I'm
saying..."



ANDALE!

