

The little girl says
none of you will help
her find the kitty.

You're supposed to be
her friends, right?

So why aren't
you helping?

Don't all speak up at once.

My God. Are you really
this stupid? I -

HEY!

Ssss-say there, Patches-sss.
You be a little ni-sssser or
ssss-something BAD' ssss
liable to ---

GURLK

WHAM!
WHAM!
WHAM!
WHAM!
WHAM!
WHAM!







Stop.

That will be quite
enough, Mr. Sprinkles

We won't help the girl find the cat because
we don't care about the cat.

She was a mean and vicious animal, Mr. Sprinkles.

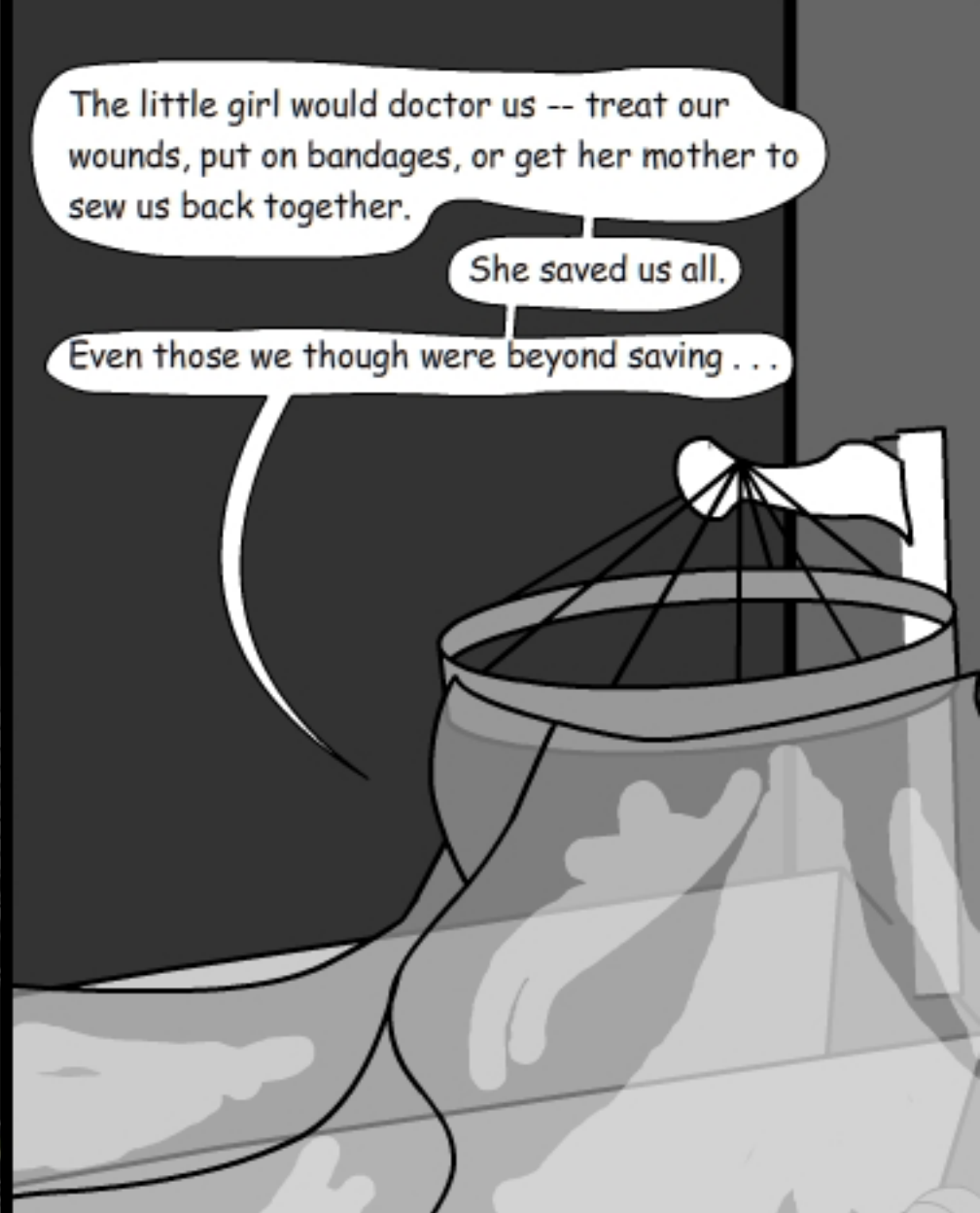
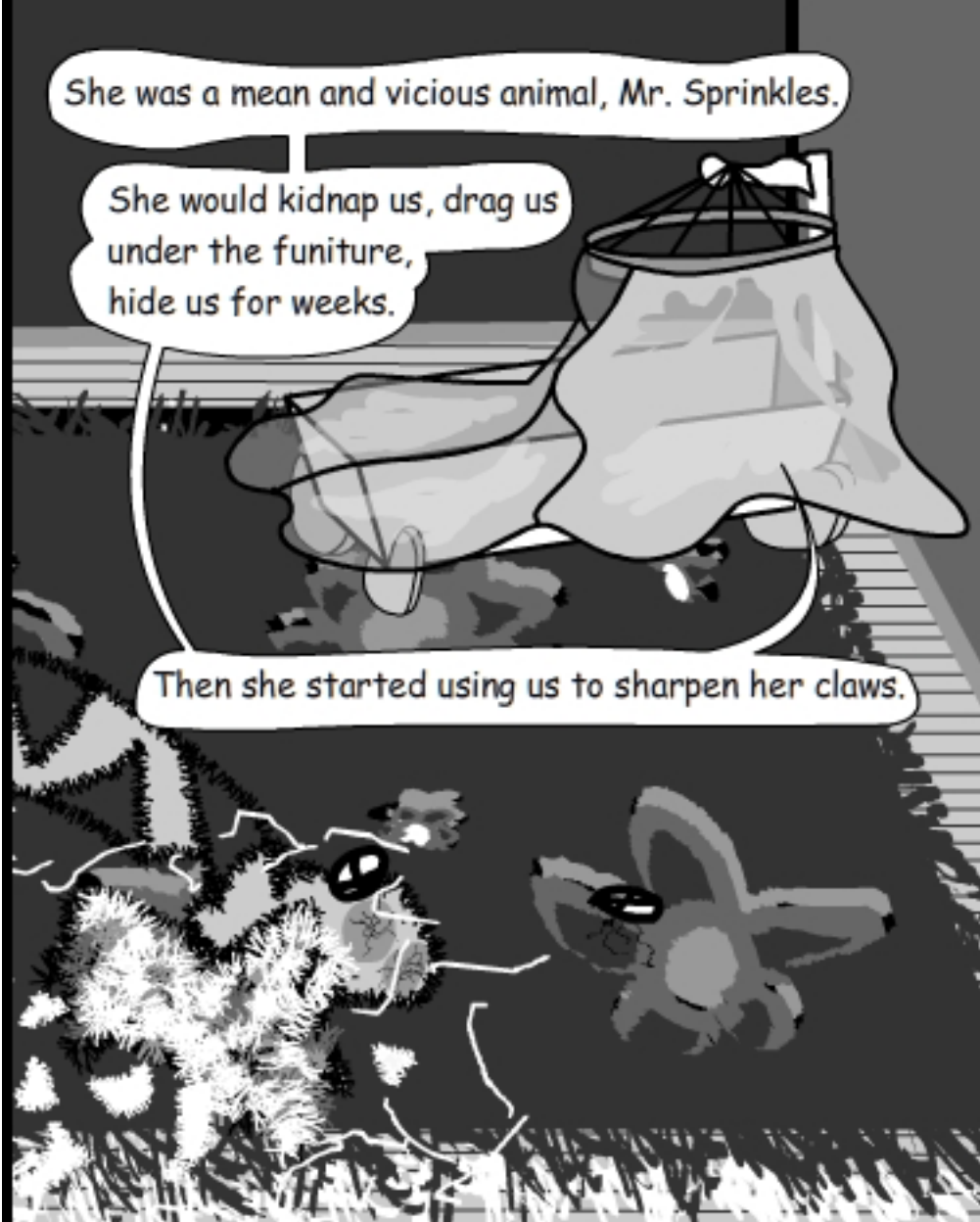
She would kidnap us, drag us under the furniture, hide us for weeks.

Then she started using us to sharpen her claws.

The little girl would doctor us -- treat our wounds, put on bandages, or get her mother to sew us back together.


She saved us all.

Even those we thought were beyond saving . . .



... and loved us all the more.






That little girl is
four years old, Mr Sprinkles.
She has a boundless heart,
but a very limited memory.

Good to know.

Where's the kitty?



She remembers only her love for the cat, Mr. Sprinkles.
Let her keep it.

Find the cat, and you will
break that little girl's heart .




OK.

So...

Where's the kitty?





Well, thanks for nothing.

Jerks.



