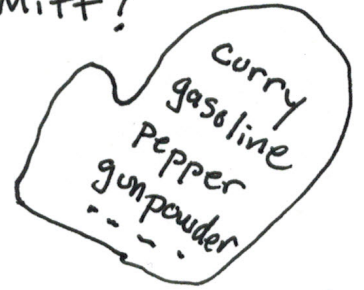


Dragon Man is busy

DM: Time to make Inferno Sauce
and top up my powers.
Where is my recipe?

DM: Here it is, on Gramma's
oven mitt!



DM: Tan Boy! Time to go to
Burnie's Spice Shop.

TB: YAY! Can I carry the mitt?
Huh Drag? Please?

DM: Yes, trusty sidekick.

TB: Wow, the only copy in
the world!

TB: Let's walk by the zoo,
Drag!

DM: Why not, little pal?

DM: It's a beautiful day...

DM: Although it is windy.
Hang on to the mitt!

TB: Sure, Drag!

Suddenly

WHOOSH!

TB: Help!!

DM: Great balls of fire!

Tan Boy is blown away

(TB lands in the panda pen.
The mitt lands on a tall bamboo
Spear)

THUD!

TB: I've got this, Drag!

(TB climbs the bamboo. It
bends dangerously)

DM: Gadzooks! Look -

(Dragon man accidentally breathes
fire)

DM - OUT!

TB: Noooo !!

ROAR

(TB & the mitt topple into
the alligator pen)

CRUNCH!

SPLASH!

DM: It could be worse.
You could be in his mouth.

TB: It is ~~worse~~ worse!
In his mouth...

DM: Hot tamales! The recipe!!

DM: I'll fire his tail.

Hufffff... Pufffff...

But DM was out of fire.
He needed more sauce.

The snake coiled round TB. (17)

TB: Your... belt...

DM: Yes, snakeskin.
Nice, huh?

TB: Give... it... to... me...

DM: But my pants will
fall down

TB: GIVE ME THE BELT!

(TB dangles the belt in front
of the snake) (19)

TB: Hi, there!

(20) (The snake loosens its coils
and drops the mitt.)

Snake: Sssay, ssssweetie..

(Tan Boy leaps the fence
with the mitt.) (21)

SPROING!

(22) TB: Here you go!

DM: Hot stuff!

Oops, my pants!!

TB: Can I still carry it, Drag? (23)

DM: You may. Right now I
need both hands.

(24) DM: Losing my belt burns
me up.

TB: Off to Burnie's!