

PRANKS A LOT!

TRENT AND SAWYER are best friends with a mutual love for skateboarding and hilarious hijinks. So when their favorite skater-slash-prank-star Trixie Sampson announces a prank competition with the prize of a lifetime, they're certain they have what it takes to win. That is, until a run-in with their fiery friend Natasha triggers an all-out prank-a-palooza!

Now the joke's on them. Facing down booby-trapped bathrooms and loaded lockers, Trent and Sawyer are determined to step up their game—but will their plans end with big laughs . . . or big trouble?



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MILLER/CANINO • TURNER



BESTIES

PRANK WAR



Clarion Books



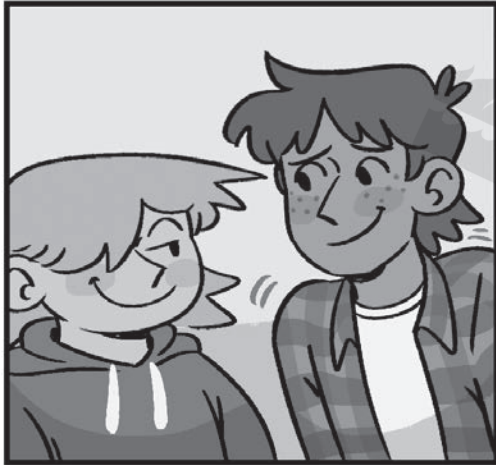
From the world of **CLICK**

BESTIES

PRANK WAR



WRITTEN BY *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING AUTHOR
KAYLA MILLER AND JEFFREY CANINO
ILLUSTRATED BY SARAH K. TURNER



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Photo by Jeffrey Canino

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Photo by Kayla Miller

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Photo by Sarah K. Turner

Also available as an ebook.

BESTIES

PRANK WAR

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BY KAYLA MILLER & JEFFREY CANINO
ART BY SARAH K. TURNER

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Trent and Sawyer's Prank War

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First Edition

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TK —J.C.

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CHAPTER ONE
**Never Miss
a Trick**



"After crossing the river of lava on a bridge made of spider silk . . .

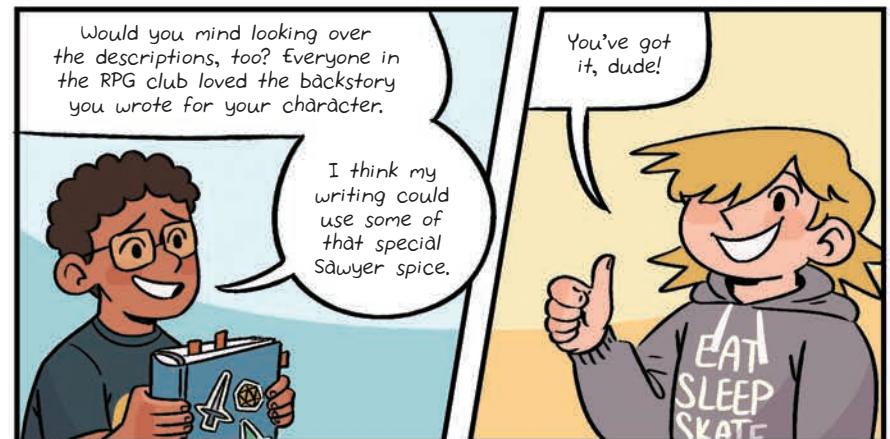
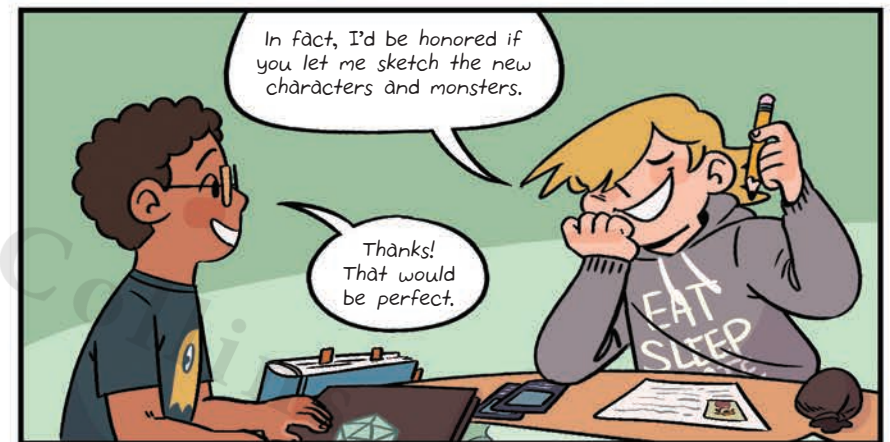
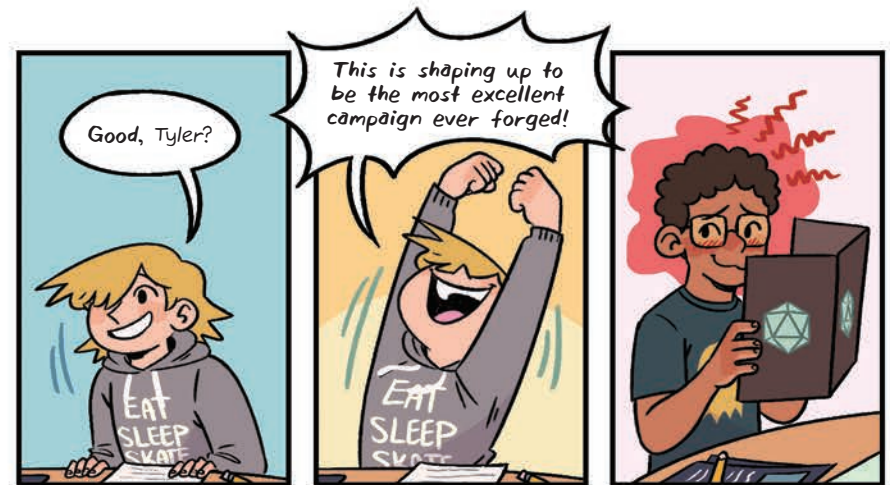


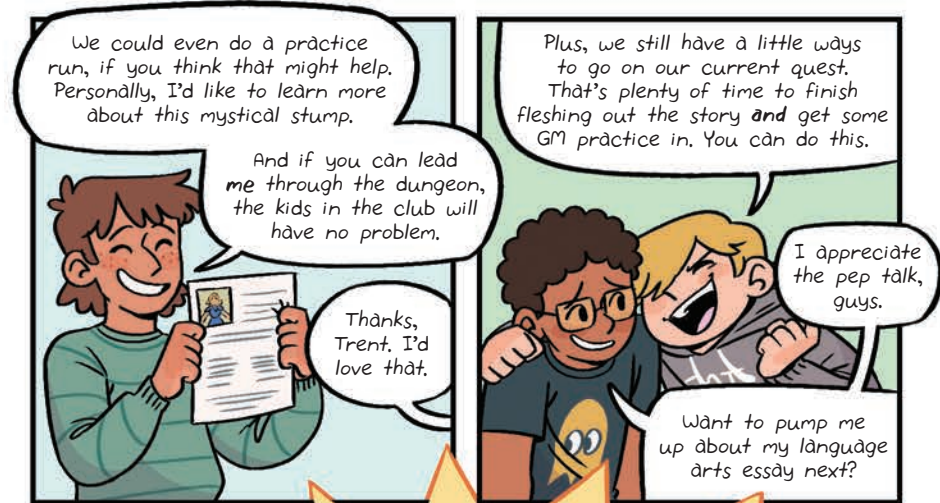
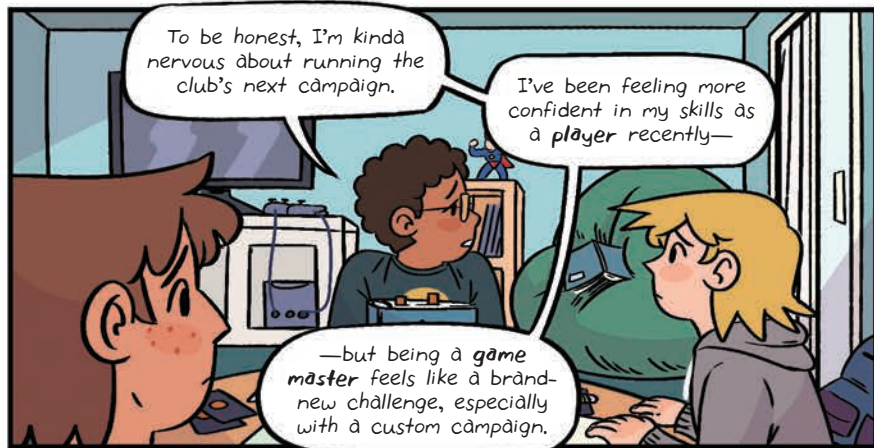
". . . and battling the hordes of sentient dandeleopards who guard the entrance to the Old Wood . . .

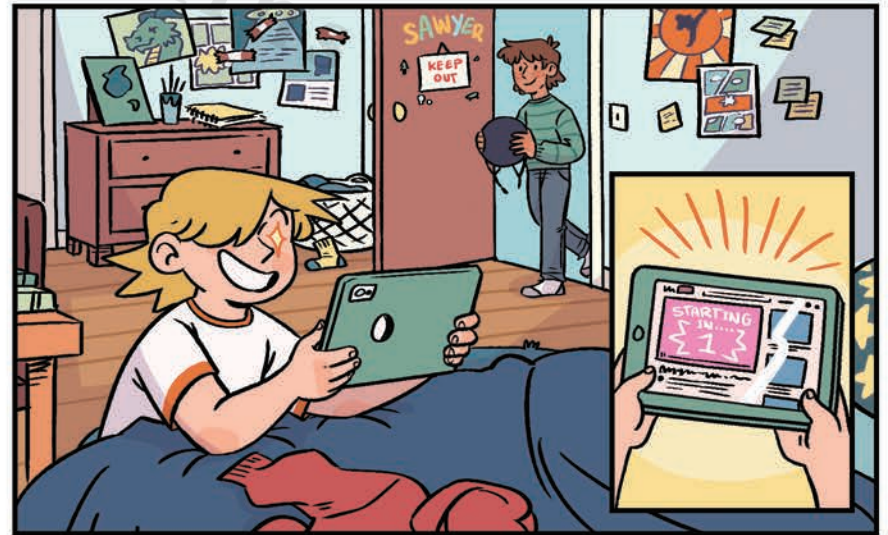
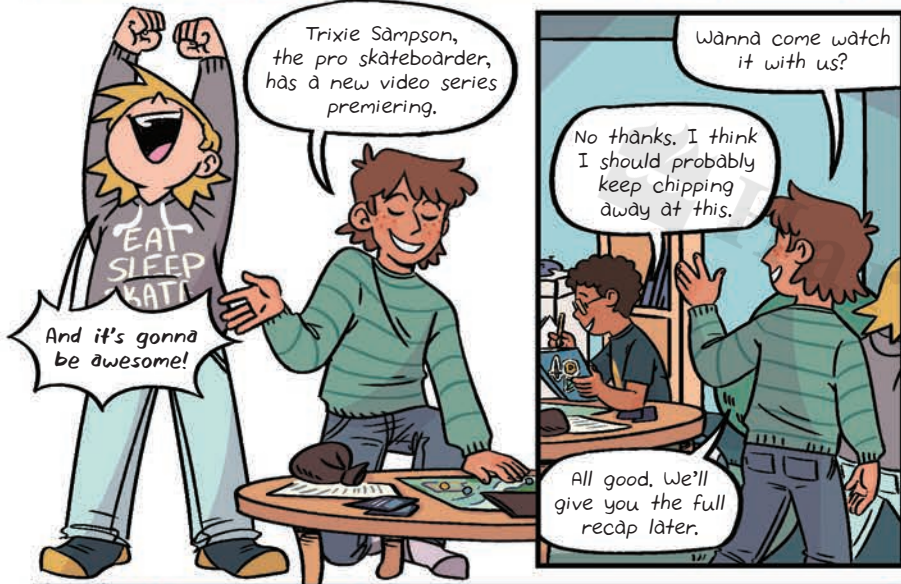


". . . the party will enter a clearing and discover the mystical tree stump, carved with mysterious runes."

Harper









Hey, Trixsters! I'm so excited to be coming to you live with the epic first installment of my new web series . . .



...TRIXIE'S TRICKS!



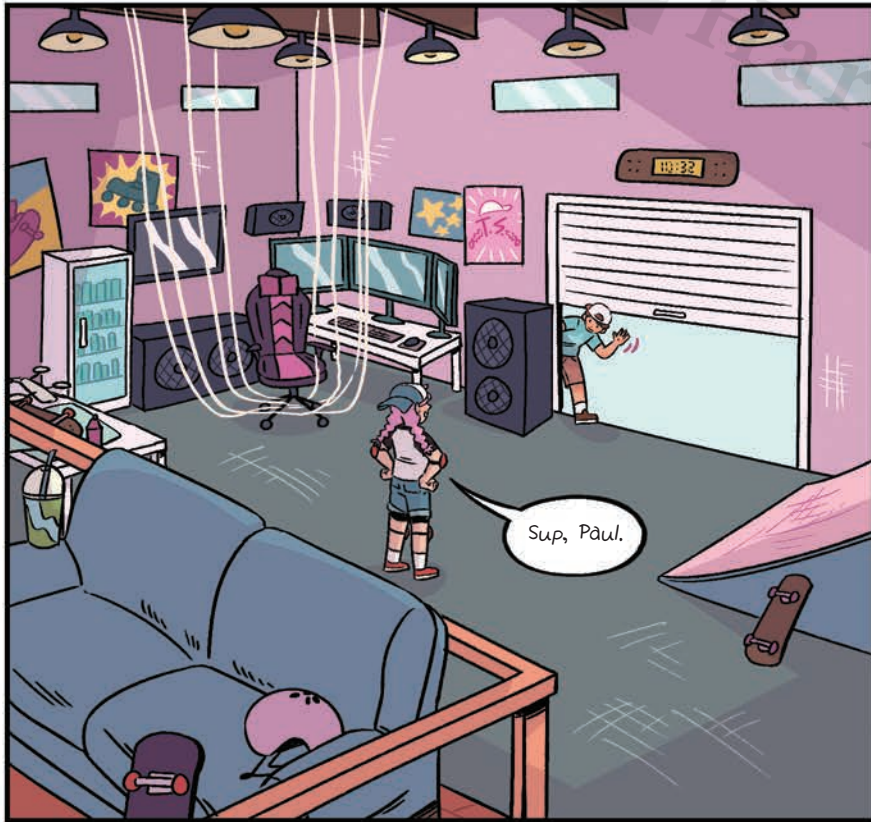
My crew and I love goofing around and playing pranks on each other, and I've decided to crank it up a notch by planning some **real gnarly ones**.



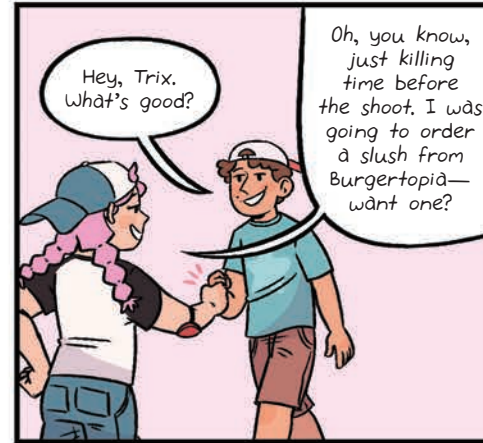
And we're capturing it all on vide— Oh!

He's here.

Everyone hide!



Sup, Paul.



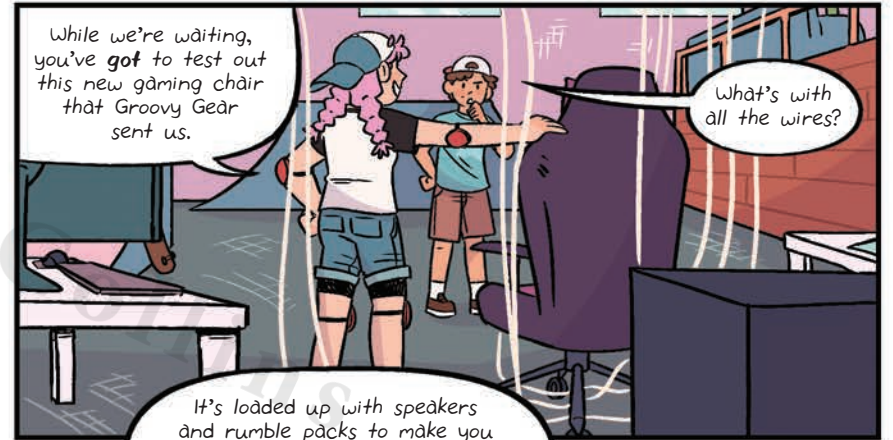
Hey, Trix. What's good?

Oh, you know, just killing time before the shoot. I was going to order a slush from Burgertopia— want one?



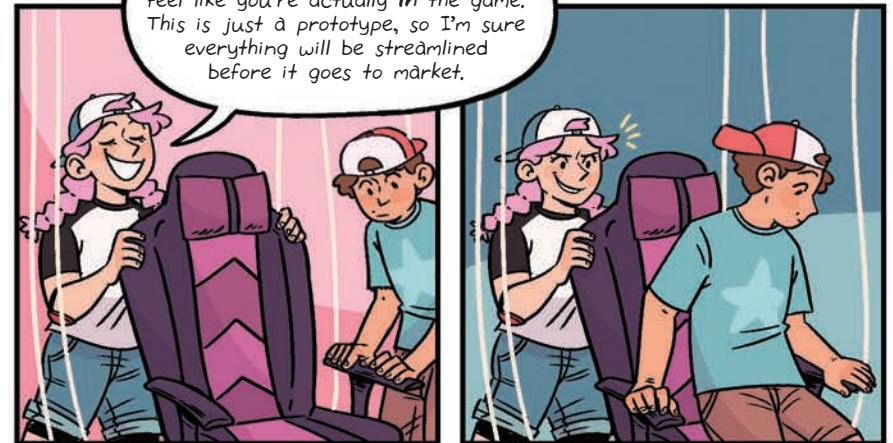
Sure—thanks!

Cool. Order's in.

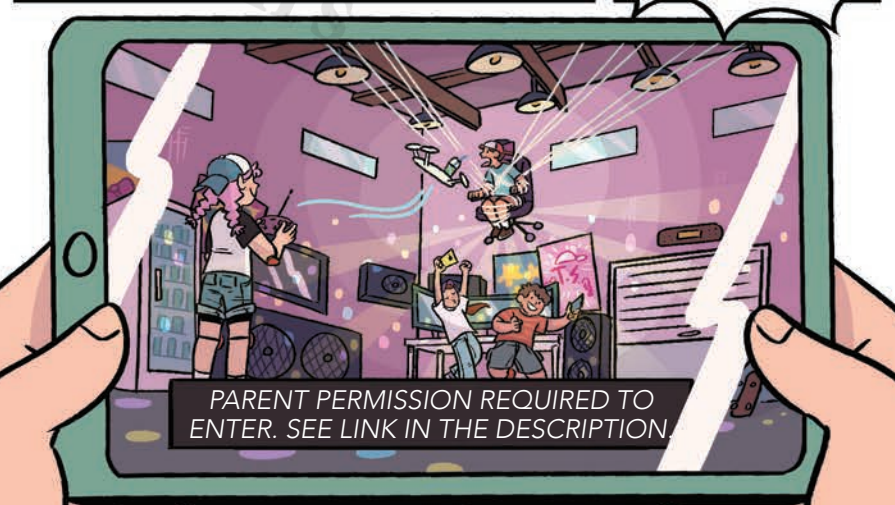
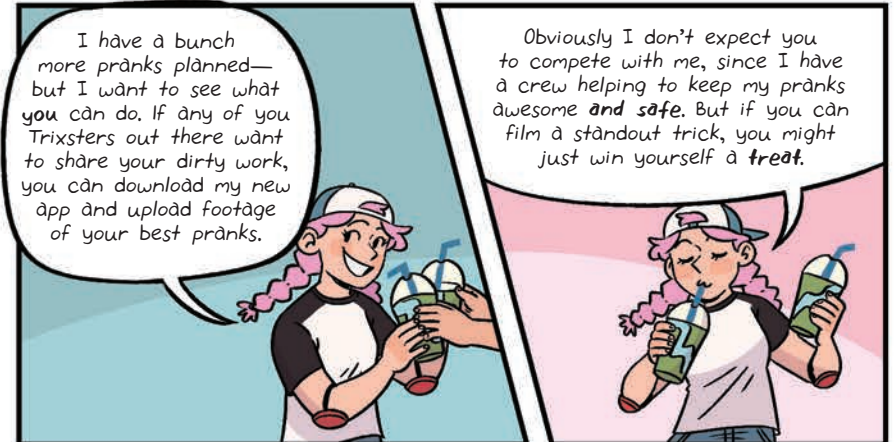
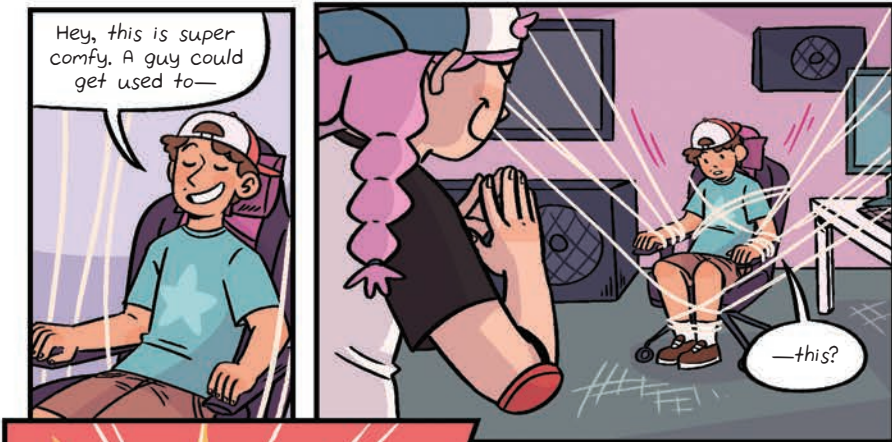


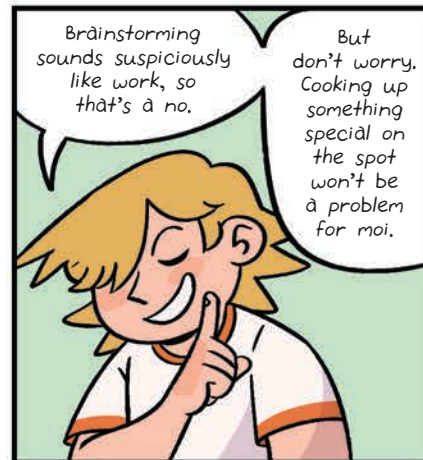
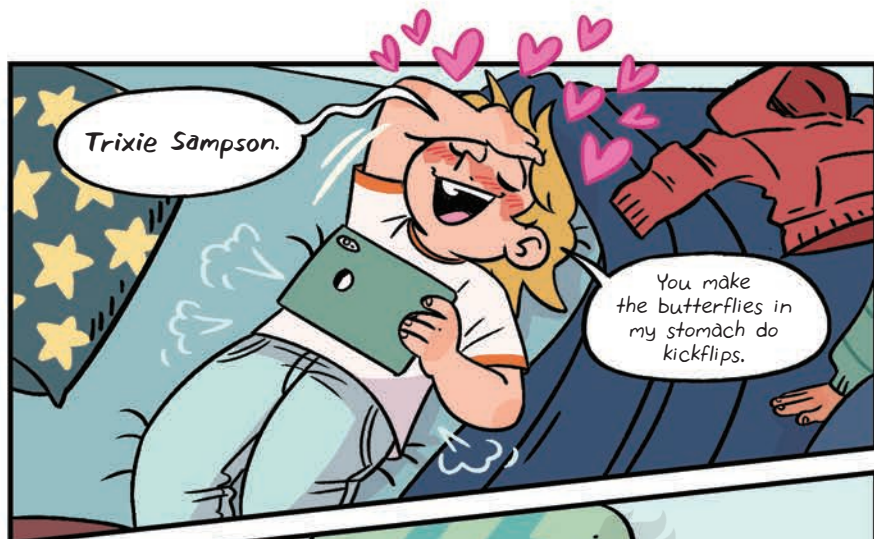
While we're waiting, you've **got** to test out this new gaming chair that Groovy Gear sent us.

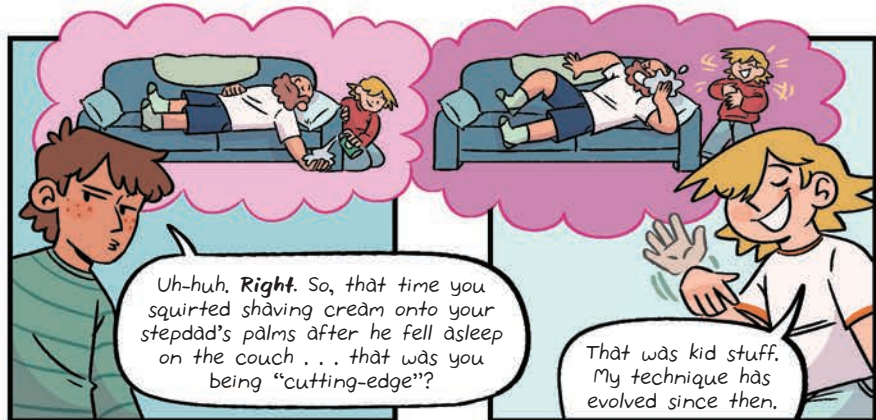
What's with all the wires?



It's loaded up with speakers and rumble packs to make you feel like you're **actually in the game**. This is just a prototype, so I'm sure everything will be streamlined before it goes to market.

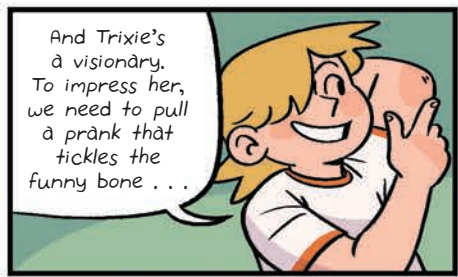




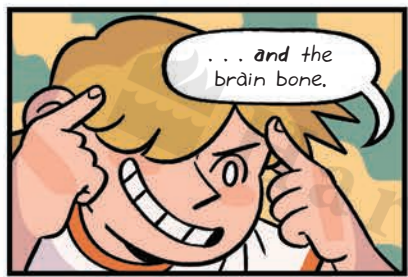


Uh-huh. Right. So, that time you squirted shaving cream onto your stepdad's palms after he fell asleep on the couch . . . that was you being "cutting-edge"?

That was kid stuff. My technique has evolved since then.



And Trixie's a visionary. To impress her, we need to pull a prank that tickles the funny bone . . .



. . . and the brain bone.



Just wait until school tomorrow. I'm going to gather a bunch of supplies and then let inspiration follow. You'll see what I'm capable of.

School.

That reminds me, I have a lab report to finish. I guess I'd better head home.



See you in the morning.

Later!

And make sure to catch ample z's tonight. We've got a busy day ahead of us.

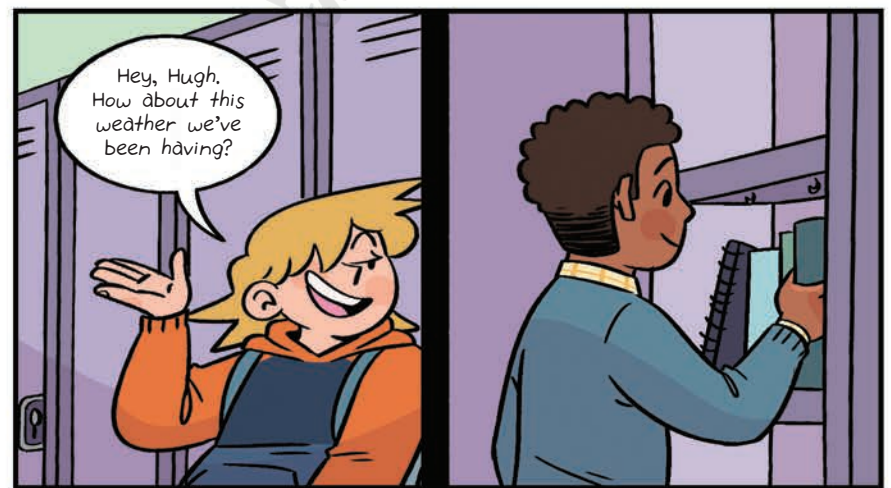


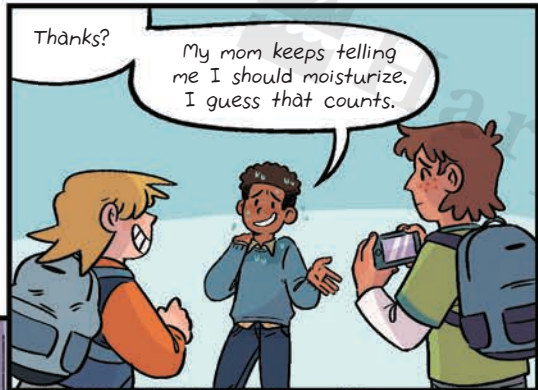
Sure you packed enough?

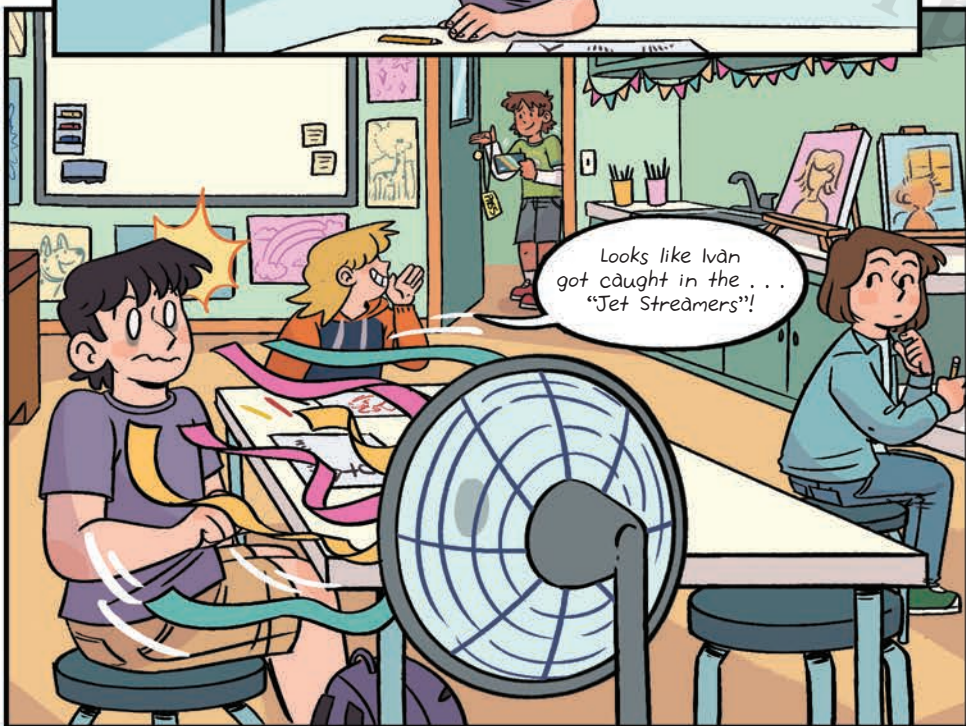
Hey, I don't know what opportunities are going to present themselves.

I need to be ready for any idea my prankish muse throws at me.



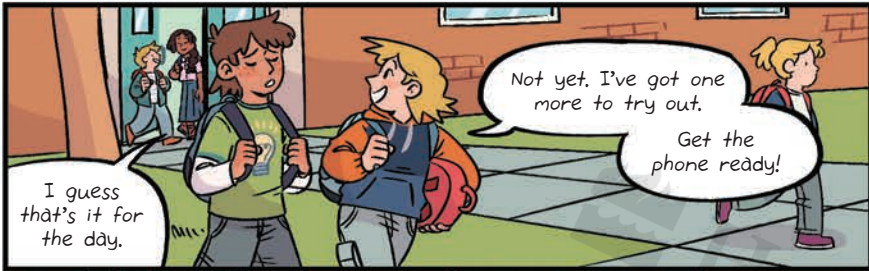












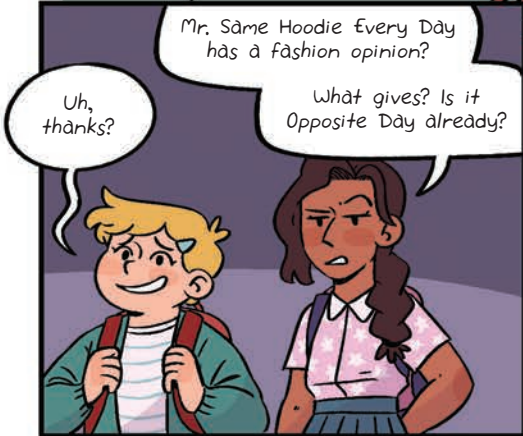
Not yet. I've got one more to try out.
Get the phone ready!

I guess that's it for the day.



WOW!

Chanda! Beth!
I love your outfits.



Mr. Same Hoodie Every Day has a fashion opinion?

Uh, thanks?

What gives? Is it Opposite Day already?



Nah, you both just look so cool.

Hey, you really ought to check yourselves out in this mirror!

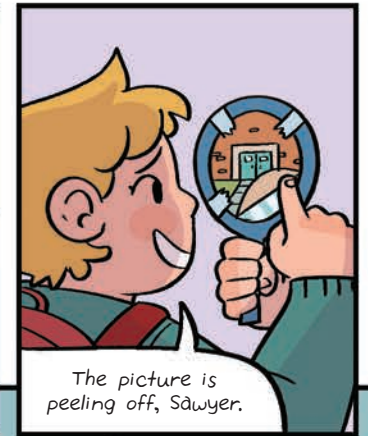


Did you . . . tape a photo of the school into the mirror frame?



Nope!

Just a totally regular mirror!



The picture is peeling off, Sawyer.



UGH.
You were supposed to think you didn't have reflections. Like vampires.





Okay, what am I looking at here?

I think that's . . . yeah, that's the back of your head.

Really? Huh.

Maybe my mom's right. I do need a haircut.



But—ugh! This footage is awful! You can barely see the pranks or reactions.

Sorry, I couldn't have the phone out in the open without looking suspicious.



You missed comedy gold.

Did I, though?



No, not really.

None of the pranks landed the way I thought they would.

SIGH



I'd say the reactions you got ranged from "slightly confused" to "mildly annoyed."

We're not talking Trixie-level hilarity.

I'm sorry I failed you, Trix.



But what about "Surprise-agus"? Ava, Franny, and Emilie definitely didn't expect that **shock-olate-coated** surprise.



Where's the video? I want to see the looks on their faces. There might be something there we can work with.



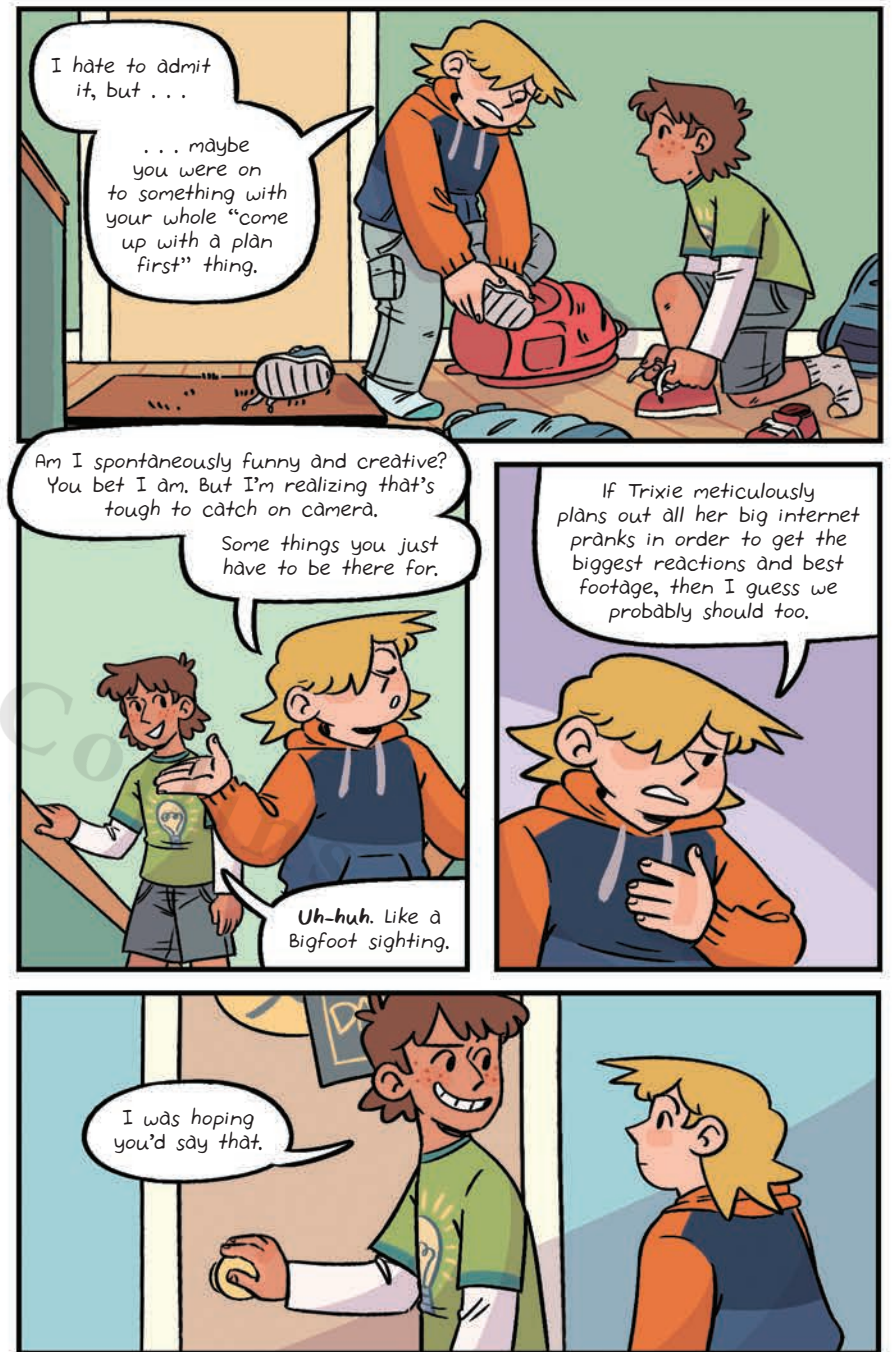
I deleted it.

You what?!

Ava asked me to, and I don't want to find out what it feels like to be on her bad side.

I value my friendship with Ava. Also, I value my life.

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I hate to admit it, but ...

... maybe you were on to something with your whole "come up with a plan first" thing.

Am I spontaneously funny and creative? You bet I am. But I'm realizing that's tough to catch on camera.

Some things you just have to be there for.

Uh-huh. Like a Bigfoot sighting.

If Trixie meticulously plans out all her big internet pranks in order to get the biggest reactions and best footage, then I guess we probably should too.

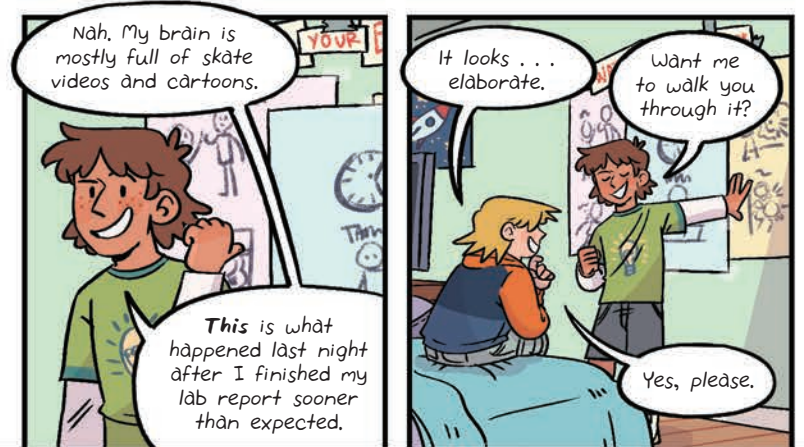
I was hoping you'd say that.

Prank It Up a Notch



Whoa.

Is this what the inside of your brain looks like?



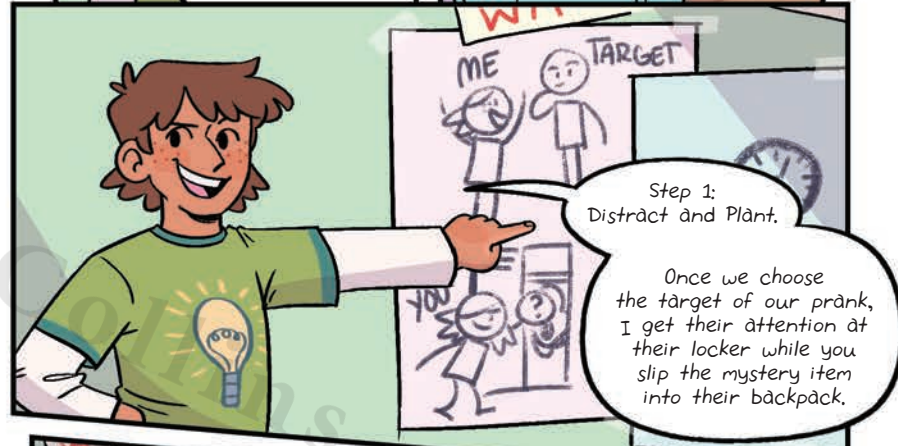
Nah, My brain is mostly full of skate videos and cartoons.

This is what happened last night after I finished my lab report sooner than expected.

It looks . . . elaborate.

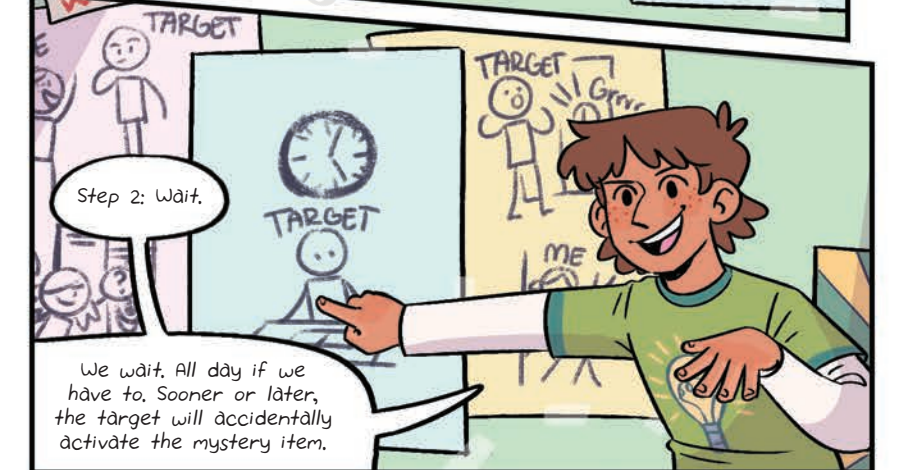
Want me to walk you through it?

Yes, please.



Step 1: Distract and Plant.

Once we choose the target of our prank, I get their attention at their locker while you slip the mystery item into their backpack.



Step 2: Wait.

We wait. All day if we have to. Sooner or later, the target will accidentally activate the mystery item.



Step 3:
GROWL!

Our ingenious
prank goes off
without a hitch
while we watch
and film from a distance.

Presto.
Bingo. Sweet
success.



I'm intrigued.

But what's
the mystery
item we put in
the backpack?



WHOOSH

BONK!



GRRROOWWLL!



Wicked.



Meet Ghastly Growly,
one of my favorite
childhood toys.

Hi, Growly. You
sure are ghastly.
And loud.

Uh-huh. He used to
say three phrases, but
the batteries went weird
and now he just growls
real loud. And, best of
all, he's activated
by impact.



That means we can
sneak Growly into somebody's
backpack undetected, if
we're careful.



And as soon as that person
drops or puts something on
top of him...

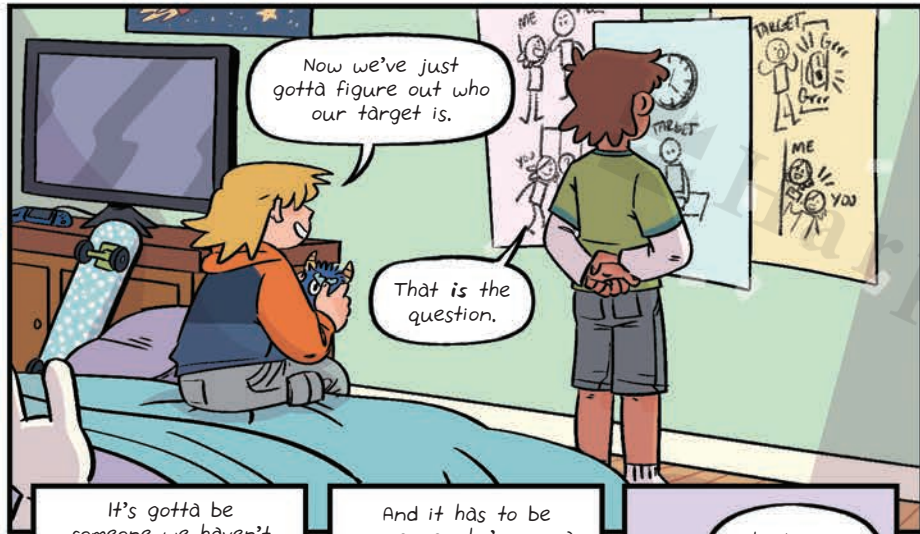
... Growly
growls.

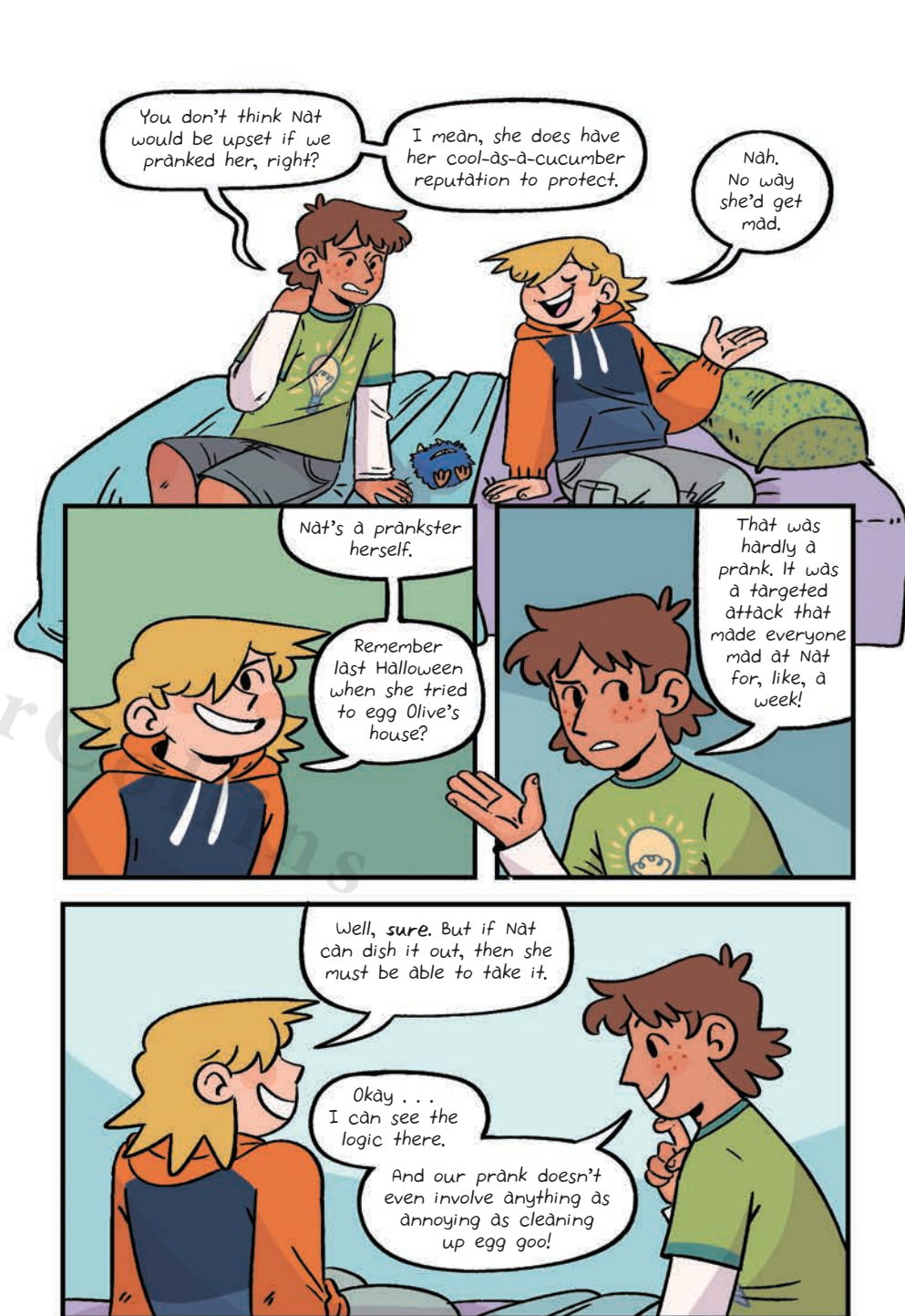
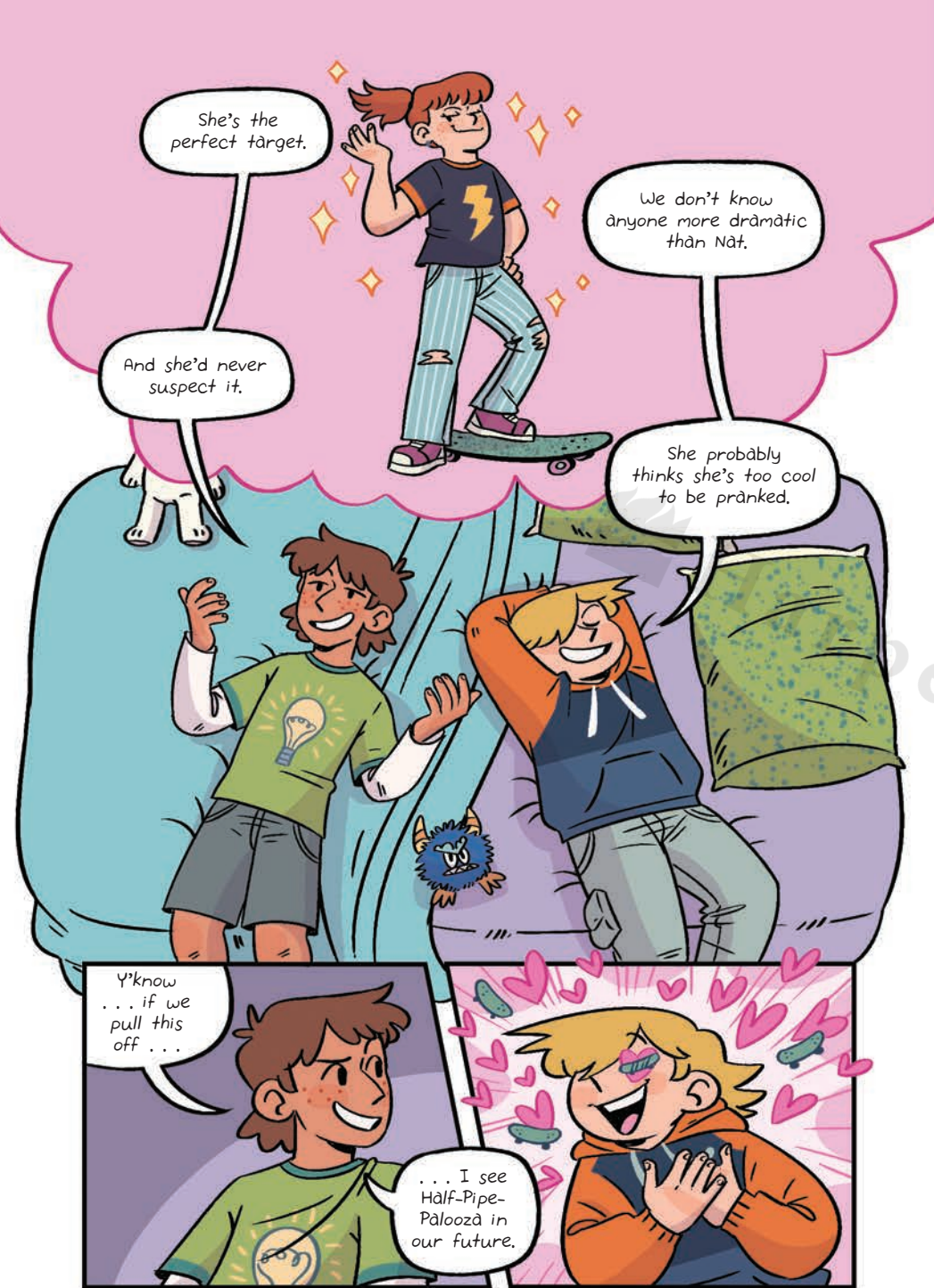


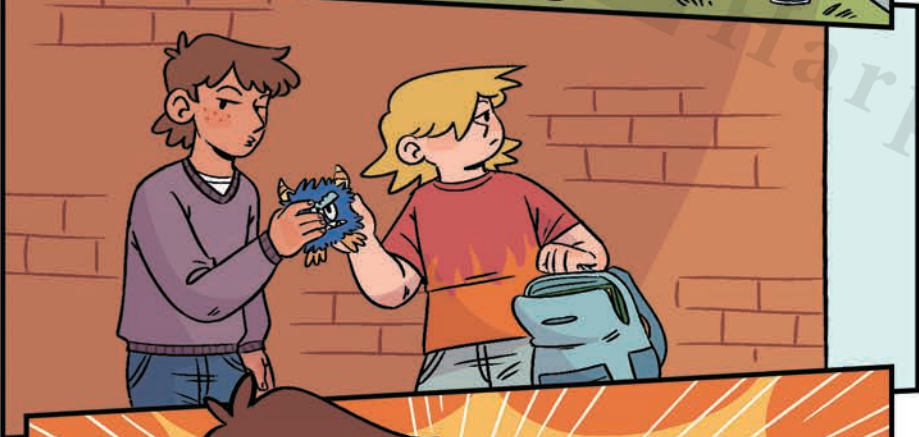
Yup. And because we
don't have to trigger Growly
ourselves, we can hide and
record the whole prank
from a safe distance.

You're a
genius.

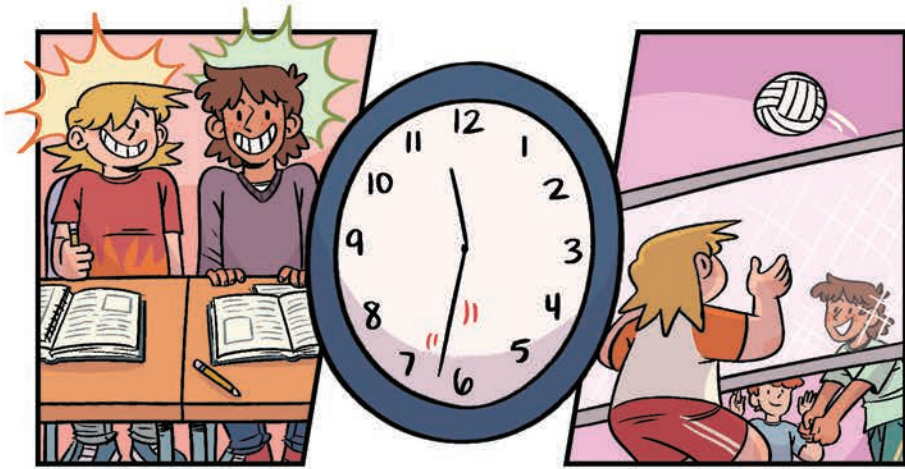
I try.

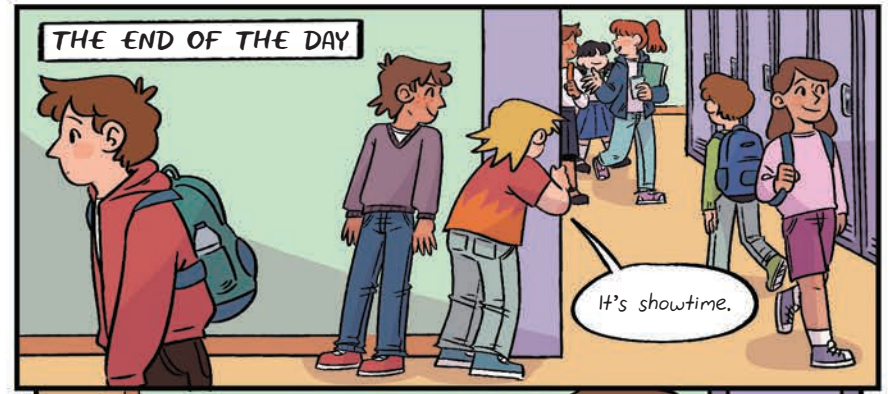
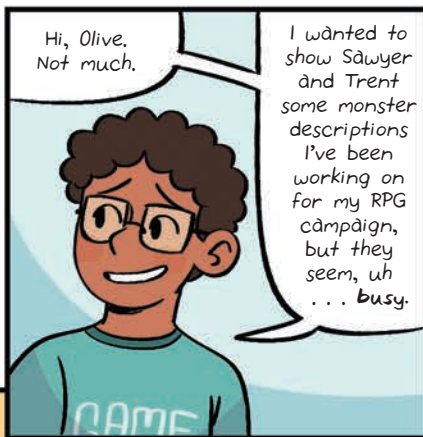














Just watch...



I swear, if Coach pulls me aside and gives me another lecture...



... I'm gonna—

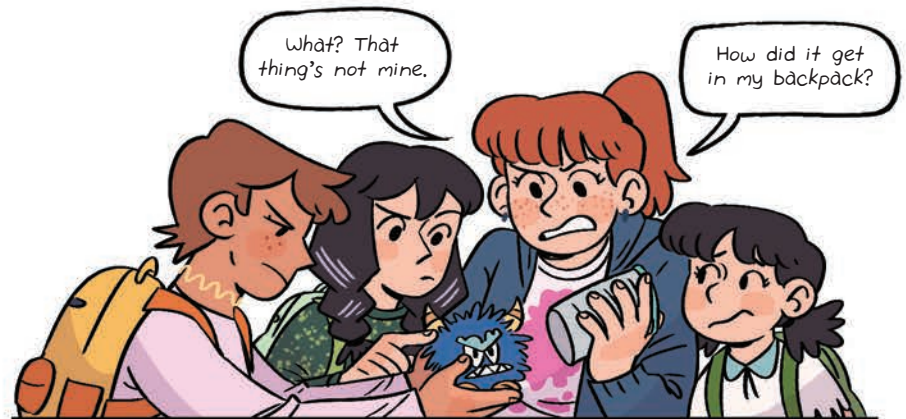


GRRRRRRROOOO

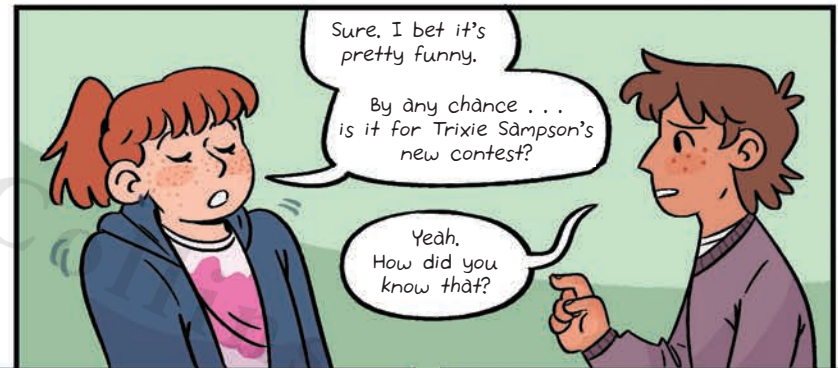
BOOWWWWWW

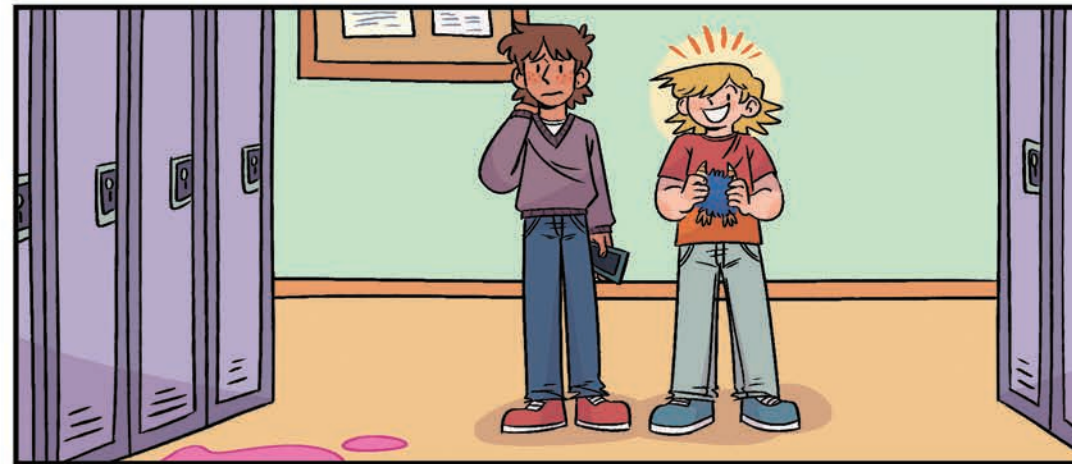
SPLASH

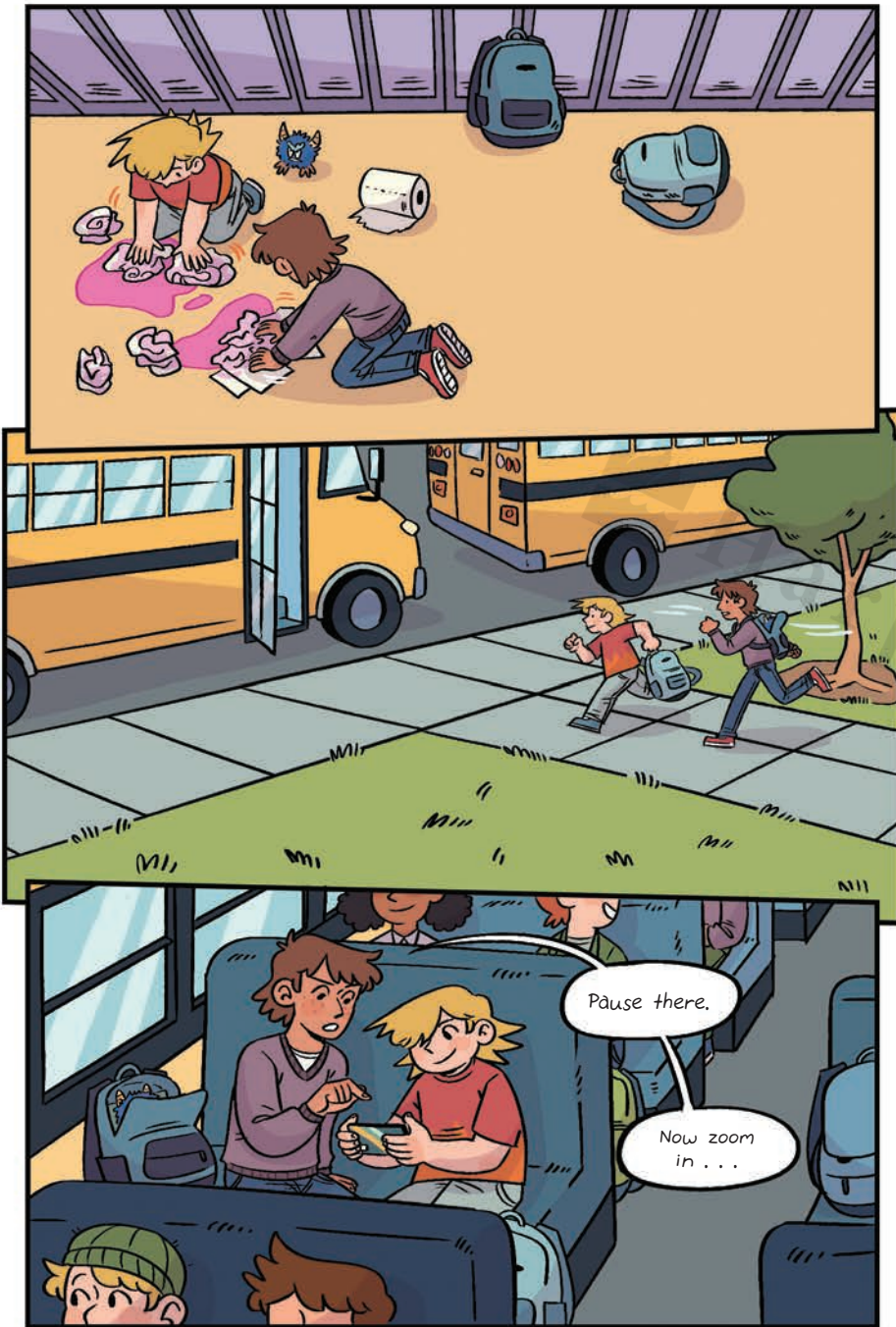
THUD











CHAPTER FOUR POKED THE WRONG BEAR



I'm not ready for another day of school. My body can't take any more learning this week.

Mine neither. And it doesn't help that I slept so poorly last night.

You too? I had a nightmare about getting my head stuck inside a wasp's nest. As hard as I tried, I couldn't talk them out of stinging me.

Weird. I had a nightmare about being on a camping trip and accidentally poking a bear . . .



. . . and then the bear put its paw into one of those giant foam fingers that fans wear at sports games before poking me back, like, a million times.

You don't think our dreams mean anything . . . right?

Nah. The only thing they tell us is that we have very active and creative imaginations . . .

. . . and that we shouldn't take any hikes in the woods.

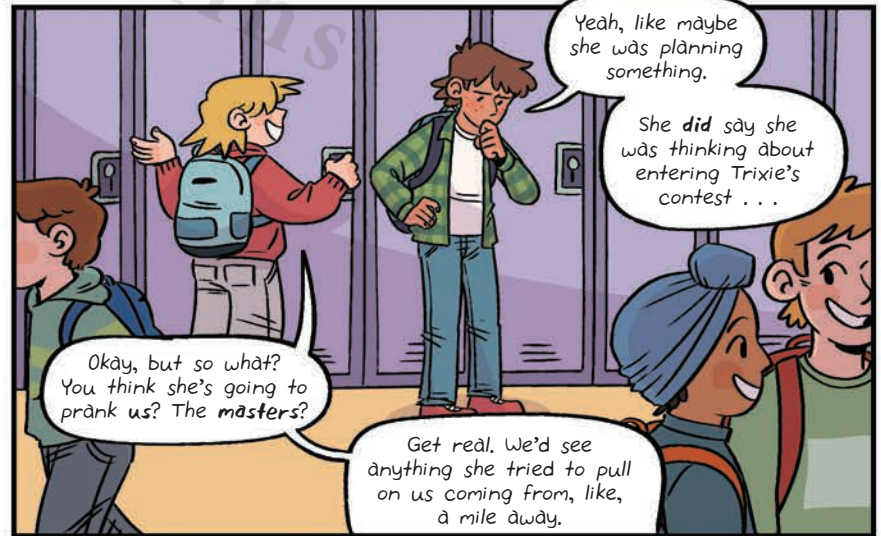
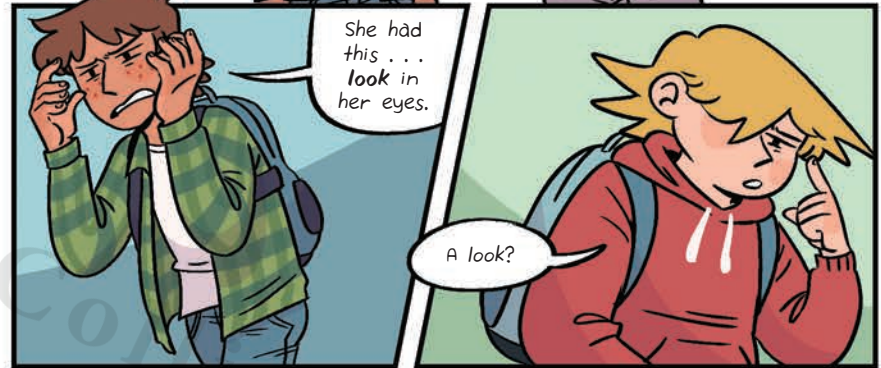
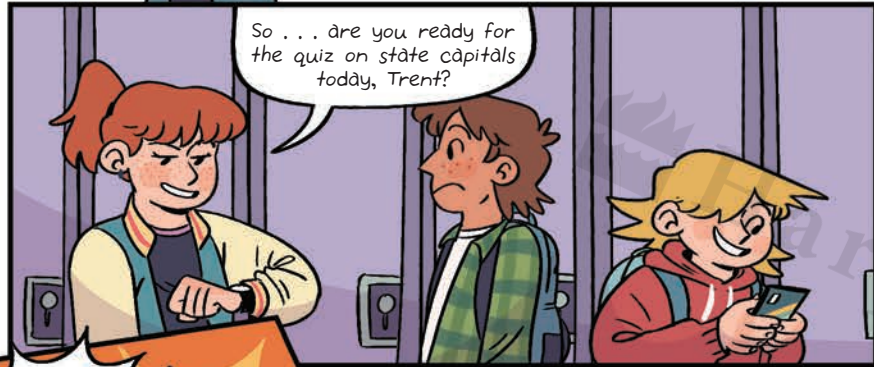


Maybe we ought to tell Nat we're sorry anyway, just in case.

Good call.

I'll just turn on my patented Sawyer charm, and all will be forgiven. Bygones be bygones! Yesterday's pranks be yesterday's pranks!







Yeah, we sure saw that coming.

What is going on out here—



Boys.

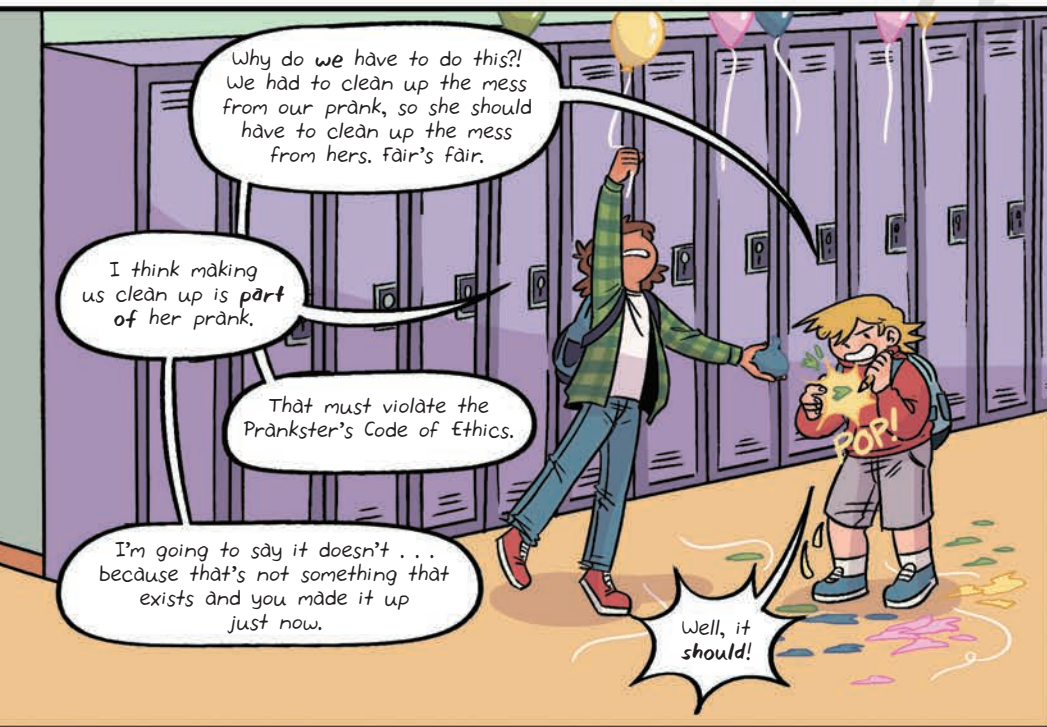


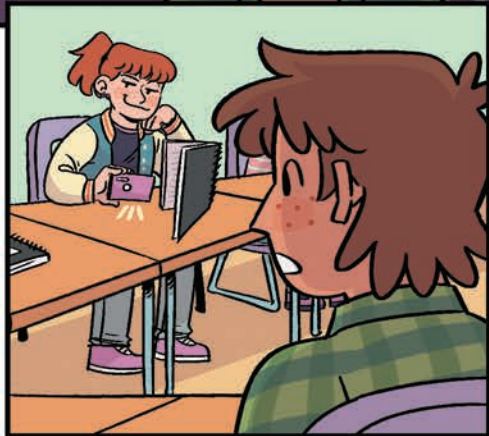
Mrs. G! We can explain—

Save it, I'm not interested.

Just get these balloons cleaned up before first period begins.

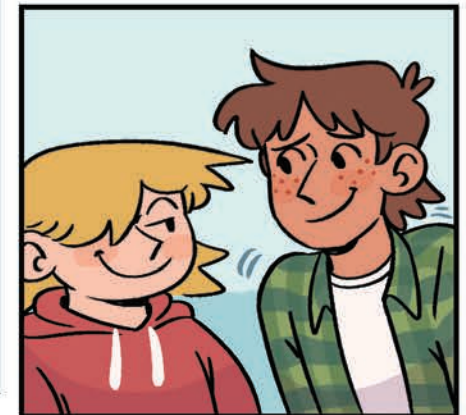
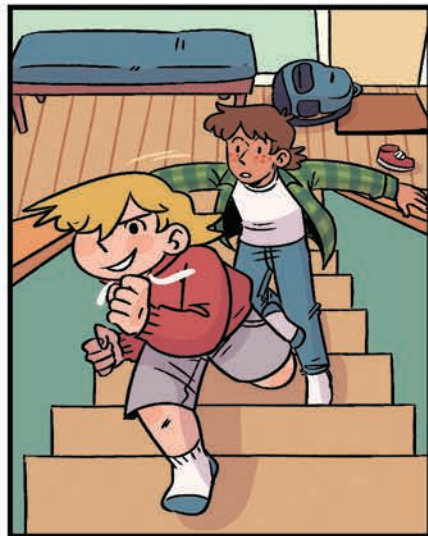








CHAPTER FIVE
This Means War





I think I've got something.

Me too.

Me three.



Okay, so what we do is, we sneak into Nat's bedroom . . .

. . . and steal one sock out of every pair of socks Nat owns!

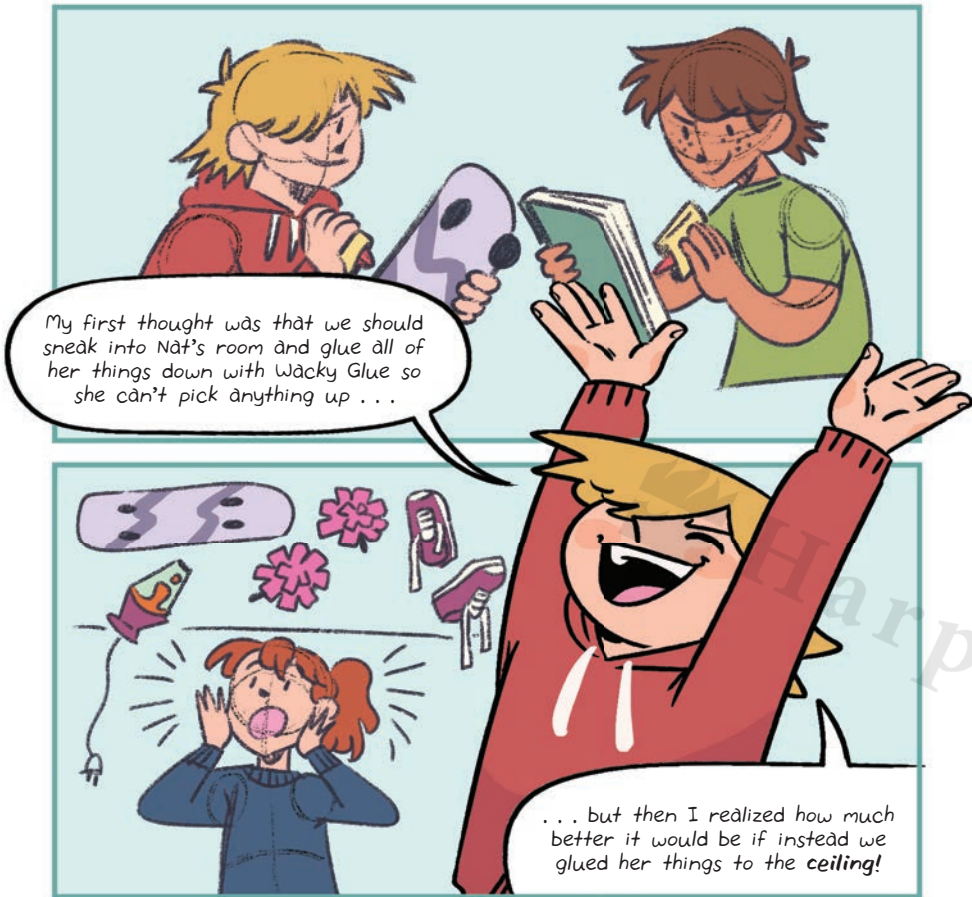
She'll never have a pair of matching socks again.



Buddy, you're thinking too small.

Prank big or go home.

But I am home.



My first thought was that we should sneak into Nät's room and glue all of her things down with Wacky Glue so she can't pick anything up . . .



. . . but then I realized how much better it would be if instead we glued her things to the ceiling!



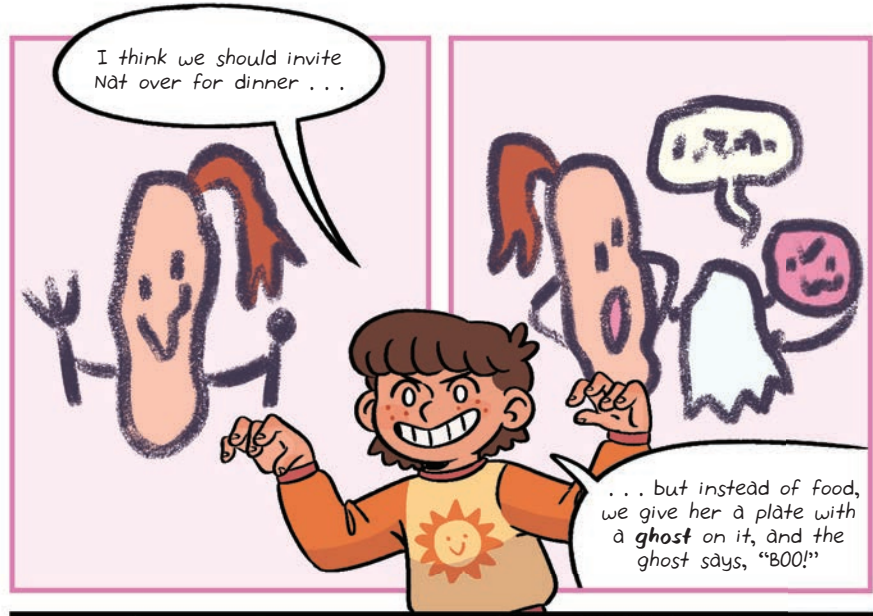
Diabolical . . . but not very realistic. How are we sticking everything way up high? I'm only so tall.

And that's not even taking into consideration her dad, who probably wouldn't appreciate the Wacky Glue damage.



Ooookay, fine, Mr. Lonely Socks. Forget I suggested anything.

What have you got, Cam?



I think we should invite Nät over for dinner . . .

. . . but instead of food, we give her a plate with a ghost on it, and the ghost says, "BOO!"



Okay, that's a really good plan.

I just don't know where we'd find ourselves a ghost this time of year.

Yeah, Sorry, Cam. I think you've plotted beyond our pranking abilities.

We like your style, though.



Come on, Pizzd.

Our work here is done.

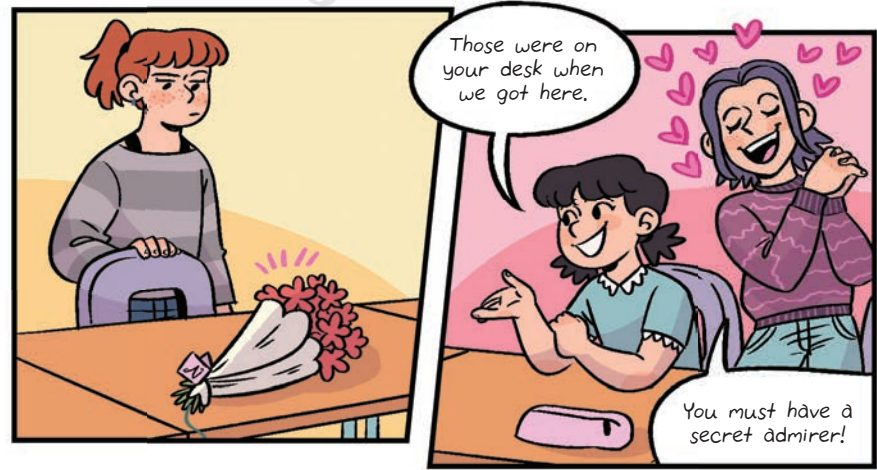
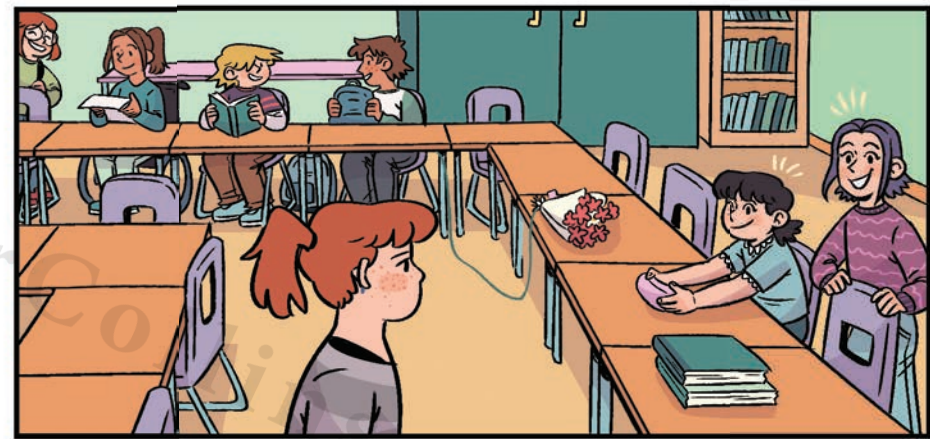
All right, that was a good warm-up round, but it's time to turn up the juice.



Roger that. Juice activating.

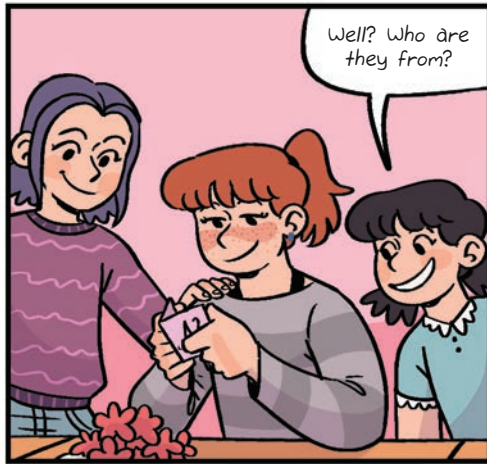


CHAPTER SIX Two (or more) can play that game

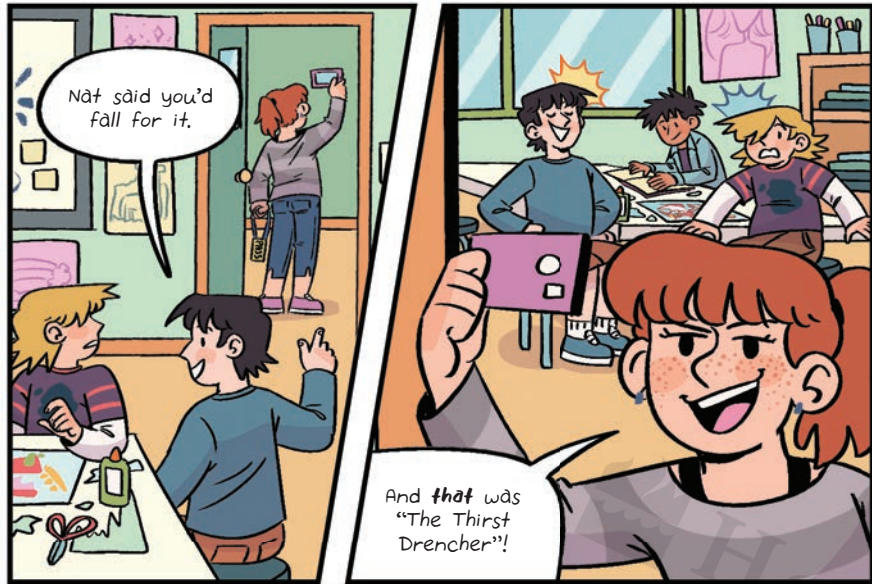


Those were on your desk when we got here.

You must have a secret admirer!

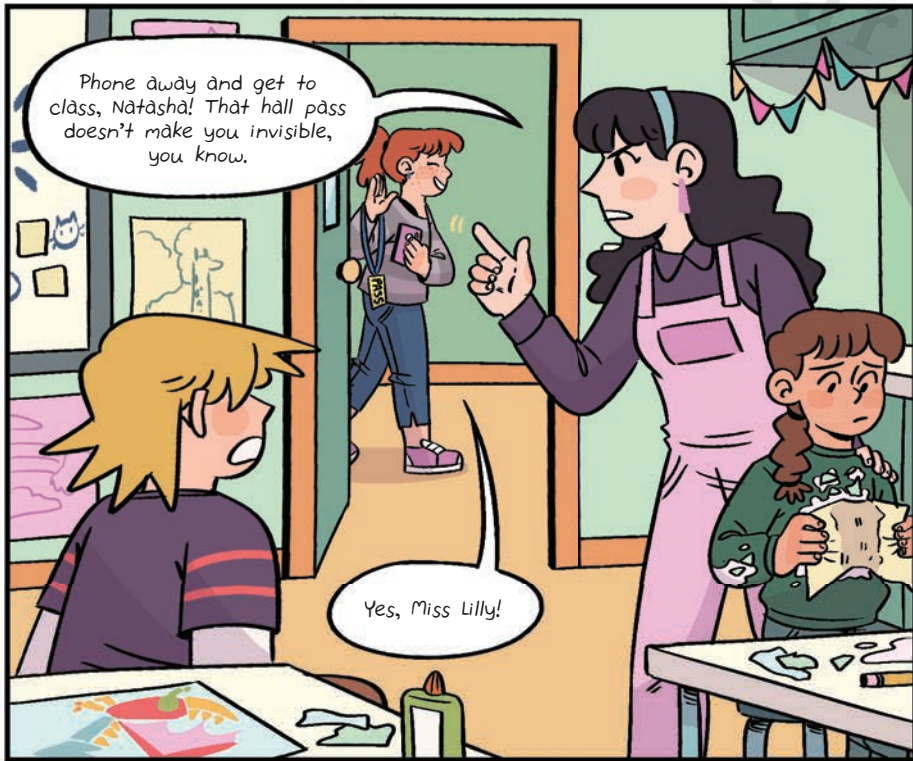






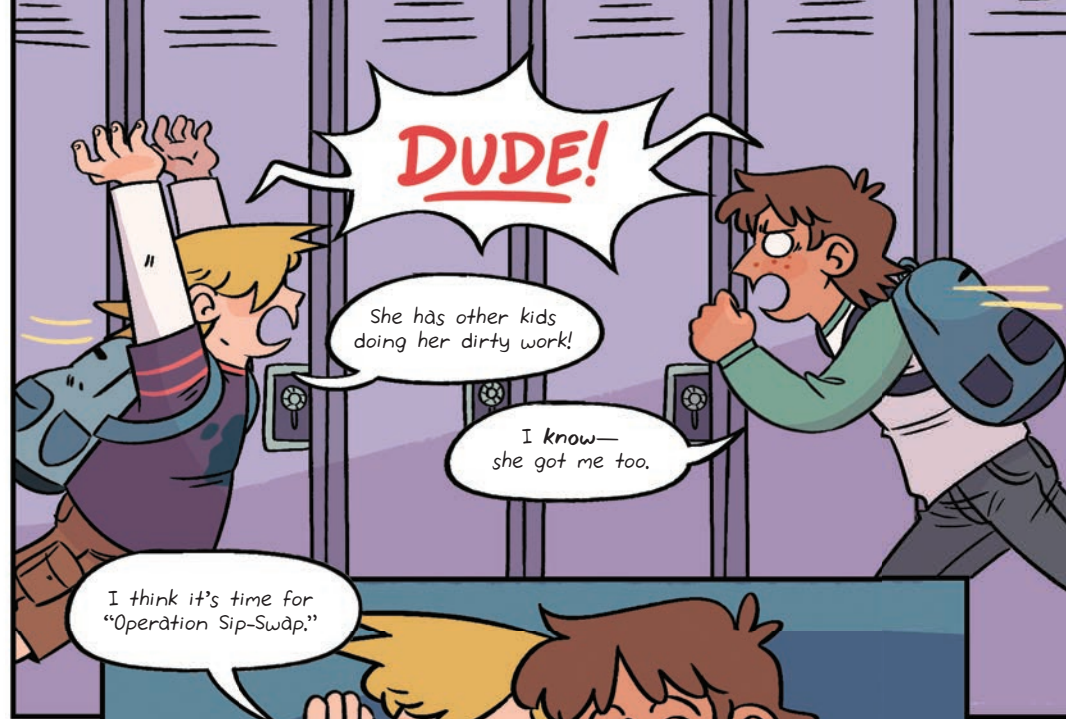
Nat said you'd fall for it.

And *that* was "The Thirst Drencher"!



Phone away and get to class, Natashà! That hall pass doesn't make you invisible, you know.

Yes, Miss Lilly!



DUDE!

She has other kids doing her dirty work!

I know— she got me too.

I think it's time for "Operation Sip-Swap."



You want to prank her twice in one day?



Wake up! She just pranked us twice in one class period!



I've got the supplies in my locker.

Excellent.



And I told her that if she thinks I'm paying ten dollars for a hair clip, she's—

I really don't think you're supposed to negotiate prices at the mall.

Supposed to or not, I got 20% off.

Congrats on your two dollars.

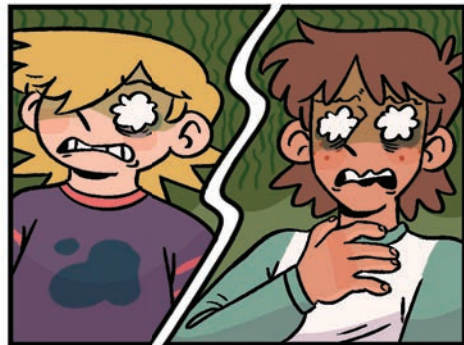


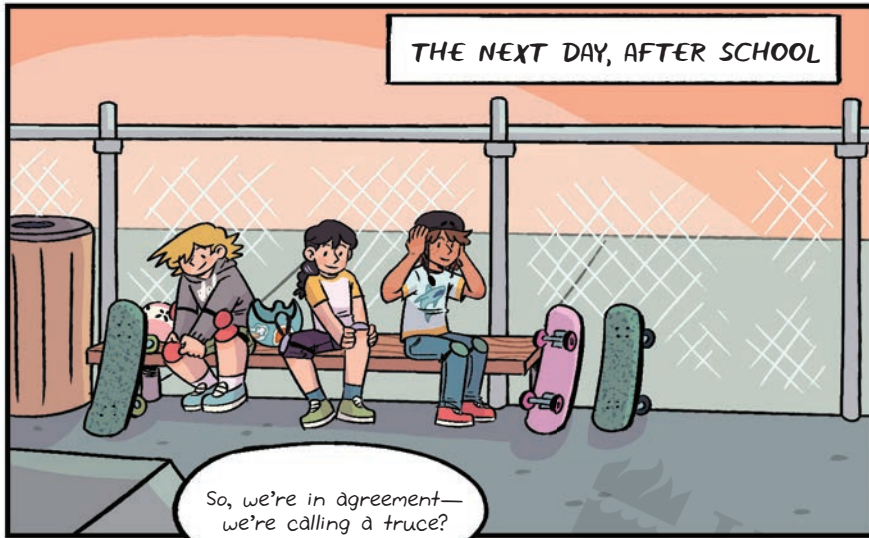
Blech!



"Operation Sip-Swap" is a success!







So, we're in agreement—we're calling a truce?



Yup. No pranks at the skate park.



Good. This is a sacred space. It should never be tainted with plastic bugs or whoopee cushions.



Level with me.

What were you guys thinking by starting a prank war with Nat?

Did you really believe she was going to go *easy* on you? Have you met Nat?



We didn't exactly mean to start it. We thought we were even with her, but then she pranked us *again*.

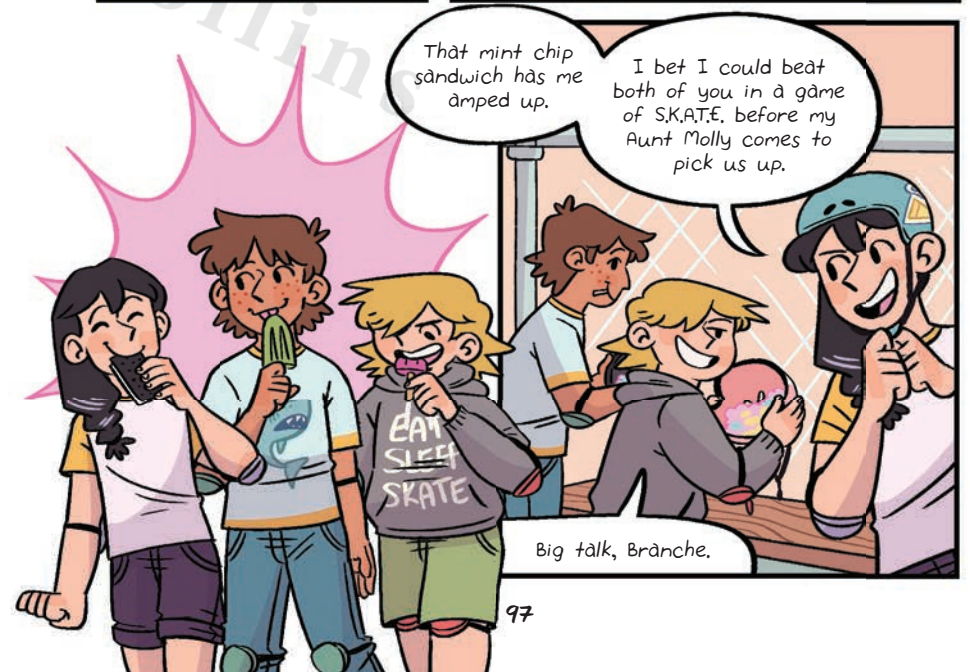
And then she got everybody else involved in pranking us yesterday before she even knew we were planning another trick!

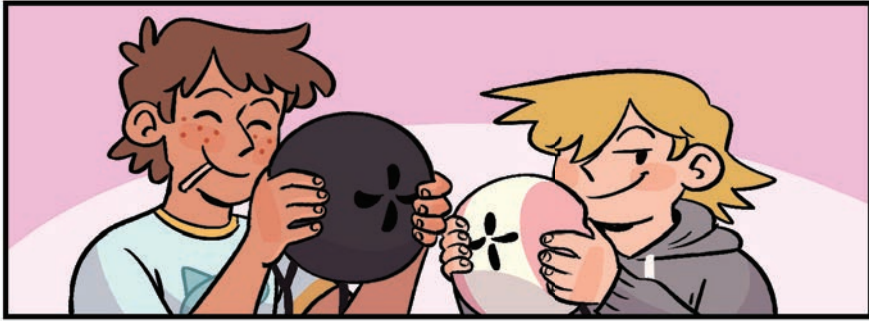


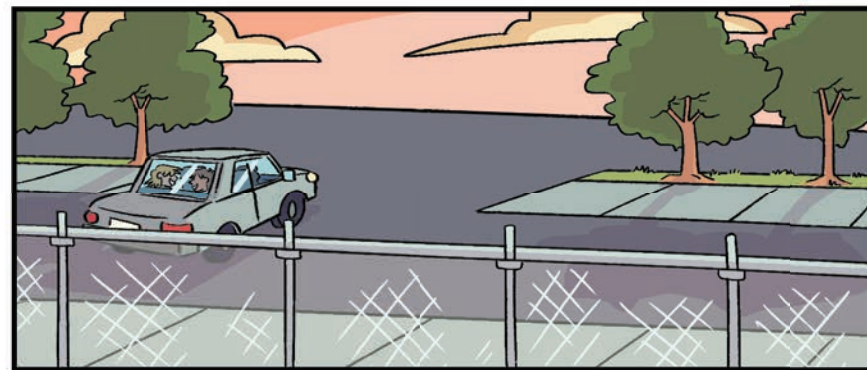
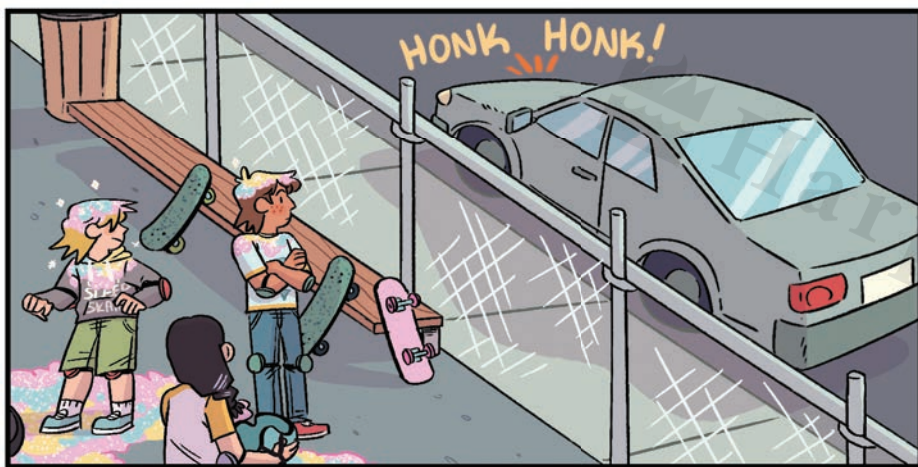
So, really, this is Nat's fault.



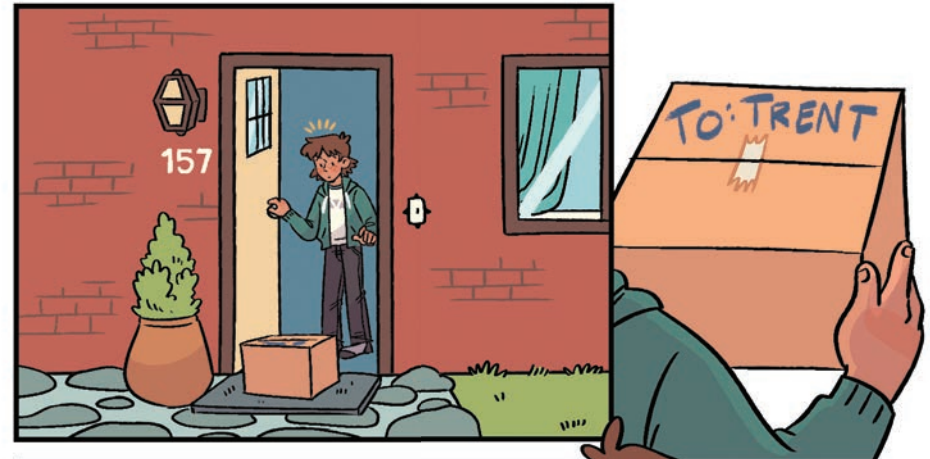
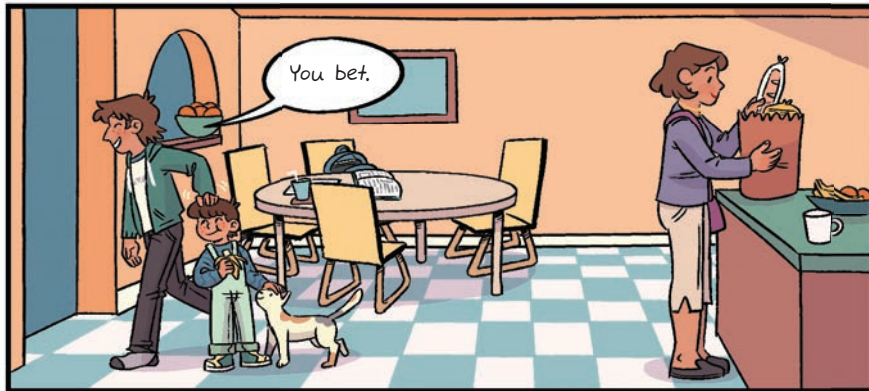
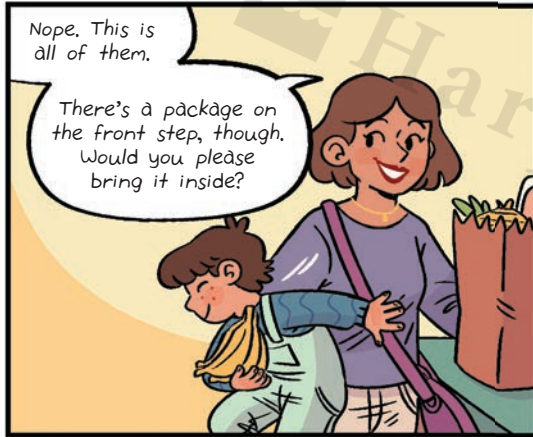
Okay, sure, but how is provoking her going to get her off your backs?





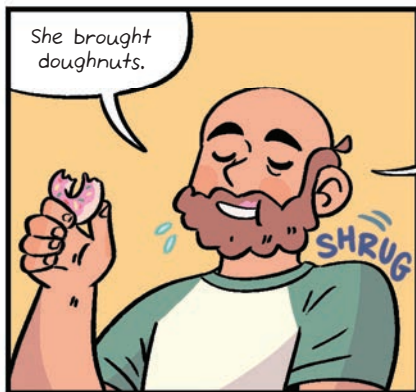


NAT UNLEASHED











Did you plan any pranks for today?

A couple.

forget them. Maybe if we stop pranking, she'll stop pranking.



Uh-huh. You sure about that?



Ugh.

How did she even have the time?



Okay, we need to stop underestimating her.

Start taking defensive measures, even.



What the—?!



How?!



Did you give her our locker combos?!

NO! Of course not!

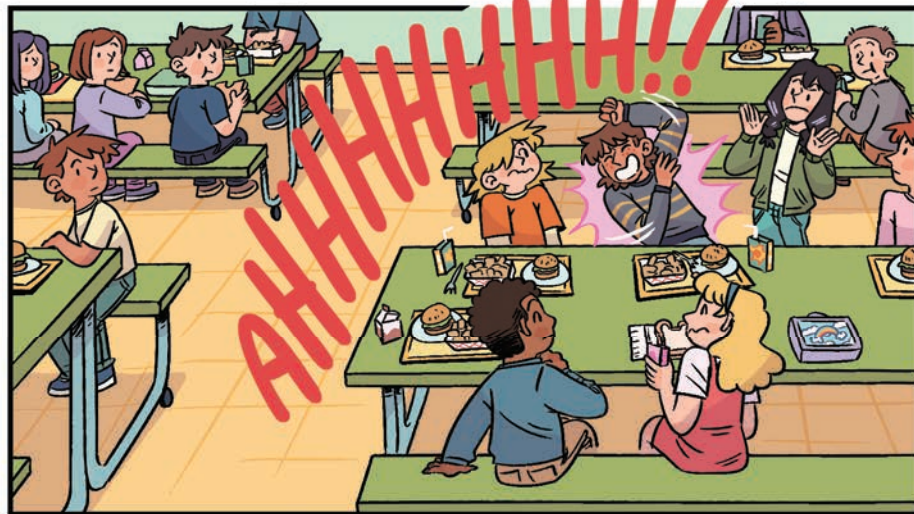
She must be, like . . . a mind reader! Or a master lockpick!





LUNCH

Guess who . . .



I'm sorry, Trent. I didn't mean to scare you.

Are you okay?

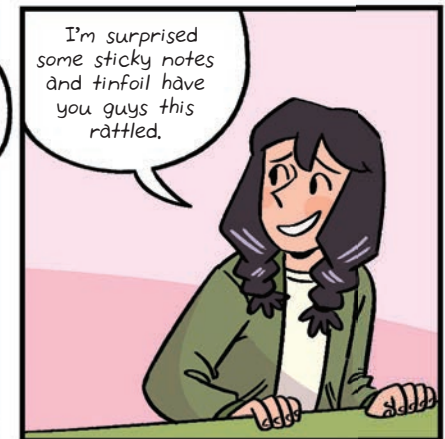


Yeah . . . I'm fine. Just a little jittery.



We don't know where Nat is.

Who knows what horrors she has in store for us next . . .

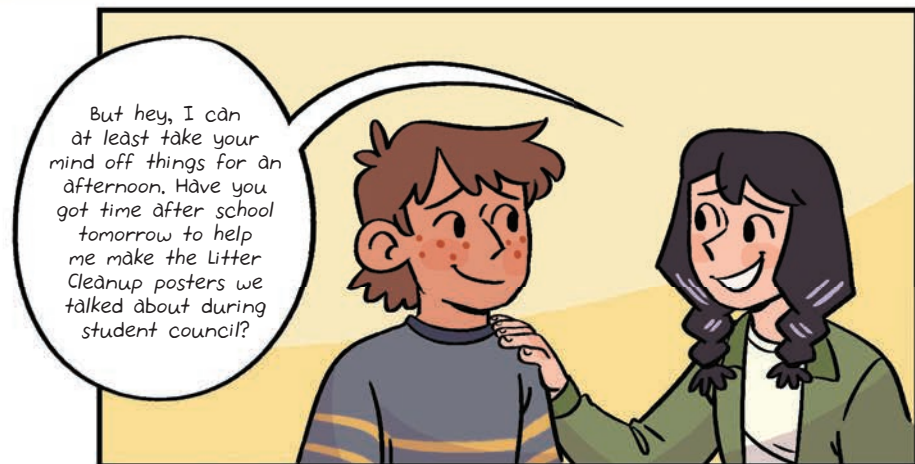
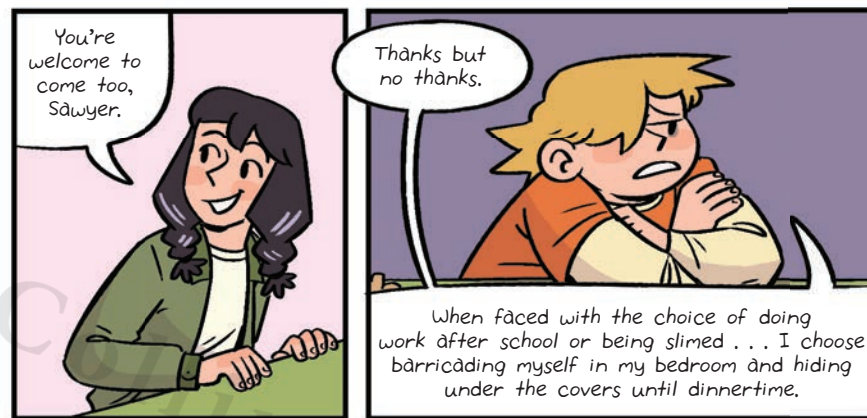


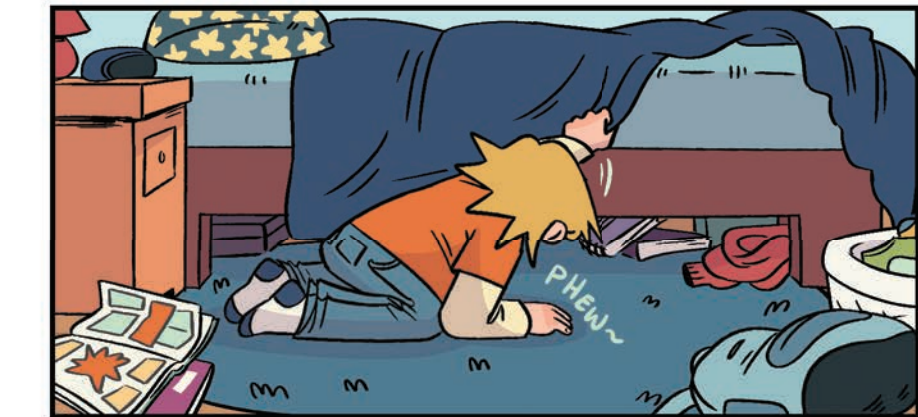
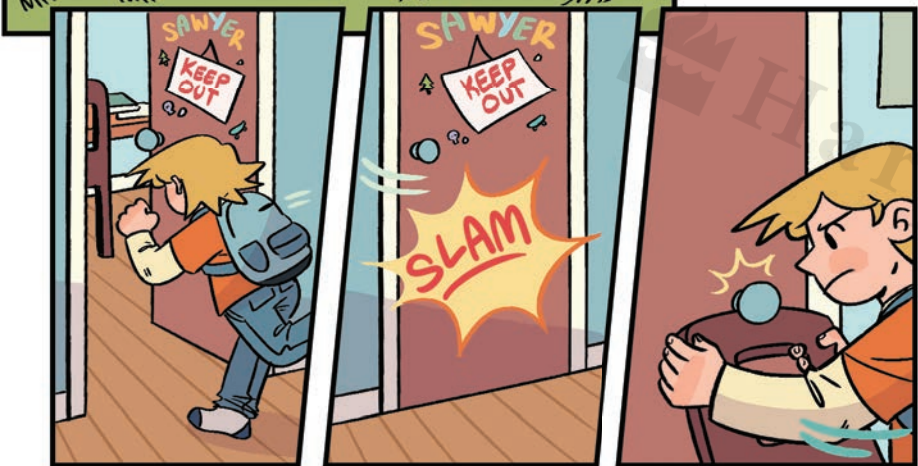
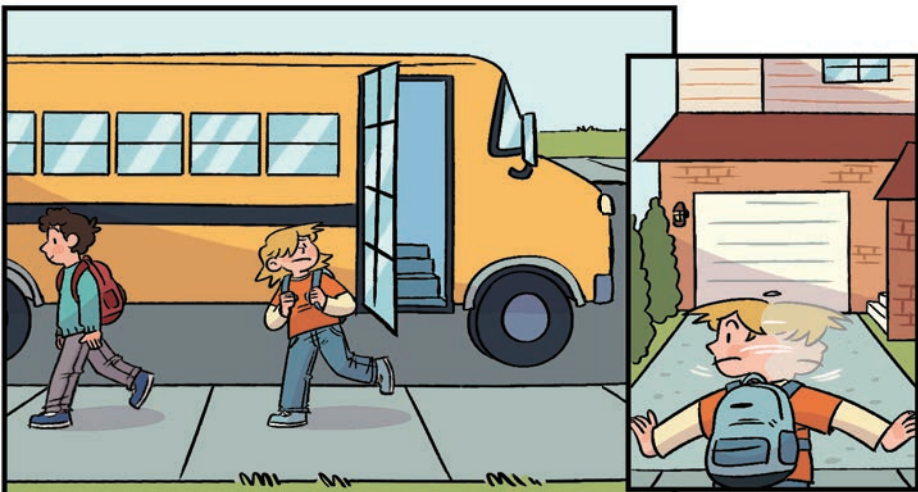
I'm surprised some sticky notes and tinfoil have you guys this rattled.

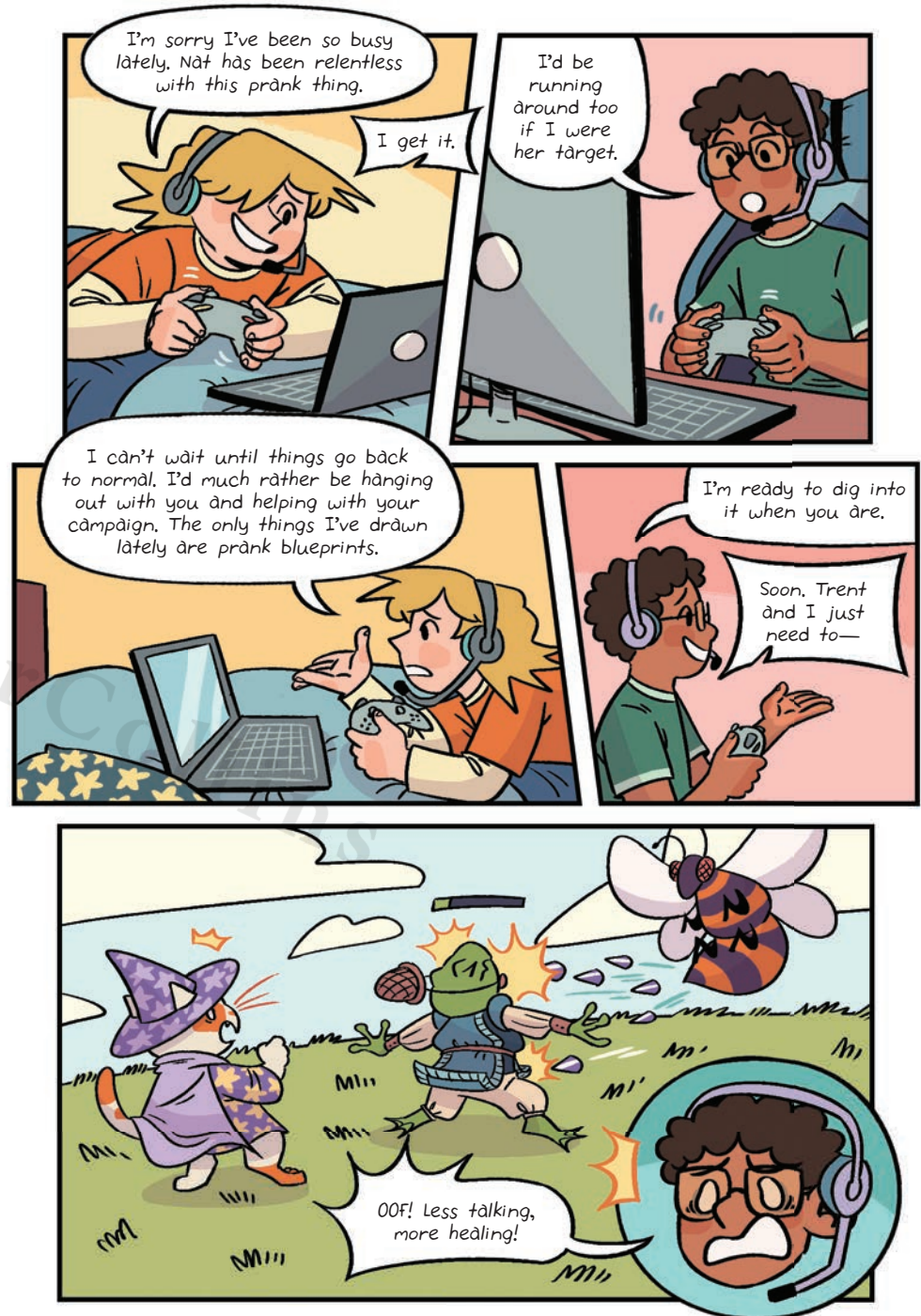
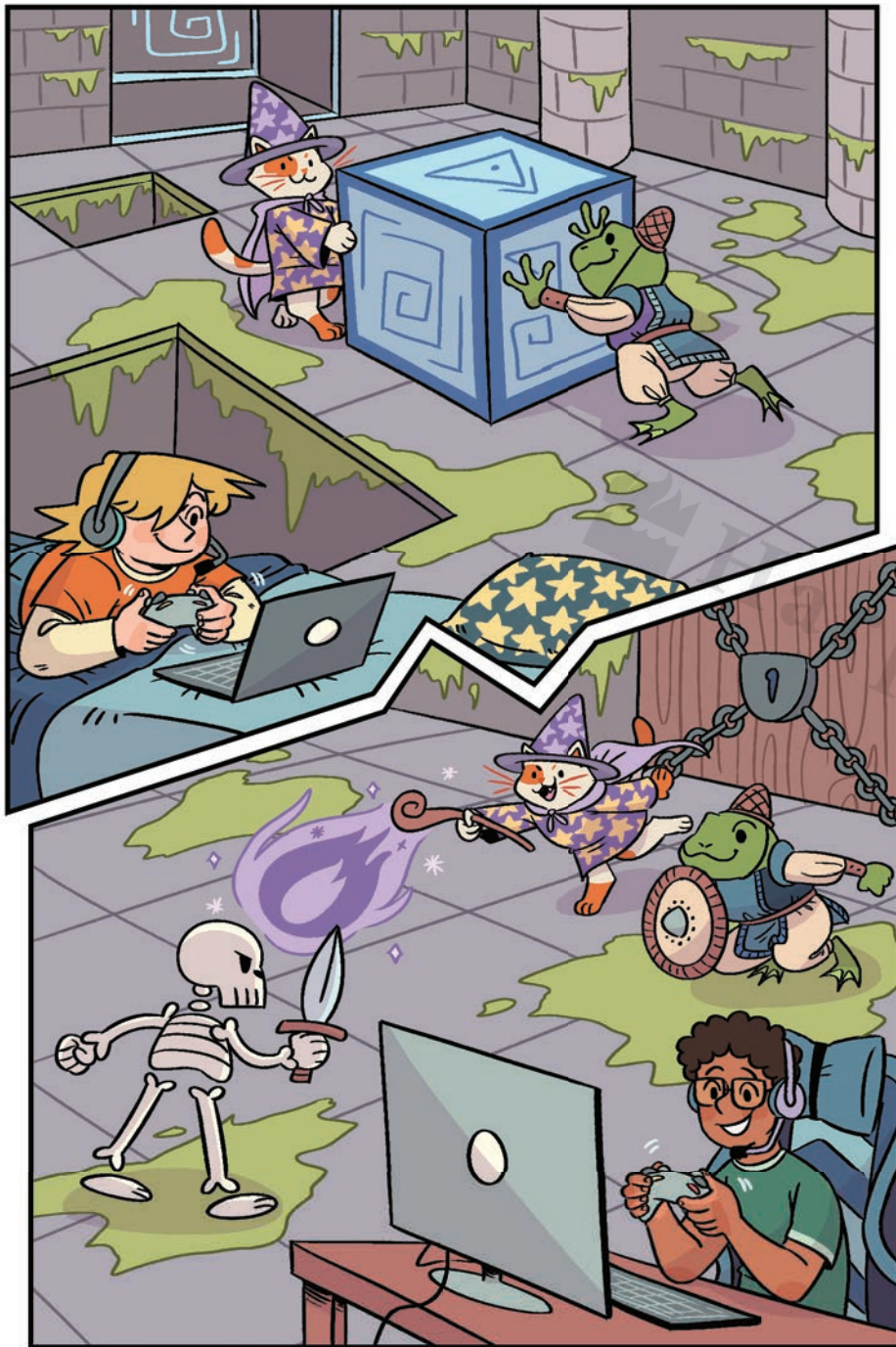


She water-ballooned me outside my own front door on Saturday.

And she weaseled her way into my house this morning and dumped slime on my head before I'd even had my bowl of Frosted Cookie-Puffs.



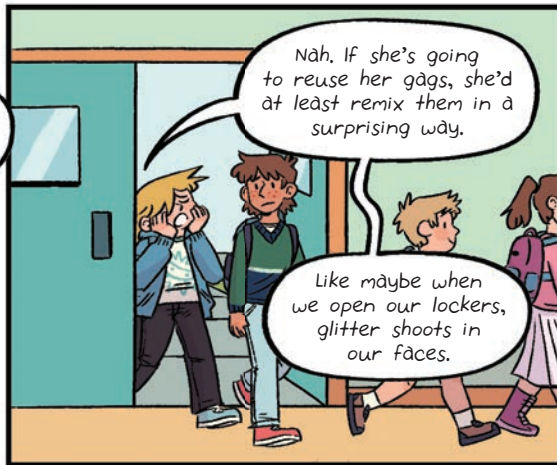






TUESDAY

What are you thinking it will be today—tin foil and sticky notes again?



Nah. If she's going to reuse her gags, she'd at least remix them in a surprising way.

Like maybe when we open our lockers, glitter shoots in our faces.



Only one way to find out...

Hmph.



Hmph.



I guess we shouldn't complain. It's not like we wanted faces full of glitter. Maybe she's easing up.

All right, class. Let's start by opening to chapter six...

Book Worm



POP POP



Boys, what do you think you're doing?



Clean up your mess immediately.

We...

But it's not ours. We didn't—



Perhaps this one isn't, but your other teachers and I have noticed a lot of pranks being pulled lately among the sixth grade class, and I know you've been involved in those.

These pranks might seem like harmless fun, but they're clearly becoming a distraction.

I can't control what anyone does off school grounds, but there will be no more pranks or shenanigans in the classrooms or hallways. From anyone.



Got it?

Got it.



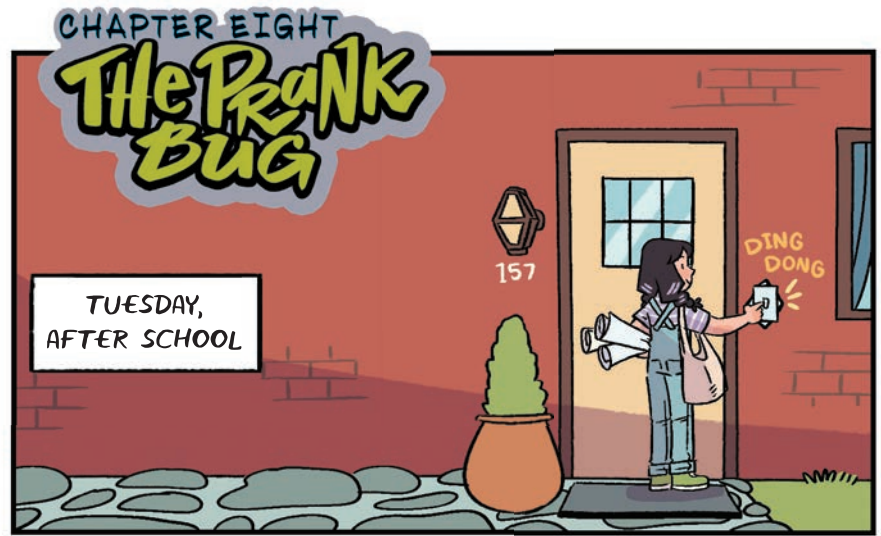
Got it?

Got it!



Good.

Now please clean up so we can proceed with your education.



TUESDAY, AFTER SCHOOL



Sorry.

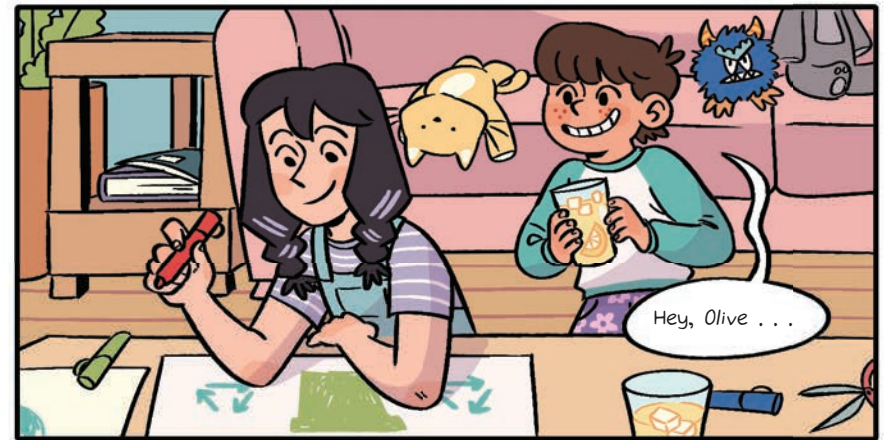
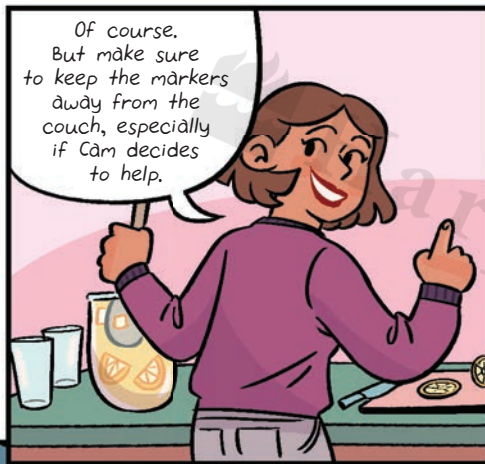
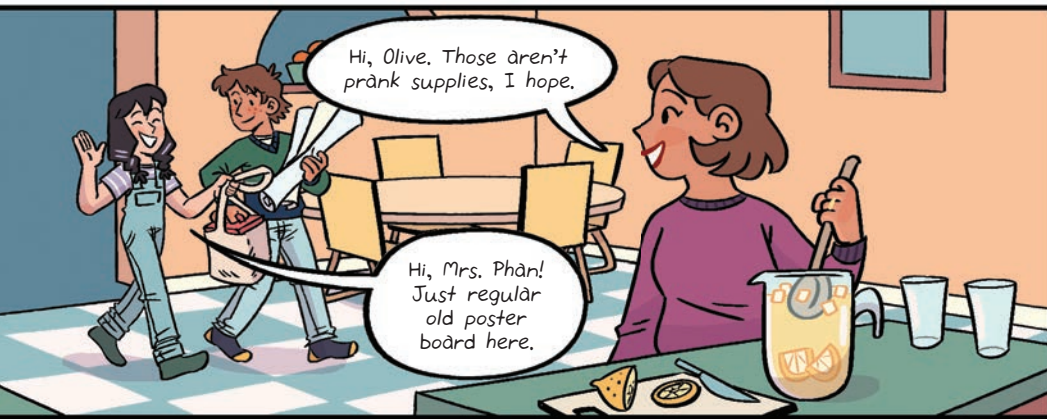
Can't be too careful these days.



Little did you guess that I'm actually Nat wearing an Olive mask.

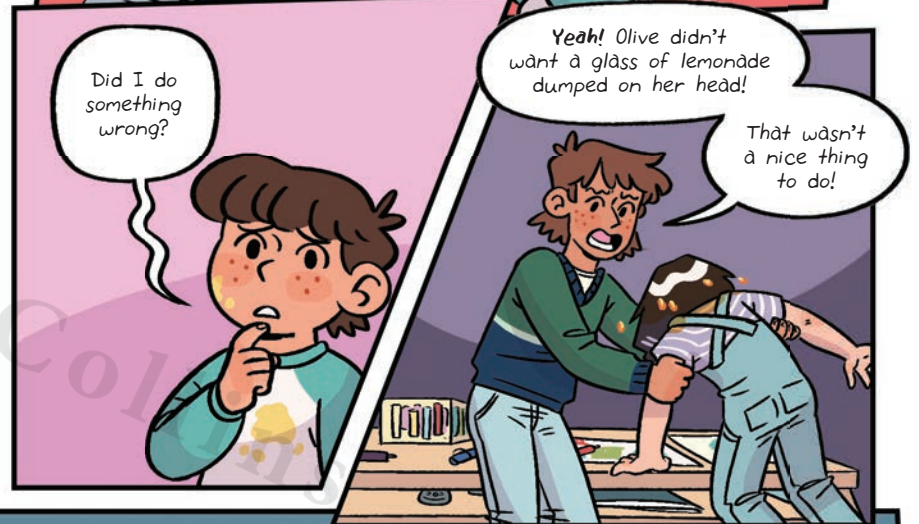


Don't even joke.





Why did you do that?!



Yeah! Olive didn't want a glass of lemonade dumped on her head!

That wasn't a nice thing to do!



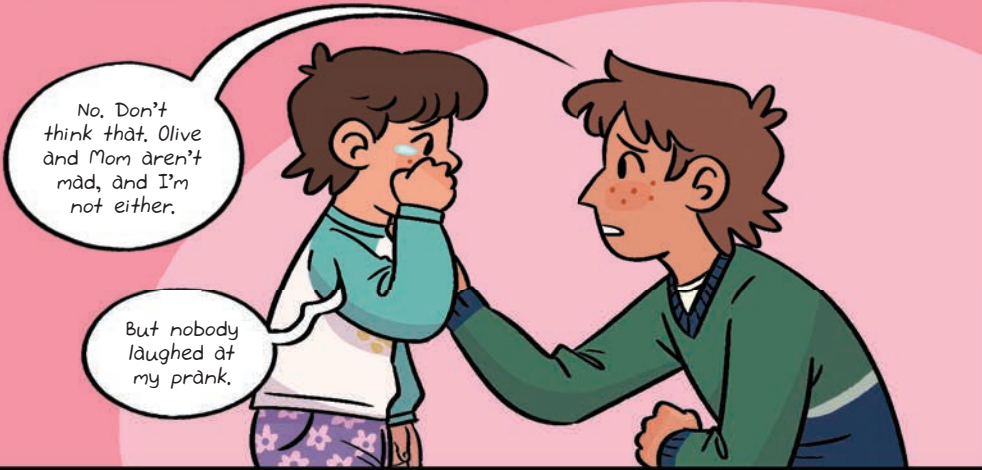




Come on.

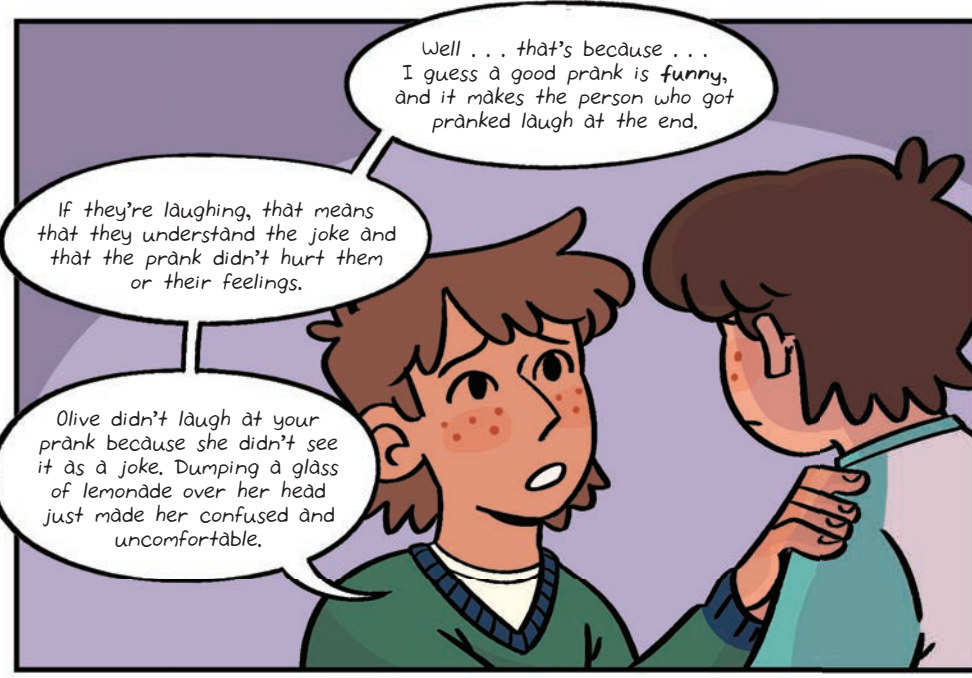


Is everybody mad at me?



No. Don't think that. Olive and Mom aren't mad, and I'm not either.

But nobody laughed at my prank.



Well . . . that's because . . . I guess a good prank is funny, and it makes the person who got pranked laugh at the end.

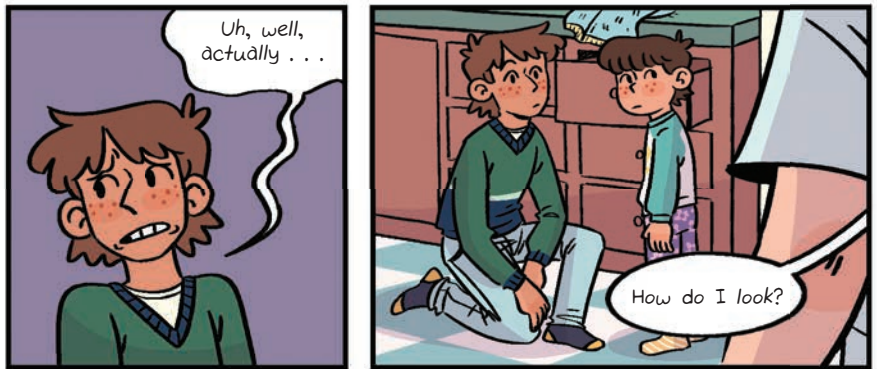
If they're laughing, that means that they understand the joke and that the prank didn't hurt them or their feelings.

Olive didn't laugh at your prank because she didn't see it as a joke. Dumping a glass of lemonade over her head just made her confused and uncomfortable.



Oh.

Do your pranks make people laugh?



Uh, well, actually . . .

How do I look?



Is that one of my shirts?

Cargo shorts, too.



Hey, you pull off the "skåter chic" look better than I do.

Thanks. I'm just happy to be dry.



I tossed your clothes in the washing machine and started a cycle, by the way, we don't need all that sugar setting into them.

They should be ready before you leave.



Olive...

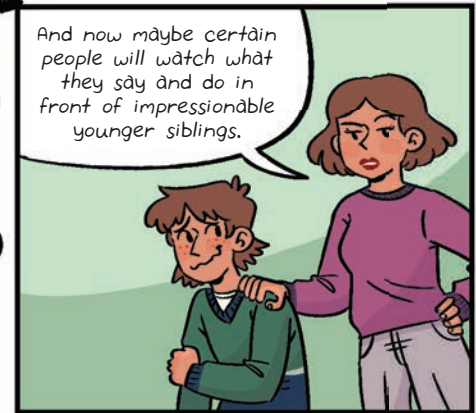
I'm sorry I got you wet. "Splash Surprise" wasn't very funny.



It's okay, I know you didn't mean any harm.

You forgive me?

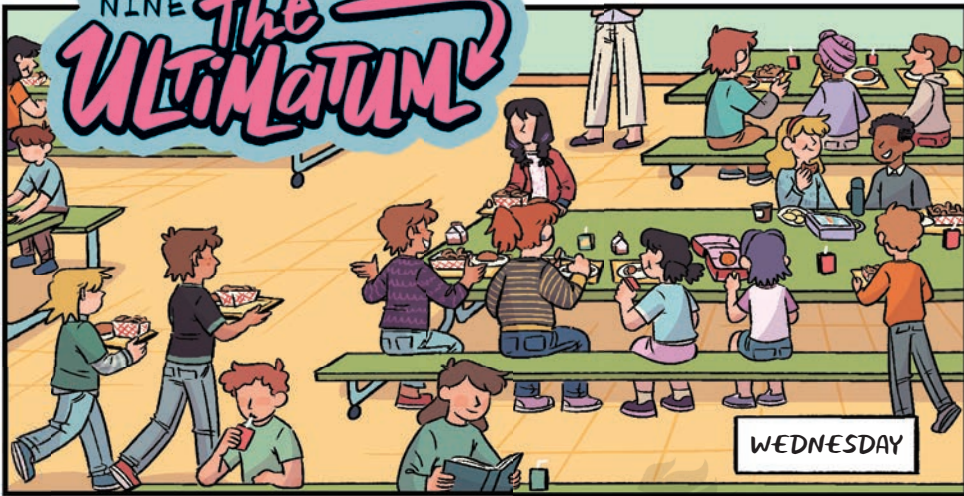
Of course.



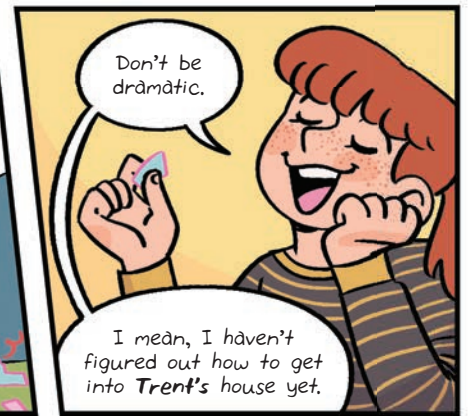
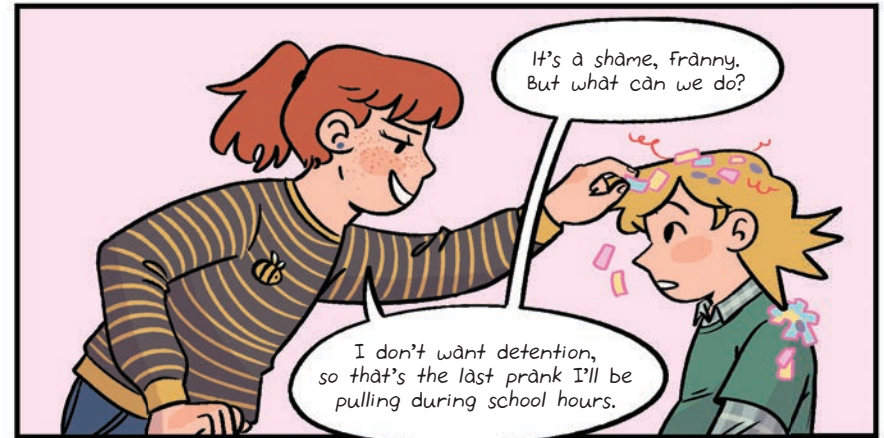
And now maybe certain people will watch what they say and do in front of impressionable younger siblings.



The ULTIMATUM









THE END OF THE DAY,
BEFORE DISMISSAL

RIIINGGG



That's our
signal.

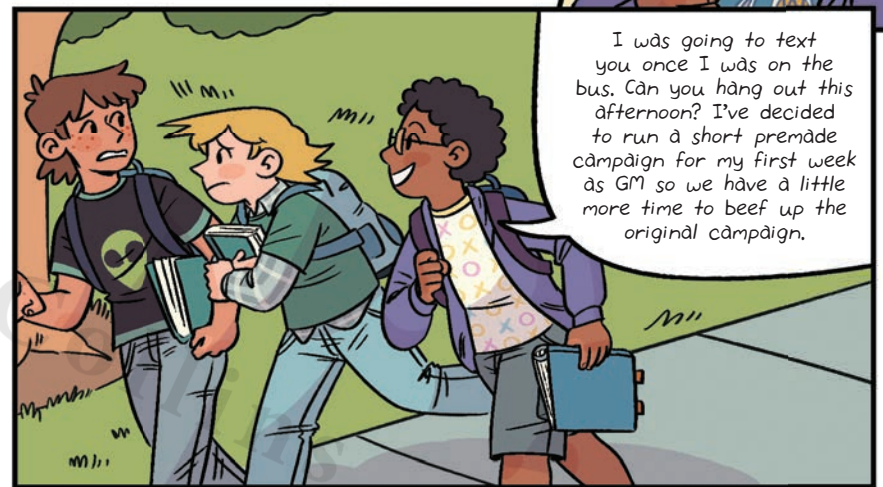


Leaving
so soon?



Oof!

Oh, hey, guys.



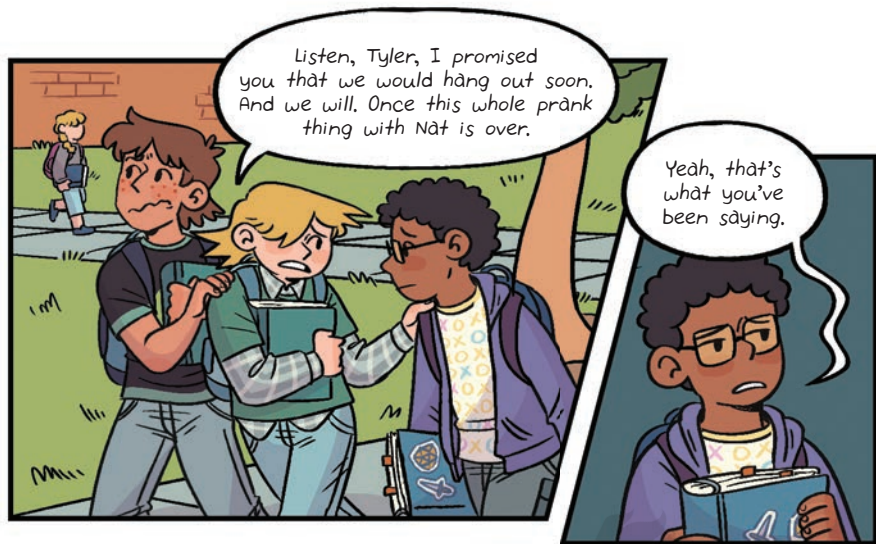
I was going to text
you once I was on the
bus. Can you hang out this
afternoon? I've decided
to run a short premade
campaign for my first week
as GM so we have a little
more time to beef up the
original campaign.

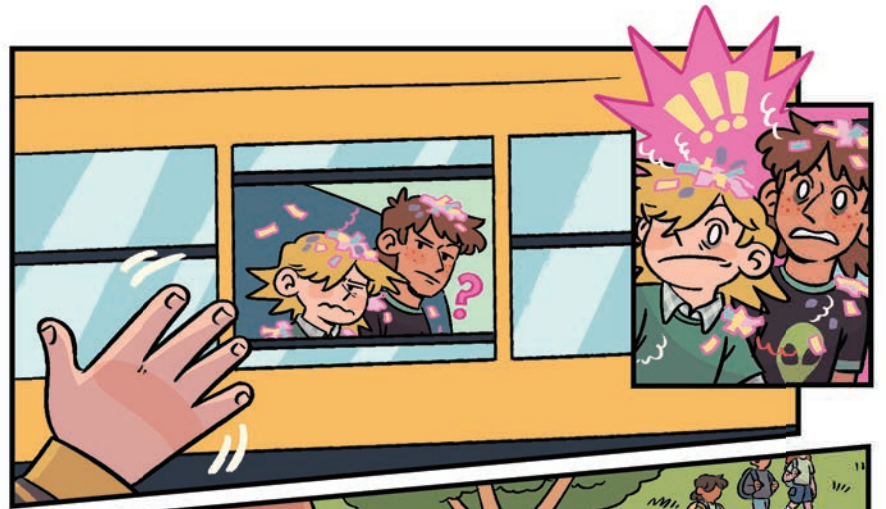


You said you'd have
time to help with that
soon, right?



The weather's
great. Maybe we
could meet up
at the park?





CHAPTER TEN
BEST-LAID PLANS



Quick, close it!



Boys, is everything all right?

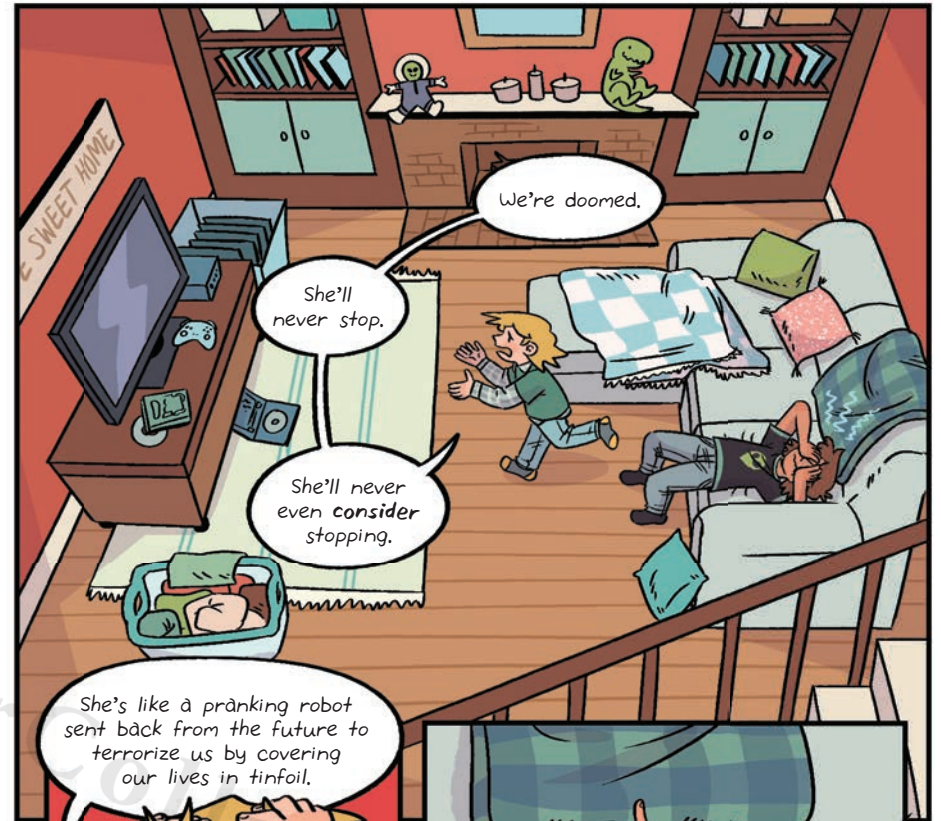


Mom, promise me you didn't let Nat inside.

I ... promise?



Thank you.



We're doomed.

She'll never stop.

She'll never even consider stopping.

She's like a pranking robot sent back from the future to terrorize us by covering our lives in tinfoil.



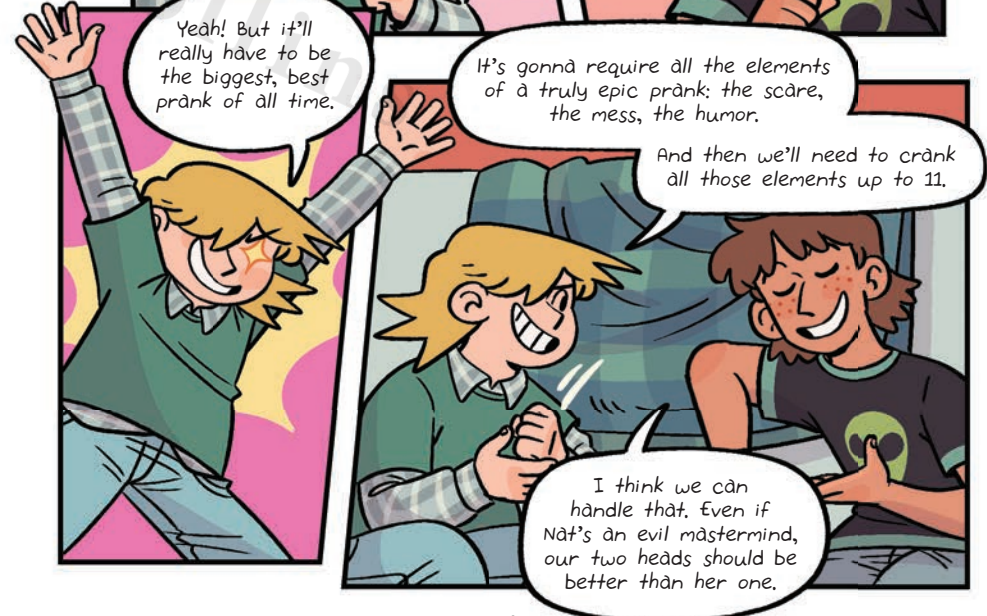
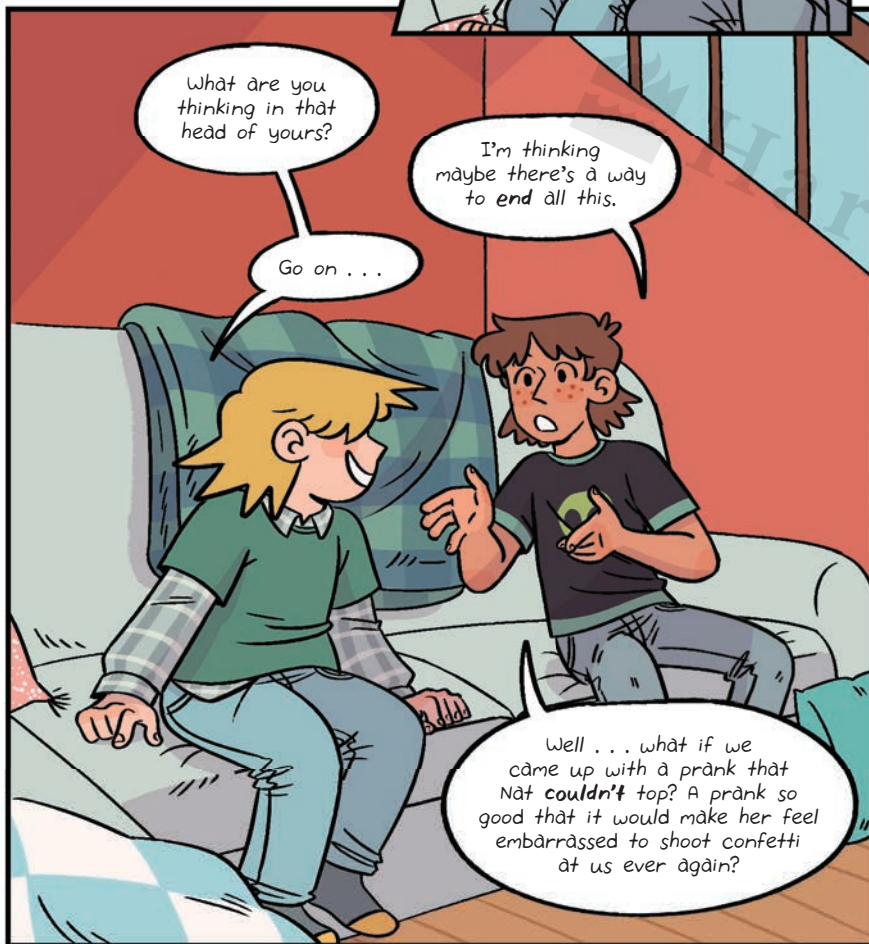
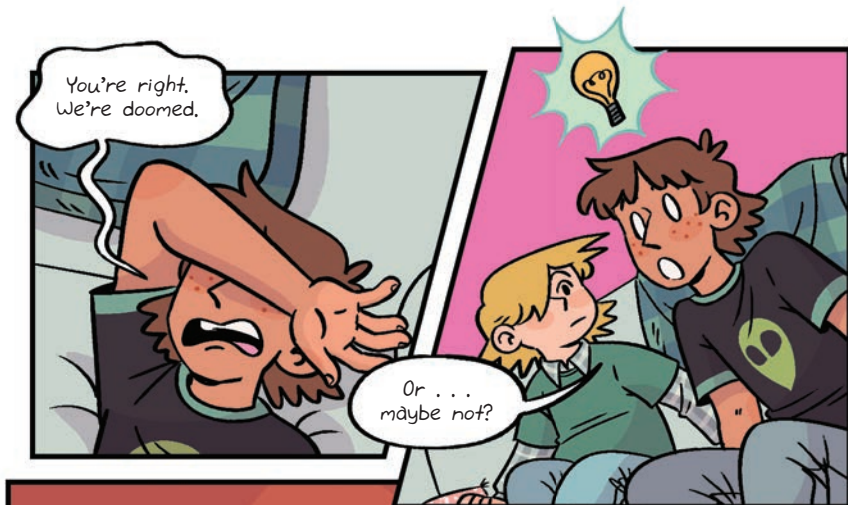
Or sticky notes.

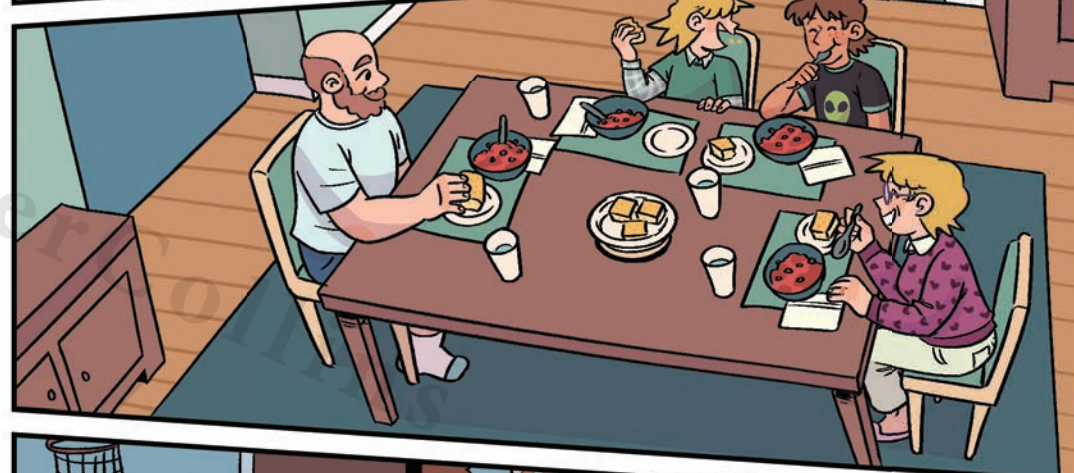
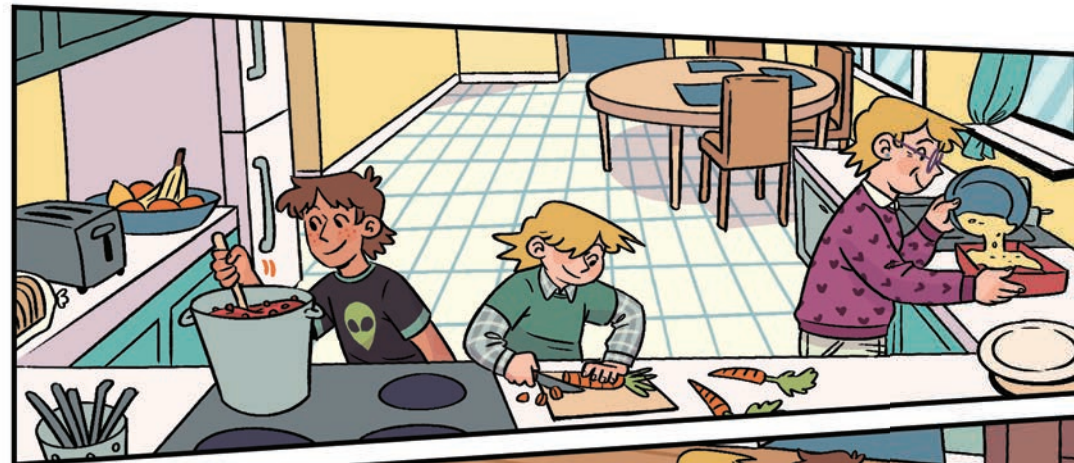
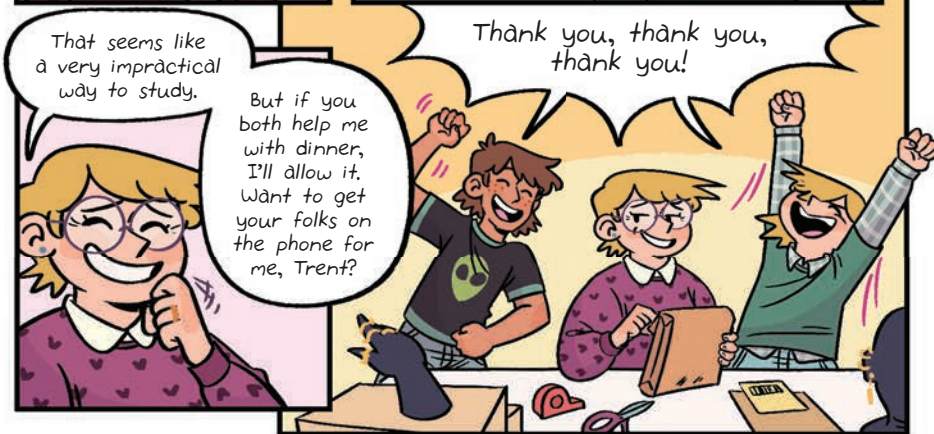
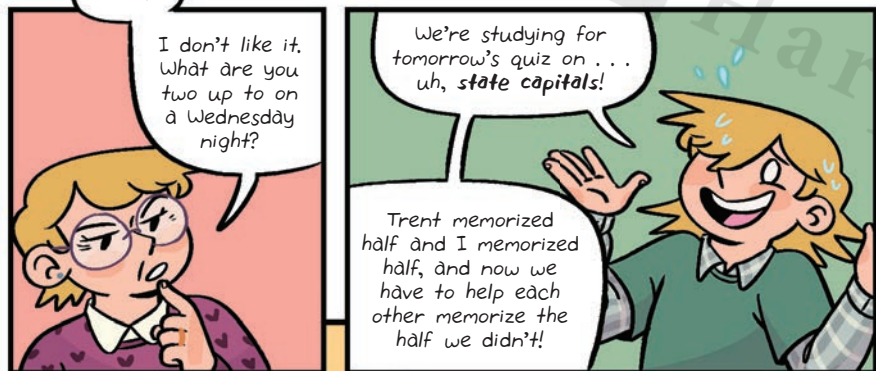


Or slime ... or confetti ...



... or glitter.



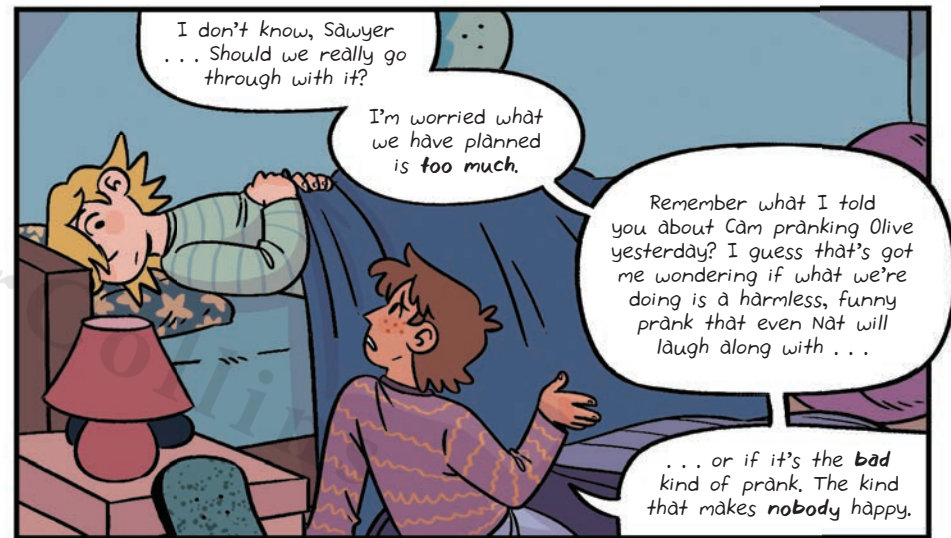




We're lucky we have all the supplies we need.

My personal motto is "Never throw anything away."

And it turns out my mom was wrong—all this junk **did** come in handy.



I don't know, Sawyer . . . Should we really go through with it?

I'm worried what we have planned is **too much**.

Remember what I told you about Cam pranking Olive yesterday? I guess that's got me wondering if what we're doing is a harmless, funny prank that even Nat will laugh along with . . .

. . . or if it's the **bad** kind of prank. The kind that makes **nobody** happy.



Nah, you're overthinking it, buddy.

We dreamed up gold with this one. If anyone will appreciate such artistry, it's Nat.



And when we win Trixie's contest, we can split the prize with her.

All the prank war drama will be behind us when the three of us are sipping Burgertopia slushes with Trixie at Half-Pipe-Palooza!



I hope you're right.



And I hope it's worth getting detention for if we're caught.

I don't think Mrs. G will be persuaded by the argument that the prank is technically happening outside of school hours.



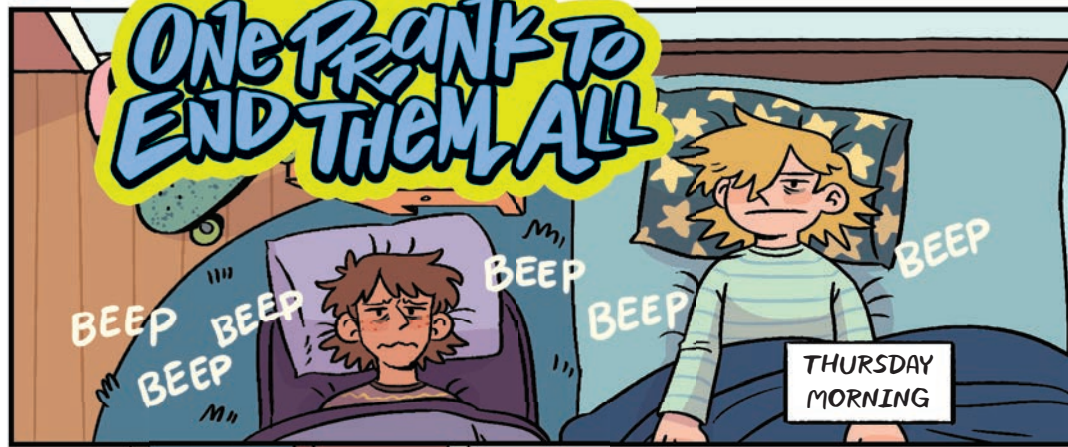
Detention is a small price to pay for admission into the Prank Hall of fame.

Get some sleep. Big day tomorrow.

Yeah, yeah.

Good night . . .

CHAPTER ELEVEN ONE PRANK TO END THEM ALL



BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

THURSDAY MORNING



You don't have to creep around this morning.

I didn't let your friend in. Honest.



You believe him?

Yeah. If Nat weaseled her way in with doughnuts again, Frank would be eating one by now.



Morning, boys.

Good morning!



There's a new box of cereal on the table for you.



Want to start your day off with a jolt of sugar, Trent?



"Pop of the Morning" to you! Wave to the camera.

That live stream was a hit with the sixth grade. We had 54 viewers! Way to go, scream queens.



My own mother let me be live streamed?!

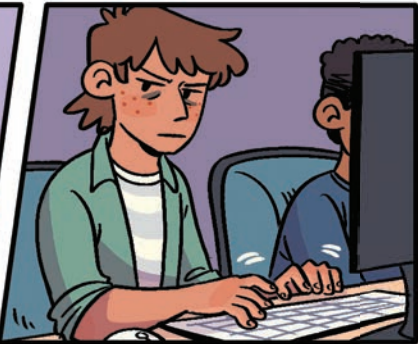
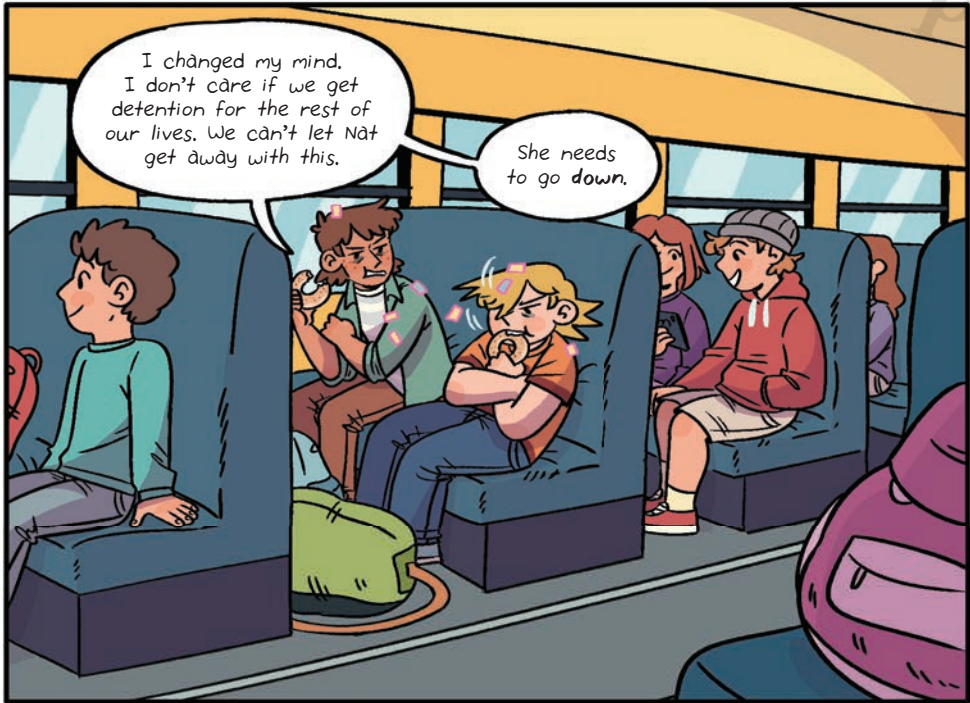


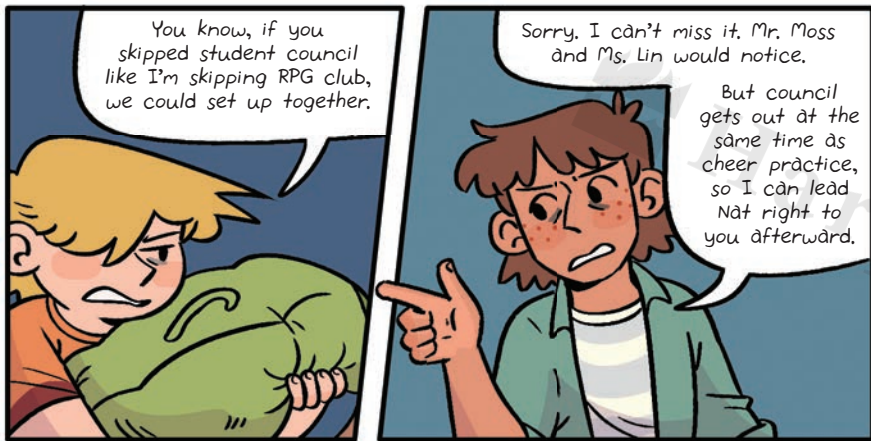
She brought bagels.

And different flavored cream cheeses.

I'm starting to like that kid.

You two should get on her bad side more often.







That went really well. Hopefully we'll get a ton of volunteers for the cleanup.



I have to go to my locker. Why don't you go to the front entrance of the school and see if any of the kids there will sign up to help?



I don't have any sign-up sheets printed yet.



Well, I might be a while . . . so you should totally go to the front entrance without me.

Best entrance of the school—the front one!

Even if you're technically exiting, it brings you right to the front.



What are you up to?

Can't a guy have a favorite entrance? I mean . . . the front is just so nice and safe.

You and Sawyer are setting up another prank, aren't you?



I can't believe you. You heard what Mrs. G said—and anyway, I thought you were tired of pranks.

This is the last one, I promise. We just have to get Nat one last time.

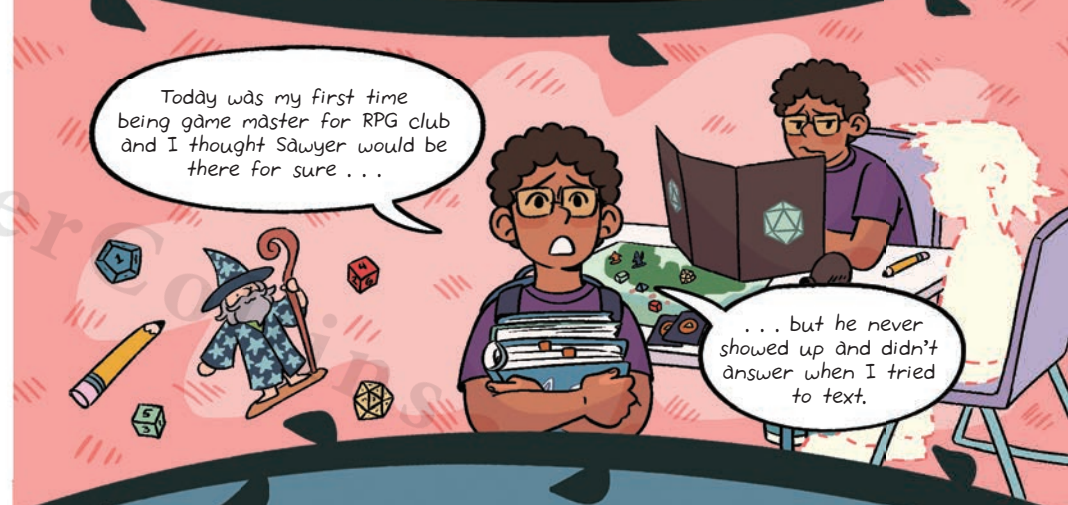
Whatever, Trent.



C'mon, Olive, don't go—

I mean, you should go, so you don't get in trouble.

But please don't be mad!





Sawyer is fine. I saw him heading that way a second ago.



He and Trent are goofing around near the side door . . . but you should just head to the buses without them.



I, for one, will be exiting through the super fantastic, extra special front entrance of the school and not wasting another second worrying about what those two pudding brains are up to.



MEANWHILE . . .



Hey, can you do me a favor?



Can you go over there and tell the redheaded girl that Coach Small is looking for her in the gym?

Why would I do a favor for a random sixth grader?



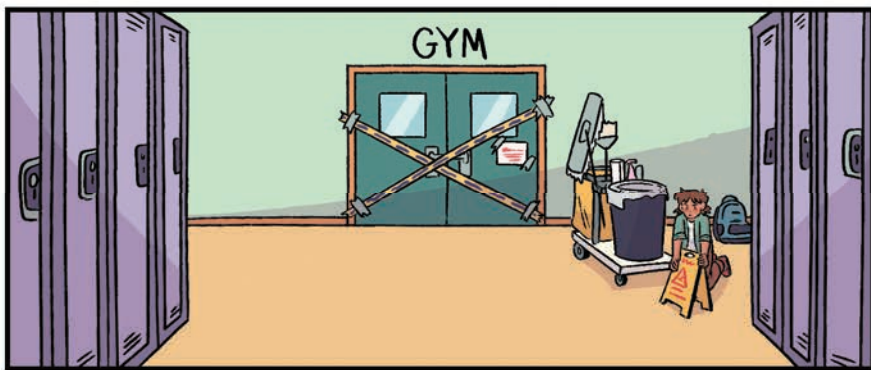
Because this random sixth grader is giving you five bucks.



Make that seven bucks . . . and, uh . . .

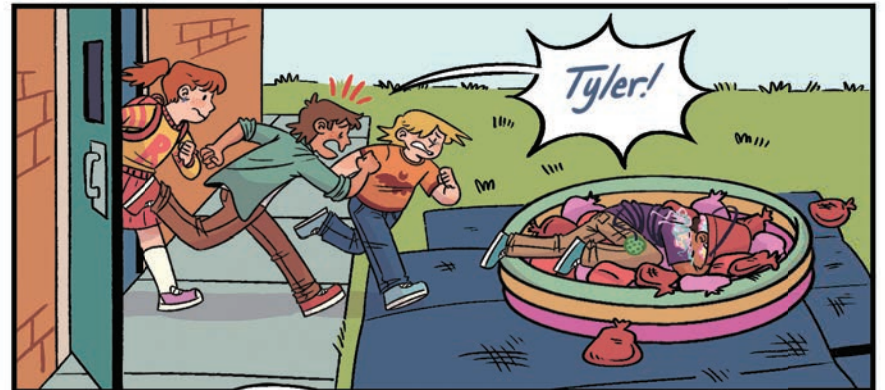


. . . half a pack of fruity fruit gum?

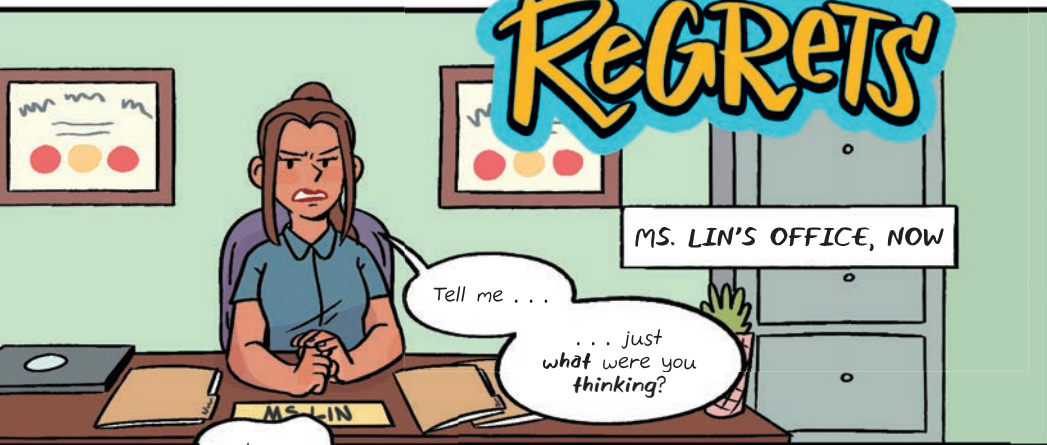








CHAPTER TWELVE
REGRETS

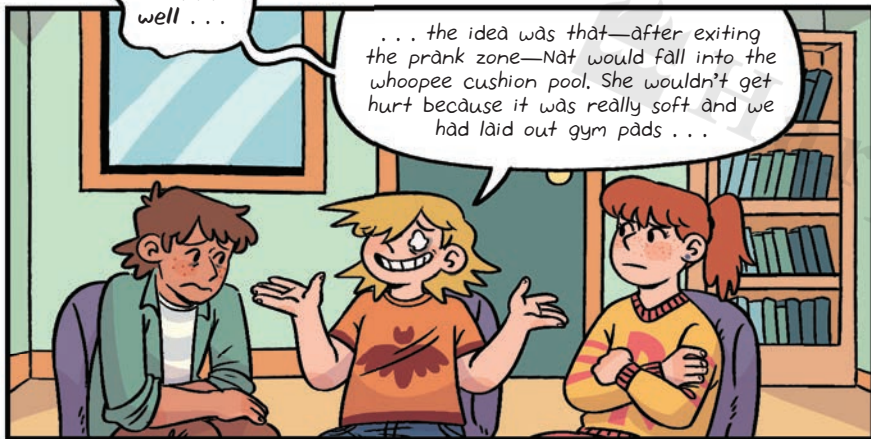


MS. LIN'S OFFICE, NOW

Tell me . . .

. . . just what were you thinking?

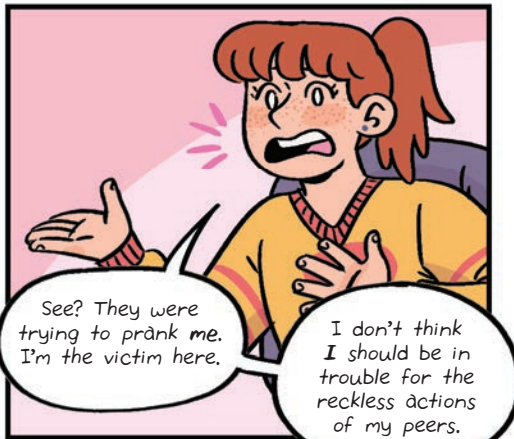
Uh . . . well . . .



. . . the idea was that—after exiting the prank zone—Nat would fall into the whoopee cushion pool. She wouldn't get hurt because it was really soft and we had laid out gym pads . . .



. . . except Tyler panicked a lot more than Nat would have, so it didn't go exactly to plan.



See? They were trying to prank me. I'm the victim here.

I don't think I should be in trouble for the reckless actions of my peers.



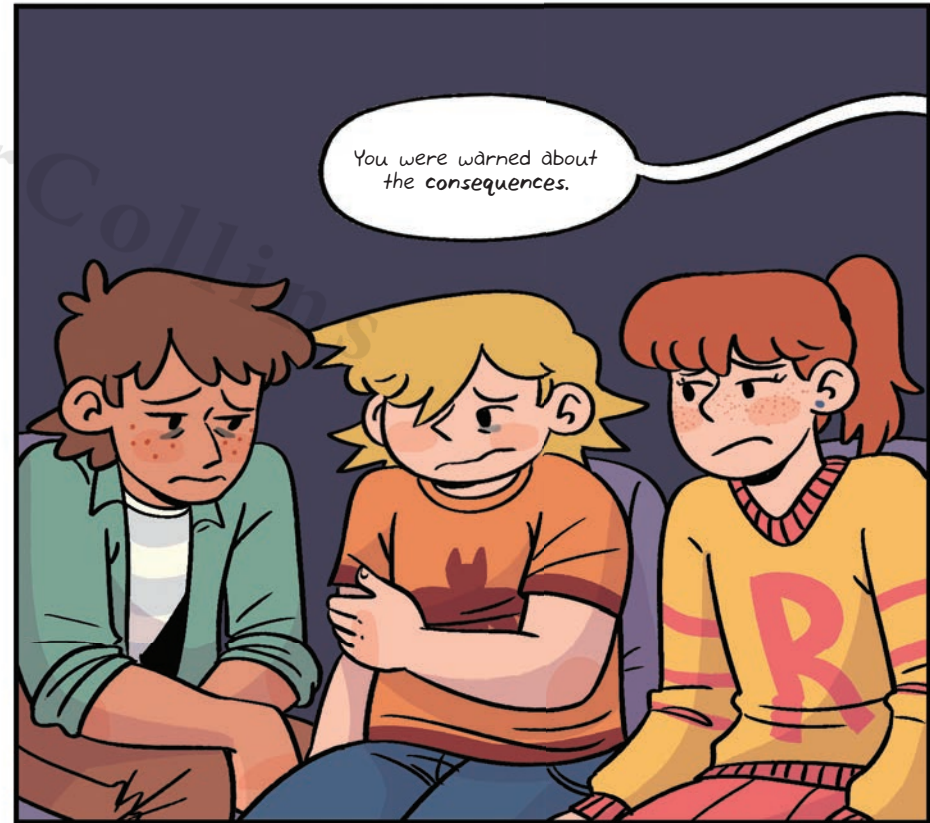
I've already informed Ms. Lin of your participation in this prank war, Nat.

She's fully aware of all that's been going on.



At first, I was willing to let some tomfoolery go, but now I wish I'd put a stop to things sooner.

You took things too far. That poor boy . . .



You were warned about the consequences.

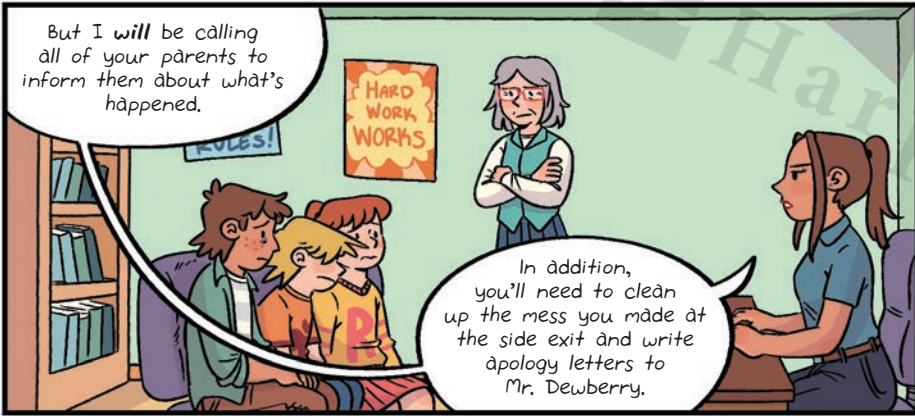


Speaking of consequences . . .



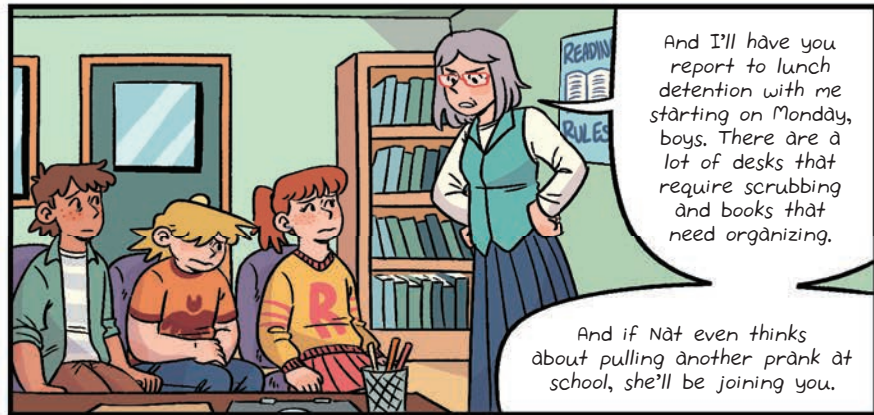
. . . I can see that you're all upset about what happened to your friend. You clearly didn't intend to cause him harm.

For that reason, I'm not going to suspend you.



But I **will** be calling all of your parents to inform them about what's happened.

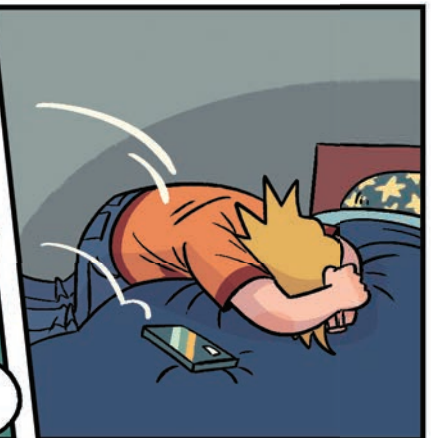
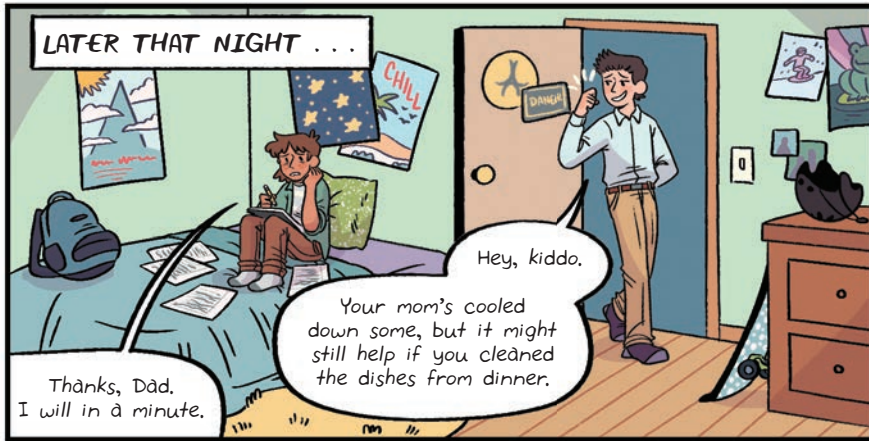
In addition, you'll need to clean up the mess you made at the side exit and write apology letters to Mr. Dewberry.



And I'll have you report to lunch detention with me starting on Monday, boys. There are a lot of desks that require scrubbing and books that need organizing.

And if Nat even thinks about pulling another prank at school, she'll be joining you.







TYLER

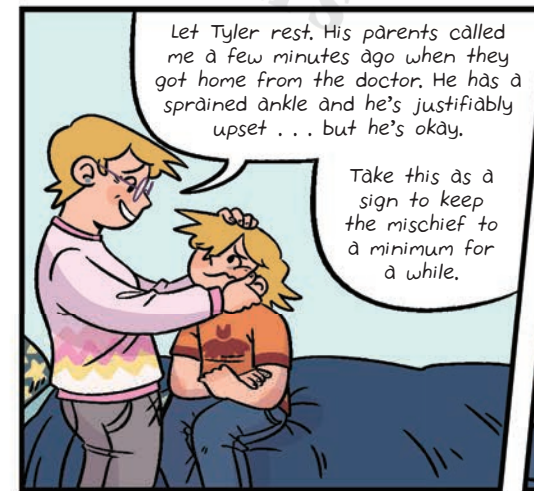
Hey! Where are you?

The rest of the club is here, but I can stall.

Sawyer? Are you on your way?

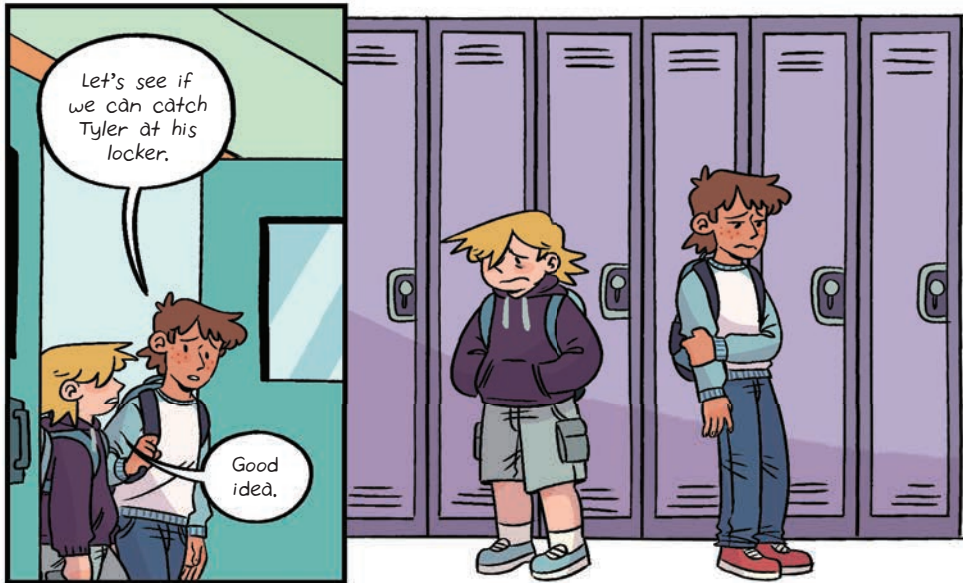
Okay... people are getting restless. I'm going to start the campaign 🗳️ 🗳️

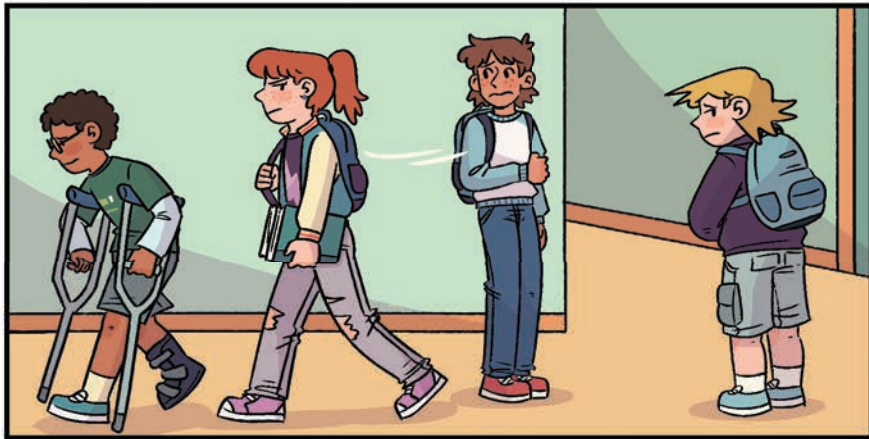
Wish me luck 🌸 🍀

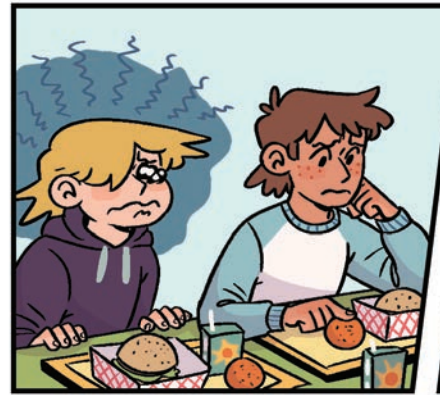
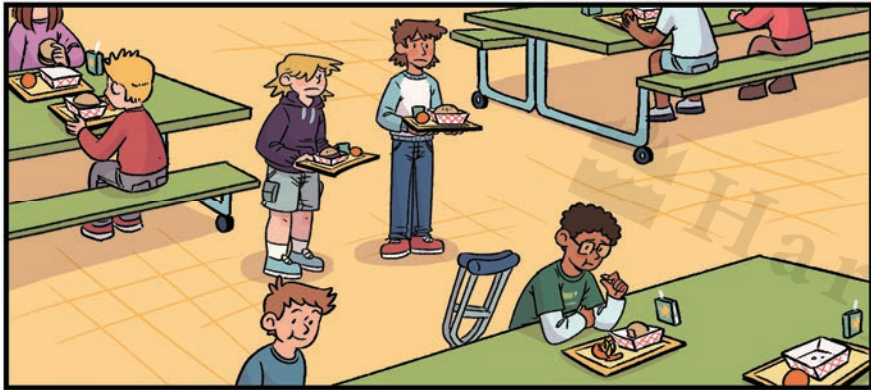


Take this as a sign to keep the mischief to a minimum for a while.

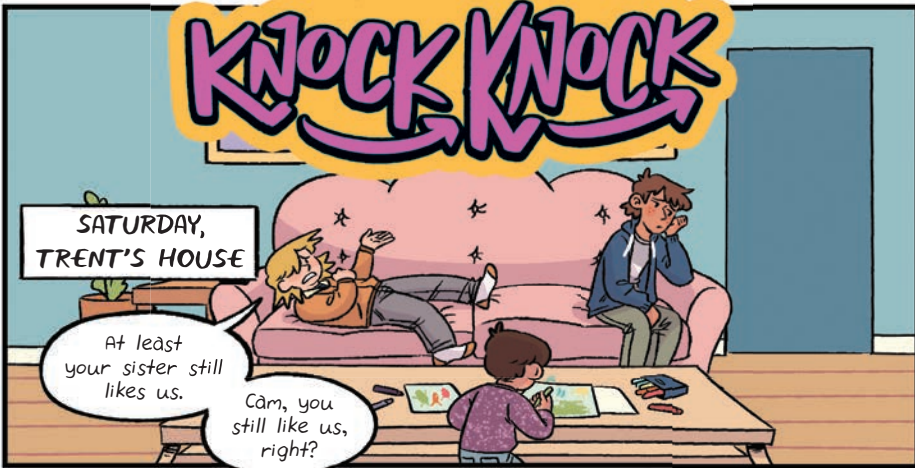








KNOCK KNOCK



SATURDAY,
TRENT'S HOUSE

At least your sister still likes us.

Cam, you still like us, right?



Sure.



"Sure"?!
What's *that* supposed to mean??



Hey, worst comes to worst, we'll always have each other.



Joy.
Two pathetic peas in our miserable, stinky pod.



It's a text from Nat!

Huh? What's it say??



"Hey, losers . . ." Yada yada, "tired of seeing you two moping around school . . . Have an idea for how to get you back into Tyler's good graces, but you'll owe me. Big time."



Can we trust that?

If she was offering for free, definitely not. But let's see what she wants . . .



Our hero
What do we have to do??

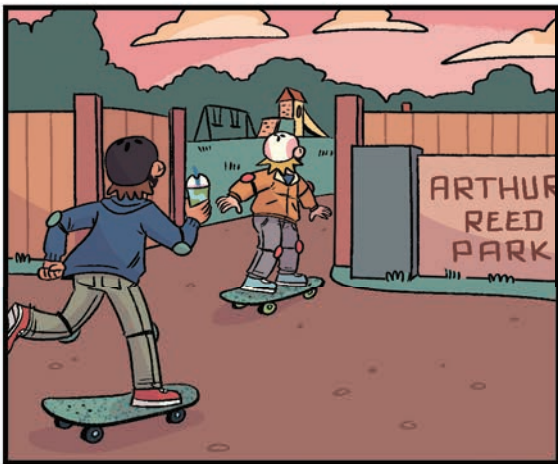


She says she wants to discuss terms. She'll meet us on neutral ground, at the park by the playground, 6 p.m.



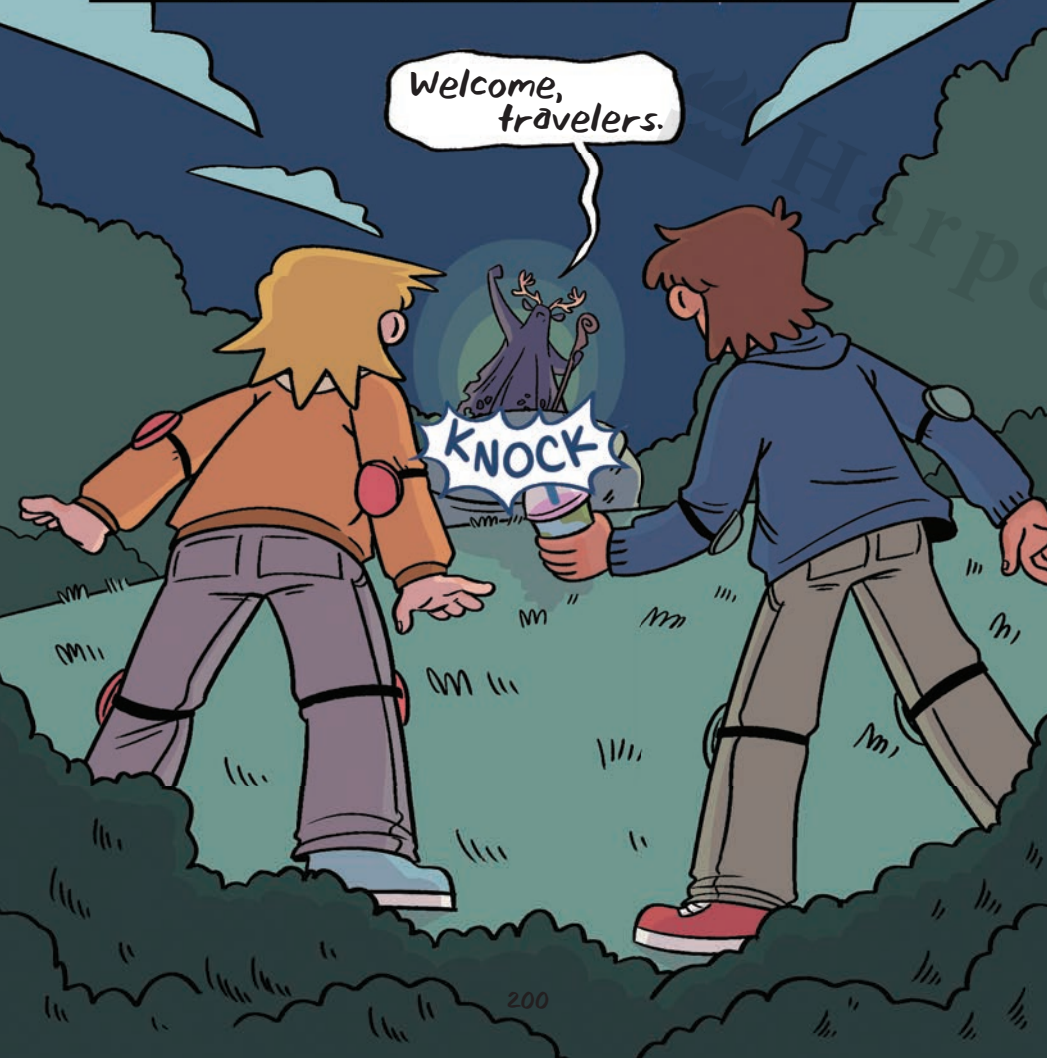
And she's demanding we bring her a strawberry slush . . .

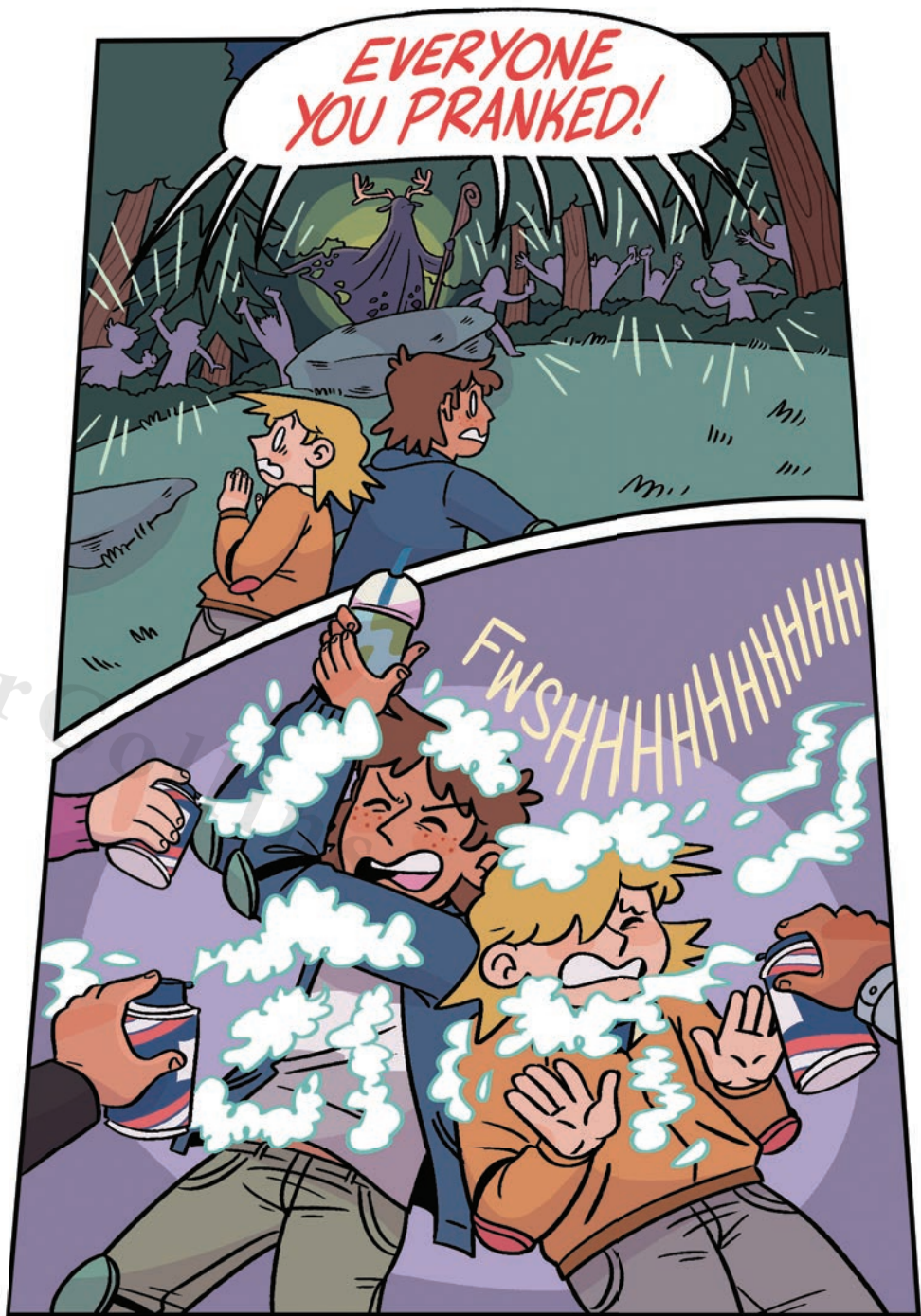
. . . as the first part of our repayment.



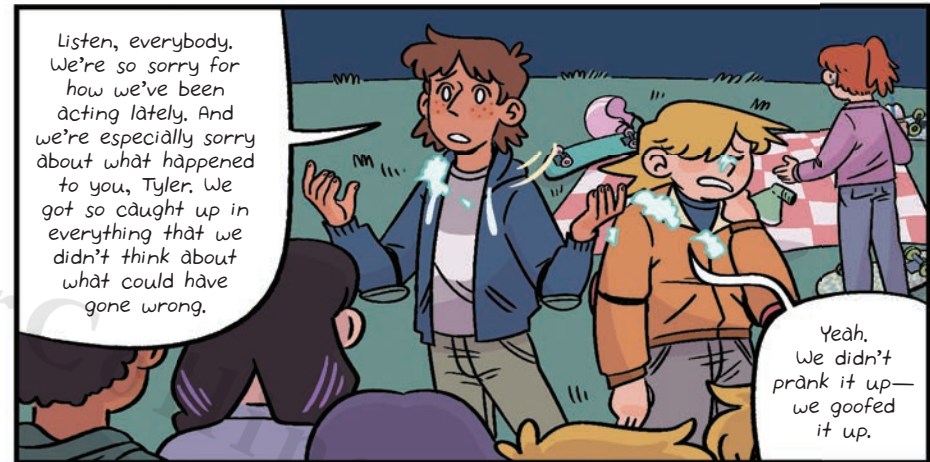


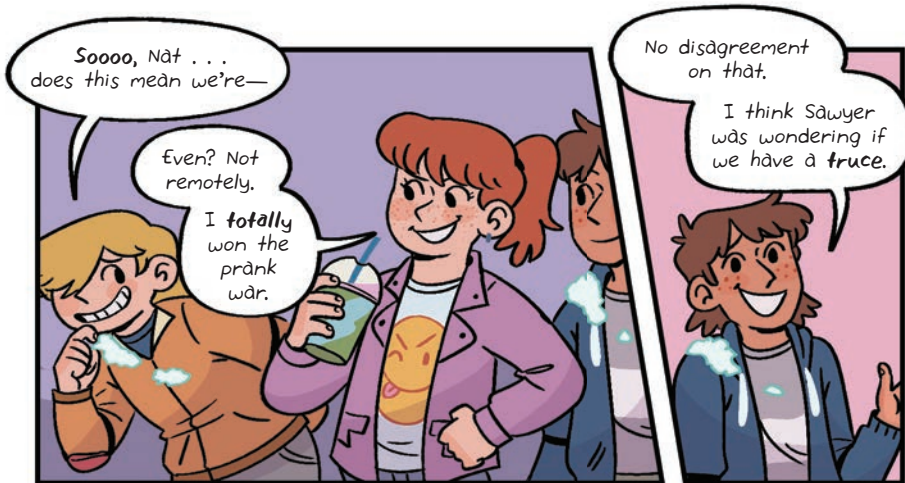














Oh!

Follow me on a quest, my friends!

We should have been doing this from the beginning!

Totally!

Apology double-accepted.

EPilogue

A FEW WEEKS LATER

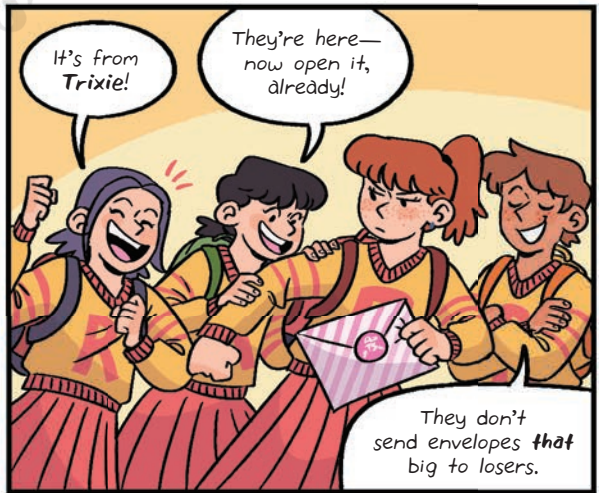
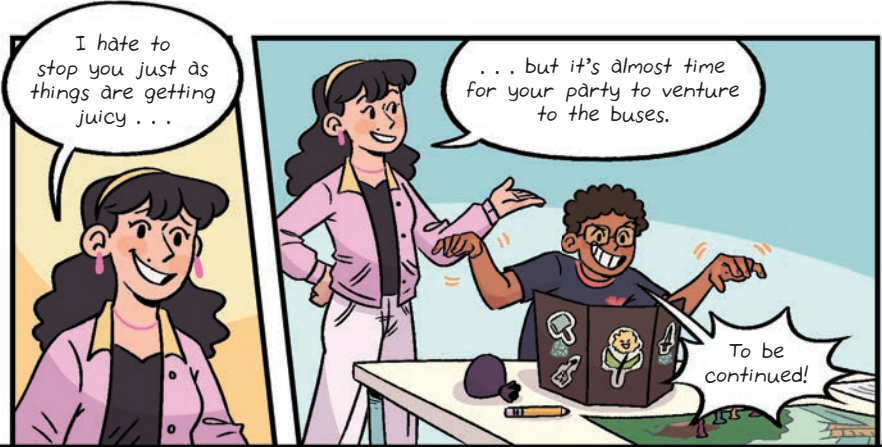
"Your party successfully navigates the field of slumbering dandelepards after cleverly casting a sleeping spell."

"Upon entering the dense, dark Old Wood, you come across a mystical stump in a moonlit clearing. Before you can decipher its runes, chilling laughter fills the air . . ."

Who's there?!

"A towering figure materializes before you, looming with menace. His voice creaks like a rusty door knocker as he replies . . ."

Knock . . . knock.





YOU WON!
YOU WON!

Yeah,
third place.

"Congratulations . . ." Blah blah blah, ". . . third-place prize . . . 200 dollars' worth of Burgertopia Bucks!"



I guess that's free french fries for the rest of my life.

Or you could share.



Or I could share.

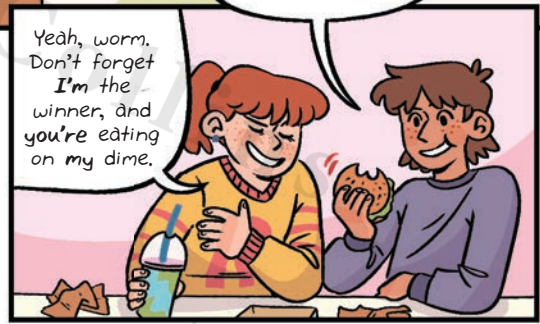


BURGERTOPIA,
LATER THAT
AFTERNOON

Ah, the spoils
of victory!

Ah, the spoils
of victory.

I think you mean "the spoils of Nat's victory."



Yeah, worm. Don't forget I'm the winner, and you're eating on my dime.



I know, I know. It's just that with a feast like this, I feel like a winner.



Too much winning feast for me. Want some of my nuggets, Sawyer?

Of course! If I ever turn down a nugget, call an ambulance.

