



IN RECENT WEEKS, THINGS HAVE BEEN RATHER QUIET AROUND THE CASTLE OF CRUEL AND UNUSUAL OCCURRENCES.

FOR DEACON DREAD, THE QUIET HAS ALLOWED FOR INTENSIVE EXPERIMENTATION. SUCH WORK TYPICALLY PRODUCES A PUTRID STENCH, BUT ON THIS DAY, A LOVELY FRAGRANCE HAS BLOWN INTO THE BOWELS OF THE CASTLE.

AND NOW, THE ONE-EYED DEACON RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR...

LADY NEBULA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE?



I CAME TO SEE YOU, DREAD.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE.



HOW ARE YOU, DREAD?

I'M FINE. IT'S YOUR FATHER THAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT.

HIS AMBITION HAS REACHED A NEW LOW.



HUN, YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT MY FATHER.



NEBULA, I'M NOT YOUR "HUN".

PLEASE REFRAIN FROM USING SUCH TERMS OF ENDEARMENT, PARTICULARLY WHEN YOUR FATHER MAY OVERHEAR YOU.

OH DREAD, DON'T BE SO STODGY.

WHEN WE'RE DOWN HERE, YOU COULD MAKE ME SCREAM, AND MY FATHER WOULD NEVER HEAR.



VERY ENTICING.

BUT I'VE GOT WORK TO DO.



IS THERE ANYTHING THAT I CAN DO TO HELP?



YES.

GET ME SOME FRUIT. I NEED LOTS OF FRUIT.

NOW, THE RECENT QUIET IN THE CASTLE WAS DUE LARGELY TO THE INCREASING LETHARGY OF LORD ZANGO. AND ONCE AGAIN, HE'S NAPPING ON THE COUCH, AS R.I.P. VAN FREAKO CHANNEL SURFS...

OH, GOODIE!

CARTOON.





