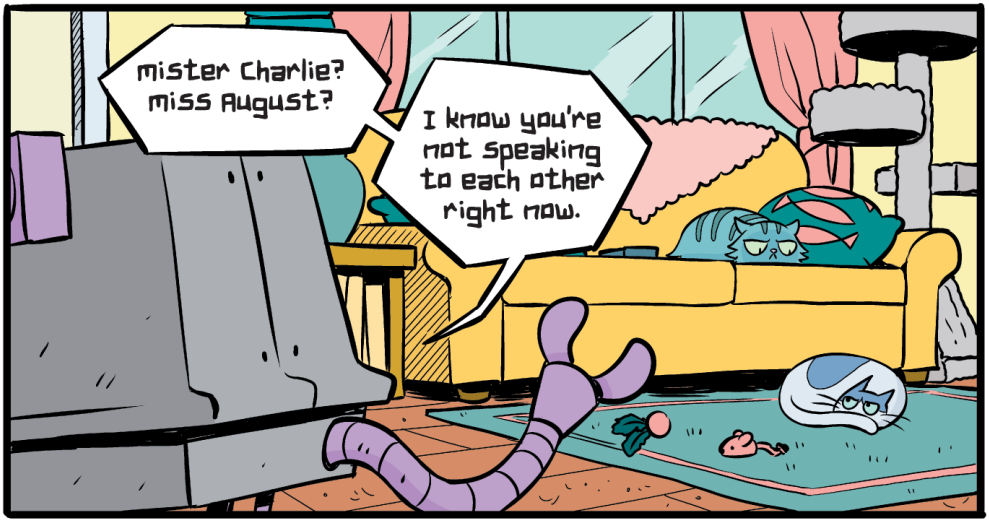
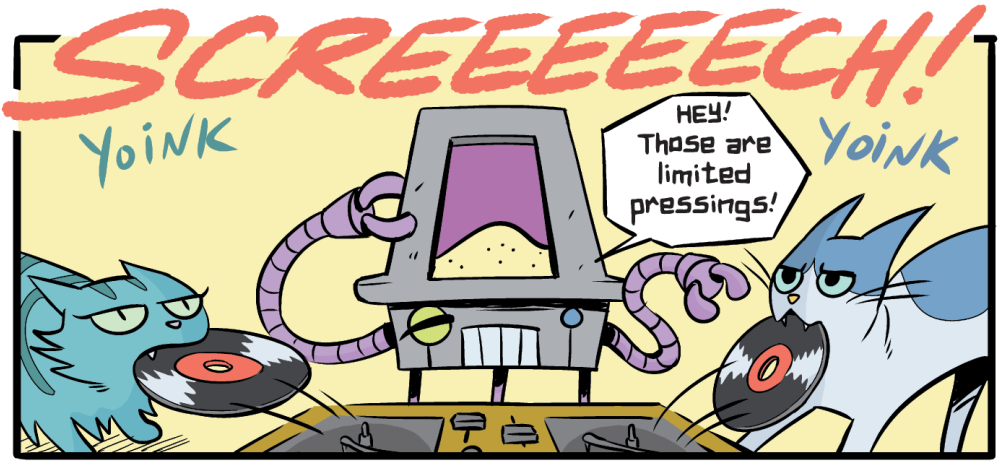
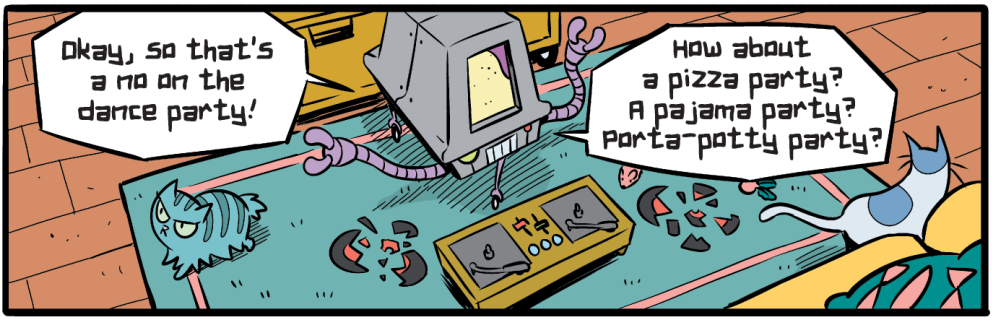
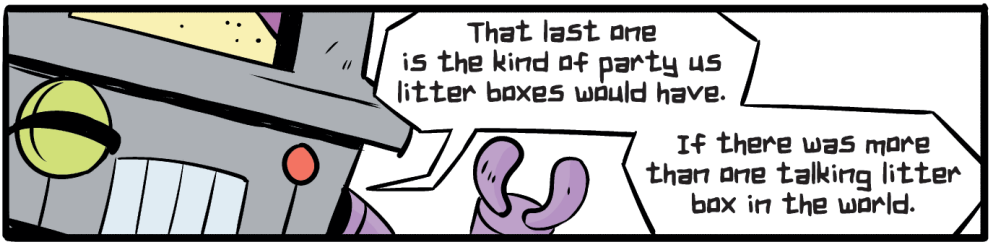
CHAPTER THREE



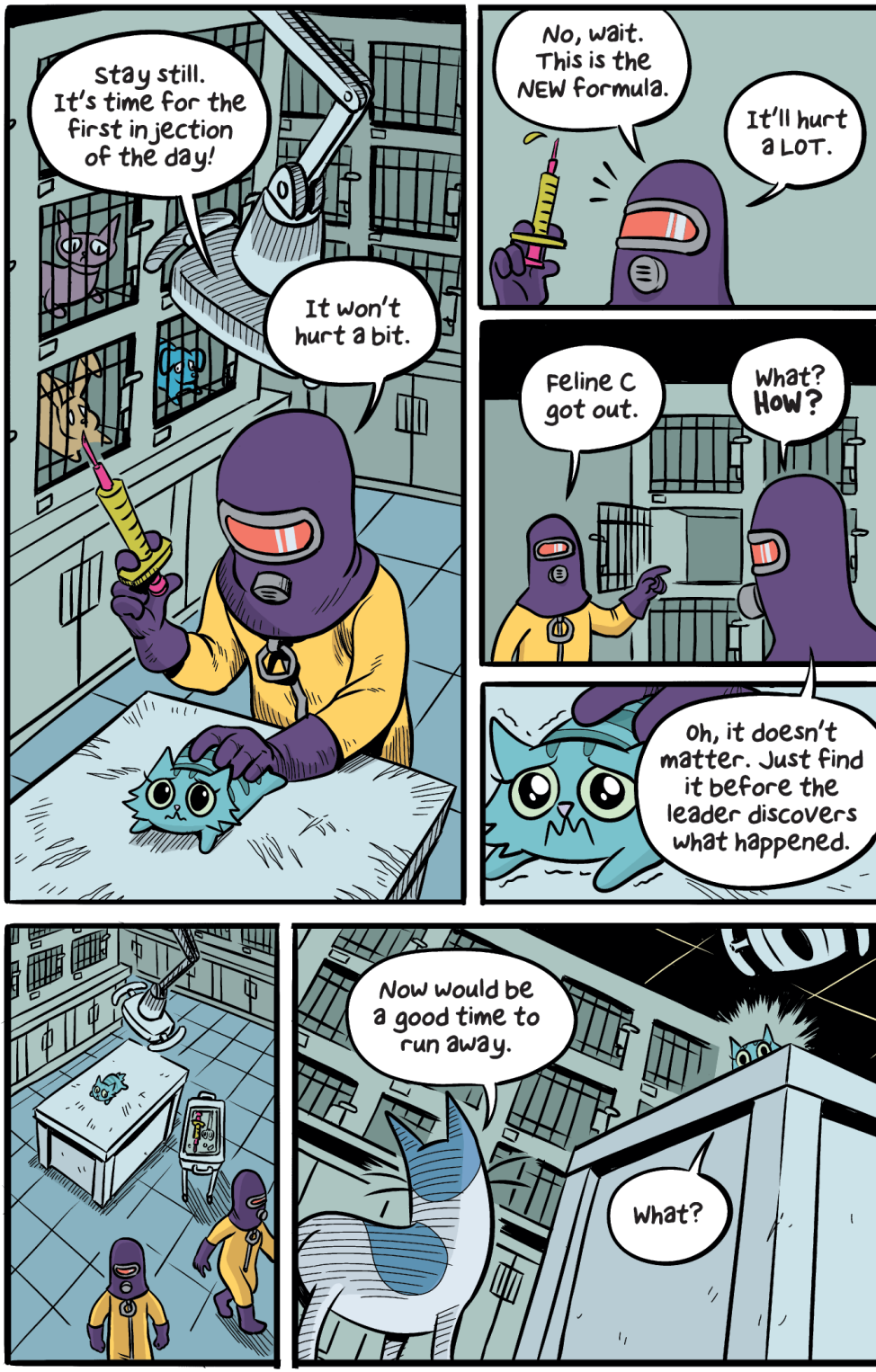
A DANCE PARTY!
OH YEAH!
FEEL THE BEAT!
SHAKE YOUR TAILS!


SCREEEEECH!
YOINK
YOINK
HEY! Those are limited pressings!

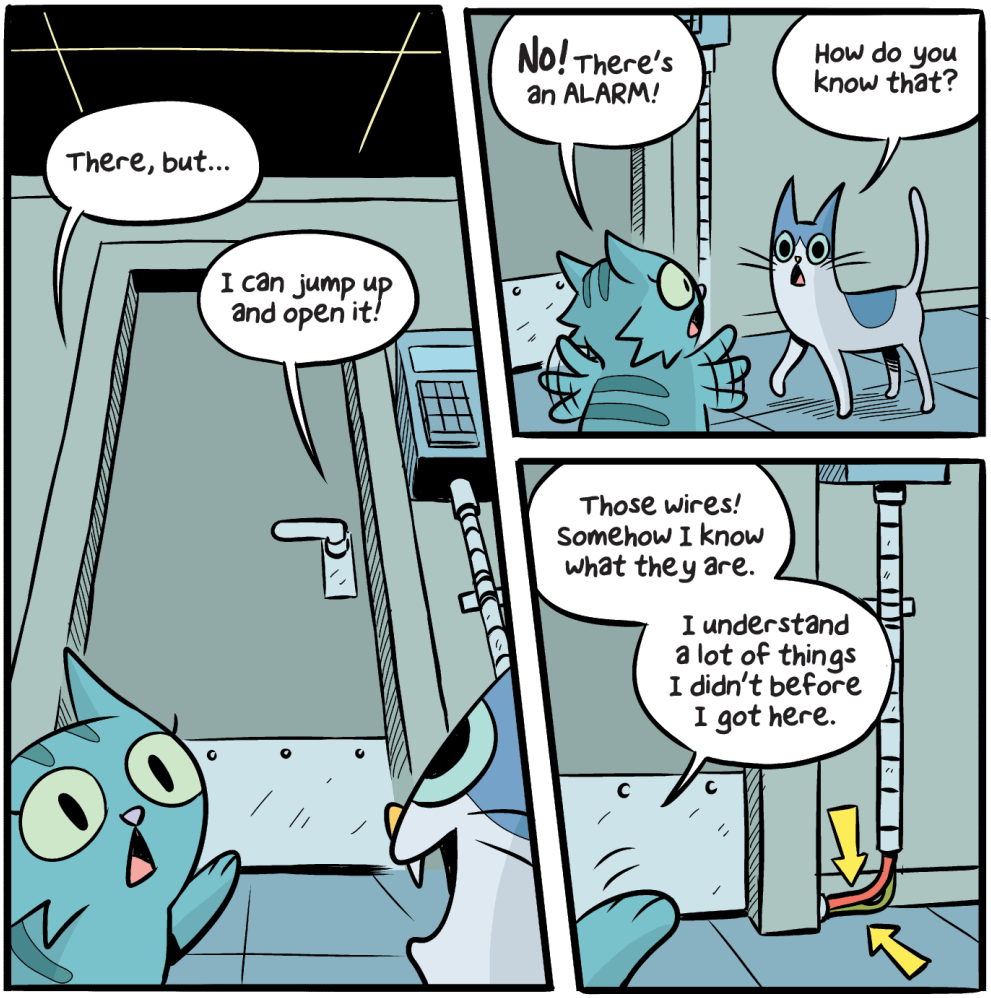

Okay, so that's a no on the dance party!
How about a pizza party? A pajama party? Porta-potty party?


That last one is the kind of party us litter boxes would have.
If there was more than one talking litter box in the world.

All right, I know when I'm not wanted! If you want to be all mad at each other, fine!
But maybe you should try and remember why you became friends in the first place!


Stay still. It's time for the first injection of the day!
It won't hurt a bit.
No, wait. This is the NEW formula.
It'll hurt a LOT.
Feline C got out.
What? HOW?
Oh, it doesn't matter. Just find it before the leader discovers what happened.
Now would be a good time to run away.
What?

Run. Vamoose. Escape! Unless you're ENJOYING all the tests!
No. I... want to go home.
Then follow me! What's your name?
August.
You were named after a month? Weird. I'm Charlie!
My mother had twelve kittens, so we were all named--
Don't need your life story, kid! We just have to find the front door!


There, but...
I can jump up and open it!
No! There's an ALARM!
How do you know that?
Those wires! Somehow I know what they are.
I understand a lot of things I didn't before I got here.

Like, if you can scratch through them first, it'll turn the alarm off.
I'm ON it!