

HIGH IN MASQUE TOWER . . .



HAVE YOU SEEN THE
STATE OF THIS?

OUR EVIL EMPIRE IS
CRUMBLING AND IT'S ALL
DOWN TO THAT DRATTED
DETECTIVE FOX.



DRATTED DETECTIVE FOX.

HE'S ALWAYS JUST ONE PAW
BEHIND US. WE ONLY JUST
SEEM TO GET AWAY.

HE'S TURNING MY FUR GREY
WITH ALL THIS STRESS. AND NOW
I'VE LOST A LOT OF DOUGH. CAN
YOU BELIEVE HE CAUGHT OUR CAT
BURGLARS CAT NAPPING?!



ONLY JUST SEEM TO
GET AWAY.



CAT NAPPING!

THAT'S ENOUGH FROM YOU,
MORBID. I DIDN'T ASK FOR A
PERSONAL ECHO.



PERSONAL ECH . . . SORRY, BOSS.

YOU AND YOUR SECURITY
RAVENS NEED TO KEEP A CLOSER
EYE ON THAT DETECTIVE.



GOT IT, BOSS.



AND WHAT ARE YOU LOT
GIGGLING ABOUT? YOU'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO COME UP WITH
SOME CASH NOW.



WELL? WHAT'S THE
PLAN THEN?



I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA,
GRANDDADDY MASQUE. AND
I KNOW JUST HOW MORBID
CAN HELP US.



HE HUH EGH HGH HE.



WHAT WAS THAT?

WAS THAT YOUR
EVIL LAUGH?



WHAT WAS WRONG
WITH IT?



NOTHING. IF YOU WANT TO
SOUND LIKE A CAT COUGHING
UP A FURBALL.



YOU WAIT AND SEE! I'LL BE THE MOST
SUPER SUPER-VILLAIN OF THEM ALL!
HE HUH EGH HGH HE!

NO MORE LIKE THIS:
MWUHAHAHAHA!



SHUDDUP!



CHAPTER ONE

‘Turn it up Lettice,’ Reggie squealed as he rushed past Granny Lavender, dodged the wool from her knitting, and leapt over his big sister towards the telly.

It was his favourite show. The News.

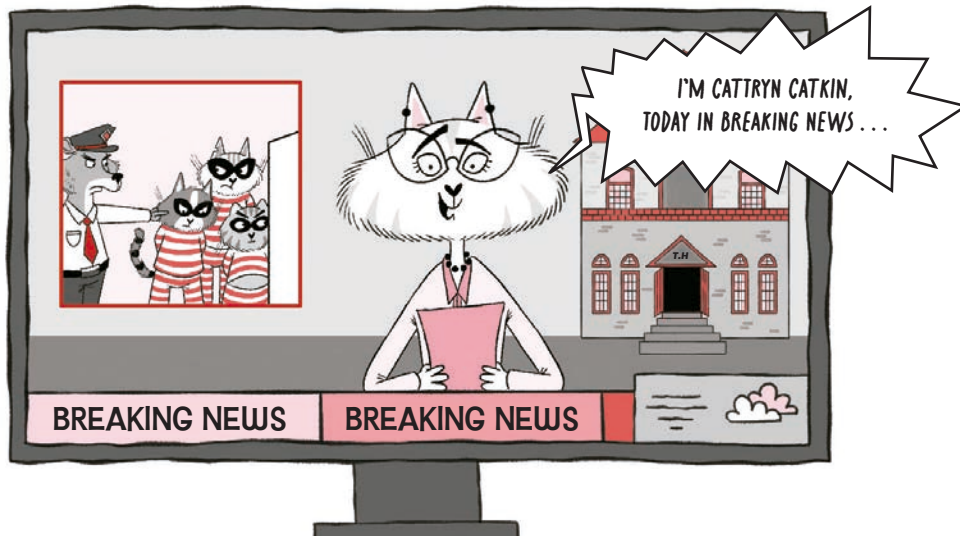
Lettice shot him an annoyed glance and made to switch the channel.

‘Don’t you dare,’ Reggie warned as he snatched the remote from her paws.

‘Careful Reggie,’ said Mum as she came in sorting a stack of receipts from the family’s vegetable stall.

Reggie’s haste towards the telly had left a trail of wool around the living room, as he’d accidentally caught Granny Lavender’s knitting on his back paw. Lettice bundled it up, rolling her eyes at the mess. Reggie hadn’t noticed a thing. His entire attention was held by the News.

Standing in front of the steps of Bearburgh Town Hall, the reporter was giving a rundown of a recent cat burglar bust in town as photos showed arrests of three guilty-looking felines from the previous day.



‘I’m glad we live here in Little Critter,’ Dad said, his nose wrinkled up at the sight of the big city on the screen. ‘Look how grubby Bearburgh City is. You wouldn’t see litter like that in our suburb.’

‘That’s where all this crime starts,’ Mum said disapprovingly. ‘First you’re littering and next you’re cat-burgling a bank.’

The camera panned back to the town hall and the reporter. She looked pointedly at a detective nearby, who shifted awkwardly as the camera zoomed in on him.

Reggie clapped his paws together and grinned.

His hero, Detective Fox, was about to talk live.

‘It’s a big win against crime today,’ Cattryn Catkin said. She turned to Detective Fox. ‘Wouldn’t you agree, Detective?’

‘If you say so,’ he replied.