

DOGZILLA

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It was summertime in the city of Mousopolis and mice from all comers of the community had come together to compete in the first Annual Barbecue Cook-Off.

As the cook-off got under way, smoke from the hot grills lifted the irresistible scent of barbecue sauce over the roof-tops of the city.

A gentle wind carried the mouth-watering smell into the distance, right over the top of an ancient crater. Before long, a strange and mysterious sound was heard: "Sniff. . . sniff. Sniff... sniff sniff sniff sniff. . ."

All at once, the volcano began to tremble.

And suddenly, up from the very depths of the earth came the most terrifying creature ever known to mousekind: the dreadful Dogzilla!

Immediately soldiers were sent out to stop the mighty beast. The heroic troops were lead by their brave commander officer, the Big Cheese.

"All right, you old fleabag," squeaked the Big Cheese, "get those paws in the air you're coming with us!" Without warning, the monstrous mutt breathed her horrible breath onto the mice.

"What are you, men or mice?" "We're MICE," they squeaked. "HmMMM," said the Big Cheese, "you're

right! . . . Wait for me!"

The colossal canine followed the soldiers back to Mousopolis, licking up all of the food in her path. Afterward, Dogzilla wandered through the city streets, doing those things that come naturally to dogs.

Dogzilla chased cars right off the freeway!

Dogzilla chewed furniture and the furniture store as well. And Dogzilla dug up bones at the Museum of Natural History.

Meanwhile the Big Cheese had organized an emergency meeting with one of the city's greatest scientific minds, Professor Scarlett O'Hairy.

"Gentlemice," said Professor O'Hairy, "this monster

comes from prehistoric times. It is perhaps millions of years old." "Maybe we could teach it to do something positive for the community," suggested the Big Cheese. "I'm afraid not," said Professor O'Hairy. "You simply can't teach an old dog new tricks!

"If we're going to defeat this dog, we have to think like a dog! We've got to find something that all dogs are afraid of something that will scare this beast away from Mousopolis FOREVER!" "I've got an idea," squeaked the Big Cheese. . . . Within minutes, the mice had assembled at the center of town.

"All right, Dogzilla," shouted the Big Cheese, "no more Mister Mice Guy it's BATHTIME!" Suddenly, a

blast of warm, sudsy water hit Dogzilla with tremendous force. The panicking pooch let out a burst of hot, fiery breath, and the chase was on! The Big Cheese tried to catch up to the hot dog with all the relish he could muster. Dogzilla hightailed it out of town, and back into the mouth of the ancient volcano. "Well, I'll be dog-goned," squeaked the Big Cheese. "It worked!"

With the horrifying memory of the bubble bath etched in her mind forever, Dogzilla never again returned to Mousopolis. Within a year, Mousopolis had rebuilt itself. . . just in time for the Second Annual Barbecue Cook-Off. The mice of Mousopolis fired up their grills, confident that they would never see or hear from Dogzilla again.

However, there was one thing they hadn't counted
on . . . Puppies!