



ABBY! I HAVE A
LITTLE *MYSTERY*
FOR YOU TO
SOLVE!

CAN YOU
INVESTIGATE
AND FIND OUT
WHO WROTE
THIS LETTER?

NOT
NOW.

MR. BONK IS IN
CRITICAL CONDITION
AFTER A DRYER
ACCIDENT.

HE'S SUFFERING
FROM SEVERE
THREAD FATIGUE
AND HE'S LOST A
LOT OF FLUFF.

I THINK I CAN USE
THE PARTS I HAVE
TO BRING HIM TO A
FULL RECOVERY.

DID YOU MAKE
ALL THIS OUT OF
LEGOS?

HEY!



I ADDED STRONGER THREAD.




I GAVE HIM MORE EXPRESSION.



AND BEHOLD...

...THE NEW MR. BONK!



I HAD TO STRETCH WHAT WAS LEFT, AND ADD A FEW THINGS TO MAKE HIM WHOLE, AGAIN.



BUT OVERALL, I'M PRETTY PLEASED.



DID YOU RIP OUT THE EYES FROM YOUR POWERPUFF GIRL DOLL, FOR HIM?

WELL, SHE WAS KIND OF BEING A BITCH TO THE OTHER TOYS...

WHO'S THE
NEW GUY?

THAT'S
BONK! HE
GOT
RE-SEWED!

YEAH, HE'S
ABIGAIL'S
FAVORITE,
ALL RIGHT.

WHAT I WOULDN'T
GIVE TO BE ABIGAIL'S
FAVORITE.

MAYBE HE
WON'T BE HER
FAVORITE IF WE
RIP HIS EARS
OFF!

I WANT HIS
HANDS. I'M TIRED
OF JUST HAVING
TENTACLES!

MY
EYES!

HE SO CUTE, I
WANT TO LIGHT
HIM ON FIRE!

LET'S PUT HIM
ON A SPIT AND
COOK 'IM!

NOT
BEFORE I
GET THOSE
HANDS!

DIBS ON
THE WINGS!

Threat level:
Extreme

Initiating
Defense
Protocol

YOU WANT
A HAND!?

VRRRR!
CLAK!
CLAK!

HOW ABOUT
THIS
ONE!?!?

KCHAK!

VRR
RRR
RRR

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
FSHHN SHH
MM

BONK!
STOP!

YOUR TARGETING
MATRIX IS A
LITTLE OFF.