



## CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE



CHINATOWN...

ZOINKS!  
LIKE, IT'S B-BAD  
ENOUGH THAT THERE'S  
A D-DRAGON AFTER  
US--  
--B-BUT SIX  
DRAGONS?!



--AND THEY,  
LIKE, *BREATHE*  
*FIRE*?!

THAT'S  
STRANGE.

YOU  
THINK?













"...A NUMBER  
ONE SUPER-  
GUY!"

POLICE HEADQUARTERS.  
YOU'RE SPEAKING TO  
ROSEMARY, THE *CUTEST*  
COP IN THE WHOLE  
COP SHOP!

YOU'RE  
LOOKING FOR *WHO*?  
BECAUSE *WHAT*?  
*WHERE*?

NO,  
I DON'T NEED  
ALL THE *HOWS*  
AND *WHYS*. WE'LL  
GET RIGHT ON  
IT!

SARGE! PENRY!  
SOME MEDDLING  
KIDS NEED *HELP*  
FROM MY DREAMBOAT,  
*HONG KONG*  
*PHOOEY*!

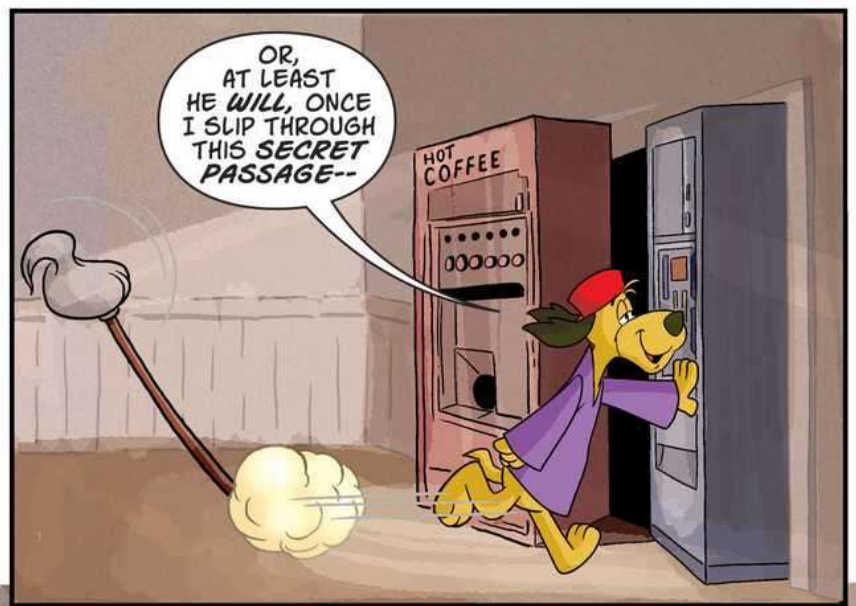
OOH, OOH!  
I'D BETTER  
GO TURN ON  
THE *PHOOEY*  
SIGNAL!

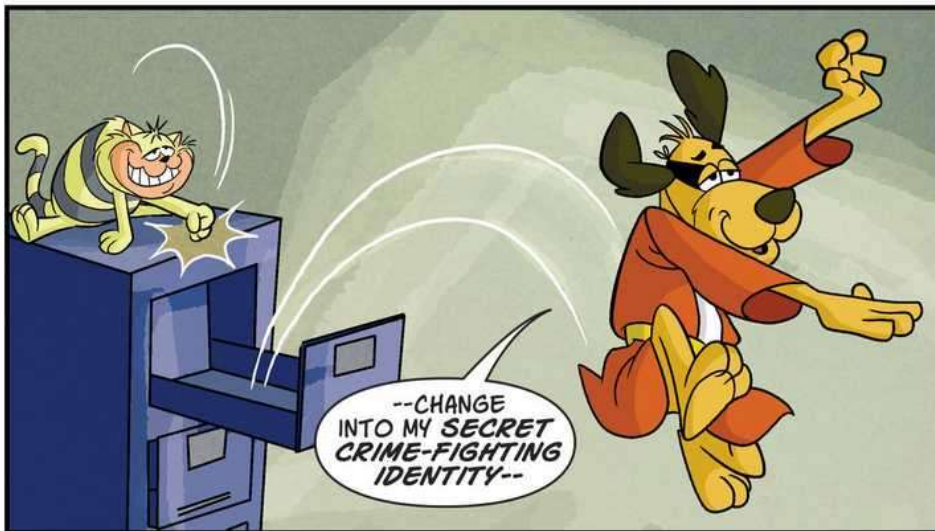
NO,  
WAIT--WE  
DON'T *HAVE*  
A *PHOOEY*  
SIGNAL.

THEN  
HOW WILL HE  
*FIND OUT*  
THEY NEED  
HELP?





































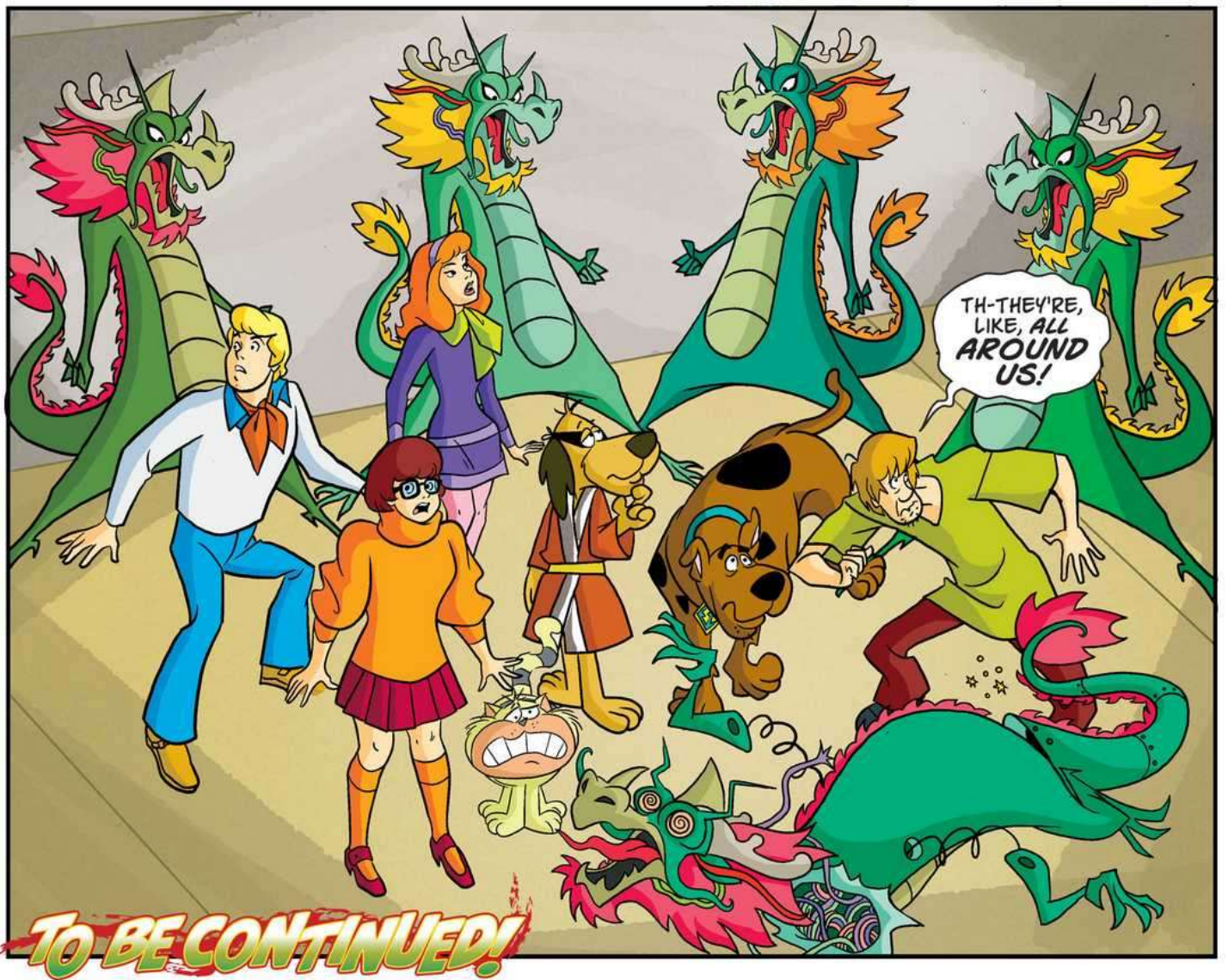












**JINKIES!**  
SURROUNDED  
BY **ROBOT**  
**NINJA KUNG FU**  
**DRAGONS!**

THIS  
IS **NOT** HOW  
I PICTURED  
MY DAY.













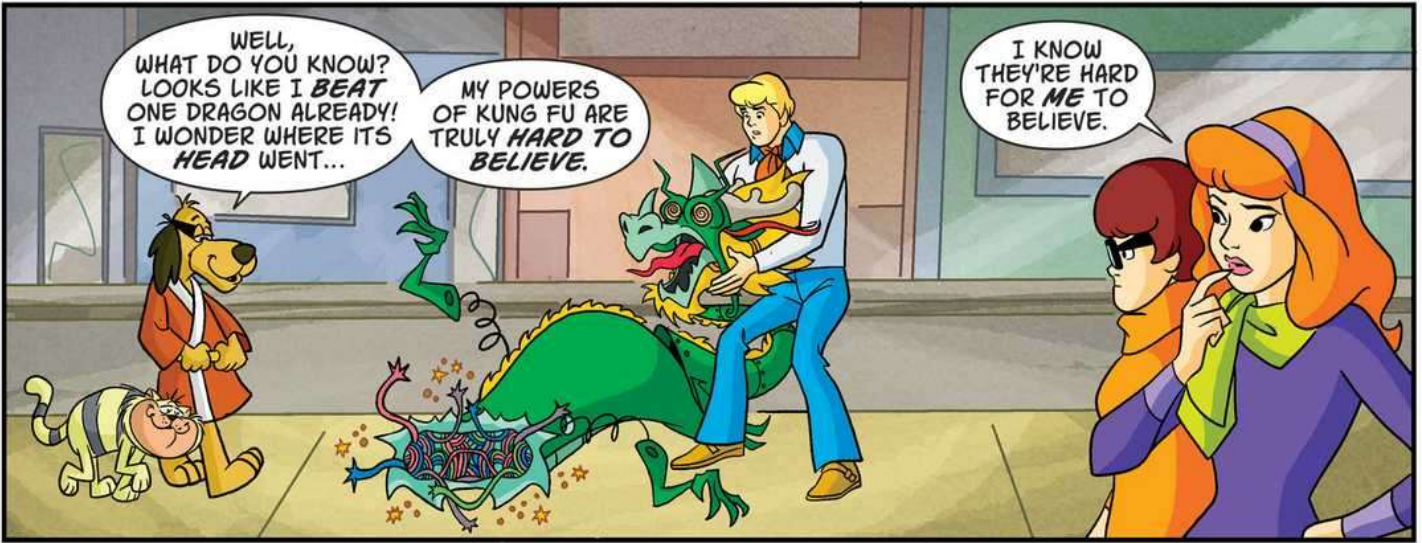






























YOUR  
LIFE OF CRIME  
IS *OVER*,  
UH...

BERNIE.

YES, I  
SUPPOSE  
IT IS.

YOU SEE,  
I'M A *ROBOTICS  
SCIENTIST*, BUT I  
COULDN'T GET FUNDING  
TO PAY FOR MY  
RESEARCH.



SO  
I BUILT THESE  
*ROBOT DRAGONS*  
AND CONTROLLED  
THEM WITH THIS  
*REMOTE CONTROL*. IF  
MY DRAGONS SCARED  
EVERYONE AWAY FROM  
CHINATOWN...

... I FIGURED  
I COULD GRAB  
THE STORES'  
*MONEY*, AND USE  
IT TO PAY FOR MY  
WORK.

















