



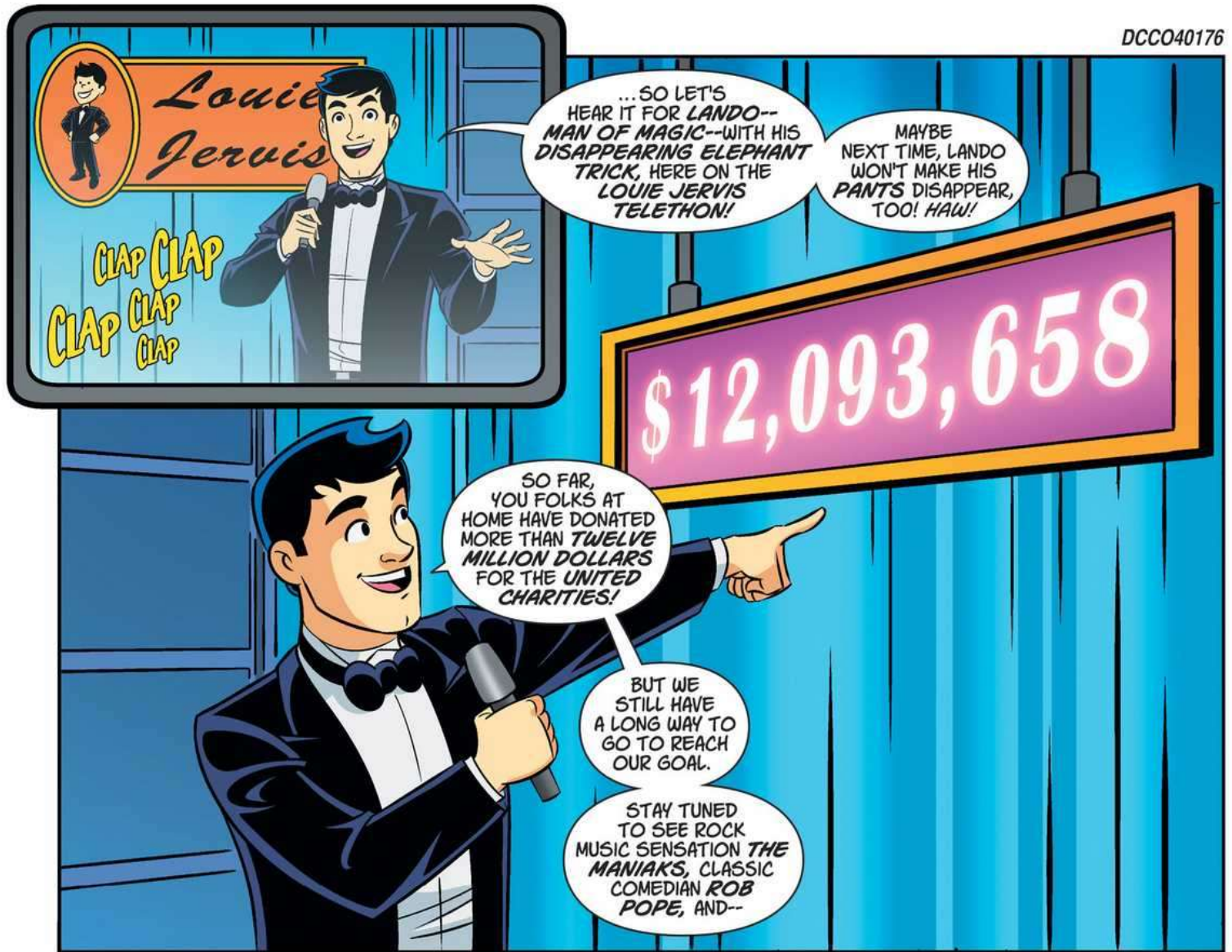
SCOOBY-DOO!™

TEAM-UP

TOO MANY KOOKS!



CHAPTER SEVENTY-ONE





SOON...



...FORTUNATELY, WE WERE WATCHING THE TELETHON ON TV. SO, WHEN YOU SCREAMED THAT THERE WAS A MONSTER, WE CAME TO HELP!

SO DID WE!



ZOINKS! THE MONSTER!

"MONSTER"? WHERE?

SIGH WE'RE NOT MONSTERS!







WE SHOULD HELP
THOSE GUYS
DOWN BEFORE
SOMEONE GETS
HURT.

I'LL FLY UP AND GET THEM! IT'LL
JUST ~~≡HUFF≡~~ TAKE ME AN **HOUR**
OR TWO TO REACH
THEM.

"AN
HOUR OR
TWO"?

THAT'S WHY
THEY CALL ME
THE **BLIMP**! CAN
SOMEONE GIVE
ME A ~~≡PUFF≡~~
PUSH?

WE DON'T **HAVE** AN HOUR OR TWO! THERE'S
A **HUGE MONSTER** AROUND, WITH THE **HAIR**
AND THE **TEETH** AND THE "**NYAR**
NYAR NYAR"...

SOUNDS
LIKE MY COUSIN
MELVIN.











IF
WE'RE GOING
TO PROTECT THE
TELETHON, WE NEED
TO BE SOMEWHERE
WHERE WE CAN KEEP
AN *EYE* ON THINGS
WITHOUT AROUSING
SUSPICION.

I THINK
I KNOW
JUST THE
PLACE...

LET'S
HEAR IT FOR THE
COMEDY STYLINGS
OF GOODY
RICKLES!

\$12,093,658

BUT LET'S
ALSO REMEMBER THE
REAL REASON WE'RE
HERE--TO RAISE MONEY
FOR THE UNITED
CHARITIES.

OUR FRIENDLY
VOLUNTEERS ARE MANNING
THE *PHONE BANK*,
WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL
AND *PLEDGE YOUR*
DONATIONS!

CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP





MEANWHILE, IN THE TELETHON'S OFFICES...

...AND NOTHING *UNUSUAL* HAS HAPPENED DURING THE TELETHON, MR. ARNOLD? NO *MONSTERS*?

EVEN IF THERE *WERE* SUCH THINGS AS MONSTERS, MR. NELSON AND I WOULDN'T HAVE *TIME* TO LOOK FOR THEM! OUR TEAM OF ACCOUNTANTS IS CONSTANTLY RECEIVING *DONATIONS*, COUNTING THEM UP--

"--AND ENTERING THE TOTAL INTO THE TELETHON'S *TOTE BOARD*."

\$ 17,258,022



WE'VE GOT A NEW TOTAL-- *SEVENTEEN MILLION DOLLARS!*

ANYBODY GOT A BUCK FOR A CUP OF COFFEE? *HAW!*



WHILE
BACKSTAGE...

... *YOU*
HAVEN'T SEEN ANY
MONSTERS EITHER,
MR. POPE?

NOT SINCE *HIGH*
SCHOOL, DAPHNE! BUT
WITH ALL *THESE* KOOKY
CHARACTERS AROUND, WHO
COULD TELL?



THESE *SWORD-*
SWALLOWERS AND
FIRE-EATERS ARE
AMAZING!

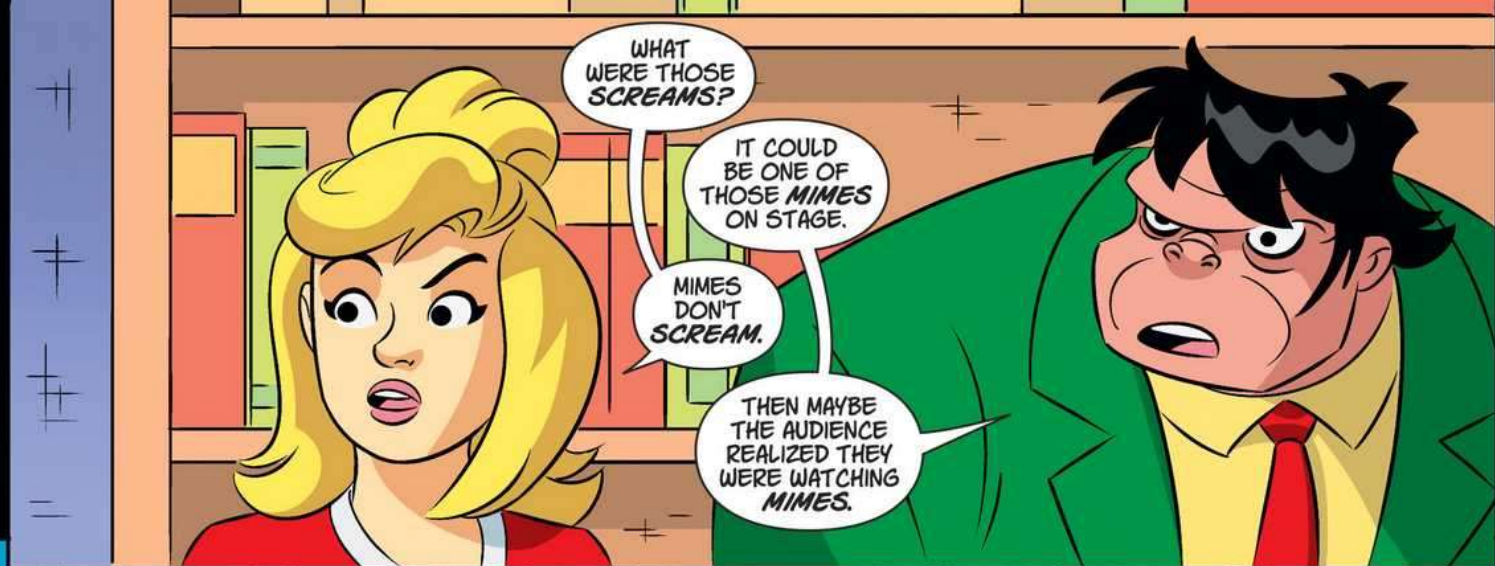
≠GULP≠ THIS
IS *ONE* TIME I
DON'T WANT A
SNACK!















WHERE
WERE YOU,
THPOT?

HIDING,
STANLEY. CROWDS
MAKE ME NERVOUS--
NOT TO MENTION
JUGGLERS!



SO,
YOU'RE A
DOG, EH?

SURE,
AND YOU'RE A
PERFECTLY NORMAL
DETECTIVE.

THAT'S
RIGHT.

AND A
CARTOONIST.

YES.

AND
NOT AT ALL
AN APE.

...FAIR
POINT.







MONSTER!

THERE.
THAT SHOULD
DO IT.

BUT, ARNOLD,
WON'T PEOPLE BE
MAD WHEN THEY GET
HERE AND THERE'S NO
MONSTER?



WE'LL BE **LONG GONE** BY THEN! WITH EVERYONE SO
JUMPY ABOUT THE MONSTER, IT'S THE PERFECT CHANCE
TO HELP OURSELVES TO SOME OF THIS **CASH**!

WHO'S
GOING TO MISS
A COUPLE **HUNDRED
THOUSAND DOLLARS**?
BESIDES, IF THEY DO,
WE'LL JUST BLAME
THE **MONSTER**!

I DON'T
KNOW... THIS
MONEY'S FOR
CHARITY...



NOW, JUST ACT **NORMAL**,
SO YOU DON'T ATTRACT
ATTENTION. CALM AND
COLLECTED...























ARE
YOU JOKING?
HOW COULD *BABIES*
CATCH DANGEROUS
CRIMINALS?

SUGAR AND
SPIKE CAN'T EVEN *TALK*
YET! THEY JUST SPOUT
MEANINGLESS BABY
JABBER!



URKL
BLRZ...*

SHMOX
GLTZL! **

*TRANSLATION:
WELL, I TRIED
TO TELL THEM
ABOUT OUR
CLEVER PLAN...

**TRANSLATION:
NEVER BOTHER
EXPLAINING THINGS
TO GROWN-UPS,
DOLL-BOY. THEY
CAN'T EVEN
UNDERSTAND
PERFECTLY GOOD
BABY TALK!



