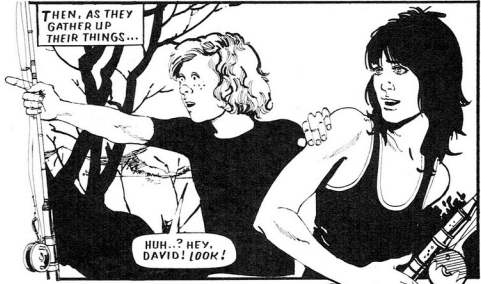


WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE STUFF DAVID? MAYBE THERE'S A REWARD!



MAYBE THERE IS. I GUESS THE SOONER WE HAND IT OVER TO THE COPS, THE BETTER. WE CAN COME BACK AND FISH LATER...

THEN, AS THEY GATHER UP THEIR THINGS...



HUH...? HEY, DAVID! [LOOK.]



JIMINY! RUN FOR IT, DANNY - WHOEVER THEY ARE - THEY MEAN BUSINESS!

THE MAN CALLED SLIM HURLS HIS HEAVY GOGGLES...



OH, NO!



SLIM! WE'LL NEVER CATCH 'EM IN THESE DARNED FLIPPERS!

COOL IT, DANDO! I WASN'T A BASE BALL PITCHER FOR NOTHING!

BUT NOBODY PUSHES DAVID CASSIDY AROUND...



BE SMART, KID! BEAT IT!

GAMFFF!

GET LOST, AN' YOU WON'T GET HURT!

OKAY, YOU MONKEY! WE'LL PLAY IT THE ROUGH WAY!

SLIM'S KNIFE FLASHES IN THE SUNLIGHT... BUT DAVID'S REACTIONS ARE LIGHTNING FAST!



I GUESS THAT MAKES THE ADVANTAGE MINE, MISTER!

ATTACK - THE BEST METHOD OF DEFENCE!



AAAGH!

FROM BEHIND HIM, DAVID HEARS HEARS DANNY SHOUT THAT HE'S OKAY...



COME ON!

RUN, DANNY! WE'VE GOT TO LOSE THEM BEFORE THEY GET THOSE FLIPPERS OFF!

Next week: danger in a cave!