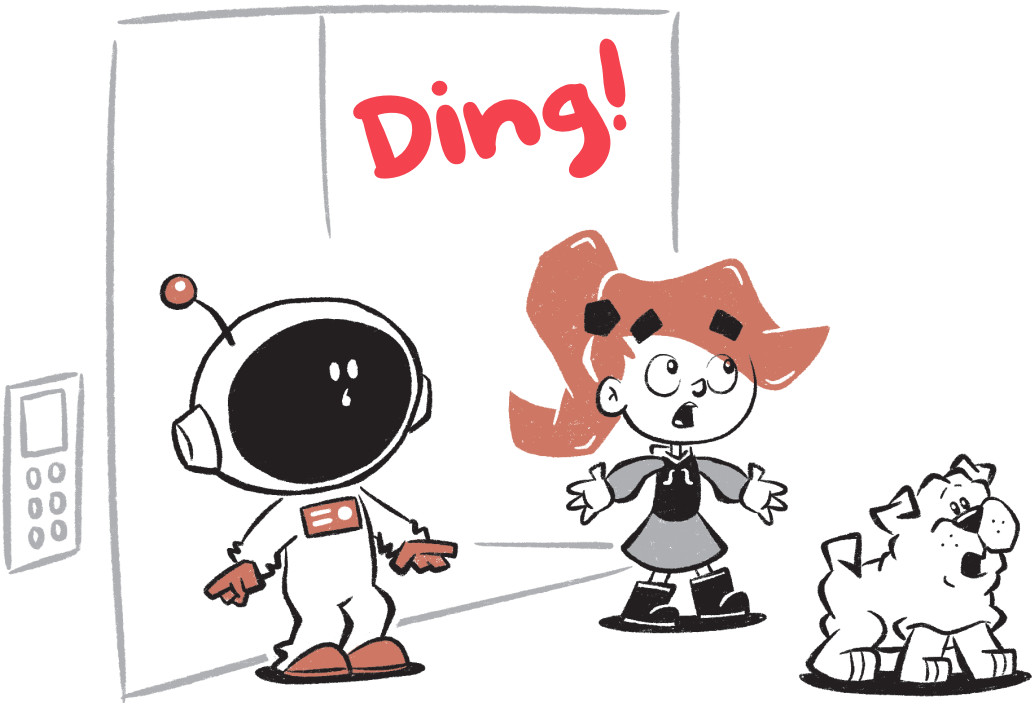


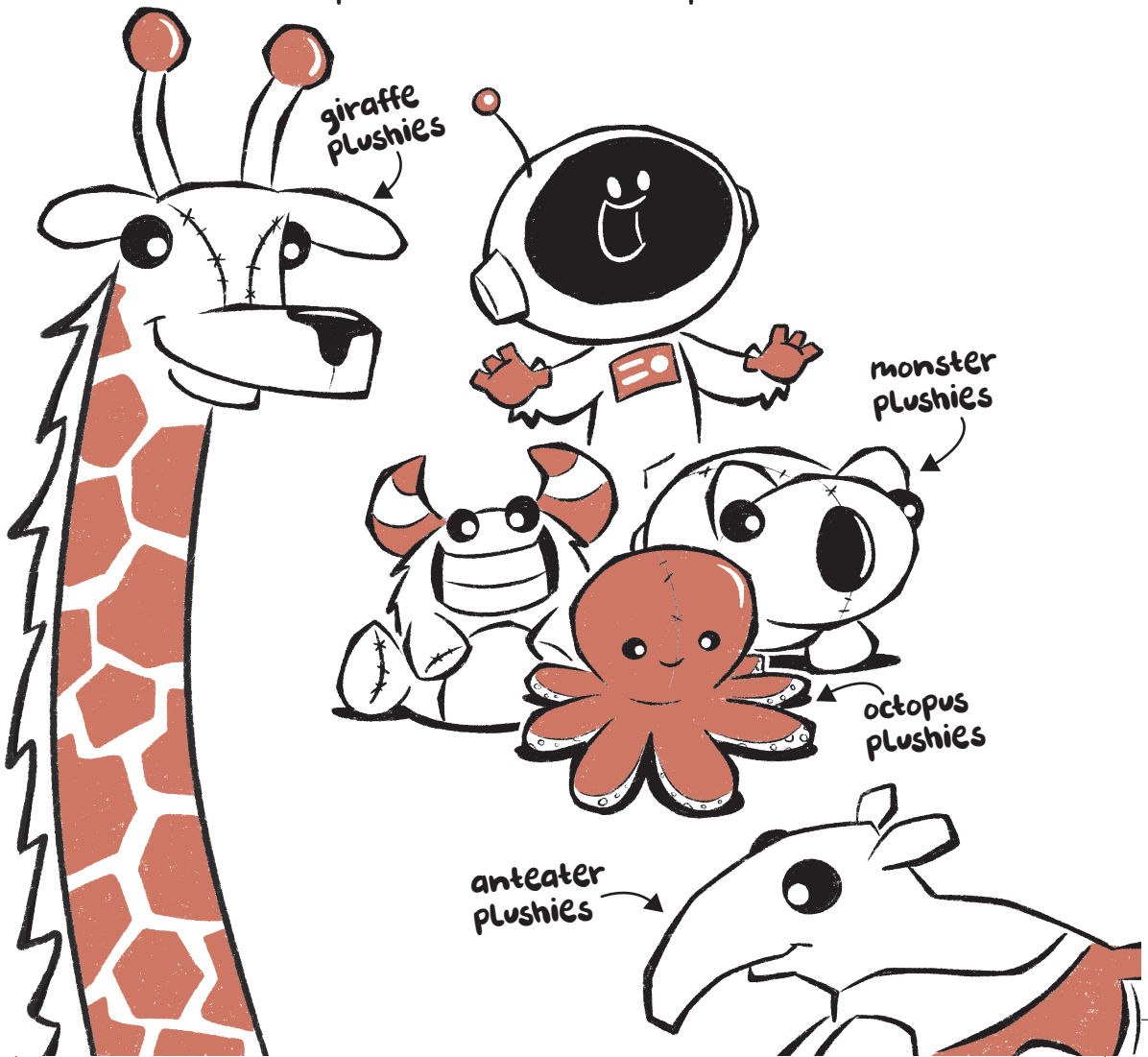
Chapter Three



The elevator's bell rings and the door slides open. A relieved Ralph is first out. An excited Mooki and Cindy follow – then stop in their tracks.

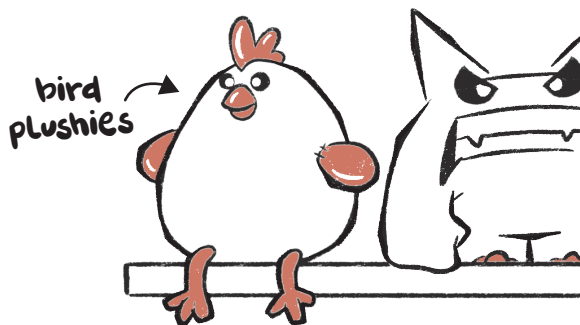
There. Are. Plushies. Everywhere.

And I mean for as far as the eye can see. Big plushies and small plushies and in-between plushies.



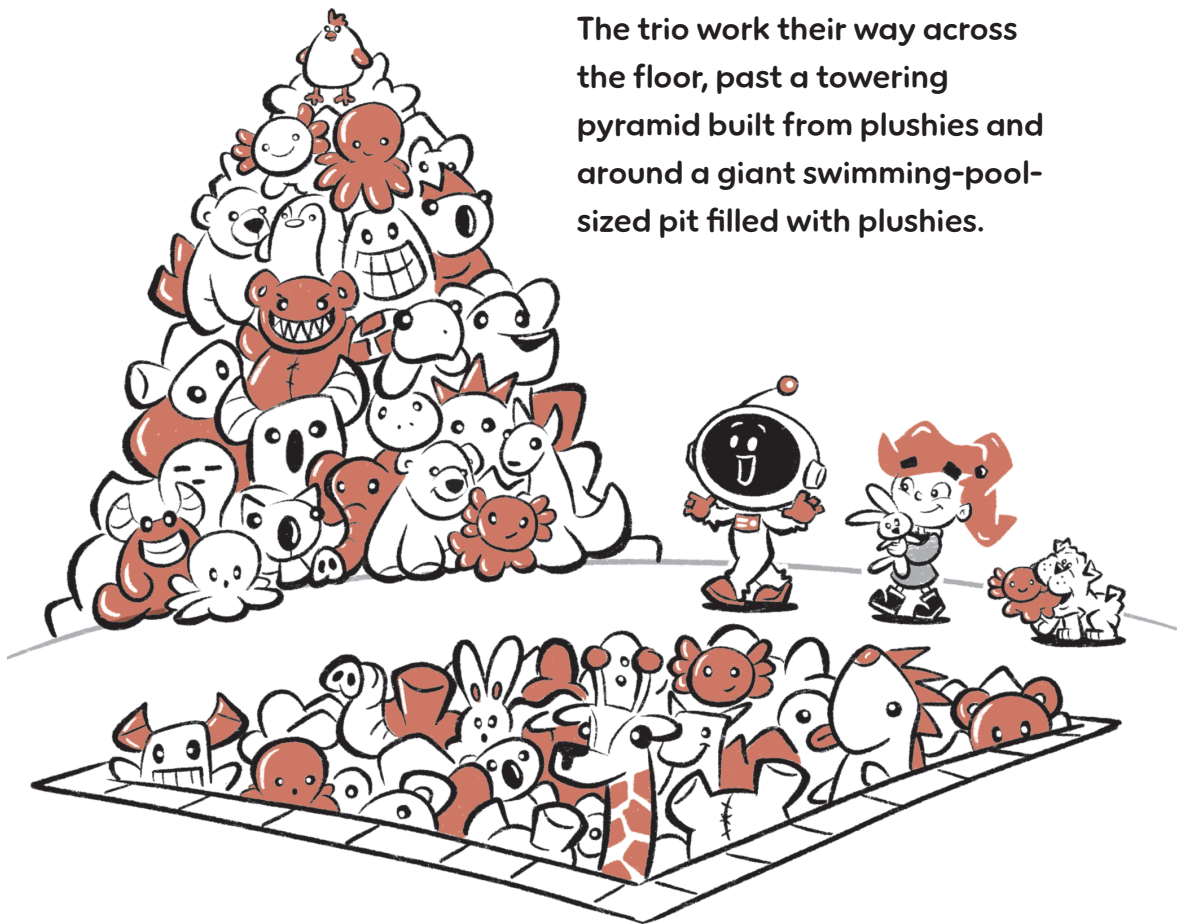
Mooki looks around, amazed.
'I've never seen anything like it.'

Cindy is equally excited. 'It's a
plush-a-pollooza!' She squeezes
the snout of the big elephant
plushie nearby.



Mooki rubs his hands together. 'Okey-dokey, let's find Cog!'

The trio work their way across the floor, past a towering pyramid built from plushies and around a giant swimming-pool-sized pit filled with plushies.

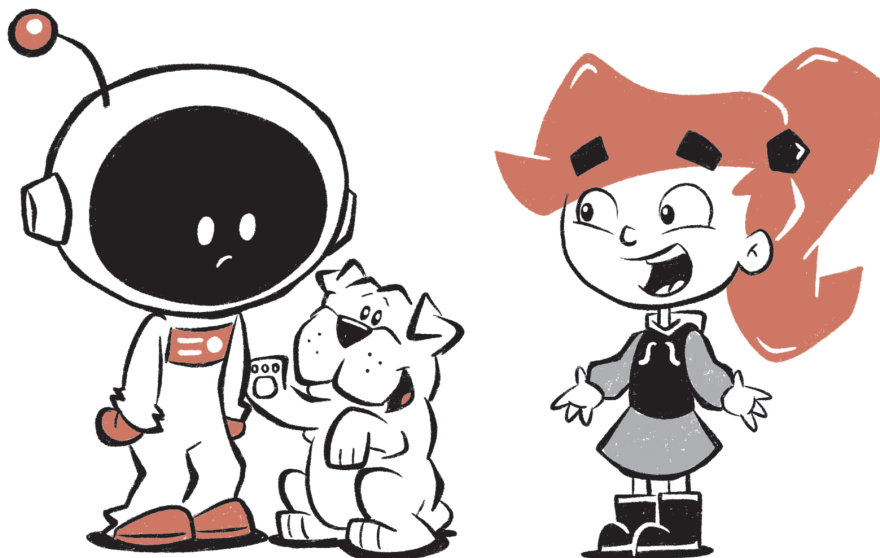


After a full circuit, the trio still don't see anything that resembles Cog.

Mooki is a bit disappointed.

Ralph can tell. **'Bark, bark, bark.'**

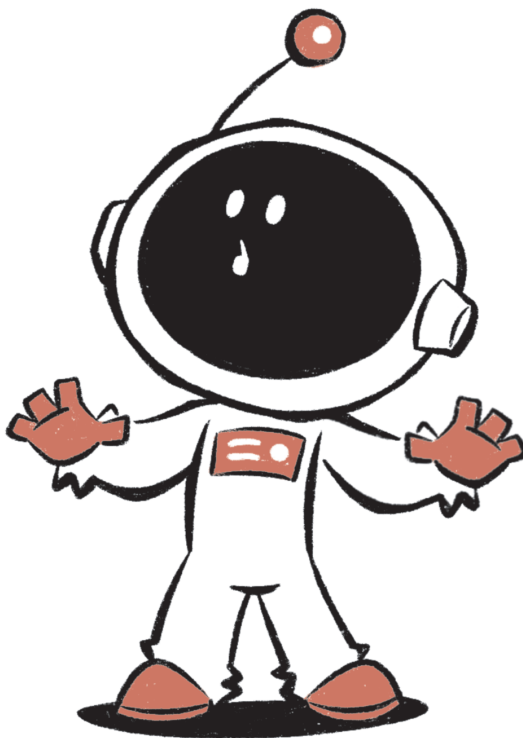
Cindy agrees. 'Yeah, don't worry, we'll find him. We have plenty of other floors to go –'



A laugh echoes in the distance.

Now, this is not your regular laugh. Oh no, this is a crazy, crazy (yes, with two crazys) laugh.

The trio hear it and are immediately on guard.



HA HA HA
HA HA HA

The crazy, crazy laughter gets louder.

And closer.



The trio look at each other and
Cindy says what they're
all thinking. 'Usually the
sound of laughter is joyful
and fun, but that's just
weird and annoying.'



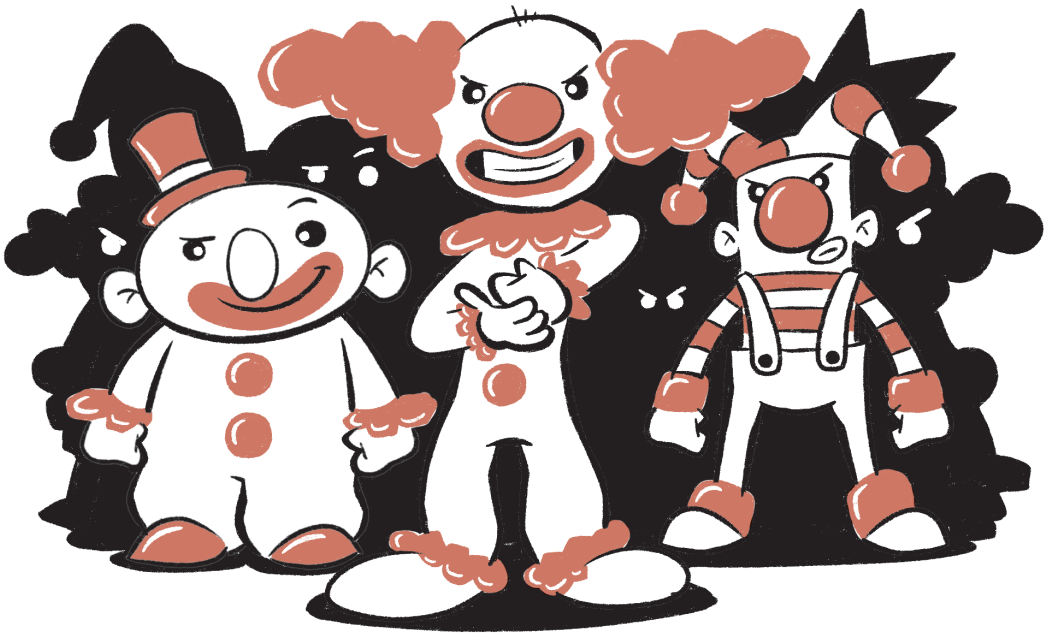
Mooki agrees. 'Yeah, you're right, Ralphmeister. We should
get out of here.' The trio turn to run back to the elevator –
then stop when they see what's in front of them.

Clowns.

Plushie clowns.

So many plushie clowns.

Too many, actually.



Some are big and some are small and some are chunky
and some are tall. But all of them are **creepy** as.
They block the trio's path to the elevator as they laugh
that crazy, crazy laugh.

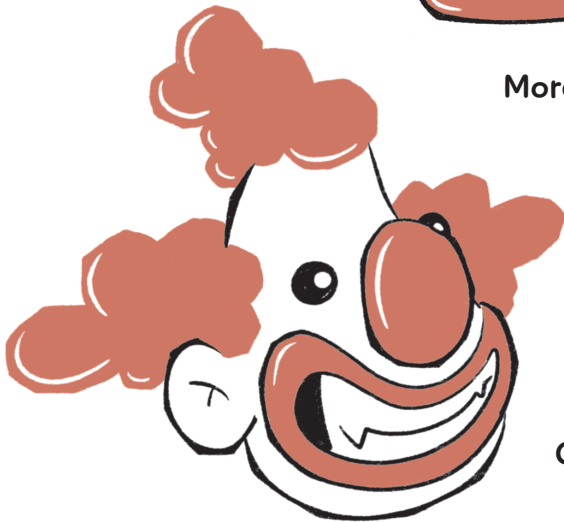
HA HA HA
HA HA HA!



Then the trio hear that crazy, crazy
laugh behind them and look back.



More.



Creepy.



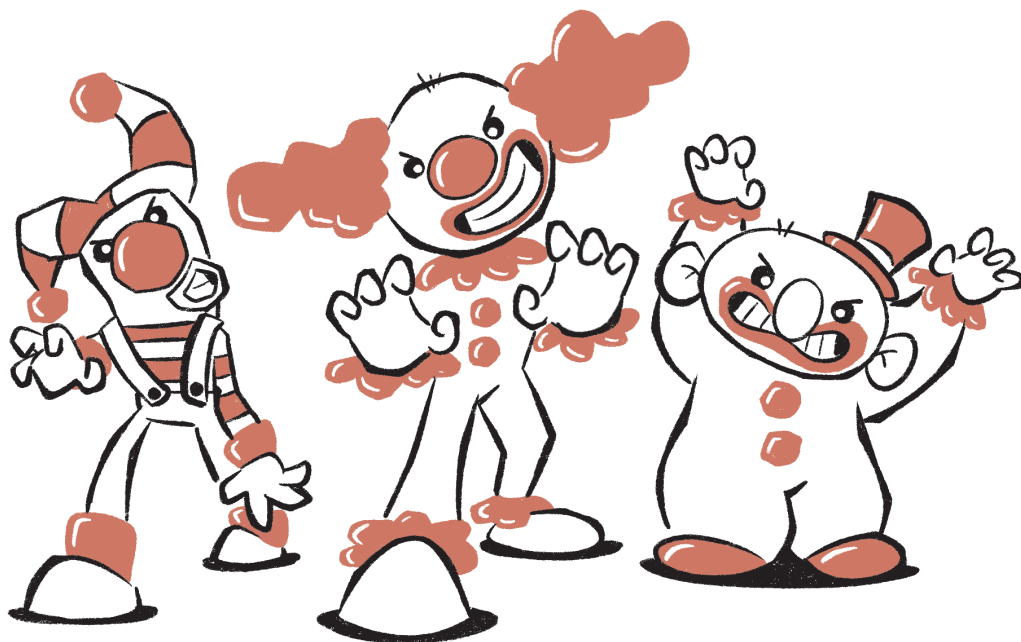
Plushie.



Clowns.

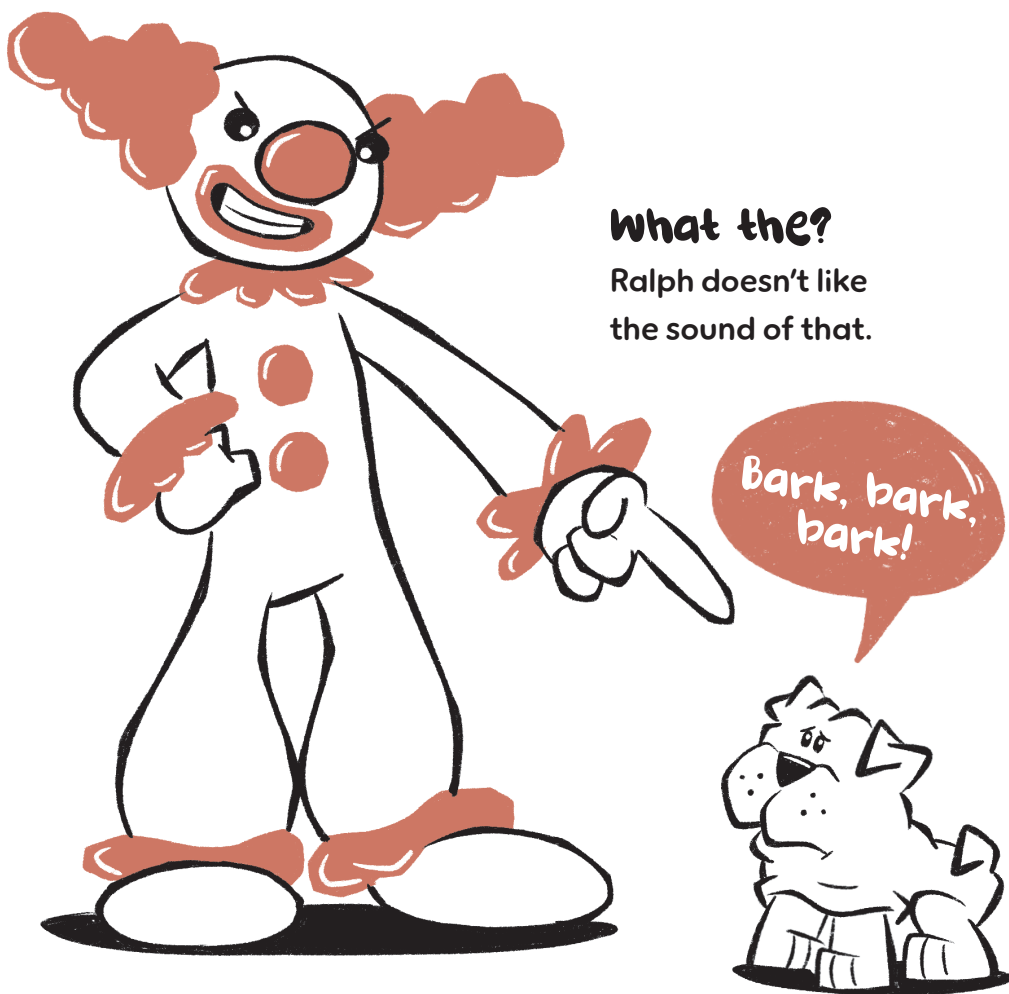
The clowns shuffle forward with arms outstretched and heads tilted to the side like squishy zombies. Then they speak together, in one creepy voice:

YOU MUST COME
WITH US.

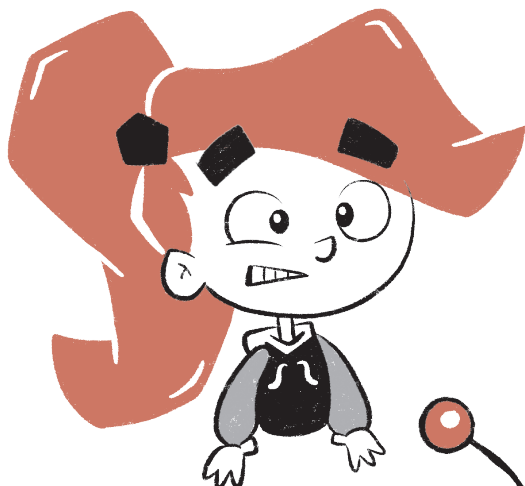


Cindy shakes her head. 'That, dear clowns, will **never** happen.'

'Good! Because we don't want **you**. We want **him**!' The creepy clowns all point at Ralph.



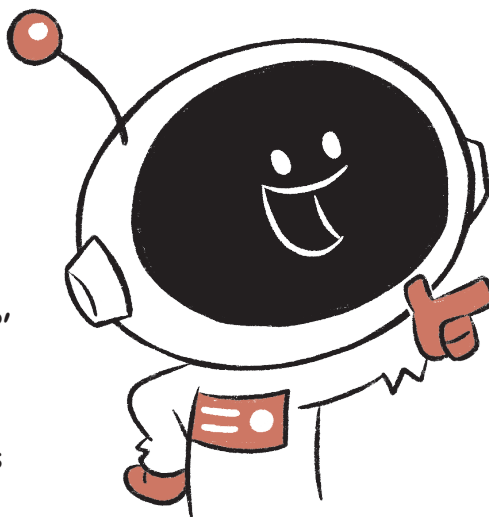
Cindy agrees with Ralph. 'Yep. We **really** need to get out of here.'



Mooki frantically looks around for an escape, then glances up – and grins. 'I have an idea!'

Cindy's happy to hear it.
'Great, so what do we do?'

'We climb!' Mooki points at the rack full of plushies behind them.



Cindy looks down at Ralph.
'Quick sticks!'



Cindy doesn't agree.
'Sure, you might be
going as quickly as
you can, but that's still
pretty slow. You need
to move faster!'

HA HA HA
HA HA
HA!

The creepy clowns have shuffled up to the rack and reach their gloved hands towards the little doggie.



He's about to get snatched –



