



EWW!!
WHAT IS THIS STUFF?



IT TASTES
LIKE MASSAGE
LOTION!



WELL...

...I MEAN THE
MASSAGE LOTION
THAT MY GYMNASTICS
COACH USES!



IS IT LEAKING FROM ABOVE?



ER...

YEAH!

THEY MUST BE
DOING MESSAGES
ABOVE US!



BUT, WE'RE
ON THE TOP
FLOOR!



ER...

MASSAGES
FROM...



...SPACE?





GEEZ, BOB!

PUT A LITTLE EFFORT INTO IT!



OH!!

OF COURSE!

IT MUST BE
COMING FROM
OUTER SPACE!



SPACE!

YEAH!!

WELL, WE SHOULDN'T LET THIS NASA GRADE MASSAGE OIL GO TO WASTE!

HOW ABOUT I RUB THAT INTO YOU?



THAT'S ALRIGHT, UNCLE BOB.

IF THIS IS THE SAME KIND OF LOTION THAT MY COACH USES, I DON'T WANT TO GET PREGNANT FROM IT!



IN THAT CASE...

LET'S GO AND SHOWER UP, PUMPKIN!