

THE STORY OF ARPEGGIO

By Arpeggio

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The story of how I (being Arpeggio) lived after Sly turned matters to Clock-La and after the horrid beating I took! A must for any real Sly Cooper fan! Enjoy!

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1 - PHYSICALLY DISABLED

THE STORY OF ARPEGGIO AFTER SLY TURNED MATTERS TO CLOCK-LA...

It's very simple, really. I was laying there for I don't know HOW long. I knew my blimp was going down. But as soon as Sly Cooper left, the game refreshed and my four patrolling gaurds were immeadiatly out there. They saw me, and helped me up. "Aww, man! I'm gonna call the Emergency Center for birds and other small animals!" one squawked.

"You okay, master Arpeggio?" one asked me. I would have answered except I was too scratched up and flattened to do much of ANYTHING! (All thanks to Neyla, of course.)

Anyway, they came and I was taken to the Emergency Center with one of the smaller orange blimps you see on my larger one, and we were there BEFORE I could die. (Of course nobody knows this because it was all my little secret and that's why they didn't bother show what happened to ME after my life of crime in the end credits of Sly Cooper 2!!! Anyway...)

I stayed in the hospital for days. I don't know HOW long, because I woke up, then fell back asleep at countless times. Sometimes it was day, sometimes night. So I knew it must have been a long time. Once when I woke, I found wires attached to me. That would have scared me half out of my wits, of course, but I was just so tired...

Then, I finally awoke and they said I was free to go. I felt good as new, like a million dollars you might say. But I still couldn't fly! THOSE IDIOTS! Never thought to fix me of my REAL flaws! "And now," I thought, "where are those Clockwerk parts?" I remembered Neyla walking in. I remembered it clear as day...

"Stupid Arpeggio. I double-crossed the Cooper Gang, Interpol, AND Carmelita...what makes you think I wouldn't do the same to you?" she had said, looking pleased with herself for having knocked me down! Then she entered MY body. I was FURIOUS!!!

"This IS preposterous!" I began, "You're my protégé! Not the next candidate for MY immortality! I demand you exit the Clockwerk frame or...OR..."

That's when it all went black. Could NEYLA be the one to have them now? Had Sly Cooper stopped her if so? I didn't know. But you can be SURE I know now...and when I get my hands on you, Neyla, hear this: there will be ABSOLUTELY NO ESCAPE!!!! I hope you were listening! Because I AM back, and I'm taking out ALL my rage on NEYLA!!! Oh wait...wasn't Sly Cooper there too? Well, then you know who ELSE is going to pay!!!

2 - AN INFURIATING DISCOVERY

THE STORY OF ARPEGGIO AFTER SLY TURNED MATTERS TO CLOCK-LA CONTINUED:

I had just left the entrance to the Emergency Center for Birds and other small animals where I met my four patrolling gaurds. "What has happened?" I asked them. "Where is my blimp?" They looked at me for what I thought had been close to seven three minutes before they answered.

"It's...uh, headed to Paris! Just like you ordered!" they said with suspicious looks on their faces.

"And the Clockwerk parts?" I said trying to be more specific.

"They're on the blimp, of course!" another gaurd said, with a smile just as stupid as the first gaurd's.

"Are they, or are they not carrying Neyla?!" I demanded angrily. Here my gaurds just looked at each other and gulped. Then they would stop and smile idiotic smiles at me. "WELL?!"

"Uh...yes..." the third gaurd said quivering. Trying to hide his guilt.

"YES' WHAT?!?" I squawked, my patience entirely lost.

"Yes..." the fourth gaurd gulped. "...Neyla's in 'em...BUT IT'S NOT OUR FAULT!"

"Well if she dominates Paris, by jove, I WILL blame you for wasting my time!"

I knew Neyla had done it. How could I NOT see it?

As a child, Neyla's strong power of persuasion gained her a group of students to become a homework ring for her. When her secret was found out, instead of punishing her, her teachers passed the news traveled to Interpol. They were very impressed, and gave her a job there. It was said that she could "get inside the criminal mind". And that was precicely what she had done to me. I was disgusted. I wanted nothing to do with her. Nothing except her death.

A few days later, the news reached my gaurds and I that Neyla had been destroyed along with all the Clockwerk parts by none other than SLY COOPER!! How it infuriated me that I was not responsible for her death. Not only that, but my pride and joy, the beautiful blimp that I had worked so hard on, was now destroyed! My heart was filled with black hate and the thirst for revenge. Now I couldn't do ANYTHING to resolve it.

I tried looking on the bright side. Atleast Neyla wasn't there anymore! But I didn't care! The Clockwerk parts were destroyed! Now I could NEVER become immortal. I decided to take it out on myself for not making it to her in time. That only made me feel worse.

Then I came across an idea that made me feel a little better. My remaining gaurds and I could rebuild my blimp! This time, we could make it better than before! I started work immediately. We worked for days, weeks, months, even a few years before it was rebuilt. We spent a fortune, too. But that didn't matter, as the blimp my dimwhitted gaurds had brought me to the emergency center in, was my treasury. This was where I hoarded away all my treasure, gold, silver, my inherited riches, and things of the same sort. But, as not to spend it all, I had to call in a few favors from Jean Bison, whom I had given quite a portion of my riches for all the Clockwerk parts.

Soon, my blimp was rebuilt, and we took to the skies in no time at all. It was the exact same thing as before, everything exactly as it was, except for the tougher metal used. I also called a thug company and ordered three times as many gaurds as before. It was truly splended.

A few months later, I recieved news of Neyla being spotted in Paris, not far from the Cooper Gang's headquarters. Was this a dream? Was it someone who resembled Neyla quite a bit? Or was it a second chance given to me for revenge? Whatever it was, I ordered my gaurds to thrust us full speed ahead to Paris. I read the article again and again. "It must be true!" I thought, delighted. "Neyla's back, and she's free for the taking!"

3 - THE LONG RIDE TO PARIS

THE STORY OF ARPEGGIO AFTER SLY TURNED MATTERS TO CLOCK-LA CONTINUED:

My men and I were traveling at full speed and on our way to Paris. Neyla was sure to be there. We weren't too far away, but still I was impatient. I went to check up on the rest of the blimp.

I was inside my bird cage, rolling along beside a great pile of crates, when I noticed something VERY disturbing. I noticed a green bottle with a yellow question mark on the front swaying back and forth at a rapid pace. Inside the dancing bottle was something that appeared to be a rolled up piece of paper. I recognized this bottle. It was one of the clue bottles I had that held the secrets to my safe. If Sly Cooper had found them, he could open it! And when he had, one of my precious secrets would be revealed! Thank goodness he had not found this one!

How I hated that dasterdly Sly Cooper. I hated him nearly as much as I hated Neyla. That was when I realized something. Why DID I hate Sly Cooper? In his attempts to stop me, he was never that great of a threat. After all, if not for him, I might have never gotten all the Clockwerk parts without turning on the other Klaww Gang members. He was like a partner in a strange

I-don't-know-why-I-am-feeling-alright-with-this-idiotic-rat kind of way. But even though I tried, I did not hate him as much as I thought I had. I had only-

"Mister Arpeggio?" these words made me jump out of my thoughts and jump clear into the air. I spun around to meet my attacker.

"Oh, Orville..." I sighed, looking at one of my pathetic flashlight gaurds. "...what is it? What gives you the right to scare your leader half out of his whits?!"

"Sorry, sir. I just wanted to tell you, we're now above Paris, and will be coming in for landing at any minute." Orville turned and his stilts made a clinking noise as he walked off.

Here we were...Paris. I could finally take revenge of Neyla! Now she would pay for everything she had done! Including the time she had made me build her a blimp of her very own, using the very last of my materials.

Neyla never really DID listen to me, after all. She was ALWAYS ignoring my directions, telling me that reading an article in her magazine was more important than helping reconstruct the magnetic inducers. She was always lounging around, watching television, or telling me that Sucker Punch productions had made a video game with us in it, and that I needed to see it right away. Of course, I didn't believe her. No one had EVER spoken to me about this.

As I left my blimp, which was now landed on the ground in Paris, I noticed a Police car stop right in front of a bank across from the feild we had landed in. "FREEZE!!!" she cried at an unknown criminal. She was a fox with long black hair that was being blown around by the north winds. "Drop the cash and put your hands UP!!!" I stood there, curiously watching. Then I heard a faint voice, that sounded familiar, but I couldn't make out what they were saying. "I don't have time for this, Cooper!" she cried, and I heard a crackling shot, as though it was from a shock-pistol.

Suddenly, a gray and blue streak raced out into the street, followed by a crackling white ball that came from the police woman's pistol. "They NEVER freeze!!!" she sighed, still in pursuit of the streak, which I knew was Sly Cooper. Then, after they raced around town, I saw a vague shape come into veiw.

A pink tail with purple stripes swayed back and forth slowly. Then, slowly, the shape of a head peeked up from behind a counter.

"That was a close one!" a familiar voice sighed with relief. Even before the rest of her body was in veiw, I knew I had found her. Neyla. "Might as well take the remaining jewels, then. Doesn't look like anyone

else is going to be needing them!" My entire body was burning from head to tail feather with hatred. Just WATCHING her made me furious. And yet, I was happy. I knew it wouldn't be long until her death. A smile slowly crept onto my face. I had found her. I could easily take her by surprise right now, and she wouldn't expect a THING!
But...what fun would THAT be?

4 - A NEW ASSISTANT

THE STORY OF ARPEGGIO AFTER SLY TURNED MATTERS TO CLOCK-LA CONTINUED:

I watched Neyla as she hoarded her load into a bag with a dollar sign marked on it. It was faint at first, but I finally caught what she was saying. "This is BLOODY brilliant! If only Arpeggio could see me when I'm RICH!!" Neyla continued loading gold into the bag until she decided it was full enough. Then, she tucked the top under her arm and pulled-only the bag didn't budge. "Oh, poop. Now I'll have to put some of it back!" I watched as she unloaded the bag to about half the weight she had had it before. Then she dragged it along.

As I watched I had that feeling that someone was watching me. I turned quickly and saw two eyes staring at me in the dark. I could tell they belonged to some sort of cat-like creature. I spun to look for Neyla, thinking she might have spotted me. But when I looked, I found she was still unloading. I looked back. The eyes didn't look nearly as menacing as hers, anyway. "Who...WHAT are you?" I asked softly, looking into the eyes of my attacker.

"Who, me?" the creature asked. The voice was that of a female's. I nodded. "First, who are YOU?" she continued.

"No, no, I asked you first." I said, shaking my head and putting my wings on my hips.

"Okay, okay." she said, not sounding the least bit afraid or worried. The creature emerged from the bushes, and I found she was a tall wildcat. In one hand she carried a scepter that ran into a point at the end. The other arm lay plainly at her side. "My name is Kara. I am a sorceress. Well, a thief too. I use my abilities to help me in theiving." she explained.

"So...are you a part of the Cooper Gang?" I asked, shaking a bit.

"No, but I have been searching for them for.....reasons that I can't explain right now." she said with a shy grin.

"So what, pray tell, are you stalking ME for, then?" I asked, my fear easing a bit.

"Well, I-is that Constable Neyla?!?" she softly shouted.

"Y-yes..." I said, hoping Neyla hadn't heard her. I turned to where Neyla was now tugging the bag along the road.

"Well, what are we waiting for?!? Let's go get 'er!" Kara's scepter flashed a bit.

"No! No! Wait!" I whispered sharply before she could do anything.

"What are you stopping ME for?!? Neyla is a double-crossing crook! As I was saying before, I was watching you because I read in the paper about how she trashed your blimp. I didn't think you were still alive! Everyone says that you're dead!"

"I am stopping you because I know that it wouldn't be proper to just waltz over there and attack. We need a better plan." Kara stopped. She brought her free hand to her chin.

"You know...you're right. Maybe I could plan something. But I'd need...y'know...some brains for the operation." she said, looking my direction.

"Where is THIS going?" I asked, raising an eyebrow at her. She just smiled slyly at me. I didn't like that at all. It made me feel uneasy.

"You and I could conspire together to stop Neyla! It'd be perfect! And you could be the brains, and I would do all the thieving we need and-"

"Ah, ah, AH!" I said, putting a feather up to shush her. "As you should very well guess, in my situation I will need to have a lot more trust in you before we can start ANYthing like this."

"I have proof you can trust me!" she said, the sly smile still remaining. She held a photograph out to me.

"This is me with my second cousin Rajan, twice removed. We're pretty close, as you can see in this picture. Although he's pretty angry with me now, for having a crush on the hippo-" she stopped suddenly, and covered her mouth with her free hand. "Never mind all that. But anyway this is REAL proof." I shook my head.

"I don't know...it could be a-"

Suddenly, a projection of Rajan came from Kara's scepter.

"Kara! While you're in Paris, don't forget to tell Dimitri about my new rug I had made just for him! It's very important that you-"

"Okay, I got it, cousin Rajan! I'll tell him, already!" she waved her hand over the projection and it disappeared, interrupting Rajan's protests. "If that's not proof, I don't know what is." Kara said, grinning smugly and lowering her scepter.

"Alright, alright, I trust you. But we must come up with something quick...my new friend." I said, returning her grin.

Then we both looked to Neyla, like two hunters and their prey. We were so close, yet I knew this would be the start of a new and preposterous adventure.

5 - GATHERING OF THE KLAWW GANG

THE STORY OF ARPEGGIO AFTER SLY TURNED MATTERS TO CLOCK-LA CONTINUED...

Kara and I climbed into my blimp for shelter. I ordered my gaurds to go outside and watch. They all obeyed, but reluctantly, nonetheless...anyway, where was I? Ah, yes. We sat in my personal blimp where Neyla and I used to stay before this story took place. "What do we do, Mr. Brains?" Kara asked, looking over my shoulder at some maps of Paris.

"Well, for ONE thing, we're going to need help. Maybe the Klaww Gang could conspire together and-" "Woah, woah, woah." Kara said, waving her arms. "It's not gonna be that easy. Cousin Rajan will NEVER join the Klaww gang again without convincing! He's WAY too obsessed with his rug and carpet making to worry about our need for his abilities."

"Alas, you are right." I sighed. "And I suppose it is the same way for all the OTHER Klaww members as well. They're probably all too obsessed with their NEW jobs to worry about us. We'll just have to do things the hard way."

"WHAT hard way?" Kara asked, looking very confused.

"We'll just do what we can to convince them, that's all."

"I guess, but we're not gonna get very far with Cousin Rajan."

"Oh, we will," I said with a smile. "I know more than ONE of that prideful tiger's downfalls!"

Kara and I agreed that we should start with Dimitri, as he was closest. His cruise ship was docking here tomorrow, anyway. And I had a LOT to speak with him about. We settled in for the night, the gaurds were taking turns watching the blimp as it lay in the field. As Kara lay down in a bed we had built, I snuggled into my bed. This was indeed the start of an adventure. One I would NEVER forget. As soon as I closed my eyes, I was entranced in a deep sleep.

The next morning, I woke around, oh, ten thirty AM or so, and that was later than I had hoped. "Finally!" Kara shouted with wide eyes. "Dimitri's cruise ship has already docked! Hurry, Arpeggio! If we're gonna talk to him, we need to act NOW!!" My eyes grew wider than hers. I jumped out of bed, shook myself, and grabbed a piece of french toast that was being prepared by Orville.

We ran across the road with no time for disguises. "Dimitri!" Kara and I shouted as the ship was being packed with the remaining passengers. "Dimitri!! STOP!!" we called once more.

"Huh? What?" a familiar raspy voice asked. It was, of course, Dimitri.

"Dimitri!" I called, still louder. The large, purple, Iguana walked down the steps of his boat.

"If it isn't my favorite little Cracker box!" he said with a huge grin. He ran up to meet us.

"How long has it been, Dimitri?" I asked returning his smile. "I have missed you so. But now, we have more urgent news and pressing matters that must be taken care of. This is my new assistant, Kara." I said, turning to my wildcat friend.

"Hey, baby!" the large iguana said, raising his eyebrows.

"Hi." Kara answered him. "Hey, Dimitri? Would you like to re-join the Klaww Gang? Neyla has betrayed little Arpeggio over here and we need your help to stop her before she causes greater damage. You see, the LAST time she escaped she nearly took over Paris with her-"

"No dice," Dimitri said, shaking his head. "I have a ship to sail, dig? I don't got no time for the Klaww Gang no more, dudes."

It was JUST as Kara had predicted. This WOULD be quite difficult.

6 - DIMITRI RE-JOINS

THE STORY OF ARPEGGIO AFTER SLY TURNED MATTERS TO CLOCK-LA CONTINUED:

"What do you mean, you won't come?" Kara asked, gently. "We need you! Neyla will take over the WORLD if you can't help us! Please?" Kara's eyes grew wide and her lip stuck out. I knew that face. It was the same face that Neyla had used to get whatever she wanted from me. It was the look Rajan had used on me when he had needed more money. I had always obeyed those looks. They were just so irresistible. It was amazing how cats could do that. I knew Dimitri would fall for it, too. Unfortunately...

"Sorry, kitty. I don't fall for THAT no more. I had a girlfriend once who was a Cheetah. She used same look to make Dimitri go to her races. It don't work no more, dig?" Dimitri turned.

That's when things got rather upsetting, yet pleasing in some sort of way, but if I told you I would reveal what happens next, so...here's what happened next!

Kara's sweet and innocent face changed to a scowl as soon as Dimitri had turned. "I hoped I wouldn't have to do this, but..." She sprang into the air so suddenly Dimitri's ex-girlfriend couldn't have been faster. She pounced on top of poor Dimitri, who never saw it coming. She rolled over so that he was on his back and so she was glaring deeply into his eyes. She reached a hand out and her scepter raced into her hands. She pointed it at my scaly friend. "Either you come, or you get a no-expenses-paid trip to the Emergency Room! Which do you choose?" she tilted her head a bit.

Dimitri only laughed. "Ha! Dimitri is not afraid of kitty-cats! All except my tiger friend, that is!"

"Rajan is my cousin! I suggest you come with us before I tear you to shreds better than my cousin EVER could! You understand?! Oh! And speaking of Cousin Rajan, he wants me to let you know your order is ready!"

"Oh, finally! I have been waiting for that cracker-box to finish it all month! That's very good news!" Dimitri grinned.

"AHM?!?" I grunted, scowling in Kara's direction. She looked over at where I stood, tapping my foot and crossing my wings.

"Oh, sorry!" she said with a sweet smile. "NOW ARE YOU COMING OR WILL I HAVE TO RIP YOU TO SHREDS?!?" Kara's sweet smile and voice were immediately changed to an angry face and roaring voice. She was so fierce, she even startled me!

"Fine. But you have to pay Dimitri, dig? I been low on the customers." Kara looked to me as if passing the question to me.

"You will get more money than you have ever imagined." I said nodding.

"I can imagine a big bunch, little cracker-box." Dimitri said, as though he didn't believe me.

"And I can give a lot more than that!" I said, smiling. Dimitri pondered this awhile. He looked to me, Kara, and to his cruise ship, where the second mate and the passengers stared out the window.

"Alright, bro. I come with you. But you gotta give me the bling!" he said with the tiniest grin.

"I will not forget! Cross my heart! You can trust me!" I said smiling.

I nodded to Kara to let him up, and she obeyed reluctantly.

"Welcome to the crew once again, my old friend."

7 - WILD BISON CHASE

THE STORY OF ARPEGGIO AFTER SLY TURNED MATTERS TO CLOCK-LA CONTINUED:

Dimitri, Kara, and I decided our next target would be Jean Bison. After all, he was one of the more dim types, but he was also VERY stubborn. It would be hard to get him to agree to join back with us KLAWW Gang members, but we were going to get him back, no matter what the cost.

As the blimp set it's sights to Canada, the three of us decided to have a little meeting. "So what're we going to do about Bison?" Kara asked me, sipping some hot chocolate by the fire.

"We're going to go, ask him to join, MAKE him join, then leave." I suggested. "It's that simple."

"Nothing with Jean is simple, bro." Dimitri reminded me, shaking his head.

Just then, a guard of mine rushed through the door, and handed me a letter. "A message from Canada!" he cried. I took the letter in my feathers, and read it aloud:

"Dear Mr. Arpeggio,

We regret to say that our boss, as well as your very good friend, Jean Bison, has been trapped in the deep-freeze once again. I am afraid we have tried everything. We found him floating across the Pacific Ocean, and tried to pull him back in, but we couldn't reach him.

Now we have no clue as to where he's ended up.

We are all so very sorry about it, (well, MOST of us,) and we hope you realize we have done all we can.

Thanks for all your support!

-The Guard Staff of Jean Bison"

"WHAT?!?" Kara gasped. "Great. Just great! Now we'll have no brawn for the operation! And on top of that, you've lost a good friend! Now we'll just have to go find somebody else...how about Cousin Rajan? He's not too far from Canada. He's located down in North America. If we could just-"

"Hold on a minute!" I said, interrupting what I knew would be a LONG speech. "Now think. Who's the BRAINS of the operation?"

"Moi!" Dimitri called, looking proud of himself.

"No, you dork!" Kara scowled. "It's Arpeggio! Compared to him, you know absolutely nothing! Your brains are so tiny, a FLEA could eat them all in one small bite!"

"Dimitri is no dork! At least I am not the little pussy-cat!"

"Now, now!" I said, waving my wings in the air to calm my friends down. "That's not the point! The point is, I KNOW WHERE JEAN BISON IS HEADED!!"

"Where's he going, Peggie?" Kara said with wide eyes, ignoring Dimitri's taunt. "Tell us! Tell us!"

"Well, I'm glad you asked!" I said, pulling out a large map. "Now if we follow the currents of the ocean, added to the massive weight of Jean Bison, with THAT added to the weight of the giant ice block he's said to be traveling in, then we'll find that he's most likely to be headed somewhere in China! So I suggest we set flight to China. When we land there, I suggest we look for him."

"China?!" Kara gasped. "Wow! I've always wanted to go to China! Oh we could go do some shopping in Hong Kong, then we could see some sites in Japan, and then we can fly over to-"

"Wait!" Dimitri stopped her. "Dimitri needs to be in Holland in time for the ACES! Moi has been hired for commentary job!"

"Well, then, I suppose we could drop you off on our way to China...but when do you suppose you'll be back?" I asked.

"Dimitri will call you, dig?"

"I suppose..." I sighed.

"Then it's settled!" Kara called. "Okay, men! We fly to Holland!"

8 - THE WILD RIDE TO HOLLAND

THE STORY OF ARPEGGIO AFTER SLY TURNED MATTERS TO CLOCK-LA CONTINUED:

So we set off for Holland. As we waited, Kara, who was VERY recourseful, just became MORE recourseful. "How about some video-games?" she asked.

"Of course, not!" I squaked. "I heard those things fry your eyes! And besides, we couldn't play them anyway. Neyla's blew up when my old blimp did."

"Well, you forgot how resourceful I can be!" I only sighed. I NEVER would forget THAT.

She dug through a pack she had brought, then pulled out a black box. "Ta-da! Playstation 2! Complete with wireless controller and all the essential cords!"

"But, we don't have no TV." Dimitri whined.

"Never fear!" said Kara, grunting as she pulled something out. Oh, my gosh! No, she...HOW did she?!? I sighed. Leave it to Kara to fit a whole big screen TV in her tiny backback. "Here we are, then!" she said, looking rather pleased with her self. "And you thought NEYLA'S tiny TV fried eyes! This baby's got 25 TIMES the frying power!"

Dimitri just looked at it, dumb-founded, and drooling. He grabbed a cell phone out of his pocket. "Hey, Richie? Yeah, is Dimitri. Order bunches of those giant screen TV's for the Cruise Ship, dig?" Then he hung up, despite the desperate pleads on the other end about the cost.

"All done!"

I turned to see Kara, TV, Gamestation (or whatever it's called), and all hooked up behind her. Dimitri crawled along the floor on all fours as though he were some sort of wild Iguana. That was new, even for HIS "silky enigma".

"What games you got?"

"Sly Cooper 1 and 2, and some other stuff." she answered Dimitri. "Sly 3 hasn't come out yet. Something about the story line not being fulfilled yet, or something like that. We can play Sly 2. I just got to a new area."

I just ignored Kara and Dimitri as they turned on the little electronic hypnotic device. The Contessa would be pleased to get her claws on THAT. Well, at least, the OLD Contessa would. This train of thought led me right back on track to where we were off to.

"We're flying around 50 feet above the area where the ACES are held!" called Orville.

"You are a smart parrot, Arpeggio." I thought. "A veeery smart parrot."

"Sorry, Kit-Kat." Dimitri said, tossing his controller onto the floor. "Dimitri gots to be someplace." Dimitri ran up to me. "When we gonna land, 'lil cracker-box?"

"Oh, we're not going to land." I said, I felt a sly smile creep onto my beak. "That would take too much time. And we're hoping on reaching Canada by Thursday."

Orville walked up, strapping a parachute onto Dimitri. "Wait!" Dimitri yelled. "Dimitri doesn't like heights!!!"

"Well, I'm afraid you don't know what you signed up for, then." I said, my smile growing. "Did you think that only the contestants would get to fly in this event? I must say, Dimitri, I am rather envious of you..." Dimitri's face looked frightened and angry.

"...getting to see the world, flying down from the heavens. Ah, well, I shan't keep you waiting. Ta-ta!" And with that, I shoved Dimitri off the edge, and he fell with a shriek. He pulled his parachute right away.

"Aww, where's the fun in that?!?" Kara called down to him. "Free-falling is cool!" With that she turned her gaze to the deep night. She looked very majestic, just then. Her hair flapping in the wind, and her tail

doing the same. She reminded me of Neyla. The way I used to see her. Full of ability and wonder. A shook my head to remove all the memories as she walked off.

I saluted my men with a smile and followed her inside. She went strait back to her video-games. It was hard to believe how beautiful she had previously looked, because now she looked like a lazy couch-potato. It's amazing how cats can do that.

"YES!!" I heard her yell. "Got passed that!"

I turned to look, and saw on the screen a rather handsome looking parrot! He looked familiar, but I didn't know where from.

"Hey! Look, Peggie! It's you!" Kara said, pointing at the screen. I KNEW I recognized him! It was ME! Neyla HAD been telling the truth! To think that people all over the world would know about me! Sly Cooper wasn't a rip-off game AFTER ALL! At least not number 2! What an ACHIEVMENT! What an HONOR!!! What an-

Suddenly, the pixel version of Neyla jumped into the Clockwerk frame, and I said a few familiar things.

"This is PREPOSTEROUS! You're my protégé! Not the next candidate for my immortality! I demand you exit the Clockwerk frame or...OR..." BANG!!! I was crushed. Literally.

That night when I went to bed, all my pride had decreased by a whopping 98 %...

9 - JEAN-BISON, WHERE ART THOU?

THE STORY OF ARPEGGIO AFTER SLY TURNED MATTERS TO CLOCK-LA CONTINUED...

We were nearing the Kunlun Mountains in China. "Wow!" Kara exclaimed. "That didn't take so long! Just a week or two, really!"

"Well...it never takes THAT long, how long did you expect?!?" I asked.

"Uh....like...a lot longer than that???"

"Fair enough."

We had been looking down, enjoying the view, when Orville called to us, "We're nearing a wall!"

"A wall?!?" Kara and I said together.

"That wasn't on the map!" I said.

"Well, I wonder who built it and for what reason?" Kara said thoughtfully.

"Well, let us find out!" I said, reaching out a wing. Orville handed me a telescope. I handed it to Kara.

"Ladies first!" I said with a smile.

She playfully returned my grin, and carefully examined the ground below. "It's heavily gaurded." she said, her smile fading. "There's a big palace in the middle of it all."

"Well, THAT I can see!" I explained. For the castle was the only thing I could see plainly.

"There's this HUGE golden statue outside the palace. It looks like some...rooster dude."

"Rooster, eh?" I said, puzzled by all this. "Well, whoever he is, we should steer clear of this place. We're not looking for trouble. Not yet. Once we retrieve our companion, he'll only have time to thaw out in here, because we won't want to stay long enough for any of those gaurds to know we're here."

We soon landed within a safe distance from the wall. Kara and I walked out, and sent some of my guards to scout out this rooster. Then we had some flashlight guards stand around the blimp with orders to shoot any intruders on sight. Kara took a long rope and to reel in Jean Bison. Then the two of us set off: Kara on foot, and I on her shoulder.

We searched the ground until we were sure that he had not been buried in the snow anywhere. Then we searched near the water.

After only a short time, Kara pointed out a tiny remote control chopper pulling a giant ice block along in the water. "Could that be Jean?" she asked.

"I don't suppose so. If it were, there wouldn't be an antenna sticking out of the top, would there?" I said sternly, but not angrily. Kara laughed a bit, and we continued searching, not any longer heeding the little chopper. We searched for quite a long time. We walked and walked until our feet hurt. (Make that KARA'S feet, because I wasn't walking at all!)

We searched until the sun set. I could barely see, but Kara, being in the cat family, could see just fine.

When ever she was at a certain angle to the

light, her eyes glowed a brilliant light. As was the same with her Cousin Rajan.

Kara paced back and forth through the snow, longing for something to turn up. The little chopper was the only interesting thing that had happened to

come our way all day. We were just about to go back to the blimp for the night when Kara saw it. (I didn't though, I could hardly see a thing, as I said before!) A

glint of light from the water marked a giant ice berg floating on toward us. "It's him!" Kara cried. "It's Jean-Bison!" Our hearts were cheered as the ice berg slowly

floated down the water as the creature inside came to view, I knew all our searching was over. After weeks (and a LOT of coffee), we found him! The reason we-wait!
That wasn't Bison. It was some stupid group of baby penguins trapped in an Iceberg! We were about to turn back once more, when Kara turned back one last time. She somehow knew Jean was near. I urged her to go in, but suddenly, she leaped off the ground.
"It's him!!!" she cried joyfully. "JEAN-BISON!!!!" We raced to the edge of the snowy bank and sure enough, there was Jean-Bison with...a sympathetic look on his face?!? Oh well, no time to ponder that. Kara used her scepter to drag him in. Then, when he had reached the shore, we both tried to pull the block of ice. It was REALLY heavy. Now I knew how Neyla felt!

10 - WAITING AGAIN

THE STORY OF ARPEGGIO AFTER SLY TURNED MATTERS TO CLOCK-LA CONTINUED...

In the end, we had decided we were being fools, and made the gaurds pull the block of ice in instead. One they had finished, we had to decide exactly

where to put him so he would heat fast enough. Which seemed impossible in such a snowy climate.

"Wait!" I said finally. "What makes a blimp go in the FIRST place???"

"Heat?" Kara said, laughing at how stupid we had both been.

"Correct you are! All we need to do is have the gaurds put him below one of the air balloons, where there's fire, and he'll be heated in no time!"

"Okay, but...it might take awhile, we're gonna have to make the fire pretty big." Kara suggested. "What have we got to feed the fire? Not much grass or anything around here." Kara said, looking thoughtful like she always does.

"I know just the thing!" I said with an evil grin.

Minutes later, Kara and I were tossing gaurds into the fire. "I've always WANTED to do this!" Kara shouted over the commotion.

We had Jean-Bison put very close to the fire. The ice block began melting almost instantly. Kara and I watched for a while, but we grew

bored very quickly. "I'm gonna go play video-games." Kara announced.

"Why don't we just LEAVE?" I thought to myself. "Why stay just to be caught by the one who built the wall?"

About a half an hour later, we were in the air again. After all, it would be easier this way. Now Jean would have no place to run.

I had Orville and some other gaurds keep watch over our frozen friend while I went inside to relax a little.

It was still very dark out, not that it mattered

to us. Well, I suppose it DID matter, after all, our escape would have been a lot harder during the day. It surprised me that no enemy gaurds had made it on the blimp.

These thoughts had JUST left my head when I saw Kara leaning over the edge of the blimp yelling:

"AND STAY OUT!!!"

"Wait, Kara!" I yelled as she started to walk back inside. "What was that?"

"Enemy gaurds," she called back. "about five of them."

I suppose my train of thought was right on track!

I followed Kara back to the inside of the blimp, where she had already started playing her video-games. I wasn't at all surprised.

I decided to lay in bed for a while. I had been through a lot last night and I was rather sleepy. I drifted off to sleep very fast that night. The

last thing I heard was Kara saying, "Yeah! Take that, Neyla!" followed by crashing off of the television.

I had fallen for that before. She had said something like that and I had come running out, looking everywhere for Neyla. She had laughed so hard.

11 - THE BEAST AWAKES

THE STORY OF ARPEGGIO AFTER SLY TURNED MATTERS TO CLOCK-LA CONTINUED:

The next morning, I awoke at 5:30. I yawned and stretched a wing, then I walked very sleepily out into the main area of the blimp, where I expected to be alone. I was nearly surprised to see Kara up and about, doing the same thing as I had left her doing the previous night. She turned to look at me and smiled. "Oh! Hi, Peggie!"

"How long did you stay up last night?" I asked in wonder.

"Oh, about 3:00 AM." she said, as though it were no great thing.

"How early did you wake this morning?"

"Oh, about 4:00." Kara shrugged as she continued playing. She amazed me. How could anyone stay awake from 4:00 AM yesterday to 4:00 AM today with only an hour's rest? "It's really not all that hard, you know." Kara said suddenly, reading my thoughts...AGAIN...

Suddenly, Orville burst in through the doorway. "Mr. Arpeggio, Sir! Come quickly! The ice is nearly all melted and the bison's waking up as we speak!"

"Well, hurry along, then!" I said. "Get out of the way so we can see!"

Before I could tell what was happening, I was snatched up, dragged right over Orville, and was standing right in front of Bison. I looked up, feeling very dizzy. It was Kara. I could only WISH I was that fast. I shook the thoughts from my head and looked ahead of me. Feet. I looked farther up. Knees. I raised my head as far up as it could go.

I almost didn't want to look. I knew Jean-Bison. I remembered when he had first thawed out. Anger had shook his poor, old brain. He went on a rampage of anger and hate. As you probably well know, Jean-Bison was a bison older than one-hundred years of age, although he doesn't look it. Back in his younger days, he took a few risks in his mining and ended up freezing himself alive. Back when the KLAWW Gang was together, he was our importer and exporter of illegal spice. But then Sly Cooper came along and ruined his trains, and well-you know the story. After Clockwerk was destroyed and most of the KLAWW Gang members were thrown in jail, well...we never quite learned what happened to him, but we DID know that Jean-Bison had froze again, and now...he had returned!

I stared up into his beady little eyes, but they did not return my gaze. He looked back and forth rapidly.

"Where are they?!" he shouted, looking all around.

"Who?" Kara dared.

"The cute little baby penguins! I need to rescue them but-where are they?!" the bison answered, frantically moving about.

"Cute little baby penguins?!" Kara said, trying her best not to laugh.

Jean-Bison scowled at her. "You got somethin' to say, Kitty?"

I sighed. He still had his rough attitude. Bison heard that sigh. He looked down. "Hey! Arpeggio! It's been a while hasn't it? Or...wasn't it just the other day? I don't remember these things no more. How you been? And wow! Look at Neyla! She sure has changed!" Jean smiled at Kara.

Kara's eyes grew wide. "Oh, no! No, no, no, no, no! Let's get one thing strait, buddy. I am NOT Neyla! Don't EVER call me Neyla! If you ever FORGET that I'm not Neyla, you will PAY!"

"Oh, ok, little miss Neyla." Jean-Bison said, looking away.

He obviously wasn't paying any attention. If he were, he would have understood the first time. But then, Jean WAS quite a stubborn bison. Was he only pushing Kara's buttons? Well, either way, he would

never, EVER, forget Kara's name after what went on a half a second afterward.