

Shrinkage
By
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“Mr. Condon, how nice of you to join us,” Dr. Despicable said as he slowly pulled on his insulated gloves.

“Do your worst, Despicable!” Mr. Condon said as he struggled against the bonds that held him to the wooden table. “I’m trained by The Business! I can handle anything!”

A Minion yanked Mr. Condon’s tuxedo pants down so Dr. Despicable could apply the electric clamps.

The evil Doctor and the Minion stared for a second then started to laugh uncontrollably.

“Oh, my, oh, dear,” the Doctor giggled. “That impresses the ladies? Really?”

“Stop laughing!” Mr. Condon shouted. “It’s shrinkage! SHRINKAGE!”