

# Sly - Winner of COTM 1



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# A Note from the Editor

Welcome to the third edition, and the biggest issue yet, of the world's first and only Sly Cooper magazine, *Cooper Capers*! First of all, I am proud to announce that *Cooper Capers* has the Thief.net seal of approval! Thief.net is a fantastic Sly Cooper fansite, and can be found at <http://slythiefnet.webs.com>. It was also from this site that I found out about a reference to Sly Cooper 4 in *inFamous*, so fingers crossed, Sly 4 *could* be made in the near future!

As you can tell by the cover, Sly has won the first ever Character of the Month competition! Thank you to everyone who voted. To celebrate Sly's victory, I've written a little ditty about him in Poetry Corner! Who will win this month's competition?

Speaking of competitions, *Cooper Capers* is proud to announce its first ever picture competition! Good at drawing? Have fantastic photo editing skills? Why not enter? For now, you can view some great artwork contributed by Sucker Punch forum members malice1232123 and bentleyhacker in the Art Gallery.

As you may have guessed, Murray will be in Character Feature and we will be looking at his amazing Aboriginal Ball Move in Gadget/Move Feature. And because this is the third issue, it'll only be appropriate to comment on Sly 3's 2D vs. 3D mode.

The third chapter to *A Thief's Tale* is here. Will the Cooper Gang find out about the mysterious figure, and how will they fare in their classes? Read Chapter 3 to find out! Plus we have the prologue to a brand new story entitled *TimeWARP*, a Sly 4 idea, donated by Sucker Punch forum member Hatoshi. Unfortunately I haven't received any other Sly 4 ideas so they will not be shown this issue.

I have also started a Sly Cooper quiz in the puzzle section... are you as brainy as Bentley or mindless like Murray?

Once again, I would like to thank Jake Collins and Ross Thompson's *The Eye Shield* (<http://www.knightmare.com/tes>) and *The Raven's Eye* (<http://www.freewebs.com/ravenseyemag>) for inspiration, for without them *Cooper Capers* wouldn't even exist.

Happy Reading!!!

Ed.

# Character Feature:

## MURRAY

**Full Name:** Murray Hippo\*

**Gender:** Male

**Species:** Hippo

**Alignment:** Good

**Position:** Muscle/Brawn

**Nicknames:** The Murray

**Voice:** Chris Murphy

**Bio:** Murray is the Muscle for the Cooper Gang, although sometimes he is known as the Brawn. Like Bentley, he met Sly at the Happy Camper Orphanage, and the Cooper Gang was formed. Murray is the



Cooper Gang's driver. As a kid, he drove a tricycle attached to a trailer which Sly and Bentley would ride in. Murray's driving experience came from his job as a pizza delivery boy, in which he got fired for dropping too many pizzas. Since then, he has served as the driver for the Cooper getaway van, which he seems to have feelings for. He cares deeply for Sly and Bentley, and if someone injures his friends, Murray gets angry.

In Sly 1, Murray is not playable as a character, but you do control him in the Cooper van racing against enemies. There are also some levels where Murray, a coward at the time, plucks up his courage and sets out in the open to retrieve a treasure key, and Sly must back him up. If the guards approach

Murray, he cowers away.

In Sly 2, Murray's personality has notably changed. Rather than cower away from enemies, he longs for a fight. He dons a red mask and gloves, making himself look more like a superhero, and refers to himself as "The Murray". The strongest of the Cooper Gang, he can pick up and throw various objects, including unconscious guards (once he's knocked them out with the Thunder Flop move). It is revealed in Sly 2 that Murray is allergic to spice, which makes him angry. At the end of the game, Murray blames himself for Bentley's injury and leaves the Cooper Gang.

In Sly 3, Sly and Bentley plot to recruit new members for the Cooper Gang, starting with recruiting Murray back on the team. They discover that Murray is in Venice, Italy, and when they meet up with him they find out that Murray has been travelling around the world on a soul-cleansing journey, having studied peace with the Guru. During this time, he has also learned the Aboriginal Ball Move (see Gadget/Move Feature). Murray agreed to return to the Cooper Gang, but on one condition: if the black water (polluted by Don Octavio) runs clear. Sly and Bentley confronted Octavio later, and when Octavio hurt Bentley, Murray got his own back and defeated Octavio, returning to the Cooper Gang. At the end of Sly 3, Murray completes his spiritual training with the Guru and becomes a professional stock-van racer.

\*Like most characters, Murray has no given surname, however according to Wikipedia there are rumours that his surname is Hippo, as animal characters in cartoons and video games have their species be their surname (as I mentioned in the Unanswered Questions section last issue).

Hope you enjoyed reading all about Murray! Next issue we will find out all about our favourite vixen, Carmelita Fox!

# Gadget/Move Feature: ABORIGINAL BALL MOVE

Every issue we will be featuring one of Sly, Bentley or Murray's unique moves and/or gadgets. Since we've already looked at one of Sly's and one of Bentley's gadgets, it's only natural to do something of Murray's this issue. You could call this the Murray issue as he's in Character Feature as well.



In Sly 3, Murray has learned the Aboriginal Ball Move from the Guru. To activate the ball mode, press L2 (pressing L2 again will change Murray back to normal). Once he's in ball form, there are two ways to get Murray into the air. The first way, obviously, is to jump. The first time Murray jumps, it's low, but if you press X just after you land, he jumps higher, so you can repeat if you want until you're high enough. The second way is to roll Murray into open round vents, which will automatically throw Murray high into the air. Once he's in the air, you can press X to spin around in the air. Murray can land on anything in ball form, including guards (that's actually the fun part of this new move!).

We first come across Murray's Aboriginal Ball Move in the mission Tar Ball in Episode 1, where Murray's objective is to destroy 6 tar valves. These valves are mapped out with a pink bullseye target which Murray must land on. Since there are many buildings in this mission, the targets will be quite hard to find. If you land on the ground and can't get high enough, or if you land in the water, you must go back to the vent to get powered up again.

I like the Aboriginal Ball Move because it's cool to crush things, particularly unsuspecting guards (although in Tar Ball you can't do this because Murray is still training with the Guru, and if you do "accidentally" kill a guard you will have to start the mission again). You also get a good view of your surroundings for a time. It would be cool, though, to have things that would bounce Murray back into the air when he lands on them, in those awkward times when your thumb gets too tired to press the X button (just a suggestion). I would definitely like to see this move return in future games.



Next issue we will be looking at one of Sly's best gadgets ever, the Paraglider!

## Poetry Corner: SLY

This issue, to celebrate Sly winning the very first Character of the Month, I've written a little (or should I say – quite long!) ditty about him. This will continue for every character that wins Character of the Month,

unless I receive contributed poems. If you have written a poem about your favourite character, mission, or basically Sly Cooper in general, please feel free to email it to me at [coopercapersmagazine@gmail.com](mailto:coopercapersmagazine@gmail.com)

Many great thieves under the Cooper name,  
And Sly was next in line to continue this name.  
He was going to get the Thievius Raccoonus and learn his ancestors' tricks  
But unfortunately the Fiendish Five tore the book to bits.  
These fiends killed his father, and ransacked his home,  
And Sly was now an orphan, all alone.  
But life as an orphan might not have been so bad  
As there he met Bentley and Murray, the best friends he ever had.  
They pulled many great heists together as kids,  
And the Cooper Gang continued as long as they lived.  
Sly got his own back on the Fiendish Five  
And learned his ancestors' master thief moves, and felt really alive.  
He tracked down Clockwerk, who'd slain his father long ago  
And defeated him once and for all, and onwards did Sly go.  
Sly planned to steal Clockwerk's body parts back,  
But discovered he was beaten to it, that knocked him right off his track!  
Carmelita cornered him and thought he was to blame,  
But thankfully Neyla was there to clear our hero's name!  
Sly thought he'd found an ally in Neyla for a time,  
But it turns out he was wrong; she'd set him up all the time.  
Along with Murray and Carmelita, to jail he was taken  
But thankfully Bentley got them out, if I'm not mistaken.  
Once united, the Cooper Gang stole the Clockwerk parts back  
But Jean Bison retrieved the parts, sending Sly and co. off track.  
After Bison's defeat, Sly set back out for the parts  
Which were held by Arpeggio, under Neyla's crafty arts.  
As Neyla outsmarted Arpeggio like she had done with Sly,  
She became Clock-La, and away se did fly.  
But Sly brought her down, and Bentley was hurt badly  
And Murray left the team, disappointingly and sadly.  
Having escaped Carmelita once again,  
Sly set off for his fortune but with just one friend.  
He learned that more thieves were needed to open the Cooper Vault  
And hired more recruits to help with this assault.  
Murray was the first to come back on the team,  
And then came the Guru, who taught Murray peace and dream.  
Next was Penelope, who had feelings for Sly,  
Then Sly recruited villains to the gang... I wonder why?  
First was the Panda King, then Dimitri was next  
The new Cooper Gang swore to be the very best.  
Along with Bentley and Murray, Sly went inside the vault  
And discovered his family's riches on their course of assault.  
Dr. M. cornered Sly but Sly managed to cave him in  
Just before Carmelita came and discovered him.



He faked amnesia in order to spend time with her  
But when his gang searched for Sly, it had occurred  
That he didn't want to be found, as he left behind his cane  
As he became Carmelita's partner, and things weren't the same.  
Or were they? One night, Sly saw Bentley and gave him a wink and a smile  
Sly was still with the Cooper Gang all the while.

Next month Poetry Corner will feature the winner of the next Character of the Month!

# A Thief's Tale: CHAPTER 3

Every issue will feature a chapter from *A Thief's Tale*, a brand new story written by yours truly! For those of you who haven't been up-to-date with the story, or are having time catching up, here is a recap of the story so far:

Aged fourteen, Sly, Bentley and Murray leave the Happy Camper Orphanage and set off for their new boarding school, St. Edgar's Grammar School. As there is a slight chance that the three of them won't be rooming together, Bentley gives each of them a Binocucom, part binoculars and part communication device, each with its unique special feature.

When they arrive at the school, however, things don't start off very well. The headmaster, Mr. Slateshaft, has heard all about the Cooper Gang and separates Sly from Bentley and Murray. Mr. Slateshaft assigns Sly to a private room... with his son Raymond! Things go from bad to worse when Sly notices a mysterious figure on the school campus... but who is it?

We will now continue with Chapter 3.

Sly opened his eyes and saw that Raymond was nowhere to be found. He had a look around, just to double-check that Raymond wasn't secretly spying on him. It was okay, the coast was definitely clear. Sly pulled out his Binocucom.

"Sly!" yelled Bentley excitedly through the other end. "Oh wait, maybe I shouldn't have shouted."

"It's alright Bentley," said Sly. "He's gone. What a nightmare though. I swear that guy's eyes are still open when he sleeps."

"So's Murray's mouth, but that's never disturbed me, and you know it," Bentley replied, much to the dismay of a deep "OI!" in the background.

Changing the subject, Sly said. "I couldn't help noticing a mysterious figure last night. You see anything?"

"Err... no, why?" said Bentley. Much to Sly's dismay, he could hear voices behind Bentley.

"Never mind," said Sly quickly. "We'll discuss it later. We should get to class."

It wasn't long before Sly had met up with Bentley and Murray, but they weren't alone. With them was a tall, skinny grey wolf wearing a black leather jacket and very ratty jeans. "The name's Lucas. Lucas Wolfe," he said, holding out his hand, which Sly shook. "My friends," he indicated Bentley and Murray, "told me that you were Sly Cooper, apparently the new Robin Hood. This true?"

"Err... yeah," said Sly, who couldn't help feeling embarrassed. "Robin Hood alright. Stealing from the bad guys to help the good guys, right fellas?" Bentley and Murray nodded.

Lucas sighed. "I wish all thieves were like that. Especially that silhouette guy that keeps creeping around. He hasn't stolen anything yet but I got a feeling he's up to something."

"And if he is, I'll be the one to blame," said Sly. "I've only been here five minutes and Mr. Slatshaft thinks I'm going to steal all those precious artefacts in his office. Even worse, he's put me in a private suite... with his son!"

"That's very harsh," said Lucas. "I know all about Raymond. Sneaky little thing, always interfering in other people's business, always snitching and sucking up to his beloved daddy. Bet he's behind all this. I heard he keeps sneaking out at night"

"He could be," put in Murray. "Sometimes surprises run in families. Just because his dad's overprotective over the artefacts, doesn't mean Raymond's the same. He could be a thief, stealing one thing at a time, and when it's all gone, putting the blame on someone else."

"And I know who that someone is," said Sly. He then turned to Lucas. "Where does he keep going?"

"Beats me, but you want to find out, before he starts snitching on you," Lucas replied, as they arrived in their first lesson, which was English.

"That I will," said Sly, as he sat down. Sly couldn't help noticing a girl in front of him with a good body form and long black hair. He couldn't see her face but noticed a pair of black sunglasses. *A good-looking girl always hides her image*, he thought to himself as he licked his lips.

The teacher came in but Sly's mind was spinning around, mainly focusing on the girl in front of him. It was only the first day and already he wanted to ask her out. In fact, he was so focused on her that plans for tonight, spying on Raymond, were starting to fade out of his mind. The teacher's ramblings passed through his head, before his mind became blurry and....

Sly awoke to Bentley and Murray tugging on him. "Wh... what happened?" groaned Sly. He looked around. Everyone in the class was gone.

"You fell asleep," said Bentley. "You were talking to yourself. Couldn't understand what you were saying."

"You okay?" asked Murray.

"Yeah, I'm fine," said Sly, feeling a little weird. "Better get to next class then? You guys go ahead. I'm fine. No, really, Murray," he said, as Murray tried to stick around. "Go on."

Confused, Bentley and Murray made their way out of the classroom. Sly followed, but he was barely out of the room when a black hand grabbed him by the throat. Sly looked up to see Raymond pinning him against the wall. Next to Raymond was the black-haired girl that Sly had been ogling at during class.

"So," said Raymond, breathing deeply as he tightened his grip on Sly. "Have you been flirting with my sister?"

Sly stared at the girl next to Raymond. For the first time, he could see the resemblance between the two of them. She too was a black panther, with dark, piercing eyes. All Sly could do was shake his head rapidly as Raymond pushed his big head into Sly's own.

"Well? Have you?" Raymond continued. He let go of his grip on Sly, knocking him to the floor and causing him to choke. Turning to Raymond's sister, he started to say, "How did you..."

"These glasses have mirrors in them," she said. "I came prepared when I heard that *the world's most famous* thief would be joining us. I'm one step ahead of you, Sly Cooper, and believe me, if either of us catch you in the act, you'll be out of here before you can blink. My dear brother will keep watch on you. Have a good day."

"You got that right, Ramona," said Raymond. "Listen, you. I've got busy nights ahead of me, and the last thing I want is for you to muck them up and make me keep watch on you. Now move it!" He pushed Sly to the ground before pressing on.

Sly rubbed his head. Before he could say or think about anything else, he had just realised that Raymond had pushed him at the feet of the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Besides Ramona of course, but she was another story. This girl was an orange-skinned vixen, long blue hair flowing around her shoulders, tall brown boots... this had to be the sexiest girl he had ever seen. She looked about two or three years older than him. He looked up at her just as she looked down at him, and kicked him in disgust.

"Move it, you creep!" she yelled, pushing him out of the way. As she moved onwards, Sly caught a glimpse of the HALL MONITOR sash she was wearing.

"Hall monitor eh?," Sly said to himself. "Raymond's got a busy night, eh?" He pulled out his Binocucom. "Oh, Bentley! I think I have a little plan for tonight," he said, smirking slyly to himself.

How will the night go? Will Sly catch a glimpse of this beautiful hall monitor or be ratted out by the Slatshaft siblings? Only one way to find out!

If you have any stories that you think would fit nicely in the magazine, please send to [coopercapersmagazine@gmail.com](mailto:coopercapersmagazine@gmail.com) . If it's a long story please split it up into chapters so it can be spread across issues!!!

## Picture Competition

Welcome to *Cooper Capers'* first ever competition! It's time to put on your artistic skills as it's a picture competition! Here is what you need to do:

- Your entry must be related to Sly Cooper of course! And because next issue is the Halloween issue, it will need to have some sort of Halloween theme to it, e.g. Sly battling ghosts in a haunted house, the Cooper Gang trick-or-treating, etc.
- Your entry can be a hand drawing, a drawing on the computer (e.g. Microsoft Paint), a Photoshopped picture, a photo of a Sly Cooper related sculpture you made, you in a Sly costume, a caption on a Sly Cooper screenshot... the possibilities are endless!
- Only one entry per person. If you're having trouble deciding what picture to use, send a choice of pictures to me ([coopercapersmagazine@gmail.com](mailto:coopercapersmagazine@gmail.com) ) and I will help you decide.
- The closing date is **Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> September 2009 at 11:59pm**. Any entries sent after this time will not count.
- The winning picture will be on the cover of Issue 5, as well as the main website.
- Good luck!!!

## Story: TimeWARP - PRELUDE

I have just received this brilliant Sly 4 fanfic from Sucker Punch forum member Hatoshi, aka Stephen Stryker! As it's a very long story it will be spread across issues. Here is the prelude. Enjoy!



The helicopter made a slow orbit over Le Musée national d'Histoire du Paris, or The National Museum of History, shining a searchlight over the roof to make sure that no unsavoury characters were skulking in the nighttime shadows. The occupants were unaware that they had a masked passenger clinging to the skids of the Dauphin, and when they were satisfied that the museum was secure and began to veer away, he hopped off into the gulf below. But rather than a suicidal fall, it became a flight as a small paraglider was deployed, and he drifted towards the roof of the museum, chuckling to himself. "How accommodating, zat der der French Police were kind enough to give me a lift to a robbery."

He guided himself precisely to an area of the rooftop patrolled by a guard, kicking him in the head and sending him to the roof unconscious, then rolling as he came down to spring deftly to his feet. He worked quickly, using the guard's own cuffs and handkerchief on him and securing him to the brace of a satellite dish. Running over to the glass panels of a sunroof, he removed his backpack as he watched the guards inside make their rounds and leave the chamber below, then slapped a suction device on a pane and used a glass cutter to remove the entire sheet. Drawing some heavy lines from his belt and attaching a pair of clamps at the ends to the frame, he reslung his pack and jumped inside. The reels of stout cord made a soft wheeze as they spun out, braking automatically to keep from lowering him all the way. Below was the Middle Eastern exhibit, dominated by an extensive display of ancient Egyptian relics, but among them were more modern treasures, and they were his target. He swung himself over and landed on a balcony overlooking the magnificent artifacts of a world long gone, gazing at the space over a certain glass case with a special visor. It revealed previously invisible laser beams. Keying a headset mike, he said into it softly, "Gamma."

In a chamber located in a lower level, a solid metal door was open, a pair of bound guards being dragged within. Inside was a complex of opened junction boxes which networked communications and security systems for the museum. While one black clad member stood guard, another clipped some leads from a hand held computer to certain contact points of the circuitry. "Working..." he replied as he pressed a pair of buttons on the custom made hacker. After a few moments of characters flashing across the display, they stopped and a green light came on. "Done, security is on standby."

The leader nodded in satisfaction, saying into the mike, "Delta."

A team of intruders were hunting down and silently laying out the guards in the area around the Egyptian exhibit, giving each other hand signals as they took out their targets. As the team leader tackled and rendered the last guard unconscious, he responded quietly, "Si, the area is secure."

The mastermind smiled under his mask; things were moving ahead of schedule. Finally, he spoke one more word: "Beta."

A lone figure came behind a guard soundlessly on the upper floor, grasping him from behind in a headlock. Flexing his muscles against the guard's neck, the flow of blood was momentarily stopped, and the man quit fighting almost immediately. "Clear," he replied as he dragged the senseless body into a shallow alcove. A moment later, he emerged with a wave on the other side of the balcony from the leader, and proceeded to make his way around it to his side.

Slapping his companion's shoulder as he eyed the space below them with the visor, and grinning as the red beams were shut off, he gave a larcenous chuckle. "The crown jewels of Duchess Marie Alexandrovna are as good as ours now, mein freund."

He stiffened as the other said in an American accent, "I dunno... I was kind of thinking of hitting the mall, myself."

He looked down in shock, seeing a plush tail with rings of gray on darker gray, snatching the person's mask away just before he could jump back, revealing an infuriatingly familiar face. "Sly Cooper?!"

The Raccoon gave him a jovial smile and cock of his head. "Close, but that only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades. Now, it's your turn," he said as he lunged forward before the other could back off, unveiling the face of an angry Doberman. "Rolf Kanein, a.k.a. K-Nine, infamous leader of the K-9 gang, and wanted in more countries than Interpol even has jurisdiction over. But we'd be more than happy to provide you with our best accommodations--" The Raccoon jumped back as the sole of Rolf's boot just grazed his stomach.

The group near the Egyptian exhibit chamber looked to each other worriedly. "But zat means... Interpol is--!"

"Right behind you," came a haughty female voice.

Freezing only for a moment in shock, they all began to turn on the woman behind them, but were felled by a massive blast of electricity that engulfed them all. Holding the weapon on them in case anyone moved, Carmelita Fox removed her mask, saying into a communicator, "All teams move in."

In the electronics closet, the hacker dropped his computer, beginning anxiously, "W-we have to get out--!" He stopped mid-sentence as a hand held tazer pulsed an agonizing jolt of electricity into him.

The Doberman grew furious as he caught all this in his headset. Unable to stand another second of it, he yanked it off and threw it at the ducking Raccoon, growling, "Whatever you are calling yerself zese days, you have der same ego, and those insufferable jokes!" He palmed a quick release and slid from his belt, which swung from the lines still hooked to the skylight.

"Hey, they work like a charm at parties," he replied with a shrug. "The ladies seem to like them."

"If you want to party, zen let's get this party started!" He jerked his arms to his side, and the Raccoon blinked as pair of long, dagger-like blades snapped out from his sleeves. "I will cut you down to size!"

He assumed a fighting stance as he watched the Doberman cautiously, but couldn't refrain from smarting off. "Whoa... now *that's* underhanded."

Lunging forward, Rolf growled angrily, "Always with the jokes!"

"Hey, it keeps the job entertaining," the Raccoon said back, dodging those razor sharp blades carefully.

Slashing through a small potted tree where the policeman's head used to be, he growled, "I think it's time to retire you *permanently!*"

The Raccoon coughed out a syllable of laughter. "Oh, *now* look who's joking!"

"We'll see who's joking!" Rolf snarled, working the Interpol agent towards the wall with a series of deadly slices, the air fairly singing with the speed of the Doberman's cuts. He found himself up against the wall, just managing to avoid one life-ending thrust, but not entirely, gasping as he felt the sting of its edge in his side. He drove his fist in reflex to the Doberman's muzzle, causing him to stumble backwards.

Carmelita's throat tightened as she could hear the fight play out all too clearly over the headset. "Cooper!" she cried as she came to the balcony a few floors below and looked up fearfully. "Disengage!"

"What, and let this creep get away?!" he shouted back.

He was caught off guard, the wind knocked out of him for a second as a boot landed hard in his gut. As he stumbled back, wheezing, Rolf shouted, "Sounds like good advice!" Retracting the blades and grabbing the

ords of his rappel lines, he climbed up them rapidly and swung himself over the gulf of the open chamber, landing on a light fixture, getting it to swing before the Raccoon could do something about the easy target.

"Oh, no you don't," the agent growled, climbing up and swinging over himself as Rolf jumped across to another light. His goal was clear, as a stairway leading to the roof was at the end of the chamber, and the lights made both a convenient if dangerous path, as well as an obstacle course.

"Blast it, Todd," Carmelita hissed worriedly, "those lights may not hold! And don't pursue the suspect alone! He is capable of killing!"

"Tell me about it," he muttered as he felt blood seeping into his fur.

"Damn you, listen to me!" she shouted as she jumped down to the first floor. "*Todd!*" But the Raccoon continued on in his dogged pursuit across the string of now swinging light fixtures.

Rolf took the time to heave a throwing dagger at the tenacious Raccoon, smiling as the blade missed the dodging agent, but managed to sever the cable. He laughed as the fixture plummeted to the floor below, the Raccoon giving a startled cry as he went down with it.

"*Todd!*" the Vixen cried fearfully as the light globe crashed into a display case, though she thanked Heaven the Raccoon wasn't with it. "Damn it... *I am responsible for this mission!* If there's an international incident from this, there will be hell to pay..."

While Rolf swung from his perch, his laughter caught in his throat as he felt the light jerk and sag, looking down to see the agent with a grapple line attached to it. His eyes bugging out in alarm, he cried out with the Raccoon as the ceiling attachment gave way, and they plummeted towards a row of immense statues. They were of Egyptian palace guards, with spears poised, and Rolf gave a squeal, balling up as he fell right towards a blade.

Carmelita practically shrieked as she watched in horror, losing sight of the Raccoon. "Todd! Oh, mi dios... *Todd!*" As Rolf's belt caught on an ornamental spear, jerking him senseless, she finally saw him hanging from his grapple line attached to one of the statue's muzzles. "Oh, thank Heaven you are alive," she gasped. "Now, I can *strangle you!*"

As he lowered himself to the ground, recovering with a little shudder, he remarked, "Whoever said 'all in a day's work' never had a job like *this*." Then he saw Carmelita waiting for him, her gray-dyed tail flicking back and forth angrily as she waited beside a shattered light globe, giving her a sheepish wave. "Uhm... hey, suspect apprehended--"

"*Always with the jokes!*" she exploded as Rolf's belt tore through and his limp body thudded to the floor. Coming to stand toe to toe with him, as she was just a centimeter taller than he was, she looked down at him. "Do you have to turn half of these incidents into *disasters?! Now look* at this mess! Do you know what such an international scandal will do to the image of Interpol? Not to mention, *the royal chewing out we're going to get from the Commissioner?!*"

"Well, I've always wanted to be treated royally--"

He stopped as Carmelita's face became something truly frightening, a growl building in pitch and volume until she finally yelled, "Does the phrase 'you break it, you buy it' *have any meaning to you?!*"

He put up his hands in placation. "Okay okay, bad joke. Listen, *you* have some sort of family emergency, say... your aunt's goldfish is dying, and you need to take care of her, and I'll face the Commissioner--"

"You used that one already," she growled.

He blinked at her in surprise, sure that he'd just thought of it. "I *did*?"

"No, I'm kidding" she grumbled, nodding towards his wrist line, still attached to the statue. "Now, are you going to release that so I can *really* express myself?"

He prayed that whatever it was didn't involve strangulation, flicking his arm in the release trigger that had it clattering to the floor, the grapple itself thumping Rolf on the head. Then as it finally reeled in, she grabbed him in a tight embrace, trembling as she clutched him against her. She wheezed out a relieved breath, her heart rate finally slowing as he wrapped his arms around her in return. "Why do you insist on making me old before my time, you maniac? I'll be turning gray soon, if you keep this up."

Smiling mischievously as he eyed her tail, he gasped, "Oh my gosh... it's already started - I'm sorry!"

She couldn't keep from giggling. "Do you ever stop?" she chuckled as she squeezed him tight. She stiffened as he gave a sharp gasp of pain, and finally noticed the smell of blood, drawing back and gaping at the crimson stain on her hand in alarm. "Oh, my God..." she rasped out, "why didn't you say something, you crazy--!"

"Hey, it's not bad," he told her as she began to undo his suit. "The body armor took almost all of it."

"Get that off," she snapped at him as she opened the bodysuit down to his waist, feeling some very mixed emotions as he removed the protective gear, revealing his slender but amazingly muscular build. Pulling her medkit from her backpack, she murmured as she knelt before him, "You are... very lucky, my precious colleague, that you are not missing any organs. Those... blades must have been... very sharp..." She shivered as he stroked her hair, unable to continue. And as she finished with her bandaging, she remained kneeling before him, their eyes locked together as he caressed her cheek lovingly, her stomach fluttering.

"You're right," he softly whispered. "I'm the luckiest guy in the world..."

She jumped to her feet as an officer shouted, a group of them in tow, "Inspectors! We have apprehended all of the suspects, save for this one. Shall we take him off your hands?"

"Yes, please," she told them, grasping the Raccoon by the arm. "We will take part in a damage assessment with the museum staff later, after Inspector Cooper's wounds are properly tended to."

As they made their way towards the exit, he leaned against her, murmuring, "I'd feel a lot better if... you were the one doing the tending."

They went through the ornate entrance way doors, pausing as she stood before him, her heart beating quick and shallow for a moment as their eyes met. "You silly, you need to be looked at by a medic, at least." Her voice grew quiet and a little husky as she added, edging closer, "But, afterwards... do you want to...?"

Lost in her gaze, he was speechless for a moment, whispering, "You have to *ask*?" Then realizing what he'd said, he blurted out, "Uhm, I mean... uh... I'd like to spend time with you... *however*... as long as it won't interfere with tomorrow."

She smirked at him with a trace of disappointment. "You and your goof-off time. I often wonder just what you do with yourself when you run off for a day."

"Hey, now..." he said with a smile as he clasped her hand in his, holding it between them. "This one is a *little* different, and I'm hoping that you'll keep your calendar free tomorrow evening in case... *something* should come up."

Her breath caught in her throat as she gave his hand a squeeze. "Uhm... certainly," she murmured. "I think I can handle the wrapping up of this case by tomorrow afternoon..." She tugged him towards the command post which had relocated beside the museum, anxious to get this over with. "Come on, then, let's get you looked at so... I can drive you home."

"You know..." he told her with a little smile as he locked arms with her, "you're always driving me around."

"Because you won't get a license, you luddite," she remarked, nudging his side playfully.

"Well, but you do enjoy my company, right?" he asked, giving her arm a squeeze.

She settled against him, murmuring dreamily, "You have to ask?"

The romantic mood was shattered once again as a white van drove up with the logo of GNN on its side, and people emerged, running towards them. As Carmelita muttered curses under her breath, the Raccoon began to draw away, saying to her, "I'll... see you at the command post for the debrief."

She coughed out an angry breath at the interruption, watching her beloved partner dash off as video cameras approached. "Running away, with that wound?! Still, I cannot blame him--" she began, blinking and shielding her face as harsh lights flared at her abruptly out of the darkness.

"Inspector!" the manicured reporter shouted to her as he lurched in front of the camera. "I am Michel Carlisle of GNN France! If you please, would you explain what transpired at The National Museum of History this evening!"

As he aimed a microphone at her face, she heaved a resigned sigh. Besides, she did appreciate opportunities like this to polish her reputation, after Sly Cooper tarnished it through the years with his insane stunts. "Oh, very well. I am Inspector Carmelita Montoya Fox of Interpol, and this evening..."

Bentley and Penelope were flipping through channels at their home, munching popcorn as they hunted something fun to watch while they waited for a premiere movie. As they passed through the news channels, Bentley did a double take, backing up to one. "Well... look who we have here! Our old friend and inadvertent ally, for all of two or three days, Carmelita Fox!"

Penelope took the remote from him. "Wow... looks like the Museum of History."

She turned up the volume as the reporter asked, "--Have any idea what the thieves were after, Inspector? Some ancient Egyptian secrets, or priceless relics? Or perhaps the crown jewels of Marie Alexandrovna, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, on loan from the collection of Sheik Abdul Petroil of Aridia?"

"We will not know that until the suspects are interrogated..." the Vixen began as Penelope lowered the volume.

"*Double* wow... those were the jewels we lifted earlier in the year!" Bentley said excitedly.

"Looks like the stones you replaced were flawless duplicates," the Mouse began, then fingered the remote, exclaiming, "*Triple* wow... look!" She froze the image, minimizing the live signal to display it prominently. "See who *else* we have there?"

Bentley edged forward, wondering for a moment what she was getting at, then finally a familiar face, and tail, came into view. "Sly! *Sly Cooper!*" he said with a laugh. "I'll be darned! Of course, where else would he be?"

Penelope heaved a sigh, murmuring pensively, "Gosh, I miss him..."

"I... I know sweetheart," the Turtle said to her, stroking her hand. "It's been pretty boring since the team broke up. And it did seem like it was about time for something big to break around Paris..."

\* \* \* \* \*

A deep voice intoned ponderously in a darkened chamber.

"Time... what a mystery it is. An elusive force of which we know almost nothing. It is a shadow, a phantom, a ghost, intangible, unchangeable, eternal. All we see are its effects on us, as it touches every aspect of our lives. It separates events, measures out our existence, defines our perception of reality. We willingly enslave ourselves to it, strap reminders to our wrists of our bondage. We build devices that wear down in precisely defined increments to measure it. How Time must laugh at us. It reduces the strongest civilizations to dead ruins. It relentlessly wears down even the mightiest mountain to sand. Even the stars will someday flicker out from its relentless winds. And yet, *it alone* endures. Nothing, *nothing* can withstand the omnipotent, infinite reign of Time... nothing. But, not long from now... that cunning phoenix will finally be harnessed with twelve little--!

"Yes, what is it Maurice?" the booming voice called to a snivelling Rat as it half entered the dim chamber through a door. "You *know* how much I hate being interrupted when I'm gloating to myself..." Then his voice fell silent for a moment. "Wait, this is bad news, isn't it?"

"Ehmm..." the Rat began hesitantly as he entered fully, a dapper man wearing a black suit and tie, and holding a black cane topped with a sparkling crystal. "Vell... *bad* is such a relative term--"

"Don't play games with me, you craven rodent!" he shouted. "Spit it out, if you value your continued position of relative power and opulence!"

As the Rat recovered, standing a little straighter, he couldn't keep from wringing his hands fretfully over the crystal crown of his walking stick. "Vwell, mon commandant... it seems zat zere is... a slight... *snag* in your plan to acquire ze diamonds--"

"What *kind* of snag?" the voice interrupted menacingly.

The rodent could do little for a moment but offer up an apologetic, toothy grin. "Vwell... erhhh... the-thu-tha-there is a transmission on... ze GNN News channel... aheh..."

The man snatched a remote from his desk, grumbling, "Of all the worthless personal assistants..." Then he fell silent as the huge LCD screen came to life on the wall, revealing a news story about the robbery attempt at Le Musée national d'Histoire, thwarted by Interpol, and a team led by Inspector Carmelita Fox. As her defiant image came into view, a grumble began building in the being's throat, which quickly became a growl. As Maurice crept towards the exit, it finally became a furious roar. "I'll come back later when you aren't so busy--" he blurted out, diving through the doors as a blast of electricity like a bolt of lightning struck the HDTV.

The device sparked and flickered as the energy overwhelmed it, fasteners melting, and it crashed to the floor. As the image of the Vixen remained on the dying screen, flickering and shifting, the being cried out,

"I have had enough of you, ruining my plans! Even though you have no idea, you shadowy pest, I will see to it that you are dealt with *the dawn of this very day!*"

Hope you enjoyed reading the prelude! We continue next issue with Chapter 1!

If you have any other Sly 4 ideas, please feel free to email them to me at

[coopercapersmagazine@gmail.com](mailto:coopercapersmagazine@gmail.com) .

## Puzzle: QUIZ

Time for a little quiz! See how much you know of the Sly Cooper universe. Are you as brainy as Bentley or mindless like Murray?

1. What is Sly's signature weapon?
2. What is the first name of McSweeney, Sly's father's old gang member?
3. How many clue bottles are required to open a vault in Sly 1 and 2?
4. In Sly 3, who had the Grapple Cam gadget?
5. Who, or what, is Murray in love with?
6. In total, how many playable disguises does Sly have?
7. Which movie inspired Muggshot to become a gangster?
8. What are Sly and Bentley's code names in the beginning of Sly 2?
9. What is Sly 1 known as in the UK?
10. Who did Penelope disguise herself as?
11. What is Bentley allergic to?
12. What species are Jean Bison's judges in the Canada Games?
13. What did the Contessa use the Clockwerk eyes for?
14. Who is the only female Cooper ancestor to appear in the Cooper Vault?
15. What are the password codes in Venice?
16. Which three vehicles appear when you are fighting Dr. M.?
17. Which two things weaken General Clawfoot?
18. What is the full name of Dimitri's fiancé?
19. Which Cooper was the master of disguise?
20. What is the name of the janitor at the Happy Camper Orphanage?

And now to see how you did:

0-6 – You're Murray!

You are Murray, the do-er of the Cooper Gang. You may know too little but you sure know the meaning of the Thunder Flop.... and hope the bad guys do too!

7-13 – You're Sly!

You are Sly, the master thief who is very much aware of his surroundings on a mission, but doesn't know everything precisely. Still, you don't need to be as smart as Bentley since you can outsmart the guards when in trouble.

14-20 – You're Bentley!

You are Bentley, the brains of the Cooper Gang, and it's certain that you know everything there is to know!

Answers are at the back of this issue.

# Art Gallery

Every issue I will be showing some Sly Cooper fan art that has been contributed by the fans. If you have any artwork that you wish to be featured in the magazine, please send it to [coopercapersmagazine@gmail.com](mailto:coopercapersmagazine@gmail.com) and you could see it in future issues! First up are two NES-style drawings of Sly and Clockwerk by Sucker Punch forum member bentleyhacker (Head FDF Officer of Public Relations)!:



Here is a fantastic picture of Arpeggio by malice1232123!

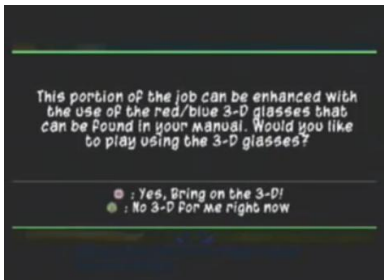


Looks like we have some brilliant artists with us! Don't forget our Sly Cooper/Halloween picture competition for next issue!!!



# Sly 3: 2D vs. 3D

Time for the “random-but-maybe-interesting” section of the magazine! One of Sly 3’s most notable new features has to be the optional 3D mode. It seems that several people have mixed opinions on this mode; some love this new feature while others prefer to stick to 2D mode. Here is what I think.



The game comes with plastic 3D glasses. One of the lens is red and the other is blue, as 3D glasses often are. At some points during the game you will be asked if you would like to play in 2D or 3D mode. If you choose 3D, the game will tell you to put your glasses on, though you don’t have to if you don’t want to.. During this mode Sly and Bentley can also be seen wearing 3D glasses. To be honest, I think you’d be better off not putting the glasses on, it just makes the game look red or blue (depending on which lens you’re looking through) and makes your eyes hurt when you take them off.

If you’re playing in 3D mode without wearing the glasses, almost everything looks dull and in a greyish-brown tone with highlights of red and blue in places, whereas the pause menu is just greyscale. If you’re wearing the glasses, the parts that look red and blue look like they are coming towards you. If you’re not wearing the glasses, it just seems pointless as nothing looks like it’s coming towards you and it drains the colour (and your eyes). Plus, I have always seen the *Sly Cooper* series as a cartoon-like series of games, and the 2D mode makes it look more like a cartoon and the 3D mode kind of robs the game of its cartoon-ness. And it’s harder to see with the glasses on, and the more I played in 3D mode, the more the colour distracted me and made me fall in the water and die (or die otherwise).

So in conclusion, for me I would say the best thing to do is play in 2D mode and if you really have to play in 3D, don’t put the glasses on unless you want your eyes to hurt.

I’m sorry if this essay has upset anyone. I was merely voicing my opinions. I’m sorry to those who like the 3D mode, but I was just saying what I think.

# Sly 4 in inFamous

I thought I’d treat you to a little something I recently found. Obviously, if you’ve played *inFamous*, you would have obviously spotted this, but for those of you who haven’t, I thought I’d give you a little treat. I most recently found this screenshot from *inFamous*, listing a Sly Cooper 4 as well as Honour Among Thieves (Sly 3’s subtitle) and Fiendish Five (the villains in Sly 1). So there *is* still hope for Sly 4! I didn’t list this in the contents or note from the editor because I wanted it to be a reward for those of you who read the magazine thoroughly. Here it is!



# Character of the Month Competition

It's time to reveal the results of our second Character of the Month competition! Unfortunately we didn't have as many votes as last time but thank you all for voting! Here are the results:

Character	Votes
Neyla	5
Bentley	3
Murray	2
Penelope	2
Muggshot	2
Dimitri	2
Carmelita	1
The Guru	1
Panda King	1
Total Votes	19

Which means Neyla is the winner!!! She will now earn a spot in the Hall of Fame, and will also appear on the cover of Issue 4. Now it's time to start the next Character of the Month competition! As Neyla won last time she will not be in this month's poll. Get voting for your favourite character at <http://coopercapers.webs.com/characterofthemonth.htm> . Results will be revealed next issue.

# Puzzle Answers

1. The Cooper cane
2. Jim
3. 30
4. Bentley
5. The Cooper getaway van
6. 5
7. The Dogfather
8. Sitting Duck and The Wizard
9. Sly Raccoon
10. The Black Baron
11. Tomatoes
12. Ducks
13. Hypnotism
14. Henriette "One Eye" Cooper
15. Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass
16. Boat, helicopter and car
17. Fire and water
18. Beverly D'Oinkeau
19. Thaddeus Winslow Cooper
20. Scary John

## Next Issue

Check back next issue for the next chapter of *A Thief's Tale* and *TimeWARP*, as well as a *Cooper Capers*-exclusive Halloween story! And while we're on the subject of Halloween, our scary Sly pictures will be shown and the winner will be revealed in the picture competition! Neyla will be in Poetry Corner, Carmelita in Character Feature and in Gadget/Move Feature we have the Paraglider! Plus I have my say on the bird villains in the Sly Cooper series! Plus we find out who the winner of the third Character of the Month is! All that and much, much more! Don't miss Issue4, coming October 1<sup>st</sup>!

## Your Work in the Magazine

I'm always happy for fellow Sly Cooper fans to send in ideas and suggestions for *Cooper Capers*. Please email your work to [coopercapermagazine@gmail.com](mailto:coopercapermagazine@gmail.com), and it must be exclusive to the magazine. Here are just a few suggestions:

- Artwork – Whether it's a hand drawing, a drawing on the computer, a photoshopped picture or maybe even a Sly Cooper sculpture, you could see it feature in the Art Gallery!
- Poems – From haikus to long poems, feel free to write about your favourite character, mission or anything else Sly Cooper related!
- Stories – Long stories please split into chapters to spread across issues.

- Sly 4 Ideas – I'd love to hear your ideas for the fourth game! They can be gameplay, plot-related, in story form, and as long or as short as you like, it's up to you!
- Suggestions – I can't think of all the sections in the magazine myself, so if you have an idea please feel free to suggest something!

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**<http://www.coopercapers.webs.com>**