

ROARIN' RICK'S

RARE BIT FIENDS

#2



\$2.95 U.S.
\$3.95 CAN.



NEIL GAIMAN

WILL HE **SAVE** THE WORLD
OR **DESTROY** IT?

DETAILS
INSIDE!

CELEBRITY

RARE BIT FIENDS

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT.

As I think I mentioned in the first issue, I'm constantly twisting the arms of all my friends and fellow creators to get them to try doing their own dream strips. DAVE SIM was the first to come through with the sparkling "ZELDA CAFE" and a number of others are in the talking stage as I write these words. One of my prime targets all along has been NEIL GAIMAN, who is a decent artist in his own right, as well as being...well, you know...the author of the OTHER dream comic we all love so much. Neil had actually contributed a one pager to the original 24 HOUR COMIC that started all this RARE BIT FIENDS stuff, and I've reproduced it in the letters page from a three year old fax, which I found in the back of a drawer (the original artwork was lost by Neil). Neil was game to attempt some new material, and of course I was egging him on as much as I could without coming across like a DC editor, but the poor guy's schedule sounded so brutal I knew it was going to be a cold day in KING HELL before he ever had the time to actually sit down and draw again. So, during one of our marathon telephone shmooze fests, I suggested that it might be fun if I illustrated one of his dreams, and he liked the idea (strangely enough, even though Neil and I go back to my SWAMP THING days, we have never actually collaborated on anything beyond raw ideas!)

Sure enough, a few weeks later I received a fax with seven or eight of Neil's dreams written out. I roughed them into page layouts and faxed them back and we went over them, panel by panel, on the phone, Neil describing in detail what he remembered from the dreams, and me asking him for visual and emotional associations to flesh things out. The results surprised us both, I think, and will provide readers with a spooky, funny, and pretty damn accurate snapshot of what's going on in the subterranean sinkholes of the mind that has given us some of the best writing comics have ever seen. The good news is that there is enough material to carry over into next issue as well.

As the future CELEBRITY RARE BIT FIENDS, this certainly opens up some interesting new avenues to explore. I know a number of writers who don't draw, and I'll be trying to tempt them to share their nocturnal emissions in the same manner. (Hey, guys! These things write THEMSELVES!) Also, I'm going to start a little research to see if I can turn up actual dream accounts from historical personalities that might make interesting strips. Any sharp eyed readers who run into such material, please, send it on in!



I AM WANDERING
AN OLD SPACESHIP.



THE WHOLE PLACE
IS MADE OF TIRED
OLD FLESH.



I PUSH MY WAY
THROUGH IT, SADLY.



THE CONTROL ROOM
IS ANCIENT, ERODED,
OPEN TO THE SKY.

IT IS
ALSO
MALE.



1. ACTIVATE THE
BACK-UP SYSTEMS
IN A SURGE OF
POWER.

NEW FLESH BEGINS TO APPEAR.
GIRDERS AND ARCHES PUSHING
AND FLAILING THEIR WAY UP
FROM THE GROUND.

A VOICE INFORMS
ME THE NEW SHIP
IS FEMALE.

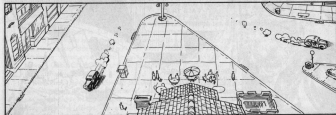
I'M IN A TAXI, TALKING OVER THE INTERCOM WITH A WOMAN I MUST BE IN LOVE WITH.



SHE IS ALSO IN A TAXI, SOMEWHERE.



THE TAXIS GET FURTHER AND FURTHER APART, AND HER VOICE GETS FAINTER.



EVENTUALLY IT CRACKLES AWAY INTO NOTHING.





WAITING FOR A BUS, A
CREATURE PUSHES PAST ME.

I SUPPRESS ANY
DISGUST, TRY TO
FEEL ONLY PITY.

I GO UPSTAIRS
ON THE BUS
WHERE THE THING
IS RECLINING.

IT LOOKS AT ME
THROUGH A HOLE
TORN IN ITS
SHEET.

NOW IT HAS AN OLD
HAG'S FACE THAT
TELLS ME I OWE IT
AN ADVERTISEMENT.

BRIEFLY I REMEMBER
BEING IN ITS DARK
BASEMENT, DOING
SOME KIND OF DEAL.

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I ADMIT I OWE IT THE ADVERT,
BUT CLAIM THE PUBLICATION IT IS
REFERRING TO NEVER CAME OUT.

AT THAT, IT LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND
LAUGHS AND LAUGHS AND LAUGHS.

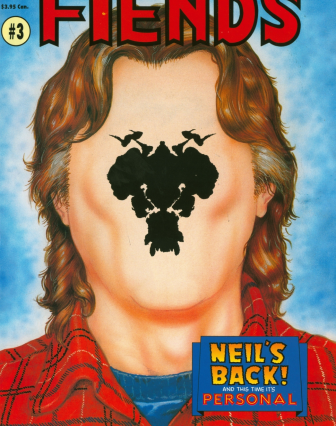
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#3

RARE BIT FIENDS



**NEIL'S
BACK!**
AND THIS TIME IT'S
PERSONAL

WE HAD BEEN FILMING
ROCK VIDEOS IN THE
BASEMENT OF A HUGE
HOUSE.

CELEBRITY RARE BIT FIENDS

DREAM: NEIL GAIMAN
ART: RICK VEITCH

THEY GAVE ME A
CROSSBOW BECAUSE
IT WAS DANGEROUS
OUTSIDE.



THERE WERE
WILD PEOPLE
OUT THERE.

THE CROWD
CARRIED THE
ROCK STAR
AROUND THE
BASEMENT
ON THEIR
SHOULDERS...

... THEN THREW
HIM INTO THE
LAKE!

I SUGGESTED THIS
TO HIM AS A POSSIBLE
VIDEO.

HE SHOWED ME A ROOM THAT ROSE,
ELEVATOR-LIKE, INTO THE SKY...



There was an airport that used to fly over the plane lands or take off. No one knows the airport control the world.



I no longer remember what I was doing there originally. Perhaps I was waiting for a plane...



THEY
WANT
TO
KNOW
WHAT
I
WANT
TO
KNOW
WHAT
I
WANT
TO
KNOW



There was a Japanese girl with a smile that they called her the "Little Princess".

I helped her, when she was chased her and told her about her.



One day, I saw her on an out-head walking sidewalk. I called out, but she didn't even know I existed.



I followed her into a distant part of the airport.



She got onto a plane all on her own.



The plane stood up. The plane flew away flying.



On my desk, the television man talk about hatred. We have always lived in the airport.

