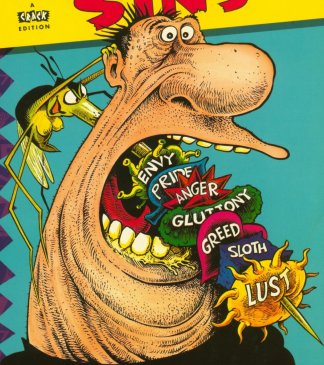


# SEVEN DEADLY SINS

A  
**CRACK**  
EDITION







**Seven Deadly Sins**

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Published by Knockabout Publications  
10 Acklam Road, London W10 9QZ

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Design Kian Hughes  
ISBN 0 96166 062 8

Printed in Denmark by Nørhaven AS

# SEVEN DEADLY SINS



**PRIDE**

ROZ KAVENEY and GRAHAM HIGGINS

**ENVY**

TYM MANLEY and HUNT EMERSON

**SLOTH**

NEIL GAIMAN and BRYAN TALBOT

**GLUTTONY**

DAVE GIBBONS and LEW STRINGER

**GREED**

MARK RODGERS and STEVE GIBSON

**ANGER**

DAVY FRANCIS and JEREMY BANKS

**LUST**

ALAN MOOSE and MIKE MATTHEWS

KNOCKABOUT

**CRACK**  
EDITIONS



# PRIDE

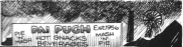
ROE KAVENEY and GRAHAM HIGGINS

# PRIDE

A CLASSIC STRIP by GRAHAM HIGGINS ©1989

featuring AN EXQUISITE COMMENTARY by ROZ KAVENEY  
THOUGH WHY WE WASTE OUR COMBINED ELOQUENCE ON THE LIVES OF YOU WE DON'T KNOW

**BUW PREECE**, A WALKING CATALOGUE OF MISERY, UNQUALIFIED UNEMPLOYED AND WELSH.  
HIS SATURDAY NIGHT COMPRISES TWELVE PINTS OF LAGER, A LOUD LEER AT THE PUB ENTERTAINMENT - BILL PROSSER AT THE ORGAN ACCOMPANYING DOLLY MADDOG'S DANCE OF THE SEVEN FORMAL UNDERGARMENTS - AN INFORMAL BEAVYL AND...



... FISH FINGER AN CHIPS OFF DAI PUGH. NICE AND GREASY TO GIVE YOUR BELLY SOMETHING TO GRIP HOLD OF...

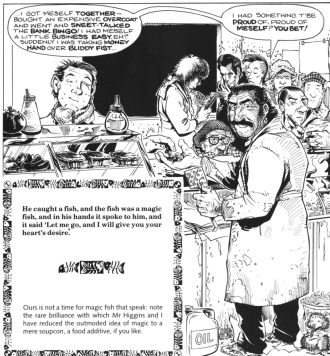
WOLD YUKKY DAI'S NEVER SHORT OF TRADE COME SAT'DY NIGHT

There was once a poor fisherman, unhappy with his lot ...

**THE STORY OF THE FISHERMAN**

Of course, in the versions you will all know, this wonderful lecture on the perils of ambition ends up becoming a lot of misogynist nonsense. We, especially since I patiently explained the politics to Higgins, are above all that. This is not the shop to which you come for **The Story of the Fisherman and his Wife**, but a superior, purer version ... Note how, in Mr Higgins's elegant rendition, the play of light and shade captures the rancid crunch of aged batter.





He caught a fish, and the fish was a magic fish, and in his hands it spoke to him, and it said 'Let me go, and I will give you your heart's desire.'



Ours is not a time for magic fish that speak: note the rare brilliance with which Mr Higgins and I have reduced the outmoded idea of magic to a mere soupçon, a food additive, if you like.



FRESH, GRANNY OREN? FRESH! LOVELY BIT O'OOD LOVE. Y'HOULDN'T GET BETTER UP THE WEST END...



IN FACT, I THINK I'LL HAVE A BIT MESELF... THERE'S LOVELY!



LINGS WEST END, LIT?

GET A LOAD OF THE GLITZ, EHP GALA OPENING OF MY KNIGHTSBRIDGE EATERIE. WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT? A LAD FROM THE VALLEYS MIXING IT WITH TV PERSONALITIES N' THAT. AND LISTEN, THIS MOB'LL PAY THROUGH THE NOSE FOR A BIT OF REAL FOOD. MORE MONEY N' SENSE. MOST OF 'EM.

LOOK AT 'EM. COMMON AS MUCK. MOST OF 'EM, GETTING BACK TO THEIR ROOTS. IT'LL COST 'EM. MIND, CLASS. DON'T COME CHEAP.

YOU FEWIN' OR WHAT?

DARLING, WHAT A HORRID LITTLE MAN!

SO AUTHENTIC. DARLING, SO EASY TO GET (I THINK?)

DON'T I REMIND YOU, HARRIS?

IT'S THE ONLY THAT PUT THE GREASY IN NOVELLE. CURSE!

THREE... NO FOUR THOUSAND. IT'S THE COST OF CHIPS AND A SWEETLY

MAKES YOUR TUP BEND UP FOR SO.



And when he had his heart's desire, he was happy for a while, and then it seemed a slight thing to him. He went out again, and again he held the fish in his hands, and it said to him ...



Here we see Higgins insisting on adding a lot of oh-so-piquant contemporary references, a veritable charivari or charabanc of caricatures, to what I had intended as a subtly stark bridge passage to the excellences to come.





# BIG FISH INTERNATIONAL

SIGNOR PREECE, THE FILM CREW ARE HERE.



TELL 'EM TO WAIT, VANESSA. I'M BUSY.  
GET RICH 'N EVERYONE WANTS TO KNOW YOU. "WHAT'S THE SECRET, NISTER PREECE?" "BLADDY PEESE!" 'S NO REASON WHY ANYONE SHOULDN'T BRIDE 'THEIR BACKSIDES AW MAKE 'THEIR FARMH NAD...  
GOOD MR. THOUGH I SPARE.



And even more quickly riches became stale to him. And this time the fish came to his hand without even a net and ...



Note how we extend the fish metaphor even in the dialogue and in the process revivify delicately the cliché of 'small fry'. In the tank, Mr Higgins indulges himself with a somewhat pjeune symbol for market capitalism; presumably the lurking tentacle is a symbol for inflation, or something.





OH I'M JUST AN ORDINARY BUREAU PERSON! I JUST FOUND WHAT I'M GOOD AT AND STUCK TO IT.

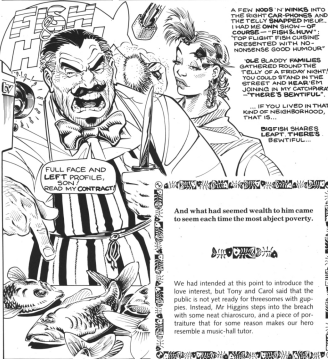


PROUD OF THE BUSINESS? QUIETLY SATISFIED Y'KNOW. MIND, MY OLD FATHER WOULD'VE BIN PROUD OF ME WORKED HARD ALL HIS LIFE AN DIED OF CANCER WITH THE ARSE HANGIN OUT OF HIS TROUSERS...



DA WOULD'VE SAVED OFF HIS LEGS FER YOUR JOB, BOY... MONEY FOR PISS...

HAVE SOME RED MULLET, BOY... SPECIALLY FLOWN IN FROM ST. PETERS THIS MORNIN'...



FULL FACE AND LEFT PROFILE, SON? READ MY CONTRACT

A FEW NODS 'N WINKS INTO THE RIGHT CAR-PHONES AND THE TELLY SNAPPED ME UP. I HAD ME OWN SHOW—OF COURSE — "FISH & HULL": TOP FLIGHT FISH CUISINE PRESENTED WITH NO-NONSENSE GOOD HUMOUR"

YOLK GLADDY FAMILIES GATHERED ROUND THE TELLY OF A FRIDAY NIGHT! YOU COULD STAND IN THE STREET AND HEAR 'EM JOINING IN MY CATCHPHRASE — "THERE'S BEWTFUL"

... IF YOU LIVED IN THAT KIND OF NEIGHBORHOOD, THAT IS...

BIGFISH SHADES LEAPT, THERE'S BEWTFUL...

And what had seemed wealth to him came to seem each time the most abject poverty.



We had intended at this point to introduce the love interest, but Tony and Carol said that the public is not yet ready for threesomes with guppies. Instead, Mr Higgins steps into the breach with some neat chiaroscuro, and a piece of portraiture that for some reason makes our hero resemble a music-hall tutor.



SALESMANSHIP + SHOWBIZ +  
POLITICS.  
TIME TO COUNT THE CHICKENS

WE-ELL I MEAN TO SAY—  
BLADY WALKOVER WASN'T IT?



And even wealth came to seem paltry to him. And he said to the fish, 'Place me on high that I might be ruler of all I survey.'



Mr Higgins, who fancies himself as an intellectual, here gives us a complex metaphor that makes a word play on the word 'high' and on the intoxication of power. Kids, don't try to do this trick in the home, with or without a responsible adult, faced with a politician, **JUST SAY NO.**





In the Middle Ages, and in stories, you can't get away with that sort of thing, and the fish puts him back in Square, or rather Frame, One. Nowadays, wanting to be God is considered rather a modest aspiration; Mr Higgins and I are far more ambitious than that. Higgins of course insists on a neat ending, instead of the dying fall / planned, on a little ironic salt and vinegar for a character, who, as it were, has had his chips.



THE UNIVERSE  
IS TRULY  
A PARAGON  
OF ELEGANT  
INVENTIVENESS.  
AMEN.



BUT IN THE  
LAST DAYS  
HE MUST START  
TO THINK...



BIG!



A. HMM? A LITTLE  
ARCHLY SYMBOLIC  
AS DEI EX MACHINA CO.  
AND WHAT PRAY  
IS THE MORAL?

NEVER WORK  
WITH  
CHILDREN  
OR  
DUMB ANIMALS.  
TANGYD!



# ENVY

TYM MANLEY and HUNT EMERSON

...WORLD FAMOUS SHIP FROM  
 MOON JAMPTOWN TAKES 475  
 ANCHORS, 5475 TO WEDDING  
 MIA PRIDE TO TERRY CRAIG.  
 FIVE SECONDS PLANNING, FOR  
 WHICH HE WILL DEPARTURE  
 RECEIVE A TEN-FIVE TEN  
 OF TWO MILLION DOLLARS...



...THE BILLION DOLLAR PALACE OF WHEELS  
 WILL DEPART IN FIVE SECONDS, TAKING THE  
 ANCHORS FROM AFTER. BEING PLACED,  
 AND BRINGING HIM OFF TO THE AIRPORT! FOR  
 THE PRINCE JET - HUGE 3 - PLANNED BY  
 THE THREE LITTLE SWISSERS, WILL  
 OPEN HIM TO HIS EXCLUSIVE SOUTH SEA  
 ISLAND RESORT - 2000 IS THERE  
 AFTER THE BEACH...

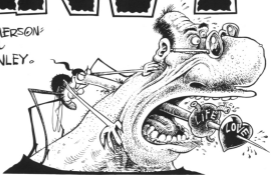


IS YOUR LAMP ON?!!  
 WE'VE GOT THE 3 TONS!  
 WITH A VERY SPECIAL, MOON BEAM IN  
 OUR SUPER DIMMS MAJORITY KITCHEN  
 (POWER! SEX! WEALTH!) TO GAIN!  
**MONEY! SEX! POWER! WEALTH!**  
**SEX! MORE MONEY! SEX!**  
**YOU WANT IT??**  
 ENVI THE BASTARDS THAT HAVE GOT IT!!  
 LAY THEM EVERYDAY IN YOUR SUPER  
 SORROWWAY BURN!!



# ENVY

HUNT EMERSON  
 and  
 TYM MANLEY.















Moral:  
Be not  
Envious,  
for no-one  
has  
anything.





# SLOTH

NEIL GAIMAN and BRYAN TALBOT

WRITTEN BY  
NEIL GAIMAN

DRAWN BY  
BRYAN BURST

# SLOTH

Saturday, January 1st,  
2000 AD. 2:45 PM.

THIS IS THE PLACE,  
BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

AT LAST, OUR PILGRIMAGE  
IS COME TO AN END.

ABOUT BLOODY TIME!

SEE, CHILDREN,  
THE SACRED SIGN!

Quiet  
Please  
DO NOT  
DISTURB

I MIGHTY THINK IT APPLIES TO YOU,  
BROTHER SLEAZEBAGGERS!

BING BONG

HELLOO-ooo T  
BANTODY HI-GOME?



WE ARE THE FAMED WOVING FLEEDERS OF HOME. COME TO  
HEAR YOUR WORD, OH PROPHET. I AM BROTHER TORPOR,  
THIS IS SISTER SACK, AND THAT A BROTHER SLEEPSOFTGALLION



AND I'M NOT THE PROPHET. I  
AM BUT A POOR ACCOYTL.

THE PROPHET HIMSELF IS HERE TOO  
HOLY TO BE UP BEFORE LENCH.



COME, THEN. LET US WAKE HIM.  
BROTHER TORPOR, SISTER SACK AND  
BROTHER WITH A REALLY CREEP NAME.



IT'S SLEEPSOFTGALLION  
I DON'T WANT TO PICK IT.

AWAKE, GREAT PROPHET! FOR AFTERNOON  
WINE COME INTO THE WORLD ON THIS, THE  
FIRST DAY OF THE NEWMILLENNIUM! AND A  
BLUNCH OF PROBLEMS ARE HERE TO DRINK  
YOUR WISDOM.



SOD OFF. CAN'T YOU SEE I'M  
ASLEEP. I'M WINELESS MIZCOOK!

BLOODY HELL. ALL RIGHT  
HAD TO GET UP EVENTUALLY.

YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW  
IT ALL HAPPENED, I SUPPOSE.



WELL, I WAS IN BED ONE MORNING  
AND SUDDENLY I RECEIVED A VISION.  
SUDDENLY THREE GREAT MYSTERIES  
WERE REVEALED TO ME.

TELL US ALL THREE OF  
THEM, GREAT PROPHET





...and the Lord said unto Himself, Well, I've got all week, no need to hurry. And truly He put His feet up.



And on the second day God awoke. And when He created for Himself a nice hot bath, and some soap and a sponge and sanded He them, and the thriller to read in the bath created He, and it had the author's name embossed in large gold letters on the cover. And He saw it was good.



And that was half the day gone already, and He thought, Might as well start it tomorrow when I'm fresh.



And on the third day God rearranged His bookshelf. And people took Him up and said unto Him, how's it going with the Heaven and Earth then? And He spoke unto them, saying, almost finished, just a few details, be ready for Monday morning no problems.



And on the fourth day He awoke.



And on the fifth day He said Thank me, it's... uh, I'll call it Friday, and it was Friday, which meant that it was coming up for the weekend, and He left early. And on Friday also did He have a bath.



and on the Saturday He walked around the house all day speaking unto himself, I've really got to get it done today, really. Everybody's waiting, but he wasn't in the mood.



And on the Sunday he read the covers and lay a little back, and another page. Once He finished the length of His Beard.

And behold it was 11:00 Sunday night and God sat up next at the night creating the Heaven and the Earth and comert all of the animals that had existed, and he made them human and and then he divided the light from the darkness because he had found them almost that, and so, it was all ready for Monday morning.



And He would do up.



And God looked upon it and saw that it was all right, considering it was a bit of a rough job. And it was 4:00 pm on the eighth day.

AND GOD SAID, LO! I AM KNOWERED, AND TOOK THE PEBBLES!



OH, A WONDEROUS QUALITY!

NOT BAD WHAT WERE THE OTHER TWO SPECIAL TRICKS?



"WELL, THE SECOND CONCERNING THE COMPARTMENTS."

"THE TEN COMPARTMENTS?"

"WELL, THAT WOULD BE MY FRIEND WHO ABOUT, YOU SEE..."



*Handwritten signature and notes at the bottom of the page.*



AND MOSES LAHAT (SAID DOWN THE MOUNTAIN), AND (SOUNDING) THE COMMANDMENTS THE LORD HAD GIVEN HIM. THEN HE SAID, THEY NEEDED A LITTLE TRIPPING LAHAT.

Page 6 Panel 3  
A STAFF NEED NOT TO  
TOWARD LITTLE NOISE  
...  
...  
... Panel 4

THE THIRD REVELATION IN  
MY VISION CONCERNED  
THE PULLDOWN.



FOR SHEILD WHAT THE LORD FIND  
THE ANSWER, HE LAUGHED UP AND  
SET IT GOING.

AND EVERY THOUSAND YEARS THERE  
WAS TO BE A GREAT CATASTROPHIC & PAINFUL  
SPLITTING, AND LIFE AS HAPPY AS  
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN, AND THE LORD LAUGHED  
AT HIS OWN WISDOM...  
AND



LOVE AND

AND IT WOULD BE FOR  
ANOTHER THOUSAND YEARS.



FOR HE WAS NOWHOLD  
OF THE PULLDOWN AND  
WAS NOT UNDER IT.



HEMANT & GEE, BUT  
WELL FIND OUT SOMETHING  
ABOUT WHAT HE

**WHIRRTTHONNNNKK**  
**WHRONKkkkk**



WHAT WAS THAT?

OH WELL, I DON'T  
KNOW, BUT IT'S  
THE END OF THE LINE.

WELL, SOUNDS LIKE LIKE  
SOMETHING VERY RARE AND SOLE.

Dear Tony & Carol  
Don't worry - I know we're running  
a bit late on this and that it's holding  
up publication, but you know how it  
goes. I had stuff to finish and Neil  
took bloody ages, actually getting  
down to doing the script.  
It's a bit rough now, but I'll get  
the whole thing finished off before it  
goes to the printers, no worries  
Promise. Love Byron

P.S. When do we get paid?



# GLUTTONY

DAVE GIBBONS and LEW STRINGER

DO-DOODIN' P! I could tell you some stories about so-called DO-DOODIN'...  
 FIRSTLY, TAKE THE 18<sup>TH</sup> AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION (THIS HERE BANNED STATES, MAN, THAT WAS EXPOSED TO DO-DOODIN' WHEN THEY MADE IT LAW, BACH IN 1920. MOST BODYS KNEW IT AS PROHIBITION...



IT FORBID THE MAKIN' AND SELLIN' OF LIQUOR, THIS BANN'D THE GREAT AMERICAN PUBLIC FROM THE EFFECTS OF DEMON DRINKS...

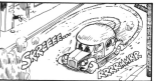
LEADINGS, THAT WAS THE IDEA THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETYS HAD, WHEN THEY FORCED THE LAW THROUGH CONGRESS...

REALITY WAS THAT ORGANIZED CRIME GOT A HIGH-PRICED OPPORTUNITY FOR EXPANSION HEADED TO IT ON A PLATE.

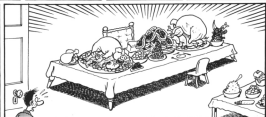
THE WRECK A CROWD 'BOUT DO-DOODIN' IN THEM PROHIBITION DAYS - IT CAUSED CRIME AND BUILT UP CONSIDERABLE WEALTH FOR THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND A MIGHTY INTERTWINE MAN, ALPHONSE GLUTTONS. BETTER KOOKS ROUND THESE PARTS AS...



# The GLUT!

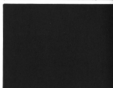














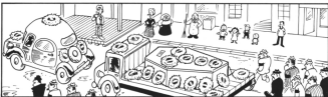
QUEST THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH DO-GOODER? IT'S SO HARD TO BE SURE JUST WHO'S GOOD AND WHO'S BAD. IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS, IN CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES, YOU MIGHT EVEN THINK A SLURF EYE TO MURDER!



ANYWAY, PROHIBITION GOT REPEALED IN THE END, AND THE CITIZENS OF THE U.S.A. WERE ABLE TO BUY LIQUOR OVER THE COUNTER AGAIN, WHICH MADE EVERYONE HAPPY. 'CEPT THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES, THAT IS...

...AND, OF COURSE, THE PROHIBITORS, BUT THEY SOON FOUND OTHER REASONS AND WENT WITH THE LEADER THEY'VE LEARNED. STARTED CARRYING CUSTOMERS EVEN YOUNGER AND WEAKER 'EM ON EVEN DEBILITATED STUFF.

YEP, CRIMES GOT EVEN MORE OUT-THE-REAR SINCE THOSE BARS AND 30M'S PUBLIC'S GOT USED TO LOOPING THE OTHER WAY. AS FOR DO-GOODERS, WELL, THE PUBLIC'S STILL STILL POPULAR BUT, LIKE ALWAYS, THE REAL THING, QUOTE MORE OR LESS UNNOTICED.



SOME THROAT ON LADIES? BEHOLD HE'D HAVE APPROVED. AND YOU, IT'S ALL FOR APPEARANCE SAKE. SOMET HE HAD A REAL FRIEND IN THE WORLD.

THAT'S WHY HE WOULD CLOSE THE CASE TOO MANY SUSPECTS.

WE TOOK A BIT O'POISON' TOO. HAD ENOUGH BUT POISON 'O'IN TO STOP AN ARMY!



JUST LIKE HIM, ALWAYS HAS TO HAVE A BAIN-TUB FULL WITH A CUPFUL WOULD BE SOME HOW WEIRDLY QUIP.

SO WHO'D HE THOUGHT HE WOULD BE SO SURE "BURN EVERYTHING," THAT'S ALL IT WAS "BURN EVERYTHING."

FEARS HE HAD A LOT OF SECRETS.



...OR PERHAPS HE LIKED TO IMAGINE EVERYTHING HE HAD BEING CONSIDERED IN HIS BOTTLES, INSTEAD OF IN DRIS AND BEARS.

YEP, SAVED THE GLUT NEVER WOULD WHEN HE'D HAD ENOUGH...



...OR WHEN PEOPLE HAD HAD ENOUGH OF HIM?

Enough





# GREED

MARK RODGERS and STEVE GIBSON







**Patrol!** THE DEVICE ACCURATELY DIAGNOSES **SPINNING COMPASS!** SO IT LOOKS LIKE THE PATIENT HAS TWO OF MEDICAL GAGES!

**AND** IT GREATLY COST ME A TRAIL!

THE DEVICE WILL DO!

**THEY** HAVE... IN THE GEAR...

**HOW TO BUMP OFF MUMSY**

I'VE GIVEN THE SURVIVAL THE BEST OIL! AN AND KROOKS PROBABLY WILL DISCOVER MYSELF AS A 'PSYCHOLOGICAL' AGAIN! 'LIFE' COME!



**WAAH!** NO-ONE WILL RECOGNIZE ME NOW...!!

GOODBYE! MYSTIC REBORN!

GOODBYE! MYSTIC REBORN!

HOW TO BUMP OFF MUMSY... **GUFFAW!**



**OH NO...!** SHE'S MISSING UP!!!

WASHINGTON... UP... IN... OF THE... IT... JAMES

POW AS MY TEST! GO!



**ERR**... THE BULLY'S BLOWN AND I'M TOO STUPID TO BELIEVE SPINE ONE'S IN THE HOUSE!

**YAAARG!**

HEY NEW BFF!

**GLIM!**

**SNORE**

**SHRETT!**

**SHRETT!**





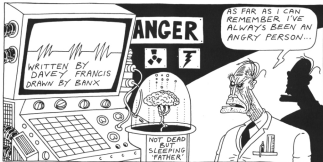


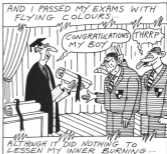




# ANGER

DAVY FRANCIS and JEREMY BATES





...AND I LEFT AFTER A DIFFERENCE OF OPINIONS...



SOON AFTER, I ENTERED THE HELL - BLAZING WORLD OF ACCOUNTANCY...



A WORLD I FOUND TO BE TOTALLY FRUSTRATING



FROM MORNING...



... 'TIL NIGHT



DURING MY FREE TIME I BECAME A VIRTUAL RECLUSE. I WAS NEVER ASKED TO ANY OF MY NEIGHBOUR'S PARTIES...



I THINK MY NEIGHBOURS HATED ME AS MUCH AS I HATED THEM.



EVEN THE POSTMAN SENT ME HATE MAIL ...



ONCE, I GOT A PET FOR COMPANIONSHIP...



HOWEVER THIS BOND DID NOT LAST LONG...



AND WE HAD TO PART OUR SEPERATE WAYS



I WENT ON A HOLIDAY TO TRY AND CALM MY NERVES - BUT EVEN THIS WAS INFURIATING ...



AND WHEN I EVENTUALLY GOT TO MY DESTINATION, IT WAS EVEN WORSE...



EVEN SIMPLE THINGS MADE ME ANGRY - LIKE SHOPPING...



OR GOING TO THE BANK...



FINALLY, I RETIRED FROM MY "LIFE" IN ACCOUNTING...



AND I SET OFF TO LIVE OUT THE REST OF MY DAYS...



... IN PEACE AND QUIET



POTTERING ABOUT IN THE GARDEN



GOING FOR LITTLE DRIVES IN THE COUNTRY...



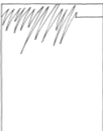
AND JOINING INTERESTING HOBBY CLASSES...



EVENTUALLY, HOWEVER, I RETURNED TO MY FIRST LOVE... SCIENCE



NOW I'VE CREATED THE  
ULTIMATE REVENGE MACHINE,  
"THE COSMIC VAPORIZER".  
WITH THIS, I'LL BE RID OF  
ALL MY NEIGHBOURS, EX-  
COLLEAGUES, EX-SCHOOLMATES,  
EX-BOSSSES, EVERYONE.  
AND THEN I WON'T BE  
ANGRY ANYMORE.  
EVER.





# LUST

ALAN MOORE and MIKE MATTHEWS

*I'VE JUST ACROSS THE MUD,  
WE'VE BEEN WATCHING  
EACH OTHER FOR SOME  
TIME...*

*SHE HAS NICE CONTOURS,  
GOING IN AND OUT IN ALL THE  
RIGHT PLACES.*

*AND  
SHE HAS  
BUILT BIG...!  
THE MUD I LIKE 'EM.*

*SEEMS SHE HAS QUITE A REPUTATION.*

*BY ALL ACCOUNTS SHE'S SCREWED HALF OF EUROPE  
AND LEFT 'EM COMPLETELY IN HER THRALL...!*

*NOT THAT I  
WAS WORRIED.  
I'D SCREWED THE  
OTHER HALF, AND  
I WAS QUITE A  
REPUTATION MYSELF.  
I'VE GOT A BIG  
WEAPON THAT'S  
TALKED ABOUT  
FROM BERRYHOLE RIGHT  
UP TO BERRYHOLE!*

*NO, SHE  
DIDN'T  
INTIMIDATE  
ME...*

*I LOOKED UPON HER AS...A CHALLENGE...!*

**A PORNOGRAPHY**  
WRITTEN BY  
ALAN MOORE '88  
AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
MIKE MATTHEWS '88

**COMING SOON**

13  
COMING SOON



I SUPPOSE IT WAS INEVITABLE WE'D RUN INTO EACH OTHER SOONER OR LATER...

THE BEARING OF A GUNBARREL POINTED AT AN ENEMY WAS ALWAYS AN INVITATION TO ENGAGE IN A CONFRONTATION.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD, AND WE ALREADY SEEMED TO SHOW AN INTEREST IN THE SAME PLACES.

ON THE OCCASION IN QUESTION, I MANEUVERED MYSELF INTO A POSITION WHERE I COULD BRUSH UP AGAINST HER INVITING REAR...



I WAS AS DISCRETE AS POSSIBLE, BUT WHEN SHE FELT THE EXISTENT PRESSURE AGAINST HER FLANKS, SHE KNEW AT ONCE WHO WAS BEHIND IT...!



I COULD TELL THAT THE SIZE OF MY EQUIPMENT IMPRESSED HER...!

WE EXCHANGED A FEW HEATED, PASSIONATE WORDS...



I DON'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT WAS SAID... BUT BY NOW EVERYONE HAD NOTICED HOW WE WERE CARRYING ON...

SO WE DECIDED TO CONTINUE THE ACTION BACK AT HER PLACE!



*SOONER* DID I GET THERE THAN SHE TOOK OFF ALL THE WRAPS AND SHOWED ME **EVERYTHING** SHE'D GOT...!

SHE WAS **EVEN MORE** WELL-DEVELOPED THAN I'D ANTICIPATED...

*STRAIGHT* AWAY, I WENT TO WORK ON HER WITH MY **MOUTH**... BOUNDING MYSELF INTO A FRENZY AS I DID SO...!

I **DROVE** HER **WILD!** AS I KNEW IT WOULD...!

SHE **RECIPROCATED**, USING HER TONGUE AS **CLEVERLY** AS SHE COULD, ALL THE WHILE THRUSTING HER ORGAN INTO MY FACE...!

*WHEN* WE WERE RIGHT ON THE BRINK AND APPROACHING THE POINT OF **NO RETURN**... WE **WITHDREW**... SO AS TO DELAY THE **INEVITABLE**...

...BUT BOTH OF US WERE STILL **PAINING** AND **READY** FOR MORE...

*AS* TO THINK EVERYONE HAD SAID THAT SHE WAS **COLD**...!



**SINCE** WE WERE BOTH FAIRLY SOPHISTICATED, I DECIDED TO SHOW HER SOME OF THE FANCIER TRICKS IN MY REPERTOIRE...

FIRST, I TIED UP HER ARMS...

THEN REARING UP ABOVE, I MOVED IN LOW, UNTIL SHE WAS CONVINCED THAT I WAS ABOUT TO COME OVER HER FRONT!

KEEPING HER IN SUSPENSE, I MERELY TIGHTENED MY GRASP UPON HER VULNERABLE BELLS.

THE INSTRUMENT I USE IN SUCH SITUATIONS WAS BIG AND HARD AND READY TO ENGAGE!

IT'S HEAD WAS PURPLE AND ENGORGED WITH BLOOD!

STILL... I HELD BACK... I'D ANTICIPATED THIS MOMENT FOR YEARS... AND DIDN'T WANT IT TO ALL BE OVER IN A FLASH!

GETTING HER TO HOLD HER BREATH FOR THE PROLONGED PERIOD WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE TRICK!

NOT JUST YET...

BY NOW, HOWEVER, EXCITED BY MY ATTENTIONS, SHE UNDOED ME ON TO NEW PLATEAUS OF EXCESS!

I'VE HAD ONE, FOR EXAMPLE, WHO FIRST DECIDED UPON GETTING THE NEIGHBOURS TO JOIN IN!



**THEY WERE** RELUCTANT... AT FIRST... BUT WHEN WE APPLIED PRESSURE TO ALL THEIR MOST SENSITIVE AREAS THEY BECAME ONLY TOO WILLING TO COMPLY!

**THINGS THEY'D KEPT** BOTTLED UP IN SECRET CAME SPILLING OUT!



**BY THE ENDING** ONLY THINGS THEY'D GIVEN THEM'D ALWAYS WANTED TO, BUT NEVER DARED SUGGEST!



**ONE FEMALE ADMIRAL** I'D INVITED TO TAKE PART PROMISED TO RAISE THE SUBJECT OF MY DESIRES WITH CERTAIN DEVICES, IF I'D PIN HER DOWN WHILE SHE DID IT TO HER...

**THE IDEA** WAS TEMPTING... BUT I HAD MORE LURID PLANS...!



**AT THE TIME THAT FOLLOWED** WAS A BLUR OF FEVERISH ACTIVITY! I PRESSED INTO 'SHE-WHO-OBSSESSED-ME' FROM THE FRONT WHILE ANOTHER TRIED TO ENTER HER FROM THE REAR...

**BUT SHE SPOT** TOO QUICKLY!



**MORE THAN** ONCE, I FELT AN INTRUSION AT MY OWN 'BACK DOOR' THAT ONLY SPURRED ME ON...!

**EVENTUALLY...** THE OTHERS FELL AWAY... UTTERLY DRAINED... TILL ONLY SHE AND I WERE LEFT.

**ALREADY** PENETRATED IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE WAY, SHE WAS WIDE OPEN...  
I PREPARED TO MAKE MY FINAL ASSAULT...



A LONG, INSISTENT COLUMN OF FLESH  
PUSHED INTO HER...

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, AT ITS  
FOREMOST TIP, A LITTLE  
MOISTURE WAS  
PRODUCED...



USED ON BY  
THESE, MY  
MOVEMENTS  
CAME FASTER AND  
MORE FURIOUSLY  
AS I PLUNGED  
INTO HER  
INTERIOR...

THESE MOVEMENTS WERE  
THE MOST INTENSE  
I HAD EVER EXPERIENCED...

THESE MOVEMENTS WERE  
THE MOST INTENSE  
I HAD EVER EXPERIENCED...

WHILE SHE, RESPONDING, EXERCISED HER MUSCLE TO PUT AS MUCH OF A SQUEEZE UPON ME AS POSSIBLE...



OUR ACTIVITIES WERE LUBRICATED  
WITH THE SLICKNESS OF BOTH OUR JUICES NOW...



**TWO FEET BUTTONS STOOD UP STIFF AND ERECT.**

I KNEW THAT WERE THE HEREST FINGERTIP TO BRUSH THEM, SHE WOULD BE DRIVEN TO A

**CLIMAX** THAT WOULD, IN TURN, PRECIPITATE MY OWN...!

**THE MOMENT HEARD...  
MY PERTINENT EQUIPMENT  
ROSE UP TO THE PROPER  
ANGLE OF COMPLETE  
ERECTION...**

**FINALLY  
I COULD CONTAIN  
MYSELF NO  
LONGER...**

**I  
SHOT MY  
FULL LOAD  
INTO HER:**

JUST AS SHE BESTOWED  
HER BENEVOLENT  
BOUNTY UPON  
ME!

IT'S ALWAYS SO MUCH  
BETTER IF YOU  
MANAGE IT  
TOGETHER...

**WITH SHRIEKS AND  
HOWLS WE SPENT  
OURSELVES...**

AND  
THE EARTH  
MOVED.



AFTERWARDS...

FOR A VERY  
LONG  
TIME...

WE  
JUST LAY THERE  
SILENTLY...

SOME BY ONE...

... SMOOKED ...

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