



Misty

F E A T U R I N G

Moonchild & The Four Faces of Eve

PAT MILLS ✶ MALCOLM SHAW ✶ JOHN ARMSTRONG ✶ BRIAN DELANEY ✶ SHIRLEY BELLWOOD

PAT MILLS & MALCOLM SHAW

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JOHN ARMSTRONG & BRIAN DELANEY

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MISTY



MISTY CREATED BY PAT MILLS AND WILF PRIGMORE



FOREWORD

It was the last few weeks before I left *2000 AD* and I was looking forward to starting work on my next creation: *Misty*. I took the title from the film, *Play Misty For Me* and my plan was to use my *2000 AD* approach on a girls' comic: big visuals and longer, more sophisticated stories with the emphasis on the supernatural and horror. My role models were *Carrie* and *Audrey Rose*, suitably modified for a younger audience. John Sanders and I had several meetings to discuss its content and we could both see how it could be a hit, potentially bigger than *2000 AD* as girls comics sales were always higher than boys. (On launch: *Tammy*: 250,000 copies per week; *2000 AD*: 220,000 copies per week; *Misty*: 170,000 copies a week. Approximate figures.)

But given the success of *2000 AD*, I felt if I was going to create another hit for IPC juveniles, I should really have a share of the profits. John Sanders said his board of directors would never agree but I wouldn't budge either. So I left and went back to freelancing. Later, I relented and agreed to

be the consultant editor for *Misty* and guide it on its way, but without taking responsibility for it, like *2000 AD*. I also agreed to write the lead story for *Misty* – *Moonchild* – inspired by *Carrie*, and later *Hush, Hush, Sweet Rachel*, inspired by *Audrey Rose*, a story about reincarnation.

Without my direct involvement, the stories were not as hard-hitting as I would have liked them to be and some punches were pulled. There were far too many short, self-contained stories, some a bit weak, not enough serials – which are vital to hook the reader – and more than a little “old school” thinking slowly starting to creep back in. Despite this, *Misty* was still very good, the art was fantastic – often better than *2000 AD* – and it was very much part of the Comic Revolution. Here's how Will Brooker, author of *Batman Unmasked* and an expert on popular culture



recalls *Misty*: “*Pacts with the devil, schoolgirl sacrifice, the ghosts of hanged girls, sinister cults, evil scientists experimenting on the innocent and terrifying parallel worlds where the Nazis won the Second World War.*”

Malcolm [Shaw], who sadly died very young, was same generation as John Wagner, myself and Gerry Finley-Day (creator of *Tammy*). Why was it mainly guys on girls comics, I hear you ask? Answer: because all the younger female magazine journalists looked down on girls comics and didn't want to write or edit them, aspiring to teenage and women's glossy magazines instead.

Malcolm was a brilliant writer of girls comics and also some early *Judge Dredds*. We started *Jinty* together, dreaming up a selection of stories, before Mavis Miller (previously editor of *June*) was appointed editor and turned it into a very successful comic with a strong science fiction edge. Malcolm really deserves a separate article on his important

contribution to the Comic Revolution, but I only worked with him for a brief period, so my knowledge of his work is rather limited, I'm afraid. Another of his excellent *Misty* stories (Shaw also wrote the hugely popular *Sentinels* story) was *Four Faces of Eve* about a girl who looks absolutely normal but ... Ah, but I mustn't give the game away! That was a truly awesome and scary serial. That was a truly awesome and scary serial with great art by Brian Delaney.

I've always regretted not creating *Misty* the way I created *2000 AD*. I've little doubt if I had, it would still be around today and it could have changed the British comics landscape for the better. Alas, *Misty* eventually died, but it's still well-thought of to this day. Many of us hope it could be reprinted with collected stories, just as *2000 AD* stories have been successfully collected. And here they finally are!

Pat Mills
2012 & June 2016



MOONCHILD

Script: Pat Mills
Art: John Armstrong

Originally published in *Misty* issues 1-13

Moonchild



ROSEMARY BLACK'S WIDOWED MOTHER WAS A STERN WOMAN WHO WAS TAKEN TO COURT FOR BEATING ROSEMARY...

IT'S A SORRY STATE OF AFFAIRS IF I CAN'T PUNISH MY OWN DAUGHTER, SIR. SHE'S A BAD CHILD. SHE DESERVES EVERYTHING SHE GETS.



THERE'S EVIL IN HER... SHE TELLS LIES. ANSWERS ME BACK.

I ONLY ARGUE WITH HER BECAUSE I WANT MODERN CLOTHES LIKE OTHER GIRLS. THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING. I FEEL LIKE I'M ON TRIAL.



THE MAGISTRATE GAVE HIS VERDICT...

I MAY BE OLD FASHIONED, BUT I BELIEVE IF MORE PARENTS USED DISCIPLINE, WE WOULDN'T HAVE SO MUCH HOOLIGANISM. BUT, IN FUTURE, DON'T OVERDO IT, MRS. BLACK. CASE DISMISSED!

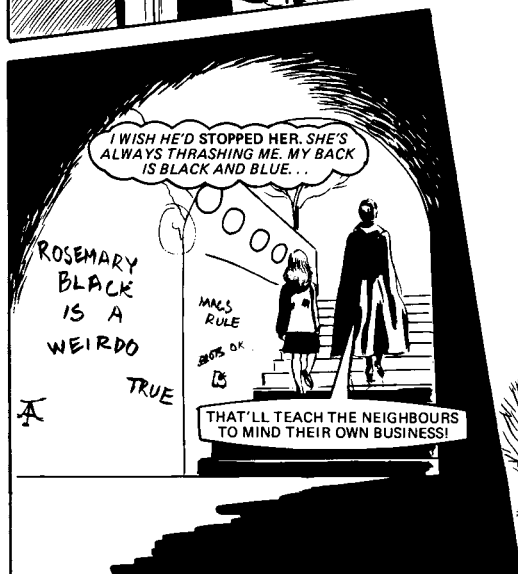


I WISH HE'D STOPPED HER. SHE'S ALWAYS THRASHING ME. MY BACK IS BLACK AND BLUE...

ROSEMARY BLACK IS A WEIRDO

TRUE

THAT'LL TEACH THE NEIGHBOURS TO MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS!



OUR NEIGHBOURS THINK MUM'S SOME KIND OF WITCH. SHE HASN'T GOT GAS OR ELECTRICITY. IT'S LIKE SHE'S LIVING IN THE PAST... WHY-WHY CAN'T WE BE JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?



I HAVE TO USE THE STICK. THERE'S WICKEDNESS IN YOU, CHILD... A DARK WICKEDNESS WHICH MUST BE BEATEN OUT.



HOW CAN I BE WICKED? I'M JUST AN ORDINARY GIRL.

BUT IT'S STRANGE... SOMETIMES MUM LOOKS AT ME - LIKE I SCARE HER STIFF!



I ONLY HOPE I'VE BEEN IN TIME TO DRIVE OUT HER WICKEDNESS.



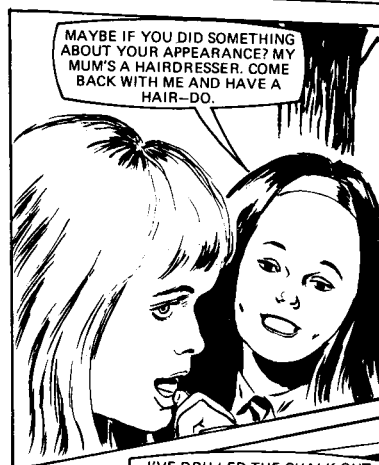
LATER...

BOTHER! MY CANDLE'S RUN OUT. I CAN'T FINISH MY HOMEWORK NOW.

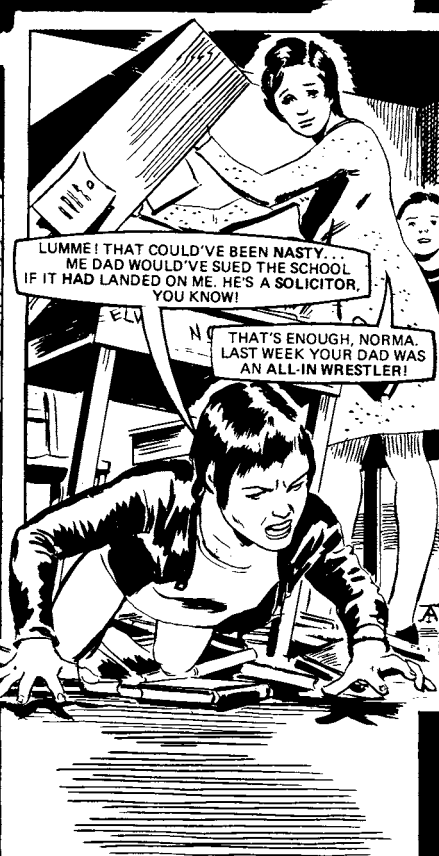




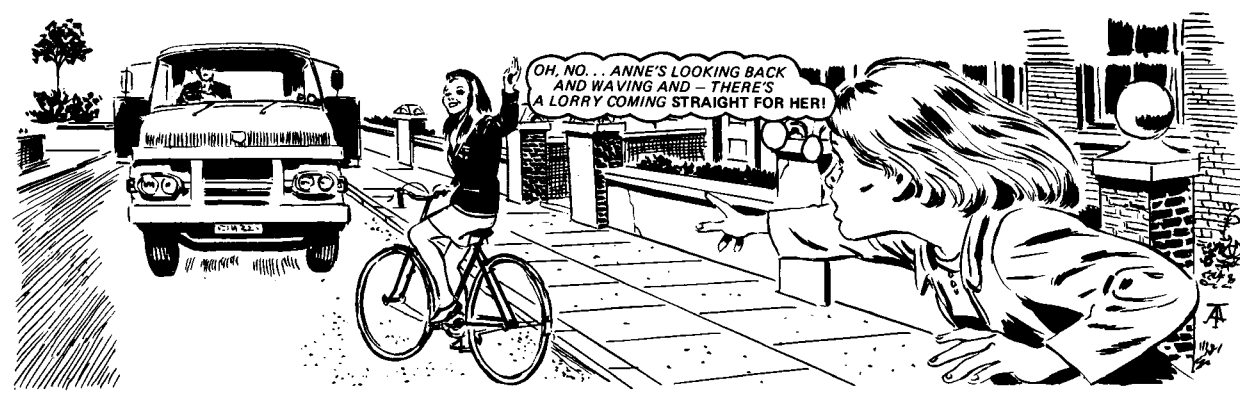
NEXT DAY AT SCHOOL...















COME HERE,
ROSEMARY!

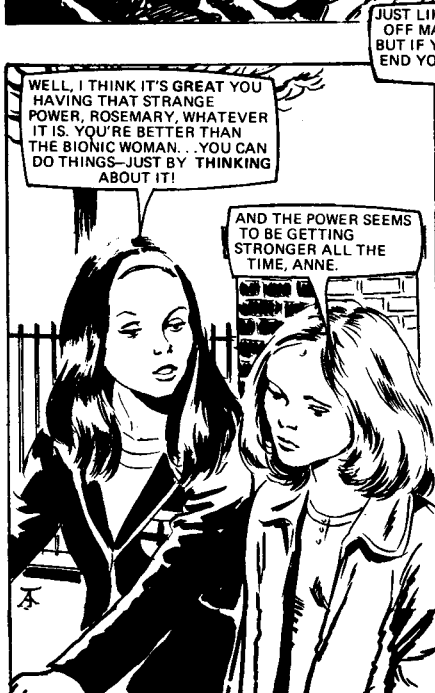
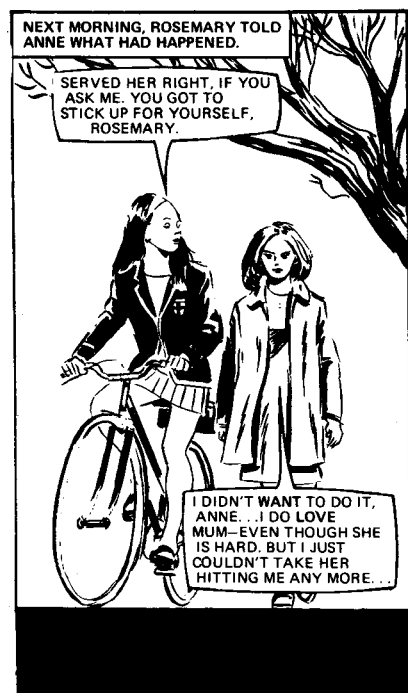


YOU VAIN
MISS!

OWWWW! IT'S JUST A NEW HAIR-STYLE,
MUM... I JUST WANT TO LOOK
LIKE THE OTHER GIRLS- THEY'VE
BEEN LAUGHING AT ME!

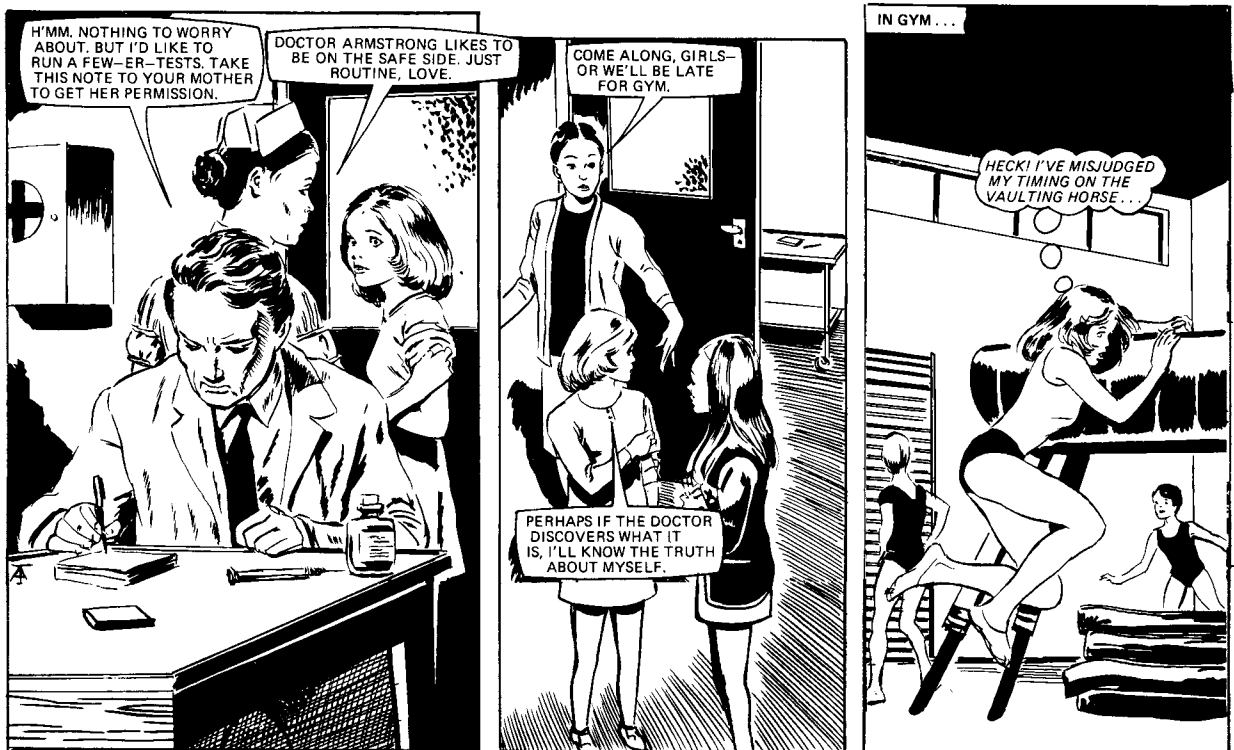


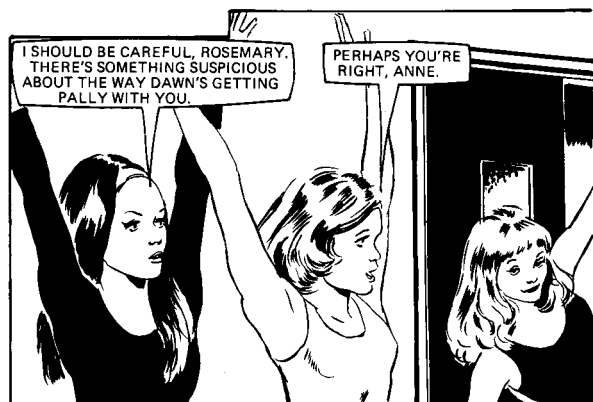
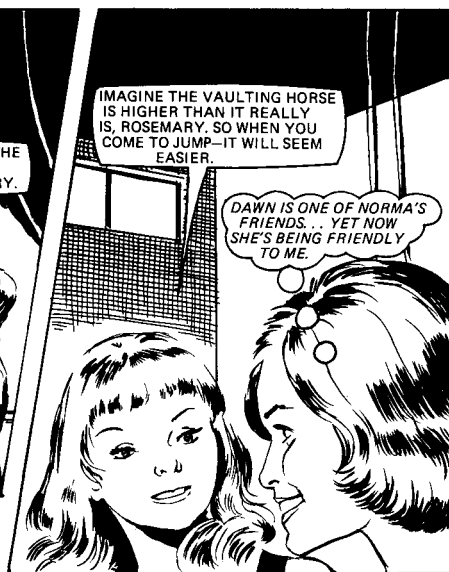




Moonchild

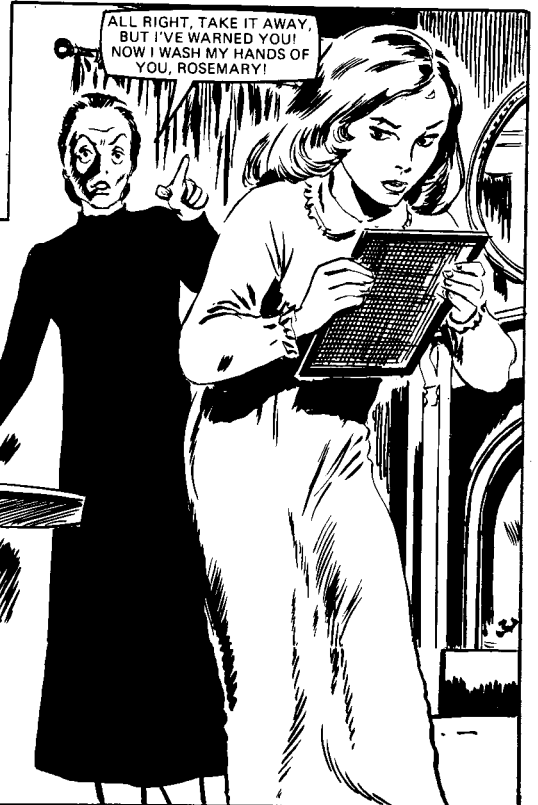
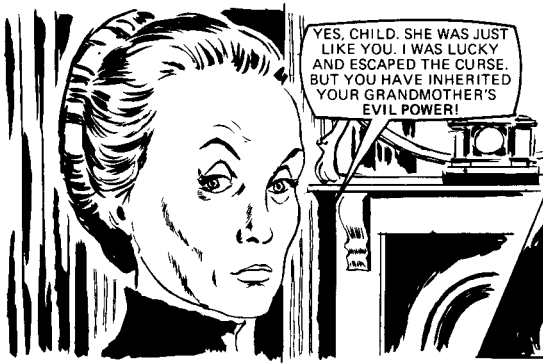


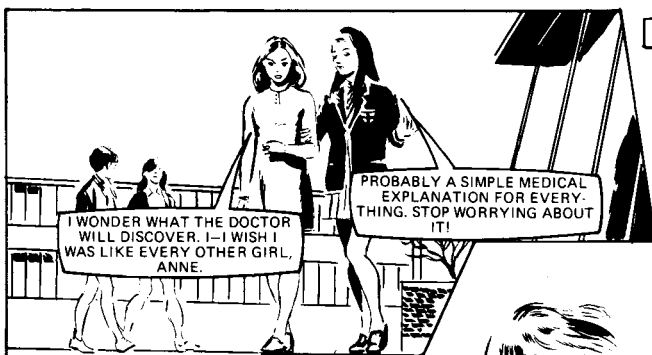
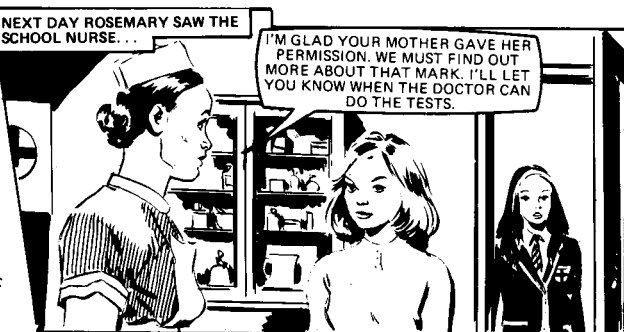
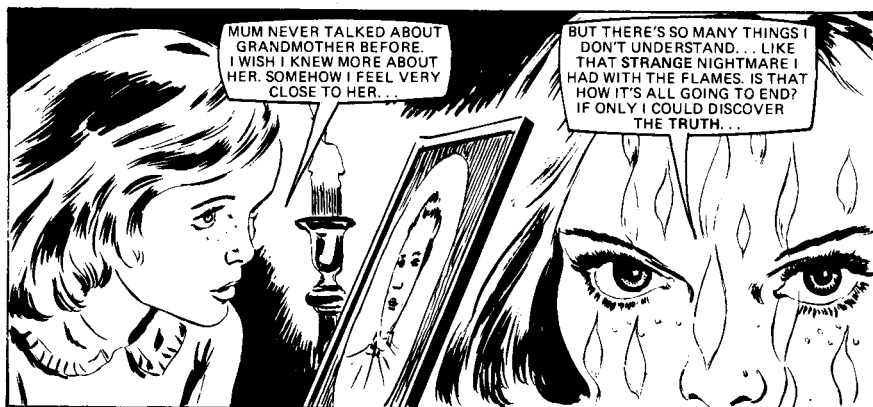


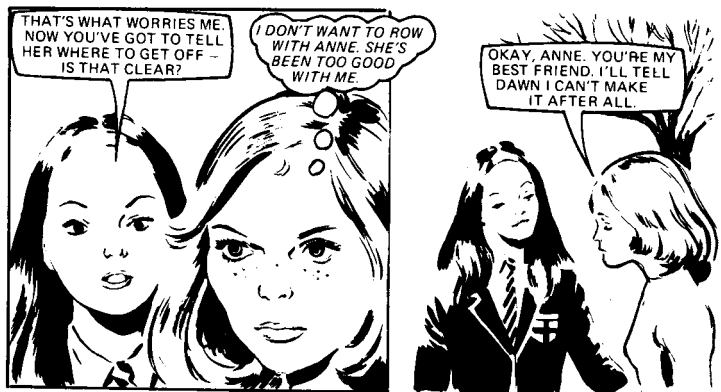
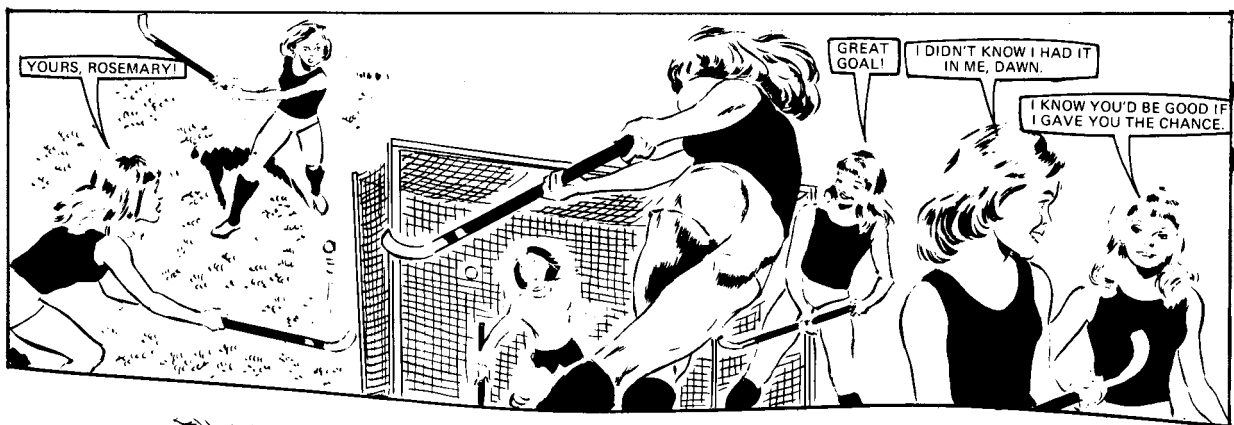


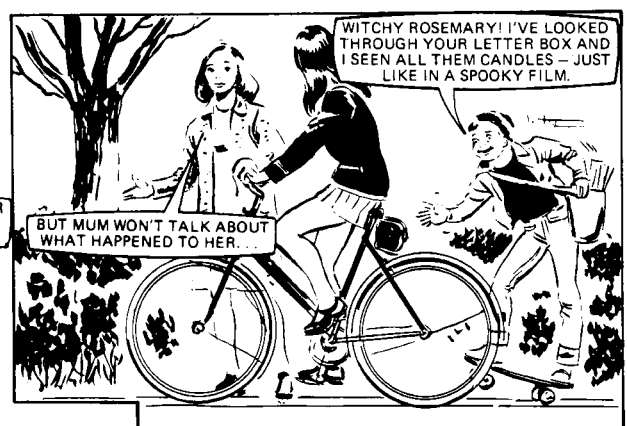
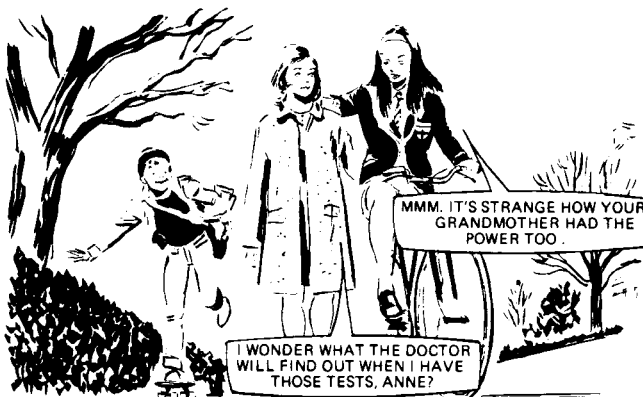
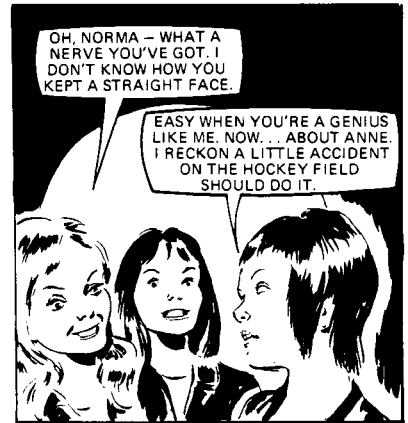


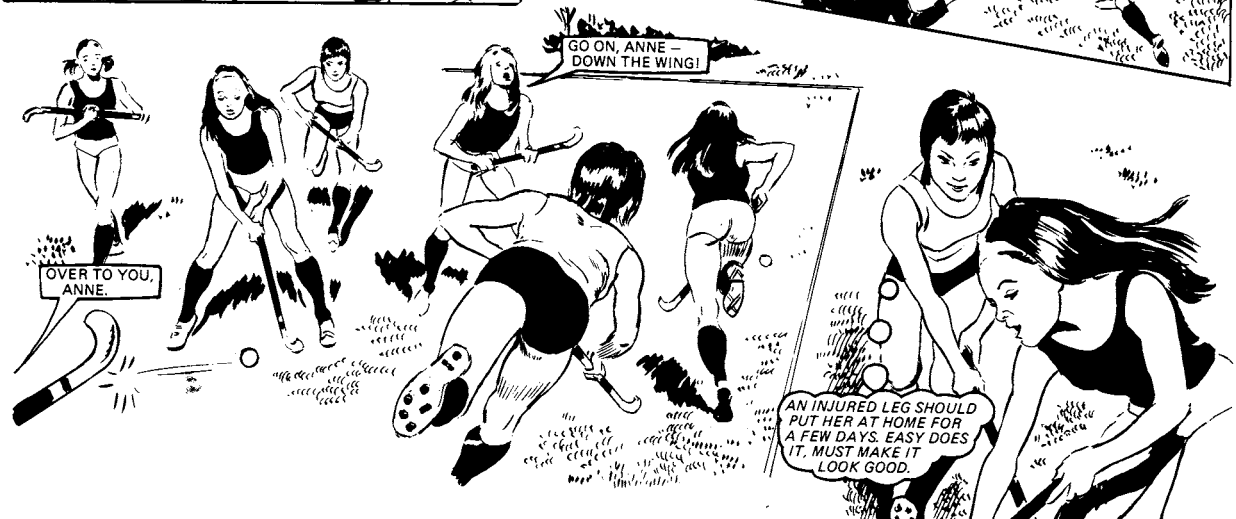
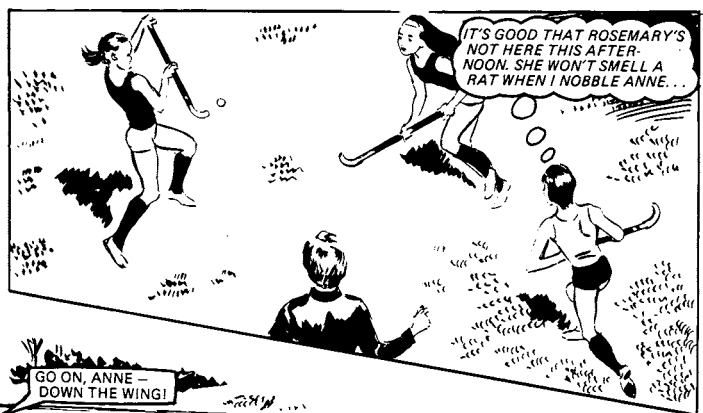
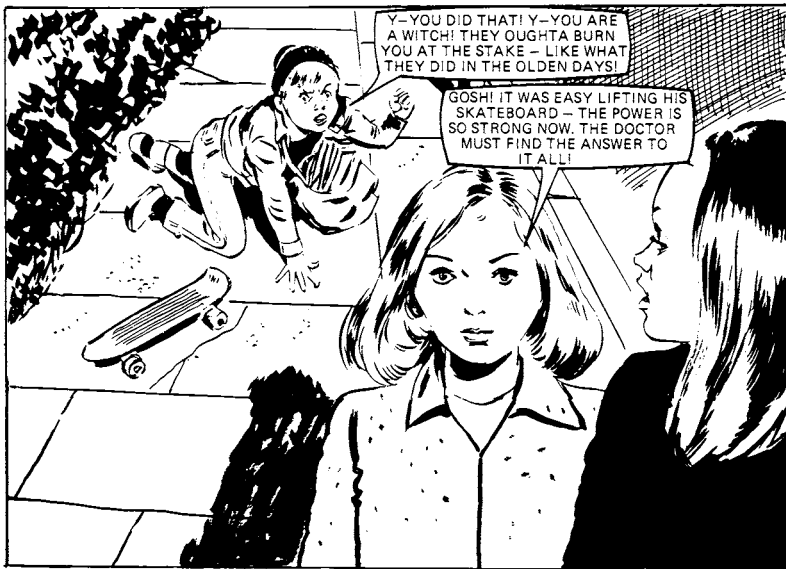
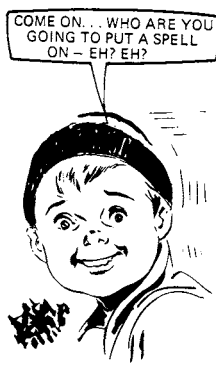




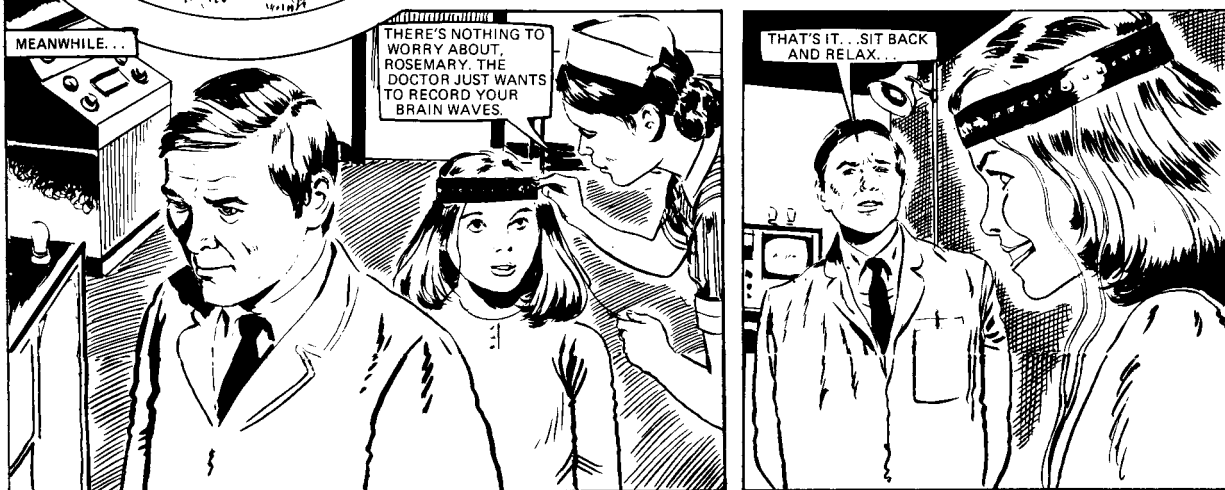


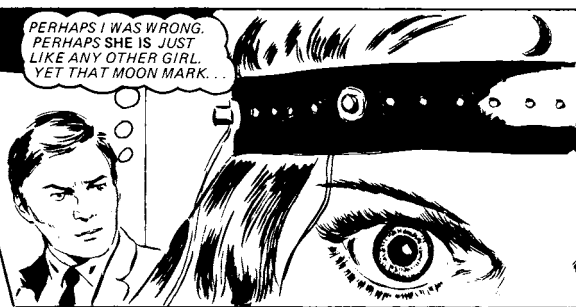






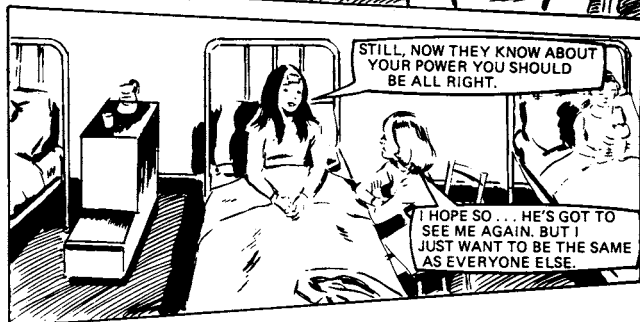
AN INJURED LEG SHOULD PUT HER AT HOME FOR A FEW DAYS. EASY DOES IT. MUST MAKE IT LOOK GOOD.









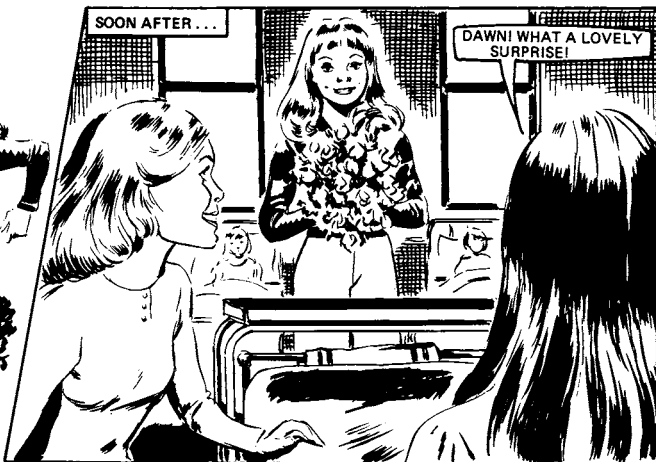


HERE... NOW HURRY! YOU'LL JUST MAKE HOSPITAL VISITING TIME.



SOON AFTER...

DAWN! WHAT A LOVELY SURPRISE!



THEY SMELL LOVELY AND FRESH.

ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT—JUST LET ME KNOW.



IT'S EVERSO KIND OF DAWN. AND IT CAN'T BE ONE OF NORMA'S TRICKS—THOSE FLOWERS COST TOO MUCH.

THEY'RE GORGEOUS!

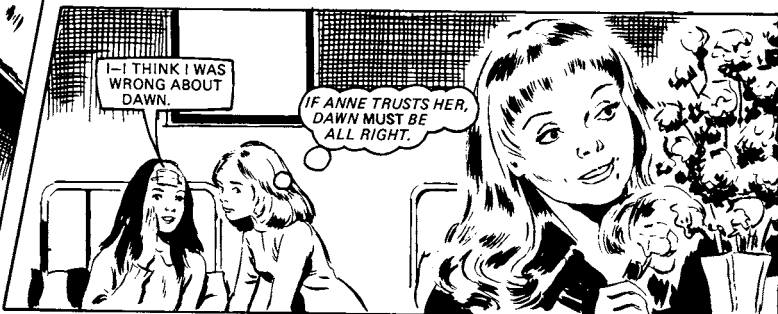
THEY MUST HAVE COST YOU A FORTUNE.



YEAH. I... ER... FELT IT WAS WORTH THE MONEY TO CHEER ANNE UP.

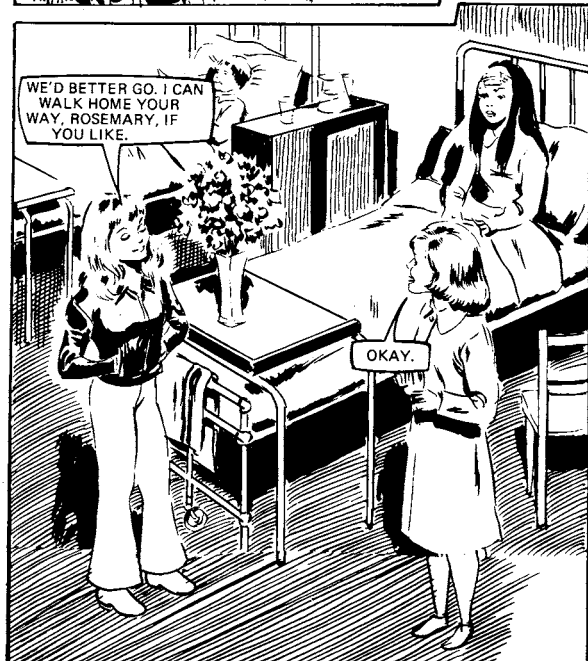
I—I THINK I WAS WRONG ABOUT DAWN.

IF ANNE TRUSTS HER, DAWN MUST BE ALL RIGHT.



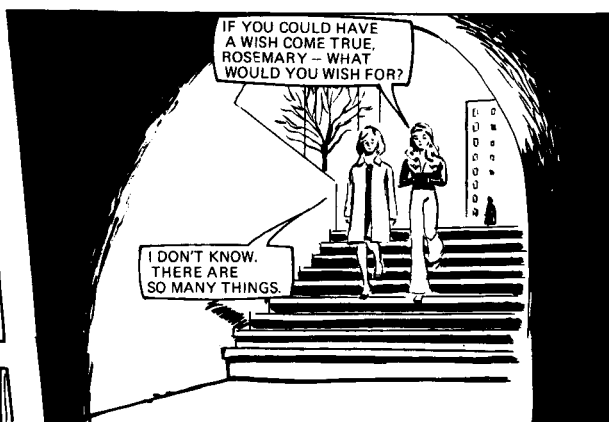
WE'D BETTER GO. I CAN WALK HOME YOUR WAY, ROSEMARY, IF YOU LIKE.

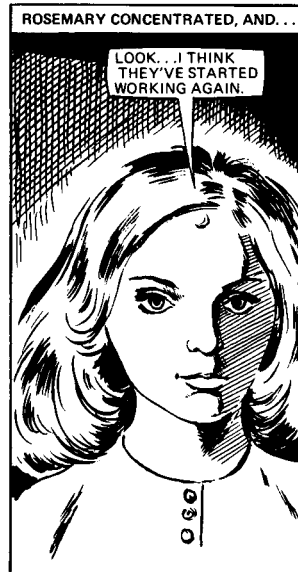
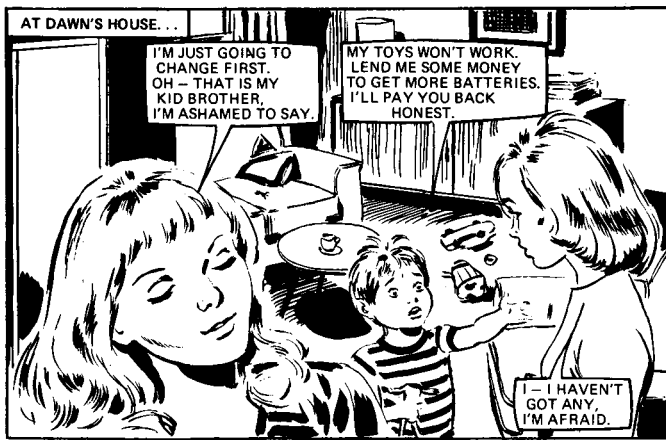
OKAY.

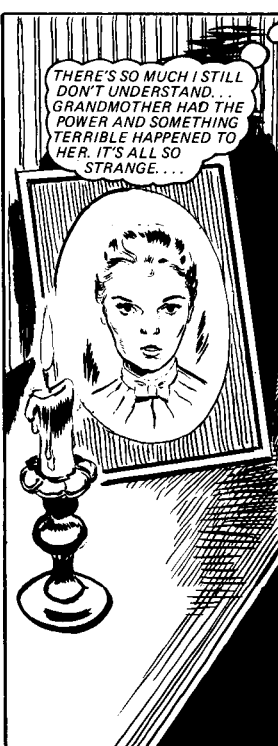
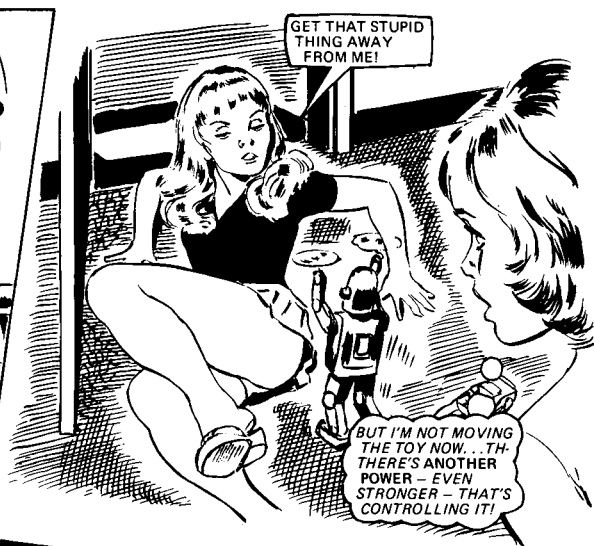


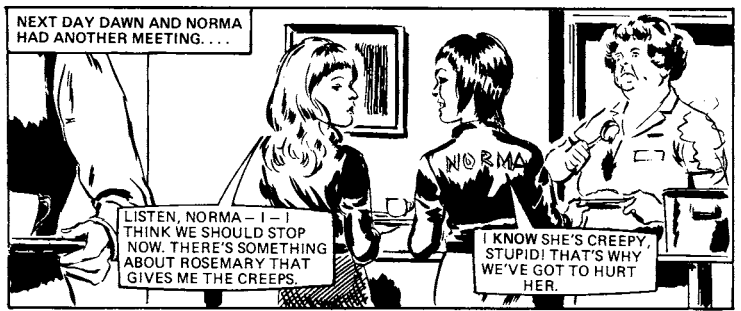
HAI! THE LITTLE SAP'S FALLEN FOR IT! ANNE'S OUT OF THE WAY—SO SHE CAN'T SAVE HER. YES, NOW I'M HER BEST FRIEND WE CAN MOVE ON TO THE LAST STAGE OF "OPERATION ROSEMARY"—HEAVEN HELP HER!















IF ONLY YOU'D LEFT US IN PEACE! BUT NOW I MUST TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY... AND THE TERRIBLE, EVIL THING THAT HAPPENED...

"EVEN WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT MY MOTHER—ROSEMARY'S GRANDMOTHER..."



WHEEE! YOU'RE MAKING THE SWING GO ON ITS OWN, MUMMY!

"THEN THE WAR CAME, AND MY FATHER WAS CALLED UP. MY MOTHER AND I WERE LEFT ON THE LONELY FARM..."



"BUT WE WERE A HAPPY FAMILY..."

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT, LOVE.

THERE'S NO HARM IN IT, JIM. THE WOMEN IN MY FAMILY HAVE HAD THE POWER FOR CENTURIES... IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MOON MARK, SO THEY SAY.



IT'S HARD WORK WITHOUT YOUR FATHER HERE, JULIE.



HE'S OVERSEAS NOW WITH HIS REGIMENT. DOESN'T HE LOOK SMART IN HIS UNIFORM!

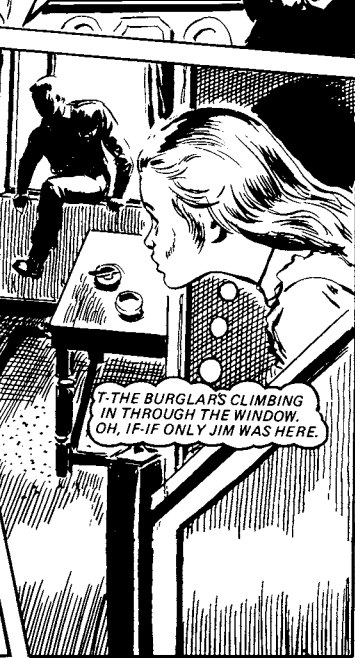


"ONE NIGHT, WE LOCKED AND DOUBLE-BOLTED THE FARMHOUSE AS USUAL. BUT, IN THE EARLY HOURS..."

SOMEONE'S TRYING TO GET IN!



STAY HERE, JULIE. I THINK WE'VE GOT BURGLARS.



T-THE BURGLARS CLIMBING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW. OH, IF ONLY JIM WAS HERE.



"I'D FOLLOWED HER DOWN THE STAIRS... AND SAW IT ALL... I SAW HER USE THE POWER—AND THE EVIL IT HAD DONE!"



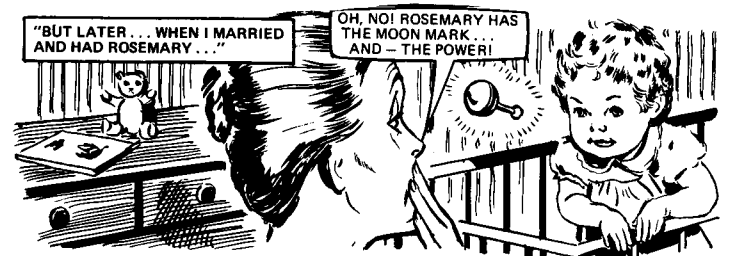
"IT TURNED OUT MY FATHER HAD GONE ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE FROM THE ARMY AND CAME BACK TO SEE US... AFTERWARDS, THE POLICE ARRIVED TO TAKE MY MOTHER AWAY..."



WHAT A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY. BUT IT WAS NO-ONE'S FAULT. YOU MUSTN'T BLAME YOUR MOTHER...

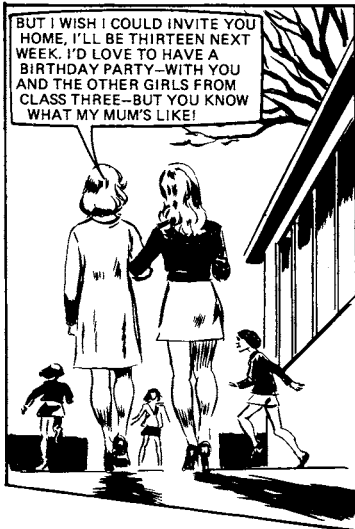
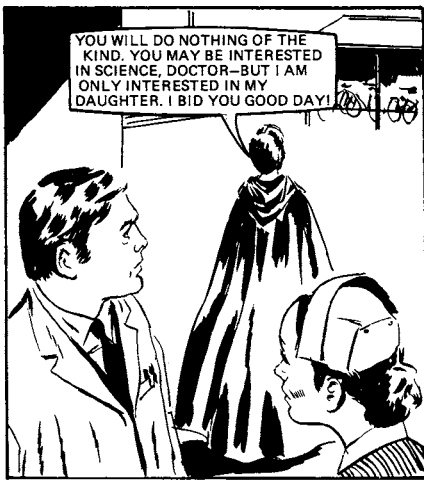


"BUT LATER... WHEN I MARRIED AND HAD ROSEMARY..."



PERHAPS I WAS WRONG TO BE SO STRICT WITH ROSEMARY—BUT IT WAS ONLY TO TRY AND STOP THE WICKEDNESS. TO STOP SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENING AGAIN...





LATER, WHEN DAWN MET FREDA AND NORMA—





AND WHAT HAPPENS AT MIDNIGHT TO CINDERELLA ROSEMARY, GODMOTHER? DOES HER COACH TURN INTO A PUMPKIN?

NO, WE GIVE HER DA WOIKS! LISTEN, YOU GIRLS... DIS IS WHAT DA GODMOTHER'S GOT PLANNED.

NORMA WHISPERED IN THEIR EARS...

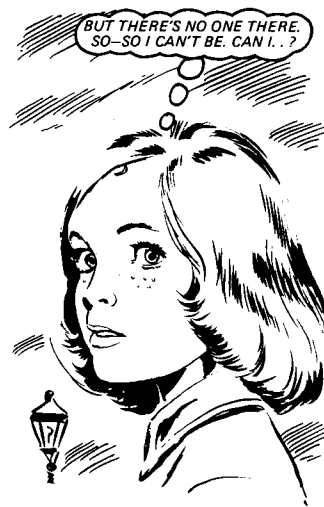
AND THESE ARE THE INGREDIENTS I'M GONNA PUT IN ROSE- MARY'S BIRTHDAY CAKE.

LIKE IT! LIKE IT! IT'S REALLY "ITCH"!

HEE, HEE! WE'LL NEED A COUPLE OF BUCKETS FOR ALL THE TEARS ROSE- MARY'S GOING TO WEEP.

TASTY, EH? WELL SHE DESERVES TO BE PUNISHED FOR BEING SO CREEPY. YEAH... DIS IS ONE BIRTHDAY PARTY SHE'LL NEVER FORGET!









SOMEONE'S TRYING TO GET IN... THE KEY'S TURNING IN THE LOCK ON ITS OWN! BUT-BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



TH-THERE'S NO ONE OUTSIDE...!



OH, NO! NOW THE BOLTS ARE MOVING ON THEIR OWN...



I'LL PUSH THE BOLTS BACK AGAIN... WHAT THE-? I-I CAN'T... IT'S LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING-INVISIBLE-FIGHTING WITH ME!



I CAN'T SEE ANYONE... I-I PROMISED MUM I WOULDN'T USE THE POWER, BUT I MUST NOW. I'VE GOT TO BE BRAVE AND-AND STOP WHATEVER IT IS COMING IN.



I'M USING ALL MY POWER TO SHUT THE DOOR... BUT I CAN FEEL ANOTHER POWER-EVEN STRONGER-PUSHING IT OPEN.



MY HEAD IS SPLITTING... AAAAAAH!



FOR A MOMENT ROSEMARY BLACKED OUT. WHEN SHE LOOKED UP AN OLD WOMAN STOOD THERE... AN OLD WOMAN WITH A MOON MARK ON HER FOREHEAD-LIKE ROSEMARY'S.

GOOD EVENING, ROSEMARY.



IS THAT WHAT YOUR MOTHER TOLD YOU, CHILD? I EXPECT SHE WISHED I WAS DEAD... BUT DON'T BE FRIGHTENED—I'VE COME TO HELP YOU.

SHE'S GOT THE MOON MARK—JUST LIKE ME. AND THE POWER, TOO. THAT MUST BE HOW SHE GOT INTO THE HOUSE.

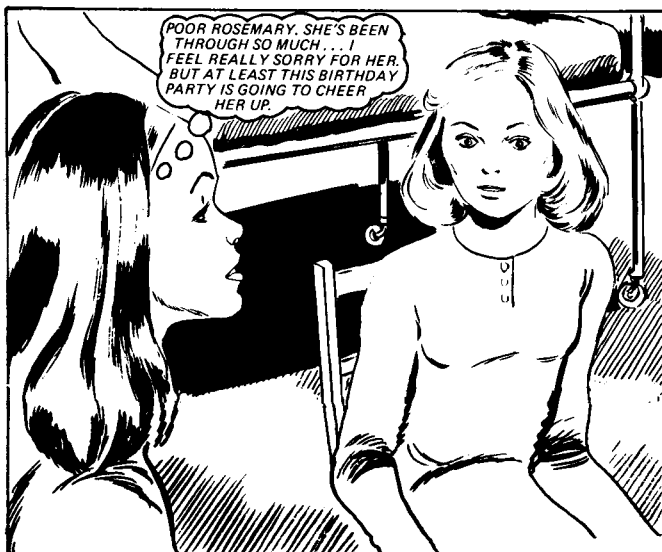
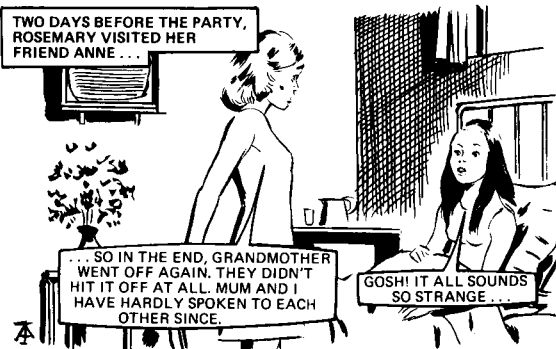


THAT GIRL WHO IS PRETENDING TO BE YOUR FRIEND... DAWN, I'VE BEEN WATCHING HER. SHE'S GOING TO HURT YOU, DEAR. YOU MUSTN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH HER.

NO... DAWN IS MY FRIEND.

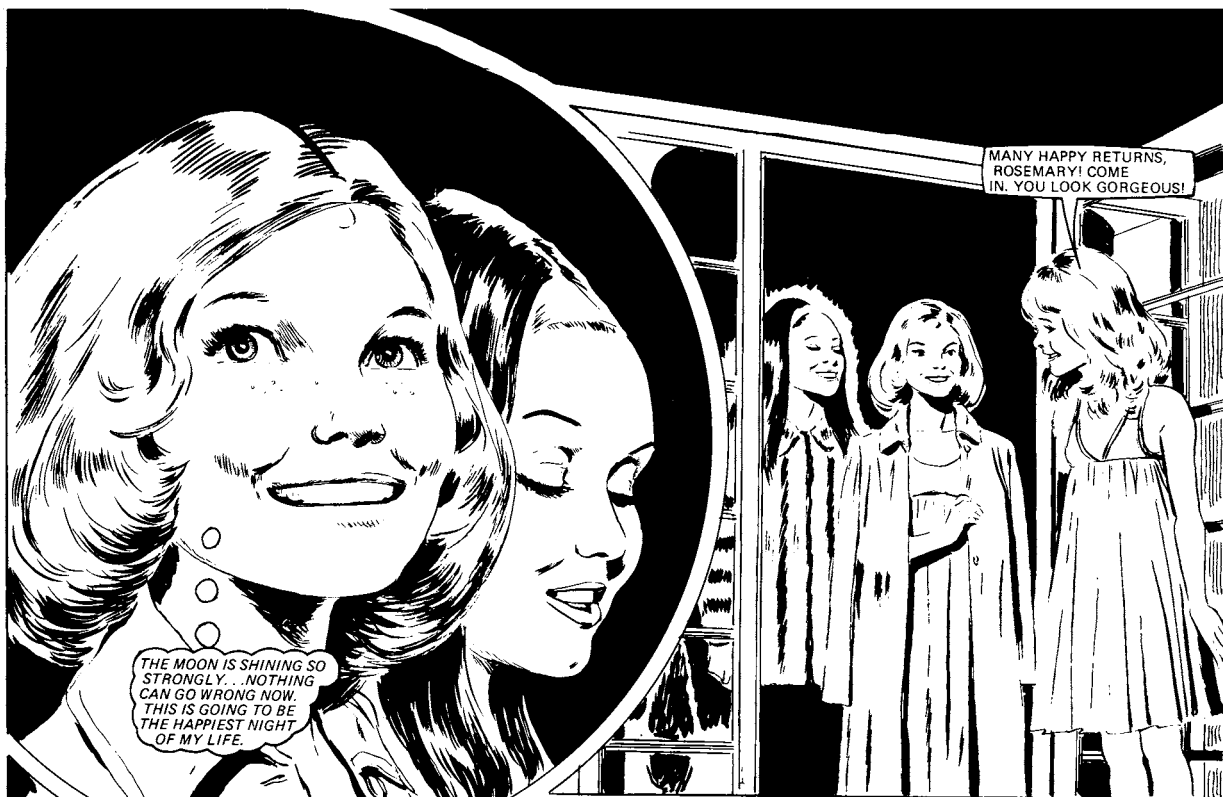






THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY ...









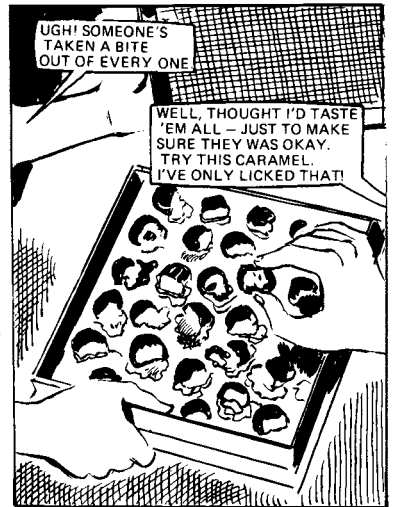
SHE'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE. NOW COME ON, ROSEMARY. THAT WAS JUST A JOKE...

WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF HUMOUR?

OPEN YOUR PRESENTS. THEY'LL MAKE UP FOR EVERYTHING.



A - A HUGE BOX OF CHOCOLATES!



UGH! SOMEONE'S TAKEN A BITE OUT OF EVERY ONE

WELL, THOUGHT I'D TASTE 'EM ALL - JUST TO MAKE SURE THEY WAS OKAY. TRY THIS CARAMEL. I'VE ONLY LICKED THAT!



I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT ANY OTHER "PRESENTS" IF THEY'RE LIKE THAT.

THAT'S VERY UNGRATEFUL OF YOU. AND FREDA BOUGHT YOU SUCH A NICE DOLL, TOO!



AND THIS IS A LITTLE WOODEN JEWELLERY BOX.

I SHAN'T OPEN IT. I BET THERE'S SOMETHING HORRIBLE INSIDE.



ROSEMARY, YOU'RE RIGHT! OH DEAR - IT'S GOT THE WOODWORM! LOOK, THEY'RE BIG, TOO!



I-I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! ANNE!

BUT YOU CAN'T GO YET... NOT TILL YOU'VE TRIED OUT YOUR PERFUME. JUST SPRUCE YOU UP, DEAR. MAKE YOU GLAM...



MUST HAVE GOT THE WRONG LABELS ON THE BOTTLES. SHOPS TODAY, I DON'T KNOW...

STOP IT! STOP IT!

SHOCKING! IT'S RUINING YOUR PRETTY DRESS, TOO.











THE POWER... EVIL...
THIS IS HOW IT'S ALL
GOING TO END!

GRANDMOTHER!



QUICKLY, CHILDREN...
MY - MY POWERS
ARE FAILING...



STRUTH! IT'S LIKE
WORLD WAR
THREE BROKE OUT
IN THERE!

GRANDMOTHER...
SHE'S ILL... PLEASE
... HELP HER...



LATER... IN HOSPITAL...

I KNEW THOSE GIRLS WERE
GOING TO DO SOMETHING
TERRIBLE TO YOU, DEAR...
WHEN YOU FELL FROM THE
LANDING, I SAVED YOU...

YOU - YOU MEAN IT
WAS YOU HELD
ME UP?



I... FEEL... SO
TIRED NOW...

POOR GRANDMOTHER... IF
ONLY I'D LISTENED TO
HER... SHE SHE USED ALL
HER POWER TO SAVE ME...
BUT NOW... THE STRAIN'S
BEEN TOO MUCH...



DON'T GRIEVE, CHILD.
ALL MY LIFE... I'VE
BEEN FULL OF GUILT...
BECAUSE MY POWER
CAUSED YOUR GRAND-
FATHER'S DEATH. THAT'S
WHY YOUR MOTHER
HATED ME... I FEEL
NOW I'VE MADE AMENDS...



I CAN SLEEP IN
PEACE...

I HARDLY KNEW GRANDMOTHER...
BUT I LOVED HER... WE WERE SO
ALIKE... IF-IF ONLY THERE'D
BEEN LONGER...



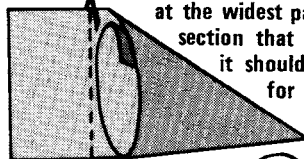
YOUR WITCH'S HAT

A witch's hat is easy to make - once you know how. Just follow our simple, step-by-step guide.

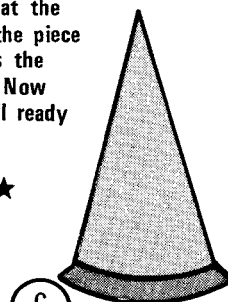
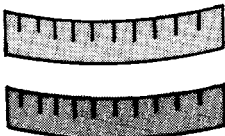
You will need:

1. One large sheet of black stiff paper approx 63 centimetres by 85 centimetres.
2. Glue and sellotape.
3. Scissors.
4. Patience.
5. Gold spray (optional).

- 3 Twist it round until it becomes a cone shape. Glue or sellotape the insides together so that the cone will remain as illustrated. Trim off the piece at the widest part of the cone - this is the section that will go round your head. Now it should be all neat and tidy - all ready for you to put on the brim.



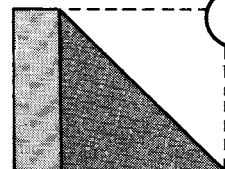
- 4 With the paper that's left over, cut out two rounded sections, to be used as the brim. Cut 10mm inserts every 10mms - so that they look rather like the end of a Christmas cracker.



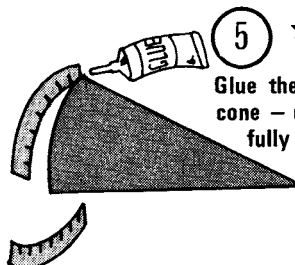
- 6 You now have your witch's hat. Have fun wearing it - and for a final effect, why not spray some gold glitter over it?

- 1 Use a fairly stiff piece of black paper. An art shop will sell you some, which should be long enough and wide enough to fit your head.

- 2 Fold it down to form a square.



- 5 Glue the brim underneath the cone - easing both sections carefully into position.





THE FOUR FACES OF EVE

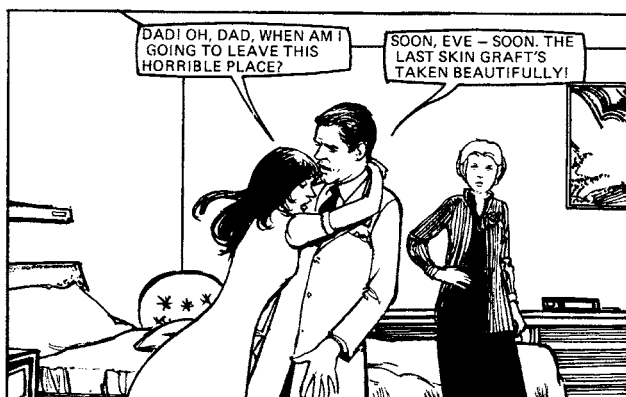
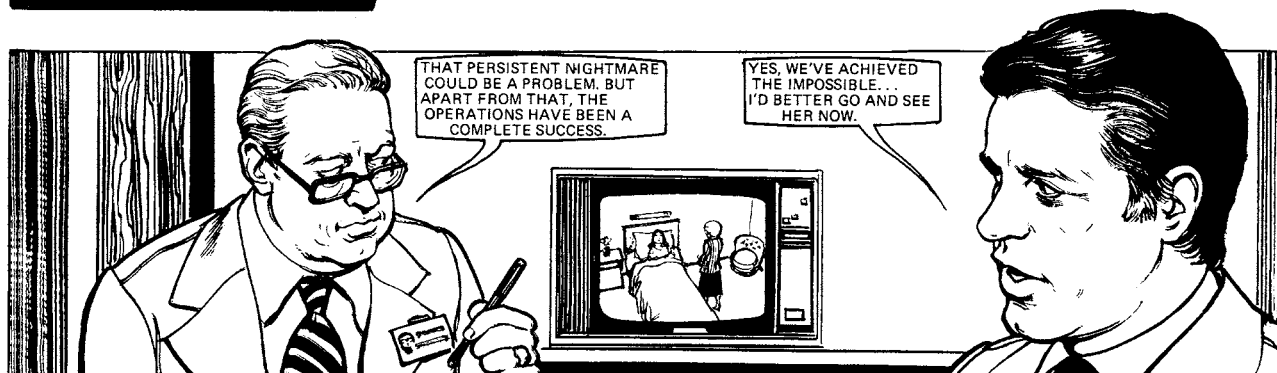
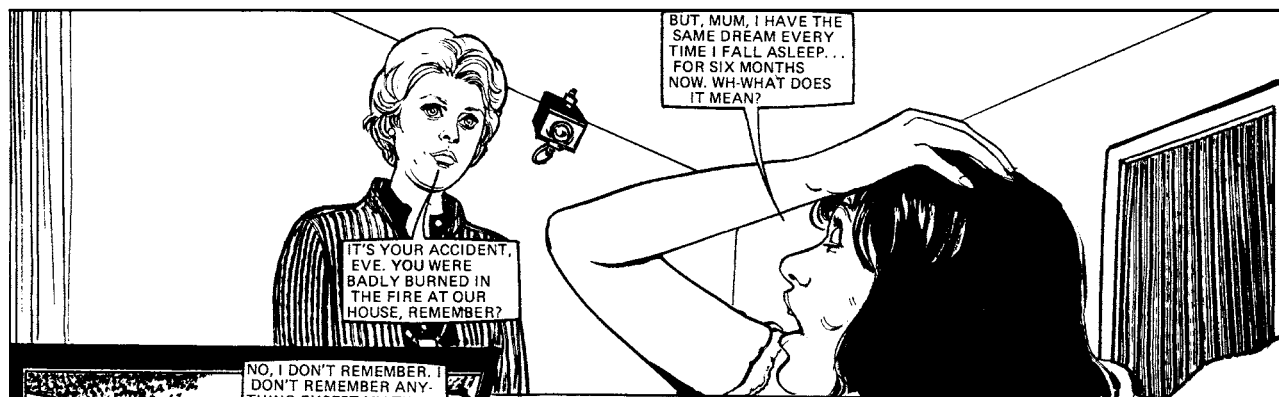
Script: Malcolm Shaw
Art: Brian Delaney
Letters: Unknown

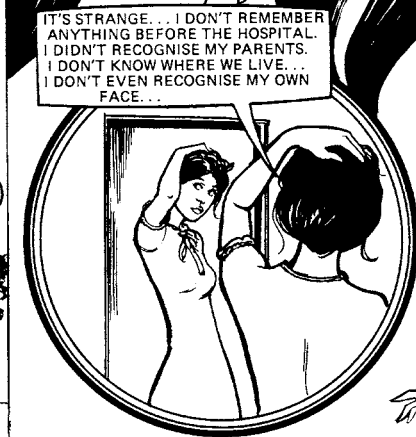
Originally published in *Misty* issues 20-31

STARTS TODAY!

THE Four Faces of Eve







THEN —



YOU! YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO BE IN HERE. GET OUT THIS MINUTE.

OKAY, KEEP YOUR CAP ON!

OWW! THERE'S NO NEED TO COME THE HEAVY WITH ME.

OUT! OUT!



NURSE, THERE WAS NO NEED TO BE SO ROUGH.

MY ORDERS ARE VERY CLEAR. NO ONE—NO ONE—IS ALLOWED IN HERE.



IT'S HORRIBLE — HORRIBLE. EVEN MY WAKING HOURS ARE LIKE A NIGHTMARE!



THAT NIGHT...

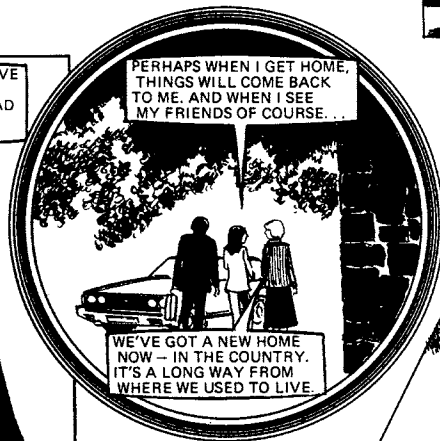
EVE! WAKE UP, EVE. YOU'RE LEAVING NOW

UHH?



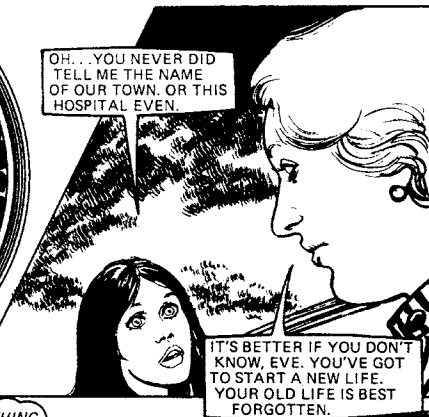
BUT IT'S THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...

I — ER — SHOULD HAVE PICKED YOU UP EARLIER. BUT WE HAD SOME EMERGENCY ADMISSIONS.



PERHAPS WHEN I GET HOME, THINGS WILL COME BACK TO ME. AND WHEN I SEE MY FRIENDS OF COURSE...

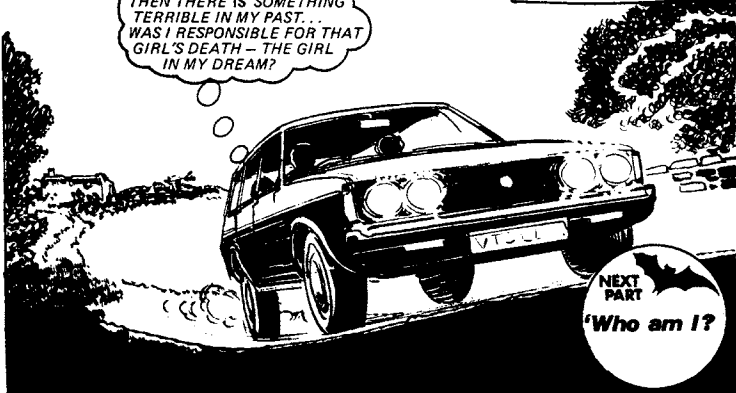
WE'VE GOT A NEW HOME NOW — IN THE COUNTRY. IT'S A LONG WAY FROM WHERE WE USED TO LIVE.



OH... YOU NEVER DID TELL ME THE NAME OF OUR TOWN. OR THIS HOSPITAL EVEN.

IT'S BETTER IF YOU DON'T KNOW, EVE. YOU'VE GOT TO START A NEW LIFE. YOUR OLD LIFE IS BEST FORGOTTEN.

THEN THERE IS SOMETHING TERRIBLE IN MY PAST... WAS I RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT GIRL'S DEATH — THE GIRL IN MY DREAM?

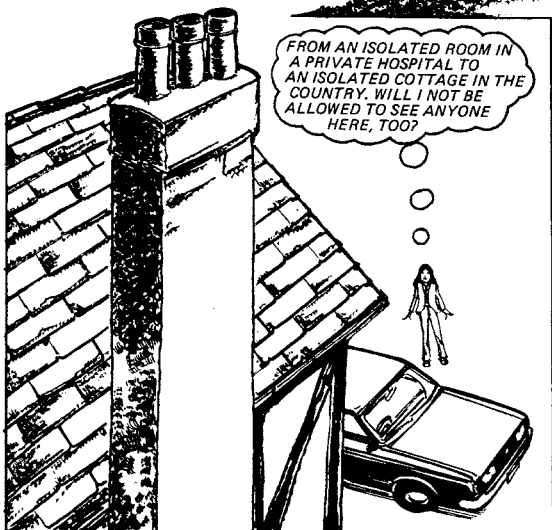
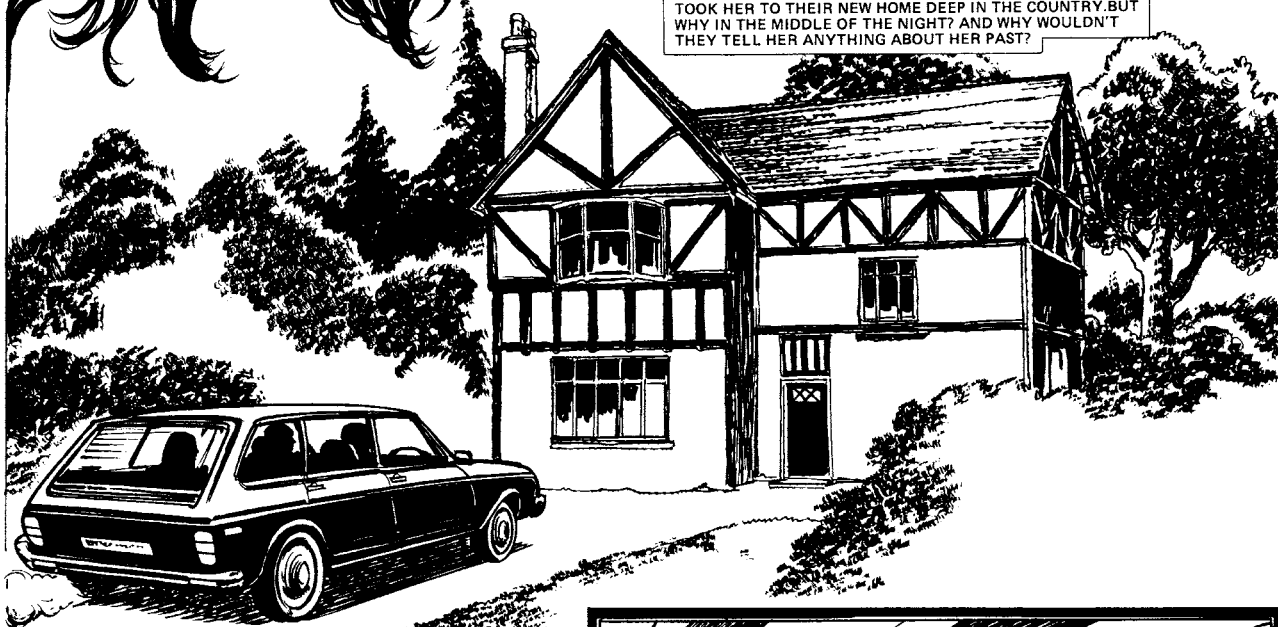


NEXT PART

'Who am I?'

The Faces Four of Eve...

EVE MARSHALL COULDN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING BEFORE HER ACCIDENT. AFTER MONTHS IN HOSPITAL, HER PARENTS TOOK HER TO THEIR NEW HOME DEEP IN THE COUNTRY. BUT WHY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT? AND WHY WOULDN'T THEY TELL HER ANYTHING ABOUT HER PAST?



FROM AN ISOLATED ROOM IN A PRIVATE HOSPITAL TO AN ISOLATED COTTAGE IN THE COUNTRY. WILL I NOT BE ALLOWED TO SEE ANYONE HERE, TOO?



OH, IT'S BEAUTIFUL... AND SO OLD.

YES, IT'S A TUDOR COTTAGE. MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD. THERE'S AN OWNER'S BOOK IN THE SITTING ROOM. LISTS EVERYONE WHO'S EVER LIVED HERE. IT'S FASCINATING.



AS USUAL, EVE'S SLEEP WAS TROUBLED...
TROUBLED BY THE ONE TERRIBLE
RECURRENT NIGHTMARE...

DON'T PANIC... FASTEN YOUR
SEAT BELTS. WE'RE GOING
TO MAKE AN EMERGENCY
LANDING.

IN YOU GO,
SOOTY.

HELP ME. HELP
ME. AAAGH!

BOOM

AAAAARGH!

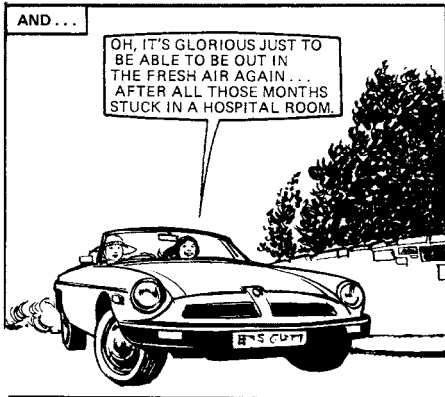
I'M SURE THAT GIRL'S
REAL... THAT'S WHAT
FRIGHTENS ME. I THINK
I MUST BE RESPONSIBLE
FOR HER DEATH. THAT
WOULD EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING!

IT WAS HORRIBLE... HORRIBLE. BUT
IT WAS DIFFERENT THIS TIME...
THERE WAS MORE. THE GIRL WHO
DIED... SHE LOVED CATS, TOO.
SHE'D SMUGGLED THAT CAT ABOARD.

NEXT MORNING...

I HAD THAT NIGHTMARE
AGAIN LAST NIGHT.

DON'T WORRY, IT'LL GO
IN TIME. NOW YOUR
MOTHER'S GOING TO TAKE
YOU INTO THE NEAREST
TOWN. GET YOU SOME
CLOTHES AND SOME CAT
POSTERS.



The Faces of Eve...

EVE MARSHALL RETURNS FROM HOSPITAL WITH NO MEMORY OF HER LIFE BEFORE THE ACCIDENT THAT PUT HER THERE AND TROUBLED BY A RECURRING NIGHTMARE. HER PARENTS SEEM TO EVADE HER QUESTIONS. AND NOW -

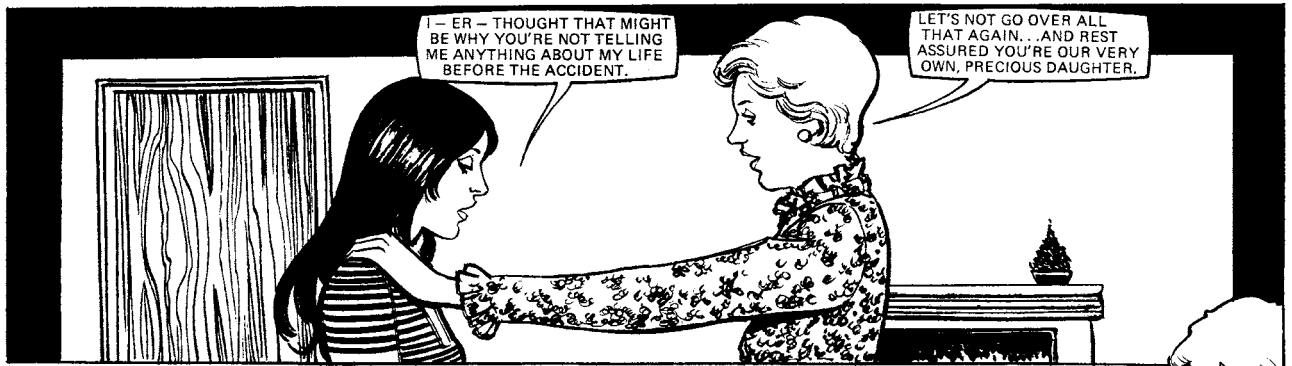
ACCORDING TO THIS TAX FORM, THE MARSHALLS DON'T HAVE A DAUGHTER. THEN WHO AM I?

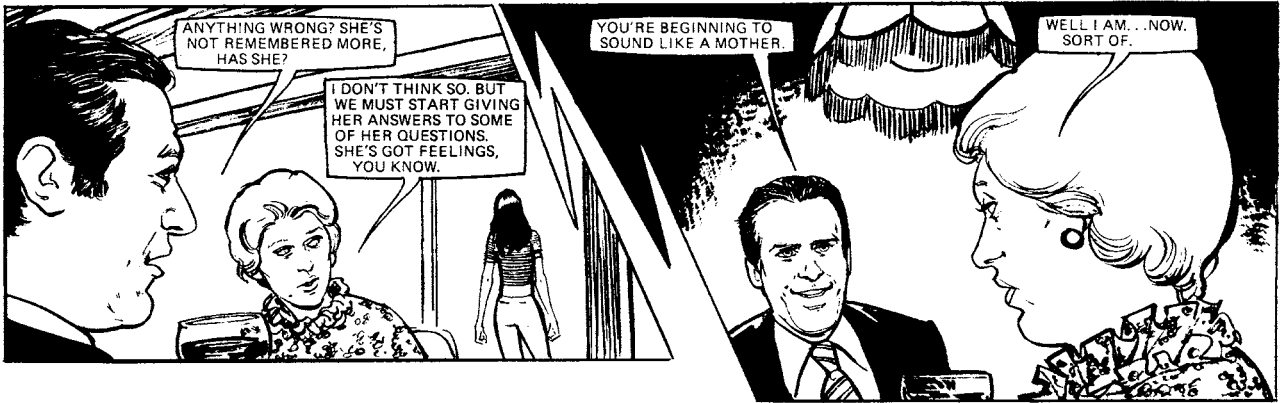


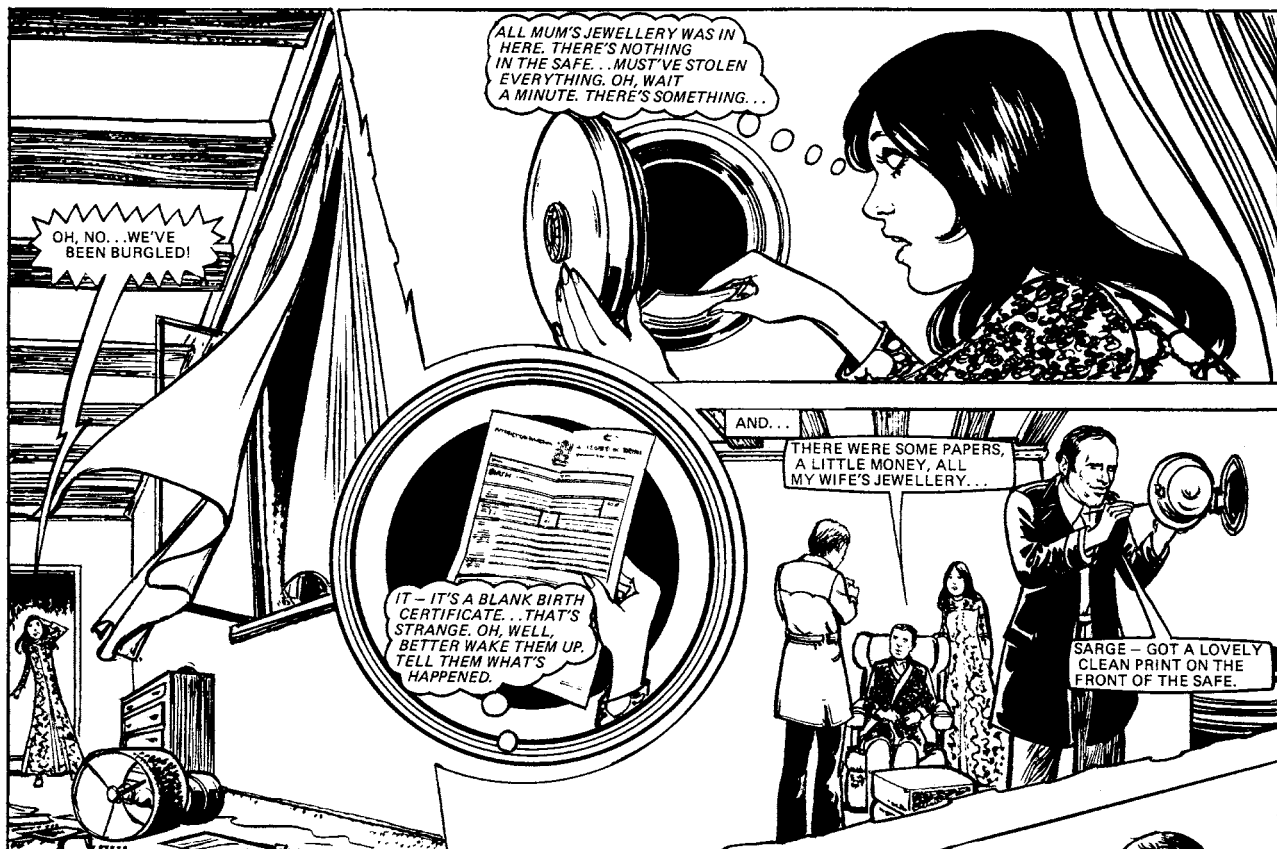
...AM I ADOPTED OR FOSTERED OR ANYTHING?

WHAT? OF COURSE YOU'RE NOT. WHATEVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?









THE Four Faces of Eve

EVE MARSHALL RETURNS FROM HOSPITAL WITH NO MEMORY OF HER LIFE BEFORE THE ACCIDENT THAT PUT HER THERE. HAUNTED BY TERRIFYING NIGHTMARES HER PARENTS SEEM TO WATCH HER LIKE WARDERS. AFTER A ROBBERY AT THE HOUSE POLICE HAVE FOUND FINGERPRINTS WHICH BAFFLE THEM.

MR. MARSHALL? WE'D LIKE TO COME OVER. THERE'S BEEN A VERY CURIOUS DEVELOPMENT.

CURIOUS? THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY. WE FOUND A FINGERPRINT OF A GIRL WHO'S BEEN DEAD FOR OVER A YEAR ON THAT GEEZER'S SAFE.

SURE. WE'VE COME ACROSS A NEW TYPE OF CRIMINAL — THE SPOOK CROOK. THEY COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO COMMIT BURGLARIES. GONNA BE DIFFICULT BUILDING PRISONS TO HOLD THEM THOUGH.

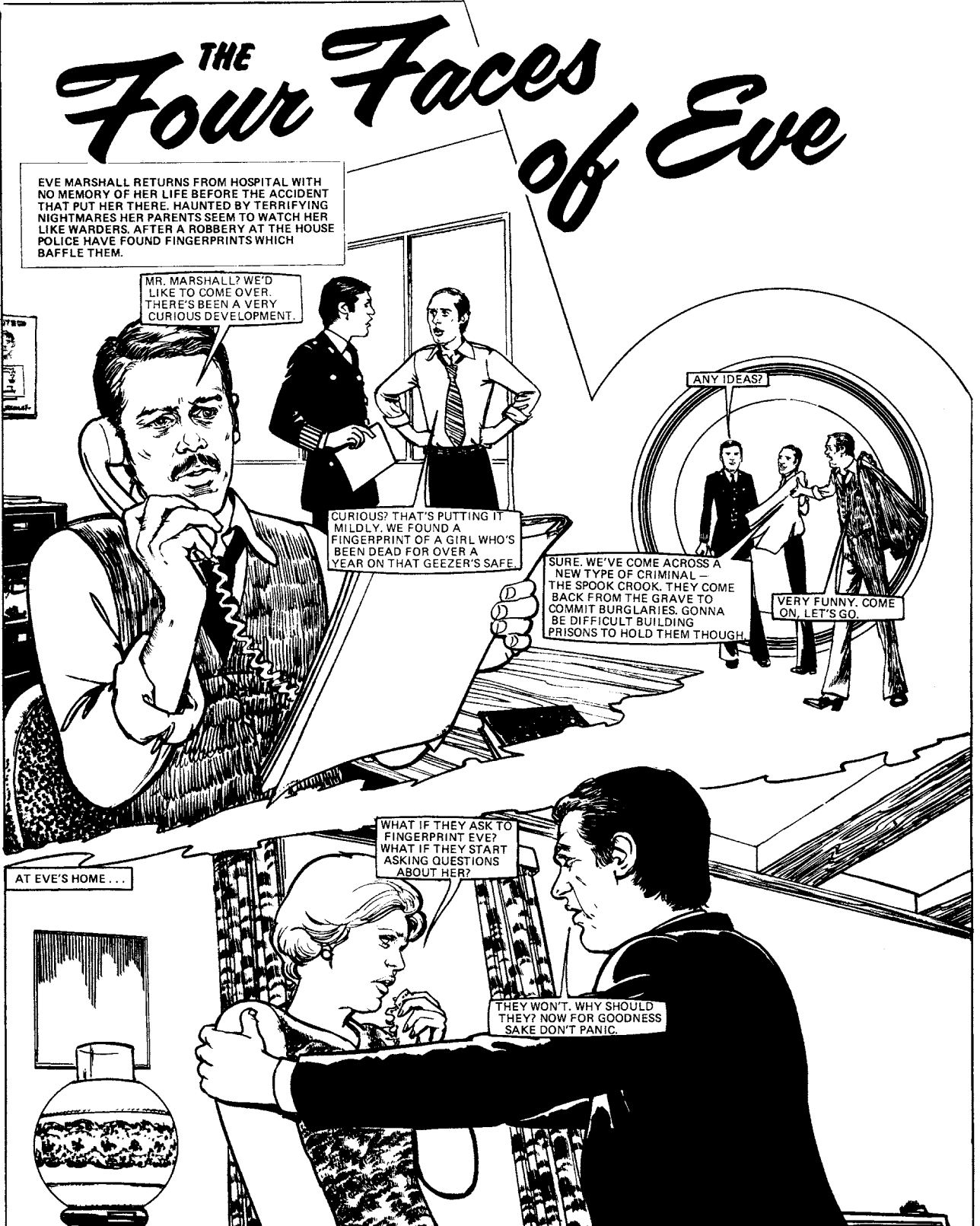
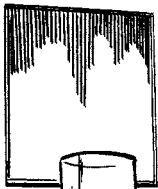
ANY IDEAS?

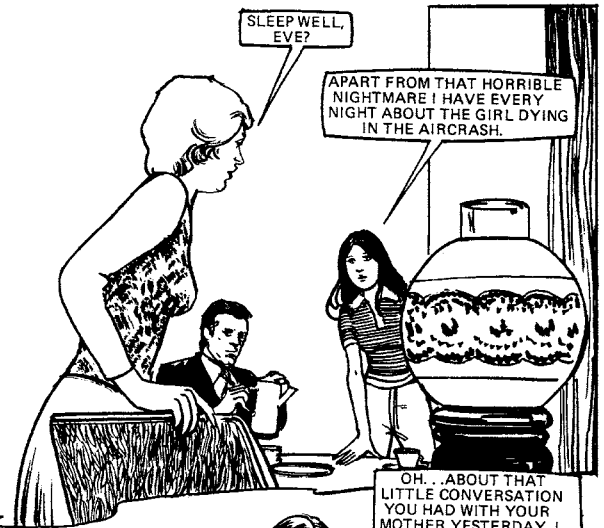
VERY FUNNY. COME ON, LET'S GO.

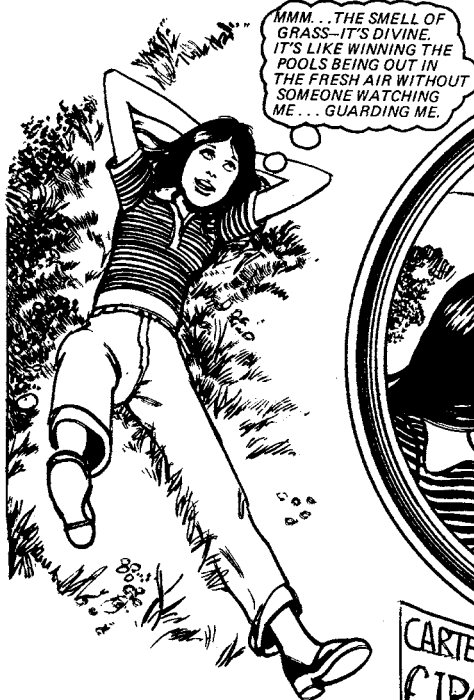
AT EVE'S HOME...

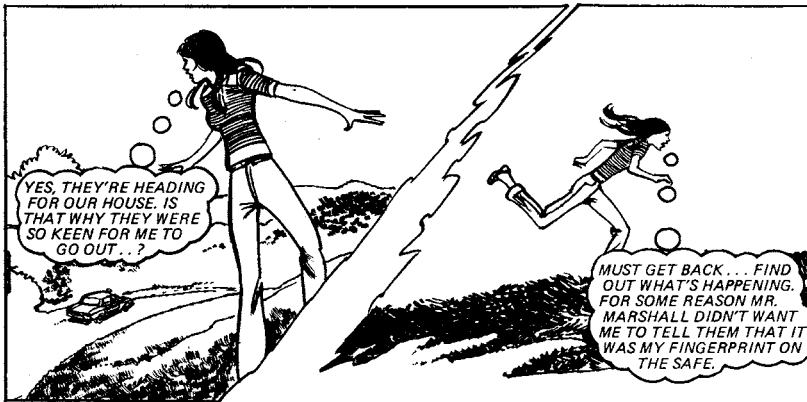
WHAT IF THEY ASK TO FINGERPRINT EVE? WHAT IF THEY START ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT HER?

THEY WON'T. WHY SHOULD THEY? NOW FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T PANIC.







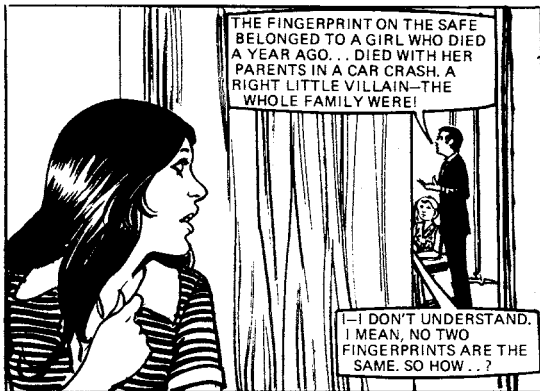


YES, THEY'RE HEADING FOR OUR HOUSE. IS THAT WHY THEY WERE SO KEEN FOR ME TO GO OUT...?

MUST GET BACK... FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING. FOR SOME REASON MR. MARSHALL DIDN'T WANT ME TO TELL THEM THAT IT WAS MY FINGERPRINT ON THE SAFE.

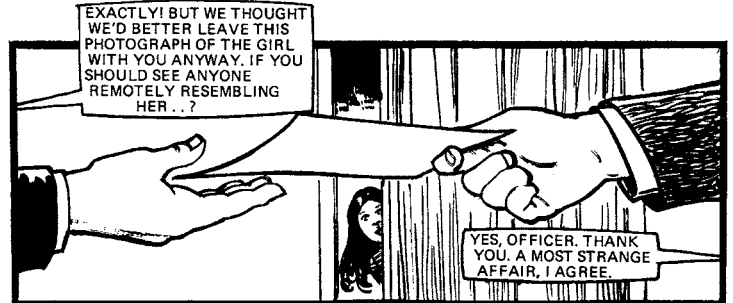


WHEW! MADE IT—JUST!



THE FINGERPRINT ON THE SAFE BELONGED TO A GIRL WHO DIED A YEAR AGO... DIED WITH HER PARENTS IN A CAR CRASH. A RIGHT LITTLE VILLAIN—THE WHOLE FAMILY WERE!

—I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I MEAN, NO TWO FINGERPRINTS ARE THE SAME. SO HOW...?



EXACTLY! BUT WE THOUGHT WE'D BETTER LEAVE THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GIRL WITH YOU ANYWAY. IF YOU SHOULD SEE ANYONE REMOTELY RESEMBLING HER...?

YES, OFFICER. THANK YOU. A MOST STRANGE AFFAIR, I AGREE.



THAT GIRL—SHE DIDN'T DIE... BECAUSE SHE'S ME! THAT'S THE ONLY EXPLANATION, AND IT MEANS I'VE GOT NO PARENTS...



BUT WHY HAVEN'T THE POLICE RECOGNISED ME FROM THAT PHOTOGRAPH?



BUT IT LOOKS NOTHING LIKE ME!... SHE'S OLDER AND... AND DIFFERENT!



UNLESS—UNLESS I HAD PLASTIC SURGERY. BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER ANY OPERATIONS ON MY FACE. BUT THEN I CAN'T REMEMBER MUCH AT ALL.



BUT IF I AM THAT GIRL... WHY DO THE MARSHALLS WANT ME? WHY GO TO ALL THIS TROUBLE, THIS DECEPTION...?

NEXT PART
Living a nightmare!

THE Four Faces of Eve

WHO IS EVE MARSHALL? IS SHE THE DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. MARSHALL... OR IS SHE IN FACT A YOUNG CRIMINAL, MARGARET HAWTHORNE, WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED A YEAR BEFORE?



IS THAT ME? BEFORE I HAD ALL MY OPERATIONS? MY FINGER-PRINTS ARE IDENTICAL TO HERS... AND THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE IMPOSSIBLE! SO I MUST BE, SURELY?



AND SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED A YEAR AGO... THE TIME I WENT INTO HOSPITAL.



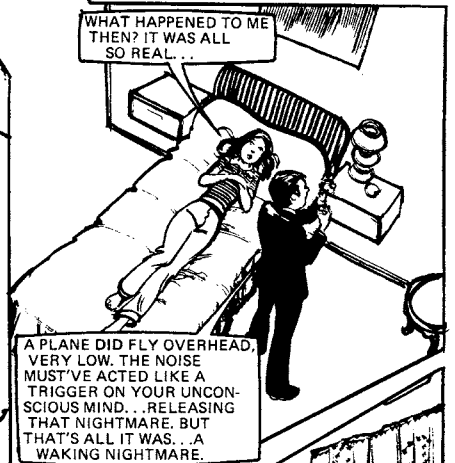
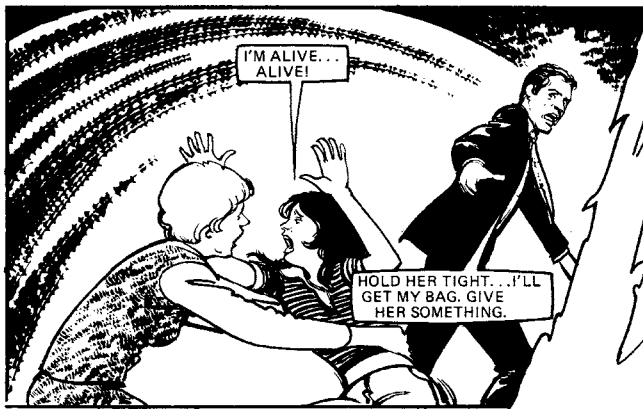
BUT IF I AM THAT GIRL - AND A CRIMINAL - WHY DO THE MARSHALLS PRETEND I'M THEIR DAUGHTER? WHAT DO THEY WANT OF ME?



THEN...

WHAT'S THAT NOISE? IT REMINDS ME OF...?







THAT MAKES IT EVEN MORE NECESSARY FOR US TO OPERATE. WE'LL TAKE HER TO THE HOSPITAL TOMORROW.

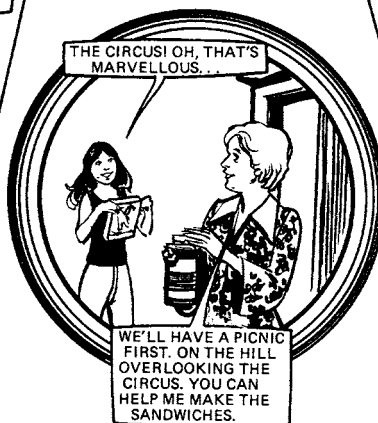
AT LEAST LET US TAKE HER TO THAT CIRCUS FIRST. SHE COULD DO WITH SOME NICE MEMORIES.



OKAY, BUT LET'S NOT GET SENTIMENTAL. IF SHE FINDS OUT WHO SHE IS... WE'RE DONE FOR!

I'M AWARE OF THE DANGERS - ALL OF THEM!

NEXT DAY...



THE CIRCUS! OH, THAT'S MARVELLOUS...

WE'LL HAVE A PICNIC FIRST. ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING THE CIRCUS. YOU CAN HELP ME MAKE THE SANDWICHES.

AND...



THEY'RE BEING REALLY NICE TO ME NOW... PERHAPS THEY DO CARE ABOUT ME, EVEN IF THERE'S SOMETHING NOT RIGHT GOING ON.



OH, I'M SO HAPPY... THIS IS SO THRILLING.



THERE SHE IS AGAIN, DAD - THAT GIRL FROM THE HOSPITAL. CAN I GO AND TALK TO HER, HAVE I GOT TIME?

NO, LOVE, YOU'VE GOT TO GET CHANGED. YOU'RE ON EARLY IN THE SHOW.



THEN...

YOU ALL RIGHT, MISSUS?

I - I DON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT I SAW A GHOST FOR A MOMENT... THE GHOST OF MY GRAND-DAUGHTER WHO DIED A YEAR AGO...

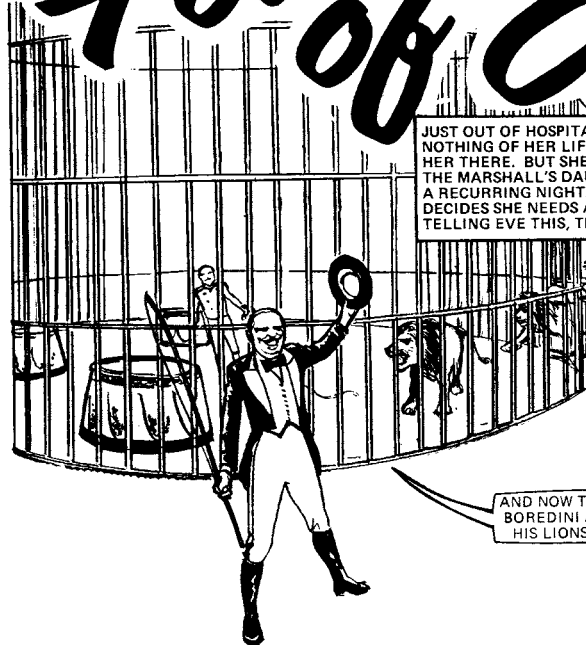
NEXT PART

Eve of Discovery

The Faces Four of Eve...



JUST OUT OF HOSPITAL, EVE MARSHALL CAN REMEMBER NOTHING OF HER LIFE BEFORE THE ACCIDENT THAT PUT HER THERE. BUT SHE HAS DISCOVERED THAT SHE IS NOT THE MARSHALL'S DAUGHTER. WHEN SHE IS PLAGUED BY A RECURRING NIGHTMARE, MR MARSHALL, A SURGEON, DECIDES SHE NEEDS ANOTHER OPERATION. BEFORE TELLING EVE THIS, THEY TAKE HER TO A CIRCUS...



AND NOW THE GREAT BOREDINI AND HIS LIONS!



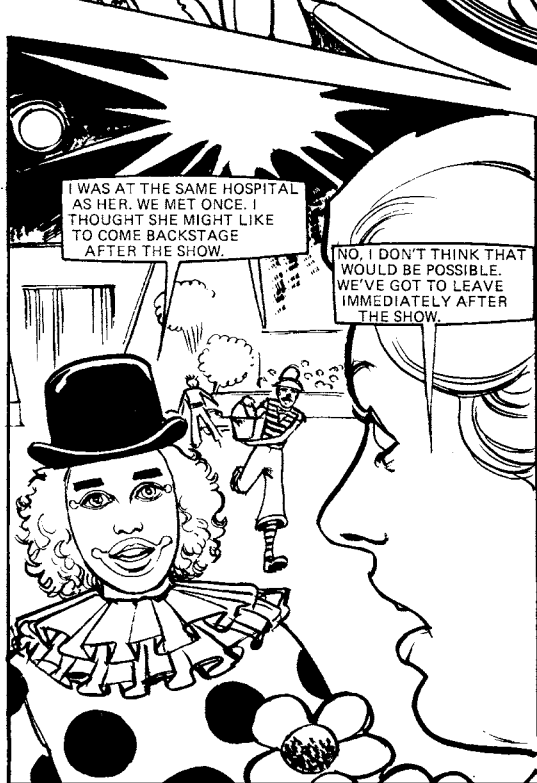
THERE'S THAT GIRL FROM THE HOSPITAL AGAIN, DAD. FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN HER SMILE

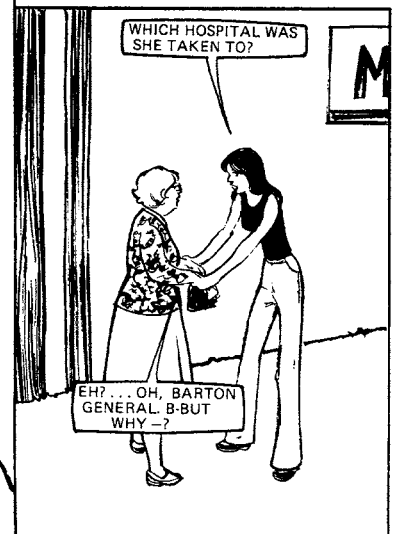
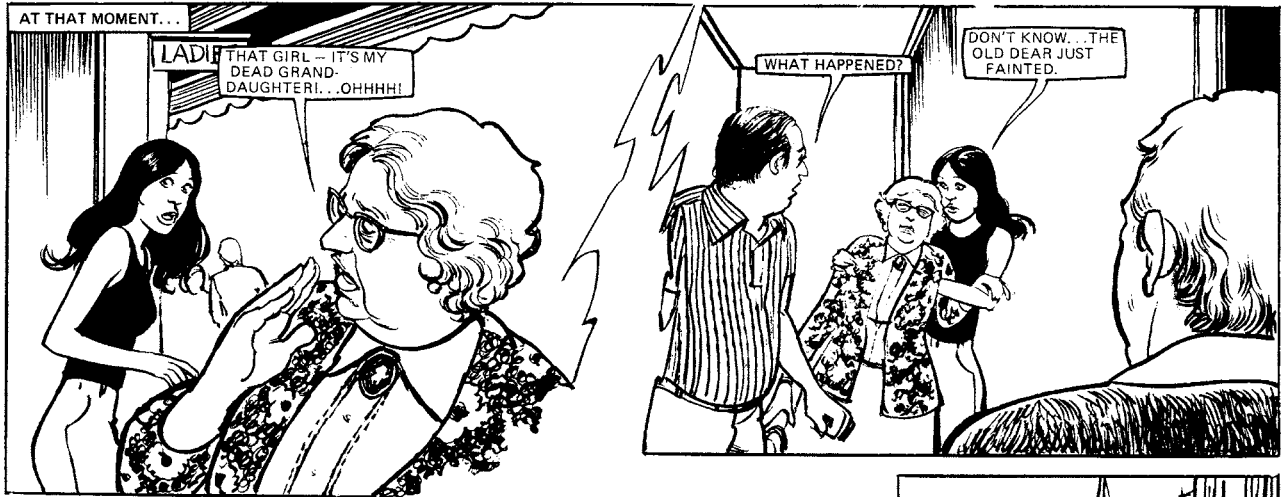


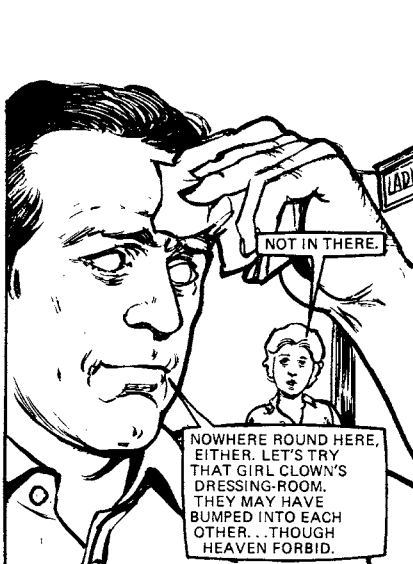
THIS IS SUPER! I'M HAVING SUCH A NICE DAY!



COME ON, GET YOUR FACE ON. WE'RE NEXT.







The Faces Four of Eve



UNABLE TO REMEMBER ANYTHING OF HER PAST AND PLAGUED BY FRIGHTENING NIGHTMARES EVE HAS FLED FROM THE COUPLE WHO CLAIM TO BE HER PARENTS AND TAKEN REFUGE WITH A TRAVELLING CIRCUS.



PLEASE, DAD, LET EVE STAY AT THE CIRCUS FOR A WHILE.

I - I DON'T KNOW, CAROL. THE BOSS WOULDN'T LIKE THE POLICE CRAWLING ALL OVER THE PLACE, LOOKING FOR HER.



BUT THE MARSHALLS WON'T CALL THE POLICE. THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING... SOMETHING ILLEGAL, I'M SURE OF IT.

AND SHE'S NOT THEIR DAUGHTER ANYWAY... PLEASE, SHE NEEDS OUR HELP.

OKAY, FOR THE TIME BEING... BUT SHE'LL HAVE TO EARN HER KEEP. WE NEED ANOTHER STOOGIE.



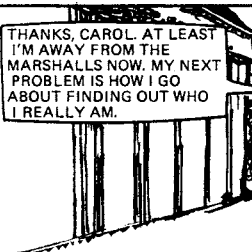
OH, THANK YOU... THANK YOU. YOU'RE THE BEST DAD IN THE WHOLE WORLD.

THANK YOU.

TURN OUT LIGHTS WHEN LEAVING.



THEY'RE SO HAPPY TOGETHER. WAS I EVER HAPPY LIKE THAT? ... WILL I EVER BE HAPPY?



THANKS, CAROL. AT LEAST I'M AWAY FROM THE MARSHALLS NOW. MY NEXT PROBLEM IS HOW I GO ABOUT FINDING OUT WHO I REALLY AM.

WE'RE PERFORMING NEAR BARTON GENERAL HOSPITAL NEXT WEEK. PERHAPS YOU CAN FIND SOMETHING OUT THERE...



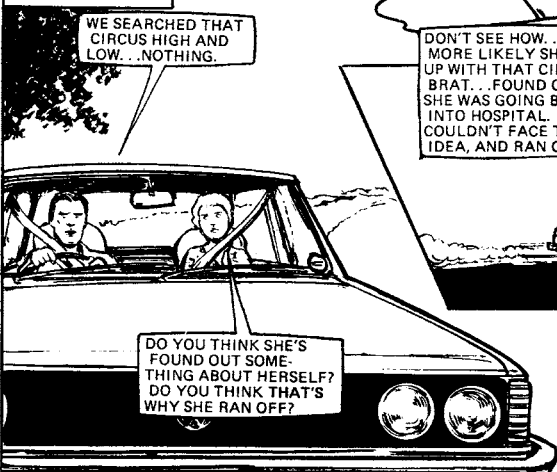
YES... THE GIRL I LOOK EXACTLY LIKE, DIED THERE A YEAR AGO... THE TIME I WAS ADMITTED THERE. STRANGE... STRANGE TOO HOW MY FINGER-PRINTS ARE EXACTLY LIKE THOSE OF ANOTHER GIRL WHO ALSO DIED A YEAR AGO... DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, ANY OF IT.

IT WILL... IT WILL, BUT WE'D BETTER HURRY TO THE TRAILER. IT'S HOURS SINCE THE MARSHALLS LEFT, BUT YOU NEVER KNOW...



AND MAYBE WHEN I FIND OUT WHO I AM, I'LL DISCOVER I'VE GOT A FAMILY, TOO. WOULDN'T THAT BE MARVELLOUS?

MEANWHILE, THE MARSHALLS WERE DRIVING HOME...



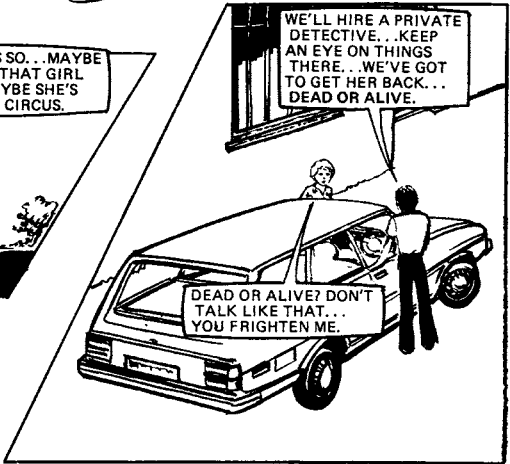
WE SEARCHED THAT CIRCUS HIGH AND LOW... NOTHING.

DO YOU THINK SHE'S FOUND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT HERSELF? DO YOU THINK THAT'S WHY SHE RAN OFF?

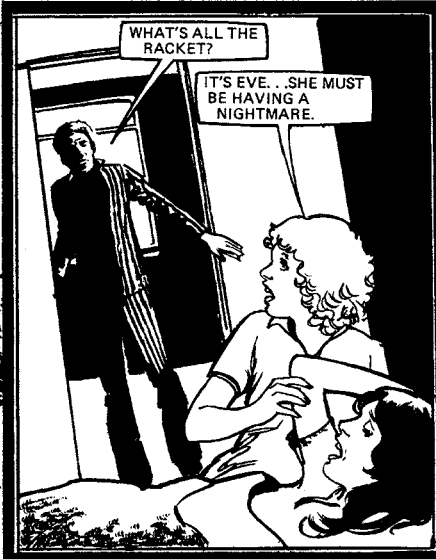
DON'T SEE HOW... NO, IT'S MORE LIKELY SHE MET UP WITH THAT CIRCUS BRAT... FOUND OUT SHE WAS GOING BACK INTO HOSPITAL. COULDN'T FACE THE IDEA, AND RAN OFF.

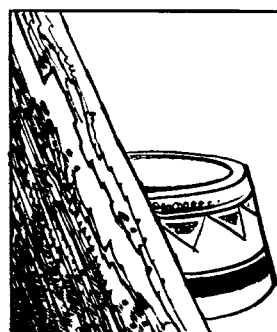
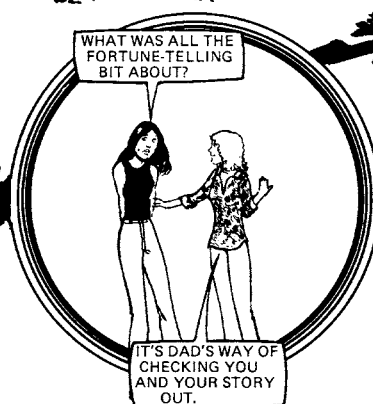
BUT IF THAT'S SO... MAYBE SHE'S ASKED THAT GIRL FOR HELP, MAYBE SHE'S STILL AT THE CIRCUS.

WE'LL HIRE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE... KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS THERE... WE'VE GOT TO GET HER BACK... DEAD OR ALIVE.



DEAD OR ALIVE? DON'T TALK LIKE THAT... YOU FRIGHTEN ME.





The Faces Four of Eve

EVE, HAUNTED BY NIGHTMARES, IS DESPERATE TO ESTABLISH HER TRUE IDENTITY. RELEASED FROM HOSPITAL AFTER A SERIES OF OPERATIONS SHE CAN REMEMBER NOTHING OF HER EARLIER LIFE AND, ESCAPING THOSE WHO CLAIM TO BE HER PARENTS, HAS TAKEN REFUGE IN A CIRCUS WITH CAROL WHO HELPS HER FATHER'S CLOWN ACT.

THE OLD GYPSY TOLD YOUR DAD SOMETHING DREADFUL ABOUT ME... AND HE'S GOING TO SEND ME BACK TO THE MARSHALLS, ISN'T HE? ISN'T HE?

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT.

WHAT IS IT, DAD? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST.

MAYBE I HAVE. THE GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER, MADAME MORONI, SAYS YOUR FRIEND IS DEAD... THAT HER LIFE-LINE HAS ENDED!

DAD, THAT IS RIDICULOUS... OF COURSE, SHE'S NOT DEAD, OR A GHOST. THAT OLD FAKER MORONI HAS FINALLY FLIPPED.

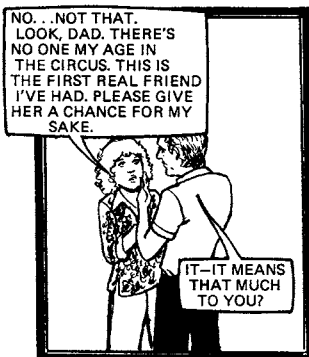
OR THERE'S SOMETHING SINISTER... EVIL... ABOUT YOUR FRIEND.





EVIL? FOR GOODNESS SAKE, DAD. SHE'S A POOR FRIGHTENED GIRL WITH NO HOME, FAMILY... OR MEMORY. SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHO SHE IS. IT'S UP TO US TO HELP HER.

THEN PERHAPS WE CAN BEST HELP HER BY SENDING HER BACK TO THE MARSHALLS.



NO... NOT THAT. LOOK, DAD. THERE'S NO ONE MY AGE IN THE CIRCUS. THIS IS THE FIRST REAL FRIEND I'VE HAD. PLEASE GIVE HER A CHANCE FOR MY SAKE.

IT-IT MEANS THAT MUCH TO YOU?

I LOVE CATS-ALL CATS. EVEN THOSE MONSTERS. FUNNY HOW THAT'S ALL I KNOW ABOUT MYSELF BEFORE MY ACCIDENT... DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT MY ACCIDENT WAS.

OKAY, SHE CAN STAY. BUT I'M NOT HAPPY ABOUT IT. AND IF ANYTHING STRANGE SHOULD HAPPEN--

IT WON'T. OH, DAD-- THANK YOU. THANK YOU.



COME ON, DREAMER-- WE'VE GOT TO TURN YOU INTO A CLOWN BY SIX O'CLOCK.

WHAT? YOU MEAN IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO STAY? OH, FANTASTIC!



WHAT DID THE OLD WOMAN SAY TO HIM?

A LOAD OF RUBBISH... SAID THE LIFE LINE ON YOUR HAND HAD ENDED. THAT'S SUPPOSED TO MEAN YOU'RE DEAD... NOW I THINK THESE SHOULD DO.



BUT, CAROL, MARGARET HAWTHORNE'S DEAD-- THE GIRL WHOSE FINGER-PRINTS ARE IDENTICAL TO MINE. STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

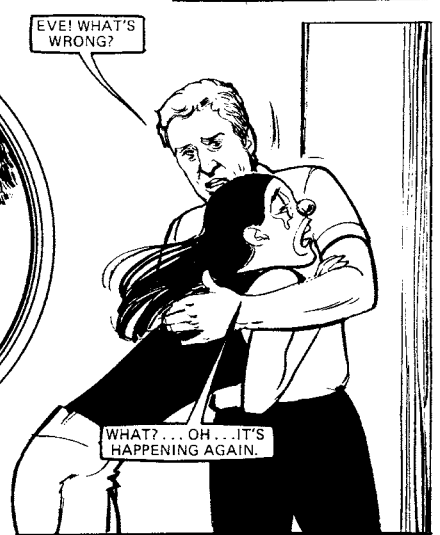
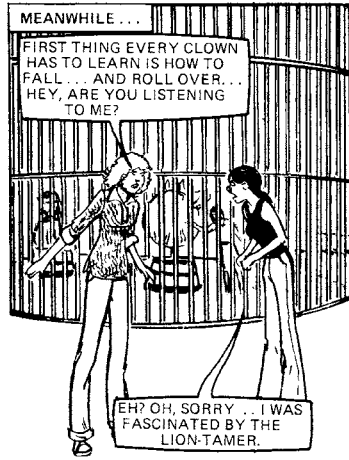
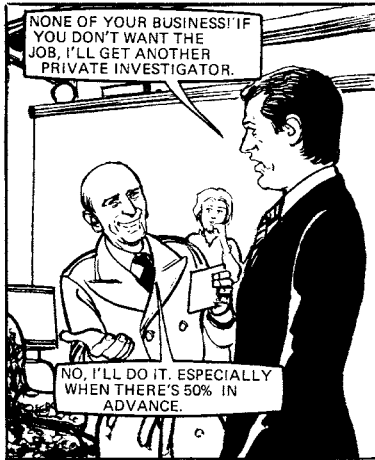
NOT AS STRANGE AS YOU'LL LOOK IF YOU DON'T LEARN TO PUT YOUR MAKE-UP ON PROPERLY... HERE LET ME.



MEANWHILE...

WE WANT YOU TO FIND THAT GIRL... AND REPORT BACK. START LOOKING AT CARTER'S CIRCUS. I THINK SHE'S HIDING THERE.

THAT'S ALL? WHY DON'T YOU DO IT YOURSELF?



AND GET SENT BACK TO THE MARSHALLS?
NO, NEVER!

THEN COME ON, LET'S
TEACH YOU HOW TO
BE A CLOWN ...

AND GET SENT BACK TO THE MARSHALLS?
NO, NEVER!

THEN COME ON, LET'S
TEACH YOU HOW TO
BE A CLOWN...

THEN IN THE EVENING ...

OH, CAROL, I HOPE I WON'T LET YOU DOWN.

THEN IN THE EVENING ...

OH, CAROL, I HOPE I WON'T LET YOU DOWN.

BUT HOW DID I KNOW ABOUT HER... ABOUT THE CRASH?... HOW COULD I SEE EVERYTHING SO CLEARLY?

PERHAPS YOU WERE ON THAT PLANE, TOO. PERHAPS YOU SAW HER.

BUT HOW DID I KNOW ABOUT HER... ABOUT THE CRASH?... HOW COULD I SEE EVERYTHING SO CLEARLY?

PERHAPS YOU WERE ON THAT PLANE, TOO. PERHAPS YOU SAW HER.

NO-YOU HEARD WHAT THEY SAID. ONLY ONE CHILD ON THE FLIGHT... DOES THAT MEAN THAT GIRL AND ME... THAT WE'RE THE SAME PERSON?

NEXT PART

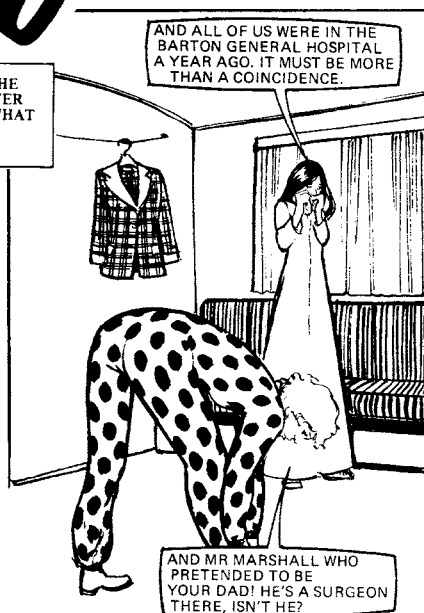
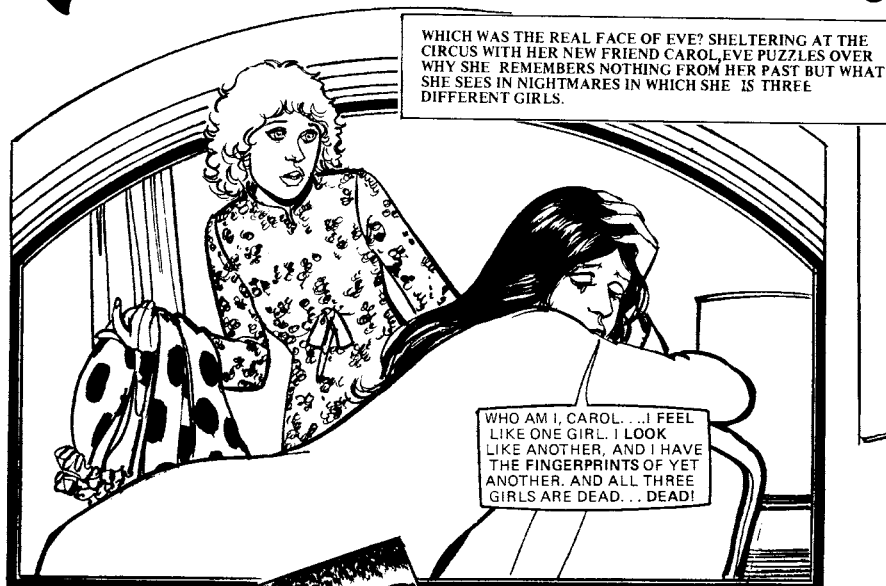
The real Eve?

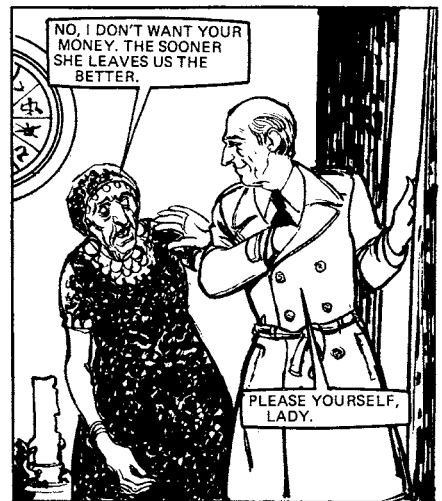
NEXT PART 
The real Eve?

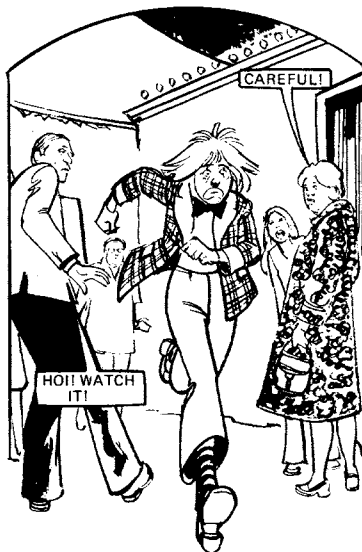
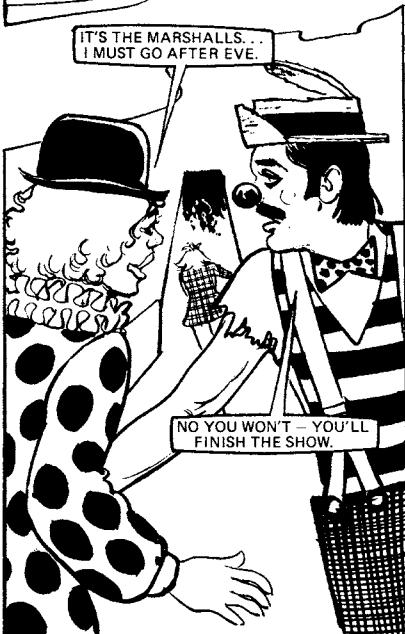
NEXT PART 
The real Eve?

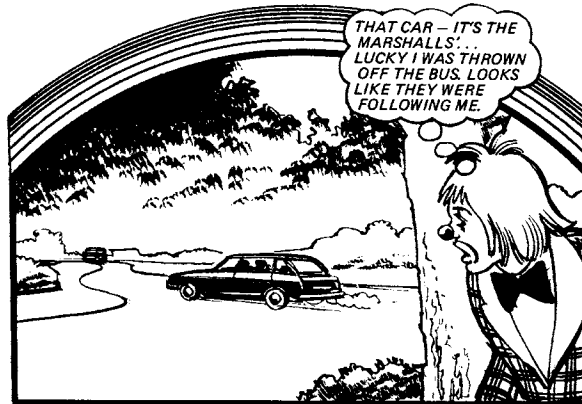
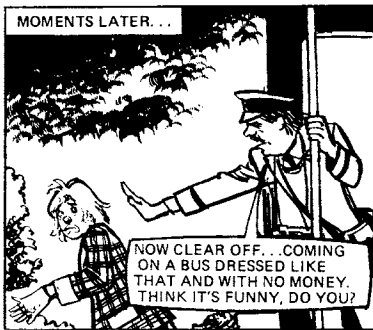


The Four Faces of Eve



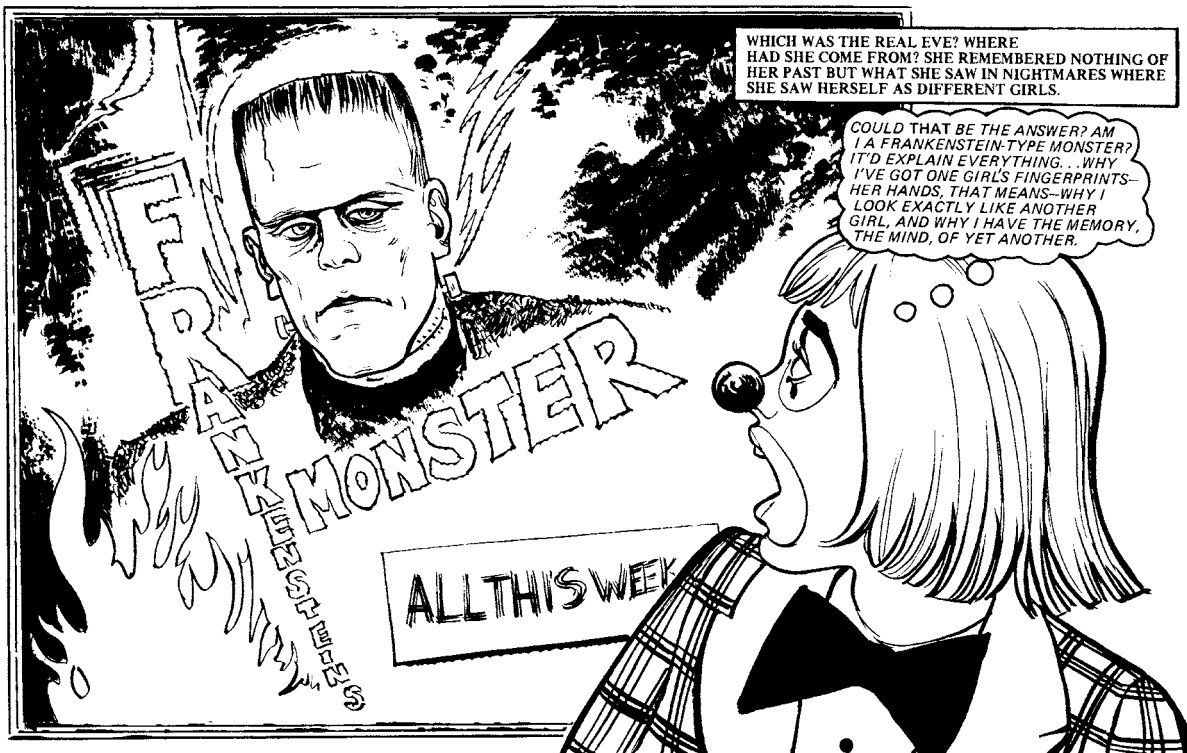








The Four Faces of Eve

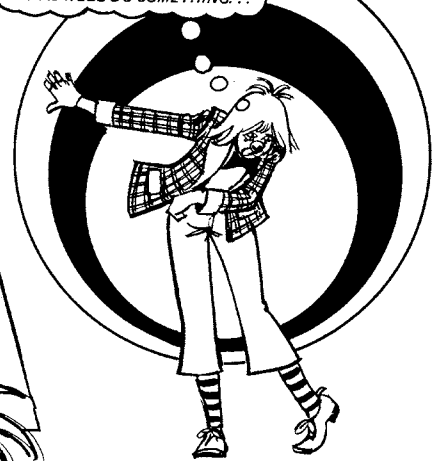




WH-WHAT?

WELL, IF YOU DON'T HURRY UP, WE'LL HAVE GONE IN.

THEY THINK 'COS I'M DRESSED LIKE THIS I'M A BUSKER... OH, WELL, I NEED SOME MONEY. MAY AS WELL DO SOMETHING...



AND SO EVE SANG A SAD SONG... A SONG ABOUT A CLOWN WHO COULD MAKE EVERYONE LAUGH BUT HIMSELF.

DON'T KNOW HOW I KNOW THAT SONG... DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I COULD SING.



CRIKEY... FOUR POUNDS! JUST LIKE THAT!



I'LL GO INTO THE FILM... NEED TO BE OFF THE STREETS IN CASE THE MARSHALLS ARE STILL LOOKING FOR ME... NEED TIME TO THINK, TOO.

THAT THE LATEST FASHION, DEAR?



BUT...

MAYBE THIS WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA, AFTER ALL...

POOR THING... I NEVER REALISED BEFORE WHAT A SAD FILM THIS REALLY IS...



OH, DEAR—I CAN'T WATCH ANY MORE.

TYPICAL! PEOPLE ALWAYS WANT TO GET PAST AT THE INTERESTING BIT.



MY FACE IS A MESS... BETTER WASH ALL THE MAKE-UP OFF.



BUT IS THAT THE TRUTH ABOUT ME? ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! GO TO THE MARSHALLS' HOUSE AND TRY TO FIND SOME EVIDENCE. MUST BE SOMETHING...



BETTER TAKE SOME CLOTHES FROM THE COTTAGE, TOO... CAN'T GO AROUND LIKE THIS ALL THE TIME.

CAN'T HELP FEELING THERE'S MORE TO ALL THIS THAN THE MARSHALLS' LET ON... COULD BE A LOT OF LOOT IN IT FOR ME...



BETTER WALK THERE... I'LL NEED WHAT MONEY I'VE GOT.



AND AS EVERY CAR PASSED...

CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. DON'T WANT THE MARSHALLS TO GET ME.



IT SEEMED LIKE HOURS TO A WEARY EYE, BEFORE...

AT LAST—THE COTTAGE! AND THEY'RE STILL UP... AND ANOTHER SMART CAR IN THE DRIVEWAY. VISITORS!



THAT MAN—HE WAS A SURGEON AT THE BARTON GENERAL WITH MR MARSHALL. IS HE MIXED UP IN ALL THIS THEN?





EVE HAS BEGUN TO FEAR SHE HAS NO PAST BUT IS SOME SORT OF CREATURE ASSEMBLED BY THE FANATICAL MR. MARSHALL, A SURGEON, WHO ORIGINALLY CLAIMED TO BE HER FATHER. ON THE RUN, EVE HAS NOW BEEN RECAPTURED BY THE MARSHALLS.

The Four Faces of Eve

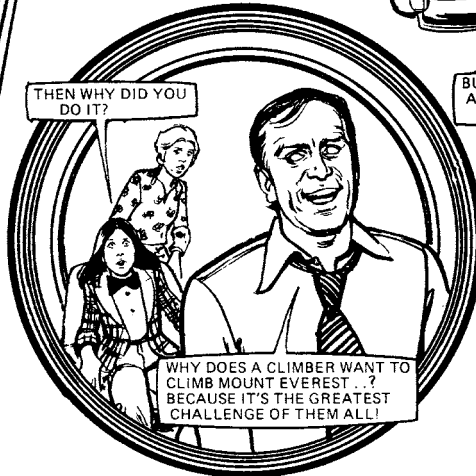
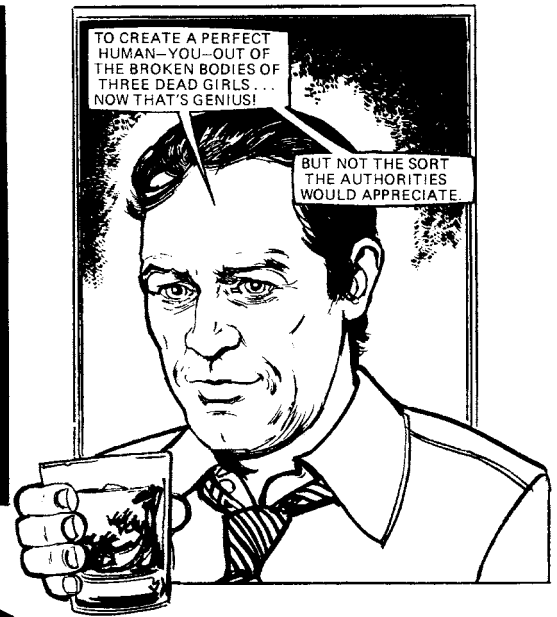


AN UNSCRUPULOUS PRIVATE DETECTIVE WHO THOUGHT HE COULD SMELL MONEY, LOOKED ON ...

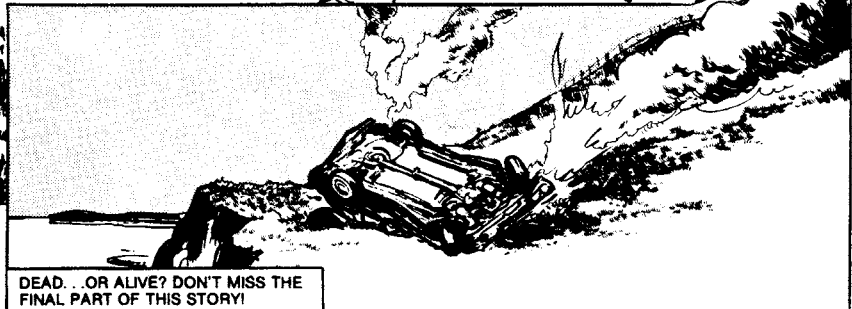
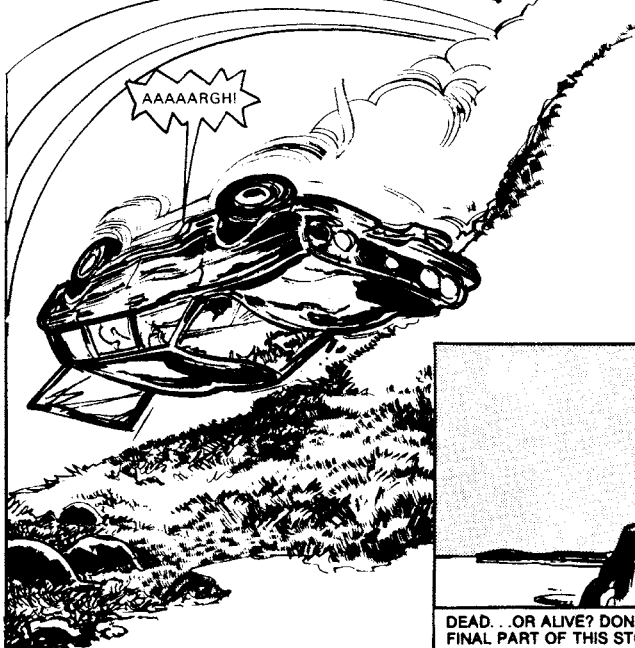
THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN A GIRL RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME... I JUST FEEL IT.

THERE'S NO POINT SCREAMING. WE'RE MILES FROM ANYONE. NOW SIT DOWN, AND KEEP QUIET.











The Four Faces of Eve

EVE HAS DISCOVERED THE REASON FOR HER NIGHTMARES AND WHY SHE HAS NO MEMORY OF THE PAST. SHE HAS BEEN CREATED BY RUTHLESS SURGEONS FROM GIRLS WHO DIED SUDDENLY. AND NOW THEY INTEND TO DESTROY HER BUT EVE HAS CAUSED THEIR CAR TO CRASH.

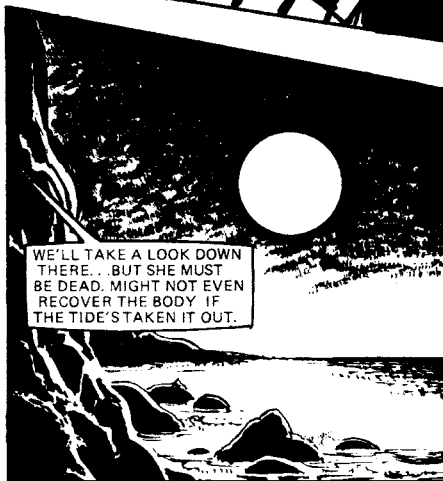
THANK GOODNESS—
THEY'RE ALL ALIVE!

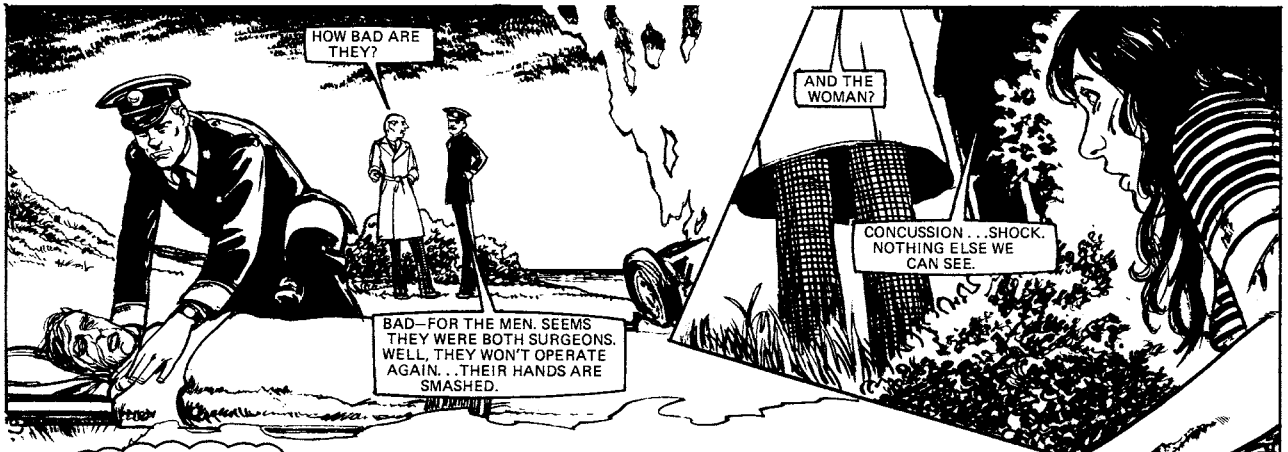
IF IT HAD GONE OVER
THE CLIFF—THEY'D
ALL HAVE COPPED IT!

THERE WAS A GIRL,
TOO... MUST'VE
GONE OVER THE EDGE.



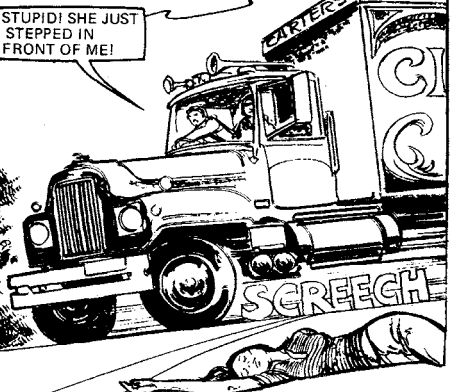
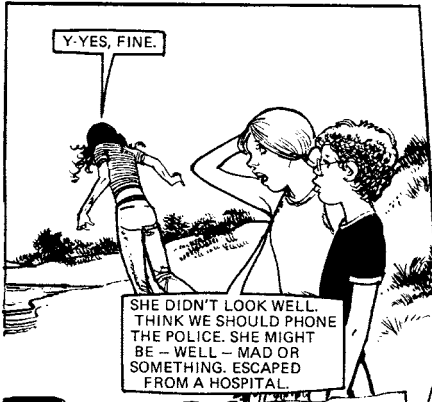
WE'LL TAKE A LOOK DOWN
THERE... BUT SHE MUST
BE DEAD. MIGHT NOT EVEN
RECOVER THE BODY IF
THE TIDE'S TAKEN IT OUT.





EVE SLEPT WHERE SHE FELL... ON THE BEACH. BUT HER SLEEP WAS TROUBLED.

THEN IN THE MORNING...





SHIRLEY BELLWOOD

AN UNSUNG HEROINE OF BRITISH COMICS

SHIRLEY BELLWOOD began working on comics in the 1950s, with her first work believed to be on C Arthur Pearson's *Glamour Library*. She would go on to draw story pages for titles such as *Mirabelle*, *Romeo*, *Roxy* and *Valentine*. Unusually, her name sometimes appeared on this early work, indicating the esteem in which she was held. From the 1970s onwards she drew for the new wave of girls comics such as *Sally*, *Jinty* and – of course – *Misty*. She created the character of Misty and drew her throughout the comic's run.

Misty herself was based on Shirley as a young woman, and her cat Habibi based on her own pet cat. Shirley drew all of the covers featuring Misty and several full colour paintings (like the cover of this collection) that were used as pull-out posters or calendars. She also produced delicate line drawings of Misty that were used on the inside cover of each issue along with a greeting. Misty's dramatic features, seductive stare and ethereal appearance set the tone for each issue and welcomed readers to her realm.

Outside of comics, Shirley was a highly respected portrait painter who took commissions from MPs, lords and celebrities. She provided illustrations for a large number of children's books, as well as several books for the Folio Society. She trained at Leeds College of Art and held major exhibitions with the Royal Portrait Society. Shirley's portraits contain a real sense of character and she was particularly skilled at painting children and animals, which she pursued further when she moved out of London in later life.

Shirley died on 1 February 2016 in hospital in Worcester, aged 84. She never appeared at any conventions and perhaps saw her comics work as a commercial necessity. Yet she gave *Misty* to a generation – and beyond.

JULIA ROUND



DEVIL'S CAKE

Thinking of having a spooky party and wondering what eats to prepare? Well, why not try this tasty recipe that will go down a treat with your friends and not break the piggy bank?

Preparation time is only 20 mins (if you can keep your greedy brother out of the kitchen for that long) and cooking time is a further 30 mins. The ingredients are very simple, but check with Mum first to make sure you've got the right things. (Nutmeg and pepper might look the same, but they certainly don't taste the same!) You will need: -

*3 ozs of self-raising flour
4 ozs butter/margarine
4 ozs castor sugar
2 eggs lightly beaten
1 dessertspoon cocoa
A pinch of salt
A few drops vanilla essence
Turn oven on to gas no 4
(350°F)
(For the frosting)
4 ozs (25) marshmallows
2 tablespoons milk
2 egg whites
1 oz castor sugar
vermicelli (chocolate) for
decoration*



Sieve flour and salt together. Cream fat and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs one at a time. Fold in the dry ingredients and add vanilla essence. Half the mixture and put into 2 *well greased* 6-7 inch sandwich tins. Bake in the centre of oven for 25-30 mins. Turn out and cool on a wire tray.

To make the frosting, melt the marshmallows slowly in the milk, then leave to cool, stirring occasionally. Beat the egg whites and sugar until stiff and peaky then fold into the marshmallows. (If you turn the bowl upside down and

the egg whites fall onto the floor they are not stiff enough . . .) Leave to set.

Use to fill the centre of the cake and coat the top and sides. Sprinkle with chocolate vermicelli.

To make it just that little bit more special, you can create a face on the top of the sponge.

For a devil's face, why not try using glace cherries for the eyes, a walnut for the nose, currants for the mouth and almonds for the horns. Use the chocolate vermicelli for the outline of the face and also for the beard.



Misty says...

BE A DEVIL

and here's how...

I'M SURE you've often noticed that trees appear to have faces, especially if you happen to be lost in the middle of a dark wood. Some have twisted, evil expressions while others look homely and lumpy, but kind. No wonder our ancient Briton ancestors believed in tree spirits and worshipped them in strange ceremonies in the forests.

YOU too can turn yourself into a tree-devil with one of these masks. You will need:

A large, empty breakfast cereal packet. Two cardboard cylinders from toilet rolls. Two egg-holders cut from an empty egg-box. Some green crepe paper. A sheet of silver foil. Two thin twigs for hands. A short, thick twig for the nose. Some thick paint. Gum or paste. Paint and paste brushes.

CUT OFF the top and bottom end flaps of the cereal packet, then use your toilet-roll cylinders to make the horns. Trace round

the ends with a pencil on the sides of the packet, then cut out the circles and insert the cylinders (fig. 1).

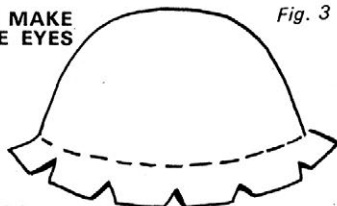
Then cover them with silver foil, twisting them up into curved points, as in fig. 2.

Make the bulbous eyes with the egg-holders; cut little slits about half a centimetre long all round the edges, then bend back to form tabs (fig. 3).

Use these tabs to glue or paste them onto the mask.

In the centre of the face make two slits in the form of a cross, then push a thick bit of wood for the nose into the centre of the cross. Then paint the mask all over - sides and back too - with thick, brown paint.

TO MAKE THE EYES



TABS

Wait for it to dry, and paint on black, irregular circles for eyes and mouth. Using black, or different shades of brown or yellow, paint irregular, "woody"

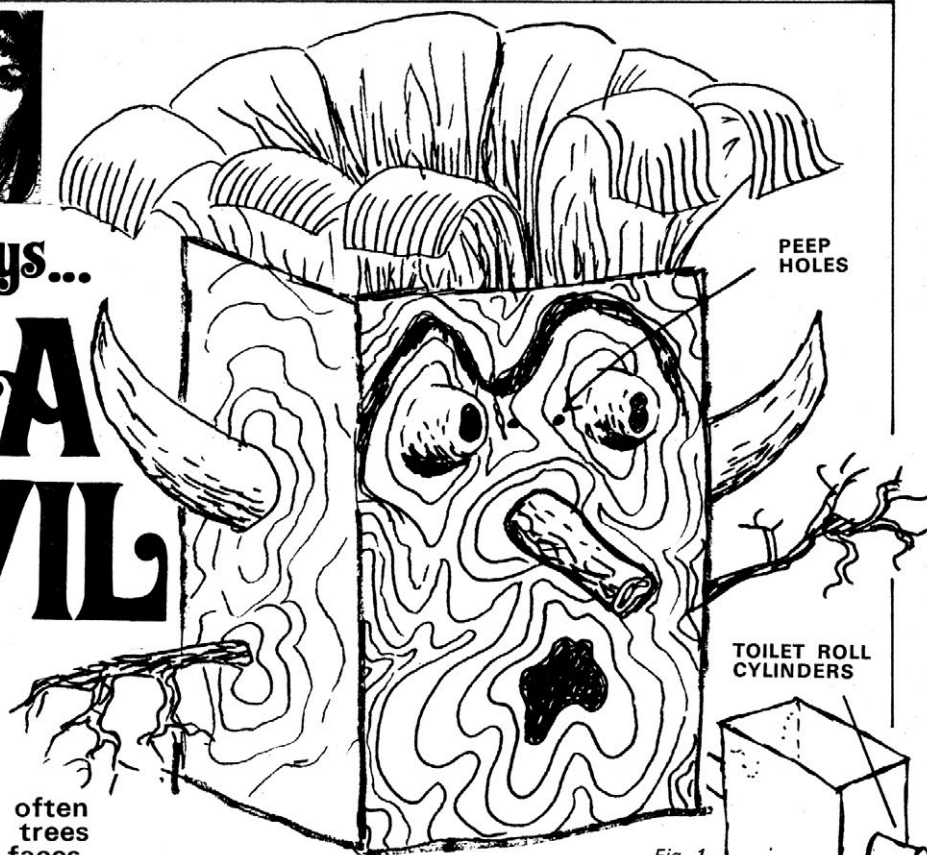


Fig. 1

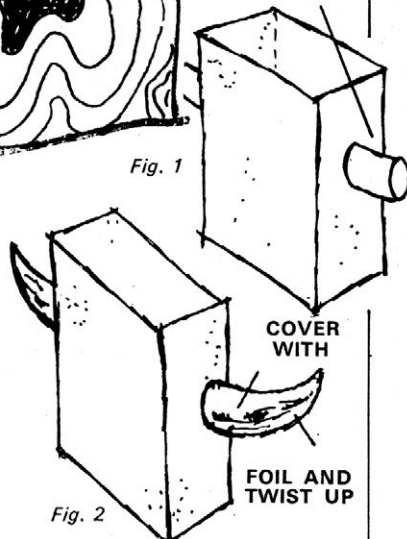


Fig. 2

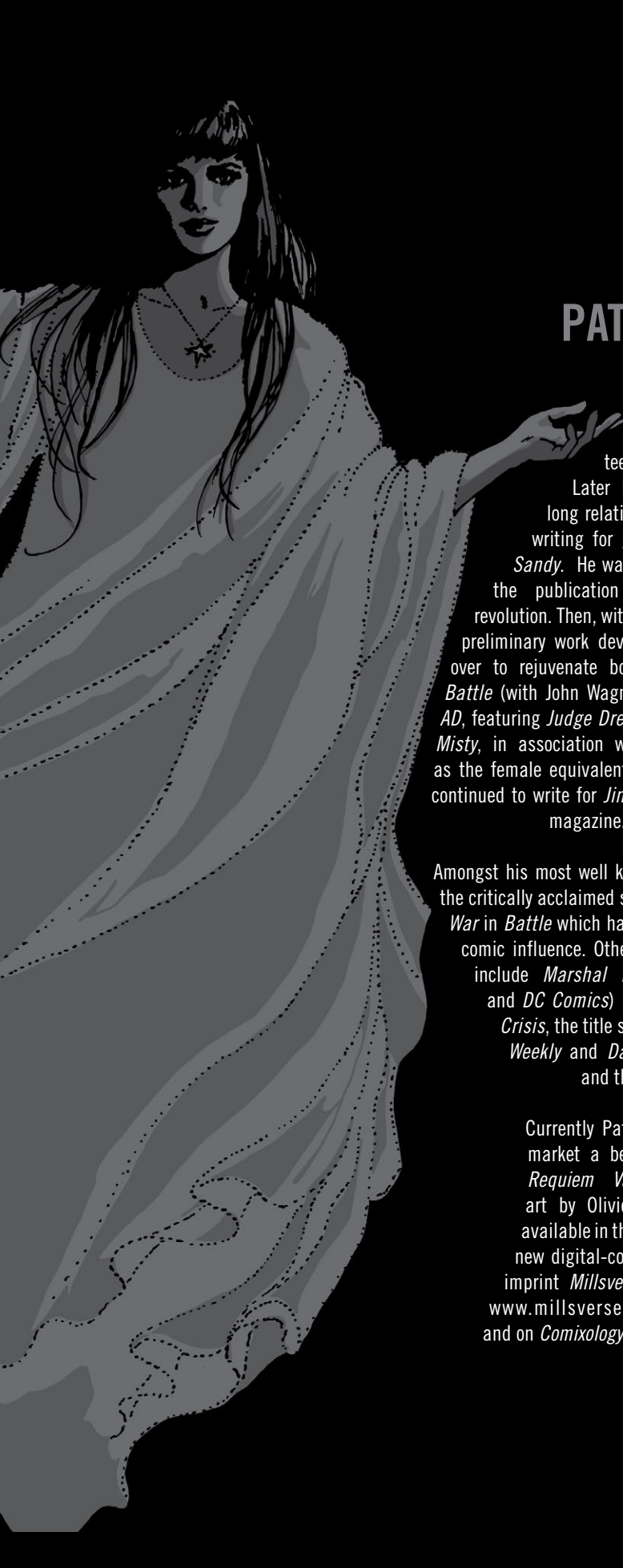
rings all round these features and between.

Cut strips from the green crepe paper, then cut one edge of each strip into a fringe.

Gum or paste the unfringed edges inside the top of the mask and bend the strips over to form leafy fronds.

Then stick twigs for hands in the sides, below the horns. Finally, try the mask on, find out where your eyes will come, then take it off and cut two tiny peepholes.

Now you're all set to be a devil and scare the family!



PAT MILLS

Pat Mills' writing and editorial career started in Dundee, working for D.C. Thomson on the teenage romance magazine *Romeo*.

Later Pat went freelance and started a long relationship with IPC Magazines, initially writing for girls titles like *Tammy*, *Pink* and *Sandy*. He was an assistant editor on *Tammy*, the publication which began the comics revolution. Then, with Malcolm Shaw, he did some preliminary work devising *Jinty* before moving over to rejuvenate boys comics. He created *Battle* (with John Wagner), *Action* and *2000 AD*, featuring *Judge Dredd*. Pat then devised *Misty*, in association with Wilf Prigmore, as the female equivalent of *2000 AD*. He continued to write for *Jinty* and later *Girl* magazine.

Amongst his most well known stories is the critically acclaimed series *Charley's War* in *Battle* which has a strong girls comic influence. Other notable works include *Marshal Law* (for *Marvel* and *DC Comics*) *Third World War* in *Crisis*, the title series for *Doctor Who Weekly* and *Dan Dare* in *2000 AD* and the *New Eagle*.

Currently Pat writes for the French market a best-selling Goth series *Requiem Vampire Knight* with art by Olivier Ledroit which is available in the UK through Pat's new digital-comic publishing imprint *Millsverse* (<http://www.millsverse.com/>) and on *Comixology*.

MALCOLM SHAW

Malcolm Shaw began his career in journalism with D C Thomson, Dundee, in the mid 60s. He became chief sub editor on *Red Star Weekly* before he left in 1968 to work in London. For the next four years he worked at City Magazines on *Men Only*, *Parade*, *Go Girl* and *Provincial Press Features* as a features writer. He also wrote comedy sketches for an agency. He went for a job as editor of *Romance* and *My Story* and the interviewer asked him to spell “mantelpiece.” He spelt it correctly and was given the job.

In 1972 he joined the Girls' Adventure Group at IPC Magazines, subbing and writing on various comics and *Mates*, teenage romantic fiction. He became editor of the revamped *Mirabelle* in 1977 and stayed with the paper until it folded. In 1979 he became freelance working on *Girl*, *Tammy*, *2000 AD*, *Princess*, *Tina* (Holland), *Saint* (Sweden), *Jackie*, *Blue Jeans* and *Misty*. He was probably best remembered as editor of *Misty* – a popular girls' mystery comic which proved popular with all the family. Malcolm wrote many *Misty* stories.

In 1980 he moved to Barcelona for a year with his partner and two sons. Many of the artists who worked for the girls' comics e.g. Blas Gallego, Jose Canovas, Santiago Hernandez, Rafael Busom, lived in Barcelona and they became firm friends. He returned to London in 1981 and shortly before his death he was helping develop *BEEB* – a new children's magazine based on BBC TV programmes – for Polystyle Publications.

He died the day before his 38th birthday.

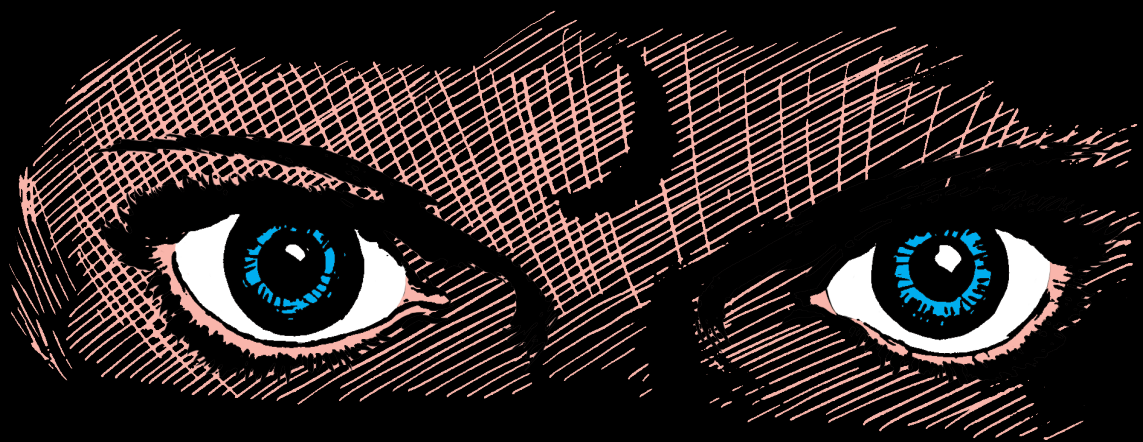
JOHN ARMSTRONG

John Armstrong worked extensively on girl's comics throughout the seventies and eighties, including *Misty*, *Bunty*, *Tammy* and *Girl's Crystal*. Having learnt his craft while serving in the British army overseas, he returned to art school at Constantine College in Middlesbrough where he graduated in Intermediate Arts & Craft.

Best known for illustrating the gymnastics-based strip, *Bella* in *Tammy*, Armstrong also drew a comic based on the popular children's school drama *Grange Hill* for Beeb magazine.

BRIAN DELANEY

Brian Delaney was a regular contributor to D. C. Thomson titles including *(Buddy)*, *Hart to Hart*, *Grange Hill* (Fleetway) 80's annuals, *TV Tops* and *The Professionals*.



GIRLS WILL BE GHOULS!

**WELCOME TO MY WORLD OF MYSTERY AND
SHADOWS WHERE THE UNUSUAL IS USUAL...
WHERE THE UNEXPECTED IS EXPECTED.**

MOONCHILD

Like her grandmother before her, Rosemary Black has discovered that she has the power to move things with her mind. A crescent shape on her forehead marks Rosemary as the Moonchild. While her jealous mother forbids her to use her new found abilities, the actions of a school bully push Ms Black closer and closer towards temptation and revenge.

THE FOUR FACES OF EVE

Eve Marshall develops amnesia after an accident. Unable to remember anything about her past and haunted by nightmares involving the tragic deaths of three other girls, Eve sets out to discover the chilling truth of who...or what she really is.

These eerie encounters are brought to you by Pat Mills, John Armstrong, Malcolm Shaw, Brian Delaney and, of course, your friend, Misty

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