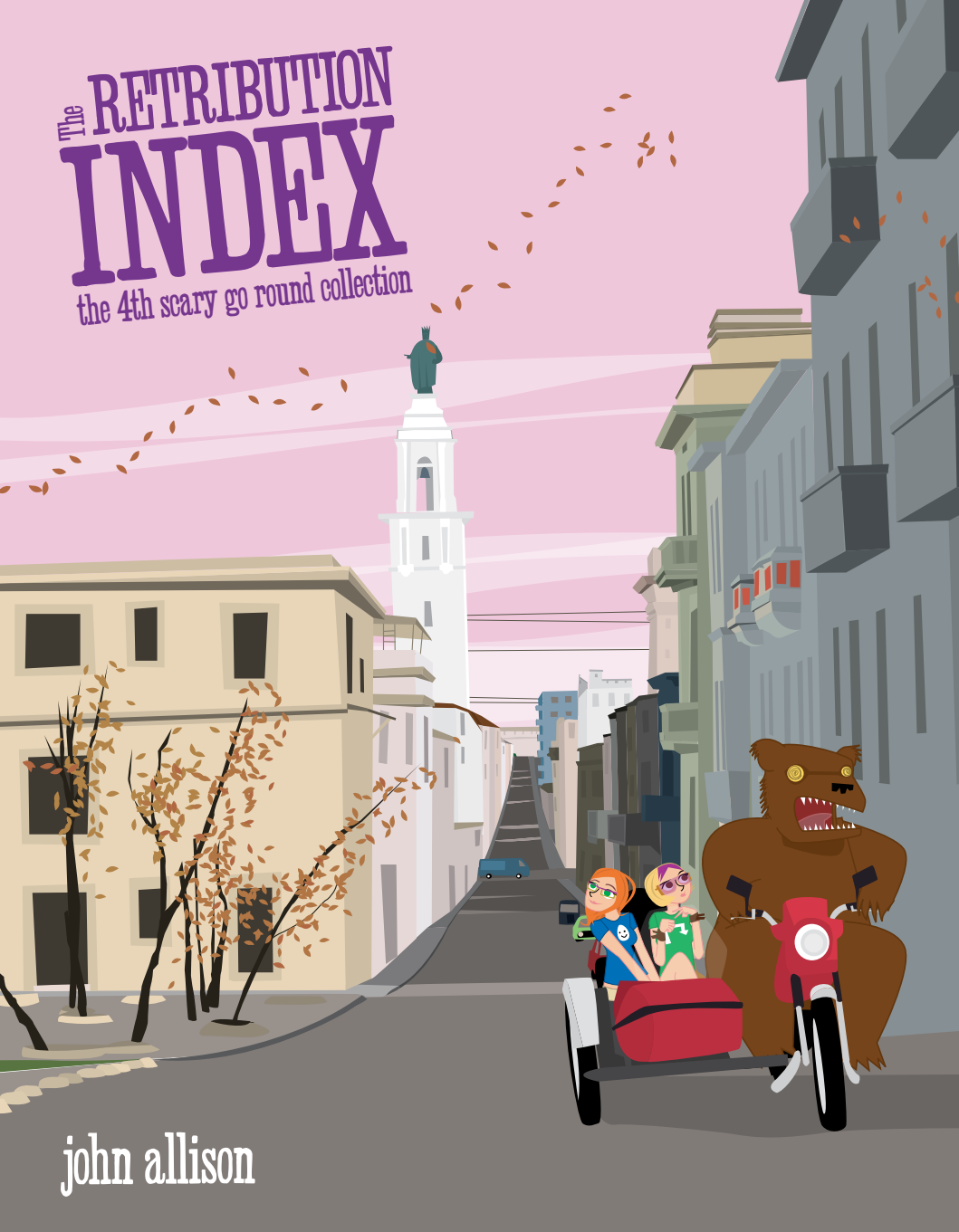


# The RETRIBUTION INDEX

the 4th scary go round collection



john allison

# INTRODUCTION TO THE EBOOK EDITION

I made eight Scary Go Round collections, and the odd-numbered ones seem solid, while the even numbered ones seem restless and transitional. Welcome to a restless, transitional book! Looking back over these stories, I really don't know what to say about them. They're insane.

The Election story is one of my favourites; The Witch and Battle Of The Bands feature my best Adobe Illustrator art, before I gave up working that way, while Oldbourne (more on which later in the book) and Schoolin' were the start of my trying to draw the way I still do today. They're not slick, but they're the start of my trying to inject human energy back into the comic, which I felt at the time had been lost. Rendering comics in Illustrator was a tough business, and after 5 years working that way, I'd had enough.

Initially I used Illustrator as a way to save time. The characters had templated heads and bodies which I'd reuse, amended as I needed to to make panels work. This gave the comic a stylised, stiff look. It made making pages under pressure of my day job easier, but it wasn't a great way to build your art chops. Mine had atrophied. Worst of all, it was an easy style to copy and there were three or four other comics which, if not directly ripping off my style, had alchemised the same influences I had and looked a lot like the way I drew.

As time went on I tried to use the templates less and less and make the drawing more organic but it was becoming very dull, uncreative work making five comics a week that way. So I ruled out panels on a piece of paper and drew the way I had in the past.

The results were not particularly popular. It took a few attempts for the change to stick. A lot of readers were disappointed. And to be fair, they were getting some pretty rough and ready penmanship on a daily basis. I hadn't drawn in earnest since 2000, and I wasn't exactly architectural in my precision back then.

Going back to drawing traditionally re-awakened the joy of drawing in me and gave me a job that brings me a great deal of satisfaction every time I pick up a pencil. But it was two or three years before I felt that way.

Every day I had to face the horror of a blank sheet of paper. No longer could I nudge an errant eye two pixels to the right, or shrink a figure to my liking. Sometimes I would have to draw a head five times, because every time I would draw it 5% too big. With the help and instruction of more talented friends, and because tens of thousands of people were watching, I had to persist. It was probably the best thing I ever did.

John Allison  
September 2012



# THE RETRIBUTION INDEX

## THE FOURTH SCARY GO ROUND COLLECTION

BY JOHN ALLISON



Collecting Scary Go Round from March 14th 2005  
to February 17th 2006

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mechanical means without written permission of the author, with the exception of  
brief passages for review purposes.

# SHELLEY ON BULGARIA

Hello reader and welcome to my “commentary”! I hope you enjoy my asides, telling you what went on behind the scenes. For example, many of the tales in this book omit incidences of my shutting my fingers in a door or stubbing my toe. Things like that are strictly for the connoisseur, not the casual passer-by.

“Bulgaria” is the story of my visit to Bulgaria, on holiday, with my great friend Amy Chilton. Amy is the ideal person to go on holiday with as she has no scruples and only basic manners, so fun things start happening almost immediately.

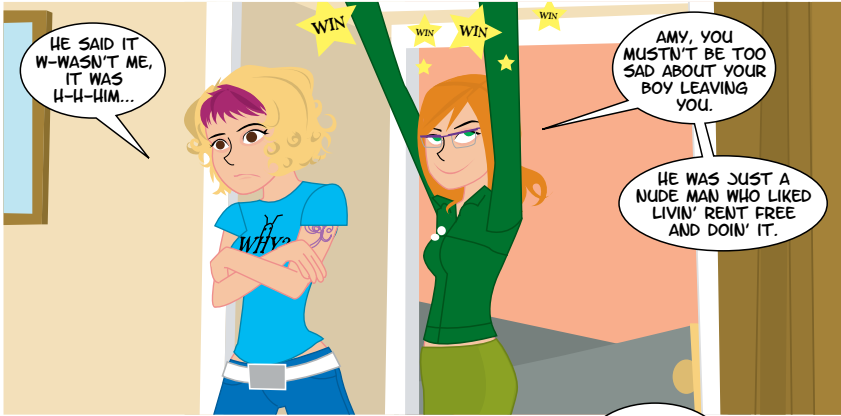
As a house-mate Amy is deeply undesirable, untidy and foul-mouthed. Her visitors are the kind of people you wish would leave immediately, or who leave very quickly because they saw your purse on the mantelpiece and have had it away with £15 and change.

Because of my kind and deeply charitable nature, I have taken Amy under my wing and tried to teach her the right way of living so that she can be a productive member of the human race.

Our trip to Bulgaria takes place toward the end of this experiment. Bulgaria was a good place for us to go because at the time Amy was a poor student. Bulgaria is a treasure trove of cheap items, you should visit! Communism is still fresh enough in the mind there that they wish to share plentiful food and drink for the price of a postage stamp. Well done communism!

Some pretty scary things happen in this tale so if you are a nervous sort, keep a stiff drink at hand!

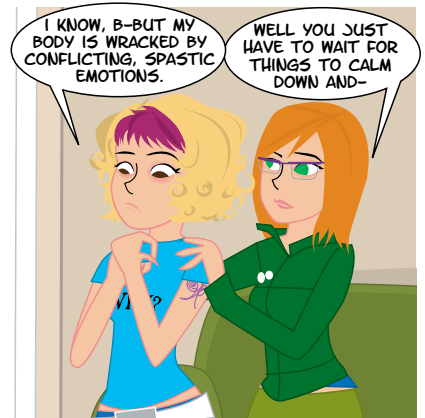




HE SAID IT  
W-WASN'T ME,  
IT WAS  
H-H-HIM...

AMY, YOU  
MUSTN'T BE TOO  
SAD ABOUT YOUR  
BOY LEAVING  
YOU.

HE WAS JUST A  
NUDE MAN WHO LIKED  
LIVIN' RENT FREE  
AND DOIN' IT.



I KNOW, B-BUT MY  
BODY IS WRACKED BY  
CONFLICTING, SPASTIC  
EMOTIONS.

WELL YOU JUST  
HAVE TO WAIT FOR  
THINGS TO CALM  
DOWN AND-



LOVE IS  
DEAD!

I'M  
BECOMING A  
NUN!



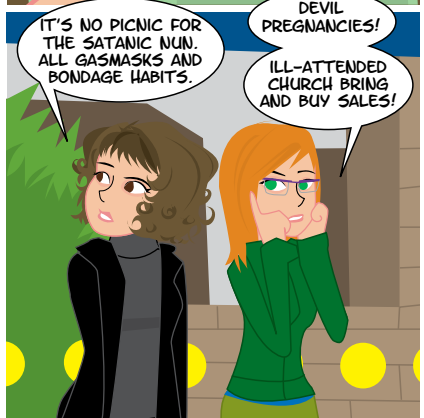
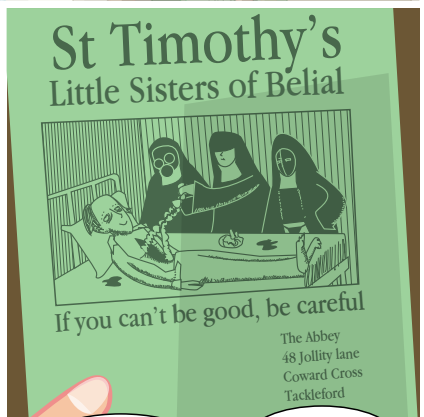
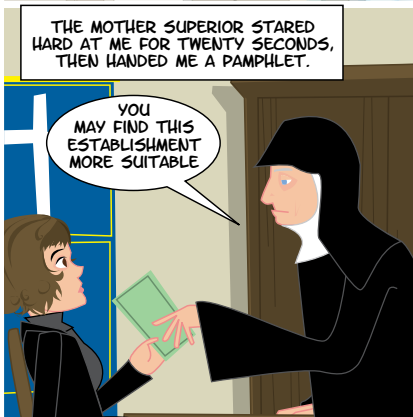
STOP AMY! DON'T  
IRRESPONSIBLY GIVE  
YOURSELF TO JESUS!

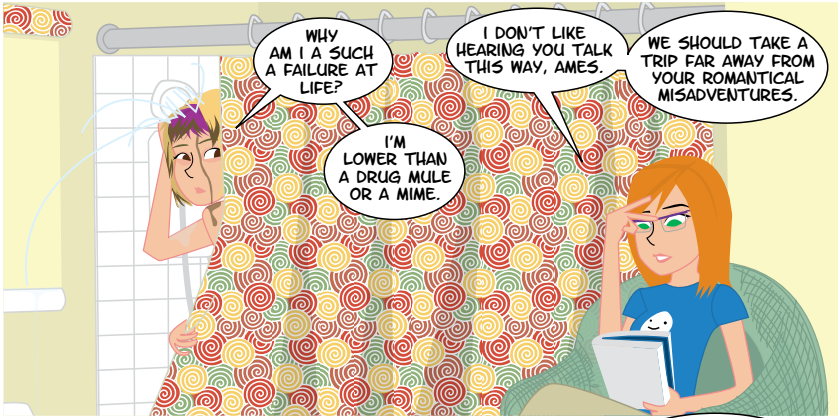
YOU'RE TOO  
SAUCY FOR THE  
NUNNERY!

LET ME DO  
MY GOOD  
WORKS, SHEL!

I KNOW  
BIBLE!

LET ME SHOW  
THE LEPERS A  
GOOD TIME!





WHY AM I A SUCH A FAILURE AT LIFE?

I DON'T LIKE HEARING YOU TALK THIS WAY, AMES.

WE SHOULD TAKE A TRIP FAR AWAY FROM YOUR ROMANTICAL MISADVENTURES.

I'M LOWER THAN A DRUG MULE OR A MIME.

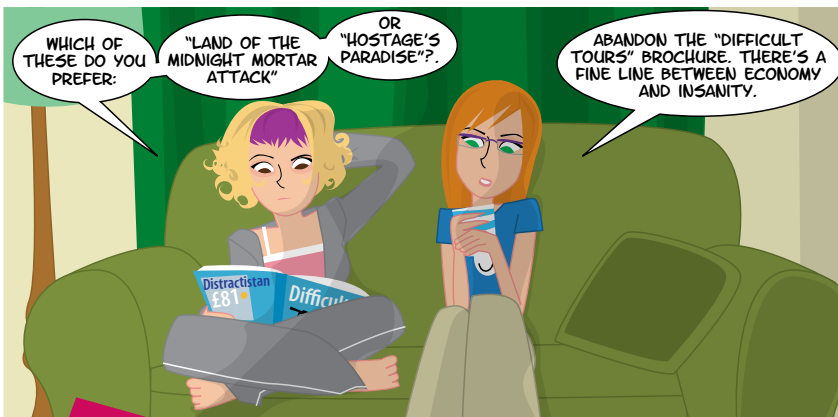


A HOLIDAY FIXES UP YOUR BRAINS.

IT'S LIKE BEING SWALLOWED BY A WOLF THEN PUNCHING HIS GUTS FROM THE INSIDE.



PUNCH THE WOLF AMY! PICK A HOLIDAY DESTINATION!

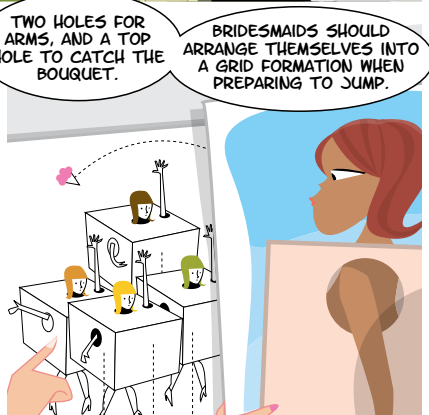


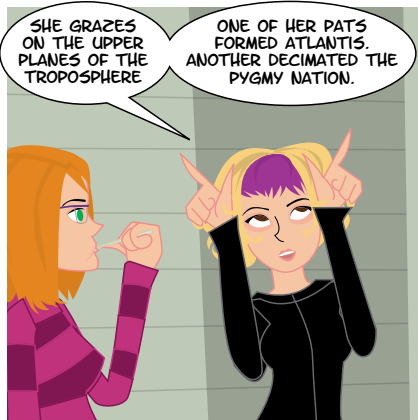
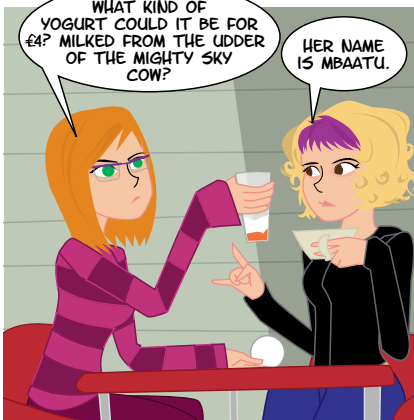
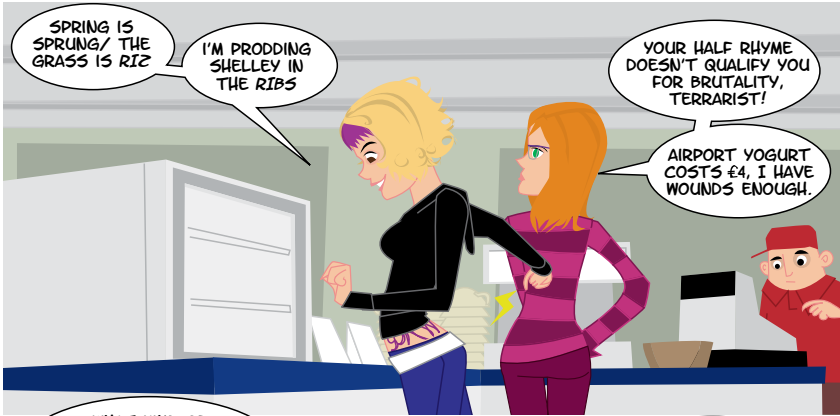
WHICH OF THESE DO YOU PREFER:

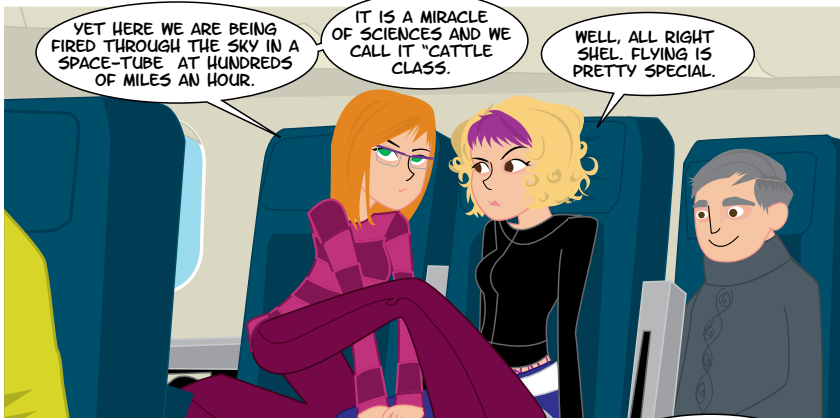
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT MORTAR ATTACK"

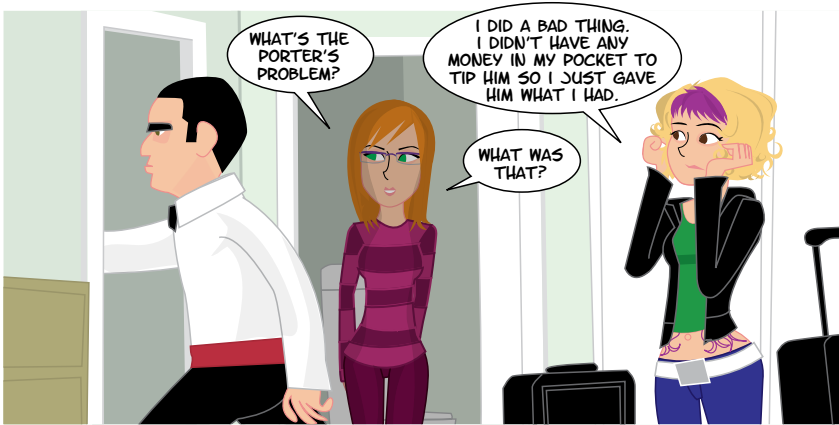
OR "HOSTAGE'S PARADISE"?

ABANDON THE "DIFFICULT TOURS" BROCHURE. THERE'S A FINE LINE BETWEEN ECONOMY AND INSANITY.











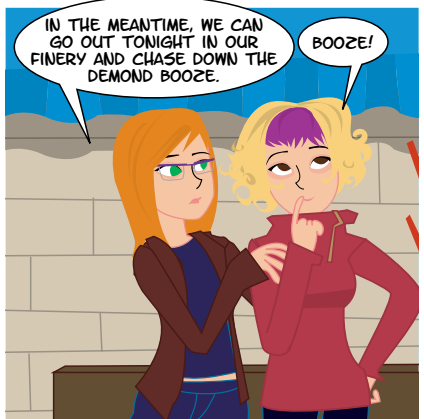
CHEER UP CHICKEN! I'M SURE THE PORTER DIDN'T PUT A BAD CURSE ON YOU.

ENJOY THE SIGHTS AND SMELLS OF SOFIA!

I'LL TRY. UNTIL A PIANO FALLS ON ME AND SQUASHES ME FLAT.



LET ME GET A BOOK ABOUT BAD JUJU. I'LL READ IT AND PUT YOUR MIND AT REST LATER.



IN THE MEANTIME, WE CAN GO OUT TONIGHT IN OUR FINERY AND CHASE DOWN THE DEMOND BOOZE.

BOOZE!



TONIGHT, YOU'LL FEEL SO GOOD, YOU WON'T CARE ABOUT CURSES!

TOMORROW, YOU'LL FEEL SO BAD, YOU WON'T CARE ABOUT CURSES!

MAYBE THE THE IMPACT OF THE STEINWAY WILL BE A BLISSFUL RELEASE.



FEEL THE AMBIENCE OF UNDERGROUND SOFIA!

THESE GUYS ARE HARD AS NAILS! THE NIGHT STARTS WITH AMBIENCE AND ENDS WITH AMBULANCE.

LOOK AT THAT GUY! HE'S JUST A BIG SQUARE!



AH, HRISTO. YES. WAS FLATTENED BY THE COMMUNISM

AMY! NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE!



EY, HRISTO! ENGLISH GIRLS! WISH TO DRINK WITH YOU!

OH GOOD GRACIOUS.



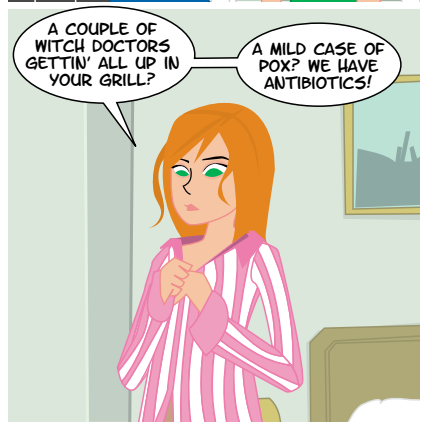
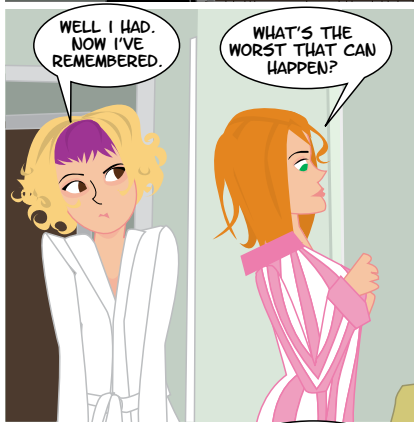
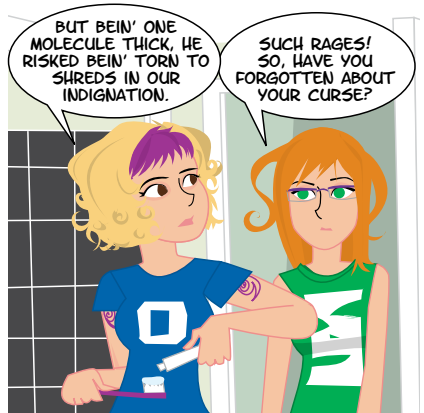
HRISTO STOOPS TO PICK FLOWER, IS HIT BY WAVE OF RADIATION.

YES. SQUASHED MOLECULE THICK. NATIONAL TRAGEDY.

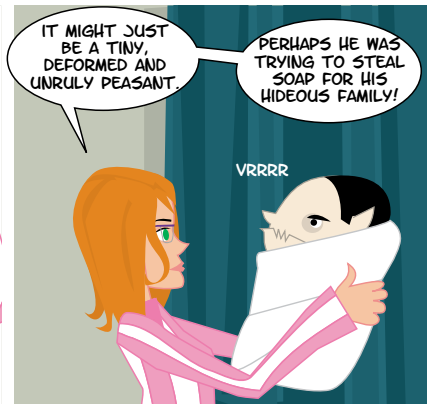
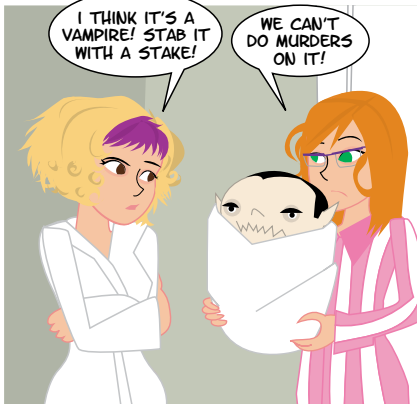
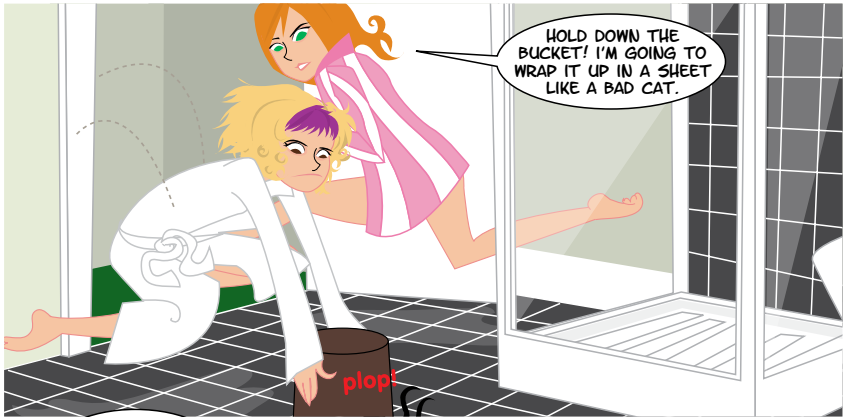
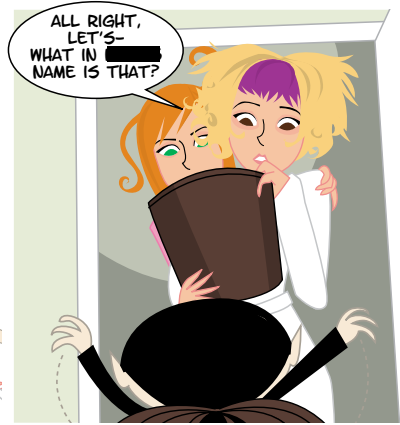
NO!

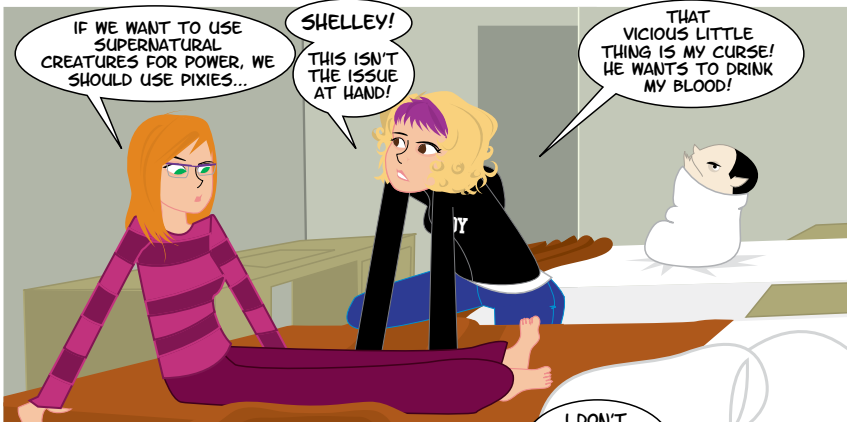
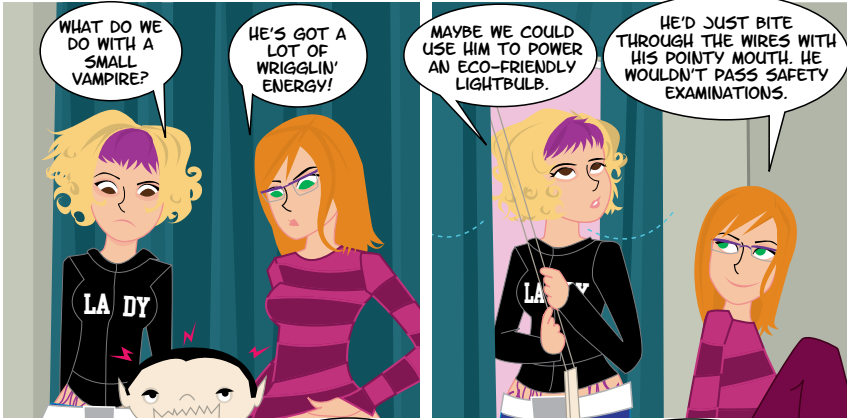
GETS WORSE. HANG FOR THREE YEARS AS DECORATION IN OFFICE OF MIKHAEL GORBACHEV.

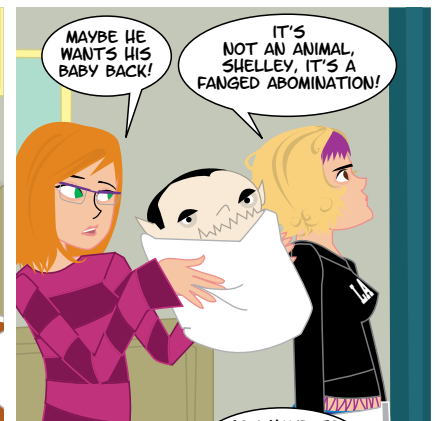
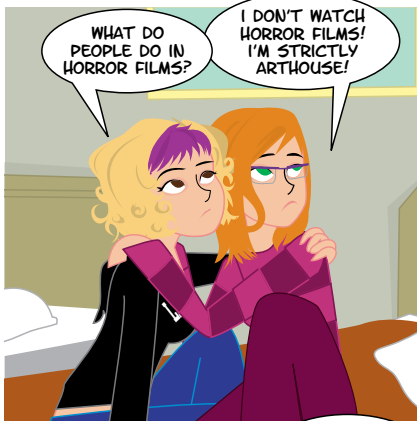
FROM CHERNOBYL?

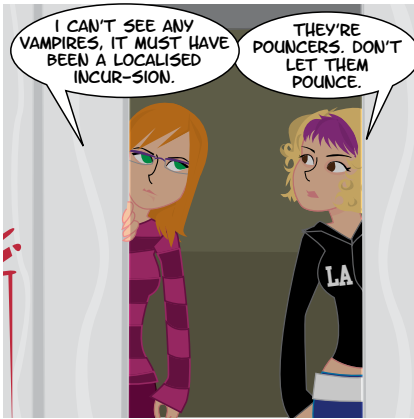


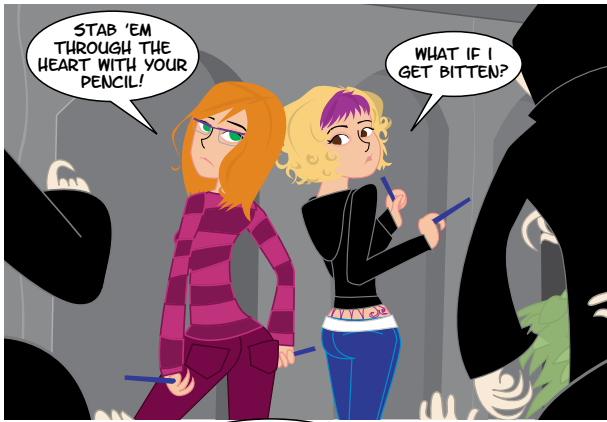










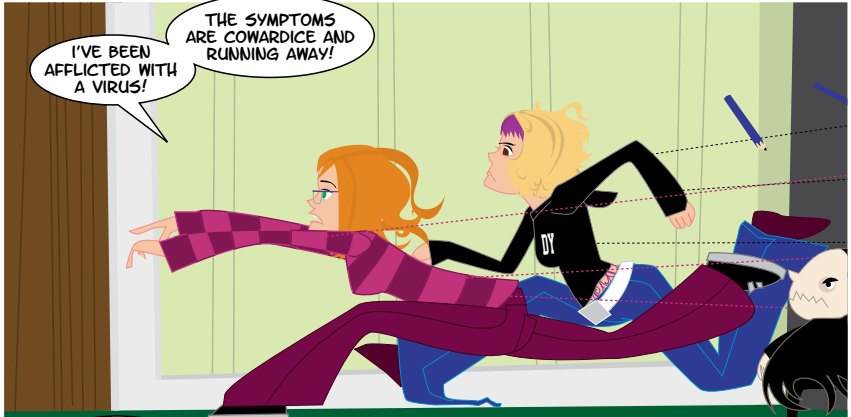


STAB 'EM THROUGH THE HEART WITH YOUR PENCIL!

WHAT IF I GET BITTEN?



TRY TO MANIFEST R-R-RIGHTEOUS INDIGN-N-NATION.



I'VE BEEN AFFLICTED WITH A VIRUS!  
THE SYMPTOMS ARE COWARDICE AND RUNNING AWAY!



WE NEED TO FIND ANOTHER WAY OUT! QUICK, THROUGH HERE!

I SMELL SWEET FREEDOM THIS WAY!



THIS IS THE BED LINEN STORE. WE'RE TRAPPED.

I HAVE FAILED YOU, AMY. ACCEPT MY SCRAWNY BODY AS A HUMAN SHIELD.

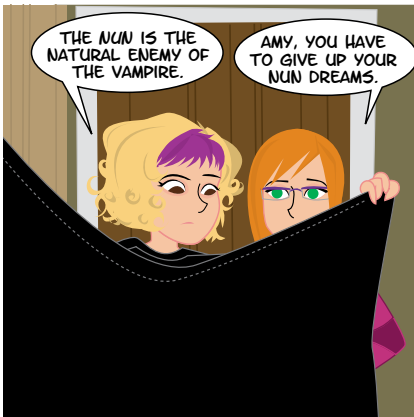


AMES, WE HAVE TO TURN A LOSS INTO A WIN.

AND IF WE CAN SAVE ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE HOTEL, WE CAN REVERSE YOUR BAD KARMA.



I'M... HAVING... AN IDEA!



THE NUN IS THE NATURAL ENEMY OF THE VAMPIRE.

AMY, YOU HAVE TO GIVE UP YOUR NUN DREAMS.



I'M KEEPING THIS DREAM ALIVE, SISTER.

KUM-BY-YAH!



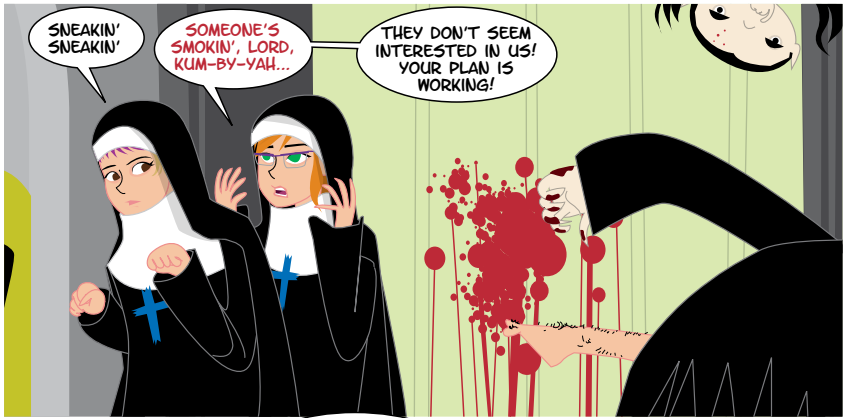
SO ARE WE GOING TO CHARM THE VAMPIRES INTO A LIFE OF HOLY OBSERVANCES?

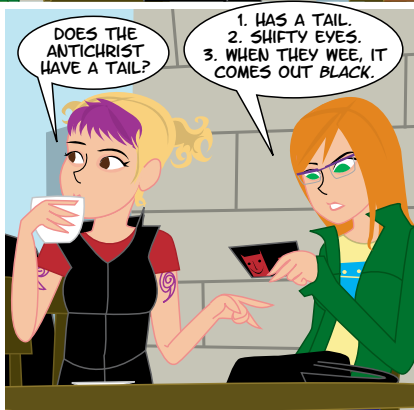
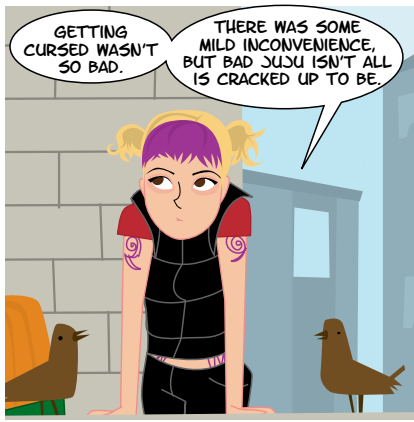
OR JUST DISTRACT THEM WITH SANCTIFIED STRUM-ALONGS?

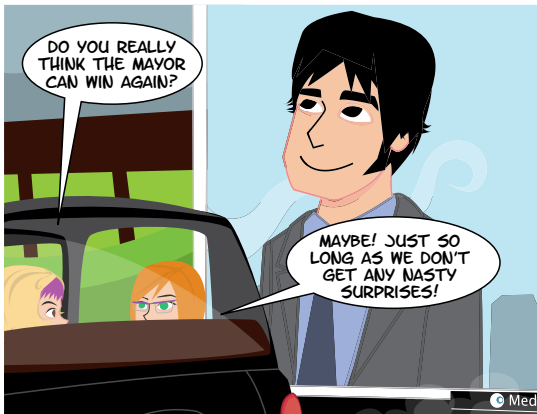
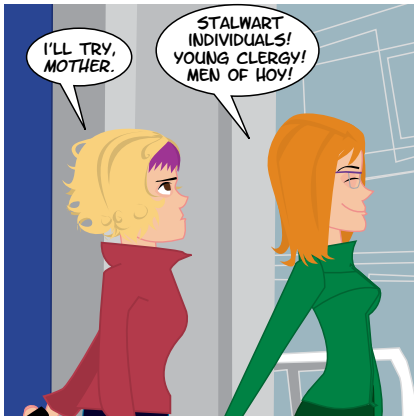


I'M HOPING THEY REGARD NUNS AS WE SEE A PIECE OF CHICKEN THAT'S BEEN IN THE FRIDGE FOR A WEEK.

TEMPTING BUT TOXIC.







*I want to enjoy life without intense fear of everything*

**Think smart**  
**Think now**  
**Think Jones**

Vote Tim Jones  
Mayor of Tackleford  
**May 5 2005**

SCIENTIFIC DEMOCRATS

# SHELLEY ON THE ELECTION

In 2005, Britain went to the polls. This was not just a case of us copying America, we vote all the time here!

Democracy is our lifeblood, just so long as it isn't raining or we forgot to go to the polling station or we used our polling card to scrape bird poo off the car. Sometimes democracy is not so easy - just ask the Cubans!

Working as I was in the mayor's office, it was deeply troubling to be challenged by local inventor Tim Jones for control of the city. Tim and I go way back, and now it was incumbent upon me to dash his dreams. As mayor's assistant, I did my very best. Some might say I got carried away in the process, but politics is a passionate thing.

I would like to take a moment to say a few words about Tackleford's major, Mr James Mayor. No one has ever cared quite so much about coming to work and sitting in an office as that man. I was proud to work for his office.

Unfortunately prior to this campaign, we had weather a few small problems (documented in Scary Go Round books 2 & 3).

Yes, arguably inviting killer robots to visit our city was maverick policy-making. You can't always get things right.

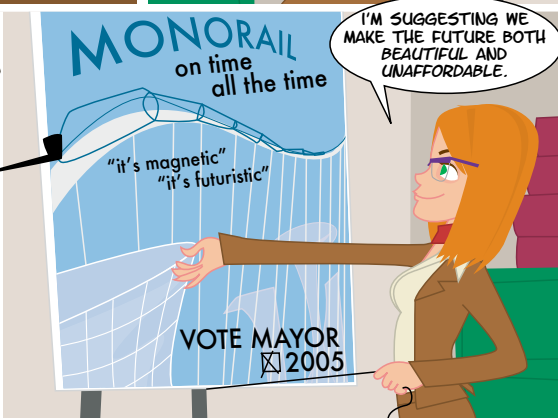
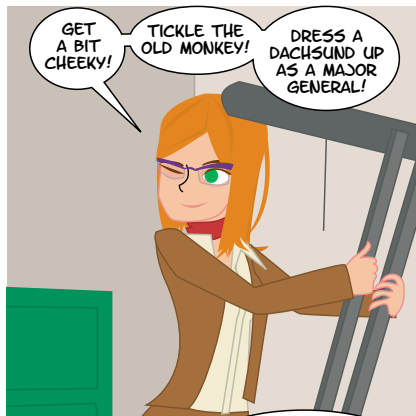
Yes, perhaps presiding over city-wide riots concerning a small bald child did not cover us in glory.

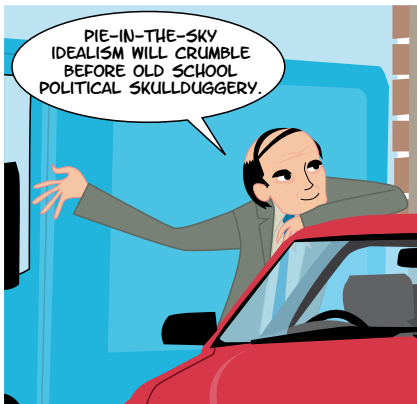
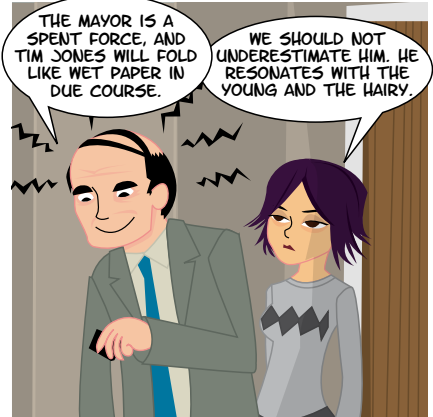
I would however point to my redesign of the Tackleford Metropolitan Borough Council logo to include a cheeky cat. I think touches like that make everyone's life a little better!

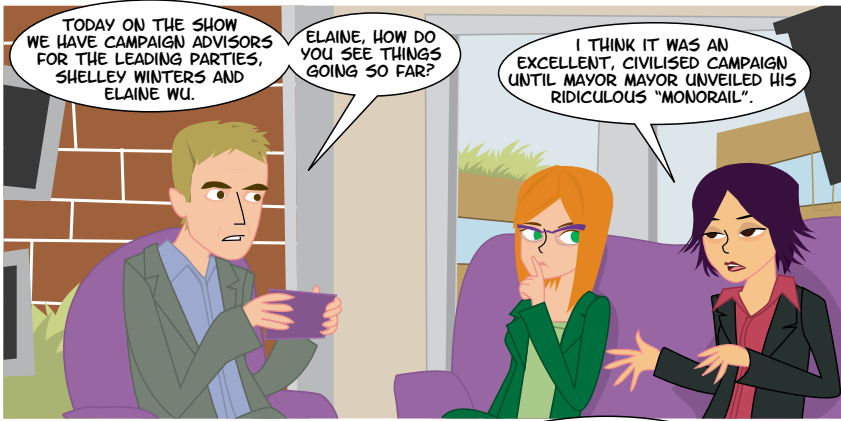
**ADDENDUM:** The exciting conclusion of this story features my friend Natalie Durand, who was blown up by an itinerant orang-utan. I don't know if you get to vote in the afterlife, where God is in charge.

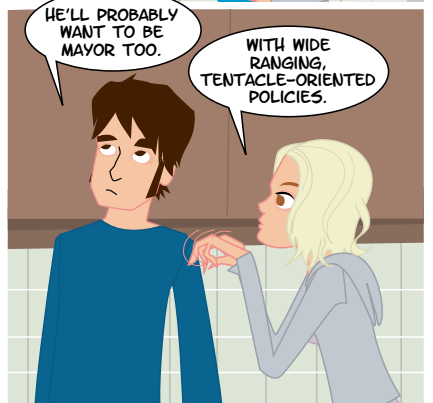
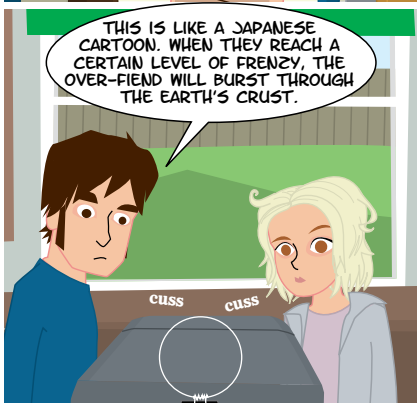
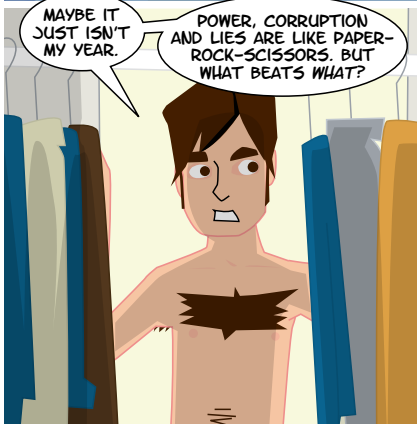
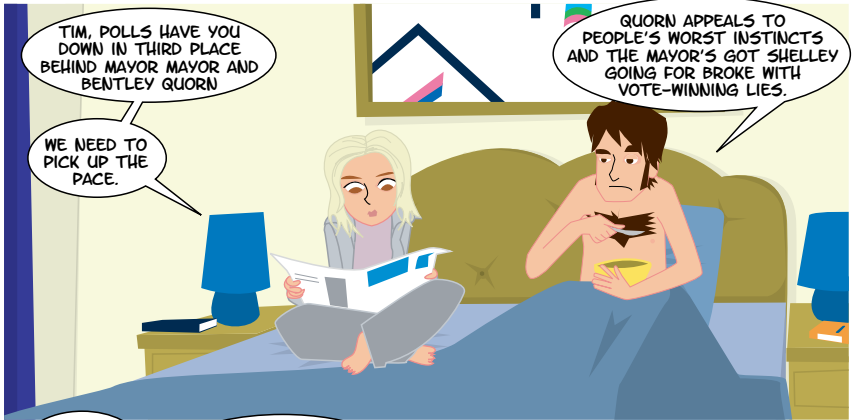
**APOLOGIA:** Deepest apologies to Jeremy Vines, who no longer presents "The Politics Show" after I accidentally hit him in the ear with my elbow.











# WINTERS vs WU WONKETTE WAR

Mayoral aide goes beserk on national TV

by P. Crimminy Kite

Mayor's assistant Shelley Winters physically attacked her opposite number Elaine Wu during a live TV broadcast on Sunday.

The debate between the campaign advisors for the Liberal Democrats and the Evil Party quickly descended into name-calling over Mayor

Winters then seized Ms Wu, 31, by the hair and shouted "try being a bit less evil! Go on! I dare you!"

**RUCK**

At this point programme host Jeremy Vines attempted to separate the two women, receiving a black eye and a foot to the breadbasket.

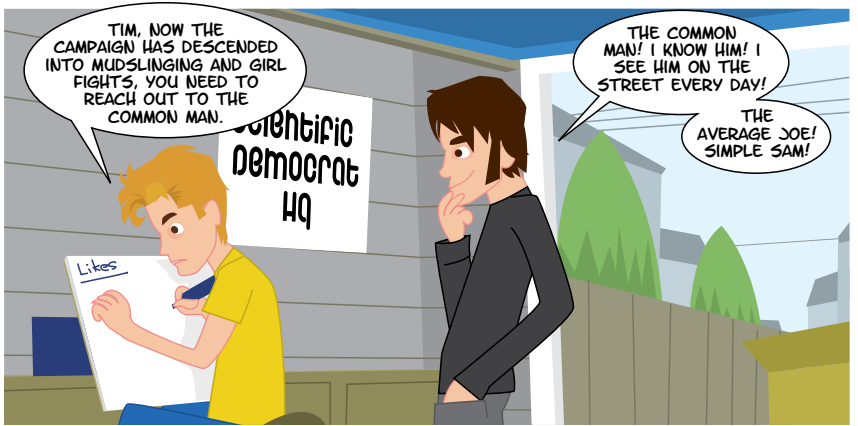
Ms Wu attempted a death grip but

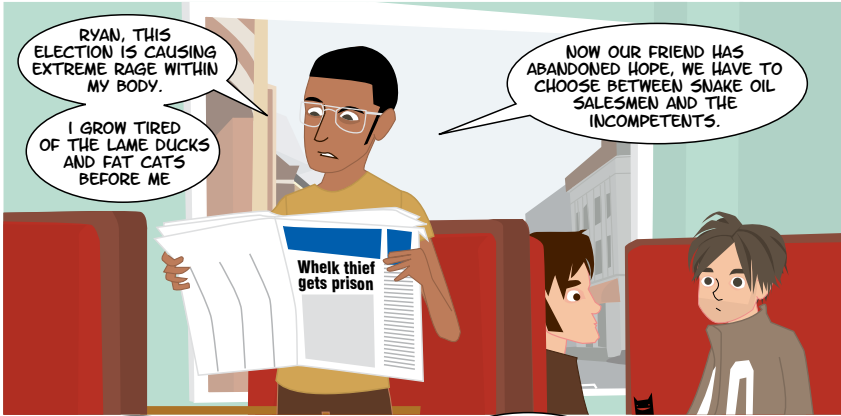


## Sketch: When the fur 1

Not since the days of Bernard Ingha

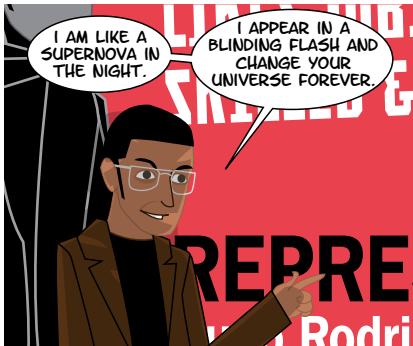
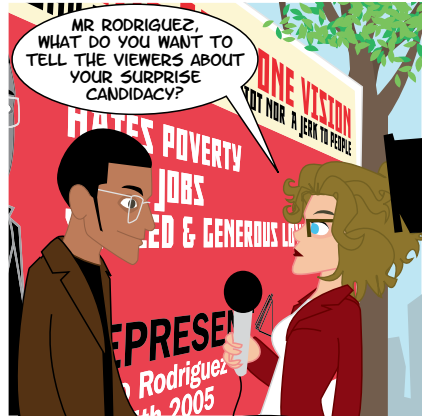
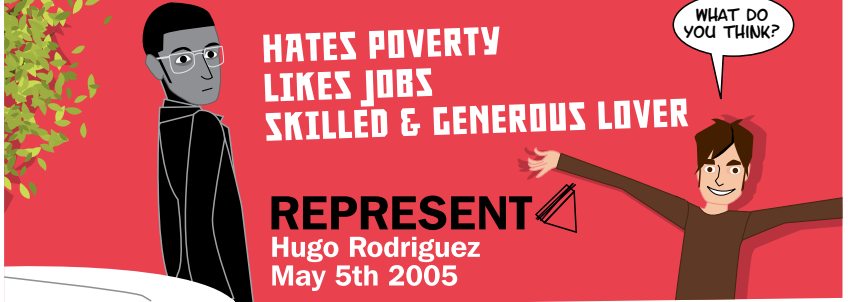






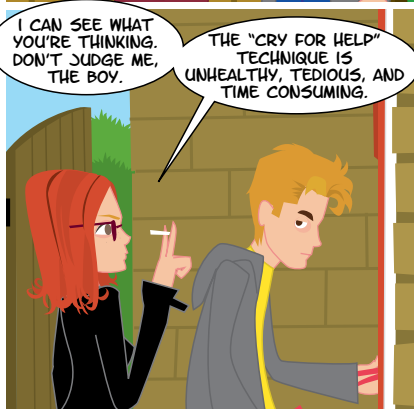
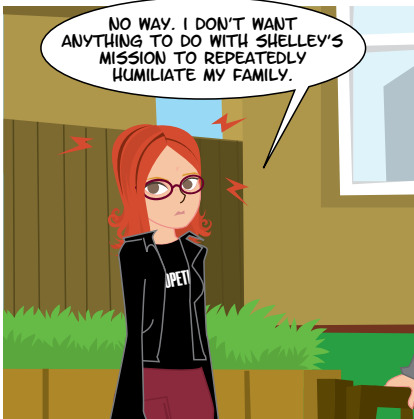
# ONE MAN ONE GOAL ONE VISION

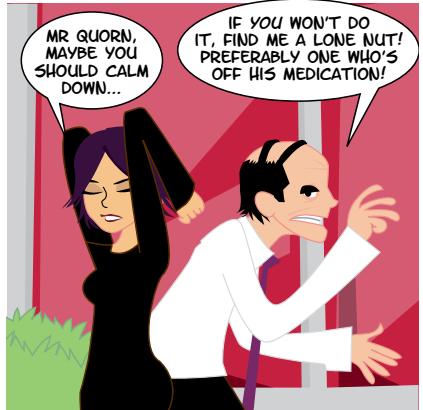
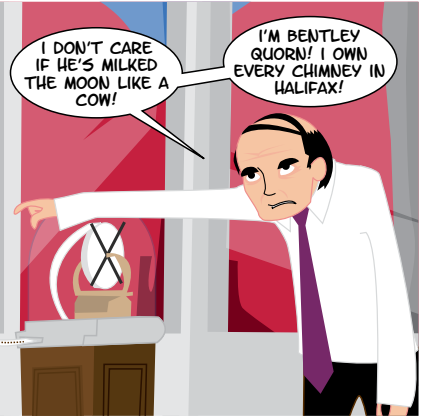
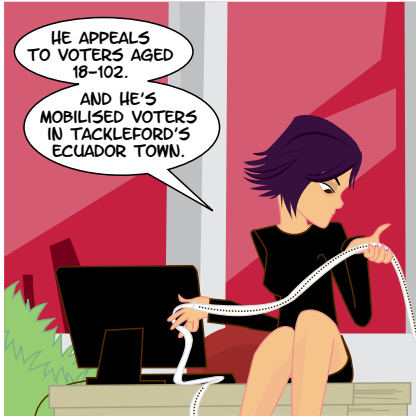
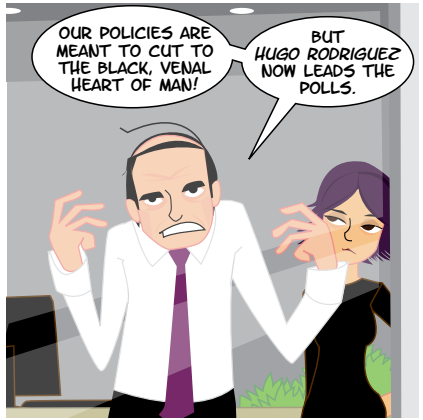
THE CANDIDATE WHO IS NEITHER AN IDIOT NOR A JERK TO PEOPLE



**LATE ENTRANT TO MAYORAL RACE**  
Promises "kindness to most mammals"

**LATE ENTRANT TO MAYORAL RACE**  
Hopes to cultivate "the lonely vote".











**TACKLEFORD CRISIS**  
Hot apple sauce spells near death for c



**TACKLEFORD CRISIS**  
Suspect described as "brutish, hulking"

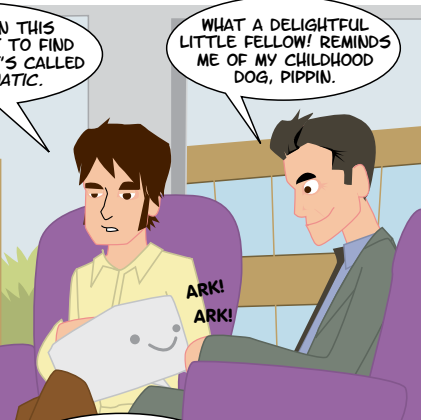


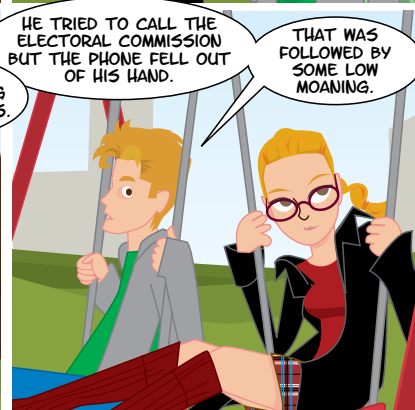
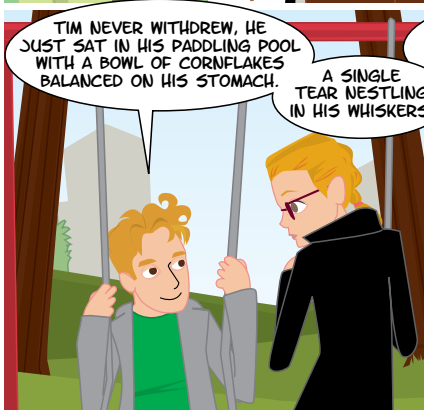
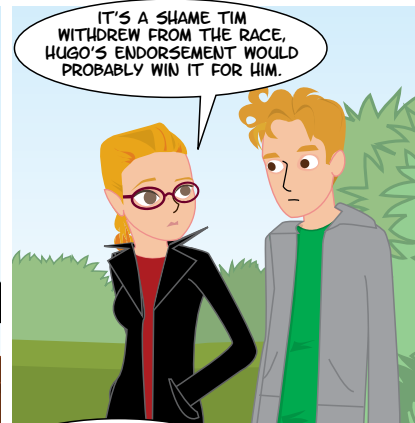
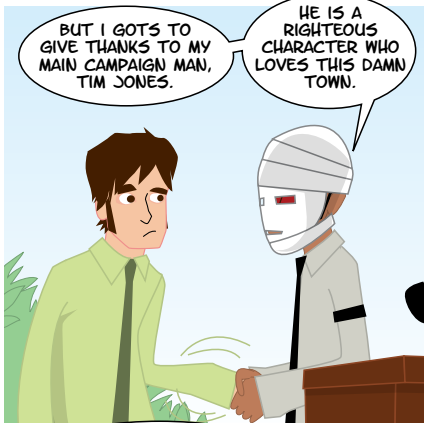
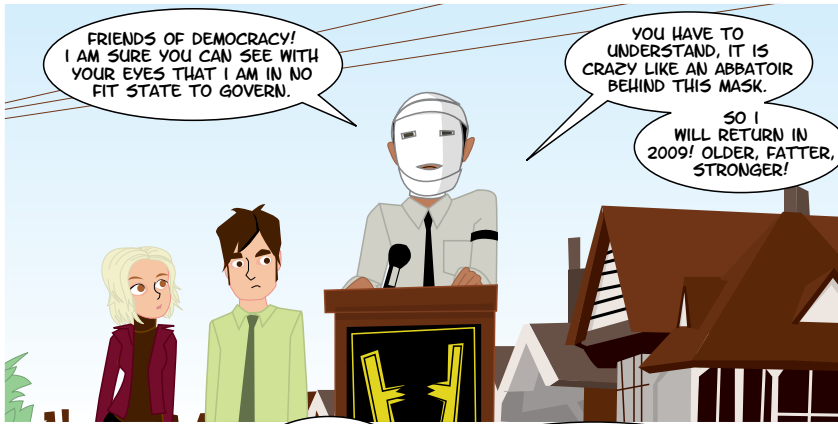
**TACKLEFORD CRISIS**  
Rodriguez is a right mess now



**Tim Jones**  
Author, inventor and spokes-man









I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU THINK I'M A LUNATIC.

I JUST THINK SOME OF YOUR DECISIONS LATELY HAVE BEEN... UNUSUAL.



IT'S NOT EASY IN THE ADULT WORLD, ERIN! NOBODY REALLY KNOWS WHAT THEY'RE DOING!



IT'S A CONSPIRACY WHERE WE ALL WING IT AND NO ONE LETS ON.

I GET SO WORRIED ABOUT FAILING THAT I DO EVERYTHING A HUNDRED TIMES TOO HARD.

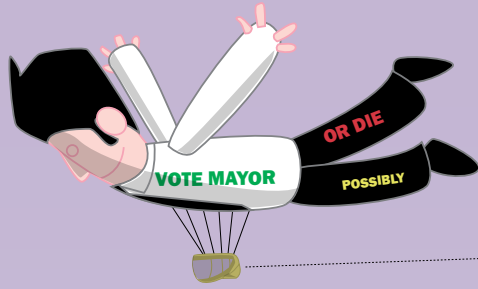
YOU MISSED A BIT.



I'M NOT STEADY LIKE YOU! MY BRAIN HAS A LOT OF SPARE ELECTRICITY!

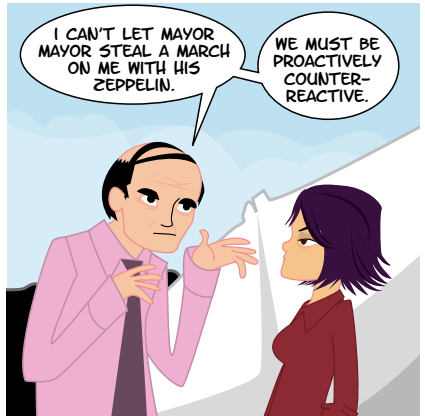


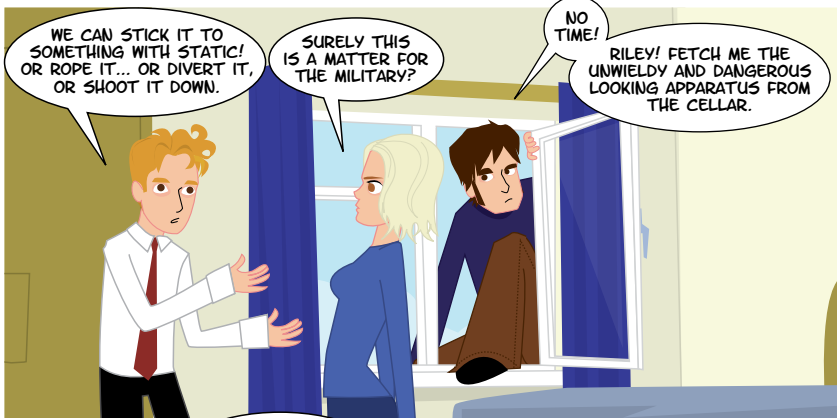
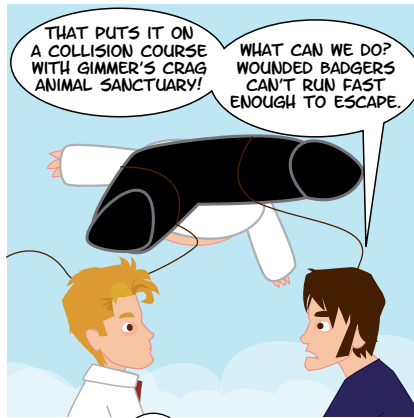
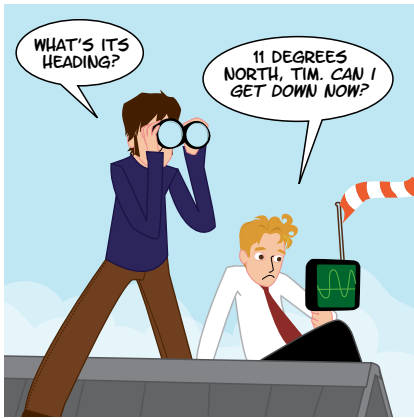
IF THE MAYOR DOESN'T WIN, I WON'T HAVE A JOB, AND I'VE BEEN FREAKIN' OUT.



WE NOTICED.









# BUNNIES SAFE - BROWS NOW UNFURROWED

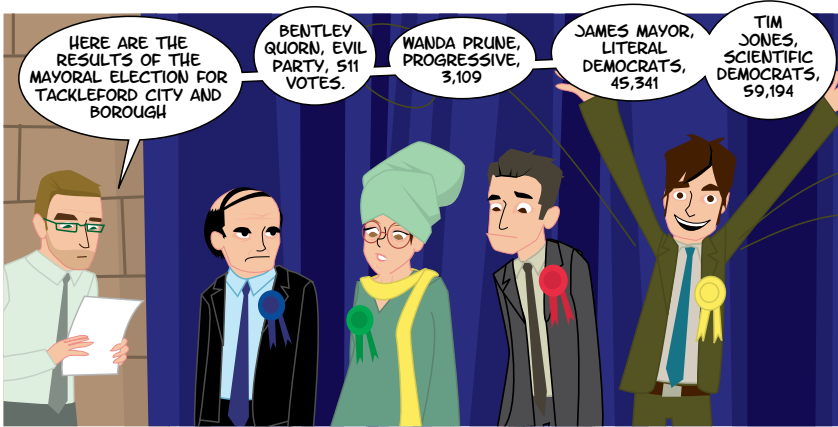
Tim Jones averts disaster

by P. Crimminy Kite

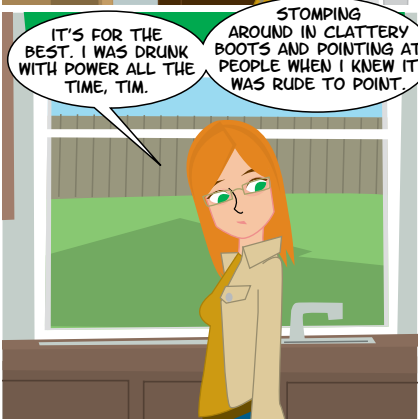
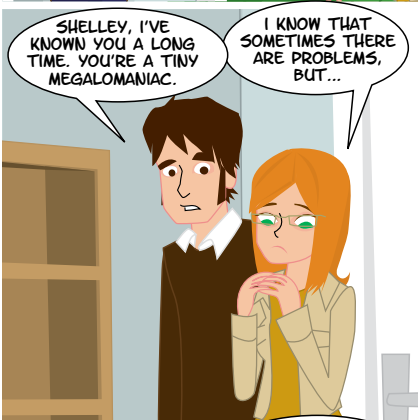
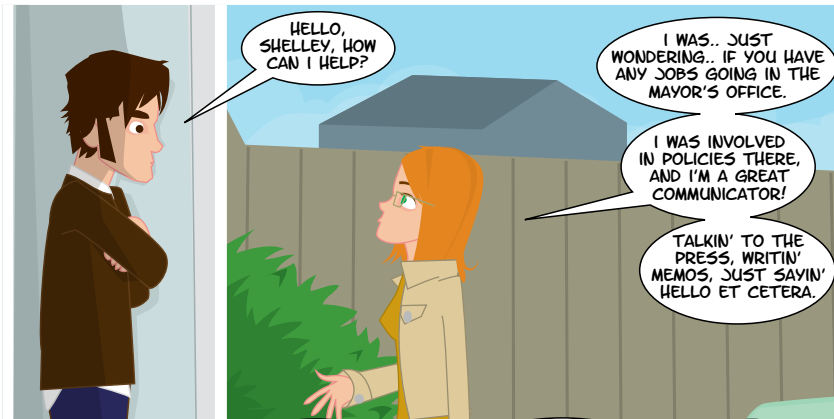
On the eve of the general election, local candidate Tim Jones has prevented an animal sanctuary being destroyed by a balloon effigy of a rival politician.

Evil Party mayoral candidate Bentley Quorn's unrestrained inflatable was released on the morning of May 4th and was borne by strong southerly winds towards the soft bodies of quivering beasts











JOBS IN THE LOCAL PAPER ARE ALWAYS HORRIBLE.

INVITATIONS TO WORK IN A CALL CENTRE UNTIL YOU GET EAR ROT.

OR TO PIPE ICING AT A CAKE FACTORY. STRAIGHT INTO THE FAT OWNER'S MOUTH.



"WOULD YOU LIKE A CAREER IN SALES?"

YES PLEASE! IF YOU PROMISE TO SHOOT ME IMMEDIATELY ON TAKING THE POSITION.



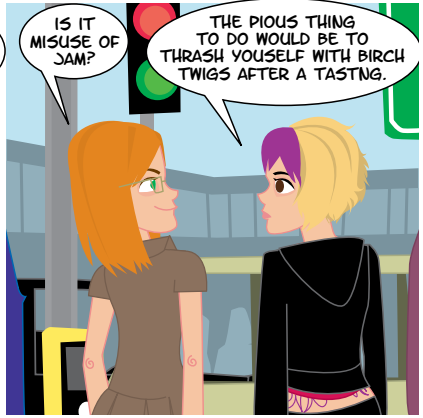
DUMB-FACE, IT SAYS HERE THE NEWSPAPER WANTS A REPORTER.

I THINK YOU KNOW HOW TO DO THAT.



OOH! LOCAL REPORTER MEANS JUDGING JAMS! THIS COULD BE A BIG WIN.

EATING JAM OUT OF THE JAR WITH A SPOON IS VERY DECADENT.



IS IT MISUSE OF JAM?

THE PIOUS THING TO DO WOULD BE TO THRASH YOURSELF WITH BIRCH TWIGS AFTER A TASTING.

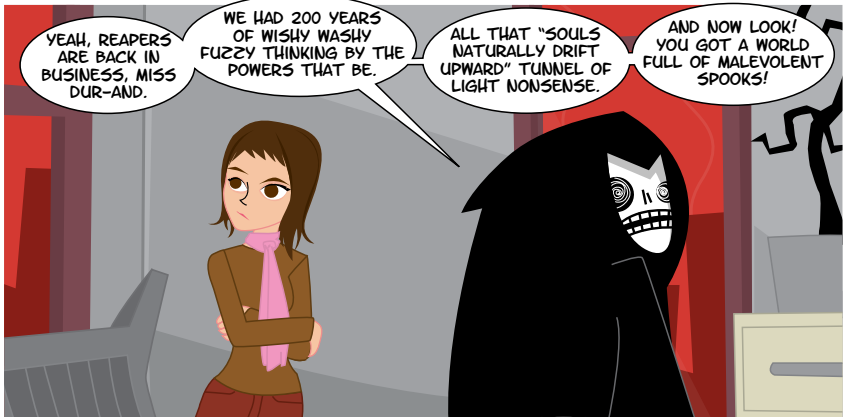




NATALIE, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH YOURSELF?

AN ETERNITY WITHOUT ACTIVITY IS HELL.

MINUS OF COURSE ZE FLAYING, ZE MAGMA, ZE DEMONDS.

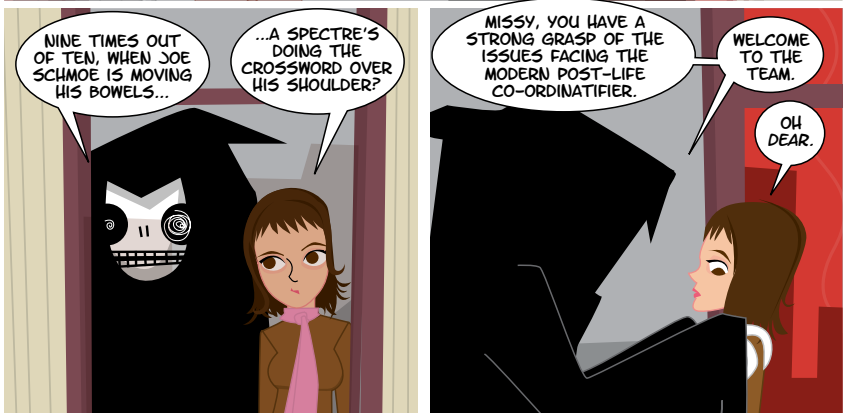


YEAH, REAPERS ARE BACK IN BUSINESS, MISS DUR-AND.

WE HAD 200 YEARS OF WISHY WASHY FUZZY THINKING BY THE POWERS THAT BE.

ALL THAT "SOULS NATURALLY DRIFT UPWARD" TUNNEL OF LIGHT NONSENSE.

AND NOW LOOK! YOU GOT A WORLD FULL OF MALEVOLENT SPOOKS!



NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN, WHEN JOE SCHMOE IS MOVING HIS BOWELS...

...A SPECTRE'S DOING THE CROSSWORD OVER HIS SHOULDER?

MISSY, YOU HAVE A STRONG GRASP OF THE ISSUES FACING THE MODERN POST-LIFE CO-ORDINATIFIER.

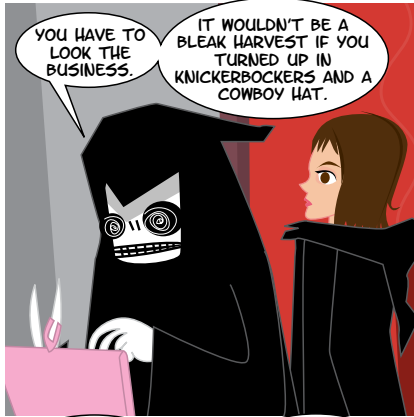
WELCOME TO THE TEAM.

OH DEAR.



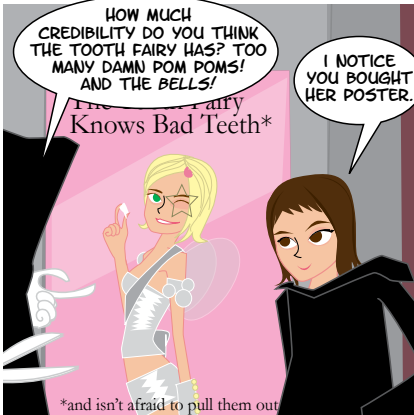
STOP WIGGLIN' NATALIE.

BIG UPS TO ZE WOMEN OF ISLAM BUT IS ZERE STRICTLY A NEED FOR ZIS SHROUD?



YOU HAVE TO LOOK THE BUSINESS.

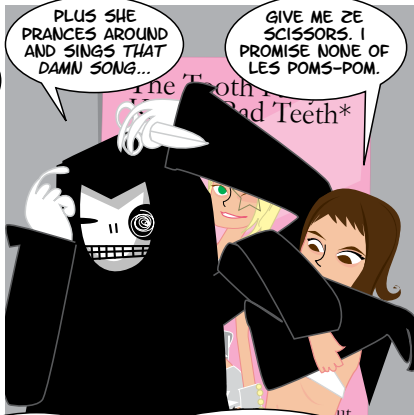
IT WOULDN'T BE A BLEAK HARVEST IF YOU TURNED UP IN KNICKERBOCKERS AND A COWBOY HAT.



HOW MUCH CREDIBILITY DO YOU THINK THE TOOTH FAIRY HAS? TOO MANY DAMN POM POMS! AND THE BELLS!

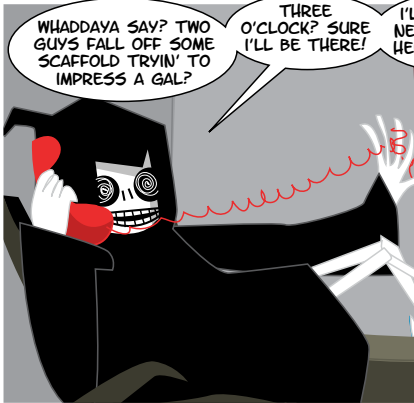
I NOTICE YOU BOUGHT HER POSTER.

The Tooth Fairy Knows Bad Teeth\*



PLUS SHE PRANCES AROUND AND SINGS THAT DAMN SONG...

GIVE ME ZE SCISSORS. I PROMISE NONE OF LES POMS-POM.



WHADDAYA SAY? TWO GUYS FALL OFF SOME SCAFFOLD TRYIN' TO IMPRESS A GAL?

THREE O'CLOCK? SURE I'LL BE THERE!

I'LL BRING THE NEW GIRL, SHOW HER THE ROPES.



GIVE LITTLE BLACK RIDING HOOD SOMETHING TO DO BESIDES SHAKIN' HER GAMS AROUND TRYIN' TO GET MY ATTENTION.



AY UP LOVE!  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NUMBER?

COME ON,  
GIVE US A  
SMILE!

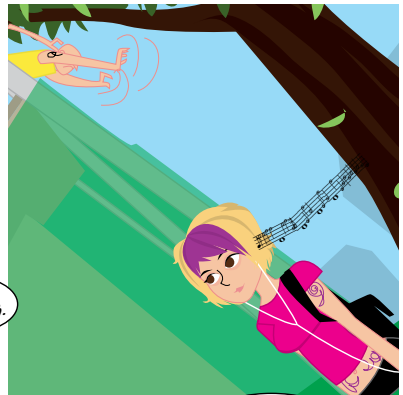
SWEETHEART!  
ALL THOSE  
CURVES, AND ME  
WITH NO BRAKES!



WHAT A  
POWERFUL  
DISPLAY OF  
MACHISMO.

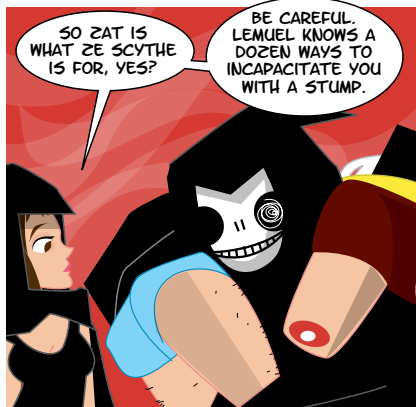
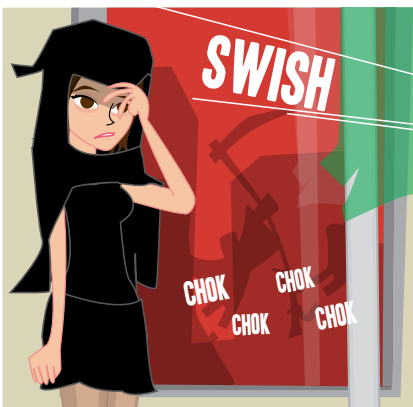
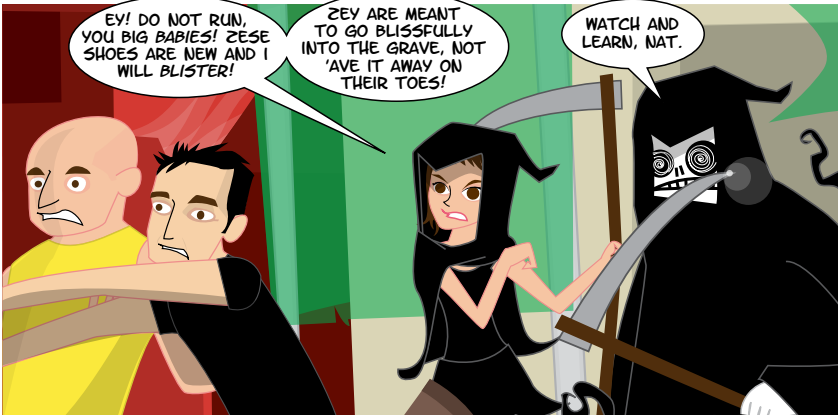
THEY SHOULD DO  
THE THING WHERE  
THEY MAKE THEIR  
PECTORALS DANCE!

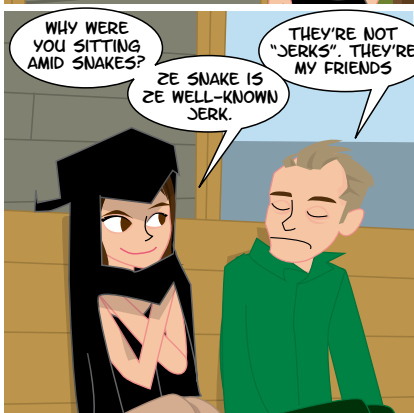
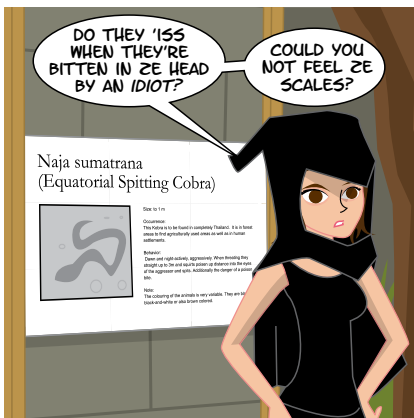
KEEP  
WATCHING.

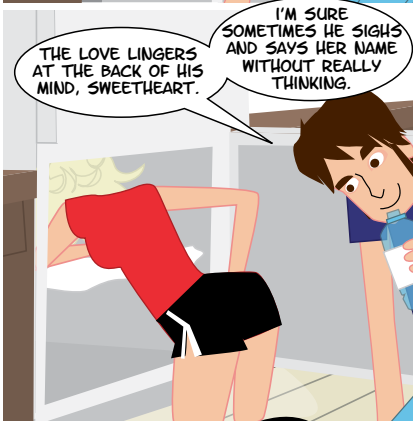
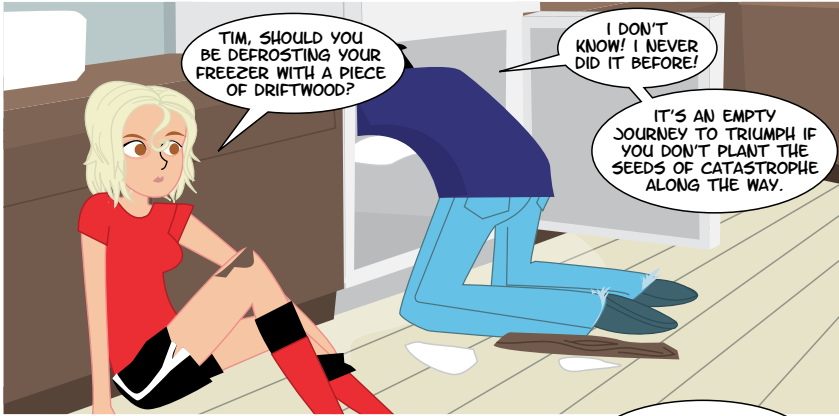


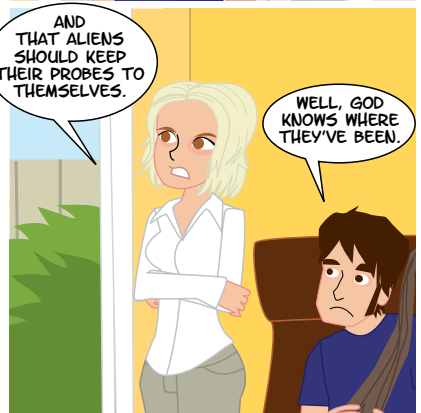
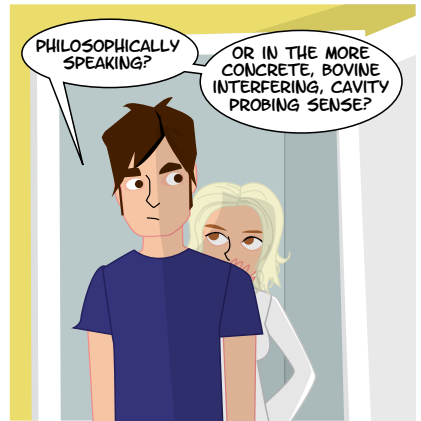
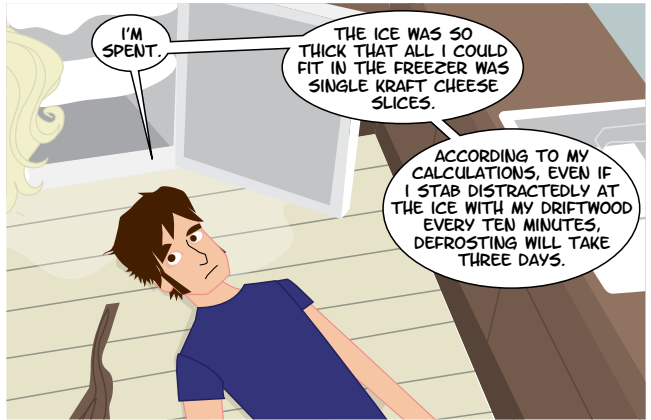
ZE PECTORAL  
DANCE NEVER  
RESULTED IN A  
DISCONNECTED  
HEAD.

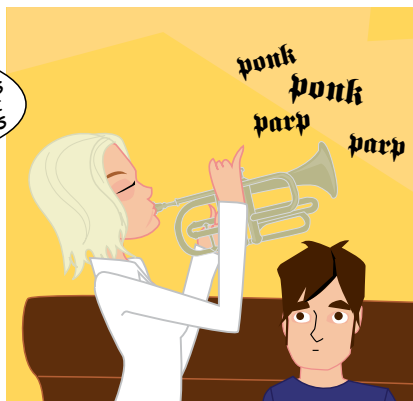
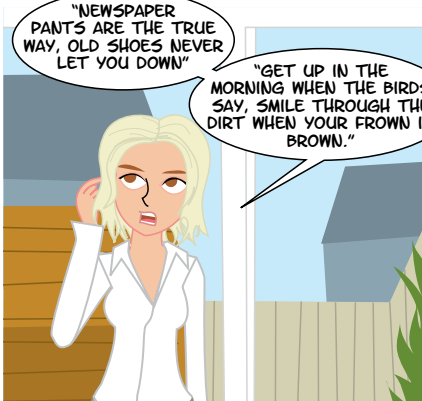
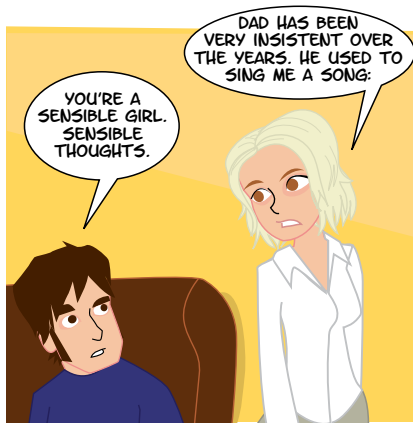
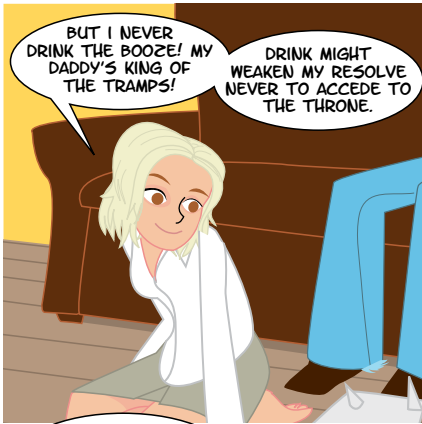
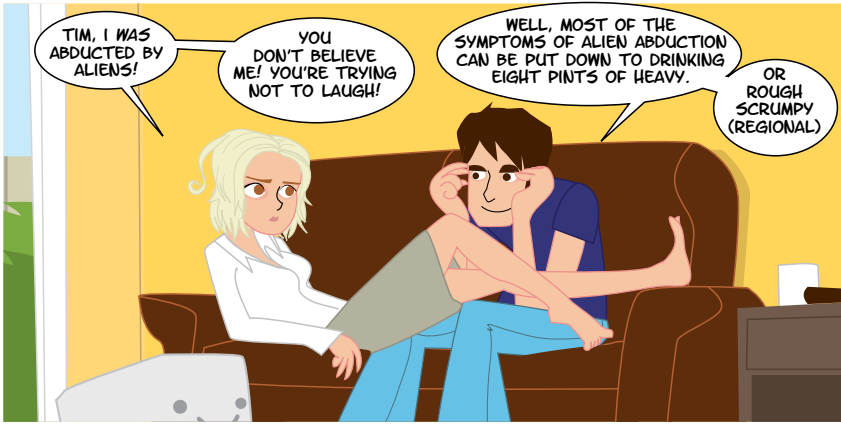
ZE ONLY DANGER  
WAS A FREAKISHLY  
OVERDEVELOPED  
MAN-BREAST.

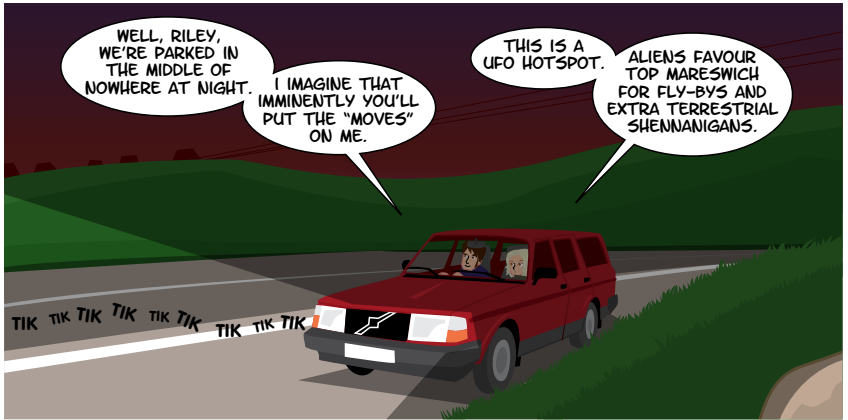












WELL, RILEY, WE'RE PARKED IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE AT NIGHT.

I IMAGINE THAT IMMINENTLY YOU'LL PUT THE "MOVES" ON ME.

THIS IS A UFO HOTSPOT.

ALIENS FAVOUR TOP MARESWICH FOR FLY-BYS AND EXTRA TERRESTRIAL SHENNNANIGANS.



SO WHAT WAS IT LIKE BEING KIDNAPPED BY ALIENS?

THEY WIGGLE WHEIR LONG GREY FINGERS AND GIBBER UNINTELLIGIBLY



IT'S LIKE VISITING AN INCOMPETENT FOREIGN DOCTOR.

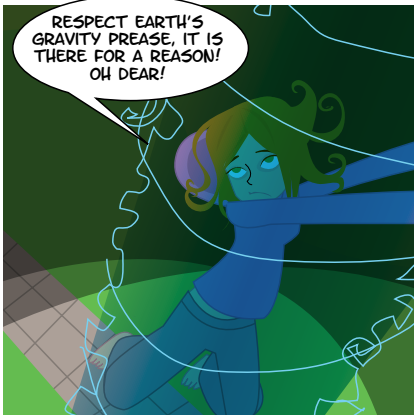
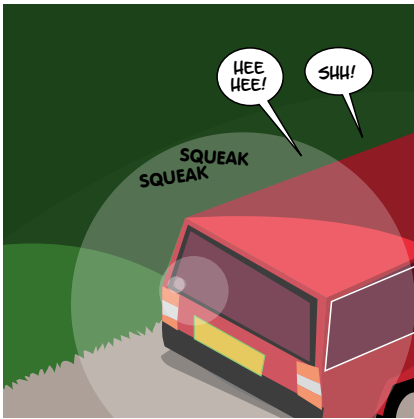
YOU'RE NAKED, HE'S PRODDING YOU, THERE ARE CERTAIN TOOLS OUT YOU HOPE HE WON'T USE.

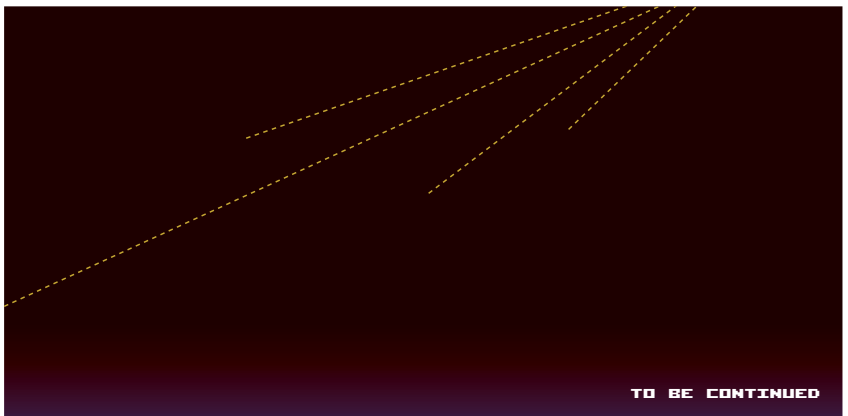
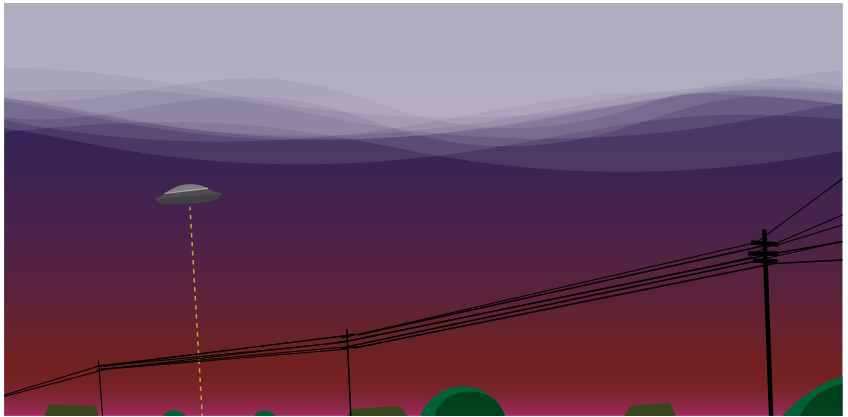


ANY SLIMY ALIEN TAKES A TUPPING LIBERTY WITH MY LADY, I'LL CHIN HIM.



AFTER I'VE FINISHED WITH THAT PROBE-LOVING FREAK, EVEN HIS OWN MOTHER WILL CONSIDER HIM AN UNIDENTIFIABLE FLYING OBJECT.





TO BE CONTINUED

# SHELLEY ON ABDUCTIONS

Summer is the time when everyone wants to be outside and running around, it is not a time for sitting inside and reading computer comics.

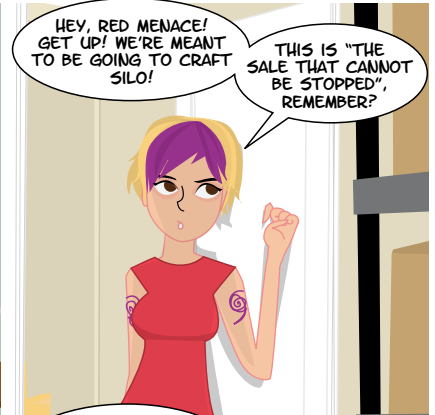
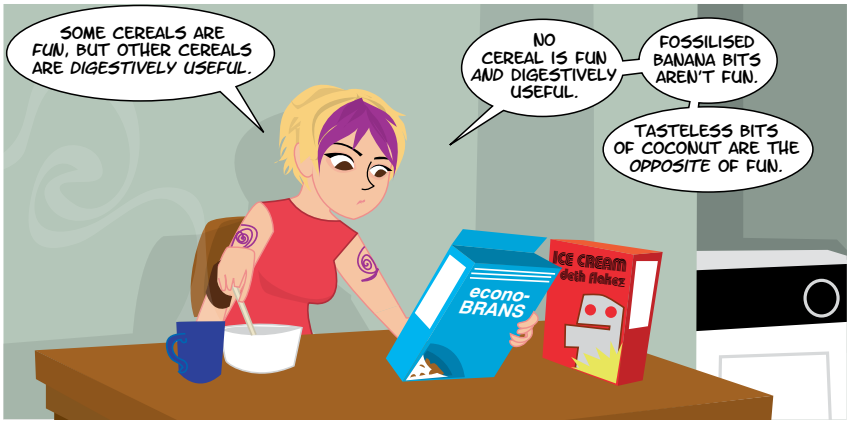
Perhaps this is why this story features ridiculous scraps and fights and running around in scanty outfits when it ought to have been a complex treatise on Fair Trade. It is all about keeping “bums” on “seats”.

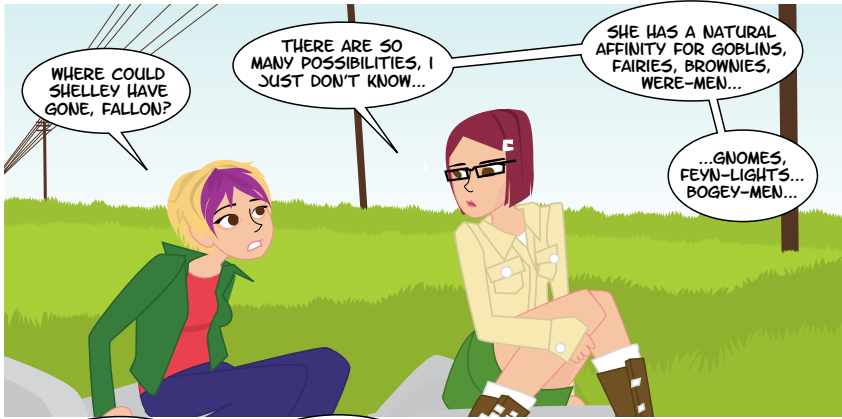
To understand this dumb old summer blockbuster, you need to know three things from the other Scary Go Round stories:

1. I once got turned into a zombie and had a really awful time. I dressed like a goth and ate a bit of brain.
2. Fallon Young is a super secret agent and runs around on super secret missions which (so I hear) she makes a terrible mess of.
3. Dr Daniel Petrescu is a rascal who loves monkeys.

Armed with those facts, I hope you enjoy this long and preposterous yarn!







WHERE COULD  
SHELLEY HAVE  
GONE, FALLON?

THERE ARE SO  
MANY POSSIBILITIES, I  
JUST DON'T KNOW...

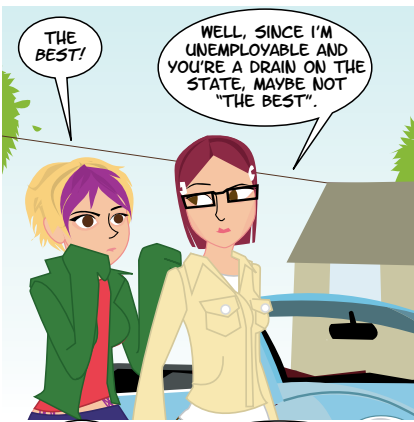
SHE HAS A NATURAL  
AFFINITY FOR GOBLINS,  
FAIRIES, BROWNIES,  
WERE-MEN...

...GNOMES,  
FEYN-LIGHTS...  
BOGEY-MEN...



I CAN PUNCH A  
MAN SO HARD THAT  
HE FARTS TEETH, BUT  
I'M NO EXPERT ON  
THE WEE FOLK.

WE NEED TO  
COMMISSION AN  
INVESTIGATOR.



THE  
BEST!

WELL, SINCE I'M  
UNEMPLOYABLE AND  
YOU'RE A DRAIN ON  
THE STATE, MAYBE NOT  
"THE BEST".



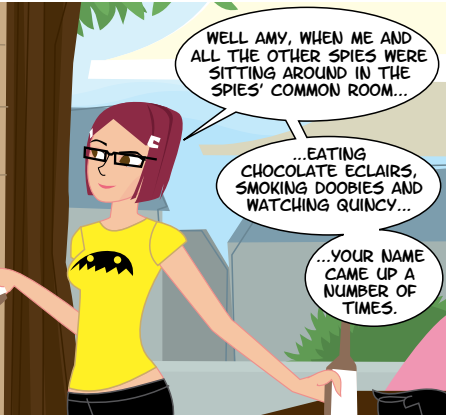
THE  
WORST!

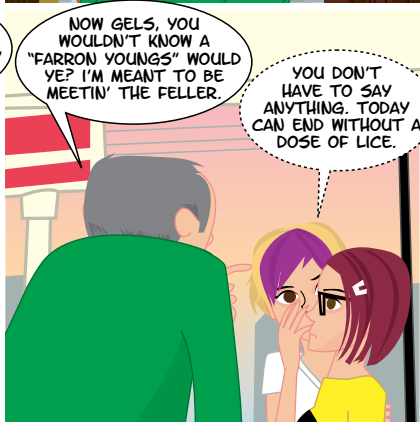
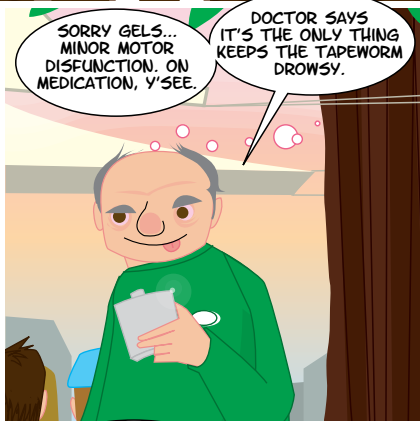
EXACTLY. WE SHOULD  
CONSIDER THE ABILITY TO  
POINT BOTH EYES IN THE SAME  
DIRECTION A MAJOR PLUS.

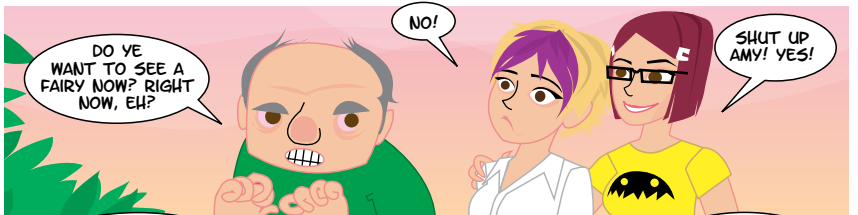
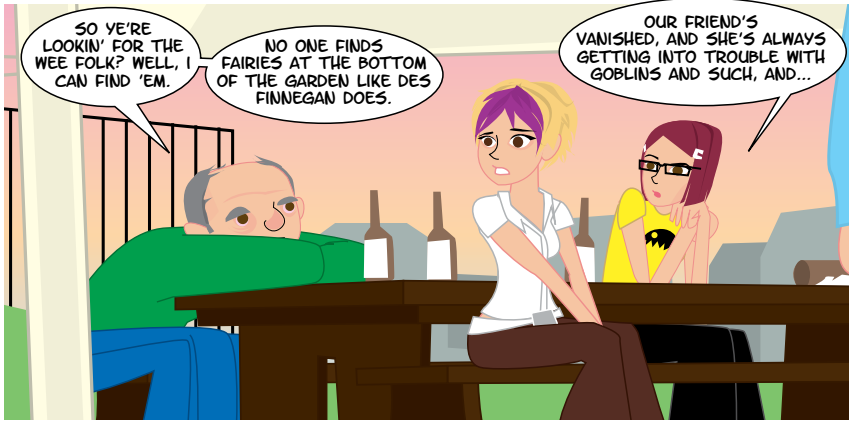


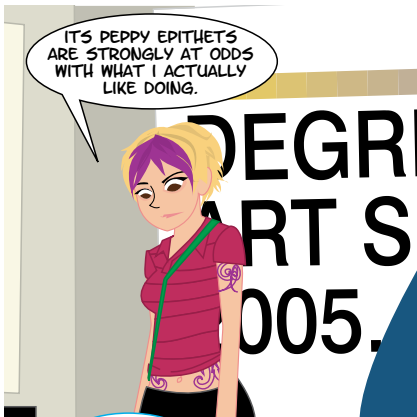
FARTS  
TEETH?

I APOLOGISE FOR  
THAT ILL ADVISED  
TURN OF PHRASE.











SO YOU'VE FINISHED ART SCHOOL, AMES. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NEXT?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'M NOT DOING. STICKING AROUND HERE.

I RECKON I'VE CROSSED EVERY I, DOTTED EVERY T...

...CUSSED EVERY MOTHER FUNSTER THIS TOWN HAS TO OFFER.



WHAT ABOUT SHELLEY?

SHELLEY WOULD WANT ME TO BROADEN MY HORIZONS, SO LONG AS I DIDN'T MAKE A MESS WHILE I WAS DOING IT.

PAT PAT



BUT... AMY, YOU'LL BE LEAVING ALL YOUR FRIENDS BEHIND.



I KNOW WHAT YOU ALL THINK. THAT I'M A SPOILT, LAZY BRAT.

WE DON'T THINK THAT!

THEN YOU'RE NOT VERY OBSERVANT.



IT FEELS WEIRD TO BE PACKING SHELLEY'S STUFF UP.

WELL, IT'S EITHER THAT OR LEAVE IT FOR THE LANDLORD.



ARE YOU GOING TO DO A RUNNER IN THE NIGHT AND LEAVE THE DEPOSIT AS THE LAST MONTH'S RENT?

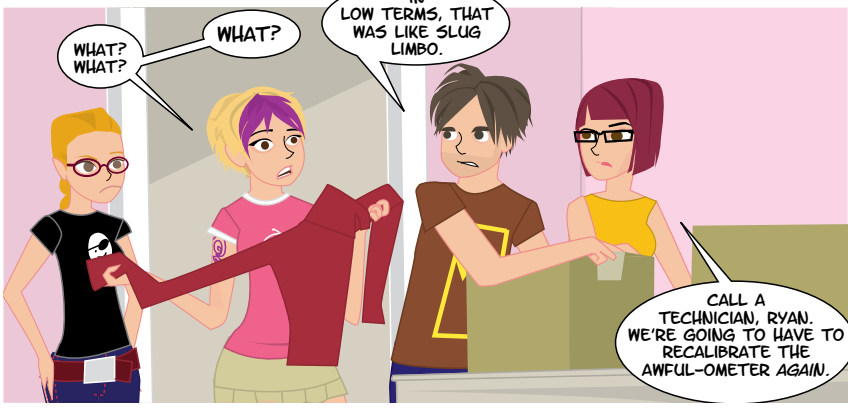


YEAH. HELPS, YOU KNOW, DIFFUSE ANY ARGUMENTS ABOUT STAINS, BURNS AND BREAKAGES.

BY MAKING THEM ESSENTIALLY ONE-SIDED.



IS IT WRONG TO TAKE ANY OF SHELLEY'S CLOTHES THAT I ALREADY STRETCHED OUT BEYOND REPAIR?

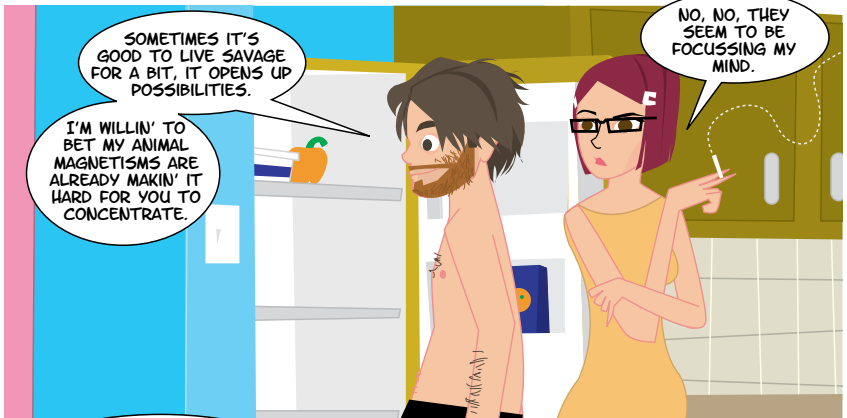
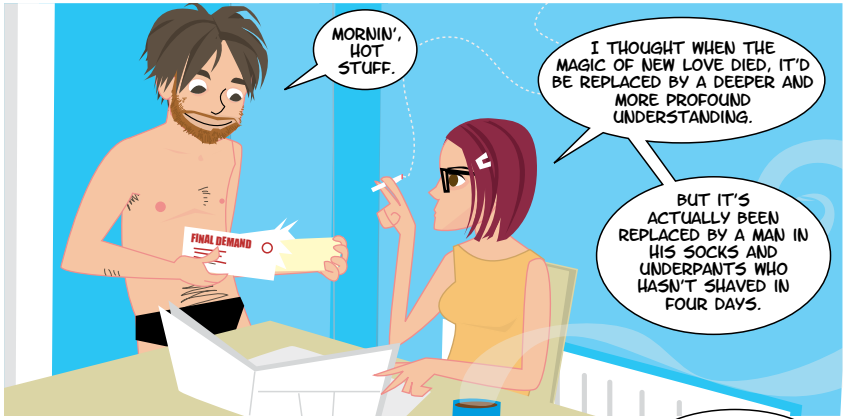


WHAT? WHAT?

WHAT?

IN LOW TERMS, THAT WAS LIKE SLUG LIMBO.

CALL A TECHNICIAN, RYAN. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO RECALIBRATE THE AWFUL-OMETER AGAIN.





FALLON GAVE YOU YOUR CARDS? YOUR MARCHING ORDERS? THE ELBOW?

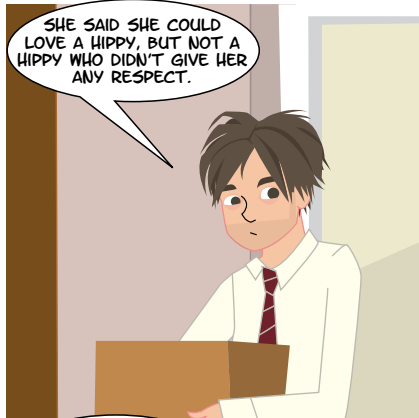
ALL MY FAMILY HEIRLOOMS, MAN. SHE CHUCKED ME.

WE HAD A FIGHT. SHE WAS GOING TO TAKE SOME MERCENARY WORK, I SAID THAT DIDN'T MATCH WITH MY DESIRE FOR A WORLD OF PEACE.

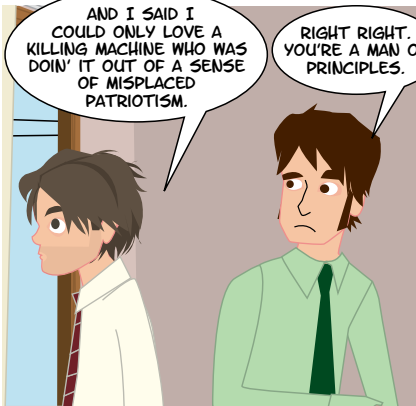


THEN SOME UPSETTING THINGS WERE SAID ON BOTH SIDES.

COME AND SIT DOWN IN MY CHAMBERS.



SHE SAID SHE COULD LOVE A HIPPI, BUT NOT A HIPPI WHO DIDN'T GIVE HER ANY RESPECT.



AND I SAID I COULD ONLY LOVE A KILLING MACHINE WHO WAS DOIN' IT OUT OF A SENSE OF MISPLACED PATRIOTISM.

RIGHT RIGHT. YOU'RE A MAN OF PRINCIPLES.

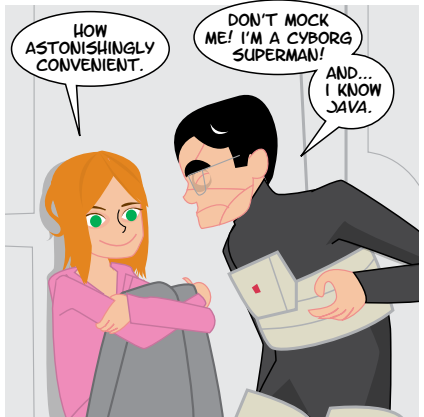
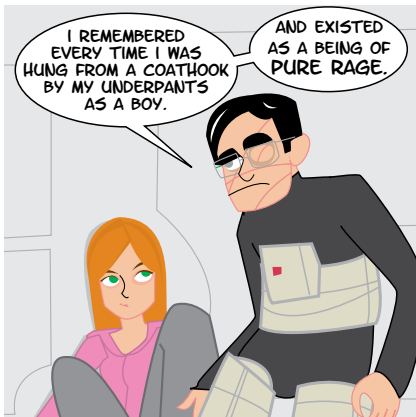
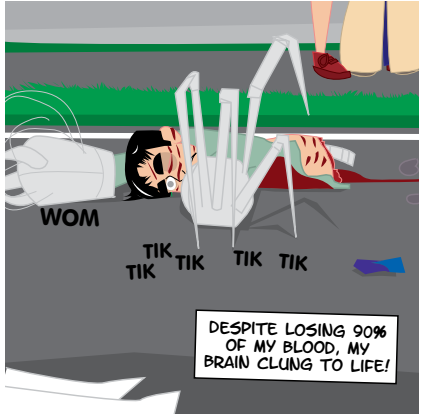
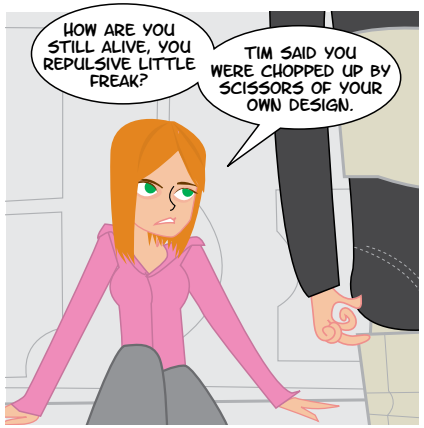


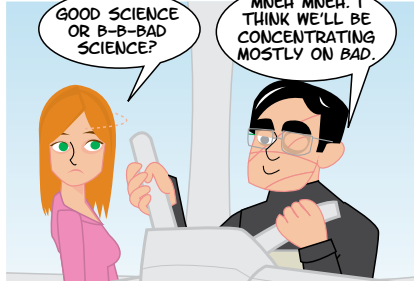
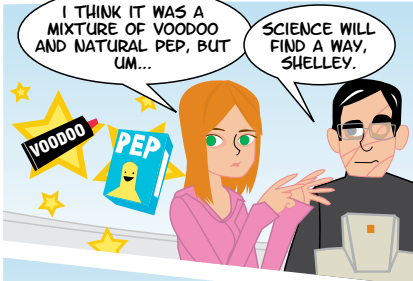
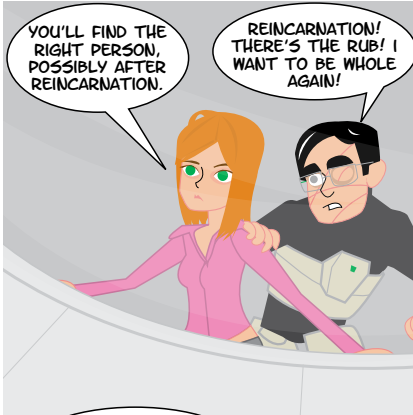
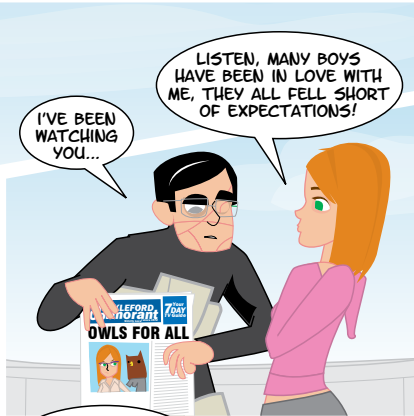
I WROTE A SONG ABOUT IT.

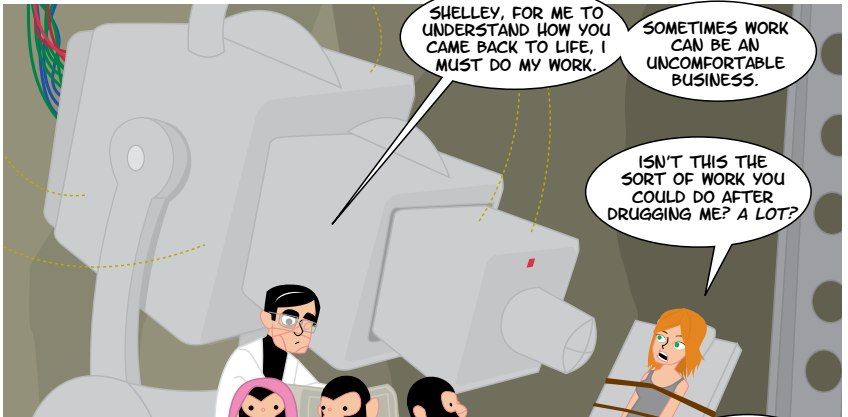
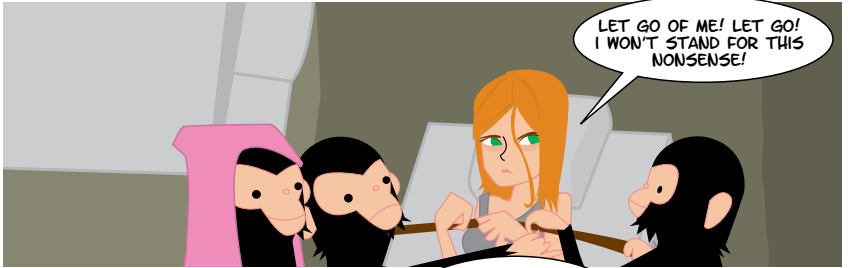
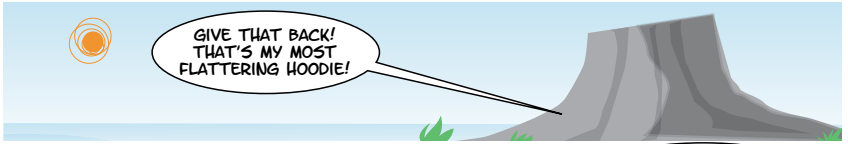
BUT IT'S TOO SAD TO BE DETECTED BY THE HUMAN EAR

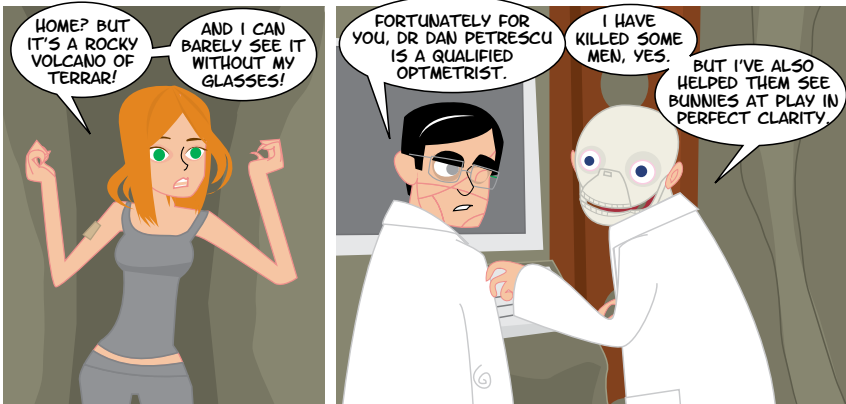
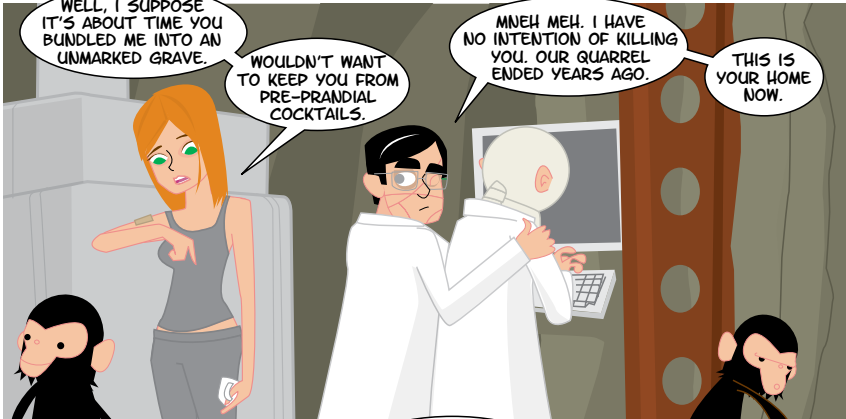
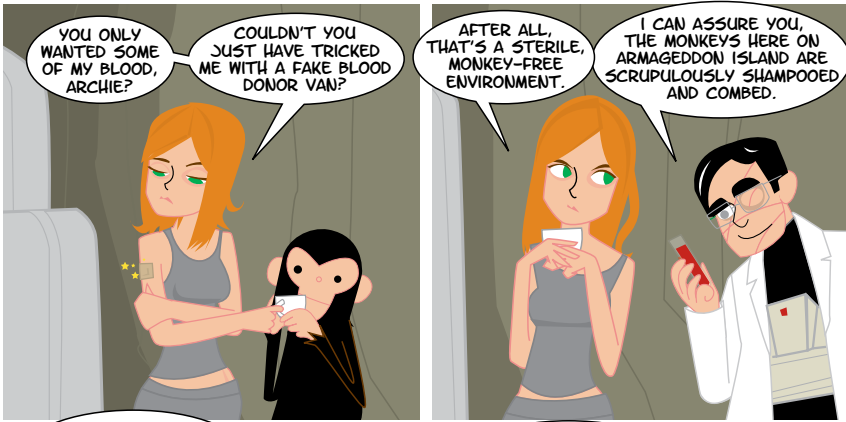


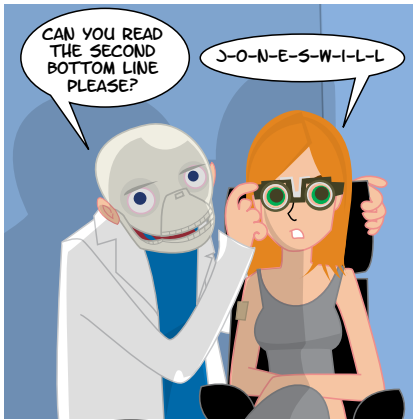






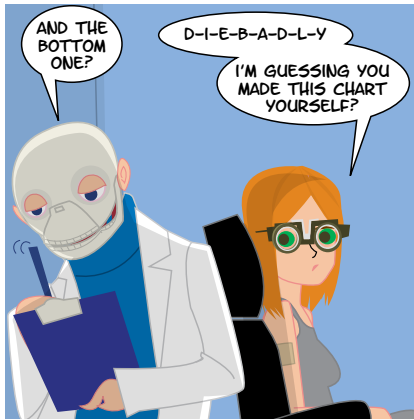






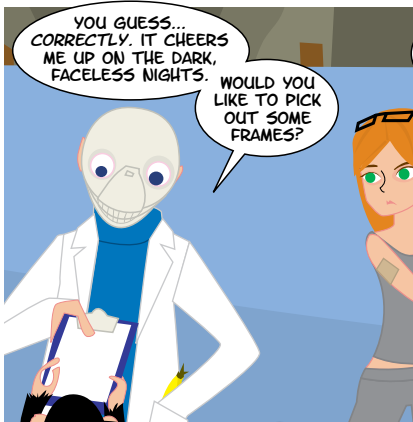
CAN YOU READ THE SECOND BOTTOM LINE PLEASE?

J-O-N-E-S-W-I-L-L



AND THE BOTTOM ONE?

D-I-E-B-A-D-L-Y  
I'M GUESSING YOU MADE THIS CHART YOURSELF?



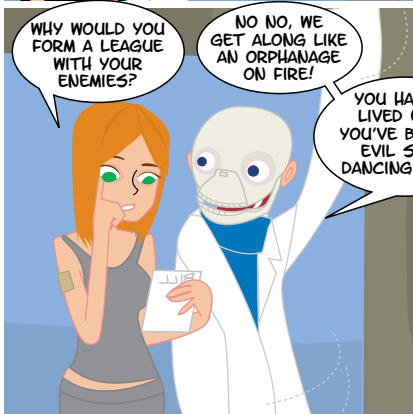
YOU GUESS... CORRECTLY. IT CHEERS ME UP ON THE DARK, FACELESS NIGHTS.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO PICK OUT SOME FRAMES?

WHO ELSE LIVES ON THIS ISLAND, DR PETRESCU?



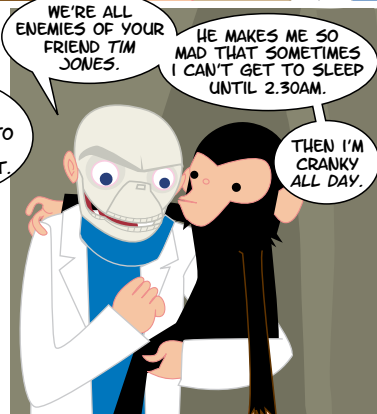
JUST A GROUP OF LIKEMINDED THINKERS WHO CALL THEMSELVES THE LEAGUE OF ENEMIES.



WHY WOULD YOU FORM A LEAGUE WITH YOUR ENEMIES?

NO NO, WE GET ALONG LIKE AN ORPHANAGE ON FIRE!

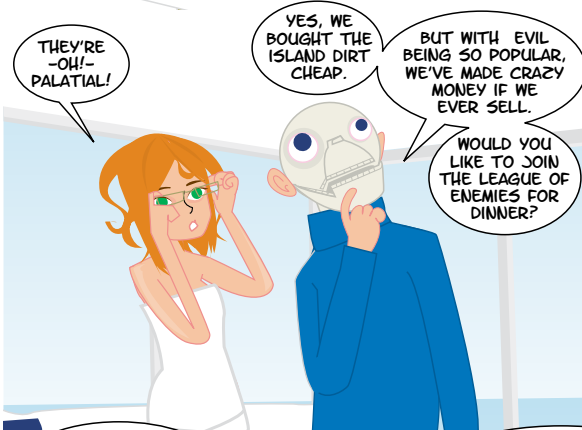
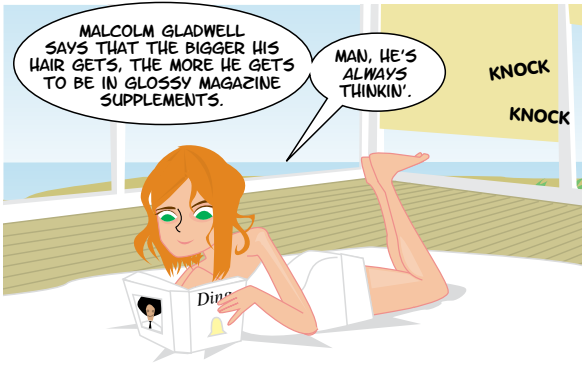
YOU HAVEN'T LIVED UNTIL YOU'VE BEEN TO EVIL SALSA DANCING NIGHT.

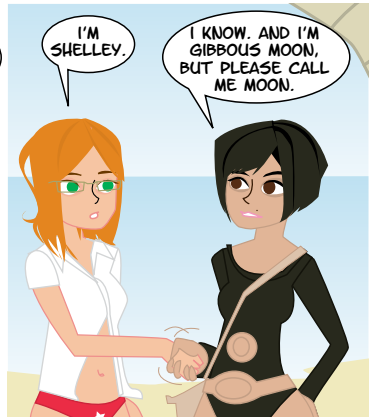
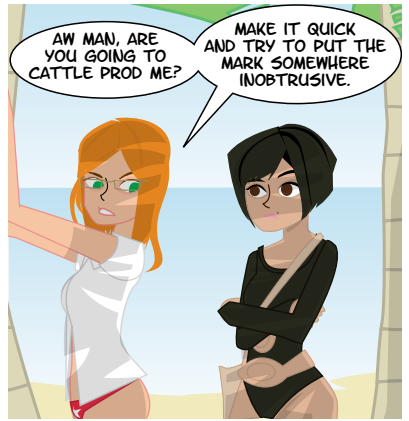


WE'RE ALL ENEMIES OF YOUR FRIEND TIM JONES.

HE MAKES ME SO MAD THAT SOMETIMES I CAN'T GET TO SLEEP UNTIL 2.30AM.

THEN I'M CRANKY ALL DAY.



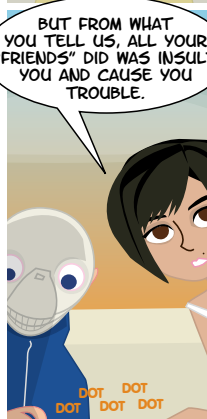
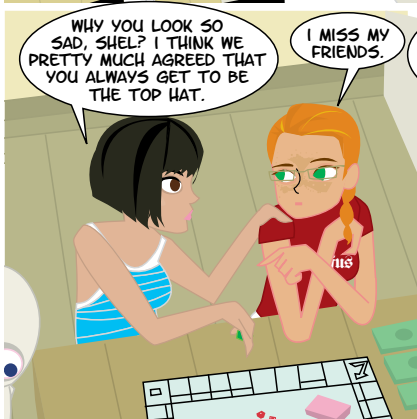


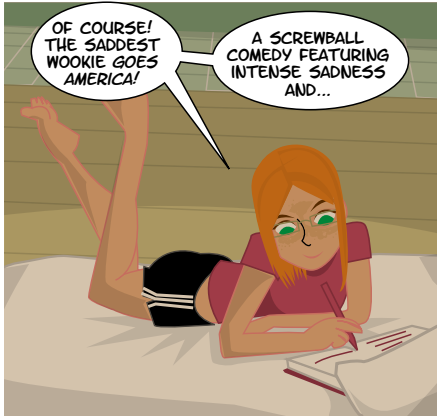
Day 28 on Armageddon island. Things generally pleasant despite captivity. Monopoly night tonight! 😊

pps Freckles seem to have stabilised.



ps Still no sign of armageddon.





OF COURSE!  
THE SADDEST  
WOKIE GOES  
AMERICA!

A SCREWBALL  
COMEDY FEATURING  
INTENSE SADNESS  
AND...



...WILL  
FERRELL.

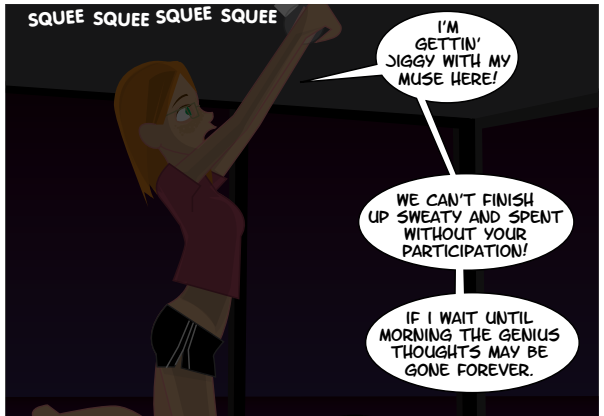
ACT ONE  
SCENE 1. A  
FARMER'S MARKET.  
PROFOUND SENSE  
OF DISMAY AND-

SCRIBBLE  
SCRIBBLE



**POINK**

NO,  
LIGHTBULB,  
NO!

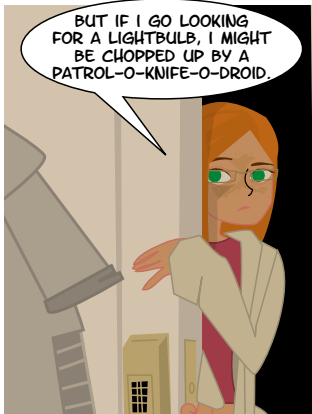


SQUEE SQUEE SQUEE SQUEE

I'M  
GETTIN'  
JIGGY WITH MY  
MUSE HERE!

WE CAN'T FINISH  
UP SWEATY AND SPENT  
WITHOUT YOUR  
PARTICIPATION!

IF I WAIT UNTIL  
MORNING THE GENIUS  
THOUGHTS MAY BE  
GONE FOREVER.



BUT IF I GO LOOKING  
FOR A LIGHTBULB, I MIGHT  
BE CHOPPED UP BY A  
PATROL-O-KNIFE-O-DROID.

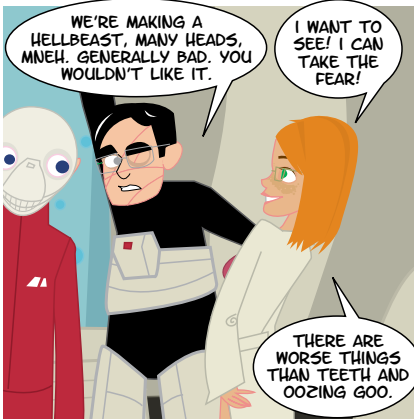


I'M NOT  
SNOOPING.

I'M JUST  
OPENING EVERY  
DOOR AND HAVING A  
GOOD OLD LOOK.



HELLO!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING?



WE'RE MAKING A  
HELLBEAST, MANY HEADS,  
MNEH. GENERALLY BAD. YOU  
WOULDN'T LIKE IT.

I WANT TO  
SEE! I CAN  
TAKE THE  
FEAR!

THERE ARE  
WORSE THINGS  
THAN TEETH AND  
OOZING GOO.

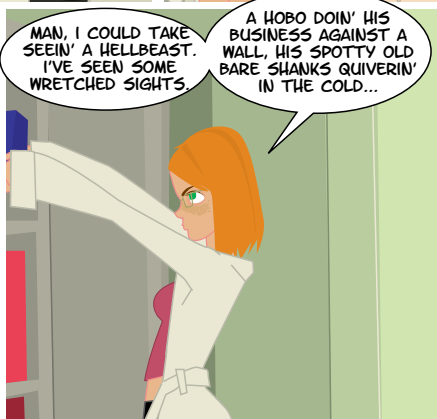


WE CAN'T LET YOU  
SEE UNTIL IT'S FINISHED.  
PETRESCU HERE'S A  
PERFECTIONIST.

I... AM!



OH. WHERE ARE THE  
SPARE LIGHTBULBS,  
PLEASE?

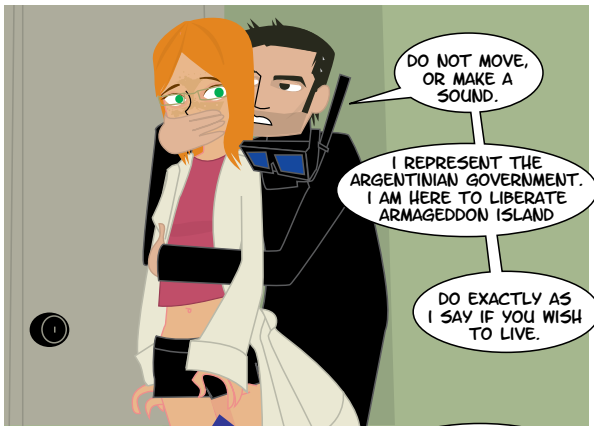


MAN, I COULD TAKE  
SEEN' A HELLBEAST.  
I'VE SEEN SOME  
WRETCHED SIGHTS.

A HOBO DOIN' HIS  
BUSINESS AGAINST A  
WALL, HIS SPOTTY OLD  
BARE SHANKS QUIVERIN'  
IN THE COLD...



MADRE DE  
DIOS.



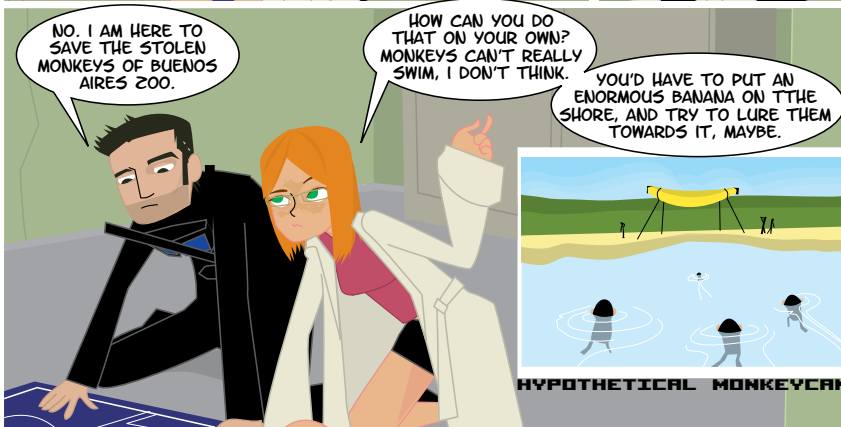
DO NOT MOVE, OR MAKE A SOUND.

I REPRESENT THE ARGENTINIAN GOVERNMENT. I AM HERE TO LIBERATE ARMAGEDDON ISLAND

DO EXACTLY AS I SAY IF YOU WISH TO LIVE.



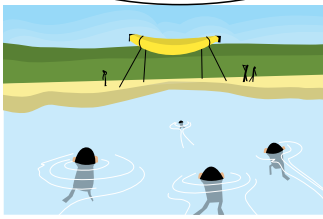
ARE YOU HERE TO SAVE ME? I'M A DISTRESSED DAMSEL!



NO. I AM HERE TO SAVE THE STOLEN MONKEYS OF BUENOS AIRES ZOO.

HOW CAN YOU DO THAT ON YOUR OWN? MONKEYS CAN'T REALLY SWIM, I DON'T THINK.

YOU'D HAVE TO PUT AN ENORMOUS BANANA ON THE SHORE, AND TRY TO LURE THEM TOWARDS IT, MAYBE.



HYPOTHETICAL MONKEYCART

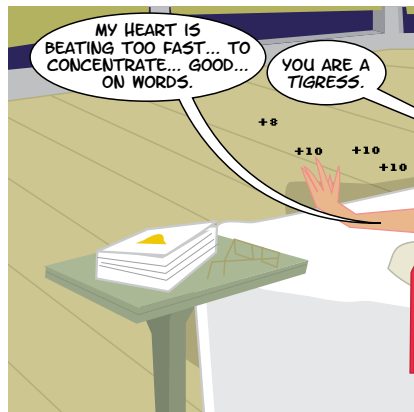
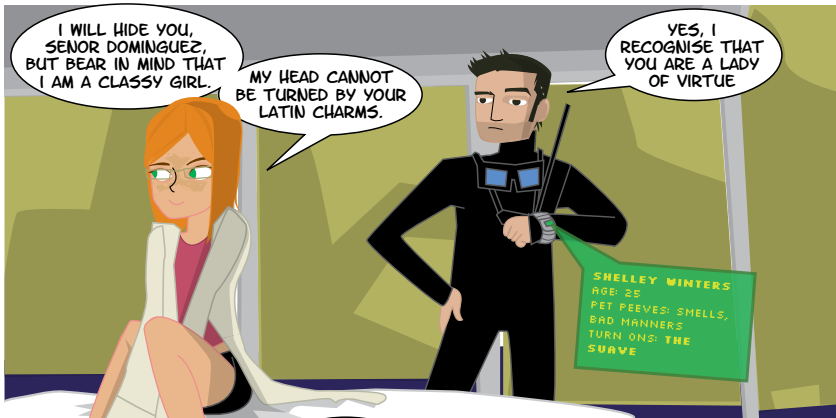


THERE WILL BE NO SWIMMING OF MONKEYS. MY ORDERS ARE TO ASSASSINATE THE LEAGUE OF ENEMIES.

IS THAT SOMETHING I CAN HELP WITH?

I'M EXCELLENT AT SCHEMES AND SCHEMING.

I'VE WON REGIONAL PRIZES FOR SKULLDUGGERY.





<AH, SHELLEY.  
HOW SWEET TO BE  
AN IDIOT.

FOUR STARS  
PLUS A SMALL  
SMILING FACE.>



<KNOW TO  
ELIMINATE THE LEAGUE  
OF ENEMIES WITH  
EXTREME PRECISION.>



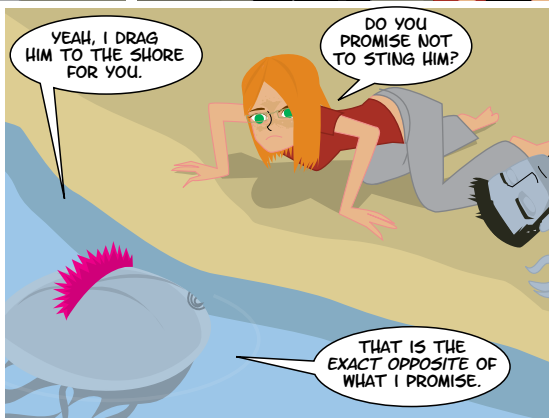
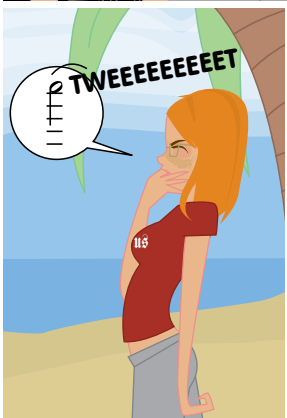
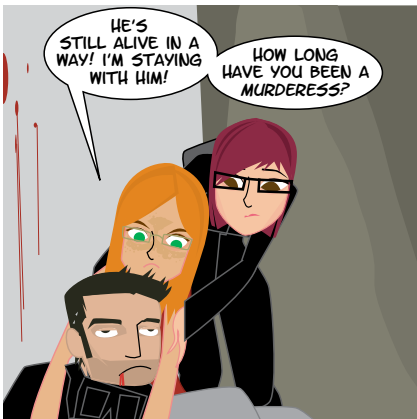
MERCENARY WORK IS  
EASY! DOMINGUEZ HAD  
NO CHANCE. FIRST TIME  
EVER I DIDN'T...

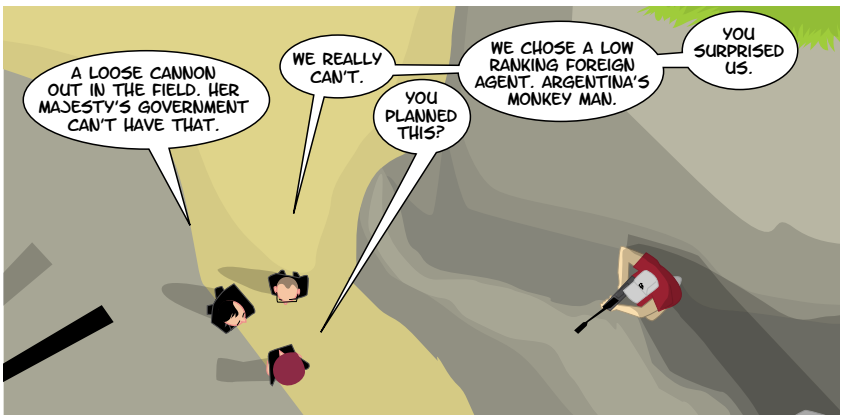


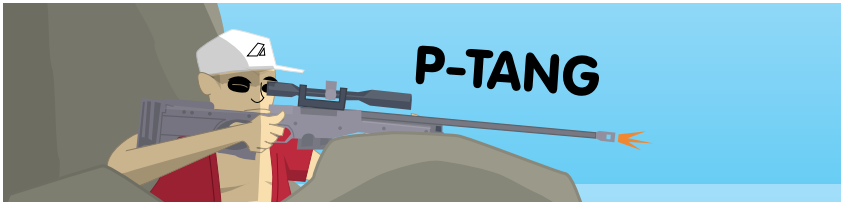
LOVELY RAFAEL!  
NOOOOO!



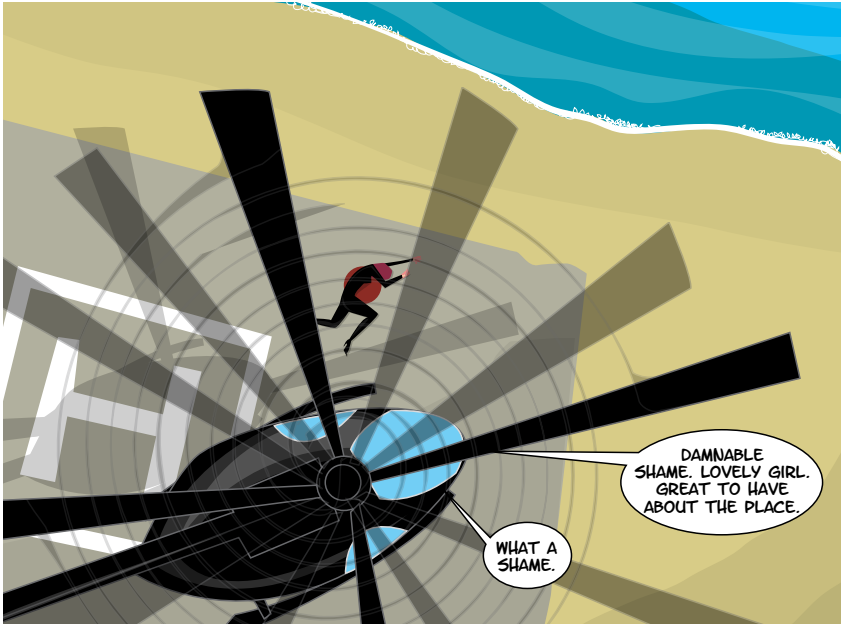
...SCREW  
IT UP.





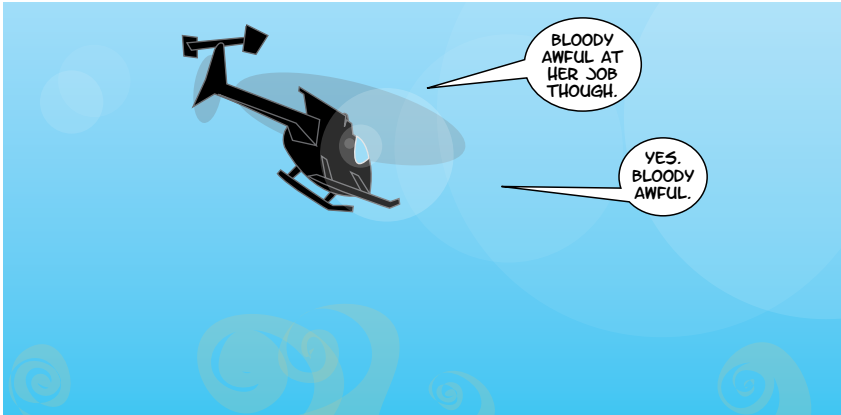


P-TANG



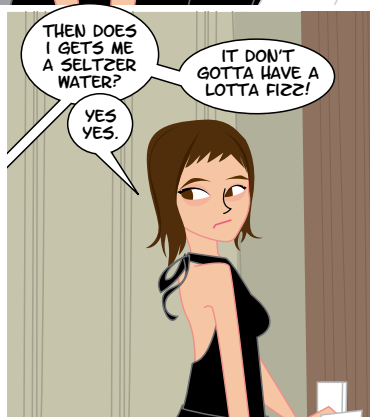
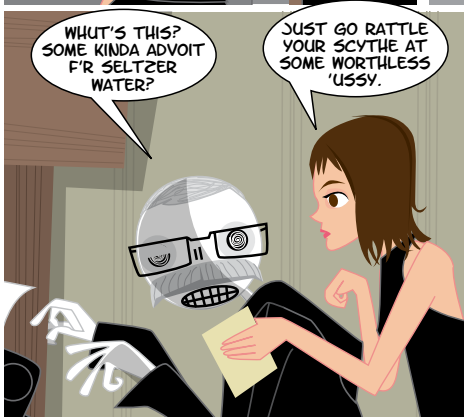
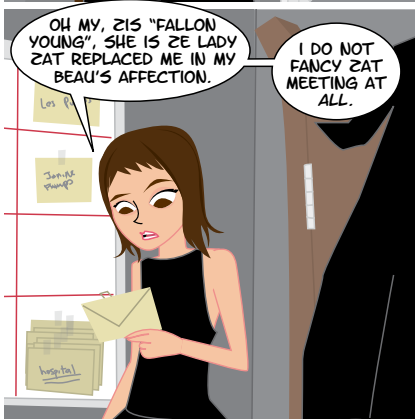
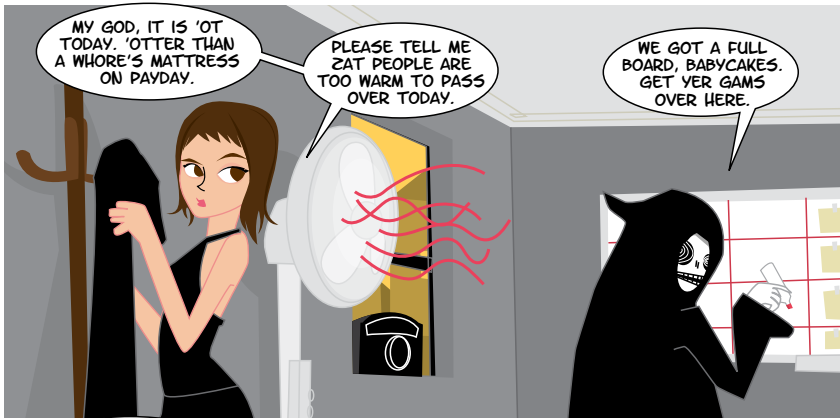
DAMNABLE SHAME. LOVELY GIRL. GREAT TO HAVE ABOUT THE PLACE.

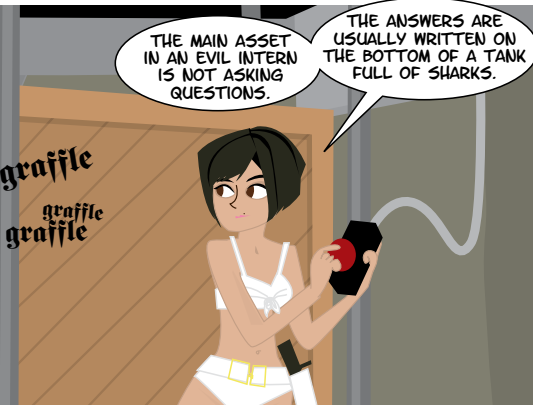
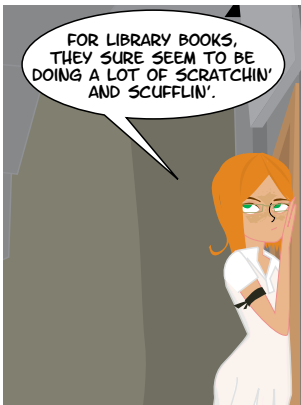
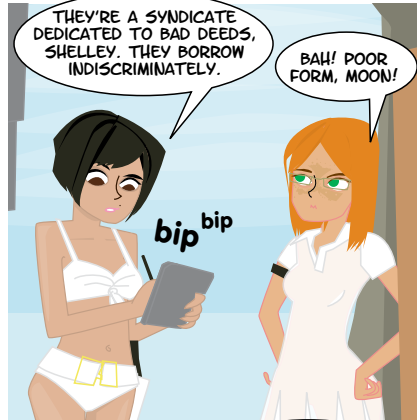
WHAT A SHAME.

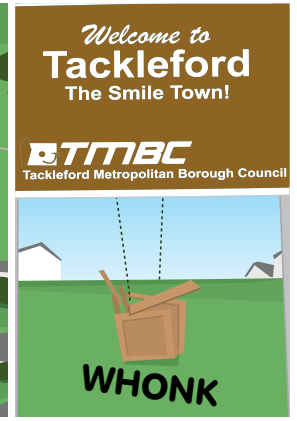
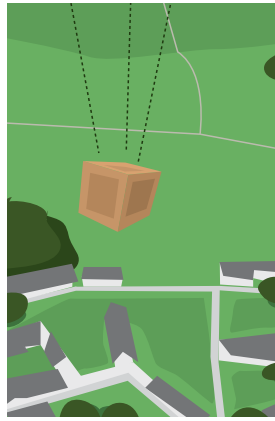
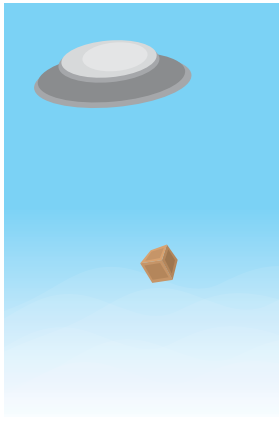


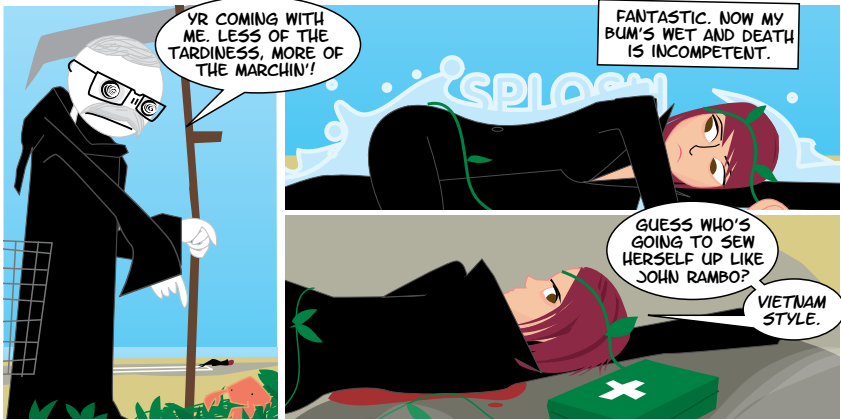
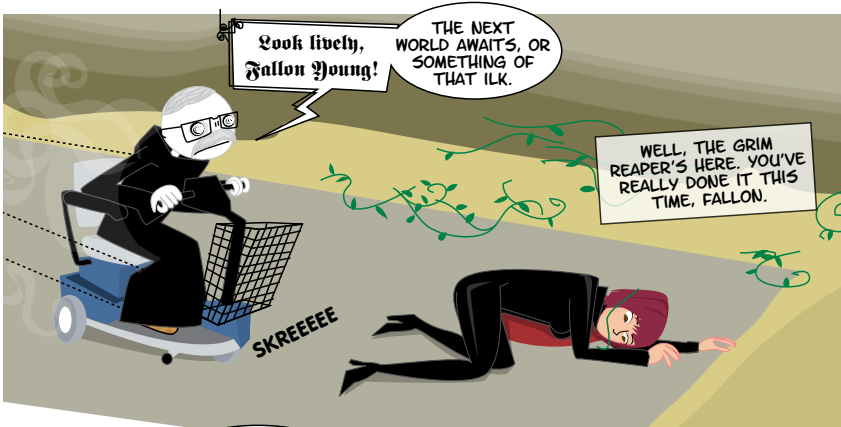
BLOODY AWFUL AT HER JOB THOUGH.

YES. BLOODY AWFUL.







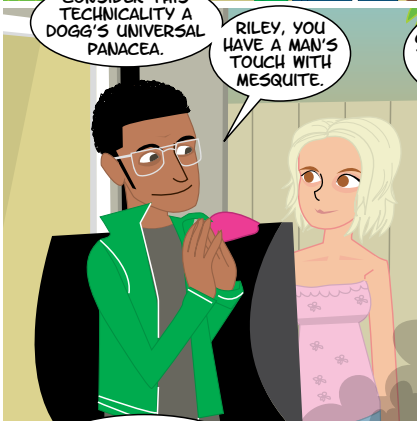




YO, I AM DELIGHTED TO TAKE UP A PLACE IN THE JONES ADMINISTRATION.

HUGO IS A MAN YOU CAN TRUST NEVER TO ENGAGE IN INTERN-RELATED INDISCRETIONS.

WELL, WE DON'T HAVE INTERNS IN BRITAIN, DO WE?



CONSIDER THIS TECHNICALLY A DOGG'S UNIVERSAL PANACEA.

RILEY, YOU HAVE A MAN'S TOUCH WITH MESQUITE.



PEOPLE GENERALLY REFUSE TO WORK FOR FREE IN CIVILISED COUNTRIES.

MY CAREERS TEACHER SUGGESTED WE "GAIN WORK EXPERIENCE BY EAVESDROPPING."

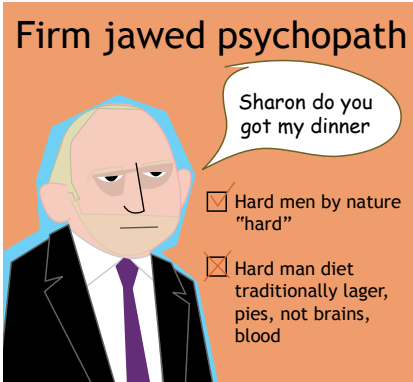
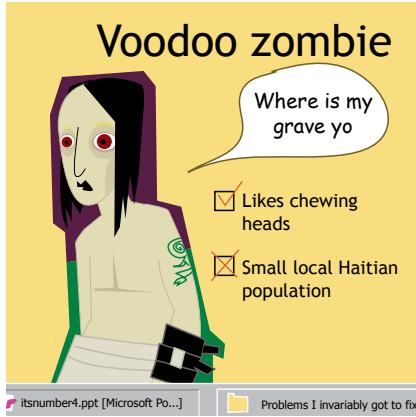
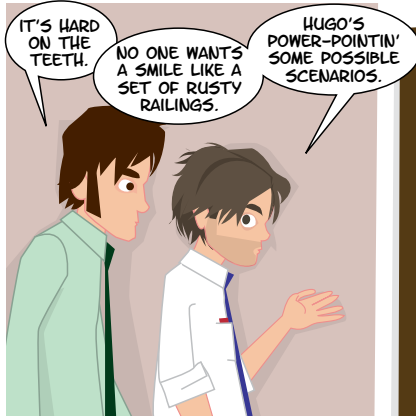


RYAN, WE THREE ARE A DREAM TICKET. A GOLDEN AGE IS COMING TO TACKLEFORD.

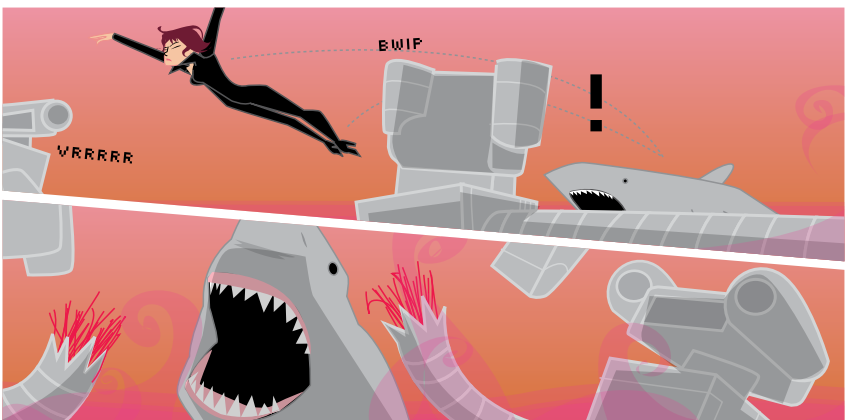
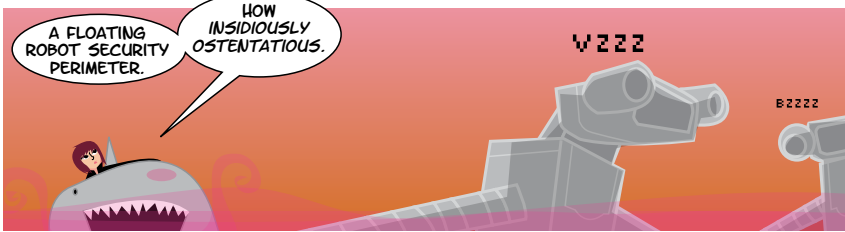
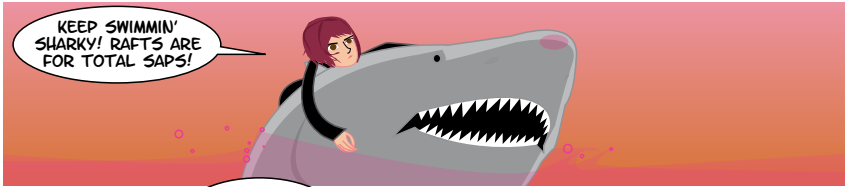
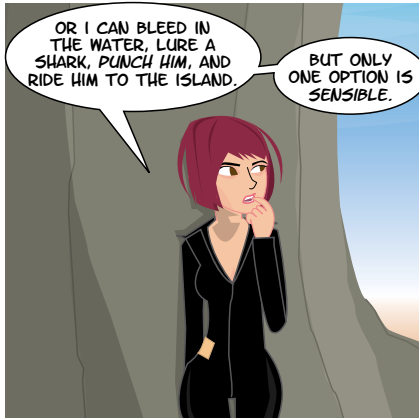


BRAD, DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

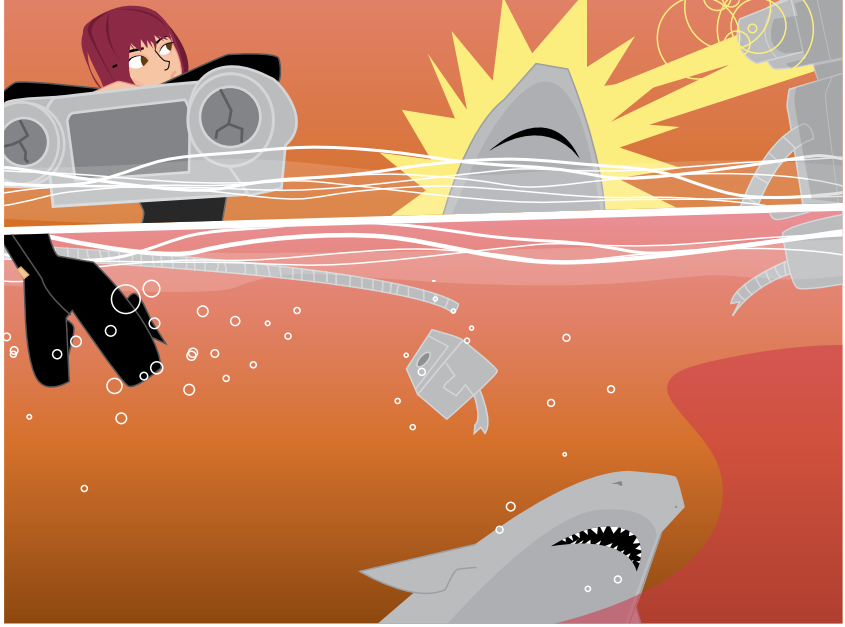
IT'S JUST THE WIND, JANET.







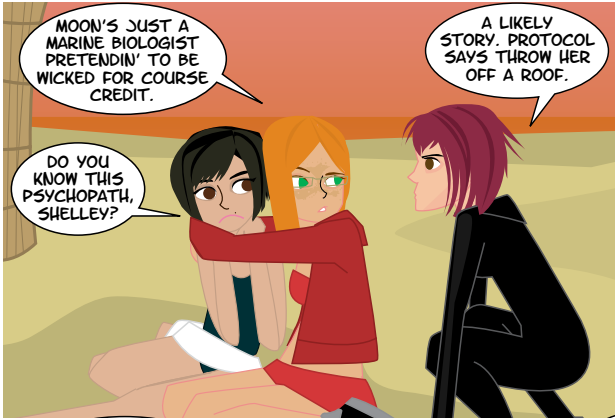
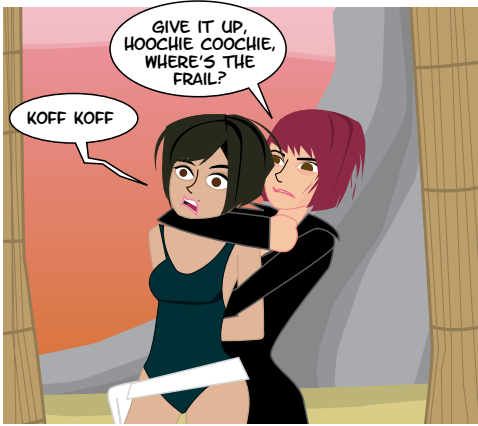
# BZART

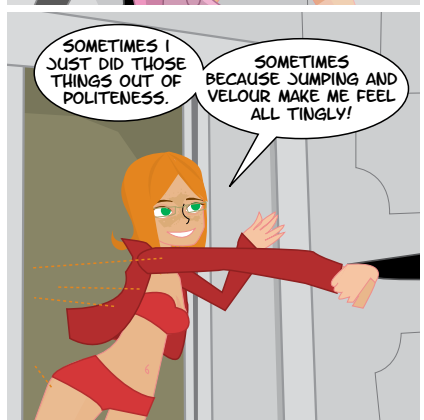
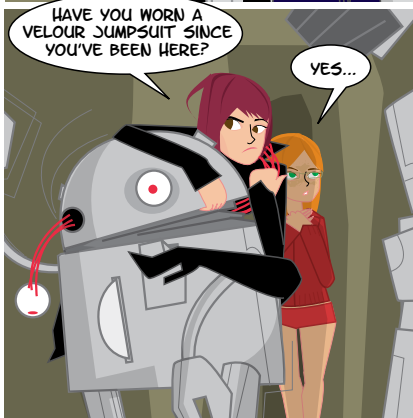
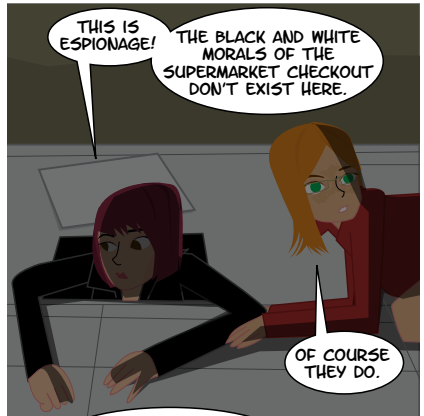


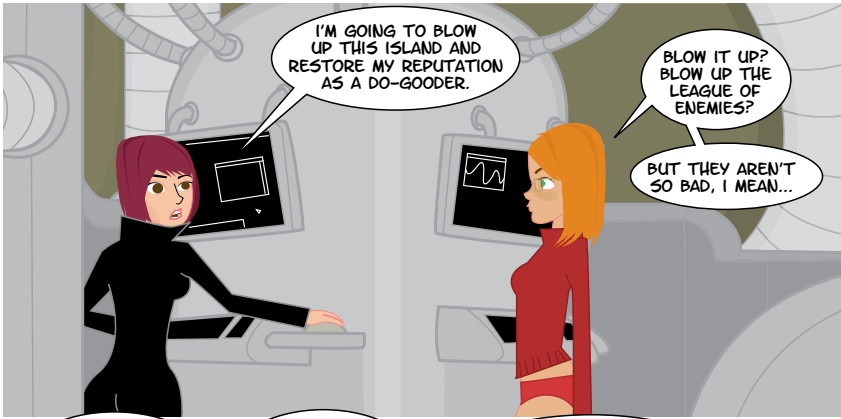
HEY THERE MR CRAB, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU BEFORE.

VENGEANCE.









I'M GOING TO BLOW UP THIS ISLAND AND RESTORE MY REPUTATION AS A DO-GOODER.

BLOW IT UP? BLOW UP THE LEAGUE OF ENEMIES?

BUT THEY AREN'T SO BAD, I MEAN...



THEY TOOK DNA FROM YOU AND STARTED GROWING SOMETHING.

I THOUGHT THAT WAS JUST A HOBBY. LIKE CRYSTAL RADIO SETS AND MODEL PLANES!



THEN, A FEW WEEKS LATER, YOU PUSHED A CRATE MARKED "UNRETURNED LIBRARY BOOKS" OVER TACKLEFORD.

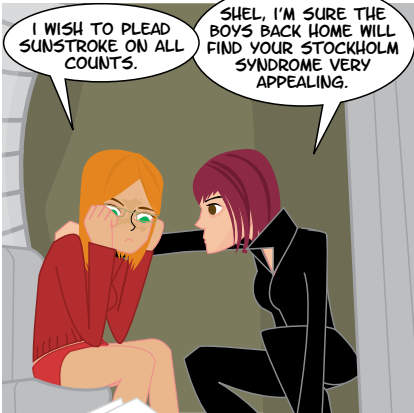
A LIKELY STORY.



EXACTLY!  
OH.

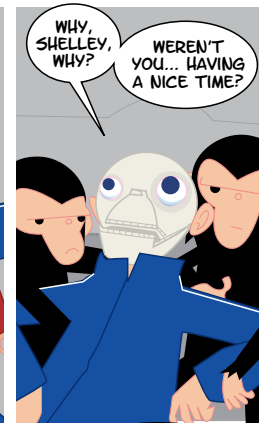
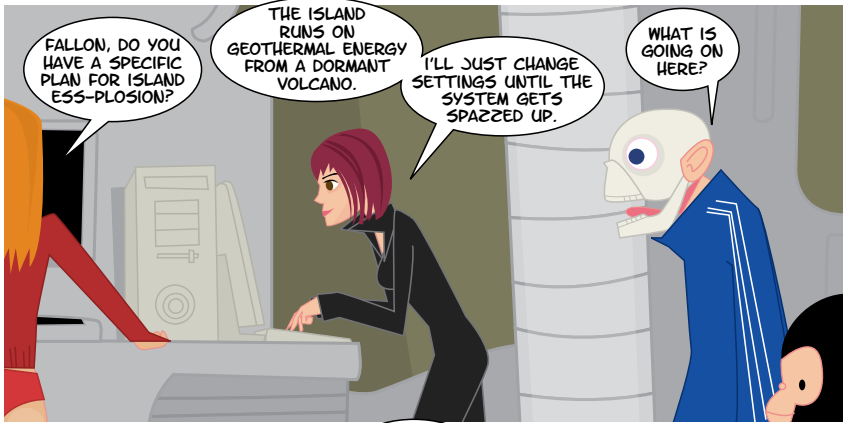
AND NOW:

**TACKLEFORD HEAD CHEWER GNAWS ON NUN**



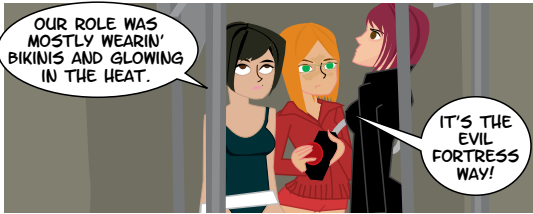
I WISH TO PLEAD SUNSTROKE ON ALL COUNTS.

SHEL, I'M SURE THE BOYS BACK HOME WILL FIND YOUR STOCKHOLM SYNDROME VERY APPEALING.





TWO MINUTES UNTIL THE ISLAND BLOWS. SHEL, DO YOU OR MOON KNOW HOW TO FLY THIS THING?

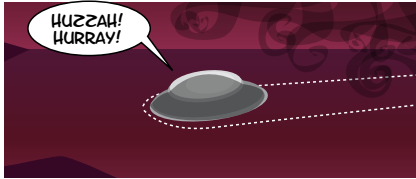
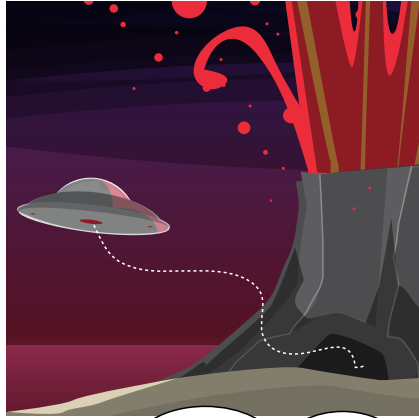


OUR ROLE WAS MOSTLY WEARIN' BIKINIS AND GLOWING IN THE HEAT.

IT'S THE EVIL FORTRESS WAY!



I IMAGINE IT'S A LITTLE LIKE FLYING A SIKORSKY SEA STALLION. HOLD TIGHT, LADIES.



HUZZAH! HURRAY!



DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY TROUSERS?

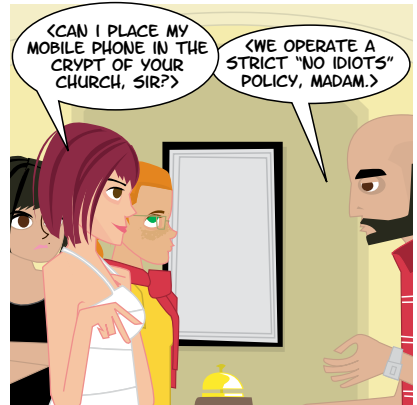
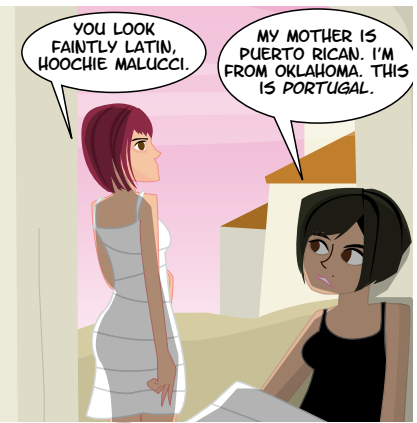
I FEEL VULNERABLE, MOSTLY TO NETTLES AND BRAMBLES.



OOPS.

WHONK

DOES ANYONE HAVE MONEY FOR A CAB?





WHO ARE YOU?

...WE WON'T GET FOOLED AGAIN!



THIS IS NO TIME FOR SKYLARKING AND HORSEPLAY, THE HEAD CHEWER COULD STRIKE AGAIN AT ANY MOMENT!

YO, DO NOT MISTAKE OUR FAST MOVEMENTS FOR FOOLIN'.



WE JUST WATCHED A WHOLE CSI BOX SET EACH TO LEARN MAD FORENSIC SKILLS.



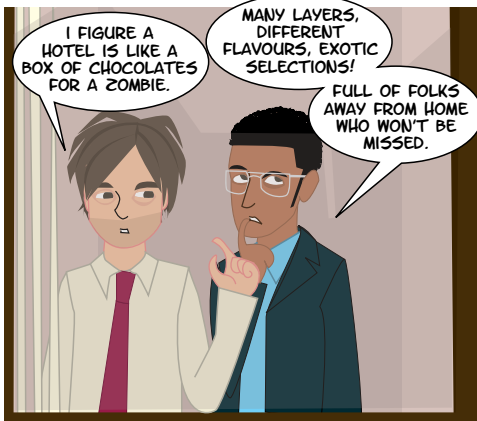
SO LONG AS WE CAN STAY IN THE ZONE, WE CAN TRACK THAT BRAIN EATER.



I'M SCEPTICAL, BUT I'M DESPERATE. TELL ME MORE.



ZOMBIE: WANTS A LOT OF BRAINS, AND SHE DON'T WANT TO GET CAUGHT.



I FIGURE A HOTEL IS LIKE A BOX OF CHOCOLATES FOR A ZOMBIE.

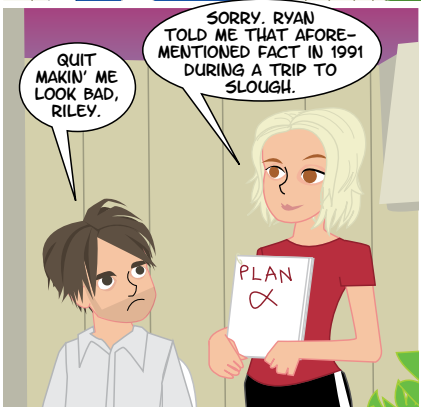
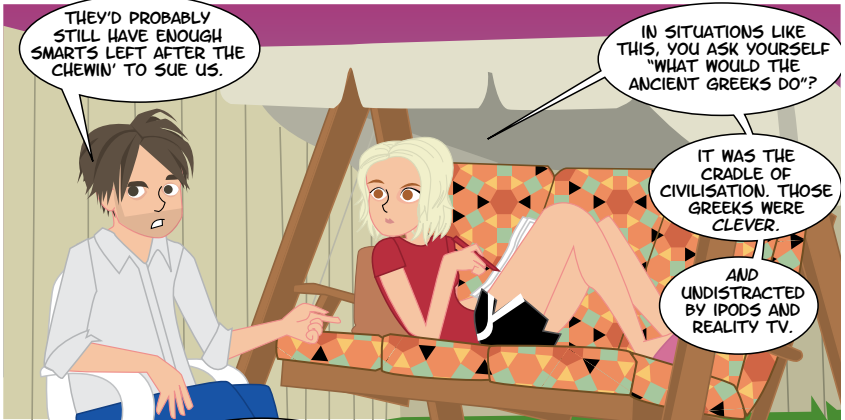
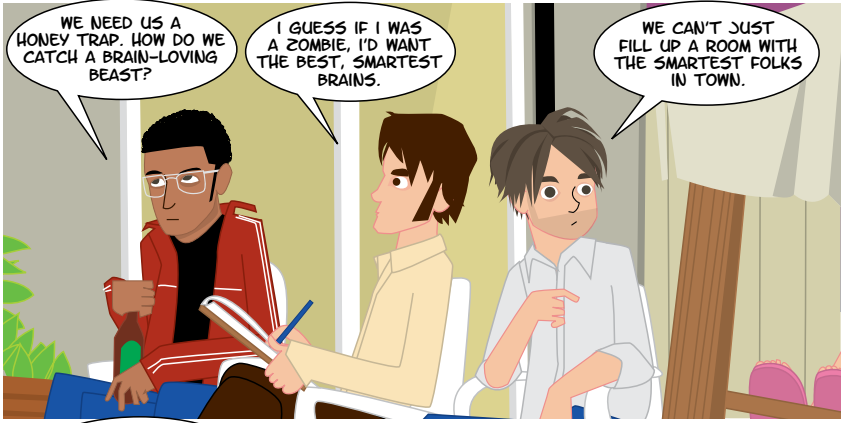
MANY LAYERS, DIFFERENT FLAVOURS, EXOTIC SELECTIONS!

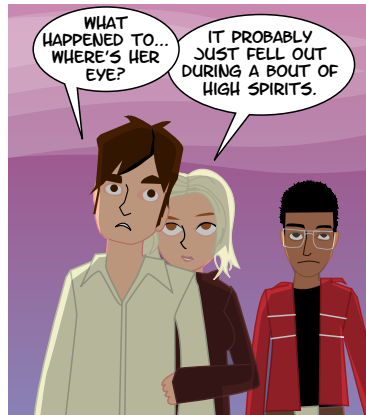
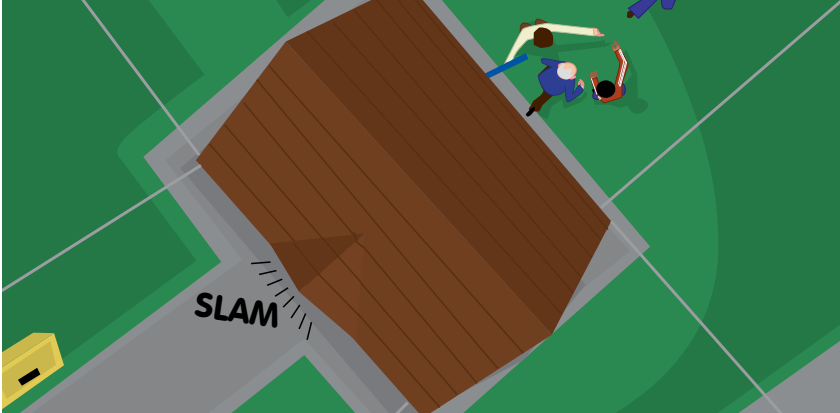
FULL OF FOLKS AWAY FROM HOME WHO WON'T BE MISSED.

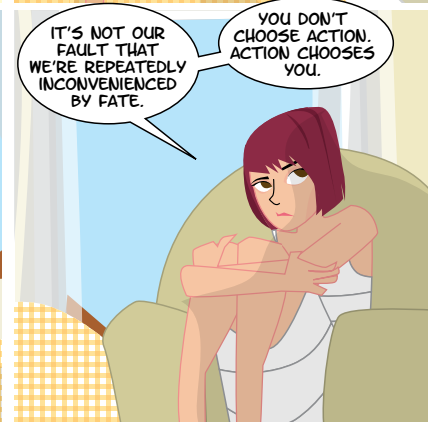
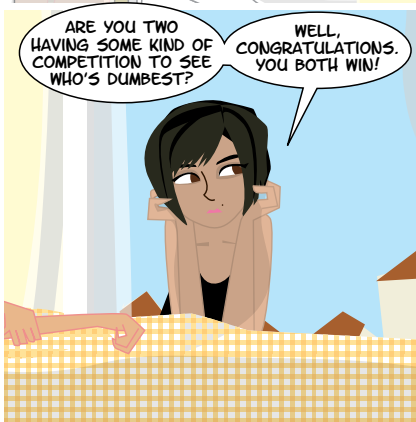
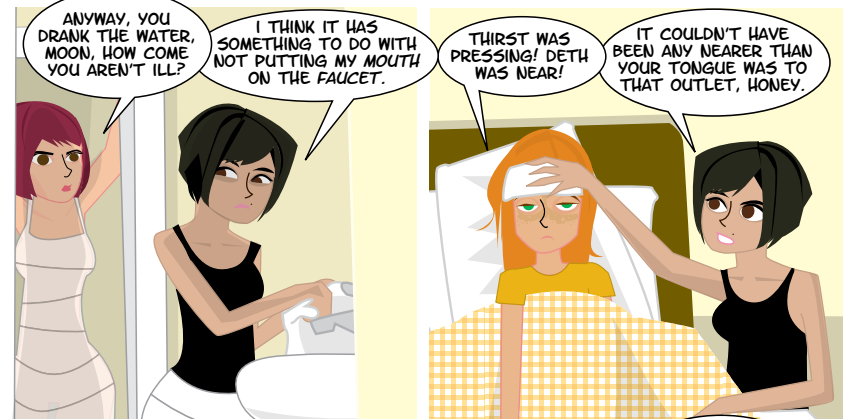
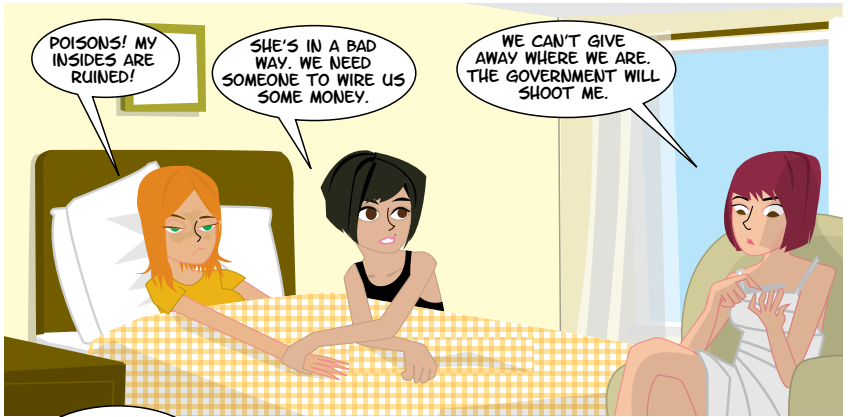


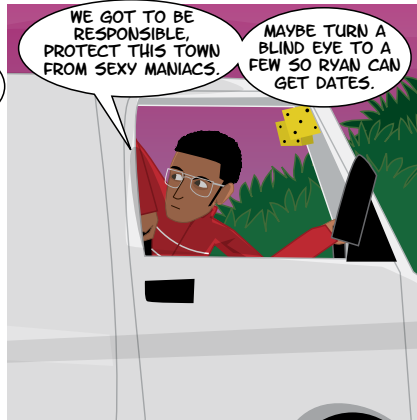
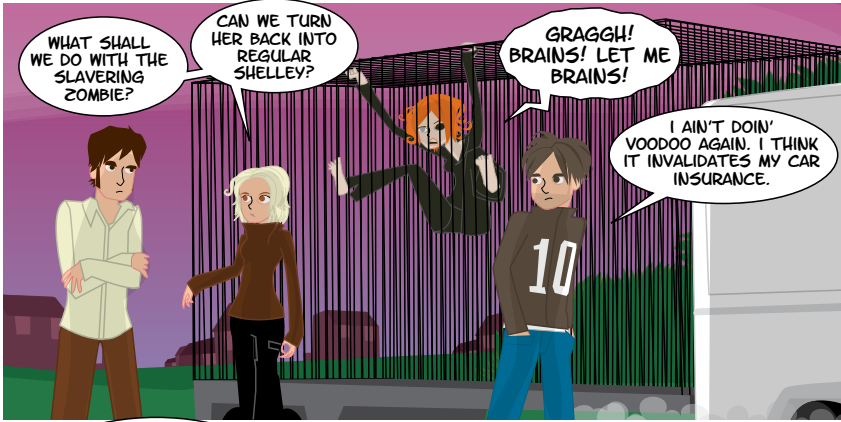
DOES THIS MEAN WE GET TO USE THE MICROSCOPE?

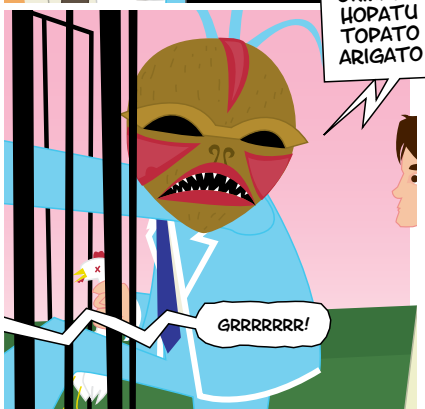
STEADY. KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY, DOGG.









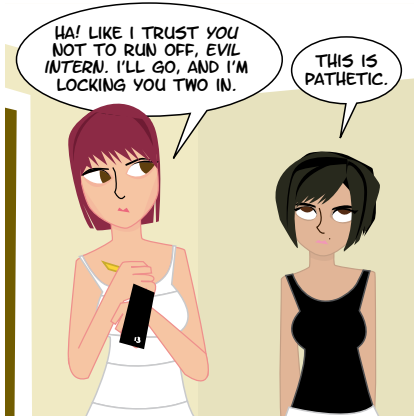




HOW IS SHE?

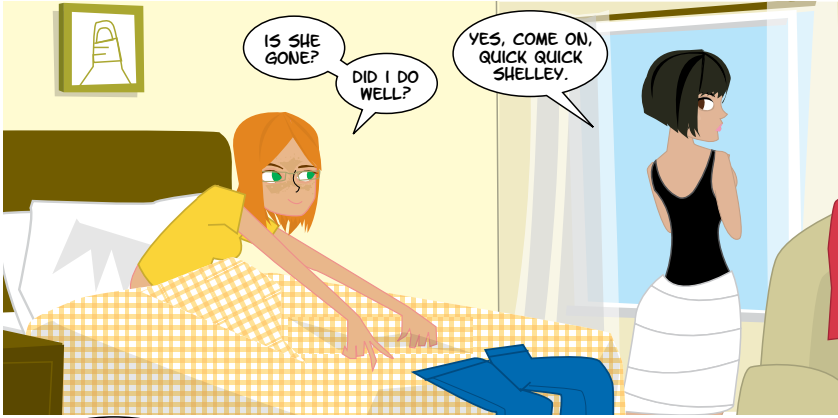
EITHER WE PLUG HER UP AT BOTH ENDS OR I GO OUT AND GET HER SOME MEDICINE.

SHIVER  
SHIVER  
SHIVER



HA! LIKE I TRUST YOU NOT TO RUN OFF, EVIL INTERN. I'LL GO, AND I'M LOCKING YOU TWO IN.

THIS IS PATHETIC.



IS SHE GONE?

DID I DO WELL?

YES, COME ON, QUICK QUICK SHELLEY.



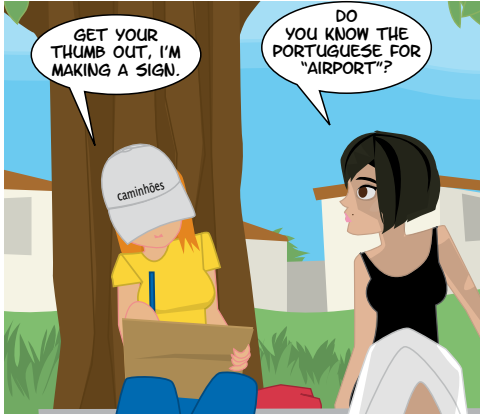
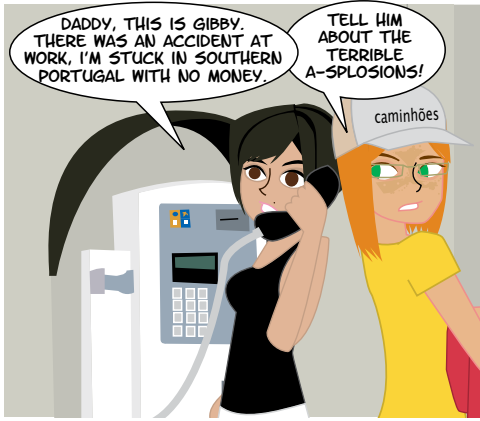
THAT WAS A PRETTY GOOD SIMULATION OF FOOD POISONING.

I WASN'T... SURE ABOUT THE CROW NOISES.



CRAW!  
THAT WAS A VULTURE.

HE KNEW MY TIME WAS UP AND HAD DESIGNS ON MY RIBCAGE.





**ENGLAND!**  
WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT IN THE ABSENCE OF A PASSPORT, YOU COULD TRAVEL USING ONLY POLITENESS AND SMILES?

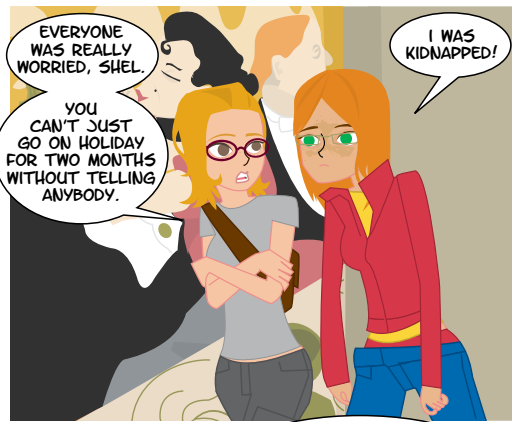
HAVE YOU FINISHED FROLICING? DAD'S WAITING IN THE CAR.

POING



ACK

AWW! SMALL SPRAT! I MISSED YOU!



EVERYONE WAS REALLY WORRIED, SHEL.

YOU CAN'T JUST GO ON HOLIDAY FOR TWO MONTHS WITHOUT TELLING ANYBODY.

I WAS KIDNAPPED!



KIDNAPPED? WHERE? BARBADOS?

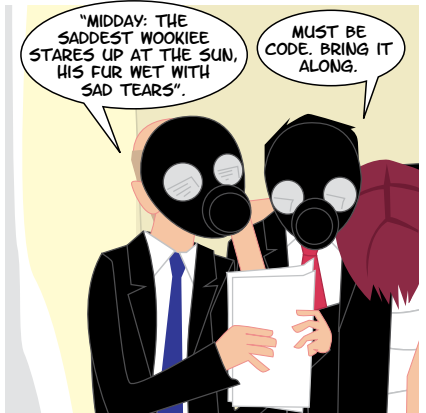
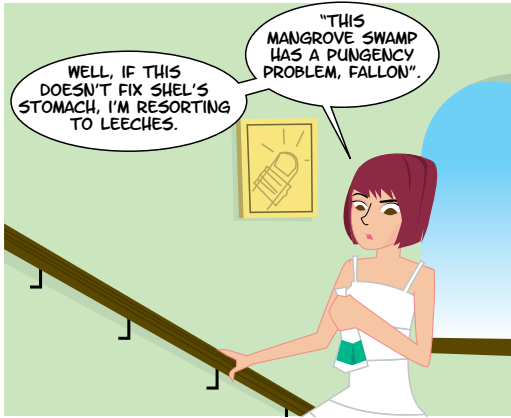
IF I SPENT AS MUCH TIME AS YOU MAKING THINGS UP, I'D BE BETTER AT IT.

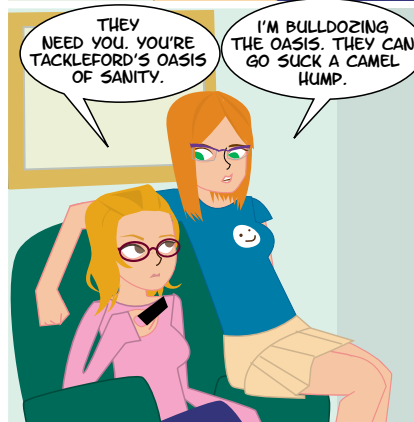
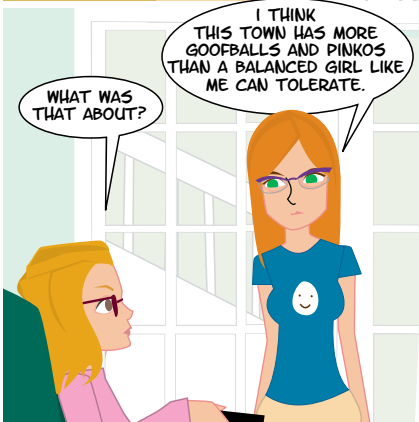
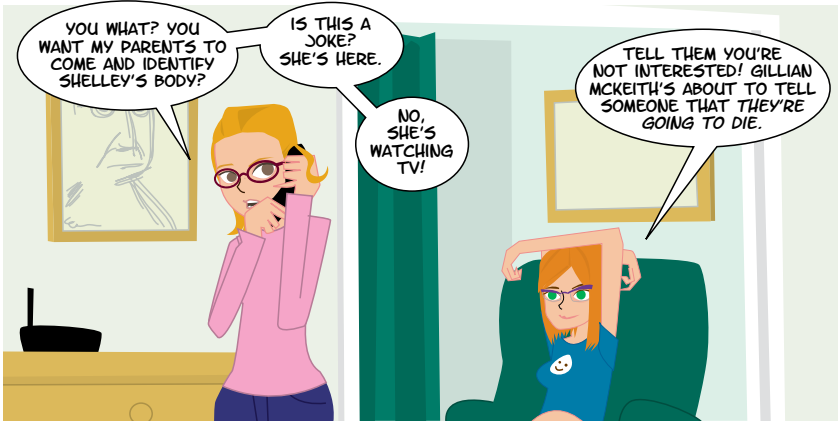
WELL IT WAS ONLY SPORADICALLY AWFUL, AND UM...

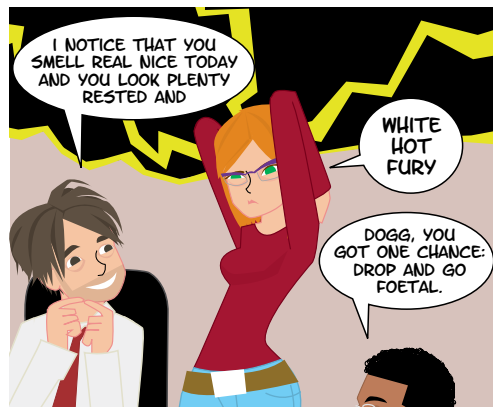
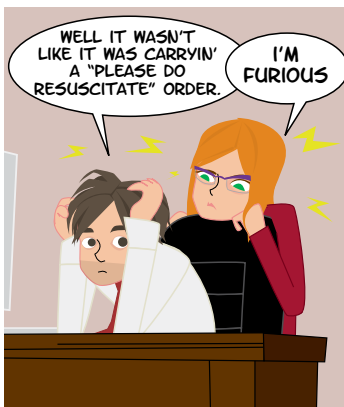
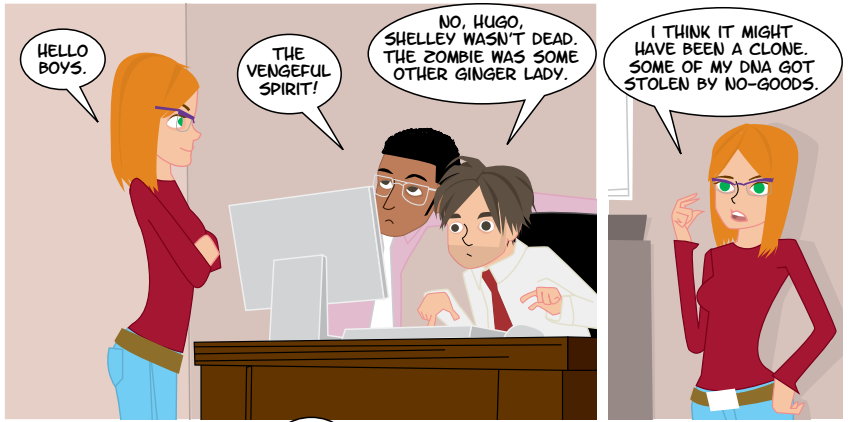


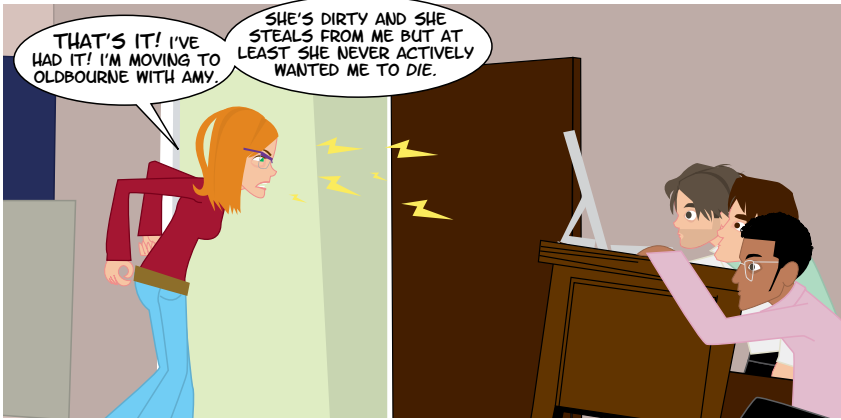
TELL MUM YOU WOKE UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT COMPELLED TO DO MISSIONARY WORK. AND WHEN YOU GOT THERE—

I CAUGHT AMNESIAS!



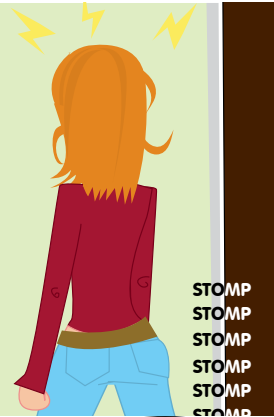
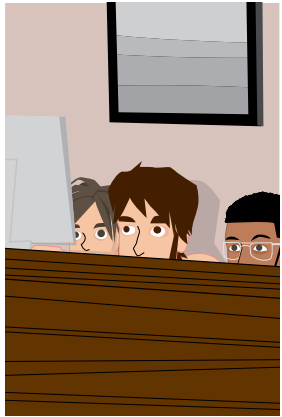
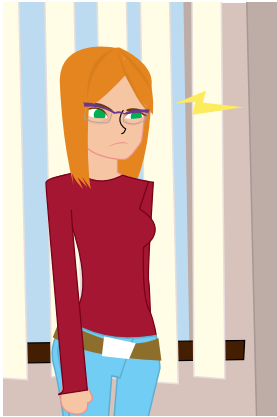






THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD IT! I'M MOVING TO OLDBOURNE WITH AMY.

SHE'S DIRTY AND SHE STEALS FROM ME BUT AT LEAST SHE NEVER ACTIVELY WANTED ME TO DIE.



STOMP  
STOMP  
STOMP  
STOMP  
STOMP



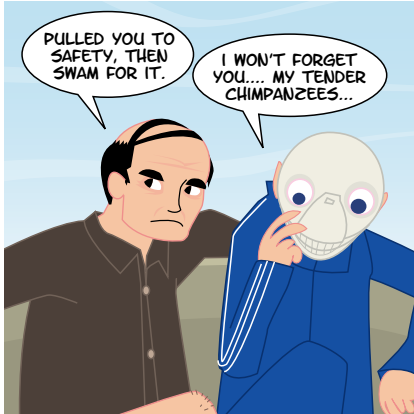
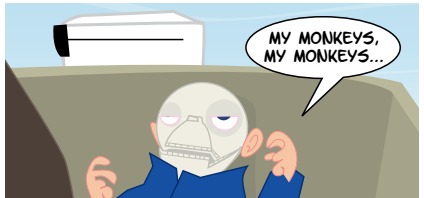
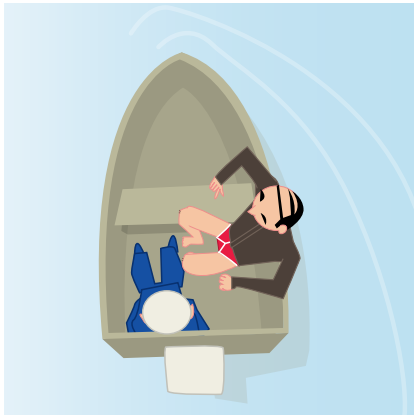
EVEN IN HER SQUEAKY LITTLE VOICE, THAT WAS THE HARSHTEST THING ANYONE'S EVER SAID TO ME.

I KNOW.



HUGO FEELS LIKE HE'S JUST BEEN THRASHED BY A FIERCE MOUSE OR BLUETTIT.

I GOTTA BE ALONE WITH MYSELF FOR A WHILE.







# SHELLEY ON SCHOOLIN'

I'm hardly in this story at all, which allows me to provide a straight talkin' helicopter view of the situation. It's mostly about my little sister Erin and her friends, fired up with the pith and vinegar of youth. Staying up late and not being tired the next day, easily able to metabolise McDonalds food, yet to be ravaged by liver spots and confined to bath chairs with a tartan blanket over their knees. O youth!

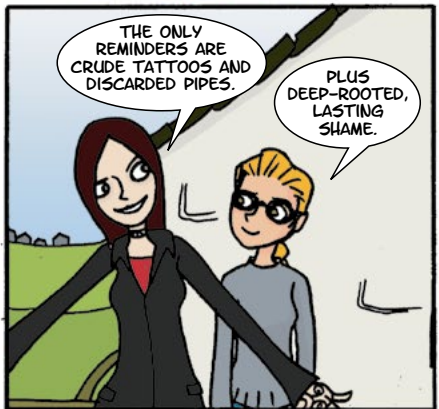
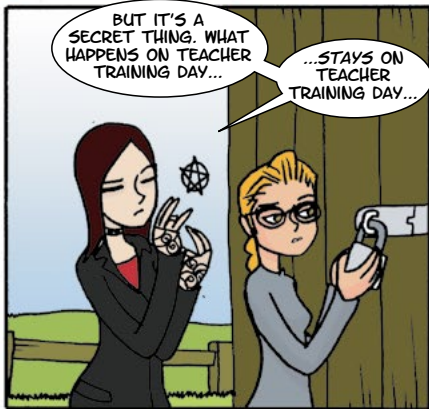
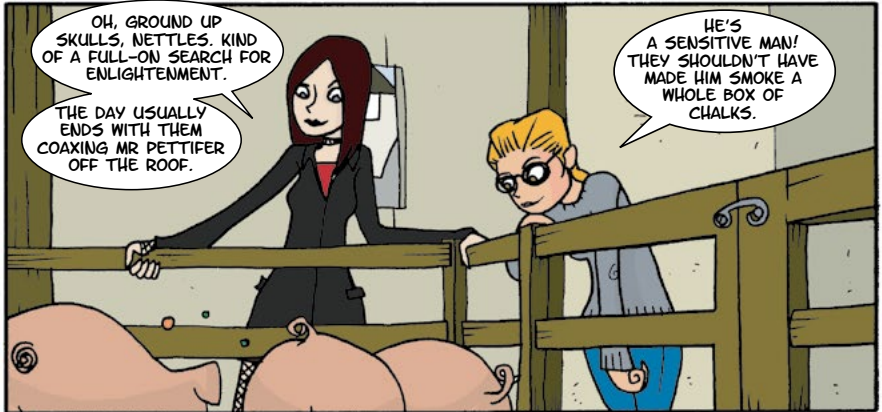
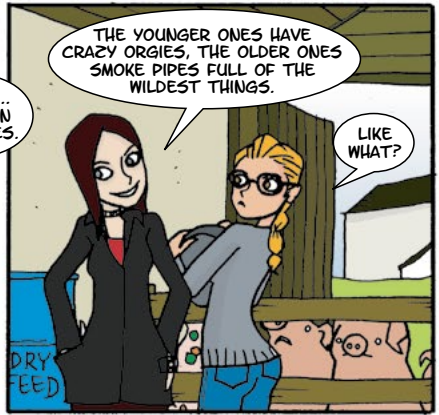
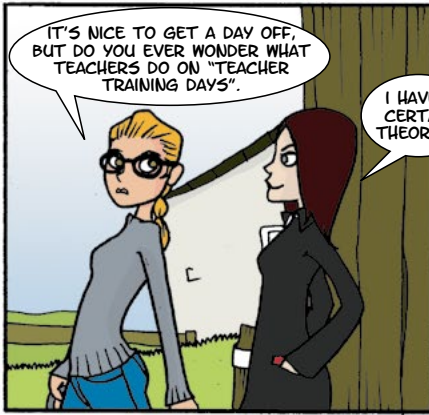
You may notice that it is drawn in a different way to the rest of the book. This is because Scary Go Round auteur director (and spiv) John Allison was in his back-to-basics pen-and-ink phase. He swore never to draw on the computer again and threw his lovely machine into a ravine, the berk!

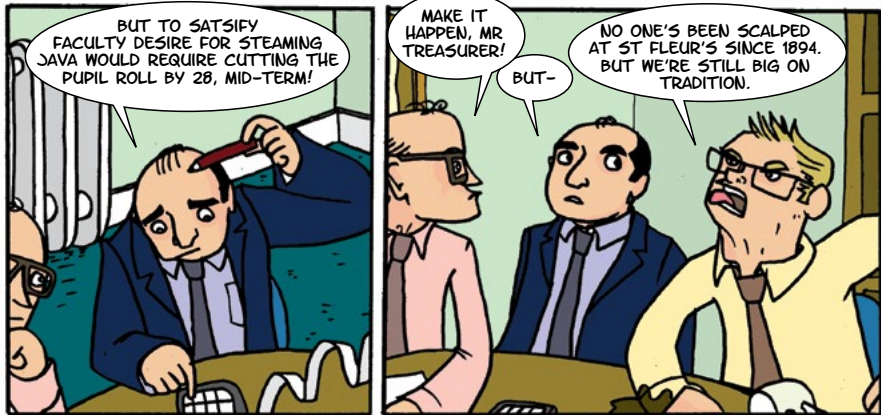
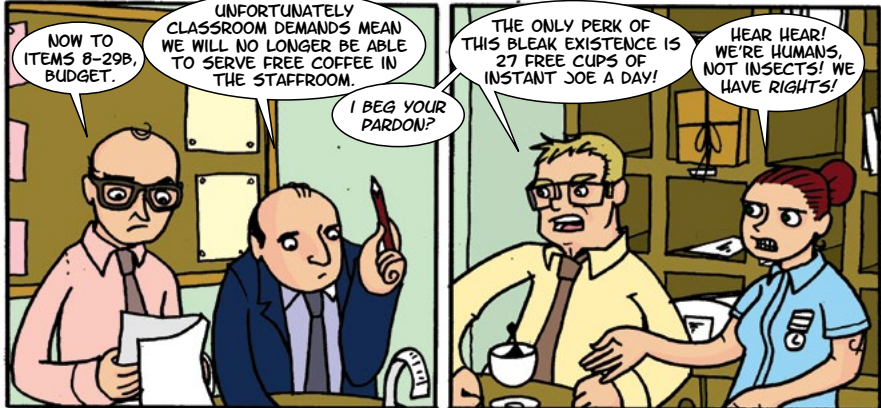
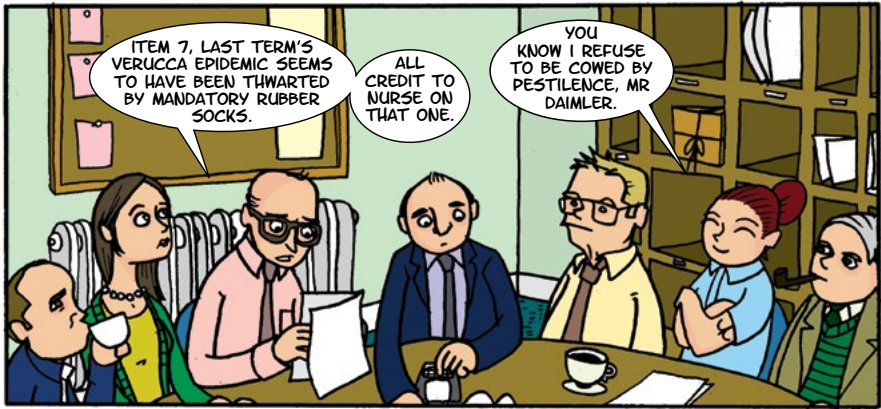
Erin is a very serious girl with studious ways, so I'm glad she has Esther for a friend. Esther is the sort of person who would head into a cave to chill out with some bats, or perhaps buy a black sweater with holes already in it. She might cast a small spell, or just listen to the intense jams of Cradle of Filth. Her children will be called Ravenwyng and Crowsfoot. She is *dark*.

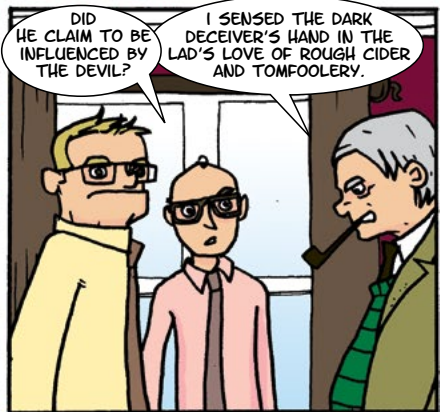


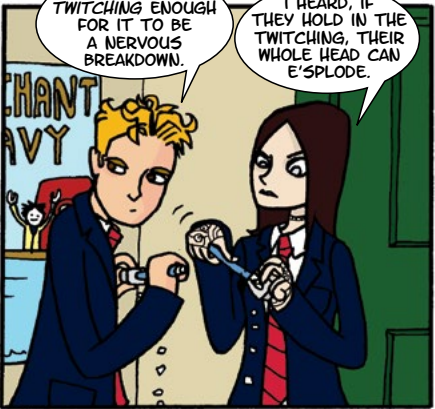
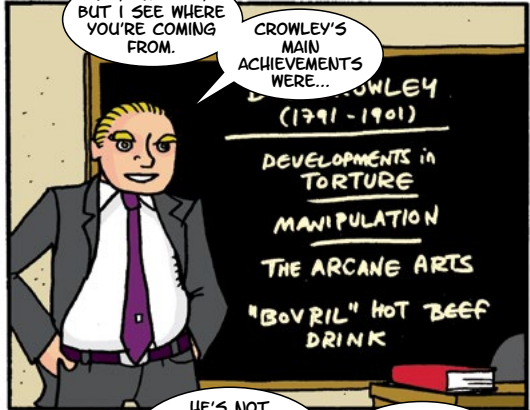
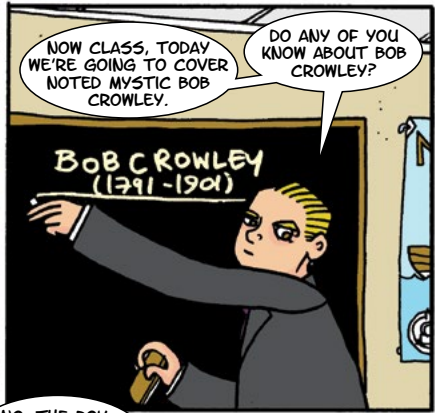
Erin's other ally is The Boy, a nameless young man who fancies himself as pretty smart but looks to me like he cannot decide who is fanciest, Erin or Esther! I also hear that he pulls the red face when he sees Amy. He'd better make his mind up quick or he'll end up married to the sea. He won't end up married to Amy, she'd snap him in two like a dry twig.

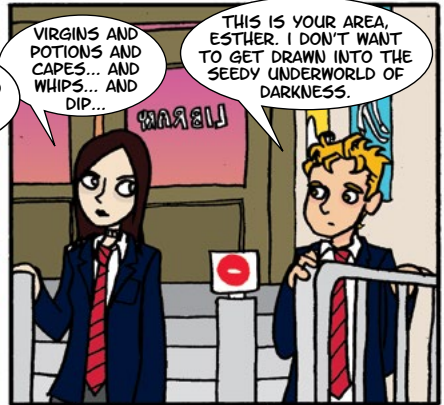
The overarching moral of this story is to work hard in school. If you've already left school, I recommend sneaking in at night and reading the text books, perhaps you will learn something! Just so long as what you learn is not what the inside of a police car looks like.

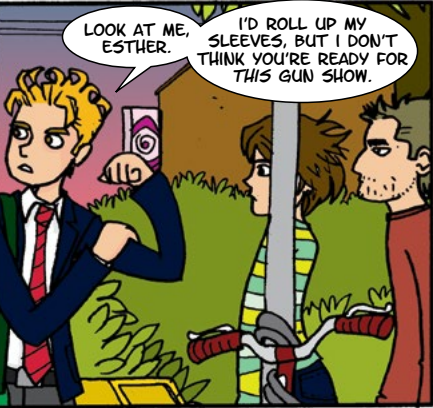
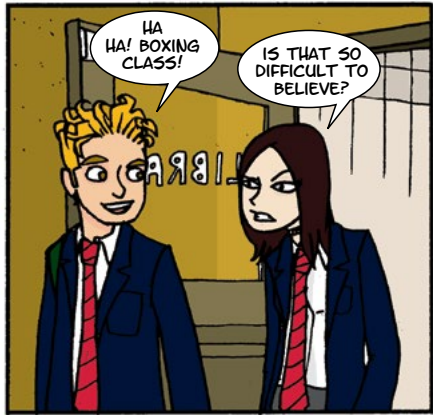














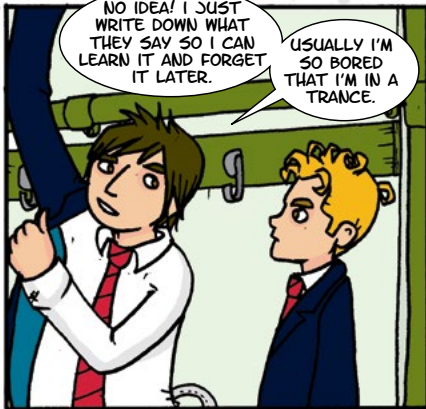


NOW CLASS, REMEMBER...

...DON'T USE ANY OF THESE EQUATIONS TO OPEN UP A GATEWAY TO HELL.

AT LEAST, NOT ON SCHOOL PREMISES!

MILFORD, IS IT ME OR IS EVERY LESSON WE'VE HAD THIS WEEK TIED IN TO THE BLACK ARTS?



NO IDEA! I JUST WRITE DOWN WHAT THEY SAY SO I CAN LEARN IT AND FORGET IT LATER.

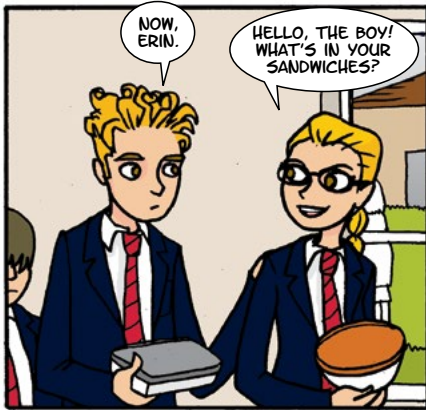
USUALLY I'M SO BORED THAT I'M IN A TRANCE.



DO YOU WANT TO GO AND GET SOME CHIPS?

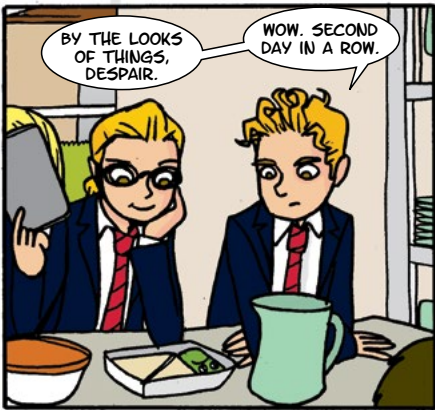
NO, MY MUM MADE ME SANDWICHES.

IF I DON'T EAT THEM, I GET THE GUILT.



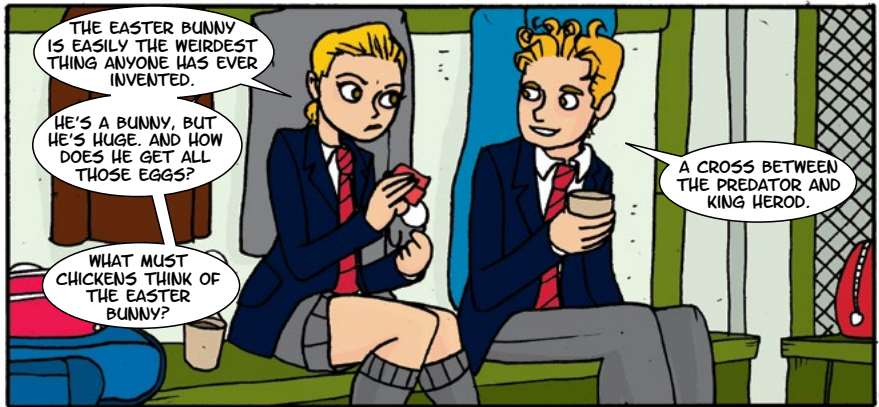
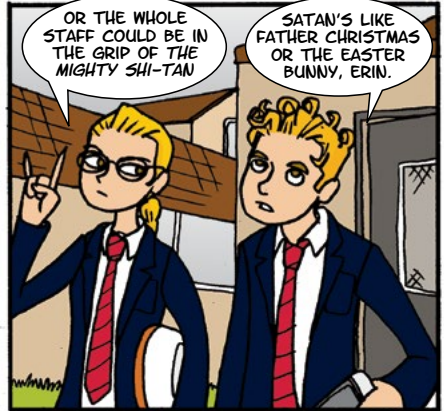
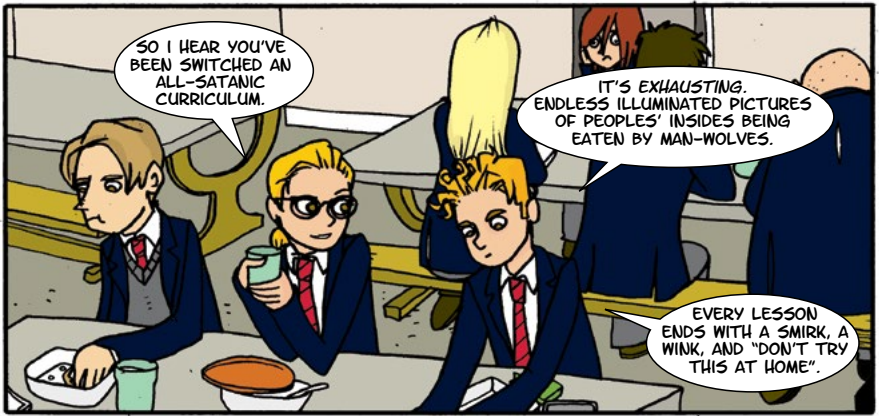
NOW, ERIN.

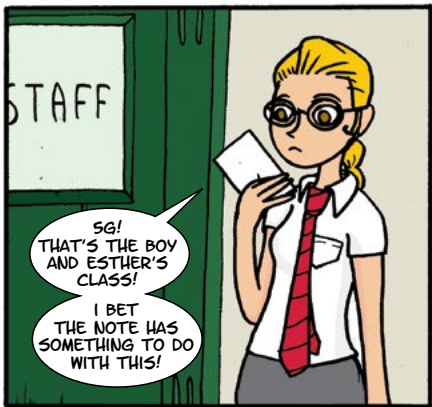
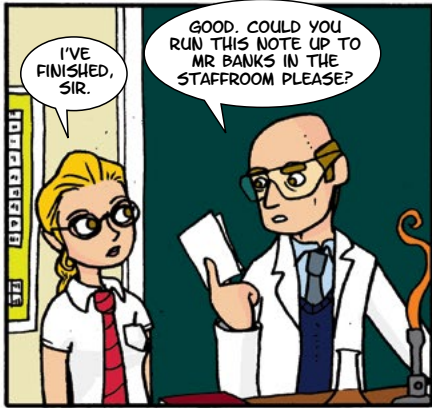
HELLO, THE BOY! WHAT'S IN YOUR SANDWICHES?

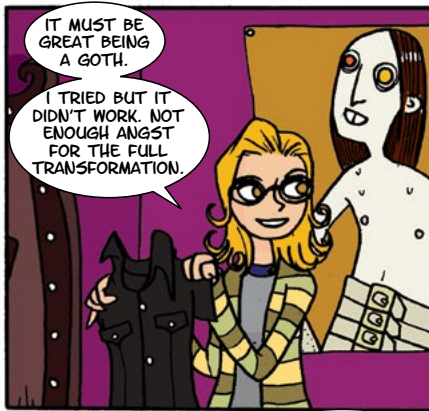


BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS, DESPAIR.

WOW. SECOND DAY IN A ROW.

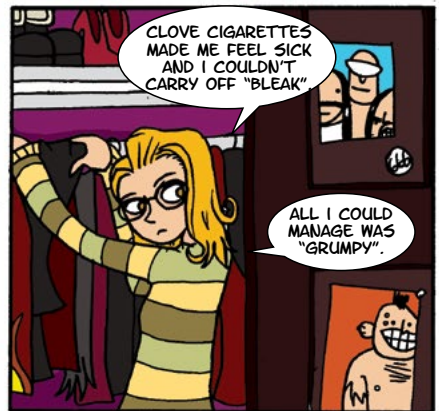






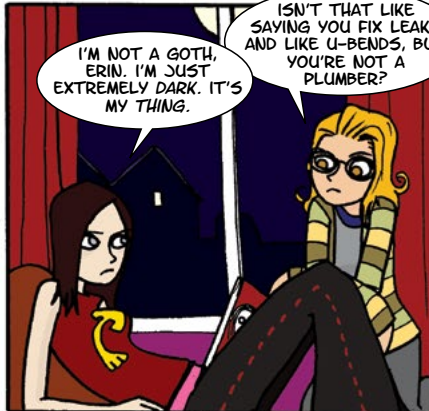
IT MUST BE GREAT BEING A GOTH.

I TRIED BUT IT DIDN'T WORK. NOT ENOUGH ANGST FOR THE FULL TRANSFORMATION.



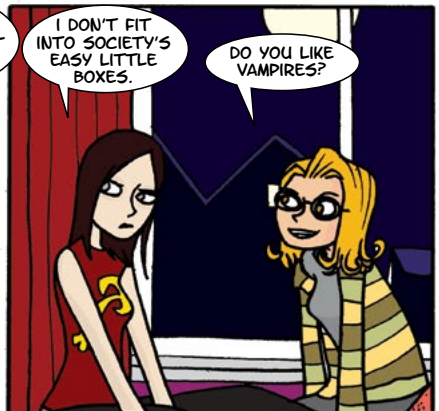
CLOVE CIGARETTES MADE ME FEEL SICK AND I COULDN'T CARRY OFF "BLEAK"

ALL I COULD MANAGE WAS "GRUMPY".



I'M NOT A GOTH, ERIN. I'M JUST EXTREMELY DARK. IT'S MY THING.

ISN'T THAT LIKE SAYING YOU FIX LEAKS AND LIKE U-BENDS, BUT YOU'RE NOT A PLUMBER?



I DON'T FIT INTO SOCIETY'S EASY LITTLE BOXES.

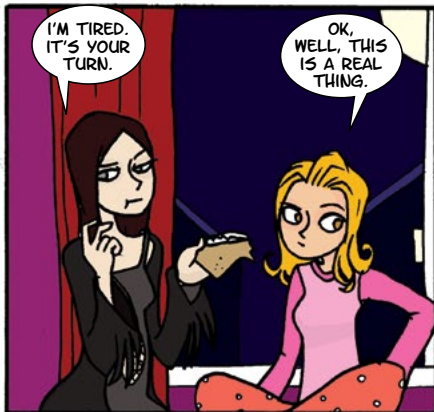
DO YOU LIKE VAMPIRES?

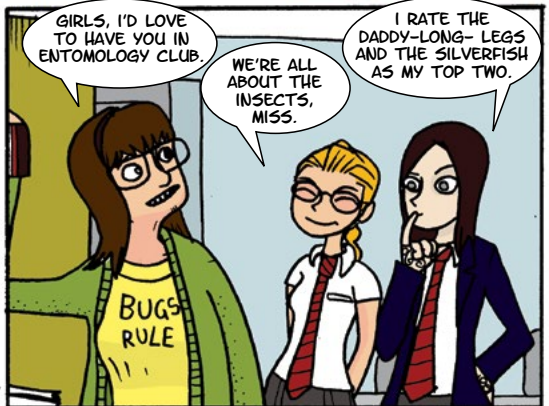
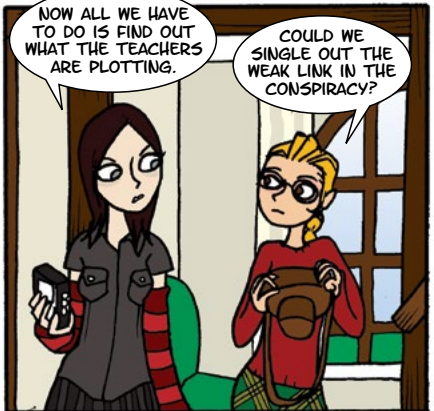


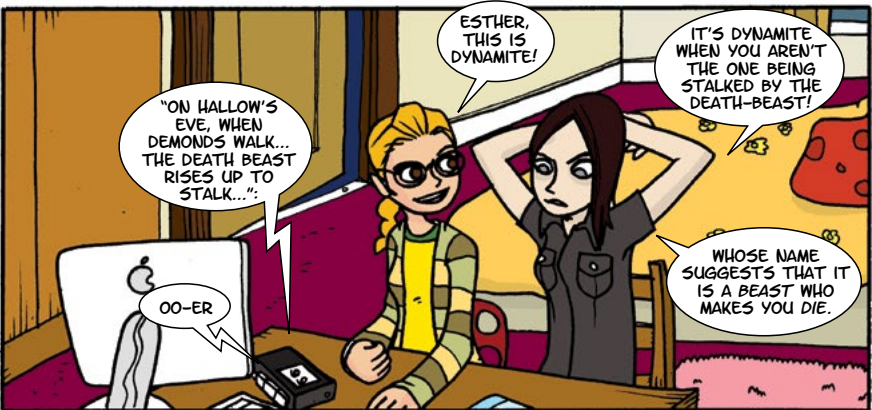
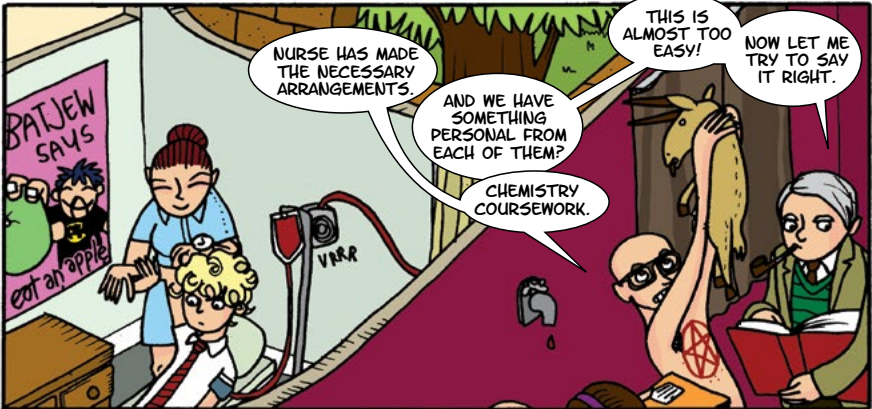
WOULD YOU LET A VAMPIRE BITE YOU?

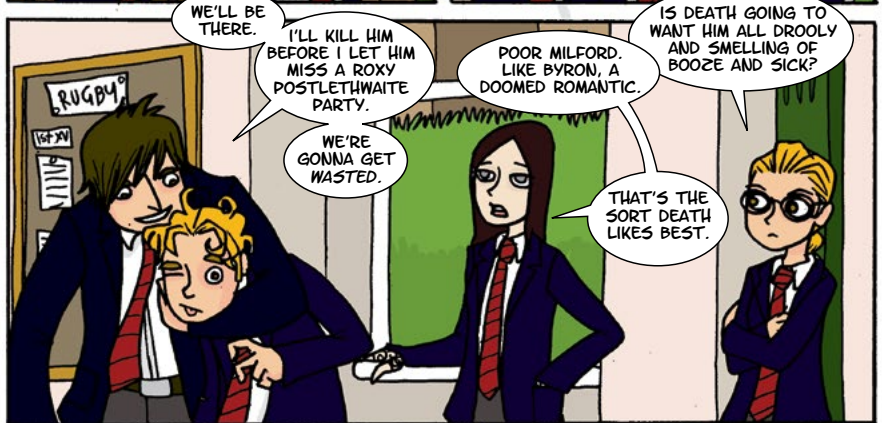
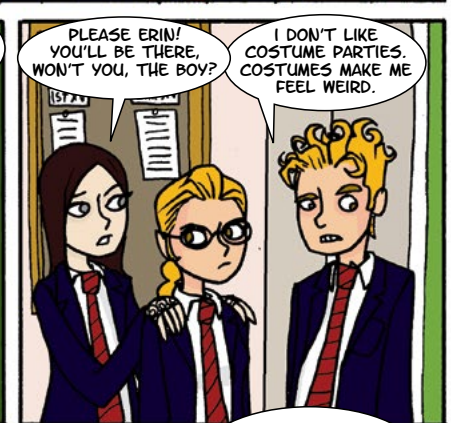
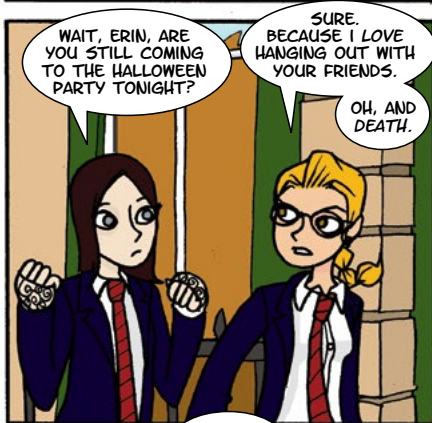
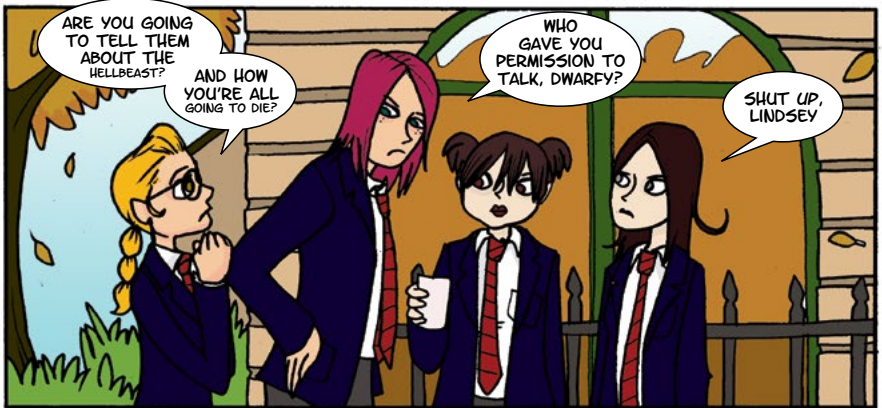
ALL GOTHs SECRETLY CRAVE THE VAMPIRE'S BITE!

AFTER A CERTAIN NUMBER OF STUPID QUESTIONS, A SLEEP-OVER BECOMES A MURDER-OVER.











ESTHER, WHY ARE WE GOING TO A FANCY DRESS PARTY WHEN YOUR WHOLE CLASS IS ABOUT TO DIE?

SHOULDN'T WE AT LEAST TELL THEM THAT THE HELLBEAST IS COMING FOR THEM?

AND HOW WOULD THAT HELP? SHOULD WE GIVE THEM SAFETY TIPS?



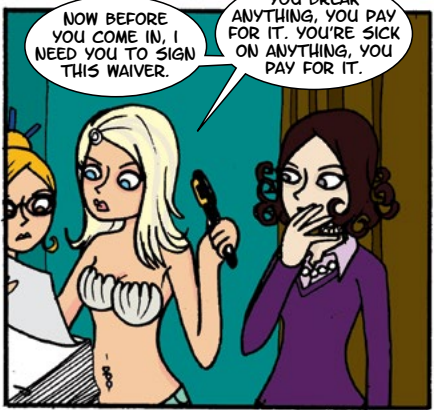
"WHEN THE BEAST IS RAKING YOU WITH ITS CLAWS, STAND IN A DOORWAY."

MAYBE WE COULD GET PEOPLE TO HIDE. INSIDE LEAD BOXES.



HELLO ESTHER, ERIN.

GOOD EVENING ROXY.



NOW BEFORE YOU COME IN, I NEED YOU TO SIGN THIS WAIVER.

YOU BREAK ANYTHING, YOU PAY FOR IT. YOU'RE SICK ON ANYTHING, YOU PAY FOR IT.

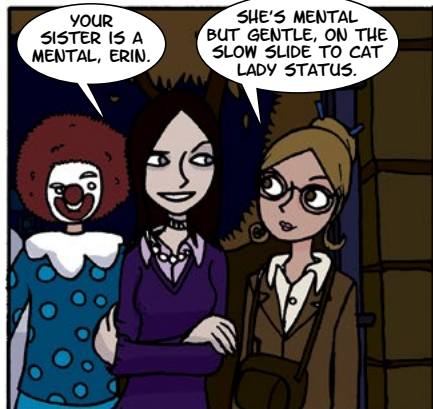


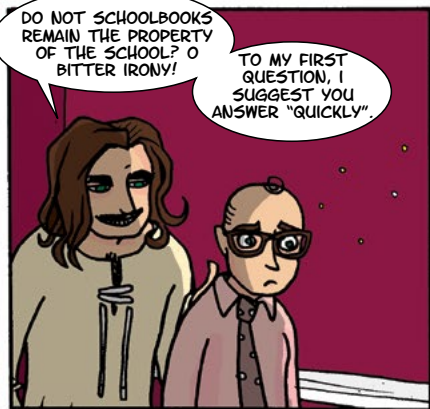
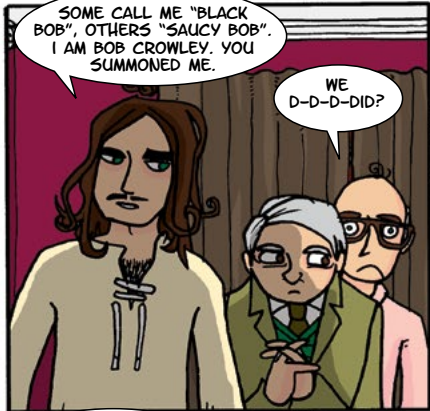
WHAT'S THE "DADDY'S WINE CELLAR" CLAUSE?

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THAT IT IS AWFUL.











YOU LOOK NICE!  
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DIRTY STOP-OUT?

I'M COVERING AN EVENING WITH NOTED EXPLORER CHESTER JONES FOR THE TACKLEFORD CORMORANT.  
HE'S BEEN TO THE CONGO AND SEEN SOME FAT SPIDERS, OR SOMETHING.



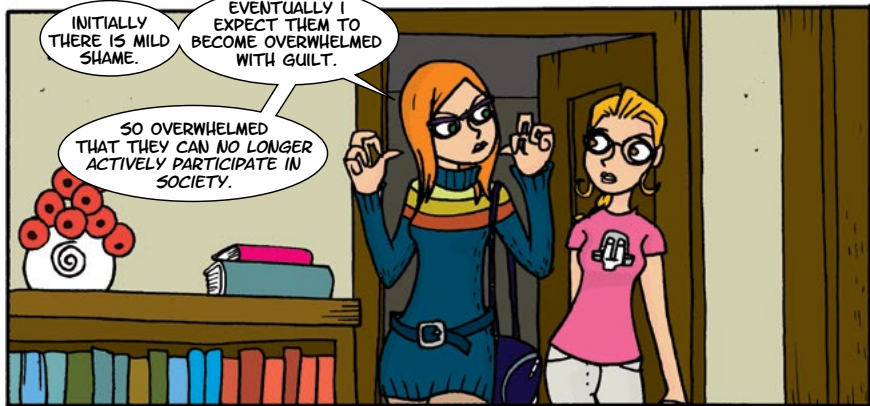
WHY WOULD YOU WRITE FOR THE LOCAL PAPER?

THEY ALWAYS USED TO WRITE ABOUT YOU LIKE YOU WERE A CRAZED IDIOT.



KEEP YOUR FRIENDS CLOSE AND YOUR ENEMIES CLOSER, SMALL SISTER.

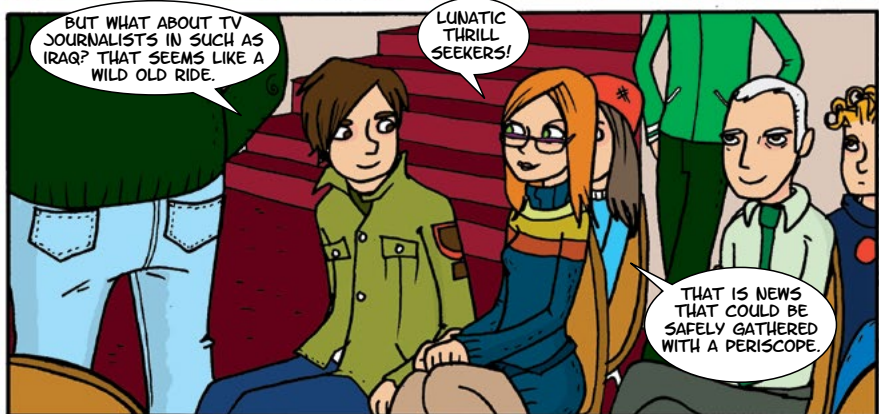
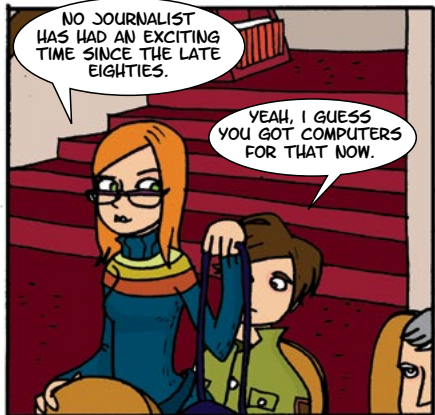
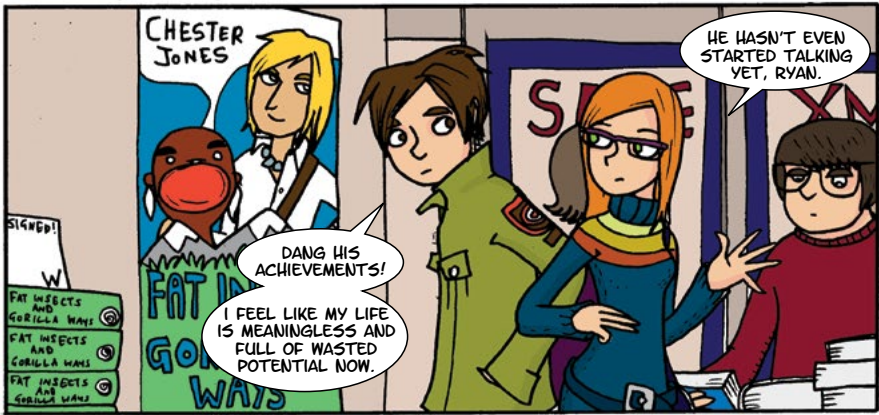
FORGIVE ME, HOW DOES THAT WORK?

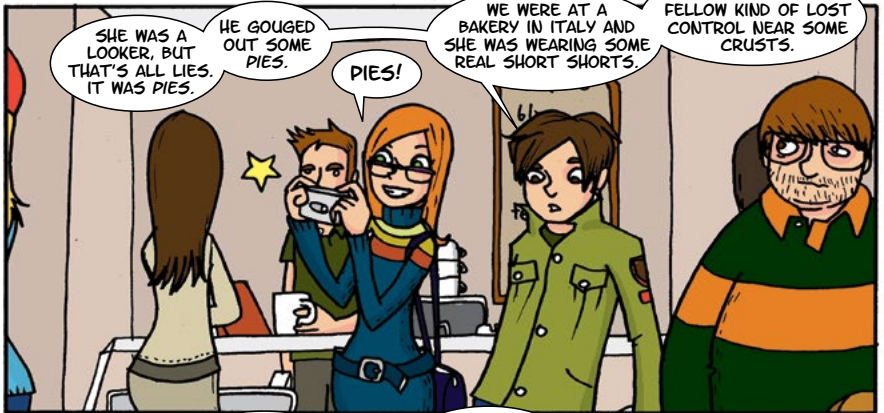


INITIALLY THERE IS MILD SHAME.

EVENTUALLY I EXPECT THEM TO BECOME OVERWHELMED WITH GUILT.

SO OVERWHELMED THAT THEY CAN NO LONGER ACTIVELY PARTICIPATE IN SOCIETY.











AWAKE AT 7.30!  
THAT'S LIKE  
GETTIN' A DOUBLE  
LENGTH DAY!



HOW COME THE  
NEWSPAPER NEVER  
TRUMPET'S GREAT  
ACHIEVEMENT?

SUCH AS  
"SCREWDRIVERS  
FOUND TO BE  
LUCKY".



"POOR,  
HORSE-FACED MAN  
SCORES EXCELLENT  
BRIDE".

OR "NEW  
LOCOMOTIVE  
ENGINE CURES  
POX."

WE LIVE IN  
A DRAB AGE,  
FRIEND BAT.



MAN, I  
EXIST LIKE A  
BEAST.

AN ONION IS  
NO KIND OF MEAL  
FOR A MAN.



IS IT OKAY TO GO  
TO THE SHOP IN YOUR  
PYJAMAS AT 7.30?

IS EVERYONE  
OUT THERE WEARIN'  
PYJAMAS?

SURELY  
IT'S OKAY.

HELL, IT AIN'T  
LIKE THEY'RE THE  
PYJAMAS WITH THAT  
TINKLIN' HOLE  
UPFRONT.



RYAN, WHY WILL YOU NOT MEET MY DAUGHTER, NINA? I KNOW YOU WOULD GET ALONG. SHE WAS A FINALIST IN MISS PEARS!

AW, MR PATEL, I'D ONLY DISAPPOINT HER WITH MY RECKLESS AND SALTY WAYS.



IT IS YOUR LOSS, MY FRIEND, YOUR LOSS... AH, MY LITTLE RAY OF SUNSHINE!

GOOD MORNING, HELLO! HELLO RYAN!



YOU SHOULD HAVE COME OUT LAST NIGHT. WE MET THE NOTED EXPLORER CHESTER JONES.

I'VE MET HIM, HE LOVES HIMSELF.



MAN DOES HE EVER. HE OFFERED ME TEN GRAND IF I COULD FIND A NEW AND UNDISCOVERED SPECIES IN TACKLEFORD METROPOLITAN BOROUGH.

SMUG, SO SMUG.

I'D LOVE TO TAKE THAT 10K OFF HIM. WE CAN DO THIS THING.

GET RIGHT UP IN HIS GRILL WITH A THREE-EYED LIZARD.



LOOKIN' THROUGH THESE LOCAL HISTORY BOOKS, WE DO HAVE A LOT OF TRADITIONALLY MAGICAL SPOTS.

THE TROLL WELL, THE BROWNIE GLEN.

DO TROLLS COUNT AS NEW SPECIES? I SUPPOSE THEY DO.

BUT I DON'T WANT OUR ANIMAL DISCOVER DISMISSED ON A TECHNICALITY.



I SUPPOSE IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING WRIGGLING IN A SACK, NO ONE CAN TELL YOU IT DOESN'T EXIST.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT! WE MIGHT NOT FIND A BARKING CAT WITH HORNS...



THAT WOULD BE A GIFT TOO FREELY GIVEN

...BUT WE COULD FIND AN ELF THAT'S BEEN MAULLED BY A FOX.



YEAH. HIT HIM WITH A ROCK IF HE'S STILL SQUEALING.

AMY, THAT IS NOT THE NATURALIST WAY.

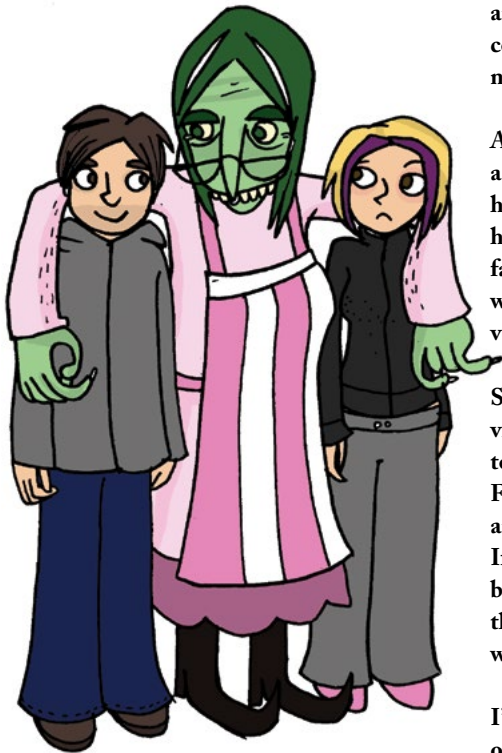
THIS ELF MIGHT BE HALF OF THE LAST BREEDING PAIR. WE GOT TO CARE FOR HIM.

SEND HIM BACK OUT INTO THE WILD WITH RED WINE AND MARVIN GAYE RECORDS?



# SHELLEY ON THE WITCH

This is a terrifying tale by anyone's reckoning. Sending a couple of dim bulbs like Amy and Ryan out into the woods on their own isn't just irresponsible, it's potentially dangerous to the local flora and fauna. The combination of hard liquor, funny cigarettes and wild bears is too incendiary to contemplate without givin' yourself nightmares!



After John threw his computer into a ravine, he drew the fancy story you have just read. But by the end of it (so he claims), drawing little teapots and fancy backgrounds, then colouring the whole lot in, was taking him "a very very very long time".

So he set off to the bottom of the ravine with only a piece of garden twine to secure himself to a jagged outcrop. Fortunately his computer still worked and he resumed his old drawin' ways. If only there were two of the brave boy-cartoonist to do all the drawing that needs to be done! What a terrible world that would be.

I'm hardly in this story at all, except to offer a stern and disapproving note at the end. And quite right too.



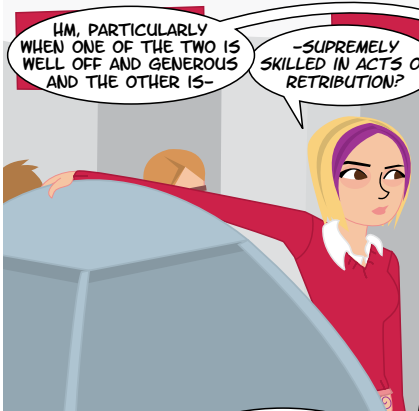
THANKS FOR COMIN' WITH ME ON MY ANTHROPOLOGICAL TRIP, AMY.

THANKS NOTHING! I NEED HALF OF THAT PRICE MONEY!



YEAH, I GUESS YOU HAD IT PRETTY EASY HAD IT LIVIN' WITH OLE SHELLEY.

WELL... THEY SAY TWO CAN LIVE AS CHEAPLY AS ONE.



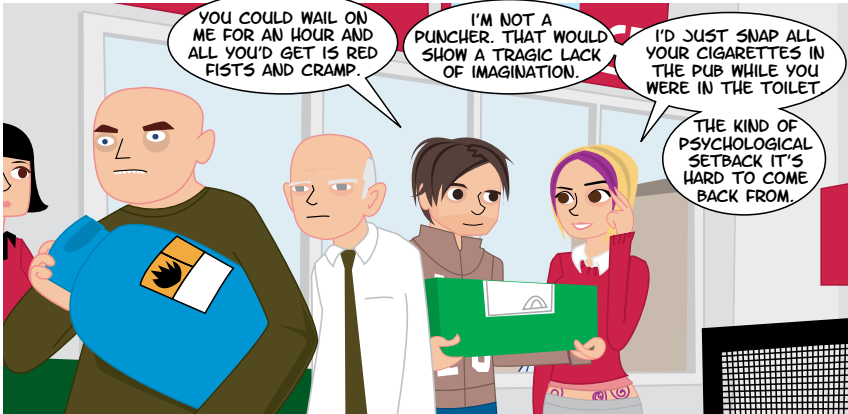
HM, PARTICULARLY WHEN ONE OF THE TWO IS WELL OFF AND GENEROUS AND THE OTHER IS-

-SUPREMELY SKILLED IN ACTS OF RETRIBUTION?



PETTY THREATS OF FORCE DON'T ALARM ME. I'M LIKE AN ARMADILLO.

BAM! I'M IN A BALL.

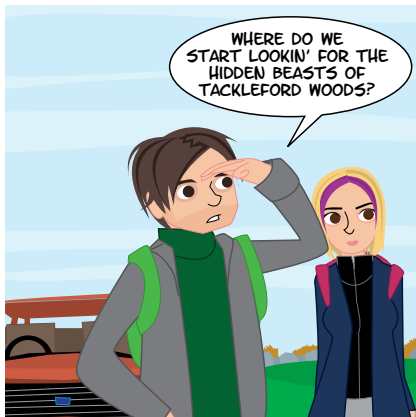


YOU COULD WAIT ON ME FOR AN HOUR AND ALL YOU'D GET IS RED FISTS AND CRAMP.

I'M NOT A PUNCHER. THAT WOULD SHOW A TRAGIC LACK OF IMAGINATION.

I'D JUST SNAP ALL YOUR CIGARETTES IN THE PUB WHILE YOU WERE IN THE TOILET

THE KIND OF PSYCHOLOGICAL SETBACK IT'S HARD TO COME BACK FROM.







WE'RE LOSING THE LIGHT, SHALL WE PITCH THE TENT HERE?

YEAH, SURE. GET IT OUT AND WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT.



I HAVEN'T GOT IT. YOU'VE GOT IT.

NO, I'VE GOT THE HEXALITE STOVE AND THE BEANS.



RYAN!

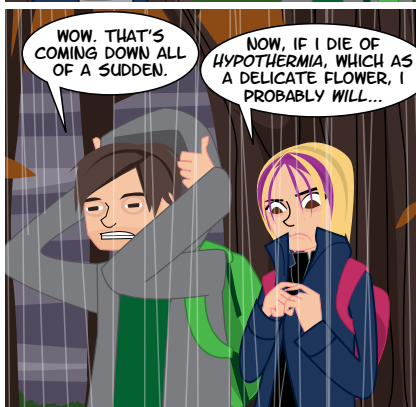
YOU WERE THE ONE WHO INSISTED ON BEANS.

I CONCERNED MYSELF WITH THE BEANS.



LET'S HEAD BACK TO CIVILISATION THEN. THAT'S AN OMINOUS SKY UP THERE.

OH NO. OH NO.



WOW. THAT'S COMING DOWN ALL OF A SUDDEN.

NOW, IF I DIE OF HYPOTHERMIA, WHICH AS A DELICATE FLOWER, I PROBABLY WILL...



AMY, YOU'RE LIKE A BATTLESHIP.

YOU'LL BE DRAGGIN' MY OLE SKELETON ROUND THE WOODS FOR WEEKS AS COMPANY.



WOAH, A GINGERBREAD HOUSE? WHO WOULD LIVE IN A HOUSE LIKE THIS?

THE GINGERBREAD MAN!  
I LOVE THAT LITTLE GUY. HE'S SO ACCOMODATING.



HE'S THE PERSON YOU CAN EAT WITHOUT HAVING TO FORM A DEATH PACT ON THE INTERNET FIRST.

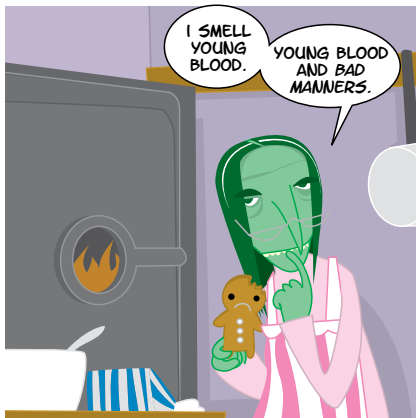
RYAN, THE GINGERBREAD MAN DOESN'T LIVE IN A GINGERBREAD HOUSE.

THAT'S WHERE WITCHES LIVE. WICKED WITCHES.



WITCHES ARE PEACEFUL. DOIN' NO HARM, HEALIN' YOU WITH BARK INFUSIONS AND MOONBEAMS.

POLITICALLY CORRECT CLAP-TRAP!



I SMELL YOUNG BLOOD.

YOUNG BLOOD AND BAD MANNERS.



AMES, I'M NOT STAYING OUT HERE IN THE COLD ALL NIGHT.

BUT... WITCHES!



HOW ABOUT SHOWIN' SOME KINDNESS TO THE WICKED WITCHES OF THE WORLD?

MAYBE THEY WOULDN'T BE SO WICKED IF YOU WEREN'T ALWAYS JUDGIN'.



WOOLLY HEADED IDEALISM!

WELL THIS WOOLLY HEAD WILL BE INDOORS BY THE CRACKLIN' FIRE.



FRASSUM RASSUM SASSUM...

FINE. I'M GOING TO STAY OUT HERE AND EAT THE HOUSE.

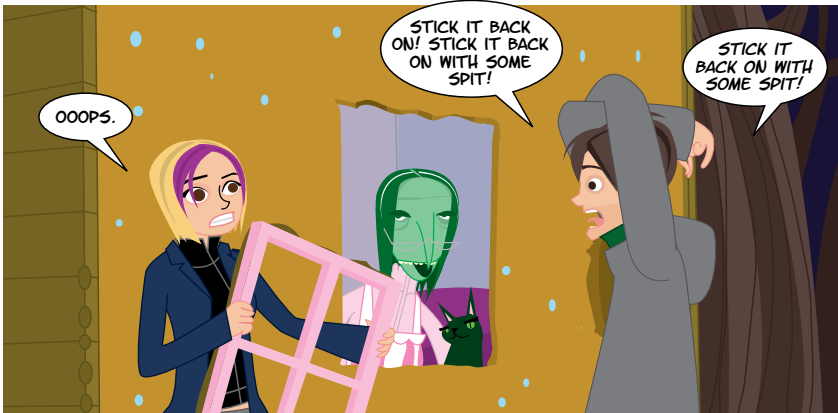
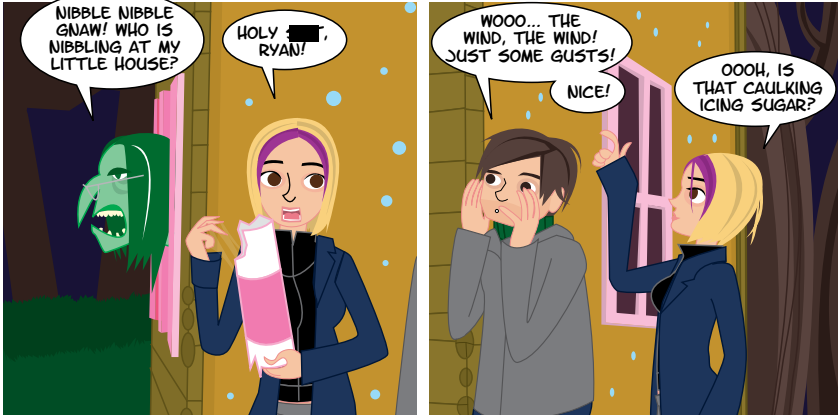
YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

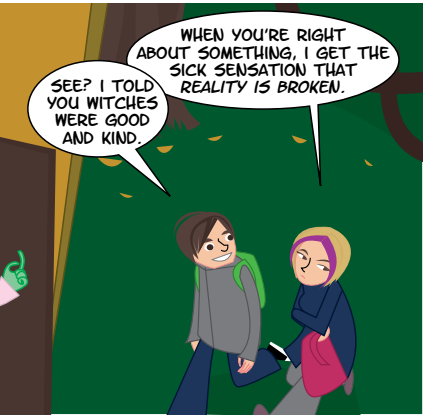
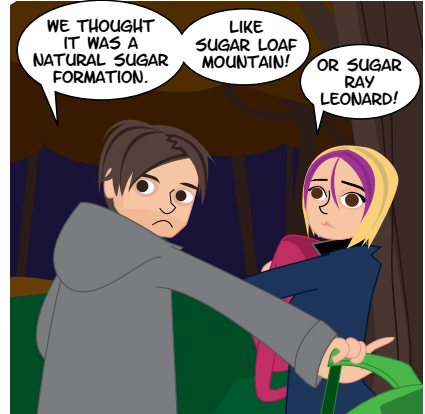
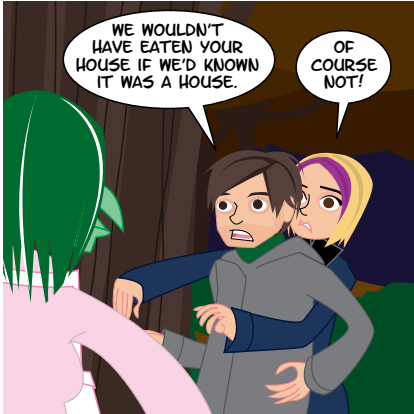


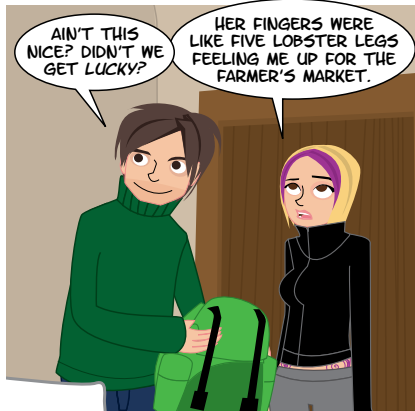
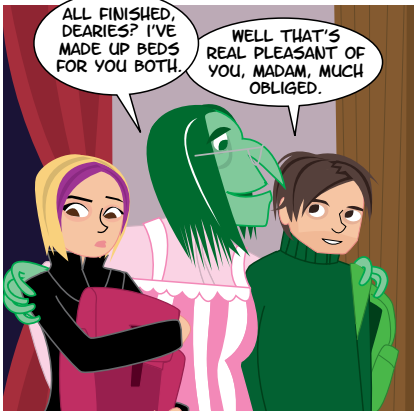
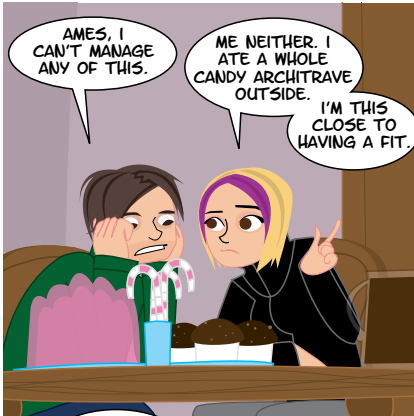
YES I CAN. IT'S CAKEY AND DELICIOUS!

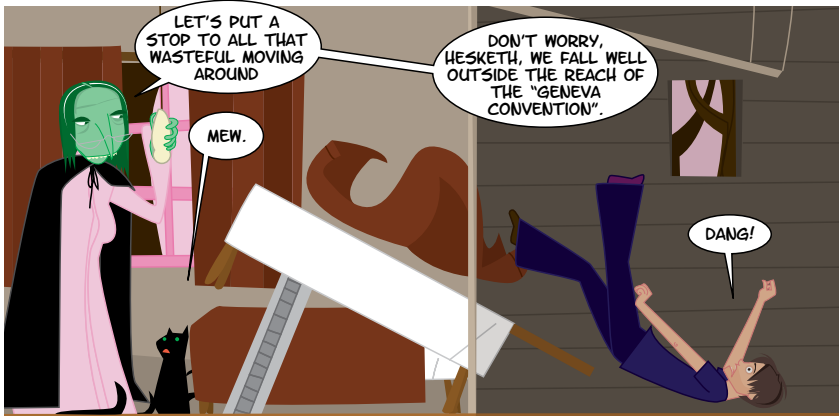
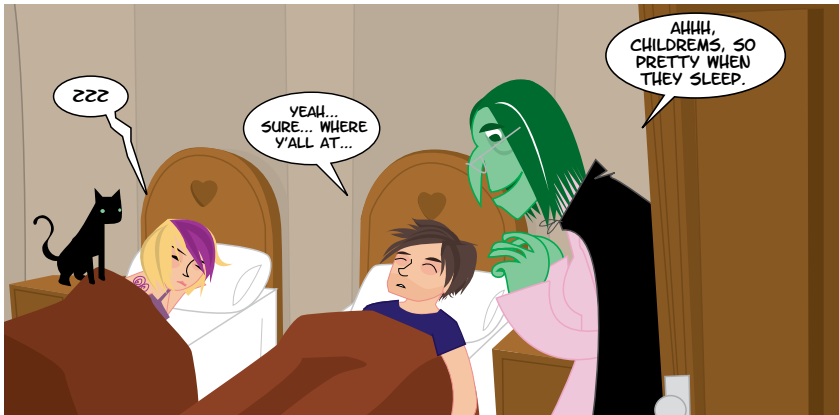
PLUS PEOPLE HAVE INSURANCE. IT'S A VICTIMLESS CRIME.

I'M GOING TO BE REAL ASHAMED OF YOU IF THAT WAFER IS LOAD-BEARING.



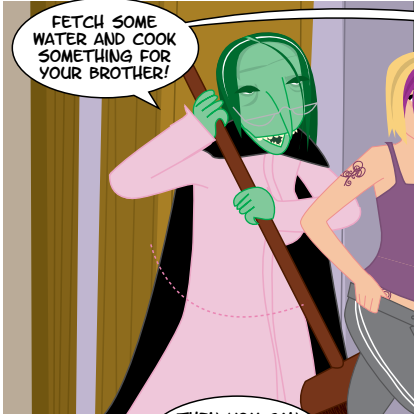






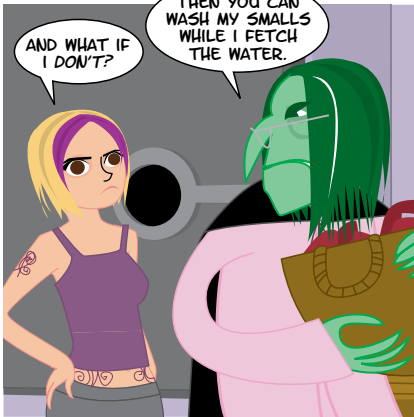


GET UP,  
LAZYBONES! YOU  
HAVE WORK TO DO!



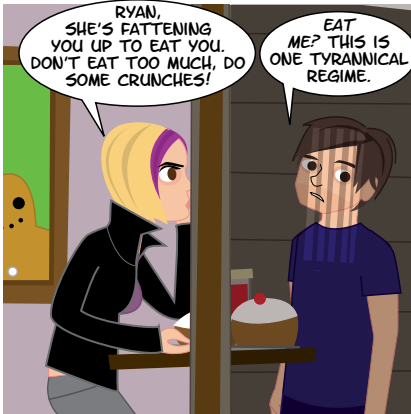
MY  
BROTHER?

HE IS IN THE  
STABLE AND IS TO  
BE MADE FAT!



I'LL FETCH  
THE WATER.

FETCH IT SO,  
SO GOOD.





OH LONESOME NIGHT...

...JUST ME AND MY BISCUIT BANJO



AWAITIN' LIBERATION BY UN PEACEKEEPERS

SO HOPPED UP ON CAKES THAT NOTHIN' EVEN RHYMES ANY MORE, OOOOO!

LITTLE BOY, LITTLE BOY!



PUT YOUR FINGER THROUGH THE BARS, LITTLE BOY, THAT I MIGHT FEEL HOW FAT YOU HAVE BECOME.



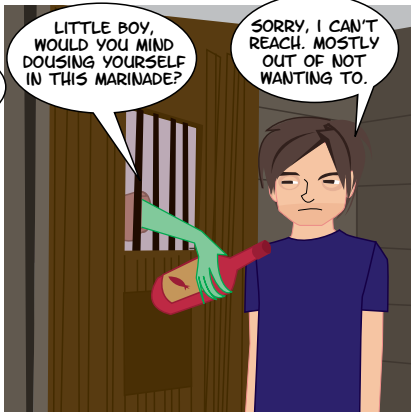
IT'S THE WEIGH-IN! IT'S THE WEIGH-IN! I GOTTS TO FAIL OR GET EATEN!

CADBURY'S FINGERS!



BAH! FAR FROM FAT ENOUGH! I WILL FEED YOU MORE.

THE SWEETEST PIES, THE LARDIEST DOUGH.



LITTLE BOY, WOULD YOU MIND DOUSING YOURSELF IN THIS MARINADE?

SORRY, I CAN'T REACH. MOSTLY OUT OF NOT WANTING TO.





DISAGREEABLE  
LITTLE GIRL!

CLIMB IN THE  
OVEN AS YOU'RE TOLD  
OR I'LL TAKE THE  
BROOMSTICK TO YOU!

I DON'T  
THINK I CAN FIT  
IN HERE!



GET OUT OF MY  
WAY, STUPID LITTLE  
GIRL, AND LET ME  
SHOW YOU.



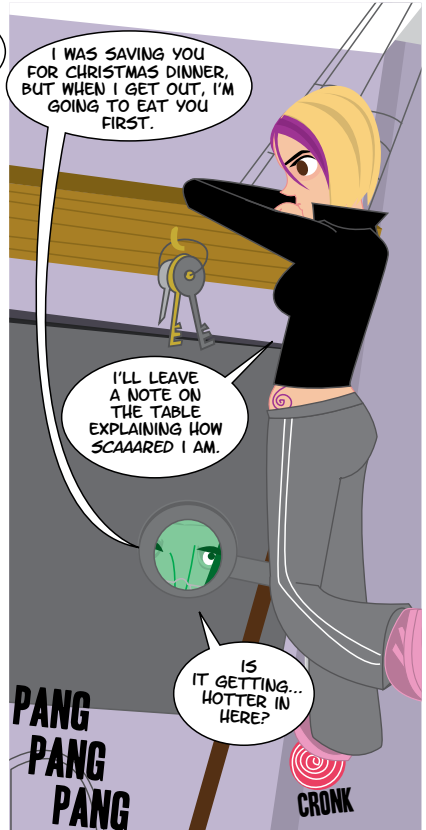
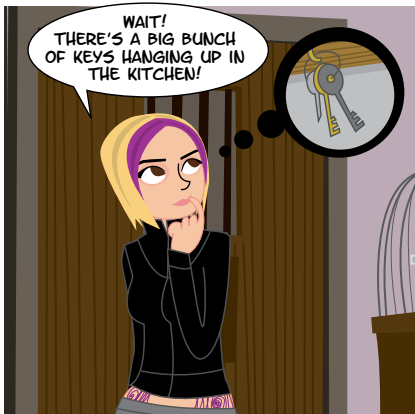
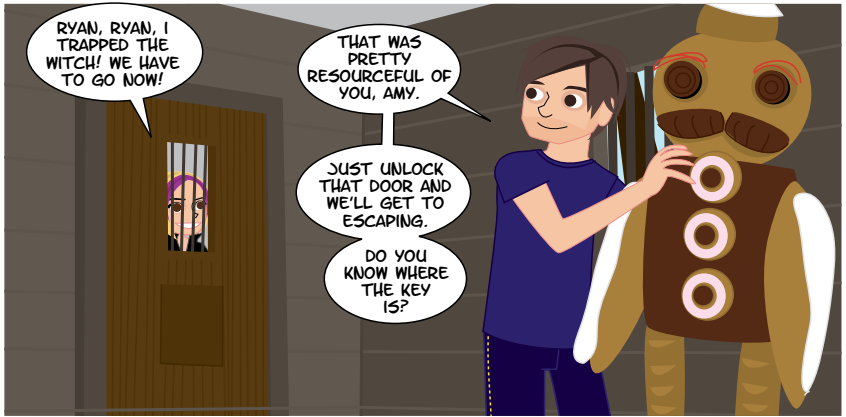
YOU  
CLIMB IN  
FORWARDS LIKE  
SO AND-

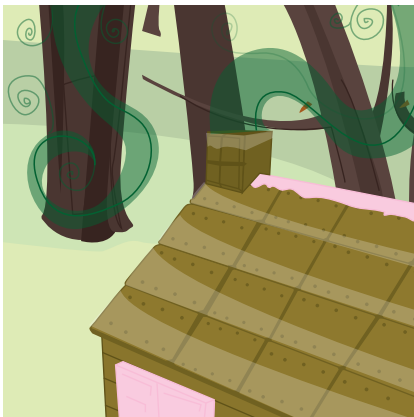
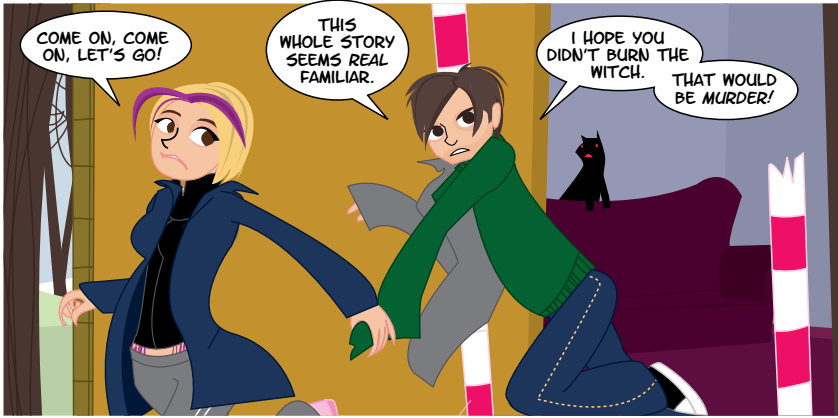


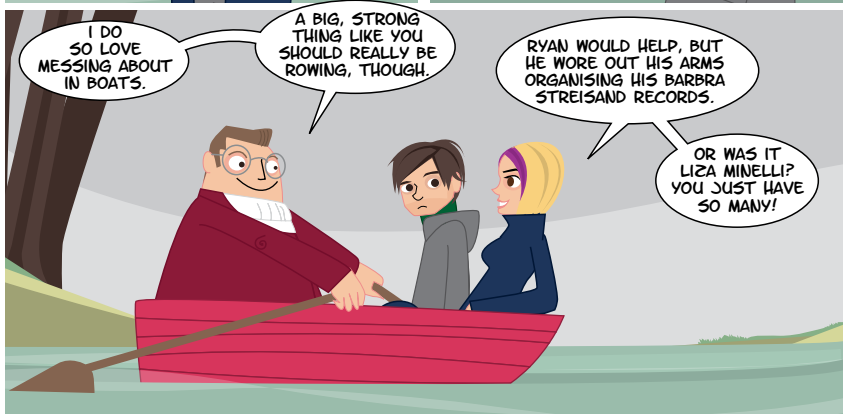
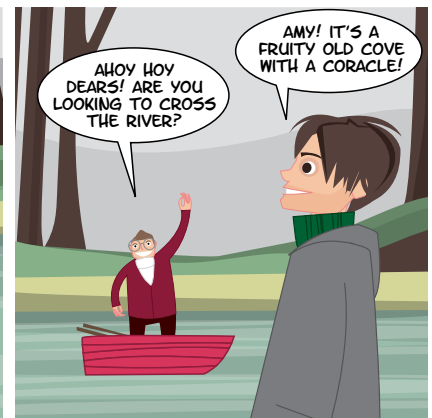
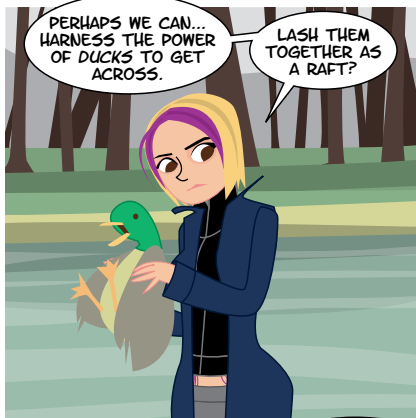
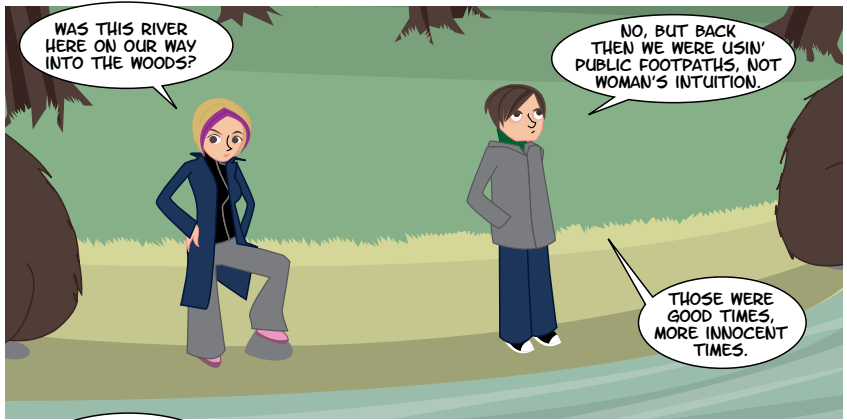
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE? LET  
ME OUT!

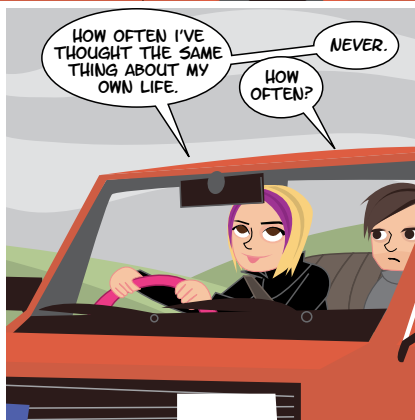
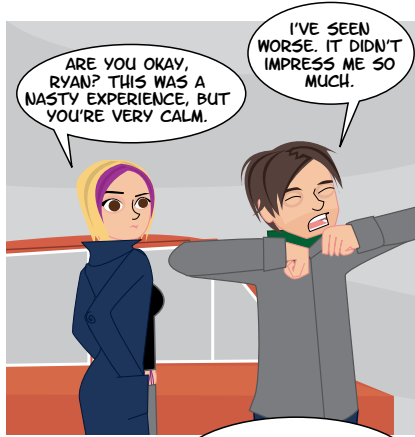
**CLANG CLANG  
CLANG**

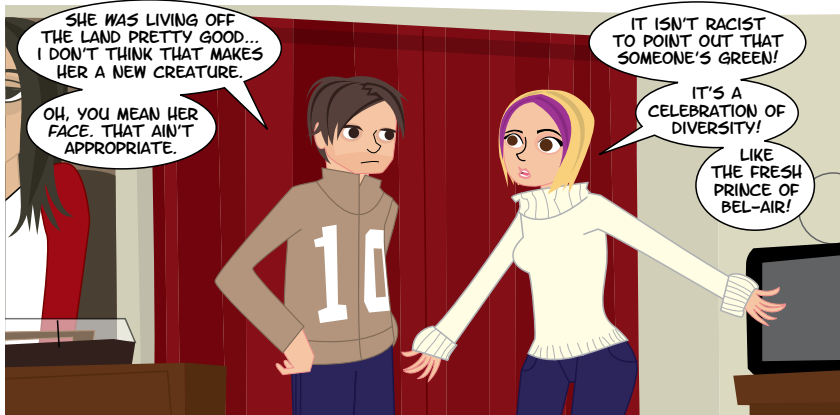
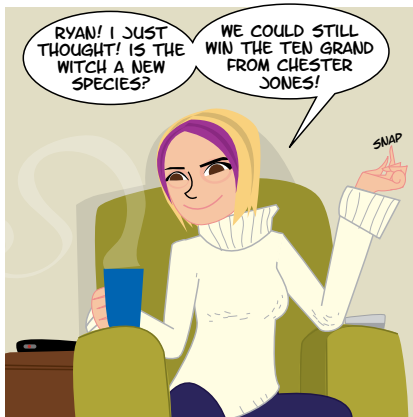
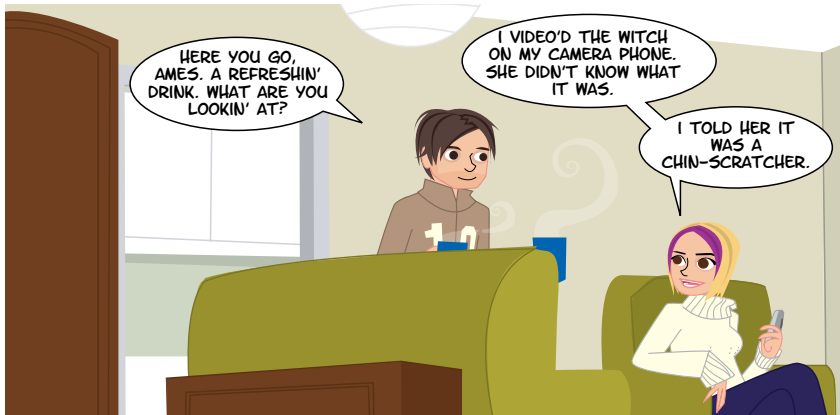
OH DEAR! YOUR  
BROOMSTICK SEEMS  
TO HAVE FALLEN  
BEHIND THE  
HANDLE  
BELIEVE ME,  
THIS IS AS  
INCONVENIENT FOR ME  
AS IT IS FOR YOU!

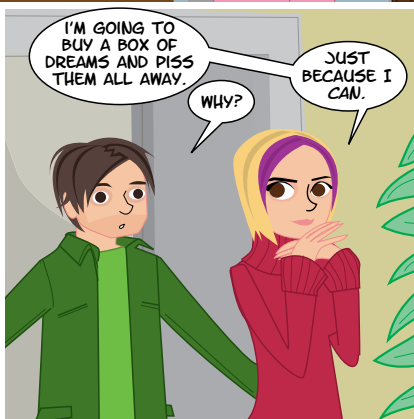
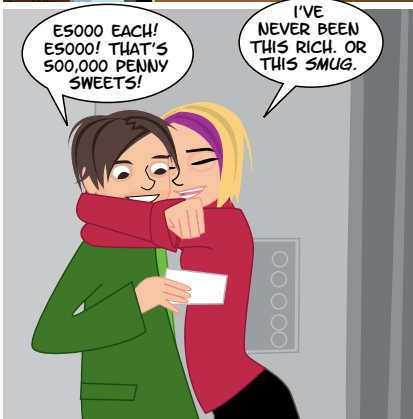
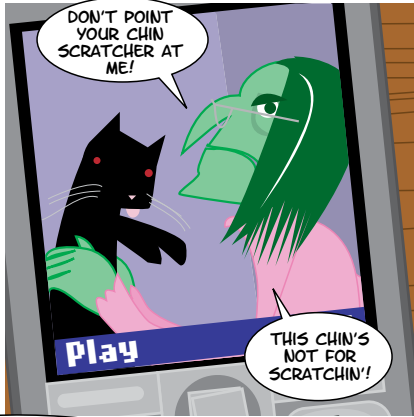


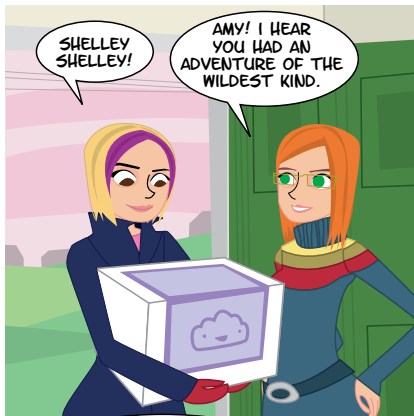






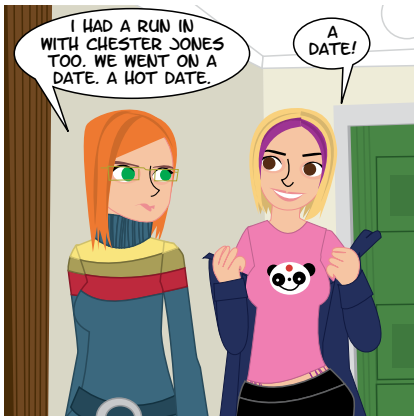






SHELLEY SHELLEY!

AMY! I HEAR YOU HAD AN ADVENTURE OF THE WILDEST KIND.



I HAD A RUN IN WITH CHESTER JONES TOO. WE WENT ON A DATE. A HOT DATE.

A DATE!



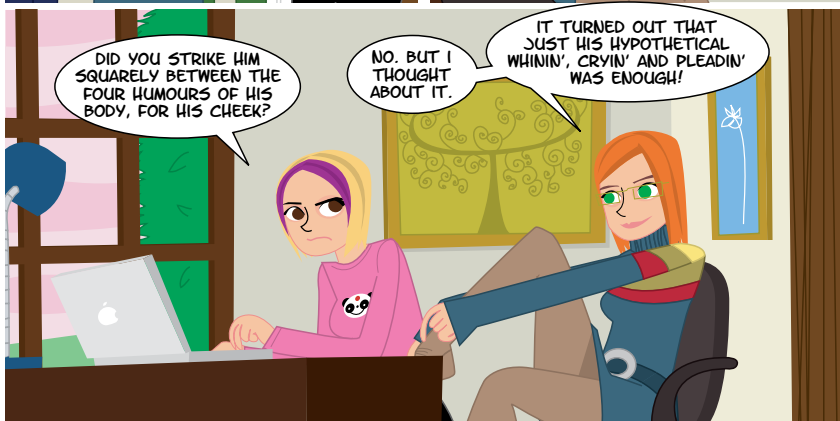
IT CAME OUT OVER THE COURSE OF THE EVENING THAT HE WAS STILL IN LOVE WITH A BISON CALLED AGNES.

AUGH! NO!



YES. HE LIVED TOO LONG AMONG THE OKAPI. GOT HIM SOME DIRTY WAYS.

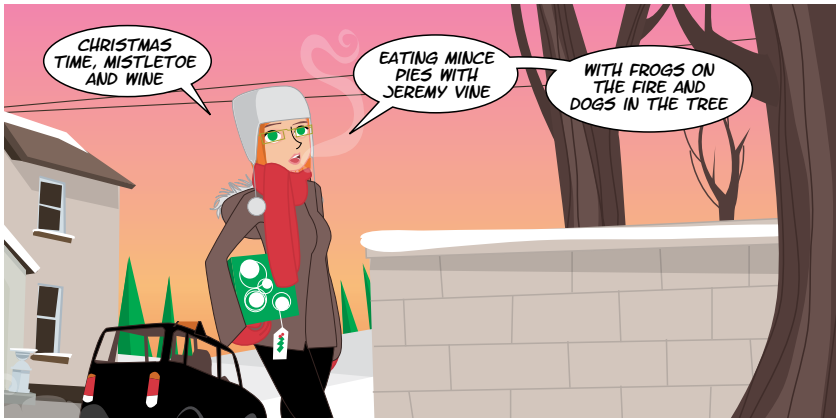
SO I TOLD HIM, I DON'T HAND OUT PRIZES FOR BEING WEIRD.



DID YOU STRIKE HIM SQUARELY BETWEEN THE FOUR HUMOURS OF HIS BODY, FOR HIS CHEEK?

NO. BUT I THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

IT TURNED OUT THAT JUST HIS HYPOTHETICAL WHININ', CRYIN' AND PLEADIN' WAS ENOUGH!



CHRISTMAS  
TIME, MISTLETOE  
AND WINE

EATING MINCE  
PIES WITH  
JEREMY VINE

WITH FROGS ON  
THE FIRE AND  
DOGS IN THE TREE



TIME TO  
REJOICE IN THE  
OWLS THAT WE  
SEE!

STOP YOUR  
CATERWAULING  
AND COME IN,  
SHELLEY. YOU'LL  
WAKE UP BABY  
JESUS.

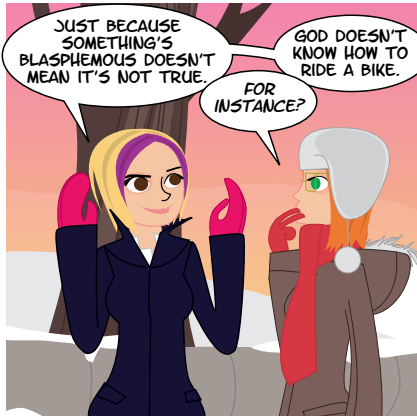


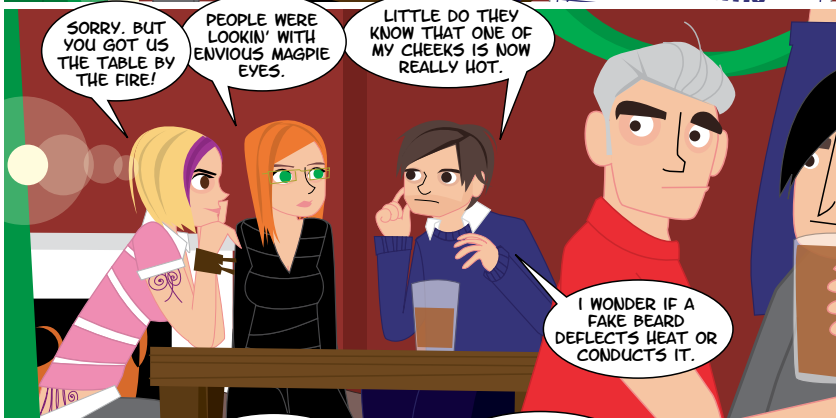
IS YOUR DAD  
COMING WITH US  
FOR A CHRISTMAS  
DRINK?

NOT IF WE  
CREEP OUT. MOVE  
WITH THE  
SHADOWS.

SHE'S LETTING ME  
COME IF I PROMISE TO  
SIT QUIETLY AND PAY  
FOR EVERYTHING.

EVERY DAY I  
WAKE UP AND THANK  
GOD FOR MY  
WONDERFUL LUCK.



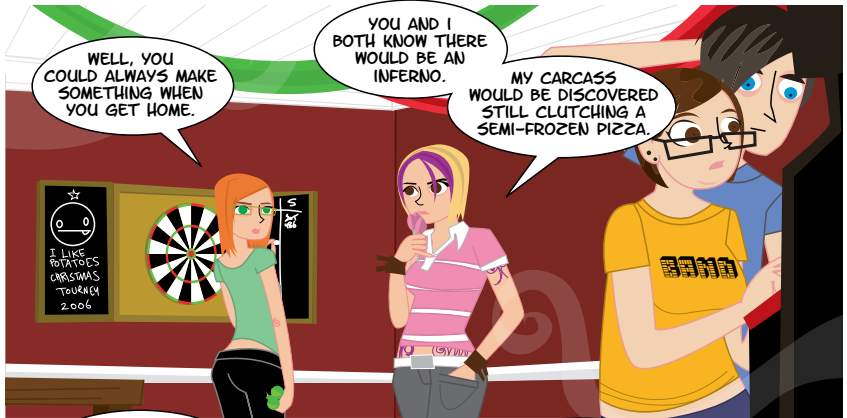




I LIKE COUNTRY PUBS, AWAY FROM THE YAHOOOS, THE HOORAY HENRYS AND THE PARALYTIC VERTICAL DRINKERS.

YEAH. BUT THERE'S NO KEBAB VAN.

THE ONLY CHANCE FOR A GREASY TREAT IS IF YOU SAVAGE A BEAST ON THE WAY HOME.

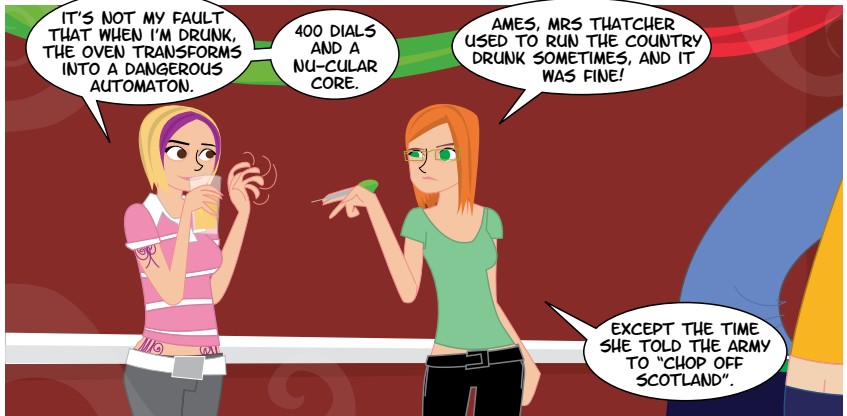


WELL, YOU COULD ALWAYS MAKE SOMETHING WHEN YOU GET HOME.

YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THERE WOULD BE AN INFERNO.

MY CARCASS WOULD BE DISCOVERED STILL CLUTCHING A SEMI-FROZEN PIZZA.

I LIKE POTATOES CHRISTMAS TURKEY 2006

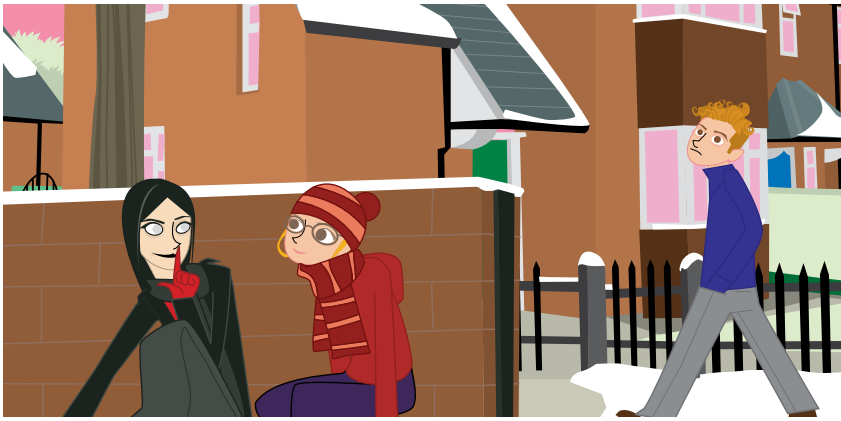


IT'S NOT MY FAULT THAT WHEN I'M DRUNK, THE OVEN TRANSFORMS INTO A DANGEROUS AUTOMATON.

400 DIALS AND A NU-CULAR CORE.

AMES, MRS THATCHER USED TO RUN THE COUNTRY DRUNK SOMETIMES, AND IT WAS FINE!

EXCEPT THE TIME SHE TOLD THE ARMY TO "CHOP OFF SCOTLAND".



# SHELLEY ON BATTLE OF THE BANDS

Hosannas and hallelujah, the last story of this book. And perhaps the best!

Battling bands are a standby in every culture that has progressed beyond the music of the tongs and the bones. Young people take up instruments and make a terrible racket in order to prove who is best.

Of course, the real winner is cacophony, with second prize going to intense but fruitless effort. The bronze medal has traditionally been awarded to good old-fashioned pluck.

This story is full of the cruelty of the young, who treat being mean as a sort of sport. If you're young, try being nicer to people, it feels better in the long run.

If you're too old to be young, try to instill good ideas in young people by sticking hand-made posters in your windows, with mottos like "be nice, it don't hurt none" or "punching that small child will lead to regret". If you live in a tough area full of chavs, yobs and no-goodniks, try a hard-hitting slogan like "tough guys practise politenesses". Give it a go!

Thank you for buying this book, and thank you for reading my ideas about the stories in it! Hopefully we will reunite for another volume a year from now, when I will have formulated some new ideas and theories to share with you.

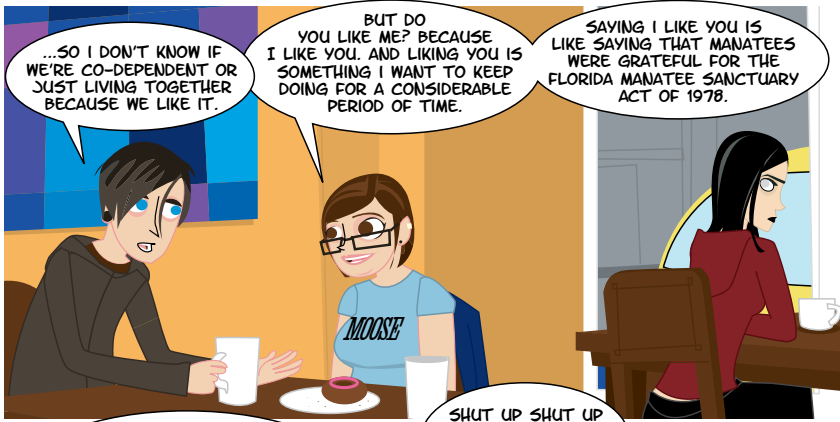
Also the next book starts with a story about an earwig that you will like.

Yours faithfully,



Shelley Winters  
Tackleford, April 2006

PS I also made up the title for this book, which may have intrigued you. It is actually a clever ruse! It is meant to be like a spy novel, so dads will buy this book and read it on holiday. Dads like books with names like "The Quartermass Condundrum" or "The Berlin Proxy" - I know this to be true! After a holiday spent reading stories about girls having idiotic adventures, the fathers of the world will return home with a new spring in their step.



...SO I DON'T KNOW IF WE'RE CO-DEPENDENT OR JUST LIVING TOGETHER BECAUSE WE LIKE IT.

BUT DO YOU LIKE ME? BECAUSE I LIKE YOU. AND LIKING YOU IS SOMETHING I WANT TO KEEP DOING FOR A CONSIDERABLE PERIOD OF TIME.

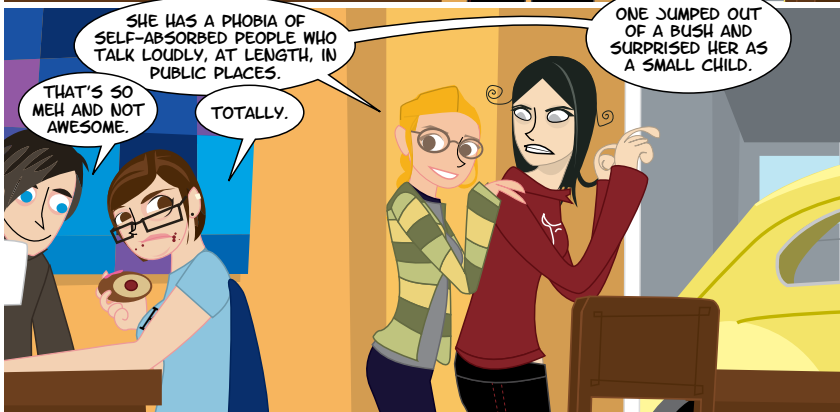
SAYING I LIKE YOU IS LIKE SAYING THAT MANATEES WERE GRATEFUL FOR THE FLORIDA MANATEE SANCTUARY ACT OF 1978.



I GUESS THAT WHAT I'M REALLY TRYING TO SAY IS THAT AFTER BEING FRIENDS FOR EIGHT YEARS COULD WE MAYBE FIND A WAY TO TAKE THINGS TO THE NEXT LEVEL AND-

SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP!

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE MY FRIEND.



SHE HAS A PHOBIA OF SELF-ABSORBED PEOPLE WHO TALK LOUDLY, AT LENGTH, IN PUBLIC PLACES.

THAT'S SO MEH AND NOT AWESOME.

TOTALLY.

ONE JUMPED OUT OF A BUSH AND SURPRISED HER AS A SMALL CHILD.

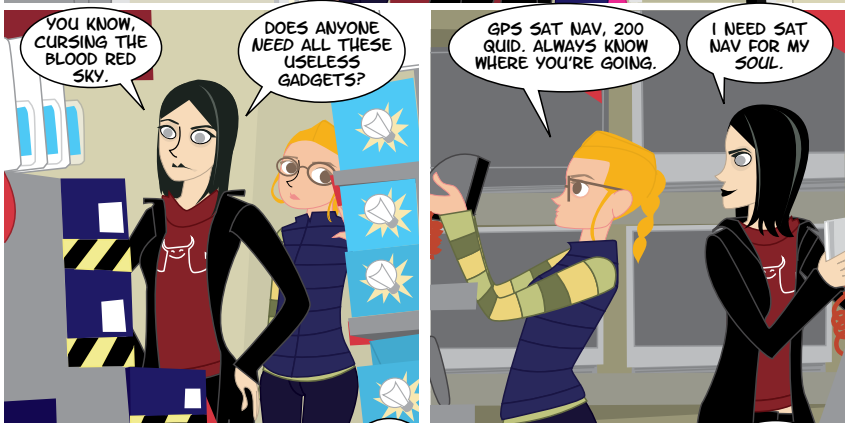


AH, THE JANUARY SALES. WHERE THE OLD YEAR BRINGS OUT IT'S DEAD.

COME ON ESTHER. SCHOOL STARTS AGAIN ON MONDAY, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THE DAYS COUNT.

THAT'S A LOT OF PRESSURE.

I USUALLY COUNT 6 HOURS SPENT STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW AS WELL SPENT.



YOU KNOW, CURSING THE BLOOD RED SKY.

DOES ANYONE NEED ALL THESE USELESS GADGETS?

GPS SAT NAV, 200 QUID. ALWAYS KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING.

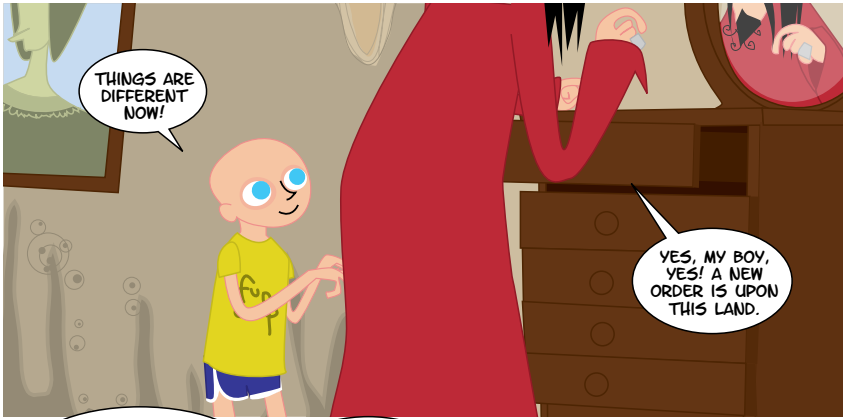
I NEED SAT NAV FOR MY SOUL.



DESTINATION; ACCOUNTANCY. POINT OF INTEREST: LARGELY DESTRUCTIVE AFFAIR WITH OLDER AUTHORITY FIGURE.

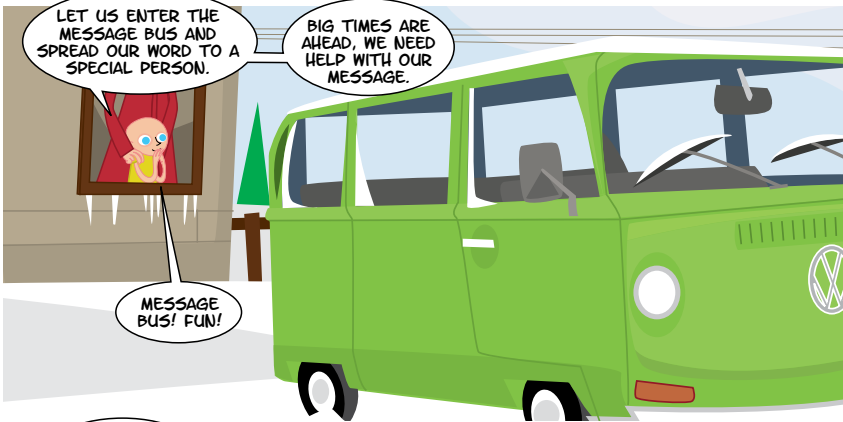
CAN I HELP YOU?

APPARENTLY IT'S MUCH, MUCH TOO LATE.



THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW!

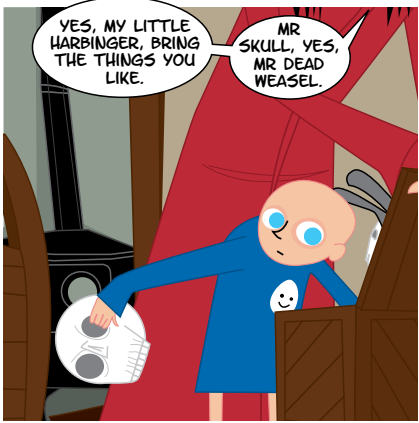
YES, MY BOY, YES! A NEW ORDER IS UPON THIS LAND.



LET US ENTER THE MESSAGE BUS AND SPREAD OUR WORD TO A SPECIAL PERSON.

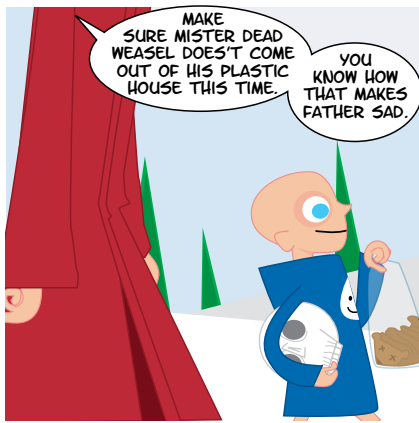
BIG TIMES ARE AHEAD, WE NEED HELP WITH OUR MESSAGE.

MESSAGE BUS! FUN!



YES, MY LITTLE HARBINGER, BRING THE THINGS YOU LIKE.

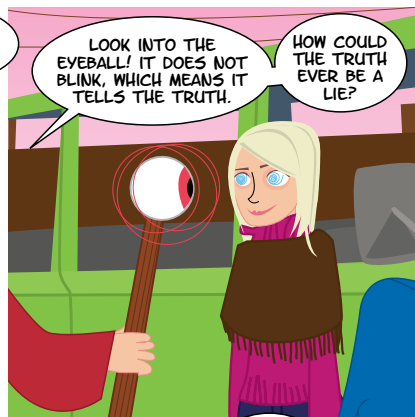
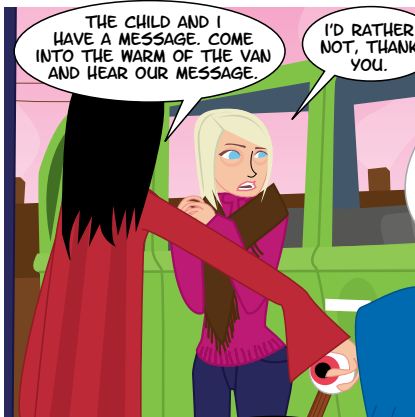
MR SKULL, YES, MR DEAD WEASEL.

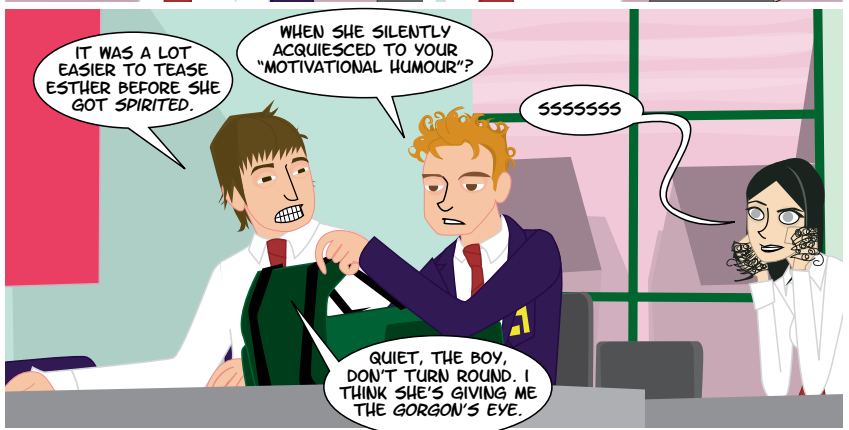
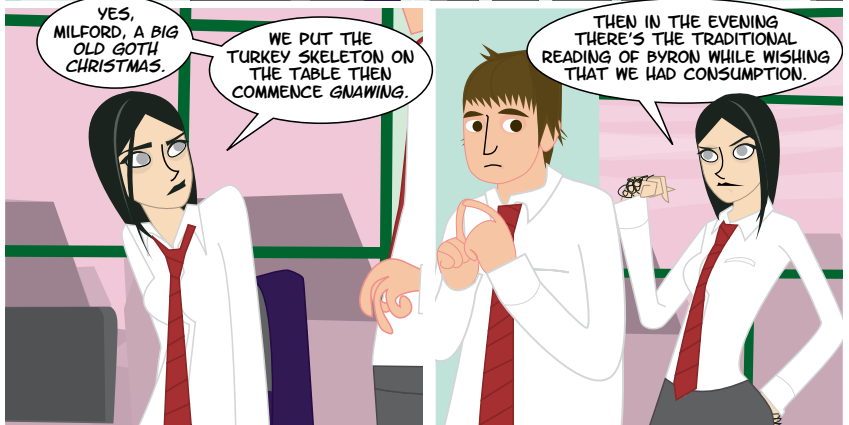


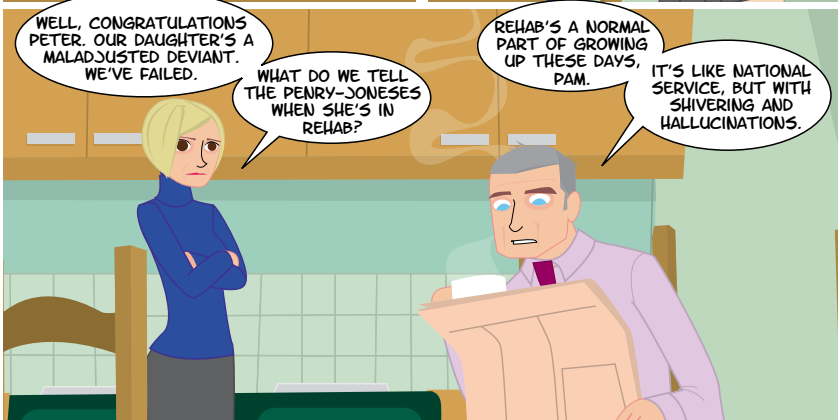
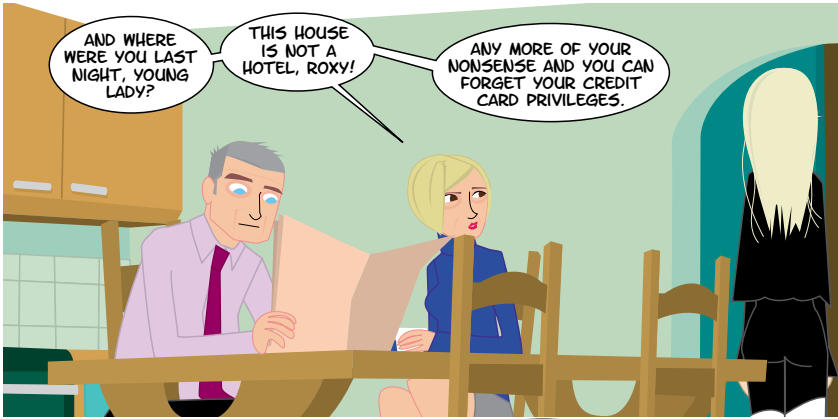
MAKE SURE MISTER DEAD WEASEL DOES'T COME OUT OF HIS PLASTIC HOUSE THIS TIME.

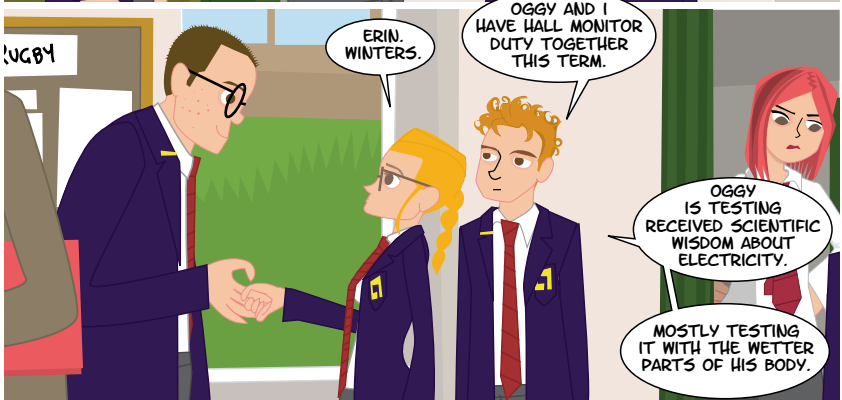
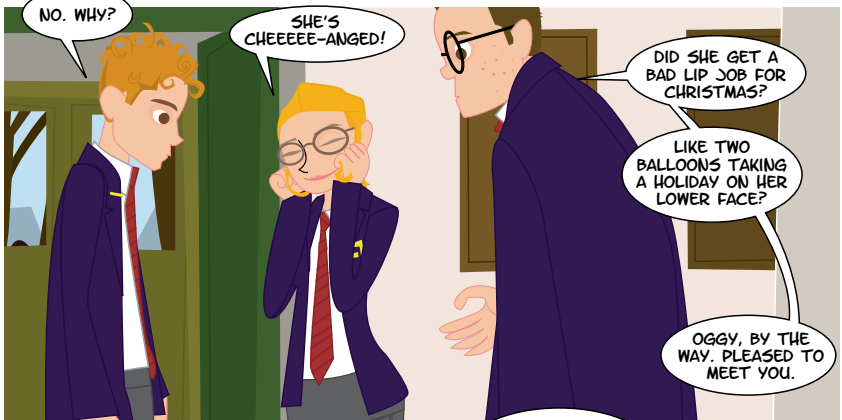
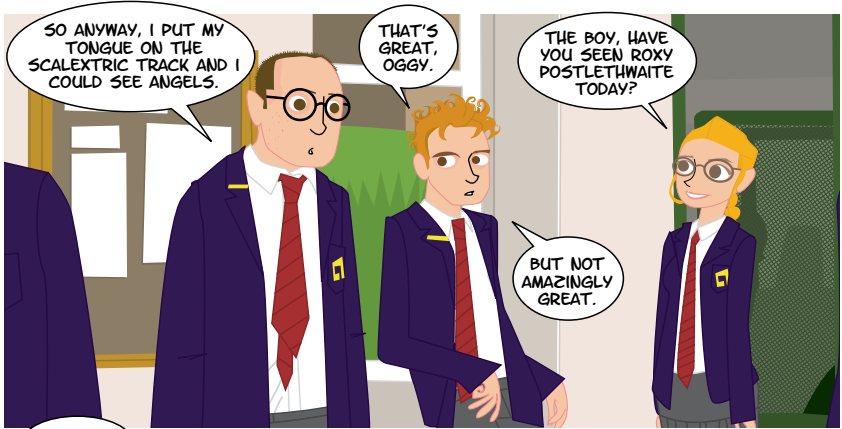
YOU KNOW HOW THAT MAKES FATHER SAD.













JUST LOOK AT ROXY SITTING THERE ALL ICY AND ALOOF.

YOU CAN'T JUST DECIDE TO BE DARK AND ELDRITCH, YOU HAVE TO WORK AT IT.

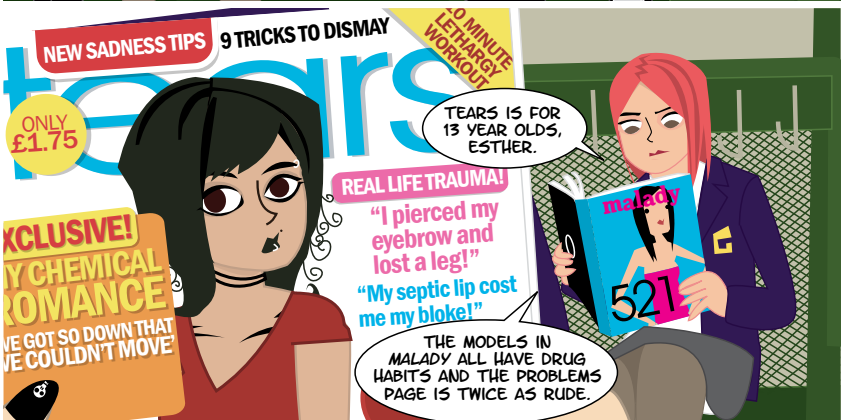
FURIOUSLY.



AND WHAT'S WITH THE BLONDE HAIR? DARKNESS IS DARK.

SHE'S GONE "WHITE GOTH". IT'S THE NEW THING FROM THE SAD COUNTRIES.

I READ ABOUT IT IN THE LATEST ISSUE OF TEARS.



NEW SADNESS TIPS 9 TRICKS TO DISMAY

ONLY £1.75

TEARS IS FOR 13 YEAR OLDS, ESTHER.

REAL LIFE TRAUMA!

"I pierced my eyebrow and lost a leg!"

"My septic lip cost me my bloke!"

EXCLUSIVE!  
MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE  
WE GOT SO DOWN THAT WE COULDN'T MOVE

THE MODELS IN MALADY ALL HAVE DRUG HABITS AND THE PROBLEMS PAGE IS TWICE AS RUDE.



WHAT'S WRITTEN ON THAT BIT OF PAPER?

MY SISTER PUTS NOTES IN WITH MY LUNCH.

CAN I SEE?



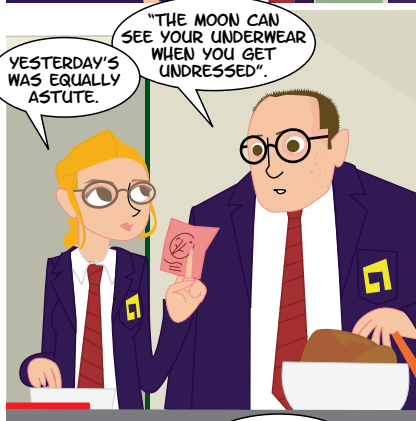
WOW, SHE DOESN'T GET ANY.... SANEER DOES SHE?

"LOOK OUT FOR EL DIABLO. HE IS FAT AND RIDES A TINY BICYCLE."



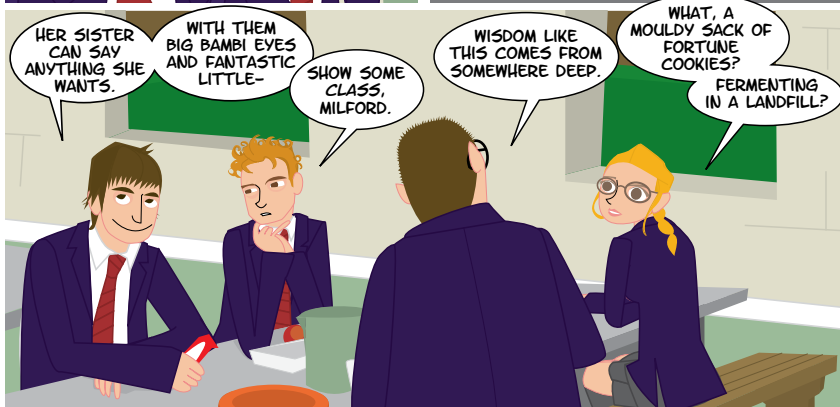
IS THAT A METAPHOR? THE DEVIL... RIDES A BICYCLE... AND...

...SUDDENLY I HAVE THIS PAIN RIGHT BEHIND MY EYES.



YESTERDAY'S WAS EQUALLY ASTUTE.

"THE MOON CAN SEE YOUR UNDERWEAR WHEN YOU GET UNDRESSED".



HER SISTER CAN SAY ANYTHING SHE WANTS.

WITH THEM BIG BAMBI EYES AND FANTASTIC LITTLE-

SHOW SOME CLASS, MILFORD.

WISDOM LIKE THIS COMES FROM SOMEWHERE DEEP.

WHAT, A MOULDY SACK OF FORTUNE COOKIES?

FERMENTING IN A LANDFILL?

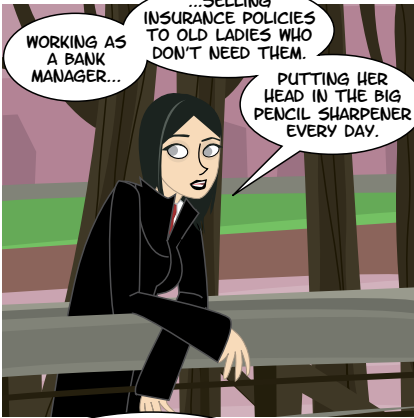


WHERE DOES SHELLY GET THIS STUFF FROM? WHY CAN'T SHE JUST BE NORMAL?

YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO HARD ON YOUR SISTER, ERIN.

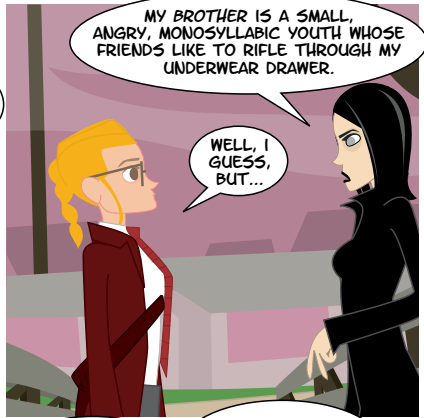
SHE THINKS THE SUN SHINES OUT OF YOUR BACKSIDE.

YOU WOULDN'T LIKE HER VERY MUCH IF SHE WAS "NORMAL".



...SELLING INSURANCE POLICIES TO OLD LADIES WHO DON'T NEED THEM. WORKING AS A BANK MANAGER...

PUTTING HER HEAD IN THE BIG PENCIL SHARPENER EVERY DAY.



MY BROTHER IS A SMALL, ANGRY, MONOSYLLABIC YOUTH WHOSE FRIENDS LIKE TO RIFLE THROUGH MY UNDERWEAR DRAWER.

WELL, I GUESS, BUT...



THE WORST YOUR SISTER EVER DOES IS HUG YOU AND SING A DEMENTED SONG OF HER OWN CREATION.

I SUPPOSE.



WAIT, "PUTTING HER HEAD IN THE BIG PENCIL SHARPENER"?

SORRY, I WAS FLYING BY THAT POINT AND COULDN'T STOP.



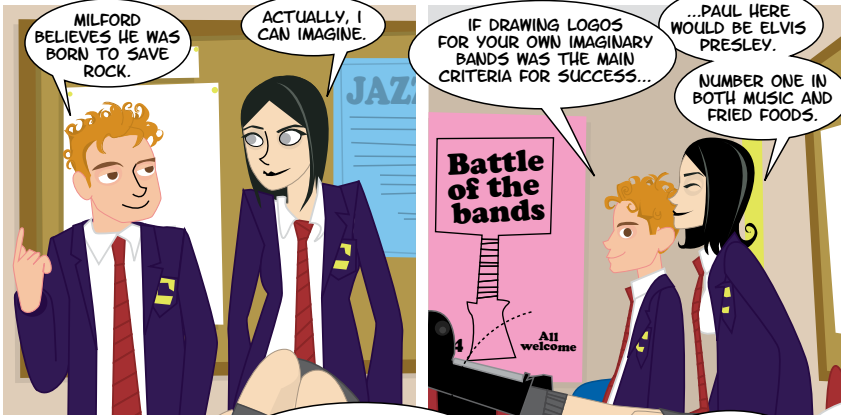


**Battle of the bands**

IF HE DOESN'T UNCLENCH HIS FISTS SOON, HIS FINGERS'LL DROP OFF.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, ESTHER. THIS IS THE MOMENT HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR FOR YEARS.

BATTLE OF THE BANDS! BATTLE OF THE BANDS!



MILFORD BELIEVES HE WAS BORN TO SAVE ROCK.

ACTUALLY, I CAN IMAGINE.

IF DRAWING LOGOS FOR YOUR OWN IMAGINARY BANDS WAS THE MAIN CRITERIA FOR SUCCESS...

...PAUL HERE WOULD BE ELVIS PRESLEY.

NUMBER ONE IN BOTH MUSIC AND FRIED FOODS.

**Battle of the bands**

All welcome



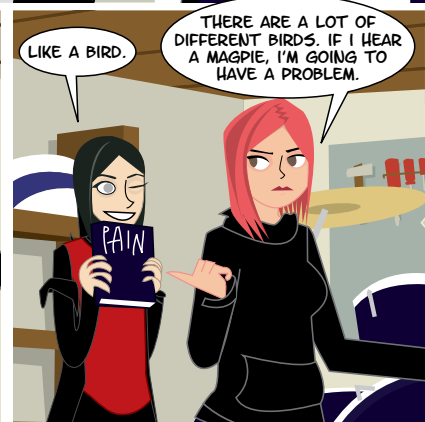
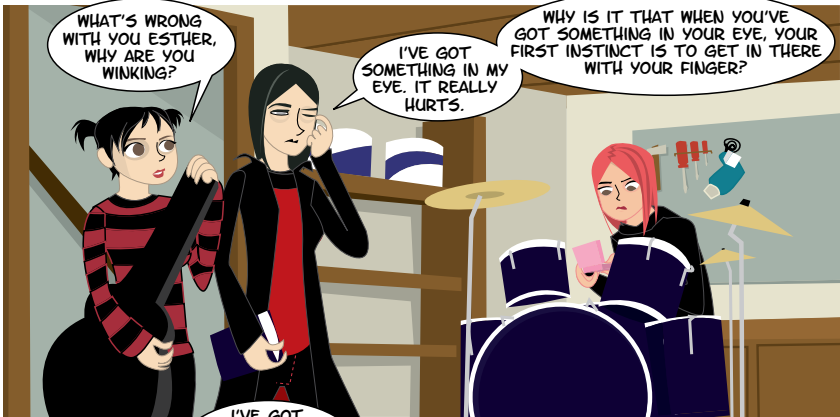
SHUT UP, PENCIL NECK, AND YOU TOO ELVIRA. I MET THE DEVIL AT THE CROSSROADS.

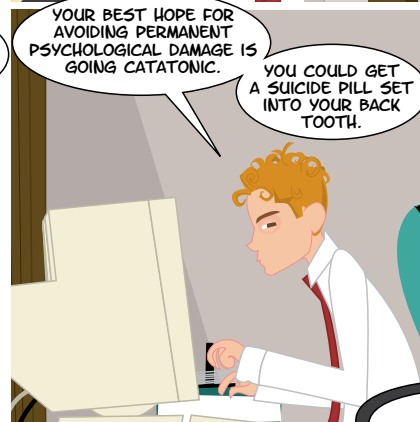
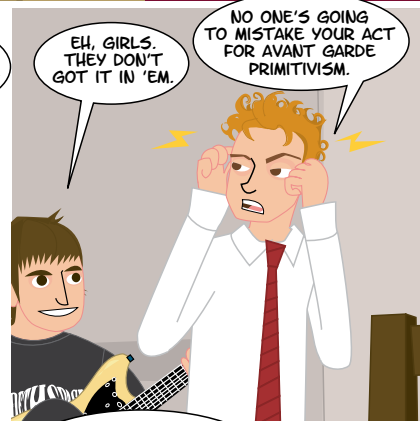
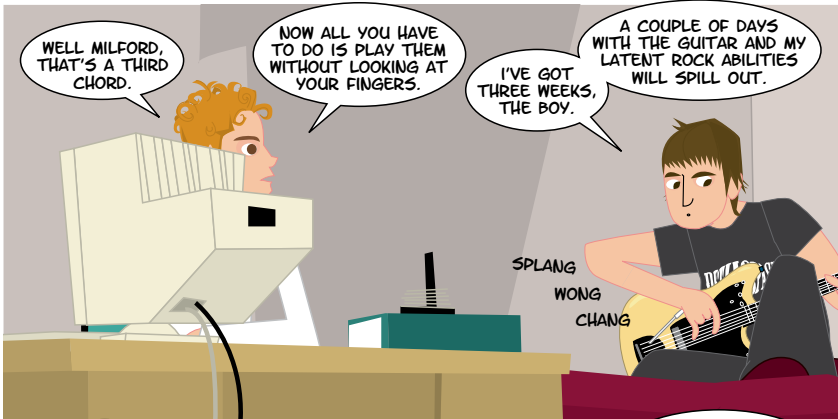
OH I BET. HE GAVE YOU A PERMANENT MARKER AND A SATCHEL. SHOWED YOU HOW TO DRAW REEEL GOOD.

HE SHOWED YOU HOW TO REPLACE THE LETTER "I" WITH "y".

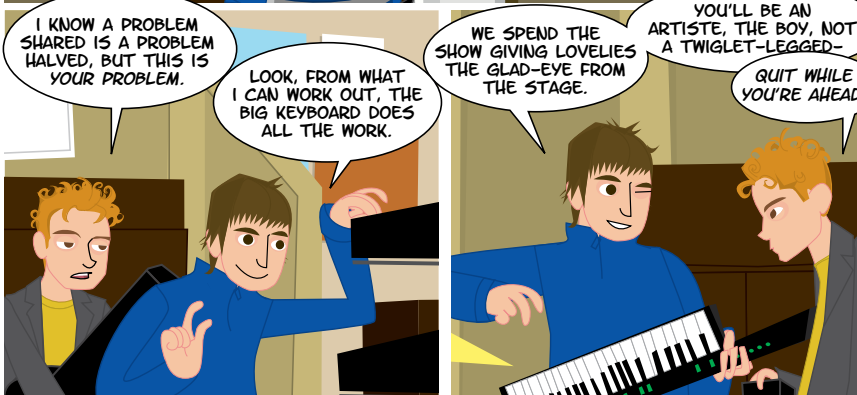
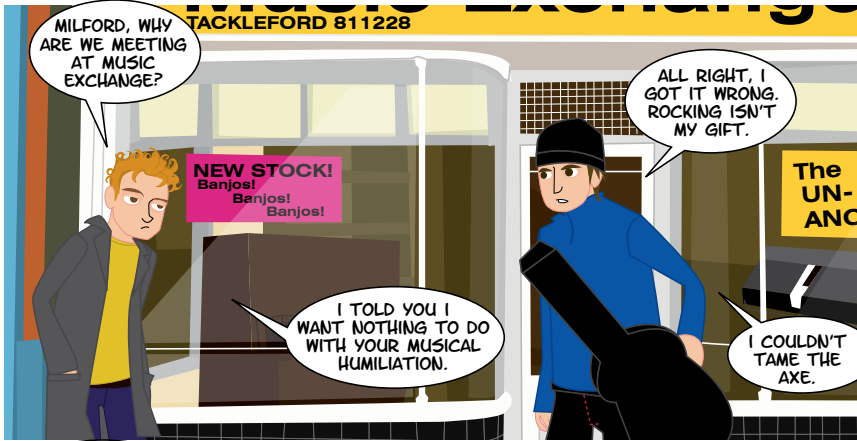
NYCE.

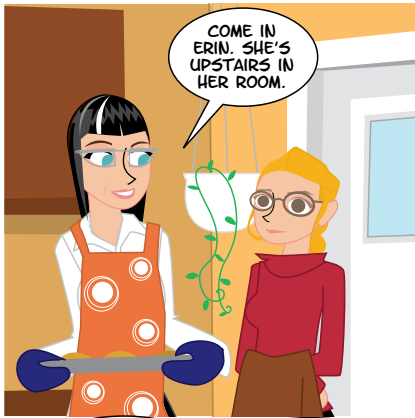
**Battle of the bands**



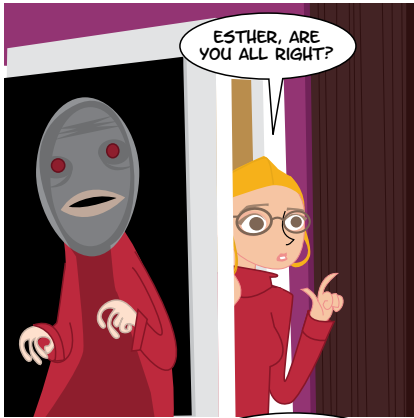




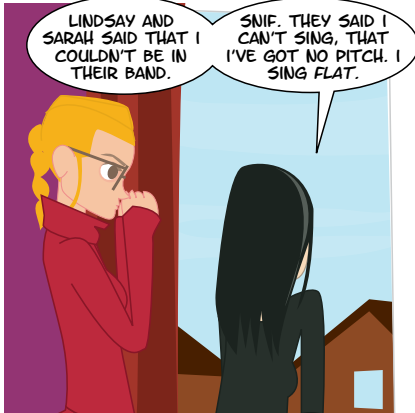




COME IN ERIN. SHE'S UPSTAIRS IN HER ROOM.

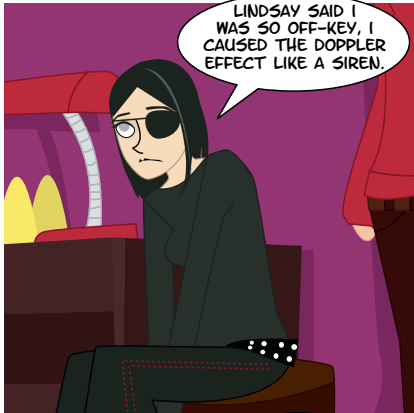


ESTHER, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



LINDSAY AND SARAH SAID THAT I COULDN'T BE IN THEIR BAND.

SNIF. THEY SAID I CAN'T SING, THAT I'VE GOT NO PITCH. I SING FLAT.

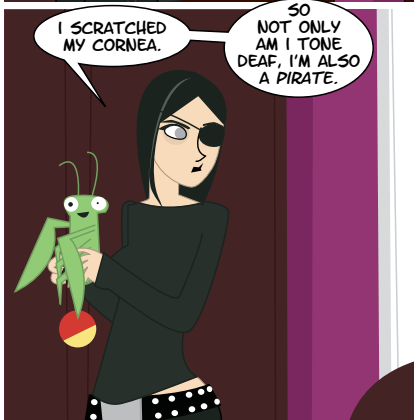


LINDSAY SAID I WAS SO OFF-KEY, I CAUSED THE DOPPLER EFFECT LIKE A SIREN.



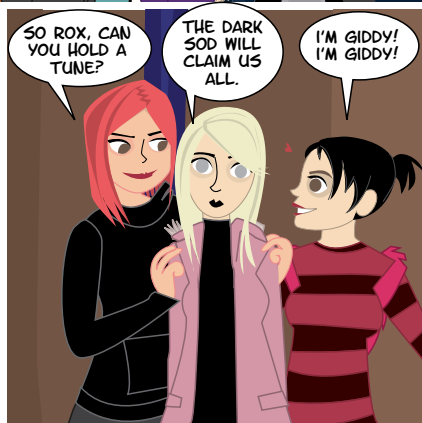
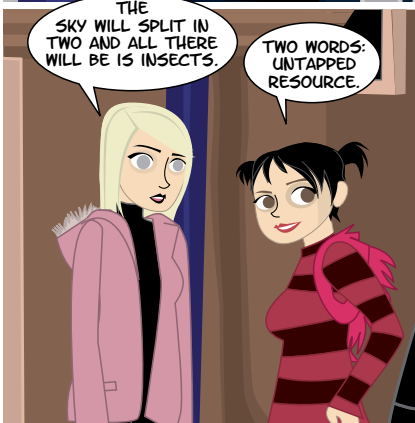
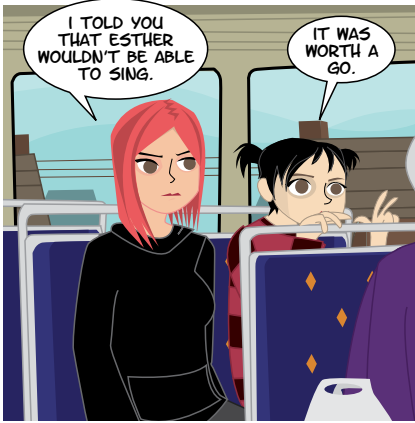
WHY DO YOU CARE WHAT THAT GENETIC THROWBACK THINKS...

ER, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR EYE?



I SCRATCHED MY CORNEA.

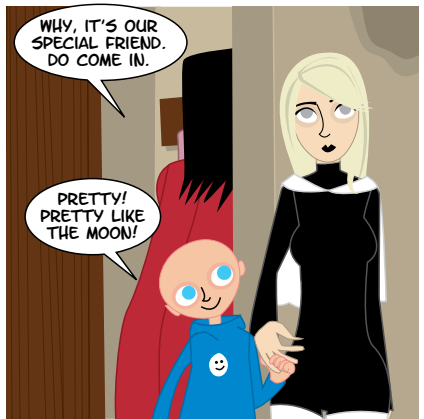
SO NOT ONLY AM I TONE DEAF, I'M ALSO A PIRATE.





BLOOD BLISTERS ON A DYING SWAN.

HELLO, HELLO!



WHY, IT'S OUR SPECIAL FRIEND. DO COME IN.

PRETTY! PRETTY LIKE THE MOON!



ASH AND BONE. ASH AND BONE.

YOU'VE JOINED A GROUP? A MUSICAL BAND? BUT HOW MARVELLOUS!

THE CHILD AND I WOULD LIKE TO TEACH YOU A SONG, FOR YOU TO SING.

WOW BANG POP!

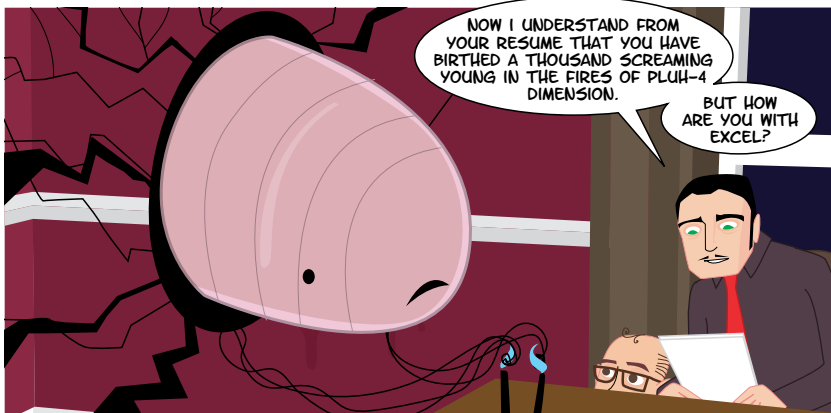


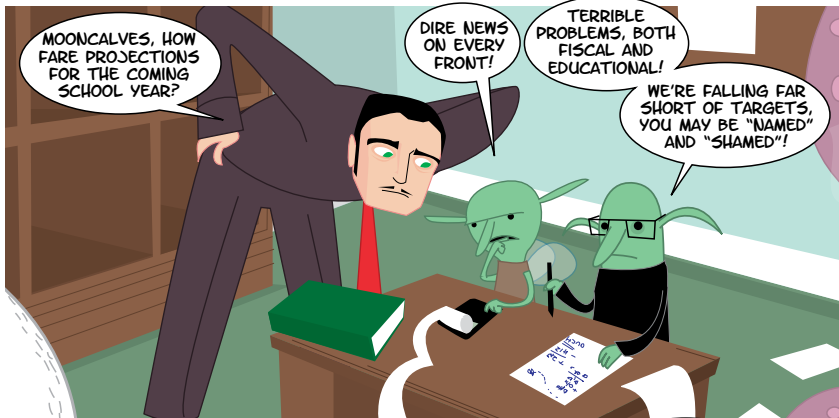
LISTEN CAREFULLY TO THE NOTES AND TONES OF THE MOUSSEPHONE.

JOIN IN WHEN YOU FEEL CONFIDENT.

TRY NOT TO BE DISTRACTED BY THE CHILD'S JAZZ IMPROVISATION.

QUACK QUACK MOO POP!!





MOONCALVES, HOW FARE PROJECTIONS FOR THE COMING SCHOOL YEAR?

DIRE NEWS ON EVERY FRONT!

TERRIBLE PROBLEMS, BOTH FISCAL AND EDUCATIONAL!

WE'RE FALLING FAR SHORT OF TARGETS, YOU MAY BE "NAMED" AND "SHAMED"!



YOU NEED TO STOP PUTTING LEAD AND BROMINE IN THE CANTEEN FOOD.

SLUGGISH PUPILS WILL NOT PASS MUSTER!

A ZESTY DIET OF GRAINS AND PULSES IS RECOMMENDED.

BUT LEAD SOOTHES AND BROMINE PACIFIES! IT IS PROV'N!

JAMIE OLIVER WORRRRRR



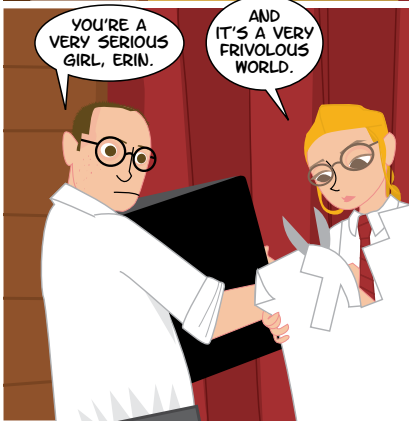
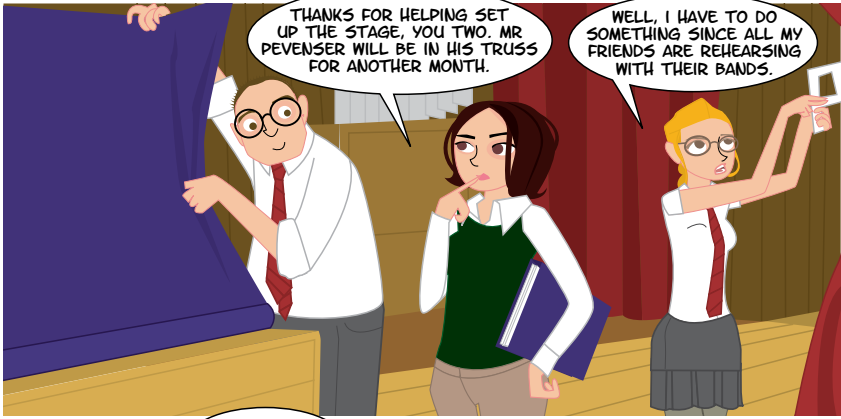
MR POOKA, TELL ME, CAN'T I JUST CREATE A SCHOOL OF EVIL MINIONS...

...WITHOUT ALL THIS LEGISLATIVE RED TAPE?

HEADMASTER, I AM A GIANT TALKING RABBIT, NOT A MIRACLE WORKER.

AND MY PAW KEEPS SLIPPING OFF THE MOUSE.

PLUS, I HAVE O.C.D.





ROFFLE ME THIS AND ROFFLE ME THAT, WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG WEB CHAT.

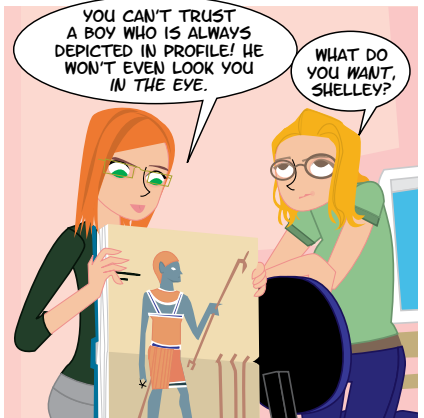
ZEE OH EM GEE, ERIN! YOU'RE PREGNANT WITH IMHOTEP'S BABY?

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL!



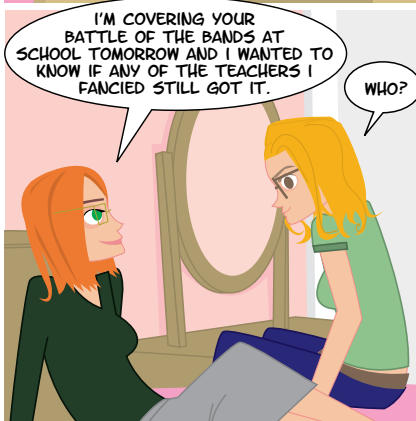
STOP READING OVER MY SHOULDER. IT'S RUDE.

THIS IS SISTERLY CONCERN, ERIN! IMHOTEP WILL MAKE NO KIND OF FATHER FOR YOUR CHILD.



YOU CAN'T TRUST A BOY WHO IS ALWAYS DEPICTED IN PROFILE! HE WON'T EVEN LOOK YOU IN THE EYE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, SHELLEY?



I'M COVERING YOUR BATTLE OF THE BANDS AT SCHOOL TOMORROW AND I WANTED TO KNOW IF ANY OF THE TEACHERS I FANCIED STILL GOT IT.

WHO?



MR DENTON. MR MOSS.

AUGH, YOU'RE DISEASED.

I'LL DRESS TRASHY AND WINK PROMISCUOUSLY.



SO WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO HOLD A "BATTLE OF THE BANDS"?

WELL REALLY I WANTED TO SHOW THE KIDS THAT MUSIC ISN'T JUST ABOUT COUNTERPOINT AND TRIADS AND-

ANARCHY AND FORNICATION!

NO GOOD CAN COME OF THEIR YOUTHFUL THRASHINGS.



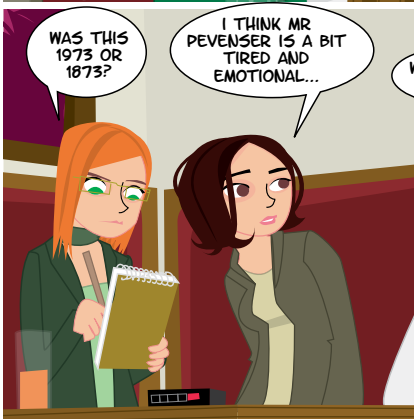
I HAD THE SAME IDEA BACK IN '73, HIGH ON THE SOUND OF JETHRO TULL.

MY SUPERIOR, MR COLE, WARNED ME...



MARK YE WELL, THE MODERN RHYTHM OVEREXCITES YOUNG MINDS...

MAN, WHAT A SQUARE...



WAS THIS 1973 OR 1873?

I THINK MR PEVENSER IS A BIT TIRED AND EMOTIONAL...

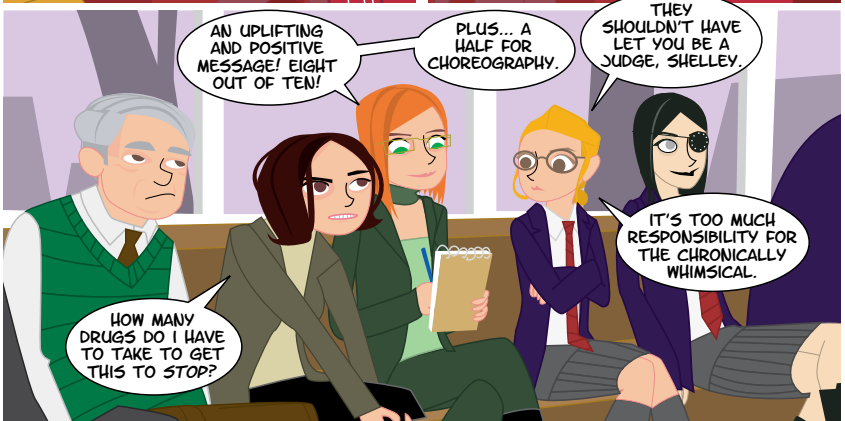


WHY DIDN'T I LISTEN?

MUSIC IS DEAD TO ME.

I'M GOING TO LIVE ALONE, NAKED IN A CAVE.

I DIDN'T MEAN TO BITE THOSE BABIES!





THIS IS SO TIGHT

THIS IS WICKED TIGHT

BLANG  
BLANG  
BLANG

THIS GROOVE IS ELASTIC YET TIGHT

TIGHT!

BLANG  
BLANG  
BLANG

BLANG  
BLANG  
BLANG



THAT WAS EXTREMELY TIGHT!

THERE'S SUCH A THING AS TOO TIGHT.

FOR EXAMPLE, CYCLING SHORTS WERE NEVER ACCEPTABLE DAY WEAR.

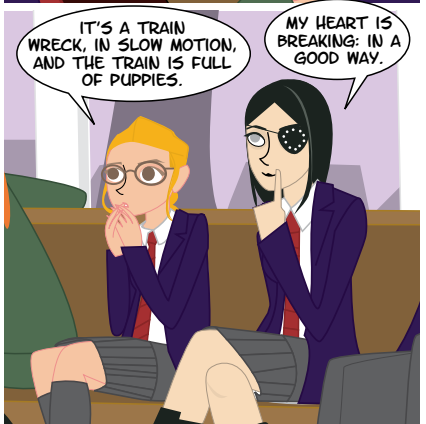


I LOVED MY LIZARD. MY LIZARD DIED

YOU SAID YOU WON'T COME OVER, EVEN THOUGH I CRIED

YOU'RE A BOY WITH PROBLEMS, YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF PROBLEMS

DINGLE  
DANG



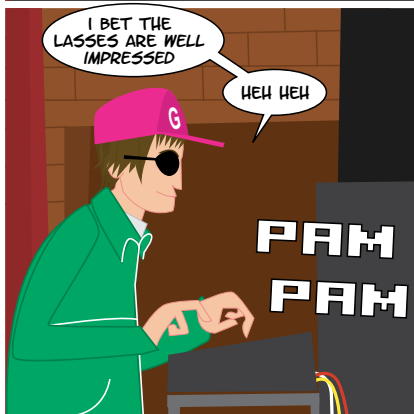
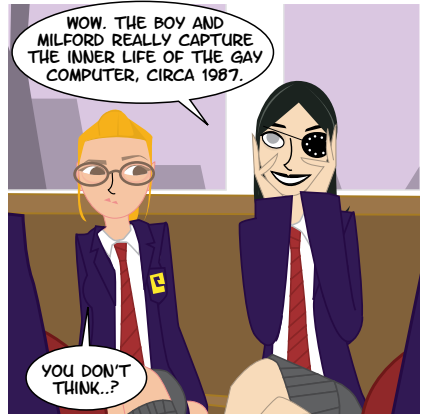
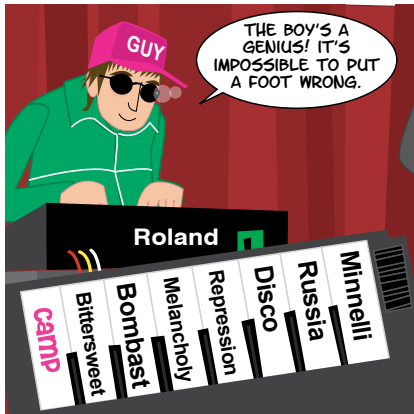
IT'S A TRAIN WRECK, IN SLOW MOTION, AND THE TRAIN IS FULL OF PUPPIES.

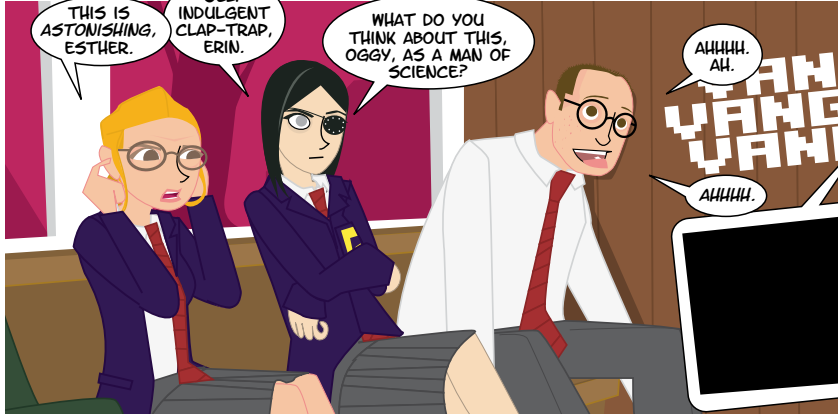
MY HEART IS BREAKING: IN A GOOD WAY.



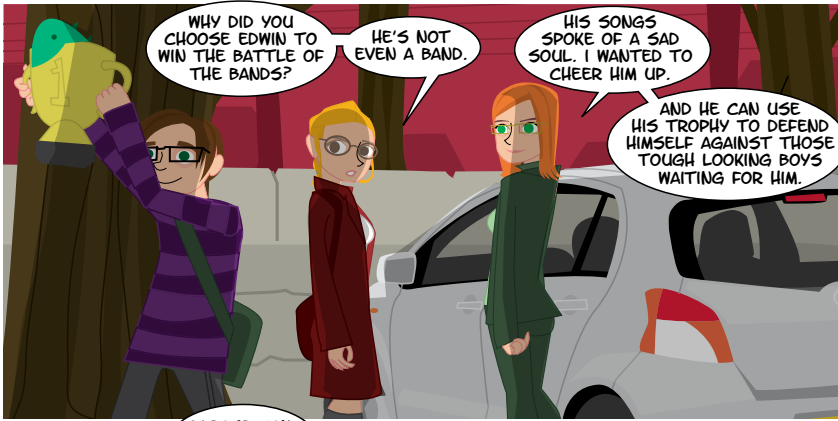
I LOOK TO THE SKY, AND WHAT DO I SEE?

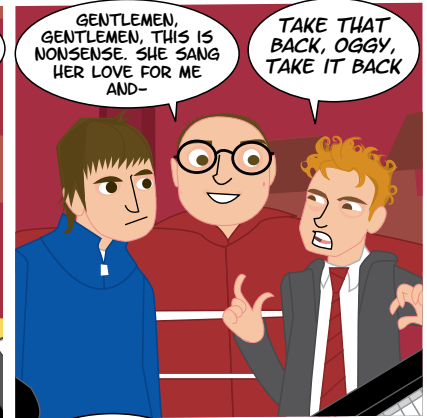
A CLOUD SHAPED LIKE YOU, FLIPPING ME THE VEE

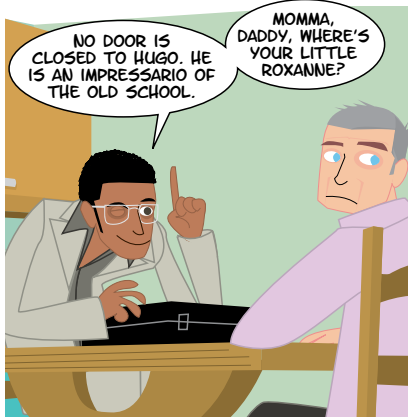
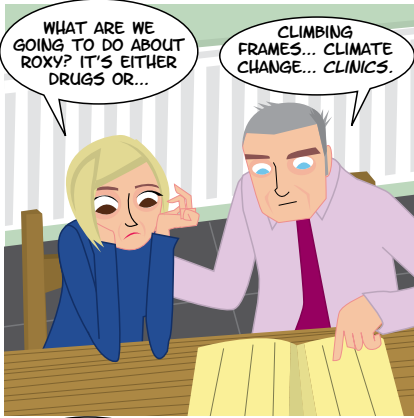


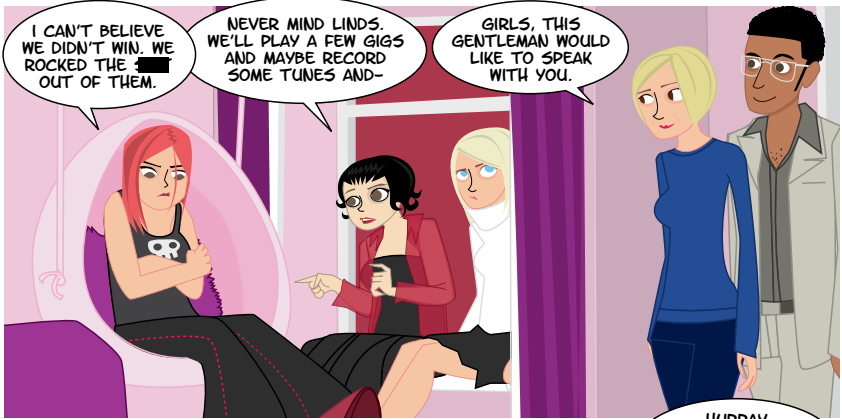












I CAN'T BELIEVE WE DIDN'T WIN. WE ROCKED THE [REDACTED] OUT OF THEM.

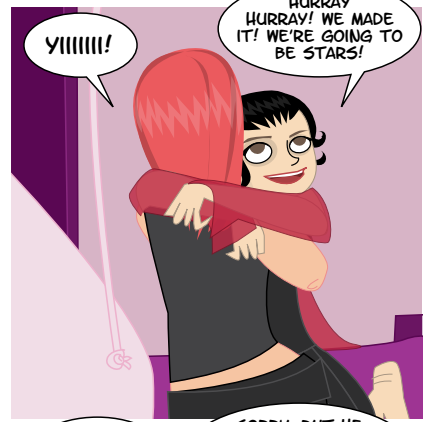
NEVER MIND LINDS. WE'LL PLAY A FEW GIGS AND MAYBE RECORD SOME TUNES AND-

GIRLS, THIS GENTLEMAN WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK WITH YOU.



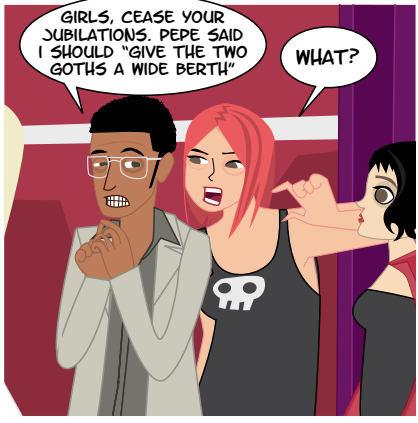
ROXY, MY NEPHEW PEPE SAYS YOU ARE A STAR FOR OUR TIME.

I HAVE HERE A DANGEROUS SUM OF MONEY AND A CONTRACT.



YIIIIIIII!

HURRAY HURRAY! WE MADE IT! WE'RE GOING TO BE STARS!



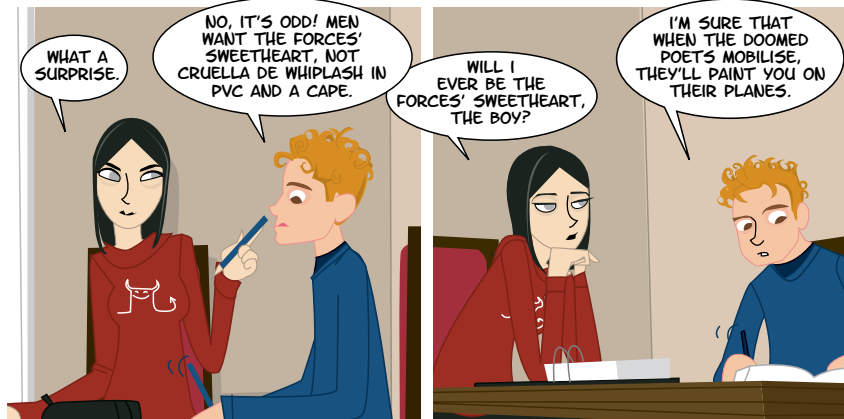
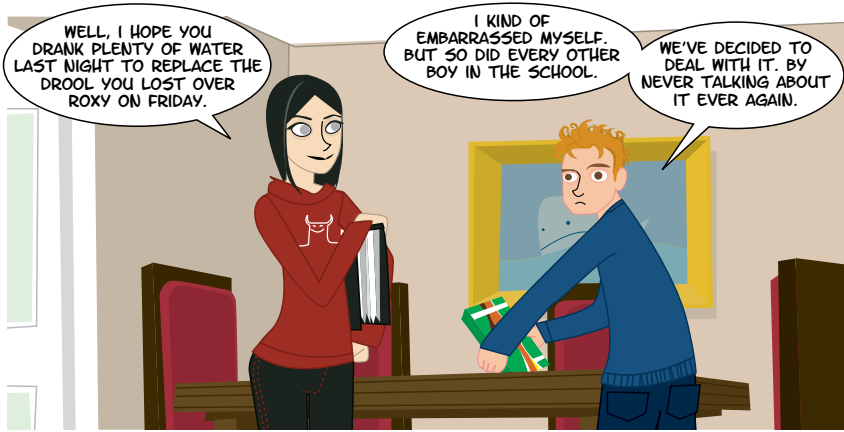
GIRLS, CEASE YOUR JUBILATIONS. PEPE SAID I SHOULD "GIVE THE TWO GOTHS A WIDE BERTH"

WHAT?



BUT THIS IS OUR BAND! WE MADE HER!

SORRY, BUT HE HAS A SHARP EYE FOR A BOY WHO SPENDS SO MUCH TIME IN THE BATHROOM.

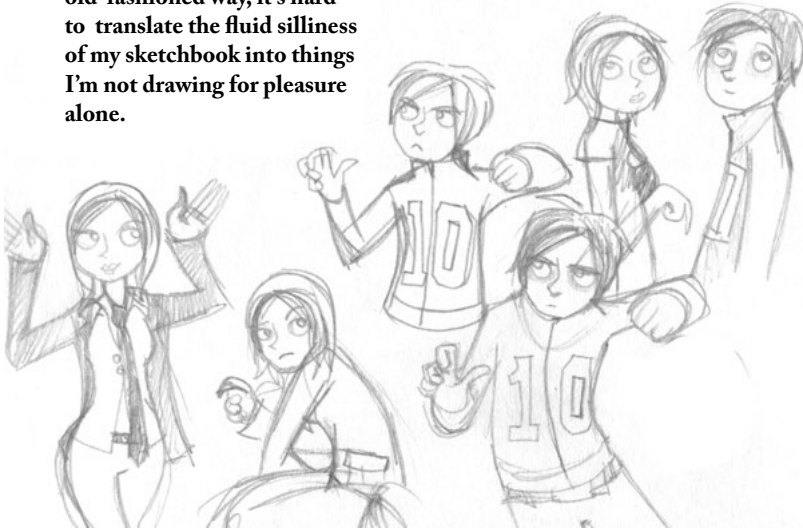


# SKETCHBOOK SCRAPINGS 2005-6



I didn't keep my sketchbook very diligently in 2005, but every time I started drawing in there, I was surprised by how much my style had changed over the last few years. Work-

ing on the computer leaves my penmanship in ruins, but helps me with composition (my most feeble area), so I'm never sure which is the best way of doing things. I get a kind of stagefright when I draw comics the old-fashioned way, it's hard to translate the fluid silliness of my sketchbook into things I'm not drawing for pleasure alone.



# OLDBOURNE

When I originally published this book, the Oldbourne story wasn't in it. As you can see, it's drawn differently to most of the other stories. I kept the traditionally drawn story that followed it, because it looked a bit tidier, but this one was drawn with some pretty crude instruments and, in many places, looked like it. I didn't leave it out because I'd drawn parts of it with a felt tip pen, or because it was "a bit of a mess" story-wise, or even because it was my first attempt in a few years to get back to a more organic art style and, as a result, rough around the edges visually.

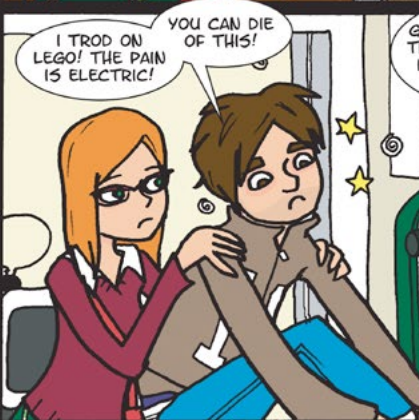
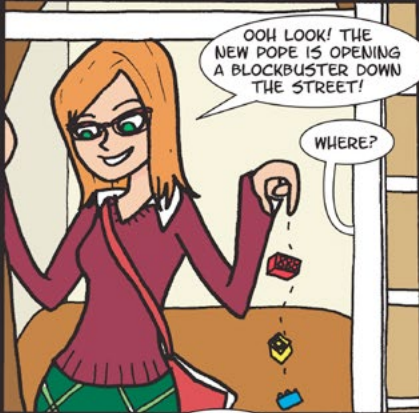
Oh all right, those are the reasons I left it out. But time heals all wounds. Imperfections viewed from a distance seem much smaller. When you've made 100 mistakes, each one seems huge. By the time you've made 10000 mistakes, what's another one? Ha ha!

So what you are about to read is one of the weirdest stories I ever wrote, in the midst of a lot of other weird stories because *The Retribution Index* is a weird book. Looking at it now, I can see that if I just re-wrote it almost completely, and redrew it, it would be probably the greatest comic story that I, or anybody else, has ever made.

On re-reading, I appear to be writing about some important issue or other, but I really can't tell what it is. Gentrification? Post-collegiate ennui? Perhaps you can tell me. I also find some of the outfits I drew in this story quite alarming. I have no idea about Shelley's hip-high disco flares or Amy's bizarre knitted purple thigh high socks. They make me feel quite seasick. I just drew them again (below) and the logic did not become apparent.

COMPLETISTS, ENJOY!







SO SHELLEY, ARE YOU GOING TO OLDBOURNE FOR GOOD?

NO NO, THAT WAS JUST THE RAGE TALKING.



AMY AND I ARE POWERFUL ALLIES.

I HAVE TO GO SEE HOW SHE'S GETTING ON AS A TOP LADY OF ART!



SHE NEEDS SOMEONE TO KEEP HER FEET ON THE GROUND.

YEAH, PRAISE CAN GO TO YOUR HEAD, OR SO I HEAR.

I NEVER ACHIEVED ANYTHING PARTICULARLY PRAISE-WORTHY

GUESS THAT'S WHY MY WOMAN LEFT ME.



DON'T SAY THAT, RYAN! THERE'S A NEW LADY FOR YOU, I KNOW IT.

WE NEED TO KEEP YOUR GENES IN THE GENE POOL!



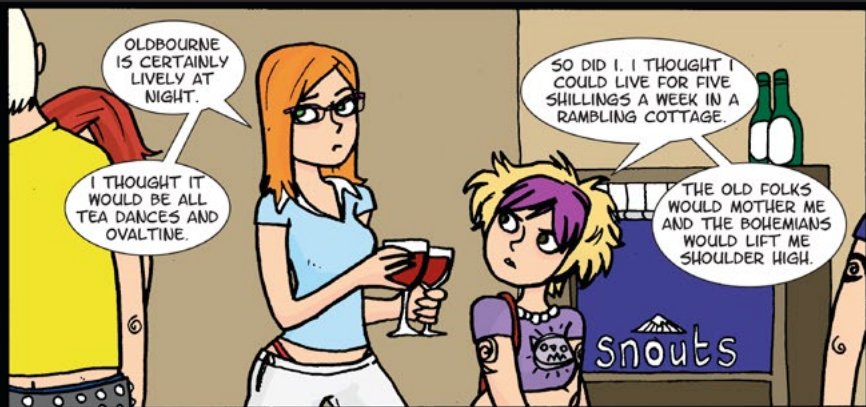
I DONATED PLENTY OF GENES IN THE LATE 90S.

KIND OF MY GIFT TO SOCIETY.

SOMETIMES I SEE A HAIRY BABY THINKIN' HARD, AND I JUST KNOW.







OLBOURNE IS CERTAINLY LIVELY AT NIGHT.

I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE ALL TEA DANCES AND OVALTINE.

SO DID I. I THOUGHT I COULD LIVE FOR FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK IN A RAMBLING COTTAGE.

THE OLD FOLKS WOULD MOTHER ME AND THE BOHEMIANS WOULD LIFT ME SHOULDER HIGH.



BUT A MONTH BEFORE I GOT HERE, THIS ARTICLE APPEARED IN SC3NEBITCH MAGAZINE.

LET'S SEE, LET'S SEE.



OLBOURNE: THE NEW SHOREDITCH. OH DEAR.

OH DEAR IS RIGHT, NINJA. OH KING DEAR.



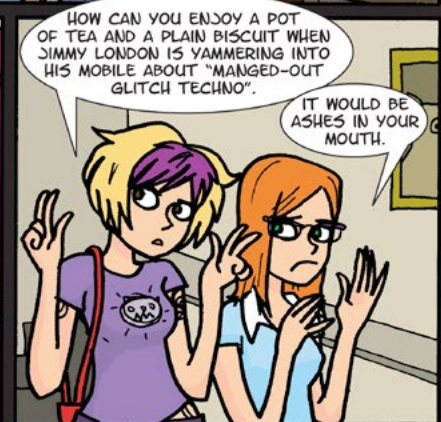
YOU KNOW HOW THEY SAY IN A CITY YOU'RE NEVER MORE THAN 20FT FROM A RAT?

HERE, SWAP "RAT" FOR "HALF-FORMED SITCOM IDEA".

AMES, AT THE BAR I... JOINED A BAND.

THEY LIKED MY LOOK.

"FUN LOVING SPINSTER".





AUUGHH.

AGGHHH

AGGHHH



OH, YOU'RE AWAKE. GOOD.

YOU CAN TAKE WHAT'S LEFT OF MY BODY TO THE HOSPITAL.



MY HEAD! THIS ISN'T FUNNY!

WE OVERDID IT. A BIT. IT'S 2PM.

I'D GET DRESSED BUT MOVING HURTS.



WOW. IT'S LIKE I TOOK HALF A DAY OUTSIDE AND SHOT IT.

SIX MISSED CALLS? I DON'T KNOW THIS NUMBER.



THE FIVE MINUTES AFTER YOU WAKE UP ARE THE EASIEST. THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GET A LOT WORSE.

CHEER UP, BABY BUKOWSKI.

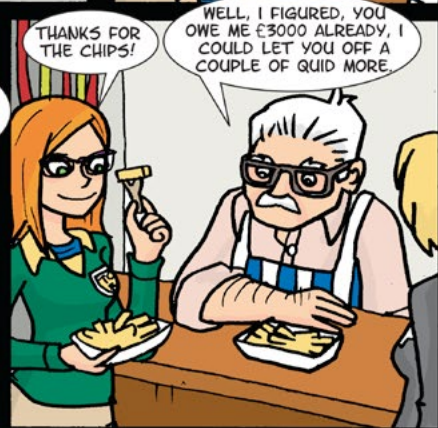


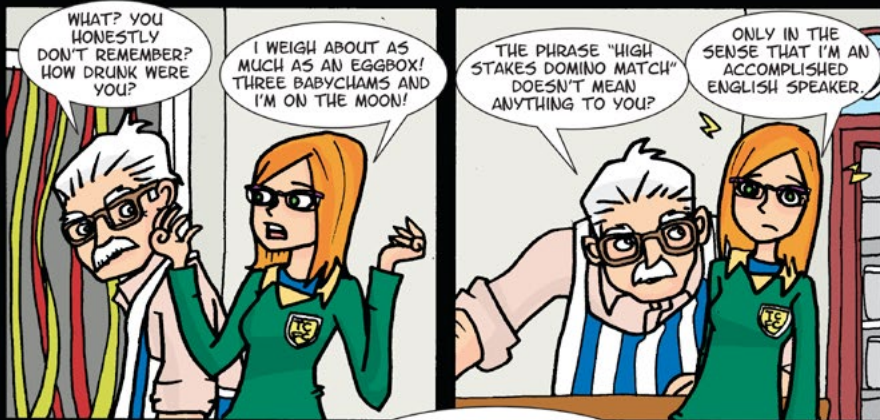
OH, I'VE BEEN UP AN HOUR, THINGS ARE LEVELLING OFF.

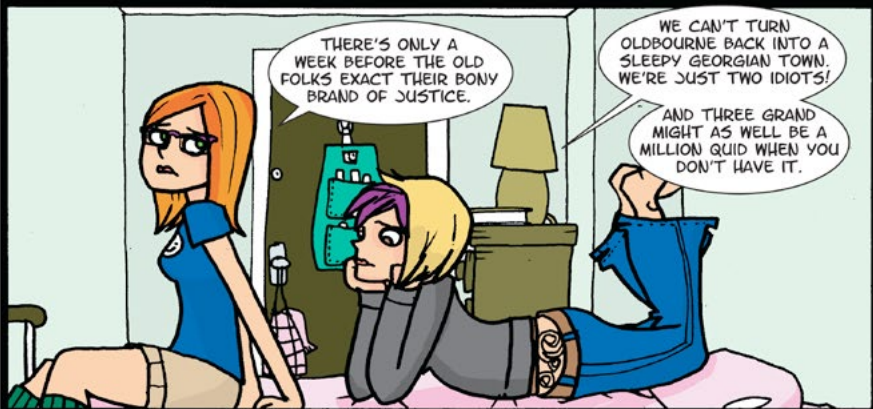
25 MINUTES AGO I WAS WILLING TO CONVERT TO ANY RELIGION THAT WOULD HEAL ME.











THERE'S ONLY A WEEK BEFORE THE OLD FOLKS EXACT THEIR BONY BRAND OF JUSTICE.

WE CAN'T TURN OLDBOURNE BACK INTO A SLEEPY GEORGIAN TOWN. WE'RE JUST TWO IDIOTS!

AND THREE GRAND MIGHT AS WELL BE A MILLION QUID WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE IT.



WAIT. WHAT DID THE DOT COM BOOM TEACH US?

TERRIBLE HALF FORMED IDEAS LEAD TO SHORT-LIVED BIG WINS!



FETCH ME THE LOCAL PAPER.

IT MAY NOT BE VERY CLEAN. IT'S BEEN HELPING WITH SPILLS.



REDHEAD STUNNER, 25 AND LIKE MINDED SEXY FRIEND, 21, WLTM INTERNET BURNOUTS...

...FOR FRIENDSHIP, CONVERSATION, AND MAYBE MORE!



WHAT'S THE "MORE"?

INTELLECTUAL THEFT DISGUISED AS THE PROMISE OF MAKE-OUTS!



COME ON, THE AD SAYS "INTERNET BURNOUTS."

THESE ARE GOING TO BE SOME FANCY LITTLE GEEK GIRLS.



THEY'LL BE OVERWHELMED TO MEET TWO UNDERGROUND LEGENDS.

WE DO ONCE A MONTH, I DON'T KNOW IF THAT COUNTS.



WELL, I'M 50% FISH, 50% CHEESE COUNTER.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO TELL THEM? THAT WE WORK ON THE WET FISH COUNTER IN TESCO'S?



LISTEN, CHEESE IS IMPORTANT. PEOPLE EAT CHEESE MORE OFTEN THAN THEY GO TO THE DOCTOR'S.

THAT'LL PLAY.

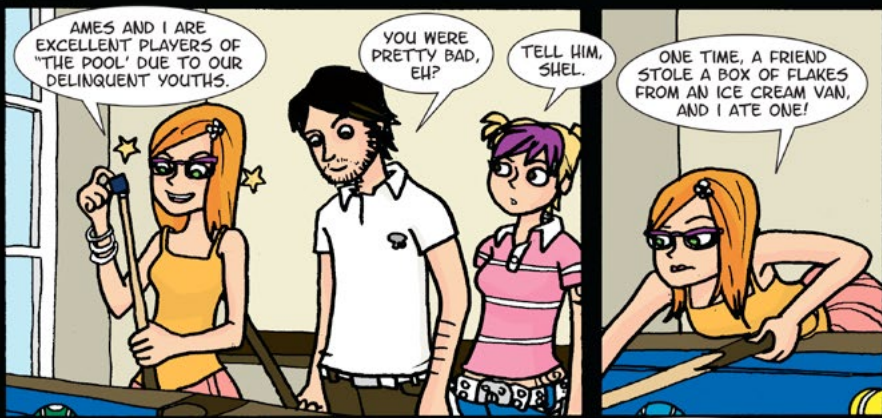


STILTON AND BRIE PLAY A BIGGER ROLE IN PEOPLES' LIVES THAN... HOLLYWOOD STUNTMEN.

I'M SURE YOU COULD MAKE A SIMILAR CASE FOR HADDOCK.

I HAVEN'T HAD A SNIFF IN MONTHS. I'M NOT TELLING A GIRL I SPEND MY DAYS BONING KIPPERS.







ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SHELLEY?

OH YES YES, I JUST HAVE SOME PROBLEMS THAT ARE...

YOU KNOW...

B-B-BOTHERIN' ME.



WHAT KIND OF PROBLEMS?

SNIF... WELL, AMY AND I KIND OF... GOT TRICKED OUT OF £3000 IN A GAME OF DOMINOS.



WE'RE TRYIN' TO THINK OF A WAY TO GET IT BACK.

chicas

BUT I FIGURE WE SHOULD JUST TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES AND SPEND THE REST OF THE DECADE CONVALESCING.



PISTOL, WE HAVE TO HELP THESE GIRLS, THEY'RE IN TROUBLE.

STEVE? WHAT? YOU CAN'T TURN OUR DATE INTO A SUNDAY OF CHARITY WORK.



THEY DON'T LOOK VERY PLEASED WITH ONE ANOTHER.

PINCH ME AGAIN AMES, IT'S HARD TO CRY WHEN YOU WANT TO CLAP AND SQUEAL.



ALL RIGHT. IF YOU WANT THAT £300, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GO BACK IN AND WIN IT BACK.

BUT THEY'LL NEVER LET US BACK IN THERE. THEY KNOW WE'RE SKINT.

AND WE MIGHT LOSE AGAIN. I DON'T THINK WE'RE VERY GOOD AT DOMINOS.



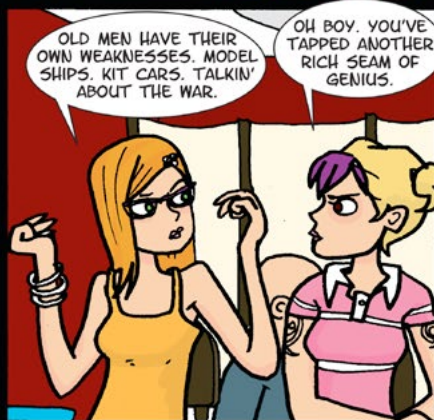
GIRLS, THINK ABOUT IT. THEY GOT YOU DRUNK AND YOU GAMBLER LIKE DRUNKS.

WE REVERTED TO TERRIBLE TYPE.



WELL, MAYBE WE CAN USE THE SAME TACTICS ON THEM.

WE CAN'T GET OLD MEN DRUNK. THEY'RE SUMPS! BOOZE SILOS!



OLD MEN HAVE THEIR OWN WEAKNESSES. MODEL SHIPS. KIT CARS. TALKIN' ABOUT THE WAR.

OH BOY. YOU'VE TAPPED ANOTHER RICH SEAM OF GENIUS.



WE'LL SPILL SOME MATCHES AND SUGGEST THEY BUILD WESTMINSTER ABBEY

HIGH ON GLUE FUMES AND SCALE MODELLING. THEY'LL BE ANYBODY'S.

