

MURDER SHE WRITES



JOHN ALLISON

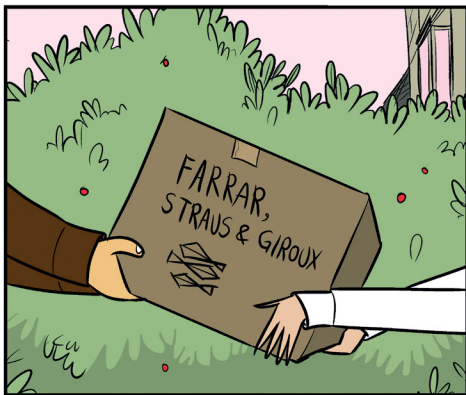
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Written & drawn by John Allison

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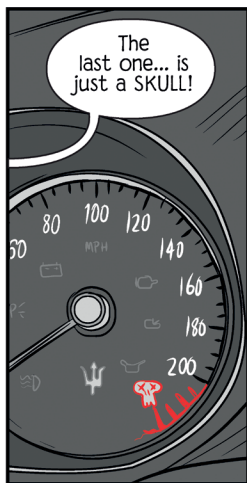
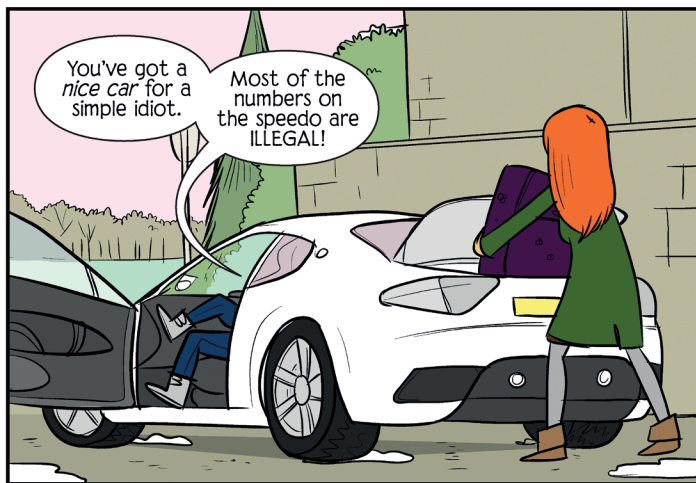
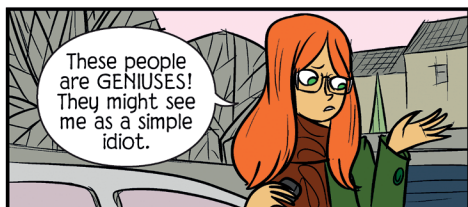
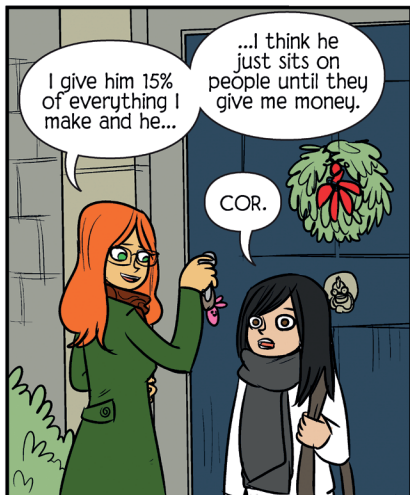
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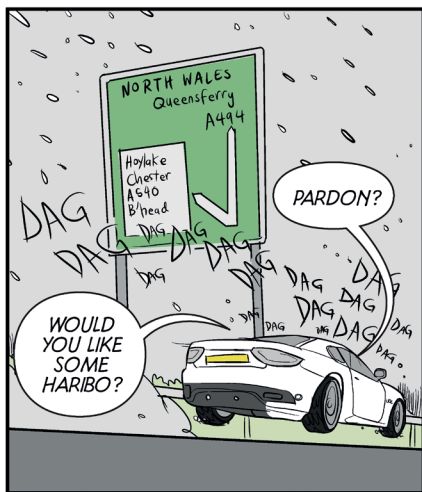
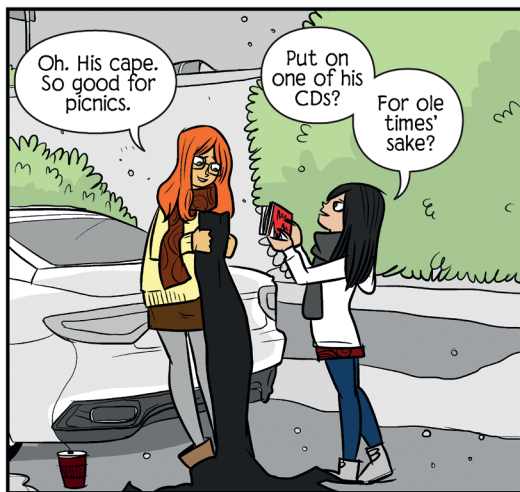
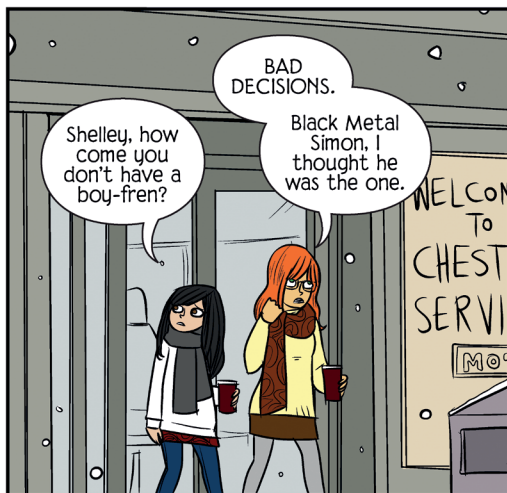
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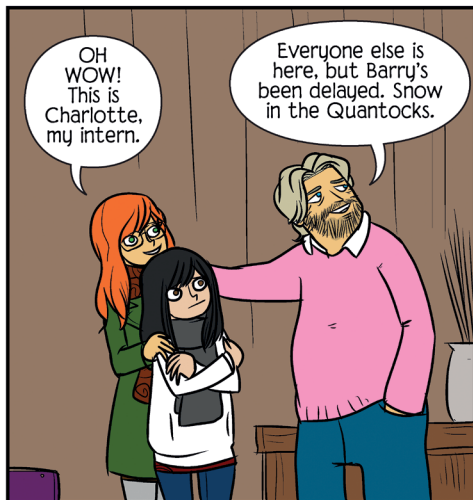
We were lucky to get here! The snow is really coming down.

Oh my LORE look at this place, oh my DAYS.



Hello! Hello! You must be the famous Shelley Winters.

I'm Hugo, Hugo Nance.



OH WOW! This is Charlotte, my intern.

Everyone else is here, but Barry's been delayed. Snow in the Quantocks.



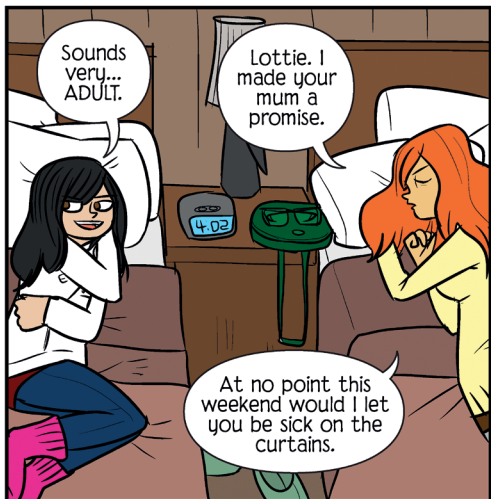
Go and get settled in, your room's at the top of the stairs.

We're having a soiree at 7. See you then.



What's a SWARRAY?

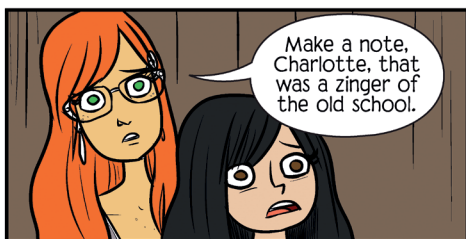
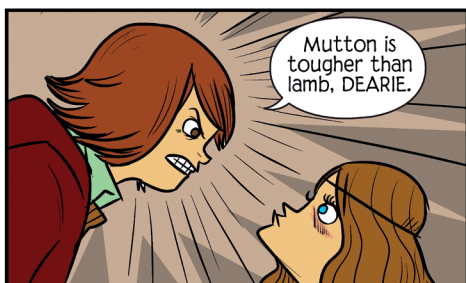
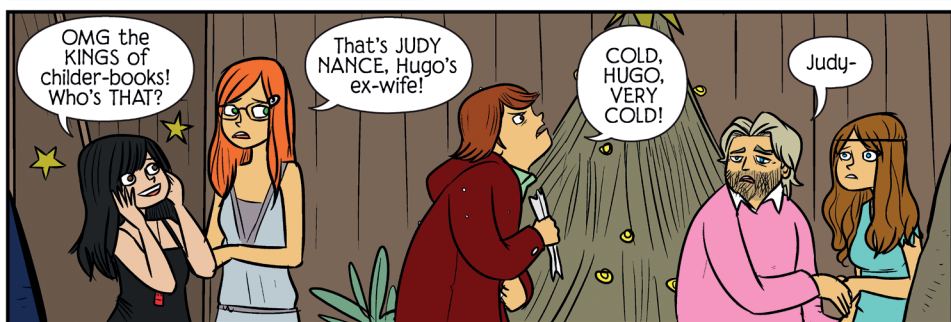
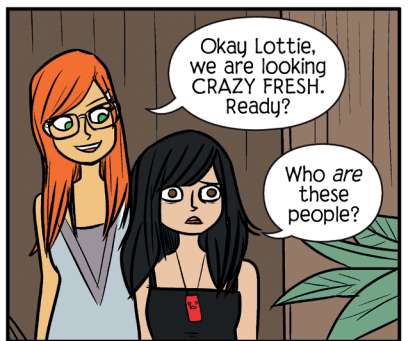
It's where we all drink cocktails until we feel able to talk to one another.

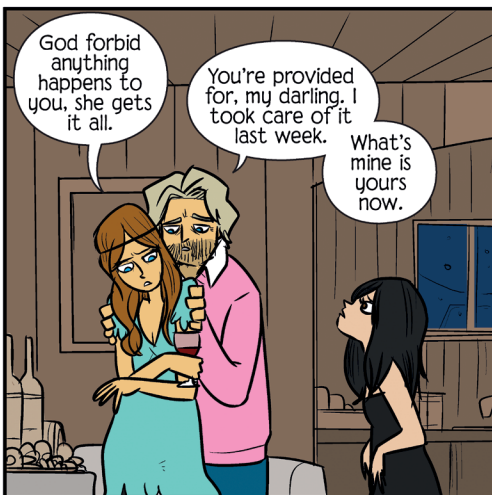
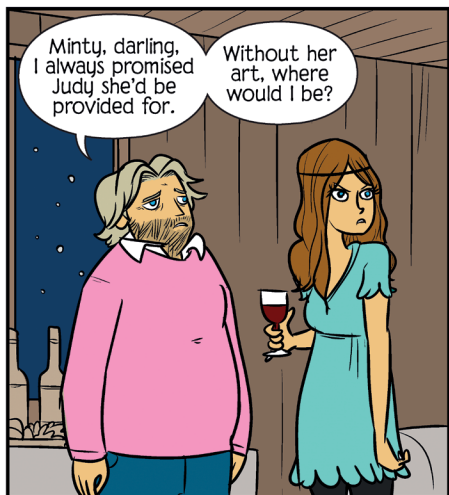
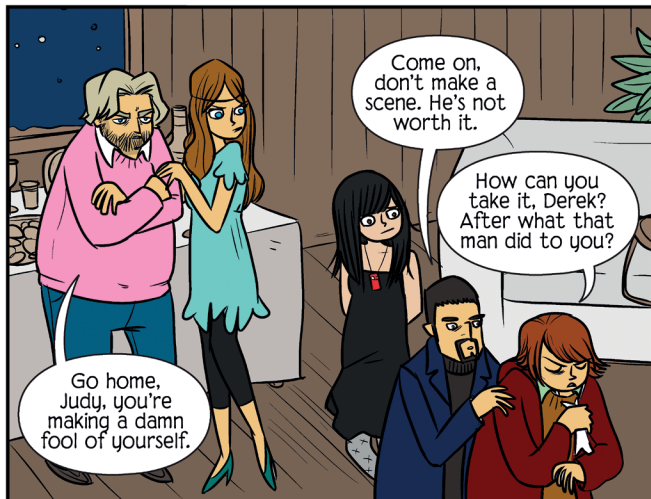


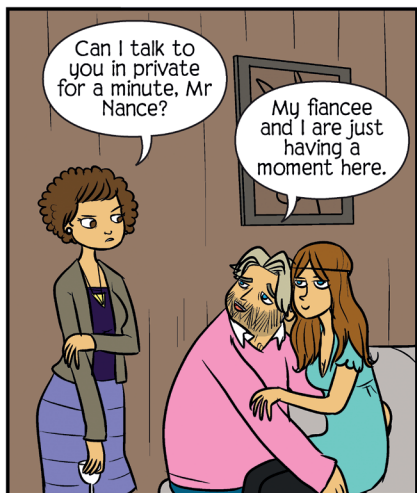
Sounds very... ADULT.

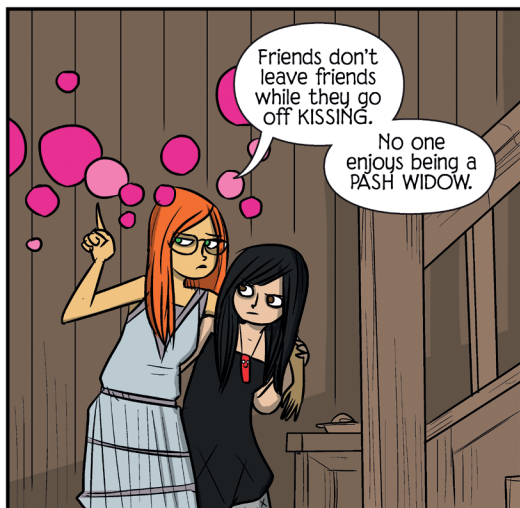
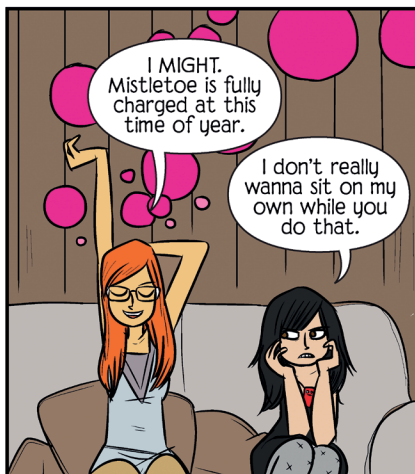
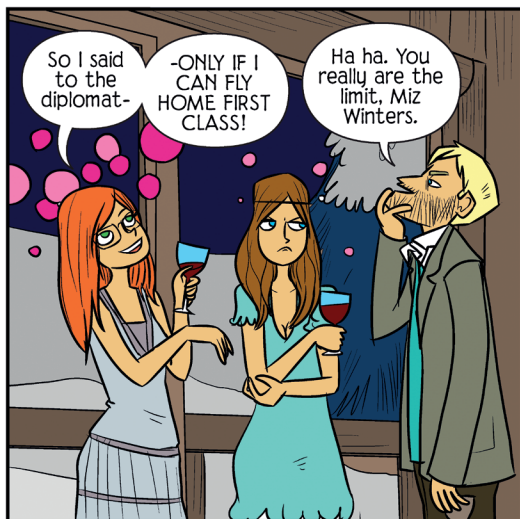
Lottie. I made your mum a promise.

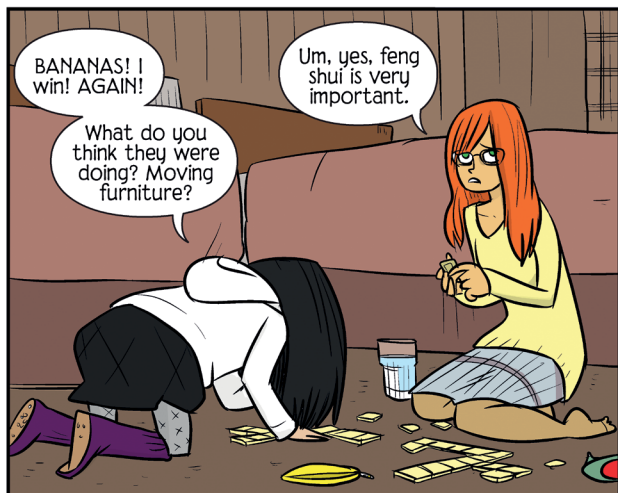
At no point this weekend would I let you be sick on the curtains.

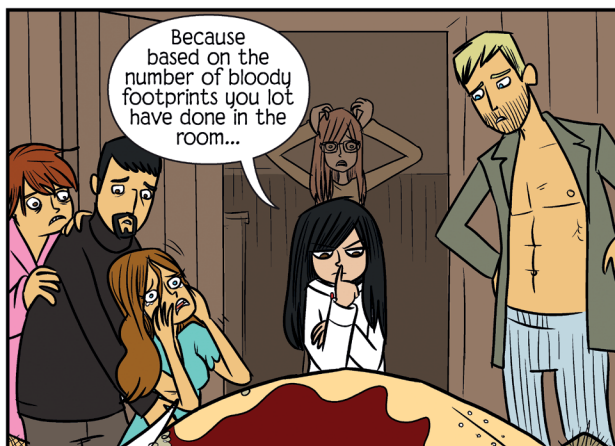
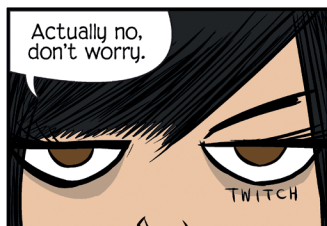


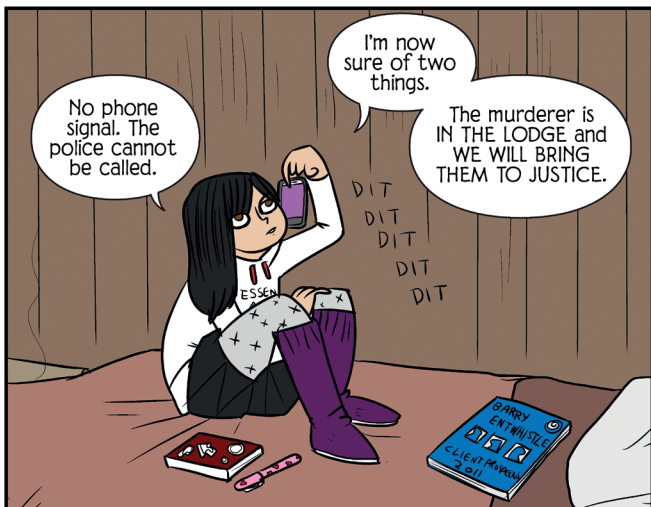
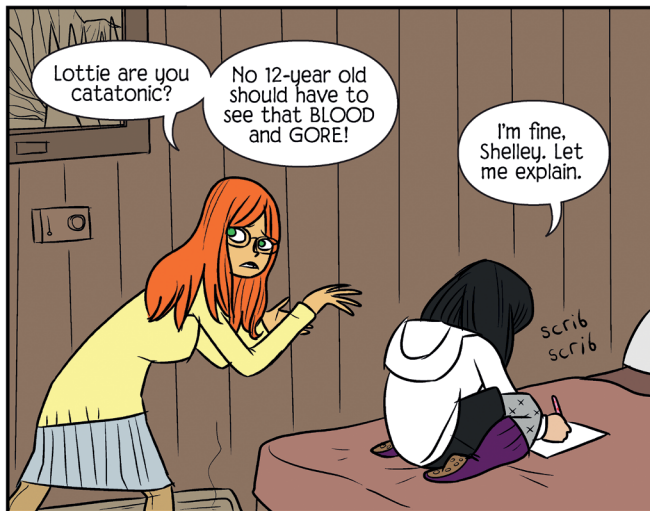




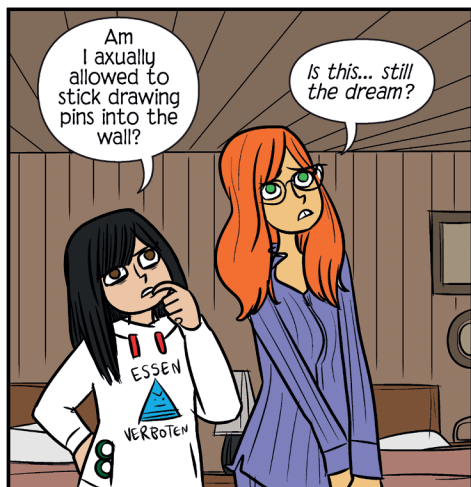
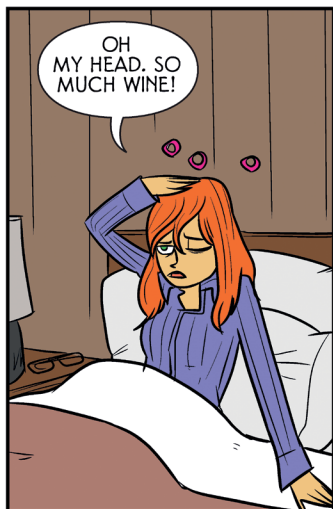


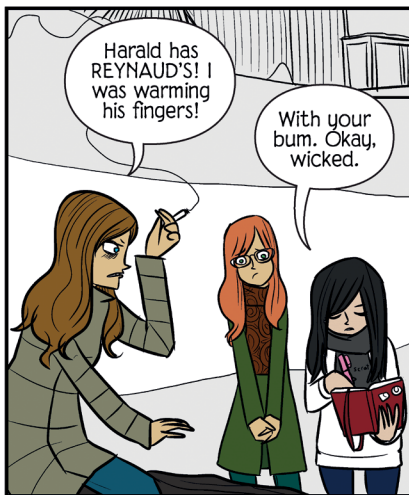
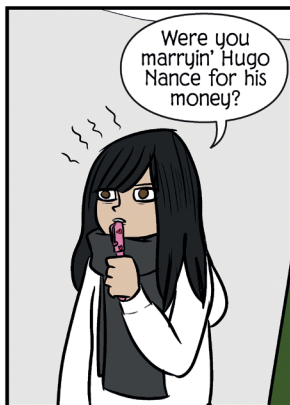
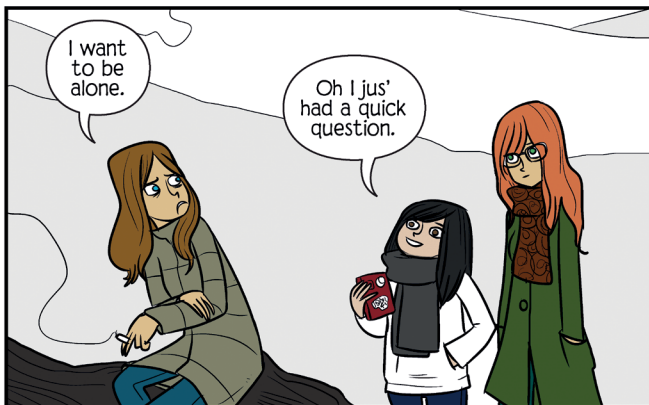
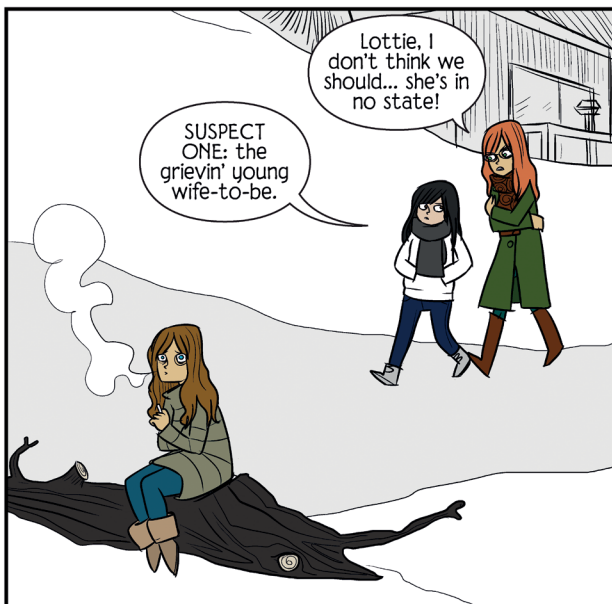


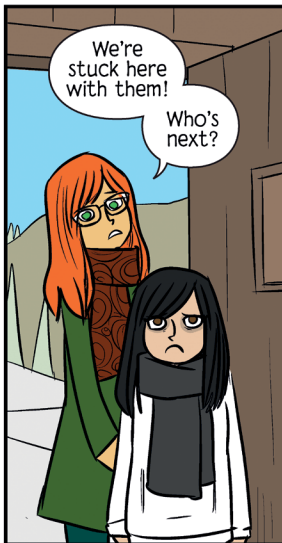


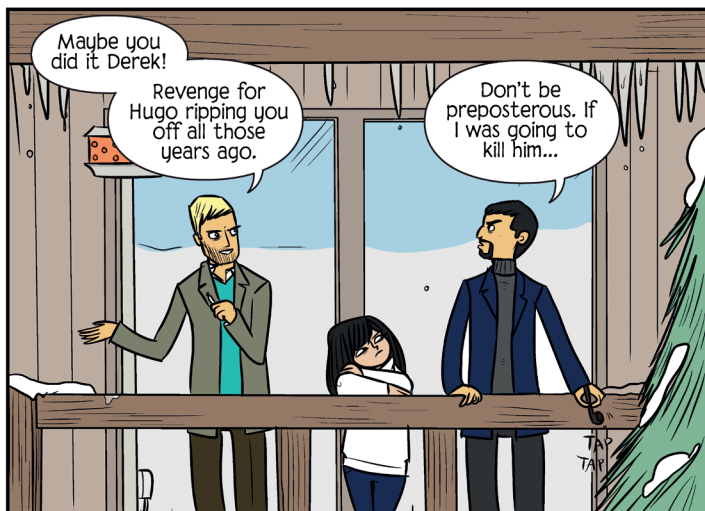
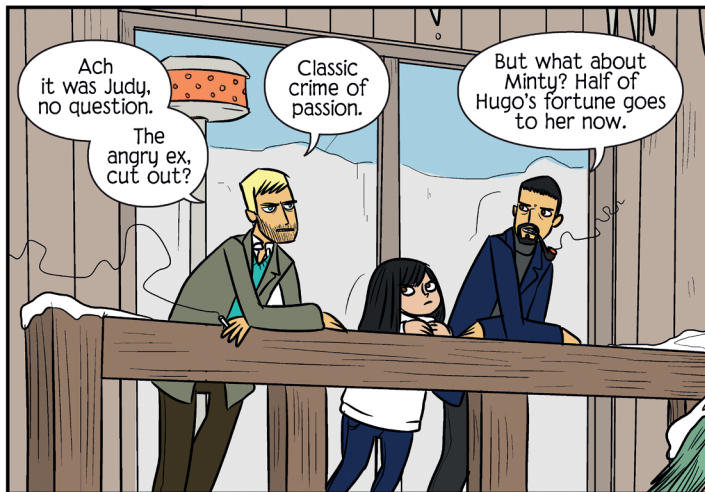


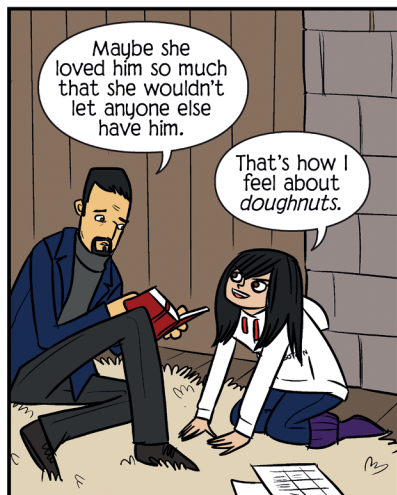


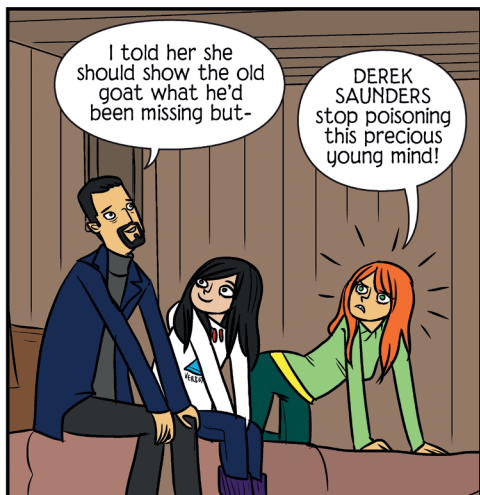
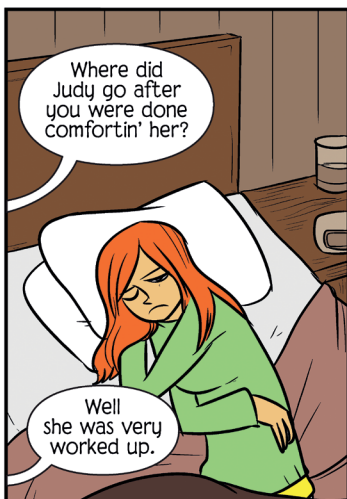
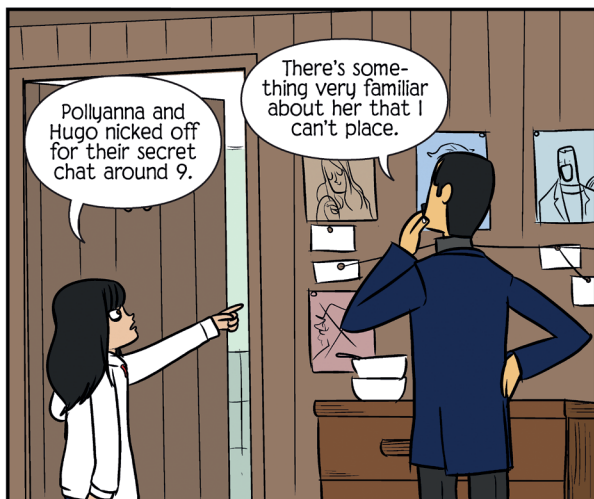




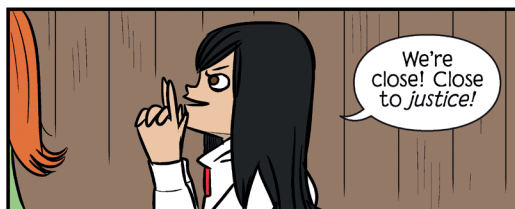
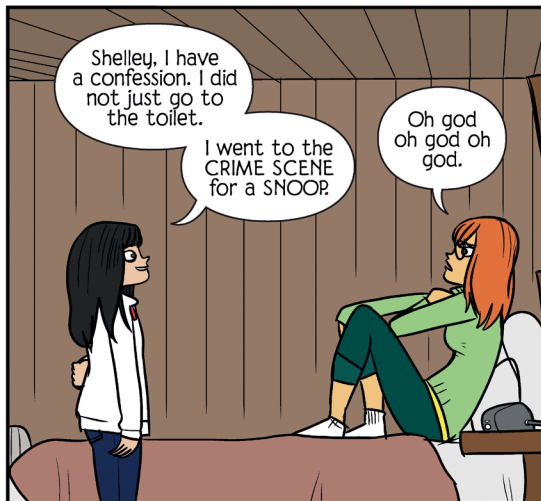








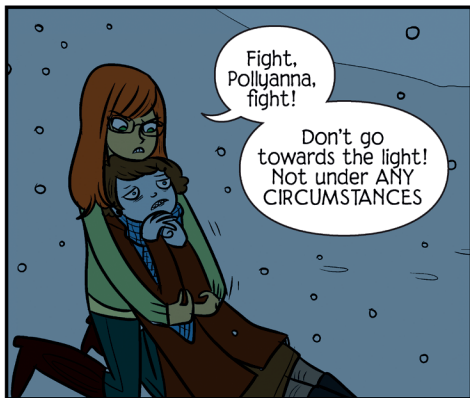
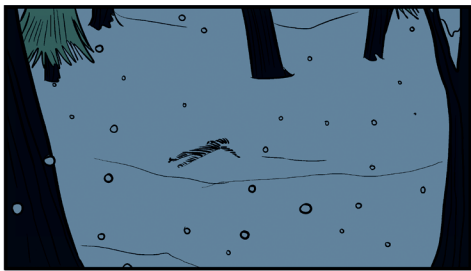
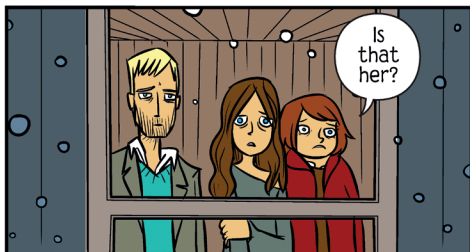






In my
ess-pert
opinion...

...he is
WELL
DEAD.







Harald and I met at art school. We were just friends.

We... well, I... were always seeing other people.

We'd always flirted but it was silly! Just fun!



Hm so what you are sayin' is you teased him for years...

...then got engaged to some old buffer.



Hugo was a great man! A GREAT MAN!



And I'll never see him ag-AY-AY-AYYN



If you're makin' all this up, you're better at acting than writing.

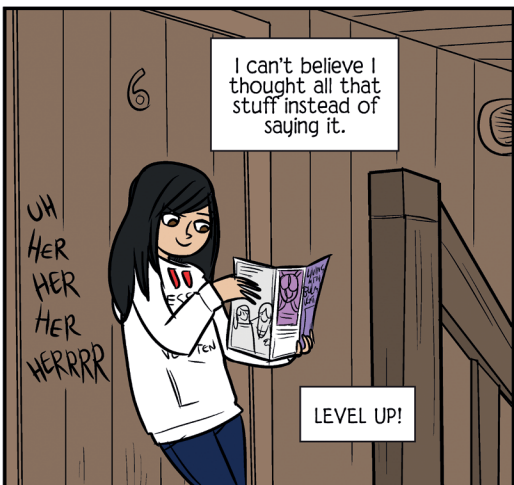
You're a rubbish writer...

...but that's your job, so...



Oh! Can I take this leaflet?

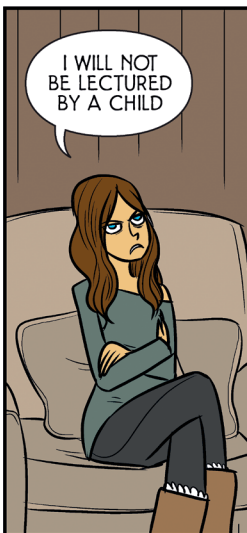
Sniff... I won't need it any more.

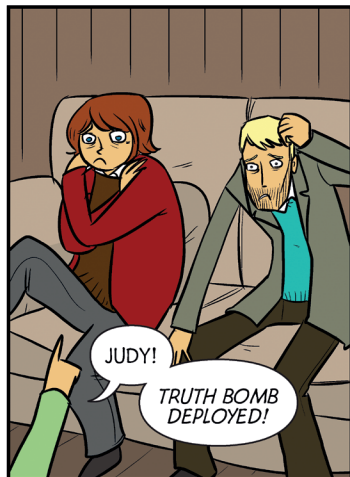
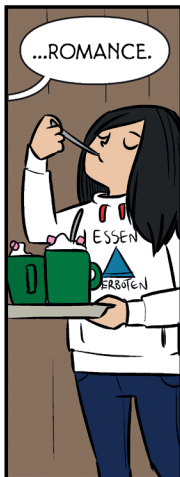
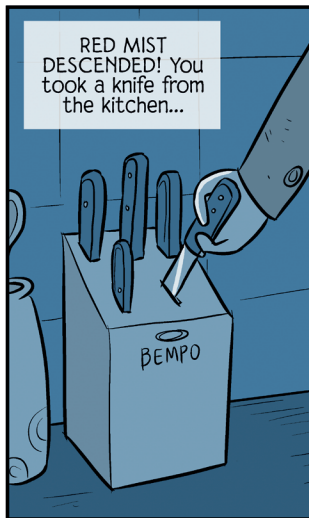
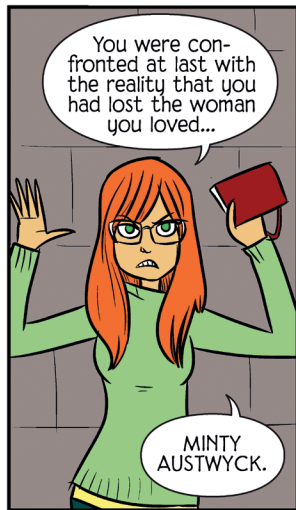


I can't believe I thought all that stuff instead of saying it.

UH HER HER HER HERRRR

LEVEL UP!







Judy had come to the lodge to have it out with Hugo...

...but she had a secret weapon.



She was his first love and that love burns HOT forever.



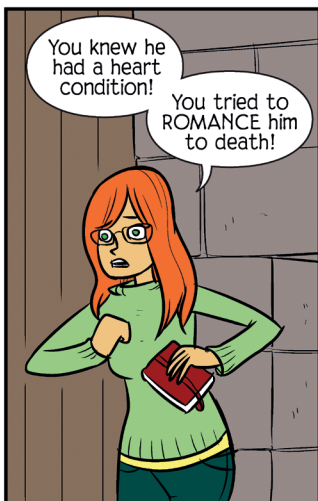
Knowing Minty was spark out on the sofa downstairs...



...she put on her best finery and went to work on her ex.



I knew... what he liked.



You knew he had a heart condition!

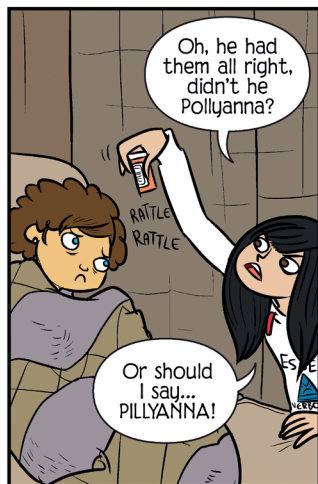
You tried to ROMANCE him to death!



Maybe he was already dead when Harald stabbed him!



Maybe things got a bit... *exciting*... but he had his PILLS!



Oh, he had them all right, didn't he Pollyanna?

Or should I say... **PILLYANNA!**

