

STARRY GOROUND
COMICS

3

2017

JOHN ALLISON

BOBBINS

END OF THE ROAD



patreon.com/scarygoround

***These comics were originally published at
scarygoround.com from in December 2016
and June/July 2017***

Among weird ones, this is a *weird one*.

The stories around Erin Winters and Eustace Boyce feature characters being written out of existence, travelling to hell, ruling hell as “Mordawwa”, coming back from hell, dying while trying to contact someone in hell, being turned into a horse, and many, many more. They’re fan-favourite characters. They’re not author-favourite characters. The author wrote all these stories trying to give the fans more of their fan-favourite characters.

The author has learned his lesson. The author has given enough of himself. He has a headache. He can’t remember which order things happened in. The author made up a joke title for a comic, *Mordawwa* because he thought it would be funny. He then made an actual Mordawwa comic that tied into his other comics, because he got cocky. As he was shovelling copies of Mordawwa into the recycling, he knew that the joke had gone too far. He still thinks Mordawwa is a good comic full of good ideas, but perhaps those ideas should have stayed ideas for a bit longer. The author would like you to know that there were plans for four more issues of Mordawwa (*right*).

The strips that start this book are filed on my computer as “Mordawwa Cancellation Special”, which says everything I need to say about them. The story which follows, *End Of The Road*, billed tongue-in-cheek at the time as “All New Scary Go Round #1”, features all the characters from Scary Go Round that readers would ask about, who I had no more stories for.

I would scratch my head sometimes when someone asked me about Hugo, or Fallon, or Tessa and Rachel, but the cupboard was bare. *End Of The Road* explores the limbo of the long lost character. I have always thought that the author does not serve the audience well by giving them what they want, but I’m made of flesh and blood, and I am willing to throw the occasional bone. It never feels too good, but then, it’s probably one of my own bones.

The author does not know how he feels about *End Of The Road*. He was trying something. It may not have worked.

- JA

MORDAWWA ISSUE SYNOPSES (2016)

ISSUE 1: OH DEAR

After a hundred year battle against Arch-Duke Horns to reclaim rule of Hell, Mordawwa finds out hell is being reorganised and that she will have to re-apply for her job, against a field of merciless candidates.

ISSUE 2: OH NO

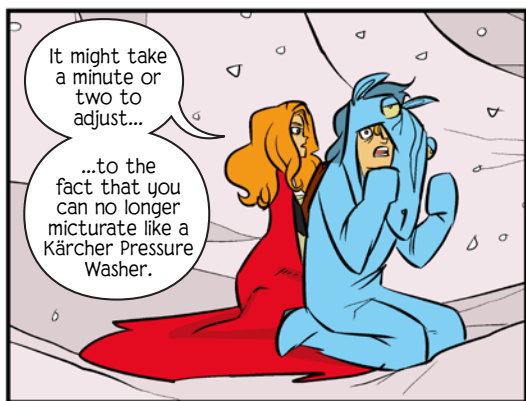
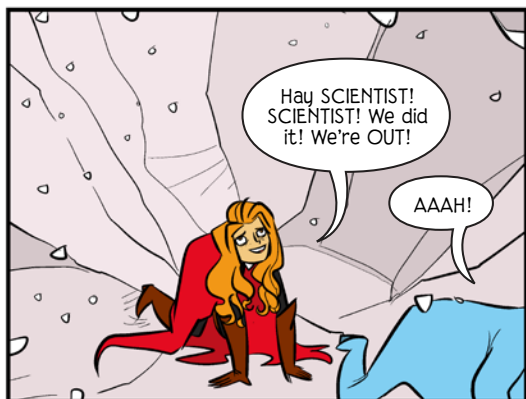
Creeping nitrogen pollution from “top-side” leads to blooming greenery across Dimension-1 and a manifestation of Gaia, who Mordawwa must repel prior to a an inspection visit from Metatron Ba’al.

ISSUE 3: OOPS

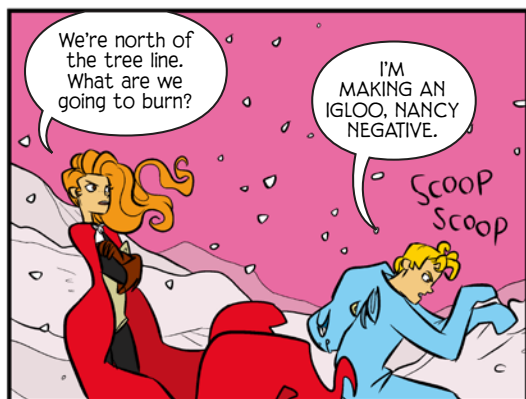
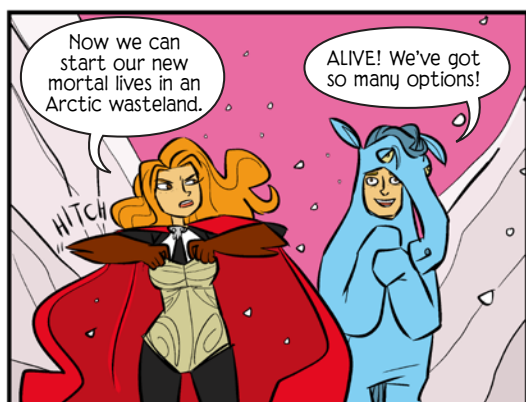
It’s Lucifer’s birthday, and Mordawwa decides to give him the soul of Earth’s holiest man to butter him up and boost her chances of getting to stay Queen of Dimenion-1. Unfortunately, Vesper Alanna, Under-Duchess of Dimension-6A, has had the same idea. It is “game on.”

ISSUE 4: FOR CRYING OUT LOUD

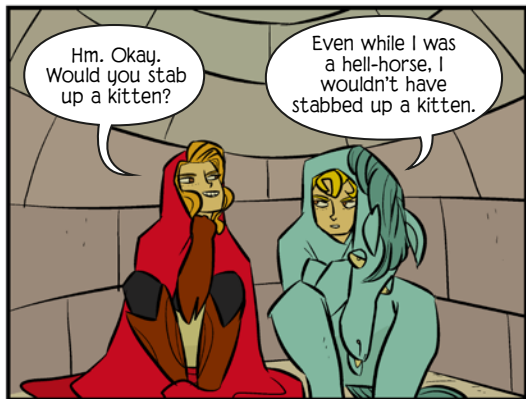
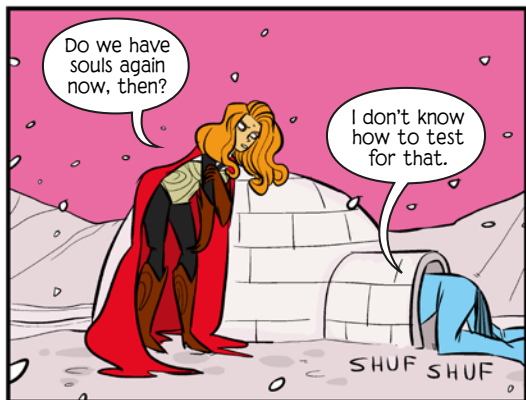
Damage from the war with Arch-Duke Horns has left the Skull Fortress in poor repair, and Mordawwa must fix it. Mordawwa finds out she has been demoted to Vice-Queen Of Hell and must await the new ruler.



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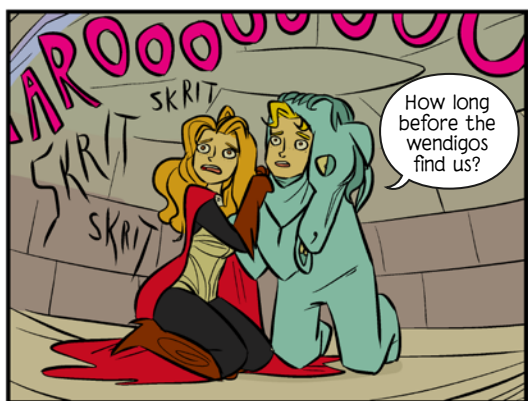
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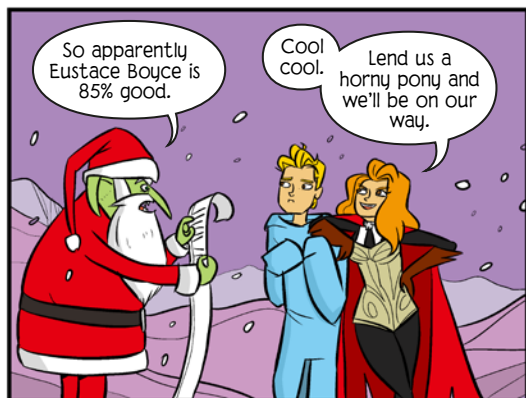
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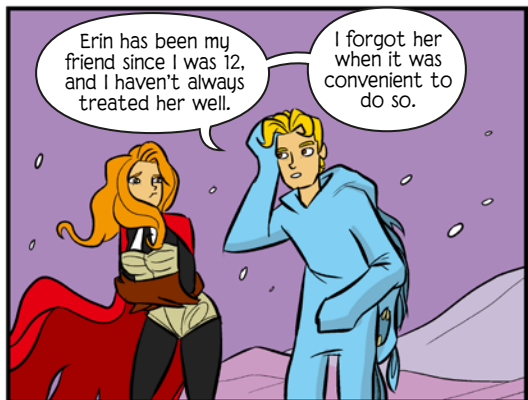
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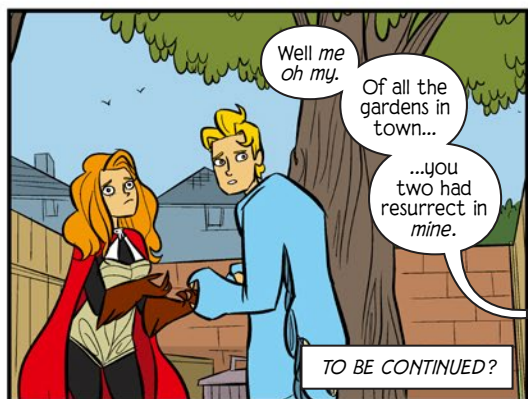
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TO BE CONTINUED?

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END OF THE ROAD



New tenants moved into number 8 last night. Very late.

That was quick.



You know Mrs Terry. She's got a waiting list.

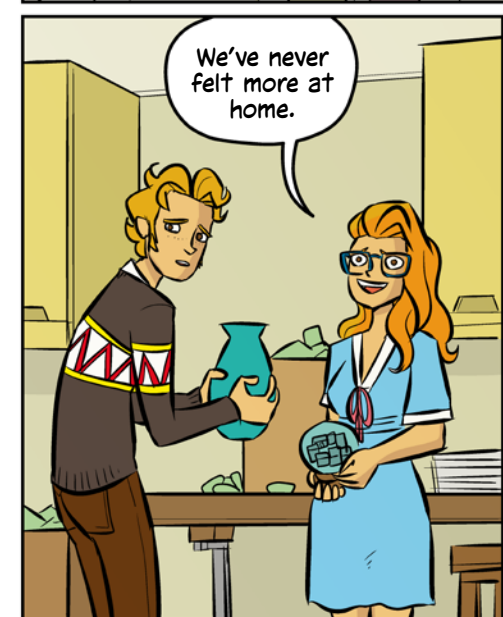
I hope they're our kind of people this time.



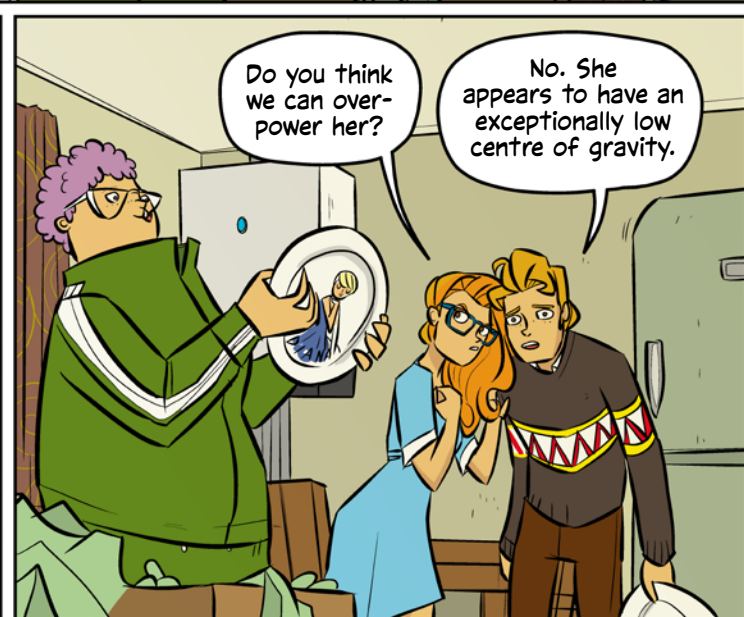
Coo-ee dears. Hope you don't mind me letting myself in.

Just wanted to make sure you were settling in all right.

Oh yes... everything's... fine.

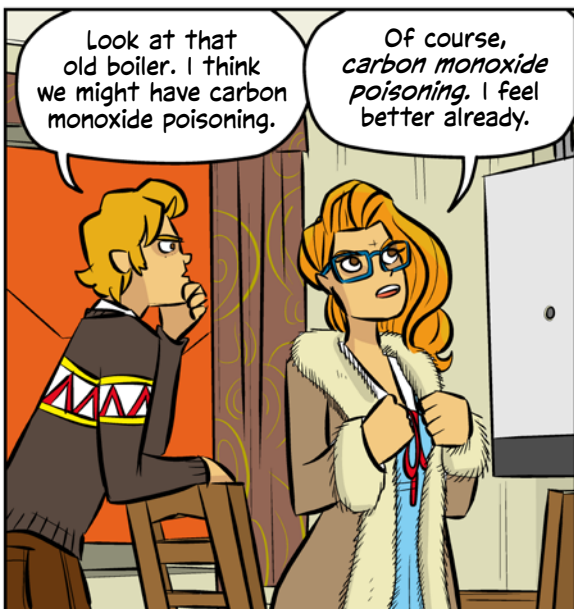
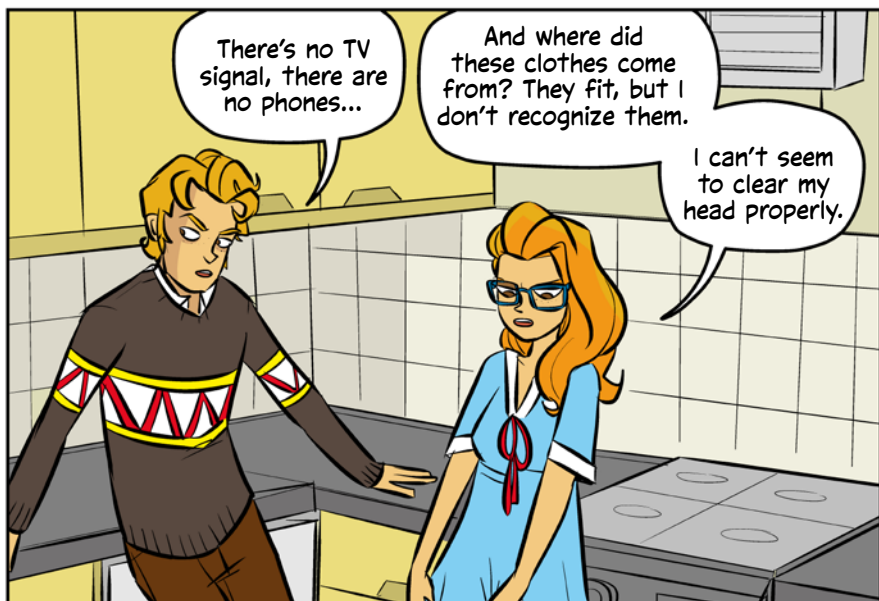
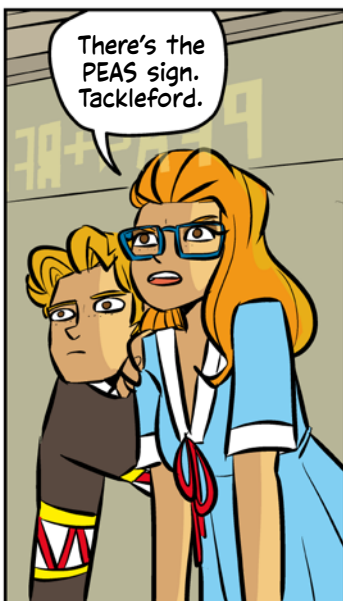
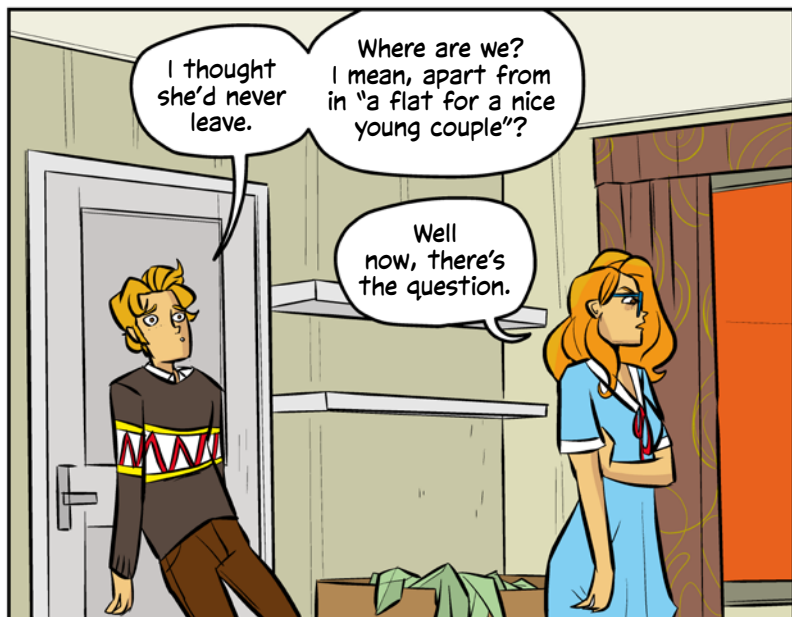


We've never felt more at home.

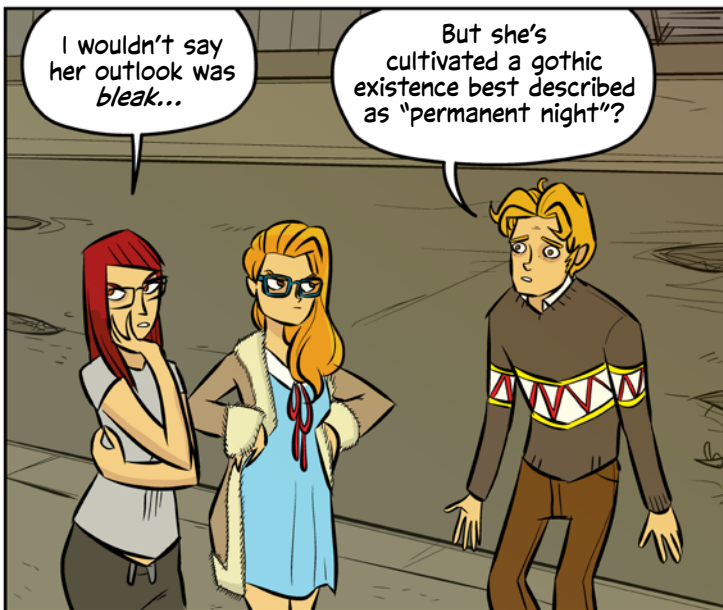
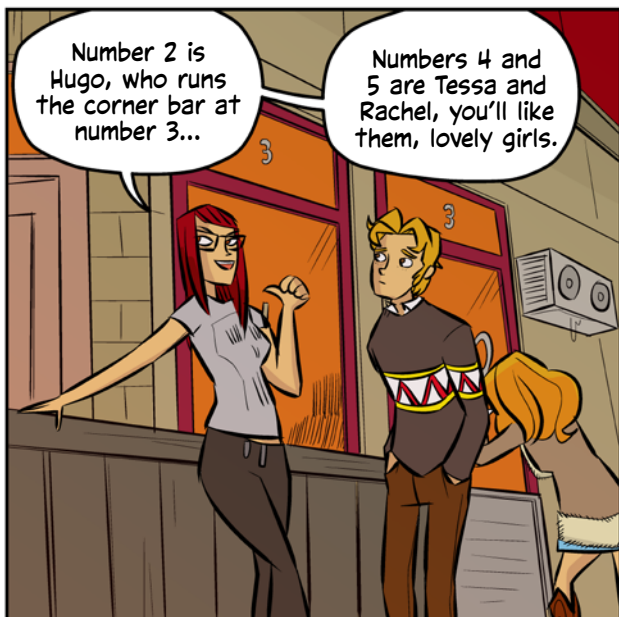


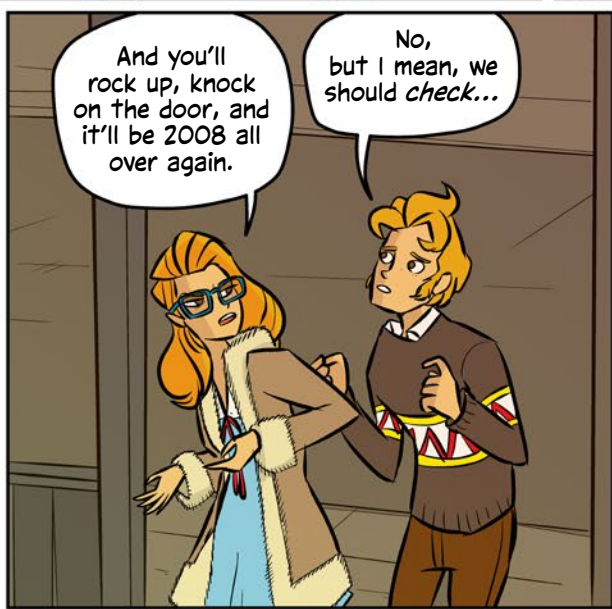
Do you think we can overpower her?

No. She appears to have an exceptionally low centre of gravity.



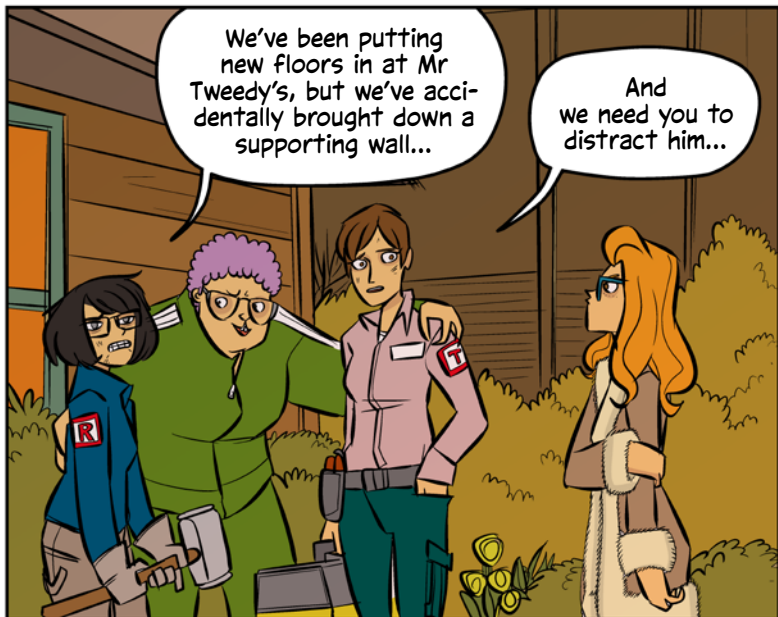








Ere, lovey, could you give Tessa and Rachel a hand, I think they're strugglin'.



We've been putting new floors in at Mr Tweedy's, but we've accidentally brought down a supporting wall...

And we need you to distract him...



Maybe with a long anecdote about... the past?

What a whimsical solution to the problem.



How about you just do your jobs properly? Couldn't hurt, could it?

But... but...

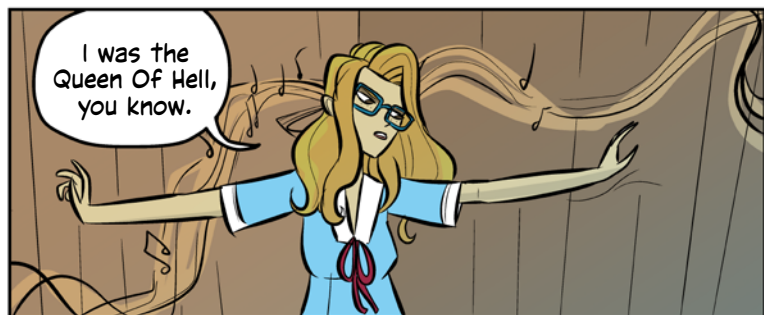
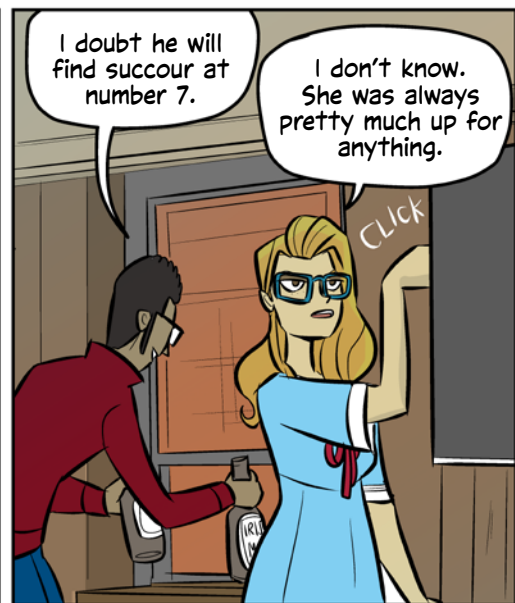
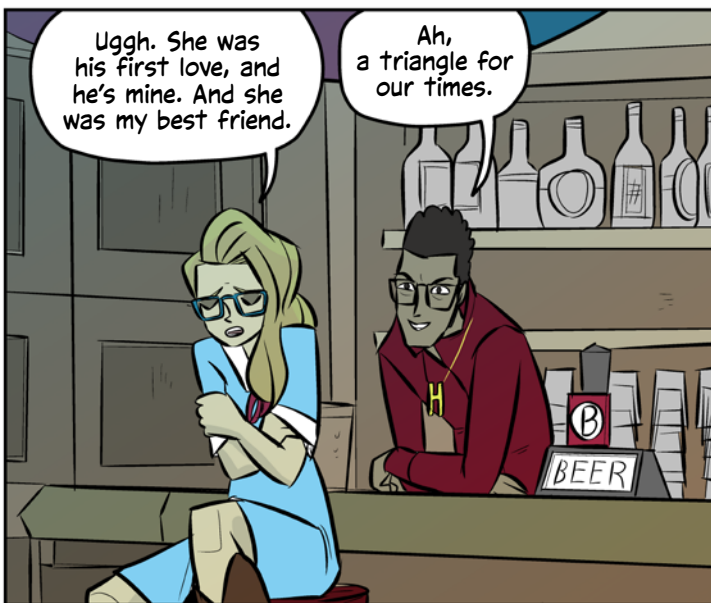
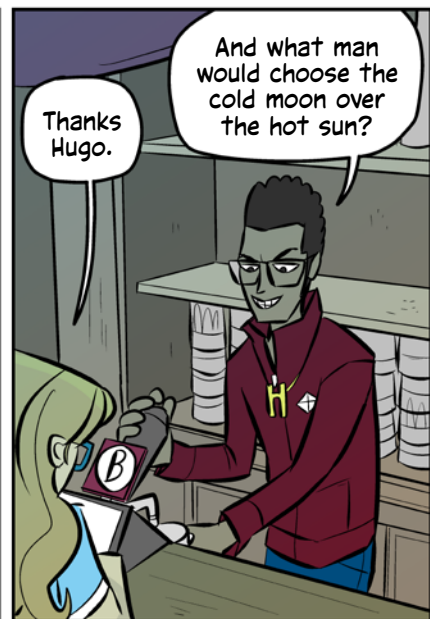
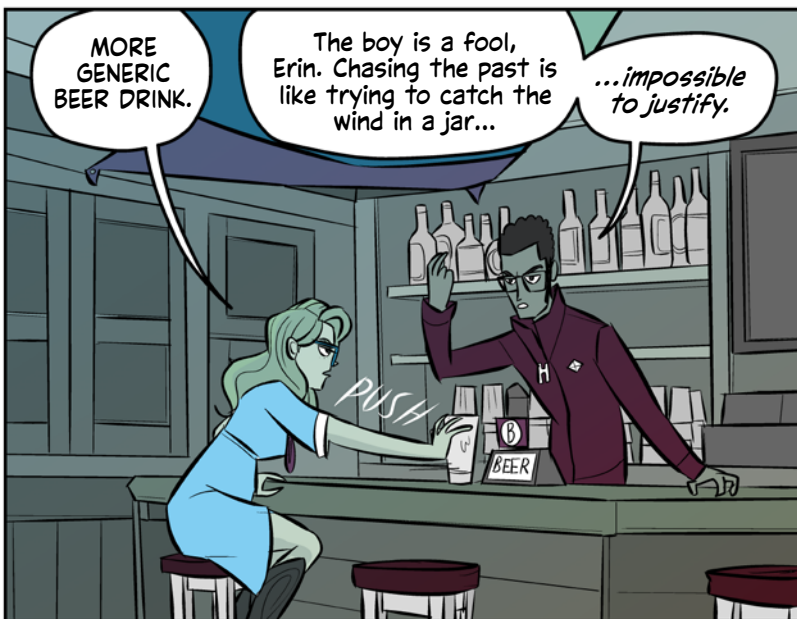


Mum, why won't the ginger lady play along? Everybody else plays along!

I don't know, love.



Plan B. Plague of locusts.





Come on Boyce,
knock on the door.
Be a man.



Eight years. Eight
years is a long time. Any-
thing could be on the other
side of that door.



ANYTHING.



Oh thank God.
Let's take a
shower together.



Oh thank God. Now
you can help me raise
these four kids by four
men what I done had.



Oh thank
God, who I am
now basically
married to etc.



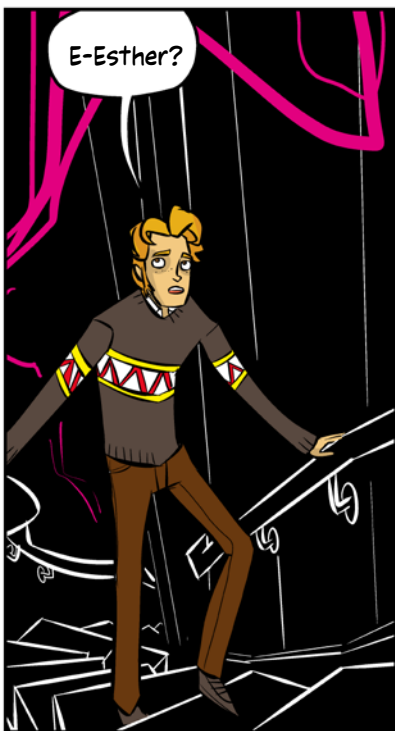
CREEAAAK



Hello?

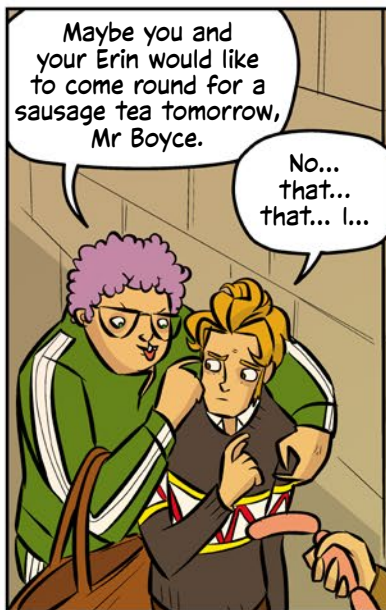
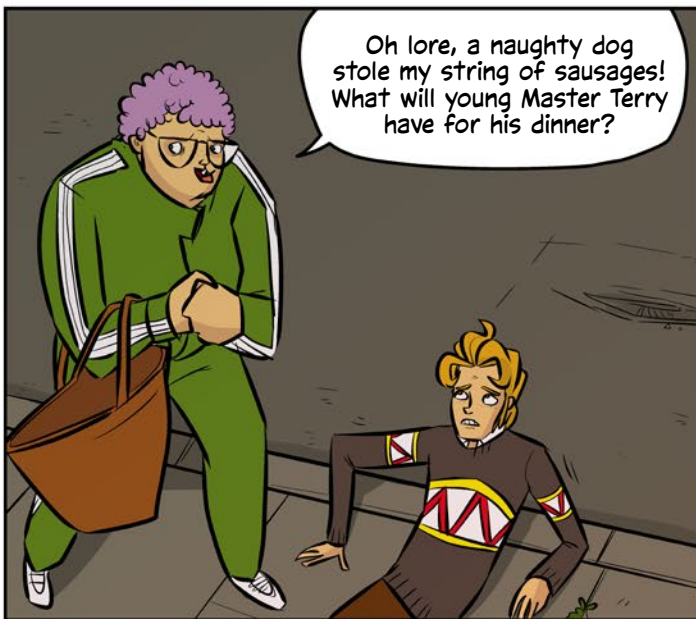


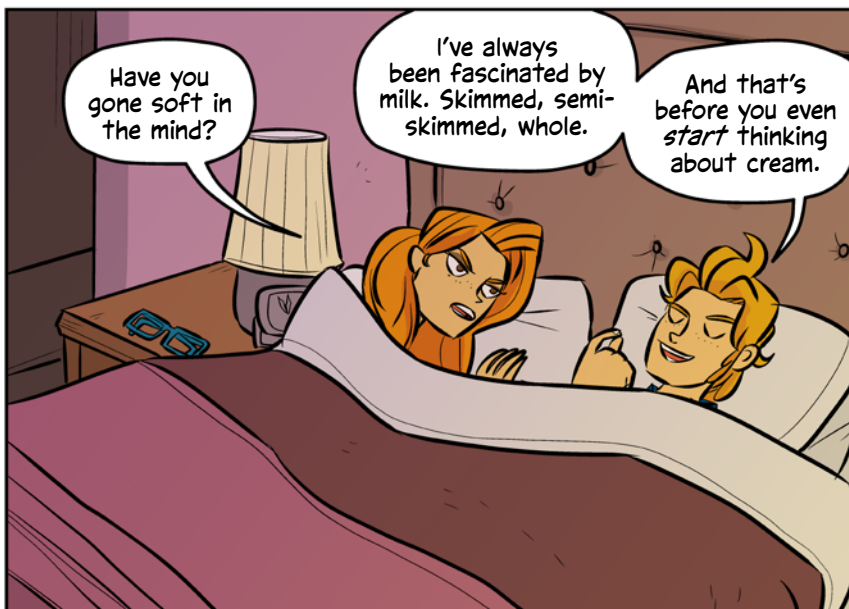
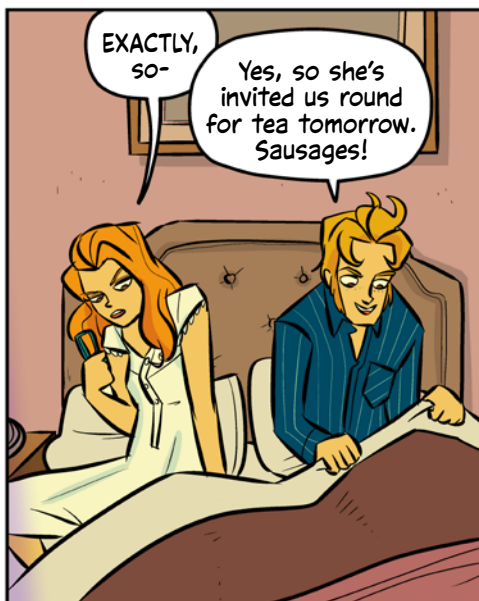
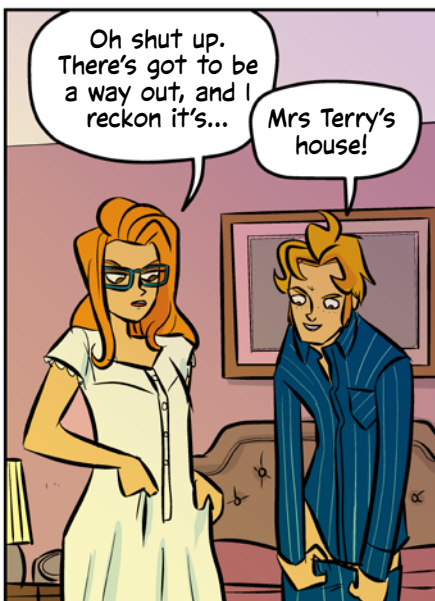
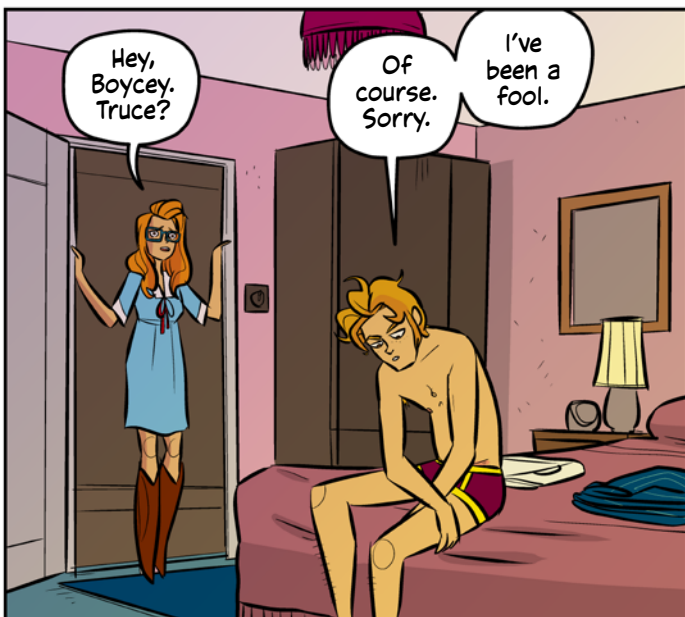
Long time...
no... see?

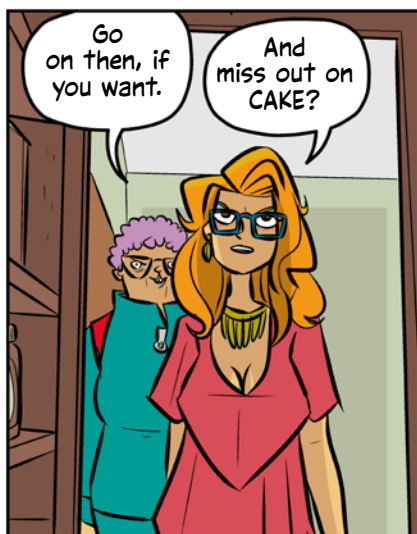
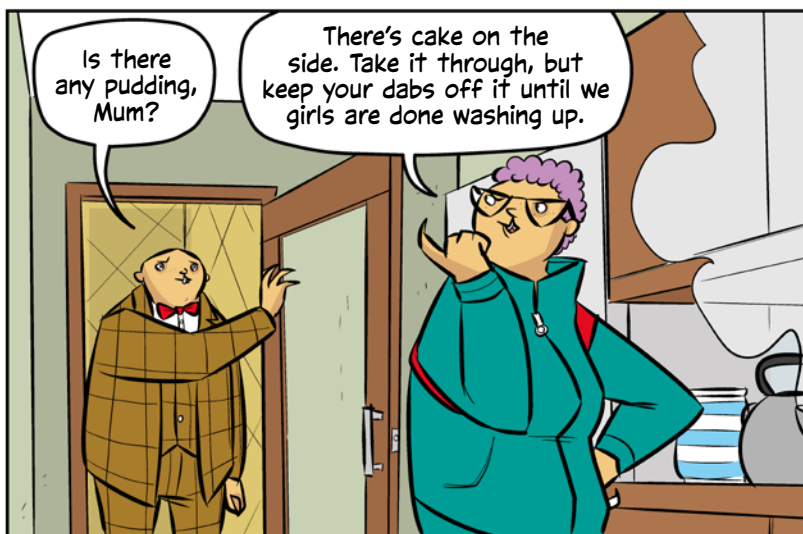
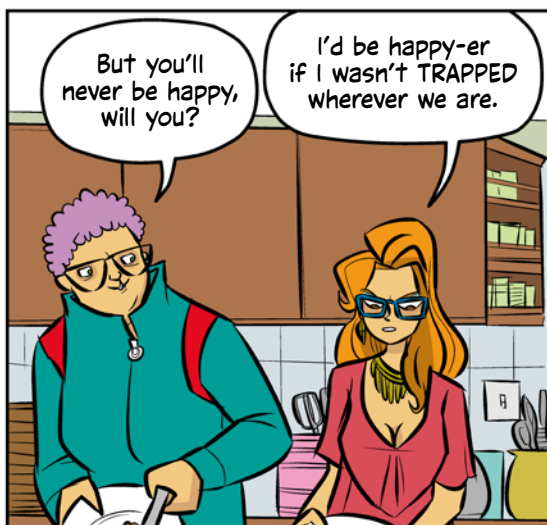
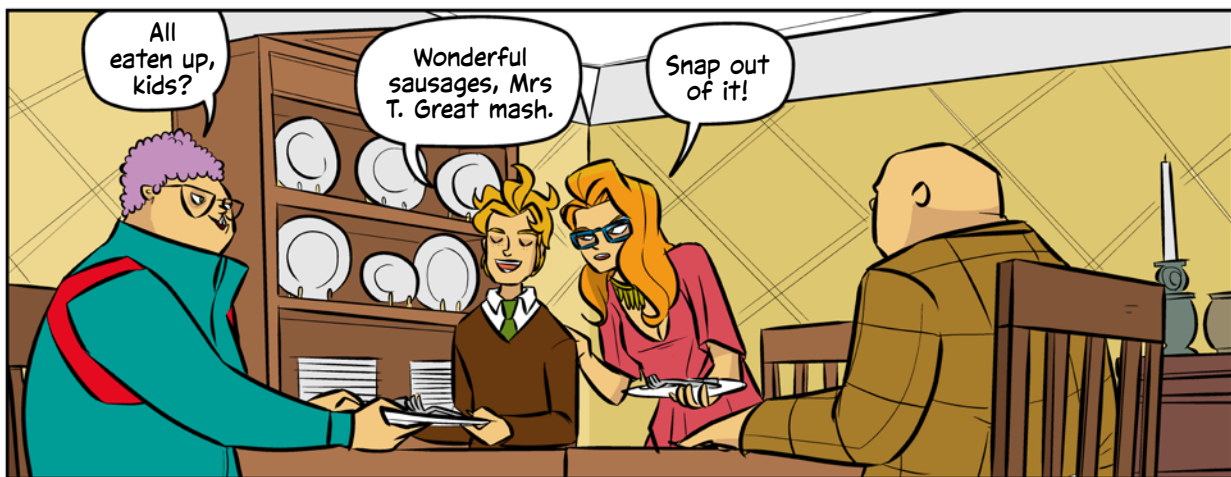


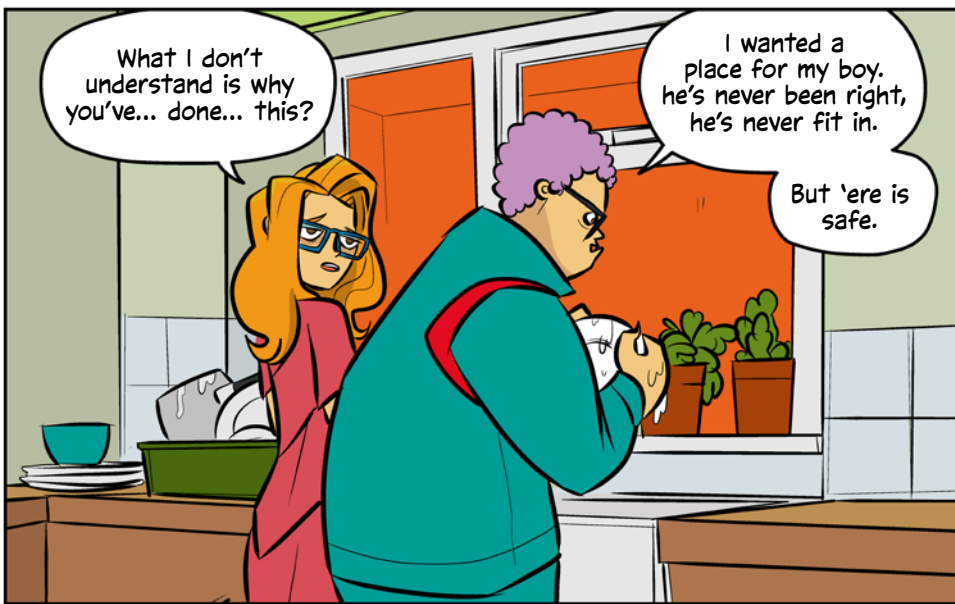












What I don't understand is why you've... done... this?

I wanted a place for my boy. he's never been right, he's never fit in.

But 'ere is safe.



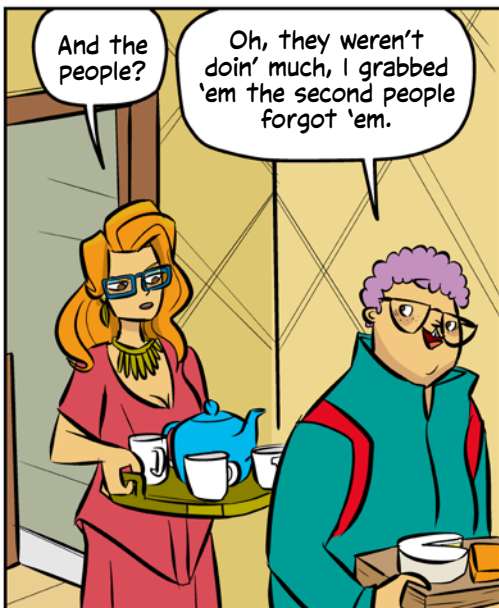
WHERE is HERE?



We're in the gap between the big supermarket, the railway station and the new football stadium.

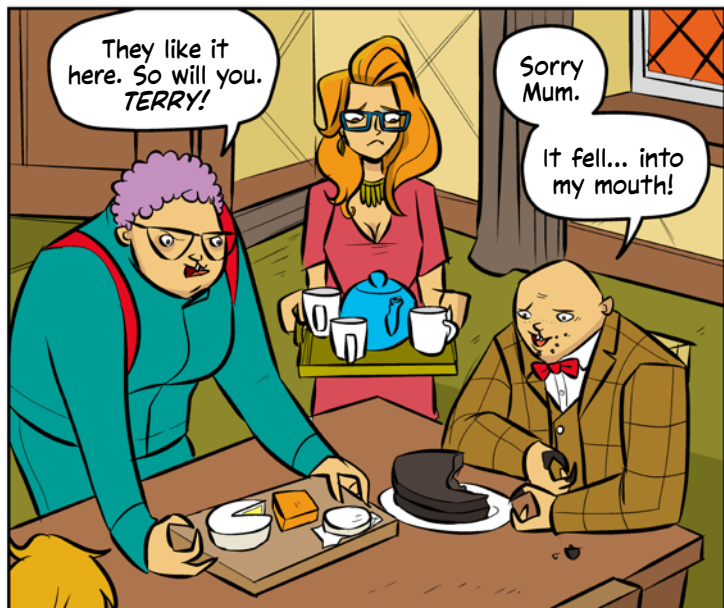
Rather than knock down the houses, they left 'em.

A little forgotten dead space, where time don't move much.



And the people?

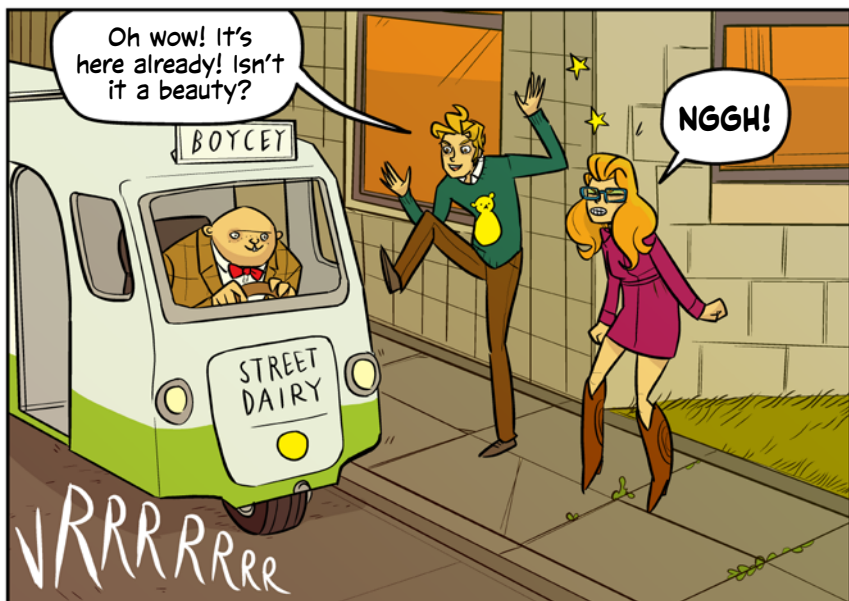
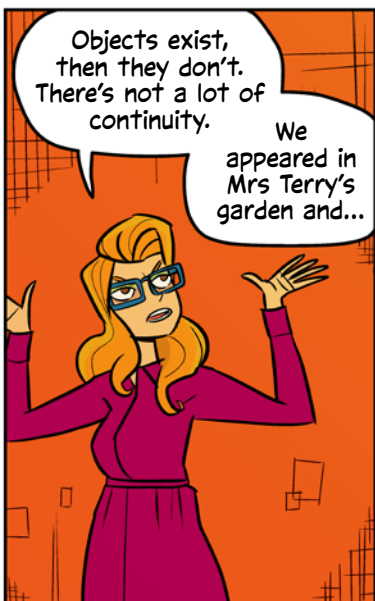
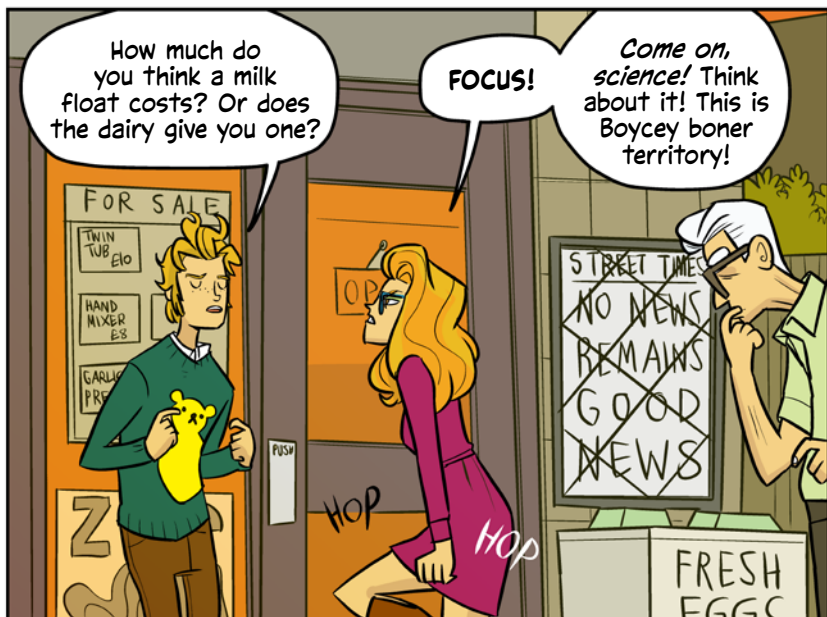
Oh, they weren't doin' much, I grabbed 'em the second people forgot 'em.



They like it here. So will you. **TERRY!**

Sorry Mum.

It fell... into my mouth!





Mum made this place for me. A place where people wouldn't point and stare.

But I like it out there. All right, so once a week some lads kick my head in...

Easy come, easy go!



But it's REAL. Every day something good might happen. In here, everything's pretend.

So what do we do?



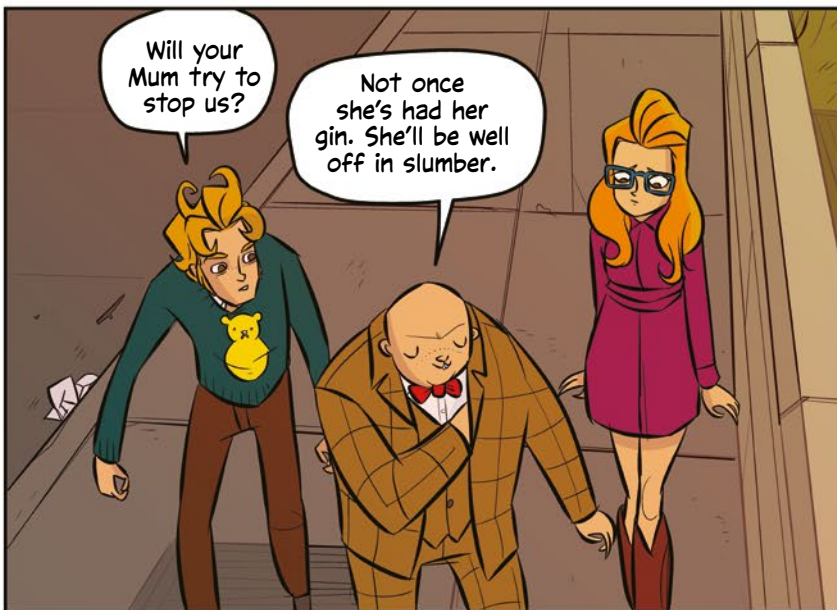
There's a way out. Mum has a tunnel in the back garden, she uses it to bring in food from the supermarket stockroom.



I thought the exit might be in her pantry.



Naw, that's where she keeps all her bones and chains and that.

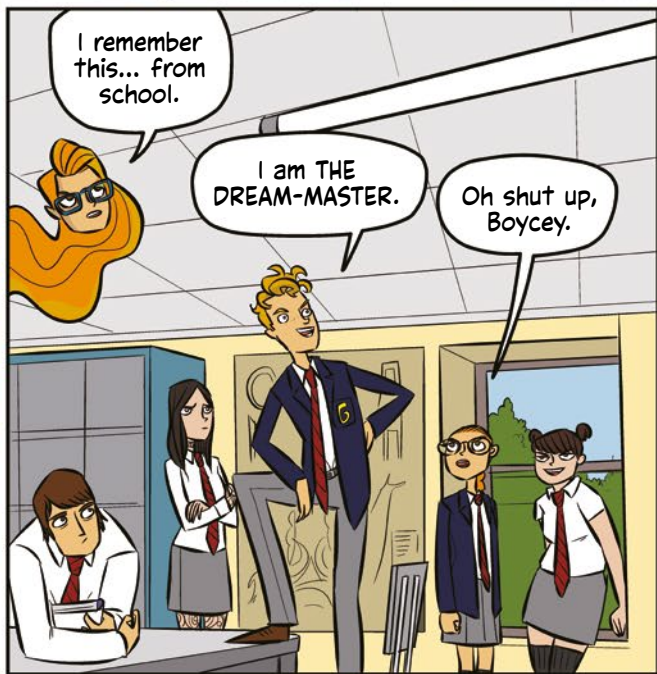
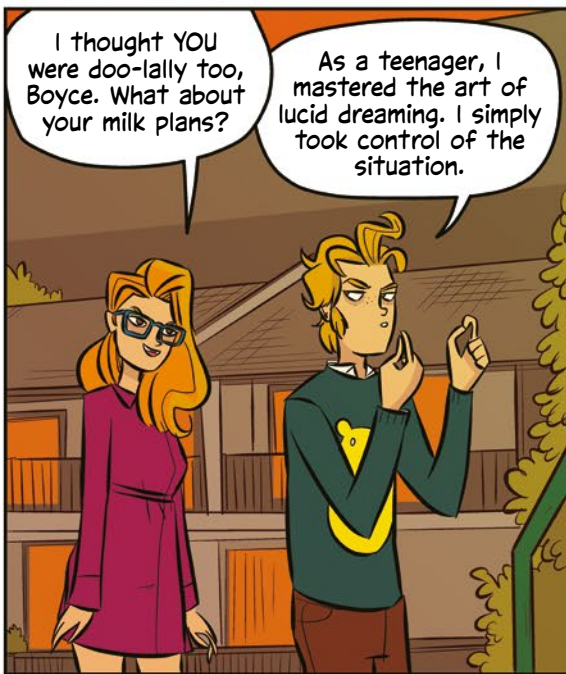
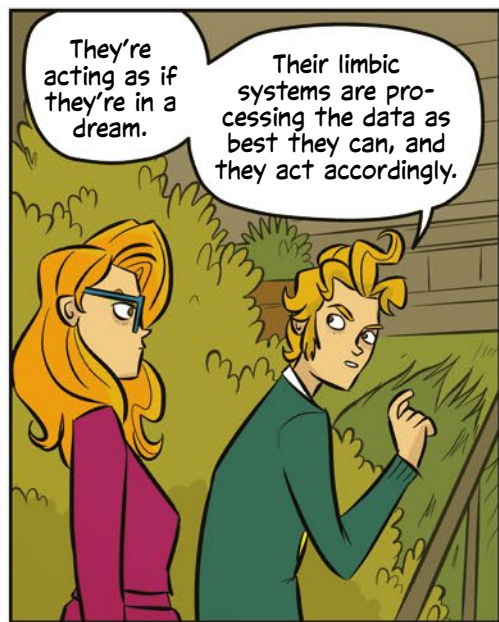


Will your Mum try to stop us?

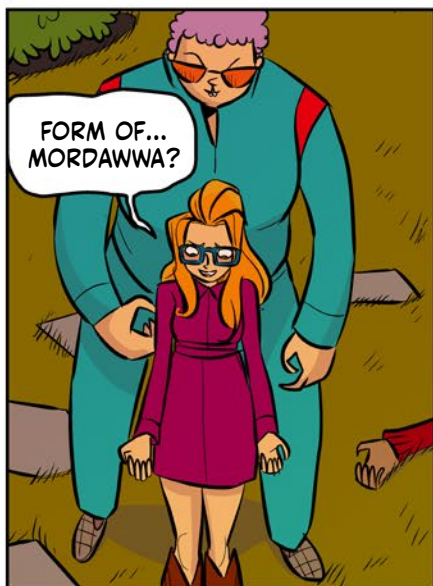
Not once she's had her gin. She'll be well off in slumber.



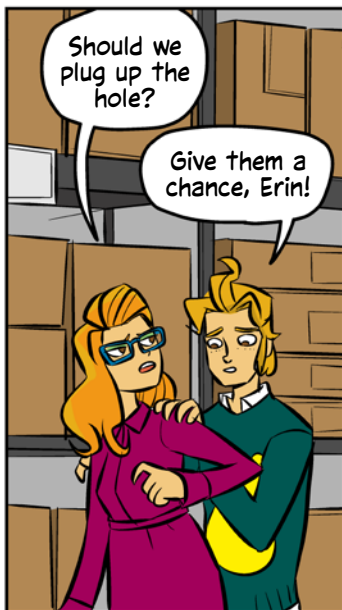
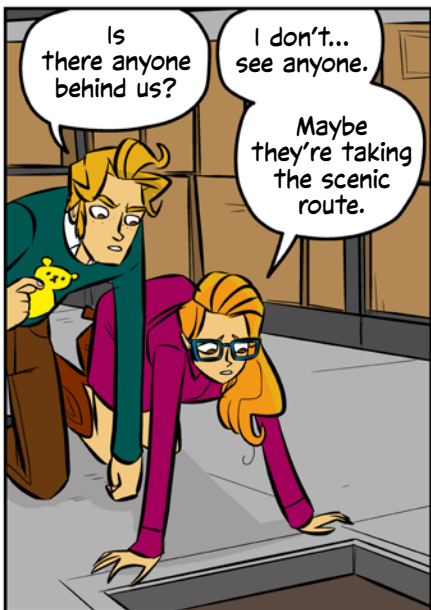
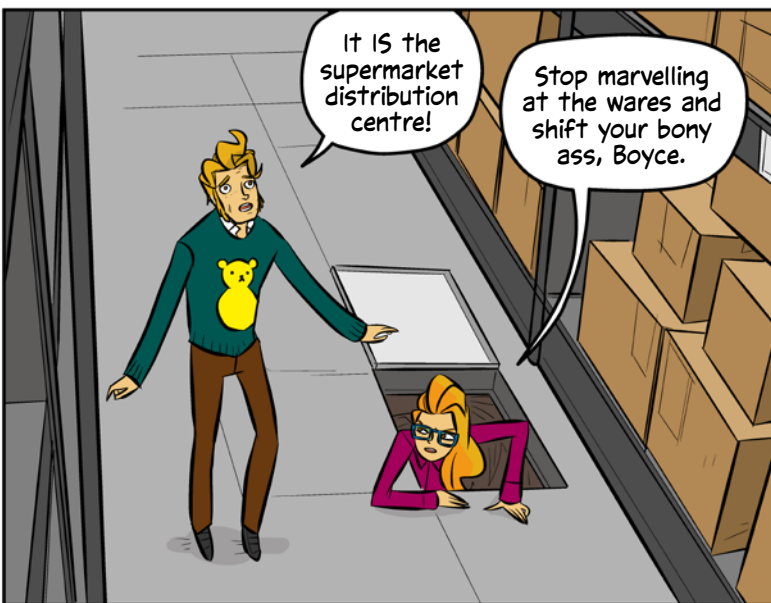
And she believes giving in to the "night piss" is a sign of weakness.

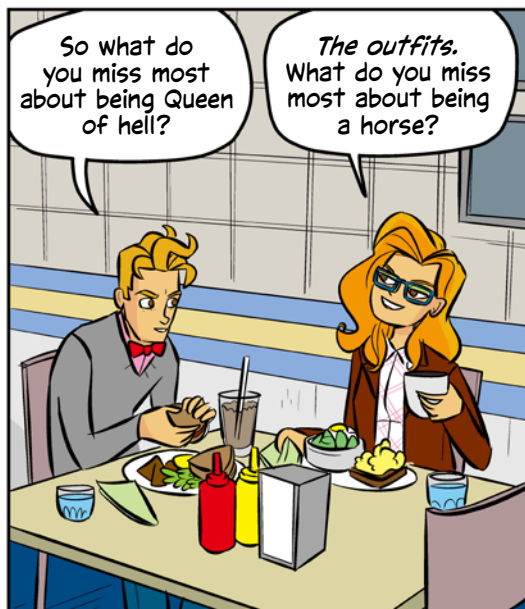
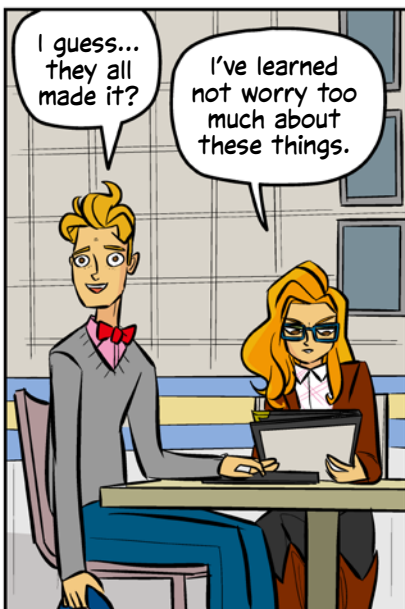












***PRECEDING:
BOBBINS 2013/14:
A MAGICAL PINK BEING***

***BOBBINS 2014/15
OUT OF THE WOODS***

***WE CONTINUE:
BOBBINS 2017:
HARD YARDS***

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