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<i>Cathy</i> HILL	<i>Mike</i> KAZALEH	<i>Ken</i> MACKLIN	<i>Mark</i> MARTIN	<i>Bernie</i> MIREAULT	<i>J.P.</i> MORGAN
<i>Steve</i> PURCELL	<i>Stan</i> SAKAI	<i>Scott</i> SHAW	<i>Ty</i> TEMPLETON	<i>Boris</i> TUTIERS	<i>William</i> VAN HORN

...Plus a couple of special surprises involving a dancing horse and a super-powered bunnyrabbit!

CRITTERS

No. 50

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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



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THE LAST EDITORIAL

*The end of the run,
We almost won.
The end of the run,
We had our fun.*

Quoting pop lyrics is a jejune habit at best—especially when they originated with someone as cheerfully, mindlessly poppy as Deborah Harry—but what the hell, this bit of fluff (“End of the Run,” from *Def, Dumb, & Blonde*) has been stuck in my head for a couple of weeks now, and its philosophical acceptance of the inevitable seems to apply equally well to the end of a romance, the collapse of the punk movement... or even to the cancellation of a modest funny-animal comic that clawed and scabbled its way up to the half-century mark before calling it quits.

All right, we loved *Critters* while it lasted (and it's no coincidence, I think, that there's such a strong element of wistfulness in several of the stories done especially for this issue); but now it's done, it's over with, we gave it our best try, and we can look back on well over 1500 pages of comics—some of them good, some of them mediocre, some of them great—but all of them done with care and passion and love. Whatever else it was, *Critters* was not a failure. It began, it thrived, it stopped thriving, it ended; but it never was a failure.

Over the past four years, I've received a number of compliments on *Critters*, but few have touched me as deeply as that handed to me by funny-animal cartoonist Taral Wayne. This is odd, because it came in the middle of a long, thoroughly negative review of *Critters* Taral circulated through his APA. (Sample sentence: “It's my belief that *Critters* was mishandled from the beginning.”) And, in fact, the remark that delighted me was intended as a condemnation.

“Instead of giving the various readers what they wanted,” Taral fumed toward the end of his three-page pan, “[Thompson] published what he liked.”

Yes. Yes, *exactly!* You got it, Taral—you just got it backwards, I think. In a world where virtually every other cartoonist, editor, and publisher has been slavishly, sycophantically, desperately “fixing” his or her vision to accommodate the fickle, shallow, or appalling tastes of the perceived audience, *Critters* represented a small oasis of a handful of cartoonists and one editor/publisher who were, as Lou Reed put it (sorry, now that I've started it, it's a hard habit to break), “doing the things we want to.”

You will notice, among all the familiar and semi-familiar faces, a couple of new ones.

First of all, I'm tickled pink to have the great SERGIO ARAGONES on our back cover; through his links with Stan Sakai and Tom Luth, Sergio has always been a semi-official *amicus critteriae* (*critteribus?* my declensions are declining), and I can think of no greater *envoi* for *Critters* than his splendid “Catnippon” piece.

CATHY HILL will be familiar to regular readers of *Eclipse's The Dreamery*. I enjoyed her Raccoon stories there, and was toying with the idea of asking her for a piece; coincidentally, she sent me a package of short strips a few weeks before closing this issue, and the rest is history. Or her stories.

BERNIE MIREAULT's presence in this issue is another happy accident; when Ty Templeton's proposed collaborator on his “McDonald's” story backed out at the last moment, Bernie happened to be hanging out with Ty; the resultant jam (hustled together in just a few days at Ty's place) is a hilarious commingling of the talents of two of the best, *funniest* cartoonists in all of Canada—hell, in all of North America. Speaking of jams, by the way, I heartily recommend that you pick up Bernie's terrific *The Jam* (from Slave Labor Graphics)—and check out his extraordinary coloring on Bill Messner-Loeb's fascinating new *Silverback* series from Comico.

It's also terribly exciting to feature, at long, long, long last, the return of ARN SABA's Neil the Horse, one of the sweetest, most imaginative comic book series ever to nudge aside the bloodthirsty vigilantes and cosmic cretins on the comics racks. To the best of my knowledge, it's the first actual Neil story to feature Arn's new designs for the characters; okay, so it's not exactly a *comics* story, but who's complaining? Arn is currently in England, by the way, working away on a proposed series of children's books starring Neil.

And finally, there's BORIS TUTIERS (accent on the last syllable), “the Serbian Walt Disney,” whom long-time comics fans will remember from *The Comic Reader*, when Jim Engel exhumed this venerable cartoonist from obscurity to present some of his classic works. “This particular page,” Engel writes, “originally appeared in 1967 in the Serbian comic weekly *Kreturs*, and is translated into English by me. While I freely admit that I took some liberties in giving this installment a pop music theme, it is only because its original subject matter (European extension cord shortages) was too ‘heavy’ for consumption by light-hearted American comic readers.” There is other Engel work lurking on the horizon, but we hope this (and his two-page Marx Bros. tribute) will be enough for now.

A few plugs are in order. *Usagi Yojimbo* and *Fission Chicken* have their own comics, of course, and if you enjoyed Doug Gray's “Plato Puss,” you sure owe it to yourself to check out his *Eye of Mongombo*. (All of these comics, natch, are published by Fantagraphics Books.) William Van Horn appears regularly in the Gladstone/Disney comics, and Mike Kazaleh is doing some work there as well. (Kazaleh fans can also look forward to his *Har Har Comics*, coming next month from Fantagraphics.) And Josh Quagmire (surprise!), who appears regularly in *Rip Off* magazine, is currently working on a *Betty Boop* project for First Comics.

You may have noticed that *Critters* #50 precedes both #48 and #49, an unusual circumstance—even for a comic book I edit. I can only say that those two issues, which complete Steve Gallacci's “Birthright” series, will be published in due time, and apologize for any confusion and inconvenience.

SUBSCRIBERS: We will be counting this issue of *Critters* as two issues (not unreasonable, insofar as it contains over three times as much material as a “normal” issue; then, Mike Kazaleh's *Har Har Comics* will be counted as #52. If you still have issues left over after that, we'll apply them to *Usagi Yojimbo*—or, if you'd rather, we'll apply it to something else, or give you the equivalent amount of back issues—or even refund your money if we must.

Hey, it's been fun. My most heartfelt thanks to every single cartoonist who's worked on *Critters* (the married ones, too, come to think of it)—and to the many art directors who worked with me on the title (beginning with Tom Mason and ending with my brother Mark)—and to Josh Quagmire, who started the ball rolling, and to the Milton Brothers, Freddy and Ingo, whose great logo returns this issue, and to Port Publications, who for the most part did a terrific job printing the book, and to those reviewers who were nice to the book—and to every reader who ever trusted me enough to peel off a couple of bucks for an issue. Sorry if I let you down from time to time, but—and this is what Taral doesn't realize—if I'd tried to second-guess you every issue, I would have let *myself* down a lot worse.

And if you're familiar with the next two lines of the Deborah Harry song that opens this bit of semi-mauddlin thrashing around (“I knew it then/It won't be back again”) the reason I *didn't* quote them is because they don't apply here. We *will* be back someday. Somehow. When you least expect it. And that's a promise.

It's been a hell of a ride. Be good. And enjoy the issue. —KIM THOMPSON

TEDDY PAYNE IN

the turnaround

HMMF.

A TY TEMPLETON CIGARETTE BUTT.

HEY, MR. BLUES.YER LOOKING RUDE... WHAT'S UP?

IT'S JEANNIE... I GOT TOSSED OUT OF MY CRIB AGAIN! AND BEFORE YOU GO SAYING SOMETHING COMFORTING, THIS TIME SHE MEANS IT FOR REAL. SERIOUSLY.

I BET SHE DIDN'T EVEN YELL, HUH?

OH MAN... IF SHE'D YELLED I'D HAVE BEEN BACK IN THERE BY DINNER.

NAH, I'M OFFICIALLY HOMELESS, TOBY.

HOW LONG DO YOU GIVE ME UNTIL I'M HIDING IN SUBWAY ENTRANCES AND TALKING TO MY INVISIBLE FRIENDS?
I FIGURE THREE DAYS.

I'M GOOFY IN THREE DAYS, TOPS.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'RE NEVER HERE ANYWAY. YOU'RE ALWAYS... WHATCHACALLIT... GIGGING... ONNA ROAD, Y'KNOW? YOU'RE NO MORE HOMELESS TODAY THAN YOU WERE ON THURSDAY! YOU'RE JUST PISSED OFF IS ALL...

S'DIFFERENT. I DON'T HAVE TO ALWAYS BE HERE... IT'S ENOUGH JUST TO KNOW THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEBODY, SOMEWHERE, ANGRY AT ME 'CAUSE I FORGOT TO CALL 'EM.

YOU'RE A BLUES PLAYER. YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A GREAT SONG IN YOUR FINGERS FOR THIS ONE, HUH?

FOOF.

HMMM...

I'M A TEDDY BEAR, TOBY... I AIN'T GOT NO FINGERS. IT'S ALL IN THE WRISTS.

SORRY...

OH, MAN, WILL YOU LISTEN TO ME? I'M SITTING HERE TRYING TO BRING YOU DOWN AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN A PAYING CUSTOMER.

C'MON. I'LL BUY YOU A CONTROLLED SUBSTANCE.

NAH... I GOT TO GO.

THANKS, THOUGH. YOU'LL BE OKAY?

OH HELL YEAH, IF IT WASN'T FOR BAD LUCK, I'D HAVE TO GIVE UP PLAYING THE BLUES AND THAT'S WHERE IT ALL AS, MAN.

I'LL BE FINE.

HEY, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT... IT LOOKS LIKE A LOTTERY TICKET.

AND IT WAS WORTH TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS -TY



YES, ONCE AGAIN **FISSION CHICKEN** BATTLES A BIZARRE FOE THAT MAKES HIM WISH HE PRACTICED A NORMAL OCCUPATION....

THE BEAST WITH FIVE EYES

©1989
J.P.
MOR
GAN

TOY ROBOTS THROUGH HISTORY

GOD, I MUST
HAVE THIS

HEY SKIP, LOOK AT THAT! AN OLD "MR. DESTRUCTO" ROBOT!
I HAD ONE A'THEM WHEN I WAS A KID! I'LL BE...

NO KIDDIN'! WHAT'D YA DO WITH IT? I LOST MINE!

I DUNNO - I THINK I EVENTUALLY SMASHED IT ALL UP
TO SEE HOW IT WORKED....

JABBER
WOCKY
GRAPHIN

BOOSH

CRASH
TINKLE SKISSH
TUMP. KSH

**HELP!
SOMEBODY
HELP!!
QUICKLY!**

WHAT?! WHAT IS IT??
I CAN'T EVEN GO TO A
TOY ROBOT DISPLAY
WITHOUT—

FISSION CHICKEN!! WHAT A RELIEF! MY COLLEAGUE NEEDS HELP DESPERATELY! HE'S BEEN POSSESSED BY A DEMON!!

OOOHH!

**HUH? ARE
YOU KIDDING,
OR ARE YOU
JUST NUTS?
HE DOESN'T LOOK
VERY DEMONIC
TO ME...**

ACTUALLY, IT'S HIS FOOT...
THE FOOT OF VUMUMBA
ESCAPED ITS SARCOPHAGUS
AND INHABITED THE
FOOT OF DR. POCKNOBB,
HERE ... OH, DEAR!

AND NOW MY
FOOT WANTS
TO SMASH AND
DESTROY! IT
HAS A WILL OF
ITS OWN!!

LEAP

YOU **MUST** BE
NUTS! THAT'S
RIDICULOUS!!

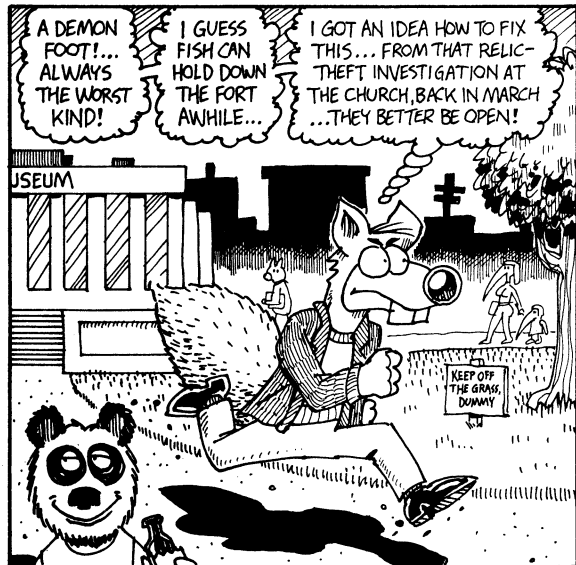
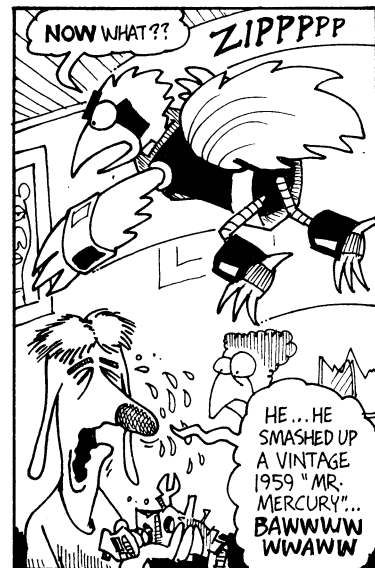
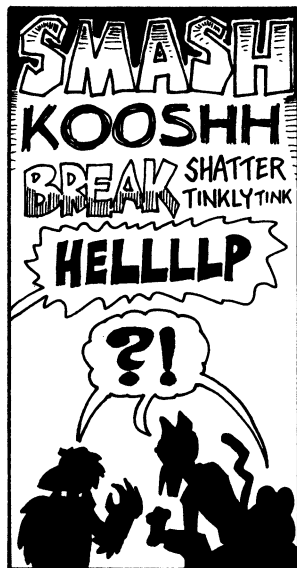
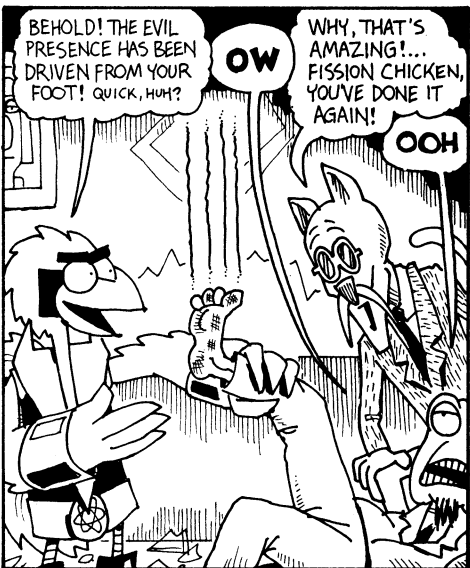
I DIDN'T MEAN IT! I DIDN'T MEAN IT!

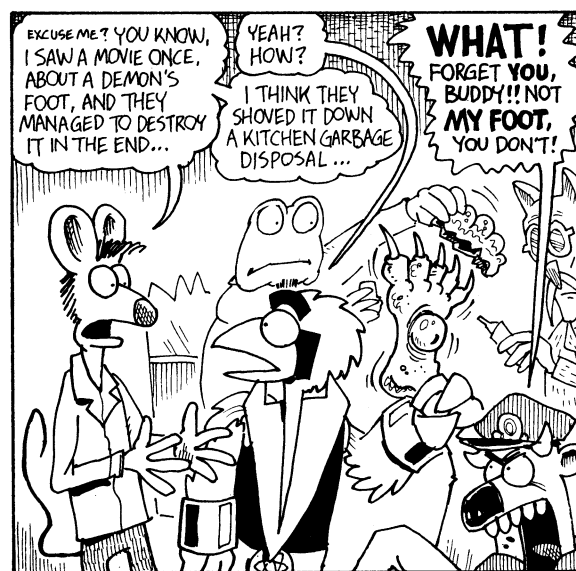
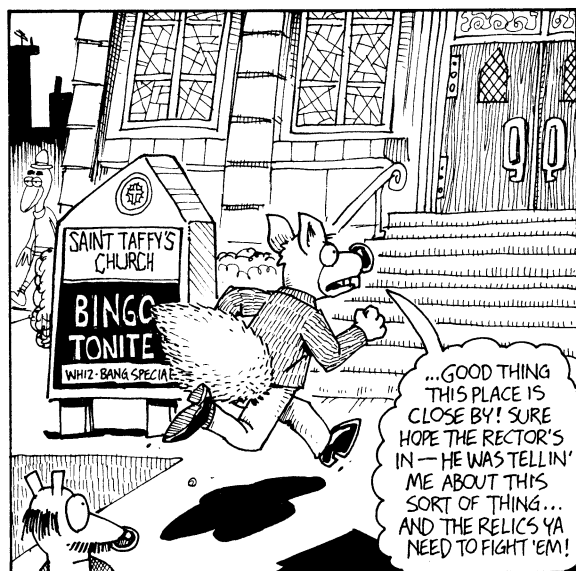
YOU SEE?
DR. POCKNOBB NEVER
DOES THINGS LIKE THAT!

YO...FISH?
WHAT'S
GOIN' ON?

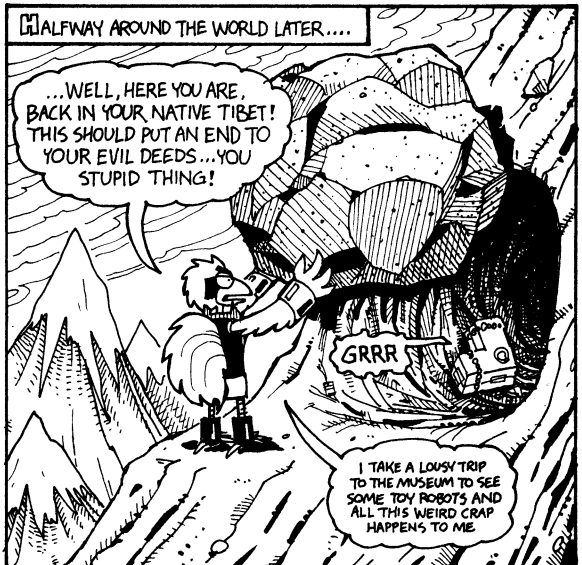
THE GOOD DOCTOR HERE JUST KICKED ME IN THE HEAD BECAUSE HE SAYS THE DEMON BABOOMBA INHABITS HIS FOOT!

VUVUMBA! VUVUMBA!
I'M REALLY SORRY!!

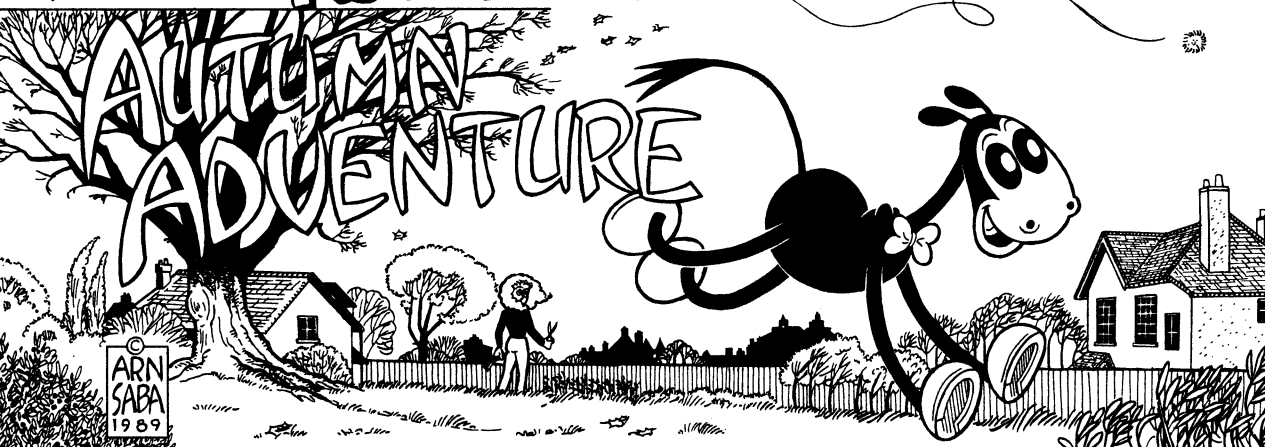








ARN SABA'S Neil the Horse



On a Sunday morning in late October, nobody was outside except for Neil the Horse. The sky was a grey blanket, thrown over the muffled, quiet world. Neil could hear the deep voice of the foghorn, far away. In the distance a dog barked. In the flower bed, the roses were gone, leaving fat red rose hips on thorny branches. Water droplets hung from their lank brown leaves.

Neil's hooves were wet from the dew on the grass, and when Mam'selle Poupée came outside to do some gardening, she said "M'sieu Neil, be sure zat you are not to get too cold!"

"Don't worry," said Neil. "Horses don't get cold!"

Poupée laughed. "Zat ees what you s'ink. *Alors*, you come een for some hot chocolate when you want eet, *hein?*"

Suddenly, wind rattled the bare branches of the big maple in the back yard. The poplar bowed and swayed. Neil felt a spattering of rain on his face. A last few leaves snapped off the ragged birch, and scattered, disappearing. It seemed that everything was flying away, following the wind, and Neil wanted to go too.

A piece of white fluff tugged itself loose from a dandelion, and whirled through the air. Neil chased it. For a moment it waited for him on a bush at the bottom of the garden, trembling and restless, then it leapt over the wall and was off. Neil followed, down the lane, surrounded by a crowd of leaves, swirling around his feet.

He dashed after the fluff, which was dancing wildly. The wind was faster than before. At the end of the lane, Neil saw a woman racing swiftly through the street. The trees bent and the branches shook, and more leaves flew off them, but no matter how fast they sped, she was ahead of them.

Neil ran as fast as he could. She slowed down for a moment at a corner, and he caught up with her. He saw the fluff spin high up into the air.

"You will never catch her, Neil," said the woman, "because she is a fairy. But you are a very fast runner."

Neil was surprised she knew his name. "Yeah!" he said, as he ran along beside her, "I'm a jogger too!"

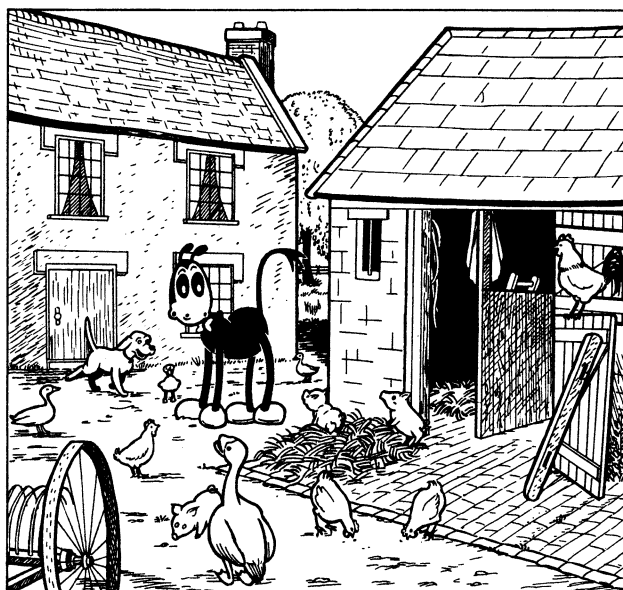
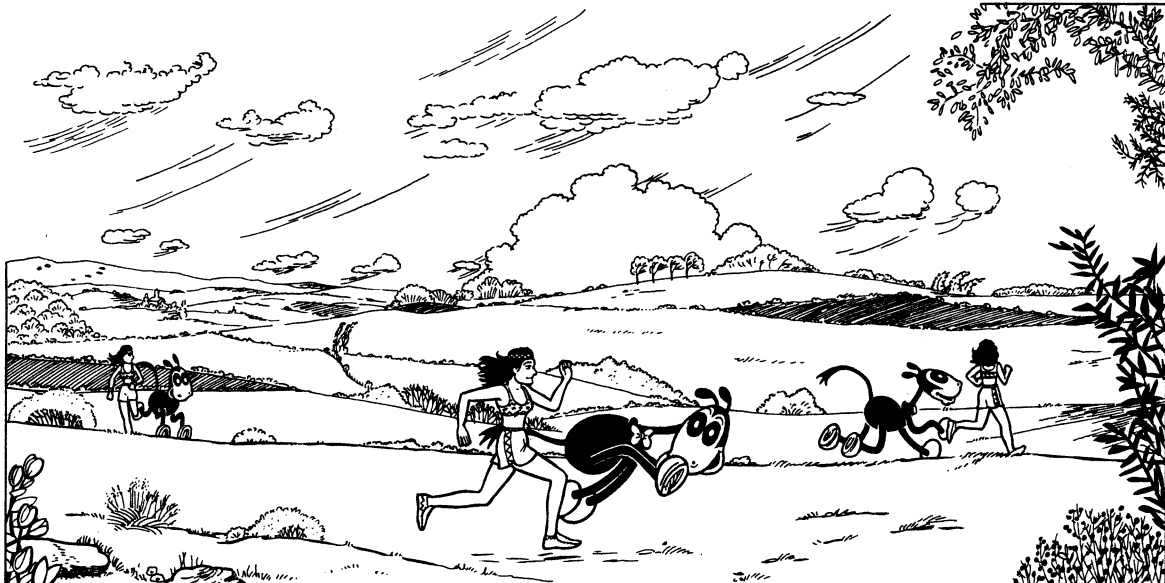
The woman smiled. "I am not a jogger. I am the West Wind. Mother Nature sent me out to help clear away the autumn. Do you want to follow me a bit? Come and see the world preparing for winter."

So Neil and the West Wind ran through the town, up the streets and down, soaring over fences and squeezing past gates. In the park they snatched people's hats and rocked the swings. The West Wind ran lightly over the pond, leaving her delicate footprints, but her feet did not even get wet. Neil tried it, and made a giant splash and got soaked.

Then they ran under the freeway, and out where the wide roads become narrow roads, into the rolling countryside.

The West Wind reached out her arms, and on the roadside the grasses were combed into thick curls and pompadours. She whipped dry leaves from the trees, and blew them before her, leaving them piled beside fences, and at the margin of the woods.

They left the road, and rambled over the fields. They scrambled through scratchy hedgerows, and leapt over barbed wire. They sped through meadows, and the grazing cows raised their heads to stare as they went by. The Wind sang a long song, in a high voice. Neil tried, but he couldn't learn the words or the tune, to sing along, so he was happy just to go with her, and listen.



The West Wind reached upward, and cleared out the sky. The sun appeared, small and bright, shining in a patch of blue. The shadows of the clouds chased each other across the broad hills, and Neil felt the sun's warmth on his back.

In many fields the ground was bare dirt, with short bits of bristly stems sticking out. "This is farming country," said the Wind. "The grain has been cut, and the remains have been ploughed under. Farmers work hard, and are an important part of autumn. If it were not for them, and their crops and animals, there would be nothing to eat."

He heard birds singing, but he could never see them. "Where are they hiding?" he asked.

"Those are the sparrows," she said. "They are the same colour as the brown leaves and the tree branches, so they are very hard to see."

Neil saw Canada geese, high in the sky, following their leader in a v-shaped group. "Where are they going?" he asked.

"They fly south for the winter," said the Wind. "Some birds fly almost halfway around the world every year."

Six swallows in a tight formation swooped down all together, turned several tight corners in the air, and disappeared again. "How do they all turn at once without hitting each other?" said Neil.

The Wind stopped for a moment by some tall trees. "Tell me what else you wonder."

Neil heard the hoarse voice of some crows, crying their important-sounding message from the tops of trees. "What are they saying?" he wondered. He looked down. "Why are some old leaves red, and some are yellow, and some are all speckled? And why do some have holes in them?"

And how come there's little flowers poking up between the leaves when it's fall and nothing else is growing?"

"These are all good questions," said the Wind. "But I don't have time to answer them all. Every bird and leaf and flower has its own story. I have roamed the world since time began, but I never tire of it, because there is always more to wonder. And you can find your answers, bit by bit."

She turned to go. "But I must leave you for a while, to go faster and further, and remind the world that Winter comes. See what else you can see, and I will find you later."

She seemed to grow huge for one instant, and was gone, though Neil felt her touch his cheek. All the trees sang her song to her as she flew away.

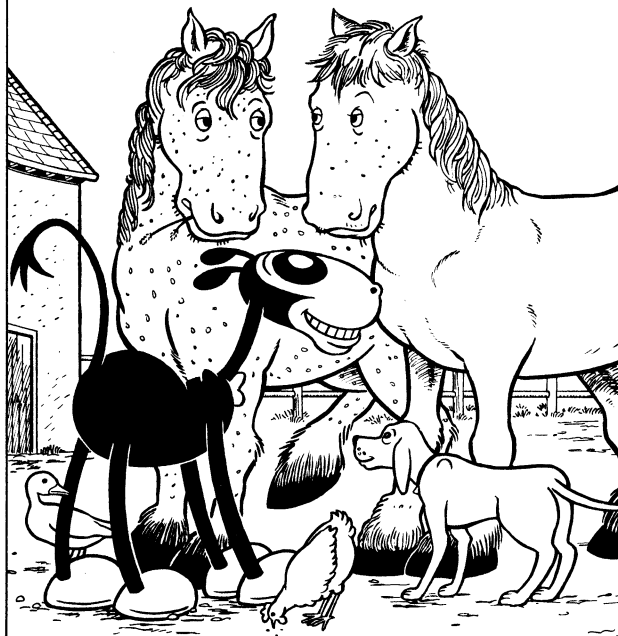
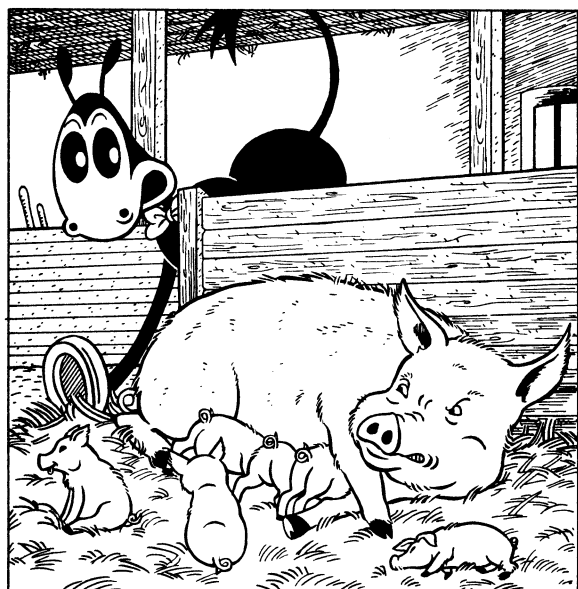
Neil wandered happily, listening and looking. A rabbit jumped out of the undergrowth in alarm, and ran away so fast that Neil could not speak to him. He scrambled through a scratchy hedgerow to get to the next field, and saw some white buildings on a hilltop, in front of a line of tall trees. Into a farmyard he trotted, and the mud squished under his feet.

"Quack!" said a white duck, waddling toward the pond. "And who are you?"

"Hi!" said Neil. "I'm Neil the Horse. I came from Uptown with the West Wind, to see the world getting ready for Winter."

A portly goose eyed Neil. "You don't look much like Brownie and Sam! They're real horses, who can do a good day's work!"

"Woof!" said the hound, walking over from the farmhouse. "Don't pay Mr. Honk no never mind, he ain't done a lick of work yet. Bowser — that's me — is the gatekeeper here, and visitors is always welcome on Bountiful Farm."



"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried Chanticleer the rooster, on the railing. "Preparing for Winter is simple on the farm. All we do is eat, and get as fat as we can."

"Gee!" said Neil. "That sounds really easy! Can I help?"

"Come join us!" said a hen. "There's plenty for all." The chickens were pecking at bits of wheat and corn on the ground. "Thanks," said Neil, "but it's too small. I can hardly even see it, and I can't pick it up."

"Then come with us!" said the piglets. "Our Mom won't mind." In the barn, the little pigs lined up in a noisy squirming row against their mother's belly, suckling her milk. Big old Mother Pig raised up her head, looked at Neil, and snorted loudly. Neil ran outside. "Um — I don't really like milk," he said to Bowser.

"I got nothin' now myself," said Bowser, glancing at his bowl. "And the ducks eat off the slimy bottom of the pond. What's your pleasure?"

"Bananas!" said Neil. Bowser frowned. "You oughta drop in on them monkeys at the zoo. There, look yonder! Here come Brownie and Sam."

Two enormous hefty horses plodded into the yard. They were hot from work, and their long sandy manes were tangled. They whickered and shook their heads, and stamped the mud off their huge feet. The other animals made sure not to be stepped on. "Howdy, boys," said Bowser. "We have a young visitor here, needs some lunch. You willin' to share your meal with him?"

Brownie and Sam peered down at Neil. "Well," said Brownie. "Well," said Sam. "He don't look like he'll eat much. Any friend of Bowser is okay with me."

"The Farmer just put out some fresh oats," said Brownie. "Come on,

son." Back behind the barn they went. A solemn procession of ducks scattered as they tromped by. Neil was proud to be one of the horses. They put their heads into the wooden trough, and there was lots of fresh, sweet oats for everybody.

Soon they were contented, and stood licking their lips. Just then, a piece of fluff drifted by Neil's nose. "The fairy!" he said.

"That's no fairy," said Brownie. "It's only a seed looking for a roost."

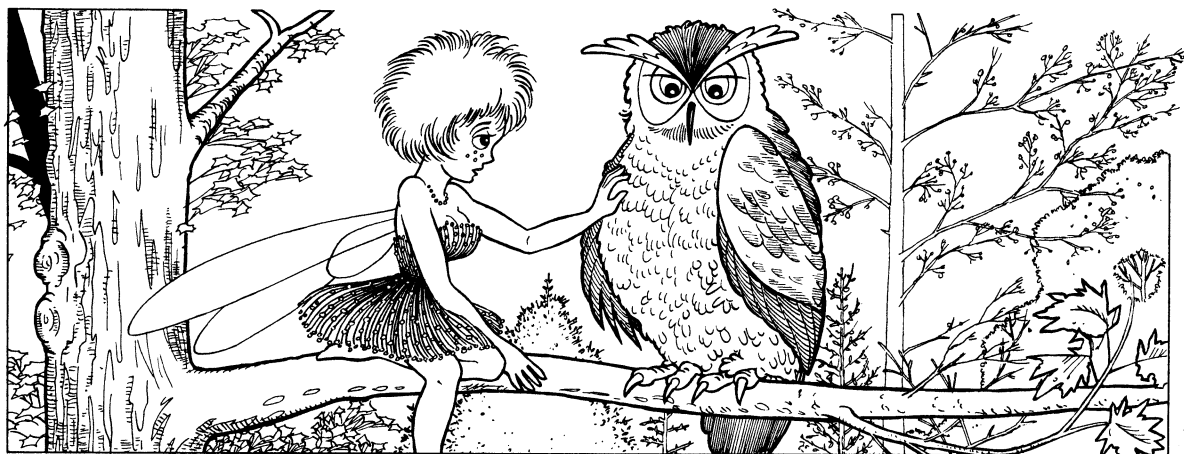
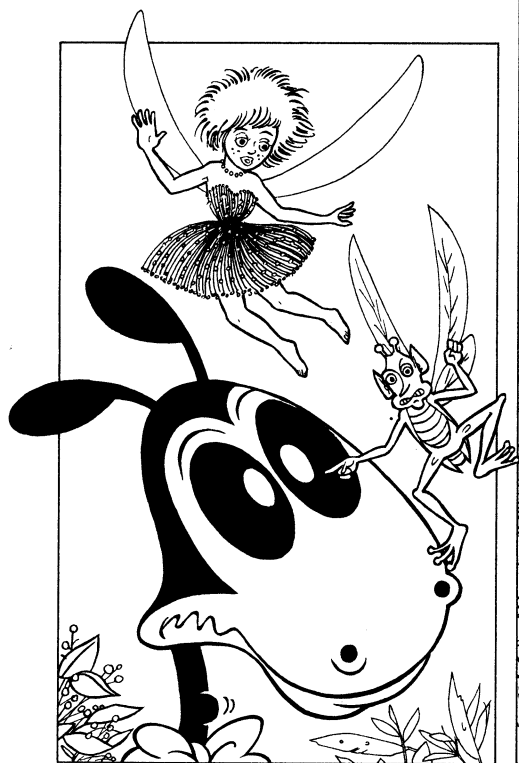
"But the West Wind told me it's a fairy," said Neil. "Excuse me, I want to follow her. Thanks for the oats! I'll see you later!"

Out of the farmyard she bobbed and twirled, never too far ahead, and she led Neil over the hill. At the edge of the forest, she settled amongst some brambles.

Neil found her, sitting astride a thorn. She had fluffy white hair and freckles. Below her, all around, were other fairies, dressed in rough brown clothes, busily working. She waved at Neil, and put her finger to her lips, so he would be quiet.

The fairies, each with a sack, searched in the tangle of grass. They found plump acorns, and hard round chestnuts. They scavenged all kinds of berries, in every shade of red; and seeds, and pods full of beans. One fairy tied full sacks to the back of a moth, and when it looked as if it could carry no more, sat on its back and flew away. Another fairy arrived on a dragonfly, and stood stroking him and keeping him calm while they waited for their load.

Finally a tiny green-skinned man noticed Neil. "A mortal!" he shrieked. He darted up and started to wave his arms at Neil. "I'll cast the forgetting spell."



"Wait, Flink!" said the fairy in white. "Can you not see who this is?"

"Aye, Princess, I can," said Flink. "He's an ugly great galloot of a thing who will bring trouble to us if he tells his tales."

"Why, it's Neil the Horse himself," said the Princess. "It's he whose window we sit by, when he sings and dances with Soapy and Poupée. Leave him, Flink. If we spy on him, he can spy on us."

"I'm not spying," said Neil. "I'm watching the world get ready for winter."

"And that's just what we're about," she said. "'Tis our fall harvest. As you can see, we're gathering food, and other necessities as well." She pointed to a cross-looking old lady fairy. "There's Mag, our seamstress, who mends our clothes."

Mag pulled a squirming boy toward her, and slapped him on the bottom. "Stand still, you," she said. With a teeny-tiny needle and a strand of grass, she sewed a piece of leaf onto a hole in the knee of his pants.

A long thin fairy arrived, his face all one wrinkled smile. "Princess," he said, "we pine fairies have a bumper crop of seeds."

"Grand!" said the Princess. "I'll visit there next!"

Suddenly, nearby, a loud argument broke out. "Preserve us!" said the Princess, jumping up. In the woods, a fairy and a grey squirrel were having a tug-of-war with a toadstool. They both shouted at once.

"You greedy fairies!" said the squirrel. "You think they're all yours! I have my rights! I saw it first! Get away now!"

"Rules are rules," said the fairy. "It was in my hands!"

"Oh, Nutter!" said the Princess to the squirrel. "You fancy fighting better than food, I reckon. Give it to him, it's not worth the bother."

Nutter grabbed the prize in his mouth and hurried up a tree. At the first limb he paused. "I won't thank you!" he said. "It's mine anyway! Now move along, go away! Fairies are all thieves! Robbers! Vandalists! Mice are bad enough, I don't need fairies too!"

The Princess shrugged. "Every animal has his territory. Praise be that we're better friends with most of the creatures."

"Who?" said a voice.

"Why — you, for one, Doctor," she said. "But why are you wakeful in the daylight?" A rumpled-looking brown owl sat on a branch. He stared with his big yellow eyes, and shifted uneasily. "Can't sleep. I'm bothered." He looked at Neil. "Who? A tourist? Observing the beauties of nature?"

"Yeah!" said Neil. "And I saw the West Wind, and a farm, and the fairies, and —"

"Very pretty," snapped the Doctor. "But what's it all about, young fella? Death, that's what. The leaves and shrubs look lovely, but they're dying."

"To be re-born next Spring," reminded the Princess.

"Replaced," he said, "not re-born. No use being sentimental. Many an animal dies in the long winter. And birds." He looked around the glade. "The leaves fall, and one day the trees after them. Nothing lasts."

The Princess sat beside him, and smoothed his feathers. "Poor Doctor. You miss your old wife, don't you?"

"Yes," he sighed, gentled by her touch. "And I think of all those young we raised. Where are they now? Well, maybe I'm just feeling the winter in my bones."

"You'll be cheery when the spring comes," she said.

"That's as may be," said the Doctor. "As may be."



Neil was worried as they left the Doctor. "Is everything really going to die?" he asked.

"Everything dies in its turn," said the Princess, "and many will die soon. But look." A wee animal ran along the ground, ducking under cover whenever possible. "There is Mrs. Shrew, always rushed, for she lives only one year. But she had a great brood this summer, so when spring comes 'round, though she will be gone, her children will be here to have babies of their own. And so it is, year after year. New life comes after death."

"But if everything is dying, then how come it all looks so pretty?" asked Neil.

"Weesht! Do you think I know enough to answer that?" But she pondered. "Well, here's my guess. Now the world is full of food, and ripe with the seeds and eggs and creatures who will deliver new life in spring. Many things are dying, but they have had their full time, and the world is ready to welcome the next ones to come. So perhaps Mother Nature is celebrating, because the job of living has been well done."

Neil perked up. "Then maybe I won't feel sad."

"Feel a bit sad if you like, that's part of it too. We never like to see things end. But sadness isn't all of it." She hopped up. "Faith! Enough palaver! Me father always says that talk will be my ruin. I promised to visit the pine wood. Will you come with me?"

She rode on Neil's back, and showed him more of the life of the forest. There was a dark clump of twigs, high in the limbs of a tree. "That was this summer's nest for two robins and their family. Yonder messy bundle of leaves is a squirrel's private home, his drey, and the cavity in the bark is a space where bats might sleep, or another bird might live. The trees are the

favourite homes of the forest."

The trunk and limbs of a towering old oak were draped in vines, grown so thickly that the two plants were like one being. "Who knows the secret agreement between the oak and the ivy? What lies in their hearts, that they can live so close entwined for all these years?"

Neil saw a hole in the ground, half-hidden under sticks. "There is the door for a groundhog," said the Princess. "There's many a cozy den under our feet." Neil tried to imagine it. "I'm glad I don't have to live in a tunnel in the dirt," he said.

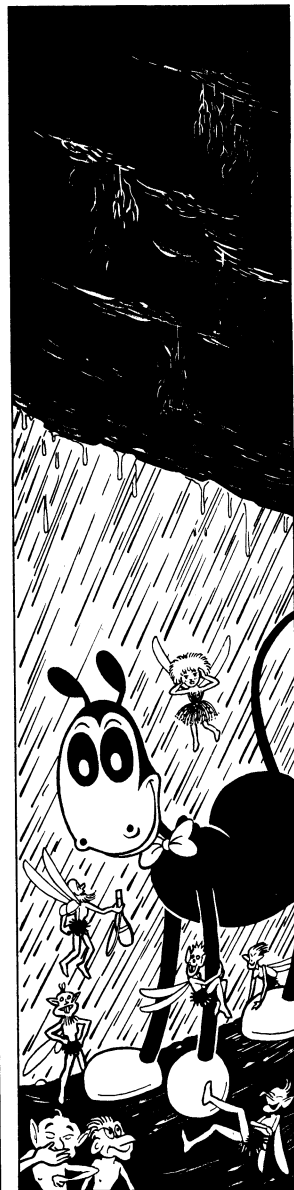
Right beside Neil there was a giant clattering of wings. He jumped, and a large bird rose out of the shrubbery and flew away, saying "Peep! Peep! Peep!"

"I'd say we frightened Mr. Grouse," laughed the Princess. "He wouldn't move unless he thought he'd be stepped on. There are creatures hiding all around — deer, fox, skunks and weasels — and they're probably watching us, but we don't see them."

The path climbed upward, and reached the pine wood. It was different from the rest of the forest. No thick bushes grew around the tall, slender trees. There were only boulders, and the thick carpet of pine needles. Tree roots stuck out of the ground, like long bony fingers grasping the rocky earth.

The Princess flew over to a hillside. "A bumper crop indeed, Vakil," she cried.

Neil saw dozens of brown, skinny sprites, looking much like the tangled roots themselves — dry and old, but knotted and strong. They all turned and looked very curiously at Neil.



"This is my friend, Neil the Horse," said the Princess.

"Horse, huh?" said Vakil. "He don't eat pine nuts, do he?" He regarded Neil suspiciously while he tore open a pine cone to extract the seeds. "We got enough trouble with mice, and squirrels, and birds. Here, Princess, hold this sack, will ye? Horses! Ha!"

"You're as bad as Nutter," said the Princess.

"Don't remind me 'a him!" said Vakil. "Ah weel, he's your friend. Help yourself to a pine cone if ye like, horse."

Neil looked at the cones. He had never thought about eating pine cones before. "Um, thanks anyway, but —"

He was interrupted by a sudden rumble of thunder. Everyone looked up, and realised the light was growing dim, and the sky was turning black. "Rain!" shouted a pine fairy. "Rain!" shouted another. They all shouted. "Rain! Rain! Rain!" In an instant, they had grabbed their tools and sacks and were scrambling over the rocks.

The Princess shook her head. "They're a wee bit funny about water. They stay angry for weeks if they get wet." She looked at the threatening sky. "It's not my favourite game to get soaked, myself. Let's shelter with them."

They gathered under a large promontory of rock, and Neil squeezed in just as the rain started coming faster. Soon it was pouring down. Gusts of wind swept through the forest, blowing the rain in sheets. Steady rivulets of water ran down the pine trunks, and the needles on the ground were soaked. Fat drops fell from the lip of their shelter, but under the rocks it remained dry. Each fairy sat in a hunched little knot, looking worried and out of sorts. Neil enjoyed being dry when everything beyond was wet.

He looked up. Thick fog swept through the treetops, churning in the wind. In the clouds Neil thought he saw a face, and then a whole huge figure looming above the world.

The fairies crowded forward to look. He was burly and muscular, and marched across the dark sky with his cloak and his white hair and beard streaming forward in the gale. Faintly came the sound of trumpets, and he seemed to stir the storm and hurl it forward from his hands with even greater force than before.

He turned his great head, and looked down to the world below. Calmly he surveyed the swaying trees and the streams of water flooding down the hillsides. He glanced back toward their cliff, and he looked straight at Neil. His eyes were cold and vast, and Neil felt lost, and he felt he was standing on nothing. But the corners of the giant's mouth curled slightly beneath his moustache, and his eyes smiled just a bit, and he seemed to be amused to see the small creatures of earth huddled below him. Then he strode on, and disappeared behind the roiling clouds which followed in his wake.

It was so dark it seemed almost like night. "Sure, we've seen a rare sight," said the Princess. "That was the North Wind himself, down from his home in the deep ice, and he's a sure sign that winter is coming."

Neil shivered. "Mam'selle Poupée was right. Horses do get cold."

"Aye, it is a bit chilly," said a fairy. He reached into his sack, and pulled out a black and greasy old leathern flask. "Time for a wee nip."

"Just the ticket, Smort," said Vakil. "It warms your toes from the innards out." He winked at Neil. "Try some, for what ails ye."

Smort held the flask for Neil. "Some pine needle liquor for ye, laddie."

"No, Neil!" said the Princess, but too late. The fairies whooped in glee.



Neil's eyes filled with tears. His ears and tail stood straight up. "Yuk!" he said, and spit it out. "That tastes like something Soapy would drink!"

"Poltroons!" said the Princess. The fairies grinned behind their hands. "Tis a low trick! Neil, it's good you have no taste for liquor, like some travellers! One swallow and you'd sleep for one hundred years."

"A hundred years!" said Neil. "I'd miss Christmas!" He shivered again.

"I'm still cold. I want to go home and get some hot chocolate."

"Hot chocolate?" asked a little girl fairy. "What's that?"

"Don't you know?" said Neil. "You can all come if you want. Mam'selle Poupée likes me to bring friends."

"Yeah!" said the little girl. "Let's all go!"

"Not unless you say you're sorry!" said the Princess. The fairies looked down at their feet. "I'm sorry," said Smort. Then Vakil said it, then all the others. "That's better," she said.

Behind the trees something moved. "Hey!" said Neil. "It's the West Wind!" She ran toward the cliff. Water shook from the pine branches, and the day grew lighter. Overhead the clouds were only ragged remnants. She laughed to see them. "So you are hiding from my brother," she said. "He is the most powerful of all my family. But it is safe, for he is gone."

"Come on with us to Mam'selle Poupée's house!" said Neil.

"Inside a house is not for me," said the Wind, "but I will run with you." So Neil and the Wind ran together across the fields once more. The fairies flew behind, singing and playing. As they got to the farm gate, Neil greeted his friends. "Come with us for some hot chocolate!"

The animals looked at each other. "Why not?" said Chanticleer. "Can we?" asked the piglets. "Well," said Brownie. "Well," said Sam. "Damn

fine idea," said Bowser. Out of the yard they came. The ducks and Mr. Honk rode on the horses' backs, and the chickens fluttered and hopped along.

At the wood, more fairies joined them. Neil invited the Doctor, but he was too worried to come. Neil even asked Nutter, who hesitated, but finally ran behind, not wanting to miss the excitement.

In the town's purple dusk, the dinner-time light in the windows looked warm and happy. The parade crossed the street, and people in cars saw Neil and two big horses, and some pigs and a dog and a swarm of birds and — well, they lost track, but a lot of animals went by.

On Mam'selle Poupée's porch, Neil rang the bell with his nose. "M'sieu Neil!" said Poupée. "I 'ave wonder where you are all day. *Alors*, who ees zis wis' you?"

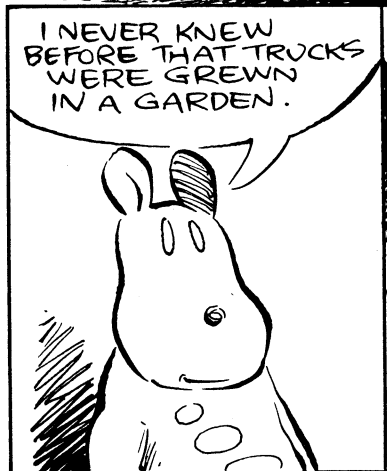
"These are all my new friends!" he said. "Can we come in for hot chocolate? We're cold."

"*Ma parole*," said Poupée, "zis ees a leetle unexpected. But please come een, and tiptoe, or ze landlady weel hear." They crowded into the apartment. Poupée phoned Tony to bring some more milk, so there was hot chocolate for everybody. Tony played his accordion, and Poupée played the piano, singing with Bowser and Chanticleer. Soapy arrived, and played poker with Vakil, Smort, and the Princess. Neil warned him not to drink the fairies' liquor. "Aw, dat's finished awreddy," he said, "and now we're drinkin' mine, except dese guys keeps fallin' asleep."

Neil leaned out the window. The West Wind waved as she disappeared down the street. "Bye!" said Neil. "Thanks for visitin'!"

"See you in the spring!" called the West Wind.

A M B R O S E



VAN HORN

UNCLE ERF

THE HOUSE IS A MESS.
IT'S GOTTA BE
CLEANED.

NO, IT'S NOT.
I CLEANED IT
YESTERDAY.

© CATHY HILL 1989

NO YOU
DIDN'T.

I DID TOO, ERF.
I TOOK OUT THE
GARBAGE AND WASHED
ALL THE DISHES.

IT'S STILL A MESS!
THERE'S STUFF ALL
OVER THE PLACE!

WELL, I DID
CLEAN IT.

IT'S NOT
CLEAN!
AND IT
WAS YOUR
TURN
THIS
WEEK!

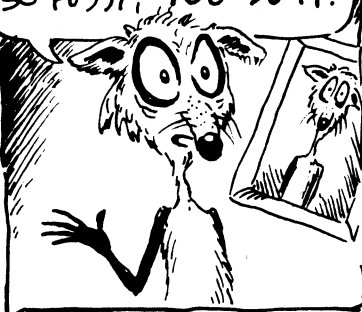
BUT I WASHED
ALL THE
DISHES!
AND YOU
SHOULD
HAVE SEEN
THAT
PILE!

IF YOU THINK IT'S
CLEAN, SHOW IT TO
ME, PANSY!
LET'S GO
LOOK AT
IT!

OKAY!

SEE?

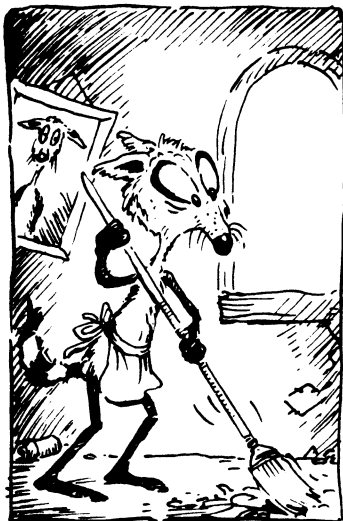
ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT!
I FORGOT TO DO A
FEW THINGS. YOU'RE
SO FUSY, YOU DO IT!



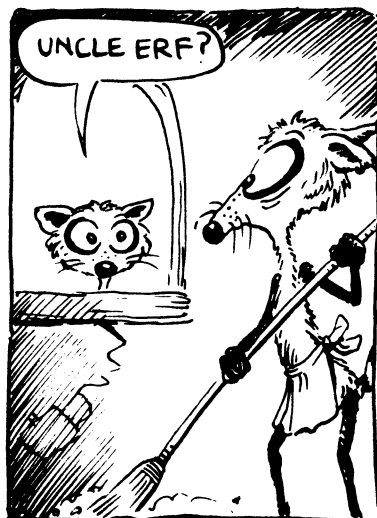
I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT!
IN FACT, I'M LEAVING UNTIL
YOU GET IT DONE!



OKAY, OKAY.
IF YOU'RE GOING TO
HAVE A FIT....



UNCLE ERF?



UNCLE ERF'S NOT
HERE RIGHT NOW, EZRY.

WHEN WILL HE BE
BACK, AUNT PANSY?



OH, HE'S
MAD AND
WON'T BE
BACK 'TIL
I CLEAN
THIS PLACE
UP.

OKAY. WE JUST WANTED
TO INVITE YOU AND ERF
AND FURLEY AND ALL
TO THE PICNIC THIS
AFTERNOON.
CAN YOU COME?

WHY THANK
YOU, EZRY.
YES.



JUST FOR THIS, I'M NOT EVEN
GOING TO TELL ERF ABOUT THE
PICNIC. HE CAN JUST MISS IT!...

...MAYBE I'LL TELL
FURLEY THOUGH.

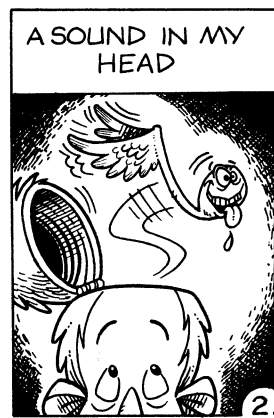
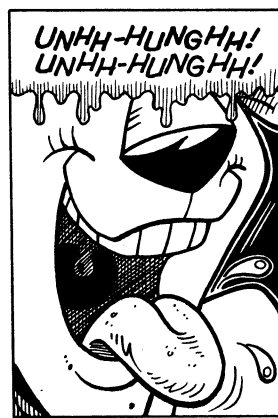
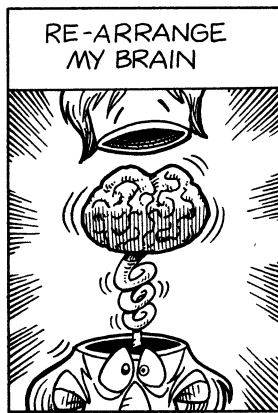
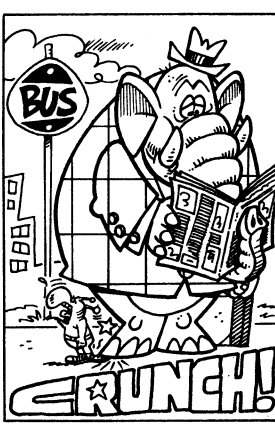


SCOTT SHAW!

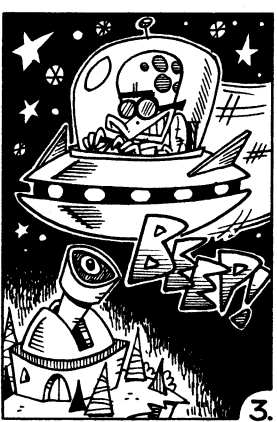
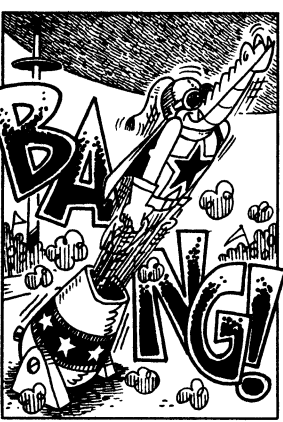
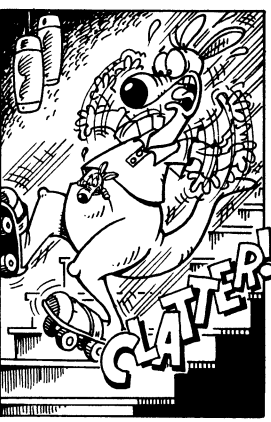
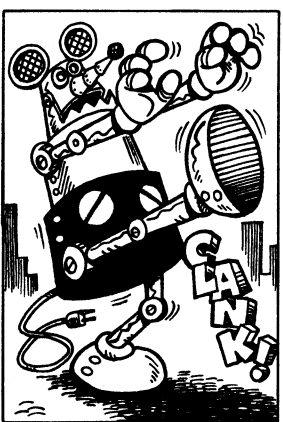
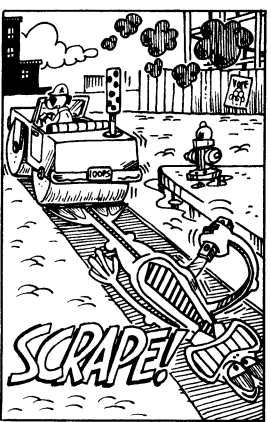
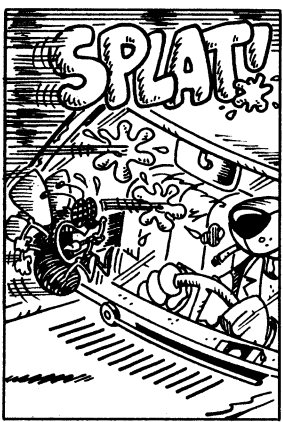
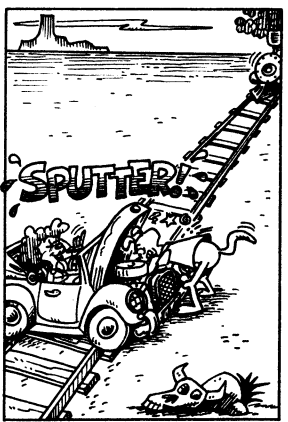
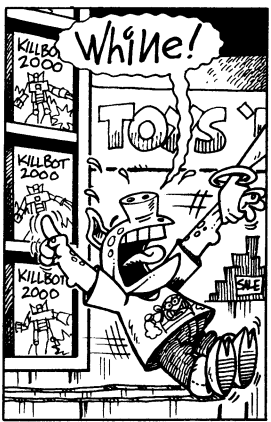
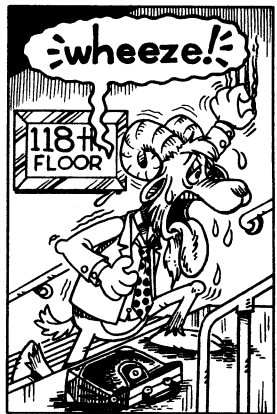
775 ON-LY 'on-' /ə/ adj
 3 nlic. fr 8h one
 THE BEST, FEEL
 IN ITS CLASS OR
 SOLE (2nd) -ch
 AS A SINGLE E
 ND NOTHING MA
 NO SOMETHING MA
 2: AT THE VE
 OUTCOME B
 FINAL RESUL
 onomat. name + poe in [l, /, /ān-ə
 onoma. name + poe in to make, more
 DEL] 3: THE NAMING OF A THING OR ACTION
 Y A VOCAL IMITATION OF THE SOUND OR NOISE
 ASSOCIATED WITH IT. 2: THE SOUND OF
 DRPS WHOSE SOUND
 SENSE. (BUZZ, HISS, etc.) 2: THE SOUND OF
 SUGGESTS THE

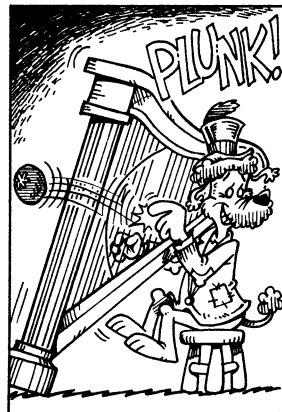
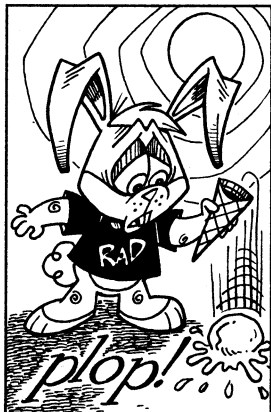
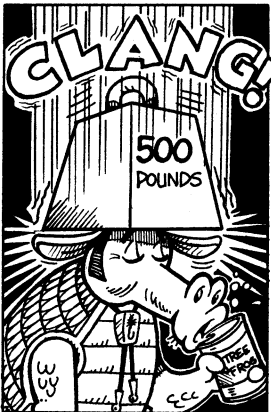
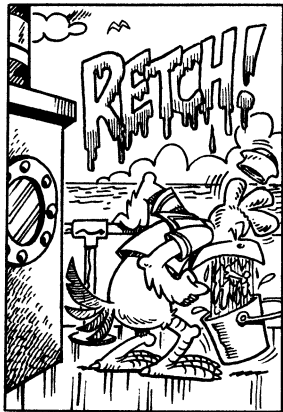
A black and white cartoon illustration of a dinosaur driving a car. The dinosaur is depicted with a large head, sharp teeth, and a long tail. It is driving a car that is moving quickly, as indicated by the word "ZOOM!" written in large, bold, stylized letters above the car. The car is shown from a side profile, with motion lines around it to suggest speed. The dinosaur's expression is one of intense focus or aggression. The overall style is reminiscent of classic comic book art.

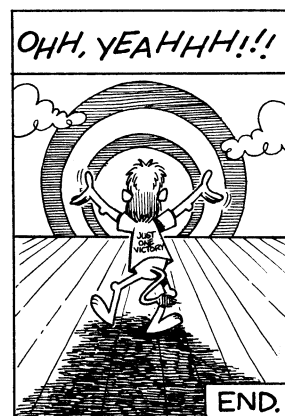
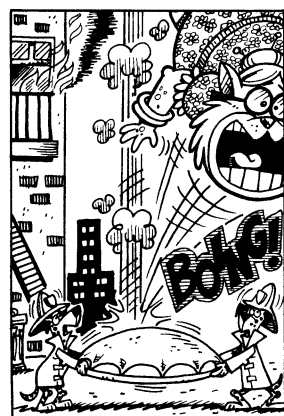
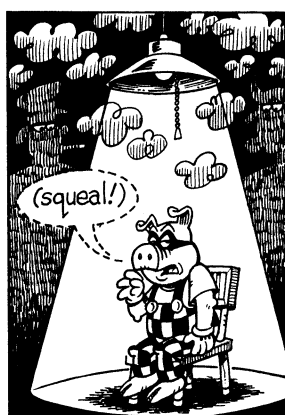
A black and white cartoon illustration of a character with a large, pointed hat and a checkered suit, holding a large key and shouting "Jing!". The character has a wide, toothy grin and is looking towards the viewer. The background is filled with a dense, cross-hatched pattern. The word "Jing!" is written in a stylized, bold font above the character's head. The character is holding a large key in their right hand, and the key is positioned as if it is about to be used to unlock something. The overall style is reminiscent of classic comic book art.



THAT I CAN'T DESCRIBE
--IT'S SORTA:







JACK HAMMER

HARDBOILED HARE

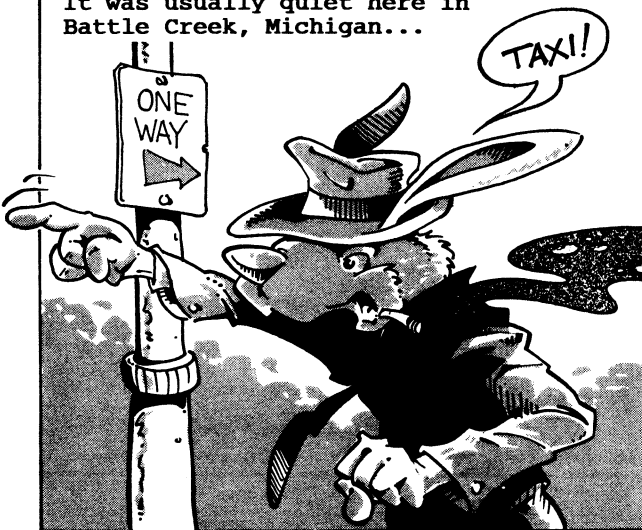
"Breakfast is the most important meal of the day," my Mom always says.

But I say you know you're in for a bad morning if you have to see a corpse before you finish your coffee.



Hell, you learn to make sacrifices in this line of work.

It was usually quiet here in Battle Creek, Michigan...



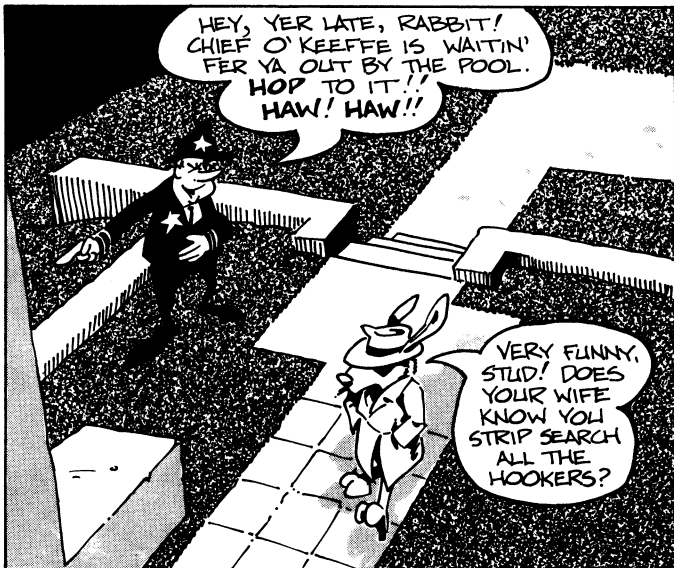
...but lately I'd been putting in time-and-a-half.



The cab deposited me at the estate of Luck E. Charmer, who'd made his fortune in marshmallow bits.



HEY, YER LATE, RABBIT!
CHIEF O' KEEFFE IS WAITIN'
FER YA OUT BY THE POOL..
HOP TO IT!!
HAW! HAW!!



VERY FUNNY,
STUD! DOES
YOUR WIFE
KNOW YOH
STRIP SEARCH
ALL THE
HOOKERS?

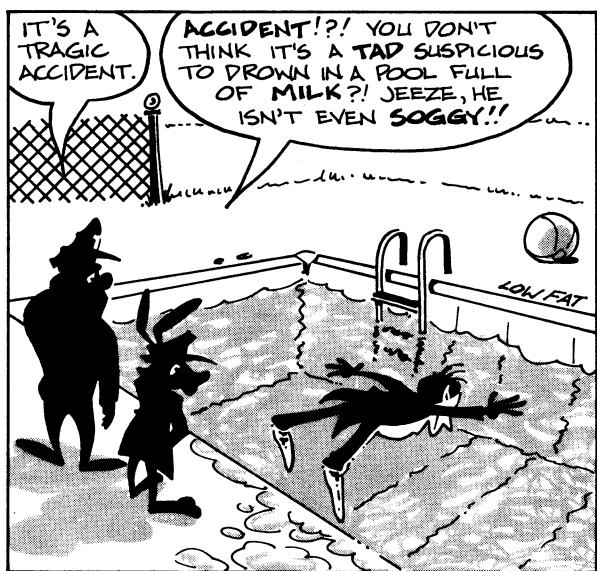
HIS
LUCK
RAN
OUT,
I GUESS.

DON'T START CRACKIN' WISE,
SHAMUS! A GOOD IRISH LAD,
HE WAS!



IT'S A
TRAGIC
ACCIDENT.

ACCIDENT?!? YOU DON'T
THINK IT'S A TAD SUSPICIOUS
TO DROWN IN A POOL FULL
OF MILK?! JEEZE, HE
ISN'T EVEN SOGGY!!

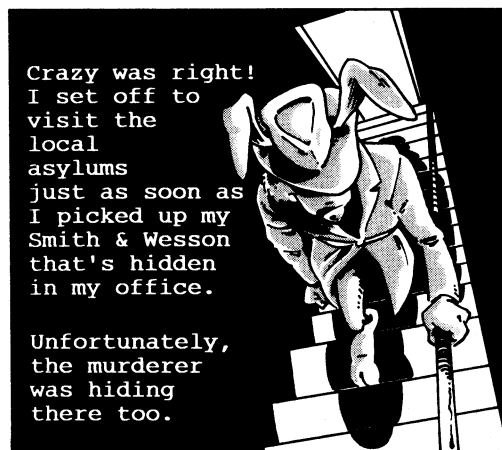
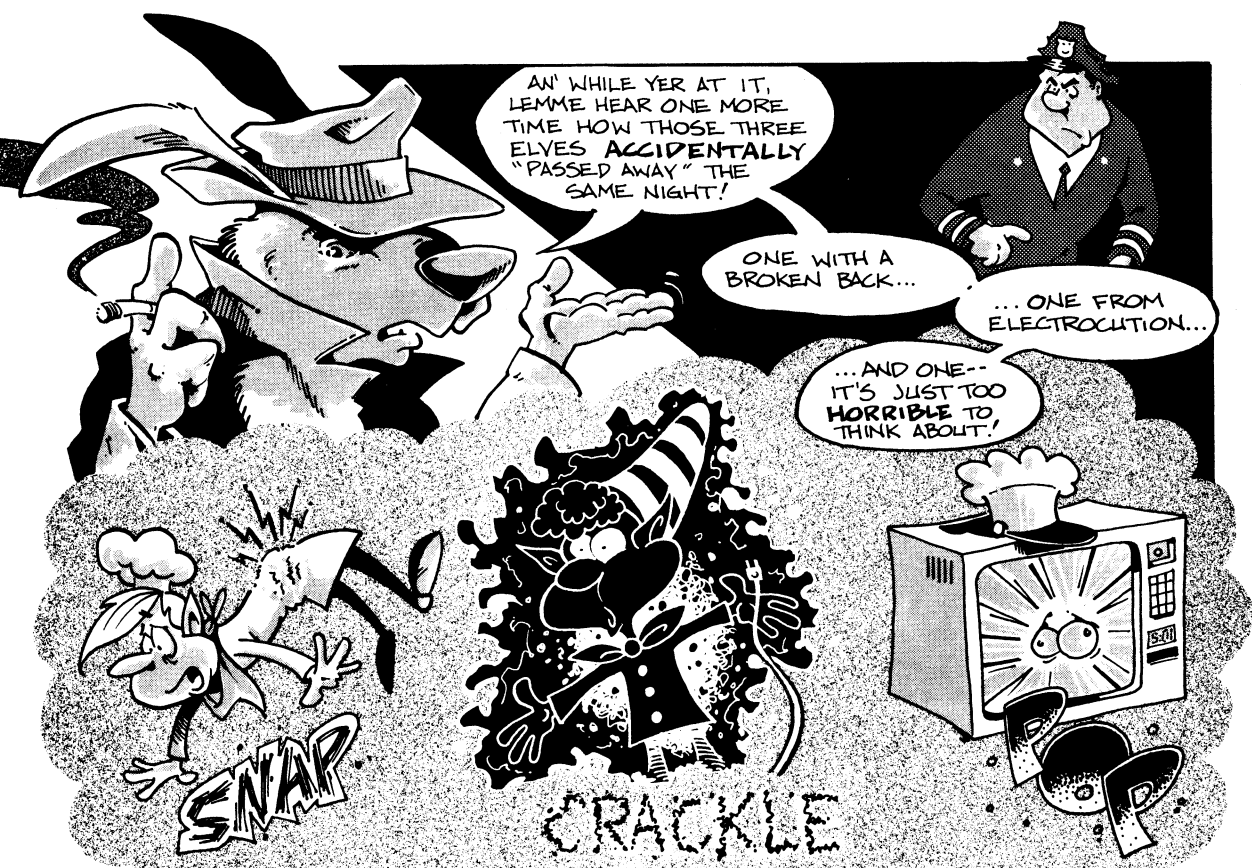


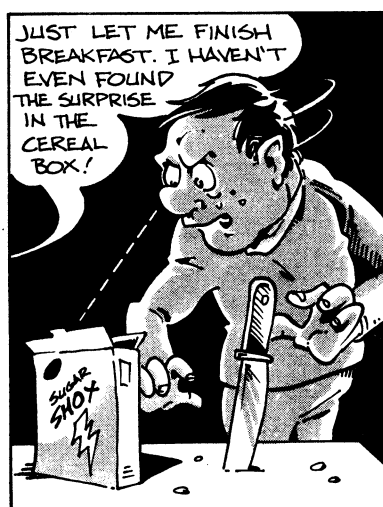
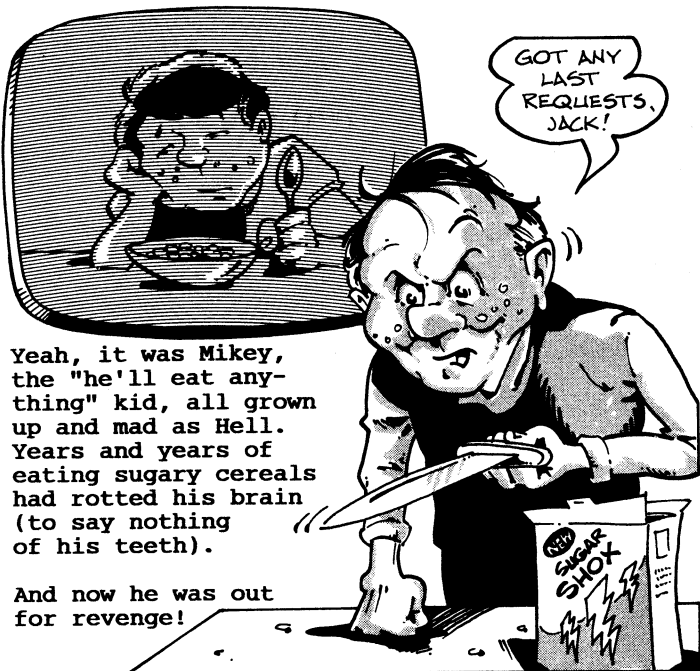
DON'T GO FEEDIN' ME THEM
OATS, BOY-OH! THIS HAS
NOTHIN' TO
DO WITH
THAT BIRD
LAST
WEEKEND!



YEAH, TELL ME AGAIN HOW
TOUCAN STAN ACCIDENTALLY
"CROAKED" WHILE FREE-BASING
RAISIN BRAN!!



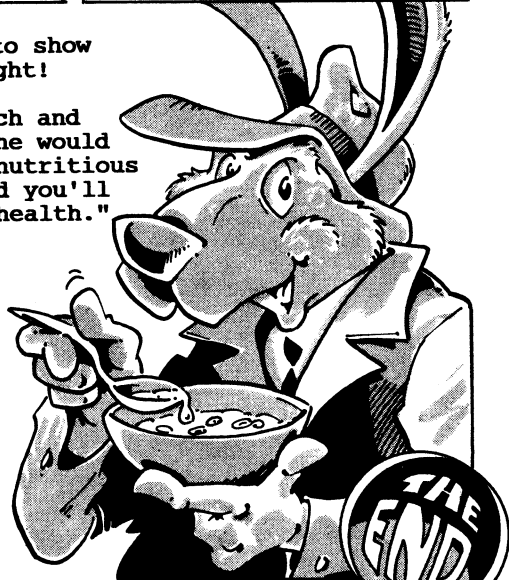




It just goes to show my Mom was right!

"Start out each and every day," she would say, "with a nutritious breakfast, and you'll stay in good health."

THANK, MA!
YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT!



Sam & Max
FREELANCE POLICE

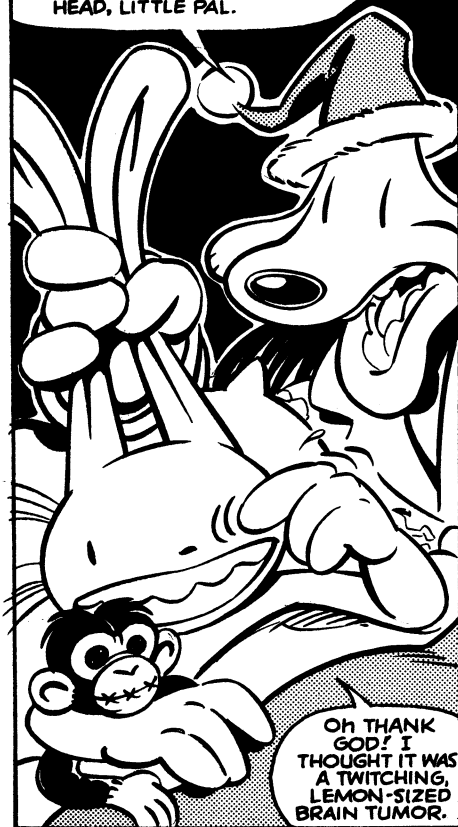
A glowing Christmas tradition:
in "The DAMNED DON'T DANCE"

BASED ON A BELOVED HOLIDAY COOKIE RECIPE

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY
STEVE PURCELL
LETTERED BY L. LOIS BUHALIS



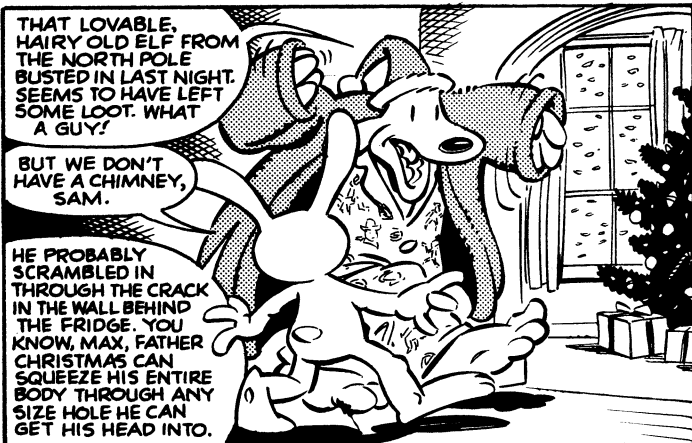
YOU MUST HAVE HAD VISIONS OF
SUGARPLUMS DANCING IN YOUR
HEAD, LITTLE PAL.



THAT LOVABLE,
HAIRY OLD ELF FROM
THE NORTH POLE
BUSTED IN LAST NIGHT.
SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT
SOME LOOT. WHAT
A GUY!

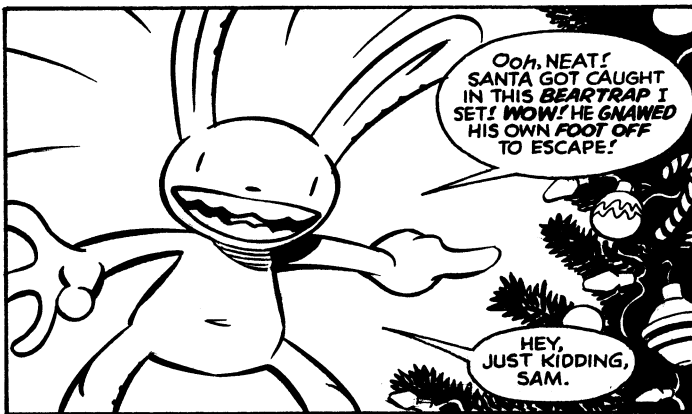
BUT WE DON'T
HAVE A CHIMNEY,
SAM.

HE PROBABLY
SCRAMBLED IN
THROUGH THE CRACK
IN THE WALL BEHIND
THE FRIDGE. YOU
KNOW, MAX, FATHER
CHRISTMAS CAN
SQUEEZE HIS ENTIRE
BODY THROUGH ANY
SIZE HOLE HE CAN
GET HIS HEAD INTO.



Ooh, NEAT!
SANTA GOT CAUGHT
IN THIS BEARTRAP I
SET! WOW! HE GNAWED
HIS OWN FOOT OFF
TO ESCAPE!

HEY,
JUST KIDDING,
SAM.



HE ATE THE CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES YOU MADE, SAM! SAINT NICK MUST HAVE A CAST IRON GUT!

LOOK! HE BACKWASHED INTO HIS MILK! I COULD SELL THIS!

PRESENTS AND EVERYTHING! WE WEREN'T EVEN VERY GOOD THIS YEAR. THIS ONE'S STILL WARM FROM HIS FATTY AMBIENCE.

SOUNDS LIKE AN ASSORTMENT OF "CHEESES OF MANY LANDS."

LOOKIE, SAM! A SCARF! FORTUNATELY I'M MATURE ENOUGH TO APPRECIATE SUCH A PRACTICAL GIFT.

HEY, WHAT LUCK! A RIPE TANGERINE, SALTED CASHEWS, AND A BRAND NEW OCARINA!

A STOCKING FULL OF AMMO! HE'S A SANTA FOR THE NINETIES!

THAT'S FROM ME, SAM! SANTA CLAUS HATES THAT KIND OF CRAP.

I SMELL BIRD MEAT!

I STUCK THE TURKEY IN A WHILE AGO, LITTLE BUDDY, WITH YOUR FAVORITE "LUCKY CHARMS" STUFFING.

YAY!

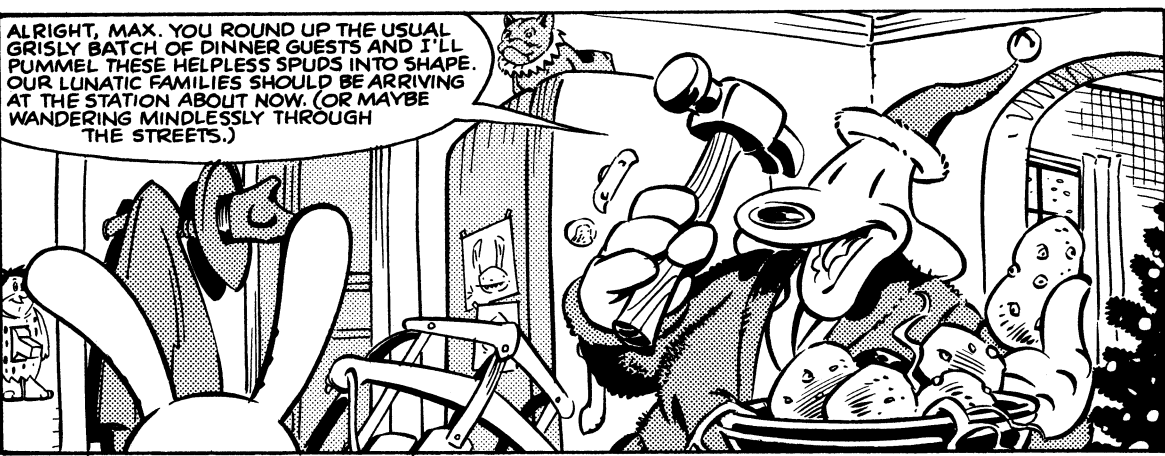
I'LL START WORKING ON THE PUMPKIN PIE. I'VE NEVER MADE ONE BEFORE, BUT I SAW ONE ON TV ONCE.

HI, SAM! DINNER READY?

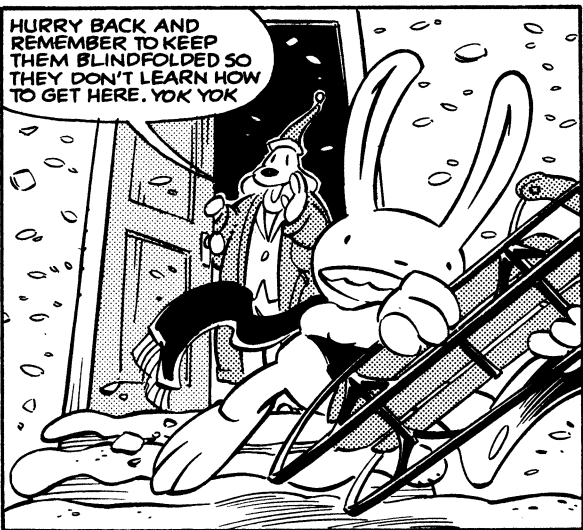
HEY MAX! COULD YOU HAND ME THE FROZEN CORN PELLETS?

I THINK I SAW THEM NEXT TO THE TATER TOT GLACIER.

ALRIGHT, MAX. YOU ROUND UP THE USUAL GRISLY BATCH OF DINNER GUESTS AND I'LL PUMMEL THESE HELPLESS SPUDS INTO SHAPE. OUR LUNATIC FAMILIES SHOULD BE ARRIVING AT THE STATION ABOUT NOW. (OR MAYBE WANDERING MINDLESSLY THROUGH THE STREETS.)



HURRY BACK AND REMEMBER TO KEEP THEM BLINDFOLDED SO THEY DON'T LEARN HOW TO GET HERE. YOK YOK



OOOPS, THEY'RE BACK ALREADY. BUT I'LL HAVE THIS BAFFLING DINNER ORDEAL RESOLVED IN NO TIME.



JELLO SALAD-- THE FOOD OF THE GODS!

AND NOW I'D LIKE TO MAKE A SPECIAL NOG TOAST TO OUR SWELL CHRISTMAS GUESTS. WE WOULD HAVE BOUGHT YOU ALL PRESENTS BUT IT NEVER EVEN OCCURRED TO US. OH, WELL!

DA RUMPA PUMPUM--RUMPA PUMPUM. GET IT? RUMPA PUMPUM. GET IT?

hee hee hee

GOD BLESS US EVERYONE! I WANT THE NECK... AND THE FACE!

YOU CRACK US UP, MAX! HAR HAR

IT'S A HANDSOME BIRD, SON. VERY REALISTIC.

DIRTY DITTIES

PRESENTS

TINKY *CRING!* **STINKY** *SPIT!*

by DESTEFANO ©1989

GOOD GOOD AFTERNOON
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND
WELCOME TO THE 23rd
ANNUAL RUIN OF THE
TOUR DE FRANCE LISER!
I'M ARLO LOUWMA
AND WITH ME IS--

CHET CHUMPLEY! IT'S A
BEAUTIFUL DAY HERE IN
KOOKAMONGA, WOULDN'T
YOU SAY CHET?!

BEAUTIFUL
ARLO.
BEAUTIFUL,
BEAUTIFUL!

STRETCH!
GOTTA STRETCH!

WELL, CHET IN JUST A MOMENT
493 COMPETITORS
WILL BE **BEAUTIFUL!**
WILL BE **BEAUTIFUL!**
SCRAMBLING DOWN THIS TRACK
WITH ALL THEY'VE GOT!!

START

WE'RE
A CINCIN TO
WIN, STINKY,
I CAN
FEEL IT!

FRIEND, ALL
I CAN FEEL IS
MY STOMACH
RUMBLING, AND
I'LL BE IF I KNOW
WHY IT IS!

CRIM FOLK
HUR!

POUR FLOUR

AND NOW ONTO THE TRACK
COMES THAT FAMOUS TV
STAR, JOHNNY DEPP,
TO START THE RACE...
on your
mark...

START

VROOM

get
set...

WE'RE ALMOST
IN FRONT, STINKY,
REALLY POUR IT
ON---

DID YOU SAY
SOMETHING TO
ME? I CANNOT
HEAR YOU OVER
MY TUMMY PANGS!

FAWAW

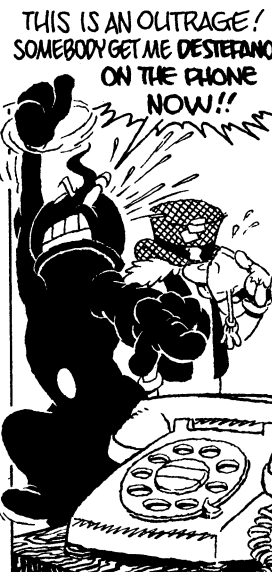
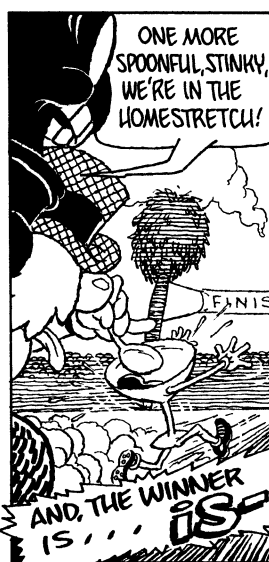
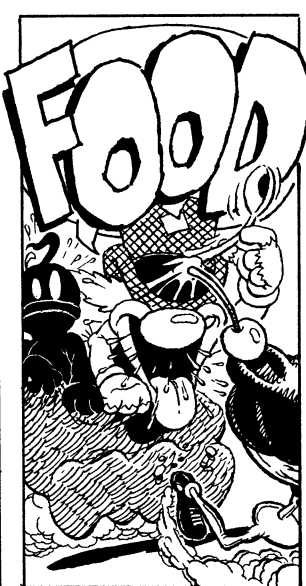
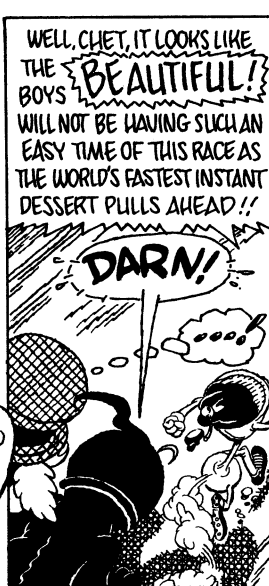
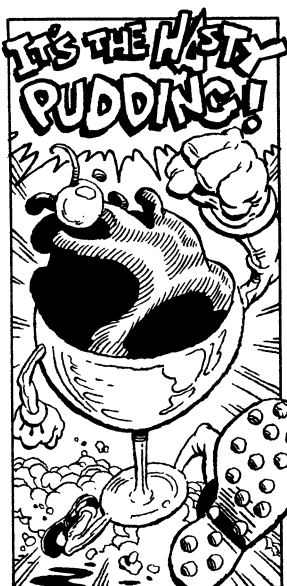
CLURK

WOW, CHET, LOOK AT THOSE
BOYS IN THE FLOUR SACK GO!

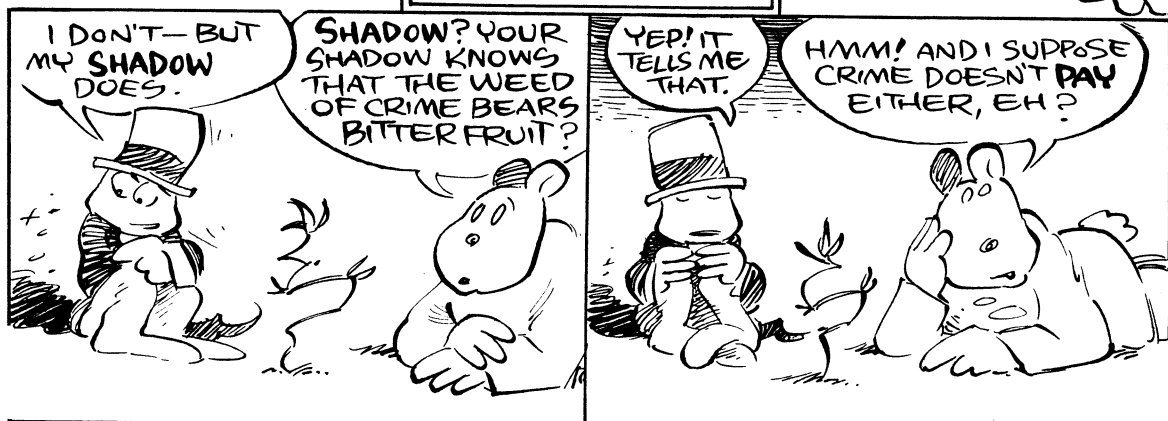
THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL, ARLO
AND I'M A CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND
OF BOTH OF THEM! BEAUTIFUL!

CLUMPT SPECIAL!

THEY'RE IN THE
LEAD NOW, CHET!

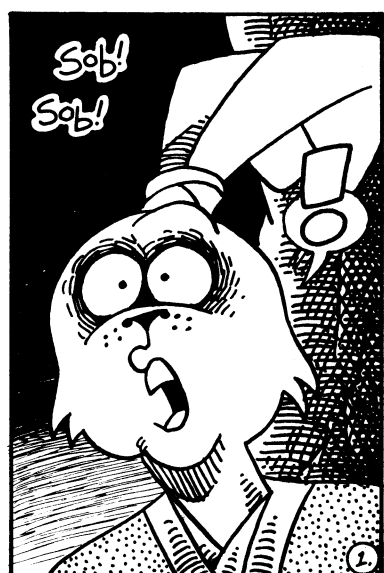
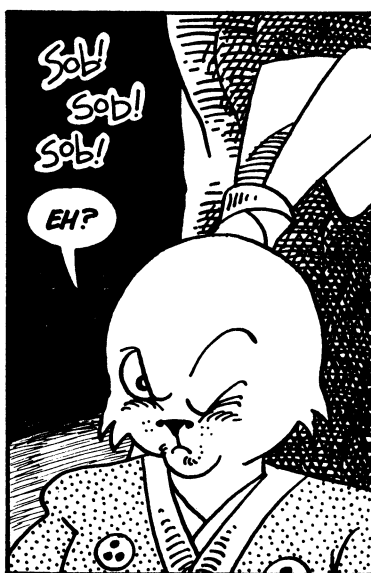
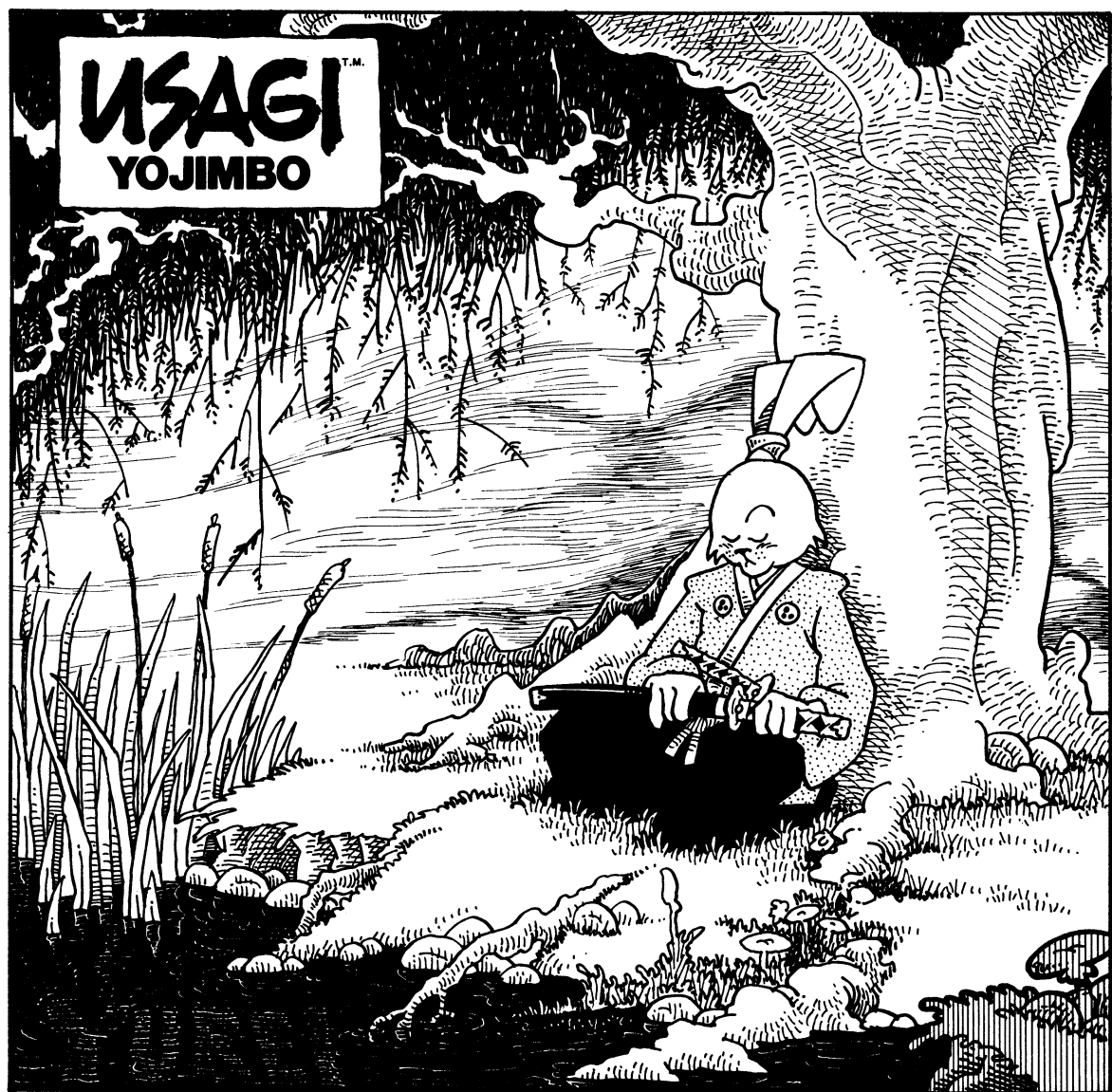


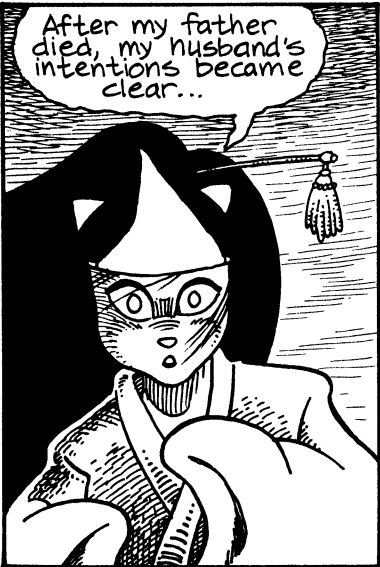
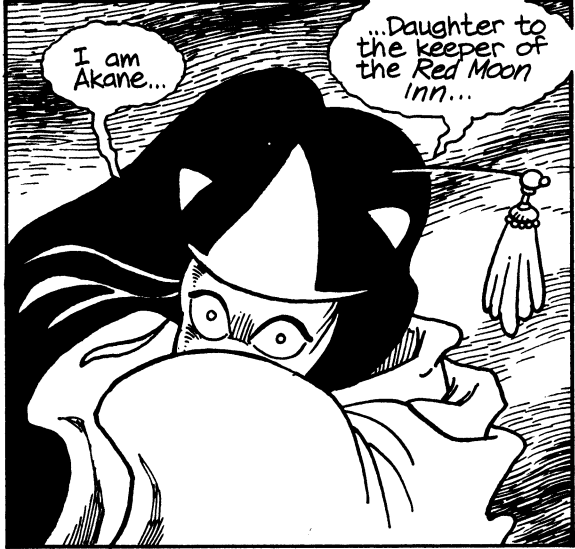
A M B R O S E

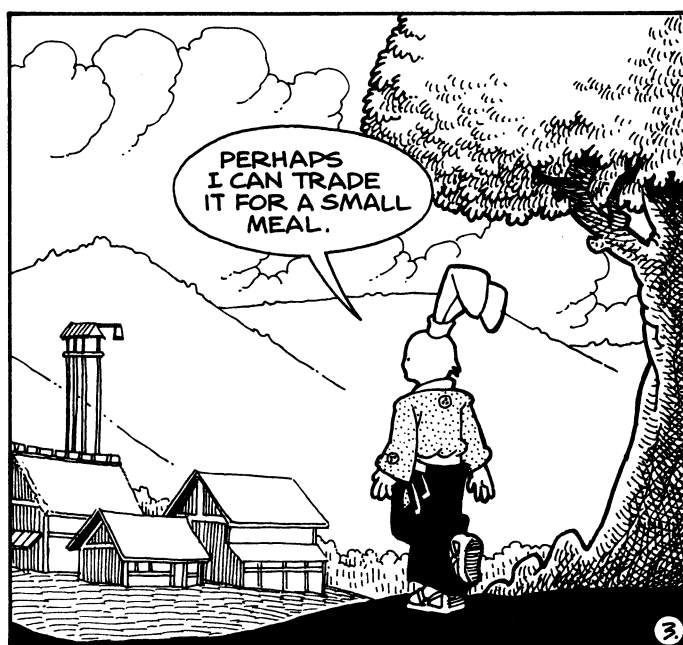
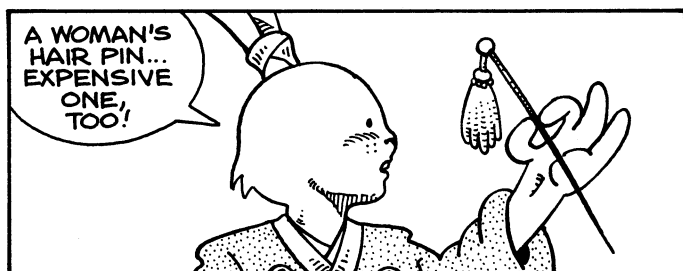
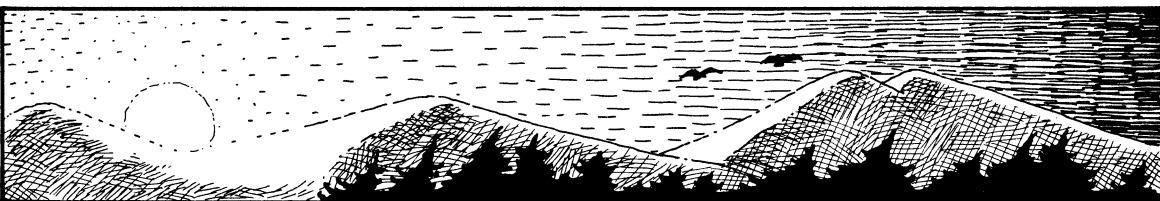
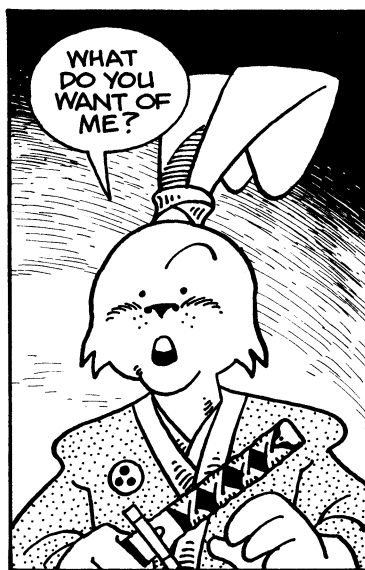


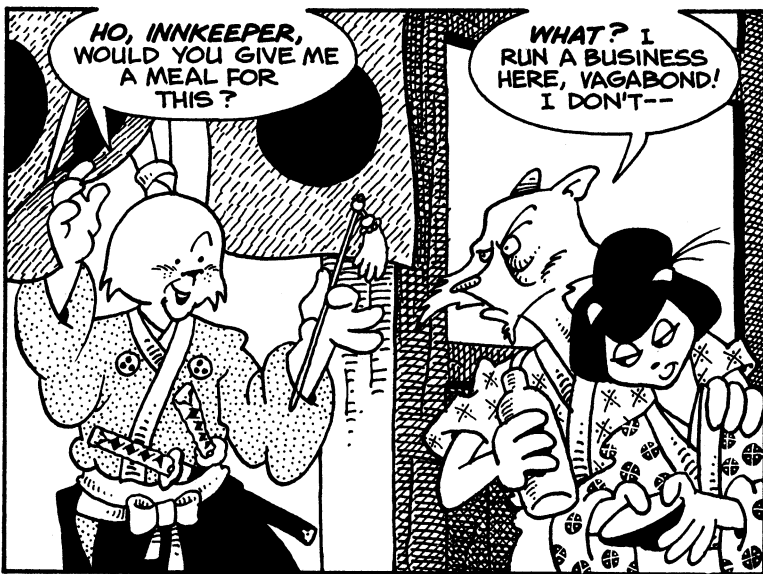
USAGI^{TM.}

YOJIMBO



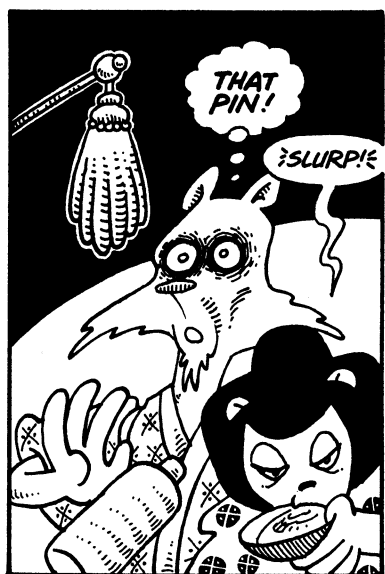






HO, INNKEEPER, WOULD YOU GIVE ME A MEAL FOR THIS?

WHAT? I RUN A BUSINESS HERE, VAGABOND! I DON'T--



THAT PIN!

?SLURP!?



AHEM! ER... A MEAL FOR THIS PIN? OF COURSE, SAMURAI, OF COURSE!

HEY!

SHOVE!

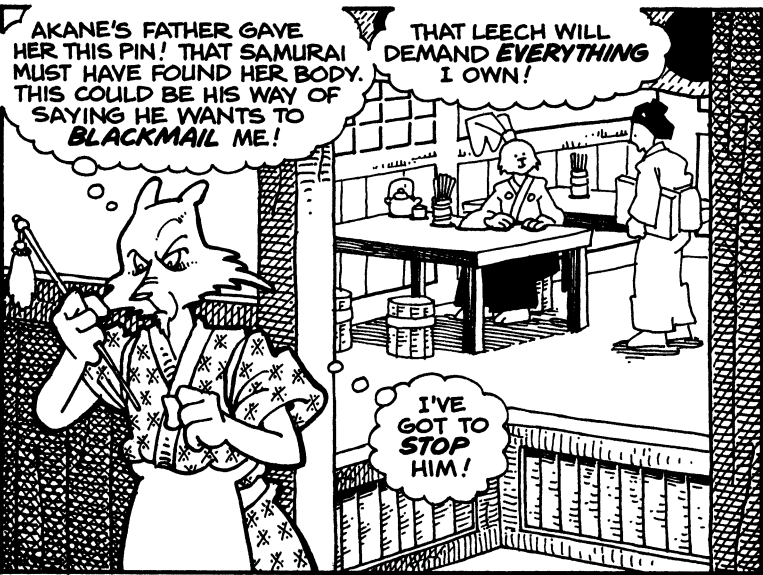


HERE YOU ARE, SIR, THE BEST TABLE IN THE HOUSE!

A WAITRESS WILL SERVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT!

THANK YOU.

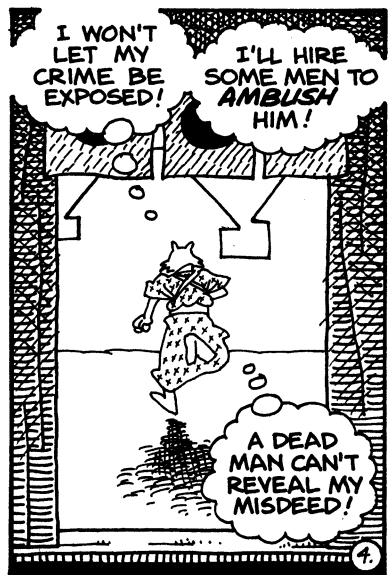
I GUESS THAT PIN IS A LOT MORE VALUABLE THAN I THOUGHT.



AKANE'S FATHER GAVE HER THIS PIN! THAT SAMURAI MUST HAVE FOUND HER BODY. THIS COULD BE HIS WAY OF SAYING HE WANTS TO BLACKMAIL ME!

THAT LEECH WILL DEMAND EVERYTHING I OWN!

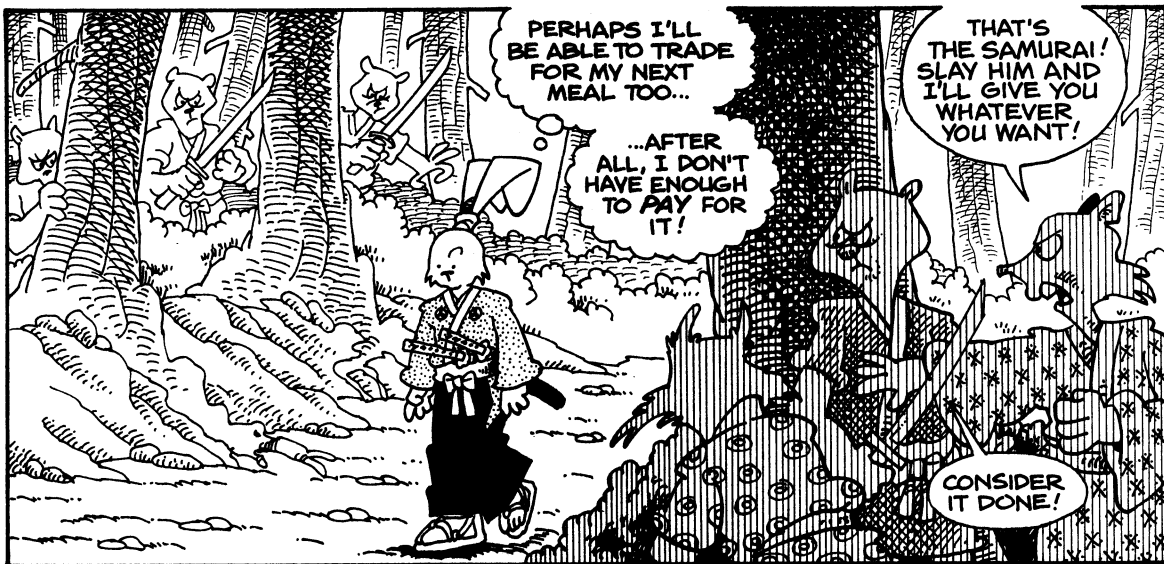
I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

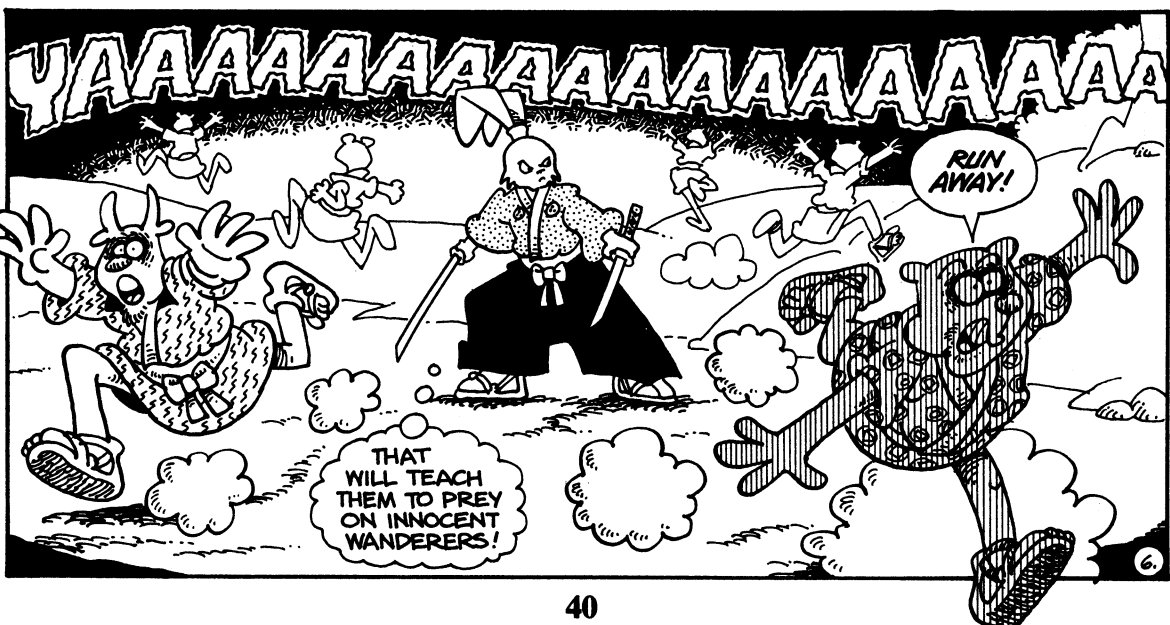
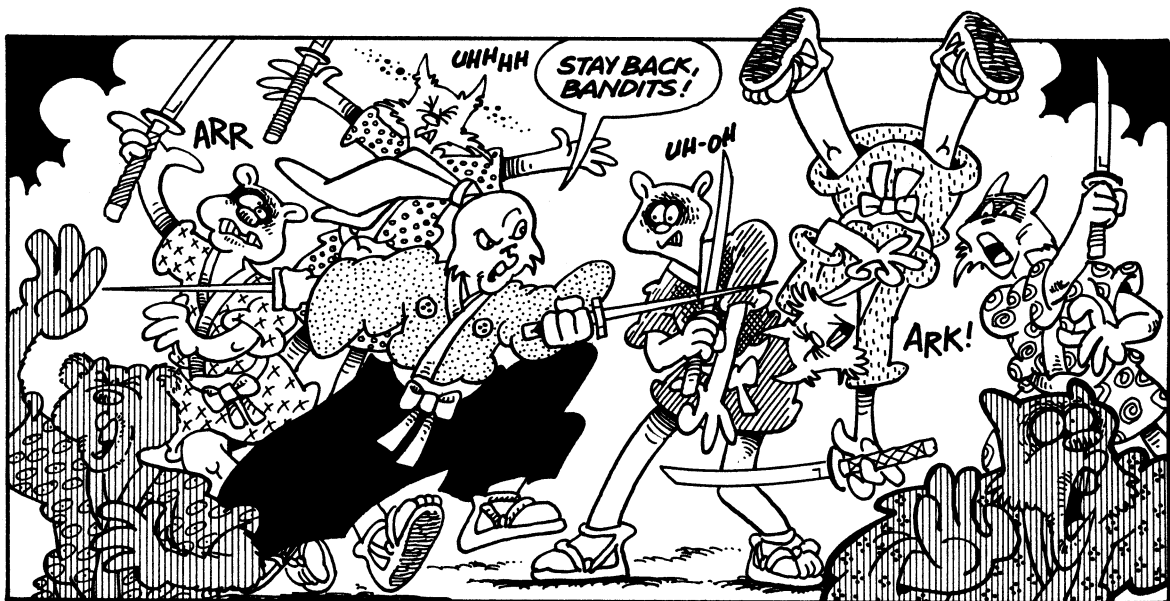


I WON'T LET MY CRIME BE EXPOSED!

I'LL HIRE SOME MEN TO AMBUSH HIM!

A DEAD MAN CAN'T REVEAL MY MISDEED!







!GASP! HE DEFEATED THEM!

THAT SAMURAI IS A LOT MORE SKILLFUL THAN I THOUGHT!

THEY MUST HAVE THOUGHT I HAD SOMETHING WORTH STEALING!



HE'LL FIGURE OUT THAT I HIRED THEM!

HE'LL COME AFTER ME!

BUT THEY SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT I'M JUST A MENDICANT WAYFARER.



HE WON'T STOP AT BLACKMAIL NOW!

HE'LL KILL ME!

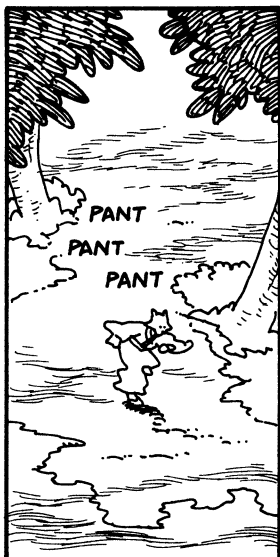


I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

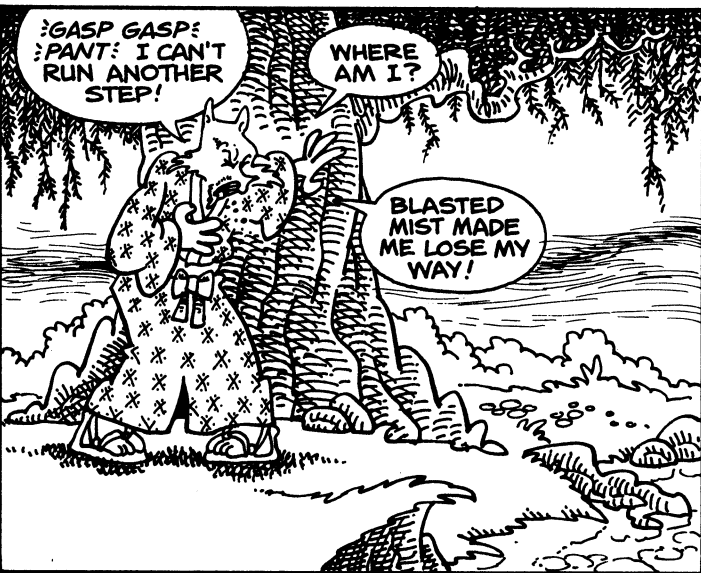
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!



I'LL TAKE WHAT I CAN FROM THE INN AND LEAVE THIS AREA!



PANT
PANT
PANT



!GASP GASP!
!PANT: I CAN'T RUN ANOTHER STEP!

WHERE AM I?

BLASTED MIST MADE ME LOSE MY WAY!



Sob! Sob!

WHAT?
WHO'S TH--?



NO! NO!
YAAHH!

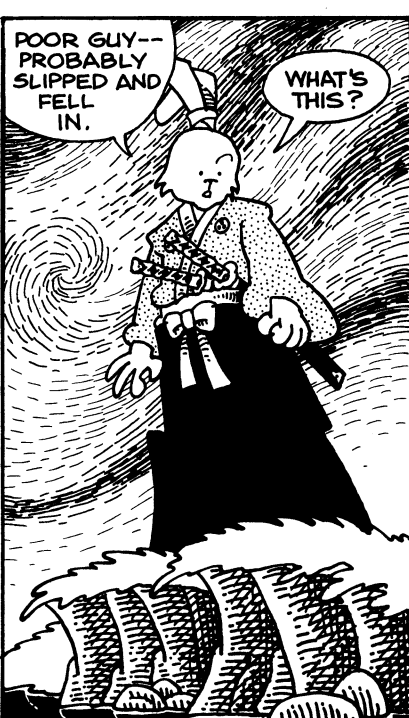
SPLASH!



SOUNDS
LIKE SOMEONE'S
IN TROUBLE!

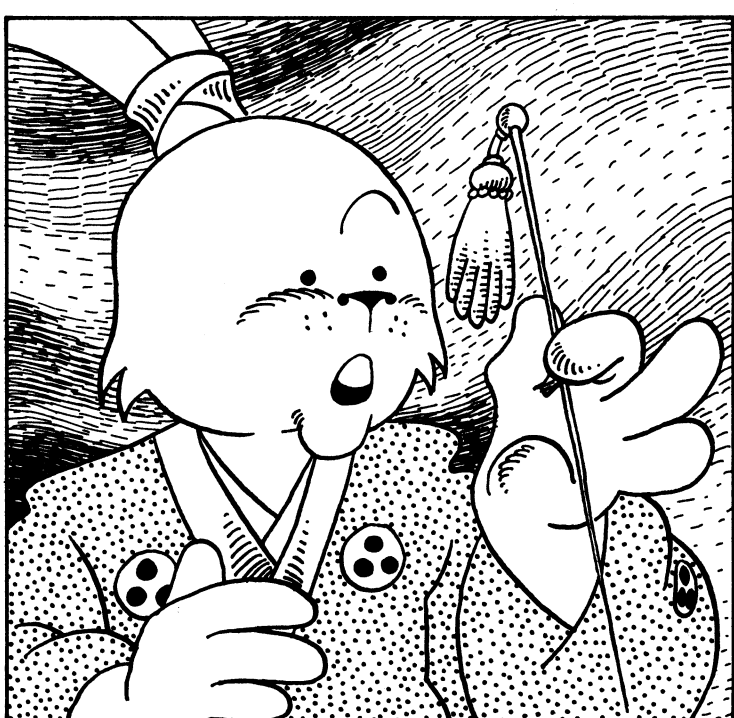


THE
INNKEEPER!



POOR GUY--
PROBABLY
SLIPPED AND
FELL
IN.

WHAT'S
THIS?



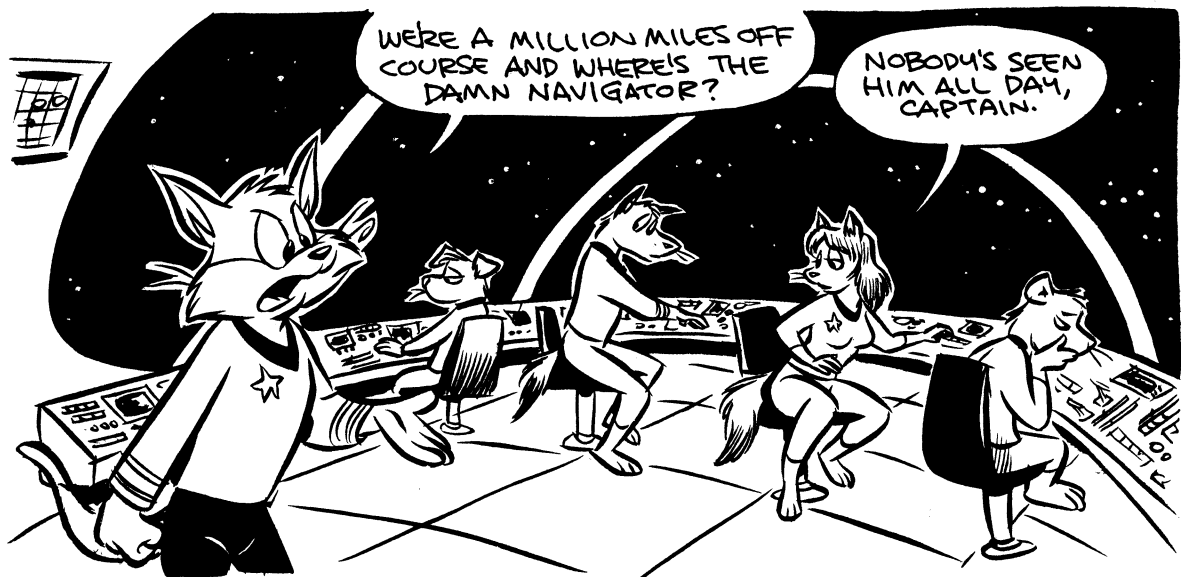
"THE YEAR IS 2259 ! THIS IS THE STARSHIP FULTON!
I'M THE CAPTAIN. CAPTAIN H.T. JACK. AND THIS IS.... "

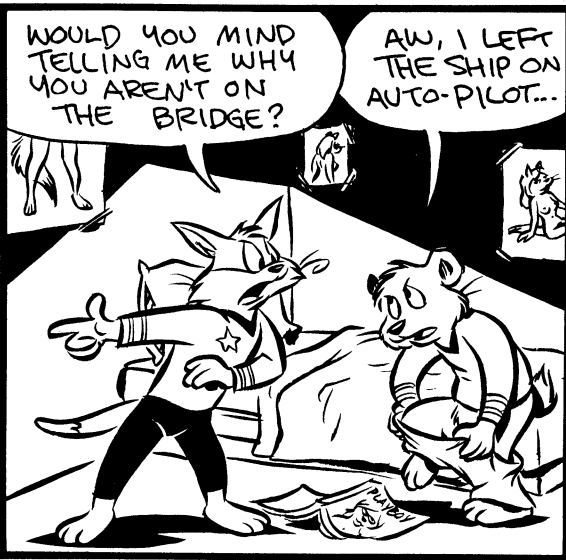
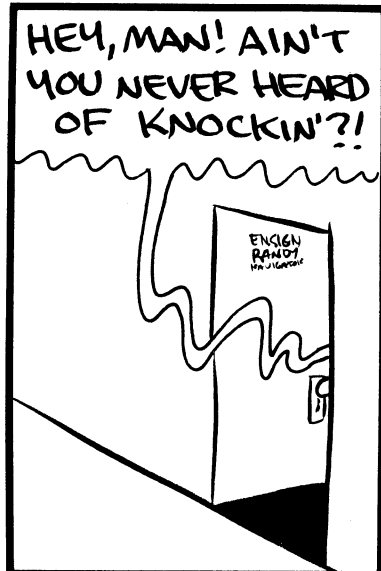
"Why I left the NAVY!"

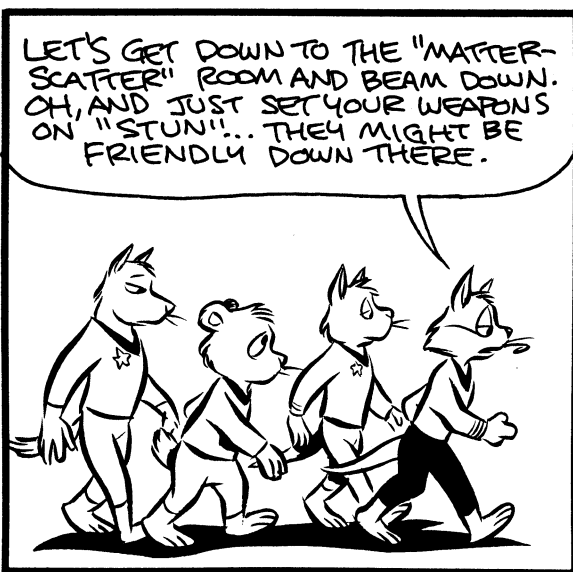


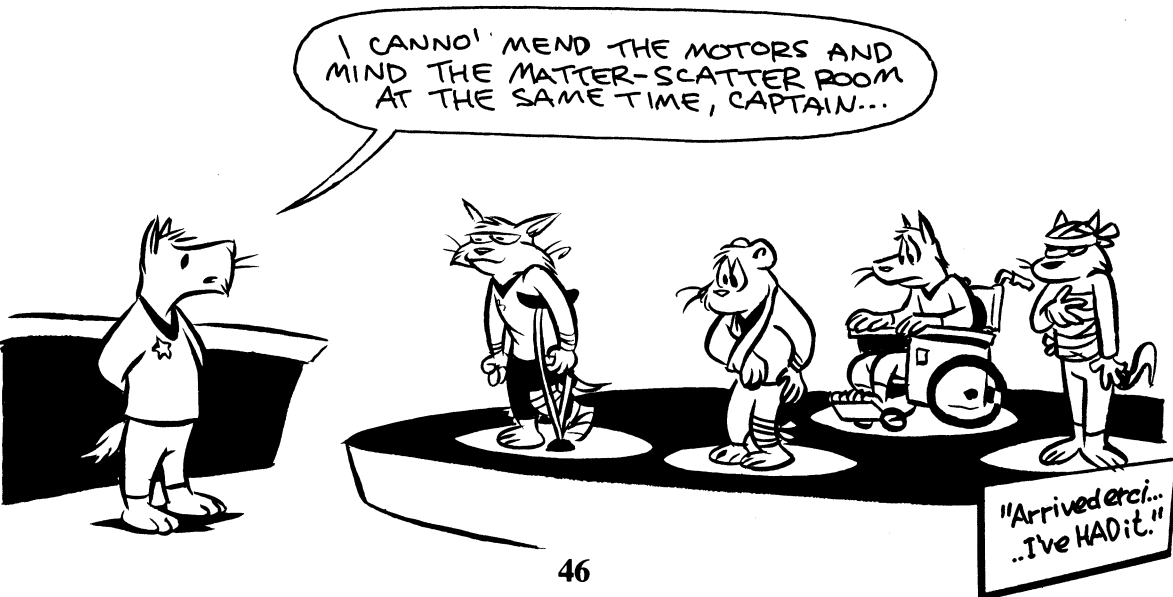
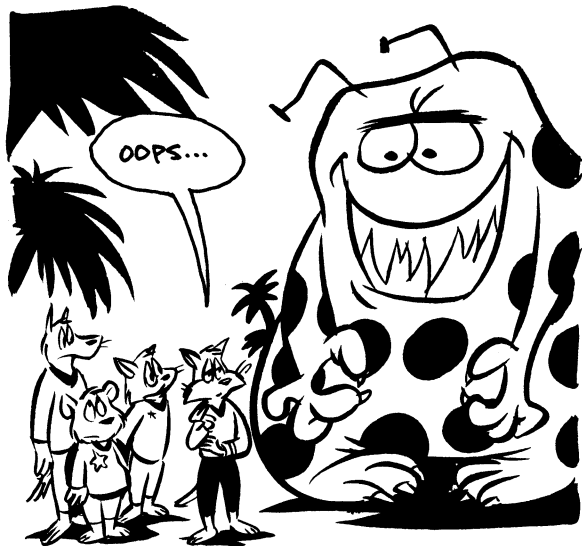
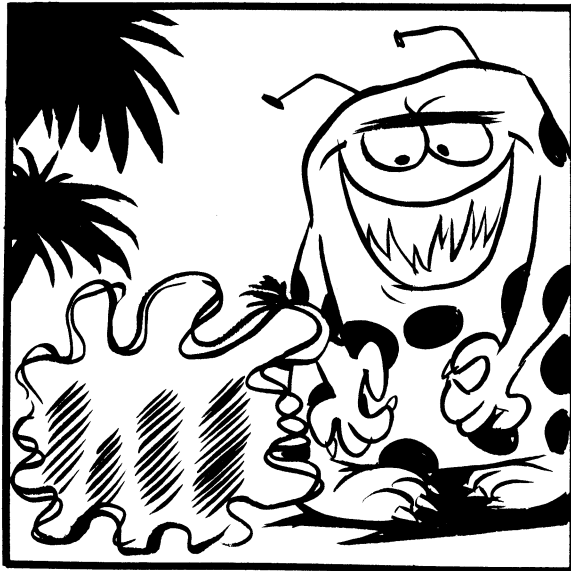
WHERE ARE
WE?

by M. KAZAĞI '89-

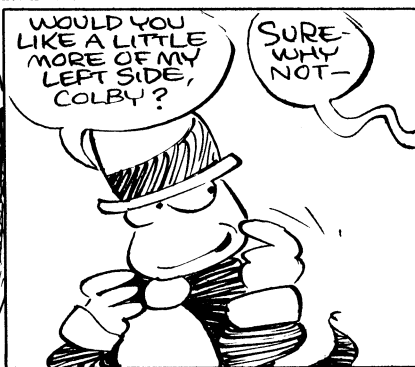








A M B R O S E





The Sugar Cube Blues

©CATHY HILL 1989

What are you do-in giv-in a rac-coon a sug-ar
cube?
What are you do-in? What are you do-in? How rude.
Cuz you can't tell me you
don't know what he does with his food.



2.

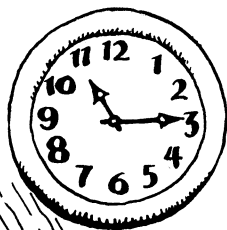
He washes it up, little hands cupped, head bent.
He washes it up, little hands cupped, head bent.
'Cuz he's peerin' down,
Wonderin' where it went.

3.

What should be done with someone so crude?
What should be done? Surely hangin's too good.
For any dude who'd
Give a raccoon a sugar cube.



THE TOTALLY TRUETM to LIFE,

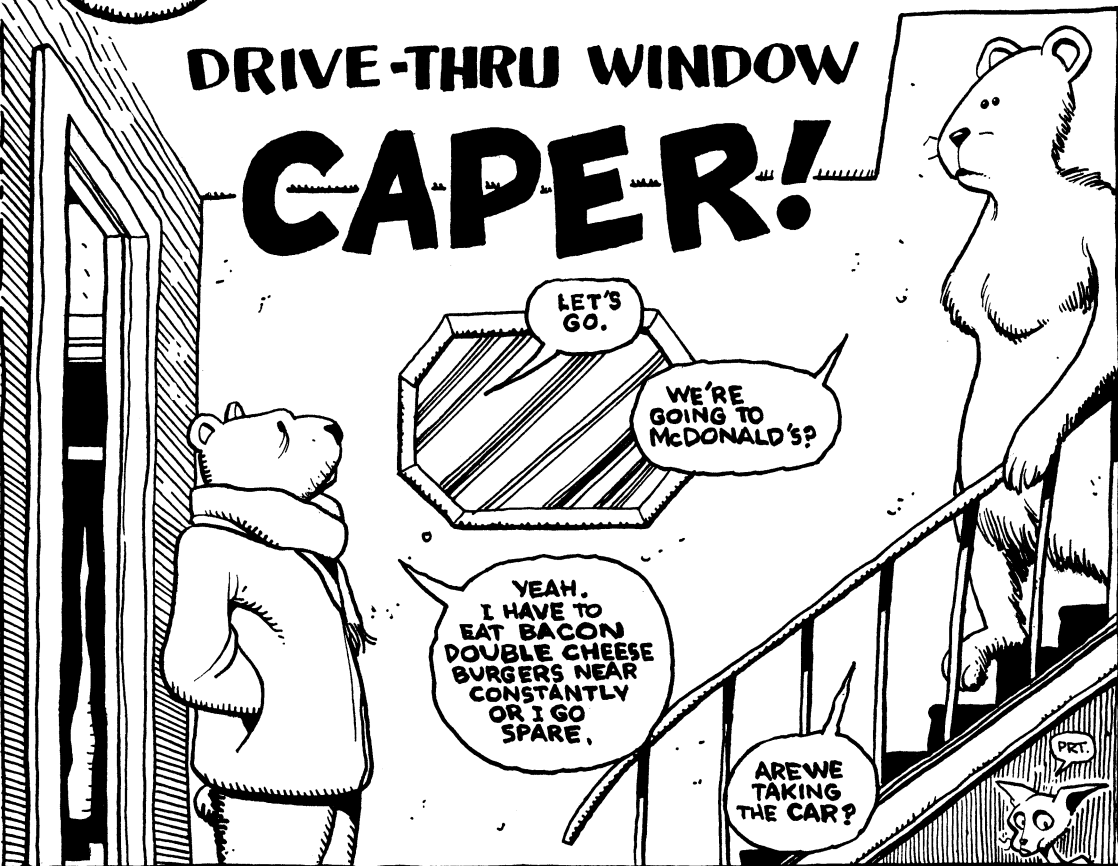


P.M. McDonald's

T.M.

DRIVE-THRU WINDOW

CAPER!



IT'S 200 YARDS!
COME ON ...WE'LL
WALK OFF THE FRIES.

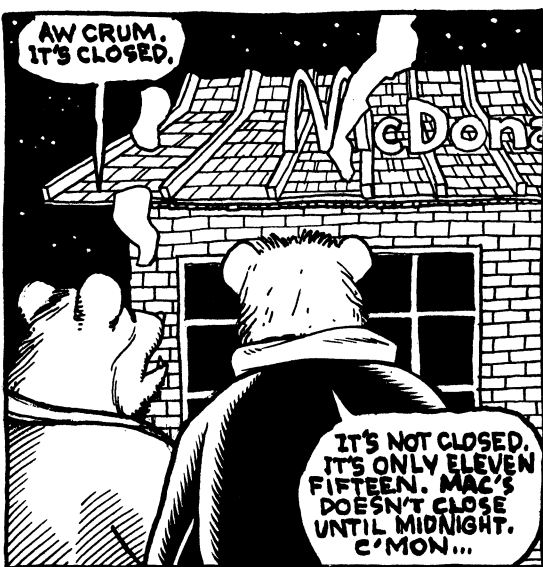
OKAY.

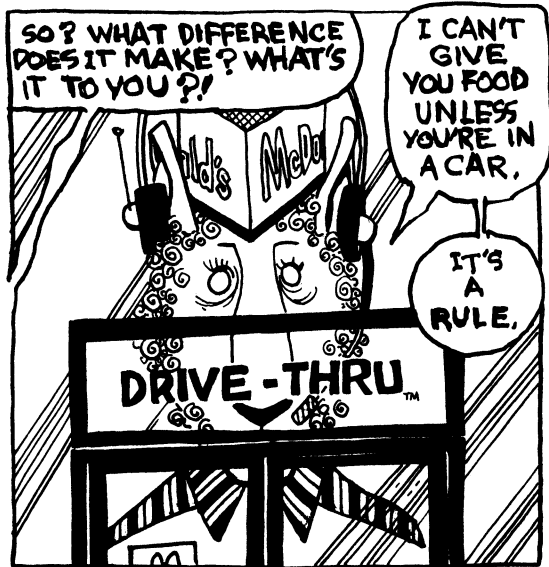
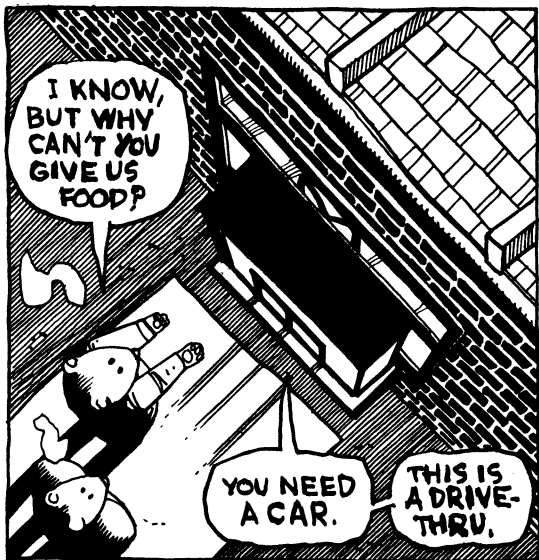
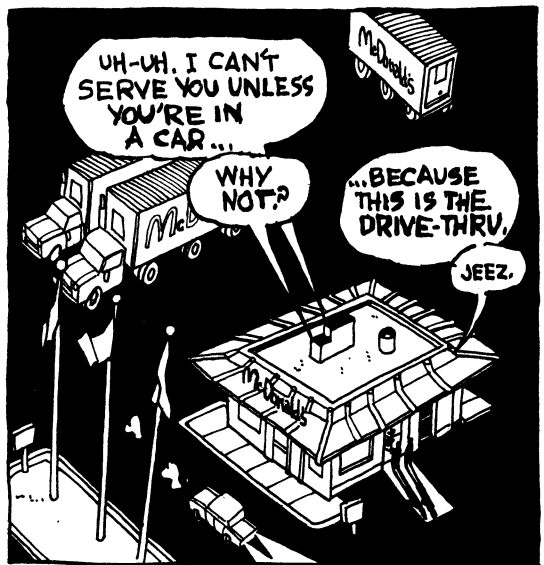
ARE YOU FINISHED
WORKING FOR
THE DAY, TY?

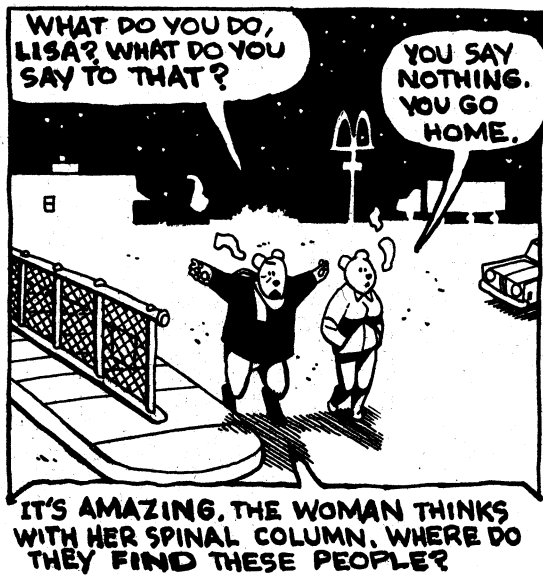
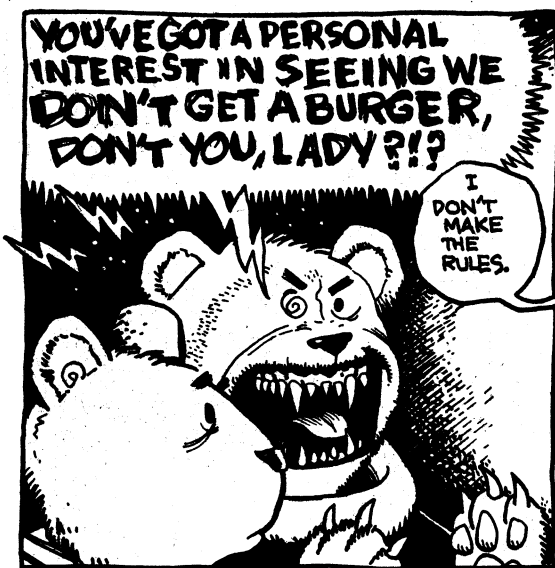
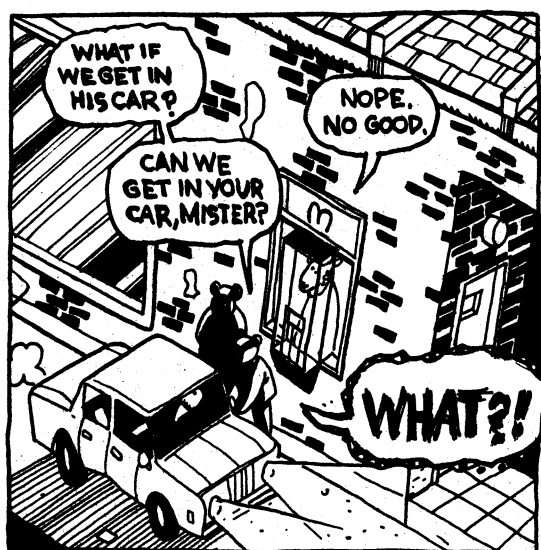
I DON'T
KNOW. ARE
YOU HEADING
FOR BED
SOON?



* NO KIDDING ...THIS REALLY HAPPENED! -Ty







PLEASE, TY,
CAN WE NOT?
I DON'T WANT
TO GIVE THAT
WOMAN THE
SATISFACTION.

NEITHER DO
I, BUT TRUTH TO
TELL, I DOUBT
SHE HAS THE
BRAIN CAPACITY.

I JUST
WANT A
BURGER.

C'MON.
IT'S ONE
MINUTE.

THAT'LL BE SEVEN
FORTY FIVE, DRIVE
THROUGH TO THE
SECOND WINDOW,
PLEASE.

KILL.

JUST A SECOND
FOR YOUR
McNUGGETS

HEY!

IT'S YOU
GUYS!

UN-HUH.

WE GOT
A CAR
NOW.

THERE YOU GO...
YOU SEE?
NOW I CAN GIVE
YOU YOUR
ORDER.
SIMPLE, HUH?

NOT SO SIMPLE.

WE HAD TO
STEAL THIS
CAR.

YOU DIDN'T
STEAL THAT CAR...
THAT'S YOUR
CAR, YOU'RE
KIDDING ME.

WHOOPS,
YOU GOT
ME.

THIS IS
MY CAR
AND WE'RE
KIDDING
YOU.

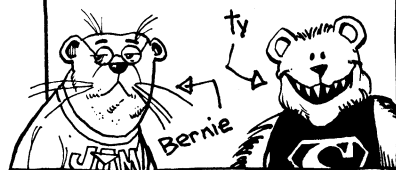
DID
YOU GET
KETCHUP?

IT'S
INNA
BAG.

DRAWN BY
BERNIE MIREAULT
FROM TY TEMPLETON'S LAYOUTS.

INKED BY
TY TEMPLETON
FROM BERNIE'S DRAWINGS.

WRITTEN BY
THE FLYING FICKLE
FINGER OF FATE.
FROM TY'S ACTUAL LIFE.



OH, WONDERFUL!
WE CAN'T EVEN
KEEP THE DAMN
LOGO CENTERED!

NO ONE'S
GONNA WANT
TO BUY
THIS
BOOK!

by Doug Gray

THE EYE OF MONGOMBO



We asked Marcel Chevalier, the famous pantomime artist, to give his interpretation of the EYE OF MONGOMBO (translations provided by Mimes of America)



"Thrilling, edge-of-your-seat excitement! Suspense tension, and drama in the Hitchcock tradition!"

"Hilarious comedy . . . Sophisticated --- would not be out of place on a shelf next to Oscar Wilde."



"Terrific characters . . . continues the literary tradition of Ishmael, Huck Finn and . . . OW!"

"I think I'm stuck . . . I can't breathe . . . HELP! For God's sake, someone please help me!"

Doug Sez:



PLEASE
PLEASE
PLEASE
Buy my
comic!

Please send me the following back issues of Eye of Mongombo at \$2.50 each (\$2.75 in Canada):

☐ #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3

And please enter my subscription for issues #4-10, for \$12.00 (outside U.S., \$14.00. Hey, them's the breaks.)

name

address

city, state, zip

Send to FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle, WA 98115.



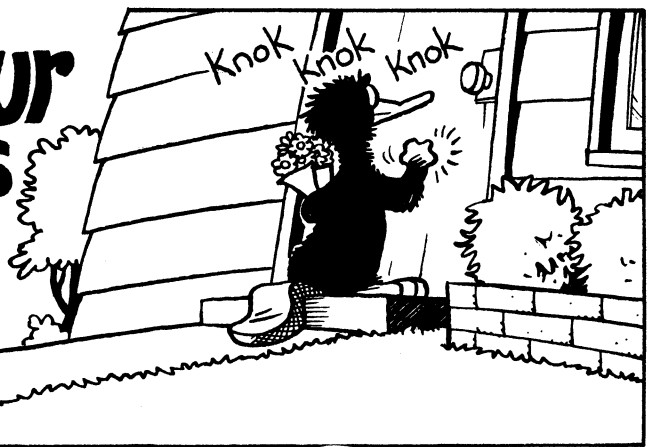
HOOTO-CLUCKO-HONKO IN 'A NIGHT AT THE BEANERY' TIMBO ENGEL



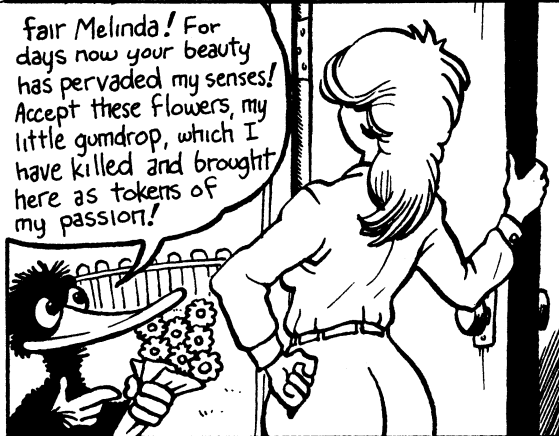


PLATO POTTS in

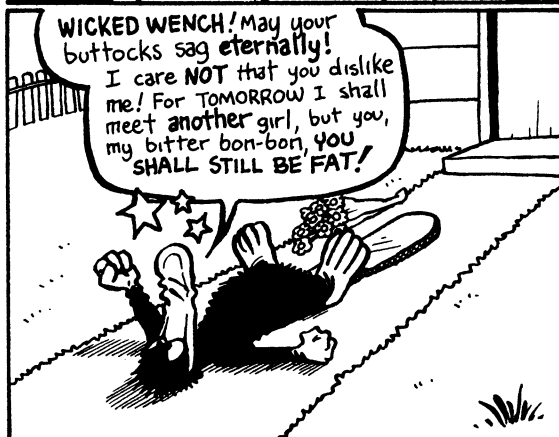
L'amour or LESS



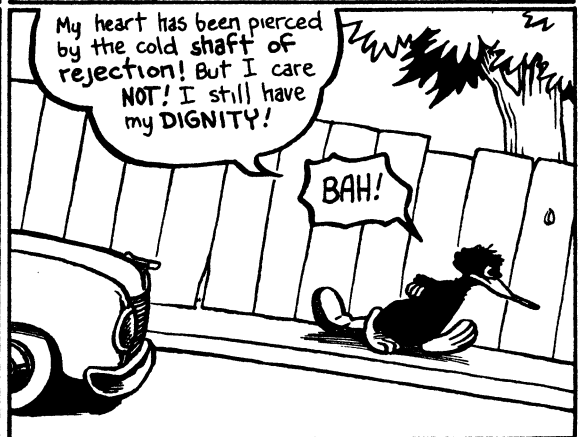
Fair Melinda! For days now your beauty has pervaded my senses! Accept these flowers, my little gumbdrop, which I have killed and brought here as tokens of my passion!



WICKED WENCH! May your buttocks sag eternally! I care NOT that you dislike me! For TOMORROW I shall meet another girl, but you, my bitter bon-bon, YOU SHALL STILL BE FAT!



My heart has been pierced by the cold shaft of rejection! But I care NOT! I still have my DIGNITY!



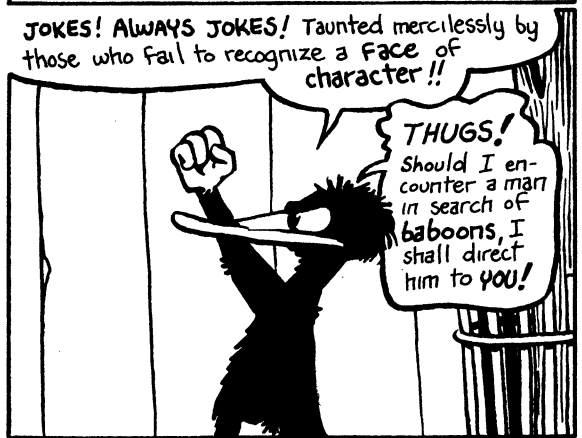
Hey, Larry, lookit this. I told you that nuclear plant was leakin'.

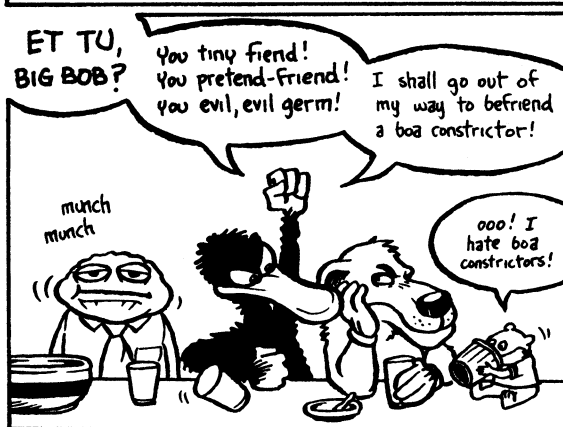
Disgusting.



JOKES! ALWAYS JOKES! Taunted mercilessly by those who fail to recognize a face of character!!

THUGS! Should I encounter a man in search of baboons, I shall direct him to you!





Next evening....

I know what we can do!

we'll convince Plato that he has a **SECRET ADMIRER!**

Oh, how very damn cute.

But what the Heck.

Plato will probably fall for it.

oh, INDEED?

So, my friends have surrendered their roles as barstool gurus for those of Clever Cupids!

But shall Plato Potts become a subject of pity? **NEVER!**

shall I perform for them in their "Little Theatre" of DECEIT? **HAH!**

PLATO POTTS IS NO MAN'S STOGE!!

Later...

Say, Plato, this was left for you.

Ah! Act ONE!

Dear friends! It seems I have a secret admirer! She admires me from AFAR! At last a woman with true sight!

I'm off! I've been inspired truly inspired!!

I must make merry!

when did you write that note? That was **FAST!**

I didn't write any notes! Was it you, NEMO?

oh, Please.

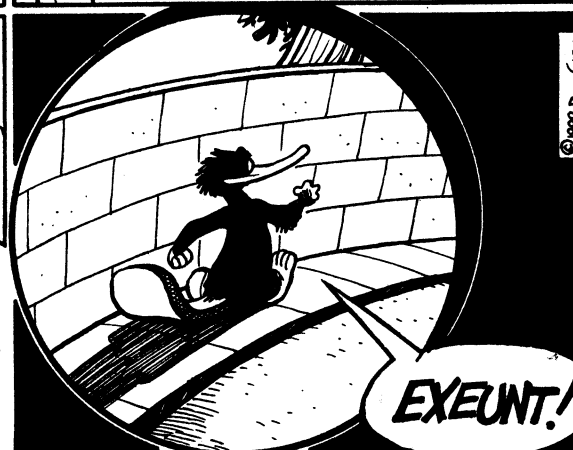
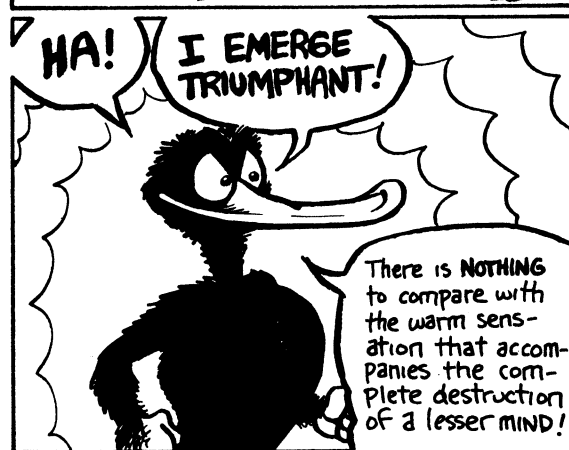
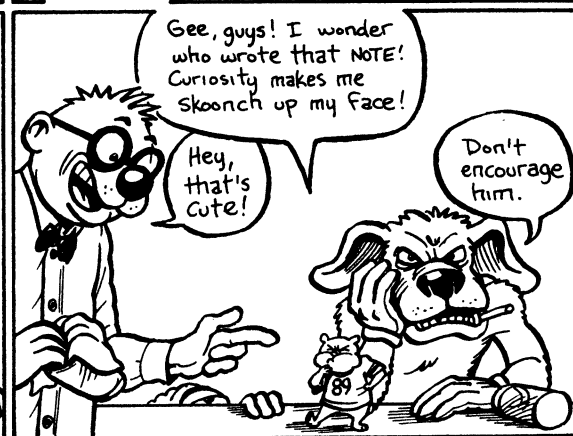
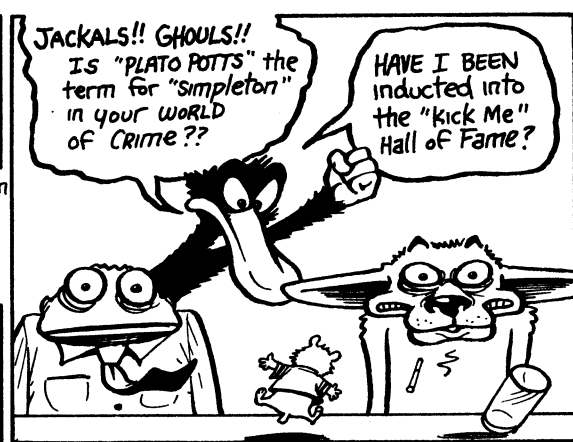
GOSH! Isn't this GREAT? Plato's happy and we didn't have to do a thing!

I'll drink to that!

...To his happiness, Floud?

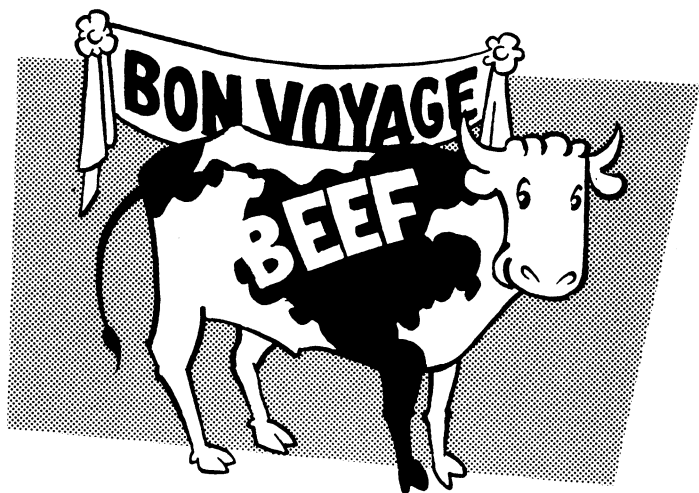
Floud?

3

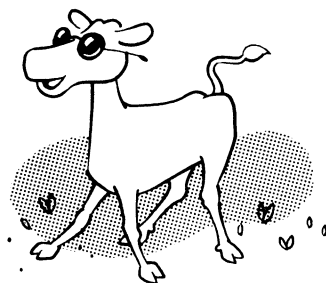


The Story of BEEF!

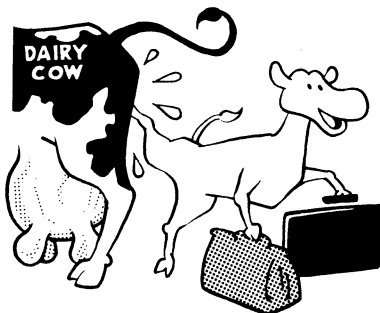
by Mark Martin
Type: Ben Burford



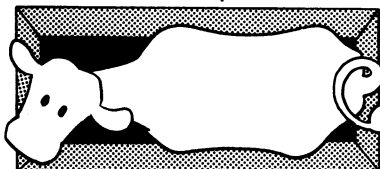
Today is my Happy Day! Today is the day I go to the Feedlot. There I will eat and eat, and put on lots of chubby BEEF!



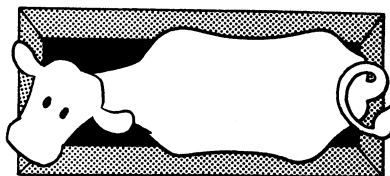
Say "goodbye" to my cousin, Veal Calf. Lucky Veal Calf! His tender white flesh is ready *now* to be processed into delicious BEEF for those who can afford it.



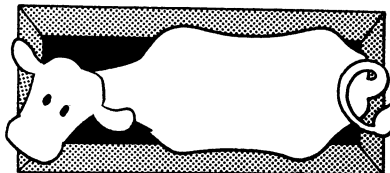
Veal Calf left his mother, Dairy Cow, as soon as he was born. He didn't want to risk "bonding" with Aunt Dairy Cow, or damaging her grossly swollen, hormone-implemented teats.



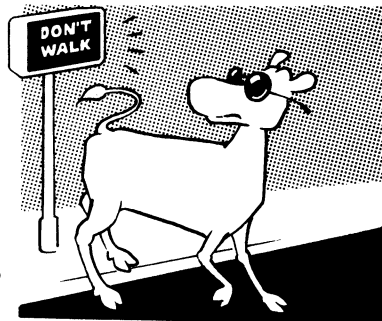
Veal Calf immediately went to his *very own efficiency apartment!* Efficient? It was just 22 inches wide by 54 inches long. How's *that* for efficient?



Veal Calf didn't want to give in to his natural craving to frolic and gambol. Nor to give in to the temptation to drink his own urine in a desperate effort to add iron to his iron-free diet. His little apartment was just perfect!



Veal Calf spent the entire 4 months of his life in his tiny apartment. Now, Veal Calf is sufficiently plump and *tender*. In fact, he is *so* deliciously anemic, if he doesn't go to market *right now*, he will soon die in his stall.



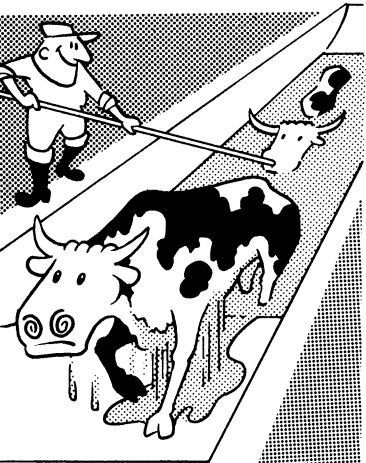
Wave to Veal Calf. "Bye bye, Veal Calf!" Oh, silly me! I forgot! Veal Calf spent his entire life in the dark. He can't see me—he's blind! Ha ha! Funny Funny Veal Calf!



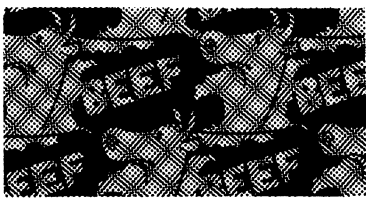
Now it is my turn to provide delicious BEEF! The truck will take me to the Feedlot. Many of my friends will ride with me. We will squeeze together as tightly as we possibly can.



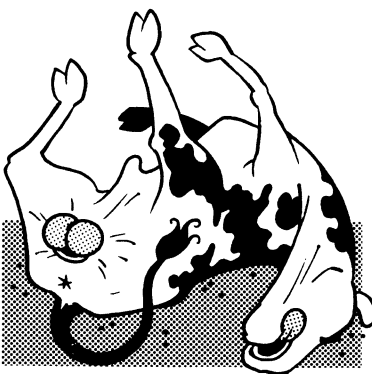
Our trip may take up to 3 days. We will not stop to eat or clean out the truck. I am sorry that some of us will die from heat, suffocation, and/or a form of pneumonia known as Shipping Fever. We are all trying very hard to become BEEF!



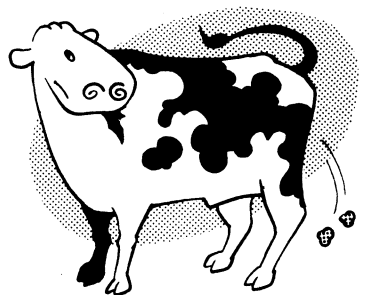
At last we arrive at the Feedlot. Most of us are alive. We are very tired and hungry, but it is not yet time to eat. First we must be dipped in a trough full of insecticides.



Then we must be de-horned. Normally we are very docile, but the crowded conditions of the Feedlot often make us psychotic and violent, and we don't want to risk damaging each other's delicious BEEF! De-horning often results in hemorrhage, maggot infestations and infections. I was lucky! I only got maggots!

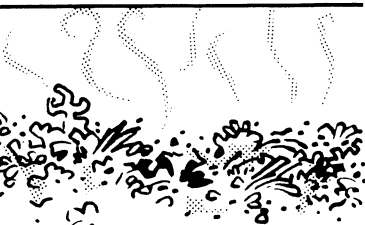


Next, I must be castrated, so I will be even more docile. When the cattleman puts the ring on my scrotum, I lie down and kick and wring my tail in agony for half an hour or more.

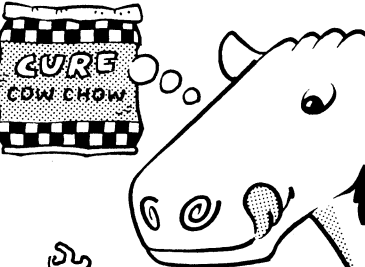


Finally, my scrotum goes numb and the pain subsides. In about a month, my balls will fall off!

Next we are taken to our quarters, where the trend is toward ever-increasing "stock density." Studies at the University of Minnesota suggest maximum profits can be obtained by allowing each of us 14 square feet of living space.



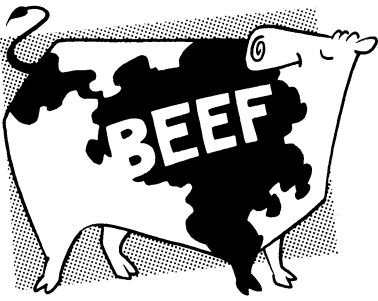
At last we eat! We eat from a diet designed to fatten us up as cheaply as possible. This may include sawdust laced with ammonia and feathers, shredded newspaper, "plastic hay," processed sewage, tallow, grease, chicken shit, cement dust, cardboard scraps, insecticides, antibiotics and hormones.



Even though we are very hungry, this diet is difficult to enjoy. The thoughtful cattleman adds artificial flavors and aromas to help us enjoy our feed.



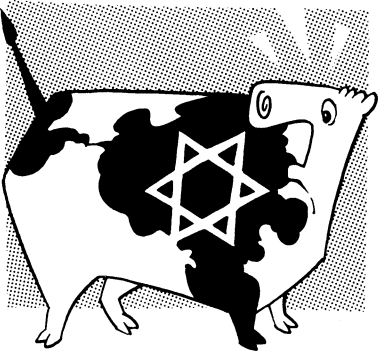
And that's not all! Scientists at the University of Arizona are studying the biological processes that curb a cow's appetite. They are trying to develop chemicals that will give us insatiable appetites!



Before you know it, I am big and BEEFY! And it is time for another trip on the truck. This is the trip we have all been waiting for. We are going to the Slaughterhouse!



I can see, hear and smell the slaughter of all my friends who are ahead of me in line. I become terrified and panicky. It wouldn't be *quite* so traumatic and noisy if the "stun gun" were used to render us unconscious before we are killed. But the "stun gun" is an extra step in the process that can waste time and cost up to a penny a stun. Many slaughterhouses forego the stun.



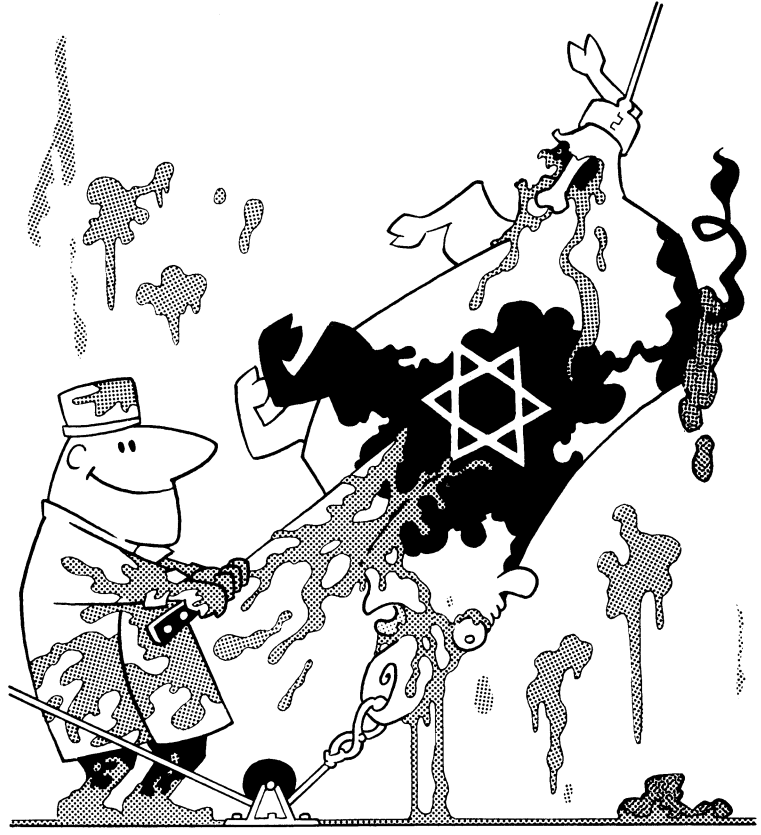
I am going to be slaughtered using the "kosher" or "ritual" method. Orthodox Jewish and Moslem dietary laws require that I be "healthy and moving" when killed. I *must* be conscious and under *no* circumstances should I be stunned.



The Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906 requires that no slaughtered animal may fall in the blood of a previously slaughtered animal. I am suspended from a huge conveyor belt by a metal clamp attached to one leg.



If the process is running smoothly, I hang from the belt 2 to 5 minutes. Since my leg was never meant to support my weight this way, and I am thrashing and squirming hysterically, I break the bone in my leg.



Upside down, with ruptured joints and a broken leg, twisting frantically in pain and terror, I must have a steel clamp inserted in my nostrils to enable the slaughterer to kill me with a single stroke, as religious law prescribes.

Read more about it!

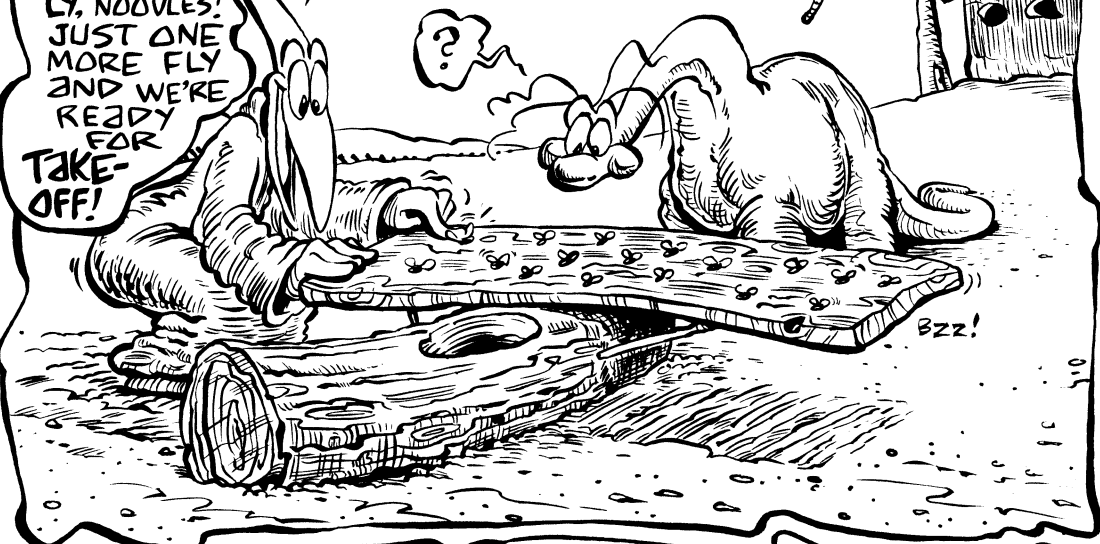
Diet For a New America
by John Robbins
Stillpoint Publishing
1-800-847-4014

GRUTLORE

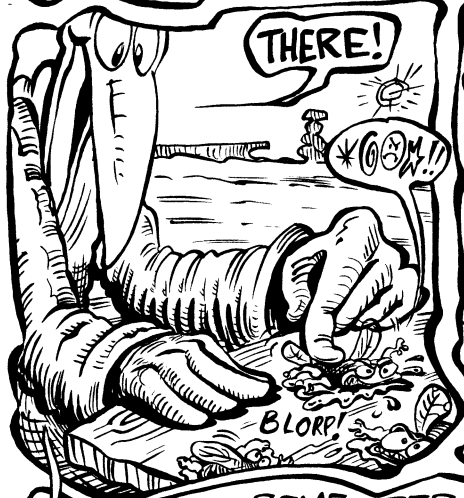
by
Peter
Gullerud
©1989

"IF MAN WERE MEANT
TO BE FLIES..."

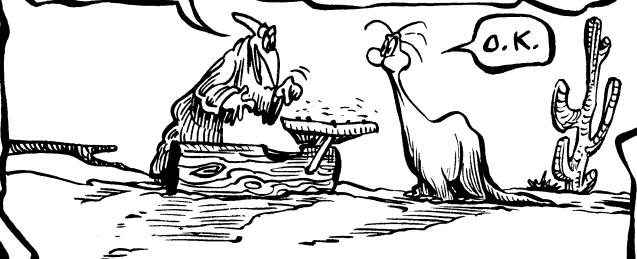
THIS CACTUS
SAP IS WORK-
ING PERFECT-
LY, NOODLES!
JUST ONE
MORE FLY
AND WE'RE
REDDY
FOR
TAKE-
OFF!



THERE!



YOU SEE NOODLES, HERE'S THE
SCOOP! I'VE GLUED SIXTEEN
BROWNFLIES ONTO THE "LIFTER
BOARD" OF MY AIR-CAR HERE!

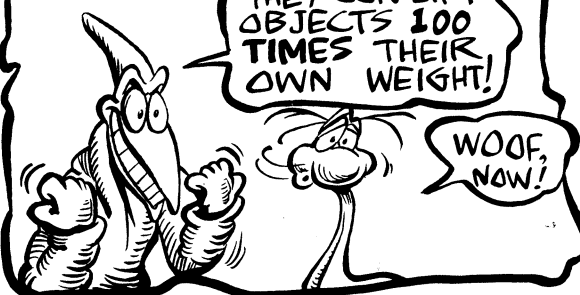


O.K.

NOW, REMEMBER-
BROWNFLIES ARE
THE STRONGEST
INSECT
KNOWN!



THEY CAN LIFT
OBJECTS 100
TIMES THEIR
OWN WEIGHT!



WOOF,
NOW!

SO, IF ALL GOES AS
PLANNED, I SHOULD
BE SAILING INTO THE
BIG BLUE JUST
LIKE A BIRD - OR
FLY IN THIS CASE!



SOMETIMES
I DREAM
OF FLYING,
NOODLES!
(USUALLY
WHEN I'M
ALL STRESS-
ED OUT!)



"I RISE ABOVE
ALL MY PROBLEMS -
ABOVE ALL
MY PEERS -
ABOVE
THE CITY -
THE
DESERT...
UNTIL ...

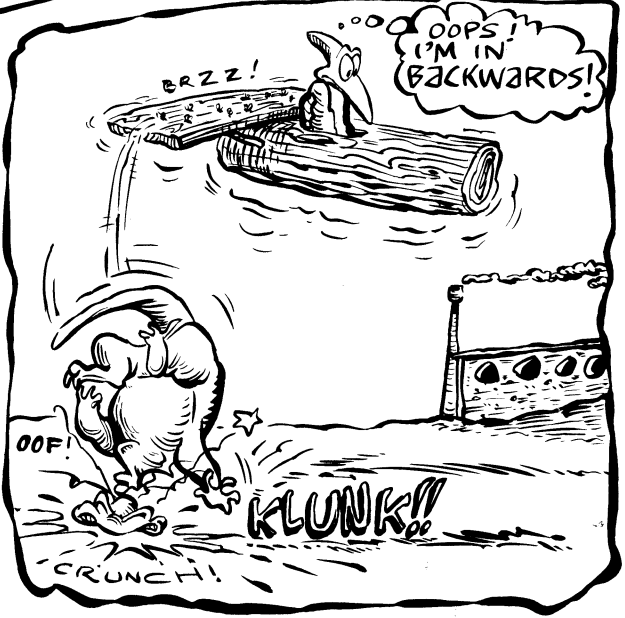
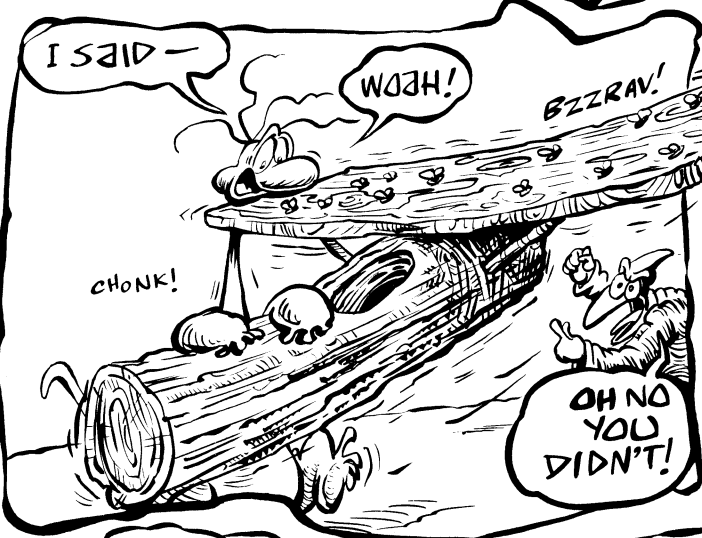


NOBODY
IS IN MY WAY!!

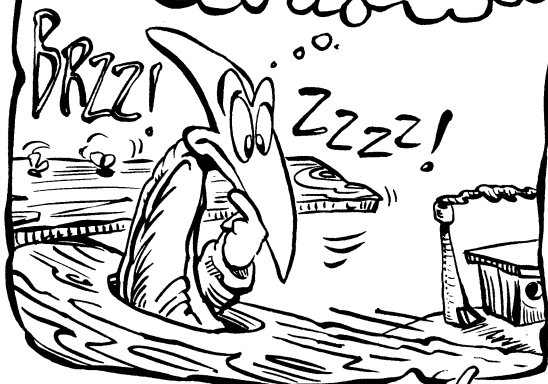


ZOOM! I FLY THROUGH
GALAXIES, ETHEREAL
BLISS, ECSTATIC
EXPERIENCES ONLY
I CAN UNRAVEL!

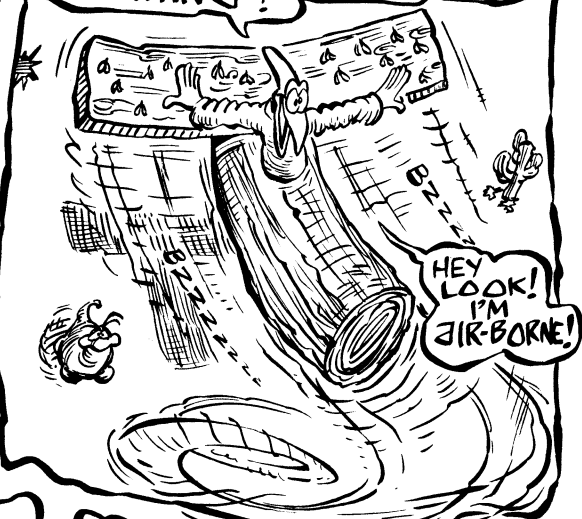




..AND IT SEEMS IT'S TOO
LATE TO CHANGE
THE DIRECTION I'LL
BE FLYING —!



OH WELL! HERE GOES
NOTHING!



WOOH! YOH!
NOODLES!
LOOK AT
ME! I'M
HEADED
FOR THE
MOON!



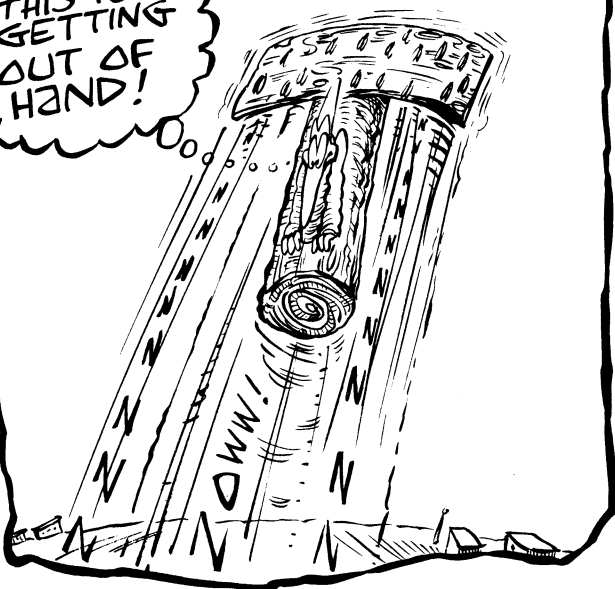
MOMMA!
LOOK!
ARE YOU
WATCHING?

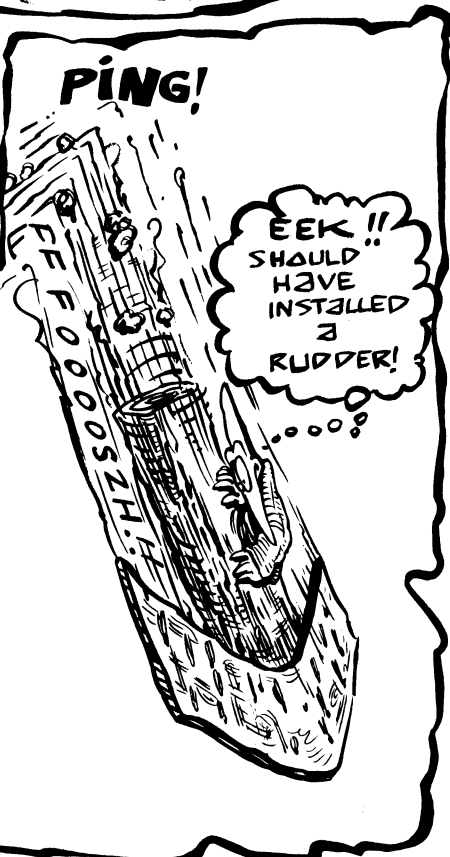


I'M
FLYING!!
JIMINY!
OH MY!!



YEEKS!
THIS IS
GETTING
OUT OF
HAND!









SEASON'S GREETINGS FROM  VIPIEN and NOODLES 

Welcome to the Fantagraphics

MENAGERIE

ADVENTURES OF CAPT. JACK

Adventures of Captain Jack #6: Herman and Janet decide to elope.

Adventures of Captain Jack #7: Beezeleub intrudes in Herman and Janet's relationship.

Adventures of Captain Jack #8: A daring escape, the Captain in drag, and more.

Adventures of Captain Jack #9: Pool hustling with Saturated Fats, and the conclusion of the Janet-Herman-and-Beezeleub storyline!

Adventures of Captain Jack #10: Jack and the crew return to Detroit and discover lots of unpaid bills.



Adventures of Captain Jack #11: Jack meets up with the mob.

Adventures of Captain Jack #12: The grand finale of the series, as things will never be the same.

CRITTERS

Critters #4: *Gnuff* and *Birthingright* continue, Tom Stazer's *Lionheart* premieres, and the first Ken Macklin cover painting!

Critters #5: *Birthingright* continues, the first *Gnuff* novel concludes (with a cover), plus Stan Sakai's *Nilson Groundthumper*!

Critters #6: *Usagi Yojimbo* story, *Birthingright* concludes with cover, and the first *Firecracker Jack* by Mark Armstrong!

Critters #8: *Jack Bunny* by cover artist Mark Armstrong, Templeton Kelly tribute, and *Lionheart* begins.

Critters #9: Hallowe'en issue with *Gnuff* behind a mask, *Lionheart*'s nightmare, and *Dog Boy*.

Critters #10: *Usagi Yojimbo* cover! story, plus *Gnuff* and *Lionheart*.

Critters #12: *Birthingright* returns, plus *Waller/Worley's SpeakingStone*, and *Sam Kieth*!

Critters #13: *Gnuff* cover, plus *Birthingright* and *Mark Armstrong*.

Critters #14: *Usagi Yojimbo* story and cover, plus *Birthingright* and *Gnuff*.

Critters #15: *Blue Beagle* and *Fission Chicken*, and *Birthingright* races on!

Critters #16: *Gnuff* ends, another *Nilson Groundthumper* story by Sakai, and *Birthingright*!

Critters #17: *Lionheart* returns, plus the conclusion of *Birthingright*.

Critters #19: *Gnuff* returns, plus *Sam and Max*, *Freelance Police*, *Lizards*, and *Fission Chicken*.

Critters #20: *SpeakingStone* by *Waller/Worley*, *Gnuff* and *Fission Chicken*.

Critters #21: More *Gnuff*, *Lizards*, *Fission Chicken*—32 pages' worth—plus a *Sam Kieth* cover!

Critters #22: *Watchmen* cover parody for *Blue Beagle* story, plus *Gnuff*, *Fission Chicken*, and *Ambrose*. (Also available: non-cover-parody version.)

Critters #23: Christmas issue with *Gnuff*, *Lizards*, *Fission Chicken*, *Lionheart*, as well as strips by *Schirmeister*, *Kieth*, *Fuller*, *Kazaleh*, *Templeton*—plus a flexidisc with songs written and performed by *Templeton & Alan Moore*!

Critters #24: *Gnuff* continues, plus *Lizards* and *Fission Chicken*.

Critters #25: The return of *Lionheart*, plus *Gnuff* and *Angst*.

Critters #26: *Angst* cover by *Van Horn*, plus *Gnuff* and *Lionheart*.

Critters #27: *Stan Sakai* cover and *Nilson Groundthumper* story, plus *Lionheart* and *Fission Chicken*.

Critters #28: *Blue Beagle* in "Miami Vice"/Coke parody, plus *Lionheart* and *Fission Chicken*.

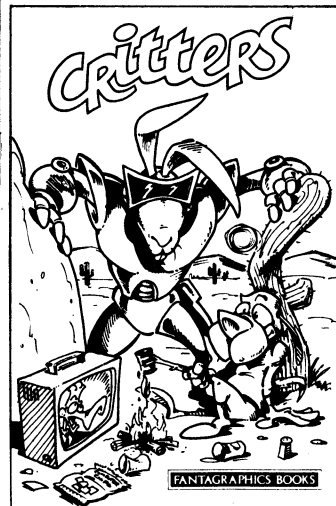
Critters #29: The climax to *Lionheart*, plus *Lizards*, the wacky German cartoonist *Volker Reiche*, and a one-page *Captain Jack*.

Critters #30: *Mark Martin* cover and story, plus *Angst*, *Fission Chicken*, and *Gnuff* returns.

Critters #31: *Gnuff* cover featured, plus *Lizards*, *Blue Beagle*, and a *Steve Bissette* one-page.

Critters #32: *Lizards* continues with a cover, *Gnuff*, and a new *Fission Chicken* story—plus *DeStefano*!

Critters #33: *Fission Chicken* cover, *Gnuff* concludes, and *Angst*.



Critters #34: *Blue Beagle* returns, the premiere of *Duck "Bill" Platypus*, and a Hallowe'en horror tale.

Critters #35: *Lela Dowling* cover, *Fission Chicken*, the beginning of a new *Lionheart*, and *Duck "Bill" Platypus*.

Critters #36: Featuring the continuation of *Lionheart*, *Fission Chicken*, and *Duck "Bill."*

Critters #37: *Mike Kazaleh* cover and story, conclusion to *Lionheart*.

Critters #38: Giant issue with *Usagi Yojimbo*, *Blue Beagle*, *Fission Chicken*, *Angst*, and *Donna Barr's Stinz*.

Critters #39: A full-length *Fission Chicken* story parodies the *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*.

Critters #40: *Gnuff* returns in a full-length story by *Freddy Milton*.

Critters #41: Book-length *Duck "Bill" Platypus* tale.

Critters #42: *Not the Adventures of Captain Jack* by *Mike Kazaleh*, starring *Herman* and *Janet*.

Critters #43: *Lionheart* faces a possibly malevolent alien in an apartment building.

Critters #44: The gripping climax to the *Blue Beagle* "Watchdogs" saga—with a surprise ending!

Critters #45: *William Van Horn's Ambrose* is featured in a collection of gag strips.

Critters #46: Lionheart's latest: Dental hygiene and industrial espionage!
Critters #47: Gallacci's "Birthright" returns.

Critters #48: "Birthright" continues.
Critters #49: The end of "Birthright."

Critters #50: Grand finale issue, with Neil the Horse, Sam and Max, Usagi Yojimbo, Teddy Payne, Fission Chicken, much more. Eighty pages!

Critters Special #1—Nilson Groundthumper and Hermy: Both the *Albedo* stories, plus a new 10-page strip!

DOG BOY

Dog Boy #1: Still available!

Dog Boy #2: Sir Isaac Newton guest stars as reality unravels.

Dog Boy #3: Dog Boy shows how to publish your own comic book.

Dog Boy #4: Dog Boy goes to Hell, and Dog Girl squashes Reagan!

Dog Boy #5: Back in stock!

Dog Boy #6: This one too!

Dog Boy #8: Alfred Knoot starts a newspaper, Dog Girl does graffiti.

Dog Boy #9: Dancing with the cats, Dog Girl in jail, Benb goes crazy!

FISSION CHICKEN

Fission Chicken #1: "The Wizard of Ooze," plus "Duck 'Bill' Platypus."

Fission Chicken #2: Nightmare on Elmer Street!

Fission Chicken #3: Are the Vortexians back?

GROOTLORE

Grootlore #1: Peter Gullerud's fantasy strips, with a new cover and intro.

Grootlore #2: More tales of Loadoad and the rest of the gang.

HUGO

Hugo #1: Milton (*Midnite*) Knight's feline "Meets the Baron."

Hugo #2: Hugo becomes a cartoonist and gets into deep trouble.

Hugo #3: Hugo is abducted by mermaids and fights sharks.

MYRON MOOSE

Myron Moose Funnies #1: Lots of goofy snot jokes, plus parodies of Dr. Seuss and Uncle Wiggly books.

Myron Moose Funnies #2: Parodies Batman, Mickey Mouse, Spirit, more.

Myron Moose Funnies #3: "Comic Book Fans," and more silly snot.

USAGI YOJIMBO

Usagi Yojimbo #3: The continuation of "Samurai," and a "Croakers" strip by Don Dougherty.

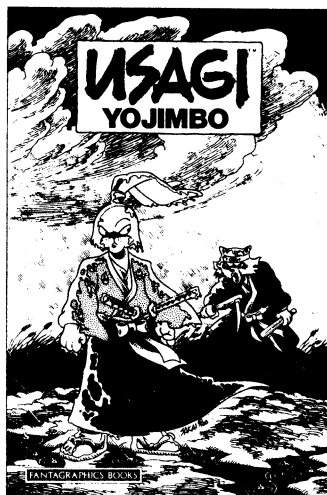
Usagi Yojimbo #8: "A Mother's Love," plus Luth's "Rockhoppers."

Usagi Yojimbo #10: "Blade of the Gods," plus a Usagi/Leonardo the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle tale by Peter Laird!

Usagi Yojimbo #11: Saga of a tea cup, plus a "Catnippon" back-up by Sergio Aragones.

Usagi Yojimbo #12: "The Shogun's Gift," plus Tom Stazer's "Lionheart" in an eight-page hostage story.

Usagi Yojimbo #13: The first chapter of "Dragon Bellow Conspiracy," plus an episode of Shaw! & Evanier's "Digger Duckbill."



Usagi Yojimbo #14: "Dragon Bellow Conspiracy" continues, now full-length in every issue!

Usagi Yojimbo #15: Treachery and death as "Dragon Bellow" continues.

Usagi Yojimbo #16: "Dragon Bellow" continues.

Usagi Yojimbo #17: "Dragon Bellow" concludes.

Usagi Yojimbo #18: The epilogue to "Dragon Bellow," including the fate of the Blind Swordspig.

Usagi Yojimbo #19: "Frost and Fire" plus the return of Nilson Groundthumper.

Usagi Yojimbo #20: A story of kites and more.

Usagi Yojimbo #21: The evil ninja bats attack!

Usagi Yojimbo Color Special #1: New Sakai stuff, plus classic cover reprints and a *Gnuff* story!

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND OTHER STUFF

Usagi Yojimbo Book One: Every *Usagi Yojimbo* story before *Usagi #1* collected in one handy 160-page volume, with a new Stan Sakai cover. A great buy!

Usagi Yojimbo Book Two: The complete "Samurai" origin saga, plus more stories and an intro by Evanier.

Usagi Yojimbo Book Three: Usagi's entire origin story, plus a back-up guest-starring Leonardo the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle; Asprin intro!

Amazing Heroes #9: Behind the scenes of DC's *Captain Carrot* comic with Scott Shaw! and Roy Thomas.

Amazing Heroes #42: Funny-animal issue with Joshua Quagmire cover and interview. Plus: Arn Saba on *Neil the Horse* and Dave Sim on *Cerebus*!

Amazing Heroes #111: Ty Templeton (of *Critters*) interviewed. It's funny.

Amazing Heroes #129: Interviews with Steven A. Gallacci and Freddy Milton, the new *Mighty Mouse* show!

Amazing Heroes #165: Donna Barr.

Doomsday Squad #5: Features a spectacular full-color Captain Jack story by Mike Kazaleh!

NEMO #21: 28 pages of Jack Kent's classic *King Aroo* strip—a treat for classic funny-animal lovers!

PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING BACK ISSUES.

All are \$2.25 apiece unless otherwise indicated.

Capt. Jack: ☐ #6 ☐ #7 ☐ #8 ☐ #9 ☐ #10 ☐ #11 ☐ #12

Critters: ☐ #4 ☐ #5 ☐ #6 ☐ #8 ☐ #9 ☐ #10 ☐ #12 ☐ #13 ☐ #14 ☐ #15
☐ #16 ☐ #17 ☐ #18 ☐ #19 ☐ #20 ☐ #21 ☐ #22 (parody) ☐ (not) ☐ #23 (\$4.25)
☐ #24 ☐ #25 ☐ #26 ☐ #27 ☐ #28 ☐ #29 ☐ #30 ☐ #31 ☐ #32 ☐ #33
☐ #34 ☐ #35 ☐ #36 ☐ #37 ☐ #38 (\$3.00) ☐ #39 ☐ #40 ☐ #41 ☐ #42
☐ #43 ☐ #44 ☐ #45 ☐ #46 ☐ #47 ☐ #48 ☐ #49 ☐ #50 (\$5.00)

Critters Special w/ Nilson Groundthumper: ☐ #1 Hugo: ☐ #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3

Dog Boy: ☐ #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3 ☐ #4 ☐ #5 ☐ #6 ☐ #8 ☐ #9

Myron Moose: ☐ #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3 Fission Chicken: ☐ #1 ☐ #2 ☐ #3

Usagi Yojimbo: ☐ #3 ☐ #8 ☐ #10 ☐ #11 ☐ #12 ☐ #13 ☐ #14 ☐ #15
☐ #16 ☐ #17 ☐ #18 ☐ #19 ☐ #20 ☐ #21 ☐ Color Special #1 (\$3.50)
☐ Book 1: \$11.00 ☐ Book 2: \$11.00 ☐ Book 3: \$11.00 ☐ 6-issue sub: \$9.00

Amazing Heroes (\$3.00): ☐ #9 ☐ #42 ☐ #111 ☐ #129 ☐ #165

NEMO (\$4.00): ☐ #21 Doomsday Squad: ☐ #5 Grootlore: ☐ #1 ☐ #2

name

address

city

state

zip

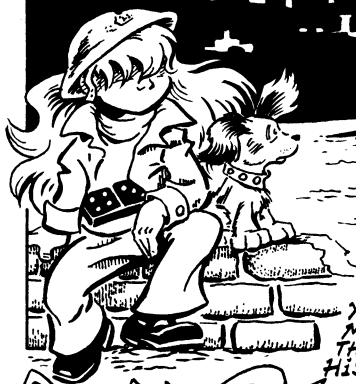
NOTE: You must be 18 years or older to order Captain Jack, Dog Boy, Hugo, or Myron Moose.

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TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE XMAS...THAT'S HOW THE POEM READ...AND CUTEY BUNNY WAS SNUGGLED UP WARM IN HER BED...



WHEN WHAT TO YOUR WONDERING EYES SHOULD WE DO...? BUT SWITCH ROUND THE STORY TO... 1942...!



DECEMBER 1942... WITH THE LONDON BLITZ GONE BUST... THE RUSSIAN BARBAROSSA CAMPAIGN IN THE DEEP FREEZE... AND ROMMEL IN NORTH AFRICA, UP TO HIS EARS IN ...AHEM... YES, WITH HIS BLITZ ON THE FRITZ, THE FUHRER CONCEIVED OF HIS MOST BRILLIANTLY MEDIOCRE PLAN YET... TO ONCE AND FOR ALL CRUSH THE REDOUTABLE SPIRIT OF THE LONDONERS UNDER THE HEEL OF HIS HOBNAILED NAZI JACKBOOT, AS HE WOULD LAUNCH HIS...

XMAS BLITZ KRINGLE



ON XMAS EVE, BRANDENBURGER KOMMANDO TEAMS DISGUISED AS "SANTA-KRAUTS" AND ARMED WITH SACKS OF DEADLY XMAS GOODIES, ...POTATO-MASHERS, PANZERFAUSTS AND RAPID FIRE CANDY CANES, WERE PARACHUTED INTO THE LONDON NIGHT... THEIR "VI" "BUZZ SLEIGHS" TOTALLY FOXING THE BRITISH RADAR... CATCHING THE RAF FLAT FOOTED... WITHIN MINUTES THEY HAD OVER RUN THE THAMES DOCKYARDS AND WERE RAPIDLY SNOWSHOEING IT TOWARDS #10 DOWNING STREET... THEIR GOAL... CAPTURE THE PRIME MINISTER... AND WITH THE HOME GUARD CAUGHT OFF GUARD, THE ONLY ONE STANDING BETWEEN THE GERMANS AND A XMAS CONQUEST WAS...

BY GADFRY, IT'S SANTA..!

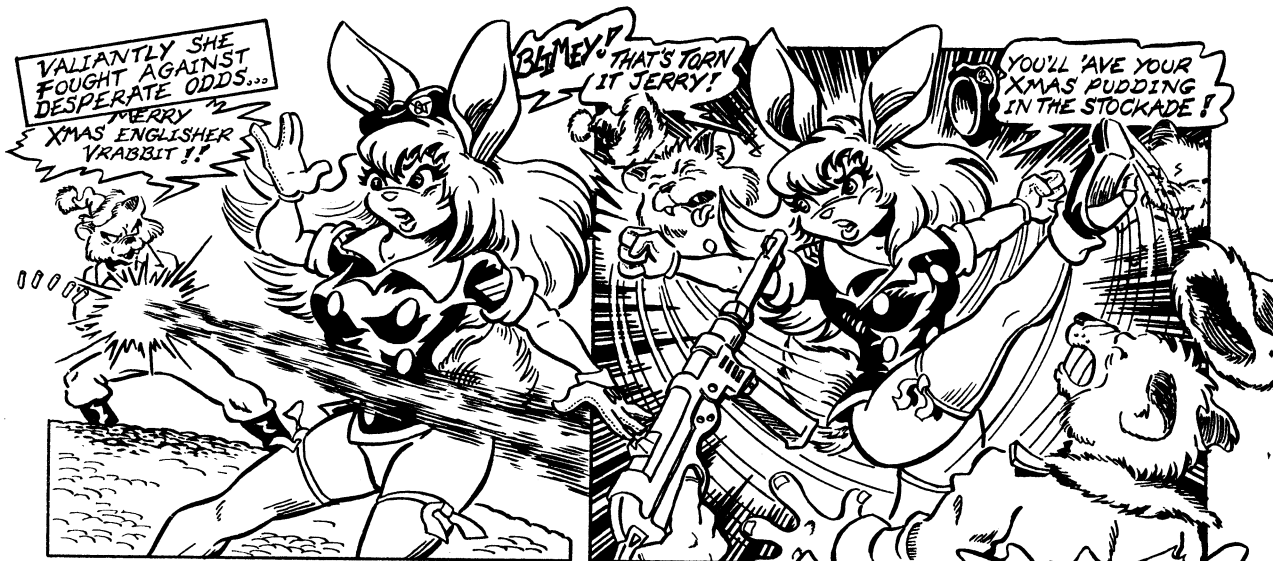
BIP. BIP. BIP

CUTEY BUNNY

BY JESHA
QUINTANA
INKS
DICK GLASS
& F. TUBBINS



#1.



VALIANTLY SHE
FOUGHT AGAINST
DESPERATE ODDS...

MERRY
XMAS ENGLISHER
VRABBIT!!

BLAMEY! THAT'S TORN
IT JERRY!

YOU'LL 'AVE YOUR
XMAS PUDDING
IN THE STOCKADE!



AND PUDDINGS ALL
YOU'LL BE GUMMING,

WITH

NO TEETH!!

GOIT UNT
HIMMEL!
SHE FIGHTS
LIKE A
VALKYRIE!

ACHT! SHE
FIGHTS LIKE TWO
VALKYRIES!!

IS VORSE!
SHE FIGHTS LIKE
MY MOTHER IN
LAW ARRUGGGGGG!!



TALLY HO! THE
HOME GUARD TO
THE RESCUE...

HEY!

EH WOT AL...THERE'S ONE
NOW DISGUISED AS THE
EASTER BUNNY..!

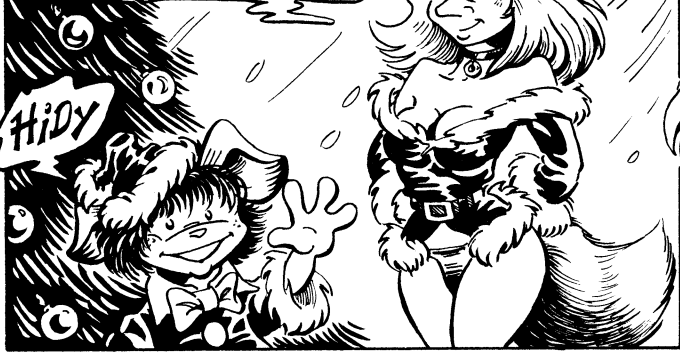
RIGHTO
I MATE

NOW CUT
THAT OUT..!

BOP

AHEM... WE INTERRUPT THIS STORY YOU LUCKY READERS YOU...

TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL XMAS MESSAGE...



THAT'S RIGHT KIDDIES... IN THIS SEASON OF LOVE AND JOY YOU MUST NEVER, NEVER, EVER LOSE TRACK OF THE TRUE SPIRIT OF XMAS...



YES THE TRUE SPIRIT... NAMELY GREED, HYPOCRISY AND CRASS COMMERCIALISM AS MANKIND GENUFLECTS TO THE ALMIGHTY BUCK!! THE BIG CHANCE OF THE YEAR TO GET OUR HANDS ON AS MUCH DO-RE-MI, SIMOLEONS, SHEKELS AND LONG GREEN AS WE POSSIBLY CAN, WHILE THE RUSH IS ON!!

LIKE FOR INSTANCE... YOU COULD PURCHASE THIS BEAUTIFUL QT-SHIRT... COMES IN TWO EXCITING COLORS... AND SEVEN DELICIOUS FLAVORS..!

OR THESE QT-ACTION FIGURINES, CANDY, BREAKFAST CEREAL, DESIGNER CLOTHES, PERFUME, TRADING CARDS, POSTERS, COFFEE MUGS, YO YOS, SEE THROUGH...

AN AUTO-GRAINED COPY OF CUTEY BUNNY #1..!

I'VE GOT A QT LOLLY POP...

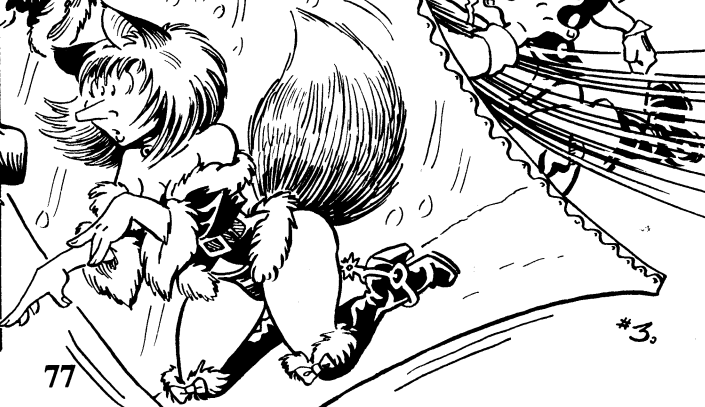
BIG XMAS CLOSING OUT, LOST OUR LEASE, FIRED OUR SALE, EVERYTHING MUST GO!!

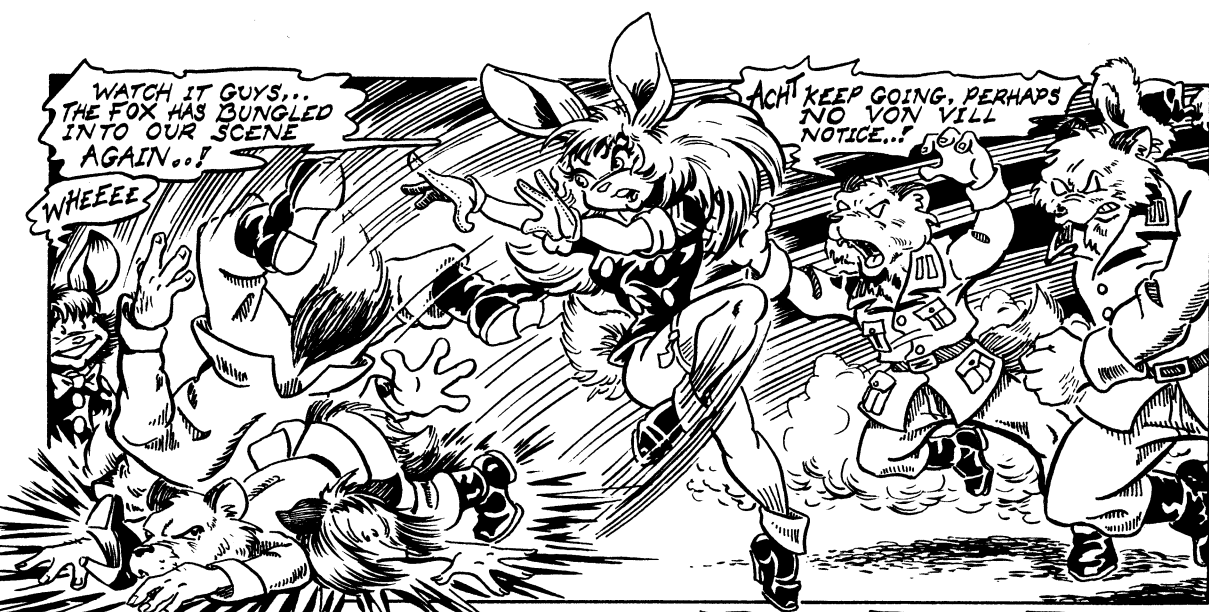
OR MY VERY OWN FLAVORITE... A LIFESIZE INFLATABLE...

AN QT-XMAS STOCKINGS!



PHAW!





WATCH IT GUYS...
THE FOX HAS BUNGLED
INTO OUR SCENE
AGAIN..!

ACHT KEEP GOING, PERHAPS
NO VON VILL
NOTICE..!

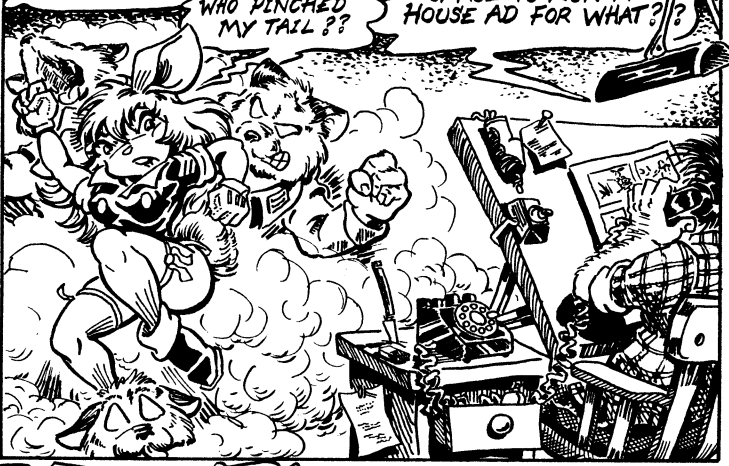
WHEEEE!

YOU ROTTEN CREEPS..!
ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS SOME
SIMPLE XMAS MERCHANDISING,
BUT YOU HAD TO MESS IT UP!!
WHOSE IDEA WAS IT TO DO
THIS WORLD WAR II TRASH
ANYWAY...?!

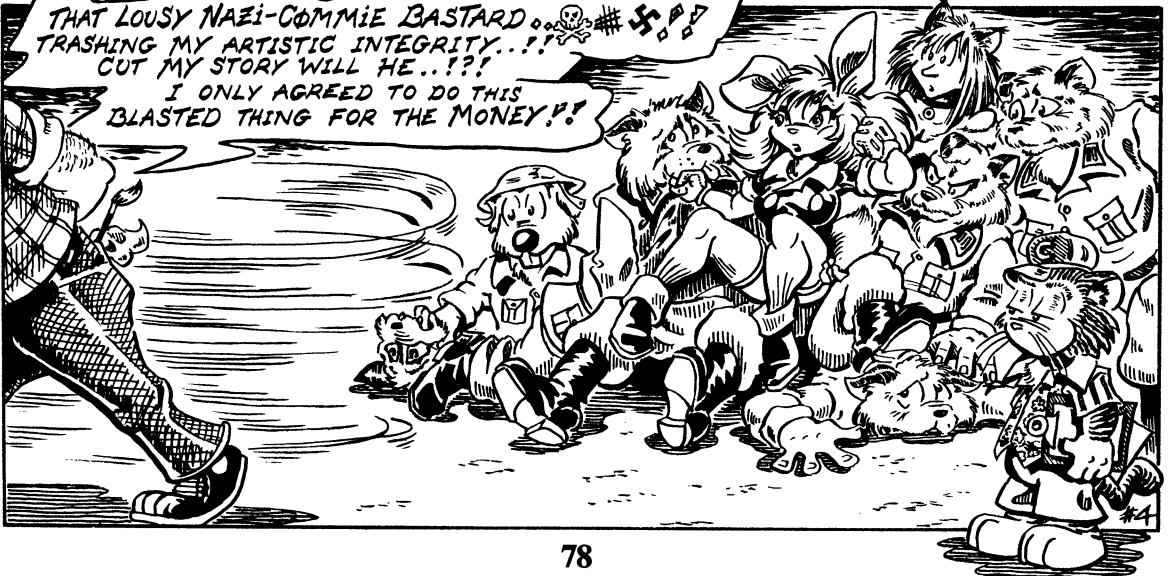
HELLO, HELLO... YEAH, THIS IS QUAGMIRE... WHO..?
THOMPSON..? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NEVER TO...
HUH...? YEAH YEAH... WE'RE DOIN' THE STORY... WHY ARE
YOU BOTHERING... WHAT???

C'MON, STOP IT
CHUMS... WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO REDO THIS..!
WHO PINCHED
MY TAIL??

CUTTING US DOWN TO FIVE
PAGES?? YOU NEED THE
SPACE TO RUN A
HOUSE AD FOR WHAT??



THAT LOUSY NAZI-COMMIE BASTARD...
TRASHING MY ARTISTIC INTEGRITY...!!
CUT MY STORY WILL HE...!!
I ONLY AGREED TO DO THIS
BLASTED THING FOR THE MONEY..!



OKAY EVERYBODY,
THAT'S IT...! WE'RE
CHOPPING PAGES
FIVE AND SIX
AND GOING
DIRECTLY TO
THE ENDING...

ALLOW ME
FRAULEIN...

HOW 'BOUT MY PART
QUAG...?

SORRY KELLY...
BUT I'VE GOT TO
CUT ALL THAT...

SIGH... WELL
THERE GOES THE
BED SCENE...

HERE'S THE SET UP FOR
THE FINISH GANG...
ASHY, YOU'RE IN THE
SLEIGH...AL, CRANK
HER UP ABOUT
100 FEET...

TOODLES

DOMINO,
GET TAFFY OFF
THE SET...

AL, YOU'RE THE AIR RAID
WARDEN... YOU'RE UP
ON THE ROOF... HEATHER,
YOU GET THE
PANZERFAUST...

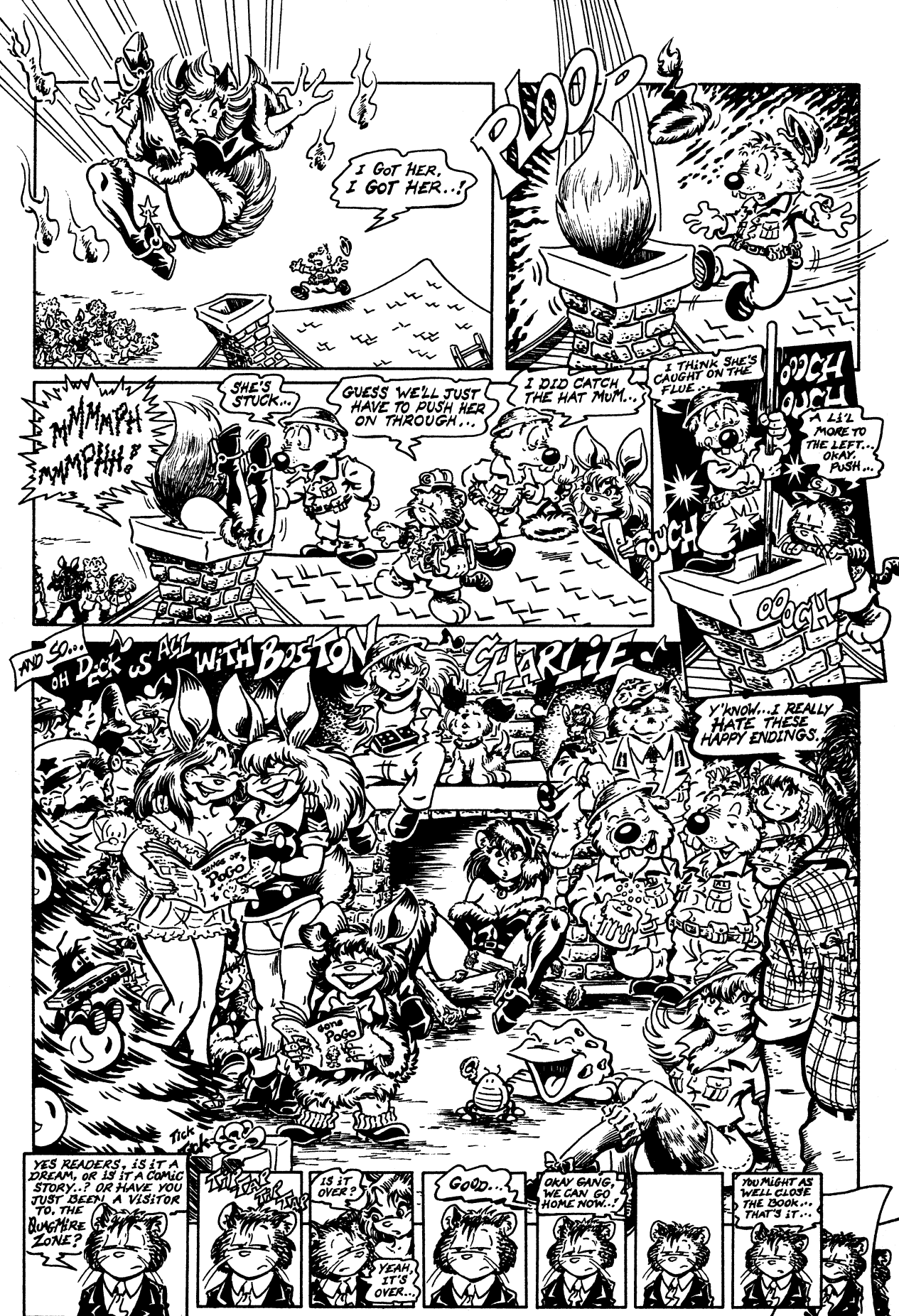
ALL GERMANS
OFF THE SET...
PICK UP YOUR
STUFF... OKAY...?

FAITH... I
DON'T KNOW
HOW IT
WORKS...

RIGHTO
SQUIRE
OKEY

LOOK, IT'S SIMPLE... YOU JUST
FLIP UP THE SIGHT... THAT ARMS
THE THING... THEN YOU PUSH THIS
LEVER AN...
UH OH...

OH MY GOLLY
JIM CRICKYS



“But if everything is dying, how come it all looks so pretty?” asked Neil. . .

The Princess pondered. “. . . Many things are dying, but they have had their full time, and the world is ready to welcome the next ones to come. So perhaps Mother Nature is celebrating, because the job of living has been so well done.”

Neil perked up. “Then maybe I won’t feel sad.”

“Feel a bit sad if you like, that’s part of it too. We never like to see things end. But sadness isn’t all of it.”

