

MU WILD KINGDOM

Wild Kingdom
Thirteen
\$3.50
\$4.90 Can.
Adults Only



Cover by Chuck Melville

Frontispiece limerick by Matt McAndrews

I: Rick Redoubtable: Spook Evictor by Chuck Melville

II: The Assistant by Mark Moore

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Part I: Space Madness

by Kyle Miller

and Ed Vick

Back cover

by Kyle Miller

(a nifty color version
of page 2 of his story)

THERE ONCE WAS A MISTRESS
CALLED MADAME TURSE...
WHO'S NAME WAS WHISPERED
AS A CURSE...



BUT HER ROLE WAS REVERSED...
BY A YOUNG CUT-PURSE...



HOW COULD THIS GET
ANY WORSE??



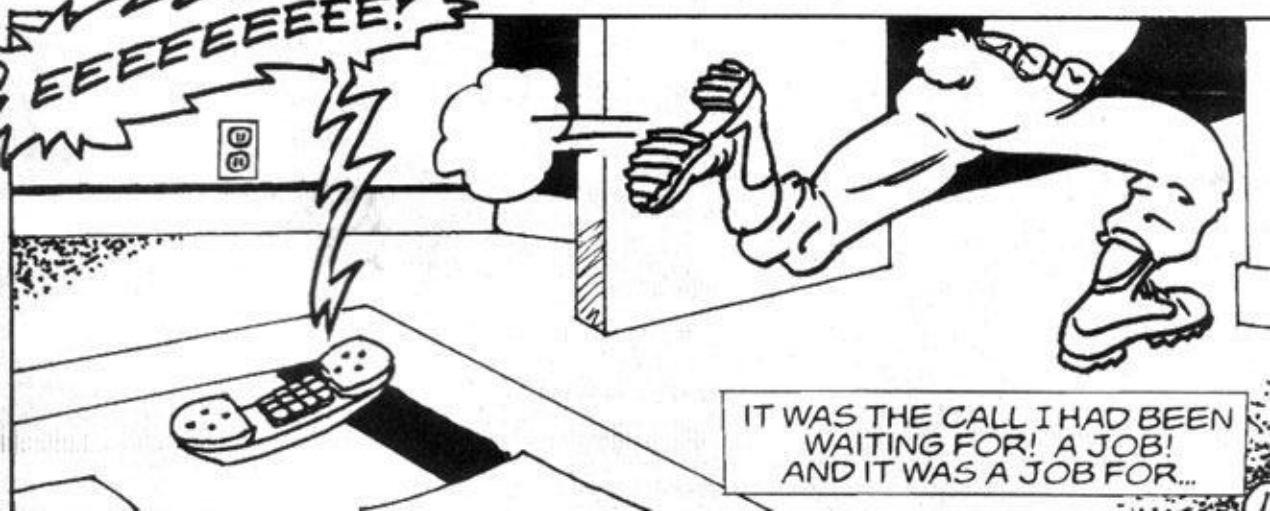
MADAME TURSE
MARANDA CARNEY
© m2m*. 99



HELLO?
IS THIS THE
"ALL-NITE E-Z
ECTOPLASM
EVICTION AND
EXORCISM
SERVICE"?

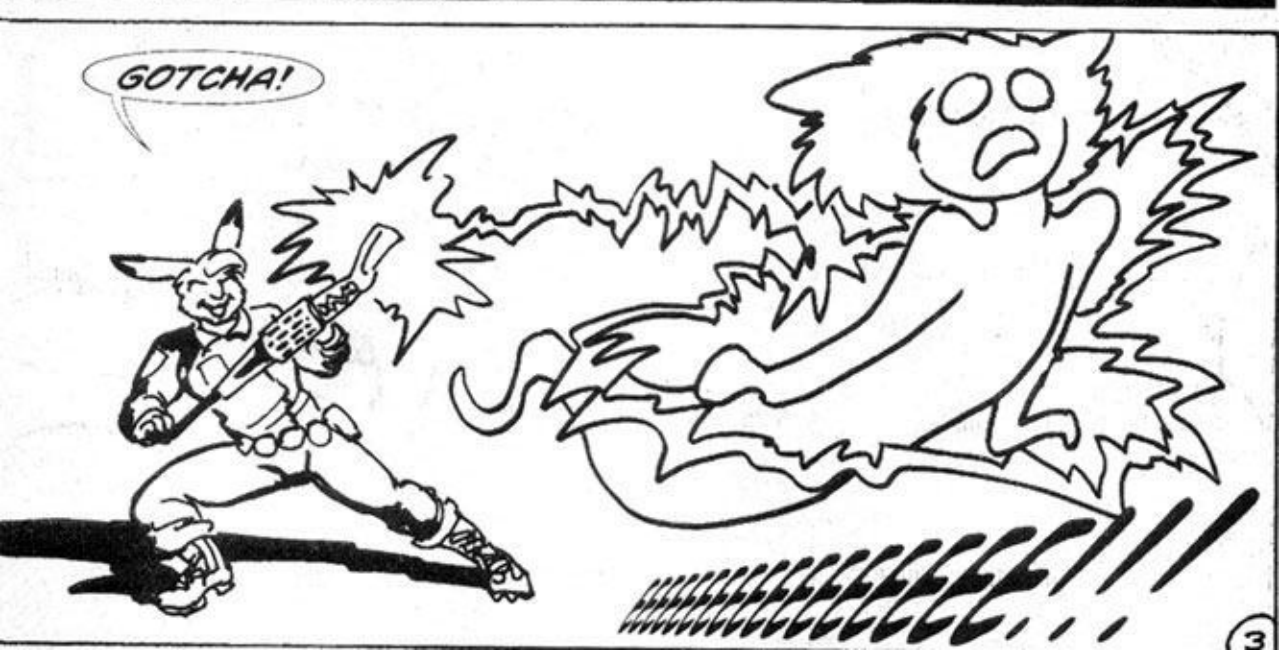
OH,
GOOD.

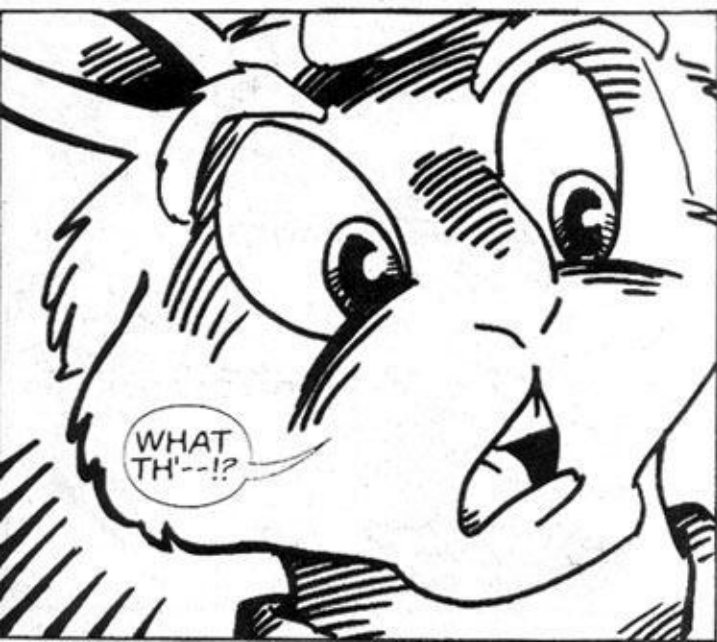
EEEEEEEEEEEE!



IT WAS THE CALL I HAD BEEN
WAITING FOR! A JOB!
AND IT WAS A JOB FOR...









THIS USED
TO BE *MY*
APARTMENT-

TOUGH BREAK, KID,
BUT THE LEASE
AUTOMATICALLY
EXPIRES UPON THE
TENANT'S DEATH.

SORRY;
YOU KNOW
HOW IT IS.



BUT YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND...!

YEAH, YEAH...
I'VE HEARD IT
ALL BEFORE.

(UM... WIRE 36
INTO
CONJUNCTION
14J...?)

LOOK,
YOU'RE
DEAD,
OKAY?



BUT --
I CAN'T
GO YET...!

HEY, EVERYONE'S
GOT UNFINISHED
BUSINESS. Y'GOTTA
LEARN TO LEAVE
IT BEHIND!

- Spook DeGane -
ECTOPLASMIC
DISINTEGRATE
PAY PENDING

BUT I CAN'T BE DEAD!
I NEVER EVEN HAD A
CHANCE TO... YOU KNOW...
I'VE NEVER BEEN WITH
ANYONE... INTIMATELY...
YOU KNOW?

WAIT A
MINUTE...!

YOU'RE SAYING
THAT YOU NEVER
HAD SEX...?

YOU DIED
A
VIRGIN?



I
ALWAYS
MEANT
TO...
BUT THINGS
KIND OF
SLIPPED
AWAY... YOU
KNOW?



LOOK, LADY...
THERE'S SOME THINGS
YOU JUST GOTTA LET
GO OF!



BUT HOW CAN I PASS
ON TO GLORY WITHOUT
EVER HAVING REALLY
TASTED LIFE FULLY --
EVEN ONCE?

SO I CAN'T
GO YET!
NOT YET!

NOT UNTIL
I'VE FIRST --

-- YOU
KNOW --

-- MADE
LOVE...

THIS COULD
BE A
PROBLEM.

EXORCISM
IS A TRICKY
BUSINESS.



DIFFICULT, IF
THE DEPARTED
HAS UNFINISHED
BUSINESS IN LIFE.



FORTUNATELY
FOR THE BOTH
OF US --



I
AM
A
RABBIT!

WHAT'S THAT?

A PORTABLE PYRAMID.

IT FILTERS OUT BAD KARMA, ILL WISHES, AND U-V RAYS.

I ALWAYS CARRY A PORTABLE, PLASTIC PYRAMID IN MY BACK POCKET!

IT ALLOWS ME TO FOCUS MY INNER SPIRIT...

...AND TO RELEASE MY ASTRAL BODY FOR ABOUT AN HOUR OR SO!

GASP!



THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO FREE
YOUR SPIRIT FROM ALL
WORLDLY CONCERNS,
AND THAT'S TO...UM...
CONSUMATE THE
EXPERIENCE.

...BUT...

...WE CAN'T...!
I'M CAUGHT
IN YOUR
TRAP...!

NOT ANY
MORE!

GASP!

LOOK,
LET'S NOT
FIGHT THIS!
YOU SAID
THAT YOU
WERE DYING
FOR A
LAST
TASTE
OF LIFE!

I SET
THE TIMER
TO RELEASE
YOU!

...YES...

WELL, THIS IS
WHAT LIFE IS
ALL ABOUT...!

OH!

AH!

HOW...
HOW CAN WE...
YOU KNOW...
DO IT...?

WE'RE
GHOSTS.

AH!

JUST
BELIEVE.





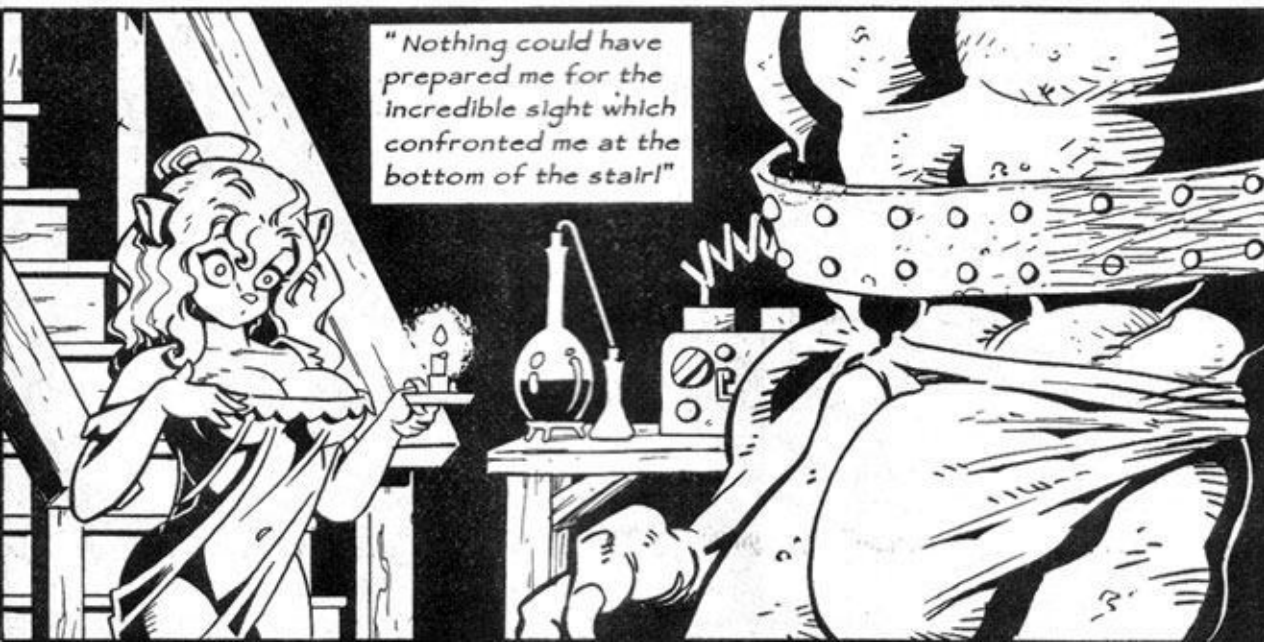
the Assistant

"January 12, 1850: During my second week as a guest at the house of the mysterious Dr. August, I became suspicious and curious enough to investigate his basement laboratory."



story and art:
Mark Moore

"Nothing could have prepared me for the incredible sight which confronted me at the bottom of the stair!"



"I turned from the thing in horror at its monstrous aspect, scandalized by its obscenely huge male regions..."



"...but I confess I did not leave immediately."





KSPoo!

"Eventually I was rescued by the doctor, thereby suffering the most acute embarrassment..."



"...and yet..."



"...I remain far past the time of my intended departure..."



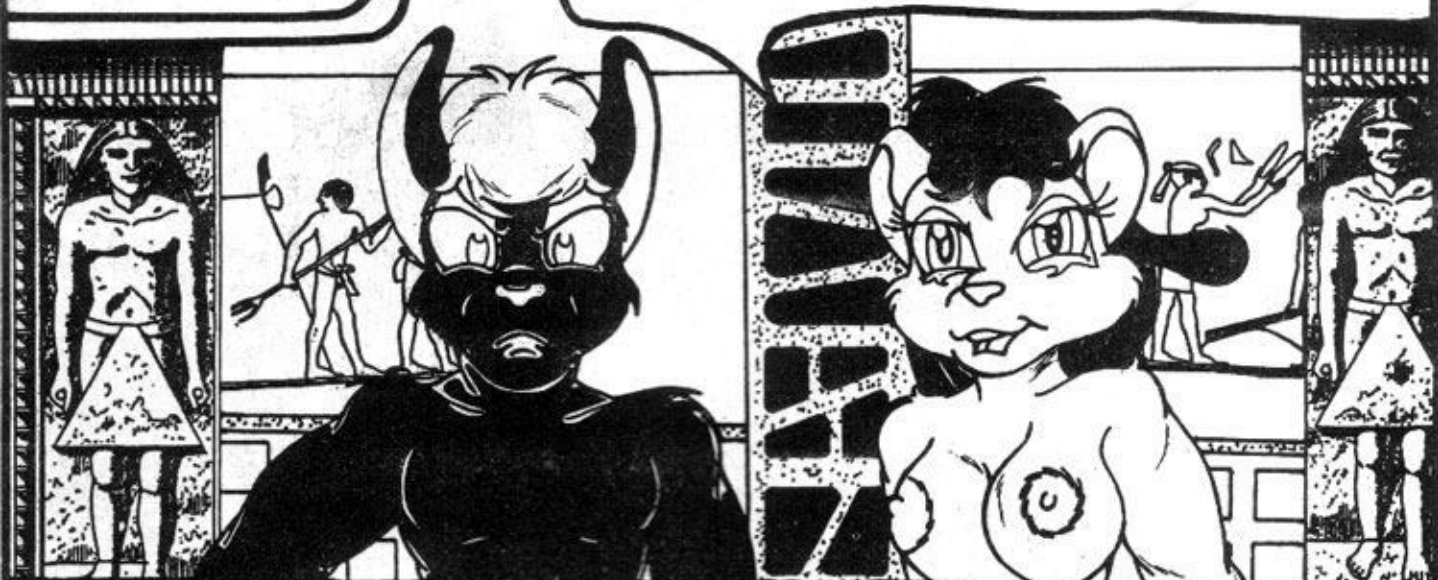
"...having recently found myself possessed of a burning passion for the Medical Sciences."



YOUR LESSON TODAY.

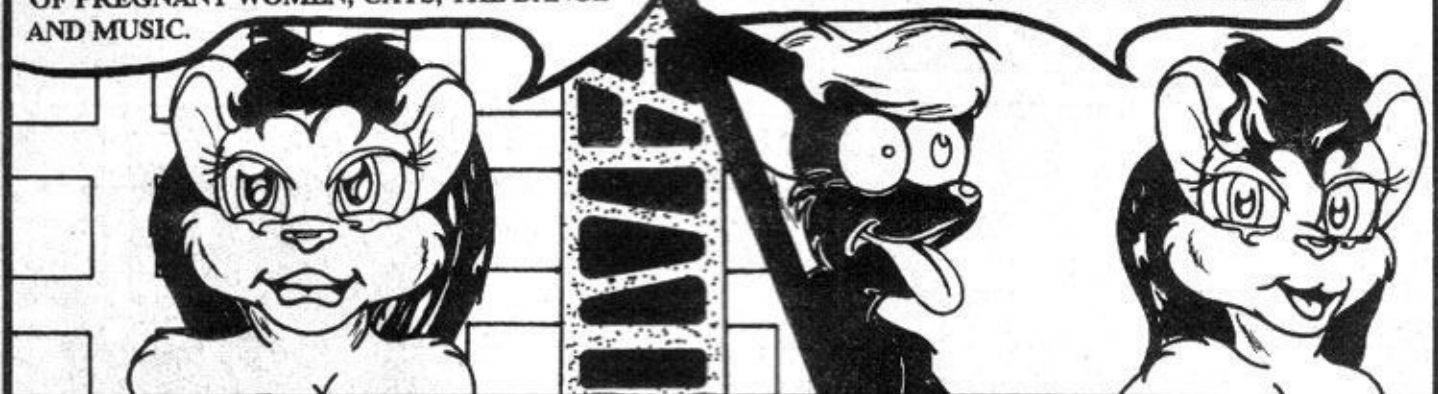
By Matt McAndrews

GOOD DAY TO YOU STUDENTS OF EGYPT. I AM THE GODDESS **BASTET** AND THIS RATHER GRIM LOOKING FELLOW IS **ANUBIS**.



MY DUTIES ARE THAT OF PROTECTOR OF PREGNANT WOMEN, CATS, THE DANCE AND MUSIC.

SADLY, FRIEND ANUBIS, AS OPENER OF THE PATH TO THE DEAD, ISN'T THE PARTY ANL..



...MAL...I.AM. HUMMM... HIS DUTIES INCLUDE PRESIDING OVER THE EMBALMING RITUALS AND RECEIVING THE PLEAS IN THE MORTUARY.



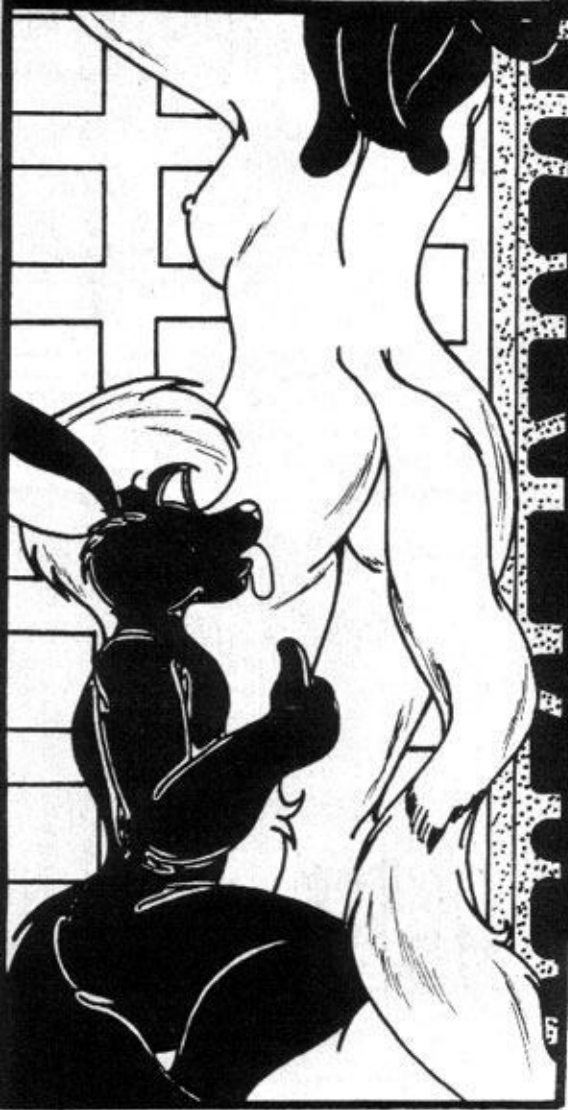
BUT, AS A DOG, ANUBIS HAS
SOME VERY POOR HABITS.



"CHASING" CATS...



"SNIFFING" BUTTS...



AND BURYING HIS "BONE"!



A TRULY BOORISH FELLOW INDEED.
LACKING ALL OF A CATS GRACE AND STYLE...



K
A
N
O
T

MMPH!



TRANSLATION: YOU'RE ROAD-KILL WHEN I GET OUTTA
THIS DOG!!!

YOU KNOW, YOUR KINDA CUTE ALL BUNDLED UP LIKE THIS.
WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO PARTY AFTER CLASS KITTY!



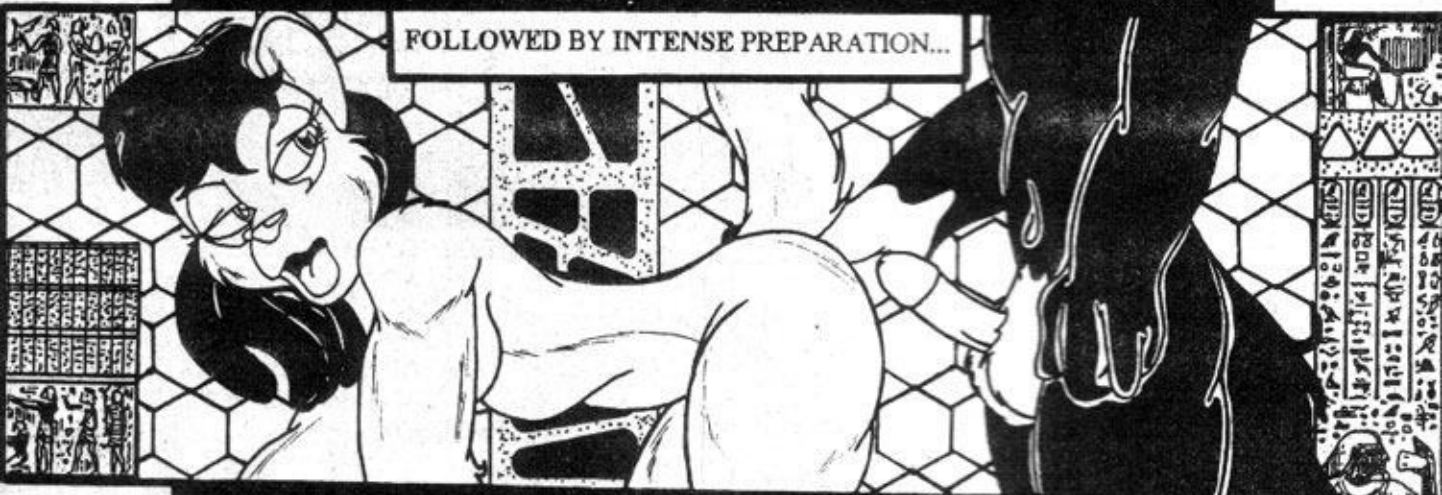
CATS CAN BE SUCH "BITCHES"...
ONE MYTH ABOUT BAST IS THAT
SHE HAS THE SEXUAL STAMINA
OF A HUNDRED JACKALS! THAT IS
THE MOST LUDICROUS....



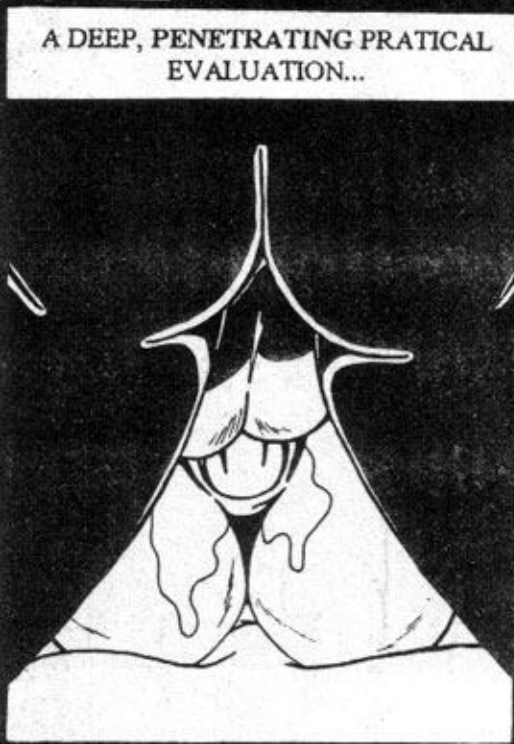


LUDICROUS IS IT?
WELL, LET'S JUST PUT THAT TO
THE TEST!

FIRST, THE ORAL EXAM.



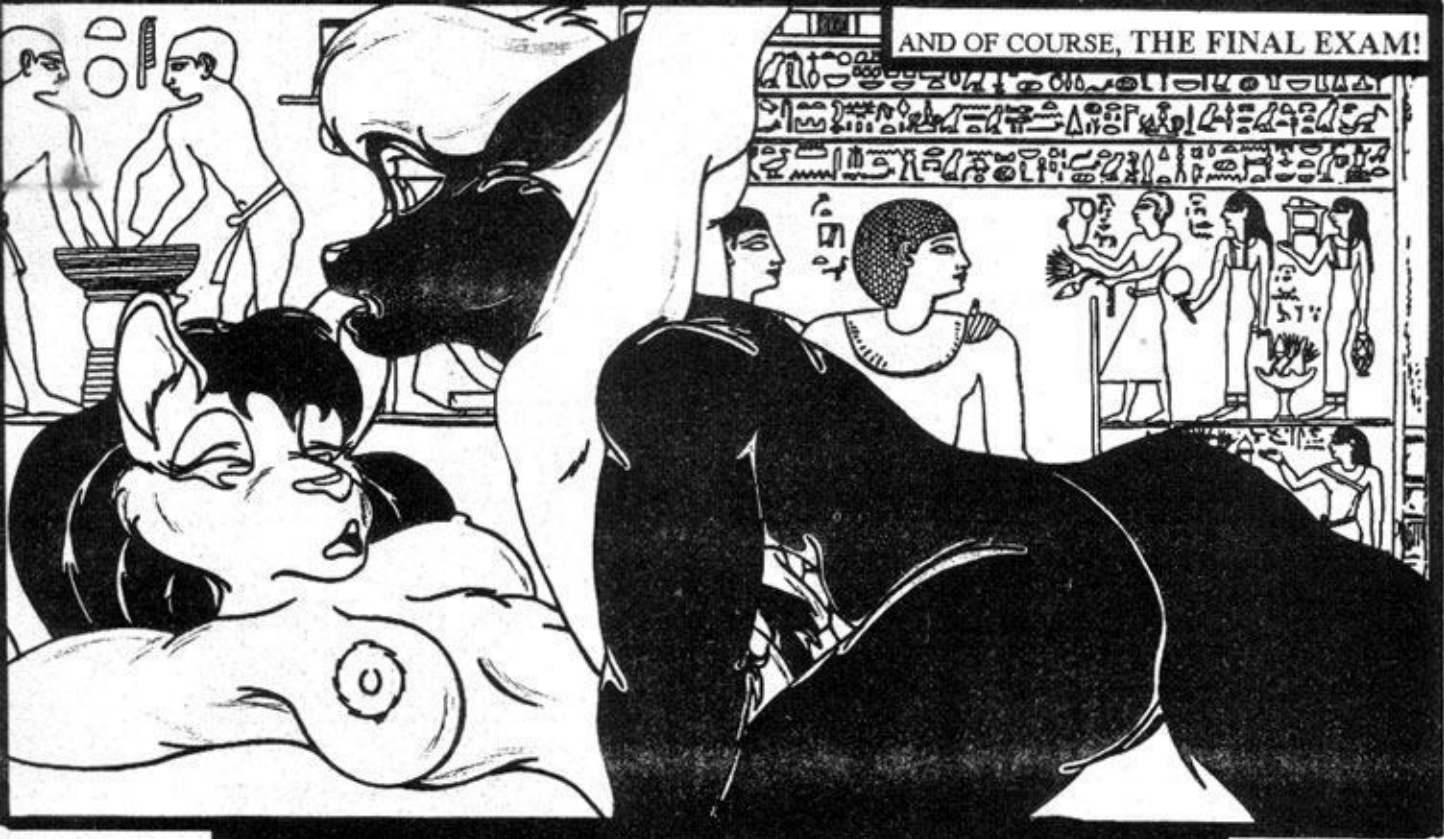
FOLLOWED BY INTENSE PREPARATION...



A DEEP, PENETRATING PRATICAL
EVALUATION...



ENDLESS CRAMMING FOR FINALS...



WELL, AFTER A MERE 20 MINUTES, "**PROFESSOR**" ANUBIS HAS SLIPPED INTO A COMA. SO, WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED TODAY STUDENTS?
CATS RULE AND JACKALS DROOL!





The Journals of Bonnie Bright:

Chapter One:

SPACE MADNESS

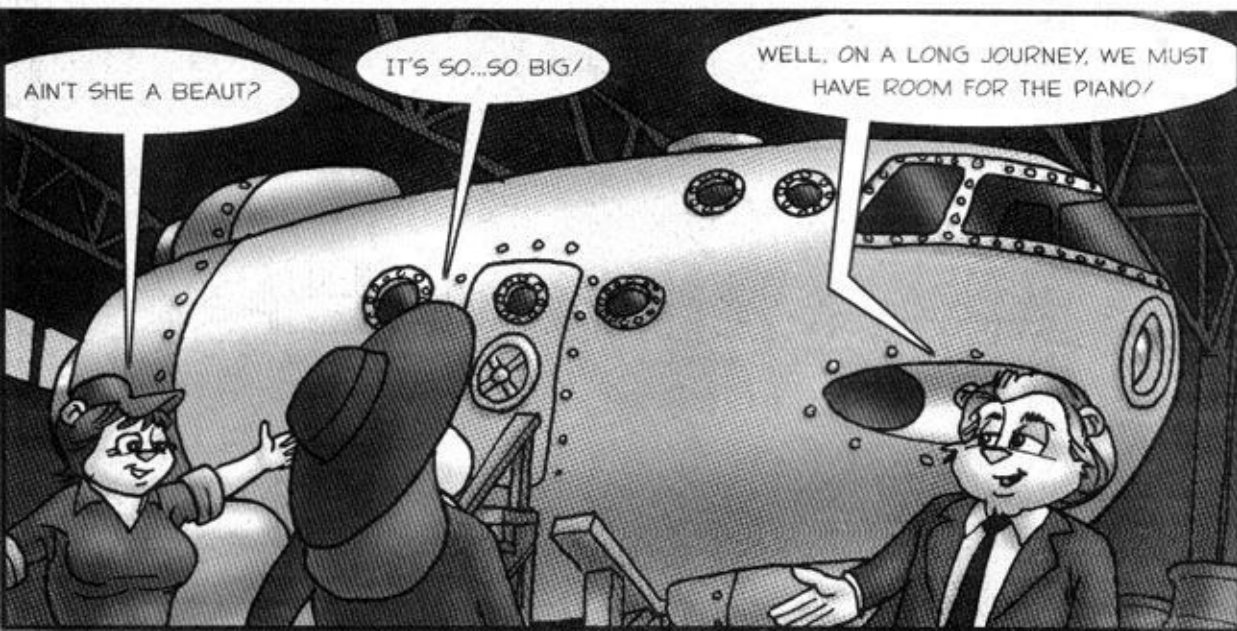
Art by Kyle Miller

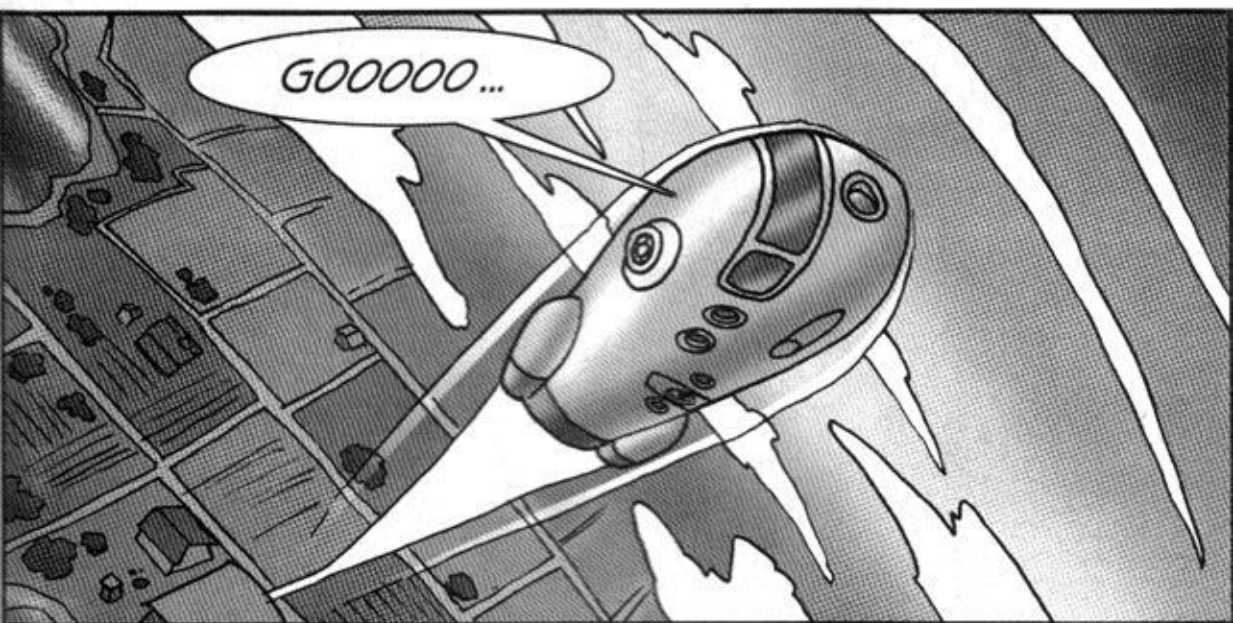
Story by Edd Vick and Kyle Miller

WELCOME TO MY WORKSHOP,
MISS BRIGHT. I AM SO GLAD YOU
COULD ACCOMPANY US ON
THIS HISTORIC VOYAGE.

THANK YOU, PROFESSOR HOFFEN. THE JOURNAL
OF THE ANWARK LADIES MYSTICISM SOCIETY IS
VERY INTERESTED IN YOUR EXPERIMENTS.





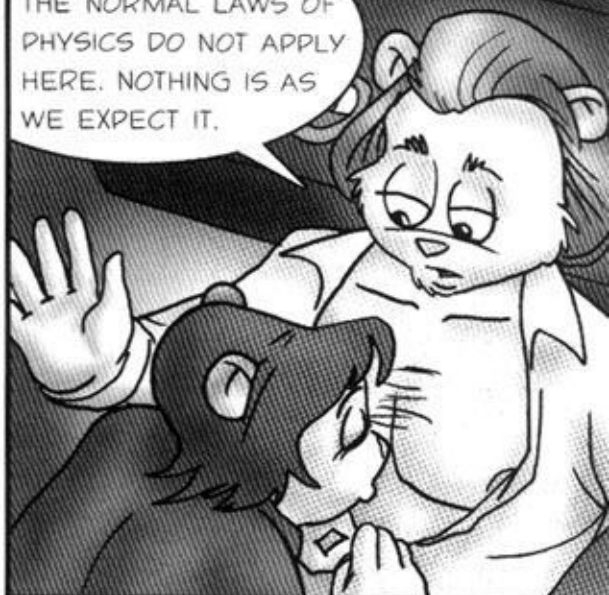




SOMEHOW, OUR SHIP HAS LEFT NORMAL SPACE AND ENTERED A REGION THAT I WILL CALL HYPERSPACE...



THE NORMAL LAWS OF PHYSICS DO NOT APPLY HERE. NOTHING IS AS WE EXPECT IT.



IN FACT, THIS REGION OF SPACE... IS HAVING STRANGE EFFECTS ON OUR MINDS... LIKE WE'VE HAD TOO MUCH CHAMPAGNE...



...LOWERING OUR INHIBITIONS... AND MAKING US RESPOND... TO OUR MOST... BASIC...

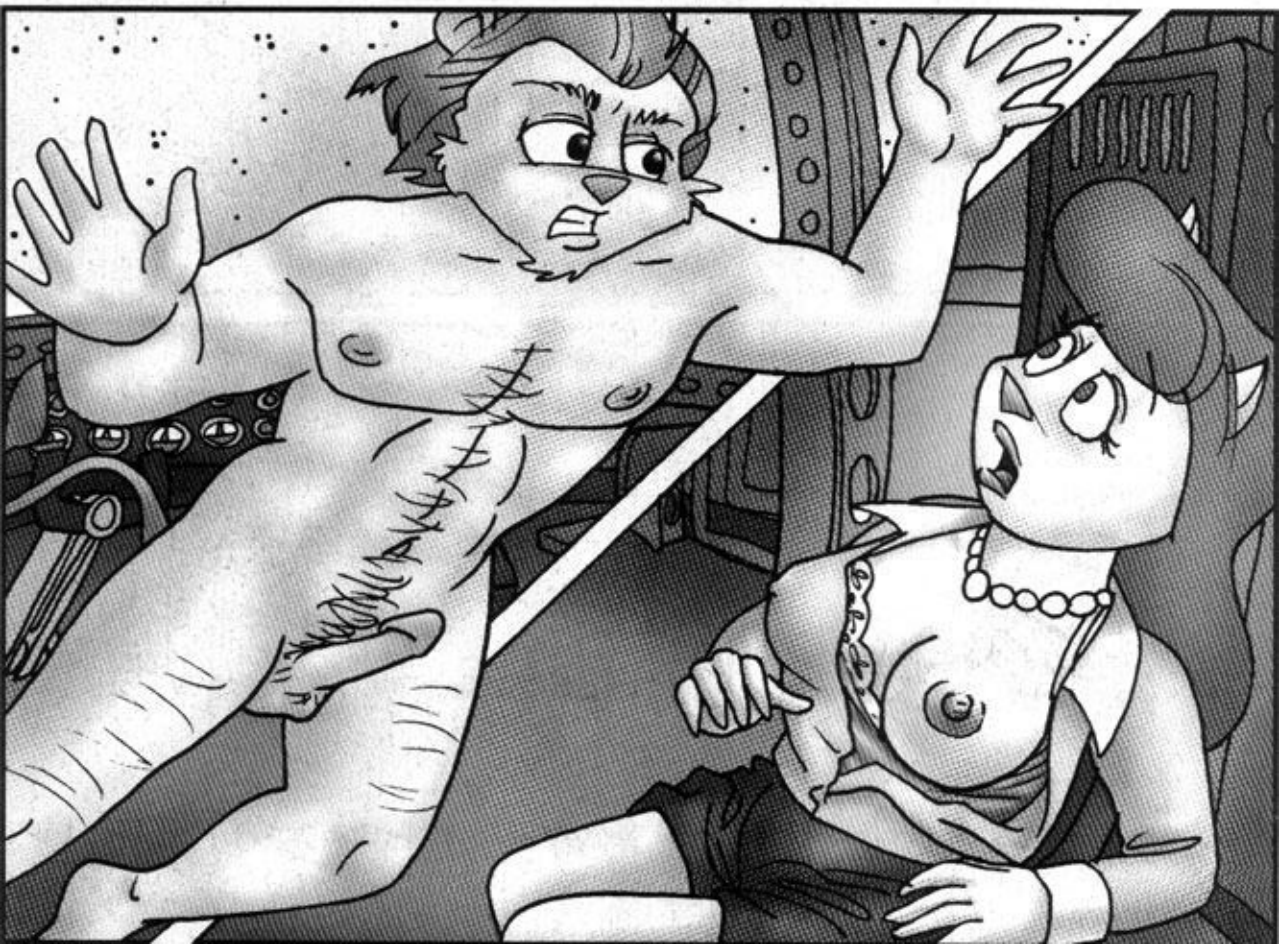


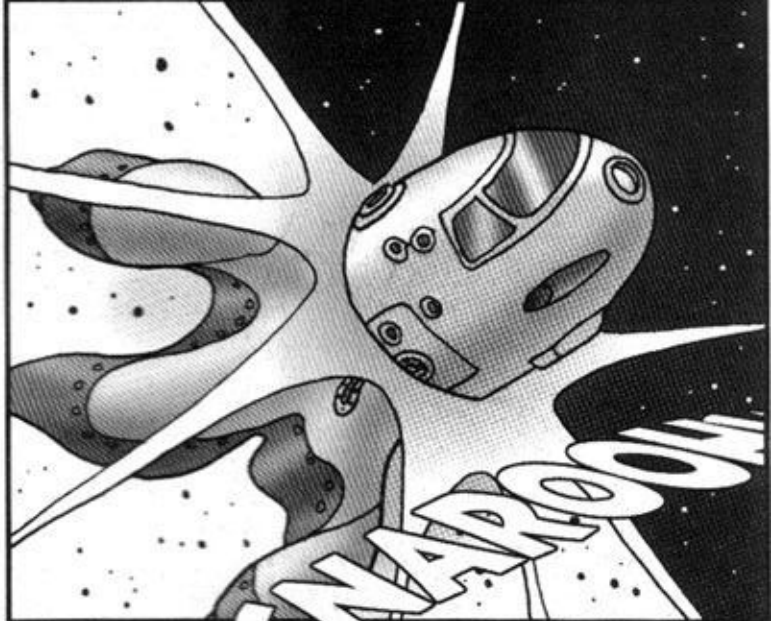
...URGES...











MISS BRIGHT, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I THINK SO, PROFESSOR. WHAT DID YOU DO?



I REALIZED THAT BY DISENGAGING THE FRANDIBULATOR, THE SHIP WOULD DROP BACK INTO NORMAL SPACE AND STOP THE SEXUAL SIDE EFFECTS.



YEEP!



