

MITCH O'CONNELL! BOUCQ!

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4

GALLERY:
MITCH O'CONNELL

10

THE REBEL

by Boucq

14

CAVEMAN

by Tayyar Okzan

16

THE DISARMAMENT

by Mezzo and Pirus
(continued on page 85)

34

CAVEMAN

by Tayyar Okzan

36

BOY RACER

by Barron Storey

46

FROM BEYOND

by P. Craig Russell

58

LITTLE EGO

by Vittorio Giardino

63

STRIPTEASE

*Edited by Mark Martin,
Scott Cunningham, Mark Landman,
Jonathan Royce, Olof Berg, Jim Woodring,
Michael Aushenker, Mark Martin,
and Michael Kupperman*

74

THE EVENING LOVER

by Harriet and Daniel Redondo

78

EMILY

by Javi Santonja

COVER

by Denis Sire

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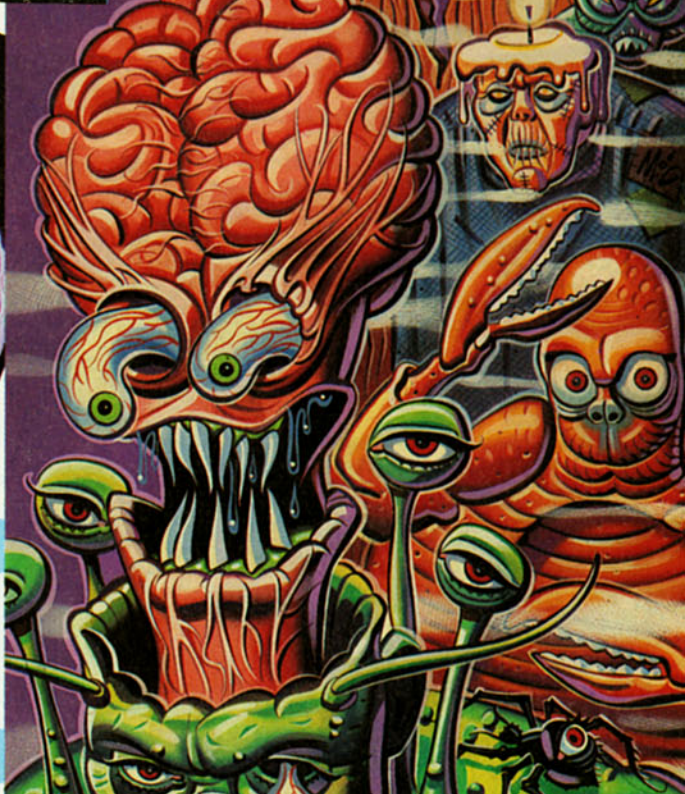
GALLERY

GOOD
TASTE

GONE BAD

THE "ART" OF MITCH O'CONNELL









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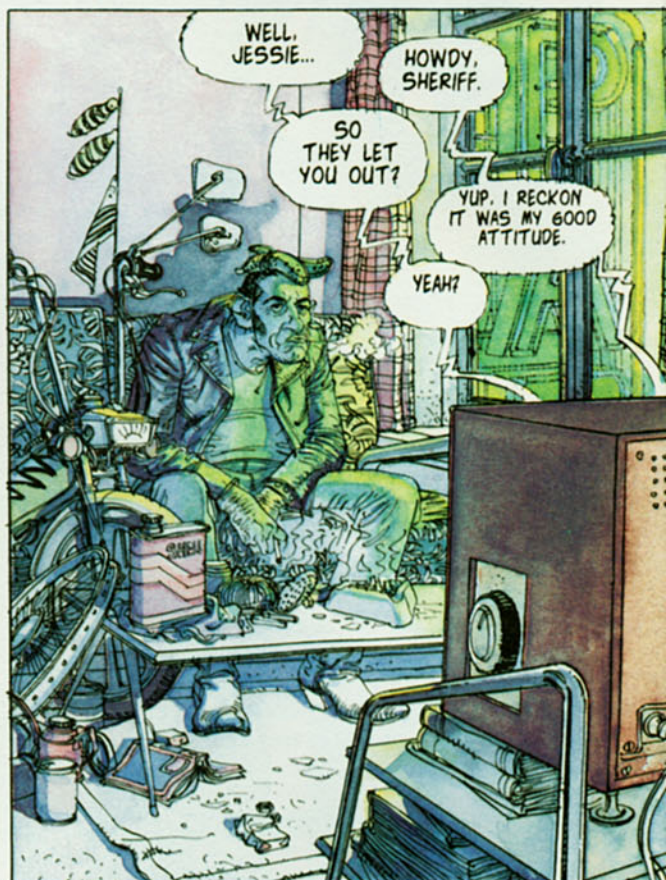


The REBEL

ME. I'M A REBEL...

...AN OUTLAW...

I GREW UP IN THE SLUMS. NOBODY EVER GAVE ME NOTHING. I TOOK CARE OF MYSELF. THE ONLY WAY I KNEW HOW. WITH MY FISTS...



THE OCEAN IS SUPER! THE WIND IS ALWAYS BLOWING AND HOWLING...THERE'S SEAGULLS EVERYWHERE...

...DOWN BY THE OCEAN, I BREATHE THE CLEAN AIR TILL I WANNA PUKE...

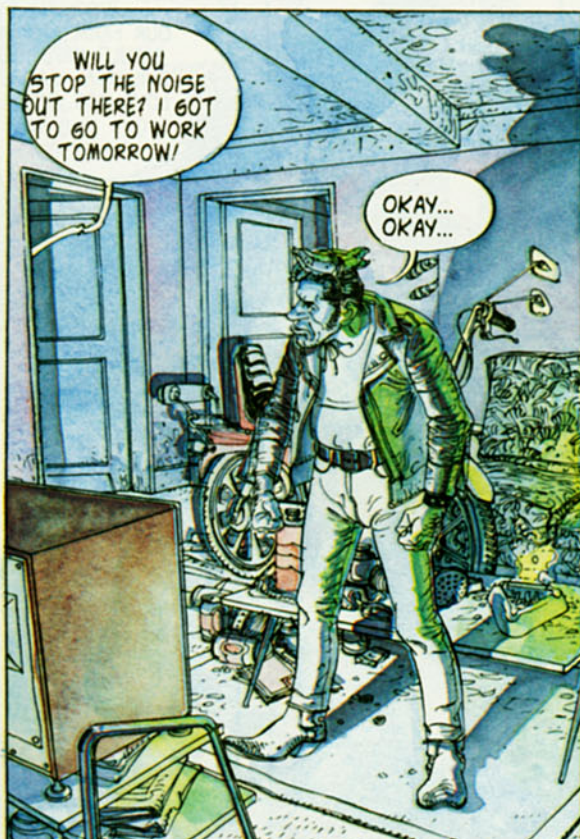
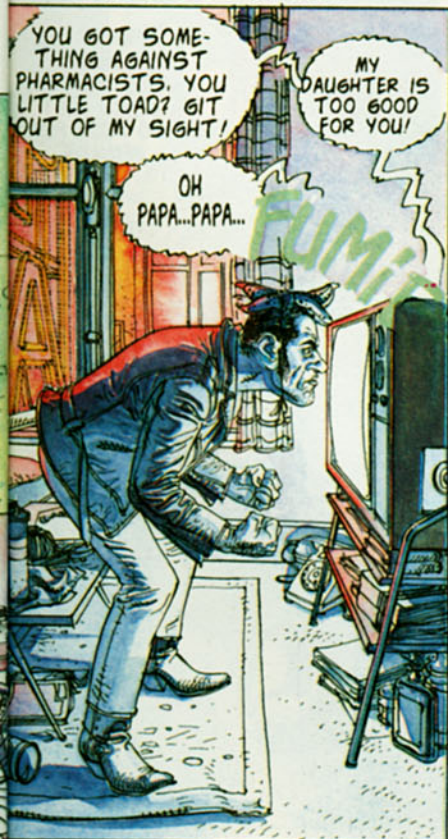
IT'S CRAZY, I KNOW, BUT I CRAVE DANGER...



SOMETIMES I GET REALLY PISSED...PEOPLE REALLY SUCK ...I FEEL LIKE SCREAMING...

YELLING REALLY LOUD!

PEOPLE DON'T UNDERSTAND ...US OUTLAWS ARE SOLITARY, LONELY PEOPLE...





SHERIFF! THE BANK WAS JUST ROBBED!

I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN. IT'S GALLAGHER. I'LL BET THAT'S WHY HE CAME BACK TO TOWN.

I WARNED HIM...



COME OUT, GALLAGHER. YOU'RE SURROUNDED!

BANG

NO, SHERIFF! I'M INNOCENT!



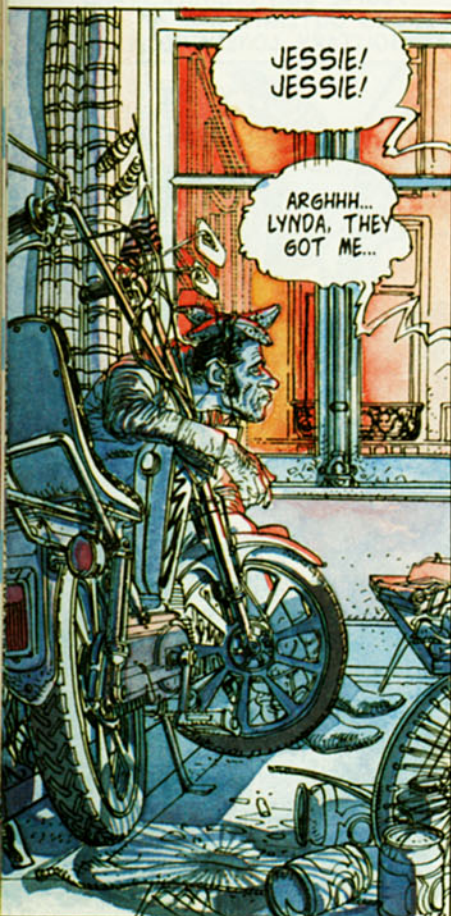
I THINK WE GOT HIM, SHERIFF.

DON'T BE A FOOL, JESSIE! IF YOU GIVE YOURSELF UP NOW, I PROMISE YOU'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL!

NEVER! I'D RATHER DIE THAN GO BACK TO PRIS...ON...

BANG

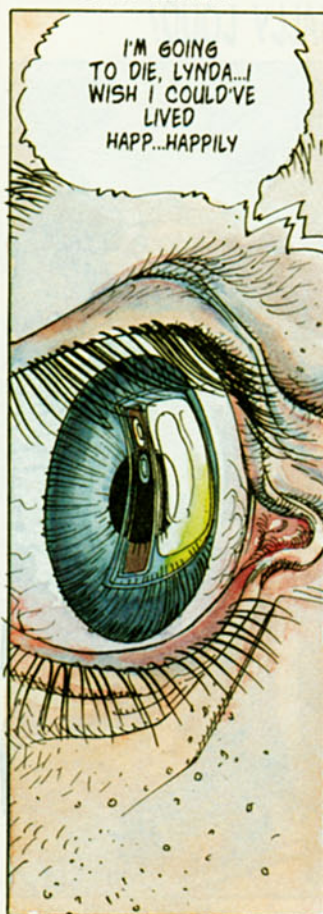
LIFE HAS HARDENED MY HEART!



JESSIE! JESSIE!

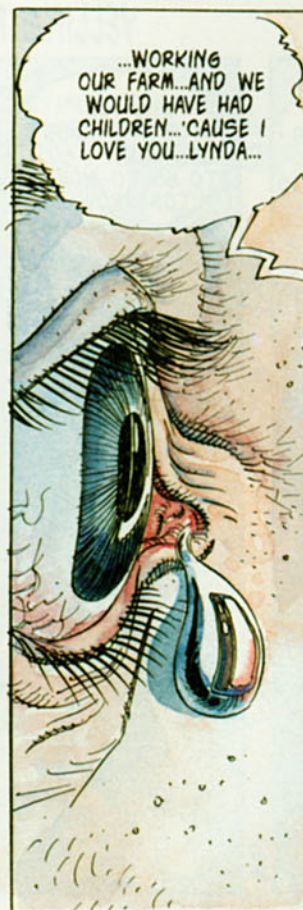
ARGHHH... LYNDA, THEY GOT ME...

BUT SOMETIMES I GET SENTIMENTAL...



I'M GOING TO DIE, LYNDA... I WISH I COULD'VE LIVED HAPP...HAPPILY

I'LL FEEL TEARS WELLING UP... TEARS I CAN'T STOP...



...WORKING OUR FARM... AND WE WOULD HAVE HAD CHILDREN... 'CAUSE I LOVE YOU... LYNDA...

A TEAR WILL TRICKLE DOWN MY UGLY FACE...



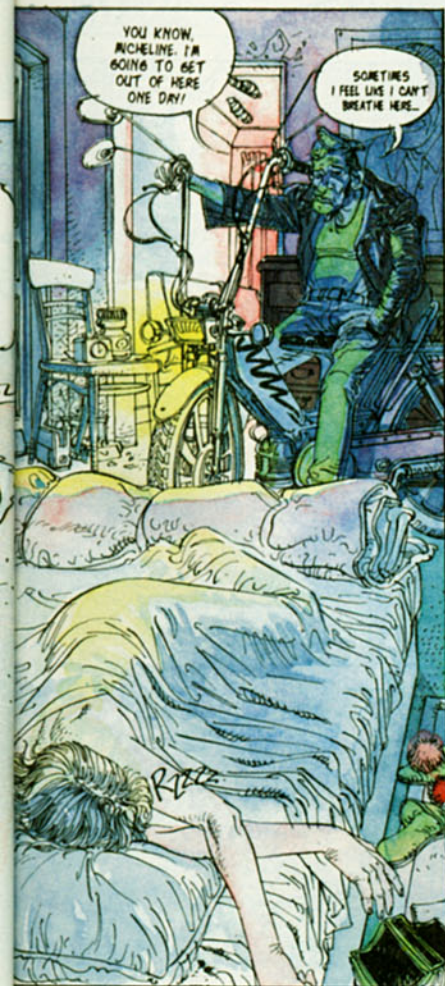
...NOBODY GAVE ME A CHANCE... ARGH... THE WORLD AIN'T GOT NO ROOM FOR MEN LIKE ME...

MY TEAR FILLS ME WITH GRIEF...

BEFORE IT FALLS DOWN THE LAPEL OF MY LEATHER JACKET...

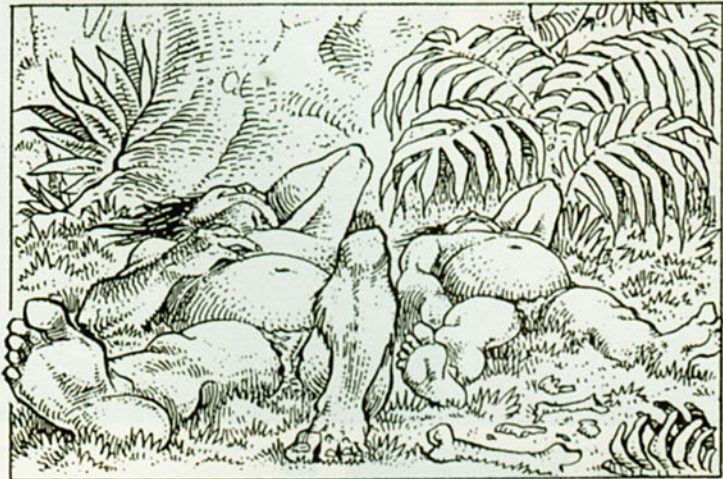
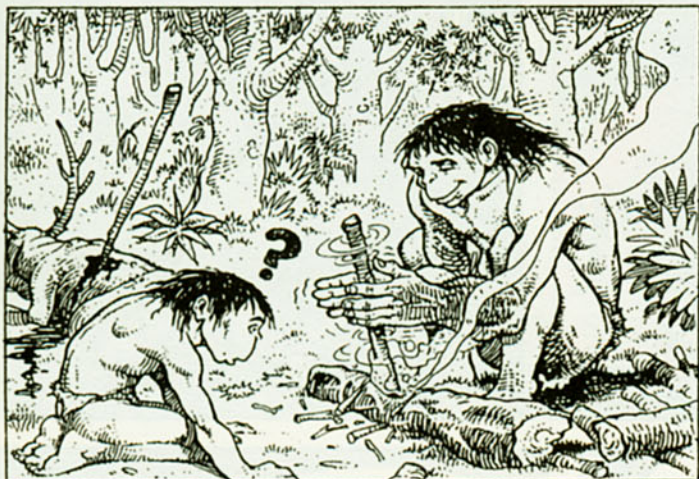
SUFFERING IS SO SWEET.

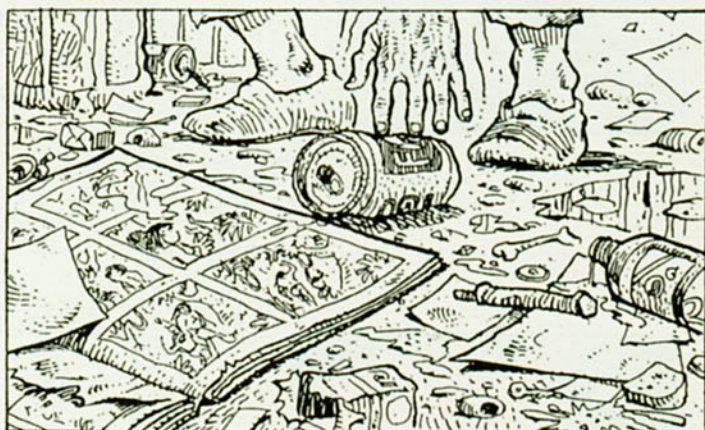
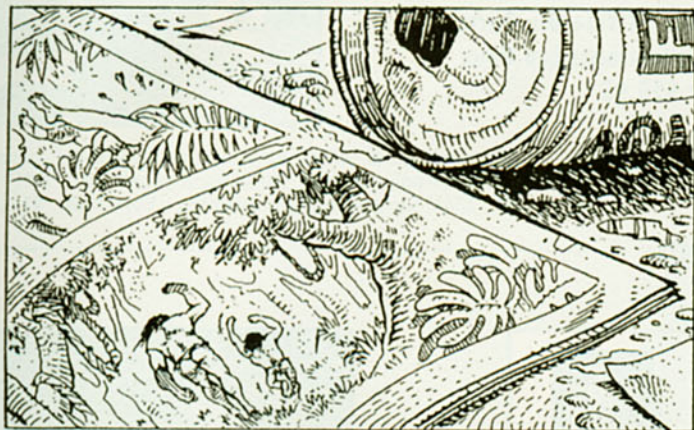
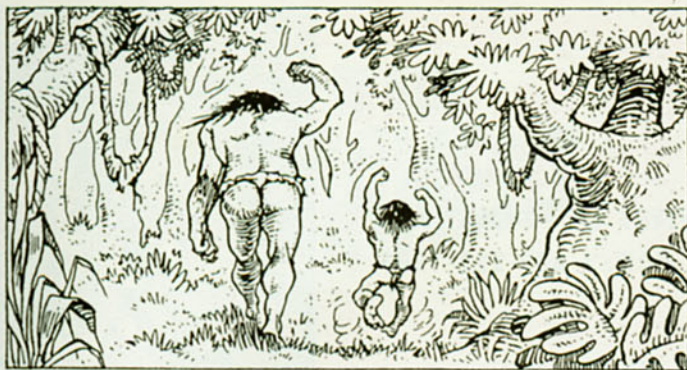
LIFE DOESN'T ALWAYS TREAT YOU KINDLY.



THE END

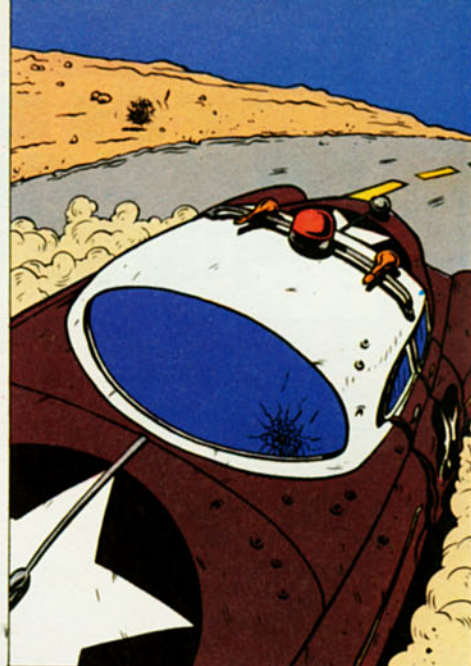
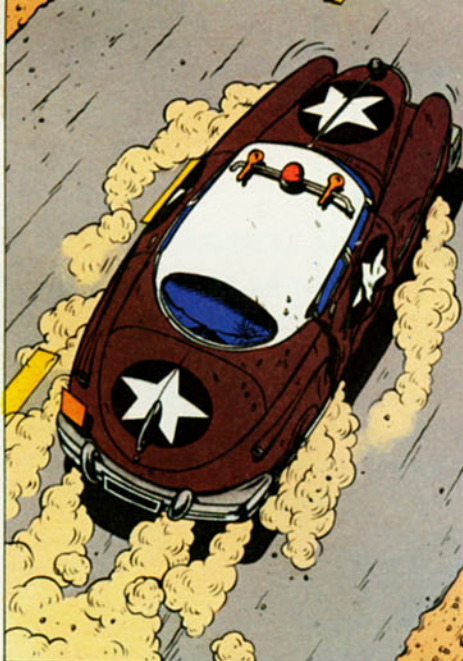
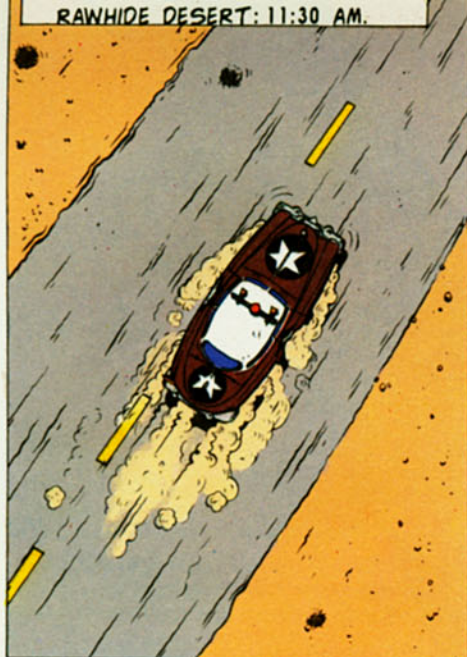
CAVE MAN





THE DISARMAMENT





CRRS...HEAR ME? CRACK...FIZZLE
...CAN YOU HEAR US? ANSWER!



CRRR...WE KNOW YOU'RE HEADED
TO MEXICO...YOU DON'T HAVE A
PRAYER!



THE HIGHWAY PATROL HAS BEEN
ALERTED...CRRR...THEY KNOW WHO
YOU ARE...THEY HAVE ORDERS TO
SHOOT...



IF YOU GIVE YOURSELVES UP NOW, YOU'LL
BE SAVING YOURSELVES AND EVERY-
BODY ELSE A LOT OF GRIEF...CRRR...



...WOUNDED WILL BE ATTENDED TO...

WE REPEAT: IF YOU GIVE
YOURSELVES UP, NO ONE WILL
BE HURT...



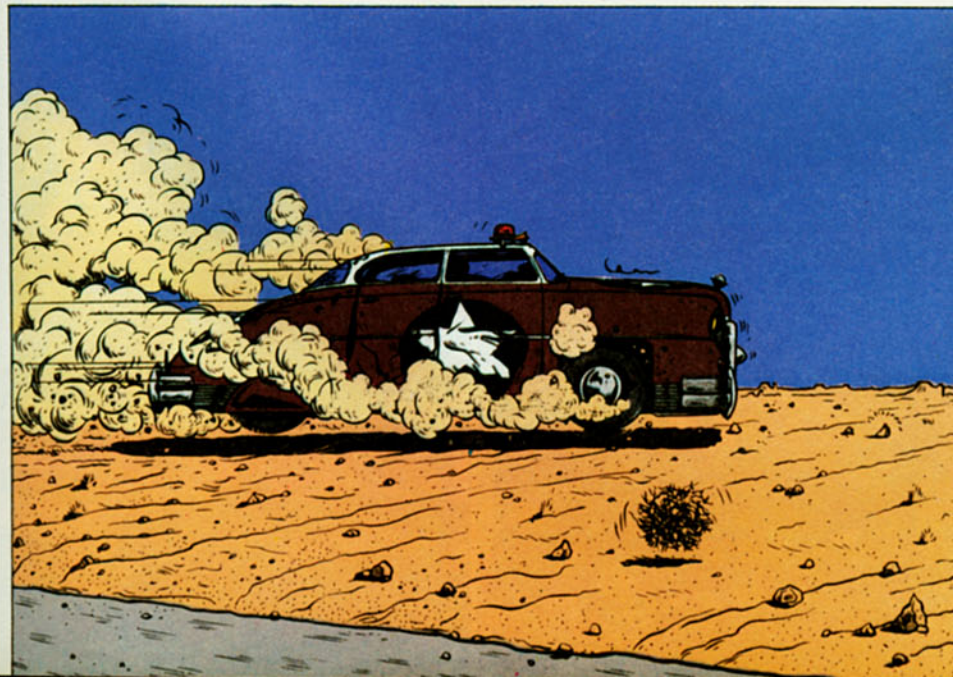
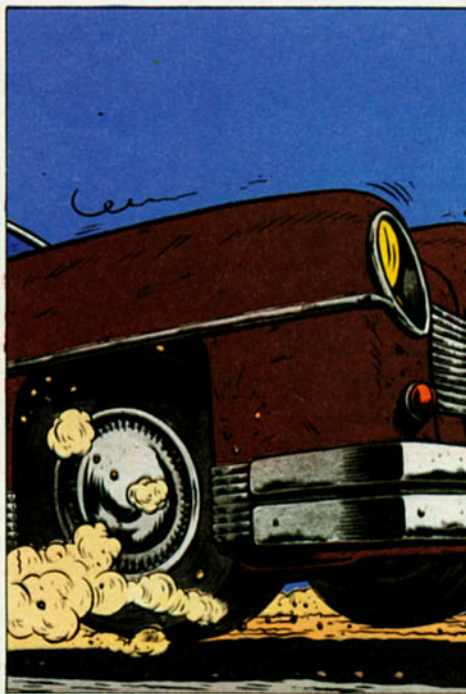
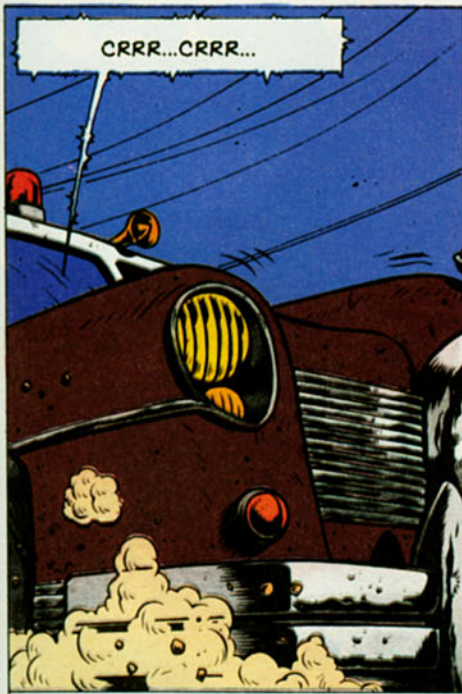
WE KNOW YOU CAN HEAR US...
DON'T BE STUPID...SURRENDER
NOW...CRUII...YOUR ONLY
CHANCE...

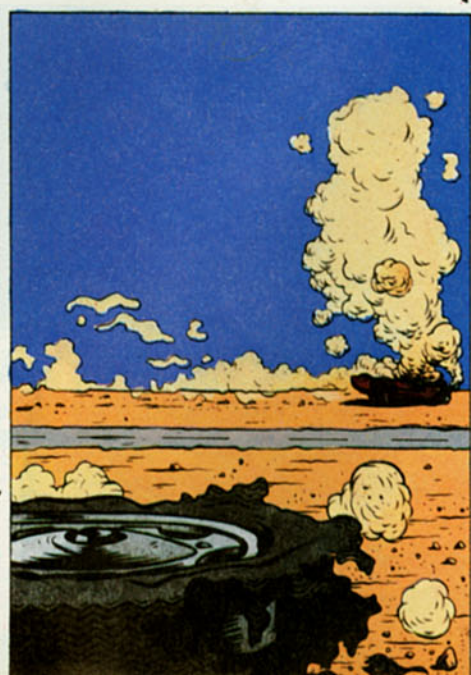
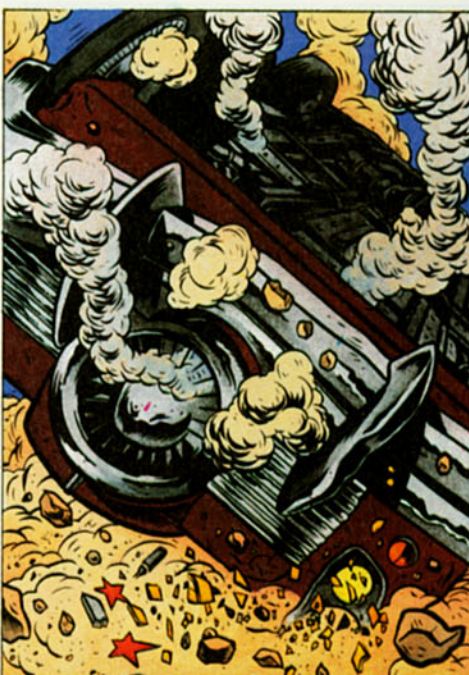
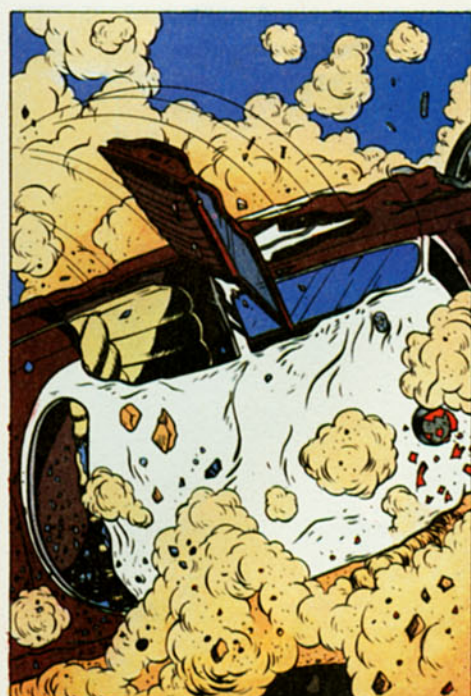
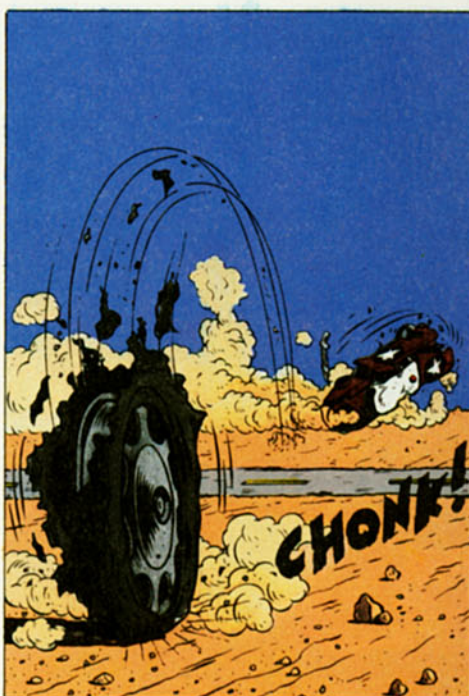
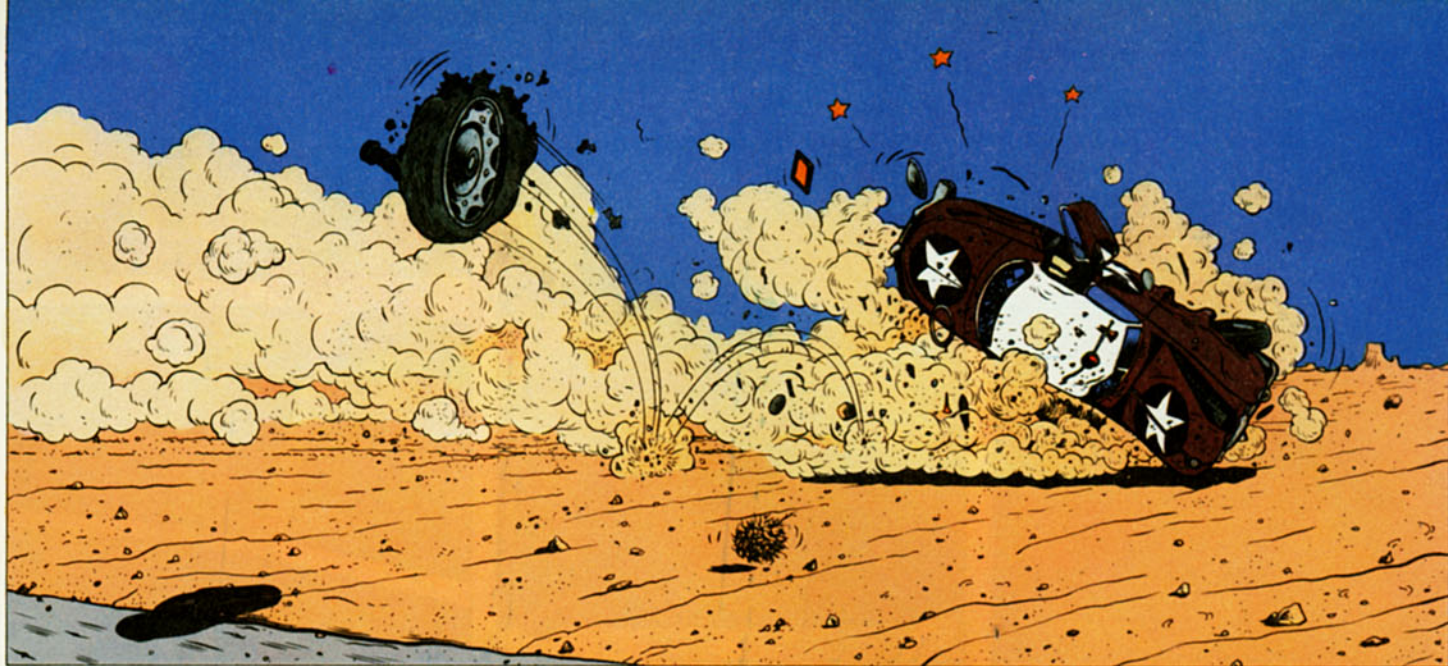


ANSWER! CRRR...ONLY
CHANCE...ANSWER!...ANSWER!

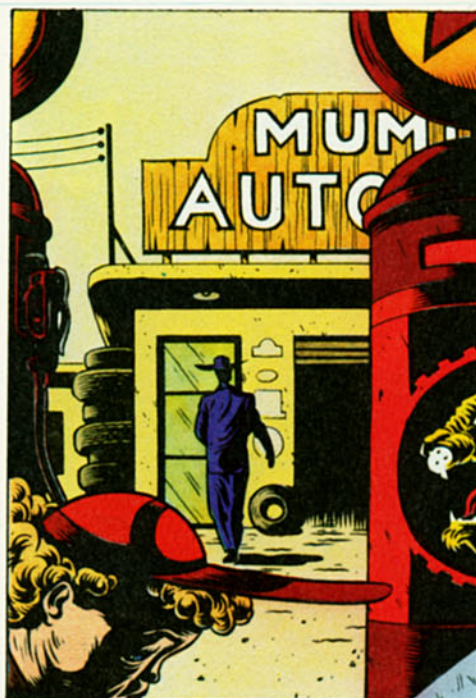
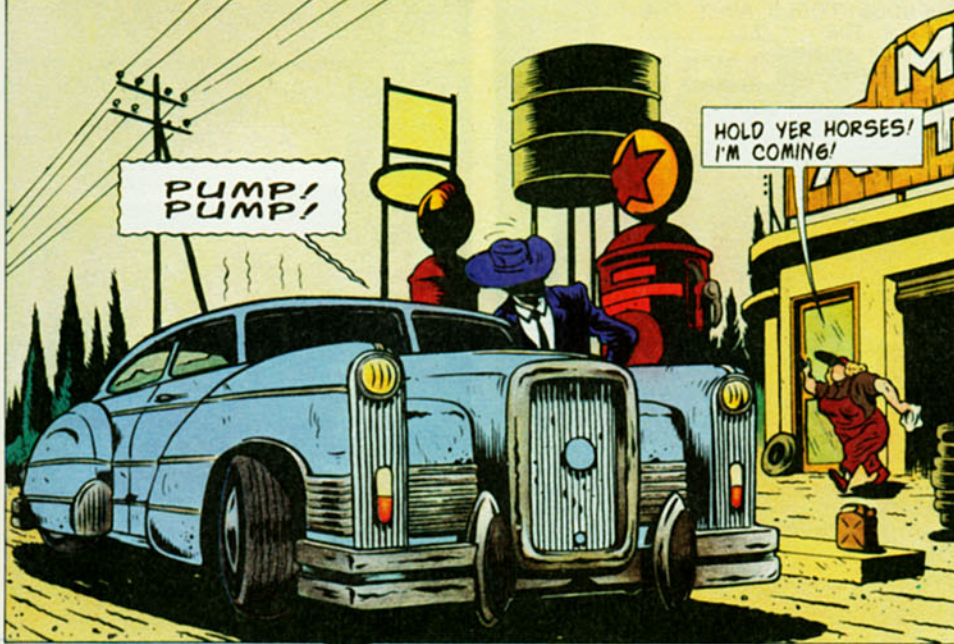


CRRR...CRRR...





48 HOURS BEFORE.



THIS SHOULD DO IT...



THOSE TOOLS AIN'T FOR SALE, SIR.

OH I...



I WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO FIX MY BUMPER...IT'S AWFUL LOOSE.

YEAH! I SEEN THAT, BUT YOU CAN'T FIX IT WITH A SCREWDRIVER. YOU NEED A WRENCH...AND ANOTHER BOLT.



I'LL GET IT FOR YOU. ...HERE, IN CRYSTAL COUNTY, THE SHERIFF, SHERIFF BLOCKER, IS VERY PICKY ABOUT CARS...



EXCEPT FOR HIS OWN, THAT IS.



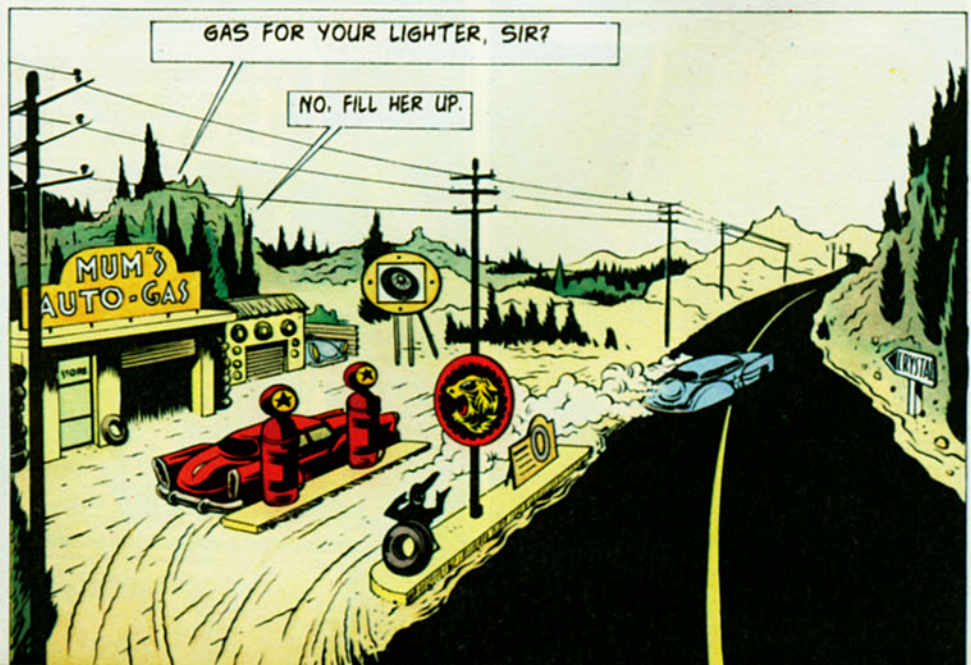
I AIN'T DOING THIS JUST TO BE NICE TO YOU...IT'S THAT I DON'T LIKE TO SEE THAT BASTARD GET OVER ON ANYONE. I AIN'T SO FRIENDLY WITH HIM ANYMORE. YOU GET MY MEANING?

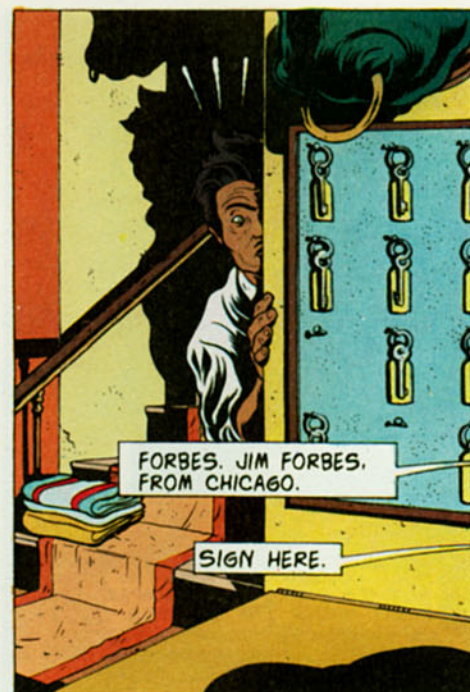
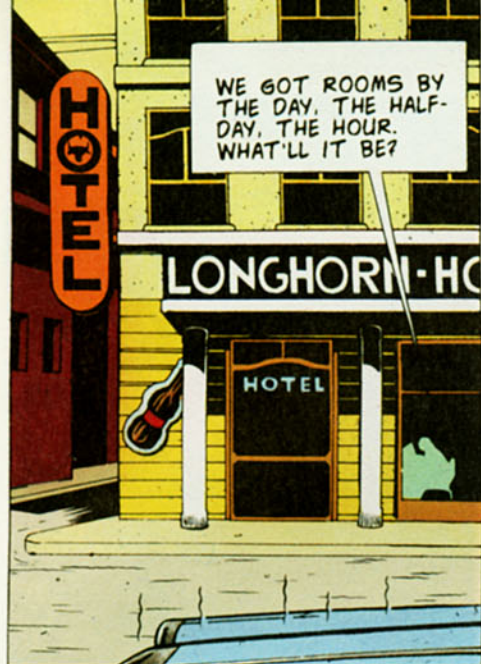


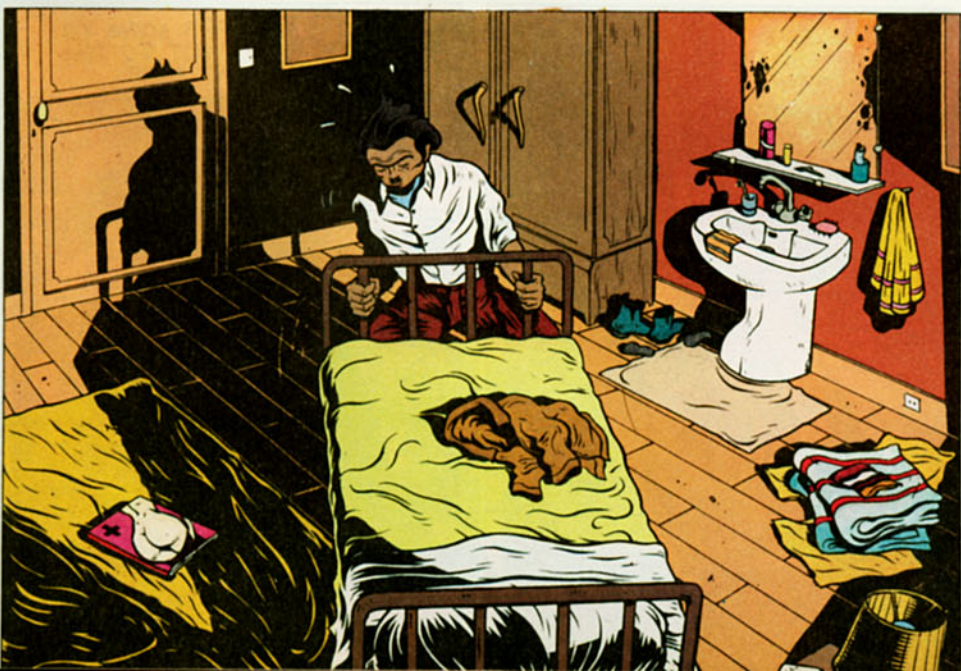
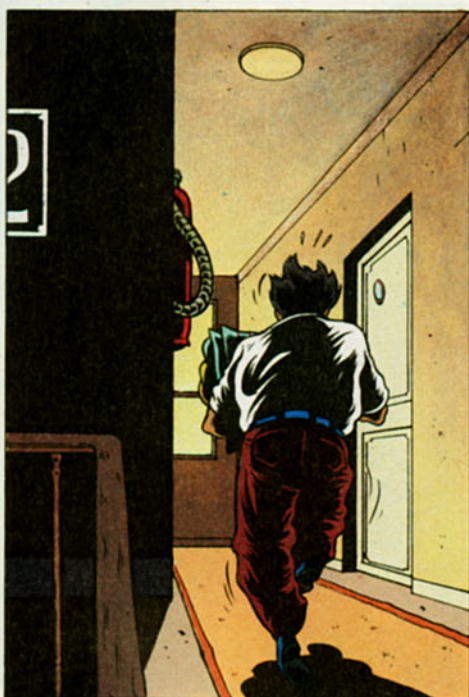
I'LL TELL YOU THIS: HIS TIRES ARE ABOUT TO DIE. THE NEXT DOG WHO SNIFFS THEM...BANG... WILL DIE TRYING.



...AND NOW BACK TO CYNTHIA FOR THE LATEST WEATHER REPORT...THANK YOU FRED. A WEATHER FRONT IS COMING OVER OUR WAY AND THREATENS TO CHANGE THE BEAUTIFUL WEATHER WE HAVE BEEN HAVING HERE IN CRYSTAL COUNTY AND THE RAWHIDE DESERT...







PERFECT! THE ONLY PEOPLE I'LL RUN INTO IN THIS HOTEL WILL BE STRANGERS. NOBODY'S GONNA RECOGNIZE ME. AND I GOT A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE BANK FROM HERE...



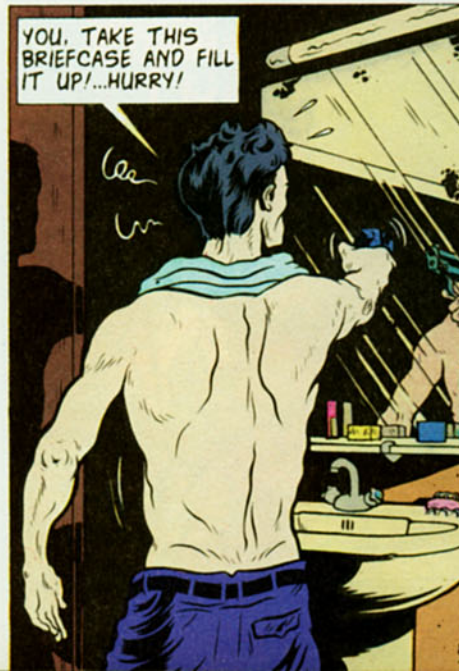
AFTER I KNOCK OFF THE BANK, THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR ME EVERYWHERE, EXCEPT IN CRYSTAL COUNTY...THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.



AH! EVERYONE IS LEAVIN', MUST BE LUNCH TIME.



THIS TIME IT'LL BE DIFFERENT. THE GAS STATION WAS JUST A TEST...THE BANK'LL BE FULL OF MONEY!





BUSY!

CLING!



I GOT TO TALK TO HIM BEFORE HE LEAVES FOR HIS PATROL. HE TOLD ME NEVER TO GO TO HIS OFFICE, BUT THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!



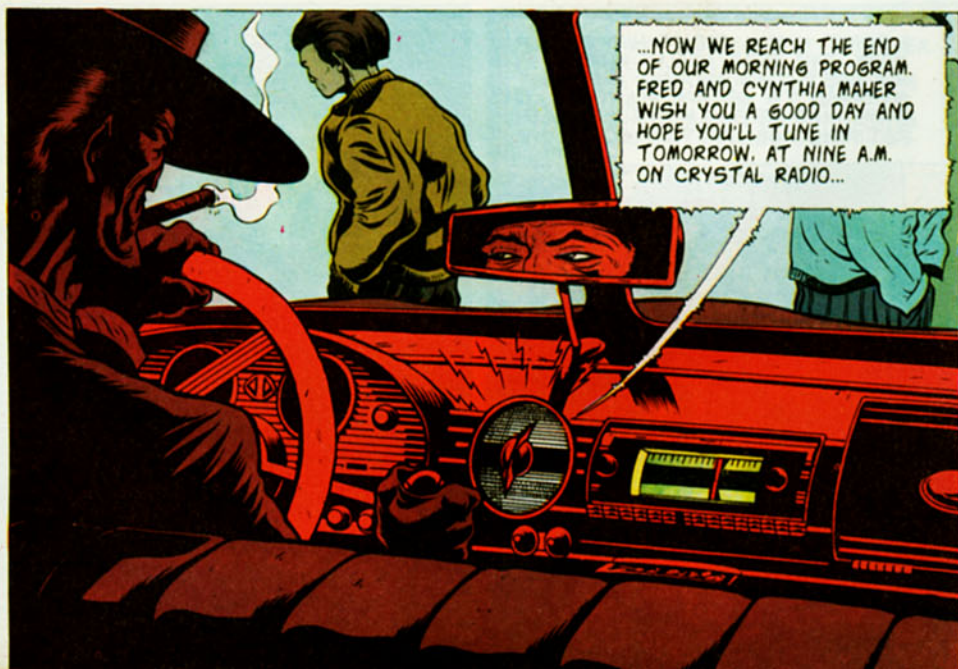
SEE YA, VONDALE. I'M GOING TO GET ME SOMETHING TO EAT.

EATING IS FOR PEOPLE WHO WORK. YOU AIN'T LIFTED A FINGER ALL DAY.

HOTEL
ONG-HOP



IF EATING IS FOR PEOPLE WHO WORK, HOW COME YOU'RE SO FAT, VONDALE? HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT?



...NOW WE REACH THE END OF OUR MORNING PROGRAM. FRED AND CYNTHIA MAHER WISH YOU A GOOD DAY AND HOPE YOU'LL TUNE IN TOMORROW, AT NINE A.M. ON CRYSTAL RADIO...

NO. NO PROBLEMS UNTIL NOW. SIR. NO. MY "ASSOCIATES" DON'T SUSPECT A THING. THEY THINK I'M ON THE JOB... YUP. ME AND ME ALONE...



HELLO, SHERIFF FERGUSON. I WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO SHERIFF BLOCKER... IF IT'S ALL RIGHT, THAT IS. IS HE...



YOU SEE THAT DOOR ALL THE WAY DOWN THERE?

I GET IT. THAT'S HIS OFFICE. AND THE DOOR IS CLOSED, SO HE'S BUSY. AM I RIGHT?



NO. I SURE DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT TONIGHT. THE MEETING IS AT SIX P.M.... SEE YOU THEN, SIR.



DEXTER FARNUM. YOU'VE BEEN AFTER HIM FOR A LONG TIME, HAVEN'T YOU? DO YOU THINK YOU'LL CATCH HIM ONE DAY?



WE ALWAYS GET THEM, SOONER OR LATER...

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT HIM. I MEAN, THE FEDS REALLY HURT HIM LAST TIME AROUND, BUT HE MANAGED TO ESCAPE ALL THE SAME. AND HE'S ALMOST REACHED RETIRING AGE! PRETTY GOOD!



HELLO CLAYTON.

OH! HELLO SHERIFF. DO YOU GOT A MINUTE?

WHY... COME IN.

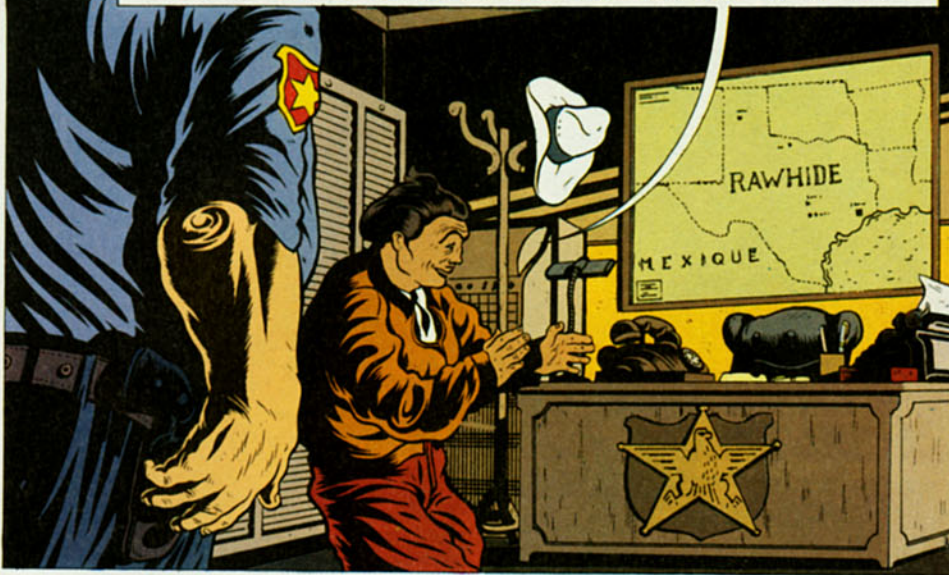


I TOLD YOU NEVER TO COME HERE. YOU IDIOT!

YOUR...YOUR TELEPHONE'S ALWAYS BUSY AND THIS IS URGENT...



HEY...YOU'VE GOT A MUCH NICER OFFICE THAN YOUR DEPUTY SHERIFF. MUCH NICER. AFTER THE FORT STOCKTON JOB, I'LL BUY A DESK JUST LIKE THAT ONE AND I'LL BUILD MYSELF A HOUSE AROUND IT. HA, HA, HA!



SHUT UP, YOU IDIOT! DON'T YOU KNOW NO BETTER THAN TO TALK ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT HERE? YOU WANNA RUIN THE WHOLE...

NO...NO, I DON'T WANT TO RUIN ANYTHING. I SWEAR!



THEN KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!

J...JACK COUTANCES IS BACK IN TOWN AND...HE'S FIXIN' TO ROB THE BANK.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?



JACK...ANGELA'S SON. HE TOOK A ROOM IN THE HOTEL. IF I HADN'T JUST SEEN HIS PICTURE AT HER HOUSE, I NEVER WOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED HIM. HE LOOKS BROKE...AND AND HE TOOK THE ROOM FOR A HALF-A-DAY.



GO ON.

I PUT HIM IN THE ROOM JUST UNDER MINE. YOU KNOW, THERE'S A HOLE IN MY FLOOR... WELL, HE WAS ACTING OUT THE HOLD-UP IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR. JUST LIKE AT THE THEATER.



DOES ANGELA KNOW ABOUT THIS?

NO. BUT I'M SURE THAT'S WHERE HE PLANS TO GO AFTER THE ROBBERY ...WELL, AIN'T YOU GLAD I'M HERE?



I WISH YOU'D BROKE AN ARM INSTEAD.

FERGUSON KNOWS YOU'RE MY INFORMER. PRETTY SOON, HE'LL PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER: YOUR VISIT AND THE HOLD-UP AT THE BANK. IF I DON'T DO MY DUTY, HE'LL START GETTING WISE, AND HE'LL START ASKING QUESTIONS.



YOU...YOU THINK I CAN'T KEEP A SECRET? DON'T YOU TRUST ME?



CLAYTON...CLAYTON... YOU DISAPPOINT ME, KID. OF COURSE I TRUST YOU. WHY, I'D PUT MY LIFE IN YOUR HANDS.

WELL THEN...YOUR DUTY...YOU GONNA KILL JACK?



NAY, I'M JUST GONNA SCARE HIM A BIT.



I KNOW. YOU'LL LET HIM GO TO ANGELA'S RIGHT?

ANGELA IS OUR PARTNER, CLAYTON. OUR PARTNER. WE NEED HER HELP... I AIN'T GONNA TO START A FIGHT WITH HER NOW OVER HER NO GOOD SON.

YOU'RE RIGHT.



IT'S A LONG WAY FROM HERE TO FORT STOCKTON...IT'S AWFUL CLOSE TO MEXICO. ABOUT 80 MILES FROM THE BORDER...



100 MILES AT THE MOST...IF THINGS DON'T WORK OUT SO GOOD, ANGELA AND I COULD JUST KEEP GOING. WHAT DO YOU THINK?



HA HA...AND WHY SHOULDN'T EVERYTHING GO SMOOTHLY.

MY BOY?



LONGHORN



THERE HE IS! THAT'S HIM! THAT'S JACK!



YOU'RE SURE NOW, BOY?



YES! THE CAR PARKED IN FRONT OF THE BANK IS HIS. YOU SEE. HE FIGURED OUT EVERY DETAIL.

OKAY, KID. NOW BEAT IT AND MAKE SURE NOBODY SEES YOU.



THE BANK'S CLOSED? BUT MR. WILLIAMS...



WE'RE A...TAKING INVENTORY, MRS. COOPER...WE'RE CLOSED JUST FOR TODAY...WE'LL BE OPEN...TOMORROW...MORNING...



GOOD! NOW PUT YOUR ARMS UP IN THE AIR AND GO WITH THE OTHERS.



HURRY UP BACK THERE AND DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING IN THE TILL.

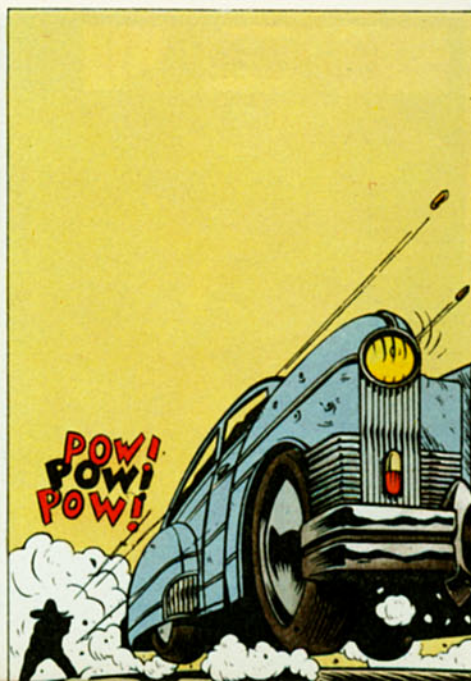
IT'S FULL.

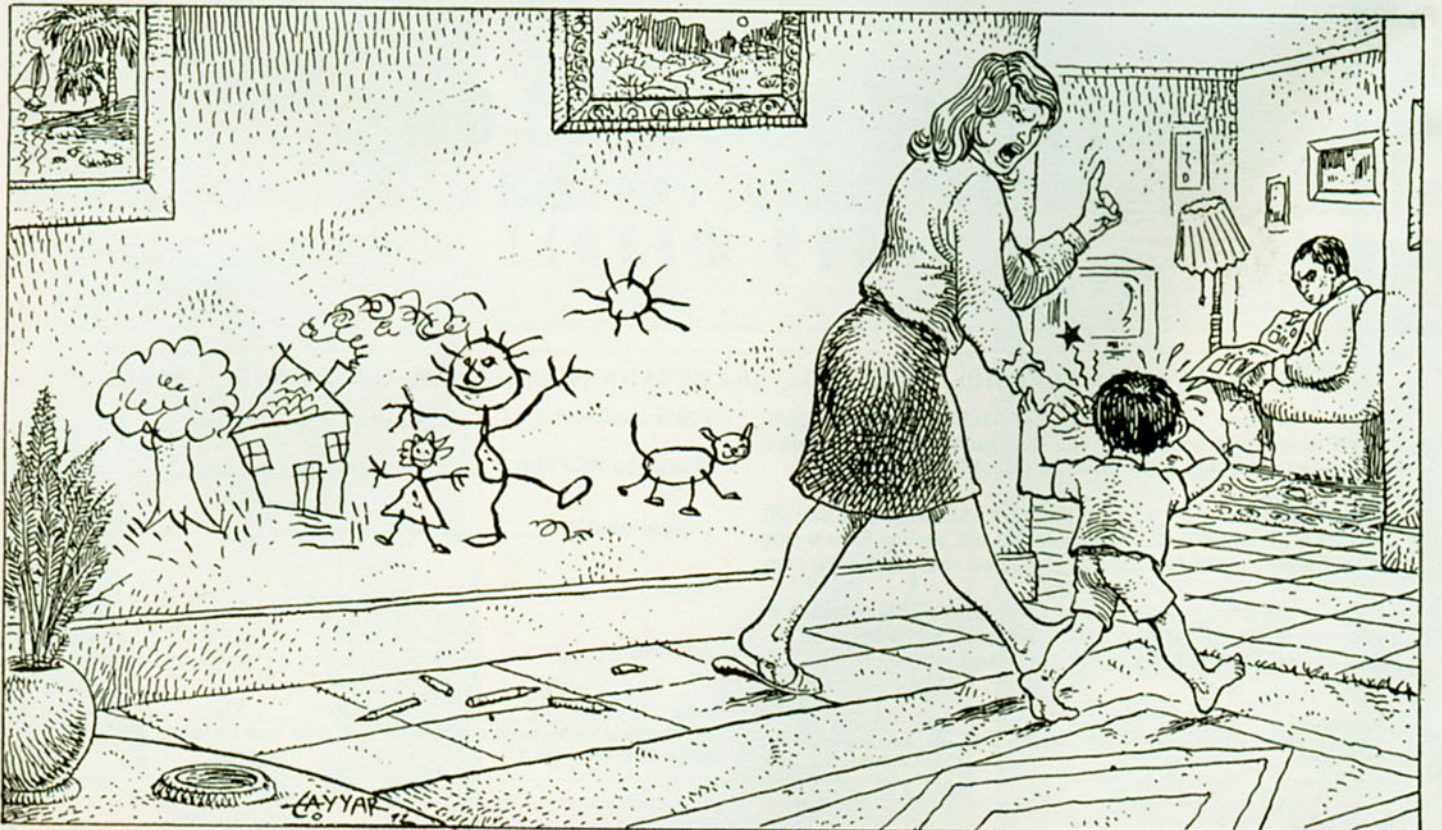
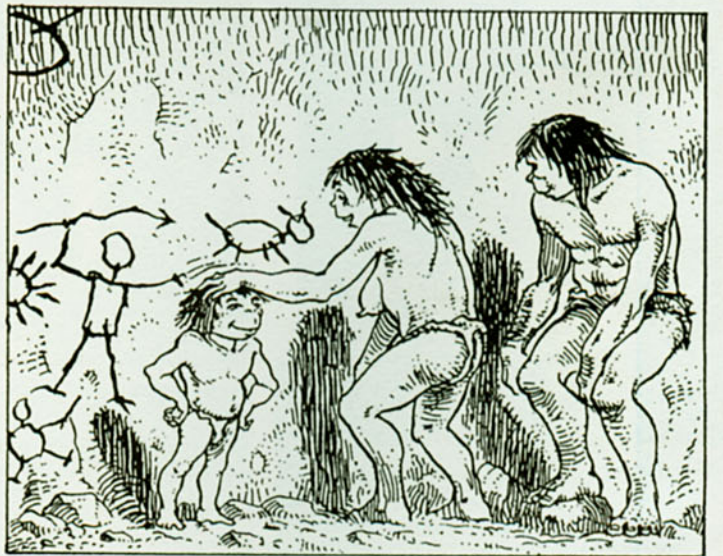
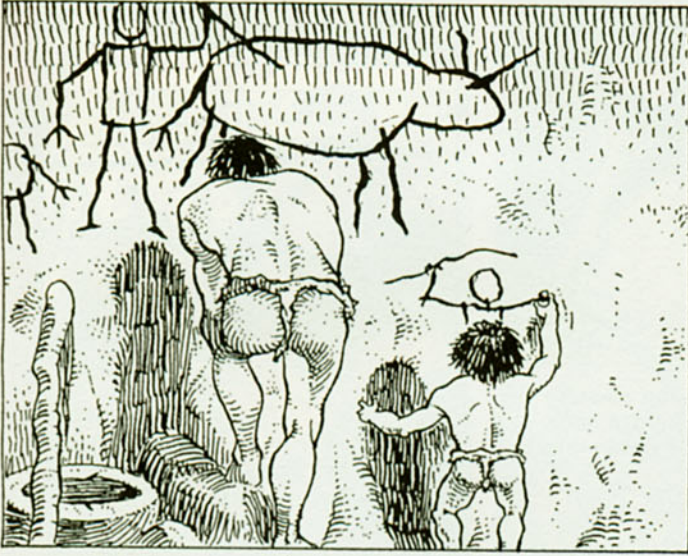
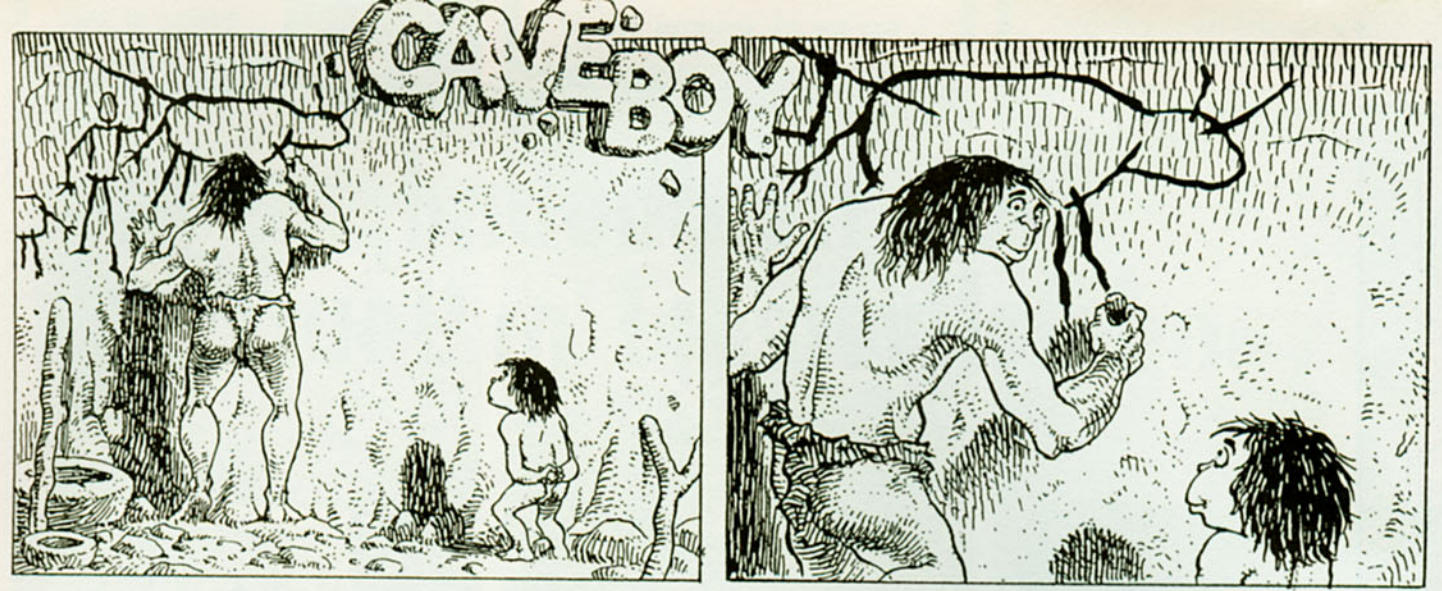


OKAY, GIVE ME THE BRIEFCASE...SLOWLY.



I'M LEAVING...KEEP YOUR ARMS UP HIGH AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING FUNNY...GOT IT?

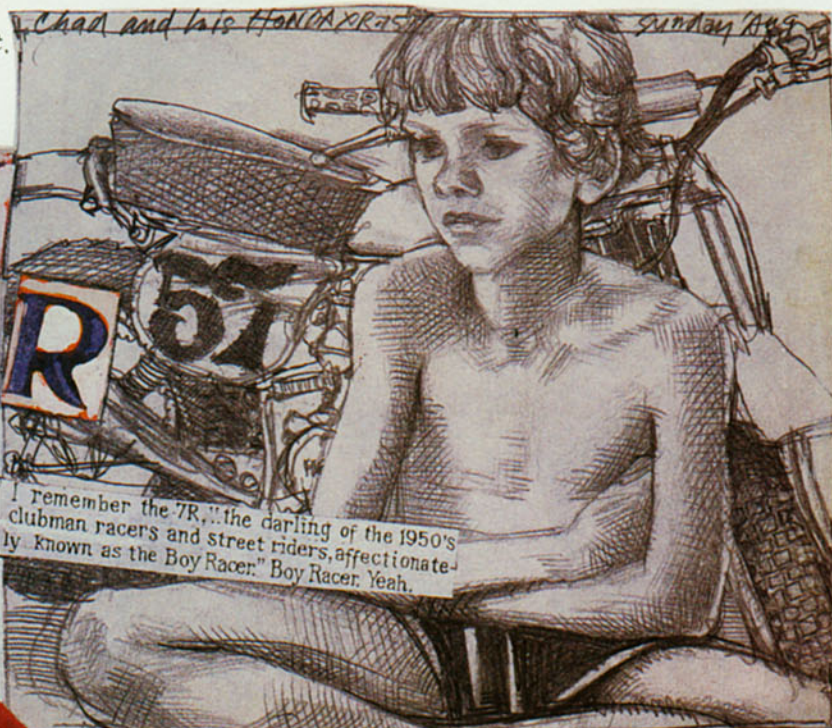




Kevin E. offers me a spread in Heavy Metal when my latest story proposal gets turned down. O.K. I need the work. I'm into a new journal about heavy metal of a sort: Kicked off by Tony Middlehurst's book, "The Pictorial History of Motorcycling", my head is revving with memories of the bikes I owned back in what he calls "The Golden Age"- the 50's. I go out to pick up a copy of the magazine, checking out motorcycles parked here and there along the way. I know a lot of these machines are super fast, but - wait a minute! plastic chrome parts? fake-fat pipes? artificial *Harley-isms*? A bike called by the Trek-y name "Fazer" has enough tricky widgets on it to *faze anybody*. I spot one called a "Midnight Virago"- yeah. These mechanical 'silicone sisters' are out to give you a sex appeal rush no matter how bogus it might be. Think about it, B.S.- but go ahead and get yer magazine. I do. *Oh, no! It's the same trip!* Tits and ass to the max!

I like honest sexuality in art. but this...? am I being too critical? No! It's as vulgar as a *Midnight Virago* parked next to a Norton Manx...or this *AJS 7R* here in Tony's book! Alright. I'm nostalgic. It happens.

BOY RACER



I remember the 7R, the darling of the 1950's clubman racers and street riders, affectionately known as the Boy Racer. Boy Racer. Yeah.

Baron Story '92

KEVIN

HEAVY METAL

IS TOO
TITS AND ASS

FROM BOY
RACER TO
MIDNIGHT
VIRAGO
BY
BARON
STORY

Section a.
B I K E S

THIS IS A LATE (66) VELOCETTE

A 500cc
"THRUXTON"

2a. My first racer was a "Velo"—

a 350 cc. MAC, 1953 model.

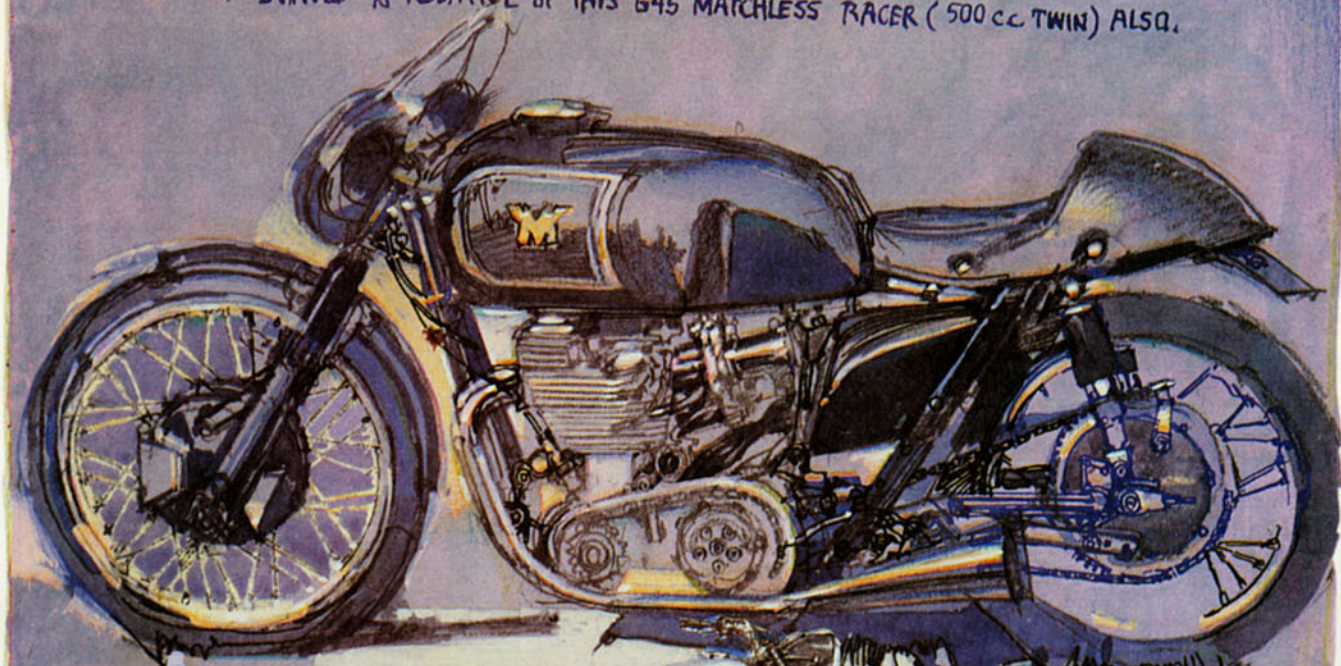
Section b
S E X

V I O L E N C E

2b. She: These are your new paintings?
He: They're copies of other people's work.

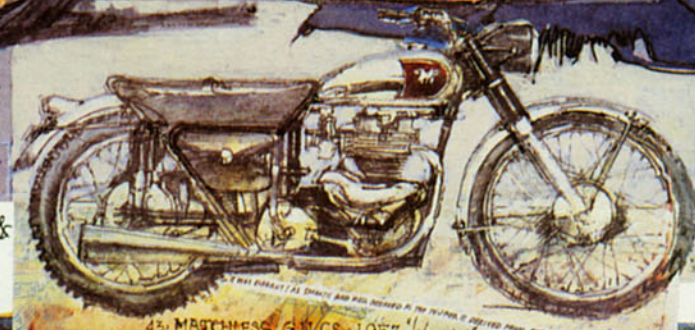
Come in. Nice to see you. How've you been?

I OWNED A RELATIVE OF THIS 645 MATCHLESS RACER (500 cc TWIN) ALSO.



MINE WAS A '55

3a. Matchless: A racer &



550 cc "SPORT TWIN".

the prettiest bike I owned.

She: Why copy? You're no stranger to pornography.

He: I never thought of my... O.K. yeah, *I have done porno*. Most of it inspired by experiences with you.

She: So why...

He: Come on, you know there's a difference.

She: Well, you were younger then.

HE: MY WORK WAS NOT FANTASY! WHAT PAINTED HAPPENED!

She: It happened... *but the way you painted those things was pure... fantasy.*

3b. Imagined conversation with "She" on the subject of pornography—and fantasy.

The Gold Star was World class. We won races with it for as long as I could.

The BSA 500cc GOLD STAR 1951-1962.

Mine was a 1955 Scrambler!



My Velo 350 didn't have much of a chance. It was a street bike and I had to run with the 500 cc. class. I was a flop. My Dad changed that. From the first time out to the last race I rode, the BSA Gold Star gave me an edge. I wasn't the greatest rider, but thanks to the "Beezer" - and to Dad - the big thrill was mine. I became

WINNER!



Top row: Equipment.



Bottom row: Evidence.

A case in point: I kept a nude journal of "She" for a while. Most of the images were just figure studies without overt sexual implications. I showed her the book - she liked it and complimented me. However, she said that one piece was "just a fantasy." This one:

She: I remember; you painted fantasies all the time!

A



FANTASY

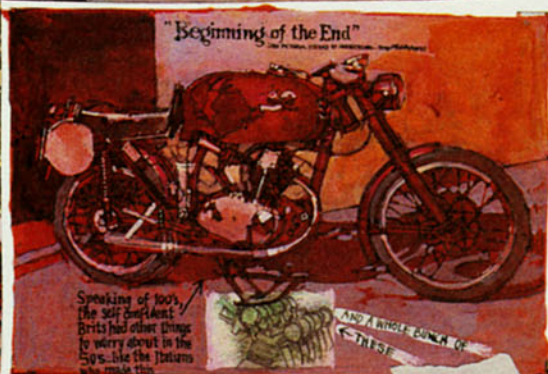
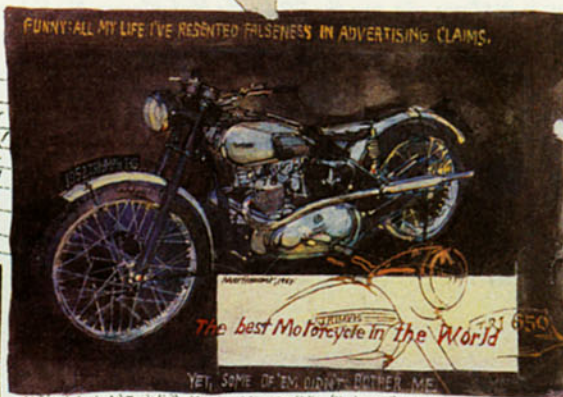
He: Yes.

I've done this kind of thing before... why am I getting uncomfortable about it now? Maybe I just can't get to the feeling that inspired these earlier pieces? I used to think that feeling was crucial.



So.

A BRITISH MACHINE MADE ME A
WINNER. (HEY, THEIR ADS SAID "THE BEST
MOTORCYCLE IN THE WORLD") FAT CHANCE!
LOOK OUT, PRETENDERS! HERE COMES COMPE-
TITION! GERMAN SUPER-FAST TWO-STROKES!
ITALIAN RACING '95 AND SEXY STREET BIKES!
AND-OH LOOK OUT SMUG BRITS-LOOK OUT
MOTORCYCLISTS ALL OVER THIS WORLD-HERE
COME THE JAPANESE!



5a. From a setting sun (did you say

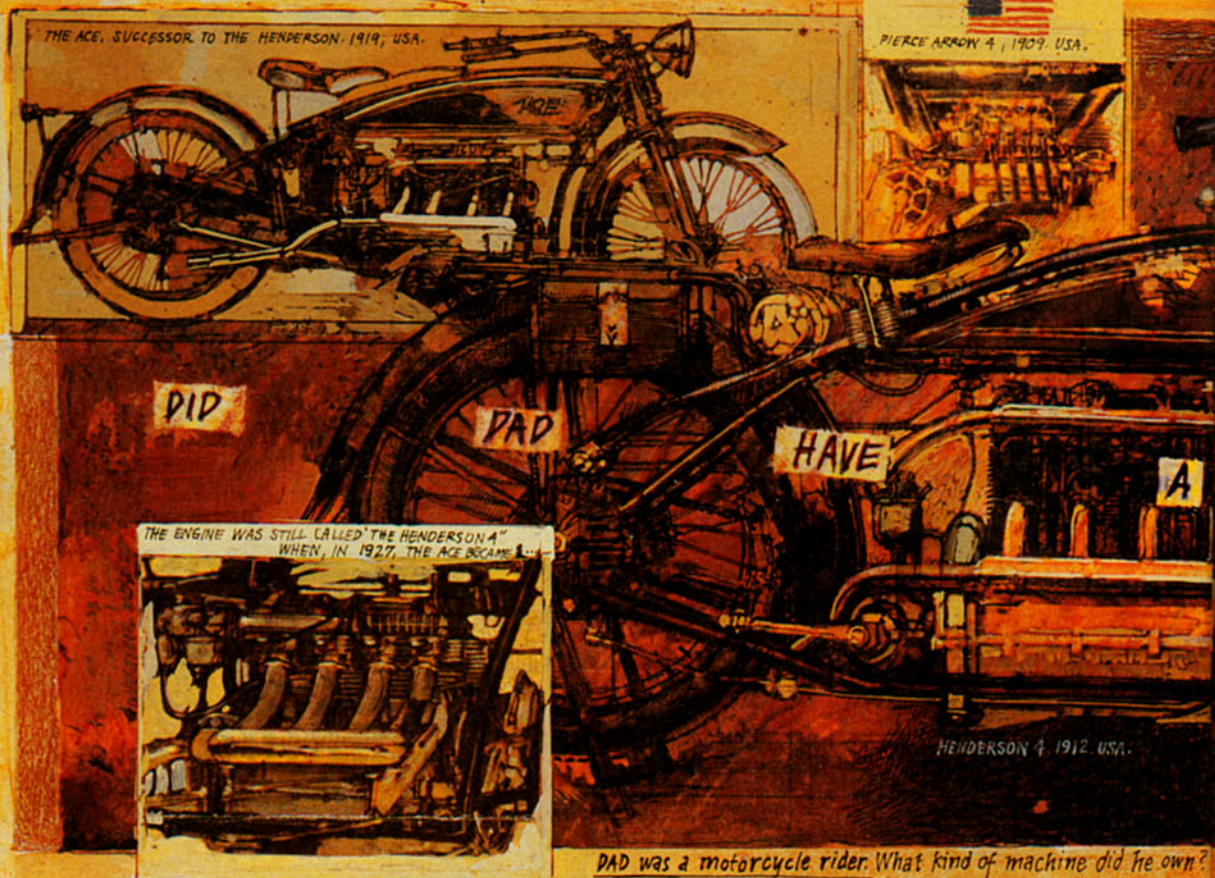
if never sets?) to a rising one.



5b. "She" makes her point.

O.K. My brief stint as a 'winner' is history. So are the BSA's, the Matchless's, the Velocettes, the A.J.S's. History.

THE WINNER TRIP-THAT'S FANTASY. SO. WHO AM I? WHERE DO



6-7a. The questions and the American "fours."

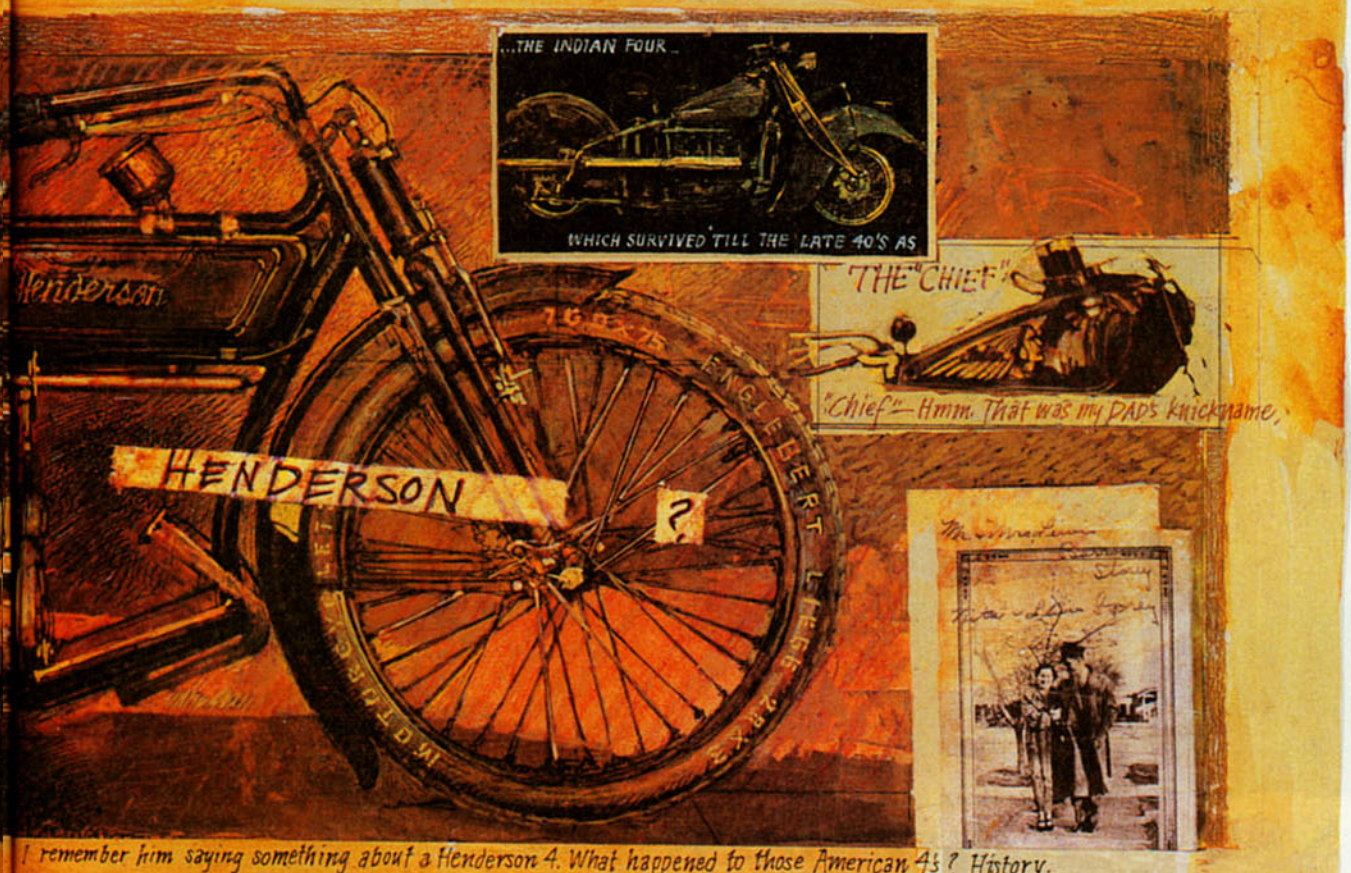
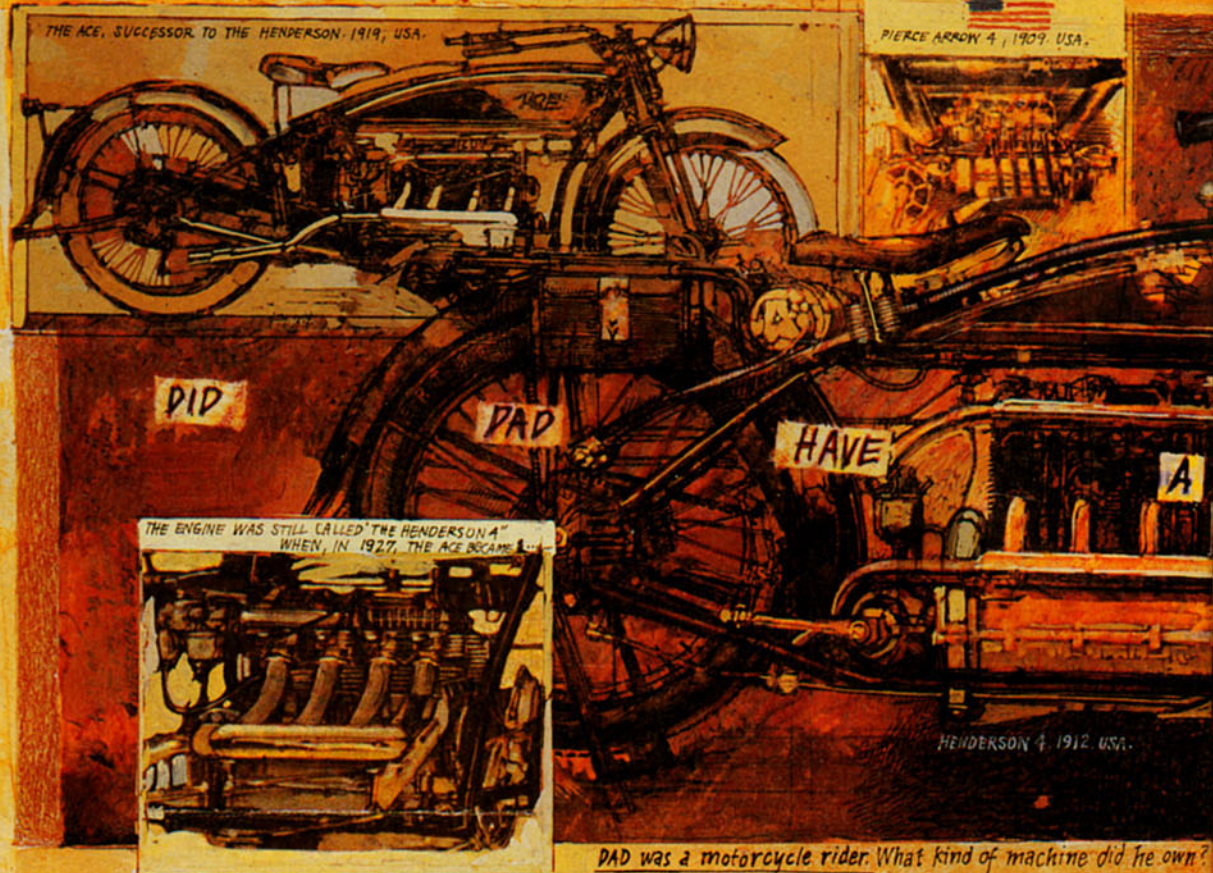


6b. Confrontations and Parting Shots: Women, real and imaginary including three from "Heavy Metal"

O.K. My brief stint as a 'winner' is history. So are the BSA's, the Matchless, the Velocettes, the A.J.S's. History.

4 cylinder Gilera's wiped out the British at the races. 4 cylinder Hondas, Yamahas, Kawasakis took the streets. 4's. Exotic, New, Not.

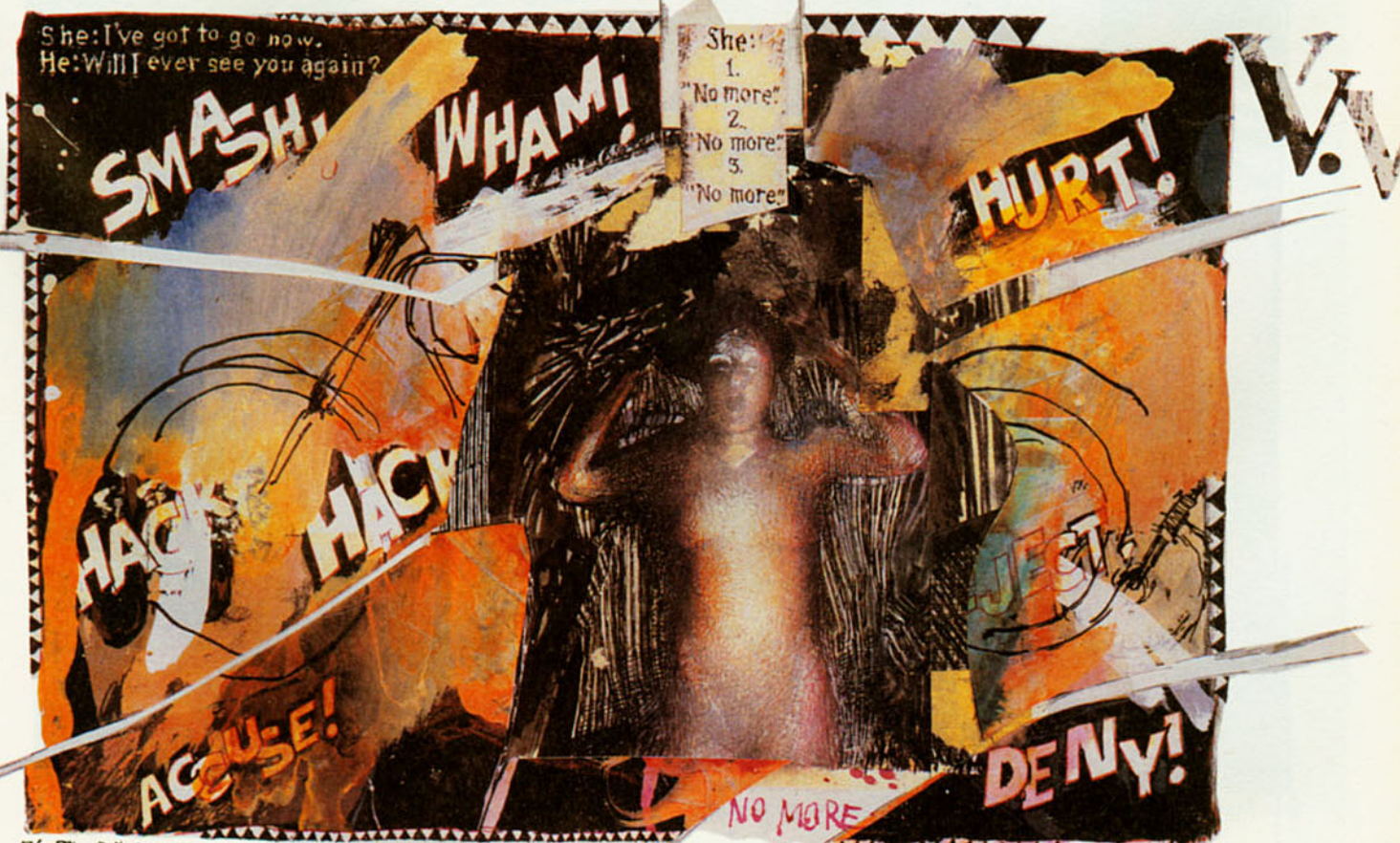
THE WINNER TRIP-THAT'S FANTASY. SO. WHO AM I? WHERE DO I COME FROM? HOW DID I GET HERE?



6-7a. The questions and the American "fours".



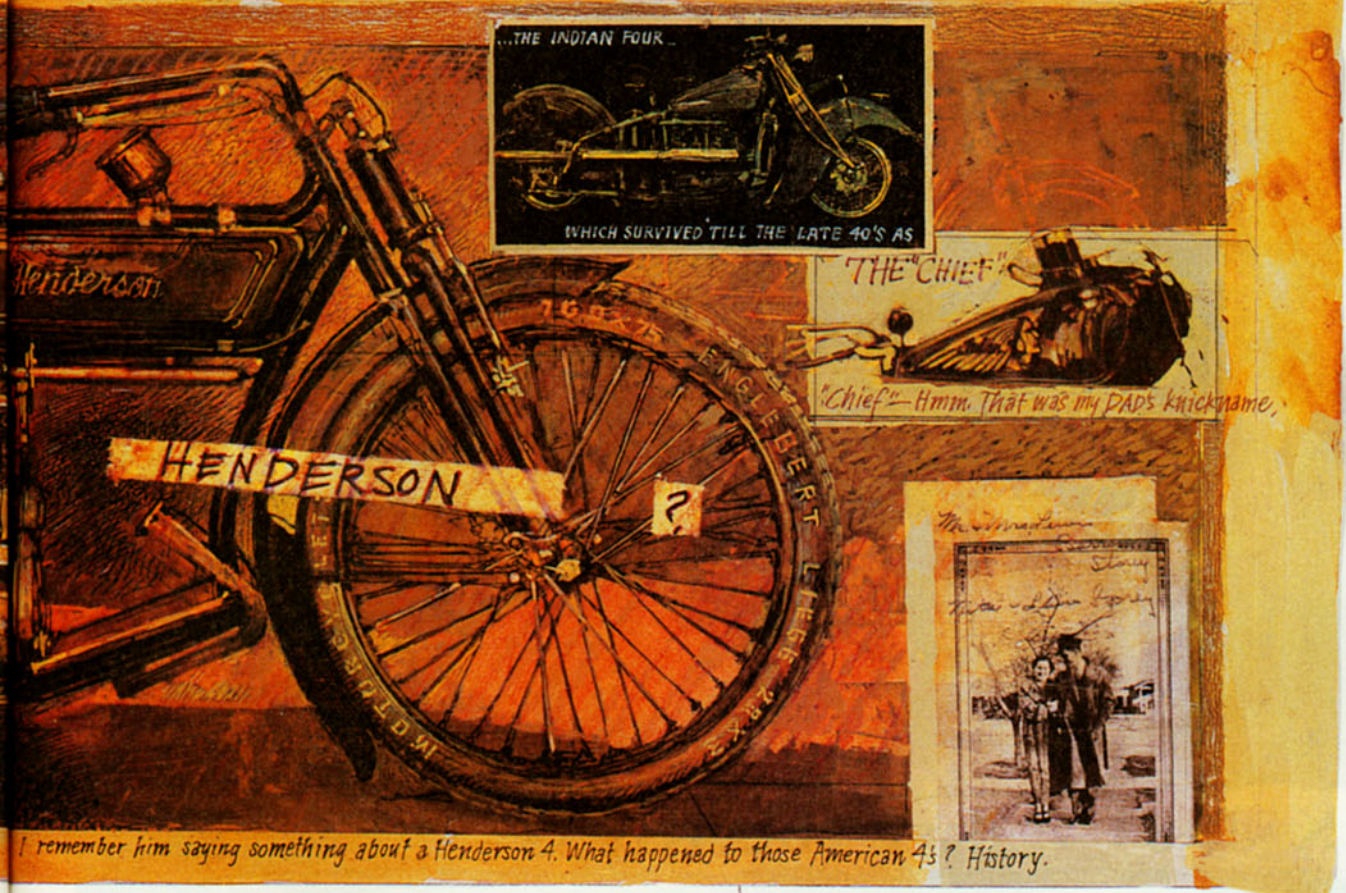
6b. Confrontations and Parting Shots: Women, real and imaginary including three from "Heavy Metal".



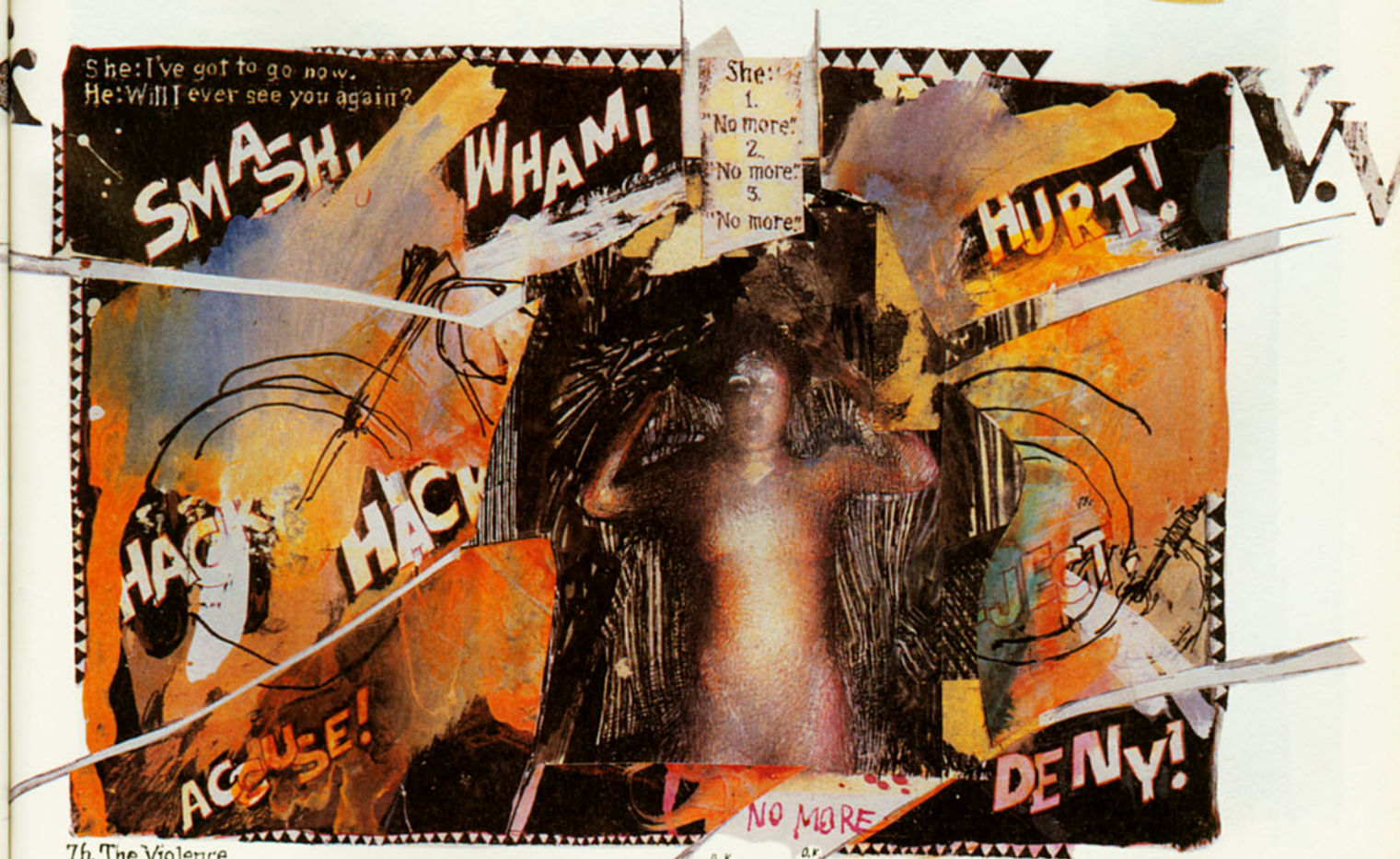
7b. The Violence.

4 cylinder Gileras wiped out the British at the races. 4 cylinder Hondas, Yamaha's, Kawasaki's took the streets. 4's. Exotic, New, Not.

COME FROM? HOW DID I GET HERE?



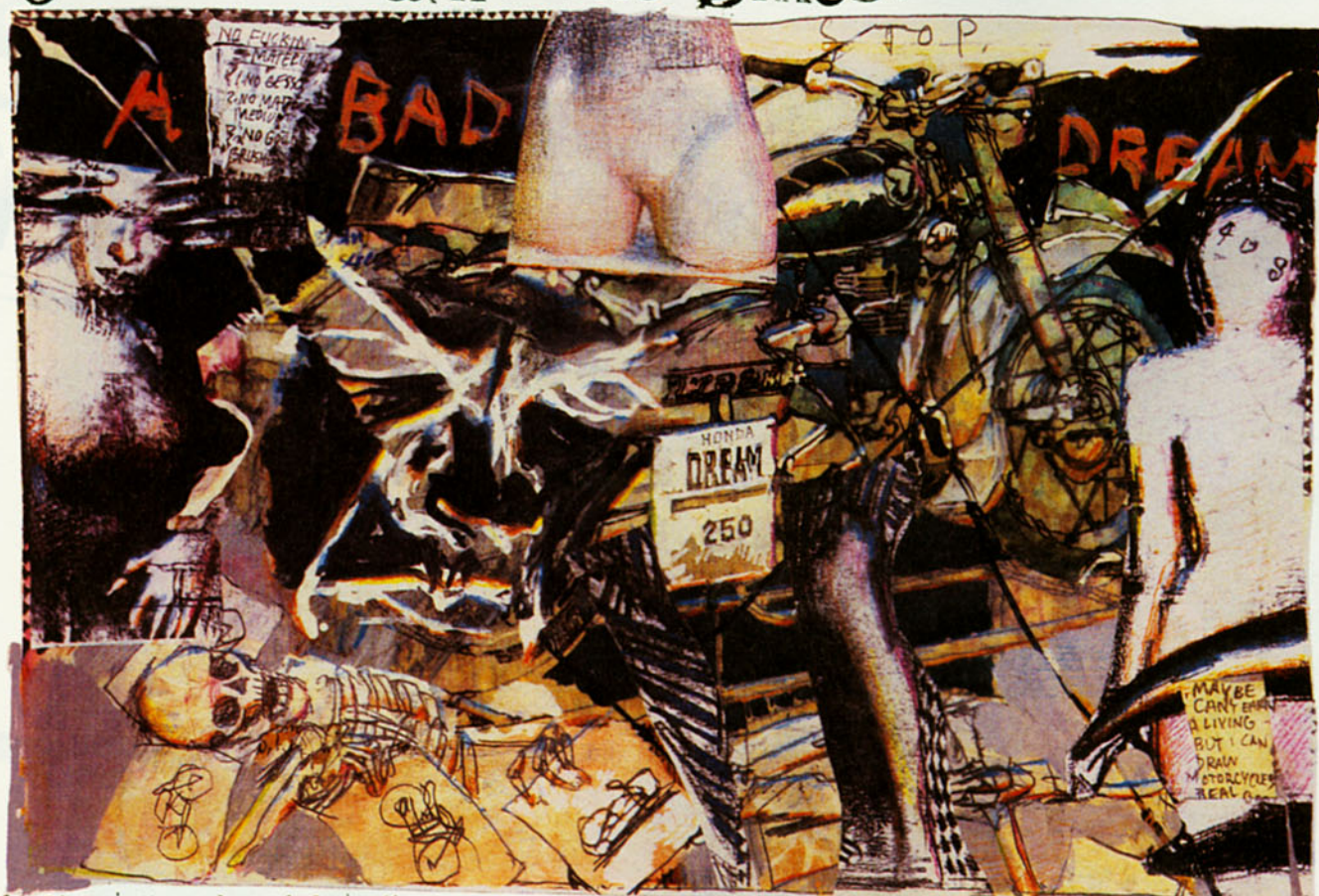
I remember him saying something about a Henderson 4. What happened to those American 4's? History.



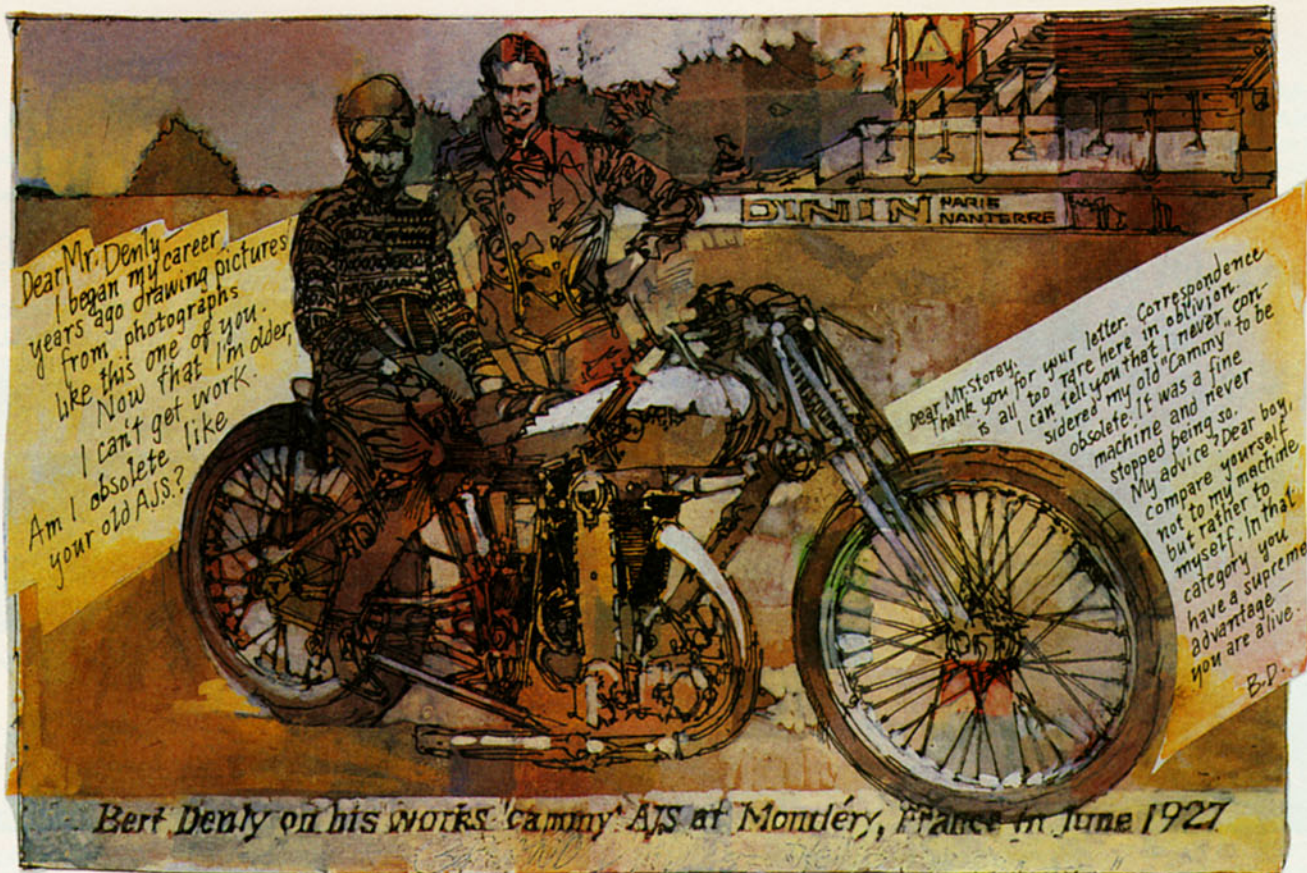
76. The Violence.



8a,
OK Just Paint the Bikes.



8b. Materially and psychologically unable to produce a good "Dream".



9a. Letter to the father of the "Boy Racer".

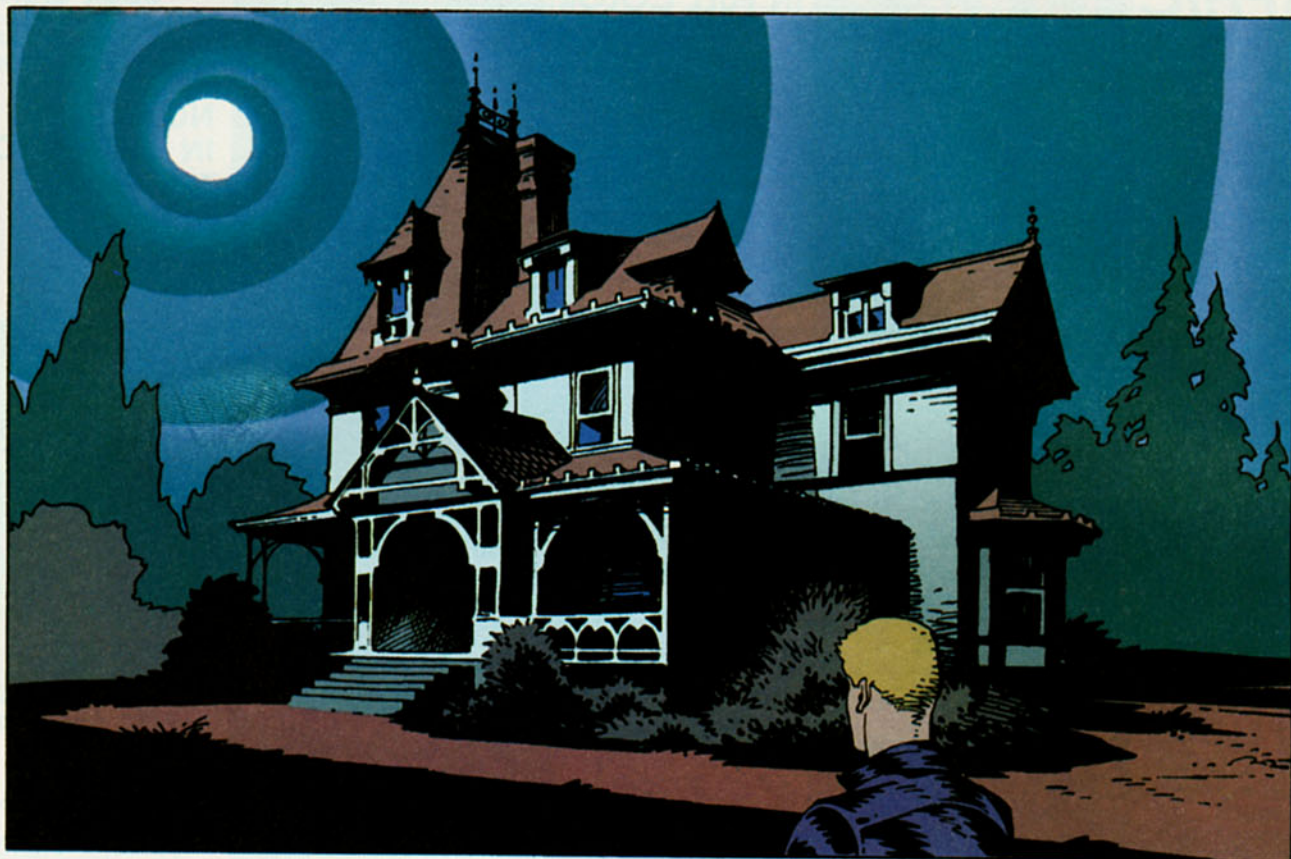


9b. Letter to my father.

for DAD and CHAD.

End.

THAT CRAWFORD TILLINGHAST SHOULD EVER HAVE STUDIED SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY WAS A MISTAKE. THESE THINGS SHOULD BE LEFT TO THE FRIGID AND IMPERSONAL INVESTIGATOR FOR THEY OFFER TWO EQUALLY TRAGIC ALTERNATIVES TO THE MAN OF FEELING AND ACTION; DESPAIR, IF HE FAIL IN HIS QUEST, AND TERRORS UNUTTERABLE AND UNIMAGINABLE IF HE SUCCEED.



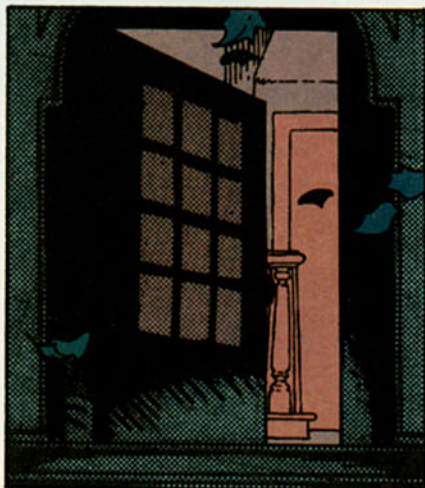
H.P. LOVECRAFT'S FROM BEYOND

ADAPTED FOR COMICS BY P. CRAIG RUSSELL OP. 29

TILLINGHAST HAD ONCE BEEN THE PREY OF FAILURE, SOLITARY AND MELANCHOLY; BUT NOW I KNEW, WITH NAUSEATING FEARS OF MY OWN, THAT HE WAS THE PREY OF SUCCESS.

I HAD KNOWN THAT HE NOW REMAINED MOSTLY SHUT IN THE ATTIC LABORATORY WITH THAT ACCURSED ELECTRICAL MACHINE, EATING LITTLE AND EXCLUDING EVEN THE SERVANTS,

BUT I HAD NOT THOUGHT THAT A BRIEF PERIOD OF TEN WEEKS COULD SO ALTER AND DISFIGURE ANY HUMAN CREATURE.



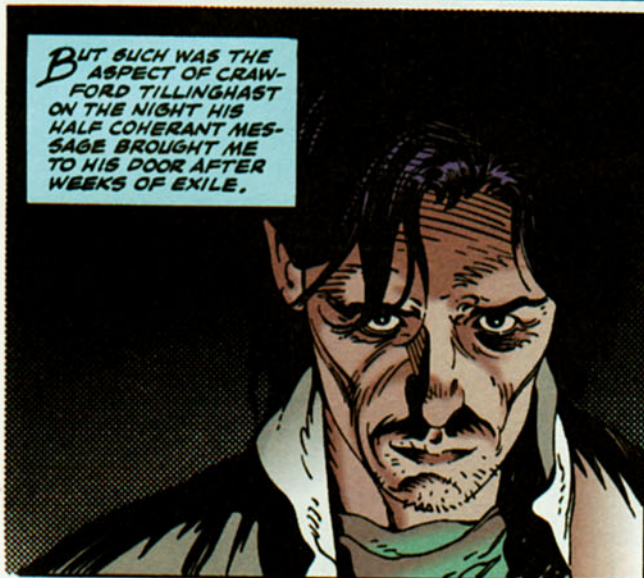
IT IS NOT PLEASANT TO SEE A STOUT MAN GROWN SUDDENLY THIN, AND IT IS EVEN WORSE WHEN THE BAGGY SKIN BECOMES YELLOW OR GREYED...

THE EYES SUNKEN, CIRCLED, AND UNCANNILY GLOWING, THE FOREHEAD VEINED AND CORRUGATED AND THE HANDS TREMULOUS AND TWITCHING.

AND IF ADDED TO THIS THERE BE A REPELLENT UNKEMPTNESS AND AN UNCHECKED GROWTH OF WHITE BEARD ON A FACE ONCE CLEAN SHAVEN, THE CUMULATIVE EFFECT IS QUITE SHOCKING.

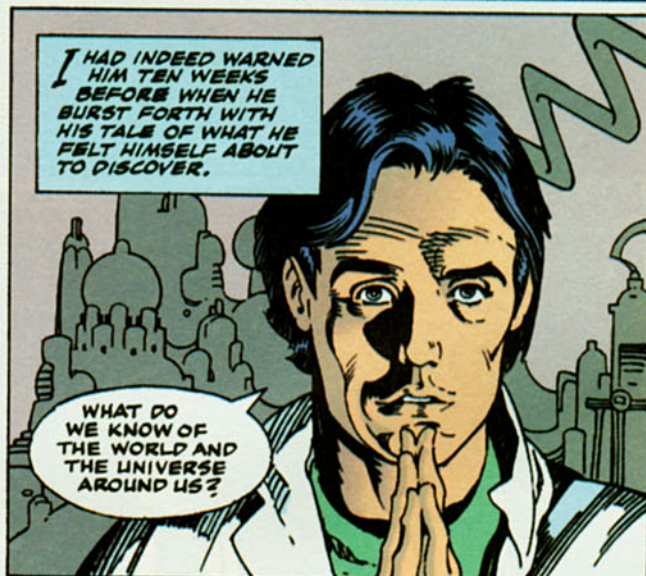


BUT SUCH WAS THE ASPECT OF CRAWFORD TILLINGHAST ON THE NIGHT HIS HALF COHERANT MESSAGE BROUGHT ME TO HIS DOOR AFTER WEEKS OF EXILE.



I HAD INDEED WARNED HIM TEN WEEKS BEFORE WHEN HE BURST FORTH WITH HIS TALE OF WHAT HE FELT HIMSELF ABOUT TO DISCOVER.

WHAT DO WE KNOW OF THE WORLD AND THE UNIVERSE AROUND US?



OUR MEANS OF RECEIVING IMPRESSIONS ARE ABSURDLY FEW AND OUR NOTIONS OF SURROUNDING OBJECTS INFINITELY NARROW.

WITH FIVE FEEBLE SENSES WE PRETEND TO COMPREHEND THE BOUNDLESSLY COMPLEX COSMOS.

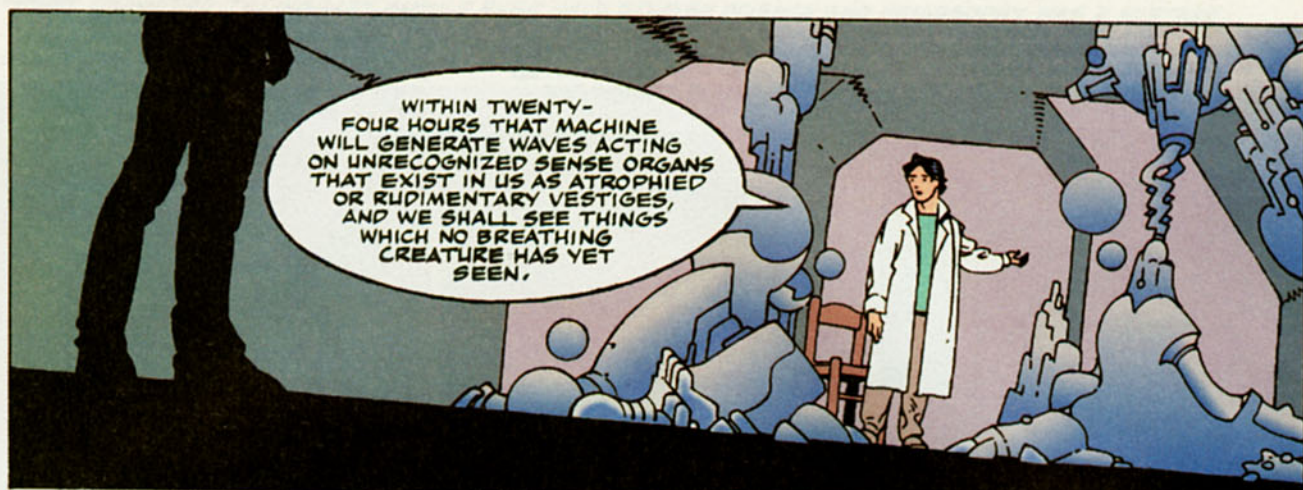
YET OTHER BEINGS WITH A WIDER, STRONGER, OR DIFFERENT RANGE OF SENSES MIGHT SEE VERY DIFFERENTLY THE THINGS WE SEE.

I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT SUCH STRANGE INACCESSIBLE WORLDS EXIST AT OUR VERY ELBOWS...

AND NOW I BELIEVE I HAVE FOUND A WAY TO BREAK DOWN THE BARRIERS!

I AM NOT JOKING.





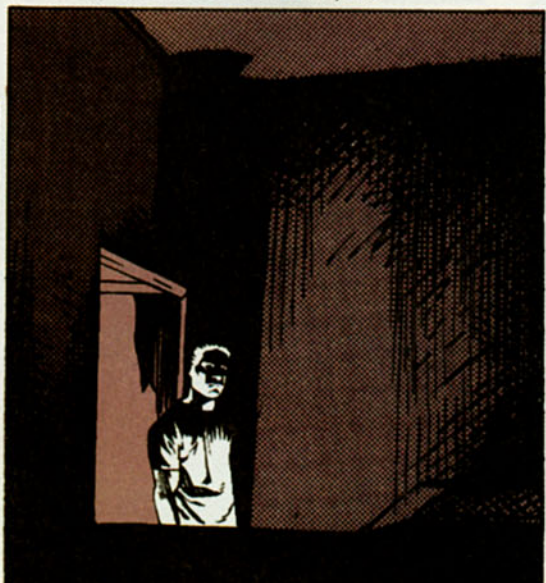
WHEN TILLINGHAST SAID THESE THINGS I REMONSTRATED, FOR I KNEW HIM WELL ENOUGH TO BE FRIGHTENED RATHER THAN AMUSED; BUT HE WAS A FANATIC AND DROVE ME FROM THE HOUSE.



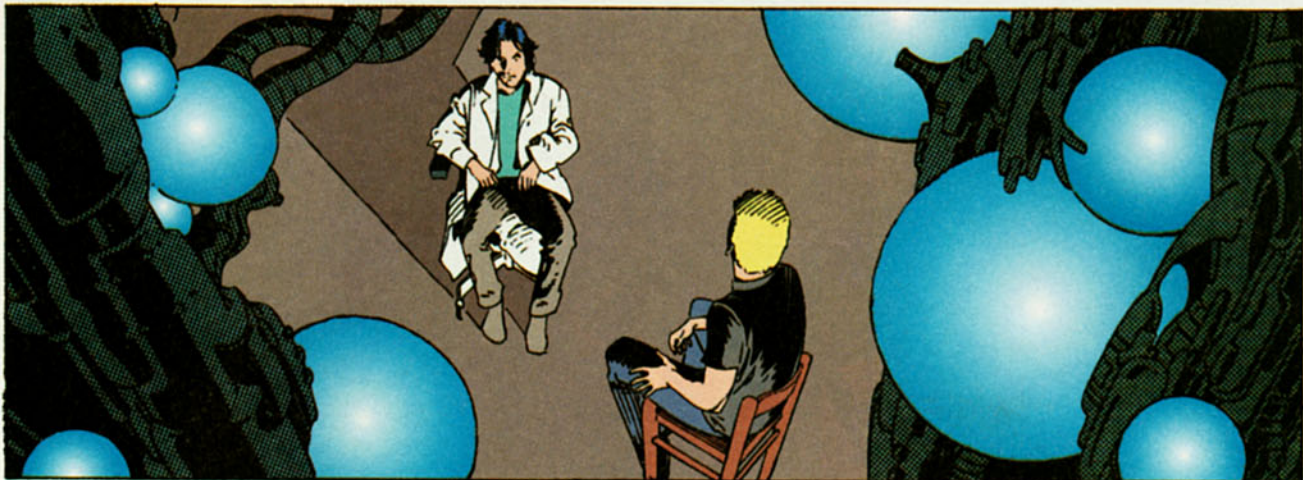
NOW HE WAS NO LESS A FANATIC, BUT HIS DESIRE TO SPEAK HAD CONQUERED HIS RESENTMENT, AND HE HAD WRITTEN ME IN A HAND I COULD SCARCELY RECOGNIZE.

AS I ENTERED THE ABODE OF THE FIEND SO SUDDENLY METAMORPHOSED TO A SHIVERING GARGOYLE, I BECAME INFECTED WITH THE TERROR WHICH SEEMED STALKING IN ALL THE SHADOWS.

YET I SOON SUBORDINATED ALL MY FEARS TO MY GROWING CURIOSITY...



I OBSERVED THAT DETESTABLE ELECTRICAL MACHINE, GLOWING WITH A SICKLY, SINISTER VIOLET LUMINOSITY WHICH INCREASED, WANED AGAIN, THEN ASSUMED A PALE, OUTRE' COLOR WHICH I COULD NEITHER PLACE NOR DESCRIBE. HE SEATED ME NEAR THE MACHINE AND TURNED A SWITCH SOMEWHERE BELOW THE CROWNING CLUSTER OF GLASS BULBS. A SPUTTERING BEGAN, TURNED TO A WHINE, AND TERMINATED IN A DRONE SO SOFT AS TO SUGGEST A RETURN TO SILENCE.

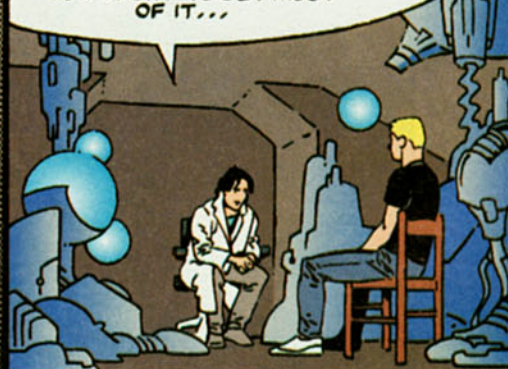


DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS? IT IS ULTRA-VIOLET. YOU THOUGHT IT WAS INVISIBLE, AND SO IT IS...

BUT YOU CAN SEE THAT AND MANY OTHER INVISIBLE THINGS NOW.

THE WAVES FROM THAT THING ARE WAKING A THOUSAND SLEEPING SENSES IN US. YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE PINEAL GLAND? THAT GLAND IS THE GREAT SENSE ORGAN OF ORGANS - I HAVE FOUND OUT. IT IS LIKE SIGHT IN THE END, AND TRANSMITS VISUAL PICTURES TO THE BRAIN. IF YOU ARE NORMAL THAT IS THE WAY YOU OUGHT TO GET MOST OF IT...

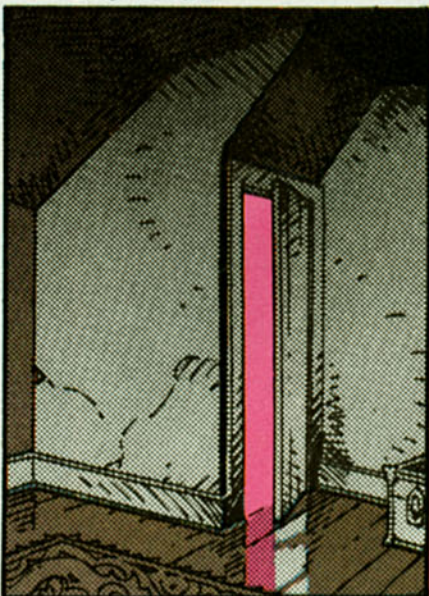
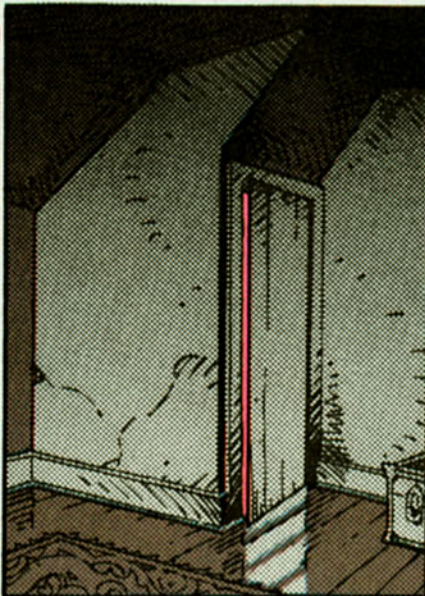
...I MEAN GET MOST OF THE EVIDENCE FROM BEYOND.



I LOOKED ABOUT THE IMMENSE ATTIC ROOM. THE FAR CORNERS WERE ALL SHADOWS AND THE WHOLE PLACE TOOK ON A HAZY UNREALITY WHICH OBSCURED ITS NATURE AND INVITED THE IMAGINATION TO SYMBOLISM AND PHANTASM.

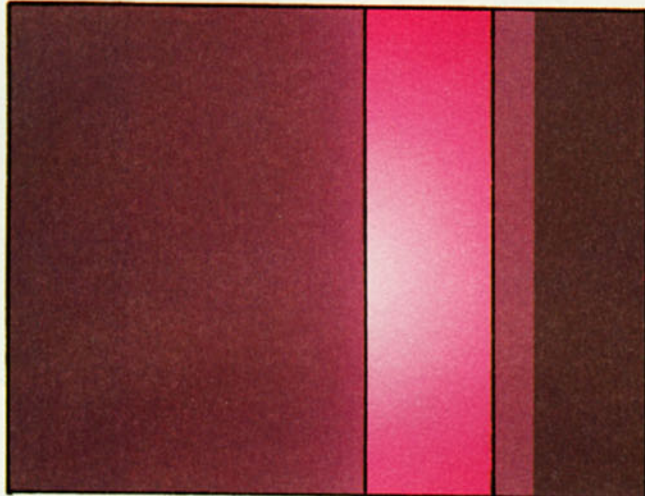
THERE SEEMED TO BE A VOID, AND NOTHING MORE, AND I FELT A CHILDISH FEAR WHICH PROMPTED ME TO DRAW FROM MY HIP POCKET THE REVOLVER I ALWAYS CARRIED AFTER DARK.

THEN, FROM THE FARTHERMOST REGIONS OF REMOTENESS, THE SOUND SOFTLY GLIDED INTO EXISTENCE.



I FELT SENSATIONS LIKE THOSE ONE FEELS WHEN ACCIDENTALLY SCRATCHING GROUND GLASS. SIMULTANEOUSLY THERE DEVELOPED SOMETHING LIKE A COLD DRAUGHT...

AS I WAITED BREATHLESSLY I PERCEIVED THAT BOTH SOUND AND WIND WERE INCREASING; THE EFFECT BEING TO GIVE ME AN ODD NOTION OF MYSELF AS TIED TO A PAIR OF RAILS IN THE PATH OF A GIGANTIC APPROACHING LOCOMOTIVE.



I BEGAN TO SPEAK TO TILLINGHAST, AND AS I DID SO ALL THE UNUSUAL IMPRESSIONS ABRUPTLY VANISHED.

TILLINGHAST WAS GRINNING REPULSIVELY AT THE REVOLVER WHICH I HAD ALMOST UNCONSCIOUSLY DRAWN, BUT FROM HIS EXPRESSION I WAS SURE HE HAD SEEN AND HEARD AS MUCH AS I.

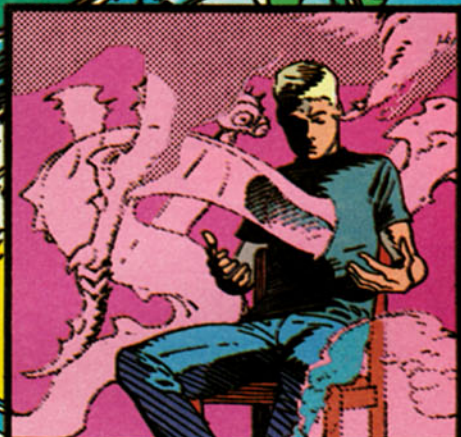
IN THESE RAYS WE ARE ABLE TO BE SEEN AS WELL AS TO SEE. I TOLD YOU THE SERVANTS LEFT, BUT I DIDN'T TELL YOU HOW. IT WAS THAT THICK-WITTED HOUSEKEEPER -- SHE TURNED THE LIGHTS ON DOWNSTAIRS AFTER I WARNED HER NOT TO, AND THE WIRES PICKED UP SYMPATHETIC VIBRATIONS. IT MUST HAVE BEEN FRIGHTFUL.



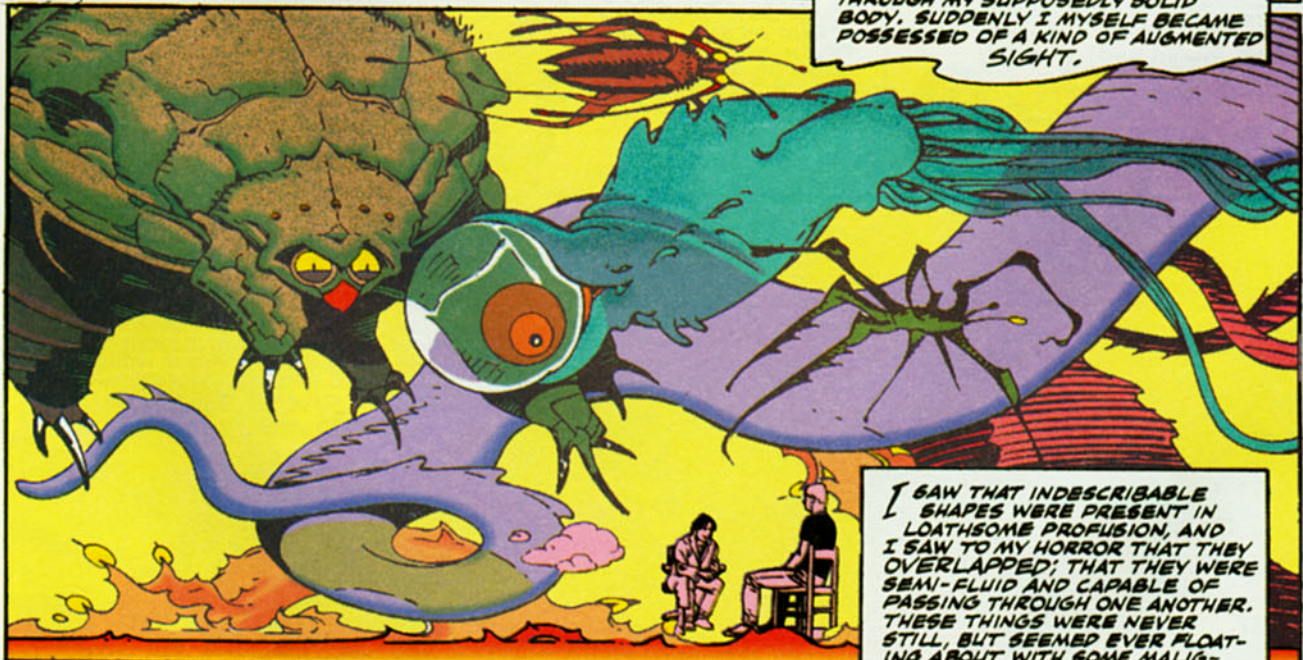
THE COMBINED SHOCK OF THE REVELATION AND OF THE ABRUPT COMMAND GAVE ME A KIND OF PARALYSIS, AND IN MY TERROR MY MIND AGAIN OPENED TO THE IMPRESSIONS FROM 'BEYOND'.



I WAS NOW IN A VORTEX OF SOUND AND MOTION AND FELT THAT I WAS ABOUT TO DISSOLVE OR IN SOME WAY LOSE SOLID FORM.

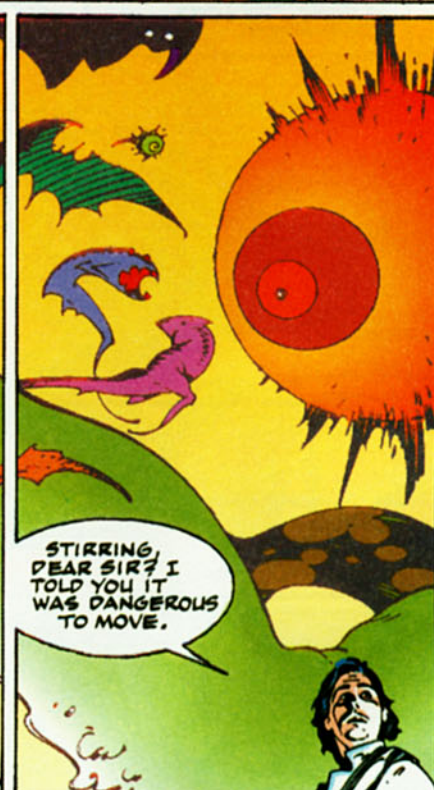


I FELT HUGE ANIMATE THINGS BRUSHING PAST ME AND OCCASIONALLY WALKING OR DRIFTING THROUGH MY SUPPOSEDLY SOLID BODY. SUDDENLY I MYSELF BECAME POSSESSED OF A KIND OF AUGMENTED SIGHT.



I SAW THAT INDESCRIBABLE SHAPES WERE PRESENT IN LOATHSOME PROFUSION, AND I SAW TO MY HORROR THAT THEY OVERLAPPED; THAT THEY WERE SEMI-FLUID AND CAPABLE OF PASSING THROUGH ONE ANOTHER. THESE THINGS WERE NEVER STILL, BUT SEEMED EVER FLOATING ABOUT WITH SOME MALIGNANT PURPOSE.

SOMETIMES THEY APPEARED TO DEVOUR ONE ANOTHER, THE ATTACKER LAUNCHING ITSELF AT ITS VICTIM AND INSTANTANEOUSLY OBLITERATING THE LATTER FROM SIGHT. SHUDDERINGLY I FELT THAT I KNEW WHAT HAD OBLITERATED THE UNFORTUNATE SERVANTS.





WHAT REMAINS TO BE TOLD IS VERY BRIEF, AND MAY BE FAMILIAR TO YOU FROM THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS. THE POLICE HEARD A SHOT IN THE OLD TILLINGHAST HOUSE AND FOUND US THERE--

TILLINGHAST DEAD AND ME UNCONSCIOUS.



THEY ARRESTED ME BECAUSE THE REVOLVER WAS IN MY HAND...



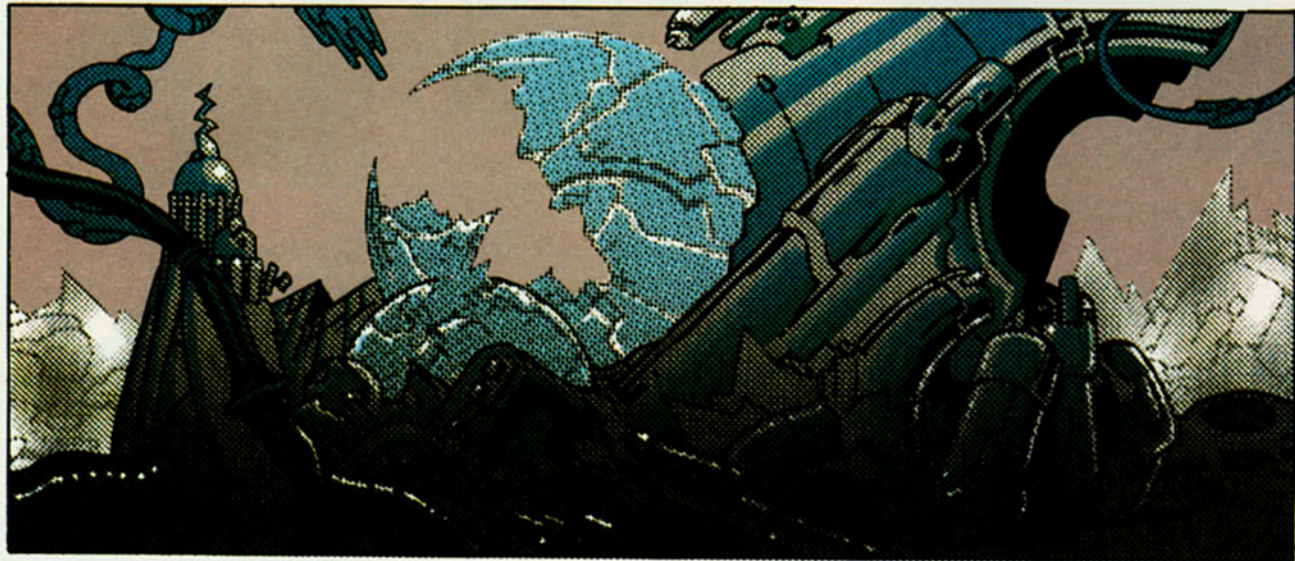
BUT RELEASED ME IN THREE HOURS...



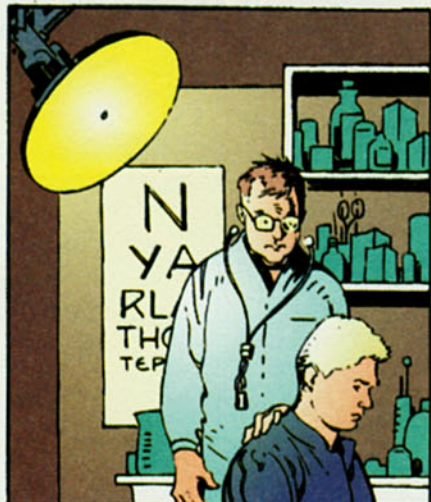
AFTER THEY FOUND IT WAS APOPLEXY WHICH HAD FINISHED TILLINGHAST...



AND SAW THAT MY SHOT HAD BEEN DIRECTED AT THE NOXIOUS MACHINE WHICH NOW LAY SHATTERED ON THE LABORATORY FLOOR.



I DID NOT TELL VERY MUCH OF WHAT I HAD SEEN; BUT FROM THE EVASIVE OUTLINE I DID GIVE, THE DOCTOR TOLD ME THAT I HAD UNDOUBTEDLY BEEN HYPNOTISED BY A VINDICTIVE AND HOMICIDAL MADMAN.



I WISH I COULD BELIEVE THAT DOCTOR. IT WOULD HELP MY SHAKY NERVES IF I COULD DISMISS WHAT I NOW HAVE TO THINK OF THE AIR AND SKY ABOUT AND ABOVE ME.



I NEVER FEEL ALONE OR COMFORTABLE...



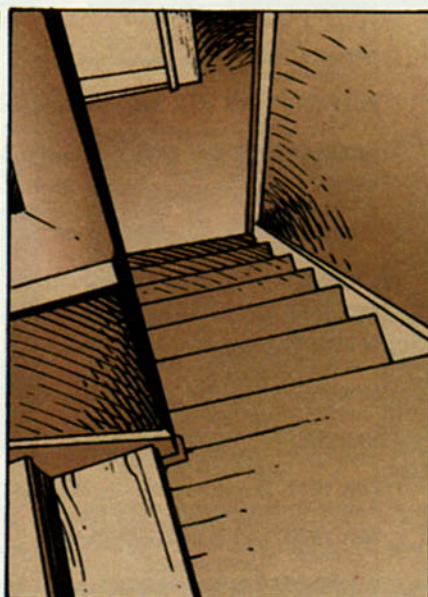
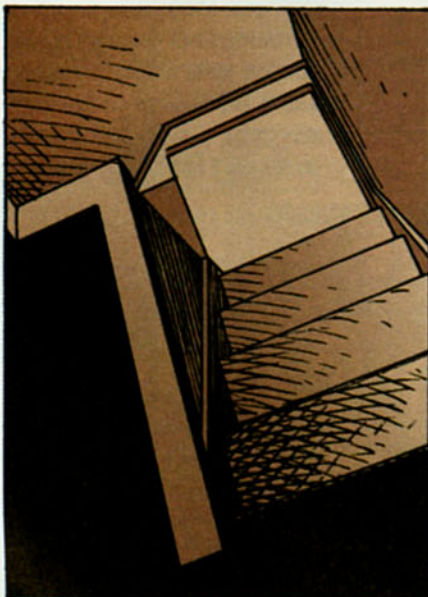
...AND A HIDEOUS SENSE OF PURSUIT SOMETIMES COMES CHILLINGLY ON ME WHEN I AM WEARY.



WHAT PREVENTS ME FROM
BELIEVING THE DOCTOR...

...IS ONE SIMPLE FACT...

...THAT THE POLICE NEVER FOUND
THE BODIES OF THOSE SERVANTS...

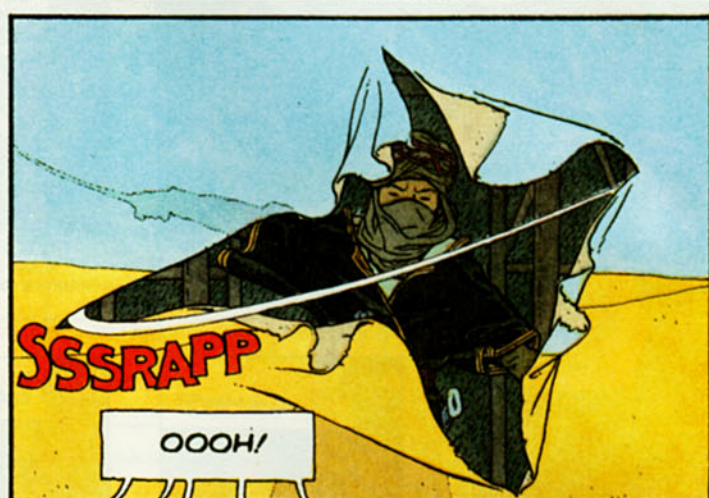


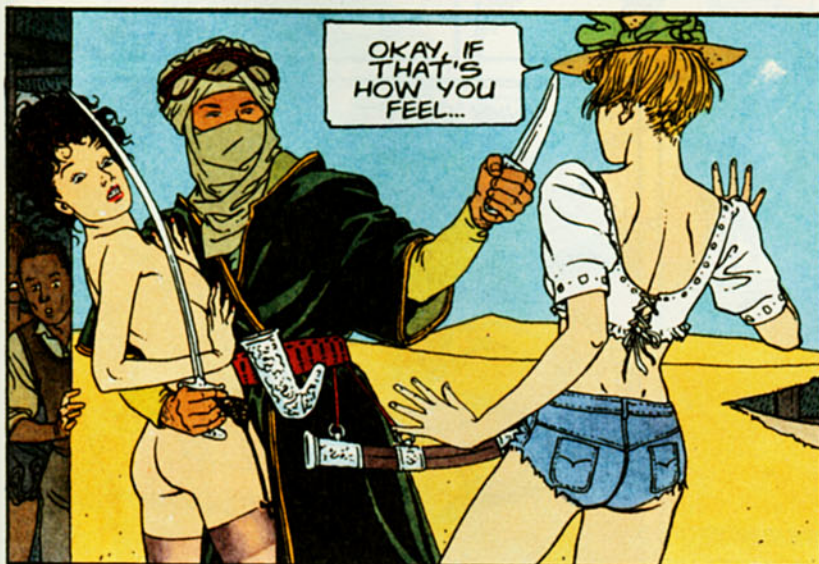
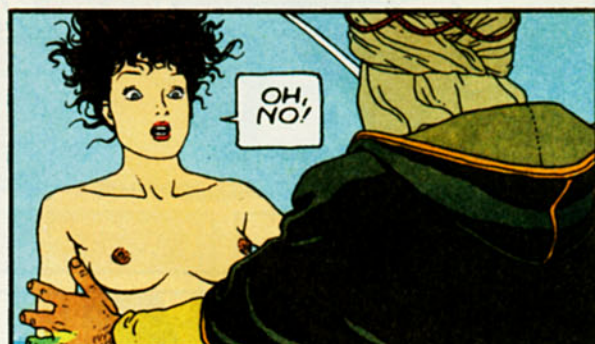
...WHOM THEY SAY CRAWFORD TILLINGHAST...

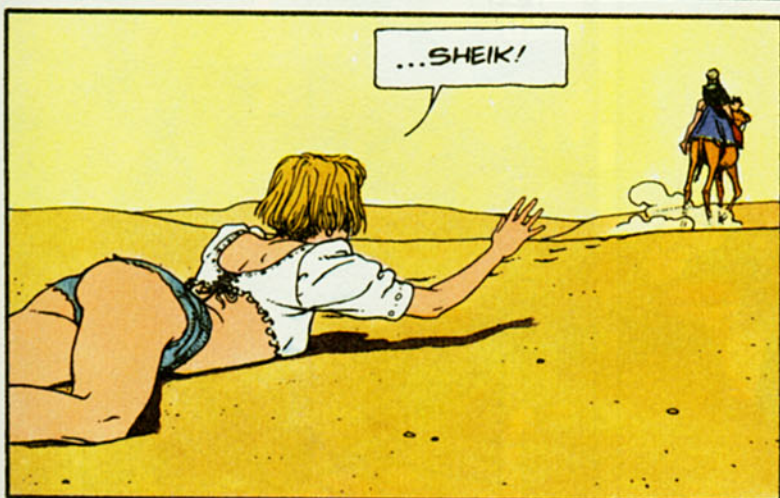
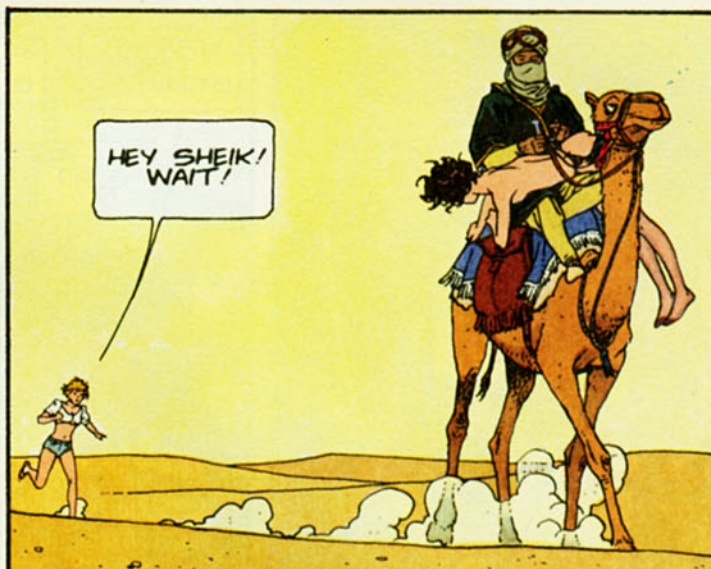
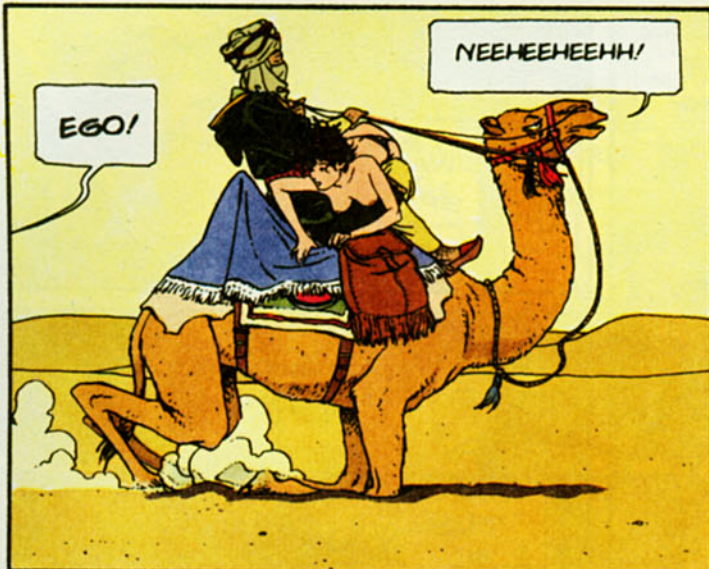
...MURDERED.

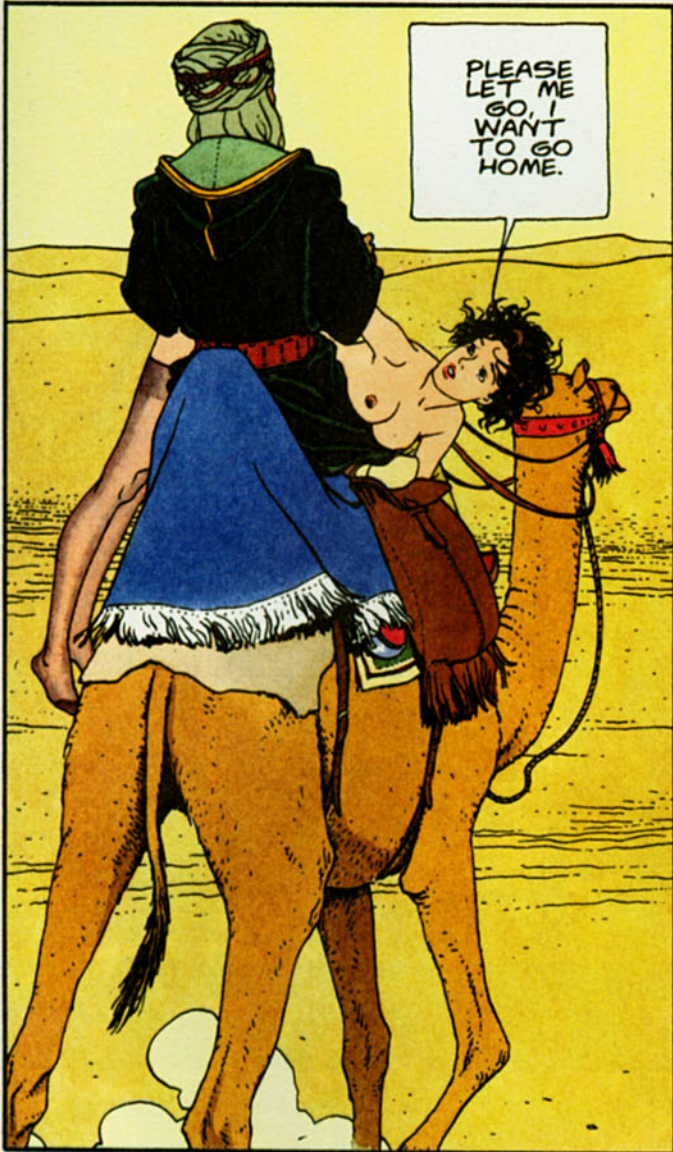


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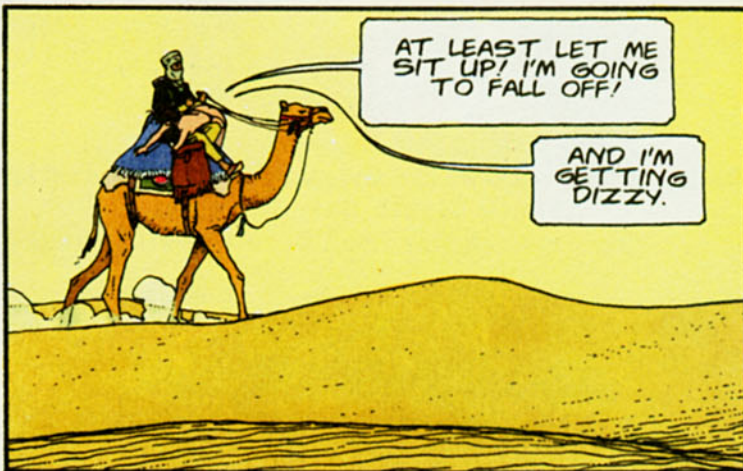








PLEASE
LET ME
GO, I
WANT
TO GO
HOME.



AT LEAST LET ME
SIT UP! I'M GOING
TO FALL OFF!

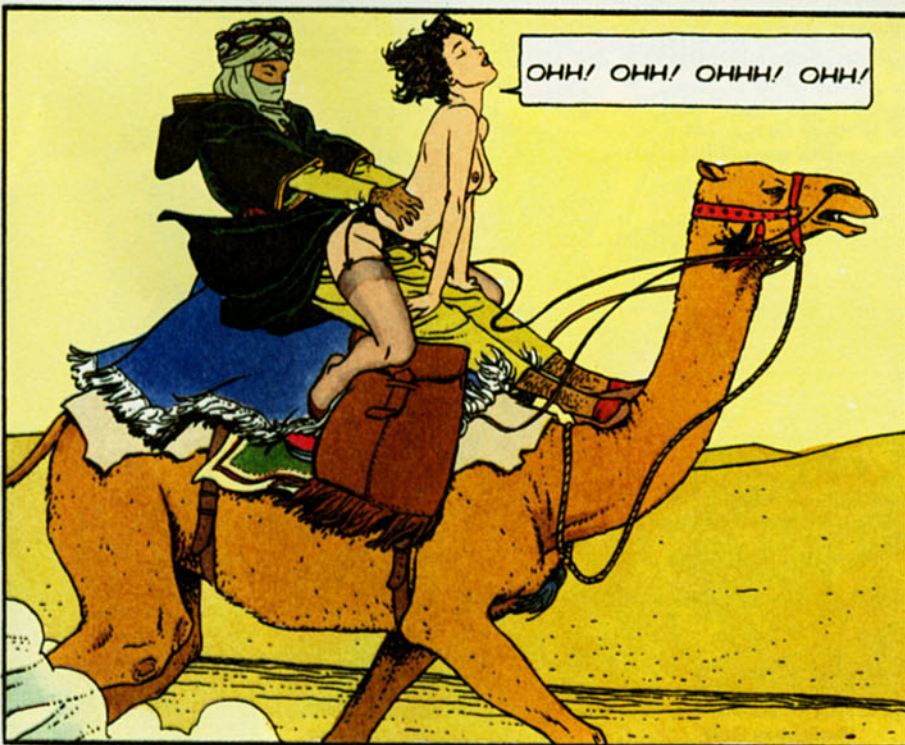
AND I'M
GETTING
DIZZY.



THAT'S
BETTER!



WHAT ARE
YOU D-O-I-NG?



OHH! OHH! OHHH! OHH!



OH, MY! WHAT
A DREAM THAT
WAS!! I DON'T
SEEM TO BE
MAKING ANY
PROGRESS
WITH MY
THERAPIST!

Giardino

4

S. CUNNINGHAM'S

STRIPTease

WITH SPECIAL
THANKS TO
DANNY
HELLMAN

GRIM REAPER
HANDPUPPETS

SOUVENIRS FROM HELL

SEAMONKEYS
WANTING FOR THEM
TO GROW IS HELL

EXPLODING
PRAYER
CANDLES
THEY'RE A BLAST

IT'S A CLASSIC
SERPENT
IN A
CAN

LAVALA
WITH RE
LAVA



DEMON CHIA
PET



SNOWBALLS

GUESS
WHERE
I'M
GOING

WORLD'S
GREATEST
SINNER



FUN FOR NEW
PARENTS



FLAMMABLE
DIAPER

MY PARENTS
WENT TO
HELL
AND ALL I
GOT WAS
THIS LOUSY
SHIRT



MAPS TO THE
STAR SHAN

GRAB BAG GAGS!
INSTANT PLAGUE - SULPHUR CANDY -
CHOCOLATE BUNG BALLS - REAL DEALER
HAM - RAZOR WIRE FLOSS -
SANDPAPER TOILET TISSUE
COMBO OF THREE

BUMPER LAFPS

I'VE BEEN TO
HELL AND BACK

CHRISTIANS
SUCK

Reagan 1980
RUSH



The Devil Burns A Sick Day!



Boss, wake up, you've overslept again!

Moan, I need a vacation. I'm calling in sick!

Think of it, Louie, we've got all day to sit in the park, meet people, make new friends...



Yeah! And I packed Ham sandwiches too!

Look Louie, a mortal! Watch me make a new friend!



LAUGH AT ME, HUH?!?



Think about it, Louie, what a depressing job, being mean to people all the time!



Hello God? I'm burning a sick day. I gotta, uh, cold...



A COLD?!?!?

The firm won't tolerate malingers, report to work immediately!! Hello!? Hello!?

Many hours later...



Jeezus-The day's half over! Can't you go any faster, J. Edgar?

Hmmph! If SOMEBODY hadn't cut my maintenance budget I could...



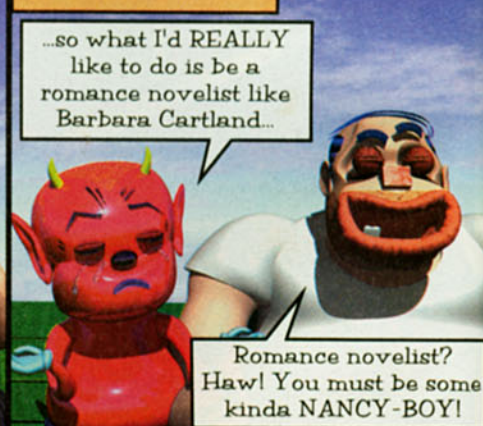
Remember, we're non-union, J. Edgar, don't piss me off!

URK!



Greetings friend! Isn't this marvelous weather? Care for a deviled ham sandwich? I find them delightful! Blah-blah-blah...

Several hours later...



...so what I'd REALLY like to do is be a romance novelist like Barbara Cartland...

Romance novelist? Haw! You must be some kinda NANCY-BOY!

Suddenly God appears, posing as a can of tuna!



Caught you! Cold indeed! I'll replace you with immigrant labor! You're fired!

Hah! I can do MUCH better than this lousy job!

And so...



Young man, this hamburger's not cooked enough!!!

You want it...

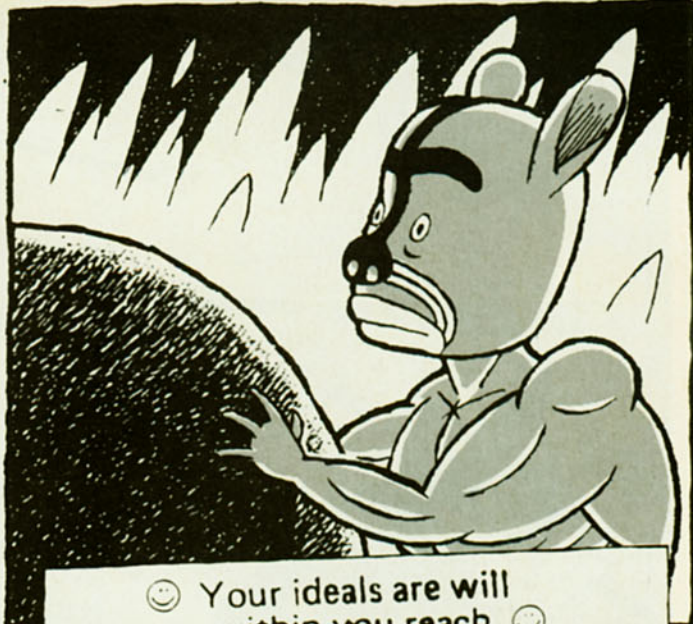
...WELL DONE?

SISYPHUS

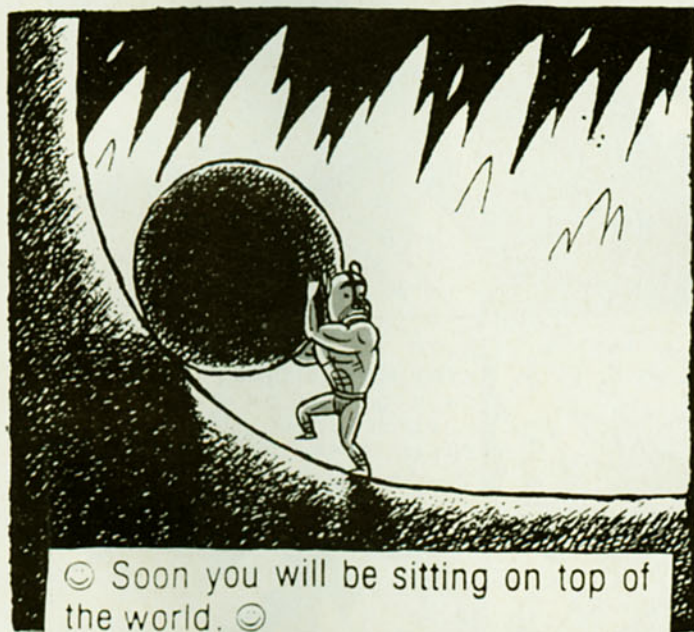
in

☺ You'll never know what
you can do until you try. ☺

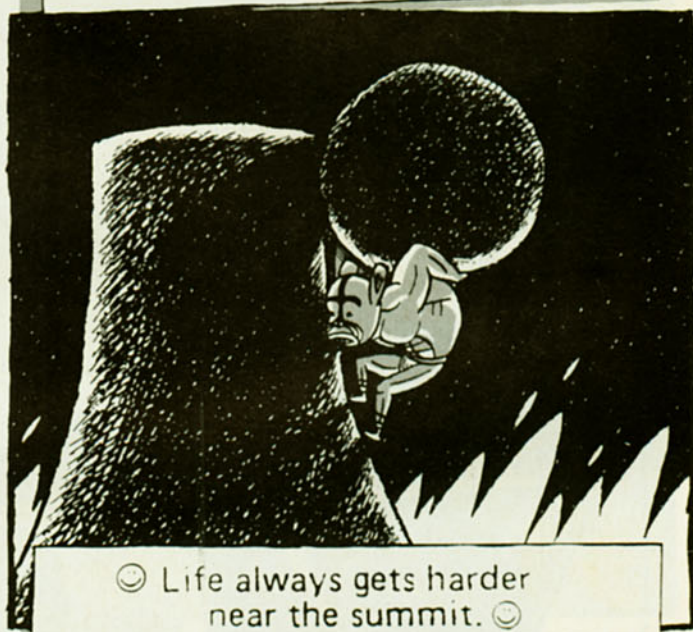
a PARABLE TOLD WITH FORTUNE COOKIES
AND DRAWN BY
JONATHAN YOYCE



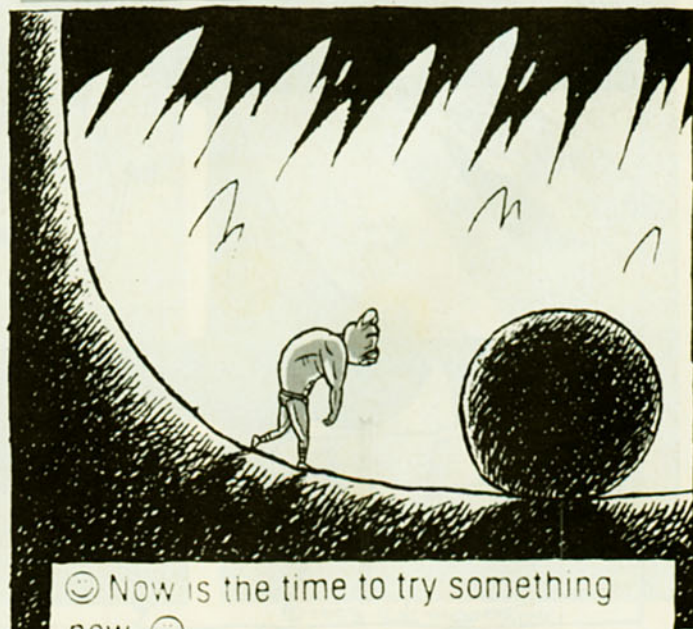
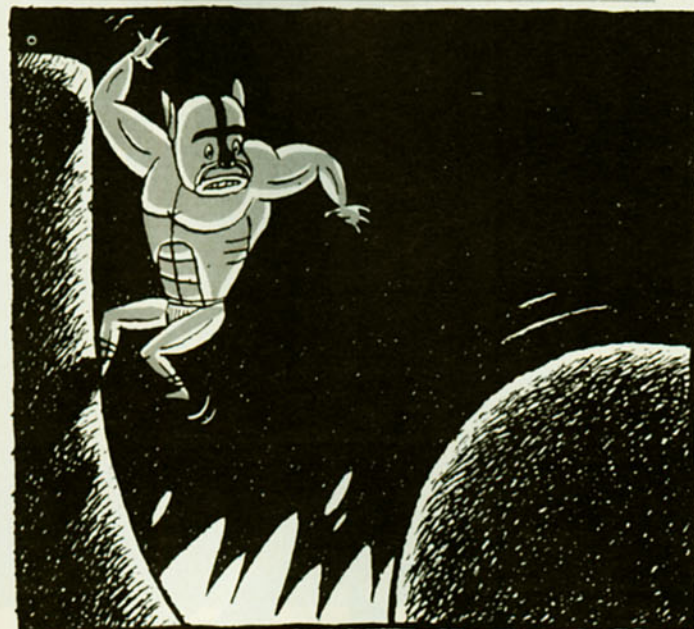
☺ Your ideals are will
within you reach. ☺



☺ Soon you will be sitting on top of
the world. ☺



☺ Life always gets harder
near the summit. ☺



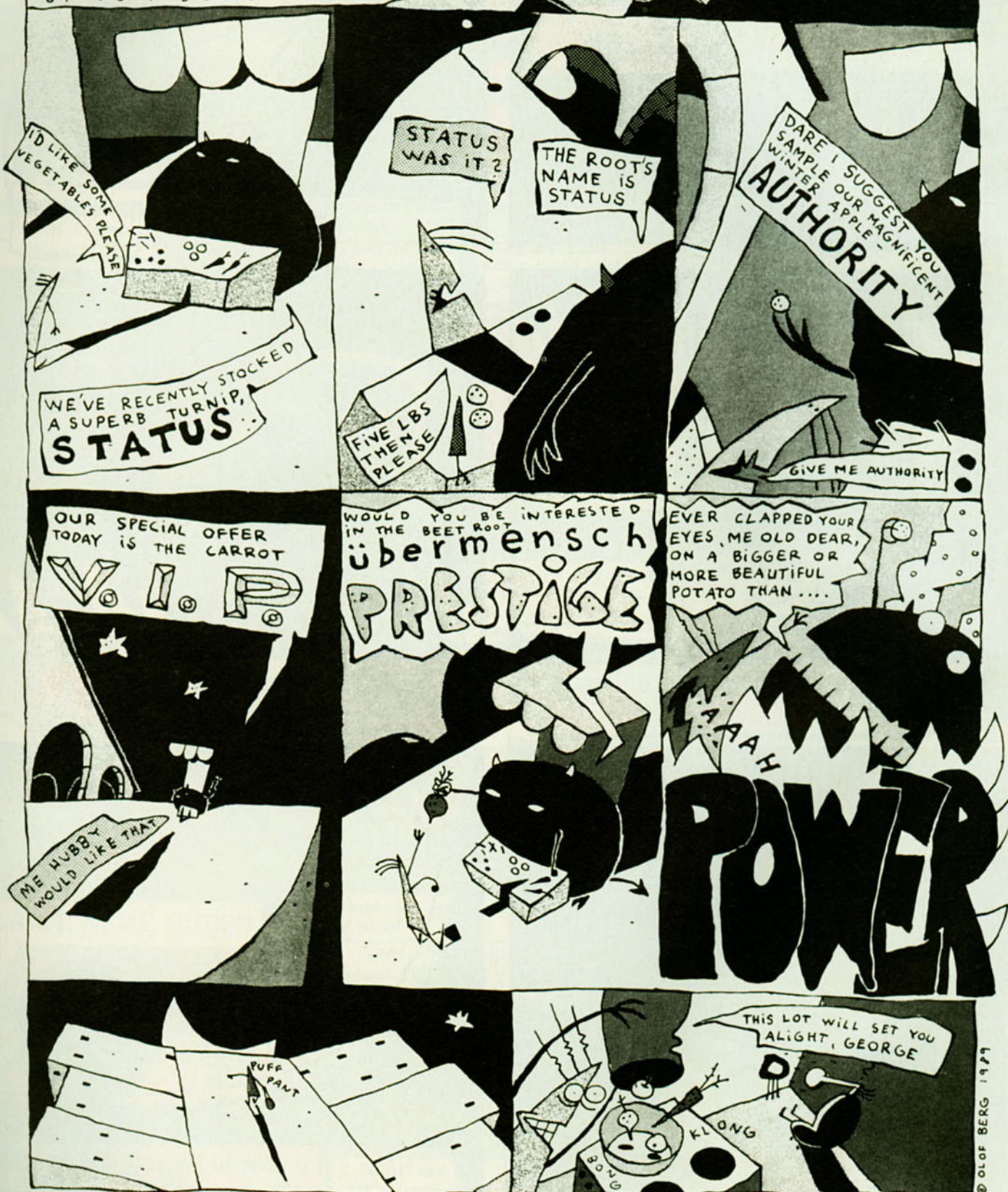
☺ Now is the time to try something
new ☺

Lucifer's FRUIT

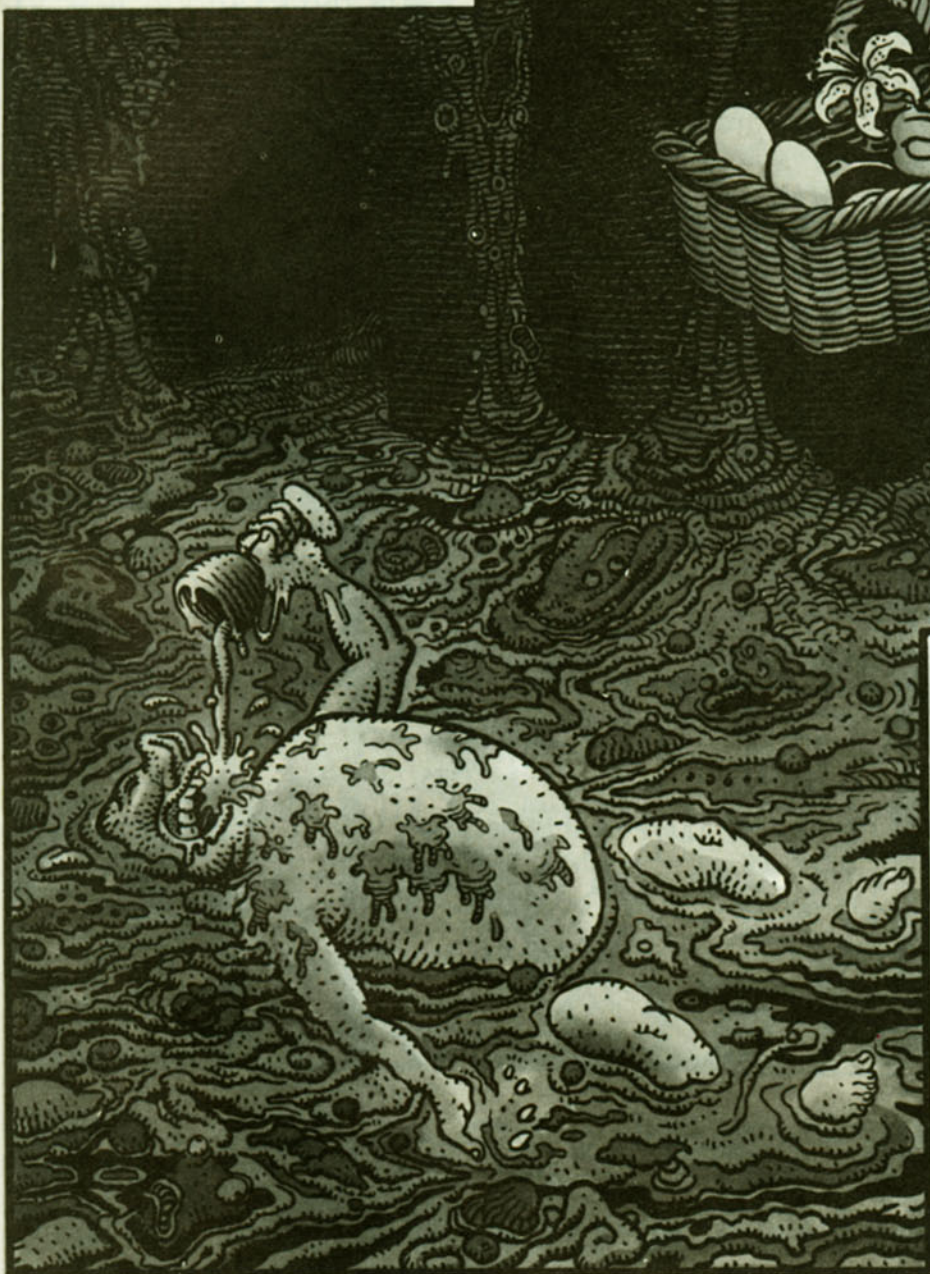
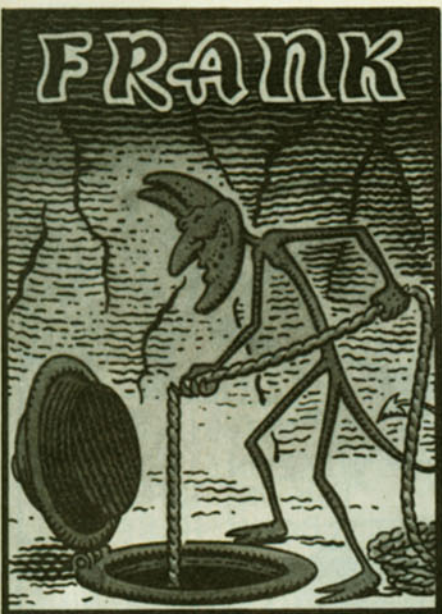
&

VEG

BY OLOF BERG



FRANK



© 1993 JIM WOODRING

67 HEAVY METAL

SATAN TAKES A

HOLLY-DAY

BY MICHAEL AUSHENKER
©1993

DEEP WITHIN THE UNDERWORLD, WE FIND LUCIFER PRESIDING OVER HIS DOMAIN. BUT HIS HEART IS NOT IN IT—HE IS AT A CROSSROADS...

WELL, I I SAY "BLIZZARD ENDED MY OF OZ" IS THE BEST ALBUM TO SUICIDE TO! SUFFERING TO JUDAS PRIEST, WHICH KICKS OZZY'S ASS!

HAIL SATAN! HAIL SATAN!

LATELY, I GET THE FEELING THAT I'M THE ONE SUFFERING DOWN HERE...

OZZY DIARY OF A MAD MAN

MOLLY CAVE

I WONDER IF IT IS POSSIBLE FOR ME TO EXPERIENCE BURNOUT? I SWEAR, IF I HAVE TO TAKE IN ANOTHER HEADBANGER...

HAIL! HAIL! HAIL!

HERE IS YOUR CAPE, ME LORD! I'M AFRAID THERE'S A LITTLE STARCH IN THE COLLAR...

YOU INCOMPETENT! I WANTED MY CAPE CLEANED, NOT BRONZED! WHERE DID YOU TAKE IT?!?

MARTY'S DRY CLEANING IN HOLLYWOOD.

HOLLYWOOD?! YOU TOOK IT ALL THE WAY TO HOLLYWOOD WHEN CHINA'S A POTHOLE AWAY?

I STILL HAVE THE RECEIPT, ME LORD! SHOULD I GO BACK AND RAISE SOME HELL?! NEVERMIND! I'LL GO MYSELF! KEEP THE "NEW KIDS" TAPE ON CONTINUOUS LOOP TILL I GET BACK!

MINUTES LATER, AT THE CORNER OF SUNSET AND LA BREA...

WHAT THE HEAVEN IS GOING ON?! DON'T YOU WATCH THE NEWS?

IT'S ANOTHER RIOT!

FIRES SALE

DUDE! WAIT UP! OH, NO!

HELLION HE USED TO BE JUST ANOTHER CUTE LITTLE ANTHROPOMORPHIC SENTIENT CARTOON CHARACTER

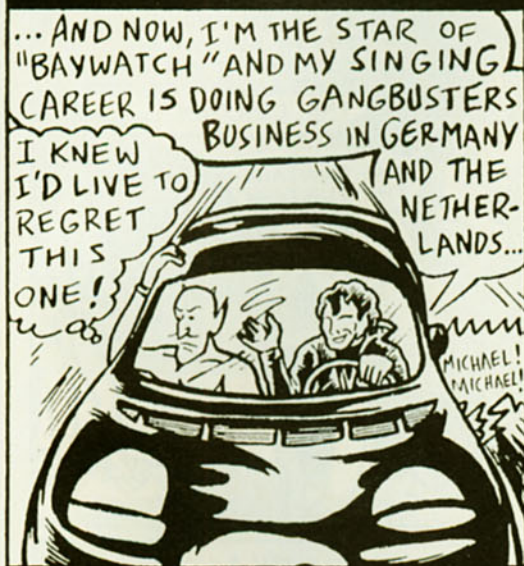
Lil' SKINKER

AMONG HIS MANY FAMOUS ANTICS: YEP! HE'S THE ONE WHO CAUSED BUSH TO PUKE IN FRONT OF THE JAPANESE

ONION?! I CAN'T EAT ONION!! YOU SISSY MAN!

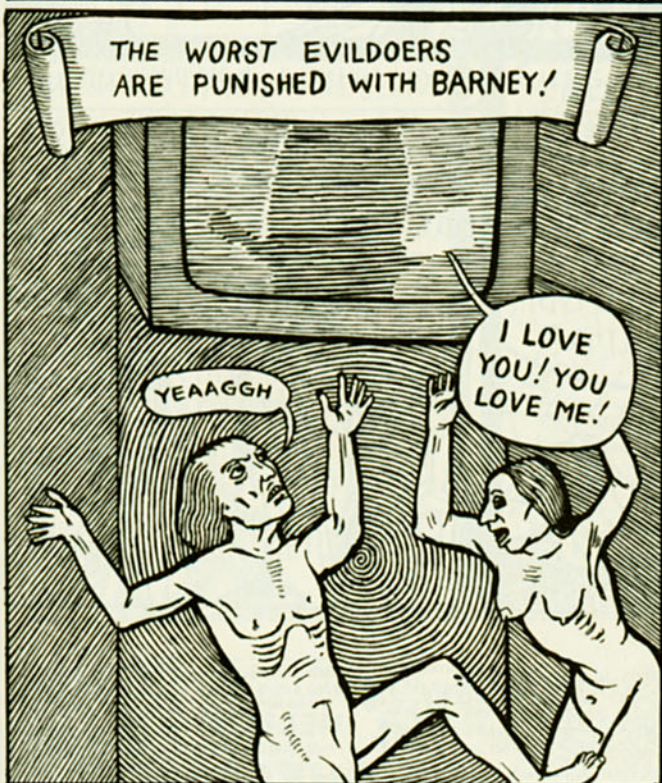
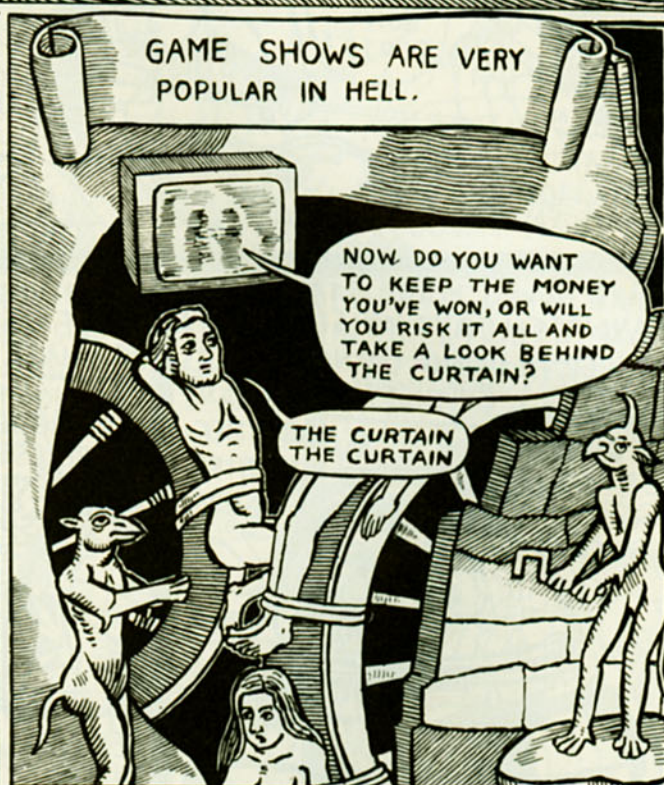
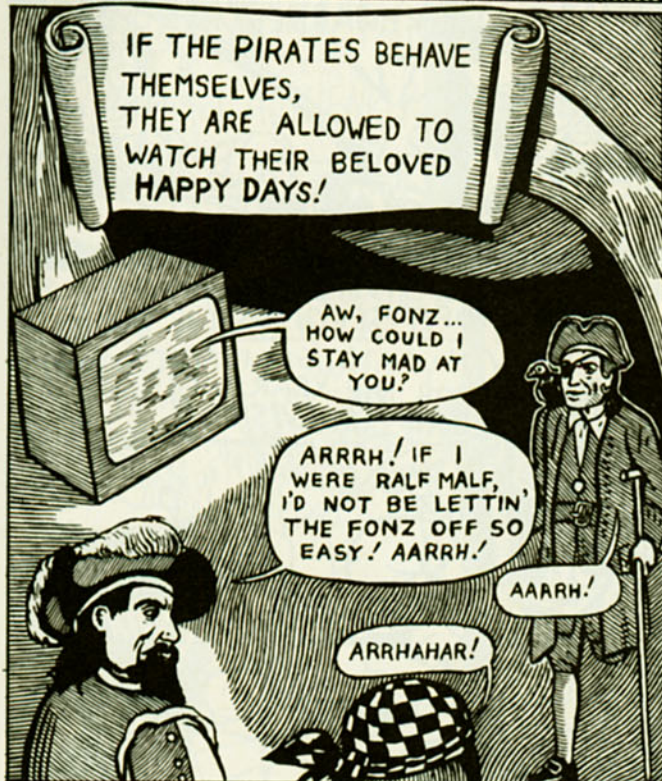
NO TRADE WITH YOU, BUSH SAN! BUT THEN—ONE FATEFUL DAY—

HEY PAL! HOW 'BOUT SOME ONION ON THAT BURGER!!!!

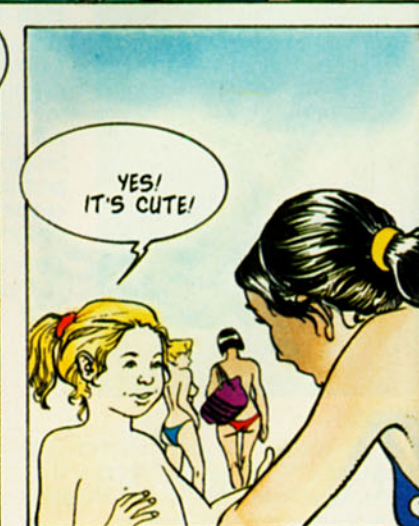
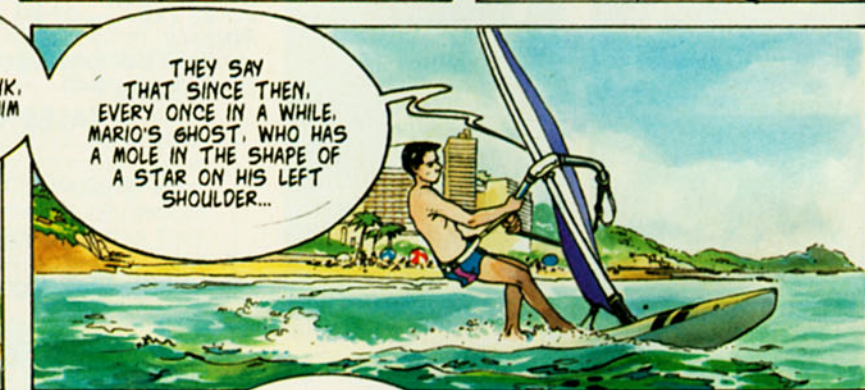
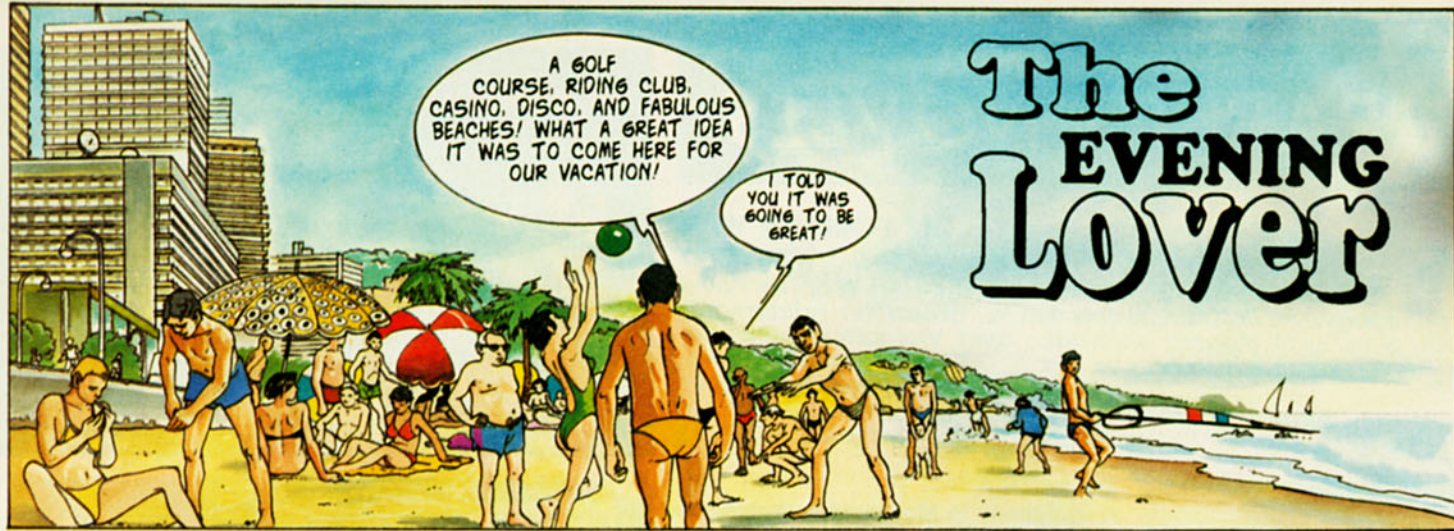


© 94 MARK "NOT MICHAEL AUSPENSER" MARTIN

T.V. IN HELL



The EVENING Lover



THAT VERY EVENING, AS THE SUN WAS SETTING...



HELLO!

??



ARE YOU
ALL ALONE?

YOU'RE
REAL CUTE.
YOU KNOW
THAT?

NO...
IMPOSS...ARE
YOU THE...

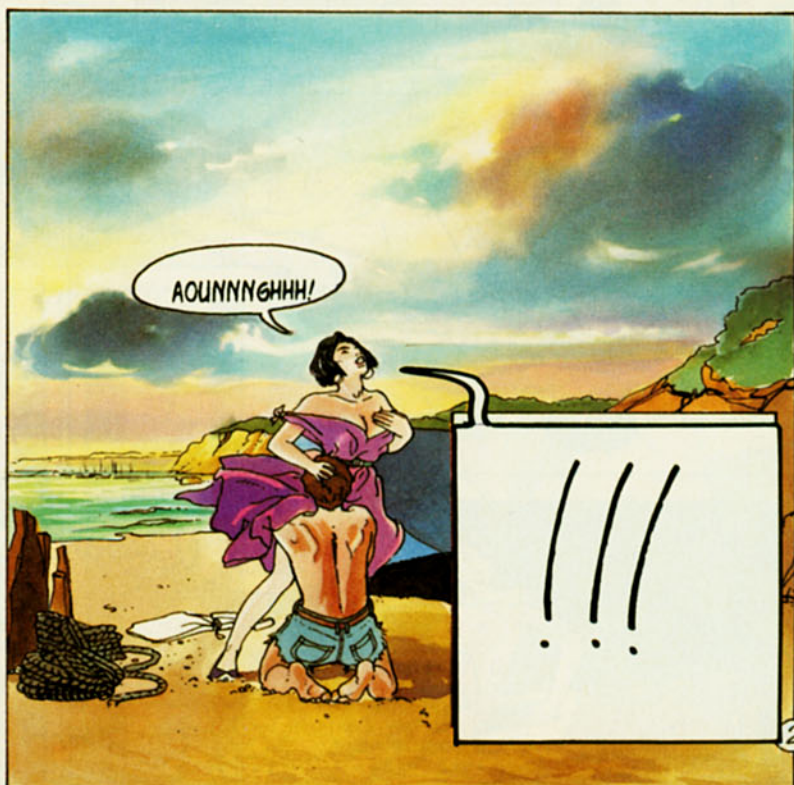


WHAT
ARE YOU
GOING TO DO
TO ME?

DON'T
WORRY...

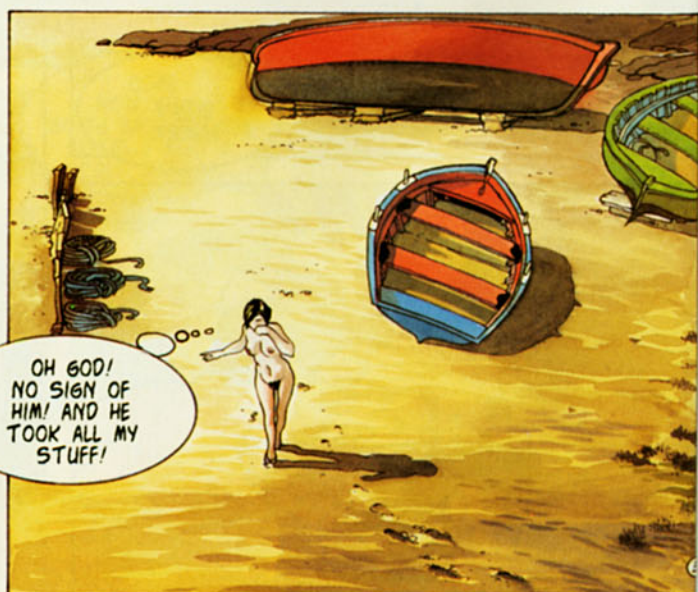
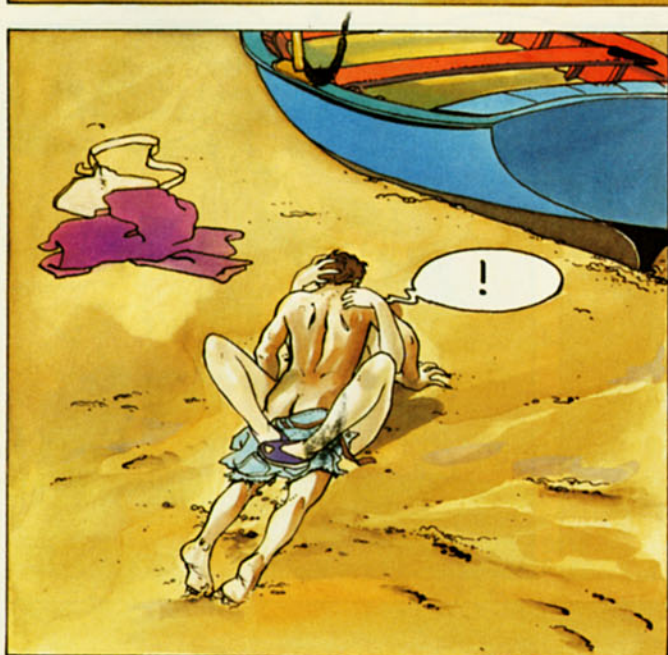
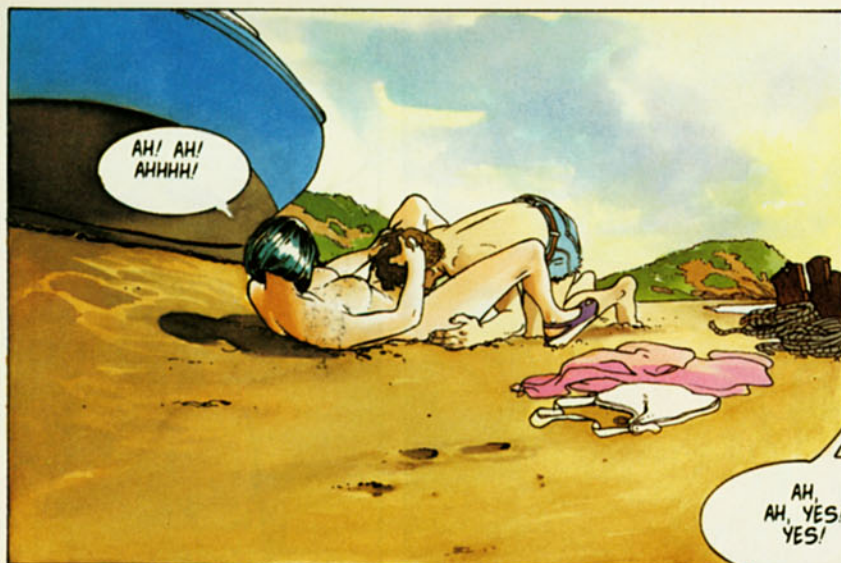


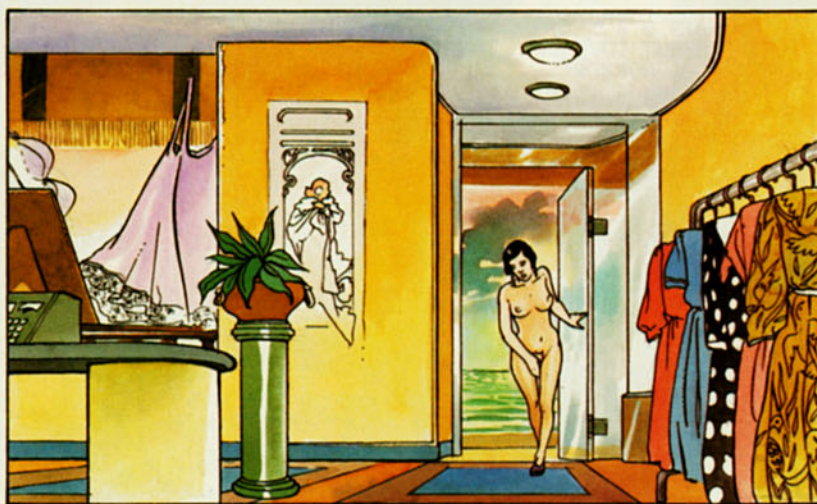
AAAAAAH!



AOUNNNGHHH!

!!!





ALMOST MIDNIGHT!
THE BEST TIME TO TELL
MY STORY.



IT'S A STORY
ABOUT LOVE AND...
HORROR!

SHRRAACK

AND LISTEN! THIS
ISN'T SOMETHING I
JUST MADE UP...IT
REALLY HAPPENED!

COME ON, TELL
IT ALREADY!

ALL RIGHT! ALL
RIGHT! IT HAPPENED
LONG AGO, WHEN A
VERY PRETTY YOUNG
REDHEAD BELIEVED SHE
MET HER TRUE LOVE...
HER NAME WAS...



Emily

...YES, THIS WAS HER
NAME...EMILY!

AND SHE GREW UP IN
THIS VERY SAME VILLAGE.
YES! YES! THIS STORY
HAPPENED RIGHT HERE!

TODAY, THINGS ARE QUIET AROUND
HERE...AT PEACE. WELL, NOT EVERYTHING!
IT SEEMS THAT SOMETHING...NO
SOMEONE IS SEARCHING FOR
SOMETHING.WELL, AS YOU WISH...

EMILY... WAS AN EXOTIC BEAUTY.



DAMN THE DAY SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH THAT YOUNG MAN! AND THAT THEY...



MARRIED!



BUT VERY SOON, IT TURNED INTO SOMETHING UGLY.



IN THE BEGINNING SHE THOUGHT IT WAS LOVE...



HER HUSBAND CHEATED ON HER SO OFTEN...



...UNTIL ONE DAY SHE COULDN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER.





SO, SHE DECIDED TO PUT
AN END TO IT ALL.



SHE! WHO ONLY SEARCHED FOR
TRUE LOVE...DECIDED TO THROW
AWAY EVERYTHING...



...BUT HIS MEMORY WOULD
NEVER LET HER REST IN PEACE!



AT THE FUNERAL SOMEONE HEARD HIM
SAY: 'I WOULD HAVE GIVEN MY LIFE FOR
HER.' THE WORTHLESS BASTARD!

SOME TIME PASSED, ALL WAS FORGOTTEN...



...UNTIL ONE NIGHT!

NO ONE
KNOWS WHAT
HAPPENED.
YES, PERHAPS?
WHO KNOWS!



THERE ARE PEOPLE
WHO CLAIM TO HAVE
SPOKEN WITH POOR
EMILY'S HUSBAND A
FEW DAYS BEFORE.
WHAT IS CERTAIN...



...IS THAT HE WAS
VISITED BY ONE OF
THE RISEN DEAD.
MUCH LATER...AND
WHAT IS MOST
STRANGE...



...IS THAT
LOCK OF
RED HAIR
WAS FOUND
CLUTCHED
IN ONE OF
HIS HANDS.



I BELIEVE...IT WAS EMILY, WHO, SOMEHOW, CAME BACK AND TOOK THE LIFE OF HER HUSBAND...

EMILY!

YES! AND I BELIEVE SHE WILL WANDER THE EARTH UNTIL SHE FINDS HER TRUE LOVE...



GREAT! WE'VE GOT TO GO! WE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW.

YES...GO, TOMORROW I'LL TELL YOU A NEW TALE...EH!

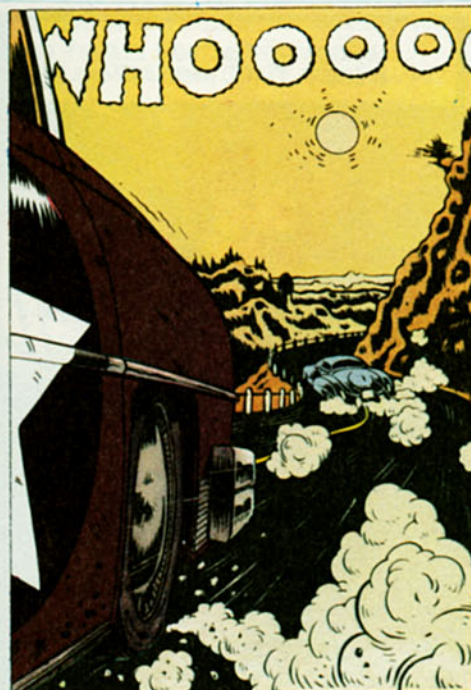


SHIT! I'M GETTING OLD...I'M STARTING TO BELIEVE MY OWN STORIES!

THE
END



BLOCKER! THAT SON OF A BITCH! HE'S GAINING ON ME...



JACK, MY FRIEND...IT'S 'BOUT TIME FER YOU TO LOSE ME...

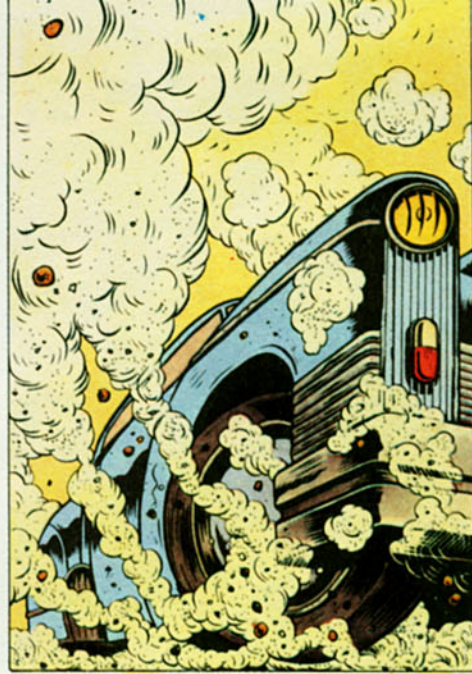


THE SHORT CUT IS ABOUT 100 YARDS FROM HERE...THE REDWOOD PATH...



I...GOT TO MAKE HIM THINK I TOOK THE PATH. IT'S MY ONLY HOPE...





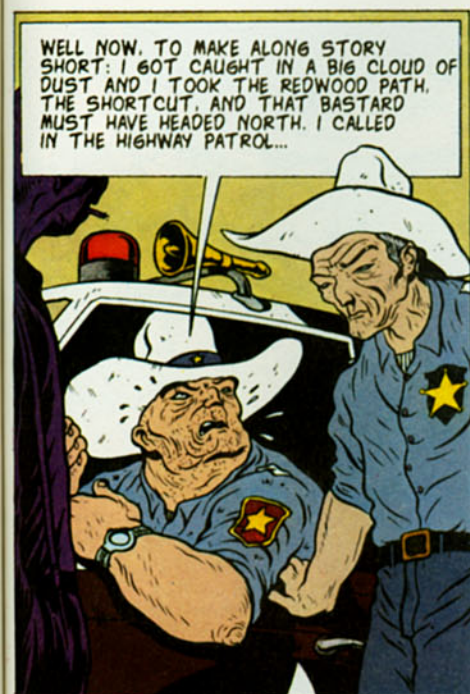


IDIOT! STUPID
EMPLOYEES. STUPID
SHERIFF...

LOOK! THERE'S THE
SHERIFF. HE'S BACK.



HE'S ALONE! THE SHERIFF LET
HIM GET AWAY!



WELL NOW, TO MAKE ALONG STORY
SHORT: I GOT CAUGHT IN A BIG CLOUD OF
DUST AND I TOOK THE REDWOOD PATH,
THE SHORTCUT, AND THAT BASTARD
MUST HAVE HEADED NORTH. I CALLED
IN THE HIGHWAY PATROL...



SO THIS IS WHAT CLAYTON CAME
CALLING FOR. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

HE FIGURED I COULD HANDLE
MYSELF. CATCH HIM RED-HANDED...
I RECKON I MADE A MISTAKE.



I DON'T THINK CLAYTON KNOWS
WHO THE GUY IS.

MAYBE WE'LL GET
SOMETHING OUT
OF VONDALE.

HEY! VONDALE...GIT
OVER HERE.



WELL...WHAT DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT HIM?

YOU UNDERSTAND, I DON'T KNOW
NOTHING BUT WHAT I READ IN
THE PAPER. NOW, IF YOU ASK ME
TOMORROW, AFTER I READ THE PAPER
I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP YOU...



LARGE SUNGLASSES...THAT'S ALL
I REMEMBER. AND A NAME, A FAKE
ONE, I RECKON: JIM FORBES, FROM
CHICAGO. THAT'S 'BOUT IT...

OKAY, OKAY, VONDALE, THANKS.

GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE.



I'M SURE THIS GUY AIN'T
A LOCAL BOY. NO LOCAL
WOULD HAVE STOPPED AT
THE HOTEL FIRST.

YOU GOT A POINT.

SHERIFF!

SHERIFF, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE PROTECTING THE CITIZENS OF THIS HERE TOWN. NOT BLOWING LEAD THROUGH THEIR WINDOWS.



HELL, IF YOU AIMED TO SHOOT MY WINDOW, YOU COULDN'T HAVE BLOWN IT UP ANY BETTER! DAMN IDIOT!



YEAH!

THAT'S RIGHT!

WILLIAMS IS RIGHT!

SURE IS!

WILLIAMS, YOU SAYING THE SHERIFF DIDN'T DO HIS DUTY?



I AIN'T SAYING NOTHING...AND WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?



JUST AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

NOBODY AROUND HERE GIVES A COW'S PATOOT TO WHAT YOU GOT TO SAY.



LET HIM SPEAK, WILLIAMS.

I DIDN'T LIKE THAT GUY NO MORE THAN YOU DID. HE LOOKED TOUGH TO ME. THE SHERIFF COULD HAVE LOST HIS LIFE. HE ACTED WITH COURAGE.



AS FAR AS YOUR WINDOW GOES...IT WAS SURE PRETTY, BUT NOT TOO SOLID. JUST LIKE THE REST OF YOUR BANK...IF YOU PUT A LITTLE MORE OF YOUR MONEY TOWARD SECURITY, YOUR OWN SAVINGS, MAYBE NOW...

MAYBE OUR SAVINGS WOULD BE SAFE AND SOUND NOW AND NOT ON THEIR WAY UP NORTH!

WHAT YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, WILLIAMS?

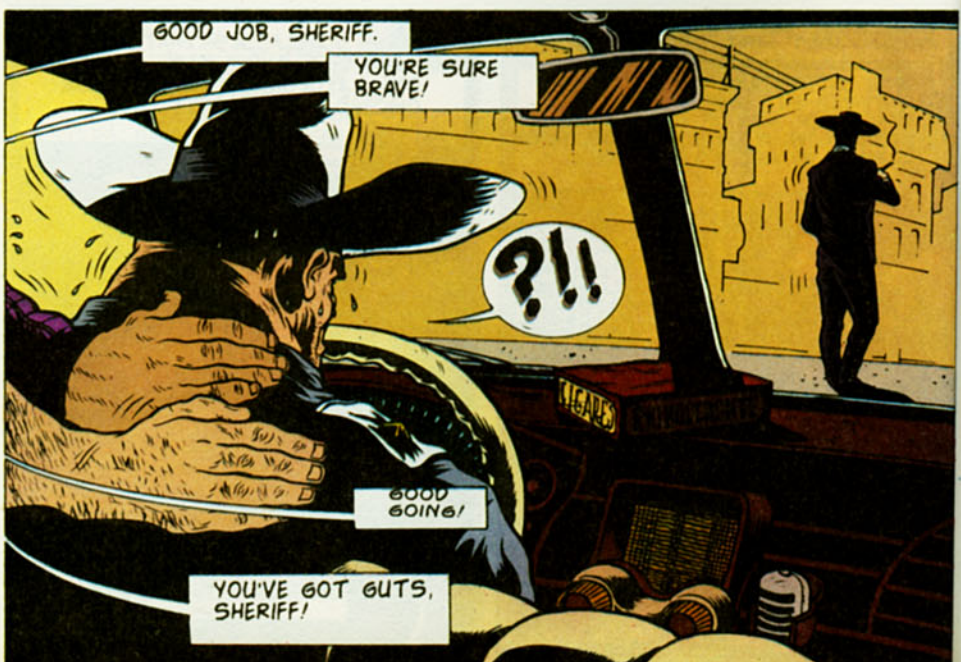
YEAH! JOHNSON IS RIGHT!



WHAT YOU GONNA DO ABOUT GETTIN' OUR MONEY BACK?

GOOD JOB, SHERIFF.

YOU'RE SURE BRAVE!



?!!

GOOD GOING!

YOU'VE GOT GUTS, SHERIFF!

WESTERNS...COWBOYS AND INDIANS...



RANCHES...I SAY, YOUR KID GOT IT BAD, ANGELA. THAT'S ALL YOU SEE AT THE MOVIES...WESTERNS. A BUNCH OF GUYS ON HORSES WHO SHOOT AT ANYTHING THAT MOVES FOR A WHOLE HOUR-AND-A-HALF.



WHILE THEY'RE BEING CHASED BY CROOKED SHERIFFS...

TAKE YOUR DIRTY PAWS OFF THOSE BOOKS.



OH, MY, MY! HERE COMES JOHN WAYNE!

ARE YOU DEAF? I TOLD YOU TO TAKE YOUR DIRTY PAWS OFF THAT BOOK!



TIM! GET OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW!

HA, HA! HE'S GOT YOUR CHARMING PERSONALITY, ANGELA. THE SAME PISS-POOR ATTITUDE...



I RECKON YOU DON'T LIKE HIM VERY MUCH...

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, BLOCKER!

YOU FANCY THE OTHER ONE, DON'T YOU? THE ONE WHO LEFT TO GO UP NORTH, ABOUT FOUR YEARS AGO. WHAT WAS HIS NAME AGAIN?



JACK?

JACK! THAT'S IT. YOU LIKE JACK BETTER...PEOPLE USED TO SAY THAT YOU LIKED HIM A LITTLE TOO MUCH, AND THAT'S WHY ONE FINE MORNING HE PACKED HIS SUITCASE AND LEFT. OF COURSE, I DON'T PAY NO MIND TO IDLE GOSSIP...



YOU LITTLE...



JACK IS BACK IN TOWN. ANGELA.
THIS EVENING YOUR LITTLE BOY IS
COMING HOME TO
SAY "HELLO"
TO HIS MA.



LET ME GO! YOU'RE
HURTING ME!

NOW YOU LISTEN! HE JUST ROBBED
THE BANK IN CRYSTAL. RIGHT NOW
HE'S HIDING. BUT I RECKON HE'S
COMING HERE TO STAY. WITH ALL
THAT MONEY. I WANT THAT MONEY
AND YOU'RE GONNA HELP
ME GET IT.



ARE YOU ASKING ME
TO TURN IN MY
OWN SON?

NAW, NOTHING LIKE THAT...ALL
I WANT FROM YOU IS TO FIND
A WAY TO GET THAT MONEY
FROM HIM. YOU'LL FIGURE OUT
SOMETHING...



EASY FOR
YOU TO
SAY.

YOU'LL DO JUST FINE., IF HE GIVES
YOU ANY TROUBLE YOU CAN ALWAYS
USE YOUR FEMININE CHARMS. JUST
LIKE THE GOOD OLD TIMES...



YOU AIN'T NOTHING
BUT TRASH, BLOCKER.

NOW JUST WHAT IF I SAY "NO"?

WELL NOW, I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I
WERE YOU, MISSY. IF YOU DO, I'LL CUT
YOU OUT OF THE FORT STOCKTON
DEAL. AND I DON'T THINK WE'LL
HAVE MUCH PROBLEM FINDING
ANOTHER TAKER.



I'M LEAVING. I
WANT THAT
MONEY BY
TOMORROW
MORNING...MAYBE
YOU OUGHTA PRY
THAT BOTTLE
FROM YOUR
MOUTH AND
START THINKING
ABOUT WHAT
YOU'RE GOING TO
DO. DON'T WASTE
NO MORE TIME.



GOOD-BYE.

GET BACK INSIDE,
KID. THE RAIN WILL
RUIN YOUR BOOK!





YOU COMING, FINCH? THE MEETING'S
BOUT TO START...



WAS THAT BLOCKER'S
CAR I JUST HEARD?

NO. THAT WAS KENDRICK,
HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.



HE GO IN
TO GIVE
HIS DAILY
BRIEFING
TO THE
OLD MAN?

YOU CAN'T
STAND HIM,
CAN YOU?



THAT DANDY HAS ONLY BEEN HERE
SIX MONTHS AND HE'S ALREADY
TRYING TO BOSS AROUND A GANG
WHO'S BEEN TOGETHER FOR FIFTEEN
YEARS. PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME, WILL!

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?



HE JUST SHOWED UP WHEN WORD GOT
AROUND THAT FARNUM BEEN HIT BY THE
COPS. HE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF FARNUM'S
ILL CONDITION TO GET CLOSE TO HIM
AND TODAY HE'S HIS RIGHT ARM. HE...

OKAY, MAYBE HE DID GET
OVER ON THE OLD MAN, BUT...



WELL, AIN'T THAT ENOUGH AND HE TALKED HIM INTO
RETRYING AFTER THE FORT STOCKTON JOB. THAT BE
PROOF ENOUGH, IF YOU ASK ME.

FINCH, LISTEN TO ME. FARNUM HAD TO QUIT ONE DAY! IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE...THAT WOUND...AND HIS BANDY LEG...IT REALLY AGED HIM...

YEAH, BUT LETTING THAT MAMA'S BOY TAKE CHARGE INSTEAD OF...

YOU? RIGHT?



WILL!...I'VE BEEN WITH FARNUM SINCE THE BEGINNING! FIFTEEN YEARS!

I RECKON, YOU OUGHTA TELL HIM THAT.

I TALKED TO HIM ABOUT AN HOUR AGO... BUT HE WOULDN'T BITE!

YOU'RE NOT AS FAST A TALKER AS KENDRICK, THAT'S FOR SURE. YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE WHAT I DID: READ THE PAPER...AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT KENDRICK IS GONNA TAKE OVER FROM THE OLD MAN? IF THE GANG'S AGAINST HIM, THERE AIN'T NO WAY THAT'S GONNA HAPPEN.

WILL, THE LITTLE I KNOW ABOUT THAT FORT STOCKTON JOB MAKES ME THINK THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN ABOUT IT...GIVE ME A DRAG...

IT'S GOT KENDRICK'S NAME ALL OVER IT, AIN'T NOTHING TO DO WITH FARNUM.

YEAH!...NOW FARNUM TOLD US NOT TO FRET, HE'LL FILL US IN THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW...

... 'BOUT WHEN HE'S GONNA STEP DOWN.

IF THIS FORT STOCKTON DEAL PANS OUT, ALL THEM GUYS WILL HAVE EYES ONLY FOR KENDRICK, AND HE'LL BE THE BOSS...

NOPE, I JUST WANT TO SHOW'EM GUYS THAT KENDRICK AIN'T WORTH IT.

GOOD LUCK!

AND YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE SURE THAT DON'T HAPPEN, THAT IT?

HIS DEPUTY, THE BANK MANAGER...EVERY-BODY SUSPECTS BLOCKER. IF I WEREN'T THERE TO TURN THINGS AROUND...

A DIRTY COP DON'T ALWAYS MAKE A GOOD CROOK. THAT'S WHAT SADDENS ME, KENDRICK.

I RECKON WE SHOULD QUESTION THE FAT MAN CLOSELY AFTER THE MEETING, AND TRY TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THAT DOG HE LET GET AWAY.

YEAH, THAT'S A GOOD IDEA.

THEN YOU CAN INTRODUCE ME RIGHT.

GIVE ME A HAND, WILL YOU...

DAMNED LEG. THE WORST PART IS GETTING UP...ONCE I'M UP, IT AIN'T BAD. YOU KNOW, FINCH CAME TO SEE ME A LITTLE WHILE AGO. HE DON'T WANT YOU TAKING OVER WHEN I LEAVE...

HE DON'T WANT TO BE LED BY A GUY WHO AIN'T EVEN GOT A DIME'S WORTH OF HIS KNOW-HOW ON THE JOB. THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.

I AIN'T STOPPING HIM FROM LEAVING.

DON'T TRUST HIM. HE'S A TOUGH GUY. HIS RIGHT PUNCH IS JUST AS DANGEROUS AS HIS GUN...

AH! HERE'S THE SHERIFF AT LAST. WAIT FOR ME HERE. I'LL HOOK YOU TWO UP AFTER THE MEETING.

HOWDY, FARNUM! GENTLEMEN! PLEASE EXCUSE MY LATENESS, BUT A SHERIFF'S JOB AIN'T EVER DONE...

I DON'T THINK THESE GENTLEMEN GIVE A PIG'S TAIL 'BOUT YER JOB, SHERIFF.

WELL, LET'S GET BACK TO WHERE WE WERE...ANGELA AND CLAYTON COME OUT OF TRADER'S BANK WITH THE MONEY...



THEY GET IN THEIR CAR...THEY'LL BE DRIVING A GLENDALE, I RECKON. A WHITE GLENDALE, THAT RIGHT, SHERIFF?



SURE IS.

THEY GET IN, AND TAKE OFF.

JIM AND STUTUON, DRESSED LIKE FIREMAN, WILL FOLLOW CLOSELY IN A FIRETRUCK.



AND THEY'LL CATCH UP TO THAT WHITE GLENDALE RIGHT OUTSIDE OF STOCKTON. RIGHT THEN, OUR THIRD CAR ARRIVES, AND CLOSES OFF THE THREESOME.



THE VAN PASSES THE GLENDALE. THE BACK DOORS OPEN. FINCH AND I'LL SHOOT THEM SITTING DUCKS. OUR CAR OUT BACK WILL STOP THEM FROM GETTING AWAY.



WE TAKE THE MONEY, SET FIRE TO THE GLENDALE, AND GET OUT OF THERE FAST...

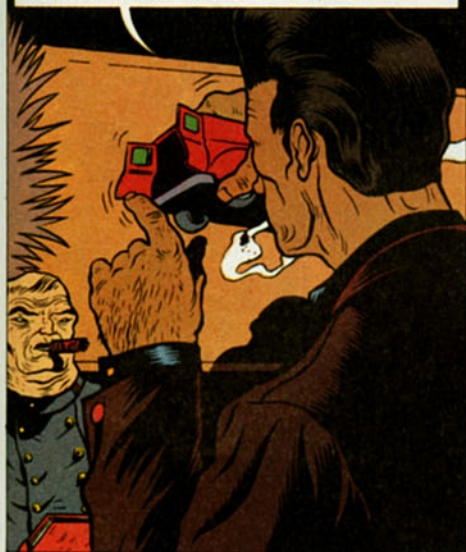


AND THEN WE'LL BE SITTING PRETTY WITH \$350,000 IN OUR POCKETS.

HOME FREE!



OKAY. NOW I RECKON...WHY DON'T WE WAIT UNTIL WE GET TO CRYSTAL TO GET RID OF THEM TWO? THEY GOT TO COME BACK HERE TO DIVVY UP WITH THE SHERIFF, RIGHT?



WILL. DON'T YOU GO TELLING ME THAT IF YOU WERE THAT CLOSE TO MEXICO WITH \$350,000, YOU'D COME BACK HERE JUST TO SPLIT THE LOOT...



THEM \$350,000 DOLLARS GOT TO GET OUT OF THE BANK SOMEHOW. DON'T YOU FORGET THAT OUR TWO DUCKS ARE AMATEURS.



THEY'VE BEEN TO SEE THE PLACE A COUPLE TIMES, AND THERE'S THIS HERE CONFIDENTIAL MEMO FROM THE FBI: A LIST OF ALL THE MORE VULNERABLE AND LESS SECURED BANKS IN THE STATE.



THE TRADERS' BANK IN STOCKTON IS A GOOD PLACE. CLAYTON SAYS THERE AIN'T NO SECURITY SYSTEM, JUST A COUPLE OF OLD GUARDS.



YOU CAN'T ROB A BANK WITH PAPER! AMATEURS ARE AMATEURS! AND WHAT IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG IN THERE?



FINCH! GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

WELL THEN, WE MIGHT WIND UP IN THE PAPERS. JIM AND STUTUON WILL SHOOT THEM DUCKS RIGHT THERE, GET THE MONEY AND TAKE OFF. THE OTHERS WILL STAY AND KEEP THE COPS OUT OF THE WAY.



YOU'VE FIGURED IT ALL OUT, FARNUM. BUT WHAT IF THE FEDS TRACE IT BACK TO US? MEAN, EVEN IF THAT CAR AND THEM BODIES ARE BURNED TO A CRISP, IF THEY START POKING THEIR NOSES...

YOU MEAN THE CRYSTAL COUNTY POLICE?



CALM DOWN FINCH. SHERIFF.

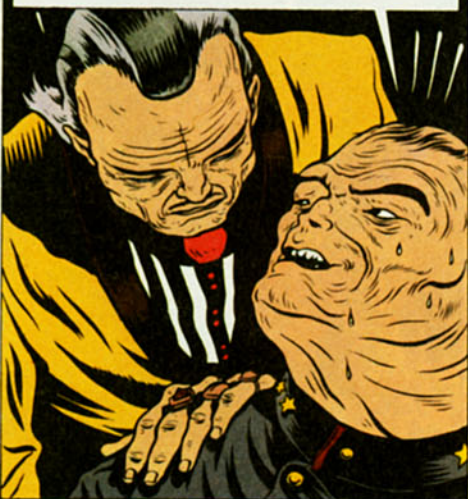
I GOT ME SOME FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES AT THE FBI. WAR BUDDIES. STRONG TIES.

IF ANYONE STARTS ASKING QUESTIONS, THEY GOT TO WORK WITH ME. TRUST ME, I'LL FIGURE OUT HOW TO GIVE THEM A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY. DEAD MEN CAN'T TALK.



DO ANGELA AND CLAYTON SUSPECT ANYTHING?

NOTHING. LIKE I SAID ON THE PHONE, FARNUM. THEY'LL GO TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE WITHOUT PUTTING UP ANY FUSS.



THAT ANGELA'S AWFUL PRETTY. TOO BAD WE GOT TO GET RID OF HER. SHE GOT A SON, TOO.

ONE...TWO BOYS. TWO INNOCENT BOYS.



CHILDREN AIN'T EVER INNOCENT.

Y'ALL KNOW THAT FORT STOCKTON IS MY LAST JOB. I TRIED TO MAKE IT AS CLEAN AS POSSIBLE 'CAUSE I AIN'T SPENDING THE REST OF MY DAYS RUNNING FROM THE COPS.



EVER SINCE THEY GOT ME SIX MONTHS AGO. THEY THINK I'M ON MY DEATHBED.. I DON'T WANT THEM BELIEVING I'M NOT.

DAMN LEAD IN MY LEG MUST OF REACHED MY BRAIN...



IN LESS THAN 48 HOURS THE TILL OF THE TRADERS' BANK IN FORT STOCKTON WILL BE ALL OURS.

JUST HOPE THEM LOSERS DON'T MARK THEM BILLS.



SHERIFF, I KNOW YOU HAD A BUSY DAY, BUT I'D BE MIGHTY GRATEFUL IF YOU COULD SPARE ME A COUPLE MINUTES...



L...LISTEN, FARNUM...I...



WE HAD A DEAL, SHERIFF. THE COPS MIGHT GET WISE TO THIS FORT STOCKTON JOB. IF YOU DON'T QUIT YOUR CROOKED COP WAYS.



HELL, THE FEDS MIGHT JUST START ASKING QUESTIONS AFTER THAT STUNT YOU PULLED TODAY.



I...I DON'T SEE HOW...

FARNUM, YOU SAYING THE SHERIFF DIDN'T DO HIS DUTY?



UHHH...

I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET KENDRICK, SHERIFF. SINCE YOU'RE SUCH A TRUSTWORTHY FELLOW, HE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR FOOTSTEPS FOR THE PAST MONTH...



THIS AFTERNOON YOUR UNSAVORY ACTIONS FORCED HIM TO ACT AS AN EYEWITNESS. HE SAVED YOUR BUTT AND I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY HIM BACK UNLESS...



UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHY YOU LET THAT BANK ROBBER GET AWAY...



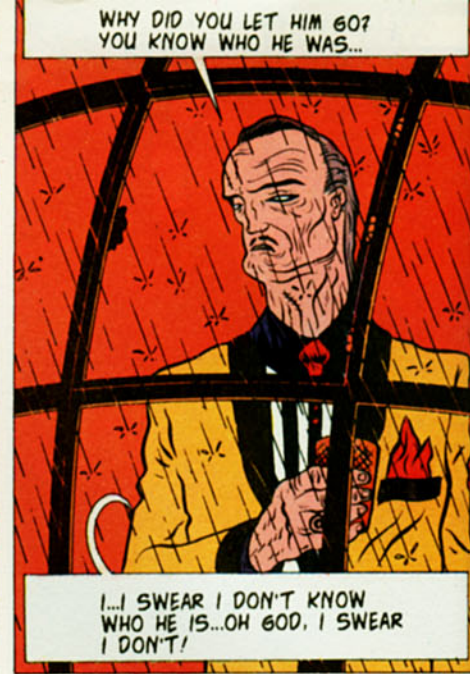
I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT...

DID YOU HEAR THAT? THAT CRY?

THAT'S BLOCKER. WILL AND I HOG-TIED HIM IN FARNUM'S OFFICE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE DONE, BUT I RECKON KENDRICK'S TAKING CARE OF HIM.



SHIT!



CLAYTON CAME TO MY OFFICE TO SNITCH ON COUTANCES. MY DEPUTY WAS THERE; HE FIGURED OUT THAT CLAYTON HAD COME IN WITH SOMETHING HOT...



I HAD TO DO IT. I COULDN'T KILL THE GUY BECAUSE OF HIS MOTHER, ANGELA. SHE WOULD NEVER HELP ME ...US OUT AFTER THAT. YOU UNDERSTAND?



IN THE END, YOU DONE THE RIGHT THING. YOU FIXED THE MESS CLAYTON GOT YOU IN. I RECKON YOU SHOULDA SAID SOMETHING BEFORE; I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO HURT YOU. BUT THERE'S MORE, AIN'T THERE...



I...I BLACKMAILED ANGELA. I TOLD HER...IF I DON'T GET THE KID'S MONEY BEFORE NOON TOMORROW, I'LL CUT HER OUT OF THE FORT STOCKTON DEAL...



YOU DOWNRIGHT CRAZY!

KENDRICK! THAT'S ENOUGH!

YOU DID A STUPID THING, SHERIFF, BUT THAT'S WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE NOW. ANGELA'LL ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS. GO AND GET THE MONEY AND BRING IT BACK HERE, OKAY?



Y...YES...

AT LEAST YOUR BLACKMAILING WILL SHOW HER YER THE REAL BOSS OF THIS OPERATION.



KENDRICK, TAKE THE SHERIFF TO HIS CAR.

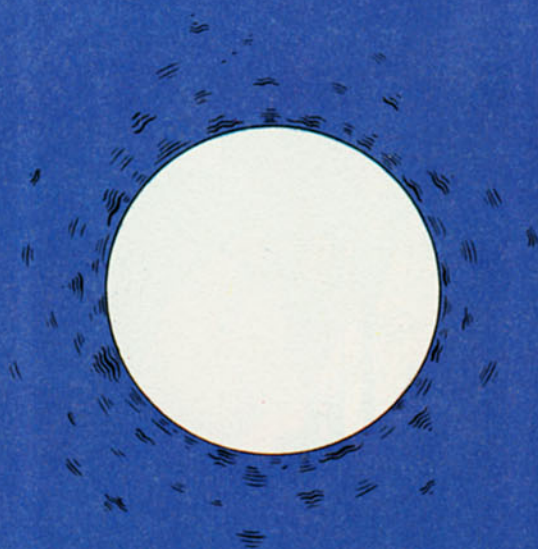


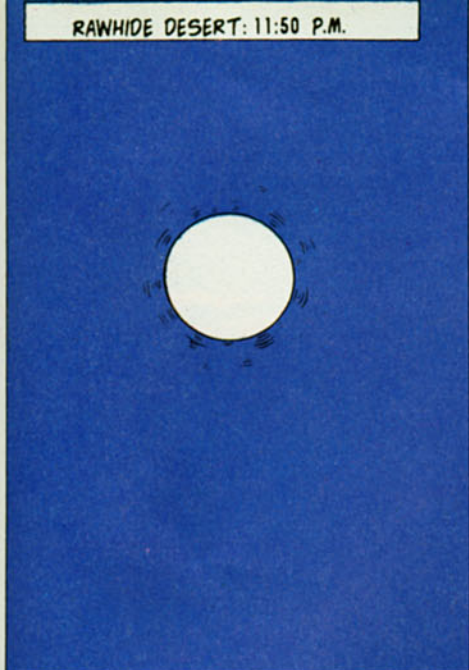
KENDRICK TAKING OVER FOR FARNUM. FORGET IT!

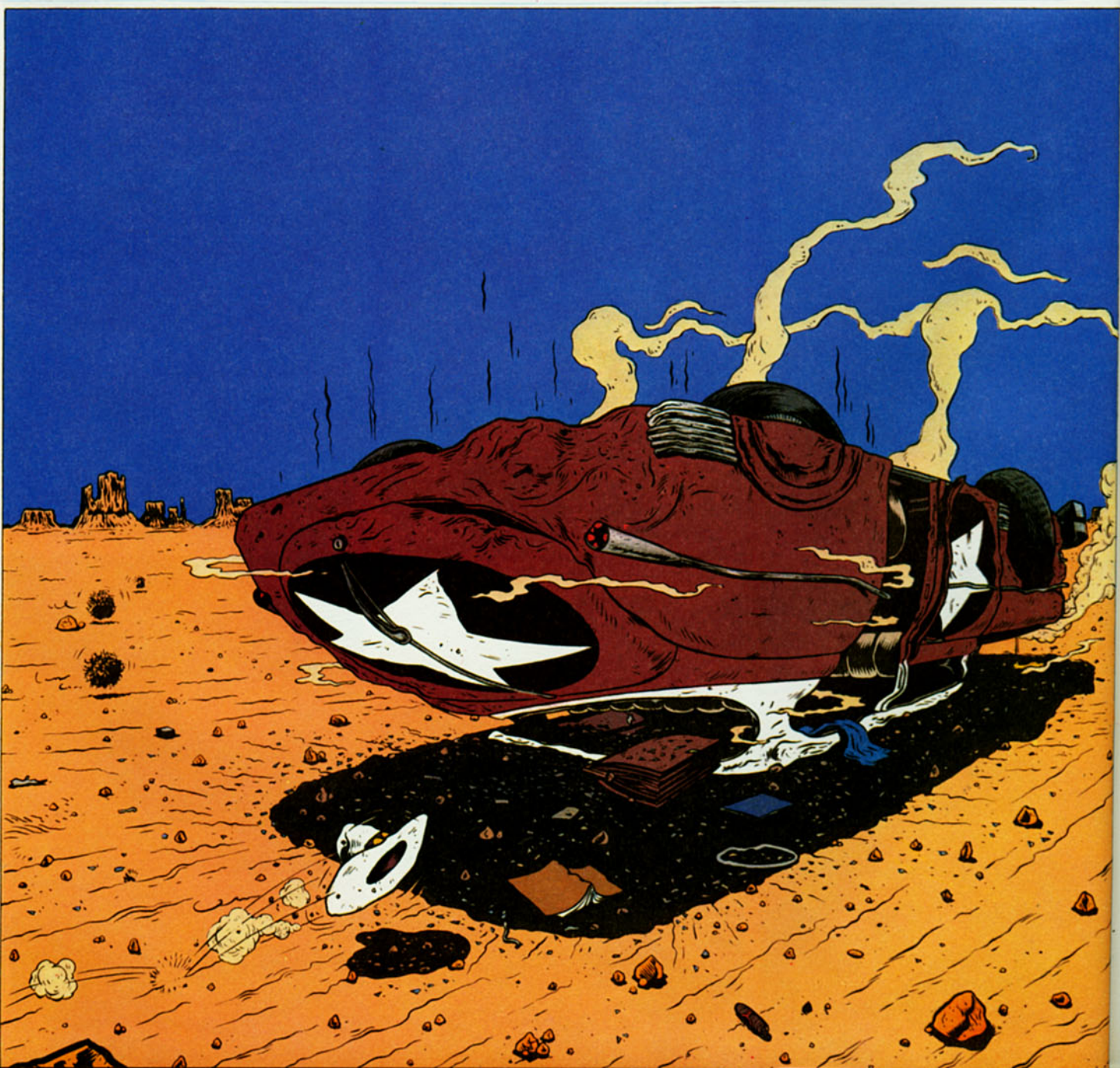
I'M WITH YOU, FINCH.



HELL OF A NIGHT!







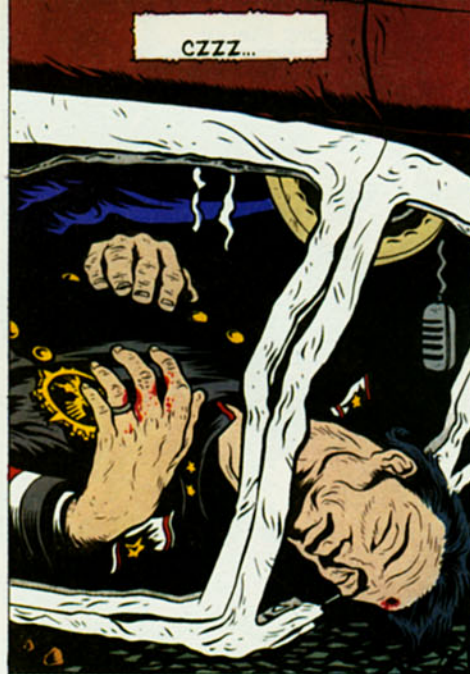
CRRR...CRRR...



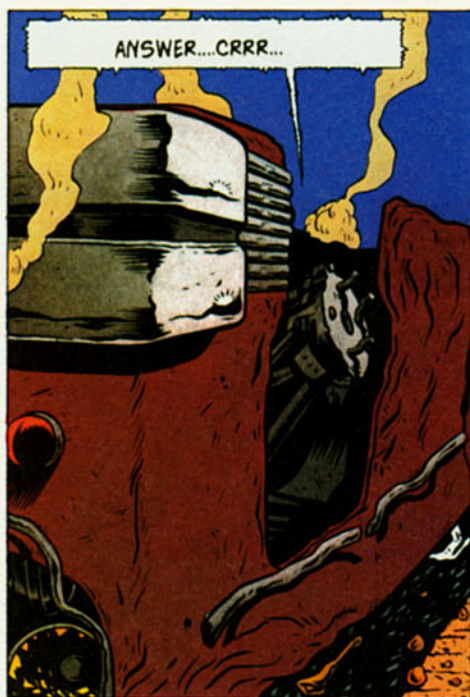
CZZZ...ANSWER! ANSWER!



CZZZ...



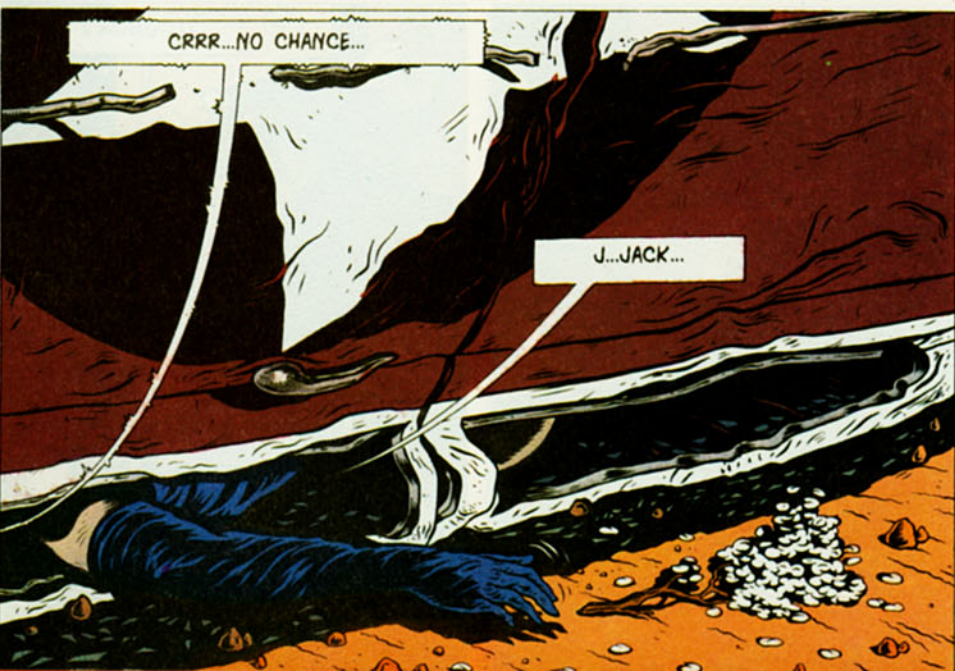
ANSWER...CRRR...



...KNOW THAT YOU'RE HEADING
TOWARD THE MEXICAN BORDER...

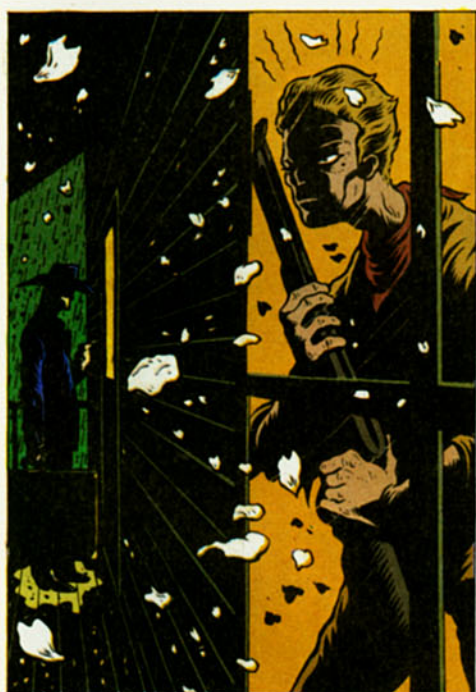


CRRR...NO CHANCE...



J...JACK...

36 HOURS EARLIER...



ALL THEM BOOKS FOR ME, JACK!
...AND NOT JUST COMICS. THEY'RE
FULL OF COLOR PICTURES. WHY
THIS IS GREAT! MUST OF SET
YOU BACK QUITE A BIT!



I TOLD YOU NOW, I SELL THEM.
THEY GAVE THEM TO ME.

LOOK AT THIS ONE ON MUSTANGS! LISTEN
TO THIS, "...IN SOUTH AMERICA, BREEDERS COVER
THEM IN COW FAT IN ORDER TO PROTECT THEM
FROM BLOODTHIRSTY VAMPIRES." WELL, I'LL BE!



YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT
ME TO WAKE MA UP?



NAY...LET HER REST. I'LL SEE HER
TOMORROW. WHY DON'T YOU LEARN
ME MORE ABOUT THEM VAMPIRES?

THAT'S RIGHT. WHY DON'T YOU TELL HIM
SOME MORE OF YOUR STUPID STORIES?



MA...

WHY. LOOK AT WHAT
THE CAT DRAGGED IN!
BOOKS! BOOKS FULL
OF STUPID STORIES
FOR TIM...AND FER ME...
NOTHING! NOT EVEN
A HELLO!



THESE STORIES
AIN'T STUPID!



SHUT UP! DON'T GIVE ME
NONE OF YOUR LIP!



CLAM!

YOU HURT HIM...



HE'S A TOUGH KID. DON'T
MATTER WHAT YOU SAY,
HE ALWAYS GOES OFF!

DON'T YOU WANNA TO ASK
ME HOW I'M DOING?



WHY? IS YOU SICK?

NO, MA. NO...NOT AT ALL! I'M DOING
JUST FINE! I BEEN WORKING HARD
...SO HARD THAT MY BOSS TOLD
ME TO TAKE TIME OFF. SO I SAID
TO MYSELF...



YOU SAID, "WHY NOT GO HOME?
SHE MUST HAVE SETTLED DOWN
AFTER ALL THIS TIME. SHE'S MY
MA. WON'T IT BE NICE?"



MOM...

PLAF!

HOW CLUMSY OF ME! I KNOCKED
OVER YOUR BRIEFCASE.



LEAVE IT
ALONE!
I'LL
GET
IT.

YOU SEEM TO BE REAL SWEET ON
THAT OLD THING...WHAT'S IN IT?



...A BURIED
TREASURE?

NAY...JUST SOME BOOKS LIKE THE
ONES I GAVE TIM. I'M A SALESMAN
FOR A PUBLISHING COMPANY, MA.

YOUR BROTHER FORGOT HIS GUN...
YOU PLAN TO STAY HERE LONG?



LONG ENOUGH TO REST UP. I'M
FEELING BETTER ALREADY AND I'VE
ONLY BEEN HOME A LITTLE WHILE;
REMINDS ME OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES...

YOU'RE LUCKY! I CAN'T WAIT
TO GIT OUT OF THIS DUMP!
...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT AIN'T
KILLED ME YET!



I'M GOING BACK TO BED. YOU
SLEEP WITH TIM. JUST LIKE THE
GOOD OLD TIMES. HA, HA! THE
COWBOY AND THE SALESMAN.







COME IN, JACK.



I MIGHT HAVE BEEN TIM...
TIM? HE AIN'T THE TYPE TO COME AND BOTHER HIS MA WITH HIS PROBLEMS. HELL, IF HE EVER SETS FOOT IN HERE, IT'LL BE TO SHOOT ME WITH HIS OWN DAMNED GUN.



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT I GOT ANY PROBLEMS?...I DON'T GOT AS MANY PROBLEMS WITH TIM AS YOU. THAT'S FOR SURE!



I HOPE YOU DIDN'T LEAVE ME FOR FOUR YEARS WITHOUT EVEN A WORD JUST SO YOU COULD COME BACK HERE TO TELL ME HOW TO LIVE MY DAMN LIFE!...COME HERE! YOU'VE GROWN INTO A MAN! A HANDSOME MAN WITHOUT A PROBLEM IN THE WORLD, RIGHT?



MOM...I LIED BEFORE. I AIN'T ON VACATION. I'M HERE FOR GOOD. I...I EARNED ME A LOT OF MONEY UP NORTH. YEAH! I SOLD'EM HUNDREDS OF BOOKS UP THERE AND...



AND I SAVED MY MONEY...FOR YOU. FOR TIM. FOR THE THREE OF US...OH! I DONE GOOD UP THERE! LOOK! LOOK AT ALL THIS MONEY! ...I GOT TWENTY TIMES MORE!



GO ON, TAKE IT! IT'S YOURS!...OH MA! JUST THINK OF ALL THE THINGS WE'RE GONNA BE ABLE TO DO! WE'RE GONNA BE REAL HAPPY NOW!



CRRR...AFTER LAST NIGHT'S TERRIBLE STORM, RAWHIDE WILL BE SEEING SOME VERY GOOD WEATHER FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS. BACK TO YOU FRED!

THANKS CYNTHIA! STILL NO TRACE OF THE GANGSTER WHO HELD UP THE BANK IN CRYSTAL YESTERDAY AFTERNOON. THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR HIM UP NORTH...

CRYSTAL'S MAYOR CONGRATULATED SHERIFF BLOCKER FOR THE COURAGE HE SHOWED IN PURSUING THE GANGSTER...

MORNING JACK! YOU SLEEP WELL?

MORNING, TIM.

BLOCKER IS HEADING THIS WAY, MA. HEY! A GUY HELD UP THE BANK IN CRYSTAL YESTERDAY. I JUST HEARD IT ON THE RADIO.

THEY THINK HE'S HEADED NORTH... BUT I RECKON BLOCKER CAME BY RIGHT AFTER IT HAPPENED. HE MUST HAVE TOLD YOU ABOUT IT! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

IF YOU WOULD'VE KEPT YOUR FLAP SHUT, I MIGHT OF LET YOU STAY.

BUT EVERY TIME HE COMES, YOU SEND ME AWAY!

YOU TWO UP TO SOMETHING, MA?

YOU KNOW, JACK, MA HANGS OUT WITH THE CROOKEDEST SHERIFF IN ALL OF RAWHIDE. I'LL BET HIS REPUTATION REALLY IMPRESSES HER....!



SHUT UP, TIM!

I KNOW, I KNOW, "SHUT UP OR GET OUT!" IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME.



MORNING EVERYONE!

MORNING SHERIFF! YOU REMEMBER JACK?



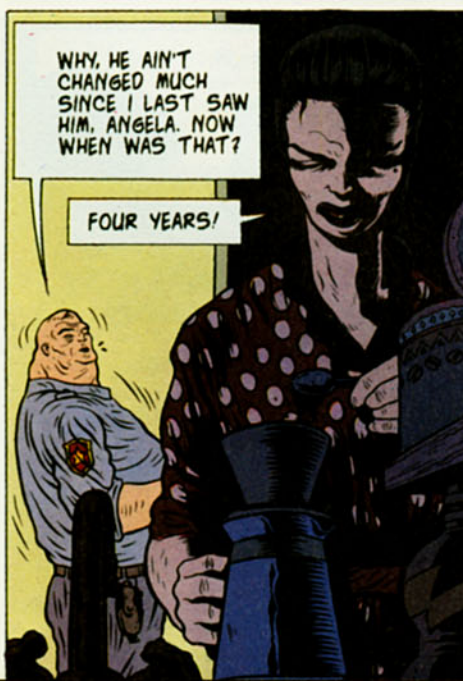
JACK! WHY, I REMEMBER JACK. I REMEMBER HIM VERY WELL! HELLO THERE, JACK.

MORNING, SHERIFF!



WHY, HE AIN'T CHANGED MUCH SINCE I LAST SAW HIM, ANGELA. NOW WHEN WAS THAT?

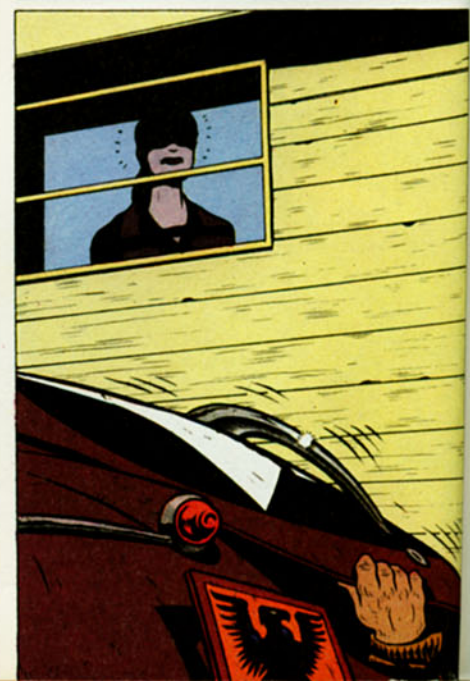
FOUR YEARS!



FOUR YEARS. AND YOU WAS UP NORTH ALL THAT TIME, RIGHT? WHERE, EXACTLY?



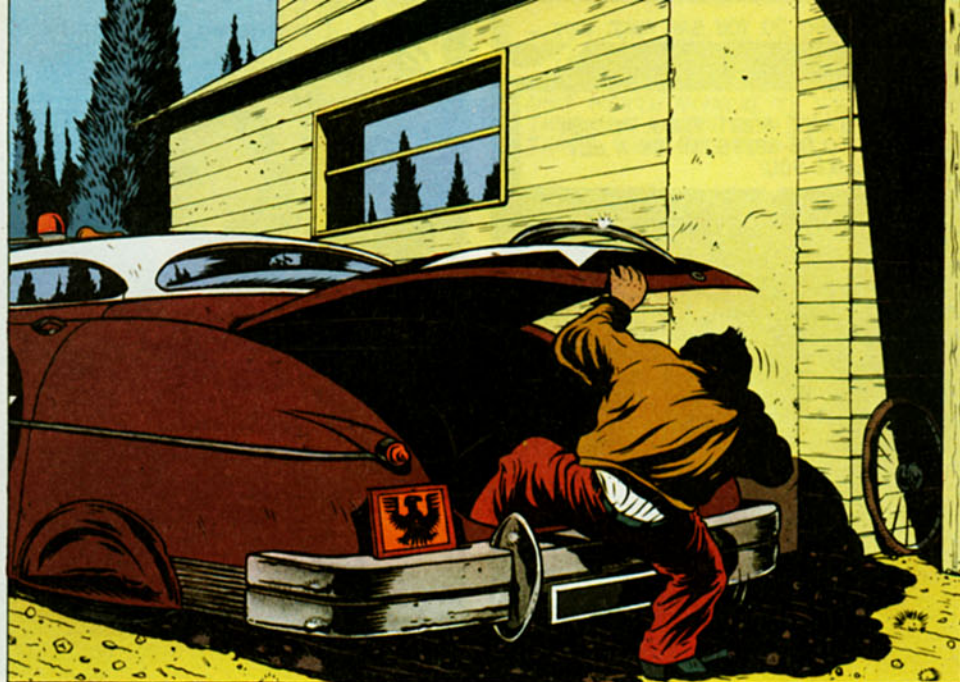
I...I NEVER REALLY SETTLED IN ONE PLACE FOR VERY LONG, BECAUSE OF MY JOB. I'M A SALESMAN. I SELL BOOKS DOOR-TO-DOOR.



COFFEE, SHERIFF?

YES, THANKS.

TELL ME, JACK, DO YOU GOT ANY
DETECTIVE STORIES? I ALWAYS
WONDERED IF I COULD LEARN
ME MORE ABOUT CRIMINALS AND
THEIR WAYS FROM THEM BOOKS.



NO, NO DETECTIVE NOVELS.
ONLY...

SHERIFF, WHAT HAPPENED
YESTERDAY IN CRYSTAL?
DID THEY SHOOT
THAT GUY?



YUP, BUT I MISSED, KID... TOO BAD.
HEY, YOU CAME FROM UP NORTH,
JACK. YOU AND THE ROBBER
MIGHT OF CROSSED PATHS.

I CAME ON THE BUS.



AND I THOUGHT
SALESMEN
NEVER LEFT
THEIR CAR...

I HOPE YOU NEVER
GET THAT GUY!



BUT...WHY DO YOU SAY THAT, KID?

IT AIN'T RIGHT FER A ROBBER
TO BE ARRESTED BY A GUY
LIKE YOU!



EVERYONE KNOWS THAT YOU AIN'T ANY
NO BETTER THAN THEY ARE. ALL YOU
DO IS CUT CROOKED DEALS LEFT AND
RIGHT!...ALL THE COUNTY KNOWS IT!
BUT, BECAUSE OF ALL YOUR OLD FRIENDS,
YOU NEVER GET IN ANY TROUBLE.



WATCH YOUR TONGUE, BOY!

BOOM! BOOM! YOU'RE DEAD, DUKE!



YOU WAS A HERO IN THE WAR
AND NOW YOU THINK THAT
STAR PINNED TO YOUR CHEST
PUTS YOU ABOVE THE LAW!
BUT I...



HEY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE!
IN OUR BEDROOM!

STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, YOU TWO.
AND PUT YOUR HANDS ON THE TABLE!



YOU TOO, ANGELA. DON'T MOVE!



CLAYTON! GET OUT OF THERE!

NO...NO...YOU'RE GONNA
TO HIT ME! BUT IT AIN'T
MY FAULT! THE COW-
BOY FELL DOWN...THE
WHITE COWBOY...



COME OUT, YOU IDIOT!

IT'S...IT'S THE WHITE
COWBOY'S FAULT...



OKAY BLOCKER! SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW! WELL? WHAT DO WE DO?

MA, WHAT...

SHUT UP, JACK.

I...THEY'RE IN THE WAY, ANGELA. WE...WE CAN'T KEEP THEM. IT'S TOO DANG COMPLICATED ALREADY.

I WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU TWO!

THEY DON'T MEAN NOTHING TO YOU ANYMORE, ANGELA. YOU...YOU'VE TOLD ME SO A THOUSAND TIMES. THEY AIN'T WORTH ANYMORE TO YOU THAN THIS SORRY DUMP...YEAH, THAT'S WHAT YOU TOLD ME!

MA!

NO MORE THAN THIS PRISON YOU CALL HOME...AND THAT YOU WISH YOU COULD FORGET!

THOSE WERE YOUR EXACT WORDS!

BLOCKER!!

BROAR!

THE WHITE COWBOY.

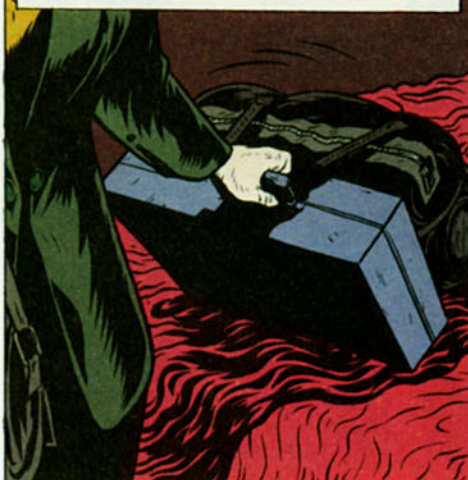
HANDS UP IN THE AIR, BOYS!

SHIT, MA...

BLOCKER LET YOU GET AWAY YESTERDAY. THEN HE COME HERE AND MADE ME PLAY HIS GAME SO I COULD GET THE MONEY. I DIDN'T HAVE ANY CHOICE. SO THAT'S WHY I SET UP THAT LITTLE SCENE THIS MORNING.



BLOCKER SHOULD HAVE DONE LIKE I SAID. KEEP TALKING. MAKE YOU QUAKE IN YOUR BOOTS. JUST A LITTLE. HE HAD TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU TWO WOULDN'T LEAVE THE ROOM...



MEANWHILE, CLAYTON WAS SUPPOSED TO GO AND GET THE MONEY...YOU COULDN'T HAVE BLAMED NO ONE. A ROBBER WHO GETS HIS LOOT STOLEN CAN'T COMPLAIN TO NO ONE...YOU KNOW THE REST, JACK...



MY POOR JACK! ...ALL RIGHT, CLAYTON. GET THE CAR OUT OF THE GARAGE. THE KEYS ARE INSIDE...AND LEAVE TIM'S GUN.

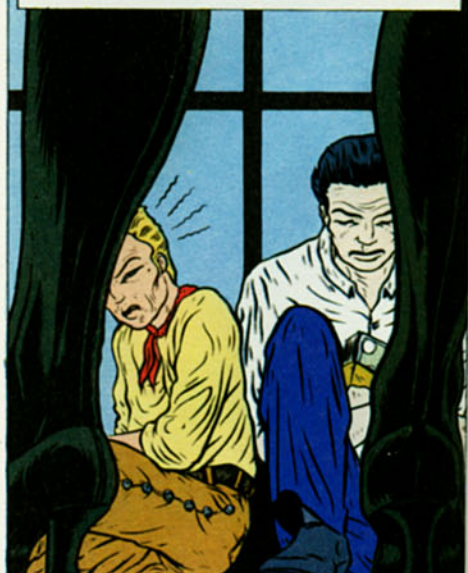


CLAYTON AND I ARE LEAVING. WE'RE GOING AS FAR AWAY AS WE CAN GO! I NEVER WANNA SEE THE LIKES OF YOU AGAIN...



TAKE THIS. THE REST IS FOR ME.

YOU GOT ANYTHING TO SAY TO YOUR MA BEFORE SHE LEAVES? NO. THE YOUNGEST SULKS AND THE OLDER ONE...



SAD GOOD-BYES FOLLOW HAPPY REUNIONS, RIGHT JACK?



