

HAS TOM FALLEN IN WITH A PSYCHOTIC DESPOT?

PRISON CAMPS? YOU SAID YOU WOULD LIBERATE—

THIS IS A BACKWARD COUNTRY OF POOR, IGNORANT, STUPID PEASANT PIGS!

DON'T LECTURE ME ON THE LAND! I'M AN IGNORANT, STUPID, PEASANT PIG MYSELF!



IN TIME, TRIPELLINO. YOU MUST REMEMBER MY PEOPLE ARE NOT YET READY FOR DEMOCRACY!

ERNESTO, THEY COULD MAKE THE COUNTRY PROSPER. NEW FARMING METHODS—

THE STORM PASSES...

LET'S NOT ARGUE, TRIPPELLINO.
BUILD YOUR TRIPWORKS AND
WE BOTH BECOME RICH!



DON'T WORRY, MY FRIEND.
THE PEOPLE LOVE ME. COME!

I TAKE YOU THROUGH THOSE
STREETS TO LISTEN TO
THE CHEERING.



I'LL JUST GET MY COAT.



PRESIDENTE DIAZ EXPLAINS HOW A FREE COUNTRY IS RUN...

SEE FOR YOURSELF. I HAVE NO SECRET POLICE
AND ALL BRIBERY TAKES PLACE IN PUBLIC.
MY PRIVATE WEALTH DOUBLES DAILY...



...SO WHAT COULD BE FAIRER AND
DON'T FORGET THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS!

...THEY ARE PERFECTLY FREE TO CRITICIZE ME!



IS TOM HOODWINKED. IS HE WAVERING?

YOU STILL DOUBT ME? LOOK AT THIS MAGNIFICENT MANSION!



ST. MODUGNO'S REFUGE FOR THE UTTERLY DESTITUTE, OUR PRIDE AND JOY!

THIS IS WHERE THE POOR AND HUNGRY CAN REST AND EAT.



I'VE MISJUDGED YOU, ERNESTO AND I SUPPOSE THAT EXTENSION THEY'RE BUILDING IS TO-

BUILDING? I'M NOT BUILDING ANYTHING!



SITE OF THE NEW DIAZ-FOSDYKE TRIPEWORKS



THAT'S IT! TOM HAS HAD MORE THAN ENOUGH...

DEMOLISHING A REFUSE TO BUILD A TRIFEWORKS! YOU ARE MONEY MAD -

NEVER MIND THE NEWS. ROSDYKES WILL NOT BE ASSOCIATED WITH YOU AND WITHOUT MY KNOW HOW YOU -

'TRIFE CZAR'S DARING ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ -'

DITCHLEY!

HMM, WORLD TRIFE PRICES RISING - HERE'S SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN NEWS!

I CAN'T GO AHEAD? REALLY. LISTEN TO THIS!

BELIEVED TO HAVE STOWED AWAY ON A SHIP BOUND FOR ..CHILIGUAY!

CHILIGUAY
LIVE LIKE
A

IN CAIRO, ALBERT MEETS HIS LATEST FLYING RIVAL...

AH, FOSDYKE, YOU JOIN ME ON MY CRUSADE TO MAKE A WICKED WORLD REPENT.



AND THE £1000 PRIZE? I EXPECT YOUR BELIEFS WILL NOT PERMIT YOU TO ACCEPT—



MONEY IS ONLY THE DEVIL'S TOOL WHEN IT IS USED IMPROPERLY. WATCH HOW I PUT IT TO GOOD USE!

ANOTHER CRATE OF CHAMPAGNE, YOU UNFORTUNATE HEATHEN!



ALBERT LEARNS ABOUT SNELGROVE'S EARLY VIOLENT LIFE...

TO LOOK AT ME YOU WOULDN'T THINK I WAS A RELIGIOUS FANATIC. MORE CHIPS?

BUT WHEN I FOUNDED MY CHURCH OF NINTH DAY WONDERS, MY SOFTER SIDE BLOSSOMED-

THEY'RE NEVER UNDER FOR MORE THAN TEN MINUTES.

REALLY!

TO YOU I'M JUST A GIANT OF A MAN RADIATING BRUTE STRENGTH..

YES. THESE HANDS, ONCE DANGEROUS WEAPONS, NOW BAPTISE SINNERS!

SNELGROVE REVEALS HIS SIMPLE PHILOSOPHY!

I WAS A WRESTLER AND BOUNCER AT THE BUTTERFLY COLLECTORS ARMS. MY LIFE WAS EMPTY...

SUDDENLY I REALISED THAT I MUST SAVE SOULS IN THE ONLY WAY I KNEW!

"CONVERSION BY BODY SLAM."



A DAZED ALBERT DECIDES IT'S TIME TO FLY!

FASCINATING, SNELGROVE BUT IT'S TIME FOR OUR RACE!

GIVE UP, LAD I FLY ON A DIVINE WIND!

OH, THE LUSTS OF THE FLESH! PRAY, LAD, AS I APPLY A HALF NELSON ON YOU-

AH! THIS CALLS FOR A FULL NELSON AND DINNER!

I HAVEN'T TOUCHED HER, SNELGROVE!

SHE'S THE ONE WHO NEEDS HELP!

WE'LL SEE! THERE'S A BELLY DANCER I WISH TO AVOID-

AT LAST! A CHANCE TO TAKE-OFF!

WHILE SNELGROVE SHOWS HER THE LIGHT OF SALVATION, I'LL SLIP AWAY-

SO! HE SEEKS TO FORGE AHEAD IN THE RACE, EH. COME ON! MY DEAR...

I'LL WRITE AN ARRANGEMENT WHILE WE CATCH UP!



AAAIEE! FOS EL DYKE LEAVES ME!

..THE CHURCH OF NINTH DAY WONDERS NEEDS A CONVERT BELLY DANCER IN THE CHOIR!

SNELBROVE IS SLOWLY GAINING...

REPENT! COME TO MY CHURCH
LIKE THE ENERGETIC FARIDA...



..WHOSE BELLY DANCING
LIFTS THE SOULS OF MEN!

OH DEAR, I HAVE TO GET AWAY
FROM THAT VOICE AND ORGAN
MUSIC - HMM, IT'S CHANCY...



..DIVING INTO A HUGE
SANDSTORM BUT HE'LL HAVE TO
STOP PLAYING IF THE SAND CLOGS UP...



..HER BELLY BUTTON!

ALBERT'S RISKY SANDSTORM MANOEUVRE PAYS OFF!

MADE IT! PHEW, I THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR BACK THERE!

LOOK AROUND... CLEAR SKY AND NO SIGN OF SNELGROVE AND FARIDA!

BETTER PUT HER DOWN... SAND IS EVERYWHERE!

... SHE NEEDS A GOOD CLEANOUT-OOPS- GENTLY DOES IT.. AND WE'RE DOWN!

NICE LANDING. NOW, THE NEXT PROBLEM IS...

MANY MILES AWAY, MORE AERIAL DARING FOR JOS FOSDYKE!

EASY, SIR JOS, DON'T BUMP HIM WHEN WE LEAP ACROSS, OK?

I'M NOT DAFT!

I KNOW BUT I JUST WANT YOU TO BE EXTREMELY CAREFUL!

(DON'T KNOCK HIM, FOR GOODNESS-

BUMMEY, YOU'RE MORE CONCERNED ABOUT HIM THAN ME!

I AM! I DON'T WANT YOU..

TO SET HIS BOMB OFF TOO SOON!

WHAT'S IN THE BAG?

YOU PUT A BOMB
ON HIM?

OF COURSE NOT!
IT WAS IN HIS
BRIEFCASE-

IT'S A ROUGH GAME. YOU SHOULD
SEE WHAT THEY GET UP TO-AYUP!

WHAT?

LISTEN! CAN
YOU HEAR-

BY GUM, SIR JOS, I HOPE THEM
UNDERPANTS WEREN'T A
FAMILY HEIRLOOM!

'EE, GRIMLEY, YOU SECRET SERVICE
FELLERS PLAY REAL DIRTY!

JOS FOSDYKE'S SOVIET ADVENTURE IS OVER...



LIKE THESE HEADLINES, SIR JOS:
'HERO TRIPE KING BACK FROM
BOLSHEVIK NIGHTMARE!'

THE TIME IS RIGHT YOU MAY
POSSIBLY BE ALLOWED TO RETURN
AND SELL TRIPE—

OR THERE ARE, OF COURSE,
THE OTHER HEADLINES!

OH NO,
GRIMLEY!

YOU DID YOUR COUNTRY A
GREAT SERVICE AND WHEN HIS
MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT FEELS...

NOBODY TELLS JOS FOSDYKE
WHEN AND WHERE TO SELL TRIPE!
IT'S WHEN I FEEL THE TIME IS RIGHT—

WHAT'S IT
LIKE IN
COURTY

TRAITOR FOSDYKE
HOME IN CHAINS TO
FACE TREASON
CHARGES!

OUR HERO RETURNS HOME... TO A SHOCK!



AN UNEXPECTED ADDITION TO THE FAMILY!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON, BECKY?
SON-IN-LAW, ILLUSIONIST,
ESCAPOLOGIST—

JOS—

CALM DOWN,
FATHER. MONTI AND I HAVE MADE
TENTATIVE PLANS TO WORK TOGETHER!

THEY MET AT THE CANAL. HE'D
ESCAPED FROM A CHAINED,
PADLOCKED CHEST—

THIS IS HARD TO TAKE
IN, LADIES, ESPECIALLY
EARLY IN THE DAY..

..WITH HIM SAWING HER IN
HALF AT THE BREAKFAST
TABLE!

IS THE AMAZING MONTI SINCERE ABOUT VICKY?

BECKY, WHAT'D YOU MAKE OF THIS ILLUSIONIST. DOES HE LOVE OUR VICKY?



HE SEEMS GENUINE, JOS...

...AND I'VE TRIED TALKING TO HIM SEVERAL TIMES BUT-



BUT WHAT? YOU'VE TRIED TALKING TO HIM AND..?

HE KEPT PULLING FLOWERS AND GOLDFISH BOWLS OUT OF MY EARS!



JOS DECIDES ON A PERSONAL INTERVIEW.

SO HE'S USING CONJURING TRICKS TO AVOID DISCUSSING OUR DAUGHTER, EH?



RIGHT. DON'T WORRY, LUV!

THE AMAZING MONTI WON'T CONFUSE ME WITH MAGIC TRICKS!



THERE'LL BE NO EGGS, FLOWERS, FLAGS AND GOLDFISH BOWLS COMING FROM MY EARS!

NOW LOOK HERE, LAD—



MONTI CONTINUALLY AVOIDS HIS INQUISITOR.

VICKY, HE WON'T DISCUSS WHAT HIS INTENTIONS ARE TOWARDS YOU -



HE'S A FINE, DECENT MAN, FATHER. HE HAS NEVER TRIED ANYTHING UNSGENTLEMANLY!

I'M NOT SURPRISED. HE'S TOO BLOODY LAZY. LOOK AT THE TIME!



NEARLY AFTERNOON AND HE'S STILL IN BED, TOO IDLE TO...

..ESCAPE FROM HIS SLEEPING STRAITJACKET AND CHAINS!



IN A CHILIGUAYAN PRISON TOM REFLECTS...

IF DITCHLEY ARRIVES AND PALS UP WITH DIAZ I'M IN SERIOUS—



AH! A VISITOR!

BUENOS DIAS, FOSDYKE...

..YOUR FREN' IS HERE. WHAT A BAD MAN, HARD AND VICIOUS...



..WHILE YOU ARE A GOOD MAN BUT TOO HUMANE.. WHICH ONE DO I KEEP, EH?

THERE'S ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT. TAKE THEM TO...



..THE TRIPE TUB!

TOM AND DITCHLEY FACE THE OMINOUS TRIPE TUB!

AMIGOS, NO MAN HAS EMERGED ALIVE FROM THIS BOTTOMLESS TUB OF WET TRIPE!



FALL FROM THE FIGHTING POLE AND IF YOU ARE A STRONG SWIMMER YOU MAY LAST A FEW, MAYBE 10 SECONDS-

RUBBISH! I'VE SWAM IN TRIPE. YOU COULD LAST A DAY!



NO, AMIGO...

..JUST A FEW SECONDS!



DITCHLEY ACTS TRUE TO FORM!

IT'S INSANE, FOSDYKE. RISKING DEATH FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF A POWER CRAZED FRENCH!



DON'T CRINGE IN FRONT OF HIM. REMEMBER WE ARE BRITISH. SELECT A FEATHER PILLOW!

CURSE YOU, DITCHLEY. HE'S GROVELLING ON HIS KNEES, BEGGING FOR MERCY.



SPARE ME! MERCY, OH GREAT LEADER!

GAVE ME THE CHANCE TO FILL MY PILLOW WITH SAND! OO



TEETERING ABOVE CERTAIN DEATH ON A BAMBOO POLE!

A FEATHER PILLOW HAS NO CHANCE AGAINST MY SANDBAG, SO IT'S ADIOS, FOSDYKE! A BIG SWING-



NO YOU FOOL, IT'S TOO HEAVY, NO-



OH!

CRACK!

DITCHLEY'S CHEATING BACKFIRES YET AGAIN!

IT'S SNAPPING, FOSDYKE.
SAVE ME!



KEEP STILL! THE SLIGHTEST
VIBRATION AND WE'RE GONE!

PLAY THE GAME, YOU
GRINGOS AND LET'S HAVE
SOME ACTION!



I'LL TEAR UP MY
PILLOW AND TRY
TO BIND THE-



PILLOWLESS! THE CHANCE I'VE
WAITED FOR!



A TUB OF SHARK INFESTED TRIPE?

HELP ME, FOSDYKE,
I CAN'T SWIM!



SAME OLD ROGER,
BEGGING ON MINUTE,
THE NEXT DOING THE DIRTY!

I SWEAR I'LL NEVER PLAY
YOU FALSE AGAIN. SAVE
ME - AAAH!

SPLAT! **SPLUT!**



CANCEL THAT, FOSDYKE -
GET HIM, BOY!



FROM A HEAVENS TRIPE TUB TO ALBERT'S SAHARAN SANDTRAP..

PHEW! TOOK ME AGES TO SQUIRM
OUT OF THAT SAND!



GOOD JOB MY EMERGENCY
SPOON WAS UNDER THE SEAT.

NOW TO CLEAN OUT THE
KITE...HARD GRAFT IN
THIS HEAT.



I COULD DO WITH A
NICE BIT OF FRIENDLY
ASSISTANCE RIGHT NOW!

I SAY, YOU SIR! I'LL TROUBLE YOU
NOT TO THROW SAND ABOUT
IN MY DESERT!



A LONE ANGRY FIGURE IN A SEA OF SAND...

YOU ARE A HOOLIGAN,
SIR. DO YOU HEAR!

McMORT, CONEY HATCH ARCHAEOLOGICAL
SOCIETY. I'M LOOKING FOR A CONCEALED
TOMB AND YOU'RE SLINGING SAND
EVERYWHERE!

EFFENDI! WE'VE FOUND
THE TOMB ENTRANCE!



SORRY BUT
I DON'T QUITE
FOLLOW!

NO OFFENCE INTENDED. FOSDYKE,
MANCHESTER-INDIA AIR RACE. I NEED-

OH NO! NOT ANOTHER AIR RACE DELAY!

MC MORT, I'M RACING AGAINST TIME.
IF YOUR WORKMEN COULD GIVE MY
KITE A PUSH-



FASCINATING
INSCRIPTION!

AMAZING! COME DOWN
AND LOOK AT THIS!



BLAST. IF I WANT HELP I'LL JUST
HAVE TO GO ALONG WITH THIS ODDBALL

IT SAYS THERE'S A CURSE.



UNLESS OF COURSE
YOU'RE SUPERSTITIOUS!

THE TOMB OF DOOM!

THEY'RE ALL...
DEAD!

PROBABLY THE
BREAKFAST HAEIGIS
GRAB A TORCH...

...AND FOLLOW ME. I AM
ON THE BRINK OF A FIND..

THAT WILL BRING ME THE
RECOGNITION DENIED ME
BY JEALOUS, SANE COLLEAGUES-

CALM DOWN,
MEMORT!

LOOK. A DOOR WITH
THE SACRED SEAL OF
HUTUNKHAMEN!

YOU KNOW THE
NAME?

KNOW IT? GOOD
GRIEF, MAN, I KNEW
HIS BROTHER, TUT!

A MAD ARCHAEOLOGIST IS RISKY COMPANY, ALBERT...

HOLD THE TORCH WHILE I CAREFULLY SMASH MY WAY INTO THE BURIAL CHAMBER!

STEADY, MCMORT, YOU MIGHT DAMAGE VALUABLE ARTEFACTS-

SHUT UP. HAVE SOME RESPECT FOR THE DEAD!

GOOD! FLICK THE LAST BITS OF PLASTER AWAY AND I'M THROUGH!

OH NO! TOMB ROBBERS. IT'S EMPTY! I CAN'T GO BACK WITHOUT A MUMMY!

THERE MUST BE SOMEONE I CAN WRAP UP!

PAY ATTENTION, ALBERT. YOU COULD BE IN TROUBLE!



BAD LUCK, MFMORT. YOU'VE DRAWN A BLANK.

IF I GO BACK EMPTY HANDED THEY'LL LAUGH AT ME AND SAY I'M CRAZY!



NOW THAT YOU'VE NOTHING TO DO, PERHAPS YOU'LL GIVE ME A HAND TO TAKE OFF?

I MUST HAVE A MUMMY...

SORRY ABOUT THIS, POSDYKE!



I WISH I HAD SOME STICKING PLASTER FOR THAT BUMP ON YOUR HEAD

AT HOME JOS CONFRONTS VICKY'S SLIPPERY ADMIRER...

IF YOU HOPE TO BE MY SON-IN-LAW YOU'D BETTER GET A GRIP ON REAL LIFE!



TIMES ARE BAD FOR ILLUSIONISTS, SIR JOS. THEATRES CLOSING DOWN-

THEN GO TO THE PLACE WHERE THEY OFFER PEOPLE JOBS. IT'S CALLED THE-



I KNOW WHAT IT'S CALLED. I WENT YESTERDAY WORKING ON A TRICK-

WHAT TRICK?



THE DISAPPEARING LABOUR EXCHANGE TRICK!



MONTI IS CAUSING FOSDYKE DISCONTENT!

FATHER, YOU'RE VERY HARD ON MONTI!

BONE IDLE!

HE'S NOT. I'M MEETING HIM SHORTLY...

..IN SALFORD CEMETERY WHERE HE'LL ATTEMPT THE FANTASTICALLY RISKY BURIED COFFIN ESCAPE!

SHE'S MAD ABOUT HIM, JOS. IF HE DOES THIS ESCAPE SHE'LL THINK HE'S THE BEST THING SINCE SLICED TRIPE!

YOU NEVER KNOW, LUV. WE MIGHT BE IN LUCK! WE'LL TAKE THESE!

SALFORD CEMETERY...

LOT OF BLOODY NONSENSE!

SHH, JOS!

AFTER MY LOVELY ASSISTANT BINDS ME I WILL BE BURIED IN A SEALED COFFIN UNDER SIX FEET OF EARTH.

GOOD LUCK, MY BRAVE MONTI!

TIGHTER, MY DEAR AND AS IT'S A BIT CHILLY...

...KEEP THE SERVICE SHORT, VICAR!

MONTI IS LOWERED INTO THE GRAVE.. HOLD YOUR BREATH!

I HOPE HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
THEY'RE GOING TO FILL
IT IN, JOS!

IT'S A TRICK, LUV. I'LL BET THE
VICAR'S IN ON IT. I'LL ASK.

GOOD HEAVENS, NO!

D'YOU KNOW HOW IT'S DONE, VICAR?
ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE MAGIC CIRCLE?

I CAN DO A FEW
CARD TRICKS!

WILL MONTI ESCAPE FROM HIS SEALED COFFIN?

DEARLY BELOVED.. AHEM.. WE
ARE GATHERED HERE.. AHEM..

..TO WITNESS THE GREAT MONTI'S
ESCAPE FROM THE.. AHEM.. AHEM!

TAKE YOUR HAT OFF!

JOS, I THINK HE'S
'AHEMMING' YOU!

RIP
FINLEY
P. ARTI

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TIME PASSES.. OXYGEN RUN OUT...



LOOKS LIKE HE'S FAILED TO ESCAPE FROM THE COFFIN, SIR JOS AND I HAVE SEVERAL INTERMENTS TODAY..

...SO THAT WILL BE TWO GUINEAS FOR ME AND SIXPENCE FOR THE DIGGERS



I KNEW I'D END UP FORKING OUT FOR THIS -

GET DIGGINGS, JOS, HE MAY STILL BE BREATHING!

AHEM.. SIR JOS, MY TWO GUINEAS!



SORRY ABOUT THAT. MUST'VE LEFT MY WALLET IN THE COFFIN!

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MEANWHILE IN THE DEADLY CHILIGUAYAN TRIPE TUB...

MUST HOLD ON.. BUT THIS BAMBOO IS SO SLIPPERY!



GOOD TRY, FOSDYKE...

CAN'T GET A GRIP.. I'M GOING -



AND THOSE GAPING JAWS ARE COMING UP FAST-CHINO!

BLAST YOU, FOSDYKE, HOW DO I GET THIS THING INTO REVERSE?



EL PRESIDENTE IS BECOMING BORED...

HOW LONG HAVE THE GRINGOS BEEN GOING ROUND, PEDRO?

ASSEMBLE A FIRING SQUAD, GET THE LIFTING MECHANISM STARTED AND...

.. SHOOT THEM WHEN IT STOPS.

4 HOURS AND 32 MINUTES, EL PREZ, A TOTAL OF 856 CIRCUITS, BEST LAP TIME-

IT'S ONLY A MECHANICAL SHARK BUT THE BULLETS ARE REAL!

THEY'RE READY TO SHOOT US, FOSDYKE. TELL THEM TO SPARE ME!



SHUT UP, WRETCH. BEFORE THIS THING STOPS WE MAKE A DASH FOR IT..NOW!

HEAD FOR THE TREE LINE!



AAAH!

THE FOOLS RUN TO THE JUNGLE -

POOR DEVILS. THEY'LL BE EASY MEAT FOR THE JIVAROS!



TOM AND DITCHLEY FLOUNDER DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE...

DON'T STOP! KEEP GOING, YOU GUTLESS CUR!

GASP-CAN'T GO ON-PANT-

YOU'RE HOPELESS, DITCHLEY. WE'LL STOP FOR A MOMENT.

WHY DIDN'T THEY PURSUE US. I HEARD DIAZ SHOUT THAT THE JIVAROS WOULD GET US-

JIVAROS.. WHAT COULD THEY BE, FOSDYKE? INSECTS.. GIANT ANTS.. SNAKES...

..TINY NATIVES.. YES, HIDEOUS LITTLE PAINTED CREATURES WITH POISON-

SHUT UP AND PUSH ON!

AT LAST TOM AND DITCHLEY STOP AND CONSIDER THEIR PLIGHT!



IRONIC! SWORN FOES TOGETHER
IN A DESPARATE FIGHT TO
SURVIVE IN THE JUNGLE-

'IF' IS A BIG WORD, DITCHLEY. WE'VE
NO FOOD OR WATER SO WE BETTER
START PULLING TOGETHER...

YES. I'VE FELT STRANGELY
NAKED!

SO WHAT, FOSDYKE. IF I GET
OUT OF THIS MESS I'LL DO FOR
YOU AND YOUR CURSED FAMILY!

...BECAUSE I'VE HAD AN UNEASY
FEELING THAT WE'VE BEEN UNDER
CLOSE SCRUTINY ALL DAY. HAVE YOU?

SUDDENLY...IN A JUNGLE CLEARING...



FOOD! OUT OF MY WAY, FOSDYKE!



SWATHED IN BANDAGES AT THE MERCY OF A MAD EGYPTOLOGIST!

THINK OF IT, FOSDYKE! FAME FOR ME AND A PLACE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S MUMMY SECTION FOR YOU!



NOW FOR STAGE TWO OF MY MASTER PLAN!



FLY ME TO THE NEAREST TAXIDERMIST!



WILL ALBERT FOSDYKE END UP IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM?



A TIMELY ARRIVAL!

ANOTHER AIRCRAFT AND THE
DESERTS ALIVE TO THE
SOUND OF MUSIC!

OUT YOU
GO FOSDYKE!

IT'S SNELGROVE THE MUSCULAR
EVANGELIST AND FARIDA... SAVED!

ONWARD CHRISTIAN
SOLDIERS?



OH JOY! TWO MORE
POTENTIAL MUMMIES!

I'LL SOON HAVE A FULL SET FOR
THE BRITISH MUSEUM!



THE ARRIVAL OF SNELGROVE AND FARIDA IS MET WITH LIES!

SERIOUSLY INJURED IN AN EMERGENCY LANDING. I BANDAGED HIM AS BEST AS I COULD.

POOR POSDYKE. JOIN MY CHURCH OF NINTH DAY WONDERS BEFORE YOU CROSS THE GREAT VOID.

THUD THUD!
THUD!
THUD!

OH NO!
BEHIND
YOU!

HOW CAN I WARN THEM THAT HE'S BONKERS?

POOR FELLOW. NOD YOUR HEAD IF YOU WISH TO JOIN!

HALLELUJAH!
HE'S NODDING.

McMORT'S ASSAULT HAS FAILED MISERABLY!

PANT.. GASP.. HE'S GOT A
SKULL.. PHEW.. LIKE STONE!

FOOLS! I NEED YOUR MUMMIFIED
CORPSES TO PRESENT TO THE
BRITISH MUSEUM!

..MUMMIFY BOTH AIRCRAFT.
THEY'LL GIVE YOU AN
ENTIRE GALLERY!

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT
WHY WERE YOU PARTING
MY HAIR WITH THAT CLUB?

YOU ARE QUITE
HAPPILY INSANE, SIR, SO
MAY I SUGGEST THAT YOU..

MAD McMORT IS TEMPORARILY DISTRACTED!

I'M SORELY DISTRESSED THAT YOU CHOOSE NOT TO JOIN MY CHURCH, FOSDYKE.



FOR PETE'S SAKE, UNWRAP ME BEFORE THAT LOON GETS BACK FROM BANDAGE HUNTING!

TRAGIC. A FEW SHARP TAPS TO THE HEAD AND HE'D MAKE A FINE CONVERT—



AAIEE!
HE COMES!

QUICKLY! IF HE'S GOT THE WRAPPING AND REACHES THE AIRCRAFT BEFORE WE DO—

THANK GOODNESS. HE ONLY FOUND TWO CREPE KNEE BANDAGES!



ILLUSIONIST MONTI IS FIRMLY USELESS IN THE FOSDYKE RESIDENCE...

HE'S EATING US OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME, VICKY. IT'S TIME THAT FELLER OF YOURS EARNED HIS KEEP!

GOOD! HERE'S AN ADVERTISING JOB FOR HIM. HE'S CHAINED UNDER A SLOWLY DESCENDING TANK-

NO! HE HAS TO EAT THE BLOODY LOT BEFORE IT HITS THE GROUND!

4 TONS OF DELICIOUS FOSDYKE'S TRIPE

FATHER, HE'S AN ARTISTE NOT A COMMON LABOURER!

AND MONTI HAS TO ESCAPE BEFORE IT CRUSHES-

HAS JOS SPOTTED MONTI'S HIDDEN POTENTIAL?

I'LL USE THIS IDLE WASTER TO ADVERTISE OUR TRIPE. HE CAN PULL PIGS FEET OUT OF HIS HAT-

NEVER!
I'M AN ILLUSIONIST
NOT A FAMILY BUTCHER!

£5 A WEEK AND I MIGHT ACCEPT YOU AS A SON-IN-LAW. WELL?

DONE!

GOOD! WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS. TILL THEN KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF MY GIRL. WILL YOU SHAKE ON IT?

IT'S A DEAL!

DAYS PASS.. JOS WAITS FOR MONTI'S GREAT TRICK!



COME UP WITH ANY IDEAS YET?

WHITE DOVES TO TRIPE! BRILLIANT! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN. WELL DONE, LAD!

DAFT PLACE TO KEEP BIRDS... DOWN THE BACK OF YOUR SINGLET!

YES! I WILL CHANGE 57 DOVES INTO 16 LBS. OF TRIPE! I PRODUCE THE BIRDS AS IF BY MAGIC FROM MY-

THUMP
THUMP

OOOF

SHOW ME HOW THIS MIRACLE WORKS!

MONTI IS GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE...

SORRY ABOUT THE DOVES
GOT ANY MORE TRICKS?

OH, NOT ANOTHER GOLDASH TRICK.
I WANT SOMETHING SPECTACULAR
TO AMAZE THE PUBLIC!

DOWN COME 19 PLATES OF TRIFE!
WHAT D'YOU THINK OF THAT?

NOT ENOUGH
VINEGAR!

THIS IS A PERFECTLY
ORDINARY GOLDFISH BOWL-

LET ME FINISH,
SIR JOS. I THROW THE
BOWL INTO THE AIR AND- VOILA!

THAT'S IT! SIR JOS DETONATES!

YOU'RE BLOODY 'OPELESS WI' TRIPE, MONTI, 'OPELESS!

YEARS! I'VE HAD POSTERS PRINTED! YOU'RE APPEARING AT CANAL STREET TOMORROW! IF YOU LET ME DOWN-

NO, MONTI! YOU CAN'T CATCH 1 LB. OF TRIPE IN YOUR TEETH AT POINT BLANK RANGE!



IT'S NEW TO ME, SIR JOS. GIVE ME A COUPLE OF YEARS AND-



VERY WELL. THERE IS ONLY ONE TRICK FOR THIS MOMENT. IT IS DEADLY DANGEROUS!



THE FOLLOWING DAY... CANAL STREET IS PACKED!

THE AMAZING MONTI WILL CATCH A CHUNK OF TRIPE FIRED AT HIM BY SIR JOS AT POINT BLANK RANGE!

RIGHT, VICKY. RAM IT IN GOOD AND HARD WITH JUST A HINT OF CONDIMENTS!

NO THANKS SIR JOS, I'M NOT HUNGRY!

SURELY HE'S NOT GOING TO CATCH IT IN HIS TEETH?

MUST BE. HE'S NOT USING MINE!

IT'S TEETHICIDE!

GOOD NOW FOR MONTI'S BLINDFOLD!

MEANWHILE IN THE CHILIGUAYAN JUNGLE...

HERE THEY COME, DITCHLEY!
SELL YOUR LIFE DEARLY!

YOU CUR, DITCHLEY!
AT LEAST PUT UP A
FIGHT!

I HOPE TO BE DOING THAT
A LITTLE LATER THIS
EVENING!

WHAT'S THE USE, FOSDYKE. LET'S
GIVE IN AND PERHAPS THEY WONT-

JUST FOR ONCE
ACT LIKE A MAN!

DITCHLEY'S FRISKINGS EVAPORATES!

HELP ME, FOSDYKE,
THIS HURTS!



SHUT UP, ROGER,
YOU WHINING WHELP!

HULLO, YOUR SCREAMING'S
DRAWN A CROWD!

OH NO!

WHAT HELLISH TORMENT
ARE THEY DREAMING UP?
DO IT TO FOSDYKE NOT ME-

BLIMEY, MATES, AM
I GLAD TO SEE YOU!



INTRODUCTIONS ARE MADE...

ARTHUR GASKITT, SAILOR, A PRISONER OF THESE LADIES FOR SOME TIME.



TOM FOSDYKE. THIS CAD IS ROGER DITCHLEY. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



SURELY YOU MEAN 'FACTOTUM'

NO... FACTOTEM!



ARTHUR GASKIT'S FRAIL PHYSIQUE IS EXPLAINED..



DITCHLEY'S EVIL MIND IS WORKING OVERTIME...

I'LL CHARM THE QUEEN, GET HER TO CHOP ROSDYKE AND GASKIT AND THEN SLIP AWAY.



FORGET ESCAPING, MATES. THICK JUNGLE AND RIVERS FULL OF CROCS, SO...

..RESIGN YOURSELF! SHE'LL PICK ONE OF US AND BY TOMORROW THE OTHER TWO WILL HAVE HEADS THIS BIG-

TOMORROW!



AYE, YOU TWO CAME AT A BAD TIME!

TONIGHT IS THE FEAST OF LOVE!



THE FEAST OF LOVE IS TO BEGIN...

IT'S A WILD, MAD ORGY, LADS,
I'M NOT OVER THE LAST ONE YET
AND THAT WAS 3 YEARS AEO!

DRUMS!

'AYE. IT'S AN EARLY KICK-OFF
'COS THERE'S ONLY 3 OF US...

- BUT ONLY ONE WILL SURVIVE
THE NIGHT-

COURAGE, GASKITT,
WE FOSDYKES NEVER
SAY DIE-

RUBBISH! I'LL SURVIVE
BY SWEEPING THE QUEEN OFF
HER FEET WITH DITCHLEY CHARM... GULP!

AND A CRANE!

MEANWHILE, ALBERT, SNELGROVE AND FARIDA HEAD FOR BAGHDAD.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS! ♪



GOSH I MUST BE DAYS BEHIND THE OTHERS IN THE RACE. I'LL CHECK WHEN WE LAND TO RE-FUEL!

NOT MUCH GOING ON. HMM, DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD!

MANCHESTER-CALCUTTA
£10000 AIR RACE

BLAST! SNELGROVE AND I HAVE LOST ANY CHANCE OF WIN-

YOU'RE THE ONLY TWO WE'VE SEEN SO FAR! THE OTHERS...

LEADER BOARD

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1 | FOS EL DYKE |
| 2 | SNE EL GROVE |
| | THE REST - BARNESLEY? |

..MUST'VE TURNED LEFT AT THE PYRAMIDS!

ALBERT AND SNELGROVE.. THE LAST PAIR IN THE AIR RACE!

IT'S JUST YOU AND I SO-
WHAT'S WRONG?

YOU MUST GO
ON ALONE!

I CAN'T FLY WITHOUT THE COMFORT
OF THE POOR GIRL AND HYMNS
ANCIENT AND MODERN 1-779!

NOT A CHANCE! BOTH WILL HAVE
BEEN SOLD IN THE BAZAAR
HOURS AGO!

THIEVES HAVE
STOLEN FARIDA AND THE
CHURCH ORGAN FROM MY KITE!

STEADY, SNELGROVE,
I'M SURE WE'LL FIND-

CLUB MUSTAPH

SPECIAL TONITE!
FARIDA'S
DANCE OF THE
1-779 PAGES!

SNELGROVE DESPAIRS!

TIME'S PRESSING, OLD CHAP I REALLY MUST TAKE OFF. ARE YOU SURE YOU-



MY POOR BELLY DANCER AND CHURCH ORGAN - GONE!

I'LL FIND THEM EVEN IF I HAVE TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE IN THE BAZAAR-



YOU CANNOT GIVE UP YOUR CHURCH OF NINTH DAY WONDERS OR YOUR PERSONAL SERVICE OF MUSCULAR CONVERSION!

ALAS, YES, BUT I'LL HAVE JUST ONE LAST FLING!



THE MUSCULAR EVANGELIST PLUNGES INTO THE BAZAAR...



SNELGROVE! COME BACK, MAN!

FAREWELL, FOSDYKE!

GONE! PHEW, WHAT A CHARACTER HE WAS!

HOPE HE FINDS HIS CHURCH ORGAN AND FARIDA, THE BELLIEST OF DANCERS -

GOOD GRIEF! THAT SIGN OVER THERE. I WONDER?

YOU WOULDN'T BY ANY CHANCE HAVE A CHURCH -

DISHONEST ALI
FINE SELECTION OF FRESHLY STOLEN ITEMS!
COME IN - LOOK AROUND!

ORGAN? JUST SOLD THE LAST ONE!

SNELGROVE IS HISTORY AND THE AIR RACE IS TO BE WON!

FOR EL DYKE, ALL CHECKS ON
YOUR AIRCRAFT HAVE BEEN
COMPLETED.

PLEASE SIGN WHERE
IT SAYS 'ABDUL, MECHANIC
AND BARBER -'

PASSENGER!

BARBER?

ENGINE CLEANED,
TYRES BLACKED, OIL, WATER AND FUEL.

YES, SIR. I TRIMMED YOUR
PASSENGER'S EAR HAIR!

ALBERT FOSDYKE'S AIR RACE IS FURTHER DELAYED!

SORRY, NO PASSENGER. I'M FLYING SOLD AIR RACE RULES!



DESTINATION KABUL?

YES, BUT

CARRUTHERS,
CONFIDENTIAL.



POSITION CRITICAL.
IMPERATIVE REACH KABUL EARLIEST.
APPRECIATE COOPERATION. KINDEST REGARDS.

DAMMIT, I'M STUCK WITH A MAN WHO TALKS LIKE A TELEGRAM!

PXXB TC8
++++2Y

AND A BADLY SENT
ONE AT THAT!

SOME LACONIC HOURS LATER...



BLEAK HILLS, NORTH WEST FRONTIER.
HOSTILE. SUGGEST MAKE KABUL
SOONEST. MANY THANKS.

OH, SHUT UP, CARRUTHERS-
GOOD GRIEF, THEY'RE
SHOOTING AT US!

BLAST! HOW DID I GET
INVOLVED IN-

.. SHOT IN
FOOT!

POSITION DETERIORATING
RAPIDLY. ESSENTIAL ARRIVE KABUL
EARLIEST. KINDEST REGARDS. C. P.S...

IS THIS SUPERHUMAN COURAGE IN CANAL STREET, MANCHESTER?

LISTEN, MONTI, YOU NITWIT! NO FLINCHING! WHEN THE TRIFE HITS YOU, SAY IN A LOUD CLEAR VOICE-

I KNOW!

FOSDYKE'S TRIFE IS DELICIOUS!
YOU CAN RELY ON ME, SIR JOS.

I AM READY.. SIR J-J-JOS.
F-FEARLESSLY I S-STAND-

KEEP STILL,
YOU TWERP!

READY, FATHER... AIM.. FIRE!

THANK GOODNESS HE FAINTED,
MOTHER. WE HAD NOWT IN
FOR TEA!

THE WRETCHED MONTI HAS BUNGLED YET AGAIN!

THE NITWIT FAINTED AND THEY'RE ALL LAUGHING -

GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE. LOOK, I'LL LOAD UP AND -



... ALL YOU'VE PROVED IS THAT OUR TRIPE CAN GO THROUGH A BRICK WALL! COME ON, VICKY, HOME!

IT'S A BIT OF A CRUSH, FATHER! I'VE LOST MONTI -



GOOD!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR JOS, I'M USELESS SO THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!

NO! FATHER, STOP HIM!

DON'T DO IT, MONTI!



NOBODY ENJOYS FOSDYKE'S TRIPE BY FAR!

FOSDYKES ADVERTISING STUNT IS MISFIRING... OR MAYBE NOT!

NO, MONTI, THE GUN IS TOO CLOSE TO YOUR—

BANG!
SAWT!

OH NO! DON'T LOOK, VICKY!

OH LORD, I WISH I HADN'T HAD THIS 'FOSDYKE'S TRIPE IS SO DELICIOUS!' IDEA

MONTI! SPEAK TO ME!

FOSDYKE'S.. TRIPE.. IS.. SO...

KEEP GOING, LAD!

SPECTATORS, UNAWARE OF THE TRAGEDY, DRIFT HOME!

THAT FLASCO'S NO GOOD FOR FOSDYKE!

RUBBISH! FOSDYKE IS STILL THE NAME FOR LUXURY FOOD-



AYE UP, YOU LOT GOING HOME! MONTI'S JUST-

WE KNOW, LAD!



LOOKS LIKE HE'S HURT BAD. THE AMBULANCE IS HERE.

YOU WERE RIGHT, LUV. THE NAME STILL MEANS SUMMAT!



THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY AMBULANCE IF HED SHOT HISSELF WI' A PICKLED ONION!

MONTY'S LIFE IS IN THE BALANCE AT FAINTHOPE HOSPITAL!

HE'S ON HIS WAY TO THEATRE,
SIR JOS. I WILL OPERATE AFTER
I'VE CHANGED MY SOCKS -



WE MUSTN'T DETAIN YOU, BUT
WHAT ARE HIS CHANCES?

THIS IS MY FIRST TRIPE
INFLECTED HEAD WOUND,
MISS FOSDYKE...



..BUT I HAVE
AN EXCELLENT TEAM AND I'M PRETTY
CONFIDENT THAT BETWEEN US WE CAN SAVE..

..THE RABBIT IN HIS TOP HAT!



MONTI'S OPERATION DRAGS ON...



FAR AWAY, CAPTIVE DITCHLEY WORKS ON THE JIVARO QUEEN.



DITCHLEY SMOOTHLY BEGINS TO CONQUER THE QUEEN!



WHAT'S THIS? THE FEAST OF LOVE CENTRES ON... TRIPE!

MADAM, I AM ONLY A POOR CAPTIVE BUT I FEEL VERY SORRY FOR YOU!

SHUT UP, ROSDYKE!

THIS TRIPE IS THE WORLD'S WORST!

WATCH IT! WE'RE FAMOUS FOR OUR TRIPE AND SHRUNKEN HEADS. WHAT'D YOU KNOW ANYWAY?

YOU TELL HIM, GORGEOUS!

MADAM, I HAVE CROSSED MANY OCEANS TO SPREAD THE GOSPEL OF TRIPE!

AAAIEEE! THE WHITE TRIPE GOD HAS RETURNED!

TOM HAS BECOME A DEITY OF TRIPE!

YOU HAVE RETURNED TO YOUR PEOPLE AT LAST!



DAMMIT, WHERE DOES THIS LEAVE ME? I'LL PUT A STOP TO THIS RIGHT NOW!

The first panel shows a man with a large nose and a woman in a tropical setting. The man is speaking to the woman, who is looking at him with a concerned expression. In the background, there are palm trees and a thatched-roof building.

THIS MAN LIES! I AM THE WHITE TRIPE GOD JANGO!



RUBBISH AND I CAN PROVE IT! DITCHLEY, I CHALLENGE YOU TO A DUEL!

The second panel shows two men in a tropical setting. One man is pointing and shouting, while the other man is looking at him with a surprised expression. In the background, there are palm trees and a thatched-roof building.

PREPARE A 16 COURSE TRIPEDRESSERS WEDDING BREAKFAST FOR 90 GUESTS IN HALF AN HOUR!



-ER- YOU'RE ON!

The third panel shows a man pointing at a woman in a kitchen setting. The man is shouting, and the woman is looking at him with a surprised expression. In the background, there are other people and a large barrel.

A 90 GUEST TRIPEDRESSERS WEDDING BREAKFAST CHALLENGE CONCLUDES...

SWEATING, DITCHLEY? I'M ALMOST THERE!



I'M ON MY FINAL BREAKFAST AND YOU'VE DONE-HOW MANY-HUH! 3!

FINISHED! AND SO ARE YOU THIS TIME, ROGER!



LADIES, MAY I EXECUTE THIS WRETCH BEFORE MY CULINARY MASTERPIECE IS EATEN OR-

NO WE'LL HIM FOR 'AFTERS'



MANY COURSES OF A TRIPEDRESSERS WEDDING BREAKFAST LATER...

YOU ARE INDEED TANGO THE
WHITE TRIFE GOD! THAT WAS
AAAH.. SCRUMPTIOUS!

NO, FOSDYKE! I'LL CHANGE!
MY WORD AS A SCOUNDREL!
I BEG YOU MERCY!

THAT WAS 'MICKEY FINN' KNOCKOUT
TRIFE I MADE. GET MOVING!

GOT A MACHETE
HANDY. I'D LIKE TO
KILL DITCHLEY!

YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE!
AND DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE!

AS KABUL LOOMS ALBERT'S PASSENGER IS FADING!

PAIN..IN...LEG..SEVERE...
ABOUT..TO..FAINT...
10..9..8...



HANG ON, CARRUTHERS! WE
TOUCH DOWN IN A MINUTE!

CODED NOTE..FOR..GENERAL
LIGHTFOOT..TOP SECRET...
URGENT..7..6..5..



BLAST! I'M IN AN AIR RACE AND NOW
I'M INVOLVED IN A MYSTERIOUS
WORLD OF SECRECY AND INTRIGUE!

BRITISH SECRET SERVICE, KABUL
ANNOUNCE THE ARRIVAL OF AGENT
CARRUTHERS ON FLIGHT...



A SAFE LANDING IS MET BY GENERAL LIGHTFOOT.

MORNIN' OLD BOY. WHAT'S UP WITH CARRUTHERS?

DASH IT! HE'LL MISS TONIGHT'S BALL. WOULD YOU ESCORT MY DAUGHTER, MR...

WE'VE FORGOTTEN TO PUT UP THE HOSPITALITY MARQUEE!

FOSDYKE. CERTAINLY, BUT, SIR YOU MUST LOOK AT THIS NOTE!

SHOT IN THE LEG BY HOSTILE TRIBESMEN.

THANK YOU.. WAZIL DISSIDENTS WILL ATTACK DURING 14TH HUZZARS VERSUS LIGHTFOOT'S HORSE POLO'- OH MY GOD!

AN ANXIOUS SEARCH OF THE HILLS...

HA! THE HILLS ARE ALIVE TO THE SOUND OF WAZIL TRIBESMEN...



JUST WAITING FOR THE FIRST CHUKKA! BLAST, I'M IN A DIFFICULT POSITION, FOSDYKE!

IF WE START THE POLO MATCH THEY'LL BE ON US LIKE WOLVES!



IT'LL BE A MASSACRE, LAD, WE'LL BE SLAUGHTERED. ON THE OTHER HAND.

..MY CHAPS ARE SECOND IN THE LEAGUE AND WE'LL BE TOP IF WE BEAT THE 14TH HUIZZARS!



PREMIE

1. WAZIL
2. WAZIL
3. WAZIL
4. WAZIL
5. WAZIL
6. WAZIL
7. WAZIL
8. WAZIL
9. WAZIL
10. WAZIL

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GENERAL LIGHTFOOT IS ADAMANT...

CAN'T CANCEL POLO, FOSDYKE
OR THE BALL! MY CHAPS ARE
DEAD KEEN!



THEY'LL BE DEAD DEAD IF
THE WAZILS ATTACK WHEN
YOU'RE PLAYING POLO, AND...

..WHAT ABOUT THE LADIES
HERE FOR THE BALL? THEIR
FATE WOULD BE-



GENERAL,
DEAR!

AH, HERE ARE THE MEMSAHIBS
NOW. I'LL APPRAISE THEM OF THE
DANGER TO GET A REACTION!

..COULD END UP IN THE TENT OF AN HAIRY
SAVAGE WITH WHITE TEETH AND
FLASHING EYES!



LET'S BE FAIR TO
EVERYONE. JUST PLAY
FOR AN HOUR!



MEANWHILE IN A ROCKY ENCAMPMENT...

O GREAT KHAN, THE FOOLS LINE UP FOR POLO. GIVE US THE WORD AND WE WILL-

EXCELLENT. WE WILL STRIKE WHEN THE SCORE IS 1-0!

SILENCE. I WILL SEE THIS FOR MYSELF!

THEY START!

ANY SCORE YET?

NO. IT'S A CAUTIOUS OPENING WITH NEITHER SIDE GIVING ANYTHING AWAY. IT'S DOUR AND EVENLY BALANCED!

THE GAME'S BEING RUINED BY THIS 'NO RISK' DEFENSIVE ATTITUDE

SUDDENLY THE POLO MATCH EXPLODES!

GOAL! IT'S A GOAL!



THE SIGNAL! FORWARD, WAZILS
AND SLAUGHTER THEM TO A MAN!

LET THE POLO FIELD BE A CARPET
OF THEIR CORPSES!



WAIT!

IT'S BEEN DISALLOWED!



ALL IS NOT WELL WITH THE AMAZING MONTI!

SIR JOS, IT IS MY SAD DUTY TO INFORM YOU-

OH NO!

MONTI DID NOT SURVIVE THE OPERATION

I'M SO SORRY! HE WAS A GREAT ILLUSIONIST AND A TROUPEUR TO THE VERY END.

COULD WE SEE HIM?

NOT AT THE MOMENT I'M AFRAID..

HE WAS DOING HIS 'VANISHING PATIENT' TRICK AND WE CAN'T FIND HIM!

SIR JOS TAKES VICTORIA HOME...

SHE'S DISTRAUGHT, BECKY!
MONTI'S TRIPE WOUND
WAS FATAL-

JOS, THE
PAPER!

NO! PEOPLE ARE USING OUR
TRIBE TO BLOW THEIR BRAINS
OUT LIKE MONTI DID!

MAYBE BUT THERE'S NOT ONE SINGLE
COMPLAINT ABOUT OUR TRIPE!

THE SALFORD STUNNER
**STRANGE WAVE OF
TRIPLE SUICIDES!**



THEY'RE CALLING
YOU A MURDERER!

YES, I'LL PAY FOR A NICE
VERSE. 'GONE IN A FLASH-'



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JOS DASHES TO FACE THE MOB!

MURDERER! BAN THIS DELICIOUS BUT DEADLY WEAPON!

BETTER CLEAR OFF HOME, SIR JOS!

THAT'LL BE THE DAY WHEN A FEW BRICKS SCARE JOS ROSDYKE!
OH, NO!

I WILL REMAIN HERE AND SUPERVISE PRODUCTION.

..BECAUSE YOU ARE BEING CLOSED DOWN!

STAY IF YOU MUST BUT IT WON'T DO MUCH GOOD.

FOSDYKE'S DELICIOUS

CLOSED

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FOSDYKES TRIPWORKS... CLOSED DOWN!

WHO THE 'ELL ARE YOU
CLOSING ME DOWN?

TOO MANY UNFORTUNATES ARE COPYING
THE GREAT MONTI AND BLOWING THEIR
BRAINS OUT WITH TRIFE!

AS SOON AS PEOPLE GO
BACK TO TRADITIONAL
'CANAL JUMPING!'



RUINED! AFTER
YEARS OF TOIL!



R.J. WIGLEY, THE TIPSTAFF
ACTING ON THE AUTHORITY OF
THE HOME SECRETARY!

NOT NECESSARILY, SIR JOS.
YOU CAN RE-OPEN AS SOON AS



A CLOSED, DESERTED TRIPWORKS.. DISASTER!

BECKY, WE NEVER STOPPED PRODUCTION
EVEN DURING THE TRIBE WAR BUT
I CANT REOPEN...



...TILL FOLK STOP USING
OUR TRIBE TO KILL THEMSELVES...

..AND GO BACK TO THE OLD
WAYS LIKE POISON AND
CANAL JUMPIN'...



..TILL THEN WERE JUST
DEAD IN THE WATER—

BECKY!



BECKY PREPARES FOR HER SUPREME SACRIFICE!

I KNOW HOW MUCH THE FIRM MEANS TO YOU, JOSFOSDYKE...



AND I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE YOU SUFFER. I LOVE YOU, JOS-

NO, BECKY, NOW IT'S MORE PRECIOUS TO ME THAN YOU...



...AND APART FROM THAT, IT WOULD DO NO GOOD!

THAT'S A 56 LB. BOX OF OUR BEST TRIPE AROUND YOUR NECK!



JOS REALISES THE VALUE OF HIS TREASURE!

WILLING TO DROWN IN
THE CANAL TO SAVE THE
FIRM.. EE, LASS..



I'M THrice BLESSED TO HAVE YOU TO
SHARE MY LIFE WITH. COME HOME.
I'LL PUT YOU TO BED AND...



..YOU CAN HAVE ANOTHER GO
TOMORROW WITH A SANDBAG
AND SOME WEIGHTS!



FAR AWAY, THE TRIPE DRUGGED TIVAROS DROP THEIR GUARD...

COME ON, MAN, RUN FOR IT-
AREN'T YOU COMING WITH
US, GASKITT?

..AND WITH A HUGE AMOUNT OF
LUCK YOU MIGHT REACH SAFETY
IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS!

..BUT THIS ROUTE IS SO MUCH
PRETTIER!

I'M INCURABLY ATTACHED TO THE
NUBILE WOMEN AROUND HERE SO I'LL
STAY. TAKE MY DUGOUT CANOE...

WHICH WAY
DO WE HEAD?

IF YOU GO
SOUTH IT'S SHORTER..



DITCHLEY AND FOSDYKE, SWORN FOES DASH FOR FREEDOM!



DITCHLEY IS POISED TO STRIKE, WHEN...



SAVED AT LAST!

STAND ASIDE, FOSDYKE,
I NEED FOOD AND A
DECENT CLARET!

OOF!

HELLO! ROGER DITCHLEY, WEALTHY
ARISTOCRAT. I WANT A LARGE
CABIN WITH—

WELCOME
ABOARD...

AND LOCK THEM UP!
BAD LUCK, MY FRENDS..

...YOU'LL BE BACK ON
DEVILS ISLAND IN NO TIME!

DESTINATION... DEVIL'S ISLAND!

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! I'M THE FAMOUS ROGER DITCH-

- AND WHEN I RETURN YOU TO THAT LIVING HELL I COLLECT FR.1000 REWARD -

POSDYKE, OFFER HIM MONEY -

BUT I HATE TO SPOIL THE PARTY!

YOU ARE GASTON LE MORT AND CHARLES DE GOULE, THE DEVIL'S ISLAND RUNAWAYS..

M'SIEU, DON'T THINK THAT I AM AGAINST ACCEPTING LARGE BRIBES OF ALL KINDS...

WELCOME HOME
LE MORT & DE GOULE

TOM AND DITCHLEY ARRIVE AT THE WORLD'S WORST PRISON...

I RETURN THE ESCAPEES
LE MORT AND DE GOULE!



DEVILS INCARNATE! THEY
FOUGHT LIKE WILD BEASTS...

SO AS WELL AS THE REWARD I ALSO
WILL CLAIM FOR DAMAGES
TO MY SHIP AND CREW!



SEVEN LIFEBOATS SMASHED,
THIRTY CREW SERIOUSLY INJURED,
EVERY CABIN WRECKED BEYOND REPAIR!

LE MORT THE LIBRARIAN AND
DE GOULE OF THE DEVIL'S
ISLAND BALLET?



Fosdyke Saga **Seven**

by **BILL TIDY**



Foreword by
THE MARQUESS OF BATH