



Episode I

# THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

Episode 1 **TARPIT TERROR** written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE-drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

AND SO, PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST IS CAST ADRIFT IN A WORLD SHE NEVER MADE.

THERE IS A LESSON TO BE LEARNED HERE AND IT IS AS FOLLOWS: NOT BEAUTY NOR WEALTH NOR POSITION CAN STEM THE STRANGE AND UNFATHOMABLE TIDES THAT SHAPE OUR LIVES. IN THE MIDST OF SOCIETY'S NOTABLES, SURROUNDED BY SCORES OF LIVERIED FOOTMEN, OUR ILL-FÊTED DEBUTANTE SIPS WHAT APPEARS TO BE A PERFECTLY ORDINARY POUSSÉ-CAFÉ. SHE COMES TO, SCANT HOURS LATER, AT AN OASIS IN DEATH VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, THE PRISONER OF A PORTENTOUS STRANGER...

UNDER A FULL MOON, HE REMOVES HER BLINDFOLD...

PHOEBE FIGURES HIM FOR AN EX-NAZI BECAUSE HE'S WEARING A FADED BLUE AND OLIVE LUFTWAFFE UNIFORM...

TAKE OFF YOUR DRESS!



BUT BEFORE SHE CAN REACT TO HER CAPTOR'S LOATHSOME COMMAND, HE BRUTALLY RIPS THE FLORAL-PATTERNED STARCH SILK CHIFFON ORIGINAL FROM HER LIMP BODY AND TEARS IT TO SHREDS...



NOW THE BRA!

SHE IS GROGGY. COBWEBS CLOG HER BRAIN. JUDGING FROM ALL THE SAND AND CACTI, IT WOULD SEEM SHE IS IN SOME KIND OF DESERT...



YOU WILL DO AS I SAY! DO NOT BE SO INSOLENT AS TO HOPE THAT I MIGHT SHOW ANYTHING BEYOND A FLEETING DISINTEREST IN YOUR MISERABLE BODY! SWINE!

YOUR BRA!



THE PAIN CUTS THROUGH THE COBWEBS LIKE A LEAD SPIDER. SHE NOW KNOWS THAT RESISTANCE IS FUTILE AND SUBMITS TO HIS DEMANDS, MEEKLY UNHOOKING HER BRA TO REVEAL HER FULL, THRUSTING BREASTS...

YOUR PANTIES!





SHE SLIDES THE SILK PANTIES DOWN HER CREAMY THIGHS INTO THE MUD...

YOUR HIGH-HEELED SHOES!



AND STEPS OUT OF HER TOFFEE-TONED CALFSKIN PAPPAGALLO'S...

NORMALLY, I WOULD DIS-EMBOWEL THIS MAN WITH A FEW SIMPLE ORIENTAL COMBAT MANEUVERS. BUT THE DRUG HAS LEFT ME WEAKENED, POWERLESS TO RESIST.

YOU ARE READY! PLACE YOUR HANDS ABOVE YOU!



PHOEBE COMPLIES, HER WHITE BODY TREMBLING IN THE MOONLIGHT. HE DEFTLY BINDS HER HANDS WITH ONE END OF A LONG ROPE. THE RAW HEMP SLICES INTO HER WRISTS...



GRABBING THE SCRUFF OF HER NECK, HE FORCES HER TO KNEEL IN THE MUD...

AND NOW, SLUT, I HAVE ARRANGED A MOST UNIQUE ...DEMISE FOR YOU! A DEMISE, I MIGHT ADD, INVOLVING NOT AN INCONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF PAIN! IN A FEW MOMENTS, I SHALL ATTACH THE OTHER END OF THIS ROPE TO A HELICOPTER!



PHOEBE NOTES A TRIANGLE OF LIGHTS APPROACHING IN THE DISTANCE. THEY ARE ALMOST LOST AMONG THE STARS...



AND YOU, LIKE, HOW DO YOU SAY... *PETER PAN*, SHALL FLY THROUGH THE AIR, UNTIL I SEVER THE ROPE AND YOU DROP... INTO THE LA BREA TAR PITS! HA! HA! HA! THERE YOU SHALL TAKE YOUR PLACE IN HISTORY!

**HAW!**



THE HELICOPTER HOVERS ABOVE THEM. THE EX-NAZI MUST SHOUT TO MAKE HER HEAR HIS FINAL MOCKERY...



YOUR REPRIEVE IS A SHORT ONE! SOON IT WILL JUST BE YOU... AND ALL THOSE SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS!



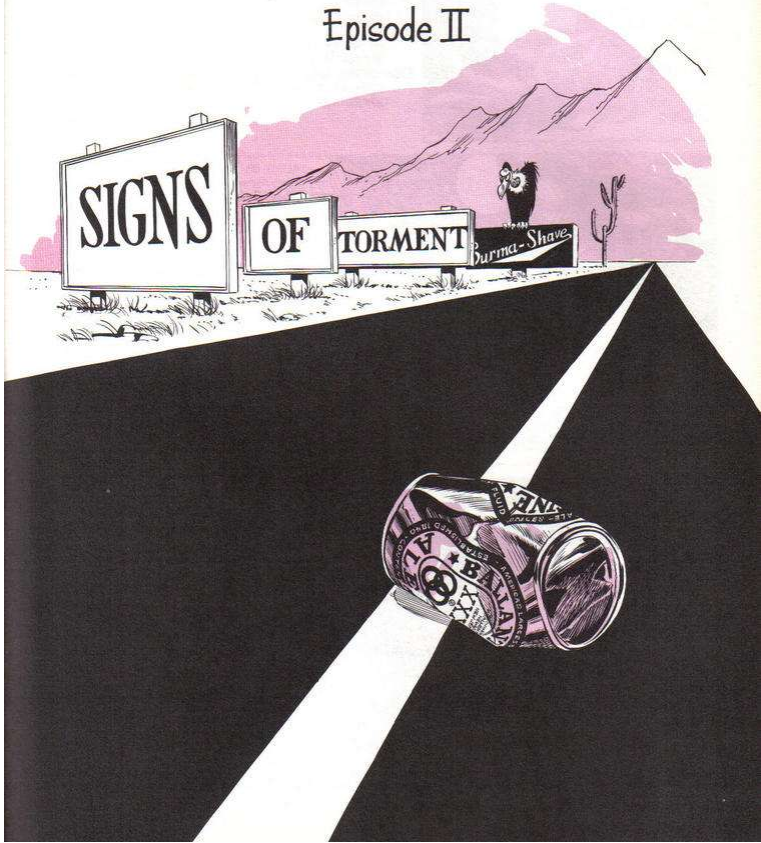
SIEG HEIL!!

HE VANISHES INTO THE HELICOPTER...

PHOEBE ATTEMPTS TO RISE FROM THE MUD WHEN A SUDDEN JERK PULLS HER TO HER FEET AND INTO THE AIR, SAILING TOWARD THE TAR PITS...

IS THIS THE END FOR PHOEBE? WILL IT JUST BE HER AND ALL THOSE SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS? DOES DEPRIVITY TRIUMPH? BE WITH US NEXT ISSUE FOR "SIGNS OF TORMENT," ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED EPISODE IN *THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST*, WHEN WE'LL ANSWER ALL THESE QUESTIONS AND MORE!

Episode II



# THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

Episode II- "SIGNS of TORMENT"

written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE-drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST, WEALTHY 24-YEAR-OLD SOPHISTICATE, WAS ADMINISTERED A DRUGGED POUSSÉ-CAFÉ AT A FASHIONABLE ANTWERP GARDEN PARTY AND AWAKENS HOURS LATER IN DEATH VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, WHERE SHE HAS BEEN A FORCED TO SUBMIT TO THE DEPRAVED CAPRICES OF A DEMENTED EX-NAZI WHO STRIPPED AND BOUND HER TO A 28' ROPE SUSPENDED FROM A HELICOPTER. OUR STORY OPENS AS PHOEBE DANGLES HELPLESSLY FROM THE SPEEDING COPTER *COMME UNE POUPEE DE PARIS*. DESTINATION? THE LA BREA TAR PITS! HERE IRREVOCABLE ANNIHILATION AWAITS PHOEBE WHEN THE EX-NAZI CUTS THE ROPE PLUNGING HER INTO PREHISTORIC DOOM...

SOARING THROUGH THE CHILLED NIGHT AIR REVIVES PHOEBE. HER RIPE YOUNG BODY ACHES FROM THE BRUTAL BEATING SHE SUFFERED AT THE HANDS OF THE RUTHLESS GERMAN.



BELOW HER, LIFE GOES ON AS USUAL...



FOR THEM, LIFE WOULD CONTINUE TO GO ON AS USUAL...



AS PHOEBE LOOKS DOWN ON ALL THOSE PEACEFUL PINK HOUSES NESTLED IN THE GENTLE HILLS AND VALLEYS OF LOS ANGELES, SHE REFLECTS UPON LIFE...



HER SEARCH FOR ORDER IN A WORLD OF CHAOS IS ABRUPTLY TERMINATED BY A DROP IN ALTITUDE, SMASHING HER INTO A BILLBOARD...



IT APPEARS AS IF HER WARPED CAPTORS ARE ABOUT TO HAVE SPORT WITH THE HAPLESS GIRL BY FLYING LOW ALONG A HIGHWAY AND BUMPING HER INTO THE ROADSIDE ADVERTISEMENTS...



PHOEBE RECOVERS SWIFTLY TO DEFTLY WARD OFF THE NEXT BILLBOARD, AWARE THAT ANYTHING LESS THAN SPLIT-SECOND TIMING WILL RESULT IN SERIOUS INJURY...



SHE NARROWLY MISSES A TRAFFIC LIGHT...



FLUSHED WITH SUCCESS, PHOEBE FAILS TO NOTICE A LOW SANITATION SIGN WHICH STRIKES HER SQUARELY IN THE CROTCH...





SHE IS TOO STUNNED TO AVERT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT...



THE HELICOPTER PULLS UP ENDING THE MENACE OF THE SIGNS BUT STRESSING THE IMMEDIACY OF A NEW AND MORE IMPREGNABLE MENACE THAT LOOMS AHEAD: THEY MUST BE NEARING THE TAR PITS!



IN HER FINAL DESPERATE MOMENTS, PHOEBE RECALLS A POEM MOTHER ONCE TOLD HER WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL... ODD, THE LITTLE THINGS ONE CLINGS TO WHEN FACED WITH DESTRUCTION...

Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,  
And whether he's slow or spry,  
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,  
But only how did you die?



THERE AND THEN PHOEBE VOWS TO DIE WITH DIGNITY...

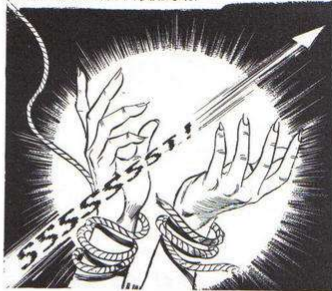


NO AMOUNT OF TAR PITS AND EX-NAZIS WILL EVER TARNISH THE NAME OF ZETT-GEIST!

SUDDENLY, HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW, COMES A STRANGE CRY:



AN ARROW WHISTLES PAST, SPLITTING THE ROPE THAT BINDS HER HANDS...



NOW SHE IS REALLY DONE FOR, HURLING 400 FEET TO CERTAIN DEATH...



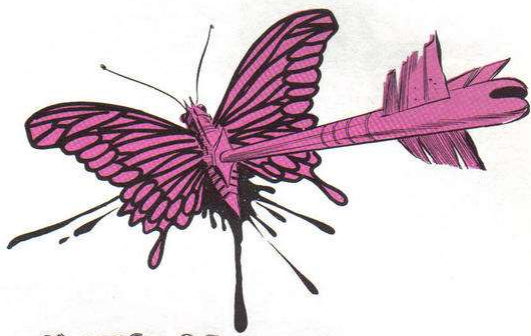
ON THE SLIM CHANCE SHE MAY BE OVER WATER, PHOEBE EXECUTES A FLANLESS 10-POINT TRIPLE-JACKKNIFE FULL-GAINER AND...



WHY DID WE END HERE? IS IT BECAUSE THE NEXT PANEL WILL BE SO REPULSIVE AND BLOOD-SPATTERED THAT ONLY THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER WOULD DARE PRINT IT? AND, AS PHOEBE QUERIED "WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?"



Episode III



PERIL  
DIVER

THE ADVENTURES OF **PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST**  
 Episode III - "PERIL DIVER" written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE - drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

YOU WILL RECALL THAT WEALTHY 24-YEAR-OLD ARISTOCRATIC PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST, THROUGH A FANTASTIC CHAIN OF EVENTS, IS NOW PLUMMETING 400 FEET DOWN TO WHAT APPEARS TO BE NOTHING LESS THAN CERTAIN DEATH. HURLING INTO DARKNESS, UNABLE TO SEE WHERE SHE MIGHT LAND, IT SEEMS AS IF HER RESCUE IS NOT GOING TO PAN OUT. PERHAPS THE HELICOPTER HAD REACHED THE TAR PITS. IF NOT THAT, SHE'LL BE DASHED TO BITS WHEN HITTING SOLID GROUND. PHOEBE'S INDOMITABLE SPIRIT BLOSSOMS EVEN IN THE GRIM FACE OF THESE ADVERSITIES. SHE SPENDS WHAT MAY BE HER FINAL SECONDS PONDERING THE *RAISON D'ÊTRE* AND THEN, ON THE REMOTE CHANCE SHE MAY BE OVER WATER, EXECUTES A FLAWLESS 10-POINT TRIPLE-JACK-KNIFE FULL GAINER AND...



DIVING SHALLOW, SHE ATTEMPTS SWIMMING TO THE BANK. BUT HER BODY IS NUMB FROM SHOCK AND THE CURRENT IS STRONG. PHOEBE'S STRUGGLES ARE TO LITTLE AVAIL. THE RAGING RIVER SWEEPS HER TOWARD THE FALLS... AND OBLIVION...

SPLITS THE ICY WATER OF THE VENTURA RIVER. THE JOLT NEARLY RIPS HER SKIN AWAY...



AS PHOEBE IS PULLED BENEATH THE FROTHING SURFACE OF THE CHURNING WATERS, TOSSED ABOUT LIKE A RAG DOLL...



HER LIFE FLASHES BEFORE HER EYES...



IT'S NO USE, LITTLE ONE! THERE ARE TOO MANY WOLVES AND TOO FEW BULLETS!!

ED. NOTE: LET OUR HEROINE'S DAZED STATE SERVE TO CONFOUND THE READER. LET US POINT OUT THAT EACH OF THE FOLLOWING SCENES ARE SEPARATE HIGH POINTS FROM PHOEBE'S LIFE AND ARE IN NO WAY RELATED TO EACH OTHER.





MON DIEU! WHAT  
COULD HAVE DONE  
THIS GHASTLY  
THING?!

THE NATIVES SAY SHE WAS  
SET UPON BY... BY AN  
**ENORMOUS SPIDER!!**



AND NOW YOU WILL  
KNOW THE WRATH  
OF RABBI  
RABBINOWITZ!

MUSTERING ALL HER REMAINING STRENGTH,  
PHOEBE TRIES DESPERATELY TO REACH SHORE.  
IT'S TOO LATE HOWEVER, SHE PLAYED HARD BUT  
THE DECK WAS STACKED.



THE POWERFUL CURRENT PUSHES HER TO THE  
EDGE WHERE THE BLACK WATERS DROP AWAY TO  
THUNDER DOWN ON THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW.  
THEN, AS SHE HOVERS ON THE BRINK OF ETERNITY,



... A STRONG YELLOW ARM DARTS OUT FROM THE  
BANK AND PULLS HER EFFORTLESSLY TO SAFETY...

THE STRANGER  
WORE SUNGLASSES  
AND A BLOOD RED  
KIMONO...

SO SOLLY NICE LADY!  
WAS INCONVENIENCED!  
PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRO-  
DUCE HUMBLE SELF: AM  
NAGUCHI KOTO, ZEN ARCHER!





Episode IV



Liquidated  
A\$\$ets



**THE ADVENTURES OF**  
**Episode II - "LIQUIDATED**  
**ASSETS"**

# PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE - drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

**O**UR LAST EPISODE ENDED ON WHAT MIGHT BE CONSIDERED A DESPONDENT NOTE WHEN PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST, WEALTHY 24-YEAR-OLD SOPHISTICATE, WAS SLAIN BY A BLIND ZEN ARCHER WHO, FOR INSCRUTABLE REASONS, SENT A SHaft INTO HER BREAST, PIERCING HER VITAL PARTS. MANY READERS OF THIS STRIP MIGHT BELIEVE THAT PHOEBE ISN'T **REALLY** DEAD; THAT AT THE LAST MOMENT WE'RE GOING TO PULL SOME SHODDY TRICK LIKE AN EMERGENCY OPERATION AND THAT PHOEBE IS ONLY **SEVERELY WOUNDED. WRONG!!!** PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST IS **DEAD! DERUNCT!** **NIKETE! KAPUT!** SORRY, BUT THAT'S THE WAY THINGS TURNED OUT. OUR STORY OPENS HOURS LATER. THE ZEN ARCHER HAS DEPARTED LEAVING PHOEBE ALONE IN DEATH EVEN AS SHE WAS IN LIFE...

PHOEBE LIES UNDISTURBED ALL MORNING UNDER THE WARM CALIFORNIA SUN...



**L**A TE THAT AFTERNOON, A PAIR OF SCARLET TANAGERS BUILD A NEST UNDER HER CHIN.



**A**T TWILIGHT, STRANGE HOODED FIGURES LURK IN THE SHADOWS...



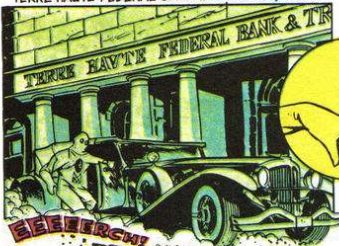
**U**NDER COVER OF NIGHT, THEY MAKE THEIR MOVE, STOWING PHOEBE IN THE TRUNK OF A SILVER 1934 HEYMAN TORPEDO-PHAETON DUESENBERG, MODEL '537...



**T**HE HUGE MOTOR CAR ROARS OFF INTO THE DARKNESS...



AFTER ROLLING FOR HOURS OVER TREACHEROUS ROADS AT BREAKNECK SPEEDS, THE ENORMOUS TOURING VEHICLE PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE TERRE HAUTE FEDERAL BANK & TRUST CO., INC...



PRESSING A SECRET BUTTON ARTFULLY CONCEALED UNDER THE NIGHT DEPOSIT SLOT OPENS UP THE WHOLE WALL...



ONCE INSIDE, PHOEBE'S GHOULISH ABDUCTORS REMOVE THEIR DISGUISES TO REVEAL THEMSELVES FOR WHAT THEY ARE - THE MOON SQUAD, A BAND OF DEBAUCHED MIDWESTERN BUSINESSMEN PLEDGED TO WORSHIP SEX AND DEATH. IN THAT ORDER...



ONLY TWO THINGS IN THIS WORLD WORTH BOTHERIN' YOUR HEAD ABOUT AND THEM'S SEX AND DEATH!

AFTER SANDPAPERING HIS FINGERTIPS, A SINISTER MAN WEARING A WIDE TIE FEATURING A PAINTED PEACOCK WITH A REAL FEATHER TAIL APPROACHES THE SAFE AND SPINS THE DIAL TO 63 RIGHT, 47 LEFT, THREE TIMES RIGHT TO 88, LEFT TWICE TO 159, RIGHT TO ZERO AND...



BEFORE PASSING THROUGH THE CIRCULAR ENTRANCE, ALL GIVE A WEIRD INCANTATION ACCOMPANIED BY AN UNNERVING DEATH SALUTE...

NORTH IS NOME! SOUTH IS ROME!  
GOOD IS EVIL! DEATH IS HOME!



LITTLE WOULD THE CASUAL OBSERVER SUSPECT THAT THIS STOLID LOOKING BANK VAULT IS ACTUALLY THE DOOR TO A DREAD TEMPLE OF...





THE ORGANIST STRIKES UP A WEDDING DIRGE.



DIES IRAE, DIES  
ILLA  
SOLVET SAECULUM IN...

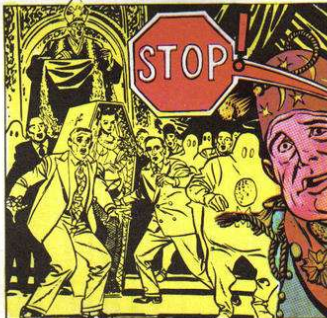
THE CEREMONY COMMENCES...



A GREAT SCHOLAR ONCE WROTE: "LIFE'S A SHORT SUMMER; MAN IS BUT A FLOWER." WHEN WE PICK ROSES, DO WE HIDE THEM IN THE GROUND AND COVER THEM WITH DIRT? WE DO NOT!! WE PUT THEM IN VASES AND DISPLAY THEM! IS IT NOT FAIR THAT WE EXTEND TO PEOPLE, TO **HUMAN BEINGS**, THE SAME HONORS WE GIVE INSIGNIFICANT POSIES?"



DEATH CALMS THE PASSIONS, RESTRAINS DESIRE, PURIFIES BOTH BODY AND MIND! CHASTITY IS REBORN! ONLY IN THE TOMB DO WOMEN, WANTON AND SHAMEFUL WHEN ALIVE, BECOME FIT BRIDES FOR OUR BELOVED THANATOS! IF THERE BE ANY AMONG YOU WITH GOOD REASON WHY THIS MARRIAGE SHOULD NOT TAKE PLACE, SPEAK NOW OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR PEACE!



Ⓛ DID SOMEONE COME UP WITH GOOD REASON WHY THIS MARRIAGE SHOULD NOT TAKE PLACE? WILL THE GRAND WIZARD SUCCEED IN PLYING HIS UNTHINKABLE PERVERSIONS ON PHOEBE'S TEETH? Ⓛ HOW LONG CAN ALL THIS GO ON BEFORE OUR HEROINE STARTS TO DECOMPOSE?



BRACE YOURSELVES FOR THE SOUL-SUNDERING REVELATIONS THAT ARE COMING YOUR WAY IN "THE JAWS OF DEATH," THE NEXT EPISODE IN **THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST!**