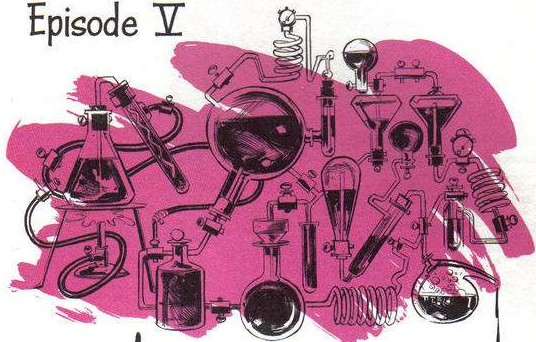


Episode V



JAWS OF DEATH

THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

Episode I "THE LAMS OF DEATH"

written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE-drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

THINGS HAVEN'T WORKED OUT VERY WELL FOR PHOEBE. SHE'S BEEN SLAIN, CAPTURED BY A BAND OF PROVINCIAL NECROPHILIACS AND, TO TOP IT OFF IS ABOUT TO BECOME THE BRIDE OF THANATOS, LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD WITH SO LITTLE TO LOOK FORWARD TO, ONE MIGHT SUPPOSE THAT THE READER'S ATTENTION WOULD BEGIN WANDERING. BUT ONE WOULD BE MISTAKEN! IN SPITE OF PHOEBE'S BLEAK FUTURE, A BURNING IRREVOCABLE QUESTION REMAINS UNANSWERED: WILL PHOEBE BE LAID IN THE GRAVE OR WILL SHE MERELY BE BURIED? MAYBE THE INTRUDER WILL SET OUR MINDS AT REST, AND THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT...

THE HIGH PRIESTS ARE ENRAGED AT THIS UNEXPECTED AUDACITY...

WHO DARES TO THWART THE IMPERIAL TAXIDERMIST? COME FORTH AND STATE YOUR REASONS!



LET ME WARN YOU THAT IF YOUR IMPUDENCE WAS UNWARRANTED, YOU WILL BE REPRIMANDED IN THE EXTREME!

A SMARTLY ATTIRED INTRUDER STEPS FROM BEHIND THE DRAPERIES AND WHISPERS IN A VOICE THAT ECHOES THROUGHOUT THE PERVERSE CATHEDRAL....



I THOUGHT THIS HAND GRENADE WOULD BE REASON ENOUGH! ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL BLOW YOU TO KINGDOM CITY!

MOVING SWIFTLY BEFORE THE STUNNED DEATH CULTISTS CAN REACT, THE STRANGER SNATCHES PHOEBE, THROWS HER OVER HIS SHOULDER AND RACES UP THE STAIRWAY TO THE VAULT...

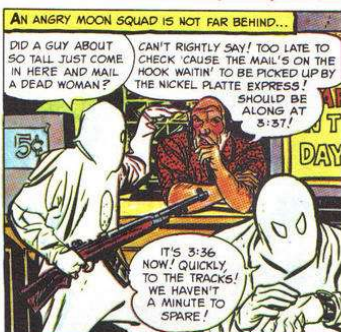
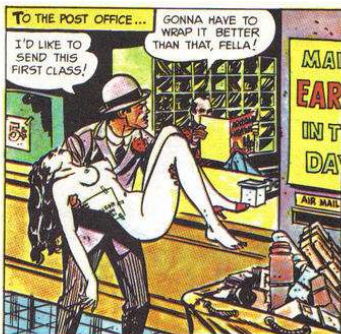


YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

AND THROUGH THE BANK...

OF COURSE, MRS. MEZEROWSKI, YOU REALIZE THAT THERE WILL BE A MONTHLY SERVICE CHARGE OF \$3.00 PLUS AN ADDITIONAL 20¢ FOR EACH CHECK PAID. WE DO REQUIRE THAT ALL CHECKING ACCOUNTS MAINTAIN A MINIMUM BALANCE OF \$600. IF YOU SLIP BELOW THAT AMOUNT, WE MUST PENALIZE YOU TO THE AMOUNT OF \$22.50. AS FOR OVERDRAWN ACCOUNTS THE FIRST THING WE DO IS NOTIFY YOUR EMPLOYER AND THEN...





AFTER TRAVELING FOR WEEKS, PHOEBE IS FINALLY DELIVERED DEEP IN THE FEAR-RIDDLED RAIN FORESTS OF CEYLON...



DR. PIETRO FUZZIFLESH, A MAN WHO WAS ONCE REVERED AS THE WORLD'S FOREMOST FUNGOLOGIST UNTIL HIS FRIENDS AND COLLEAGUES BEGAN AVOIDING HIM BECAUSE OF HIS BIZARRE EXPERIMENTS WHEREUPON THE EMBITTERED DOCTOR RESIGNED HIS IMPORTANT POSITION AT CAMBRIDGE AND MOVED TO AN ABANDONED COPRA PLANTATION IN A REMOTE SECTION OF CEYLON SO THAT HE COULD PURSUE HIS UNORTHODOX STUDIES UNDISTURBED, INTERVENES...



HE WHEELS PHOEBE OUT TO HIS LABORATORY LOCATED IN THE GAZEBO...



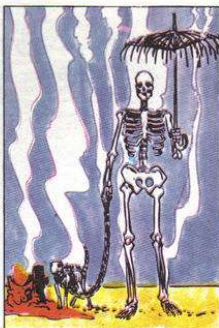
AND UNWRAPS HER...



MEANWHILE, IN ABERDEEN, KANSAS, PHOEBE'S SMARTLY-ATTIRED SAVIOR SUFFERS THE CONSEQUENCES...



YOU WERE A FOOL TO THINK YOU COULD MESS WITH THE MOON SQUAD AND EMERGE UNSCATHED! LET HIM HAVE IT!!



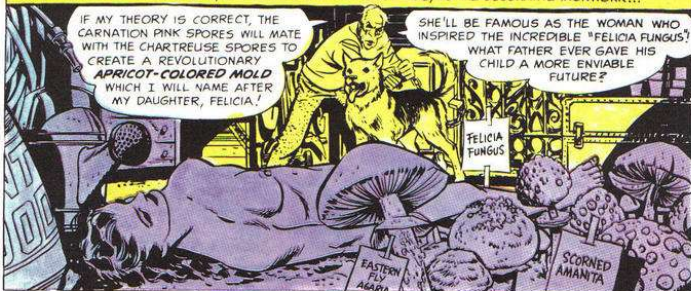
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BACK AT THE GAZEBO, THE WAYWARD BOTANIST MOISTENS PHOEBE'S LITHE BODY...



AND THEN SPRINKLES HER WITH A SUBTLE BLEND OF CHARTREUSE AND CARNATION PINK SPORES...



AFTER MAKING FINAL PREPARATIONS, DR. FUZZIFLESH TAKES LEAVE OF PHOEBE, BUT NOT BEFORE HE SECURES HER SAFETY BY CHAINING BRUNO, A VICIOUS ALSATIAN POLICE DOG, TO THE DECORATIVE IRONWORK...

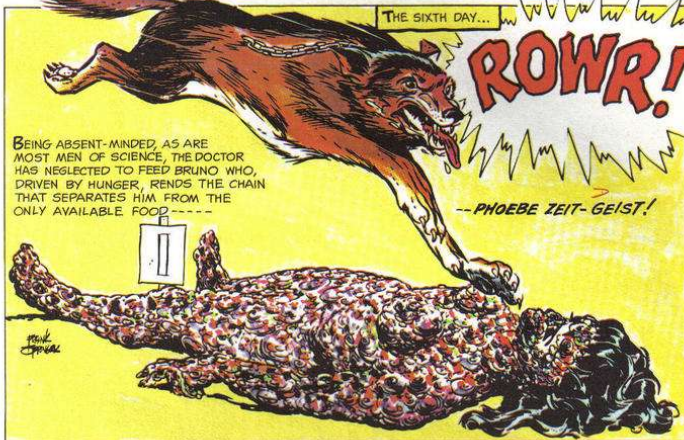




THE FOURTH DAY...



THE FIFTH DAY...



BEING ABSENT-MINDED, AS ARE MOST MEN OF SCIENCE, THE DOCTOR HAS NEGLECTED TO FEED BRUNO WHO, DRIVEN BY HUNGER, RENDS THE CHAIN THAT SEPARATES HIM FROM THE ONLY AVAILABLE FOOD ----

--PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST!



THE GAUNT WATCHDOG PREPARES TO SINK HIS FANGS INTO PHOEBE'S TENDER TORSO.



WILL PHOEBE BE DEVoured BY THE MAD FUNGOLOGIST'S STARVING ALSATIAN? DOES IT REALLY MATTER SINCE SHE'S DEAD ANYWAY?

DON'T MISS THE SPINE-SPLINTERING SURPRISES THAT AWAIT YOU IN 'ARCTIC RUIN', THE NEXT ASTOUNDING EPISODE IN **THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST!**



ARCTIC RUIN

Episode VI

THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

Episode II "ARCTIC RUIN"

written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE - drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

DEATH, AS IT MUST TO ALL WOMEN, HAS COME TO PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST. AND, AS IF THIS WERE NOT ENOUGH, HER REMARKABLY VOLUPTUOUS REMAINS HAVE BEEN SNATCHED SO TO SPEAK, BY A CRAZED FUNGOLOGIST WHO HAS COVERED HER FROM HEAD TO TOE, WITH A REALLY OUTFRÉ FUNGUS.

FURTHERMORE, SHE IS ABOUT TO BE DEVOURED BY BRUNO, A STARVING ALSATIAN POLICE DOG. SHE IS ABOUT TO BECOME... DOGFOOD!

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU CAN JUST TAKE THAT OLD ADAGE AND **KNOCK IT INTO A COCKED HAT!!**

SUDDENLY, HOWEVER...

THE CARNIVEROUS CANINE IS IMPALED BY A HAND-CARVED HARPOON...

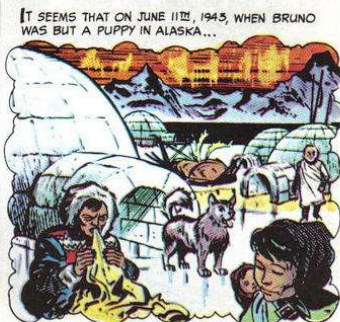


A SINGULAR FACE APPEARS AT THE GAZEBO WINDOW. ONE CAN TELL AT A GLANCE THAT IT IS THE FACE OF A STRANGER TO THE FEAR-RIDDLED RAIN FORESTS OF CEYLON, FOR IT IS THE FACE OF...



...AN ESKIMO!!

AND YET THE EXPLANATION OF THE ESKIMO'S PRESENCE IS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE...



IT SEEMS THAT ON JUNE 11TH, 1945, WHEN BRUNO WAS BUT A PUPPY IN ALASKA...

HE WAS SWIPED BY A YUKON DOGNAPPING RING—A BAND OF DESPERATE MEN AS SAVAGE AS THE FROZEN TUNDRAS THEY LIVED IN; MEN WHO WOULD STOP AT NOTHING FOR A BIT OF GOLD...

WHO REPENTED HIM...



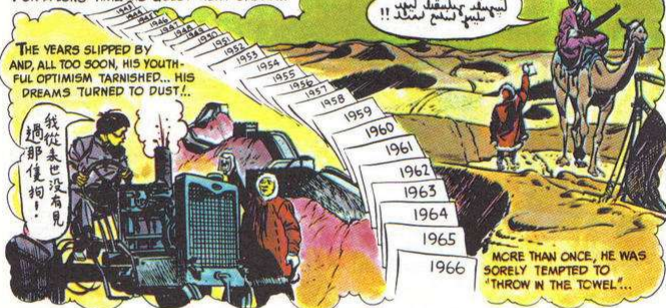
AND SOLD HIM IN CEYLON FOR A HANDSOME PROFIT...



BRUNO'S EX-MASTER, OVERCOME WITH GRIEF, VOWED NO REST UNTIL THE PURLOINED PUPPY WAS RECOVERED, BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS AGED PARENTS, HE TOOK LEAVE OF THE SMALL VILLAGE ON THE BERING STRAITS WHICH HAD BEEN HIS HOME AND SET OUT TO SEARCH THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH - NOT TO MENTION THE SEVEN SEAS...



FOR A LONG TIME HIS QUEST WENT BADLY...



BUT, AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED, PERSISTENCE TRIUMPHED...



WEEKS LATER, PEERING THROUGH A GAZEBO WINDOW ON AN ABANDONED CEYLONESE COPRA PLANTATION, HE SIGHTED THE BELOVED PET WHOM HE HAD SOUGHT SO ARDUOUSLY. YET HE FELT NO JOY FOR THERE WAS, TO COIN A PHRASE, A FLY IN HIS OINTMENT...



OR, TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, HE WAS IN A QUANDRY. ONE CAN WELL IMAGINE HIS SHOCK WHEN HE NOTED THAT HIS DOG, THE SAME DOG THAT HE HAD SPENT MANY A RARE AFTERNOON IN CHILDHOOD FROLIC WITH, WAS ABOUT TO EAT UP WHAT APPEARED TO BE A WOMAN. NORMALLY, THE ESKIMO COULDN'T CARE LESS, FOR HE HAD SEEN MUCH SUFFERING IN HIS TRAVELS AND HAD BECOME JADED TO ALL SORROW BUT HIS OWN...



HOWEVER, THIS WAS NO ORDINARY WOMAN. UPON CLOSER EXAMINATION, HE HAD RECOGNIZED BRUNO'S DINNER-TO-BE AS NONE OTHER THAN THE LEGENDARY ICE PRINCESS, WHOSE COMING WAS FORETOLD BY HIS ANCESTORS, WHO CARVED HER FEATURES ON CEDAR TOTEM POLES...



AND WITH WHOSE SACRIFICE, THE ESKIMOS WOULD RISE UP AS A PROUD NATION AND DRIVE OUT THE WHITE INVADERS WHO HAD DRAINED THEIR NATURAL RESOURCES AND RAPED THEIR WOMEN...



AND SO, MOVING RAPIDLY BEFORE HIS TEARS COULD SPOIL HIS AIM, HE WHIPPED OUT A HAND-CARVED HARPOON, DREW BACK AND...



... YOU KNOW THE REST...

TOSSING
PHOEBE
ONTO
HIS
DOG
SLED,
HE
RETURNS
TO
ALASKA...



UPON ARRIVAL, SHUNNING FRIENDS AND FAMILY, HE GOES DIRECTLY TO THE FUR COVERED HUT OF NONO SHANOOK, THE TRIBAL ANGAKUT.



WED. NOTE: AT THE RISK OF OFFENDING THE READER, BY DWELLING OVERLONG ON COMMON KNOWLEDGE, LET US BRIEFLY EXPLAIN THAT "ANGAKUT" IS A GENERAL CLASS TERM FOR ESKIMO PRIESTS AND MEDICINE MEN WHO DERIVE POWER FROM THE BEAR TO HEAL WOUNDS AND EVEN RESTORE LIFE.

NO ONE KNOWS THE AGE OR ORIGIN OF THE ANGAKUT. COUNTLESS YEARS BEFORE, HE HAD MYSTERIOUSLY WANDERED INTO THE VILLAGE, A MAN WHO NO ONE KNEW, AND HAD DISPELLED A TERRIBLE FAMINE THAT WAS UPON THE LAND, IN HONOR OF HIS DEED, THE GRATEFUL VILLAGERS GAVE HIM THE NAME "NONO SHANOOK" WHICH MEANS: "DESTROYER OF THE MOUNTAIN BIRDS WITH GREY PLUMAGE WHO, AT THE TIME OF THE BIG MOON, FLY IN CIRCLES AND OFTEN EAT SOME OF THE BERRIES BUT NEVER EAT ALL OF THEM..."



NONO GREETES HIS VISITOR...

I DID YOU WELCOME! MANY WINTERS HAVE COME AND GONE SINCE YOU LAST SAT AROUND THE GREAT CAMPFIRE! MANY SUMMERS HAVE COME AND GONE SINCE YOU LAST JOINED US TO TRACK THE SWIFT ELK AND THE ELUSIVE MOOSE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF?



BUT BEFORE THE PRODIGAL ESKIMO CAN REPLY...

MERCIFUL RAVEN!!! IS NOT THAT THE LEGENDARY ICE PRINCESS WHOSE COMING WAS FORETOLD BY OUR ANCESTORS WHO CARVED HER FEATURES ON CEDAR TOTEM POLES AND WITH WHOSE SACRIFICE, THE ESKIMOS WILL RISE UP AS A PROUD NATION AND DRIVE OUT THE WHITE INVADERS WHO HAVE DRAINED OUR NATURAL RESOURCES AND RAPED OUR WOMEN?



YES,
I
THOUGHT
SO!

NEEDLESS TO SAY, PHOEBE MUST BE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE BEFORE SHE CAN BE SACRIFICED...

SHE MUST BE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE!

THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S WORTH A TRY!



NONO BREWS THE RESURRECTION POTION: (A) 2 PARTS SMOKED TONGUE OF CARIBOU, (B) 1 PART TOOTH OF WALRUS, (C) A DASH OF SEAL WHISKERS...



(A) 5 PARTS TAILON OF RAVEN
(E) SOME PELT OF BEAVER...



AND, OF COURSE, (F) LOTS OF SNOW...



HE CHANTS THE NEAR-FORGOTTEN LITURGIES OF A PREAD AND SECRET PAST...



... GA-NAH MU DTO HO-
HI-YII KOK ZI-TEE SHU
JE-YU AI VA-RIR-MOOS
TET OOK SIN GIK PHUG-
NAH YE FUF IP WO-ZO E-
TA BHU YII MU-E-GIK...

DISPLAYING A STRENGTH BEYOND HIS YEARS, THE HAWK-NOSED PRIEST SEIZES PHOEBE BY THE HEELS AND PLUNGES HER INTO THE SEETHING LIQUID...



AND THEN, SUDDENLY...

HER... EYELIDS... FLUTTER!
... SHE ... TREMBLES!!
SHE'S ALIVE!



**PHOEBE
LIVES!**

JARRING AWARENESS FORCES ITSELF INTO THE PHOENIXED FEMALE'S DAZED MIND...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

NO TIME FOR TALK, ICE PRINCESS! MUST PREPARE FOR YOUR IMMEDIATE SACRIFICE!

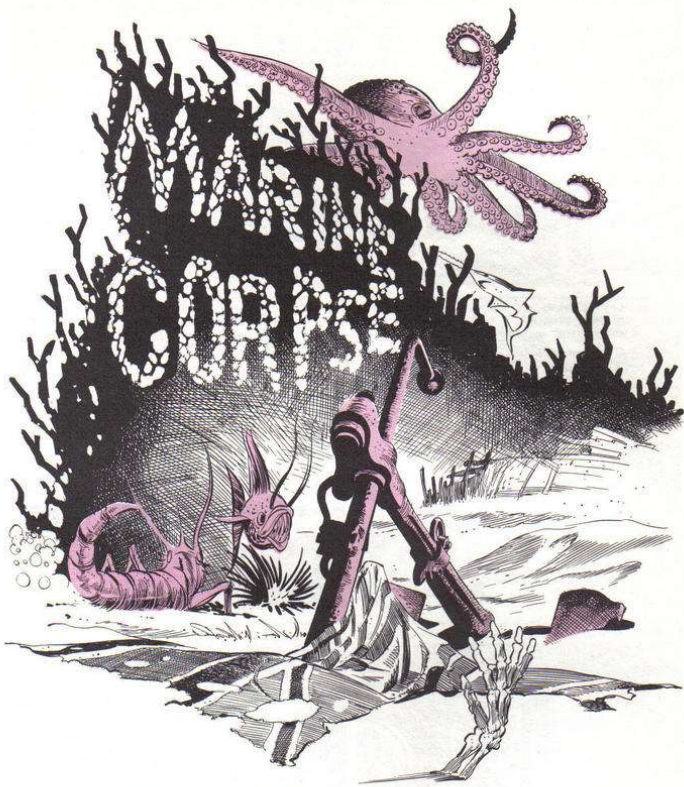




IS EVERY EPISODE GOING TO END WITH
PHOEBE ABOUT TO BE EATEN BY SOME
WEIRD ANIMAL?
WILL THE POLAR BEAR SUCCEED WHERE
THE POLICE DOG FAILED?



DON'T MISS "MARINE CORPSE," THE
NEXT NERVE-NIHILATING EPISODE IN
THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZIT-GEIST!



Episode VII

THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

Episode VII - "MARINE CORPSE"

written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE - drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

AS THE CRUEL ARCTIC WIND RIPS ACROSS THE FROZEN TUNDRAS WITH A CEASELESS WHINE THAT ROBS MEN OF THEIR REASON, ONE IS FORCED TO COMMENT: "MANY ARE THE WAYS OF FATE!" HOW SUPREMEY IRONIC THAT PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST, A DEVOUT EPISCOPALIAN, SHOULD PERISH IN A MEANINGLESS PAGAN RITUAL.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, PHOEBE IS REALLY IN A STEW THIS TIME, OR, TO BE PRECISE, A BOUILLABaisse.

DEATH'S ICY FINGERS ARE AT HER THROAT. SURELY, THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE FROM THE NIVEOUS BRUIN WHO LUMBERS INEXORABLY OVER THE TRACKLESS WASTES, CLOSING THE GAP ON OUR HAM-STRING HEROINE. THE GAME, IT WOULD APPEAR, IS UP...



WHILE BENEATH THE ICE FLOE, THE CREW OF THE **BLACK NARCISSUS** OBSERVES PHOEBE'S EVERY MOVE...



"MARY! NOW THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY - A NAKED WOMAN COVERED WITH FISH ABOUT TO BE EATEN BY A POLAR BEAR!"

WHAT DO YOU SAY, MATE? SHALL WE RESCUE HER OR NOT?

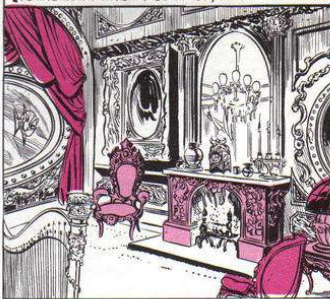
OH, DAMN YOU! WHY MUST IT ALWAYS BE ME WHO MAKES THE DECISIONS?



LET US DIGRESS FOR A MOMENT TO SET THE SCENE: THE **BLACK NARCISSUS**, BUILT IN 1887 BY A SEALING MAGNATE, IS THE LAST OF THE GREAT PRIVATE SUBMARINES. THE EXTERIOR ALONE TOOK TEN FLORENTINE ARTISANS ELEVEN YEARS TO COMPLETE...



THE INTERIOR IS LAVISHLY OUTFITTED, TO SAY THE LEAST...







OBVIOUSLY, THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE IS TO TAPE DYNAMITE TO PHOEBE...



AND PLACE HER IN THE LAUNCHING TUBE ...



WHEN "FLIT" BARKS THE COMMAND:



...THE HAPLESS GIRL IS DISPATCHED TO A WATERY GRAVE ...

SHE SPIRALS THRU THE PELLUCID PACIFIC TOWARD THE PENIZEN OF THE DEEP...



AND THEN...

THAT SHE BLOWS!

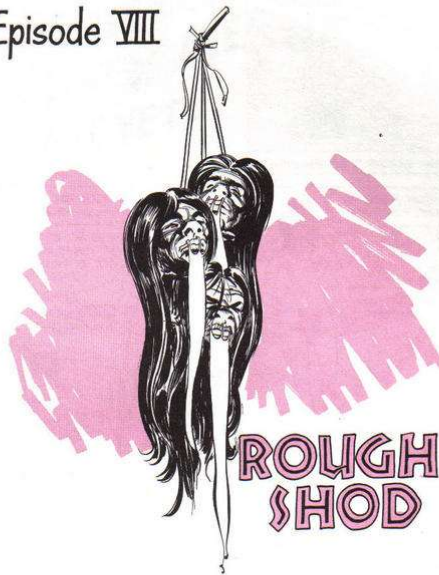


IS THAT THE WAY IT'S TO BE: PHOEBE BLOWN TO BITS AND THIS ONLY EPISODE SEVEN? ARE THE NEXT EPISODES BLANK? OR WILL WE PAD THEM OUT WITH ARTICLES SUCH AS "THE MIGRATORY PATTERN OF THE GIANT FROST MOTH" AND "THE ASWAN HIGH DAM: BULWARK OF THE FUTURE OR USURPER OF THE PAST"?



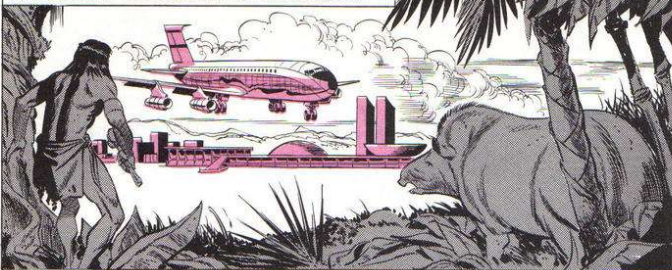
COULD IT BE POSSIBLE THAT, VIA SOME SORT OF REALLY FORTUITOUS MIRACLE, PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST STILL LIVES?? DON'T MISS "ROUGH SHOD" THE NEXT HEART-BATTERING CHAPTER IN THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST!

Episode VIII



ROUGH
SHOD

WITHIN THE HOUR, A PRIVATE CARGO PLANE TOUCHES DOWN IN BRASILIA WHOSE STREAMLINED GRANDEUR RISES LIKE A PHASM OUT OF THE FOUL AND STEAMING JUNGLE...



NOT FIVE MINUTES PASS BEFORE THE "CARGO" ARRIVES AT NÚMERO 119 RUA DA VERGONHA. FEW, IF ANY, WOULD IMAGINE THE TURPITUDE THAT LURKS BEHIND THIS INNOCENT FACADE.



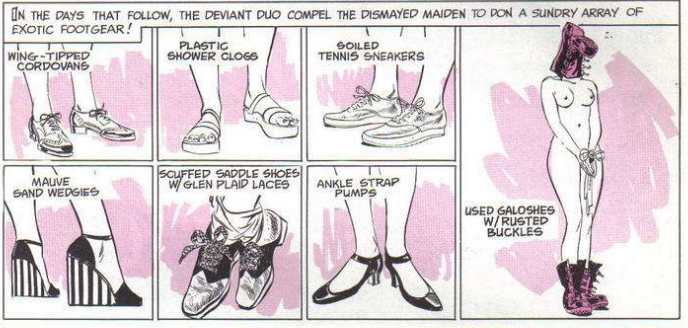
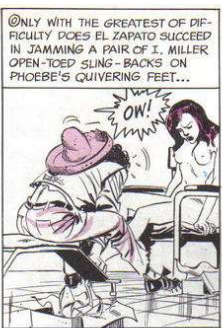
ON THE DANK TILE FLOOR OF A BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM, A FAMILIAR FIGURE STIRS TO CONSCIOUSNESS...



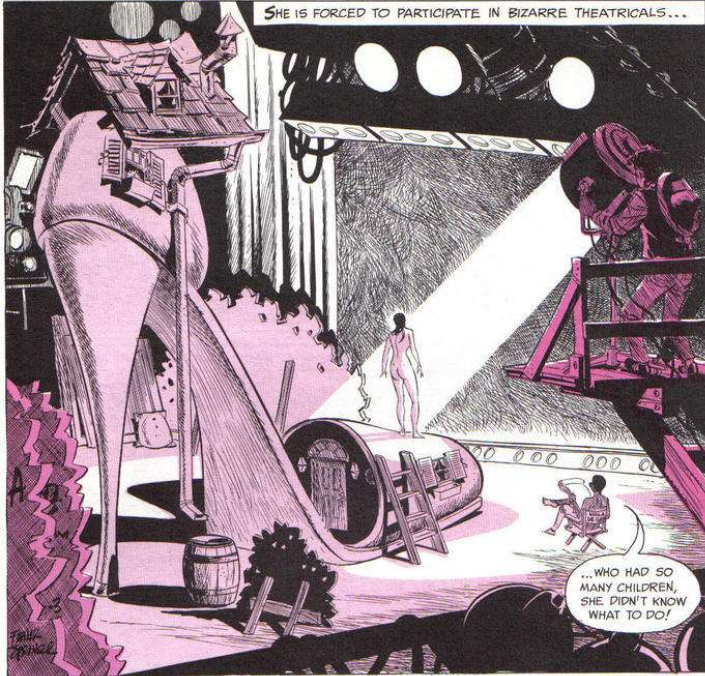
HA! AWAKE AT LAST! YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM EL ZAPATO, PROPRIETOR OF APEX ORTHOPEDIC SHOES, AND THIS IS MY AFRO-ASIATIC SIDEKICK, VIOLA DE GAM! HERE AT APEX, AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTED, WE HIRE THE HANDICAPPED! IN FACT, WE HIRE ONLY THE HANDICAPPED!

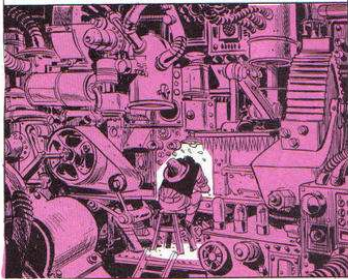




SHE IS FORCED TO PARTICIPATE IN BIZARRE THEATRICALS...



THE IMPROPER PROPRIETOR OFTEN TOILS FAR INTO THE NIGHT DESIGNING AND EXECUTING OUTLANDISH SHOES, IF INDEED, 'SHOES' IS THE WORD...



WHICH PHOEBE IS REQUIRED TO WEAR...

AH! HERE SHE COMES NOW!



ONE RAINY TUESDAY AFTERNOON, VIOLA HAS SOME ALARMING NEWS ...

FOR REASONS THAT I WILL NEVER FATHOM, THE ONCE HONORED ART OF CHINESE FOOTBINDING, AN ART, I MIGHT ADD, OF WHICH I AM A MASTER, HAS FALLEN INTO DISREPUTE! SINCE I AM, PART CHINESE, I FEEL IT IS MY DUTY TO PRESERVE THESE REVERED TRADITIONS AND MOLD YOU INTO THE ESSENCE OF ORIENTAL BEAUTY! HAD STANDARD TECHNIQUES BEEN EMPLOYED WHEN YOU WERE BUT AN INFANT, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE TO FORM TWO MAGNIFICENT "GOLDEN LOTUSES," THAT IS TO SAY, FEET THAT MEASURE APPROXIMATELY THREE INCHES IN LENGTH.

IN YOUR CASE, IT IS OBVIOUSLY **TOO LATE** TO EMPLOY "STANDARD" TECHNIQUES!



THE INIQUITOUS CHERO'S ALMOND EYES SWEEP DOWN PHOEBE'S WELL-EMPLOYED BODY STOPPING JUST BEFORE THEY REACH THE FLOOR...

HOWEVER, BY COMBINING FOOTBINDING WITH A SECRET SHRINKING PROCESS I RECENTLY ACQUIRED FROM A JIVARO HEADHUNTER, IT IS MY BELIEF THAT I CAN TAKE AN AVERAGE ADULT FOOT, SUCH AS YOURS, AND REDUCE IT TO A SINGLE INCH **AT MOST!**



WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO WALK ACROSS A CHESSBOARD WITHOUT STEPPING ON A CRACK!



IGNORING HER PROTESTATIONS, VIOLA COMMENCES TO WIND LONG STRIPS OF LINEN DIPPED IN JIVARO SHRINKING FLUID AROUND PHOEBE'S TOES, SLOWLY WORKING UP TOWARD THE ANKLES...

AT FIRST, THE TIGHT BINDINGS MAY CAUSE CONSTIPATION, DIZZINESS, HEADACHES AND VOMITING BUT THAT SHOULD TAPER OFF IN ABOUT 5 YEARS!



WILL PHOEBE SUFFER A FOOT WORSE THAN DEATH?

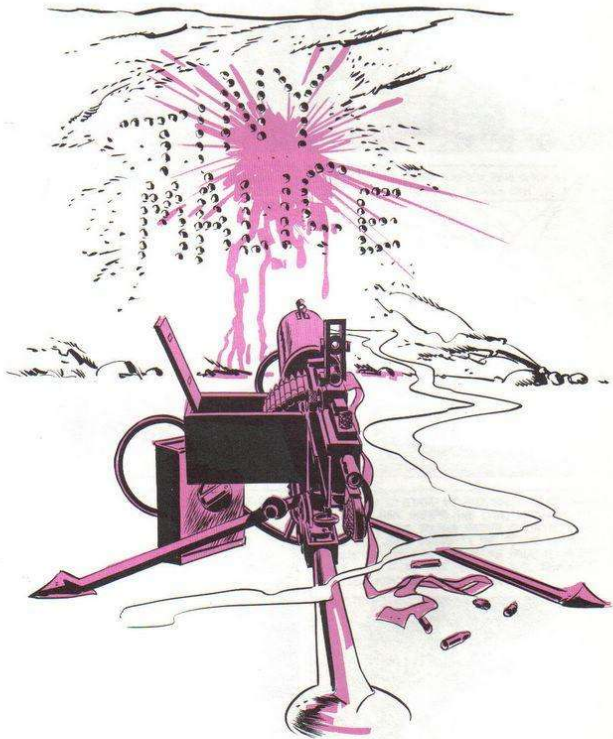
WILL SHE REALLY BE ABLE TO WALK ACROSS A CHESSBOARD WITHOUT STEPPING ON A CRACK?

HOW ABOUT A SCRABBLE BOARD? A CROSSWORD PUZZLE?



ONLY IN "TINY MALICE," THE NEXT MIND-MANGLING EPISODE IN *THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST* WILL YOU FIND THE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS AND QUESTIONS YET UNMASKED!

Episode IX



THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

Episode IX "TINY MALICE"

written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE-drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

TRAPPED BELOW THE EQUATOR BY BRAZILIAN PEDOPHILIACS, PHOEBE IS ABOUT TO HAVE HER FEET SHRUNK TO THE SIZE OF WALNUTS... SMALLISH WALNUTS.

IT IS ALL TOO EASY TO FACE DEATH BRAVELY, FACING A LIFE WITH TEENY-TINY FEET, HOWEVER, TAKES A SPECIAL KIND OF COURAGE, A KIND OF COURAGE THAT FEW PEOPLE POSSESS, INCLUDING PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST...

I'LL DO ANYTHING IF YOU JUST DON'T MAKE MY FEET TEENY-TINY! ANYTHING, I TELL YOU, ANYTHING!



THEN, AN ABRUPT TURN OF EVENTS...



THE SWARTHY LATIN STRIKES PHOEBE A GLANCING SAVATE BLOW WITH HIS STEEL-CAPPED ENGINEER BOOTS...



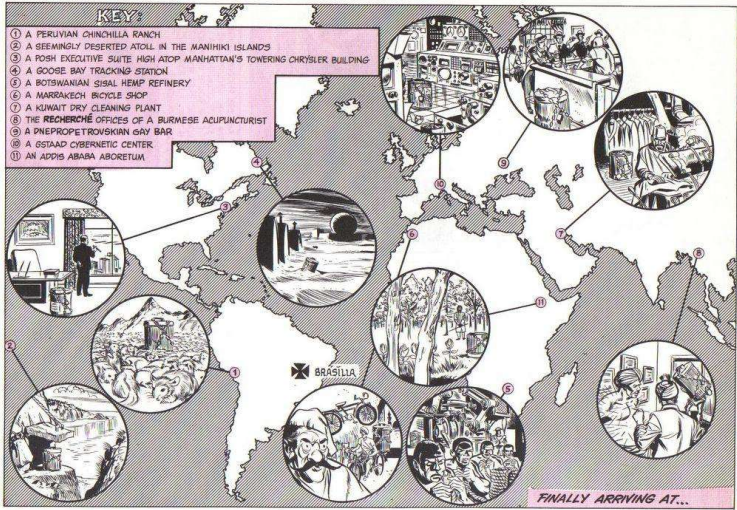
AS PASSING MARXIST SANITATION DEPARTMENT EMPLOYEE NOTICES THE DISCARDED DAMSEL ...

IS THERE NO END TO THE DECADENCE OF THE IMPERIALIST DOGS? HERE THE IDLE RICH THROW AWAY THAT WHICH THE WORKING CLASS COULD PUT TO GOOD USE - TILLING FIELDS, PAVING ROADS, ASSEMBLING AIRPLANES!



UNWILLING TO STAND BY AND SEE PHOEBE WASTED, HE JAMS HER INSIDE THE CAN, SECURES THE LID, AND SHIPS HER TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY VIA "THE RED GRAPEVINE" (THE ROUTE OF WHICH IS PUBLISHED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE TO ALERT THE FREE WORLD TO THE SCOPE, I.E. THREAT, OF INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM)...





KEY:

- ① A PERUVIAN CHINCHILLA RANCH
- ② A SEEMINGLY DESERTED ATOLL IN THE MANIHIKI ISLANDS
- ③ A POSH EXECUTIVE SUITE HIGH ATOP MANHATTAN'S TOWERING CHRYSLER BUILDING
- ④ A GOOSE BAY TRACKING STATION
- ⑤ A BOTSWANIAN SISAL HEMP REFINERY
- ⑥ A MARRAKECH BICYCLE SHOP
- ⑦ A KUWAIT DRY CLEANING PLANT
- ⑧ THE RESEARCH OFFICES OF A BURMESE ACUPUNCTURIST
- ⑨ A PINEAPPLE TROWSHIN GAY BAR
- ⑩ A GSTAAD CYBERNETIC CENTER
- ⑪ AN ADDIS ABABA ABORETUM

FINALLY ARRIVING AT...

PEOPLE'S BAUXITE MINE #2294 NESTLED DEEP IN NORTHERN ALBANIA'S PROKLETIA MOUNTAINS NEAR THE MONTENEGRIN BORDER WHERE THE RUSHING WATERS OF THE DRIN RIVER EMPTY INTO THE HAUNTINGLY BEAUTIFUL LAKE SCUTARI...



THE ARRIVAL CAUSES GREAT EXCITEMENT...



LOOK!

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

BETYAR! COME QUICK!

WOW!



A GARBAGE CAN!

AN ALTERCATION ENSUES...



IT'S MINE! HAND IT OVER!

I SAW IT FIRST!

ED. NOTE: NEVER BEFORE HAS THE INHERENT BASENESS OF THIS GODLESS IDEOLOGY BEEN SO EVIDENT; NEVER BEFORE HAS HUMAN DIGNITY REACHED SUCH APPALLING DEPTHS.

ENTER "PEIPING" TOM, AN EX-CORMORANT FISHERMAN GONE MAD WITH POWER...



BACK! BACK, YOU MINDLESS PUPPETS! I, CONTROLLING SUPERVISOR "PEIPING" TOM, CLAIM THIS GARBAGE CAN FOR THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA IN THE NAME OF THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION AND ITS GLORIOUS STRUGGLE AGAINST REVISIONIST SWINE!

BLAME! BLAME! BLAME!





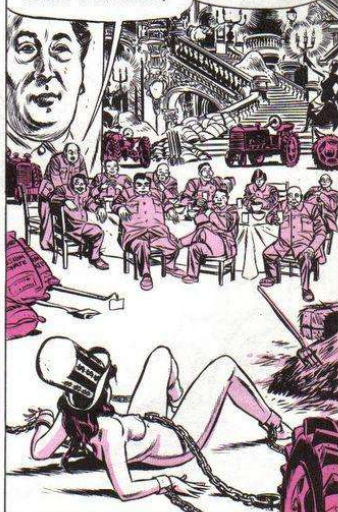
MONTHS PASS... THEN, A REPRIEVE, OF SORTS...

MERELY BECAUSE I ORDERED YOUR REMOVAL FROM THE MINE, DON'T BE DELUDED INTO SUPPOSING THAT YOU ARE SPARED! FAR FROM IT! YOU WILL BE FEATURED IN SOME AFTER-DINNER "ENTERTAINMENT" I'VE PREPARED FOR A PARTY OF VISITING DIGNITARIES! NO LESS THAN THE MINISTER OF FLUORIDATION WILL WITNESS YOUR UNDOING!



THAT NIGHT, AT A DEPOSITORY FOR FARM IMPLEMENTS, (FORMERLY THE WINTER PALACE OF PRINCE WILLIAM OF WIED) THE ASIAN MINER ADDRESSES THE ASSEMBLAGE...

AND NOW, FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT, THIS LADY YOU SEE CHAINED TO THE FLOOR WILL BE RAPED BY A 12-FOOT KOMODO DRAGON, SYMBOLIZING THE INEVITABLE TRIUMPH OF MARXIST-LENINIST DOCTRINE OVER WALL STREET PROFITEERS!

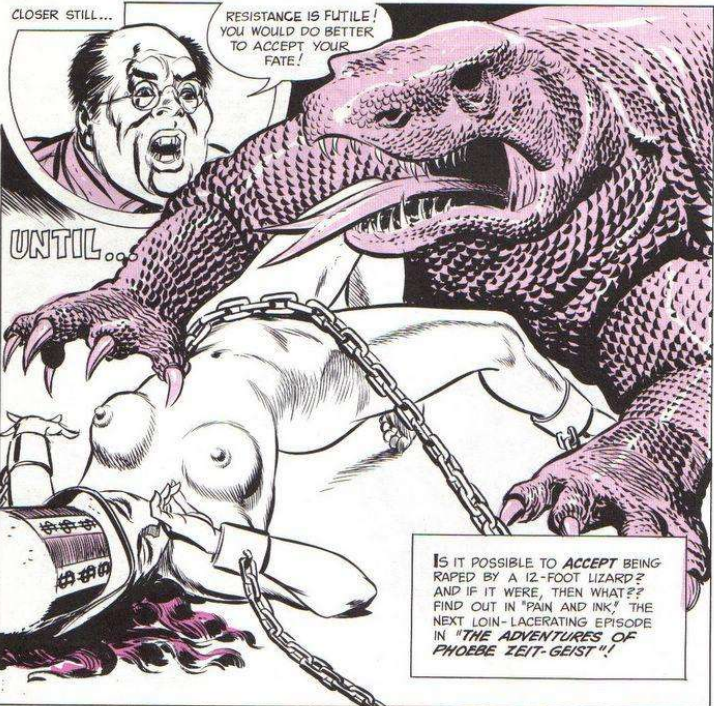


THE REPUGNANT REPTILE IS UNLEASHED...



SLOWLY, WITH FLICKING FORKED TONGUE,
IT APPROACHES THE PRONE PRISONER
..... CLOSER...

CLOSER STILL...



RESISTANCE IS FUTILE!
YOU WOULD DO BETTER
TO ACCEPT YOUR
FATE!

UNTIL...

IS IT POSSIBLE TO ACCEPT BEING
RAPED BY A 12-FOOT LIZARD?
AND IF IT WERE, THEN WHAT??
FIND OUT IN "PAIN AND INK," THE
NEXT LOIN-LACERATING EPISODE
IN "THE ADVENTURES OF
PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST!"