Episode V

JAWS OF DEATH
THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

Episode I "THE JAWS 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 NECROMANCERS 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 STATE OF PHOEBE'S BLEAK FUTURE, A BURNING IRREVOCABLE QUESTION REMAINS UNANSWERED: WILL PHOEBE BE LAD IN THE GRAVE OR WILL SHE MERELY BE BURIED? MAYBE THE INTRUDER WILL SET OUR MINDS AT REST AND THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT...

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

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....

AND THROUGH THE BANK...

OF COURSE, MRS. MEZEROUSSI, YOU REALIZE THAT THERE WILL BE A MONTHLY SERVICE CHARGE OF $3.00 PLUS AN ADDITIONAL 20c 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 $2.80. AS FOR OVERDRAWN ACCOUNTS, THE FIRST TIME WE DO IS NOTIFY YOUR EMPLOYER AND THEN...
TO THE POST OFFICE...
I'D LIKE TO SEND THIS FIRST CLASS!
GONNA HAVE TO WRAP IT BETTER THAN THAT, FELLA!

MOMENTS LATER...
THIS O.K.?
CANT TAKE IT? STRING'S TOO THIN!

HOURS LATER...
NOT VERY GOOD BUT I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO ACCEPT IT!

AN ANGRY MOON SQUAD IS NOT FAR BEHIND...
DO A GUY ABOUT SO TALL JUST COME IN HERE AND MAIL A DEAD WOMAN?
CANT RIGHTLY SAY! TOO LATE TO CHECK CAUSE THE MAIL'S ON THE HOOK WAITIN' TO BE PICKED UP BY THE NICKEL PLATTE EXPRESS SHOULD BE ALONGS AT 8:37!

AT THE TRACKS...
CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!
DANG ME! I THOUGHT FOR A WHILE THERE WE HAD HER!

...IF ONLY FOR THIS ONCE, IGNORANCE TRULY IS BLISS...
After traveling for weeks, Phoebe is finally delivered deep in the rear-riddled rain forests of Ceylon....

Here's something for you, Daddy! A body from Indiana!

Dr. Pietro Fuzzlesh, a man who was once revered as the world's foremost fungusologist until his friends and colleagues began avoiding him because of his bizarre experiments, pharisee on the embittered doctor resigned his important position at Cambridge and moved to an abandoned cobra 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.... She is every-thing Algernon promised: an elegant, garden on which to grow my newest and most experimental mold—a kind of avant-garde fungus!

Meanwhile, in Aberdeen, Kansas, Phoebe's smartly-dressed savior suffers the consequences....

You were a fool to think you could mess with the moon squad and emerge unscathed! Let him have it!!

Moosh!

Hold it right there, Al!
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...

If my theory is correct, the carnation pink spores will mate with the chartreuse spores to create a revolutionary apricot-colored mold which I will name after my daughter, Felicia!

She'll be famous as the woman who inspired the incredible Felicia Fungus! What father ever gave his child a more enviable future?

The first day...

The second day...

The third 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
DEATH, AS IT MUST TO ALL WOMEN, HAS COME TO PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST, AND, AS IF THIS WERE NOT ENOUGH, HER REMARKABLY VOLUPHTUOUS REMAINS HAVE BEEN SNATCHED, SO TO SPEAK, BY A CRAZED FUNGOCOLOGIST WHO HAS COVERED HER. FROM HEAD TO TOE, WITH A REALLY OUTRE 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 "WHEN YOU'RE DOWN, THE ONLY WAY TO GO IS UP" ADAGE AND KNOCK IT INTO A COCKED HAT!!

SUDDENLY, HOWEVER...

... AN ESKIMO!!

And yet the explanation of the Eskimo's presence is really quite simple...

HE WAS SWiped BY A YUKON POWNAPPING RING— A BAND OF DESPERATE MEN AS SAVAGE AS THE FROZEN TUNDRA. THEY LIVED IN MEN WHO WOULD STOP AT NOTHING FOR A BIT OF GOLD...

WHO REPAINTED HIM...

IT SEEMS THAT ON JUNE 11TH, 1943, WHEN BRUNO WAS BUT A PUPPY IN ALASKA...
AND SOLED 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...

THE YEARS SLIPPED BY AND, ALL TOO SOON, HIS YOUTHFUL OPTIMISM TARNISHED... HIS DREAMS TURNED TO DUST!

AND, AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED, PERSISTENCE TRUMPHED...

WEEKS LATER, PEERING THROUGH A GAZEBO WINDOW ON AN ABANDONED CEYLONSE COPRA PLANTATION, HE SIGHTED THE BELoved PET WHom HE HAD SOARDUOSLY, YET HE FELT NO JOY FOR THERE WAS, TO COIN A PHRASE, A FLY IN HIS OINTMENT...

I SAW a DOG LIKE THAT ONCE: IN CEYLON IT WAS!
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 JAPED TO ALL SORROW BUT HIS OWN...

HOWEVER, THIS WAS NO ORDINARY WOMAN, UPON CLOSER EXAMINATION, HE HAD RECOGNIZED BRUNO'S DINER-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 FIERCE NATION AND DRIVE OUT THE WHITE INVADERS WHO HAD DRINED 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...
The page contains a comic strip with text and images. The text reads:

Upon arrival, shunning friends and family, he goes directly to the fur covered hut of Kono Shonok, the tribal Angakut.

Ed. 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 "Irons Shonok" which means "Destroyer of the mountain birds with grey plumage who, at the time of the big moon, fly in crows and often eat some of the berries but never eat all of them."

Kono greets 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!
NEEDED 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!

ONNO BREWS THE RESURRECTION POTION: (a) 2 PARTS SMOKED TONGUE OF CARIBOU, (b) 1 PART TOOTH OF WALRUS, (c) A DASH OF SEAL WHISKERS.

(c) 3 PARTS TALON OF RAVEN
(e) SOME FEET OF BEAVER

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

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

...SA-NAH-MU OTU HO-HI-YII KOK ZI-TEE SHU JE-YU AI VA-KIR-MOOS TET COK SIY GIK PHUG-NAH YE FUFIP NO-ZO E-TA DHU YII MU-E-GIK...

AND THEN, SUDDENLY...

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

HER EYELIDS FLUTTER!
...SHE...TREMbles!!
...SHE'S ...

...ALIVE!

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!

PHOEBE LIVES!
THE BEAR GIVETH! THE BEAR TAKETH AWAY! BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE BEAR!

I'M AFRAID I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

Phoebe is led to a remote ice floe...

HEY! IS THIS SUPPOSED TO BE SOME KIND OF JOKER?

WHERE SHE IS BOUND WITH CEREMONIAL RAWHIDE TO THE SACRED POSTS, COVERED WITH DEAD FISH...

BECAUSE IF IT IS...

...AND ABANDONED...

I DON'T THINK IT'S VERY FUNNY!

Later, her bones will be dried, polished and, according to ancient tradition, poetry will be inscribed on them with decorative lettering...

That dawn...

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 Lefp-bay!
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, those men of their reason, one is forced to comment: "Many are the waves of fate," how supremely 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 NOUJILALA.666. Deaths icy fingers are at her throat, surely there can be no escape from the nucous bruin who lumbers inexorably over the trackless wastes, closing the gap on our hamstrung 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? Oh, damn you! Why must we rescue her? Or not?

Let us direct our moment to set the scene: the Black Narcissus, built in 1878 by a sleeping 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...
For example, it is one of the few submarines in the world to have a ballroom...

Meanwhile, a decision has been reached somewhat in Phoebe's favor...

Wipe your feel! I don't want you tracking up my ship!

But if Phoebe thinks she's been saved, she couldn't be more wrong. Actually she's at the questionable mercy of "stuff" Branigan and "fit" Whittaker, the most notorious white slavers ever to cruise the seven seas...

Thank you!

Working out of Argentina, these gay gobs are purveyors to the world...

Listen! You know who might buy her? That freaky guy with the clock fetish in Dubrovnik!

I still think we could have got oodles more money for a stag film of a polar bear eating a naked woman!

Why would anyone want to buy me?
Fed up with Phoebe's prattle, 'Puff' renders her senseless...

Isn't it just disgusting how they carry on!

He gets an idea...

Say, I just got this kicky idea! To hell with her commercial value! Let's defile her!

O.K., but first I must clean up this frightful mess you've made! You're so untidy!

The two nautical nancies are about to unleash their inverted hostilities on Phoebe's incredibly feminine body when suddenly, without warning, an enormous manta ray attacks the underwater sailing vessel. A tense drama is about to unfold thousands of feet beneath the sea...

The unsavory salts react violently...

My God! If it isn't one thing, it's another! This is all your fault, you bitch!

They retire to the billiard room to ponder the situation. 'Puff' is reluctant to part with his torpedos...

But we'll be killed, damn it!

I don't care! You're not touching my torpedos!

These priceless antiques once belonged to Admiral Farragut. They were later sent to Paris and hand-painted with scenes of famous naval victories. Many armament aficionados consider them to be the most beautiful torpedos ever...
Obviously, the only alternative is to tape dynamite to Phoebe...

Mmmuff!

And place her in the launching tube...

Mmmuff!

When "Fli" barks the command:

Fire torpedo three, please!

...the helpless girl is dispatched to a watery grave...

She spirals thru the pellucid Pacific toward the denizen of the deep...

...and then...

Thar she blows!

Is that the way it's to be? Phoebe blown to bits and this only episode seven? Are the next episode's blanks 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"?

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 "Queen Sheba" the next heart-battering chapter in "The adventures of Phoebe Zeit-Geist!"
THE ADVENTURES OF
PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

THE ASWAN HIGH DAM: HULIWARE OF THE FUTURE OR USBURPE OF THE PAST?
The Aswan High Dam, scheduled to be completed by 1978, will dwarf its predecessor the Aswan Low Dam, which was built between 1902 and 1912. The new dam will be a giant: It will be 112 meters high and 380 meters wide at the base. Egypt's population is about 40 million, making water a valuable resource. The dam's purpose is to generate electric power and to provide irrigation water for agriculture. It will also help control flooding and provide water for domestic use.

WHAT'S THIS? PHOEBE ALIVE?? IMPOSSIBLE! AND YET...

BEACH DAY, MANY CURIOUS BITS OF FLOTSAM WASH UP ON RIO DE JANEIRO'S SUN-BLEACHED BEACHES, BUT NEVER ANYMORE CURIOUS THAN THIS...

IT APPEARS AS IF PHOEBE HAS LUCKED OUT AGAIN.

BEACHED WITH FATIGUE, THE WATERLOGGED LASS STAGGERS UP THE SHORE...

Perhaps I'm being old-fashioned but that girl's suit is too extreme!

NOW, DENISE, EXTREME! Nothing! It's positively disgusting!

... AND COLLAPSES ONTO A CONVENIENT BEACH TOWEL...

...and the beach towel is rigged...

The colorful terry cloth merely served as the bait for an insidious trap into which Phoebe unwittingly falls.

KNOCKING HERSELF SENSELESS ON THE STONY BOTTOM OF A DEEP YAWNING PIT...
WITHIN THE HOUR, A PRIVATE CARGO PLANE TOUCHES DOWN IN BRASILIA. WHOSE STREAMLINED GRANDEUR RISES LIKE A PHASIN OUT OF THE FOUL AND STEAMING JUNGLE....

NOT FIVE MINUTES PASS BEFORE THE "CARGO" ARRIVES AT NÚMERO 19 RUA DA VERSOERNA. FEW, IF ANY, WOULD IMAGINE THE TURPITUDE THAT LURKS BEHIND THIS INNOCENT FANCE.

IN THE DANK TILE FLOOR OF A BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM, A FAMILIAR FIGURE STIRRED TO CONSCIOUSNESS....

HALF AWARE 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 GUM! HERE AT APEX, AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTED, WE HIRE THE HANDICAPPED! IN FACT, WE HIRE.... ONLY THE HANDICAPPED!
NOW, NOW! DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! WE JUST WANT YOU TO TRY ON SOME SHOES! I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING IN A SIZE 6!  

BUT I TAKE A SIZE 6½! PRECISELY!

ONLY WITH THE GREATEST OF DIFFICULTY DOES EL ZAPATO SUCCEED IN JAMMING A PAIR OF I. MILLER OPEN-TOED SLING-BACKS ON PICHERE'S QUAKING FEET...

OW!

GAME TO THE LAST, PICHERE ATTEMPTS TO RESIST BUT, HER STRENGTH SAPPED, IS EASILY SUBDUED BY THE SOUTH AMERICAN FETISHISTS WHO ADEPTLY BE HER THUMBS TOGETHER, WITH A NYLON SUPPORT STOCKING, MAKING HER A PAWN TO THEIR ABERRANT WHIMS...

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW THE DEVIANT DUO COMPEL THE DISMAYED MAIDEN TO DON A SUNNY ARRAY OF EXOTIC FOOTWEAR!

WING-TIPPED CORDOVANS
PLASTIC SHOWER CLOGS
BOILED TENNIS SNEAKERS
MAUVE GONE WEDGES
SCUFFED SADDLE SHOES W/ GLIN PLAIN LACES
ANKLE STRAP PUMPS
USED GALOSHES W/ RUSTED BUCKLES

INCLUDING THE VERY BOXES THEMSELVES...
She is forced to participate in bizarre theatricals...

...who had so many children, she didn't know what to do!

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!

Klomp! Klomp! Klomp! Klomp!
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 LAVINAES," 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 INQUISITIVE CHIRO'S ALMOND EYES SWEEP DOWN PHOEBE'S WELL-ENDOWED BODY STOPPING JUST BEFORE THEY REACH THE FLOOR....

HOWEVER, BY COMBINING FOOTBINDING WITH A SECRET SHRINKING PROCESS I RECENTLY ACQUIRED FROM A JINN 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 JINNAR 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 SCRAPPBLE BOARD?
A CROSSWORD PUZZLE?

ONLY IN "TINY MALICE," THE NEXT MIND-MANGLING EPISODE IN "THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE TEIT-GERST" 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 peculgues, 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-teeny 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-teeny! Anything, I tell you, anything!

Then, an abrupt turn of events...

EEE-EEE-EEEE-EUH! A DUNION!! Get rid of her this instant!

The swarthy Latin strikes Phoebe a glancing swaree blow with his steel-capped engineer boots...

And tosses her into a nearby trash can...

Perhaps it is just as well, her feet were beginning to bore me!

As a passing marxist sanitation department employee notices the discarded damsel...

Is there no end to the decadence of the imperialist done's 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 MARSHALL ISLANDS
3. A PUSH EXECUTIVE SUITE HIGH ATOP MANHATTAN'S TOWERING CHRYSLER BUILDING
4. A ROADSIDE DNA FARMING STATION
5. A ROMANIAN SALT MINING REFRESHER
6. A NARROWLINED BIKE SHOP
7. A KOREAN DRY CLEANING PLANT
8. THE RECRUITEMENT OFFICES OF A SURINAME ACUPUNCTURIST
9. A PREPPETROVISIONS CRY BAR
10. A SURREAL CYBERNETIC CENTRE
11. AN APART Automated ABORTION UNIT

FINALLY ARRIVING AT...
People's Bauxite Mine #2234 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!

Beytari, 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 accursed been so evident! Never before has human dignity received such appalling depth.

Enter "Peeping" Tom, an ex-cormorant fisherman gone mad with power...

Back, back, you mindless puppets! I, controlling supervisor "Peeping" 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!

Blam!

Blam!

Blam!

Blam!
COMRADE! WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH HER?

HOW DARE YOU BOTHER ME WITH SUCH TRIFLES? COMMUNISM HAS NO TIME TO CONSIDER THE INDIVIDUAL. IN THAT DIRECTION LIES THE CULT OF PERSONALITY! PEOPLE ARE NOTHING MORE THAN STRAWS SWEEPED ALONG BY THE FLOOD OF HISTORY! IT IS HISTORY THAT DESERVES OUR ATTENTION, NOT PEOPLE! FOOL!

I'M SORRY, COMRADE! I HAD NO COMMUNISM HAS NO TIME FOR APOLOGIES, IDIOT! ONLY RESULTS! AS FOR THE FEMALE, IF SHE IS PHYSICALLY FIT, PUT HER TO WORK IN THE MINES! IF SHE IS NOT, KILL HER!

MERCY! MERCY! OUR MANIFESTO DOES NOT ALLOW FOR MERCY! COMPASSION IS SYNONYMOUS WITH WEAKNESS! TAKE HER AWAY!

AND SO... PUT ANY THOUGHTS OF ESCAPE OUT OF YOUR HEAD! ONLY TWO PEOPLE HAVE EVER COME OUT OF THIS MINE ALIVE... AND THEY WEREN'T VERY PRETTY TO LOOK AT!

AS YOU WILL OBSERVE, OUR WHEELBARROW PRODUCTION HAS NOT YET CAUGHT UP WITH OUR MINING OPERATIONS! BUT WE MAKE DO!
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 WED.) THE ASIAN MINER ADDRESSES THE ASSEMBLAGE...

...AND NOW, FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT, THIS LADY YOU SEE OWNEO TO THE FLOOR WILL BE RAPED BY A 12-FOOT KWONOD 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"!"