

Episode X



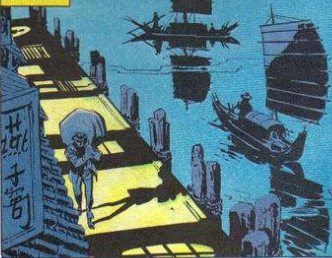
THE ADVENTURES OF **PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST**  
Episode X **PAIN AND INK** written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE-drawn by FRANK SPRINGER



NEAR THE HIANG SHANG WATERFRONT, WHERE ONLY FOOLS AND LEPERS VENTURE OUT PAST SUNDOWN, A FURTIVE FIGURE MOVES ALMOST IMPERCEPTIVELY THROUGH THE THICK YELLOW FOG THAT RISES OFF THE CANTON HARBOR LIKE VISIBLE DESPAIR.



ALL IS SILENCE, SAVE FOR THE MEASURED SLAP OF THE SEA THAT HEAVES AGAINST THE ROTTING PILINGS, AN OCCASIONAL FOOTFALL, AND THE PLAINITIVE CRY OF A LOON...



THREADING HIS WAY DOWN THE WINDING ROWS OF OPIUM PENS, BORDELLOS, CHARNEL HOUSES, AND ILL-LIT *BAS-FONDS*...



GIMME A PINT O' GROS, MATE, AN' BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

HE STOPS FINALLY UNDER THE SWAYING SIGN OF "THE SILK COCKATOO," A SEAFARERS' TAVERN BETTER KNOWN TO THE TRADE AS "ROARING SAM'S"...

...AND ENTERS...

AS IF BY MAGIC, THE RAUCOUS LAUGHTER DIES AWAY AND A GHASTLY PALL SETTLES OVER THE CROWD. WITH A DREADFUL MOAN, A CONCERTINA PROPS UNNOTICED TO THE FLOOR...



WITHOUT HESITATION, HE CROSSES THE HUSHED ROOM AND FLINGS HIS BURDEN ON THE BAR...



EVEN THE MOST HARDENED FAIL TO STIPLE A SHIVER OF APPREHENSION, EVEN THE MOST JADED AVOID HIS GLANCE... FOR THE MAN HAS THE EYES OF ONE WHO HAS SEEN TOO MUCH... AND FORGOTTEN TOO LITTLE...



WHAT WILL IT, BE STRANGER?

FLASHING A COLD SMILE THAT SPARKS A THOUSAND NAMELESS FEARS, HE UTTERS BUT A SINGLE WORD...



ХЛИБОЖЛЕР!

...TURNS ON HIS HEEL AND VANISHES INTO THE CHURNING FOG...





"ХЛИБОЖЛЕ Р!?"  
ISN'T THAT SERBO-  
CROATIAN FOR  
EXACTLY!

I REMEMBER  
ONCE WHEN I WAS,  
ON THE "GOTTERDAMM"  
OUT OF  
BREMERHAVEN...



WELL I'LL BE JIGGERED!  
THEN THAT MAN  
WAS NONE  
OTHER THAN...

THE OLD TAR PAUSES AS IF STRUCK DUMB BY THE  
IMPLICATIONS OF WHAT HE IS ABOUT TO SAY, OR AS  
IF HE FEARED TO MOUTH THE VERY WORDS THEMSELVES...

THEN TOPPLES  
FORWARD INTO  
THE SAWDUST,  
HIS FEATURES  
HIDEOUSLY  
CONTORTED.  
THE CAUSE  
FOR HIS RETI-  
CENCE WAS  
SIMPLER THAN  
FIRST SUS-  
PECTED, STEM-  
MING MAINLY  
FROM A MOON-  
STONE-STUDDED  
DAGGER THAT  
IS BURIED TO  
THE HILT SLIGHTLY  
BELOW HIS  
LEFT SHOULDER  
BLADE...



OR WAS IT THE  
"BREMERHAVEN" OUT  
OF GOTTERDAMM?...



THIS MUCH IS CERTAIN: THE SHARKS IN CANTON  
HARBOR WON'T GO HUNGRY TONIGHT...



IT IS SAID THAT MANY YEARS AGO, THE PEOPLE  
OF MACAO BUILT A STATUE TO  
SHI HUAN, THE TAOIST  
GODDESS OF HOPE.  
BUT THE MONSOONS  
WORE THE STATUE  
AWAY UNTIL, ALL  
TOO SOON, IT  
WAS LITTLE  
MORE THAN A  
SHAPELESS  
MASS, AND SO  
THE MAYOR  
COMMISSIONED  
A BRASS PLAQUE  
TO BE AFFIXED TO  
THE BASE OF THE  
STATUE; A PLAQUE THAT  
WITHSTOOD TIME'S RAVAGES,  
EVEN AS THE STATUE WORE AWAY TO NOTHING. TO  
THIS DAY, ONE MAY STILL VIEW THIS ANCIENT PLAQUE  
WITH ITS INSCRIPTION THAT EMBODIES MACAO'S HIS-  
TORY AND MACAO'S DESTINY. THE INSCRIPTION, WITH  
TYPICAL ORIENTAL RESERVE, READS SIMPLY: "SO MUCH THE WORSE."

MOMENTS LATER, AT A RUN-DOWN PAGODA ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...



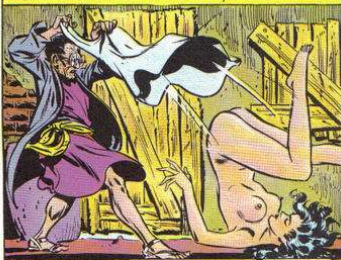
THIS JUST CAME FOR YOU AT ROARING SAM'S! IT WAS FLUNG ON THE BAR BY A STRANGER WHO HAD THE EYES OF ONE WHO HAS SEEN TOO MUCH... AND FORGOTTEN TOO LITTLE!

STOP ME IF I'M WRONG, BUT BEFORE DEPARTING DID HE NOT UTTER BUT A SINGLE WORD AND WAS NOT THAT WORD "XITHOOKTEP"??

EXACTLY!



THE UNKEMPT RESIDENT DRAGS THE SACK INSIDE AND DUMPS ITS CONTENTS, THE LIMP BODY OF AN UNCOMMONLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, ON THE RUG...



NOT SURPRISINGLY, THE WOMAN IS PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST...

AFTER SECURING PHOEBE'S WRISTS WITH BERYLLIUM STEEL MANACLES, HE UNCOILS A VIAL OF AMYL NITRATE AND REVIVES HER...

WHAT HAPPENED? I WAS ABOUT TO BE MOLESTED BY SOME SORT OF GIANT LIZARD AND THEN - I DON'T REMEMBER ANY MORE! I MUST HAVE BLACKED OUT!

THERE, THERE! LET'S NOT DWELL IN THE PAST! TAKE COMFORT THAT YOU ARE NOW IN THE SKILLED HANDS OF A REFINED AND SENSITIVE ARTIST; THAT IS TO SAY, ME!



AN ARTIST? ISN'T THAT NICE! I LOVE ART!

IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO LOVE ART! ONE MUST BE ART!

I BEG YOUR PARDON!



BY MIDNIGHT, YOU WILL BE A MASTERPIECE OF A MOST OBSCURE AND MALIGNED MEDIA - TATTOOING!

COME WITH ME!

BUT -



HE LEADS THE SHACKLED GAMINE UP A LACQUERED STAIRCASE TO HIS STUDIO...



WHERE SHE IS GREETED BY A SINGULARLY UNNERVING SIGHT...



UGH! WHAT ARE THOSE?

SOME OF MY EARLIER PIECES! FILLED WITH MISTAKES AS YOU MAY NOTE! IN MY LINE OF WORK, IT'S NOT AS THOUGH YOU CAN JUST ERASE AND START OVER—MORE'S THE PITY!



OF COURSE, ONE CAN ALWAYS "TOUCH UP" WITH A SCISSORS BUT IT'S A BIT... MESSY!



ON YOU, I SHALL CREATE MY CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT, A WORK OF UNPARALLELED MAGNIFICENCE WHICH I HAVE BEEN PLANNING SINCE MY STUDENT DAYS IN SIENA! UNTIL NOW, I'D NEVER FOUND A "FORM" WORTHY OF MY CONCEPTION! FOR YEARS, I HAVE HAD TO GET BY WITH SECOND-RATE MATERIALS — HOOKERS OUT OF HONG KONG, AGING RED CROSS NURSES, SCHOOLGIRLS WITH RICKETS, AND THE LIKE! BUT YOU, MY DEAR, ARE FLAWLESS! WITH SUCH A BODY, I WILL RISE TO NEW HEIGHTS AND WIN AT LAST THE KUDOS AND PLAUDITS OF THE ART WORLD WHICH HAVE SO LONG BEEN OVERDUE!



YOU'RE GOING TO DRAW ON... ME?

"DRAW" IS SCARCELY THE WORD! I DON'T THINK YOU FULLY APPRECIATE WHAT A BREAK THIS IS FOR YOU!





THE DISHEVELED TATTOOER PREPARES TO MAKE THE INITIAL STROKE WITH HIS VIBRATING SILVER NEEDLE ON THE FETTERED FEMALE'S UNBLEMISHED SKIN WHEN THE ROOM IS SUDDENLY PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS...







THIS ATMOSPHERE IS IMPOSSIBLE! MY INSPIRATION IS DWINDLING IN THE MIDST OF SUCH CONFUSION!

WHO IS IT?



IT'S ME, THE LANDLORD! I'VE COME TO EVICT YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE A WEEK AND A HALF BEHIND IN THE RENT!



I PROMISE TO GIVE YOU THE MONEY ON THURSDAY!

PROMISES! I'M FED UP TO HERE WITH PROMISES!

WOULD TOMORROW BE O.K.?

GET OUT!

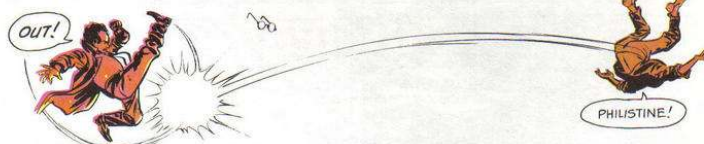
LISTEN, I CAN CALL MY COUSIN WHO'LL LEND ME THE CASH AND HE'D DRIVE RIGHT OVER AND YOU'LL HAVE IT IN YOUR HANDS IN TEN MINUTES!

OUT!



GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! PLEASE GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE!

YOU'VE HAD ALL THE CHANCES YOU'RE GOING TO GET! NOW SCRAM! AND DON'T BOTHER PACKING, BECAUSE I'VE IMPOUNDED ALL YOUR POSSESSIONS, INCLUDING THIS LITHESSOME LITTLE LOVELY!



OUT!

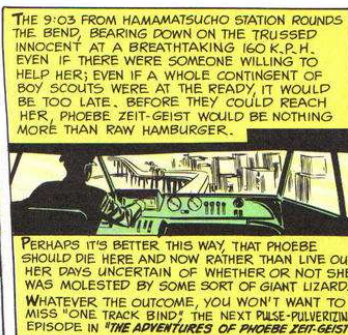
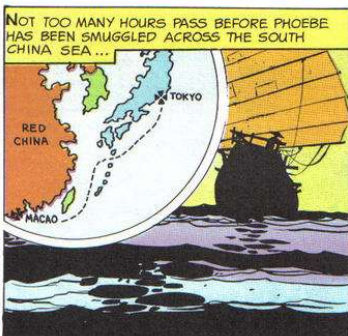
PHILISTINE!



OH, THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME, SIR! DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO TO ME?

I NEITHER KNOW NOR CARE WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO TO YOU! MY SOLE CONCERN IS WHAT I AM GOING TO DO TO YOU!





# One Track Bind



Episode XI



# THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

Episode II One Track Bind

written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE - drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

IT APPEARS AS IF THE THREE FATES SPINNING THE WEB OF LIFE HAVE DROPPED ANOTHER ONE OF PHOEBE'S STITCHES. IN FACT, IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE RUN OUT OF YARN.

LASHED TO A RAILWAY TRESTLE, SCANT INCHES FROM UTTER DESTRUCTION UNDER THE WHIRLING WHEELS OF A STREAMLINED LOCOMOTIVE BARRELING DOWN THE SINGLE TRACK AT TREMENDOUS SPEED, PHOEBE CRIES A CRY REPLENT WITH ANGUISH, ECHOING NOT MERELY HER OWN FLIGHT BUT THE FLIGHT OF ALL UNFORTUNATES EVER FACED WITH INEXORABLE DOOM:

THE STREETS ARE EMPTY, NO ONE HEEDS OR EVEN HEARS PHOEBE'S LAMENT, DISCOUNTING, OF COURSE, A SHABBY BLIND BEGGAR WITH TAPPING CANE AND RATTLING CUP WHOSE BEARING ON OUR TALE CAN SURELY BE NOTHING MORE THAN A MACABRE SHADOW AGAINST A FLEETING BACKGROUND ON WHICH TO RING DOWN THE FINAL CURTAIN OF AN INEVITABLE TRAGEDY...



NEVERTHELESS, IN AN ASTOUNDING TURN OF EVENTS, THE SUPPOSED "BEGGAR" FLINGS OFF HIS DISGUISE REVEALING HIMSELF TO BE NONE OTHER THAN --

**NAGUCHI KOTO, BLIND ZEN ARCHER!!**



WASTING NO TIME, HE STRAIGHTAWAY LOOSES AN ARROW WITH INTENT TO SEVER PHOEBE'S BONDS...



**AND MISSES!**

THAT IS TO SAY, TO THE AVERAGE UNENLIGHTENED OBSERVER, HE MISSES. ACTUALLY, THE ARROW IMPALES A NEARBY YANG BIRD...







AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ON A SLEAZY LE HAVRE SIDESTREET, A BATTERED CITROEN 2-CV PULLS INTO A GARAGE-STREW ALLEY THAT ADJOINS A DOWN-AT-THE-HEELS RETREAD AND USED TIRE OUTLET, AND THE DRIVER, LEAN, SWARTHY, HANDSOME DESPITE THE COUNTLESS SCARS THAT LACE HIS AQUILINE FEATURES, STEPS OUT...



HE CASUALLY REACHES INTO THE POCKET OF HIS CUSTOM-TAILORED SCALAMANDRE SILK SUIT AND REMOVES A CRUMPLED PACK OF GAULOISES "DISQUE BLEU", NOTING, WITH MILD IRRITATION, THAT ONLY ONE CIGARETTE REMAINS, WHICH HE LIGHTS, DROPPING THE EMPTY PACKAGE ON THE COBBLED PAVEMENT...

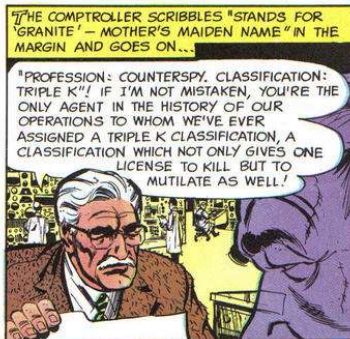


AFTER SCANNING THE STREET, OR "LA RUE" AS THE FRENCH SAY, THE MAN ENTERS A ZINC DOOR MARKED "DÉFENSE D'ENTRER"...

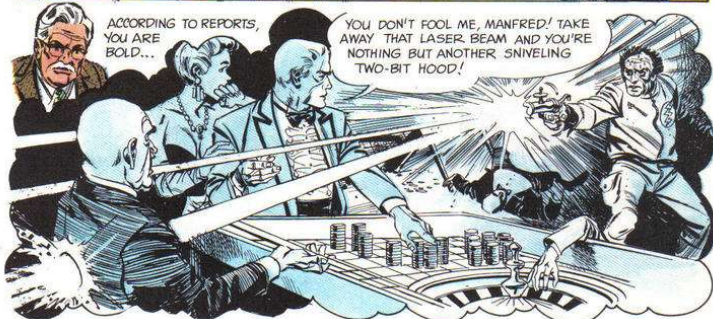


WHERE A PRIVATE ELEVATOR WHISKS HIM DOWN TO AN ENORMOUS SUBTERRANEAN CONFERENCE ROOM. THE COMPTROLLER AWAITS...









SUDDENLY THE MOOD HAS CHANGED. A CERTAIN ELUSIVE GRIMNESS SETTLES IN THE CORNERS OF THE COMPTROLLER'S MOUTH. LIKE A FLICKERING CANDLE, HIS PIERCING GREY EYES FALTER, AND WHEN HE FINALLY CONTINUES, HIS VOICE IS TINGED WITH A SOUPÇON OF DESPAIR...

VERY WELL, THEN, HERE ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT A MISS PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST IS IN TROUBLE! RESCUE HER! USE ANY MEANS YOU CARE TO, BEARING IN MIND, NATURALLY, THAT WE DO NOT OFFICIALLY EXIST AND ARE POWERLESS TO INTERVENE IN YOUR BEHALF! DISMISSED!



WITHOUT A WORD, DIRK LEAVES THE ROOM AND RIDES THE ELEVATOR UP TO THE STREET. HOWEVER, AS HE RETURNS TO HIS CAR, A PASSING FLOWER VENDOR SHOOTS HIM IN THE HEAD...



REACTING WITH ALL THE SPEED AND PRECISION OF A COILED SPRING, DIRK INSTANTLY DROPS TO THE PAVEMENT AND DIES...



WITHIN SECONDS, THE BODY, THE CAR, HAVE VANISHED. NOTHING REMAINS TO SHOW THAT HE WAS EVER THERE... NOTHING... SAVE FOR A CRUMPLED PACK OF GAULOISES "DISQUE BLEU" THAT, ALL TOO SOON, IS KICKED BY A STUMBLING CLOCHARD INTO THE GUTTER...



"AS LEAVES ON THE TREES, SUCH IS THE LIFE OF MAN."

--HOMER



Episode XII



# THE ADVENTURES OF PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

Episode XII LETHAL WOMEN

written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE - drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

WHEN PHOEBE REVIVES, SHE IS DISMAYED TO FIND HERSELF LOCKED IN A CAGE ON THE ROCK-BOUND COAST OF EASTERN NEW ZEALAND, ENCIRCLED BY UNUSUAL FEMALES.



THE BLOB PRINCESS, AN ELEVEN-HUNDRED POUND PUERTO-RICAN WEARING A RUBBER PEIGNOIR CINCHED BY A DIAMOND-SPANGLED GARRISON BELT, PROCEEDS TO INTRODUCE THE SUNDRY MEMBERS OF HER TRIBADIC COTERIE....







WHY—

SILENCE! IT IS I WHO ASK THE QUESTIONS AROUND HERE!



BUT—

HOLD YOUR TONGUE! I WILL TOLERATE NO INSOLENCE! NONE MAY DEFY THE BLOB PRINCESS!



PLEASE—

PERHAPS A LESSON IN MANNERS MIGHT NOT BE AMISS! YOU ARE FORTUNATE THAT I AM IN A MERCIFUL MOOD! I SHALL CONTENT MYSELF WITH A MILD REBUFF!



WRASH!



UNNNNNH...

SO! YOU PERSIST IN VIOLATING MY COMMANDS! I GAVE YOU NO PERMISSION TO SPEAK AND YET YOU DISTINCTLY SAID "UNNNNNH..."! IT IS INDEED A PITY THAT YOU WERE SO CARELESS AS TO INCUR MY DISPLEASURE. NOW I AM COMPELLED TO CHASTISE YOU!



SOC! WHAX!



WHAT'S THIS? A DROP OF YOUR EXECRABLE BLOOD ON MY HITHERTO UNSULLIED FIST? REST ASSURED, YOU SHALL PAY DEARLY FOR THAT EFFRONTERY! STERN MEASURES ARE IN ORDER!



ZWIK! QUESH!

BROMP!



UNPARDONABLE! MORE BLOOD, BRAZENLY SPLATTERED ABOUT THE CAGE! IS THERE NO END TO YOUR AUDACITY!?! FRANKLY, YOUNG LADY, MY PATIENCE WEARS THIN! YOU FORCE ME TO ADMINISTER A SOMEWHAT MORE STRINGENT REPRIMAND!

"BOOT!"  
FETCH...  
THE WHIP!



BY FLAUNTING MY DICTATES, YOU ONLY HURT YOURSELF!

SMAQUE!  
SMAQUE!  
CRAC!



CRAC!  
SMAQUE!  
CRAC!  
SMAQUE!



PERHAPS YOU BEGIN TO REALIZE THE ABSURDITY OF RESISTING MY WILL! I DEMAND NOTHING LESS THAN UNWAVERING OBEDIENCE! SOON, YOU WILL PLEAD MERELY TO GROVEL AT MY FEET! YOU'LL BEG TO PERFORM UNSPEAKABLE INDIGNITIES! I SHALL NOT REST UNTIL YOU ARE REDUCED TO ABSOLUTE SUBJUGATION! I NOTE THAT YOU'RE CRINGING! SINCE I GAVE YOU NO PERMISSION TO CRINGE, OUR LESSON IN DISCIPLINE PROCEEDS!

THE HEFTY SAPPHIST PREPARES TO FLAIL THE COMELY CAPTIVE RELENTLESSLY, WHEN...



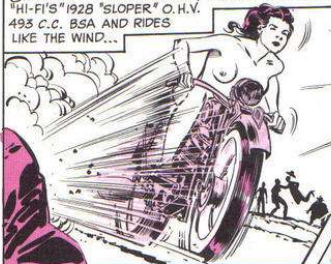
... BETTY ACCUSES "RAGS" OF SWIPING HER 14 K. GOLD SLAVE BRACELET WITH ITS CRESCENT LOCKET THAT HIDES A FADED TINTYPE OF ALLA NAZIMOVA...

HAND OVER THAT BRACELET, YA CRUDDY SLUT, OR I'LL SLAM YER GODDAM FACE IN!

YEAH? YOU AN' WHO ELSE?



UNNOTICED IN THE CONFUSION, PHOEBE LEAPS ON "HI-FI'S" 1928 "SLOPER" O.H.V. 493 C.C. BSA AND RIDES LIKE THE WIND...



**BLUNCH!**

... FOR ABOUT 65 FEET, WHEN SHE STRIKES A CONCRETE ABUTMENT...

UPON REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, SHE IS GREETED BY AN UNUSUAL PERSONAGE...



I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING JUST WHO I AM!

SPURRED ON BY ABJECT FEAR, SHE STUMBLES TO HER FEET AND RUNS, RUNS AS SHE HAS NEVER RUN BEFORE...



UP JAGGED PROMONTORIES...



OVER BLAZING DUNES...



THROUGH MIASMIC QUAGMIRE...



ACROSS Gaping RAVINES...



UNTIL,  
AT LENGTH,  
OVERTAKEN  
BY EXHAUSTION,  
SHE SEEKS  
RESPIRE ON A  
GENTLE KNOLL BENEATH  
A BLOSSOMING  
POHUTUKAWA TREE...



BUT HER SERENITY  
IS SHORT-LIVED, PHOEBE  
ZEIT-GEIST, TEMPEST-  
TOSSED WAIF, DUPE OF  
DESTINY, WINSOME PAWN  
OF THE WARPED, THE  
UNHINGED, THE PERVERSE,  
AND THE MANIACAL,  
BEHOLDS A SIGHT THAT  
CHILLS THE BLOOD AND  
SENDS THE HEART REELING...



H... HERE  
C... C...  
COMES...



# EVERYBODY!



OH, LARDY LARDY!!  
I'VE GWINE CUT  
Y'ALL DOWN ONE  
SIDE, UP TOTHER!

WHEN SANDRO  
IS THROUGH,  
I'LL TOSS WHAT'S  
LEFT TO MY  
LITTLE PETS! THEY  
ADORE CHOPPED  
MEAT!

הנהל הנהלה מיוחדת

MAIM!

FIRST WE CRUSH  
YOU, AND THEN  
POLAND, THEN  
CZECHOSLOVAKIA,  
BELGIUM...

MAY A THOUSAND CAMELS  
DEFECATE ON YOUR GRAVE!

SLAY!

SNUFF  
OUT!

OOO00

OOO00

ZZISSST!  
ZZISSST!

SCATHE

JUGULATE!

BANZAI!

DEATH IS THE  
MOTHER OF  
BEAUTY!

YOU'VE INTER-  
FERED WITH MY  
PLANS FOR THE  
LAST TIME!

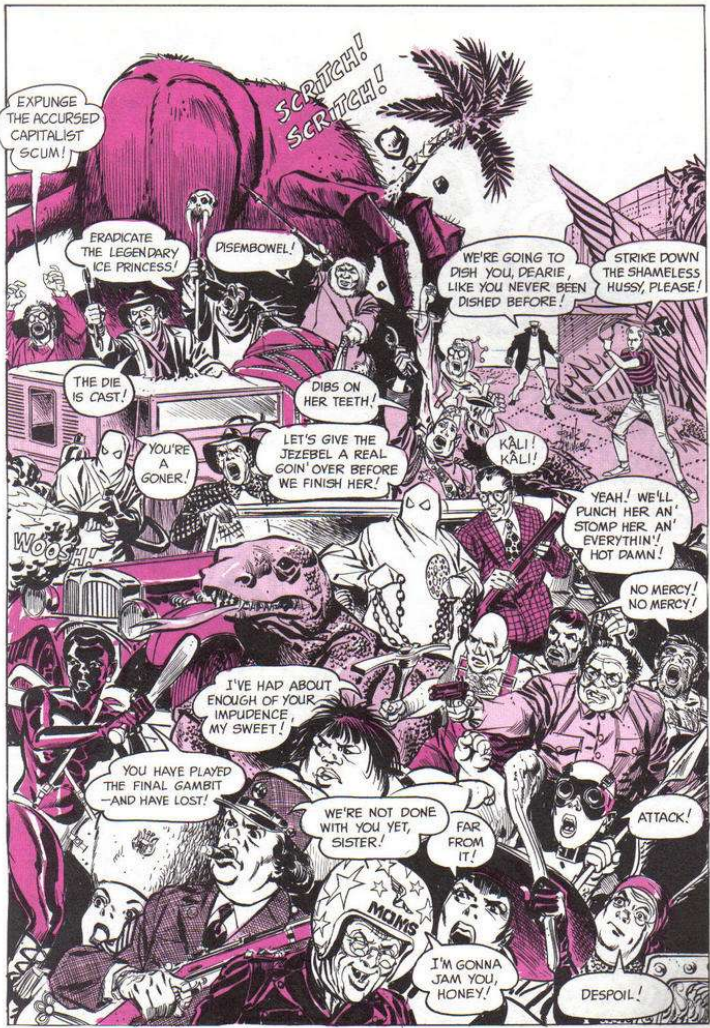
BELABOR!

THANATOS  
BECKONS!!

NOTHING CAN  
SAVE YOU  
NOW!

хлебжлер!

PAIN FOR THE  
SAKE OF PAIN!



EXPUNGE  
THE ACCURSED  
CAPITALIST  
SCUM!

SCRITCH!  
SCRITCH!

ERADICATE  
THE LEGENDARY  
ICE PRINCESS!

DISBOWEL!

WE'RE GOING TO  
DISH YOU, DEARIE,  
LIKE YOU NEVER BEEN  
DISHED BEFORE!

STRIKE DOWN  
THE SHAMELESS  
HUSSY, PLEASE!

THE DIE  
IS CAST!

DIBS ON  
HER TEETH!

LET'S GIVE THE  
JEZEBEL A REAL  
GOIN' OVER BEFORE  
WE FINISH HER!

KALI!  
KALI!

YOU'RE  
A GONER!

YEAH! WE'LL  
PUNCH HER AN'  
STOMP HER AN'  
EVERYTHIN'!  
HOT DAMN!

NO MERCY!  
NO MERCY!

I'VE HAD ABOUT  
ENOUGH OF YOUR  
IMPUDENCE,  
MY SWEET!

YOU HAVE PLAYED  
THE FINAL GAMBIT  
—AND HAVE LOST!

WE'RE NOT DONE  
WITH YOU YET,  
SISTER!

FAR  
FROM  
IT!

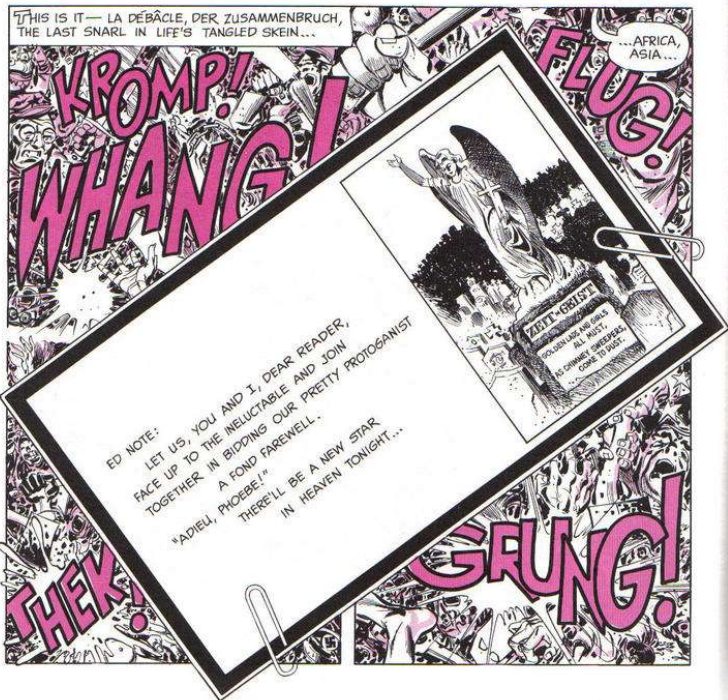
ATTACK!

MOINS

I'M GONNA  
JAM YOU,  
HONEY!

DESPOIL!





Episode XIII



ABJECTION  
OVERRVLED



THE ADVENTURES OF  
Episode XIII ABJECTION  
OVERRULED

# PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST

written by MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE - drawn by FRANK SPRINGER

HOWEVER, RIGHT AT THE LAST SECOND, WHEN DISASTER APPEARS IMMINENT, A BIG WEIRD MACHINE SWOOPS DOWN FROM THE SKY, SNATCHES PHOEBE...

...AND DROPS HER AT ANOTHER ANTWERP GARDEN PARTY...

RAKKK!

IT POURED THE ENTIRE MONTH I STAYED IN PUNTA DEL ESTE! WE WERE REDUCED TO ... IN THE BALLROOM!

IT'S NOT SO MUCH THAT I'M BORED, MAHARANI, BUT THAT I FIND LIFE ITSELF RATHER...

OF COURSE AFRICA ISN'T READY FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT YET, BUT THEN, WHO IS?

PLAAT!

... THEREFORE YOU CAN WELL IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN CRISTOBAL AND I STOPPED BY ZIGGIE'S TO SEE ALFONSO AND RAN SMACK INTO SUNNY AND TINA WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO BE IN PUERTO VALLERTA EXCEPT THAT MERLE GOT A CALL FROM WINSTON AND CEEZEE TO SPEND TUESDAY AT LYFORD CAY WITH BUBBLES WHO'S STILL LAID UP FROM THAT ACCIDENT AT ST. MORITZ SO SHE FLEW BACK TO ACAPULCO TO PICK UP GLORIA AND LOEL ONLY TO FIND THAT THEY HAD JOINED MARELLA, GIANNI, KARIM, FREDDIE AND ISABEL IN NEW YORK FOR KITTY AND GILBERT'S PARTY AT P.J.'S FOR STAYROS BUT HE NEVER LEFT DEAUVILLE BECAUSE CHARLOTTE HAD ASKED GRACE, LUIS, ALINE, SORAYA, PEGGY, DOUG, MARY LEE, HARRY, RONNIE, MARIETTA, ALEXIS, PETER, PAT, FIONA...

FOOM!

PHOEBE'S ARRIVAL IS LOST AMONG THE SMART TALK AND WITTY REPARTEE...





FINALLY...

MY, MY, IF IT *ISN'T* PHOEBE ZEIT-GEIST! WHERE *HAVE* YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF? IT'S BEEN *AGES!*

OH, HOW PRECIOUS! IT'S PHOEBE IN SOME KIND OF TOPLESS DRESS! QUITE DARING, MY DEAR, BUT THEN YOU ALWAYS WERE A PACE-SETTER!

FOR THE MOMENT, OUR HARRIED HEROINE IS SAFE...

Death  
and  
**JUSTICE**  
are  
**REAFFIRMED!!**

**BUT**

WHO KNOWS WHAT UNSEEMLY DANGERS LURK IN PHOEBE'S FUTURE; WHO BUT MADAME TZANY, AND SHE IS AS SILENT AS THE GRAVE. IN FACT, SHE IS IN THE GRAVE, HAVING SUCCEDED TO A



... BRAIN TUMOR IN 1955...



the end