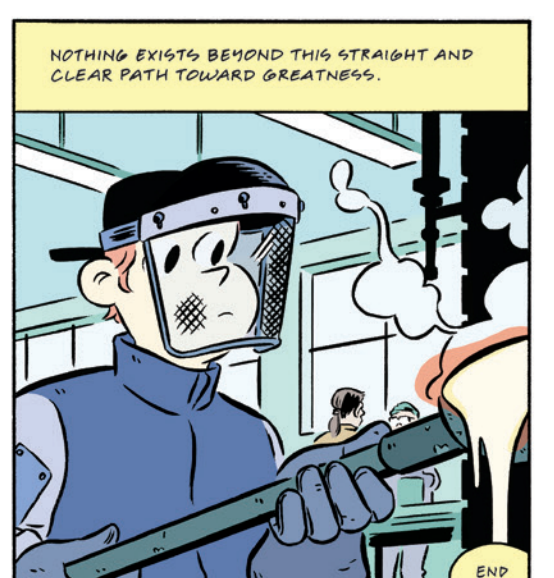
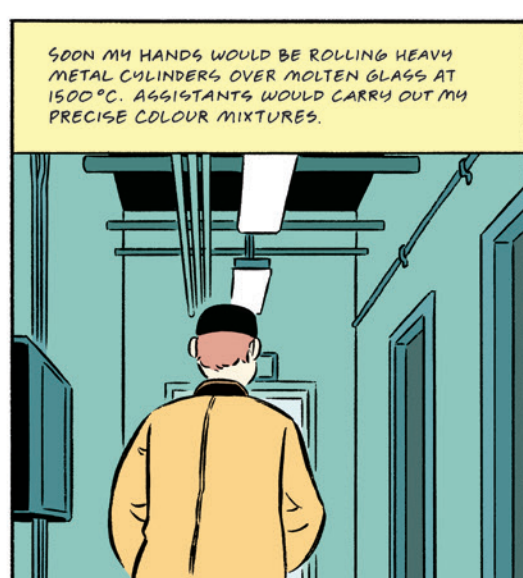
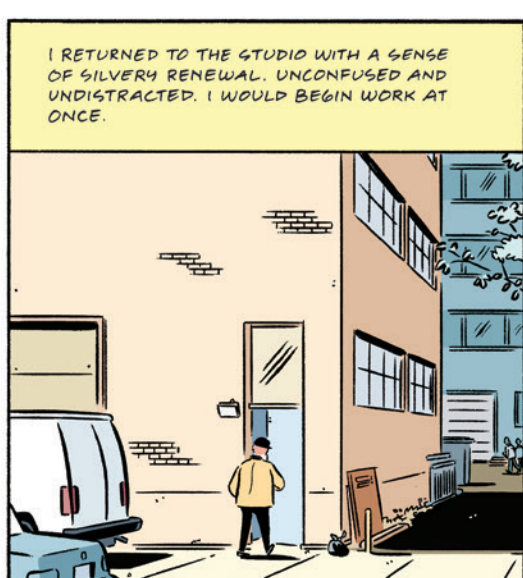
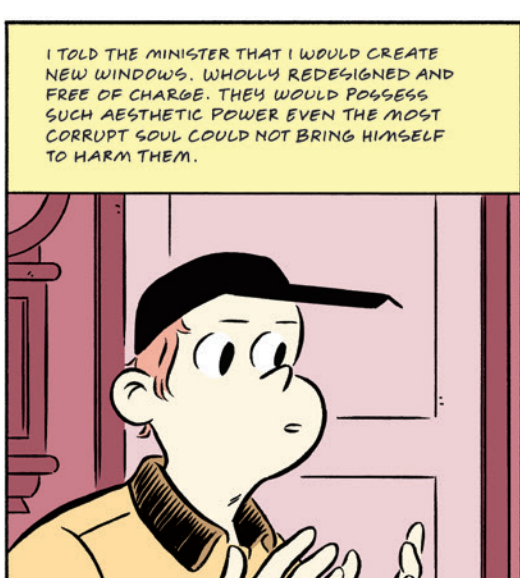
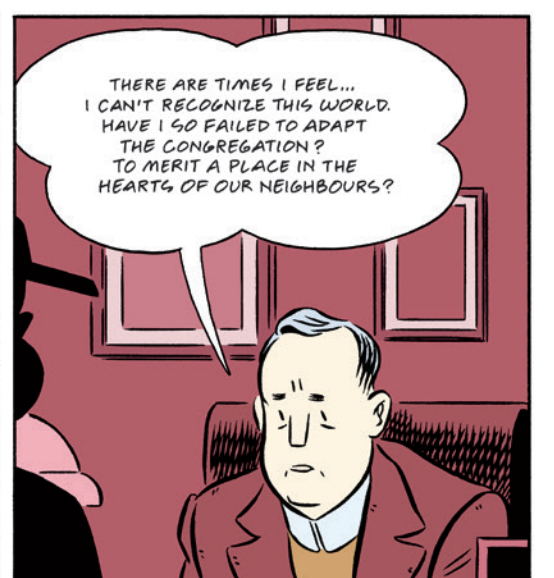
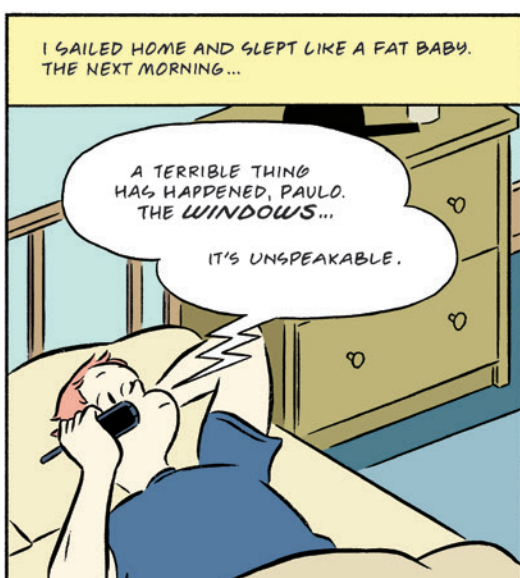
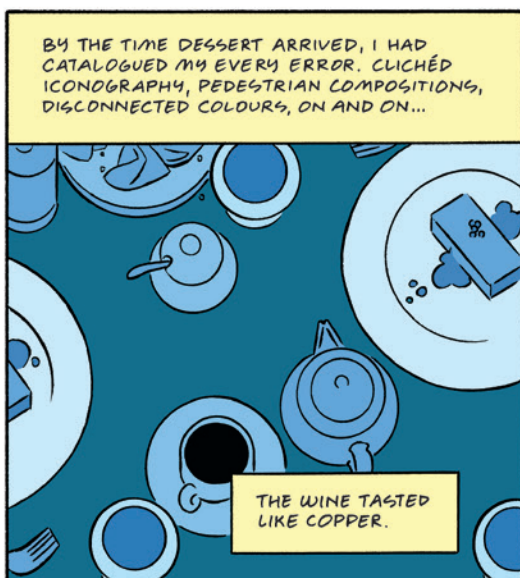
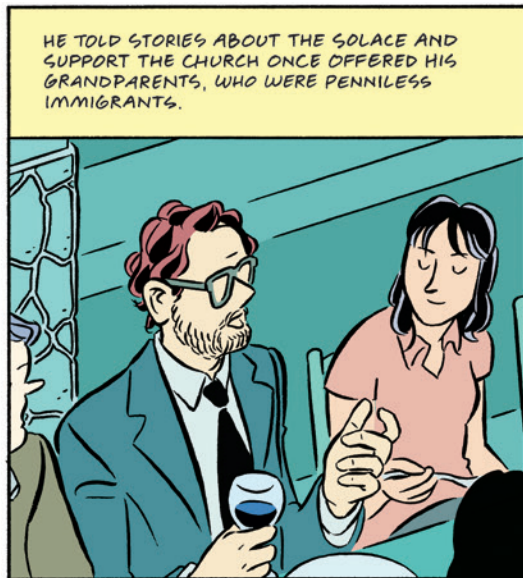
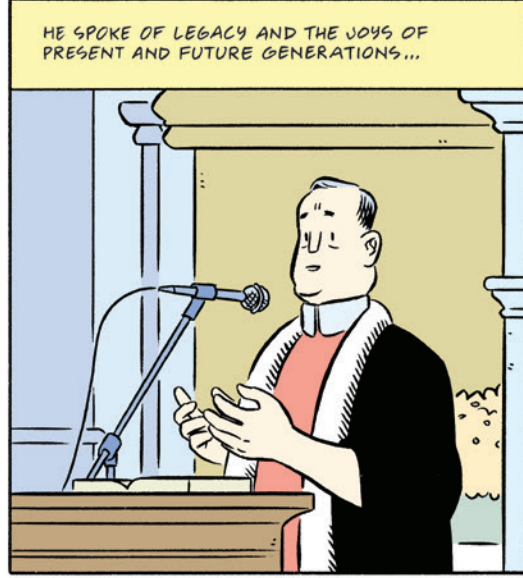
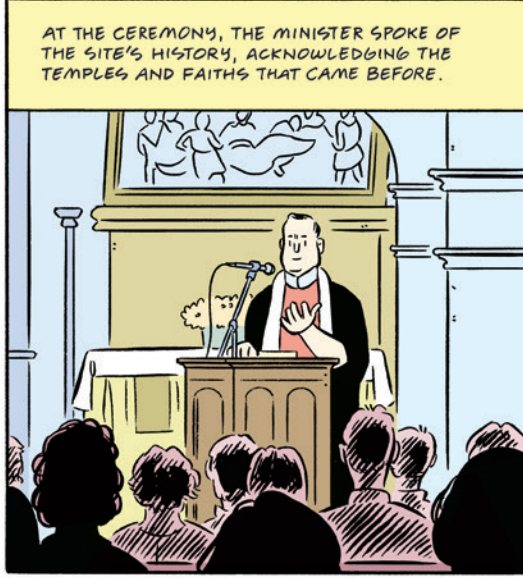
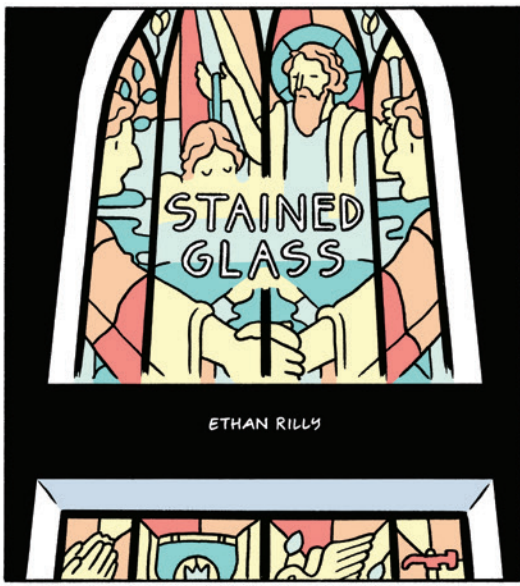


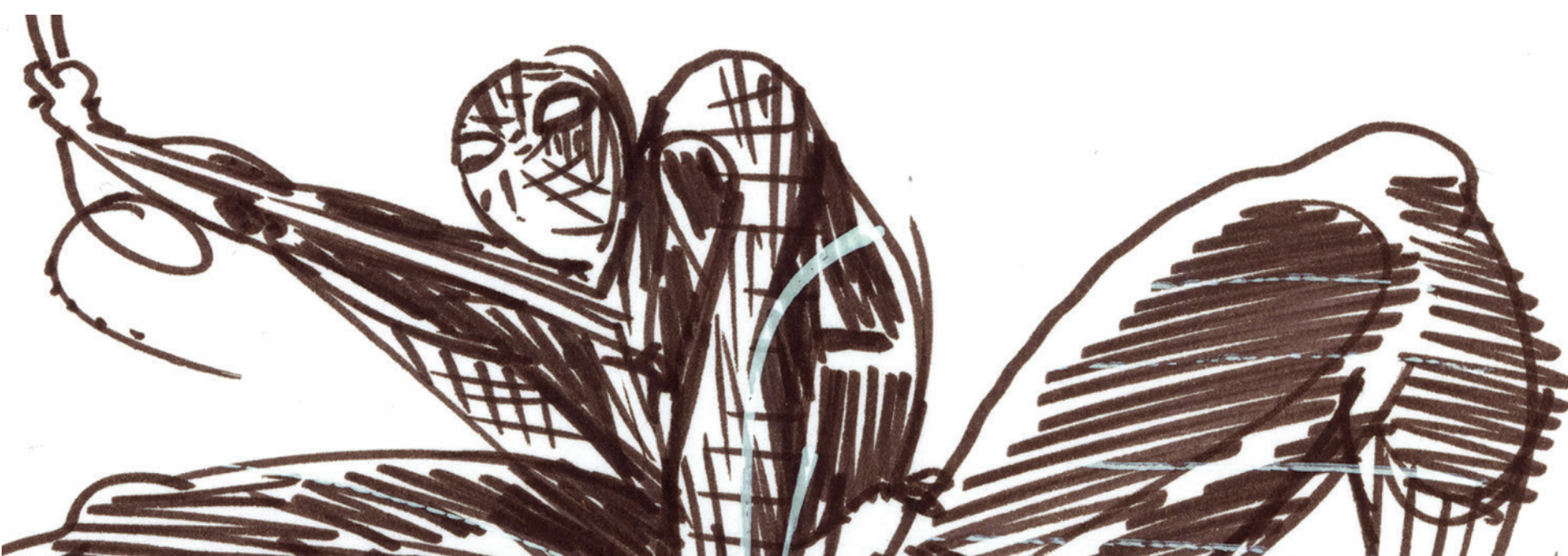
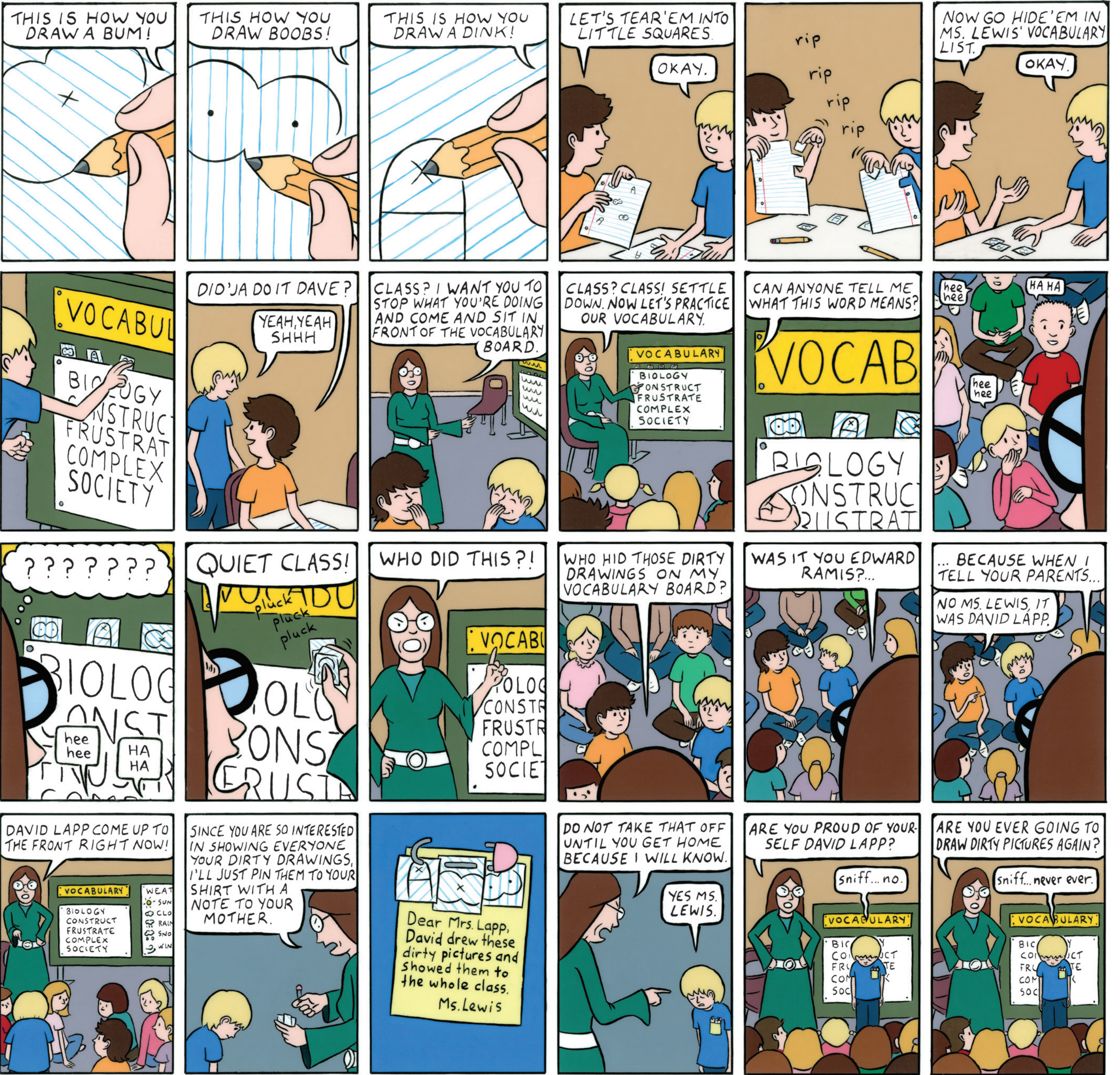
# TADPOLE CREEK





# Dirty Drawings

A TRUE STORY  
OKAY!  
STARRING 'LITTLE LAPP'

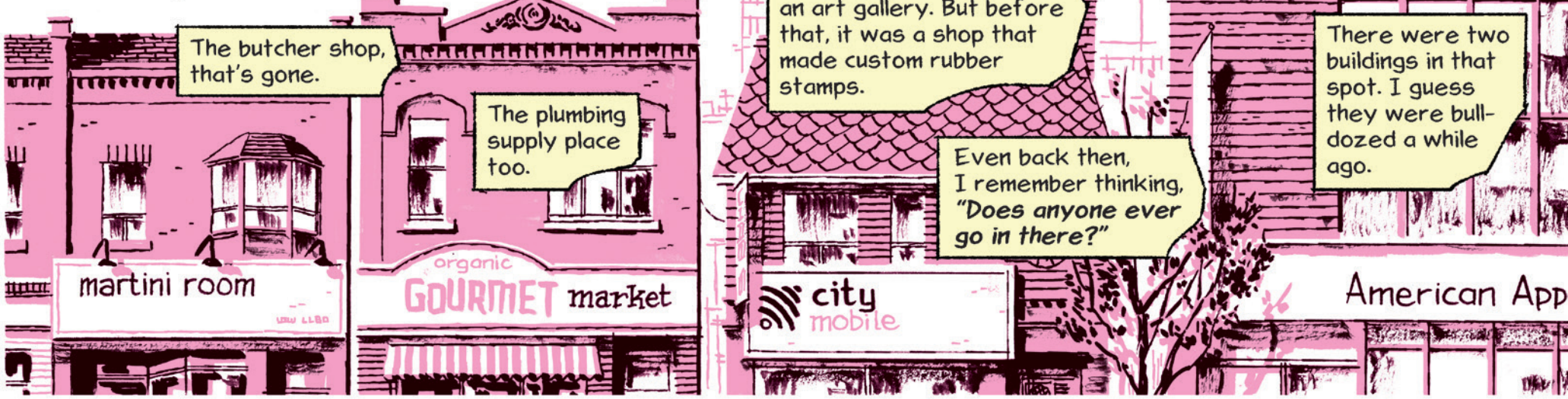


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Image detail from work by Paul Pope.



# THE WALK-UP

by MICHAEL CHO



The butcher shop, that's gone.

The plumbing supply place too.

And that one was always changing. It used to be an art gallery. But before that, it was a shop that made custom rubber stamps.

Even back then, I remember thinking, "Does anyone ever go in there?"

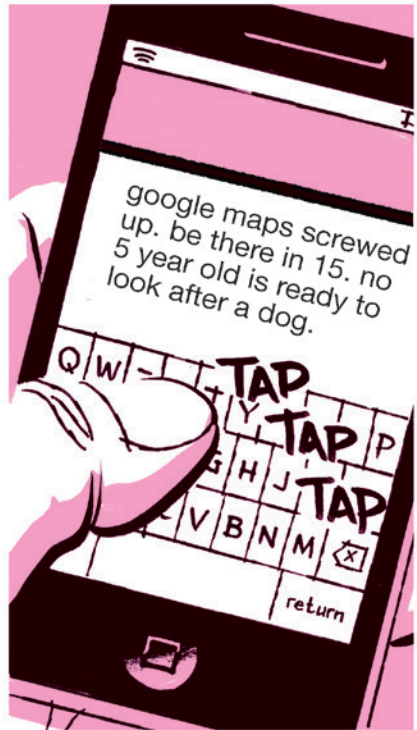
There were two buildings in that spot. I guess they were bulldozed a while ago.

This street has really changed since I lived here.

Jesus, that was 20 years ago.



where are you? kids arriving now with presents. I still say we should have bought Tyler a dog :P



google maps screwed up. be there in 15. no 5 year old is ready to look after a dog.



My old apartment still looks like it's here.

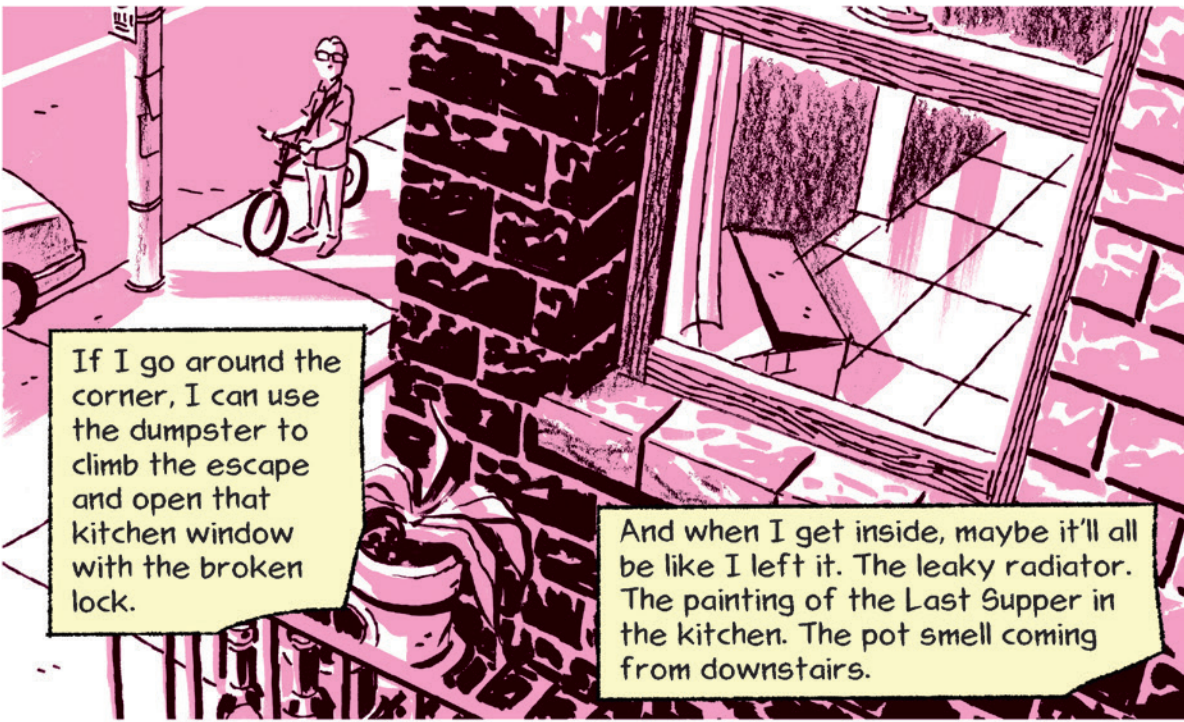
Guess they never bothered to repaint the doorway.



I still remember saying goodbye to Sam there after our first (and only) date.

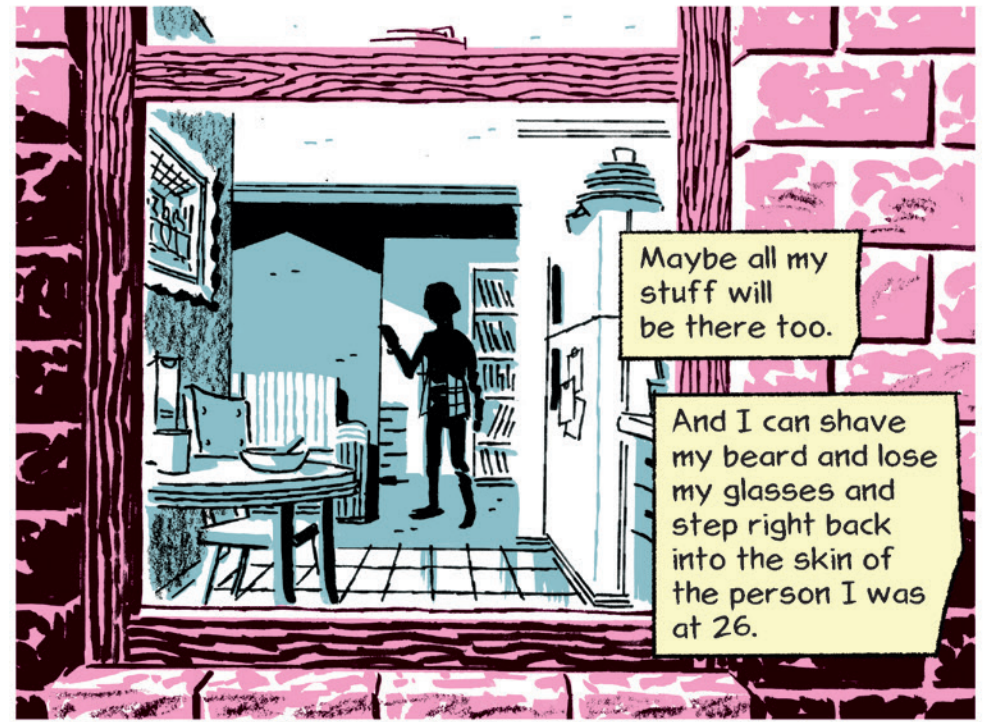
I knew she was trouble. But it still hurt like broken glass that whole winter.

It's almost funny to think about now.



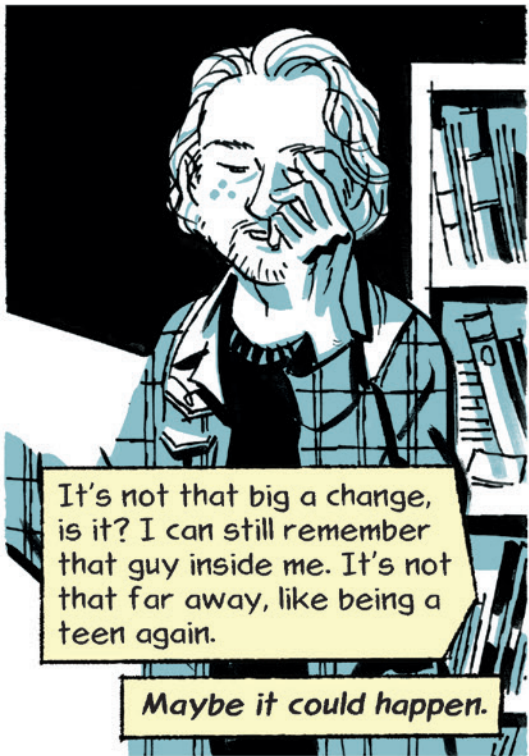
If I go around the corner, I can use the dumpster to climb the escape and open that kitchen window with the broken lock.

And when I get inside, maybe it'll all be like I left it. The leaky radiator. The painting of the Last Supper in the kitchen. The pot smell coming from downstairs.



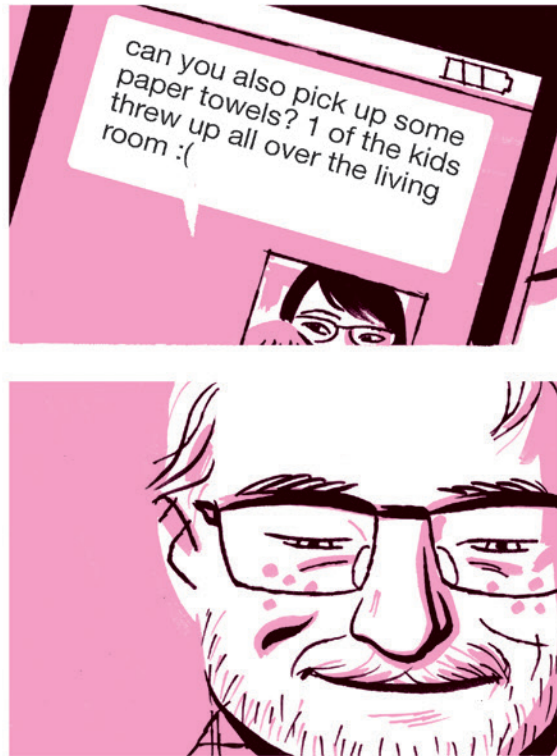
Maybe all my stuff will be there too.

And I can shave my beard and lose my glasses and step right back into the skin of the person I was at 26.

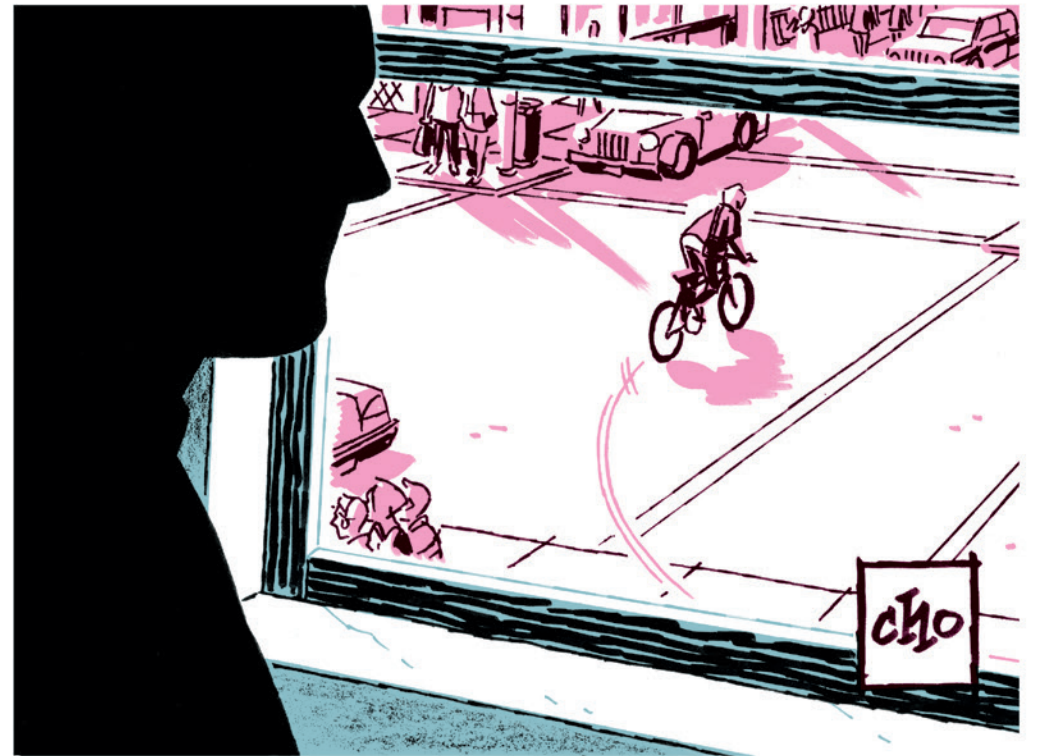


It's not that big a change, is it? I can still remember that guy inside me. It's not that far away, like being a teen again.

Maybe it could happen.



can you also pick up some paper towels? 1 of the kids threw up all over the living room :(



## PIPPA AND THE PRINCESS

BY JASON TURNER 2013

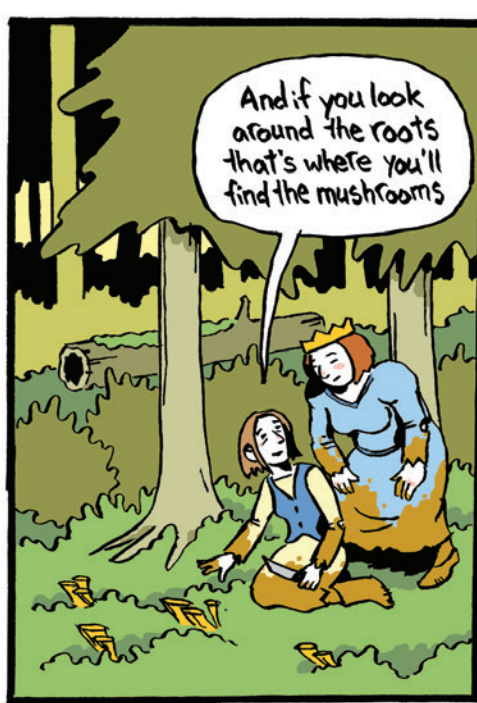


I'm so hungry Pippa

Everyone is hungry your majesty



Now Sir Roderick was quite a ladies man and the King had his doubts as to whether he'd be a suitable captain



And if you look around the roots that's where you'll find the mushrooms



With any luck Drummond Village is still standing

And we can get you some help



Oh Pip. What will I do without you?



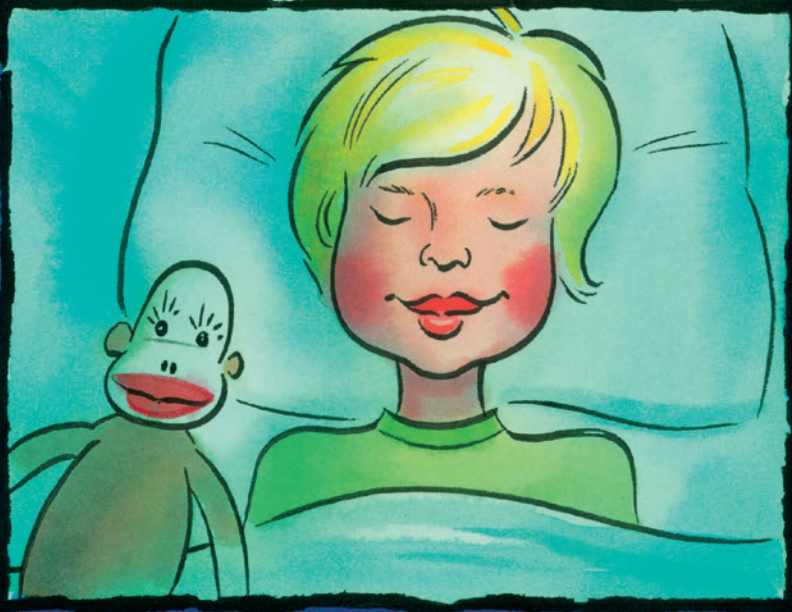
**SOR-RY!**  
**THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!**



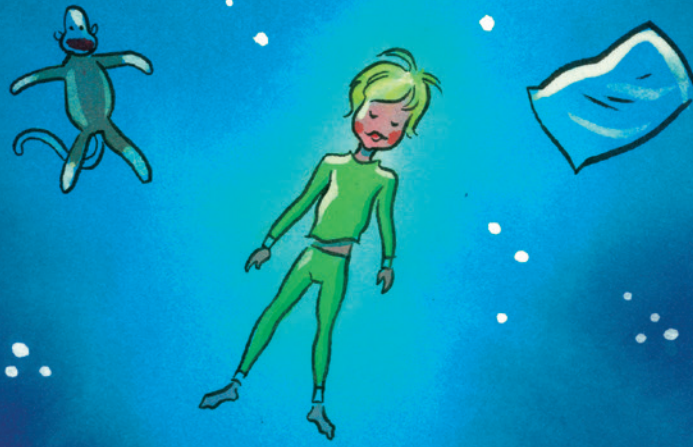


# Sleeping Giant

Sometimes, in the suspended time before sleep, I lost all sense of physical proportion.



I'd be tiny, quick and bright as an atom hurtling serenely through outer space,



or immense, lethargic and heavy as an ancient mountain range.



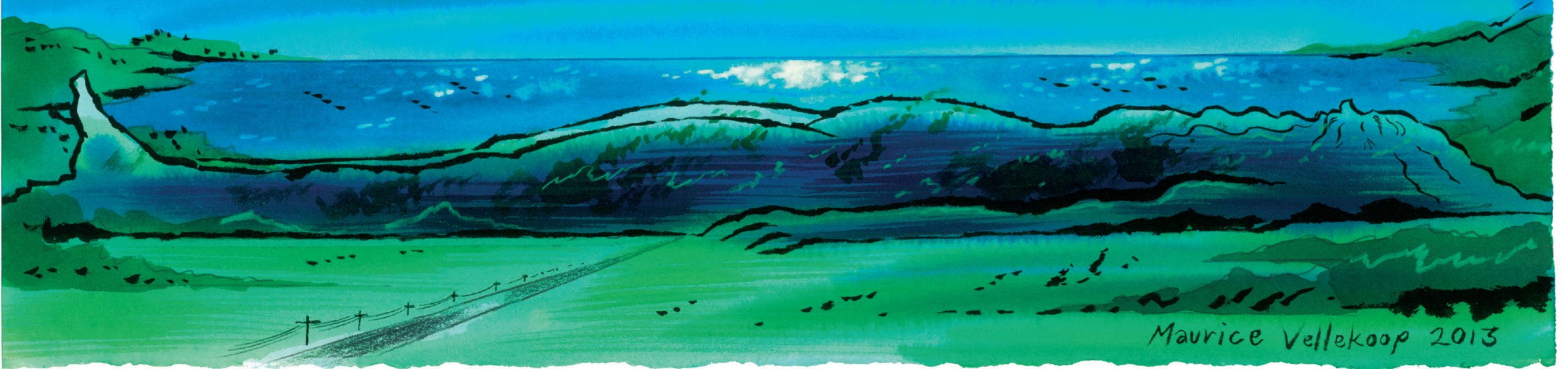
I could exercise some control over the experience by lying quite still.



Both sensations were suggestive of the infinite; eternity.



I preferred the sleeping giant, my toes hundreds of miles from my head, evergreens like peach fuzz on my dry, dry rocky skin.



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**SALAMANDER  
DUNDERHEAD**

Could  
eat a  
loaf of  
WonderBread



She'd top a slice  
with peanut butter...



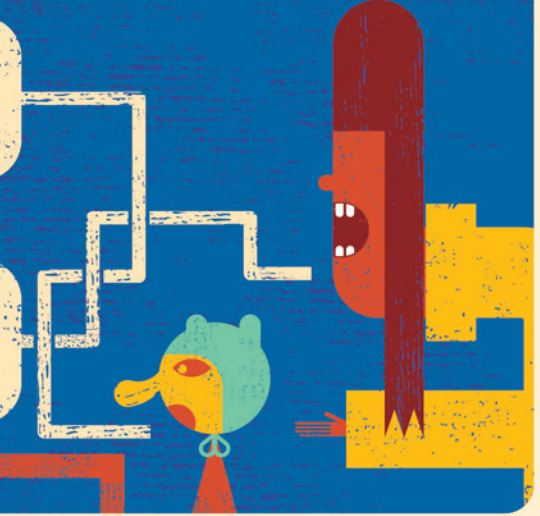
...then the rest  
with jam.

When Salamander's pals demanded:

**SHARE!!!**

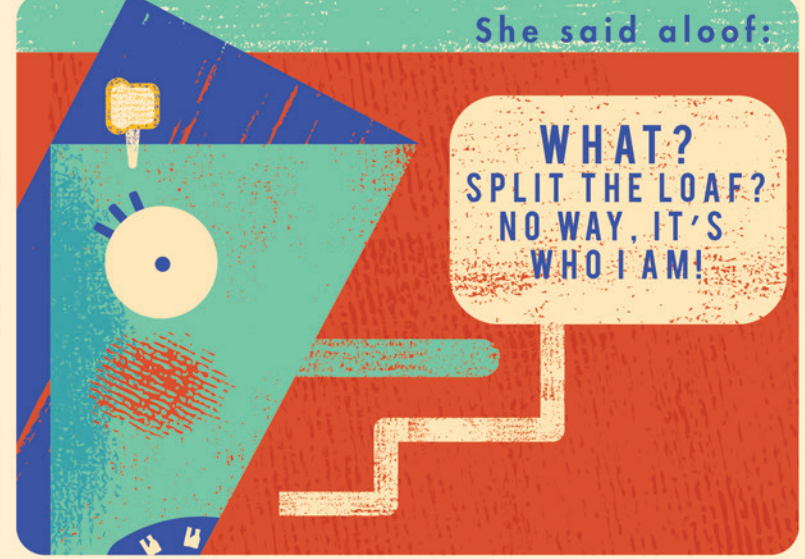
(and)

Tear asunder  
bread!



She said aloof:

**WHAT?  
SPLIT THE LOAF?  
NO WAY, IT'S  
WHO I AM!**



So Salamander Dunderhead lost all her  
friends who shunned instead

The girl with all the WonderBread who  
wouldn't share a slice

They banned her, Salamander, from their  
games for who could stand her?

This Dunderhead with WonderBread  
who wasn't very nice



Soon Salamander Dunderhead was broke  
from buying WonderBread

And then she had to plunder buns and hang  
around with misfits

And in time all the bakeries wised up to all  
her fakeries

The clever tricks and ruses that she used for  
scoring biscuits.

And now without a yeasty feast this  
Dunderhead became a beast  
She screamed aloud from west to east and  
cried from north to south:

I'm SALAMANDER  
DUNDERHEAD,  
I'LL NEVER share my  
WONDERBREAD!!!

And I will PUMMEL  
poor bums' gums  
for crumbs to fill  
MY MOUTH!!!



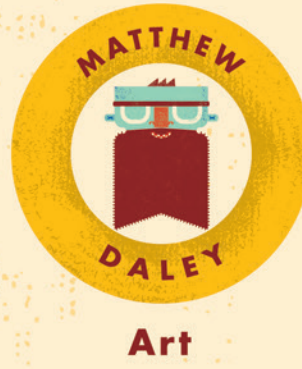
Alas, that silly Dunderhead, under a bench they found her dead  
And 'round her frozen body there were crumbs, but only smidgeons  
And officers who did inspect her dunderhead, they found it pecked  
A victim of a surly group of bagel-loving pigeons.



And so they laid her under bed of dirt,  
that silly Dunderhead  
And all her former friends chipped in  
and placed some buns upon her



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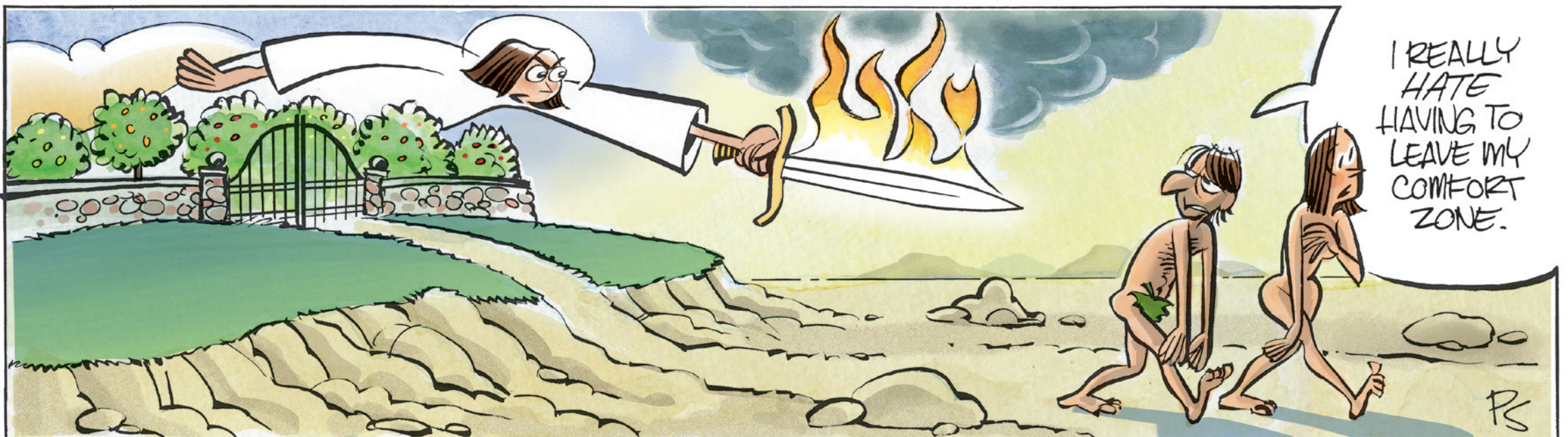


And when they eat of sandwiches  
replete with tasty WonderBread  
They crush their crusts into the ground  
in Salamander's honour.

**Madam,  
I'm  
Adam**

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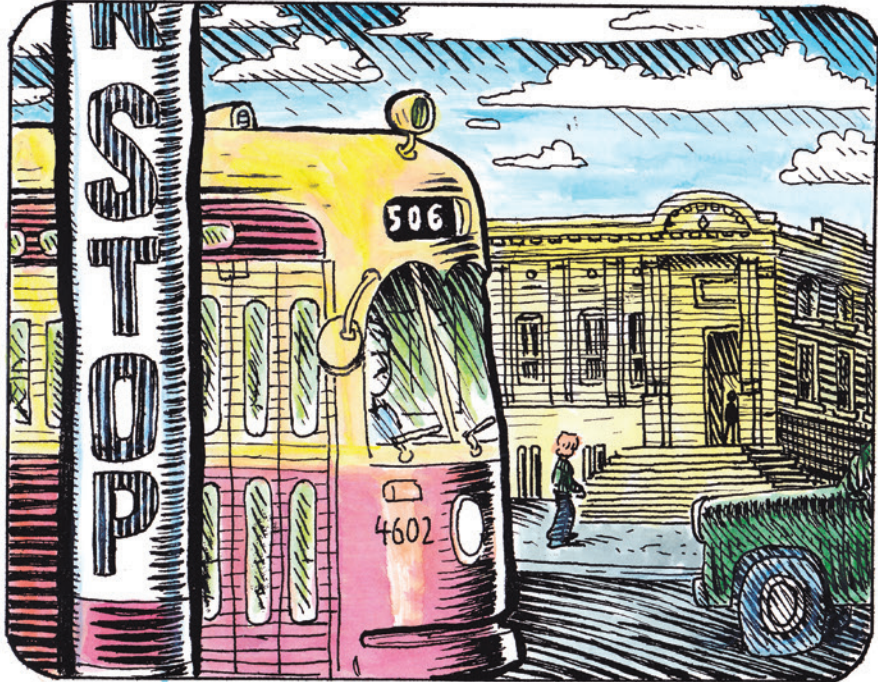
PS



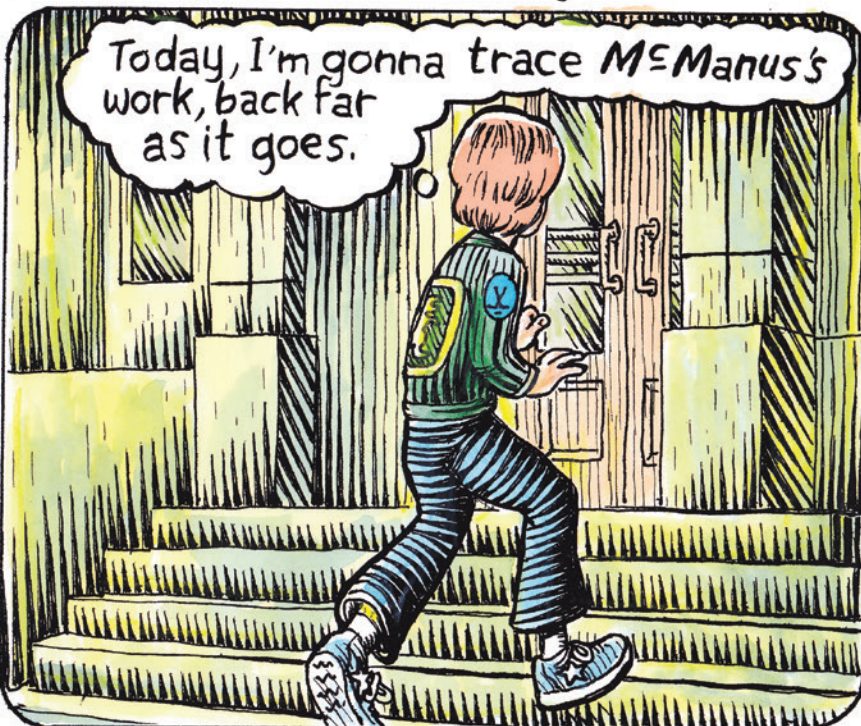
# TORONTO

by David Collier

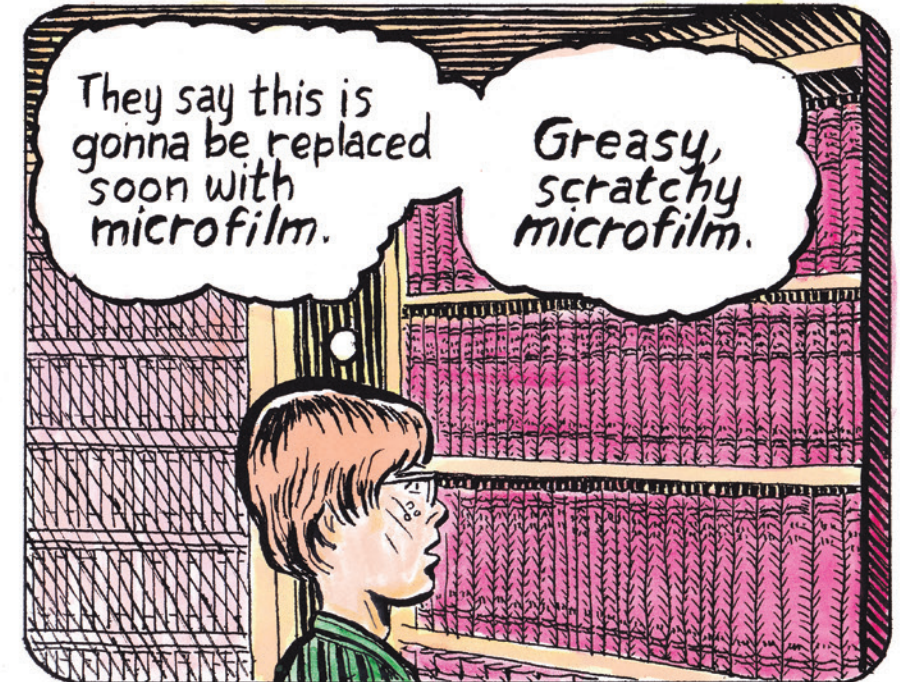
You're thirteen years old. You're at The Toronto Reference Library, back when it still was on College Street!



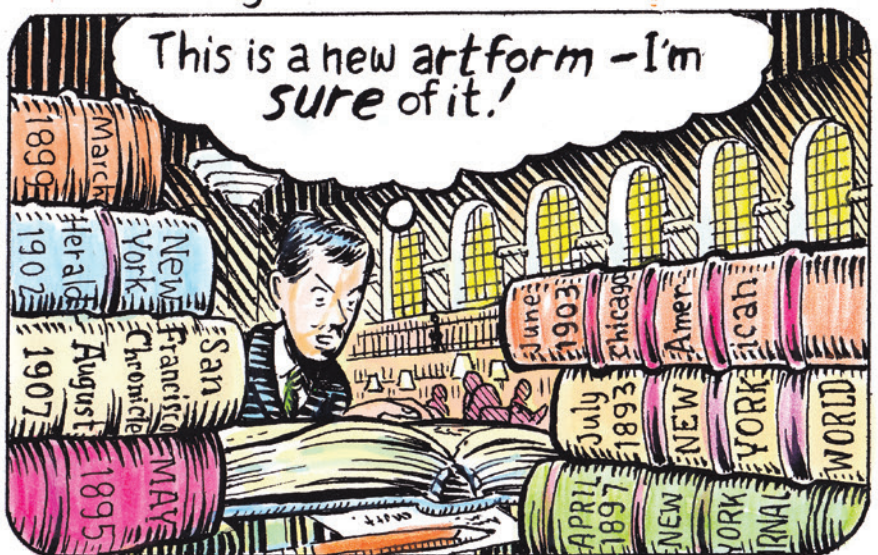
You're going to the place where they keep old newspapers, bound in giant volumes.



This was just before the library threw out all of its tightly bound, well-preserved back editions of newspapers.



You didn't realize it at the time, but while looking at old comics this way, you were travelling well-trod ground. Coulton Waugh for instance, spent countless hours in the New York Public Library in the 1940's before writing his seminal book, *The Comics*.



Later, you'd find that there were a few good collections of old comics at the library. You didn't - and still don't, not off the top of your head - know the spelling of "caricature", the subject heading under where most of these books were found. But you'd be able to see your destination in the catalogue, thanks to the dirt, left by people's fingertips on the tops of the cards for this popular topic...



The card catalogue's drawers were interspaced with little pull-out desks on which you could write your requests. People then were used to filling out little forms and handing them to clerks. Your Dad used to do this, just to buy a bottle of wine at the liquor store.



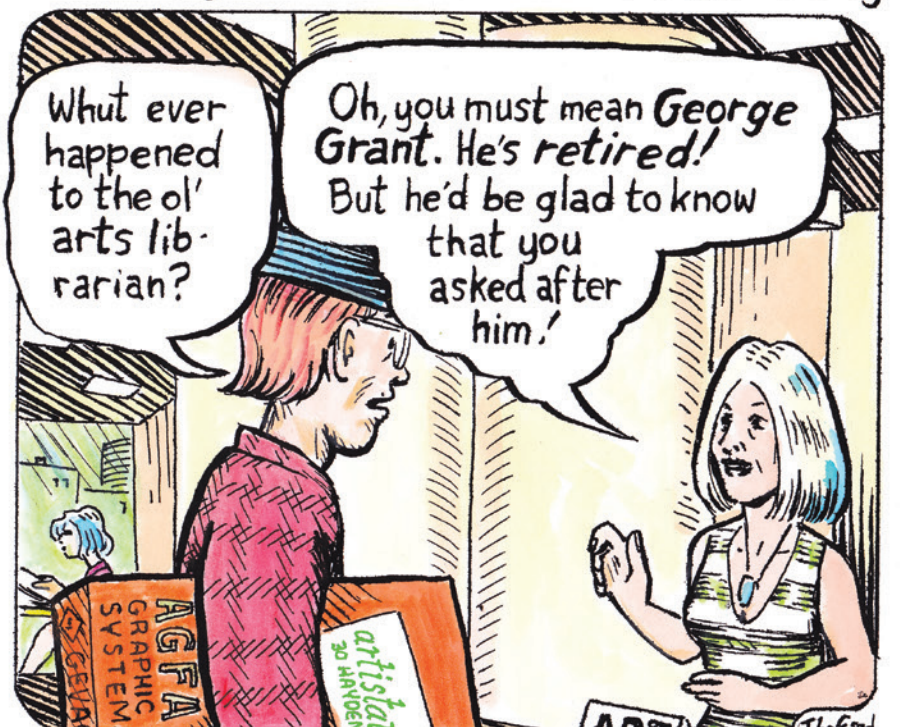
You'd take your requests to the Art Librarian. This was a soft-spoken man who seemed to be always at his post, never missing a single day. He'd be there, down on College Street and after 1977, when the library moved to its current uptown location near Yonge & Bloor - you could count on it!



You got the feeling that the librarian was encouraging you in your pursuit of the good stuff. Your requests returned with a smile.



Years later when you had a job on the periphery of the arts, you went back to the Reference Library.



# REFERENCE



TADDLE CREEK (ISSN 1480-2481) is published semi-annually, in June and December (but obviously also sometimes in April), by Vitalis Publishing, P.O. Box 611, Station F, Toronto, Ontario M5S 2Y4 Canada. [taddlecreekmag.com](http://taddlecreekmag.com) Vol. XVII, No. 2, Whole Number 32, Spring, 2014.

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THE FUNDING  
Taddle Creek acknowledges the financial support of the Canada Council for the Arts and the Ontario Arts Council.

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