

TADDLE CREEK



No. 36

\$5.95

Heshka

**NOW AVAILABLE
DIGITALLY!**



TADDLE CREEK (ISSN 1480-2481) is published semi-annually, in June and December, by Vitalis Publishing, P.O. Box 611, Station P, Toronto, Ontario M5S 2Y4 Canada. Vol. XIX, No. 1, Whole Number 36. Winter, 2015–16. **THE STAFF** The Editor-in-Chief & The Publisher: Conan Tobias; The Associate Editor: Suzanne Alyssa Andrew; The Copy Editor: Kevin Connolly; The Proofreader: Joyce Byrne; The Fact Checker: Kasey Coholan; The Contributing Editors: Alfred Holden, Dave Lapp; The Art Director: Conan Tobias; The Contributing Designer: John Montgomery; The Illustrators: Matthew Daley, Ethan Rilly; The Photographer: Thomas Blanchard; The Audiovisual Producers: James Finnerty, Ronit Novak; The App Developer: Jeffrey Flores; The Web Developer: John Piasetzki; The Publisher: Conan Tobias; The Fundraiser: Lisa Whittington-Hill. **THE SUBSCRIPTIONS** Visit taddlecreekmag.com/subscribe. Canadian Publications Mail Agreement No. 40708524. **THE FUNDING** Taddle Creek acknowledges the financial support of the Government of Canada, the Canada Council for the Arts, and the Ontario Arts Council. © 2015 by Vitalis Publishing. All rights reserved. Printed in Canada by Céntra Web Reproductions. **THE REMAINING INDICIA** Taddle Creek is a member of Magazines Canada. Send inquiries or comments to the above address, E-mail editor@taddlecreekmag.com, or visit the magazine's Web site, at www.taddlecreekmag.com.

Canada



Canada Council
for the Arts

Conseil des Arts
du Canada



ONTARIO ARTS COUNCIL
CONSEIL DES ARTS DE L'ONTARIO
an Ontario government agency
un organisme du gouvernement de l'Ontario

RILLY

"we keep moving forward, opening up new doors, and doing new things, because we're curious... and curiosity keeps leading us down new paths." ~ Walt Disney

HOME

Good Lord...

This past year I've lived in 3 different apartments.

NOAH VAN SCIVER 2015

one was a nice, so cheap, one bedroom that I lived in alone. Then I met a pretty girl and we moved into a nicer one bedroom together. But shortly afterwards she decided to break up with me and join the Peace Corp.

Are you joking?

I gave up a lot to move in with you!

causing me to scramble for a new home, which I could only find in the very unfortunate form of a run down studio that was even more expensive than my last apartment.

well, I gave love another shot...

And it dropped me off here.

Back when I moved to Denver I was a young man with big dreams of becoming a famous comic artist. I lived in the attic of a Victorian house and I wrote and drew constantly.

I was so hungry back then. I used any spare money I had to print mini comics which I would distribute myself on foot.

can I leave my comics here for people to take?



The local alternative weekly paper hired me to do a comic for them and gradually, over the next nine years, I built a reputation.

But after a while I've begun to feel a tug on the back of my shirt from the world outside of Denver; my home.

we're big fans! would you do our record cover?

who? Me? sure!

man, my personal life in this town just isn't coming together...

I feel awful and lonely here.

I just can't relate to this city any more.



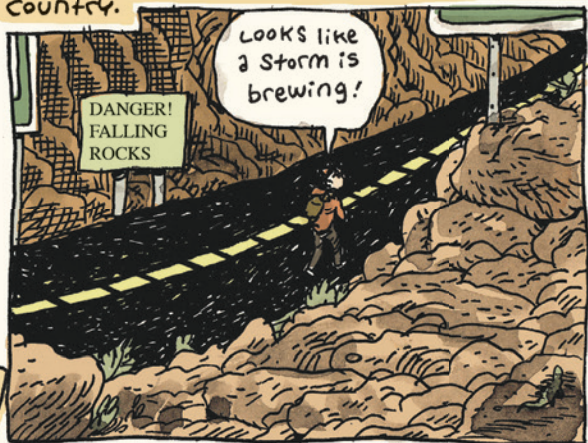
Actually I probably stayed in Denver longer than I should have. Eventually, though, one by one everyone I cared about left town. And I started to take the hint.

So now after having to constantly move from apartment to apartment I'm making another move: to the other side of the country.

Looks like a storm is brewing!

DANGER! FALLING ROCKS

I applied for a fellowship at the Center for Cartoon Studies in Vermont and I got it.



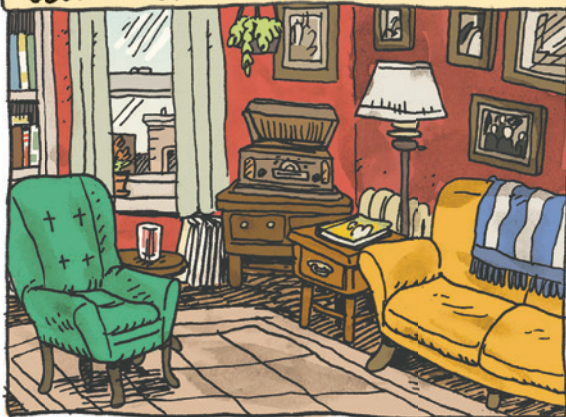
This next Year I'll make a hotel room my home as I buckle down and focus on finishing my Johnny Appleseed graphic novel...



EEK!
A GHOST!

ARE
YOU MY
FRIEND?

I do long for a nice Secure place to live. A cozy home that I wouldn't have to pack up and leave after a year. I really want that. I think about it all the time these days.



Anyway, I consider this whole thing to be the "phase Two" of my career as a cartoonist. I've succeeded in making a name for myself. Enough to carry me out of where I began.



The way I see
it if I can just
keep working
hard and
pushing
forward--

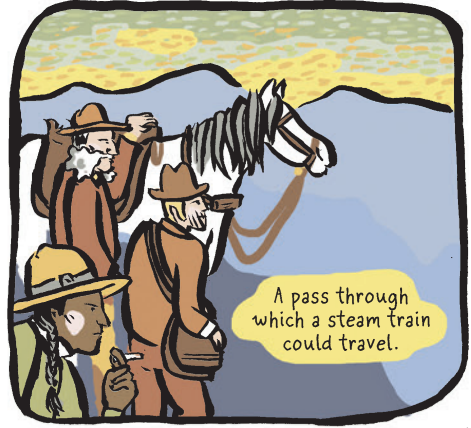
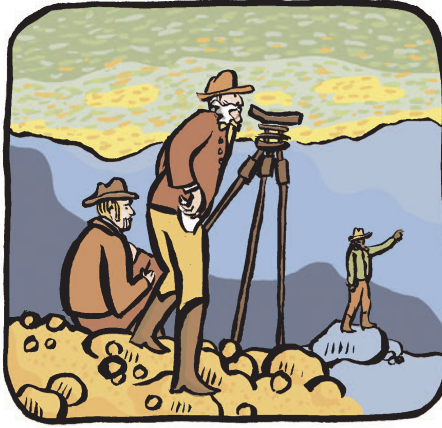
Then I'm bound
to wind up some-
place good, right?

I don't know...
what else am I
gonna do??

Hell's Bells

the Railway Pathfinder
by Eleri mai Harris

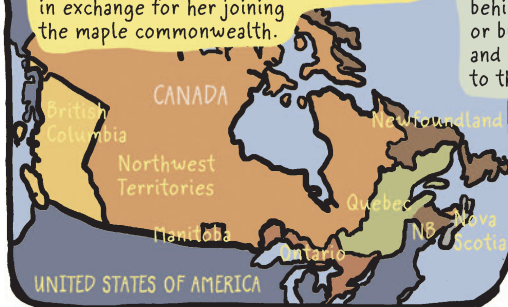
In 1881, a man called Hell's Bells set out in search of a pass across the Selkirk Mountains.



A pass through which a steam train could travel.



A decade earlier, the brand new nation of Canada had promised the western colony of British Columbia a train line from the Atlantic to the Pacific in exchange for her joining the maple commonwealth.



If Canada is to remain a country separate from the United States it is of great importance to her that they (the United States) should not get behind us by right or by force, and intercept the route to the Pacific.



Canada's first Prime Minister, John A. Macdonald.



Canada's very NATIONHOOD depended on this transcontinental train track.

Unfortunately, PM Macdonald lost the leadership in the Pacific Scandal of 1873.



...when it was revealed his election campaign was funded by the company now building the railway.

As the 1870s drew to a close, only 1,000 km of track had been completed from Lake Superior to Winnipeg.



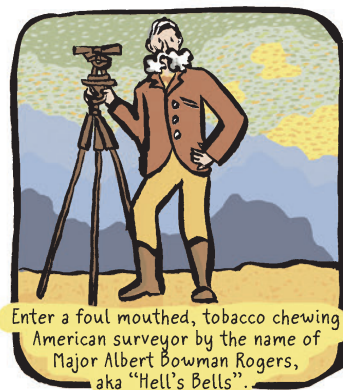
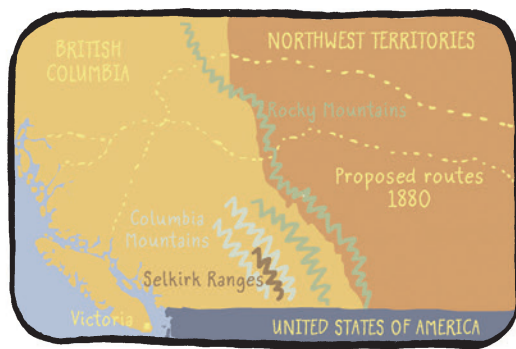
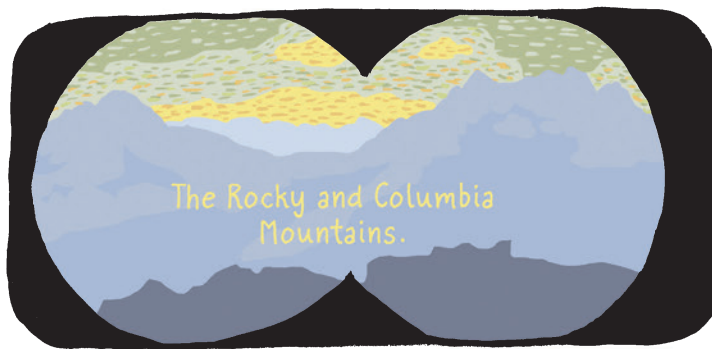
...with trains running on just half that track.

Then, in 1878, Macdonald won back the prime ministership and the push was on again to get the railway going.



There was just one thing standing in the way...







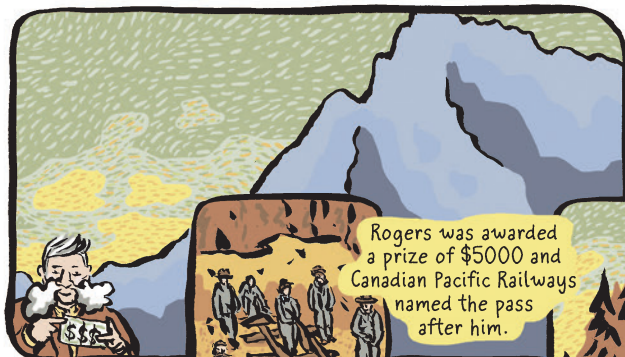
Rogers came back.



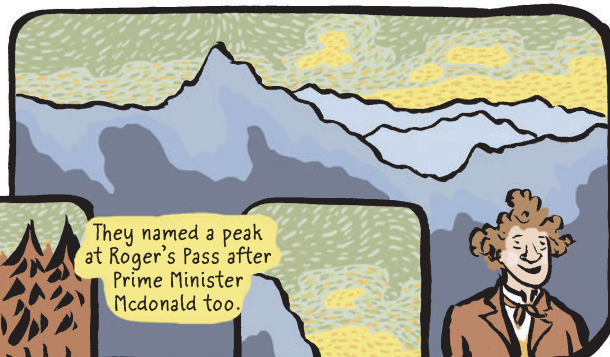
And this time they were successful.



On Monday, July 17 [1882], I started from the Columbia with two white men and three Indians for another trip into the Selkirks by way of Beaver River, and on the 24th I succeed in finding a practicable line across the summit...



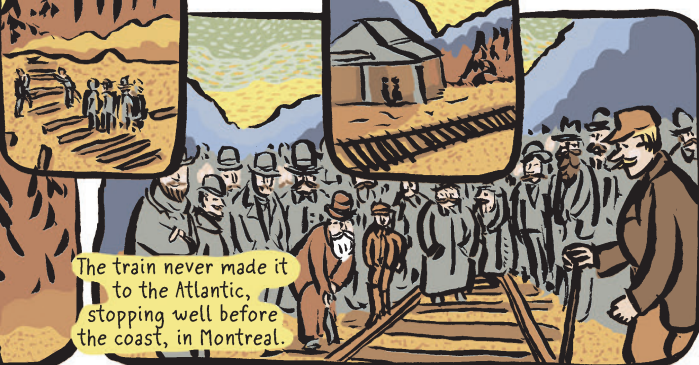
Rogers was awarded a prize of \$5000 and Canadian Pacific Railways named the pass after him.



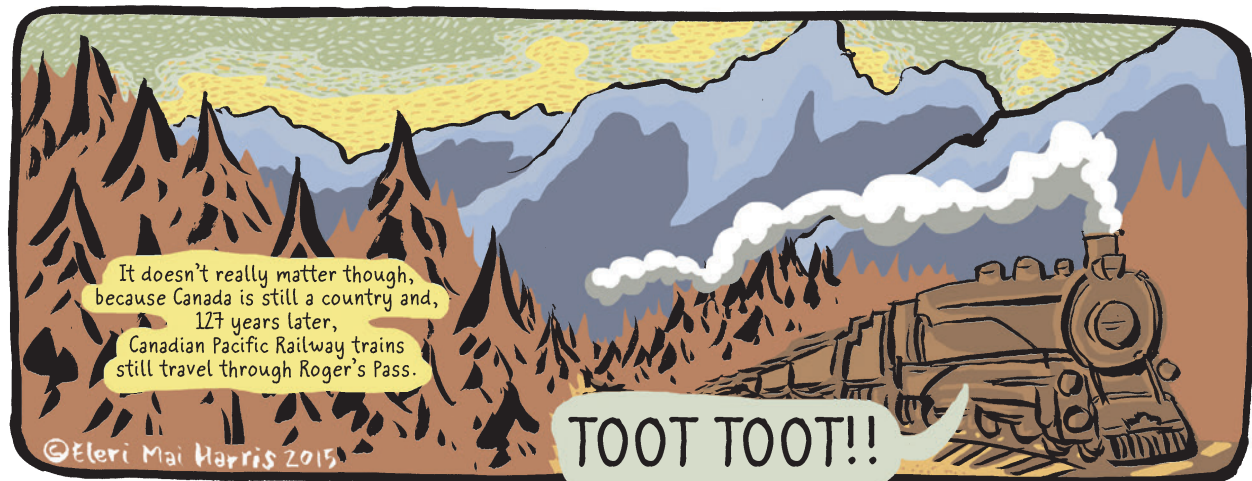
They named a peak at Roger's Pass after Prime Minister McDonald too.



It took just four years to complete the railway.



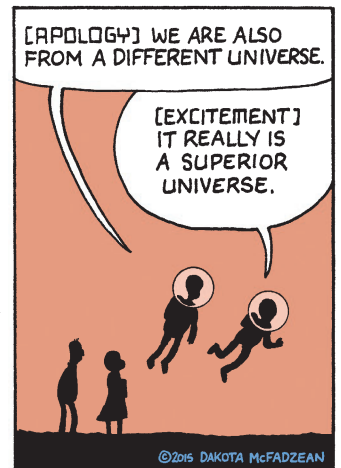
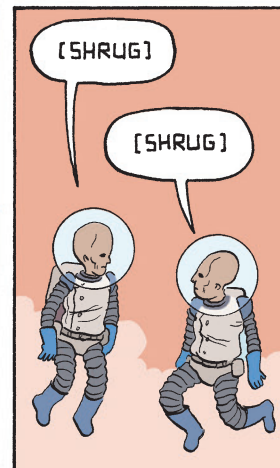
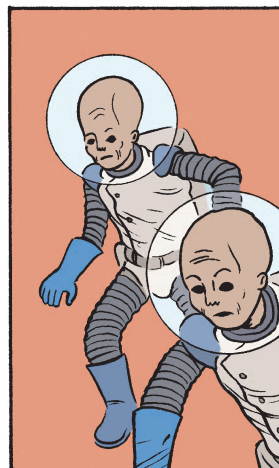
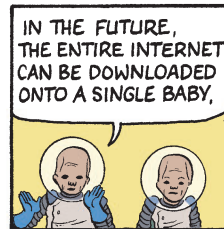
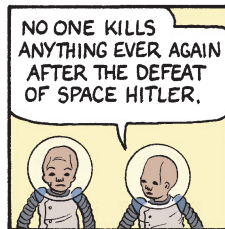
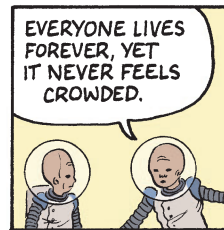
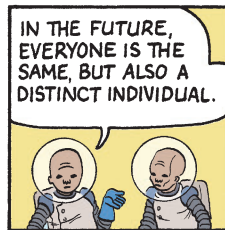
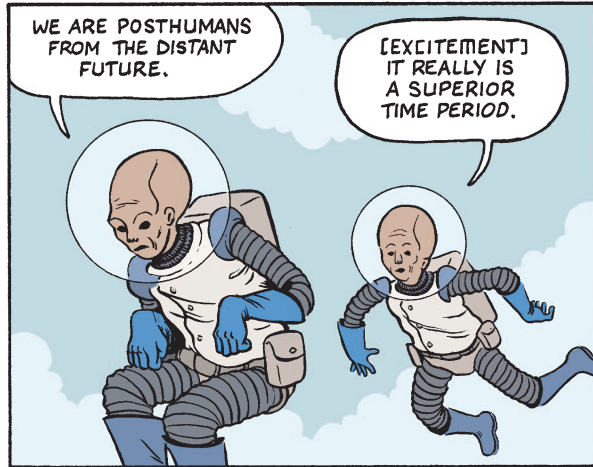
The train never made it to the Atlantic, stopping well before the coast, in Montreal.



It doesn't really matter though, because Canada is still a country and, 127 years later, Canadian Pacific Railway trains still travel through Roger's Pass.

TOOT TOOT!!

POSTHUMANS

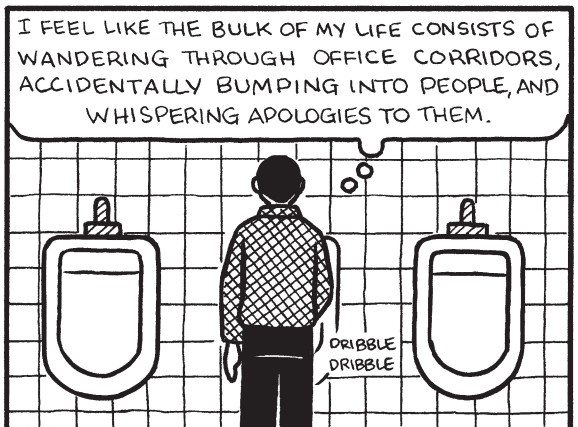
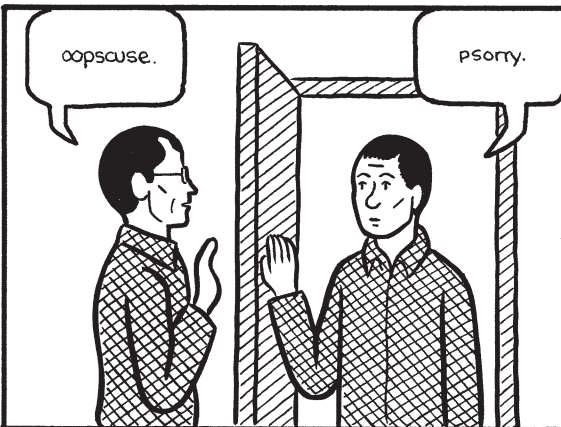


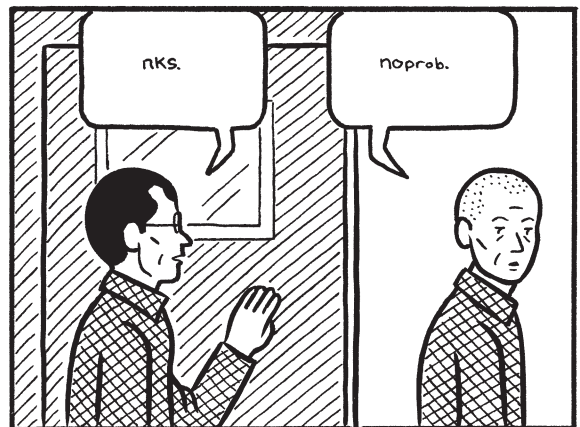
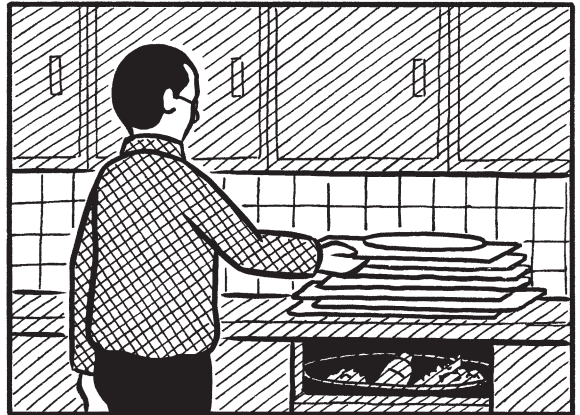
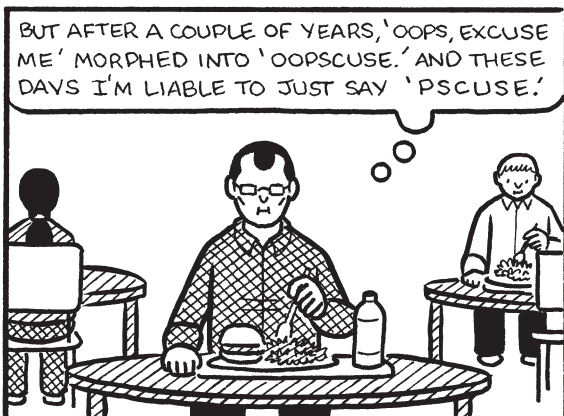
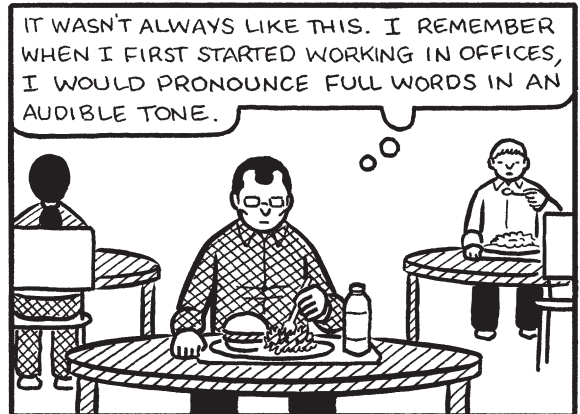
WHISPERED APOLOGIES

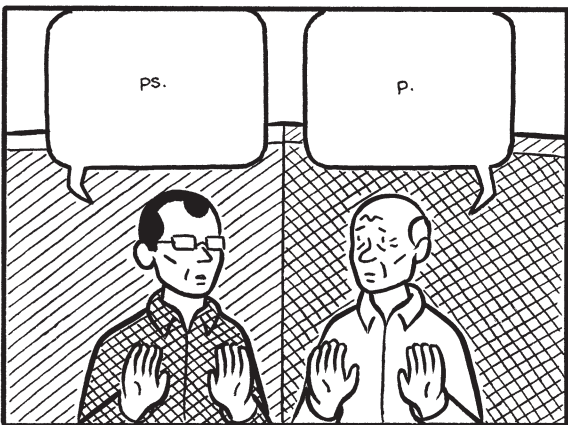
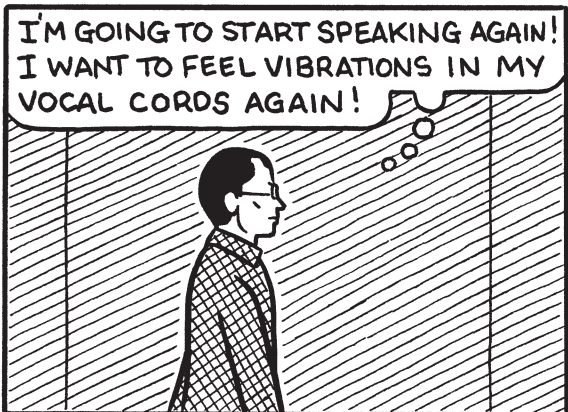
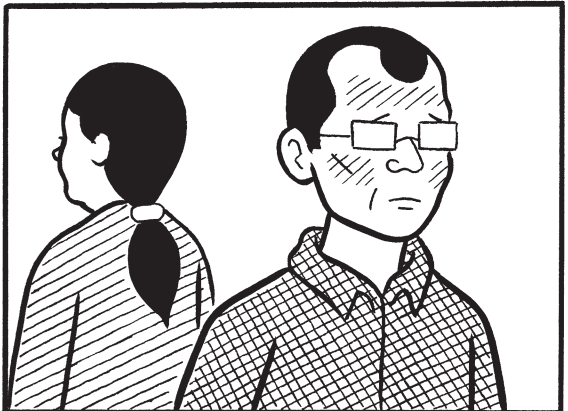
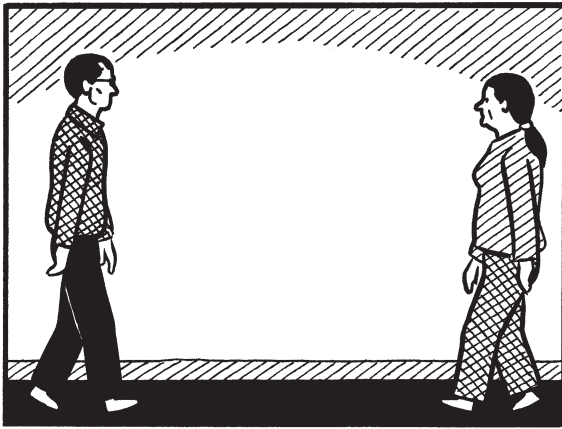
Starring
Nick Maandag



NICK MAANDAG '15









THE VILLAGE UNDER THE Clouds

BY MEAGS
FITZGERALD

THERE ONCE WAS A VILLAGE
ON A PLANET NOT UNLIKE EARTH.

THE VILLAGERS WERE QUITE
CONTENT.

yup
yup

THEIR AGRARIAN SOCIETY RELIED
HEAVILY ON TRADE, CO-OPERATION
AND TRUST, AND HAD DONE SO
FOR MANY GENERATIONS.



THE PEACEFUL NATURE OF THE VILLAGE WAS NOT BY HAPPENSTANCE.
THE GODS WHO INHABITED THE PLANET WANTED
TO MAKE A HARMONIOUS PLACE.

ONE OF THEIR STRATEGIES WAS
TO CREATE INTERSEXUAL BEINGS.



THE VILLAGERS WERE VERY INDEPENDENT
BUT RELIED ON THE GODS TO RAISE AND
SET THE SUN, AND GIVE THEM COOL WINDS.



THE VILLAGERS MADE HOLY
OFFERINGS,



AND IN TURN THE GODS HELPED
WITH EXTRA THINGS,



LIKE RESOLVING
ANIMAL DISPUTES.



HOWEVER PEACE CAN BE HARD TO SUSTAIN.

THE GODS WHO ORIGINALLY CREATED THE BEINGS
MOVED ON TO CREATE LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS.

SOON, SECOND-RATE GODS TOOK THEIR PLACE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

THESE SECOND-RATE GODS OFTEN NEGLECTED
THEIR DUTIES OR EXECUTED THEM LAZILY.



OUT OF BOREDOM, THE SECOND-RATE GODS
BEGAN PLAYING MISCHIEVOUS GAMES.



THEY'D SWAP ANIMALS JUST
TO WATCH THE FRUSTRATED
FARMERS QUARREL.



THE BEINGS STOPPED EXPRESSING DEVOTION TO THE GODS.

THE SECOND-RATE GODS GREW DISDAINFUL
AND MALICIOUS TOWARDS THE VILLAGE.



MONTHS PASSED THIS WAY.



ONE MORNING, THE SECOND-RATE GODS SLEPT LATE AND DIDN'T RAISE THE SUN.

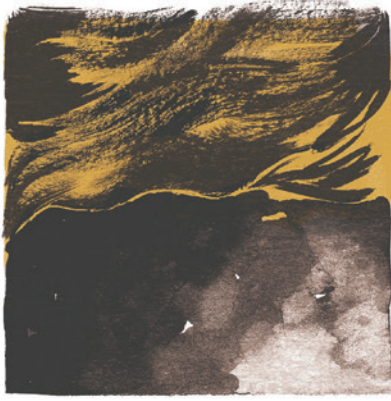
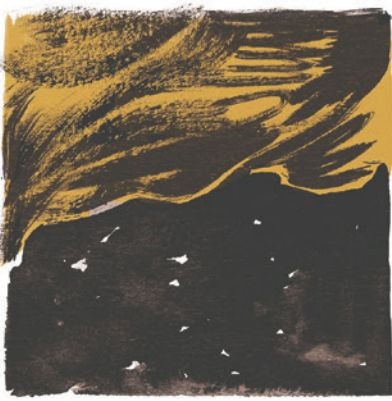
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE DARKNESS, THE VILLAGERS GATHERED IN SECRET.



A PACT WAS MADE.

THE BEINGS MOBILIZED.



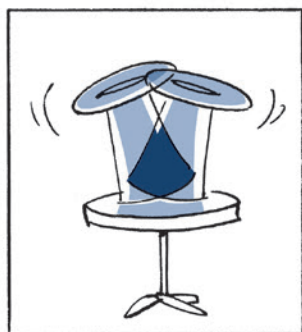
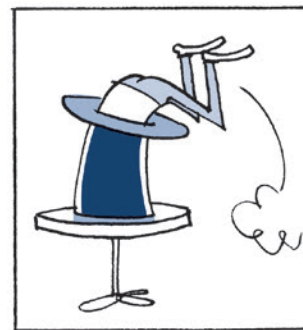




ALL WERE SURPRISED.



THE BEINGS STARED INTO THE MANY EYES OF THE THING, KNOWING THAT TOGETHER THEY HAD MORE EYES ON IT THAN IT DID ON THEM.



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!

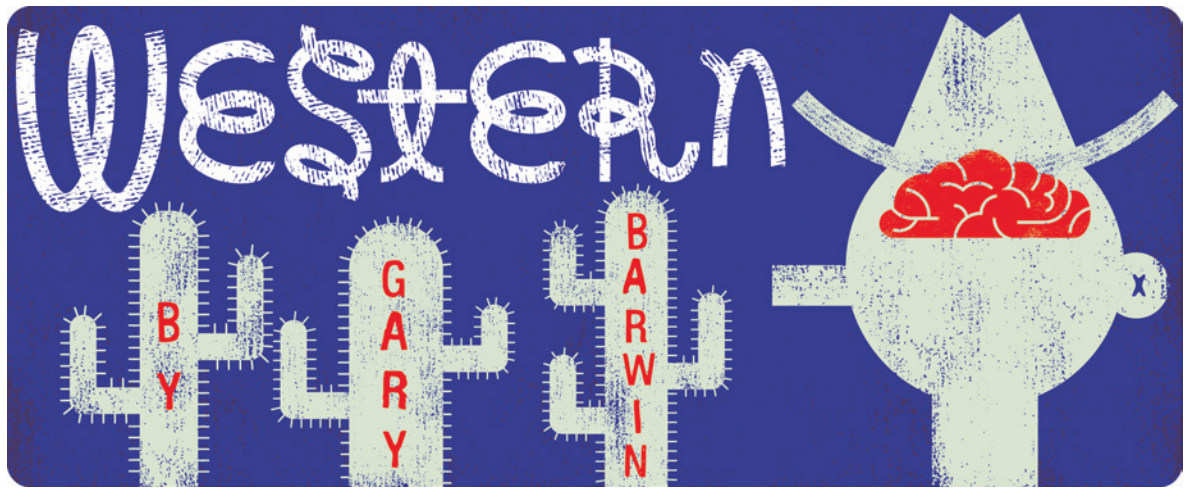


SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!



SOR-RY!
THIS PAGE ISN'T AVAILABLE!





Because my desk is a horse, the world is my office. Yes, these mountains are inbox and out, the sky a glass ceiling. I receive E-mails from the dust, poorly written spam from desperate tumbleweed. I am neither cowboy nor Indian, methane wrangler nor native. This all happened so long ago it might well be the future, for I was a young man, just a girl, a flash of lightning from the midnight tinderbox, my world the edge of the world. I'd left both future and past, stole a palomino, rode out beyond the horizon and into the short corridor of the present. Buzzards and vultures circled the cooler, hankering for my weak nerves to expire. Instead I throbbed like a sorrowful thing and the sun sent memos direct to my temples, boiled my spine.

"Hey, good lookin'," I said to the cracked river, but it had gone to lunch.

Late night, I played mouth harp as the taxicabs burned and I heard streetcars howling. I got a sidekick: my own brain, and it didn't always listen but spoke short and laconic and was sometimes eager. What do we hope out here beyond hearing and where the coyotes invest in diversified lamentation?

"Well, Brain," I said. "We're here to set up shop as heroes and now it's time for some cold calling the helpless. Civilization's stelliferous veneer is thin and happenstance can grit like sandpaper. We've travelled this moving dirt sidewalk to be shellac on hard times."

My brain said nothing but nodded as I nodded and raised my hat to possibility. It was all around us, hiding in plain view. The world was on hold and we'd find its flashing button.

It was Rabbit that first came to us. We shot and skinned him and ate his warm breath.

"Rabbit," I said, "you and I, and of course, my brain, are one, and in my human canyon you are fire. Look

around for I have eaten your eyes and with this dinner of flesh there's possibility everywhere. We'll not starve before we have saved."

"Now, Brain," I said, "we are well fortified for adventure. Let us find some."

Brain said nothing but steeled himself as I steeled myself and scanned for what was to be. We looked beyond inbox and out and past the great boss's hallway, but there was nothing. We looked again and there remained nothing.

We were visited then by many dry days and then weeks more of desiccated impossibility. Insides became as tongues cross-hatched like boot leather. The gut was a black rock rolling in place like dry thunder. Bones ached like dry thunder, also. Great doubt came upon us and we heard the muttering of despair in the next room.

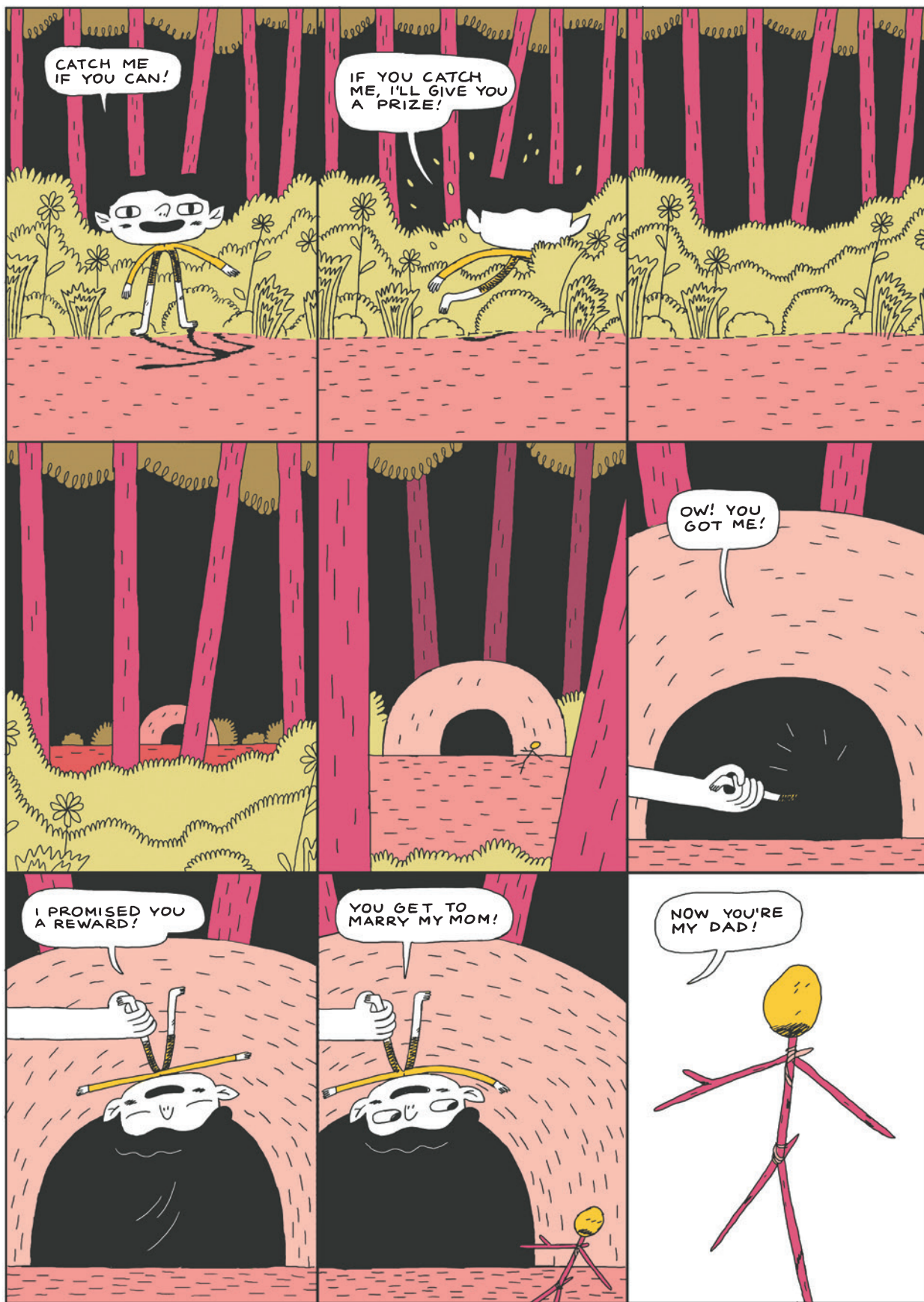
"Keep it down," I said. "We're trying to work here. We aim to be heroes before our mortal end."

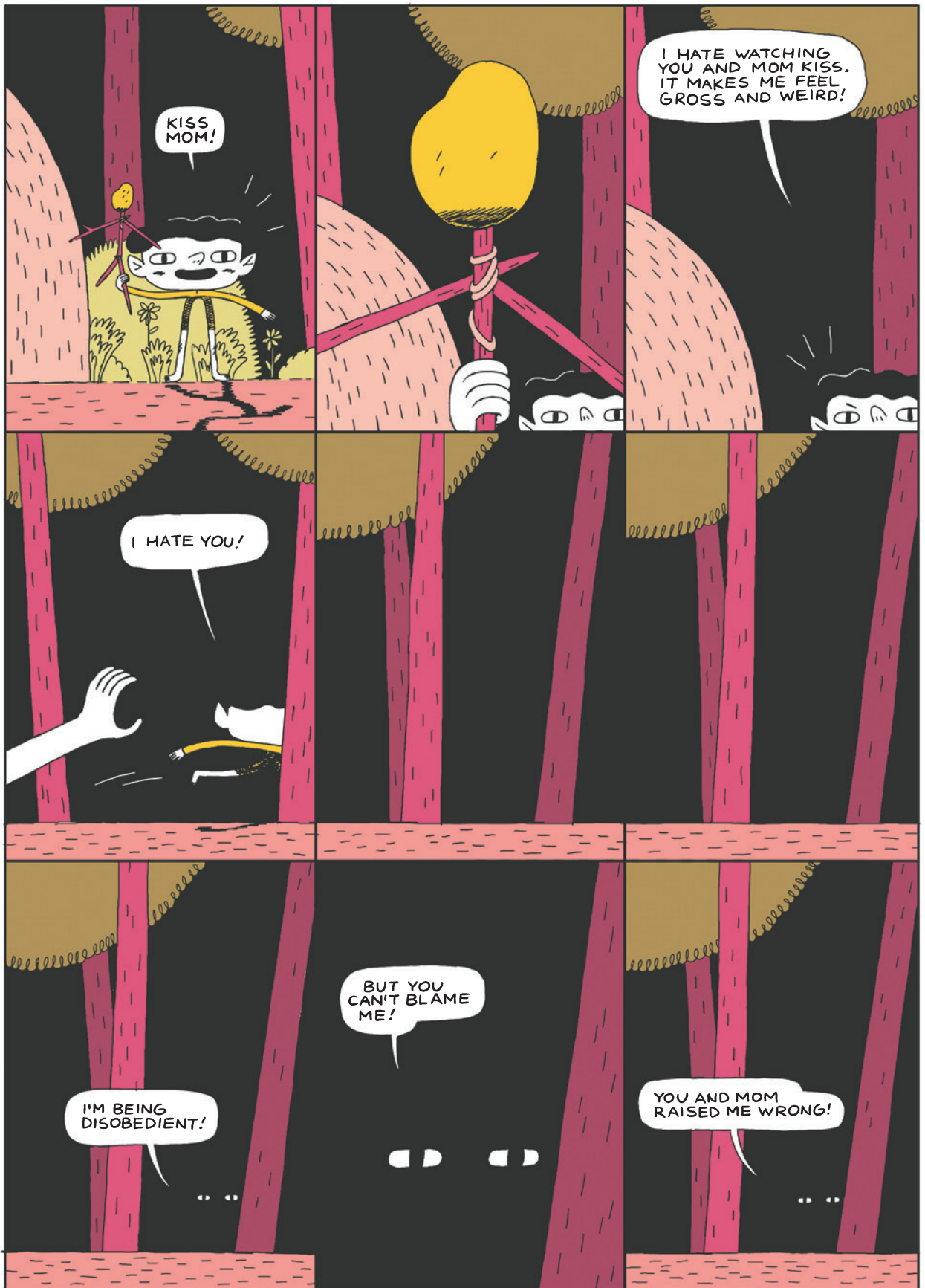
Second, it was a ghost which found us, all those vapours of what we wished would be.

"Ride further," it said. "Find more days in your weak bones."

It wasn't lost on Brain that this goading spirit was but voice and no bones, advice but no meat. I remembered Father calling me to his knee and opining, "When there's no fish and no river, cast down your rod and ride to the next valley with a gun." Ah, gun, my handshake of fire. I breathed in the ghost's tobacco guts as if it coiled from a pipe, closed my eyes, and began to think of the respite which awaits at the end of days. But Brain spurred on my weak horse, my soft hands and weak will, and we travelled slow into the next day which was pink folder of opportunity.

Continued in 14 pages







ALL NEW

Featuring:
the
Greatest
Generation
Gap



Chubbo Wubbo

COMICS HISTORY



Chad the Lad

By James & David Collier

© 2015

Chubbo sits in his home,
Over his collection of golden
age comics...

Worthless pieces of pulp!
That's all these are
worth to people
nowadays!

Yo!
Chubbo!

YOU AGAIN!
How OFTEN
HAVE I TOLD YOU
TO STAY OUT!!

Relax Dude! I just
wanted to tell you
about something I
seen about comics
on Reddit.

...now where
was
it...

Yeah here
it is: *Action
Comics* #1,
recently
selling for
\$3.2
million...

I know your type...
as soon as the first
chance comes along
to make money off of
old comics you come
flocking like flies to
shit!

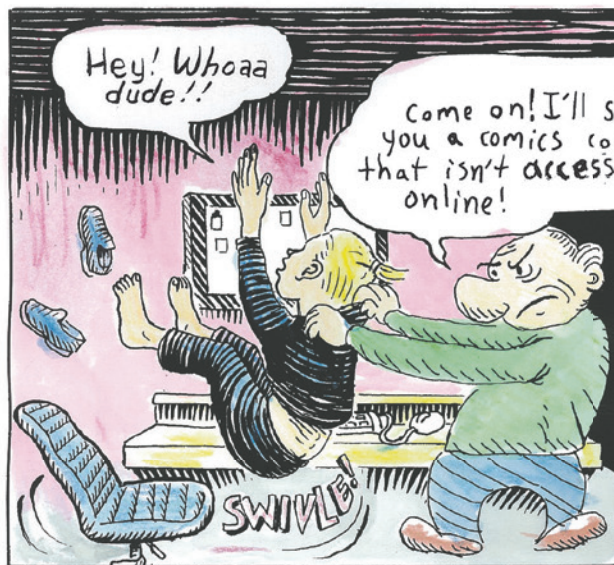
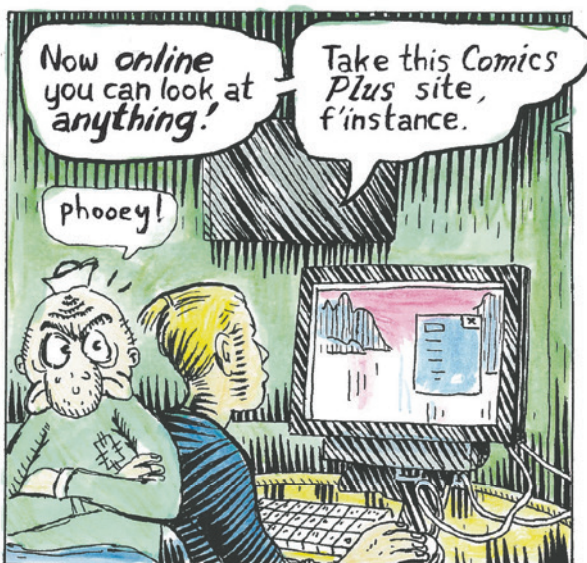
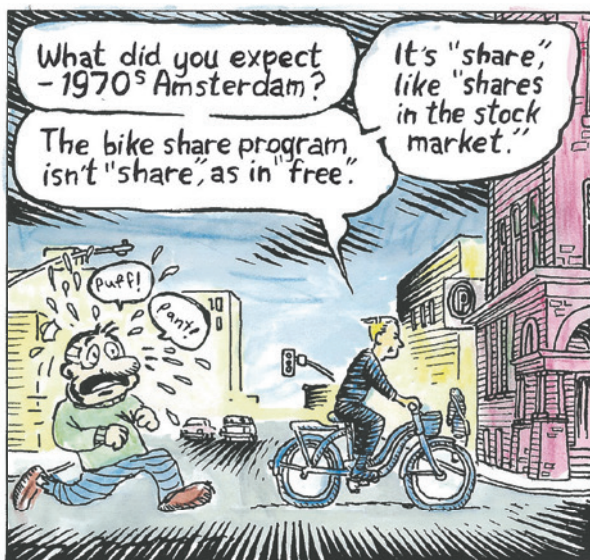
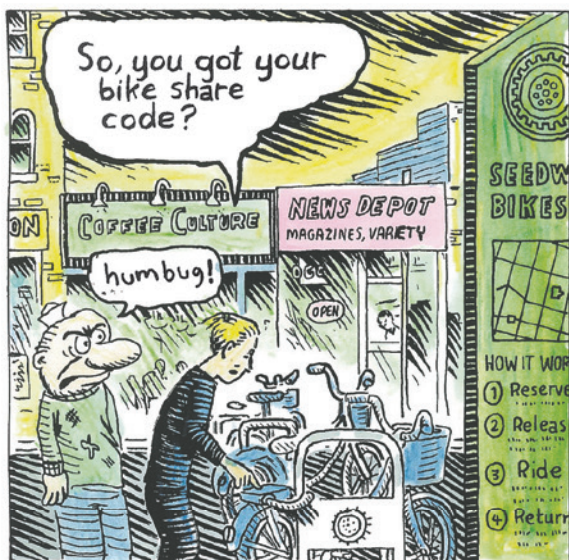
Say, you've got lotsa
old comics, man.

Got anything
valuable here?

WHAT!?

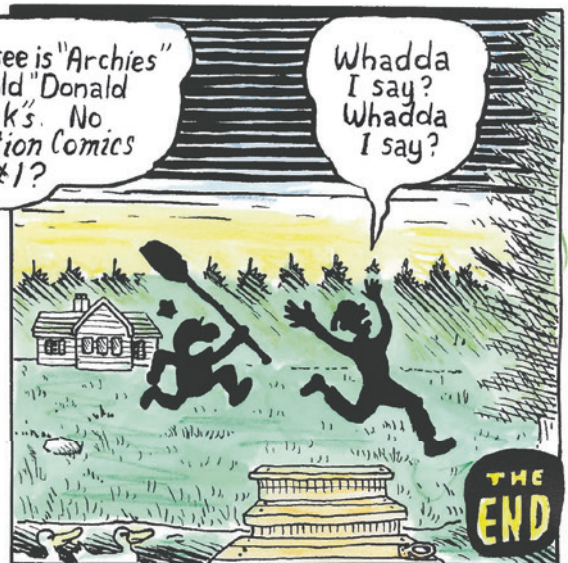
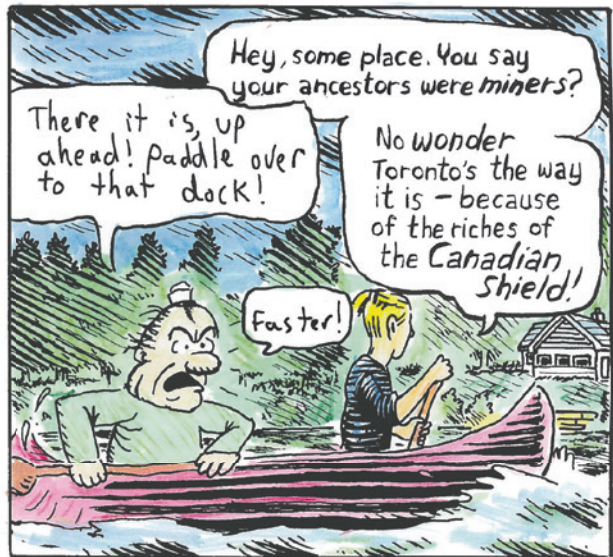
SHUFFLE!







The train hurtles East towards a land of rocks and trees-!



AN EXCERPT FROM FATHERLAND II
BY NINA BUNJEVAC

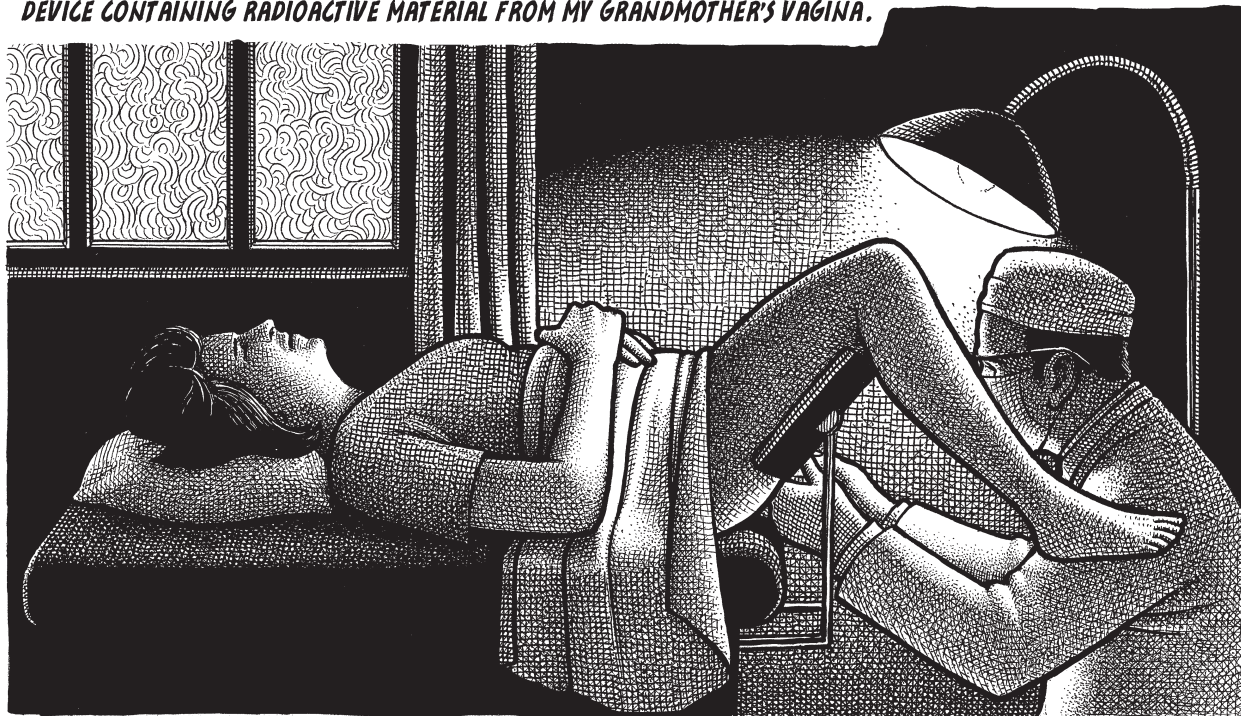
MOM AND I LEFT ZEMUN SHORTLY AFTER MY FATHER'S DEATH. WE MOVED TO THE SMALL CITY OF NISH, LOCATED 250 KILOMETERS SOUTH OF BELGRADE, UNABLE TO CARE FOR US BOTH, AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING, MOM LEFT MY SISTER BEHIND TO LIVE WITH OUR GRANDPARENTS. WE TRIED TO COMPENSATE FOR HER LOSS WITH FREQUENT WEEKEND VISITS. I DON'T REMEMBER THESE VISITS, NOR DO I REMEMBER THE FIRST THREE YEARS OF MY LIFE IN ZEMUN. MY MEMORY BEGINS TO CRYSTALLIZE WITH DEATH, ABOUT A YEAR FOLLOWING OUR MOVE, DURING ONE OF THESE VISITS, THE YEAR MY GRANDMOTHER WAS DIAGNOSED WITH CERVICAL CANCER.



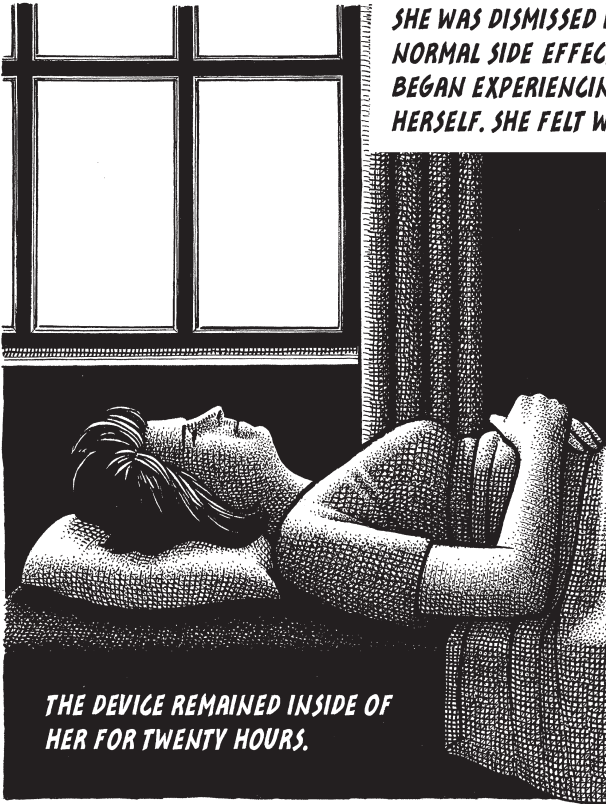
AS A WWII VETERAN MY GRANDMOTHER HAD BEEN ENTITLED TO TOP-NOTCH MEDICAL CARE IN SOCIALIST YUGOSLAVIA. HOWEVER, SINCE THE VETERANS' HOSPITAL HAD BEEN CLOSED FOR RENOVATIONS AT THE TIME SHE WAS DIAGNOSED, SHE TURNED FOR HELP TO AN ONCOLOGIST FROM THE ZEMUN CITY HOSPITAL. THE ONCOLOGIST ORDERED AN IMMEDIATE COURSE OF RADIATION THERAPY.



MOM CLAIMS THAT WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS DUE TO NEGLIGENCE, A CHANGE OF SHIFT FOR THE NURSING STAFF PERHAPS, OR AN OVERSIGHT... SOMEHOW THE DOCTOR LEFT THE HOSPITAL FORGETTING TO REMOVE THE DEVICE CONTAINING RADIOACTIVE MATERIAL FROM MY GRANDMOTHER'S VAGINA.



SHE WAS DISMISSED IN A RUSH AND TOLD TO EXPECT BURNING PAIN AS A NORMAL SIDE EFFECT OF THE RADIATION TREATMENT. ONCE AT HOME, SHE BEGAN EXPERIENCING UNBEARABLE PAIN WHEN ATTEMPTING TO RELIEVE HERSELF. SHE FELT WEAK, NO LONGER ABLE TO WALK.

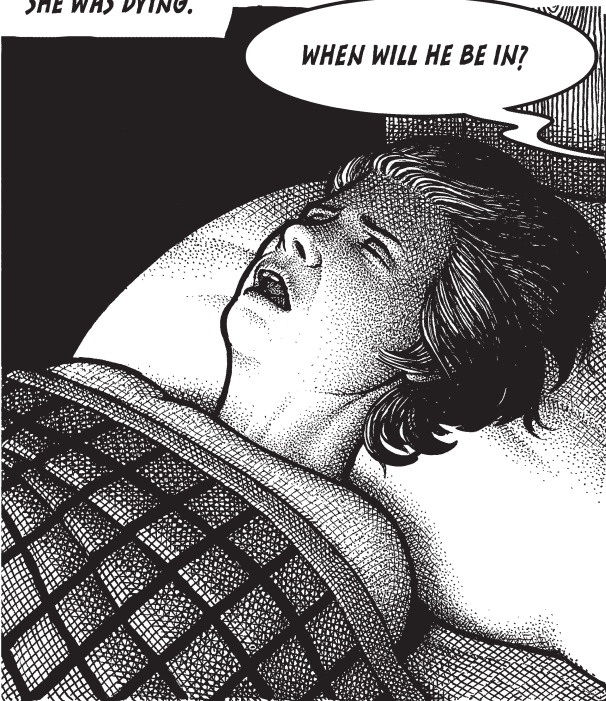


THE DEVICE REMAINED INSIDE OF HER FOR TWENTY HOURS.

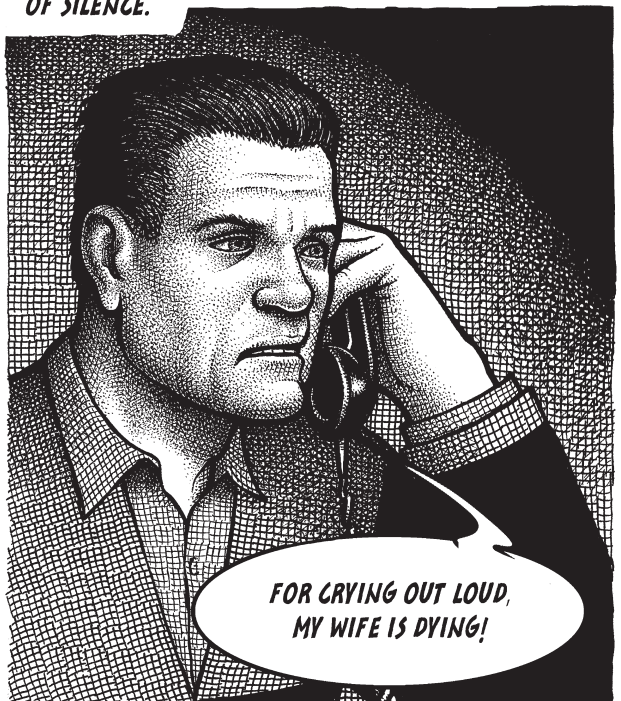


SHE DEVELOPED HIGH FEVER, STOPPED EATING, LOST MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF WEIGHT. IT WAS CLEAR THAT SHE WAS DYING.

THE ONCOLOGIST WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. ANY ATTEMPT AT CONTACTING HIM WAS MET WITH A WALL OF SILENCE.



WHEN WILL HE BE IN?

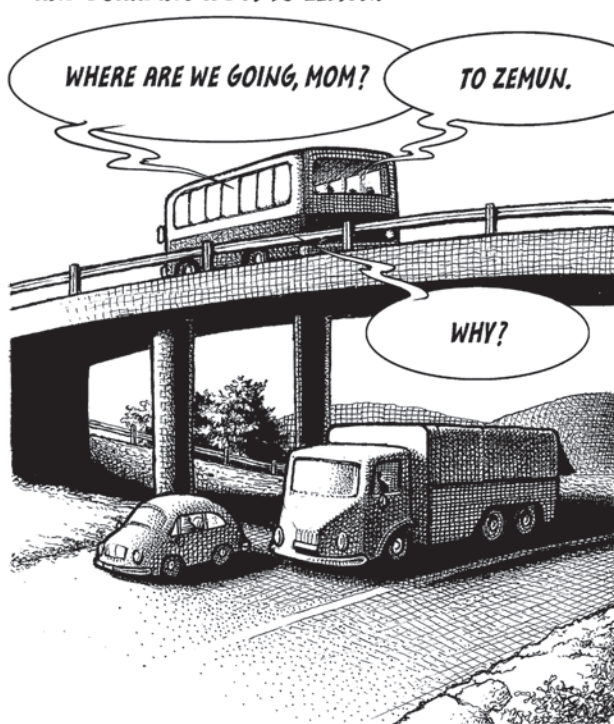


*FOR CRYING OUT LOUD,
MY WIFE IS DYING!*

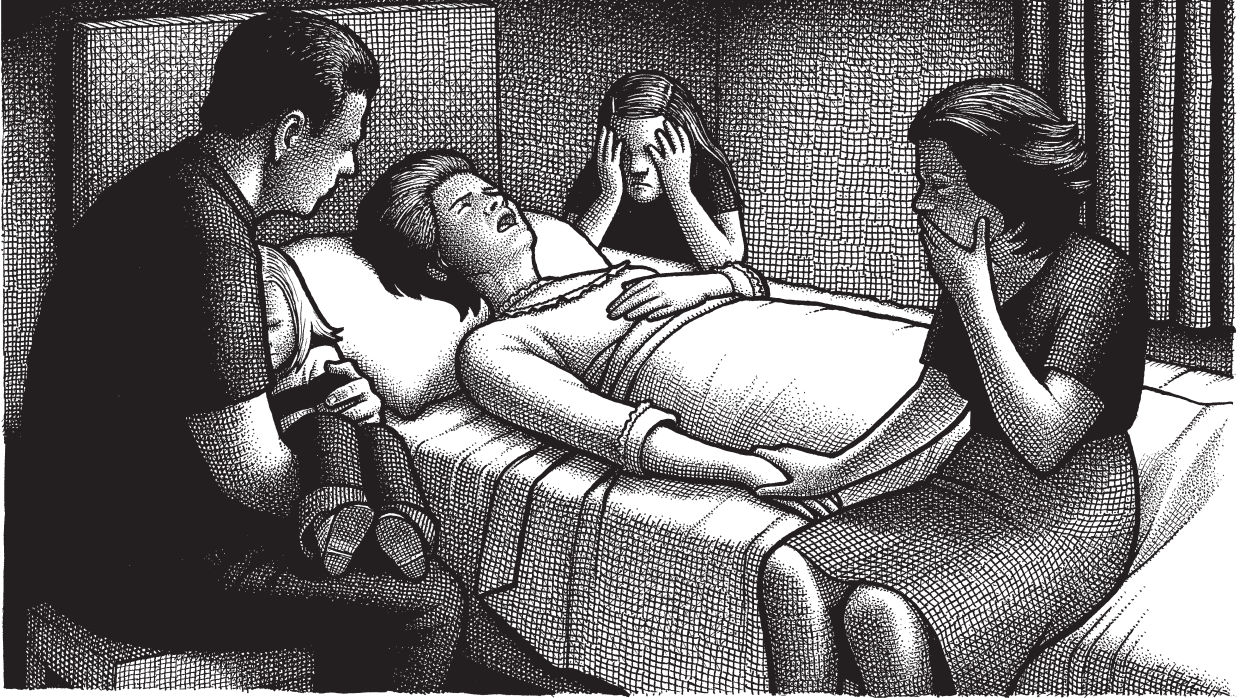
MOM WAS INSTRUCTED TO BUY A NIGHTGOWN FOR GRANDMA TO BE BURIED IN. I REMEMBER, VAGUELY THOUGH, GOING TO THE DEPARTMENT STORE...



AND BOARDING A BUS TO ZEMUN.



WE WAITED LONG FOR HER BODY TO PART WITH HER SOUL.



*TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE SHE
SUDDENLY CAME TO, AND SAID:*

GIVE ME A CIGARETTE.



SHE PAUSED, TOOK A LONG DRAG...



AND PROCLAIMED:

IT'S NOT MY TIME YET.



"I DREAMT I WAS IN A BRIGHT, FOG-FILLED ROOM."



"THERE WAS A WOMAN IN THERE; I COULD HARDLY MAKE OUT THE OUTLINES OF HER BODY."



"HER FACE BECAME CLEAR AS I GOT CLOSER TO HER. I IMMEDIATELY RECOGNISED IT."



*SAINT PETKA!
IS THAT YOU?*

YES.

AM I DEAD?

*NO, YOU'RE NOT.
AND THAT IS WHAT I CAME
HERE TO TELL YOU...*





"SHE SAID IT WASN'T MY TIME YET."

Continued from 14 pages previous

Or perhaps I should state that there were many people looking like work to be done.

"We have rode far beyond the previous end of our own story to rescue you from yours which is possibly grievous or sorry," I said. "We hope to relieve pain or misfortune, to allow the waters of ease and comfort to flow once more through the difficult rivers of your life."

When we awoke, we found our body tied to the wheel of a large wagon and the sun slumped russet over the edge of day. Brain was suffering contusions of his perception and I felt as a carpet must surely feel after a sound dusting. Our senses, except for those supplementary to suffering, were in great disarray. Finally, I remembered my hand, intending next to discover my gun. I learned then that I was birth-naked, and Brain, without hat, was covered only by skull.

I became aware of a great muttering.

"We are planning something of a fricassee," one of the mutterers explained. "Our intended meat is to be yours." If fear and low feeling could have lubricated my beef-jerky eyes, I would have wept, but instead my lids burned and I cried out, "We have come to this place because our business is in proffering aid to those in despair. We entreat you to spare our sorry flesh and choose another for this meal."

There was some chuckling, which I later learned had its source in a traveller named Theodora.

"We intend not to dine upon you, but to offer you sup of flesh for your maintenance. Surveying you now, we see you but are gristle, despair, and starvation. Once you find hope and attain some worthy steak, we shall feed you to our god who lives in the cave."

She pointed to a black stain among glowering hills.

They fed me then, great red gobs of fat-ripe bone

and muscle and I was as one gasping for air who had previously been under considerable water.

"We thank you, Theodora," I said. "We have returned from a dark and hungering place." Brain awoke then, buoyed by vitamins and joy and commenced his crafty calisthenics. We would feign sleep, in silence gnaw our restraints, and then ride away by moonlight. It was then we understood we had eaten our horse.

"Sorrow not," I told Brain. "Our blood runs with gallop."

Tied to the wheel, we lay still as if carrion, awaiting the sleep of our captors. In darkness we gnawed and with stealth we crept beyond the circle of wagons and toward freedom.

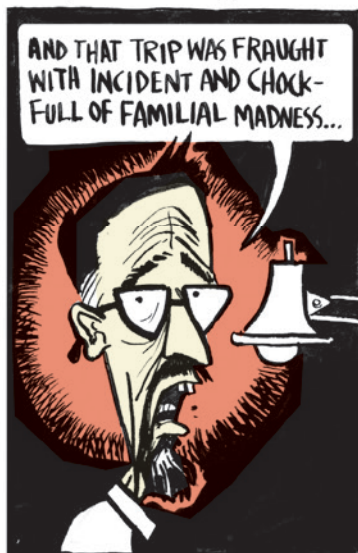
The moon in its office of stars was the third thing that found us, alone on the plain, uncertain of our direction but charged with our vocation to seek the correct path.

"Moon, memo to what must be, advise us of the way forward. Outline with your incisive silver our tasks and responsibilities, our role in the structure of this world."

The moon shone over the buttes that were as overturned chairs but said nothing. Its bright light searched our soul and we remembered and sorrowed for our lost steed, the desk of our ambition, the outcomes projected and wished for. And then, we felt as much as understood that we toiled within the vast office of the possible. There was work to be done and we would attend to it, attaining deadlines both personal and metaphysic. We would be known as heroes, for it was heroic to have such courage, to wish for such toil. And we would remain in the world, if we must, long beyond closing and far into the moonlit night, our sleeves rolled, our coffee cold in its cup, the world quiet, a brain and a body in the emptiness straining toward destiny and a story of our own making.

—THE END—





A ROAD TRIP WITH THE NOTORIOUS M.I.L.*

(*MOTHER-IN-LAW)



FIRST, I REALLY HATE ALL THAT "BATTLE OF THE SEXES" STUPIDITY ABOUT SON-IN-LAWS AND MOTHER-IN-LAWS NOT GETTING ALONG. THAT SHIT SHOULD HAVE DIED WITH FRED FLINTSTONE...



BUT THIS IS A TRUE COMIC AND MY MOTHER-IN-LAW AND I TRULY DO NOT GET ALONG.



THE FIRST THING SHE EVER SAID TO ME:

"MY DAUGHTER IS A VERY EDUCATED WOMAN, AND YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER, AND I PRAY TO GOD EVERY DAY YOU'LL JUST GO AWAY."



AND MY RESPONSE:

"WELL, YOUR DAUGHTER LOVES ME, AND I AIN'T GOING ANYWHERE, SO YOU BETTER GET USED TO IT..."



HA HA; MEMORIES! BUT, HEY, GOOD NEWS... IT'S BEEN — OF NECESSITY — ALL UPHILL SINCE THAT FIRST MEETING!



OH, ONE OTHER NOTE. THE LADY I'M MARRIED TO IS CANADIAN, BUT CHINA IS WHERE HER PEOPLE ARE "FROM-FROM," AS INSISTENT ASSHOLES WOULD PUT IT.



MAKING FUN OF ASIAN PEOPLE IS LIKE THE LAST BLACK-LAWN-JOCKEY STANDING IN POPULAR CULTURE AND THIS IS NOT MEANT TO ADD TO THAT BULLSHIT.



MY MOTHER-IN-LAW IS SUPER CRAY-CRAY, BUT SHE'D BE CRAZY WHATEVER HER ETHNICITY WAS.

OH, LOOK! I'VE KILLED ANOTHER PAGE...



THE PURPOSE OF MY IN-LAW'S VISIT WAS TO ATTEND A WEDDING IN TORONTO, THEN TO VISIT RELATIVES IN CHICAGO.



WE GET INVITED ALONG TO THE WEDDING. OR RATHER, WE HAVE TO GO TO A COMPLETE STRANGER'S WEDDING. WHICH IS WEIRD, BUT I FIGURE I'LL JUST LAY LOW...



BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO BE INCONSPICUOUS, AS, BESIDES THE WAITERS, I AM THE ONLY NON-CHINESE PERSON AT THE RECEPTION OF MAYBE TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE.



THE SERVICE IS MOSTLY IN CANTONESE, BUT THIS STUFF IS UNIVERSAL, AND I MANAGE TO FOLLOW THE ACTION...



THE INSTRUMENTAL RECESSIONAL HYMN IS FAMILIAR...



THERE'S A GROUP PHOTO THAT I'M PUSHED INTO, WHICH WILL CONFUSE THE COUPLE'S FUTURE CHILDREN ONE DAY WITH MY WHERE'S WALDO-NESS.



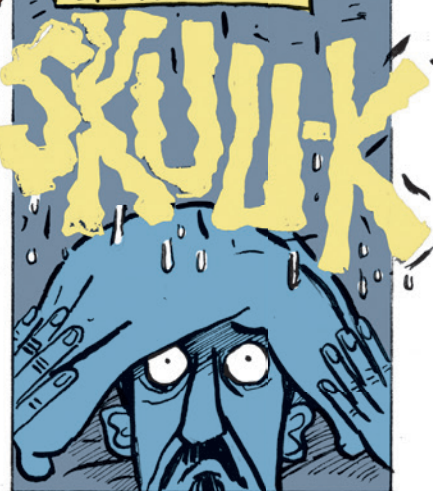
AND WE'RE SHARING A HOTEL ROOM WITH THE M.I.L.



WHIRRRRRRR



OH, ALSO... SHE SNORES...



CHICAGO

WE ARRIVE IN THE MIDDLE OF A HEAT-WAVE AND THE SUBURBS ARE BUZZING LIKE A MILLION TINY CHAINSAWS...



EVERY TREE IS FILLED WITH SCREAMING CICADAS! BIBLICAL PLAGUE-LEVEL INFESTATIONS OF THESE GIANT, SCREAMING INSECTS.



THE ARCHITECTURE OF OLD CHICAGO LOOKS AS IF IT WERE BUILT FOR A RACE OF GIANTS, AS IF CARL SANDBURG'S BIG-SHOULDERED CITIZENS HAD EXISTED AND INHABITED THESE ENORMOUS, COLUMNED BUILDINGS.



I SAW THAT BUILDING FROM THAT WILCO ALBUM COVER.

IT LOOKS LIKE CORN COBS.



QUIMBY'S IS AS GREAT A COMICS SHOP AS I IMAGINED. NEARBY, STAN'S DONUTS AT THE DAMEN STATION ON THE BLUE-LINE, WAS EQUALLY AMAZING.



MY MOTHER-IN-LAW IS SUPPOSED TO BE ON A DIET, SO SHE INSISTED SHE WANTED SALAD. MY WIFE FINDS A RESTAURANT SPECIALIZING IN SALADS!



DETROIT. DETROIT IS GREAT! EVERYONE SHOULD GO THERE. THE DIEGO RIVERA MURAL AT THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS WILL REAFFIRM YOUR FAITH IN ART.

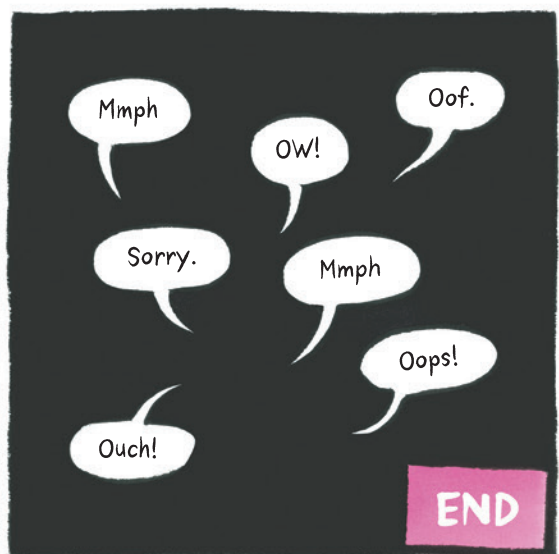
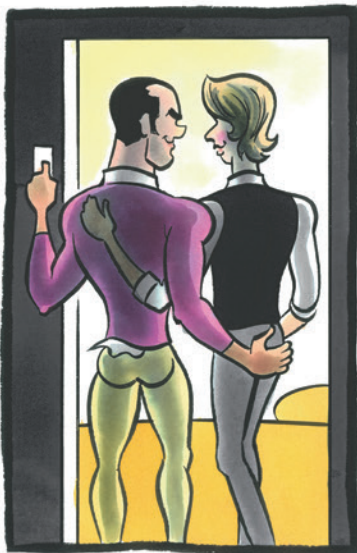
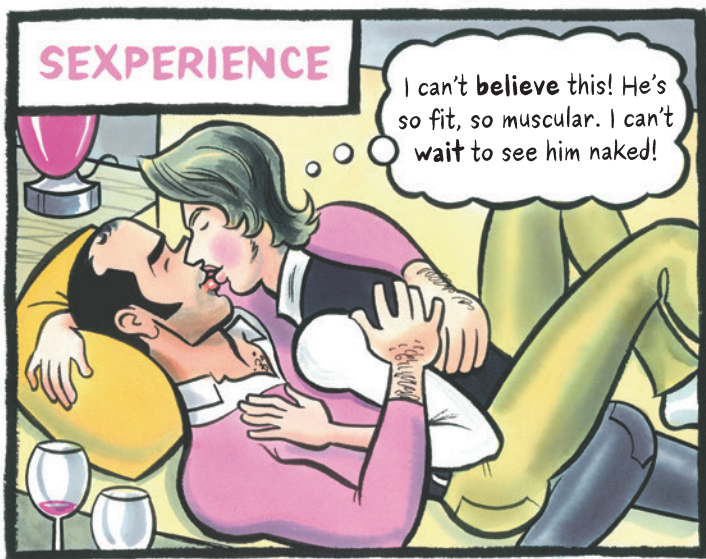


I HAVEN'T TALKED ABOUT AMERICA, HOME OF THE BRAVE, WHERE YOU **MUST** PRE PAY FOR YOUR GAS. OR ABOUT THE GIANT VEIN IN MY WIFE'S FOREHEAD THAT DISAPPEARED ONLY AFTER HER MOTHER LEFT...



THERE'S SO MUCH MORE TO TELL, BUT I'M OUTTA SPACE ...





THE NEW ADVENTURES OF DOC STEARNE

AS MR. MONSTER



OUR STORY OPENS AT NIGHT IN A LARGE CITY, WHERE DOCTOR HENRY TRENT, RETIRED, AND HIS WIFE, ARE OUT WALKING!! SUDDENLY, A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL STUMBLES PAST THEM!!

ISN'T THAT DISGUSTING, HENRY, A NICE YOUNG GIRL LIKE THAT, AND SHE'S.... DRUNK!!

HMM, DRUNK YOU SAY....

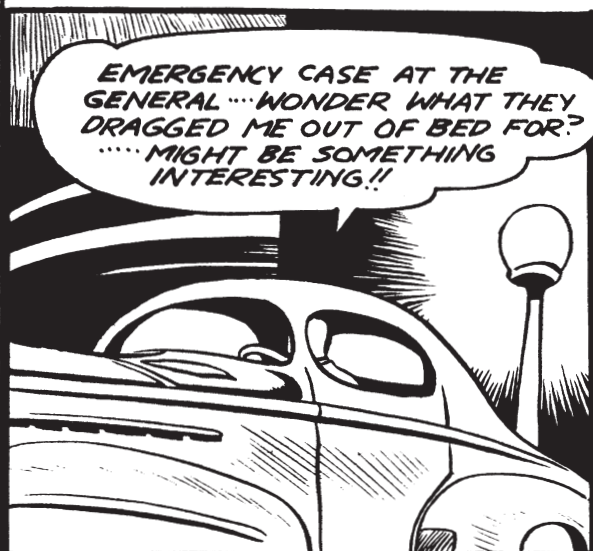
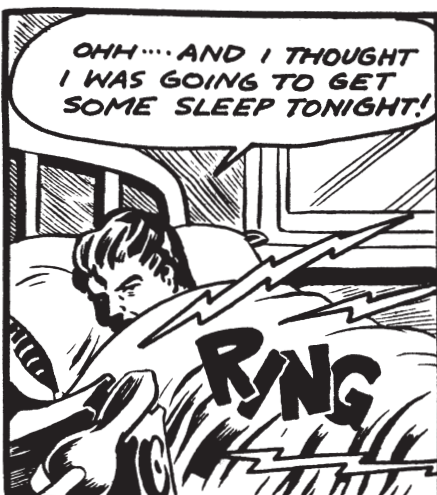
WELL, LET'S HELP HER!!

... MAYBE, BUT FROM MY SHORT OBSERVATION, I WOULD SAY SHE'S IN A STATE OF SHOCK!!

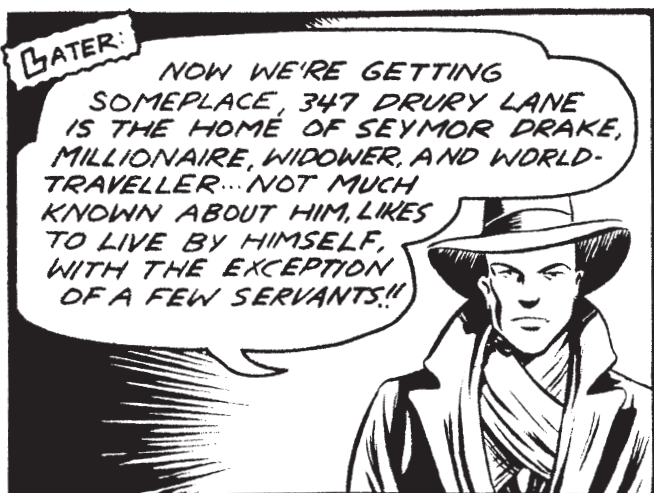
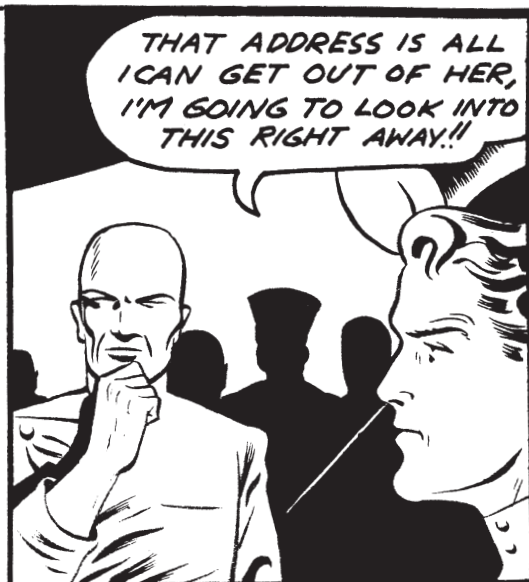



DUE TO DOCTOR TRENT'S QUICK ACTION, THE NOW UNCONSCIOUS GIRL IS QUICKLY REMOVED TO THE RECEIVING WARD OF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL!!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE PHONE IN DOC STEARNE'S APARTMENT RINGS LOUDLY!!




THE FEAR-CRAZED GIRL ATTEMPTS TO SPEAK
BUT SOME MENTAL BARRIER STOPS HER
WORDS FROM FLOWING SMOOTHLY!!





SO, DOCTOR STEARNE, YOU WISH TO KNOW WHY THAT YOUNG GIRL WAS SO BADLY FRIGHTENED ----- I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW ---- SHE WAS EMPLOYED BY ME AS A SERVANT, AND IF HER FEMALE CURIOSITY TEMPTED HER TO PRY INTO MY SECRETS, SHE HAS RECEIVED HER JUST REWARDS!!



AS DRAKE TALKS ON, DOC FIXES HIS EYES ON HIM IN A HYPNOTIC STARE!!

ER...YES...COME THIS WAY!!

DRAKE - I - MUST-SEE-YOUR-SECRET-SHOW-IT-TO-ME - NOW!!

IN-IN-HERE!!

GOOD LORD!! A...COFFIN!!



HERE IS THE BODY OF MY WIFE, THE GIRL PROBABLY CAME INTO THIS ROOM, AND SAW THE CORPSE...



....SHE DIED WHILE WE WERE IN INDIA, I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT HER...SO A FAKIR DID SOMETHING TO THE BODY THAT GIVES HER A SEMBLANCE OF LIFE!!



YOU BEAST...WHY DON'T YOU LET ME DIE!! I'LL SHOW YOU... I'LL KILL US BOTH!!

SUDDENLY, THE "CORPSE" LEAPS FROM THE CASKET!!

NO-NO GET AWAY FROM ME!!

LATER:



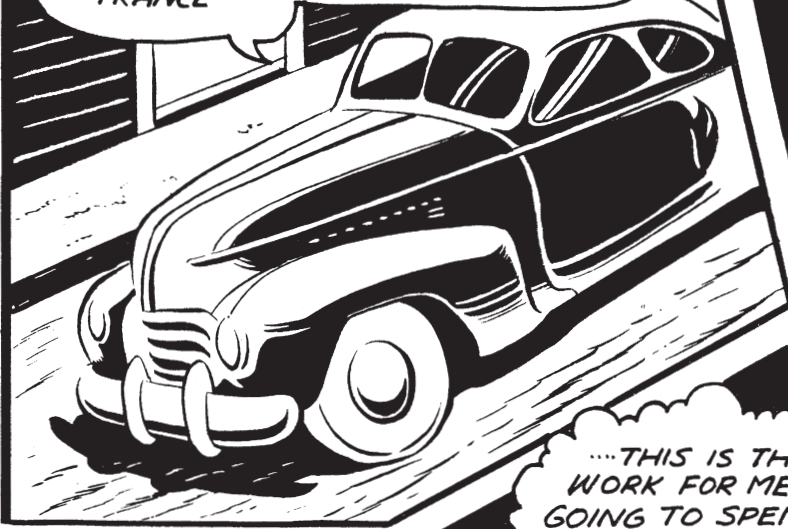
WELL DOCTOR, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS AFFAIR!!

IT'S A VERY STRANGE CASE

THE SCREAMING PAIR STAGGER BACKWARD, AND THROUGH A HIGH WINDOW!!

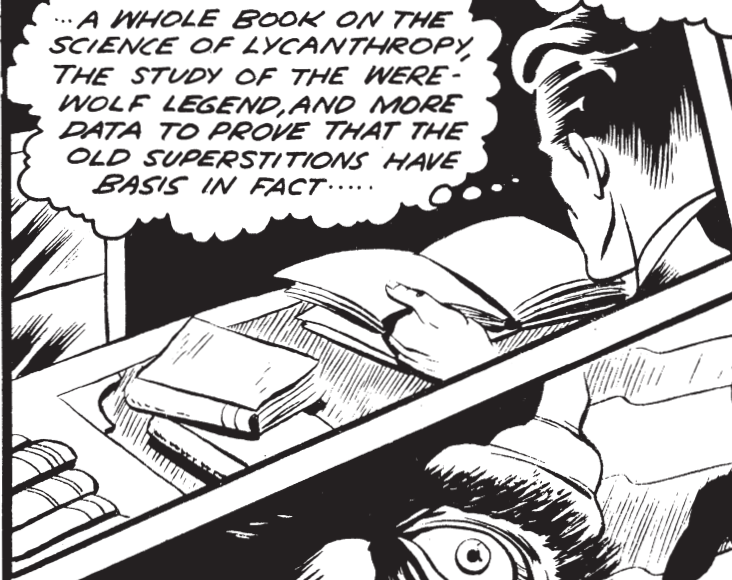
....DRAKE TOLD ME THAT HIS WIFE HAD DIED, AND WAS GIVEN SOME FORM OF REINCARNATION BY AN INDIAN FAKIR, BUT AFTER EXAMINING HER BODY, I'VE COME TO JUST THE OPPOSITE CONCLUSION...SHE WAS ALIVE, BUT PLACED IN A DEATH-LIKE TRANCE.....

....THIS HAS BEEN A FASCINATING EXPERIENCE, I THINK I'LL STUDY UP ON THIS SORT OF THING!!

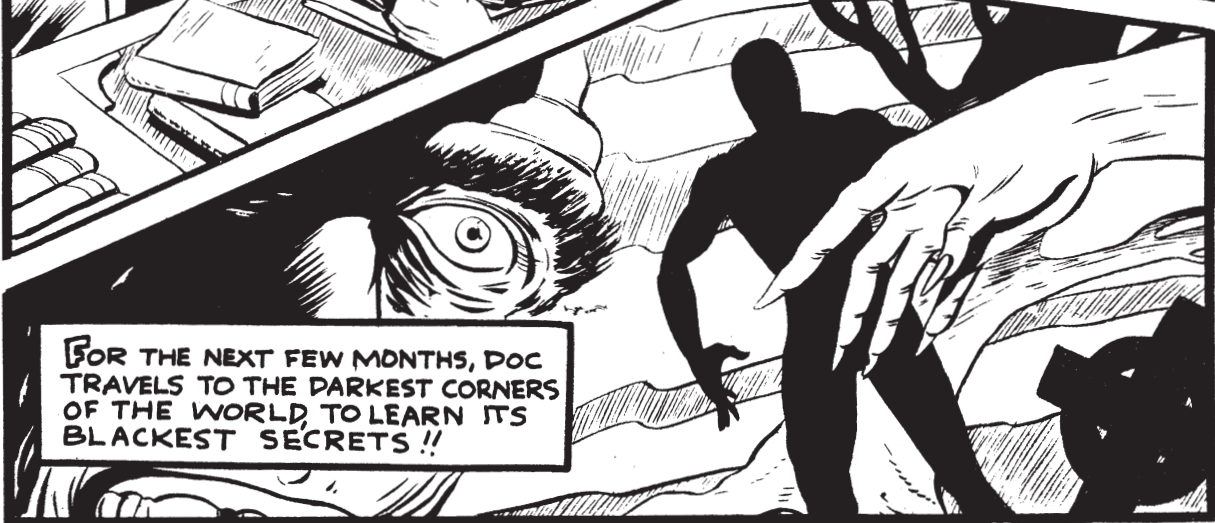


....THIS IS THE WORK FOR ME..I'M GOING TO SPEND MY LIFE TRACKING DOWN THESE WEIRD CREATURES!!

...A WHOLE BOOK ON THE SCIENCE OF LYCANTHROPY, THE STUDY OF THE WERE-WOLF LEGEND, AND MORE DATA TO PROVE THAT THE OLD SUPERSTITIONS HAVE BASIS IN FACT.....



FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, DOC TRAVELS TO THE DARKEST CORNERS OF THE WORLD TO LEARN ITS BLACKEST SECRETS !!



I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME
WE GAVE OUR DEMON-CHASER
A NICKNAME, HOW ABOUT
MISTER MONSTER, BOYS??

MISTER
MONSTER!!
THAT'S IT!!

VERY FUNNY!!
VERY FUNNY!!

BUT THE NAME STUCK, AND MR.
MONSTER CONTINUED HIS WORK!!



THAT LAST ENCOUNTER
BANGED ME UP A BIT, I'D
BETTER DESIGN SOME KIND
OF UNIFORM FOR PROTECTION...
...LIGHT CHAIN-MAIL WOULD
BE THE BEST
BET!!



AND IN A FEW WEEKS, THE NEW
MISTER MONSTER WILL BE

--READY FOR ACTION!!



DON'T MISS!! THE FIRST THRILLING
FULL-COLOUR ADVENTURE OF MISTER
MONSTER, AS HE MEETS...THE TERROR
OF TREZMA...IN UNUSUAL COMICS
...THEY'LL BE COMING SOON!!



THE DREAM OF THE 90S IS ALIVE... WITH BROKEN PENCIL

WE'RE CELEBRATING 20 YEARS
OF COVERING ZINE, CULTURE, AND
THE UNDERGROUND ARTS!

VISIT BROKENPENCIL.COM FOR DETAILS!



Simple
Rewards!



DO ONE THING REALLY, REALLY WELL.

JUNE · JULY '45

BETTER
family
COMICS

BETTER

FAMILY COMICS 10¢



Entertainment
FOR THE
CANADIAN FAMILY

Get Better Comics for your Family at these fine stores!

little island comics

"Comics & books for kids of all ages."

742 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ontario Canada
416-901-7489 | mail@littleislandcomics.com
littleislandcomics.com

The Beguiling

"The best selection of comics in Canada."

601 Markham St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada
416-533-9168 | mail@beguiling.ca
beguiling.ca

PAGE & PANEL

"Comics, art, apparel, and sundries."

789 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada
416-323-9212 | contact@tcafshop.com
tcafshop.com