Featuring MRS. BRADY - OLD LADY TUBBY TUCKER - THE BIG FAT PERSON

EEH! SIXTY PENCE FOR A COMIC! I THINK IT'S A DISGRACE. THAT'S MORE THAN A POUND IN THE OLD MONEY. NOT LIKE THE OLD COMICS, BANDY, TOPPO AND WEEZER. THERE WAS NONE OF THIS 'LAVATORY' NONSENSE, JUST GOOD CLEAN FUN. THEY SOLD THEM IN JARS IN THE OLD DAYS. FOUR OUNCES FOR A PENNY, AND THEY GAVE YOU THE BROKEN BITS FOR FREE.

BUUUURP! RUMBLE! QUAKE!

MM... NOXIOUS EMISSIONS SUGGESTING INDigestion AND CONsISTENTIAL DIARRHOEA.

Plus FINBARR SAUNDERS • MR. LOGIC SID THE SEXIST • BUSTER GONAD FELIX & HIS AMAZING UNDERPANTS CAPTAIN MAGNETIC • BILLY THE FISH & NORBERT COLON to name but a lot.

In this issue...

BATTLE OF THE BOBS
WHO'S THE GREATEST BOB OF ALL?
MONKHOUSE v CHARLTON

'I WROTE BEATLES HIT RECORD ON THE TOILET'
Window cleaner claims 'BEATLES RIPPED ME OFF!'

'THRILL-A-MINUTE TRAIN SPOTTING COMPETITION
Hundreds of train numbers MUST be collected!

ARE BRITISH TELECOM A LOAD OF CRAP?
Read our shock report & in-depth investigation

Plus LOTS more!
Don’t waste your time in limp, half hearted record shops.

Come to the store with a BULGE in its trousers.

Virgin

WE’VE GOT THE GOODS
Our two holidays for the price of none!

Discussing holidays, a neighbour commented that planning it was half the fun. So this year my wife and I stayed at home and planned two holidays, having just as much fun as last year, but saving a considerable amount of money.

P. Rolleston Redhill, Surrey

During the recent general election a great deal of fuss was made about what the Poles had to say. It seems particularly hypocritical when the only Polish person who speaks English seems to be the Pope, and he isn’t allowed to vote anyway.

R. Orr-Ewing Ormskirk

Fridge fraud

What a con these refrigerator lights are. I recently bought a fridge which the salesman assured me had a light inside. How cheated I felt when I discovered that the light goes out as soon as you’ve shut the door.

P. Fox Manchester

Funny how passengers are expected to pay for their journeys on public transport and yet drivers always travel for free. I’m sure that if ‘train drivers’ had to pay the same price for a ticket that we do, they’d make damn sure the train arrived on time.

Mr T. Hodgson Essex

I wonder if any other readers realise the value of these new “one pound coins.” A young nephew of mine collects them. He gives me 10p for every one I add to his collection! Last week alone I earned 80p in this way, on top of my regular pension.

Mrs D. O’Rourke Belfast

Butter barmy!

Worried about the EEC butter mountain, my 8 year old son devised his own way of helping out—he eats 15 pounds of butter a day. The cost of the butter is nothing compared to the amount of money I have saved—using his empty butter wrappers as netpaper, ideal for shopping lists etc.

Mrs Tipple Plymouth

Match madness

It’s no wonder these match manufacturers make such fat profits. I find that only ever use half a match before blowing it out. For a moderate smoker like myself on 80 cigarettes a day, this works out at a loss of almost £25 a week on unused matches—that’s a staggering £10 a year. It’s almost enough to make you give up smoking.

A. Sinclair Bristol

Crisp criticism

I bought a packet of these ‘potato crisps’ for 17p. It weighed exactly one-and-a-half ounces. Later, when I filled the same packet with uncut potatoes it weighed over 3 pounds.

No wonder the crisp companies are so keen to slice their potatoes before selling them. And of course it’s us, the customers, who lose out.

Mrs G. Ivy Wessex

Several dry tea bags, if swallowed, could easily cause a young child to choke. Would it not be wise for the manufacturers to print some kind of warning on the packet, and for supermarkets to stack tea bags on higher shelves, out of the reach of kiddies.

A. Williams Airdale

Continued over >>

ROGER IRRELEVANT

MORE FISH-RELATED LAUGHS WITH YOUR FELINE CHUM!
Possible King confusion

What confusion there will be when Prince Charles eventually takes the throne. When people refer to the ‘King’, they invariably mean the late pop singer Elvis Presley. So what will we call Bonnie Prince Charlie?

Thinking about religion the other day it occurred to me that not only was Jesus born on a bank holiday, but he also died on a bank holiday. I wouldn’t claim to know what the Good Lord’s next move is going to be, but it would seem a fair bet that the Second Coming will also be on a Bank Holiday.

P.G. Johnson
Long Eaton

Royal flush

Late one evening I was woken by a knock at the door so I got up to answer it. Imagine my surprise when in walked Prince Phillip and Her Majesty The Queen and asked to use our toilet. Apparently their’s was blocked and there were no public toilets open that late in the evening.

Do I win £10?

Mrs B. Lilian
Wiltshire

Saw funny side

I agree entirely with the reader who complained about the repeated use of the phrase “luckily we saw the funny side” on your letters page. I also find the constant use of “imagine my surprise” equally irritating. So imagine my surprise when he himself ended his letter by saying “luckily we saw the funny side”.

Lucily I saw the funny side of this and I still think “Letterbox” is Britain’s liveliest letters page.

M. Gardiner
Plymouth

DOCTOR, I’VE BEEN FEELING RATHER RUN DOWN LATELY

Top Tips

Always buy cornflakes packets in twos so that you can use one to top up the other if the contents have settled during transit.

D. Purnell
Bristol

Put 1” strips of masking tape across the top and bottom of your TV screen. Then, with the lights off, watch your favourite programmes through binoculars. It’s just like being at the cinema.

Mrs D. Parker
Bodgigham

Keep a roll of sellotape handy in the bathroom to stick back any unused sheets of toilet paper which will pull off the roll by mistake.

D. Page
Burnley

If guests are staying overnight, always shave your pillow beforehand. To this day I have yet to receive a single complaint about feathers protruding.

Mrs Doris Price
Berkshire

When out shopping, glue carpet tiles to the soles of your shoes. They make Sainsbury’s feel like your living room.

D.P. Bath

If you foul the air in someone else’s bathroom, disguise the smell by lighting a match and setting fire to the hand towel.

Mrs D. Parkinson
Billericay

Housewives – I find that the best way to get two bottles of washing up liquid for the price of one is by putting one in your shopping trolley and the other in your coat pocket.

Mrs Smith
Chester

Stack empty cornflake packets along walls and at the foot of the stairs to reduce the risk of injury in the event of a fall.

Iris Frazer
Dundee

Are you feeling in a heart warming mood? Or perhaps you don’t think you’re getting a fair deal. Whether you’re angry about something, feeling cheerful, or just thinking about Samantha Fox’s tits—drop us a line. Everyone who has a letter printed in our next issue will receive a very special prize — three pairs of white sports socks! So hurry and send your letters to the address on page 3.
BRITISH TELECOM ARE CRAP - claims report

BUNGLING BRITISH TELECOM made a massive profit of TWO BILLION POUNDS last year. Yet the British telephone system is reported to be among the most unreliable and fault ridden in Europe. And according to a report which we made up this afternoon, the situation is getting WORSE for BT's long suffering customers.

The shock report reveals that a staggering 9 out of 10 telephones don't work properly. And bungling Telecom engineers, many of whom earn over £2,000 a week, take anything up to 8 months to carry out simple repairs.

SHAMBLES

One customer who's telephone was out of order for 37 years had died by the time it was reconnected. Another, a pregnant mum who had asked for a telephone to be installed, waited THREE YEARS before engineers eventually arrived and connected it up — to the gas mains! While reporting their blunder to the repair service she lit up a cigarette — and was killed instantly.

MOCKERY

Old age pensioner Jack Johnson, who lost a leg in the war, couldn't believe his eyes when he received a quarterly phone bill. British Telecom had charged him £2,756, 883 — despite the fact that he didn't have a telephone. "There had been a mix up with our computer", a BT spokesman explained. The next day Mr Johnson woke to find that 695 telephone boxes had been delivered to his doorstep.

DISGRACE

Thousands of people complained when BT decided to replace their old telephone boxes. They claimed the new ones would be cleaner, easier to use and vandal proof. But our figures show that at any one time only 1 in 500 of the new boxes actually work. And since our traditional bright red phone boxes disappeared, the number of foreign tourists visiting Britain has fallen by over 75%.

DIABOLICAL

In his annual report to shareholders Chairman Sir George Jefferson outlined BT's plans for the coming year. What he DIDN'T mention were plans to CHARGE for calls to the operator, and plans to MOVE all the operators to Australia in order to increase profits. And plans to introduce a minimum charge of £10 for all calls were also kept under wraps.

PA•THE•TIC

We decided to check for ourselves to see exactly how reliable British Telecom are by ringing a number which we found in the local telephone directory. There was no answer. After lunch we tried again, but after dialling a mere four digits, pressing only moderately hard, the dial snapped off the telephone.
THE POST OFFICE ARE BUSY PAINTING OUR LOCAL POST BOX - SO I'M GOING TO EARN A FEW BOB...

SHORLY... THANKS FELIX... DONT I GET A FIVER?

DONT I GET A FIVER?

Sorry...

HIMH! THERE MUST BE SOME MONEY MAKING ITEM OF STREET FURNITURE THAT I CAN IMPERSONATE USING MY INCREDIBLE AMAZING UNDERPANTS

OF COURSE! A PARKING METER!

WHERE I WERE...

APRIGN ME, BUT I'M A PARKING METER, AND YOU CANT PARK THERE UNLESS YOU PUT 20P IN MY UNDERPANTS!

THUD!

ERGH!!

LATER, IN A PHONE BOX

BLOODY VANDALS!

YOU'RE IN LUCK, MY UNDERPANTS MAKE AN IDEAL REPLACEMENT TELEPHONE KIOSK - WOULD YOU CARE TO MAKE A CALL?

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. IT WAS WORKING BEFORE.

EGGZCUSE ME!! D-D-DID YOU ZAY YOU WAS A PH-PHONE BOX THERE, PAL? HI!

BUT I'M AFRAID I'M OUT OF ORDER AT THE MOMENT

AHH, NEVER MIND, SON, NEVER MIND

AAAAAAAA! I DIDN'T WANNA USE THE PH-PHONE ANYWAY!

ER? YES!

Hello! Hello? Hello?

THIS PHONE ISN'T EVEN CONNECTED!

PERHAPS I SHOULD REPORT A FAULT!

There's plenty of room

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?

YES, CONE ON IN!

Hello? Hello? Hello?

This phone isn't even connected!

Perhaps I should report a fault!

I can't understand it. It was working before.

Eggzuse me!! D-d-did you zay you was a ph-phone box there, pal? Hi!

But I'm afraid I'm out of order at the moment

Ahh, never mind, son, never mind

Aah!! Aah!! I didn't wanna use the ph-ph-phone anyway!!

Hi!!

Toilet humour
Sid
THE SEXIST

In a clothes shop... How happy, I'm gannin' dot on the tap an' I want a posh short.

Certainly...

I can recommend this pink LA-costly designer sports top for £15.61, but obviously you'll need the chequered pleated casual slacks in pastel shades and the buffalo hide casual mocassins to complete the outfit.

Aye pet...

Ay, aal, reet then, I'll tek the lot pet. Y'knaw I've dropped me Nik for worse than ye!

Sigh

Can I tek y'oot for a pizza pet?

Whey man, I could just eat a pizza pet!

Aye aal reet, as lang (as ye think of a number between one and ten).

£397.82 please.

Okay, four.

That night... Yer lookin' canny dappa the next Sid! Oot on the full are ye?

Yer lose, tek aal yer clothes off!

Aye lad's! Me bollocks need servicin' like!

So why'd ye give it a miss then, our Sydney?

Well, she hed a canny pair o' dirty pillus on 'er, but she hed a face like a bulldog chewin' a wasp!

Are yeez cummin' clubbin' after the ear hoys' oot then lad's?

Ehh?

Howay man! Hev yez got summik wrong wi' y'fukkin' baals, like? Thez waal-to-waal, tottie doon the clubs man!

... She was billy-goat, like!

Aar, I divven't knaa aboot that, Sid.

I think we're berth gannin' yem, Sid.

Are yez gannin' yem tu talk aboot bairns an' make-up? Worra coupla I fuckin' heemasexuls, berth o' yez!!

2 A.M... How pet, as lang as my face exists ye'll never need to look for somewhere to sit!

What's this like?

A fuckin' Wendy's Night Oot?!

F*ck off...

... And so on.
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FOOD PREVENTS

THREE INTERNATIONAL HIT SINGLES
WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA THAT YOU'RE SO AMAZING BABY?
BABY TURPENTINE
DRAGON CITY

BUY THE LOT AND BE HIP, YOU TIGHT GITS

CRAZY HEAD

Wally's Hair of the Dog
Finbarr Saunders - and his double entendres!

This week, Finbarr's on the job! Fnar! Fnar!

Mr. Saunders is showing her collection of valuable China to Mr. Gimlet...

These two are unique Wedgwood ming vases. They certainly make a quite magnificent pair.

Mr. Saunders: You're too modest, Mr. Gimlet. I understand your wife has quite a collection.

Mr. Gimlet: That's right, Mrs. Saunders. But she'd love to get her hands on one as large as this.

Finbarr: I've left my tools on top of that cupboard. Will you get them down?

Mr. Gimlet: While I'm fitting the bolts into these brackets, will you just hold my nuts for a moment?

Finbarr: Humm. I'm going to need a spirit level. Have you got one about amid there?

Finbarr: When I've given this bowl a good bang, the shelves'll be finished.

Finbarr: There you go. Mrs. Saunders, shelves for your collection of valuable china.

Mr. Gimlet: A thumb print on my vinyl woodchip wallpaper?

Finbarr: There's nothing to worry about. I'll have it off in a trice.

Finbarr: Would you like a piece of lardy cake, Mr. Gimlet?

Mr. Gimlet: Oh yes! I'd love a bit.

Finbarr: Later on... Caumpey.

Mr. Gimlet: Thank you. I wouldn't like a nibble.

Mr. Gimlet: Me and your mother are just going to get sus oaks.

Finbarr: Caifes! Fancy eating porridge after such a large meal, eh, readers?

Mr. Gimlet: Ha ha! It's not very difficult to make a meal out of Finbarr!
AN UNEMPLOYED window cleaner from Burnley has shocked the music world with an astonishing claim. For Arthur Catchpole, 47, claims that he wrote many, if not all of The Beatles best selling hit records, including the 'Sgt. Pepper' album. And he claims that John Lennon and Paul McCartney owe all of their success to him.

"During the mid-sixties my wife and I played once a week in our local social club with our organ and drums duo", said Mr. Catchpole. "By this stage I had already written and was about to start performing most of the songs which later turned up on The Beatles' Hard Days Night and 'Help!' albums."

INCREDIBLE

"When I first heard The Beatles, I was completely blown away. I then sat down and started writing 30 new songs, including 'Nowhere Man', 'Michelle' and 'Yellow Submarine'.

BARBECUE

Around this time, Arthur claims that he was accidentally given LSD in his mouthwash during a visit to the dentists. "This had a profound effect on my songwriting", he recalled. "Later, in 1966 my wife and I were invited to a barbecue in a neighbour's garden, and it was there that I was to conceive my next project — 'Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Band'. It was named after an uncle of mine, a retired soldier who was unmarried and spent a lot of time playing the banjo."

LAVATORY

In the light of past experience, Mr. Catchpole went to great lengths to keep his new project secret, writing all the songs late at night in an outside lavatory. "But somehow Lennon and McCartney must have found out", he told us.

Now, living on £24 a week state benefit in a run down block of council flats, Arthur admits to being slightly resentful of The Beatles success. "I wouldn't have minded so much if I'd received something from them — maybe just a couple of free records and a thank you note. But I've heard nothing.

MANAGER

The recent re-release of Beatles records on compact disc prompted Arthur to write to their manager Brian Epstein. "That was weeks ago, and I've had no response. These people don't want to know I exist", says Arthur. "I've also written to EMI Records asking them for some kind of payment — maybe just a few quid to see me over Christmas — but they refuse point blank. I just don't know where to turn."

MANAGED

Mr. Catchpole admits he has absolutely no idea how The Beatles managed to "steal" his ideas on such regular basis. But he claims that a man resembling Lennon was once seen in the Burnley area working as a telephone engineer. However British Telecom were quick to rule out phone tapping, pointing out that Mr. Catchpole has never owned a telephone.

MEDIUM

"It could be that they were working in cahoots with the well known medium Doris Stokes", he suggests. "But unfortunately I can't confirm this as she has recently died. It's all very mysterious."

LARGE

"I only hope that this will serve as a warning to other songwriters to be more careful", said Arthur, who despite his bitter experiences still writes music and hopes one day to make a living from it. An instrumental piece on which he is currently working, provisionally titled "Tubular Bell s" should be finished in a few weeks time.
It's the question on everyone's lips. People over the country are itching to know 'Who is Britain's Best Bob?' Is it BOB MONKHouses, whose jokes have left us laughing for over twenty years? Or is it BOBBY CHARLTON, whose goals guided England to their famous 1966 World Cup victory? In pubs and clubs around the country the debate continues — who is the greatest Bob of all? Well, now is your chance to find out, as we answer the question — WHO IS THE TOP BOB?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bob Monkhouse</th>
<th>HOW THEY SCORE</th>
<th>Bobby Charlton</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>GOOD LOOKS</strong></td>
<td>9 5</td>
<td>A footballing legend, he thrilled the ladies with his dazzling ball control. Now, with his rugged, mature appeal, he's the man your granny dreams of. But loss of hair costs Bobby points, as well as popularity among younger women.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PERSONALITY</strong></td>
<td>10 6</td>
<td>Bobby's dynamic performances on the field and his incredible goal scoring achievements conceal a quiet side of his character. Off the field he is a modest, down to earth character, but his honesty is a strong asset.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>FITNESS</strong></td>
<td>6 9</td>
<td>Fitness was crucial to Bobby's career as soccer's deadliest marksman, and although past his peak, regular training and exercise ensure that this much loved centre forward remains in tip top condition.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>STYLE</strong></td>
<td>9 7</td>
<td>In his playing days Britain's most famous forward was never seen without a spotless club blazer and tie. Now Bobby the businessman woos the women in a series of smart suits and sports jackets. Although never a fashion leader, Bobby still cares about his appearance.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WORK RATE</strong></td>
<td>10 8</td>
<td>Renowned in his playing days for his selfless running, he created goals as well as scoring them. A player's player, Bobby never stopped running until the full ninety minutes were up. Nowadays despite business commitments, Bobby still finds time to make expert comments during half-time intervals.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>GOAL SCORING ABILITY</strong></td>
<td>0 10</td>
<td>Over the years Bobby banged in hundreds of goals, his powerful shooting from outside the 18 yard area was feared by keepers throughout the world. Unmatched for strength, sharpness and an accurate header of the ball, Bobby is in a goal scoring league of his own.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong> 44</td>
<td>Nice try Bob, but not enough!</td>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong> 45</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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I'VE GOT MY PACKED LUNCH, SENSIBLE SHOES, SQUEAK, AND MY PET MOUSE!

AT BELLFIELD, AND... ER...OVER THERE, CHILDREN-ER... IS A BIG THING WITH A NUCLEAR CORE!

GREAT SCOTT! HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE REACTOR CORE!!

NUCLEAR CORE SWITCH

ON-OFF
DON'T WORRY READERS! BUSTER IS QUITE SAFE AS LONG AS THIS SWITCH IS OFF!!

BUT... CORE SWITCH

PTANG!

CLICK

OH NO! HE'LL BE IRRADIATED!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

SO...

OOF!! MY TESTICLES FEEL SOMEWHAT LARGER AND WARMER THAN USUAL!!

OUTSIDE...

WOOOOOO!

SWELL!

PLMMMMFF!!

PLMMMMFF!!

GAA!

PLMMMMFF!!

GAK!!

OOF!!

THAT'LL TEACH ME NOT TO EAT CHEESE BEFORE BEDTIME!!

G.R.D. P.J.B. 987
MR. LOGIC
Verbal diarrhoea is his middle name

IN THE POST OFFICE...

I AM ABOUT TO
PRESENT YOU WITH A NATIONAL Girocheque issued on the twelveth
day of this month by the department
of health and social security...

COAAH... SHIT! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

JESUS CHRIST? DO YOU EVER SHUT UP?!

I WILL NOW PROCEED TO SIGN SAID ITEM
WITH MY NAME IN THE ALLOTTED SPACE ON
IT’S SURFACE, THUS ENDORSING...

GIVE ME THE CHEQUE
YOU BASTARD!

BASTARD; ADJECTIVE - BORN OUT OF WEDLOCK, HYBRID, COUNTERFEIT
NOUN - ILLEGITIMATE CHILD, COUNTERFEIT THING

I AM NOW SIGNING THE CHEQUE.

SORRY SORRY SORRY!! LAWRENCE LOGIC, I KNOW, JUST GIVE
ME THE CHEQUE AND DON’T BOTHER
WITH YOUR LIFE HISTORY THIS WEEK!

I WILL PRODUCE IF YOU SO DESIRE AN
ITEM OR ITEMS ON VERBAL REQUEST TO
PROVE THE VALIDITY OF MY CLAIM TO THE
MONIES, i.e. A DOCUMENT OR
SIMILAR EVIDENCE PROVING ME TO BE THE
PERSON NAMED ON THE CHEQUE FOR
RECEIVAL OF SAID MONIES.

NO, I MEAN BASTARD AS IN BIG-MOUTHED-THAT,
HERE’S YOUR MONEY, NOW F**K OFF!

OUTSIDE...

A MOST UNUSUAL REACTION I FEEL
IN WHAT WAS INDEED A MOST
ROUTINE TRANSACTION.

WOTCHA FOURYES! RICH MAN TODAY ARE YOU?

RICH; ADJECTIVE - WEALTHY, HAVING RICHES,
FERTILE, VALUABLE, SPLENDID, COSTLY...

NO, ALL I MEANT WAS HAVE YOU CASHED YOUR Giro?

I SEE, YOU WERE MAKING A
COMPARATIVE METAPHOR, IN
RELATION TO YOUR FINANCIAL
STATUS BEFORE RECEIVING MY
SOCIAL SECURITY PAYMENT
I AM INDEED COMPARATIVELY
A MAN OF WEALTH

YOU’LL BE GETTING PISSED-UP TONIGHT
THEN I’LL BET, EH LAWRENCE?

Hmmm...

YOU SEE LAWRENCE, WHAT I WAS SAYING WAS
THAT YOU HAVE TO GO OUT TONIGHT AND GET
MIRACULOUSLY DRUNK.

I FULLY EXPECT TO URINATE
AT SOME STAGE BEFORE TOMORROW, YES.

I AM NOT SURE THAT I UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY.

ARE YOU SUGGESTING AS I SUSPECT, THAT I AM
UNDER A FORM OF CONTRACTUAL OBLIGATION
TO DRINK AN AMOUNT OF ALCOHOLIC LIQUOR, THUS
RENDERING MYSELF IN A STATE OF INEBRIATION?

I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT IN
READING THE LISTED CONDITIONS
PRINTED ON THE REVERSE OF I
THE CHEQUE I FOUND NOTHING
TO SUGGEST THAT THIS WAS
THE CASE, FURTHER INVESTIGATION
IS WARRANTED.

AT THE D.H.S.

I WISH TO KNOW IF IT IS TRUE THAT HAVING
CASHED A GIROCHEQUE ISSUED BY THIS OFFICE I AM UNDER AN OBLIGATION TO SPEND THE PAYMENT ON BECOMING INTOXICATED WITH ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

WHAT A STUPID BASTARD

CHRIST ON A BIKE!

OH HELL SURE, OF COURSE... NEXT!

(TO BE CONTINUED...)
Tubby Tucker

The Big Fat... Person

Snap!

Crash!

You've flattened my car!

Well done! That car was costing me a fortune to maintain. The insurance will pay for a brand new one!

I just happen to be the majority shareholder. In the local cake shop, you can have 24 hours to eat as many cakes as you can!

Three minutes later. Yum slurp slaver! Buuuurrrp!!

Meanwhile, in the hospital kitchen.

Oh dear! Our patients couldn't possibly eat this twice reheated cooked ham which has been left in direct sunlight for over a week.

Hello? Is that the local sandwich shop? I have a piece of ham in which you may be interested.

That's funny. It must have simply crawled away.

So it! My dog has been run over (some time ago) and I simply can't afford a burial.

Aaaah! Deeeelicious! All this grub is making me hungry!

Oh no! My entire potato crop is riddled with small green slimy egg-laying worms. What a waste!

Shortly... Bzzzz! Buuuurrrp!!

Just room for a quick dessert.

Moments later... Quickly! Someone call an ambulance. A fat man is lying unconscious in the lavatory. I think he may have botulism!

In hospital...

Yes... It's botulism alright. I'm afraid your intestines will have to come out...

Hello? Is that the sausage factory? I have some assorted meat in which you may be interested.
CAPTAIN MAGNETIC

HE DOESN'T ATTRACT FERROUS METALS AT ALL!

DURING CHILDHOOD, BILLY THOMPSON WAS STRUCK ON THE HEAD BY A LARGE MAGNET WHICH EMITTED NO COSMIC RAYS OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER...

NOTWITHSTANDING, HE WAS NOW WRONGLY UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE COULD SUMMON UP MAGNETIC POWERS AT WILL ETC...

NO FEAR!
I WILL RESCUE THEM USING MY UNBELIEVABLE MAGNETIC ABILITIES!

FORCE FIELDS ALIGN!!

HEE HEE!

LATER ON...

AH! SHOOT! I'VE GONE AND DROPPED MY KEYS! DOWN THIS GRATE!

GROAN!

SOME PEOPLE HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN WASTE A SUPERHERO'S TIME!

OOER! A RUNAWAY CAR! I'LL USE MY ANTI-MAGNETIC FORCES TO REPEL IT TO A HALT!!

WHAT A BRAVE GESTURE FROM THAT MAGNETIC CAPTAIN WONDER!!

ASSISTS VOICE

WHUM

CRUMBS. THE DEMOLITION BALL HAS COME OFF THE CRANE AGAIN. NOW WHAT?

HUNH?

HEY, DON'T WORRY. I'LL HANG FROM THE CRANE AND ATTRACT THE BALL INTO THE AIR WITH MY INCREDIBLE MAGNETIC POWERS AND SEND IT CRASHING INTO THE WALL!

GROAN

GNNN!

TONK!

I'VE BEEN STRUCK ON THE HEAD BY A WORKMEN'S FLASK. SURELY THIS NOW MEANS I HAVE THE ABILITY TO KEEP LIQUIDS AT THEIR ORIGINAL TEMPERATURES FOR LONG PERIODS... IN FACT... I AM...

CAPTAIN THERMOS

TO ANSWER THE QUESTION, I DO KNAP SACKS OF ICE TO KEEP MY THERMOS AT A FEVERISH TEMPERATURE!
AN EVIL ASSASSIN PRESENTATION

SATURDAY THE 14TH

Fear of death is fear of life, for we all must die. Life leads inevitably to death. Unfortunately for some of us, destiny holds death by means which we could not conceive in our foulest dreams...

A lazy afternoon in the back yard of a quiet pub, four young people enjoy a drink together, happily sharing a joke...

A dark figure lurks close-by, unseen. A crazed, evil madman, a trained killer. His trade is in death, horrible, torturous death...

DON'T BE ALARMED, PRETTY GIRL.

OH NO! A MADMAN WITH A REVOLVER!

BLATT!

This boy stands no chance as his head is blown apart by a speeding bullet...

The squat, compound might of a square two and half pound hammer is raised aloft...

A razor sharp twelve inch carving knife gleams in the afternoon sun as it severs the head off victim number four...

OH DEAR, HOW VERY UNLUCKY FOR YOU.

EEEAAAAAEEK!

GOD TOLD ME TO DO IT.

THUNK!

UGH!

...and brought down with terrific force.

This gruesome, fearsome figure, void of all emotion, has again played the nightmare game of murder, taking pleasure from taking life...

OH! AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I THINK HE SAID, HA! HA! HA!

A chilling laugh rings around the blood-stained walls of the beer garden, this horrific echo of death does not fade, for this nightmare has not yet ended.

Pichas by Colin D. SD. JB.
The Truth

The new comedy magazine

- Louder than Johnny Fartpants
- Taller than Paul Whicker
- More balls than Billy Bollocks
- More legs than Billy the Fish
- More jokes than the Financial Times
- More penises than Mother Theresa
- Better photographs than Radio Three
- Too many cooks spoil the broth
- One swallow can often lead to food poisoning

FIRST ISSUE
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October 14th

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This is the REAL chart - where MONEY TALKS

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(Informa)
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---

**SPIZZ’S ENTERPRISE PAYS OFF!**

It's back at last — the Viz Top Ten returns — and it comes a familiar looking number one. SPIZZ'S single 'Where's Captain Kirk?' first appeared in 1980 when ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80 took it to the top of the independent charts. Seven years later Spizz has gone solo, and faced with the problem of getting his brand new version of the song back to number one, he decided to send us some money. The problem was immediately solved because £10.99 turned up to be the biggest bribe we received this time round, and it put Spizz right back on top of the pile.

**No. 3**
Zany 5 piece band BOYS WONDER had their hearts set on making the number one slot with their single 'Now What Earthman'. But they were less successful than their rivals. Two free albums was all that there tight-fisted record company could muster by way of a bribe. And indeed though they are, they're total value of £11.44 leaves the Boys stranded in mid-table, an agonizing £2.34 away from the top slot.

**No. 5**
JESUS COULDN'T DRUM are looking to recoup the £4.44 which it cost them to get into the chart by selling copies of their third single 'I'm a train'. You can contact them at 17 Froymore Road, Apsley, Hemel Hempstead.

**No. 2**
The DIRTY ROTEN IMBICILES came all the way from San Francisco to buy a piece of our chart action. In Europe to promote their LP 'Crossover', they stopped off in England to give us ten pounds. We appreciated the effort, and consequently the Imbiciles make their UK top ten debut at No. 2.

The Viz Top Ten chart is open to anyone who has a record to promote. Though albums may also be included. Sorry — we cannot accept cassettes or fictitious records. A brand new chart appears in every issue. To qualify, you MUST send us a copy of the record (or book) together with a bribe or gift. Cash is preferred, although cheques and postal orders with the payer's name left blank are also acceptable. Gifts will only count for 75% of their estimated retail value. No details of any bribes will be released to third party prior to publication. No refunds can be given. We reserve the right to alter all knowledge of this Top Ten chart. Send your entries to The Viz Top Ten Chart, PO Box 1 PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE1 1PF.
IT'S BLOODY RIDICULOUS - HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KEEP MY HOUSE WARM WITH THIS PILLOW LIGHT?

OH NO! MORE BILLS! SHOULDN'T WONDER.

VIOUS BASTARD!

CRUMP

WELL, WELCOME TO THE NEW VIEWS.

OH YES! DO SIT DOWN.

AH YES! DO SIT DOWN.

I'M NOT PAYING OUT GOOD BRASS FOR A PAIR OF GLASSES. LOOK, MISTER, MY EYES ARE AS GOOD AS THE NEXT MAN'S.

I'M NOT PAYING OUT GOOD BRASS FOR A PAIR OF GLASSES. LOOK, MISTER, MY EYES ARE AS GOOD AS THE NEXT MAN'S.

SHALL WE COMMENCE, THEN?

FULL NAME?

NO.

SLAM.

WHAT A DREADFUL DAY! THAT TWELVE MILE WALK TO THE COMPUTER-DATING AGENCY AND NOT EVEN THE EXCLUSIVE FREE BOOK-MARK TO SHOW FOR IT. I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT IT'S COST ME IN WEAR ON THE DEMOB BOOTS.

NO.

SPLAT.

CRUNCH.

TONK! 1P.

MR. COLON.

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY - YOU CAN ONLY CLAIM YOUR FREE GIFT BOOKMARK AFTER WE'VE RUN YOUR DETAILS THROUGH THE LUV BOTTES COMPUTA-DATE FILES. Didn't you read the small-print?

THIS LONELY-HEART MATCHES ANY ON EVERY SINGLE CRITERION. IN FACT, SHE'S RECEIVING ELECTRO-CONVULSIVE THERAPY FOR PATHOLOGICAL MEANNESS NOW!

WHAT A DATE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE! SHIP AT THE SALVATION ARMY HALL FOLLOWED BY A TRIP TO THE KIRNDALE CENTRE TO WATCH THE LIFTS! I WONDER WHAT MY DREAM-WOMAN LOOKS LIKE...

BUT...

FIDDLESTICKS! A BLIND DATE WITH ME OWN BLOODY MOTHER!

OH TURDS! IT'S THAT BLOODY TIGHT-THAI SON OF MINE AGAIN!

MISTER, MY EYES ARE AS GOOD AS THE NEXT MAN'S.

FULL NAME?

NO.

SLAM.

WHAT A DREADFUL DAY! THAT TWELVE MILE WALK TO THE COMPUTER-DATING AGENCY AND NOT EVEN THE EXCLUSIVE FREE BOOK-MARK TO SHOW FOR IT. I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT IT'S COST ME IN WEAR ON THE DEMOB BOOTS.

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NO.

SPLAT.

CRUNCH.

TONK! 1P.

MR. COLON.
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Hey, right, multi-racial youth! It's not easy being young, eh? Hanging around street corners, none of those adult squares caring about what you think.

Actually, we're just queuing for a concert. Hey, right, pop music! Cliff Richard, Eddy and the Ants! Great!

Hey, right, no rush, you need time to think, you need space. Catch you later.

Hey, right, our community policeman, it's a tough job these days, eh?

Quiet everyone! Listen to this disabled person who wants to speak! Come on, love, what are you trying to say?

Officer, this man is asking me to perform acts of gross indecency.
Dracula

I'm sick of my eternal life these days!

At one time anyone's blood would do...

But now you have to be constantly aware of the danger of catching AIDS!

Personally I find it useful to refer to the wide variety of government literature available on this subject...

You are in my power!

I want to drink your blood.

But first, I wonder if you would mind answering a few simple questions?

...Here's a likely victim!

Goodness!

Are you a homosexual?

No!

Have you ever had a blood transfusion on the national health?

No!

Are you sexually promiscuous?

What?

Please state the number of sexual partners you have had this year!

None!

That's alright then.

Are you a drug addict?

Yes!

Here are the puncture marks on my arms!

Bloody hell! You're in a high risk group!

Now - what does the leaflet say? "Wear a condom!"

Well I don't see how wearing this will stop me catching AIDS!
Hugh Phamism

He'll always call a spade a you-know-what.

Hugh is having tea with his girlfriend and her family.

Hugh: Are you enjoying your cake, young Hugh?
Girlfriend: Oh... Erm... Yes... It's very nice indeed...
Hugh: Sorry?

Erm... I need to... Erm... I need to strain my greens.

I'm looking for the little boys' room... the necessarium...

I need to turn my bike around.

Our daughter appears to be courting a lunatic.

What are you trying to say, Hugh?

It's down the hall on the left.

Thanks.

Where's he going to?

Oh! Dad!

Erm... I was just off to shave a horse.

Shave a horse? Where did you meet this boy?

Hugh!

I was just going to spend a penny.

I'm off to take a Chinese singing lesson.

See a man about a dog.

It seems to me that this boy can't speak the English language.

Later upstairs...

What a fool you made of yourself! Why can't you say what you mean, Hugh?

You know... a bit of the other?

I'd love to do things, Riddles and all the business with you, but I've got the painters in at the moment, Hugh!

Do you fancy a bit of how's your father?

Oh I see... well I'd love a fuck! !
A LONE STRANGER RIDES INTO TOWN...

TEX WADE
FRONTIER ACCOUNTANT

GULCH CREEK CANYON... A SUN-SCORCHED DUSTY STREET AT HIGH NOON... THE SILHOUETTE OF A CHARRED LOSS-ADJUSTER AGAINST THE NEVADA SKY...

KANSAS 1867...

I'M LOOKIN' FOR KINCADE.

IT'S...

AUDIT

TIME!

SOMEONE...

HOLD IT WADE!

DANGEROUS TIMES BREED DANGEROUS MEN.

HANK "SIXGUN" DANBY, VIGILANTE INSURANCE SALESMAN...

WHADDYA WANT DANBY?

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED TAKIN' OUT ONE OF OUR POPULAR RANGE OF WILD WEST LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES?

EAT LEAD - DANBY.

SMILE A SLUG OF RED EYE.

SUDDENLY WADE'S SIXSHOOTER BLUES INTO LIFE ONCE MORE...

...FELLER DIDN'T GIVE ME A RECEIPT...

...AND I AIN'T FOUND KINCADE YET, NEITHER.

IN A STRAIGHT GLASS.

TAKE THAT!

SUMMERTIME IN THE WEST...

NEXT WEEK! A FATALITY OF INJURIES!
‘Looks like we’re in an ad for Airship Graffix cards in Viz, Frank.’

‘Well, things could be worse, Sam. It might have been for Willow Teas.’

Airship Graffix Cards: intriguing illustrations, bizarre captions. 3 packs of 5 cards (all diff.). Also, rude Cartoon and clever Caption cards in 2 packs of 5 (all diff.). £3 per pack, payable to N. Pembro at ‘The Airfield’, Brookwood, Surrey, GU24 OEN.

Airship Graffix: We insult everything but your intelligence
Billy the Fish

Man-fish miracle Billy Thomson and his Peckleworth Albion team mates are celebrating a remarkable last minute victory against Redhurst Rovers with a well earned hot bath, when suddenly...

The next day...

Well Sid, yesterday’s win puts us in with a good chance of promotion.

Yes boss, the lads done magnificent.

We only need to take five points from our one remaining fixture to be sure of promotion!

Five points... I thought the most you could get was three?

But look at this... our former club, Fulchester United are in deep financial trouble.

Perhaps I could give them a ring and arrange a match between our two clubs...

The next morning... Tommy Brown is back in his old office as the manager of newly formed Fulchester Albion!

There we are - Pedderworth’s points, when added to first division Fulchester's, leave our new club Fulchester Albion second top of the league.

Football League Div. One

1. Grimbhorne City 639
2. Fulchester Albion 623
3. Rossdale Rovers 617
Plumfield Thursday

Nice work boss!

And if we win our one remaining game - at home to top club Grimbhorne City (our arch rivals)...

We’ll be the league champions!

But Tommy’s opposite number, Grimsbrough is confident of a Grimbhorne victory...

On Saturday Grimbhorne will win the league...

And no fish, large breasted Indian or invisible striker is going to stop us!

On the eve of the big match Tommy Brown is putting the finishing touches to Fulchester’s preparations.

Let’s keep it tight at the back and push it about a bit in the middle of the park.

My ball!!

Bad news! I think he’s pulled a gostral fin!

He could be out of action for six weeks!

Ugh, Groan!

Oh no! Without Billy we’ll have a mountain to climb on Saturday!

On the day of the big match Fulchester stadium is buzzing with excitement.

Have you heard the news? Billy Thomson is out!

On no! There goes Albion’s chances!

Oh! No! That Goonion’s chances are out!!

And in the Grimbhorne changing room...

Ha! With fish features out of action we’re home and dry. By quarter to five this afternoon the championship will be ours!

But as the teams emerge...

It can’t be...

It is!

UNBELIEVABLE!

I don’t believe it!!

Billy Thomson is playing on crutches!!

Yes, and we look set for a thrilling climax to the season!!

Can Billy overcome his injury to help Fulchester lift the championship? Don’t miss the all-action climax in the next issue!!!
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You couldn't wait to get your hands on our Big Hard One when we got it out last year. (Fnr! Fnr!) Well, we've just done a BIG HARD No.2 — and it'll be on the shelves by the end of October! It's BIGGER, because it's got 128 pages, packed with all the best bits from Viz Comics 13 to 18. And it's HARDER, because you'll find it in a full colour hardback cover, not like all those prissy little paperbacks produced by puffy publishers usually for about the same price. The new book will be on sale from all good bookshops, and probably from a load of crap ones as well, priced £5.95. But you have a chance to make sure of your copy by ordering one direct from us. We'll stick it through your letterbox the moment the ink has dried. Simply send your order to Viz Comic 'BIG HARD No.2' Offer, Unit B2, Fleming Centre, Fleming Way, Crawley, West Sussex RH10 2YH. We have to wrap it up nice and warm and stick lots of stamps on it, so please enclose a cheque or postal order for £7.45 crossed and payable to 'Viz Comic'. Add another £6.50 for any extra books you require. Allow around 21 days for delivery (bearing in mind the book is not published until the end of the month). Any problems ring (0283) 543315.

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