Inside...

In Peril at the Palace!
Queen’s life in danger!

SEX TODAY
We take a sizzling in-depth look at Britain’s favourite pastime!

Johnny Fartpants
Miss Demeanour & her concertina
Sid the Sexist Boswell Boyce
Buster Gonad
Biffa Bacon
and more!

My massive testes make perfect baubles!

I’m using my big chopper to cut some festive firewood!

I wonder what Santa’s got me for Christmas?

Johnny...
I love you

Tragic photo love!

UNEMPLOYED?
Getting a job will be EASY once you’ve read page 21!
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
His cheery honk raises a smile

Imagine my surprise the other day when a lorry driver 'beeped' his horn at me and shouted, 'Phooar! Look at the tits on that!'

With so many miserable faces in the world these days, wouldn't it be nice if a few more people were as friendly as this a little more often.

Miss B. Idiot
Stoke-on-Trent

In response to A. Williams' comments on the danger that dry tea bags could cause to young children if swallowed, I believe that responsible manufacturers are now attaching a piece of string and a paper tag to their tea bags to facilitate their retrieval should they accidentally be swallowed.

Mrs Ruth Abbott
Hawes, North Yorks.

The other evening whilst driving home from the pub, along the pavement, I ran down and killed by neighbour's wife. I later suggested to my neighbour that he might like to contribute towards the cost of repairing the front of my car. Imagine my surprise when he refused, and punched me squarely in the face. He has since been rude and unpleasant to me several times. I wonder if other readers have had similar neighbour problems?

Tim Murphy
Solihull

Do you have a problem with your neighbour? Perhaps constant arguments and squabbling have lead to physical violence. Write and tell us at our usual address.

Letterbox
Viz Connick
P.O. Box 1 PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE9 2PT

Recently voted Britain's flamboyantest feature

Returning from holiday with my wife, we stopped at a petrol station. I asked the attendant to "fill her up" while I went off to use the facilities. Unfortunately the alert young attendant filled up my tank with petrol, not my wife, but could I have a prize anyway?

S. Kilday
Newcastle

* No.

When will the media stop referring to "An Diamond"? Any school kid worth his salt would tell you the correct grammar is "a diamond". I don't know. They'll be saying "An hotel" next.

Ian Dunwoody
Greenford

These TV ads are a scandal

What a con these T.V. advertisements are. I bought a can of lager in order to "refresh the parts other beers can't reach". But it didn't. It gave me wind.

E. Pendleton
Southampton

What a con these 'oven gloves' are. I recently poured a casserole into mine. Two hours later I returned to find the casserole uncooked, and a terrible mess on the kitchen floor.

Peter Ring
Lancing, West Sussex

I agree entirely with Mr. G. Ivy of Wessex — what a con these 'potato crisps' are! Do these 'crisp' manufacturers seriously expect us to be taken in and not notice that the bags are half full of air?

Come on, crisp manufacturers. Just who do you think you're fooling!

G. Armstrong
Swindon

Are you a leading crisp manufacturer? Here's your chance to reply. Are we getting a fair deal? The first leading crisp manufacturer to reply gets a free quarter page advert.

No smoke without fire

My dad, a heavy smoker, was determined that I wouldn't follow in his footsteps. So when he caught me smoking at the age of 14 he forced me to eat an ashtray full of cigarette ends!

It worked — and I haven't smoked a cigarette since, although I am often thrown out of pubs for going around the tables and eating the contents of the ashtrays.

Mark Smith
Stambourne, Essex

The Great Train Robbery

WELL, IT WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO...

Tony Sykes
Bodmin.

Can Johnny Fastpants beat this?

Pattie Smallwood
Middlesborough

* From The Daily Mirror, 1st October, 1987

I recently misread an 'OFFICE TO LET' sign as reading 'OFFICE TOILET', and relieved myself through the letterbox. I wonder if any other readers can better this rather contrived toilet story?

Mrs P. Nileward
Leeds

Whilst at work a few weeks ago my boss asked me to post some letters. As I was in dire need of the toilet, I decided to pay a visit on my way to the post box.

It was only when the postman asked me why I was urinating in the postbox that I realised I had flushed the letters down the lavatory. I still find time to laugh at the incident on my way to the local job centre.

Tony Sykes
Bodmin.
Waited over half-an-hour for bus — then two came at once

Recently, I waited over half-an-hour for a bus, and then TWO came, both at once!
How typical. You wait over half-an-hour for a bus — and then two come, both at once.
A. Wright-Herbert Manchester

Is it any wonder these soft drink manufacturers continue to make such vast profits when we pay forty odd pence for a bottle of lemonade, only to find that half the bubbles float to the surface and escape as soon as you open it? It's high time soft drink manufacturers gave the customers a fair deal, and stopped charging us for bubbles we never get the chance to drink.
A. Squire Bromsgrove

Our naked neighbour was nude

A friend and I were delighted to spot a young lady sunbathing in the nude in a garden near to ours. Unfortunately however, she was lying face down. We sat and watched her for over an hour, hoping that she would turn over, but she didn’t.
As you can imagine, neither of us saw the fanny side.
B. Harrison Solihull

Train wait led to nose breakage

I suffered an embarrassing moment while waiting for a train at our local station. I decided to pass the time by reapplying my lipstick. When I stood up to check it in the mirror, there was no sign of the make-up on my lips. I soon realised why.
The lips I had applied the make-up to were not mine, but belonged to a burly labourer who was sitting next to me! My blushes were saved by a fast-thinking station porter who dragged me unconscious from the waiting room after the gentleman concerned had broken my nose.
Mrs. D. Humphries Liverpool

Put an end to this weekend week ending

Isn't it annoying that we spend weekends recovering from the week at work. If weekends came at the beginning of the week (rather than at the end), then we could thoroughly enjoy the weekend, and spend the working week recovering from it.
So come on, calendar manufacturers. Let's see weekends at the beginning of the week instead of at the end.
P.G. Johnson Long Eaton

Knob trouble lands hubby in hospital

My husband, mistaking the local repair shop for a TV repair shop, strode in and asked a group of youths if they'd come and have a look at his knob, which hadn't been turning on properly.
I visited him in hospital yesterday where he remains in a critical condition, and has so far been unable to see the funny side of the incident.
Mrs. C. Scrabble Leicester

I think that 'Blond Date' with Cilla Black is a real con. Everybody knows perfectly well that the contestants can see.
Mr. A. Ross Glasgow

Stamp out money wasting

Why do sorting offices always print their postmark over the stamps on envelopes? How infuriating. Surely it would lead to great savings if the stamps were unmarked and could be used again when replying to correspondence.
K. Cheese Stannington

* A good idea, and very simple. Can other readers think of ideas that would save money? Write and tell us today.

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Have you ever been embarrassed? Tell us about your most embarrassing moment. Or make one up. It makes no odds to us. Perhaps you think you aren't getting a fair deal. Maybe you have an amusing story which will bring a smile to our faces and make the world a nicer place to live in. Or a 'Top Tip' to make life easier around the house. Whatever your problem, drop us a line today. In the next issue, we'll be awarding a packet of instant soup for every letter we print, and a 'Newcastle United F.C.' thermos flask to the sender of the best letter we receive.
COLLECT empty Cornflakes packets in a spare bedroom or attic space. Count them after five years, then divide the total by 260. This will give you an idea of how many packets you get through in a week.

B. Fitzpatrick
Wakefield

WHEN using "cash point" machines, prevent the person behind you from knowing your number by deliberately keying in the wrong one. Then pretend to collect your money, and walk away smiling innocently.

A. Walker
Nottingham

PLACE an empty Cornflakes packet in your tub the day before you are due to have a bath. This will act as a reminder when you wake up the following day.

Mr. N. Greenstead
Harrington

PREVENT your dog from feeling left out at breakfast time by feeding him dog food out of a "variety" size Cornflakes packet.

D. Purnell
Bristol

PRESSING the middle pedal in my car helps me to slow down when approaching busy junctions or built up areas.

Mr. G. Lane
Hartham, Cleveland

WEIGH your pet by first of all weighing yourself. Then weigh yourself again — this time carrying the pet. Deduct the first weight from the second to reveal your pet's weight. (If weighing fish, remember to allow for the weight of the tank and the water).

Rob Keith
Nottingham

ENLARGE your living space by removing that bulky light shade and gluing sea shells directly onto the lamp bulb.

Doris Pratt
Billingham

AN IDEAL yet inexpensive Christmas gift for the smoker is a novelty cigarette lighter made from an ordinary house brick with a match tied to it on a piece of string.

David Parkinson
Banbury

NO TIME for a bath? Wrap yourself in masking tape and remove the dirt by simply peeling it off.

Dennis Phipps
Blackburn

TEAR out the pages from a book which you have read, shuffle them around and stick them back together again with sellotape. Invariably a new story emerges.

D. Portland
Bognor Regis

SAVE time when listening to LPs by playing them at 45 r.p.m.

Mrs. D. Phillips
Bolton

PUT your microwave oven on a shelf INSIDE your freezer. That way it will be able to freeze food, as well as heat it up.

Mrs. D. Pillage
Burton-on-Trent

SAVE money on firelighters by using discarded potato peelings instead. If they don’t ignite at first, leave them to dry in a warm cupboard or similar for a few days.

Mr. Sark
Derby

SAVE on laundry bills by keeping your clothes on in the bath and don’t forget to take a dirty dinner dish or two with you.

Mr. D. Porterfield
Bracknell

Since buying British Telecom shares last year I have had a good few extra telephone installed in my house at a cost of around £3900. Equipment rental on top of my regular phone bills now comes to around £2680 a quarter.

How much of BT’s profit from this extra business will be passed on to me as a share holder?

M. Hughes
Maidstone

* Your money is certainly well invested, Mr. Hughes, and you can sit back and use your telephones in the knowledge that all the profit which BT make will of course be passed on to you, as a shareholder. Last year they made around £2 billion, so you should look forward to receiving a cheque for about a tenth of that amount, depending on exactly how many shares you own, in the near future.

I believe the water authorities have a nerve charging 'water rates'. What would the legal position be if I were to charge the water authority for all the sewage which I put into their system?

Mr. Ching
Gosforth, Newcastle

I went to the shops with £25. I spent £1.64 in the bakers, £2.11 in the butchers, and then paid £19.64 for groceries at the supermarket.

How much change should I have had?

P. Warwick
Lancaster

* You should have come home with £1.61 in your pocket.

The Government is currently considering privatising the water authorities, and selling sewage at a profit will be high on their agenda once they come under private control. But paying water rates does not oblige you to flush sewage into the toilet. You may keep it, or dispose of it by private sale. Untreated sewage is a rich source of gas, and could be of value when North Sea gas deposits run out.

A. Squire
Bromsgrove, Worcs.

* Money Matters is published weekly and is not responsible for the opinions of its contributors.

FISHER INVICTA
Your place or mine?
‘Why are we advertising Airship Graffix cards by taking off our clothes in Viz, Sam?’

‘Because we couldn’t afford to crash a balloon in the Irish Sea, Frank.’

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Airship Graffix: The most sarcastic strip in Viz
CHRISTMAS WITH THE BACON FAMILY

CHRISTMAS MORNING...

AM OFF DOON THE BAR, AN' IF ME DUNNA'S NORRON THAT TABLE WHEN I GET BACK, YOU'RE FUCK'N DEED, WOMAN!

AN' BIFFA!

FUCKIN' WHAT?

I'VE GOT SOMETHIN' FOR YA...

IT'S A CHRISTMAS PRESENT MAN!

TREMBLE! COWER!

ACE LAGER SIX PACK!

THIS IS!!
PUMF!

LATER

THINK I'LL GO SLEDDING!

HOY! GIZ THAT FUCKIN' SLEDGE NOW!

NAAAH!

OOGAH!!

EH?.. IS THAT FOR ME?

I LOVE PLAYIN' WITH A SLEDGE IN THE SNOW!

GROAN! SOB!

HEY YOU! THERE'S SNOW ALL OVER MY BOOTS. LICK IT OFF!

YES RIFFA RIGHT AWAY SIR.

EXTREME FORCE

WAP!! SPLINTER!!

MEANWHILE IN THE PUB...

ISN'T CHRISTMAS WONDERFUL, EH? HERE'S TO YOU! ALL THE BEST!

GOOD HEALTH!!

WHO THE F**K ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT? ARE YOU QUEER OR SOMETHIN'?

SORRY I WAS JUST WISHING YOU A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

ARE YOU CALLIN' ME A PUFF?

ARE YOU CALLIN' WOR LASS A PUFF?

ARE YOU CALLIN' WOR PINT A LASS?

HE'S SPLIT ME FUCKIN' PINT!

HEY LOOK... THIS IS ALL A BIG MISTAKE, WHY DON'T I BUY YOU BOTH A DRINK, EH?

AREN'T DIYING ME PUFF!

STOBBIT!

YA F**K'N DINNA'S READY!

BLAT!

RIP! TEAR!

CHAIR! CHOMP! GUZZLE!

CRASH! BAM!! WALLOP!

ERGHH!!

OOF!!

BASTAD!

GIZ THAT PUKE OR TORKEY, NOO!

MORE DRINK AND VIOLENCE NEXT WEEK WHEN WE SPEND NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH THE BACON'S!
Buster CONAD
& his unfeasibly
large testicles

At School...

During an electrical storm, Buster Conad was struck in the testicles by a meteorite which emitted strange cosmic rays.....
.....His testicles grew to titanic proportions and as he soon round out, with Conads as big as some-thing quite large, adventure was never very far away, etc.

Chuckles!

Hee! Hee!

Plumpuff!

Hi, gang. It's the last day of term. We've got our Christmas party later and Miss has let us bring games in.

Yoinks! My testicles have crashed! Little Tom.

I think you'd best drop out of that game to keep yourself out of sexual organ misbehaviour!

At the party

Wmm! I fancy a slice of that cake.

Please Miss! Buster has his testicles in the jelly!

It's ruined, Miss. My mum made that and now it's full of hairs and things!

You and your Conad pranks are spoiling the fun for everyone!

Later...

Ha! I love blind mans buff!

But...

Little Tom...

No present from Santa this afternoon for you!

Later...

School caretaker:

Hey, Buster! I've decided to give you a present after all.

Bum!

Ha!

Ho ho ho ho, merry Christmas, readers.

Angular veesues...
FOOD PREVENTS

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WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA THAT YOU'RE SO AMAZING BABY?
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BUSTER... RIDING A BIKE??

YES, USING MY HEFTY TESTES AS STABILIZERS, I'M RIVA'S FASTEST RIDER!

OBSERVANT READER'S VOICE

WHOOSH!

THUD!
SCRATCH!
Johnny meant everything to Donna, but he just didn’t seem to notice her.

Donna realised it was no good waiting for Johnny to make the first move.

Johnny, I wondered if you might like to go to the pictures one evening.

Oh, do you think this gel makes my hair look greasy?

Oh, you think I could make you happy?

That night in bed she longed for him so much.

Next day Donna resolved to try again.

Look, I find you physically repulsive and you’re about as interesting to talk to as a sack of cabbages.

Hedoesn’t mean it!

And besides, I have a permanent relationship with Gavin, so why don’t you just get lost!

Donna knew they could have a wonderful future together if only Johnny would come out of his shell. She bared her soul to him in her letters...
Donna had always confided her problems to her mum.

**WHAT CAN I DO MUM? I LOVE HIM SO MUCH.**

Every night she rang him, but every night she got the same reply.

**YOU CAN SHIFT THIS RUBBISH FOR A START, YOU LAZY COW. I'M GOING TO BE LATE FOR BINGO.**

Listen, if you ring me once more I'm calling the police. You stupid bitch!

**GOODBYE JOHNNY. GOODBYE FOREVER.**

The next day.

**YOU REALLY ARE A STUPID GIRL. WE'RE FAR TOO BUSY TO WASTE OUR TIME ON THE LIKES OF YOU!**

Oh, bloody hell kids!

It looks like we got to her just in time!

**NER NER! NER NER!! NER NER!!**

But what happened certainly taught her a lesson.

How could I have been so foolish? I thought it was love, but it was just a silly teenage infatuation.

Now I've found the real thing with Dr. Gilberts. I know I'll never be lonely again.

Do you think you could let go of my hand?
HER LIFE IN DANGER!

A former Palace security chief has made a startling claim that the lives of the Royal Family, including the Queen herself, are in mortal danger. And Ted Pemberton, former head doorman at the Chesterfield Palace Theatre, is convinced that security and safety measures at Buckingham Palace are now at an all-time low.

His warning comes only years after Michael Fagan's much-publicised intrusion into the Queen's bedroom. And Pemberton believes that unless a major shake-up in safety measures at the Palace takes place, a senior member of the Royal Family could be killed.

BLAST

Mr. Pemberton has compiled a startling dossier of evidence to support his claims, and a copy of his report is already being examined by senior police officers at Scotland Yard. In it he lists a deadly catalogue of security short-falls and inadequate safety measures. These include:

* BROKEN paving stones in nearby Buckingham Palace Road which could easily cause someone to trip and fall, especially in icy weather.

* LOOSE stair carpets inside the Palace which could also lead to a nasty fall.

* BUSY roads around the Palace with fast moving traffic and not enough safe crossing places.

* LIMOUSINES without safety belts fitted to rear seats.

In an independent test carried out at Mr Pemberton's own expense, a shop dummy dressed as the Queen was badly damaged when it was placed in the rear seat of a car, with no seat belt, and driven into a wall at high speed. "I dread to think what would have happened if that had been the Queen herself sitting in that car", a sober-faced Mr Pemberton told us afterwards.

ROCKET

Among the immediate improvements recommended in his report is the construction of a pedestrian footbridge across busy Buckingham Gate, allowing the Royal Family safe access to nearby shops. And he believes that urgent safety steps are also required in the Royal kitchens.

STUN GRENADE

Pemberton also believes that 'Rambo' style gun enthusiasts have for many years used the Palace gardens as firing ranges, using silencers to disguise the noise and camouflage jackets to remain unseen. So far, the Ministry of Defence has refused to comment on Mr Pemberton's claim that American Cruise Missiles have already been deployed in the Palace grounds, and that on several occasions they have nearly blown up accidentally.

Formed security chief blasts Palace safety measures

Ted Pemberton first made the news five years ago when his book, 'Rape and Murder at the Palace' was published. In it he suggested that the numerous security breaches reported in the press were just the tip of the iceberg, and that the vast majority of incidents at the Palace are simply covered up. Indeed, he put forward the theory that Ronald Biggs and the 'Great Train Robbery' gang planned their notorious raid from the safety of Buckingham Palace cellar.

His book, priced £19.95, is no longer available in the shops; however Mr Pemberton asked us to point out that under no circumstances should water be poured onto a burning chip pan. "Turn off the heat, cover it with a damp cloth, and call the fire brigade", he told us.
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But surely that's a matter of opinion...

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...and train 'em hard...

...to stay on longer

Hang off, hang out or hang by the neck, but read it first!

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WHY, YIF TISN'T FIONA FWINNINGTON-FSART, COOEE!!

COOEE HEHNY!!

ONE WILL IMPNESS MARR WITH THE ELD WABBER JORMEE WHEEZE!

HAW-HAW-HAW!! OH HENNY WHAT A WIZARD DHANG!!

ECHASEEER.

HE IS IN FACT THE NORWEGIAN AMBASSADOR.

HAW-HAW!! THAT SHOWED THE OK!

NEOW FOR SAM GWAB!

WENVORS BISTRO AND REFRESH.

EELABOR.

MEANWHILE OUTSIDE.

STANDING OUTSIDE THIS HAUNT OF THE RICH AND PRIVILEGED WILL BE A GREAT SOURCE OF INCOME FOR HELP THE THIRD WORLD WEEK I'M SURE!

AN HOUR LATER.

WOULD YOU CARE TO DONATE SOMETHING FOR THE STARVING OF THE WORLD?

ER....

...TO PAWAPHASE MAMIE ANTONETTE.... LET THEM EAT....

SICK!!

BLERCH!!!
JOHNNY PARP! OOP!

FARTPANTS

JOHNNY'S MUM HAS SOMETHING UP HER SLEEVE THIS CHRISTMAS EVE!

But this stuff is all really pump-productive! Barbeque baked beans, extra-hot chilli, pickeled eggs, tinned vegetable curry, and wads of veggie-burger mix!

Reader's Voice: This is very strange, Johnny! What do you think's going on?

Munch, clump! I really don't know, but the faecal forecast is for thunder!

Rumble! Honk!

A bit later...

There you go, Johnny! This small length of copper pipe and the attached gas-tap should keep your rude aromas at bay until tomorrow.

Reader's Voice: Stranger and stranger!

What do you mean, 'until tomorrow'?

Christmas Day...

Happy Christmas dad! Can I take this pipe out of my bottom now please?

Well... shortly Johnny, shortly. Go you and help your mother in the kitchen now?

So you want some help then, Mum?

Yes, bend down and open your gas-tap please.

Blam! So they wanted to fill me up with pump-gas and save it for slow release to cook the Christmas turkey and save on fuel bills! They fed me the onions and herbs to flavour the bird!

Blast! Roar!

It's about time you helped out in the kitchen, young fella-m'dad!

Reader's Voice: Oop! I'll name that tune in one!

Recital retorts!

Yonks! That was a real knickerripper! I'd better check my kda for bullets!

Parp!

Bang-eth!
MISS DEMEANOUR
and her
CONCERTINA
THE MISCHIEVOUS
TOKEN FEMALE
CAROON CHARACTER
WHO'S GOT A
CONCERTINA!

ON WELL, I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER
GET UP TO SOME MISCHIEF WITH
THIS EXTREMELY HEAVY
CONCERTINA!

RIGHT YOU TWO! HAND OVER
THOSE SWEETS OR ELSE!!
YEY! TRY AND
MAKE US!!
HURR!
CHIMP!

LATER'S! BUGGER IT, I'M STARVING!
BUT I'VE DEvised A MISCHIEF
MASTERPIECE TO GET ME
SOME NOSH!!

I'LL NIP DOWN TO
THE TOWN HALL WHERE
A CONVENIENT
CHRISTMAS CAROL
CONCERT IS ABOUT
TO BEGIN ANY MOMENT
NOW!

THEN I'LL POP A
STOLEN PET MOUSE
INTO THE ORGAN WHERE
IT WILL DOUBTLESS
WIGGLE ITSELF THROUGH
THE BELLOWs

AND WITH THEIR ORGAN
OUT OF COMMISSION,
THE ORCHESTRA WILL ASK
ME TO STAND IN WITH
MY CONCERTINA!!

AND NO DOUBT THEY
WILL OFFER ME A HUGe
CHRISTMAS FOOD HAMPER
FOR MY TROUBLES!!

HIT...

BOLLOCKS!

TOWN HALL
CHRISTMAS
CAROL
CONCERT
CANCELLED

NEVER MIND! THIS DISCARED
SANTA OUTFIT GIVES ME AN
EVEN BETTER
IDEA!!

SHORTLY...

HI KIDS, I'M SANTA AND I'VE LOST
MY REINDEER. IF YOU DON'T HAND
OVER YOUR POCKET MONEY TO
PAY MY BUS FARE BACK TO
GREENLAND, I WON'T BE
ABLE TO GIVE YOU ANY
PRESENTS THIS YEAR!

YOU'RE NOT SANTA! HE
HASN'T GOT A CONCERTINA,
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
YOU'RE SHEENA DEMEANOUR

YEAH, AND YOU CAN
PISs RIGHT OFF!

MISS DEMEANOUR
and her
VACUUM CLEANER

THIS CONCERTINA IS TURNING OUT
TO BE A REAL PAIN IN THE ASS!!

SOON...

MISS DEMEANOUR
and her
VACUUM CLEANER

SIT!... IT'S NOT WORKING.
ISN'T THIS JUST
BLOODY TYPICAL!

YOUNG SHeENA
DEMeANOUR HAS
GOT A VACUUM CLEANER
Etc...

PERHAPS I COULD TAKE IT TO
A SECOND HAND SHOP AND SWAp
IT FOR SOMETHING ELSE THAT
RHYMES WITH DEMEANOUR.

AH! THERE HE IS - AND HE'S
MOMENTARILy LEFT HIS WIG
UNCOVERED! I'LL WHIP IT OFF
WITH THIS HANDy VACUUM
CLEANER ATTACHMENT!!

SHITE! IT'S NOT WORKING.
ISNT THIS JUST
BLOODY TYPICAL!

SECOND LAST FRAME...
WELL GOD THIE
FOR A LARK!

WHAT YOU NEED.
YOUNG LADY, IS A
GOOD CLIP ROUND
OOF!!

BLAT!
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MR. LOGIC

SUCH IS MY NAME, THEREFORE IT WOULD ONLY BE CORRECT TO MAKE AN ASSUMPTION THAT THIS COMIC STRIP IS IN SOME WAY ABOUT ME.

HE'S A PAIN IN THE ARSE!

GOOD DAY, I TRUST YOU ARE THE PUBLICAN, THE KEEPER OF THIS PUBLIC HOUSE?

...AND WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, COMING NONCING INTO MY BAR AT QUARTER PAST THREE?!

I AM OFFERING TO PURCHASE SOME OF YOUR WARES, AS A SALES MAN YOU SEEM TO BEHAVE IN AN ILLOGICAL MANNER.

ONE GOOD KICKING LATER... WHAT AN ENLIGHTENING LECTURE ON THE LICENSING LAWS OF GREAT BRITAIN, HOWEVER, I AM REMARKABLY CONFUSED BY THE ACCOMPANYING PHYSICAL ASSAULT.

APPEARENTLY I MUST NOW FIND AN OFF LICENCE - AN ESTABLISHMENT LICENSED TO SELL ALCOHOL FOR CONSUMPTION ON THE PREMISES.

THAT DEPENDS SOLELY ON YOUR DEFINITION OF LICENSING...

I WOULD IMAGINE THAT GIN IS TO BE WHAT IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN - A SPIRIT DISTILLED FROM GRAIN OR MALT AND FLAVOURED WITH JUNIPER BERRIES.

SO, HAVE YOU COME INTO MY SHOP TO BUY ANYTHING, OR JUST TO HAND OUT A COCKTAIL RECIPES?

COCKTAIL - HORSE OF RACING STAND TO BUT NOT THOROUGHBRED, SOCIAL UPSTART, DRINK OF SPIRIT WITH BITTERS AND SUGAR.

HURK!

VOMIT - EJECT FOOD ETC.

WELL SIR, YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE.

SLAPSHASH!
WILL YOU GET THAT JOB?

With 2.9 million people unemployed, give or take a million or two, getting a job is top of a lot of people’s lists these days. And for many of them, the hardest part of getting a job is the dreaded INTERVIEW.

Here are a few questions that will help determine YOUR chances of success when you next go for a job interview. Just mark your answers A, B or C, then tot up your final score to show what your chances are of landing that job!

1. What will you wear for the interview?
   a. A comfortable but observe printed T-shirt and jeans.
   b. An outfit you bought in Oxfam.
   c. Your Sunday best.

2. To calm your nerves before the interview you need to do something. Would you:
   a. Drink several lagers.
   b. Take a couple of valium.
   c. Do The Times crossword.

3. Your appointment is for 2.45 pm. Would you arrive:
   a. At 3.15, after the pub has closed.
   b. A few minutes late to avoid waiting.
   c. Ten minutes early.

4. You go in for the interview and you are faced by three members of the interviewing panel. They are all standing as you enter. They now ask you to sit down. Would you:
   a. Not do so, but walk over to a painting and spend several minutes adjusting the angle.
   b. Move your chair around a bit before slumping into it and putting your feet up on the desk.
   c. Do so immediately.

5. You are offered a cup of coffee. Would you:
   a. Cautiously knock it over the interviewing committee’s table, soaking their lists of questions and their trousers.
   b. Refuse it, and ask for something a bit stronger.
   c. Accept it, and cleverly sip it at discreet intervals during the interview.

6. The first interviewer is very unfriendly. Would you:
   a. Punch him in the face.
   b. Wave a finger at him across the table and say “watch me”.
   c. Smilingly answer all his questions.

7. The second interviewer is very friendly. Would you:
   a. Plan for your families to go on holiday together.
   b. Ask them round to your house for a drink.
   c. Smilingly answer all his questions.

8. You find the third interviewer rather attractive. Would you:
   a. Ask them out for a drink that evening.
   b. Wink and use subtle body language to make your feelings known.
   c. Smilingly answer all their questions.

9. You are asked about your former boss. Would you:
   a. Say “I’d rather not talk about that bastard”.
   b. Say that you’d had a personality clash.
   c. Mention your former employer’s good points.

10. You are asked about your hobbies and interests. Would you:
    a. Boast about your reputation as a football hooligan and produce a scrap book of newspaper cuttings featuring your various court appearances.
    b. Say you like to go out on the beer most nights.
    c. Mention that you play a little golf from time to time.

11. You are asked to give some details of your “past experience”. Would you:
    a. Laugh like Sid James, nudge the interviewer, and proceed to make thinly veiled references to your past sexual activities.
    b. Say you haven’t had any experience.
    c. Give a brief summary of any relevant work experience which you may have had.

12. You feel a build up of wind occurring during the interview. Would you:
    a. Fart as loudly as possible and award yourself a mark out of ten.
    b. Ask “whose farted?” in order to alleviate the blame before releasing it as quietly as possible.
    c. Suppress it and hope that it goes away.

13. Finally, you are asked how much money you’d expect to earn if you got the job. Do you answer:
    a. “How much do you three get?”
    b. “£25,000 a year – plus perks”.
    c. “Whatever is the going rate for the job”.

14. The interview is over. Do you:
    a. Yawn as if the whole thing was a bore, and ask, “Well, do I get the job or what?”
    b. Exit swiftly into a broom cupboard, emerge again red faced and then leave through the right door.
    c. Shake hands and thank the interviewers for their courtesy.

HOW DID YOU DO?
A=1 point, B=2 points, C=3 points.

40 OR OVER — Your prospects are excellent. All you have to do now is find a job vacancy.
30 to 39 — There’s hope for you yet. Pick up a copy of the leaflet HOW TO GET A JOB EVEN THOUGH THERE AREN’T ANY from your Job Centre or the local Job Club.
20 to 29 — Try the Y.T.S.
Less than 20 — Stay in bed.

HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS

No matter how well you do at an interview, you may still not get the job. Don’t be disheartened. Remember, there are millions of other people who are unemployed, and some of them have got jobs either.

But there are certain ways of improving your chances. The following tips may help. Remember always to:

* DRESS well.
* ARRIVE in good time.
* HAVE lots of qualifications and work experience.
* OFFER each member of the panel twenty quid.
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WITH YOUR FINGER UP SOMEBODY ELSE'S NOSE
AND YOU'VE GOTTEN 40P WEDGED UP YER BLIN
WHILST DOING 4 PELVIC THRILLS IN RAPID SUCCESSION
AND ADMIT ALL THAT TISSU ARE YOU STILL SING
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COLOUR AND WE HAVEN'T GOTTEN
LEFT THEN TELL US WHAT . COS W WE LL
JUST SEND YOU ANOTHER COLOUR
ANYWAY.

SIZES SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE
HI EVERYBODY. I'M TOMMY 'BANANA' JOHNSON, AND THIS IS MY BIG BANANA

TODAY I'M PLAYING COWBOYS AND INDIANS, AND I'M USING MY BIG BANANA AS A HORSE

IT ALSO MAKES A TERRIFIC RIFLE. HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, REDSKINS!

THAT'S NOT A RIFLE... IT'S A BANANA! JUST BUGGER OFF LADY, WE'RE NOT PLAYING WITH YOU

NEVER MIND, I'LL GO AND PLAY BY THE LAKE. MY BANANA MAKES A PERFECT BOAT!

STUPID EGO!

GET LOST JOHNSON, THE LAST TIME YOU PUT THAT BLOODY RIDICULOUS BANANA OF YOURS IN THE WATER YOU SANK ALL THE OTHER BOATS!

OH WELL, I HOPE NOBODY OBJECTS IF I SIT ON MY BANANA FOR A MOMENT

TOMMY, HAVE YOU SEEN OUR BALL ANYWHERE? WE CAN'T PLAY FOOTBALL WITHOUT IT

NO, BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO USE MY BANANA AS A REPLACEMENT, ON ONE CONDITION: YOU LET ME PLAY!

RIGHT, I'LL PASS IT TO YOU!

OH, FOR F**K'S SAKE...

PRANG!!

OOF!

THROB!!

I THINK WE'LL GIVE YOUR 'FOOTBANANA' A MISS IF IT'S ALL THE SAME WITH YOU TOMMY

LATER... HOW WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE? MY BANANA WOULD MAKE A BRILLIANT BOOMERANG!

HERE GOES!

HURL!!!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

OH DEAR, IT LOOKS LIKE MY 'BANANA BOOMERANG' ISN'T COMING BACK

I TAKE IT THIS IS YOUR BANANA?

WHY YES! I KNEW IT WOULD COME BACK EVENTUALLY

THREE GUESSES WHERE I'M GOING TO STICK IT, READERS!!

EXCUSE ME!

I JUST FOUND IT ON MY LIVING ROOM FLOOR, ALONG WITH THE REMAINS OF £2,000'S WORTH OF DOUBLE GLAZED PATIO DOORS.

OOF-ER!!

OO-EH!!
AN ENORMOUS...ER IT'S ON THE TIP OF MY OCTOPUS...!

SHORTLY (FNARRR! FNARRR!...)

WOOG--HOOEE!

DO YOU NEED A BOX, MR. SALIET?

YES--I'VE GOT A VERY LARGE OASIN... BUT MY WIFE LIKES TO PLAY WITH IT MORE THAN ME!

HUNG--OH!

WOOOOOOOOO!

WOOG--HOOEE!

I CAN'T FIT MY LEG OVER IT...

SO HAVE SOME TEA AND SOME FRUIT, MR. SALIET!

OH! WHY A LOVELY PEAR!

LATER ON...

DO YOU PLAY ANY MUSIC AT HOME, MR. SALIET?

WELL, MR. SALIET--IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF MRS. SALIET IS GOING TO MAKE IT HOME THROUGH THE NIGHT!

GOOD GRACIOUS, MR. SALIET--WHAT AN ENORMOUS CHOPPER!

SOUND LIKE I'M GETTING A BACK BICYCLE THIS XMAS!

GOOD GRACIOUS, MR. SALIET--WHAT AN ENORMOUS CHOPPER!

MRS. SALIET! BEDROOM DOOR!

DIFFICULT TO MAKE A COMPLETE THAT OUT OF FNARRR!
CAPTAIN UNRELIABLE

MEGATROPOLIS—HOME OF CAPTAIN UNRELIABLE—IS A CITY RANSOMED BY FEAR....

THE DREADED BLACK HAND TERRORIST GANG HAS AMBUSHED AN ARMY CONVOY AND STOLE AN ATOMIC BOMB....

UNDER TIGHT SECURITY POLICEMEN AND SENIOR POLICE OFFICERS GATHER IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE....

COME IN GENTLEMEN—I HAVE NEWS OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE!

WHAT IS IT MR. MAYOR?

LAST NIGHT I RECEIVED A DEMAND FOR ONE MILLION DOLLARS FROM THE BLACK HAND GANG OR THEY WILL USE THE STOLEN ATOMIC DEVICE TO DESTROY THE EAST SIDE OF OUR CITY!

THE FIVE O'CLOCK DEADLINE IS FAST APPROACHING AND I HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE IN TO THE TERRORISTS DEMANDS!

At this moment Captain Unreliable is speeding across the city to take the ransom money to the rendezvous using the unreliable he....

AHEMS!

Well actually—He's using the bus because the unreliable has broken down!

Has he made contact with the terrorists?

He should.... he did sleep in this morning.... but.... apart from that, carry on when he left the money on the train. He had loads of home to spare.... after I told him where to go and all that!

Oh no!

Hey! Mr. Mayor? Captain Unreliable here—what time did you want that money dropping off again?
Today we use words like MAKE LOVE, BONKING and INTERCOURSE in our everyday conversation. We are fed a diet of NIPPLES in our newspapers and we watch BOTTOMS on our television screens. Yes, sex is here to stay. But what is it? Who does it, and why? And how long does it take?

These are just a few of the frank and forthright questions we will be asking as we launch the most comprehensive investigation ever into SEX. In six frank and forthright features we will leave no stone unturned. It will be the most shocking, revealing, and explicit sex survey carried out to date.

SEXY

Over the next 6 issues we will talk about sex in a frank and open manner, to people who've had it, and to celebrities who you'd like to have it with. We'll be using words like BOOBS and BONKING, and we'll be printing lots of pictures of models posing in skimpy underwear.

Are they getting enough?

And we'll be asking their husbands to wildly exaggerate the number of women they've slept with in the past.

We'll also be talking to people who want sex banned, as well as people who simply can't get enough. And we'll go into pubs and nightclubs, have a few drinks, and try to have sex with the people we meet.

Have you had sex? Don't be afraid to talk about it. Write to us with frank and forthright details of your sexual experiences. Enclose illustrations if necessary, and don't be afraid to send us any old copies of pornographic magazines which you no longer require, or videos (VHS format).

Don't miss the first part of this sensational sex survey that's got the whole of Britain talking. It will open your eyes. It will shock you. And it will make you buy our February issue — because it doesn't actually start until then.

We received lorry loads of gifts towards this issue's chart — ranging from instant packet noodles to a 'Mr Potato Head' children's toy. But hardly surprisingly, it was a good old fashioned cheesecake that sparked the competitions at the post. Chorley based From Chorley Records provided the £13.37 which financed THE FLUFFIES successful assault on the top spot. The single 'Kidding Myself' has no distribution as yet, but you can buy a copy by post for just £1.99 (including P & P). Send cheques or postal order payable to Front Chorley Records, 44 Hamilton Road, Chorley, Lancs, PR7 2DL. This could be your only chance to buy this superb collector's item, so send away today.

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The Top 10 Chart is open to anyone with a record to promote, although books will also be included if accompanied by a sufficiently large sum of money. Sorry — no cassettes or ficitious records. To qualify you must send a copy of the record together with a bire or P. We give cash, although cheques and postal order (payee's name blank) are also acceptable. Gifts, i.e. we like them, will count at 75% of their estimated retail value. No entries after any bire is released to a third party prior to publication. No refunds can be given. We reserve the right to use any knowledge of this chart. Send your entries to The Viz Top Ten, PO Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne NE9 1PT.
Billy the Fish

Born half man, half fish, an incredible god given goalkeeping talent had never-the-less enabled young Billy Thomson to make the no.1 jersey at Fulchester. His very own...

The teams warm up. Billy is in obvious pain. Are you sure you're okay Billy? D-don't worry about me... I'll still be fine.

As the game starts, Thomson's got a big heart boss.

He's got courage, he'll shout there and give 110% for the full ninety minutes.

The referee comes on. Ergh!

Thomson is taking a lot of punishment from the Grimthorpe forwards, boss. Surely that's a foul?

Yes, and he's getting very little protection from the referee.

Meanwhile there's action at the other end...

Brilliant one touch control by Johnny X, the invisible striker.

Amazing skill! He's turning on a sixpence!

And he's unleashed a ferocious drive!!

Grimsy are saved by the woodwork!

Oh no! He's heading for the dead ball line!

But city are quick to reply...

I wonder if I should try my luck from all of 25 yards...

And it needs a fine save from Billy Thomson to keep the score level.

Less than a minute to go until half-time and they're still level. What wouldn't Fulchester give for a goal at this vital stage?

Up the Albion! Come on Fulchester!

Thomson's a bastard.

The referee's a bastard.

Suddenly Grimsby break away on the left flank...

Oh no! He's heading for the dead ball line!

But...

Damn! It looks as if I've wasted my croats!

This should ease Fulchester. No problems. There isn't a Grimsby player in sight.

Thomson is under no pressure whatsoever. He should collect this ball easily.

Your ball, my mate. A straightforward catch for the keeper.

Oh, I don't believe it!!

Are Grimsby set to steal the championship from winless Fulchester? Or can the Albion recover from this shocking blow in time to snatch an historic victory? And what will Tommy Brown have to say to his players in the dressing room at half-time? Don't miss the next issue.
WE WISH YOU A MERRY XMAS - WE WITH YOU A MERRY XMAS - WE WISH YOU A MERRY XMAS... AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

CHRISTMAS IS COMING - THE GOOSE IS GETTING FAT, PLEASE PUT A PENNY IN THE OLD MAN'S HAT.

IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A PENNY - A WA'PENNY WILL DO...

I JUST LOVE XMAS...

IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A HA'PENNY...

HELL ROCK WILL READ IN...

ONE BASHING LATER... MUGGED IT WAS A BAD LUCK FOR ME... IT'S A BAD LUCK FOR THE BLEEDING FESTIVE SPIRIT THEN! ALL MY MONEY AND PRESENTS STOLEN!

WHAT... SCREWED UP... IF I KNEW, MUSH.

AND BUT... SORRY SIR - THERE'S NO ROOM AT THE INN.

THE ONLY STAY WE HAVE IS A MEAN, LOWLY, BOILER-SHED IN THE CAR PARK.

GROD? HELLO?

MEANWHILE - AT A LOCAL BATTERY FARM - THE WORKERS WATCH THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT...

SAD TIMES OF GREAT JOY! IT'S HAPPY HOUR DOWN AT THE RED LION!

SO...

YOU KNOW, ORVILLE - THIS ISN'T REAL GOOD ALL THAT BAD A POLYTHENE BAG MAKES AN EXCELLENT IMPROVISED BED FOR YOU.

AND THE OLD CRATE WOULD LIKE TO BECOME... OF ME!

EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT A STRANGE...

STILL ON...

I THINK WE COULD BE QUITE COMFORTABLE HERE...

IN THE SNUG OF THE RED LION, 3 SALES REPS FROM THE WISEMAN SURGICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY OF LEIGHTON-ORIENT ARE RELAXING...

PODS & PACKETS OF CAMELS PLEASE...

SOD THIS FOR A GAME OF BLEEDING SOLDIERS...

IN THE SNUG OF THE RED LION, 3 SALES REPS FROM THE WISEMAN SURGICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY OR LEIGHTON-ORIENT ARE RELAXING...

PODS & PACKETS OF CAMELS PLEASE...

SOD THIS FOR A GAME OF BLEEDING SOLDIERS...

MEAT CHRISTMAS READERS!

FOLLOWS' GROLLOCKS!

BACK AT THE BOILER-SHED...

HOW'S THAT THEN, ORVILLE?

I DON'T WANT TO GO IN THIS GROD DINNER YOU GASTAI...

YOU'RE GOING IN THE BOX!

SOD THIS FOR A GAME OF BLEEDING SOLDIERS...

WHERE'S SENTS?

SILENT NIGHT, A SILENT NIGHT
GOD, IT LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE...

OOPS.
Happy Christmas to everyone who buys a copy of this book.
The rest of you can sod off.

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