WESTERN



ACCENT UK

ANTHOLOGY



WESTERN Volume 1.
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WESTERN

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★ COVER ART

CONTENTS

THE CAVE OF BONES
Story and Art by David O'Connell

COWBOY INTERVIEWS: PART 1
Story and Art by David Baillie

THE WAY OF THINGS
Story and Art by Dave West

THE TEN STEPS
Story by Paul Stafford and Craig Shields,
Art by Dan Duncan

COWBOY INTERVIEWS: PART 2
Story and Art by David Baillie

A FISTFUL OF STEAM VALVES
Story by Lee Robson, Art by Bryan Coyle

COYOTE AND THE GIANT
(an adaptation of a Native American Folk Lore)
Story and Art by Kate Brown

BOOTS
Story and Art by Morgan Pielli

COWBOY INTERVIEWS: PART 3
Story and Art by David Baillie

AND EVERYTHING NICE
Story by Michael Lindal Andersen, Art by Dan Barritt

SHOOTING
Story by Alexi Conman, Art by Nic Wilkinson

A TOWN CALLED DESOLATION
Story and Art by Graeme Neil Reid

COWBOY INTERVIEWS: PART 4
Story and Art by David Baillie

MRS. EARNSHAW'S TELEGRAM
A Jerusalem West Story
Story by Andrew Cheverton, Art by Tim Keable

FISTFUL OF CORPSEMEAT
Story and Art by Indio

THE LAST TRAIN TO JUBILATION
Story and Art by Gary Crutchley

A BOY CALLED VENGEANCE
Story by Jon Ayre, Art by Andy Forber

SIXTEEN HORSELESS RIDERS
Story and Art by Douglas Noble

COWBOY INTERVIEWS: PART 5
Story and Art by David Baillie

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON
Story by David Hailwood, Art by Paul Harrison-Davies

SAN JACINTO
Story and Art by Bridgeen Gillespie

HIGH MOON
Story by Owen Johnson, Art by Kevin Mullins

THE NEW WEST
Story by Lewis Costello, Art by Charley Spencer

MRS HENRY
Story by Leah Moore and John Reppion
Art by David Hitchcock

OLD RED
Story and Art by James Gray

THE BIRDS AND THE BEHANS
Story and Art by Douglas Noble

TENDERFOOT
Story and Art by Steve Bissette

THE HANGING
Story and Art by Pedro Lopez

TO CATCH THE DRAGON'S TAIL
Story by Paul Bowles, Art by Tim Hill

COWBOY INTERVIEWS: PART 6
Story and Art by David Baillie

AVENGER
Story by Mo Ali, Art by Brian Gorman

HERR TRIGGER AND DUSTY BOOTS
Story and Art by Steve Martin

THE LEGEND OF 'EL BURRO'
Story by Stephen Lowe, Art by Marleen Lowe

THE 7TH WILL RISE AGAIN
Story by Dwight L MacPherson, Art by Kirk Manley

LUCKY STARR
Story and Art by Colin Mathieson

A HARD DAY'S WORK...IN THE WEST
Story and Art by Dave West

THE MEN WHO BUILT THE WEST
Story by Kieron Gillen, Art by Andy Bloor

WESTERN GALLERY
Featuring art by Dan Denholt, Mo Ali, Roland Bird,
Andy Bloor, Chris Doherty, Martin Flink, Steve Howard,
Tim Keable, William Kirkby, Sam Wakeman
& Crispian Woolford

WEST WORDS

WESTERNS. WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?



If you grew up in the 70s and 80s then the TV was full of them. In fact every other film seemed to be a western and there were some long running TV series to get your teeth into too.

Nowadays? Well you get the odd classic movie but we really are limited to maybe 2 a year. Gone are the spaghetti westerns of Sergio Leone. The epics of John Ford. No more do we hear the bugle call as the cavalry retreats from what were then called Indians (due to a pre Tom Tom error in navigation). Now we have the more politically correct Native American and the movies are far more gritty, and probably realistic. The only TV series that springs to mind is the fabulous Deadwood, but even that failed to get the necessary viewing figures.

This then is our thank you to all those who have brought the American West to us over the years, and you'll notice homage aplenty in the stories in this volume, which is entirely appropriate.

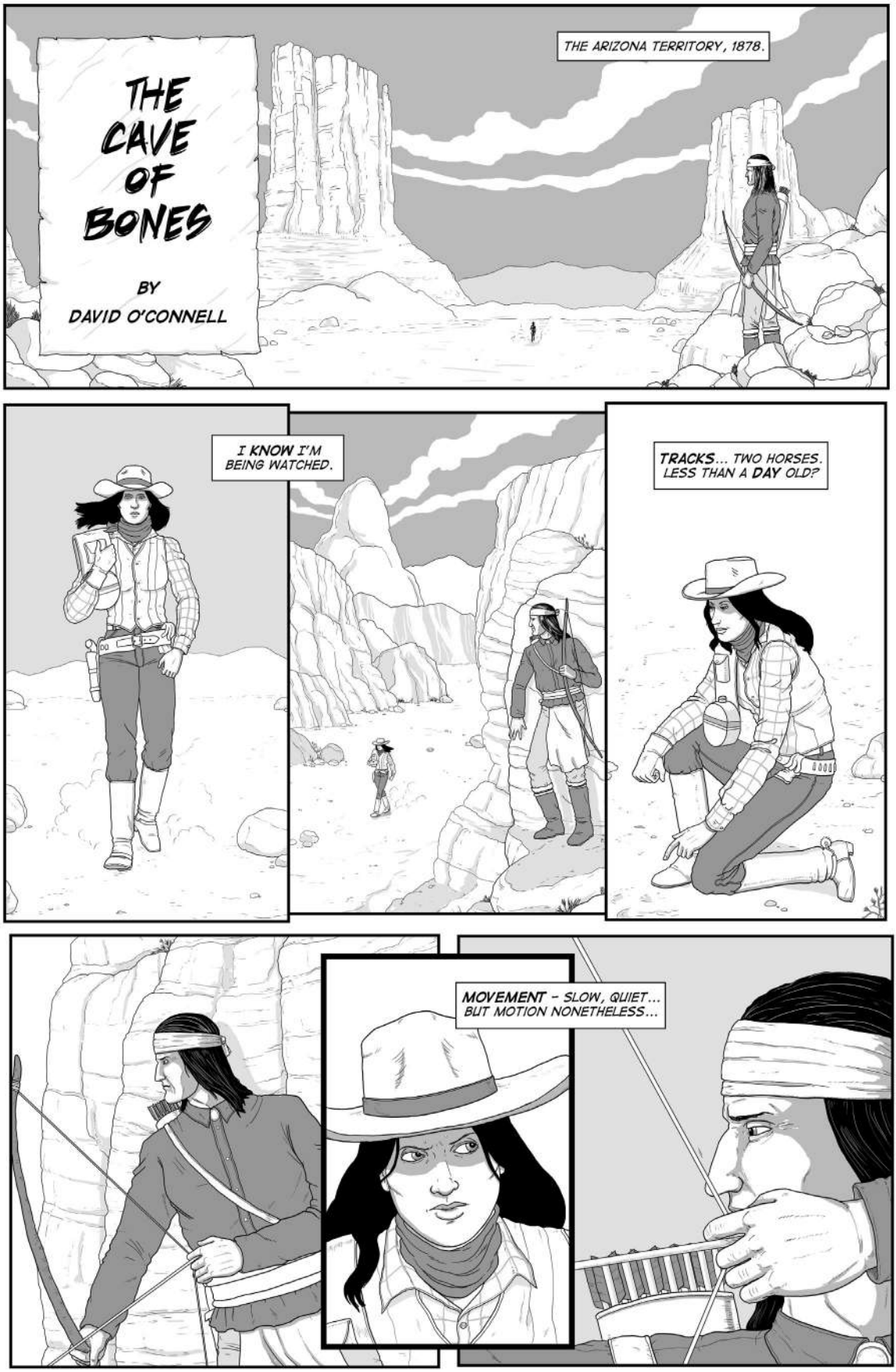
You'll also notice a lot of new contributors, from the excellent Kirk Manley cover, through stories such as Kate Brown's interpretation of a Native American folk tale, to the pin-up section. As ever we try our best to let new people on board, but as always we try to keep a little continuity too, and include contributors from previous anthologies. All in all it's a bit of a balancing act, which becomes all the more difficult anthology by anthology due to the level of interest from creators across the globe and the stunning quality of their work.

Thanks to everybody who contributed to this book, and apologies to those who couldn't be included, let's hope we see your work in the **PREDATORS** or **VICTORIANA** books that will follow.

As always a special thanks to Andy Bloor who has put in many hours behind the scenes designing the look of the book and preparing it for print. The books that have had Andy's attention are certainly a huge step forward from our earlier, or what we call 'pre-Bloor', efforts.

Righto... We'll not hold you up any further... hope you enjoy the book... feedback is always welcome and can be made through our website **www.accentukcomics.com**

Dave West and
Colin Mathieson
Editors Accent UK, 2009


THE CAVE OF BONES
BY
DAVID O'CONNELL
THE ARIZONA TERRITORY, 1878.
I KNOW I'M BEING WATCHED.
TRACKS... TWO HORSES. LESS THAN A DAY OLD?
MOVEMENT - SLOW, QUIET... BUT MOTION NONETHELESS...


RATTLER! TOO LATE!
FFFT!
NOT QUITE THE WELCOME I WAS EXPECTING.
IT IS RARE TO SEE A WHITE FACE ALONE IN THE DESERT...
MY HORSE WAS SHOT FROM UNDER ME BY THE MORTON BROTHERS. I GUESS THEY THOUGHT I'D DIE OUT HERE.
THEY CANNOT KNOW OF YOUR FRIENDSHIP WITH THE NAVAJO, ELLEN McGRATH.
FEW DO, GREY CROW.
THE MORTONS PASSED THROUGH THIS VALLEY YESTERDAY EVENING. THEY HAVE GONE TO THE CAVE OF BONES. IT IS FORBIDDEN GROUND, A HOME TO EVIL SPIRITS...
THEY RECKON ON YOUR PEOPLE STAYING AWAY – THAT'S WHY IT'S A SAFE HIDEOUT.


YOU SHOULD ALSO STAY AWAY, ELLEN. THE VALLEY IS A HAUNTED PLACE.
THE BOUNTY IS TOO GOOD TO PASS UP, CROW. THE MORTONS ARE WANTED IN THREE STATES.
"THEN I WILL PRAY TO THE ANCESTORS TO GUARD AND GUIDE YOU – FOR NO ONE LIVING WILL AID YOU IN THE CAVES...."
THAT'S CALEB MORTON – COLD AS THE GRAVE BY THE LOOKS OF HIM!
ONE RAT DEAD – ONE MORE TO CATCH.
I'LL KILL YOU, YA LI'L RED VARMINT!!
JOSHUA MORTON – TOO DISTRACTED TO NOTICE THE LANTERN LIGHT.
I'LL SQUEEZE THE WORTHLESS LIFE OUT OF YOU, YA DIRTY LITTLE SNAKE!
UUURRK!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY BROTHER YOU FILTHY DEVIL? ANSWER ME!!
GGHHKK!


HANDS UP, JOSHUA!
McGRATH! WE SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU INSTEAD OF YOUR DAMNED HORSE!
DON'T BE A FOOL, JOSHUA.
CALEB'S DEAD – I AIN'T NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE!
KRAKK!
<YOU MAY HAVE JUST SAVED MY LIFE!>
<YOU SPEAK OUR TONGUE?>
<I LIVED AMONGST THE DINEH FOR A WHILE.>
<THEN I CAN TRUST YOU. FOLLOW ME...>
<THE OTHER MAN HAD DRUNK OF THIS WATER – IT IS POISONOUS. HIS BROTHER THOUGHT THAT I WAS SOMEHOW RESPONSIBLE.>
I'VE HEARD THERE ARE LARGE ARSENIC DEPOSITS IN THE DESERT. IT MUST HAVE BEEN LEECHING INTO THE WATER FOR YEARS. POOR OLD CALEB...
<NO WONDER THIS LAND IS TABOO TO THE NAVAJO. SO WHY ARE YOU HERE?>
<IT IS A SORRY TALE...>


"<I HAVE BEEN AN OUTCAST FROM MY PEOPLE SINCE MY YOUTH FOR KILLING MY BROTHER IN ANGER...>"
<THIS CURSED PLACE HAS BEEN MY REFUGE...>
<IT IS MY FATE TO LIVE HERE AND DIE HERE, BE IT BY THE HAND OF MAN OR SPIRIT.>
<YOU MAY HAVE SAVED THE LIVES OF MANY THAT THE MORTONS WOULD HAVE KILLED. PERHAPS YOU HAVE REDEEMED YOURSELF?>
<MAYBE YOUR BROTHER'S SPIRIT HAUNTS YOU NO LONGER.>
<YOU ARE WISE FOR ONE SO YOUNG. YOU HAVE LEARNED MUCH FROM THE DINEH.>
<I'VE LEARNED THEY ARE A JUST PEOPLE.>
<I WILL BURY THE DEAD BROTHER AND THINK ON WHAT YOU SAY.>
<I'LL TAKE JOSHUA FOR THE BOUNTY AND THE HORSE THEY OWE ME. GOOD LUCK, OLD MAN.>
<FAREWELL.>
I DID NOT THINK I'D SEE YOU AGAIN, ELLEN. I THOUGHT I'D LOST YOU TO THE GHOSTS!
YOU ALMOST DID, CROW! BUT LUCKILY FOR ME, ONE GHOST DECIDED TO COME BACK FROM THE DEAD...
END

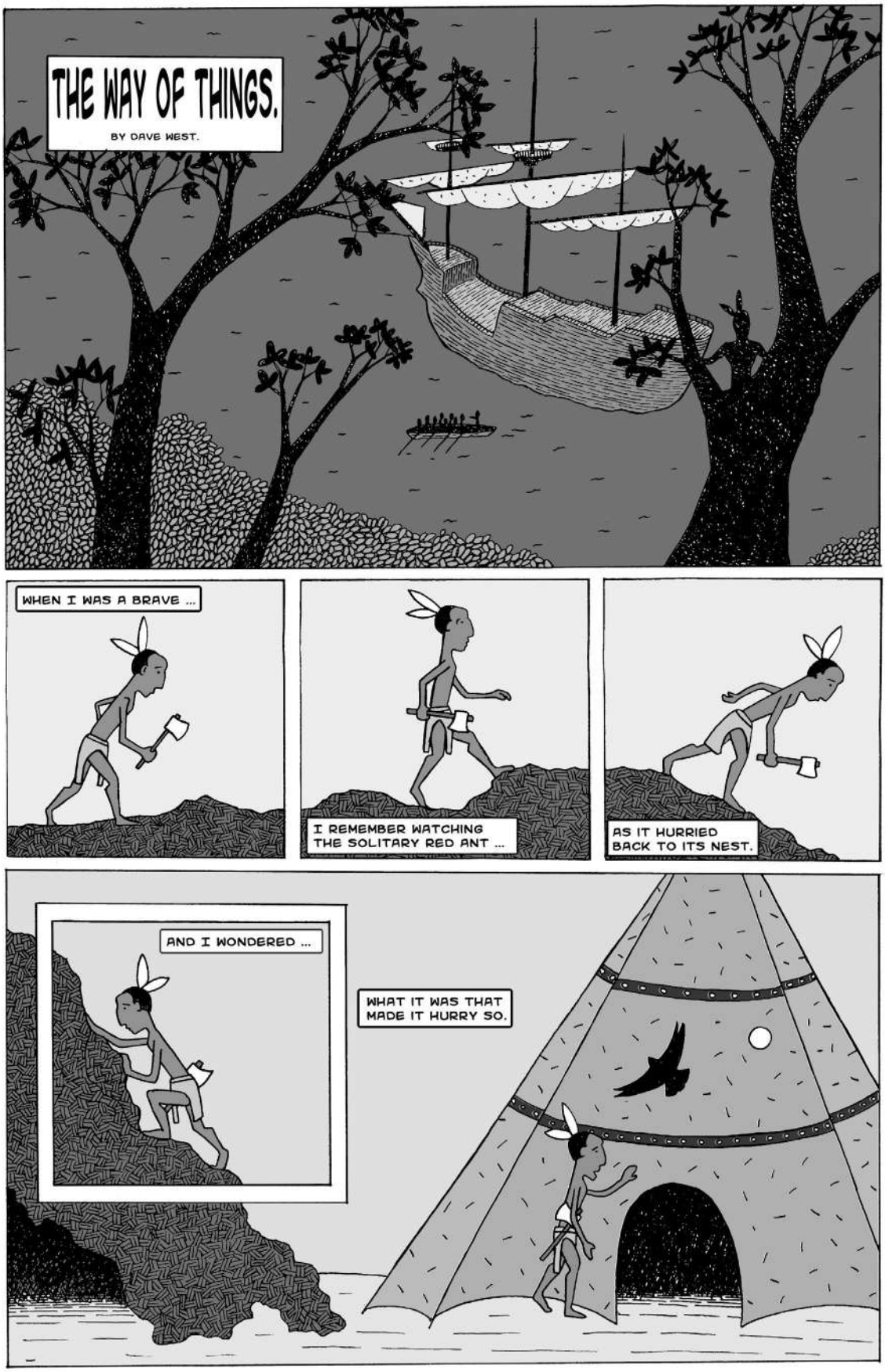
THE COWBOY

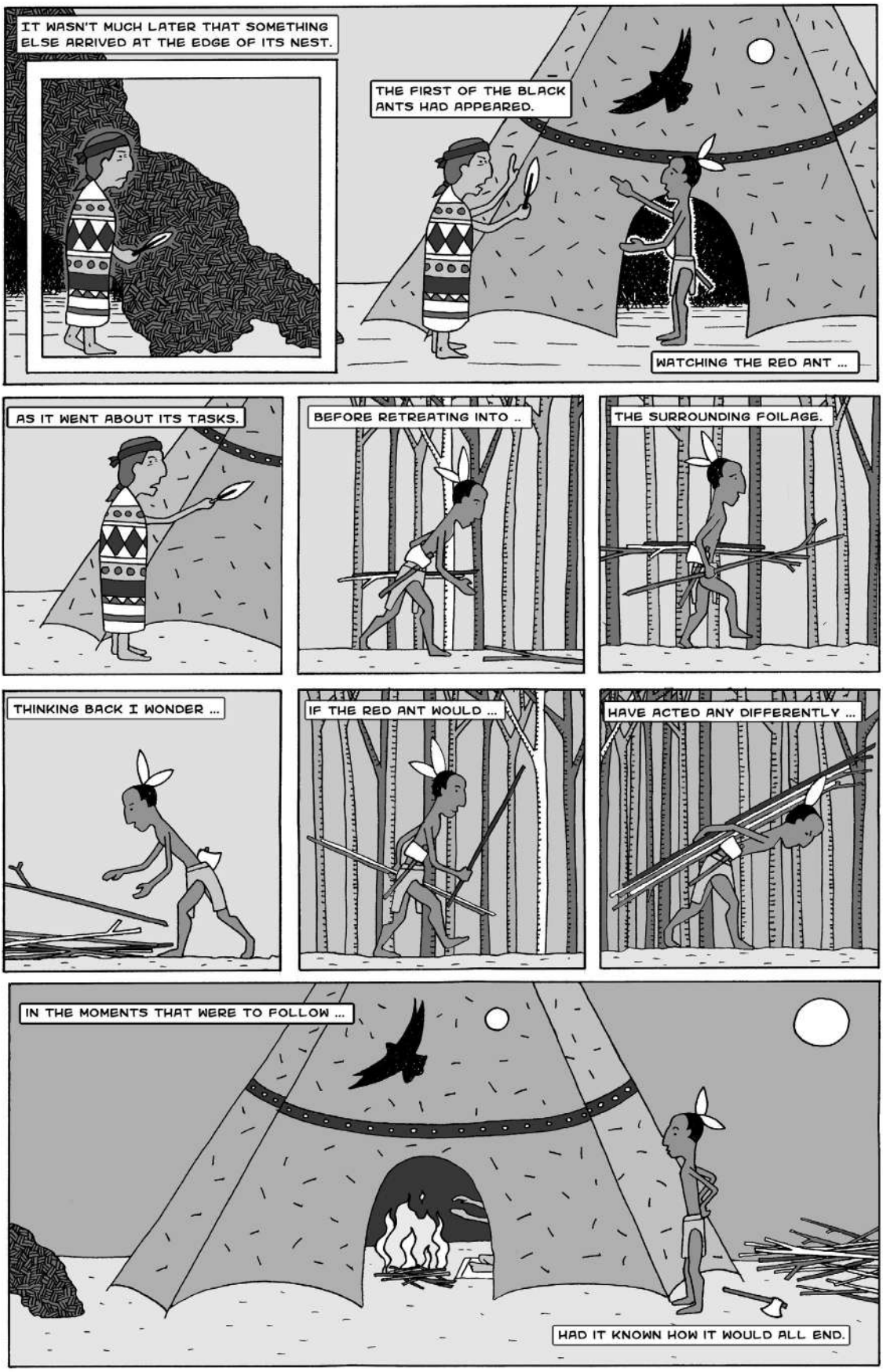
INTERVIEWS: ONE

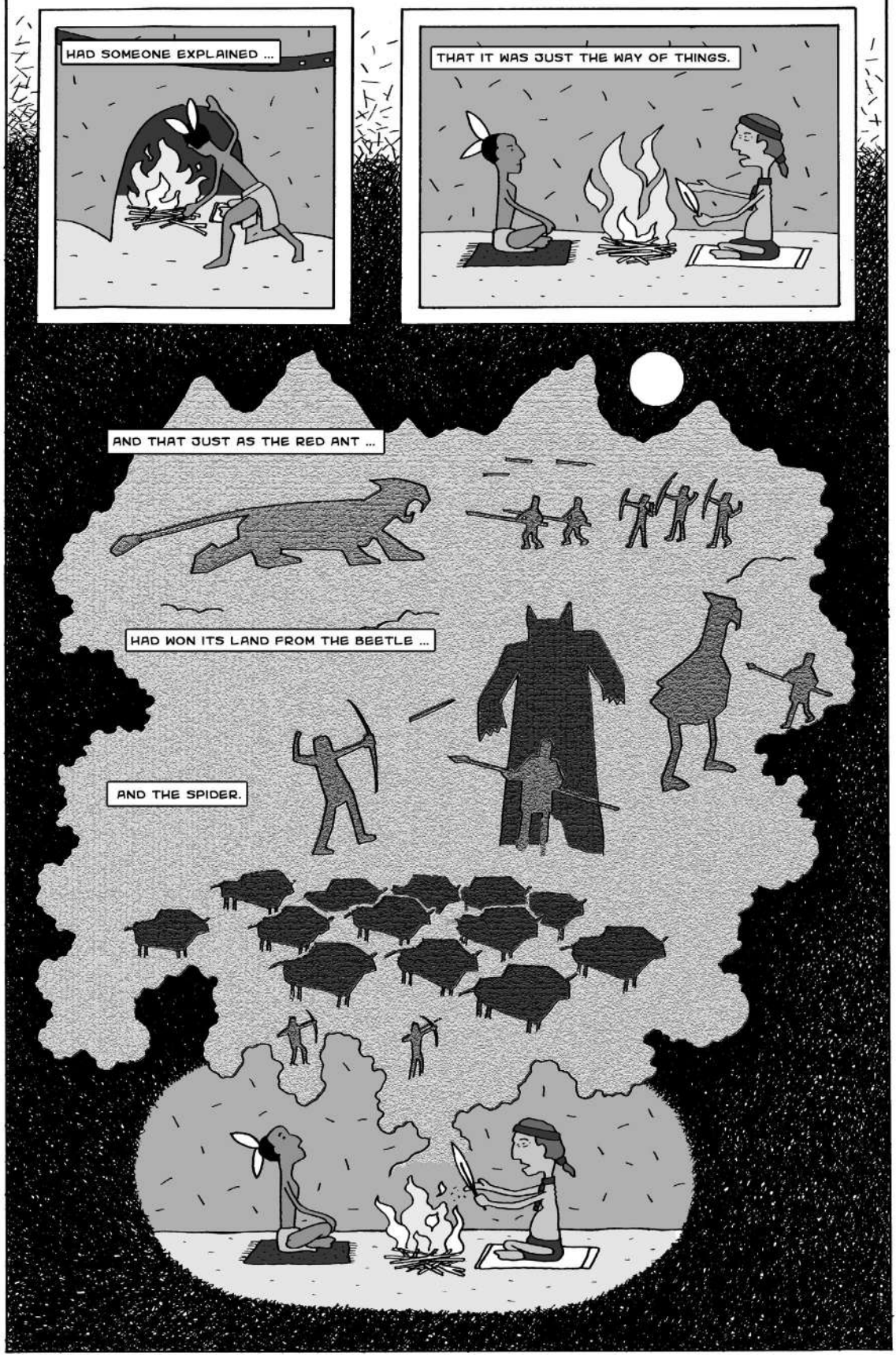
SUBJECT: Just a guy

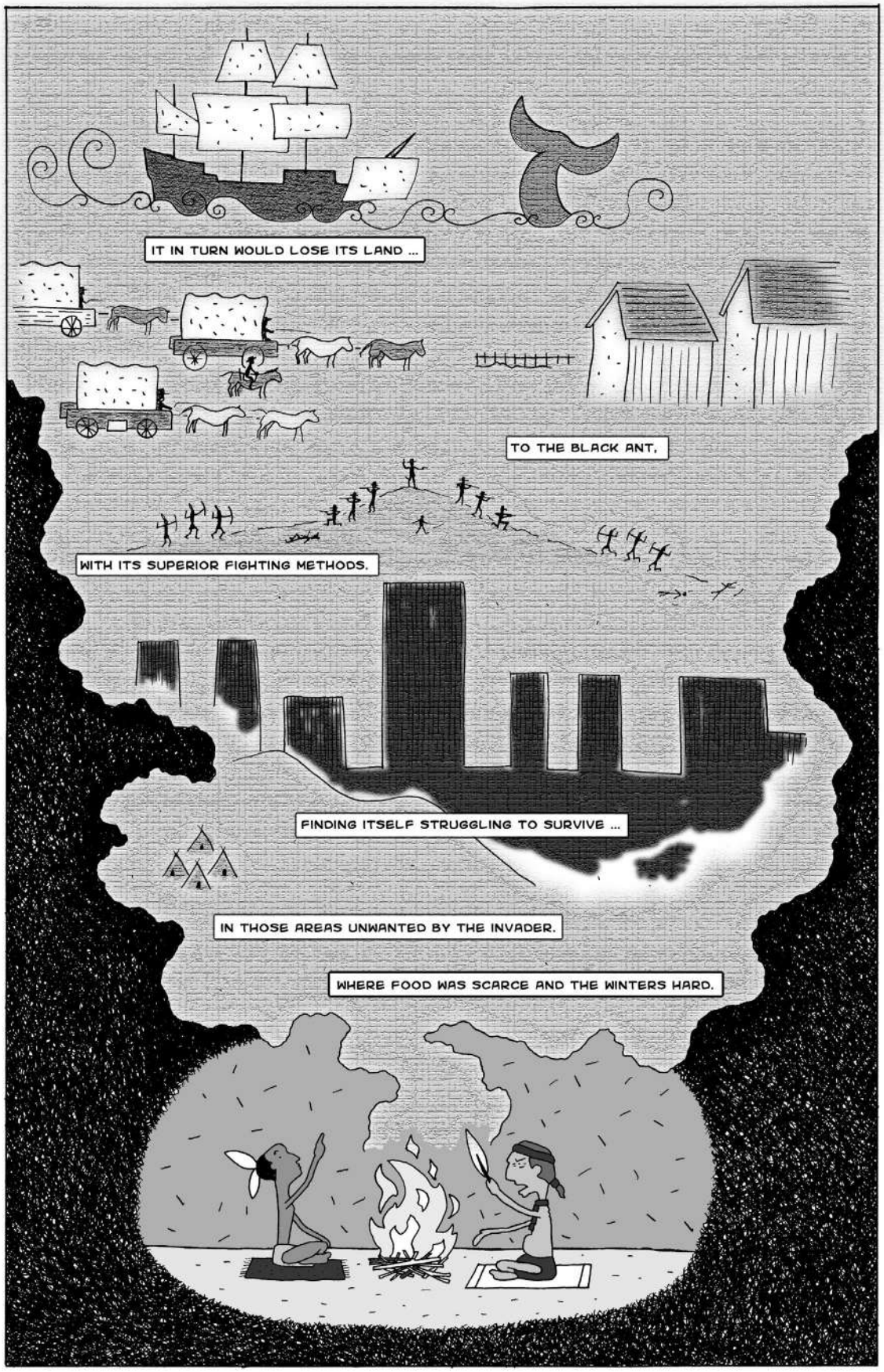
CONDUCTED BY: David Baillie

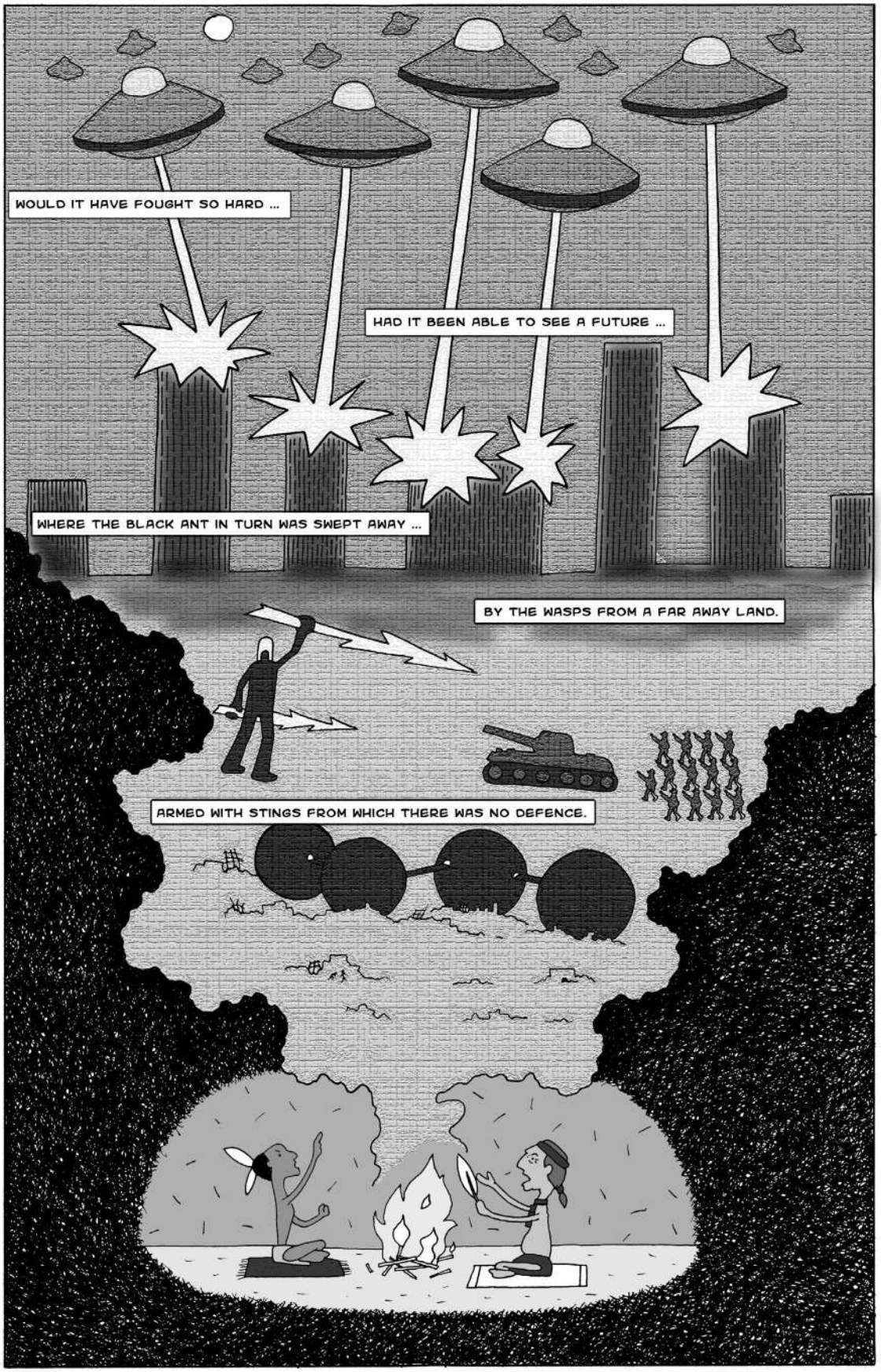


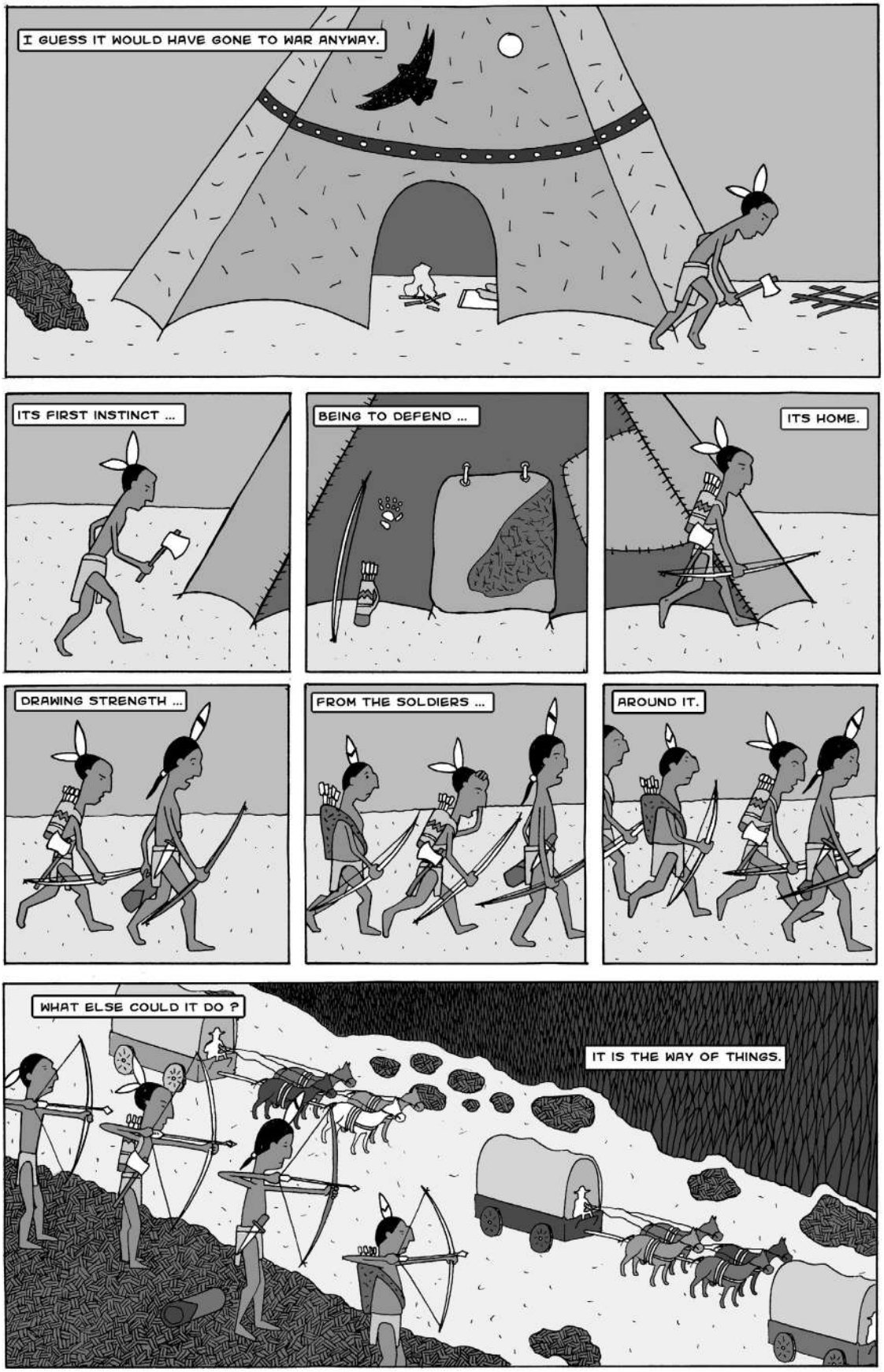

THE WAY OF THINGS.
BY DAVE WEST.
WHEN I WAS A BRAVE ...
I REMEMBER WATCHING THE SOLITARY RED ANT ...
AS IT HURRIED BACK TO ITS NEST.
AND I WONDERED ...
WHAT IT WAS THAT MADE IT HURRY SO.


IT WASN'T MUCH LATER THAT SOMETHING ELSE ARRIVED AT THE EDGE OF ITS NEST.
THE FIRST OF THE BLACK ANTS HAD APPEARED.
WATCHING THE RED ANT ...
AS IT WENT ABOUT ITS TASKS.
BEFORE RETREATING INTO ..
THE SURROUNDING FOILAGE.
THINKING BACK I WONDER ...
IF THE RED ANT WOULD ...
HAVE ACTED ANY DIFFERENTLY ...
IN THE MOMENTS THAT WERE TO FOLLOW ...
HAD IT KNOWN HOW IT WOULD ALL END.


HAD SOMEONE EXPLAINED ...
THAT IT WAS JUST THE WAY OF THINGS.
AND THAT JUST AS THE RED ANT ...
HAD WON ITS LAND FROM THE BEETLE ...
AND THE SPIDER.


IT IN TURN WOULD LOSE ITS LAND ...
TO THE BLACK ANT,
WITH ITS SUPERIOR FIGHTING METHODS.
FINDING ITSELF STRUGGLING TO SURVIVE ...
IN THOSE AREAS UNWANTED BY THE INVADER.
WHERE FOOD WAS SCARCE AND THE WINTERS HARD.


WOULD IT HAVE FOUGHT SO HARD ...
HAD IT BEEN ABLE TO SEE A FUTURE ...
WHERE THE BLACK ANT IN TURN WAS SWEPT AWAY ...
BY THE WASPS FROM A FAR AWAY LAND.
ARMED WITH STINGS FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO DEFENCE.


I GUESS IT WOULD HAVE GONE TO WAR ANYWAY.
ITS FIRST INSTINCT ...
BEING TO DEFEND ...
ITS HOME.
DRAWING STRENGTH ...
FROM THE SOLDIERS ...
AROUND IT.
WHAT ELSE COULD IT DO ?
IT IS THE WAY OF THINGS.


MY BOY USED TO GET TO FIGHTIN' WITH THE OTHER KIDS IN THE SCHOOL YARD...
HE TOLD ME HE COULDN'T BACK DOWN 'COS HE WAS SCARED PEOPLE WOULD THINK HE WAS A COWARD...
FULL OF GOD AND WHISKY. I SAID 'SON, DON'T LET PEOPLE SHAME YOU INTO AN ACT OF VIOLENCE'.
PRIDE IS A SIN'. 'RISE ABOVE IT' I SAID. 'IT TAKES A BIG MAN TO WALK AWAY FROM A FIGHT'.
I REALLY SHOULD PRACTICE WHAT I PREACH...



'THE TEN STEPS'

WRITTEN BY: CRAIG SHIELDS AND PAUL STAFFORD

ART BY: DAN DUNCAN




One.
I don't recall them placing the gun in my hand... I don't know the name of the man at my back...
Two.
I wasn't drunk, I wasn't looking for a fight... this is wrong, I was in church this morning...
Three.
These people... they were in church with me!
Four.
Why won't they stop staring at me?!
Five.
I don't have to do this, I can walk away... I can't kill a man...


Six.
Oh God, was that six or seven?
Seven.
What if he kills me? What if I miss?
Eight.
Oh, God, no... please don't make me do this...
Nine.
I don't want to die...
Ten.

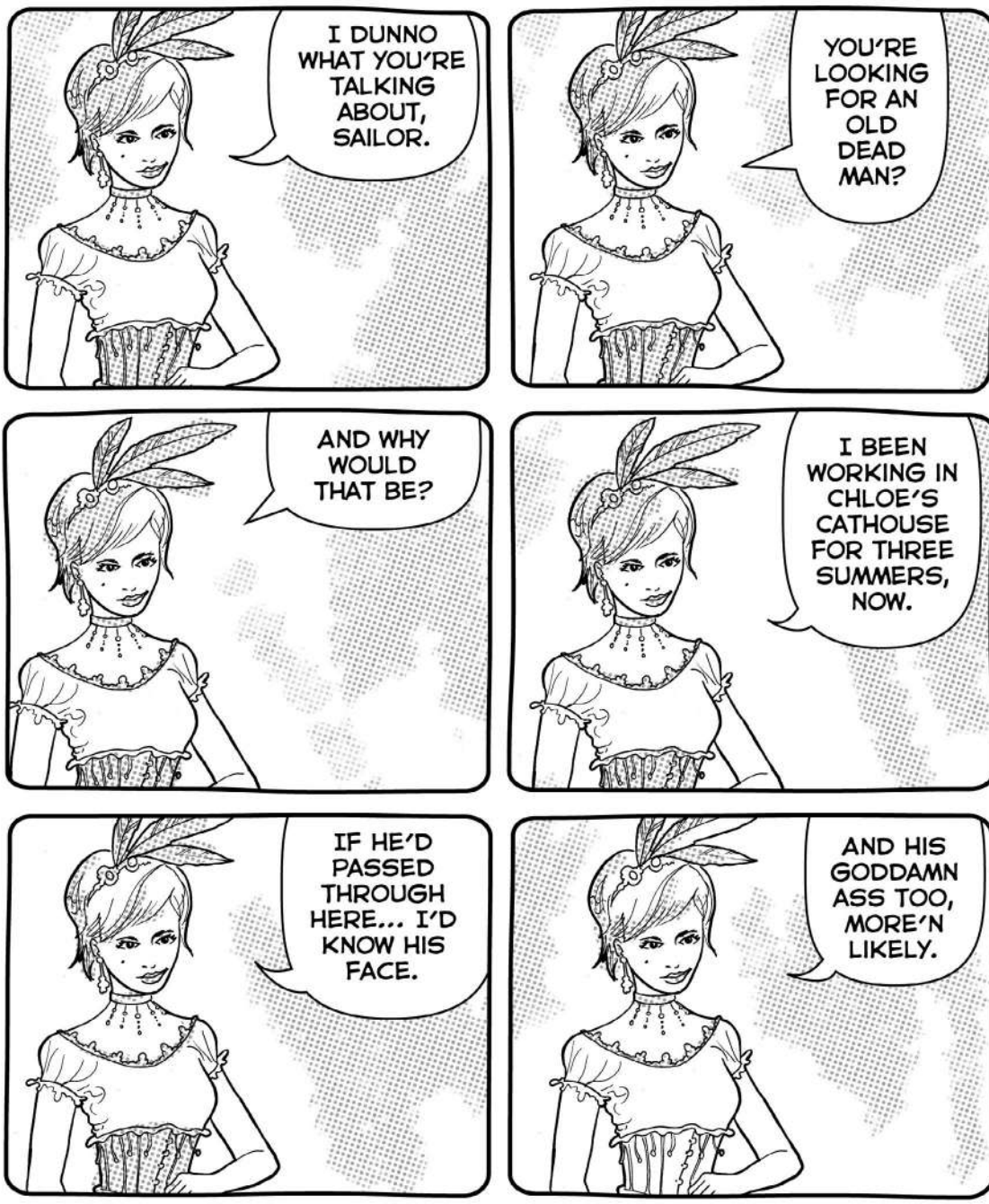


THE COWBOY

SUBJECT: Cathouse Kate

CONDUCTED BY: David Baillie

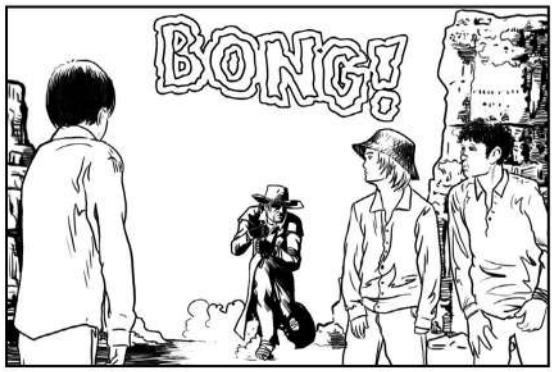
INTERVIEWS: TWO



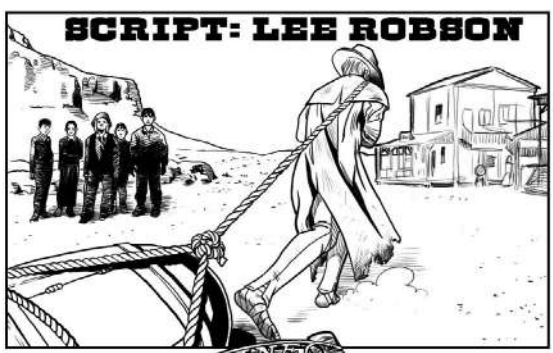


A FISTFUL OF STEAM VALVES





SCRIPT: LEE ROBSON







ART: BRYAN COYLE

ORIGINAL CHARACTER DESIGNS: BILLY ARMSTRONG


GOTTA LOVE A GUY THAT BRINGS HIS OWN COFFIN TO A GUNFIGHT.
I WUZ HOPIN' I'D RUN INTO YOU AGAIN, STRANGER.
A MAN SHOULD ALWAYS FINISH WHAT HE STARTS.
BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!


AH! YOU'RE HERE!
AND ALONE, I SEE... shame.
STILL, WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE LITTLE TOWN! I SEE YOU'VE ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF SOME OF OUR MORE... UNDESIRABLE ELEMENTS.
WHY DIDN'T YOU USE THE GATLING GUN OUTSIDE THERE?
USED UP THE LAST OF THE AMMUNITION IN TUCUMCARI.
YOU COULD'VE JUST... SCARED THEM AWAY WITH IT, YOU KNOW.
I'VE HELD UP MY END OF THE BARGAIN, PROFESSOR, BRINGING THAT THING HERE. HOW ABOUT KEEPING UP YOURS?
I'M GLAD TO HAVE THIS BACK. IT PUTS ME...
THE NAME.
IN A POSITION TO TAKE CARE OF SOME...BUSINESS.
YES... YES! I HAVE IT WRITTEN DOWN HERE SOMEWHERE...
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN BRITISH GOLD... WAR PROFITEERS, I BELIEVE... SELLING THEIR...SPECIAL GUNS TO BOTH SIDES TO KEEP THINGS GOING...
...UNTIL IT WAS STOLEN BY UNION SOLDIERS... AND HIDDEN AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY...
....NOW, ONLY A FEW PEOPLE KNOW EXACTLY WHERE IT'S BURIED.


THE NAME.
Bill Carson.
NEED A RIDE OUT TO THE CEMETARY.
SURE, SON! HOP ON UP.
YOU GONNA BE STICKING AROUND TOWN FOR LONG, STRANGER?
CAN'T SAY.
THAT'S A SHAME!
YOU COULD KEEP ME IN BUSINESS FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR!
GET THAT GUN FIXED IN AS QUICK AS YOU CAN, LADS!
...this time I'll make sure you stay dead, you bastard.


BILL CARSON
SERGIO
SO YOU FOUND IT, HUH, BOY?
THOUGHT I'D LEFT YOU BACK IN TUCUMCARI, COLONEL.
=HEH= HELL OF A WAY TO DISSOLVE OUR PARTNERSHIP.
SO, OLD MAN.
HOW'RE WE GONNA DO THIS?
WELL, WELL, WELL... LOOKS LIKE *EVERYONE* MADE IT.
NOW, GENTLEMEN, AS YOU CAN SEE, I HAVE YOU BOTH *SEVERLY* OUTGUNNED, SO WHAT'S TO STOP ME KILLING YOU BOTH AND GETTING YOU OUT OF *MY* LIFE FOR *GOOD*?
K-L-K-K-L-K-K!
K-L-K-K-L-K-K!
THE FIRING PINS.


HE'S ALL YOURS, OLD MAN.
WHA-?!
NO, WAIT!! THE GOLD--
BA DAM!
SO... THAT STILL LEAVES US.
YEAH... I'M THINKIN' A STRAIGHT FIFTY-FIFTY SPLIT.
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, BOY..
double crossin' sonovabitch.
I moved the gold four days ago.
"the Professor

fin


COYOTE and the GIANT
A Folk tale adapted by Kate Brown
ONE DAY...
GOOD DAY, SIR!
COYOTE WAS ROAMING ABOUT...
UM... I MEAN, MA'AM.
I WOULDN'T CARRY ON DOWN THAT WAY...
THERE'S A GIANT, WHO KILLS EVERYBODY.
OH, REALLY?
THEN I'LL KILL HIM!
HOW... BIG ...IS HE?
KRiiii....
SNAK!
GIANT.
I'M WARNING YOU,
I'LL BRING YOU HIS HEAD!
COYOTE
GIANT
EXCELLENT!


.....
HEY, GIANT!
HEY GIANT
HEY GIANT
HA HA HA!
!!
OW.
OH! PARDON ME.
ARE YOU SICK?
....


I'M WEAK FROM HUNGER...
COULD YOU LEND ME THAT STICK TO HELP ME WALK?
NUH-UH!
I'M GOING TO CLUB THE FAMOUS GIANT WITH IT!
...OH, HA HA!
AH-HEE-HEE-HEE!
KOFF
YOU MUST HAVE WALKED RIGHT IN, THINKING IT WAS A CAVE!
POOR COYOTE! DON'T YOU REALISE YOU'RE ALREADY IN HIS BELLY?
BAH!
DON'T BE SILLY!
I—
OH.
SHLOOP!
SHLOOOO...
IT'S EASY TO WALK IN!
BUT... NOBODY EVER WALKS OUT AGAIN!
goop
goop
goop
goop
HIS BELLY FILLS THE ENTIRE VALLEY!
goop!
goop!
goop!
goop!


goop goop squish goop
HMM.
goop goo-
AH!
OH...
ARE YOU LOT ALL STARVED, TOO?
HELP.
SIGH.
IDIOTS!
BAP BAP!
WHY AREN'T YOU TRYING TO HELP YOURSELVES?
IF THIS REALLY IS THE GIANT'S BELLY...
SKLIT!
...THEN YOU CAN JUST EAT YOUR WAY OUT!
OH!
WE DIDN'T THINK OF THAT.
YEAH, WELL.
SHRRT
YOU'RE NOT AS CLEVER AS ME.


HERE YOU GO!
EAT UP AND BE STRONG!
MEAT...!
NOM! NOM!
NOM! NOM
NOM!
SHLUU
HUNGRY AS WE ARE, COYOTE—
I DON'T THINK WE CAN EAT THROUGH THE WHOLE GIANT...
NOM!
THAT'S TRUE, FRIEND,
WELL, I STILL INTEND TO KILL THIS GIANT.
THEN, HE'LL BE NO DANGER TO ANYONE!
PLUS, I PROMISED THAT OLD MAN.
I MEAN, WOMAN.
BAH.
LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING...!

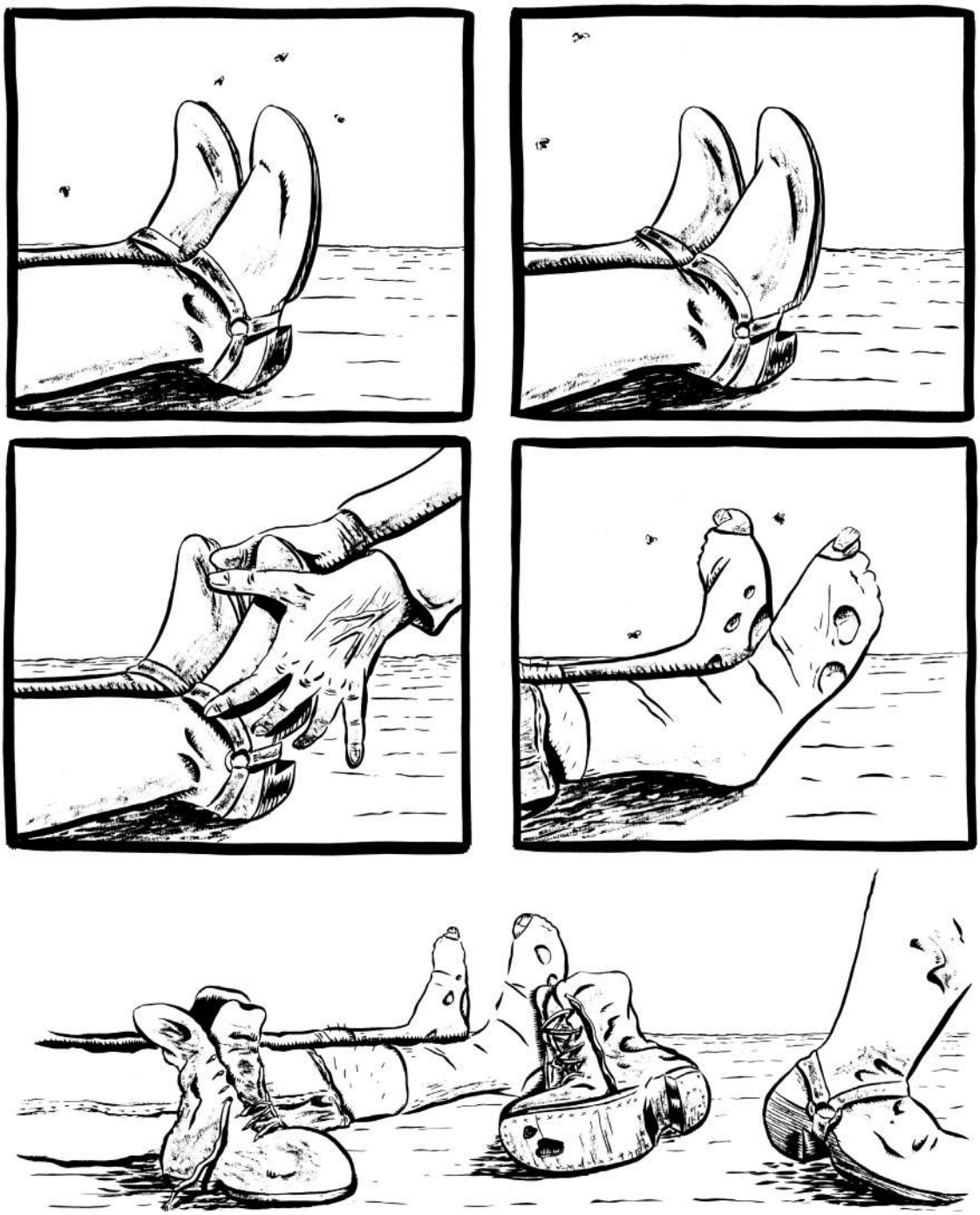

OH!
FWOOOOOM
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
THAT'S HIS HEART.
UURRHHH!!
WHO IS THIS, STABBING AT ME?
SKRIK!
COYOTE.

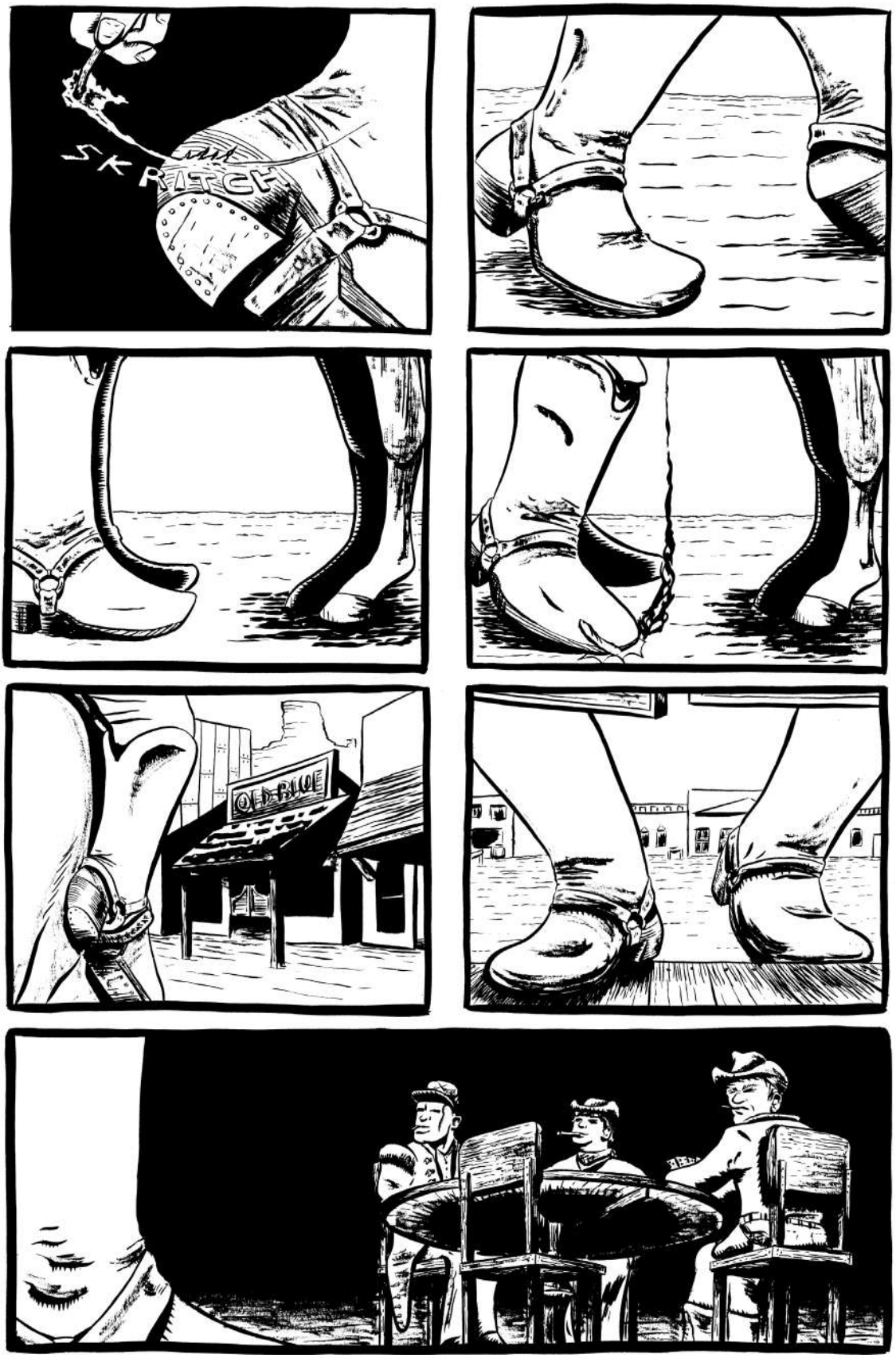

RRAHH
UUUR
AH!!
STOP IT
STOP IT!
I'LL OPEN MY MOUTH SO YOU CAN LEAVE!!
UUURR
RAAARHH!!
RUN!
HA HA!

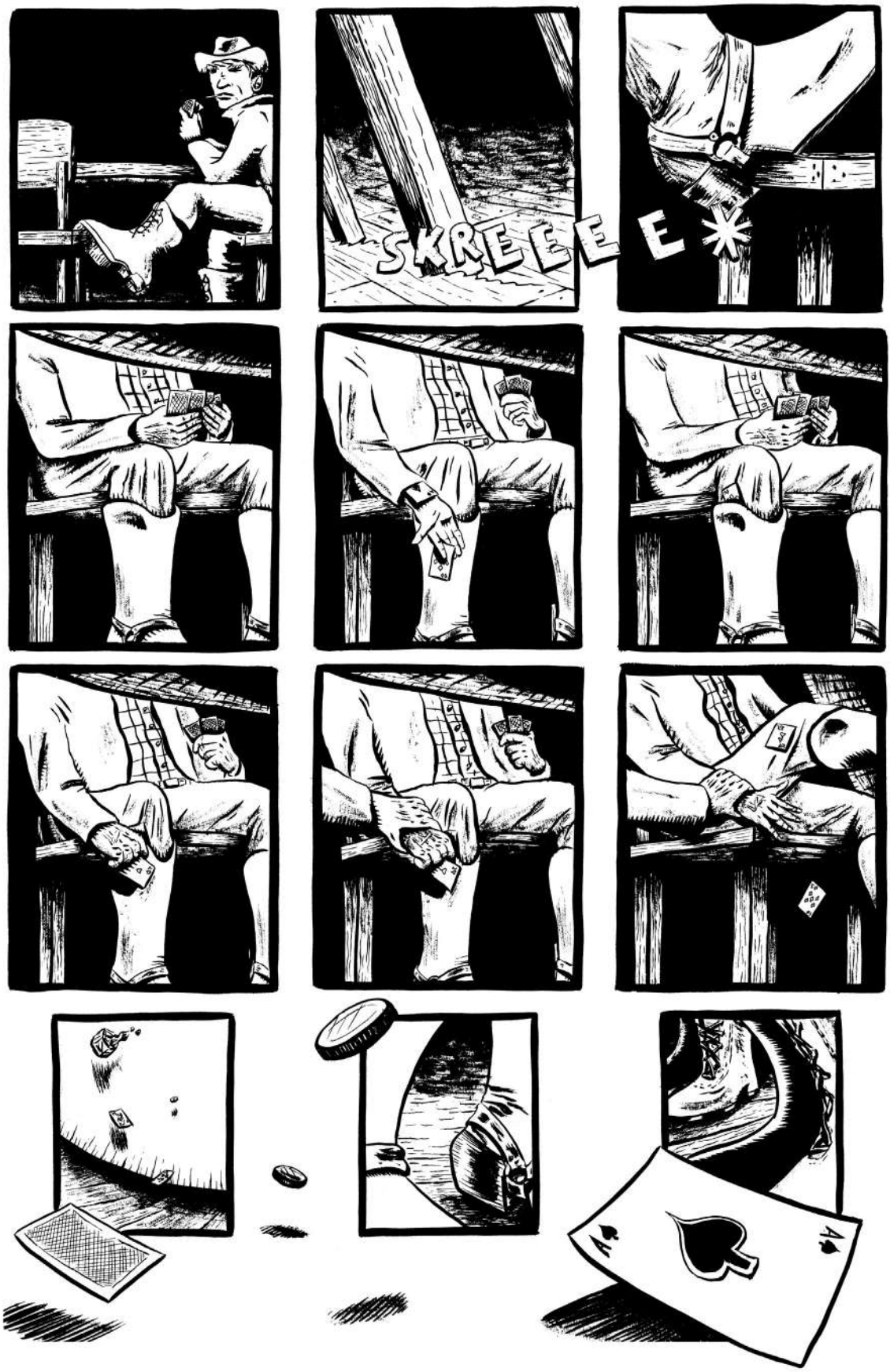

RUMBLE
QUICK!
RUMBLE RUMBLE
BEFORE HIS MOUTH SHUTS FOREVER!
RUMBLE!
RUMBLE! BLARGH!!
POP!
HA HA!
THE END!

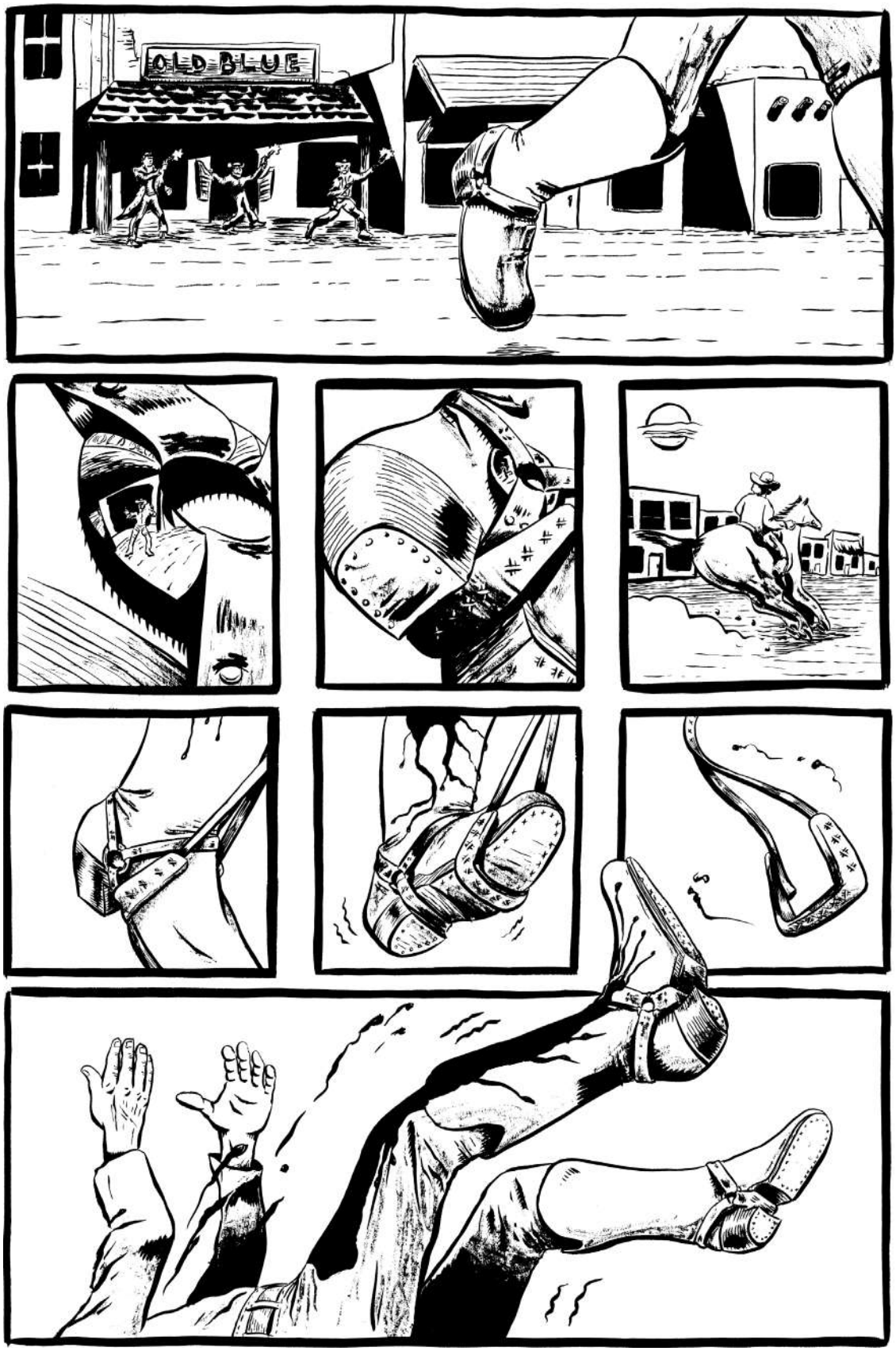
BOOTS

BY MORGAN PIELLI




SKRATCH
OLD BLUE


SKREEEE*


OLD BLUE

THE COWBOY

SUBJECT: Sheriff Tom

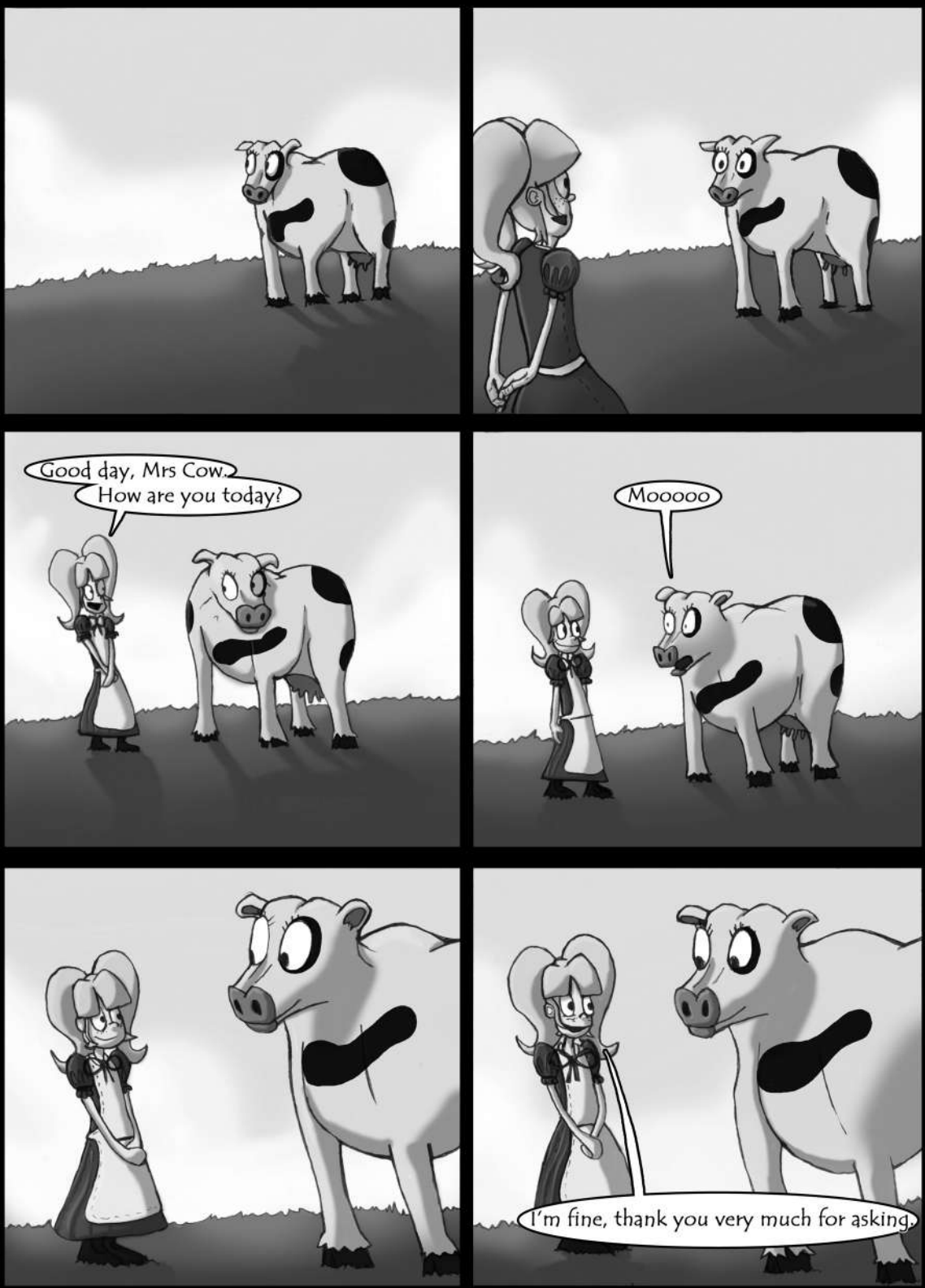
CONDUCTED BY: David Baillie

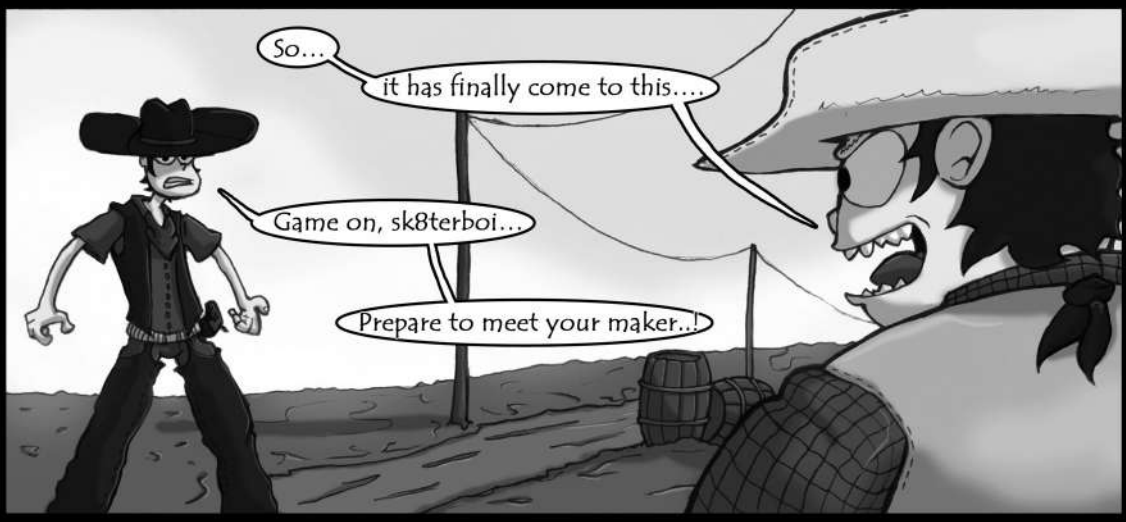
INTERVIEWS: THREE




...And Everything Nice
Story by
Michael Lindal Andersen
Art By
Dan G Barritt
Darn it, Wilson! Just surrender and I will at least spare the girls life! I promise you a quick and painless death!
I'll be a monkeys uncle before I surrender, McGrady! Damn you and the horse you rode in on!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

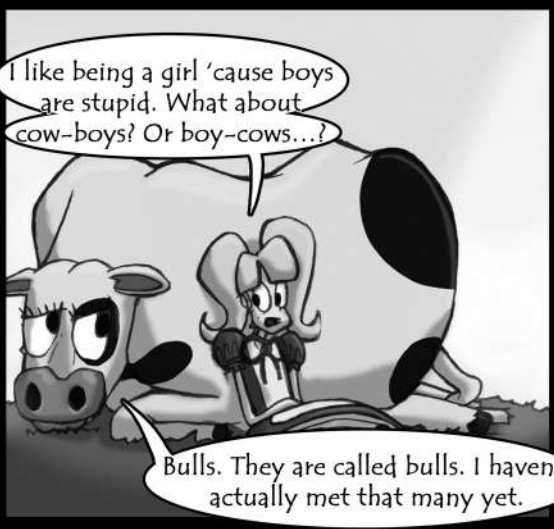

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
I SHOT YOU FIRST! NO, I SHOT YOU FIRST! YOU DIRTY ROTTEN SO-AND-SO!!
Where is she going? We're playing...


Good day, Mrs Cow.
How are you today?
Mooooo
I'm fine, thank you very much for asking.


So…
it has finally come to this….
Game on, sk8terboi…
Prepare to meet your maker..!


Do you like being a cow?
Most of the time, yes.
Not so much during winter, but I like being outdoors where there is plenty of grass.

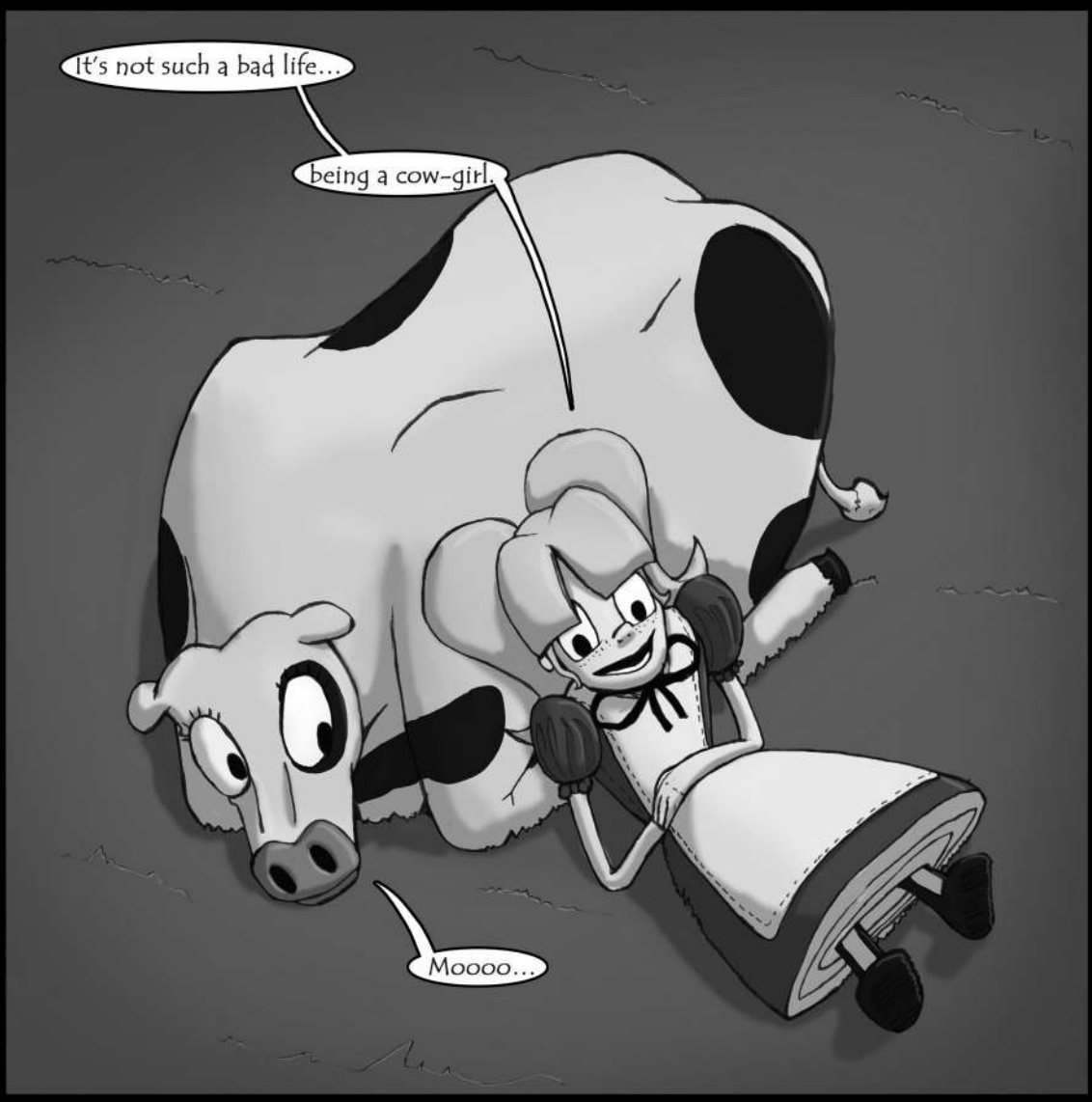

I'm not sure, I would like eating grass. I like cheese.
I make cheese. Sort of. I make the milk.
I know.
Thank you very much. Much appreciated.


I like being a girl 'cause boys are stupid. What about cow-boys? Or boy-cows…?
Bulls. They are called bulls. I haven't actually met that many yet.


Boys are stupid, smelly and gross.
Frogs and snails…


POP!
Do you understand other animals too?
Nope. Just cows. Dunno why.
It's not normal for people to be able to understand us.
You are a strange human. Maybe you are part cow?





To my friend, Dan Denholt. Give 'em Hell, cowboy!
- Michael


YEE-HAW, NOW I'VE GOT ME THE GOLD!
SHOOTING
STORY: ALEXI CONMAN
ART: NIC WILKINSON
HANDS UP, YOU VARMINT!
OH NO! THE SHERIFF!
WELLS FAR
& CO.
NO ONE GETS THEIR HANDS ON MY GOLD!


SHERIFF MCCLUCKETY'S GOLDEN CHICKEN BITS, THAT IS!!!
THEY'RE CRISPY, GOLDEN AND ROOTING-TOOTINGLY DEEEEEEELICIOUS!
AND... CUT!
CHICKEN NUGGETS
GOOD STUFF GUYS. THAT'S THE TAKE WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR NICE BIG SMILES AT THE END THERE. NOT SO DIFFICULT, WAS IT?
OKAY PEOPLE, BREAK FOR LUNCH, BACK IN THIRTY FOR THE MULE SCENE.



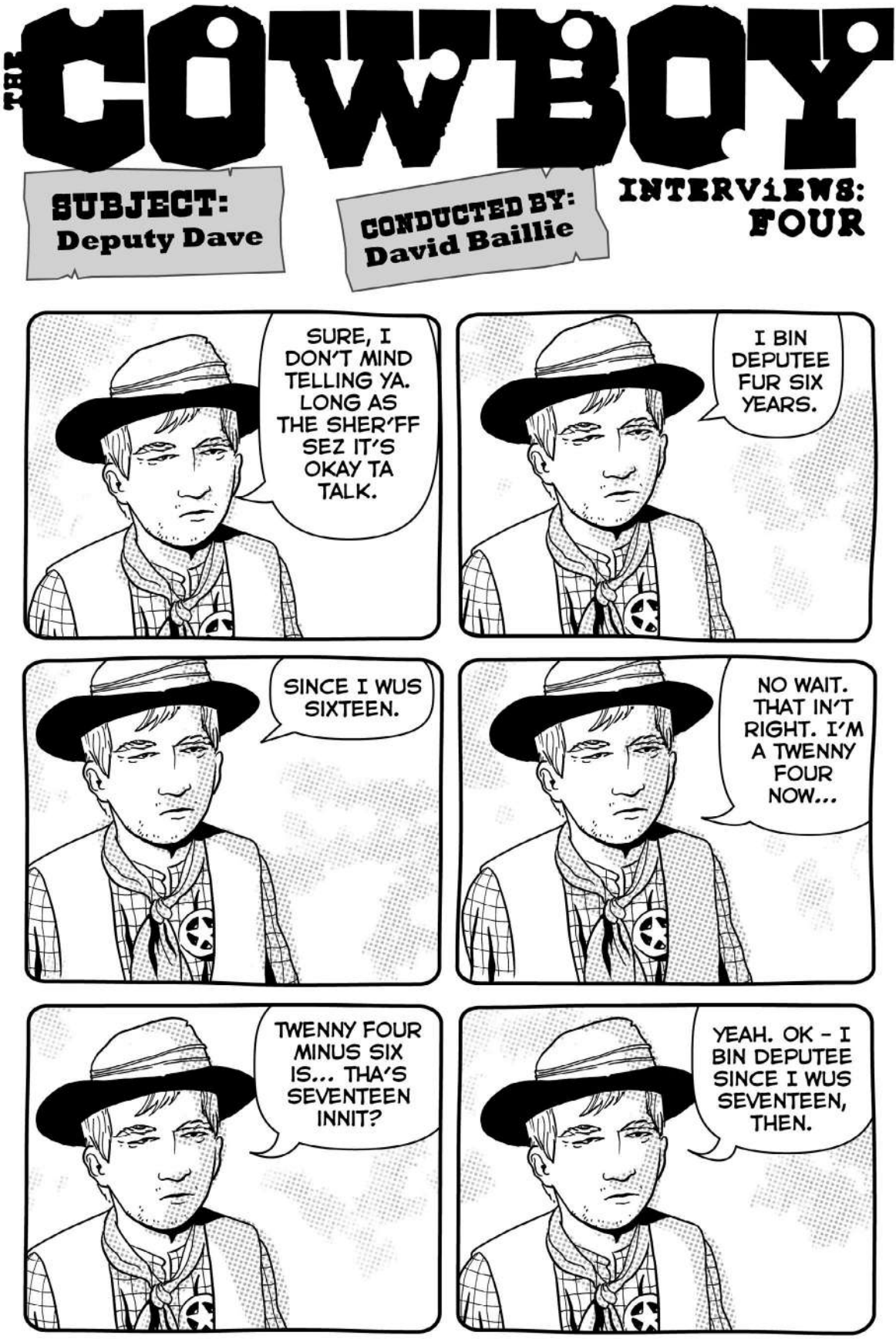

HANDS UP, YOU VARMINT.
GO TO HELL, LAWMAN.
WELLS FAR
& CO.


HEH.
NOT QUITE, YA DUMB SUMBITCH.


PETE? DOES YOUR MAKE-UP NEED TOUCHING UP?
WE'RE SHOOTING AGAIN IN FIVE.
PETE?



GRAEME NEIL REID 27-08-08


THE COWBOY
SUBJECT: Deputy Dave
CONDUCTED BY: David Baillie
INTERVIEWS: FOUR
SURE, I DON'T MIND TELLING YA. LONG AS THE SHER'FF SEZ IT'S OKAY TA TALK.
I BIN DEPUTEE FUR SIX YEARS.
SINCE I WUS SIXTEEN.
NO WAIT. THAT IN'T RIGHT. I'M A TWENNY FOUR NOW...
TWENNY FOUR MINUS SIX IS... THA'S SEVENTEEN INNIT?
YEAH. OK - I BIN DEPUTEE SINCE I WUS SEVENTEEN, THEN.


You are lucky to meet me, boy.
I will not sell you snake oils and unctions.
OSLO MAGNIFICO
As a true thaumaturge, I shall sell you your future.
The man you seek left his mark upon you.
But she... she marked you deeper.
Your hatred keeps you alive.
Only love will finally kill you.
Are you awake?
Bram, he's still asleep.
I fear he won't wake up.
...he won't wake up...


...he won't wake up...


No.
Rec'd
TO ALL POINTS IN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH PROVINCES.
United States Telegraph Company,
34 WESTMINSTER ST., OPPOSITE
No. 1.
- Mr. J. D. West, c/o Lucky Diamond Ranch, Carson Falls, Montana -
- I hope that this message finds you both soon and well -
- The War has left me in turmoil -


EARNSHAW
- Bram, my own, is dead, and our lands are now disputed -
- by ranchers with an arrow brand so much like your own -
- At this time, I think of you, and implore that you might aid me -
- I ask not because we cared once for you, or that any such debt was ever in my thoughts -
- nor that Bram has left me more than alone, and I find myself with not one soul to turn to -
- but that those very ghosts which had once so haunted you seem visited now upon me -




- Mister West (young Joe, as was) I am beset by wolves -
- They are hungry for my life, for my very home -
- Each day grows more bitter cold -
- and the snows are coming in -
- I fear that your way here shall soon become impassable -


Death follows you, boy.
As you follow it.
SNIK!
Your entire life shall be death.
- I am left alone now. And the lone prey is known the weakest -
- I pray so hard for that, if only for my own sake -
- I pray this telegram finds you promptly, and that you travel quick -
- Yours, in hope, Mrs. Amelia Earnshaw. (Amy) -
EARNSHAW
MRS. EARNSHAW'S TELEGRAM
A JERUSALEM WEST STORY
ANDREW CHEVERTON & TIM KEABLE
TIM KEABLE


A SERG LEODNY MACHETE WESTERN
FISTFUL OF CORPSE MEAT!
NOW HERE IS A SONG AN ITS GOTTA BE SUNG ABOUT A BUNCH OF BAD FOLKS WHO CAME INTO OUR TOWN WALKING AN KILLING AN STAGGERING AROUND.... WHEN THEY SHOULDVE BIN LYING COLD AN STILL IN THE GROUND!
BIDDLE-
SQUEAL
DING-DING-DING deeee DING-DEE BINNG!
WANTE
PICTURES & LYRICS
ELINDI

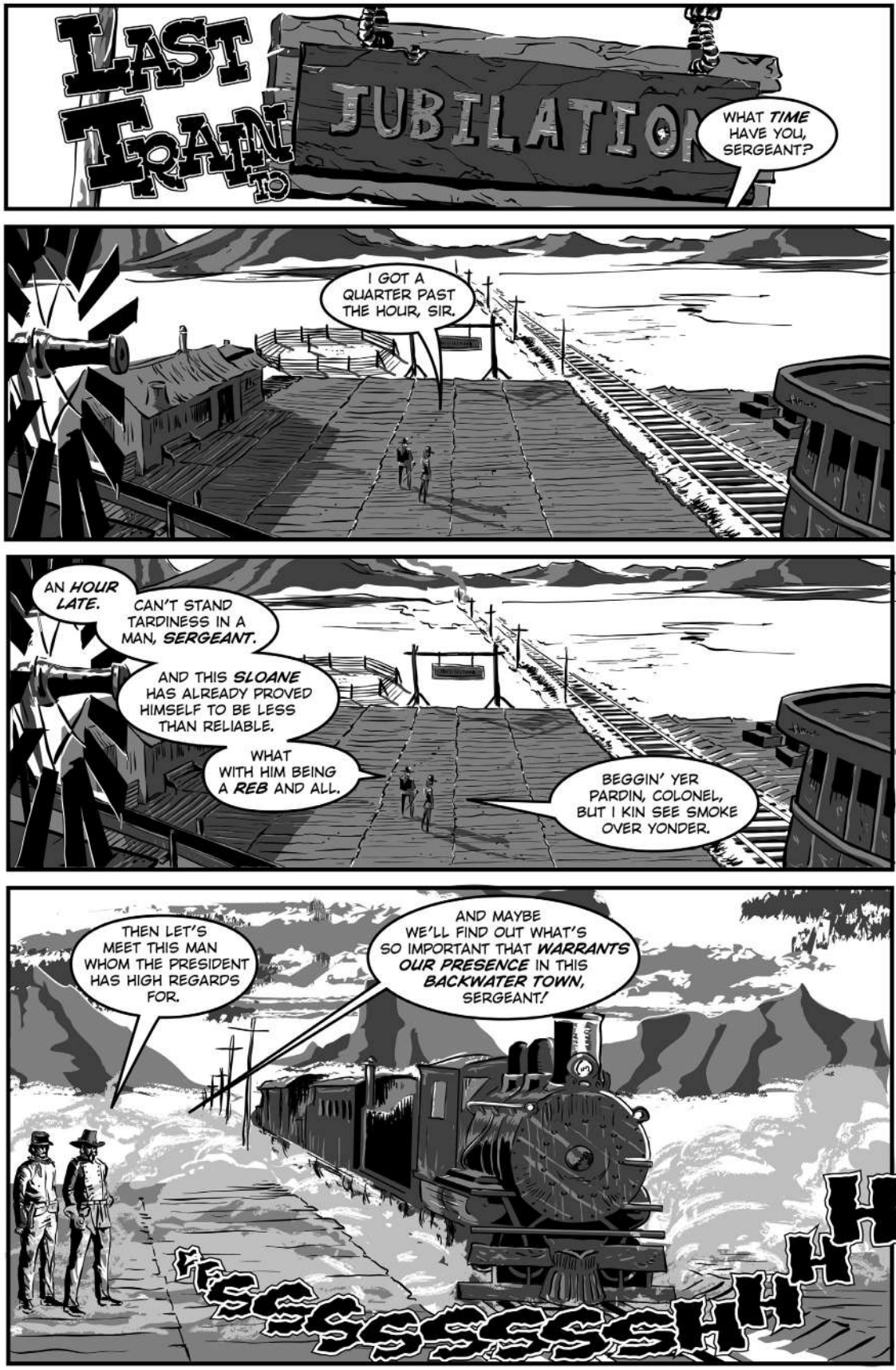

DANG!
URP!
THERE WUZ BLACK FRANK THE HAT, SCARFACE HERNANDEZ AN CLAMMY HANDS JANE DRIVEN BY HUNGER AN LOADED ON PAIN
OH LA! LA!
HEH! HEH! HEH!
BRAIMS!
BACK FROM THE GRAVE AN LUSTING FOR BLOOD MEAT IN THEIR MOUTHS AND LUNGS FULL OF MUD
CHOMP!
ET
I SAY!
YOMPF!!
GEE!
THEY ATE UP ALL THE LIVESTOCK AND THE YOUNGUNS TOO AS IF THEM DARNED CRITTERS HAD NUTHIN BETTER TUH DO!


BOOTHILL
BUT UP FROM THE BONEYARD COMED SOME STIFF COMPETITION AN UNHOLY GUNSLINGER STRAIGHT OUTTA PERDITION.
SO THE DEVIL RIDES IN an SEZ...
I'VE COME TO COLLECT THE BOUNTY THAT HANGS ROUND ALL Y'ALL NECKS!
HOSS SHIT AN BRIMSTONE YEP THAT WUZ THE SMELL THAT STENCH WUZ the TRADEMARK OF A COWBOY FRUM HELL!


THOSE COFFIN DODGIN VARMINTS THAT PUT US IN DANGER PIPED UPAN AXED...
WHO ARE YOU STRANGER?
TUH WHICH HE REPLIED
IVE COME HERE FROM TARNATION ORHADNT YA HEARD? SO GIT READY PARDNERS TA BE RE-INTERED!
MADRE DE DIOS!
ELSEGUNDA!
HI IM JOHNNY SLASH!
SHO-NUFF!
BLACK FRANK THE HAT NOW TOTALLY OUTTA HIS TREE SED...
DO YOUSE HAVE THE MUSCLE TO TUSSLE WI ME?


I DONT RIGHTLY KNOW OLDMAN GUESS WE'LL JUS WAIT AND SEE!
FINISH YORE SINNING AN GIT READY TA DIE!!!
BLACK FRANK the HAT DREW his PIECE, FORGED BY CRAFTSMEN UNDEAD...
BANG!
AND SHOT THE WEIRD STRANGER RIGHT THRU the HEAD!!


But he sat BOLT UPRIGHT and in a VOICE COLD AND INSANE TOLD him..
IM THE ANENCEPHALY KID SON...
...THE MAN WITH NO BRAIN!
HE IN UM HEAP BIG TROUBLE NOW!
TELL WALLACE
IM FREE!
CHONKO!
SHADAP!
COS ITS A FISTFULL OF CORPSEMEAT MAH FRIEND MAH FRIEND A FISTFULL OF CORPSEMEAT TILL THE BITTER EN*


LAST TRAIN TO
JUBILATION
WHAT TIME HAVE YOU, SERGEANT?
I GOT A QUARTER PAST THE HOUR, SIR.
AN HOUR LATE.
CAN'T STAND TARDINESS IN A MAN, SERGEANT.
AND THIS SLOANE HAS ALREADY PROVED HIMSELF TO BE LESS THAN RELIABLE.
WHAT WITH HIM BEING A REB AND ALL.
BEGGIN' YER PARDIN, COLONEL, BUT I KIN SEE SMOKE OVER YONDER.
THEN LET'S MEET THIS MAN WHOM THE PRESIDENT HAS HIGH REGARDS FOR.
AND MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT THAT WARRANTS OUR PRESENCE IN THIS BACKWATER TOWN, SERGEANT!
FSSSSSSSHHHH


YOU WOULD BE SLOANE, YES?
I'M COLONEL BROGERT...
..AND I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY THAT YOU'RE OVER AN HOUR LATE AND I DON'T LI...
YOU GOT MY INSTRUCTIONS?
EXCUSE ME?
MY INSTRUCTIONS.
YOU GOT THEM?
ERRR... YES. YES I RECEIVED THEM
YOU FOLLOW THEM TO THE LETTER?
I'M A UNION OFFICER! OF COURSE I FOLLOWED YOUR INSTRUCTIONS!
THEN, YOU AND ME GOT NOTHING ELSE TO DISCUSS.
I'LL BE DAMNED IF I LET REBEL SCUM LIKE YOU TALK TO A UNION OFFICER LIKE THEY WERE TRASH!
AND YOU'LL BE DEADER THAN A SQUASHED TICK ON MY ASS, IF'N YOU DON'T GIT YER HANDS OFFA ME.
THE SERGEANT SAYS WE CAN USE THE FOUR HORSES, ALREADY PACKED WITH WHAT WE NEED, THAT'S TIED OUTSIDE THE SALOON.
AND THE MINE?
ABOUT TWO MILES NORTH O' TOWN.
THEN GENTLEMEN...
...LET'S RIDE!


MINE'S JUST A WAYS UP THE HILL.
RECKON IT'LL BE GUARDED?
YUP.
THE TOWNSFOLK?
YUP.
SHIT!
I TAKE NO PLEASURE IN KILLIN' WIMMEN AND YOUNG UN'S.
"I GOT ME A FEELIN' THAT YER CONSCIENCE AIN'T GONNA BE A FACTER IN YER KILLIN' TODAY, CALEB."
YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT THERE, SLOANE.
THEY SURE ARE SOME UGLY CRITTERS.
YUP.
BUT THEY BLEED JEST LIKE REGULAR FOLK.


BAM
BAM
BAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BA-BOOM
BA-BOOM
BA-BOOM


AS THE DUST CLEARS, ONLY THE FOUR GUNMEN REMAIN STANDING.
HOW IS IT?
CALEB, I'M RELYIN' ON YOU. GIVE ME AN HOUR, IF I'M NOT OUT BY THEN, SEAL THE MINE.
THEN RIDE OUT.
MAKE SURE THAT ASS OF A COLONEL HAS SET THE CHARGES ALL THROUGH JUBILATION.
HURTS LIKE A SONAVABITCH!
I DON'T WANT ANYTHING LEFT STANDIN' IN THAT TOWN.
LAM, ONCE YOU FINISHED A BANDAGING MONK'S ARM, I WANT YOU TO SET YER CHARGES AROUND THE ENTRANCE O' THET THERE MINE.
ONCE WE BLOW IT, I DON'T WANT NOBODY TO KNOW THERE WUS A MINE HERE.
I KNOW YOU KIN FEEL ME COMING.
AND I HOPE THAT SHIT YER GOT FER BLOOD HAS TURNED ICY JEST KNOWIN' IT!
BAM BAM
THET WUS JUST PLAIN SLOPPY...
...AND A MITE INSULTIN', I MIGHT ADD.
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER
YOU KNOW, FER A WHILE THERE, I HAD MY DOUBTS...


... BUT IT SEEMS THAT *BLIND INJUN BASTID* WUS TELLIN' THE TRUTH.
IT JEST MAKES ME FIT T'BUST SEEING YA'LL WEDGED IN LIKE THAT.
FANCY, ONE O'THE HIGH AN' MIGHTY *ELDER GODS* STUCK, LIKE YER COMMON HORNY TOAD.
AND / AIMS TO MAKE SURE IT'LL BE A LONG TIME IN HELL A'FORE ANYONE FINDS YA TO *DIG YER OUT*..
YOOOUUU WIIILLLL DIIIEEEE PAAAINNNFFUUULLY MANLING
MEBBE...
...*BUT*, NOT TODAY, / THINK.
NOW, THIS AIN'T GONNA *KILL YA*.
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
"...BUT IT'LL BE A MIGHT PAINFUL *FER TWENTY YEARS OR SO.*"


SO, NOT QUITE FINISHED, YET.
...AND MORE BESIDES.
WHOOOSH!!
COME ON THEN...
WHO'S FER DYING FIRST!!

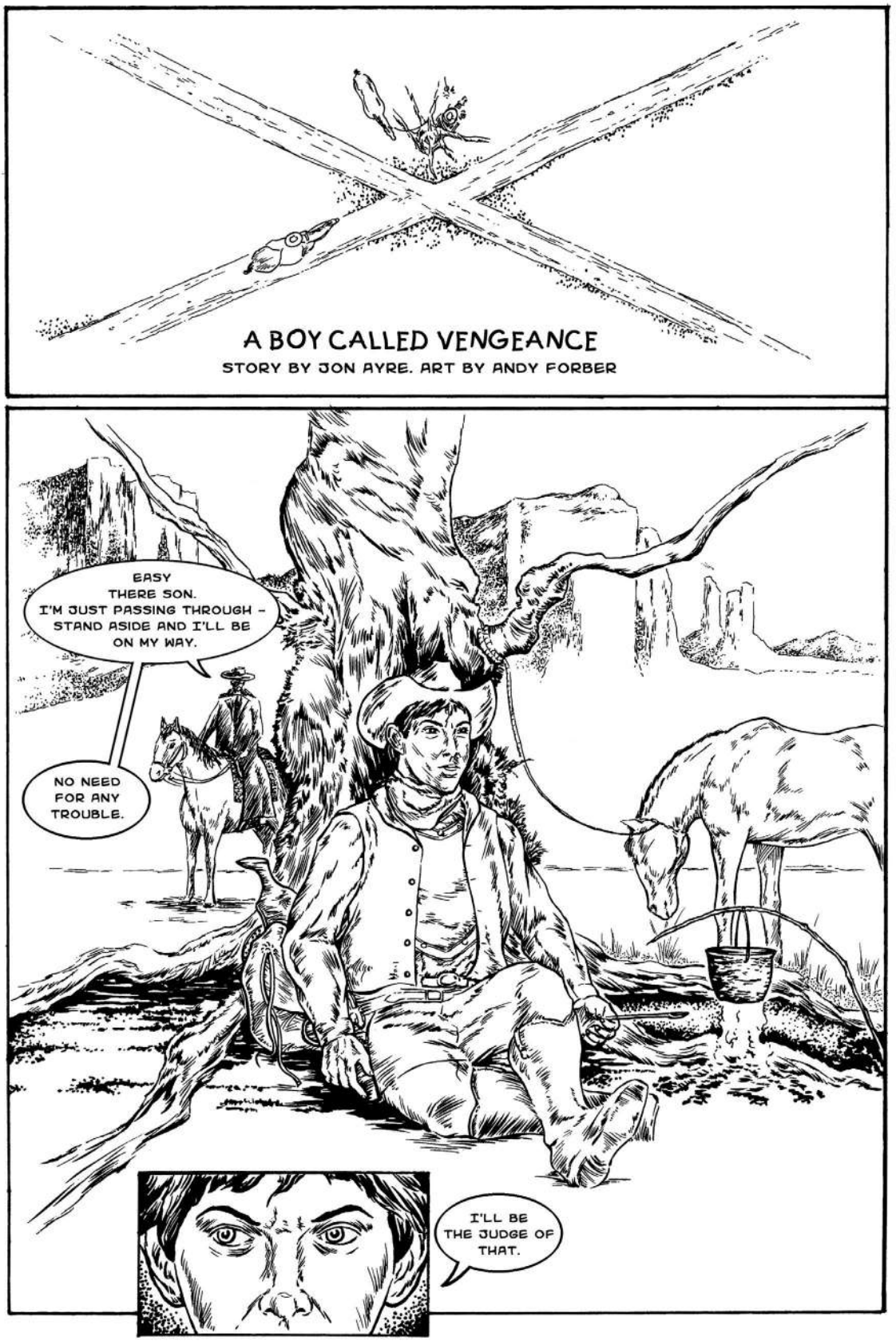

ANY SIGN OF HIM?
HOUR'S NEARLY UP.
NOPE.
JEST SOME SHOOTIN' AWHILE BACK.
SINCE THEN, NOT A HIDE NOR SOUND.


DAMN!

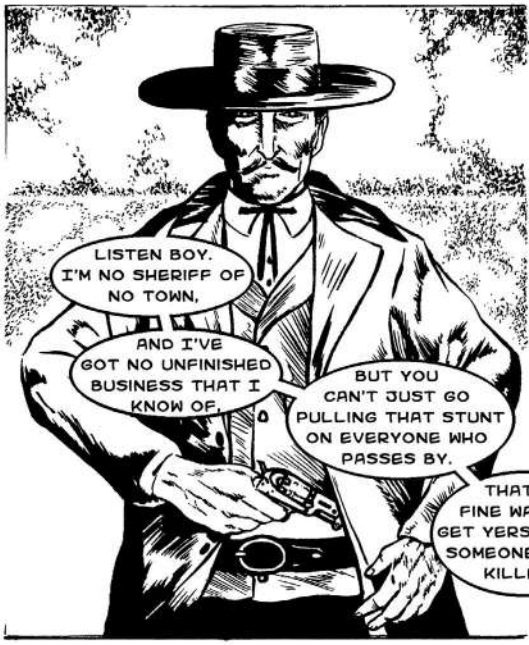

SADDLE UP GENTLEMEN.
LETS BLOW THIS GODDAMNED MINE AND GIT BACK TO TOWN.
I WANNA MAKE SURE THAT FOOL OF A COLONEL DONE WHAT HE'S TOLD.


I AIMS TO BLOW THAT TOWN TO THE FIERY GATES O' HELL.
THERE'LL BE NO MORE TRAINS A STOPPIN' AT THE TOWN O' JUBILATION.
NOT NOW, NOT EVER!

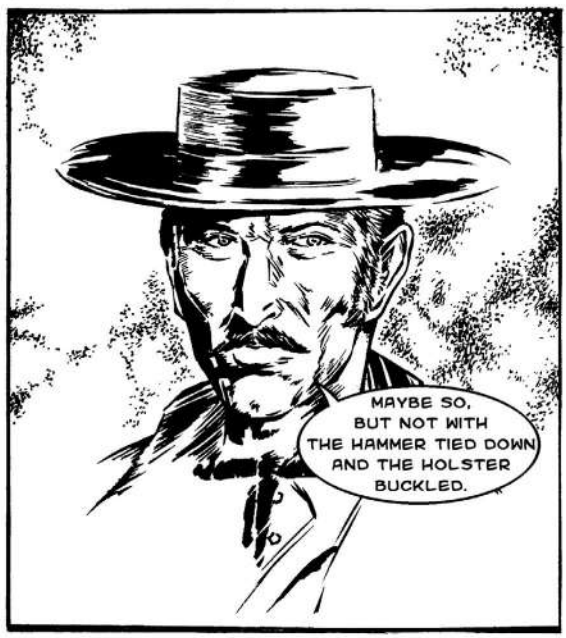

SO RIDE LIKE THE DEVIL'S A CHASING AFTER YER VERY SOULS, BOYS
RIDE BACK TO TOWN AND GET ABOARD THE LAST TRAIN FROM JUBILATION!
ALL THE DOINGS BY
GARY CRUTCHLEY
Hisowngoodself


A BOY CALLED VENGEANCE
STORY BY JON AYRE. ART BY ANDY FORBER
EASY THERE SON. I'M JUST PASSING THROUGH - STAND ASIDE AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY.
NO NEED FOR ANY TROUBLE.
I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT.

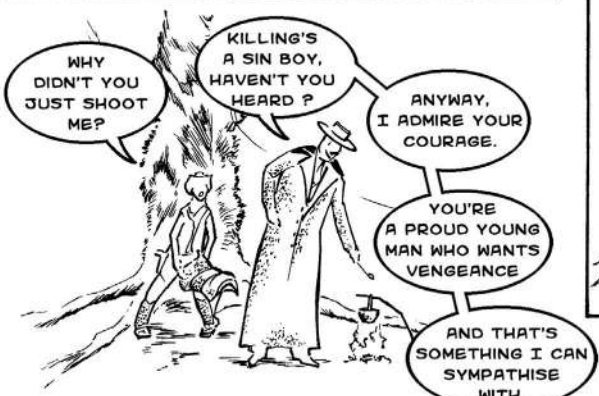

NOW STEP DOWN FROM THAT HORSE AND MOVE OVER HERE WHERE I CAN SEE YOU.
NICE AND SLOW.
I'M WAITING FOR A MAN. SHERIFF OF THAT TOWN FURTHER UP THE ROAD THERE.
EXPECTING HIM TO PASS THIS WAY ANY DAY NOW
YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE THAT MAN WOULD YOU?
WHAT IF I WAS ? WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
I'VE GOT BUSINESS TO CONCLUDE.
BUSINESS MY FATHER STARTED AND I MEAN TO FINISH.
WELL SON, BY THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE AND THE MANNER OF YOUR GREETING,
IF I WAS THAT MAN THEN I GUESS...
YOU'D BE JOINING YOUR FATHER IN THAT UNFINISHED BUSINESS...

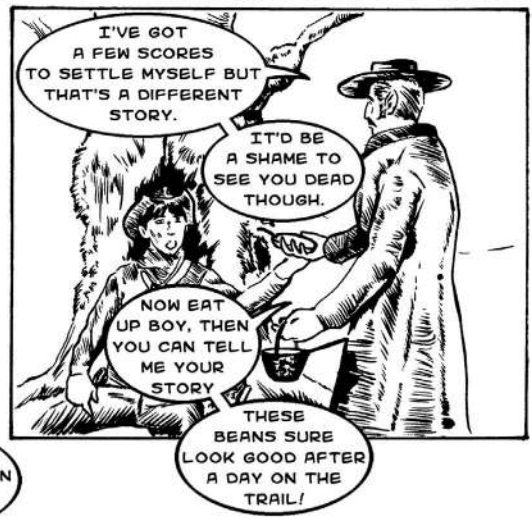

LISTEN BOY. I'M NO SHERIFF OF NO TOWN,
AND I'VE GOT NO UNFINISHED BUSINESS THAT I KNOW OF.
BUT YOU CAN'T JUST GO PULLING THAT STUNT ON EVERYONE WHO PASSES BY.
THAT'S A FINE WAY TO GET YERSELF OR SOMEONE ELSE KILLED.

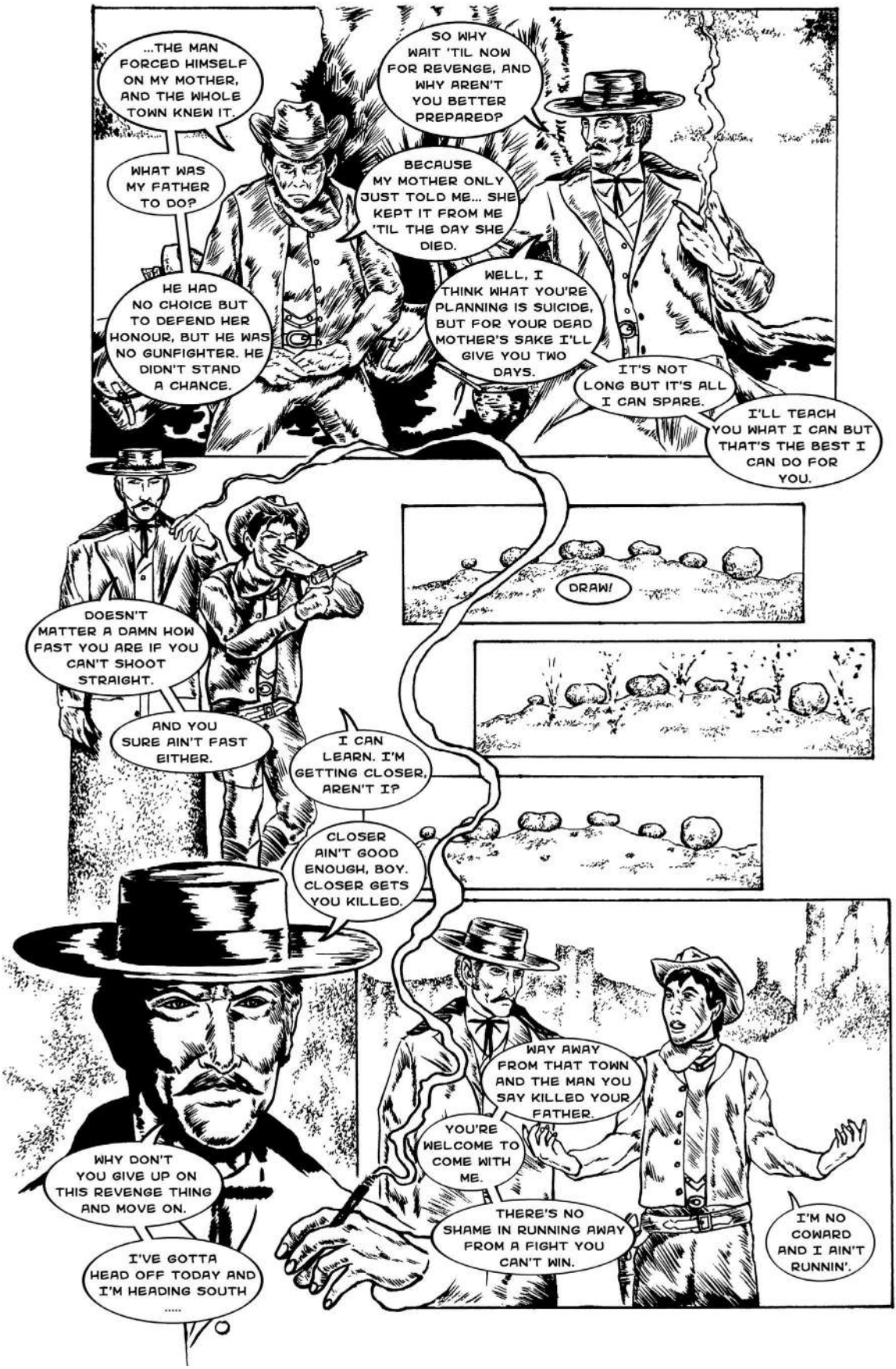

BUT HE KILLED MY FATHER !
HE'S GOTTA PAY AND I'M THE ONE WHO'S GONNA DO IT.


MAYBE SO, BUT NOT WITH THE HAMMER TIED DOWN AND THE HOLSTER BUCKLED.


HOWEVER, SEEING AS HOW YOU'VE GIVEN ME SUCH A WARM WELCOME
I GUESS I'LL STOP HERE FOR THE NIGHT.
YOU CAN MAKE UP FOR YOUR RUDENESS BY UNTACKING MY HORSE AND SHARING WHATEVER YOU HAVE IN THAT POT WITH ME.


WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SHOOT ME?
KILLING'S A SIN BOY, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ?
ANYWAY, I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE.
YOU'RE A PROUD YOUNG MAN WHO WANTS VENGEANCE
AND THAT'S SOMETHING I CAN SYMPATHISE WITH.

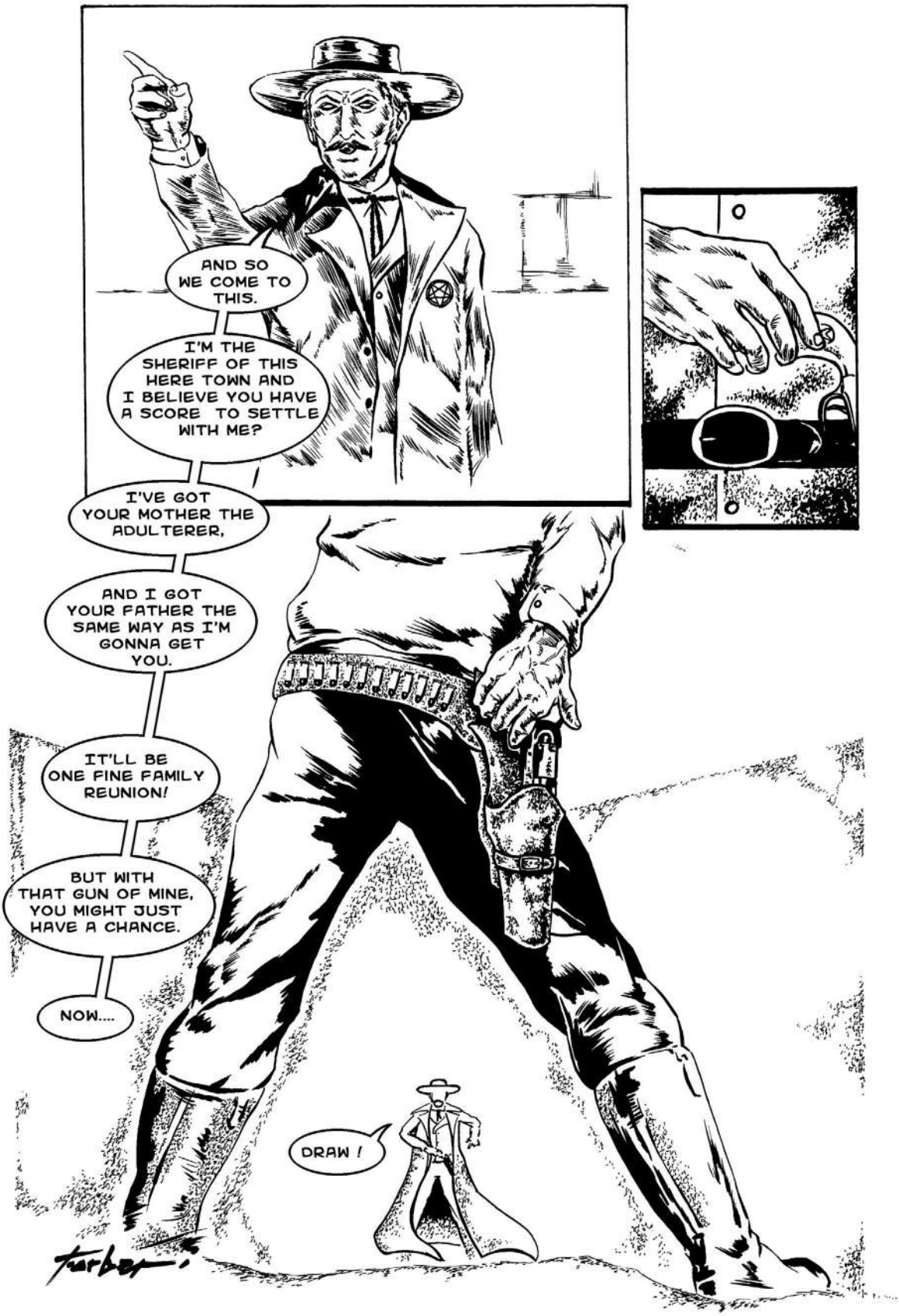

I'VE GOT A FEW SCORES TO SETTLE MYSELF BUT THAT'S A DIFFERENT STORY.
IT'D BE A SHAME TO SEE YOU DEAD THOUGH.
NOW EAT UP BOY, THEN YOU CAN TELL ME YOUR STORY
THESE BEANS SURE LOOK GOOD AFTER A DAY ON THE TRAIL!


...THE MAN FORCED HIMSELF ON MY MOTHER, AND THE WHOLE TOWN KNEW IT.
WHAT WAS MY FATHER TO DO?
HE HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO DEFEND HER HONOUR, BUT HE WAS NO GUNFIGHTER. HE DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE.
SO WHY WAIT 'TIL NOW FOR REVENGE, AND WHY AREN'T YOU BETTER PREPARED?
BECAUSE MY MOTHER ONLY JUST TOLD ME... SHE KEPT IT FROM ME 'TIL THE DAY SHE DIED.
WELL, I THINK WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING IS SUICIDE, BUT FOR YOUR DEAD MOTHER'S SAKE I'LL GIVE YOU TWO DAYS.
IT'S NOT LONG BUT IT'S ALL I CAN SPARE.
I'LL TEACH YOU WHAT I CAN BUT THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO FOR YOU.
DRAW!
DOESN'T MATTER A DAMN HOW FAST YOU ARE IF YOU CAN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT.
AND YOU SURE AIN'T FAST EITHER.
I CAN LEARN. I'M GETTING CLOSER, AREN'T I?
CLOSER AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH, BOY. CLOSER GETS YOU KILLED.
WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP ON THIS REVENGE THING AND MOVE ON.
I'VE GOTTA HEAD OFF TODAY AND I'M HEADING SOUTH .....
WAY AWAY FROM THAT TOWN AND THE MAN YOU SAY KILLED YOUR FATHER.
YOU'RE WELCOME TO COME WITH ME.
THERE'S NO SHAME IN RUNNING AWAY FROM A FIGHT YOU CAN'T WIN.
I'M NO COWARD AND I AIN'T RUNNIN'.


TELL ME, BOY. DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD?
COS IF YOU DO THAT'S GONNA MAKE THIS NEXT BIT A WHOLE LOT EASIER.
CROSSROADS, BOY.
CLICHED I KNOW, BUT I'M A SUCKER FOR TRADITION.
OH SHIT !
YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING I ADMIRE
PRIDE, HATE, FEAR, AND OF COURSE MURDEROUS INTENT.
I LIKE YOU, AND I THINK I CAN HELP YOU, BUT FIRST OF ALL THERE'S A DEAL TO SORT OUT.
SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE IN A NO-WIN SITUATION IF YOU GO INTO THAT TOWN.
IF YOU LOSE, YOU DIE.
SURE, YOUR SOUL IS SAFE
YOU'VE LIVED A PRETTY GOOD LIFE UP TO NOW BY ALL RECKONINGS, BUT YOU DIE WITHOUT AVENGING YOUR FATHER'S DEATH AND YOUR MOTHER'S DISHONOUR.
AND IF YOU WIN?
WELL VENGEANCE IS YOURS FOR SURE, BUT MURDER'S A SIN AND YOUR SOUL IS MINE FOR ALL ETERNITY, SO EITHER WAY YOU LOSE.


SO HERE'S THE DEAL
SIGN WITH ME, AND I'LL MAKE SURE THE SITUATION IS REVERSED.
Contract
IF YOU WIN, YOU WIN EVERYTHING.
YOU GET VENGEANCE, AND I WIPE THE SIN SLATE CLEAN SO YOUR SOUL IS SAFE.
BUT IF YOU LOSE YOU GET NOTHING.
NO VENGEANCE,
AND YOUR SOUL IS MINE.
"BUT WHERE'S THE DEAL IN THAT", YOU'RE SAYING TO YOURSELF.
999
I ALREADY SAID YOU'RE BOUND TO LOSE ANYWAY SO THE DEAL'S ALL IN MY FAVOUR,
AND THAT'S JUST NOT MY STYLE.
I LIKE TO GAMBLE. THAT'S WHY I'M OFFERING YOU THIS AS PART OF THE BARGAIN...
6 SHOOTER FOR SPEED, 6 INCH BARREL FOR ACCURACY, 6 NAILS IN HIS COFFIN.
HAS A CERTAIN SYMMETRY DON'T YOU THINK?
GIVE IT A TRY,
THEN DECIDE.
JEEZ! I CAN'T LOSE WITH THIS GUN! AND YOU'RE SAYING IF I WIN YOU GET NOTHING?


THAT'S RIGHT. NOW HASN'T THAT EVENED THE GAME A LITTLE?
MUCH MORE INTERESTING
DO WE HAVE A DEAL?
YOU BETCHA! VENGEANCE HERE I COME!
WAIT FOR ME BOY! WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR THE WORLD
HALF THE FUN IS IN THE WATCHING YA KNOW.
SHERIFF! I'VE COME FOR YOU SHERIFF.
COME ON OUT AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN.
I'M GONNA DO TO YOU WHAT YOU DID TO MY FATHER!


AND SO WE COME TO THIS.
I'M THE SHERIFF OF THIS HERE TOWN AND I BELIEVE YOU HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH ME?
I'VE GOT YOUR MOTHER THE ADULTERER,
AND I GOT YOUR FATHER THE SAME WAY AS I'M GONNA GET YOU.
IT'LL BE ONE FINE FAMILY REUNION!
BUT WITH THAT GUN OF MINE, YOU MIGHT JUST HAVE A CHANCE.
NOW....
DRAW !
Farber

SIXTEEN HORSELESS RIDERS

They said all that was left was the sound of galloping hooves.



No bodies – not even names.



Just whispers of what might have been.



What could have happened.



The town was empty, that was certain.



A road, choked with dust.



A saloon with broken bottles.



An untouched meal lay on a kitchen table.



A gun lay empty on a bed.



A row of blackbirds on the water trough.



Even the wind seemed to whisper.



Even the sun seemed to dim.



When they found the town, there was no message.



Nothing left behind to tell them what happened.



Only empty windows.



And the whispers of what might have been.



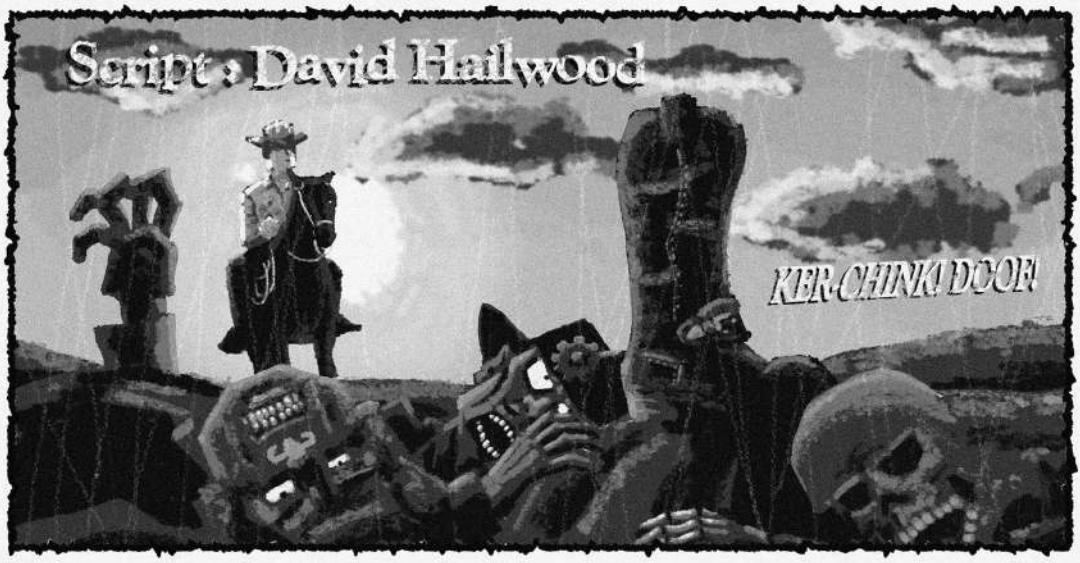
THE COWBOY INTERVIEWS: FIVE

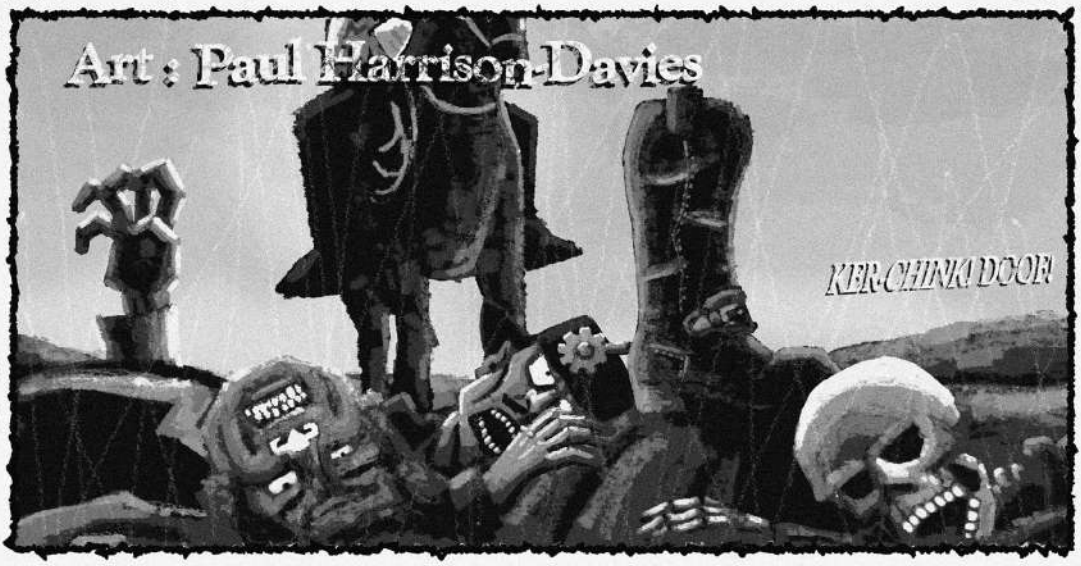
SUBJECT: Old Lady Mabel

CONDUCTED BY: David Baillie



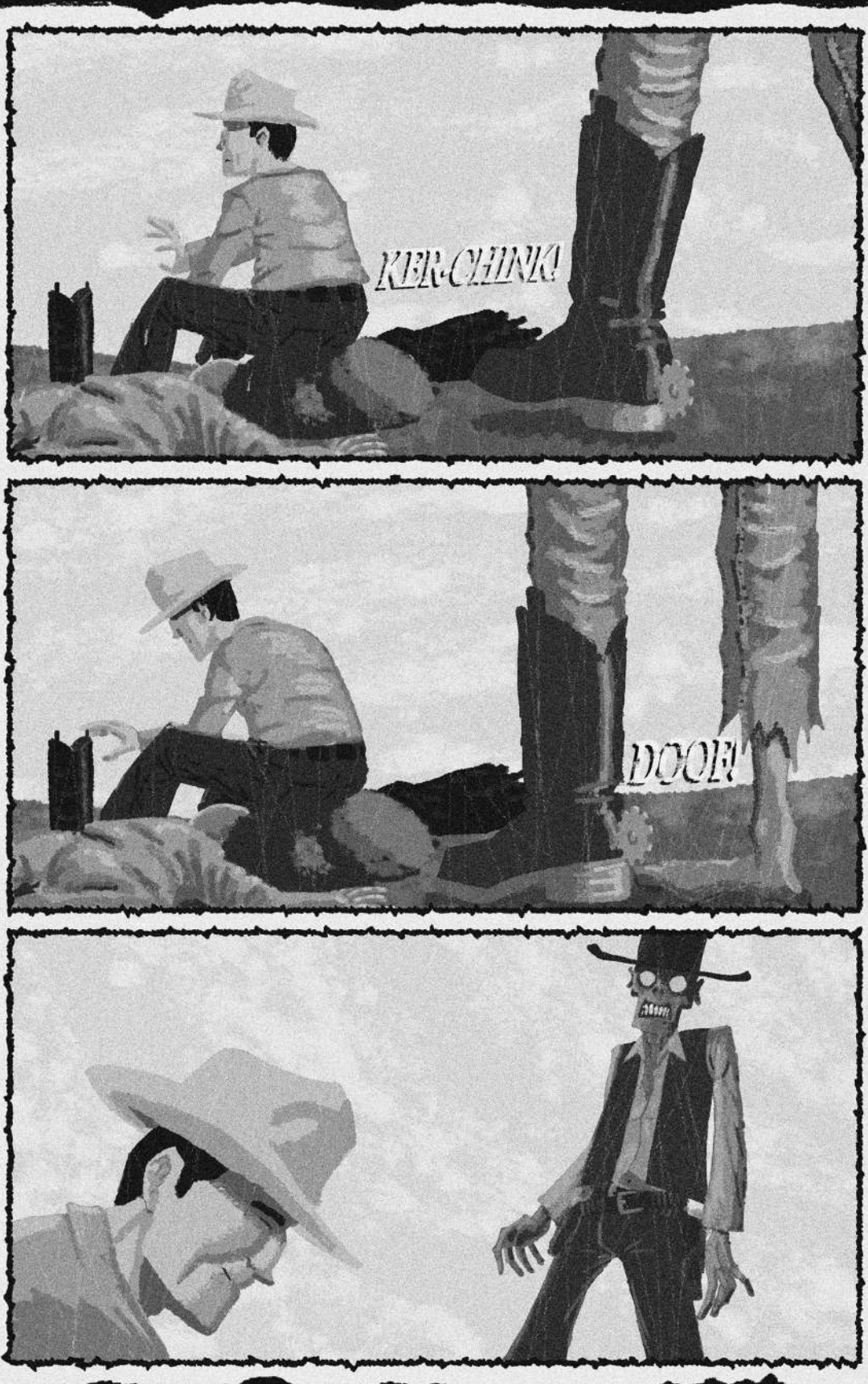

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON
KER-CHINK! DOOF!

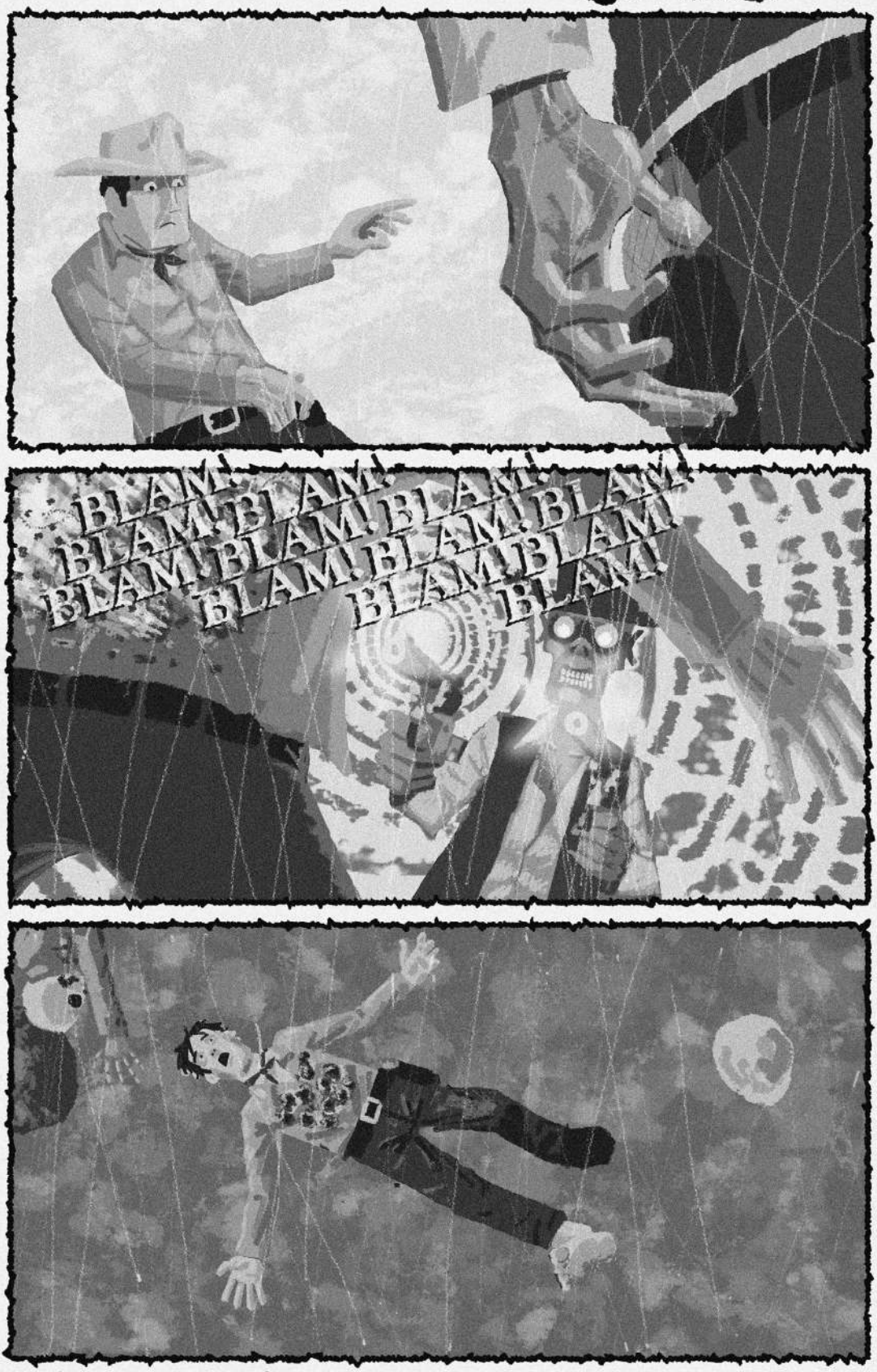

Script : David Hailwood
KER-CHINK! DOOF!


Art : Paul Harrison-Davies
KER-CHINK! DOOF!




KER-CHINK! DOOF!
KER-CHINK! DOOF!
KER-CHINK! DOOF!

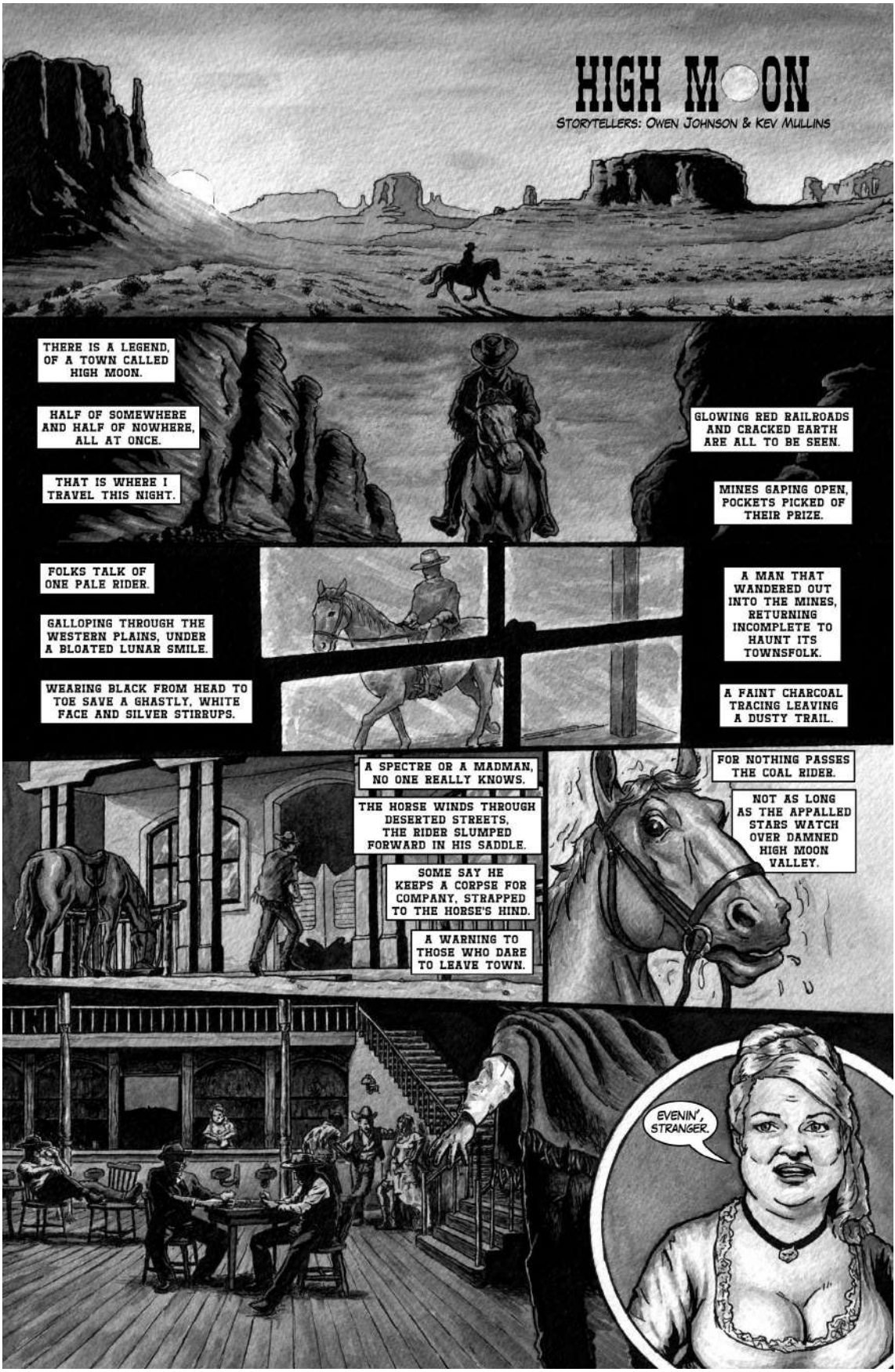

KER-CHINK!
DOOF!


BLAM!
BLAM.BLAM!
BLAM.BLAM.BLAM!
BLAM.BLAM.BLAM.
BLAM.BLAM
BLAM!

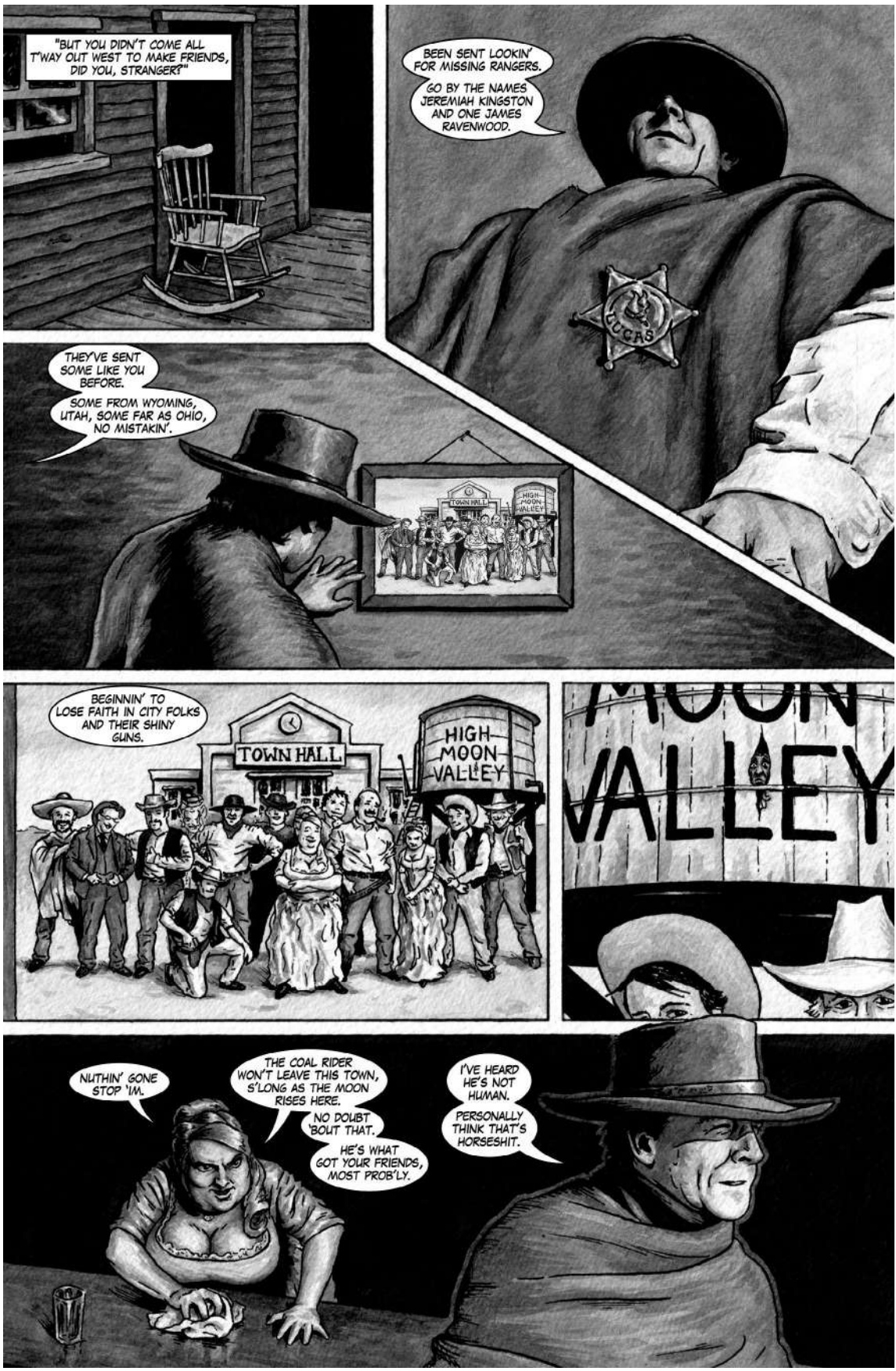

KER-CHINK! DOOF!
KER-CHINK! DOOF!
KER-CHINK! DOOF!
THE END


SAN JACINTO
B.GILLESPIE, INSPIRED BY A SONG BY P.GABRIEL
GERONIMO'S DISCO !
LIVE SHOW FRI & SAT NIGHTS
GIRLS
GIRLS


SIT 'N' BULL
STEAKHOUSE
bridgeen gillespie 2008 (c)
WE WILL LIVE
HOLD THE LINE


HIGH MOON
STORYTELLERS: OWEN JOHNSON & KEV MULLINS
THERE IS A LEGEND, OF A TOWN CALLED HIGH MOON.
HALF OF SOMEWHERE AND HALF OF NOWHERE, ALL AT ONCE.
THAT IS WHERE I TRAVEL THIS NIGHT.
GLOWING RED RAILROADS AND CRACKED EARTH ARE ALL TO BE SEEN.
MINES GAPING OPEN, POCKETS PICKED OF THEIR PRIZE.
FOLKS TALK OF ONE PALE RIDER.
GALLOPING THROUGH THE WESTERN PLAINS, UNDER A BLOATED LUNAR SMILE.
WEARING BLACK FROM HEAD TO TOE SAVE A GHASTLY, WHITE FACE AND SILVER STIRRUPS.
A MAN THAT WANDERED OUT INTO THE MINES, RETURNING INCOMPLETE TO HAUNT ITS TOWNSFOLK.
A FAINT CHARCOAL TRACING LEAVING A DUSTY TRAIL.
A SPECTRE OR A MADMAN, NO ONE REALLY KNOWS.
THE HORSE WINDS THROUGH DESERTED STREETS, THE RIDER SLUMPED FORWARD IN HIS SADDLE.
SOME SAY HE KEEPS A CORPSE FOR COMPANY, STRAPPED TO THE HORSE'S HIND.
A WARNING TO THOSE WHO DARE TO LEAVE TOWN.
FOR NOTHING PASSES THE COAL RIDER.
NOT AS LONG AS THE APPALLED STARS WATCH OVER DAMNED HIGH MOON VALLEY.
EVENIN', STRANGER.


HULLO.
YOU THE NEW SHERIFF, THEN?
SUMTHIN' LIKE THAT.
I'M FROM THE CITY.
BACK EAST.
NAMES LORMIN LUCAS
GOOD TO MEET YA.
YOU'VE JUST THE TIME TO MEET ALL THE FOLKS BEFORE SUPPER.
THAT THERE'S MOLLY TRECHER, BARBER TRECHER'S DAUGHTER.
SHE'S AN ANIMAL, THAT 'UN.
YOU'LL HEAR MEN TALK OF HER EVEN SO FAR AS THE SOUTH FENS.
OLD HERMIT PETERS LIVES UP ON THE MINTROL DALES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN.
SCARRED OLD WARRIOR, BY ALL ACCOUNTS.
AND THERE'S THE TWINS.
THOMAS AND MATTHEW RUNCORN.
NEVER FIND ONE WITHOUT T'UTHER.
QUITE A PAIR THE RUNCORN CLAN.


"BUT YOU DIDN'T COME ALL T'WAY OUT WEST TO MAKE FRIENDS, DID YOU, STRANGER?"
BEEN SENT LOOKIN' FOR MISSING RANGERS.
GO BY THE NAMES JEREMIAH KINGSTON AND ONE JAMES RAVENWOOD.
LUCAS
THEY'VE SENT SOME LIKE YOU BEFORE.
SOME FROM WYOMING, UTAH, SOME FAR AS OHIO, NO MISTAKIN'.
TOWN HALL
HIGH MOON VALLEY
BEGINNIN' TO LOSE FAITH IN CITY FOLKS AND THEIR SHINY GUNS.
TOWN HALL
HIGH MOON VALLEY
VALLEY
NUTHIN' GONE STOP 'IM.
THE COAL RIDER WON'T LEAVE THIS TOWN, S'LONG AS THE MOON RISES HERE.
NO DOUBT 'BOUT THAT.
HE'S WHAT GOT YOUR FRIENDS, MOST PROB'LY.
I'VE HEARD HE'S NOT HUMAN.
PERSONALLY THINK THAT'S HORSESHIT.


A PHANTOM.
THERE'D BE TRUTH IN THAT, SOME'D TELL YA.
THERE'S NOT A SHERIFF AROUND?
NOT FOR FEW YEARS BACK NOW.
HIGH MOON AIN'T THE KINDA PLACE FOR 'EM.
NEVER HAS BEEN.
WHY'S THAT?
TOWN HALL
HIGH MOON VALLEY
SALOON
COULDN'T TELL YA.
SOMETHING' 'BOUT OUR RURAL LIFESTYLE.
DIDN'T AGREE WITH THE LAST ONE.
NAME WAS HOUSTON, 'S I RECALL.
LIFE STYLE DIDN'T AGREE WITH HIM NONE, YOU SAY?
HIGH MOON ALLEY
FUNNY THAT.
SALOON


MOLLY TRECHER, BARBER TRECHER'S DAUGHTER.
SHE'S AN ANIMAL, THAT 'UN.
WELL I SEE YOU'RE GON' BE THE SAME AS THE LAST 'UN.
A SHAME, THAT IS, REALLY.
OLD HERMIT PETERS LIVES UP ON THE MINTROL DALES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN.
SCARRED OLD WARRIOR, BY ALL ACCOUNTS.
WE'RE A CLOSE-KNIT COMMUNITY, Y'SEE.
DIFFICULT FOR CITY FOLKS TO UN'ERSTAND.
RUNNG
RUNNGG
RUNNGG
RUNNGG
THE TWINS.
THOMAS AND MATTHEW RUNCORN.
NEVER FIND ONE WITHOUT T'UTHER.
QUITE A PAIR THE RUNCORN CLAN.
GET BACK!
RUNNNG
WE ARE THE ANCIENT ONES.
WE ARE THE WOLFMEN.
RUNNGGG
RUNNGG
AS LONG AS THERE ARE SOULS TO EAT...
LIVES TO CONSUME...
...THERE WILL BE THE WOLFMEN.


THERE IS A LEGEND, OF A TOWN CALLED HIGH MOON.
HALF OF SOMEWHERE AND HALF OF NOWHERE, ALL AT ONCE.
THAT IS WHERE I TRAVEL THIS NIGHT.
GLOWING RED RAILROADS AND CRACKED EARTH ARE ALL TO BE SEEN.
MINES GAPING OPEN, POCKETS PICKED OF THEIR PRIZE.
FOLKS TALK OF TWO PALE RIDERS.
GALLOPING THROUGH THE WESTERN PLAINS, UNDER A BLOATED LUNAR SMILE.
WEARING BLACK FROM HEAD TO TOE SAVE GHASTLY, WHITE FACES AND SILVER STIRRUPS.
MEN THAT WANDERED OUT INTO THE MINES, RETURNING INCOMPLETE TO HAUNT ITS TOWNSFOLK.
A FAINT CHARCOAL TRACING LEAVING A DUSTY TRAIL.
SPECTRES OR MADMEN, NO ONE REALLY KNOWS.
THE HORSES WIND THROUGH DESERTED STREETS, THE RIDERS SLUMPED FORWARD IN THEIR SADDLES.


RRRR
RUNNGGGGG
RUNNGG
RUNNGG
RUNNGG
SOME SAY A CORPSE IS STRAPPED TO ONE HIND, A WARNING TO THOSE WHO DARE TO LEAVE TOWN.
KINGSTON
RAVENWOOD
RRAAANNNN
RRRRGGGG
RRRRNNNNN
RNG
TOWN HALL
HIGH MOO VALL


FOR NOTHING PASSES THE COAL RIDER.
NOT AS LONG AS THE APPALLED STARS WATCH OVER DAMNED HIGH MOON VALLEY.
YOU HAVE BEEN READING TALL TALES FROM A TOWN CALLED HIGH MOON
PLEASE VISIT AGAIN SOON.
BY OWEN JOHNSON AND KEV MULLINS

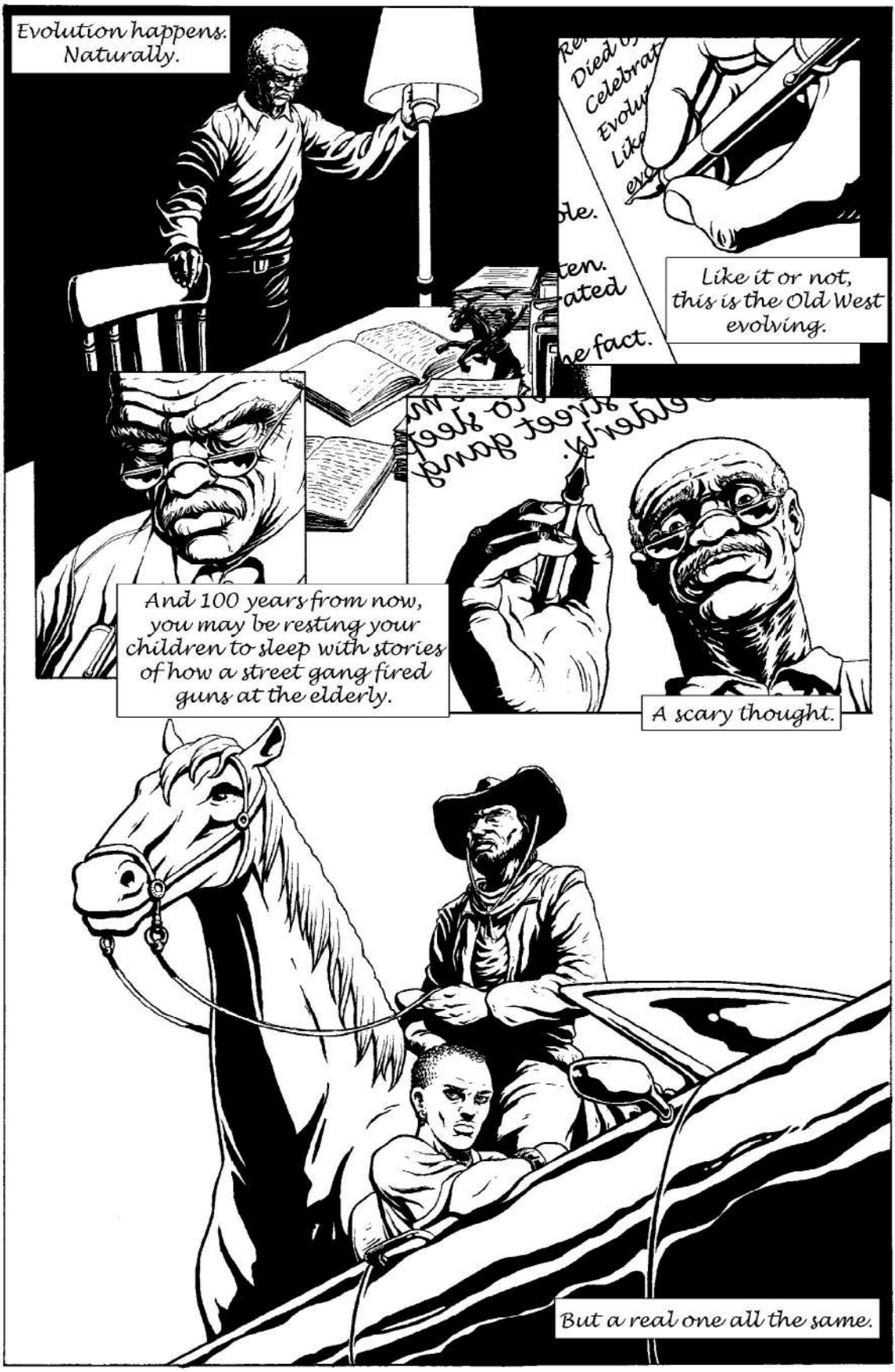
The New West

Story by Lewis Costello
Art by Charley Spencer




The West. Now.
You know the score.
The guns,
the uniforms, the gangs...
so memorable.
Some things change.


The concept of a cowboy is often forgotten.
SMASH!
A cowboy is a rebel. And cowboys are celebrated for the fact they were rebels.
These boys are rebels, but they aren't celebrated for the fact.
Remember Billy the Kid? Rebel? Died by shooting?
Celebrated for it. And just you wait.


Evolution happens. Naturally.
Like it or not, this is the Old West evolving.
And 100 years from now, you may be resting your children to sleep with stories of how a street gang fired guns at the elderly.
A scary thought.
But a real one all the same.

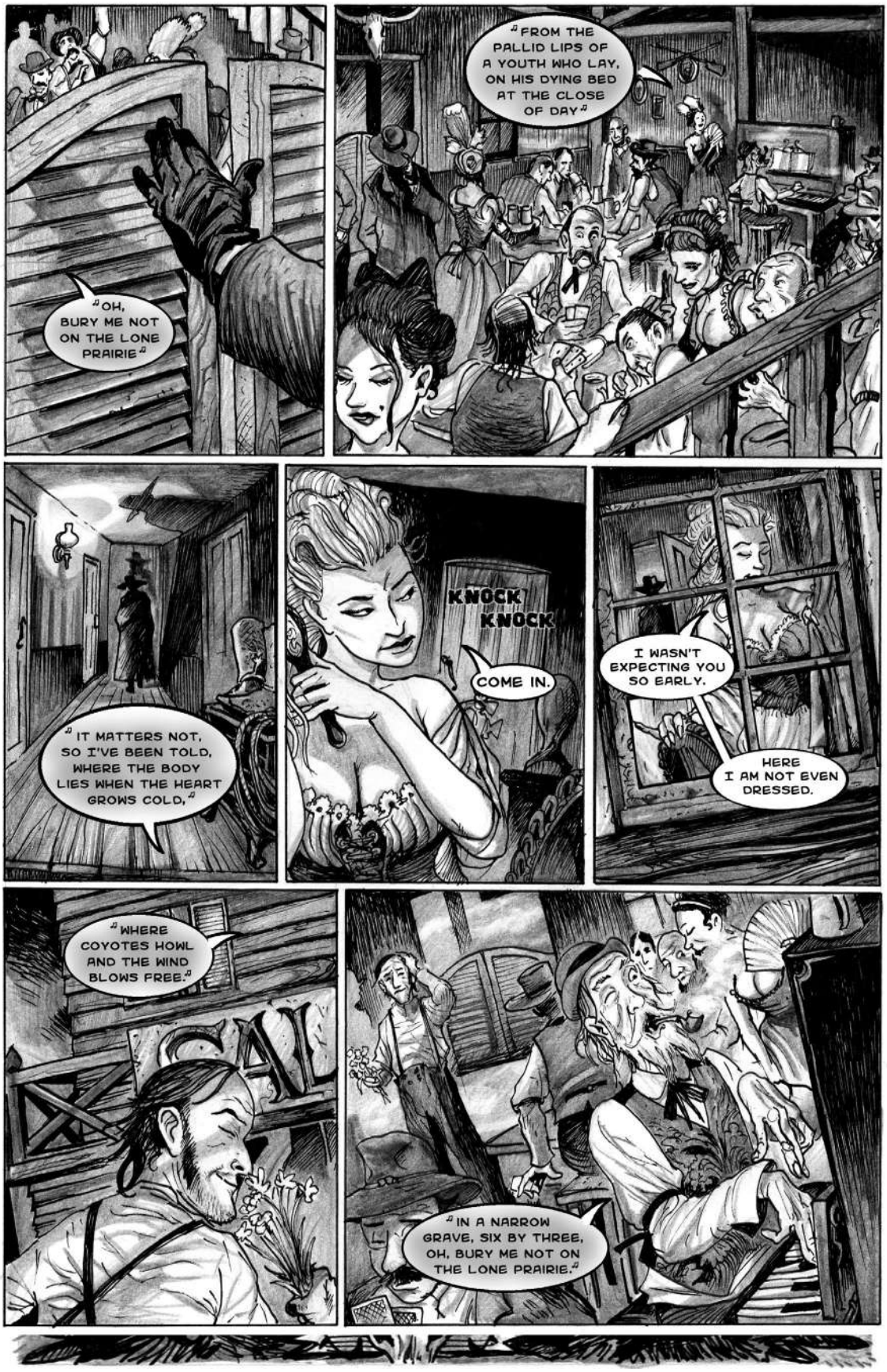
"Mrs Henry"

Story by John Reppion and Leah Moore
Art by David Hitchcock.




I GAVE MY LOVE A CHERRY, THAT HAD NO STONE. I GAVE MY LOVE A CHICKEN, THAT HAD NO BONE.
I TOLD MY LOVE A STORY, THAT HAD NO END. I GAVE MY LOVE A BABY, WITH NO CRYING..
SSSSS
HOW CAN THERE BE A CHERRY, THAT HAS NO STONE? AND HOW CAN THERE BE A CHICKEN, THAT HAS NO BONE?
ARTHUR? BREAKFAST'S READY DEAR!
DAMN IT WOMAN! MUST YOU ALWAYS BE SCREECHING AT ME?
I TOLD YOU I'M NOT HUNGRY. I'M SICK OF EGGS. EGGS EVERY DAMN DAY! CAN'T YOU COOK ANYTHING' ELSE?


WHY MRS HENRY, HOW NICE TO SEE YOU.
WAIT THERE A MOMENT DEAR, I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU.
THERE YOU GO DEAR. I BELIEVE THIS IS YOURS.
humbly beg
take pity


"OH, BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE"
"FROM THE PALLID LIPS OF A YOUTH WHO LAY, ON HIS DYING BED AT THE CLOSE OF DAY"
"IT MATTERS NOT, SO I'VE BEEN TOLD, WHERE THE BODY LIES WHEN THE HEART GROWS COLD,"
KNOCK KNOCK
COME IN.
I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU SO EARLY.
HERE I AM NOT EVEN DRESSED.
"WHERE COYOTES HOWL AND THE WIND BLOWS FREE."
"IN A NARROW GRAVE, SIX BY THREE, OH, BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE."


"OH, BURY ME NOT.. ." HIS VOICE FAILED THERE, WE TOOK NO HEED OF HIS DYING PRAYER."
KNOCK KNOCK
COME IN.
I'M SORRY I'M EARLY MY SWEET, I JUST COULDN'T WAIT TO ..
HEY, WHY'S IT SO DAMN DARK IN HERE?
"AAAND ... THE COWBOYS NOW, AS THEY ROAM THE PLAINS, THEY MARK THE SPOT WHERE HIS BONES WERE LAIN."
"FLING A HANDFUL OF ROSES O'ER HIS GRAVE, WITH A PRAYER TO GOD HIS SOUL TO SAVE."
"THEY BURIED HIM THERE ON THE LONE PRAIRIE. WHERE COYOTES HOWL AND THE WIND BLOWS FREE."
"IN A NARROW GRAVE, SIX BY THREE, THEY BURIED HIM THERE ON THE LONE PRAIRIE."


FROM THE FIRST TIME WE SET FOOT ON THIS SOIL, I KNEW WE WERE BLESSED.
WE GAVE THANKS TO GOD FOR GIVING US A CHANCE, FOR BRINGING US TO THIS STRANGE NEW LAND IN SAFETY.
SO MANY DIED ON THE SHIP THAT CARRIED US HERE, BUT MY HUSBAND AND I SOMEHOW WE LIVED.
I WAS ALWAYS SURE IT WAS OUR LOVE THAT HAD KEPT US GOING, THROUGH THICK AND THIN.
BUT HERE, THE RULES HAVE CHANGED, AND LIFE IS HARD.
HERE YOU HAVE TO ALWAYS WANT EVER MORE, ALWAYS BE HUNGERING FOR SOMETHING, SOMETHING YOU HAVEN'T GOT.
I KNOW WHAT I WANT.
I WANT TO RIDE . . .
. . I HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE.
AND LOVE IS DEAD.
I LOST EVERYTHING LONG AGO, LEFT IT ALL BEHIND, LEFT IT TO FOLLOW HIM.
BUT NOW I AM FREE.
I AM TRULY FREE.
FIN


A QUIGONJIM PRODUCTION
Little Red Robot is:
"OLD RED"
in: 'SLOT MACHINE'
STORY & ART BY JAMES GRAY
OUT OF ORDER
LOOK PA! LOOK AT THAT. WHAT IS IT?
...LONG SINCE DECOMISSIONED THOUGH, DUE TO UNRELIABILITY AND ERRATIC BEHAVIOUR. SO THEY SAY.
OLD RED
THAT SON, IS "OLD RED". HE WAS PART OF THE OLD CLOCKWORK TRAVELLING CIRCUS BACK IN '69...
SEEMS TO HAVE SOMETHING JAMMED IN THIS SLOT REAL GOOD PA.
NO, SON. DON'T DO...
WWWRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR...
BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM
ERK?
BUGGER.
SHIT!
DON'T YOU CURSE BOY. OR I'LL TAN YER HIDE!
FIN.

The Birds And The Behans

Now, they were known for their tempers and their skill with firing irons, but what really set the Behans apart was the manner in which they spoke. Folks would say you could hear them like a flock of gulls as they rode into town.



Some said that the brothers had ate up an eagle's heart round the campfire one night, and in doing so, they had acquired the powers to speak in its tongue. Those folks called the Behans the Chirping Killers, though not so as they were heard.



Others said they were young thunderbirds, sent out into the world of men once every hundred years. Why they would be sent, and where from, these were queries that remained unanswered by the folks who were talking. That was the way of the west.

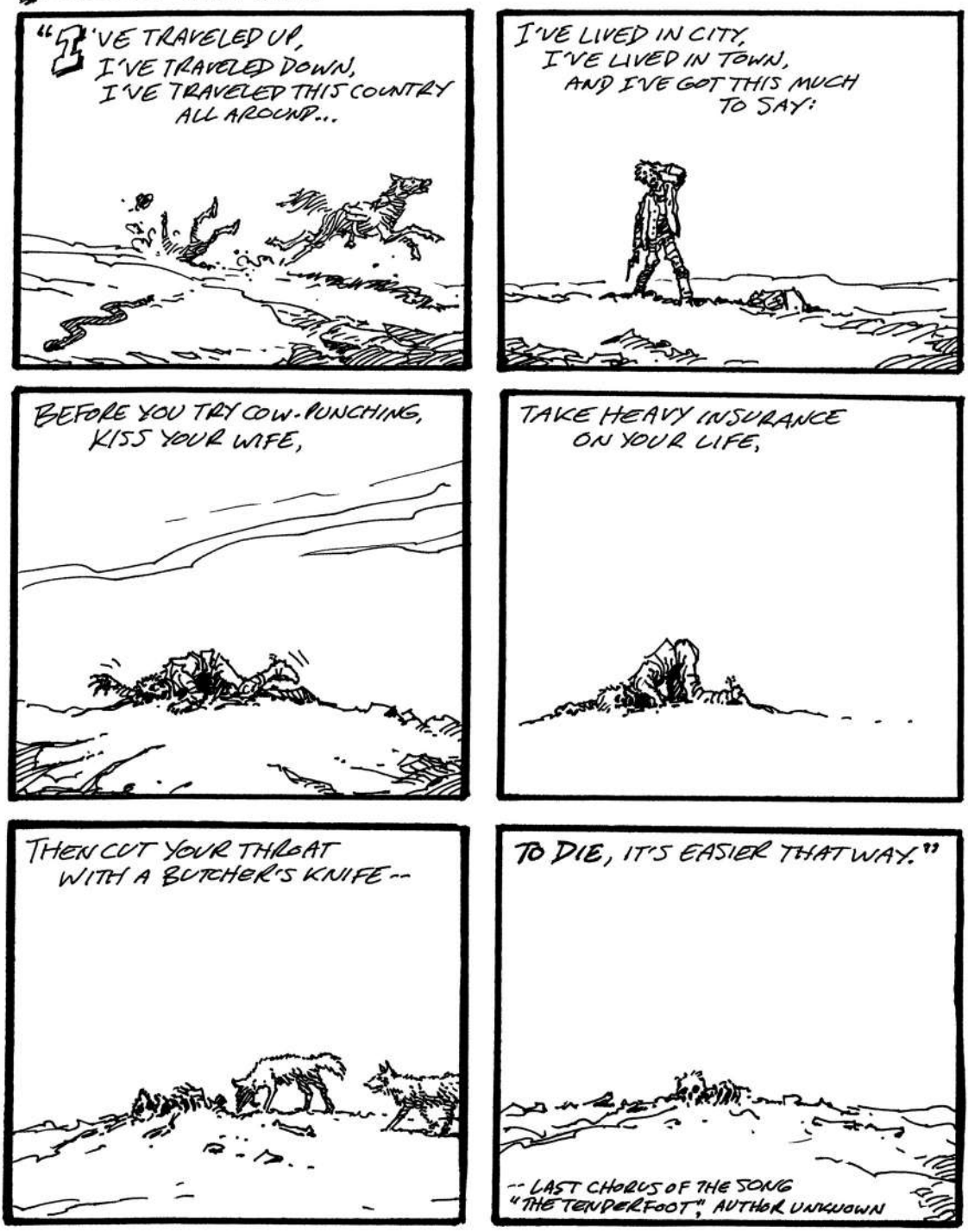


Whatever the truth of it, the Behans were shot dead on the 23rd of May, 1878, in the act of robbing the first pet-store in Utah State. As there was some doubt as to the pedigree of the brothers, their bodies were left unburied for some days. A Mr Santos claimed the corpses, but never collected them.



In the end, the cats did best out of the whole business.

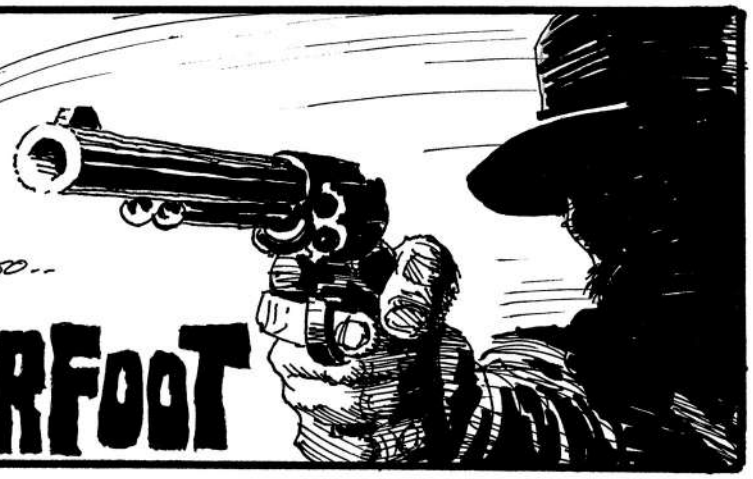
PROLOGUE: WHAT WAS:



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN:

IT WAS SAID...

...A TENDERFOOT SHOT EZRA WOOD. THEY SAID COLONEL COLT MADE ALL MEN EQUAL, AND THAT EZRA RODE A HORSE NAMED BUCK. T'AIN'T SO-- NONE OF IT.



TENDERFOOT

EZRA, TRUE, DIDN'T SUFFER TENDERFOOTS NO HOW. HE LEFT MANY AS DEAD AS CANS OF CORNED BEEF -- THE SIGHT OF A TEN-DOLLAR STETSON ON A FIVE-CENT HEAD WAS ENOUGH TO SET HIM OFF.

EZRA WAS MEAN-- MEAN'R THEN A SIDEWINDER IN A SKILLET; MEAN ENOUGH TO HUNT BEARS WITH A HICKORY STICK.

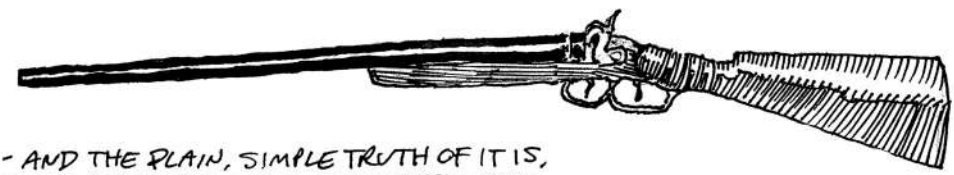


HE JUST WARN'T EVER. THE STUFF OF LEGENDS. NOT WHEN HE WAS ALIVE, HE WARN'T.



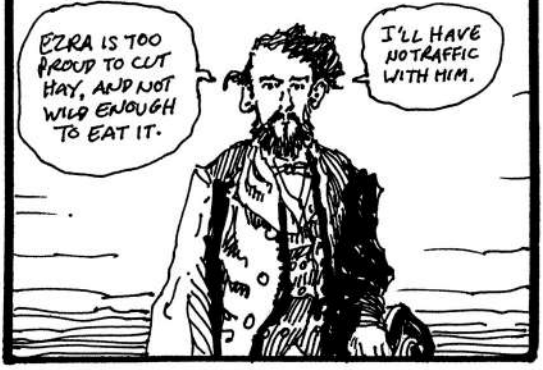
HE WAS WILD 'N' WOOLLY, HARD TO CURRY, AND UGLY -- HE LOOKED LIKE THE HINDQUARTERS OF BAD LUCK, LIP JES' HANGIN' DOWN LIKE A BLACKSMITH'S APRON, LOOKIN' FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE DEATH ON A CRACKER. THAT WAS EZRA.

EZRA'S WEAPON OF CHOICE WAS A 10-GAUGE WHITNEY-- THOUGH HE'D USE A $12.00 COLT IF NEED BE--



--AND THE PLAIN, SIMPLE TRUTH OF IT IS, IT WAS EASIER TO LET WHITNEY DO THE TALKING THAN TO TRY TO TALK HISSELF.

WITH IT, EZRA LAID ZED WEBB OF KANSAS IN THE DIRT IN THE SUMMER OF 1881.



THE BROTHERS BEAD REAU-- NEITHER OF WHICH COULD HIT A BULL'S ASS WITH A HANDFUL OF BANJOS-- WERE BURIED TWO WEEKS LATER.



SOFT-SPOKEN JEB ROY COYNE CROSSED EZRA THAT FALL; HE LASTED AS LONG AS A PINT OF WHISKEY IN A FIVE-HANDED POKER GAME.



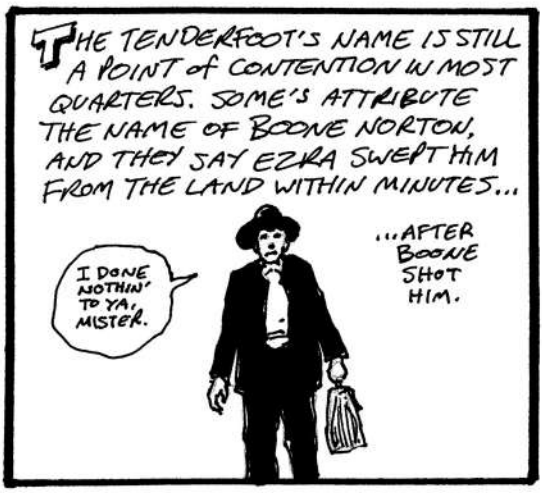
NEW HAMPSHIRE-BORN THERON BELL PUNISHED THE AIR WITH HIS SINGING--

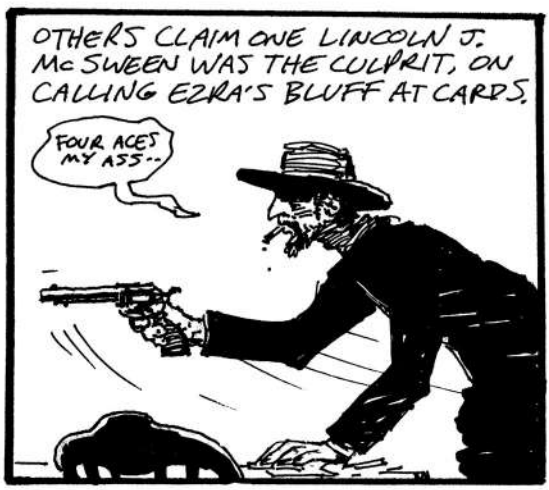


--EZRA'S WHITNEY SANG THE FINAL NOTE.

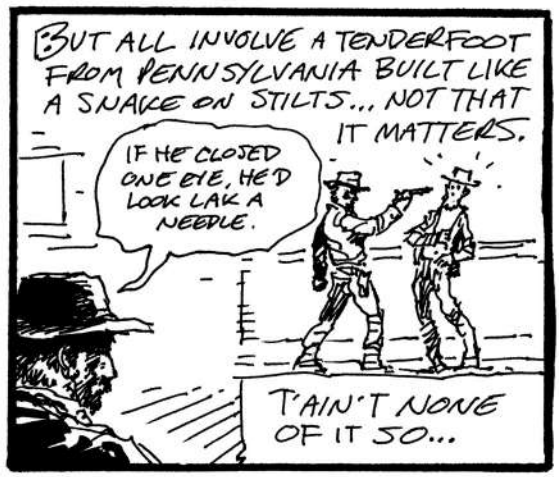

BUT THE TUNE PLAYED ON IN EZRA'S HEAD THERE AFTER.
EV-RY NIGHT I CAN BE FOUND, FOUND, FOUND, FOUND--
WHEN I WALK THAT LEVEE ROUND--


SOME SAID THEY HEARED HIM SINGING IT TO HIMSELF WHEN HE MET THE TENDERFOOT FROM PENNSYLVANIA.
--I'M LOOKIN' FOR THAT BULLY OF THE TOWN--


THE TENDERFOOT'S NAME IS STILL A POINT of CONTENTION IN MOST QUARTERS. SOME'S ATTRIBUTE THE NAME OF BOONE NORTON, AND THEY SAY EZRA SWEPT HIM FROM THE LAND WITHIN MINUTES...
I DONE NOTHIN' TO YA, MISTER.
...AFTER BOONE SHOT HIM.


OTHERS CLAIM ONE LINCOLN J. McSWEEN WAS THE CULPRIT, ON CALLING EZRA'S BLUFF AT CARDS.
FOUR ACES MY ASS--


ANOTHER VERSION OF EVENTS -- INVOLVING A SPILLED PISS-POT AND A FELLOW NAMED MAXWELL -- HOLDS CREDENCE IN SOME QUARTERS.


BUT ALL INVOLVE A TENDERFOOT FROM PENNSYLVANIA BUILT LIKE A SNAKE ON STILTS... NOT THAT IT MATTERS.
IF HE CLOSED ONE EYE, HE'D LOOK LAK A NEEDLE.
T'AIN'T NONE OF IT SO...

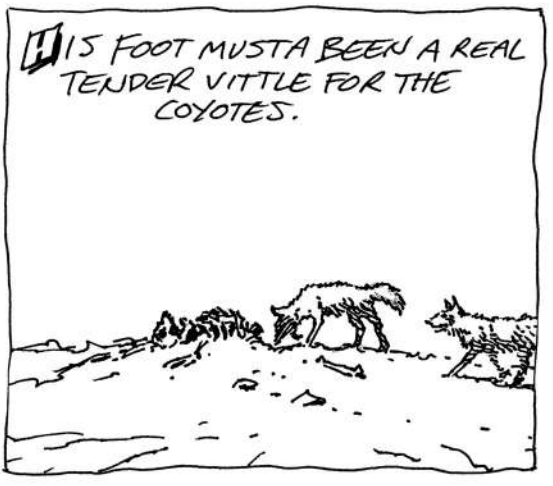

NONE OF IT, NOT A LICK. TRUE, EZRA WAS MEAN'R THEN A NEW-SHEARED SHEEP...
GODDAMNED HORSE NEVER WAS NO GOOD
... AND JUST AS DUMB. IF HIS BRAINS HAD BEEN DYNAMITE, THERE WARN'T EVER ENOUGH TO BLOW HIS NOSE.
MA WHITNEY AIN'T A-LOADED WITH SOFA PILLOWS--
FACT IS, EZRA HAD BEEN SINGIN' OL' THERON'S TUNE WHEN I LAST SEEN AND HEARD HIM ALIVE -- THAT MUCH IS TRUE.
WHEN YOU SEE ME COMIN' HIST YOUR WINDOWS HIGH--
--WHEN YOU SEE ME GOIN', HANG YOUR HEADS AN' CRY--
I'M LOOKIN' FOR THAT BULLY...
THEY TELL TALES 'N' SING SONGS AND WRITE DIME NOVELS ABOUT EZRA AND THE TENDERFOOT--
EZRA WOOD AND THE TENDERFOOT
AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT
A True Account of the DEATH of EZRA WOOD
-- BUT TRUTH TO TELL, I FOUND EZRA FACE DOWN, ASS-UP AND WITH ONE BOOT ON. WARN'T ENOUGH LEFT OF HIM TO SNORE.













SPECIAL THANKS TO CHRIS 'RADICAL' WARREN FOR DIGITAL SURGERY AND ASSIST, AND TO EVERYONE AT *DEAD MAN'S HAND* FOR THE FIRST VENUE.


THE HANGING
ART/STORY
PEDRO LOPEZ
OH MY, GETTING HANGED FOR STEALING CATTLE. AND I DIDN'T EVEN DO IT. DAMN YOU, MR. LEONARD, YOU FAT CATTLE BARON. BURN IN HELL!
JESSE! IN THE CROWD. JESSE, I KNEW YOU WOULD COME TO MY RESCUE. I KNEW IT...
JESSE!
BUT...SOMETHING STINKS. IT'S A TRAP. THEY ARE USING ME AS A BAIT.
AND JESSE...IT'S HIM, MR. LEONARD AND HIS MEN WANT.
THEY WANT HIM TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE. MAKE HIM DRAW HIS GUN. AND KILL HIM...
...LEGALLY!


TWO MORE LOWLIFES...I RECOGNIZE THEM FROM MR. LEONARD'S RANCH.
WATCH OUT, JESSE!
THEY'LL KILL HIM. SHOOT HIM LIKE A DOG.
NO, JESSE, PLEASE, DON'T TRY TO SAVE ME.
SAVE YOURSELF...
I MUST STOP HIM!!!


I'M SORRY, JESSE...


NO!!!


HAHAHAA




CRIC

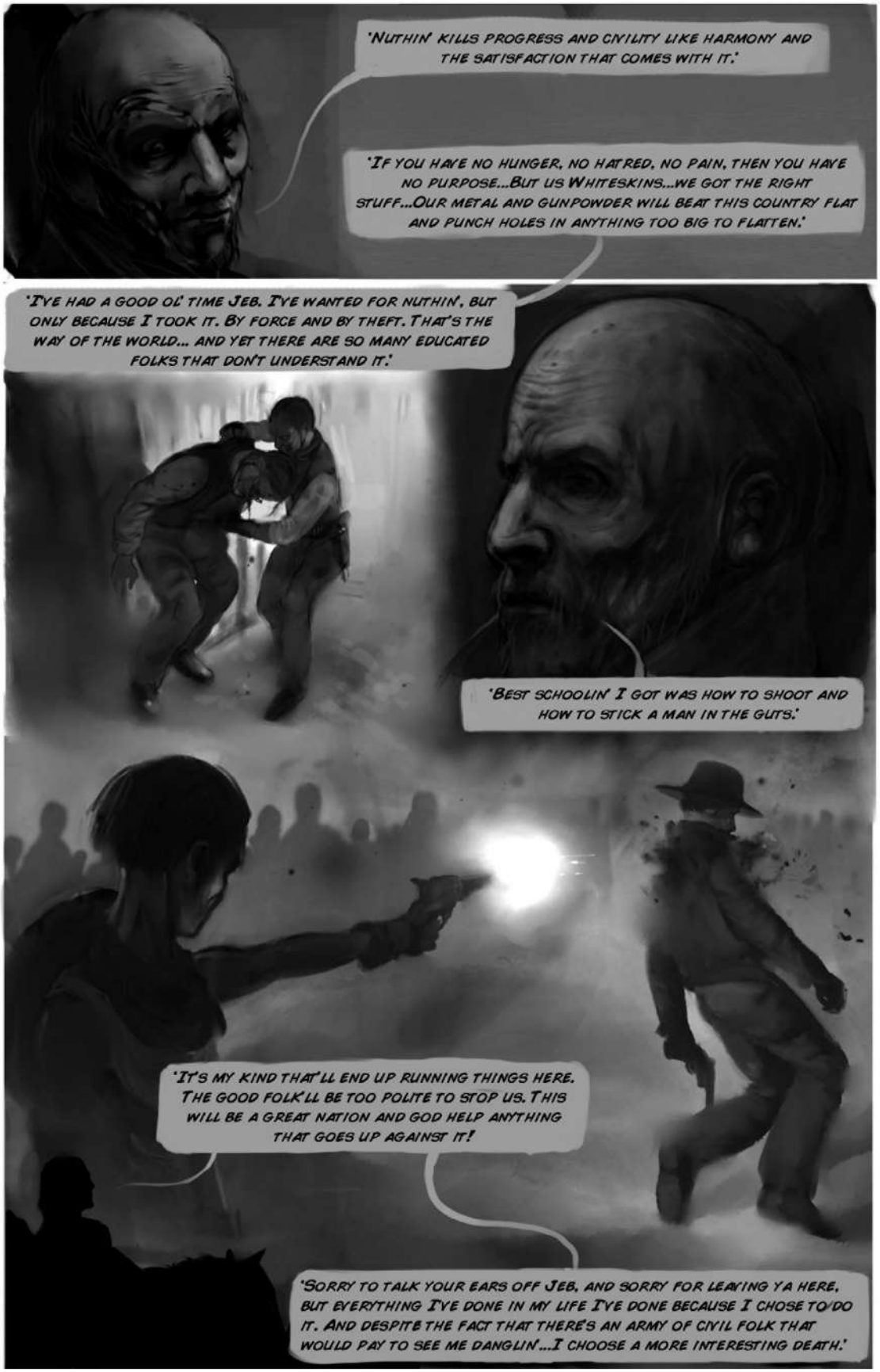

BDOW
BDOW
BDOW
THE
END

TO CATCH THE DRAGON'S TAIL

STORY BY
PAUL BOWLES

ART BY
TIM HILL




'Nuthin' kills progress and civility like harmony and the satisfaction that comes with it.'
'If you have no hunger, no hatred, no pain, then you have no purpose...But us Whiteskins...we got the right stuff...Our metal and gunpowder will beat this country flat and punch holes in anything too big to flatten.'
'I've had a good ol' time Jeb. I've wanted for nuthin', but only because I took it. By force and by theft. That's the way of the world... and yet there are so many educated folks that don't understand it.'
'Best schoolin' I got was how to shoot and how to stick a man in the guts.'
'It's my kind that'll end up running things here. The good folk'll be too polite to stop us. This will be a great nation and God help anything that goes up against it!'
'Sorry to talk your ears off Jeb, and sorry for leaving ya here, but everything I've done in my life I've done because I chose to do it. And despite the fact that there's an army of civil folk that would pay to see me danglin'...I choose a more interesting death.'


GULP!
GULP!
'Much obliged for the kindly donation of opium balls Sho. I guess I'll be seeing ya soon hmm.'


'We're almost there Nate. We're on the trail and we're headed uphill.'
'Just keep that blindfold down a little longer and be ready to pull that trigger if I tell ya.'
'This trail don't go nowhere. What the hell is this?'


'God must be powerful reverend...Giving you the strength to look at it an'all....It sure is an odd sensation, but same time as bein' terrified I kinda feel a reassurance...A strength.'
'Please...'
'Get ya eyes DOWN BOY! To look at it is to hear its voice!

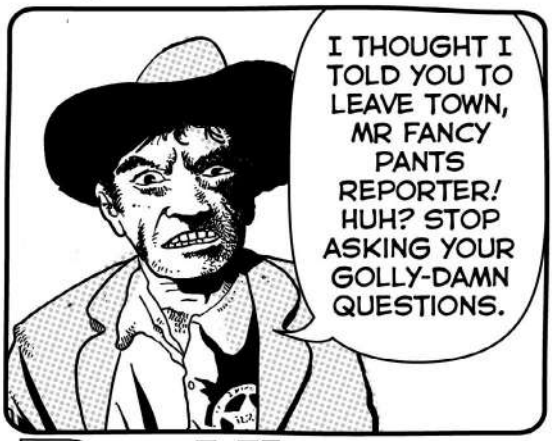

'Emmett! Help me please!'
'You can't be...'
'...OhGodinmightyheavenpleasegodplease,helpmesave mecurethispoisoninmymind...'
'NATHAN! Can you hear me speaking to you!'
'Ohgodhavemercy...yes, I can hear you reverend.'
'Good! Now be quiet! We're very close and we have not yet failed, despite your weakness.'

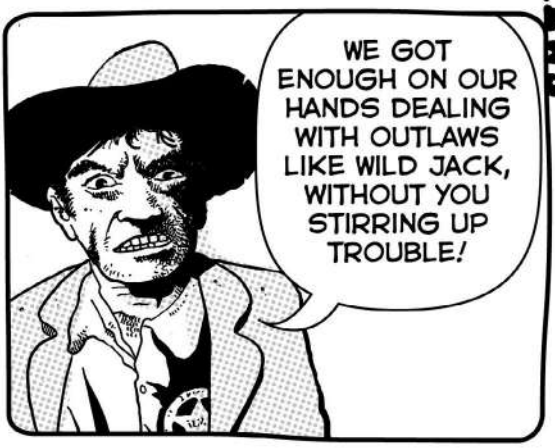

'C'mon, hurry Jeb!'
WHUMP!
'The gun was always useless wasn't it reverend.'
'It may come in handy yet son. You don't have to understand. You just have to do as I say 'til sunrise.'


...SLLLLOOOOAAAAARRRRR!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
'THE BEAST HAS SUMMONED HIS BRETHREN!'
BANG!


'BEST SCHOOLING. HA... STICK A MAN IN THE GUTS... MY KIND THAT'LL RUN THINGS HERE. HEH HEH'
'ELIZABETH I'M SO SORRY....'
'I'M SORRY I LET YOU GO.'
CRUNCH!
...
HA HAHAHA
HA HAHA
'I HEARD YOUR HATEFUL RAMBLINGS THREE MILES BEFORE I REACHED THE MOUNTAIN. THEY REACHED OUT TO ME, GIVING ME WARMTH AND HOPE...'
'YOU AMUSE ME WORM. SO MUCH SO, THAT I WILL GRANT YOU THE GREAT HONOUR OF BEING DEVOURED SLOWLY OVER A HUNDRED YEARS.'
'WE WILL WATCH TOGETHER TO SEE IF YOUR NARCISSISTIC VISION OF THE FUTURE COMES TO PASS.'
'IF YOU REALLY ARE THE MODEL FOR THIS LAND'S FUTURE LEADERS , THEN YOU SHALL WITNESS ME GIVE UNTO THEM A FIRE SO TERRIBLE THAT IT WILL RUIN THE EARTH AND AIR IT TOUCHES FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.'
'PLEASE GOD. GIVE THE GOOD FOLK STRENGTH AND COURAGE.'

THE COWBOY INTERVIEWS













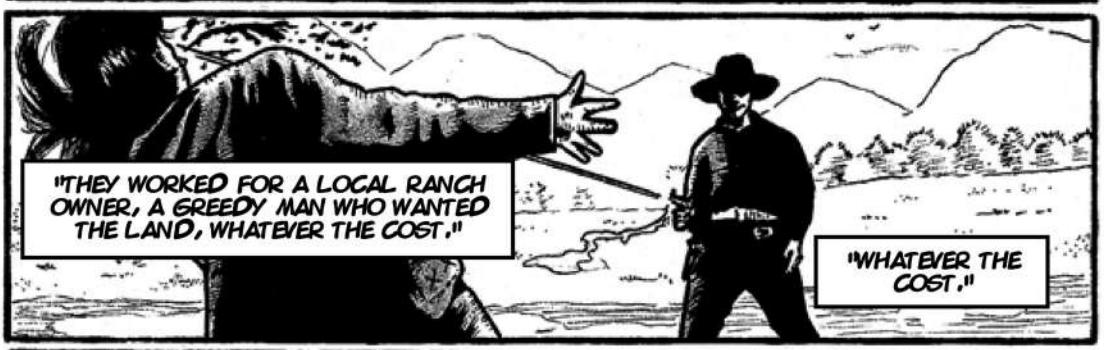
CONDUCTED BY:
David Baillie

SUBJECT:
Johnny Three Pants

FIN









"I COULD HEAR MY DAUGHTER CALLING OUT AS THEY TOOK HER, AND I COULD HEAR THE SHALLOW BREATH OF MY WIFE SLOW AND THEN...STOP."

"AVENGER"

WRITTEN BY MO ALI

ART: BRIAN GORMAN

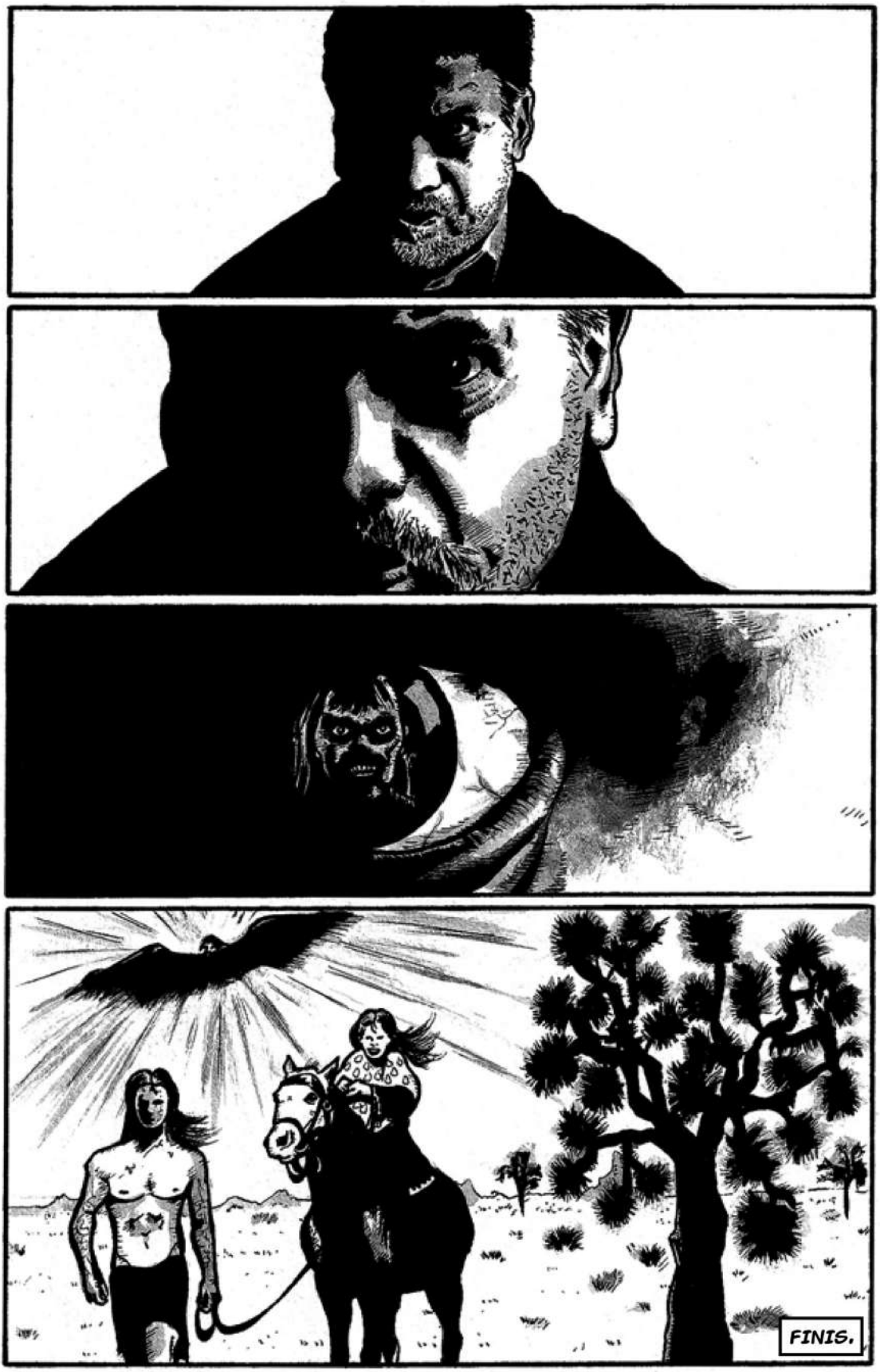
LETTERS: CHRIS HARVEY


"I PRAYED TO THE GREAT SPIRIT."
"WATCH OVER MY DAUGHTER."
"GIVE PEACE TO MY WIFE."
"AND LET ME LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO KILL THESE BASTARDS."
"MY PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED."
"A SERVANT OF THE GREAT SPIRIT CAME TO MY AID."
YOU LOOK PRETTY BAD, SON. LIKE HORSE SHIT. DON'T WORRY, I KNOW PLENTY GOOD MEDICINE. WE FIX YOU UP, YES-SIR-REE.


I CAN UNDERSTAND KILLIN' INJUNS, BUT WHY KEEP THE GIRL, MISTER SHELDON?
"I HAVE MY REASONS, TONY. KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS WHILE I GO CHECK IN ON THE CHILD."
A MASK TO COVER YOUR FACE, SON. AM MEDICINE MAN, NOT MIRACLE WORKER.
KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS (/)...HUH...AS IF ANYTHIN' EVER HAPPENS AROUND HERE/




W-WHAT IN HELL ARE YOU?!


FINIS.

'HERR TRIGGER AND DUSTY BOOTS' BY STEVE MARTIN




MOSTLY FOR BEING A DRUNK..
FAH!
I NEVER DID NOTHIN' ANYONE ELSE DONE IF'N THEY GOT SHIT-FACED..
TRUE.. 'CEPT FOR THE TIME YOU BURNED DOWN OL' MAN JACKSON'S BARN.
FAH! OL' MAN JACKSON BURNED DOWN HIS OWN PRIVY..
WAS IST?
YEAH..
..WHILE HE WAS SITTING RIGHT ON IT.!
HA HA HA!
HAHAHA!
WIE BITTE.?
OH.. NEVER MIND..
ANYWAY..
..THING IS..
..DUSTY TOOK ME TO THE CLEANERS.
HE IS... DOING ..WHAT?
HE MEANS I WON ALL HIS MONEY OFF HIM..
YEAH.. SO NEXT DAY I'M REAL PISSED ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED..
WHAT HAPPENED WAS YOU PLAYED CARDS LIKE AN OLD WOMAN.
..AN' I FIGURED OUT A REAL EASY WAY TO GET IT ALL BACK.


YOU'D LIKE TO THINK HE'D FIGURE ON GETTING OFF HIS GIANT REAR AN' GETTIN HIMSELF A REAL JOB..
..SEE, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS GET MYSELF A NEW DEPUTY..
..A COMPLETE STRANGER WHO KNOWS JACK SHIT BOUT WHAT GOES ON ROUND HERE..
HEH.. I GUESS HE MEANS YOU FRITZIE..
..AN' GET THEM TO GET MY MONEY..
HEY!
MY MONEY!
..BACK FOR ME.
SO..
Z
..YOU ARE BEING FREE TO TELL EVERYONE THIS BOY IS A THIEF TO BE TRACKED DOWN AND..
A THIEF..
AND A MURDERER!
WHA?
A MURDERER ?!?!
SURE! SEE, YOU KILLED MY DEPUTY, JUST BEFORE I GOT TO KILL YOU..
BUT..
WHY?
..SO I CAN GET ME THE REWARD MONEY FOR PLUGGIN' A WANTED KILLER AS WELL!


DER JUNGE.. THIS BOY.. NO-ONE WILL BELIEVE HE IS..GEFÄRLICH..
I'M WHAT?
..IT MEANS HE IS SAYING YOU ARE DANGEROUS..
IT DOES?
I KNEW THAT.
I AM.
FAH! YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT DANGER.!
YOU ARE LIKE A CHILD.
HA! THEM DUMB SODBUSTERS'LL BELIEVE WHATEVER I TELL EM!
GOD'DAMN IT! I AIN'T NO MURDERER, LARRY!
AN' YOU..
QUIT MAKIN' OUT I'M TOO STUPID TO WIPE MY OWN ASS..!
BUT.. YOU DO NOT HAVE EVEN.. A HORSE!
I FALL OFF HORSES WHEN.. IF I HAVE A DRINK!
YOU ARE TERRIBLE AT SHOOTING WITH A PISTOL!
I ACTUALLY SHOOT BETTER WHEN I'M DRUNK!
HEY!
THEM GRAVES AIN'T GONNA DIG THEMSELVES!

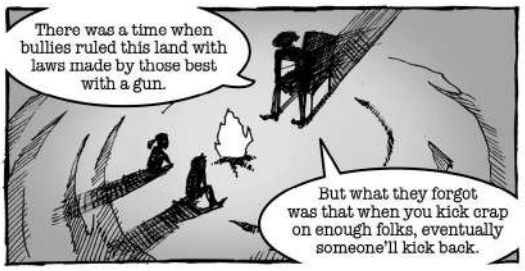

HA! I CATCH YOU AFTER ONLY ONE DAY!
HEY! I SAID..
I WAS TOO HUNG-OVER TO WALK ANY FURTHER!
YOU HAD NO FOOD!
I GAVE IT TO A GOPHER! WHAT DO YOU CARE!?
BUT..
..I SAID KEEP DIGGING YOU BASTARDS OR I'LL..
GRR
GRR
YOU HAD NO WATER..!
SO? THE GOPHER GOT THIRSTY!
..AND WHEN I FOUND YOU..
RIGHT.!
THAT'S IT..
..YOU WERE ASLEEP IN A DITCH!
LARRY..
WHY DON'T YOU..
CLICK
CLICK
..I'LL DIG THE FUCKIN' HOLES MYSELF!

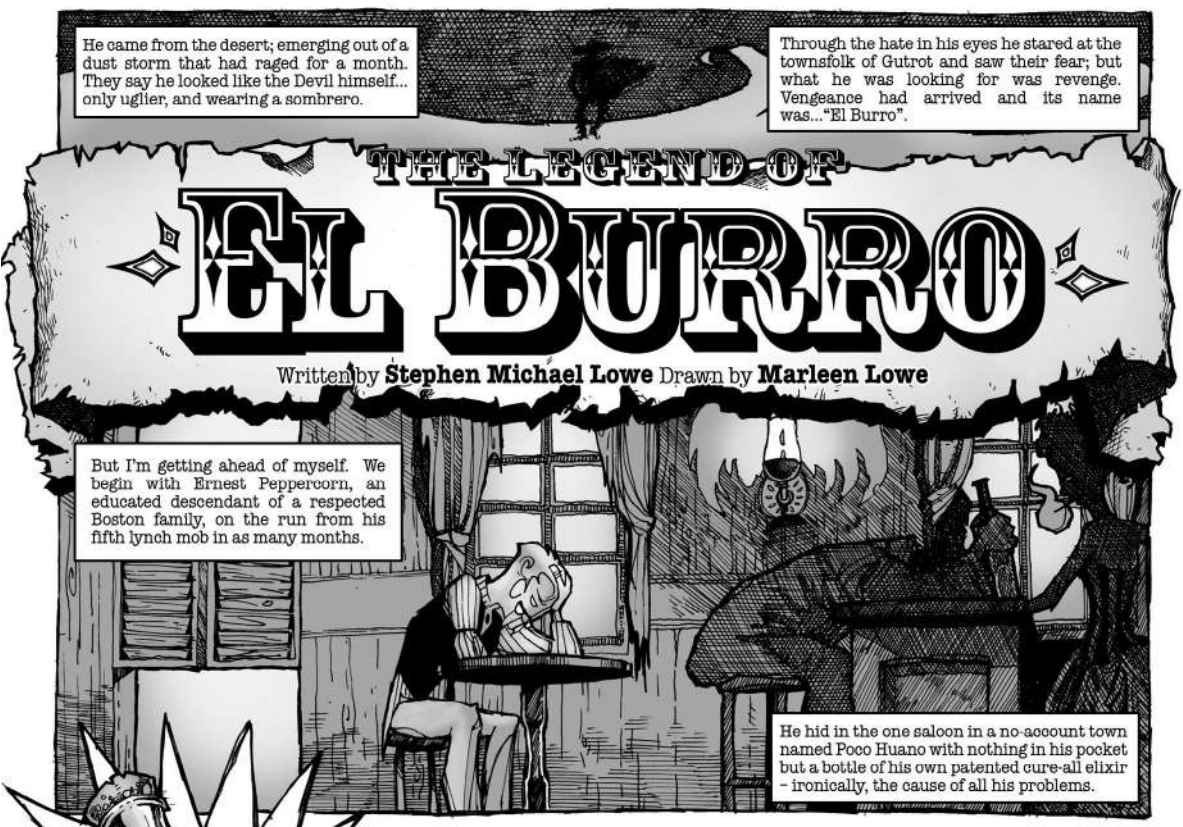

..SHUT UP!
WAK
SMAK
HMPF.. NOT THE BEST PLAN I WAS EVER HAVING..
..STILL..
HUH..?
THAT WAS A PLAN.?
WAITING TIL HE NEAR SHOT THE TWO OF US?
NO..
..I WAS WAITING UNTIL HE SHOT YOU..
WHA..?
YOU WERE JUST HAVING A LITTLE BIT OF THE LUCK I THINK.


Tommy, give it back!
Make me.


Tommy, why are you picking on your little sister?


I'm bored, Gramps.
That's no excuse. Sit down and open your ears.


There was a time when bullies ruled this land with laws made by those best with a gun.
But what they forgot was that when you kick crap on enough folks, eventually someone'll kick back.


He came from the desert; emerging out of a dust storm that had raged for a month. They say he looked like the Devil himself... only uglier, and wearing a sombrero.
Through the hate in his eyes he stared at the townsfolk of Gutrot and saw their fear; but what he was looking for was revenge. Vengeance had arrived and its name was..."El Burro".
THE LEGEND OF
EL BURRO
Written by Stephen Michael Lowe Drawn by Marleen Lowe
But I'm getting ahead of myself. We begin with Ernest Peppercorn, an educated descendant of a respected Boston family, on the run from his fifth lynch mob in as many months.
He hid in the one saloon in a no-account town named Poco Huano with nothing in his pocket but a bottle of his own patented cure-all elixir – ironically, the cause of all his problems.

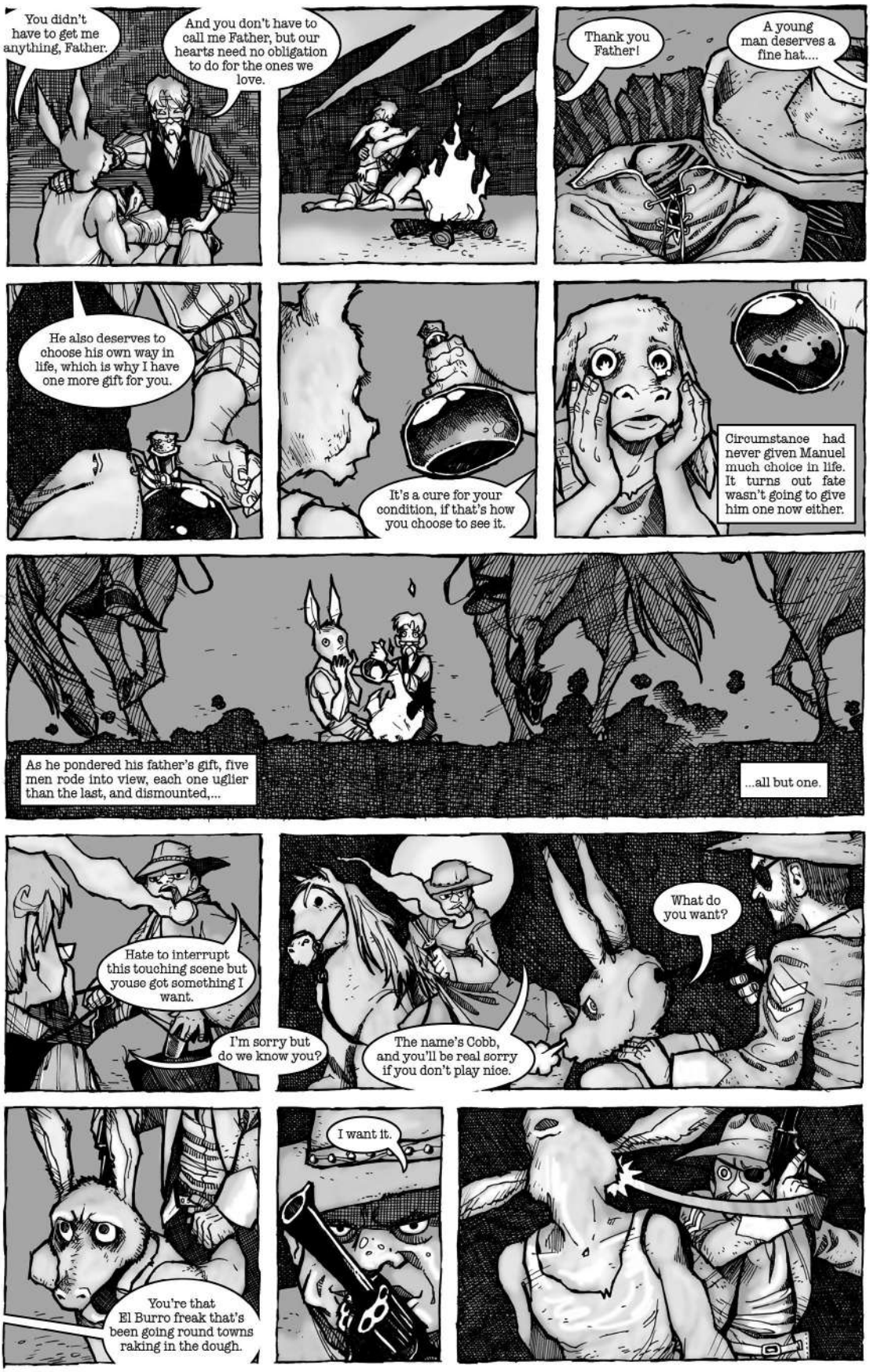

Professor Peppercorn's Fantabulous Patented Cure-all ELIXIR
"Fixes frowns, flattens lumps, ups the downs, straightens bumps, wards off clowns, tightens slumps, cures all ill – yes it will!"

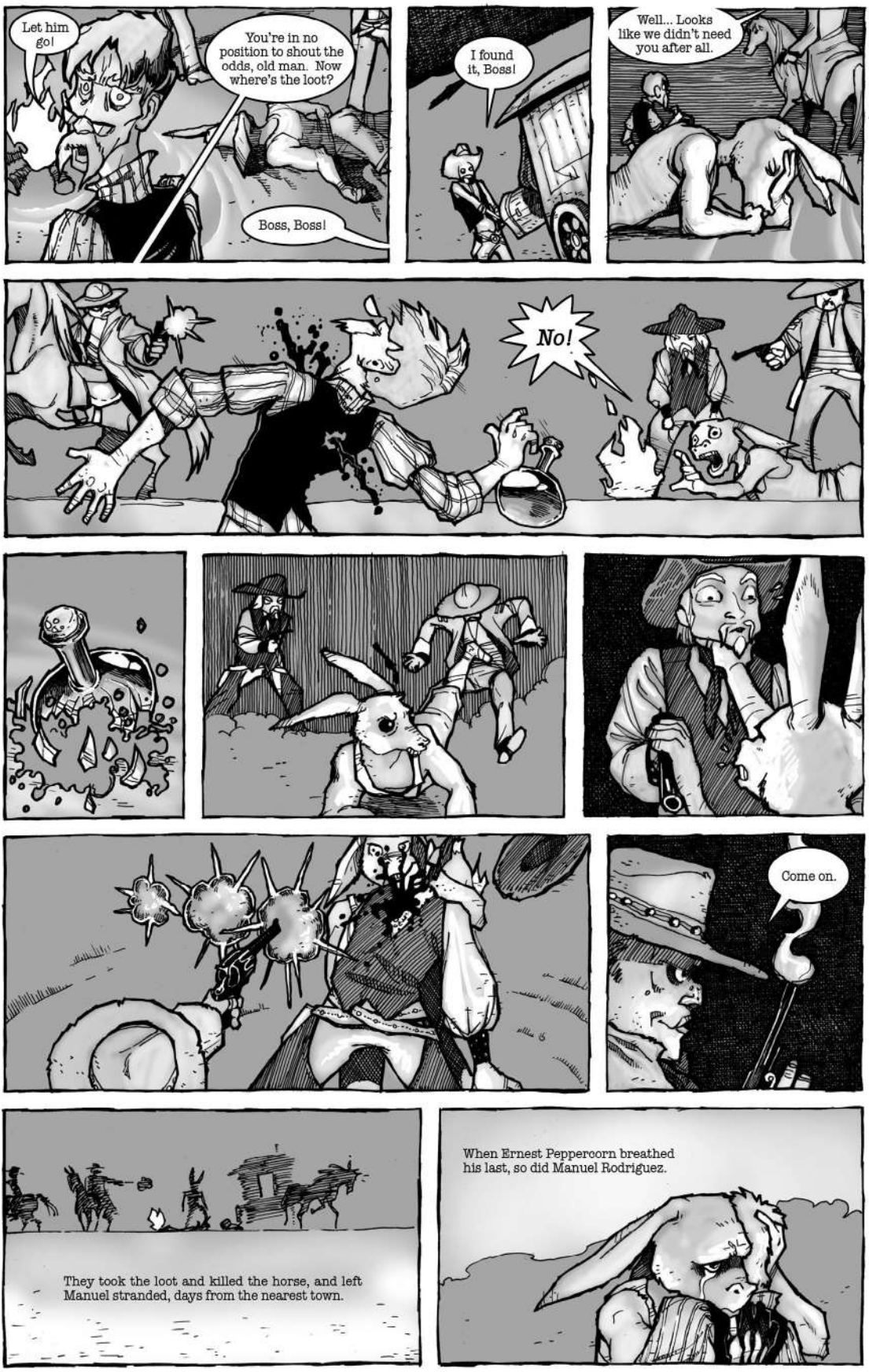

Dangerous my eye.




Excuse me, Miss? There seems to be some trouble brewing outside...
...the children are singling out that boy.
That's Manuel.
They beat him because he is so ugly.
Well, shouldn't someone do something? Tell his parents?
His father. You can try waking him if you want.
Abhorring such cruelty, and their indifference to it, Ernest himself went to the child's assistance –
You should be ashamed, all of you!
- before leaving Poco Huano as fast as his wagon could roll.
As night fell on the prairie, Ernest could not divest himself of a lingering sorrow for the poor boy Manuel; and when he heard a noise from his wagon he at first thought he imagined it –
- he had not.
His little stowaway, uncared for, unfed, and obviously thirsty, had drunk his way through an entire crate of the elixir.
For days on end, Ernest nursed Manuel through a fever it seemed he might not survive.
Survive he did, although nobody could have predicted the effect the elixir would have on him.
Oh, my poor boy..!

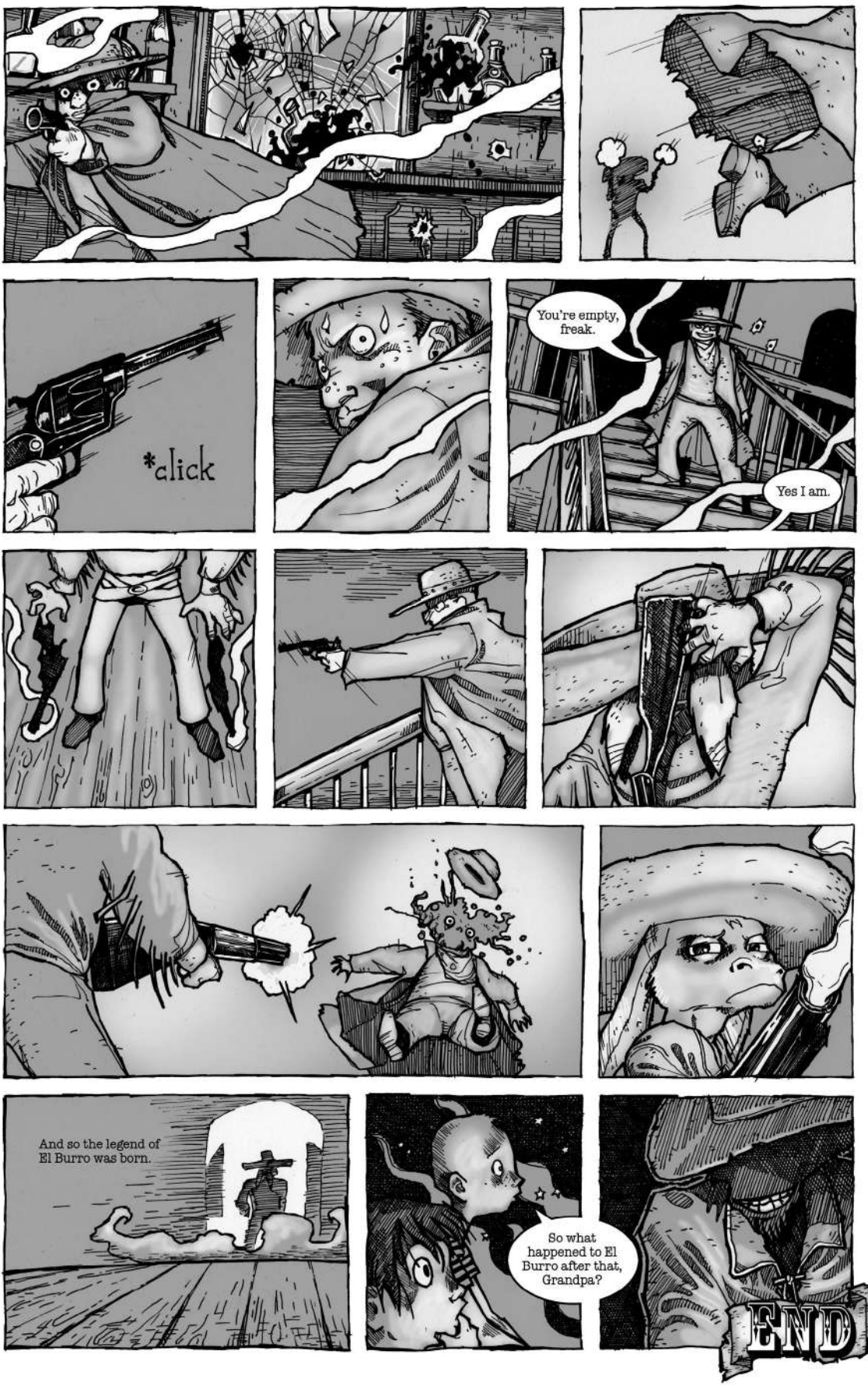

Overwhelmed with guilt, Ernest set about finding a cure for Manuel's condition. At the same time, each day saw the boy's strength increase – he could lift a heavy trunk as easily as Ernest carried his hat.
Soon, however, their supplies and their funds ran low, and Ernest had no choice but to sell his dreaded elixir once more.
Feared of what the townsfolk would say, he bid Manuel hide in the wagon...
Ladies and gentlemen, it's here; the answer to all your ills is just two dollars away with ***Professor Peppercorns Fantabulous Patented Cure-all Elixir!***
Eeek!
What *is* that monstrous *thing*?
May we see it?
I'm afraid he is *not* --
We'll pay of course. Five dollars!
And so it began that the crowds would come from far and wide to catch a glimpse of "El Burro". Onlookers handed over their cash by the fistful. The men were fascinated by Manuel's strength...
...the women curious as to how far the donkey resemblance went.
When the crowds had dispersed, still marvelling at what they had seen, Ernest set to work on finding a cure. By dawn he was no closer to a remedy and so the cycle started anew.
Before they knew it, years had passed and Manuel's eighteenth birthday was upon them.
Happy Birthday, Manuel.


You didn't have to get me anything, Father.
And you don't have to call me Father, but our hearts need no obligation to do for the ones we love.
Thank you Father!
A young man deserves a fine hat....
He also deserves to choose his own way in life, which is why I have one more gift for you.
It's a cure for your condition, if that's how you choose to see it.
Circumstance had never given Manuel much choice in life. It turns out fate wasn't going to give him one now either.
As he pondered his father's gift, five men rode into view, each one uglier than the last, and dismounted,...
...all but one.
Hate to interrupt this touching scene but youse got something I want.
I'm sorry but do we know you?
What do you want?
The name's Cobb, and you'll be real sorry if you don't play nice.
You're that El Burro freak that's been going round towns raking in the dough.
I want it.


Let him go!
You're in no position to shout the odds, old man. Now where's the loot?
Boss, Boss!
I found it, Boss!
Well... Looks like we didn't need you after all.
No!
Come on.
They took the loot and killed the horse, and left Manuel stranded, days from the nearest town.
When Ernest Peppercorn breathed his last, so did Manuel Rodriguez.


He left the remains of his former life to burn, and for two months followed Cobb's trail, spurred on by his grief.
As the wind gave way to rain so did his grief to hate.
Stopping only through exhaustion, one thought alone was on his mind and one word on his lips.
Cobb.
Even when the trail disappeared, the tracks lost to the rising dust storm, he continued.
WELCOME TO GUTROT
What the...?
Cobb?
Th- the saloon.
Fate had never dealt Manuel Rodriguez a fair hand, but the day El Burro entered the town of Gutrot was different.
Fate was busy on the crapper and the Grim Reaper was dealing the cards...


Cobb.
Well...
Well you surely are one ugly, stubborn son of a bitch.
Ugly, stubborn and dead.
I'm gonna kill ya, skin ya and eat ya.
I just don't know which to do first.


*click
You're empty, freak.
Yes I am.
And so the legend of El Burro was born.
So what happened to El Burro after that, Grandpa?
END



THE 7th WILL RISE AGAIN!

STORY
DWIGHT L. MACPHERSON

ART & LETTERS
KIRK MANLEY
studiokm.com








I RECKON I RODE FOR DAYS...
...I DON'T RIGHTLY RECALL. AFTER THE WATER RUN OUT, THE IMAGE OF HIS *TWISTED* FACE WAS ENOUGH TO KEEP ME GOIN' IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION FAST AS I COULD.
I RODE TILL I COULDN'T GO NO MORE!
THUMP!
--TILL I THOUGHT I WAS DYIN'.
UNFORTUNATELY...
I *DIDN'T.*


SEEMS I WAS *RESCUED*. DOC SAID I SHOULD HAVE DIED AFTER RIDIN' SO HARD AND LONG WITHOUT NO WATER. MY HORSE POLLY... SHE DROPPED DEAD NEXT DAY.
SHE WAS THE LUCKY ONE.
FIRST CHANCE I GOT, I AIMED TO *JOIN* HER.
HKKKKK...
you don't get it- do ya, boy? it'll **never** work.
I TRIED. LORD KNOWS I TRIED...
HAHAHAHA!
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No.7 BRAND
Tennessee
WHISKEY
75cl 40% Vol


AAGGGAAAAA!
SO HERE I AM AGAIN. THIS YEAR IS THE 7 YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF THE LAST STAND OF CUSTER'S 7TH CAV. IT'S A BATTLE I WAS MEANT TO DIE IN, TOO... BUT I RAN AWAY.
I'M SICK OF RUNNIN'. MAYBE... JUST MAYBE THIS YEAR IT'LL *END* ONCE AN' FOR ALL.
IT'S ALMOST TIME, SOLDIER. DON'T WANT TO KEEP THE SQUADRON WAITIN'!
NO, PLEASE... NOT *AGAIN!*
ISN'T 7 YEARS LONG ENOUGH TO PAY FOR WHAT I DONE--?
--7 YEARS OF *LIVIN' HELL?*


EASY, POLLY...
I KNOW WHAT'S 'BOUT TO HAPPEN AND YET...
...COULD I RUN 'WAY AGAIN IF I WANTED TO?
AS I RIDE I'M THINKIN'...
HYAAAAAAH! HYAAAAAAH!
...TRYIN' TO FIGURE SOME WAY OUTTA THIS.
NEXT THING YOU KNOW, I'M PRAYIN'. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY MISERABLE, GODFORSAKEN LIFE, I'M PRAYIN'.
PHHHHHHT!
EASY, GIRL.
BUT DEEP DOWN IN MY GUT I KNOW PA WAS RIGHT–THERE AIN'T NO GOD...
...NOT IF HE LETS THIS HAPPEN OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN. UNLESS...
...UNLESS HE HATES DESERTERS, TOO.


GOD... IF - IF MY PA WAS WRONG, PLEASE LET 'EM GET IT OVER WITH REAL QUICK LIKE. ONCE AN' FOR ALL.
Private Brown, so good of you to join us. Once a 7th Cav trooper, always a 7th Cav trooper...
Shall we get this over with?
OVER? C-CAN IT BE...?


SEEMS LIKE IT TAKES AN ETERNITY...
...AN' THE WHOLE TIME...
AAARRGGACH!
...I'M JUST PRAYIN'.
CHOMP!
GGRRRR...
RIP!
PLEASE, GOD... LET IT BE OVER FOR GOOD.
CRUNCH!
Well, Private Brown-seems you've become a prayin' man a little too late. He ain't listenin'.
You know what it means- don't you?
When God deserts you like you deserted your Cavalry brothers?


Or maybe your godless pa didn't tell you before he up and deserted you and your ma...
...it means you're in Hell!
But don't you worry, Private Brown. God-your pa, they might have left you. But the 7th ... the 7th will never desert you! HAHAHAHAHA!
SPLAT!
364 DAYS LATER.
THE END?


LUCKY STARR
by COLIN MATHIESON
MMM NOW THAT SMELLS REAL FINE!
DAT HORSE IS MIGHTY PRETTY TOO!
C..CAN I HELP YOU FELLAS?
WELL THAT'S REAL OBLIGING OF YOU SIR!
ME 'AN THE BOYS COULD USE A L'IL BREAKFAST!
SURE THING FELLAS..
I DONE GONE MADE EXTRA ANYWAYS!
I DON'T LIKE IT LUKE! NO ONE COOKS EXTRA ON THE TRAIL! WE SHOULD CARRY ON TO NORTHTOWN.
HE'S ONLY ONE MAN PAUL!
AND WE ARE MIGHTY HUNGRY!
WE'LL STILL GET TO NORTHTOWN IN PLENTY OF TIME, BUT IF HE TRIES ANYTHING
KILL HIM!
WE'D BE PLEASED TO JOIN YOU SIR.!


SO SON, WHERE YOU HEADED?
NORTHTOWN DONE GOT ME A LITTLE BUSINESS THERE
NORTHTOWN? DAT'S WHERE WE'S A GOING!
BE QUIET TOM!
BUT WE IS! LUKE SAID SO!
WE'S A GOING T'FREE D'BOSS AN GIT DAT SHERIFF!
THAT'S ENOUGH TOM!
B..BUT YOU SAID SO LUKE! OR T'WAS DA END OF T' CUTHBERT GANG!!
TAKE NO NOTICE MISTER...
..TOM'S AS STRONG AS AN OX..
..BUT HIS MIND IS JUST AS SLOW!
B..BUT HE DID SAY SO!
SSSH.' TOM SSSH!
U..UM WELL AS IT 'APPENS FELLAS..
..MY BUSINESS IS ALSO WIT DAT SHERIFF!
IS THAT SO?
I RECKON..
HE DONE ME A WRONG I'M GONNA RIGHT
I LIKES YOUR SPIRIT SON, IT'S REAL HUMBLING
IT WOULD BE AN HONOUR TO RIDE WITH YOU?


SURE! LET'S FINISH BREAKFAST AN GIT GOING!
WHO WANTS THE LAST SAUSAGES?
AH DON'T MIND IF AH DO!
HEY MISTER! CAN I RIDE YER PRETTY HORSE?
CAN I?
TOM!
IT'S OKAY BUT SHE'S A REAL FIGHTER!
IT'S OKAY I IS A REAL FIGHTER TOO.'
OKAY SADDLE UP BOYS!
WE GOT US AN APPOINTMENT WIT DAT SHERIFF!
COME ON MUTCH!
WE'RE MOVING OUT!
GROAN
URGH.. SORRY LUKE I ~GROAN~ GOT REAL BAD STOMACH CRAMPS
I ~GROAN~ DON'T FEEL SO URGH GOOD!
ARE YOU OKAY TO RIDE MUTCH?
YEA ~GROAN~ I'M FINE..
SPEW
YUK! UM WE HAVEN'T TIME FOR THIS LUKE!
OKAY MOVE OUT BOYS!
ER, STAY HERE MUTCH, WE'LL PICK YOU UP ON THE WAY BACK!
BUT I'M ~GROAN~ FINE!

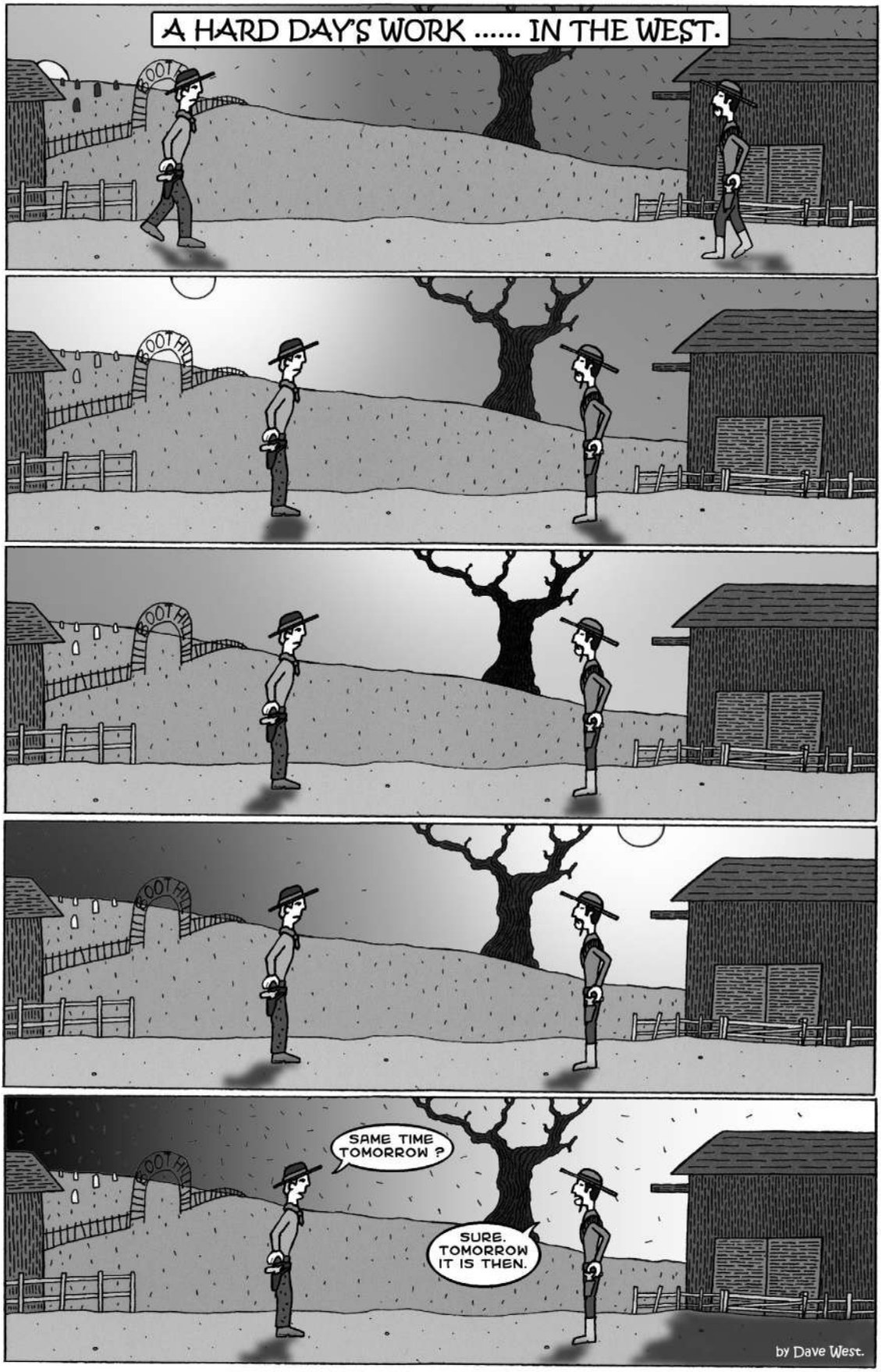

SHOULDN'T SOMEONE STAY WITH HIM?
NO HE'S FINE!
SPEW
SEE!
COME ON
LET'S GO!
TANKS FER LETTING ME RIDE YER PRETTY HORSE!
YOU'RE WELCOME
WOAH!!
S..STEADY GIRL!!
STOP!!
THWACK!
TOM!!
IT'S NO USE HE'S OUT LIKE A BABY!
UM..I WARNED HIM SHE WAS A FIGHTER?
IT'S OKAY KID
BUT TOM'S A GOOD MAN TO HAVE IN A FIGHT


MMM..I DON'T KNOW PAUL, MAYBE WE SHOULD WAIT FOR TOM AND MUTCH TO RECOVER?
YOU KNOW THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT LUKE!
IF THEY'RE GONNA HANG THE BOSS TODAY, WE'RE THE ONLY HOPE HE HAS!
WITH THE KID, THERE'S STILL FOUR OF US!..
..AN DAT SHERIFF AIN'T EVEN GOT A DEPUTY TO CALL!
COME ON LUKE, WHAT DO YOU SAY?
YOU'RE RIGHT PAUL
DAT SHERIFF AIN'T A MATCH FOR THE CUTHBERT GANG!
OKAY WE'LL CARRY ON!
WHEN WE GIT TO NORTHTOWN WE'LL ALL SPLIT UP...
..QUANAH, TAKE THE KID, PAUL STAY WITH ME!
SURE LUKE!
OKAY BOYS..
..LET'S RIDE!!


SOON
NORTHTOWN
OKAY BOYS SPLIT UP!
MOORE & REP
PSSST! WE'LL MEET AT DAT SHERIFF'S OFFICE
SDA STORE
HIC!
HIC!
SWISH!
PUSH!
!
WHACK!
SWING!
THUMP!


SHER
WHEN WE'VE FREED THE BOSS PAUL, KILL THE KID!
SURE THING LUKE!
THWACK!
PAUL?
PAUL!
WHA..?
UM..WHAT JUST HAPPENED TO PAUL?
I'M NOT RIGHTLY SURE KID!
IT SEEMS HE THREW A SHOE!
WHERE'S QUANAH?
UM.. .WELL..
..I COULDN'T GIT HIM PAST THE SALOON DOORS!
DAMM THOSE INJUNS AN THEIR DRINK!!
LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST YOU AN' ME THEN KID!
ARE YOU READY TO GO AN' GIT DAT SHERIFF?
UM..I GUESS!


NOBODY MOVE!
WANTED
THIS IS A JAILBREAK!
WANTED
LUKE IS THAT YOU?
IT'S OKAY CUTHBERT, WE'RE GONNA GIT YOU OUT OF HERE!
WANTED
JULIUS CHANCER $500
!
JUST AS SOON AS DAT SHERIFF GITS OFF HIS BUTT AN' GIVES ME THE KEYS!
LUKE YOU FOOL! THAT AIN'T THE SHERIFF..
..THE SHERIFF IS BEHIND YOU!!
HUH?
WH-WHAT WHERE?
CLICK!!
RIGHT HERE LUKE!
YEP, DAT SHERIFF IS ME!!
B-BUT?
NO BUTS LUKE, DROP THE GUN!
'AN GIT IN THAT THERE CELL
=PHEW= GREAT WORK SHERIFF
WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF THE GANG THOUGH?
CLUNK!
ALL TAKEN CARE OF, WE KIN ROUND EM' UP LATER!
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DID IT SHERIFF!
GUESS I'M JIST PLAIN 'LUCKY'!
FIN


A HARD DAY'S WORK ..... IN THE WEST.
BOOT HILL
SAME TIME TOMORROW ?
SURE. TOMORROW IT IS THEN.
by Dave West.


THE MEN WHO BUILT
THE WEST
BY KIERON GILLEN & ANDY BLOOR
JUST A LITTLE WHILE LONGER, MA'AM.
I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU WEREN'T TO HAVE IT FINISHED BEFORE THE STORMY SEASON.
I'D HATE TO BE OUT HERE ALL ALONE WITHOUT A ROOF OVER MY HEAD.
OH, LAWDY.
DON'T WORRY, MISS. I'LL HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH THEM.

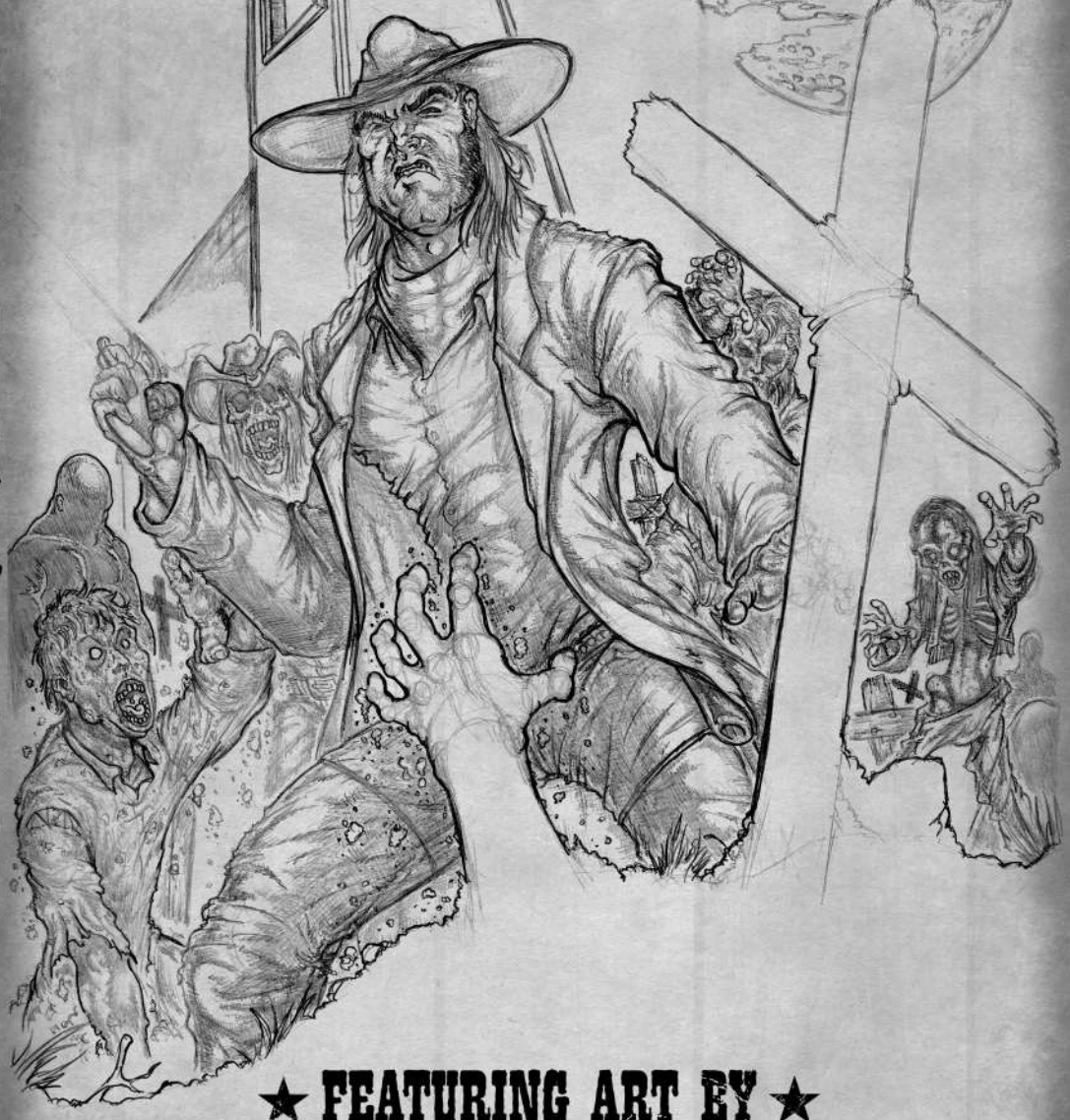

YOU CAN WALK AWAY.
SO CAN YOU.
BUT I'VE GOT A LADY TO ROB.
AND I'VE GOT A ROOF TO FIX.
WELL, I GUESS WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A PROBLEM.
BLAM!
BLAM!


BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
CLICK!
ONLY SIX SHOTS.
THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH THOSE SIX SHOOTERS.


SHAME, COWBOY. YOU COULD HAVE WALKED AWAY.
CRUNCH!
BUT THEN WHO'D FIX THE ROOF?
THANKYOU, FOR EVERYTHING.
MY PLEASURE, MA'AM.
YOUR MONEY. NOW I'M THANKFUL YOU TOOK TWO WEEKS.
I HATE TO THINK WHAT'D HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU HADN'T.


IF YOU'RE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, DON'T BE A STRANGER, STRANGER.
OF COURSE, LITTLE LADY.
CRASH!
GODDAMN COWBOY BUILDERS!!

★GALLERY★



★FEATURING ART BY★

DAN DENHOLT, MO ALI, ROLAND BIRD, ANDY BLOOR
CHRIS DOHERTY, MARTIN FLINK, STEVE HOWARD, TIM KEABLE
WILLIAM KIRKBY, SAM WAKEMAN & CRISPIAN WOOLFORD




ROLAND BIRD.








JACK
HALEY
WHISKY
STEVE
HOWARD


BANK
TIM KEABLE


XIII
DEATH:
The LOVERS
COLT SIN
WILL KIRKBY
4 4 AWESOME


ANTIETAM



COWBIOS

MO ALI

Mo Ali was born in a haunted hospital. Mo lives in the south-east of England which only adds to his troubles. He's a Pushcart Prize-nominated writer.

MICHAEL LINDAL ANDERSON

Michael Lindal Andersen's debut as a comic book writer, was his collaboration with artist Dan Denholt. When not writing, helping to organize the KOMIKS.DK (Copenhagen International Comics) Festival, he sometimes assumes the role of mild mannered librarian.

JON AYRE

Jon Ayre writes fiction for fun, and software for money, but he'd really like that situation to be reversed. His comic strips have appeared in Accent UK's Zombies and Robots. He is currently co-writing Stephenson's Robot with Dave West, and illustrated by INDIO.

DAVID BAILIE

David Baillie is a freelance writer/artist and web designer. He regularly contributes 'Interviews' to the Accent UK anthologies, because someone has to.

DAN BARRITT

Dan Barritt has always been drawing comics and was first published in No-Title magazine with a series of short strips. He is now working for several anthologies including Accent UK, Community Comics Outline and 'The Sisterhood' comic with Steve Tanner.

ROLAND BIRD

Roland Bird spends most of his time thinking about the meaning of life.... such as 'What's the purpose of life's journey?Can we take sandwiches with us or do we have to buy them when we get there?'

STEVE BISSETTE

Stephen R. Bissette is a comics legend, winning many industry awards. Best-known for Saga of the Swamp Thing, Taboo, '1963,' Tyrant, and for co-creating the character of John Constantine. He currently teaches at the Center for Cartoon Studies in White River Jct., VT. His latest work includes SR BISSETTE'S BLUR (four volumes), co-authoring PRINCE OF STORIES: THE MANY WORLDS OF NEIL GAIMAN, and a new comic story in SECRETS & LIES; visit http://srbissette.com.

ANDY BLOOR

Andy Bloor drew THE WOLFMEN (with Dave West), designs all the Accent UK anthologies, has 2 pages in a upcoming issue of PHONOGRAM and is currently working on FALL OF THE WOLFMEN and an as yet untitled graphic novel.

PAUL BOWLES

Paul Bowles or Bowlzy as he's more widely known (family tradition) has seen his first published comic work in Accent UK's ROBOTS. He is looking to develop the story further in a future one shot graphic novel.

GARRY BROWN

Garry Brown is a UK based illustrator. He has a few published comics and illustrations in the US. He has also contributed to Accent UK's ZOMBIES and ROBOTS.

KATE BROWN

Kate Brown is currently working on a weekly on-going strip for The DFC called The Spider Moon. Her past work includes short comics for The Girly Comic, Alterna Press and Best New Manga. Other work includes the graphic novel 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' for Self MadeHero's Manga Shakespeare range.

ANDREW CHEVERTON

Andrew Cheverton has contributed scripts and/or art to The Girly Comic, Violent!, Modern Monstrosity Presents and Accent UK's Zombies. Together with artist Tim Keable, he has so far produced six issues of the critically-acclaimed West series.

ALEXI CONMAN

Alexi Conman likes comics. If he's lucky and you're not, you'll be reading more of his work in the very near future.

LEWIS COSTELLO

Lewis Costello or Lewis?!?! is only 15. He is an aspiring comic book writer/artist, has already written for various published books and is self publishing his collaborative comics under Frontier Entertainment.

BRYAN COYLE

Bryan Coyle is the artist and co-creator of the upcoming Twofold series 'Lightweight', a contributing writer and artist to British indy anthologies such as MangaQuake, Solar Wind and Something Wicked, and also produces his own ongoing comic-book (improbably) aimed at younger readers, Turbo Katie.

GARY CRUTCHLEY

Gary Crutchley reads comics, he writes comics and he draws comics. His work has appeared in Accent UK's ZOMBIES and ROBOTS anthology amongst numerous other places.

DAN DENHOLT

Last year robbed us of a good friend and talented artist and although Dan was unable to produce his planned Western strip, we're very grateful to his wife Charlotte and friend Michael for showing us the draft pages and providing his excellent pin up which we're proud to feature in this book. Skol Dan!

CHRIS DOHERTY

Chris Doherty produces the excellent minicomics, Six and Two Threes #0 and Lottie, and more recently Video Nasties.

DAN DUNCAN

Dan Duncan currently resides in California and attends the legendary Joe Kubert School of Art. You can check out his work at http://dan-duncan.deviantart.com/

MARTIN FLINK

Martin Flink lives in Hillerød and works in Copenhagen. His comic works to date include Fantasiens Melodi (The Melody of Fantasy), Utopia (a two issue mini-series) he is currently finishing his graphic novel 'The Man Of Glass' that will be published by Accent UK in 2009

ANDY FORBER

Andy Forber loves Westerns. When he's not watching them he can be found either drawing or re-enacting them. Not a one trick pony though, he is currently working on his own title, about a cavegirl and a yeti...

KIERON GILLEN

Kieron Gillen sells tiny slices of his soul for money. He's perfectly fine with this, as he wasn't using it for anything important. As a comic writer he's best known for his Image Comics series with Jamie McKelvie, Phonogram. He's also written for Marvel Comics, Tokyopop, BOOM and Avatar. He's never written a cowboy story and still smiles when he thinks of the punchline to this one. Because he's a dolt.

BRIDGEEN GILLESPIE

Bridgeen Gillespie (aka Fred) creates comics that range from ranty girl comics, to cute philosophical animals and comics inspired by song lyrics. She has successfully exhibited and sold paintings of her comic character Rabbit in London and at various UK comic conventions, and has contributed to several Accent UK anthologies.

BRIAN GORMAN

Brian Gorman illustrations have appeared on the cover of 'Green World',. Recently, he has produced a 2 page promotional comic strip for the award-winning short film 'Anno Domini' (Jemstone Entertainment), and the short strip 'Reapers' (Unico Collections). Brian also created, wrote & drew the 'pilot' issue of 'Borderliners: Ceremony Of Innocence' (Unico Publishing).

JAMES GRAY

James Gray has been a long time contributor to that wonderful space on the web that is DeviantART and has a wide variety of former clients ranging from Caravan Magazines to Death Metal album covers. He has an Armageddon/End of the World story for Underfire Comics and also Accent UK's ZOMBIES & ROBOTS anthologies.

DAVID HAILWOOD

David Hailwood has written several series of cartoon strips for Mobile Phones, he's also been successful writing situation comedy, 'Attack of The Mutant Sock Freaks', for example, a comedy horror David wrote and co-edited, aired on E4. David had a short animation 'Jailbird Jesus' also aired on E4, and has converted several of his own cartoon strips into animations, as well as some of David Baillie's ZOMBIE INTERVIEWS

PAUL HARRISON-DAVIES

Paul Harrison-Davies has had work in 'Best New Manga', and Accent UK's ZOMBIES and ROBOTS.

TIM HILL

Tim Hill thrives on visualization, whether it's for a comic book, game or an evil alien's new spacecraft! Tim achieved a first class Honors Degree in Games Design and now works as a full time concept artist with TT games, spending most of his free time complaining about how he could be better!

DAVID HITCHCOCK

David Hitchcock is the master of Victorian Gothic comic book art. His talent has continued to impress as he has brought us one epic after another, from 'Spirit of the Highwayman', through 'Whitechapel Freak' to the 2006 Eagle Award winning 'Springheeled Jack'. He also illustrated a tale by Leah Moore and John Reppion in Accent UK's ZOMBIES anthology.

STEVEN HOWARD

Steven Howard almost gave up on illustration after University, he didn't pick up a pencil for years, until getting back into comics to co-found UNICO Comics, at the tender age of 25, with Michael Burness. Ever since he's been trying to break into the wonderful world of comic illustration.

INDIO

INDIO has contributed to both the ZOMBIES and ROBOTS anthologies for Accent UK. His current artist powers are focussed on the upcoming bimonthy title Stephenson's Robot, also for Accent UK which sees him draw carnival folk, WW1 soldiers and robots. He's a happy man.

OWEN JOHNSON

Owen Johnson has contributed to both ZOMBIES and ROBOTS anthologies from Accent UK and is currrently working on a graphic novel, A Lipstick of Dynamite, and a novel about a travelling circus troupe.

TIM KEABLE

Tim Keable has done illustrative work for publishers Virgin Books, Visual Imagination and for the Doctor Who Magazine. He also drew storyboards for Jim Mortimore's unproduced TV series First Frontier. Comic work includes strips for Accent UK's ZOMBIES, The Girly Comic and Violent! and of course the well-received WEST series.

WILLIAM KIRKBY

Will Kirkby is the creator of the ongoing comic saga 'The Sea'. Living in unforgiving terrain of Sheffield he studied art at his grandfathers side for many years. Since those hazy days of youth and zen-like-training he's gone onto publish several mini comics.

PEDRO LOPEZ

Pedro Lopez is a Danish illustrator and comic artist. He has made several comics to the American comic anthology Graphic Classics, mostly horror stories. He is also a big fan of spaghetti westerns.

MARLEEN LOWE

Marleen Lowe when not illustrating, dabbles in web design, concept art and writing. Her first comic art TERUO appeared in Accent UK's ROBOTS, and she is currenty collaborating with Dave West on her first full one shot, 'Whatever Happened to the World's Fastest Man'.

STEPHEN MICHEAL LOWE

Stephen Lowe's contribution to WESTERN, a collaboration with sister Marlene, sees his first comic book work. Stephen's is a more familiar name in the world of theatre where he co-founded the KOBAL Theatre Company in 2001.

DWIGHT L. MACPHERSON

Dwight L. MacPherson is the creator and writer of the Harvey & Eagle Award nominated "The Surreal Adventures of Edgar Allan Poo." He has also been published by IDW, Devil's Due Publishing, Viper Comics, Slave Labor Graphics, Arcana Studio & Silent Devil Productions.

KIRK MANLEY

Kirk Manley is an illustrator, designer and comic book artist from the United States. He's had work published by DC comics, Techno comics, a number of independents and he has self published.

STEVE MARTIN

Steve Martin was a mainstay of the Independent British comic scene in the 1990's with his wonderful Terrible Sunrise books that retold the beginnings of World War I, this is his first printed work for quite a while... too long in fact.

COLIN MATHIESON

Since co-founding Accent UK, Colin's comic output and hairline have steadily shrunk and although there is no proof that the two are related he's hoping that by making his WESTERN strip his longest for some time that his hair will take the hint!

LEAH MOORE

Leah Moore's first published work appeared in ABC's Tom Strong and Terrific Tales. She has co-written, with her husband John Reppion, numerous comic book stories ranging from tales about monsters through to super heroines. Together with Shane Oakley, Leah and John also produced the excellent 'Albion'.

KEVIN MULLINS

Kevin Mullins is a part-time freelance illustrator who hopes to make a living out of producing art. He enjoys working in a variety of different mediums, his favourite being oil and watercolour. His first published comic work appeared in Accent UK's ROBOTS and he has since had a two page story in Tripwire.

DOUGLAS NOBLE

Douglas Noble is the writer and artist of the comic Strip for Me, which routinely horrifies and confuses its readers throughout the world. Recent work includes an Avengers tale for Marvel Comics.

DAVID O'CONNELL

David O'Connell is a London-based artist and illustrator, and the creator of TOZO, a 'ligne claire' science fiction webcomic that has run online since February 2007 (and which is also available in print form).

MORGAN PIELLI

Morgan Pielli contributed a story to Accent UK's ZOMBIES anthology, whilst a student of Steve Bissette. He's back again for more and if you like to find out more about him, visit MorganStories.com

GRAEME NEIL REID

Graeme Neil Reid's printed comic strip output spans from 1991 to 1999 and has appeared in CARNOPOLIS, MEANWHILE, NEGATIVE BURN, TURN and VIOLENT publications, as well as a pin up in Accent UK's MONSTERS and another in ZOMBIES. Graeme has collected this body of work together in his self published 'ONE LAST TIME'.

JOHN REPPION

John Reppion has co-written, with his wife Leah Moore, numerous comic book stories ranging from monsters, Zombies ('Raise The Dead' for Dynamite), psychic communication with non-human life forms, terra forming other planets (as this one's been done already), super heroines (Wild Girl) and of course Albion. John also writes articles and reviews for several publications and has an unhealthy interest in Zombies.

LEE ROBSON

Lee Robson is slowly gaining some ground in the UK independent scene. Several of his strips have been published in FutureQuake and its sister publication, the horror anthology 'Something Wicked'. More are lined up to appear in the 2000AD fanzines Dogbreath and Zarjaz.

CRAIG SHIELDS

Craig Shields has recently formed Broken English Comics with Paul Stafford, The Ten Steps is their first published work.

CHARLEY SPENCER

Charley Spencer has had his comic work appear in numerous independent UK comics, and his first contribution to an Accent UK anthology was ZOMBIES.

PAUL STAFFORD

Paul Stafford has recently formed Broken English Comics with Craig Shields, The Ten Steps is their first published work.

DAVE WEST

Dave West is a co-founder of Accent UK and has contributed to every anthology. He also draws his own little comics and writes stories for better artists, 'Wolfmen' for Andy Bloor, 'Whatever Happened to the World's Fastest Man' for Marleen Lowe, and co-writing Stephenson's Robot with Jon Ayre which is being illustrated by INDIO.

NIC WILKINSON

Nic Wilkinson usually collaborates with her partner Cy Dethan on such strips as Starship Troopers: Extinction Protocol, Remember This Moment and the upcoming Cancertown, From The Case Files of Harlan Falk and a strip for the future Accent UK PREDATORS anthology.

SAM WAKEMAN

When not drawing, Sam Wakeman divides his time between being a Creative Artworker for a national advertising agency and telling outrageous lies to friends and familes. He also occasionally posts stuff at www.zipmag.co.uk

CRISPIAN WOOLFORD

Crispian's first published work was in the Accent UK anthology ROBOTS. He is currently working on a strip for PREDATORS, the 2010 Accent UK Anthology.

ACCENT UK comics are available from: **www.accentukcomics.com** & **www.forbiddenplanet.co.uk**



■ **TWELVE**
£3.50
2005 • 60 pages



■ **MONSTERS**
£3.00
2006 • 48 pages



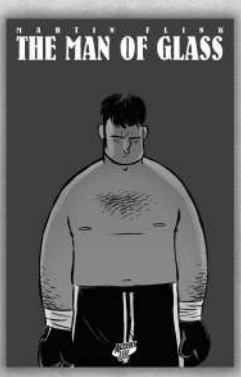
■ **ZOMBIES**
£6.00
2007 • 168 pages



■ **THE WOLFMEN**
£3.00
2007 • 60 pages



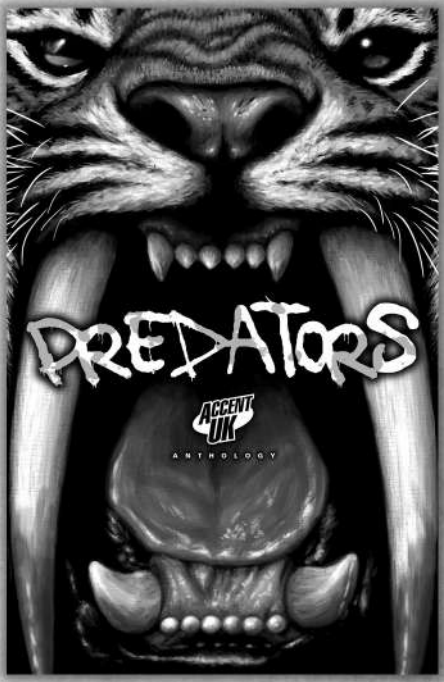
■ **FASTEST MAN**
£TBC
2009 • TBC pages



■ **THE MAN OF GLASS | £TBC**
2009 • 48 pages



■ **ROBOTS | £8.50**
2008 Anthology • 202 pages



■ **PREDATORS | £TBC**
2010 Anthology • TBC pages

■ **REMEMBRANCE DAYS** 2002 • 22 pages **£1.95**
■ **PHOBIAS** 2003 • 38 pages **£2.50**
■ **PIRATES** 2004 • 55 pages **£2.50**

Also available from: **Ace Comics** - Colchester, **Gosh!** - London, **Millennium Comics** - Northwich and Warrington, **OK Comics** - Leeds, **Travelling Man** - Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle, **Whatever Comics** - Canterbury, **Forbidden Planet International** - various locations and **www.comicsandcollectibles.co.uk** - Ormskirk and online.

The Accent

STARTS INSIDE: AN ACCENT EXCLUSIVE! Blessed CURSED

BLESSED/CURSED 1: WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN BY DAVE WEST & MARLEEN LOWE • £3.00 UK / $5.00 USD

THE MIRACLE OF THE 7.15AM FROM HAYES

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN?



EXCLUSIVE!

BY DAVE WEST & MARLEEN LOWE

Police are at a loss to explain the amazing survival of all passengers of the derailed British Rail Hayes to Charing Cross commuter train as it approached Catford Bridge station yesterday morning.

There has been no explanation as yet as to what caused the train to leave the track, but all investigations appear to be focussed instead on explaining exactly how all of the passengers on the busy city link managed to find themselves not in the twisted remains of the carriages but observing the wreck from the safety of the embankment. As if not mystiying enough, people

Continued on Page 3

> **"...do yourself a favour and acquire yourself a copy of a very early contender for the strongest indie comic of 2009. 10/10"**
>
> *Glenn Carter www.comicsvillage.com*

Prometheus Tower brings jobs to Deptford





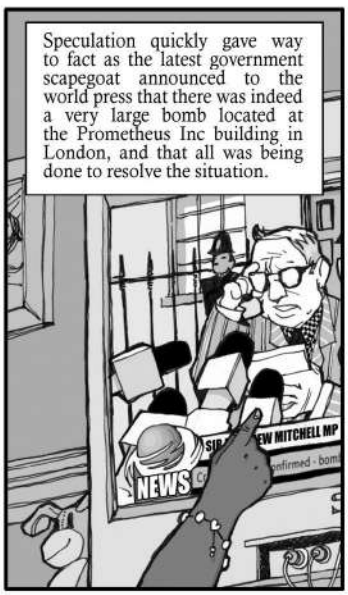
Celebrity Magician Kane Mesmer today opens the new Prometheus Research and Development Centre that sees the beginning of much needed investment in South East London.

Designed by award winning architect Frank Burroughs who draws on 1950's B-movies for inspiration, the rocket ship shaped building is proving very popular with the locals, especially those under the age of 10.

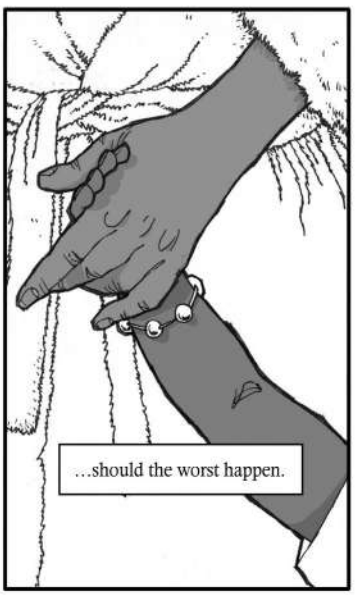
ACCENT UK


What would you do if an evil scientist announced that he was going to blow up your city unless the government paid him 20 million pounds in unmarked used bank notes?
To be honest it's doubtful that you'd actually ever get to hear about it.
This was Great Britain, after all.
The government would sort this out without the average person being any the wiser.
They'd either pay him, track him down and force him to switch the thing off or get a good scientist to switch it off instead.
METROPOLITAN POLICE
If all else failed there'd be plenty of warning, time enough to pop on a tube and get to safety.
Whatever the solution, the outcome would be the same. Taxes would continue to be paid for the foreseeable future and all would be right with the world.
Sadly, such a threat had been made but for reasons that the person on the street would probably never discover, things went wrong.
Very wrong.


With only 1 hour to go until detonation the news was filled with footage of key city businessmen, many with friends in government positions, jumping into helicopters, called in to fly them over busy city streets.


Speculation quickly gave way to fact as the latest government scapegoat announced to the world press that there was indeed a very large bomb located at the Prometheus Inc building in London, and that all was being done to resolve the situation.
NEWS


He also advised that everybody stay where they were, being safer in buildings than on the city streets…


…should the worst happen.


Armed with this information the British people did what anyone would do, and took to the streets in their thousands.
Well meaning or otherwise, this announcement only really served to add more cars to the already overburdened London streets.

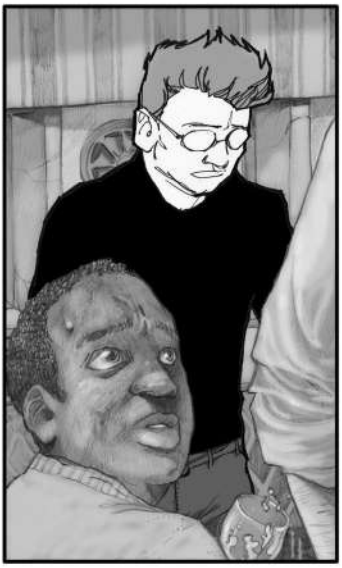

Bobby Doyle observed all of this on the television over the bar at his work's local public house.
CRISIS WORKER
Cod + Chips £3.50

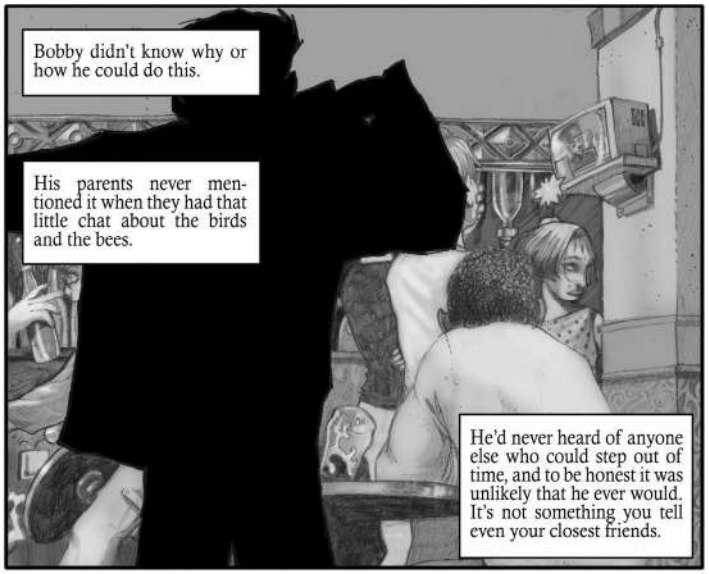

He was out with friends for a 'long lunch', and on hearing this news


accepted that his was going to be even longer than planned.


With a sigh he put his half-empty pint glass on its beer mat


and stopped time.




Bobby didn't know why or how he could do this.
His parents never mentioned it when they had that little chat about the birds and the bees.
He'd never heard of anyone else who could step out of time, and to be honest it was unlikely that he ever would. It's not something you tell even your closest friends.


But Bobby could do this.
Bobby was special.

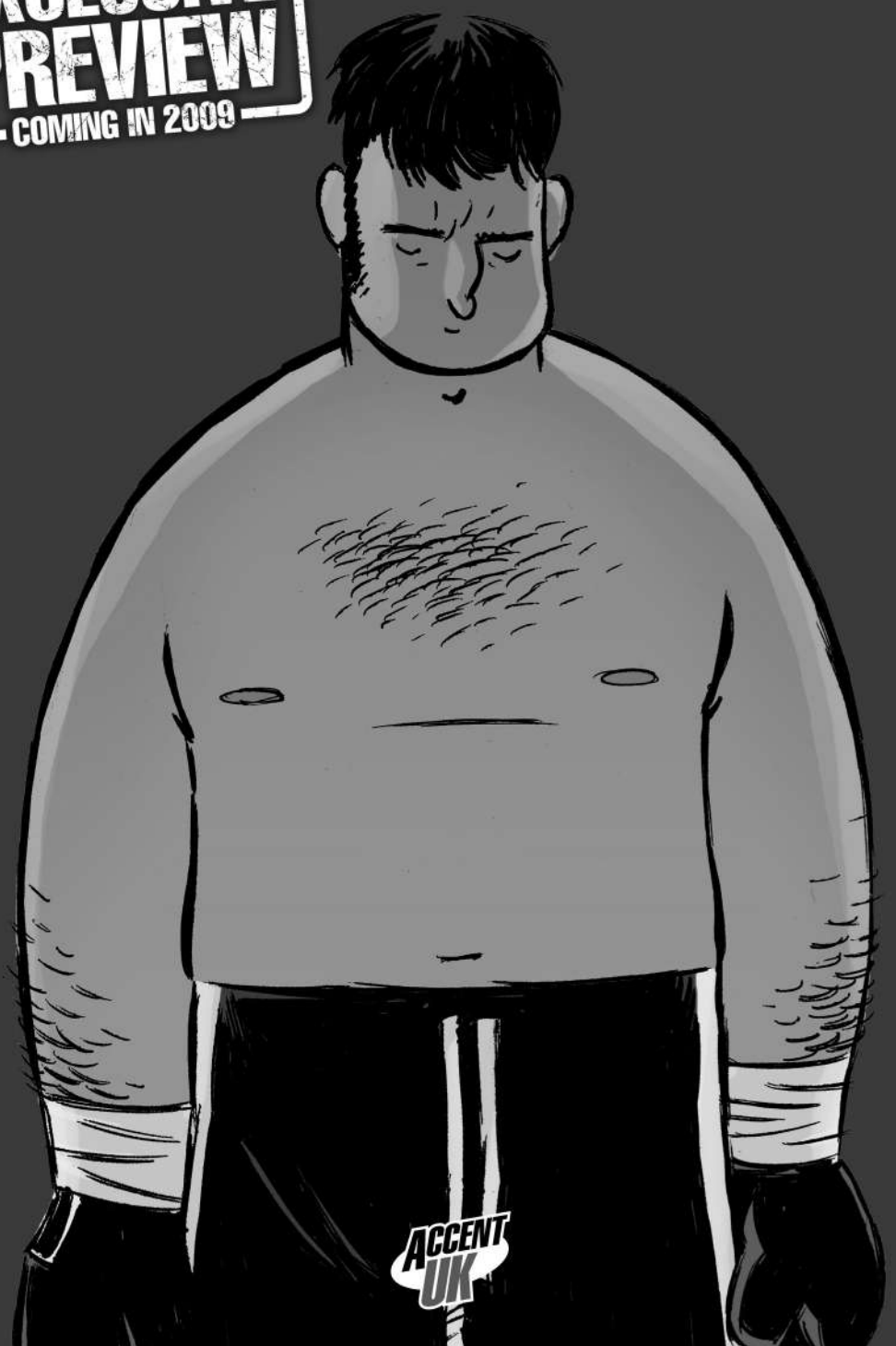
MARTIN FLINK

THE MAN OF GLASS

ACCENT UK

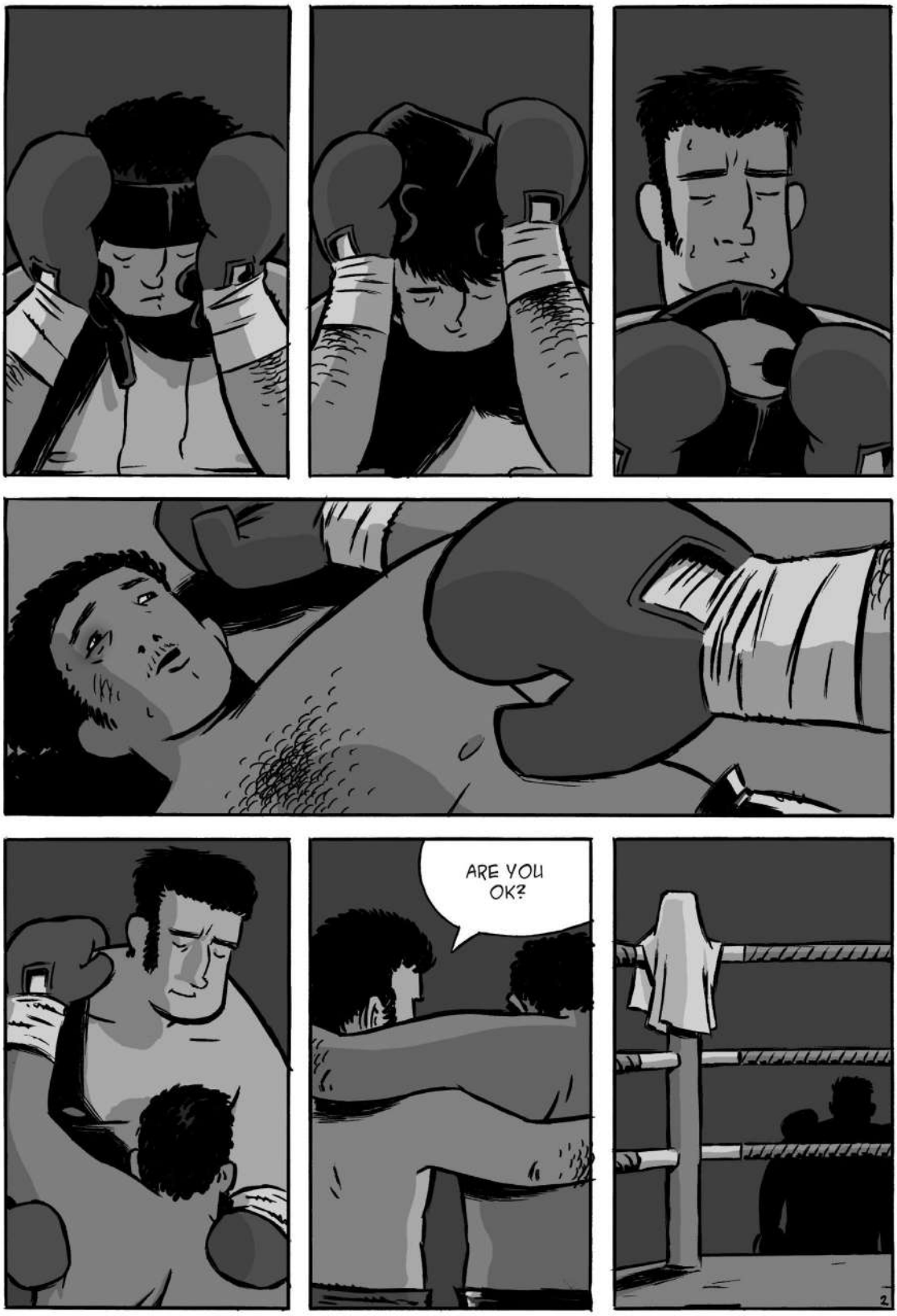
EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW

COMING IN 2009



ACCENT UK




ARE YOU OK?


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