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R. SIKURTAK



**DANTE • BRONTE • THE BARD • VOLTAIRE • WILDE
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Masterpiece COMICS

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"Blonde Eve," "Inferno Joe," "Mephistofield,"
"Mac Worth," and "Candiggy"

THE CRYPT OF BRONTE

The House-Keeper in
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For Kriota

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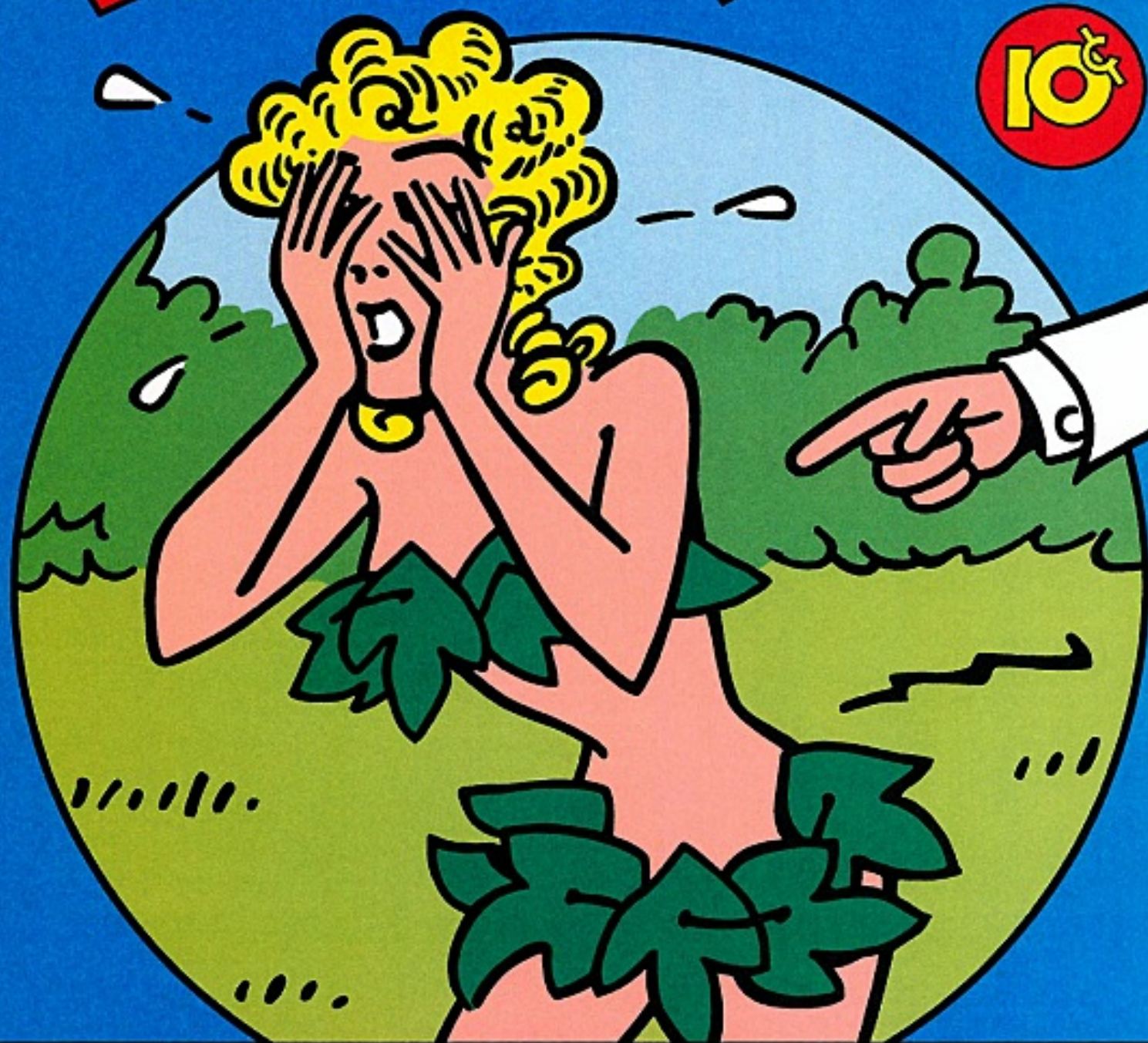
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No. 1

July

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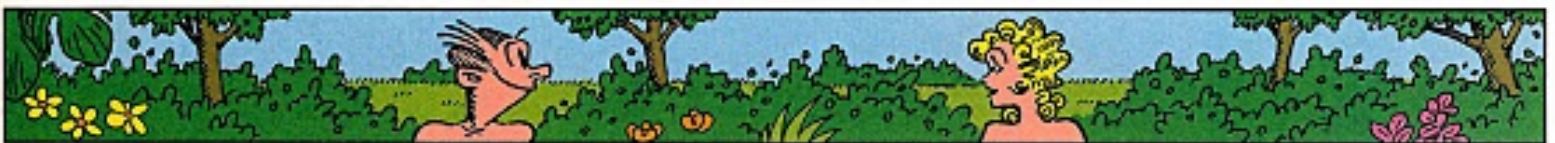
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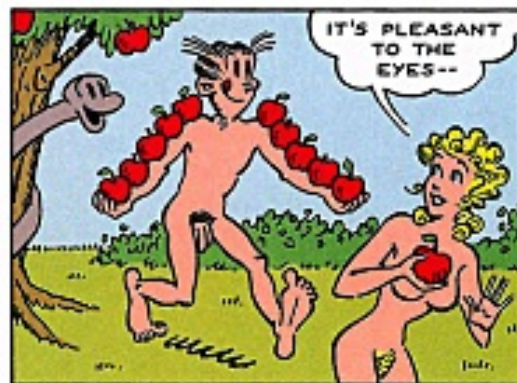
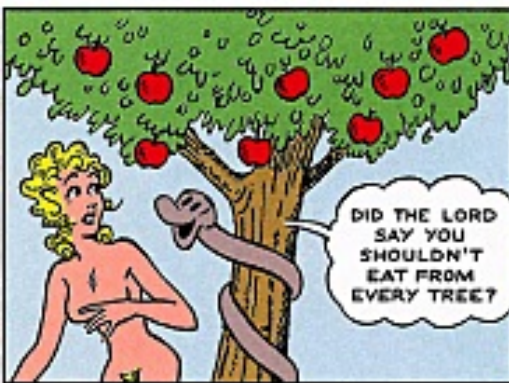
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State _____ Aspiration _____

BLOOND EVE



BLOND EYE



BLOND EYE



DANTE'S
Inferno
BUBBLE GUM

Inferno
YOUNG
POETS'
FAVORITE

Inferno

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Inferno
BUBBLE GUM

Inferno
YOUNG
POETS'
FAVORITE

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INFERNO JOE and his GUIDE



FORTUNE: ABANDON HOPE, YOU WHO ENTER THERE.

#270. DIVINE LOVE PENDANT
GOLD-PLATED HEART IMPRINTED
WITH BEATRICE'S INITIAL. COMES
WITH GRACEFUL CHAIN.
SEND 150 COMICS TO: INFERNO/
P.O. BOX 1300 / BROOKLYN, NY.
PRINT CLEARLY.
NOT VALID WHERE PROHIBITED.



INFERNO JOE and the HEATHENS



FORTUNE: BRING A FLASHLIGHT—IT'S DARKER THAN YOU THINK.

#353. BANNER OF INDECISION
THE OPPORTUNIST'S BLANK WHITE
FLAG ATTACHED TO A 12 INCH POLE.
EXACT REPLICAS. SEND 300 AND
5 COMICS TO: INFERNO/
P.O. BOX 1300 / BROOKLYN, NY.
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INFERNO JOE and the LUSTFUL



FORTUNE: WAKE UP! MORE ADVENTURES AWAIT YOU.

#506. TAIL OF DAMNATION
3 FOOT RUBBER TAIL, JUST LIKE
MINDS USES TO JUDGE SOULS. TRY
IT ON FOUR FRIENDS! SEND 75¢
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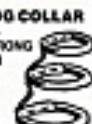


INFERNO JOE and the GLUTTONS



FORTUNE: NO ONE CAN STOP YOUR TRAVELS INTO THE ABYSS.

#814. THREE HEADED DOG COLLAR
THREE GOLD-PLATED COLLARS
WITH REINFORCED CLASPS. STRONG
ENOUGH TO KEEP CERBERUS IN
LINE. SEND 300 COMICS TO:
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INFERNO JOE and the MISERS & SQUANDERS



FORTUNE: YOU WILL TAKE A SHORT OCEAN VOYAGE.

#794. WHEEL OF CHANCE
SCALE MODEL OF DANTE FORTUNE'S
INSTANTLY ETHERAL SPINNING
ACTION. DON'T BET ON THIS ONE!
SEND 90¢ AND 10 COMICS TO:
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INFERNO JOE and the WRATHFUL



FORTUNE: BEWARE OF GREEK GORGONS BEARING SERPENTS.

#900. 3-WAY HEAVENLY
MICROPHONES
ALUMINUM PHONES FOR CALLING
DYINE MESSENGERS. PRAYING FOR
MIRACLES. SEND 300 COMICS TO:
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INFERNO JOE and the HERETICS



FORTUNE: YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO THE SMELL.

#111. ROAD MAP OF HELL
COLORFUL MAP SHOWS LOCATIONS
OF PEOPLE AND PLACES OF
INTEREST. FOLDS TO POCKET SIZE.
SEND 75 COMICS TO: INFERNO/
P.O. BOX 1300 / BROOKLYN, NY.
PRINT CLEARLY.
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INFERNO JOE and the VIOLENT



FORTUNE: A WINGED BEAST WILL TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE.

#161. FRANCISCAN ROPE
STRONG, WHITE CORD OF A SERVANT
OF THE LORD. GREAT FOR SCALING
CLIFFS, CATCHING WILD BEASTS.
SEND 50¢ AND 30 COMICS TO:
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INFERNO JOE and the DECEIVERS



FORTUNE: WATCH YOUR STEP, DON'T KICK THE DEAD.

#221. DEVIL'S TRUMPET
GOLD-PLATED KAZOO. SOUNDS JUST
LIKE THE ONES USED IN HELL.
COMES WITH INSTRUCTIONS.
SEND 30 COMICS TO: INFERNO/
P.O. BOX 1300 / BROOKLYN, NY.
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INFERNO JOE and the TRAITORS



FORTUNE: TAKE THE STAIRS AND RISE ABOVE EVIL.

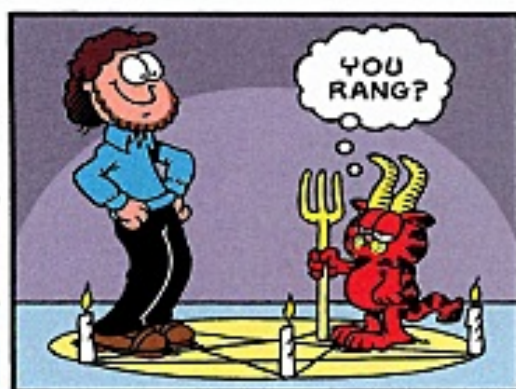
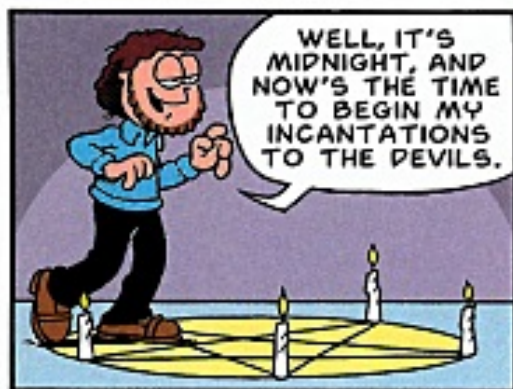
#331. ICE SCRAPER
HEAVY PLASTIC SCRAPER WITH
EASY TO GRIP HANDLE. IDEAL
FOR WHEN HELL FREEZES OVER.
SEND 50 COMICS TO: INFERNO/
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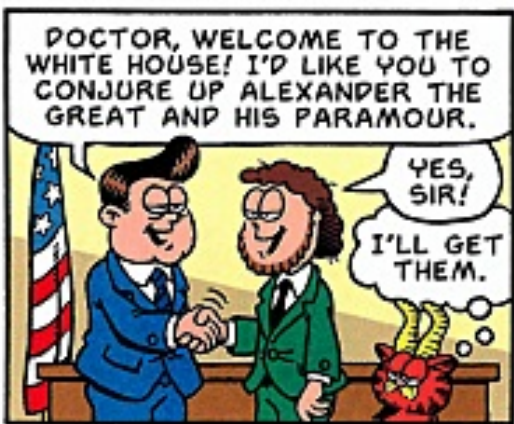


MEPHISTOFIELD



R. SIKORYAK







MAC WORTH

MRS. M. HAS JUST READ TODAY'S HOROSCOPE, WHICH REVEALS THAT HER BELOVED MAC WILL SECURE A VERY PRESTIGIOUS PROMOTION...

MAC WOULD DO FINE!... BUT HE LACKS THE DRIVE NEEDED TO GET AHEAD QUICKLY!

SPIRITS, UNSEX ME! FILL ME WITH CRUELTY, AND STOP REMORSE! COME, THICK NIGHT, AND SHROUD ME IN THE DARKEST SMOKE OF HELL!

OH, GREAT MAC! YOUR NEWS HAS TRANSPORTED ME!

HELLO, DEAR! MY BOSS, MR. DUNCAN, IS COMING OVER FOR DINNER TONIGHT!

WELL, HE WON'T LIVE TO SEE TOMORROW! NOW, WELCOME HIM WITH OPEN ARMS, BUT BE A SNAKE AT HEART!

LEAVE TONIGHT'S BUSINESS IN MY HANDS, AND WE WILL ACHIEVE GREATNESS! ... JUST DON'T LOOK SO GUILTY!

AND SO, THAT NIGHT, AFTER PARTAKING IN A WONDERFUL HOME COOKED MEAL, MAC'S BOSS SLEEPS SOUNDLY IN THE GUEST ROOM WHILE MRS. M. WAITS DOWNSTAIRS...

I TRUST MAC WILL FIND THE STEAK KNIVES I PLACED OUTSIDE MR. DUNCAN'S DOOR...

AH! THERE YOU ARE!

I'VE DONE IT!

I THOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE CRY, "SLEEP NO MORE! MAC MURDERS SLEEP!" THE INNOCENT SLEEP... THE SLEEP OF PEACE...

WHY, MAC, YOU'LL WORRY YOURSELF SICK IMAGINING SUCH THINGS! NOW GO CLEAN YOURSELF UP!

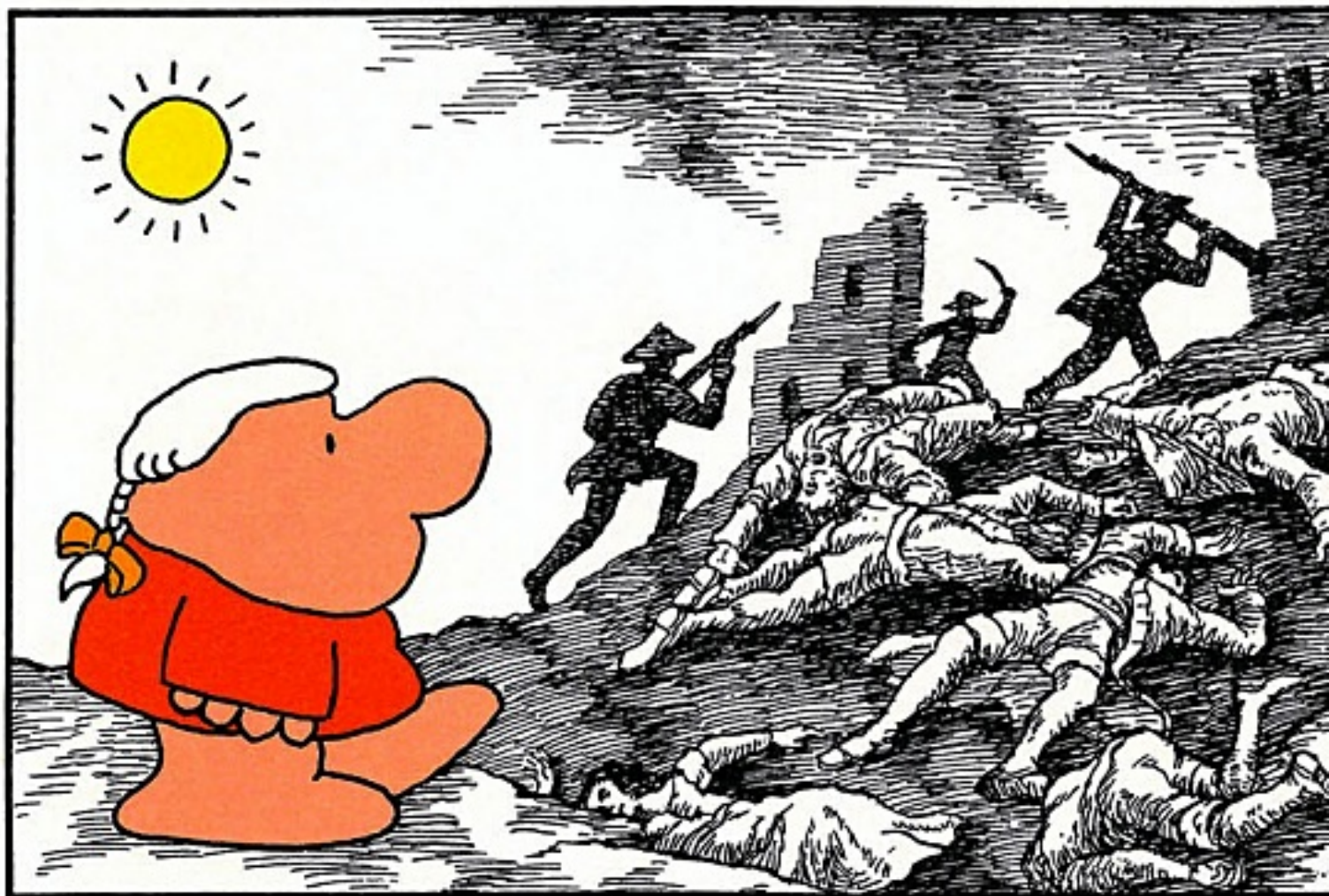
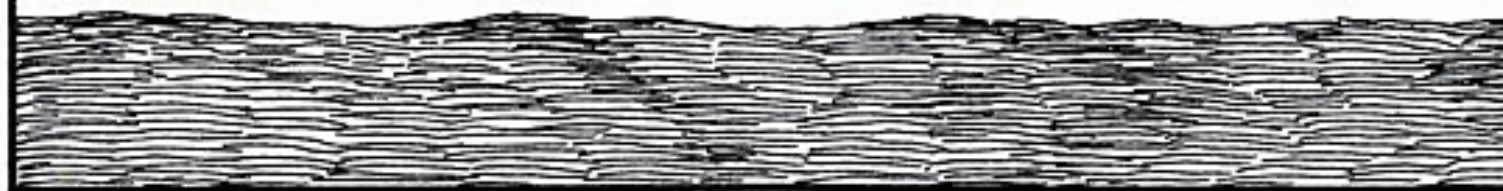
WILL AN OCEAN WASH THIS BLOOD FROM MY HANDS!?

HONESTLY! A LITTLE WATER WILL DO!

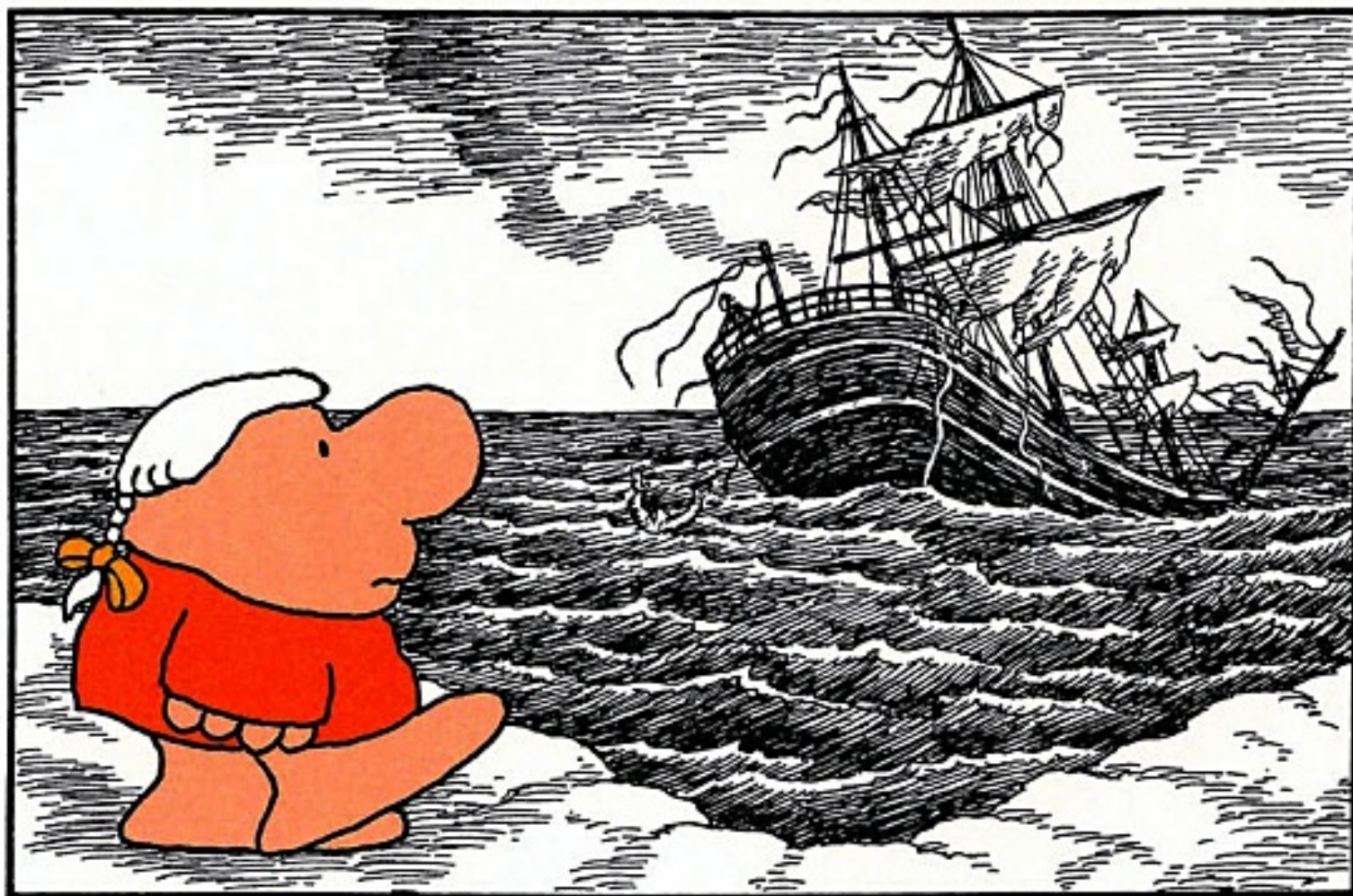


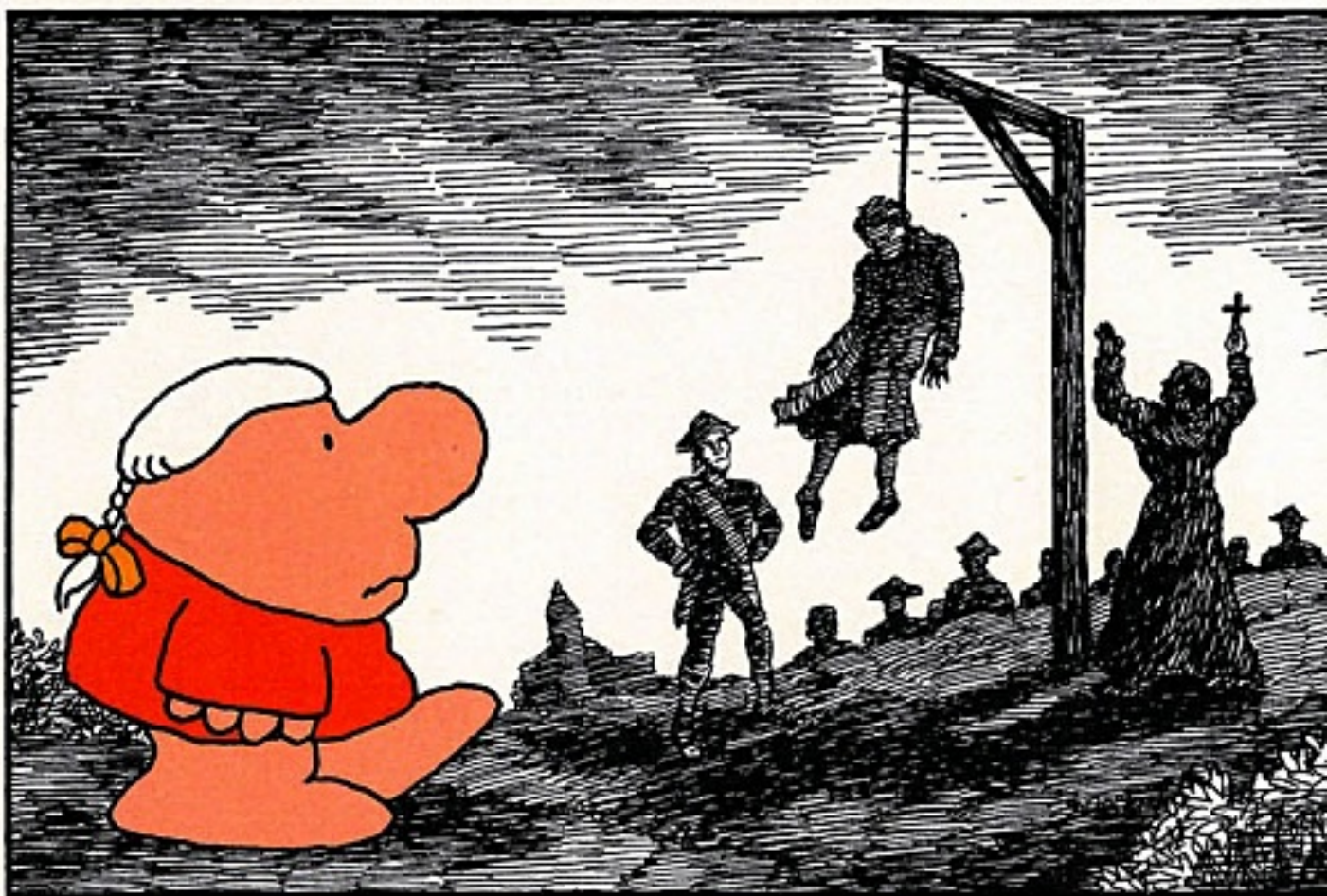
CANDIGGY.

BY *Voltaire*
+ *R. Sikoyak*

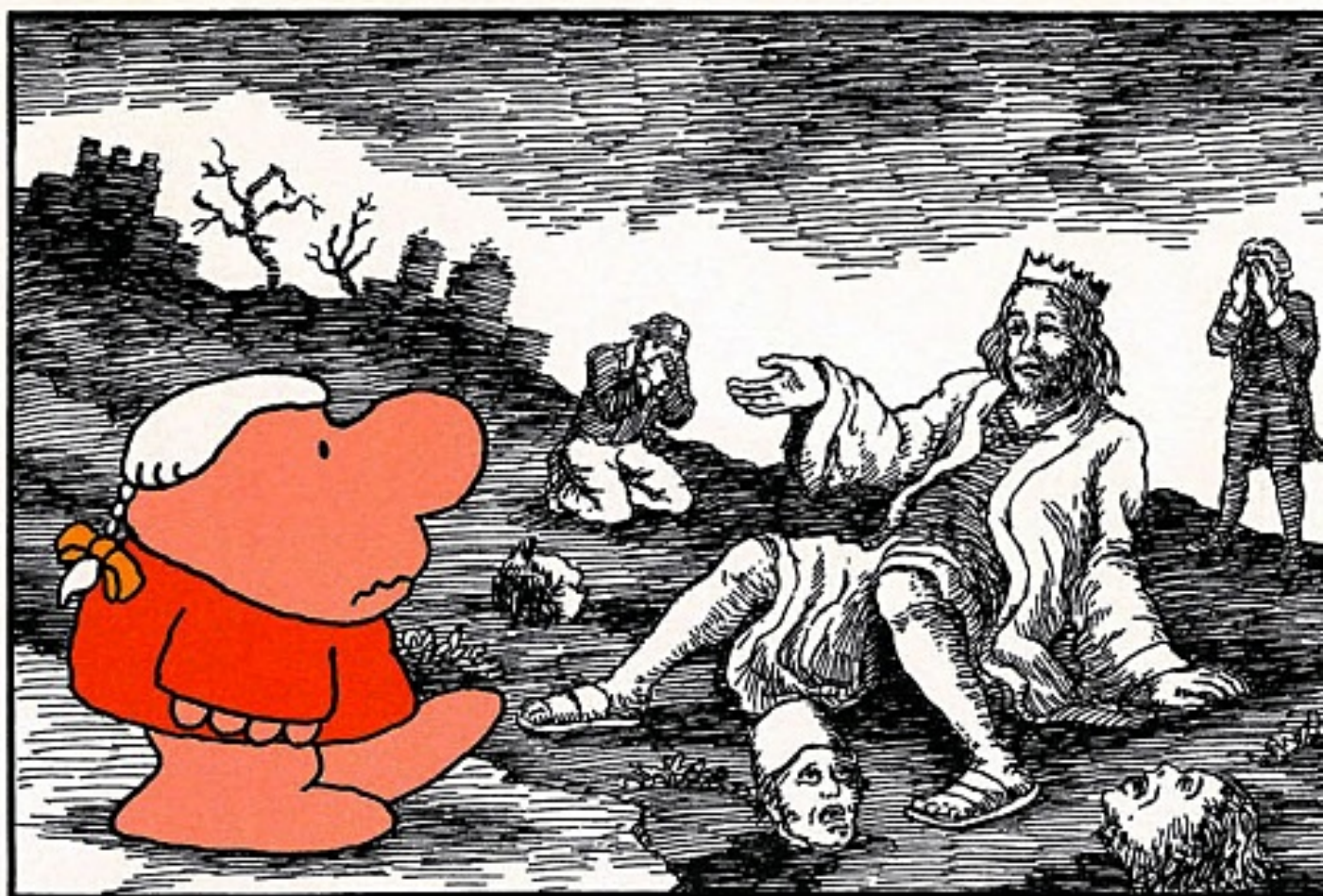


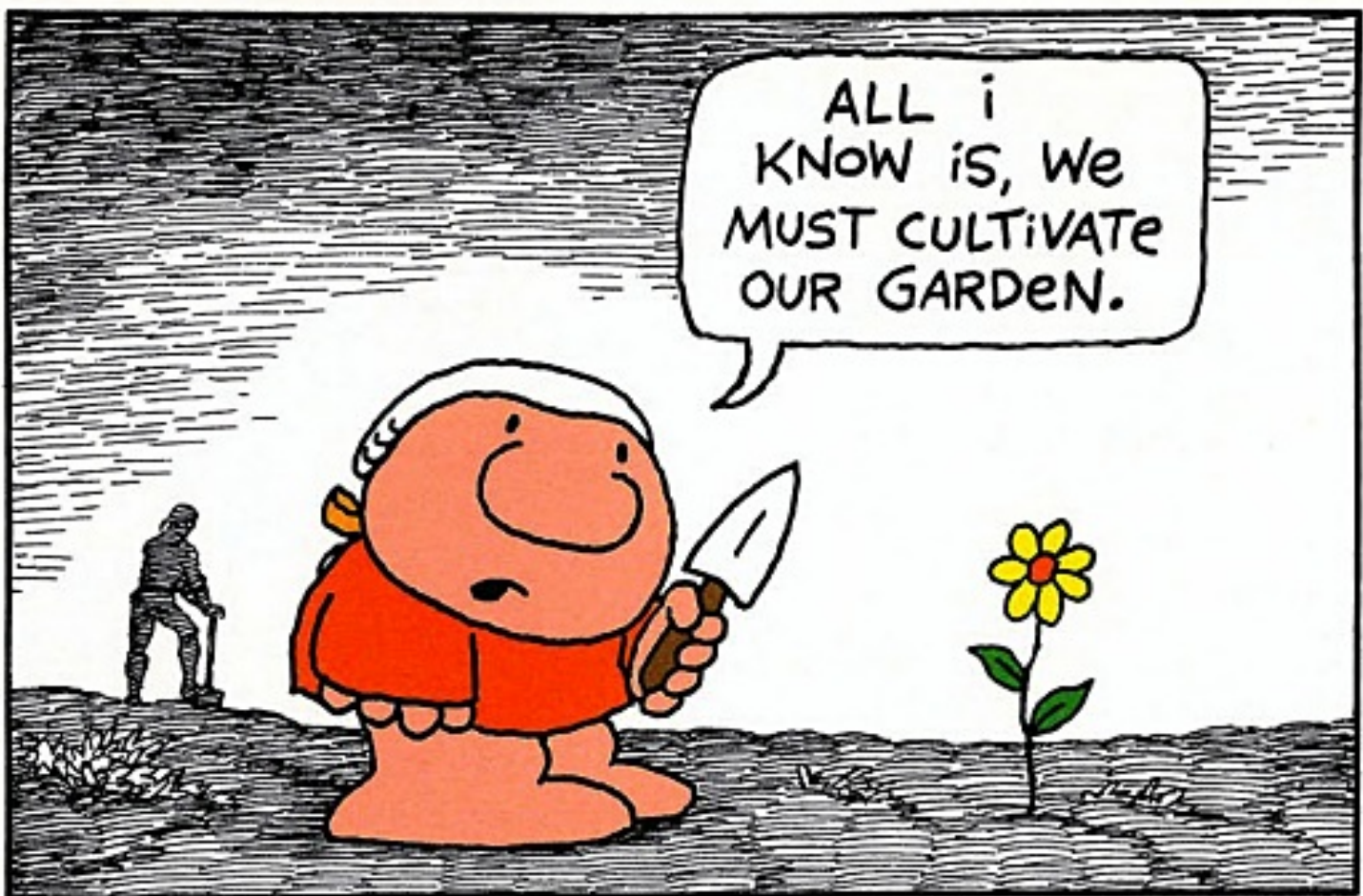
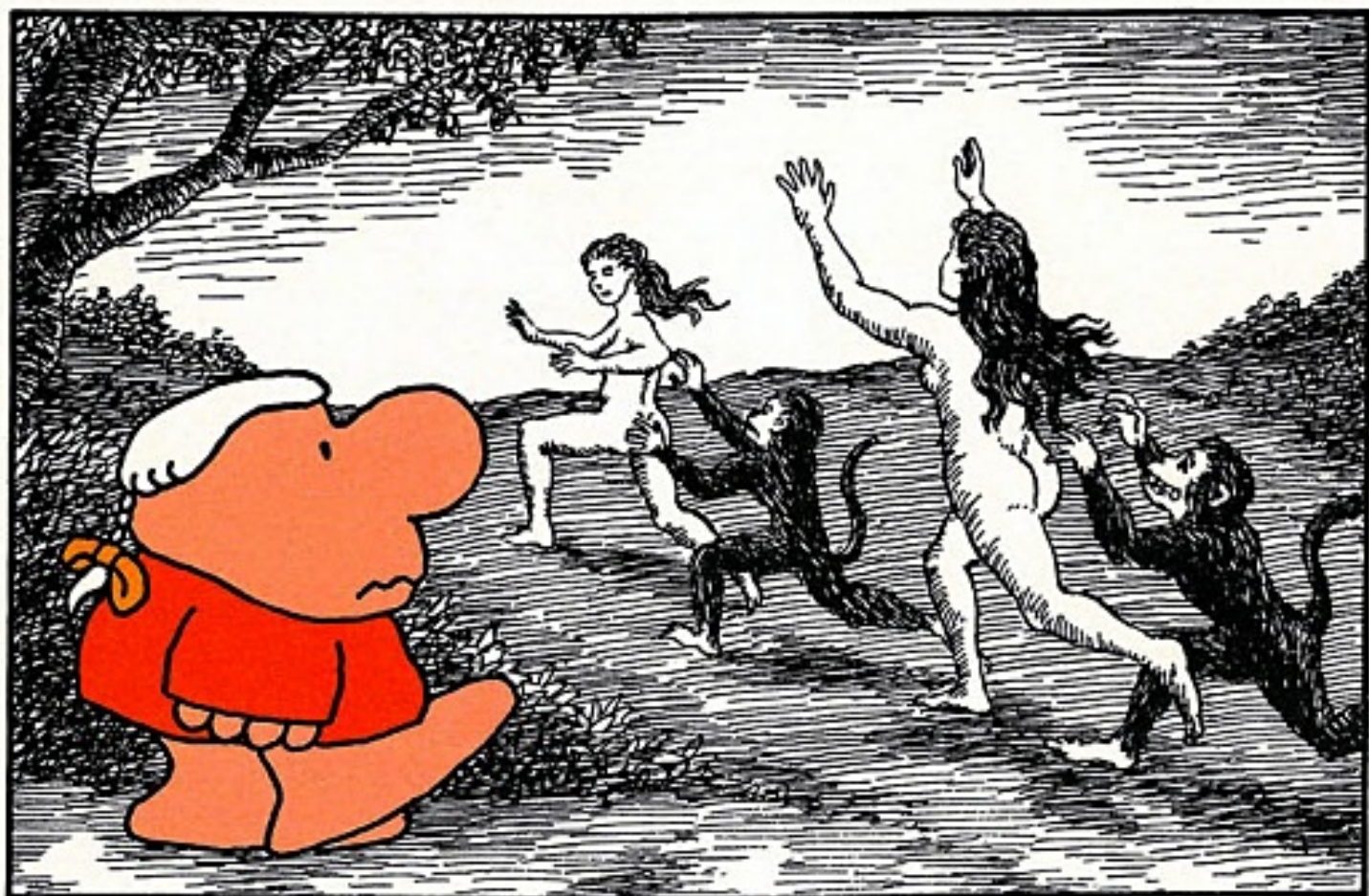
ALL IS FOR THE
BEST IN THIS,
THE BEST OF ALL
POSSIBLE WORLDS!





13





**B
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NO. 1
JULY



THE CRYPT OF



10¢

B R O N T I E

FEATURING...



THE HOUSE-KEEPER



THE GOVERNESS



THE TENANT



SIKOR
YAK

THE HOUSE-KEEPER'S TALE

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND WELCOME TO *THE MOORS!* I'M NELLY DEAN, *THE HOUSE-KEEPER!* I'VE WORKED HERE FOR MANY YEARS! TIMES HAVE GREATLY CHANGED SINCE I FIRST ARRIVED... I'VE SEEN MANY TROUBLES! AND THEY ALL BEGAN AT A PLACE CALLED...

THE HEIGHTS!

I WORKED FOR THE *EARNSHAW FAMILY* AT *WUTHERING HEIGHTS!* I WAS ALWAYS THERE, RUNNING ERRANDS AND PLAYING WITH THE CHILDREN, *CATHY* AND *HINDLEY!* ALL WAS WELL UNTIL ONE FINE SUMMER NIGHT, WHEN MR. *EARNSHAW* RETURNED HOME WITH A SURPRISE...



HE HAD FOUND A BOY, STARVING AND HOMELESS, ON THE STREETS OF LIVERPOOL! THE DIRTY, RAGGED, BLACK-HAIRED CHILD WAS NAMED **HEATHCLIFF...**

HOW CAN HE BRING THAT GYPSY BRAT INTO THE HOUSE?

HE'S A GIFT FROM **GOD**, THOUGH AS DARK AS IF HE CAME FROM THE **DEVIL!**



HEATH WAS A SULLEN BOY, AND I WONDERED WHAT MR. EARNSHAW SAW TO ADMIRE IN HIM! THE MASTER TOOK TO HEATH STRANGELY, AND PETTED HIM UP FAR ABOVE HIS OWN CHILDREN! HINDLEY HATED HIM, BUT CATHY AND HEATH BECAME VERY THICK! I ALSO GREW TO LIKE HIM, AS HE NEVER COMPLAINED OF HIS SITUATION...



HINDLEY REGARDED HEATH AS AN USURPER OF HIS FATHER'S AFFECTIONS, AND OFTEN PERSECUTED HIM! HEATH BORE HINDLEY'S BLOWS SO COOLLY THAT I REALLY THOUGHT HIM NOT VINDICTIVE...

TAKE THAT AND BE **DAMNED**, IMP OF SATAN!



CATHY WAS MUCH TOO FOND OF HEATH, WHO WOULD DO HER BIDDING IN **ANYTHING!** SHE WAS A WILD, WICKED SLIP OF A GIRL, ALWAYS IN MISCHIEF, BUT SHE HAD THE SWEETEST SMILE...

CATHY, THOU ART **WORSE** THAN THY BROTHER! SAY THY PRAYERS, AND ASK GOD'S PARDON!

HA HA HA!



AS THE YEARS PASSED, MR. EARNSHAW BEGAN TO FAIL, AND ONE EVENING HE DIED QUIETLY AT THE FIRESIDE! CATHY AND HEATH BOTH SET UP A HEART-BREAKING CRY! I COULD NOT HELP WISHING WE WERE ALL SAFE TOGETHER, IN HEAVEN...

SOB... CHOKE...



AND SO, HINDLEY BECAME THE NEW MASTER! HE AND HIS YOUNG WIFE HAD NO REGARD FOR HEATH... THEY REDUCED HIM TO THE POSITION OF A DAY LABORER! HEATH BORE HIS DEGRADATION PRETTY WELL AT FIRST...

I WILL **PAY THEM BACK!**



CATHY AND HEATH PROMISED TO GROW UP AS RUDE AS SAVAGES, SINCE HINDLEY WAS ENTIRELY NEGLIGENT HOW THEY BEHAVED! THEY WOULD RUN AWAY TO THE MOORS AND CONTRIVE PLANS OF REVENGE! I CRIED TO MYSELF TO WATCH THE CREATURES GROWING MORE RECKLESS DAILY...

I DARE NOT SPEAK A WORD, AND LOSE THE SMALL POWER I HOLD OVER THE **UNFRIENDED CREATURES!**



ONE SUNDAY EVENING, THEY DID NOT RETURN HOME FOR DINNER! I COULD DISCOVER THEM NOWHERE! THE HOUSEHOLD HAD ALREADY GONE TO BED WHEN HEATH RETURNED **ALONE...**

WHERE IS **MISS CATHY**? NO ACCIDENT, I HOPE?

SHE IS AT **THRUSHCROSS GRANGE!** LET ME IN AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!

'CATHY AND I ESCAPED FROM THE HOUSE TO HAVE A RAMBLE AT LIBERTY, AND WE GOT A GLIMPSE OF THE GRANGE LIGHTS! WE RAN THERE WITHOUT STOPPING...'

AH, IT'S **BEAUTIFUL!**

HHMPH!

'WE DECIDED TO SEE HOW OUR NEIGHBORS, **THE LINTONS**, SPENT THEIR SUNDAY EVENINGS! WE CREEPT UP TO A WINDOW AND PEERED IN THE **SPLENDID DRAWING-ROOM...**

LOOK AT THOSE **IDIOTS!**

'INSIDE, THE **LINTON CHILDREN, EDGAR AND ISABEL**, HAD THE BEAUTIFUL ROOM TO THEMSELVES! SHOULDN'T THEY HAVE BEEN **HAPPY**? INSTEAD, WE WATCHED AS THEY **QUARRELED** OVER A LITTLE DOG! **THAT** WAS THEIR PLEASURE! WE DESPISED THE PETTED THINGS...'

I'D NOT EXCHANGE, FOR A THOUSAND LIVES, **MY POOR CONDITION** FOR **EDGAR'S!**

HA HA HA!

'THE **LINTONS** HEARD OUR LAUGHTER AND SHOT LIKE ARROWS TO THE DOOR! AS WE MADE FRIGHTFUL NOISES TO TERRIFY THEM STILL MORE, SOMEBODY BEGAN DRAWING THE BARS...'

HEH, HEH, HEH!

RUN, HEATH! THEY'VE LET THE **BULLDOG LOOSE!**

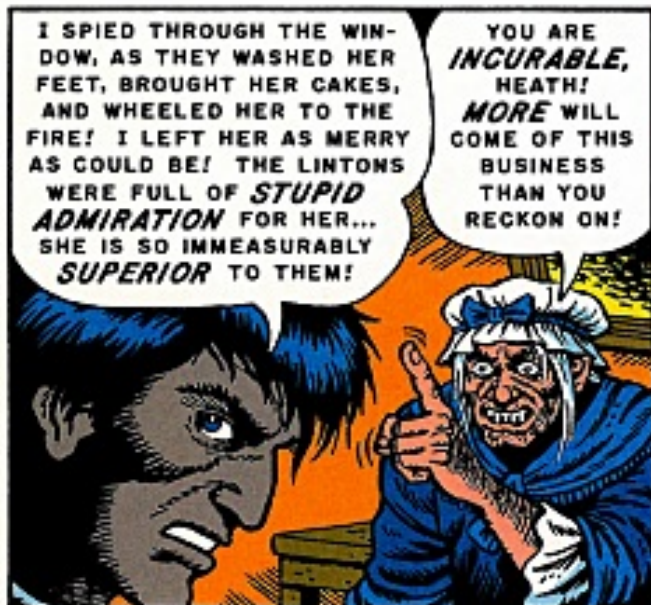
'I HAD **CATHY** BY THE HAND, AND WAS URGING HER ON, WHEN ALL AT ONCE SHE FELL DOWN! A **SERVANT** CAME UPON US...'

EEEEAGH! THE DOG HOLDS ME!

KEEP FAST, **SKULKER!**

'**CATHY** WAS SICK WITH PAIN, AND THE **SERVANT** CARRIED HER INTO THE **LINTONS'** HOME TO RECOVER! THEN HE DRAGGED ME, CURSING, FROM THE PREMISES...'

THAT STRANGE **CASTAWAY** IS **UNFIT** FOR A DECENT HOUSE!



I SPIED THROUGH THE WINDOW, AS THEY WASHED HER FEET, BROUGHT HER CAKES, AND WHEELED HER TO THE FIRE! I LEFT HER AS MERRY AS COULD BE! THE LINTONS WERE FULL OF **STUPID ADMIRATION** FOR HER... SHE IS SO IMMEASURABLY **SUPERIOR** TO THEM!

YOU ARE **INCURABLE, HEATH!** **MORE** WILL COME OF THIS BUSINESS THAN YOU RECKON ON!



CATHY STAYED WITH THE LINTONS FOR FIVE WEEKS, WHILE HER ANKLE HEALED AND HER MANNERS IMPROVED... WHEN SHE RETURNED, SHE HAD BECOME A VERY DIGNIFIED PERSON! HEATH SKULKED ON BEHOLDING SUCH A BRIGHT DAMSEL ENTER THE HOUSE...

HEATH, YOU MAY COME AND WISH MISS CATHY WELCOME, LIKE THE **OTHER SERVANTS!**



HA HA HA! HEATH, HOW BLACK AND CROSS YOU LOOK! BUT THAT'S BECAUSE I'M USED TO **EDGAR AND ISABEL!**

I **SHALL NOT STAND** TO BE LAUGHED AT! I SHALL BE AS **DIRTY** AS I PLEASE!



BUT THE NEXT MORNING, HEATH WAS IN A BETTER SPIRIT! HE HUNG ABOUT ME FOR A WHILE, THEN EXCLAIMED...

NELLY, MAKE ME **DECENT!** I'M GOING TO BE GOOD!



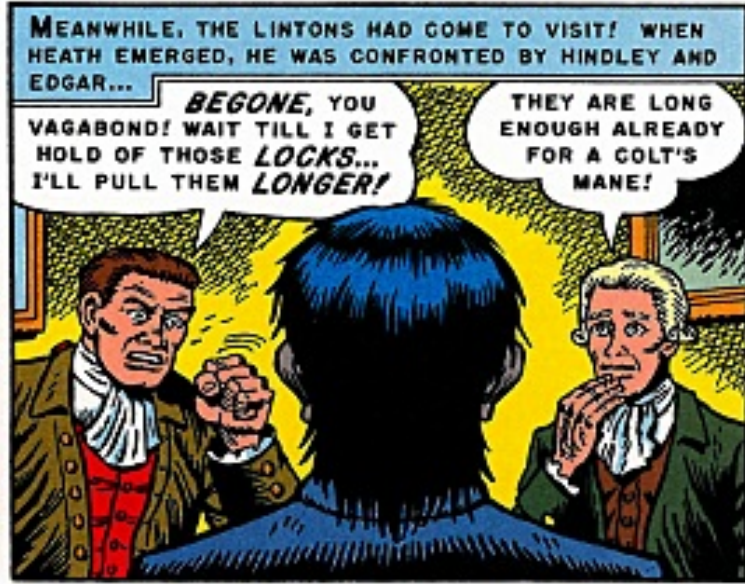
HIGH TIME, HEATH! I'LL STEAL TO ARRANGE YOU SO THAT EDGAR LINTON WILL LOOK QUITE A **DOLL** BESIDE YOU! YOU ARE **BIGGER**, AND COULD **KNOCK HIM DOWN** IN A TWINKLING!

BUT I WISH I HAD FAIR SKIN, BEHAVED AS WELL, AND HAD A CHANCE OF BEING AS **RICH** AS HE!



WE WASHED AND COMBED HIM, AND I CHATTERED ON! HE BEGAN TO LOOK QUITE PLEASANT...

A **GOOD HEART** WILL HELP YOU TO A **BONNY FACE**, MY LAD! WERE I IN YOUR PLACE, I WOULD FRAME HIGH NOTIONS OF MY BIRTH, TO GIVE ME **COURAGE AND DIGNITY!**



MEANWHILE, THE LINTONS HAD COME TO VISIT! WHEN HEATH EMERGED, HE WAS CONFRONTED BY HINDLEY AND EDGAR...

BEGONE, YOU VAGABOND! WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF THOSE **LOCKS...** I'LL PULL THEM **LONGER!**

THEY ARE LONG ENOUGH ALREADY FOR A **COLT'S MANE!**

HEATH WAS NOT PREPARED TO ENDURE IMPERTINENCE FROM ONE HE HATED AS A RIVAL! HE SEIZED A TUREN OF HOT APPLESAUCE AND DASHED IT AGAINST EDGAR'S FACE...



HINDLEY CONVEYED HEATH TO HIS CHAMBER, WHILE CATHY WATCHED, CONFOUNDED...



AFTER DARK, HEATH CAME DOWN FROM HIS ROOM, WRAPPED IN DUMB MEDITATION...



HEATH, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

I'M TRYING TO SETTLE HOW I'LL PAY HINDLEY BACK!

FOR SHAME, HEATH! WE SHOULD LEARN TO FORGIVE! IT IS FOR GOD TO PUNISH THE WICKED!



NO, GOD WON'T HAVE THE SATISFACTION! LET ME ALONE, AND I'LL PLAN IT OUT...

WHAT AN *INFERNAL* HOUSE WE HAD! HINDLEY'S WIFE *DIED* SOON AFTER GIVING BIRTH TO THEIR SON, *HARETON!* HINDLEY GREW DESPERATE AND GAVE HIMSELF UP TO RECKLESS *DISSIPATION!* HE BECAME *CRUELER* TO HEATH, WHILE HEATH DELIGHTED TO WITNESS HINDLEY'S *DEGRADATION!*



CATHY REMAINED A HAUGHTY, HEADSTRONG CREATURE! SHE WAS STILL ATTACHED TO *HEATH*, WHO BY THIS TIME CONTRIVED TO CONVEY AN IMPRESSION OF *REPULSIVENESS!* HOWEVER, SHE ALSO KEPT UP HER ACQUAINTANCE WITH *EDGAR LINTON!* HEATH WAS DISGUSTED BY HIM...



CATHY, DON'T TURN ME OUT FOR THAT PITIFUL, SILLY FRIEND OF YOURS!

AND SHOULD I ALWAYS BE SITTING WITH *YOU?* YOU MIGHT BE DUMB FOR ANYTHING YOU SAY TO AMUSE ME!

DOUBTLESS CATHY MARKED THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HER FRIENDS, AS EDGAR CAME IN AND HEATH WENT OUT! THE CONTRAST RESEMBLED THE EXCHANGE OF A BLEAK COAL COUNTRY FOR A BEAUTIFUL FERTILE VALLEY...



I'M NOT COME TOO SOON, AM I?

OH, *NOT AT ALL*, EDGAR!

AS HINDLEY HAD DIRECTED ME TO MAKE A THIRD PARTY IN ANY OF EDGAR'S PRIVATE VISITS, I TIDIED THE ROOM WHILE THEY SPOKE...



CATHY NEVER HAD POWER TO CONCEAL HER PASSION! SHE SLAPPED ME ON THE CHEEK A STINGING BLOW THAT FILLED BOTH EYES WITH WATER...



EDGAR INTERPOSED, THOUGHTLESSLY LAYING HOLD OF CATHY'S HANDS! INSTANTLY SHE BROKE ONE FREE AND APPLIED IT TO HIS EAR...



THE INSULTED VISITOR MOVED TO THE DOOR...



YOU *MUST NOT* GO, EDGAR LINTON!

I MUST AND I *SHALL!* YOU'VE MADE ME AFRAID AND ASHAMED OF YOU! I'LL NOT COME HERE AGAIN!



CATHY'S EYES BEGAN TO GLISTEN, AND SHE DENIED HER GUILT! I SAW THEN THAT THERE WAS NO SAVING EDGAR... HE DIDN'T POSSESS THE POWER TO DEPART! HE WAS *DOOMED* AND FLEW TO HIS FATE...



THE QUARREL HAD MERELY EFFECTED A *CLOSER* INTIMACY BETWEEN THE TWO YOUNGSTERS, AND ENABLED THEM TO CONFESS THEMSELVES *LOVERS!* THAT NIGHT, CATHY CAME TO SPEAK WITH ME PRIVATELY...

EDGAR HAS ASKED ME TO *MARRY* HIM! I ACCEPTED... WAS I WRONG? HE IS *HANDSOME* AND WILL BE *RICH*...

THOSE ARE *BAD* REASONS TO GET MARRIED!



AS CATHY'S SPEECH CONTINUED, I BECAME SENSIBLE OF **HEATH'S** PRESENCE! HE WAS ON A BENCH, AWAY FROM THE FIRE, LISTENING TO US...

IN MY HEART AND SOUL, I'M CONVINCED I'VE **NO BUSINESS** TO MARRY EDGAR... IF HEATH WERE NOT BROUGHT **SO LOW** BY HINDLEY, I WOULDN'T!



ON HEARING THESE WORDS, HEATH ROSE FROM HIS HIDING PLACE, AND STOLE OUT OF THE ROOM! CATHY DIDN'T SEE HIM, AND I LET HER CONTINUE SPEAKING...

IT WOULD **DEGRADE** ME TO **MARRY HEATH** NOW!

I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE!



HAVE YOU CONSIDERED HOW HEATH WILL BEAR THE SEPARATION? AS SOON AS YOU BECOME MRS. LINTON, HE'LL LOSE HIS FRIEND, AND LOVE, AND **ALL!**

WHO IS TO SEPARATE US? EVERY LINTON ON EARTH MIGHT MELT INTO NOTHING BEFORE I COULD FORSAKE HEATH! EDGAR MUST **TOLERATE** HIM, AT LEAST! HE WILL, WHEN HE LEARNS MY TRUE FEELINGS TOWARDS HIM...



DON'T YOU SEE, NELLY? IF HEATH AND I MARRIED, WE SHOULD BE **BEGGARS!** WHEREAS, IF I MARRY EDGAR, I CAN AID HEATH TO **RISE**, AND PLACE HIM OUT OF HINDLEY'S POWER!

WITH YOUR **HUSBAND'S MONEY?** YOU'LL FIND HIM NOT SO PLIABLE AS YOU THINK! THAT'S THE **WORST** MOTIVE FOR MARRYING EDGAR!



NO, IT IS THE **BEST** REASON! THIS IS FOR THE SAKE OF ONE WHO COMPREHENDS MY **OWN** FEELINGS! MY GREAT MISERIES HAVE BEEN **HEATH'S** MISERIES, AND I FELT EACH FROM THE BEGINNING! MY GREAT THOUGHT IN LIVING IS **HIMSELF!**

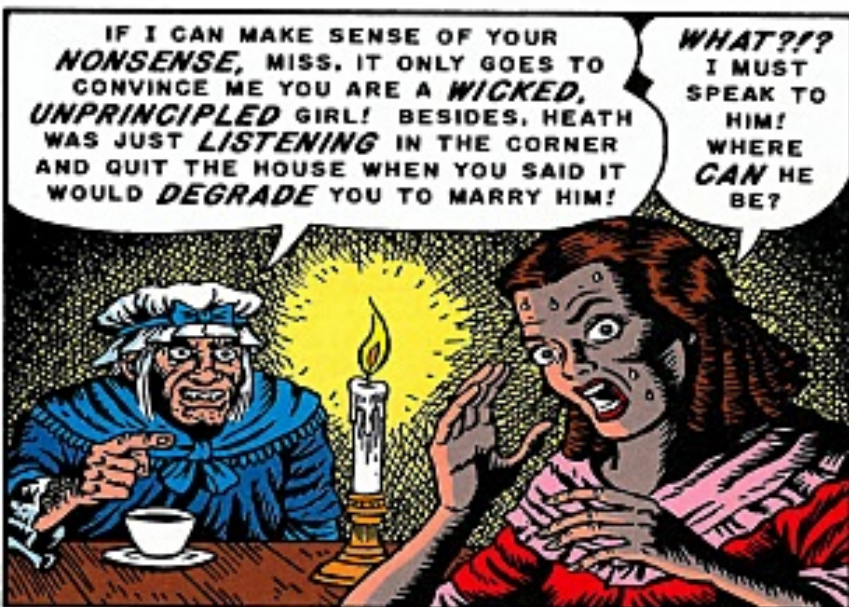


MY LOVE FOR EDGAR IS LIKE THE FOLIAGE IN THE WOODS... TIME WILL CHANGE IT, AS WINTER CHANGES THE TREES! BUT MY LOVE OF **HEATH** RESEMBLES THE ETERNAL ROCKS BENEATH... A SOURCE OF LITTLE DELIGHT, BUT **NECESSARY!**



I AM HEATH! HE'S ALWAYS IN MY MIND... NOT AS A PLEASURE, BUT AS MY **OWN BEING!** SO DON'T TALK OF OUR SEPARATION AGAIN... IT IS **IMPRACTICABLE!**





IT WAS A VERY DARK EVENING FOR SUMMER, AND THE CLOUDS BEGAN TO THUNDER! I THOUGHT THE RAIN WOULD BRING HEATH HOME, BUT CATHY WOULD NOT BE PERSUADED INTO TRANQUILITY...



SHE WANDERED TO AND FRO, UNTIL AT LENGTH SHE TOOK UP A PERMANENT POSITION NEAR THE ROAD, HEEDLESS OF THE GROWLING THUNDER AND THE GREAT DROPS THAT PLASHED AROUND HER...



THE STORM CAME OVER THE HEIGHTS IN FULL FURY! THERE WAS VIOLENT WIND AND THUNDER, AND CATHY GOT THOROUGHLY DRENCHED FOR HER OBSTINACY IN REFUSING TO TAKE SHELTER...



HEATH WAS **NEVER HEARD OF** AFTER THAT EVENING! CATHY BECAME DANGEROUSLY ILL, BUT SHE WEATHERED IT THROUGH! EDGAR REMAINED INFATUATED, AND HE BELIEVED HIMSELF THE **HAPPIEST MAN** ALIVE WHEN HE LED HER TO THE **CHAPEL**...



AND THAT'S HOW IT WAS! I BELIEVED CATHY AND EDGAR WERE REALLY IN POSSESSION OF A DEEP AND GROWING **HAPPINESS**... BUT IT **SOON ENDED!** THAT'S A STORY FOR **ANOTHER** TIME...



I WAS PERSUADED TO LEAVE THE HEIGHTS AND ACCOMPANY CATHY TO HER NEW HOME AT THE GRANGE! BUT WE WERE ALL ABOUT TO GO TO...

THE DEPTHS!



AFTER HER MARRIAGE, CATHY BEHAVED INFINITELY BETTER THAN I DARED TO EXPECT! SHE SEEMED ALMOST OVER-FOND OF HER HUSBAND EDGAR, AND EVEN TO HIS YOUNG SISTER ISABEL SHE SHOWED PLENTY OF AFFECTION! THEY WERE BOTH VERY ATTENTIVE TO GATHY'S COMFORT! THEN, ONE MELLOW EVENING IN SEPTEMBER, A TALL MAN DRESSED IN DARK CLOTHES, WITH DARK FACE AND HAIR, ARRIVED AT OUR DOOR! HIS WHISKERS WERE BLACK, HIS BROWS LOWERING, HIS EYES DEEP-SET! I REMEMBERED THE EYES...

WHAT! YOU COME BACK? IS IT REALLY YOU, HEATHCLIFF?

WHAT? THE GYPSY... THE PLOUGH BOY?

OH, CRUEL HEATH! YOU DON'T DESERVE THIS WELCOME! TO BE ABSENT FOR THREE YEARS, AND NEVER TO THINK OF ME!

A LITTLE MORE THAN YOU HAVE THOUGHT OF ME!



HEATH HAD GROWN A WELL-FORMED MAN! HIS COUNTENANCE LOOKED INTELLIGENT AND RETAINED NO MARKS OF HIS FORMER DEGRADATION! A HALF-CIVILISED FEROCITY LURKED YET, BUT HIS MANNER WAS DIGNIFIED...

I HEARD OF YOUR MARRIAGE, CATHY, AND I MEDITATED A PLAN OF REVENGE! BUT YOUR PLEASANT WELCOME HAS PUT THIS IDEA OUT OF MY MIND! I'VE FOUGHT THROUGH A BITTER LIFE SINCE I LAST HEARD YOUR VOICE! AND YOU MUST FORGIVE ME, FOR I STRUGGLED ONLY FOR YOU!



WE LEARNED THAT HEATH WAS PAYING TO LODGE AT THE HEIGHTS WITH HINDLEY, HIS ANCIENT PERSECUTOR! THE RECKLESS HINDLEY WOULD BORROW MONEY ON HIS LAND AND DO NOTHING BUT PLAY CARDS AND DRINK! MEANWHILE, HIS CHILD HARETON WAS ENTIRELY NEGLECTED...



HEATH VISITED THE GRANGE CAUTIOUSLY, AT FIRST, AND CATHY MODERATED HER EXPRESSIONS OF PLEASURE! SOON, EDGAR'S UNEASINESS SUBSIDED...

NOW, MY BITTER MISERY IS OVER!



BUT A NEW SOURCE OF TROUBLE SPRANG FROM ISABEL, WHO EVINCED AN IRRESISTIBLE ATTRACTION TOWARDS HEATH...

SOB! CATHY, I WON'T BE SENT OFF WHEN HEATH VISITS YOU! I LOVE HIM, AND HE MIGHT LOVE ME!

HA! HEATH IS A FIERCE, WOLFISH MAN! HE COULDN'T LOVE YOU, YET HE'D BE QUITE CAPABLE OF MARRYING YOUR FORTUNE!



WHEN HEATHCLIFF NEXT CALLED, CATHY REVEALED THE SITUATION! HE LAPSED INTO OMINOUS MUSING...

ISABEL HAS BEEN RAVING ABOUT HER LOVE FOR YOU! BUT I LIKE HER TOO WELL, HEATH, TO LET YOU DEVOUR HER!

I LIKE HER TOO ILL TO ATTEMPT IT... EXCEPT IN A GHOULISH FASHION! BUT SHE IS HER BROTHER'S HEIR...



LATER, HEATH FOUND ISABEL IN THE COURT, AS I SPIED ON THEM FROM THE KITCHEN! SUPPOSING HIMSELF UNSEEN, THE SCOUNDREL HAD THE IMPUDENCE TO EMBRACE HER...

TRAITOR! HYPOCRITE!



I REPORTED THE NEWS TO CATHY, AS HEATH OPENED THE DOOR...

HEATH, LEAVE ISABEL ALONE, UNLESS YOU WISH EDGAR TO DRAW THE BOLTS AGAINST YOU!

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO OBJECT, GATHY, I AM NOT YOUR HUSBAND! YOU HAVE TREATED ME INFERNALLY, AND I WILL NOT SUFFER UNREVENGED!



I WENT TO SEEK EDGAR, AND RELATED THE SCENE IN THE COURT TO HIM! WE WALKED IN ON CATHY AND HEATH...

SIR, YOUR PRESENCE IS A MORAL POISON! I GIVE NOTICE THAT I REQUIRE YOUR INSTANT DEPARTURE!

CATHY, THIS LAMB OF YOURS THREATENS LIKE A BULL! IT IS IN DANGER OF SPLITTING ITS SKULL AGAINST MY KNUCKLES!



AS HEATH APPROACHED, EDGAR STRUCK HIM FULL ON THE THROAT A BLOW THAT WOULD HAVE LEVELLED A SLIGHTER MAN...

UNNGGH!



WHILE HEATH REGAINED HIS BREATH, EDGAR WALKED OUT TO GET HIS UNDERLINGS AND A BRACE OF PISTOLS! HEATH MADE HIS ESCAPE BEFORE THEY TRAPPED IN...

YOU'VE **DONE** WITH COMING HERE! YOU'VE PLAYED ME AN **ILL TURN**, HEATH! BUT **GO!** MAKE **HASTE!**

I'LL **CRUSH** HIM!



EDGAR REJOINED CATHY, AND HE SPOKE WITHOUT ANGER, BUT WITH SORROWFUL DESPONDENCY! SHE, ON THE OTHER HAND, EXHIBITED A FIT OF **FRENZY**...

CATHY, WILL YOU GIVE UP **HEATH** OR **ME?** YOU CANNOT BE **MY** FRIEND AND **HIS**... I REQUIRE THAT YOU **CHOOSE!**

I **DEMAND** TO BE LET **ALONE!** I'M IN DANGER OF BEING SERIOUSLY **ILL!** YOU HAVE DISTRESSED ME **SHOCKINGLY!**



CATHY REMAINED IN HER ROOM FOR **THREE DAYS** AND TOLD ME SHE WAS **DYING!** THAT I SET DOWN AS MEANT ONLY TO FRIGHTEN EDGAR! I BELIEVED NO SUCH THING...

I AM ON THE BRINK OF THE **GRAVE!** THESE THREE AWFUL NIGHTS I'VE NEVER CLOSED MY LIDS... OH, I'VE BEEN **TORMENTED**, NELLY!



I PRESERVED MY COMPOSURE, IN SPITE OF HER **GHASTLY** COUNTENANCE AND STRANGE, EXAGGERATED MANNER...

OH, I'M **BURNING!** I WISH I WERE OUT OF DOORS, AND A YOUNG GIRL, AND **FREE!** MY BLOOD RUSHES INTO A **HELL OF TUMULT!**



SHE CROSSED THE ROOM, THREW BACK THE WINDOW, AND BENT OUT, CARELESS OF THE **FROSTY AIR** THAT CUT ABOUT HER SHOULDERS AS KEEN AS A KNIFE...

LOOK! THAT'S MY OLD ROOM AT THE HEIGHTS! **HEATH**, WILL YOU VENTURE? IF YOU DO, I'LL KEEP YOU! THEY MAY **BURY ME**, BUT I **WILL NOT REST** TILL YOU ARE WITH ME!



THAT NIGHT, WE DISCOVERED THAT HEATH HAD **RUN OFF** WITH ISABEL! I ASKED EDGAR IF WE SHOULD TRY TO BRING HER BACK...

SHE WENT OF HER **OWN** ACCORD... TROUBLE ME **NO MORE!** HEREAFTER SHE IS ONLY MY SISTER IN NAME, FOR SHE HAS **DISOWNED ME!**



OVER THE NEXT WEEKS, CATHY FOUGHT A **BRAIN FEVER!** EDGAR TENDED HER DEVOTEDLY, AND THERE WAS **DOUBLE CAUSE** TO DESIRE HER RECOVERY, FOR ON HER EXISTENCE DEPENDED THAT OF **ANOTHER!** WE HOPED FOR THE BIRTH OF AN **HEIR**...



MONTHS LATER, ISABEL WROTE US, ANNOUNCING SHE AND HEATH WERE LIVING AT THE HEIGHTS! I WENT TO VISIT IMMEDIATELY... IT WAS A **DISMAL** SCENE...

AND THAT SUNDAY, WHILE EDGAR WAS AT CHURCH, HEATH BURST IN ON GATHY AND MYSELF! FROM THE INSTANT HE BEHELD HER, HEATH WAS STRUCK BY THE CONVICTION THAT GATHY WAS **FATED**, SURE TO **DIE**...

HE'S A LYING **FIEND!** HE **MARRIED** ME ONLY TO OBTAIN **POWER** OVER EDGAR! BUT I'LL **DIE** FIRST!

I HAVE NO PITY! NOW, NELLY, YOU MUST AID ME IN SEEING **CATHY!** IF YOU WON'T, I'LL **HAUNT** THE GRANGE TILL I CAN ENTER!

OH, **CATHY!** OH, MY **LIFE!** HOW CAN I **BEAR** IT?

YOU AND EDGAR HAVE BROKEN MY **HEART**, HEATH! YOU HAVE **KILLED** ME! WILL YOU FORGET ME WHEN I AM IN THE EARTH?



DON'T **TORTURE** ME! YOU **LIE** TO SAY I HAVE **KILLED** YOU! AND, **CATHY**, WHILE YOU ARE AT **PEACE** I SHALL **WRITHE** IN THE **TORMENTS** OF **HELL!**

I SHALL **NOT** BE AT **PEACE!** I WISH US **NEVER** TO BE **PARTED!**

WHY DID YOU **BETRAY** YOUR HEART, **CATHY?** YOU **LOVED** ME! WHAT **RIGHT** HAD YOU TO **LEAVE** ME FOR **EDGAR?** NEITHER **GOD** NOR **SATAN** COULD HAVE **PARTED** US, BUT **YOU**, OF YOUR **OWN WILL**, DID IT!

LET ME **ALONE!** IF I'VE DONE **WRONG**, I'M **DYING** FOR IT! YOU LEFT ME, TOO! BUT I FORGIVE YOU... **FORGIVE ME!**

I WAS **HORRIFIED** TO HEAR EDGAR ENTERING THE ROOM, BUT GLAD TO OBSERVE THAT **CATHY** HAD **FAINTED**...

BETTER THAT SHE DOES NOT **LINGER** AS A **MISERY-MAKER** TO ALL!



EDGAR BLANCHED WITH **ASTONISHMENT** AND **RAGE!** HEATH STOPPED ALL DEMONSTRATIONS BY PLACING THE **LIFELESS-LOOKING** FORM IN EDGAR'S ARMS, AND WALKED OUT...

I SHALL GO! UNLESS YOU BE A **FIEND**, **HELP** HER **FIRST**... THEN YOU SHALL SPEAK TO ME!

GATHY NEVER RECOVERED SUFFICIENT CONSCIOUSNESS TO MISS HEATH, OR KNOW EDGAR! AT **MIDNIGHT** WAS BORN **CATE**, A **PUNY** CHILD, AND **TWO HOURS** AFTER THE **MOTHER** DIED...

CHOKE...

WAAAH...



SOON AFTER SUNRISE, I VENTURED OUT TO SEE HEATH, WHO WAITED IN THE PARK... I FELT THE TERRIBLE NEWS MUST BE TOLD...

SHE'S **DEAD!** I'VE NOT WAITED FOR YOU TO LEARN THAT!

YES, HER LIFE CLOSED IN A **GENTLE DREAM...** MAY SHE WAKE AS KINDLY IN THE OTHER WORLD!



HE CRIED WITH VEHEMENCE, STAMPING HIS FOOT, AND GROANING IN A PAROXYSM OF UNGOVERNABLE **PASSION!** HE HOWLED LIKE A SAVAGE **BEAST** BEING GOADED TO DEATH WITH KNIVES...

MAY SHE WAKE IN **TORMENT!** CATHY, MAY YOU NOT **REST** AS LONG AS I AM LIVING! **HAUNT ME!** BE WITH ME ALWAYS, **DRIVE ME MAD!** OH, GOD! IT IS UNUTTERABLE! I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT MY **SOUL!**



THE YEARS FOLLOWING THAT PERIOD BROUGHT MORE TROUBLES! **ISABEL** FLED FROM THE HEIGHTS AND MOVED FAR AWAY, NEVER TO RETURN...



HE'S **NOT HUMAN!**

THE END OF **HINDLEY** FOLLOWED! HIS WHOLE PROPERTY WAS MORTGAGED TO **HEATH**, AND HIS SON **HARETON** WAS REDUCED TO A STATE OF COMPLETE DEPENDENCE ON HIS FATHER'S INVETERATE **ENEMY...**



NOW, MY LAD, YOU ARE **MINE!**

AT THE GRANGE, EDGAR'S DAUGHTER **CATE** GREW INTO A WINNING YOUNG LADY! BUT EDGAR'S HEALTH GREW STEADILY **WORSE**, AND HE DIED BLISSFULLY...



I AM GOING TO **HER!** AND YOU, DARLING **CATE**, SHALL COME TO **US...**

EDGAR WAS UNABLE TO ALTER HIS WILL, SO **CATE'S** FORTUNE FELL TO HER ONLY RELATIVE... **HEATH!** HE WAS NOW **MASTER** OF THE GRANGE AND AVAILED HIMSELF OF HIS PRIVILEGE TO WALK STRAIGHT IN...



MAKE HASTE, **WITCH**, AND GET YOUR THINGS! YOU'RE COMING TO THE **HEIGHTS!**

CATE WITHDREW FROM THE ROOM! THEN **HEATH** SPOKE TO ME, WITH WHAT, FOR LACK OF A BETTER WORD, I MUST CALL A **SMILE...**

NELLY, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I DID YESTERDAY! I GOT THE **SEXTON**, WHO WAS DIGGING **EDGAR'S** GRAVE, TO REMOVE THE EARTH OFF **CATHY'S** COFFIN...



'...AND I OPENED THE LID! I SAW CATHY AGAIN! THE SEXTON HAD HARD WORK TO STIR ME, BUT HE SAID HER FACE WOULD CHANGE IF THE AIR BLEW ON IT...'



IT IS HER FACE YET!

'I STRUCK THE FAR SIDE OF HER COFFIN LOOSE, AND COVERED IT UP! THEN I BRIBED THE SEXTON TO PULL IT AWAY WHEN I'M LAID NEXT TO HER, AND SLIDE MY SIDE OUT TOO! BY THE TIME EDGAR GETS TO US HE'LL NOT KNOW WHICH IS WHICH...'



SHE HAS DISTURBED ME FOR YEARS! BUT NOW THAT I'VE SEEN HER, I'M PACIFIED... A LITTLE!

IT IS AN **ABSURD** END TO MY VIOLENT EXERTIONS! MY OLD ENEMIES HAVE **NOT** BEATEN ME... NOW I COULD REVENGE MYSELF ON THEIR **RELATIVES**... BUT WHERE IS THE USE? I HAVE LOST THE FACULTY OF **ENJOYING** THEIR DESTRUCTION!



THERE WAS A **CHANGE** IN HEATH! HE HAD AN UNNATURAL APPEARANCE OF **JOY** UNDER HIS BLACK BROWS, AND HE GAZED INTO THE DISTANCE...

HEATH, YOU HAVE LIVED AN **UNCHRISTIAN** LIFE! COULD IT HURT TO SEND FOR A MINISTER TO EXPLAIN HOW **UNFIT** YOU'LL BE FOR HEAVEN, UNLESS A CHANGE TAKES PLACE?

NELLY, **NO MINISTER** NEED COME! BUT MIND THAT THE SEXTON OBEYS MY DIRECTIONS ABOUT THE TWO **COFFINS**! I HAVE NEARLY ATTAINED **MY HEAVEN**, AND THAT OF OTHERS IS OF **NO VALUE** TO ME!



THE FOLLOWING EVENING WAS VERY WET, IT POURED DOWN TILL DAY-DAWN! I ENTERED HEATH'S ROOM, AND FOUND HIM WASHED WITH RAIN... HE WAS **DEAD AND STARK**! HIS EYES HAD A FRIGHTFUL GAZE OF EXULTATION, AND HIS SHARP WHITE TEETH SNEERED...



WAS HE A **GHOUL** OR A **VAMPIRE**?

WE BURIED HEATH NEXT TO CATHY, TO THE **SCANDAL** OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD! TODAY HIS GRAVE IS AS SMOOTH AND VERDANT AS ITS COMPANION MOUNDS... AND I HOPE ITS TENANT SLEEPS AS **SOUNDLY**...



THE COUNTRY FOLKS SAY THEY'VE SEEN HEATH AND CATHY WALKING NEAR THE **CHURCH**, ON THE **MOORS**, AND EVEN WITHIN THIS **HOUSE**... **IDLE TALES**, I SAY! I SUPPOSE **THE TENANT** WILL HAVE HIS **OWN STORY** FOR YOU... BUT I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE AT **PEACE**...



AND IT IS NOT RIGHT TO SPEAK OF THEM WITH **LEVITY**!

Masterpiece QUERIES

Have a question about a story? Send your letters to: Professor Scholar c/o the publisher.

Dear Professor S.,

In BLOND EVE, Adam has a funny way of carrying apples on his arms. Why does he do that? — J. Bois, Cambridgeshire, ENG

There is a similar food-balancing technique used in cartoonist Chic Young's 1930 newspaper strip, which stars America's favorite golden-haired housewife and her overworked spouse. One will recognize several points of comparison between those two well-meaning mortals and the couple described in the first story of Genesis. In particular, the means by which the modern-day harried husband conveys sandwich ingredients to his kitchen table unconsciously evokes the way individuals must juggle free will and their duties to the creator in the Judeo-Christian scriptures. His technique also saves many trips to the refrigerator.



Dear Prof.,

Are the INFERNO JOE prizes still available?

— Gio Boccaccio, Tuscany, IT

According to Dante Alighieri, author of the 1321 *Commedia*, the prizes will be around for eternity. In this way, they are reminiscent of the candy products created by the Topps Company since the mid-twentieth century. In this writer's experience, novelty bubblegum has seemed utterly impervious to age, foul weather conditions, and occasionally, human mastication. Thus, the 1/2" tall panels by the 1950's gum-wrapper-artist Wesley Morse were a natural influence on the tone and style of this story's gag-cantos.

Hello P.S.,

Jon Faustus is always bossing MEPHISTOFIELD around, and yet Meph is really in control the whole time. What's going on here?

— Val Simmes, London, ENG

Apparently you've never had a cat. The relationship of mortal to demon is remarkably similar to that of the main characters of graphic humorist Jim Davis' sprawling tabby saga (1978 - present), wherein the lasagna-providing human is ultimately at the mercy of his lasagna-loving pet. Whether or not the dramatist Christopher Marlowe, author of the 1592 version, was personally at the mercy of such a kitty remains unknown.



To the Professor,

In MAC WORTH, why would Mac listen to Mrs. M.'s terrible advice?

— Henry C., London, ENG

Perhaps Mac was the wrong man for the job. He couldn't "screw [his] courage to the sticking-place," as the poet William



Shakespeare expressed it in his Scottish play, circa 1607. The personality of Mrs. M. is reminiscent of the titular character of a 1940 dramatic comic strip, produced for many years by the team of writer Allen Sanders and artist Ken Ernst. That cartoon star is a kindly and perceptive busybody, whose advice is consistently, and startlingly, very effective and generally embraced by her many friends and relations. In our story, Mac somewhat resembles a fictional medical doctor (who is also himself the eponymous star of another serialized strip, realized in 1948 by the team of Dal Curtis, Marvin Bradley, and Frank Edgington). That doctor was far more effective using knives to perform surgery than he ever would be to commit murder.

Dear Prof. S.,

I was charmed by CANDIGGY! The little guy never gives up, no matter what happens! Any chance we'll be seeing him and reading his feel-good slogans on a series of greeting cards?

— J. de Fleury, Paris, FR

While Candiggy somewhat evokes Tom Wilson's similarly-statured, heartwarming creation, a star of cartoon panels and cards since 1968, Candiggy's experiences somewhat differ in their intensity. Also, it's unlikely that the aphorisms of the author Voltaire (particularly those found in his 1759 satire) will be exchanged during most American holidays.



Dear Professor Scholar,

THE CRYPT OF BRONTË ended really quickly, before all the loose ends were tied up. What happened to young Cate and Hareton?

— Curren B., Yorkshire, ENG

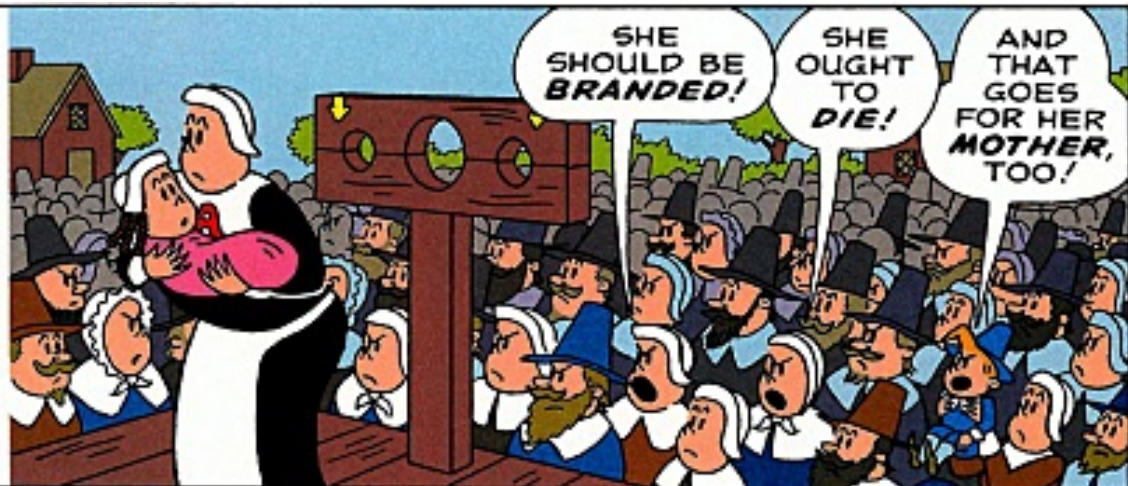
At the end of Emily Brontë's 1847 Gothic-inspired novel, *Cate and Hareton* are happily preparing for their marriage. However, their joy didn't serve the purposes of our tale of revenge. If you are familiar with the 1950's graphic horror narratives of Al Feldstein and Jack Davis that inspired this retelling, you will recall that those gruesome morality tales always emphasized wickedness (even when thwarted) over goodness (which was considered tedious). Besides, as those stories were eight pages or less, it was vital to carefully choose the only most memorable moments of the novel's thirty years of events: the punching, the dying, the apple-sauce-tossing, the violent kissing, and the grave-tampering.

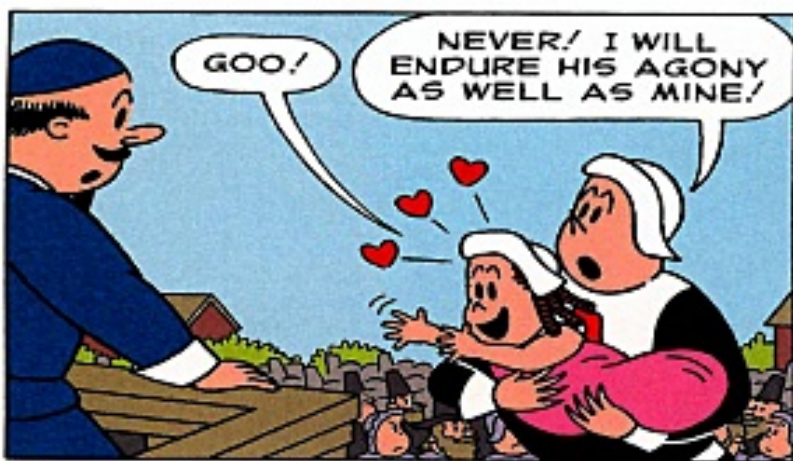
Hester's

Little Pearl



Hester's
Little Pearl
Red Letter Days





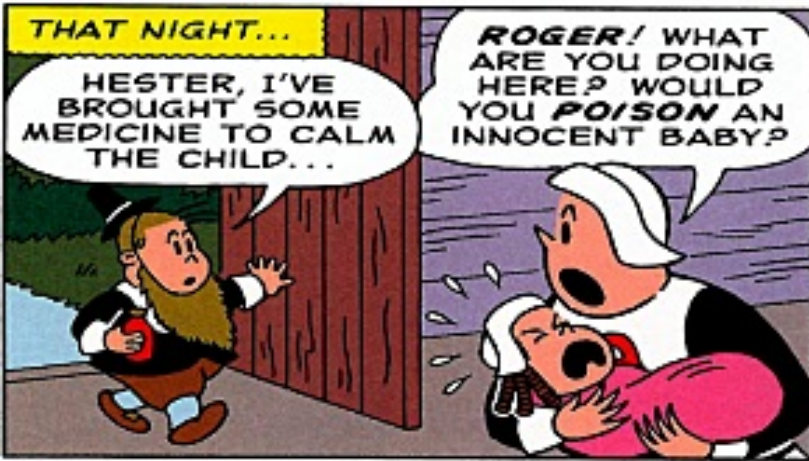
GOO!

NEVER! I WILL ENDURE HIS AGONY AS WELL AS MINE!



SHE WILL NOT SPEAK! THE STRENGTH AND GENEROSITY OF A WOMAN'S HEART!

HE WILL BE KNOWN!



THAT NIGHT...

HESTER, I'VE BROUGHT SOME MEDICINE TO CALM THE CHILD...

ROGER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WOULD YOU POISON AN INNOCENT BABY?



HESTER, I'M NOT HERE TO HURT YOU! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN YEARS AGO, WHEN WE WERE MARRIED, THAT ONE DAY YOU'D WEAR THAT RED LETTER! BUT I MUST KNOW THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO WRONGED ME!

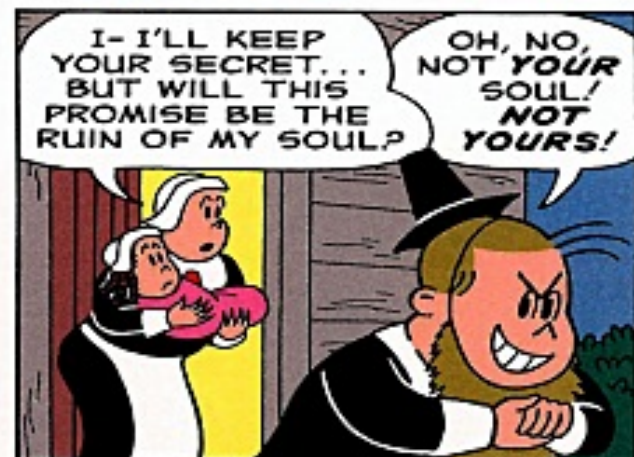


YOU'LL NEVER KNOW!

NEVER? YOU MIGHT NOT TELL ME, BUT I WILL FIND HIM!



STILL, THERE'S ONE THING YOU MUST DO! KEEP MY SECRET! DON'T TELL ANYONE I WAS YOUR HUSBAND! FROM NOW ON, YOU CAN CALL ME 'CHILLY'!



I-I'LL KEEP YOUR SECRET... BUT WILL THIS PROMISE BE THE RUIN OF MY SOUL?

OH, NO, NOT YOUR SOUL! NOT YOURS!



A FEW YEARS LATER...

LOOK, THERE'S PEARL, THE DEMON CHILD!

PEARL, WHO ARE YOU, REALLY, AND WHO SENT YOU TO ME?

YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME, MOTHER!









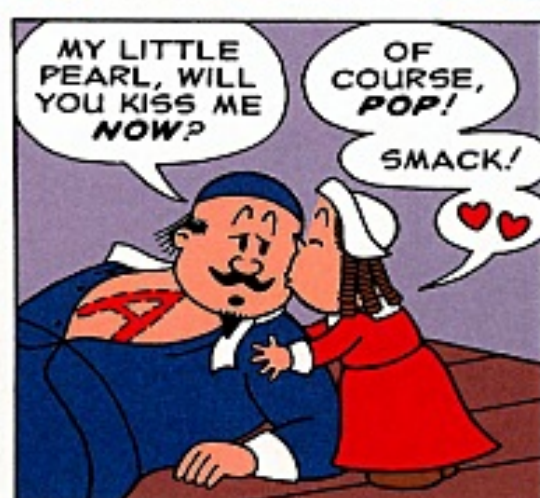
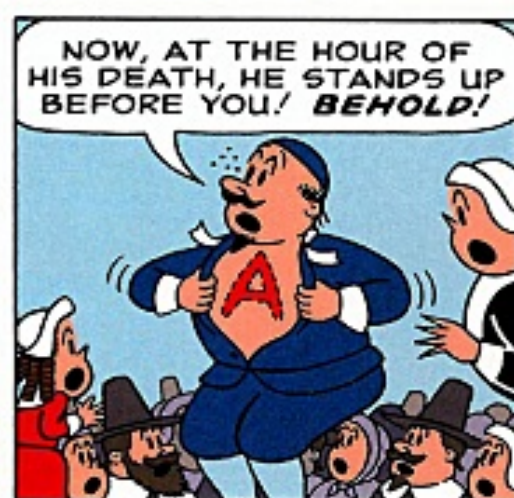
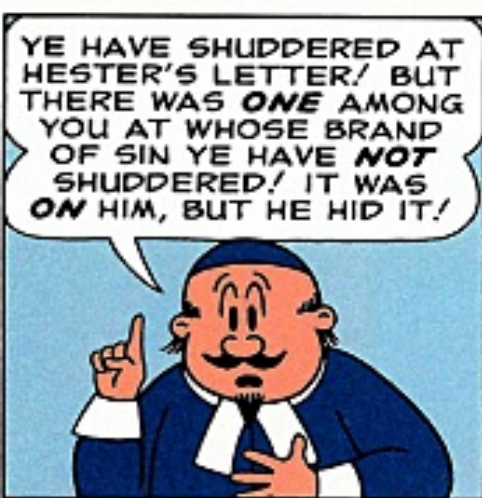
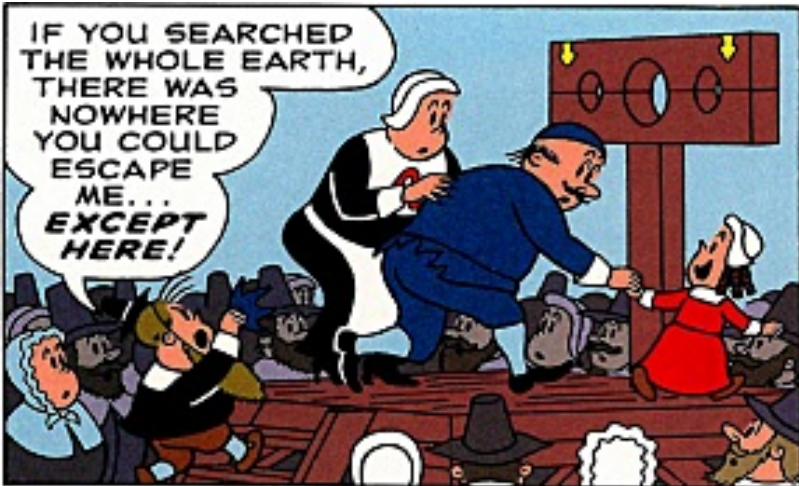










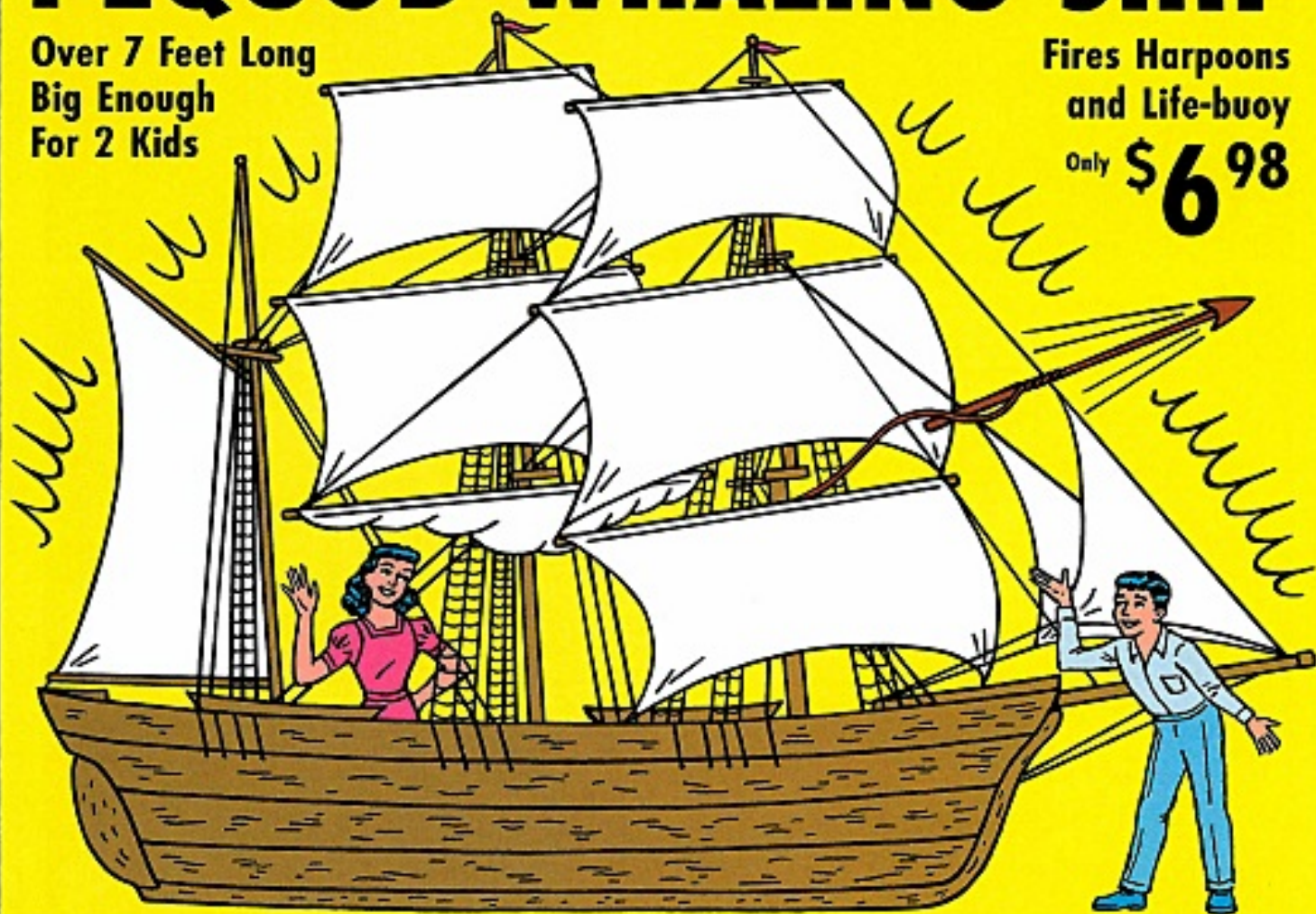


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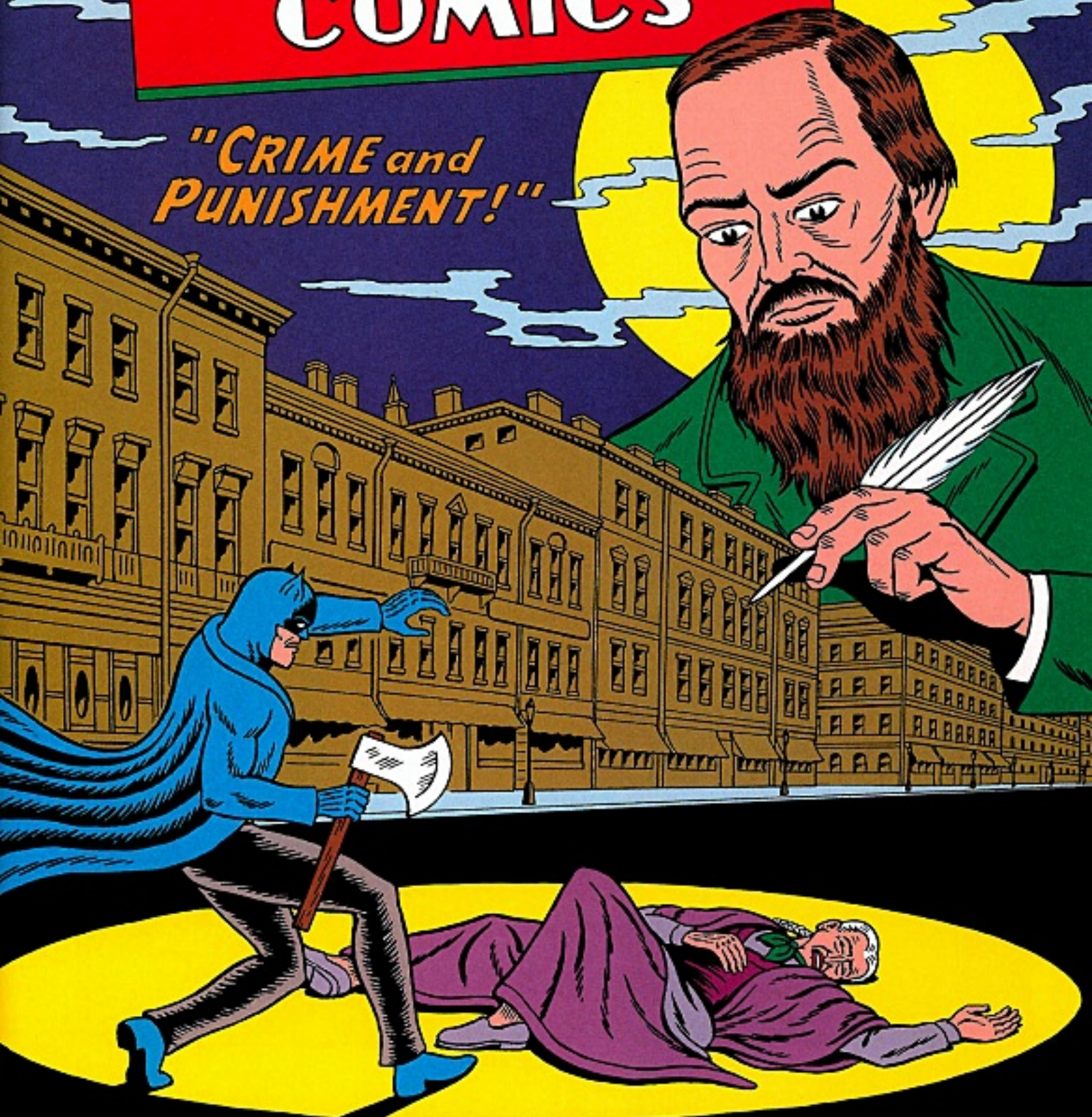
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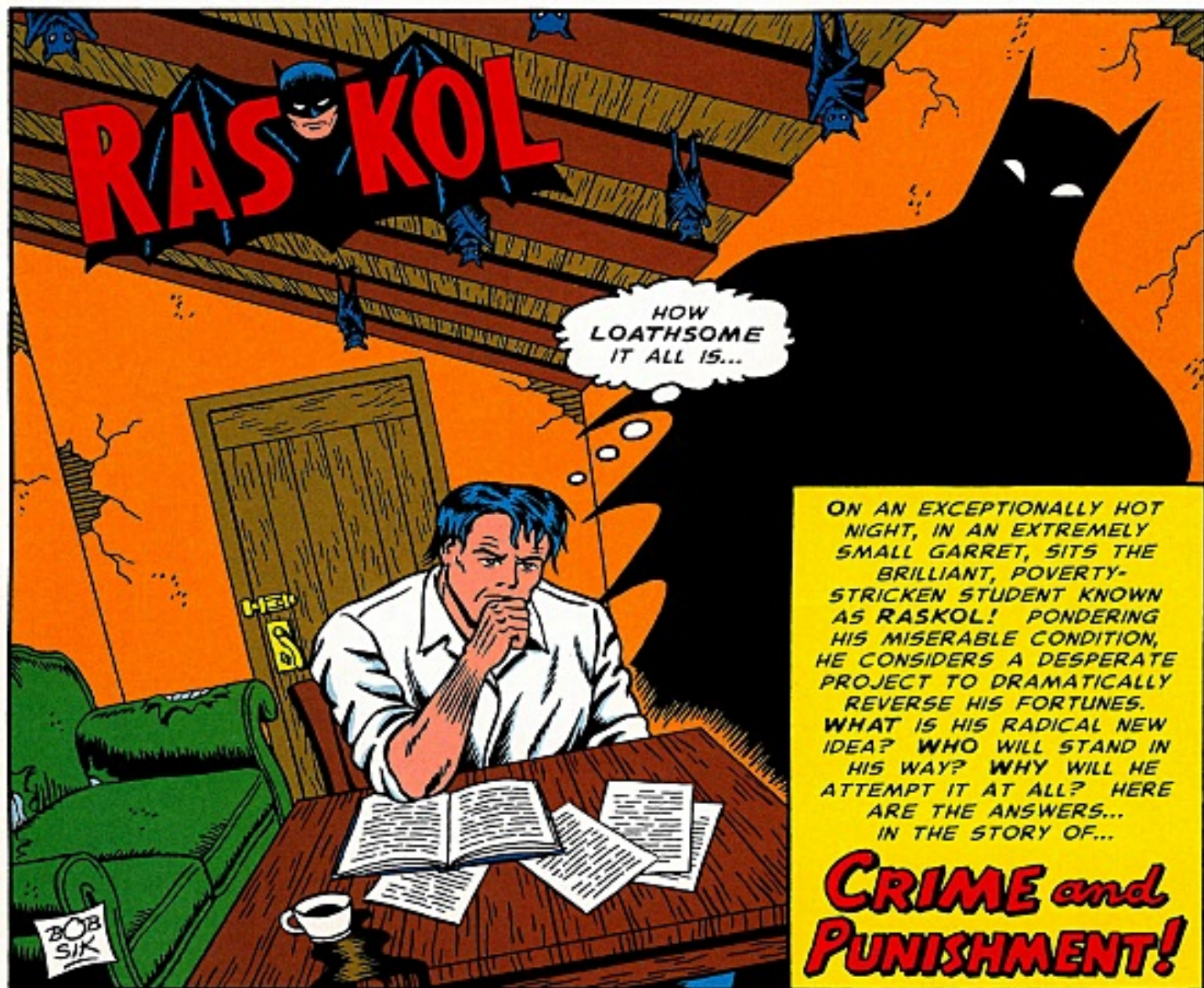
JULY NO. 1



Dostoyevsky COMICS

*"CRIME and
PUNISHMENT!"*





RAS KOL

HOW LOATHSOME IT ALL IS...

ON AN EXCEPTIONALLY HOT NIGHT, IN AN EXTREMELY SMALL GARRET, SITS THE BRILLIANT, POVERTY-STRICKEN STUDENT KNOWN AS RASKOL! PONDERING HIS MISERABLE CONDITION, HE CONSIDERS A DESPERATE PROJECT TO DRAMATICALLY REVERSE HIS FORTUNES. WHAT IS HIS RADICAL NEW IDEA? WHO WILL STAND IN HIS WAY? WHY WILL HE ATTEMPT IT AT ALL? HERE ARE THE ANSWERS... IN THE STORY OF...

CRIME and PUNISHMENT!

RASKOL RECALLS HIS LAST EXCHANGE WITH THE MISERLY, OLD PAWNBROKER...



YOU BRING SUCH TRIFLES, SIR! BUT HERE IS A ROUBLE, MINUS INTEREST, IN ADVANCE...

HE REMEMBERS HEARING THE STORY OF THE RAGGED, MAD DRUNK...



MY DEAREST SONNY WALKS THE STREETS TO SUPPORT US... AND I DRINK HIS MONEY AWAY!

HE RECONSIDERS THE LETTER FROM HIS OWN, KIND FAMILY...



THEY'VE SACRIFICED THEMSELVES FOR ME! I LIVE ON THE MONEY THEY BORROWED!

THE PAWNBROKER IS THE KEY! SHE'S A STUPID, AILING, EVIL WOMAN WHO HAS NOTHING TO LIVE FOR-- BUT WITH ALL HER WEALTH, HUNDREDS OF DESPERATE LIVES COULD BE SAVED! IT WOULD BE JUST TO KILL HER AND STEAL HER FORTUNE TO USE IN THE SERVICE OF HUMANKIND!



AND SO, WITH A SWIFT CHANGE OF GARB, RASKOL EMERGES INTO THE NIGHT!

AM I ACTUALLY CAPABLE OF THIS?



SOON, HE ARRIVES AT THE PAWNBROKER'S LAIR...

SHALL I GO BACK?



G-GOOD EVENING! I HAVE A PLEDGE FOR YOU...

HEAVENS! YOU'RE TREMBLING! WHAT IS IT?



HOW TIGHTLY YOU'VE WRAPPED IT UP...

NOW, WHILE I'VE DISTRACTED HER--



ALMOST MECHANICALLY, RASKOL SWINGS THE AXE DOWN ONTO THE PAWNBROKER'S HEAD!

OOOH!



SECONDS LATER, HE TAKES THE DEAD WOMAN'S KEYS AND RANSACKS HER BELONGINGS...

AM I GOING OUT OF MY MIND?



SUDDENLY, HE HEARS STEPS BEHIND HIM!



GRABBING HIS AXE, RASKOL TURNS TO DISCOVER LIZ, THE PAWNBROKER'S HAPLESS STEP-SISTER!



WITH ONE BLOW, HIS BLADE SPLITS ALL THE TOP OF HER HEAD!



DELIRIOUS, RASKOL ABANDONS HIS SEARCH FOR VALUABLES AND RUNS OUT OF THE BUILDING!

LATER, BACK AT HOME, HE FALLS INTO A FITFUL, FEVERISH SLEEP, WHEN...



THE PORTER BRINGS STARTLING NEWS!



AT THE POLICE STATION...

I... WAS SUMMONED!

YES, FOR THE RECOVERY OF MONEY DUE TO YOUR LANDLADY! YOU MUST PAY OR WRITE AN IOU!

AGONIZINGLY, RASKOL SCRAWLS THE IOU WHILE THE DETECTIVES DISCUSS THE PAWNBROKER'S MURDER...

IT FEELS LIKE A NAIL IS BEING DRIVEN INTO MY SKULL!

THEN, AS HE PREPARES TO LEAVE...

HE'S FAINTING!

HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO DISCOVER THE DETECTIVES EYEING HIM STRANGELY...

WELL, SIR, WE WILL NOT HOLD YOU...

THE BRUTES! THEY SUSPECT!

LOST IN THOUGHT, RASKOL WANDERS THE STREETS AND COMES UPON A TERRIBLE SCENE!

LOOK OUT, YOU DRUNKEN FOOL! I CAN'T STOP THE HORSES!

IT'S TOO LATE!

OHH--!

WITHIN SECONDS, RASKOL LEAPS TO THE SIDE OF THE CRUSHED AND BLOODY VICTIM!

I KNOW HIM! IT'S THE OLD DRUNK!

HE LIVES NEARBY! WE MUST GET HIM HOME-- HELP ME! I'LL PAY!

PRESENTLY, RASKOL BURSTS INTO THE MAN'S HOME AND EXPLAINS TO HIS HORRIFIED FAMILY...

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! HE'S BEEN RUN OVER! CALL A DOCTOR!

GET A PRIEST--!

BUT IT IS TOO LATE! THE DYING MAN'S BELOVED SONNY, DRESSED IN SHAMEFUL, GUTTER FINERY, STEPS FORWARD TO SAY GOODBYE...

OH, FATHER!

SONNY... FORGIVE ME...!

THEN, THE OLD MAN BREATHES HIS LAST!

YOUR FATHER TOLD ME OF YOUR-- CIRCUMSTANCES... ALLOW ME TO DO SOMETHING FOR MY DEAD FRIEND! HERE IS SOME MONEY-- I WILL COME AGAIN! GOOD BYE!

OUTSIDE, RASKOL IS FILLED WITH NEW VIGOR...

I'M DONE WITH IMAGINARY FEARS! LIFE IS REAL! I DID NOT DIE WITH THE OLD PAWNBROKER! MY FEVER IS GONE! NOW I WILL TRY MY STRENGTH!

THE NEXT DAY, HE VISITS INSPECTOR PORFIRY, WHO IS INVESTIGATING THE PAWNBROKER'S MURDER...

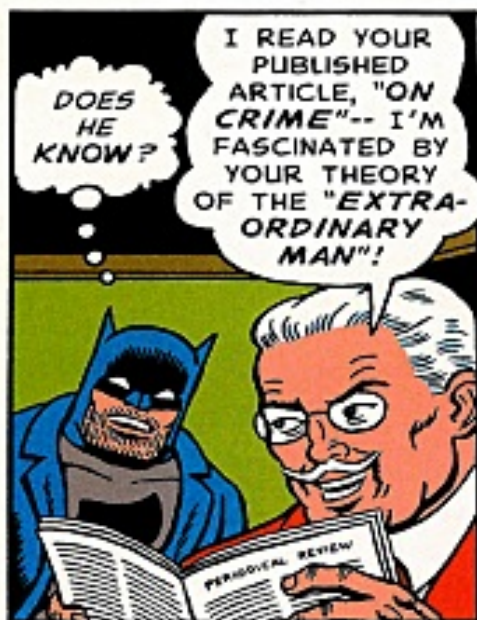
MR. PORFIRY, I'VE COME TO ACQUIRE SOME ITEMS I PAWNED TO THE OLD WOMAN--

AH, YES! IT'S A PLEASURE! WE FOUND YOUR PLEDGES! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

I-- WOULD'VE COME SOONER-- BUT I'VE BEEN ILL--

YES, I HEARD! I'VE DISCOVERED QUITE A BIT ABOUT YOU!

WINK!



SOON AFTER, RASKOL VISITS SONNY, WHO IS IN MOURNING...

I'VE COME, PERHAPS FOR THE LAST TIME, TO SEE WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOU! WITHOUT YOUR FATHER, THE CHILDREN WILL BE OUT ON THE STREETS...



NO, NO, GOD WILL NOT ALLOW IT!

HE LETS OTHERS COME TO IT-- OR, PERHAPS, THERE IS NO GOD!

NO, NO!



QUIETLY, RASKOL KNEELS AT SONNY'S FEET...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I BOW DOWN, NOT TO YOU, BUT TO ALL THE SUFFERING OF HUMANITY!



HE IS TORMENTED BY HIS DEGRADING POSITION-- WHAT KEEPS HIM FROM ENDING IT ALL? IS HE MAD?

SONNY, DO YOU PRAY TO GOD?

WHAT WOULD I BE WITHOUT GOD?



HE IS A RELIGIOUS MANIAC!

SONNY, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?



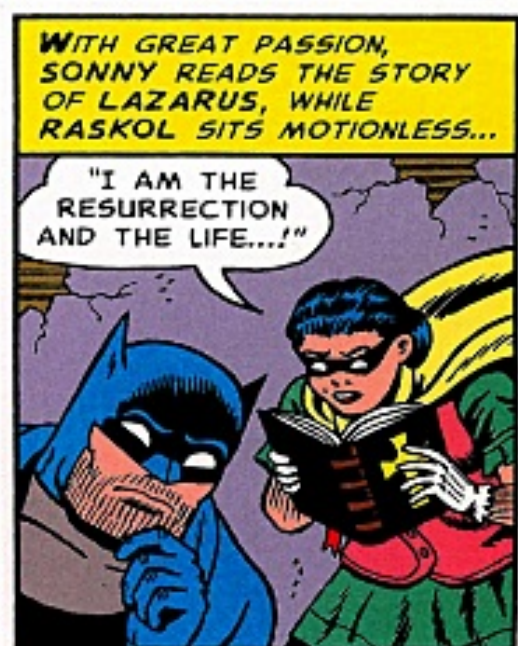
FROM MY FRIEND, LIZ... WE WOULD READ TOGETHER! SHE WAS KILLED WITH AN AXE-- BUT SHE WILL SEE GOD!

READ TO ME AS YOU DID TO HER...



WITH GREAT PASSION, SONNY READS THE STORY OF LAZARUS, WHILE RASKOL SITS MOTIONLESS...

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE...!"



WHEN SONNY IS FINISHED, FIVE MINUTES PASS IN SILENCE! THEN...

SONNY, I CAME TO SPEAK OF SOMETHING... I KNOW WHO KILLED LIZ! HE DID NOT MEAN TO KILL HER, HE-- MEANT ONLY TO KILL THE PAWNBROKER...

HEAVENS! HOW DO YOU KNOW?

YOU CAN'T GUESS...? TAKE A GOOD LOOK!

MY GOD!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE-- TO YOURSELF? HOW COULD A MAN LIKE YOU BRING YOURSELF TO IT?

I DON'T KNOW...!

"I ASKED MYSELF, WHAT WOULD NAPOLEON DO IF HE WERE IN MY POSITION? WOULD HE MURDER THAT RIDICULOUS OLD WOMAN IF SHE STOOD IN HIS WAY? WHY, HE WOULDN'T HESITATE FOR A MOMENT!"

WHAT SUFFERING!

"YOU KNOW, MY FAMILY HAD HOPES FOR ME... BUT NO MONEY! I NEEDED THE PAWNBROKER'S FORTUNE TO WORK MY WAY UP IN THE WORLD..."

"BUT, SONNY, THAT'S JUST TALK!"

DID I MURDER THOSE WOMEN? NO, I MURDERED MYSELF! WHAT SHALL I DO NOW?

"SHE WAS A LOATHSOME, HARMFUL CREATURE-- OR MAYBE IT IS THAT I AM VAIN, MALICIOUS... OR INSANE!"



STAND UP!
YOU MUST GO
AT ONCE AND
CONFESS!
OTHERWISE,
HOW CAN YOU
GO ON LIVING?

I'LL GET USED TO IT...
I MUST NOT CONDEMN
MYSELF! THE POLICE
SUSPECT ME, BUT I WILL
MAKE A STRUGGLE--



TAKE MY CROSS--
WE WILL SUFFER
TOGETHER!

NOT NOW,
SONNY...
BETTER
LATER!

RETURNING HOME, RASKOL FINDS INSPECTOR
PORFIKY INSIDE...



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU--
YOUR DOOR WAS WIDE OPEN! I
FEEL I OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION!



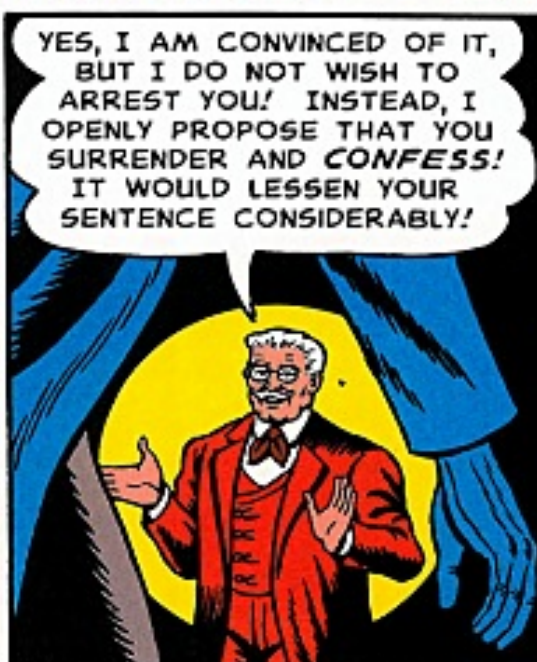
I REGARD YOU AS A MAN OF
NOBLE CHARACTER, AND I DON'T
WISH TO DECEIVE YOU! I BECAME
SUSPICIOUS OF YOU BY **ACCIDENT!**
I HEARD RUMORS, I READ YOUR
FANTASTIC ARTICLE-- YOU SEEMED
HEADSTRONG AND RECKLESS!
THERE WERE **OTHER** SUSPECTS,
BUT NONE SEEMED LIKELY...

SO-- **WHO--** IS
THE MURDERER?



WHY, YOU,
RASKOL!
YOU
ARE THE MURDERER!

N-NO...!



YES, I AM CONVINCED OF IT,
BUT I DO NOT WISH TO
ARREST YOU! INSTEAD, I
OPENLY PROPOSE THAT YOU
SURRENDER AND **CONFESS!**
IT WOULD LESSEN YOUR
SENTENCE CONSIDERABLY!



RASKOL, YOU'VE LOST FAITH!
YOU ARE ASHAMED THAT YOUR
THEORY IS **BASE!** BUT YOU
ARE NOT **BASE!** KEEP A GOOD
HEART, HAVE LESS FEAR, AND
LIFE WILL BRING YOU THROUGH!
I BELIEVE
YOU WILL
ACCEPT YOUR
SUFFERING!



SHORTLY...

I HAVE COME FOR YOUR CROSS, SONNY!



I WILL CONFESS-- IT SEEMS BETTER TO DO SO! STILL, IT ANGERS ME THAT ALL THOSE STUPID, BRUTISH FACES WILL STARE AND ASK FOOLISH QUESTIONS-- BUT NOW, I WILL GO TO PRISON AND YOU'LL HAVE YOUR WISH-- DON'T CRY!



HERE IS THE CROSS-- SAY A PRAYER!

OH, CERTAINLY-- SINCERELY--



WITH THAT, RASKOL HEADS TOWARD HIS FATE...

WAS ALL THIS RIGHT? DID I WANT HIS CROSS? NO, I WANTED TO SEE HIS TEARS, TO SEE HIS HEART ACHE. I AM CONTEMPTIBLE...



RASKOL TURNS BACK TO SEE SONNY, ANXIOUSLY WATCHING FROM NEARBY-- THEN, WITH A PAINED GRIN, HE ENTERS THE POLICE STATION!



AND SO...

IT WAS I WHO MURDERED THE PAWNBROKER AND HER SISTER-- IT WAS I!

THIS BEGINS A NEW STORY... OF A MAN'S GRADUAL REGENERATION, OF HIS JOURNEY INTO AN UNKNOWN LIFE... BUT OUR PRESENT STORY IS ENDED! DON'T MISS OUR NEXT ISSUE!

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No. 1

MASTERFUL FUNNIES

July

The World's Modernist Classics

10
CENTS



In this issue
LITTLE DORI
and more
Laughs and Thrills

OH, OH!



1

LITTLE DORI IN

DORI, THIS PORTRAIT OF YOU WILL BE MY MASTERPIECE! NOW STAND STILL, AND PAY NO ATTENTION TO LORD HARRY. HE'S A BAD INFLUENCE!

YES, BASIL. ARE YOU REALLY A BAD INFLUENCE, HARRY?

DORI, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A GOOD INFLUENCE! DON'T BE AFRAID! YOUR YOUTH AND BEAUTY WILL FADE, SO YOU MUST LIVE YOUR WONDERFUL LIFE TO THE FULLEST WHILE YOU CAN!

3

HOW I LOVE MY PORTRAIT! IT HAS SHOWN ME THAT WHEN ONE LOSES ONE'S GOOD LOOKS, ONE LOSES EVERYTHING!

4

HARRY IS RIGHT, I MUST LIVE! I'M OFF TO EXPERIENCE THE WORLD! FIRST I'LL SEE MY FIANCEE, SIBYL! SHE'S STARRING IN ROMEO AND JULIET!

7

DORI, HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS? SIBYL IS DEAD, IT LOOKS LIKE SUICIDE.

OH, OH!

8

I WISH A WOMAN WOULD KILL HERSELF FOR ME! HOW ROMANTIC! CHEER UP! COME TO THE OPERA AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME SMART LADIES.

VERY WELL.

2 PICTURELAND



11



WHEW! IT WILL BE SAFELY HIDDEN HERE. AND MAYBE IF I BEHAVE, IT WILL REGAIN ITS LOOK OF PURITY.

LORD HARRY TO SEE YOU, SIR.

12



DORI, I HAVE A BOOK FOR YOU. IT'S ABOUT A YOUNG MAN WHO LIVES HIS LIFE ONLY FOR PLEASURE. YOU'LL LIKE IT!

HARRY, IT SOUNDS FASCINATING!

15



I'LL SHOW YOU THE TRUTH!

OH! IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S WORSE THAN I THOUGHT! PRAY, DORI, PRAY FOR FORGIVENESS!

16



NO, YOU'VE BROUGHT THIS ON ME! DIE, BASIL!

DORI, PUT DOWN THAT KNIFE! AAAAH!

19



HARRY, I'M SO TIRED. I'M DETERMINED TO DO GOOD!

OH, DORI, DON'T CHANGE! YOU'RE PERFECT AS YOU ARE! SOMEDAY YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME HOW YOU KEEP YOUR GOOD LOOKS!

20



I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK AT THE PICTURE ANYMORE, IT MOCKS ME! I'LL DESTROY IT AND BE FREE OF IT FOREVER!

13



I WILL CONCENTRATE ON MY LOVE OF SENSATIONS AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS! OF PERFUMES AND MUSIC AND JEWELS AND EMBROIDERIES AND...

14



BASIL, WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

DORI, I MUST SPEAK TO YOU! I HAVE HEARD DREADFUL RUMORS OF YOUR BEHAVIOR, OF LIVES YOU'VE RUINED! I MUST KNOW IF THEY ARE TRUE!

17



I'D BETTER BLACKMAIL A FRIEND TO HELP ME REMOVE THE BODY.



18



I NEED SOME MORE OPIUM. I WANT TO ESCAPE FROM MYSELF.

21



AAAAEEE!
OOOOH!

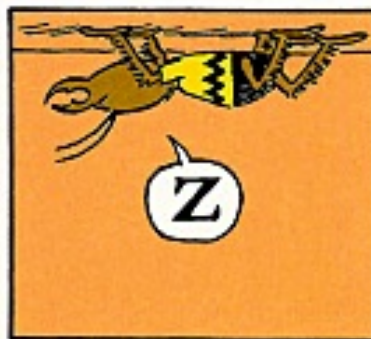
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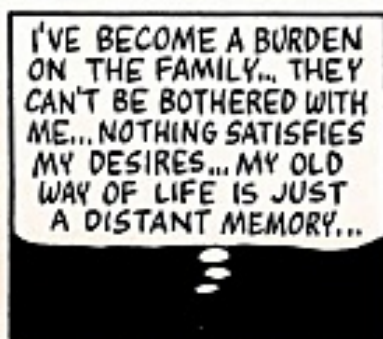


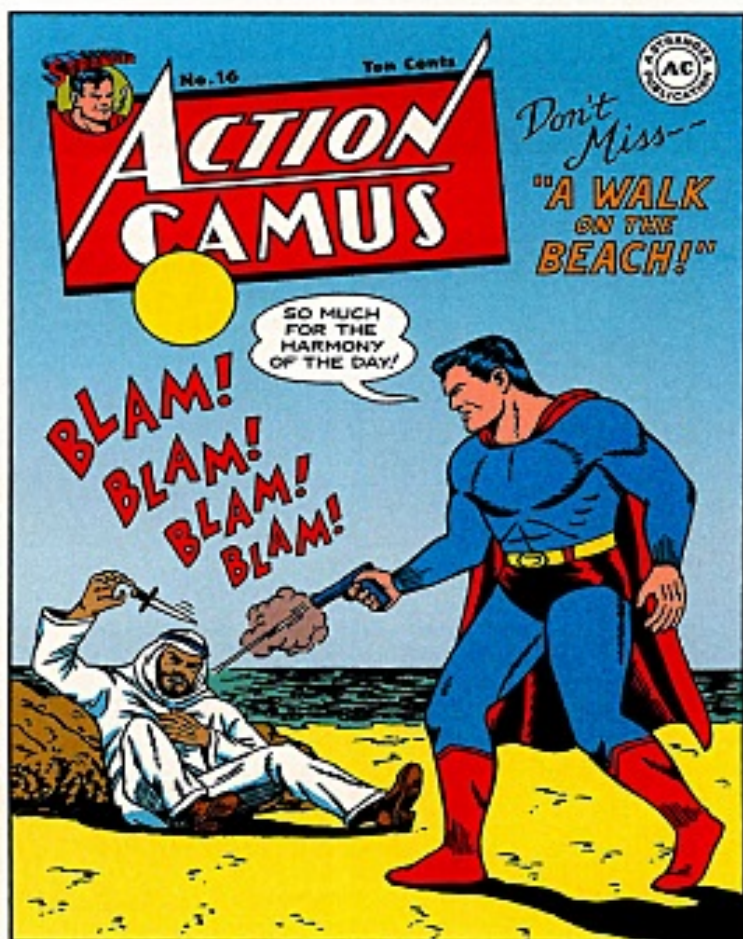
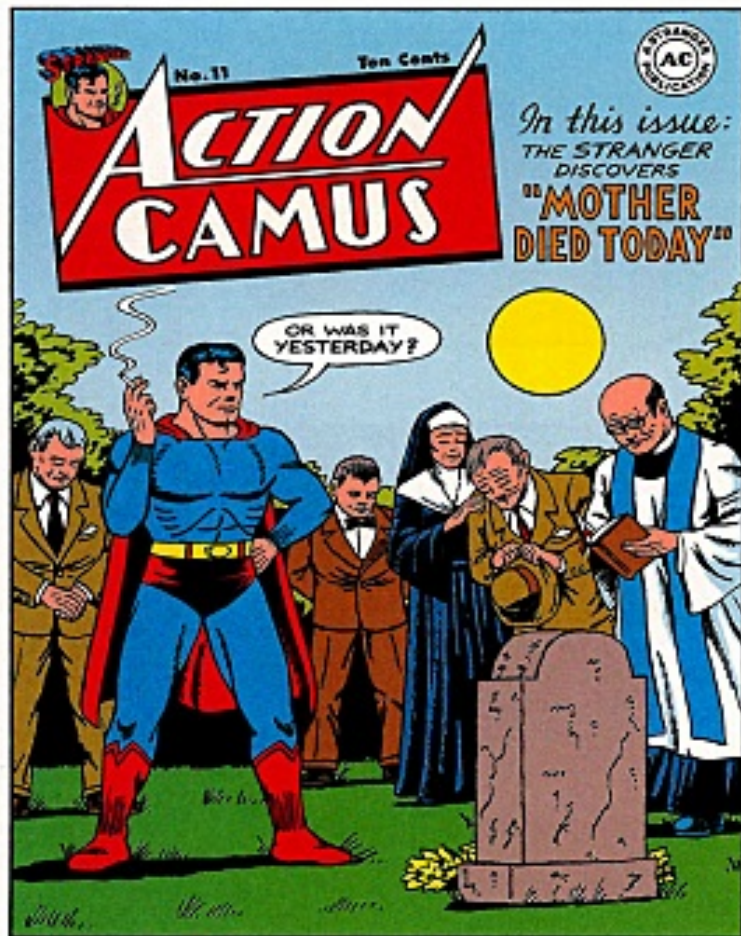
WHAT WAS THAT HORRIBLE SOUND? OH, DORI! IS THAT YOU? GET UP!

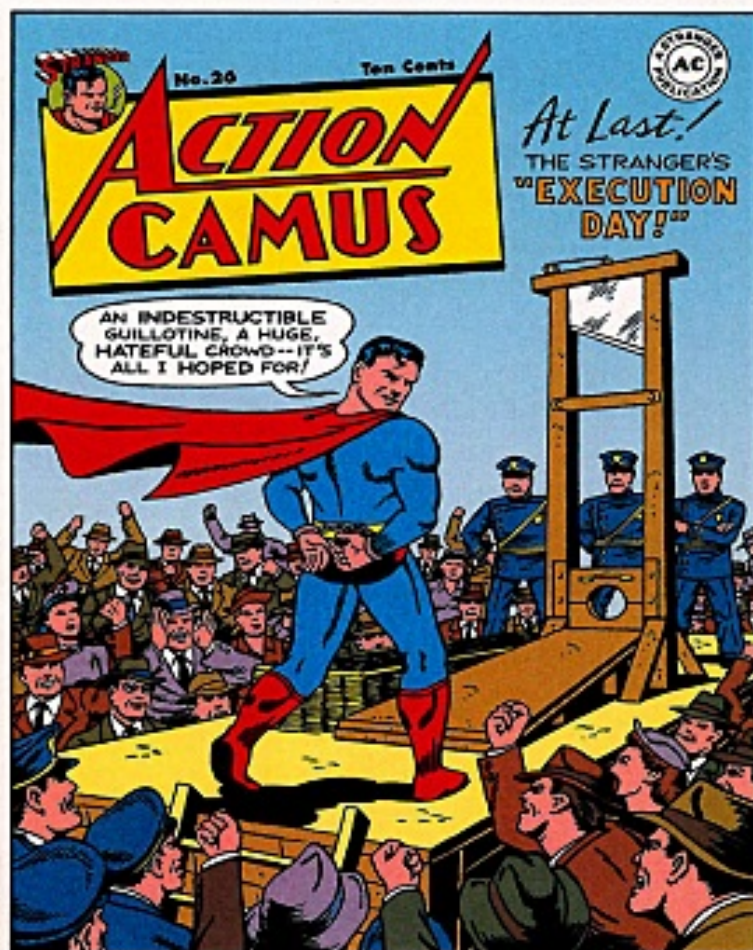
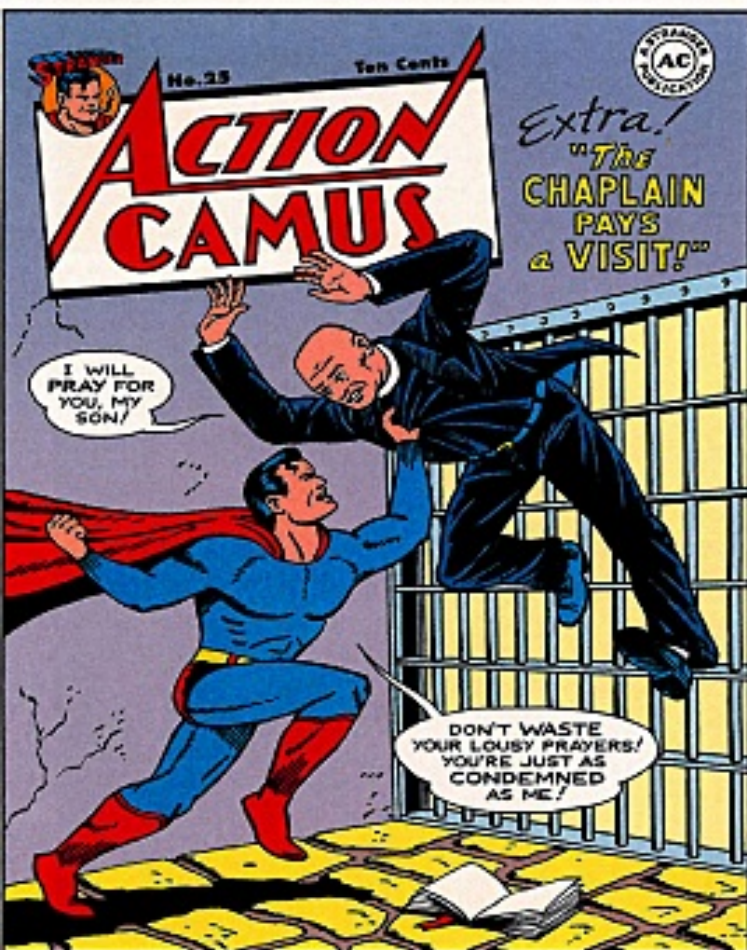
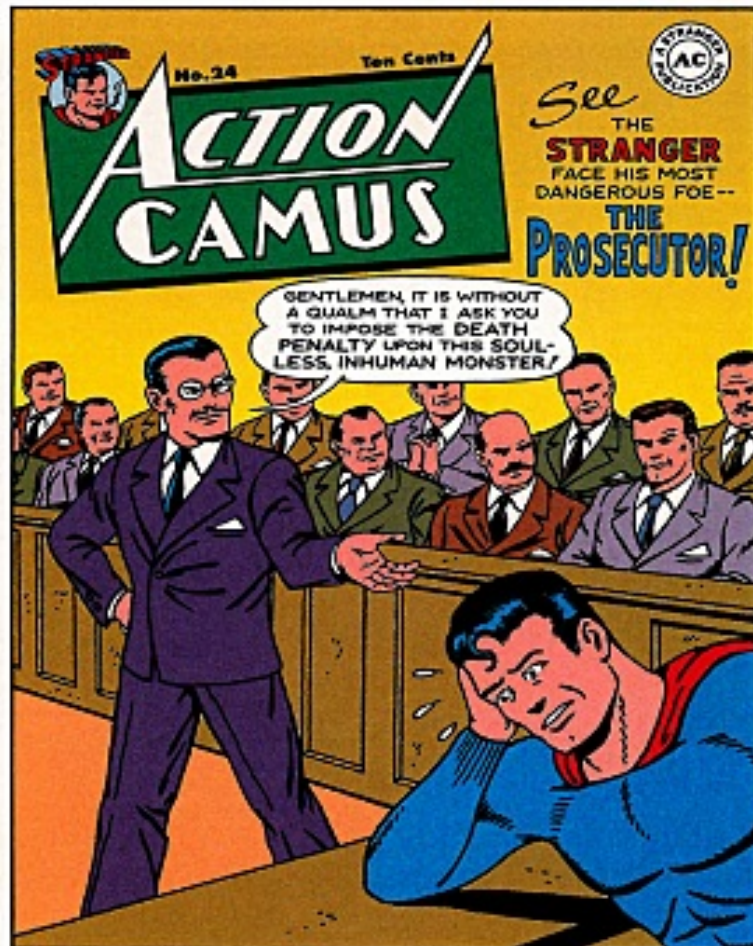
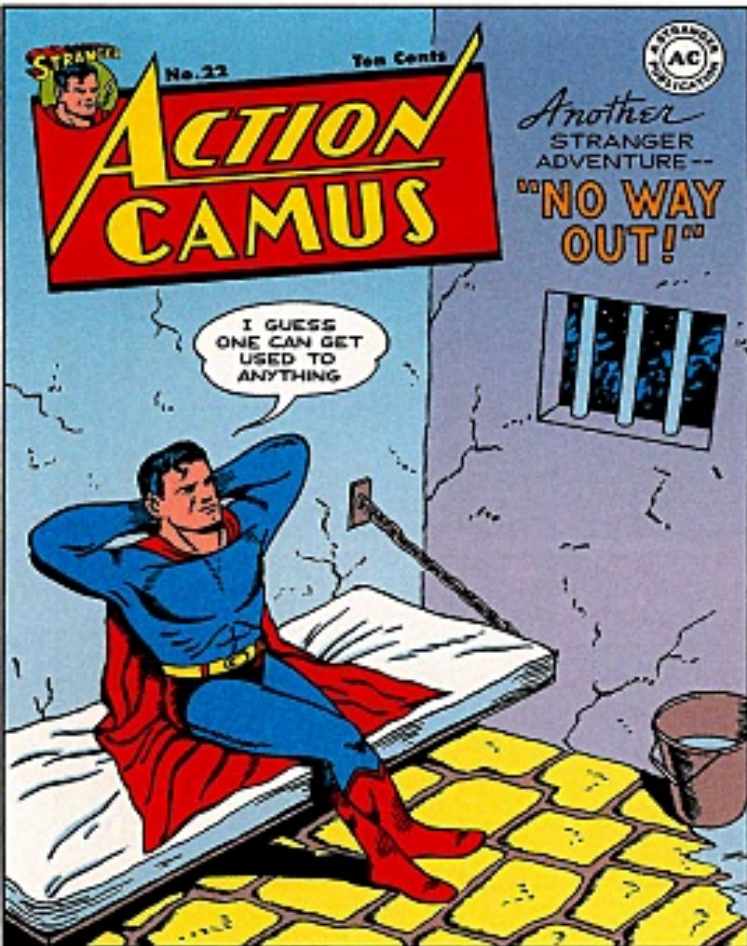
"Good ol' Gregor Brown"

by SIKORYAK











Masterpiece QUERIES

Have a question about a story? Send your letters to: Professor Scholar c/o the publisher.

Dear Prof. S.,

I've been puzzled by one fellow in **LITTLE PEARL** – isn't Chilly a little small to be married to Hester? — E. A. Duyck, NY, NY

Well, remember that he is in disguise. His stature was suggested by a round little fellow who appeared in a long running series of humorous "comic books" by John Stanley and Irving Tripp, based on characters created by Marjorie Henderson Buell in 1935. Those picto-narratives starred a kind but mischievous young girl, her neighborhood friends, and her family. There are several parallels between Nathaniel Hawthorne's 1850 dark romantic novel and Stanley and Tripp's stories, in which the children are forever competing among themselves and scheming against the adults. In particular, the aforementioned round little fellow is continually accusing the heroine's father of one crime or another.



To the Professor,

In **DOSTOYEVSKY COMICS**, why does Raskol turn himself in? He's very clever. Couldn't he just escape from the cops? — Nik Strakhov, Saint Petersburg, RU

Perhaps you were thinking of the nocturnal hero created by Bob Kane and Bill Finger in 1939. That winged-mammal-character is actually a rich American playboy who takes the law into his own hands to create a better world. In contrast, the protagonist of Fyodor Dostoyevsky's 1866 serialized novel is a poor Russian student who takes the law into his own hands to create a better world. The parallels, even down to their respective supporting casts, are numerous and fascinating. For instance, Kane and Finger's hero, as a young boy, witnessed the murder of his parents, which inspired his battle for justice. Dostoyevsky's hero dreams that, as a child, he saw the beating of a horse, which precedes his own violent actions. Still, only one of these characters has consistently avoided capture, and he's the one who has inspired a series of hit movies and television shows, as well as an incredibly successful line of action figures and fast food tie-ins.



Dear Prof. S.,

The painting's transformation in **LITTLE DORI** is startling. Was it caused by Dori's wish in panel two? — Joe M.S., Philadelphia, PA

Precisely. In Oscar Wilde's 1891 Gothic horror novel, as in Winsor McCay's colorful Sunday comics of 1905-1927, the hero's

dreams become vivid and real. The only crucial difference between the characters is that Wilde's boy wants to debase himself while McCay's boy wants to meet a princess. In both of these narratives, the natural world reasserts itself after many adventures, but only McCay's boy has to face reality, get out of bed, and take a bath.



Dear P.S.,

I feel terrible for the poor guy in **GREGOR BROWN**. Wasn't there anything he could do to save himself? — Max B., Prague, CZ

Not likely. As with the bald-headed protagonist of Charles M. Schulz' long running comic strip (1950-2000), the famous character from Franz Kafka's 1915 short story has very bad luck. Despite their sincere efforts, circumstances always seem to conspire against them — whether they're playing a baseball game with a quarrelsome team, or waking up as a dung beetle with a quarrelsome family.



Hello Professor Scholar,

Would you explain why the sun is so large on two of the **ACTION CAMUS** covers? — Gaston G., Paris, FR

In Albert Camus' 1942 absurdist-existential novel, the sun is a great source of power which deeply affects his protagonist, even spurring him to action. In this way, it recalls the sun's influence on the powerful comic book protagonist created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, who first appeared in 1938. Supposedly this muscular being from another world derived his considerable strength from our yellow sun. In contrast with Camus' hero, he seemed a little more comfortable in Western society.

Dear Professor,

Those two guys in **WAITING TO GO** remind me of The Katzenjammer Kids. — R. Blin, Paris, FR

I suppose so, but we were thinking of the Mike Judge's 1992 duo, the stars of television, film, and books. Their world and complex relationship precisely echo those in Samuel Beckett's 1952 modernist play. Still, you bring up an interesting point; these two may resonate to some degree with Hans & Fritz Katzenjammer, as well as Mutt & Jeff, Fred & Barney, Archie & Jughead, the Thing & the Hulk... but perhaps that's a discussion for another time.

Coming soon: Virgil! Chaucer! Flaubert! And more!
Watch for them at your newsstand or local library!



R. Sikoryak has drawn cartoons for numerous media giants, including *Nickelodeon Magazine*, *The New Yorker*, and *The Daily Show with Jon Stewart*, as well as for independent publications, films, and theater productions. His cartoon slide show series *Carousel* has been presented around the U.S. and Canada. He also teaches and lectures on comics and illustration. Sikoryak lives in New York City with his wife and frequent collaborator *Krista Willberg*.





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