BEATLES RE-FORM
-NEW LP PLANNED

HELLRAISER!
‘THAT’S ME’ SAYS
OLIVER REID

MYSTERY
DEATH
& ROMANCE

IN LOVING MEMORY

RETURN OF THE BOTTOM INSPECTORS
BARE YOUR BOTTOMS!
PLUS LOTS MORE
OH CRUMBS!

TERROR ON PAGE 26!

Free inside: 4page MAD DOCTOR pull out
The Trent House loves YOU

and all the staff are just aching to sleep with you.

**The Trent House**
Leazes Lane
Newcastle


They've got it all! Plus hot food, bar snacks and cool decor!

Plus the best jukebox in the world!

Repeat: The BEST jukebox ever in the world.

Say, isn't that the bar that brought us (in chronological order) the Becks all-dayer, Reggae Spectacular 1, Reggae Spectacular II, The Beach Party, Reggae Spectacular III, The Spooky All-Night Mystery Tour and The Whisky Whooperama?

We'd better get moving if we're going to catch last orders at the Trent House!

But darling... The Trent House is 375 miles away. Let's just pop in to our local.

I love the Trent House and the Trent House loves me. No number of miles could ever come between us. I'll see you around.

Coming soon: CUPS OF COFFEE AKIN TO ORGASM.
**Telly Trouble**

Whilst watching T.V. the other night my husband pointed out that the screen was blank. Hardly surprising as we had forgotten to switch our television on. Luckily we both saw the funny side.

Mrs. A. Dunn
Colechester

You can keep your Burt Reynolds and your Roger Moores. With his bright outlook and sunny spells TV weatherman Michael Fish is just my cup of tea.

Mrs P. Harper
Felixstowe

**Shopping Trouble**

I dread taking my three year old son to the supermarket with me. He thinks he is helping by filling my trolley with everything he can lay his hands on. However, by the time I reach the checkout I am often faced with a bill for over £300.

Mrs L. Wagstaffe
Rochester

Whenever I tune in I'm always turned on by lively TV weatherman Ian McCasgill. His long range outlook and warm isobars are just what it takes to pressurise by overcast intervals.

Mrs P. Harper
Felixstowe

**Cinema Trouble**

Recently a friend and I decided to visit our local cinema to view a film. Imagine our surprise to find it had been turned into a super-market 14 years ago.

J.B. Kirkham
Louth, Lincoln.

*Write and tell us your crazy cinema story. £5 for the best letter.*

**Difficulties Trouble**

I wonder if any of your readers have difficulty in remembering their addresses.

I find it always helps if I write mine on a small piece of paper and keep it handy whenever I leave the house.

H. Loft House
Somerset

Write to Britain's liveliest letters page at: Letterbox, Viz Comic, Viz House, 16 Lily Crescent, Newcastle upon Tyne NE2 2SP. There's a prize for every letter we print, and a fiver for the liveliest letter received.

**FRUIT FILE**

- In 1968 Mr K.M. Muir of Clacton, Essex grew a Strawberry weighing in at 6 oz.
- Rhubarb has the lowest calorific value of all fruit, consisting of 94.9% water.
- There is a 10% loss of vitamin C in all cooked fruit. Blackcurrants contain a larger amount of vitamin C than lemons.
- Strawberries are an expensive fruit. Their price, which depends largely upon the time of year, can be as much as £1 per punnet.
- In Britain each person probably eats an average of around 172 oranges a year, a total value of £20.74 if they were 12p each.
- Citrus fruits include oranges and lemons whilst apples are a hard fruit. Rhubarb is a different kind of fruit.
- There is room for over 500 apples inside a mini ear. In fact, there might even be room for 1,000.
- If the Prime Minister was to spend her entire salary on fruit, she could probably buy sufficient grapefruit to fill Wembley Stadium.

**VICAR JOKES**

We have had an amazing response to our terrific Vicar Joke Competition in which we offered £1 to the sender of the funniest Vicar Joke we received.

Entries are still flooding in and we have decided to extend the closing date for the competition. All entries should now be received by no later than 1st November 1988.

If you know a funny Vicar Joke, send it on a postcard to: Vicar Joke Competition, Viz Comic, 16 Lily Crescent, Newcastle upon Tyne NE2 2SP. The winner will be announced in our next issue, but to keep you going here are a sample of jokes we have received so far.

What do you call a vicar on a bike?
A cyclist.

David Forster, Whickham.

Mornings wouldn't be the same without my bacon, eggs and scrumptious TV weatherman Francis Wilson.

He could forecast my periods any day.

Mrs P. Harper
Felixstowe

How I miss charming TV weatherman Jack Scott. My forecasts are always dull and overcast without him.

Mrs P. Harper
Felixstowe

I still think the Royal Family are marvellous and that they do a wonderful job.

Mrs L. Hammond
Suffolk

Can you tell me why my fridge is always cold whereas my oven is hot?

Mrs E. Tomlin
Doncaster

Both are powered by electricity.

Mr. T. Reynolds and your Roger Moores.

Our old washing machine is on the verge of breaking down. Luckily we both saw the funny side.

Mrs. I. Carter
Horsesham

How I miss charming TV weatherman Jack Scott. My forecasts are always dull and overcast without him.

Mrs P. Harper
Felixstowe

I still think the Royal Family are marvellous and that they do a wonderful job.

Mrs L. Hammond
Suffolk

Order answers to: Vicar Joke Competition, Viz Comic, 16 Lily Crescent, Newcastle upon Tyne NE2 2SP. The winner will be announced in our next issue, but to keep you going here are a sample of jokes we have received so far.

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Suffolk

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Mrs E. Tomlin
Doncaster

Both are powered by electricity.
THIS IS THE CONTINUING STORY OF A DISTRAUGHT WORLD, AN UNSUSPECTING WORLD THAT WAS ABOUT TO WITNESS...

DAWN OF THE BOTTOM INSPECTORS

FUNNY... MRS. THOMPSON IS USUALLY SO NICE!

IT'S VERY QUIET IN THE STREET TODAY, NO CHILDREN ANYWHERE. ALL WAS NOT WELL IN ROSEBERRY GARDENS.

RALPH WATSON WAS A MILKMAN. HE ENJOYED HIS JOB. THIS PARTICULAR DAY WAS A SUMMER SATURDAY, RALPH WAS COLLECTING HIS WEEK'S TAKINGS. IT WAS A VERY HOT DAY...

OH HO? WELL GET A BOTTOM INSPECTION WARRANT IF WE MUST.

MRS. BROWN WAS OLD, HER BOTTOM WAS WRINKLED, WE HAD NO CHOICE, NOW I FEEL IT IS EXAMINATION TIME AGAIN, MR. WATSON?

YOU ALSO HAVE FLUFF IN YOUR BUTTOCK CLEFT! YOU WILL HAVE TO JOIN MRS. BROWN FOR A LITTLE HOLIDAY!

OH NO? WELL GET A BOTTOM INSPECTION WARRANT IF WE MUST.

THIS JUST WONT DO MR. WATSON, YOU HAVE DAMPENED YOUR UNDERWEAR WITH BOTTOM PERSPIRATION!

WELL, IT'S THE HEAT, AND THE PLASTIC SEAT IN THE FLOAT!

WHAT A LOVELY MORNING MR. WATSON.

IT MUST BE THE HEAT, STILL, ONLY OLD MRS. BROWN LEFT NOW.

JUST RIGHT FOR LOOKING AT YOUR BOTTOM!

RALPH'S ROUND WAS NEARLY OVER, BUT THE UGLY TORMENT OF THIS FATEFUL DAY HAD NOT YET BEGUN. RALPH WATSON'S NEXT CALL WAS TO BE AN HORRIFIC EXPERIENCE.

IN A BOTTOM CORRECTION CENTRE, HEH! HEH!

CRASH!

OH, SHE IS BEING LOOKED AFTER...

MR. BROWN WAS OLD, HER BOTTOM WAS WRINKLED, WE HAD NO CHOICE, NOW I FEEL IT IS EXAMINATION TIME AGAIN, MR. WATSON?

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT!

YOU ALSO HAVE FLUFF IN YOUR BUTTOCK CLEFT! YOU WILL HAVE TO JOIN MRS. BROWN FOR A LITTLE HOLIDAY!

COURTESY OF THE CHIEF BOTTOM INSPECTOR!

TO BE CONTINUED
WHY NOT TRY THE CONCERT BAR?
They serve hot meals, sandwiches, real ale and many imported beers. Plus they have a great video juke box. Open Mondays to Saturdays, 11am till 3pm.

I'VE GOT THE WINE. ANY PINT GLASSES KNOCKING ABOUT?

BRING YOUR OWN WINE
Good home cooking value for money
35a ST GEORGES TCE, JESMOND Tel. 2813890
Mon-Fri 8am-9pm Sat 8am-5pm

TIMESLIP
New & Old Comics,
Science Fiction
and Cinema.

Imports arriving every week.

PRUDHOE PLACE (off Haymarket)
NEWCASTLE (0632) 619173
HELLRAISER OLIVER REID TELLS HIS OWN STORY

'I CAN DRINK 75 PINTS OF BEER' I'm like an earthquake
EXCLUSIVE says Ollie

I've always had a reputation as a bit of a hellraiser. But I can't complain. I'm a pretty wild bloke. In my time I've smashed up every bar and been thrown out of every posh hotel in the world at least three times.

I was thrown out of The Savoy in London once because I kept jumping out of my twelfth floor window and landing on my head in the car park. I was trying to smash a friend's car but in the event I came back with a bulldozer and flattened the hotel.

VODKA

I happen to enjoy drinking. I drank vodka standing on my head until I was about fourteen. Nowadays I prefer 75 pints of beer, down the hatch in one. And that's nothing. I often drink twice that much without needing the toilet.

SMASH

If I go out for a meal it's as if an earthquake has hit town. I usually smash the table with my girlfriend or use the chairs as a knife and fork. In one restaurant I ordered twelve colour televisions, chewed them up and spat them in the waiter's face.

GUMPTION

My crazy diet of electrical appliances and broken glass often leads to stomach trouble. I often have to pump it myself — with a gallon of liquid Gumption and an industrial vacuum cleaner.

I ate fourteen dolphins'

I'm pretty well known for my crazy and dangerous pranks. A friend once bet me £500 that I wouldn't eat a live goldfish. I took him along to the zoo and ate 14 dolphins before I was sick. Afterwards I ate another six.

DAMAGE

I always pay for any damage I cause — unless I don't particularly feel like it. Being a hell-raiser can turn out to be a pretty expensive business.

EXPANDS

I normally get through at least a dozen shirts a week because my body expands to twice its normal size whenever I get angry. A bit like the Incredible Hulk actually. Many friends have taken to calling me 'the Werewolf' because I can change so dramatically. Come to think of it my face does get quite hairy sometimes.

As a matter of fact there have been a few sheep found torn limb from limb in the fields near where I live. And I do get the odd bloodstain on my clothing when I wake up in the mornings.

Next week Ollie describes his X-ray vision and reveals that only kryptonite rays can kill him.

Oliver Reid is a gas fitter from Birmingham and in no way connected with Oliver Reed, the well known British film actor.
Mr. Logic

Such is my name, therefore it is correct to make an assumption that this comic strip is in some way about me.

He's A Pain In The Bum

Ah... The kitchen; a room where food is prepared. I shall make reference to a culinary publication...

I estimate the oil will have heated sufficiently by the end of my book studying period.

An hour later...

Stimulating to all the senses, especially visually... truly an awesome presence...

Good afternoon

Ah! But of course, I must observe the correct procedure... a telephone call is in order.

An emergency of course, this is the emergency services, telephone 999?

Actually I thought the fire brigade would be better suited. My house is in an advanced state of combustion.

Cheeky... ah yes, you accuse me of impudence, a number of people have made similar accusations in the past...

Cheeky... ah yes, you accuse me of impudence, a number of people have made similar accusations in the past...

Are you being cheeky?

Hmm... "Chips must be fried in a deep pan of very hot oil" I believe I have some oil.

The actual temperature is not specified... hmm... very hot.

Ah yes, my kitchen is on fire... fascinating.

A sudden juncture has arisen needing prompt action.

Which service do you require?

You what??
Soon... I've sold out already.

Now my underpants are bulging with cash!

Twenty-five pounds! That's not bad for half an hour's work.

Later... Hmmm... Oh dear. Our cement mixer has broken down.

How on earth are we going to mix this cement?

If you give me £10 I'll mix your cement for you in my underpants.

You made today to pay for the damage.

And you can spend the next two weeks here in the greenhouse.

But... Snap! Pttang!!

Crikey, Felix's elastic has snapped, catapulting him towards his dad's greenhouse!

Well Felix, I'll take that £35 you made today to pay for the damage, and you can spend the next two weeks here in the greenhouse.

Growing these tomato plants for me... in your underpants!

Shorty... Oh no! The crossbar's broken. That looks like the end of our game.

Don't worry kids.

My underpants make an ideal crossbar.

Hooray for Felix!

Thanks Felix. Here's the cash.

By the time I've finished one hundred press ups the cement should be well and truly mixed!

Okay Felix, it's a deal.

I love this hot weather.

I can make a fortune selling ice cream out of my underpants.
The day his fourth successive girlfriend died in tragic circumstances young Paul Green began to wonder whether he would ever find true love and happiness.

SORRY MATE! I DIDN'T SEE HER

OH NO THAT'S THE FOURTH GIRLFRIEND I'VE LOST IN AS MANY MONTHS

After the funeral Paul went for a stroll in the graveyard.

HI THERE

STRANGE! WHERE DID SHE COME FROM?

THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF JINX ON ME. PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BEST IF I JUST FORGOT ABOUT GIRLS ALTOGETHER.

Paul was immediately entranced by the strange girl's eyes.

The two sat and talked for several minutes.

M MMMM, YEAH!

GREAT!

HEY, YEAH!

REALLY?

TERRIFIC!

M MMMM! ME TOO
After a while the mysterious girl got up to leave.

Suddenly she had vanished.

WHERE DID SHE GO TO?

I'M SORRY PAUL. BUT I MUST GO NOW. GOODBYE.

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BEST IF I NEVER SEE HER AGAIN.

That night Paul was emotionally confused.

I'D REALLY LIKE TO SEE HER AGAIN. BUT KNOWING MY LUCK SHE'D PROBABLY BE KILLED IF I DID.

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BEST IF I NEVER SEE HER AGAIN.

On his way home he kept thinking about the unusual girl.

AH! SHE'S DROPPED HER HANDKERCHIEF

I NEVER ASKED HER NAME AND I'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE HER AGAIN.

The next morning Paul came across the mysterious girl's handkerchief in his pocket.

I JUST CAN'T GET HER OFF MY MIND. I SIMPLY MUST SEE HER AGAIN.

THIS HANDKERCHIEF IS MY ONLY CLUE TO HER IDENTITY... THE LABEL SAYS "SMITHS HANKIES LTD" MAYBE I COULD GIVE THEM A RING.

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I'M SORRY. WE HAVEN'T SOLD A HANDKERCHIEF OF THAT DESCRIPTION FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS.

That afternoon Paul looked up the address he had been given. Soon he arrived at the door of number 8 Oaktree Gardens.

THIS HOUSE IS EMPTY. IT'S BEEN BOARDED UP. SHE COULDN'T POSSIBLY LIVE HERE.

1964. THAT COULDN'T BE HER. BUT THE INITIALS MATCH 'A.S.' - ALEXANDRA SIMPSON. I WONDER.

That afternoon Paul looked up the address he had been given. Soon he arrived at the door of number 8 Oaktree Gardens.

NO-ONE LIVES THERE, SON. NOT SINCE A YOUNG GIRL DIED THERE IN TRAGIC CIRCUMSTANCES BACK IN 1964. ALEXANDRA WAS HER NAME. ALEXANDRA SIMPSON.
JUST MY LUCK. I FALL IN LOVE WITH A DEAD GIRL. I SEEM TO BE DOOMED TO A LIFE OF LONELINESS.

THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL WAS THE GHOST OF ALEXANDRA SIMPSON!

Next morning there was a letter waiting for Paul.

IT'S FROM MY DOCTOR. IT'S ABOUT THOSE RARE ILLNESS TESTS I TOOK SOME TIME AGO...THEY WERE POSITIVE! I'VE ONLY GOT 45 MINUTES LEFT TO LIVE!

Paul rushed straight to the graveyard. By the time he arrived he was already unsteady on his feet.

ALEXANDRA. I'M COMING TO YOU MY LOVE.

And as the final drop of life slipped out of his tragic body he collapsed and died by Alexandra's grave.

YOU WILL NEVER BE ALONE OR STRICKEN BY TRAGEDY AGAIN, PAUL. FOR NOW YOU HAVE FOUND A LOVE THAT WILL LAST FOREVER.


THE END
Dr. Theodore Gray and His Fantastic Growth Spray

I'm ready to try my new secret formula which will make objects increase in size by ten fold! Aha! I'll use this domestic house as a guinea pig.

Just time for a shift half before I become the master of all creation.

One half pint of best bitter, please, barperson, and a bag of crisps for the house.

Aha!!

Outside

Making a nuisance of ourselves are we, sir?

Locally Bobby

I shall have to ask you to accompany me to the station.

But...

Ha! The world will soon be mine.

Oh no! Using his nose as a lasso, the copper is attempting to catch Dr. Gray.

Alright, Einstein, I'd like a squirt of your spray on my truncheon if you don't mind.

Whum
DOCTOR BOLUS
AND THE POTION OF DOOM...

AT LAST! MY POTION IS READY!

AND THE DOCTOR TRANSFORMS INTO A FOUL SLOBBERING MONSTER...

GULP!

LUVLY! SLURP BELCH ETC ETC

WORMS

SPIDER

OOH! BARF Slobber BELCH ETC

SLURP Slobber

GURGLE BURP BELCH ETC

RAT

SLURP BELCH

GURGLE Slobber BURP ETC

SLUG

A SLUG!

YUM YUM!

SLURP SLURP

CHEMIST SHOP!

BURP!

BELCH GURGLE BURF Slobber Gimme Alka Seltzer...

THE END

...OR IS IT ONLY THE BEGINNING?
THE INCREDIBLE DOCTOR SEX

Seconds from now I will own the world's first sex powered television.

Not only will I half my electricity bill...

But I will also own the most powerful TV on earth!

Using 5000 strokes of sex energy per second!

The equivalent of ninety rhinoceros orgasms a minute!!

And now to pull the switch...

BOOMMF!

Hello? Is that the police?

One hour later...

Well... maybe I'll give them another ten minutes...

I am the incredible doctor sex

You have one hour to deposit ten million pounds in my national girobank account no. XJ507157...

One hour later...

Hmm... times up.

Or I will detonate my sex bomb, destroying all civilisation!!!

So I shall turn my attention to more serious matters...

The destruction of the entire world!!

I will bring the planet earth to its knees with my 'S' bomb. Ten times as powerful as Russia's entire nuclear arsenal...

Sufficient force to arouse an entire herd of ten million bull elephants!!

The pure sex energy was too much for this cheap TV set.

Very well!

I am the incredible doctor sex

not to be continued...
MEET THE MAN WITH THE BRAIN LIKE A ROLLER COASTER...

DOCTOR CRAPULENCE

HE'S A WELL-UPHOLSTERED MADMAN!

12 MIDNIGHT: DR. CRAPULENCE AND HIS ABLE ASSISTANT TOBY ARE WORKING HARD IN THEIR MYSTERIOUS DUNGEON-LIKE LABORATORY...

I AM PRESENTLY EXPERIMENTING WITH MY REVOLUTIONARY FOOD-FORMULA WITH WHICH I INTEND TO ALTER THE VERY FABRIC OF HUMAN LIFE...

YOU NEVER TOLD ME THAT!

YOU BLUDDY LIAR!

Ugh...

I HAVE TECHNOLOGY AT MY FINGERTIPS WITH WHICH I CAN PERFORM INCREDIBLE, HERCULEAN EXPERIMENTS...

CALL ME AMBITIOUS, CALL ME A MADMAN, A FOOL, CALL ME WHAT YOU WILL...

FAT BASTARD!

SHUT-UP Y' LITTLE TWAT!!

BIFF!

Ugh!

SORRY BOSS! I HAVE MEegalithic Plans TO BREED A DINOSAURIAN RACE OF OBESE PEOPLE WITH WHICH I WILL...

CAN I HAVE ANOTHER CREAM BUN BOSS?

LISTEN, WILL YOU JUST FUCK OFF!!

AS I WAS SAYING...

CLICK!

SORRY CHIEF!

PUT TEN-BOB IN THE METER WILL YOU TOBY?

WHAT!?

WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY LEFT BOSS!

WE USED THE LAST ONE BAKING THAT CHOCOLATE CAKE!
NEW SINGLE FROM

HOLLY JOHNSON
NEVER

SHOPS AT
PET SOUNDS
RECORDS AND TAPES
Clayton St. West, Newcastle
Tel. 610749
36 Frederick St., Sunderland
Tel. 655615
New & second hand LPs, singles and EPs
bought & sold

EAST SIDE TORPEDOES

HIGHER & HIGHER

Volume Records. Distributed by Pinnacle Cartel

"Record of the month. Single of the year. Disc of the decade. A landmark
in the history of pop music" - NME

"Goddam mutha fukkun' sonofa bitch fingerlickin' no good
cotton pickin' pixie doodle
two bit one haul ass cb
short ass tv dinner
ol'right!
soda pop sugar candy

HOLY APE SHIT
DANDY ASS'OLE
Eyed Fat Man
Momma's Apple Pie
Eight Ball Gimmee 5
Rock'n'roll potatoe chips
Noo York Shree-it!"

FLIP
of Hollywood 12-14 Cross Street, Newcastle upon Tyne Tel: 618248

ORIGINAL
AMERICAN
CLOTHING
I WAS JUST AN ORDINARY SOCIOLOGIST UNTIL...

TIN PAN ALLEY

IT SAYS HERE YOU CAN BE A TOP-FLIGHT PIANIST IN 7 DAYS; NO MUSICAL EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!

NEXT DAY....

—YES, YOU SHOULD GET PLENTY OF INSPIRATION IN THAT TIFTER, SIR. DEBUSSY WORE IT FOR ALL HIS MATURE COMPOSITIONS!

I SEEK TO BE THE VAN GOGH OF THE IVORIES. I'LL TAKE IT!

BUT IT WAS A STING...

I WANT MY MONEY BACK, I'VE TURNED INTO D.H. LAWRENCE!

BUT, EVER THE PRAGMATIST, I SIMPLY GOT MY AGENT TO MAKE THE SWITCH FROM CONCERTS TO SERIALISATION RIGHTS.

AH YES, THEN YOU'LL BE WANTING OUR LITERATURE SECTION, SIR.

WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME ALL THIS, INSPECTOR?

EITHER TRACE THE IMPACT OF THE PANAMA HAT ON POST-WAR CRIME STATISTICS,

OR WRITE A TWELVE VOLUME NOVEL IN WHICH NOTHING HAPPENS.
STUDENTS

Free sex with the manager's wife

when you open an account with

GnatWest
The Give Us Your Money Bank
This issue's Top Ten is dominated by the Volume Record label who made a last minute block purchase of the entire chart. For a mere £10 they purchased all ten chart places and were then able to select the top ten records of their choice.

If you're a recording artist, band or record label we're offering you a once in a lifetime opportunity to have your very own Christmas Hit! Yes, all ten places In our December Top Ten are up for grabs. There's no need to worry about airplay, sales or distribution. That elusive hit single could be yours this Christmas for the price of a pint of beer. To make your record a Christmas hit simply complete the form below and send it together with a cheque (and a copy of the record if possible) to: Christmas Hit Offer, Viz Top Ten, Viz Comic, Viz House, 16 Lily Crescent, Newcastle upon Tyne NE2 2SP.

Obviously the more money you send the higher your single will climb. But don't worry. A mere £1 will almost guarantee you a Top Ten place. But hurry - all entries must be received by no later than 1st November.

I/we would like our single to appear in the Viz Top Ten chart.

Name of artist ____________________________________________
Title ____________________________________________________
Label ____________________________________________________
I/we enclose a cheque for £ ________ (payable to "Viz Comic")

CHRISTMAS HIT OFFER
EAST SIDE TORPEDOES
Higher & Higher
THE EDGE
Take A Walk/ Round, Round, Round
TOY DOLLS
James Bond (lives down our street)
HUSKER DU
Eight Miles High
MAE WEST
Great Balls Of Fire
THE CURE
Foxy Lady
PEGGY LEE
Fever
MARSHALL & THE VANDELLAS
Dancing In The Street
VAN HALEN
You Really Got Me
MANDY MILLER
Nellie The Elephant

KITCHENWARE PARTY
IS OVER
Spent spent spent! Now all that lolly's gone

Only a year ago North East based record label Kitchenware were celebrating a string of top 40 hits and LP successes. Names like Prefab Sprout and The Kane Gang were never far from the headlines. Record sales were soaring and the money was rolling in.

CRASH
But now Kitchenware are in trouble. The hits have run out and it seems that the extravagant spending of recent months has begun to take its toll.

In the same week that The Kane Gang announced they have no immediate plans to record, a second-hand shop only yards from Kitchenware's Newcastle offices was offered a variety of second-hand musical instruments for sale.

SLUMP
And while Prefab Sprout's L.P. 'Steve McQueen' drifts aimlessly in the lower reaches of the album charts, sales of the record are definitely falling. In the hour we spent at a popular city centre record store not one copy of the L.P. was bought.

COLLAPSE
When we contacted Kitchenware for a comment their telephone was engaged. However a spokesman for the North East Electricity Board confirmed that several businesses in the Newcastle area were having difficulty paying their electricity accounts, although he would not confirm that Kitchenware were among them.

October 1982 — we reported on Kitchenware's phenomenal success.
EXCLUSIVE - THE POP SCOOP OF THE CENTURY!!

THE BEATLES ARE BACK!

'Fab Four' re-form

-new album due

Yes, it's true. Fifteen years after they split up pop legends The Beatles are set to reform. And work on a new album is already underway.

Surviving members of the most successful pop group in the history of the world have consistently denied rumours that the band had been planning a comeback. But it now seems certain that the best selling artists ever in the history of popular music will soon be back in business.

LIVERPOOL

The mastermind behind the move is Johnny Johnson, a Liverpool based plumber and life long fan of the fab four. He spoke to us from a recording studio in London where work has already begun on a new Beatles L.P.

"It just seemed right after all this time that the band should get together again”, he told us. "Obviously there were problems, and bearing in mind the sad loss of John Lennon there was a need for a new guitarist and songwriter. The obvious choice was John's son Julian, but with him living in the States there was going to be transport problems. Luckily a friend of mine plays guitar so I asked him if he would do the job”.

Unfortunately none of the remaining Beatles, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr were interested and so Johnson had to recruit a further three musicians before rehearsals could begin.

"I decided to do the singing myself so I really only needed another two”, he explained.

LIVERPOOL

"I put an ad. in the Liverpool Echo and got fixed up with a drummer straight away. He knew a bass player who wasn't working so we signed him up and started rehearsing for the new L.P."

Although the album isn't due out until next year, recording and writing are already well under way.

STRAWBERRY

If you were too young to catch The Beatles first time round, you'll have a chance to see them on their comeback tour which will be timed to coincide with the release of their new album. The L.P., which is due in the shops by mid-1986, is provisionally titled 'Strawberry Roads Tomorrow'.
I'm going to the park.

No, I'm not! I was only pretending.

Ooh! Bah! I'm feeling poorly. I'd better go to the doctors.

Urpf! Urpf!

Shortly... Doctor, I feel rather unwell.

No, not really. I was merely pretending!

I've always wanted my own colour telly. If only I had £10.

Ooh. bah! I'm feeling poorly, I'd better go to the doctors.

I'll just lie here behind this parked car and pretend I've been run over.

Soon... Oh no! I must have run this poor boy over whilst parking my car earlier.

Here's a fiver. Please don't tell the police.

Later... I still need another £5 to buy that telly.

Yes, it's mine actually. You can have it for £5.

How generous! Now to buy that colour telly.

I say. This is a nice park bench.

In the shop... I'd like the colour t.v. in the window, please.

Here you are. I'm afraid this television doesn't work.

It's just an old cardboard box I painted in order to sell it for £10!

Certainly. That will be £10.

Bah! Trust me to buy a pretend telly!!

I've got an idea.
IN SCHOOL... JOHNNY, YOUR SCHOOLWORK IS FALLING BEHIND! TOO MUCH PUMP TOM-FOOLERY! YOUR BOTTOM IS LETTING YOU DOWN! TEETH! CHORTLE! SNIGGER!

WHAT'S YOUR BOTTOM DOING?!

ARE YOU LISTENING BOY?!
YES SIR!

LETTING ME DOWN SIR!
OOPS!

PICK THESE DESKS UP - NOW!
GROAN!

CHOOS!
WHOOSH!

UGH!
CHUMP!
YIKE!
I'VE LET OFF!

CHOMP!

AFTER SCHOOL... I'D BETTER IMPROVE MY SCHOOLWORK OR MY MUM AND DAD WILL THINK I'M A PUMPING TIME WASTER!

KNOW I'LL DO MY HOMEWORK IN THE LIBRARY AND KEEP OUT OF GUFF MISCHIEF!

TANKS JUST WHAT I DIDN'T NEED - A SMALL WET ONE AND A SILENT EGY HUMMER!

INSIDE... SILENCE
OH NO! THIS COULD BE A POCKET OF EVIL SMELLING GAS FORMING UP MY BOTTY!

YINKS! JUST WHAT I DIDN'T NEED - A SMALL WET ONE AND A SILENT EGY HUMMER!

YOU COULD GET YOUR SUNDAY DINNER OUT OF THAT ONE, EH VICAR?!

GUMPH!

I'D BETTER TRY TO MAKE LIGHT OF IT!

LATER... I'D BETTER FIND SOME TEXT BOOKS TO HELP ME WITH MY WORK!

COUGH! COUGH! SORRY MRS! I CAN'T STOP PUMPING, I MEAN COUGHING!

LATER STILL... ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE FOUL SMELLS YOUNG MAN?

HUMID NIEE!

AM I MAKING THAT SMELL MUMMEE?

OH DEAR
OFF! FLUBBLE!
OH, SHIT...
IT'S
ALBERT
GORDON
THE TRAFFIC
WARDEN
"HE'S A COMPLETE
BASTARD!"

ONE DAY, IN A CAR PARK

YOU CAN'T PARK
THERE, LAD. OH... C'MON!

THIS VEHICLE IS
PARKED ILLEGALLY
(IN DEFERENCE OF
SECTION 43 OF
THE 1974 ROAD
TRAFFIC ACT)

(DON'T BUT ME, YOU HAIRY
BASTARD, I DIDN'T FIGHT
(IN THREE WORLD WARS)
(SO VERMIN LIKE YOU)
(COULD PARK ANYWHERE)

AND DON'T ANSWER
BACK. SHIT-FA-BOUND

DON'T LET ME...!

(LET'S HAVE IT
MOVED, LADY)

AND WHAT'S
ALL THIS
THEN?

LATER...

BANG!!

ALRIGHT
(SHITFACE)
(IS THIS)
(YOUR FIRE
ENGINE?)

DEAR! DOES ANYONE
NEED ANY HELP?
HELLO? HELLO?

HELLO? DO YOU
NEED ANY HELP?

OH DEAR, IT'S
A COLOURED

HELLO? I'LL BE ASLEEP! I'LL
LOOK UNDER THE DOORS!

IT'S ALL RIGHT OFFICER,
I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING,
I WAS LOOKING FOR A
SAVIOUR.

IN THAT CASE
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!

I WARN YOU THAT ANYTHING
YOU SAY MAY BE TAKEN DOWN
AND USED IN EVIDENCE
AGAINST YOU.

OH CRUMBS!
"I was a square... a prune... a real stick in the mud. If I ever 'got down' it was only to scrub my doorstep."

"Now I'm hip... I'm hop... And I'm rarin' to bop, daddy-oh. The Barley Mow sho'nuff brought out the funky chicken in me."

~Mrs B., Newcastle

JASS CLUB MONDAY NIGHTS
CARIBA CLUB SUNDAY NIGHTS
LIVE BANDS TUESDAY NIGHTS
RATHAUS WEDNESDAY NIGHTS

THE BARLEY MOW  OFF THE QUAYSIDE  NEWCASTLE

'TODAY THE QUAYSIDE... TOMORROW THE WORLD'
Can I have my missile back?
- asks baffled Bob

Lorry driver Bob Tucker was today appealing to heartless thieves who made off with his missile launcher late yesterday evening.

Bob, who is 27, parked his 100 ton vehicle in a Berkshire lay-by while he went to buy cigarettes from a roadside garage. But seconds later he returned to find his missile launcher gone, and with it the £20 million Cruise missile he had been carrying.

"I'd just run out of cigarettes so I stopped and popped into the shop. I was only gone for a second", he explained.

Bob, who works for the Ministry of Defence, fears that if he doesn't get the missile back, he may soon be looking for a new job.

"I can't think what anyone would want with it", he told us today after reporting the theft to local police.

Bob, who works for the Ministry of Defence, fears that if he doesn't get the missile back, he may soon be looking for a new job.

Police

"It's so big and cumbersome. I doubt if it would be any use to anyone.

"Whoever it was, I just hope they have the decency to bring it back, or if not, to call the police and tell them where it is", he added.

If anyone sees the missile launcher, which is large, green and carrying a live nuclear warhead, they should give Bob a ring on Greenham 257 or report it to their nearest police station.

Wham! sizzlers

Dishy teen idol George Michael, star of pop group Wham! is a sausage freak!

Six footer George, currently on tour with partner Andrew Ridgely keeps a collection of over 5,000 sausages from all around the world at his London home.

And George never travels far without a sausage. On his present tour of the United States George has a juicy banger at hand at all times. For as well as instruments and stage gear, the band's road crew are also entrusted with six bin liners — containing George's personal sausage supply.
BORN HALF MAN, HALF FISH, UNITED'S BRILLIANT YOUNG KEEPER BILLY THOMSON HAD BEEN TAKEN PRISONER BY GUS PARKER, EVIL TEAM BOSS OF ARCH RIVALS GRIMTHORPE CITY...

MEANWHILE AT THE GRIMTHORPE TRAINING CAMP GUS PARKER HAS JUST LEARNT OF THOMSON'S DEATH UNDER HYPNOSIS.

DID YOU BURY THE FISH KID LIKE I TOLD YOU, WILF?

YEAH BOSS. IT'LL BE A REAL NICE SURPRISE FOR TOMMY BROWN!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!!

MEANWHILE AT FULCHESTER STADIUM: ODD! THE ENTIRE TEAM HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP AND THE GAME RESTARTS IN 2 MINUTES!

DON'T WORRY. I'D SUSPECTED THAT THE HALF-TIME TEA WOULD BE DRUGGED SO I HIRED A TEAM OF ACTORS TO IMPERSONATE FULCHESTER IN THE FIRST HALF!

WE'VE STILL GOT EVERYTHING TO PLAY FOR IN THE SECOND PERIOD.

THE REAL FULCHESTER TEAM ARE IN HERE, WIDE AWAKE AND READY FOR THE SECOND HALF TERRIFIC!

WITH THE YOUNG FISH BOY DEAD WE'LL HAVE TO THROW EVERYTHING INTO ATTACK.

ISN'T OLD REX FINDLAY STILL REGISTERED AS A PLAYER?

HMM! PEANUT SELLER REX MAY BE BLIND BUT HE COULD BE OUR ONLY CHANCE!

UNSH! I'VE TRIPPED ON SOMETHING.

THE FULCHESTER FORWARD HAS BEEN UNEPENDED!

PENALTY!!!

I'M AFRAID OUR BRILLIANT FISH LIKE KEEPER IS DEAD AND BURIED HERE... ON THE EDGE OF THE 18-YARD AREA!

NO DOUBT THIS IS THE WORK OF GUS PARKER.

WITH THE YOUNG FISH BOY DEAD WE'LL HAVE TO THROW EVERYTHING INTO ATTACK.

IF ONLY WE HAD A STRIKER ON THE BENCH!

ISN'T OLD REX FINDLAY STILL REGISTERED AS A PLAYER?

HMM! PEANUT SELLER REX MAY BE BLIND BUT HE COULD BE OUR ONLY CHANCE!

THE 64 YEAR OLD VETERAN COMES ON WITH 10 MINUTES LEFT TO PLAY.

HE'S HIT ON HIS BOOTS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 25 YEARS!

HE'S HIT ON HIS BOOTS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 25 YEARS!

HAHA! UNITED MUST BE REALLY DESPERATE!

IMMEDIATELY THE BLIND VETERAN IS IN THE ACTION.

OLD FINDLAY BEAT 3 MEN!

IT'S A GREAT GOAL FOR A BLIND MAN!!

THE FULCHESTER FORWARD HAS BEEN UNEPENDED!

PENALTY!!!

IT'S THERE!

FINDLAY MUST HAVE A BAT LIKE VISION, WHAT A GOAL!!

AT 61, FINDLAY HAS LOST NONE OF HIS APPETITE FOR THE GAME.

AND THE GOALS KEPT COMING...

STOP THE GAME! I AM RUTHLESS MILLIONAIRE MAXWELL BAXTER. I HAVE JUST BOUGHT FULCHESTER STADIUM AND INTEND TO BUILD A SUPERMARKET. DEMOLITION WILL BEGIN AT ONCE!

IS BILLY THE FISH REALLY DEAD?

CAN BLIND REX FINDLAY COMPLETE HIS QUADRUPLE HATRICK AND SAVE THE GAME FOR UNITED?

OR WILL RUTHLESS MAXWELL BAXTER DEMOLISH THE STADIUM AND WITH IT THE CLUB?

SEE NEXT ISSUE...
A solitary figure gazed out over the sleepy town of Deneville on that long, hot Kentucky evening. A lonely witness to the eerie cascade which flashing, shimmering fell to earth that night.

Episode One: IT CAME FROM SPACE

But for every answer there are a thousand questions in the unending mysteries of space. Yes. Something came to rest in that sheltered clearing.

Suddenly...

AGH! I'M BEING FROZEN BY SOME KIND OF A STRANGE FORCE ... AGGHHH!

GEE, THERE'S SOME KIND OF A TRAIL LEADING AWAY FROM HERE

DO NOT MOVE. EARTHLING. DO NOT MOVE OR YOU WILL DIE!!

Don't miss the next exciting episode: RAY OF DEATH
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