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and merry
frolics with Buster
Gonad's bouncing boll
Give someone a BIG HARD ONE for Christmas.

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OTHER BARS SIMPLY AREN’T WORTH A FINGER UP THE BOTTOM

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VIZ BOOK OFFER, PORTOBELLO DOCK, 328 KENSAL ROAD, LONDON W10 5XJ
Send your lively letters to Letterbox, Viz Comic, 16 Lily Crescent, Newcastle upon Tyne NE2 2SP. There's a prize for every letter we print, usually.

Your telly tributes

My telly fave is Russell Harty. His rugged good looks and gravelly voice never fail to make my trouser's 'russell' and leave me 'harty'.

How about printing a photo for us 'Tarty' fans?

Steve Manthorp
Bradford

*Sorry Steve. We can't find one.

I turn on the telly every twenty minutes, hoping to catch a glimpse of cuddly heart throb TV meat farmer Bernard Matthews, during the commercial breaks. With his beefy good looks and porky figure, he never fails to leave me roasting at the joints.

Mrs. G. Leyburn
Oxford

Back shelf driver

Last week I had an appointment to see my dentist. I got into my car in plenty of time to make the 15 minute drive to his surgery. Three hours later I was startled to find that I still hadn't arrived.

It was only then that I realised I had been lying across the parcel shelf at the time! Luckily both my dentist and myself saw the funny side!

Mr. D. Watson
Scotland

I called in our local GP when my husband ceased to be his happy-go-lucky self recently. Imagine my surprise when he informed me that my husband had been dead for over a year.

However, this cleared up the mystery of why he left his turkey last Christmas!

Mrs. Enid Hemp
March

The other day whilst eating a fish supper my father, who is 85, got a bone stuck in his throat. We had to take him to hospital to have it removed.

We are often warned of the dangers of fireworks, heroin etc. But they never tell you about the dangers of eating fish.

Mrs. G.W.
Camberwell

Dear Doris

This morning, whilst dusting around the house, I fell down the stairs lacerating my arm badly on a broken vase. I have lost several pints of blood and am fading in and out of consciousness. I suspect also that I may have a badly broken leg. Do you have any advice?

K.M., Harlow

Yes. Try ringing the emergency services. They provide a first rate police, fire and ambulance service. Why not ring the latter as you may find professional medical attention would be of help to you. You can get in touch with the emergency services by ringing 999.

Dear Doris

During World War II I was stationed in Northern France shortly after D Day. I was feeling lonely and depressed and unhappy at being a soldier, so I went to speak to my sergeant who said "Go and speak to the Army chaplain". Fortunately I misheard him and thought he said "speak to Charlie Chaplin". So I took a flight to Hollywood that day.

Harold Bibston
Leeds Military Cemetery

A.M. Cornwall

*Are you an estate agent who reads Viz? Or perhaps you know one who does. Write and tell us about it. Write to: Estate Agents Who Read Viz, Letterbox, Viz Comic, Viz House, 16 Lily Crescent, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE2 2SP. There's a free set of postcards for the best letter.

Mr. S. Shaw
Heswall

Who said estate agents don't read Viz? Certainly not my dad. He's been an estate agent for over 20 years, and he rarely misses a copy.

As you can see from his photo, breakfast wouldn't be the same without it!

Mr. D. Watson
Scotland

The bright, breezy, bubbling, lively, warm page with a punch and a smile.

READERS' Top TIPS

I find that an old Cornflakes box filled with small stones or pebbles makes an ideal paperweight or a handy door stopper.

Mrs. M.
Liverpool

A handy gardening tip I learnt from my father is to build a fence or wall inbetween your garden and that of your next door neighbour. You can refer to this wall or fence to find out where your garden ends and your neighbour's begins.

A.P.
Bridlington

At bath time I always like to have two or three empty Cornflakes boxes with me in the bathroom. They would be most useful for bailing out water from the bath in the event of the taps jamming and the plug becoming stuck in the hole.

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Mrs. M.
Liverpool
A TYNEMOUTH man hopes to achieve the impossible — and raise the wreck of the Titanic from the watery grave where it has rested for over 70 years.

WRECK

For Albert Gubbins, 48, an unemployed lifeguard, believes he has located the wreck, 800 yards west of Tynemouth on Britain's North East coast.

EVIDENCE

Despite recent evidence that seemed to suggest the Titanic lay two and a half miles beneath the Atlantic ocean west of the Florida coast, Mr Gubbins is convinced that the ill fated passenger liner came to rest in the North Sea, almost 5,000 miles from its last reported position. And he intends to prove it by bringing the ship to the surface with the help of a £10 million grant from the Manpower Services Commission.

"They must have been off course due to the bad weather", Mr Gubbins told us from his home in Peartree Gardens, North Shields. "But the ship is in good condition, and I hope to have it open as a floating disco by Christmas. It will be a terrific boost for tourism in the area".

DOG

Mr. Gubbins last made the news in 1981 when he discovered a fleet of German U-boats laden with stolen art treasures while out walking his dog on the beach at Whitley Bay.
These days many couples are TURNING OFF to sex instead of turning on. And figures show that many of today's marital break ups actually begin between the sheets.

So we decided to set up a simple test in which the words 'sex' and 'make love' are repeated frequently. And it gives you a chance to prove that Britain is not becoming a nation of lousy lovers. Simply answer each question A, B or C, then tot up your final score to reveal how you perform in the bedtime stakes.

1. Your partner wants to make love but your favourite programme is on TV in ten minutes. Would you: A. Tell them to wait until after the programme. B. Agree to a quicky, and get it over with in time to watch TV. C. Lie a rug on the floor by the fire, and make love slowly, facing the telly, so that you don't miss the programme.

2. In the evening you feel like making love but your partner says they have a headache. Would you: A. Make love regardless. B. Go out for a few drinks, then come back and make love slowly. C. Fetch you partner 2paracetamol tablets, then wait for ten minutes or so before having sex.

3. At the end of a romantic candlelit dinner your partner is keen to go to bed, but you haven't quite finished your ice cream. Would you: A. Take the ice cream with you, and finish it in bed. B. Leave the ice cream on the table, and hurry back to finish it after you have made love. C. Put the ice cream in the fridge before you make love, and then offer some to your partner in the morning.

4. You arrive home one evening to find your partner in bed with a stranger. How would you react? Would you: A. Become violent, throwing one or both of them out of the house. B. Go out for a few drinks, and come back later. C. Get into the bed and go to sleep as if nothing was happening, and discuss it in the morning.


6. At the height of your love making you realise that there is only one puff left in your cigarette. What would you do? Would you: A. Get up and look for an ashtray. B. Carry on, stubbing out the cigarette on a bed post. C. Offer your partner the last puff while you go and find the ashtray.

7. While having sex you begin to feel hungry. What would your reaction be? Would you: A. Stop, go out and buy yourself a Chinese takeaway. B. Stop and ask your partner if they would like a Chinese takeaway. C. Ring your partner's room and ask them to deliver a sexy four poster right away.

8. Your partner wants to make love but your bed has been sent away to be repaired. Would you: A. Wait until the bed is returned. B. Make love on the settee. C. Ring a bed hire company and ask them to deliver asexy four poster right away.

9. While on holiday you accidentally enter the wrong hotel room and begin to have sex with a stranger. Upon realising your mistake would you: A. Hold tight and make the best of it. B. Explain your error, apologise and quickly leave the room. C. Ring your partner's room and ask them to come along and join in a sexy threesome.

10. Your partner complains that love making is no longer enjoyable. What would you do? Would you: A. Ignore the remark, and continue as before. B. Go out for a few drinks, and cut out sex altogether. C. Give your partner a candlelit meal, have a shower together, put on a romantic record and make love at an unusual time of day (for instance during your lunch break), in front of a mirror, wearing a kinky revealing PVC play suit.

SCORING
A — 1 point, B — 2 points, C — 3 points

21 — 30: Ooh la la! Your steamy sex sessions make you a top scorer in the loving league.

11 — 20: Not bad, but more effort will get you better results in the sex championship.

10 or less: A poor performance. Unless you improve you'll get knocked out of the intercourse cup.

---

Bedroom Success!

If you are an utter and complete failure in bed, don't worry. There are many ways in which dismal sexual performers can find success in the bedroom.

SEX BOOK

In his latest book, 'An Expensive Book About Sex', leading expert on the subject Dr. Otto Waffle describes many ways by which we can discover the true pleasures of sex, with lots of pictures.

By taking the following tips you will find a great improvement in love making for both you and your partner.

• MAKE love on a bed, a settee or on a similar level surface.

• TAKE all your clothes off beforehand.

• EXPERIMENT in bed with exciting love games. Try playing Scrabble or Monopoly before you make love.
Want to start World War III with a bag of 10p bits?
Get your girlie pregnant for a laugh?
Be incredibly ideologically unsound?
Spoil holidays for everyone else (Club Bastard)?

Ade Edmondson’s got all the answers

How to be a COMPLETE
BASTARD
by
Adrian Edmondson
with Mark Leigh and Mike Lyne

£3.95
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Is your diet getting you down?

Then why not try our: Organically grown fruit & veg.
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Free range eggs  Wholesome staff  Late opening Thursday

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An unemployed Liverpool man has blown the lid off a massive social security benefit fraud which has been costing the nation millions. And startling evidence which he is about to give could lead to the prosecution of millions of benefit scroungers.

### Exclusive

**SHOCKING**

For the man, who prefers to remain anonymous, has exclusively revealed that a shocking 3 million unemployment claimants are working. According to his figures there are fewer than 800,000 genuine unemployed people in Britain. Proof that the so-called 'unemployment problem' doesn't really exist.

**MILKMAN**

"It goes on all the time", said our informant who we will refer to as Mr. X. "Everyone on our estate does it. The postman, the milkman — they all sign on and pick up dole money".

According to his figures there are fewer than 800,000 genuine unemployed people in Britain. Proof that the so-called 'unemployment problem' doesn't really exist.

**HELI[COP]TERS**

Indeed, taking into account 'fiddle' earnings, the standard of living in Britain's 'unemployment blackspots' has never been higher. "I know several blokes who are driven down to the dole in Rolls Royces", Mr. X. told us. "And a lot of the lads in the local pub own private helicopters. Another friend of mine who's been signing on for 12 years now owns a string of restaurants and a major hotel group", he added.

**BOMBS**

We agreed to be blindfolded as Mr. X. took us to a block of flats somewhere in the Liverpool area where we were told the average income among residents, all of whom are unemployed, is £2,700 a week. There was no sign of prosperity inside the building, but as our informant later told us, most of the money is spent on heroin or petrol bombs which are later thrown at the police.

**KNOWN**

Mr. X. supplied us with a list of well known professional footballers who he claims are currently receiving unemployment benefit. We were told that one player whose weekly earnings top the £3,000 mark, also receives £30.45 unemployment benefit. And we were told of a foreign head of state who flies into Britain once a fortnight to sign on. According to our sources he then receives extra benefit payments to include the cost of his return air fare.

**INSIDE**

But perhaps the most astonishing example of benefit fraud is that of staff inside the Department of Employment who regularly walk to the other side of the counter and sign themselves on. "By signing two or three times a day they can make a massive £450 a week bonus in benefit payments", claimed Mr. X.

**Box 2**

When we contacted our local Department of Employment office for a comment on these allegations a spokesman in Box 2 told us we were in the wrong queue. "You'll have to press the bell at the enquiry window", he said.

Later, our informant Mr. X, who had agreed to give his evidence to the police, disappeared shortly after we had given him £2,000.

**Costa Catastrophe**

A sunshine stay in the Mediterranean resort of Costa Blanca spoilt catastrophe for a Manchester couple.

**SANDWICHES**

For Terry Thomson and his wife arrived in Spain only to be told that the resort didn’t exist! And to make matters worse, the couple were forced to:

- **SLEEP** in a field next to the airport.
- **LIVE** on sandwiches left over from their flight.

**PIES**

"It all looked great in the brochure", said Terry, who paid £850 for a fortnight’s stay in the resort. "But we were told that the resort had been a printing error and that it didn’t actually exist. "It was like Fawlty Towers", he told us.

**FRUIT CAKES**

After two weeks in the open field the Thomson’s returned home. “But the flight back landed at Glasgow by mistake and we ended up walking 200 miles to get home”, said Terry.

**APPLE TURNOVER**

The Thomson’s, who have written a letter of complaint to the travel agent, involved, plan to look up their resort on a map next year before they make any bookings.
DURING AN ELECTRICAL STORM, BUSTER GONAD WAS STRUCK IN THE TESTICLES BY A METEORITE WHICH EMITTED STRANGE COSMIC RAYS....

... HIS TESTICLES GREW TO TITANIC PROPORTIONS, AND HE WAS CONVINCED THAT THEY NOW POSSESSED AWESOME AND UNEXPLAINED POWERS....

Humph!! That was my best Ming Dynasty VASE! You had best go out and earn some cash to get me a new one, or I'll warm your ears!

And so...

At the harbour...

Aw, blast. For some strange, unexplained reason, the harbour body has disappeared when the trawlers return!

Buster was due and felt cash prizes for races today.

Hee hee! I’ve shaved my testicles and craftily disguised them as a pumpkin. I’ll enter them in the giant vegetable show in the marquee.

Well done, lad. Your pumpkin has stolen the show!

I’ve entered the one hundred meter space hopper race. These giant gonads are going to earn me some fast cash!

Hey, you can use my testicles as ocean diving markers, but I’ll cost you a fiver.

And so...

But...

CRUMBS!! I bet that vase cost a small fortune! It’s a good job I’ve got my giant magic testicles to help me get some money to pay for it.

This is easy money.

Ha! I’ve won.

Here’s first prize.

GAAAA
Look out kids!!
Here comes Ken.

I'm a Chirpy Cockney Character Square!

Mind you guv - the Rub-a-Dubs aren't what they was during the Blitz. Strike a light and no mistake, Square. Don't talk to me about the bleeding war leave it out, cor lummie.

What about the Queen Mum? Ninety seven she is and marvellous she always had a smile for us in the Blitz.

Look - I've warned you once already. Any more of this Cockney squaring and I'll bleeing kill you.

You can't beat the old songs, me old man said to the Stephany Empire Max. Thunder and the Monks Cotton Minstrels from any old town the lumber man. Blimey, there was the days and no mistake, guv lummie.

Right!! That's it.

My old man said, 'Fell on the van but don't...'.

Where's my rifle?

THE END.

The Remarkable Mind of David Beerglass

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the strange world of my remarkable mind.

Numbers, I always find them such remarkable things. Now, I would like to share with you a little experiment involving numbers.

So please, ladies and gentlemen, won't you join me as once again we explore the fascinating world of my remarkable mind?

I have here, ladies and gentlemen, a quite ordinary piece of card.

Examine it, if you will, and we see that is in every way ordinary.

And now, here... onto the card I write a number... just any number... like so.

And now, I put the card into an envelope.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, we close the envelope. It is completely sealed.

A closed envelope no way I can see inside, and of course, no way I can see the number which is written in there.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, bear with me if you will. As now, I take off my shoe...

And now... if you look closely... we can see here the size of my shoe and it is size eight. As you see, that is the size which is written on the bottom of the shoe.

And now... I open this envelope. The sealed envelope and what do we find written on the card inside?

It is... the number eight!!

Yes. Quite remarkable ladies and gentlemen. Thanks you, and goodnight.

Remember this number, ladies and gentlemen, the number eight.

Next week David Beerglass will attempt to multiply his shoe size by his inside leg measurement, and set 244.
WITH HOT MEALS, SANDWICHES, REAL ALE, IMPORTED BEERS AND VIDEO JUKE BOX, THE CONCERT BAR REALLY IS THE PLACE TO BE!

BUT THIS IS WILLOW TEAS

OH... ERM...

Hello? Is that the advertising agency? It's about our advert...

Good home cooking value for money
BRING YOUR OWN WINE
35a ST GEORGE'S TERRACE
JESMOND Tel. 2813890
Mon - Fri 8am-9pm
Sat 8am - 5pm

Our last dinner dance and annual death hunt...
So don't piss around with

TIMESLIP

COMICS. SCI-FI. CINEMA
17 Prudhoe Place
Newcastle upon Tyne
Tel: 261 9173
Helen Bradshaw had looked forward to her job as a secretary on the Youth Training Scheme. But working in an office was not all that she'd imagined it to be.

When she arrived home Helen found her fiance, Rodger, up to his neck in unpaid bills.

BILLS, BILLS, BILLS! I'M UP TO MY NECK IN THEM WE OWE A STAGGERING £4,000, AND MY NEXT DOLE CHEQUE ISN'T GOING TO COVER THAT.

I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER ABOUT THIS YTS JOB THE JOB CENTRE TOLD ME IT WOULD BE GOOD WORK EXPERIENCE, BUT I HARDLY SEEM TO DO ANY OFFICE WORK AT ALL.

ON HER WAY HOME HELEN BEGAN TO WONDER ABOUT HER YTS JOB.
and instead of heading for the bank,
she rushed back to the Hat.

On her way to the High Street Helen
began to think...

GOSH... £40,000, HERE, IN MY
HANDS! IT'S AN ABSOLUTE
FORTUNE!

ITS THE BANK ON THE
HIGH STREET — YOU
CAN'T MISS IT. THERE'S
AROUND £40,000 IN
HERE. MAKE SURE YOU
GET A RECEIPT.

YES MR FINCHLEY

On her way to the High Street Helen
began to think...

GOSH... £40,000, HERE, IN MY
HANDS! IT'S AN ABSOLUTE
FORTUNE!

... and instead of heading for the bank,
she rushed back to the flat.

ITS THE BANK ON THE
HIGH STREET — YOU
CAN'T MISS IT. THERE'S
AROUND £40,000 IN
HERE. MAKE SURE YOU
GET A RECEIPT.

YES MR FINCHLEY

Inside...

LOOK RODGER. £40,000! AND IT
CAN ALL BE OURS! WE COULD
PAY OFF ALL OUR BILLS TODAY.
AND THINK OF THE THINGS WE
COULD BUY!

YES... IT CERTAINLY IS A
LARGE AMOUNT OF
MONEY

BUT NO HELEN. IT WOULD NOT BE RIGHT. WE MAY
HAVE PROBLEMS. WHO HASN'T? BUT STEALING IS
NOT THE ANSWER. NO! TAKE THIS MONEY TO THE
BANK. WE WILL MANAGE SOMEHOW, OURSELVES. I
KNOW WE WILL.
Reluctantly Helen agreed. Deep in her heart she knew that Rodger was right. She packed the money back into the box and headed for the High Street.

HIS RIGHT, STEALING IS NEVER THE ANSWER.

THAT’S NOT A RECEIPT!
ITS A BETTING SLIP! YOU MUST HAVE PUT THE MONEY IN THE BETTING SHOP NEXT DOOR TO THE BANK!

The next morning Helen and Rodger dashed straight to the betting shop to try and save the money.

I HOPE WE’RE NOT TOO LATE.

That evening back at the flat.

DID YOU GET TO THE BANK ALRIGHT LOVE?

OH HECK! YES I DID, BUT I FORGOT TO GIVE MR FINCHLEY HIS RECEIPT.

OH I’VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU. YOU’RE THE GIRL WHO PUT £40,000 ON A HORSE CALLED ‘GOOD AFTERNOON’ YESTERDAY, AREN’T YOU?

WELL THAT’S THE END OF OUR FINANCIAL WORRIES.

THE HORSE WON AT ODDS OF 25 to 1! AND HERE’S YOUR WINNINGS — ONE MILLION POUNDS EXACTLY. DON’T SPEND IT ALL AT ONCE!

NOT QUITE! WE STILL HAVE TO WORK OUT HOW WE’RE GOING TO GET ALL THIS CASH HOME. IT WEIGHS A TON!

CD 8/86 Photography by C.W. Davison.
Money courtesy of Lloyds Bank.

THE END
EVERYONE EATS AT
Joe Rigatonies

UNIVERSITY
UNION

HAYMARKET
CITY HALL

CIVIC CENTRE

PIZZERIA BAR
& RESTAURANT

12.00 — 2.30
PASTA OF
THE DAY plus
WINE or BEER
£2.00
also
Reduced
Pizza Prices
ALL £1.60

5.30 — 8.30pm
MINESTRONE SOUP
or
MUSHROOMS IN GARLIC

LASAGNE & SPAGHETTI
(any style)

Joe Rigatonies
SPECIAL SWEET
£3.95

HAPPY HOUR REDUCED PIZZA PRICES
5.30 — 7.00pm

Joe Rigatonies, St Marys Place East
off Vine Lane, Newcastle (next to Luckies Bar)

TEL: 261 5084
Graham's Grenade

GRAHAM'S GRENADE IS DIFFERENT FROM MOST GRENADES—IT'S RE-USABLE!

One Day...
Ho-Ho look at those rascals stealing apples from that tree...

Watch out kids! I'll use my grenade to blow the apples out of the tree...

B-o-o-b-u-t!!

An Mo-Ho look, at those rascals stealing apples...

But we weren't stealing apples—we were merely playing hide and seek with our daddy, he was hiding in that tree...

Woops! Waah!

Later...

Boo-hoo my cat is stranded at the top of that telegraph pole and I fear for his safety!!

I think I may be able to help!!

There is a reward if you bring my poor cat down!!

Walking frame!

Don't despair! Stand back and let my grenade do its stuff!

That should do the trick!

Moments later...

Bah! I'll never get this prize leak out of the ground!

I happen to be extremely wealthy, take this bundle of tenners!

Heave!!

I say, don't forget your grenade!

Now for a feast!!

Moments later...

Well I'll be...

Totally unharmed!!

I think a visit to the vet is called for!

A split second later...

Ooh goody! Today hasn't been a disaster after all!!

Oh goody!
Gosh! I'd love to go to the big match...

CUP FINAL TICKETS HERE! £5

But I just can't afford a ticket.

However...

HMM! That competition gives me an idea. I'll do my ventriloquist act and win enough money to buy a ticket!

GRAND TALENT CONTEST! TOWN HALL TODAY

But at the town hall...

With all these people in the queue, I'll never get in!

Gloody hell...

But I can use my voice-throwing skills to get rid of them!

Crafty gigger!

So...

This is the news. A huge man-eating tiger has escaped from the zoo. It was last seen heading towards the town hall!!

Help!! Eek! Let's get outta here!!!

Now to go in and win the competition!

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MUM’S SENT ME TO THE SHOPS... BUT I CAN’T THINK WHAT FOR!

BUT IT’S ONLY AUGUST! CHRISTMAS IS 6 MONTHS AWAY.

AND BESIDES, I’M NOT YOUR MOTHER. I’VE NEVER EVEN MET YOU BEFORE!

GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!

FUCK ME, I’M A REAL DOPE!

SOON...

TERRY, MOW THE LAWN

LATER...

TERRY, HAVE YOU FINISHED MOWING THE LAWN YET?

OOPS! I THOUGHT YOU SAID “CUT DOWN THE TREE”

TERRY, YOU ARE A HOPELESS BASTARD

HONESTLY, I DON’T KNOW WHAT THE F**K I’M DOING.

HI TERRY, DO YOU WANT TO BUY THIS OLD PACKET OF CIGARETTES FOR £10?

FUCK ME, IT’S EMPTY!

THANKS TERRY, YOU DUMB SOD. THIS CASH WILL COME IN HANDY!

I’M VERY ANXIOUS TO TEST THIS NEW CRICKET BAT I HAVE JUST BOUGHT.

RUN TOWARDS ME, TERRY, AS IF YOUR HEAD WAS A SMALL, ROUND CRICKET BALL. I’M ABOUT TO TEST THIS NEW BAT.

RIGHT YOU ARE

AH! HERE COMES TERRY

WACK!

GLUG! GLUG!! GLUG!!

HMMM. JUST AS I THOUGHT, THE MEDICINE IS HIGHLY POISONOUS.

DEAD

LATER, IN HOSPITAL

TERRY, WHILE YOU’RE HERE I WONDER IF YOU COULD HELP ME TEST THIS NEW MEDICINE I’VE BEEN DEVELOPING

EMINENT PHYSICIAN
STICK with VIRGIN

for FREE Records, Compact Discs, Tapes and HUGE DISCOUNTS on VIRGIN Atlantic Flights

DO YOU WANT TO LISTEN TO MY RECORD COLLECTION, DEBBIE?

NO THANKS. DAVE'S GOT A MUCH BIGGER ONE THAN YOU. HE STUCK WITH VIRGIN!

COME ON DEBBIE. LET'S GO TO AMERICA FOR A HOLIDAY.

For every £5 you spend on records, tapes, compact discs, videos, T-shirts and posters at Virgin stores, we give you one Stick With Virgin stamp.

We also give you a Stick With Virgin stamp book to keep them in.

Collect enough stamps and we'll exchange them for:
FREE RECORDS, TAPES or COMPACT DISCS or Up to 50% OFF your return air fare on a Virgin transatlantic flight.

Pick up a leaflet from your nearest Virgin store.
DESPITE BEING BORN HALF-MAN, HALF-FISH, YOUNG BILLY THOMSON HAD MADE THE GOALKEEPER'S JERSEY AT FULCHESTER UNITED HIS OWN.

STRAINED AT SEA EN ROUTE TO THEIR EUROPEAN CUP TIE IN DISTANT BOTSWANA, FULCHESTER BOSS 'TOMMY BROWN HAD SENT 'FISH BOY' WINGER BILLY THOMSON ON AHEAD TO KICK-OFF IN THEIR MATCH AGAINST BONGO GDAZA OUTNUMBERED ELEVEN TO ONE. THOMSON'S BRILLIANT FIRST-HALF DISPLAY HAD EARNED HIS SIDE A HALF-TIME LEAD OF ONE GOAL TO NIL. BUT BONGO BOSS TELLY VEGETABLES IS SET TO MAKE A HALF-TIME TRANSFER SMOOSH!

"THOMSON! I WANT YOU TO SIGN FOR BONGO, FOR £10 MILLION!!!"

"I'M QUITE HAPPY WHERE I AM... BUT I SUSPECT I DO HAVE MY FAMILY TO CONSIDER..."

"I'LL GIVE YOU AN EXTRA MILLION IN CASH, PLUS FOUR HOUSES"

WELCOME TO BONGO GDAZA! JUST SIGN HERE, AND WHEN THE SECOND-HALF KICKS-OFF, YOU'LL BE A BONGO PLAYER!

"BUT... BILLY THOMSON AS A PART-TIME MEMBER OF THE BOTSWANIAN SECRET SERVICE, I ARREST YOU FOR SPYING!

"WHAT THE..."

"YOU HAVE JUST SIGNED A WRITTEN CONFESSION TO CRIMES PERPETRATED AGAINST THE BOTSWANIAN STATE!"

"OH YES, I WILL! YOU WILL BE TRANSPORTED TO A REMOTE BOTSWANIAN PEPPER MINE, LEAVING THE UNGUARDED FULCHESTER GOAL AT OUR MERCY DURING THE SECOND PERIOD!!"

BUT WITH BONGO NOW THE CLEAR FAVOURITES, WITH NO OPPORTUNITY AT ALL, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO DOMINATE THE GAME IN THE NEXT CRUCIAL 45 MINUTES.

"SORRY, WHAT A LOAD OF RUBBISH!

"OOPS!"

"A FINAL CHANCE FALLS TO THE BONGO CAPTAIN. THIS COULD BE OUR LAST CHANCE, MUST MAKE IT COUNT!

"BUT AS HIS EFFORT APPROACHES THE FULCHESTER NET, SAVED ON THE LINE.

"BOOT!"

"AND AS THE FINAL WHISTLE BLEW, WELL TELLY, WE WIN ONE-NIL."

"WE HAD A STRINGS OF MISSED CHANCES AND WITH ONLY SECONDS REMAINING, BONGO ARE STILL A GOAL BEHIND!

"AHHA! I'M UNDER SO MUCH PRESSURE TO DO WELL... I CAN HARDLY CONTROL THE BALL!

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"MEANWHILE, IN A REMOTE PEPPER MINE IN BLEAK NORTHERN BOTSWANA..."

"BILLY THOMSON?

"YES

"A LETTER FOR YOU"

"THOMSON!"

"YES"

"BUT WITH BONGO NOW THE CLEAR FAVOURITES, THE PRESSURE ON THEM BEGINS TO TELL...

"OH NO! I'VE MISSED AN OPEN GOAL!

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"A LETTER FOR YOU"

"THOMSON!"

"YES"
Britain's army of football hooligans should be birched and executed. That was the almost unanimous verdict of SEVERAL members of the British public in a survey which was carried out recently.

Disgusted by the behaviour of the mindless thugs, LOTS of people are demanding:

- **STIFER** penalties, and
- **TOUGHER** measures, in order to curb trouble on the terraces.

And among the many suggestions we received were tougher controls at the turnstiles. "Why not only let 48 fans into the ground at a time" suggested Norman Thomson, a bus driver from Luton. "That’s the system we use on the buses, and we never get any bother".

**TOUGHER**

Other people suggested security measures. "Strip fans to their underpants before they enter the ground, then burn their shoes", said Mrs Dorothy Squires of Ebchester.

**TIGHTER**

"Strip them to their underpants before they enter the ground, then burn their shoes", said Mrs Dorothy Squires of Ebchester.

"Put them in cages and experiment on them", said Tom McGuire, a retired car park attendant from Slough. "Put shampoo in their eyes and interfere with their hormone levels. That would put a stop to their nonsense", he told us.

But of all the people we spoke to, a staggering **FAIR FEW** demanded **CAPITAL PUNISHMENT** for convicted trouble makers.

"Birch them, make them pick up all the litter, then gas them", said Mrs Muriel Rowntree of Evesham, whose kitchen window was broken by football hooligans two years ago.

**PENALTIES**

When we spoke to Peter, a football hooligan from Leeds, he told us that stiffer penalties like the birch would certainly make him think twice about causing trouble.

**FREE KICKS**

"If they brought back the birch I would certainly think twice about causing trouble", he told us. "In fact I’d probably smarten myself up, stop going to football matches and go out and find a job straight away", he admitted.
Find Lucky Lucy and win a crisp TENNER

Meet LUCK LUCY, our prize surprize girl! Today she could be hiding on the streets of your town, and she's carrying a crisp ten pound note for the first reader who finds her!

Lucky Lucy will be hiding in a post office posting box somewhere in Britain throughout October. You'll not be able to see her, and she isn't allowed to say anything. But if you think you know where she is just follow these simple instructions and you could win that tenner!

FIVER

Place five pounds in a stamped addressed envelope and address it to 'Lucky Lucy' c/o Viz Comic, Viz House, 16 Lily Crescent, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE22SP. Pop the envelope into the box where you think Lucy is hiding and shout "I know you're in there, Lucky Lucy, it's my lucky day, Now I claim my ten pound note, please come out and pay".

SMACKING KISS

If your right, Lucky Lucy will emmerge from the post box and hand you that crisp ten pound note, together with a smacking great kiss on the lips.

So why don't YOU join in the hunt for Lucky Lucy. She could be in YOUR local post box!

HOLIDAY BOB'S HOLIDAY CHAOS

A package holiday on a paradise island soon went sour for Bob Jones and his wife Teresa.

For Bob claims that their one week stay spelt disaster from day one. He told us how they:

* LOST their baggage in the sea when they were made to parachute out of an aeroplane.

* BROKE several bones landing on the island, which had no airport.

TESTS

At their hotel the Jones found it impossible to sleep due to nuclear weapon tests being carried out on the island by the French government.

"It was like Fawlty Towers", Bob told us. "There were enormous banging noises and bright flashes of light all night long".

HAIR LOSS

After two nights on the island Bob's wife Teresa began to suffer nausea and vomiting, by Billy Bunkham

and soon afterwards Bob's gums began to bleed. The next day Teresa was swimming in the hotel's pool when she suffered dramatic hair loss.

"The food was absolutely awful", Bob told us. "And there was dirt in our bedrooms". The next day the couple decided to pack their bags and leave.

DIED

But Bob was in for another surprise, when, on the boat journey home his wife Teresa died.

Now, back home in Wakefield, Bob has written to the travel firm listing over a dozen complaints. And as for next year, he doubts whether he'll be venturing abroad. "I think I might just stay at home and do a bit of gardening", he told us.

Your Shaky Poems are fab!

We've had a fantastic response to our request for 'Shakin' Stevens poems in the last issue. Shaky fans all over the country put pen to paper to pay tribute to their idol. Here are the two entries we received:

Oh Shaky, oh Shaky, Take me, oh take me, Behind the green door—-you hot dog, and give me your heart tonight in an envelope. —Pippa Goldsworthy

Oh Shakey, Oh Shakey, Oh Shakey, Oh Shakey I love all the sounds in the records you make If I were Eve, you're the Adam I'd chose Whether singing or dancing you are the one Who'll still be in business when the others are gone Oh Shakey, Oh Quakey, takey me away When I listen to you rockin', my hips start to sway Oh Rakey, Oh Wakey, Oh Shakey I beg Won't you come to my house and wobble your legs

—Neil Nixon

We decided that the difficult task of choosing a winner should go to Shaky himself, so we sent him the poems several weeks ago. However, we haven't yet received a reply.

Jack Spratt and His Dead Rat

What's that, son?

Next issue—Rod Steiger and His Dead Tiger
CLUB ANTIPOP
at the Mayfair each Monday
9.30 till 2am

DAD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU'RE NOT ALTERNATIVE!

Admission 50p before 10.30pm
£1 after

Draught BEER & LAGER
70p a pint All Evening!!

Newgate Street, Newcastle 232 3109.

Pet Sounds IS NOT what you get when you toast a hamster...

GEEEEK!
FIZZLE!!
BOING!!

It's the name of our shops.

PET SOUNDS
RECORDS AND TAPES
New & second hand LPs, singles and EPs bought & sold
Clayton St. West, Newcastle Tel. 2610749
36 Frederick St., Sunderland Tel. 655616

DOT-TO-DOT COMPETITION
Instead of having an advert in this issue, we've decided to have a 'Dot-to-Dot' competition. They're harder to draw than we thought, so it's not very good. But can you identify the popular comic character in the picture? Join the dots to reveal his identity!

Then colour in the picture. Whoever sends us the best completed picture will win a chance to take home as many records as they can carry!

Because the winner will be given 2 minutes to buy as many records and tapes as they can from the Volume Record Shop! Think of all those records. Send your entries to us at the following address, or just pop in and spend some money.

VOLUME RECORDS, 30 RIDLEY PLACE, NEWCASTLE. TEL. 232 1678
Flop Ten!
Cash slump hits chart

We’ve had a disappointing low crop of entries in this issue’s Top Ten chart — only eight in all, with very few groups managing to muster a solid cash bribe.

Top of the rather shabby pile are The Flatmates with a commendable effort of £10.95. But the unlucky Bristol 4-piece could have saved themselves a few quid had they known that a fiver was the next best sum on offer. That came from the wallet of dreamy pop sensation Rock Hard (pictured) and gave him the number two slot. The Huge Corporation’s ten inch EP featuring top groups Sister Crow, This Yabis, Ten Days That Shook The World and Land Of The Giants comes crawling in at number three, fueled by a mediocre £3.05.

Two notably poor efforts were The Singing Curtains, whose 100 peseta note wasn’t worth a trip to the bank, and Jerry The Ferret, whose gift of a Superman balloon was valued at only 1p, as it had a hole in it.

If you’re a group or an artist setting out on the long hard road to pop success, you can take a step in the right direction by getting yourself in the Viz Top Ten chart. If you have a record, send it to Viz Top Ten, Viz Comic, Viz House, 16 Lily Crescent, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE2 2SP, and enclose a cash sum or valuable gift. But hurry. Entries are already flooding in for our Christmas Chart!
**HAWAIIAN VIC**

I love being a vice cop in Hawaii - you pose around all day in designer clothes and sports cars having an enormous reason and getting a laugh!

**I Wonder what happens to them?**

Yes, you get all the drivers stop and in the last five minutes some uninvolved tip that her away and I look sad.

**Elswhere.**

Lewish the drug pusher - didn't me go to school together?

**Bang!**

Just establishing a personal relationship so I can feel bad about shooting you!

**Late at police headquarters.**

Hello partner! Hello partner!

Just thought I'd shoot at you - like I do every week. You can tell I'm in charge - I'm ugly, overweight, miserable, and I'm wearing a five year old suit. I want you to go down to the same old warehouse, something really crooked is going on down there.

**Freeze!**

What is crooked in here?

**That's ass holes partner!**

**Let's go then partner!**

Love the new car partner!

**Here we are!**

Good grief!

**Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat!**

Bang!

**You are!** Don't think the labs in uniform - who only show up in the last five minutes - don't know how you were able to afford those fancy clothes and new cars!

**Right on chief!**

Sure thing chief!
Hello Loves, I've been oh so busy in the kitchen.

Grub smells ever so yummy Mummy!

We're so lucky kids, having a mummy to cook and clean for us. Eat up this yum yum food that she's made.

Mmm. Tastes slightly bitter. But were a wholesome 20th century family we can take it with a smile.

Oh my god, my throats on fire... aahh... my stomach exploding!

Ooh! Aaagh!

Darling why?

Mums! I recommend paraquat gets rid of nasty sickly TV ad families and frees you from the stove.
Ossie's Tattoo Surgery

Established 1962
Piercing Service
Autoclave Sterilisation
Ultrasonic Cleaning
International Tattoo Artist of the Year 1984-85
Registered Member of BTAF, TCGB, ETAA

No person under 18 tattooed
Your work or mine

Hours: Tues/Wed 12:00-5:00pm,
Thurs/Fri 4:00-9:00pm,
Sat 10:00am-5:00pm

8 Byker Bridge Newcastle
Tel. (091) 2653149 & (0632)320257

Style
We are the world's leading manufacturer of alternative fashion clothing, footwear & accessories.
Send £1.00 for a copy of our COLOUR MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE

Ossie's
Tattoo Surgery

Do you like my tattoo?

Perhaps you should have gone to a professional.

Darling.

Q YOU LIKE: MY TATTOO

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Phaze

44/46 High Bridge Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 6BX

Wholesale enquiries 091 261 8718
Polly Wilson met her best friend Joan Jackson at nursery school. They had grown up together loving each other as only the closest of friends do. When Joan emigrated to North America Polly vowed...

It was five years later that Polly received a surprise in the post...

OH JOAN! HOW WONDERFUL. I'VE SAVED UP FOR YEARS FOR THIS DAY! I WONDER HOW YOU'VE CHANGED.

Polly eventually managed to board the right flight, but she was to find her troubles far from over on the other side of the Atlantic as she tried to find her long lost friend's house...

OH MY! PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE GOT A TAXI! THE STREETS ON THIS MAP JUST SEEM TO HAVE NUMBERS INSTEAD OF NAMES!

Time flew by and before she knew it Polly was at the airport...

OH DEAR. I DON'T THINK INTERNATIONAL AIR TRAVEL IS GOING TO BE AS EASY AS I THOUGHT... THESE SIGNS ARE MOST CONFUSING.

Hopelessly lost Polly wandered the unfamiliar streets, her mind filled with deep sadness and emotional confusion.

IT LOOKS LIKE WE ARE DESTINED TO NEVER MEET AGAIN JOAN. I'M SO CLOSE TO YOU, BUT YET SO FAR AWAY.

WAIT A MOMENT... FOURTEENTH AVENUE! THAT'S WHERE JOAN LIVES! WOW IT LOOKS LIKE LUCK IS ON MY SIDE FOR ONCE!

NUMBER 2166... THIS IS IT! OH I'M SO NERVOUS. I WONDER IF SHE'LL RECOGNISE ME?
Polly trembled as she climbed the steps. What would Joan look like after five years? Would they still love each other?

Mary! I didn't expect you so soon!

So much seemed to have changed, there were so many questions to ask, their first conversation was very strained.

Oh Joan, it's so nice to see you! You've had your hair cut haven't you?

Golly! She looks so different... and she seems to keep calling me Mary!

It's swell to see you Mary. Has Belgium changed much?

I had no idea what this time apart would do to us. Why is she so mixed up about my name? Joan sounds nothing like Zina!

She must think I sound very English after hearing Americans for so long... I suppose.

We've both changed Joan. But I'm sure we will come to know and love each other as we once did all those years ago.

You sure speak English real well now Mary!

Hey Joan, I'm enjoying my holiday so much. This awesome sight from the mountains — making the city look so tiny — is nothing compared to our steadfast and unyielding love friendship for one another.

I'm sure we used to get a train to school... hmmm.

The weather was glorious as the girls eventually began to feel that they really knew each other once again...
Polly became more and more happy as each day passed, but the time seemed to go too quickly, and the night before she left she lay alone in bed feeling that her holiday was in some way incomplete...

The next morning, her case packed, Polly waited for the taxi that was to take her to the airport. The tears began to fall as the girls realised that this might be their last goodbye...

OH JOAN, I DINT EVER WANT TO LEAVE YOU AGAIN, I LOVE YOU JOAN... I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU

I KNOW YOU WON'T MARY, I LOVE YOU A WHOLE BUNCH TOO. SO LONG!

Polly checked her bags in at the airport and decided to take a stroll round the nearby shops to pass the time before her flight...

EEEEEK! I DON'T BELIEVE IT, JOAN! IT'S YOU!

OH POLLY, YOU SILLY THING! YOU MUST HAVE GONE TO WEST FOURTEENTH! I LIVE AT 2166 EAST FOURTEENTH!

I'M SORRY. DO I KNOW YOU?

I KNOW THAT FACE. YES, I'M ALMOST SURE!

OF COURSE YOU DO. I'M YOUR BEST FRIEND. POLLY WILLSON. I'M ON MY WAY HOME NOW, BUT I THOUGHT I'VE BEEN STAYING WITH YOU! I WAS AT 2166 FOURTEENTH AVENUE! WHO WAS THAT GIRL?

NEVER MIND, I KNOW ZINA -- THE GIRL WHO LIVES THERE -- SHE TOLD ME THAT HER FRIEND MARY WAS COMING OVER FROM BELGIUM, IT LOOKS LIKE A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY! I'LL TELL HER WHAT A SILLY MISTAKE SHE'S MADE. I THOUGHT I HAD MY DATES MIXED UP WHEN YOU DIDN'T ARRIVE!

IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE ALL BEEN A BIT SILLY, I'VE A PLANE TO CATCH NOW, I MUST BE GOING.

OH POLLY, AT LEAST WE'VE SEEN EACH OTHER IF ONLY FOR THIS BRIEF MOMENT!

I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU POLLY!

THE END
MISSED OUT on Viz numbers 1 to 12? Don’t miss them this time round Buy the book Details on page 2.

NEILY-POOHS. I miss you telling me to get on the convoy, or do I just miss you? Hello the rest of you? Jilly poohs

CUTIE PIE; on a hot summers evening, there’s nothing I’d like more than lying naked in front of your electric fan. Love, Chunky Lumps.

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MINI ADS

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Shag Pile

Punography Calendar 1987

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HALLO READERS! I'M EXPECTING A FOREIGN BOY OVER ON AN EXCHANGE TRIP, SO MUM IS TRYING TO KEEP MY JIGGERY-PUMPERY AT BAY!

HALLO MRS. FARTPANTS, I'M MR. POMBLE-JOHNNY'S SCHOOLTEACHER - THIS IS PIERRE WHO WILL BE STAYING WITH YOU, EH? ...THOUGHT HE AND JOHNNY WOULD GET ON...

SHORTLY... WELL, PIERRE, IT LOOKS AS IF WE CAN GET UP TO A MULTITUDE OF TROUSER-COUGHING PRANKS!

NEVER MIND JOHNNY! WE CAN TELL YOUR MUM IT WAS THE BIRDS, HO! HO! HO!

OH NO YOU DON'T! WE THOUGHT SOMETHING LIKE THIS MIGHT HAPPEN SO WE'VE BEEN DOING SOME SHOPPING.

THAT SHOULD KEEP YOU BOTH QUIET AND OCCUPIED-FREE FOR A FEW DAYS, HO! HO! HO! HAH! HAH!

HO! HO! HO!

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8. TOMMY BANANA JOHNSON
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