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No. 26 October/November 1987

In this issue...

BATTLE OF THE BOBS
WHO'S THE GREATEST BOB OF ALL?
MONKHOUSE v CHARLTON

THE BEST SELLING BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE THAT'S GOT THREE LETTERS IN ITS NAME IN BRITAIN

Featuring MRS. BRADY
- OLD LADY
TUBBY TUCKER
- THE BIG FAT PERSON

EEE! SIXTY PENCE FOR A COMIC! I THINK IT'S A DISGRACE. THAT'S MORE THAN A POUND IN THE OLD MONEY. NOT LIKE THE OLD COMICS. BANDY, TOPPO AND WEEZER. THERE WAS NONE OF THIS 'LAVATORY' NONSENSE. JUST GOOD CLEAN FUN. THEY SOLD THEM IN JARS IN THE OLD DAYS. FOUR OUNCES FOR A HA'PENNY. AND THEY GAVE YOU THE BROKEN BITS FOR FREE.

BUUUURP! RUMBLE! QUAKE!

MM... NOXIOUS EMISSIONS SUGGESTING INDIGESTION AND CONSEQUENTIAL DIARRHOEA

CHURN!

HIS! "I WROTE BEATLES HIT RECORD ON THE TOILET"
Window cleaner claims 'BEATLES RIPPED ME OFF!'

'THRIll-A-MINUTE' TRAIN SPOTTING COMPETITION

HUNDREDS OF TRAIN NUMBERS MUST BE COLLECTED!

ARE BRITISH TELECOM A LOAD OF CRAP?
Read our shock report & in-depth investigation

Plus LOTS more!

Plus FINBARR SAUNDERS • MR. LOGIC
SID THE SEXIST • BUSTER GONAD
FELIX & HIS AMAZING UNDERPANTS
CAPTAIN MAGNETIC • BILLY THE FISH
& NORBERT COLON to name but a lot.
Don’t waste your time in limp, half hearted record shops.

Come to the store with a BULGE in its trousers.

WE’VE GOT THE GOODS
**Letterbox**
Britain's HEART WARMINGEST letters page

**Our two holidays for the price of none!**

Discussing holidays, a neighbour commented that planning it was half the fun. So this year my wife and I stayed at home and planned two holidays, having just as much fun as last year, but saving a considerable amount of money.

P. Rolleston
Redhill, Surrey

**Match madness**

It's no wonder these match manufacturers make such fat profits. I find that I only ever use half a match before blowing it out. For a moderate smoker like myself on 60 cigarettes a day, this works out at a loss of almost 20p a week on unused matches — that's a staggering £10 a year. It's almost enough to make you give up smoking.

Mrs E. Twatt
Bury

**Fridge fraud**

What a con these refrigerator lights are. I recently bought a fridge which the salesman assured me had a light inside. How cheated I felt when I discovered that the light goes out as soon as you've shut the door.

P. Fox
Manchester

**Crisp criticism**

I bought a packet of these 'potato crisps' for 17p. It weighed exactly one-and-a-half ounces. Later, when I filled the same packet with uneat potatoes it weighed over 3 pounds.

No wonder the crisp companies are so keen to slice their potatoes before selling them. And of course it's us, the customers, who lose out.

Mrs G. Ivy
Wessex

**Butter barmy!**

Worried about the EEC butter mountain, my 8 year old son devised his own way of helping out — he eats 15 pounds of butter a day. The cost of the butter is nothing compared to the amount of money I have saved — using his empty butter wrappers as notepaper, ideal for shopping lists etc.

Mrs Tipple
Plymouth

**Continued over »»»**

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**Roger Irrelevant**

MORE FISH-RELATED LAUGHS WITH YOUR FELINE CHUM!

I've got a job as a travelling computer salesman this week, readers.

On the way home... Gulp! Here comes Mrs Parkinson and her vicious, slavering alcatra! I'd better scarper!

Moggledy, piggyledy thora hird, yark yark! Look, sod off Roger, you irrelevant bastard!

Chortle! That certainly stopped that runaway bull in its tracks!

Next issue: F**k shit wanker.
I get hopping mad when, during a visit to the cinema, almost all the audience get to their feet just before the end of the film and make a mad rush for the exit.

Now, if everyone did as I do and remained seated until everyone else had gone, there wouldn’t be a mad rush.

J.A. Windridge
Stoke-on-Trent

**Who's right?**

Could you please settle a long running argument between me and my friends. I say that the correct pronunciation of your over-developed cartoon character is Buster Gonad. But my friends insist that it is Buster Gonad. Which (if any) of us is correct?

A. Bird
Sheffield

*Dennis Law played for BOTH Manchester United and City, so you can call a truce folks – you're both right!*

If Samantha Fox could sing half as well as she can grow tits she'd be number one in the charts all year round.

M. Henderson
Whitley Bay

Studying an old Ordnance Survey map of Teesdale recently I was surprised to find places called Gregory Beck and Survey map of Teesdale recently. Whether other readers know of any out of the way places which sound like famous film actors of the fifties and sixties?

A. Sheepdip
Carlisle

Possible King confusion

What confusion there will be when Prince Charles eventually takes the throne. When people refer to the ‘King’, they invariably mean the late pop singer Elvis Presley. So what will we call Bonnie Prince Charlie?

*Personaly, I’d suggest we stick with ‘The Queen’ myself. Do any other readers have suggestions?*

Mrs V. Seaforth
Finner


My five year old son is a comic child prodigy. Walking home the other day a jet roared over our heads. “I wouldn’t like to be up there in that thing” I said. Quick as a flash he replied, “I wouldn’t like to be up there without it!”

Does anyone have Bob Monkhouse’s telephone number?

Mrs R. Tarbuck
Braintree

Thinking about religion the other day it occurred to me that not only was Jesus born on a bank holiday, but he also died on a bank holiday.

I wouldn’t claim to know what the Good Lord’s next move is going to be, but it would seem a fair bet that the Second Coming will also be on a Bank Holiday.

P.G. Johnson
Long Eaton

Royal flush

Late one evening I was awaken by a knock at the door so I got up to answer it.

Imagine my surprise when in walked Prince Phillip and Her Majesty The Queen and asked to use our toilet. Apparently their’s was blocked and there were no public toilets open that late in the evening.

Do I win £10?

Mrs B. Liar
Wiltshire

Saw funny side

I agree entirely with the reader who complained about the repeated use of the phrase “luckily we saw the funny side” on your letters page. I also find the constant use of “imagine my surprise” equally irritating. So imagine my surprise when he himself ended his letter by saying “luckily we saw the funny side”.

Luckily I saw the funny side of this and I still think ‘Letterbox’ is Britain’s liveliest letters page.

M. Gardiner
Plymouth
BRITISH TELECOM ARE CRAP - claims report

BUNGLING BRITISH TELECOM made a massive profit of TWO BILLION POUNDS last year. Yet the British telephone system is reported to be among the most unreliable and fault ridden in Europe. And according to a report which we made up this afternoon, the situation is getting WORSE for BT's long suffering customers.

The shock report reveals that a staggering 9 out of 10 telephones don't work properly. And bungling Telecom engineers, many of whom earn over £2,000 a week, take anything up to 8 months to carry out simple repairs.

SHAMMBLES
One customer whose telephone was out of order for 37 years had died by the time it was reconnected. Another, a pregnant mum who had asked for a telephone to be installed, waited THREE YEARS before engineers eventually arrived and connected it up — to the gas mains! While reporting their blunder to the repair service she lit up a cigarette — and was killed instantly.

MOCKERY
Old age pensioner Jack Johnson, who lost a leg in the war, couldn't believe his eyes when he received a quarterly phone bill. British Telecom had charged him £2,756,883 — despite the fact that he didn't have a telephone. "There had been a mix up with our computer", a BT spokesman explained. The next day Mr Johnson awoke to find that 695 telephone boxes had been delivered to his doorstep.

DISGRACE
Thousands of people complained when BT decided to replace their old telephone boxes. They claimed the new ones would be cleaner, easier to use and vandal proof. But our figures show that at any one time only 1 in 500 of the new boxes actually work. And since our traditional bright red phone boxes disappeared, the number of foreign tourists visiting Britain has fallen by over 75%.

IT'S ANOTHER BIG PRIZE BONANZA!

Get your binoculars ready for the GREAT TRAINSPOTTING COMPETITION 1987

Win two train tickets!

Here's a fantastic competition for all you train spotters out there! It's a marvelous opportunity to enjoy several hours of train spotting, and a chance to win a magnificent pair of train tickets.

SIMPLY SPOT THE TRAINS!

Hidden throughout this comic are SIX trains similar to the one shown above. Simply spot all six, making a note of exactly where each one is. Then go out and collect 100 train numbers. Write them down on a piece of paper or in a little notebook, and send them, together with the answers, to the address below.

The first correct entry out of the hat will be awarded first prize — two rail tickets, valid on most trains from Carlisle to Newcastle until 29th December 1987, except on Fridays. Please make sure your entries reach us by the end of November. Send them to Viz Comic Train Spotting Competition, PO Box 1 PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE1 1PT.

Do you recognise the well known nose that Shaky has borrowed? [Answer below]
Fantastic Store
166 PORTOBELLO ROAD
LONDON W11.
(01) 221 3858

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC SHOP!

BUT SURELY THAT'S A MATTER OF OPINION...

KBOOSH!

GOD TOLD ME TO DO IT
MAIL-ORDER T-SHIRTS

TO ORDER, SEND YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, SIZE & CHOICE WITH A P.O. OR CHEQUE FOR £6 TO: 'CAGE', 181 PORTOBELLO ROAD, LONDON W11. 28 DAYS DELIVERY.

ALL SHIRTS GUARANTEED TO SHRINK, RIP, FALL APART & OFFEND OR MONEY BACK!
THE POST OFFICE ARE BUSY PAINTING OUR LOCAL POST BOX - SO I'M GOING TO EARN A FEW BOB...

LATER...

HELLO FELIX, BEEN BUSY?

OH YES! I'M ALMOST FULL!

SHRILY...THANKS FELIX...DON'T I GET A FIVER?

SORRY...HAH! THERE MUST BE SOME MONEY MAKING ITEM OF STREET FURNITURE THAT I CAN IMPERSONATE USING MY INCREDIBLE AMAZING UNDERPANTS...OF COURSE, A PARKING METER!

WHEREFUR...

PARK ME, BUT I'M A PARKING METER, AND YOU CAN'T PARK THERE UNLESS YOU PUT 20P IN MY UNDERPANTS!

THUD!

ERGH!!!

LATER...

IN A PHONE BOX

BLOODY VANDALS!

excuse me!

THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?

YES, COME ON IN!

HELLO? HELLO? HELLO?

THIS PHONE ISN'T EVEN CONNECTED!

Perhaps I should report a fault!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, IT WAS WORKING BEFORE...

EGGZCUSE ME! D-D-DID YOU SAY YOU WAS A PH-PHONE BOX THERE, PAL? HIC!

ER...YES

BUT I'M AFRAID I'M OUT OF ORDER AT THE MOMENT...

AND...NEVER MIND NOW...NEVER MIND.

AAAAAHHH!!! I DIDN'T WANNA USE THE PH-PHONE ANYWAY! HIC!!
I CAN RECOMMEND THIS PINK LA COSTA SPORT TOP FOR £75.64, BUT OBVIOUSLY YOU'LL NEED THE CHEQUED PLEATED CASUAL SLACKS IN PASTEL SHADES AND THE BUFFALO-HIDE CASUAL MOCCASINS TO COMPLETE THE OUTFIT.

CAN I TEK Y'OOT FOR A PIZZA PET?

WHEY MAN, I COULD JUST EAT A PIZZA PET!

AYE AAL REET, AS LANG AS YE THINK OF A NUMBER BETWEEN ONE AND TEN.

AYE AAL, REET THEN, I’LL TEK THE LOT PET.

YE LOSE; TEK AAL YER CLOTHES OFF!

WELL SHE HED A CANNY PAIR O' DIRTY PILLOYS ON 'ER, BUT SHE HED A FACE LIKE A BULLDOG CHEWIN' A WASP!

... SHE WAS BILLY- GOAT, LIKE!

I THINK WE'RE BERTH GANNIN' YEM, SID.

ARE YEZ GANNIN' YEM TU TALK ABOT BAIRNS AN' MAKE UP? WORRA COUPLA 'FUCKIN' HEEMASEXULS, BERTH O' YEZ!!

2 A.M... HOW PET, AS LANG AS MY FACE EXISTS YE'LL NEVER NEED TO LOOK FOR SOMEBWHERE TO SIT!

WHAT'S THIS LIKE? A 'FUCKIN' WENDYS' NIGHT OOT?!!

FUCK OFF... AND SO ON.
LOOK OUT SHOPPERS! HERE COMES MRS. BRADY!

OLD LADY II

OH LOOK TIDDLES. WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON CAT FOOD AGAIN. BETTER NIP OUT AND DO A BIT MORE SHOPPING...

USING MY STANDARD ISSUE OLD PERSON'S SHOPPING TROLLEY - IDEAL FOR OBSTRUCTIVE AND AWKWARD STREET MANEUVERS.

SHORTLY...

OUCH! AGH!! BARGE!

CLIP!

AT THE BUS STOP...

ORDERLY QUEUE...

STOP THE BUS! WAIT FOR ME!

CAN I GIVE YOU A HAND? THERE LOVE!

LEAVE ME ALONE! I CAN MANAGE.

TEN MINUTES LATER...

EEH, IT'S THE DOORS YOU KNOW. THEY'RE NOT AS WIDE ON THESE NEW BUSES.

AND OF COURSE THESE PAVEMENTS ARE A LOT LOWER THAN THE OLD ONES.

I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS HERE SHALL I KEEP AN EYE ON IT FOR ME WONT YOU?

AT THE POST OFFICE...

NOW CAN I HELP YOU?

HELL, WHAT ABOUT THIS WEATHER THEN? YESTERDAY IT WAS NICE, MIND THE FORECAST WAS FOR RAIN YOU KNOW...

BUT HASN'T IT TURNED OUT NICE TODAY, EEH, IT WAS DREADFUL YESTERDAY...

NOW THEN, I'LL HAVE A THRUPENCE PENNY POSTAL ORDER AND FIVE NEW PENNIES WORTH OF T.V. LICENSE STAMPS... OH AND ONE OF THOSE LITTLE BOOKS OF STAMPS THE ONES YOU DON'T SELL ANYMORE...

SORRY LOVE, WE DON'T SELL THEM ANYMORE.

OH DEAR... NOW THEN... THEY SENT ME THIS BILL THIS MORNING. DO I HAVE TO PAY IT NOW? IT SEEMS LIKE RATHER A LOT, DOESN'T IT?

OH, THAT'S LOVELY NOW THEN, WHAT WILL IT COST TO SEND A T.V. LICENSE STAMP TO AUSTRALIA... MR. AMERICA AIR MAIL... NO, SURFACE MAIL... NO...

AN HOUR LATER...

I'M SORRY EVERYONE WE'RE CLOSING NOW

SIGH!

POST OFFICE CLOSING DOWN

FUME!

OH YES, I MUST REMEMBER THAT CAT FOOD...

MECCA BINGO CITY AMUSEMENTS

OH! I THINK I'LL NIP IN HERE FOR A MINUTE

INSIDE

I THINK I'LL TRY MY LUCK ON THE BANDIT FIRST

PUBLIC TELEPHONE

STILL NO LUCK, DEAR ME! ONE MORE TRY...

272 LATER

THEY'RE ALL FIXED THESE DAYS, THE BANDITS. EEH, IT'S A DISGRACE! THEY USE MAGNETS, YOU KNOW!

NOT LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS...

YOU COULD HAVE AS MANY GOES AS YOU LIKED FOR A PENNY, AND YOU ALWAYS WON A GOLDFISH.

OH DEARIE ME - RAIN. AND THE FORECAST WAS FOR SUNNY PERIODS...

IT'S NOT LIKE THE OLD CORNER SHOPS. THEY KEPT EVERYTHING IN JARS. SIXPENCE WORTH OF BROKEN BISCUITS AND A CUP OF SUGAR... AND THEY DIDN'T USED TO ASK YOU FOR A BAG!

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S PREVENTS

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BABY TURPENTINE
DRAGON CITY

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SHOCK CLAIM ROCKS POP WORLD!

'I WROTE SGT. PEPPER ON THE TOILET'

Window cleaner 'wrote Beatles LP in his outside lavatory' - claim

AN UNEMPLOYED window cleaner from Burnley has shocked the music world with an astonishing claim. For Arthur Catchpole, 47, claims that he wrote many, if not all of The Beatles best selling hit records, including the 'Sgt. Pepper' album. And he claims that John Lennon and Paul McCartney owe all of their success to him.

"During the mid-sixties my wife and I played once a week in our local social club with our organ and drums duo", said Mr. Catchpole. "By this stage I had already written and was about to start performing most of the songs which later turned up on The Beatles' 'Hard Days Night' and 'Help' albums."

INCREDIBLE

"When I first heard The Beatles records I put the incredible similarity down to pure coincidence. I then sat down and set about writing 30 new songs, including 'Nowhere Man', 'Michelle' and 'Yellow Submarine'."

LAVATORY

In the light of past experience, Mr Catchpole went to great lengths to keep his new project secret, writing all the songs late at night in an outside lavatory. "But somehow Lennon and McCartney must have found out", he told us.

BARBECUE

Around this time Arthur claims that he was accidentally given LSD in his mouthwash during a visit to the dentists. "This had a profound effect on my song writing", he recalled. "Later, in 1966 my wife and I were invited to a barbecue in a neighbour's garden, and it was here that I was to conceive my next project - 'Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Band'. It was named after an Uncle of mine, a retired soldier who was unmarried and spent a lot of time playing the banjo".

LAVATORY

Now, living on £24 a week on state benefit in a run down block of council flats, Arthur admits to being slightly resentful of The Beatles success. "I wouldn't have minded so much if I'd received something from them — maybe just a couple of free records and a thank you note. But I've heard nothing."

MANAGER

The recent re-release of Beatles records on compact disc prompted Arthur to write to their manager Brian Epstein. "That was weeks ago, and I've had no response. These people don't want to know I exist", says Arthur. "I've also written to EMI Records asking them for some kind of payment — maybe just a few quid to see me over Christmas — but they refuse point blank. I just don't know where to turn."

MANAGED

Mr Catchpole admits he has absolutely no idea how The Beatles managed to 'steal' his ideas on such regular basis. But he claims that a man resembling Lennon was once seen in the Burnley area working as a telephone engineer. However British Telecom were quick to rule out phone tapping, pointing out that Mr Catchpole has never owned a telephone.

MEDIUM

"It could be that they were working in cahoots with the well known medium Doris Stokes", he suggests. "But unfortunately I can't confirm this as she has recently died. It's all very mysterious."

LARGE

"I only hope that this will serve as a warning to other songwriters to be more careful", said Arthur, who despite his bitter experiences still writes music and hopes one day to make a living from it. An instrumental piece on which he is currently working, provisionally titled 'Tubular Bells' should be finished in a few weeks time.
It's the question on everyone's lips. People over the country are itching to know 'Who is Britain's Best Bob?' Is it **BOB MONKHOUSE**, whose jokes have left us laughing for over twenty years? Or is it **BOBBY CHARLTON**, whose goals guided England to their famous 1966 World Cup victory? In pubs and clubs around the country the debate continues — who is the greatest Bob of all? Well, now is your chance to find out, as we answer the question — **WHO IS THE TOP BOB?**

### Bob Monkhouse

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>HOW THEY SCORE</th>
<th>GOOD LOOKS</th>
<th>PERSONALITY</th>
<th>FITNESS</th>
<th>STYLE</th>
<th>WORK RATE</th>
<th>GOALSCORING ABILITY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Bob Monkhouse</strong></td>
<td><img src="image" alt="9/5" /></td>
<td><img src="image" alt="10/6" /></td>
<td><img src="image" alt="6/9" /></td>
<td><img src="image" alt="9/7" /></td>
<td><img src="image" alt="10/8" /></td>
<td><img src="image" alt="0/10" /></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That devilish smile and those angled eyebrows tell us that Bob, one time presenter of TV's 'Golden Shot', is a ladies man. He’s slick, he’s polished and he oozes sex appeal. But look out girls — he’s married.</td>
<td>A toolballing legend, he thrilled the ladies with his dazzling ball control. Now, with his rugged, mature appeal, he’s the man your granny dreams of. But loss of hair costs Bobby points, as well as popularity among younger women.</td>
<td>Bob's dynamic performances on the field and his incredible goal scoring achievements conceal a quiet side of his character. Off the field he is a modest, down to earth character, but his honesty is a strong asset.</td>
<td>Fitness was crucial to Bobby’s career as soccer's deadliest marksman, and although past his peak, regular training and exercise ensure that this much loved centre forward remains in tip top condition.</td>
<td>In his playing days Britain’s most famous forward was never seen without a spotless club blazer and tie. Now Bobby the businessman woos the women in a series of smart suits and sports jackets. Although never a fashion leader, Bobby still cares about his appearance.</td>
<td>Renowned in his playing days for his unselfish running off the ball, he created goals as well as scoring them. A player’s player, Bobby never stopped running until the full ninety minutes were up. Nowadays despite business commitments, Bobby still finds time to make expert comments during half-time intervals.</td>
<td>Thought by many to be Britain’s top comic (he is said to know more jokes than anyone else in the world), Bob’s show business career has meant that goal scoring opportunities have been few and far between.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On TV he’s charming and cheerful, and despite his cheeky grin, he’s as friendly off the screen as he is on it. Warm and considerate, Bob’s heart is as large as a wardrobe. There’s never a dull moment spent in his company.</td>
<td>Thirty star spangled years in show business have begun to take their toll on Bob’s much sought after, sexy frame. Although sensible Bob steers clear of excesses, too much gourmet meals and not enough time in the gym have led to a bigger waist — and a smaller score.</td>
<td>Bob cuts a dash under the TV lights in his glittering suits and dicky bow ties. But sometimes taste goes out the window, leaving dazzled viewers reaching for their ‘brightness’ control. A formal dresser off screen, Bob always makes an effort.</td>
<td>Bob is a regular workaholic! He’s rarely off our screens with shows like ‘Bob’s Full House’ and ‘Bob Says Opportunity Knocks’. And despite his busy schedule, he still finds time to make guest appearances on other people’s shows. Even on his days off, Bob keeps busy trying out new jokes on his wife and family.</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**TOTAL 44** Nice try Bob, but not enough! **TOTAL 45** Bobby’s best! He’s our champ!
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GAINORS TERRACE
WALLSEND
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piss off when we’ve had enough.

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DURING AN ELECTRICAL STORM, BUSTER GONAD WAS STRUCK IN THE TESTICLES BY A METEORITE WHICH EMITTED WEIRD COSMIC RAYS. HIS TESTICLES GREW TO TITANIC PROPORTIONS, AS BUSTER FOUND OUT, WITH CONSEQUENCES AS BIG AS SOMETHING QUITE BIG. FUN WAS NEVER VERY FAR AWAY!

AT BELLFIELD, AND... ER... OVER THERE, CHILDREN... ER... IS A BIG THING WITH EQ... KNOW ON IT!!

YOINKS!! NUCLEAR CORE Fume

GREAT SCOTT! HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE REACTOR CORE!!

DON'T WORRY READERS! BUSTER IS QUITE SAFE AS LONG AS THIS SWITCH IS OFF!!

BUT... CORE SWITCH CLICK

PTANG!

OH NO! HE'LL BE IRRADIATED!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

OOER!! MY TESTICLES FEEL SOMEWHAT LARGER AND WARMER THAN USUAL!!

OUTSIDE...

WOOOOOOP!

SWELL!

PLMMFFF!

PLMMFFF!!

GAAAH!

GAK!!

"OOF" OOER!! THAT'LL TEACH ME NOT TO EAT CHEESE BEFORE BEDTIME!

G.R.D. P.B. 9 87
IN THE POST OFFICE... A M ABOUT TO PRESENT YOU WITH A NATIONAL GIROBANK GIRO-CHEQUE ISSUED ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF THIS MONTH BY THE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND SOCIAL SECURITY.

I WILL NOW PROCEED TO SIGN SAID ITEM WITH MY NAME IN THE ALLOTTED SPACE ON IT'S SURFACE. THUS ENDORSING...

JESUS CHRIST? MY NAME IS...

OMAH... SHIT! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

JESUS CHRIST? DO YOU EVER SHUT UP?!

OHHH... BASTARD! GIVE ME THE CHEQUE YOU BASTARD!

A MOST UNUSUAL REACTION I FEEL IN WHAT WAS INDEED A MOST ROUTINE TRANSACTION.

I AM NOW SIGNING THE CHEQUE.

I WILL PRODUCE IF YOU SO DESIRE AN ITEM OR ITEMS ON VERBAL REQUEST TO PROVE THE VALIDITY OF MY CLAIM TO THE MONIES, I.E. A DOCUMENT OR SIMILAR EVIDENCE PROVING ME TO BE THE PERSON NAMED ON THE CHEQUE FOR RECEIVAL OF SAID MONIES.

IN THE POST OFFICE... I AM ABOUT TO PRESENT YOU WITH A NATIONAL GIROBANK GIRO-CHEQUE ISSUED ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF THIS MONTH BY THE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND SOCIAL SECURITY...

I WILL NOW PROCEED TO SIGN SAID ITEM WITH MY NAME IN THE ALLOTTED SPACE ON IT'S SURFACE. THUS ENDORSING...

JESUS CHRIST? MY NAME IS...

OMAH... SHIT! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

JESUS CHRIST? DO YOU EVER SHUT UP?!

OHHH... BASTARD! GIVE ME THE CHEQUE YOU BASTARD!

A MOST UNUSUAL REACTION I FEEL IN WHAT WAS INDEED A MOST ROUTINE TRANSACTION.

I AM NOW SIGNING THE CHEQUE.

I WILL PRODUCE IF YOU SO DESIRE AN ITEM OR ITEMS ON VERBAL REQUEST TO PROVE THE VALIDITY OF MY CLAIM TO THE MONIES, I.E. A DOCUMENT OR SIMILAR EVIDENCE PROVING ME TO BE THE PERSON NAMED ON THE CHEQUE FOR RECEIVAL OF SAID MONIES.

Sorry sorry sorry!! Lawrence Logic, Lawrence Logic, I know, just give me the cheque and don't bother with your life history this week!

I am now signing the cheque.

THIS CAPTION IS NOT ENTIRELY FACTUAL.

I WILL PRODUCE IF YOU SO DESIRE AN ITEM OR ITEMS ON VERBAL REQUEST TO PROVE THE VALIDITY OF MY CLAIM TO THE MONIES, I.E. A DOCUMENT OR SIMILAR EVIDENCE PROVING ME TO BE THE PERSON NAMED ON THE CHEQUE FOR RECEIVAL OF SAID MONIES.

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Ooed! A runaway car! I'll use my anti-magnetic forces to repel it to a halt!!

I've seen struck on the head by a workman's flask. Surely this now means I have the ability to keep liquids at their original temperatures for long periods... in fact... I am...

Ah! I've gone and dropped my keys down this grate!

Some people have nothing better to do than waste a superhero's time!!

Ah! Just the job for the thermo-wonder!!
AN EVIL ASSASIN PRESENTATION

Fear of death is fear of life, for we all must die. Life leads inevitably to death. Unfortunately for some of us destiny holds death by means which we could not conceive in our foulest dreams.

A lazy afternoon in the back yard of a quiet pub, four young people enjoy a drink together, happily sharing a joke...

DON'T BE ALARMED, PRETTY GIRL.

A razor sharp twelve inch carving knife gleams in the afternoon sun as it severs the head off victim number four...

OH NO! A MADMAN WITH A REVOLVER!

This boy stands no chance as his head is blown apart by a speeding bullet!

The squat, compound might of a square two and half pound hammer is raised aloft...

GOD TOLD ME TO DO IT.

This gruesome, fearsome figure, void of all emotion, has again played the nightmare game of murder, taking pleasure from taking life...

A chilling laugh rings around the bloodstained walls of the beer garden, this horrific echo of death does not fade, for this nightmare has not yet ended.

AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT I THINK HE SAID, HA! HA! HA!

A chilling laugh rings around the bloodstained walls of the beer garden, this horrific echo of death does not fade, for this nightmare has not yet ended.

His smoking gun cast aside he moves swiftly, silently to his next victim, the whirling blades of a manual rotary whisk plunge through her eye and deep into her brain...

Ugh!

...and brought down with terrific force.

THUNK!
The new comedy magazine

• Louder than Johnny Fartpants
• Taller than Paul Whicker
• More balls than Billy Bollocks
• More legs than Billy the Fish
• More jokes than the Financial Times
• More penises than Mother Theresa
• Better photographs than Radio Three
• Too many cooks spoil the broth
• One swallow can often lead to food poisoning

FIRST ISSUE
95p
From your newsagent October 14th
The Viz Top 10

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Artist/Group</th>
<th>Title/Details</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>SPIZZ</td>
<td>&quot;Where's Captain Kirk? (Single)&quot;</td>
<td>£10.99</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>DIRTY ROTTEN IMBICILES</td>
<td>&quot;Crossover (LP)&quot;</td>
<td>£10.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>FLAMING MUSSOLINIS</td>
<td>&quot;Girl on a Train (Single)&quot;</td>
<td>£8.92</td>
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<td>DEF WILLIAMS &amp; JON BON BATMAN</td>
<td>&quot;Death by humping (Road Pig)&quot;</td>
<td>£7.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>BOYS WONDER</td>
<td>&quot;Now what Earthman (Single)&quot;</td>
<td>£7.48</td>
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<td>JESUS COULDN'T DRUM</td>
<td>&quot;I'm a train (Single)&quot;</td>
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<td>ARCHIE BROWN &amp; THE YOUNG BUCKS</td>
<td>&quot;Bring me the head of Jerry Garcia (LP)&quot;</td>
<td>£3.75</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>PSYCHADELIC HEDGEHOGS</td>
<td>&quot;They came from the planet Chocolate Eclair (7)&quot;</td>
<td>£2.63</td>
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<td>KATHRYN TICKELL</td>
<td>&quot;Borderlands (LP)&quot;</td>
<td>75p</td>
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<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>DREAM BABY SCREAM</td>
<td>&quot;Is there a reason? (Single)&quot;</td>
<td>50p</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

It's back at last — the Viz Top Ten returns — and with it comes a familiar looking number one. SPIZZ'S single "Where's Captain Kirk?" first appeared in 1980 when ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80 took it to the top of the independent charts. Seven years later Spizz has gone solo, and faced with the problem of getting his brand new version of the song back to number one, he decided to send us some money. The problem was immediately solved because £10.99 turned up to be the biggest bribe we received this time round, and it puts Spizz right back on top of the pile.

No. 6

The DIRTY ROTTEN IMBICILES came all the way from San Francisco to buy a piece of our chart action. In Europe to promote their LP 'Crossover', they stopped off in England to give us ten pounds. We appreciated the effort, and consequently the Imbiciles make their UK top ten debut at No. 2.

No. 7

From San Francisco, the Dirty Rotten Imbiciles.
NORBERT COLON!
HE'S EVEN MEANER THAN A SCOTTISH PERSON!

Vicious Bastard!

This lonely-heart matches you on every single criterion-in fact, she's receiving electro-convulsive therapy for pathological mean-ness now!

Gosh! What a dreadful day! That twelve mile walk to the computer-dating agency, and not even the exclusive free book-mark to show for it. I shudder to think what it's cost me in wear on the demo boots.

I see you have a ready state of humorous Mr. Colon!

Thus...

I've come for my free gift then.

Ah yes do sit down.

I'm terribly sorry. You can only claim your free gift-book-mark after we've run your details through the dust bytes computa-date files. Don't you read the small-print?

This is the proper way.

I'm not paying out good brass for a pair of classes. Look, mister, my eyes are as good as the next man's.

Thus...

She's receiving electro-convulsive therapy for pathological mean-ness now!

What a date we're going to have! Soup at the Salvation Army hall followed by a trip to the armdale centre to watch the lifts! I wonder what my dream woman looks like.

Oh Turds! It's that bloody tightwad son of mine again!
Don't miss the FREE issue of VIZ COMIC given away with the November issue of YOUR SINCLAIR magazine!

- This special copy of Viz is available ONLY with YS magazine. So buy it.
- Contains unpublished Tommy 'Banana' Johnson, Boswell Boyce and Hooray Henry strips!
- ON SALE MONDAY 12th OCTOBER. £1 FROM ALL 'GOOD' NEWSAGENTS (i.e. Not the ones you can buy Viz in.)

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Virgin Megastore
157-161 Western Road
Brighton
or phone 0273-23216
Open Mon-Sat 9.30 - 6.00
Hey, right, multi-racial youth! It's not easy being young, eh? Hanging around street corners, none of those adult squares caring about what you think.

Actually, we're just queuing for a concert. Hey, right, pop music! Cliff Richard, Edam and the Ants! Great!

Hey, why don't you guys come down to my community non-ageist youth workshop. We've got basket-weaving, poetry recitals, free expression drama groups... Hey, right, our community policeman. It's a tough job these days, eh?

Hey, right, multi-racial youth! It's not easy being young, eh? Hanging around street corners, none of those adult squares caring about what you think.

Look, fuck off. You patronising wanker! Hey, right, no rush, you need time to think, you need space. Catch you later.

Quiet everyone! Listen to this disabled person who wants to speak! Come on, love, what are you trying to say?

Hey, a disabled person. Despite your physical handicap you're struggling on in the face of an uninterested world. My great-great aunt is disabled—come and meet her, you'll get on fab!

Well, I...

Mmm, an elderly person obviously in need of assistance.

Are you talking to me?

Officer, this man is asking me to perform acts of gross indecency.

All right, dear? Let me carry... I said let me carry your bag!

Can you, I said can you manage, dear? Would you like me to fetch you a wheelchair?

Hey, right, our community policeman. It's a tough job these days, eh?

You're fuckin' nicked!

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You're fuckin' nicked!

Hey, right, our community policeman. It's a tough job these days, eh?

You're fuckin' nicked!
PERSONALLY I FIND IT USEFUL TO REFER TO THE WIDE VARIETY OF GOVERNMENT LITERATURE AVAILABLE ON THIS SUBJECT....

...HERE'S A LIKELY VICTIM!

ARE YOU A HOMOSEXUAL?

NO!

GOODNESS!

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A BLOOD TRANSFUSION ON THE NATIONAL HEALTH?

NO!

IT'S SICK OF MY ETERNAL LIFE THESE DAYS!

BUT NOW YOU HAVE TO BE CONSTANTLY AWARE OF THE DANGER OF CATCHING AIDS!

I WANT TO DRINK YOUR BLOOD

ARE YOU SEXUALLY PROMISCUOUS?

WHAT?

HERE ARE THE PUNCTURE MARKS ON MY ARMS!

ARE YOU A DRUG ADDICT?

YES!

NOW - WHAT DOES THE LEAFLET SAY? "WEAR A CONDOM!"

BLOODY HELL! YOU'RE IN A HIGH RISK GROUP!

WELL I DON'T SEE HOW WEARING THIS WILL STOP ME CATCHING AIDS!
HUGH IS HAVING TEA WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND AND HER FAMILY...

OH... ERM... YES... IT'S VERY NICE INDEED...

I WAS JUST WONDERING IF I COULD... ERM... DRAIN ME SPAUS?

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY, HUGH?

IT'S DOWN THE HALL ON THE LEFT.

THANKS

ER... I NEED TO... ERM... I NEED TO STRAIN MY GREENS.

WHERE'S HE GOING TO?

OH! DAD!

ERM... I WAS JUST OFF TO SHAVE A HORSE

SHAVE A HORSE? WHERE DID YOU MEET THIS BOY?

I WAS JUST GOING TO SPEND A PENNY.

I'M NOT QUITE WITH YOU.

I'M OFF TO TAKE A CHINESE SINGING LESSON.

SEE A MAN ABOUT A DOG.

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THIS BOY CAN'T SPEAK THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

LATER, UPSTAIRS...

WHAT A FOOL YOU MADE OF YOURSELF! WHY CAN'T YOU SAY WHAT YOU MEAN, HUGH?

YOU KNOW... A BIT OF THE OTHER...

OH GOD! HUGH JUST SAY IT!

I'D LOVE TO DO THINGS! RUGGEDY AND ALL... THE BUSINESS WITH YOU, BUT I'VE GOT THE PAINTERS IN AT THE MOMENT, HUGH!

DO YOU FANCY A BIT OF... HOW'S YOUR FATHER?

OH I SEE... WELL, I'D LOVE A FUCK!
A LONE STRANGER RIDES INTO TOWN...

GULCH CREEK CANYON... A SUN-SCORCHED DUSky STREET AT HIGH NOON... THE SILHOUETTE OF A CHARTERED LOSS-ADJUSTER AGAINST THE SERRING NEVADA SKY...

TEX WADE!

A MAN WITH A MISSION... KEEPING AN APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH AT THE LAX BUFFALO SALoon...

DANGEROUS TIMES BREED DANGEROUS MEN... HANK "SIDQUN" DANBY, VIGILANTE INSURANCE SALESMAN...

TEX WADE!

A LONE STRANGER RIDES INTO TOWN...

FRONTIER ACCOUNTANT

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TEX WADE!
'Looks like we're in an ad for Airship Graffix cards in Viz, Frank.'

'Well, things could be worse, Sam. It might have been for Willow Teas.'

Airship Graffix Cards: intriguing illustrations, bizarre captions. 3 packs of 5 cards (all diff.). Also, rude Cartoon and clever Caption cards in 2 packs of 5 (all diff.). £3 per pack, payable to N. Pembury at 'The Airfield', Brookwood, Surrey, GU24 0EN.

Airship Graffix: We insult everything but your intelligence...
MAN-FISH MIRACLE BILLY THOMSON AND HIS PEDELEWORTH ALBION TEAM MATES ARE CELEBRATING A REMARKABLE LAST MINUTE VICTORY AGAINST REDMARIT ROVERS WITH A WELL-EARNED HOT BATH, WHEN SUDDENLY...

LOOK OUT BILLY!

SHARK ATTACK!!

DON'T PANIC! THIS IS A NURSE SHARK, A SMALL AND RELATIVELY HARMLESS FISH OFTEN FOUND IN SHALLOW WATER.

THE NEXT DAY...

WELL SIR, YESTERDAY'S WIN PUTS US IN WITH A GOOD CHANCE OF PROMOTION.

YES BOSS, THE LADS DIDN'T MAGNIFICENT!

WE ONLY NEED TO TAKE FIVE POINTS FROM OUR ONE REMAINING FIXTURE TO BE SURE OF PROMOTION!

FIVE POINTS... I THOUGHT THE MOST YOU COULD GET WAS THREE?

BUT LOOK AT THIS... OUR FORMER CLUB, FULCHESTER UNITED, ARE IN DEEP FINANCIAL TROUBLE.

PERHAPS I COULD GIVE THEM A RING AND ARRANGE A MERGER BETWEEN OUR TWO CLUBS...

THE NEXT MORNING TOMMY BROWN IS BACK IN HIS OLD OFFICE AS THE MANAGER OF NEWLY FORMED FULCHESTER ALBION...

THERE ARE, PEBBLEWORTH'S POINTS, WHEN ADDED TO FIRST DIVISION FULCHESTER'S, LEAVE OUR NEW CLUB 'FULCHESTER ALBION' SECOND TOP OF THE LEAGUE.

AND IF WE WIN OUR ONE REMAINING GAME - AT HOME TO TOP CLUB GRIMTHORPE CITY (OUR ARCH RIVALS),

WE'LL BE THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONS!

BUT TOMMY'S OPPOSITE NUMBER, EVIL GUS PARKER IS CONFIDENT OF A GRIMTHORPE VICTORY...

ON SATURDAY GRIMTHORPE WILL WIN THE LEAGUE...

AND NO FISH, LARGE, BREASTED INDIAN OR INVISIBLE STRIKER IS GOING TO STOP US!

ON THE EVE OF THE BIG MATCH TOMMY BROWN IS PUTTING THE FINAL TOUCHES TO FULCHESTER'S PREPARATIONS.

LET'S KEEP IT TIGHT AT THE BACK AND PUSH IT ABOUT A BIT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PARK.

F-NERK!

MY BALL!!

BAD NEWS! I THINK HE'S PILLED A VENTRAL Fin! HE COULDN'T BE OUT OF ACTION FOR SIX WEEKS!

BROWN FOH SORRY UP FIFTY-FIFTY BALL

OH NO! WITHOUT BILLY WE'LL HAVE A MOUNTAIN TO CLIMB ON SATURDAY!

ON THE DAY OF THE BIG MATCH FULCHESTER STADIUM IS BUZZING WITH EXCITEMENT...

AND IN THE GRIMTHORPE CHANGING ROOMs

HA! WITH FISH FEATURES OUT OF ACTION WE'RE HOME AND DRY. BY QUARTER TO FIVE THIS AFTERNOON THE CHAMPIONSHIP WILL BE OURS!

BUT AS THE TEAMS EMERGE...

IT CAN'T BE!

UNBELIEVABLE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!

BILLY THOMSON IS PLAYING ON CRUTCHES!!!

YES, AND WE LOOK SET FOR A THRILLING CLIMAX TO THE SEASON.
The shop that makes trendy people shit blood.

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