

ALL NEW—RICHARD CORBEN'S "DENZ"

PENTHOUSE Comi

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PENTHOUSE Comix

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Being his startling
and promise-filled
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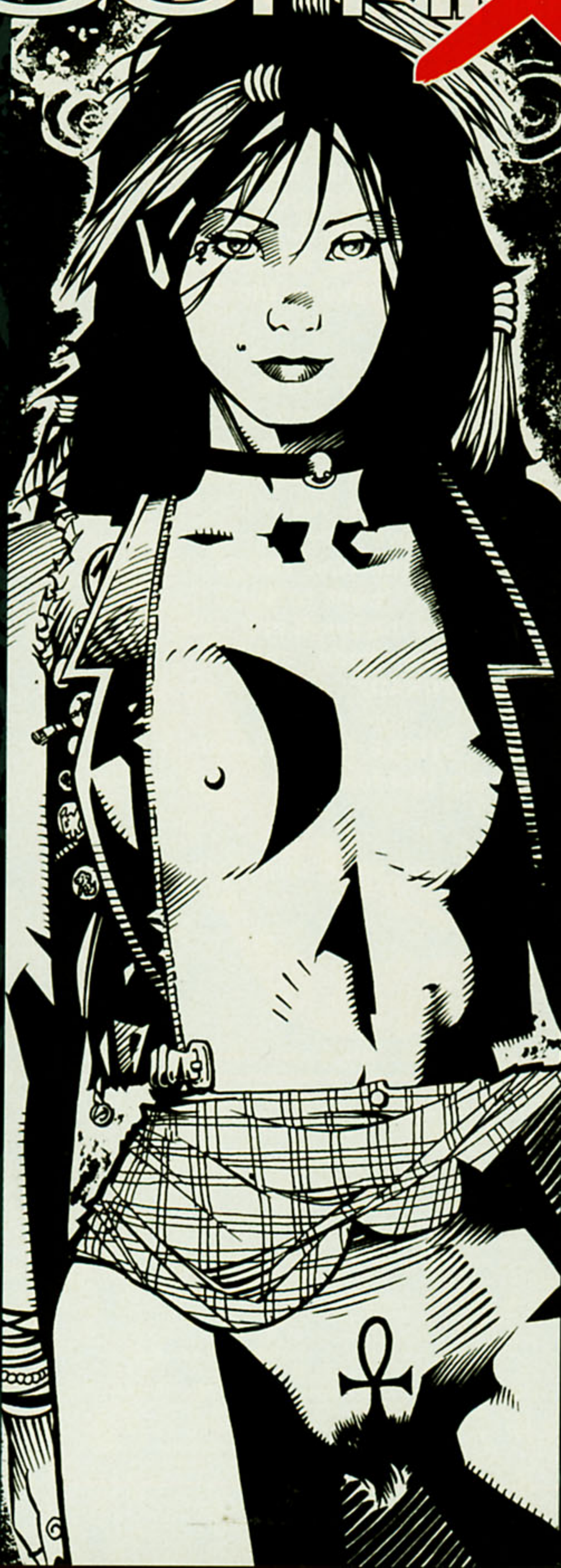
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DENZ

He was a tall, lanky man, and he was dying. His name was Daniel Norman. The novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs lived within his mind and soul... stories of men mysteriously transported to worlds of alien beasts and glittering cities and savage, wonderful realms. So Daniel, his body destroying itself from within, built a machine that spanned dimensions and transported his soul to NeverWhere. He became the hero Den who battled monsters and bedded queens and ultimately died by the hand of the woman he loved.

Seven years later, his nephew David Ellis Norman recreated his uncle's machine and followed him to the never-land. David emerged as the new Den, his body rippling with muscle and imbued with a fighting prowess unseen in NeverWhere since the demise of Daniel Norman. The saga of Den's exploits... lusty and brawling, brimming with magic, intrigue, horror and betrayal... spanned generations and filled many exotic volumes. Now in his declining years, Den lives in a NeverWhere far different from the one he entered. Thanks to his magical Locnar, Den has brought peace and prosperity to his adoptive world. Meanwhile, on Earth, Denzel Easton Norman seeks to follow in his brother's footsteps...

by RICHARD CORBEN & JAN STRNAD

MY NAME IS DENZEL EASTON NORMAN.
I AM ... OR WAS ... THE HEAD OF
D. E. N. LABS OF SCRUB FLATS,
CALIFORNIA. IT WAS A TUESDAY, I
REMEMBER, WHEN I RECEIVED THE
PACKAGE IN THE MAIL.

MOMMY WHY IS THAT
MAN WEARING
CLOTHES?

HUSH, JOHNNY -- IT
ISN'T POLITE TO
STARE AT THE
TEXTILISTS!

NEEMA! LOOK -- IT'S HERE!
THE LAST COMPONENT I
NEED TO ASSEMBLE THE
TRANSMITTER!

MEET ME AT THE LAB
AND WELL ... UHH --

NEEMA, YOU'RE
NAKED!

YOU'RE IN VIOLATION
OF THE COMPANY
DRESS CODE!

OUTSIDE THE LAB I CAN WEAR
WHATEVER I WANT -- YOU DON'T
MAKE THE RULES FOR THE
WHOLE TOWN, Y'KNOW!

BESIDES, THIS WAY I'M READY
IF YOU EVER CHANGE YOUR
MIND ABOUT A LITTLE BOOM
-- DA - BOOM - BOOM!

HRMM ... UHH ... REPORT
TO THE LAB AT ONCE!
THIS IS THE **BIG DAY!**

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I'D ORIGINALLY LOCATED MY LAB IN THE DESERT TO BE AWAY FROM PEOPLE AND THEIR EXCESSES.

HOW WAS I TO KNOW THE **BIG ONE** WOULD TURN SCRUB FLATS INTO A SEASIDE RESORT, OR THAT THE WHOLE TOWN WOULD VOTE TO GO "CLOTHING OPTIONAL?"

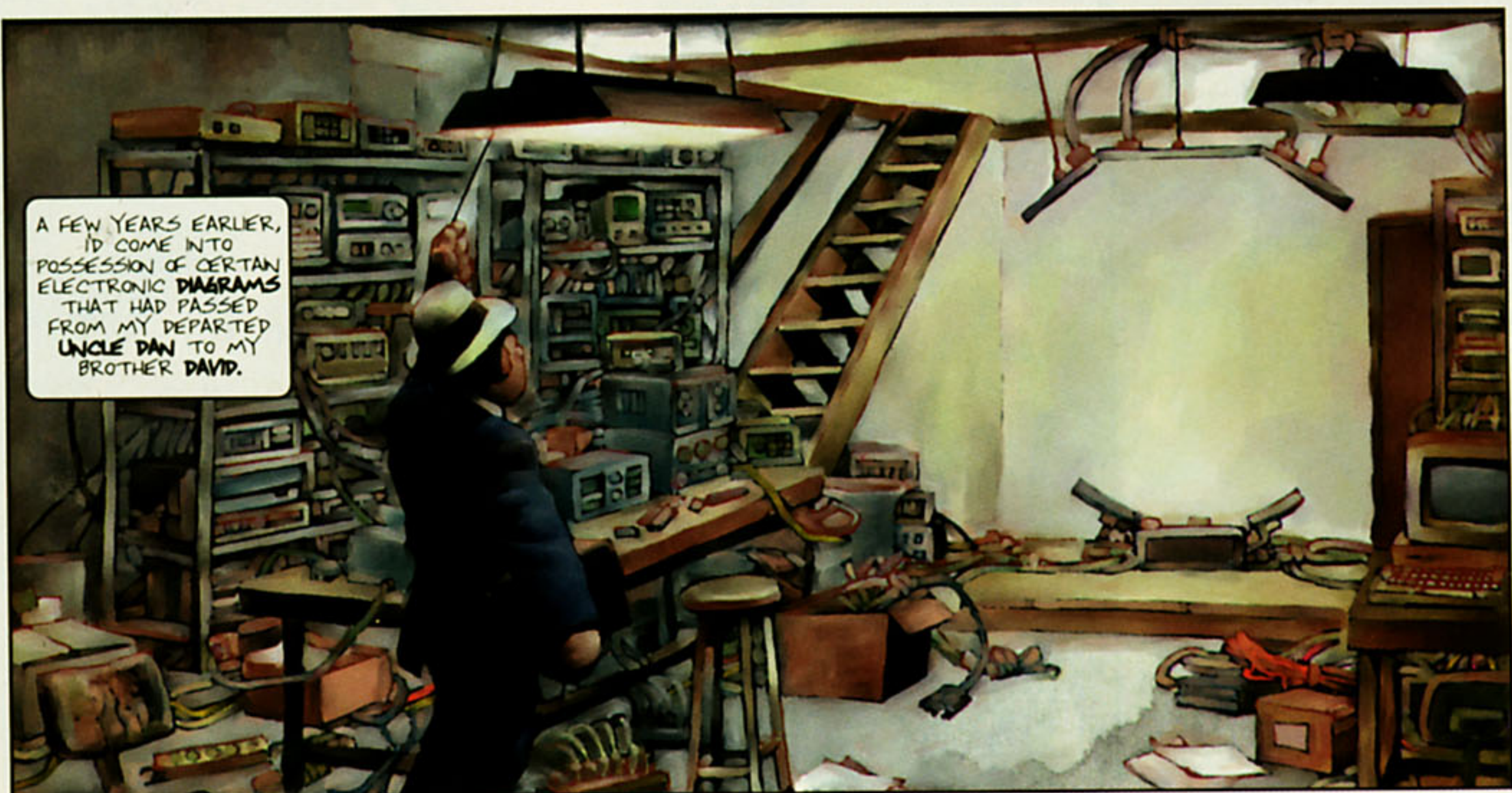
I'D HAD TO SELL ALL MY LAND TO FINANCE MY EXPERIMENTS --



-- BUT AT LAST THEY WERE ABOUT TO BEAR FRUIT!



A FEW YEARS EARLIER, I'D COME INTO POSSESSION OF CERTAIN ELECTRONIC DIAGRAMS THAT HAD PASSED FROM MY DEPARTED **UNCLE DAN** TO MY BROTHER **DAVID**.





I KNEW IN MY HEART THAT THESE DIAGRAMS WERE SOMEHOW INVOLVED IN MY UNCLE AND BROTHER'S DISAPPEARANCES.



PERHAPS THEY FOUND PARADISE --

-- A WELCOME CHANGE FROM THE LEWDNESS AND DEPRAVITY OF MY OWN WORLD!

NEEMA ARRIVED JUST AS I PREPARED TO TEST THE MACHINE.



BEFORE YOU BEAM YOURSELF UP TO THE PLANET OF CINDY CRAWFORD LOOKALIKES, I WANT MY PAYCHECK!

AND DON'T FORGET MY OVERTIME!



SHE CONTINUED TO RIDICULE ME AS I WROTE THE CHECK.



HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! YOU FORGOT TO SIGN THIS THING! WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO PULL?

-- SIX -- FIVE --
-- FOUR --





GET UP! I AM DEN, THE RULER OF NOWHERE!



YOU BEAR THE MARK OF MY BROTHER DENZEL, BUT CAN IT REALLY BE YOU?



DENZEL ... YES, THAT'S ME! BUT I FEEL SO ... DIFFERENT!

ON YOUR GUARD! TO SEE IF YOU'RE TRULY MY BROTHER, I MUST PUT YOU TO THE TEST!



TAKE THIS!

NYURK NYURK NYURK!

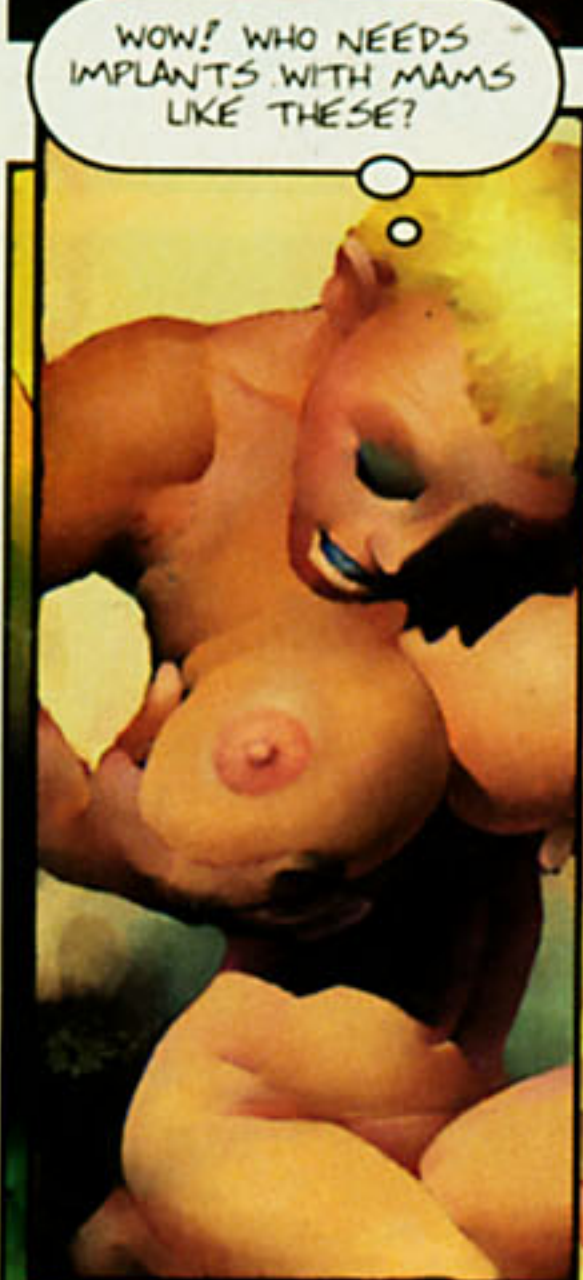


WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? I'M NAKED - AND HUNG LIKE A HORSE!

VERY GOOD, DENZ! WELCOME TO MY REALM!



SUCH IS THE WAY OF THE PORTAL. IT TRANSCENDS ALL TIME, SPACE AND, UH, CLOTHING.



WOW! WHO NEEDS IMPLANTS WITH MAMS LIKE THESE?



BEHOLD MY KINGDOM, DENZ! WITH THE POWER OF MY MAGIC LOONAR I CONQUERED THE UNCONQUERABLE ... TAMED THE UNTAMEABLE ...



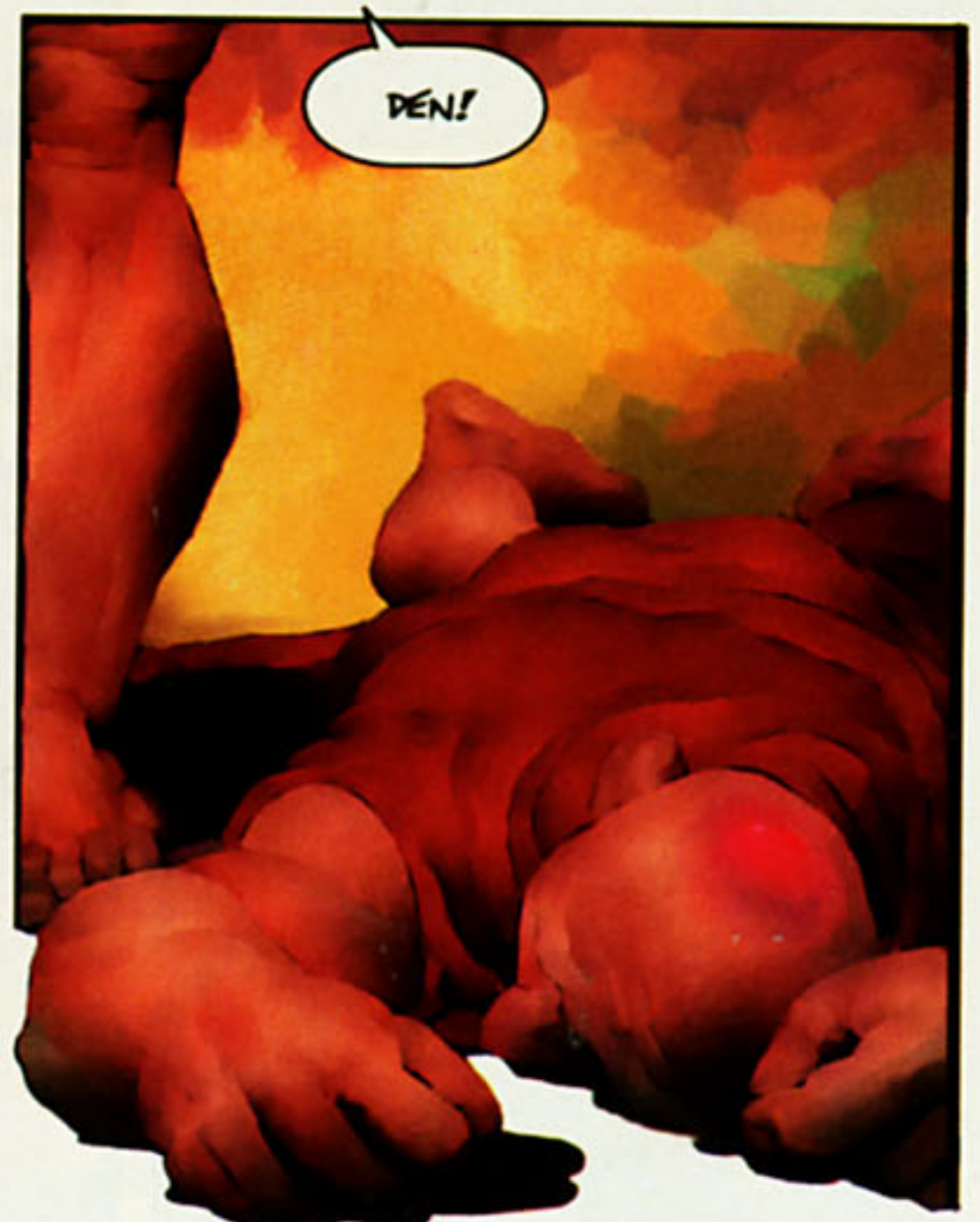
AND BROUGHT PEACE TO A WORLD RAVAGED BY TRIBALISM!

I'M GLAD THE PORTAL BROUGHT YOU HERE AT THIS POINT IN TIME, RATHER THAN TO THE CHAOS THAT GREETED MY ARRIVAL SO MANY YEARS AGO!

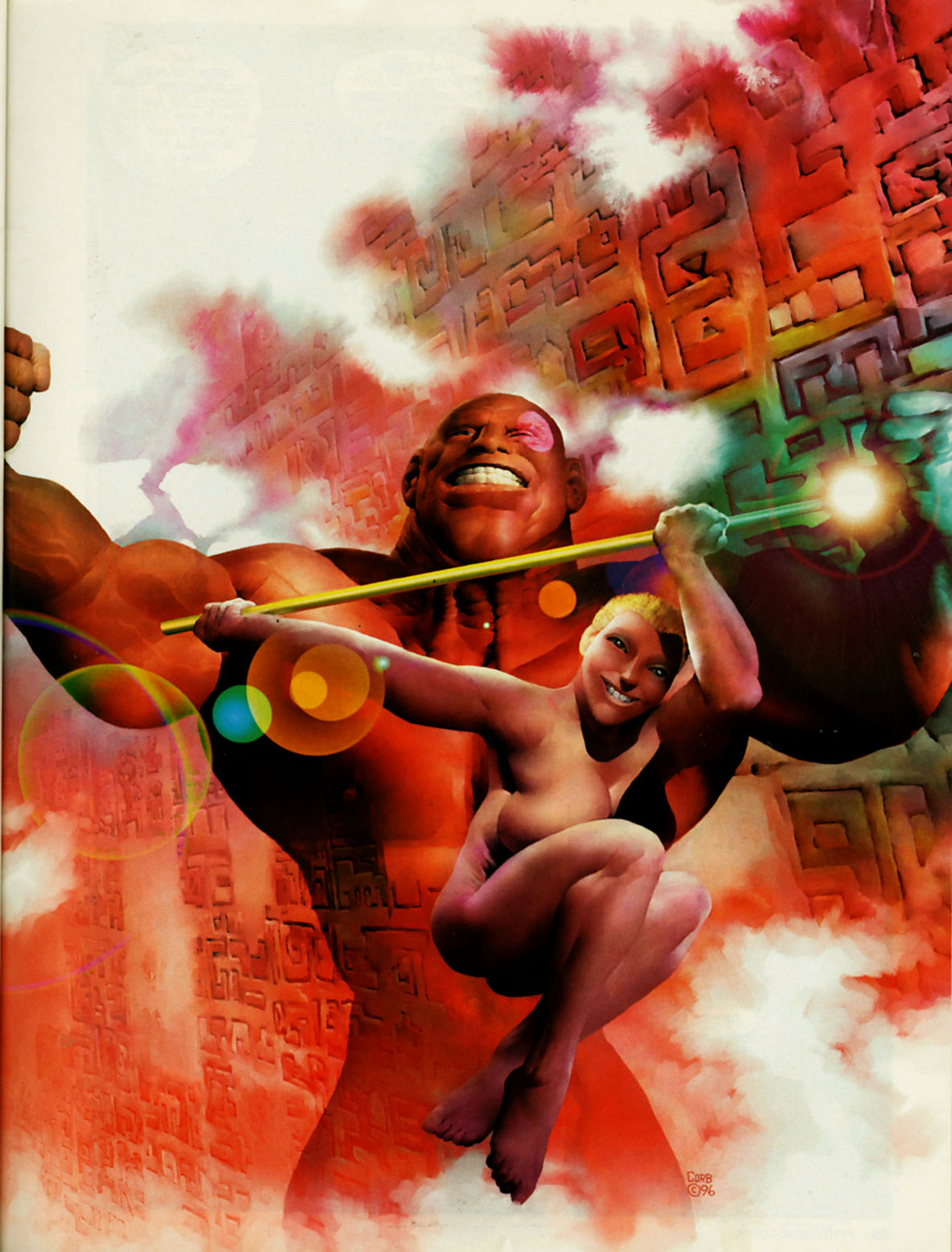
NOW, UNFORTUNATELY, THE PORTENTS WARN OF A GREAT **NEW** EVIL SOON TO ENTER NEVERWHERE! IT'S GOOD TO HAVE MY BROTHER HERE TO HELP ME FACE IT!

THESE WALLS TELL MY STORY ... HOW I GAINED AND LOST AND **REGAINED** THE LOGNAR! WE'LL NEED THE LOGNAR'S POWER TO FACE THIS NEW EVIL, WHATEVER IT MAY BE!

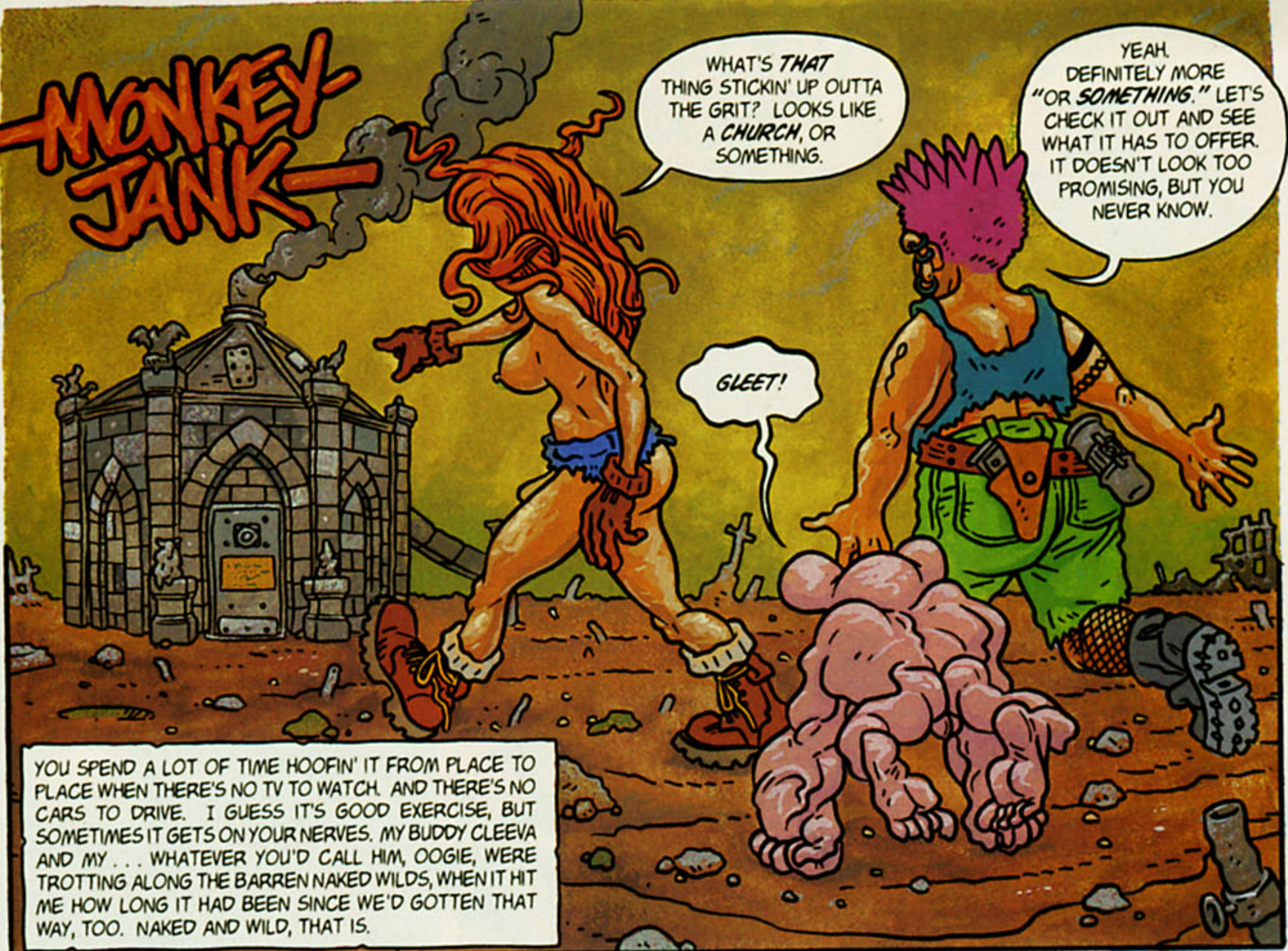
YOU'LL HAVE TIME TO READ THESE HEIROGLYPHS FOR YOURSELF, BUT I WARN YOU ... THEIR TALE WILL SEEM LIKE THE MACHINATIONS OF SOME **MAD GOD!**







MONKEY JANK



WHAT'S *THAT* THING STICKIN' UP OUTTA THE GRIT? LOOKS LIKE A *CHURCH*, OR SOMETHING.

YEAH. DEFINITELY MORE "OR *SOMETHING*." LET'S CHECK IT OUT AND SEE WHAT IT HAS TO OFFER. IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO PROMISING, BUT YOU NEVER KNOW.

GREET!

YOU SPEND A LOT OF TIME HOOFIN' IT FROM PLACE TO PLACE WHEN THERE'S NO TV TO WATCH. AND THERE'S NO CARS TO DRIVE. I GUESS IT'S GOOD EXERCISE, BUT SOMETIMES IT GETS ON YOUR NERVES. MY BUDDY CLEEVA AND MY... WHATEVER YOU'D CALL HIM, OOGIE, WERE TROTTERING ALONG THE BARREN NAKED WILDS, WHEN IT HIT ME HOW LONG IT HAD BEEN SINCE WE'D GOTTEN THAT WAY, TOO. NAKED AND WILD, THAT IS.

SO, WHATTAYA WANNA DO? SHOULD WE *KNOCK*? I'M NOT SO SURE I LIKE THE *LOOKS* OF THIS. IT SEEMS KINDA *IFFY*, PROSPECT-WISE.

LIKE TROMPIN' AROUND IN THE DESERT DOESN'T? MY *DOGS* ARE *BARKIN'*, BABE. BESIDES, IT SAYS "*PLEASURE-DROME*."

YOU *DON'T* WANNA BE DOIN' *THAT*, SISTER. THE OCCUPANT *ISN'T* THE FUNNEST HOST IN THESE PARTS. BUT THEN, HE'S THE *ONLY* HOST.

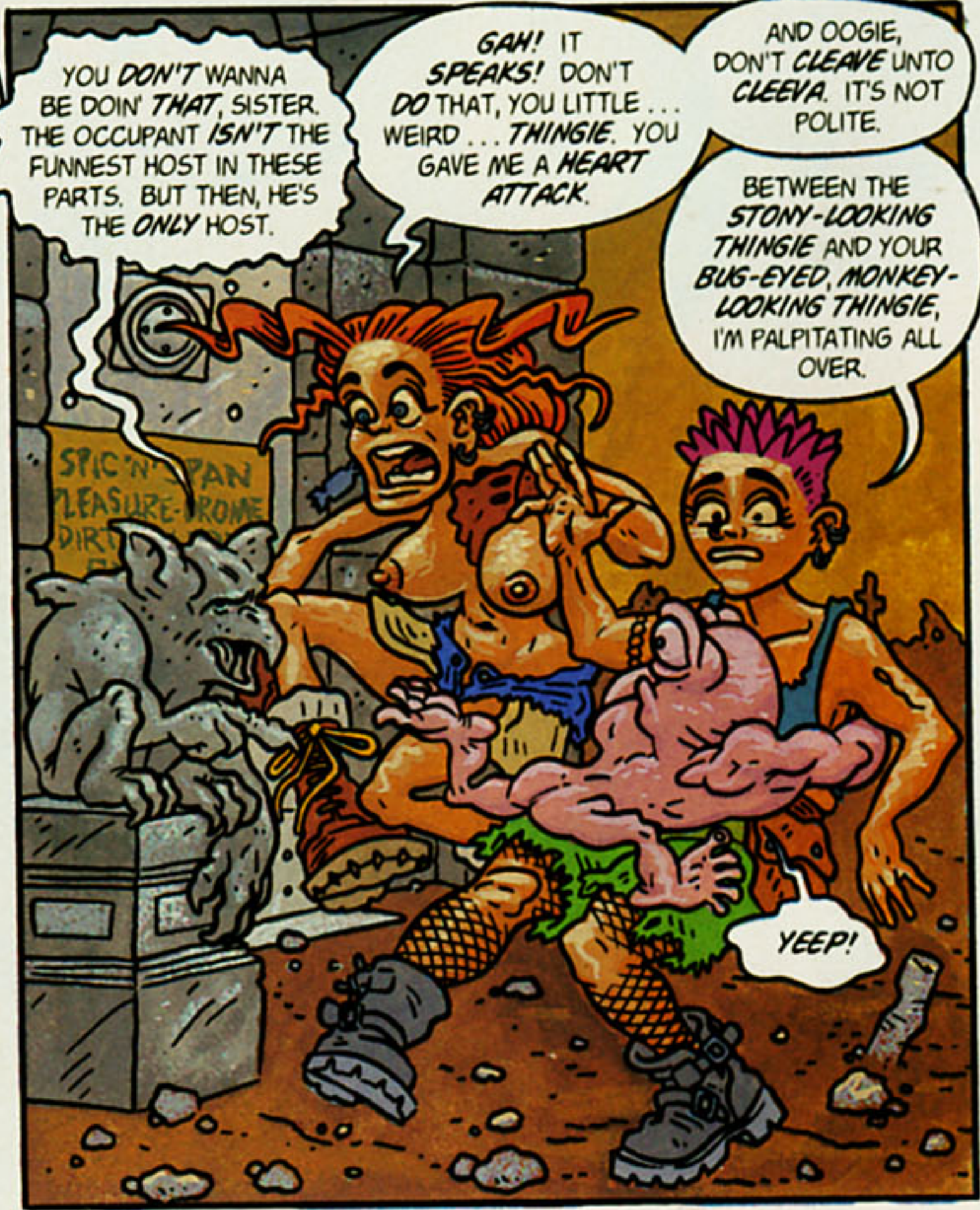
GAH! IT *SPEAKS!* DON'T DO THAT, YOU LITTLE... WEIRD... *THINGIE*. YOU GAVE ME A *HEART ATTACK*.

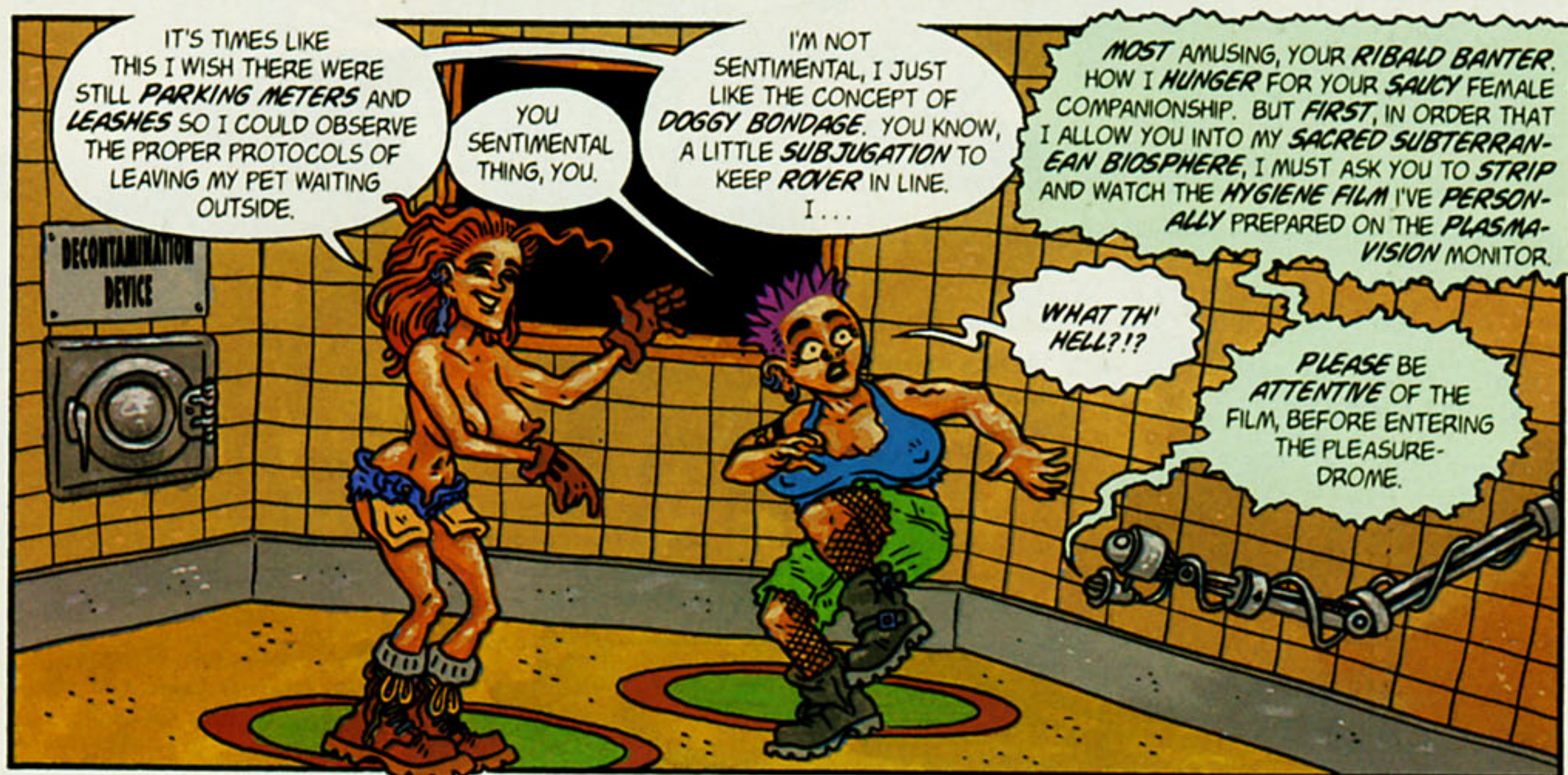
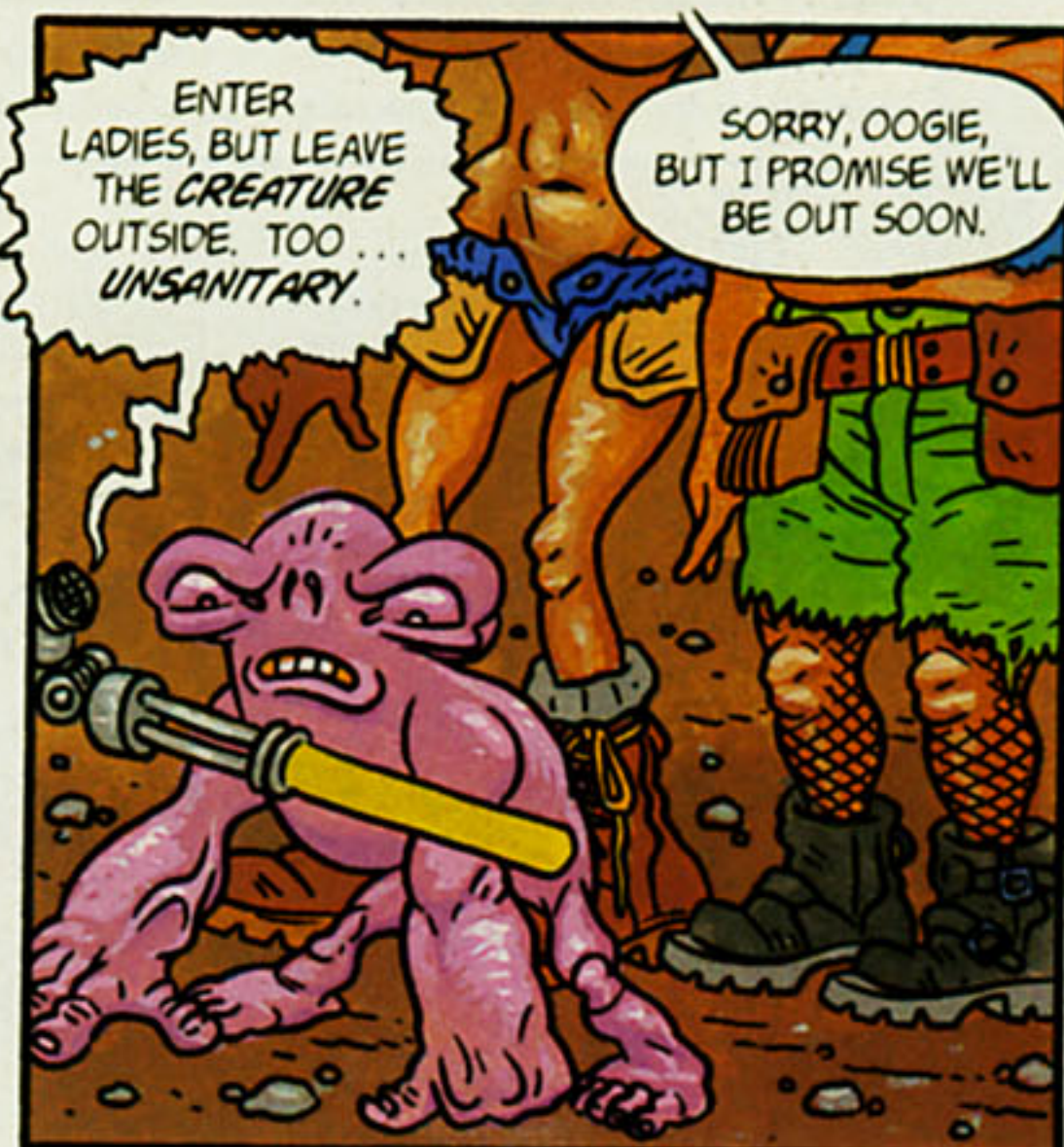
AND OOGIE, DON'T *CLEEVE* UNTO CLEEVA. IT'S NOT POLITE.

BETWEEN THE *STONY-LOOKING THINGIE* AND YOUR *BUG-EYED, MONKEY-LOOKING THINGIE*, I'M PALPITATING ALL OVER.

GROOT?

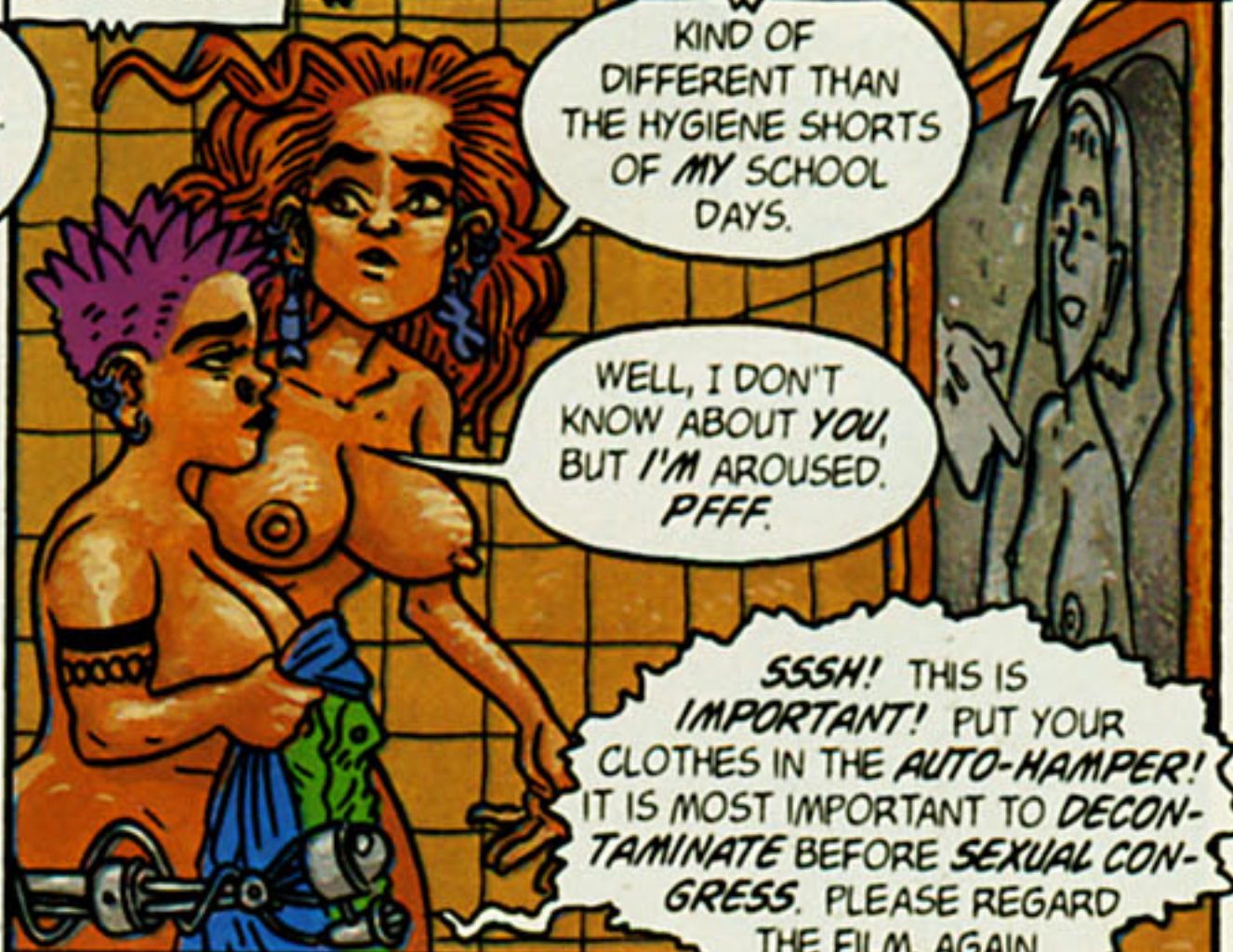
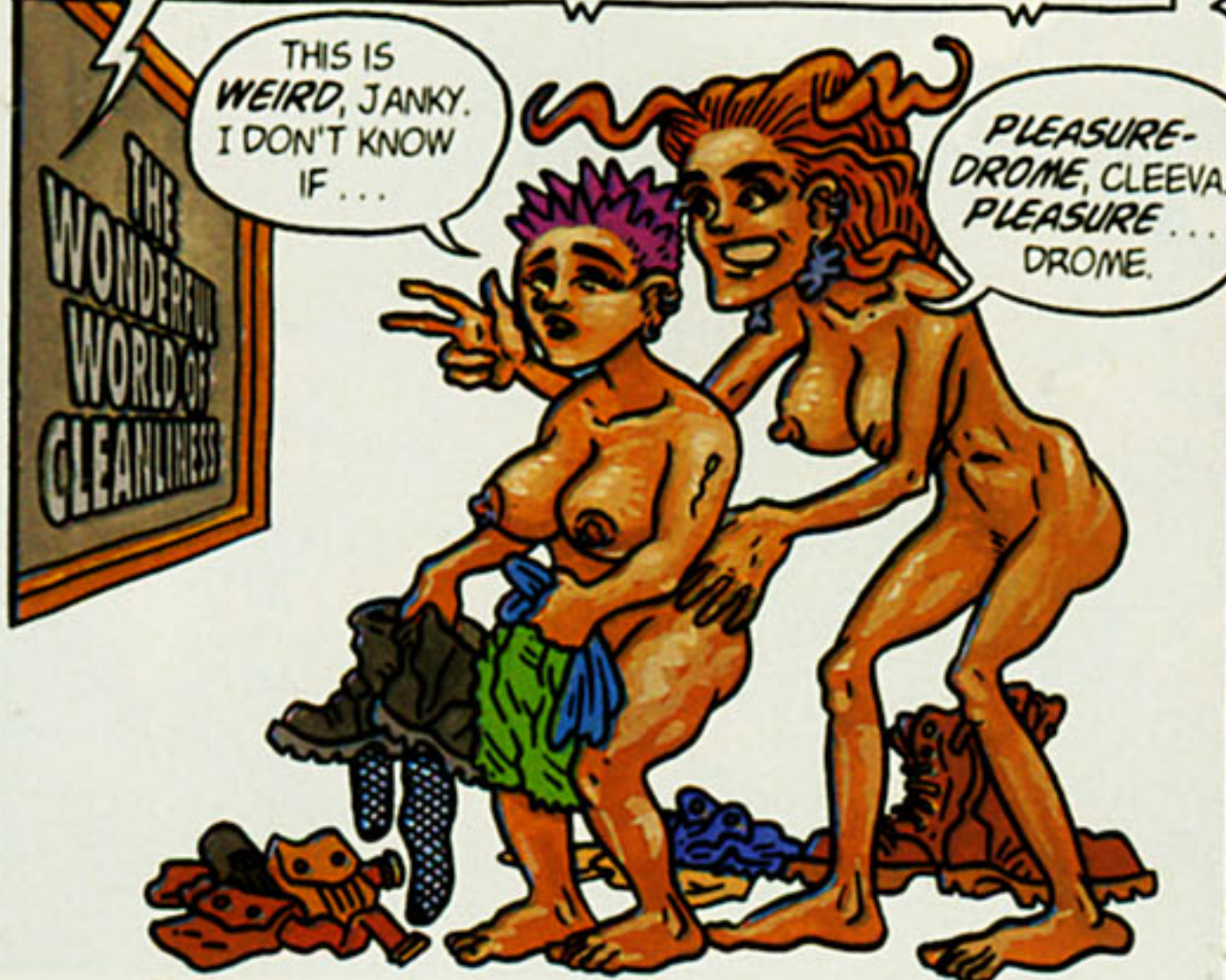
YEEP!





"In the immortal words of John Wesley, 'Cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness.' Truer words were never spoken. The body, in essence, is a den of iniquity for tiny and not so tiny deposits of filth.

"Yes, let us examine the skin, magnet to grime, grit, crud, all things foculent and foul. Ecch. Unclean, unclean. But it looks so good, so shapely. Ooooh, why must it look so good? Why can't we resist the temptations of the flesh? Because deep down, we're animals. We rose from the slime, but by God the slime didn't want to let go. Cursed, defiled flesh!

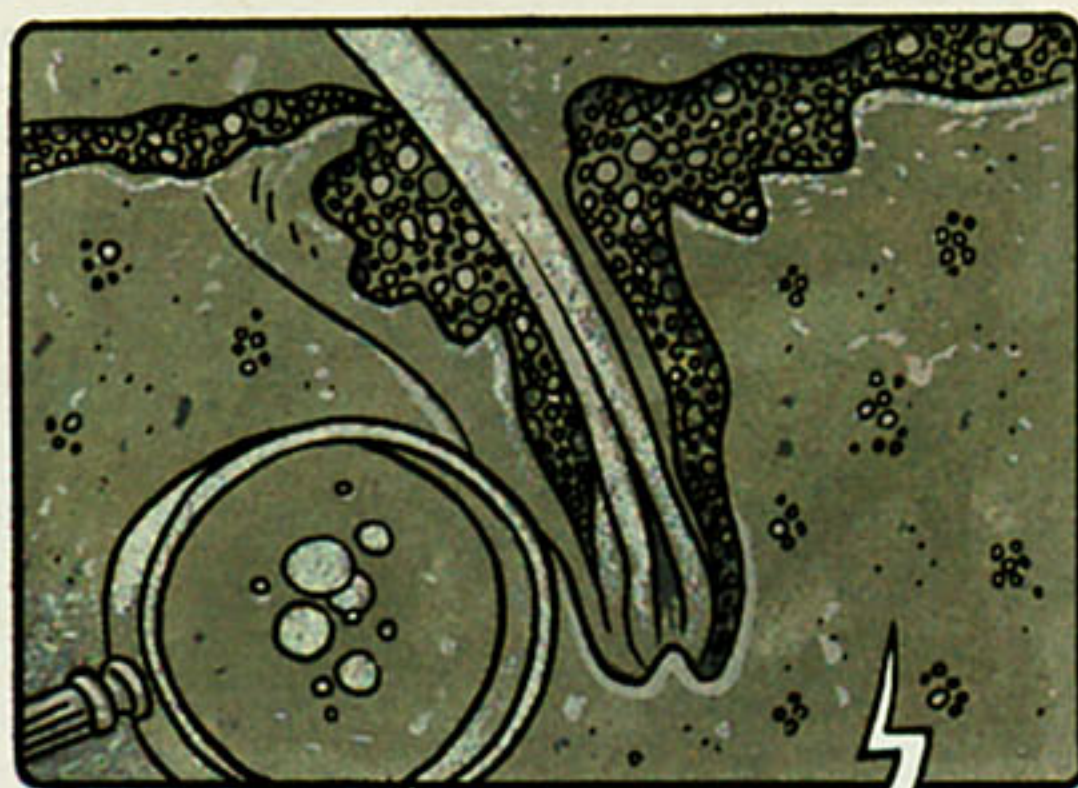


"The human body is an *inveiglement* for all little, *wee, vile, icky microorganisms*. *Noisome detritus* eagerly coheres to the *corporeal self* like so much *supermarket cling-film*. *Yecch*."

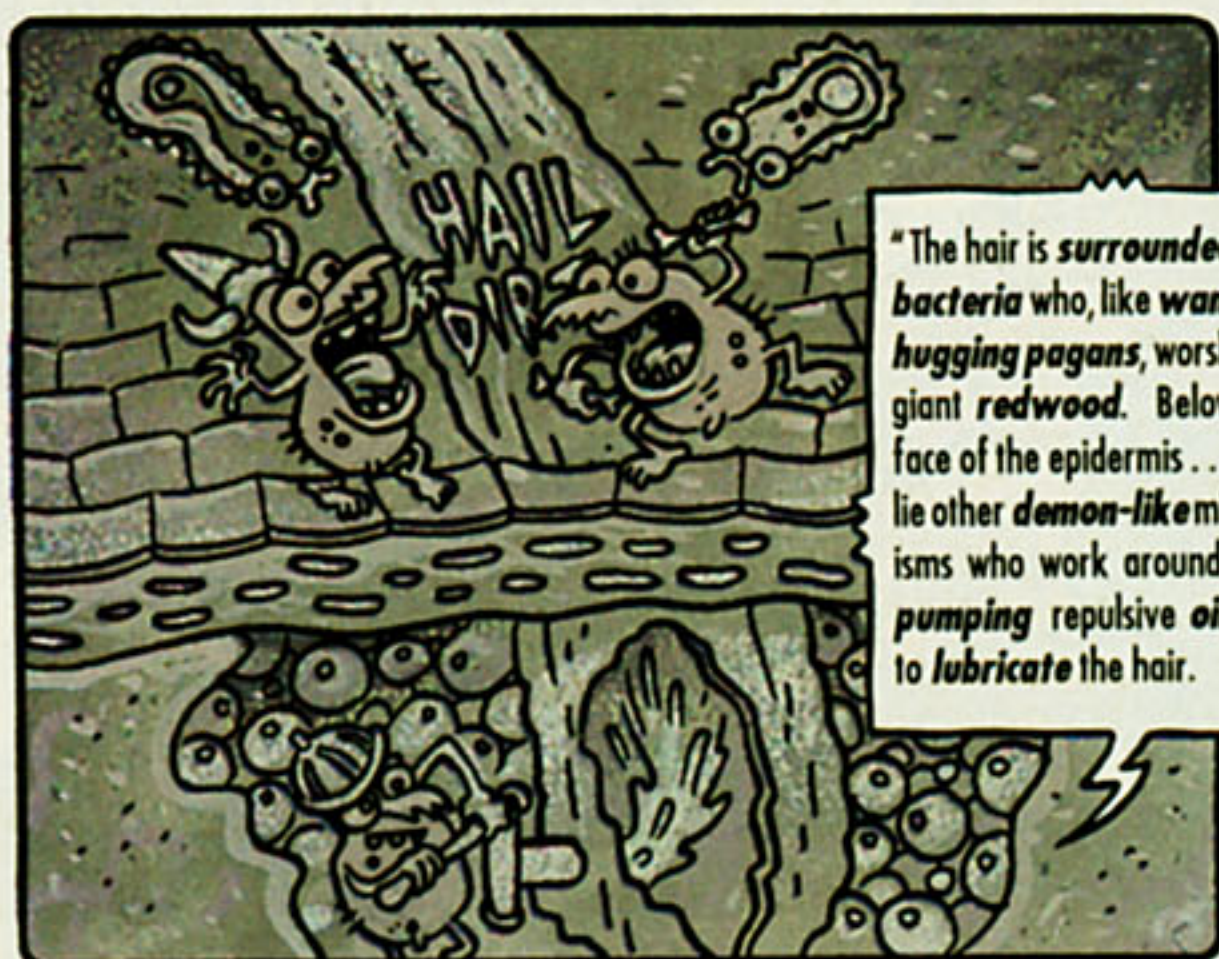
THIS IS
HOT STUFF. I'M
GETTING WET.

PLEASE REFRAIN FROM
NATURAL LUBRICATION.
SANITARY LINIMENTS
WILL BE PROVIDED TO
AID US IN OUR MOMENTS
OF LUBRICITY. PLEASE
REFRAIN FROM
TALKING DURING
THE FILM, THOUGH
I AGREE, IT IS
HOT STUFF!

YEESH.



"Examine, if you will, the common *hair follicle*. It *looks* harmless enough, *doesn't it*? But, on *closer* examination, above *and* below the epidermis, *ucch*, hold onto your follicles . . ."



"The hair is *surrounded* by *tiny bacteria* who, like *wanton tree-hugging pagans*, worship it like a giant *redwood*. Below the surface of the epidermis . . . *ecch* . . . lie other *demon-like microorganisms* who work around the clock *pumping* repulsive *oily sebum* to *lubricate* the hair."

"It is therefore incumbent on the individual to *submit* to a *complete body depilatory*. *Hairlessness* is a beautiful thing. It also facilitates easier fitting for a *full body condom*."

After all, why would one *voluntarily* submit to the unnecessary *messiness* of *ejaculation* and *mucus-laden natural body lubrications* . . . *yeccch!*"

HEY, *SEXY LADIES*,
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I THOUGHT WE HAD A
LOVE GROOVE HAPPENING
HERE.

FUCK OFF,
YOU *PERVY CLEAN
FREAK!*

WELL,
AT LEAST WE
GOT OUR CLOTHES
WASHED! *THAT'S
SOMETHING!*

WORDS & PICTURES BY
BOB FINGERMAN
COLOR BY DAVE COOPER ©1996

THE END!

ORIGINAL PLOT BY
GEORGE CARAGONNE
NEW PLOT & SCRIPT BY
KEITH GIFFEN
PENCILS BY
TOMM COKER

MISSY MUERTE

INKS BY
CHARLES YOAKUM
COLORS BY
BAD\$\$
LETTERS BY
KENNY LOPEZ

AND KNOW YE THIS, THAT
THERE BE GREATER
FALSEHOOD THAN THE
OATH FORSWORN OF
DEBT'S OBLIGATION MET,
A CHARGE PUT UPON THE
COURIER TO MAKE IT SO.
SUCH FALSEHOOD BEING
THE OATH FORSWORN OF
DISCHARGE WITHHELD
LEST THE SONG BE STILL.

The Necrophilic Verses

DOES THE CARNAL URGE
DIE WITH THE FLESH?
AND WHAT OF THOSE
WHOSE DEATHS ARE BY
MEANS MOST LIBIDINOUS,
DOES THE ACT ENDURE
OR IS IT FOREVER DENIED
THEM? TO PONDER
FURTHER...

*Some guy with way
too much time on
his hands.*



YOU'D BE SURPRISED
AT THE NUMBER OF
PEOPLE WHO LITERALLY
FUCK THEMSELVES TO
DEATH.

USED TO BE DEATH WAS DEATH,
Y'KNOW? YOU DIED AND HE WAS
WAITING FOR YOU. THE GRIM
REAPER, MY OLDER BROTHER,
TOBY... BUT DON'T CALL HIM THAT!
HE REALLY HATES IT! AS A
MATTER OF FACT, JUST FORGET
I EVER SAID THAT!

ANYWAY, THAT'S THE WAY IT USED
TO BE, UNTIL HE HAD THAT FLING
WITH THAT WAITRESS IN TULSA, AND
DIDN'T THAT END UGLY! NOW HE'S
GONE OFF ON THIS CELIBACY KICK
AND REFUSES TO PICK UP ANY OF
THE CARNAL CHECK-OUTS... GO FIGURE!

...BE MUCH
LONGER?
I REALLY
GOTTA...

YEH, YEH...
HOLD YER WATER!
SO, LIKE, SEEN'
AS HOW I'M IN
THE AREA, WHY
DON'T WE...

...KNOW OF
THIS GREAT
JOINT ON 32ND...

GEEZ, PAUL,
YOU CAUGHT ME
AT A REALLY
BAD TIME...

LET ME TELL
YOU, "THE POWERS
THAT BE" WERE
NOT AMUSED!

THEY STARTED
CARRYING ON ABOUT
OBLIGATORY PERFOR-
MANCE AND BREACH
OF CONTRACT AND, WELL,
ALL KINDS OF STUFF
LIKE THAT!

NO SLUR
YOU MUST
ANGUS
M. CLOUD

IT GOT REALLY UGLY. THAT
VISANU GUY? YOU KNOW THE
FAT GUY THAT'S ALWAYS
PLAYING WITH HIMSELF UNDER
HIS ROBES? WELL, HE STARTS
GETTING ALL RED IN THE FACE
AND TALKING IN TONGUES AND
IT WAS SO GROSS!!

UM-
HMMM...

...C'MON, NINA! WE'RE TALKIN' RANCID ENCLOSURE
LIVE! AIN'T MUCH BETTER'N THAT SHORT'A SEX!

I THINK IT WAS THAT GEEKY MORPHEUS
WHO FIRST SUGGESTED THAT MAYBE I
COULD PICK UP THE SLACK, "JUST UNTIL
THE REAPER GETS HIS HEAD ON STRAIGHT."
YEAH, LIKE THAT HAS A CHANCE OF
HAPPENING ANYTIME SOON!

"KEEP IT
IN THE
FAMILY,"
HE SAYS!

AHEM...!

...YEH...
UH-HUH...
I GUESS...
YER SURE
Y'CAN'T...
RIGHT...

SO...0000, THAT'S HOW I WOULD
UP WORKING CARNAL CHECK-OUT.
BULLET IN THE BRAIN? YOU GET
THE REAPER. PECKER IN THE
POKE? YOU GET ME.

WHAT HAVE I BEEN UP
TO LATELY? OH... JUST
FANGING AROUND
WAITING FOR THIS GUY
TO GET LAID.

PROBLEM IS, PAUL ISN'T VERY
GOOD AT GETTING LAID. AS A
MACTER OF FACT, HE'S
DOWNRIGHT ABYSMAL AT IT.

...TOO BUSY...
BULLSHIT!...
PROB'LY PLAYIN'
HIDE TH' SALAMI
WITH SOME
LOSER...

WILL YOU
GIVE IT A
REST!!

HIS NAME'S PAUL.
PAUL... SOMETHING.
ANYWAY, OL' PAUL'S
TIME IS ALMOST UP.
HE'S SCHEDULED FOR
A MAMMOCH
EMBOLISM DEAD BANG
IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS
NEXT SLAP AND
TICKLE SESSION.

I'M TEMPTED TO
SAY THAT WHEN
HE COMES HE
GOES, BUT I
DON'T THINK HE'LL
GET THAT FAR.

YOU SEE, PAUL'S PRETTY
MUCH A LOSER. NOT AS
BIG A LOSER AS THAT
GUY WITH THE VALEN-
TINE BOXERS...

... BUT A LOSER
NONECELESS.

NINA, THE GIRL HE'S CURRENTLY
TRYING TO NAIL? SHE'S A LESBIAN.
HE CAN'T TELL. LOSER.

PRONE SEX?
HE GOT HIS
DICK CAUGHT
IN HIS ZIPPER.
LOSER.

THE LAST FEMALE
OF ANY KIND TO SHOW
ANY KIND OF INTEREST
IN HIM WAS... WELL...

LOSER.

THE LAST WOMAN HE TRIED TO PICK
UP DOWN AT THAT SHITTY LITTLE CLUB
HE WORKS AT? NINA'S LOVER. LOSER.

LOOOO-SER!!

HORDES OF
KILLER PENGUINS
THAT DIE FAR
TO QUICKLY

HE EVEN GOT HIS ASS
KICKED BY THAT OLD
GUY ON PAGE TWO.

IT'S GOTTEN TO THE POINT
WHERE I'M THINKING MAYBE
I SHOULD MANIFEST
PHYSICALLY AND PUT THE
POOR SOD OUT OF HIS
MISERY. STRICTLY AGAINST
THE RULES, DON'CHA KNOW,
BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW
MUCH MORE OF THIS I
CAN TAKE.

NOT THAT I CAN BLAME
HIM. FELL, IF I WAS
LIVING HIS LIFE, I'D HAVE
AID THE OL' HOT CUB WITH
A RAZOR A LOOOONG
TIME AGO. DON'T GET ME
WRONG, I'VE GOT NOTHING
AGAINST HAVING A RICH
FANTASY LIFE, BUT LET'S
FACE IT...

... THINKING AIN'T DOING!
UNLESS YOU'RE DOING
IT TO YOURSELF, THAT
IS. NOT THAT PAUL EVER
DOES. EVER. CAN YOU
BELIEVE THIS GUY?

I THINK A MAJOR PART OF
PAUL'S PROBLEM INVOLVES
REALITY, AND THE DISRACTING
EFFECT IT HAS ON HIM. MOST
NIGHTS, AND IT LOOKS LIKE
TONIGHT IS NO EXCEPTION, HE
CAN BE FOUND PUDDING IN HIS
TIME AT THAT SORRY EXCUSE
FOR A "HAPPENING PLACE," HALF
WHACKED ON JELLO SHOOTERS,
COMPLETELY IMMERSSED IN HIS
OWN LITTLE FANTASYLAND.

YO... PAULIE-O! Y'WANNA
TOUCH DOWN FER A FEW?
Y'GOT HALF TH' JOINT
SENDIN' SEMAPHORES
YER WAY!

M'ON
BREAK...

ON
MARS YOU
MEAN.

SHIT, MAN!
Y'WATCH
STOPPED!

BIG SURPRISE THERE!



NO BIG DEAL...

YEAH? TELL
THAT T'TH'
PEOPLE YOU'VE
HAD ON HOLD
FER TH' LAST
HOUR!

K-CHAK



GONNA GET'CHER
ASS FIRED Y' DONT...
hrr-RALF-FF!!

OHAA YEAH!
IS THIS
PLACE TOO
HIP FOR
WORDS OR
WABT?



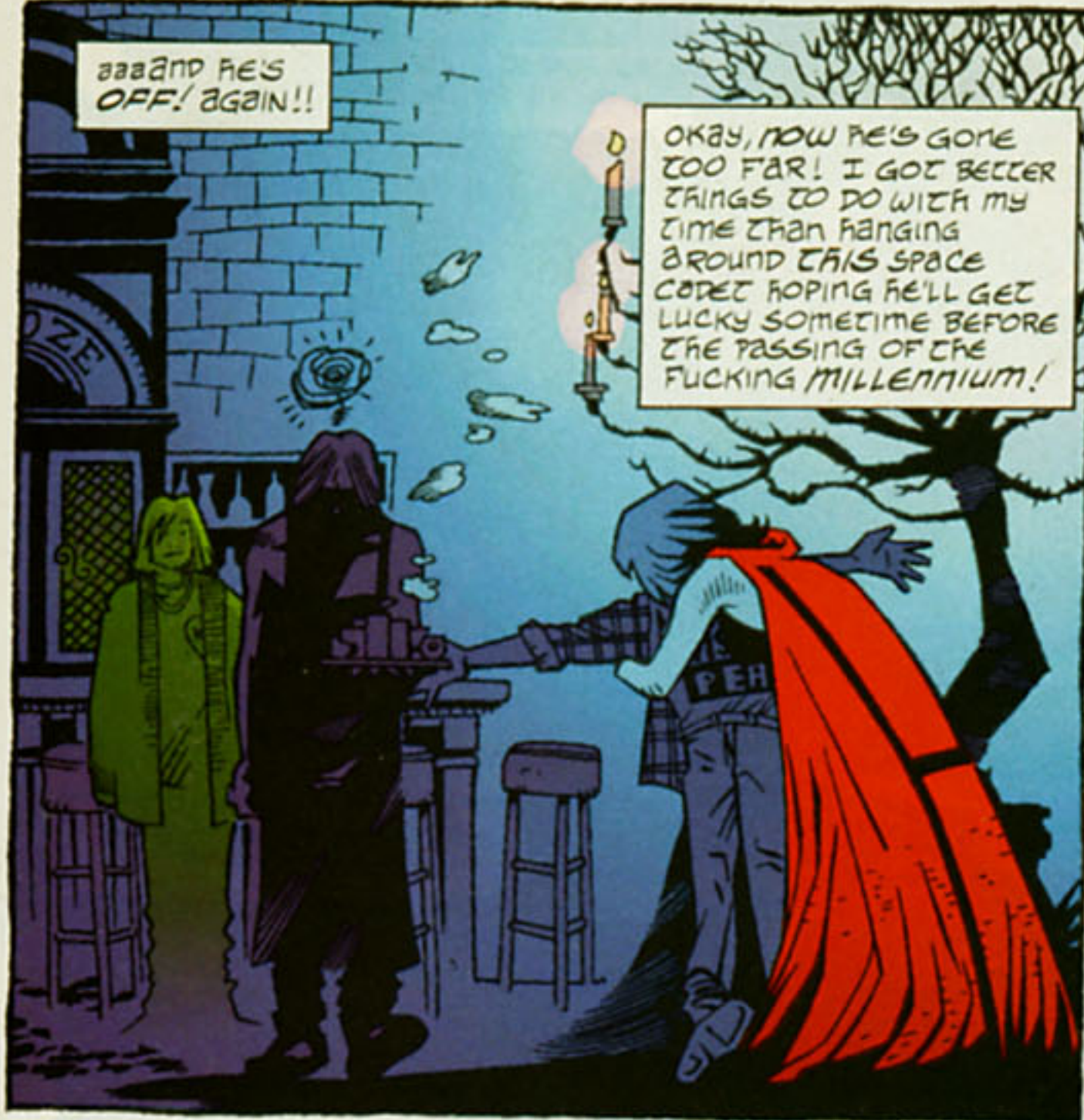
AND HE'S STILL AT IT!



SOME ASSHOLE COMES
WITHIN INCHES OF CHUCKING
MOUNDS ALL OVER HIM AND
HE'S STILL GOT ONE FOOT
PLANTED IN LA-LA LAND!
WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO
SNAP THIS GUY OUT OF IT!!

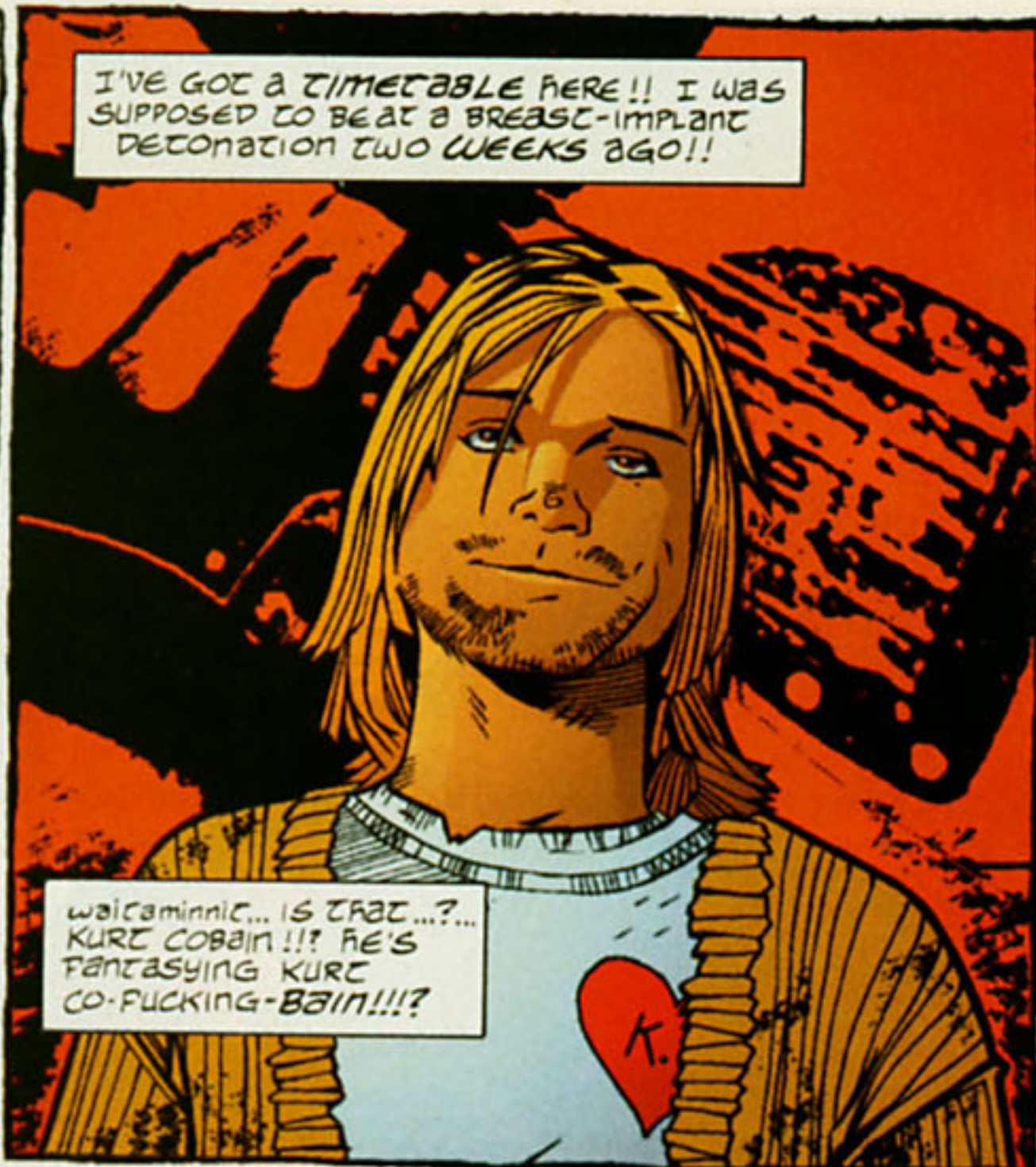
SUALI
HIRE
EAS

BWW... WOULD YOU
LOOK AT THIS!?!
YO! JERK-OFF!
REALITY CHECK!!



aaaand he's OFF! AGAIN!!

OKAY, NOW HE'S GONE TOO FAR! I GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH MY TIME THAN HANGING AROUND THIS SPACE CODET HOPING HE'LL GET LUCKY SOMETIME BEFORE THE PASSING OF THE FUCKING MILLENNIUM!



I'VE GOT A TIMETABLE HERE!! I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AT A BREAST-IMPLANT DETONATION TWO WEEKS AGO!!

waitaminic... IS THAT...? KURT COBAIN!!! HE'S FANTASIZING KURT CO-FUCKING-BAIN!!!!?



DID HE JUST CALL ME HERICANE?

DID HE?

HE'S GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME! THIS CALLS FOR DESPERATE MEASURES!



REGULATIONS BE DAMNED! I'M GOING IN!

HOW...INTRIGUING. BUT THEN, THE DAMAGED ONES SO OFTEN ARE.

I WANT HIM!



I'LL SCREW HIM OFF OF THE FACE OF THE EARTH MYSELF... WHAT DID SHE JUST SAY?

♪ GONNA PULL THE PLUG, Y'WANNA PLAY IT REAL BIZARRE? Y'GOTTA SUPERGLUE YER LIPS TO THE TAILPIPE OF YER CAR...!!



♪...SUPERGLUE YOUR LIPS
TO THE TAILPIPE OF YER CAR!
HEY! SUPERGLUE YER LIPS...

YE-ESSS...
THERE IS THAT
PATHETIC AIR
ABOUT HIM...

OH, HE'S PATHETIC ALRIGHT! TAKE MY
WORD FOR IT, THEY DON'T COME ANY
MORE PATHETIC THAN...



SHIT... LIKE
A PRIMO
PIECE OF
ASS LIKE
HERICANE
WOULD EVEN
KNOW I
EXISTED...

...EVER'BODY
KNOWS SHE'S GOT
THE SCREAMING
THIGH SWEATS FOR
THAT ADVENTURE
GUY...

...HIGH-TONED
BITCH! LIKE SHE'S
TOO GOOD FOR
THE LIKE'S OF...

YOU! WAITER! WHAT TIME
DO YOU GET OFF?

R-PAUL? YOU
TALKIN' TO
PAUL?



UP YERS,
BITCH! I
DON'T NEED
YER FUCKIN'
CHARITY!!

WHAT!!?



ahh... ah... ah ah... he,
um... THIS IS PROBABLY
GOING TO SOUND KIND
OF STRANGE... BUT HE
WASN'T TALKING TO...
THAT IS, HE, ERR... HE'S
BEEN UNDER A LOT
OF STRESS LATELY,
AND...

YOU
WILL STILL
FUCK HIM...
PLEASE?

nnnnnn-NO. HE IS YOURS
IF YOU WANT HIM. I PREFER
A MORE... MALLEABLE
SPECIMEN.

YOU'VE GOT
TANTRIC SEX-
MAGIC RITUALS
GOING ON IN THE
LADIES ROOM...

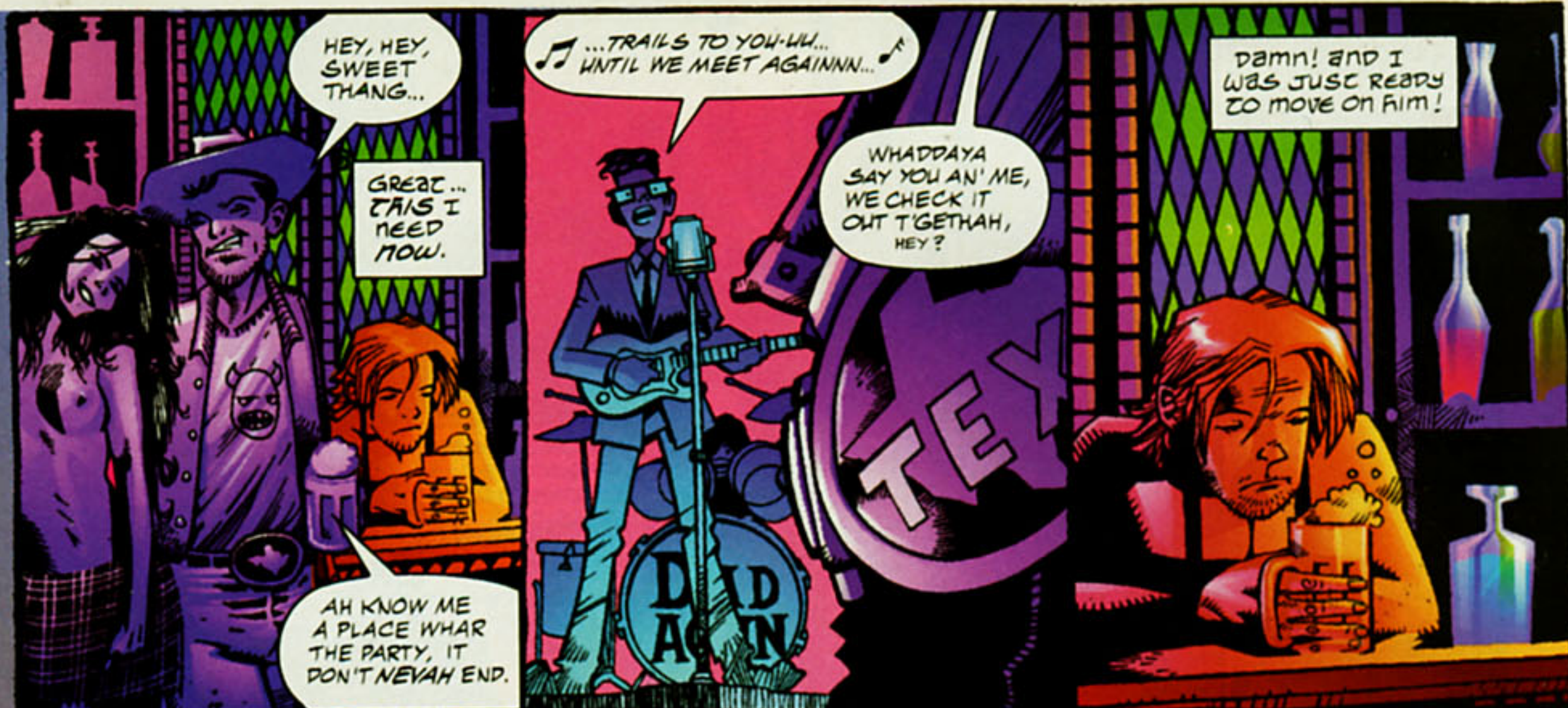
...COME AS YOU
ARE" GROUP-GROPE
IN THE FOYER...

...RECREATIONAL
APHRODISIAC
ENCOUNTER
SESSIONS IN
THE BACK
ROOM...

CAN YOU BELIEVE
THIS!!! THIS
GUY COULDN'T
GET LAID AT A
NYMPHO CONVEN-
TION, SPORTING
A TWO-FOOT
DICK!! HOW CAN
ANYBODY NOT GET
LAID IN THIS
JOINT!!!?

...SEXUAL-ENDURANCE
TIME TRIALS IN THE
MEN'S ROOM...

...NOT TO MENTION
THAT PIMP MAKING
THE ROUNDS WITH
THAT HOOKER
DRESSED UP LIKE
MISS ADVENTURE
OFFERING FREE
SAMPLES, AS A
SPECIAL INTRO-
DUCTORY OFFER,
TO ALL TAKERS!!!



HEY, HEY,
SWEET
THANG...

GREAT...
THIS I
NEED
NOW.

...TRAILS TO YOU-WH...
UNTIL WE MEET AGAINNN...

WHADDAYA
SAY YOU AN' ME,
WE CHECK IT
OUT T'GETHAH,
HEY?

Damn! and I
was JUST READY
TO MOVE ON HIM!

AH KNOW ME
A PLACE WHAR
THE PARTY, IT
DON'T NEVAH END.

NOT THAT HE'D NOTICE.
MAYBE IF I STRADDLED HIM
AND RUBBED MY MUFF IN HIS
FACE HE'D GET THE MESSAGE.

HANG IN THERE, PAUL
M'AM. I'LL BE WITH
YOU AS SOON AS I
DITCH THIS CLOWN.

LEAD
ON, TEX.

EXIT



GED' FUCK HOME, BOY.
'N YOU BES' MAKE SURE 'N
HAUL YER SHAGGY ASS IN
'ERE ON TIME T'MORRA!



Y' GODDAT, BOY?
NO MORE 'SCUSES.
ON TIME'R DON' COME
IN AT ALL!

YEAH,
YEAH... I
'GODDIT."



SIGH... THIS IS TAKING WAY TOO LONG...



MOST TIMES, THE SHOCK OF SEEING ME IN MY TRUE FORM IS ENOUGH TO DROP THEM WHERE THEY STAND.

WHOO!
WHOO!
HA HAHAHAHA...



ALL IT DID TO "DEX" HERE IS UNHINGE HIM. WILL YOU FALL ALREADY!!



HALL OF HEROES

WHERE THE HELL IS HE GOING?
HALL OF HEROES?



FIGURES. HE'LL PROBABLY WIND UP VEGGING OUT IN FRONT OF THE AMERICAN DISPLAY.



WHOO!
WHOO!
OOF!

FINALLY!



YO!
YOU! YOU
IN THE JACKET!



DID YOU SEE THAT GUY? FOLLY SHIT!! WHAT A FUCKIN' READ CASE! TALK ABOUT DODGING THE BULLET! WHEN I THINK NOW I ALMOST LET HIM TAKE ME...



...HEY, man...you okay?



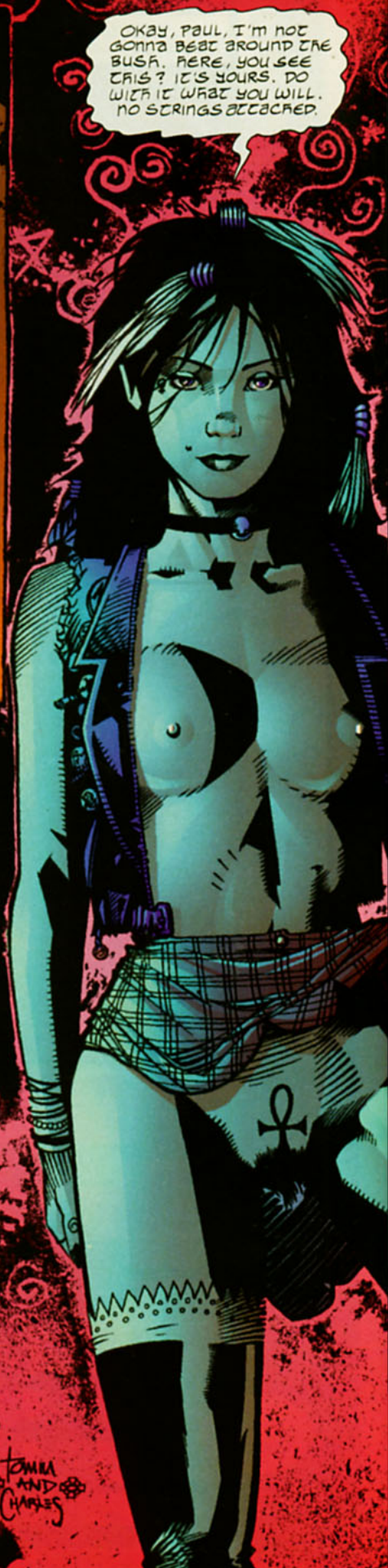
I'm okay.

YEAH? YOU DON'T SOUND OKAY. ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP? OH... I'M MISSY.

M PAUL

PAUL, eh? THEN NOW COME YOUR JACKET SAYS "JOEY"?

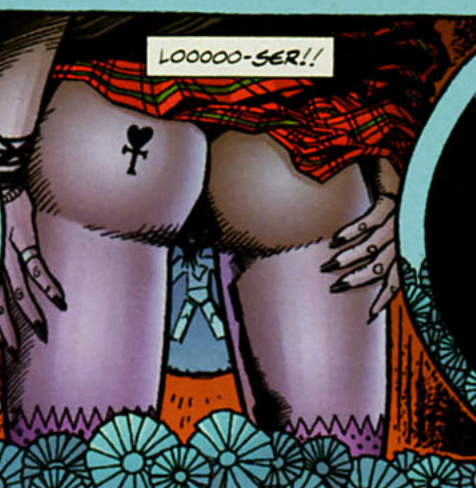
'S NOT MY JACKET... 'S JOEY'S



OKAY, PAUL, I'M NOT GONNA BEAT AROUND THE BUSH. HERE, YOU SEE THIS? IT'S YOURS. DO WITH IT WHAT YOU WILL. NO STRINGS ATTACHED.



'S NICE...



LOOOOOO-SER!!



WHAT!? SAVING YOURSELF FOR THE GIRL OF YOUR DREAMS? AFRICANE, PERHAPS? OR IS IT YOUR LESBO "GIRLFRIEND"?



YOU FOLLOWING ME HERE, PAUL? FREE 'N' CLEAR, ALL YOURS. WADDAYA SAY?

LEMME SEE YOU STRAIGHT ON THIS, 'KAY? IT AIN'T GONNA HAPPEN! NOT NOW, NOT EVER, NO FUCKING WAY! YOU STILL WITH ME, ACE?

HEY! OVER HERE! I'M TALKIN' TO YOU!!

YOU GOTTA GET OUT OF YOUR HEAD AND INTO THE REAL WORLD!!



YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA GET AS MUCH AS A SUCK JOB FROM AFRICANE, EXCEPT IN YOUR HEAD!



BUT LOOK, PAUL! AH! AH! I'M WAITING HERE IN THE REAL WORLD!!



AM I MAKING YOU UNCOMFORTABLE HERE, PAUL? GOOD!! SO WHAT KIND OF CEREBRAL SCENARIO HAVE YOU COBBLED UP FOR ME!?

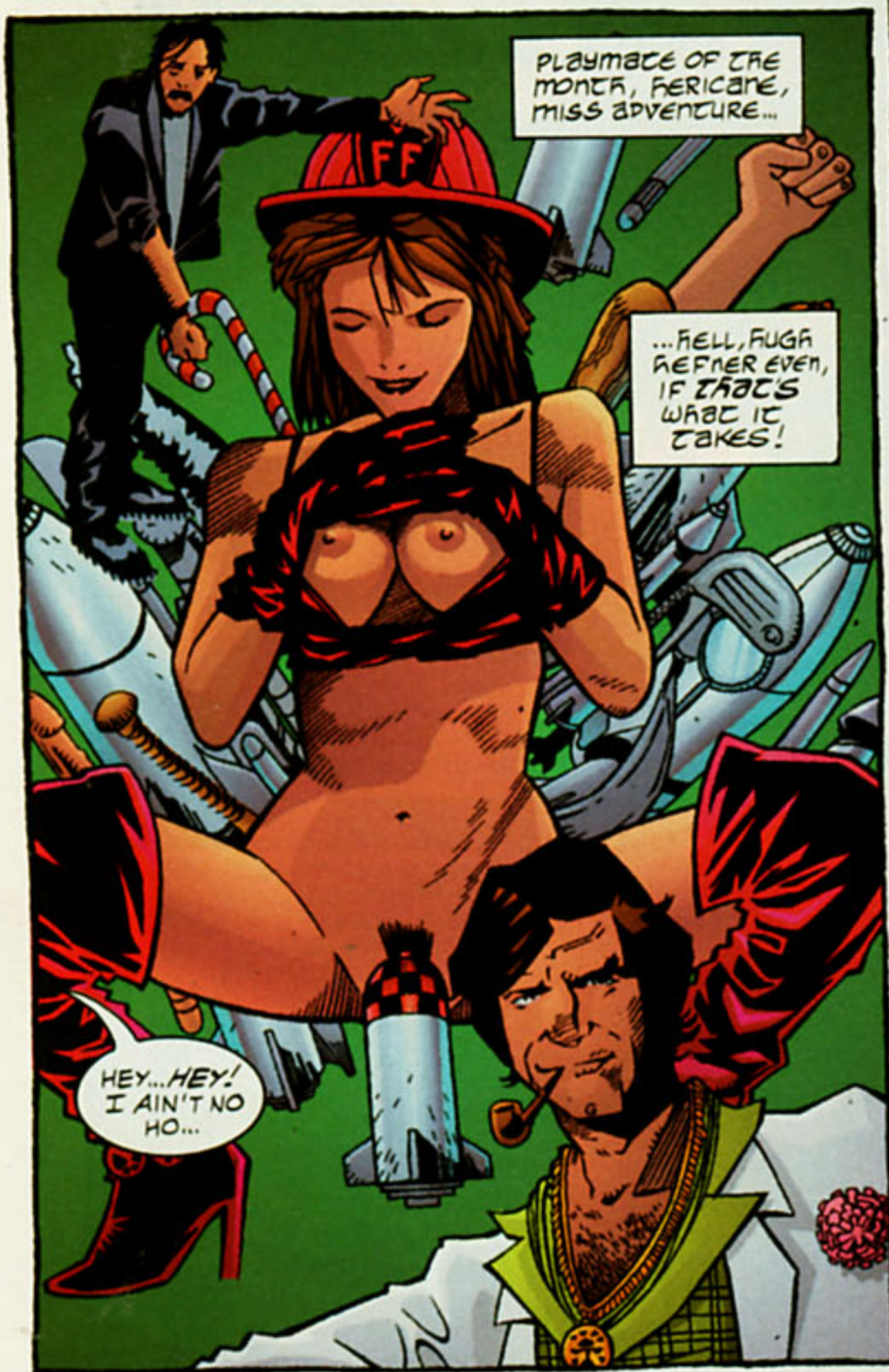
AND AS FOR YOUR 'OH SO PRECIOUS' NINA... SHE'S A LESBIAN!! DEAL WITH IT!! 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO AMOUNT OF KINKY FANTASY SESSIONS GONNA CHANGE THAT!

DON'T YOU GO GLAZING OVER ON ME! GET BACK HERE!!!



COME ON, CUC ME A BREAK.

TELL YOU WHAT, YOU FUCK ME AND I'LL PRETEND TO BE WHOEVER YOU WANT.



PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH, FERICANE, MISS ADVENTURE...

...HELL, FUGH REFFER EVEN, IF TABS WHAT IT TAKES!

HEY...HEY! I AIN'T NO HO...



WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE!!!



WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!!!?

YOUR JOB! OR THE PART OF IT I'M STUCK WITH!

AND THIS... THIS IS HOW YOU DO IT!! YOUR JOB IS TO REAP THOSE WHOSE TIME HAS COME!! FACILITATING THE DEATH PROCESS IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN UNDER SECTION 12, PARAGRAPH 13, OF THE REVISED NON-INTERVENTION STRICTURE!!



HE WAS
TAKING FOR-
FUCKING
EVER!

OH PUR-
LEEZE!!

NO... I
DON'T
THINK
SO.

THEN YOU
WAIT!

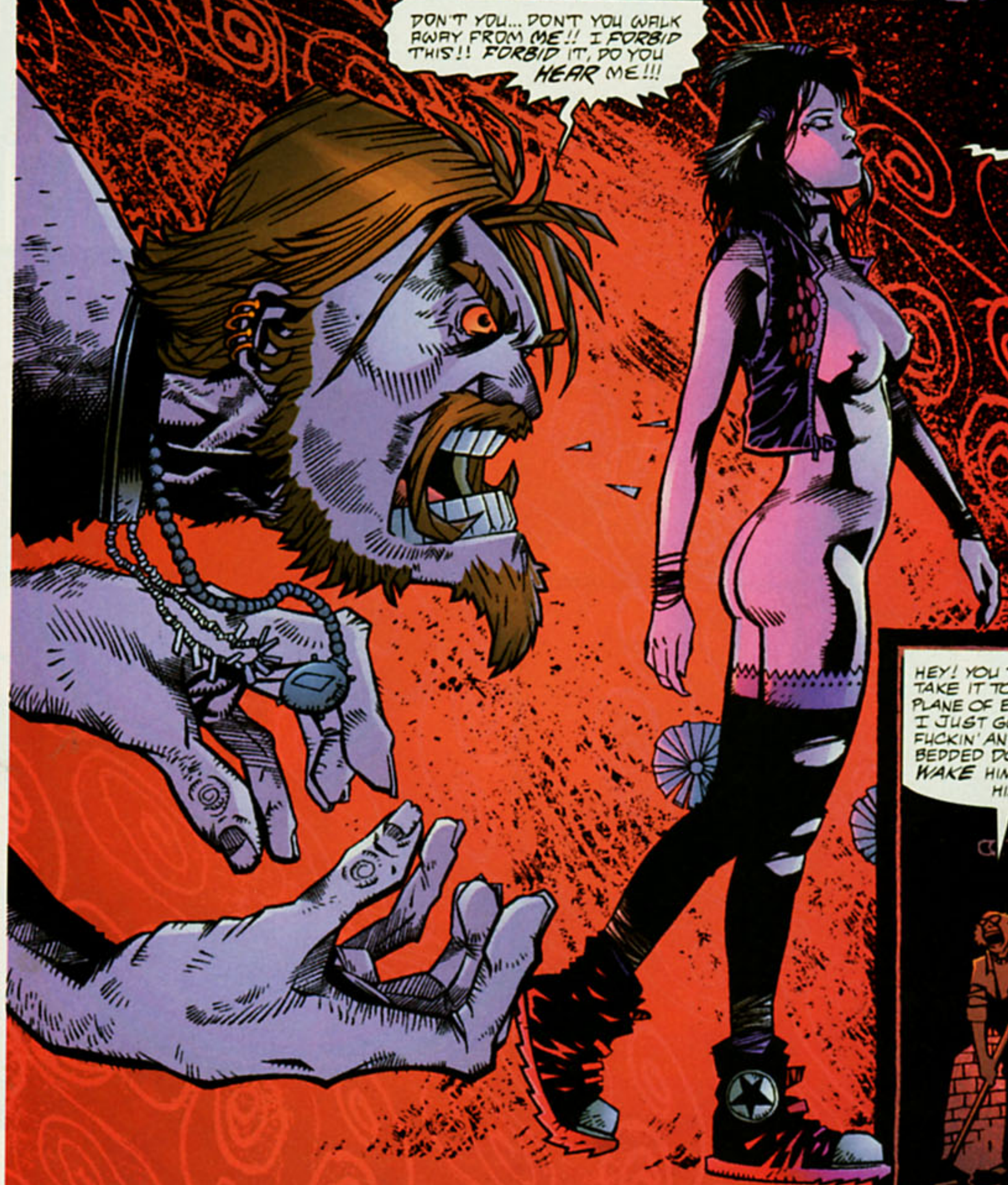
I DON'T RECALL
GIVING YOU A CHOICE!!

^GUESS
WHERE I'M
GOING...^

SNAP!

DON'T YOU... DON'T YOU WALK
AWAY FROM ME!! I FORBID
THIS!! FORBID IT, DO YOU
HEAR ME!!!

hmp... NO
WONDER THAT
WAITRESS BLEW
YOU OFF!



HEY! YOU TWO WANNA
TAKE IT TO ANOTHER
PLANE OF EXISTENCE!!?
I JUST GOT THAT
FUCKIN' ANTICHRIST KID
BEDDED DOWN!! YOU
WAKE HIM, YOU TAKE
HIM!



SO BE IT, THEN!
THE CONSEQUENCES
BE ON YOUR HEAD!!

CALL,
COBY,
CALL.

AND
DON'T
CALL
ME...!!!

EEP!

SORRY ABOUT THAT. I KNOW
HOW DISCONCERTING THOSE
TEMPORAL STASIS ZONES
CAN BE.

I TOOK THE LIBERTY
OF SHIFTING US TO A
MORE APPROPRIATE
VENUE. I HOPE YOU
DON'T MIND.

UMMM...
SURE. I
GUESS...

JUST THINK
AMERICAN.
LEAVE THE
REST TO ME.

I'LL BE DAMNED.
HE MADE IT.

SAY
GOOD-
NIGHT,
PAULIE...



SO... I'M
LIKE...
DEAD?

THAT
YOU ARE.

AND
YOU'RE...
DEATH?

THAT
I AM.

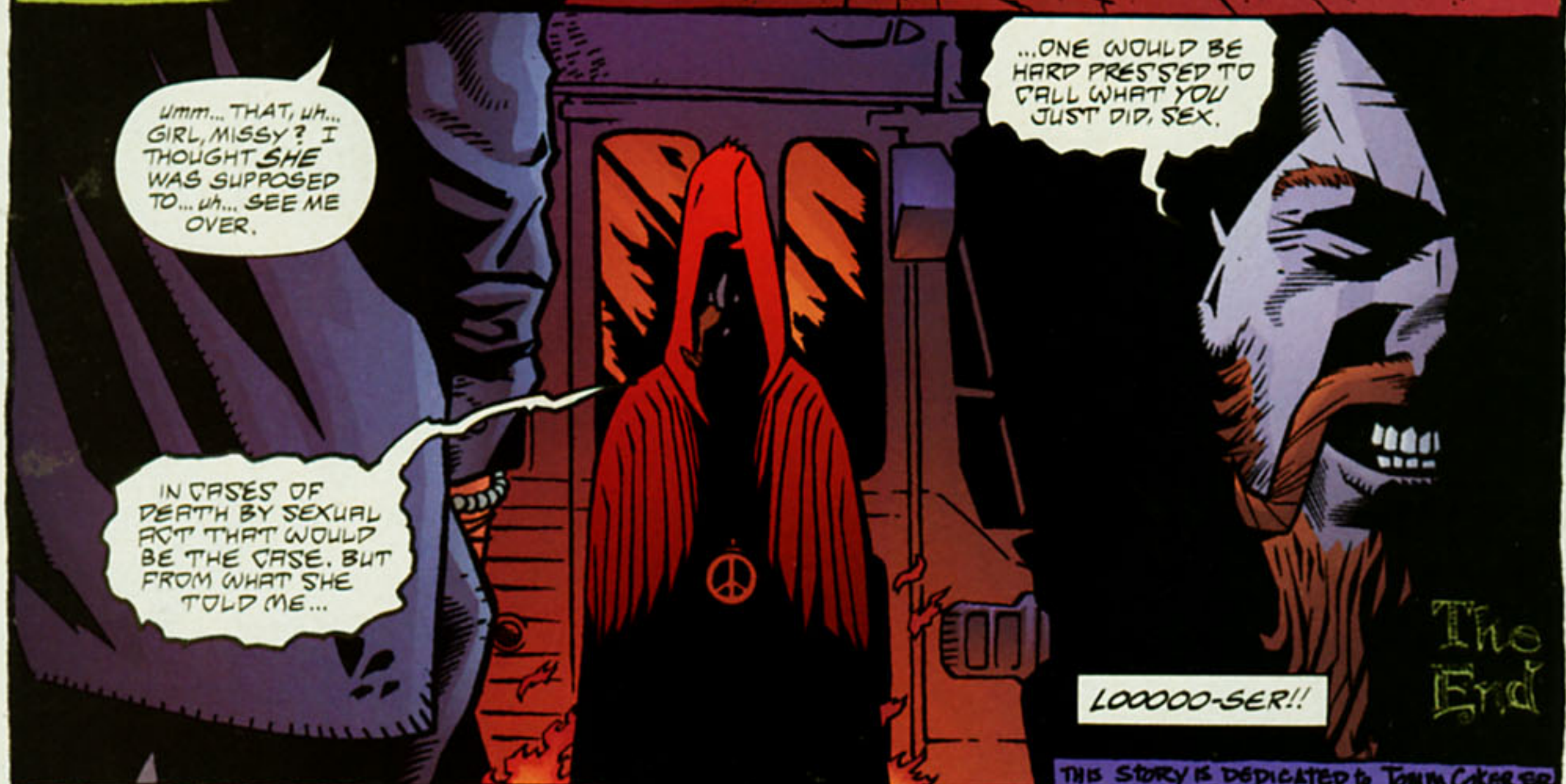


AH! HERE'S
CHARON NOW.
WE'LL SOON
HAVE YOU ON
YOUR WAY.



A BUS? I
THOUGHT HE,
LIKE, POLED
SOME KIND
OF A... SKIFF
OR SOMETHING.

THESE ARE
THE NINETIES,
BOY! GET
WITH IT!



Umm... THAT, uh...
GIRL, MISSY? I
THOUGHT SHE
WAS SUPPOSED
TO... uh... SEE ME
OVER.

IN CASES OF
DEATH BY SEXUAL
ACT THAT WOULD
BE THE CASE, BUT
FROM WHAT SHE
TOLD ME...

...ONE WOULD BE
HARD PRESSED TO
CALL WHAT YOU
JUST DID, SEX.

LOOOOO-SER!!

The
End

THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO TOMMY COCKER



MISSY MUERTE
by Fred Harper

DOC DARE



EPISODE 1: DARE IN THE PHILLIPINES

Dr. Joanna Dare, beautiful research chemist invented an elixir intended to confer tremendous strength on the taker. Unfortunately, Agent D, Nazi spy, attempted to force the formula from Joanna and in doing so, set fire to the lab. Since Joanna was tied to a chair and had the only batch of the elixir within gulping distance and being a very bright scientist, she did the only thing possible to save her life. She drank the formula!

When she recovered, she found that upon having an orgasm, she would become practically invulnerable, stronger and enlarged — in all the right places. She was recruited by the President and First Lady to become a special agent going on missions that no one else could. She survived many amazing, hair-raising adventures on land, sea, air and in space — and got laid a lot, too!

A few years have passed since then and we rejoin Joanna at a point in her life that is still filled with adventure, but also emotional upheaval...

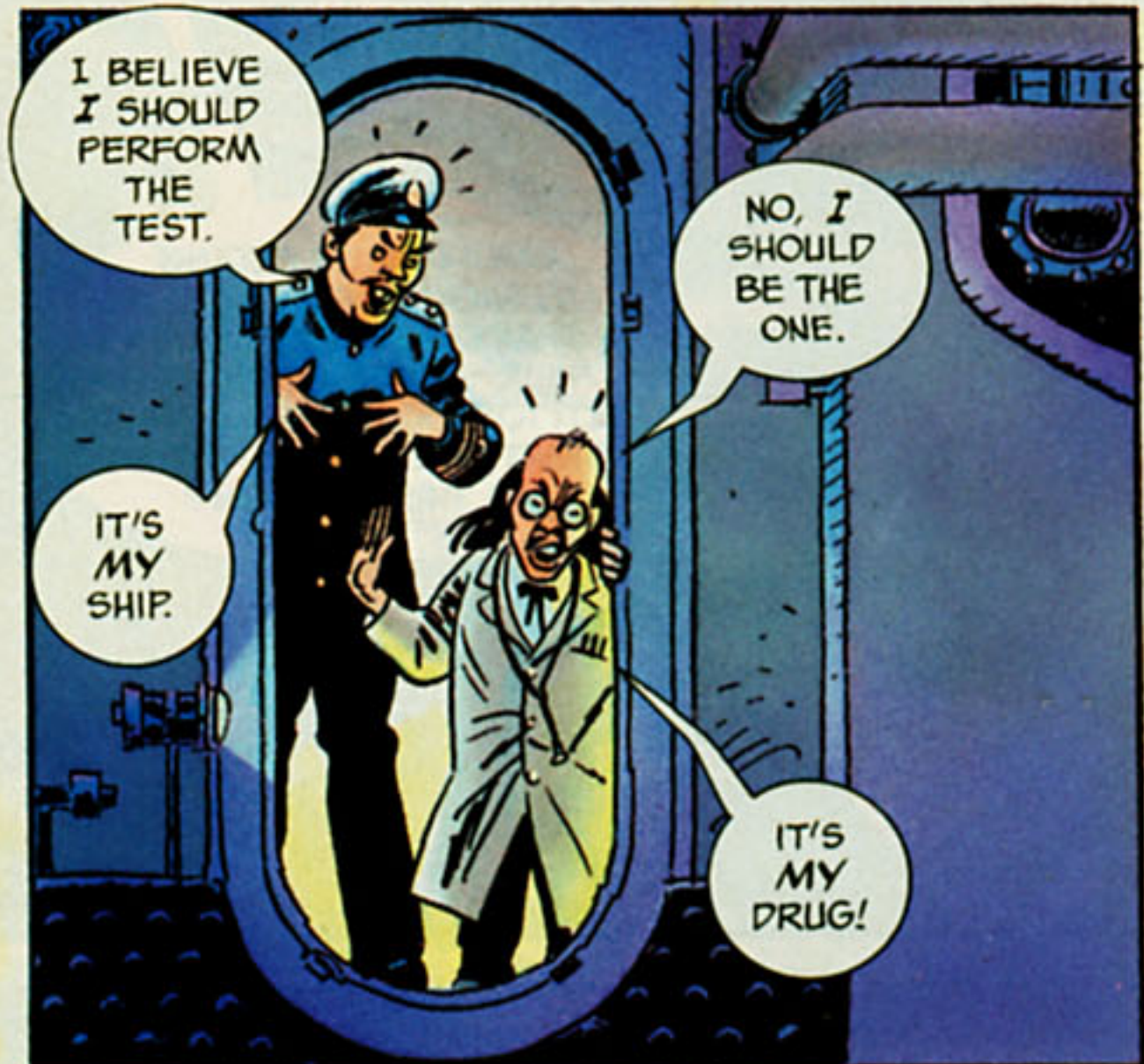
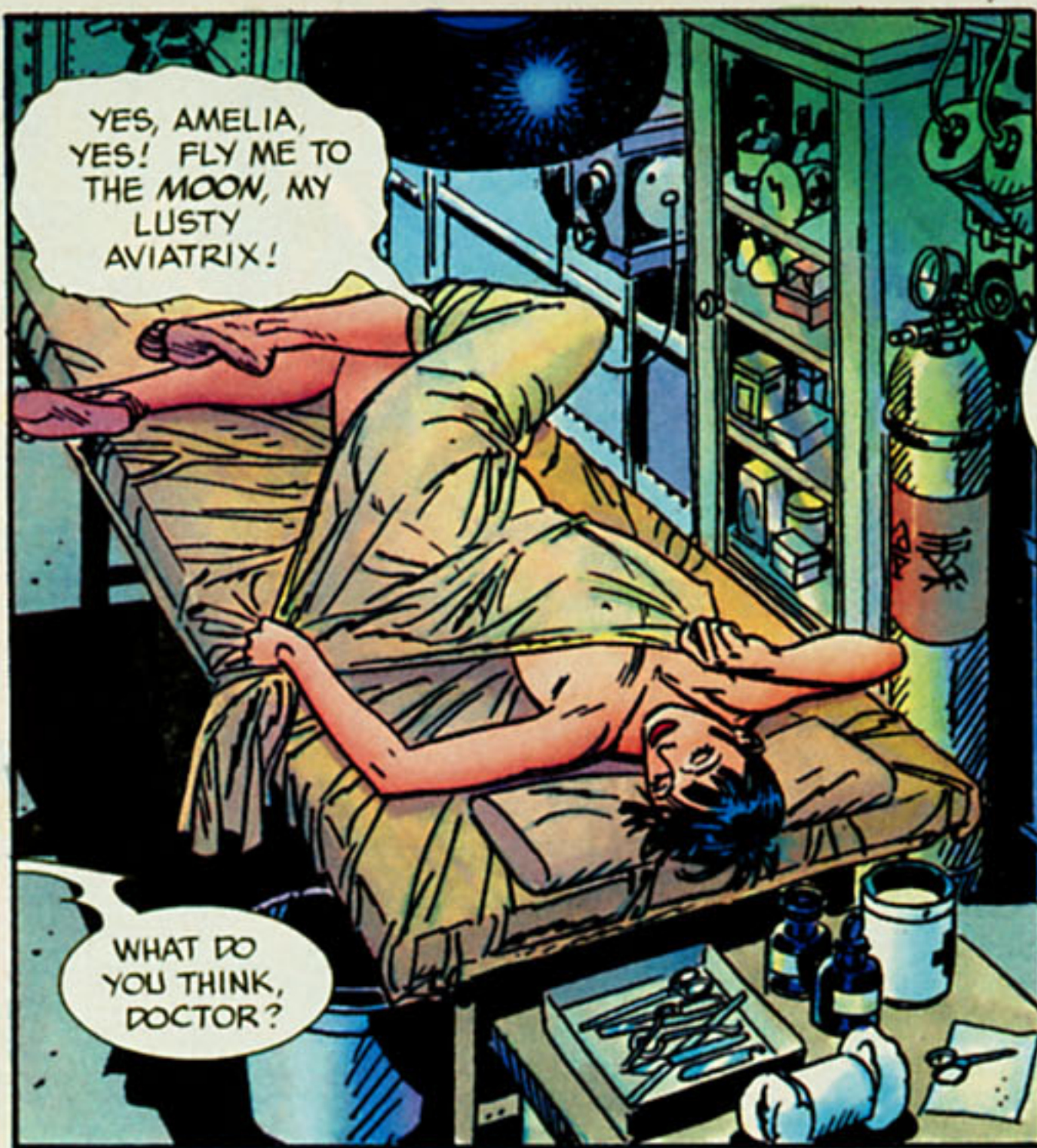
**STORY BY JAN STRNAD
ART BY ALFONSO FONT
COLOR BY SUYDAM
LETTERS BY GAIL BECKETT**

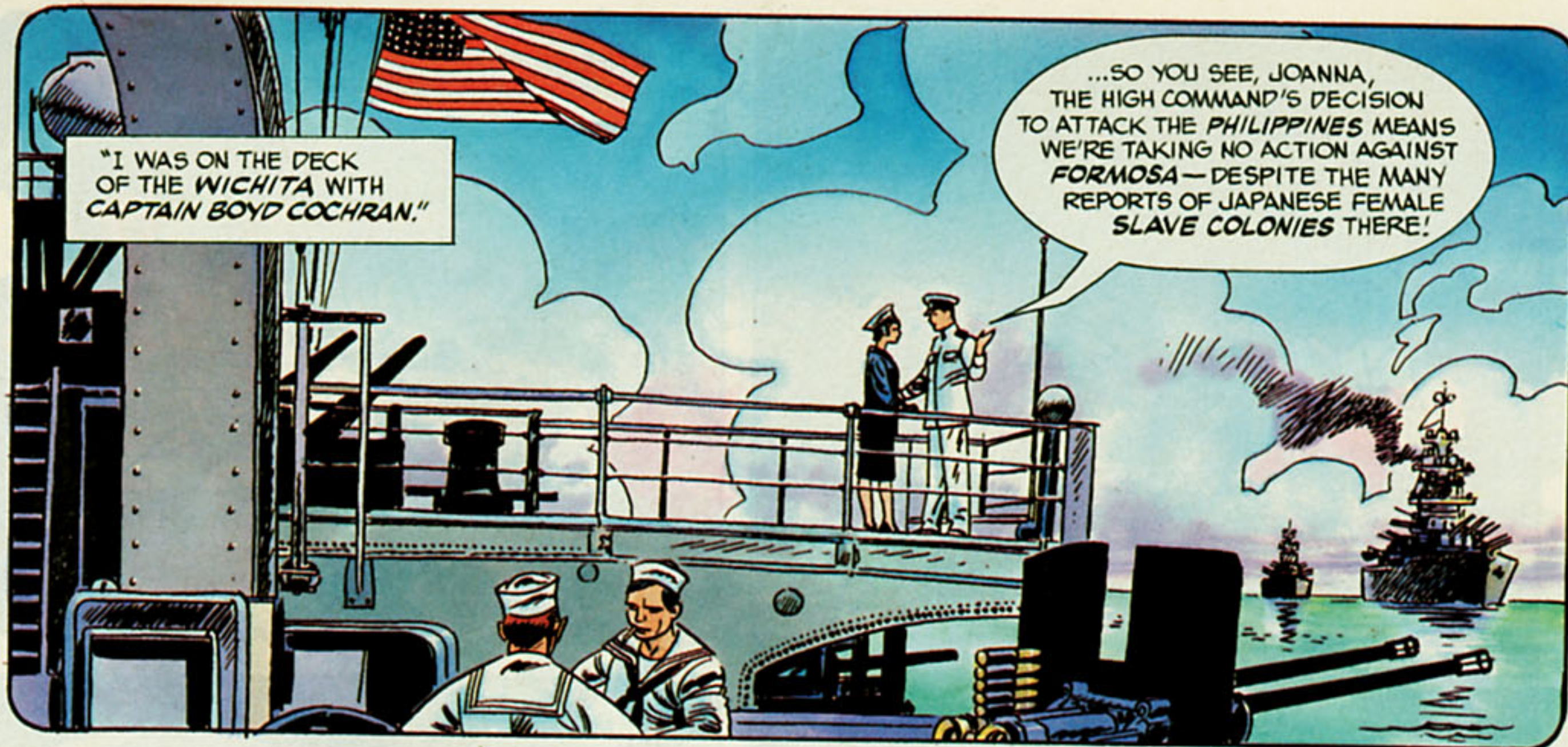
SPRING, 1945.
AN AMERICAN DESTROYER
HEADS FOR THE DEPTHS OF
THE EAST CHINA SEA.

WOUNDED, BLEEDING
AMERICANS, *FLOUNDERING*
IN SHARK-INFESTED WATERS...
THEIR SHIP POINTED TO THE
BOTTOM OF THE SEA! WHAT
SIGHT COULD BE SO SWEET
AS THIS, CAPTAIN?

ONLY ONE,
LIEUTENANT—
THE SIGHT I AM
BEHOLDING
NOW!

"INFORM DR. MAMASAKI THAT HE
WILL SOON HAVE A NEW SUBJECT
FOR HIS EXPERIMENTS!"





"I WAS ON THE DECK OF THE *WICHITA* WITH CAPTAIN BOYD COCHRAN."

...SO YOU SEE, JOANNA, THE HIGH COMMAND'S DECISION TO ATTACK THE *PHILIPPINES* MEANS WE'RE TAKING NO ACTION AGAINST *FORMOSA*—DESPITE THE MANY REPORTS OF JAPANESE FEMALE SLAVE COLONIES THERE!



THAT MAKES THIS TRIP VERY DANGEROUS FOR YOU...AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, ALONE ON THE HIGH SEAS...

ALONE WITH ONLY YOU AND A FEW THOUSAND SEAMEN TO PROTECT ME!



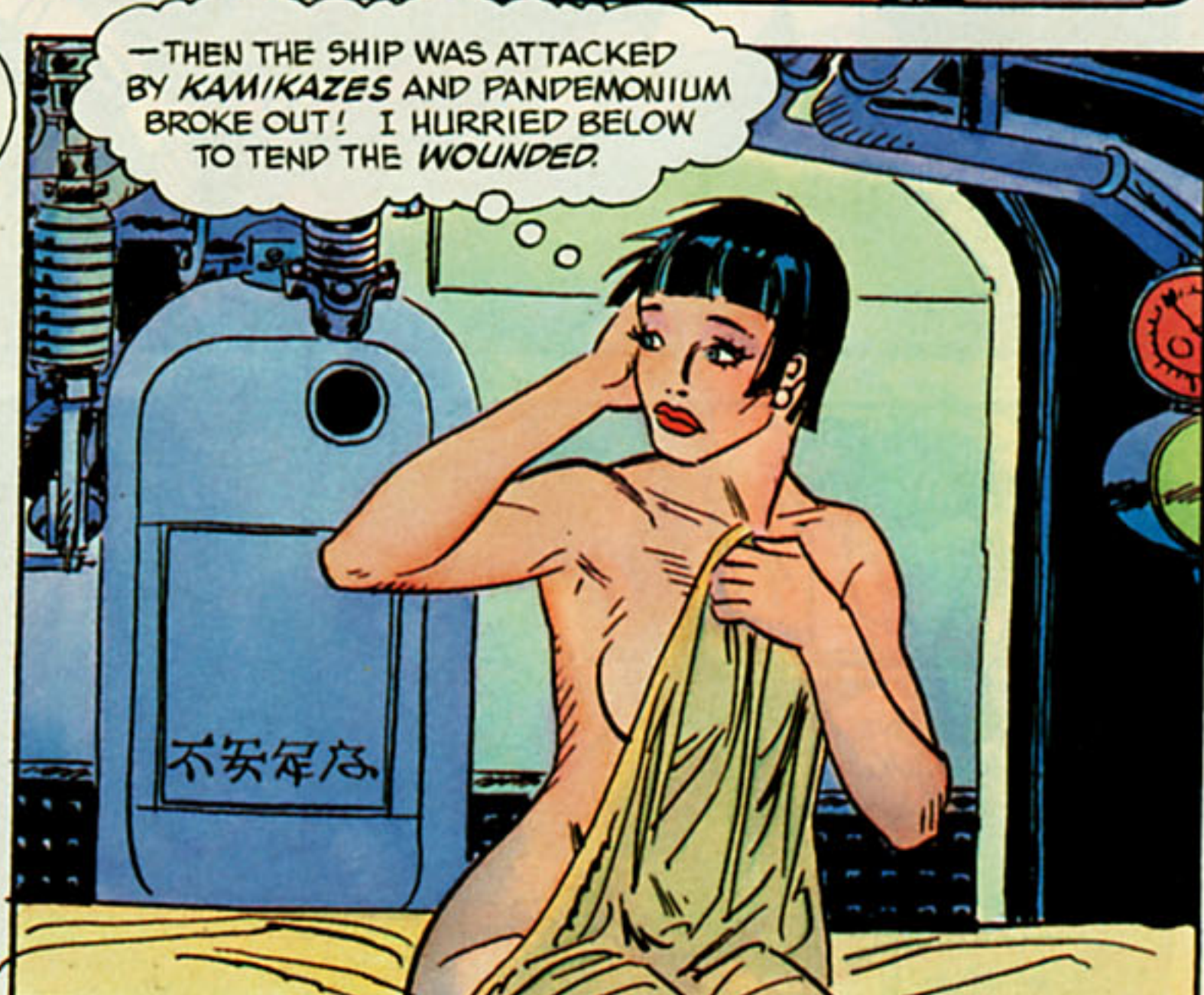
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO MY SHIP, AND IT'S TRUE I *OPPOSED* THE ASSIGNMENT AT FIRST—BUT I'VE WITNESSED YOUR *BRAVERY* THESE PAST FEW WEEKS...YOUR *KINDNESS!* YOU MUST KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU!

AND I'VE GROWN VERY FOND OF YOU, CAPTAIN, BUT—



—EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT A *LADIES' MAN* YOU ARE! AFTER SO LONG AT SEA, EVEN A PLAIN GIRL LIKE ME WOULD LOOK GOOD...FOR A TIME!

JOANNA, NO! YOU HAVE IT ALL *WRONG!*



—THEN THE SHIP WAS ATTACKED BY *KAMIKAZES* AND PANDEMONIUM BROKE OUT! I HURRIED BELOW TO TEND THE *WOUNDED*.



JOANNA!



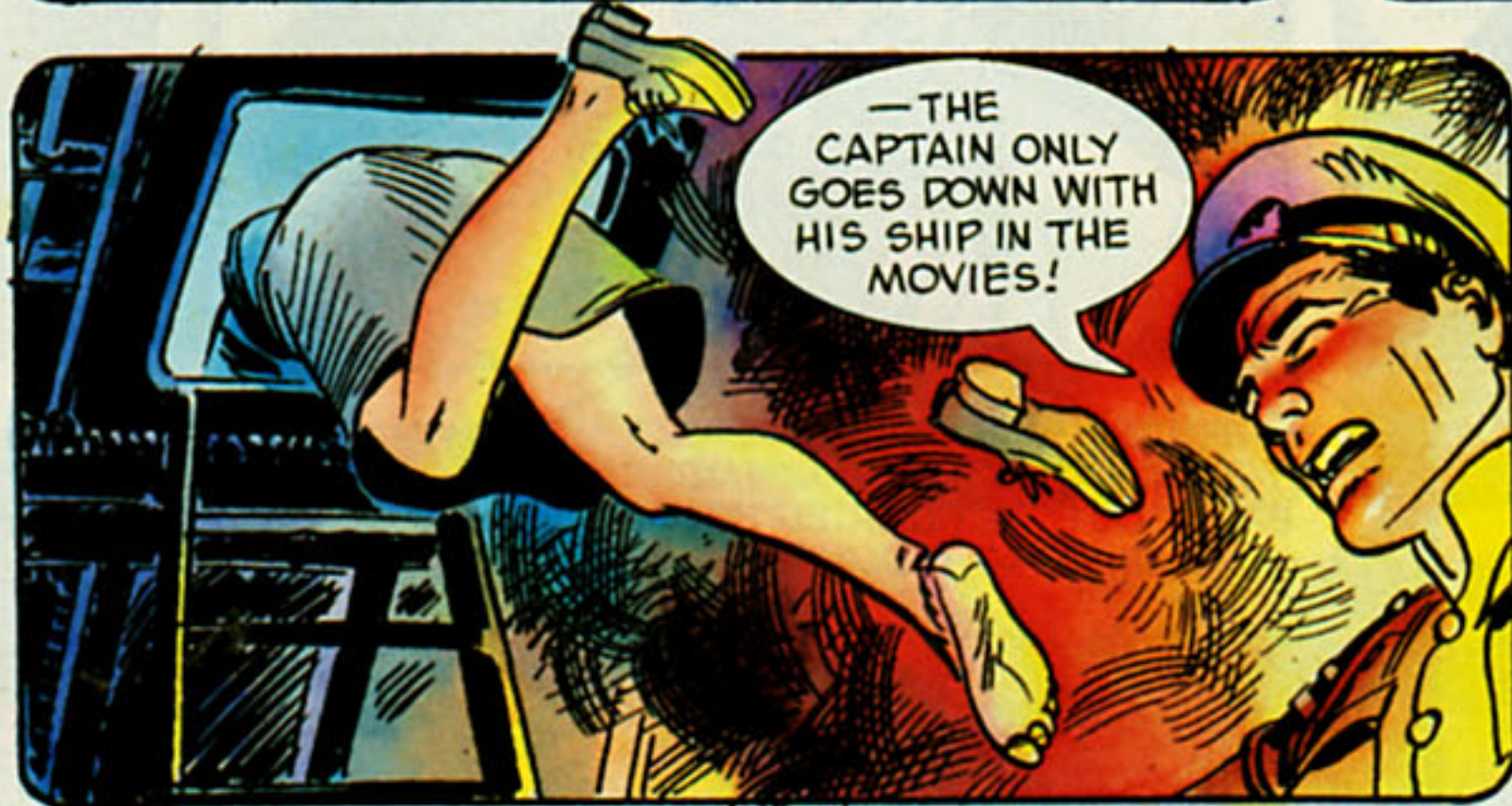
A JAP SUB TORPEDOED US WHILE WE WERE BUSY WITH THE KAMIKAZES! WE'RE SINKING!

YOU HAVE TO ABANDON SHIP!



BUT... WHAT ABOUT YOU?

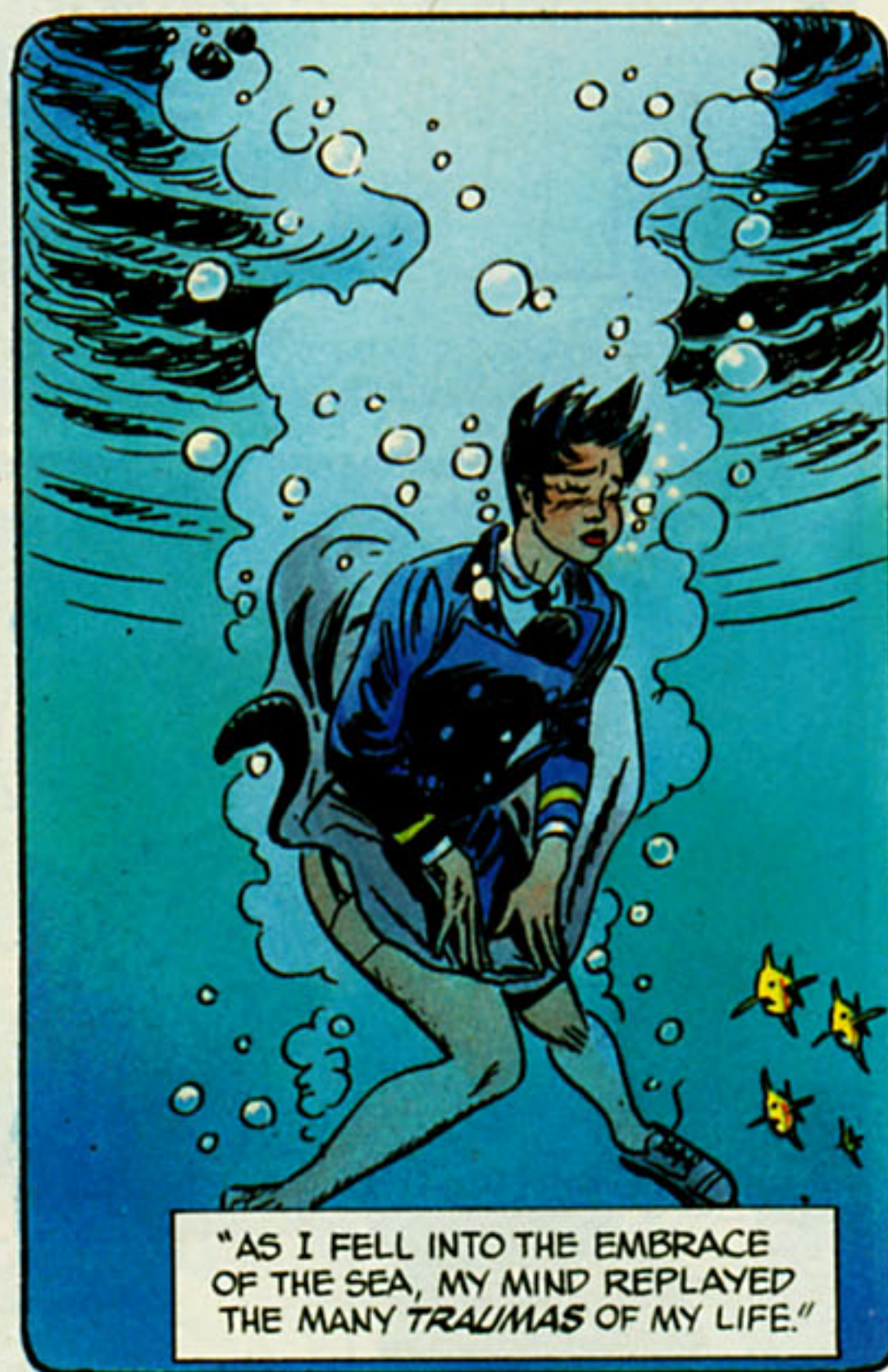
I HAVE TO HELP THE WOUNDED TO THE LIFEBOATS! DON'T WORRY—



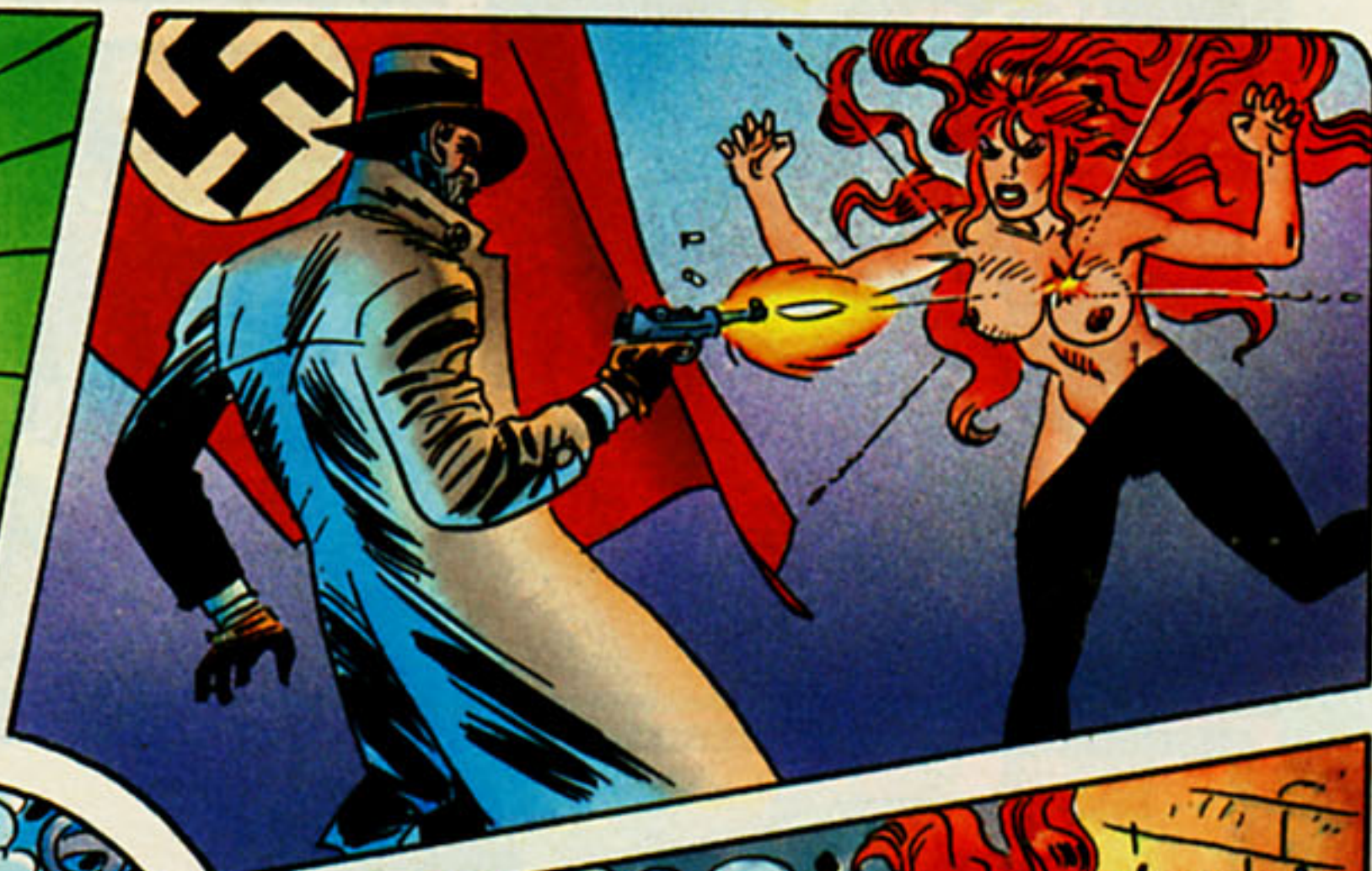
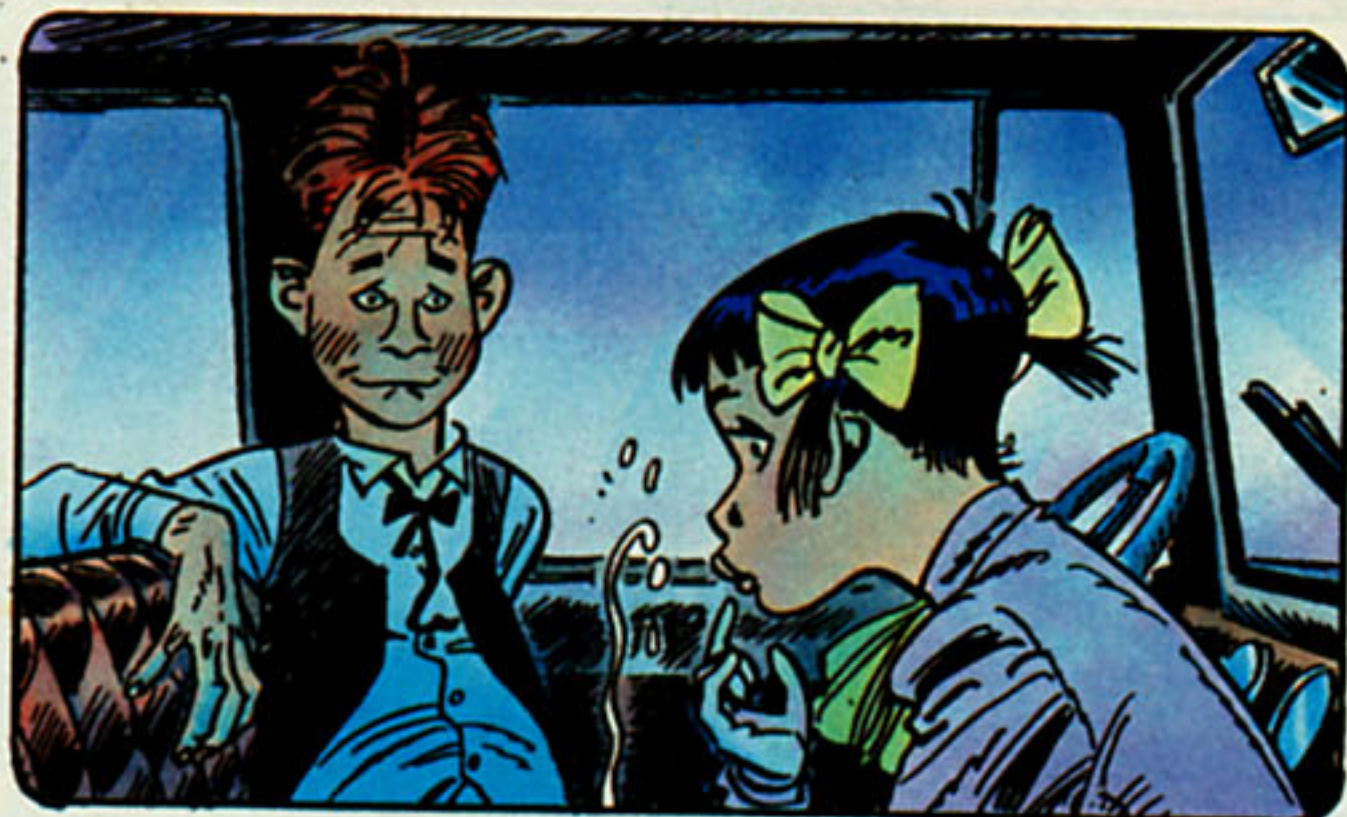
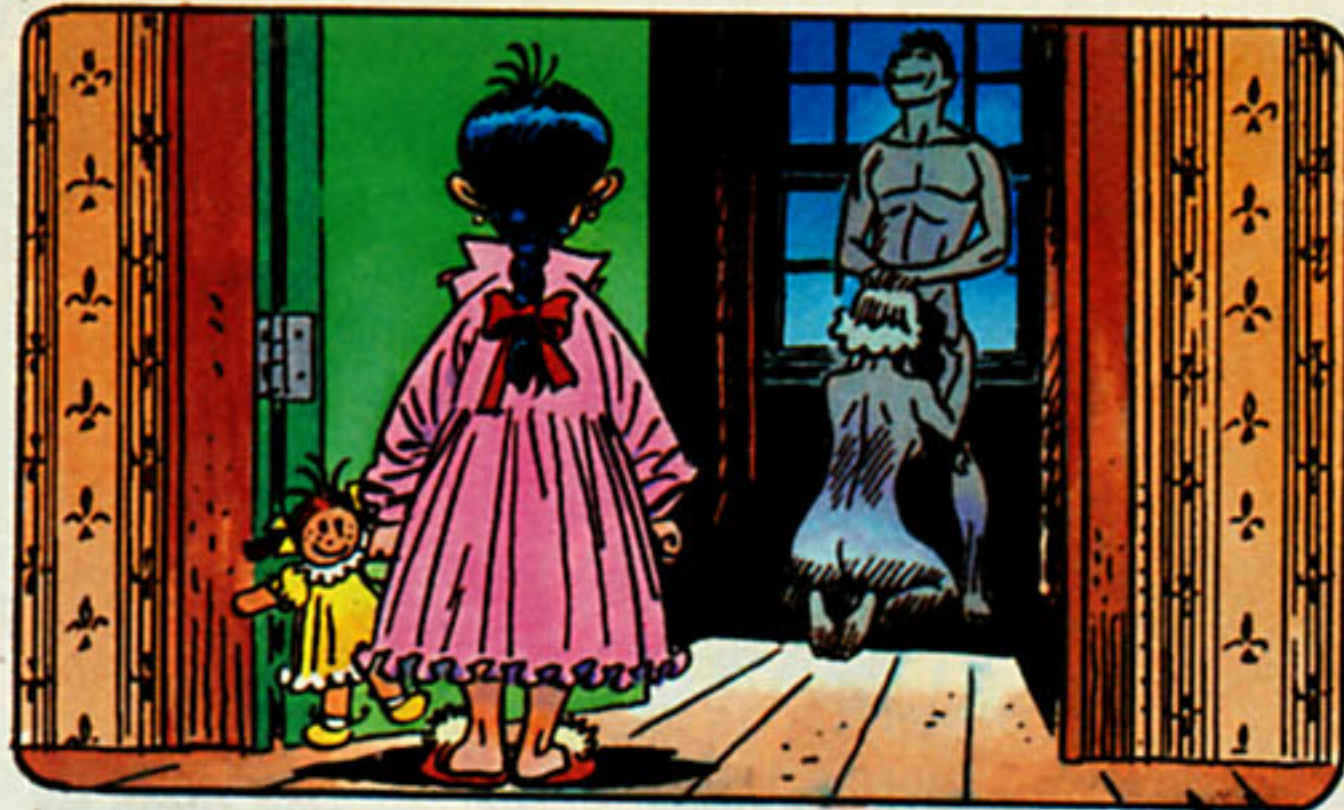
—THE CAPTAIN ONLY GOES DOWN WITH HIS SHIP IN THE MOVIES!



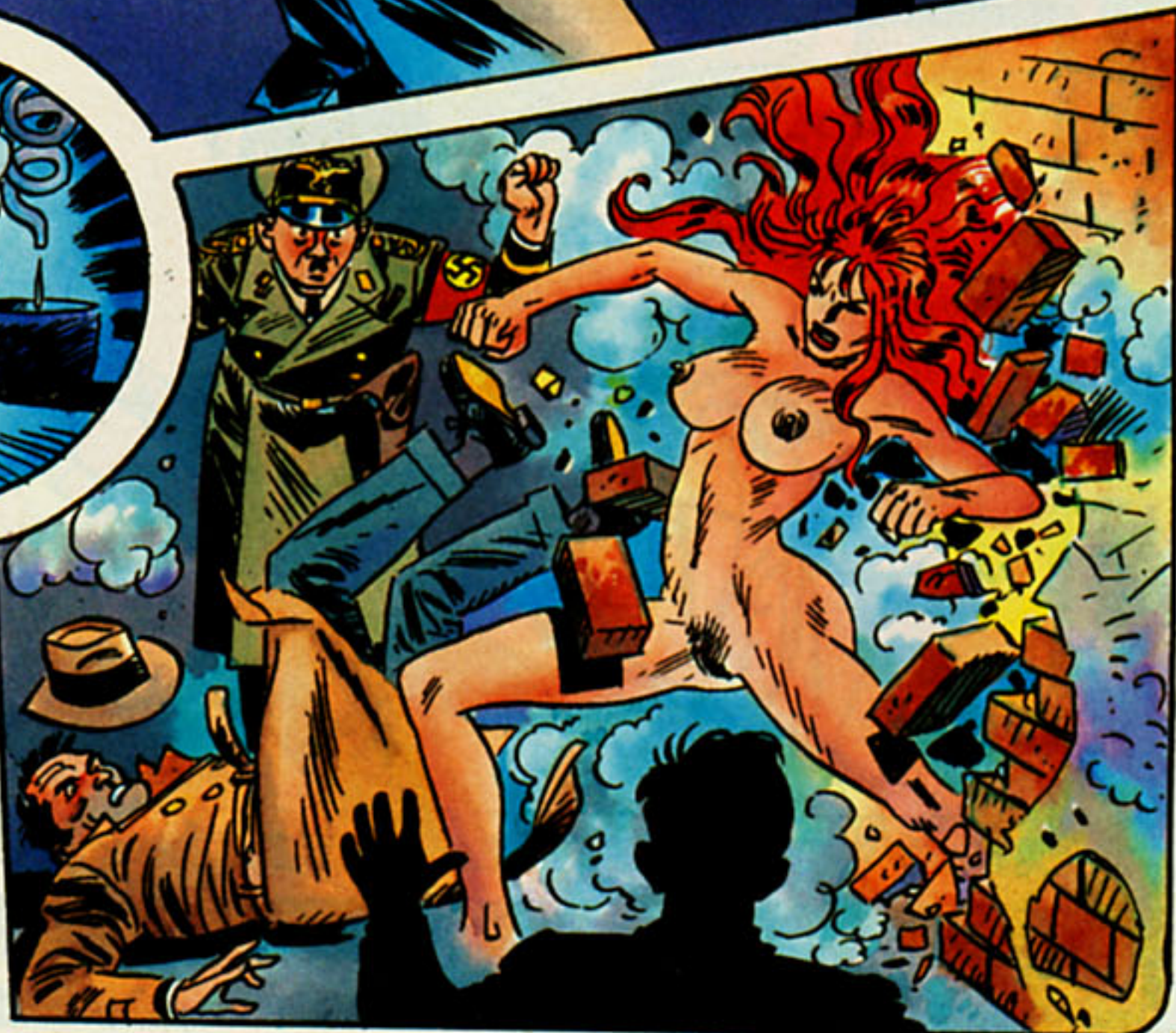
GOOD-BYE, JOANNA...



"AS I FELL INTO THE EMBRACE OF THE SEA, MY MIND REPLAYED THE MANY TRAUMAS OF MY LIFE."



"MOST OF ALL,
I REMEMBERED THE
SERUM I DRANK, AND
HOW IT TRANSFORMED
ME INTO A LUSTFUL,
SUPER-POWERED
NAZI-BUSTER WHENEVER
I HAD AN ORGASM."





"I COULD HAVE USED AN ORGASM — AND THOSE **POWERS** — AS I PASSED OUT, THE MIGHTY **WICHITA** WAS GOING DOWN BEHIND ME!"



YES... **EXACTLY** WHAT I HAVE IN MIND!

GOING DOWN...
GOING DOWN...



NO!

SOON YOU WILL KNOW PLEASURE SUCH AS MOST WOMEN MAY ONLY **DREAM** OF!

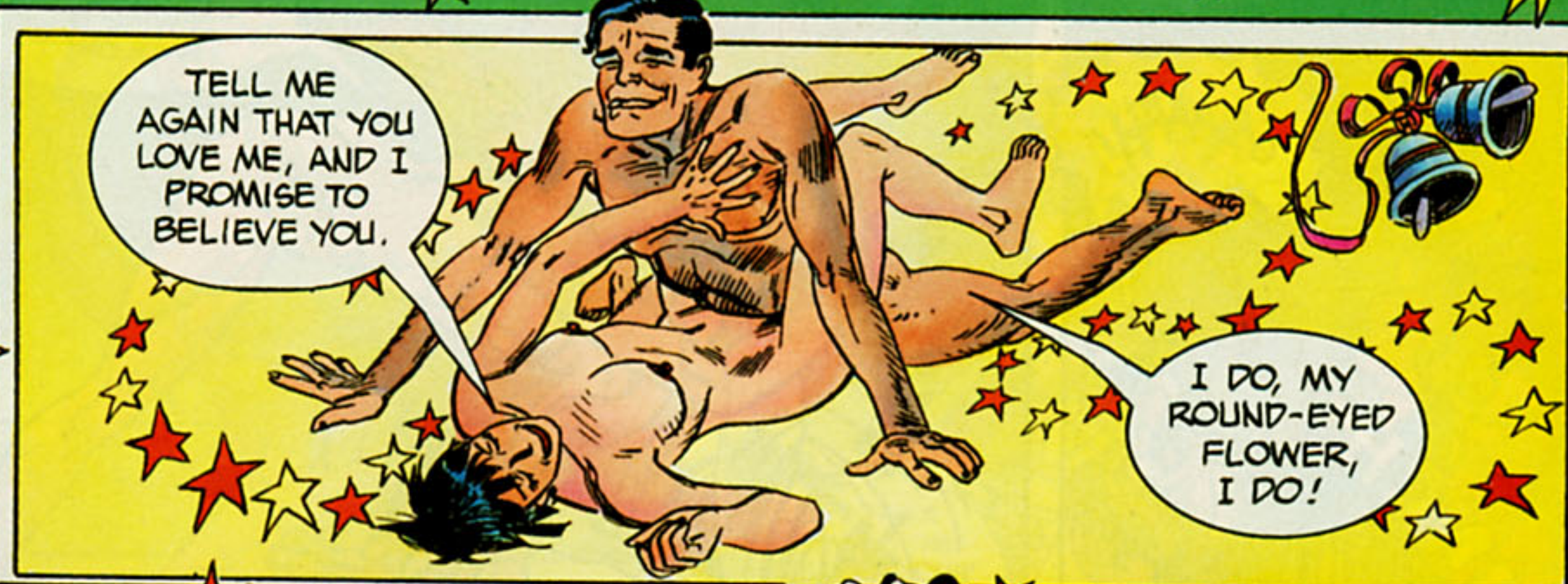


PLEASURE ...GOING DOWN...
DREAM...



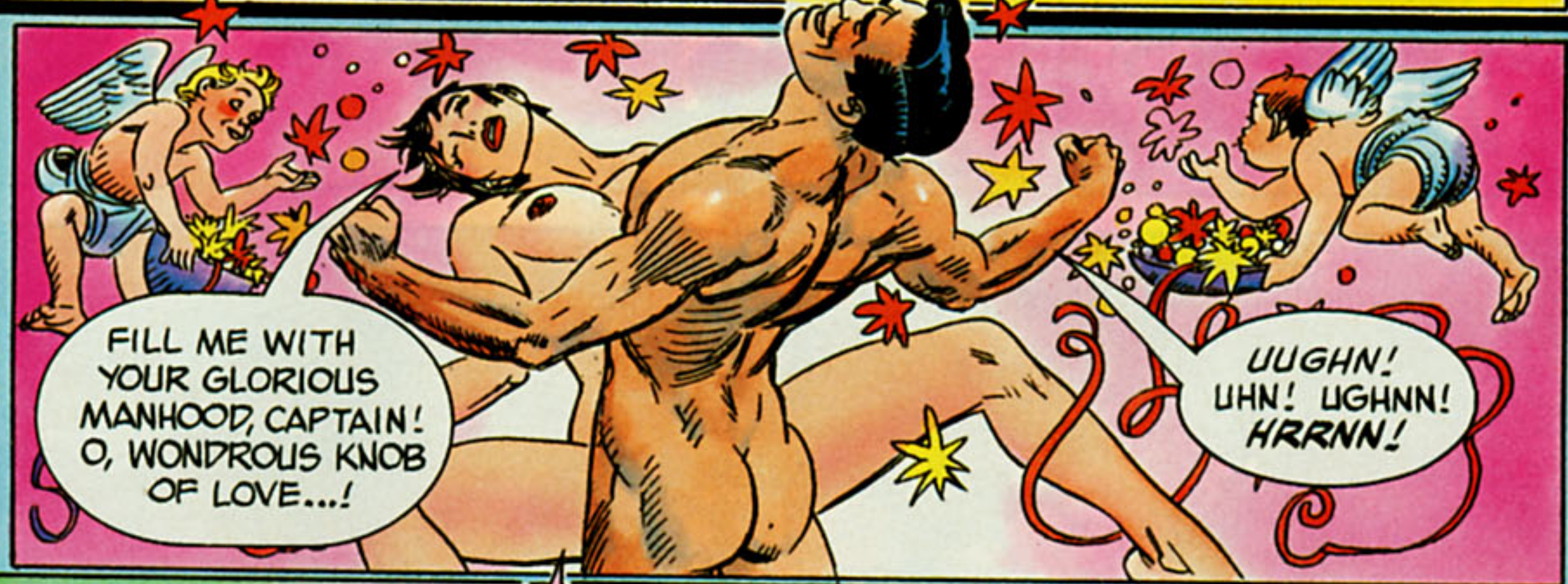
CAPTAIN! YOU SURVIVED!

YES, AND I MUST HAVE YOU, MY WESTERN BEAUTY!



TELL ME AGAIN THAT YOU LOVE ME, AND I PROMISE TO BELIEVE YOU.

I DO, MY ROUND-EYED FLOWER, I DO!

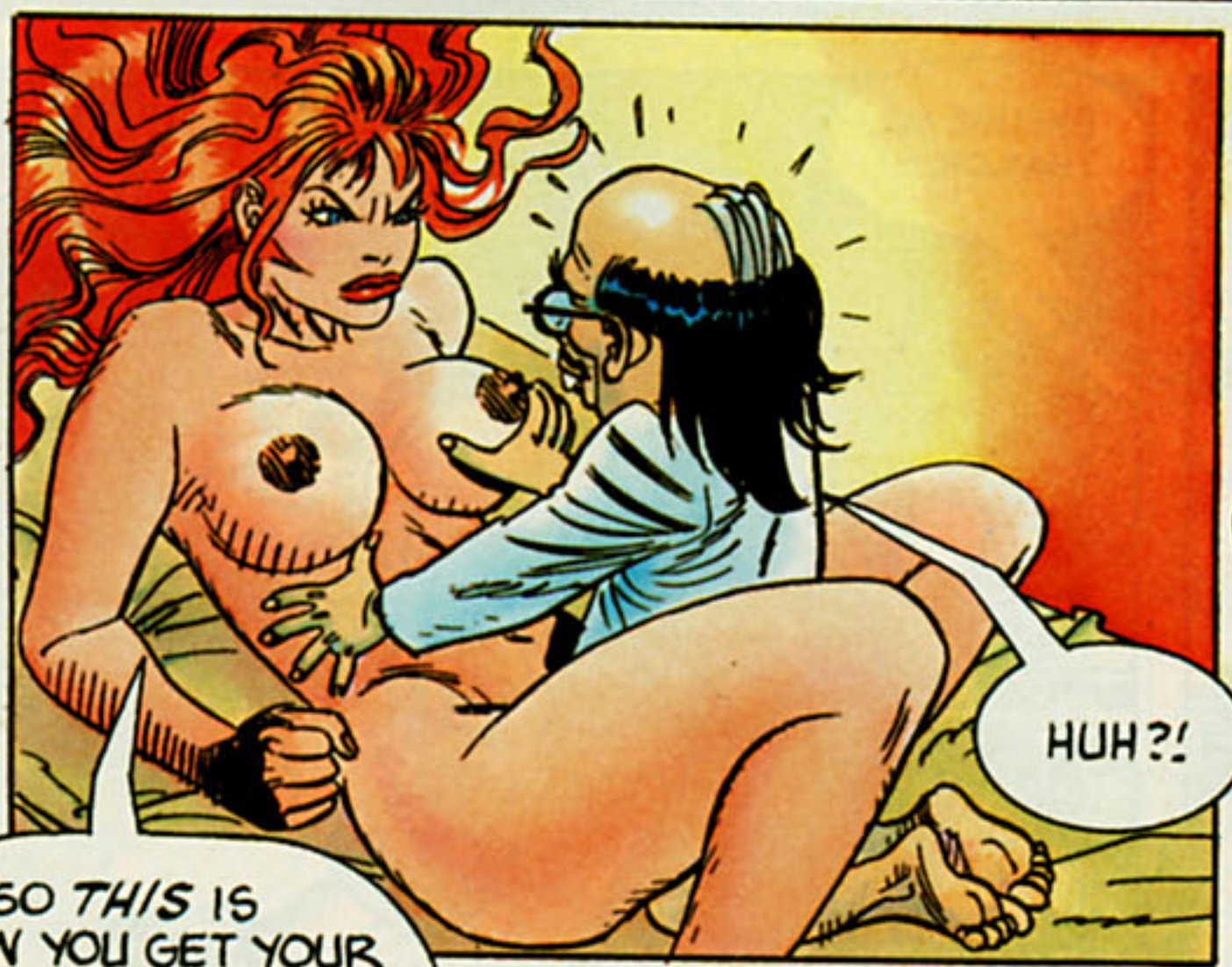


FILL ME WITH YOUR GLORIOUS MANHOOD, CAPTAIN! O, WONDROUS KNOB OF LOVE....!

UUGHN! UHN! UGHNN! HRRNN!



OH!
OH! OH!
OH!



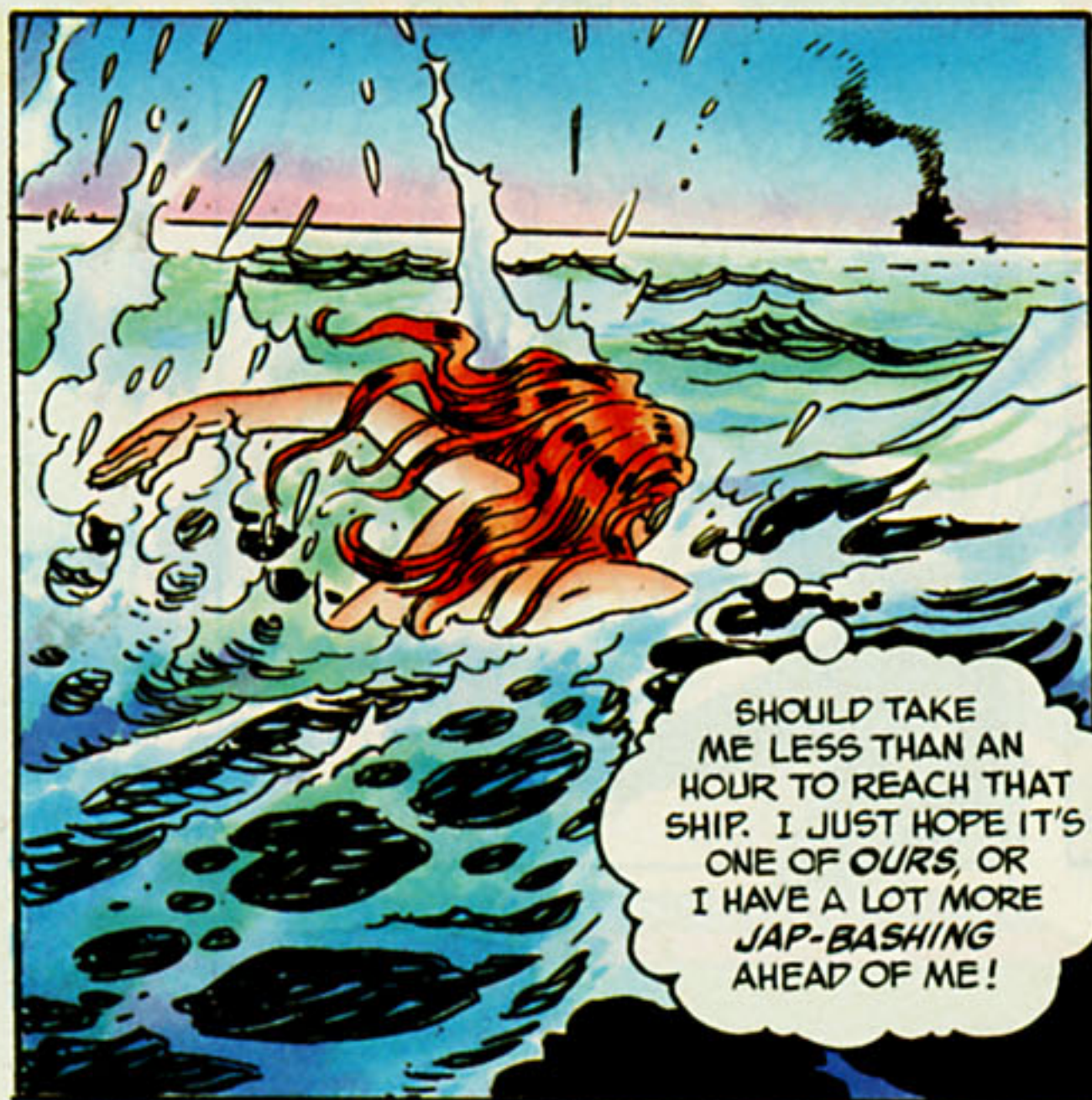
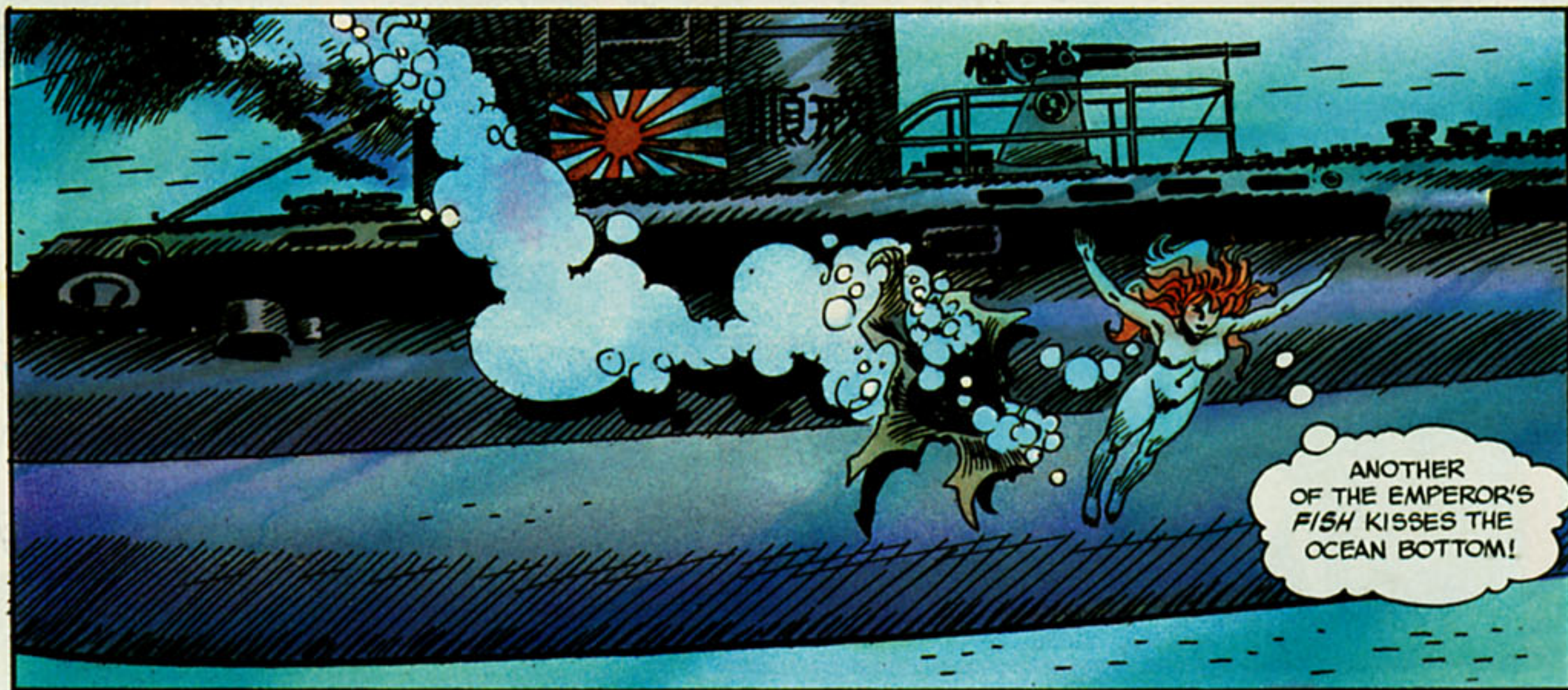
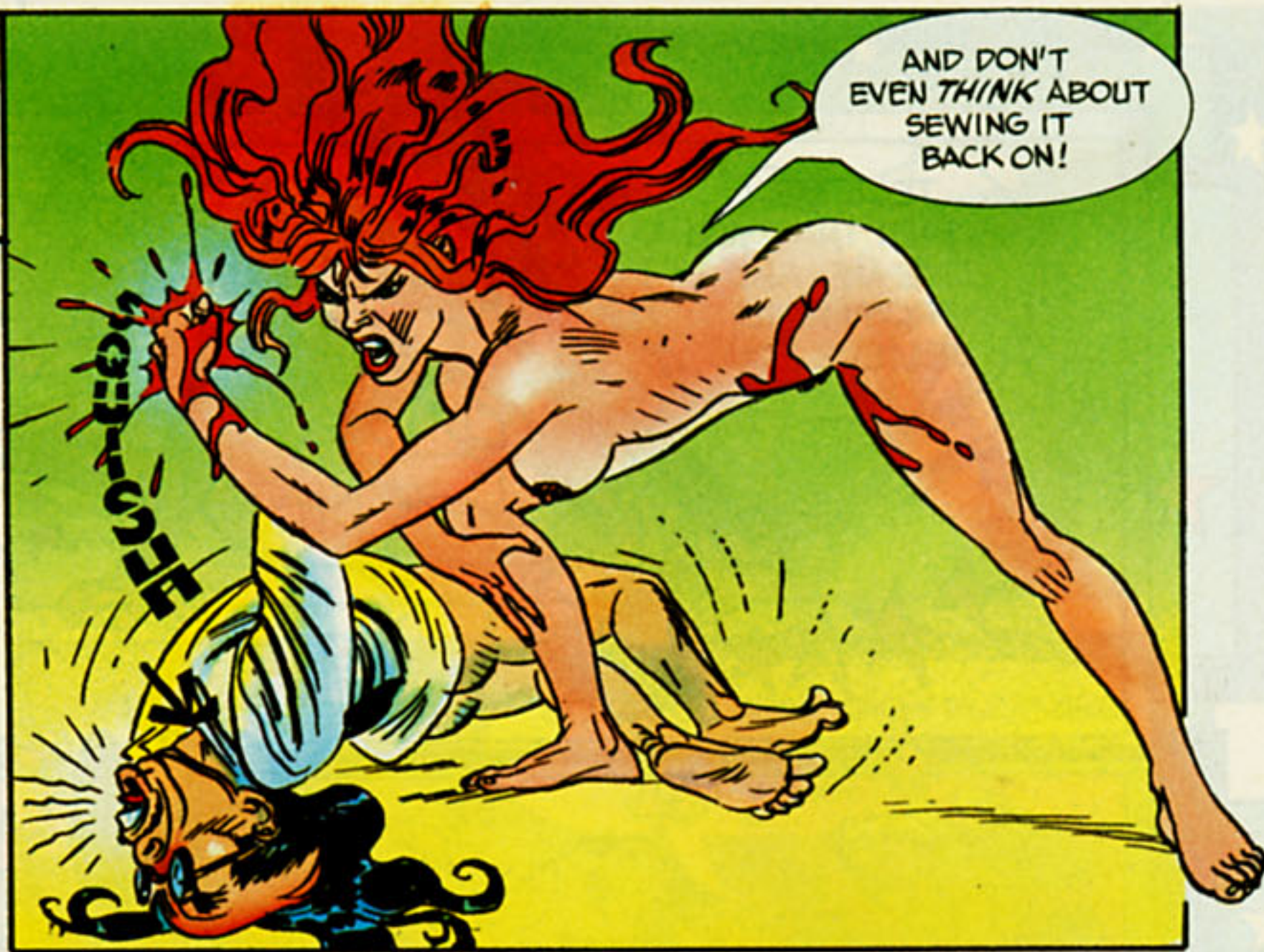
HUH?!



I'LL TEACH YOU TO STICK YOUR LITTLE YELLOW COCK WHERE IT ISN'T INVITED!

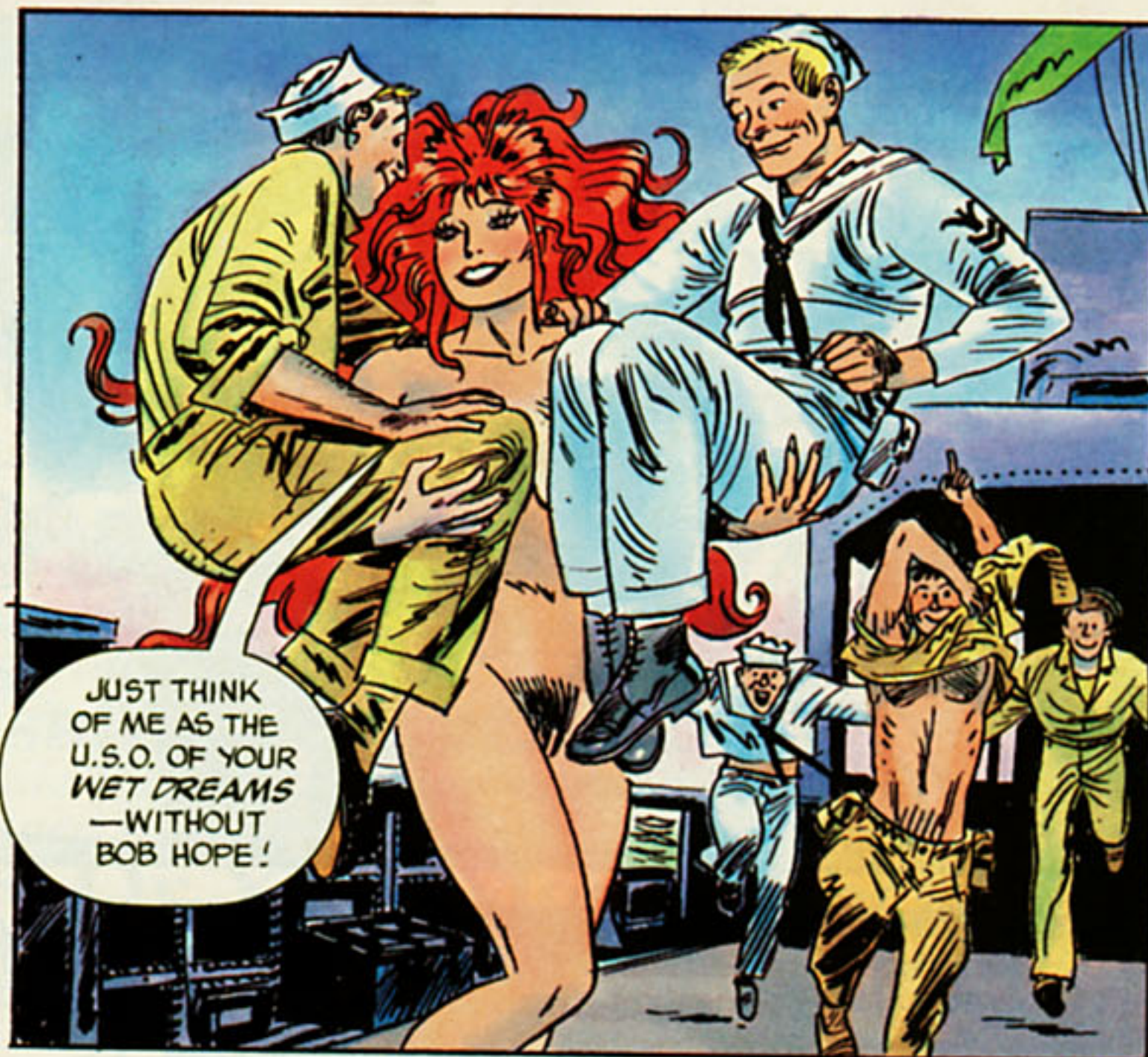
LET ME GO!

SO THIS IS HOW YOU GET YOUR JOLLIES—BY FEEDING HALLUCINOGENIC APHRODISIACS TO HELPLESS WOMEN!





—I COULD
USE A GOOD
SCRUBBING
DOWN
MYSELF!



JUST THINK
OF ME AS THE
U.S.O. OF YOUR
WET DREAMS
—WITHOUT
BOB HOPE!



CAPTAIN
BOYD!



MY, ER,
COUSIN JOANNA
TOLD ME ALL
ABOUT YOU!
WHAT D'YOU
SAY WE WHIP
UP SOME
SUDS
TOGETHER?

UH, THANKS
...BUT NO
THANKS!



I'VE HAD MY SHARE OF MEANINGLESS
SEXUAL EXPERIENCES. MY HEART—AND
THE REST OF ME—BELONGS TO YOUR
COUSIN JOANNA!

WELL,
THERE'S NO
ACCOUNTING
FOR TASTE.



OUR STORY THUS FAR:

CAMILLE PIKE, unsullied lassie whose utterance of the word "**EKIP**" transforms her into full-bosomed and super-powered **MS. ADVENTURE**, is out to get a job. The superheroine gig can be a drag. The simple ad for a gal friday led her to The office of **DICK WILLING, P.I.** after freeing him from semen-soaked ropes, she struggled to evade Willing's job-offering charisma. She ran into **THE EJACULATOR**, husband of the woman Willing has been having an affair with. Camille really did not want to get involved fighting a man with a 200 horsepower artificial penis (Ladies, would you?), that plus she left her magically-transforming-from-a-dimension-of-power-but-otherwise-invisible costume in the wash. Look out, girl, this could get messy...

SECOND COMING!

Writer:
KEITH GIFFEN

Artist:
CARY POLKOVITZ

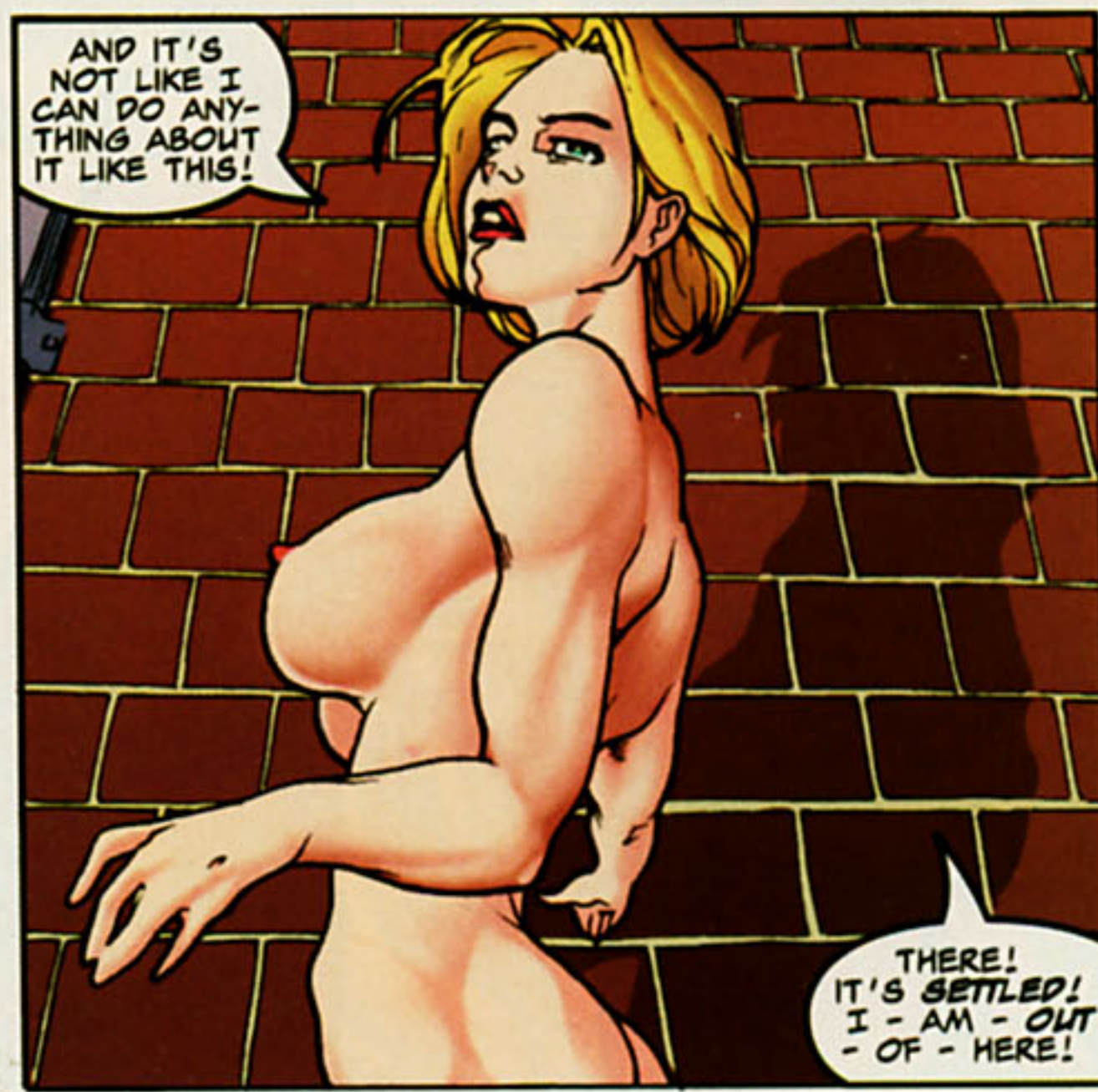
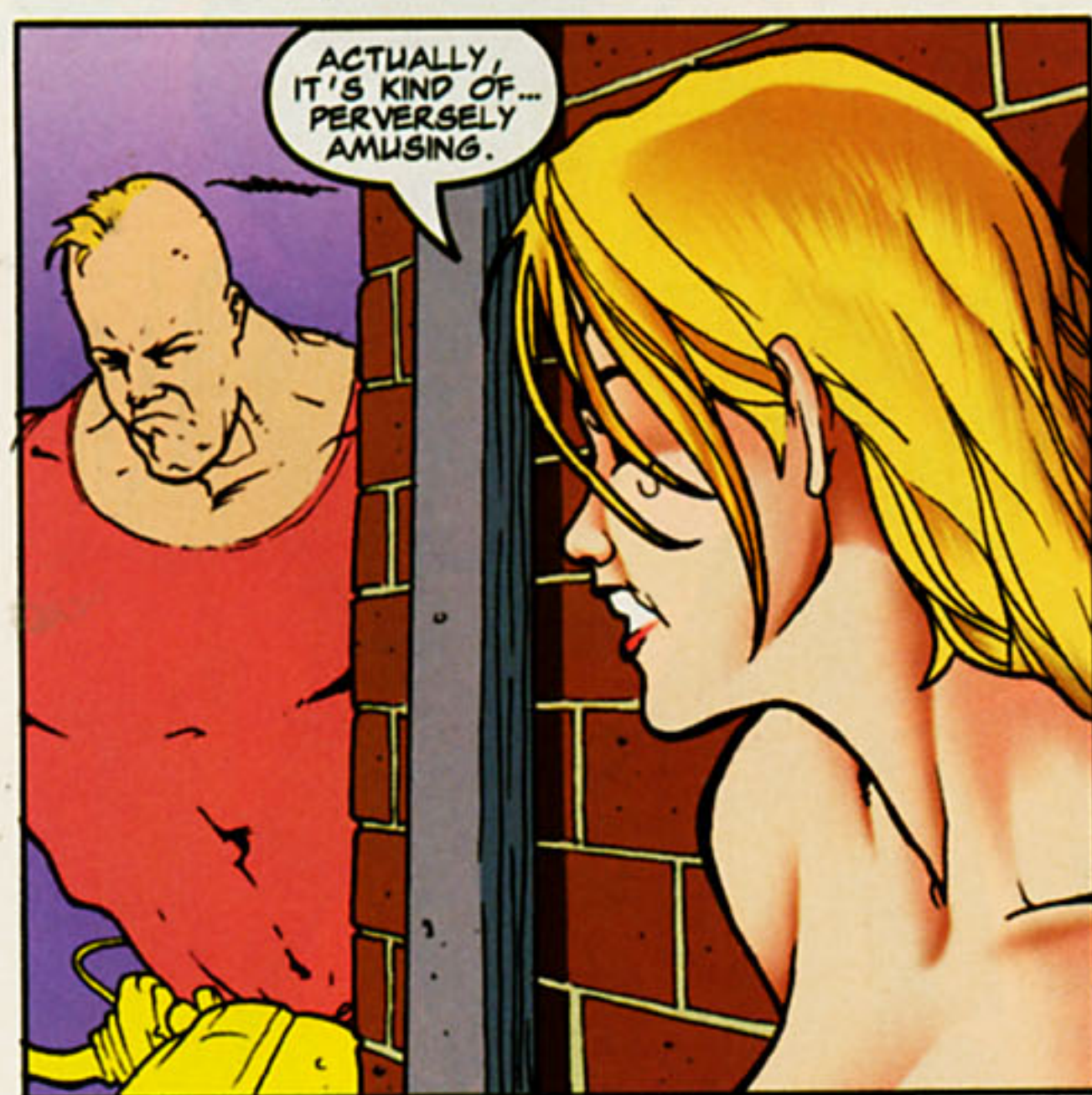
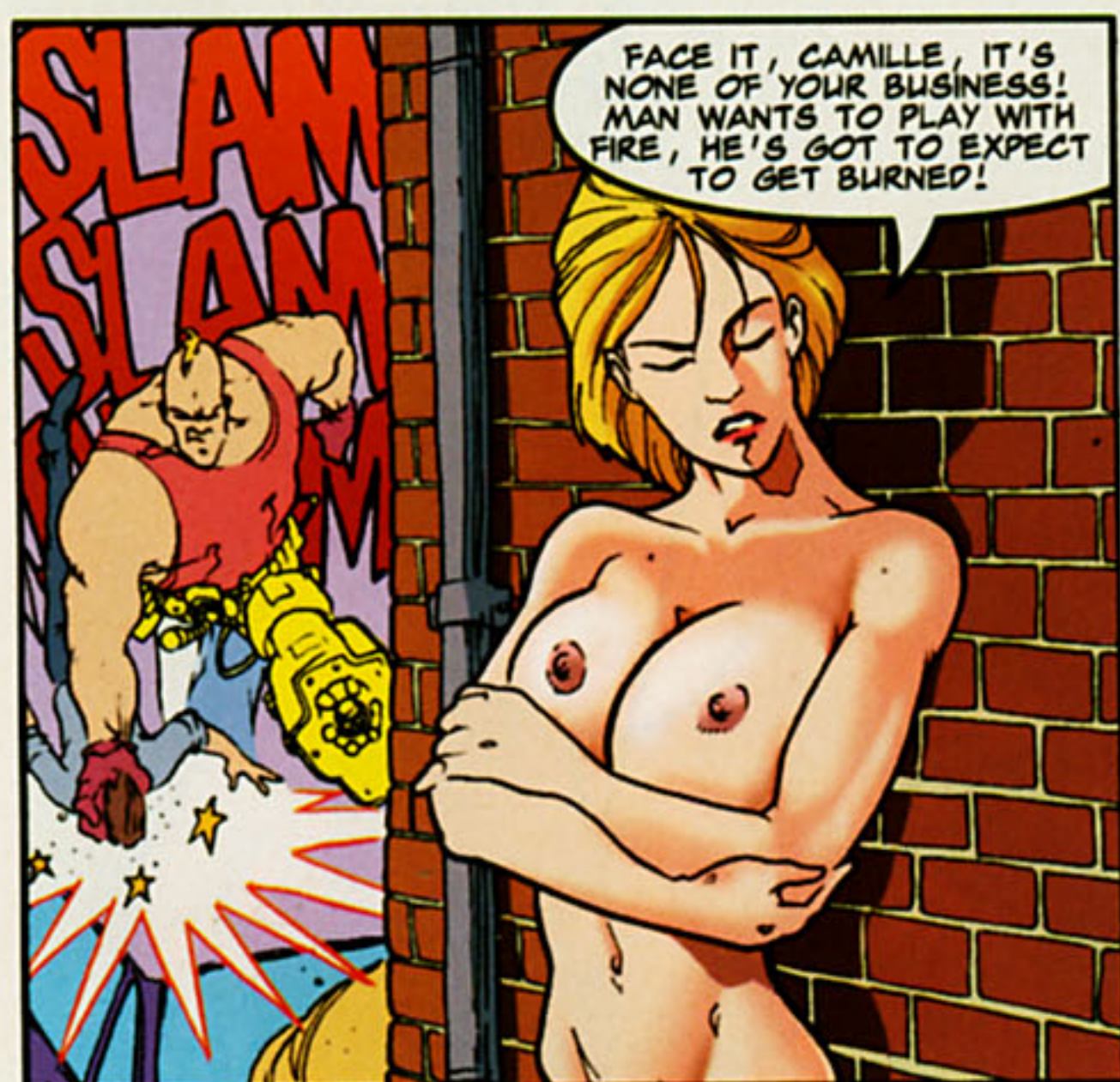
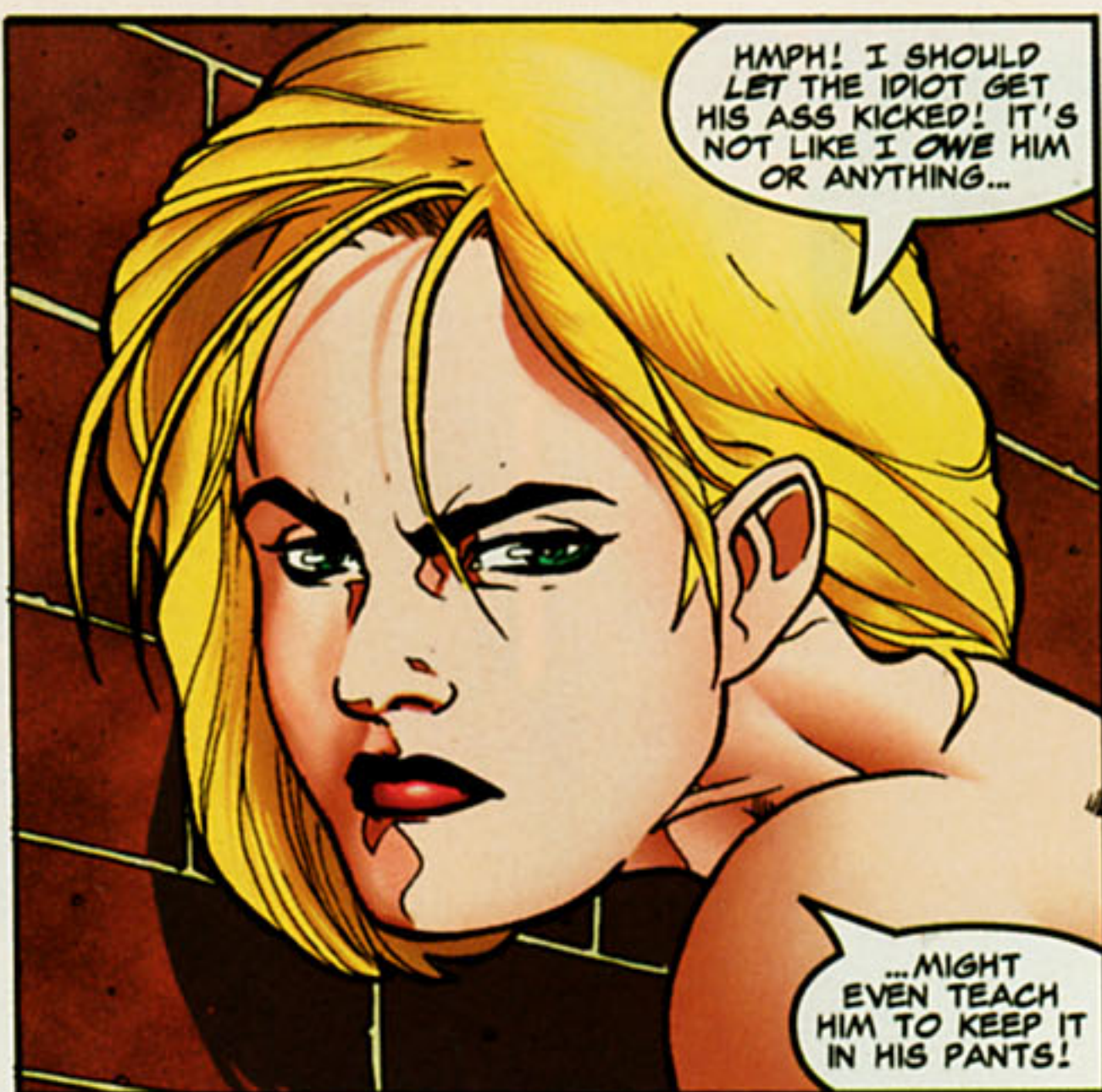
Letterer:
CHRIS ELIOPOULOS
Color Design & Rendering:
DIGITAL CHAMELEON





GREAT... JUST GREAT!

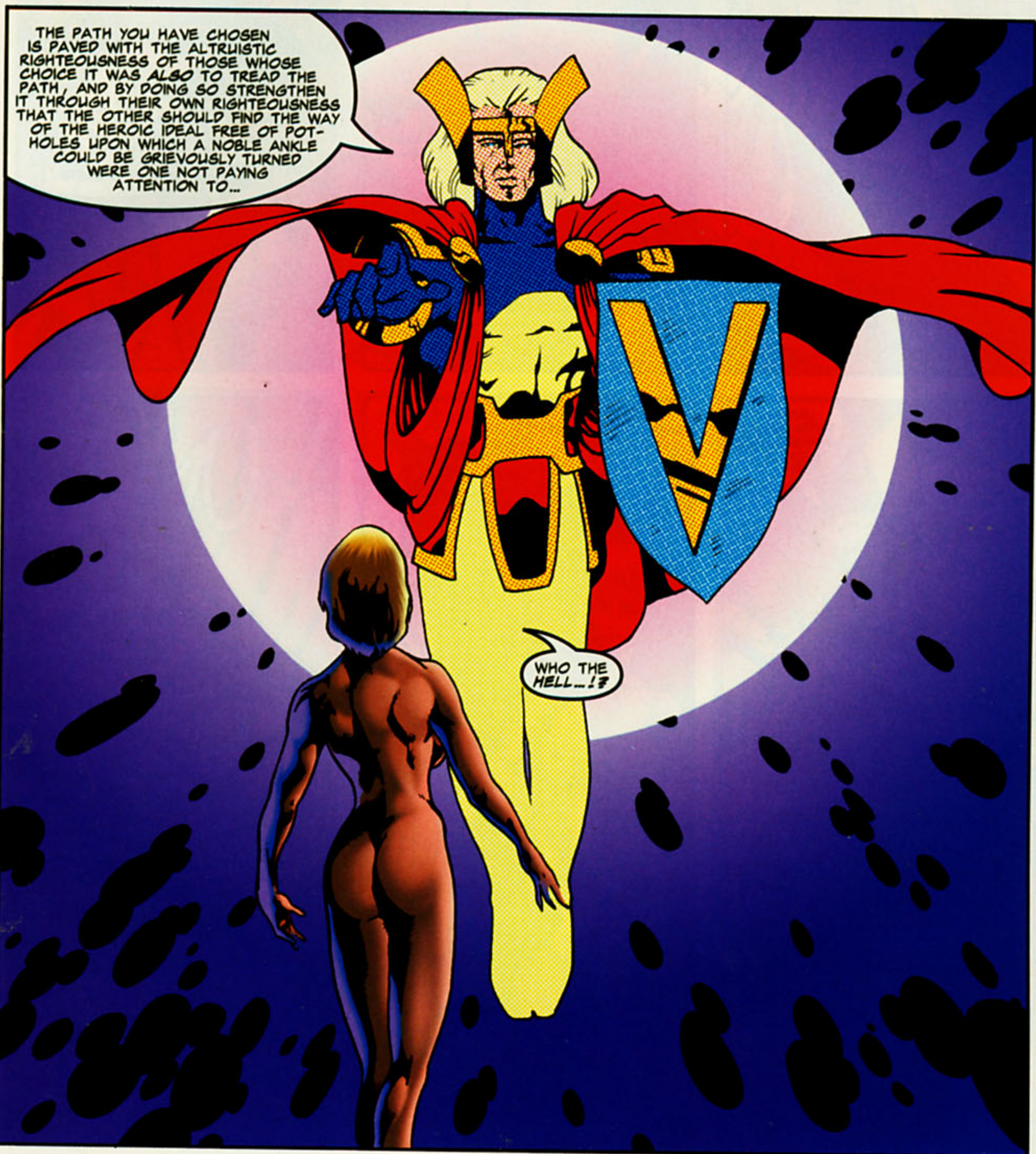
...GET AWAY WITH SLIDIN' ME SLOPPY SECONDS...





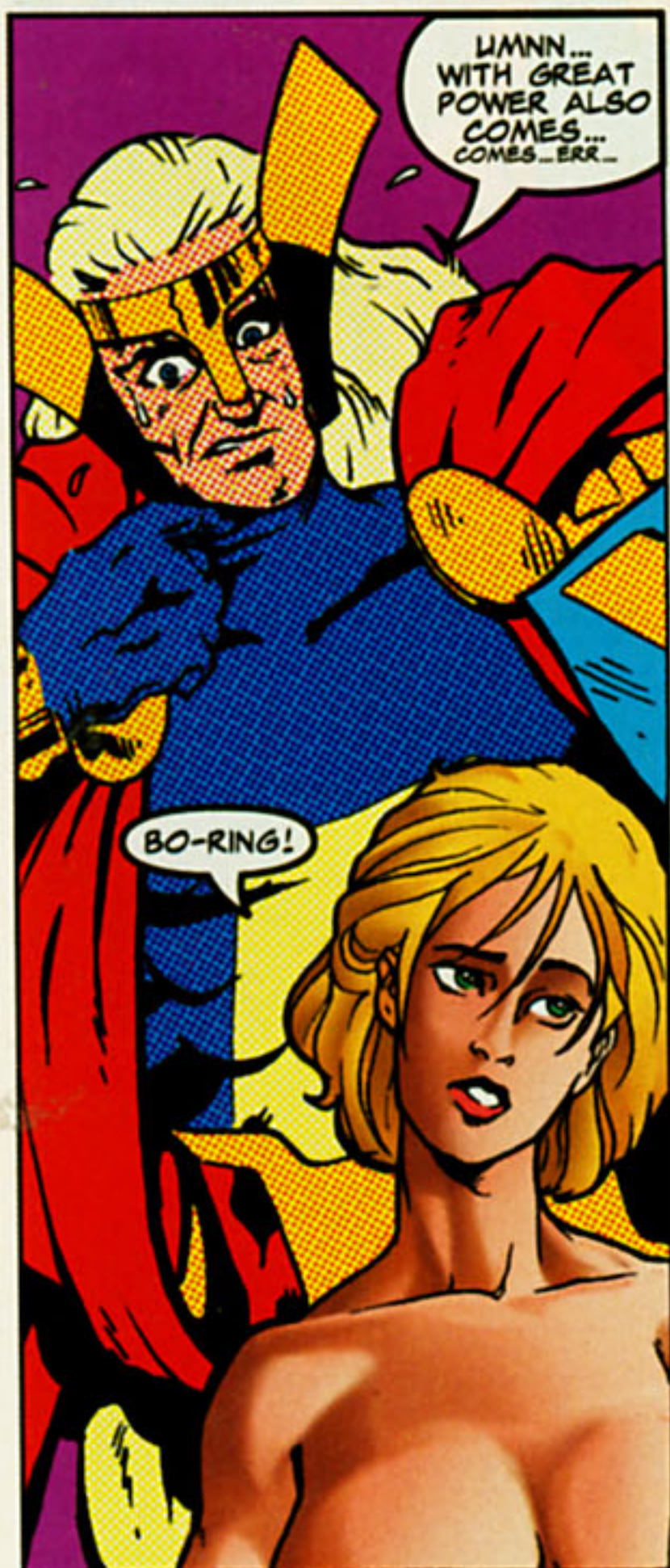
NO, CHILD...SUCH
IS NOT THE WAY OF
THE TRUE HERO
BORN...

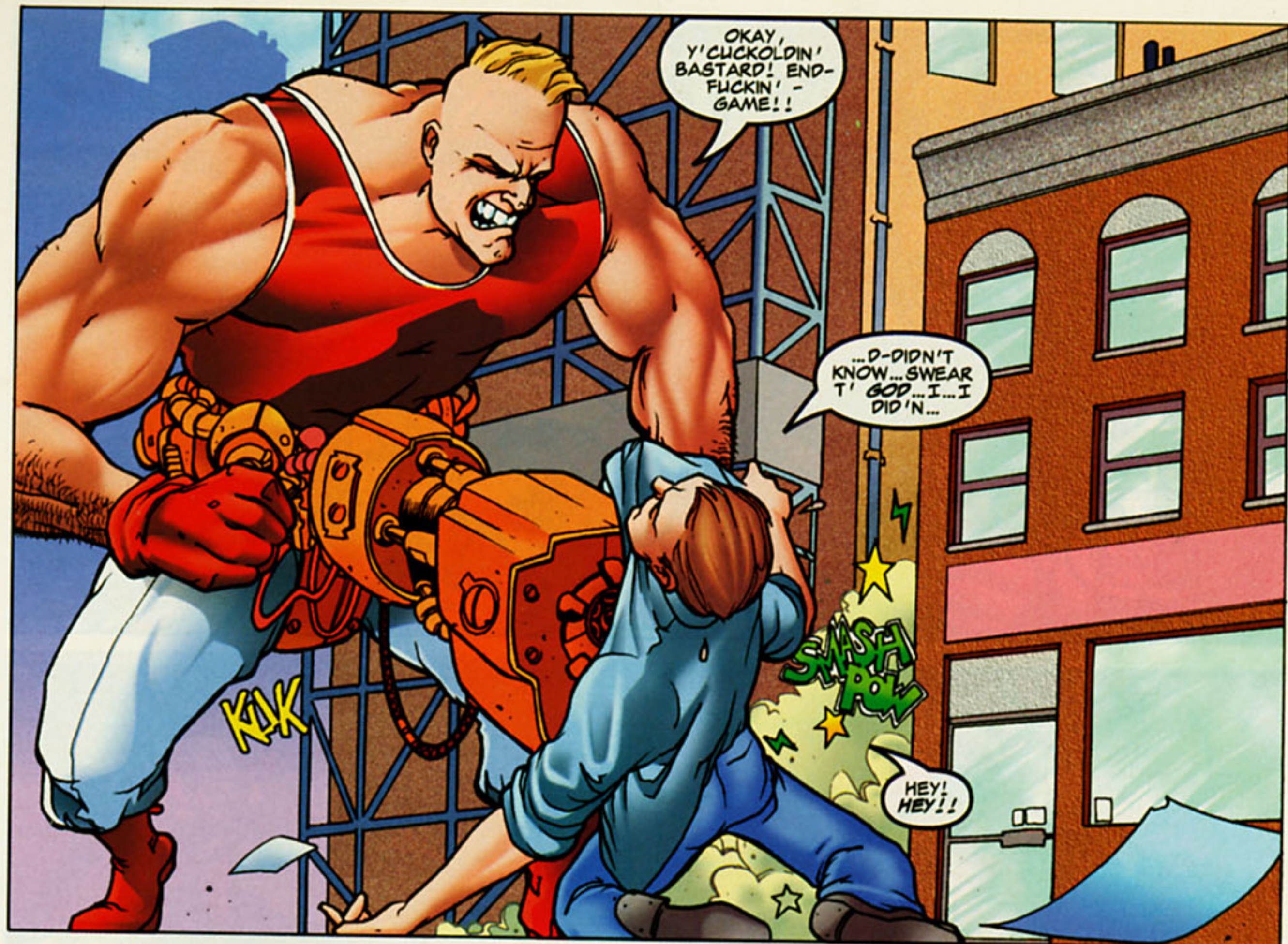
WH-
HUH?

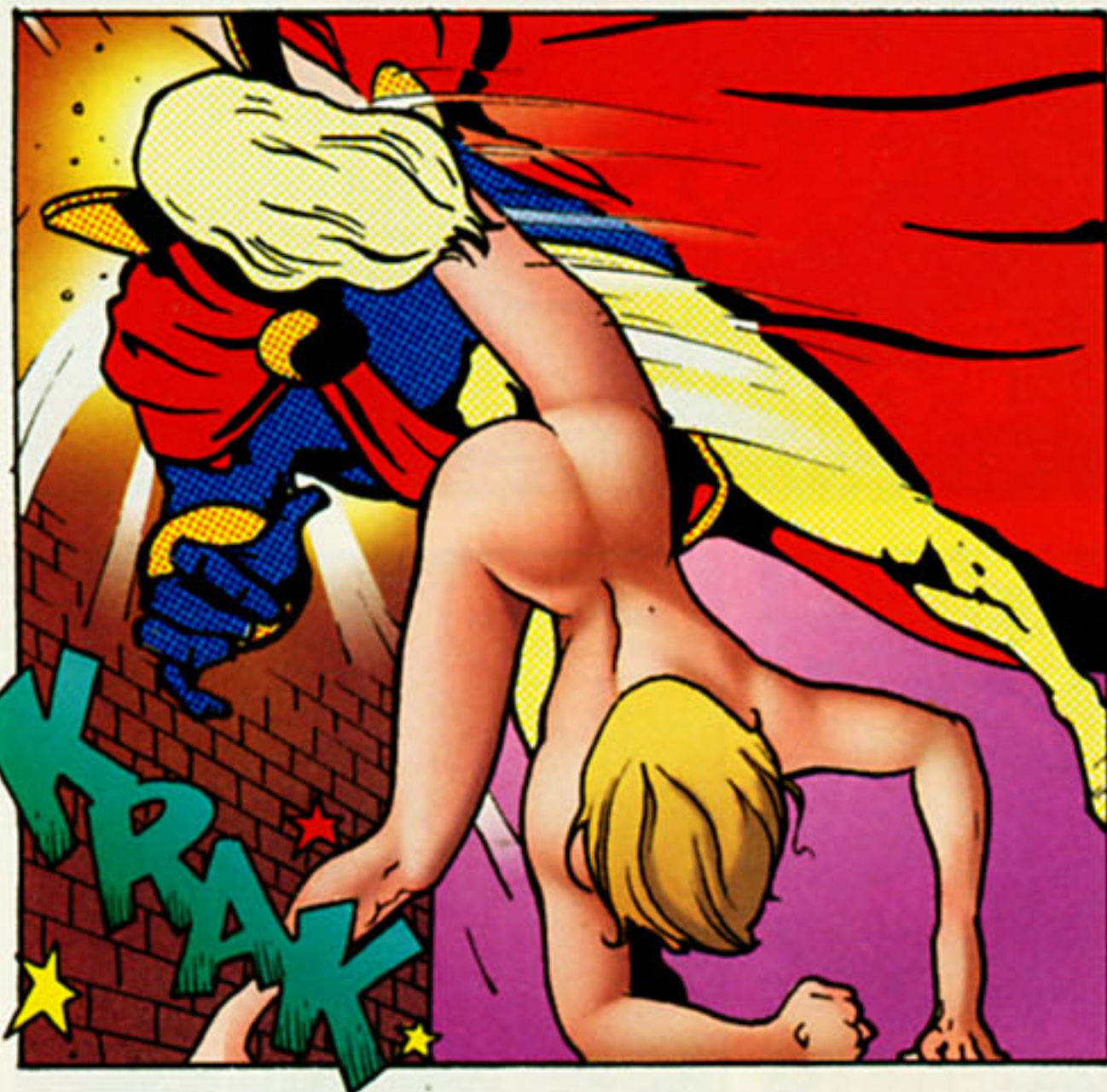
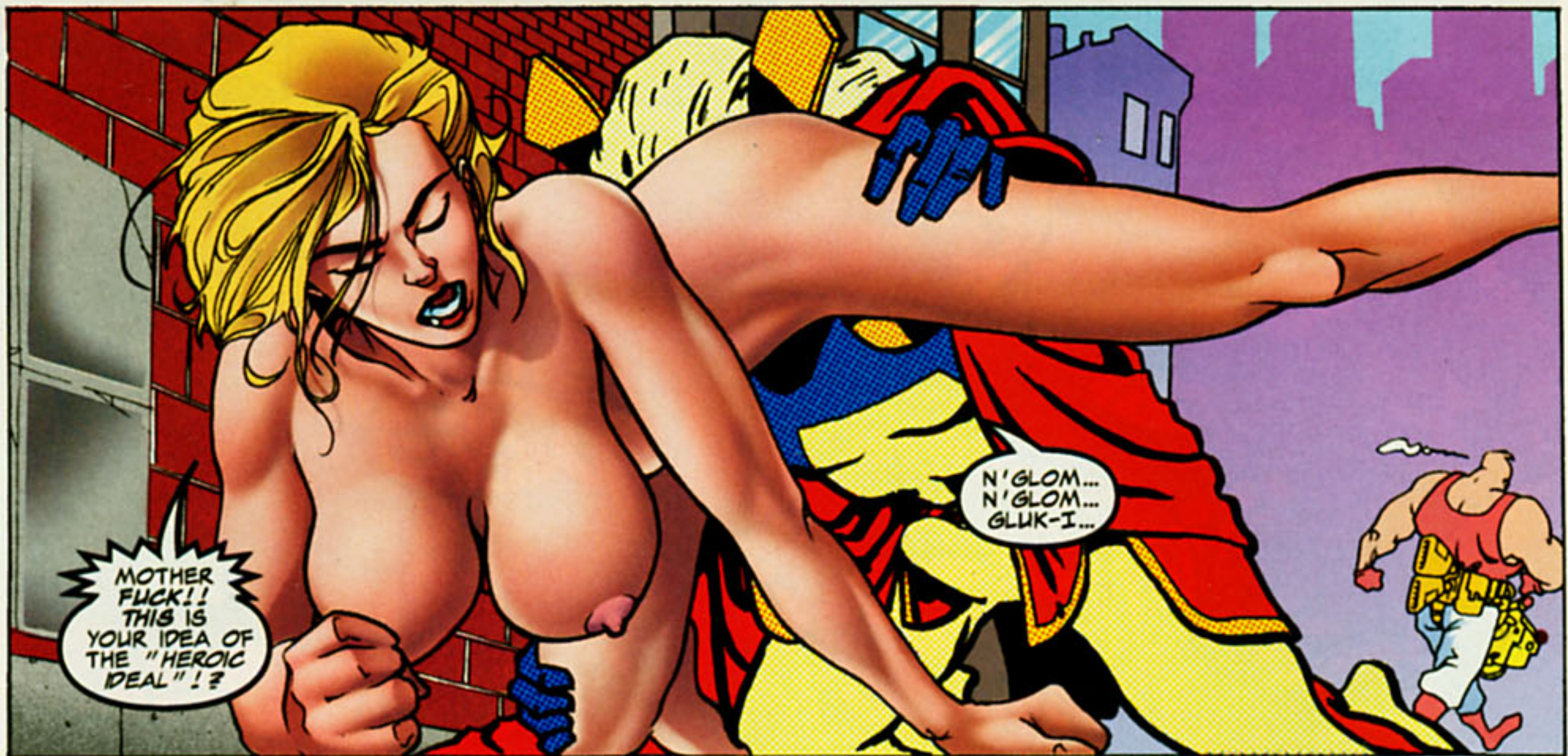


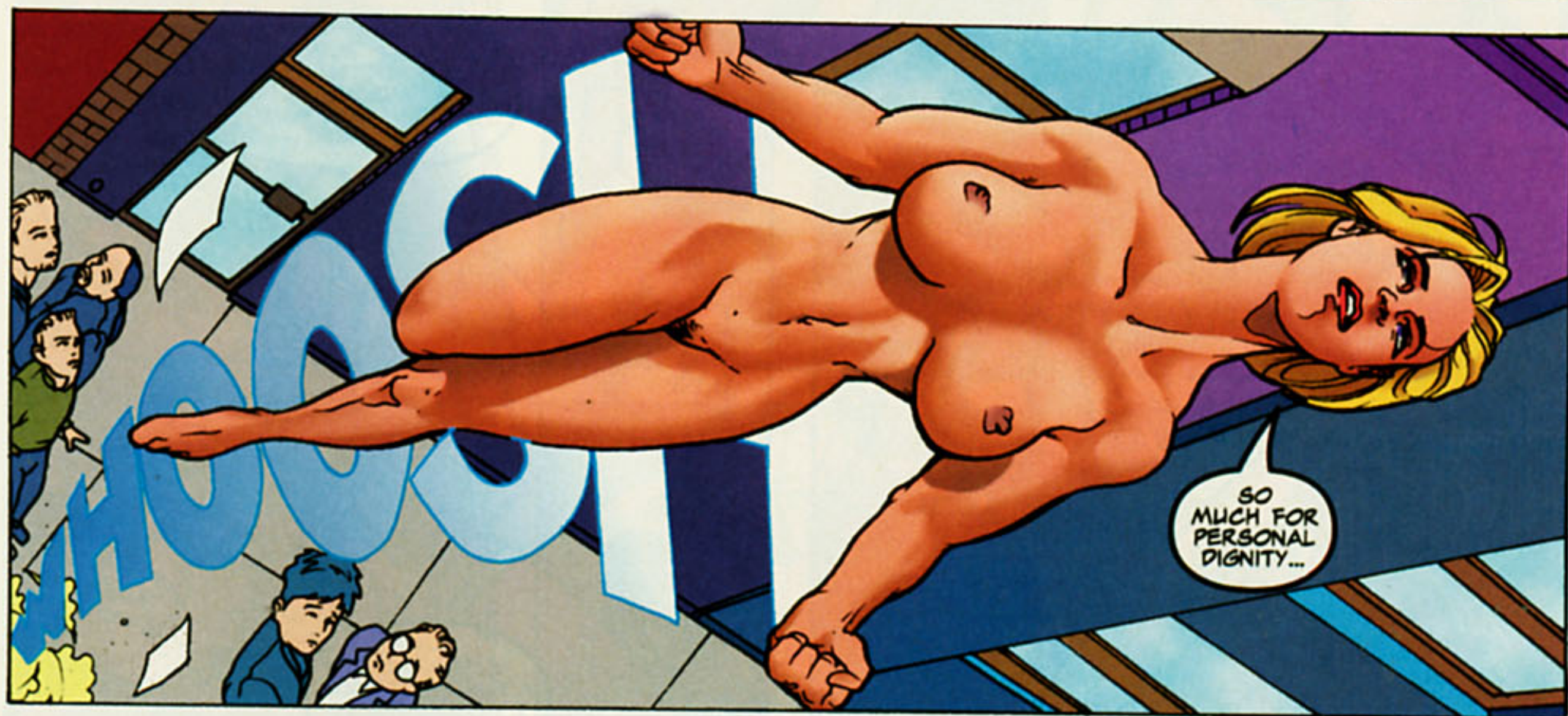
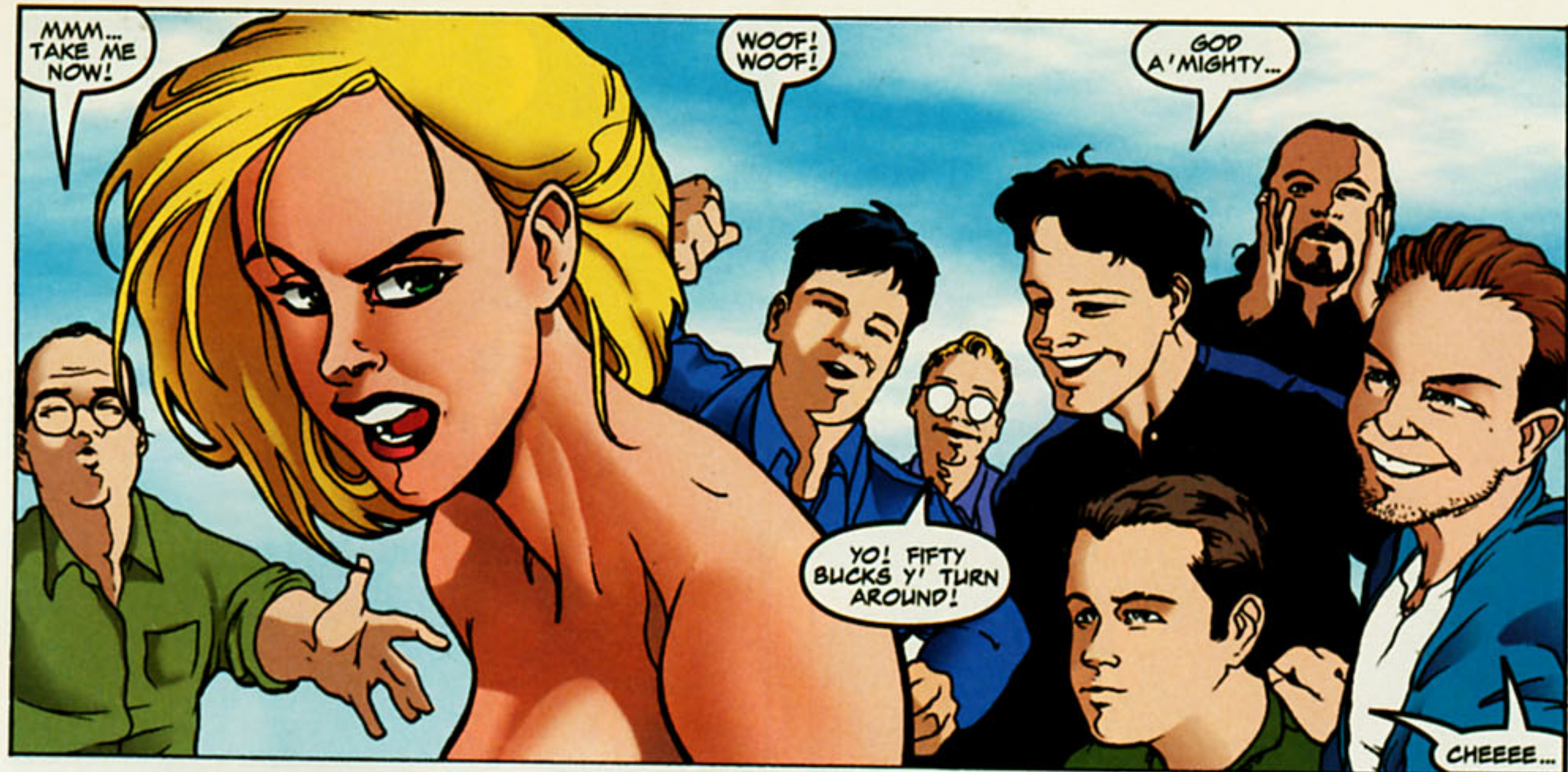
THE PATH YOU HAVE CHOSEN
IS PAVED WITH THE ALTRUISTIC
RIGHTEOUSNESS OF THOSE WHOSE
CHOICE IT WAS ALSO TO TREAD THE
PATH, AND BY DOING SO STRENGTHEN
IT THROUGH THEIR OWN RIGHTEOUSNESS
THAT THE OTHER SHOULD FIND THE WAY
OF THE HEROIC IDEAL FREE OF POT-
HOLES UPON WHICH A NOBLE ANKLE
COULD BE GRIEVOUSLY TURNED
WERE ONE NOT PAYING
ATTENTION TO...

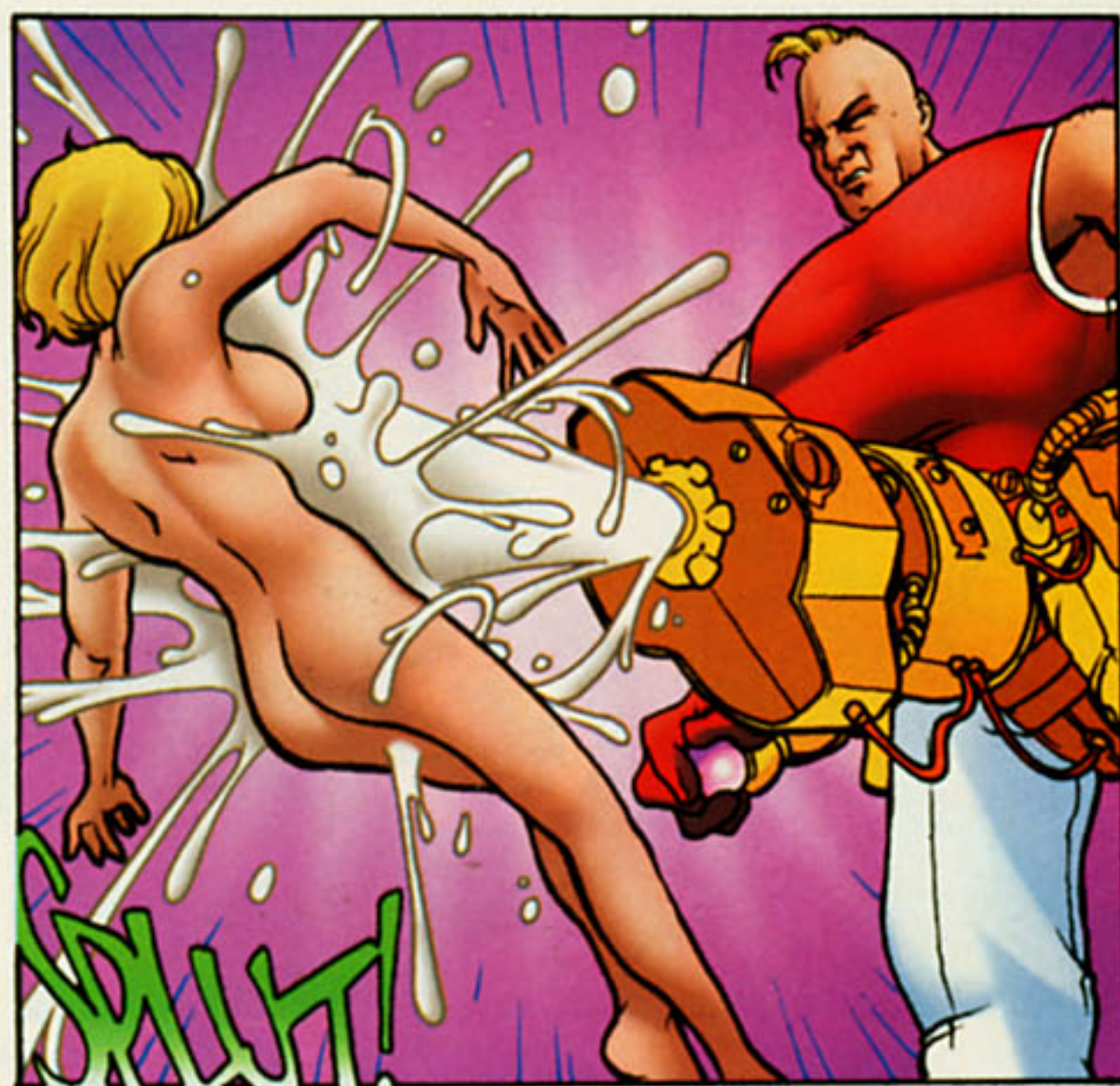
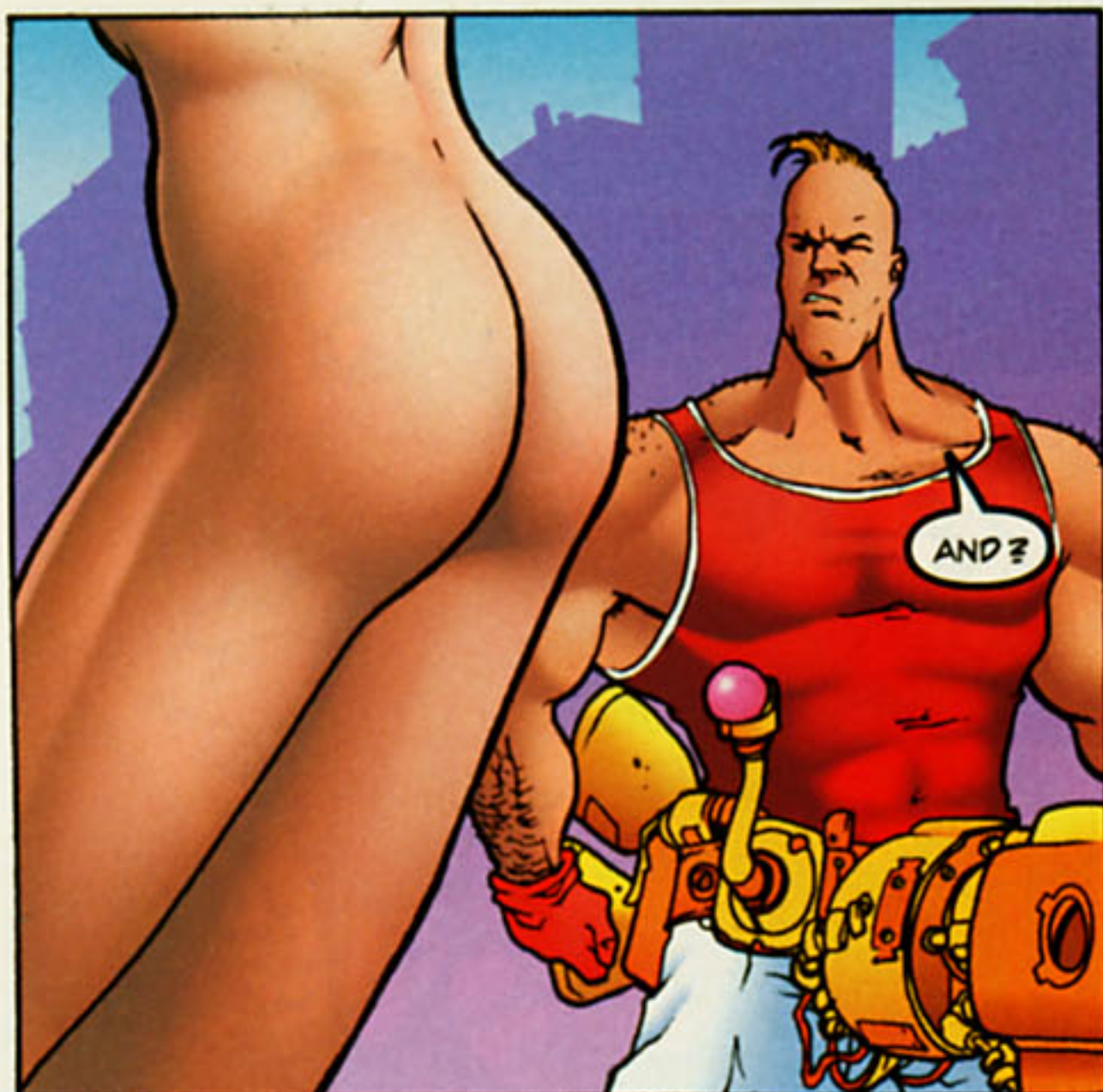
WHO THE
HELL...!?

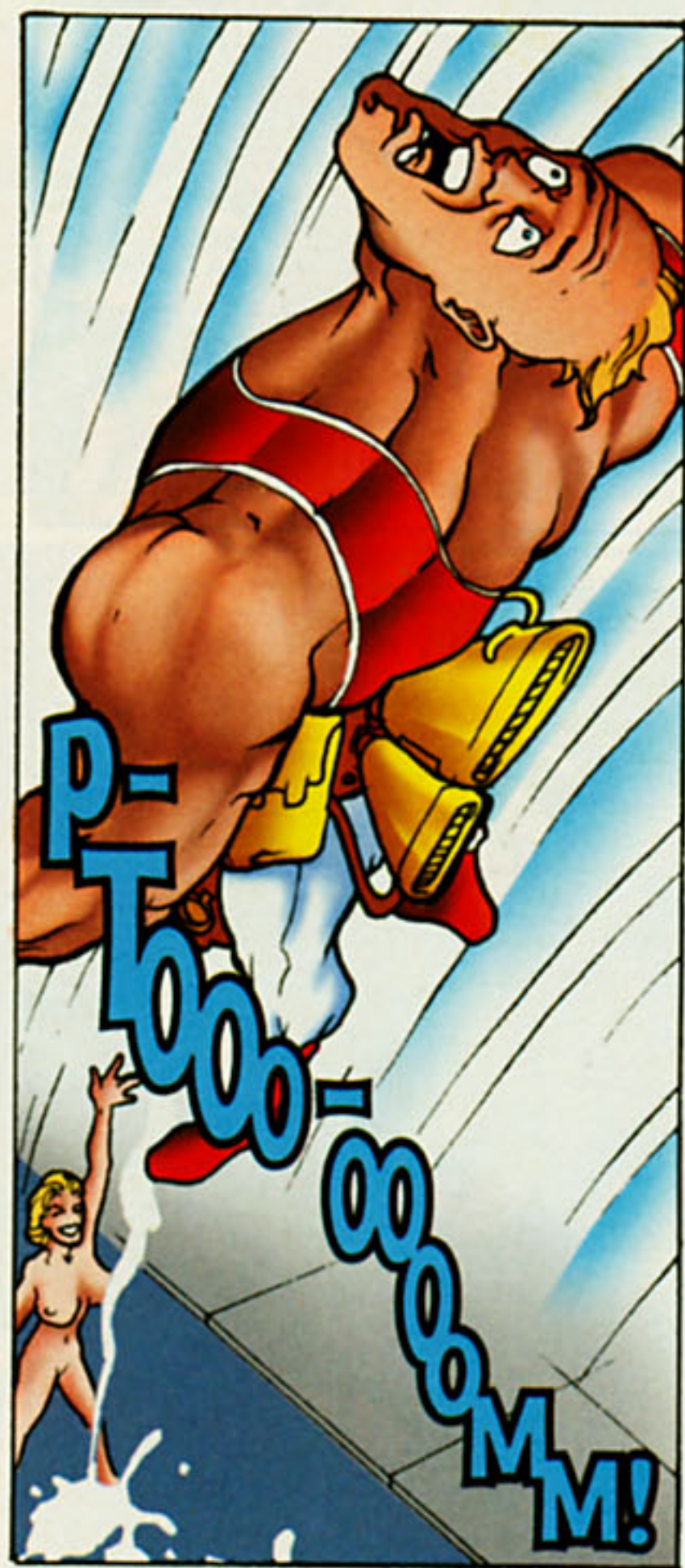
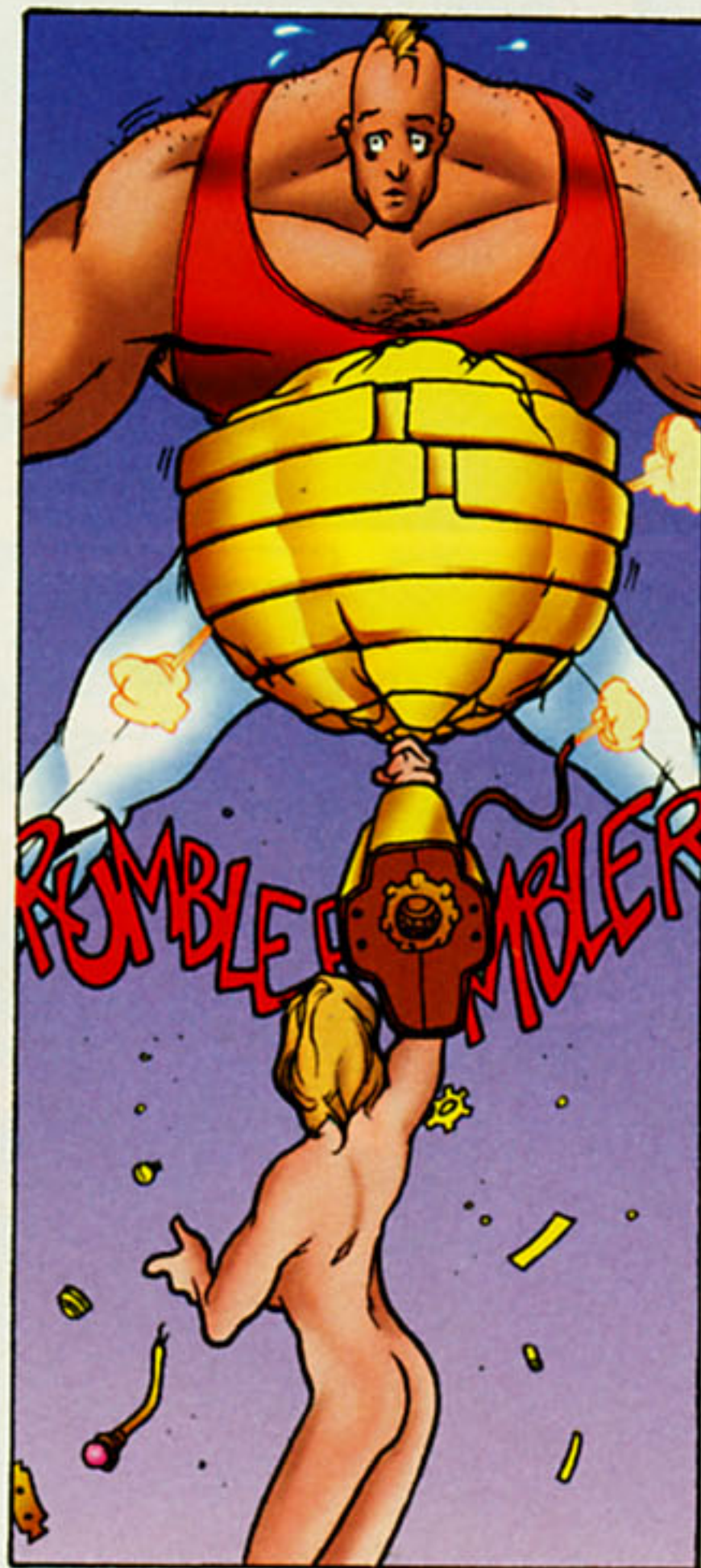
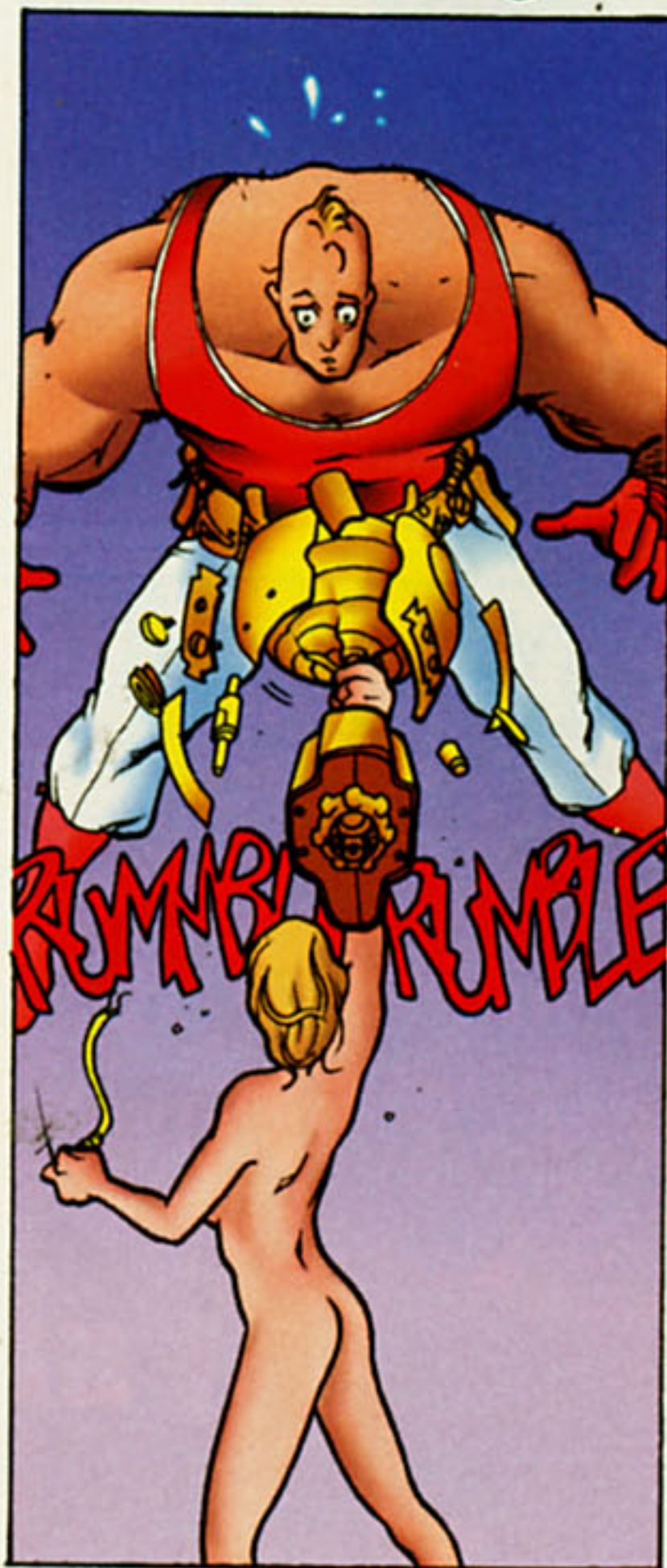




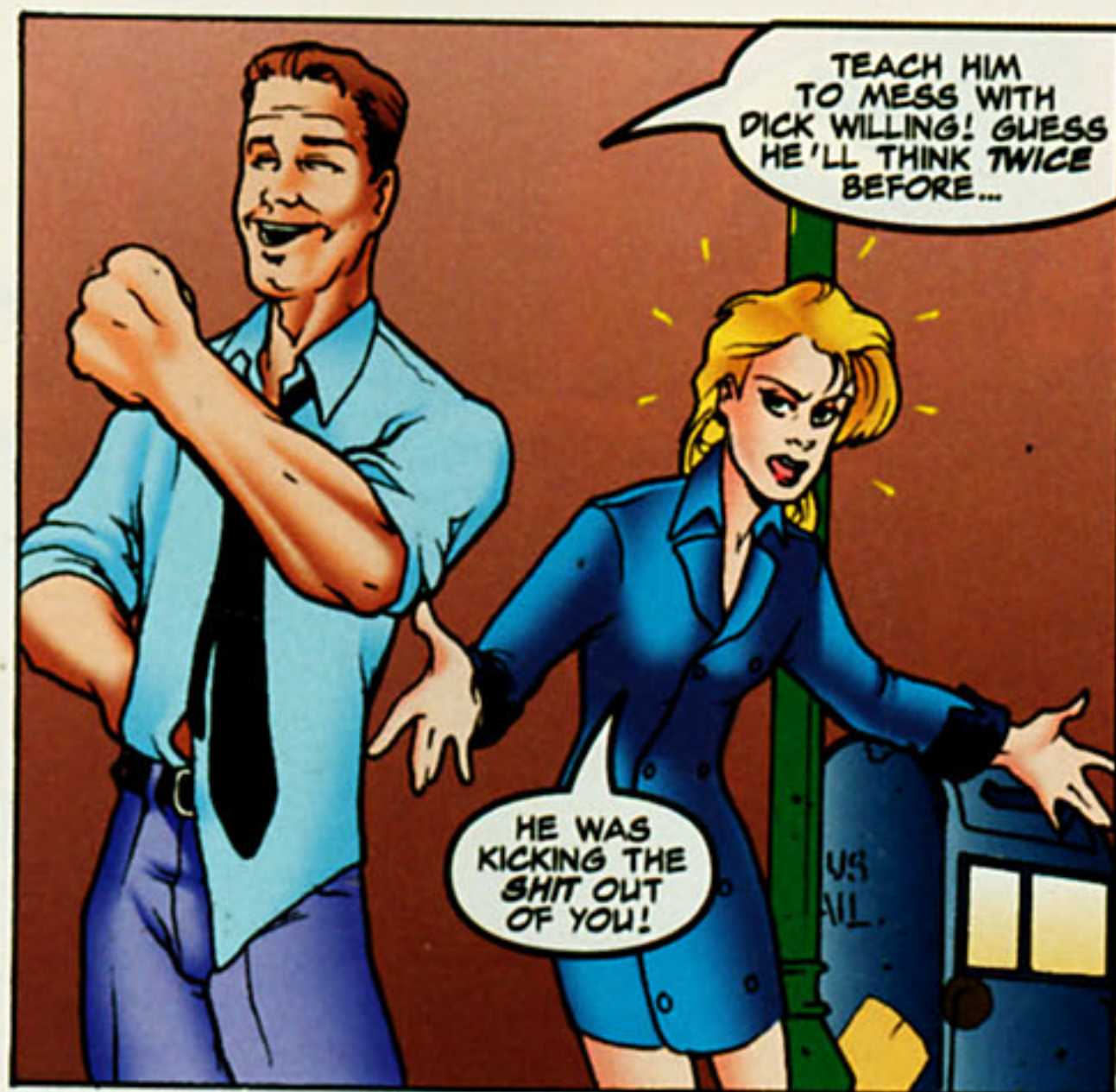


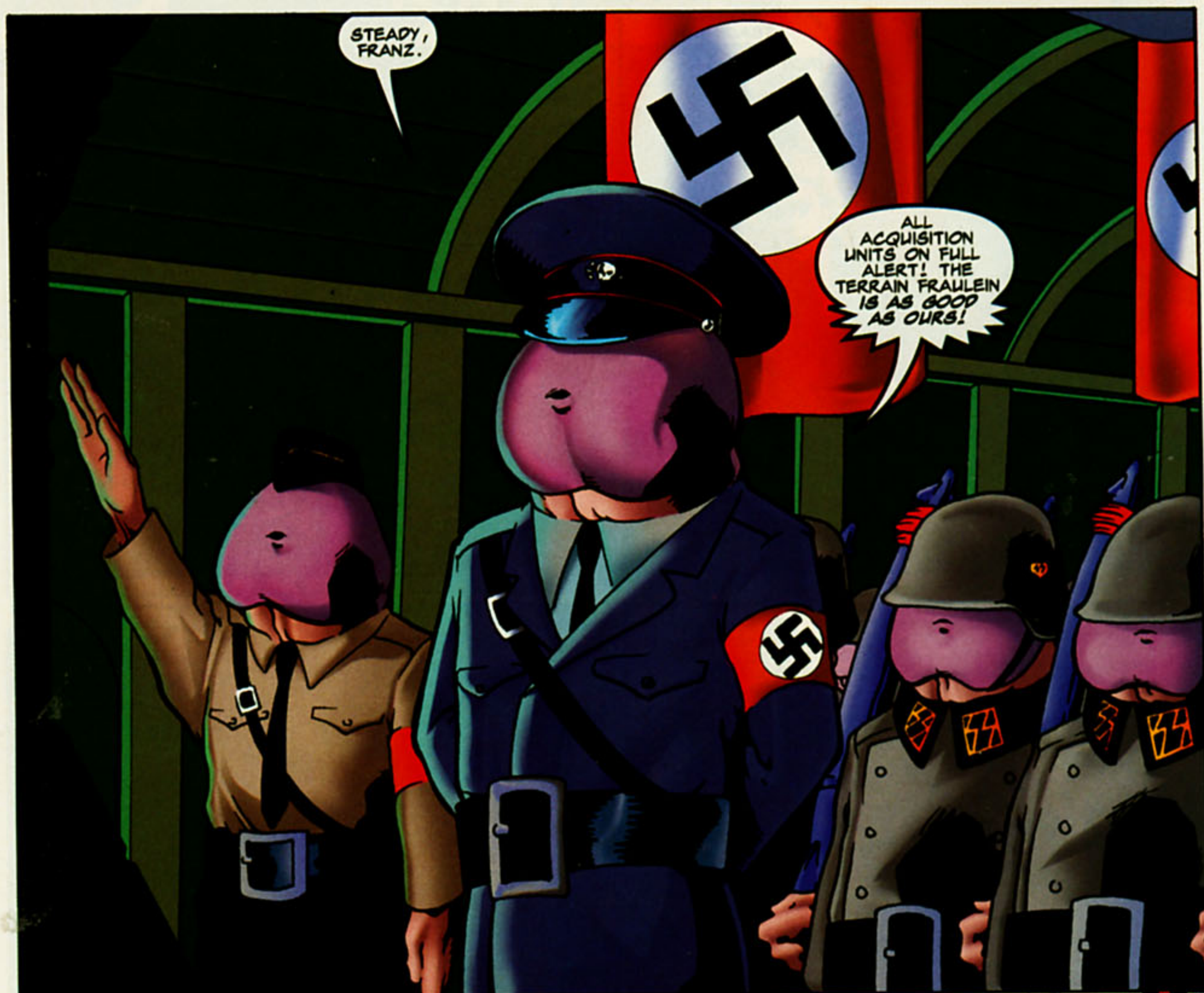
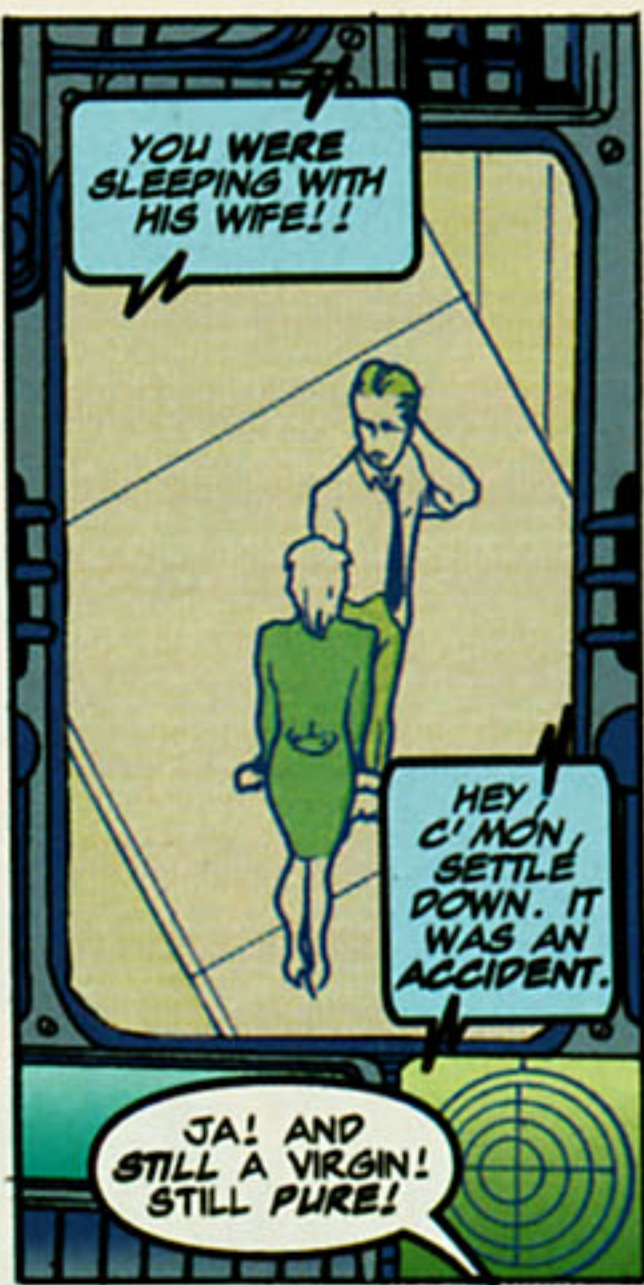
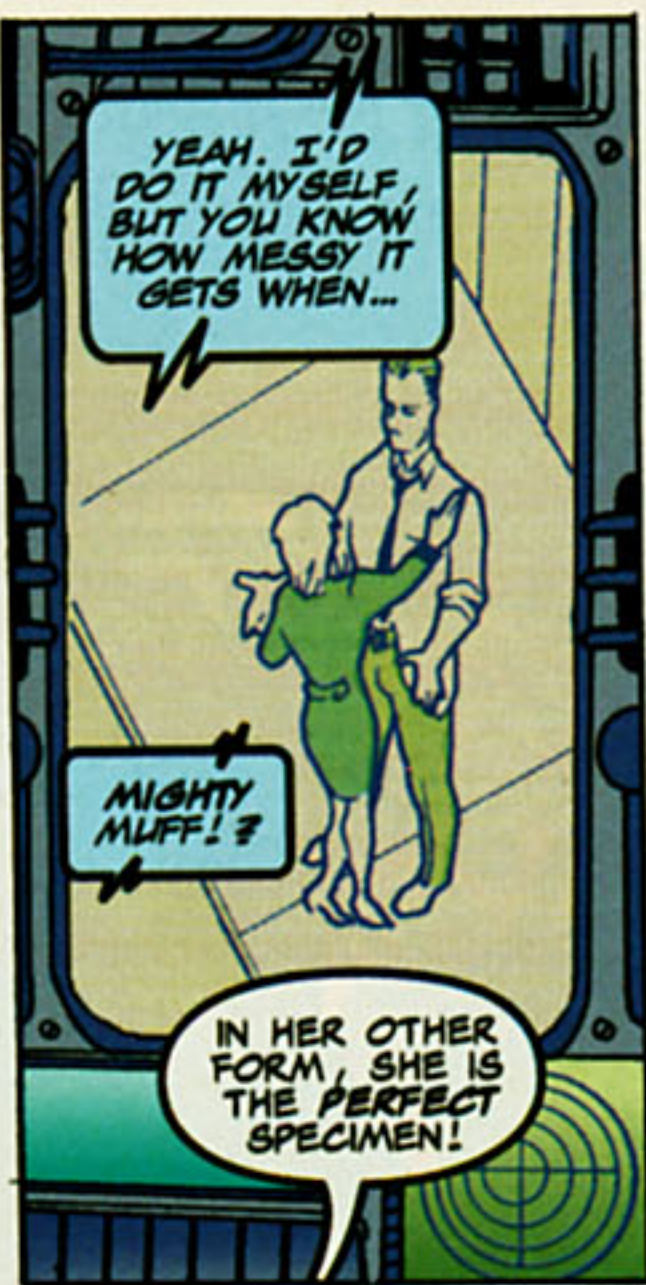












NEXT ISSUE: NAZI PENISES FROM OUTER SPACE!

Pinocchioia

Story by
LEROI

Art by
GIBRAT

Lettering by
V. WILLIAMS

Translated by
J. LECLERC



Our story thus far:

TWISTED TALES DEPARTMENT:
YOU'RE A LONELY OLD WOOD-
CARVER, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.
ONE OF YOUR HOUSEHOLD
MIRRORS STARTS TALKING TO YOU
AND INSTRUCTS YOU TO WHITTLE
UP A GIRLFRIEND. BEING A
TALENTED WOODCARVER, YOU DO.
THE FINISHING TOUCH IS A NICE,
CAREFULLY MEASURED HOLE
WHERE HER PUPIK WOULD BE.
DEPRAVITY, THY NAME IS
GALIPETO. BUT, WAIT A MINUTE!
WHEN CHRISTENED, THIS LIFE-SIZE,
FULLY POSEABLE PUPPET COMES
ALIVE! NOW THAT, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN, IS A
VERY TALENTED
WOODCARVER. QUITE
LOVELY PINOCCHIA IS
SEPARATED FROM
HER BELOVED "PAPA"
BY THE NASTY
POLICE, OF COURSE.
BUT, WHILE
IN A HOLDING
CELL, PINOCCHIA
DEMONSTRATED A
CERTAIN OPEN
SEXUALITY — SHE
GAVE A BLOW-JOB IN
FRONT A CELL-FULL OF
THE SCUM OF THE
EARTH. SHE IS EJECTED
FROM THE JAIL AND
WANDERS ABOUT TILL
SHE JOINS A PARTY. THERE
SHE MEETS LORENZO,
WHOM SHE FALLS MADLY IN
LOVE WITH. SHE'S NO SAP;
HE'S RICH! THE BEAUTEOUS
OLIVIA HELPS PINOCCHIA
PEEL THE VENEER OF CONVEN-
TIONAL SEXUALITY AWAY. BUT
SHE ALSO MEETS RENARDO AND
CATHO, TWO SLEAZY PIMP TYPES
WHO KNOW A GOOD THING WHEN
THEY SEE THEM! THEY SELL HER
TO A TABLE FULL OF DRUNKEN
BUSINESSMEN — MORE THAN
ONE SPORTS A WOODY. THE
NEXT MORNING, SHE AWAKENS
AND THE INNKEEPER ATTEMPTS TO
TENDER HER A BILL. BUT HIS WIFE
INTERRUPTS AND KICKS HER OUT
INTO THE COLD WORLD.

BACK IN HIS CELL, GALIPETTO, UNHAPPY AND FEELING DEJECTED, WAS BROODING OVER HIS MISFORTUNE.

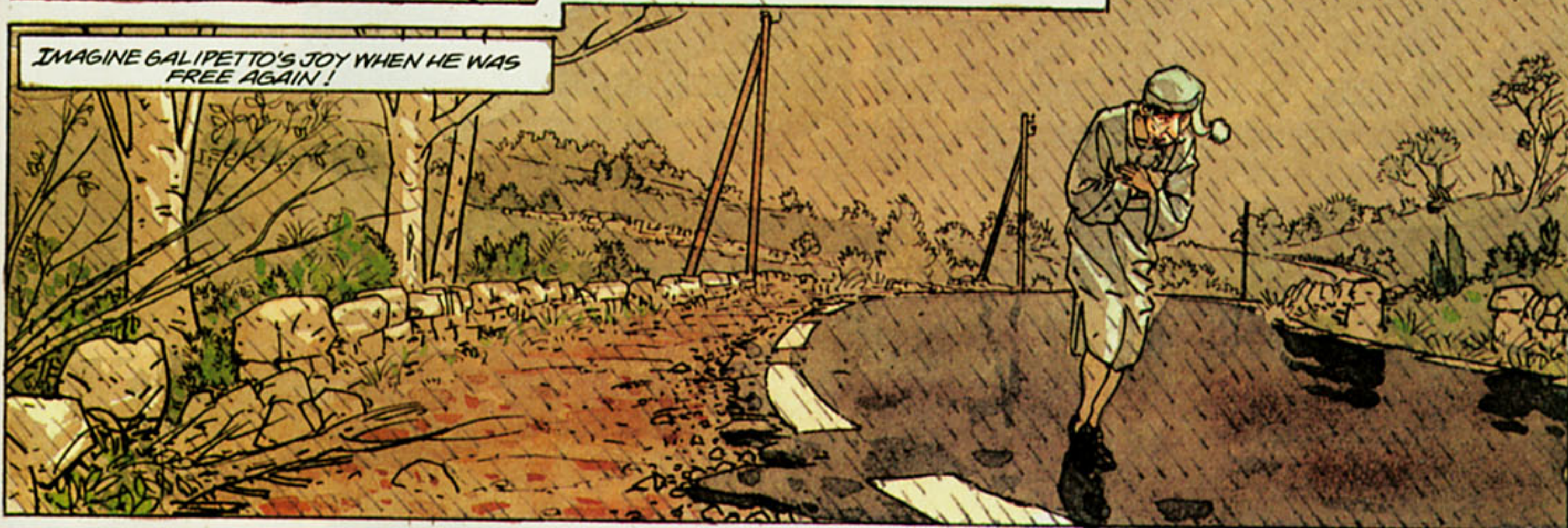


THROW THE OL' STINKER BACK OUT IN THE STREET!



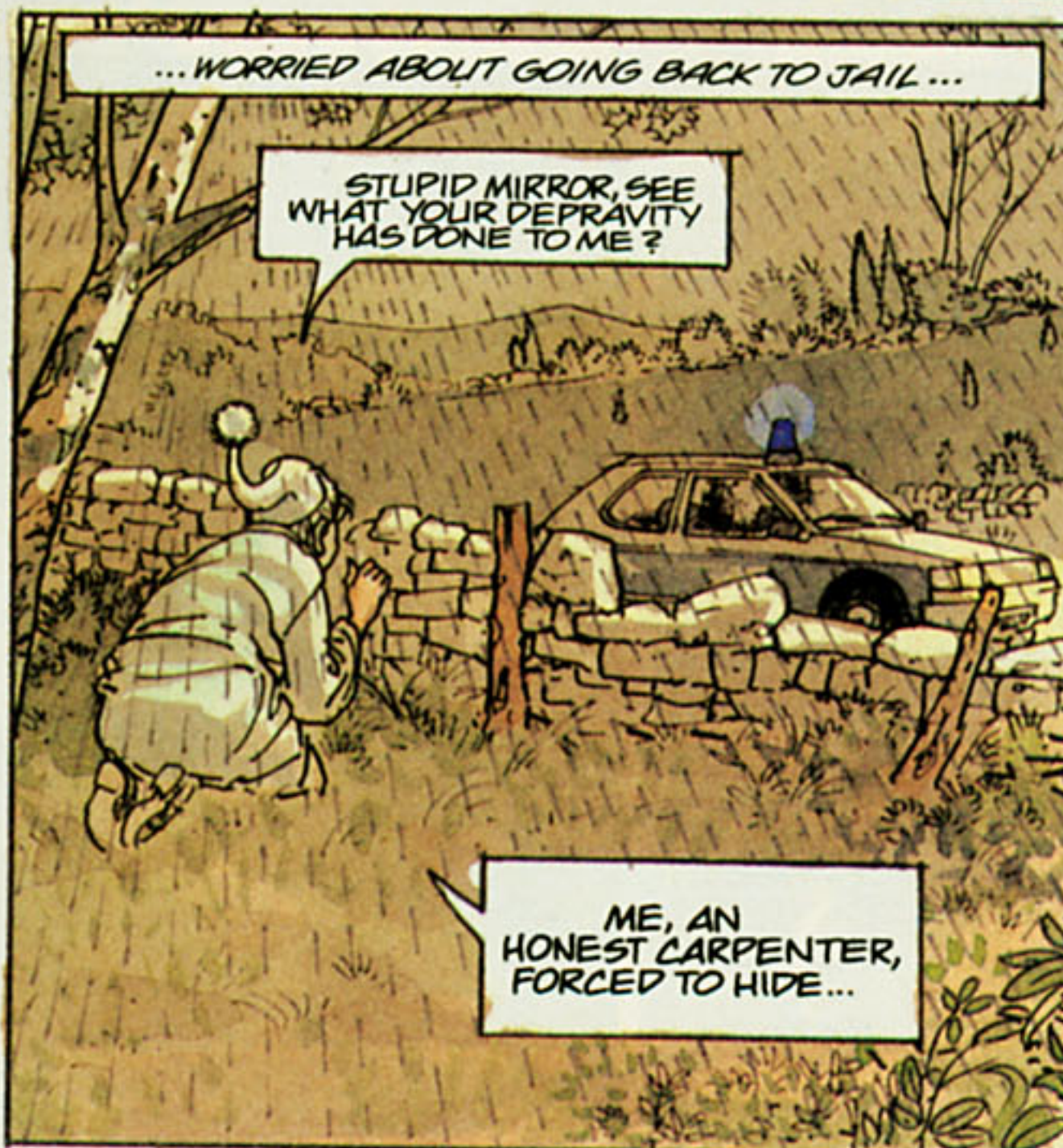
GET OUT, DISGUSTING OLD PIG! GO AND WASH UP IN THE RIVER!

IMAGINE GALIPETTO'S JOY WHEN HE WAS FREE AGAIN!



... WORRIED ABOUT GOING BACK TO JAIL ...

STUPID MIRROR, SEE WHAT YOUR DEPRAVITY HAS DONE TO ME?



ME, AN HONEST CARPENTER, FORCED TO HIDE...



... LIKE A THIEF!

SOBING, PINOCCHIA
SET OFF TOWARDS
THE HANDSOME
LORENZO'S HOUSE
ONCE AGAIN.

I'M JUST A
STUPID DOLL
MADE OF WOOD. I'VE
ABANDONED MY
POOR PAPA!

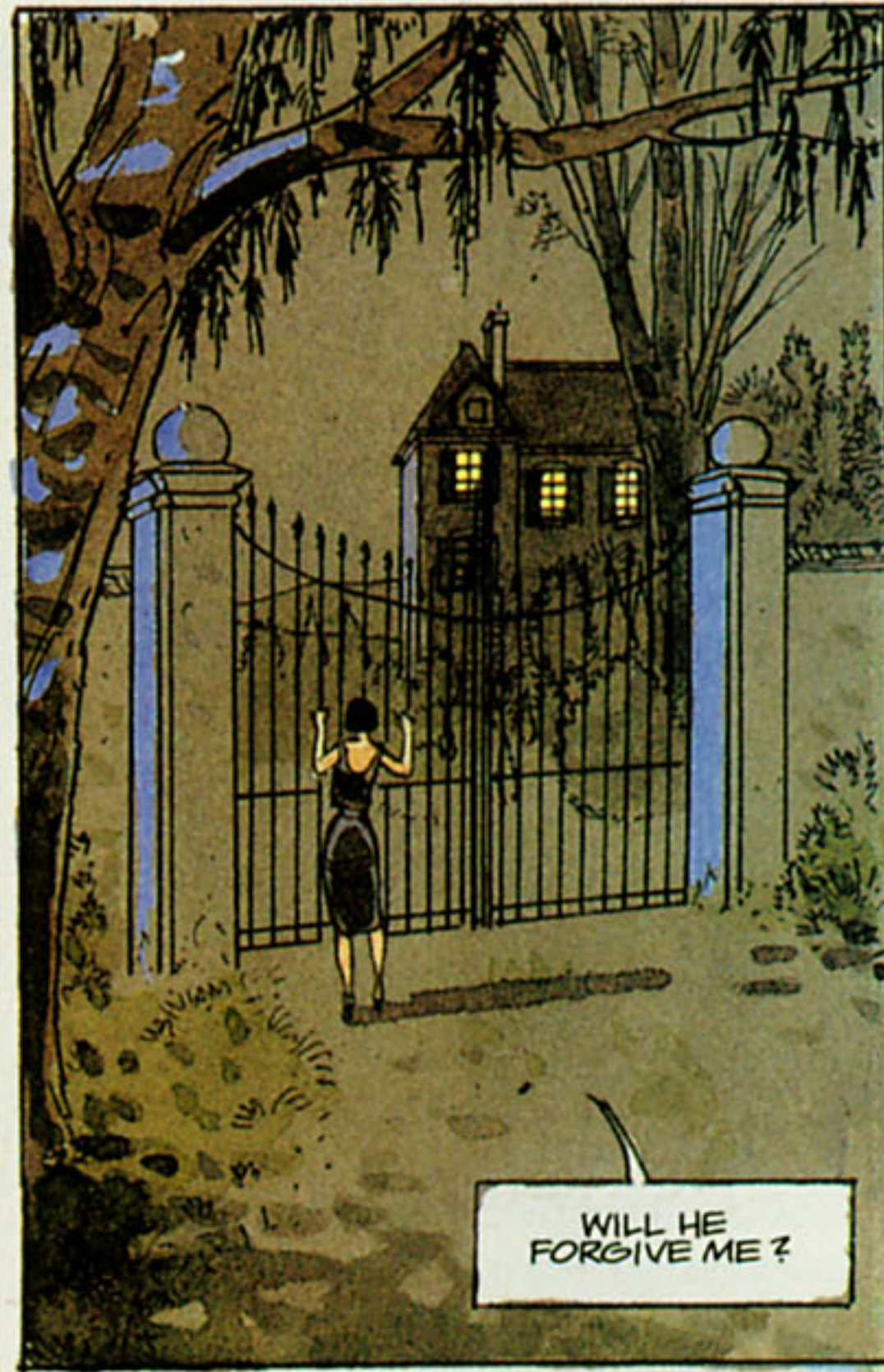


I'VE BETRAYED THE KIND-
HEARTED OLIVIA... TO FOLLOW
SWEET-TALKERS WHO PROM-
ISED ME MONEY AND LOVE!

IS
THERE ANY
OTHER GIRL
IN THE
WORLD AS
HEARTLESS
AS I AM?



WHAT
WILL I TELL
LORENZO?



WILL HE
FORGIVE ME?

THAT SAME NIGHT, THE CARETAKER WAS
BUSY CHECKING THE WINE CELLAR...



AH! AH!
AH!

YESSSS!!!

...WHERE THE FINE WINES
THAT WOULD BECOME THE
PRIDE OF THE ESTATE...

...WERE FERMENTING IN THE QUIET DARKNESS...



GASPARD? AND YOU!
MARION! HOW COULD YOU?
IN THE PRESENCE OF
THESE NOBLE VATS?!

AARGH!



AND THIS IS HOW A
GARDENER'S POSITION
BECAME AVAILABLE.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, MISS?

I'M LOOKING FOR MR. LORENZO AND MISS OLIVIA!



AS FOR YOU, GASPARD, DON'T EVER COME AROUND HERE AGAIN-- OTHERWISE, YOU'LL REGRET IT!



WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE MY NAUGHTINESS?

PLEASE, PINOCCHIA, COME CLOSER TO THE FIREPLACE!

THANK YOU, JUSTIN, YOU MAY GO.



OH, LORENZO...



FOLLOWING A COINCIDENCE OF EVENTS THAT ONLY HAPPEN IN FAIRY TALES, GALIPETTO WAS DRAWN TO THE LIGHTS OF A WELCOMING HOUSE.



JUSTIN NEEDED A GARDENER, GALIPETTO NEEDED A ROOF OVER HIS HEAD AND A BOWL OF HOT SOUP!

AFTER YOU'VE HAD YOUR SOUP, MY GOOD MAN, YOU'LL TAKE A HOT BATH!

BUT I JUST SHOWERED!



HOW COULD THE HONEST CRAFTSMAN HAVE KNOWN THAT ABOVE HIM...

...HIS CHERISHED PINOCCHIA WAS HEALING HER WOUNDED HEART...



...UNDER THE HANDSOME LORENZO'S GENTLE CARE.

OH, LORENZO!

I LOVE YOU!

I LOVE YOU!
I LOVE YOU!
I LOVE YOU!

MY LOVE!

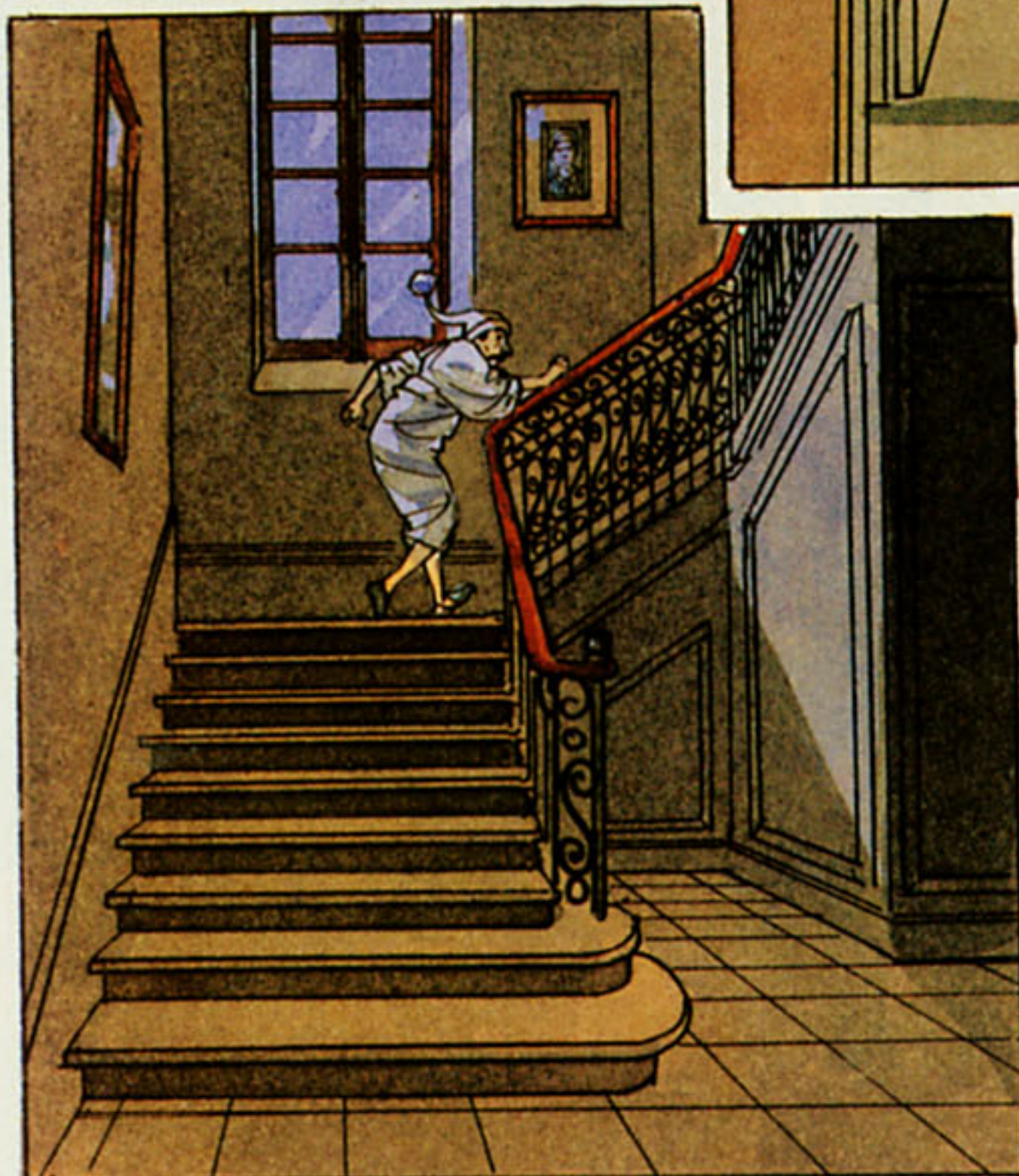
WILL YOU BE QUIET, YOU RASCAL!

JUST SHUT UP!



POOR PUPPET, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT LOVE NEVER DIES OF STARVATION, BUT OFTEN OF INDIGESTION!

SHE'S DRIVING ME NUTS!



AMAZED AT FINDING HIS CHERISHED DOLL...
THE OLD MAN...



PINOCCHIA!?
OH, PINOCCHIA!
I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR YOU
EVERYWHERE!

...THOUGHT HE WAS
GOING CRAZY...



GOOD GOD!
WHAT DID THEY DO
TO YOU?
WHAT HAPPENED?

... CRAZED BY THE PAIN OF SEEING
HER LIFELESS BODY...



NO, I
SHOULDN'T... BUT I
HAVE TO REVIVE
HER!

TO GIVE HER BACK THE BREATH OF
LIFE - THE GOOD-HEARTED MAN
STARTED PASSIONATELY
POLISHING HIS MASTERPIECE.



WHAT'S THAT
RUCKUS?



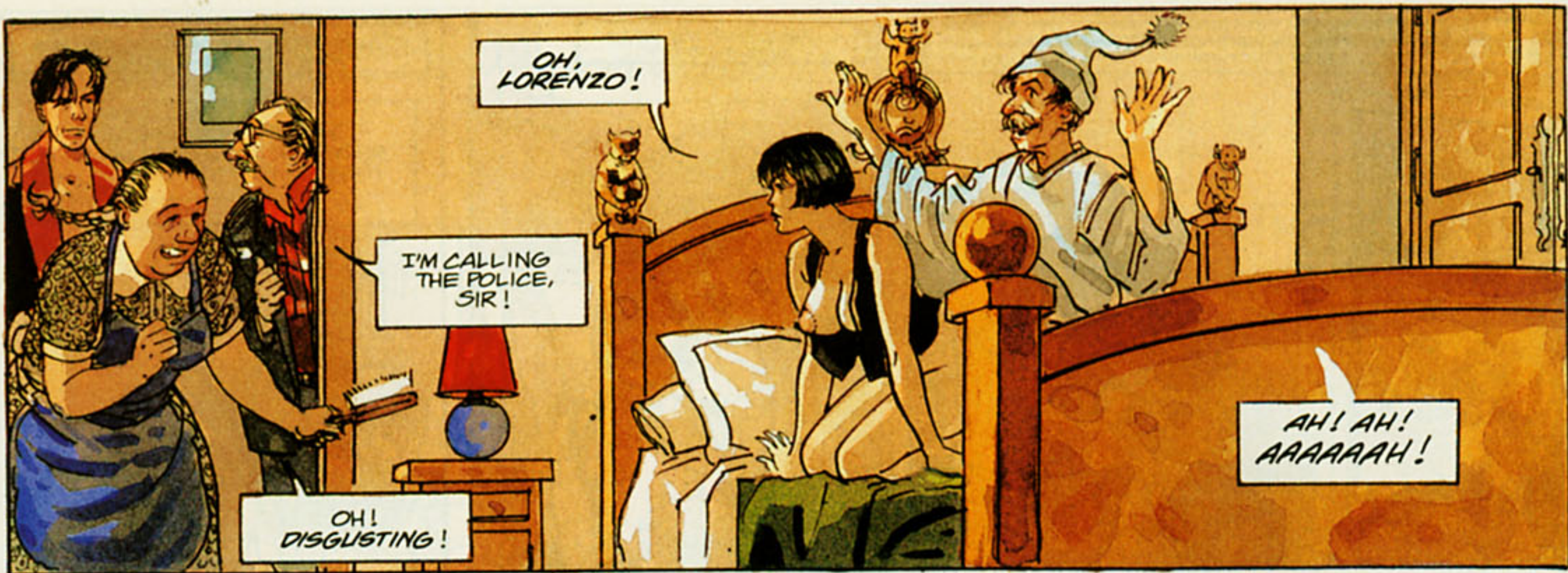
THE OLD PIG'S
HIDING IN ONE OF
THE ROOMS!



RELENTLESS, HE DIDN'T
DIMINISH HIS EFFORTS TO
REVIVE THE DOLL. IT
WASN'T LONG BEFORE SHE...



THERE
HE IS!





DAMN! THE POLICE!



BUT...

SORRY, PINOCCHIA, BUT I CAN'T STAND BEING LOCKED UP AGAIN!

NO SOONER HAD GALIPETTO FOUND HIS PUPPET, THEN FATE WAS SEPARATING THEM ONCE AGAIN!

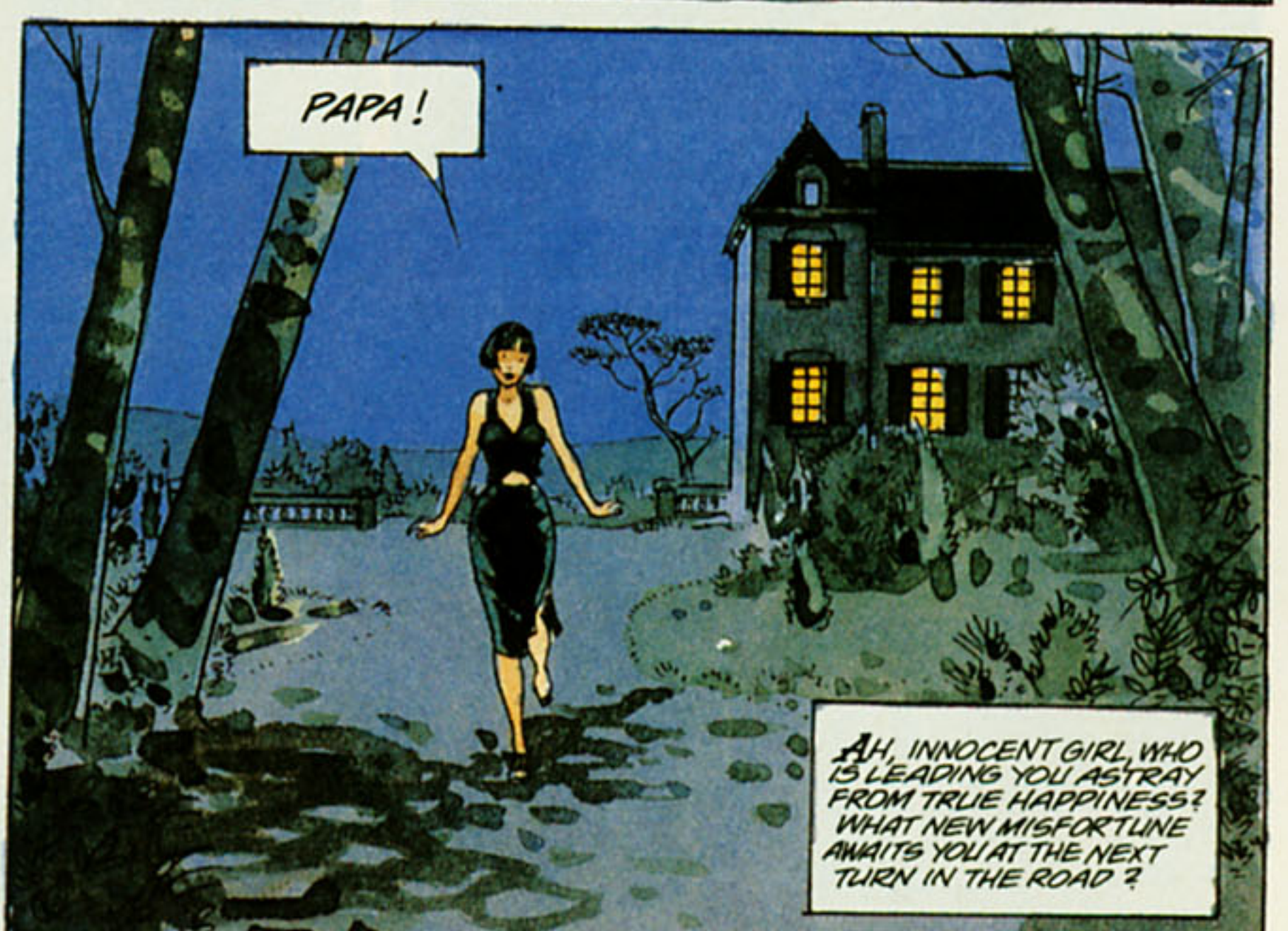


HE WENT THAT WAY! HURRY!



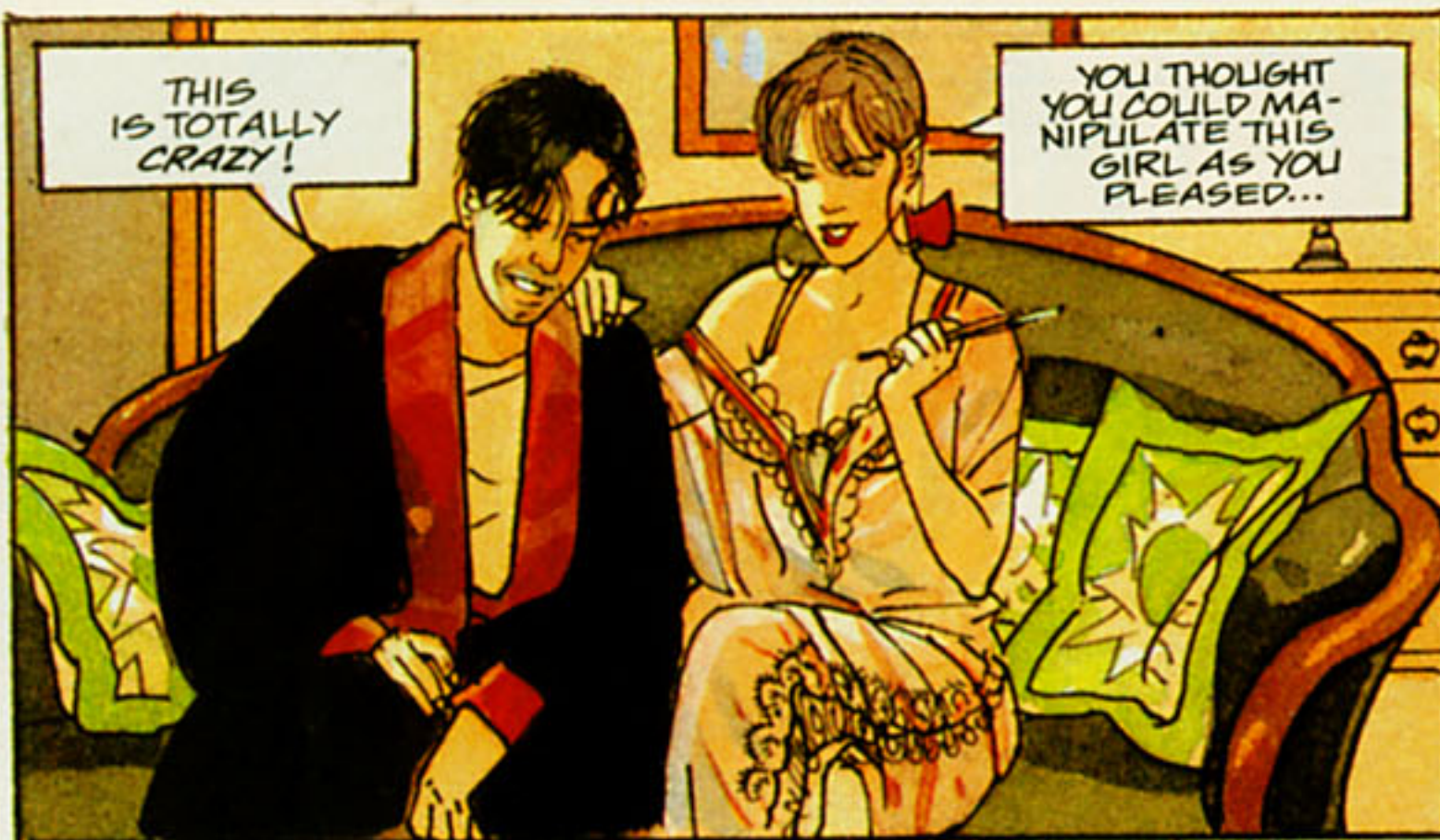
WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON NOW, PINOCCHIA?

DON'T BE MAD AT ME! I MUST CATCH UP TO HIM!



PAPA!

AH, INNOCENT GIRL, WHO IS LEADING YOU ASTRAY FROM TRUE HAPPINESS? WHAT NEW MISFORTUNE AWAITS YOU AT THE NEXT TURN IN THE ROAD?



THIS IS TOTALLY CRAZY!

YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD MANIPULATE THIS GIRL AS YOU PLEASED...



...AND YOU SEE, SHE'S GONE!



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, DARLING CHILD? WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE!

YOU LEFT ME ALONE AT THE INN AND YOU RAN OFF LIKE THE CROOKS THAT YOU ARE!



OF COURSE NOT! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU BECAUSE WE'VE FOUND YOU A GOOD JOB!



AND THIS IS THE THANKS WE GET!



PINOCCHIA, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF YOUR TROUBLES.

YOU'LL BE RICH, VERY RICH! LORENZO WILL BE EATING OUT OF YOUR HANDS!

AS FOR YOU, NAUGHTY BOYS, IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW OUR HEROINE'S MAIN ATTRACTIONS WILL GROW AS SHE LOSES HER INNOCENCE, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO BE PATIENT.

PINOCCHIA AND THE TWO CROOKS STOPPED IN FRONT OF A MULTICOLORED BOOTH.

HERE YOU ARE IN PARADISE, BEAUTIFUL!



LOOK AT THE SIGN!

THE GARDEN OF Eden...



FOR YOU, NOTHING!

HOW MUCH DOES IT COST TO GET INTO THE GARDEN?



THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO BEGIN!



EVERYONE'S EYES WERE RIVETED ON A GIRL WHO WAS DANCING IN FRONT OF THEM.

PINOCCHIA WAS LITERALLY MESMERIZED BY THE GRACE...



...AND AUDACITY OF THE GIRL WHO WAS STRIP-
PING TO THE THROBBING RHYTHM OF AN
EROTIC TUNE...



THIS MONEY
COULD BE YOURS
TOO!

WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING ME?



WE'RE GOING TO INTRO-
DUCE YOU TO THE LORD,
OUR FATHER! AND IF HE'S
WILLING TO TAKE YOU...

THIS IS WHEN... OUT OF
NOWHERE... APPEARED...



MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
PUSSYEATER!

...A FRIGHTENING MAN...
MOSTLY BECAUSE OF HIS
BIG EYES...



THE ILLUSTRIOUS PLUSSYEATER WAS HOLDING A LONG WHIP AND HIS GLOWING EYES WERE GREEDILY DEVOURING THE SCULPTED BODY...

...OF OUR HEROINE, WHO ALLOWED HIM TO GAZE AT HER WITH DELIGHT.



DON'T YOU KNOW, BRAZEN MINX, WE DON'T FOOL AROUND WITH DISCIPLINE HERE!

ER...

MY GIRLS MUST BE BEYOND REPROACH.

DON'T YOU HAVE A BOYFRIEND, PINOCCHIA?

SHE'S AS PURE AS THE PUREST STREAM, MOST ILLUSTRIOUS!



I TRUST YOU, DEAR FRIENDS!



NONETHELESS, SHE HAS TO SHOW US HER TALENTS ON THE STAGE!



IT'LL BRING THE HOUSE DOWN!

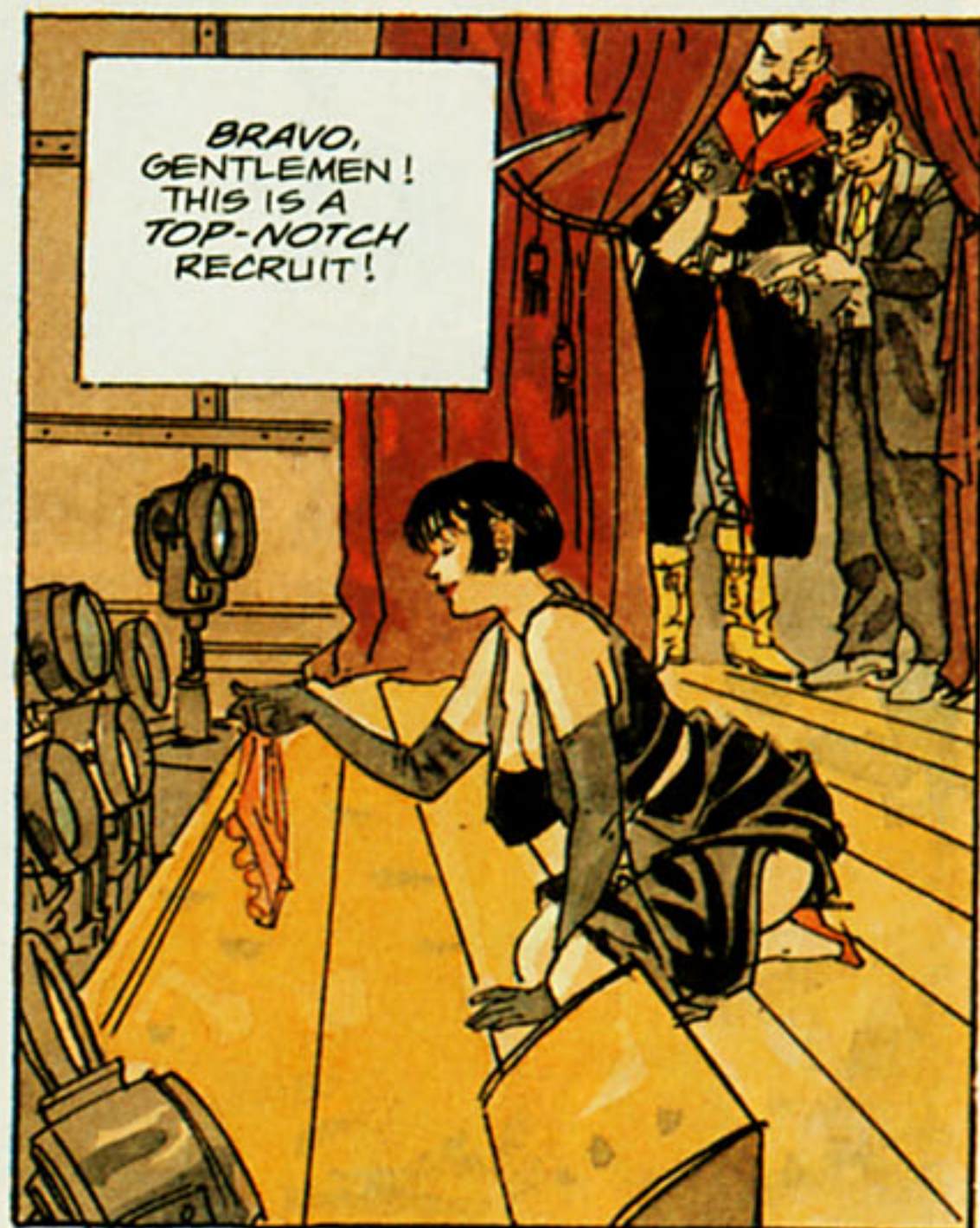


JUST WATCH THE OTHER GIRLS!

AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU ARE, YOU'LL ASTOUND THEM!



INDEED, PINOCCHIA'S PERFORMANCE WAS BREATH TAKING.



BRAVO, GENTLEMEN! THIS IS A TOP-NOTCH RECRUIT!

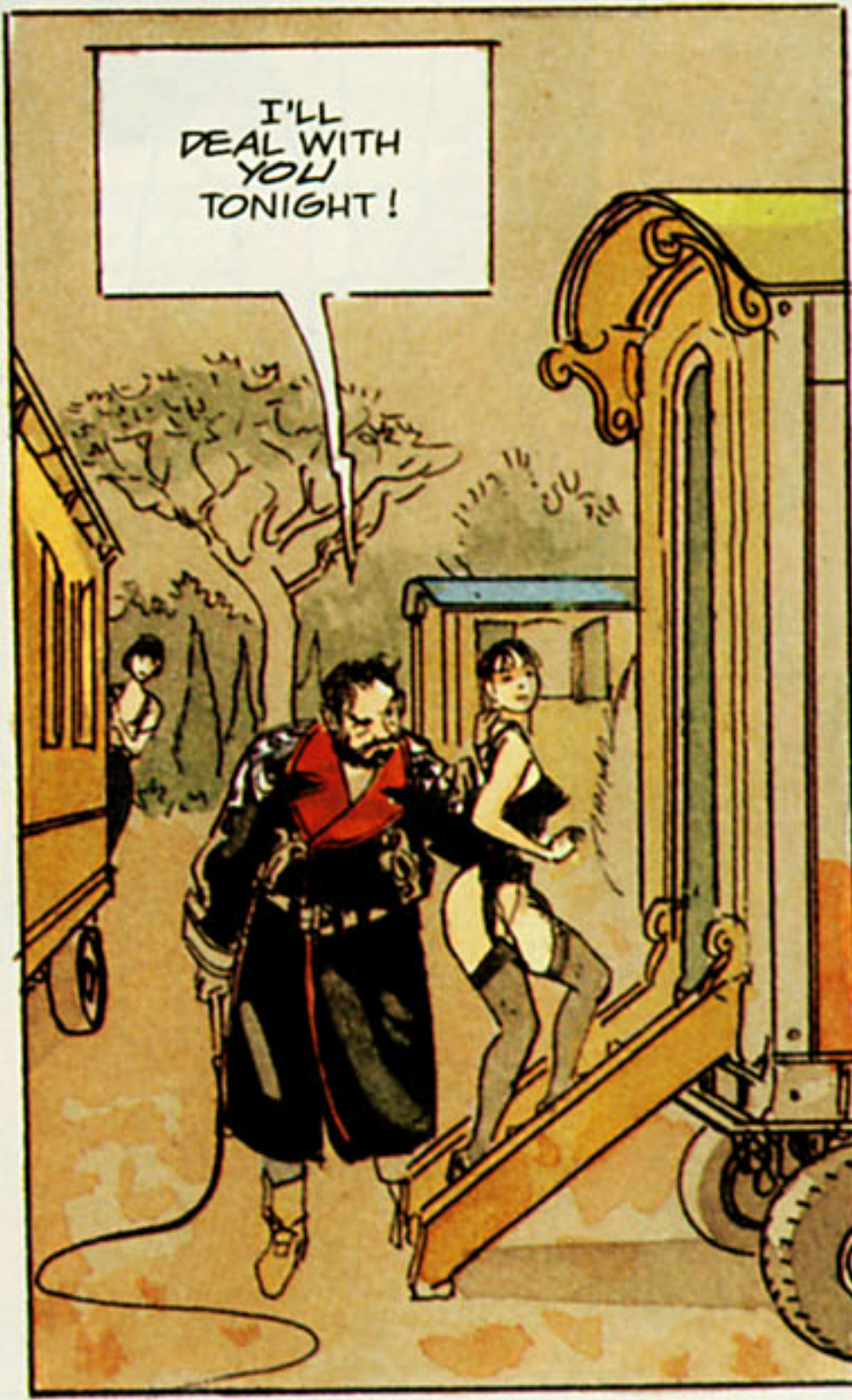
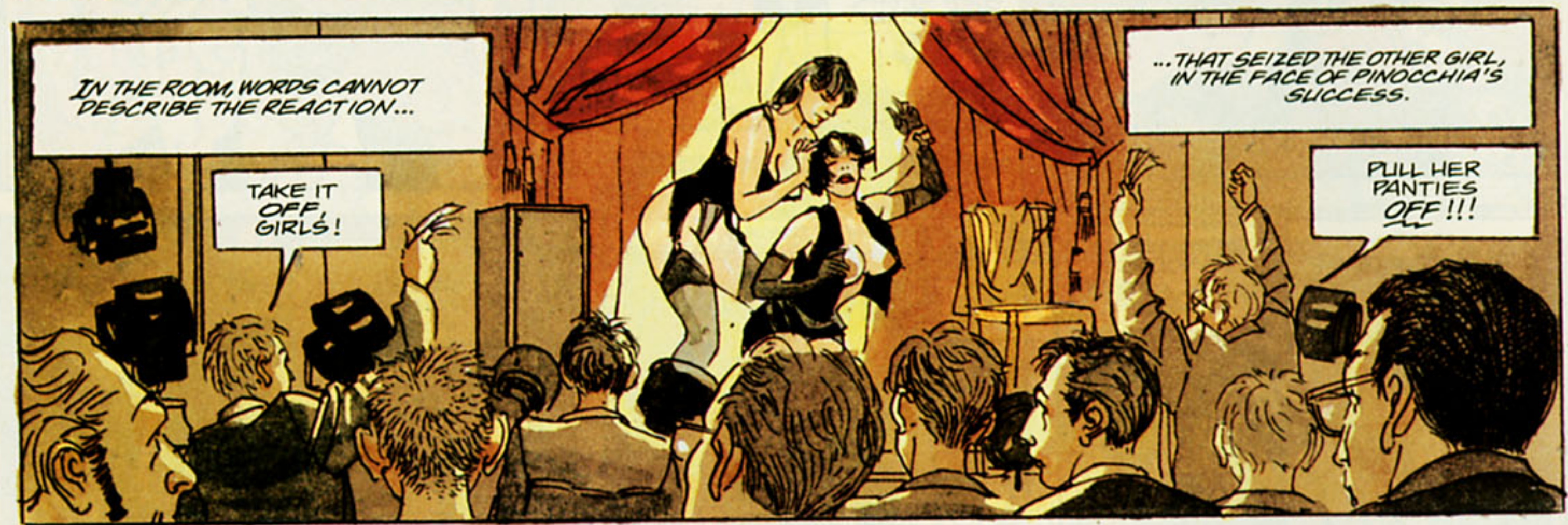


YOU DON'T HAVE ANY OBJECTIONS TO HER KEEPING HER OWN TIPS, DO YOU?

WELL, THAT IS, WE...

GENTLEMEN, PLEASE! WHERE ARE YOUR MORALS?





AT THE SIGHT OF THIS HEART-WRENCHING SCENE, PINOCCHIA PLEADED WITH PUSSYEATER.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER, I IMPORE YOU TO FORGIVE THIS POOR GIRL.



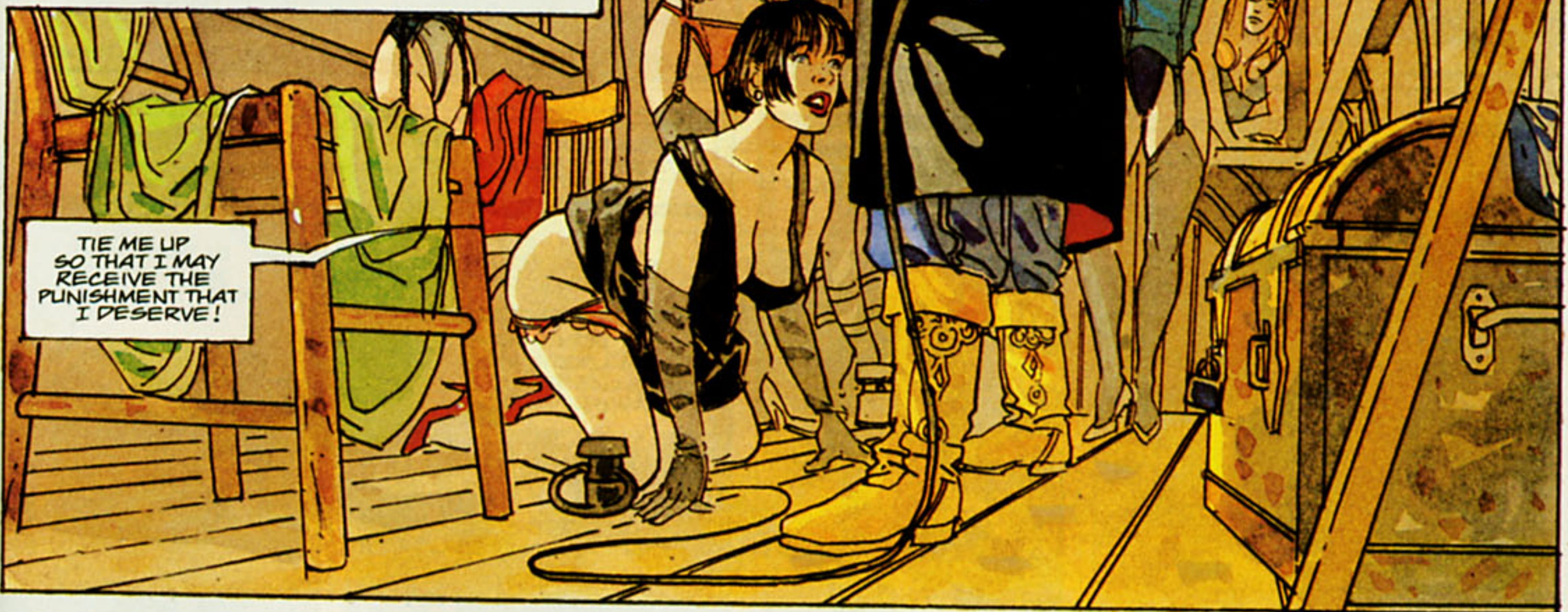
IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF FORGIVING. MY TROUPE OWES ME ABSOLUTE OBEDIENCE AND I HAVE NO OTHER WAY BUT TO DEAL SEVERELY WITH--



IN THAT CASE, I KNOW MY DUTY. IT'S NOT RIGHT THAT SHE SHOULD BE PUNISHED INSTEAD OF ME!



UPON HEARING THESE HEROIC WORDS, THE GIRLS ALL STARTED TO CRY THEIR EYES OUT.



TIE ME UP SO THAT I MAY RECEIVE THE PUNISHMENT THAT I DESERVE!

EVEN PUSSYEATER WAS MOVED TO TEARS.

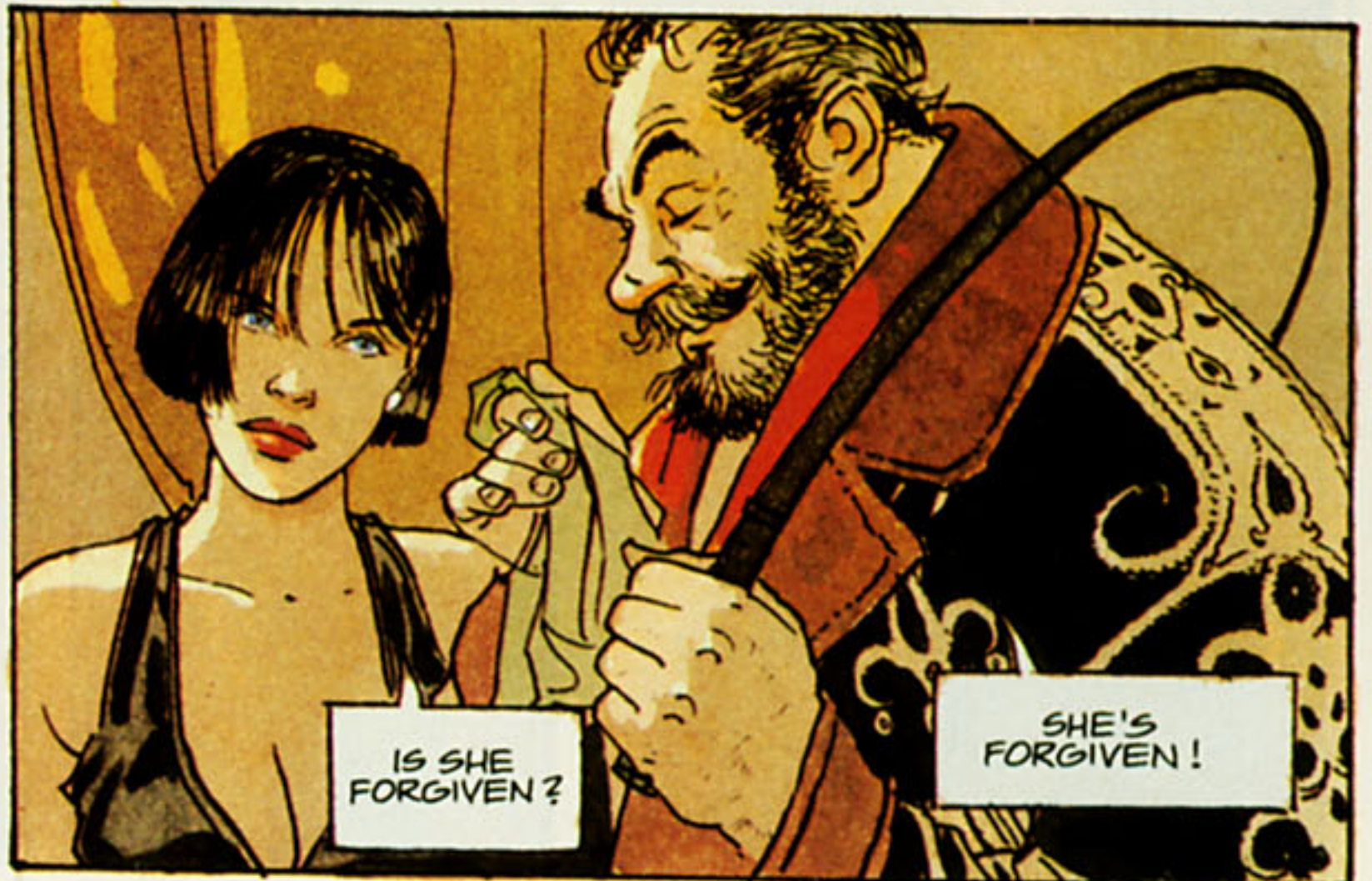
YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL, PINOCCHIA!

COME HERE!



IS SHE FORGIVEN?

SHE'S FORGIVEN!



TO SHOW HIM HER GRATITUDE, AT THIS EMOTIONAL MOMENT...



...PINOCCHIA GAVE HIM A VERY DEEP KISS.



OH MY! THIS SMALL, BUT QUITE PLEASANT, DESSERT WILL DO FOR TONIGHT!

THE GIRLS APPLAUDED THEIR NEW, GENEROUS FRIEND...

NEXT TIME, WATCH YOUR ASSES!



I'LL HAVE NO PITY!

THEY STARTED DANCING AND JUMPING FOR JOY AND CELEBRATING PINOCCHIA.



DID YOU ENJOY THAT, YOU RASCAL?

MOST CERTAINLY, MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER. IT WAS QUITE ENJOYABLE!

PINOCCHIA WAS TELLING A LITTLE WHITE LIE...



...BECAUSE SHE WOULD HAVE PREFERRED KISSING LORENZO.



PUSSYEATER WANTED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT...

YOU DID SAY THAT YOU DON'T HAVE A LOVER?

I DON'T HAVE A LOVER, MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER.



AT THIS SECOND LIE, PINOCCHIA'S CHEST STARTED SWELLING EVEN MORE.

IN THAT CASE, YOU'D ENJOY SLEEPING WITH ME TONIGHT?



WITH GREAT PLEASURE, OH MASTER!

THIS NEW LIE WAS EVEN
GREATER THAN THE
OTHER ONES...



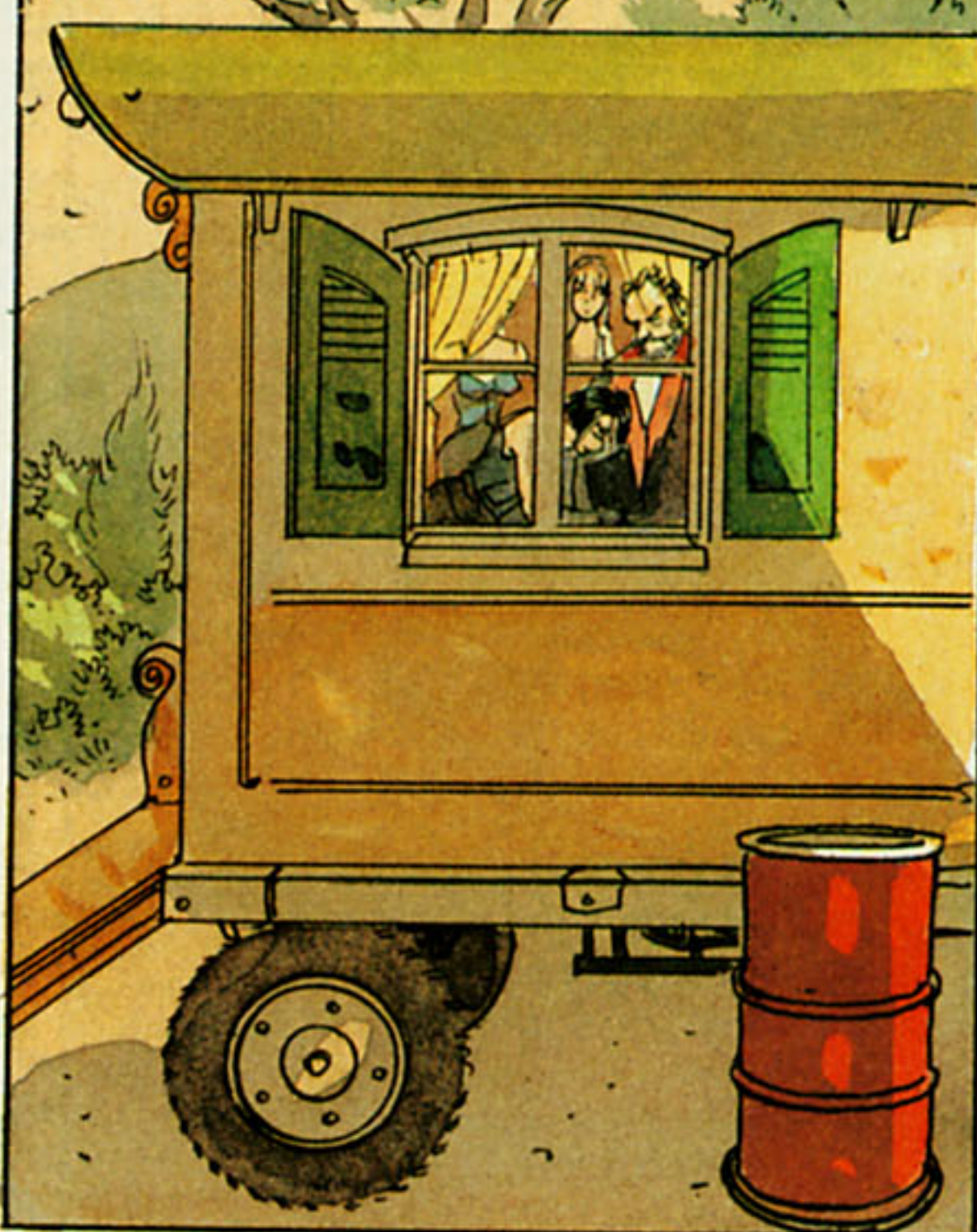
THESE
BREASTS ARE
MARVELOUS!!!

WHAT WAS THIS
STRANGE PHENOMENA?



WHAT STRANGE
CURSE WEIGHS UPON
MY BREASTS?

MORTIFIED, SHE BROKE
INTO TEARS!



PUSSYEATER, BEING THE KIND
SOUL THAT HE REALLY WAS,
LET OUR PUPPET CRY...



...AND THEN CAUGHT UP
WITH HER BECAUSE HE
WAS STILL, NONETHELESS,
HER UNYIELDING MASTER...

...TO TEACH HER A GOOD
LESSON...

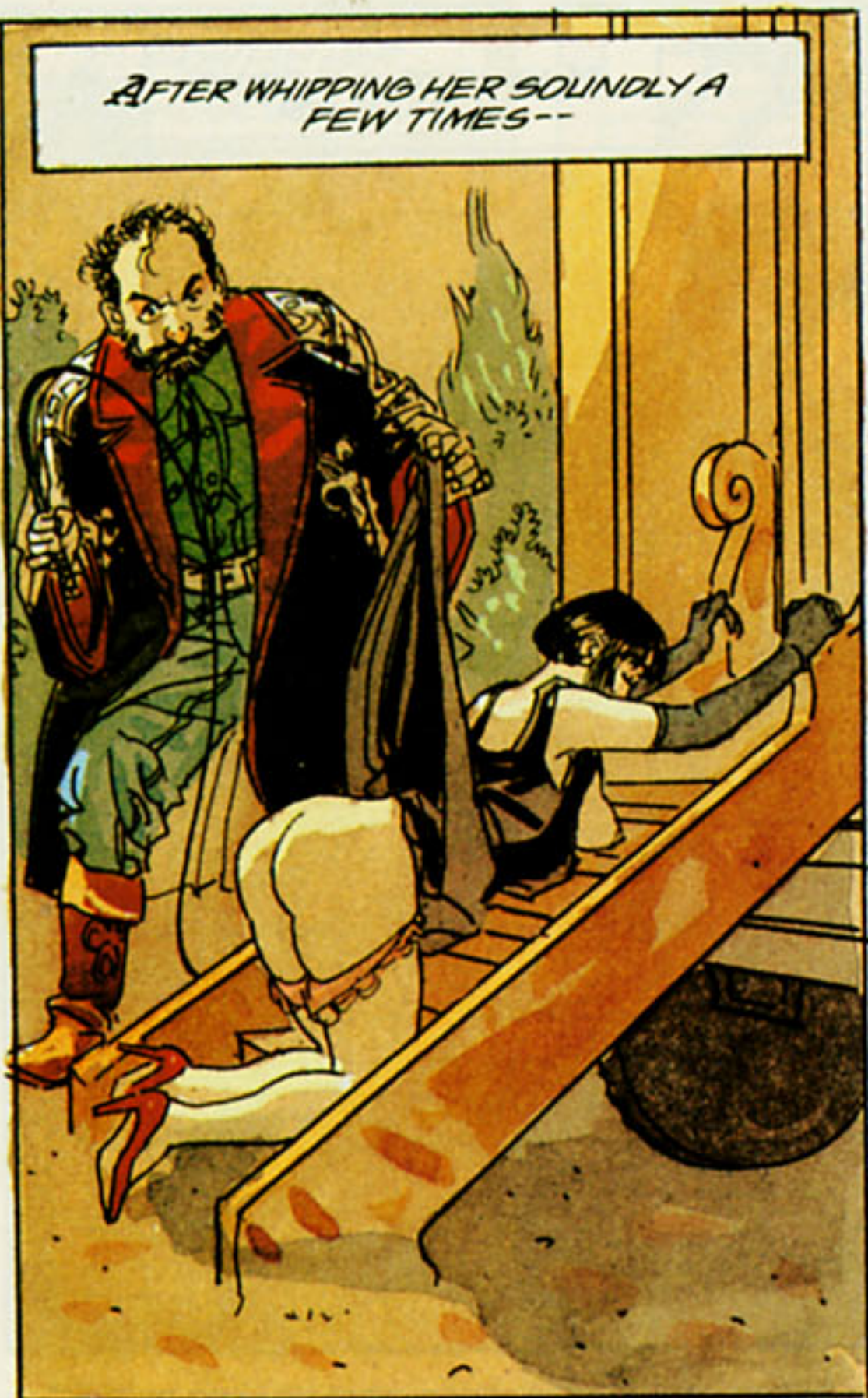


I'LL TEACH
YOU TO LIE,
NAUGHTY
GIRL!



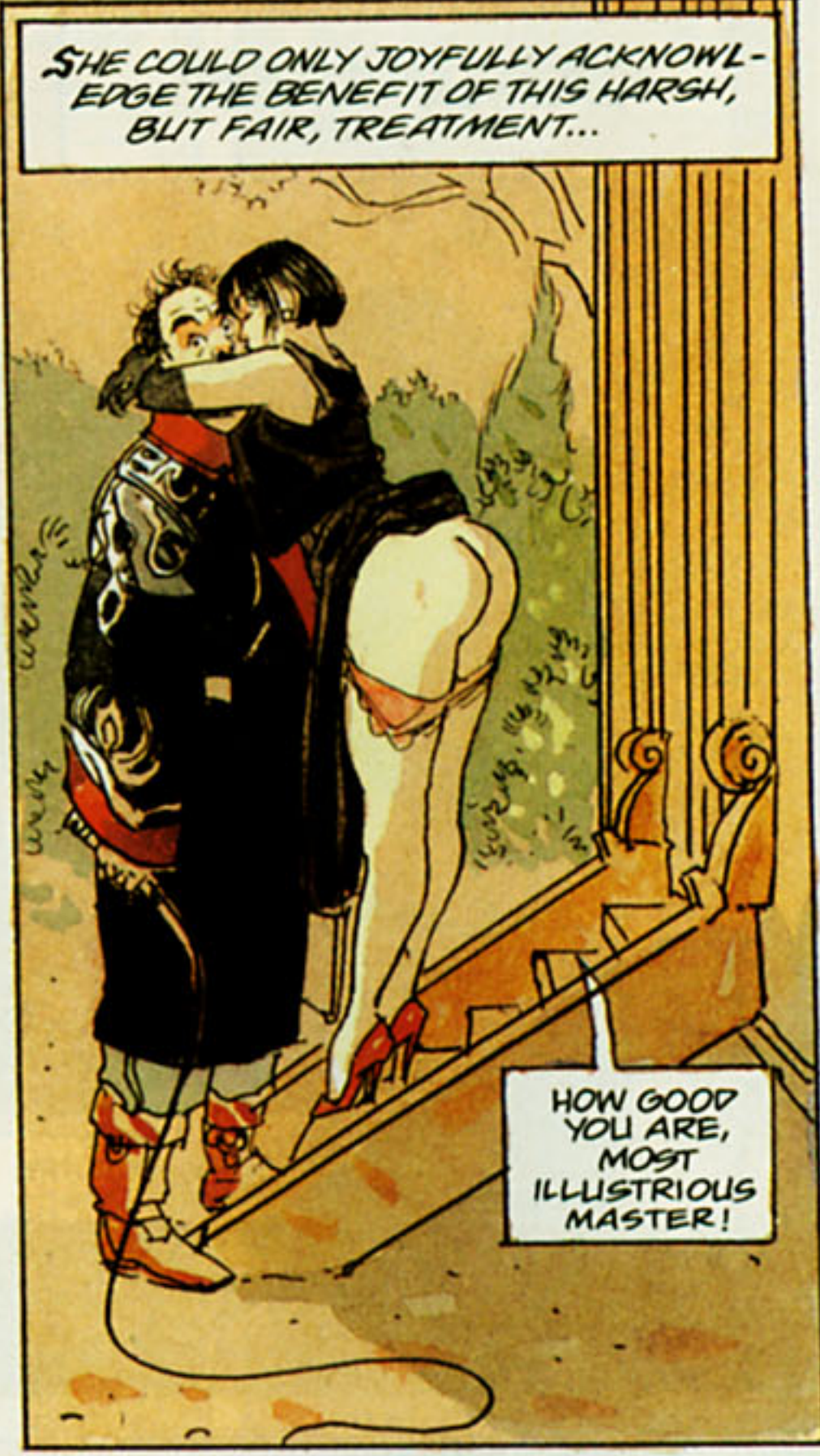
...AND TO CORRECT HER OF
THE VERY BAD HABIT
OF LYING.

AFTER WHIPPING HER SOUNDLY A FEW TIMES--



SURPRISE! PINOCCHIA'S CHEST WENT BACK TO ITS NORMAL SIZE!

SHE COULD ONLY JOYFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE THE BENEFIT OF THIS HARSH, BUT FAIR, TREATMENT...



HOW GOOD YOU ARE, MOST ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER!

IF YOU WANT TO HONOR US...

...WITH YOUR PRESENCE, I WILL SECURE YOUR FORTUNE. ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS LIE, AND MEN WILL GO CRAZY FOR YOU.

PUSSYEATER PICTURED HIMSELF COVERED IN GOLD.

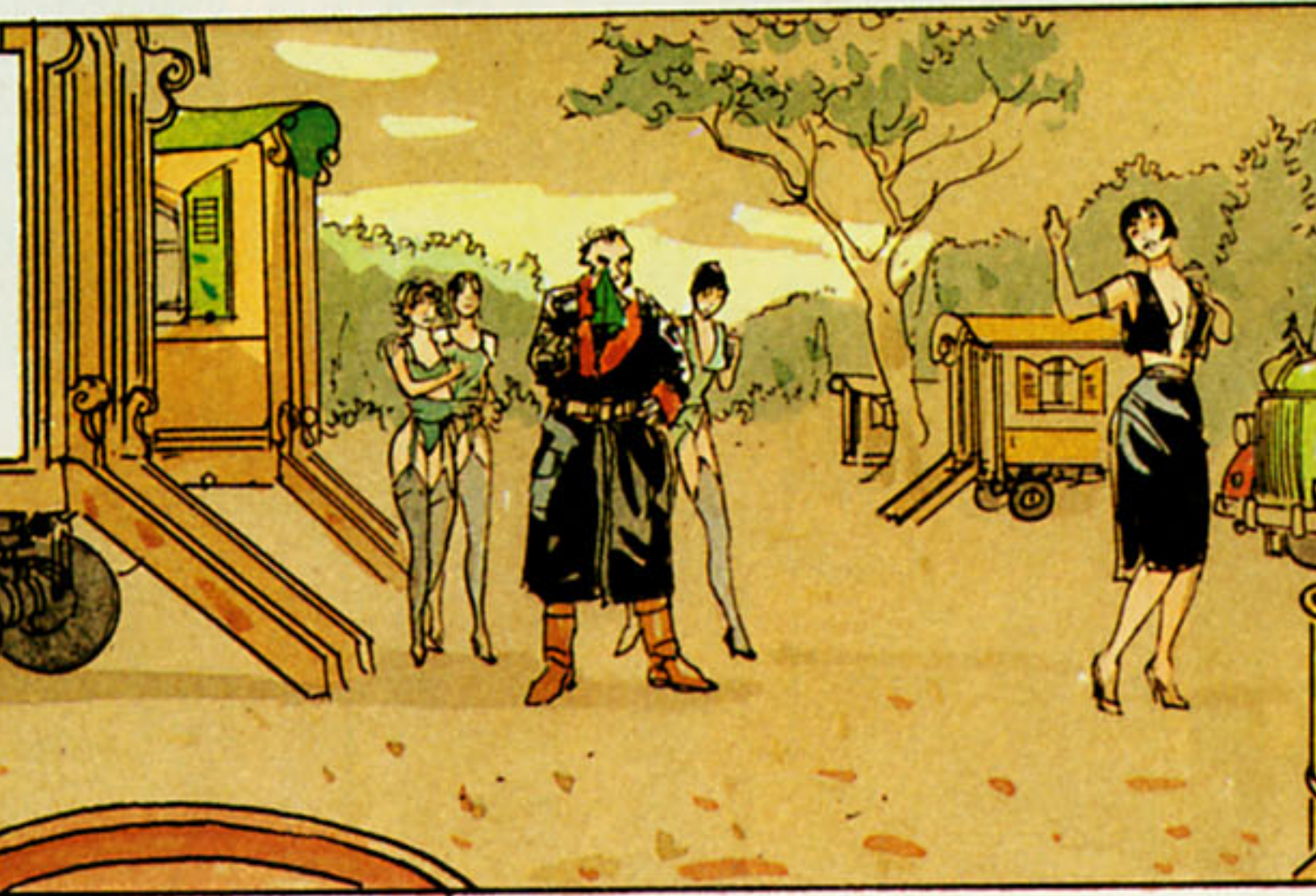


WHAT A MAGNIFICENT LIFE WE COULD HAVE! A WORLD TOUR! HOLLYWOOD! RUSS MEYER! DOLLARS RAINING ON THE BIGGEST CHEST IN THE WORLD!

I'D LOVE TO, BUT I HAVE TO FIND MY POOR PAPA!



PUSSYEATER, NOT BEING A BAD SORT AFTER ALL, GAVE PINOCCHIA HER HARD-EARNED MONEY, FORGETTING HIS DEAL WITH THE SORDID PIMPS.



BUT THE TWO CROOKS WERE STILL HANGING AROUND. AND WHAT BECAME OF PINOCCHIA IS SO SAD THAT I'D RATHER WAIT BEFORE TELLING YOU ...!