



SELECCIÓN

DE

VIÑETAS

September
1915
London



EXCUSE ME.



YES SIR? I DID NOT OBSERVE YOU ENTER, I AM AFRAID.

HAVE YOU BEEN WAITING LONG?



OH, SO LONG. YES.



MIGHT I ENQUIRE YOUR BUSINESS, SIR? I AM AFRAID WE ARE CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC.

MY BUSINESS IS WITH YOU, IAN STUART.

I BELIEVE I HAVE SOMETHING YOU NEED.

IS IT WORD FROM MY BROTHER, SIR?

WE HAVE HEARD NOTHING THESE LAST THREE WEEKS AND MOTHER IS SO WORRIED. SHE HAS WRITTEN TO THE COLONEL, BUT HE SAID THAT HE KNOWS ONLY THAT HAMISH IS MISSING AFTER THE OFFENSIVE AT LOOS...

WORD FROM YOUR BROTHER. OF COURSE. WHAT TIME DO YOU GET OFF WORK, IAN STUART?

AT NINE, SIR.

I SHALL BE WAITING FOR YOU, THEN, IN THE PUBLIC BAR OF THE INN ACROSS THE ROAD.



SIR? YOUR EYES? WERE YOU HURT IN A GAS ATTACK?



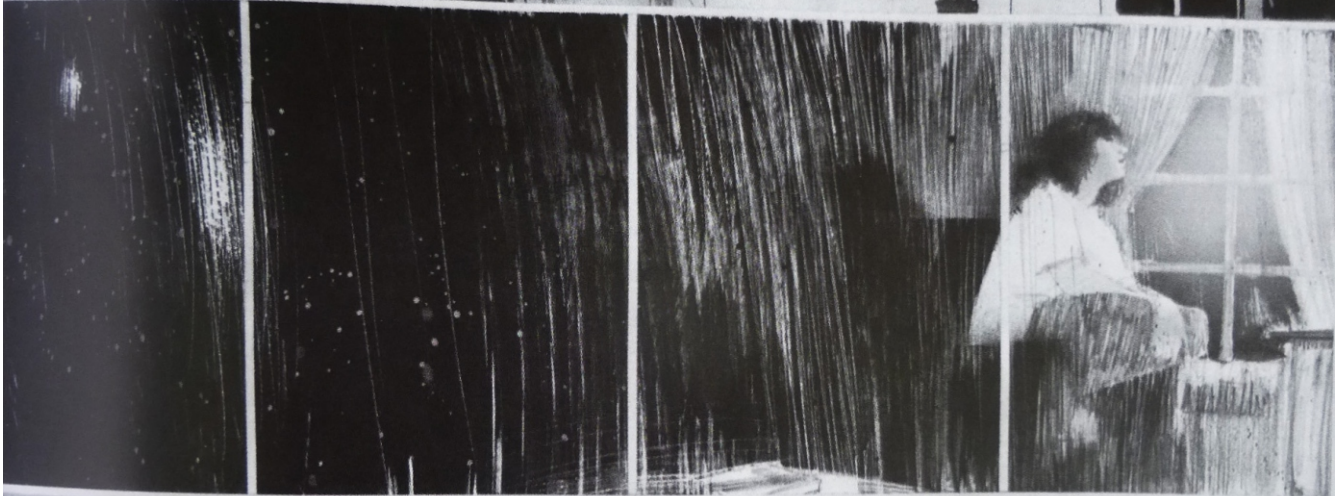
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.



YOU WILL FIND OUT ALL ABOUT MY EYES TONIGHT, IAN STUART.

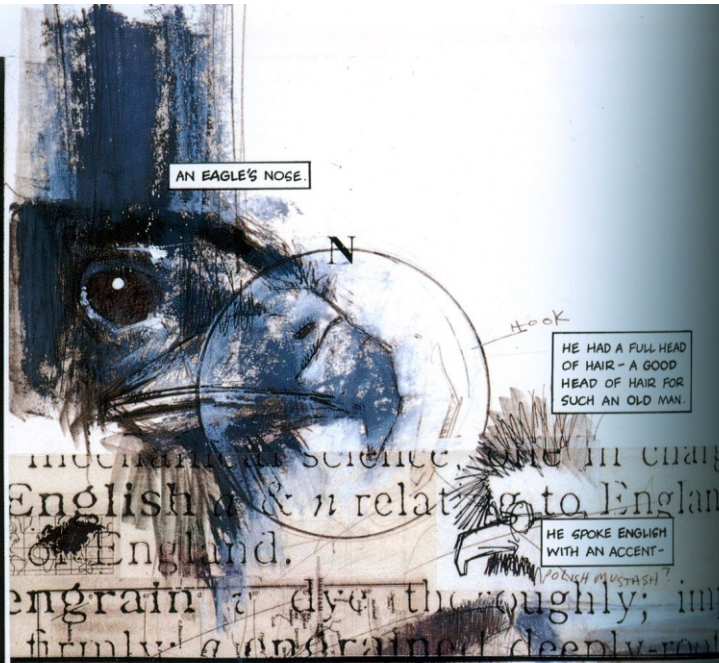
Something like that
And the Corinthian
smiled, and said,
"You will find out
all about my eyes
tonight, Ian Stuart."







HE HAD A BIG NOSE.

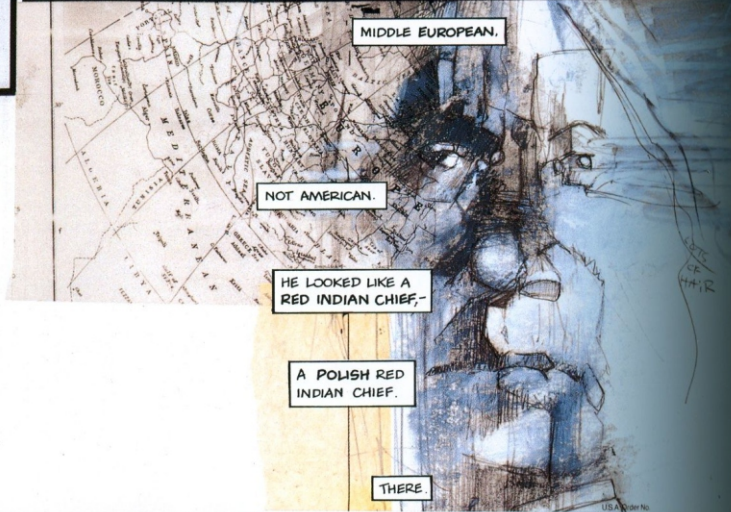


AN EAGLE'S NOSE.

HE HAD A FULL HEAD OF HAIR - A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR FOR SUCH AN OLD MAN.

HE SPOKE ENGLISH WITH AN ACCENT -

mechanical science, and in Chicago
English & in relating to England
of England.
engrain a dye thoroughly; im-
firmly & engrained deeply-rou-



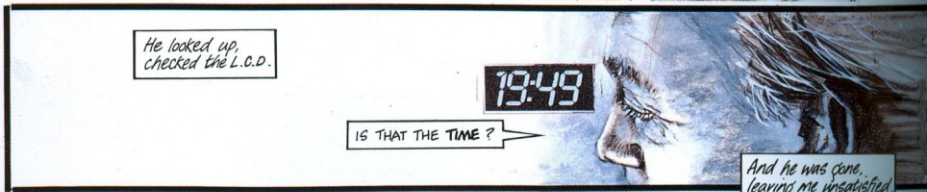
MIDDLE EUROPEAN.

NOT AMERICAN.

HE LOOKED LIKE A RED INDIAN CHIEF.

A POLISH RED INDIAN CHIEF.

THERE.



He looked up,
checked the L.C.D.

13:49

IS THAT THE TIME ?

And he was gone,
leaving me unsatisfied.



*Over the hills and
a great way off...*

*The wind shall blow
my top-knot off...*



NOBODY WAS SICK, WHICH
KIND OF SURPRISED ME.

I KEPT EXPECTING
SOMEBODY TO SPEW,
BUT NO-ONE DID."

*I thought of the
other children*

*Their heads bloody
caved-in lumps.*



I felt fine about it.

I felt happy.

He picked up his drink, a tumbler filled with a light-brown liquid, and sat next to where I stood with one eye on the party.

THAT HE DIED OF THE SYPH AT THE AGE OF 48, BY WHICH TIME I'D BEEN IN PORTSMOUTH ALREADY A YEAR?

WHENEVER PEOPLE FIND OUT THAT I WORKED WITH MR. CARONE, THEY WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT HIM. WHAT HE'S LIKE. SO WHAT DO I TELL THEM?

THAT HE WAS BORN IN ITALY?

THEY WANT STORIES, ABOUT HIM AND THE GIRLS, OR ABOUT BOOTLEGGING HOOCH, OR LIKE THE TIME HE GOT THE TAX BILL.

I WAS THERE WHEN HE GOT THE TAX BILL, YOU KNOW THAT?

HE THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE.

FIVE MILLION DOLLARS IN TAXES THEY WANTED, -

OR TEN MILLION.

I FORGET.

AND AL'S LAUGHING AND SAYING, "THEY CAN'T COLLECT TAXES ON ILLEGAL FRIGGIN' MONEY!"

WHICH WAS OF COURSE HIS BIG MISTAKE, -

AS THEY NOT ONLY COULD AND DID, BUT IN 1931 THEY PUT THE POOR SUCKER AWAY FOR NOT PAYING HIS TAXES.

TWO YEARS LATER IT WAS ALL OVER ANYWAY

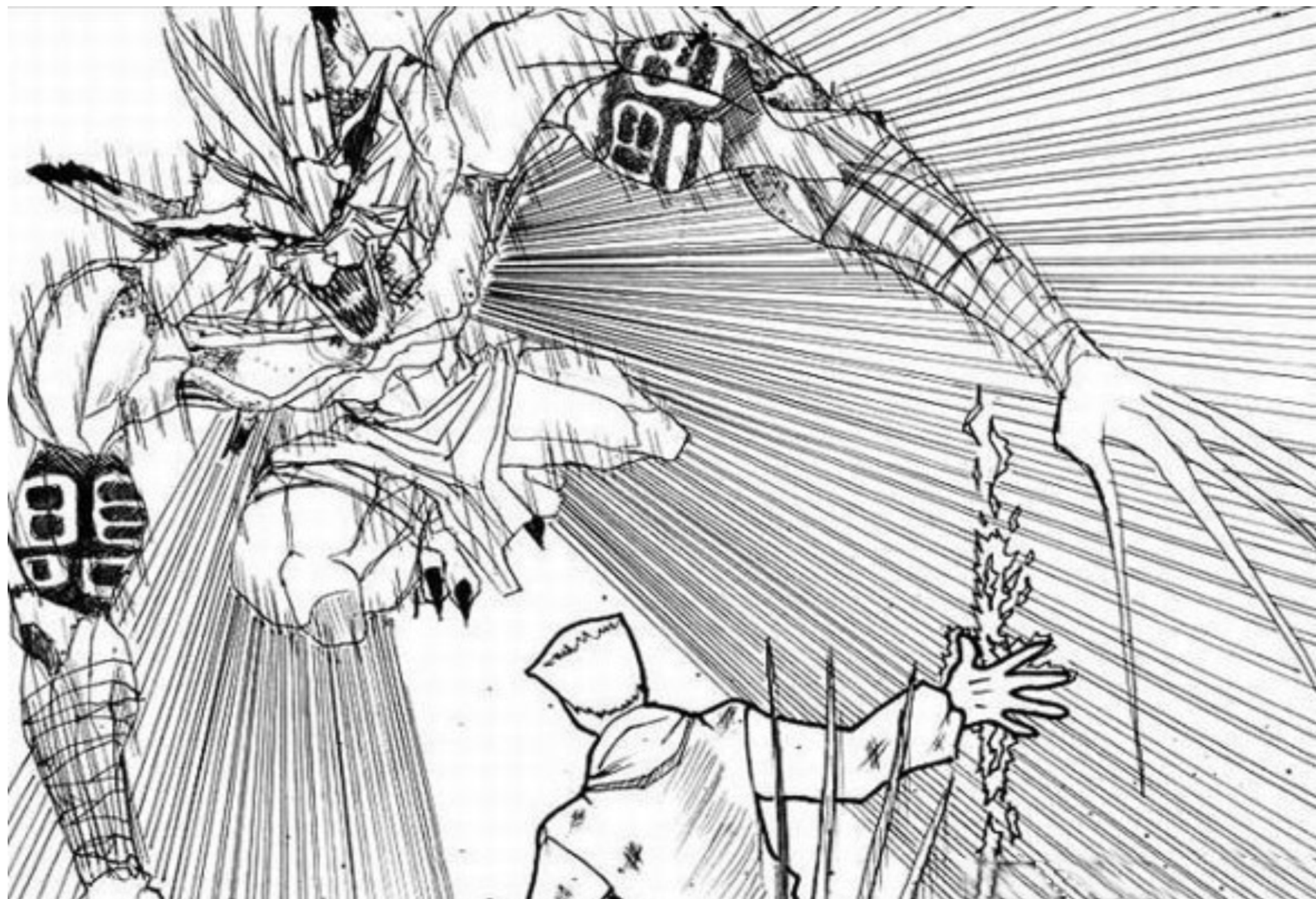
THE ROAR OF THE TWENTIES

He finished his drink, ordered another.



IS... IS IT TRUE?







I WAS JUST A YOUNG,
UNTHINKING TEENAGER...
WHEN I FIRST BECAME...
SPIDER-MAN...

BUT THE YEARS
HAVE A WAY OF
SLIPPING BY...OF
CHANGING THE
WORLD ABOUT
US...

AND EVERY BOY...
SOONER OR LATER...
MUST PUT AWAY HIS
TOYS... AND BECOME...
A MAN!





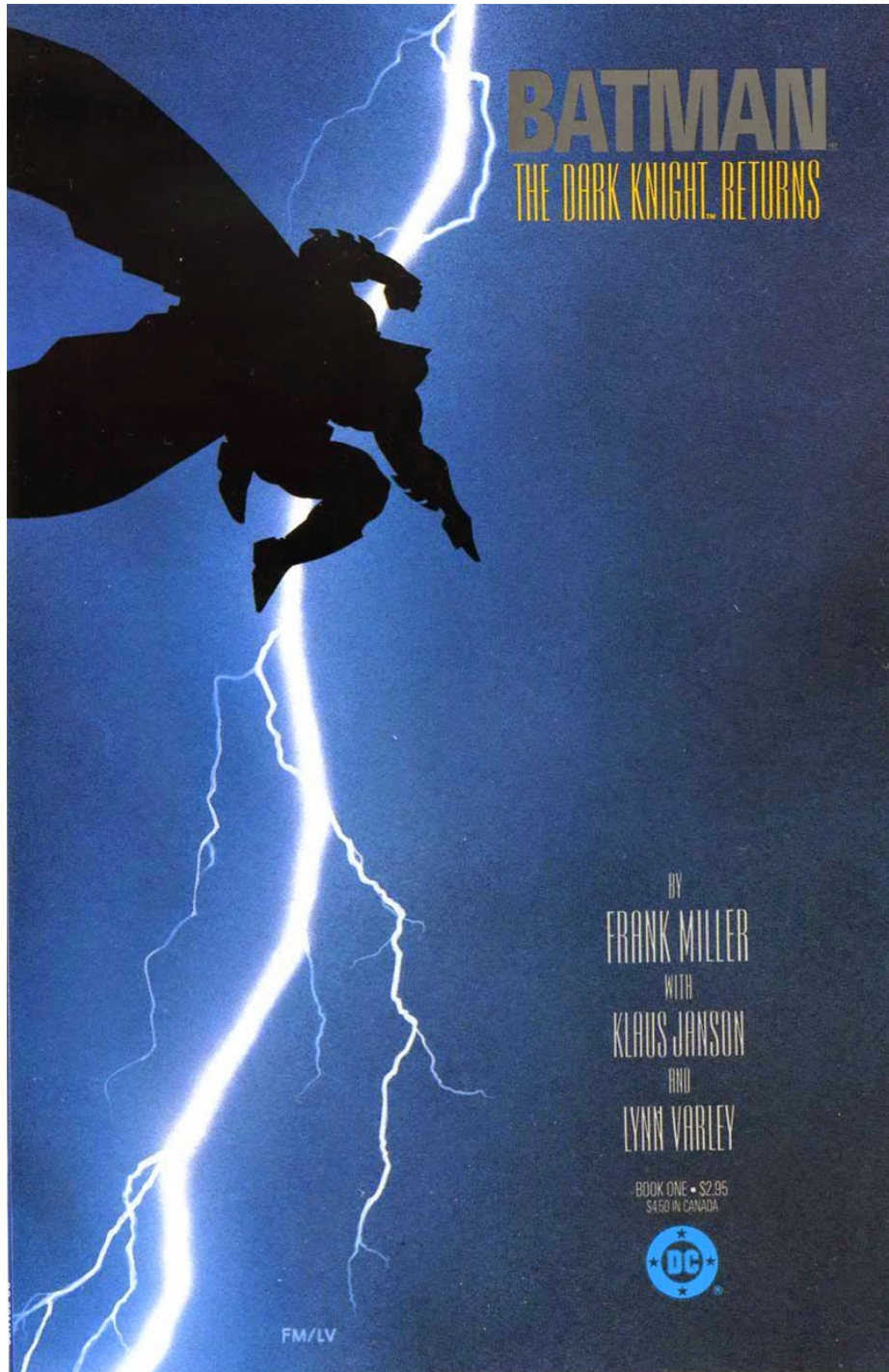












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