



I CAN'T SEE A THING.

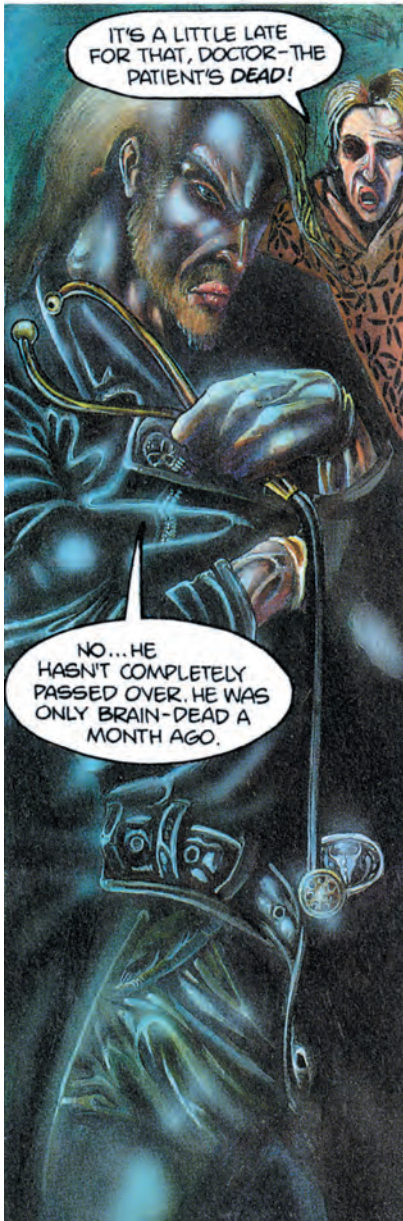
IF YOU STOP THE CEASELESS CHATTER IN YOUR HEAD YOU WOULD.

I NEED TO ASK HER PERMISSION TO COME AND DO BUSINESS HERE.



WHAT SORT OF "BUSINESS"?

SSHHH! I'M LISTENING FOR THE SONG OF LIFE.



IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT, DOCTOR-THE PATIENT'S DEAD!

NO...HE HASN'T COMPLETELY PASSED OVER. HE WAS ONLY BRAIN-DEAD A MONTH AGO.



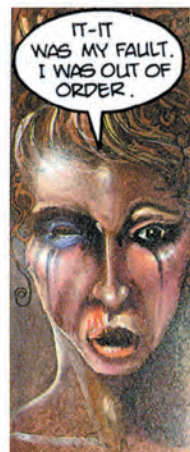
I THINK I CAN STILL GET HIM.

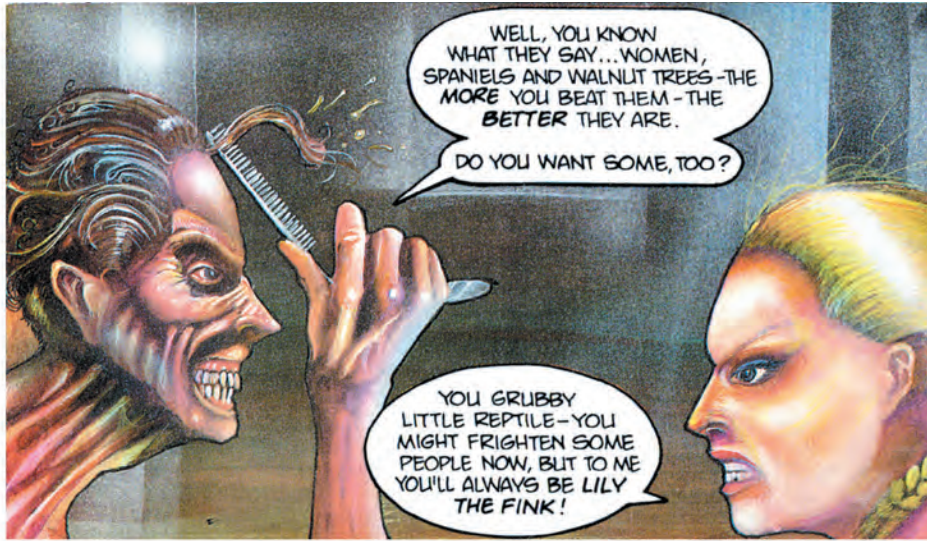


AND BEFORE YOU ASK ANY MORE DUMB QUESTIONS...IT'S BLOOD AND MILK...THE VERY STUFF OF LIFE...IF THERE'S ANY LEFT IN HIM, IT'LL BRING HIM OUT.











IF I EVEN SEE YOU ON THE SAME STREET AS CAROL, YOU'RE DAMAGED FLESH.



YEAH... I SHOULD HAVE HAD A SHOOTER.

WHAT'S UP, LAD? HAVE A BIT OF BOTHER?



I'D HAVE BLOWN DARRYL AND CAROL AWAY, THE PAIR OF THEM.



NO... YOU DON'T NEED A SHOOTER WITH YOUR UNCLE LENNY ABOUT. WHAT THIS JOB NEEDS IS A TOUCH OF CLASS...

LEAVE IT TO ME, MY SON.



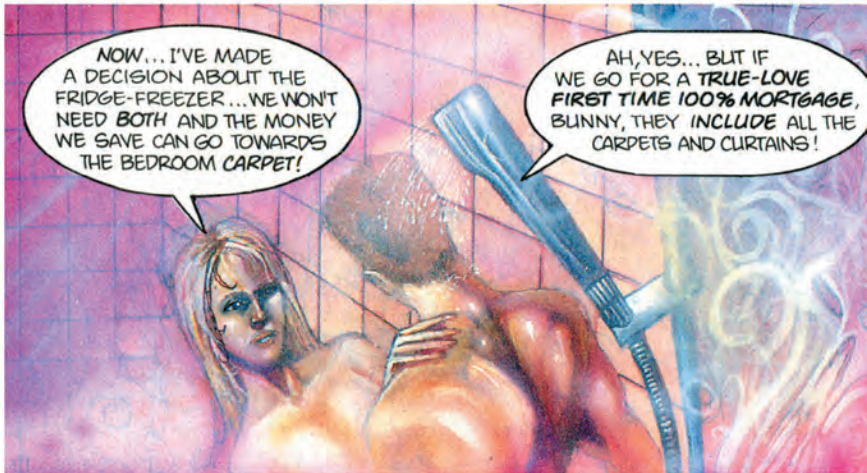
GOD, YOU WERE TERRIFIC, FLOPSY.

SO WERE YOU, BUNNY.



NO, I MEAN EARLIER-DEALING WITH LILY THE FINK.

OH!
RIGHT... NO-ONE TOUCHES MY LITTLE BUNNY.



NOW... I'VE MADE A DECISION ABOUT THE FRIDGE-FREEZER... WE WON'T NEED BOTH AND THE MONEY WE SAVE CAN GO TOWARDS THE BEDROOM CARPET!

AH, YES... BUT IF WE GO FOR A TRUE-LOVE FIRST TIME 100% MORTGAGE, BUNNY, THEY INCLUDE ALL THE CARPETS AND CURTAINS!



I HAVE NO PAIN, DEAR MOTHER, NOW...

SSHHH! WHAT'S THAT?



AH, BUT ALINT FLO SAID SHE'D TAKE CARE OF ALL THE CURTAINS, AND MUM'S PAYING FOR THE LOUNGE CARPET.

HMM... MAYBE WE COULD PERSUADE THEM TO SPEND THE MONEY ON KITCHENWARE AND THE THREE PIECE SUITE INSTEAD.

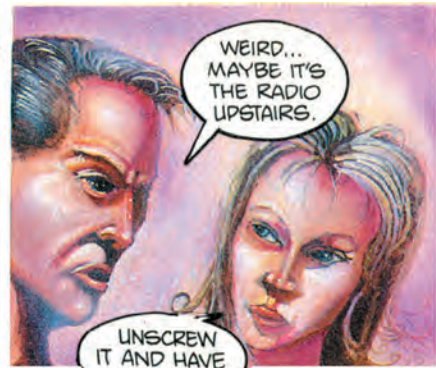


... BUT, OH, I AM SO DRY...
CONNECT ME TO A BREWERY...



... AND LEAVE ME
THERE TO DIE.

IT'S COMING
FROM THE SHOWER
HEAD, FLOPSY.



WEIRD...
MAYBE IT'S
THE RADIO
UPSTAIRS.

UNSCREW
IT AND HAVE
A LOOK.



IT SEEMS
TO HAVE STOPPED
NOW - WHATEVER
IT WAS.



BUT I MAY
AS WELL SAVE AUNT
FLO SOME MONEY AND
DO IT ANYWAY.



I'VE BEEN
LISTENING TO YOU
BORING GITS FOR THE
LAST TEN MINUTES... I
NEED HARDLY BOTHER
SNUFFING YOU - IT
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE
ALREADY DEAD.

OH, MY
GOD!