

WWEIRD

LOVE™

#6

This is a
YOE-MANCE
Publication



**"STAY AWAY
FROM MARRIED MEN!"
"I WAS A WATERFRONT GIRL!"
"LOVE SLAVES!" AND MORE!**



WEIRD-ITORIAL

Dear Weird Lovers,

On the basis of "I Married a Monster" alone, this may be the weirdest *Weird Love* yet! Apparently Joe Gill, the regular writer at Charlton, the low-rent publisher that originally ran this comic, was sick. Artist Don Perlin weirdly, wonderfully wrote his own totally wacked story! *Arooo!*

But that's not all the bizarro-ness! Ever since our first issue with its lead tale "I Fell for a Commie!", *Weird Love* fans have been emailing us, bugging us at comic conventions, and showing up on our doorstep asking if there is more such Cold War paranoia! Well, due to this incessant popular demand, with "Love Slaves" we again show you the Pinko!



Weird Love editors, Craig Yoe and Clizia Gussoni.

We're beside ourselves with excitement! The *Weird Love* BOOK is out! *Weird Love: You Know You Want It!* It's large, it's hard, it's filled with good stuff including a must-be-seen crazy cool bonus! Be sure and snag a copy for yourself or someone you know that's into weird love—or should be!

See you in two months with more love that is weird! Meanwhile, don't be a waterfront girl or a child bride, stay way from married men, and don't marry a monster! *Arooo!*

~ Clizia Gussoni & Craig Yoe



Dear *Weird Lovers*,
LOOK FOR ANOTHER BIZARRO
ISSUE OF WEIRD LOVE
IN TWO MONTHS!

Join the fun on
Facebook on the
Romance Comics
page!

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Editors: Clizia Gussoni and Craig Yoe.

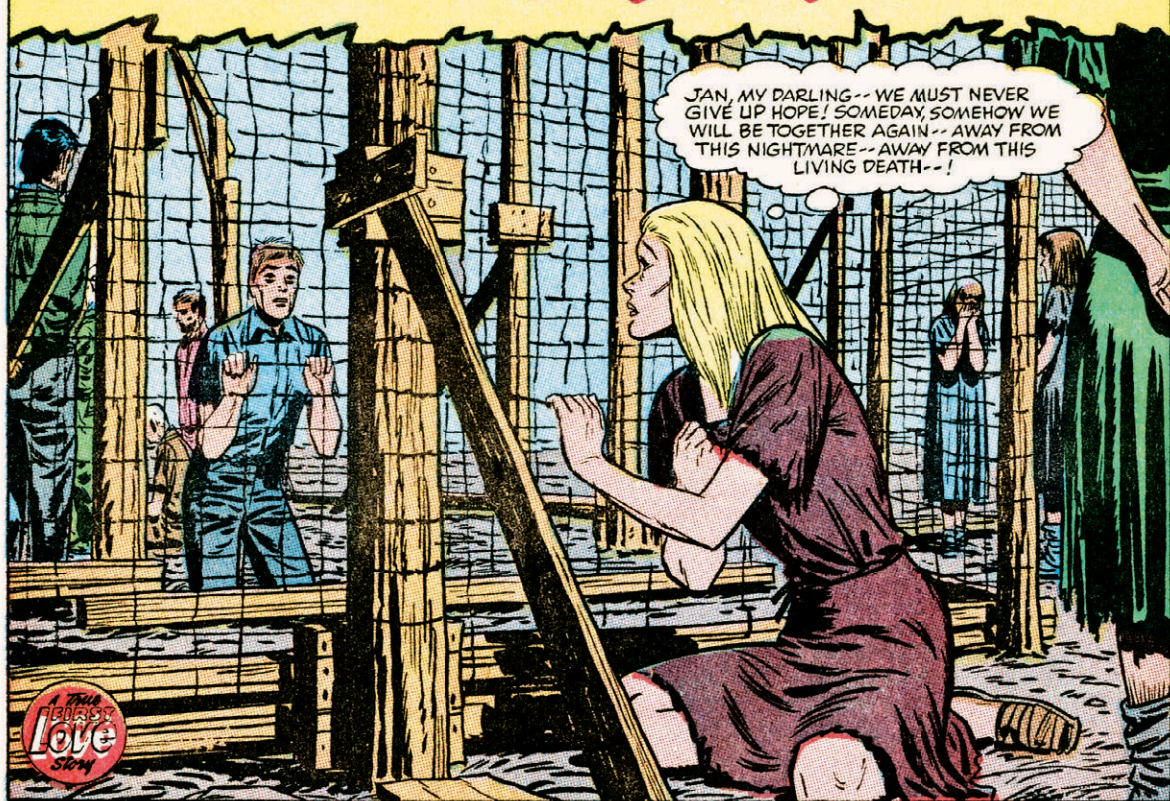
Many thanks to: Giovanna Anzaldi, Robert Carter, Tillmann Courth, Jeff Gelb, Mike Howlett, Michelle Nolan, Chris Ryall, Steven Thompson, and Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr.

On the cover, *True Brides' Experiences* #16, February 1954. Al Avison. Home Comics.

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YOU WHO ARE SAFE AND SECURE IN AMERICA -- DO YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE OTHER GIRLS IN OTHER LANDS WHO ONCE LIVED AS YOU LIVE AND LOVED AS YOU LOVE? AND DO YOU KNOW OF THE TERROR THAT SMASHED THEIR DREAMS? LISTEN THEN, AND LEARN OF THAT TERROR -- OF THE TORMENT OF BEING...

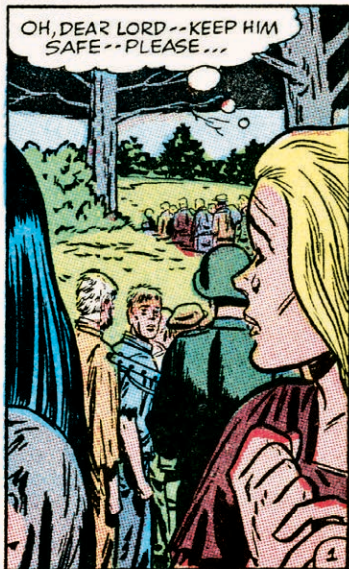
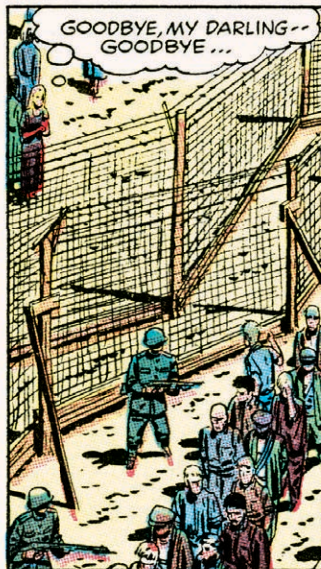
LOVE SLAVES



JAN NOVOROSK AND I WERE TO MARRY, WHEN OUR COUNTRY CAME UNDER THE HEEL OF THE INVADER. WE WERE PICKED UP BY THE SECRET POLICE AND THROWN INTO A CONCENTRATION CAMP BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN! AND YET, WE WERE LUCKY-- FOR WE COULD STILL SEE, IF NOT TOUCH, EACH OTHER ...

ALL RIGHT! LINE UP IN TWO'S! WE'RE TAKING A TRIP!

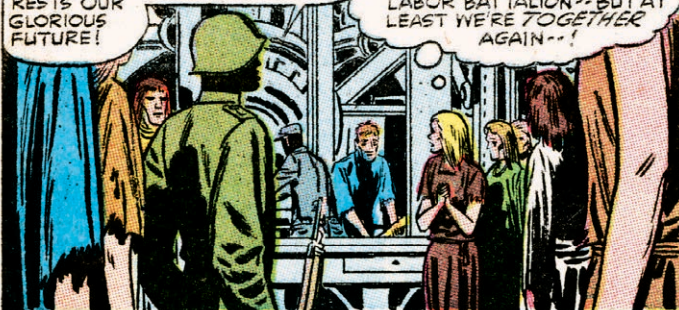
A TRIP! THEN I-- I'LL LOSE YOU, JAN! OH, NO--!



WE'D LIVED ONLY TO ESCAPE--TOGETHER, WE WERE YOUNG--WE HAD THE WORLD BEFORE US--AND SO WE HAD DARED TO HOPE, AND NOW WE WERE SEPARATED--PERHAPS FOREVER. BUT THEN, TWO DAYS LATER, WHEN THE WOMEN'S GROUP REACHED THE FACTORY TO WHICH WE'D BEEN ASSIGNED...

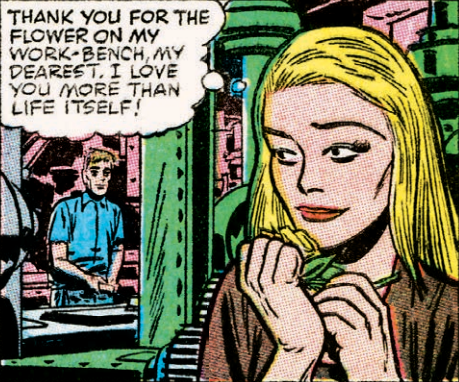
CONGRATULATIONS, WOMEN OF THE PEOPLE'S DEMOCRACY! YOU ARE NOW WORKERS FOR THE STATE! ON YOUR RESTS OUR GLORIOUS FUTURE!

JAN! OH, THANK YOU, HEAVENLY FATHER! WE'RE NOTHING BUT SLAVES IN A LABOR BATTALION--BUT AT LEAST WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN--!



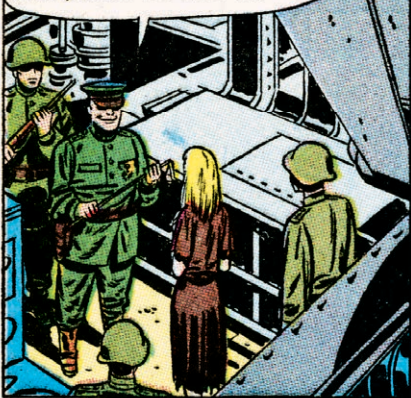
DAYS LENGTHENED INTO WEEKS--AND WEEKS INTO MONTHS. JAN AND I WORKED ON THE SAME LEVEL, BUT WE COULD NOT TALK TO EACH OTHER. YET THERE WERE A DOZEN WAYS TO RENEW OUR DREAMS...

THANK YOU FOR THE FLOWER ON MY WORK-BENCH, MY DEAREST. I LOVE YOU MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF!



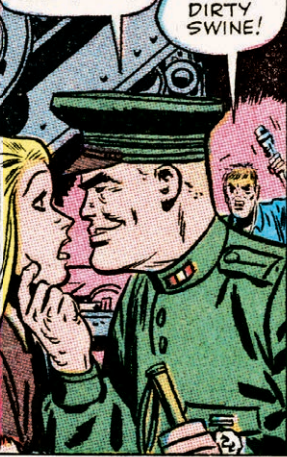
ALL WE HAD WAS EACH OTHER. I COULD ENDURE THE ENORMOUS PRODUCTION QUOTAS TO BE COMPLETED EVERY DAY, THE TERRIBLE HOURS OF KILLING WORK AND STRAIN, SO LONG AS JAN WAS NEARBY. THEN ONE AFTERNOON...

AH--MORLEN--WORK BENCH 456--JULIA MORLEN, IS IT NOT? YOUR WORK IS EXCELLENT--YOUR INSPECTION REPORT WILL BE GOOD. BUT YOU ARE MUCH TOO PRETTY FOR ALL THIS, MY DEAR--MUCH, MUCH TOO PRETTY!



AS INSPECTOR OF THIS FACTORY, I, PETER BASIL GODENOFF, AM IN FULL CHARGE HERE, AND I AM NOT SO HARD-HEARTED AS YOU MAY THINK. YOU WILL COME TO MY OFFICE TONIGHT, JULIA, AND WE SHALL GET BETTER ACQUAINTED!

YOU DIRTY SWINE!



YOU DARE TO STRIKE AT INSPECTOR GODENOFF! FOR THAT YOU DIE--!

NO! NO! LEAVE HIM ALONE! STOP IT! PLEASE, COMRADE--I--I'LL COME TO YOUR OFFICE--!



YES, I THINK YOU WILL--YOU BOTH WILL! THIS RATHER TOUCHING LOVE SCENE NEEDS A CLIMAX! BOTH OF YOU SHALL BE MY GUESTS. HE WILL SEE HIS PRECIOUS ONE IN MY ARMS TONIGHT!

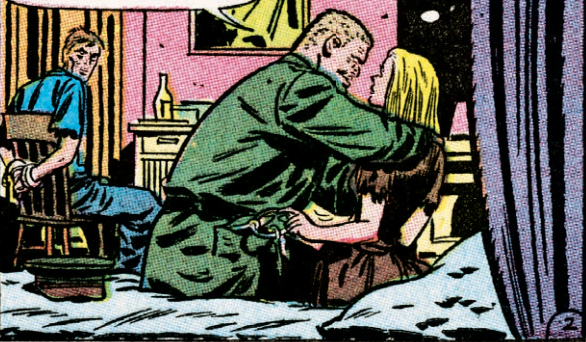
HEAVEN--LET ME ENDURE THIS! LET ME ENDURE--!

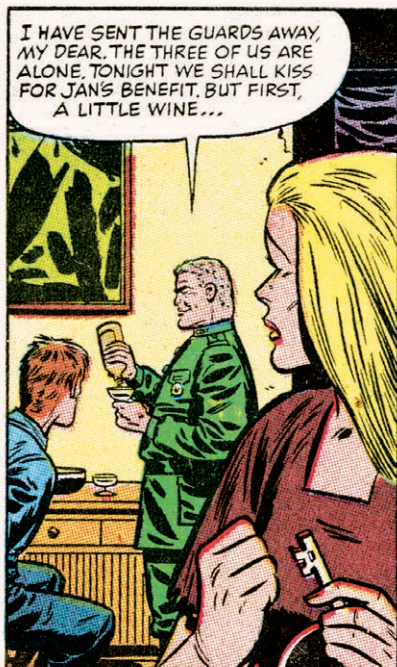


WHAT COULD WE DO? WE WERE SLAVES, AND THAT NIGHT, IN INSPECTOR GODENOFF'S OFFICE, I WANTED ONLY TO DIE. UNTIL...

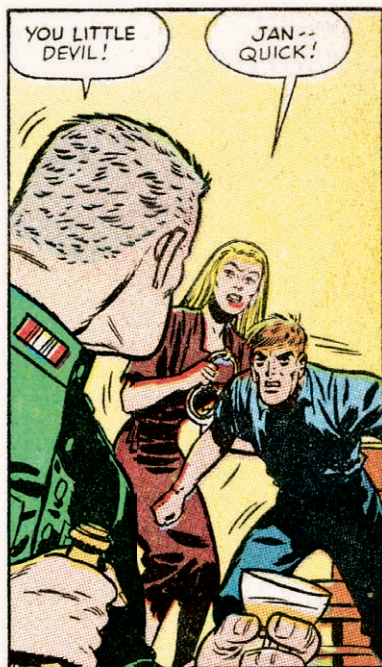
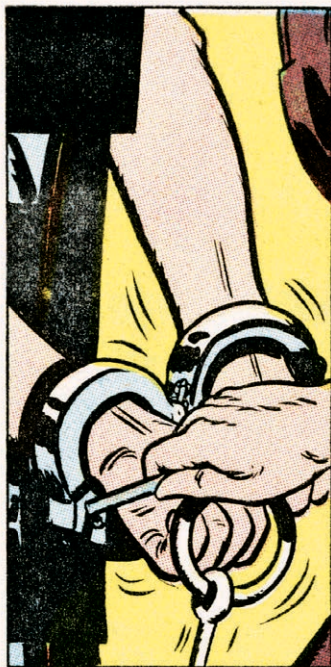
YOU ARE VERY BEAUTIFUL, LITTLE JULIA... AND HOW YOUR JAN HATES ME FOR TELLING YOU SO...

I MUST BE CAREFUL... CAREFUL...





I HAVE SENT THE GUARDS AWAY, MY DEAR. THE THREE OF US ARE ALONE. TONIGHT WE SHALL KISS FOR JAN'S BENEFIT. BUT FIRST, A LITTLE WINE...



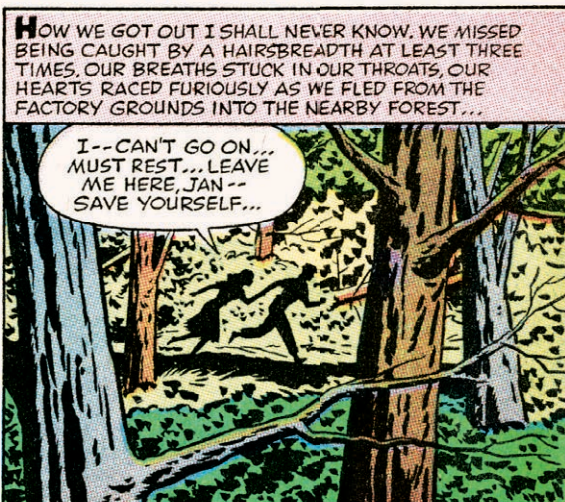
YOU LITTLE DEVIL!

JAN-- QUICK!



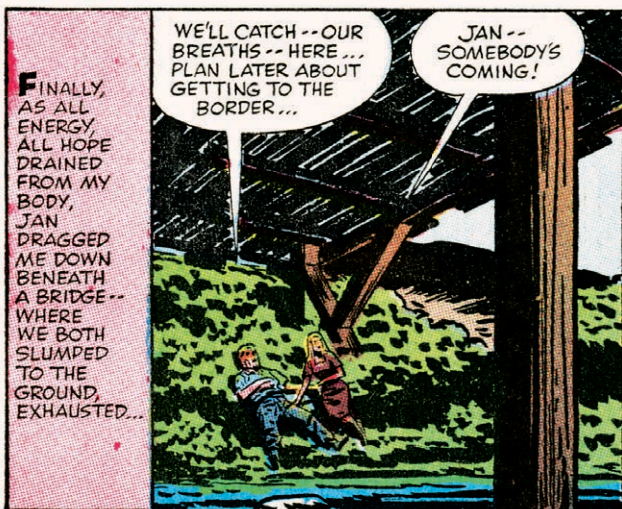
I'LL KILL HIM!

NO, JAN! THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH KILLING! ENOUGH TORTURE AND DEATH! WE MUST ESCAPE-- NOW-- BEFORE THEY FIND OUT!



HOW WE GOT OUT I SHALL NEVER KNOW. WE MISSED BEING CAUGHT BY A HAIRSBREADTH AT LEAST THREE TIMES, OUR BREATHS STUCK IN OUR THROATS, OUR HEARTS RACED FURIOUSLY AS WE FLED FROM THE FACTORY GROUNDS INTO THE NEARBY FOREST...

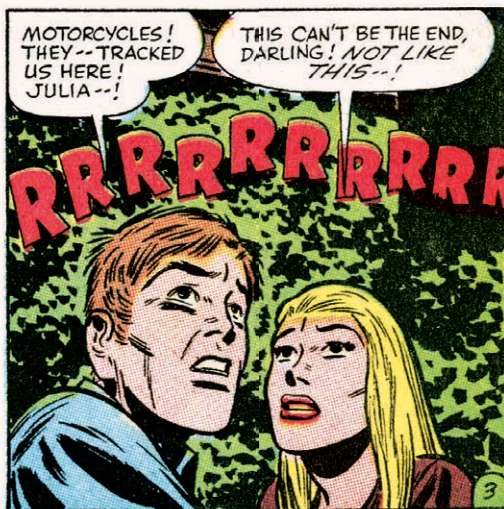
I-- CAN'T GO ON... MUST REST... LEAVE ME HERE, JAN-- SAVE YOURSELF...



FINALLY, AS ALL ENERGY, ALL HOPE DRAINED FROM MY BODY, JAN DRAGGED ME DOWN BENEATH A BRIDGE-- WHERE WE BOTH SLUMPED TO THE GROUND, EXHAUSTED...

WE'LL CATCH -- OUR BREATHS -- HERE... PLAN LATER ABOUT GETTING TO THE BORDER...

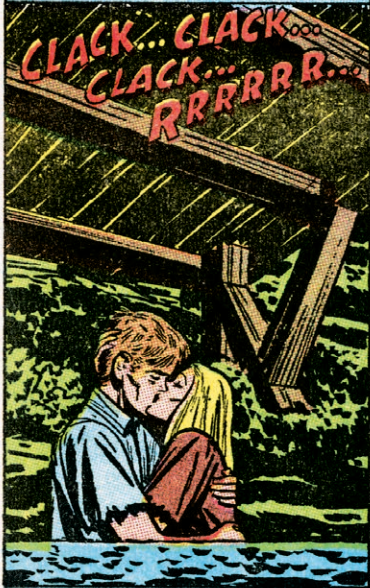
JAN-- SOMEBODY'S COMING!



MOTORCYCLES! THEY--TRACKED US HERE! JULIA--!

THIS CAN'T BE THE END, DARLING! NOT LIKE THIS--!

WE TURNED TO EACH OTHER
BLINDLY-- FOR A LAST
DESPERATE GOODBYE...



BUT THE MOTORCADE PASSED OVERHEAD
AND DISAPPEARED DOWN THE ROAD.
WE CROUCHED THERE--IN THE WATER--
FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS. ONLY
WHEN THE BLESSED NIGHT COVERED ALL
IN A CLOAK OF SILENCE DID WE DARE TO
STUMBLE OUT INTO THE OPEN FIELDS...

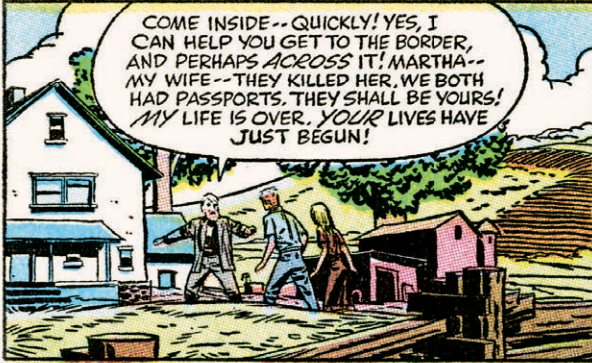


YES--
MUST
SLEEP...
SLEEP...

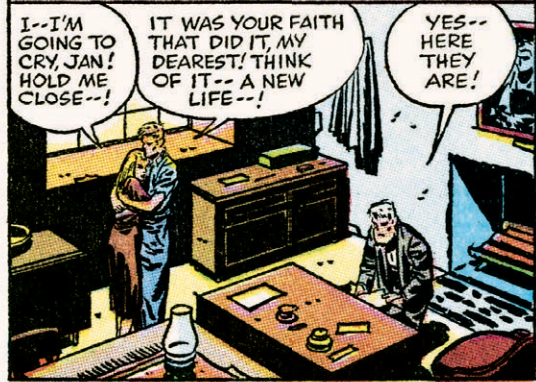
OH, GOD-- GIVE
TO US TOO THE
RIGHT TO LIVE!



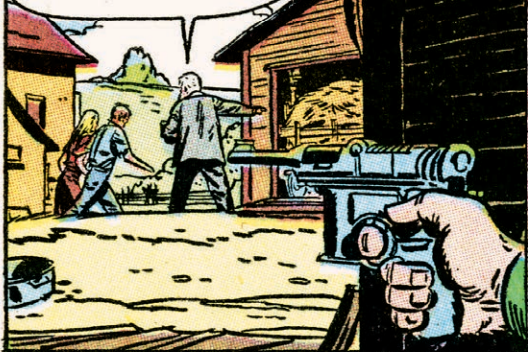
MORNING FOUND US AT A SMALL FARMHOUSE SOME MILES
DOWN THE ROAD. THERE WAS ONLY WAY OUT OF THIS
HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE-- AND THAT WAS TO THROW OURSELVES
ON THE MERCIES OF THE FOLK WHO LIVED HERE. FEARFULLY,
WE APPROACHED THE KIND-FACED OLD FARMER AND TOLD
HIM OF OUR FLIGHT...



WE CLUNG TO EACH OTHER SILENTLY, FIERCELY,
WHILE THE OLD FARMER SEARCHED FOR THE PAPERS
THAT WOULD OPEN THE DOOR TO FREEDOM. NEITHER
JAN NOR I COULD BELIEVE WE WERE ACTUALLY
GOING TO ESCAPE!...

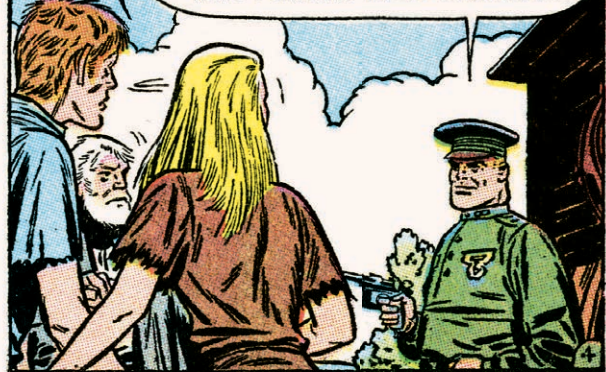


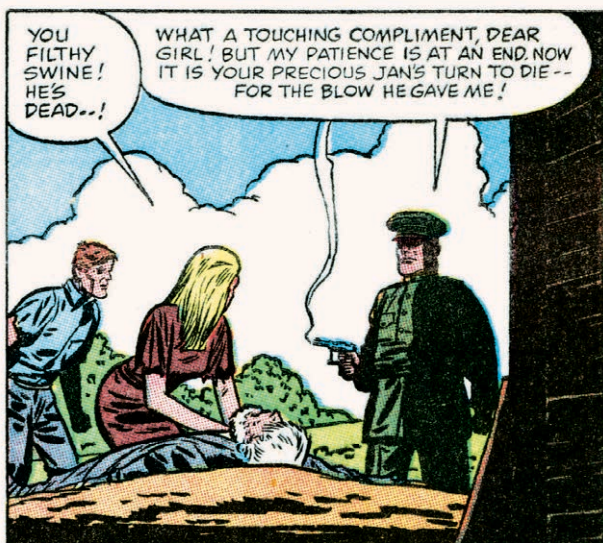
QUICKLY, NOW-- INTO THAT
HAY WAGON. HIDE BENEATH
THE HAY. I WILL DRIVE YOU
TO THE BORDER. FROM THERE
YOU WILL POSE AS MAN AND
WIFE CARRYING A HAY LOAD
TO THE OTHER SIDE...



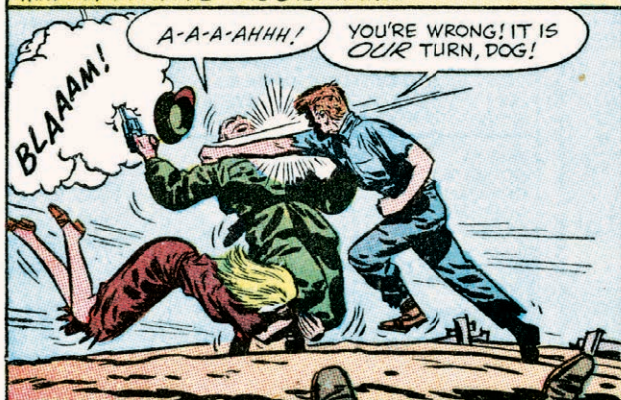
YOU!!

I KNEW THIS WAS THE LOGICAL PLACE
FOR YOU TO COME-- SO I MERELY
WAITED. MY MEN WILL BE HERE SHORTLY,
BUT FOR NOW WE MUST BE ALONE-- JUST
AS WE WERE LAST NIGHT! WE STILL
HAVE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS...





SUDDENLY-- ALL THE HATRED, ALL THE PENT-UP BITTERNESS AND PAIN IN MY SOUL EXPLODED! TO BE SO NEAR TO SUCCESS AND THEN-- THIS! I HURLED MYSELF AT HIM, GRABBING HIS LEGS, TRYING TO SINK MY TEETH INTO HIM-- TRYING TO KILL HIM-- ANYTHING -- TO STOP HIM!...

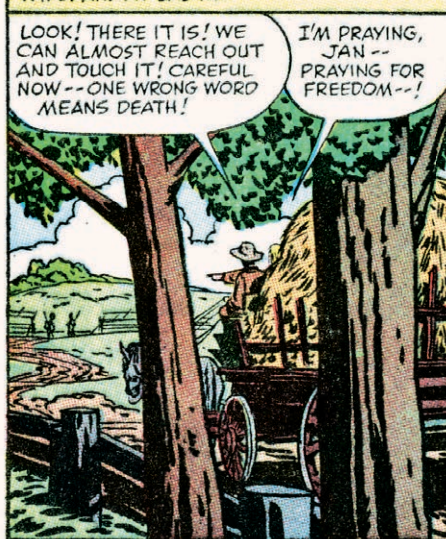


YOU -- YOU'VE ONLY KNOCKED HIM UNCONSCIOUS, JAN, THANK GOD, HE'S NOT DEAD! WE--(SOB)-- WE DON'T HAVE MURDER ON OUR SOULS--!

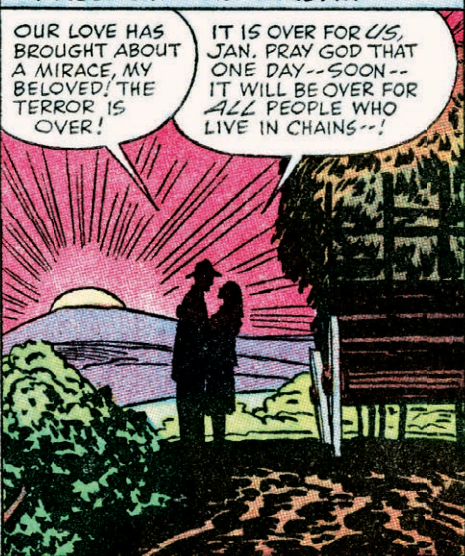
QUICKLY, JULIA-- FIND US SUITABLE CLOTHING! HIS MEN WILL BE HERE SOON. THE SHOTS MUST HAVE ALERTED THEM! WE MUST LEAVE AS PLANNED, BUT FIRST--THE PASSPORTS--!



MINUTES LATER, WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO THE BORDER, DRESSED AS FARMER AND WIFE, AND AT LAST...



AND LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, FREEDOM WAS OURS!...



FOR THERE ARE COUNTLESS MILLIONS WHO HAVEN'T CROSSED THE BORDERS-- WHO ARE STILL SLAVES-- WHO CAN'T ESCAPE FROM THAT NIGHTMARE OF DREAD! GUARD YOUR LIBERTY WELL, YOU AMERICANS! MAY THAT TERROR NEVER REACH YOU! MAY IT NEVER HAPPEN IN YOUR LAND OF LIFE!

The End