



**BLACK
CROWN**

kidlobotomy

#6 *cover A*

mar 2018

MILLIGAN

FOWLER

LOUGHRIDGE

BIDIKAR

KID LOBOTOMY



IDW

Red 6/5

Alana P. Davide

in my ear as we shared a warm bed and a bowl of lumpy, cold oatmeal with brown sugar (hold the raisins).

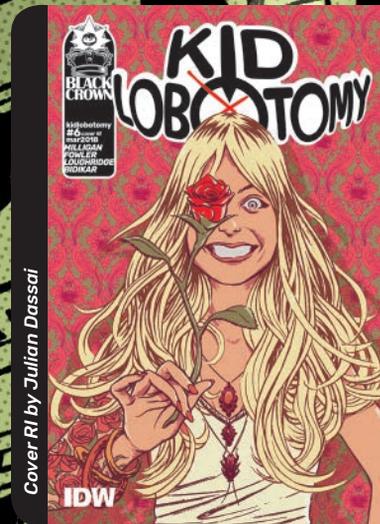
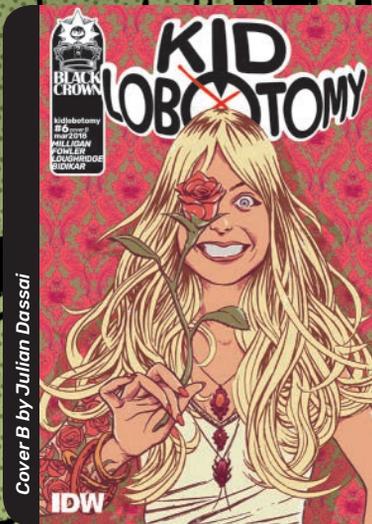
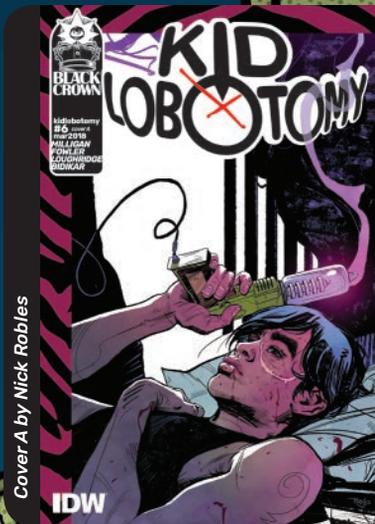
WELP?!

The Suites



puppycup6

Thank you to the kind folks at the suites. I've had such a pleasant stay indeed. The handsome manager stopped by my room to offer me a nightcap of fried cockroach calamari and a shot of whiskey which was very nice. I will return to the suites again very soon. I couldn't recommended this establishment any higher even if i attached myself by the ankle to a zeppelin and shouted "it's bloody marvelous!" From my home in the cloud kingdom! The suites is my new home away from home. Highly highly recommended.



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MOST PEOPLE
KILL OVER LOVE
OR MONEY--

THE WHOLE STORY
HAS GONE MAD. IT'S ALL
INSANE. I MEAN, LOOK AT
SOME OF THE THINGS
THAT HAPPEN--

NO! OUR
HERO FINALLY SEES
THINGS MORE LUCIDLY.
A CHANCE FOR
REDEMPTION...

MAYBE THEY EVEN
KILL OVER PRIDE,
OR FEAR, OR THE
WRONG KIND OF
LINDERWEAR.

YOU'RE AS
CRAZY AS HE IS,
GLOUCESTER. HIS
VERY HAPPINESS
IS A SIGN OF
HIS CONTINUED
LUNACY.

HAH! NEXT
YOU'LL BE SAYING
THE ENTIRE STORY
IS A PRODUCT OF HIS
INSANITY! THAT ALL
THIS IS A FIGMENT
OF HIS--

KID LOBOTOMY

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KID LOBOTOMY is created by MILLIGAN & FOWLER	

UNCOMMON LOBOTOMIES

Part Six of A LAD INSANE



--WHY THE HELL
NOT?! THAT'S A VERY
SOUND FUCKING
THEORY!

ONE I CAN'T
SUBSCRIBE
TO, YOU
FUCKWIT...



MOST PEOPLE
ARE NOT MY
FAMILY.

TH-THE PLAY'S SAYING
THAT THE UNIVERSE...
IS ABSURD!

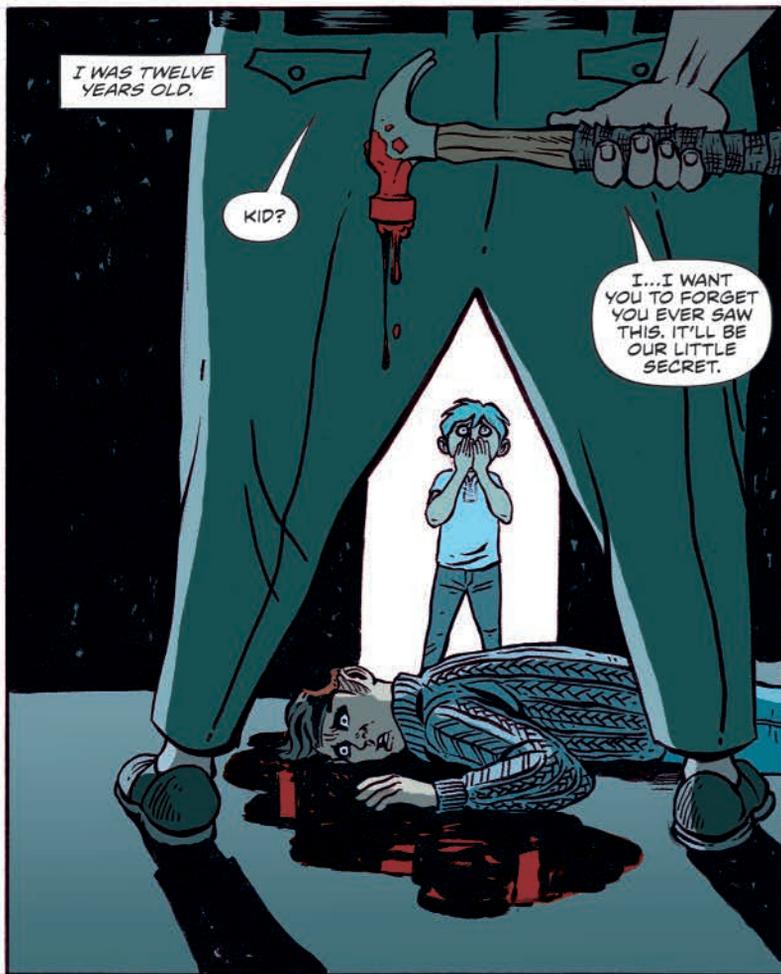
CORDELIA
LIVES AFTER
DEATH!
TRANSCEN-
DENCE!



TRANSCENDENCE
SHIT!

KOKK

Ughh??!



I WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD.

KID?

I...I WANT YOU TO FORGET YOU EVER SAW THIS. IT'LL BE OUR LITTLE SECRET.



KID!

I'LL TAKE YOU TO PRAGUE SO YOU CAN PUT FLOWERS ON KAFKA'S GRAVE!

I DIDN'T BOTHER TELLING BIG DADDY THAT FRANZ IS BURIED IN THE JEWISH CEMETERY, WHERE THE TRADITION IS TO PUT STONES ON THE GRAVE.



AND SO I RAN, DEEPER INTO THOSE FORBIDDING LANDS OF THE LOWER DEPTHS...

I GUESSED THEN THAT I WAS UNLIKELY TO HAVE AN ORDINARY LIFE...



YEARS LATER IN A DRESSING ROOM IN WILLIAMSBURG, I AGAIN FACED THE FLESHY HAIKU OF MY OWN ODDITY...

I HAVE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING, KID.

R-REALLY? NOW? C-CAN'T I JUST GO ON STAGE, PLAY MY GUITAR, GYRATE MY HIPS AND BATHE IN THE ADORATION OF SCREAMING FANS?

GRAB HOLD OF MY EXO-SKELETON...



...IT IS MY JOB AS YOUR TOTEM ANIMAL... TO SHOW YOU A POSSIBLE FUTURE...

W-WE'RE T-TIME TRAVELING?

NOT QUITE. THE GREAT COCK-ROACH IS ALLOWING YOU, AS AN HONORARY VERMIN, TO SEE BEYOND THE SKIN OF HUMAN DESTINY...

I'M SUDDENLY SHAKEN AND STIRRED BY AN INTENSE SEROTONIN COCKTAIL.

ONE PART PARADOX, TWO PARTS ENIGMA... JUST ADD ICE.

I, KID LOBOTOMY, DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT I WILL SUPPORT AND DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES AGAINST ALL ENEMIES...

IS THIS A FEVER NIGHTMARE? A REAL GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE?

WITH ME, IT'S SO HARD TO TELL...



I MEAN, LOOK WHERE I'VE FOUND MYSELF IN WHAT WE MIGHT LOOSELY CALL NOW...

SOMEWHERE (SCOTLAND, MAYBE?) FAR AWAY FROM THE SUITES HOTEL...

FRANZ... K-KAFKA...

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS PLACE?

CONSIDER IT A SPILL-OVER FROM THE LOWER DEPTHS... WHERE ALL THE PEOPLE AND THINGS YOU'VE TRIED TO FORGET END UP...

MANAGER'S NOTEBOOK: WHEN DEALING WITH LONG-DEAD LITERARY GREATS, THE WISE MANAGER ADOPTS A BRITISH ACCENT...



I SAY, KAFKA, BUT I HAVEN'T TRIED TO FORGET ABOUT YOU, OLD CHAP!

I'M DIFFERENT. I'M YOUR SPIRIT GUIDE. AND STOP TALKING IN THAT RIDICULOUS VOICE.



OVER THERE, THAT'S WHERE THE REAL DARK STUFF IS HIDDEN.

TH-THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. THE SUITES IS OFF CANON STREET.

FOR A KID WHO READ METAMORPHOSIS, THAT'S A VERY CONVENTIONAL WAY OF THINKING. WHOEVER SAID THERE'S ONLY ONE SUITES?

GOOD LUCK, KID, AND SORRY ABOUT THE COCK-ROACHES.

Y-YOU'RE NOT COMING IN WITH ME?

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW.

BUT IF YOU'VE UNDERSTOOD MY STORIES, YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT WE'RE ALL ON OUR OWN...

HMM. NICE TO SEE THEY'RE TAKING CARE OF THE OLD PLACE.

THAT PAINTING HUNG THERE WHEN I WAS TWELVE, AT THE HEIGHT OF BIG DADDY'S KING LEAR OBSESSION.

SO, THE PUPPY RETURNS TO HIS VOMIT...



BHAFF

UGH.