

Criminy™



ROGER LANGRIDGE & RYAN FERRIER

Behold the Isle of Burnewick,
where our tale will now unfold.



A peaceful land of good intent,
where families grow old.

Ne'er a threat, nor grim
intent, nor curse nor
broken bone.

Burnswick is but just
a word. Its meaning?
Home sweet home.



OH HOHO
NO YOU
DONT.

SNEAKY
LITTLE
GRAMER.



DAGGUM
CRIMINY, IS
THAT FRESH
FLOATY
FISH?

SHH, IT'S A SURPRISE. A
LIL BONUS FOR THE EXTRA
SHIFT AT THE CANNERY.

DON'T LET NADDA GEE.
HE'D HAVE WANTED
IT FOR A PET.

THEY
BEHAVING,
DITTO?

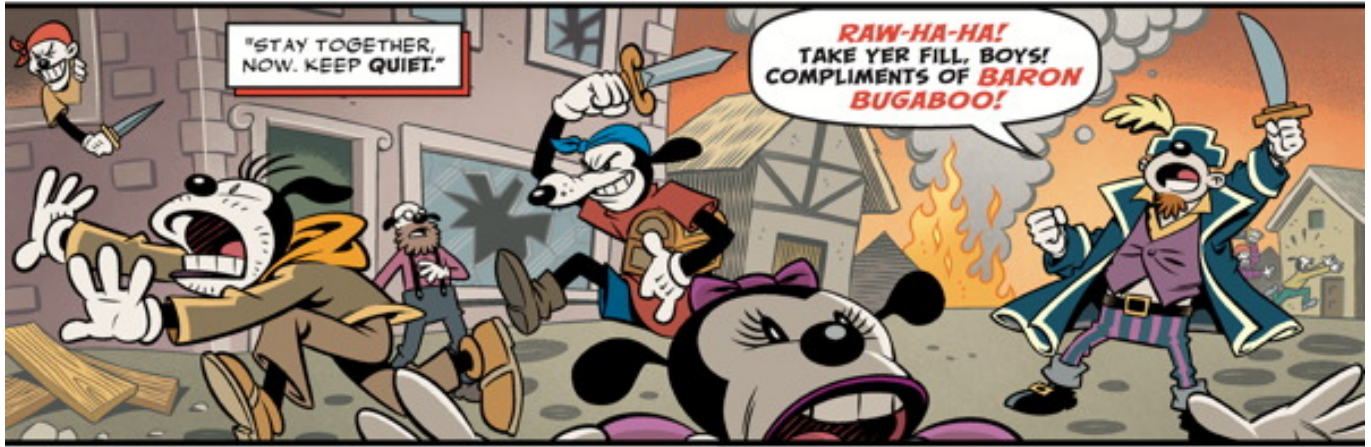
"BOUNCING OFF THE BEAMS.
BUT GOOD AS GOLD."



BACK!
BACK, BEAST!
I'LL STICK YA
FROM TIP
TA HILT!

WAUGHHH!

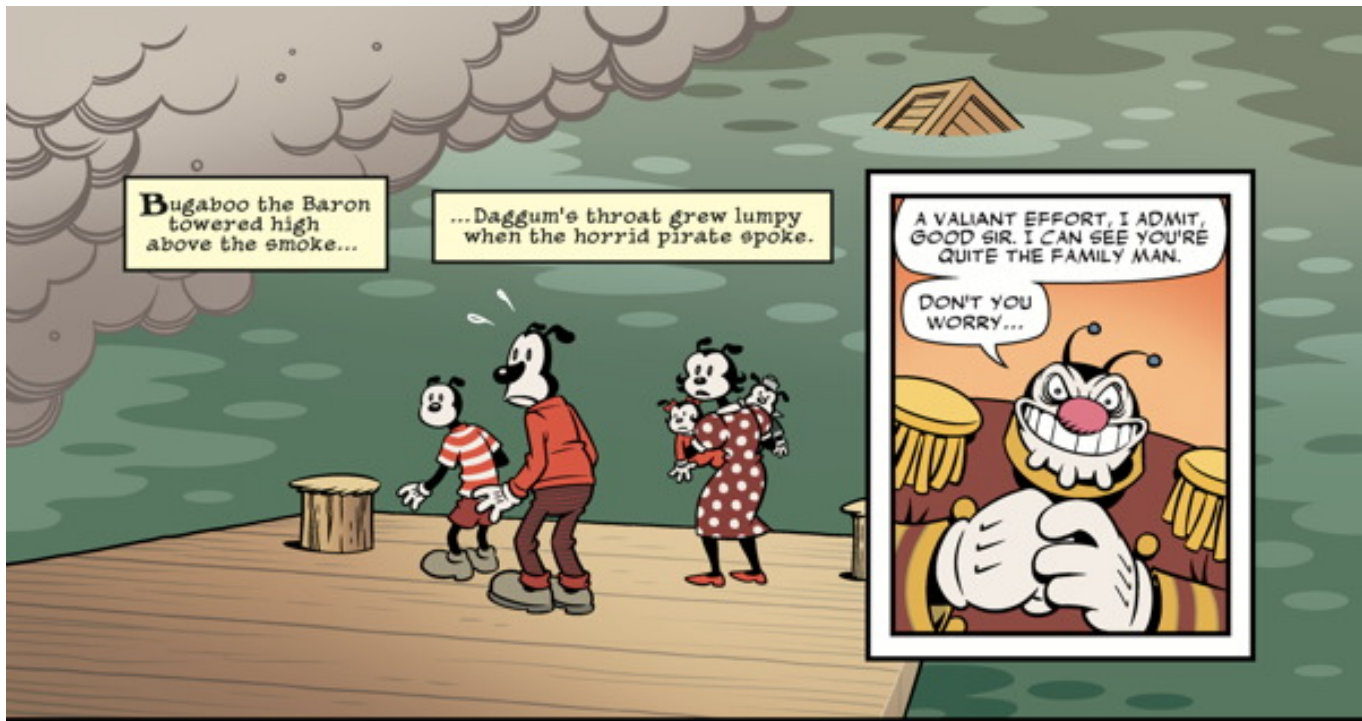














"... WORSE."

SKREEECH



HELP! HELP ME, FER PETE'S SAKE! DAGGUM, DO SOMETHIN'!



POPPA, WHY ARE YOU--

IT'S A GAME, NADDA. QUICK, TELL ME YOUR FAVORITE SUPPER-- IF YOU COULD HAVE ANYTHING IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD.



"ANYTHING? COULD I PICK MOMMA'S SNIPPY HAM? OOH! AND MASHED TUMSHIES!"

"THEN, AFTER... A BIG BOWL OF NANNER-BERRY CUSTARD!"



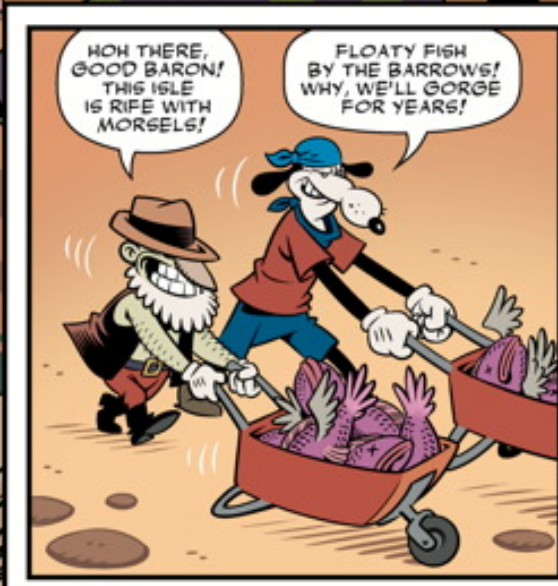
TELL YOU WHAT-- WHEN WE SORT ALL THIS OUT, YOU CAN HAVE JUST THAT.

KEEP YOUR EYES CLOSED NOW. JUST A LIL LONGER.



BOYS OF BUGABOO! BURNSWICK IS OURS!

DANCE AND DEVOUR TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT! DISOBEY AND DESTROY, THAT'S OUR MOTTO!



HOH THERE, GOOD BARON! THIS ISLE IS RIFE WITH MORSELS!

FLOATY FISH BY THE BARROWS! WHY, WE'LL GORGE FOR YEARS!

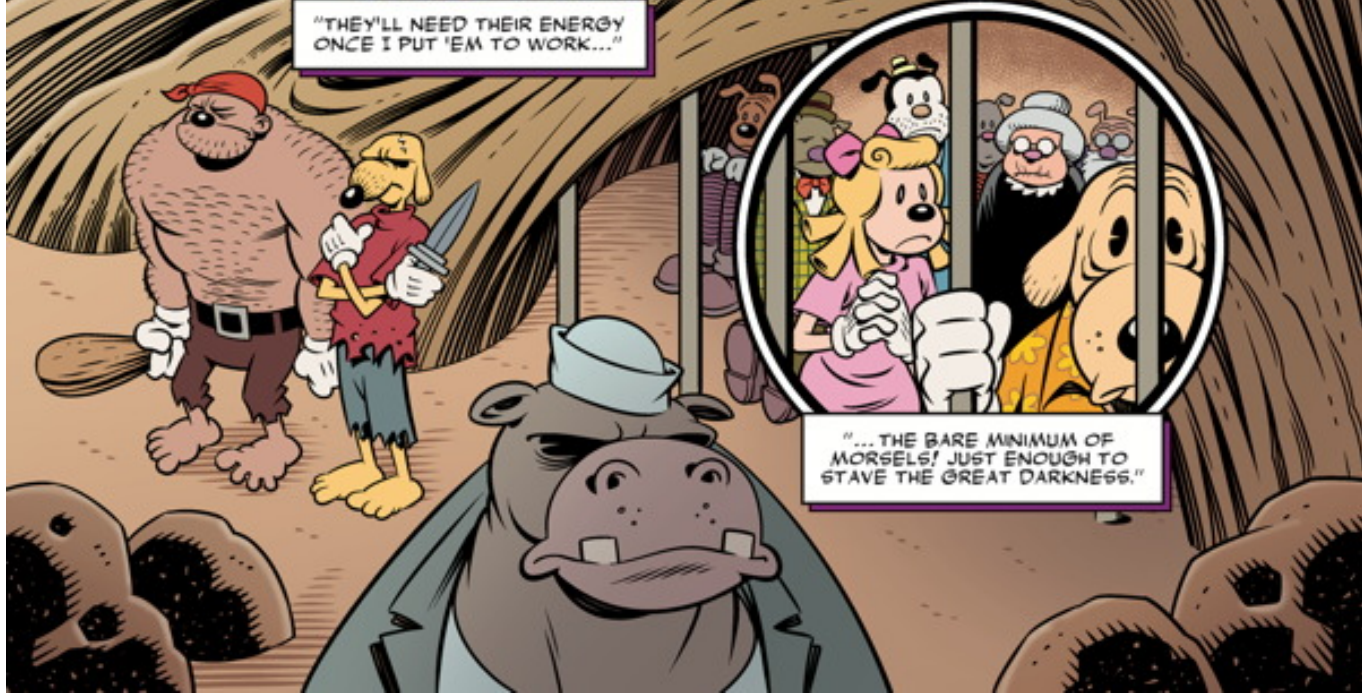


THEN SO IT SHALL BE, A FLOATY FISH FEAST OF ALL WE CAN EAT!

FRIED! BAKED! SMOKED! PUREED! SAUTÉED! SCHWENKERED! BOILED AND BRAIGED!

SHOULD WE RATION SOME VITTLES FOR THE PRISONERS, BARON?

"THEY'LL NEED THEIR ENERGY ONCE I PUT 'EM TO WORK..."



"... THE BARE MINIMUM OF MORSELS! JUST ENOUGH TO STAVE THE GREAT DARKNESS."

