

Unheard of Ambridge

... a side of
THE ARCHERS
you haven't
yet met...

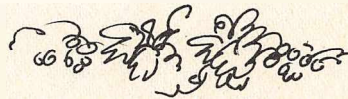
Lovely →
Prue Forrest



Merrily Harpur



Merrily Harpur was educated at Headington School, Oxford, and Trinity College, Dublin. She is a freelance cartoonist and writer whose drawings have appeared in numerous magazines, books and newspapers, most frequently in the *Guardian*. She has published a collection of her strip cartoons from *Punch*, *The Nightmares of Dream Topping*, and also written for the *Guardian*, *The Times*, the *Sunday Times* and *Departures* magazine. She is currently writing a historical novel.

She lives both in England and in Ireland, where she fly-fishes and is building up a priceless collection of waterproof clothing, which she hopes eventually to leave to a cats' home.



 Unheard of Ambridge 



Merrily Harper

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INTRODUCTION

By Jean-Paul of Grey Gables .

Allo Mesdames et
Messieurs!

'Ow right you are
to be dipping into
zis littel book,
testing ze flavueur!



No vrai bon viveur
such as oneself, would
ever gobble down
an 'ot pot of such
rich and subtle
pleasures



...Wizzout ferst poking
in ze littel finger,
Swirling ze heady
mixture around ze palate,
Swirling ze eyes
around ze head etc....



i Delicieux!
Un triomphe extraordinaire.


And now a confession.
Ah 'ave been moi-même
a resident of Un'card of
Ambridge. Ovi!

Ah 'ave produced mon
greatest dishes zere:
Black pudding gâteau
à la Snatch Foster;
fresh from John Higgs'
greenhouse, chrysanthemum
hearts in thrips; ...



John Dory lips glazed
with Carnal Fire by
Fevlon, rushed straight
to the table from the
make-up bag of Pove
Forrest, etc. etc.

Zose were ze days.



Hélàs! In ze vain 'ope of winning *zue minx*,
Caroline Bone i Queen of Puddings! — ah 'ave
taken ze BBC's shilling. Ah 'ave joined ze
artificiel werld of agriculture, and left ze
real werld of Nature — Ze seething magma
on which our thin croûte of civilisation —
even Brookfield! — lightly rests.

Enjoy ze read!

M. Woolley strongly advises to chew
32 times before you swallow.

JEAN-PAUL AND PRUE FORREST
ARE SITTING OVER A POT
OF PRUE'S PRIZE
WINNING LEMON
CURD.....

CRASH
THUMP

What a
fiendish
din: I
suppose that's
Caroline Bore
throwing a
wobbly

Sure Prue,
she mek
me seek
wiz 'er
tantrums

A Woman, Prue, should
be comme un soufflé,
90% air and a
leettle 'ot fat.

my goodness Jean-Paul, you
French are so good at
philosophy

You, me and ze lemon
curd, Prue, we in'abit
ze Platonic world of
ideal forms.

NIGHT HAS FALLEN ON THE
LITTLE VILLAGE OF AMBRIDGE;
NELSON'S WINE BAR IS CLOSED;
SHANE IS OUT HOWLING AT
THE FULL MOON.

Coo-ee!
Yoo-hoo!
Get you!
Hello Everyone!

IN THE KITCHEN AT GREY
GABLES JEAN-PAUL HAS
HAD A DREADFULLY
EMOTIONAL TIME BRINGING
A SAUCE TO A CLIMAX.

Ah 'ave nuzing
left to geev.
NUZING.

THE DOOR IS KICKED OPEN AND
A HUGE MAN APPEARS WITH A
GIN TRAP DANGLING FROM ONE
EAR.

Snatch
Foster!

KINDA BROAD
AT THE ANKLE
AND NARROW
AT THE HIP
AND EVERYBODY
KNEW YOU DIN'
GIVE NO LIP
TO BIG SNATCH.

But Snatch,
Why eles-vous
up so late?
Are you an
Artiste, tant
like a violin
string, like
Moi, quoi?
Or what?

I rob graves

with my bulldozer.
and then I sell bits
to Dr. Thorogood for
his EXPERIMENTS.

NIGEL PARGITER'S FATHER LIES DYING
IN A ROOM SWATHED IN DECAY.



NIGEL'S SAINTED
MOTHER

HIS SHRUNKEN HAND
CAN HARDLY LIFT
HIS HORSEWHIP

AND SHANE IS ADVISING MRS PARGITER ON TERMINAL
DECOR FOR A FORTHCOMING FEATURE IN INTERIORS, THE
JUNGIAN'S' IN-HOUSE JOURNAL.

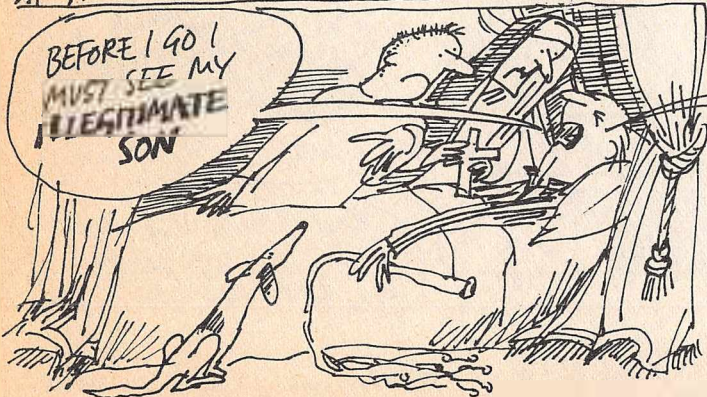


MOULD SHOULD
BE THE SIZE &
TEXTURE OF A
PUPPY

SWATHED? NO WAY PETAL.
FESTOONED HAS GONE
A BIT IFFY. RUKH'D IS
STILL FINE. IF YOU'RE
GOING TO HAVE DECAY IT
MUST BE BANG UP TO DATE.

Whoopsy
-Big Spider

WHEREUPON A SHADOW DARKENED THE
DOORWAY...



BEFORE I GO I
MUST SEE MY
ILLEGITIMATE
SON

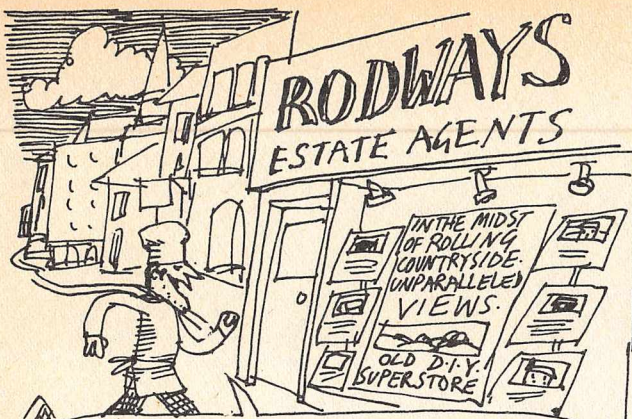
I WANT TO GIVE HIM
EVERYTHING, BUT
ESPECIALLY THE
FABLED JEWELLED
HORSEWHIP OF THE
PARGITERS, A PRESENT
FROM A GRATEFUL
MONARCH, AND LOST IN
THE FILING SYSTEM
FOR THREE CENTURIES



Daddy!

SWATH
FOSTER!

© Meribby Harper 1988



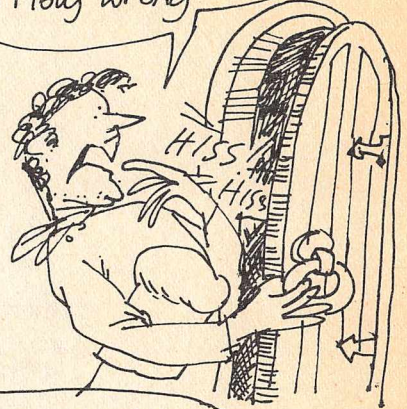
RODWAYS ESTATE AGENTS

IN THE MIST OF ROLLING
COUNTRYSIDE.
UNPARALLELED
VIEWS.
OLD D.I.Y.
SUPERSTORE

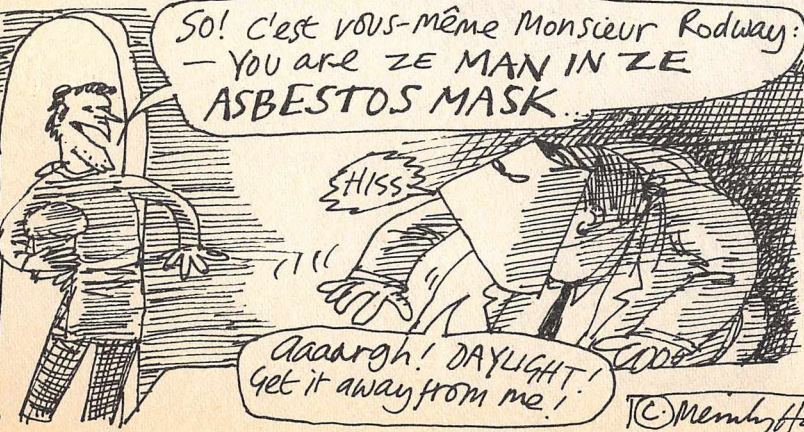
ONE MUST PENETRATE ZE
MYSTERIOUS BACK ROOM AT
RODWAYS; ZE ROOM SHULA
NEVAIR SHOWS ANYONE
AROUND!



FLAMING BANANES!
NOE ANUZZER OF DR. T.'S
EXPERIMENTS GONE
'ORRIBLY WRONG



FINALEMENT ONE MUSE THRUST ASIDE
ZE FAÇADE, GENTILLE ET CIVILISÉE,
REPRESENTED BY LA BELLE SHULA ARCHER.....



SO! C'EST VOUS-MÊME MONSIEUR RODWAY:
— YOU ARE ZE MAN IN ZE
ASBESTOS MASK.

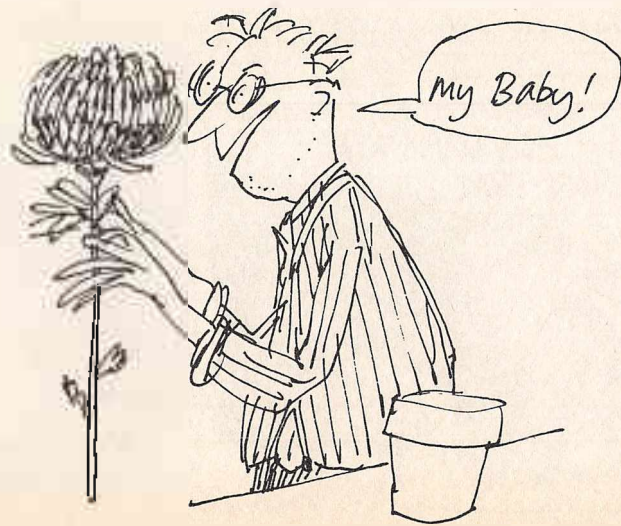
Aaaargh! DAYLIGHT!
GET IT AWAY FROM ME!



IF YOU BREATHE A WORD OF
VOT YOU HEV SEEN, I WILL
HEV YOU STRUCK OFF THE
MAIL-SHOT LIST.

Merm's
ze word
M. Rodway

John Higgs.
Mr. Woolley's
Gardener.



NIGEL PARGITER'S SAINTED MOTHER HAS GONE TO SNATCH FOSTER FOR SOME VERMIN CONTROL

...Well, em, what methods do you use, Snitch?

DI TRUNDLES AROUND STAMPING ON THEM SOFT, MEDIUM, OR HARD

CUT PRICE VERMIN CONTROL
* BODY PARTS FOR SALE & WANTED
* AROMATHERAPY
* AMERICAN THERAPY
FOSTER

LIGHT, MEDIUM OR FIRM CONTROL?

THE FACT IS, SNITCH, ONE IS NOT ABSOLUTELY SURE WHAT KIND OF VERMIN THEY ARE...

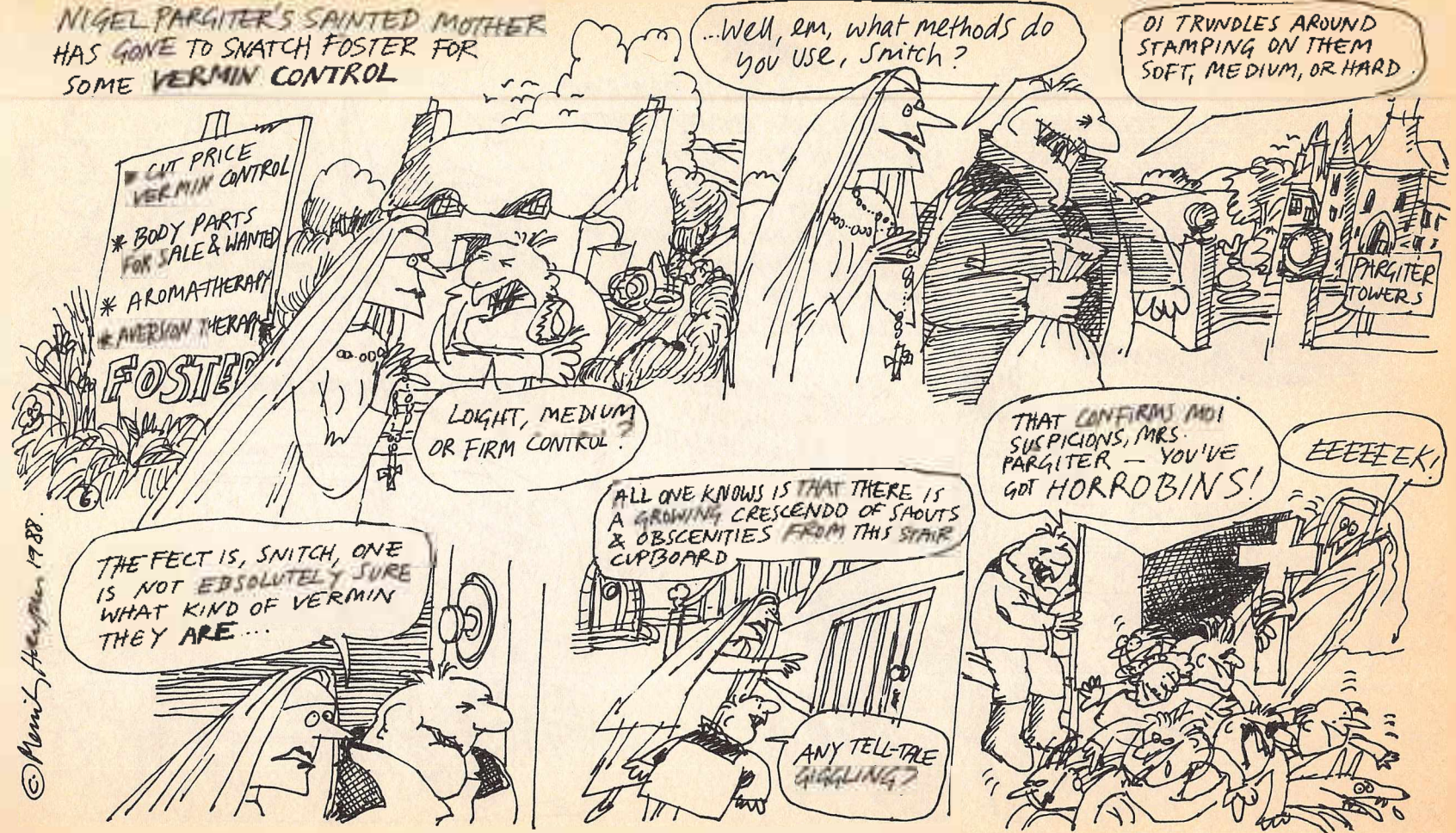
ALL ONE KNOWS IS THAT THERE IS A GROWING CRESCENDO OF SHOUTS & OBSCENITIES FROM THIS STAIR CUPBOARD

THAT CONFIRMS MY SUSPICIONS, MRS. PARGITER - YOU'VE GOT HORROBINS!

EEEEEEK!

ANY TELL-TALE GIGGLING?

© Mandy Hampson 1988



THE MOON IS FULL AGAIN & IN
THE DISTANCE SHANE IS
HOWLING AT MRS. SNELL'S CHOICE
OF BEDDING PLANTS.

AAUUBRETIAAA!

WHILE IN AMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD
EVIL MR. RODWAY, ESTATE AGENT &
THE MAN IN THE ASBESTOS
MASK, RAISES A GLASS OF
PRUE FORREST'S PRIZE-WINNING
DRY-ROT FRUITING-BODY WINE IN
A TERRIBLE INVOCATION TO
SUMMON UP THE DEVIL, IN ORDER
TO SELL HIM HIS SOLE AGENCY.

THRONES!
DOMINIONS!
PRINCIPALITIES!
POWERS!
PLANNING
PERMISSIONS!

CHEERS

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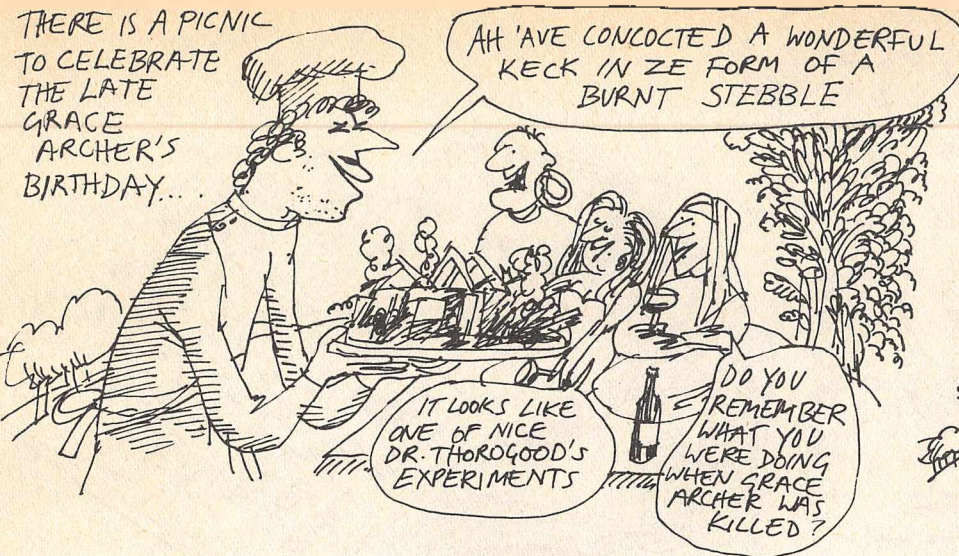
SO THE DEVIL COMES UP
WITH A GREAT PLAN:



THERE IS A PICNIC
TO CELEBRATE
THE LATE
GRACE
ARCHER'S
BIRTHDAY...

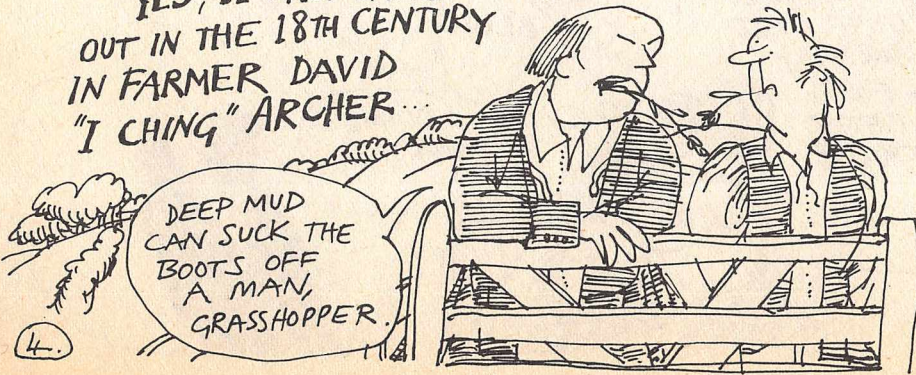
AH 'AVE CONCOCTED A WONDERFUL
KECK IN ZE FORM OF A
BURNT STEBBLE

...WHEN KENTON ARCHER EMERGES FROM A
BUSH WHERE HE HAS BEEN ALL THIS TIME...



YES, IT LAST CAME
OUT IN THE 18TH CENTURY
IN FARMER DAVID
"I CHING" ARCHER...

SO KEN TON ARCHER EEZ ZE BEARER
OF ZE FAMOUS ARCHER CHINESE
RECESSIVE GENE!



4.

© Menby Harper 1988

IN THIS →
HOLLOW TREE
KEN TON ARCHER,
LATEST EMBODIMENT
OF THE RECESSIVE
CHINESE GENE OF
THE ARCHERS, IS
WRITING A
TREMBLINGLY
SENSITIVE NOVEL
ABOUT BEING TORN
BETWEEN TWO
CULTURES...

THE NEAREST JEAN-PAUL
CAN COME TO A NOVEL
IS SOME
FEUILLETÉ
PASTRY...

Tellibry
difficurt
to find one's
own
reffing
voice...

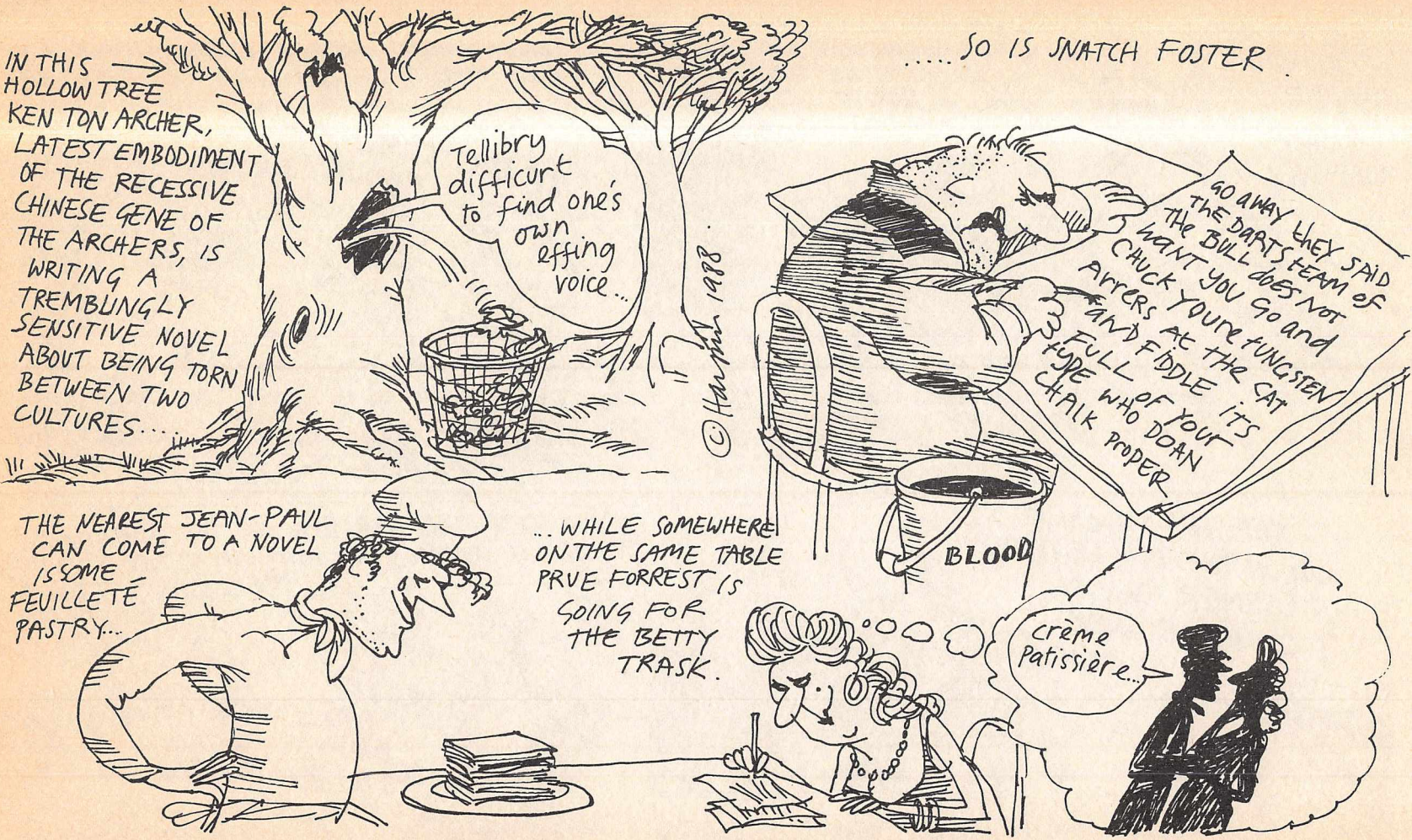
...WHILE SOMEWHERE
ON THE SAME TABLE
PRUE FORREST IS
GOING FOR
THE BETTY
TRASK.

..... SO IS SNATCH FOSTER

© Hampton 1988

BLOOD

crème
Pâtissière...



EMERGENCY! SNATCH FOSTER IS RUSHING
MEDICAL SUPPLIES TO TRUE FORREST'S
INTENSIVE CARE UNIT

IT'D BETTER GO THE QUICK
WAY AND NOT THE
PRETTY WAY...



WHERE JEAN-PAUL, STRUCK DUMB SINCE HAS DINNER
AT THE ALDRIGES, STRUGGLES FOR SELF-EXPRESSION...

NURSE! MORE
pink chiffon!

SHANE!

SOME TINY
HEART-SHAPED
CUSHIONS! - AT
THE DOUBLE -

AT RIVERB
FOOL ... ONE
TRAME I
MAY NEVIR
NEVIR
BLOCK FROM
MY MIND...

WE ARE GOING TO FORCE
FEED HIM WITH PATE DE
FOIE GRAS - IT'S
AN OLD FRENCH
WIVES' REMEDY.
SHANE! - MASSAGE
HIS THROAT!



WELL ALL
RIGHT PRUE
LOVE, BUT
I'LL JUST
SLIP ON MY
WASHING-UP
GLOVES IN CASE
HE COMES OUT
WITH SOMETHING
BITING.

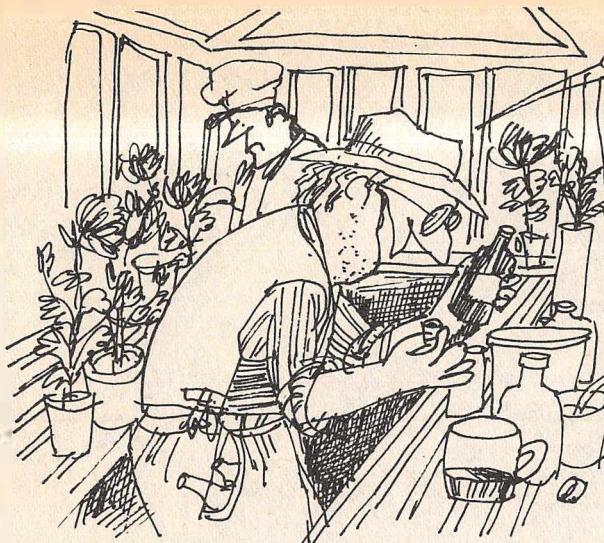
EET ANYSING
GOES WRONG, I
WANT MON RECEIPE
FOR COQUILLES
ST. JACQUES TO
GO TO A CATS'
'OME, AND
MON LIVER
TO BE BURIED
DANS MA
NATIVE FRANCE

CHOICE



WILL JEAN-PAUL SPEAK
AGAIN?

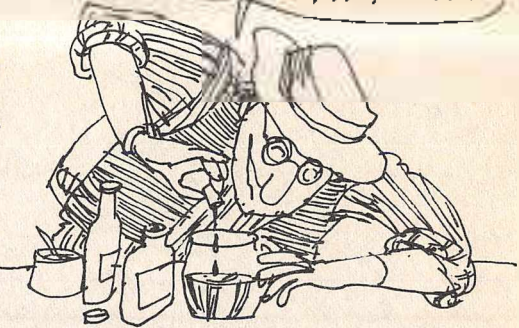
HIGGS IS IN THE GREENHOUSE AT GREY GABLES CONFIDING TO JEAN-PAUL THE SECRET FORMULA THAT MAKES HIS PRIZE-WINNING CHRYSANTHEMUMS LOOK REALLY SPECTACULAR...



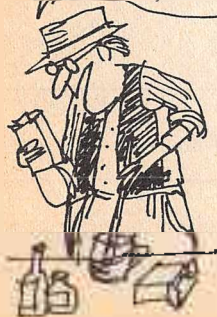
SYSTEMIC INSECTICIDE - ONE CAPFUL PER 16,000 GALLONS OF WATER!

© Dennis Higgins 1987

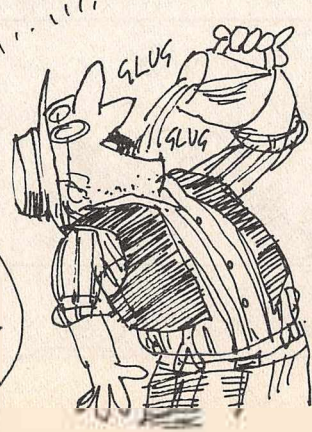
MILDEN & RUST REMOVER - 'ONE BLACK SPOT PER 198 GALLONS'



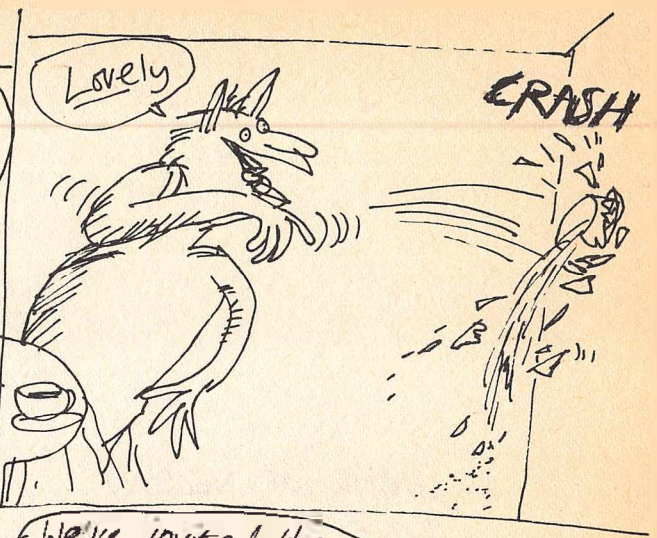
BLOOD, FISH 'N' BONE - 5 HOOVES AND 2 FISHES PER 5,000



BORDEAUX MIXTURE?? MIS EN BOUTEILLE DANS NOS LABORATOIRES! MON DIEU!



THE SHADE OF
GRACE ARCHER
& THE ENTITY
OF THE BARN
CONVERSION ARE
HAVING A
POLTERGEISTS'
TEA PARTY



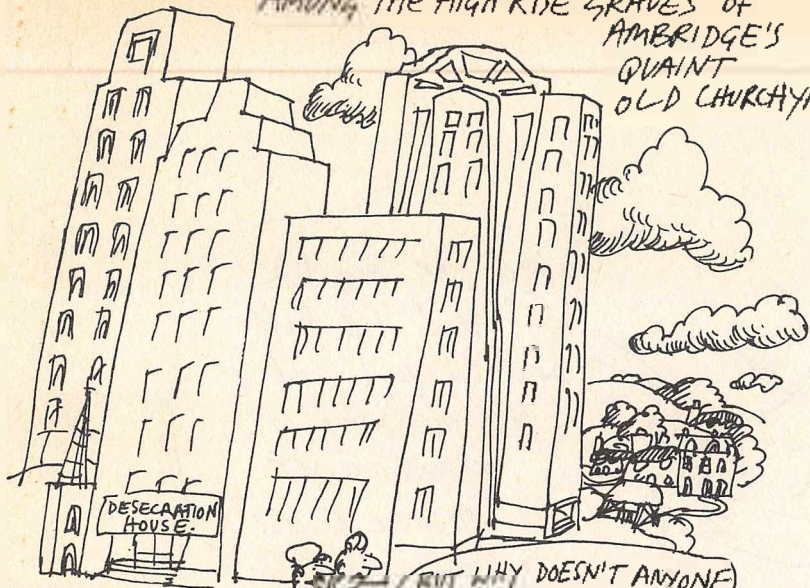
© Merily Haynes 1988.



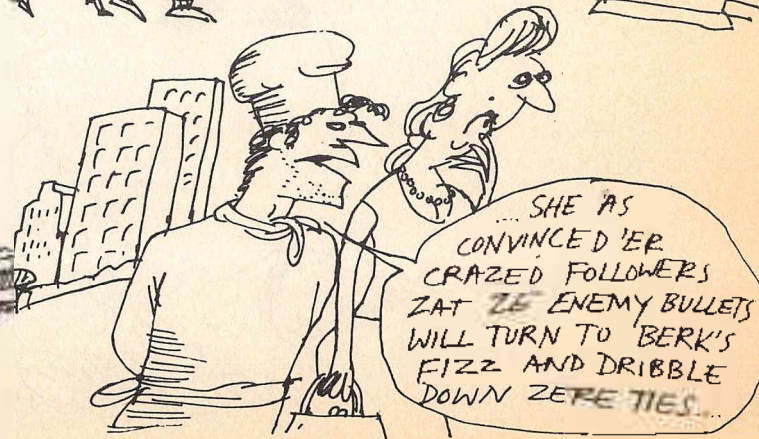
SHAVE, OF NELSON'S
WINE BAR, IS AT
ALL TIMES SELF-
EXPLANATORY.



JEAN-PAUL + PRUE FORREST ARE STROLLING
AMONG THE HIGH RISE GRAVES OF
AMBRIDGE'S
QUAINT
OLD CHURCHYARD.



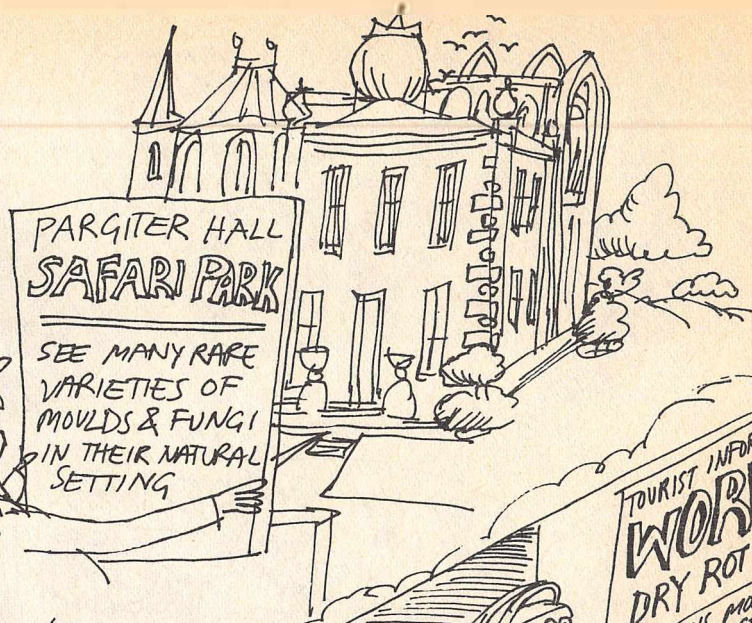
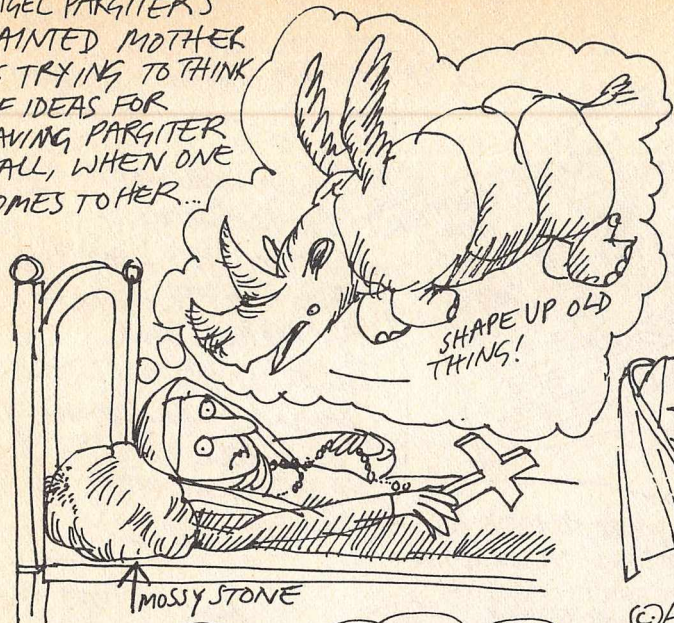
BUT WHY DOESN'T ANYONE
IN AMBRIDGE 'AVE ANY
INNERE LIFE, PRUE?
C'EST COMME LE
FILLET DANS LE BOEUF
EN CROUTE - EES BLOODY,
BUT EES ZE POINT OF
ZE 'OLE THING.



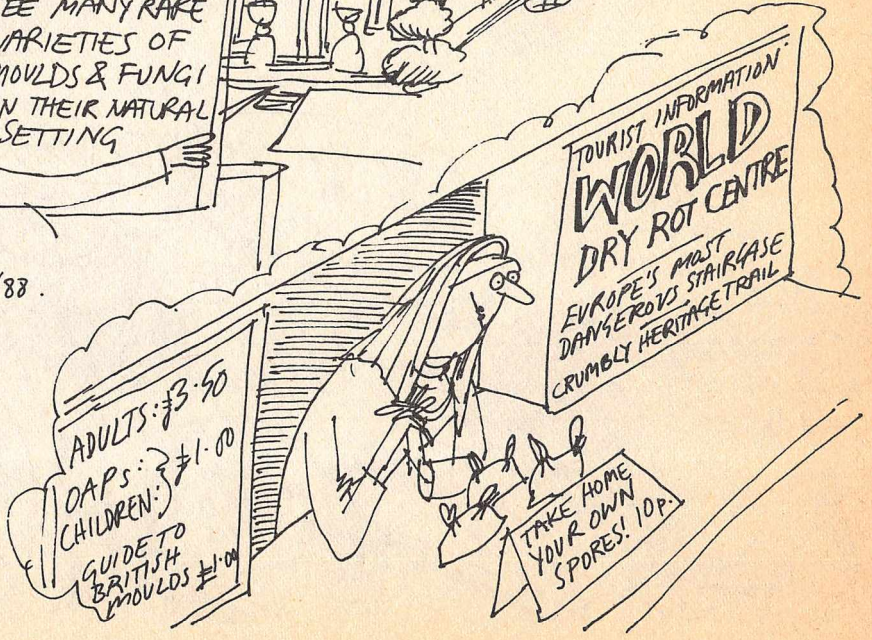
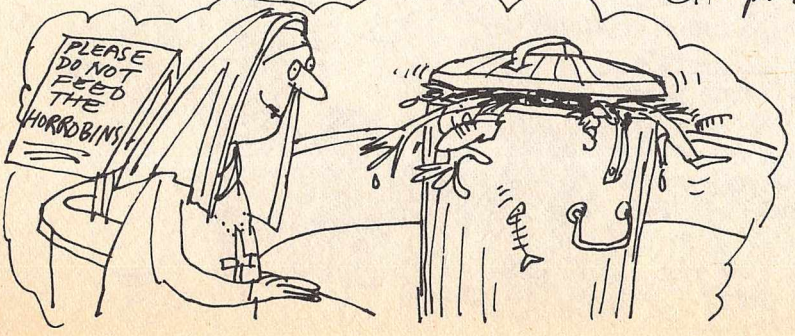
Freda, Phil Archer's
favourite pig.



NIGEL PARGITER'S
SAINTE MOTHER
IS TRYING TO THINK
OF IDEAS FOR
SAVING PARGITER
HALL, WHEN ONE
COMES TO HER...



©Harpm '88.



THROUGH THE
BUSKY LAMES OF
AMBRIDGE COMES
CAROLINE BONE'S
UNCLE, LORD
NETHERBOURNE,
ON A PILGRIMAGE
TO AMBRIDGE
CHURCHYARD....



ONE IS SO FORTUNATE
TO HAVE INHERITED ONE'S
TROTSKYIST PRINCIPLES
WHILE OTHERS HAVE
TO STRAIN & TOIL
FOR THEM IN
THE HOTHOUSES
OF PROVINCIAL
UNIVERSITIES.

© Mervyn Harpin 1987

ONLY HIGGS KNOWS THIS, THROUGH READING
THE COURT & SOCIAL COLUMN OF THE
CHRYSANTHEMUM GROWERS' JOURNAL.



Oh wow, Lord
Netherbourne is
coming, the Lord High
Mattock, Treasurer
of Nicker's, and
Tattoo-on-Arms to the
General Management
Committee of
Felpersham W.R.P.

I salute the
grave of the
Unknown Worker

But that's Jethro -
He was a Conservative voter

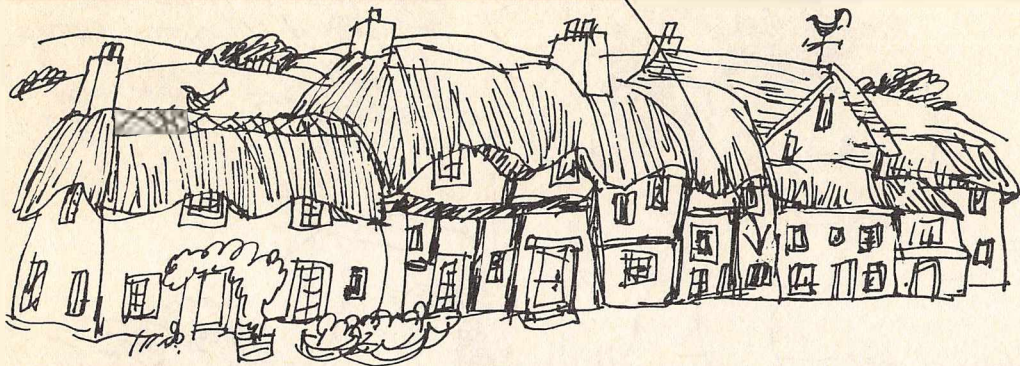
I prefer to think his
was a blind worm-like
instinct thrusting
upwards to the
light of Socialism.

I have selected
his grave as
the venue for
the next mass
rally of Com-
rades from
all over the
world.

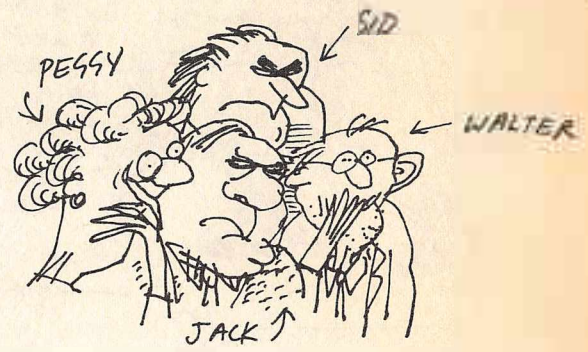
I hope that
won't
coincide
with the
flower
show.



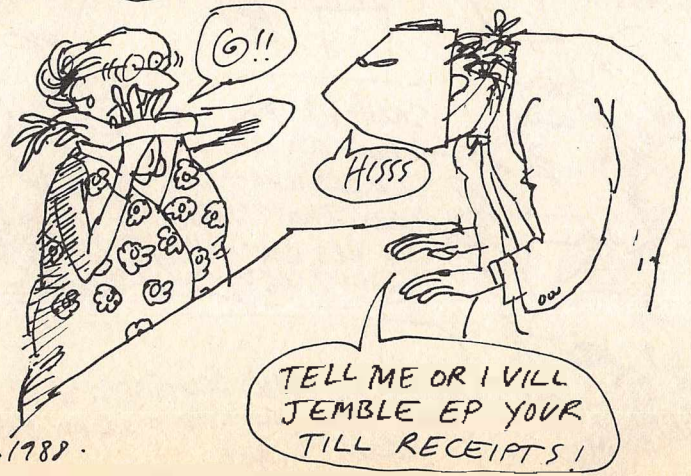
OF THE 365 WINDOWS IN MONSTROUS, RAMBLING
BRIDGE FARM THERE IS ONE NO-ONE CAN
ACCOUNT FOR.....



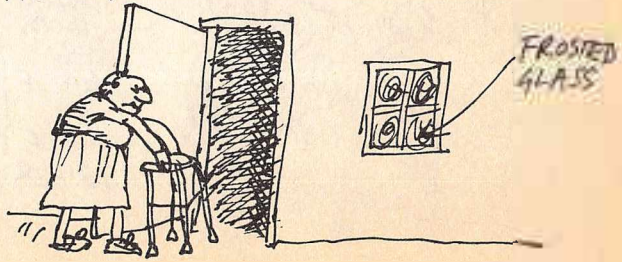
IF YOU MENTION IT TO ANY OF THE
LOCALS YOU ARE MET BY A WALL OF
SILENCE — THE SHUTTERS COMING
DOWN OVER THE SULLEN PEASANT FACES.



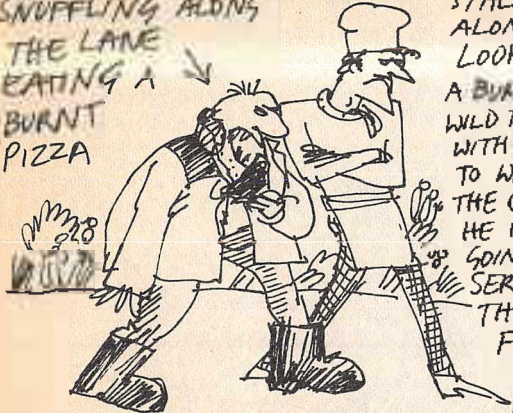
YOU COULD
TORTURE
MARTHA
WOODFORD....
BUT SHE
WOULDN'T
BLAB.



ONLY MRS. POTTER SEEMS TO KNOW
THE WAY IN...



SNATCH FOSTER IS
SNUFFLING ALONG
THE LANE
EATING A
BURNT
PIZZA



JEAN-PAUL IS
STALKING
ALONG MOODILY
LOOKING FOR
A BUNCH OF
WILD THYME
WITH WHICH
TO WHIP
THE CREAM
HE IS
GOING TO
SERVE WITH
THE GUINEA
FOWL.

© Penny Harpin 1988

OI DOAN
MIND WOT
OI EATS
SO LONG
AS IT'S
BLACK



AH ZUT!
SNETCH, SNETCH
— WHY
MERST YOU
TORTURE ME?



WELL THAT'S JUST ME!
OI DOAN MOIND WHAT
OI DOES FOR PEOPLE, AS
LONG AS
THEY DOAN
LOIKE IT



BUT WHEN
THEY
COME TO
THE
GROTTO
WHERE
STANDS
THE
STATUE
OF
GRACE
ARCHER



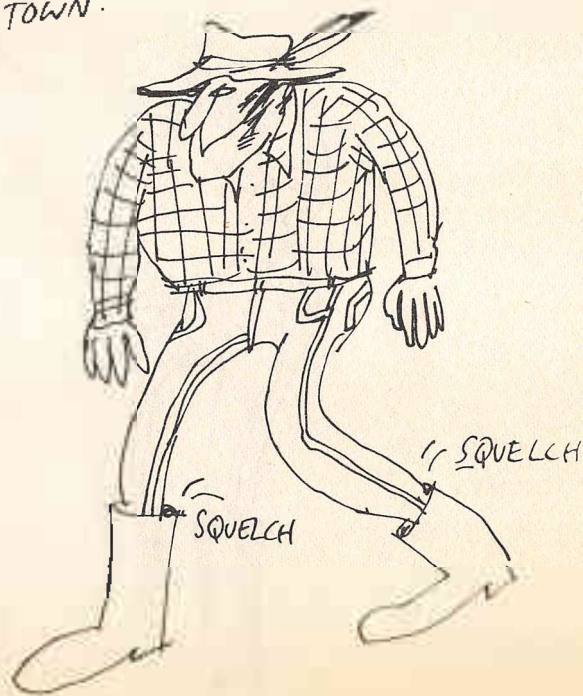
Snetch! Ah
know an am a
Cazzolick — but
ees that statue,
or ees eet not,
MOVING?

Well oi'm a New Scientist and oi read that
that's the way with modern statues —
fidget, fidget.

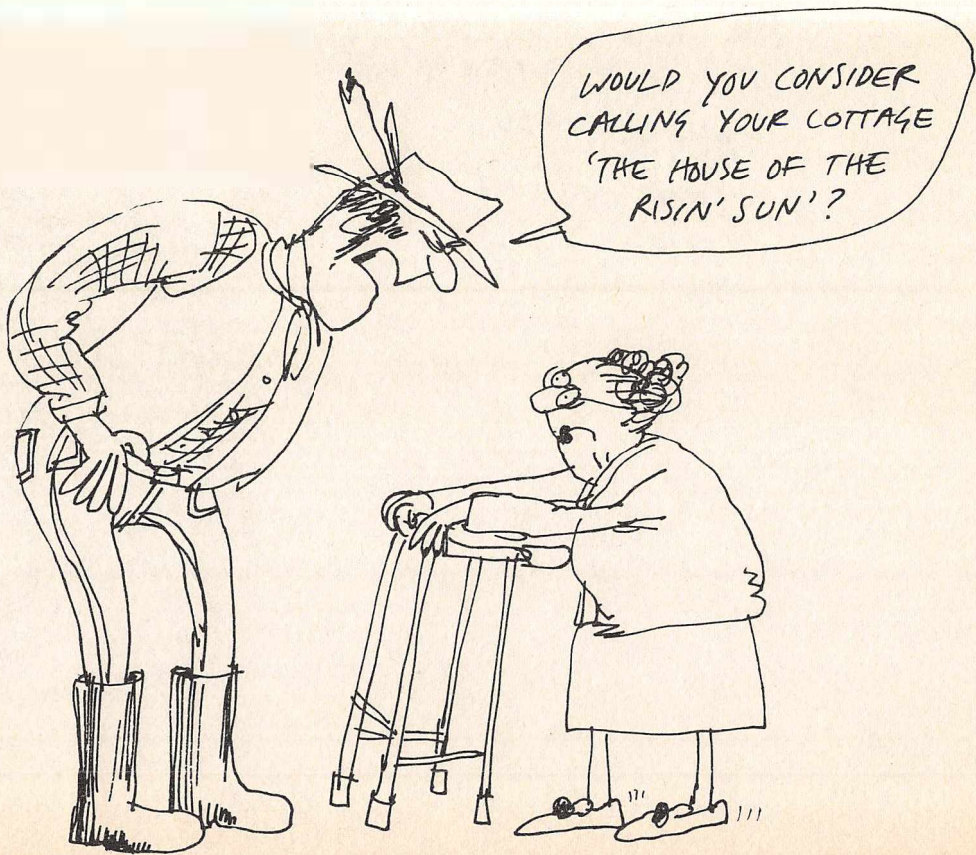


Psst!
Over here
J.P.!

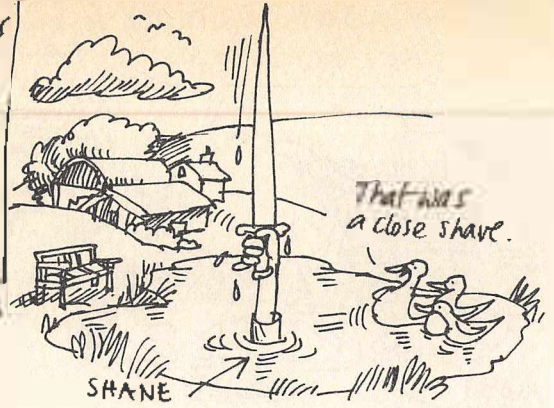
GRAHAM LOOKS AFTER
THE COWS AT BROOKFIELD
& IS A COUNTRY 'N WESTERN
AFFICIONADO.
SOMETIMES HE HITS TOWN.



MRS. POTTER HAS
A LEAK BLADDER,
A WALKING FRAME,
& IS OPEN TO
SUSSESTIONS.



MANY MYTHS
HAVE BEEN
BORN OUT
OF AMBRIDGE
VILLAGE
GREEN,
PARTICULARLY
THE POND.

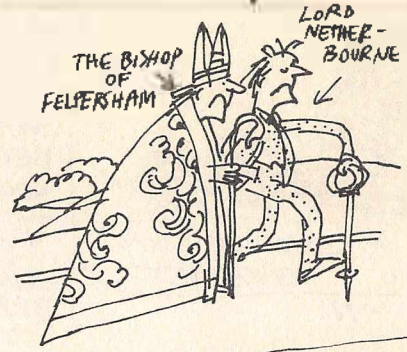


That was
a close shave.

SHANE

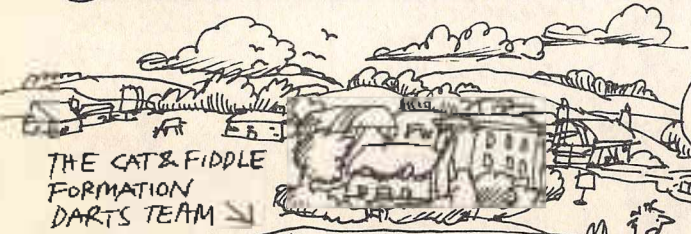
AND NOW IT IS
TO BE THE
THEATRE FOR
ONE OF THE
CLASSIC
CONFRONTATIONS
OF WESTERN
CIVILIZATION:
COMMUNISM
V. RELIGION.

THE MASSES RANKS OF
FELPERSHAM W.R.P.



ON THEIR WAY TO
VENERATE JETHRO'S
GRAVE, MEET
THE DEVOTEES OF
A CULT RELIGION
THAT HAS SPRUNG
UP ROUND THE
MOVING STATUE
OF GRACE ARCHER.

© Meridy Harpin 1988.



THE CAT & FIDDLE
FORMATION
DARTS TEAM

HAVE SOME RESPECT!
THIS IS A PRESS
CONFERENCE...

AND ZEN, PRUE, SHE
SEEMED TO SAY
'JEAN-PAUL, I'E DESCENDU
FROM ZE MICHELIN
INSPECTEUR DANS
LE SKY....

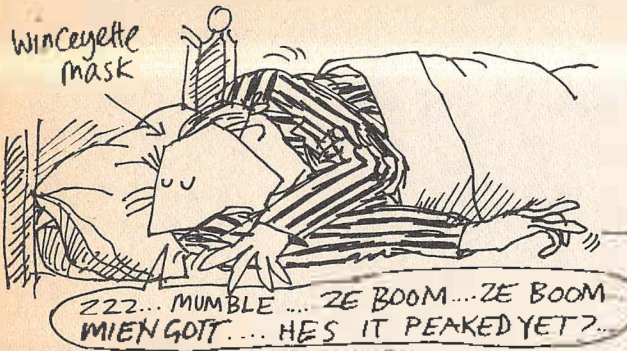
WHICH TWO
FINGERS DID
SHE ACTUALLY
MOVE, JEAN-
PAUL?



POSTER:
BLACK
PUDDING
PICKLED
WALNUTS

HORROBINS

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF HERR RODWAY:



WinCeyette mask

ZZZ... MUMBLE ... ZE BOOM... ZE BOOM
MIEN GOIT... HES IT PEAKED YET?...

HE TOSSES & TURNS ALL NIGHT IN HIS QUEEN ANNE RECTORY BEFORE GOING DOWN TO A TYPICAL SHARK'S BREAKFAST

© Mervyn Harper 1988



Two hedgehogs Walker!
Just the spines!

IMMEDIATELY
HERE
RODWAY

Asbestos mask

SWAGS OF BLACK VELVET ↓



AND THENCE TO HIS OFFICE WHERE HE GLAZES OVER HIS MASTER PLAN

VE HEV DESTROYED COVENTRY. IT IS COMPLETELY COVERED OVER VIZ CONCRETE



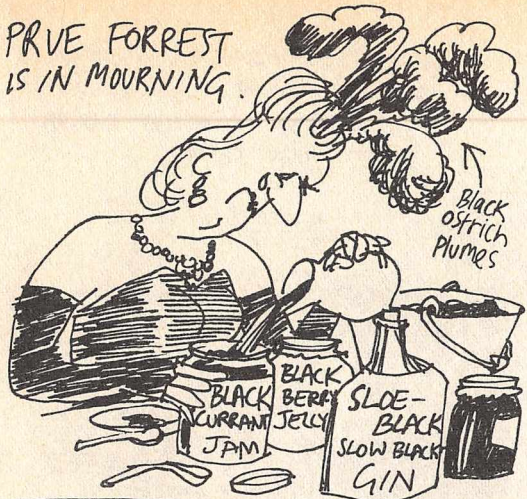
Here is ze Wienerortze Completément Covered w/3 Cream which you ordered M. Rodway. And now, ref you will excuse me I must go out and blow my nose

AND NEXT - AMBRIDGE! VE VILL cover it viz precincts, underpasses, VALKWAYS, concrete litter bins und terrace restaurants!



EXTREMISM DOES STRAIGHT TO MY SINUSES, PRVE

PRVE FORREST IS IN MOURNING.



SOMETHING HAS COME OVER JEAN-PAVL.



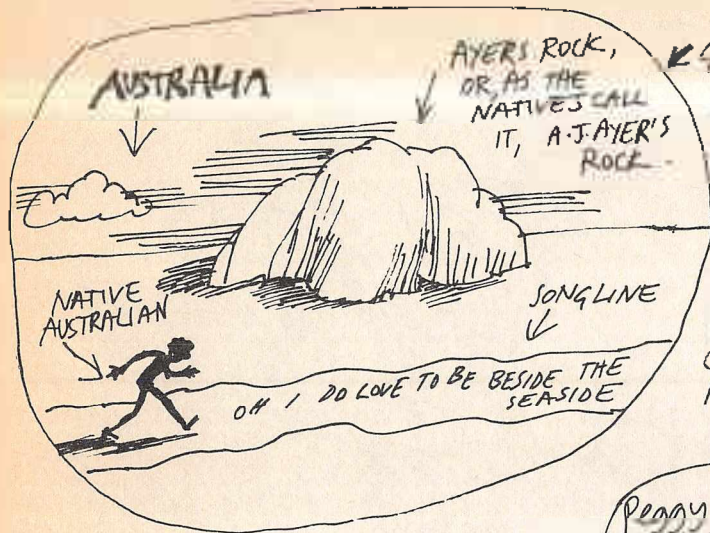
IT IS RELIGION.



HE HAS BECOME A TRAPPIST CHEF.

"Whereof one cannot speak thereof one must be silent, Prve."
Wittgenstein.

What about body language J-P?

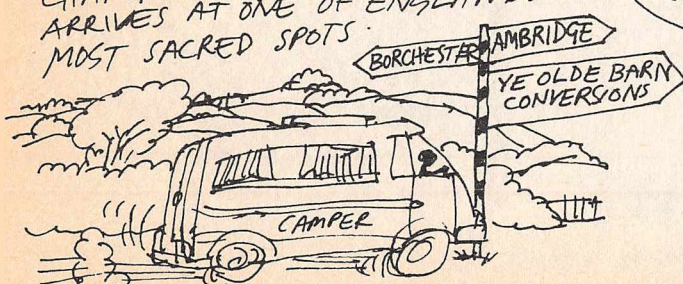


← GODFREY WENDOVER
 WAS OUT FOLLOWING
 THE SONGLINES,
 GIVING EACH
 NUMINOUS
 LANDMARK
 DUE REVERENCE
 AS IS THE
 IMMEMORIAL
 CUSTOM OF HIS
 RACE

... WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF
 IN A ONE-WAY SONGLINE
 WHICH TOOK HIM OUT ON TO
 THE HIGH SEAS.



MANY YEARS & A FEW CAREER
 CHANGES LATER, GODFREY
 ARRIVES AT ONE OF ENGLAND'S
 MOST SACRED SPOTS.



Peggy Old Sport, my ancestors
 and I propose to venerate
 you, but first
 I must sing
 you up.



AT LAST!
 A MAN IN
 UNIFORM

© Alanpin 1988.

THE SLEEPY TOWN OF BORCHESTER · 6P.M. · SATURDAY. ONLY SHAVE NOTICES.....

NELSON'S WINE BAR

A CLOUD OF DUST ON THE HORIZON!! PANIC STATIONS EVERYBODY!

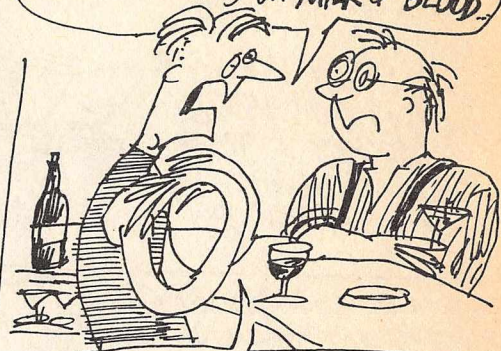
YES, IT IS GRAHAM HITTING TOWN.

↳ The house they call the rising sun ☼



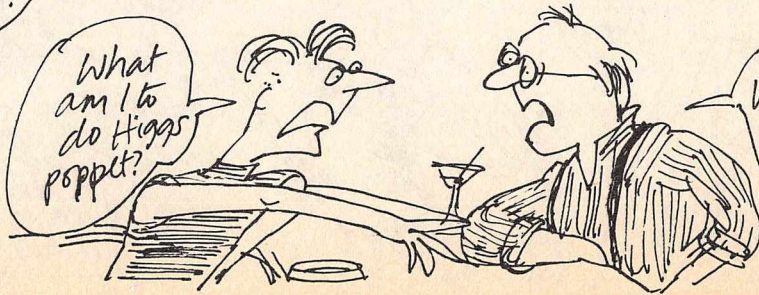
© Pemberton 1988

He's part Welsh, part Sasquatch, and he roams around with the cows at Brookfield living only on MILK & BLOOD.



Higgs, love, you have no IDEA! He comes down once a year for a bath, and to shoot me. Shoot ME!!

What am I to do Higgs poppet?

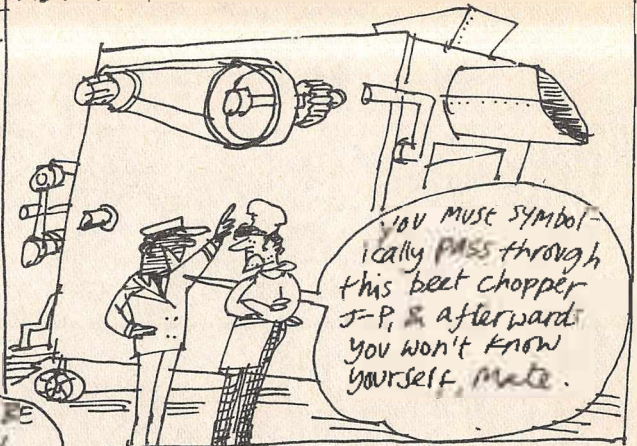


Well, if you start to tremble uncontrollably you could always cling to the cocktail shaker.

IS NOTHING SACRED IN AMBRIDGE? ALAS, IN THE DARK HEART OF RURAL ENGLAND VALUES & FASHIONS CHANGE SO QUICKLY & JEAN PAUL IS DEPARTING FOR A CAREER ON R4.



GODFREY WENDOVER IS CONDUCTING AN ABRIGINAL RITE OF PASSAGE FOR JEAN-PAUL



PRUE IS SO DERANGED BY GRIEF THAT SHE THOUGHT OF THROWING HERSELF ON A PYRE OF BANANES FLAMBÉES. HOWEVER SHE HAS DECIDED INSTEAD TO HIRE NIGEL PARGITER'S SAINTED MOTHER, A PROFESSIONAL KEENER, TO DO SOME KEENING.



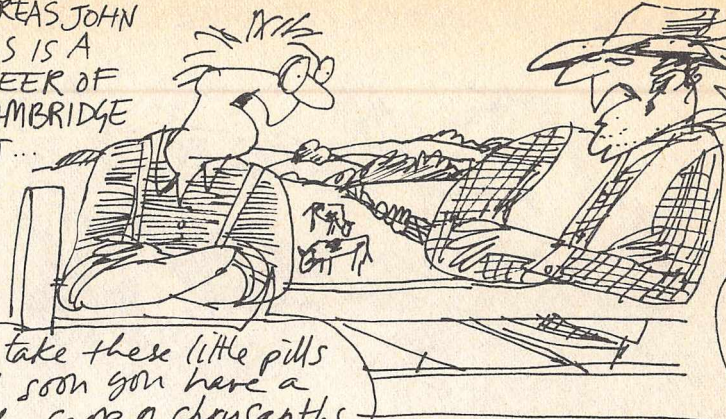
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE ON RADIO J-P? DO YOU LUCKY THING!



SNATCH
FOSTER
IS
HEAVILY
INTO
PRESSURE
POINTS



WHEREAS JOHN
HIGGS IS A
PIONEER OF
THE AMBRIDGE
DIET...

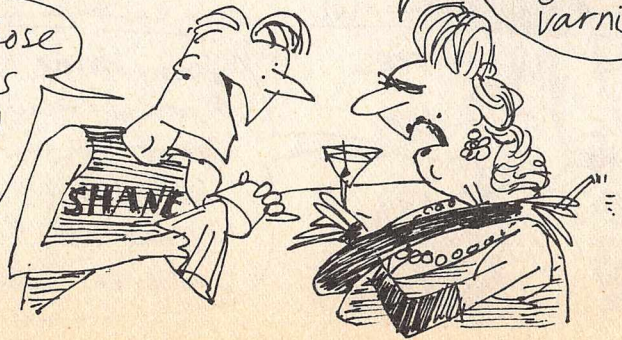


You take these little pills
and soon you have a
lovely crop of chrysanths

Ah
consume
only
milk 'n'
blood,
praise
the
Lord.

PRUE EATS
LIKE A BIRD:

I get enough
protein from
my hair
varnish



Keep those
interstices
sparkling
I say
Prue love

But what
about
roughage
Graham?

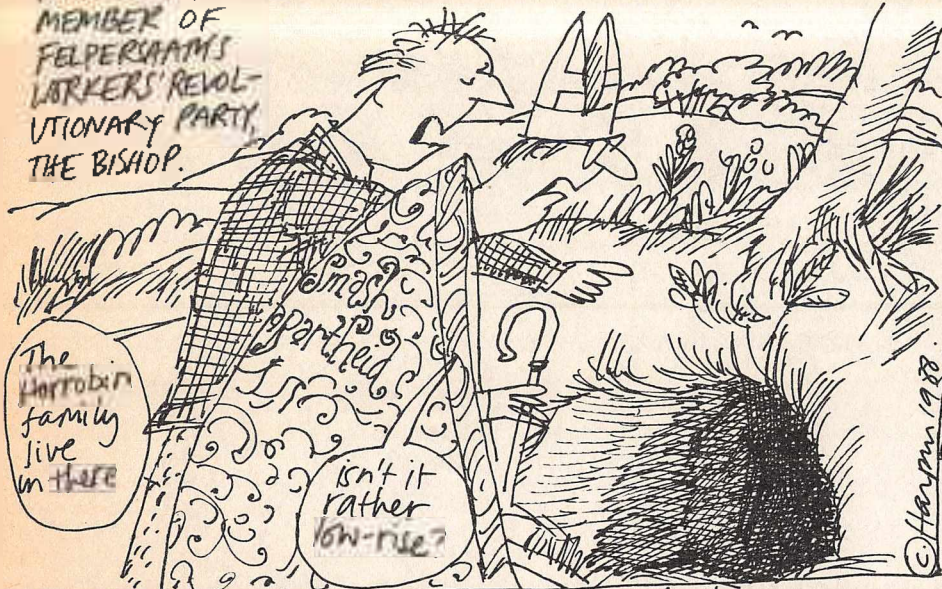
Ah open
mah heart
and let
roughage find
me, John



SHANE
BELIEVES
IN
DENTAL
FLOSS:

© Muriel's Art 1988

LORD NETHERBOURNE IS POINTING OUT INNER-VILLAGE PROBLEMS TO THE OTHER MEMBER OF FELPERSAAM'S LARKERS' REVOLUTIONARY PARTY, THE BISHOP.

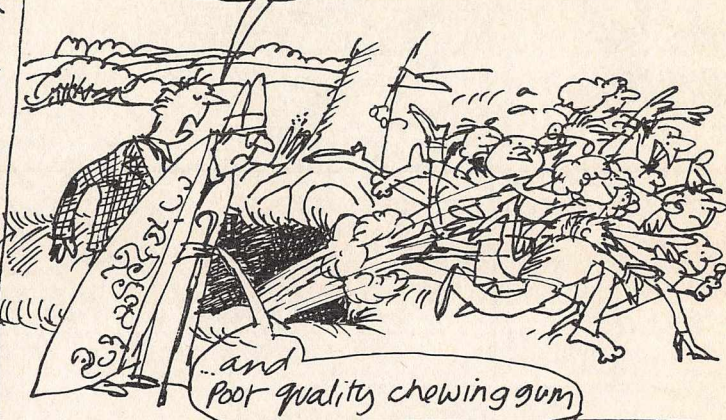


The Horrobin family live in there

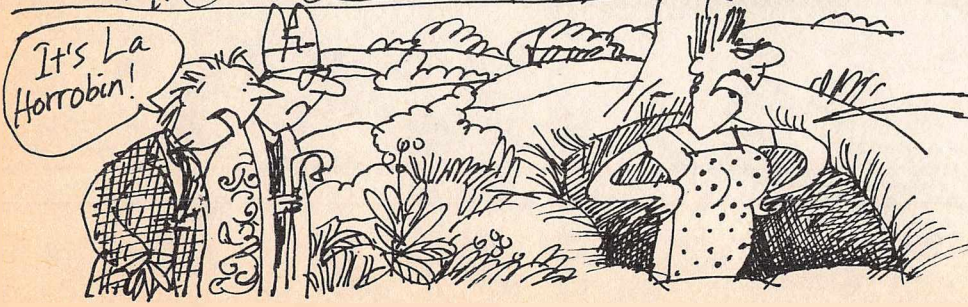
isn't it rather low-rise?

© Harman 1978

The Horrobins are not multiple Siamese twins, Bishop. They were all born perfectly separate, but fused together shortly after birth, due to cramped housing conditions.



...and poor quality chewing gum



It's La Horrobin!

Sean, Shane, Sibhan, Spencer, Mark, Tracey Casey, Lacey, Conran, Brent, Dustin, Dudley, Bradford, Cantland, Rambo — it's tea time now! Come in immediately and chew your tee-shirts.

THE BISHOP OF
FELPERHAM
BELIEVES CHRISTIANS
CAN STILL MAKE
A POSITIVE
CONTRIBUTION
IN TODAY'S
CHANGING
SOCIETY OF
DISCO-GOERS
AND AIDS
SUFFERERS.



VERY MUCH SO

ASTIGMATA PARGITER,
NIGEL PARGITER'S
SAINTED MOTHER,
HAS MANY PROBLEMS.

I DON'T
SUPPOSE YOU
CAST OUT
DRY ROT
DO YOU?



NO BUT YOU MAY
FIND IT HELPFUL
TO THINK OF IT
AS A
METAPHOR.

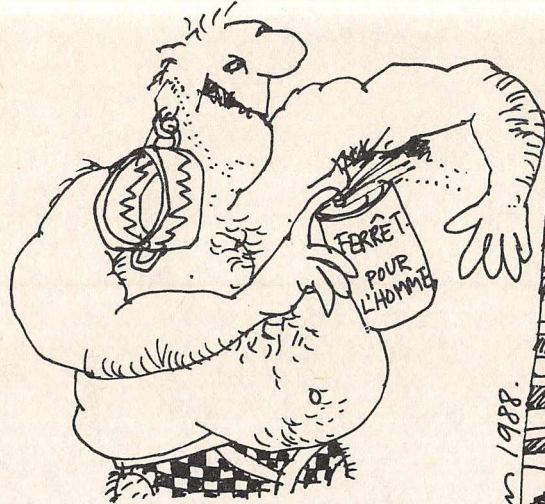
DRY ROT AS A METAPHOR



SNATCH HAS SHAMPOOED HIS FERRET....



...BUFFED UP THE SIMPLE GIN TRAP HE WEARS IN ONE EAR..... FRESHENED UP..



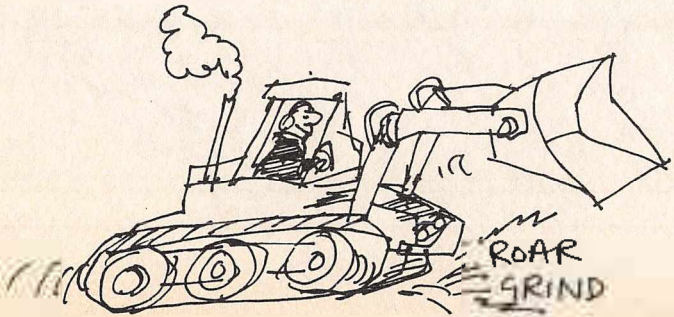
--NAMESLY FRONA OF GREY GABLES, THE RECEPTIONIST WITH TOO MUCH YIN

RECEPTION

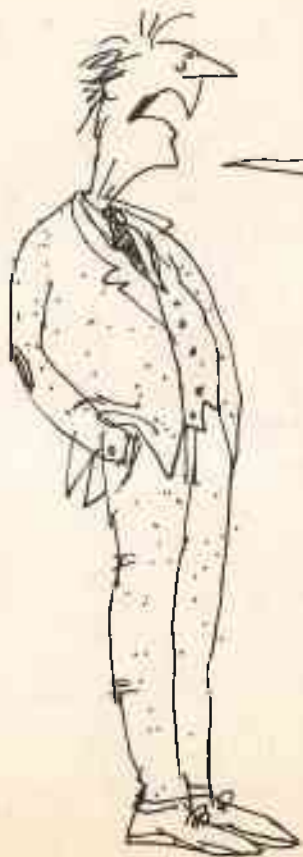


© Harvey 1988.

...AND, EVERY ZIP STRAINED TO BREAKING POINT, SETS OUT IN THE BULLDOZER HE USES TO PULL THE BIRDS....



LORD NETHERBOURNE
CHAIR OF FELPERSHAM
WRP IS CAROLINE
BONE'S UNCLE AND
THE MOST UPPER
CLASS PERSON MR.
WODLEY KNOWS OF.



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GET
WORKERS TO STAND SHOULDER
TO SHOULDER THESE DAYS,
EXCEPT AT A COCKTAIL
PARTY.

MRS. PARGITER HAS HAD ANOTHER
BRAINWAVE, & SHE'S EXPLAINING
IT TO FELLOW STATELY HOME
OWNER & REVOLUTIONARY, LORD
NETHERBURNE.

I asked the Health &
Safety Officer to tea,
he certified it
disgusting.

The public is never
satisfied, Lionel. Constantly
seeking more sensational
moulds, newer rot.

LOWER
LOCKSLEY
HALL
—
DECAY
THEME
PARK.
MAN EATING
DRY ROT
WORLD'S MOST
DANGEROUS
STAIRCASE
COLLAPSING
TOILETS

Don't waste time on
these petty bureaucrats,
Astigmata. If you
want to get
things done, go
straight to the bottom



So I told him I want
an international toxic
waste processing
plant, Lionel. Jolly
profitable.

Of course one is starting in a
small way. It needs effective
MARKETING.



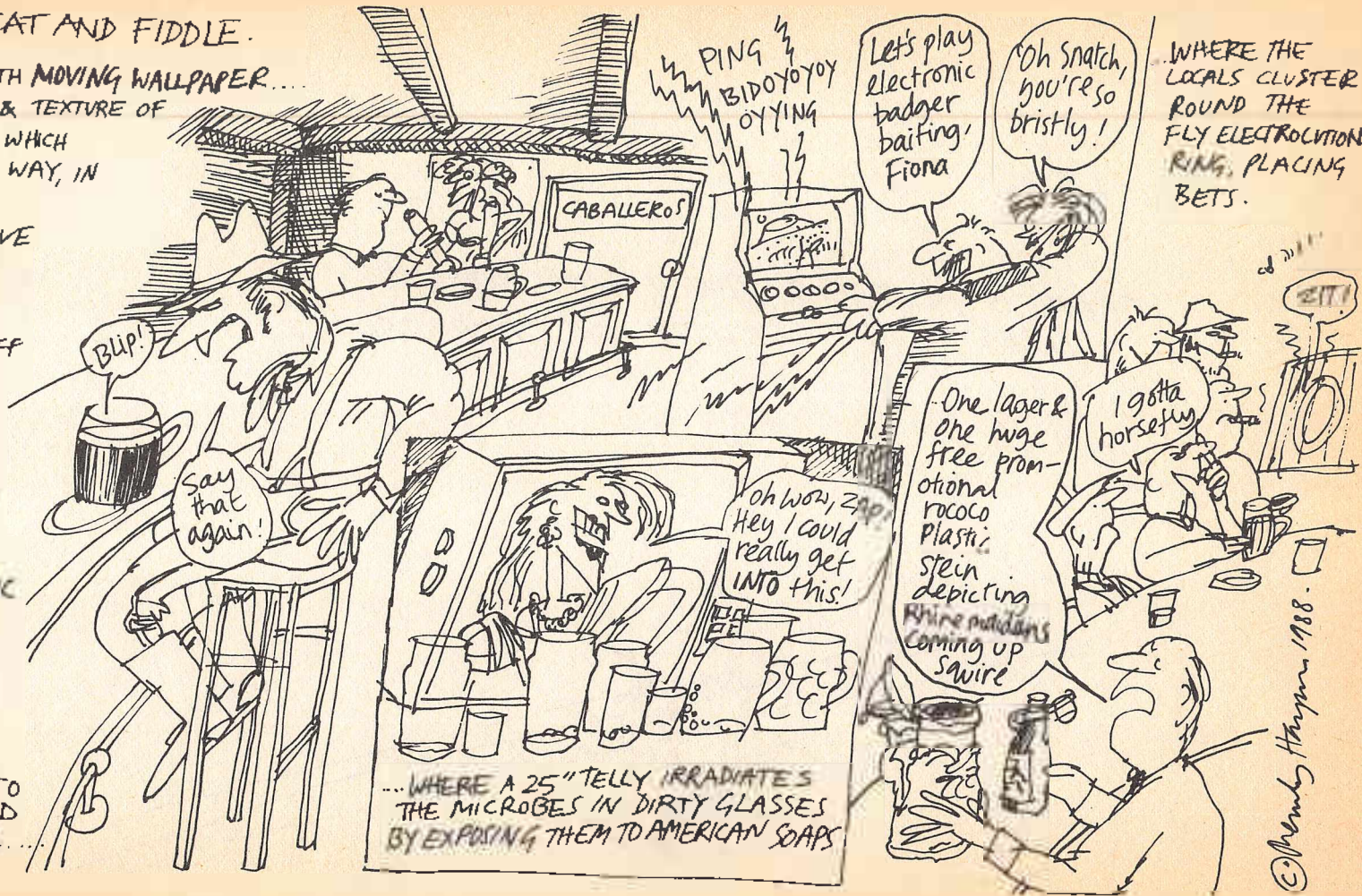
HOMEMADE
TOXIC
WASTE.

Astigmata!
One can't
approve of
anything that
would artificially
stimulate the
MARKET.

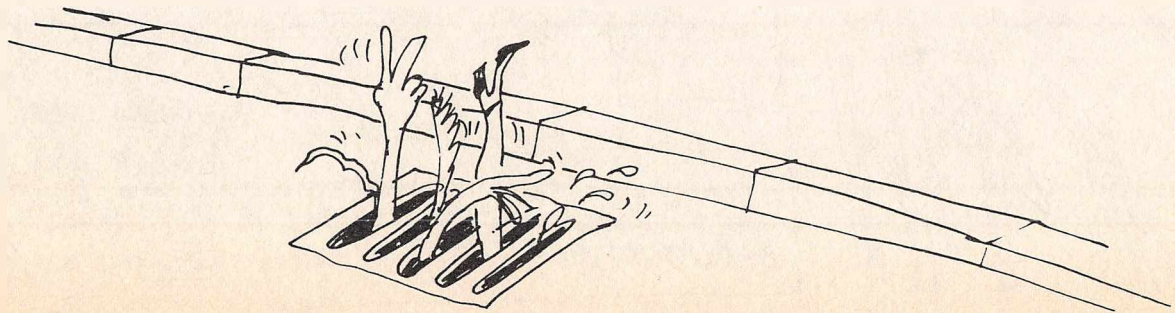
THE CAT AND FIDDLE.

THE PUB WITH MOVING WALLPAPER...
THE COLOUR & TEXTURE OF
TREAACLE, WHICH
WORKS ITS WAY, IN
A MYRIAD
SUGGESTIVE
PATTERNS
DOWN THE
WALL AND
IS WIPED OFF
THE FLOOR
BY THE
LANDLORD
EACH
WEEK.....

WHERE
QUADROPHONIC
SPEAKERS
RELAY THE
BLEEPS &
WARBLES
OF THE
ELECTRONIC
GAMES INTO
UNEXPECTED
PLACES.....

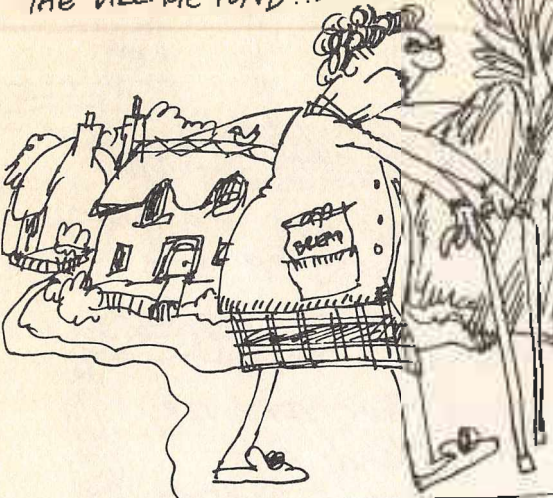


.... THERE IS A LEGEND THAT ALBINO HORROBINS
INFEST THE SEWERS OF AMBRIDGE....

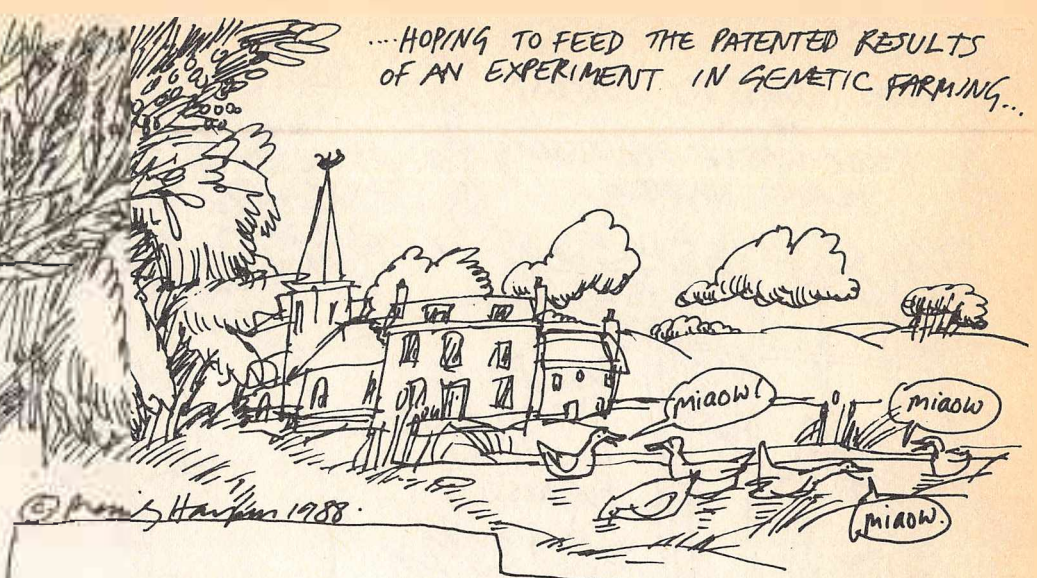


MRS. POTTER IS HOBBLING DETERMINEDLY TOWARDS THE VILLAGE POND...

...HOPING TO FEED THE PATENTED RESULTS OF AN EXPERIMENT IN GENETIC FARMING...



© Pencil's Hand 1988.



WHICH ONLY MR. RODWAY FINDS PALATABLE



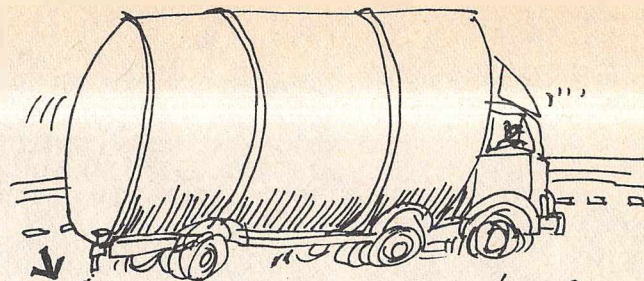
... BUT IT'S NO GOOD. AT THE FIRST SOUND OF RUNNING WATER MRS. POTTER IS FORCED TO VEER OFF AT A TANGENT.



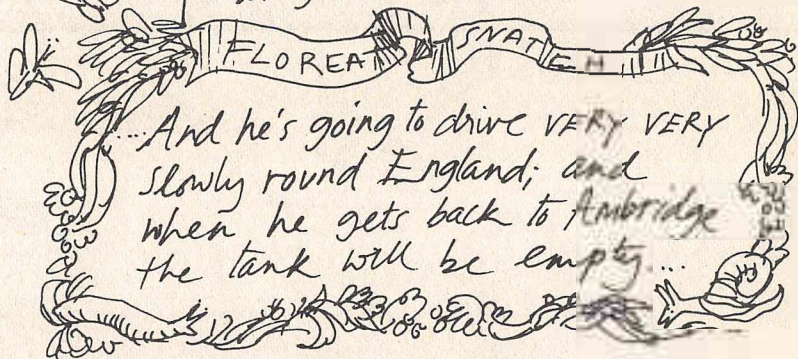
THE COUNTRY DIARY OF A TOXIC WASTE PROCESSING PLANT OWNER



Dear Diary,
One has decided
to sell the
business to
Sketch Forster.
He says he has
a better idea
for getting rid
of toxic waste...



He is going to put it all in a huge lorry with a leaky tap at the back....



And he's going to drive VERY VERY slowly round England; and when he gets back to Ambridge the tank will be empty...

Meanwhile one is going to start a Country House Restaurant... Shame to waste all that stir-fry expertise one picked up from the macerator/incinerator.

LORD NETHERBOURNE IS CONDUCTING A TOUR OF WORKING-CLASS AMBRIDGE FOR THOSE WHO ARE IN SYMPATHY WITH THE STRUGGLE OF THE PROLETARIAT.



... This wonderful old Inn where, since Time Immemorial, ordinary working-class people have confided their hopeless aspirations to a pint of mild.

The name Cat & Fiddle is a corruption of the French 'Les Quatres Fideles' which means the Four Faithful; a reference to the gospel writers



No, dear. It means the four regulars; we all know who; it's disgusting.

Anyone would think they hadn't got a home to go to.

© Harpin 1988

NEXT STOP MYSTERIOUS LAKEY HILL WHERE THE MIDDLE-CLASS ARCHERS GO TO STRUGGLE WITH THEIR CONSCIENCES.



but it was tortured by pre-historic working-class BEAST PEOPLE

WHERE GRAHAM OF THE COWS, AND GODFREY 'SONGLINES' WENDOVER ARE HAVING A HUNTER-GATHERERS' PICNIC.



Some more chanterelles with your pigeon Graham?

OI DOAN MOYND IF OI DO

What do you think of my brochure for my new Country House Restaurant, Lionel?



"RETAINING ALL THE ATMOSPHERE OF A PRIVATE RESIDENCE..."

"ALMOST LIKE STAYING WITH FRIENDS!"
BAAASH!

How appalling! You mean we start off with lots of gin by the fire. Then we have lots more. Then we go into the kitchen to see if the grouse has defrosted yet. It hasn't, so the guests make scrambled eggs, on which they all pride themselves, especially the men. Then we all say this is the kind of supper we love....

Everyone! How do you like your scrambled eggs?

Just right please!

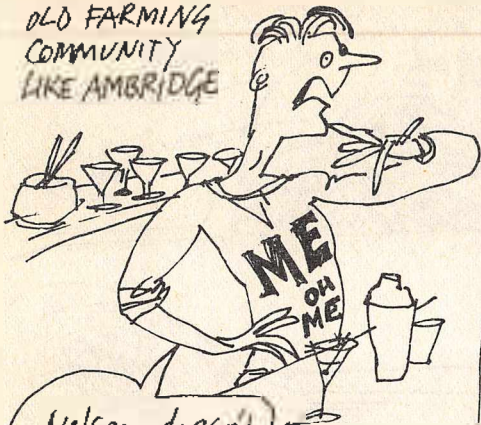
Just right please!

And then we all go into the larder to see if there's anything we can drink red wine with.

mhm, but suffering is the new thing in eating out

Pat & Tony supply a super local cheese, but we do all our own blue veins.

THE SEASONS' CHANGES ARE RIGOROUSLY OBSERVED IN AN OLD FARMING COMMUNITY LIKE AMBRIDGE



THE PEOPLE BRING THEIR OFFERINGS TO THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Well I'm just going to lay a pair of black gloves on the altar, & I hope you all know what that means...

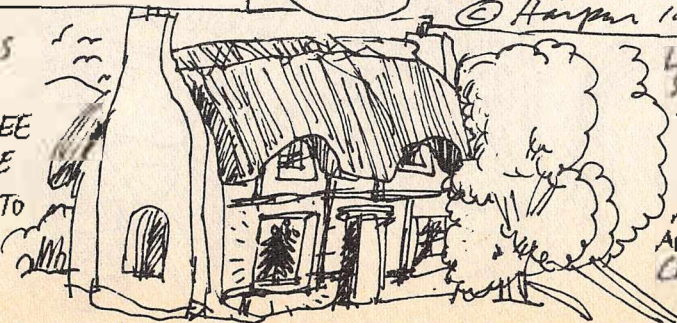


EVEN SNATCH BRINGS A SHEAF OF BODY PARTS IN GRATITUDE FOR GRAVES WELL ROBBED

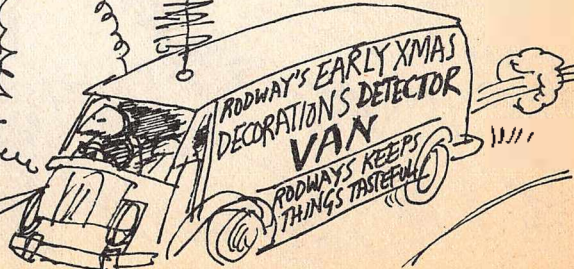
They're Fruits of the Earth, Prue. Or sniffs 'em out loike truffles.

© Harper 1988.

MRS. POTTER HAS HAD HER CHRISTMAS TREE UP & LIT SINCE OCT. 1st, JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE.



LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW THAT HEART BREAK & TRAGEDY ARE JUST AROUND THE CORNER....



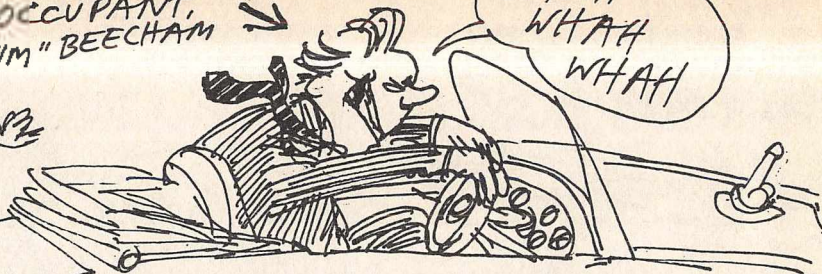
THIS IS
AMBRIDGE'S
FAST LANE

MOVE OVER BEATRIX
& DENNIS POTTER



AND ITS ONLY
OCCUPANT,
"TIM" BEECHAM

WHAH
WHAH
WHAH



I say Barman, 4,000
pints of lager and make
it BLOODY Snappy.

© Penny Harpin 1988

...NEXT STOP BORCHESTER STATION WHERE
"TIM" PLIES HIS HOBBY AS A LAGER LOOT

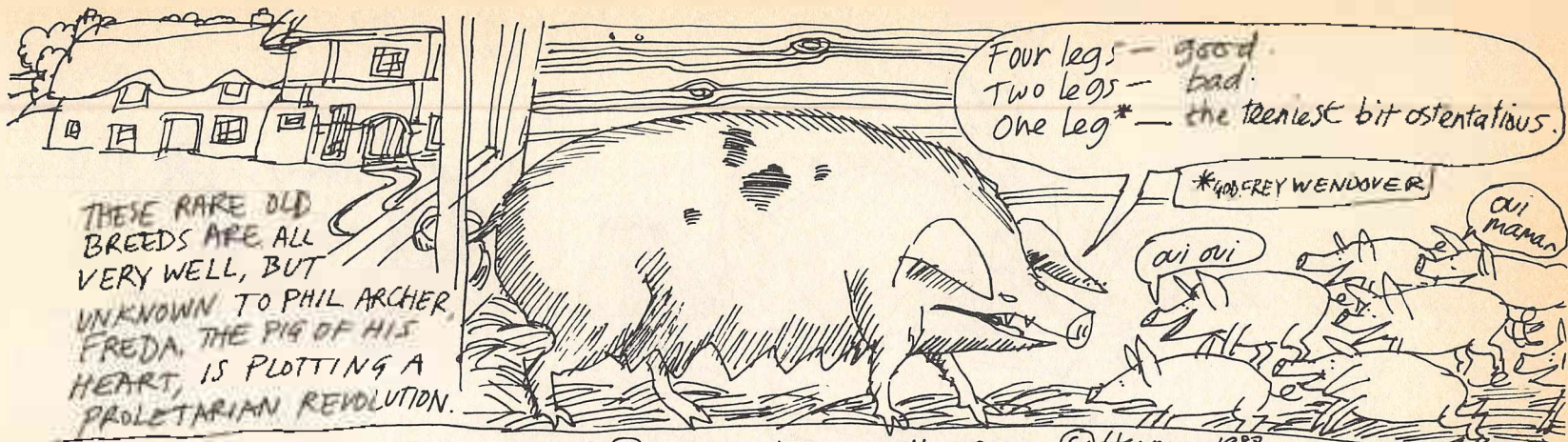
You'll have
an
African
Queen,
Tim
and
like
it.



You can't stop us,
Station Master!
Our movement is
growing inexorably
from the out
& there will
be another one
along in a
minute.



In that case
Why not buy a
BR Special
Lager Love
Away Day
Out-of-your-
Skull Weekend
Return?



THESE RARE OLD BREEDS ARE ALL VERY WELL, BUT UNKNOWN TO PHIL ARCHER. FREDA, THE PIG OF HIS HEART, IS PLOTTING A PROLETARIAN REVOLUTION.

Four legs - good.
Two legs - bad.
One leg* - the teeniest bit ostentatious.

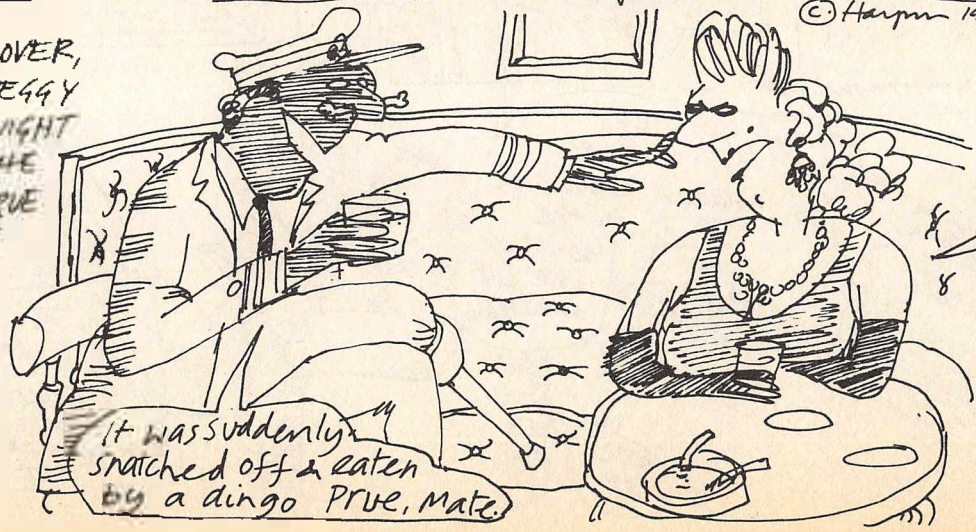
*CAPT. FREY WENDOVER

oui oui

oui maman

© Harper 1988

BUT CAPT. WENDOVER, (PARAMOUR OF PEGGY ARCHER, BUT TONIGHT TOYING WITH THE AFFECTIONS OF PRUE FORREST IN THE SNUG-U-LIKE OF THE CAT & FIDDLE), CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.



It was suddenly snatched off & eaten by a dingo Prue, mate.

Well now, that's a coincidence, because Brian Aldridge is thinking of going into dingoes. He's looking for a really fail-safe tax loss.

SHANE WAKES UP ONE MORNING
TO FIND JACK FROST HAS
PAINTED STRANGE
INHUMAN FACES
ON THE WINDOW PANE...

OR HAS HE?

NO AS THE ICE MELTS SHANE SEES IT IS
SNATCH FOSTER, COME FOR THE
PROTECTION
MONEY.

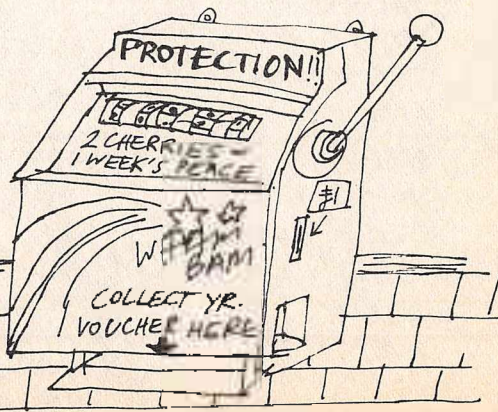


© Penny Ham 1988

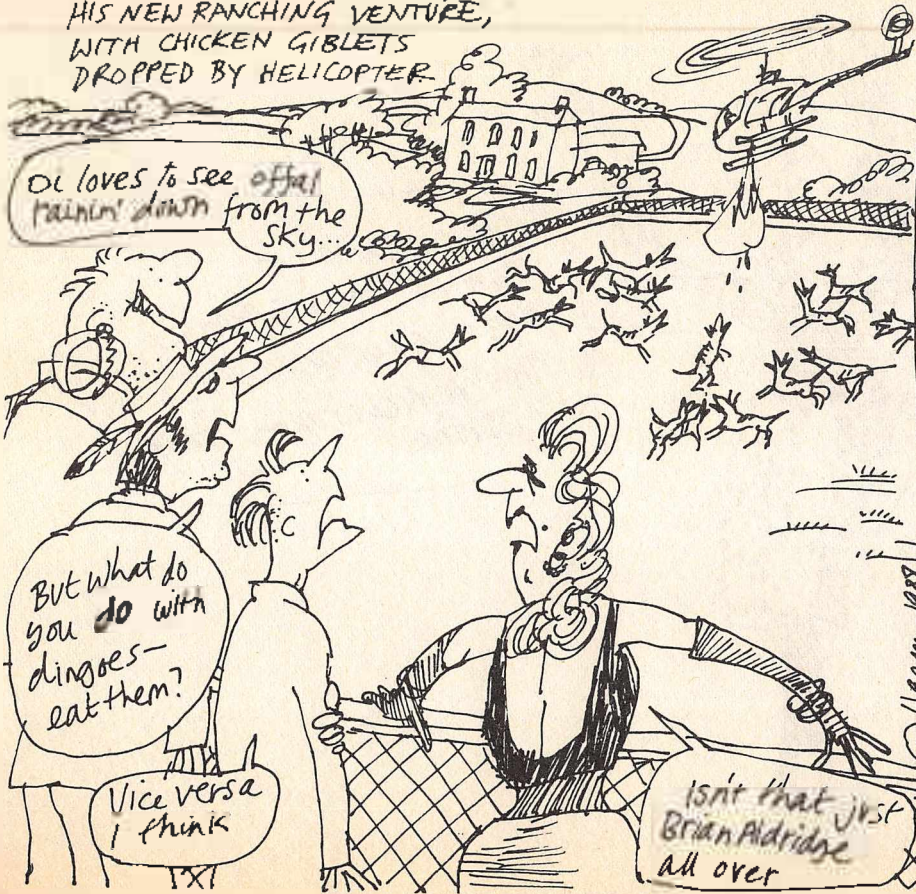
Why doan
you buy a
Season
ticket
Shane,
me ol'
pal
me
ol' beauty?

or if you prefer
easy terms, oi've
installed a machine
in the
Gents of
the Cat
and Fiddle

eeeee
eek



SNATCH, GRAHAM, SHANE, & PRUE ARE WATCHING BRIAN ALDRIDGE FEEDING THE DINGOES, HIS NEW RANCHING VENTURE, WITH CHICKEN GIBLETS DROPPED BY HELICOPTER.



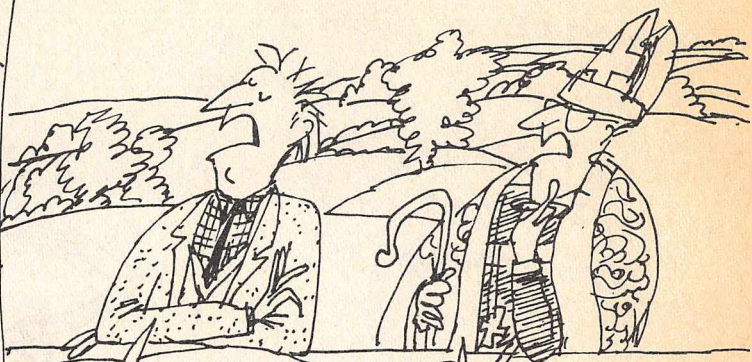
Oh loves to see offal raining down from the sky...

But what do you do with dingoes - eat them?

Vice versa I think

Isn't that just Brian Aldridge all over

THERE IS ALSO A TEAM OF INTERNATIONAL & U.N. OBSERVERS: LORD NETHERBURNIE & THE BISHOP OF FELPERSAAM



We socialists are only too aware that dingoes are, literally, underdogs.

I blame Christendom & particularly myself for their plight.

WHILE JOHN HIGGS IS REPORTING FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF 'THE TOGETHER HIPPIY'.

© Harvey 1988

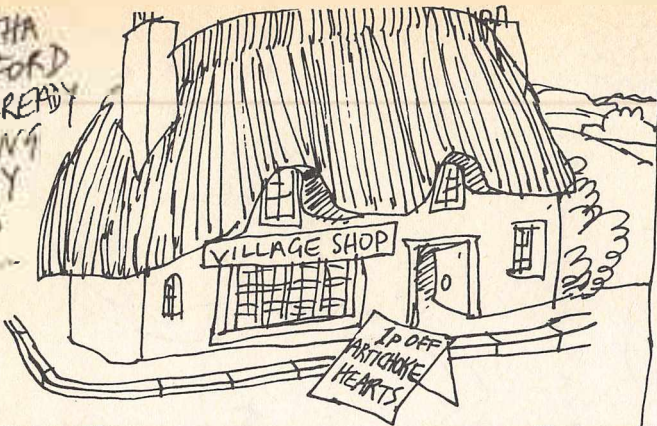
..... "ORTHODOX FARMERS MAY SNEER, BUT PAT AND TONY ARCHER BELIEVE THERE IS A PLACE FOR THE ORGANIC DINGO, AND ARE ABOUT TO CHALLENGE AGRO-INDUSTRIAL GIANT BRIAN ALDRIDGE. ETC.



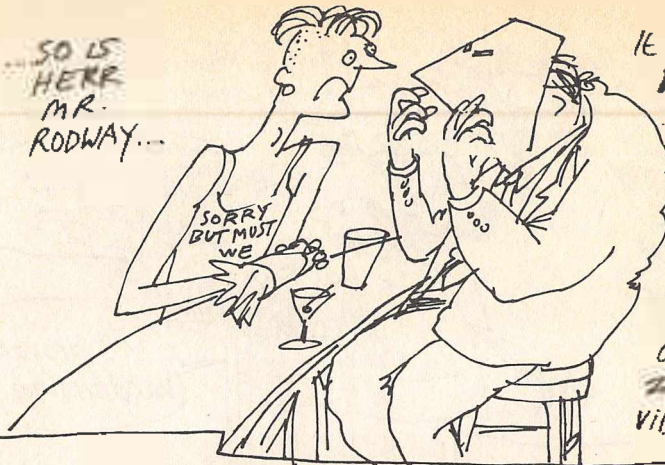
SULTRY PRUE FORREST,
DOYENNE OF JAMS &
CHUTNEYS, IS THINKING
OF BEATING HER
PRESERVING PANS
INTO EARRINGS.



MAKTHA WOODFORD IS ALREADY GETTING READY FOR 1992.



...SO IS HERR MR. RODWAY...



IT WAS ZE FÜHRER'S DREAM, SHANE! ...ze whole of Europe united under insane rules, administered by people determined to obey orders!!!! ze glorious day vill dawn....

© Harris 1988.

...SO IS ASTIGMATA PARGITER, NIGEL'S SAINTED MOTHER.



Dear Olympic Committee,
I would like you to consider Lower Locksley Hall as the venue for the next Games.
It so happens there are exactly 1500 metres between the kitchen and dining room...
etc. etc.

ONLY THE GOOD OLD TRADITIONAL BRITISH PINT WILL STAY THE SAME.



... A pint of Hoffmeister-fischer-Diskau mit der golden hair und bubbles, in one of 'em heavy duty steins wiv a metal lid wiv antlers, and the pilgrims procession from Tannhäuser in relief all around it, and a double canari.

MRS. POTTER
IS STREAMING
AWAY OVER THE
COUNTRYSIDE
IN PURSUIT OF
THE
BORSETSHIRE
FOX HOUNDS

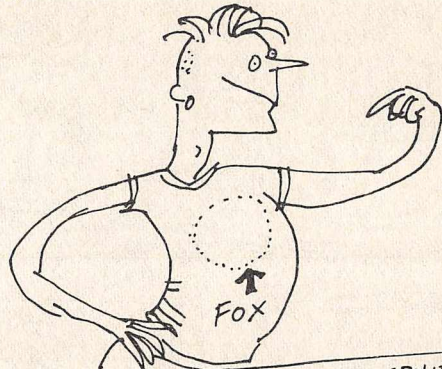


Isn't that the Aldridge baby
dumped in that telephone
box?

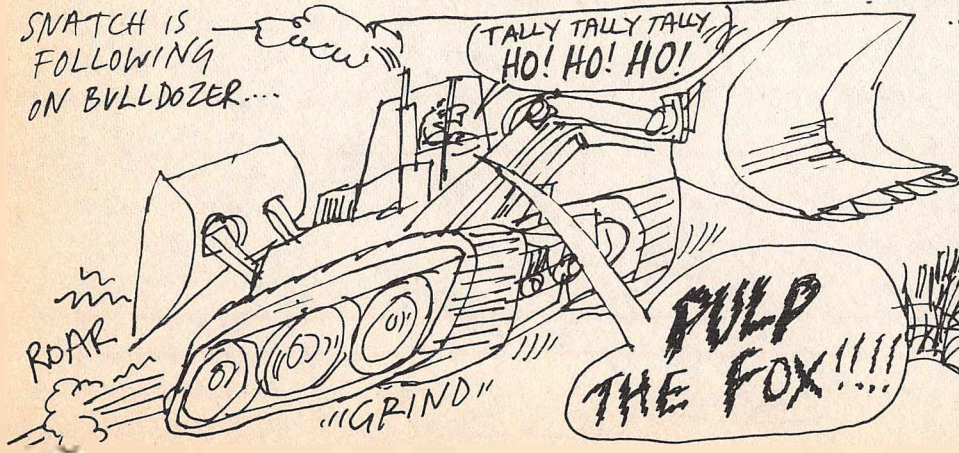
It's probably
vandalising it

© Penny Harpum 1988

SHAVE IS FOLLOWING ON FOOT
IN THE HOPE THAT THE FOX WILL
JUMP INTO HIS BOSOM & GNAW IT.



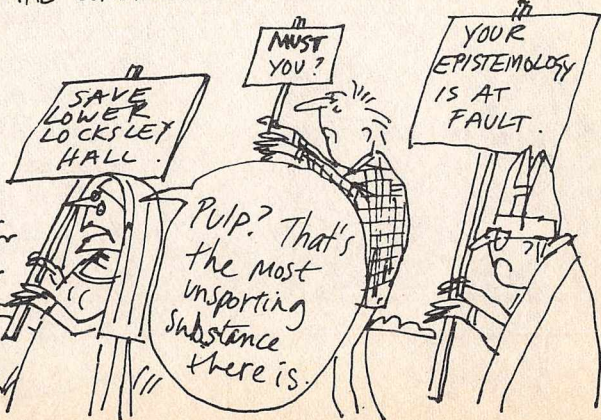
SNATCH IS
FOLLOWING
ON BULLDOZER....



TALLY TALLY TALLY
HO! HO! HO!

**PULP
THE FOX!!!!**

....TO THE CONSTERNATION OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.



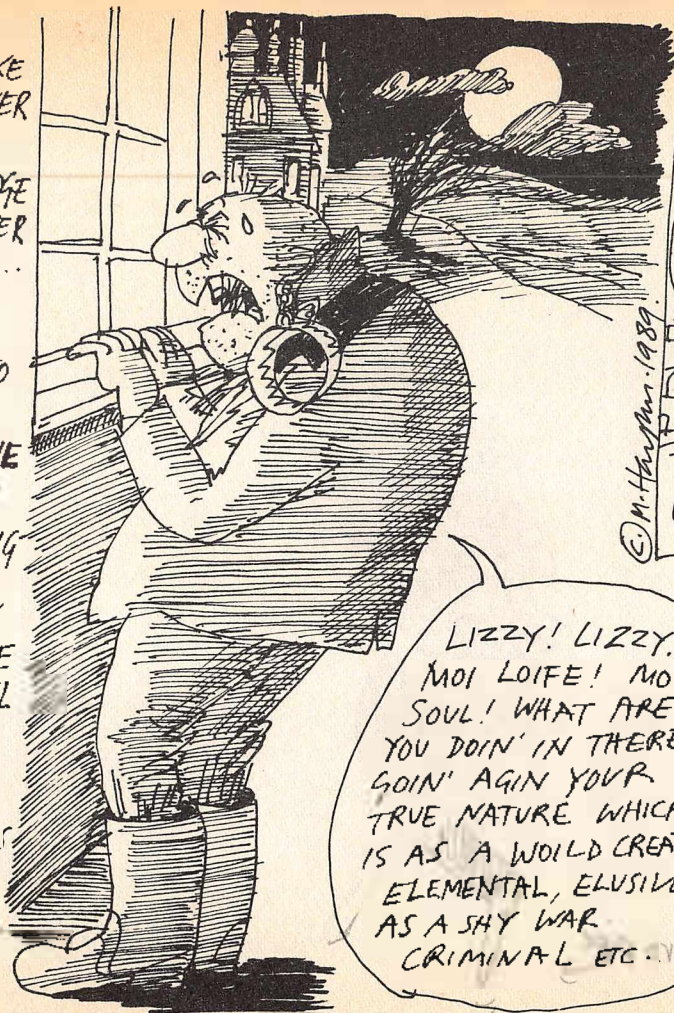
SAVE
LOWER
LOCKSLEY
HALL

MUST
YOU?

YOUR
EPISTEMOLOGY
IS AT
FAULT

Pulp? That's
the most
unsporting
substance
there is.

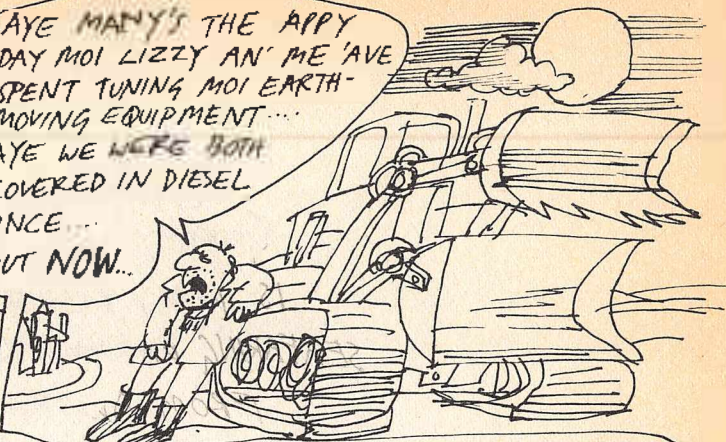
SNATCH HAS
BULLDOZED LIKE
A MADMAN OVER
THE DESOLATE
MOORS OF AMBRIDGE
TO LONELY LOWER
LOXLEY HALL...
HE LOOKS IN
THROUGH THE
WINDOW AND, TO
HIS DESPAIR,
SEES THE ONE
HE SECRETLY
LOVES BASKING
IN THE LAP OF
UNUTTERABLY
PALE & EFFETE
MILKSOP NIGEL
PARGITER,
WHILE HIS
SAINTED
MOTHER APPLIES
ICE-COLD DRY
MARTINIS TO
HER SWOLLEN
HEAD...



© M. Hargrave 1989

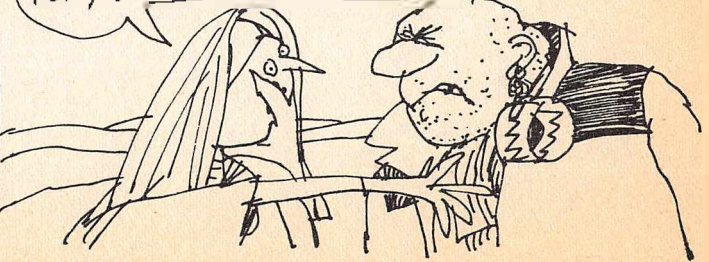
LIZZY! LIZZY!
MOI LOIFE! MOI
SOUL! WHAT ARE
YOU DOIN' IN THERE,
GOIN' AGIN YOUR
TRUE NATURE WHICH
IS AS A WOULD CREATURE,
ELEMENTAL, ELUSIVE
AS A SHY WAR
CRIMINAL ETC. YORP

AYE MANY'S THE APPY
DAY MOI LIZZY AN' ME 'AVE
SPENT TUNING MOI EARTH-
MOVING EQUIPMENT...
AYE WE WERE BOTH
COVERED IN DIESEL
ONCE...
BUT NOW...



...OI'M GOIN' TO KILL PARGITER SLOWLY WITH A
MOLE WRENCH.

MRS. PARGITER APPEARS:
OH SNATCH, DO! WE COULD SELL TICKETS
FOR BIG BUCKS. WE COULD BE TALKING
FAX NUMBERS. WOULD YOU CONSIDER A
CHOREOGRAPHED WRESTLING MATCH IN PATR
TONY'S ORGANIC YOGHURT?



CAPTAIN
GODFREY WENDOVER
IS PEGGY ARCHER'S
SEAFARING PARAMOUR,
FROM AUSTRALIA.



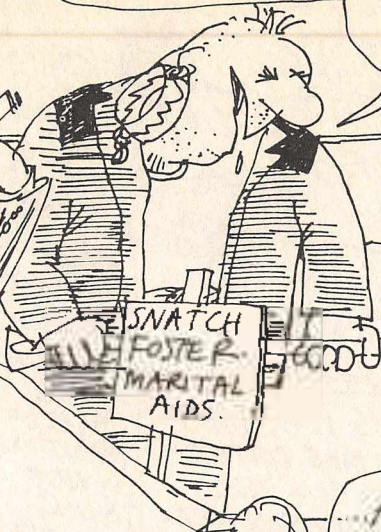
AMBRIDGE'S FAST
LANE ENDS IN
SNATCH'S BACK
YARD.

Well all oi knows is that good
ferrets make
good neighbours,
Tim.

It's a muck heap, Shane.
It's his wedding present to
Ruth & David, to stimulate
pheromones...

Yah -
no honestly
Snatch
I really
feel we
could talk
sweet biz
ok? You
give good
bulldozer

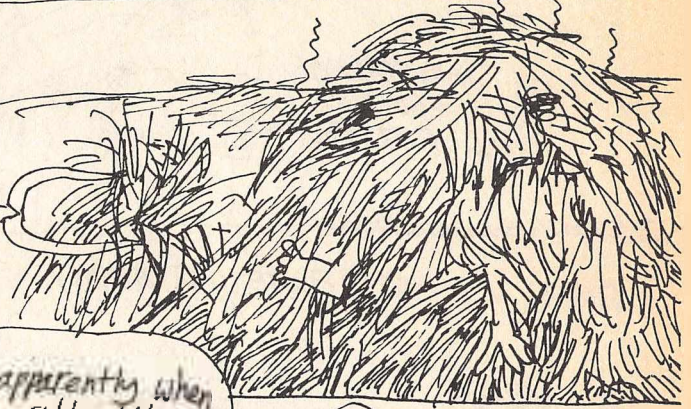
© Muriel Harman 1988



...And apparently when
Snatch robbed the
grave of Walter
Gabriel, he found
his body completely
uncorrupted!
It was crumbly
leafmould all the
way through.
So now they've
decided to
Compost him



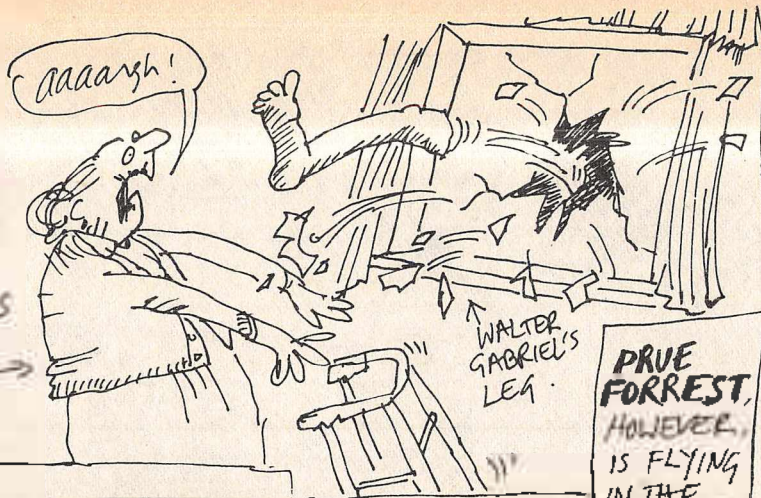
how
utterly
veterly
beautiful!



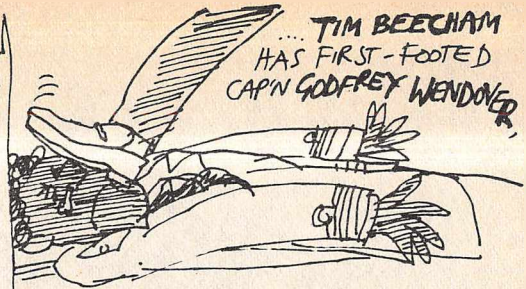
THE NEW YEAR
HAS SENT
CAMBRIDGE INTO
A FRENZY OF
OLDE TRADITIONS.

EG. SMATCH HAS
FIRST-FOOTED
MRS. POTTER →

aaaargh!



↑ WALTER
GABRIEL'S
LEG.



... TIM BEECHAM
HAS FIRST-FOOTED
CAP'N GODFREY WENDOVER.

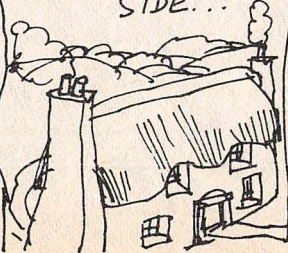
© Peter & Heather 1982

SHANE HAS FIRST-FOOTED GRAHAM



OTHERS
YOU PUT IN A LUMP OF COAL, LOTS OF SALT,
AND A TALL DARK GUINNESS...

IT IS 12th NIGHT,
BUT MRS. POTTER
TOOK ALL HER
CHRISTMAS DECORA-
TIONS DOWN ON
CHRISTMAS EVE, JUST
TO BE ON THE SAFE
SIDE...



PRUE
FORREST,
HOWEVER,
IS FLYING
IN THE
FACE OF
TRADITION
BY NOT
TAKING
DOWN THE
FESTOONS
OF BLACK
UNDERWEAR
THAT
DECORATE
HER
CHRISTMAS
TREE...



GASP! IS
THAT A
REAL MAN
ON TOP OF
YOUR TREE
PRUE?

ME
AGAIN
NOW

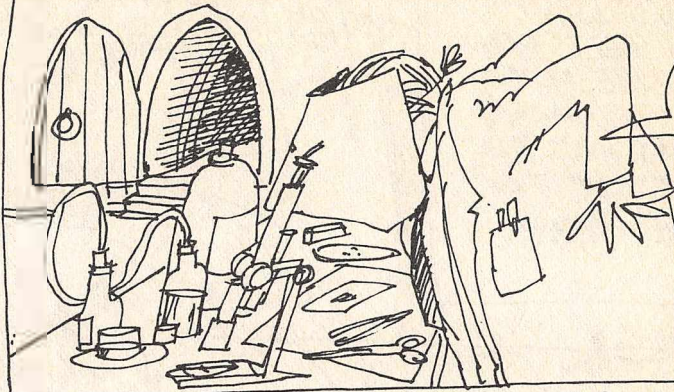
OWING TO A SLUMP IN THE
PROPERTY MARKET.....

ACH! I REMEMBER ZE GUT
OLD DAYS VEN ONE COULD
BUY AN OLD CARROT CLAMP MIT
DER PLANNING PERMISSION & HAVE
NO CHANGE AT ALL OUT
OF 485 GRAND



ARRR! YOU COULD BOY
A BAT BOX AND ENOUGH
GRAZING FOR ONE DINGO &
NOT SEE A PENNY BACK OUT OF
£23,000,000

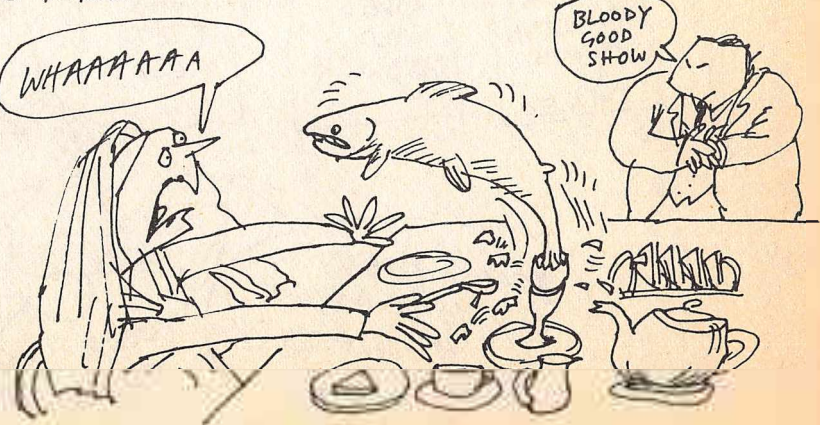
HERR RODWAY HAS GONE BACK TO GENETIC
RESEARCH DEEP WITHIN THE CELLARS OF
LOWER LOCKSLEY HALL.....



AT LAST!
I HEV
ELIMINATED
ZE EGG
FROM ZE
PURE
SALMONELLA
BACTERIA!
NOW TO TEST
IT ON A
GUINEA
PIG....

...I.E. NIGEL PARGITER'S SAINTED MOTHER, AT BREAKFAST.

WHAAAAA

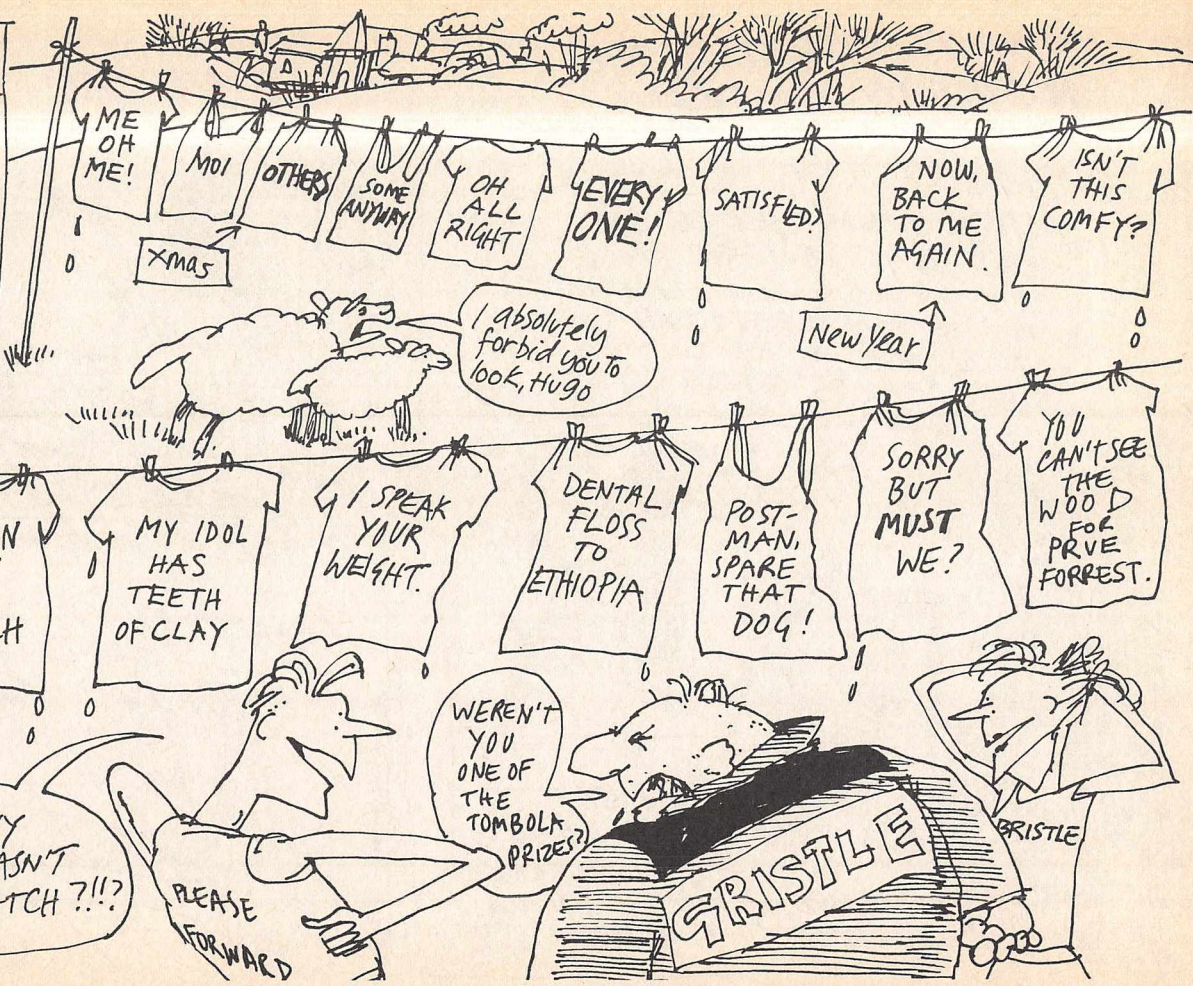


BLOODY
GOOD
SHOW

Copyright © 1984

© Penny Stanger 1989.

OUT IN THE GARDEN OF NELSON'S WINE BAR, SHANE HAS STRIPPED NELSON'S BLACK SATIN SHEETS FROM THE WASHING LINE, FLUNG THEM ON THE IRONING BOARD, & HAS HUNG ALL HIS T-SHIRTS UP TO REVIEW THE YEAR.....



FOSTER'S PROTECTION KEEPS U SANE

NELSON GIVES GOOD SANDWICH

MY IDOL HAS TEETH OF CLAY

I SPEAK YOUR WEIGHT.

DENTAL FLOSS TO ETHIOPIA

POST-MAN, SPARE THAT DOG!

SORRY BUT MUST WE?

YOU CAN'T SEE THE WOOD FOR PRVE FORREST.

ME OH ME!

MOI

OTHERS

SOME ANYWAY

OH ALL RIGHT

EVERY ONE!

SATISFIED

NOW, BACK TO ME AGAIN.

ISN'T THIS COMFY?

Xmas

New Year

I absolutely forbid you to look, Hugo

BEEN A FUNNY OLD YEAR HASN'T IT SWATCH?!?!?

WEREN'T YOU ONE OF THE TOMBOLA PRIZES?

PLEASE FORWARD

GRISTLE

GRISTLE

PRUE FORREST NEVER LETS A SEASON PASS WITHOUT RECORDING IT IN THE JAMS & PRESERVES FOR WHICH SHE IS FAMOUS.

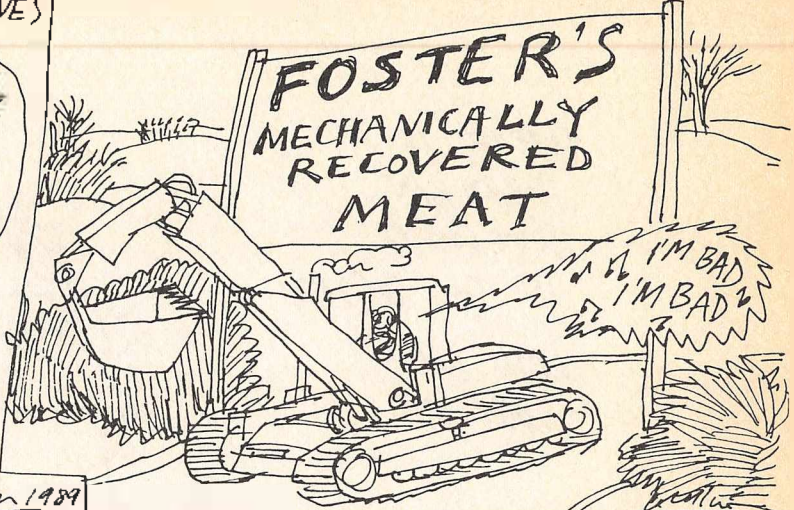
SNATCH LIKEWISE ABHORS WASTE

I'm preserving these snowdrops Godfrey

It's remarkable how you manage to keep busy, Prue.



FOSTER'S MECHANICALLY RECOVERED MEAT



I'M BAD I'M BAD

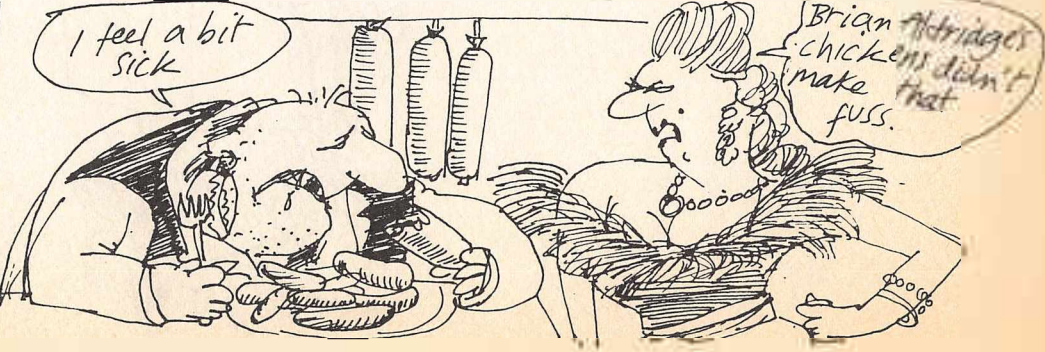
© Martin Hamlyn 1989

BUT, LIKE A FOX, HE MECHANICALLY RECOVERS MORE MEAT THAN HE CAN EAT.



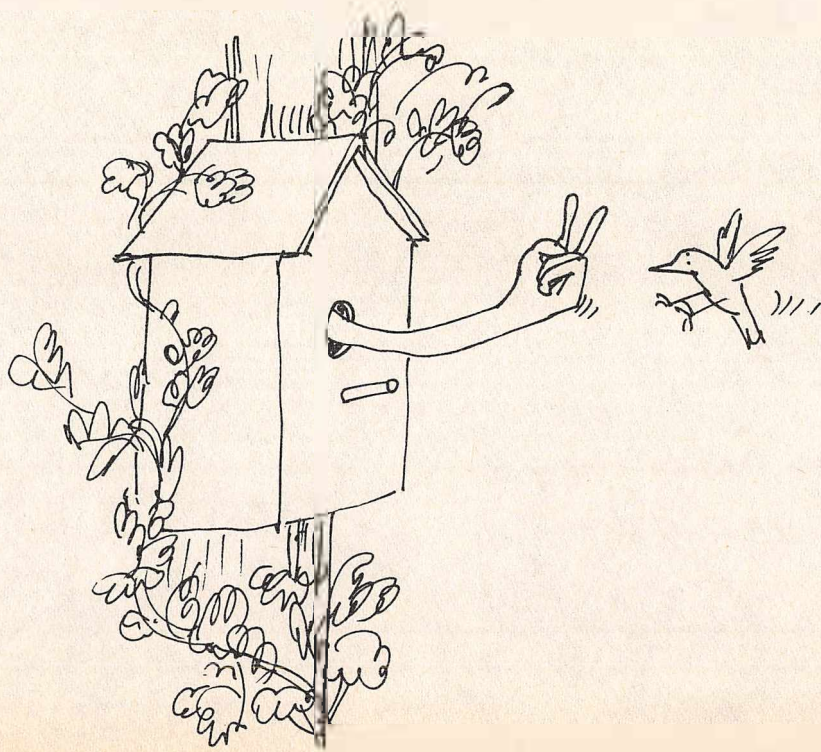
I FEEL PRETTY I FEEL WITTY

I feel a bit sick



Brian Aldridge's chickens didn't make that fuss.

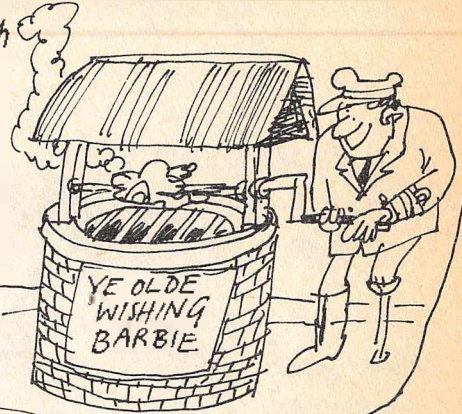
THERE IS A
HORROBIN
SOMEWHERE
IN THIS BIRD BOX.
CAN YOU
SPOT IT?



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SEASON IS ON THE WANE, THE GLADIOLI SEASON NOT YET UNDER WAY, JOHN HIGGS IS IN THE GREENHOUSE AT GREY GABLES WRITING THE COUNTRY DIARY COLUMN FOR THE GUARDIAN.



"How the damp days of this unseasonably mild winter retain the fragrances of heath & woodland! As I write there is the pungent tang of wood smoke from the barn conversions where antipodean Godfrey Wendover plies the ancient trade of charcoal burning..."



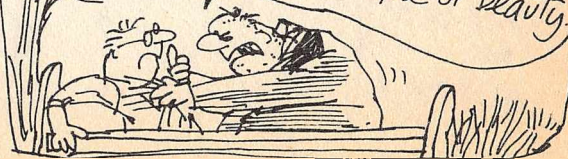
© Mervyn Harper 1989

"The other day I was leaning on a gate when the familiar scent of reconstituted meat slurry heralded my friend Snatch Foster, born & bred in a totally unconverted cottage. As we watched the unseasonably numerous magpies he wryly quoted the old saying..."



One for sorrow...

Two for a good carf;
Three for you wish you 'adn't,
Four for a Knuckle Sandwich,
Five for protection;
Six for gold
Seven for not another squeak
out of you, me ol' pal
me ol' beauty.



PRUE FORREST is having a turbulent affair with a younger man, to wit "Tim" Beecan

I say Prue, you're the first woman I've ever

Gosh, isn't this peach-flavoured lager really, really sexy?

I'm glad you're not wearing a tweed nightie, it could bring on my asthma...



Black satini sheets, cast off by Nelson Gabriel & bought in a car boot sale as a synthetic mulch for lettuce by John Higgs.

Would you like me to "mug" you Prue? Apparently women love it!!

THE PHONE INTERRUPTS THEM



© Mervyn Hargreaves 1989

IT IS **JEAN HARVEY**, Ambridge's most rampant gossiper.

Hello! This is the Busybody Help Line. Marital Probs??

Difficulties with a Relationship?? It helps a Busybody if you talk it over with them. agonize for as long as you like - because remember, WE CALL YOU!!!!



SNATCH IS AT THE CAT & FIDDLE, SUCKING A PINT OF DIESEL, & REGALING TIM 'BENCHAMP' BEECHAM WITH THE DAY'S ADVENTURES.

I WAS 'ARDLY OUT OF BED WHEN MRS. PARGITER CAME ROUND FOR HELP....



SNATCH, THERES SOMETHING RUSTING IN THE STAIR CUPBOARD, WHERE THE HORROBINS WERE. BUT THIS TIME I THINK IT'S FULLY HUMAN.



SNATCH FOSTER. VERMIN CONTROL

"SO OI TAKES A LOOK IN THE CUPBOARD & OI SEES A FAMILIAR FACE

IT'S THAT SIMON RUSHDIE!



OH THANK GOD! I WAS JUST PRAYING IT WASN'T ELVIS PRESLEY...



"MIND IF OI STAY HERE A BIT? 'E SAYS, "COS OI'M HOIDING SEE?" "OLD UP!" SAYS MRS. PARGITER, "THAT'S NASTY & COLD DOWN THERE



Mega gosh!

"... WE'VE GOT A LOVELY LITTLE PRIEST'S HOLE UPSTAIRS, COULD 'AVE BEEN MADE FOR YOU!" "TA VERY MUCH" 'E SAYS, AND SHE TAKES 'IM ALONG TO IT. "ONLY THING" SHE SAYS, "WE 'AVEN'T AD TIME TO DO IT UP YET, MIND. 300 YEARS, DOESN'T IT FLASH BY?" "ACTUALLY" 'E SAYS "OI LOVES 17TH CENTURY...

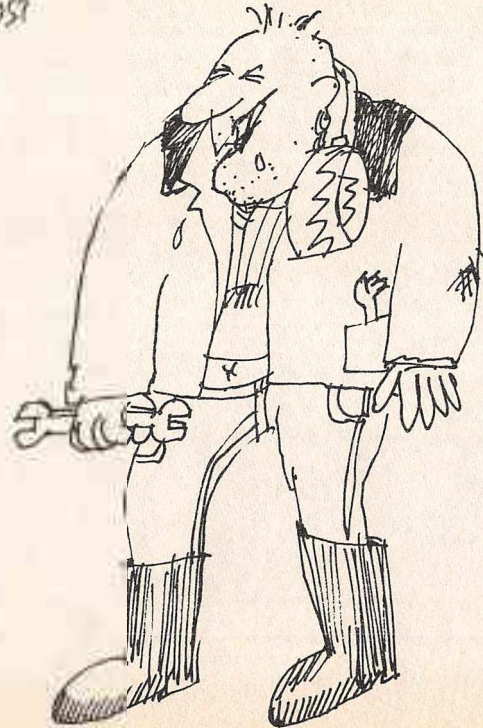


... SILK DAMASK WALLPAPER, & IS THAT THE LITTLE 'OLE WHERE YOU PASS THROUGH THE VICTUALS?" "NO, THAT'S THE CAT FLAP," SHE SAYS. "NOW YOU JUST STAY PUT, SIMON," SHE SAYS, "COS WE DON'T WANT THE 3RD. WORLD WAR BREAKING OUT, STARTING IN AMBRIDGE." "NO" 'E SAYS, "THAT WOULD KNOCK MAGICAL REALISM ON THE HEAD ALLRIGHT!"

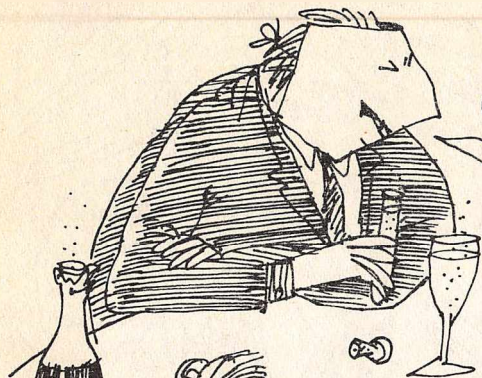


© Hayman 1989.

SNATCH FOSTER!
THE WORLD'S MOST
FEARED
KISSAGRAM.



HEER RODWAY, THE SOCIAL ARCHITECT
IN THE ASBESTOS MASK, HAS SYNTHESISED
A NEW DISEASE.

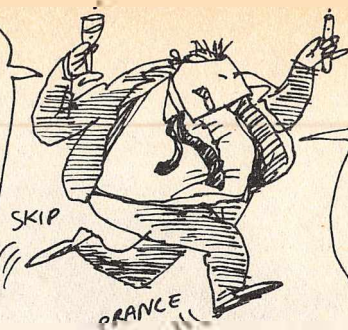


KENTON WAS MERELY
A GUINEA PIG! I HEV
ONLY TO DROP ZIS
TEST TUBE, SHANE,
AND ZE WHOLE
OF AMBRIDGE
VILL HEV
THYROID PROBLEMS!



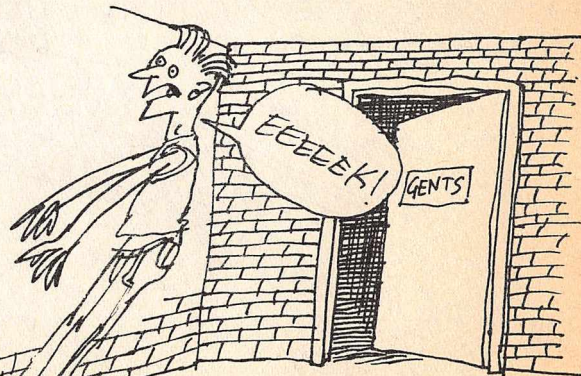
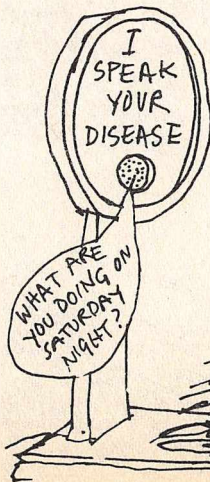
MMM. NELSON WAS
LOOKING A BIT
PEAKY THIS MORNING.
HE SAID IT WAS
JUST A TOUCH OF
BLACK DEATH; IT
LIVES ON IN THE
FOUNDATIONS OF SMALL
LOTTAGES. I SAID
'WELL DON'T GIVE IT
TO ME, IT'S NOT MY
COLOUR.'

IT WILL
BECOME
A
PLAQUE
VILLAGE.



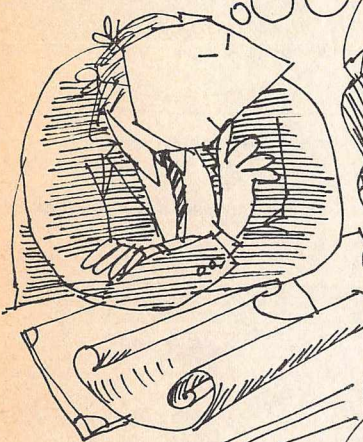
...TOTALLY ISOLATED
FROM ZE REST
OF ZE VURLD.
ONCE A VEEK ZE
VICAR WILL COMETO
ZE BOUNDARY & DROP
INTO A CUP OF VINEGAR
ZE MONEY FOR ZE
AGRICULTURAL STORY
EDITOR.

SHANE SUDDENLY DECIDES TO POP DOWN
TO THE ALTERNATIVE HEALTH CENTRE AT THE
CAT 'N' FIDDLE, FOR A THOROUGH CHECK-UP.



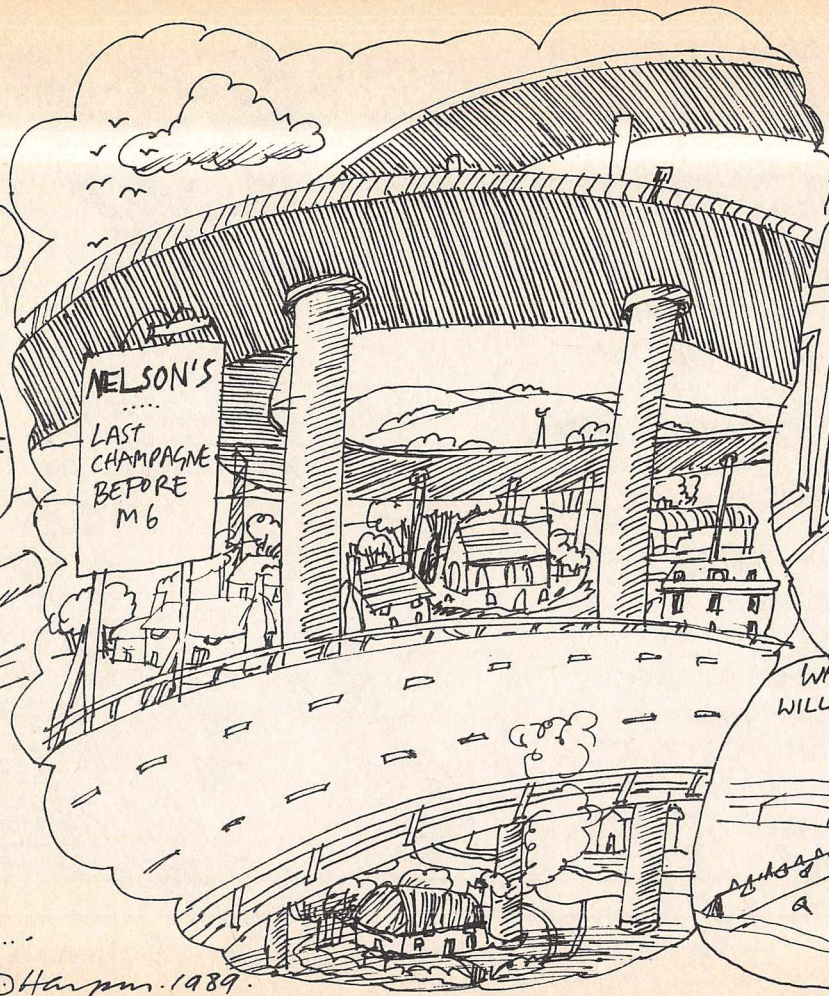
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HERR RODWAY
HAS A DREAM...



.. HE IS THE INFERNAL
ARCHITECT OF
THE PROPOSED
AMBRIDGE
BY-PASS...

© Harpin. 1989.



... AND NEO-GOTHIC SPUR



Happy. Isn't that rather a big word?



WHILE IN AMBRIDGE HIGH ST. SNATCH
WILL CONSTRUCT SLEEPING HOOLIGANS
TO KEEP DOWN TRAFFIC SPEEDS.

IN THE FIELDS & BYWAYS OF AMBRIDGE
SPRING IS REARING ITS UGLY HEAD

John!
Oh my God!
What is it??

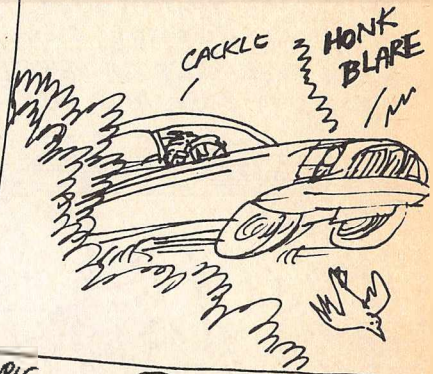
Pat & Tony's organic
boghurt, prue. The
Yeasts go mad at
this time of year!



SHANE LINGERS BY A HEDGEROW TO
WATCH THE BIRDS SINGING



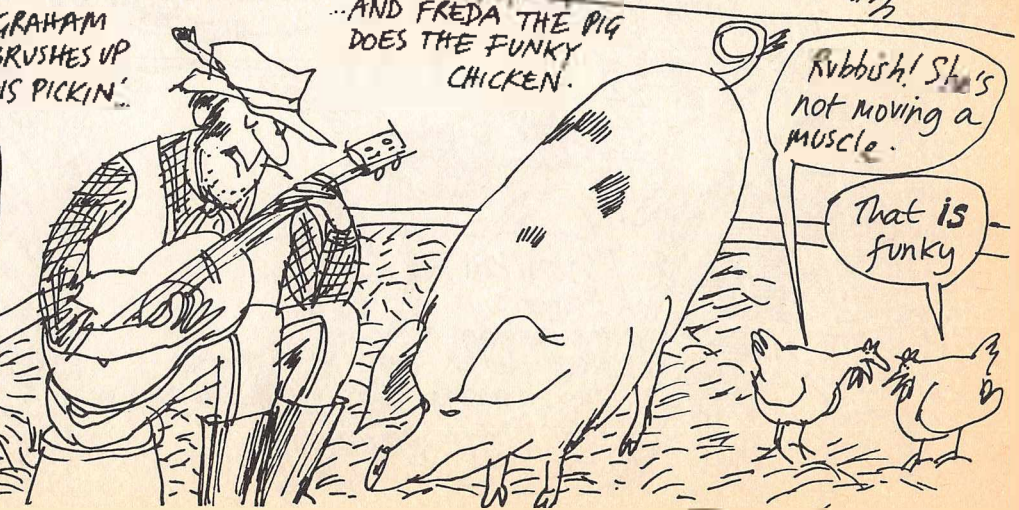
WHILE ALONG THE SLEEPY
COUNTRY LANES, TIM
BEECHHAM WINDS HIS HORN.



GRAHAM
BRUSHES UP
HIS PICKIN'...

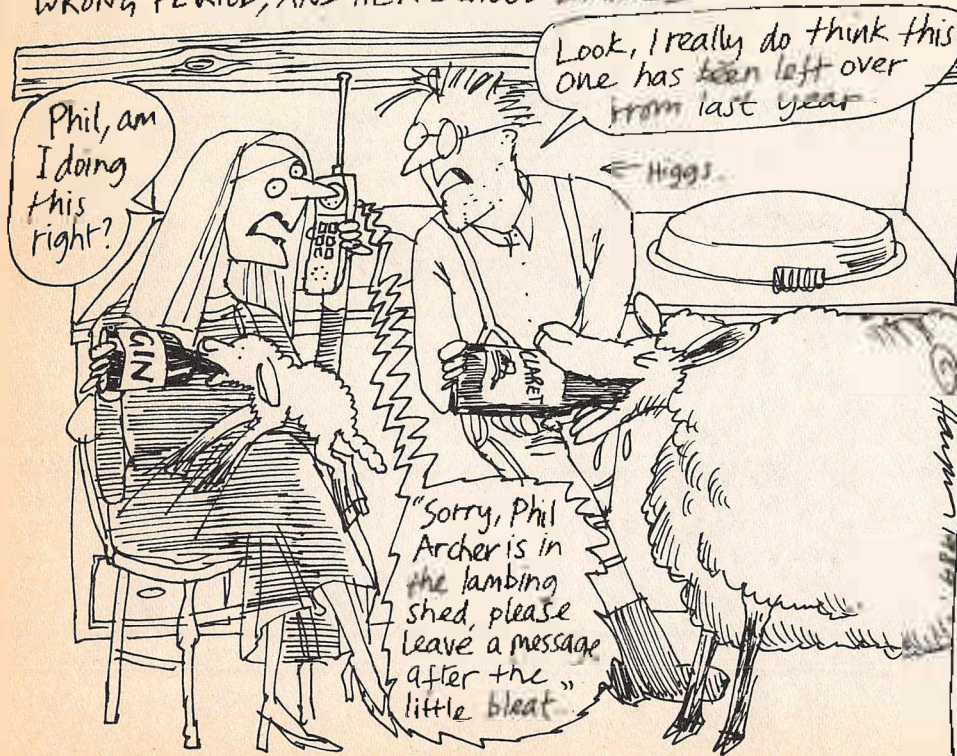
...AND FREDA THE PIG
DOES THE FUNKY
CHICKEN.

© trench hamper 1989



WHAT EXACTLY IS INVOLVED IN "HELPING WITH THE LAMBING"? WE LOOK AT A TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIVES OF TWO VERY COMMITTED WOMEN.

SANCTED ASTIGMATA PARGITER, LIVES IN LOWER LOXLEY HALL, AS NEAR AS POSSIBLE TO A LOVELY OLD AGA WHICH HAS BEEN SPECIALLY CONVERTED TO RUN ON FURNITURE OF THE WRONG PERIOD, AND HER SCHOOL DIARIES



...WHILE ALL IN THE APRIL EVENING PRUE FORREST WAS ABROAD.



THE SEARING QUESTION
MARK HANGING OVER
AMBRIDGE IS.

BADGER
FUR
↓

WHERE DID SNATCH
GET THE BABY??

HE STOLE
IT FROM
THE GYPSIES!

MIGHT
NOT
IS
RIGHT

BLOWMEY! OI THOUGHT OI
WAS STEALING A CAR
BATTERY. THAT WILL TEACH
ME TO BE TOO VAIN TO WEAR
MY GLASSES..

VY, OH VY
CAN'T ZEY
EVEN GET
HEPPY
HOUR TO
RUN ON
TIME?

HOWEVER SNATCH
SETS OUT TO
TURN HIS MISTAKE
TO ADVANTAGE...
SENSING A
VACUUM IN
THE MARKET...

DEAR MARK AND
SHULA,
NIV BABES IS NOT
WAT YIU DO,
IS WHO YOU
KNOW. RIGHT.
NOW I COULD DO
YOU A LOVELY THING

© HANNAH 1999



A SHADOW FALLS ACROSS
HAPPY HOUR AT NELSON'S
WINE BAR

EEK! IT'S MURDOCH
CAMPBELL, THE
LEGENDARY EDITOR
OF THE BORSETSHIRE
ECHO!

BEEF ON
SUNDAY
&
MINCE
THE REST
OF THE
WEEK

AYE, IT IS. 'CAMPBELL' A NAME SYNONYMOUS WITH BUTCHERY ALL
OVER SCOTLAND..... 'MURDOCH' A NAME SYNONYMOUS WITH FLESH-COLOURED
BLANCMANGE ALL OVER WAPPING. YET MURDOCH CAMPBELL SOMETIMES
RECONCILES THE MANY ANOMALIES IN HIS NATURE & CALLING.

Och, a wee dram o' pink
champagne, stirred wi' a
knobby stick.

A John Knox
Big Softie
Special?
Right away
Mr. Campbell!

Can you use a razor
blade, Laddie?...

...because I'd like ye
tae slice me up a few
wee crudites tae go wi'
it, an' maybe a chilled
porridge dip, eh?

© 1995 Nelson's Wine Bar

AS THE REFURBISHMENT
OF THE CAT & FIDDLE
CONTINUES, RUBBISH
PILES UP AGAINST
THE DOOR.
OR IS IT?



NO. IT IS SNATCH & BAGGY
TRYING TO SEE THROUGH THE
LETTERBOX AND KEYHOLE

oi can distinctly see a
state of knuckle-flavour
crisps!

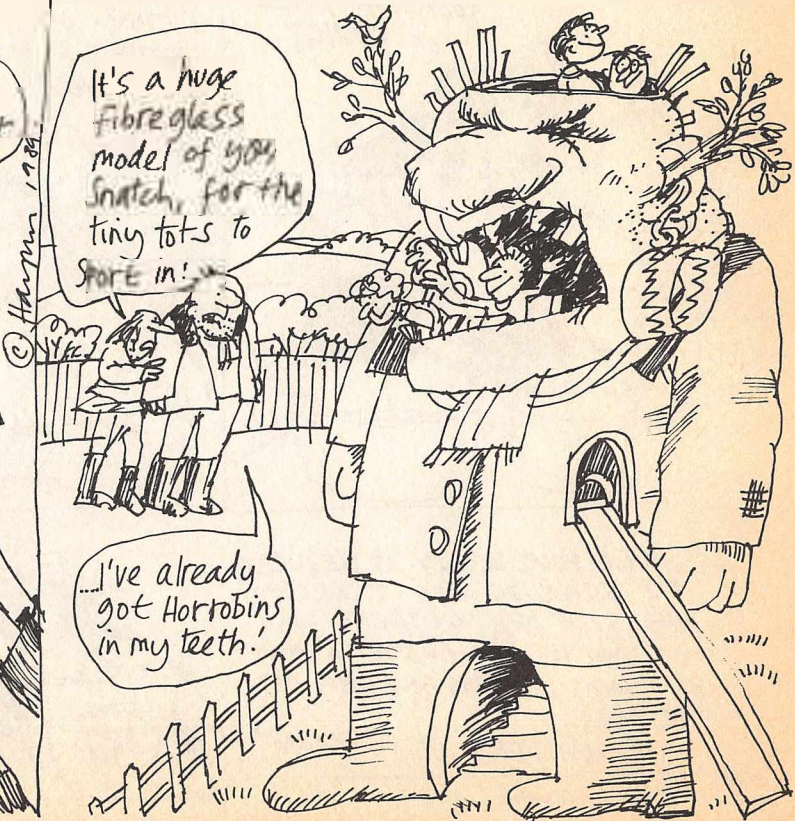
magic!
And oi can
distinctly
see a
maraschino
cherry in
the
spittoon



BUT GOING ROUND TO THE BACK GARDEN,
THEY FIND THAT THE NEW KIDDIE-PLAY
AREA HAS BEEN COMPLETED

It's a huge
fibreglass
model of you,
Snatch, for the
tiny tots to
stare in!

...I've already
got Horrobins
in my teeth!



© Harper 1988

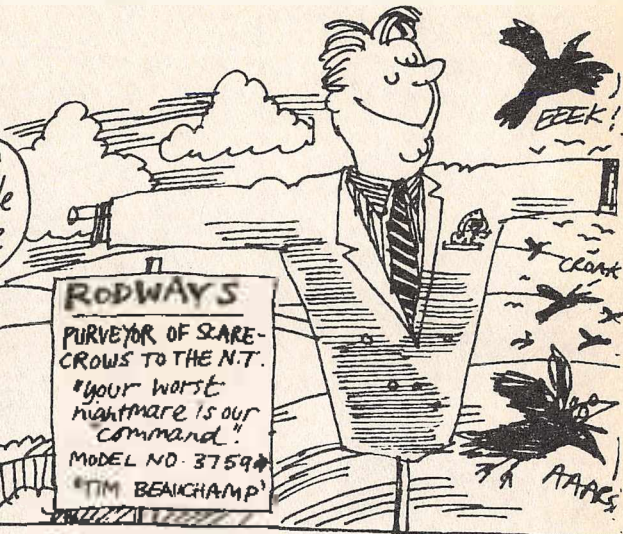
IN AMONGST THE PRESERVING PANS,
 PRUE FORREST IS WRITING HER
 COLUMN FOR THE BORSETHIRE ECHO
 ENTITLED 'BERT FRY DOESN'T KNOW
 THE HALF OF IT.' THIS WEEK THE
 SPOTLIGHT FALLS
 ON BAGGY...



...FOR INNUMERABLE GENERATIONS
 BAGGY'S FAMILY HAVE BEEN
 FRIGHTENING AWAY ROOKS
 & PIGEONS IN THE OLD
 TRADITIONAL MANNER, BY
 MEANS OF A DISMISSIVE
 GESTURE & POLITE COUGH.
 BUT NOW.....



"A NEW BREED OF SCARER ROAMS THE
 COUNTRYSIDE, HONKING BMW HORNS,
 HOOTING WITH LAUGHTER, & CLANKING
 EMPTY LAGER CANS..."



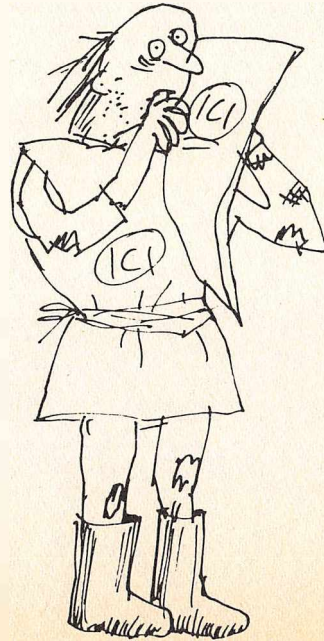
"WHILE POOR BAGGY IS REDUCED
 TO SCARING OFF TOURISTS
 WHO STOP OFF ON THEIR WAY
 UP THE M6 TO ENJOY A PINT
 OF PIMMS IN THE GARDEN OF
 THE BULL.
 HE WANDERS UP TO THEM..."



"...AND SUDDENLY BLOWS HIS NOSE
 ON A BENT BEER MAT HE KEEPS
 FOR THE PURPOSE..."



BAGGY, SUCKING
HIS THUMB & FONDLING
HIS SECURITY
FERTILISER BAG.



The talented cartoonist Merrily Harpur gives life to the legendary characters in *The Archers* who are spoken of but never speak.

She tears down the wall of silence that for so long kept Prue Forrest a martyr to the preserving pan.

Prue, Snatch Foster, Mr Rodway, Tim Beecham, Nigel Pargiter's mother, Shane (of Nelson's wine bar), Higgs and all the others who mutely infest the hedges and ditches of Ambridge now find their own – sometimes beautiful, often unattractive – voices.

Outrageously witty, Merrily Harpur's famous cartoon strip is published in the *Listener* (originally entitled *Jean-Paul of Grey Gables*).

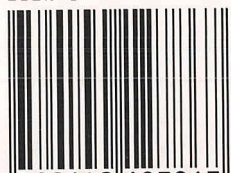
Freda, Phil Archer's favourite pig.



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