

TALLAHASSEE FANDOM COMIX AND STORIES

VOL. 2 #1
MAY, 1973
RICHALL PRESS #39

BRIGHT ONE NIGHT, THE NOBLE HERO IS GOOFING OFF WHEN HE GETS A STRANGE MYSTERIOUS PHONE CALL...

YOU LUCKY DOG! YOU ARE NOW SPEAKING TO THE WORLD'S GREATEST NOBLE HERO, A FEAT NOT EASILY ACCOMPLISHED IN THESE TROUBLE SOME TIMES.

BLEAH!!

FROM A STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS PHONE CALLER

FOR IT IS NOT EVERY DAY THAT ONE GETS TO SPEAK TO THE NOBLEST OF NOBLE HEROES! INCIDENTLY, WHO IS THIS?

WHY I AM JOHN ELLIS, ONE OF THE NEW MEMBERS OF THE GREAT RICH-ALPHA APA, THE APA DEVOTED TO THE SERIOUS DISCUSSION OF THE GREAT RICH. YOU ARE MY IDLE SO I DECIDED TO CALL YOU UP. ALSO I AM BORED.

SHUX... AND I WAS HOPING FOR AN OBSCENE PHONE CALL.

WHO HAS WORDS OF WISDOM...

DESPITE EXCELLENT ADVICE TO THE CONTRARY, I HAVE DECIDED TO VISIT THE PALATIAL OFFICES OF YELLOW BUFFOON. ALSO, I WANT TO MEET BULL FOACK AND ALL THE OTHER CRAZY PEOPLE IN TALLAHASSEE FANDUMB!

THE NOBLE HERO IS ALWAYS GLAD TO BRING A LITTLE BIT OF LIGHT INTO THE DULL, MANDANE LIVES OF SOUTH FLORIDA FANS. COME ON UP!

THEY DO NOT IMPRESS THE GREAT RICH MUCH, BUT THEN WHAT DOES?

BUM... YELLOW BARFOON... ER... BUFFOON... ER... BALLOON. WHAT DOES HE KNOW? FOR THAT MATTER, WHAT DO I KNOW? MAYBE HE KNOWS MORE THAN I KNOW... GAD WHAT A FRIGHTENING THOUGHT!

I KNOW, I'LL CALL MAD MARCUS. HE KNOWS EVEN LESS THAN I KNOW AND THAT AIN'T MUCH.

MAYBE MARCUS WILL WANT TO INDUCT JOHN ELLIS INTO THE NON-EXISTANT MIRACLE PRODUCTIONS EMPIRE.

HELLO MARCUS. GUESS WHO'S COMING TO SUMMER GOOD OLD TALLAHASSEE FANDOM?

HOWEVER THESE WORDS DO IMPRESS MARCUS WHO GOES MAD AND CHARGES OVER TO THE NOBLE HERO'S ABODE WHERE HE GOOFS OFF AND DOES SCREWY THINGS SUCH AS ANSWERING THE PHONE IN A FUNNY MANNER.

SMALL INSANE ASYLUM.

IF IT'S A GOOD PRODUCTION, IT'S A MIRACLE!

AND WHO ARE YOU BY THE WAY?

LET ME SPEAK TO THE GREAT RICH... I THINK.

A MIRACLE PRODUCTIONS CREDITOR... OOPS.

IT IS THE STRANGE MYSTERIOUS PHONE CALLER WITH A STRANGE MYSTERIOUS QUESTION FOR THE NOBLE HERO.

LIKE, HOW CAN WE BOTH APPEAR IN THE SAME PANEL (WITH NO PANEL SEPARATIONS OF ANY SORT) WHEN IN REALITY, WE ARE 600 MILES APART?

HOW, HUH?

HMMM...

SUCH QUESTIONS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO BEFUDDLE THE GREAT RICH IN THE PAST, BUT NOT THIS TIME AS HIS COMPUTER-LIKE BRAIN COMES TO GRIPS WITH THIS PROBLEM WITH INCREDIBLE IMMEDIACY...



HMMM...

WITH THE BEST AND MOST PLAUSIBLE ANSWER BUT SCANT INSTANTS AWAY. MANY, INDEED, ARE THE REASONS THAT THE GREAT RICH IS KNOWN AS THE MIGHTIEST OF MEN...



HMMM...

HIS IMAGINATIVE AND POWERFUL BRAIN, EVER WORKING, EVER READY TO LEAP TO AND ATTACK THE MOST DIFFICULT AND PUZZLING TASKS



HMMM...

BESIDES, I HAVE ANOTHER QUESTION... HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT TO DRAW ME LIKE? WE'VE NEVER MET AND YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A PHOTO OF ME.



NEVER GIVING UP, NEVER ADMITTING DEFEAT, NEVER COPING OUT! YES, THE GREAT RICH IS TRULY A NOBLE HERO



SUPPOSE YOU DRAW ME LIKE SOME SCHOONK-LOOKING PERSON. WHY, I MIGHT GET SO ANGRY THAT I'D THROW AWAY MY GREAT RICH FAN CLUB CARDS AND TEAR DOWN THE BIG 3'x5' POSTER OF THE NOBLE HERO FROM MY WALL AND REPLACE IT WITH ONE OF CHARLES KORBAS OR BILL RITCH. ALSO, HOW CAN I GET TO YOUR APARTMENT?

ONE WHO WOULD THINK NOTHING OF ANSWERING A DOZEN OF THE TOUGHEST QUESTIONS AT ONCE!



DETAILS, DETAILS, DON'T BUG ME WITH DETAILS!

DON'T BUG ME WITH BUGS EITHER!

I AM GREAT!

PEACE!



IF HIS LIGHTNING QUICK BRAIN FAILS TO IMPRESS PEOPLE, THE NOBLE HERO CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON HIS WINNING PERSONALITY AND HIS LEGENDARY REPUTATION OF BEING ONE OF THE GREATEST OF THE FANISH FANS AND GOOD PEOPLE.

EVEN THE BIGGEST OF FANS CONSIDER IT A GREAT HONOR TO BE PRIVILEGED TO VISIT THIS PARAGON OF FANISHNESS AND TACT.

I'LL BE FORCED TO VISIT YOU!

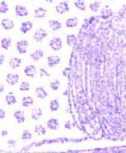
DROP DEAD SHITHEAD!



GO SLOWER, CLOD! IDIOT! GOOF! GREAT RICH SAITER!

AFTER TALKING TO GARY BRAUN AND 200 OTHER HIGH RANKING FANS, I HAVE DECIDED NOT TO VISIT YOU ON SUNDAY.

HOWEVER, SOME NON-FAN FRIENDS ARE GOING TO TALLAHASSEE NEXT FRIDAY AND THEY'LL PROBABLY FORCE ME TO COME ALONG, SO...



AND OFTEN CALL FROM DISTANT PLACES JUST TO HEAR THE AWE-INSPIRING SOUNDS OF THE NOBLE HERO'S MAGNIFICENT VOICE.

AFTER REGRETFULLY AND SADLY, THOUGH QUICKLY, TERMINATING HIS TELEPHONE CALL TO JOHN ELLIS, THE NOBLE HERO TURNS TO MARCUS, WHO TELLS HIM TO DO STUPID THINGS.

AND SO AS THE SUN SINKS SLOWLY IN THE WEST, WE LEAVE THE NOBLE HERO, WHO AT THIS POINT IS TROUBLED BY JUST ONE THING.

SINCE I'M CALLING COLLECT GREAT WRETCH RICH, I THINK I'LL BABBLE ON FOR A FEW MORE HOURS AND RUN UP YOUR TELEPHONE BILL.

WHAT? YOU'RE CALLING COLLECT?

WHY DON'T YOU DRAW A COMIC STRIP ABOUT ALL THAT HAPPENED AND CHANGE ALL THE FACTS LIKE YOU USUALLY DO SO THAT ANYONE WHO SEES IT (AND WHO KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON) WON'T HESITATE TO CALL IT A PACK OF LIES!

THAT GREAT SPECIMEN OF GREAT-RICH-HOOD WOULD NEVER STOOD SO LOW!

REPLACE IT WITH ONE OF CHARLES KORBAS OR BILL RITCH?



GRER...