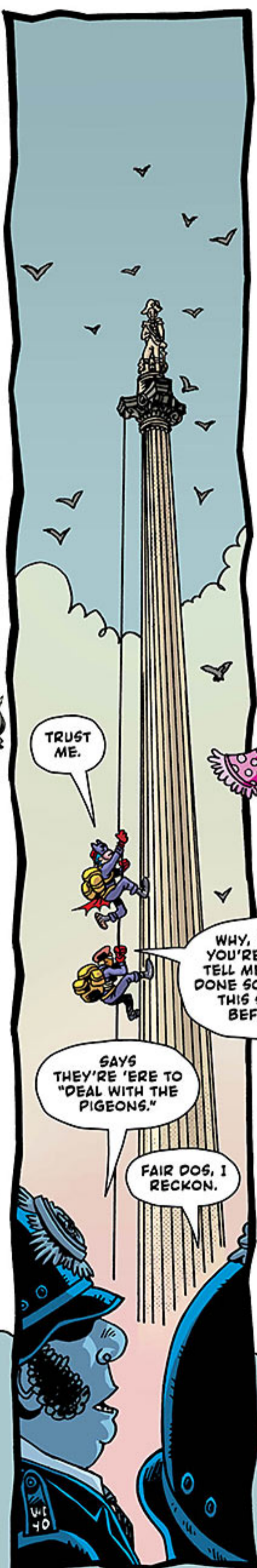


iiiiiiiiiiiii, llll Doooooogh!!!



TRUST ME.



WHY, 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING THIS STUPID BEFORE?

SAYS THEY'RE 'ERE TO "DEAL WITH THE PIGEONS."

FAIR DOS, I RECKON.



NO, 'CAUSE I WAS THE ONLY KID IN PRIMARY SCHOOL WHO LOOP-THE-LOOPED ON THE PARK SWING. ASK BILLY.



THAT TRUE, BILLY?

YEAH, AND EVERYONE COULD SEE HER KNICKERS.



HEY, ALEX, DO YOU KNOW WHERE OLD NELSON KEPT HIS "ARMIES"?

WHAT THE 'ELL?

WHOA, WHY DOES EVERYTHING LOOK HIGHER FROM UP HERE?

DON'T LOOK DOWN!

MOUNTAIN GOAT

DA NANA NANA DO THE BATUSI!



UP HIS "SLEEVIES"!

URGGGH!



ONE SMALL STEP FOR A DOSSER...



...ONE GIANT STEP FOR DOSSER-KIND.

AUGGGGH!

HELP!
SIMON THE SPIDER IS HAVING ME FOR DINNER TONIGHT!



ALEX, STOP PLAYING AROUND, AND GET UP HERE!

TINKLE RIBBLE!

THWUNK!

B'DUM B'DUM!

YE OLDE LONDON FLYING RAT



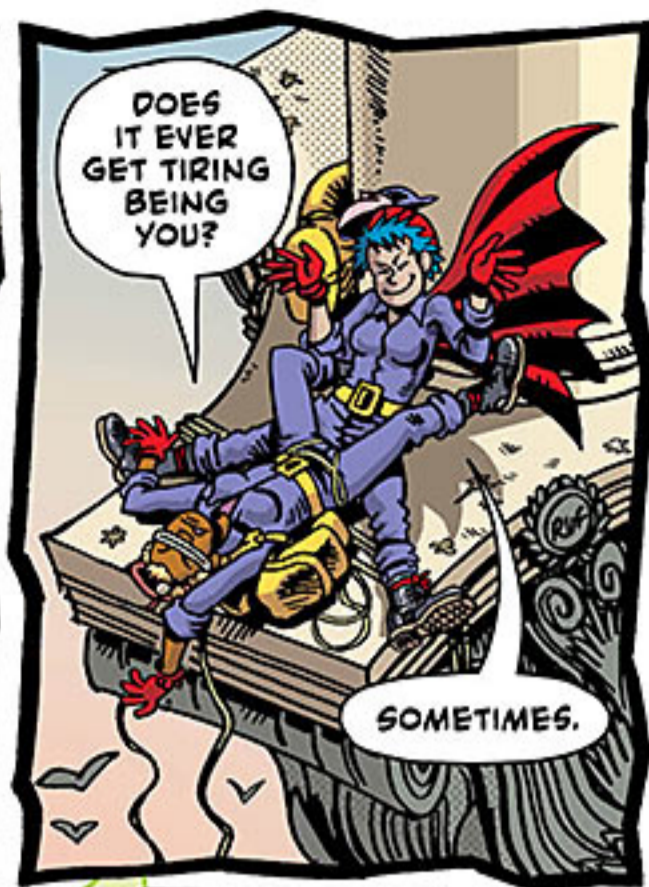
HOLD ON!

NO, YOU BLOODY HOLD ON.



AND BEFORE I DIE, YOU DO KNOW NELSON DIDN'T HAVE "ARMIES," RIGHT?

I KNOW, BUT "NAVIES" WOULDN'T BE AS FUNNY, WOULD IT...?

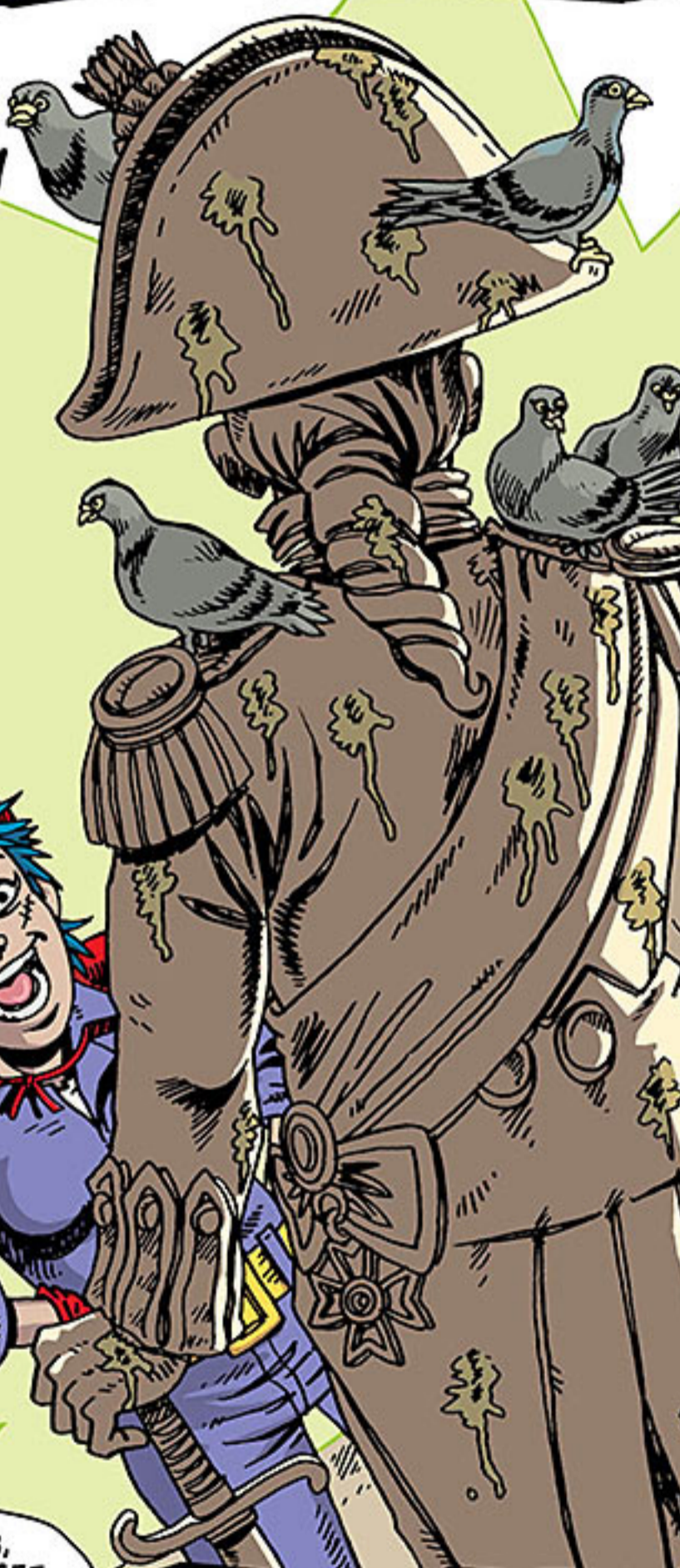


DOES IT EVER GET TIRING BEING YOU?

SOMETIMES.

the great

British makeOver



TWO-HUNDRED YEARS STUCK UP 'ERE, IN THE SAME OLD CLOBBER, GETTING ON...



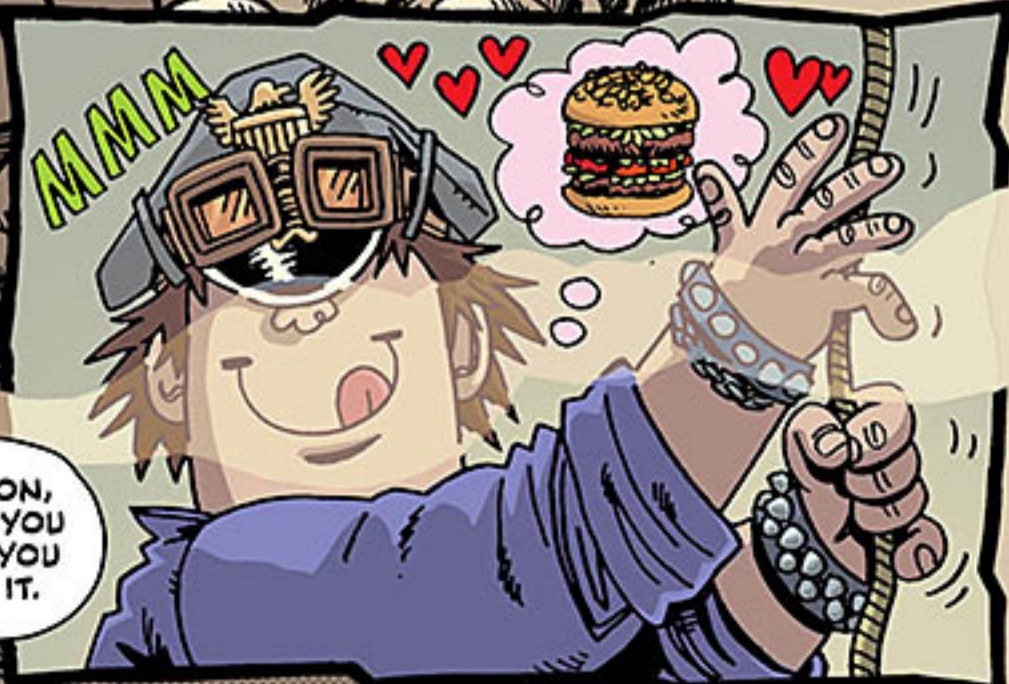
TIME FOR A LITTLE SPRUCING UP I THINK, HORATIO.



BURGERS, BURGERS, GET YOUR DELICIOUSLY GREASY BURGERS.



COME ON, BILLY, YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT.



MMM

CITY BABY ATTACKED BY RATS!

BILLY'S POOR ARTERIES!

GIZZA BITE!

SO, LORD NELSON, 1794 HE LOSES HIS RIGHT EYE AT THE SIEGE OF CALVI...

BILLY!

...HIS RIGHT ARM THREE YEARS LATER AT THE BATTLE OF SANTA CRUZ DE TENERIFE...

AND HIS HANDBAG ON LADIES' NIGHT DOWN THE STAG AND HOUNDS...?!

BLOODY NORA!

PIGEONS!

TALK ABOUT "KISS ME HARDY." GET A LOAD OF THAT BRASSY FROCK!

