

THE ADVENTURES OF THE GRAND VIZIER IZNOGOUD
BY GOSGINNY & TABARY

IZNOGOUD

THE MAGIC CARPET

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DRAWING: TABARY



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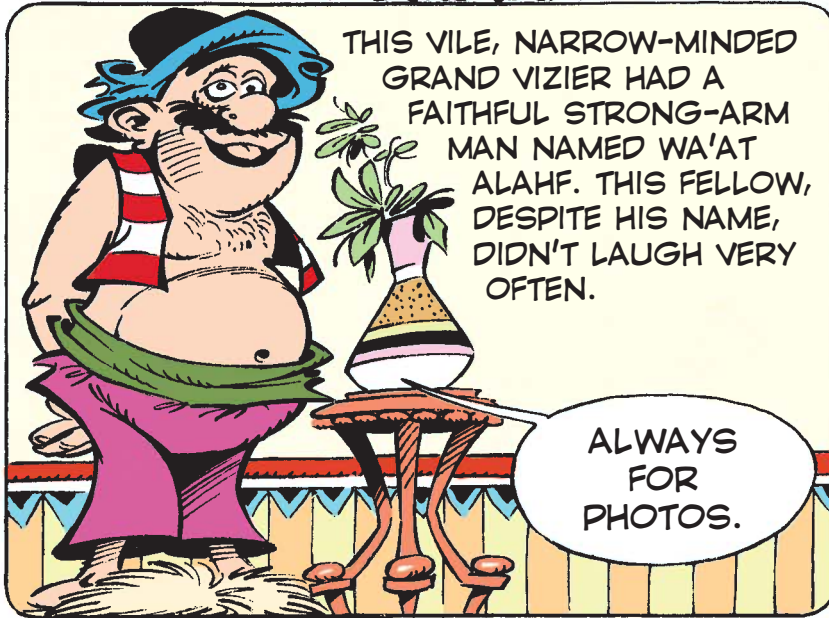
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THERE WAS IN BAGHDAD
THE MAGNIFICENT A GRAND VIZIER
(5 FEET TALL IN HIS POINTY SLIPPERS)
NAMED IZNOGLOUD. HE WAS TRULY
NASTY AND HAD ONLY ONE GOAL...

**I WANT TO BE
CALIPH INSTEAD OF
THE CALIPH!**

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THE CALIPH!**

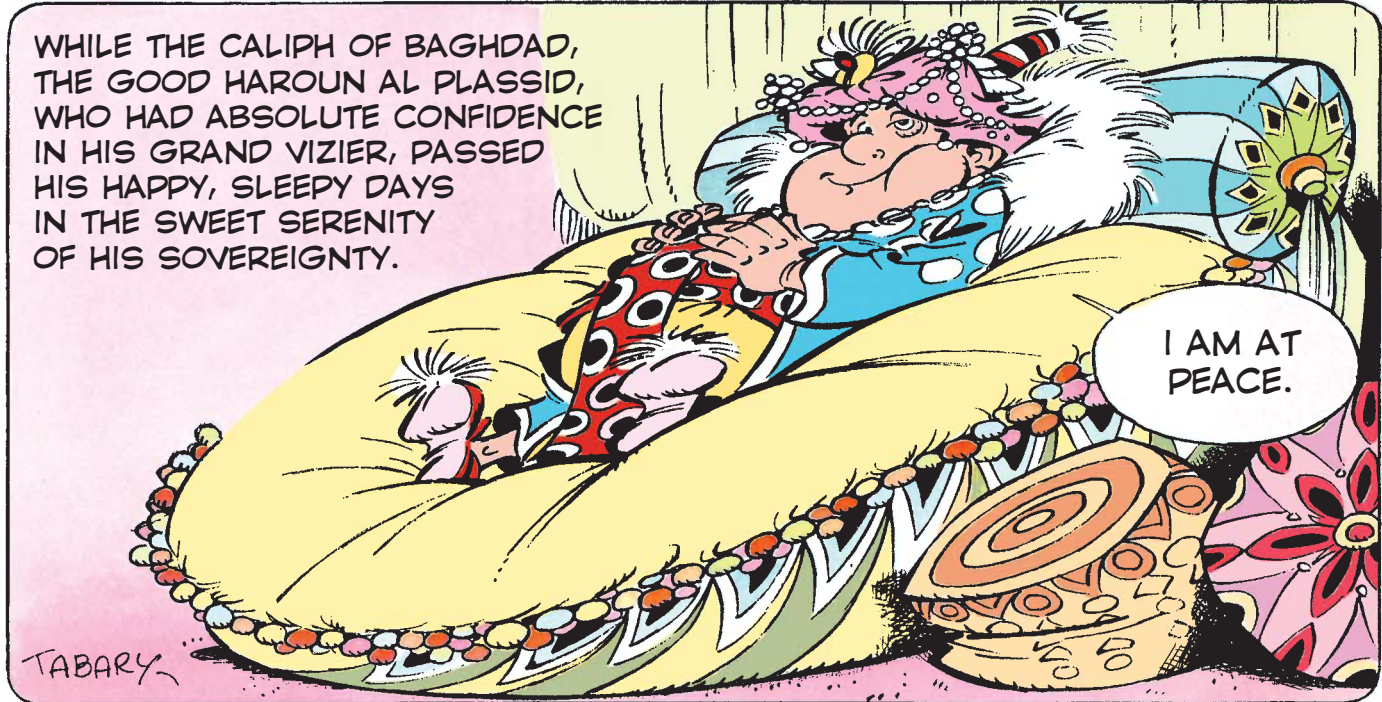


THIS VILE, NARROW-MINDED
GRAND VIZIER HAD A
FAITHFUL STRONG-ARM
MAN NAMED WA'AT
ALAHF. THIS FELLOW,
DESPITE HIS NAME,
DIDN'T LAUGH VERY
OFTEN.

ALWAYS
FOR
PHOTOS.



I WANT
TO BE CALIPH
INSTEAD OF
THE CALIPH!



WHILE THE CALIPH OF BAGHDAD,
THE GOOD HAROUN AL PLASSID,
WHO HAD ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE
IN HIS GRAND VIZIER, PASSED
HIS HAPPY, SLEEPY DAYS
IN THE SWEET SERENITY
OF HIS SOVEREIGNTY.

I AM AT
PEACE.

TABARY

NOW THEN, TO BAGHDAD THE MAGNIFICENT...

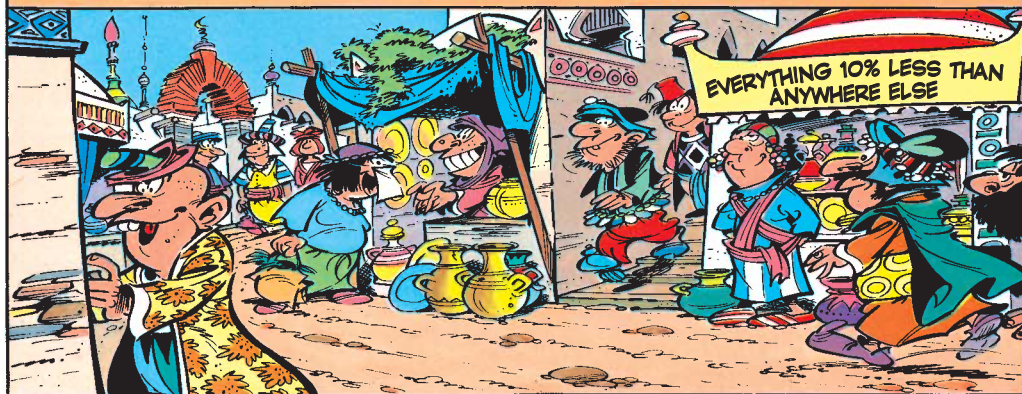
THE MAGIC CARPET

HERE YOU SEE THE DISTANT CITY OF PEKING AT THE TIME OF THE YUAN DYNASTY. THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE BENEATH ITS EGG-SHELL CHINA ROOFTOPS ARE TACITURN, RATHER ALOOF, AND GIVEN TO WEARING IMPERTURBABLE SMILES... FOR THE PEOPLE OF PEKING NEVER KNOW WHO MAY BE A MEMBER OF THE S.T.S., THE DREADED SECRET TEA SERVICE, AND ARE UNWILLING TO PUT ALL THEIR THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD EGGS IN ONE BASKET.

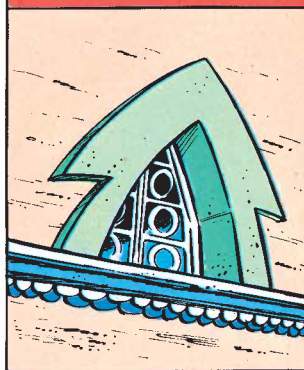


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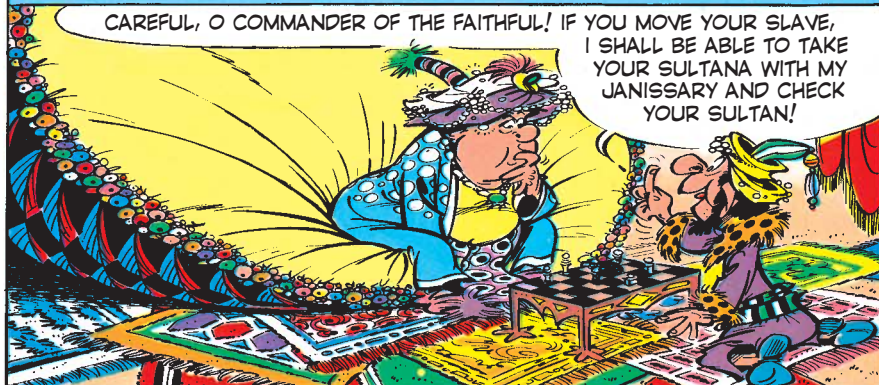
BUT, TO RETURN TO THE MAGNIFICENT CITY OF BAGHDAD, WHERE OUR STORY BEGINS AND WHERE THE PEOPLE LIVE HAPPILY UNDER THE BENEVOLENT RULE OF GOOD CALIPH HAROUN AL PLASSID...



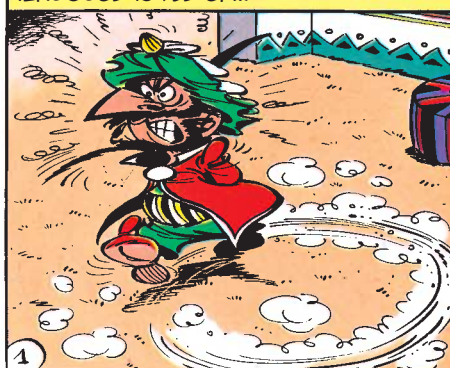
THE CALIPH DOES NOTHING, AND DOES IT VERY WELL. HE SELDOM LEAVES HIS PALACE...



... WHERE HE PLAYS CHESS, AND SELDOM LOSES, SINCE HIS COURTIER'S KNOW ALL THE MOVES AND POINT THEM OUT TO HIM. SEE THE MOVING PICTURE BELOW.




BUT NOT EVERYONE IN BAGHDAD IS HAPPY. FAR FROM IT. THE CRUEL GRAND VIZIER IZNOGOURD IS FED UP...

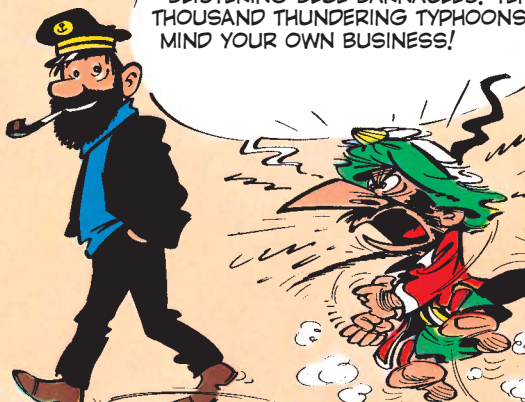


CAN ANY OF OUR READERS TELL US JUST WHY THE GRAND VIZIER IS FED UP?

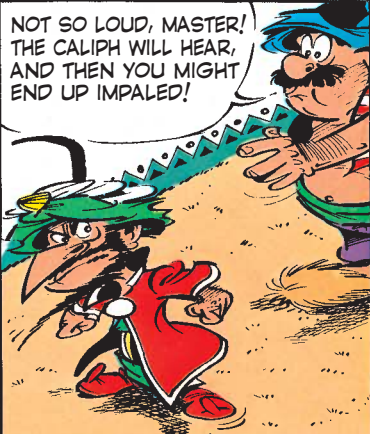
YES, I CAN. IT'S BECAUSE HE WANTS TO BE CALIPH INSTEAD OF THE CALIPH!



BLISTERING BLUE BARNACLES! TEN THOUSAND THUNDERING TYPHOONS! MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

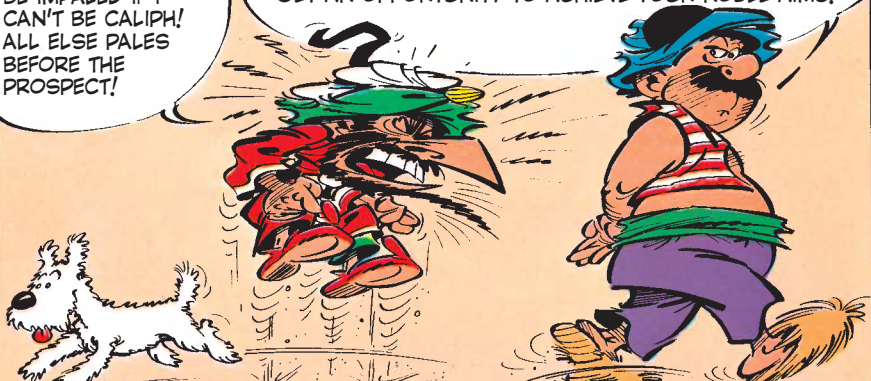


NOT SO LOUD, MASTER! THE CALIPH WILL HEAR, AND THEN YOU MIGHT END UP IMPALED!



I'D JUST AS SOON BE IMPALED IF I CAN'T BE CALIPH! ALL ELSE PALES BEFORE THE PROSPECT!

WELL, TRY TO LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE. PERHAPS YOU'LL GET AN OPPORTUNITY TO ACHIEVE YOUR NOBLE AIMS!

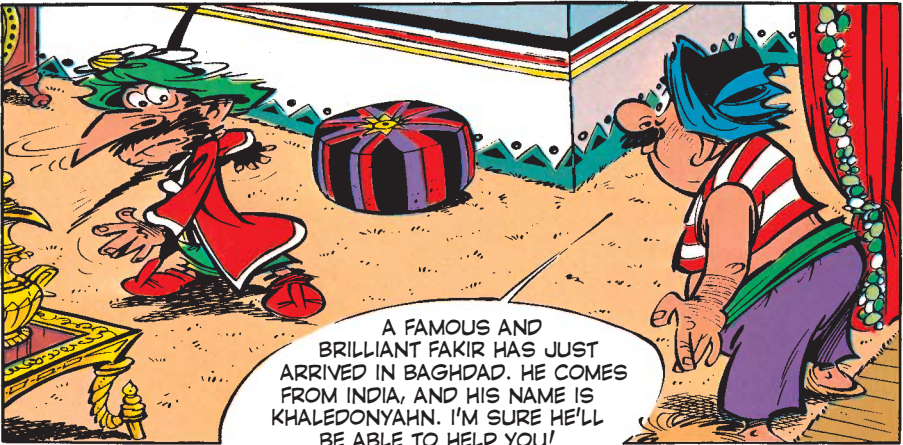


AND THE VERY NEXT DAY...

MASTER! AN OPPORTUNITY HAS OPPORTUNED!

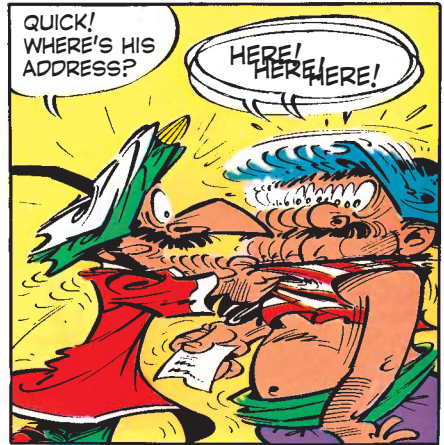


A FAMOUS AND BRILLIANT FAKIR HAS JUST ARRIVED IN BAGHDAD. HE COMES FROM INDIA, AND HIS NAME IS KHALEDONYAHN. I'M SURE HE'LL BE ABLE TO HELP YOU!



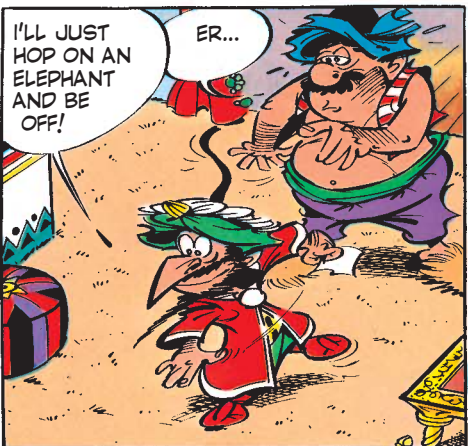
QUICK! WHERE'S HIS ADDRESS?

HERE! HERE! HERE!



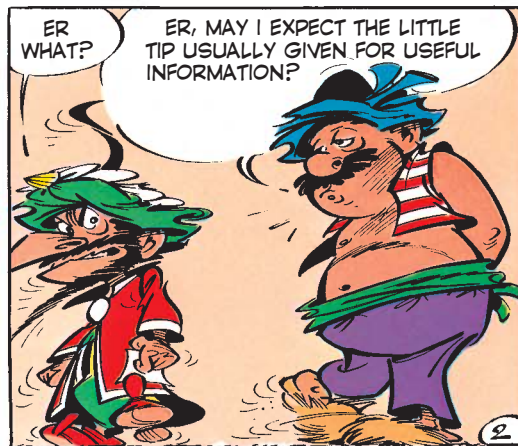
I'LL JUST HOP ON AN ELEPHANT AND BE OFF!

ER...

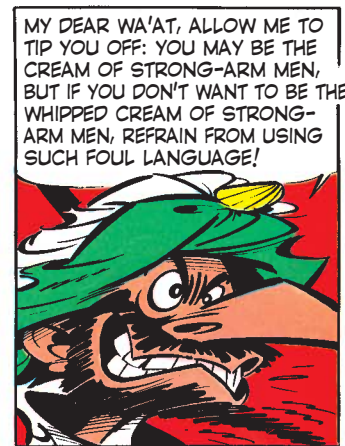


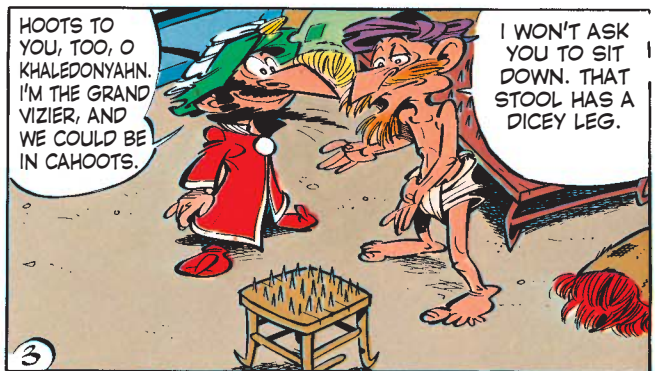
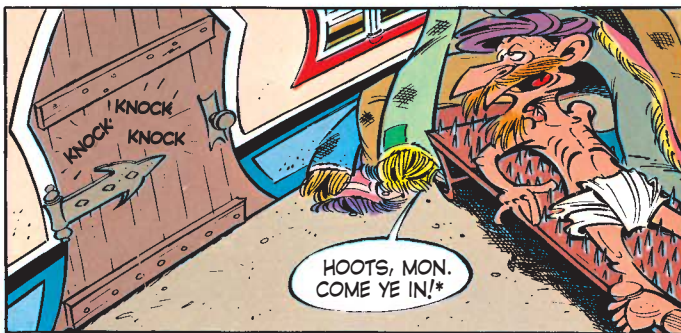
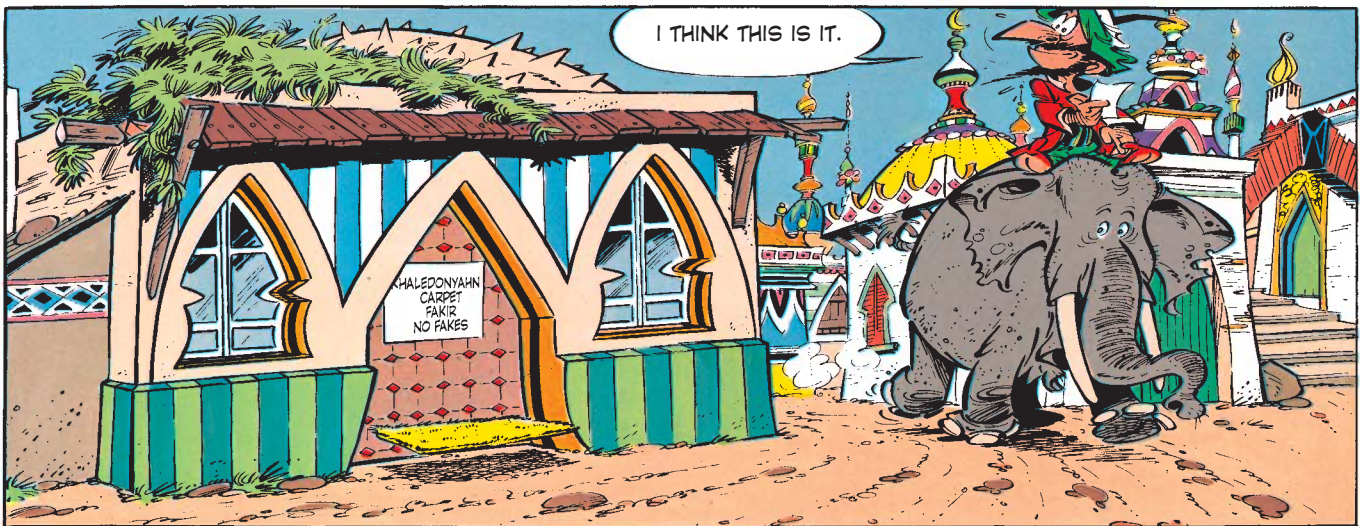
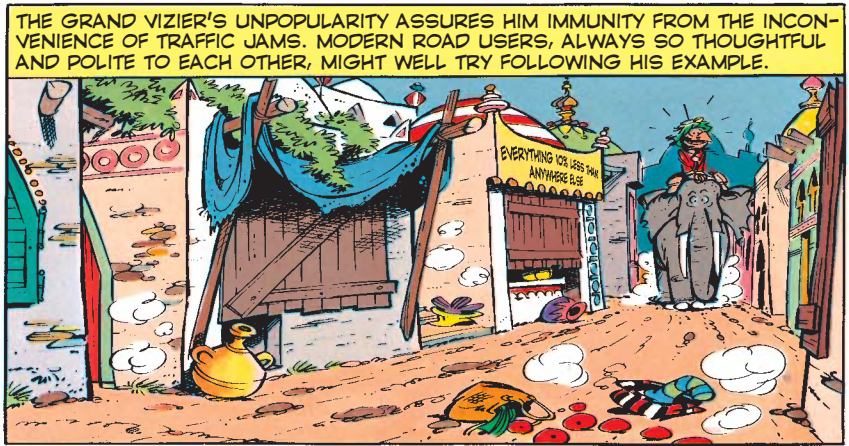
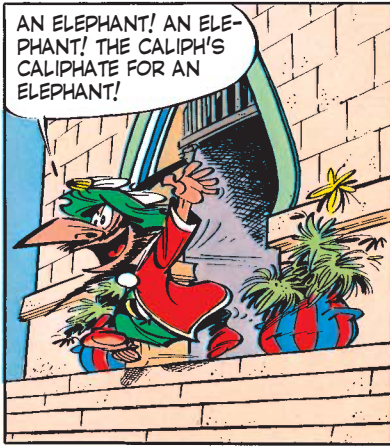
ER WHAT?

ER, MAY I EXPECT THE LITTLE TIP USUALLY GIVEN FOR USEFUL INFORMATION?



MY DEAR WA'AT, ALLOW ME TO TIP YOU OFF: YOU MAY BE THE CREAM OF STRONG-ARM MEN, BUT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE THE WHIPPED CREAM OF STRONG-ARM MEN, REFRAIN FROM USING SUCH FOUL LANGUAGE!





*KHALEDONYAHN WAS BORN IN THE NORTHERNMOST PART OF HIS COUNTRY AND SOMETIMES LAPSES INTO ITS DIALECT.

