

kaboom!

ISSUE

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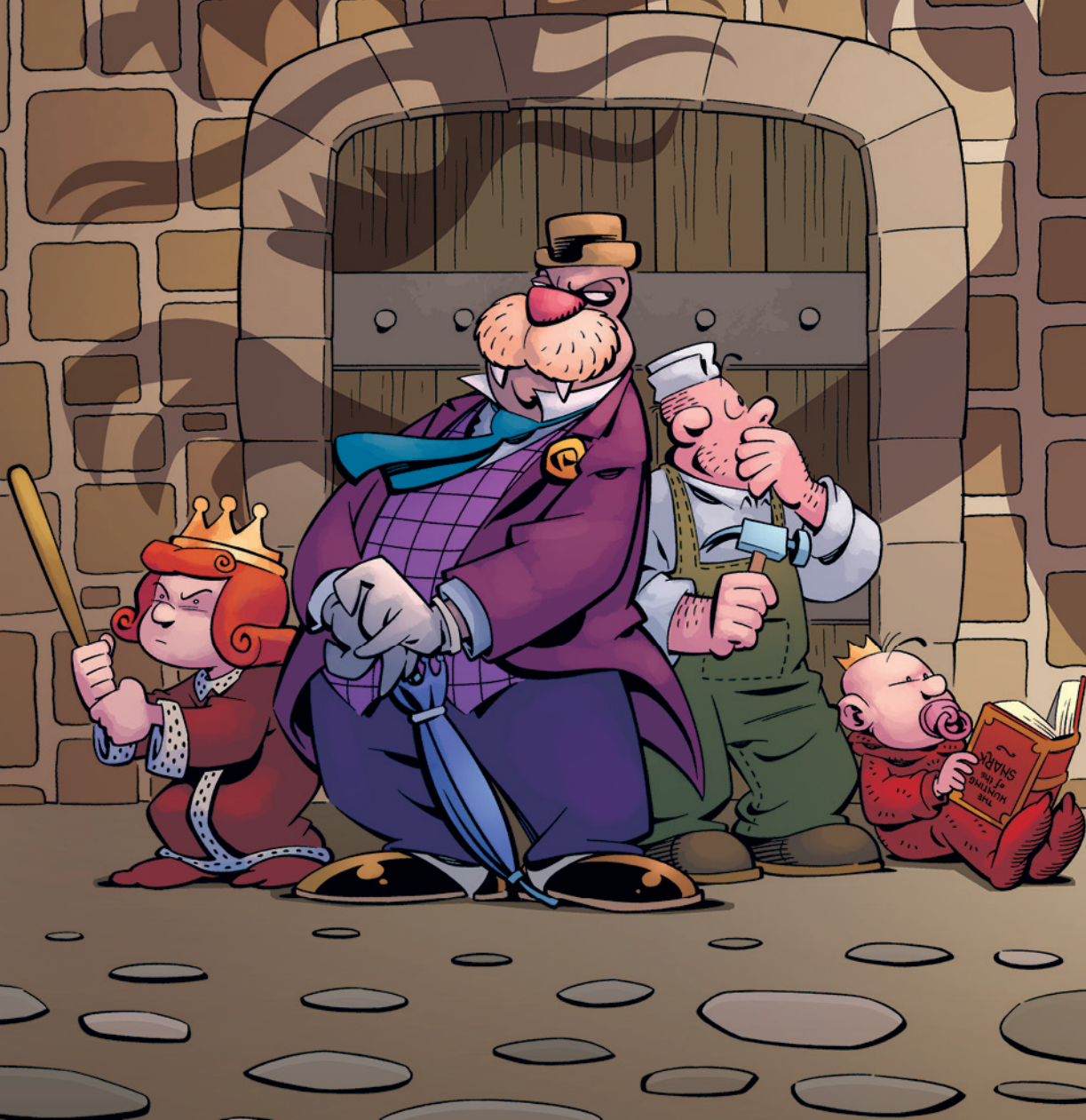
ZERO

ROGER

LANGRIDGE'S

Snarked!

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ROGER
LANGRIDGE'S

SNARKED!

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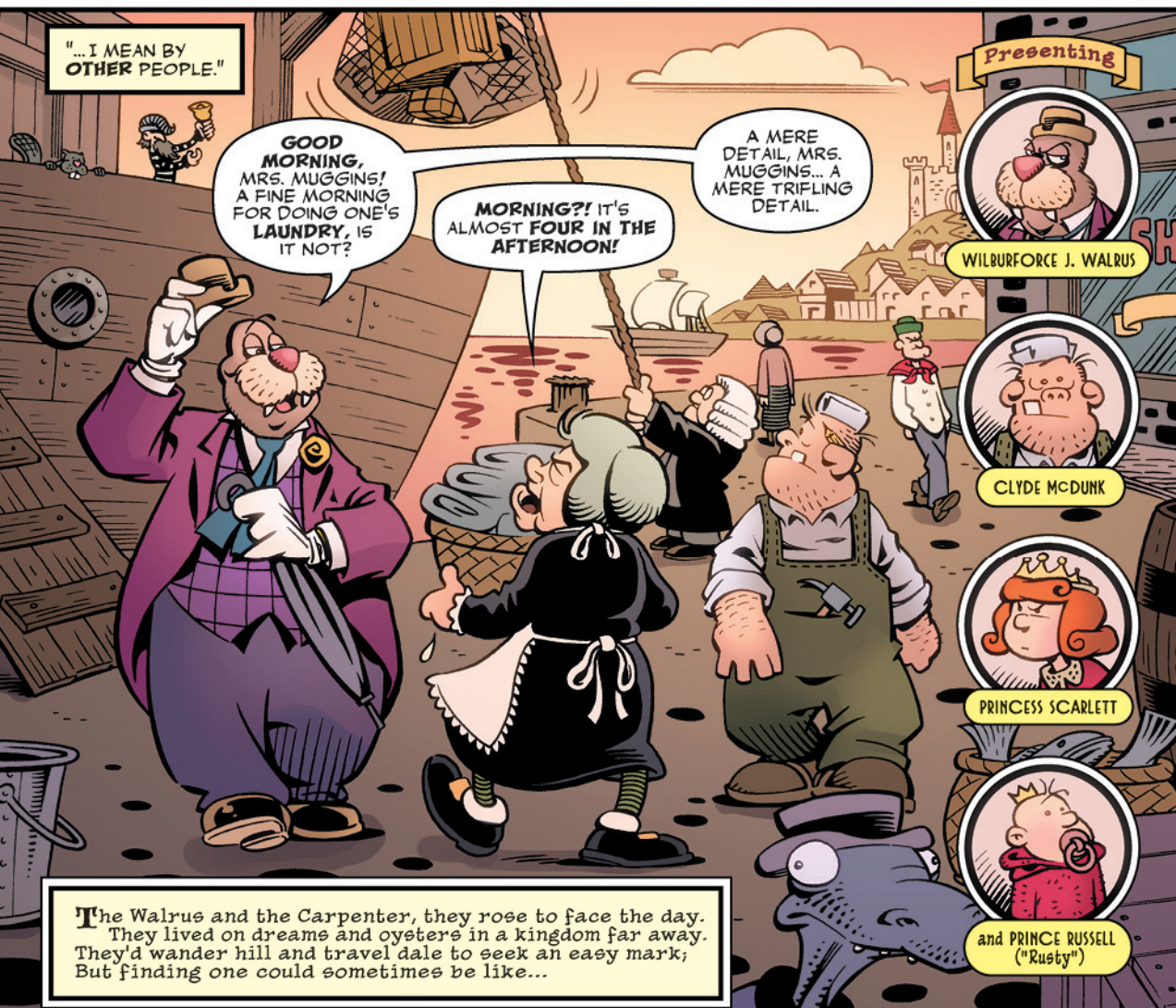


SNARKED CREATED BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

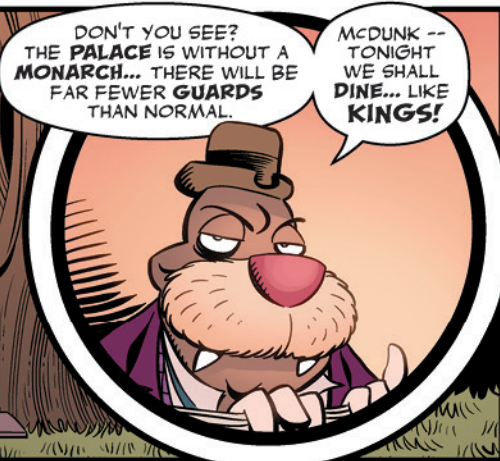
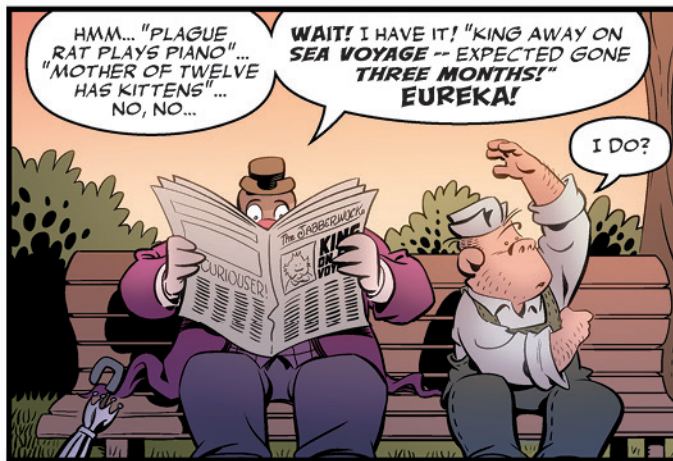
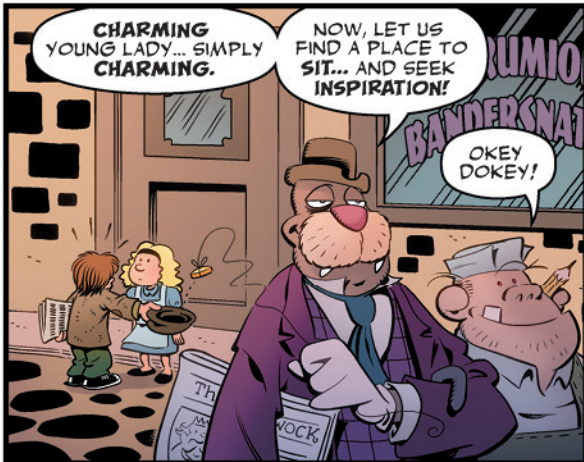
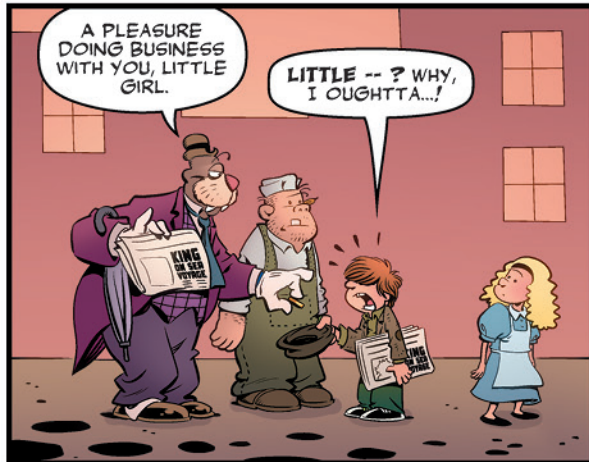
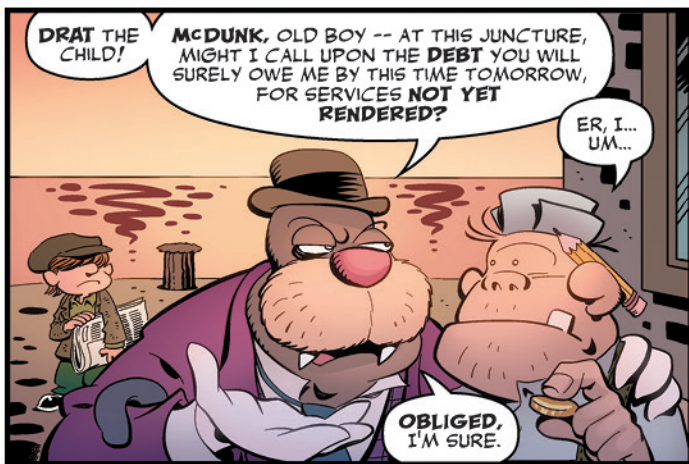
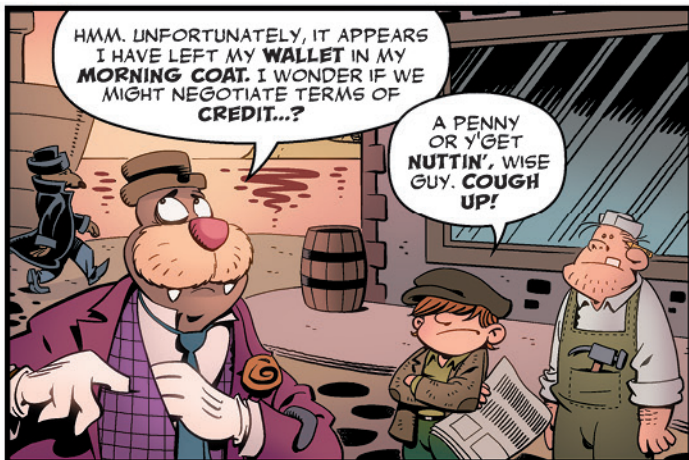


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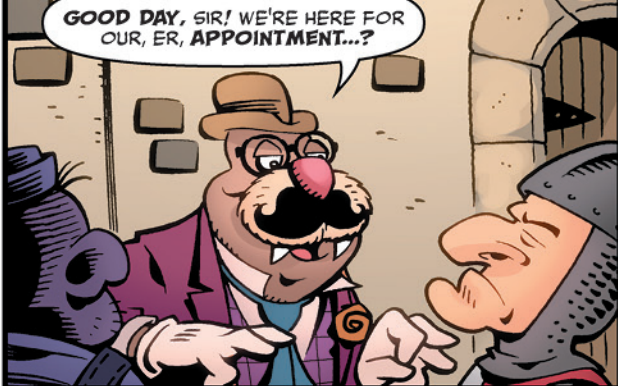
Looking for a Snark



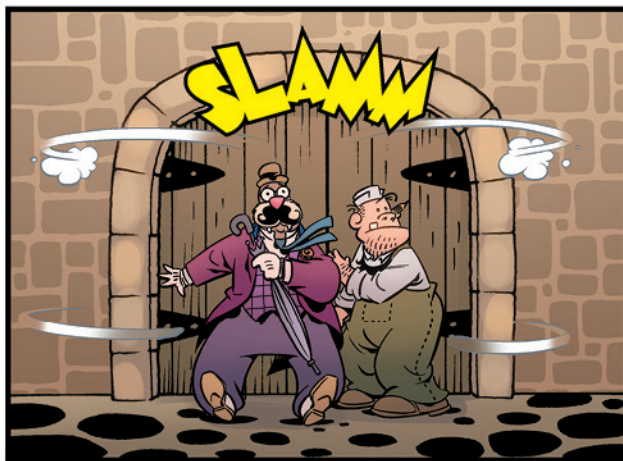
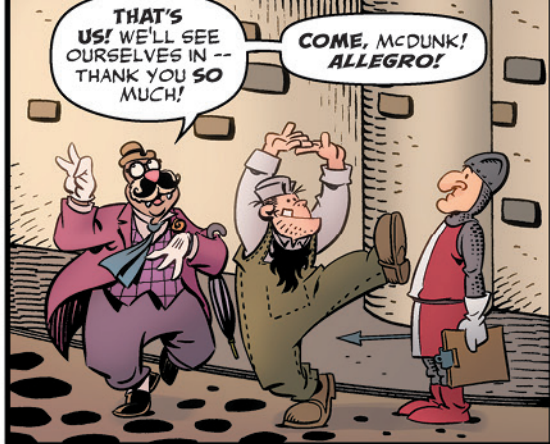
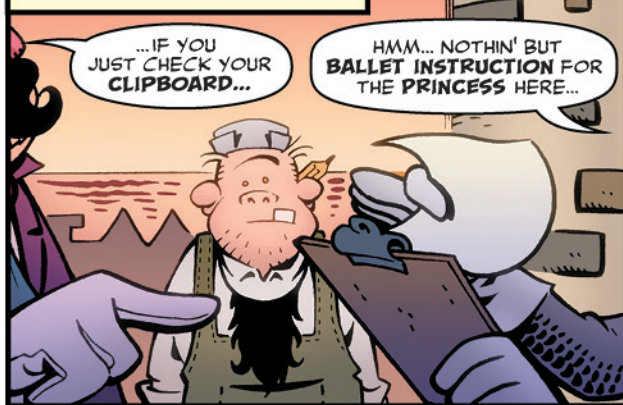
The Walrus' plan was simple
(For towards McDunk 'twas geared)...

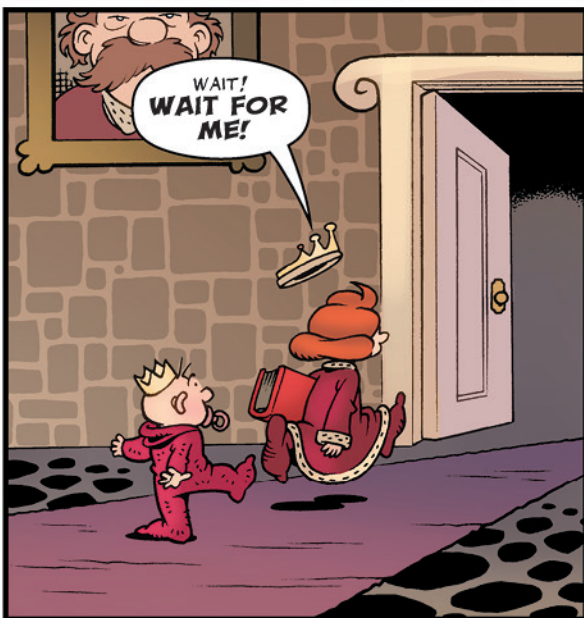
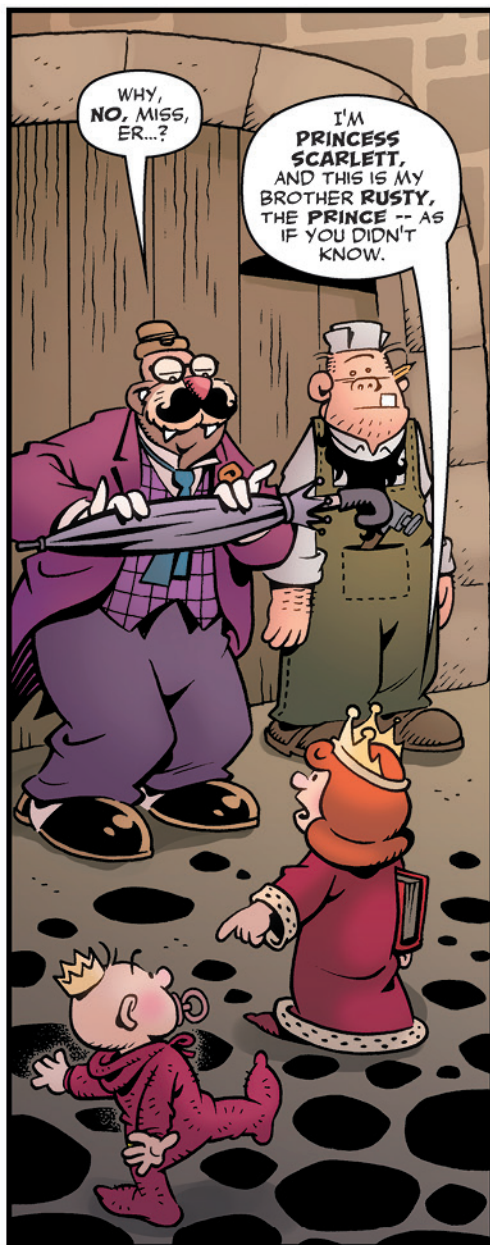


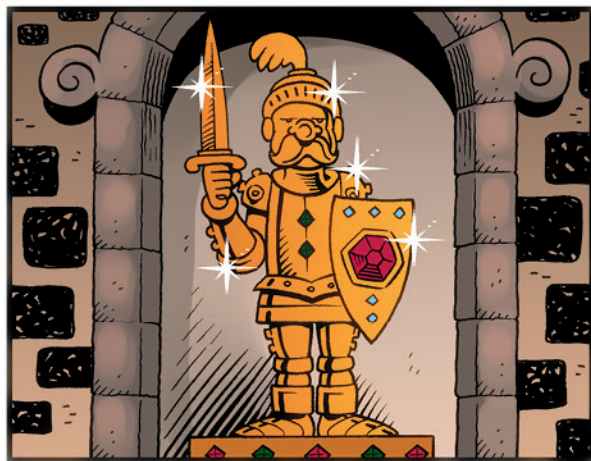
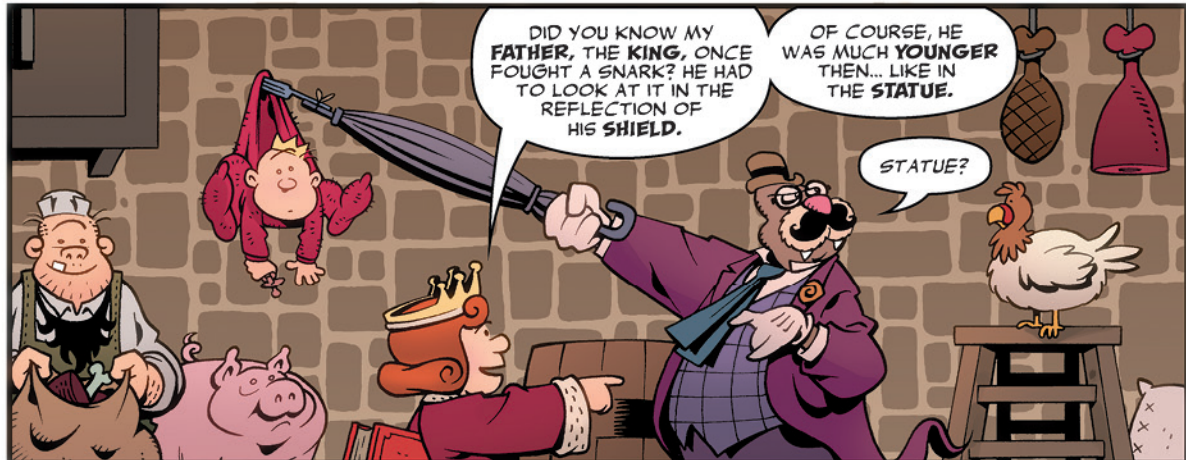
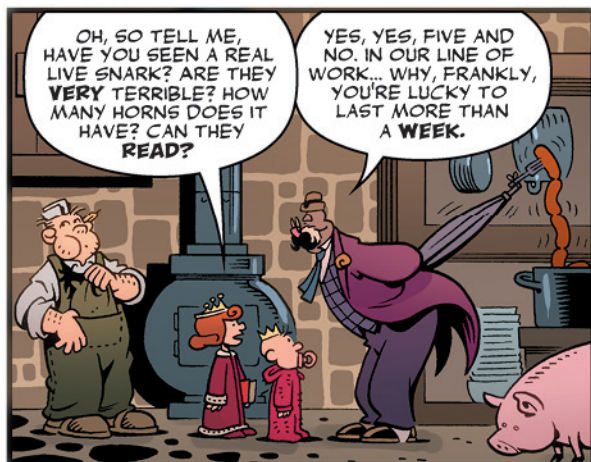
The Walrus wore a crafty grin...

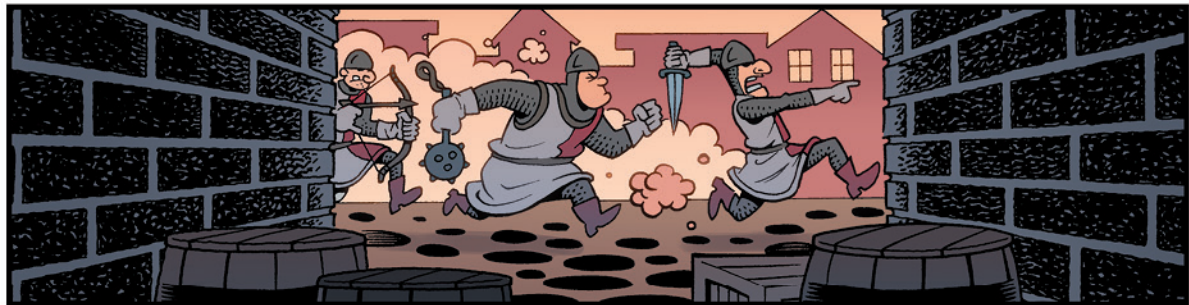


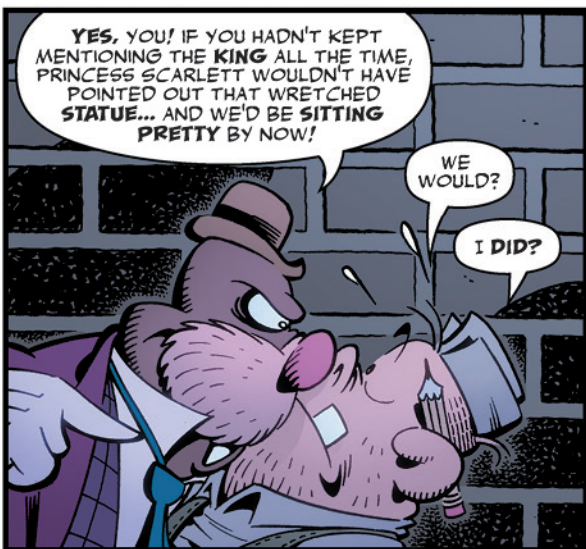
McDunk? He wore a beard.

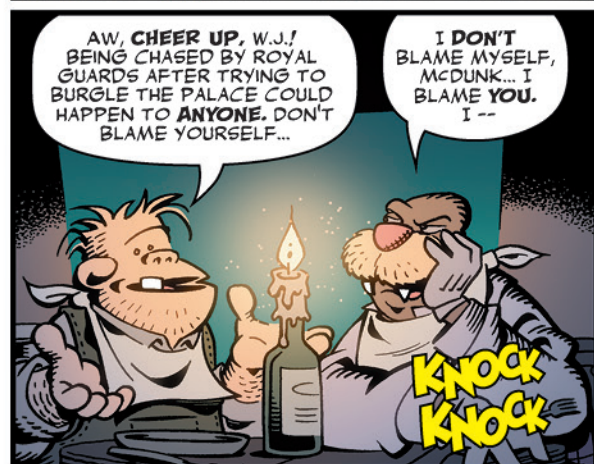
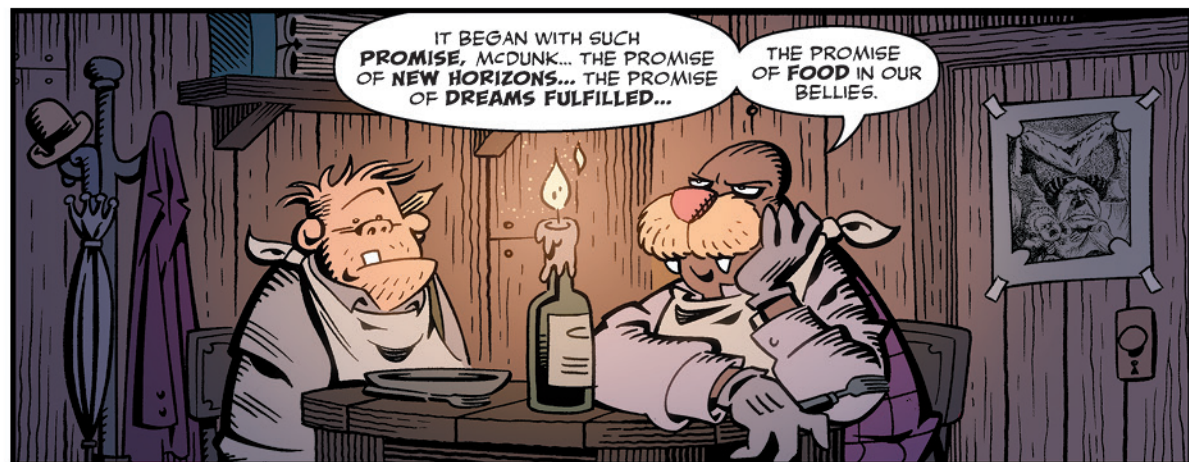












SMILES and SOAP



WRITE TO: SNARKED, % Boom! Studios,
6310 San Vicente Blvd. Suite 107
Los Angeles, CA 90048-5459
(or go to www.snarkisland.com)

THE SOAPBOX

Greetings, my little oyster chums! Welcome to our humble abode. We hope you've enjoyed the story so far... rest assured, there's plenty more to come. Oh, yes... adventures galore await!

But enough about me. This page is all about *you*. So why not write to us and tell you what you think of our little tale to date? Looks like we've already received a couple of letters... let's take a look, shall we?

Your humble servant,

Willburforce J. Walrus esq.



WE NEED MILK

Dear W.J.

We need milk also I hav got oysen sheles in my pajamas have you ben using my pajamas to wipe yur face again also we need milk by the way I told the man from the colectors ageney that we dont liv heer and that I waz a figmunt of his imigngnis imagagt of his mind.

Clyde

Dear McDunk, kindly refrain from blaming me for the disgraceful state of your pajamas. Also, we do not need milk. Revolting stuff. You do know where it comes from, I take it? And finally, it relieves me greatly to learn that you are merely a figment of my imagination.

- W.J.W.

HE'LL BE BACK ANY DAY NOW

Dear Mieter Walrus,

I hope you don't think you got away with this. I know you weren't really a Snark inspector, you see; and my father is a very powerful man, and he'll be home any day now, and once we find you we'll make you into Walrus burgers and we'll give your silly friend a job licking floors in the palace for the rest of his life. Because my father really will be back any day now. You'll see.

Yours majestically,
Princess Scarlett
The Royal Palace

P.S. He'll be back any day now.

Dear Princess Scarlett, thank you for your letter. I'm afraid you have me confused with somebody else. Jones is the name. I'm one of the Jones boys. I can prove it with diagrams.

- W.J.W.



• SNARKUS HORRIBILIS •

We all know that a Snark is the most terrible and fearsome of creatures - but it would appear that nobody has ever seen one and lived to tell the tale! So we are relying on you - yes, *you* - to supply the necessary information. Simply draw in the empty box above what you think a Snark might look like! Send your drawings to the address at the top of the page (scans or originals - we're not fussy) - and we will publish the ones that most tickle our fancy!

ROGER
LANGRIDGE'S

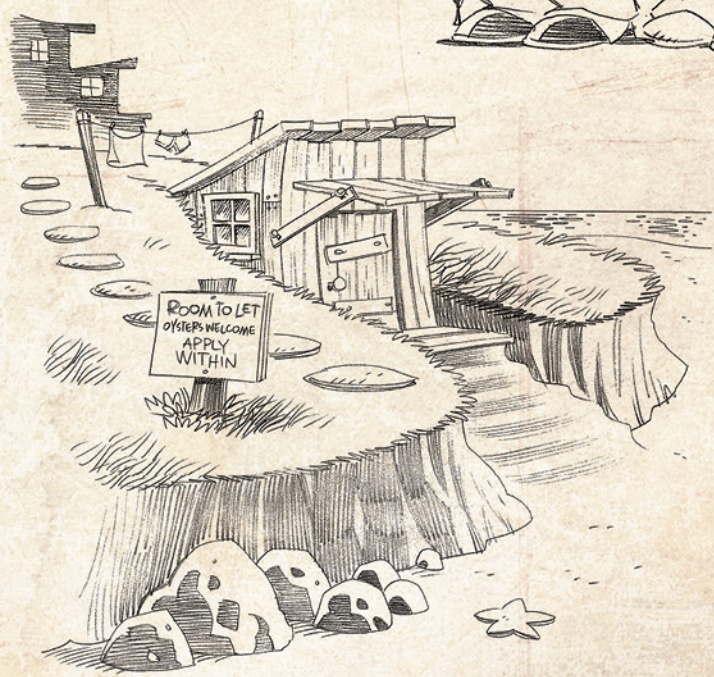
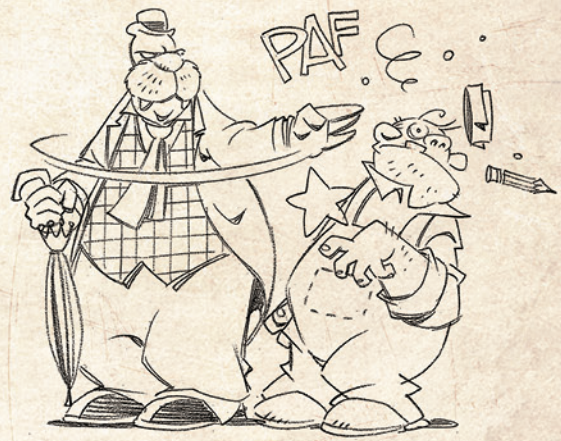
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Wilburforce J. Walrus



Clyde McDunk



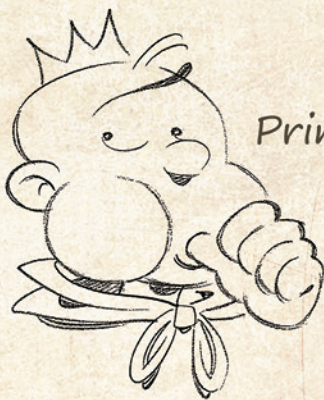
SKETCH GALLERY

The Royal Family



Princess Scarlett

OFF WITH
HIS
THUMB!



Prince Russell
(Rusty)



The Red King



DIARY

MONDAY

SEPTEMBER 5TH

APPOINTMENTS

11 am - Lessons with Count Osbert

1 pm - Deportment and Protocol with
Madame Hecate



3 pm - Constitutional Studies with
Lord Kazmar (stinky poo pants)

Dear Diary,

It has been three months, twelve days, four hours
and eleven minutes since father left on his voyage.

Today we had a visitor, just before teatime. Two
visitors, actually; one was a big fat walrus and
one was a silly-looking man with a hammer sticking
out of his pocket. They looked like this:



DIARY

MONDAY

SEPTEMBER 5TH

The fat one said he was a Snark inspector. I didn't believe him, not really. (Well, maybe just a little bit.) Oh, all right, he fooled me, Diary! There! Are you happy now? I thought he was a real Snark inspector. There, I said it. I must have really wanted to believe him, because I had just finished reading *The Hunting of the Snark* to Rusty again, and I think I might have been feeling just the teeniest tiniest bit scared.

Anyway, he wandered through the kitchen looking at stuff and tapping walls and looking in cupboards - looking in quite a lot of cupboards, actually - when we started to talk about Father and how brave he ~~was~~ is, how brave he is - and what an experienced Snark-fighter he was, and that's when I pointed out the statue of Father in his full battle-dress - the gold one with all the gems embedded in it, down by the kitchens.



And then things went a little bit strange. First the statue was there. Then suddenly it wasn't there. Then we noticed the funny-looking one was carrying a sack and it seemed to be awfully full. And then there were guards running and waving swords and firing arrows and it all got a bit mad.

We found the statue dropped in a corridor and it's back where it belongs now. But the two men got away. ~~if~~ When Father comes home I will tell him all about it and then we'll see who's laughing, oh yes we will.

It's bedtime now. Rusty is already asleep. Funny, I think he really really liked the big walrus. Rusty is a funny little boy. When he's King he will be awful. (Whereas I would be an amazing queen.)

Goodnight, Diary. Same time tomorrow!

Scarlett xxx

The HUNTING of the SNARK

AN AGONY IN EIGHT FITS by Lewis Carroll
Illustrations by Henry Holiday

As Retold with Concision, Forks and Hope by Roger Langridge

Fit the First: THE LANDING

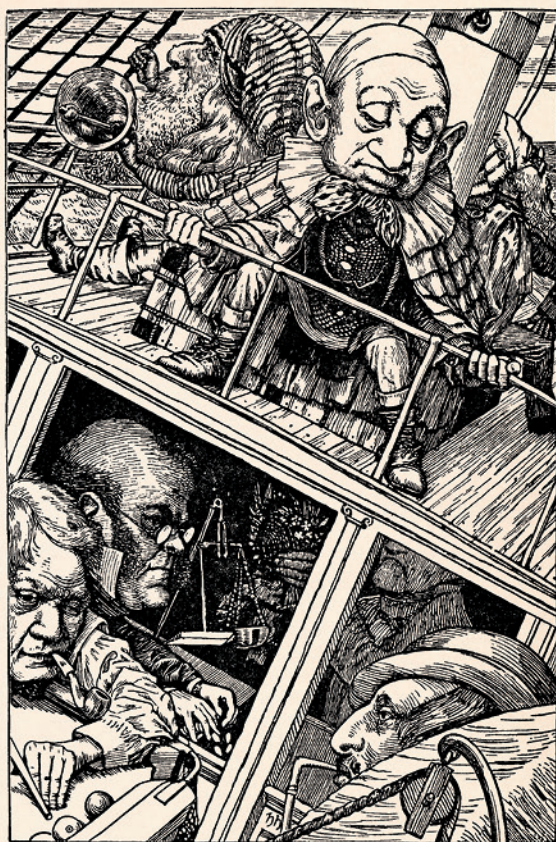
"Just the place for a Snark!" the Bellman cried
As he carefully landed his crew;
"Just the place for a Snark!
Just the place for a Snark!
What I tell you three times is true."



The crew was thus: Banker, Barrister, Butcher,
A maker of Bonnets and Hoods,
A Billiard-Marker, a Baker, a Beaver,
A Boots and a Broker of Goods.

The Butcher could only kill Beavers, he said,
As the Banker accounted his debt;
The Bellman explained, in a tremulous tone,
That the Beaver was loved as a pet.

So a dagger-proof coat
was acquired for the beast,
For whenever the Butcher walked by.
Still the Beaver kept looking the opposite way,
And appeared unaccountably shy.



Fit the Second: THE BELLMAN'S SPEECH

The Bellman had bought a large map of the sea
Without the least vestige of land:
As he stood to deliver a speech to the crew,
They had to admit he looked grand.

"We have sailed many months,
we have sailed many days,
Without the least glimpse of a Snark!
Come listen, my men, while I tell you again
Its five unmistakable marks.

"The first is the taste, which is hollow, but crisp;
The next, that it gets up too late.
The third is its slowness in getting a joke -
A pun makes the thing quite irate.

"The fourth is its fondness for bathing-machines.
Ambition, the fifth. Now I say -
That a Snark does no harm... unless it's a Boojum."
There, the Baker just fainted away.

Fit the Third: THE BAKER'S TALE

When the Baker sat up
and was able to speak,
His sad story he offered to tell.
"My dear uncle revealed how to capture a Snark,
The last time I bade him farewell.

"You may seek it with thimbles -
and seek it with care;
You may hunt it with forks and hope;
You may threaten its life
with a railway-share;
You may charm it with smiles and soap."



"But oh," said my uncle!
'Beware of the day,
If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
And never be met with again!"

"It is this that I dread,"
said the Baker with fear.
"If I meet with a Boojum, I'm sure
I shall softly and suddenly vanish away -
And the notion I cannot endure!"

Fit the Fourth: THE HUNTING

The Bellman looked uffish.
"Why wait until now?
If only you'd spoken before!"
Said the Baker, "I said it in Hebrew and Greek -
Could you honestly ask me for more?"

"Lo! The Snark is at hand!" Bellman cried to the crew.
"You must all arm yourselves with great care."
So the Banker endorsed a blank check
(which he crossed),
And the Baker stood combing his hair.

The Boots and the Broker were sharpening a spade;
The Beaver sat down to make lace.
The Maker of Bonnets arranged little bows;
The Barrister cited his case.

The Billiard-Marker chalked up his nose;
The Butcher dressed sharply all round.
Of the Bellman, he asked that they be introduced
If the creature should ever be found.

Fit the Fifth: THE BEAVER'S LESSON

The Butcher suggested a desolate valley
In which to pursue their prey;
The Beaver, who'd chosen the very same spot,
Claimed he, too, was going that way.

The valley grew dark. They huddled together.
A scream, shrill and high, could be heard.
"'Tis the voice of the Jubjub!" the Bellman cried,
"That strange and desperate bird!"

"It dresses in ages ahead of the fashion;
A bribe it will always eschew.
Its flavour when cooked is exquisite indeed,
Boiled in sawdust, and salted in glue."

The Butcher wept gratefully; as to the Beaver,
These facts made it feel far more clever.
The song of the Jubjub, from that day to this,
Has cemented their friendship forever!

Fit the Sixth: THE BARRISTER'S DREAM

They sought it with thimbles,
they sought it with care;
They pursued it with forks and hope;
They threatened its life with a railway-share;
They charmed it with smiles and soap.

But the Barrister slept. And he dreamt of a Court
Where the Snark, with a glass in its eye,
Dressed in gown, bands and wig,
was defending a pig
On the charge of deserting its sty.



"You must know--" said the Judge:
but the Snark exclaimed "Fudge!"
Summing up the case in its own way.
When it came to the verdict,
the Snark pronounced "GUILTY!"
And the jury all fainted away.

"Transportation for life" was the sentence it gave.
Said the jailer, "The pig's dead a year."
Then the Barrister woke to the sound of a bell
Which the Bellman rang close at his ear.

Fit the Seventh: THE BANKER'S FATE

The Banker, with courage, rushed madly ahead
Where a Bandersnatch swiftly drew nigh
And grabbed at the Banker,
who shrieked in despair,
For he knew it was useless to fly.

He offered large discounts.
He offered a check.
But the creature, at this, gave a roar.
It merely extended its Bandersnatch neck
And grabbed at the Banker once more.

Those frumious jaws went on snapping at him
Till the Banker just fainted and fell.
Then the Bandersnatch fled
as the others appeared,
Led on by that fear-stricken yell.

The Banker, alas, had been stricken quite dumb,
And his face had turned blacker than slate.
Yet so great was his fright
that his vest had turned white.
So they left the man there to his fate.



Fit the Eighth: THE VANISHING

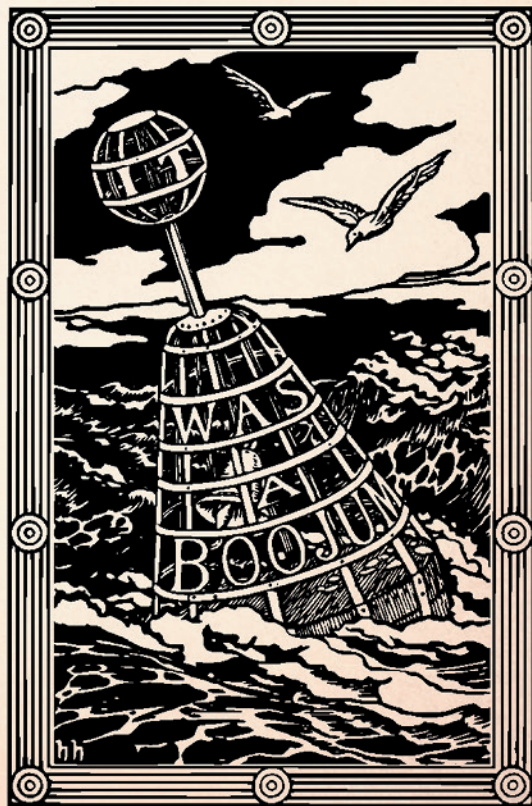
The Baker, on top of a neighboring crag,
Waved his hands, cried and waggled his head.
"There is Thingumbob shouting!
He has found us a Snark!"
The Bellman delightedly said.

Then the Baker plunged into a chasm at once.
It seemed almost too good to be true.
"It's a Snark!" their man yelled,
as they cried tears of joy.
Then the ominous words "It's a Boo--"



Then silence. Some fancied they heard a faint "-jum!"
But the others heard nary a sound.
After searching till dark they could find not a trace
That the Baker had once touched that ground.

In the midst of the word he was trying to say,
In the midst of his laughter and glee,
He had softly and suddenly vanished away...
For the Snark *was* a Boojum, you see.



THE JABBERWOCK

ONE
PENNY



YOU TOO CAN BELIEVE SIX IMPOSSIBLE THINGS BEFORE BREAKFAST

MORNING EDITION

MONDAY 5th SEPTEMBER



KING NOW GONE THREE MONTHS

CONCERNS OVER KINGDOM'S WEALTH AND SECURITY

Questions were asked of the palace today by Mayor Dumpty over the King's continued absence from the kingdom.

King Russell the Third is currently enjoying a three month ocean voyage on advice from his palace staff, due to the steady

deterioration of his health since the Queen's passing two years ago; but his expected return date has come and gone, and concerns are now being raised over his continued safety. No word has been heard on his progress.

Meanwhile, the kingdom's

fortunes are beginning to suffer as our trading partners are taking advantage of the lack of stability caused by the King's absence. Concerns were also raised about a possible invasion from nearby Splotvia, which would be far less likely if the King were present.

Mayor Dumpty's questions to Count Osbert, representing the Palace, were sharply rebuffed with a "What's it to you, Omelette-face?"

Princess Scarlett and the young Prince Russell were unavailable for comment.

PALACE INCIDENT Have You Seen These Men?



Artist's Impression

ADVERTISEMENT

DO YOU HAVE TROUBLE
WITH PERSONAL BODY
ODOR? NO FRIENDS?
BAD LUCK MEETING NEW
PEOPLE?

TRY "TEA" -!
LOTS OF LOVELY TEA!

"You don't have to be mad to
drink tea - but it helps!"

Cat Spotted Riding Bicycle

Mrs. Prunella Grotts of The Shambles, Bayside, claimed earlier today that she saw a cat riding a bicycle, though when she looked again, there

was nothing there but a smile. The sighting was corroborated by one John Barleycorn, 83, gentleman of this parish. "The smile looked like

my Uncle Walter," said Mrs. Grotts. "Can't stand my Uncle Walter." Mrs. Grotts is on strong medication for various (cont'd on page 12)

SCHPIEL BY TENNIEL



"You
know, I
would find
dancing a
lot easier
if you'd
put that
gate down
for a
minute."

Shipment of Cheese Eaten By Moths

The kingdom's fortunes took yet another turn for the worse today when a shipment of cheese from the Cheese Islands turned out to have been devoured by moths en route. The crew of the S.S. Fondue, looking well-fed after several weeks at sea, claimed they never saw the (cont'd on page 12)

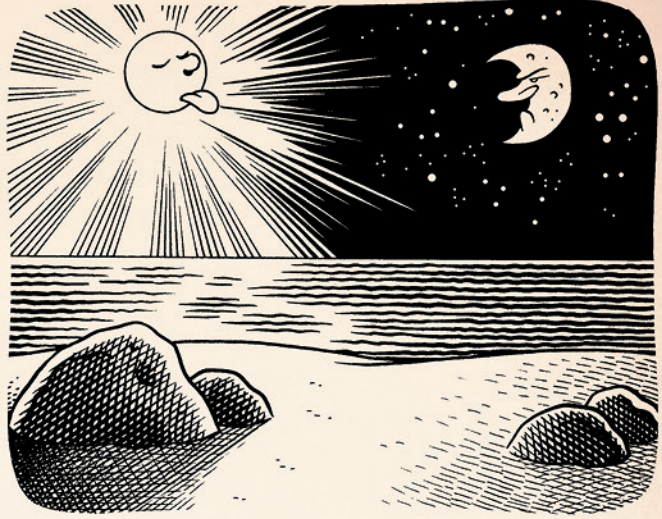
The Walrus and the Carpenter

by Lewis Carroll

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.



The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year.
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

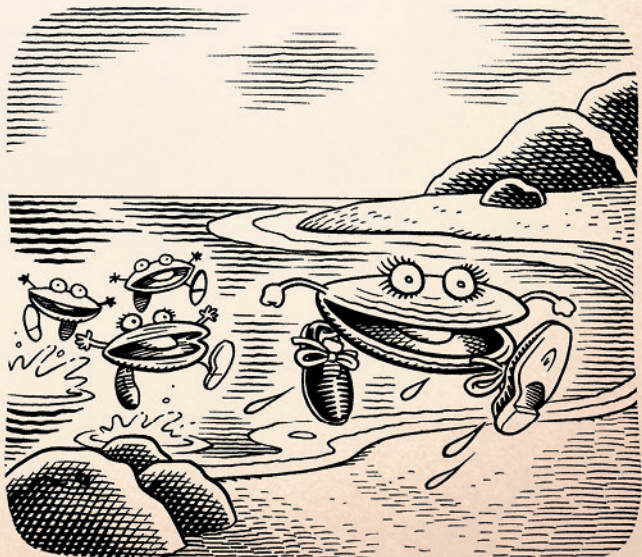
"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."



The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed,
their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.



The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come,"
the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes, and ships,
and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages, and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.



"A loaf of bread,"
the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine,"
the Walrus said.
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

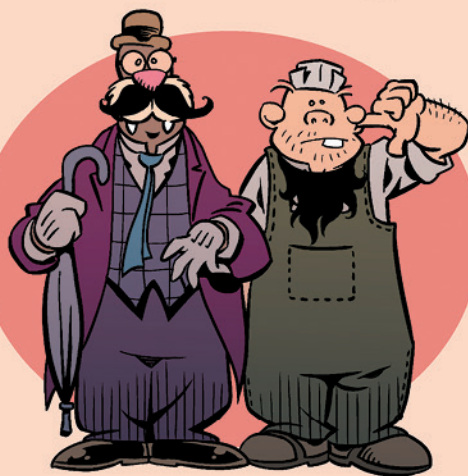
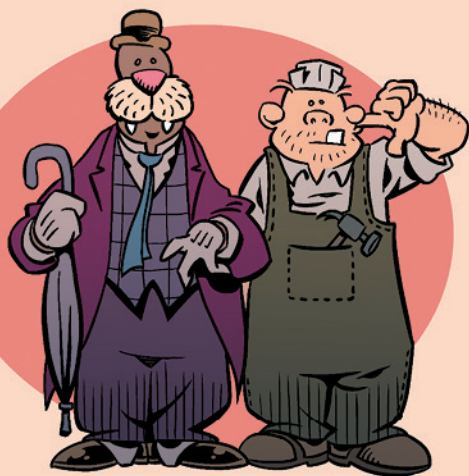
"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.



PUZZLES

The Walrus and the Carpenter have to flee the palace at speed! Find them a safe barrel to hide in!



Can you find eight differences between these two pictures of the Walrus and the Carpenter?

AND Games

O S T R E T S Y O Z O
 Y B X Z R O R Q Y O Y
 S F R I E E U I S Y S
 T L R E T S Y O T S T
 E O P S S H Y R E T E
 R L Y O Y S T E R E R
 E O Y S O Y S T E R E
 T O Y S T E R S T O T
 S D Q O T B G Y S I S
 Y O Y S T E R O Y A Y
 O S T R E T S Y O Z O



How many occurrences of the word "oyster" can you find in the sand?



Can you change "FORK" into "HOPE" in four steps or less, altering just one letter at a time?

FORK

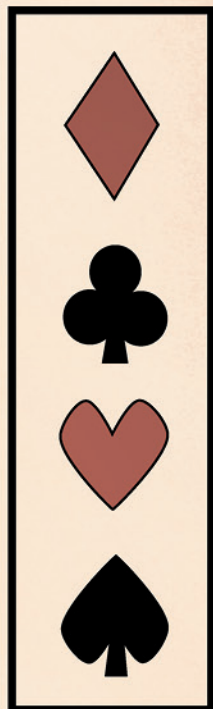
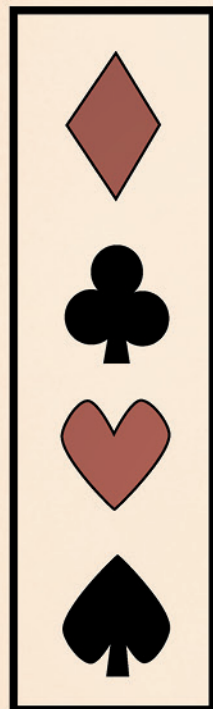
HOPE

JOIN THE DOTS



MISSING - PRESUMED DROWNED

THE RED KING



**HAVE YOU SEEN
THIS MONARCH?**



REWARD OFFERED

FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE SAFE RETURN OF KING RUSSELL III

PLEASE REPORT ANY SIGHTINGS TO THE PALACE IMMEDIATELY

KINDLY RELAY ANY INTELLIGENCE TO COUNT OSBERT, WHO WILL
SEE YOU ARE GIVEN THE REWARD YOU SO RICHLY DESERVE