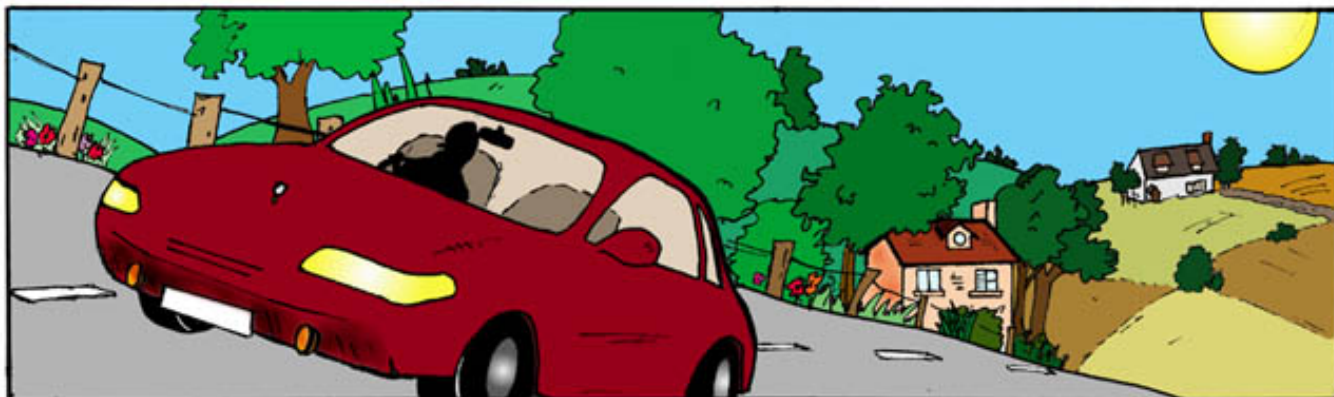
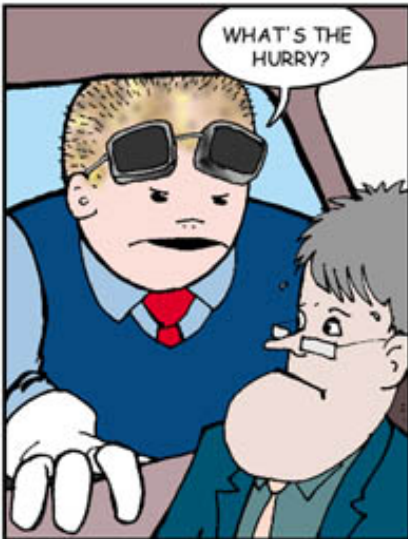


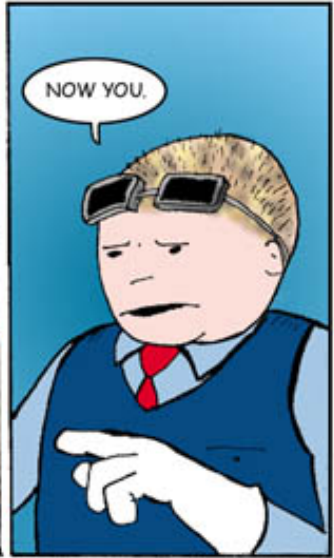
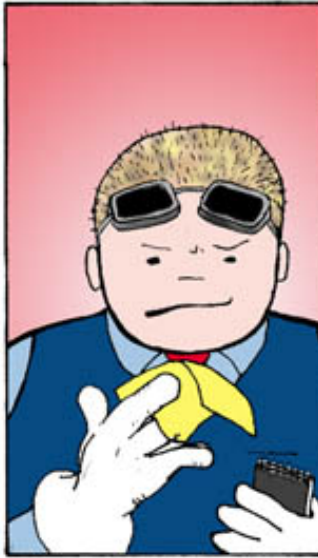
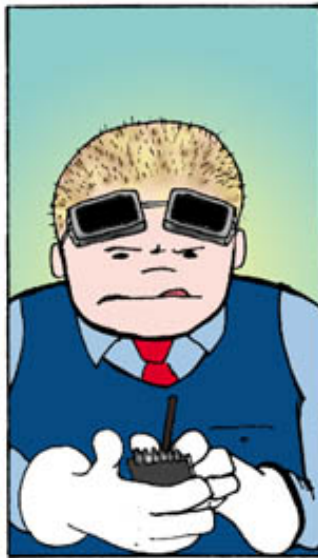
# the hitch-hiker

Story: Roald Dahl  
Art: Andrew McGlinchey  
Colours: Jade Leutenegger











WE WAS CAUGHT GOOD AN' PROPER.

I WAS CAUGHT, YOU MEAN.

THAT'S RIGHT. WHAT YOU GOIN' TO DO NOW GUV'NOR?



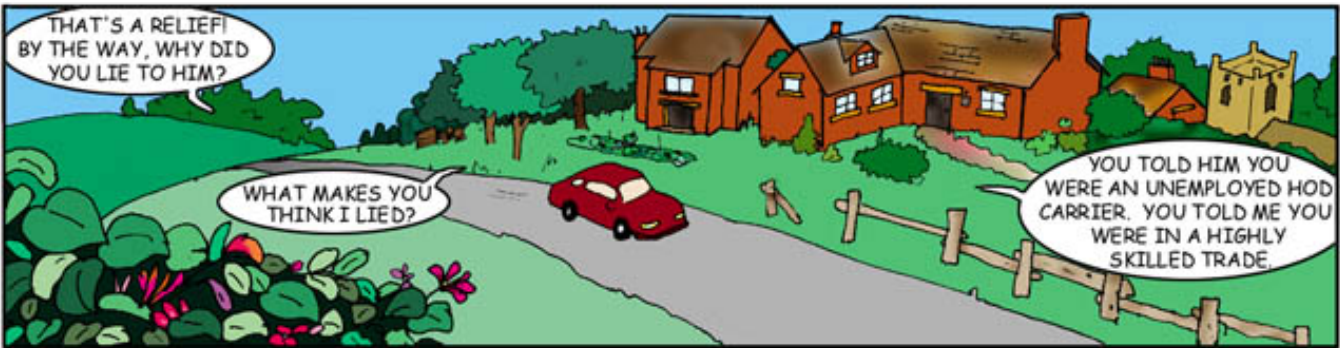
I'M GOING STRAIGHT UP TO LONDON TO TALK TO MY SOLICITOR.



YOU MUSTN'T BELIEVE WHAT 'EE SAID. THEY DON'T PUT NOBODY IN THE CLINK JUST FOR SPEEDIN'.

YOU'RE SURE?

I'M POSITIVE.



THAT'S A RELIEF! BY THE WAY, WHY DID YOU LIE TO HIM?

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I LIED?

YOU TOLD HIM YOU WERE AN UNEMPLOYED HOD CARRIER. YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE IN A HIGHLY SKILLED TRADE.

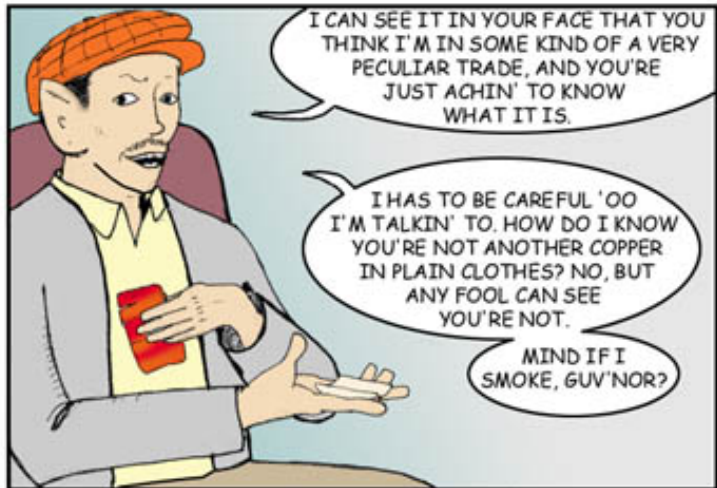


SO I AM. BUT IT DON'T PAY TO TELL EVERYTHIN' TO A COPPER. I AM IN A VERY PECULIAR TRADE. I'M IN THE QUEEREST PECULIAR TRADE OF 'EM ALL.



SO WHAT DO YOU DO? IS IT SOMETHING YOU'RE ASHAMED OF?

ASHAMED? YOU WRITERS REALLY IS NOSEY PARKERS, AREN'T YOU?



I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR FACE THAT YOU THINK I'M IN SOME KIND OF A VERY PECULIAR TRADE, AND YOU'RE JUST ACHIN' TO KNOW WHAT IT IS.

I HAS TO BE CAREFUL 'OO I'M TALKIN' TO. HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE NOT ANOTHER COPPER IN PLAIN CLOTHES? NO, BUT ANY FOOL CAN SEE YOU'RE NOT.

MIND IF I SMOKE, GUV'NOR?







