

# TOO CLEVER BY HALF

BY EDGAR  
HARRISON

## PART 1: THE CURSE OF THE CARDINGTONS

HILARY RAVENSHAW - STAR REPORTER ON THE 'LONDON METROPOLITAN' - INVESTIGATES AN ANCIENT FAMILY LEGEND OF SUPERNATURAL HORROR! WAS IT REALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GRUESOME DEATH OF SIR CHARLES CARDINGTON? OR IS IT JUST A LOAD OF OLD COBBLERS?

DEAKINS EXPLAINS WHY YOU'LL NEVER SEE HER ON THE MOOR AT NIGHT



YOU WOULDN'T CATCH ME GOING OUT THERE...

NOT WITH THE CARDINGTON CURSE!

INSPECTOR HARDY GETS TO GRIPS WITH THE LOCALS



DO YOU UNDERSTAND AND T'DANGER YOU'RE IN, LASS?

YES! KINDLY REMOVE YOUR HAND!

BEALVAIS FURNISHES HARDY WITH A VITAL CLUE



WORDS CLIT FROM T'LONDON METROPOLITAN AND GLUED TO T'PAGE!

IT'S HANDWRITTEN, INSPECTOR!



IT'S BEAUTIFUL, MY DEAR, BUT WHAT IS IT?

EMILY GIVES SIR HENRY A PARTING GIFT...

A SHOE HORN MADE FROM ARMADILLOES TOENAIL CLIPPINGS!



...AS THE BUTLER HANDLES HIS CANDLE SUSPICIOUSLY!



MRS LIPPON DEMONSTRATES THE BENEFITS OF A YOGHURT AND RAINWATER DIET

DEAKINS CONFESSES TO MURDERING JUST ABOUT EVERYBODY!

ALL BECAUSE THEY LAUGHED AT MY FLOWER ARRANGING! BASTARDS!

BUT SIR HENRY CARDINGTON TURNS OUT TO BE THE TRUE CRIMINAL MASTERMIND!!

### PART 2: WORKING BACKWARDS

TWO MONTHS LATER, THE EVIL SIR HENRY HAVING ESCAPED JUSTICE, WE REJOIN THE PLOT IN THE HOME OF RAMONA BLAIR...

THE LIBRARY, 5P.M. EDWICK RUMBOLD OFFERS HIS OPINION OF RAMONA'S NEW PARAMOUR!

A WANKER WOLLICKING WASCAL HAS NEVER DWAWN BWEATH!

OH WAMONA, ALLOW ME TO WEITERWATE MY GENTLE PWOPOSAL!

ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, MONTY?

I DON'T THINK WE CAN KEEP IT FROM HER ANY LONGER, PAMMY!

I AM THINKING MOST FURIOUSLY, PAMMY!

MONTY REVEALS ALL!

MONTY AND PAMMY COGIT ATE!

THE LIBRARY, 4PM.  
MONTY AND PAMMY  
QUESTION RAMONA



WELEASE  
ME, YOU  
DWINVELLING  
IDIOTS!!

EDWICK IS RUMBLED!!  
(OR IS THAT RUMBOLD?)



DON'T LOOK  
AT ME. I  
DON'T  
REMEMBER!

THE LIBRARY, 3PM. WILLIAM  
CHALKER DEMONSTRATES HIS  
'TIME MACHINE' TO A SCEPTICAL  
HARCOURT FENTON!



THE JOURNEY  
WILL TAKE  
ANOTHER  
FIFTY NINE  
MINUTES AND  
THIRTY FIVE  
SECONDS!

I THINK IT'S ONLY  
FAIR TO WARN YOU  
THAT I'M SERIOUSLY  
GOOD AT SCREWING!

I HOPE SHE  
DOESN'T  
MEAN  
CARPENTRY!



BUT HARCOURT'S  
LUCK IS IN.....

....AND ONE KILLER  
SNOG LATER.....

# PART 3: THE GENTLEMAN THIEF

ONE MONTH LATER AND DEBONAIR SLEUTH FOR HIRE, SIMON TEMPLE-MEADS APPRAISES HIS LATEST CLIENT!



IDLY, I WONDERED WHAT SHE WAS LIKE IN THE SACK!



HE WAS ALWAYS PULLING IT OUT AND PLAYING WITH IT!  
HIS EYE, I MEAN!



AMY DESCRIBES AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE GLASS-EYED CONSTABLE TOMPKINS!



AMY AND TEMPLE-MEADS LISTEN IN SILENCE AS CLAUDIA EXPLAINS HER EVIL PLOT!



IT'S ONLY IN CHEAP CRIME FICTION THAT EVERYTHING FALLS INTO PLACE WITH A NEAT CLICK OF FINALITY!



TEMPLE-MEADS WRAPS UP THE CASE (AND CLAUDIA) - OR SO HE THINKS...

# PART 4: COUNT BRAGGADOCIO AND THE BOUDOIR OF DEATH!

HOMICIDAL WIBBLE-MERCHANT (PART 1)

NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE TEAPOT OF TERROR, THE EVIL SIR HENRY EVADES JUSTICE ONCE AGAIN AND TAKES UP RESIDENCE IN THE BLEAK, HORROR-HAUNTED BOUDOIR OF DEATH WHERE LOTS AND LOTS OF GORY DEATH IS THE ORDER OF THE DAY....



WHAT ABOUT THE STRANGE NOISES COMING FROM HIS ROOM?

IT'S A BLEEDIN' WHOREHOUSE, KITTY - WHAT D'YOU EXPECT?



OH GREAT ONE, I DEDICATE THIS SACRIFICE TO THE GREATER GLORY OF THE OLD GODS!!!

HA! HA! HA!  
HA! HA!  
HA!



UPON RETIRING EACH NIGHT I AM HAUNTED BY VIVID NIGHT MARE VISIONS OF GREAT CYCLOPEAN CITIES OF TITAN BLOCKS....

...SKY-FLUNG MONOLITHS OF INSANE CURVES AND SURFACES FOLLOWING NO CONCEIVABLE GEOMETRY!



IF I'M RIGHT, AND I INVARIABLY AM, THIS HERALDS THE RETURN OF THE GREAT OLD ONES!

YES, SHE ALWAYS TALKS LIKE THAT!

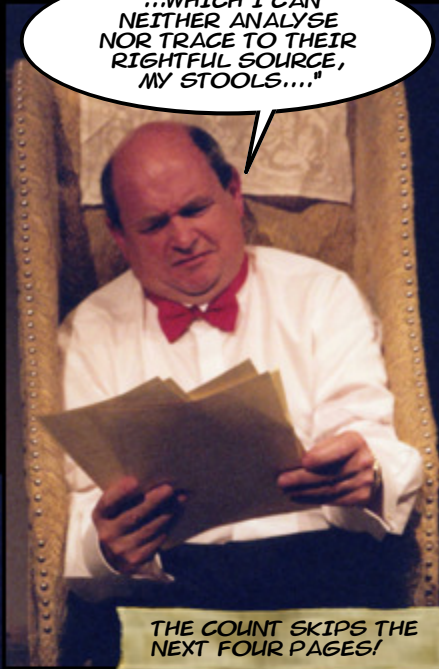
COUNT BRAGGADOCIO SMUGLY DELIVERS HIS GRIM CONCLUSION!

MY SPIRIT IS TROUBLED BY INTIMATIONS...



COUNT BRAGGADOCIO MAKES A SOLEMN VOW!

"...WHICH I CAN NEITHER ANALYSE NOR TRACE TO THEIR RIGHTFUL SOURCE, MY STOOLS..."



THE COUNT SKIPS THE NEXT FOUR PAGES!

THE SECOND MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN LONDON!



ONLY THE SECOND?

EYES GLASSY AND FEBRILE, BREATHING OF AN UNUSUAL RAPIDITY...

I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO EXAMINE YOUR STOOLS!



TRIP HAZARD III GETS MORE THAN HE'S BARGAINED FOR AS VICTORIA DECIDES JUST HOW FAR UNDERCOVER AT THE BOUDOIR OF DEATH SHE'S PREPARED TO GO!

I WILL PIT MY WITS AGAINST YOU AND DEFEAT YOU! AND THAT'S NO IDLE BOAST!



COME, SIR! MY WOMB CRIES OUT FOR YOUR SEED!!!

GOLLY GEE, YOU GALS SURE DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME, DO YOU?



COUNT BRAGGADOCIO STIRS FEEBLY INTO ACTION!



THE GAME IS AFOOT, MY DEAR!

THE GREAT OLD ONES HAVE REVEALED THE FOULLEST NIGHTMARES OF SECRET MYTH TO ME!

AND NOW THE STARS ARE RIGHT I WILL BRING THEIR GIFT OF DEATH TO ALL HUMANITY!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!  
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!  
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

HOMICIDAL WIBBLE-MERCHANT (PART 2)



THE COUNT SUSPECTS THE AWFUL TRUTH!

OH DEAR. I'VE BEEN A SILLY COUNT, KITTY!



TWO TS'DN ATRO'HS! TOPAE TE'LT TIL'AMI!

HOWARD STARTS THE CEREMONY!



NEXT TIME.... I'LL GET IT RIGHT!

HA! HA! HA!  
HA! HA! HA!  
HA! HA! HA!

THE COUNT DELIVERS A REASSURING MESSAGE!

REMEMBER, AFTER ALL, THERE ARE SUCH THINGS!!



THE TEAPOT OF TERROR HAS ONE LAST TRICK UP ITS SPOUT!



**THE END**  
**OR IS IT???**