ROGER MASON
THE MICE
"GENIUS"
SFX.CO.UK
Culture Shock
ROGER MASON 2013

THE MICE

Culture Shock
by Roger Mason

Praise for The Mice:

"This is smart, incredibly bleak science fiction of the sort that seems to have a natural home in the UK thanks to 2000 AD and its ilk. Big on ideas and action, but small in stature, The Mice is a highly unusual post-apocalyptic story and one that 2000 AD fans in particular shouldn't be without. Just don't try the soup..."
Alasdair Stuart, SFX.co.uk

"Roger Mason's fully-formed future scenario pits tiny terrorists in the Land of the Giants against occupying alien forces. A rollicking SF epic brought to life with splendidly fluid chiaroscuro brushwork by one of the UK's most exciting young talents."
Gary Spencer Millidge, creator of Strangehaven

"Small press comics at its absolute best... 9 out of 10."
Comics International

"This is a gem and worth seeking out."
bugpowder.com

"I would highly recommend not only this episode but the series as a whole"
Red Eye magazine

The Mice: Culture Shock by Roger Mason

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Book cover and logo design by the author, although special thanks to Scott Pryor of Circus Design and Sadia Chowdhury in this matter. Chapter one's alien book lettering by William Exley.

The Mice is drawn on Strathmore 500 series 2-ply Bristol Board with Indian ink, applied by a Brause 361 nib, a Daler Rowney Cryla C10 brush, Winsor & Newton permanent white gouache and a Pentel Micro Correct.

For more MICE and to find out more about Scar Comics visit the official website at

www.scarcomics.com

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Welcome to Order Nine, the giant alien canning factory where human beings are The Mice...

Culture Shock: Chapter One

MULLIGATAWNY.

ALRIGHT CRUZ. WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP SO LATE?

I MIGHT'VE ASKED YOU THE SAME QUESTION. WHAT TIME DO YOU CALL THIS?

AH, BEEN OUT AND ABOUT. SAW SOME UNATTENDED FORKLIFTS OUT PAST THE GRAIN HOPPER. THEY WERE JUST CALLING TO ME, TO GO AND FUCK 'EM UP.

SO I DID.

BUT WHERE'S DIANA? NOT LIKE HER TO LET YOU HAVE ALL THE FUN.

NO.

SHE'S IN BED.

OH.

WORRIED ABOUT THESE DISAPPEARANCES, Y'KNOW?

UH-HUH.

I'LL SEE YOU LATER. I'M CRASHING.

HEY.

MULL.

ARE YOU AND DIANA OK?

WHAT?

OF COURSE.

HMM..

WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP?

I'M JUST ENJOYING MY FIRE. IT'S GOING WELL.

FAIR PLAY.

MIND HOW YOU CROSS THE ROAD TOMORROW.

WILL DO.

SIGH.

COUGH!

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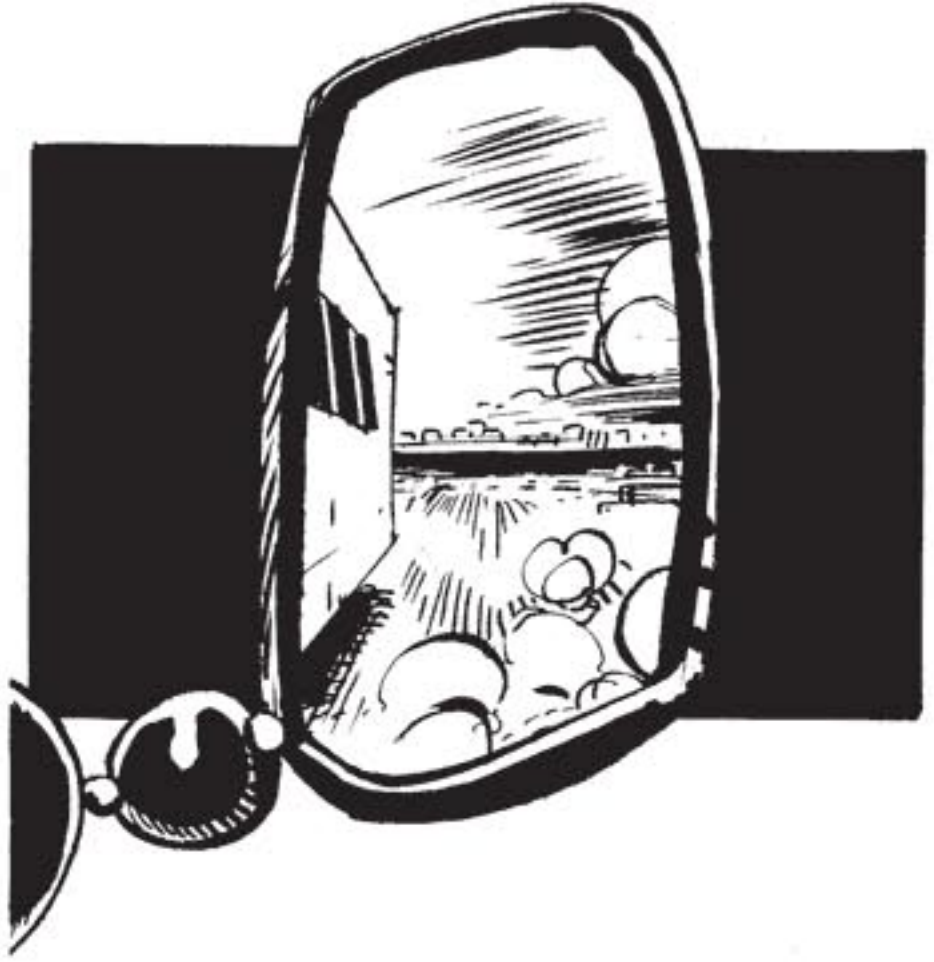
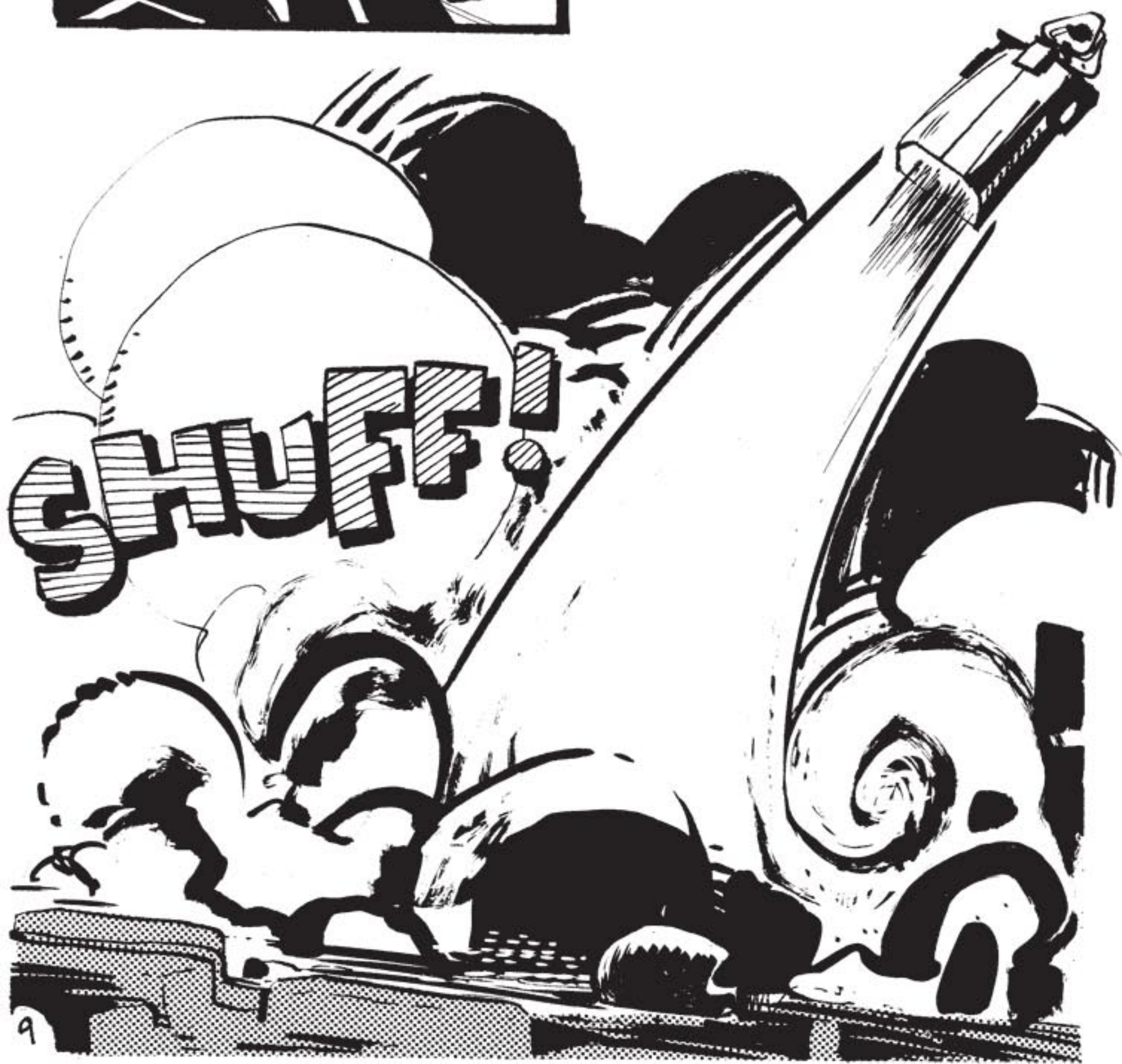
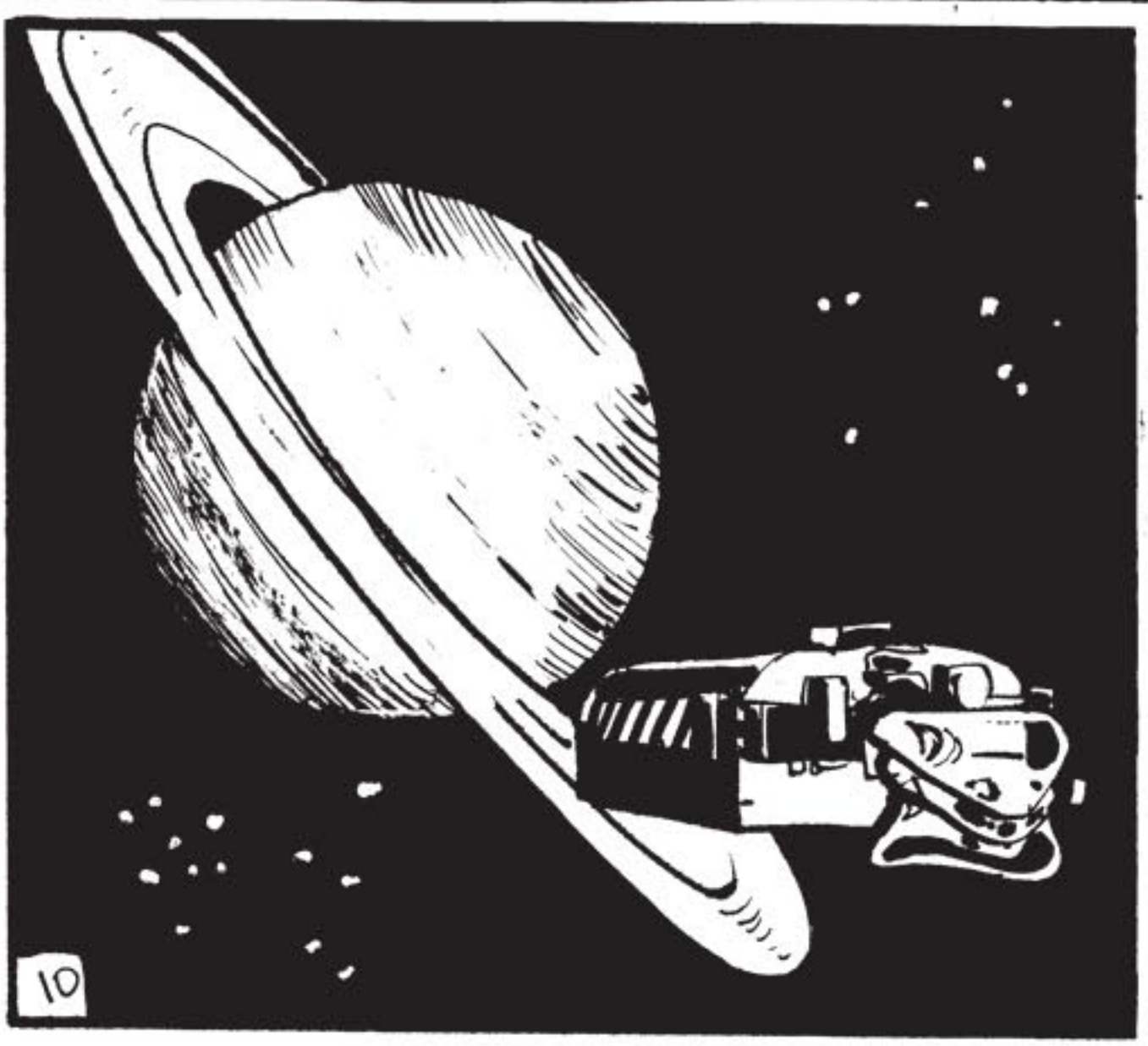
FST!




SHUFF!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ALREADY!

EARTH.

GREAT.

THE MICE IN CULTURE SHOCK

BY ROGER MASON

BLIP! BLIP!

HELLO?

OH HI MALK. YEAH I'M ON THE BUS.

WHAT? NO, I'M WORK-ING. I'M BACK AT **ORDER NINE.**

THE OFFICES THIS TIME.

YEAH, I'VE MOVED UP A TIER!

NAH, IT'S STILL SHIT.

BEST BE OFF. CHEERS MATE.

FST!

THERE! THERE!

GRAB IT!

UURGH! DISGUSTING HUMAN!

EEK!

WHULP!

FTUNG!

GOTCHA.

UGH! HOW CAN HE *TOUCH* IT!

RECKON THEY ARE GONNA BE IN THIS HATCH...

YAWK!

SHIT.

BE READY WITH THAT BOX GOON.

IT'S GETTING AWAY!!

CLICK!

EEEK!

I'LL GET THIS ONE!

C'MON YOU LITTLE BASTARD.

HMM.

OHWELL. CAN'T WIN'EM ALL, COTA.

SHAKE!

SPSHHHH!!

WAP!

BARACK?

CAF CAF!

MUST YOU SPRAY THAT IN HERE?!

COUGH!

HEY!

SO? WHERE IS IT?

UHH... GOT AWAY.

EH?!

HOW DID IT MANAGE THAT?

WELL, YOU KNOW... ERMMM— LITTLE **HOLE**. UNDER THE DESK.

SHOT, GOON.

MAKE US LOOK LIKE **TITS** WHY DON'T YOU?

LOOKS LIKE THE TERMINAL WILL BE DOWN FOR SOME TIME. IF YOU HAVE ANY PAPERWORK OR CALLS TO MAKE, I SUGGEST YOU GET ON WITH THEM. IF NOT, GO TO THE CANTEEN.

DON'T TOUCH IT. IT'LL BE FILTHY.

DIS- GUST ING!

ER, SHALL WE GO AND DISPOSE OF THESE HUMANS THEN?

WHATEVER.

WELCOME TO NEW PETERBOROUGH

DIANA!
OH HI! YOU'RE BACK!

HARRY AND I GOT IN JUST NOW. WE RODE IN ON ONE OF THOSE NEW CROP SPRAYERS.
COOL!
SO, HOW'D IT GO?

WHAT?

WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING OUT IN THE FIELDS... ...AND IT'S **BIG**.

WHAAT?! YOU'RE KIDDING! FROM THE **TIME BEFORE?** WHERE?

IT'S REALLY CLOSE! ONLY, LIKE, 40 MILES, JUST OFF THE NORTH TRADE ROUTE. WE SAW IT ON OUR WAY BACK IN.

YEAH. THE DRIVER SEEMED TO TAKE A DIFFERENT ROUTE THIS TIME. TOOK US RIGHT PAST IT.

STILL, YOU WOULD BE ABLE TO SEE IT FOR MILES, WHATEVER IT IS.

WHICH MEANS WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE **FINDING** IT AGAIN.

ARE YOU **UP** FOR IT?

ARE YOU **KIDDING?!** BUT WHEN?

RIGHT NOW. A SOIL SORTER WILL BE LEAVING TO GO UP THAT WAY IN A BIT.

ALRIGHT! DO YOU WANNA GO AND WAKE UP MULLIGATAWNY? HE WAS UP ALL NIGHT SAWING THROUGH FORKLIFT BRAKE-CABLES.

ARE YOU SURE HE'D WANT TO COME WITH US? WOULDN'T HE RATHER BE OFF KILLING ALIENS OR SOMETHING?

STUFF HIM. HE NEEDS A BREAK.

ALRIGHT THEN, I'LL GO AND KICK HIS ARSE OUT OF BED.

MAY WANNA TAKE SOME OF THAT GRUB WITH US.

THAT IS, IF I DON'T EAT IT ALL NOW.

VENUS, I THOUGHT THE ALIENS HAD BURIED EVERYTHING UNDER THE FIELDS.

ME FOO...

FOOD SCIENCE lab 4

RAP RAP!

WHO IS IT?

COTA, IT'S ME AND GOON!

RIGHT. KEEP 'EM COMING.

GRAB!

BAM!

STUPID PAIR.

CLUMP!

NICE.

BARACK!

I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE BIT. IF **HEALTH AND SAFETY** FOUND OUT THEY WOULD SHUT ORDER NINE DOWN IN A SECOND! BAD ENOUGH HE'S KEEPING THEM ALIVE, BUT IN THE *FOOD LAB?!* AND JUST WHAT IS HE **DOING** IN THERE?

MAYBE HE'S, Y'KNOW, WRAPPING THEM UP IN CLING AND PUTTING THEM—

SHUT UP GOON.

CAN'T BELIEVE YOU LET ONE GET AWAY IN FRONT OF THE **OFFICE**. YOU OK? WIFE PLAYING AROUND AGAIN IS SHE?

NO. SHE AIN'T.

WELL YOU KNOW SOMETHING. DON'T THINK I DON'T KNOW. I'VE SEEN YOU TALKING TO COTA.

AAAH. WELL, Y'KNOW... 'COURSE, WE GET ON. HE'S A *PILOTS* FAN.

IS HE **CRAP**. LIKE HE WATCHES THE GAME.

BLATCH!

SO YOU A **PILOTS** MAN THEN?

FUCK OFF JARHEAD.

BLATCH!

CHUG -A CHUG -A CHUG!

CHUG-A CHUG-A CHUG!

NICE VIEW.

CHUG CHUG CHUG!

CHUG-A CHUG!

YOU KNOW, I REALLY DON'T SEE WHAT WE'RE DOING HERE.

LAST TIME WE RUSHED OFF TO SEE SOME ANCIENT RELIC OF THE PAST, IT TURNED OUT TO BE AN ABANDONED ALIEN PORTALOO.

THE PAST HAS BEEN BURIED. WE ALL KNOW THAT. ANYTHING THAT SURVIVED THE ATTACK WAS BURIED UNDERNEATH A THOUSAND TONS OF **TOPSOIL.**

I SHOULD'VE STUCK AROUND. – WAITED FOR THE OFFICE RAID TO GET BACK.

THEY **HAD** BEEN GONE A WHILE.

WHY DIDN'T YOU GO WITH THEM?

THE OFFICES ARE TOO **HOT.**

TOO HOT FOR YOU?

JESUS, THEY MUST BE **HELL.**

AND THEY'RE NOT **WORTH IT.**

ANYWAY THERE'S MORE THAN THAT GOING ON. STORIES ABOUT **KIDNAPPINGS** AREN'T MAKING ME TOO KEEN ON BEING AWAY RIGHT NOW.

YOU NEED A BREAK.

SHE'S RIGHT. TRY AND LEAVE IT FOR A WHILE. TAKE TIME **OFF.**

WHO KNOWS? YOU MAY LIVE TO SEE **MY** AGE.

WHY THE HELL WOULD I WANNA DO THAT?

MORE HEAT.

ADD THE INGREDIENT...

KEEP IT MOVING.

GOOD.

EXCELLENT.

SSSSSSSSSS

SSSS

SMELL THAT!

CHUG

CHUG

CH

OOF!!

WHUFF

ARE YOU OK?

YEAH

SO NOW WHAT?

DO YOU KNOW IN THIS FOG?

SURE. IT'S THIS WAY.

NORTH EAST.

OH YEAH?

LOOK OUT!

BRILLIANT.

I CAN'T SEE A THING.

THERE'S NOTHING **TO** SEE.

YET!

HAVE FAITH MULLIGATAWNY. IT **IS** OUT THERE, AND YOU **WILL** SEE IT.

SEE WHAT THEN?

I DON'T KNOW. IT WAS A LONG WAY AWAY.

IT'S A STRUCTURE, AND IT'S **BIG**. WELL, NOT ORDER NINE BIG OF COURSE, BUT GETTING THERE.

IT'S POKING OUT OF THE SOIL, SO EITHER IT'S UP ON A HILL OR IT'S BLOODY ENORMOUS.

I CAN GUARANTEE YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.

ARE YOU SURE WE'RE GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION? IT'LL BE *DARK* SOON.

YEAH HARRY. THERE'S NOT A LOT TO GO BY OUT HERE.

IF NOT FOR THIS DAMN FOG, WE'D STILL BE ABLE TO SEE ORDER NINE. WE CAN ONLY BE ABOUT THIRTY MILES OUT.

LET'S GET UP TO THE TOP OF THIS HILL AND REST UP. WHEN THE FOG CLEARS WE'LL BE OK.

COULD BE WORSE!

THANK GOD IT'S NOT.

HARRY!

JESUS CHRIST.

.....

MAYBE.

end of Chapter One

Chapter Two

FOOD SCIENCE Lab 4

BAM!BAM!BAM!

SHITE!

DAMN IT.

HEALTH & SAFETY LAW

COTA

SSSSS

FSSSS!

BAM!BAM

ALRIGHT!

YES!

OH, IT'S YOU.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO IN THERE COTA? SURELY NO GOOD.

IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. HAND IT OVER.

FIRST TELL ME WHAT YOU ARE DOING.

DON'T BE CUTE WITH ME. I CAN ALWAYS PAY SOMEBODY ELSE TO GET ME LIVE HUMANS.

OF COURSE. BUT WHO ELSE DO YOU TRUST?

SNFF! SOMETHING SMELLS GOOD.

SHIT!

GIMME!

SLAM!

=SIGH=

ANOTHER VALUABLE SPECIMEN RUINED.

OR SHOULD I SAY, **WELL DONE.**

ALIENS GO HOME

I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS BIG?

BUT IT'S A HUMAN BUILDING! DON'T YOU GET IT?

CAN'T YOU IMAGINE HOW THIS MUST'VE DWARFED EVERYTHING AROUND IT FOR MILES?

I GUESS...

THE ALIENS CANTEEN IS BIGGER THAN THIS!

HRRR.

YOU CAN TAKE THE **MOUSE** OUT OF ORDER NINE...

HA! I KNEW IT.

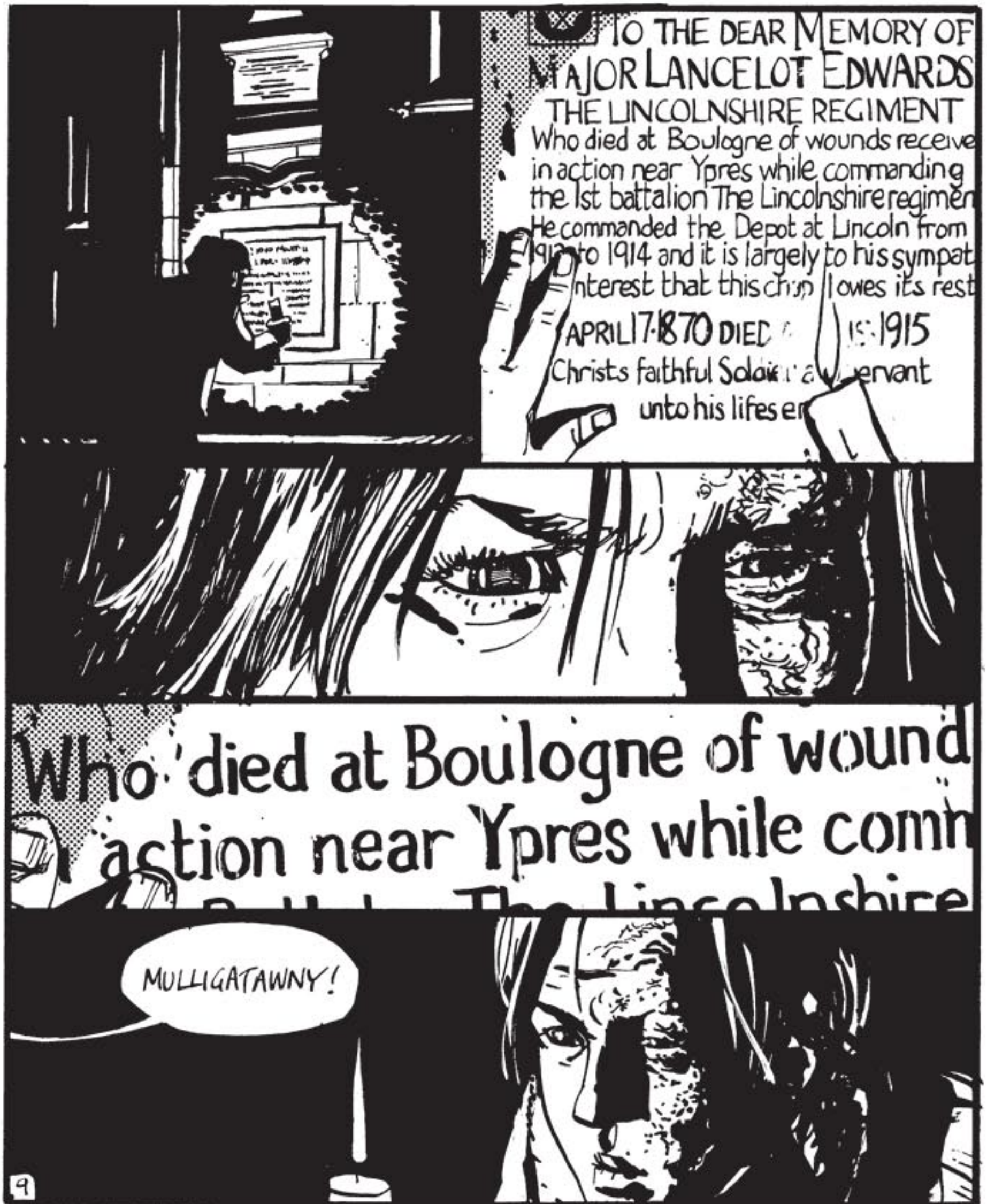
LOOK!

HEY, I KNOW WHO THAT IS! THAT'S **JESUS!**

JESUS IS A *SOMEONE?*

JESUS.

'I HAVE CLIMBED HIGHEST MOUNTAIN, I HAVE RUN THROUGH THE FIELDS, ONLY TO BE WITH YOU.'


TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF
MAJOR LANCELOT EDWARDS
THE LINCOLNSHIRE REGIMENT
Who died at Boulogne of wounds receive
in action near Ypres while commanding
the 1st battalion The Lincolnshire regimen
He commanded the Depot at Lincoln from
1913 to 1914 and it is largely to his sympat
interest that this chur lowes its rest
APRIL 17 1870 DIED 1915
Christs faithful Solaie a ervant
unto his lifes e
Who died at Boulogne of wound
action near Ypres while comm
MULLIGATAWNY!
9

HOW'S YOUR ENGLISH?

BETTER THAN I THOUGHT.

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE LEFT SOMETHING FOR US TO FIND.

TIME

THERE'S SOME KIND OF MACHINE HERE FOR MAKING WORDS ON PAPER. LOOKS PRETTY HIGH-TECH.

LISTEN TO THIS:

'MY NAME IS ROY RIDSDALE AND THIS IS THE YEAR 2017.'

THAT'S THE YEAR THE ALIENS ATTACKED!

WHAT YEAR DO WE THINK IT IS NOW?

ISN'T IT ABOUT 2204? THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY ANYWAY.

'I WONDER WHO IS READING THIS, IF ANYONE. WHO ARE YOU? MAYBE YOU ARE ONE OF **THEM**, STUDYING US.'

'I HAVE **SEEN** YOU, YOU GIANTS FROM HELL. YOU AND YOUR DEATHGAS SPACE MACHINES THAT TOOK EVERYONE AWAY FROM ME.'

i warn you futureman, that if you can smell strawberries, that means some of their zyklon b shit is still inthe air and you are already dead.

WHAT'S A **STRAWBERRY?**

if you go out of t hids room and back into th emain hall, you will see how the far end of the cathedral has been completely covered in earth. underneath all that are the dead. i put them there and it blind luck that that end is end wher e the earth came in through the windows.

I'LL GO AND GET A FIRE STARTED.

you m st be a modern charlton heston. findin
big ben washed up on cromer beach.
have you slept with an ape yet?

HOLY BIBLE

MMM..

CHUG CHUG CHUG

CHUG
CHUG
CHUG
CHUG

CHUG
CHUG
K-POW!

WE HAD BETTER BE CAREFUL WHAT WE **BURN**. HARRY MIGHT NOT APPREC-IATE IT IF WE BURN THE FIXTURES.

S'ALRIGHT. I JUST TOOK WHAT FELL OUT OF THE **ROOF**.

DO NEED SOME PAPER TO GET IT GOING THOUGH.

THESE OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK.

HOLY BIBLE

JESUS WON'T MIND IF I TAKE A COUPLE.

HEY HEEYY! A FIRE!

NICE ONE.

COME AND JOIN US. WE'RE ON THE HARD STUFF.

INDEED WE ARE.

Lincoln
Newark

HE

COTA

GOOD EVENING GRAM.

COTA

WHIRRR

CLICK!

BLOMF

COTA

GOON

ALRIGHT?

YOU NEED A LIFT TONIGHT?

Tocca Toc Tocca
B-BOP B-BOP Tocca Tocca
Tocca T-Toc Tocca
B-BOP BEBOP Tocca
Tocca
BOP TE TOC TOCCA
BEBOP BEBOP
Tocca
Tocca
BOP
TOC
BOP!
WOOOO!
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
YEAH!
ALRIGHT!
VENUS AND I HAVE BEEN TALKING.

YEAH, WE HEARD.

WE'RE NOT GOING BACK TO ORDER NINE.

REALLY?

WHY?

REALLY. IT'S THIS PLACE. IT SPEAKS TO ME AND... IT MAKES ME FEEL THAT THERE CAN BE SOMETHING NEW LIKE...

...A LIFE AWAY FROM THE ALIENS.

WE ARE NOT FIGHTERS. THERE ARE OTHER WAYS.

AND OUR WAY LED US HERE — TO THIS HOUSE OF GOD.

WHAAT?!

MULLIGATAWNY.

OF COURSE. THIS IS RIGHT FOR YOU. IT'S RIGHT.

BUT HOW WILL YOU SURVIVE? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO EAT?

DON'T TELL US THE ONLY WAY IS TAKING FROM THE ALIENS. WE CAN FIND FOOD HERE, AND GROW OUR OWN.

AFTER ALL, WE ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD.

I FOUND A BOOK. I'D LIKE TO READ A PASSAGE FROM IT.

HOLY BIBLE

WHERE'S IT GONE? SOMETHING ABOUT THE LORD PROVIDING.

...ANYWAY

HOLY BIBLE

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHAT?

YOU'RE BURNING THE BOOK!

OLY BIBLE

WELL WE GOT TO BURN SOMETHING. WOULD YOU RATHER I DID MORE OF THE WOODWORK?

BUT IT'S THE ORIGINAL WORD. IT'S THE **BIBLE!**

SO WHAT? THERE'S A THOUSAND OF 'EM BACK THERE.

JESUS DOESN'T WANT US TO **FREEZE** MAN.

HARRY!

OUT OF IT!

YOU'RE A LITTLE **PUNK!**

OH, YOU'RE A HERO NO DOUBT. EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT **YOU** DO, BUT YOU'VE NO TIME FOR ANYONE ELSE EH?

NO TIME FOR ANYONE WHO HASN'T GOT A FUCKING **DEATH WISH.**

TAKE IT EASY HARRY.

I CAME OUT HERE FOR YOUR **WEEKEND BREAK** DIDN'T I?

QUEER.

PAF!

AGH!

YOU SON OF A BITCH!

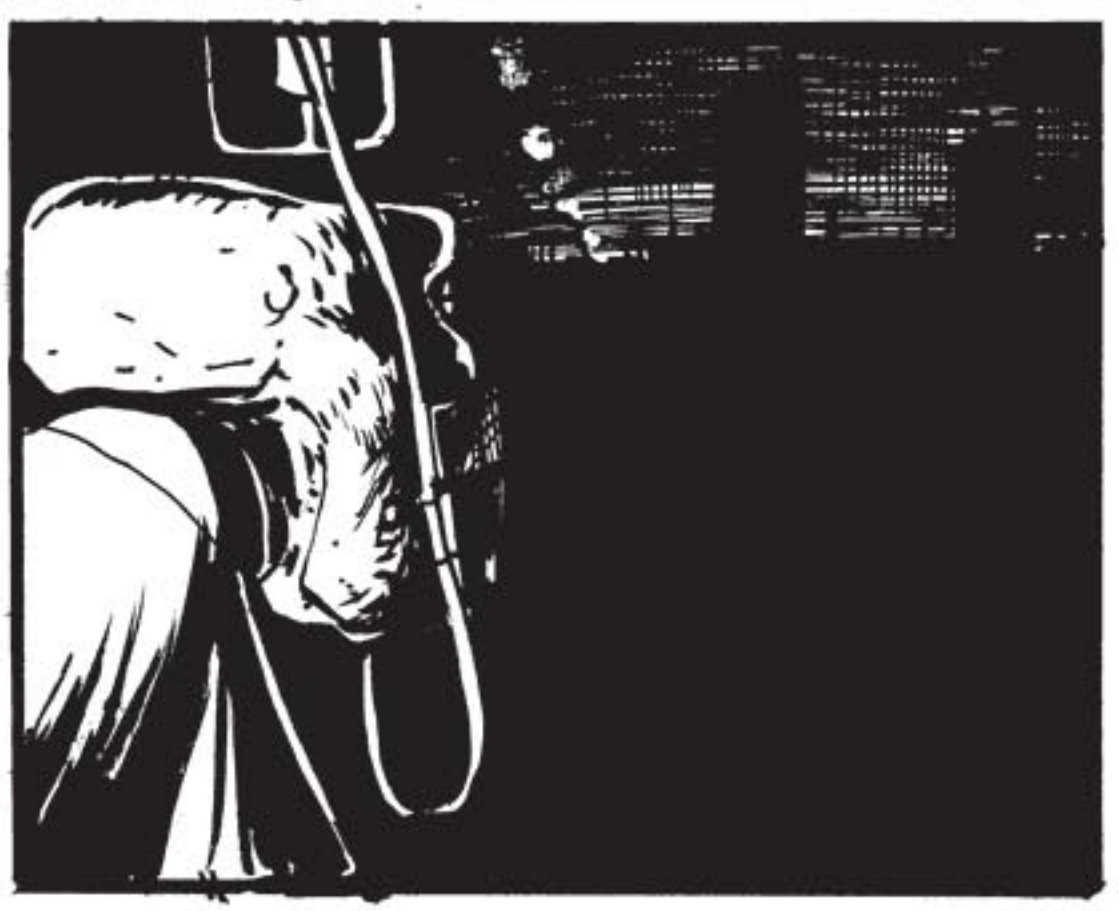
THOK!

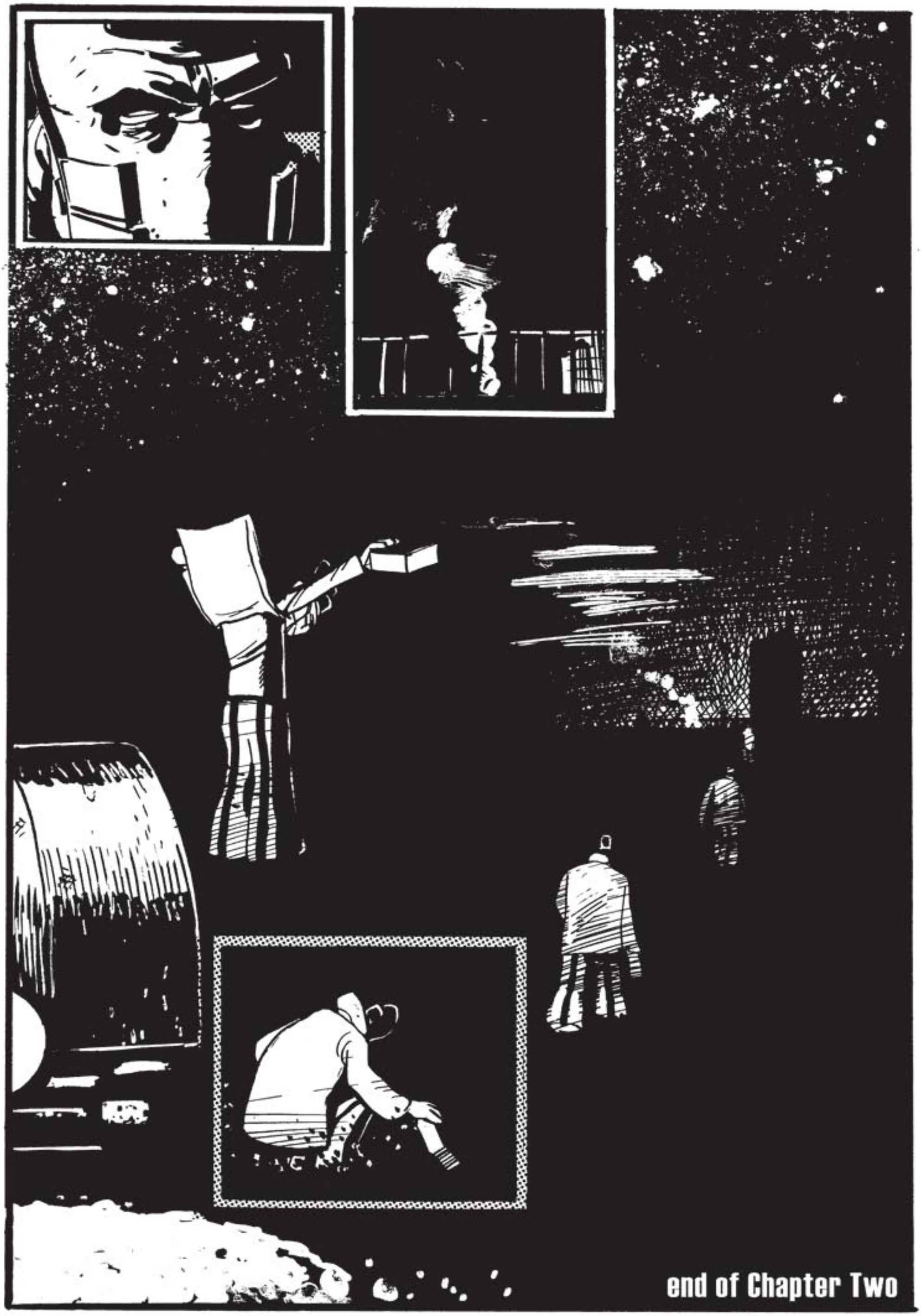
OOF!

YOU'VE GOT THIS COMING MULLIGATAWNY!

WOOFF!!

PACK IT IN!




end of Chapter Two

Chapter Three

BIB! BIB!

BIB BIB!

MM ♪
HMM
HMM
HM...
♪
HUH.
HEY!!
THE BRAKES AREN'T WORKING?!
AAAAAH!

BIBB-
BIB!

BIB
BIB!

BIB!

BIB BIB!

GASP!

SPLAT!

CRUMP!!

EERGH..!

A-AH!

new Peterboro

5

WOK!

new peterboro
OOOH...
new peterboro
TAK!
TAK!
TAK!
TP

THE CATHEDRAL.

AH-

AH-

AH-

AHHH...

SNIFF

YAH!!

HOW DID THAT GET HERE?!

THE ALIENS MUST KNOW WE ARE HERE!

WE COULD'VE ALL BEEN KILLED...

MULLIGATAWNY?

HEY, STOP!

WAIT FOR ME!

IT'S ONE OF THEIR BREAKFAST MEALS!

COOL.

>HUFF HUFF!<

SMASH!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE?

KEEP UP HARRY.

THE SOIL SORTER.

IT'S OUR FRIEND. HE MUST'VE DROPPED IN ON US DURING THE NIGHT.

WHAT— DID YOU THINK **GOD** GAVE US A GIANT CAN OF FOOD?

NO....BUT IF YOU LIKE, IT'S A **MIRACLE** WE'RE STILL ALIVE.

HUH. THEY DON'T **ALL** KILL ON SIGHT.

BUT THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE...

WHAT'S HE DOING?

JUST SITTING THERE?

HERE. TRY THESE. SOMETHING **ELSE** I FOUND OUT HERE.

ER—

WOW.

THANKS HARRY.

WHASSAT? YOU'VE GOT TO TOW AWAY A FORKLIFT?

SO ANOTHER COUPLE OF HOURS THEN. TERRIFIC.

I'VE ONLY BEEN OUT HERE ALL NIGHT! I'VE GOT NO FOOD!

WELL, I DID BRING SOME BUT—

JUST HURRY IT UP OK? BRON OUT.

HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S GOING ANY-WHERE.

COULD BE OUR RIDE BACK IF WE'RE QUICK.

OR RATHER, YOUR RIDE BACK.

OF COURSE. YOU MEANT ALL THAT THEN.

WASN'T JUST THE DRINK.

NOT ALL OF IT MULLIGATAWNY.

I DESERVED TO BE HIT.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT LAST NIGHT. IT WAS JUST STUPIDITY. THOSE TWO WILL BE **ALRIGHT.**

YEAH, WELL...

FINDING THE **BIBLE** MEANT A LOT TO HARRY. HE'S **ALWAYS** BEEN SEARCHING FOR A COPY.

HE'D PROBABLY HAVE BURNT THEM ANYWAY HAD HE KNOWN. HAVE YOU SEEN HOW MANY COPIES THERE ARE BACK THERE?

I THINK HARRY WAS CONCERNED ABOUT THE... SPIRIT OF THE THING.

BUT DON'T GET HIM WRONG — HARRY RESPECTS MULLIGATAWNY SO MUCH FOR WHAT HE DOES AND THE RISKS HE TAKES.

I MEAN, HE'S NINETEEN AND HE'S OUR GREATEST MOUSE!

I MEAN, THAT STORY ABOUT HOW HE TRIED TO SAVE ROWLING!

WOW.

ORDER NINE IS [illegible]?

HE'S NEVER ALONE!

AND HOW **DARE** HE CALL HIM THAT!

I HOPE THAT'S READY, I'M STARVING!

ORDER NINE.

Cerberus

BARACK?!

BARACK, IT's SCOOTER.

SCOOTE

new peterboro

ELVIS **HURRY!**

HE's HURT REALLY BADLY!

BEAUTIFUL.. SCOOTER..

WE NEED TO GET HIM BACK TO **NEW PETERBOROUGH!**

SCOOT-!

WAIT.

HUH?

BAR- TAKE IT EASY! WE'RE GOING TO HELP YOU — YOU ARE REALLY **FUCKED UP!!**

SCOOTER ...

SHUT UP...

LISTEN...

...TO ME.

NOT GOING TO MAKE IT...

NO-!

LISTEN!

MUST... TELL YOU ABOUT... COTA!

"COTA?"

DRING DRING!

"WHAT ABOUT COTA?"

"WHAT'S COTA UP TO, BARACK?"

HI- GRAM SPEAKING.

HELLO COTA.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

UH HUH...

YOU NEED TO SEE ME URGENTLY...?

I SEE...

IN YOUR OFFICE?!

YES PLEASE GRAM.

IT'S HIGHLY SENSITIVE.

COTA

ONE HOUR? GREAT. THANK YOU.

CLICK!

HMMM...

DRING DRING!

DRINNG-!

Y'ELLO.

GO GET GOON. COME TO MY OFFICE IN ONE HOUR.

CLICK!

BUT-

BE CAREFUL.

WE'LL SEE YOU AGAIN.

LOOK AFTER HIM.

HUH. LIKE HE NEEDS IT.

'WE'RE ONE, BUT WE'RE NOT THE SAME', MY FRIEND.

SORRY HARRY, BUT...

"... 'YESTERDAY'S GOT NOTHING FOR ME.'"

WE'D BETTER GET A MOVE ON, ELSE WE ARE WALKING HOME!

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

MULLIGATAWNY QUOTED **AXL ROSE** AT ME!

SO?

DIDN'T THINK HE KNEW THE **CLASSICS.**

BOTTOM LINE THIS FOR ME COTA.

I'M **REACHING OUT** TO SOME **DEEP POCKETS** WHO MIGHT WANT TO FI-NANCE MOKO BEAN PRODUCTION.

GRAM.

WE COULD **GAZUMP** THE WHOLE *SPIRAL ARM* IF I CAN FINESSE IT RIGHT — AND I'M NOT **DRIVING IN FRONT OF MY OWN HEADLIGHTS** WHEN I SAY THAT.

GRAM.

COTA...

...**WHY** HAVE YOU **STILL** GOT THAT FILTHY STUFFED HUMAN ON YOUR DESK?

FOUL!

HAVE SOME OF THIS.

AH! NEW SAMPLES!

SNIFF

SCHLURP!

MMM!

THAT. IS. AMAZING!

JUST WHAT IS IT EXACTLY COTA?

WE HAVE TO CAN THIS!

THE **WOW FACTOR** IS OFF THE SCALE!

SO, WHAT IS IT?

BEEP!

BEEP!

BEEP!

BEEP!

BEEP!

THANKS FOR THAT, BODD!

DON'T TOUCH ME!

JARHEAD FREAK!

TIME TO GO, HANDSOME.

YEAH.

CAMBRIDGE STATION
GATE canteen 4
newpeterbro Line 51
BE GOOD TO GET BACK TO NEW PETERBOROUGH.
YUP. FIND OUT HOW BARACK'S OFFICE RAID GOT ON.

WHAT'S THAT YOU PICKED UP?

SOME BOOK I FOUND AT THE *CATHEDRAL*. IT'S ABOUT A BIG EVENT— BEFORE THE ALIENS CAME ALONG.

IT GAVE ME AN **IDEA**.

A WAY TO *REALLY* STRIKE BACK!

HURRLG-!

"ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR **MIND**!?"

... AND IT'S ALL THANKS TO GOON.

HI.

YOU'RE INSANE.

I'LL SEE YOU FIRED FOR THIS!

HEALTH AND SAFETY!

GOON—?

HEALTH AND SAFETY CAN SUCK IT.

THIS IS ABOUT FOOD GRAM.

GOOD FOOD.

THIS IS ABOUT GETTING RICH.

HAVE SOME MORE...

...AND TELL ME WE'RE NOT WITNESSING THE BIRTH OF A **NEW INDUSTRY.**

THE WHOLE OFFICE RAIDING PARTY WERE TAKEN.

BARACK WITH THEM.

WELCOME TO NEW PETERBOROUGH

SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO GET AWAY...

BUT HE WAS BADLY SPRAYED.

ELVIS AND I WE...

... WE FOUND HIM MULLIGATAWNY.

BEFORE HE DIED HE SAID —

-SOB!-

B-BEFORE BARACK DIED HE **TOLD** ME THAT—

TOLD YOU WHAT, SCOOTER?

SOB!

THAT—

IT'S COTA!

COTA IS BEHIND THE DISAPPEARANCES!

HE'S GOT EVERYONE IN CAGES AND HE'S—

WHAT?

NOOO-!

SNAP!

SHUT IT PINKO.

KK-KAA AAA...

G'NIGHT GOON!

YEAH.
GOOD NIGHT.
SSSSS!!
SSSSS!
SSSSS!
OW!
HOT.
SSHHH!!

HUMMM HUM...

SSSS!

HUMM...

SNIFF!

HMM!!

SSSS!

SGROLF!

UM NUM.

SCHLURP!

CRACK!

CHOMP!

CRUNCH!

=BELCH!=

MMMMM!

WOW FACTOR TEN!

ROGER MASON 2013

Roger Mason in the acclaimed artist behind BDs London Inferno and Mongo Le Magnifique, and the creator of The Mice. A professional illustrator based in London, he also storyboards for media agencies and teaches cartooning at schools and colleges. Roger enjoys karaoke, strong tea, Robbie Williams albums, cracking jokes, 80s Judge Dredd comics and dancing and was once described as being "better-looking than James Bond", and not by his mum.

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The Mice: The Factory Menace is available, along with other great British graphic novels, from www.scarcomics.com

For Roger's comics, storyboards and contact details:
www.looksgoodonpaper.co.uk
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