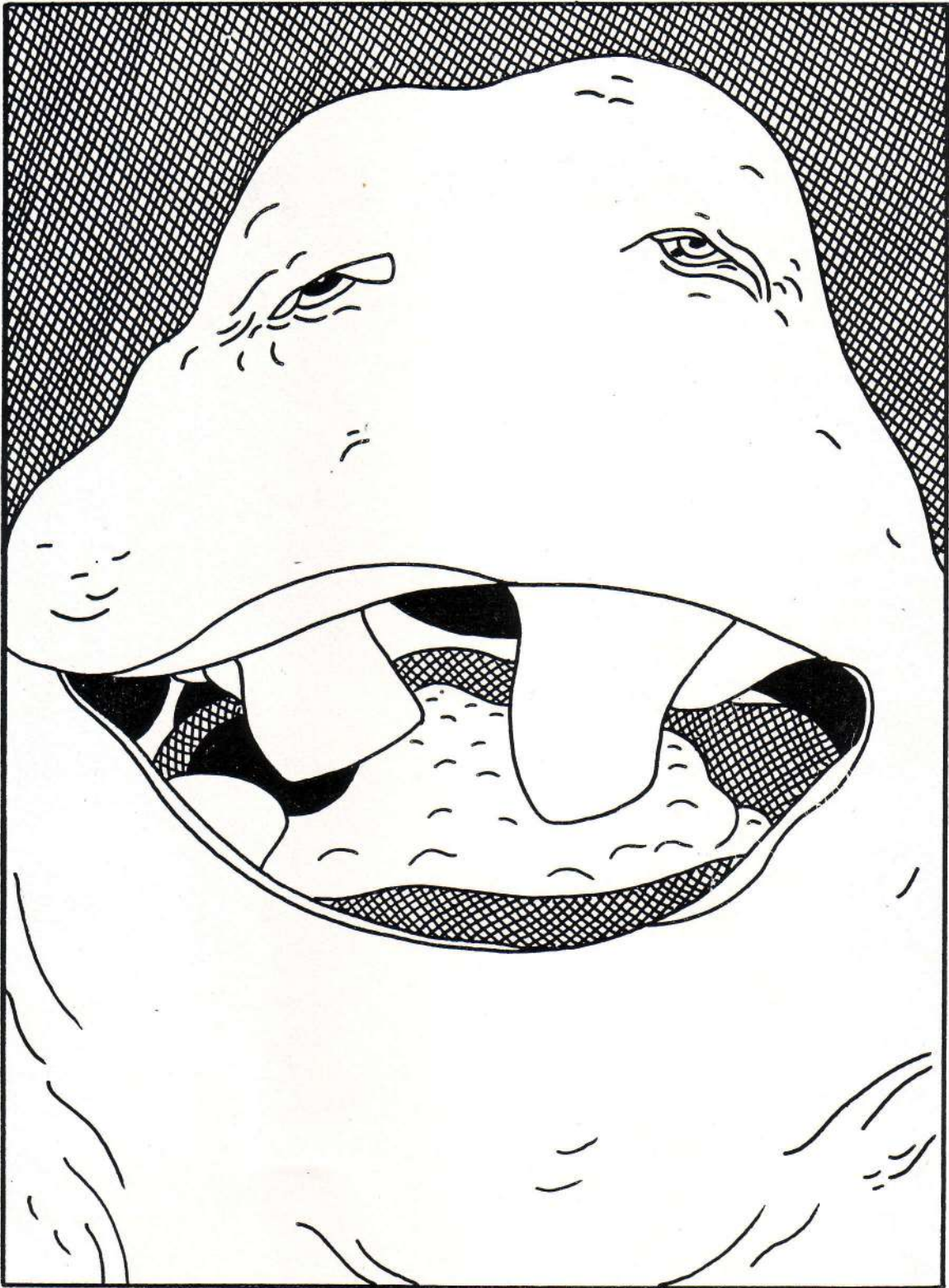


# HH|BUR'S TALE



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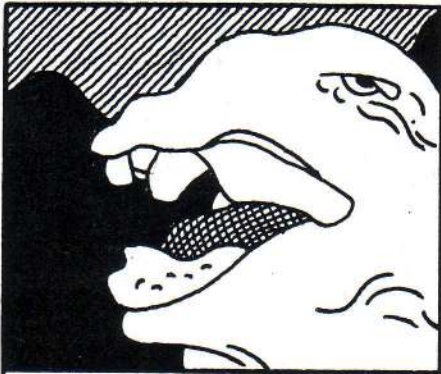
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H|H|BÜR IS A POET AND CARTOONIST ON TJOPSKEMOVAYUR; IN THE UNION OF GRAND LINTYNISDRFKONMIF; ON THE PLANET ETOQUE; DEEP IN INTER-STELLAR SPACE. HIS MOST WELL-KNOWN CARTOON-STRIP IS 'TUPOLICUS' - A SATIRE ON ETOQUEK LIFE. OUTSIDE LINTYNISDRFKONMIF, H|H|BÜR IS UNKNOWN, EXCEPT AS AN ETOQUEK REPRESENTATIVE TO THE INTERPLANETARY GALACTIC LEAGUE OF PLANETS (IGLOP).

AS A VISITOR TO GAIA (EARTH), H|H|BÜR WAS ONE OF THE ALIENS EXPELLED - PROVOKING THE TRANSGALACTIC DEBATE ABOUT HUMAN RIGHTS IN TERRAN REGIONS - AND THE SUBSEQUENT DELEGATION FROM IGLOP SENT TO INVESTIGATE AND REPORT ON THE PLANET.

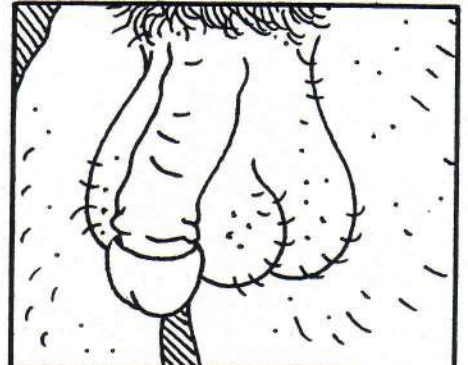
THIS THEN, IS H|H|BÜR'S TALE.



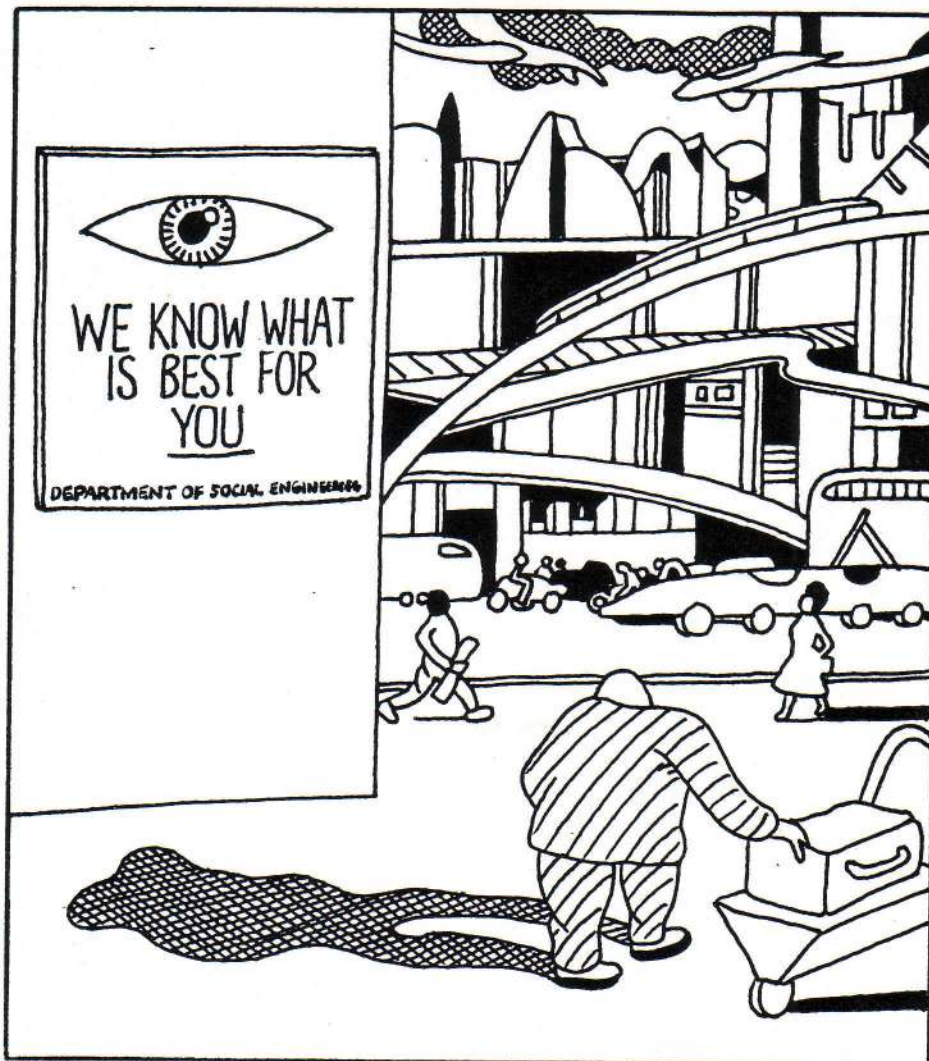
"I HAVEN'T GOT A COMPLETELY HUMANOID FORM. THIS FRIGHTENED SPACE-PORT CONTROL I THINK."



"BUT I CAN DRESS UP OK. LOOK LIKE A DANDY FELLOW. I WAS STRIPPED AND SEARCHED AT THE SPACEPORT."



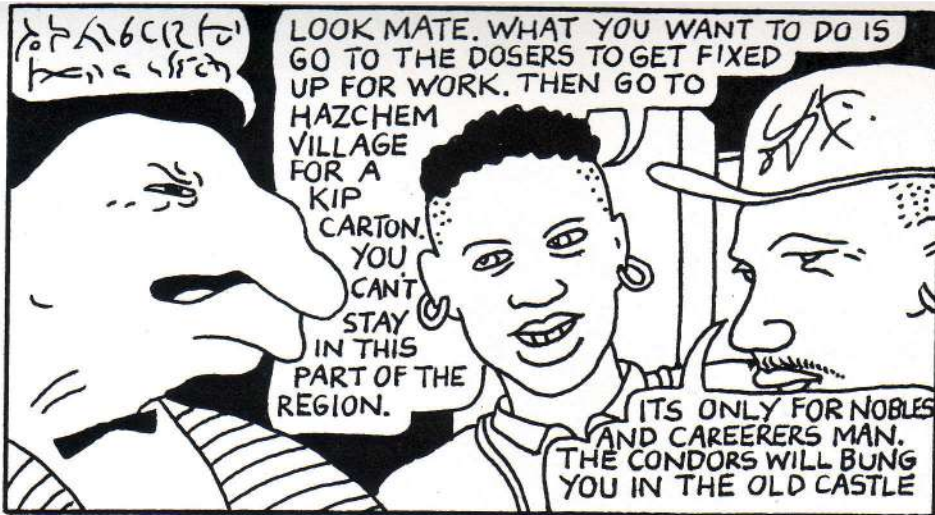
"MY GENITALS ARE SIMILAR TO HUMAN MALES - I DO HAVE A SUPPLEMENTARY GONAD BUT THAT IS NO REASON FOR THROWING ME OFF THE PLANET."



"REGION 7 ON THIS ODD PLANET WAS TOTALLY BEWILDERING.

I WAS ADVISED TO MAKE REGION 7 MY DESTINATION BECAUSE I UNDERSTOOD THERE WAS TEMPORARY WORK AND ACCOMMODATION AVAILABLE."





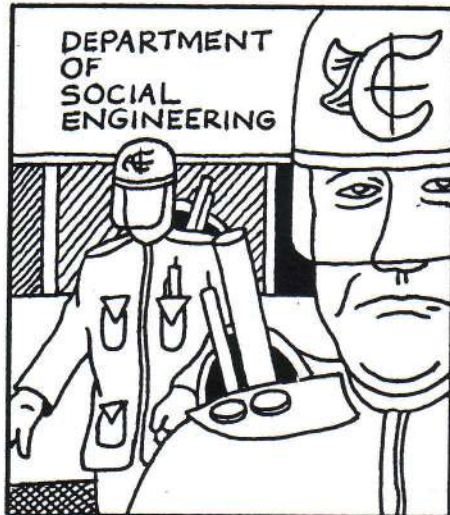
LOOK MATE. WHAT YOU WANT TO DO IS GO TO THE DOSERS TO GET FIXED UP FOR WORK. THEN GO TO HAZCHEM VILLAGE FOR A KIP CARTON. YOU CAN'T STAY IN THIS PART OF THE REGION.

ITS ONLY FOR NOBLES AND CAREERERS MAN. THE CONDORS WILL BUNG YOU IN THE OLD CASTLE

" I SPOKE WITH MEN FROM A TWO-RING TRIBE.

WHAT ARE 'DOSERS', 'HAZCHEM VILLAGE', 'KIP CARTON', 'NOBLES', 'CAREERERS', 'CONDORS', 'OLD CASTLE'?

IT WAS A MYSTERY."



" BUT NOT FOR LONG. I SOON RECOGNISED THE CONDORS AND THE D.O.S.E. COMPLEX.

CURIOUS I SHOULD FIND THEM BOTH TOGETHER.

AND THERE WERE A LOT OF VERY ANGRY YOUNG PEOPLE COMING OUT OF THE BUILDING."



THEY'VE CUT ME OFF

BASTARDS!

FUCKIN' DOSE SHITHEADS



"AND ANGRY OLD PEOPLE."

GOOD JOB TOO. LAZY SODS. IT'LL KEEP YOU OFF THE ESTATES AND OUT OF MISCHIEF



SHUT YOUR FUCKING FACE YOU SILLY OLD COW

"AND SOME VERY ANGRY YOUNG MEN."



JOB ACT

" THE D.O.S.E. HUMANS WERE VERY NICE IF A LITTLE UNIMAGINATIVE. I TOLD THEM I WAS A POET AND CARTOONIST ON ETOQUE BUT IT DIDN'T, I FEEL, MAKE MUCH IMPRESSION ON THEM.

A YOUNG 'DOSER' WAS READING A CARTOON BOOK DURING HIS BREAK."



" TJOPSKEMOVAYURANS CAN GAIN AN INSIGHT INTO PEOPLES FROM WHAT THEY LAUGH AT."





"THEN I MET SOME 'OUTER-  
LANDERS' WHO KNEW WHERE  
'HAZCHEM VILLAGE' WAS.

ONCE, LONG AGO, THERE  
WERE RULING CLASSES,  
MIDDLE CLASSES, WORKING  
CLASSES AND THE LUMPEN.  
NOW THERE WERE ONLY  
NOBLES AND CAREERERS  
WHO CAN LOSE THEIR JOBS  
AND HOMES- AND BECOME  
VULGARIANS.

VULGARIANS DIVIDE INTO  
GEOGRAPHICAL TRIBES."

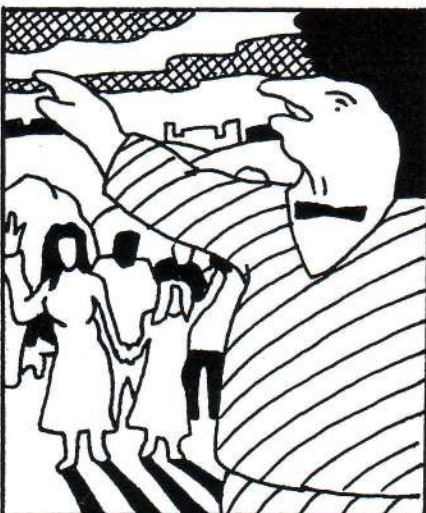






"I FOUND A 'KIP CARTON' IN HAZCHEM VILLAGE ON THE OUTERLANDS OF REGIONS 7, 8 AND 9. THE 'OLD CASTLE', A PRISON CAMP, WAS IN THE DISTANCE."

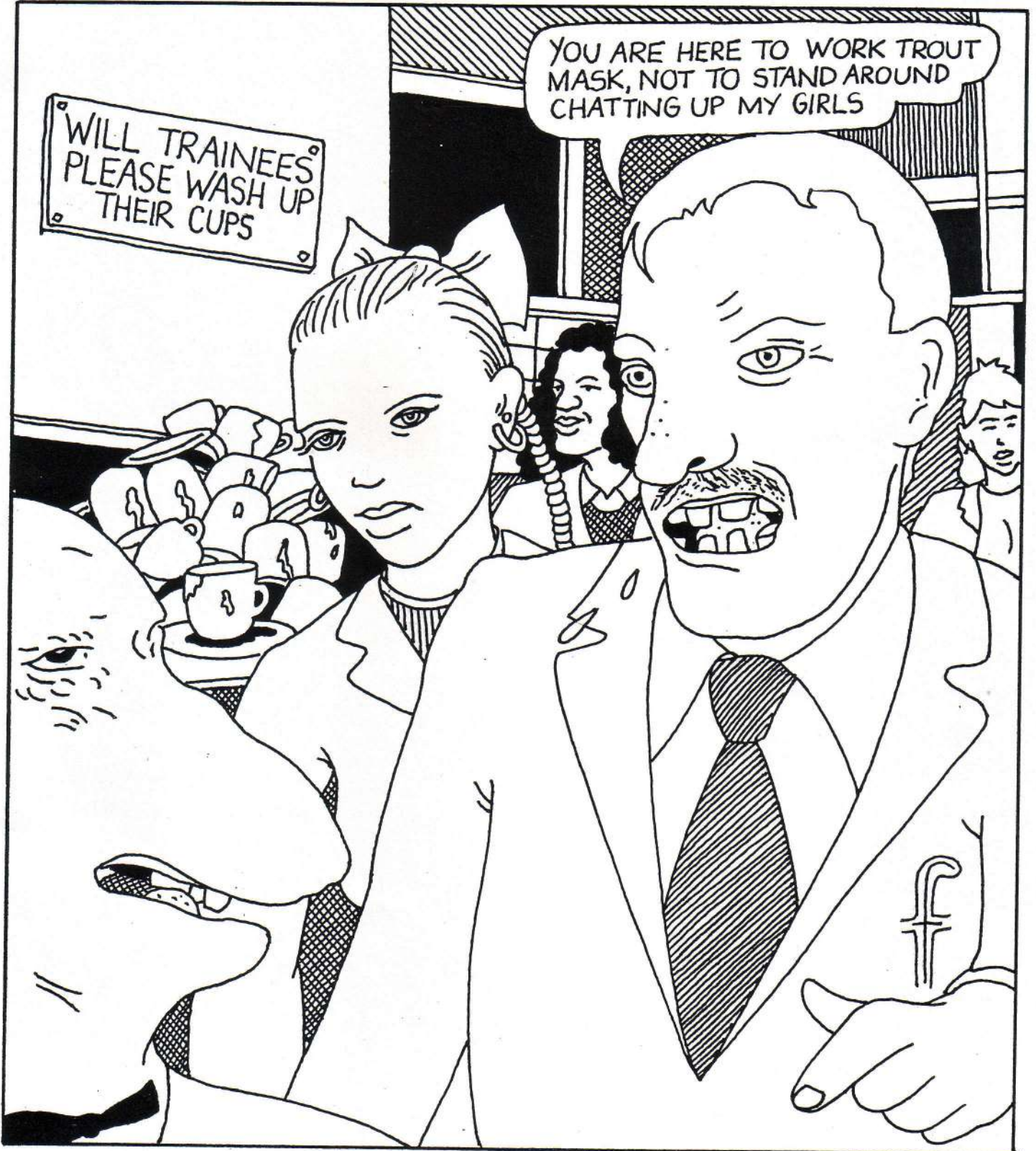
"I SHOWED THEM HOW TO MAKE TREE-HOUSES AND OTHER DWELLINGS FROM CLAY-LUMP, TURF AND MUD. MORE COMFORTABLE THAN CARAVANS, TENTS AND KIP CARTONS."



"THE HAZCHEM VILLAGE OUTERLANDERS WISHED ME LUCK WORKING IN THE HYPERMARKET. THE OUTERLANDERS WERE COMPLETE DROP-OUTS (KICKED-OUTS AS A MATTER OF FACT) AND DID NOT AGREE WITH MY RETURN TO THE SOCIETY OF CAREERERS. THEY WERE GLAD FOR THEIR NEW DWELLINGS THOUGH."











THERE'S ANOTHER DELIVERY OF THESE IN GOODS. BRING 'EM IN TROUT MASK

Essa



ANOTHER THING. DON'T SWEAR AT ME IN YOUR FUCKING ALIEN LANGUAGE, OK?

PRESS



MR CRACKNELL IS REALLY HORRIBLE TO YOU. I WOULDN'T LET HIM SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT

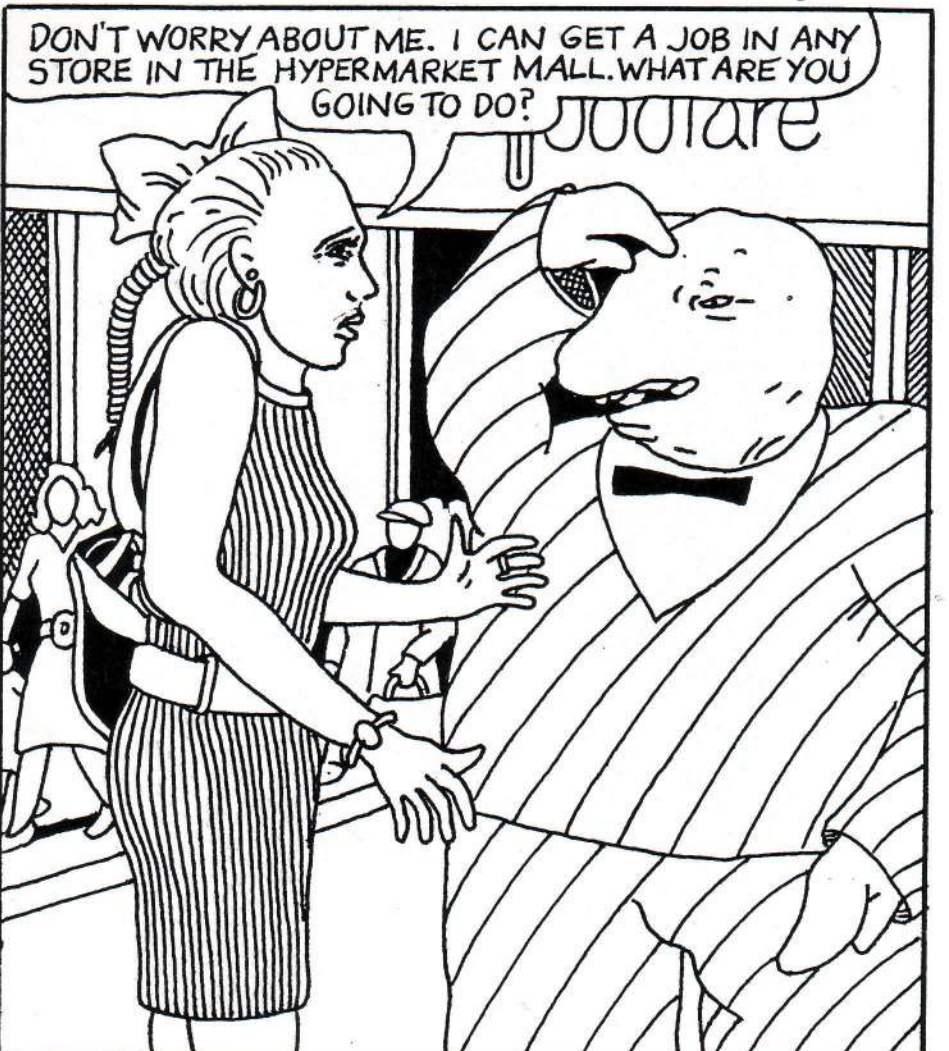


LEAVE HIM ALONE! WHAT'S HE DONE TO YOU?

I WARNED YOU TROUTMASK. NO TALKING TO MY TARTS. ITS BACK TO DOSE. NO REFERENCE. NO WELFARE. GET OUT MY STORE.

"I TRIED TO EXPLAIN TO THE MANAGER THAT THE YOUNG WOMAN ASSISTANT WAS BEING KIND AND HELPFUL BUT MR CRACKNELL REFUSED TO LISTEN.

THE YOUNG WOMAN, WHO TOLD ME HER NAME WAS BELINDA, WALKED OUT AFTER ME. I PLEADED WITH HER TO RETURN TO WORK AND NOT PUT HER JOB AT RISK."



DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I CAN GET A JOB IN ANY STORE IN THE HYPERMARKET MALL. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

Jootare



COME ON PUMPKIN HEAD. OUT THE REGION  
AND OFF THE PLANET

1250-1572

"I WAS TAKEN BY A  
CONDOR SECURITY  
VEHICLE TO THE SPACE-  
PORT. THEY WERE SEND-  
ING ME BACK TO ETOQUE."



"I WONDERED IF I WOULD EVER SEE MY GAIAN FRIENDS AGAIN."



THE END



HH / Bur's tale. M.J.Weller 1990

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