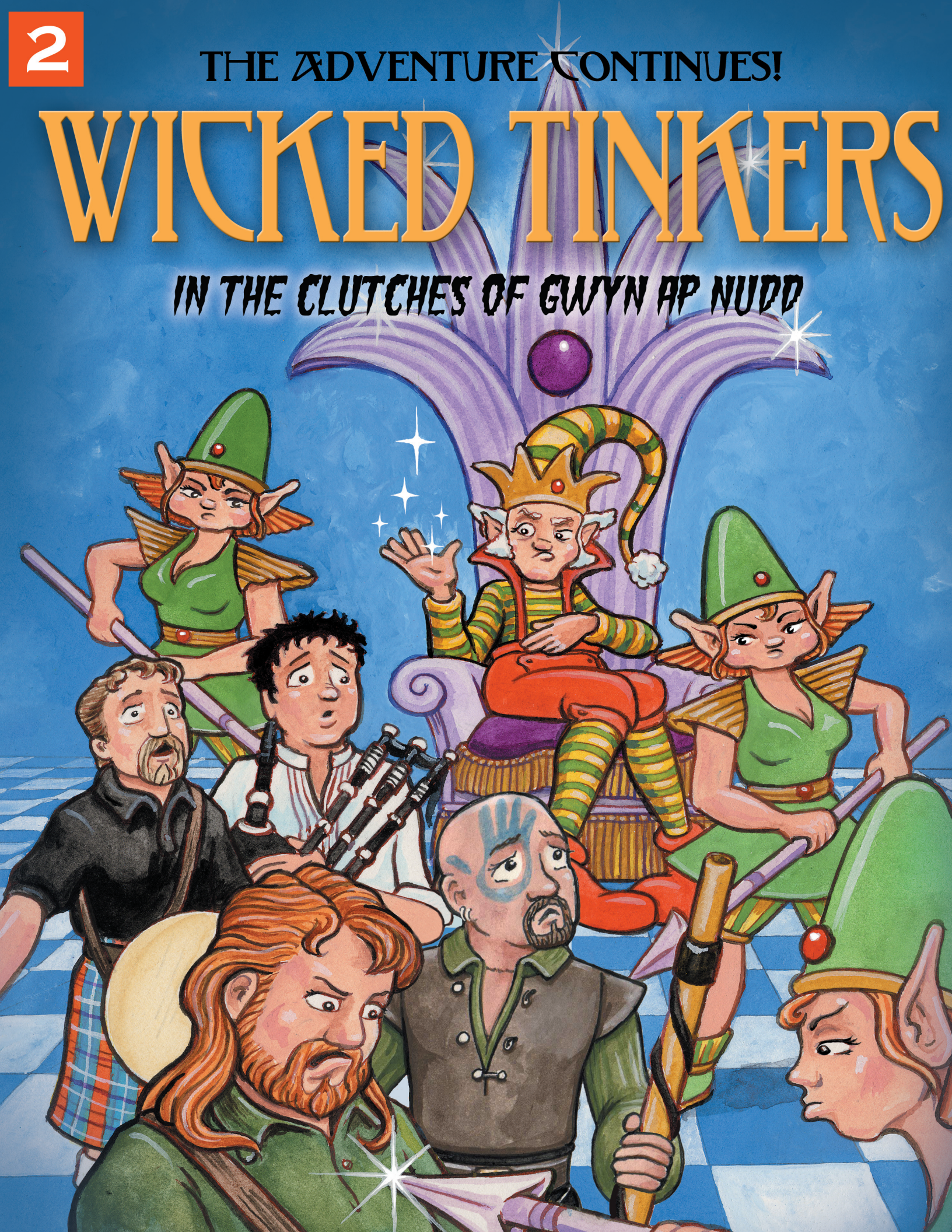


2

THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES!

WICKED TINKERS

IN THE CLUTCHES OF GWYN AP NUDD



WHEN ALL HOPE IS LOST, THERE WILL COME
FOUR RELUCTANT HEROES AND PEOPLE CALL THEM ...

WICKED TINKERS

IN THE CLUTCHES OF GWYN AP NUDD!
WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY WIL WHIMSEY

WICKED TIN
Welcome to
High Court of
Gwyn Ap Nudd!
ready to receiv

WHERE ARE WE ?

Last thing I
remember is
standing on
stage at the
Highland Games.

Hmmm.. new
didge player.

Perhaps
now we'll
find out
about this
elf who
wants us
dead...
and why!

Hey! Watch
where you
point that
thing!



Having just escaped a murderous troll,
our stalwart band of musicians have
been magically transported to
Tir Nan Og... where they hope to
discover what the heck is going on.

What a pad!
So who is this
King Gwyn Ap Nudd?

You could call him the Elf King.

You would know this because..

I read it in a
coffee table book.

His guards are dressed
like chorus girls...

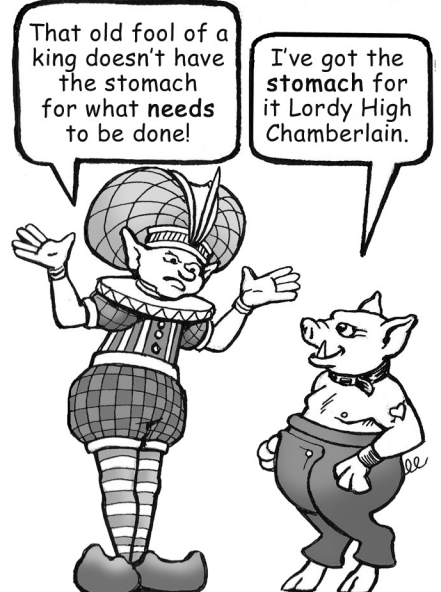
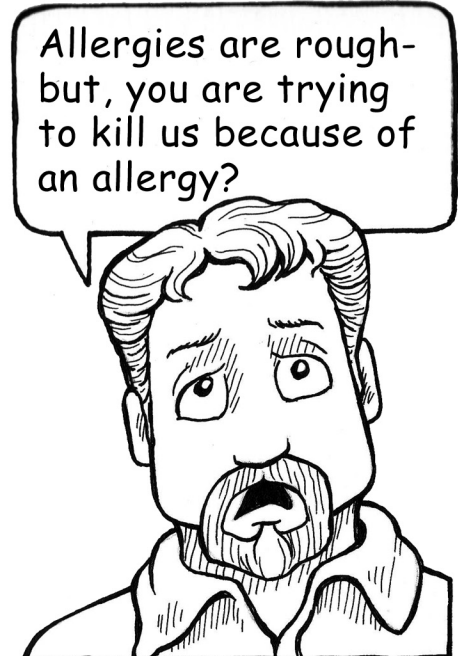
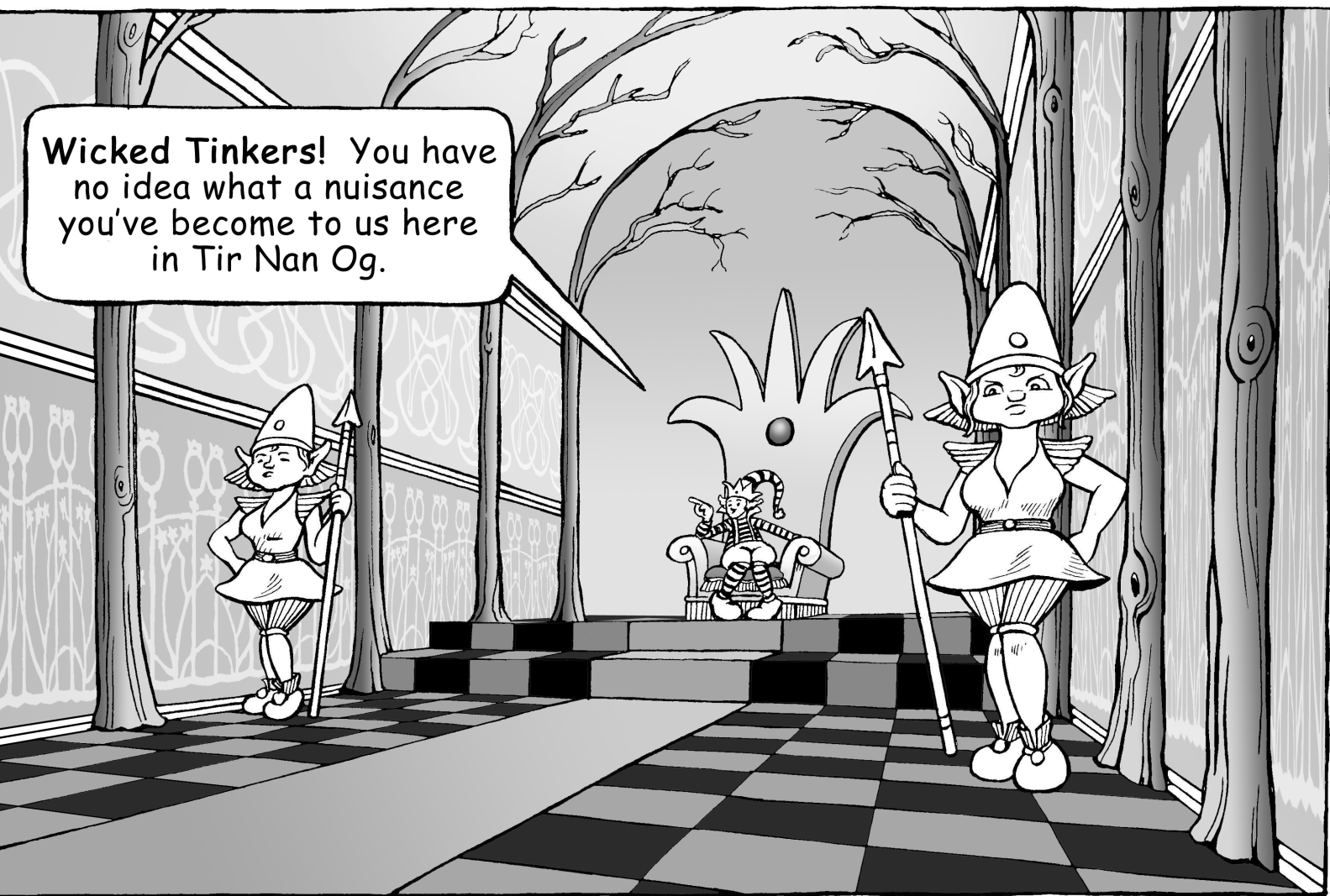


For the last couple of hundred years or so, Tir
Nan Og and the world of Faerie has been making
a slow dignified retreat from the world of men,
but every time you Wicked Tinkers play your
music, we magic folk are sucked back into the
human world, and we start dancing to your
happy, perky music in a most undignified and
unproductive manner! You must stop this
or the two worlds will never separate!



Gazuntheit.

KATCHOOO!





Now you've done it!
STOP that music
at once!!

I can't stop this
infernal dancing!!



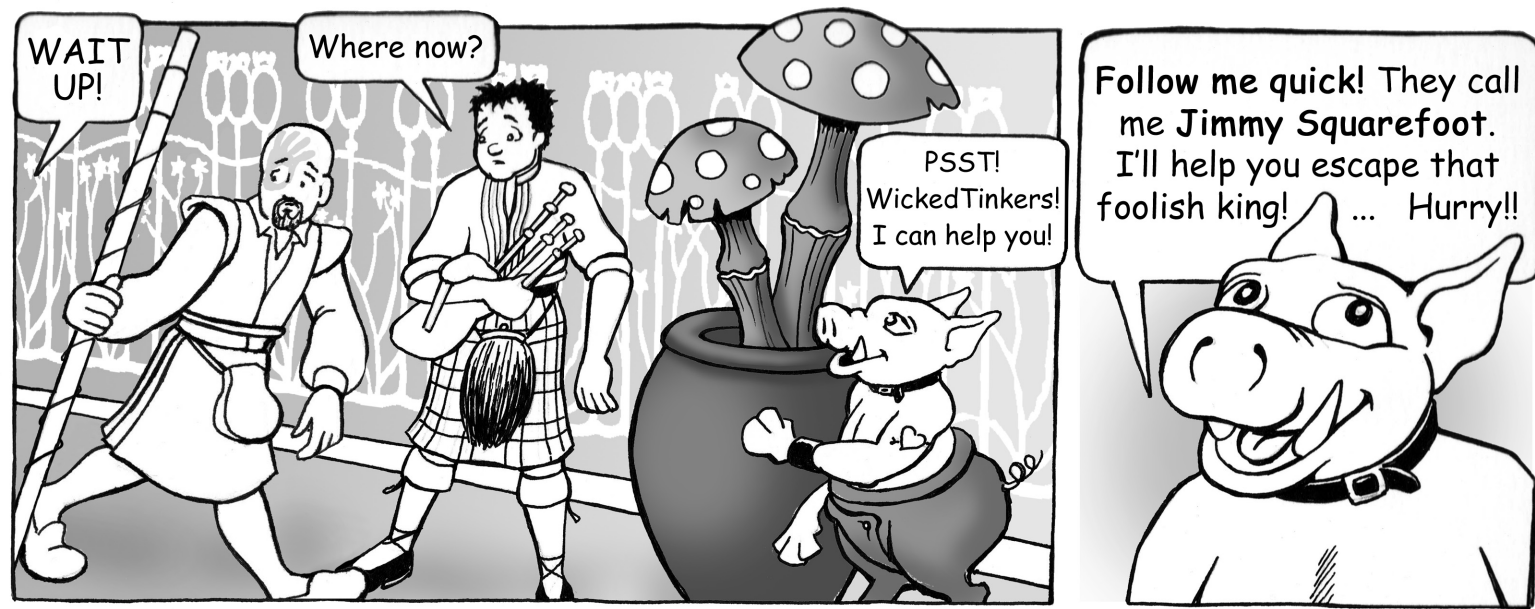
We made those wee
folk dance so hard
they are too pooped
to move!

I'm pretty tuckered
out with all that
playing!

How do we
get out of
here?

We need to find
where
that dead troll ended
up... it might show us a
passage home.*

*The steel chain in Episode 1- pg 11



WAIT
UP!

Where now?

PSST!
WickedTinkers!
I can help you!

Follow me quick! They call
me Jimmy Squarefoot.
I'll help you escape that
foolish king! ... Hurry!!



I don't trust that little porker!

Those guards behind us
(gasp) certainly have the
cardio endurance of
dancers! whew!

So, why didn't
you dance with
the others?

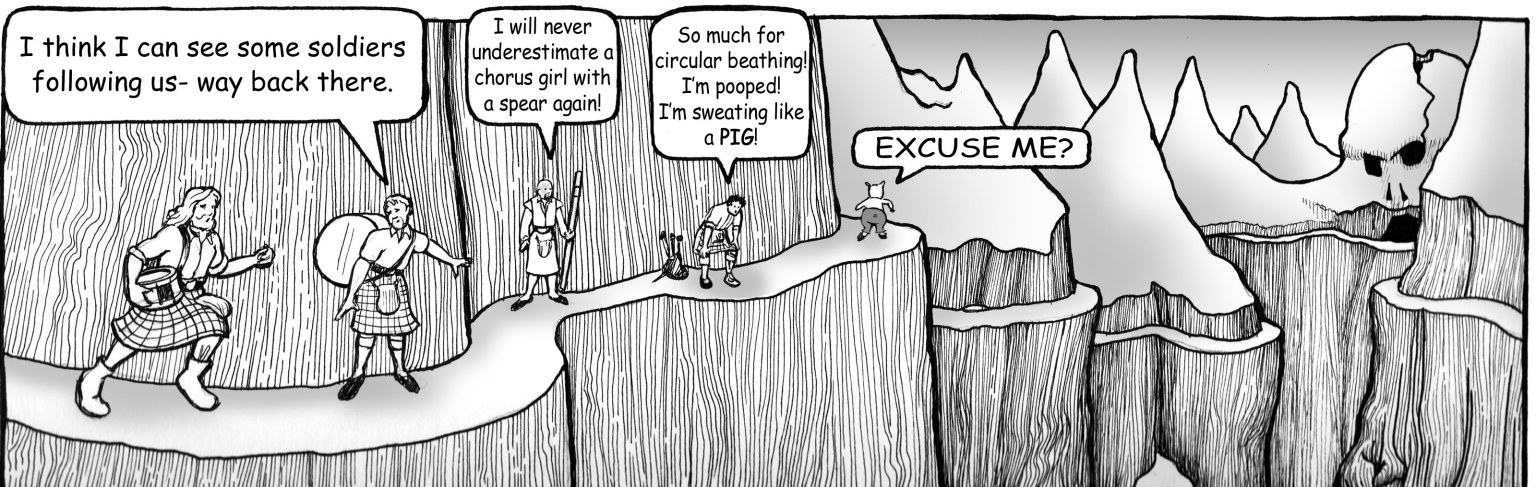
I'm a pig!
Pigs don't
dance.



Shouldn't we be
looking for that
dead troll?

But first we need
to lose the soldiers
on our trail!

Hurry up, or
they'll catch us!



I think I can see some soldiers
following us- way back there.

I will never
underestimate a
chorus girl with
a spear again!

So much for
circular beating!
I'm pooped!
I'm sweating like
a PIG!

EXCUSE ME?



Hide in this cave and no one will ever find you!

I smell trolls.

Here's the dead troll and the steel chain!

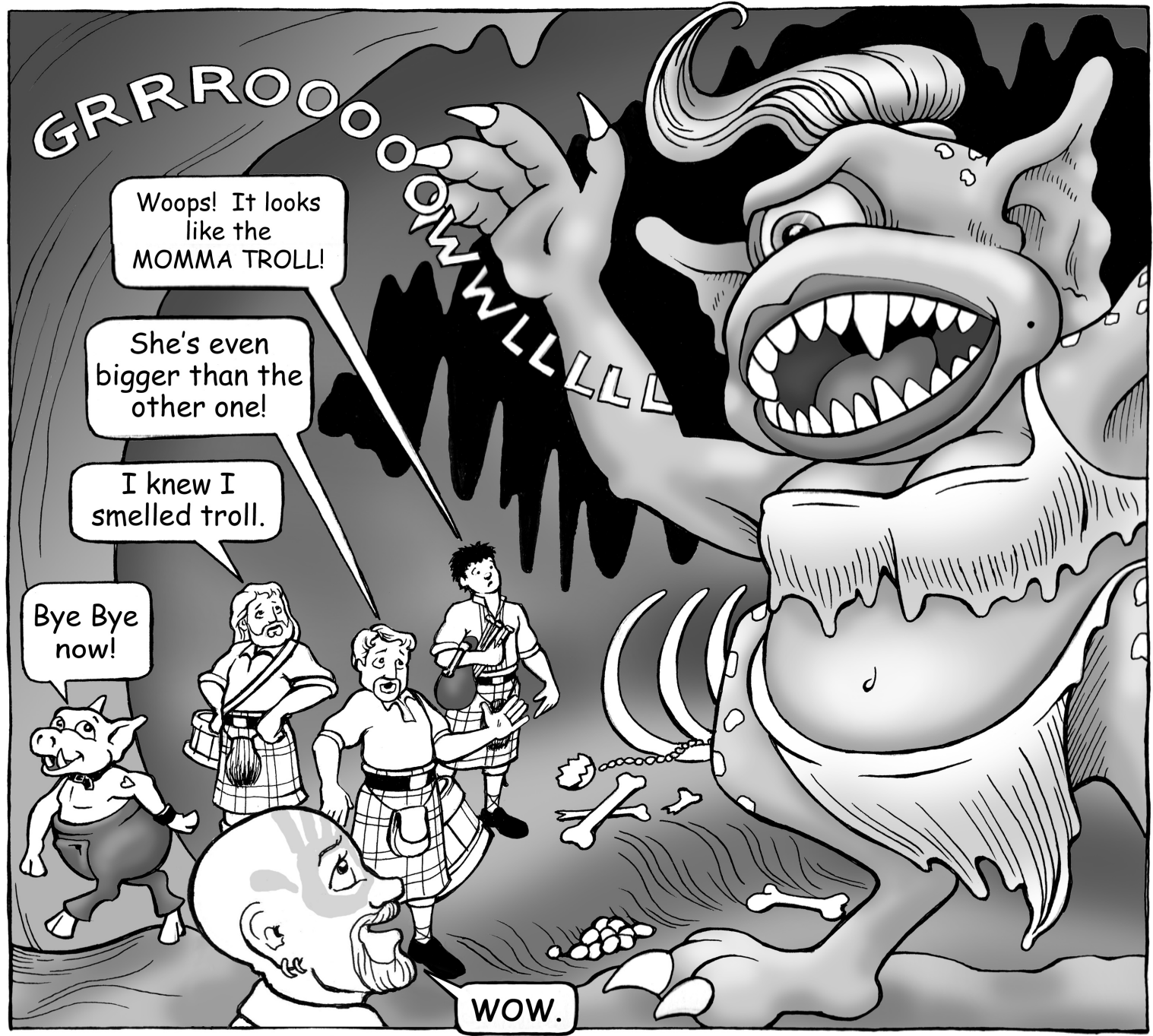
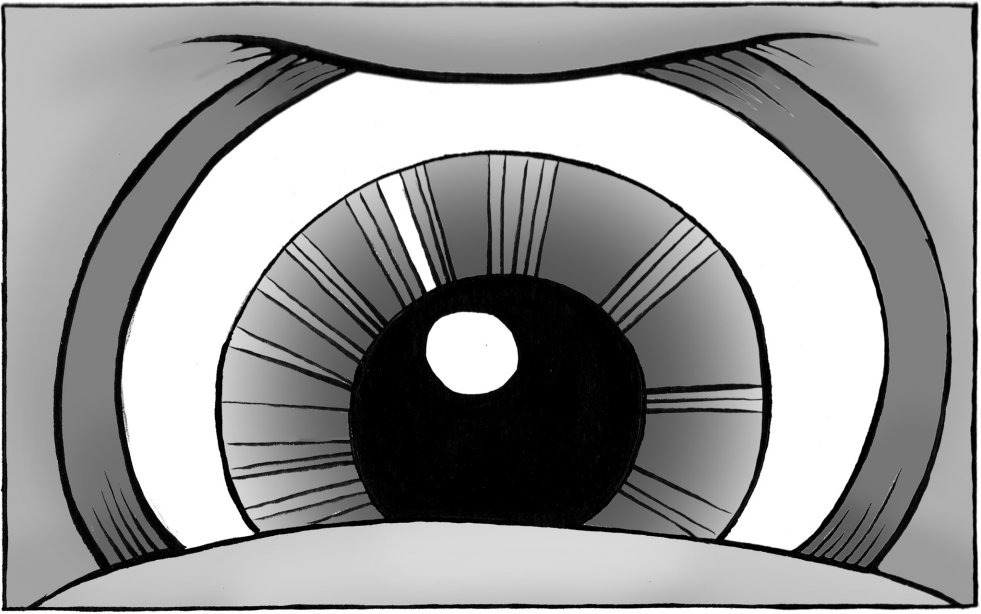
... and our way HOME!

GRRRRRR

And a really bad sound.



She can't possibly be his mother... She looks far too young. A **sister** perhaps...



GRRROOO

Woops! It looks like the MOMMA TROLL!

She's even bigger than the other one!

I knew I smelled troll.

Bye Bye now!

WOW.



I think that new didge player, Jay, has some really useful people skills. He's going to fit in just fine.

Were you ever a dancer?

Now all we need is a distraction!

I think I hear it coming.

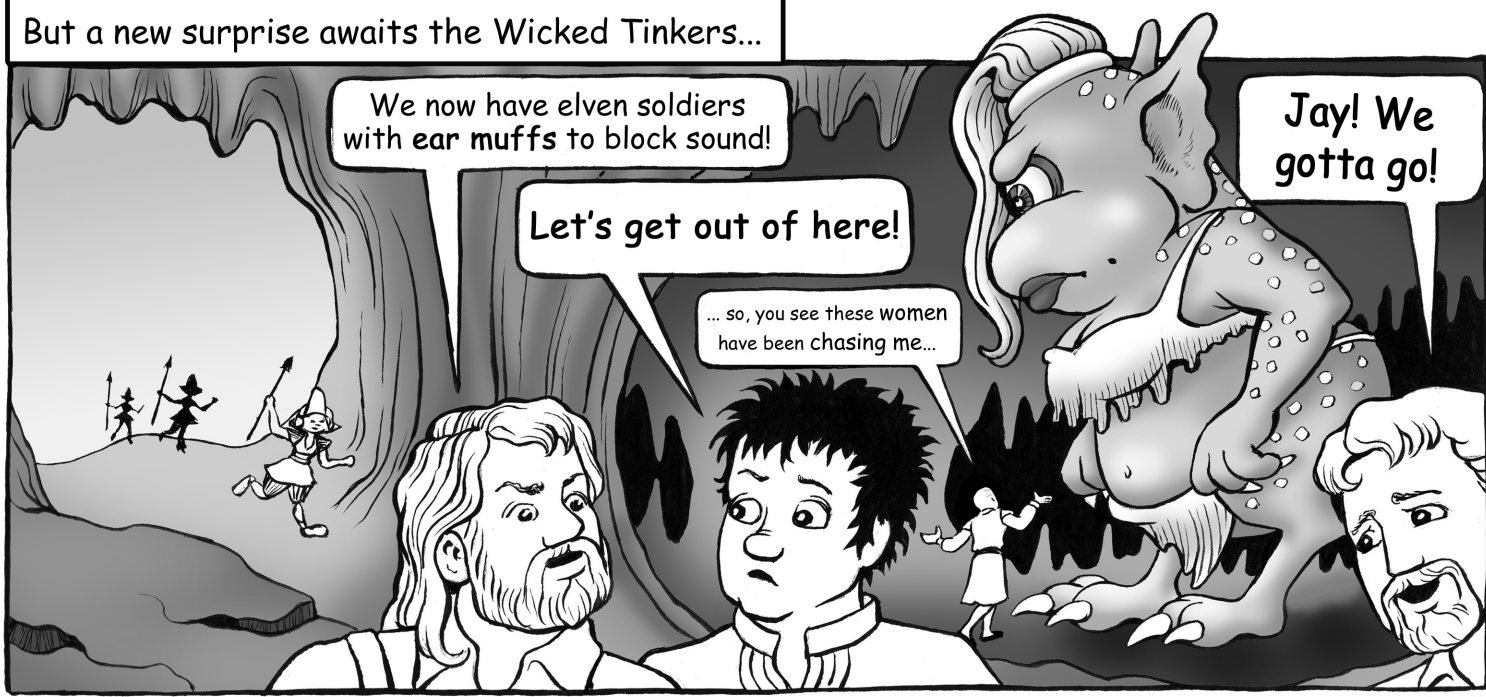
But a new surprise awaits the Wicked Tinkers...

We now have elven soldiers with ear muffs to block sound!

Let's get out of here!

... so, you see these women have been chasing me...

Jay! We gotta go!



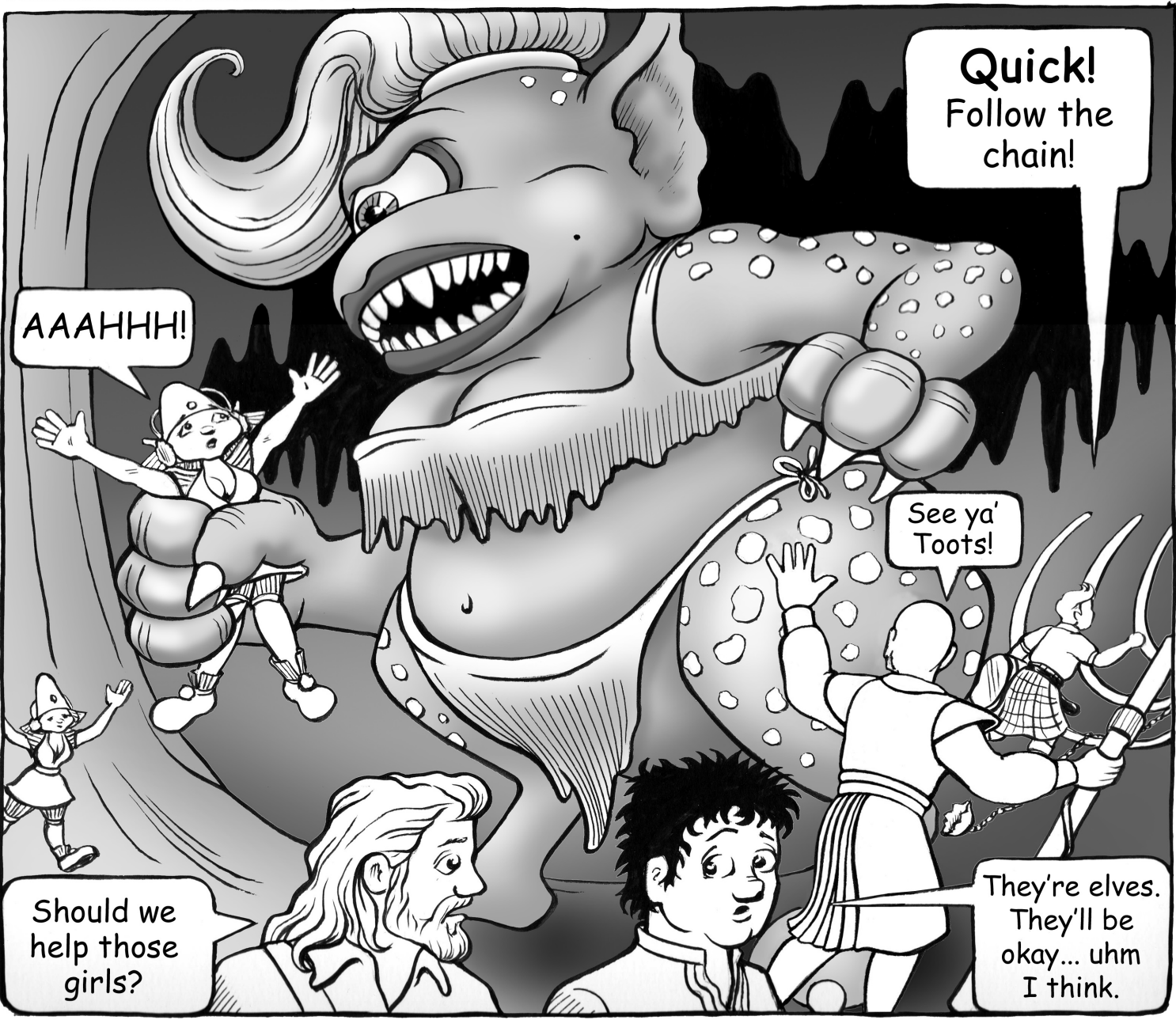
Quick! Follow the chain!

AAAHHH!

See ya' Toots!

They're elves. They'll be okay... uhm I think.

Should we help those girls?



WE'RE BACK!

Whew!

There's no place like home... uh, even if it's someone else's.



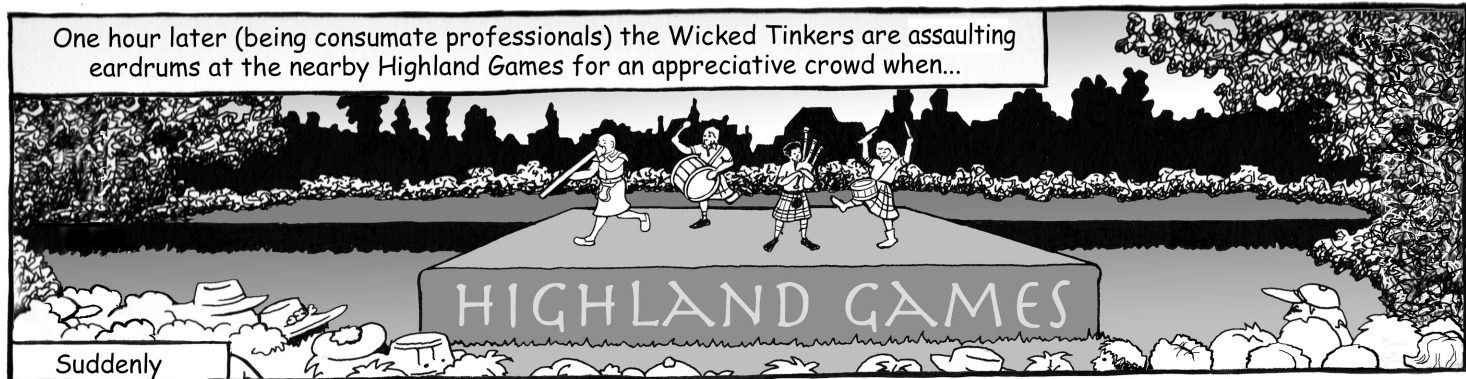
Fellow tinkers, I just checked all the clocks in the house- we've been gone an entire day!

A DAY?

Faerie time.

We've got a show. We better get a move on!





One hour later (being consumate professionals) the Wicked Tinkers are assaulting eardrums at the nearby Highland Games for an appreciative crowd when...

Suddenly



Capture those instruments!

The Elf King!

Keep playing!

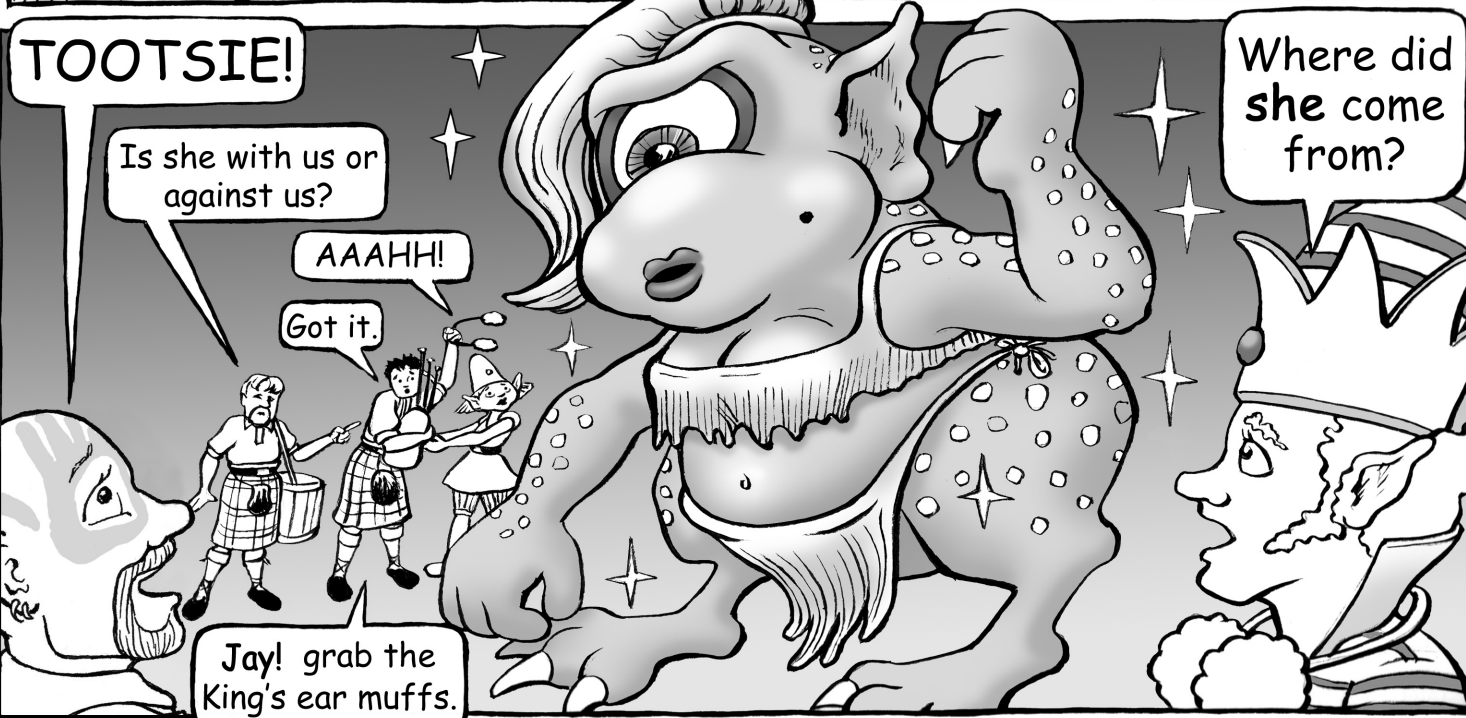


The audience can't see them!

Ha! Your music can't affect us with our ear muffs on!

They're girls! I can't hit a girl!

Grab their MUFFS!



TOOTSIE!

Is she with us or against us?

AAAHH!

Got it.

Jay! grab the King's ear muffs.

Where did she come from?



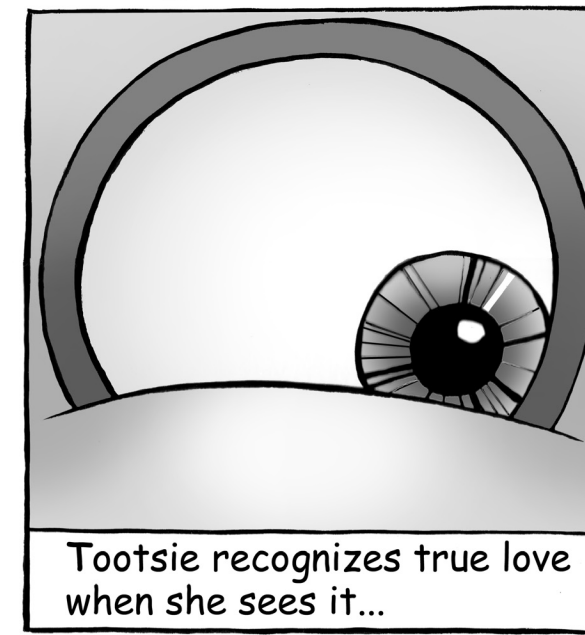
Tootsie?

As in Tootsie Troll of course.

of course.

She just wants to dance! Keep playing!

Wha... WHAT A WOMAN!



Tootsie recognizes true love when she sees it...



Wedding Bells are calling in Tir Nan Og!

TROLL BABY MINE!



Wicked Tinkers recognize true love too... LOVE FOR A ROUSING GOOD TIME!

Next: Episode 3 The Selkie's Magic Chanter

WICKED TINKERS STUFF



T-shirts for the young, the old, the ageless, and the lassies. These "object d'art" and more are available at www.wickedtinkers.com



Get your Wicked Stickers!



PUBLISHING NOTES

Welcome back to the second in the series of two comic books by Paul Manchester. This completes the tale of the four intrepid Wicked Tinkers traveling between worlds. Plans are being made as you read this for further adventures of the Wicked Four - all true tales of intrigue and scary places.

This comic book is intended for our fans, but might not be appropriate for very young children. I hope you will find it fun and a little wicked - just like us.

- *Wicked Tinkers*

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