

TORTURE



NO.10
OCT-NOV

TALES



10¢

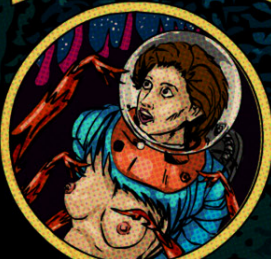
OF THE

DESPERATE

TERRIBLE TWISTED TORRENTS OF
TICKLE TORTURE TREACHERY



" THE GRAVE OUTDOORS "



" THE TICKLE MONSTER
WALKS AMONG US "



" LAUGH AND PLAY
WITH TEDDY "

FEAR NOT,
MURDERESS!
YOU WILL NOT BE
TICKLED TO DEATH...

BUT YOU WILL
DIE LAUGHING!

HE PROMISED HER
THE
LAST
LAUGH



JOIN NOW! America's only TICKLING CLUB



ABSOLUTELY

FREE!

GIANT LIFE SIZE

OVER 6 FEET TALL

TICKLE MONSTER

HORRIFYING! SEXY! THRILLING!

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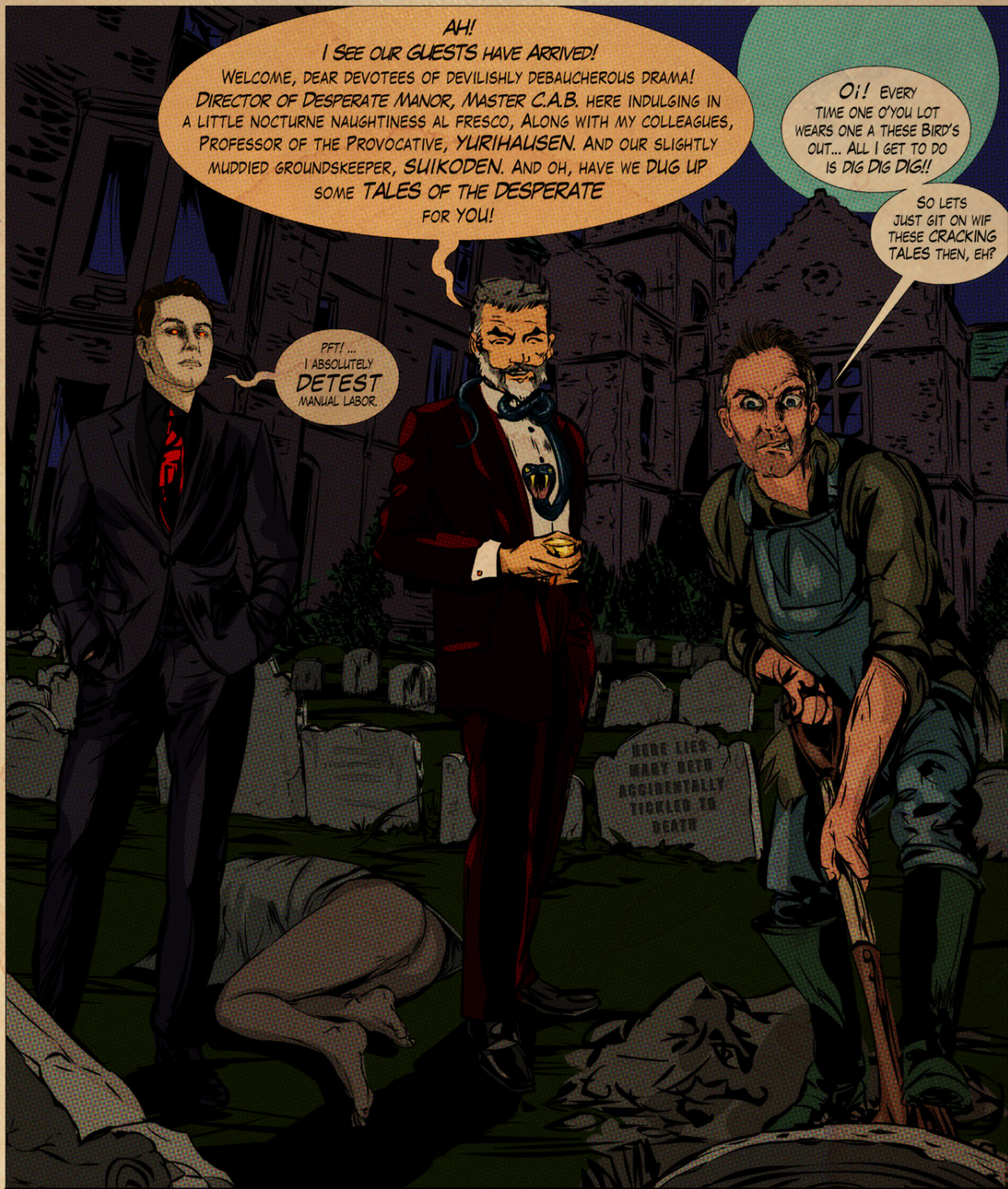
I can not wait to torture my Slave-Monkeys! Please tie them up and send this with my GUARANTEE. I enclose \$1.00 plus 50¢ ship handling.

Check Cash Money Order

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Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
BLUSH THIS ORDER (add 95¢ for rush service)

Characters shown not intended to depict actual Slave-Monkeys



AH!
I SEE OUR GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED!
WELCOME, DEAR DEVOTEES OF DEVILISHLY DEBAUCHEROUS DRAMA!
DIRECTOR OF DESPERATE MANOR, MASTER C.A.B. HERE INDULGING IN
A LITTLE NOCTURNE NAUGHTINESS AL FRESCO, ALONG WITH MY COLLEAGUES,
PROFESSOR OF THE PROVOCATIVE, YURIHAUSEN. AND OUR SLIGHTLY
MUDDIED GROUNDSKEEPER, SUIKODEN. AND OH, HAVE WE DUG UP
SOME TALES OF THE DESPERATE
FOR YOU!

Oi! EVERY
TIME ONE O'YOU LOT
WEARS ONE A THESE BIRD'S
OUT... ALL I GET TO DO
IS DIG DIG DIG!!

SO LETS
JUST GIT ON WIF
THESE CRACKING
TALES THEN, EHP?

PFT! ...
I ABSOLUTELY
DETEST
MANUAL LABOR.

TALES OF THE DESPERATE

ART BY: SUIKODEN, YURIHAUSEN, ELIAS RAMOS, T-SCI, & C.A.B.
WRITTEN BY: MARQUIS DE SADE, & C.A.B.

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RIGHT THEN! YOUR HUMBLE GROUNDSKEEPER, SUIKODEN, 'ERE WITH A RIGHT BRILLIANT STORY ABOUT GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL. I MEANS... WHO DOESN'T LOVE 'AVING A FEW LAUGHS ON A CAMPING HOLIDAY? BUT OF COURSE... THAT DEPENDS ON WHERE ONE CAMPS.... AND WHY ONE IS LAUGHING... COULD BE QUITE NASTY... ESPECIALLY IF ITS...

THE GRAVE

OUTDOORS

DROP THE KNIFE, PAL!! NOW!!

HOLY SMOKES, SARGE! THE GUY'S BATTY!! ITS JUST A LOUSY FEATHER!

AARGH!

B..BUT WE WERE JUST HAVING A FEW *COF!* LAUGHS! *GURGLE*

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

STATE NATIONAL FOREST, 1955. THE AUTHORITIES STUMBLE ONTO THE IDENTITY OF SERIAL KIDNAPPER MAX RANGLER, A RECLUSIVE PARK RANGER... AND PUT HIM DOWN LIKE A DOG IN THE MIDDLE OF ONE OF HIS MORE HEINOUS DEEDS. DEAD AS A DOORNAIL.



TEN YEARS AFTER THE HORRIBLE INCIDENT, A YOUNG COUNTER-CULTURE COUPLE PULL UP TO THE ABANDONED PARK RANGER'S CABIN UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS.....

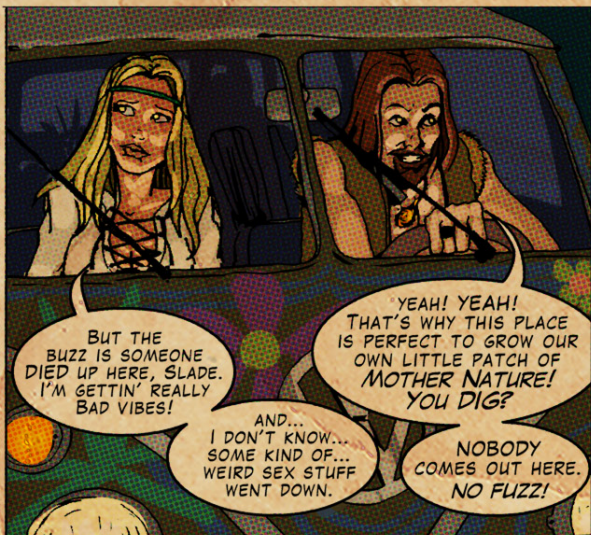


FAR OUT!
THERE IT IS, BABY!
YA SEE? I TOLD YOU
WE'D FIND IT!

I DON'T
LIKE THIS, SLADE.
ITS DARK AND CREEPY.
WE SHOULDN'T
BE HERE.

BE COOL, BABY,
BE COOL. AIN'T A SOUL
ALIVE GONNA COME UP
HERE. ITS PERFECT!
HANG LOOSE.

KEEP
OUT!



BUT THE
BUZZ IS SOMEONE
DIED UP HERE, SLADE.
I'M GETTIN' REALLY
BAD VIBES!

AND...
I DON'T KNOW...
SOME KIND OF...
WEIRD SEX STUFF
WENT DOWN.

YEAH! YEAH!
THAT'S WHY THIS PLACE
IS PERFECT TO GROW OUR
OWN LITTLE PATCH OF
MOTHER NATURE!
YOU DIG?

NOBODY
COMES OUT HERE.
NO FUZZ!



NOW DON'T BE A CANDY ASS, STAR.
BEAT FEET UP TO THE CABIN AND SEE
WHAT THE SCENE IS. TAKE THE RADIO IF
YOU'RE SPOOKED. I'LL GET THE GRASS
OUT OF OUR RIDE.

*SIGH
OKAY,
SLADE.



....ANYTHING
YOU SAY...

WE'RE GONNA GO WAY OUT!
WAY OUT!
THAT'S WHERE
THE FUN IS,
WAY OUT!



PLEASE!
PLEASE!
PLEASE!
PLEASE!
PLEASE!
PLEASE!
PLEASE!
PLEASE!
PLEASE!
PLEASE!

THAT'S WHERE
THE FUN IS,
WAY OUT!

STAR MAKES HER WAY TO THE HOARY PORCH OF THE ABANDONED CABIN. ITS PLANKS SQUEAKING IN UNUSED PROTEST. SHE THINKS SHE HEARS SOUNDS FROM INSIDE, MUFFLED CRIES OF PAINED LAUGHTER. SHE TURNS OFF THE RADIO



UHH?
... HULLO..?

*CLICK!

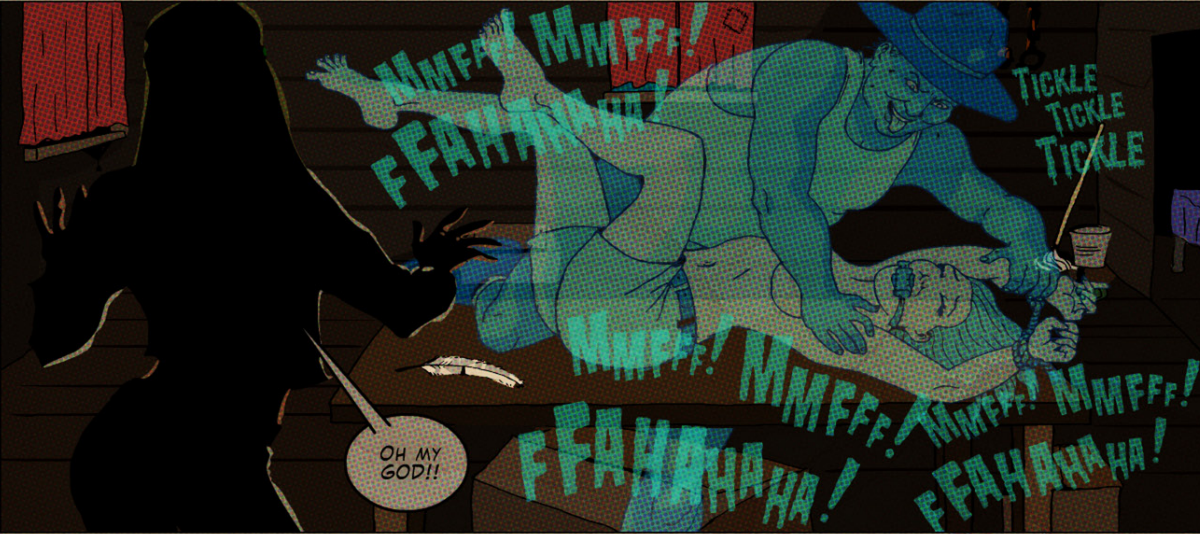
MMPFF! MMPFF!
FFAHAAAAHA!

... BUT THERE IS SILENCE. SHE FINDS THE DECAYED DOOR HANDLE.... AND WITH A PUSH, THE SWELLED WOOD BARKS BUT GIVES WAY WITH A RUSTY SCREECH.



OH!
FAR OUT!
ITS OPEN!

*SSSSSCREEE
EEEEEEK!



OH MY GOD!!

MMPFF! MMPFF!
FFAHAAAAHA!

TICKLE
TICKLE
TICKLE

MMPFF! MMPFF! MMPFF! MMPFF!
FFAHAAAAHA! FFAHAAAAHA!



*GASP!

WHAT'S THE HOLD-UP, BABY?! YOU DON'T DIG DARK EMPTY ROOMS?

C'MON... FOUND ME A RIGHTEOUS PLANTING PATCH RIGHT ON THE SIDE OF THE CABIN. DO ME A SOLID AND HELP A BROTHER OUT.

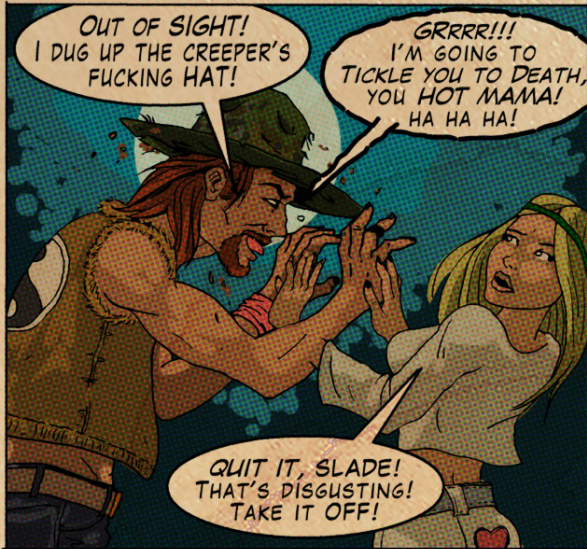
LONG PAST MIDNIGHT, SLADE TURNS THE SOIL AND TEASES STAR WITH THE GRISLY TALE OF RANGER RANGLER'S EVIL DEEDS AND VIOLENT DEMISE... UNTIL SOMETHING UNEXPECTED SURFACES...



...AND HE'D TICKLE THEM TO DEATH. BUT THE FUZZ, THEY BLEW THIS WEIRD CAT AWAY! THEY SAY THEY BURIED HIM RIGHT OUT HERE SOMEWHERE'S CUZ THE TOWNIES DIDN'T WANT THE BODY. ?...WHAT THE?

THAT'S NOT FUNNY, SLADE.

...??... HOLD UP! THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN HERE...





THAT'S WHERE
THE FUN IS,
WAY OUT!
ONCE AGAIN THAT WAS THE
WAYOUTS WITH THEIR
NUMBER ONE HIT
WAY OUT! ON
WCAB AM RADIO
ROCK N ROLL!



PLEASE!
DONT TICKLE ME!
MERCY!
HA HA HA HA

AND NOW BY SPECIAL REQUEST
FROM WAY OUT THERE IN
WILDS OF THE UPSTATE WOODS...
HERE'S SOMETHING FROM
WAY BACK IN 1955
THE EVERLY BROTHERS

BYE BYE LOVE
BYE BYE HAPPINESS



HA HA HA HA! HA HA HA HA!

HELLO EMPTINESS
I FEEL LIKE I COULD DIE
BYE BYE MY LOVE GOODBYE
BYE BYE MY LOVE GOODBYE
TICKLE TICKLE
TICKLE

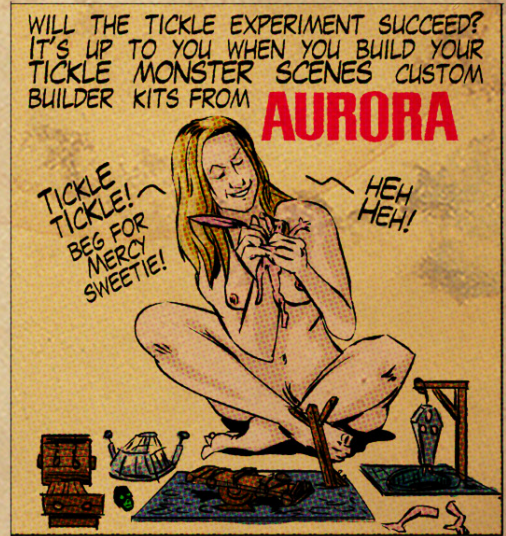
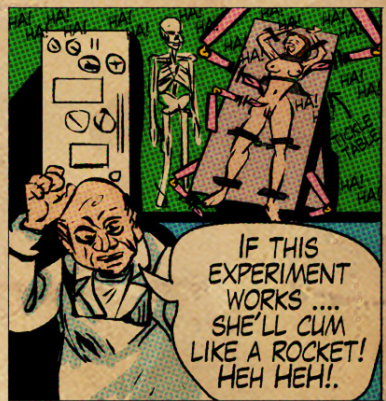
AH! YA SEE THEN? BOB'S YER UNCLE! NUFFIN' MAKES A CAMPING HOLIDAY FEEL SAFER THAN WHEN THE LOCAL PARK AUTHORITIES RISE TO THE OCCASION AND KEEP THINGS TRIM AND NIMBLE, EH? ALL ON THE UP AND UP! SOMETHING I'M SURE STAR AND SQUIRE THERE CAN REALLY DIG!! ...*COF! COF!

THE FETISH WORLD OF AURORA

PUT TOGETHER YOUR OWN SEXY SCENES WITH AURORA'S FANTASTIC **TICKLE MONSTER SCENES** CUSTOM BUILDER KITS.



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GREETINGS, STUDENTS... PROFESSOR YURIHAISEN HERE TO POSIT THE QUESTION... "CAN ANYONE DENY THE MIRACLE THAT IS MODERN SCIENCE?" AND WITH THAT HAUGHTY CONVICTION IN MIND, IS MANKIND PREPARED TO GO WHERE SCIENCE WILL TAKE HIM? HMM? PERHAPS THE QUESTION BETTER ASKED IS, WHAT WILL MANKIND TAKE WITH IT ON THAT JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN? AS THESE INTREPID SPACE TRAVELERS WILL SOON DISCOVER TO THEIR HORROR, AND REALIZE



THE TICKLE MONSTER WALKS AMONG US

CAPTAIN JENNINGS!
HURRY! COME QUICK!
I'VE FOUND OFFICER BARRET!
HER OXYGEN TANK IS STILL
HALF FULL! BUT HER CLOTHES
ARE TORN AND HER BOOTS ARE
GONE! MY GOD HER FACE!
ITS AS IF SHE LAUGHED
TO DEATH!

JANE!
STAY BACK!
THE ALIEN CREATURE
THAT DID THAT MAY
STILL BE LURKING
CLOSE BY!



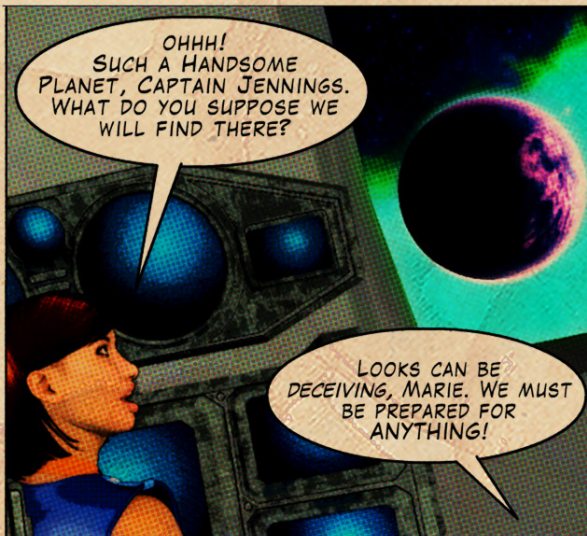


THE YEAR IS 2,012 AD. THE INTERPLANETARY ROCKET SHIP, *EXCELSIOR*, HAS ARRIVED IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM ALPHA CENTAURI. AFTER A LONG JOURNEY, ITS CREW OF FOUR SCIENTISTS ARE WEARY YET ELATED TO FINALLY GAZE UPON THEIR DESTINATION, THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET X-69. CAPTAIN RICHARD JENNINGS REPORTS THEIR PROGRESS TO SPACE COMMAND VIA LASER BEAM RADIO, THE ONLY THIN TETHER THEY HAVE TO THE SAFETY AND COMFORT OF MOTHER EARTH.



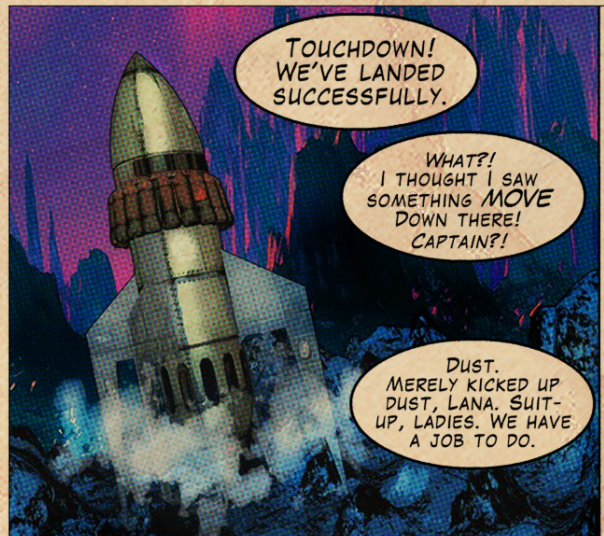
COMMAND, ALL SYSTEMS ARE GO FOR LANDING. WE WILL REPORT MORE FROM THE SURFACE.

ROGER.
GOOD LUCK, DICK.
OVER AND OUT.



OH!!
SUCH A HANDSOME PLANET, CAPTAIN JENNINGS. WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WE WILL FIND THERE?

LOOKS CAN BE DECEIVING, MARIE. WE MUST BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING!



TOUCHDOWN!
WE'VE LANDED SUCCESSFULLY.

WHAT?!
I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING MOVE DOWN THERE!
CAPTAIN?!

DUST.
MERELY KICKED UP DUST, LANA. SUIT-UP, LADIES. WE HAVE A JOB TO DO.

CO-ED DRESSING MAY BE STANDARD PROCEDURE IN THE FUTURE, BUT NEVER-THE-LESS, POOR CAPTAIN JENNINGS CAN NOT HELP BUT BE A MORTAL MAN.



NICE GAMS, JANE. ITS A PLEASURE TO DO SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH WITH YOU. HEH!

OH, DICK!
YOU'LL USE UP ALL YOUR OXYGEN!
TEE HEE.

THE SPACE EXPLORERS DESCEND FROM THE CRAFT TO THE PLANET'S SPONGY SURFACE - ONLY TO STARTLE THAT THEY MIGHT NOT BE ALONE AFTER ALL!



THERE!!
BEYOND THOSE ROCKS!
T-T THAT SHADOW!
IT MOVED AGAIN!

JANE, TAKE OFFICER BARRET AND CHECK IT OUT. I'LL CIRCLE AROUND THE LONG WAY.

AN HOUR PASSES. OXYGEN RUNS LOW, BUT JANE AND LANA FIND NOTHING. ONLY THE STARK LIFELESSNESS OF AN ALIEN WORLD.



ROCKS AND SHADOWS. PERHAPS IT WAS A TRICK OF THE STARLIGHT. WE NEED TO GET BACK, LANA. CAPTAIN JENNINGS WILL NEVER FIND US OUT HERE.

I'LL CALL US IN TO MARIE AT THE SHIP. SHE CAN RADIO THE CAPTAIN TO RENDEZVOUS.



MARIE? COME IN MARIE... IT'S LANA. NEGATIVE ON LIFE FORM. WE ARE...

WHAT THE DEVIL!? MARIE!

*BZZT!!
...NO! PLEASE!!
HA HAHAHA!
I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE!
AH-HAHAHAAAA!
SCREAM!...
*CLICK!



THEY RUSH BACK TO THE SHIP AS QUICKLY AS THEIR CUMBERSOME SPACE SUITS ALLOW. WHAT THEY FIND IS HORRIFYING AND INEXPLICABLE. THEY ARE SOON JOINED BY A GRIM CAPTAIN JENNINGS, HE HIMSELF AT A LOSS TO UNDERSTAND.



MERCIFUL HEAVENS!
HER SUIT IS TORN TO RIBBONS!
THOSE SCRATCH MARKS ON HER BODY!
BUT...HER FACE!! FROZEN IN THAT
HORRID LAUGHING
RICTUS!

TH-THAT ALIEN
CREATURE I SAW!
IT MUST HAVE GOTTEN
ONBOARD AND ATTACKED
POOR MARIE!

NO TIME
TO GRIEVE. GIRLS!
SECURE THE SHIP!
SEARCH ALL DECKS!
KILL WHATEVER THIS
THING IS!

THE VESSEL IS SCOURED TOP TO BOTTOM. NO EVIDENCE OF THE ALIEN IS FOUND. AS SCIENTISTS THEIR FIRST INSTINCT IS TO ANALYZE THE BODY FOR TELL-TALE CLUES.

CAPTAIN, THE TESTS CONFIRM SHE DIED OF HYPER-VENTILATIVE HEART FAILURE... IT AS IF SHE LAUGHED TO DEATH. WHATEVER THIS ALIEN IS, IT SEEMS TO HAVE TICKLED HER TO UTTER EXHAUSTION.



HMM...
...YES...

WHAT
A HORRIBLE
WAY TO GO.

WELL, WE CAN'T JUST SIT HOLED-UP IN THIS TIN-BUCKET. WE MUST HUNT THIS CREATURE DOWN AND PROCEED WITH OUR MISSION.



KA-CLICK!

I AGREE, CAPTAIN. EVERY GAL HAS HAD NIGHTMARES ABOUT A 'TICKLE MONSTER' BUT THIS ALIEN THING IS VERY REAL. AND IT MUST BE DESTROYED!



THE CURIOSITY OF PURE SCIENCE SURRENDERS TO A SENSE OF SURVIVAL AND REVENGE AS THE CREW PREPARES THEIR RAY GUNS FOR THE HUNT.

WEAPONS CHARGED? JANE, YOU SEARCH THOSE ROCKS AGAIN AND DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES, JUST SHOOT ON SIGHT. LANA, GUARD THE SHIP. I'LL RETRACE MY STEPS.



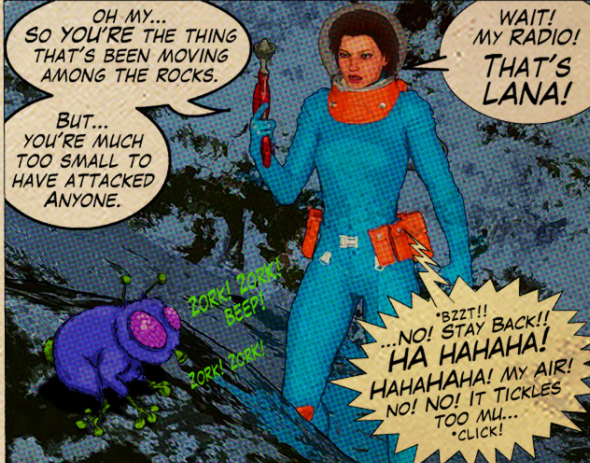
HOW IRONIC... WE TRAVEL MILLIONS OF MILES ONLY TO FIND AN ALIEN EVIL NOT UNLIKE THE DEPRAVITY WE LEFT BACK ON EARTH. UNCANNY.

TIME CREEPS BY WITH EVERY ROCK SHADOW MAKING JANE JUMP. UNTIL AT LAST SHE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH HER BIGGEST FEAR... BUT IT IS NOT AS SHE EXPECTED.

OH MY... SO YOU'RE THE THING THAT'S BEEN MOVING AMONG THE ROCKS.

BUT... YOU'RE MUCH TOO SMALL TO HAVE ATTACKED ANYONE.

WAIT! MY RADIO! THAT'S LANA!



"BZZT!!
...NO! STAY BACK!!
HA HAHAA!
HAHAHAHA! MY AIR!
NO! NO! IT TICKLES TOO MU...
*CLICK!

JANE EXHAUSTS HER OXYGEN SUPPLY RUSHING TO BACK TO THE BASE ONLY TO FIND THE LIMP AND DISCARDED BODY OF HER SHIPMATE, STREWN OUT LIKE A AGONIZED MARIONETTE IN THE ALIEN DUST. CAPTAIN JENNINGS ALSO COMES RUNNING - BUT ALSO, MUCH TOO LATE TO HELP. ALL THEY CAN DO IS LOOK ON IN FECKLESS TERROR.



THAT... THAT STICKY GOO! LIKE TIGHT BINDING! DEAR LORD!

TO BE BOUND UNABLE TO MOVE LIKE THAT AND TICKLED TO DEATH... SUCH UNSPEAKABLE SUFFERING!

JANE! GET BACK! GET BACK TO THE SHIP!

THAT CREATURE MAY STILL BE LURKING! WE MUST SEAL OURSELVES IN!



ABOARD THE RELATIVE SAFETY OF THE EXCELSIOR, JANE CAN NO LONGER CONTAIN HER EMOTIONS AS CAPTAIN JENNINGS SECURES THE LAST OF THE AIRLOCKS BEHIND THEM.

THE LASER RADIO! IT WON'T WORK! CAN'T CONTACT EARTH... WE'RE CUT OFF! OH DEAR GOD MY CHILDHOOD FEARS HAVE COME TRUE!! THERE REALLY IS A TICKLE MONSTER!! AND WE DISCOVERED IT ON THIS TERRIBLE PLANET!



KL-KLACH!

THERE... LNH! NOW NOTHING CAN GET IN HERE!
...OR OUT!

W-WHAT DID YOU SAY, CAPTAIN!? DICK!?...WHAT DO YOU MEAN!!

YOU'RE A GOOD SCIENTIST, JANE. AND YOU ARE RIGHT ABOUT A GREAT MANY THINGS. THE RADIO IS BROKEN. THAT IS TRUE. IT WON'T WORK WITHOUT ITS VACUUM TUBES.



BUT YOU ARE WRONG ABOUT ONE THING, JANE. WE DID NOT DISCOVER A TICKLE MONSTER HERE ON THIS PRISTINE ALIEN PLANET A MILLION MILES FROM DEPRAVED EARTH.

FOR YOU SEE, MY
ESTEEMED SCIENTIFIC
COLLEAGUE, JANE...

**YOU BROUGHT THE
TICKLE MONSTER
WITH YOU!**



LESSON LEARNED, STUDENTS?... BEFORE WE WISH TO UNDERSTAND ALL THAT THERE IS, WE MUST STRIVE TO REMEMBER ALL THAT WE ARE. BECAUSE, WHERE EVER WE GO, WE WILL BRING IT WITH US... WARTS, FETISHES, AND ALL. THE ANSWERS MAY BE IN THE STARS, BUT THE QUESTIONS BEGIN AT HOME. NOW... TRY TO BEHAVE.



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NAME

ADDRESS

ZIP

NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

IF YOU WANT TO GET AHEAD IN THIS WORLD, IT IS PARTICULARLY IMPORTANT TO BE VERY AWARE OF YOUR SURROUNDINGS. FOR MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, FORTUNE FAVORS THE BOLD...AS OPPORTUNITY SEEMS ONLY TO KNOCK WHEN MOST PEOPLE ARE SLEEPING. THERE IS SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR THOSE RESTLESS SOULS NOT SATISFIED WITH THEIR STATION. SO, HERE IS THE TALE OF A YOUNG WOMAN WHO, RATHER THAN BE THE BUTT OF THE JOKE OF FATE, TAKES SOME DESPERATE STEPS TO ENSURE THAT SHE HAS...

THE LAST LAUGH

GUARD!
SEIZE THAT FOOLISH PEASANT WOMAN! SHE DARED TO STARTLE MY HORSE WITH HER CLUMSY LOAD.

BAH!
REMAND HER TO THE DUNGEON AND PUT HER TO THE LAUGHING STOCKS UNTIL SHE LEARNS RESPECT.

NO! YOUR GRACE!
I... I DID NOT MEAN...
P-PLEASE! HAVE MERCY!
FORGIVE ME!!

SHE
INSULTED THE
HIGH-REEVE!

AYE!
TEACH THE
WENCH A
LESSON!

YOU
BROUGHT IT
ON YOURSELF!

THAT POOR GIRL!!
THE VILLAGE FOOLS DELIGHT
THAT SHE WILL BE TORTURED
WITH TICKLING UNTIL SHE PRAYS
FOR HER END. AND FOR WHAT?!
AN IMAGINED SLIGHT?!

OH, WHAT WRETCHED
TIMES THESE ARE TO BE A MERE
WOMAN. NOTHING MORE THAN A
SLAVE TO THE WHIMS OF NOBLES,
HUSBANDS, AND PEASANT MEN ALIKE.
BUT I WILL NOT ENDURE A LIFE OF
SERVITUDE...THERE HAS TO BE
MORE THAN THIS!

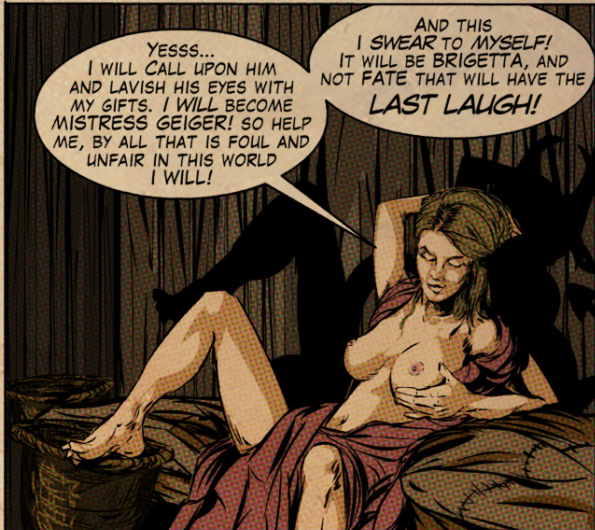


THAT NIGHT, ALONE IN HER SMALL SERVANT ROOM, BRIGETTA MOILS THE MEANS BY WHICH TO CHANGE HER LIFE. TO BECOME MORE THAN SHE IS. TO USE WHATEVER SHE HAS, IN ANY WAY SHE CAN. THE END WILL JUSTIFY ITSELF.

I HAVE NO GOLD. I WASN'T BORN A NOBLE... WAIT! THE MERCHANTS IN TOWN, THEY ARE AS RICH AS NOBLES BY THEIR OWN HAND. BUT... I AM NO MERCHANT. NOTHING TO BARTER... UNLESS... YES... I HAVE MY YOUTH AND MY CHARMS... BUT I AM NO WHORE!

AH..BUT THE WEALTHIEST MERCHANT, OLD GEIGER... HE IS STILL JUST A MAN. HE IS ANCIENT, TRUE, BUT IF I WED TO HIM... ALL THAT HE HAS WILL BE MINE AS WELL. HOW LONG COULD SUCH AN OLD SWINE LIVE ANYWAY?

THEN ON THE MORROW, I WILL CALL UPON THE WRETCH...



YESSS... I WILL CALL UPON HIM AND LAVISH HIS EYES WITH MY GIFTS. I WILL BECOME MISTRESS GEIGER! SO HELP ME, BY ALL THAT IS FOUL AND UNFAIR IN THIS WORLD I WILL!

AND THIS I SWEAR TO MYSELF! IT WILL BE BRIGETTA, AND NOT FATE THAT WILL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH!

THE NEXT DAY, BRIGETTA BEGINS HER PLAN.

OH! HERR GEIGER, I FIND YOUR STORIES OF WORLDLY TRAVEL EXCITING! HOW WISE YOU ARE, NOT LIKE OTHER MEN. TAKE ME!

ALAS DEAR CHILD, I AM BUT AN OLD MAN! BUT... THERE ARE OTHER PLEASURES. LEARNED FROM MY TIME IN THE ORIENT. I WILL SHOW YOU. HEH HEH HEH...



WEEKS PASS. BRIGETTA INDULGES THE WEALTHY MERCHANT HIS TWISTED WHIMS UNTIL HE IS ENSNARED IN HIS OWN DEPRAVED EAGERNESS FOR HER BRIEF PLAYFUL VISITS.

I COULD BARELY WAIT A MOMENT LONGER TO CLOSE THE SHOP ON YOUR ARRIVAL, MY SWEET. ONCE AGAIN YOU WILL FEEL THE BITE OF THE ROPE AND THE CARESS OF THE FEATHER ON YOUR QUIVERING YOUNG FLESH!

YES! OH YES! THEN LET US BE WED, DEAR MASTER! AND I WILL BE YOURS WHENEVER YOU DESIRE!

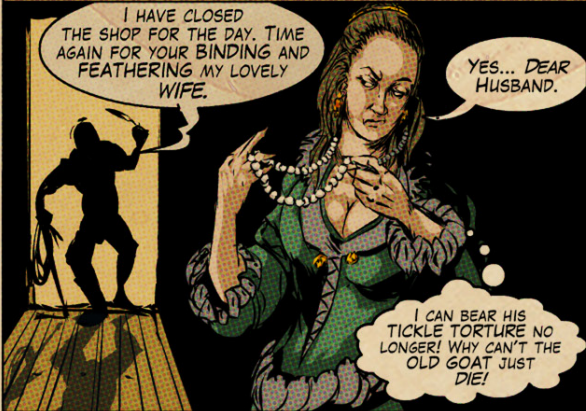


AND SO, GEIGER INDEED DOES MAKE BRIGETTA HIS WIFE. BUT AS SHE COMES TO REVEL IN HER NEW FOUND WEALTH AND STATUS, IT ALSO BECOMES CLEAR THAT THE OLD MAN ISN'T SICKLY AT ALL, IN FACT HE SEEMS INVIGORATED BY HIS PERVERSIONS... WHICH ARE BECOMING MUCH TOO FREQUENT.

I HAVE CLOSED THE SHOP FOR THE DAY. TIME AGAIN FOR YOUR BINDING AND FEATHERING MY LOVELY WIFE.

Yes... DEAR HUSBAND.

I CAN BEAR HIS TICKLE TORTURE NO LONGER! WHY CAN'T THE OLD GOAT JUST DIE!

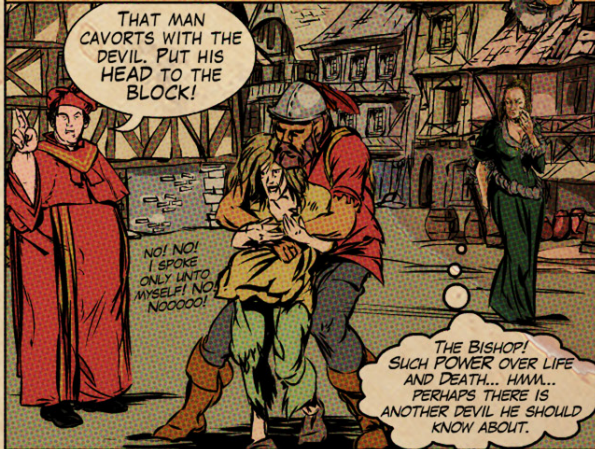


BRIGETTA SUFFERS AN AGONIZING YEAR IN A TICKLING HELL OF HER OWN MAKING. THEN, ONE DAY, IN THE MARKET SQUARE... OPPORTUNITY PRESENTS ITSELF.

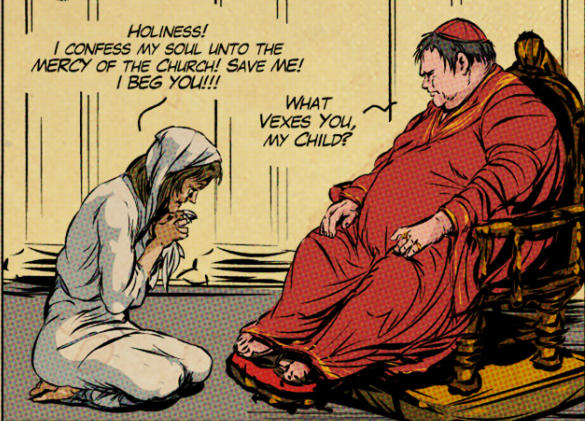
THAT MAN CAVORTS WITH THE DEVIL. PUT HIS HEAD TO THE BLOCK!

NO! NO! I SPOKE ONLY UNTO MYSELF! NO! NOOOOO!

THE BISHOP! SUCH POWER OVER LIFE AND DEATH. HMM... PERHAPS THERE IS ANOTHER DEVIL HE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT.



LATER THAT WEEK, A FRESH SLICE OF ONION IN HER KERCHIEF IS ALL BRIGETTA NEEDS TO GARNER A CASCADE OF TEARS. FOR A WEEPING GIRL EASILY GAINS AN AUDIENCE WITH THE BISHOP.



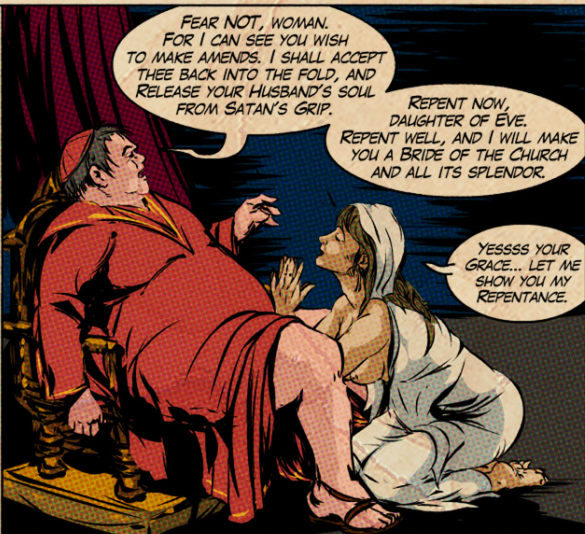
HOLINESS!
I CONFESS MY SOUL INTO THE
MERCY OF THE CHURCH! SAVE ME!
I BEG YOU!!!

WHAT
VEXES YOU,
MY CHILDE?



MY HUSBAND!
HE WORSHIPS THE DEVIL!
POSSESSED BY DEMONIC ITEMS
FROM HIS TRAVELS IN THE EAST!
THE VERY
EVIL WARES HE SELLS!

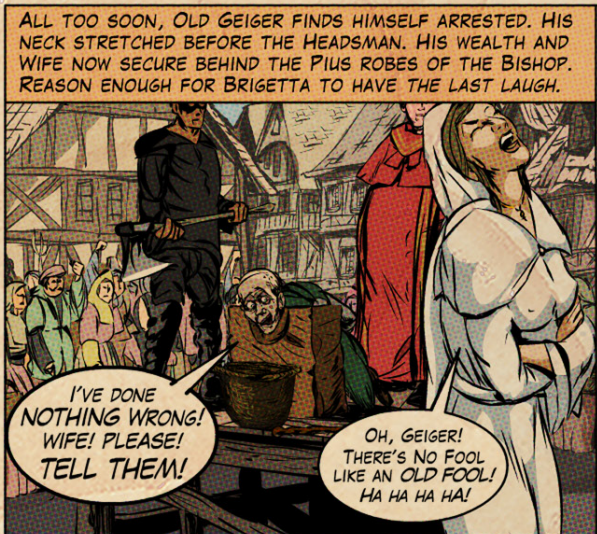
I BEG OF YOU!
YOUR EXCELLENCE!
I BARE YOU MY MORTAL SOUL!
SAVE ME! I WISH WITH ALL MY
HEART TO SERVE MOTHER CHURCH!
TO BE OBEYANT AND REPENTANT
FOR BEING NEAR SUCH
CORRUPTION!



FEAR NOT, WOMAN.
FOR I CAN SEE YOU WISH
TO MAKE AMENDS. I SHALL ACCEPT
THEE BACK INTO THE FOLD, AND
RELEASE YOUR HUSBAND'S SOUL
FROM SATAN'S GRIP.

REPENT NOW,
DAUGHTER OF EVE.
REPENT WELL, AND I WILL MAKE
YOU A BRIDE OF THE CHURCH
AND ALL ITS SPLENDOR.

YESSSS YOUR
GRACE... LET ME
SHOW YOU MY
REPENTANCE.



ALL TOO SOON, OLD GEIGER FINDS HIMSELF ARRESTED. HIS NECK STRETCHED BEFORE THE HEADSMAN. HIS WEALTH AND WIFE NOW SECURE BEHIND THE PIUS ROBES OF THE BISHOP. REASON ENOUGH FOR BRIGETTA TO HAVE THE LAST LAUGH.

I'VE DONE
NOTHING WRONG!
WIFE! PLEASE!
TELL THEM!

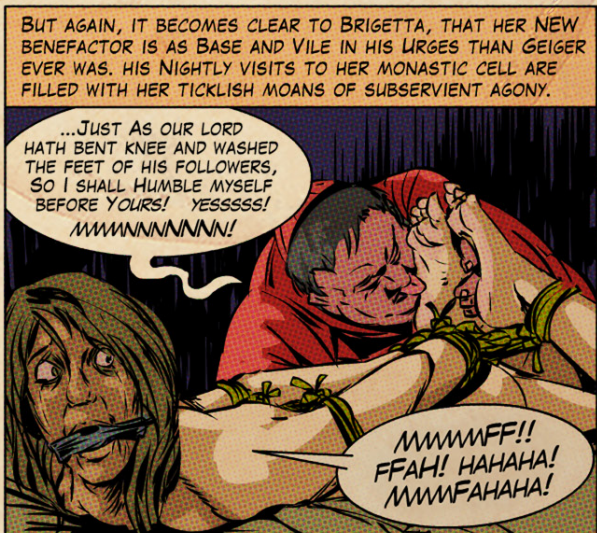
OH, GEIGER!
THERE'S NO FOOL
LIKE AN OLD FOOL!
HA HA HA HA!



MERCY! PLEASE!
Nooooooo
CHUNK! THUD

HOORAY!!!
WOOHOO!

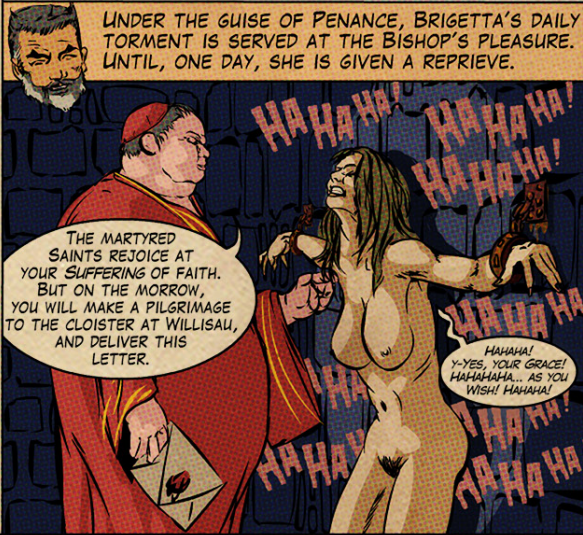
COME, WIDOW.
LET US AWAY FROM
THIS GOLGOTHIK PLACE.
HERE, TITHES FROM THE FAITHFUL,
IT IS MORE BEFITTING IN YOU
THAN MOLDERING IN ROME'S
TREASURE VAULTS.



BUT AGAIN, IT BECOMES CLEAR TO BRIGETTA, THAT HER NEW BENEFACTOR IS AS BASE AND VILE IN HIS URGES THAN GEIGER EVER WAS. HIS NIGHTLY VISITS TO HER MONASTIC CELL ARE FILLED WITH HER TICKLISH MOANS OF SUBSERVIENT AGONY.

...JUST AS OUR LORD
HATH BENT KNEE AND WASHED
THE FEET OF HIS FOLLOWERS,
SO I SHALL HUMBLE MYSELF
BEFORE YOURS! YESSSSS!
MMMMMMMMNNNN!

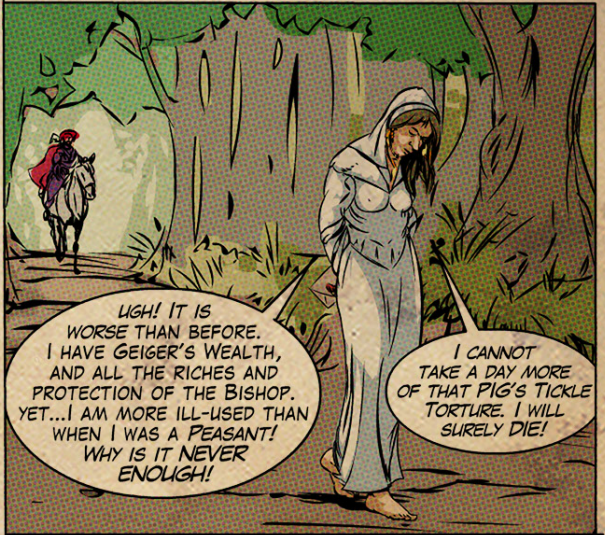
MMMMFFF!!
FFAH! HAHAHA!
MMMMFAHAHA!



UNDER THE GUISE OF PENANCE, BRIGETTA'S DAILY TORTURE IS SERVED AT THE BISHOP'S PLEASURE. UNTIL, ONE DAY, SHE IS GIVEN A REPRIEVE.

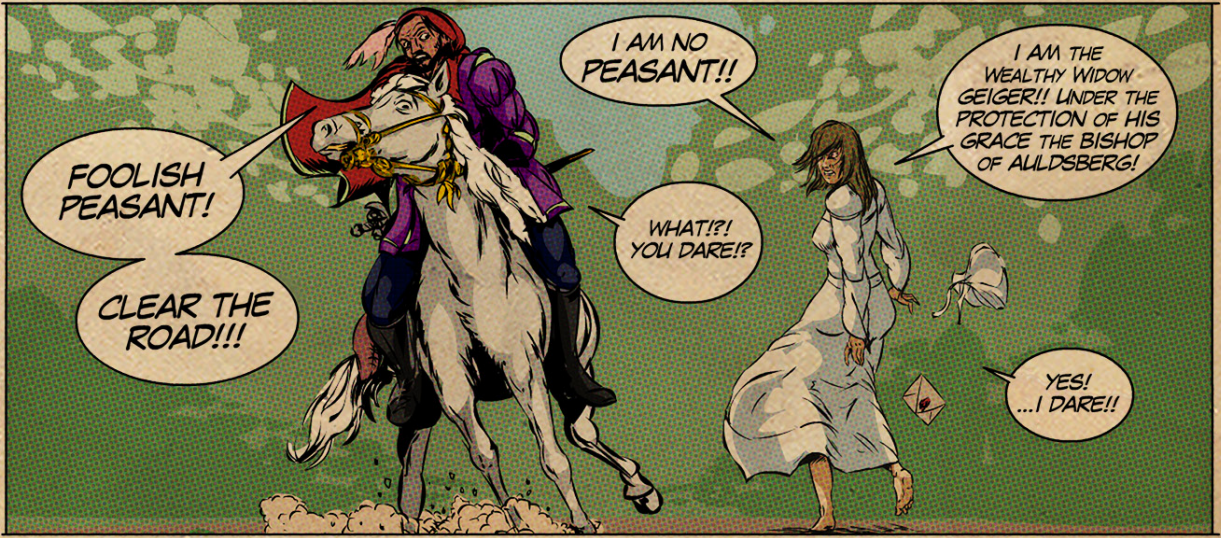
THE MARTYRED SAINTS REJOICE AT YOUR SUFFERING OF FAITH. BUT ON THE MORROW, YOU WILL MAKE A PILGRIMAGE TO THE CLOISTER AT WILLISAU, AND DELIVER THIS LETTER.

HAHAHA!
Y-YES, YOUR GRACE!
HAHAHAHA... AS YOU WISH! HAHAHA!



UGH! IT IS WORSE THAN BEFORE. I HAVE GEIGER'S WEALTH, AND ALL THE RICHES AND PROTECTION OF THE BISHOP. YET... I AM MORE ILL-USED THAN WHEN I WAS A PEASANT! WHY IS IT NEVER ENOUGH!

I CANNOT TAKE A DAY MORE OF THAT PIG'S TICKLE TORTURE. I WILL SURELY DIE!



FOOLISH PEASANT!

CLEAR THE ROAD!!!

I AM NO PEASANT!!

WHAT!?! YOU DARE!?!

I AM THE WEALTHY WIDOW GEIGER!! UNDER THE PROTECTION OF HIS GRACE THE BISHOP OF AULDSBERG!

YES! ...I DARE!!



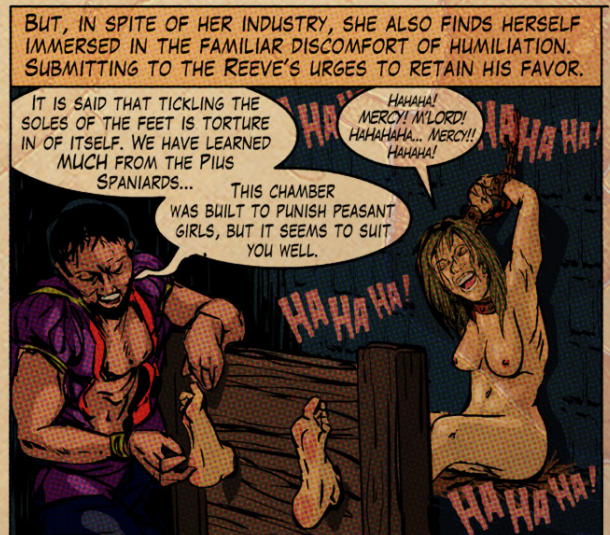
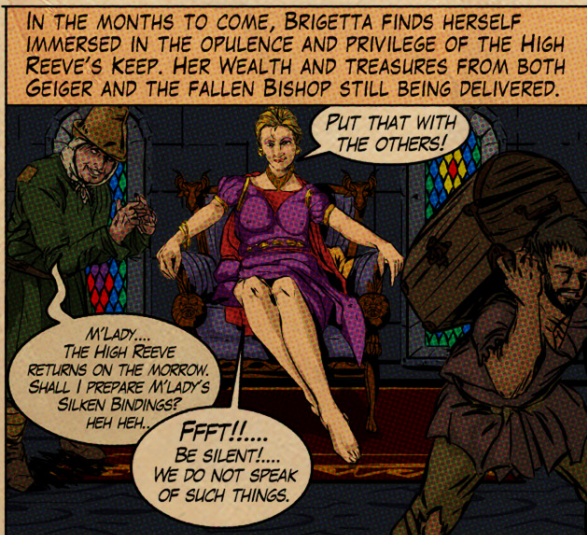
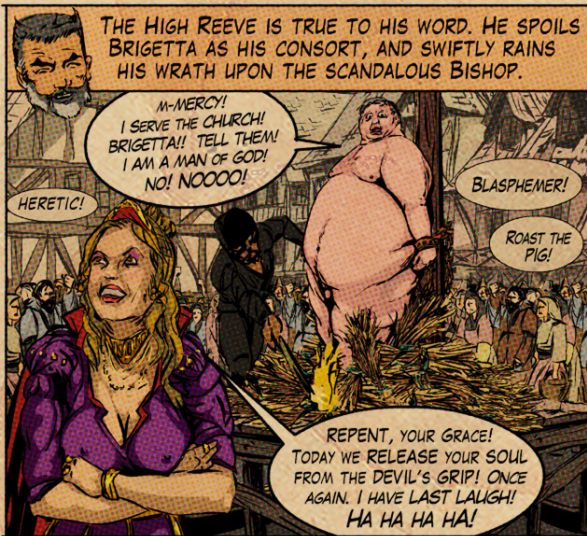
WHAT CARE I, THE HIGH REEVE OF THIS CANTON FOR YOUR PORCINE BENEFACTOR? I COULD HAVE YOUR HEAD!

BUT METHINKS, WITH SUCH A SAUCY BEAUTY, IT IS BETTER TO SHOW YOU YOUR PLACE, WOMAN!



WEALTHY OR NOT! I SHALL THRASH YOU LIKE A PETULANT CHILD!

M'LORD! NO! I MEANT NOT TO... I DID NOT REALIZE... PLEASE!



MORE BITTER THAN SWEET, BRIGETTA'S POSITION OF POWER AND WEALTH DO LITTLE TO QUELL HER FALL INTO THE VERY THING SHE DESPISED....

GUARD!
THAT GIRL DARED SNEER AT THE HIGH REEVE'S CONSORT!

PUT HER IN THE LAUGHING STOCKS UNTIL SHE LEARNS RESPECT!

NO!
M'LADY! ANYTHING BUT THAT! MERCY! PLEASE!

BRIGETTA LASHES HER OWN FRUSTRATIONS UPON ANYONE THAT CROSSES HER PATH, AND HONES A WICKED TASTE FOR IT. THE IRONY IS IT LOST ON HER AS SHE INDULGES HER WHIMS.

PLEEEESE! FORGIVE ME!! I CANNOT ENDURE THE TORTURE!

I ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY... AND AFTER A FEW MORE DAYS OF SUFFERING, I WILL MAKE YOU MY PERSONAL SERVANT.

HAHAHA!
HAHAHA!
HAHAHA!

UNFORTUNATELY.... THE IRONY IS LOST ON OTHERS AS WELL.

SO! NOW YOU TAKE IT UPON YOURSELF TO PUNISH PEASANT GIRLS AND MAKE THEM AS SERVANTS! DO YOU THINK YOURSELF THE HIGH REEVE? TO THE LAUGHING STOCKS WITH YOU!!

NO M'LORD! IT IS HUMILIATING! MERCY!

GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE WITCH!

HAHAHA!
HAHAHA!
HAHAHA!

I'M SORRY, M'LADY... BUT IF I SHOW YOU ANY MERCY, THE REEVE WILL HAVE MY HEAD. HEH HEH

AFTER A FORTNIGHT OF DAILY PUNISHMENT, BRIGETTA, ONCE AGAIN, COMES TO A DESPERATE CONCLUSION....

THE HIGH REEVE... THIS EVIL TYRANT... MUST DIE!

OR HE WILL SURELY TORTURE ME TO DEATH.

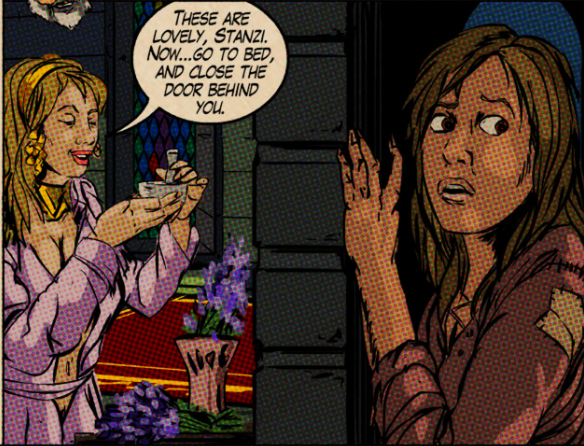
ALL THAT IS HIS, SHALL BE MINE. AND I SHALL FINALLY BE FREE!

STANZI, GIRL, GO TO THE WOOD AND CUT A BASKETFUL OF FRESH MONKSHOOD.

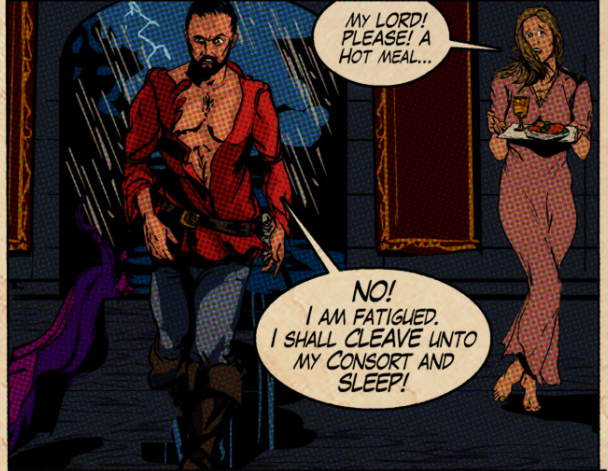
BUT...? TIS POISON, M'LADY!

THEY ARE THE LORD'S FAVORITE COLOR PURPLE. I SHALL FESTOON OUR BED CHAMBER WITH THEM.

THE SERVANT GIRL DOES AS SHE IS BID, BUT HER HEART GROWS HEAVY AFTER BEING TOLD TO FETCH HER MISTRESS A MORTAR AND PESTLE.

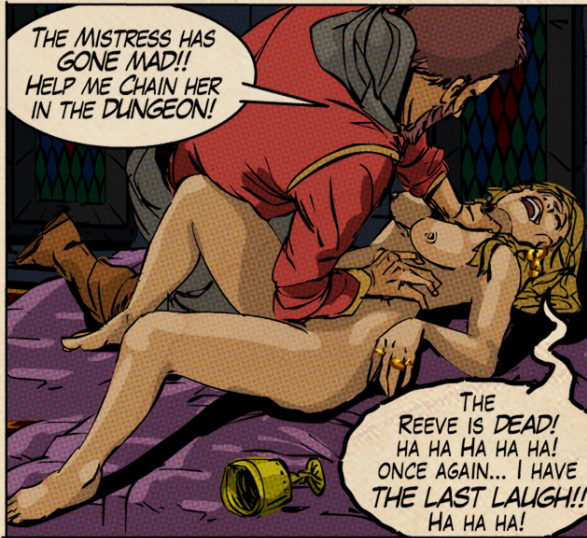


LATER THAT NIGHT, THE HIGH REEVE RETURNS FROM HIS RIDE IN THE STORM; WET AND COLD, YET SINGLE MINDED...



STANZI CAN CONTAIN HER FEARS NO LONGER... SHE RUSHES FOR HELP TO STAY A DEADLY TRAGEDY AND BETRAYAL.





THE MISTRESS HAS GONE MAD!! HELP ME CHAIN HER IN THE DUNGEON!

THE REEVE IS DEAD! HA HA HA HA HA! ONCE AGAIN... I HAVE THE LAST LAUGH!! HA HA HA!



THE CANTON, NOW HEADLESS, RECEIVES AN ADMINISTRIAL VISIT FROM THE HAPSBURGS TO SET THINGS RIGHT... AND ADMINISTER JUSTICE.

BUT SHE FULLY CONFESED DAYS AGO.

LET THE TORTURE CONTINUE. THERE MAY BE MORE CONSPIRATORS.

HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA HA! HA HA HA! I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING!! MERCY!! PLEASE!! NO MORE!!

BRIGETTA'S SUFFERING CONTINUES IN THE DAYS TO COME, EVEN AS SHE TRIES AN OLD PLOY, HER CHARMS FAIL HER...



MERCY, SIR! RELEASE ME AND WE CAN ESCAPE WITH MY FORTUNE! YOU WILL HAVE ME AS YOU WISH!

I'M SORRY, M'LADY... BUT... LINGH!!... I ALREADY HAVE YOU AS I WISH! TICKLE TICKLE TICKLE MURDERESS.

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

AT LONG LAST, IN THE QUIET WEE HOURS UNTO HERSELF, BRIGETTA SUCCUMBS AND WELCOMES FINAL JUSTICE...



I CAN NO LONGER BEAR THIS DAILY TICKLING TORMENT... I PRAY FOR A QUICK DEATH!

HARK! THEY COME!! PERHAPS TO PUT AN END ON MY ORDEAL!

KREEEE EEE



TRAITOROUS WENCH!

HERETICAL WITCH!

MURDERING WIFE!

NO!! ITS NOT POSSIBLE!!! YOU'RE ALL DEAD!!! I SAW EACH ONE OF YOU DIE!!!

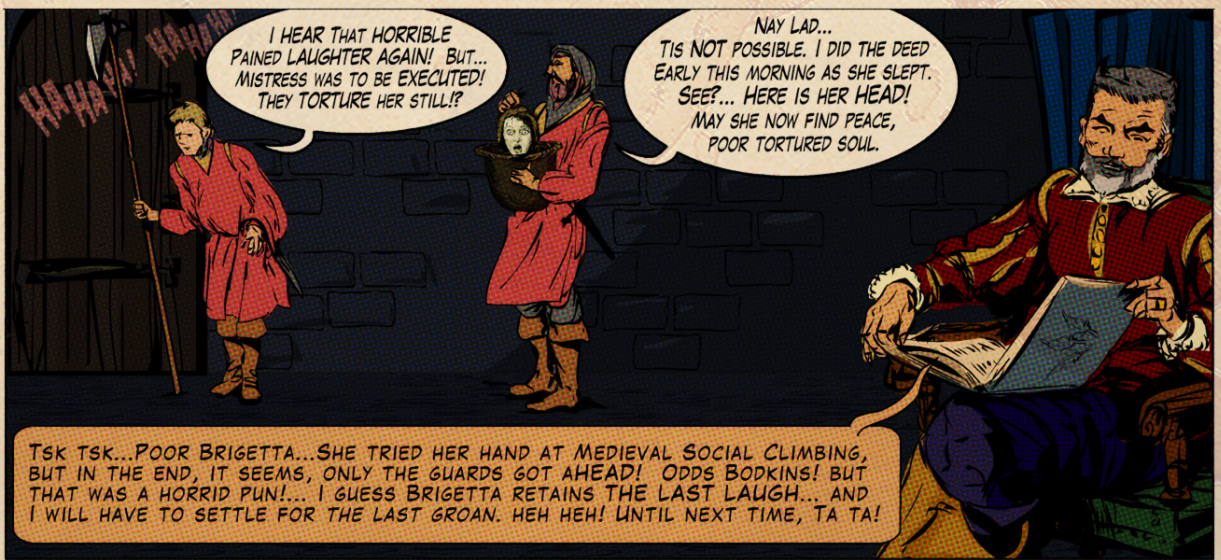


WE COME
NOT FOR YOUR RECLAMATION
NOR MERCIFUL SALVATION...
BUT DAMNATION!

TO GRANT YOU
WHAT YOU SO SELFISHLY
SOUGHT IN LIFE

TO SUFFER ALL
ETERNITY...
THE LAST
LAUGH!!!

HAHAHA! HAHAHA!
NOOO!
HAHAHA! HAHAHA!



I HEAR THAT HORRIBLE
PAINED LAUGHTER AGAIN! BUT...
MISTRESS WAS TO BE EXECUTED!
THEY TORTURE HER STILL!?

NAY LAD...
TIS NOT POSSIBLE. I DID THE DEED
EARLY THIS MORNING AS SHE SLEPT.
SEE?... HERE IS HER HEAD!
MAY SHE NOW FIND PEACE,
POOR TORTURED SOUL.

Tsk tsk... POOR BRIGETTA... SHE TRIED HER HAND AT MEDIEVAL SOCIAL CLIMBING,
BUT IN THE END, IT SEEMS, ONLY THE GUARDS GOT AHEAD! ODDS BODKINS! BUT
THAT WAS A HORRID PUN!... I GUESS BRIGETTA RETAINS THE LAST LAUGH... AND
I WILL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR THE LAST GROAN. HEH HEH! UNTIL NEXT TIME, TA TA!

TALES OF THE DESPERATE MAIL-BAGGED



FETISHY
FAN LETTERS
FROM YOU OUR
BIGGEST
FIENDS!

...ER...
FANS!

Dear Tales,
I thoroughly enjoyed your featured comic from the June Issue! A huge fans of Pirates, Peril and Damsels in Distress.

I was wondering if you or any of the other writers were planning on featuring more comics dealing with Pirates, Voodoo Rites, or Old-Gods from Lovecraftian Fiction. At the Very least, a Follow-Up to The Border-line Erogenous Adventures of Captain Jevill.

Jeremy Wexler,
Put-In Bay, Ohio.

P.S. I sent 5 dollars, and the Official C.A.B. Seal of Approval from the Previous 5 Issues of Tales of the Desperate, and I still have not received my C.A.B. Junior Inquisitor Kit. Could you see if it got lost in the post? Many thanks in advance.

— Don't worry, Jeremy, we've looked into your missing C.A.B. Junior Inquisitor Kit and found the slaves responsible for the blunder. In fact, we used the Kit to get their names. Its very handy.

Dear Tales,
I sent my \$1.00 plus postage and handling months ago for my Slave Monkeys! WHERE ARE THEY! Seriously NOT impressed with your customer service department!

T-SCI
Michigan, USA

— Hmm... Sorry about that, T-Sci. Obviously we are having staff issues with the mailroom slaves as of late. We will continue the tickle torture punishment until morale improves. In the meantime we've shipped you several cases of SlaveMonkey eggs to compensate you for your inconvenience. Just pray it doesn't rain on your postman's mail truck... a few thousand SlaveMonkeys can get quite ornery and rebellious in large numbers.

Dear Tales,
I expected a wonderful, ticklish tale and that's exactly what I got. It was a rather chilling from beginning to end. I couldn't even say which one was my favorite. You could say it made me feel "tickled pink" (Ba-dum-tss). Bad jokes aside, it was a great work of fetishy goodness. And I definitely want just about every product listed inside, even though I don't think I'd know where to keep it all. Anyway, thank you very much for putting it out there for those to enjoy. And I expect nothing less from the next volume.

Your adoring fan,
Abby A.K.A Madhattermiss
Georgia, USA

— Thank you, Abby. We will continue to hold our writers and artists noses to the grindstone to get you the great comic you expect - that, and its also just a lot of fun to hear them scream. Should you find yourself ordering any of our advertisers great products, we find that an empty coffin next to your stretched-out victim makes for a great 'toy locker'.

Dear Tales,
Page 2 of Vol. 21 No. 8 features a super sexy picture of C.A.B. and associates. I went ahead and ordered the SEXray SPECS listed on page 15, but I believe they are defective. I was hoping to see through C.A.B.'s suit, since the picture gives a full-frontal view. Please help!

Living Dead Grrrrl
Heartland, USA

— Our apologies for your disappointment, Madam. But we cannot answer for the claims of our advertisers' products. However, consider yourself fortunate, for all the unfortunate women that have gazed upon Master C.A.B.'s glorious loins have gone completely and irrevocably insane with unbridled sexual rapture.

Dear Tales,
Although I haven't yet read any issues of this series yet, I am nonetheless a huge fan of artwork and stories depicting sexy women in some sort of situation where they succumb to tickling/tickle torture. The facial hair on your illustrated persona is quite sexy, a little bit like Vincent Price. Keep in mind that the compliment is just a compliment, I am simply a lesbian who finds male facial hair attractive. Continue doing what you do best, making wonderful female ticklee based deviations and publications for sale online.

Roxanne "Holiday"
South Carolina, USA

— Dear Roxanne, That's the best compliment we've ever gotten on Tales of the Desperate from someone that has never read it! We will also pass on your praise of Master C.A.B. and I'm sure he also shares your enthusiasm for tickle tortured cuties and Vincent Price facial hair. In fact, we understand he has just procured a pet Raven... although the poor bird tends to have a few feathers go missing now and again.

Dear ToFTD,
With your last issue, I loved the story "Your Laughter Is DIVINE" - but I was wondering, would weed killer work around there??? Just wanting to brush up on my gardening skills... keep up the great work!! I'm always looking to learn from what I read

Desdemona
Ohio, U.S.A.

— Dearest Desdemona, we find herbicide a very disturbing practice in gardening, especially with such a playful flowering creature as Harold's Tickle Vine. We've taken the liberty of mailing you some seeds so that you can learn for yourself. Simply plant them next to your bedroom window, water them in, and go to sleep naked.

Send YOUR Tales of the Desperate Fan Mail to: Dept, Caterwaul, C.A.B. LABS PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC. 87909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include an appropriate tribute or outright bribe.



AH, THE ENTHUSIASTIC SQUEAK OF NURSING SHOES AND THE CRISP STARCH OF CHEERFUL WHITES. VISITING HELPLESS SHUT-INS TO FEED AND CARE FOR THEM EVERYDAY. BUT IF BEHIND THAT BEDSIDE SMILE LIES A HEART OF SADISTIC EVIL, THEN HIRED HELP QUICKLY BECOMES HIRED HELL IN THE HANDS OF A...

VISITING ANGEL OF NO MERCY

FOR LOURDES, ENDURING A COURSE IN NURSING WAS THE MEANS TO AN END... THERE WERE THOUSANDS OF HELPLESS HOME-BOUND PEOPLE JUST WAITING TO BE PICKED LIKE RIPE FRUIT AND BLACKMAILED QUIET. PERSUASION HAD EVEN BECOME A TWISTED LITTLE GAME THAT PASSED THE TIME.

HAHAHA! NO! PLEASE! HAHAHA! DON'T TICKLE ME ANYMORE! I'LL DO ANYTHING! HAHAHA!

I'M SO HAPPY TO HEAR THAT, MISS BRANT. NOW IF YOU DON'T MIND, SIGN THAT BLANK CHECK, OR MAYBE YOU'D LIKE YOUR TOES TICKLED? NO MERCY!!

HAHAHAHA! NO! I'LL SIGN! TAKE IT! HAHAHA! JUST STOP! I'LL DIE!!

THANK YOU, MISS BRANT. I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW AFTER SHOPPING TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE GIRL ON GIRL SPONGE BATH... BUT I CAN'T PROMISE MY NAILS WON'T BE INVOLVED.

SOB!!
SNIFF!!

SOB!!
I WONT SAY ANYTHING

IF YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT RUNNING YOUR MOUTH ABOUT THIS, I'LL TELL THE AUTHORITIES YOU'VE BEEN FAKING AND YOU'LL GO TO JAIL. SEE YOU LATER HONEY!

THE FEW CLIENTS LOURDES TORTMENTS ARE SLIM PICKINGS AT BEST... BUT ONE DAY, HER DISPATCHER UNWITTINGLY HANDS HER WICKED OPPORTUNITY ON A GOLDEN PLATTER.

CLEAR YOUR CURRENT APPOINTMENTS FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS, LOURDES. THIS NEW CLIENT IS VERY ILL AND VERY WEALTHY! OH...I SHOULDN'T SAY IT LIKE THAT!

WE DO IT IN THE NAME OF MERCY, SISTER SARA.

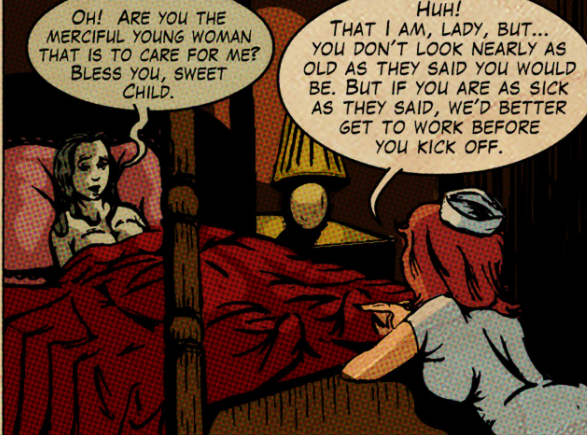
ALL IN THE NAME OF MERCY.

YES. YOU'RE ONE OF THE GOOD ONES, LOURDES. HERE'S THE ADDRESS. IT'S QUITE FAR NORTH OF BOSTON.

THE NEXT MORNING, LOURDES ARRIVES AT THE STRANGE NEW RESIDENCE. STATELY YET DECREPIT, IT SITS INFIRM ON ITS LOFTY HILL, MOST LIKELY AS DOES THE OLD DISABLED WOMAN THAT MUST HAVE LIVED THERE FOREVER...

HOLY MOLEY! THIS BROAD IS LOADED! AND IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NO NOSEY NEIGHBORS! OH...IS THIS EVER GOING TO BE EASY.

THE HOUSE KEY IS WHERE THE AGENCY SAID IT WOULD BE. SO LOURDES MAKES HER WAY THROUGH THE DARK MANSION AND UP THE HIGH STAIR TO THE MASTER CHAMBER AND ITS DIM LIGHT.



OH! ARE YOU THE MERCIFUL YOUNG WOMAN THAT IS TO CARE FOR ME? BLESS YOU, SWEET CHILD.

HUH! THAT I AM, LADY, BUT... YOU DON'T LOOK NEARLY AS OLD AS THEY SAID YOU WOULD BE. BUT IF YOU ARE AS SICK AS THEY SAID, WE'D BETTER GET TO WORK BEFORE YOU KICK OFF.

I'LL EXPLAIN SO YOU UNDERSTAND AND WE CAN GET THIS OVER WITH. I AM GOING TO TICKLE TORTURE YOU UNTIL YOU GIVE ME WHAT I WANT. GET IT? NO MERCY!



AND I'M A NURSE, SO I WON'T LET YOU DIE... YOU'LL JUST SUFFER UNTIL YOU SEE THINGS MY WAY OR I'VE HAD MY FUN. IT KEEPS ME YOUNG! HEH HEH!

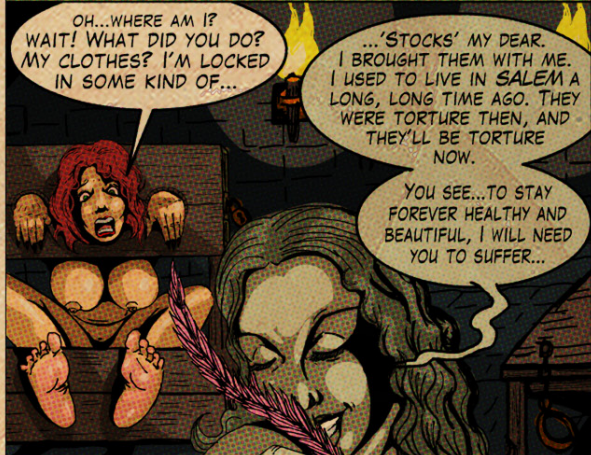
OKAY... LETS SEE THOSE SEXY FEET AND TIE THEM UP TIGHT.



OH DEAR GOD!!! YOUR LEGS!! YOUR FEET!! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FEET!!

I FEEL FAINT... I'M...

WHEN NEXT LOURDES WAKES - SHE FINDS SHE IS FETTERED IN HEAVY WOOD AND CANNOT MOVE. HER SURROUNDINGS, THE MANSIONS BASEMENT, SET UP AS A TORTURE CHAMBER.



OH...WHERE AM I? WAIT! WHAT DID YOU DO? MY CLOTHES? I'M LOCKED IN SOME KIND OF...

...'STOCKS' MY DEAR. I BROUGHT THEM WITH ME. I USED TO LIVE IN SALEM A LONG, LONG TIME AGO. THEY WERE TORTURE THEN, AND THEY'LL BE TORTURE NOW.

YOU SEE...TO STAY FOREVER HEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL, I WILL NEED YOU TO SUFFER...



I'LL EXPLAIN SO YOU UNDERSTAND AND WE CAN GET THIS OVER WITH. I AM GOING TO TICKLE TORTURE YOU UNTIL YOU GIVE ME WHAT I WANT. GET IT? NO MERCY!

AND I'M A WITCH!!! SO I WON'T LET YOU DIE... YOU'LL JUST SUFFER UNTIL YOUR LIFE FORCE IS MINE AND I'VE HAD MY FUN. IT KEEPS ME YOUNG! HEH!...TICKLE! TICKLE! TICKLE!

PLEASE! DONT TICKLE ME! MERCY! HA HA HA MERCY! HA HA HA THE END.



"Laugh and Play with Teddy"

by Marquis de Sade

The rain falls. Pasture outside shimmers blue beneath a moon. The house smells of a period of dust. In own her dark bedroom Annabel screams as she is pulled from sleep and pulled from her blankets and fast overpowered. The soft hands of strangers she cannot see. The sound of her nightgown ripped apart and she is bound in skipping rope. Her forced exposure is unbearable. Annabel weeps, resisting. Her childhood regrets and her present adult fears of retribution pouring from her shriek. Her amnesia has ruptured and Annabel remembers:

The porch swing and lilac shadows; the twine she retrieved from her family's barn from bales of hay to bind her little brother's cherished toys as malicious children sometimes do; The clapping circus monkey was too loud; The brown bear too large; The clown spider she believed to be an abomination. And little Annabel would sit on her porch swing with her own doll and together they would torment her brother's toys as if each were alive.

"Annabel! Sis! Let's laugh and play with Teddy!" Her brother would excitedly implore everyday upon returning from school. **No.** "Wait... What's wrong with Teddy?" **Nothing.** "Then where has Teddy's eye gone?" **Nowhere.** But she knew she was a liar. She knew she had ripped Teddy's button from its socket of soft felt and stitching and had tossed the eye into a wet patch of gold November pasture. The look of resentment in her own doll's eyes, she had sworn, was but her own disgust reflected had still been enough for her to pull its head from its body. There is no such thing she had told herself. No such thing as living dead things made of porcelain.

But now amidst the crash of rain outside and low rustle of russet grass beneath her bedroom window she abandons all her lies. Her fear catches between her teeth as she screams into her darkness for absolution. The rope constricts tight about her slender limbs and bare, unprotected breasts as she struggles but falls to one side and bites down on her fear until it bleeds and pours from her lips in another shout. From a corner of the room emerge familiar silhouettes. Her old and headless doll reaches an arm to the floor and with a plastic finger it now scores a message into a layer of lemon wax. The lines are difficult to read but materialize before her in a shard of moonlight: *DO YOU REMEMBER THE RED WORDS?*

Annabel nods and weeps, feeling pitiful. The red words were a warning she remembers coming across the same gray afternoon of her little brother's cremation. The warning scrawled poorly in red crayon across the same patch of floor:

ONE DAY YOU WILL GIVE BACK HIS HAPPY

"I haven't come back to hurt you," she cries, struggling and writhing against all her skipping rope, "I've come to sell the house. Please...", she bawls and she begs, "I've grown up!" From the dark come more shapes. The brown bear with one eye. The stuffing dribbling from his head. The clapping monkey and bizarre clown spider. Her doll carves into the wood another message: *YOU ARE WHY HE WAS SAD*

Annabel closes her eyes and she shakes her head and in the very center of her fears she now accepts and understands what she refused to believe nine years ago. The red message was a promise meant for her. Annabel had taken her little brother's joy. His laughter. And now she would give it back to him. "If you're here," she weeps, "Patrick... I'm sorry!"

Now Annabel recoils and shrieks. The cold touch of plastic doll fingers reaching up and scratching and stroking slow at the bared and soft soles of her bound feet. The heat of her laughter causing the rain on the windows to dribble down the glass. Now more shapes surround her. The bear holds a feather. The others wait, patient. From one corner rolls a severed porcelain doll head come to watch her suffering and now Annabel laughs again.

Loud and long into her darkness she laughs from tickled agony into a madness through which she can see beyond just this evening.

"Don't stop," says a familiar voice, "Not until my sister and I have played. And we will laugh and play with Teddy... forever... and ever... and ever..."

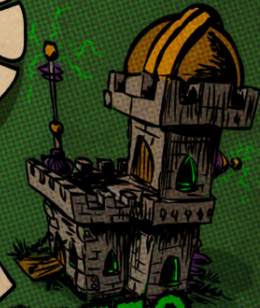
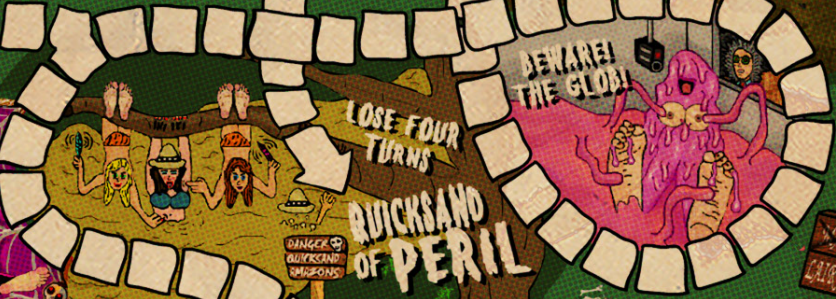
WELL HELLO THERE, BOYS AND GHOULS! PERHAPS YOU CAN GIVE YOURS TRULY, **THE SCIENTIST**, A FOOT... ER, HAND WITH MY IMPORTANT RESEARCH? I NEED TO GET A SACK OF TICKLISH TOES BACK TO MY FETISH LABORATORY. ARE YOU BRAVE ENOUGH TO DRAG IT THERE FOR ME? DON'T TAKE ANY WRONG TURNS...I WANT YOU IN GOOD HEALTH FOR MY... ER, TO WITNESS MY EXPERIMENTS!

THE SCIENTIST'S MAD FETISH MAZE

START HERE!



VALLEY OF THE GIANTS



SAFE?

Sadista AND Silke Arches IN "PIE TIED SPY"

HA HA HA!
NO ONE CAN STOP
WORLD FAMOUS PAPARAZZI
ARACHNA FROM
SNEAKING INTO SADISTA'S
PRIVATE MANSION!

..EXCEPT MAYBE
WORLD FAMOUS FETISH SPY
SILKE ARCHES!

IT'S NOT
POLITE TO CRASH
A HOUSE PARTY,
MISS ITSY BITSY!

MMFF!

MMFF!

STOMP!

HAVE A LITTLE
NEWS FOOTAGE,
MISS ARCHES!

THAT'S A
TASTY DISPLAY,
GIRLS...

BUT HERE'S
SOMETHING EVEN
TASTIER!

MISTRESS® FRUIT PIES!
WITH REAL FRUIT FILL...
MMMMFFFF!!!

I JUST LOVE
FORBIDDEN FRUIT FLAVOR
AND THE LIGHT, FLAKEY,
TENDER CRUST!

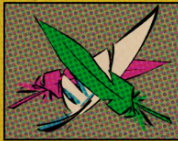
YOU MAY HAVE YOUR
MISTRESS® FRUIT PIES WHEN I'M
DONE TICKLE TORTURING YOU...
IN ABOUT A DAY OR SO.

AWW C'MON,
SADISTA! I WAS JUST
TRYING TO HELP!!

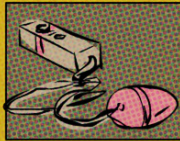
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

YOU GET BIG DELIGHT
EVEN WITH A BALL-GAG BITE
OF MISTRESS® FRUIT PIES

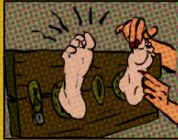
MISTRESS® FRUIT PIES ARE A TRADEMARK OF C.A.B. LABS INDUSTRIES BAKERIES DIVISION A WORLD DOMINATION CONGLOMERATE. U.S. PAT OFF.



TICKLE TORTURE FEATHERS



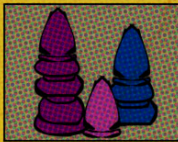
INSERTABLE EGG VIBE



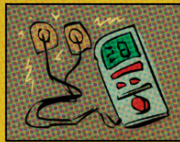
FOOT STOCKS



LEATHER RIDING CROP



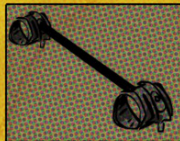
BUTT PLUG SET



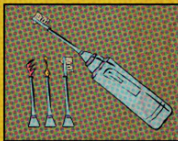
TENS UNIT



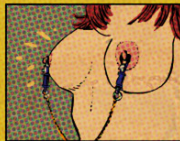
TOE CUFFS



SPREADER BAR



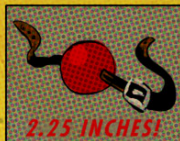
ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH



NIPPLE CLAMPS



KING DONG VIBE



2.25 INCHES!
BIG RED BALL GAG



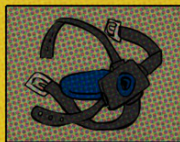
HAND & ANKLE CUFFS



SUSPENSION RIG



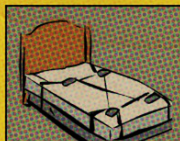
CLIT RINGS



COCK GAG



LEATHER BLINDFOLD



BED RESTRAINT SYSTEM



FLOGGER



GUIDE BOOK



ST. ANDREWS CROSS



"I grow 'Murican Seeds and they get me laid!"
Derek
Indiana



"Its an easy way to get some kinky-ass shit!"
Crystal
New York



"Its so easy! The only thing harder is my clit!"
Deb
Ohio

MAKE MONEY GET PRIZES

with Fast Selling 'Murican Seeds

Take your choice of 100 wonderful kinky prizes. You can perv as many as you want. Most prizes shown here many more in out Big Porn Book are given WITHOUT COST for pushing just one 45-pack order of 'Murican Weed and Mushroom Seeds at 20¢ a pack. Some of the kinkier prizes require more sexual favors or flat out bribery as explained in the Big Porn Book.

Send US MONEY, Trust Us.

Everybody wants 'Murican Seeds. They're illegal in most states but ready to grow. You'll push them quickly onto family, friends, and schoolyards. Many young folks push their packs in one day. You can too - and get your kink on at once. Or if you just want the fuckin' money, keep \$3.00 for every 45-pack order you sell, bitch.

USE THESE COUPONS ONLY

To order your seeds, fill out one of these coupons and drop a plain brown envelope to:

'MURICAN SEED CO.

1-95 Overpass Route 3
Lancaster, Pa. 17606
Come alone.



DROP ONE COUPON TODAY Force the other on a Friend

'MURICAN SEED CO., 1-95 Overpass Route 3, Lancaster, Pa. 17606

Yo, send me da Big Porn Book, and one mule with 45 packs of 'Murican Seeds. I'll push them at 20¢ pack, send you the money and beg for more time to send more. Send seeds checked.

All Marijuana Seeds All Peyote and Mushroom Seeds All Mutant Tickle Vine Seeds

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____ Zip _____

'MURICAN SEED CO., 1-95 Overpass Route 3, Lancaster, Pa. 17606

Yo, send me da Big Porn Book, and one mule with 45 packs of 'Murican Seeds. I'll push them at 20¢ pack, send you the money and beg for more time to send more. Send seeds checked.

All Marijuana Seeds All Peyote and Mushroom Seeds All Mutant Tickle Vine Seeds

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____ Zip _____

EXTRA!

\$30 Whore GIVEN AWAY in our Promptness Contest in addition to the swag and cash you earn pushin' our shit.

No details at all will be sent with your Big Porn Book and seeds.



FUCK COLLEGE, SPEND MONEY NOW!