TEA AND RELATIVE DIFFUSIONS IN SHROPSHIRE

A MIDWINTER COMICS RETREAT COMIC
Welcome to TEA AND RELATIVE DIFFUSIONS IN SHROPSHIRE, the latest MCR Comic. For latecomers to the party, intermittently over the last few years, a gaggle of small press comic creators have gathered together in a holiday cottage in order to drink, make merry and write and draw comics.

We wouldn’t be doing this if not for Debra Boyask, who was part of the Funtime Comics Collective in New Zealand. When she moved to the UK, Debs brought the idea of the Midwinter Comics Retreat with her, and convinced a bunch of us to give it a go. The intention isn’t to make the greatest comics of all time, but to just jump in and have a go, regardless of whether you think you’re an artist or not. It’s a bit like the 24 Hour Comic, but with multiple participants, some who’ve been making comics for decades and others who are better described as “interested observers”. The ultimate goal is fun and hi-jinks. Whether the ensuing pages will make any sense to anyone who wasn’t there, we are unable to guarantee. Hopefully some of the fun we had will shine through. It helps if you’re familiar with Doctor Who, most notably The Five Doctors anniversary special. In this year where the Time Lord celebrates his 50th anniversary, it was inevitable that this MCR comic would dwell on all things Gallifreyan.

The other important thing about this particular Comics Retreat is that regrettably, Debs died this year, and so we decided that an appropriate way to celebrate Debs’ life would be to hold another MCR in her memory.


MCR comics are always more than the sum of their parts, and every attendee plays a part in their creation - whether by scripting pages, coming up with freeform surreal comments that shoehorn their way into the comic, or the wilful mishearing of such comments. Even former MCR attendees are not free from being co-opted into the mayhem by proxy. But, as far as we can decipher, this year’s culprits are:

**JAY EALES**
Chief Architect & Artist: Page 20, cover design

**SELINA LOCK**
Artist: Pages 19, 24

**TERRY WILEY**
Artist: Pages 2, 4, 8, 11, 12, 18, 22

**LEE KENNEDY**
Artist: Pages 3, 9, 17

**SOPHIE MOBBS**
Artist: Pages 1, 6, 7, 13

**JENNY LINN COLE**
Artist: Pages 5, 10, 15, 23, back cover

**ANDREW LUKE**
Artist: Pages 4, 16, 21

**ALAN ROWELL**
Artist: Pages 6, 14, 25
ONE DAY I SHALL COME BACK...
YES! I SHALL COME BACK...

DOUBLE AARDVARK DOG TOPPED WITH A FRIED EGG!

NOM!
I'll have to owe you!

Hey buddy! That's ten bucks!

One down.
Huf!

Target acquired.

What the hell is that? I gotta sketch it!

Target identity confirmed.

Aw, buggeration!!
Iain Duncan Smith's Dungeon Dept.
Of Workhouses & Punishment

Mister Luke
I have to inform you that your application for benefits has been

Bang! Bang!
I've told you not to disturb me when I am processing claims

Beats project management for £3 p/hr
PLEASE DO NOT BOUGH THE HORSE!

OH NO, YOU DON'T!

YOU WANT TO PLAY?

GAME ON!

SHIIIIIIIT!
RUMBLE!

WHAT WAS THAT?

MMMf CARE
I’VE HAD A SHIT
WEEK, NOT
MOVING!

MUSIC’S
GONG
DOWNHILL...

I DON’T THINK
YOU WANT TO
MISS THIS

HUMMPF!

IT’S A GIANT BAG OF
CONKERS

CONKERS!

WAIT!
Noooo! It's a trap!

MUST. SCRUFFLE. THE CONKERS!

Too late!

Noooo! My conkers!
Come on god of the Interwebz, entertain me!

When did you last hear from Jerry? Not seen him online for days.

He's probably in Chicago or used up all his data allowance on live kitten cams again.

Lee's offline too, and Jenny. No word from Sophie either.

Did you check LiveJournal?

Yes, I even checked Myspace.

Jeebus, that is serious.

Should we alert the League of Jeremies then?

Fetch the emergency pager!

Too late, it's in my laptop.

What is? Some kind of transdimensional trap, I shouldn't wonder.

Eek!

Ooh, sneaky!
JOIN THE STEAMPUNK MORRIS MEN

SAME AGAIN, SQUIRE?

ONE PINT OF BOD'S OLD LUMPY IS ENOUGH—PINTO'S SORRY, IF YOU PLEASE

OH, HELLO...

WHAT'S YOUR MATE HAVING?

SORRY, I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE BEHIND YOU.

MATE?
LEGG, IT'S THERE AGAIN.

THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!
So, what are we going to buy at the farmer's market?

That's right! Raspberries!
BLACK OBELISK REPORT: UNABLE TO ACQUIRE TARGET DUE TO CONGESTION CHARGE BARRIER

Willesden
Queens Park
Kensal Green
London Zone 1
Acton
Shepherds Bush
White City
Paddington

TARGET: JASON ELVIS

BLACK OBELISK REPORT: UNABLE TO ACQUIRE TARGET DUE TO HIS STATE OF QUANTUM UNCERTAINTY

DAMIAN CUGLEY

RUTH
DARREN
DORIS

TARGETING ORDER COUNTERMANNED

SO ANYWAY, BLAH BLAH BRUTALIST ARCHITECTURE

I KNOW... BLAH BLAH ANALOGUE SYNTHESIZERS...

ALERT! ALERT! TIME RUPTURE IMMINENT!!!

Zzzzz!

BZZZT!

BZZZT! TARGETS LOST!

BOOM!

TIME LOCK... UNABLE TO RETRIEVE... BZZZT!
WHERE'S THAT BLACK OBELISK WHEN I NEED IT?

DID SOMEONE CALL?

RING!

NOT THAT BLACK OBELIX!

BEGONE! YOU ATE ALL MY SOUP LAST TIME!

IS IT BECAUSE I IS FAT?
Knock knock knock

Yes

Good evening Madam
I am from the department of really interesting things of significance, doritos for short.

No doritos or dips*

Can't you read

*Directorate for interplanetary pacification and snacks.
AT LAST, THE GANG'S ALL TOGETHER AGAIN

OK, IT'S YOU LOT. IS THIS AN MCR THEN?

TWO HOURS AGO

AGAIN! AGAIN!

LOOKS LIKE IT.

HANG ON A MO.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

CHECKING THAT WE'RE NOT IN THE VILLAGE

ALAN, YOU GO OUTSIDE & SCOUT ABOUT- TAKE ANDY WITH YOU

SELINA, YOU & JENNY FORAGE FOR FOOD IN THE KITCHEN, AND WE'LL MEET BACK HERE IN AN HOUR OR TWO.
Okay, what have we learned?

There's some really weird board games here, pig scribbling.

That sounds familiar.

The seven faced badge of doom!

Junior autopsy.

There's some strange signs out on the road too, 'do not go into the horses'.

Does that happen a lot here?

Dunno.

Then there was "Danger! Hwy turning in the road."

What's weird about that?

There were these hefty girl vampires spinning like tops to Kate Bush records.

I went into the town. It's called Craven Arms.

Sounds like a pub.

There was a pub...

I went inside.

Craven Arms.

There was a scale model of the town.

And in that model was a pub.

Also called Craven Arms

Ad infinitum.
I tried to count all the lounges there's 15... No, 4... 38...

There's post. It's all over the house... This one was on the fireplace... Did you open the doors?

Oh yes... There was another post it saying, "You've been told"... EEEEE!

I wouldn't recommend looking behind any of the sofas...

...It was horrible... That doctor who fan must have been behind the sofa for decades!

Funny you should say that...

Creak...
What's for dinner?

We've had to make do a bit, so it's just taters and quiche, I'm afraid.

No soup? Not even one? And store-bought quiche?!

Unacceptable!!!

Liebfraumilch?

I'd rather drink my own piss.

What's Selina doing?

Oh, just salting the windows to keep out demon idjits.
You mean, as if Debs is up there looking down?

That might just be you, then.

Is it just me or do you guys feel like we're being watched?

No, like there's hidden cameras everywhere.

Who's a clever clogs then...

I'll go.

There goes Bruno's low battery alert.

I lived with an Australian for too long.

He should have been crushed while his bones were soft!
You know, I think Andy might be right.

I am? Cool!

So, what’s new with you, Sophie?

Well, my handy-man told me I’m a Devonian reptile queen.

It makes sense, though. I do like it warm, and my hero is Smaug.

That’s mainly down to his famous conker hoard, though.
Everybody, look at this!

What channel is that Alan?

I don't know, the reception was bad, so I reversed the polarity.

You shouldn't do that!

It's almost as bad as crossing the streams.

We need to triangulate the signal to locate them.

Have you considered the possibility that they're hiding in a singularity.

Good point.

We're going to need a bigger gizmo.

Or a rocket universe.

Pah! I hardly think that's likely.

Undoubtedly some sort of temporal anomaly.

They could be in an upstairs bedroom.

Shut up.

Fair enough.

Just that when I went up to change Bruno, I went into the wrong room, and there she was.
WHERE ARE THEY ALL HIDING?

WHO ARE YOU, AND WHY DID YOU BRING US HERE?

CRIPES! YOU NEARLY GAVE ME A FUNNY TURN!

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?

HELLO DEBS!
Debs! But... how? Where? Shh! Spoilers!

I just thought you lot needed a bit more fun in your lives. You arranged all this for us?

Sure, why not? After all, that’s how it all started.

Cheers!

Never the end. Thank’s Debs!
SALTY SOW!
GO TO SLEEP ON A PIG...

Like Drinking Bees!

HOPTOR FRIFFERS
ROAD KILL + BEER = DELICIOUS FRIFFERS
BEST BITTER

IF YOU GET A CLEAR PINT WE GUARANTEE YOUR MONEY BACK

THEY'VE GONE FOR A SLURRY!

SLURRY WORKS WONDERS, WORKS WONDERS
DANGER! CONTAINS SLOPPY CONTINUITY!

MAY CONTAIN TRACES OF BUSHMEAT

ICE CUBE RAMMING IS PROHIBITED

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE THE ANTI-SURGE ADAPTORS

DO NOT GO INTO THE HORSES

EMERGENCY THONGS (JUST SNAP TO OPEN)
WHAT GOES IN THIS PANEL?
The Rasta Dancing Robot of Halford Big Barn

A *

Arson

THE PUZZLE

OF HAND GEL

PLATE

OR BOWL?

BEDROOM OR BATHROOM?

IS THERE SOMEBODY UPSTAIRS?

CRAYON ARMS

AN EXTRA PORTION FROM ANDREW LUKE
SKETCHBOOK PICS
BY JENNY LINN COLE
JUST TO PROVE THAT WE DIDN’T MAKE EVERYTHING UP!

PLEASE DO NOT GO INTO THE HORSES
factor fiction presents

THE SEVEN-FACED BADGER OF DOOM!

TWO LIVES IN GLOUCESTER

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WUTHERING, WUTHERING, WUTHERING HEIGHTS...

HGVs TURNING IN THE ROAD

(HGV = HEFTY GIRLY VAMPIRES)