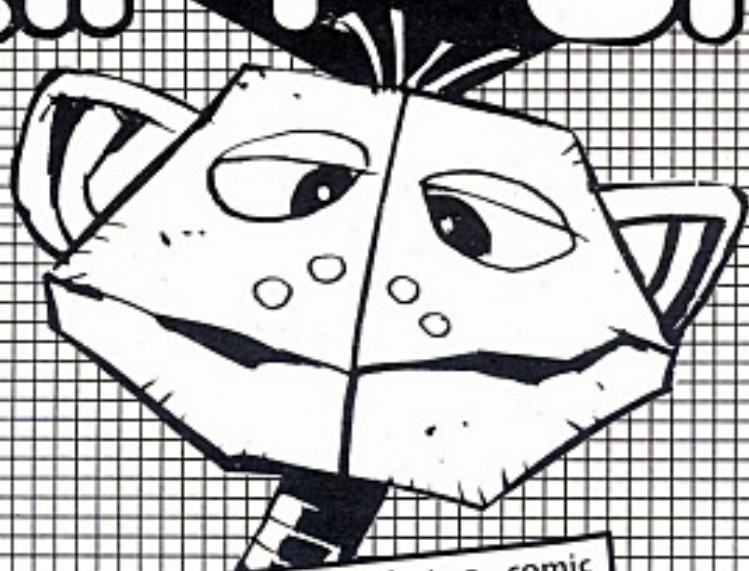


# LIFT-OFF



Salutations space-stompers! What a comic we've got for you this week. While Cody Sun-Childe spells out trouble for Han and Chewie, trouble is really brewing on the planet of Crystalium. Encounter danger yourself in our nail-biting, full colour game on page 14 and get out your scissors for the next part of the Star File.

Artist, Steve Parkhouse popped by this week for a cup of tea and a chat. He took one look at the hilarious goings on in the Star War comic offices and decided that I, as Editor-Droid, should appear in my very own comic strip! Steve is now hard at work on the first of my adventures which will be appearing very soon in the comic!



Star drawings of Salacious Crumb and a Gamorrean Guard sent in by Maria Hardy.

## STAR SWAPS

**Wanted:** Cantina or Dagobah playset.

**Swap:** X-wing fighter, MTV-7.

**Contact:** Peter Powell, 39 Walsh Lane, Yardley, Birmingham.

**Wanted:** Imperial TIE Fighter and two storm-trooper figures.

**Swap:** AT-AT Walker with batteries.

**Contact:** Michael Cordell, 39 Larch Road, Runcorn, Cheshire, WA7 5HR.

**Wanted:** Energizer and any Han Solo figure.

**Swap:** INT-4

**Contact:** Timothy Cramin, Field Farm, South End, Goschill, South Humberside, DN19 7NA.

## Happy Birthday to....

Craig Richardson who will be 11 on 24th, Simon Burns who will be 14 on 25th, Terry McArthur who will be 12 on 28th, Scott Ryan who will be 5 on 21st, Louise Martin who will be 15 on 27th and finally Ian Kirby who will be 4 on 29th and a belated happy birthday to his big brother, Mark, who was 7 on the 13th.

If you would like a birthday request for yourself, your parents, friends, or pet goldfish, send in a postcard marked 'Birthday Requests' at least 7 weeks in advance.



# the saga continues...

## FANTASTIC FREE POSTER

An exciting *Star Wars* action space scene for your wall!

### STUNNING COMIC STRIP

A deadly plague hits the universe... taking Luke Skywalker victim...

Four children must face an alien threat to save the earth from certain destruction!

While the universe sighs its relief with the death of the Emperor, Princess Leia uncovers a new, growing threat of evil...



## STARTS NEXT WEEK

# PLUS

NEWS OF  
THE NEW  
EWOK  
MOVIE!

PROFILE  
ON CARRIE  
FISHER!

REPORT ON  
MAKING THE  
STAR WAR  
TOYS!

SUPER  
PALITORY  
PRIZES!

On Sale  
Next  
Saturday!

# CYRIL



## THE ADVENTURES (OF AN) EDITOR-DROID!



DOESNT HE EVER STOP TALKING?

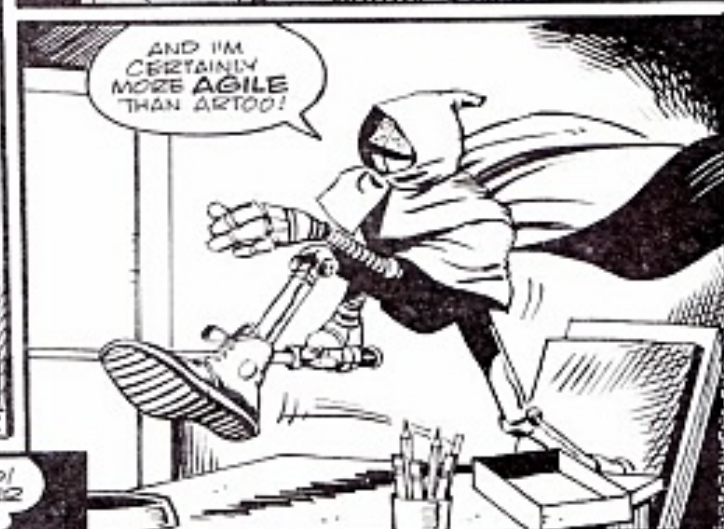


CAN CYRIL MAKE THE GRADE?  
ARE FAME AND FORTUNE WAITING?  
FOLLOW ON NEXT WEEK!

# Civil

## THE ADVENTURES (OF AN) EDITOR-DROID!

BY STEVE PARKHOUSE



NEXT: ORIGINS!

# CYRIL

ADVENTURES OF AN  
EDITOR-DROID!

NOW WHERE DID I LEAVE THAT  
KETTLE? THAT LITTLE RASCAL  
IS ALWAYS SLIPPING AWAY.  
OH, DEAR... IF I'VE TOLD  
HIM ONCE I'VE TOLD HIM  
A DOZEN TIMES...

BUT DOES  
HE  
LISTEN?

AH, YOUR  
HIGHNESS,  
HAVE YOU  
SEEN A  
LITTLE  
ELECTRIC  
KETTLE  
PASS THIS  
WAY?

I TOLD  
HIM TO  
STAY IN  
THE END  
ROOM...

CUT THE CACKLE,  
CYRIL. HERE'S A  
JOB FOR YOU. ONE  
DOZEN PHOTOCOPIES  
... PRONTO!

OH, YES SIR.  
CERTAINLY, SIR.  
THREE BAGS-FULL,  
SIR...

LATER THAT  
MORNING...

LOOK OUT, YOU  
VARMINTS! HERE  
COMES VADER  
THE RAIDER!

BACK,  
YOU  
CUR!

YOU IDIOT, CYRIL!  
WE ALL KNOW  
IT'S YOU!

JUST BECAUSE  
IT'S ME, DOESN'T  
MEAN I CAN'T BE  
A BAD PERSON!

THAT AFTERNOON...

OH, CYRIL!  
I'VE GOT  
ANOTHER  
MASK  
FOR YOU!

HOW  
EMBARASSING!  
IT'S NEARLY  
CHRISTMAS!

PENNY  
FOR  
THE  
GUY

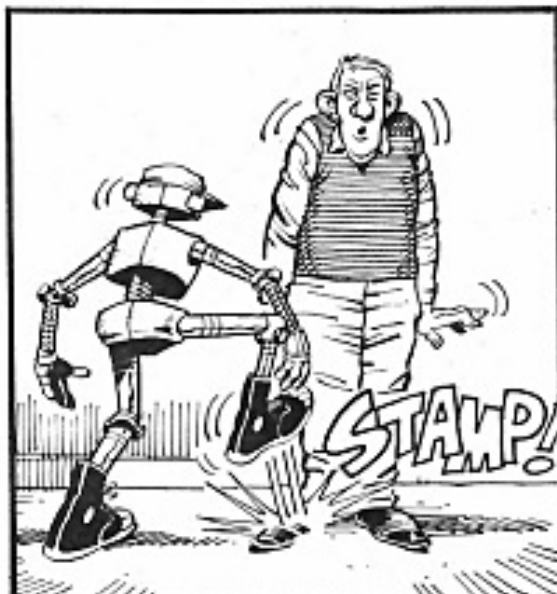
NEXT: CYRIL AND THE BLACK HOLE!

# CYRIL

ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID!

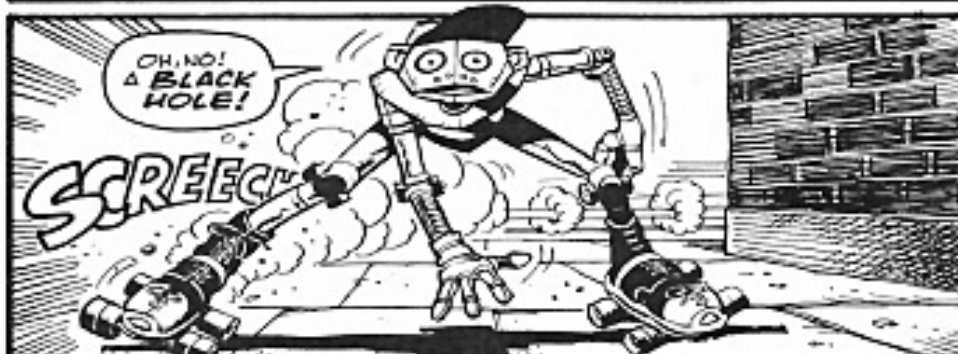
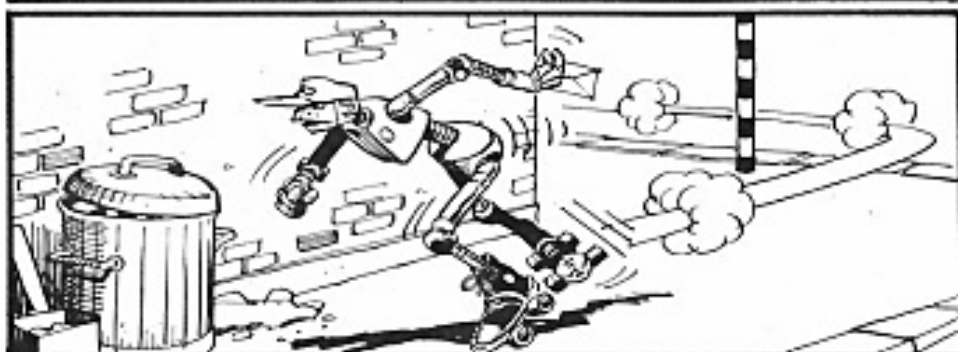
CYRIL, BE A LOVE AND GIVE US A HAND. I'VE GOT THIS REELY IMPORTANT LETTER TO SEND OFF AND THE LAST POST GOES IN FIVE MINUTES... I'LL FINISH THE TYPING AND YOU DO THE STAMP?

NO SWEAT, KID...



YAHOO!

ZOOOM!



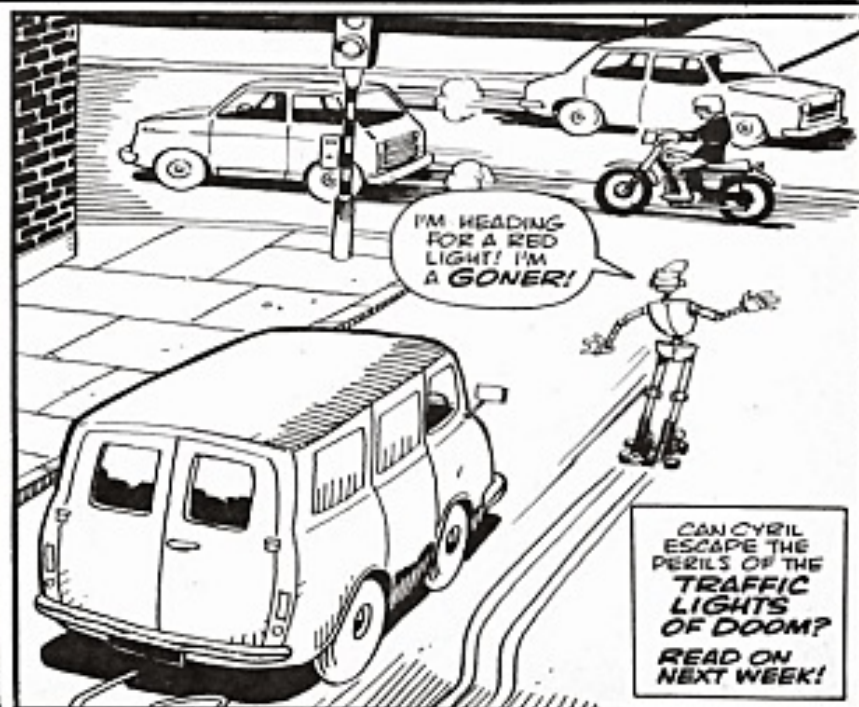
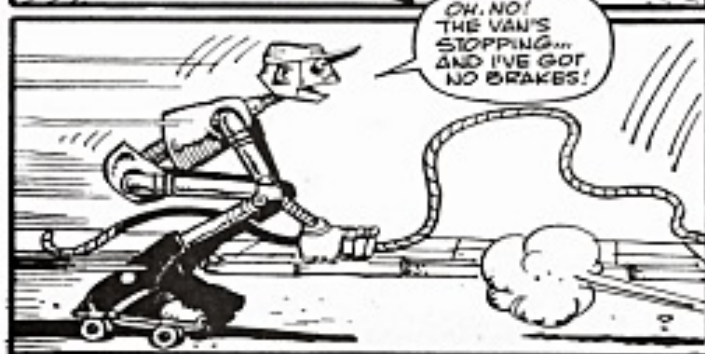
CAN CYRIL MAKE THE LAST POST? WILL HE ESCAPE THE DREADED BLACK HOLE?

READ ON NEXT WEEK!

# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID

ON A VITAL MISSION TO CATCH THE LAST POST, OUR HEROIC YOUNG DROID HAS FALLEN FOUL OF THE CITY COUNCIL AND BEEN SWALLOWED BY A BIG BLACK HOLE!

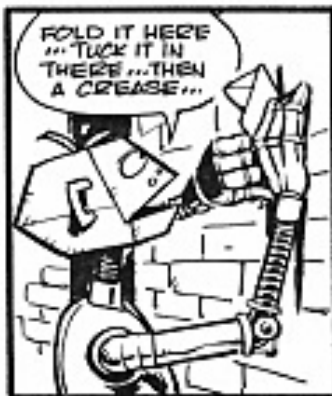
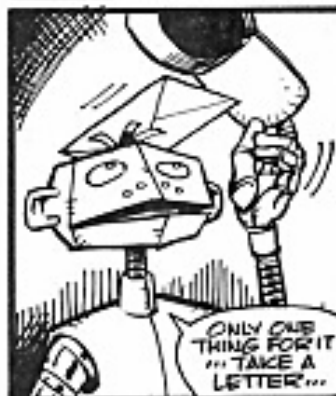
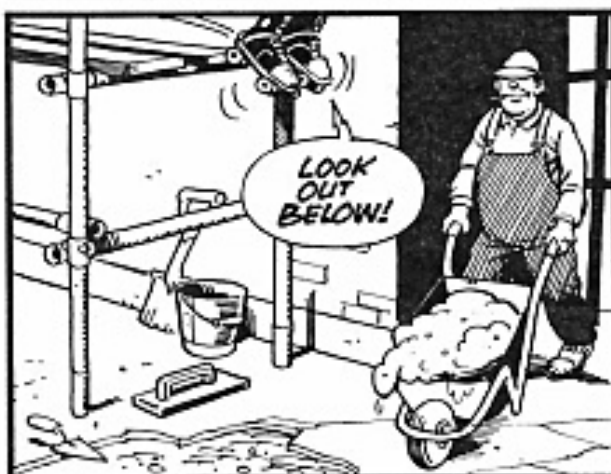
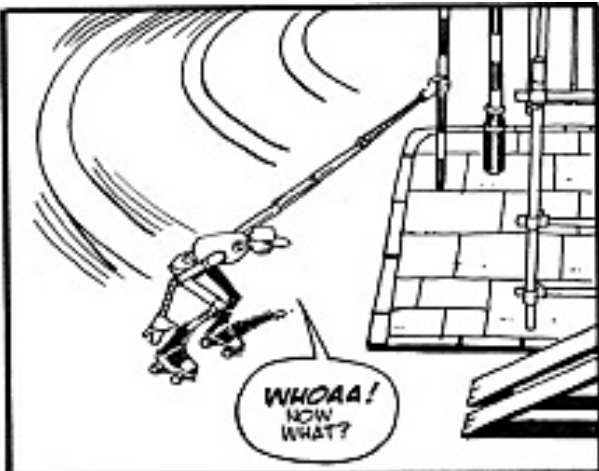


# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID

ON A VITAL MISSION TO CATCH THE LAST POST, CYRIL FINDS HIMSELF HURTLING TOWARDS A BUSY GALACTIC CROSSROADS ... AND HE'S GOT NO BRAKES!

THE RED LIGHT'S AGAINST ME! THANK GOODNESS FOR TELESCOPIC ARMS!



# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID

YOU KNOW, I THINK ALL THIS SUDDEN PUBLICITY HAS TURNED YOUNG CYRIL'S HEAD...

YEH. HE SPENDS MORE TIME TALKING NOW THAN ALL OF US PUT TOGETHER.

CYRIL'S ROOM



PLEASE  
ENTER BEFORE  
MEETINGS



# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE...

I'VE BEEN DOIN' SOME CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

WHAT YOU GOT THERE, CYRIL?

I'M A ROBOT. AIN'T I?

YES. WELL, SORT OF!

LATER, AT THE OFFICE PARTY...

HERE COMES CYRIL NOW. READY?

SO I BOUGHT A ROBOT CHRISTMAS TREE! ONE HUNDRED PER CENT ALUMINIUM FOIL!

RUSTPROOF AND ROTPROOF — JUST LIKE ME!

CYRIL, ON BEHALF OF EVERYBODY AT MARVEL I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU THIS. MERRY CHRISTMAS! AND YES ... YOU CAN OPEN IT NOW!

FOR ME? OH, WOW! THANKS!

GEE ... I WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE? NEW ROLLER SKATES MAYBE? I HOPE IT'S NOT A NEW KETTLE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S ONE OF THESE! I ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF THESE!

OH, NO! DID I SAY RUSTPROOF?

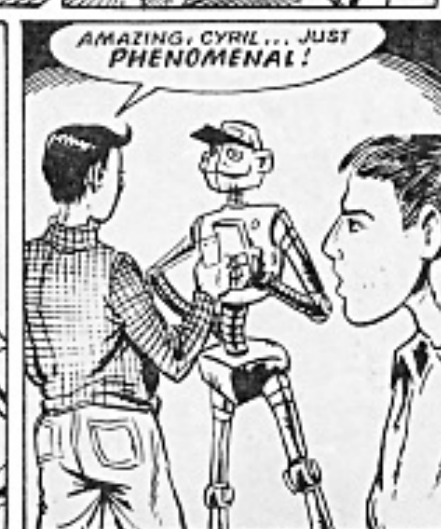
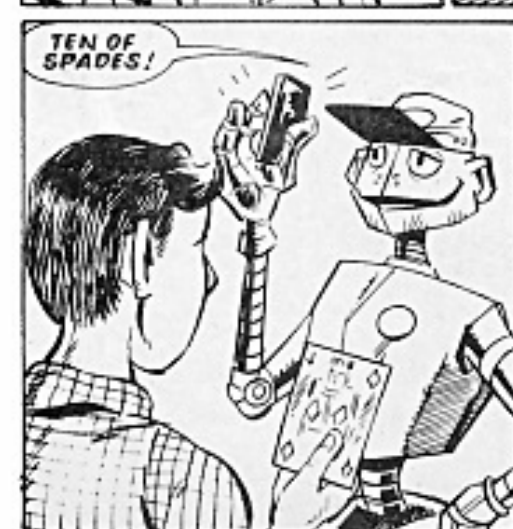
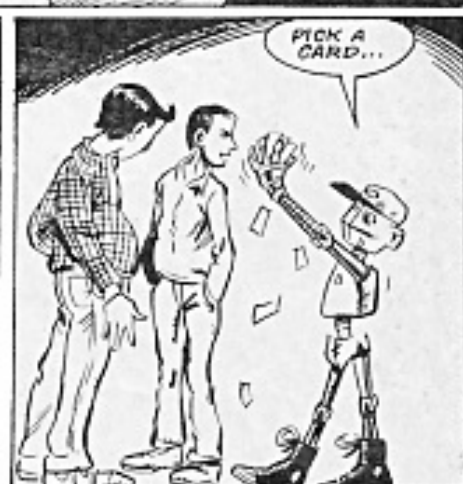
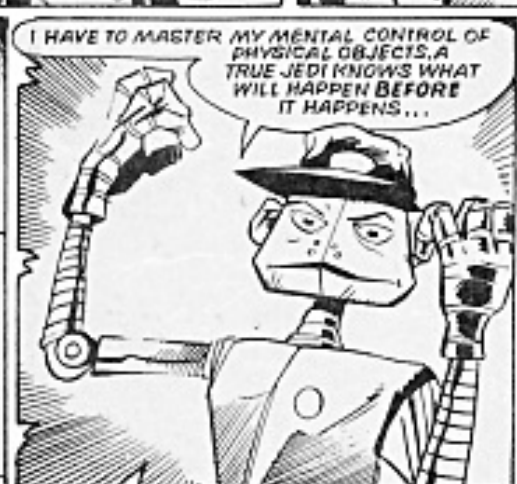
ONLY ONE THING TO DO WITH A WALKER ... TAKE IT FOR A WALK!

THIS IS GONNA BE THE BEST CHRISTMAS YET! HAPPY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

COME ON, ROVER!

# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID!



# CYRIL

## THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID!



# GIRL

ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID

LUNCHTIME AT MARVEL...



THANKS, CYRIL!



SO I SAID TO HIM...



THANKS, CYRIL!

WHAT WAS THAT?



JUST CYRIL CLOWNING AROUND. HE'S SEEN ALL THREE STAR WARS FILMS ABOUT A HUNDRED TIMES, AND HE'S ONLY JUST NOTICED THAT LUKE SKYWALKER SWINGS ON ROPES A LOT!..



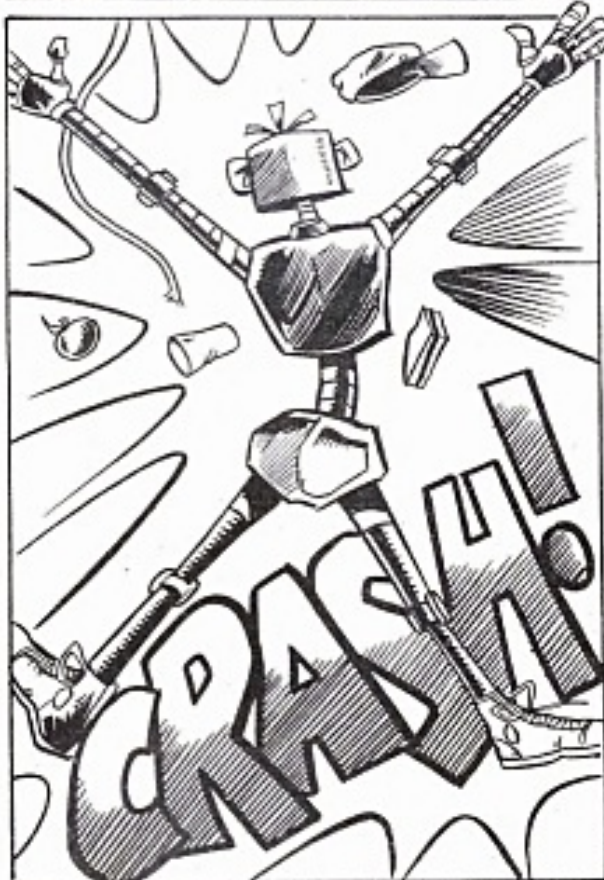
... SO HE'S PRACTISING!

PERSONALLY, I THINK HE OUGHT TO WATCH HIS STEP. THE BOSS IS LOSING PATIENCE...



... CYRIL MIGHT BE HEADED FOR A FALL - BUT, UH-OH, HERE COMES THE BOSS NOW!

AND HERE COMES CYRIL!



CYRIL!!

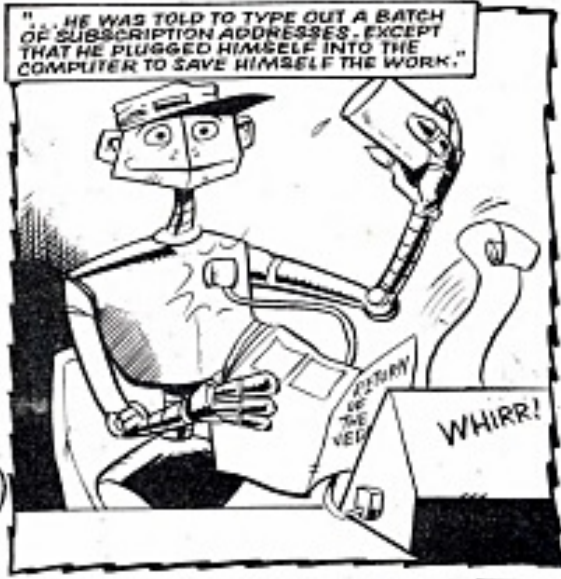


WE HAVE A STRICT POLICY ON SHOWING VIOLENCE IN THIS COMIC, SO WE'LL DRAW THE DISCREET VEIL OVER WHAT HAPPENS NEXT. WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO REPAIR CYRIL BY NEXT WEEK!

GULP!

# CYRIL

## ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID



" THE BOSS CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED. IT TOOK THEM TWO WEEKS TO MEND THE COMPUTER. "

THE BOSS GOT MAD AND SAID CYRIL HAD TO DO ASHTRAY DUTY FOR A WEEK!

HOW AWFUL... HE HAD TO EMPTY THE BOSS'S ASHTRAYS FOR A WEEK?



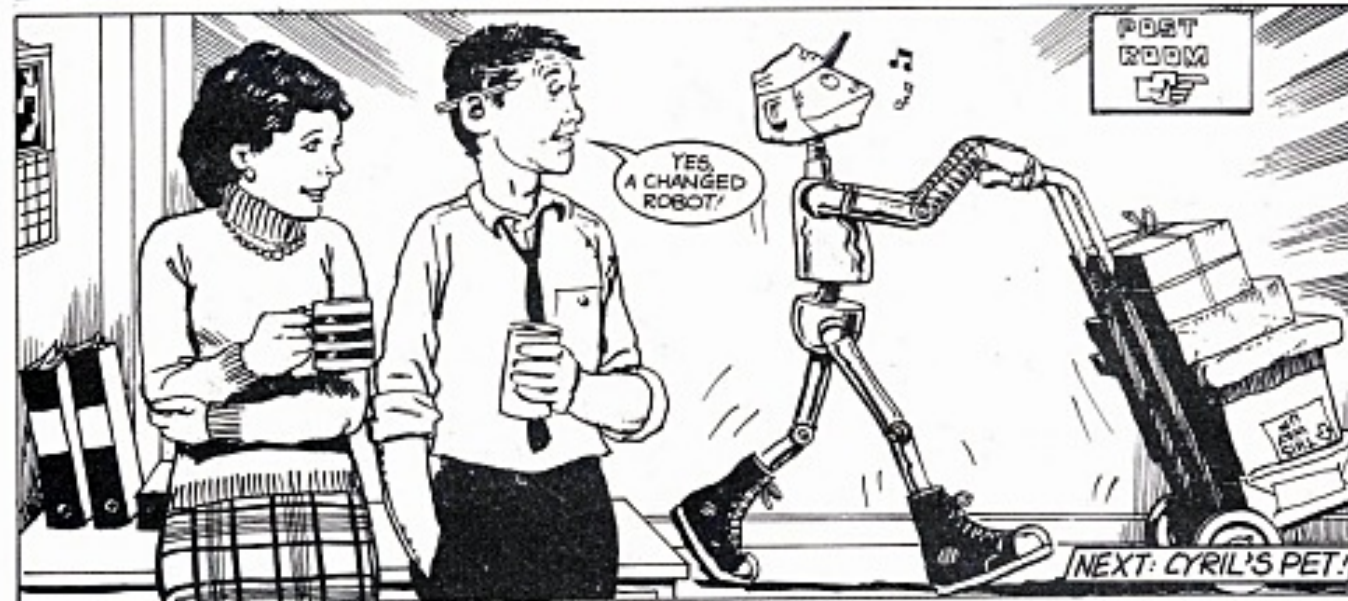
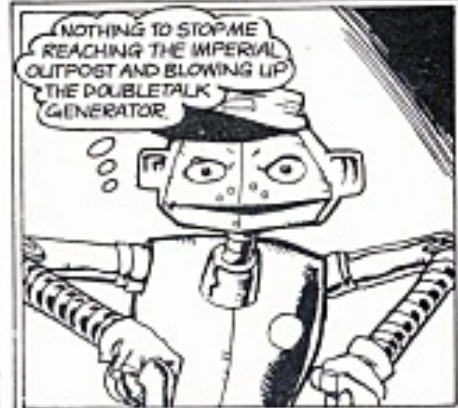
# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR DROID

COFFEE BREAK AT MARVEL



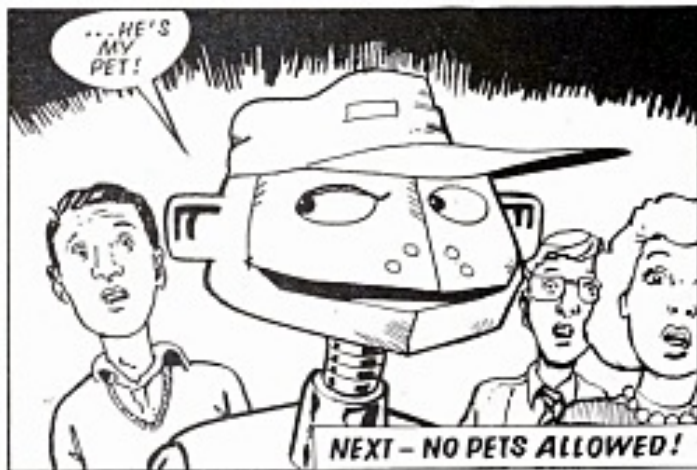
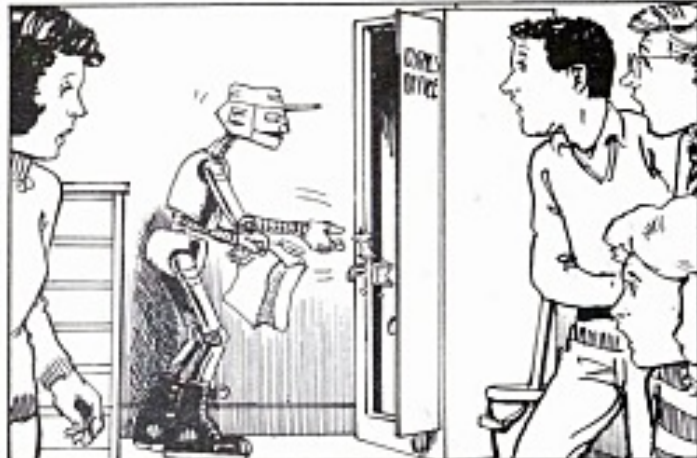
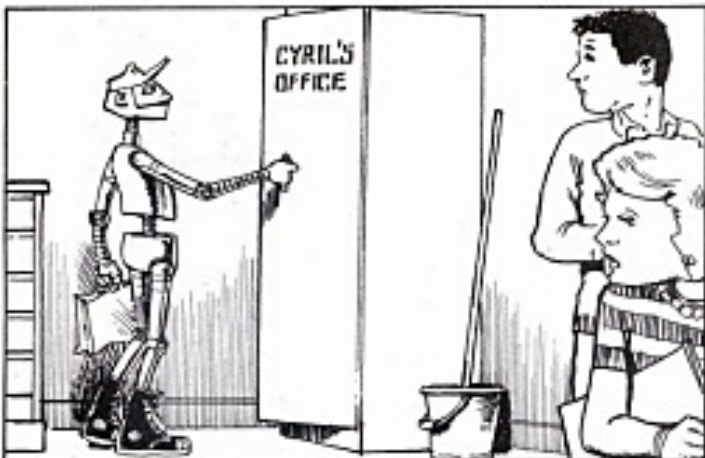
CYRIL'S BEEN PRETTY QUIET RECENTLY. HE'S LIKE A CHANGED ROBOT.



# CYRIL

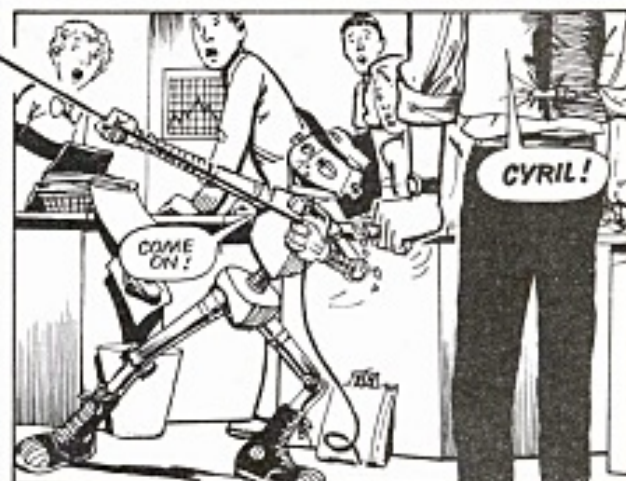
THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID

... AND TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION OF THE DEDICATION YOU'VE SHOWN OVER THE LAST COUPLE OF WEEKS WE'D LIKE TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS. EVERYONE CONTRIBUTED!



# CYRIL

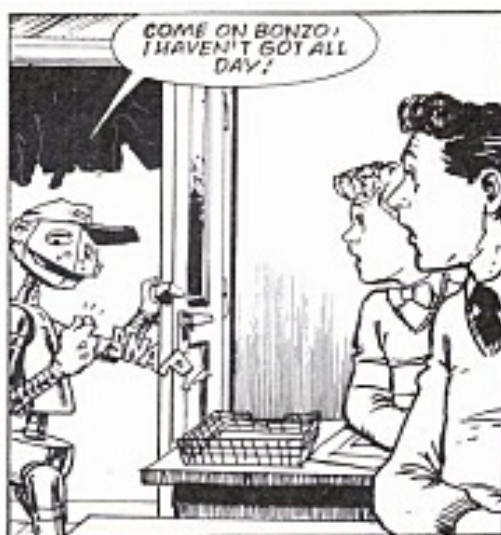
THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID



# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID

LUNCHTIME AT MARVEL...



NEXT: WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT CYRIL?

# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID



# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID

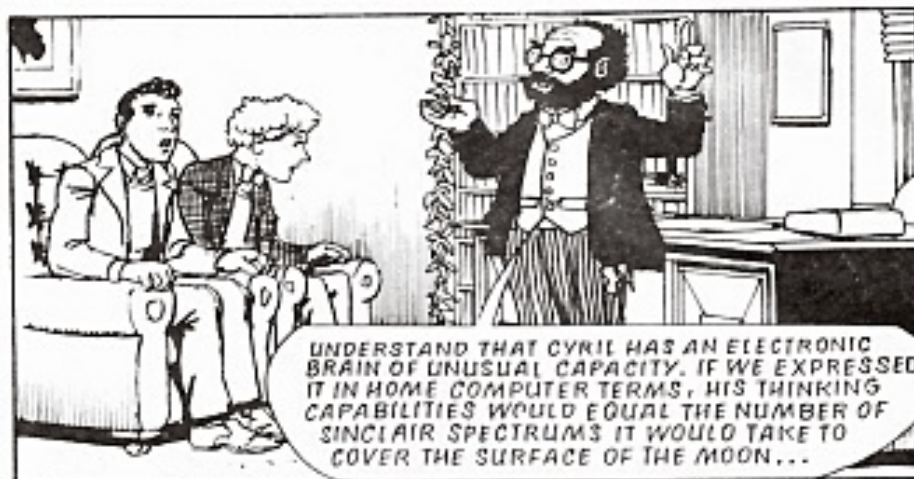


I'M AFRAID I HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT CYRIL'S A VERY SICK ROBOT.



TELL US SOMETHING WE DON'T KNOW, DOC!

YEAH, WE NEED TO KNOW WHAT'S TO BE DONE!



UNDERSTAND THAT CYRIL HAS AN ELECTRONIC BRAIN OF UNUSUAL CAPACITY. IF WE EXPRESSED IT IN HOME COMPUTER TERMS, HIS THINKING CAPABILITIES WOULD EQUAL THE NUMBER OF SINCLAIR SPECTRUMS IT WOULD TAKE TO COVER THE SURFACE OF THE MOON...



CYRIL'S DUTIES AROUND YOUR OFFICES HAVE INVOLVED ONLY MENTAL TASKS, AND THEREFORE GROSS UNDERUSE OF HIS COMPUTING ABILITIES BRINGING ON A STATE WHICH WE HAVE A TECHNICAL NAME FOR IN OUR BUSINESS...



...DOO-IALLY!



OKAY, DOC. WE GET THE PICTURE. SO WHAT CAN WE DO?

GIVE CYRIL PLENTY TO DO, TASKS THAT STRETCH HIM, FORCE HIM TO USE HIS ABILITIES... AND YOU'LL SOON SEE AN END TO THIS STRANGE OBSESSION WITH HIS IMAGINARY PET CALLED BONZO.



THANKS FOR YOUR TIME, DOC. WE KNOW JUST WHAT TO DO NOW.

NO, NO. DON'T THANK ME. JUST PAY MY BILL PROMPTLY!

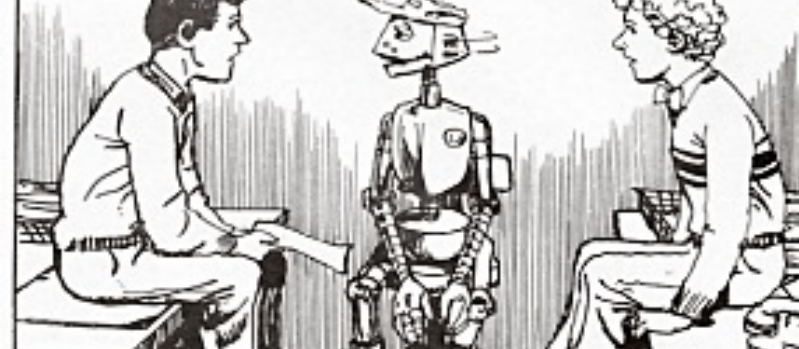
NEXT - NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE - WILL SPARKS FLY?

# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID

DR. ANGST SAYS THAT WE'RE NOT WORKING YOU HARD ENOUGH, CYRIL. SO THIS IS FOR YOU'RE OWN GOOD!

SO WE'VE PUT TOGETHER A LITTLE TIME TABLE FOR YOU...



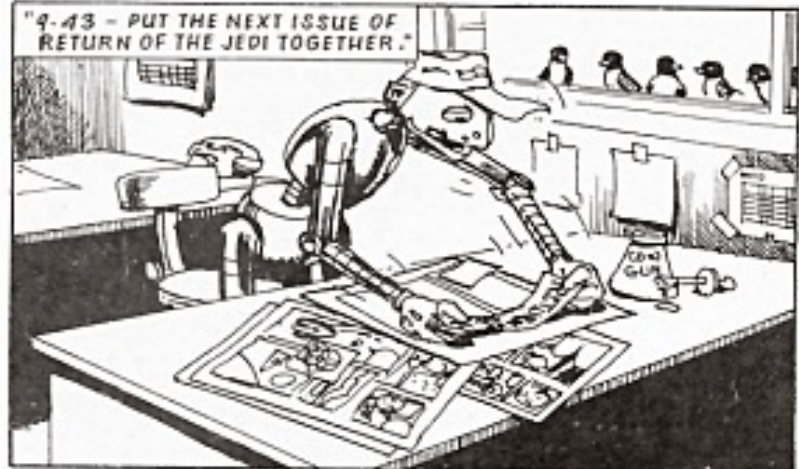
"9.30 - MAKE UP COSMIC CORRESPONDENCE PAGE"



"9.40 - SORT OUT THE COMPANY ACCOUNTS."



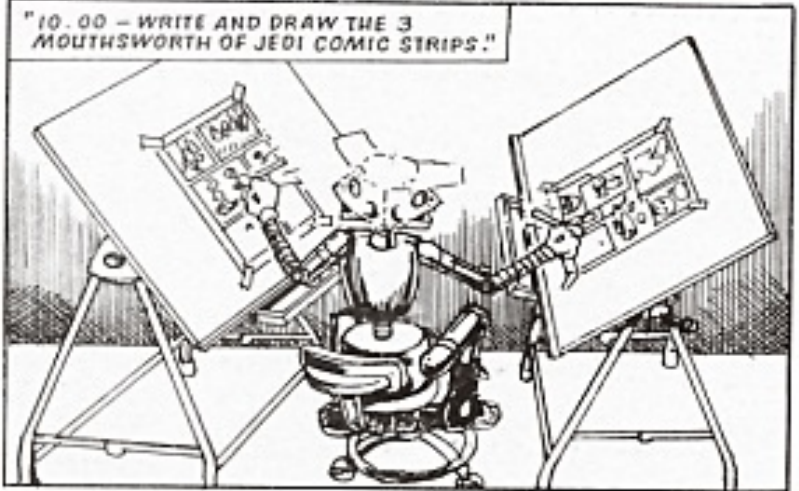
"9.43 - PUT THE NEXT ISSUE OF RETURN OF THE JEDI TOGETHER."



"9.50 - MAKE COFFEE."



"10.00 - WRITE AND DRAW THE 3 MOUTHWORTH OF JEDI COMIC STRIPS."



10.15 - GATHER IN SALES FIGURES FOR THE LAST HALF YEAR!

YOU KNOW THIS IS ALL VERY WELL... BUT WHAT DO WE DO ALL DAY?

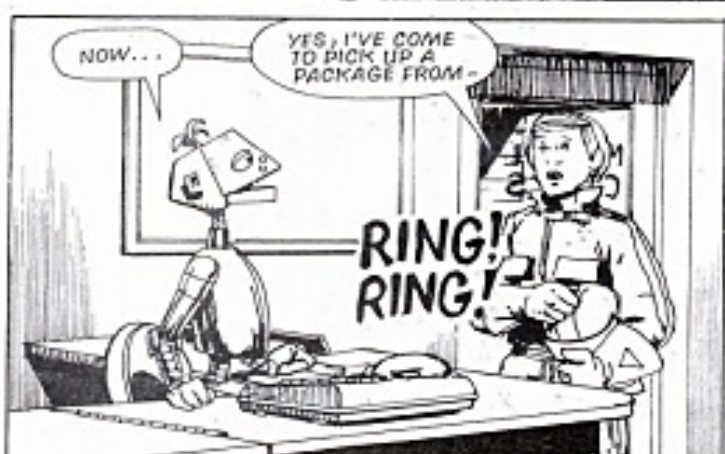
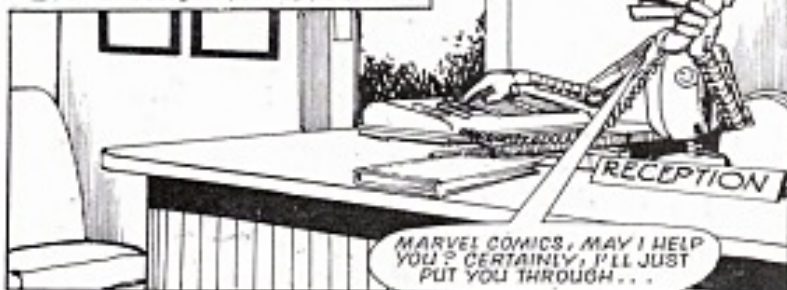


NEXT - ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY!

# CYRIL

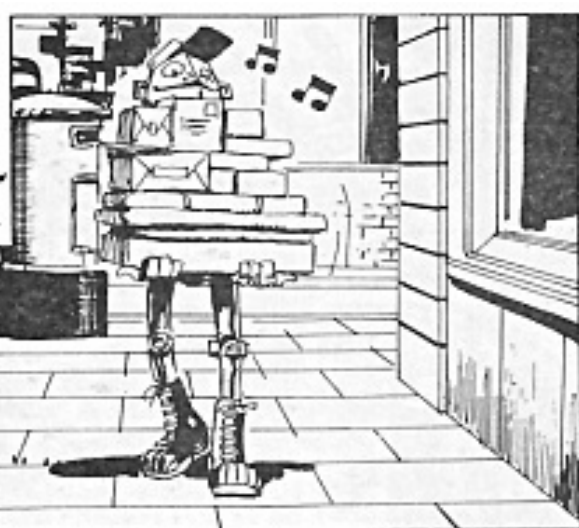
THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID

AS PART OF CYRIL'S THERAPY, THE STAFF AT MARVEL COMICS HAVE DECIDED THAT A STINT ON THE BUSY RECEPTION DESK IS JUST THE KIND OF HARD WORK TONIC THAT CYRIL NEEDS.

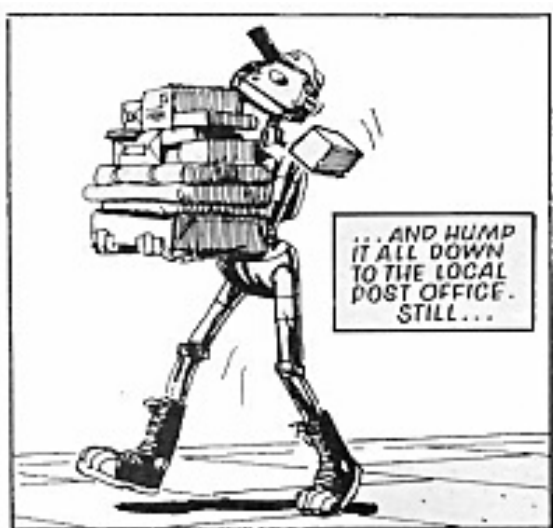


# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID



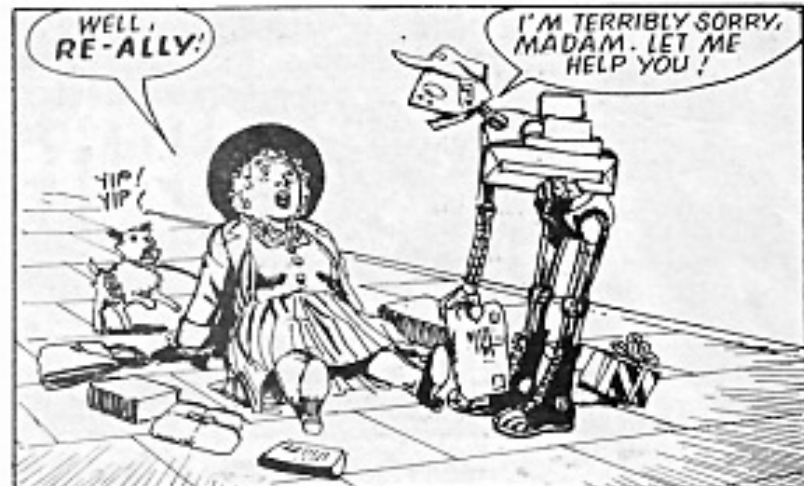
ONE OF CYRIL'S LESS MENTALLY STIMULATING TASKS AT THE OFFICE OF MARVEL COMICS IS TO GATHER UP THE POST FOR THE DAY...



... AND HUMP IT ALL DOWN TO THE LOCAL POST OFFICE. STILL...



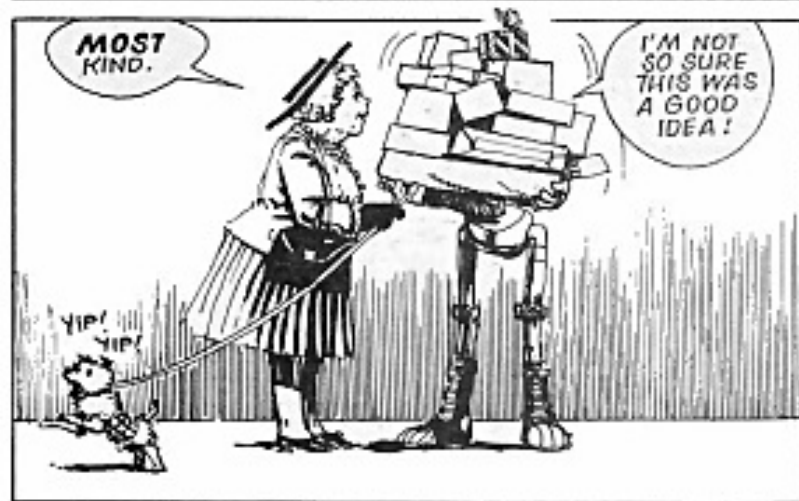
... IT PAYS TO STAY ALERT!



WELL, RE-ALLY!

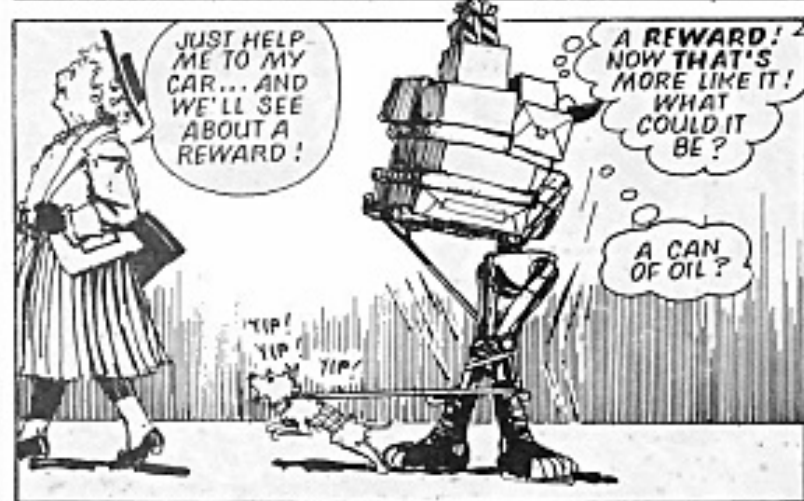
I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, MADAM. LET ME HELP YOU!

YIP!



MOST KIND.

I'M NOT SO SURE THIS WAS A GOOD IDEA!



JUST HELP ME TO MY CAR... AND WE'LL SEE ABOUT A REWARD!

A REWARD! NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! WHAT COULD IT BE?

A CAN OF OIL?



THANK YOU SO MUCH!

A NEW SET OF SOCKET SPANNERS?

CHROME-PLATED HYDRAULIC SHOCK ABSORBERS?



... I THINK SHE'S BEEN READING THE BEANO TOO LONG!

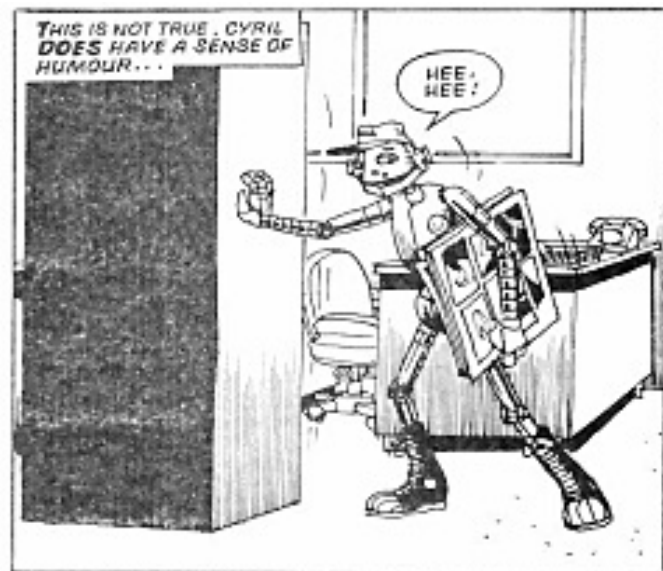
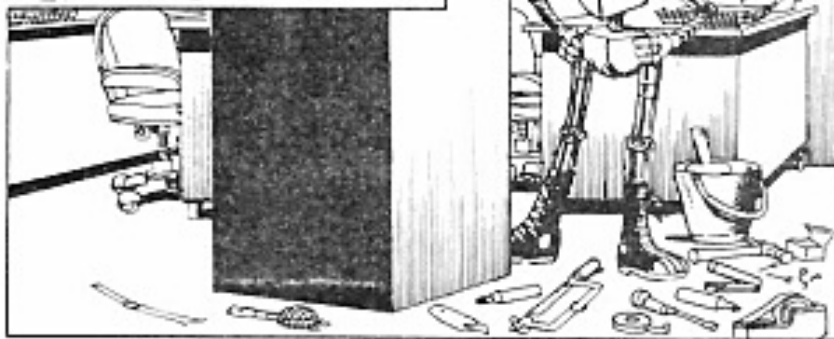
CAFE

# CYRIL

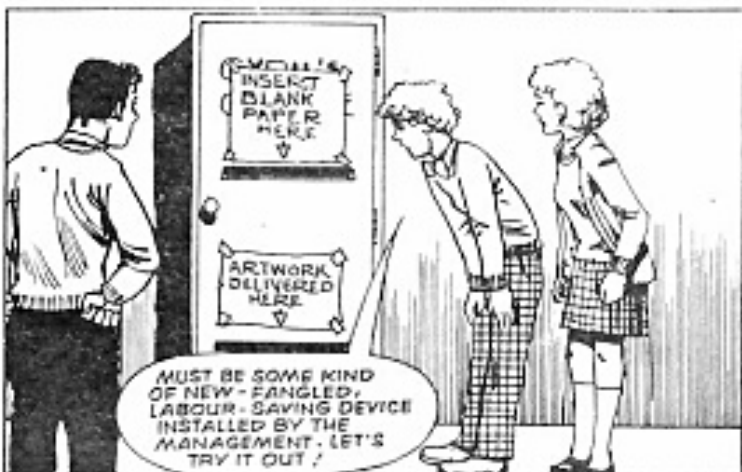
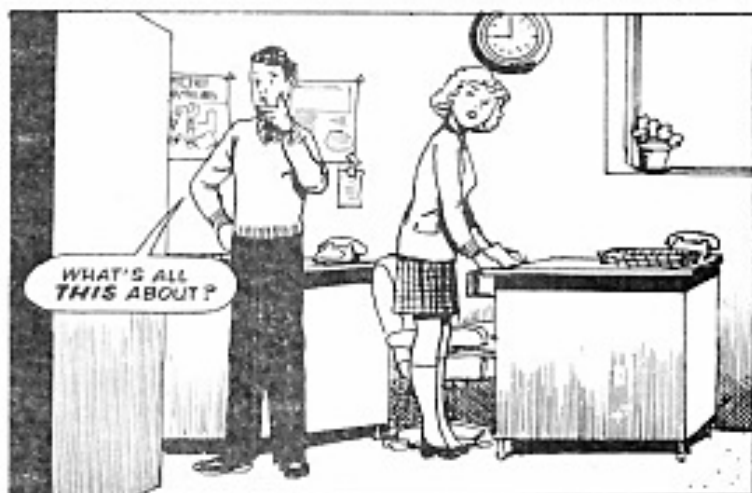
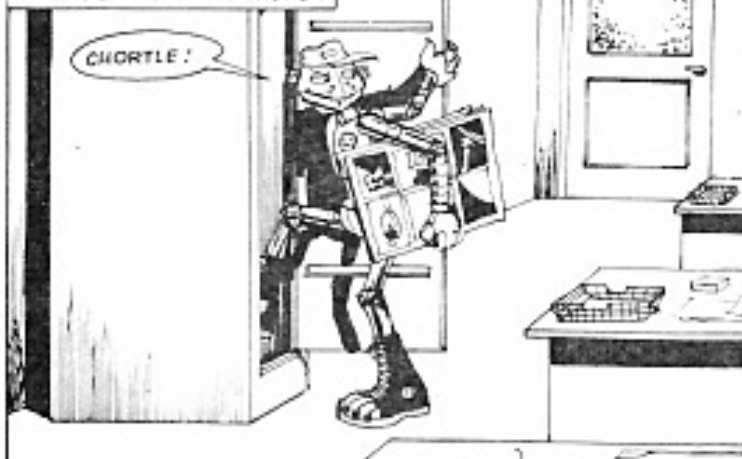
THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID

SOME FOLK THINK CYRIL HAS NO SENSE OF HUMOUR...

THIS IS NOT TRUE. CYRIL DOES HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOUR...



... IT'S JUST A LITTLE WEIRD!



NEXT: THE WORKERS' REVENGE!

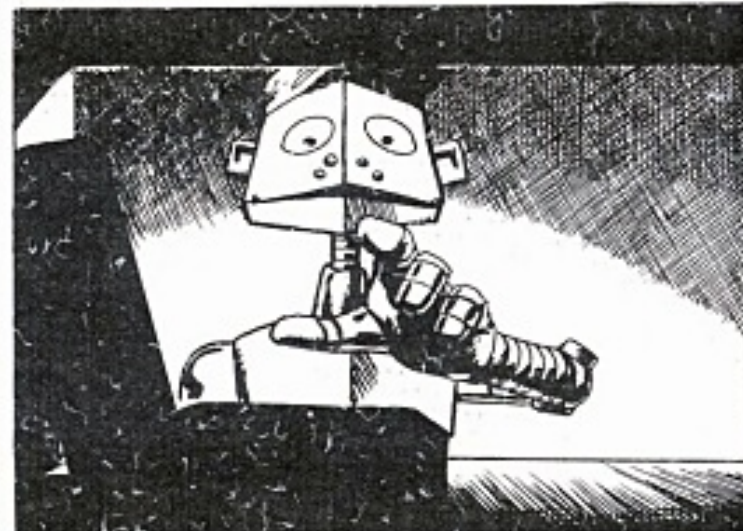
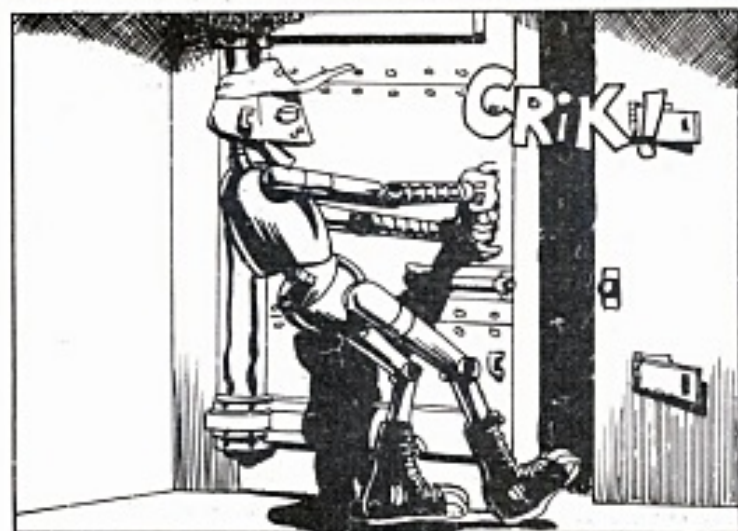
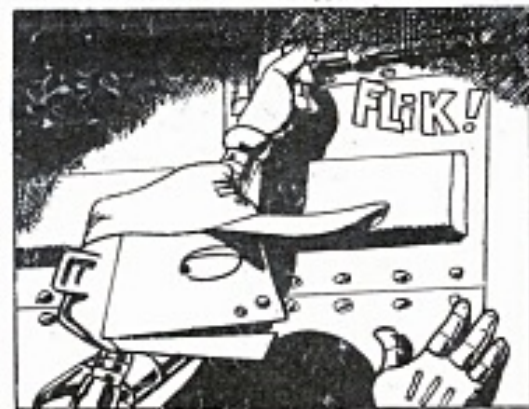
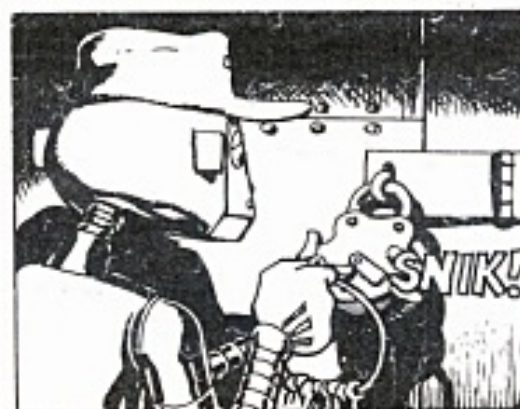
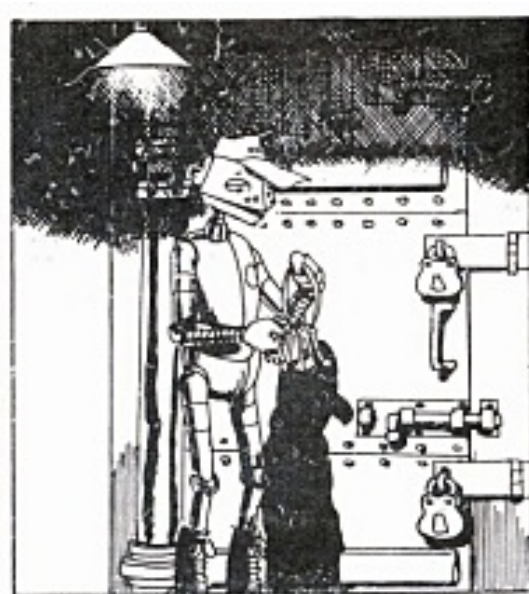
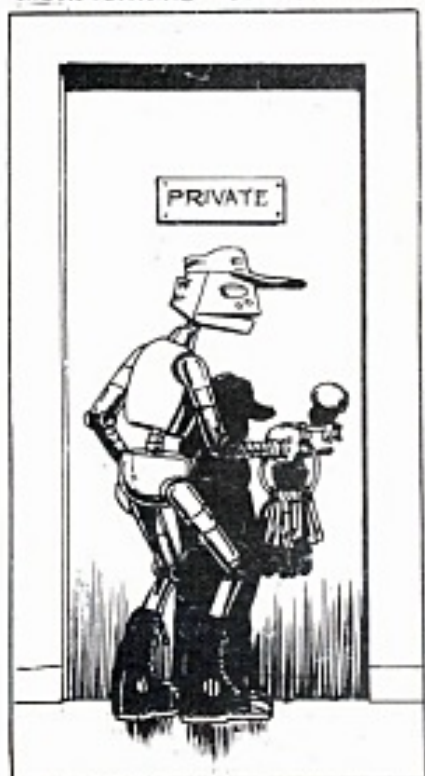
# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR DROID



# GIRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID



# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID

CYRIL, AS PART OF A NEW OFFICE POLICY, I'VE BEEN ASKED TO TAKE DOWN A FEW DETAILS FROM EVERY ONE WORKING AT MARVEL. I HAVE TO ASK YOU A COUPLE OF PERSONAL QUESTIONS, OKAY?

UM... I SUPPOSE SO.

SURNAME?

COMPUTER!

INITIALS?

C.Y.R.I.L.\*

\* EDITOR'S NOTE: CLASS 'Y' READERS' INQUIRIES AND LOGISTICAL.

AGE?

UM... FIVE, I THINK!

ANY SCARS OR DISTINGUISHING FEATURES?

ER... I DON'T LIKE TO SAY.

COME ON, CYRIL. YOU'RE AMONG FRIENDS!

I'LL WHISPER IT...

REALLY? LET ME SEE!

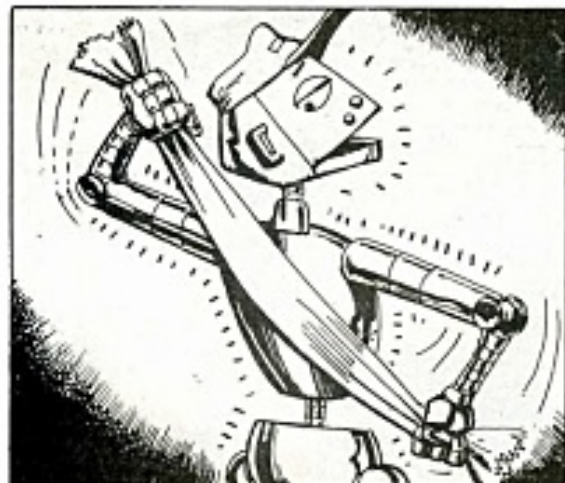
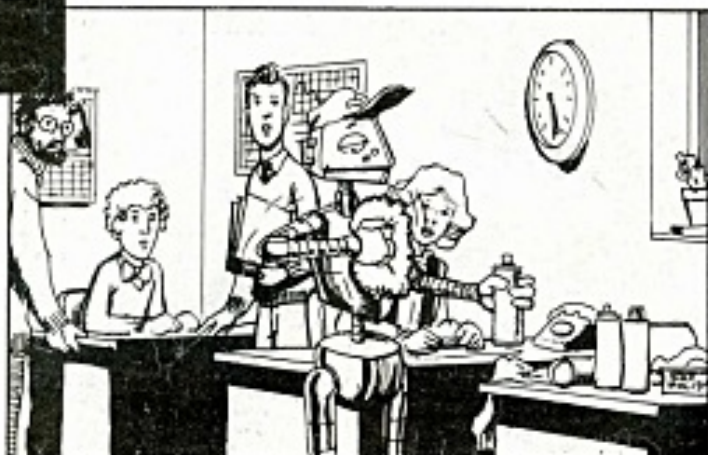
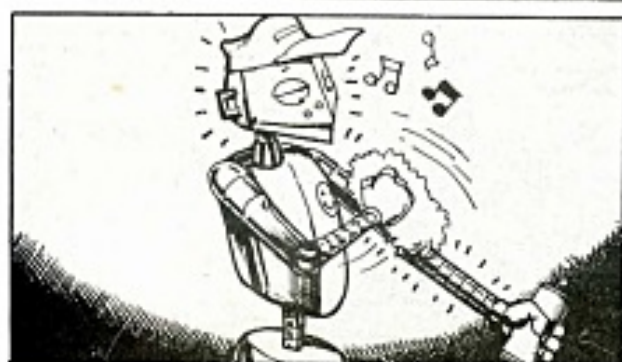
ZZZ-ZZZ!

I GUESS THAT ANSWERS MY FINAL QUESTION!

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID



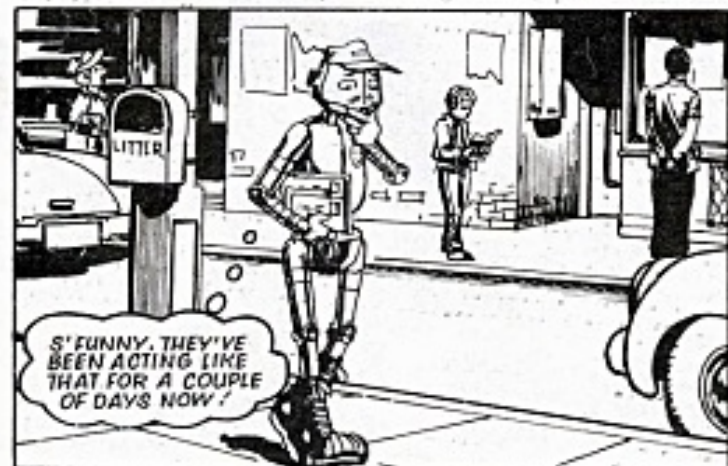
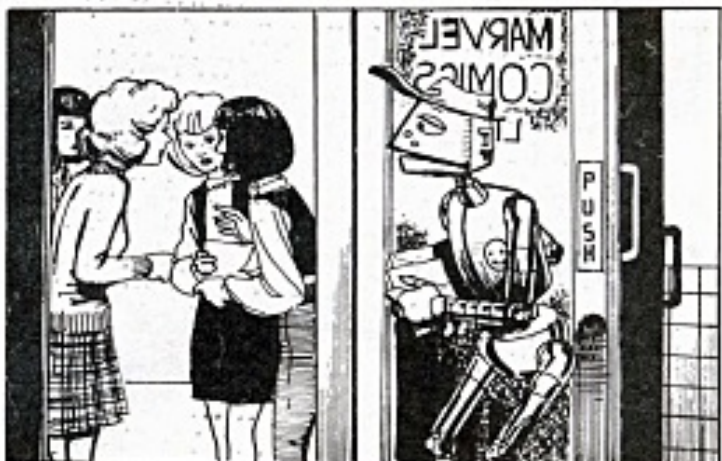
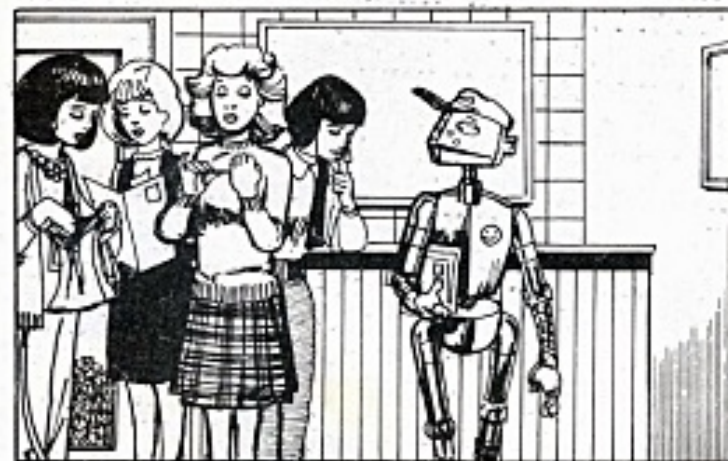
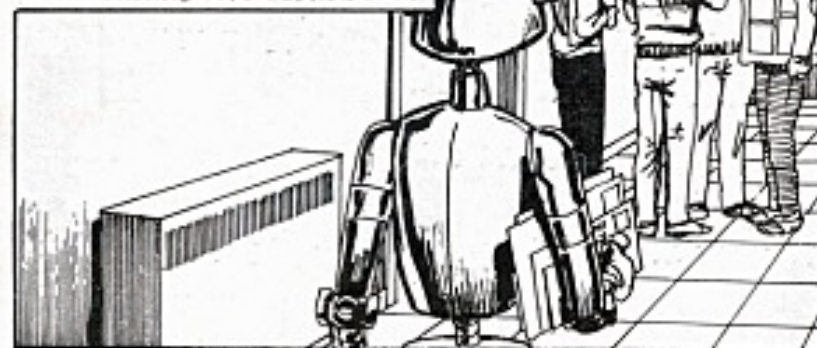
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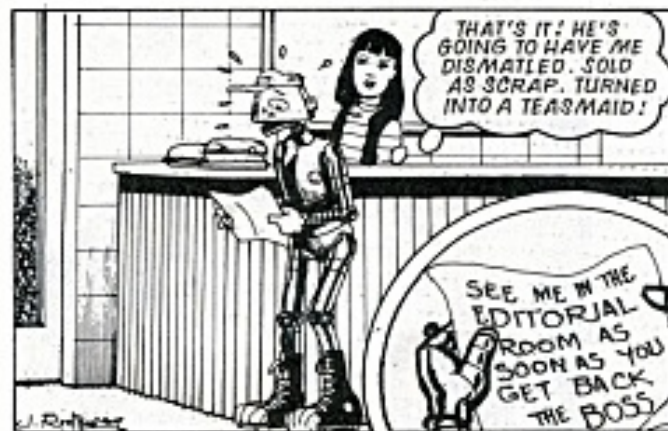
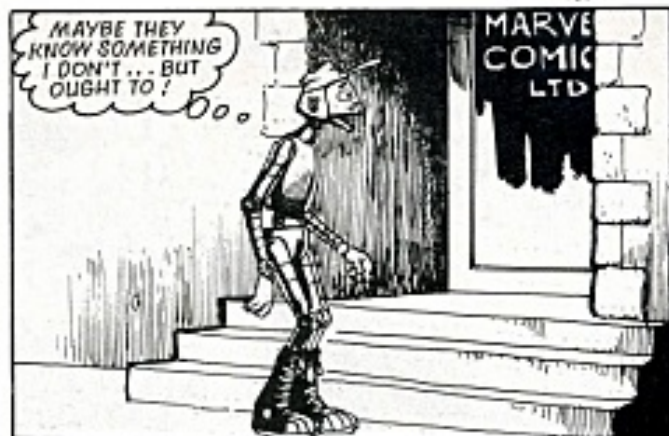
THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID



# GIRL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID





# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID



# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID

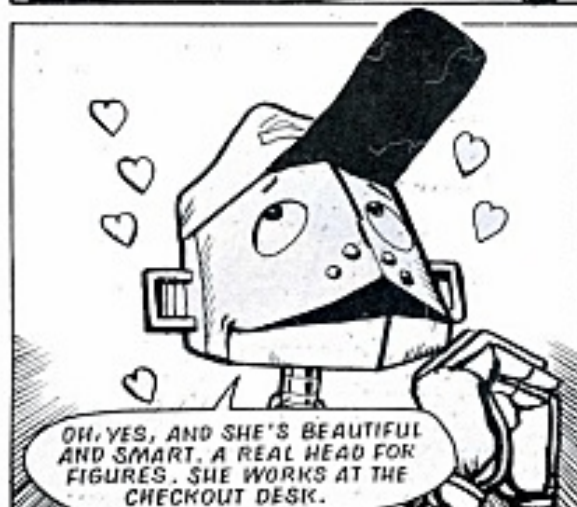


OH CYRIL... I WONDER IF YOU'D MIND NIPPING DOWN TO THE SUPERMARKET FOR ME, SEEING AS YOU'RE IN SUCH A GOOD MOOD...



OH YES. LOVE TO

FR. CYRIL. WE WERE WONDERING WHY YOU WERE SPENDING SO MUCH TIME AT THE SUPERMARKET. HAVE YOU GOT A FRIEND THERE?



OH, YES, AND SHE'S BEAUTIFUL AND SMART. A REAL HEAD FOR FIGURES. SHE WORKS AT THE CHECKOUT DESK.



YOU HEARD THAT HE'S IN LOVE WITH A GIRL!

POOR CYRIL.



HE'S GOING TO BE HURT. HOW COULD A HUMAN LOVE A ROBOT BACK.

TRUE! THEY HAVE DIFFERENT UPBRINGINGS FOR A START!



WELL, WE CAN'T JUST STAND BY AND WATCH CYRIL'S EMOTIONS DESTROYED. ONE OF US WILL HAVE TO TALK WITH HIM!



YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT!

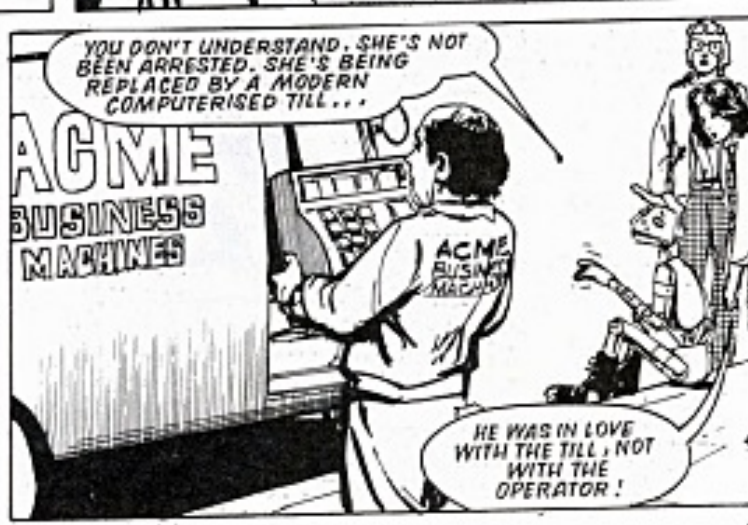
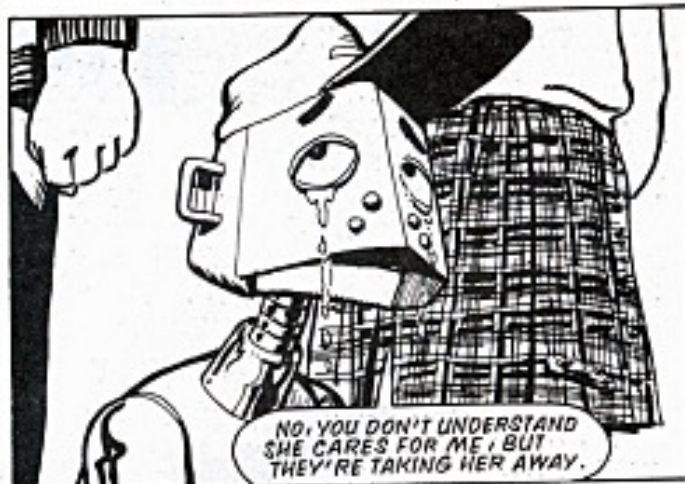
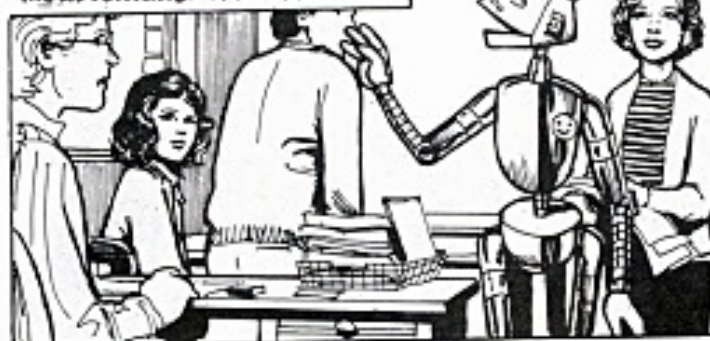


BUT WHAT I KNOW ABOUT ROBOT EMOTIONS, COULD BE WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF MY PAY CHEQUE!

POOR CYRIL, IT'LL END IN TEARS!

# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID



# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID

OF COURSE, I KNEW IT WOULD RESULT IN TRAGEDY. BEFORE HE STARTED GOING AND FALLING IN LOVE HE SHOULD HAVE MADE SURE THEY WERE MORE COMPATIBLE!

TRUE, TRUE...

FOR A START, SHE WASN'T AS SOPHISTICATED AS HIM...

CYRIL? SOPHISTICATED?

I MEAN IN HIS CIRCUITARY. THAT TILL WAS OUT OF DATE, TECHNOLOGICALLY, BY TEN YEARS. HE NEEDED TO LOVE SOMETHING A LITTLE CLOSER TO HIS OWN LEVEL.

THAT'S WHY I THOUGHT OF GIVING HIM A CALCULATOR...

YES, MM H'MM!

I LIKE TO THINK OF IT AS A PROP FOR CYRIL'S SHATTERED EMOTIONS... A SORT OF SECURITY BLANKET WHILE HE GETS OVER HIS HEARTACHE.

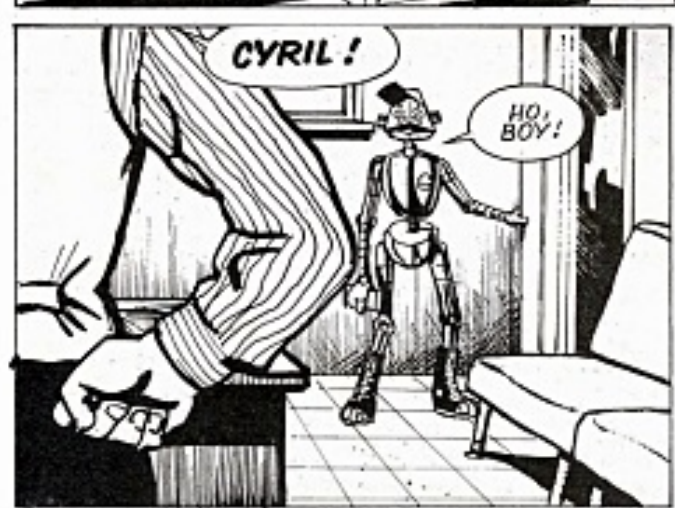
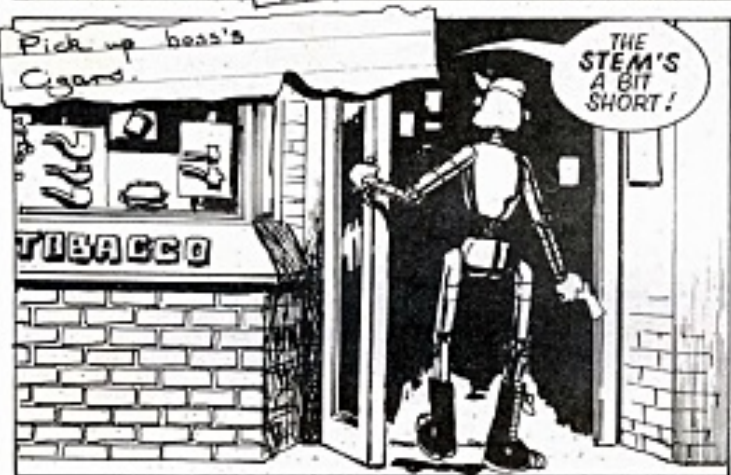
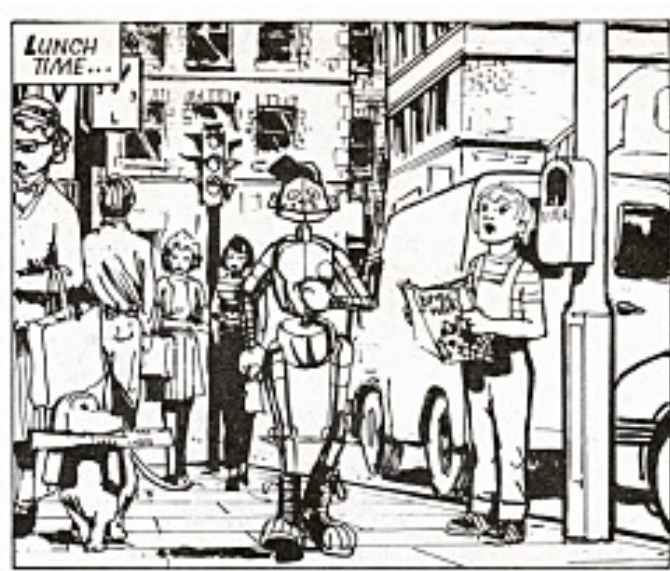
VERY WISE!

HEY, CYRIL. HOW'S YOUR NEW CALCULATOR? YOU GETTING ON OKAY?

WONDERFUL... SHE KNOWS WHAT I LIKE!

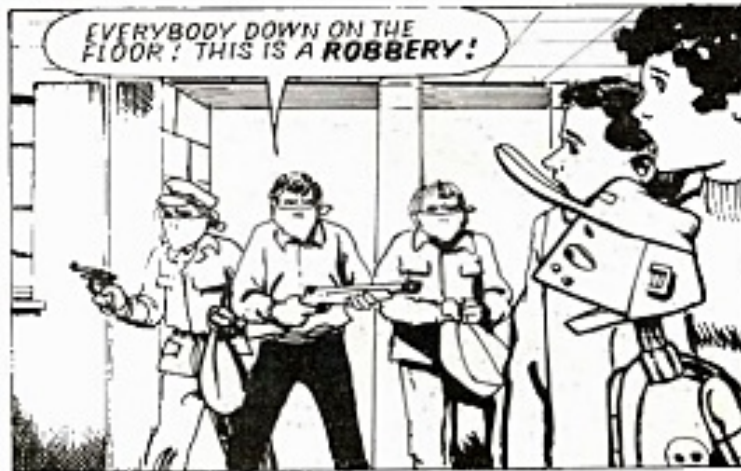
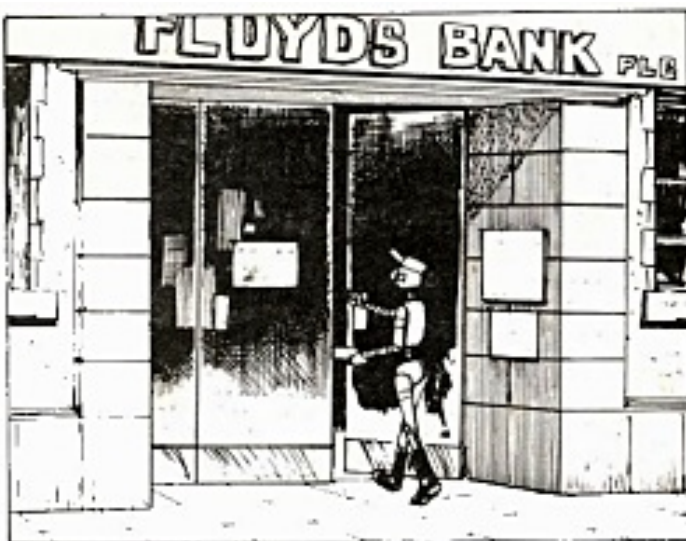
# CYRIL

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# CYRIL

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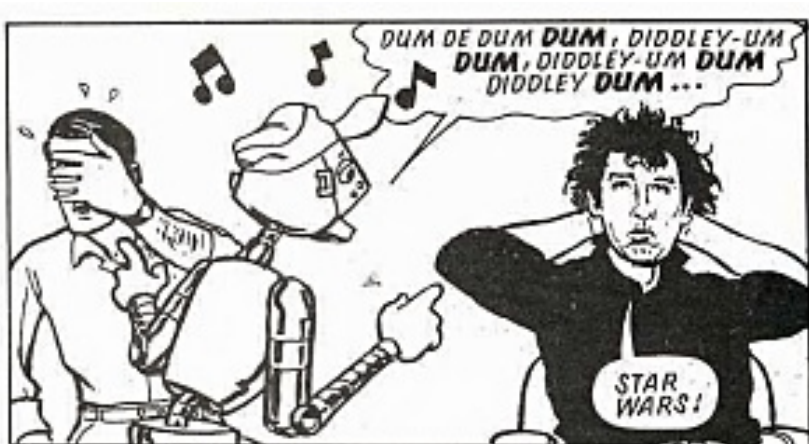
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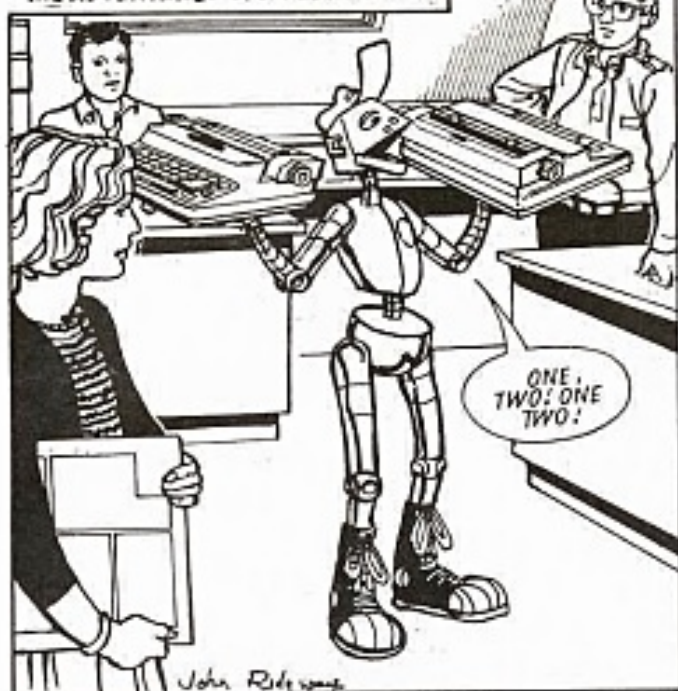
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THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID



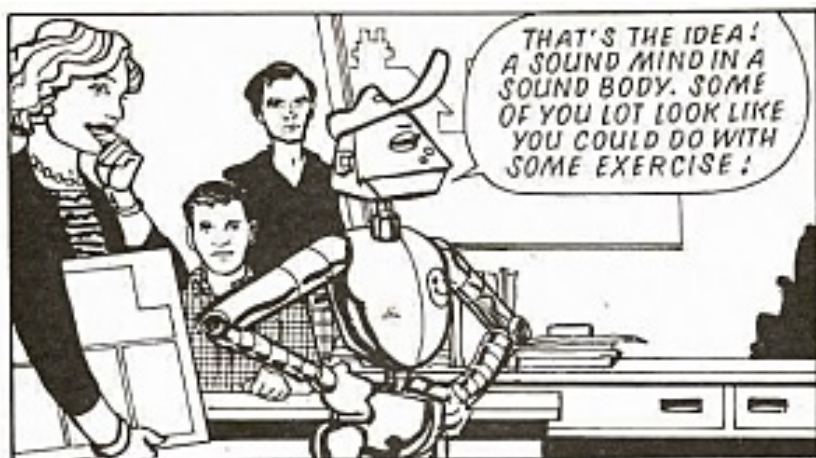
# CYRIL

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ONE, TWO: ONE TWO!

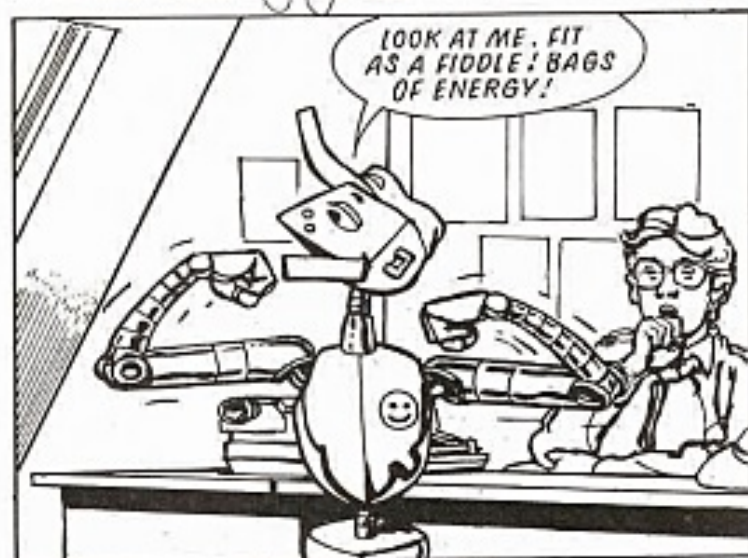
John Ridsinger



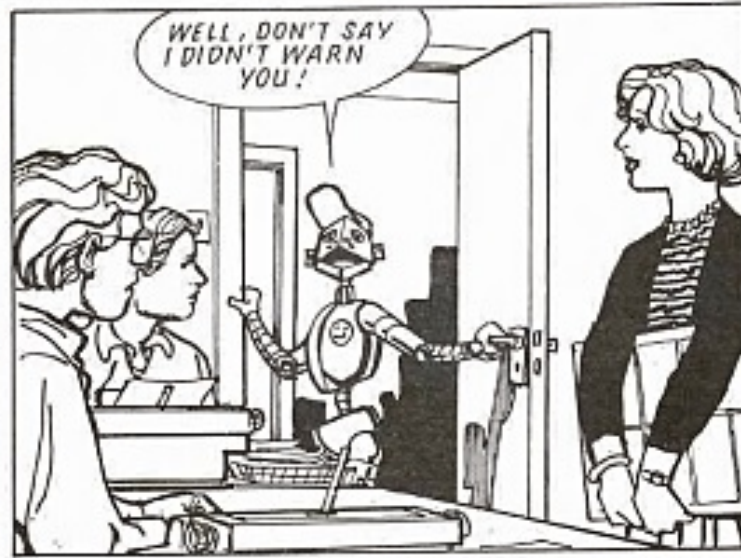
THAT'S THE IDEA! A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY. SOME OF YOU LOT LOOK LIKE YOU COULD DO WITH SOME EXERCISE!



... LOOK AT YOU. DESK-BOUND. NO EXERCISE. YOU'LL HAVE HEART ATTACKS BEFORE YOU'RE FORTY, THE LOT OF YOU!



LOOK AT ME. FIT AS A FIDDLE! BAGS OF ENERGY!

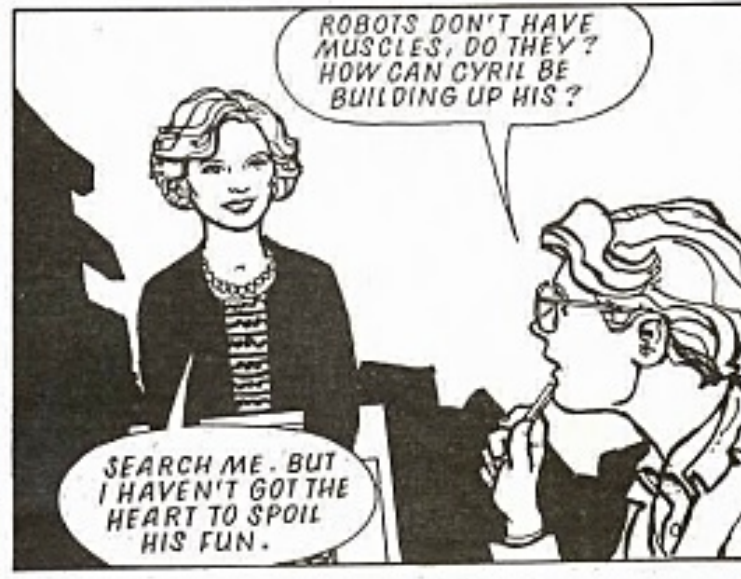


WELL, DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!



HASN'T HE GOT TIRED OF THIS PHYSICAL FITNESS THING?

AND COULDN'T HE JUST LEAVE US OUT OF IT?



ROBOTS DON'T HAVE MUSCLES, DO THEY? HOW CAN CYRIL BE BUILDING UP HIS?

SEARCH ME. BUT I HAVEN'T GOT THE HEART TO SPOIL HIS FUN.

# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID

ANOTHER BUSY DAY AT MARVEL...

BOY, THIS HULK'S A PRETTY TOUGH GUY. I'D HATE TO MEET HIM IN A DESERTED CORRIDOR!

THE HULK SHOULDN'T BOTHER A FIGHTING FIT ROBOT LIKE YOURSELF, CYRIL.

PSSST! PSSST!

YES, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M NO PUSHOVER EITHER!

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU PEOPLE. KEEP FIT AND YOU'LL BE READY FOR ANYTHING!

TAKE ME, FOR INSTANCE!

OH, GIVE IT A REST!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

WAKE ME UP WHEN HE'S FINISHED!

SNARL!

HO! HO!

CYRIL WAS RIGHT, AFTER ALL BEING FIT CAN MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN A TIGHT SPOT!

RUNS WELL, DOESN'T HE?

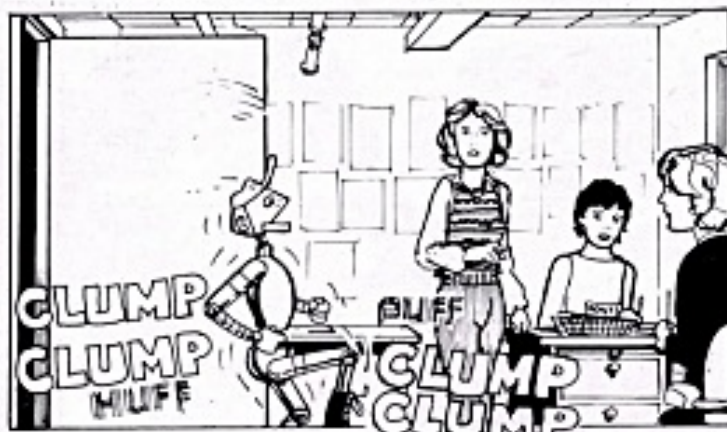
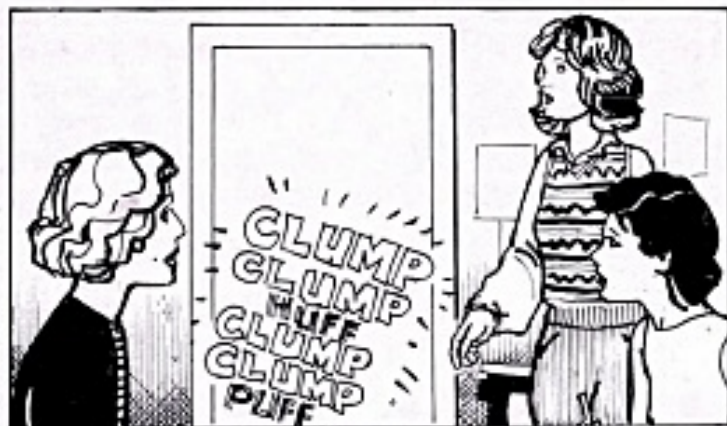
# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID



# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID

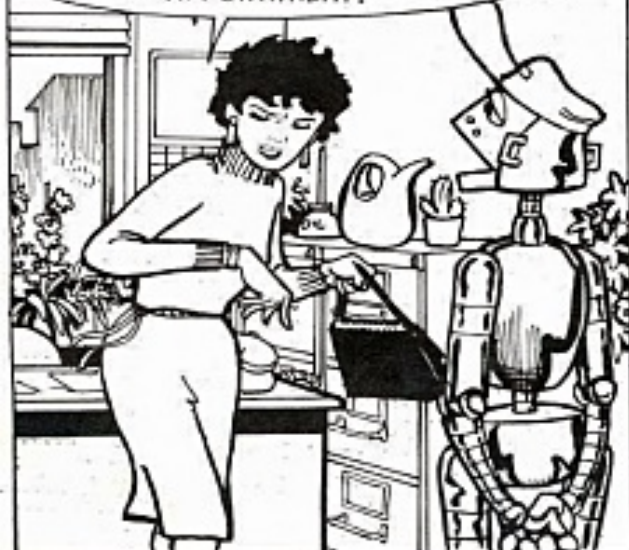


# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID



IF I DON'T GET MY SKATES ON I'M GOING TO BE LATE FOR THAT LUNCH APPOINTMENT!



IF YOU'VE GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN GET IN MY WAY, YOU COULD GIVE THE PLANTS A DRINK. THE CAN'S ON THE FILING CABINET.



HMMM!

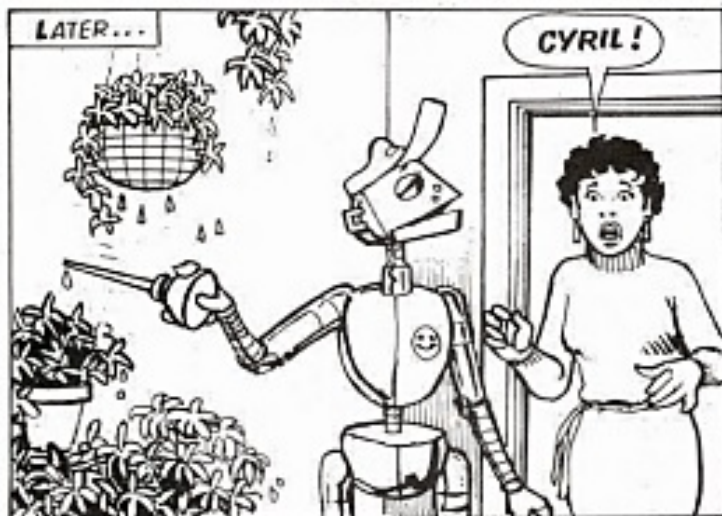


GIVE THE PLANTS A DRINK!



LATER...

CYRIL!



ARE YOU DAFT, OR SOMETHING? WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING AT? GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!



WHEN SHE CALMS DOWN, SHE'LL REALISE I USED WATER AND NOT OIL. BUT SHE'LL NEVER ASK ME TO WATER HER PLANTS AGAIN!



# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR DROID



GREAT NEWS! THE BOSS IS TAKING US ALL ON A SUMMER PICNIC TOMORROW!

TERRIFIC!

HARDLY WAIT!



A PICNIC! I'VE NEVER BEEN ON A PICNIC BEFORE. HOW DO WE GET THERE?

THE BOSS IS TAKING US IN HIS CAR...



TEN GREEN BOTTLES HANGIN' ON TH' WALL...

BOY, MY FIRST PICNIC. THIS IS FUN!



...AND IF ONE GREEN BOTTLE SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY...

KER-WHUMP!  
KER-WHUMP!

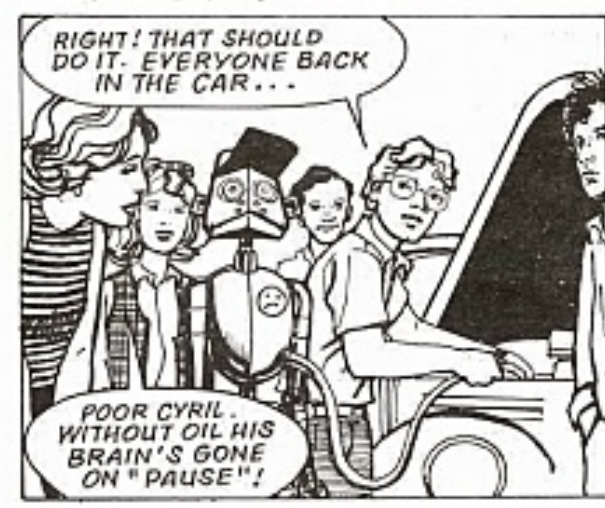


OUT OF OIL. WHAT WE GOING TO DO?



WE COULD GET THE OIL FROM CYRIL...

OH, C'MON, FOLKS YOU KNOW I CAN'T WORK WITHOUT OIL...



RIGHT! THAT SHOULD DO IT. EVERYONE BACK IN THE CAR...

POOR CYRIL. WITHOUT OIL HIS BRAIN'S GONE ON "PAUSE"!



ENJOYING THE PICNIC, CYRIL?

# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID

ARE YOU GOING TO CYRIL'S DINNER PARTY TONIGHT?

WHAT DINNER PARTY?

OH, CYRIL'S THROWING A DINNER PARTY TO MAKE UP FOR HOW HE MISSED OUT ON THE PICNIC LAST WEEK. EVERYONE'S INVITED!

HELLO, COME IN. HELP YOURSELF TO A DRINK!

IT SOUNDS INNOCENT ENOUGH BUT I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS!

DINNER IS SERVED!

GREAT, I'M STARVED!

I THINK YOU'LL LIKE IT...

WHAT THE DICKENS...?

IT'S HORRIBLE!

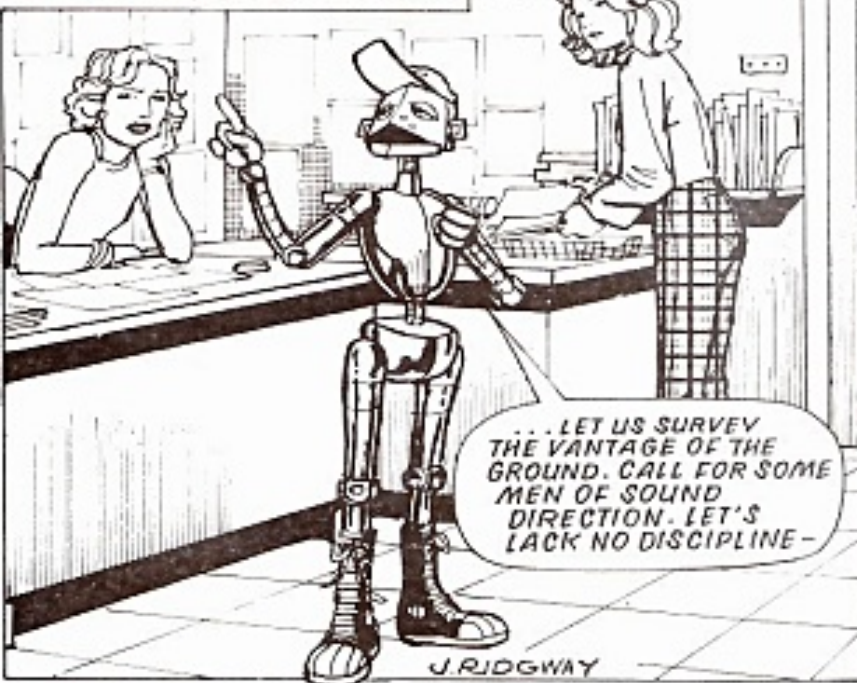
...IT'S CRUDE WITH CROUTONS!

IT'S OIL! HE'S TRYING TO POISON US!

EAT UP NOW, IT'S MY FAVOURITE NEXT! NUT AND BOLT SALAD!

# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID



... LET US SURVEY THE VANTAGE OF THE GROUND. CALL FOR SOME MEN OF SOUND DIRECTION. LET'S LACK NO DISCIPLINE-

J. RIDGWAY

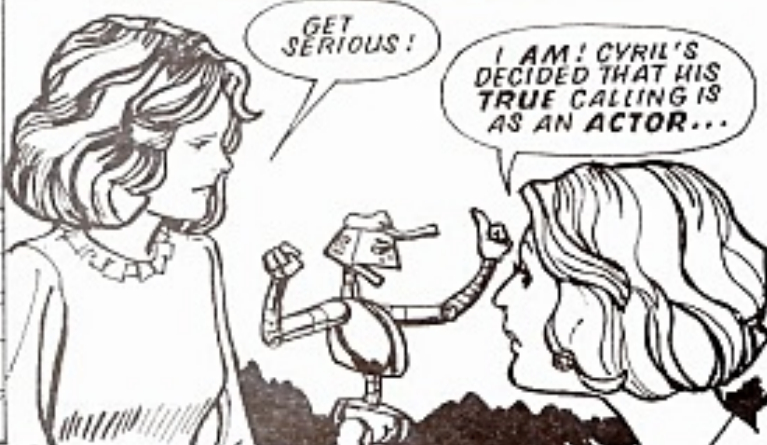


...MAKE NO DELAY.

FOR, LORDS, TOMORROW IS A BUSY DAY.

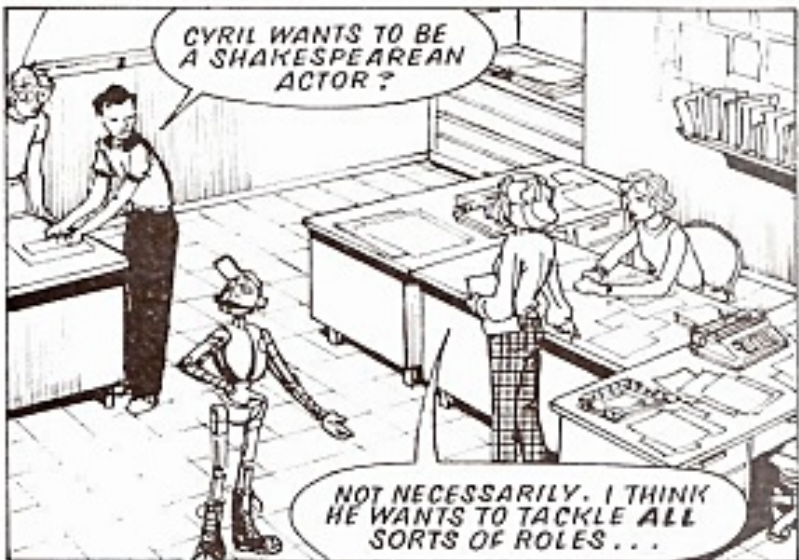
WHAT'S HE DOING?

RICHARD THE THIRD.



GET SERIOUS!

I AM! CYRIL'S DECIDED THAT HIS TRUE CALLING IS AS AN ACTOR...



CYRIL WANTS TO BE A SHAKESPEAREAN ACTOR?

NOT NECESSARILY. I THINK HE WANTS TO TACKLE ALL SORTS OF ROLES...

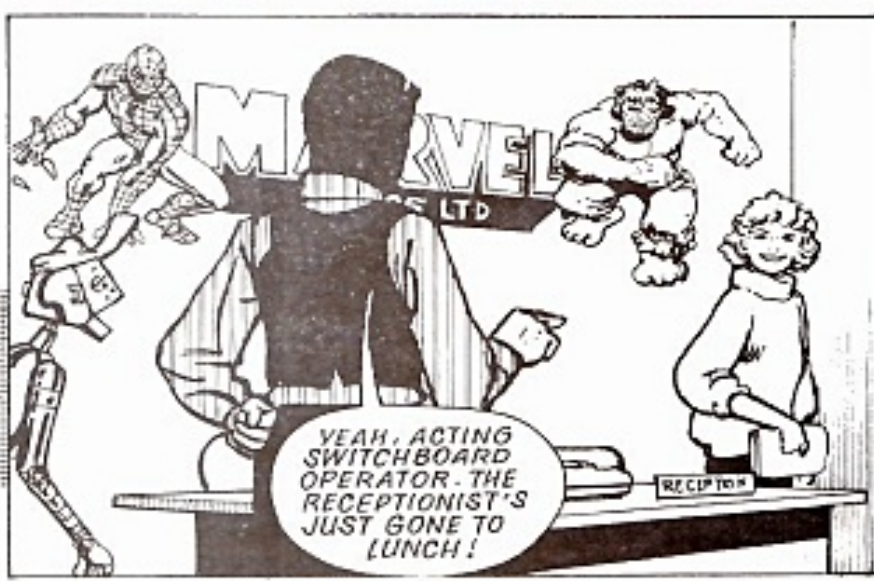


YEAH, LIKE STUNT DOUBLE IN A MASHED POTATO COMMERCIAL...



ACTING? HERE, CYRIL, I'LL GIVE YOU AN ACTING JOB...

REALLY?



YEAH, ACTING SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR. THE RECEPTIONIST'S JUST GONE TO LUNCH!

# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID

SO THE BOSS SAYS, "I'LL GIVE YOU AN ACTING JOB. ACTING RECEPTIONIST!"

OH, CYRIL, THERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU!

IS IT FROM ONE OF THOSE ACTORS' AGENTS YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR?

YES! THIS ONE'S GOT A JOB FOR ME!

HEY, EVERYONE CYRIL'S GOT AN ACTING JOB!

I HAVE TO GO. I CAN'T BE LATE FOR MY FIRST ROLE...

BREAK A LEG, CYRIL!

SIR CYRIL!

LORD CYRIL!

LATER THAT AFTERNOON...

WELL, THIS IS THE STREET MENTIONED IN THE LETTER...

FUNNY. THERE'S NO THEATRES AROUND HERE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT...

WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT...

ACME ★  
DISHWASHER  
A ROBOT  
IN YOUR  
HOME

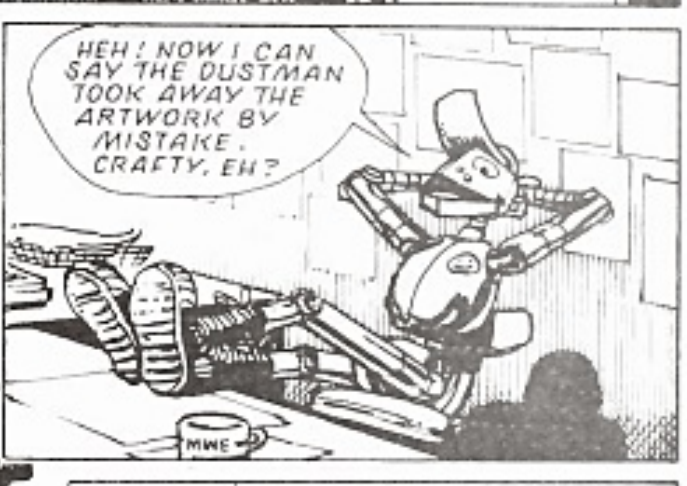
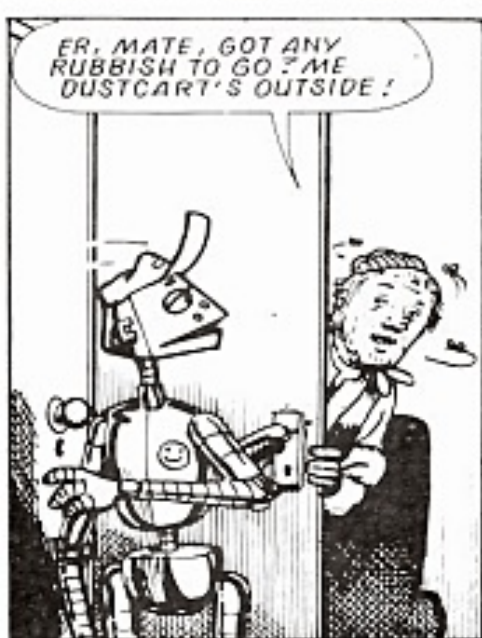
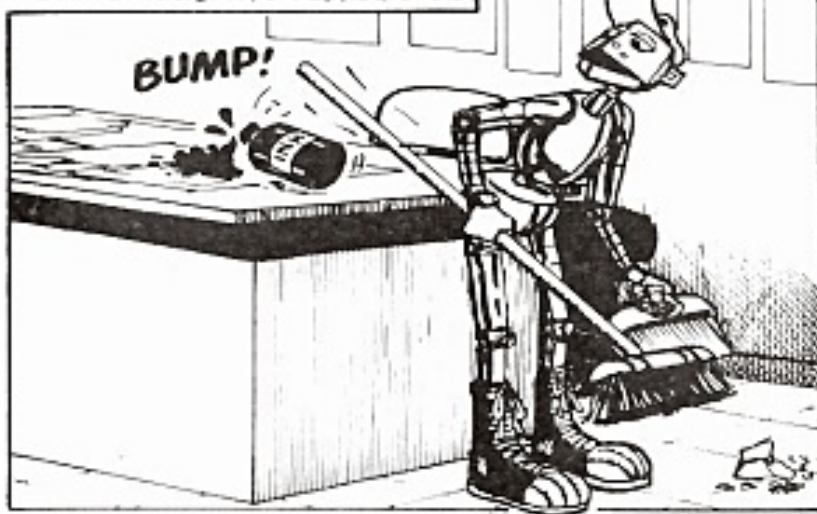
# CYRIL

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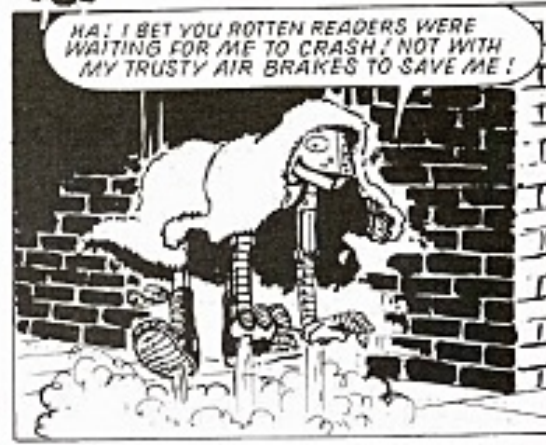
# GIRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID



# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR DRID



JOHN REDWAY

# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES of an EDITOR-DROID

GEORGE LUCAS ISN'T MAKING ANOTHER STAR WARS FILM YET SO IT'S UP TO ME TO DO ONE FOR HIM!

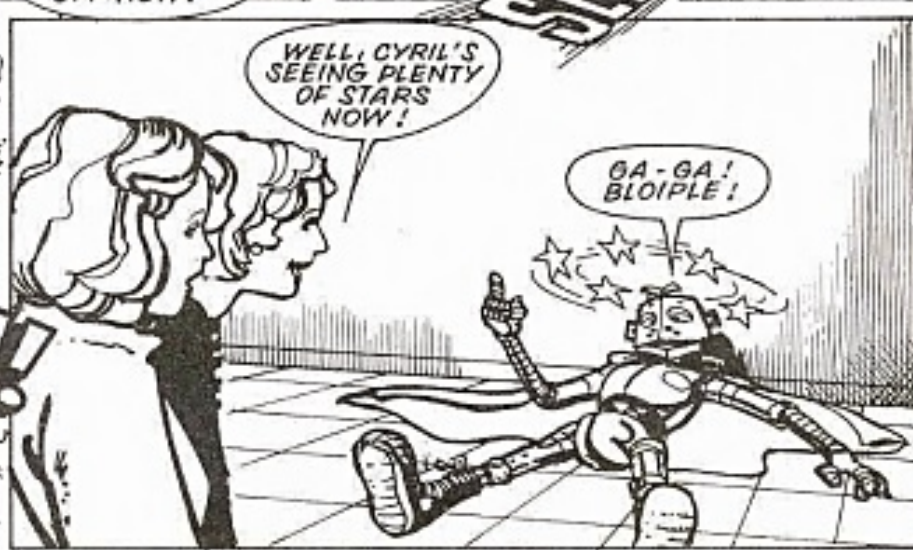
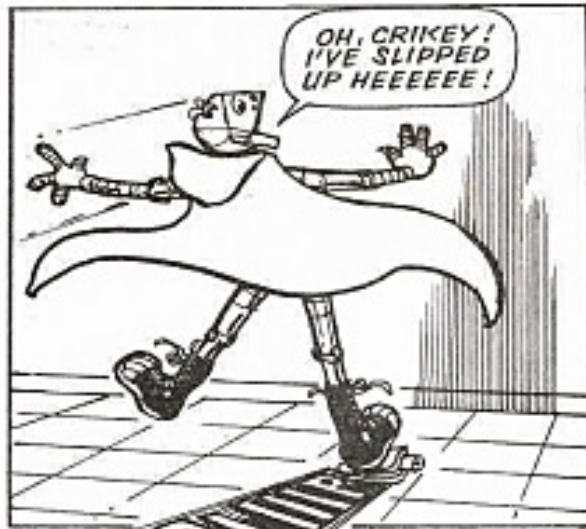
I'LL BECOME RICH! FAMOUS! I MIGHT EVEN MEET SOME FAMOUS FILM STARS!

TWIT!



HA! OBI-WAN CYRIL FIGHTS OFF THE DREADED FORCES OF THE EMPIRE SINGLE-HANDED!

'ERE! WATCH WHERE YOU SWING THAT PIG-STICKER!

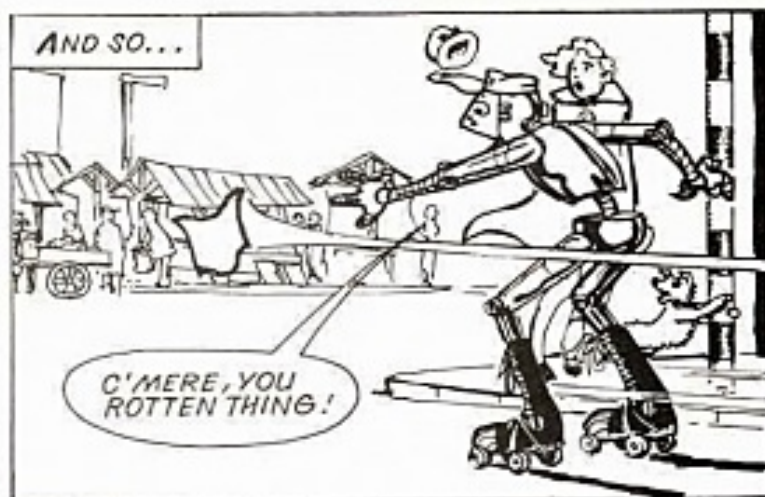


# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID



OH, LUMMY THAT'S THE SCRIPT FOR NEXT WEEK'S STORY. I'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK!



C'MERE, YOU ROTTEN THING!

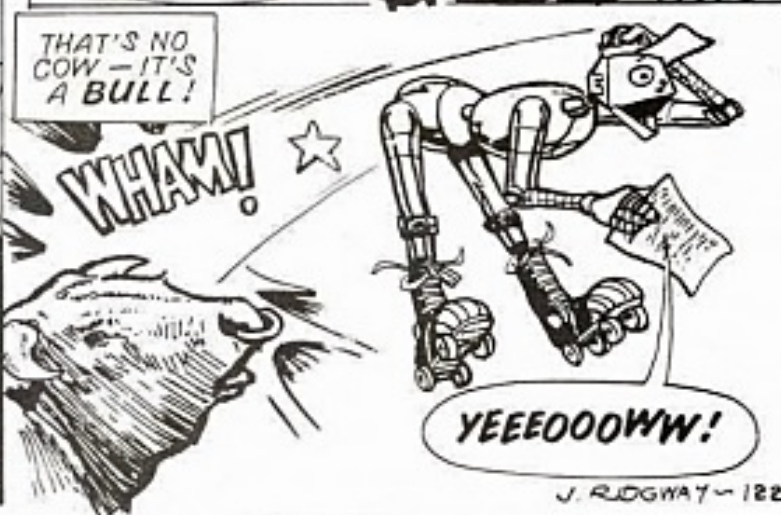


OOPS! THAT'S UPSET THE APPLE CART!

HO! MY FRUIT!



AHA! IT'S STUCK ON THAT COW'S HORN NOW I'VE GOT IT.

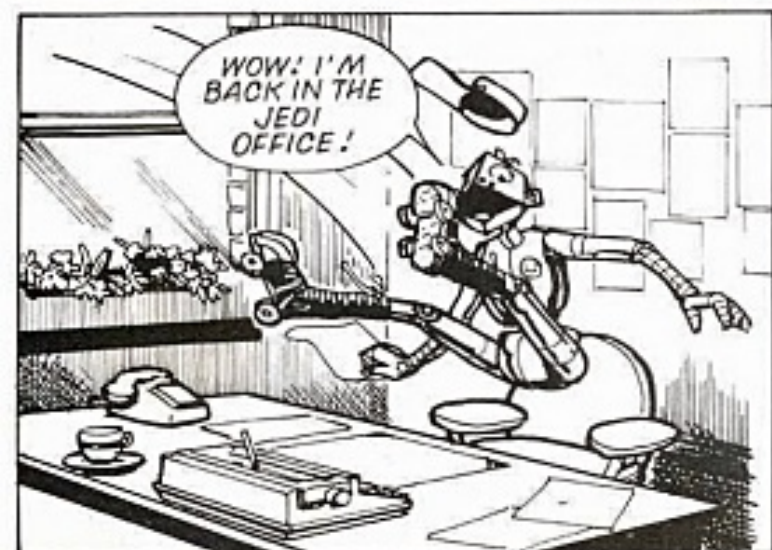


THAT'S NO COW - IT'S A BULL!

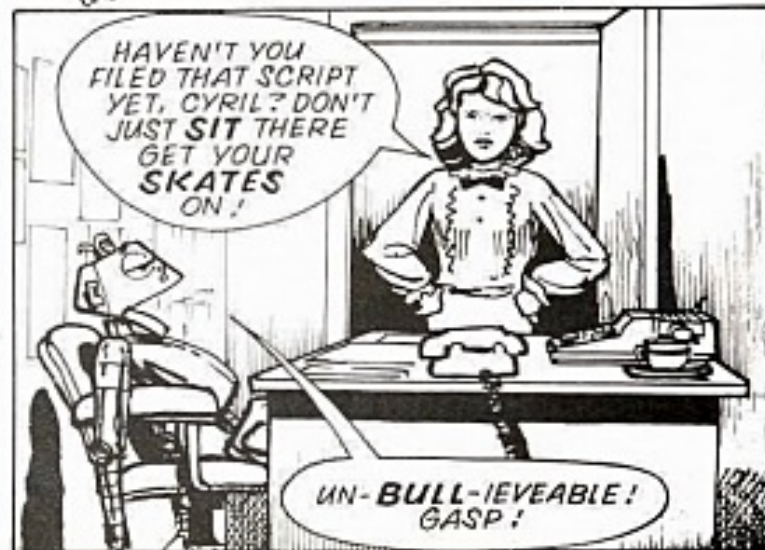
WHAM!

YEEEOOWW!

J. RODWAY - 182



WOW! I'M BACK IN THE JEDI OFFICE!

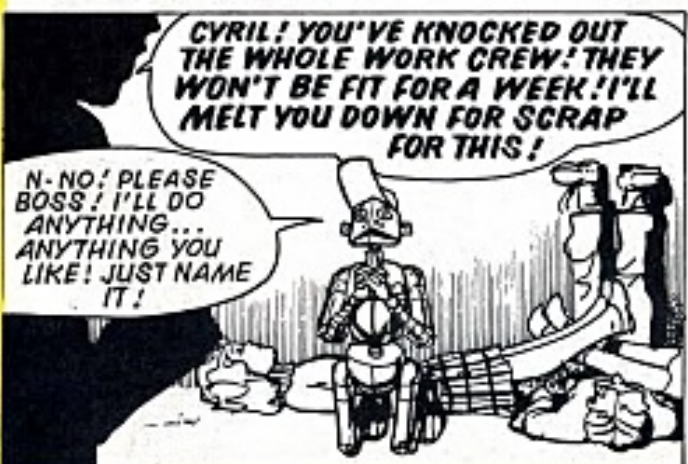
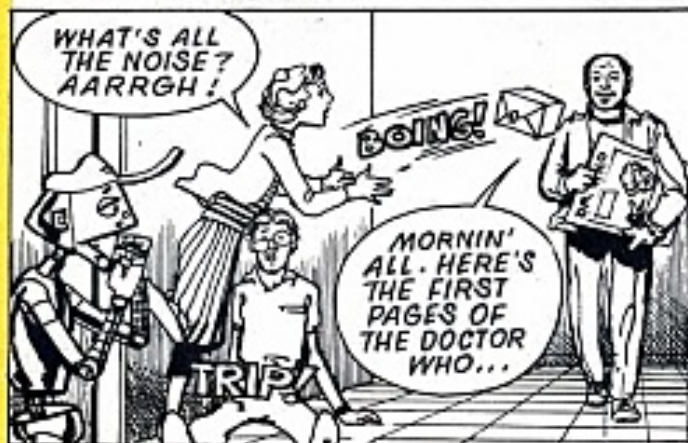
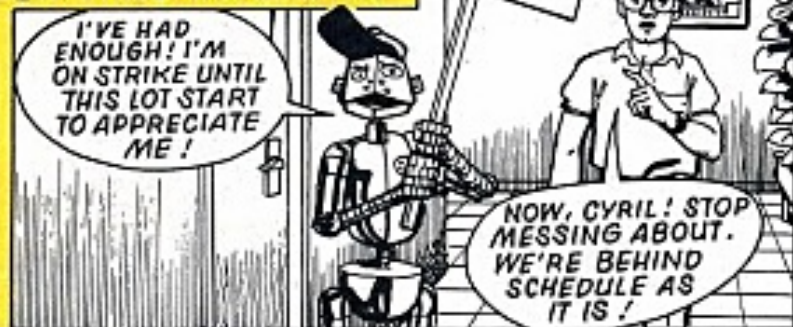


HAVEN'T YOU FILED THAT SCRIPT YET, CYRIL? DON'T JUST SIT THERE GET YOUR SKATES ON!

UN-BULL-IEVABLE! GASP!

# CYRIL

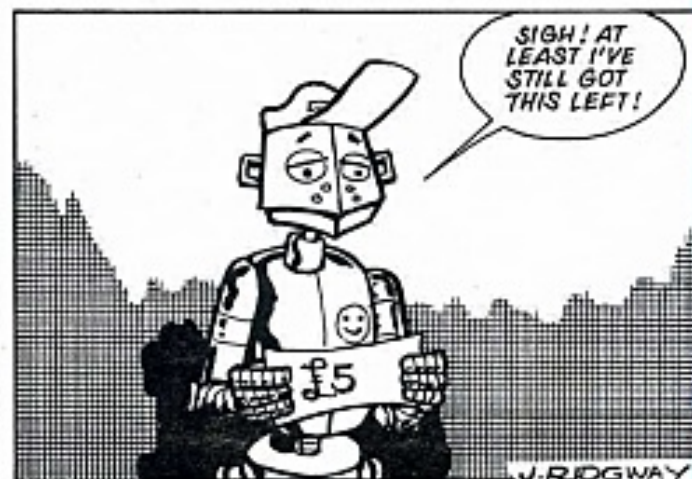
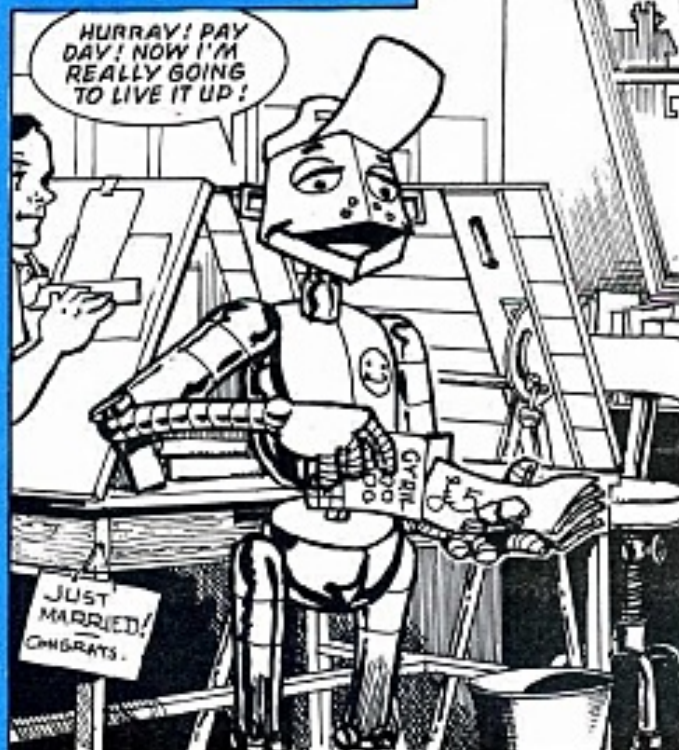
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# CYRIL

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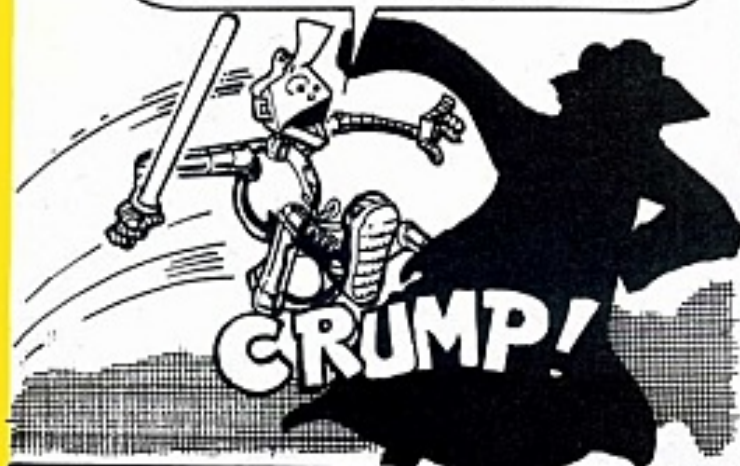
# CYRIL

THE ADVENTURES OF AN EDITOR-DROID

I'M ON NIGHT DUTY THIS WEEK. NOT THAT I'M SCARED MIND YOU. I-I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE D-DARK. GULP!



J-JEDI KNIGHTS AREN'T F-FRIGHTENED OF A-ANYTHING! GIVE UP, YOU VARMIT!



SHEESH! A COATSTAND! I MEAN, I KNEW THAT ALL THE TIME, I WAS JUST TESTING YOU, READERS!

