

Neville's Dessert Part 8





IF IT IS
TRUE THAT
CLOTHES MAKE
THE MAN, I SAY IT IS
DOUBLY TRUE FOR A
WOMAN. WEARING A
CORSET AND A DRESS, I
FEEL EVEN MORE THE

she

THE DEVIL MADE OF ME.
AND THESE MEN AND
THEIR PROBING EYES! I
AM JUST FORTUNATE
NO ONE KNOWS
WHO I REALLY
AM.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a grey dress and a white bonnet with a purple ribbon, stands in a dark room with large windows. She is holding a wicker basket in her right hand and has her left hand near her face, looking startled. A speech bubble on the left says "CECIL?". A thought bubble on the right says "OH, THE DEVIL! WHY DID I JINX MYSELF? HERE COMES MY WIFE.".

CECIL?

OH, THE DEVIL!
WHY DID I JINX
MYSELF? HERE
COMES MY WIFE.



CECIL? CECIL
PERCIVAL?

.....

BLAST! I SHALL
HAVE TO FACE HER.

CECIL! OH, IT'S
EVELYN NOW,
ISN'T IT? SUCH A
PRETTY NAME.





YOU MAKE
QUITE THE
FETCHING
LASS, DEAR
GIRL. I LOVE
YOUR OUTFIT!

THERE IS NO
NEED TO TAUNT
ME, MILDRED. I
KNOW HOW FAR I
HAVE FALLEN.



WERE I INTENT ON
TAUNTING YOU, MY
SWEET, I WOULD TELL
YOU HOW ADORABLE YOU
LOOK IN YOUR LITTLE
BONNET, CARRYING
YOUR LITTLE
BASKET.





YOUR SAD
ATTEMPTS TO PLAY
THE MAN PROVED
RUINOUS. SERVING AS
DUNSANY'S MAID SUITS
YOU TO A "T."
BRAVO!

ONE OF THE
BLESSINGS OF MY
FOLLY, DEAR WIFE, IS
THAT I NO LONGER HAVE
TO LIVE WITH YOU AND
ENDURE YOUR
VENOMOUS
COMMENTS.



I ONCE
LOVED YOU. IT
WAS YOUR
DRINKING AND
CAROUSING THAT
MADE A SHREW OF
ME. I THOUGHT YOU
WICKED, AND THEN
YOU MADE A DEAL
WITH THE DEVIL
AND PROVED
ME RIGHT.

FOR WHAT IT'S
WORTH, I DEEPLY
REGRET THE WAY I
TREATED YOU.
MIGHT I INQUIRE--
HOW ARE THE
BOYS?



I HARDLY THINK I
NEED SHARE NEWS
OF *MY* CHILDREN'S
LIVES WITH A MERE
HOUSEKEEPER.

PLEASE. I KNOW
I WAS A POOR
FATHER, BUT I MISS
THEM SO, AND I WORRY.
DO THEY EVER ASK OF
ME?



I TOLD THEM
THEIR FATHER IS
DEAD.

GASP!



FOR THEIR
SAKE, I GAVE
CECIL A MORE
NOBLE END THAN HE
DESERVED. I TOLD THE
BOYS THAT YOU DIED ON
SAFARI IN AFRICA WHILE
FIGHTING A LION WITH
YOUR BARE HANDS.
THEY THINK YOU
MOST HEROIC.

YOU HAD NO
RIGHT.

SHOULD I TELL
THEM THEIR FATHER
IS NOW A BUXOM
LASS? TRUST ME,
EVELYN. THE BOYS
ARE BETTER OFF
WITHOUT YOU.



NEVER FEAR, MY
HUSBAND: WITH
THOSE HIPS, YOU'LL
HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE
DELIVERING BABIES
OF YOUR OWN.





I'M SURE YOU'LL
FIND A HUSBAND SOON
ENOUGH. YOU ARE
QUITE LOVELY.

CRUEL
WOMAN! SHE
THINKS ME
HELPLESS.

LITTLE
DOES SHE
KNOW I AM
SOON TO MAKE A
VASSAL OF
DUNSANY. OH,
THEN IT WILL BE
TIME FOR
REVENGE.

.....

I WILL HAVE HIM CUT
OFF HER INCOME,
DEMAND HE CLAIM THE
CHILDREN. THEN, I SHALL
MAKE SURE MILDRED IS
CONDEMNED TO THE
POOR HOUSE.

.....





I WILL BE A
MUCH BETTER
MOTHER TO MY
BOYS THAN THAT
WICKED HAG!

ENTER THE
ANGEL
GABRIEL.
STAGE LEFT.



SOON, DEAR
MILDREN, YOU WILL
COME TO RUE YOUR
CRUEL--

AAAAAHHHH!



OH, DEAR. I'M
SO SORRY! ARE
YOU HURT?

YOU SHOULD
WATCH WHERE
YOU'RE GOING,
LADY!



SUCH SASS, BUT AN
ADORABLE CHILD
NONETHELESS.

ALLOW
ME TO HELP
YOU UP! OH, THIS
CURSED CORSET.
I CAN'T BEND
MY BACK.

WHAT'S A
CORSET,
M'AM?



A MOST
UNCOMFORTABLE
CONTRAPTION THAT
WOMEN ARE FORCED
TO WEAR IN ORDER
TO MAKE US SUFFER
THE MORE FOR
OUR SEX.

SOUNDS LIKE THE
WORK OF THE DEVIL,
THAT. DOWN AT THE
ORPHANAGE THEY
TAUGHT ME TO STAY
AWAY FROM THE
DEVIL.

ORPHANAGE?
ARE YOU AN
ORPHAN, THEN?
AND YOU'RE SKINNY
AS A RAIL. WHAT
DO THEY FEED
YOU?

COME. LET
ME BUY YOU A
BOWL OF SOUP.
I'M SURE MY
MASTER WON'T
MIND.

WHO WAS THAT
MEAN LADY YOU
WERE TALKING
TO? SHE WAS A
RUDE ONE.





SHE WAS QUITE
RUDE, BUT NEVER
YOU WORRY. I WILL
BE GETTING REVENGE
ON HER SOON
ENOUGH!

OH?



OW!
YOU'RE
HURTING MY
HAND.

AND
THAT IS THE
MEREST
TASTE OF THE
PAIN YOU WILL
ENDURE
SHOULD YOU
END UP IN
HELL.

Are you free of sin that you
would cast the first stone?
Remember: if thou holdest anything
against anyone, forgive them that
thine sins may be forgiven.





SEEK NOT POWER.
SEEK ONLY TO LOVE
DUNSANY AND ALLOW
HIM TO LOVE YOU, AND
YOU WILL KNOW BLISS
BEYOND WORDS!

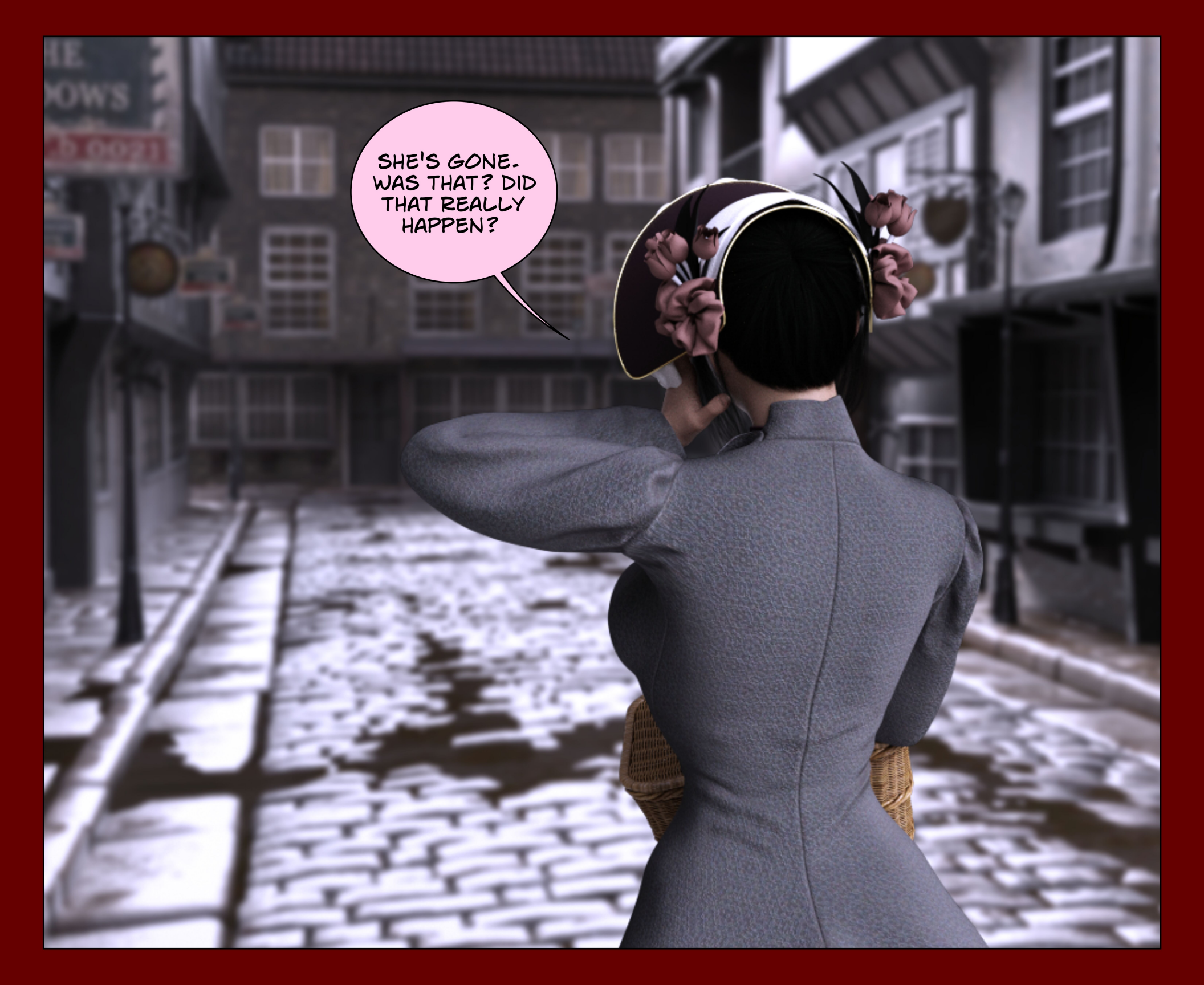
HALLELUJAH!





HEAVENS!

POOF!

A woman with dark hair, seen from behind, is looking down a long, narrow cobblestone street. She is wearing a grey, long-sleeved dress with a high collar and a wide-brimmed hat decorated with large pink flowers. A wicker basket is visible at her waist. The street is lined with multi-story buildings, and the ground is wet and reflective. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

SHE'S GONE.
WAS THAT? DID
THAT REALLY
HAPPEN?

