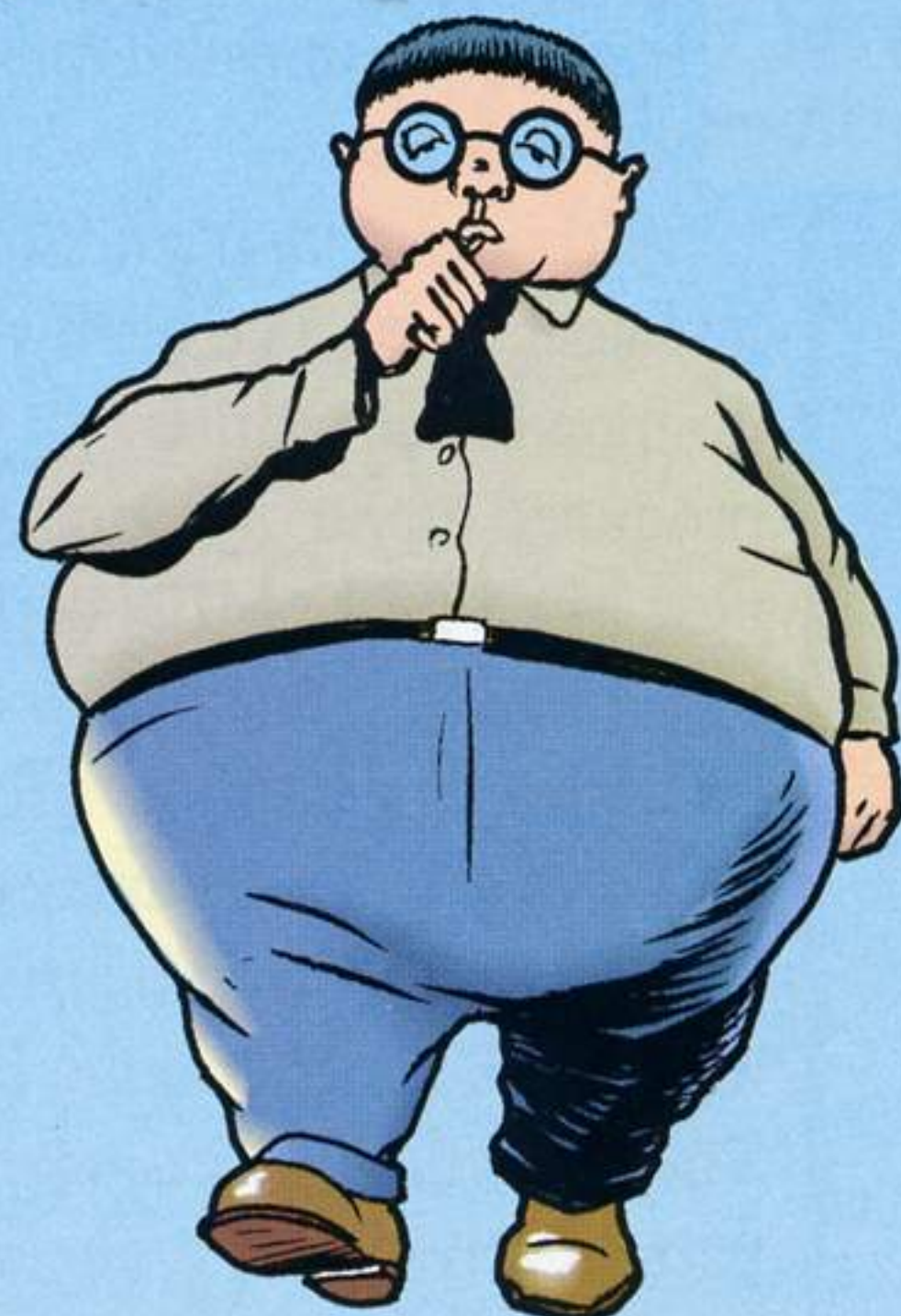




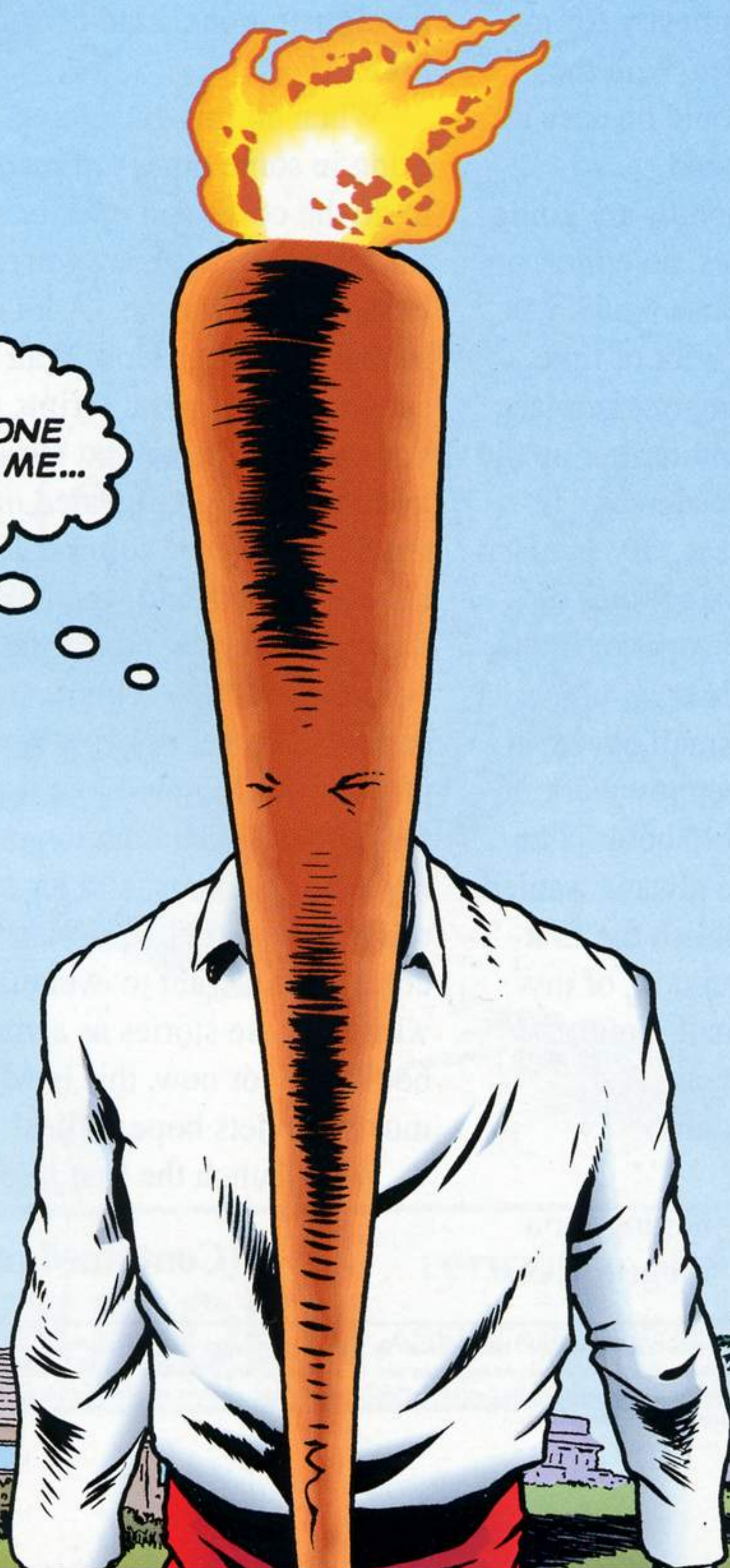
FLAMING  
CARROT  
31

\$2.50 US  
\$3.50 CAN

# FLAMING CARROT COMICS™



FEEL SOMEONE  
FOLLOWING ME...





# HERBIE IN ALAS POOR CARROT!

ALL RIGHT,  
MR. CHICKEN PANTS!  
I'M GOING TO WRAP THAT  
HORN AROUND YOUR  
SKINNY NECK!

THE ONLY WAY TO  
GO BACK IN TIME AND  
PROVE THAT SHAKESPEARE  
DID NOT WRITE ALL HIS PLAYS  
ALONE IS WITH THIS STRANGE,  
ODDBALL SUPERHERO!  
...BUT HE IS SO...  
SO GOOFY!



ART & STORY:

**BOB BURDEN**

LETTERING: **SHANNON T. STEWART**

ASSISTANTS: **GABRIELLE GREENE  
& JOHN EATON**



ONE DAY AT SCHOOL...

...AND IN FACT MANY CRITICS HAVE POSTULATED THAT WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE DID NOT WRITE ALL THE PLAYS AND SONNETS ATTRIBUTED TO HIM, PERHAPS NONE OF THEM. IN THE LAST TWENTY YEARS, A NUMBER OF NOTED SCHOLARS HAVE PROPOSED THAT THEY WERE REALLY WRITTEN BY FRANCIS BACON, CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, OR A SERIES OF PEOPLE WHO SHARED THE SAME BARBER...

PROFESSOR DOGWOOD!!  
I'VE CAUGHT YOU RED-  
HANDED THIS TIME!

ER...  
PRINCIPAL JENKINS!  
YOU WERE LISTENING  
OUTSIDE...

SEE HERE, PROFESSOR!!  
THERE'LL BE NO MORE OF THIS  
REVISIONIST HISTORY IN THIS  
ENGLISH CLASS! WHAT HOG-  
WASH! WHY EVERYONE KNOWS  
THAT SHAKESPEARE IS  
SHAKESPEARE!

YES! WHY WOULD  
SOMEBODY WRITE  
THE GREATEST LIT-  
ERATURE IN THE ENG-  
LISH LANGUAGE UNDER  
AN ASSUMED NAME?

AND WHO'S THIS  
PICTURE IN THE FRONT?

TAKE A LOOK!  
IT'S SHAKESPEARE!  
EVEN I CAN SEE THAT!

GOOD HEAVENS, PROFESSOR! THESE HALLOWED HALLS OF IVY AND  
TRADITION AT RANDALL P. MCMURPHY HIGH WILL NOT BROACH SUCH  
BANAL NONSENSE!! THIS MALARKY IS TOTALLY UNCALLED FOR!!

ER, BUT...

ALL RIGHT THAT'S IT  
YOU'RE FIRED!



AFTER SCHOOL...

POOR  
PROFESSOR DOGWOOD.  
IS A GOOD TEACHER.  
MUST HELP HIM!



KNOCK! KNOCK!  
PROFESSOR?

Prof. AMBROSE  
DOGWOOD  
214 SHADY LANE



NO ANSWER.  
MAY HAVE ALREADY  
COMMITTED SUICIDE...THESE  
ENGLISH TEACHERS CAN  
BE SENSITIVE TYPES.



SOME NOISE  
IN BACK...



ALAS, POOR YORICK!  
FOR I KNEW HIM,  
HORATIO...

IS BAD...TALKING TO  
GRAPEFRUIT. MAYBE I  
BETTER GO BACK OUT AND  
KNOCK MORE LOUDLY...



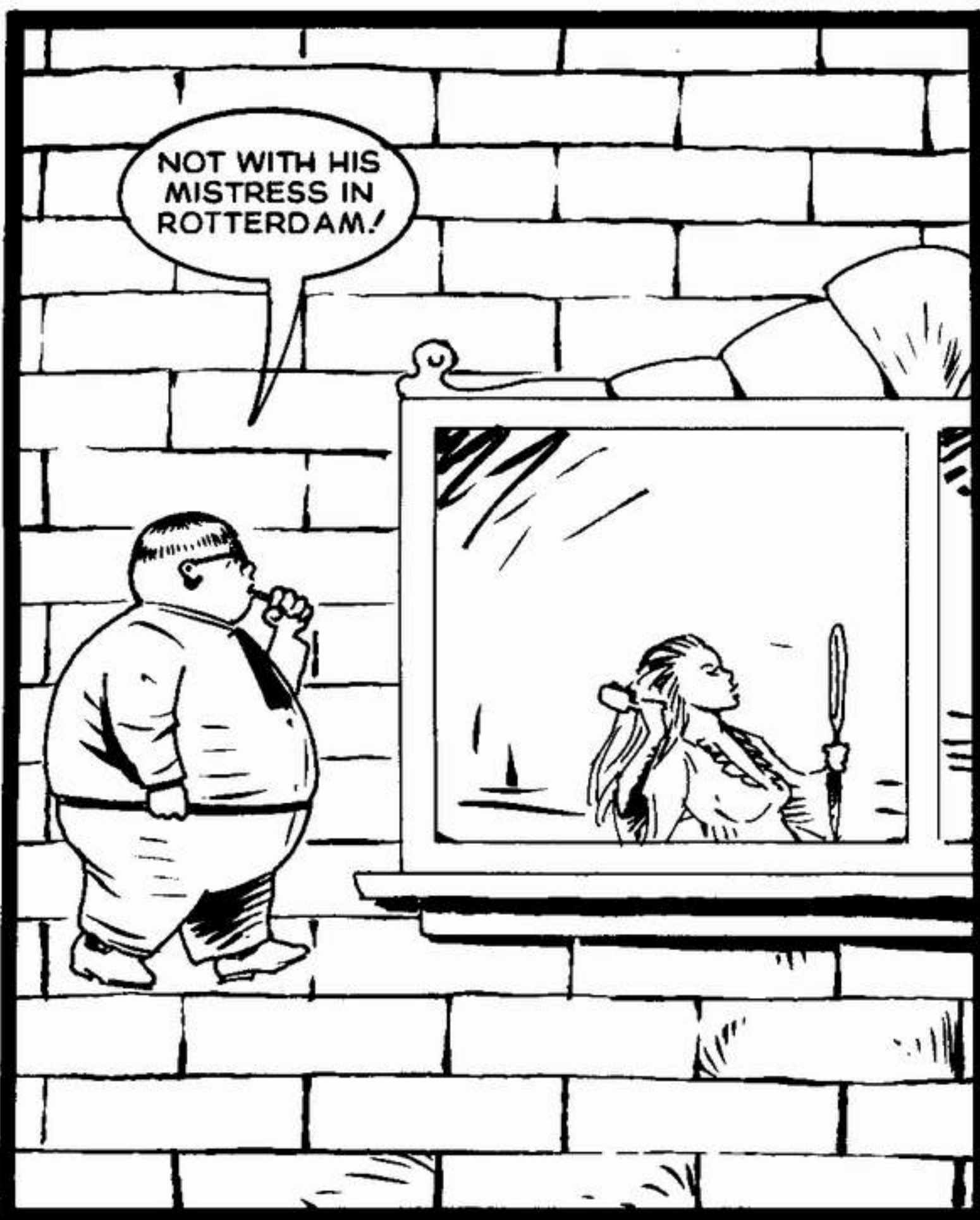
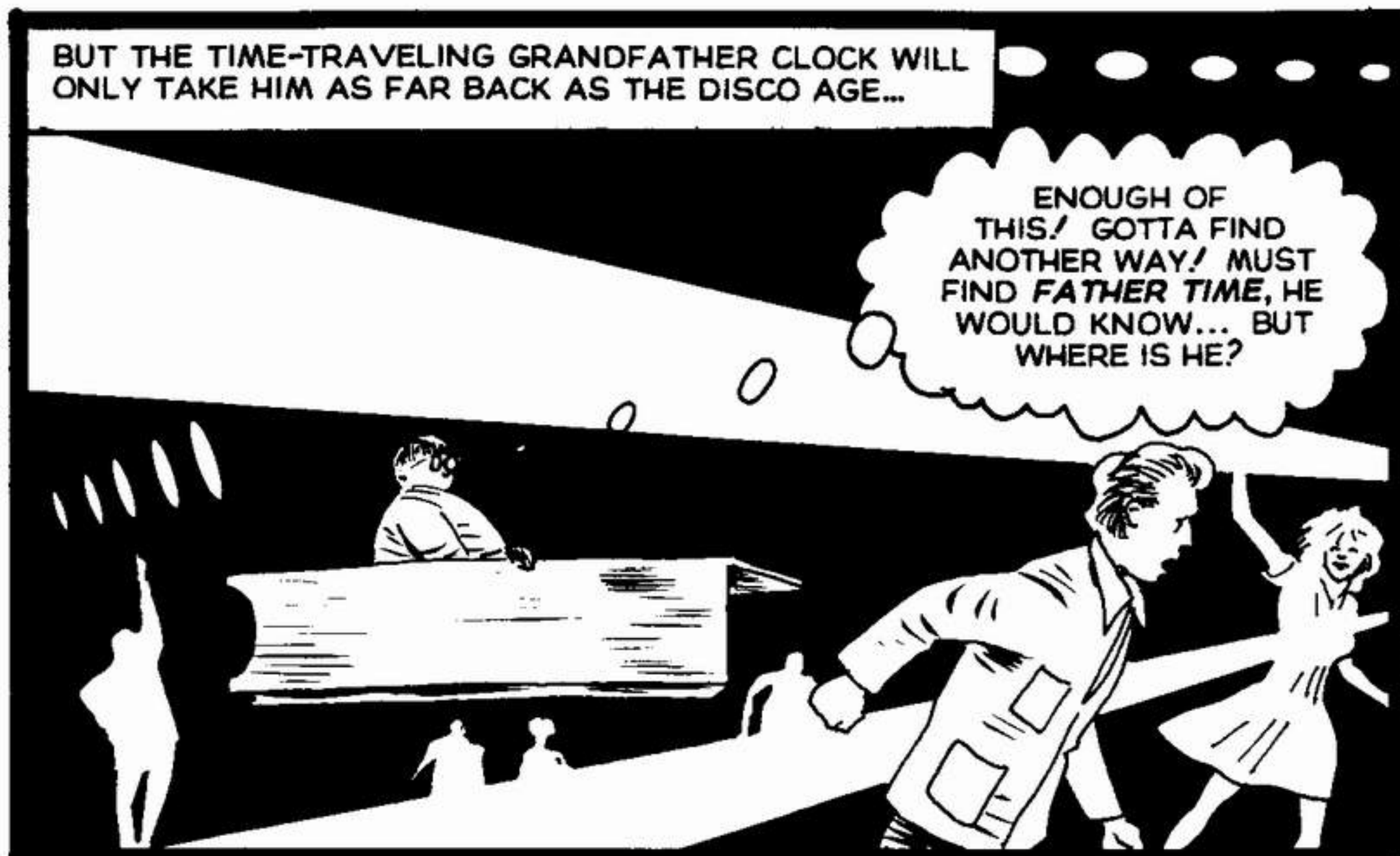
HEY  
PROFESSOR  
DOGWOOD!













PAY DIRT AT THE *DAYTONA 500*, WHERE FATHER TIME AND HIS PIT CREW ARE IN THE THICK OF IT!

HEY! FATHER TIME!

WELL, LET'S SEE. THERE'RE ONLY THREE OF THOSE GRANDFATHER CLOCKS LEFT IN SERVICE. THERE'S THAT ONE ON THE WEST COAST, THERE'S YOURS, WHICH YOU BROKE, AND THE NEAREST ONE IS IN IRON CITY! IT BELONGS TO A BLUE-COLLAR SUPERHERO CALLED *FLAMING CARROT*!

WHAT KIND OF NAME IS THAT FOR A COSTUMED AVENGER? *FLAMING CARROT*?

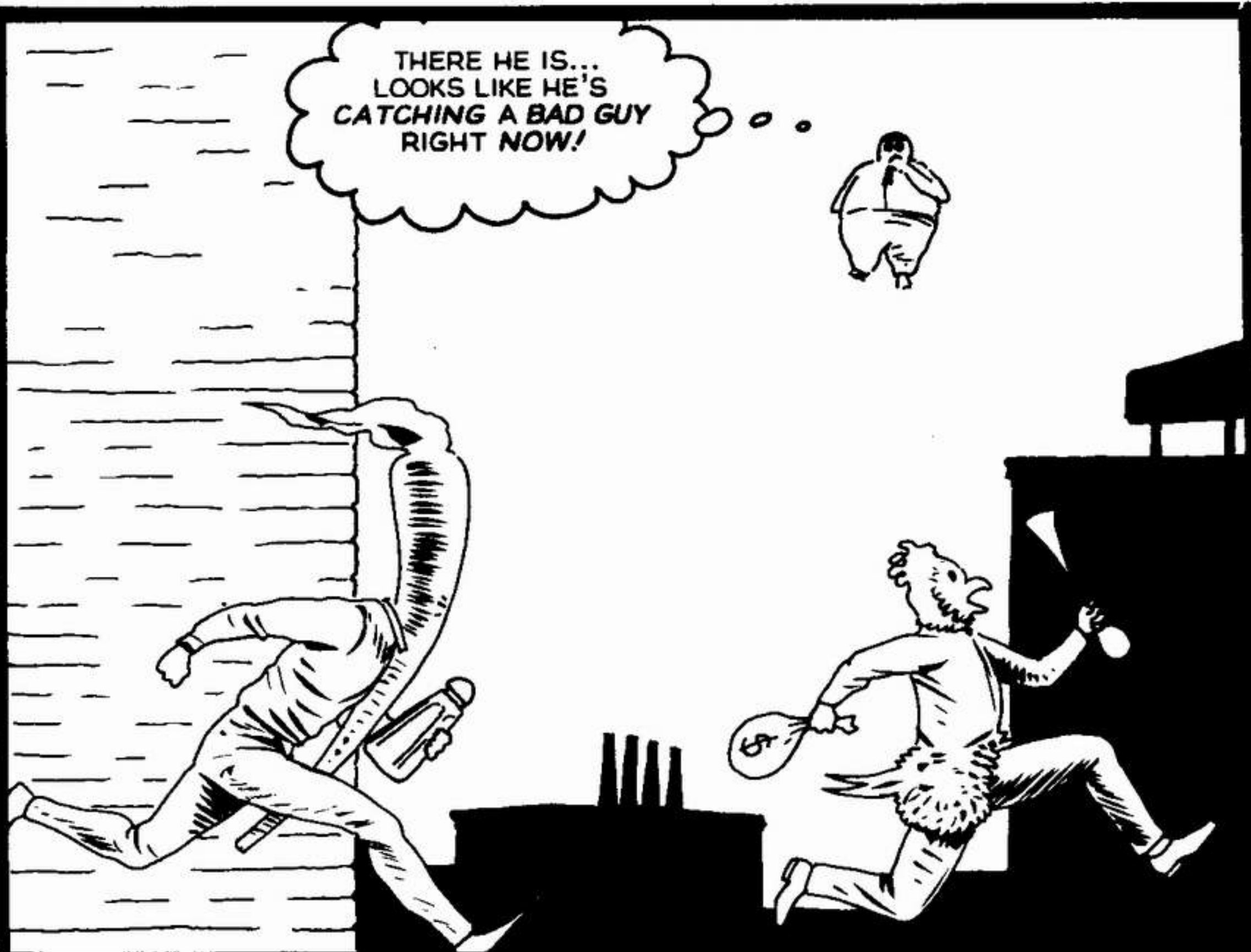
IN IRON CITY...

YEAH! YOU LOOK LIKE SOMEONE WHO'D BE LOOKING FOR *FLAMING CARROT*! YOU SHOULD FIND HIM DOWN IN *PALOOKAVILLE*, THAT'S OUR *TENDERLOIN* DISTRICT...

TENDERLOIN?

YEAH, THE *SLUMS*! *SKID ROW*! *RUMMYTOWN*! IF HE'S UP THIS EARLY IN THE DAY, THAT MEANS HE PROBABLY HASN'T GONE TO BED YET!

THERE HE IS... LOOKS LIKE HE'S CATCHING A BAD GUY RIGHT NOW!

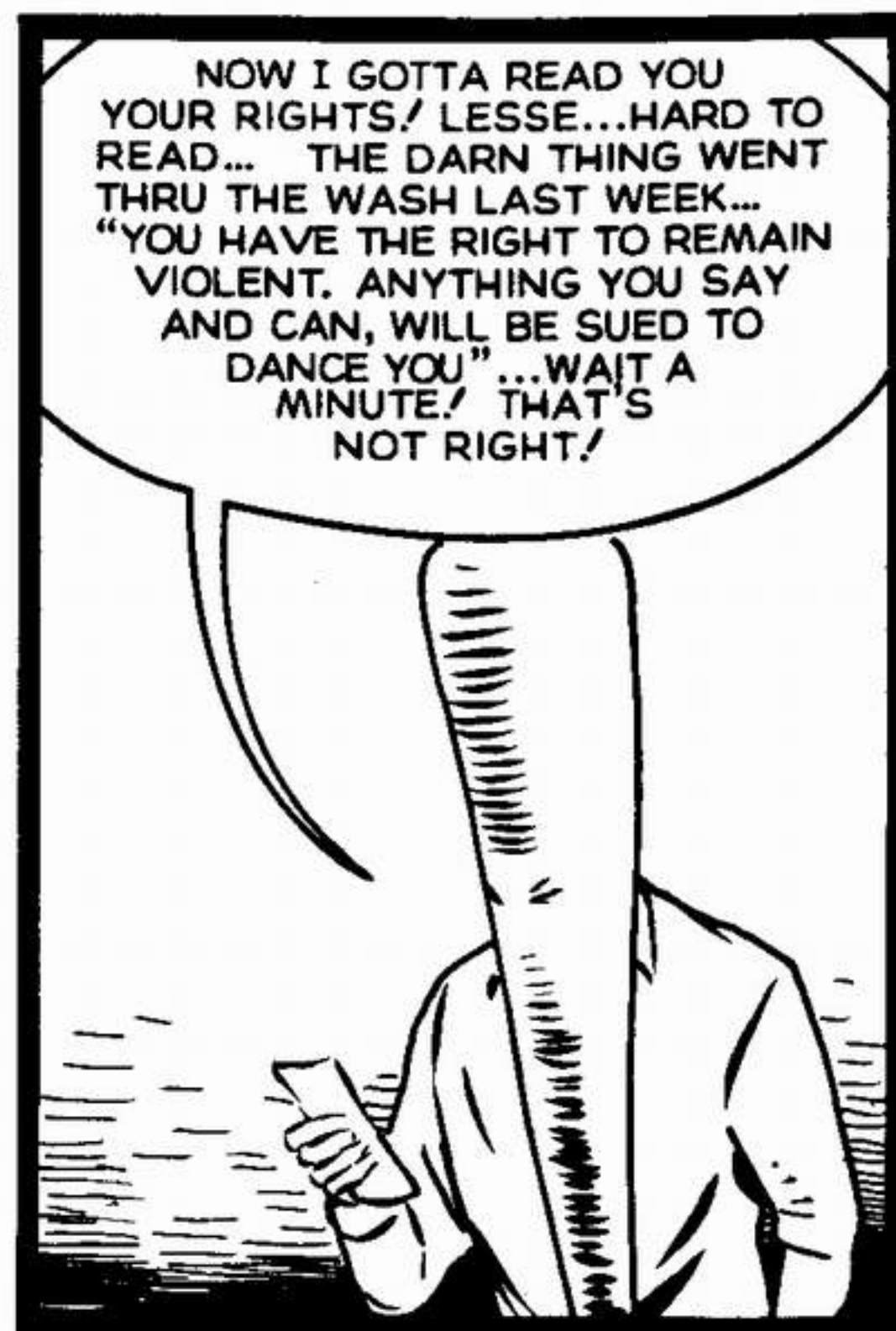






AH! HA! GOT YOU NOW, MR. CHICKEN PANTS! I WILL PUT SALT ON YOUR TAIL AND YOU WILL DIE!

A BLIND ALLEY! THE JIG IS UP!



NOW I GOTTA READ YOU YOUR RIGHTS! LESSE...HARD TO READ... THE DARN THING WENT THRU THE WASH LAST WEEK... "YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN VIOLENT. ANYTHING YOU SAY AND CAN, WILL BE SUED TO DANCE YOU"...WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S NOT RIGHT!



SOOO...WHILE YOU FIGURE THAT OUT, WHAT SAY I GO GET US SOME SODA POP?

YEAH, OKAY! MR PIBB OR DR PEPPER FOR ME!

WOULD BE GETTING OFF TOO EASY IF I JUST ARREST HIM!



THE CRIMINAL IS GETTING AWAY, GOING BEHIND THAT BARBECUE PLACE.



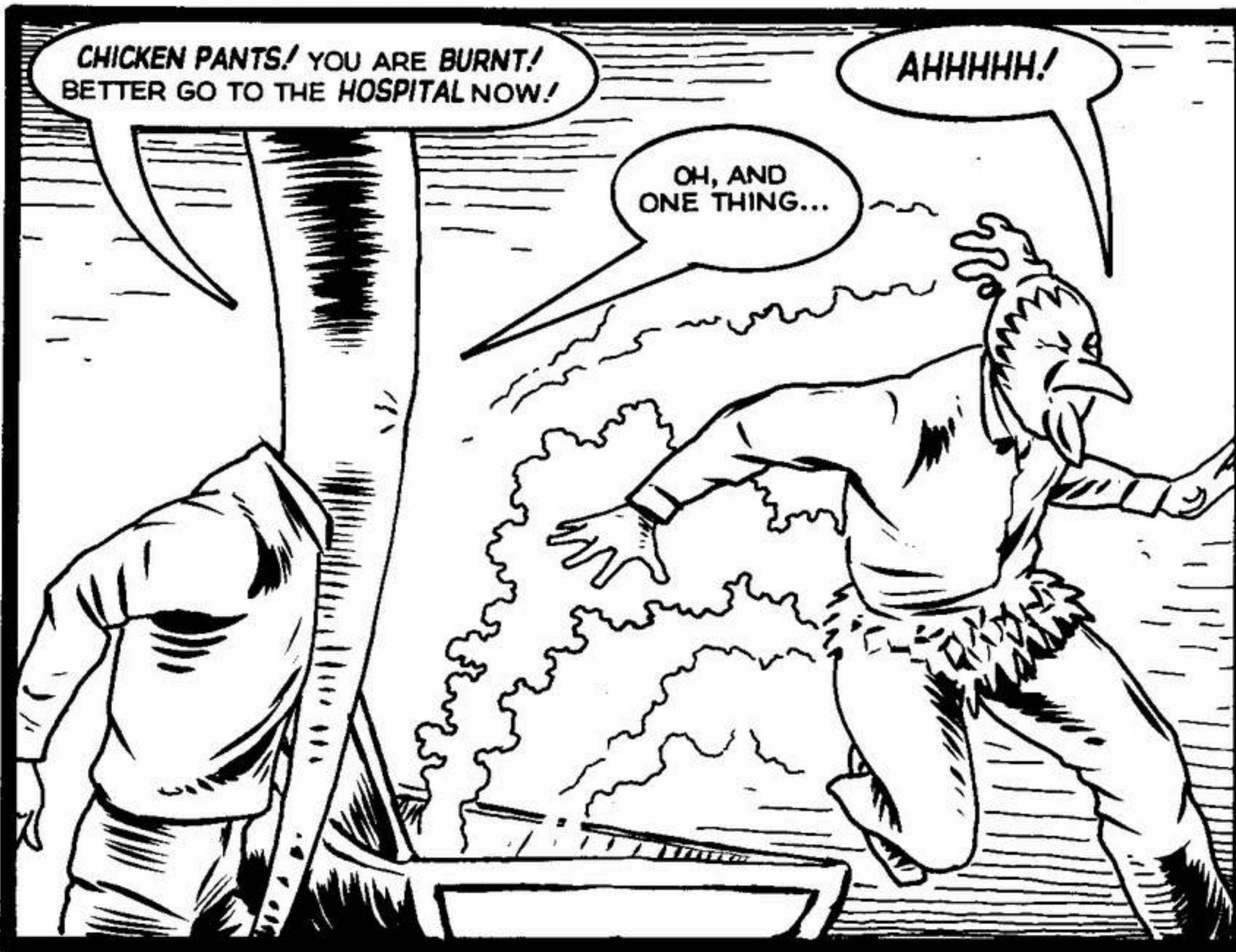
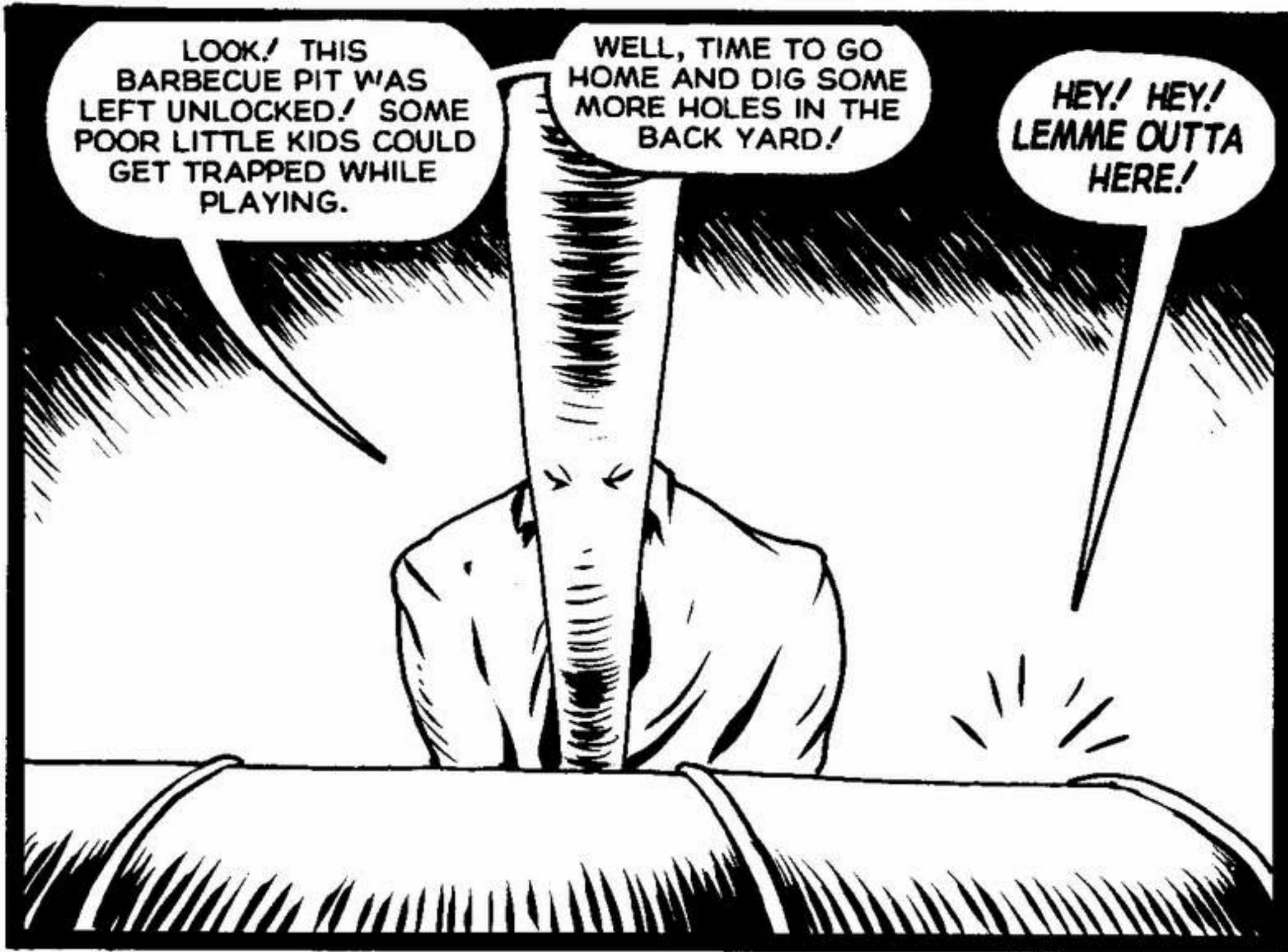
HIDE IN HERE!



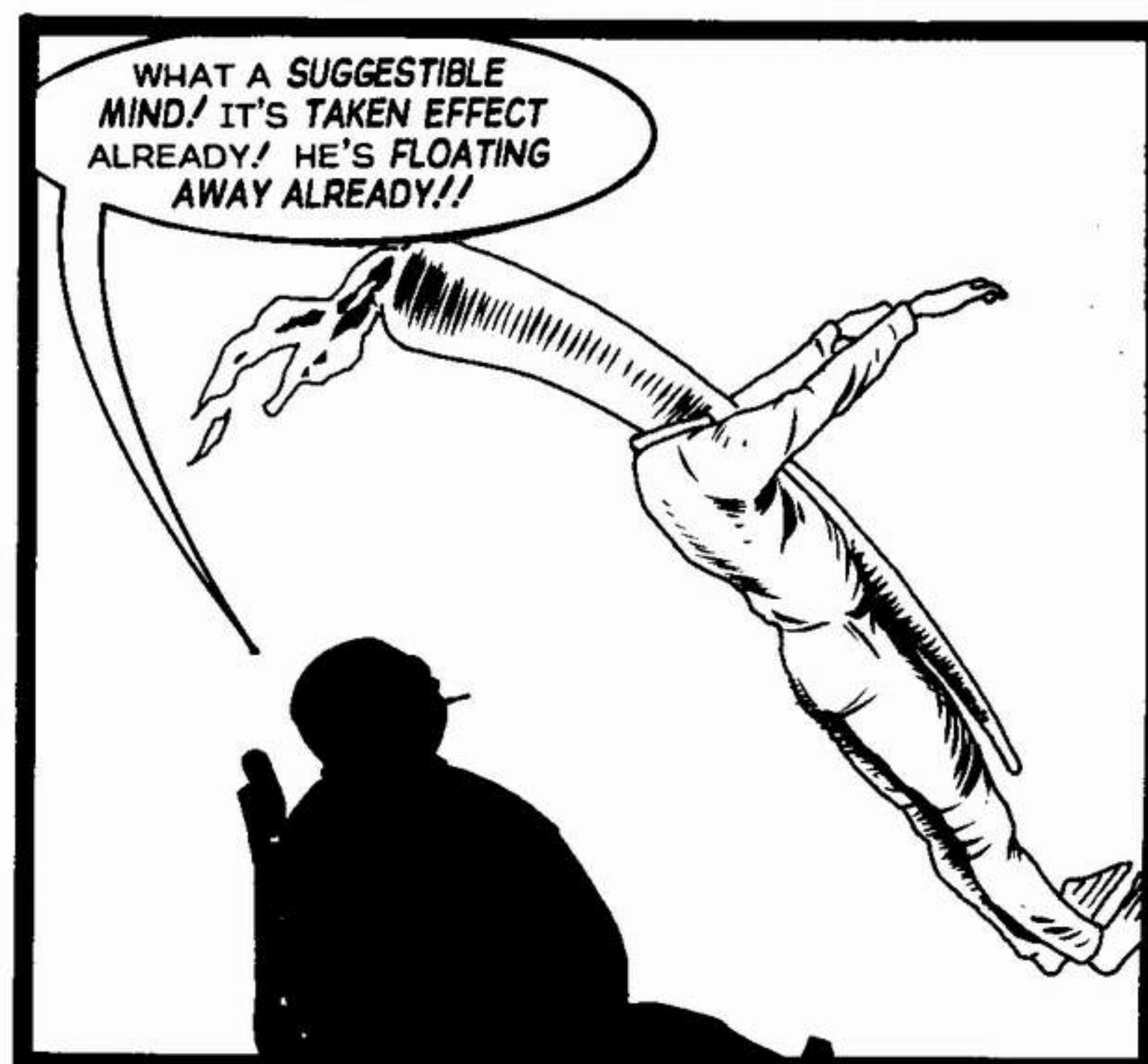
SOON...

OH, HEAVENS TO BETSY! WHERE DID MR. CHICKEN PANTS GO?!

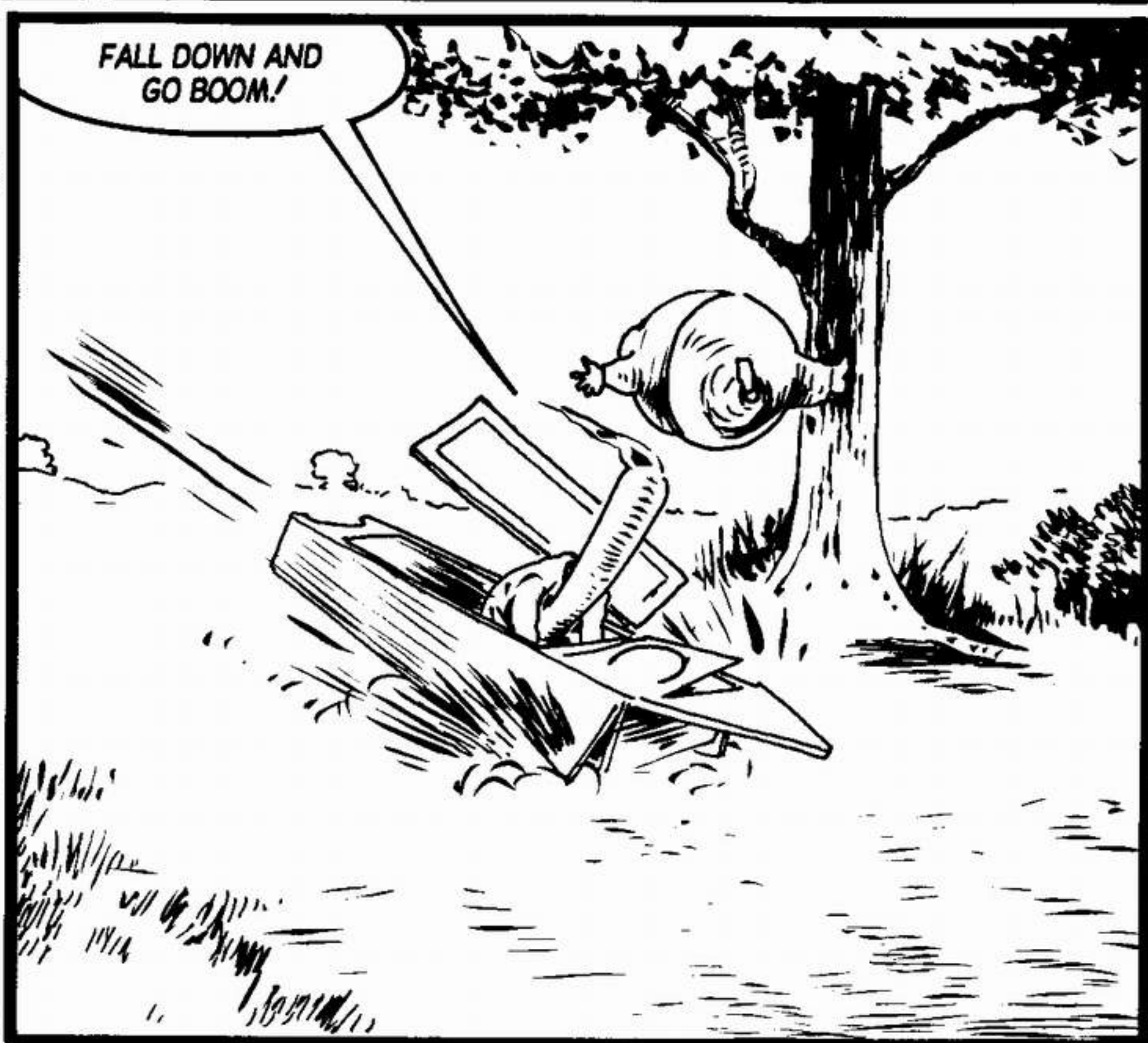
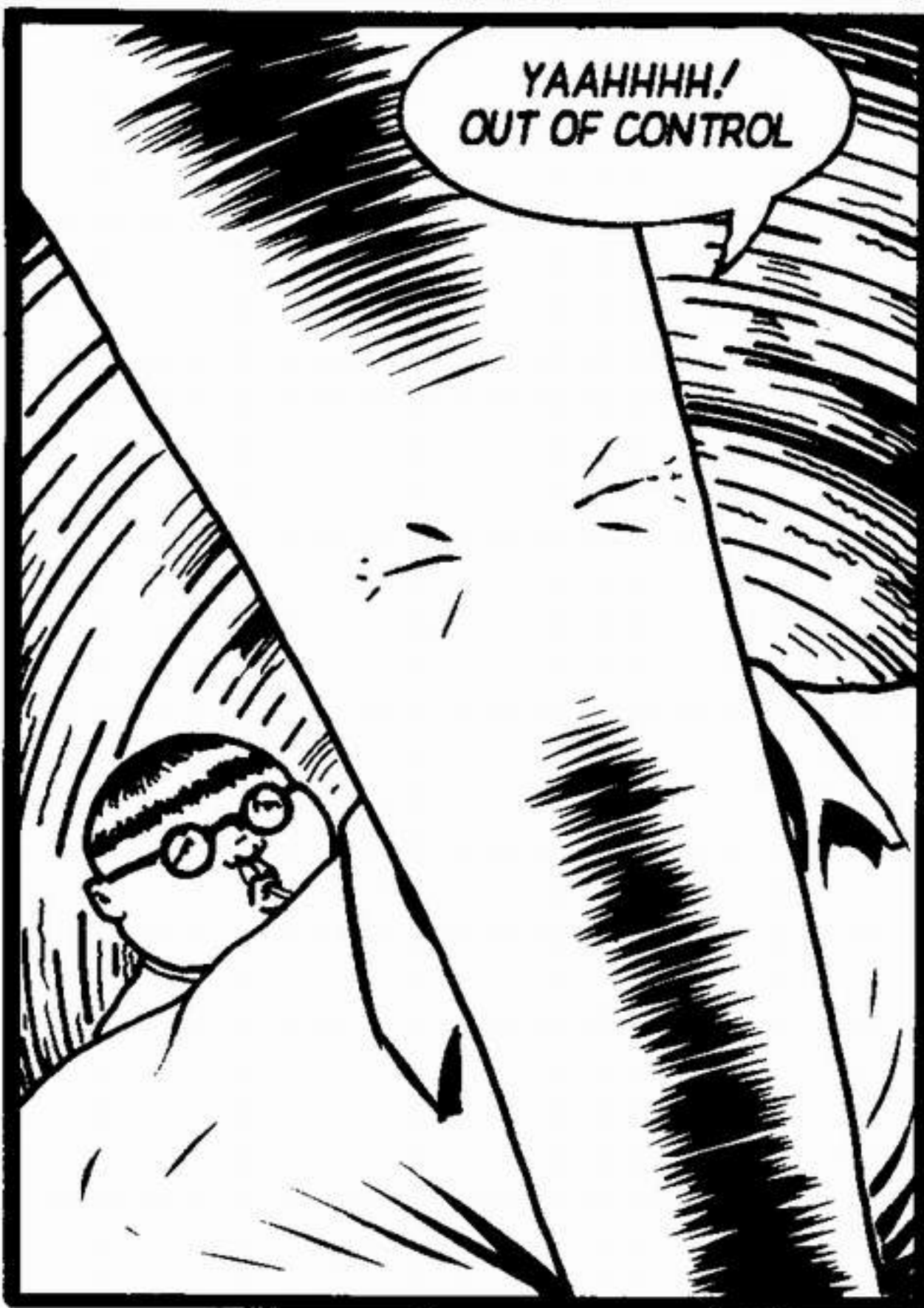
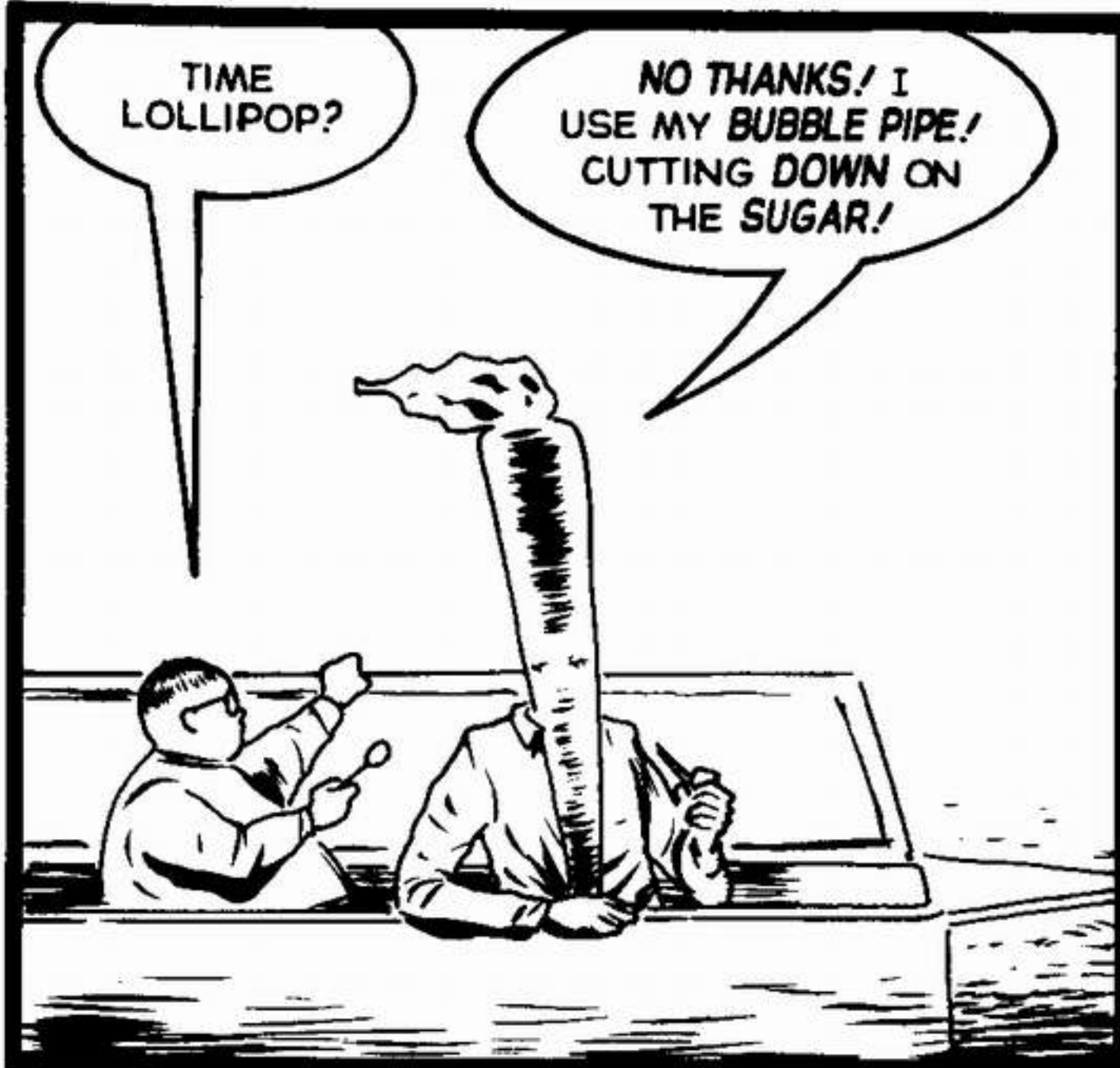












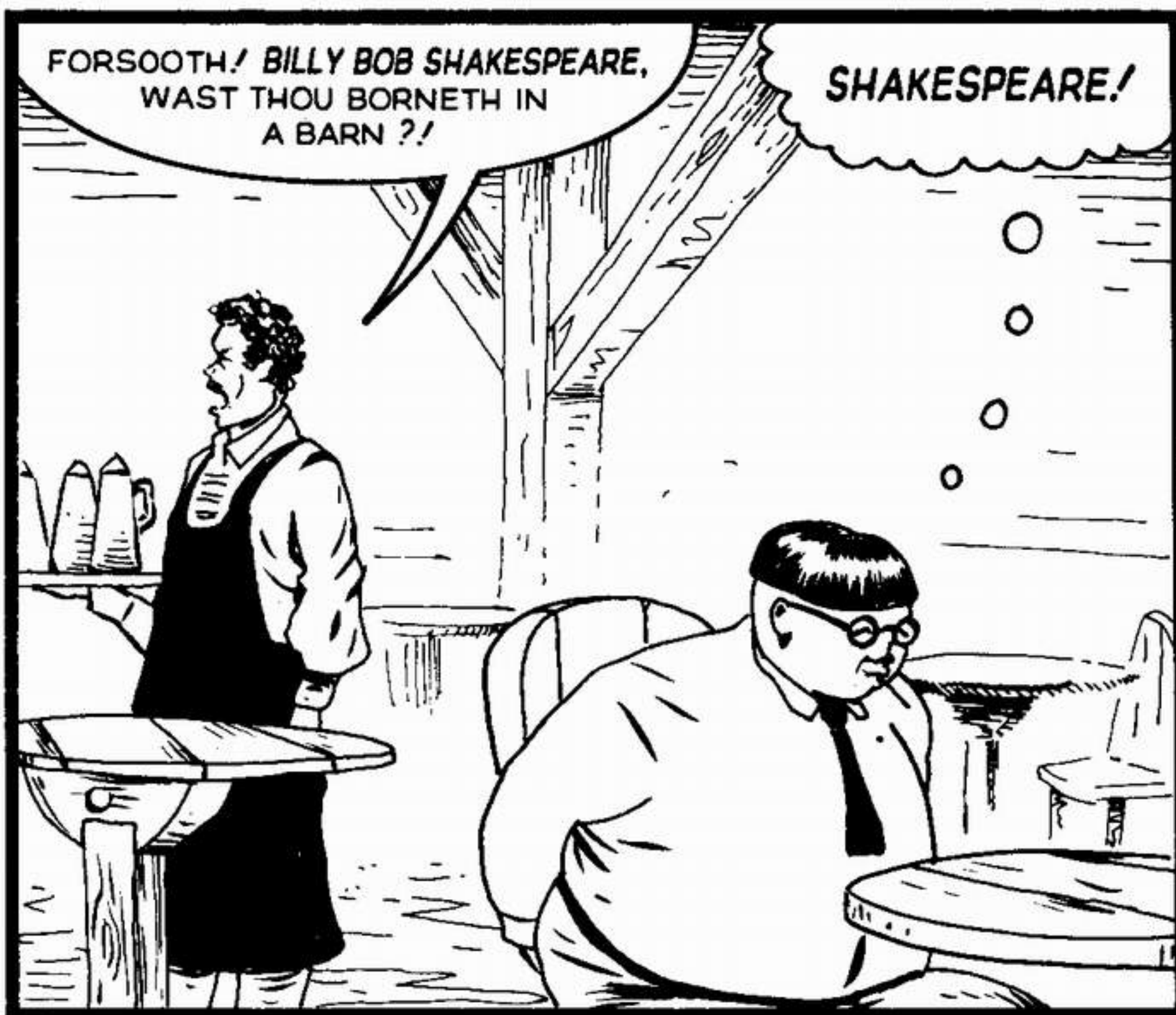
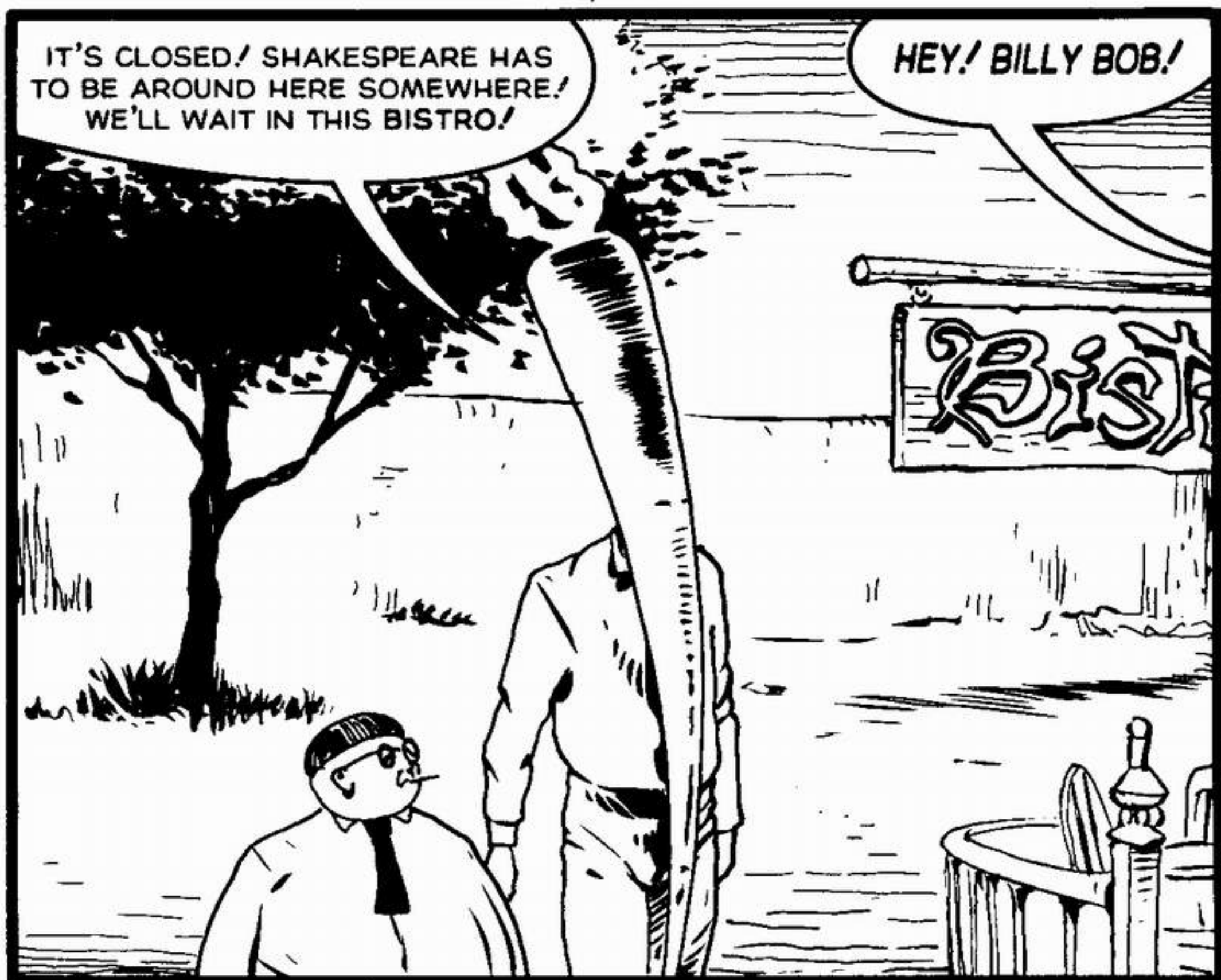
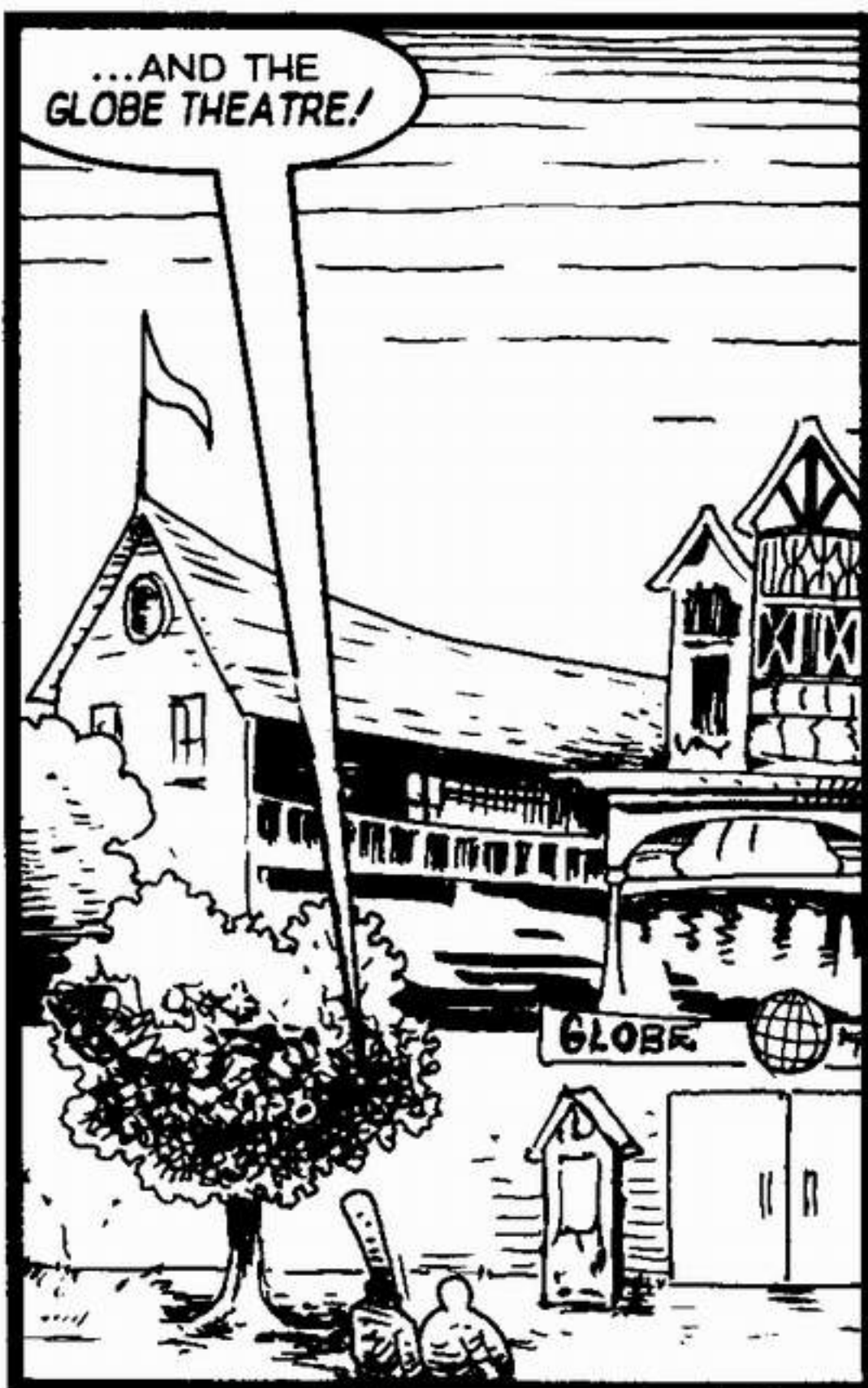


## Chapter 2

# THE BOOBS OF AVON









GARSH! SHUCKS!  
YUP...I WAS AT  
THAT!



...AND NO MORE SHALT THOU  
DO THE "PULL MY FINGER" TRICK  
ON THE FAIR AND MODEST MAIDENS  
IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT OR THOU  
SHALT BE THROWN OUT ON  
THY EAREST!

HAR! HAR!  
GOLLL-LEEE!  
I DIST LAHKS  
TA HAVE A LI'L  
FUN NOW AN'  
THEN!



GREAT SCOTT! COULD THIS HICK,  
THIS BOORISH HAYSEED, THIS COUNTRY  
BUMPKIN BE WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE?  
...THE BARD OF AVON AND GREAT  
MAN OF LETTERS?!

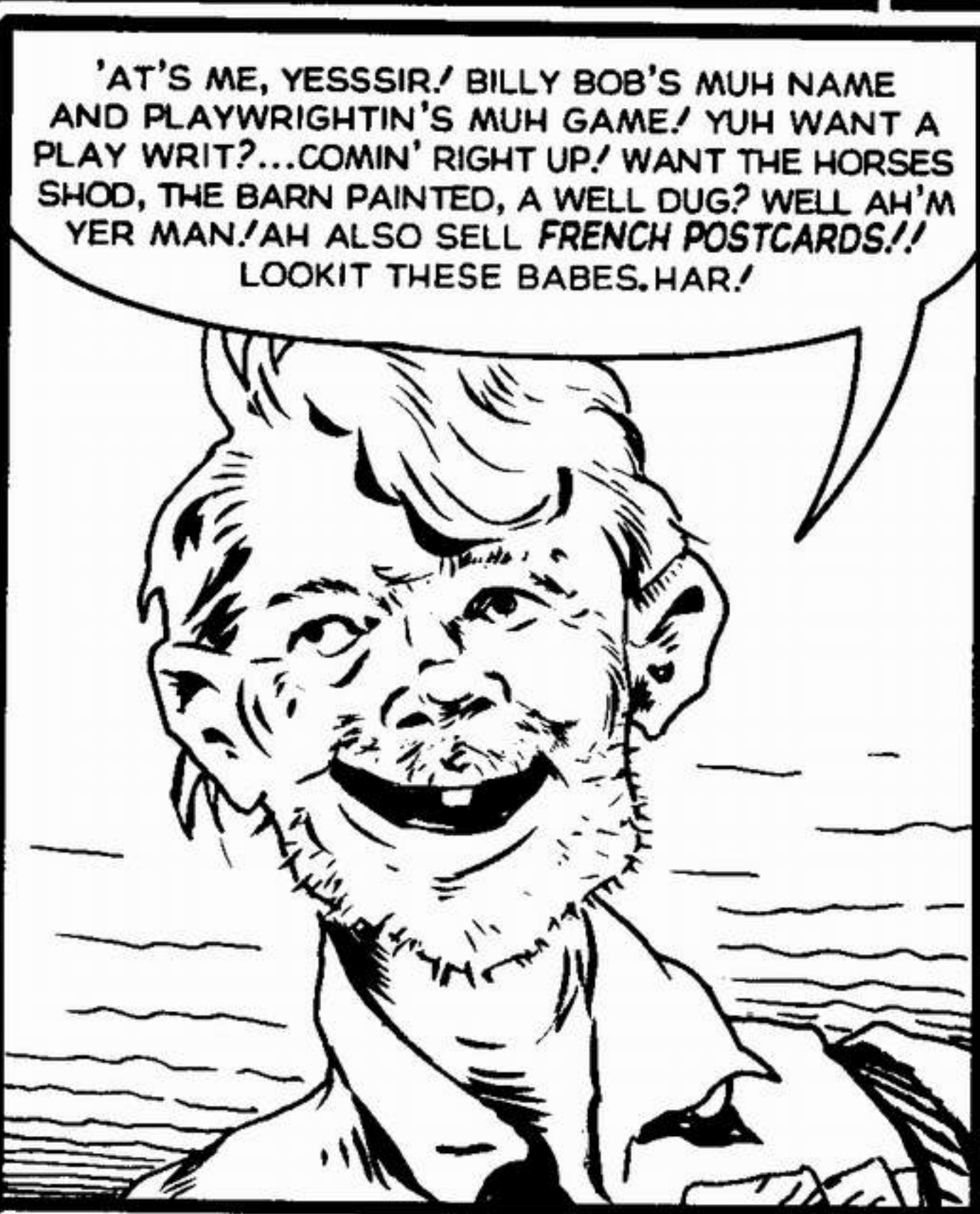


HEY! ARE YOU...ER, I MEAN...ART  
THOU WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,  
THE PLAYWRIGHT?

BURP...

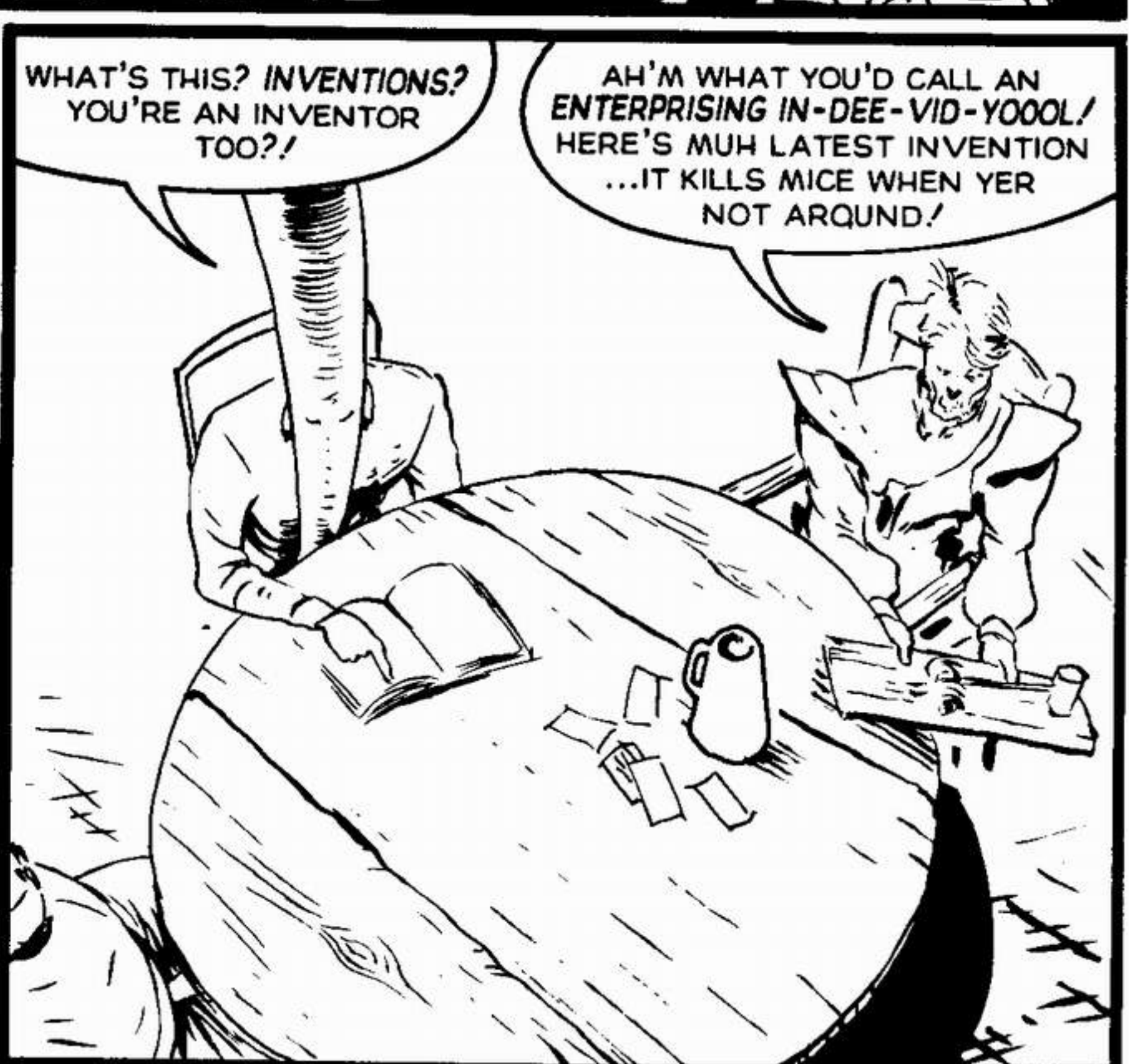


'AT'S ME, YESSIR! BILLY BOB'S MUH NAME  
AND PLAYWRIGHTIN'S MUH GAME! YUH WANT A  
PLAY WRIT?...COMIN' RIGHT UP! WANT THE HORSES  
SHOD, THE BARN PAINTED, A WELL DUG? WELL AH'M  
YER MAN! AH ALSO SELL FRENCH POSTCARDS!!  
LOOKIT THESE BABES. HAR!



WHAT'S THIS? INVENTIONS?  
YOU'RE AN INVENTOR  
TOO?!

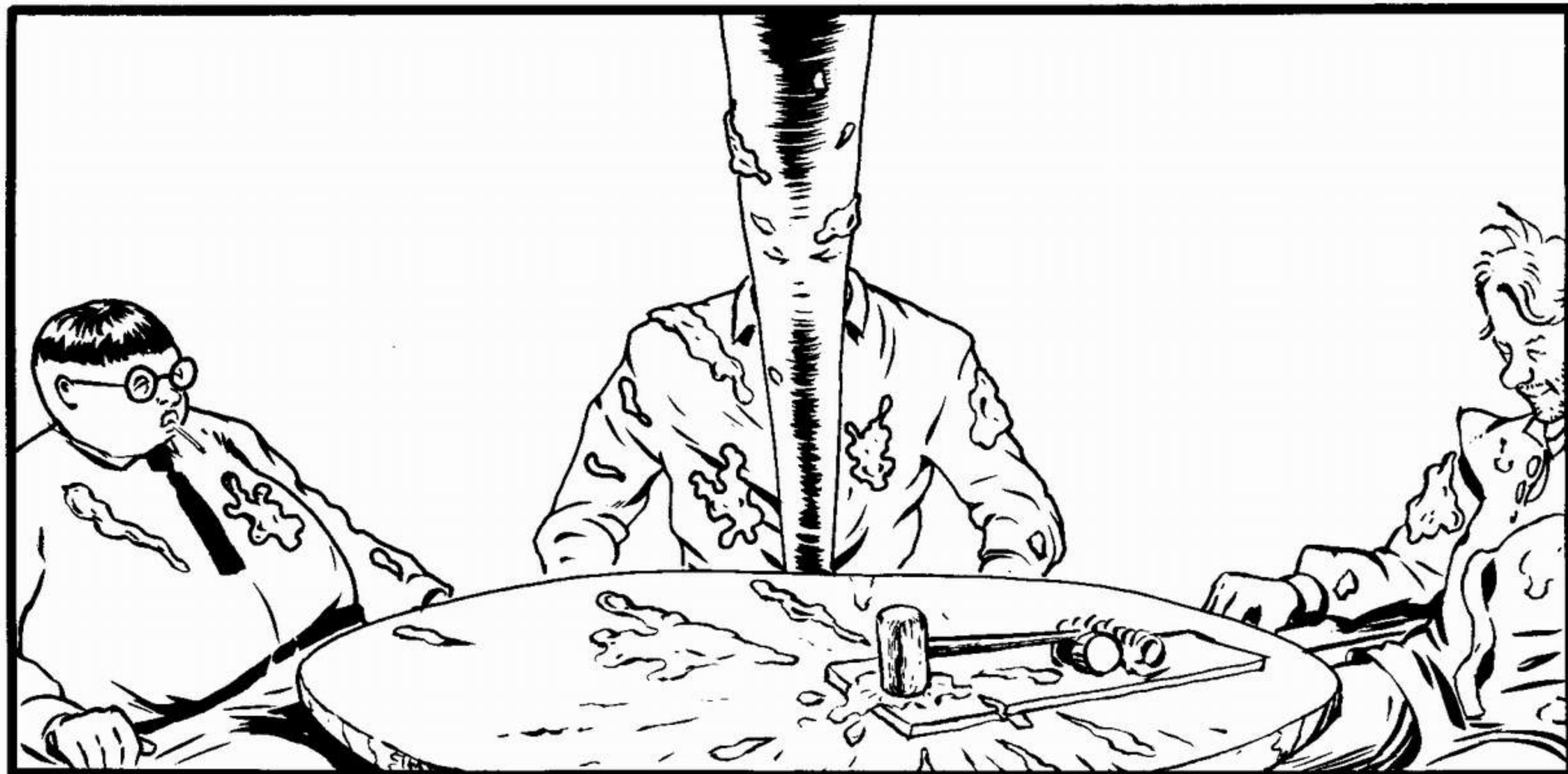
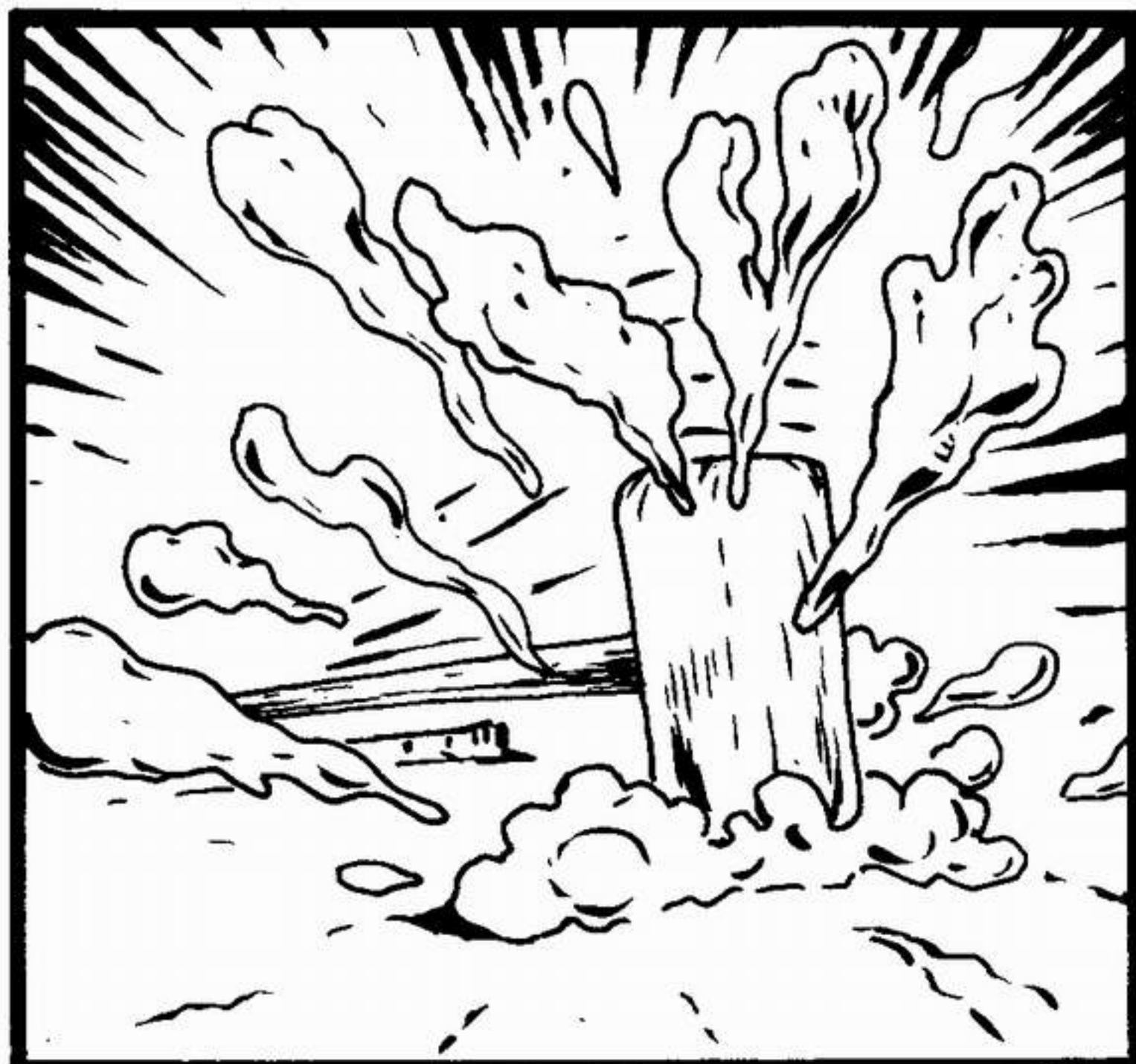
AH'M WHAT YOU'D CALL AN  
ENTERPRISING IN-DEE-VID-YOOL!  
HERE'S MUH LATEST INVENTION  
...IT KILLS MICE WHEN YER  
NOT AROUND!







\*TRIFLE: A BRITISH DESSERT MADE OF CUSTARD, CAKE, FRUIT, AND WHIPPED CREAM. ED.





PLAYS!...HERE YOU GO...!  
THIS ONE'S ABOUT A GUY NAMED  
WILBUR WHO HAS A TALKING HORSE...  
AND IN THIS ONE, A BUNCH A PEOPLE  
GO OUT FOR A THREE-HOUR TOUR ON  
A FISHING BOAT, BUT A STORM  
COMES AND THEY'RE MAROONED  
ON A DESERT ISLAND AND...

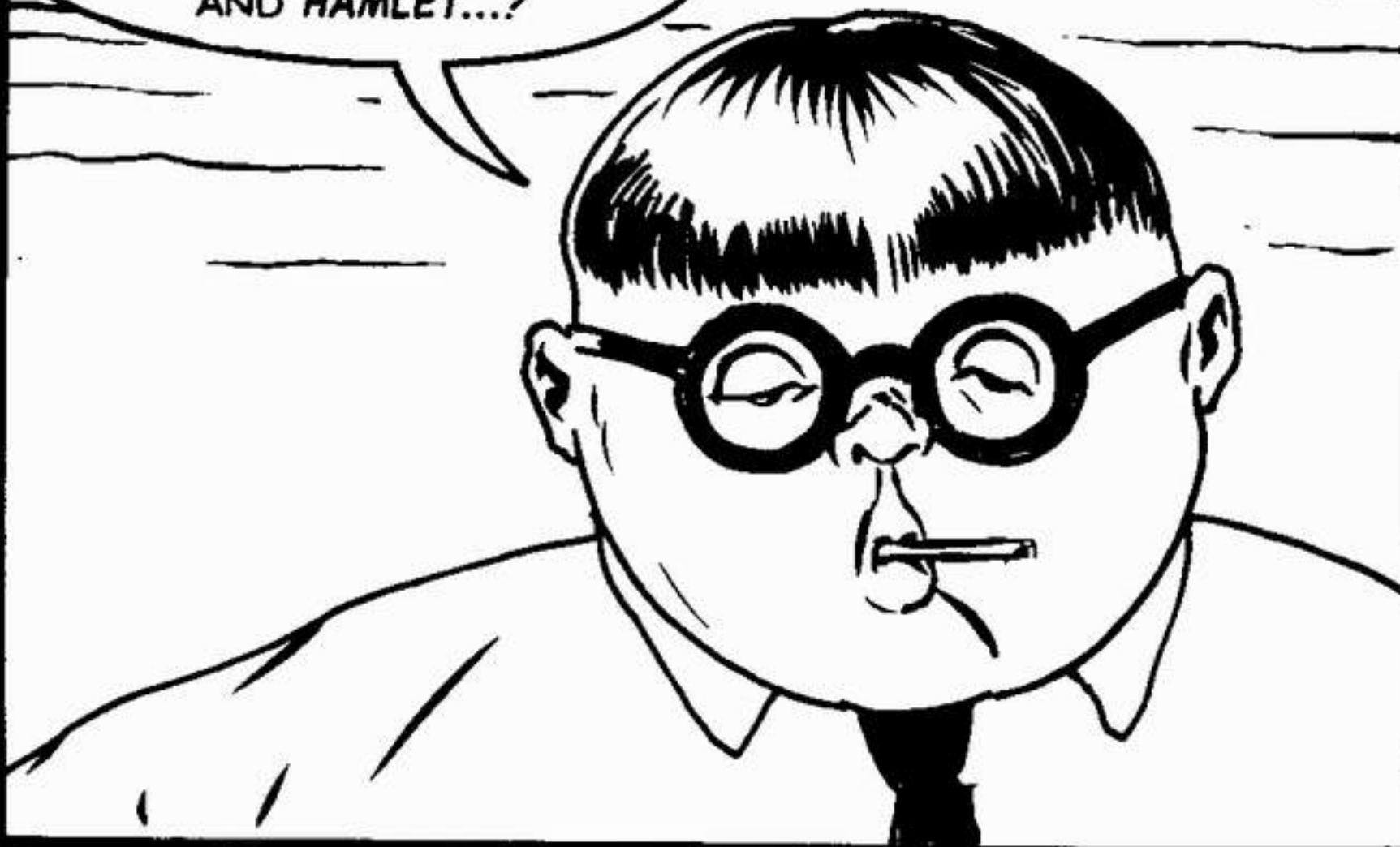


THIS IS MUH FAVORITE...  
AS A LITTLE KID, THIS GUY  
HAS HIS PARENTS KILLED BY  
CRIMINALS AND WHEN HE  
GROWS UP HE FIGHTS CRIME  
DRESSED UP AS A BAT SO  
HE SCARES THEM...



YES! CRIMINALS ARE  
A SUPERSTITIOUS AND  
COWARDLY LOT!

BUT WHAT ABOUT MACBETH,  
AND THE MERCHANT OF VENICE  
AND HAMLET...?



HMMM...NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!  
I LAHK THEM TITLES! LEMME WORK  
ON 'EM TONIGHT AND MEET ME BACK  
HERE TOMORROW!...RAIGHT NOW  
I GOTTA SKEE-DADDLE OFF TO  
MY ONE FULL-TIME GIG!



NO WAY, HOSAY!  
THAT RUBE DID NOT PEN  
HAMLET OR MACBETH!

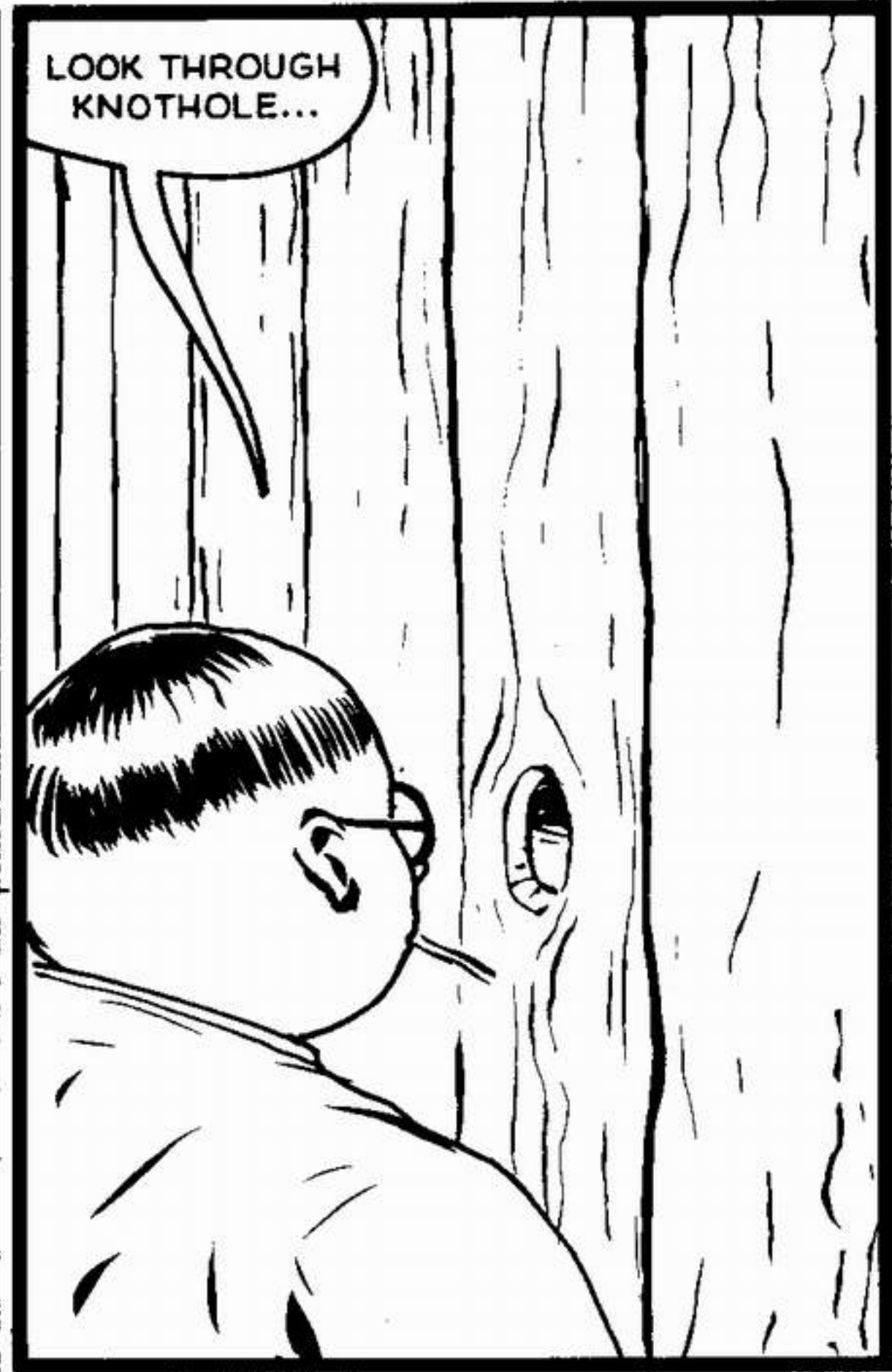
LET'S FOLLOW!



TIME FOR  
DISGUISE  
KIT!









HOLDETH IT RIGHT  
THERE, VARLETS!



OH NO!...SHAKESPEARE LEFT  
US WITH THE TAB AND THEY  
DON'T TAKE VISA IN  
THIS PLACE!





LATER, BACK AT SHAKESPEARE'S...

YEAH, HE'S IN THERE, WRITING UP A STORM!...GOT SOME DARK FIGURE IN A CLOAK WITH HIM!

MAYBE THAT'S THE DARK LADY OF HIS SONNETS!

...AND THEN HE SEES THIS LIGHT A-COMIN' THROUGH THIS HERE BROKE WINDOW...

NAH...YOU GOTTA MAKE IT MORE *POETIC*! YA GOTTA HAVE SOME *FLAIR*!

LET'S TRY AND JUICE THIS UP HERE: "HARK! WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER WINDOW BREAKS?"



THERE YA GO LITTLE BUDDY... THA'S JUS' EGGG-ZAKLY WHUT AH MEANT!



TAKE PICTURES NOW!



YEAH! I SEE! THAT DOES SOUND BETTER!...MORE EDUCATED! MORE HIGHFALUTIN'!



LET'S BUST 'EM RIGHT NOW!

NO! NO! THIS IS NOT A CRIME!...THOSE TWO ARE CREATING SOME OF THE *WORLD'S GREATEST LITERATURE*! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO DISTURB ONE SECOND OF THEIR TIME TOGETHER...OR SCARE THE *MYSTERY GUY* OFF!

OH!





LATER...

MYSTERY FIGURE  
LEAVES THROUGH  
SECRET PASSAGE...

BUT  
WHO IS  
HE?

LOOK AT FOOTPRINT!  
LOOK WHAT IT SAYS  
THERE!

UNDERNEATH THE DARK  
CAPE AND HOOD IS SOMEONE  
WEARING NIKES!

SOMEONE  
FROM THE FUTURE  
JUST LIKE US!

HE MUST BE FROM OUR TIME, AND MUST HAVE  
THE THIRD GRANDFATHER CLOCK!...IS OUR  
ONLY WAY BACK TO OUR OWN TIME!

THERE HE  
GOES!

NO, NO, PLEASE...I'LL  
DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!  
DON'T KILL ME!

WE WON'T HARM YOU!  
WE NEED YOUR GRAND-  
FATHER CLOCK TO GO  
FORWARD IN TIME, BACK  
TO OUR OWN ERA!

BUT WHO  
ARE YOU? LET  
ME LIGHT A  
MATCH!



BUDDY  
HACKETT!



YOU'RE BUDDY HACKETT, WHO TRAVELED BACK  
IN TIME TO HELP SHAKESPEARE WRITE HIS  
MASTERPIECES!...BUT WHY?



I'VE ALWAYS DABBLED IN THE  
ARTS...SCULPTURE, OIL, POETRY,  
THEATRE...ART WAS MY FIRST  
LOVE...THEN COMEDY.

WHY, IF THAT EVER GOT OUT,  
IT COULD RUIN MY CAREER!...  
NOBODY COULD EVER STOMACH  
A COMEDIAN WHO IS ALSO  
A SERIOUS ARTISTE!



AHH...AND YA KNOW, NOBODY RESPECTS  
ANYTHING UNLESS IT WAS WRITTEN LONG,  
LONG AGO...IF IT AIN'T OLD, IT AIN'T GOOD!  
AND I AGREE! I FEEL SO CREATIVE, SO FULL  
OF INSPIRATION IN THESE OLD DAYS!



AND ANYWAYS, WHO WOULD  
TAKE A FACE LIKE MINE SERIOUSLY  
IN OUR AGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY  
AND TELEVISION!



THAT'S ALL OKAY,  
BUT YOU GOTTA DO US  
ONE BIG FAVOR!





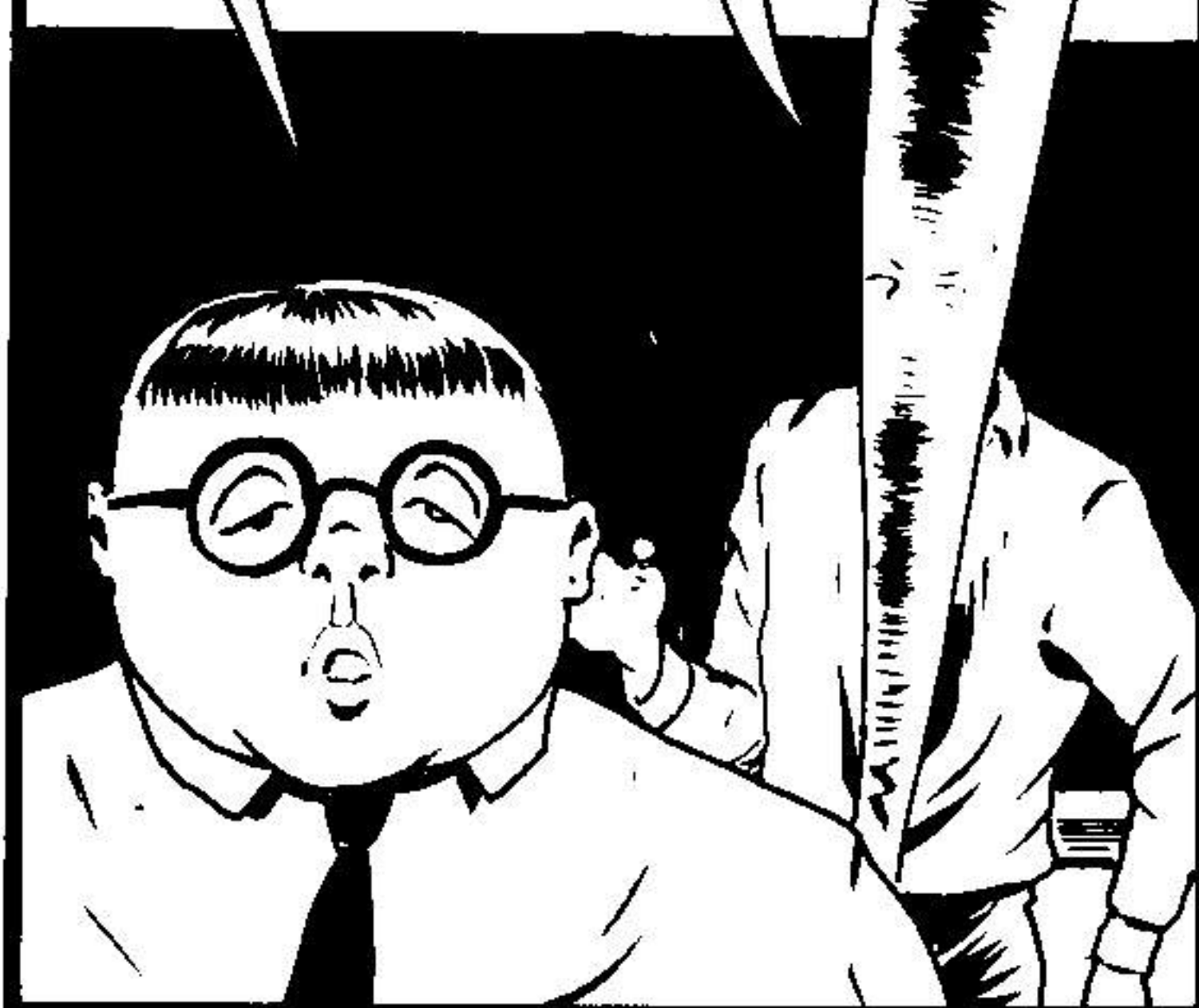
THE FOLLOWING MONDAY  
IN ENGLISH CLASS...

...AND SHAKESPEARE AND I  
WORKED WELL TOGETHER...WE  
WERE A GOOD TEAM, LIKE MARTIN  
AND LEWIS OR CAGNEY & LACEY?...IT'S  
JUST THAT MY PERFECT PARTNER  
LIVED OVER 400 YEARS AGO...

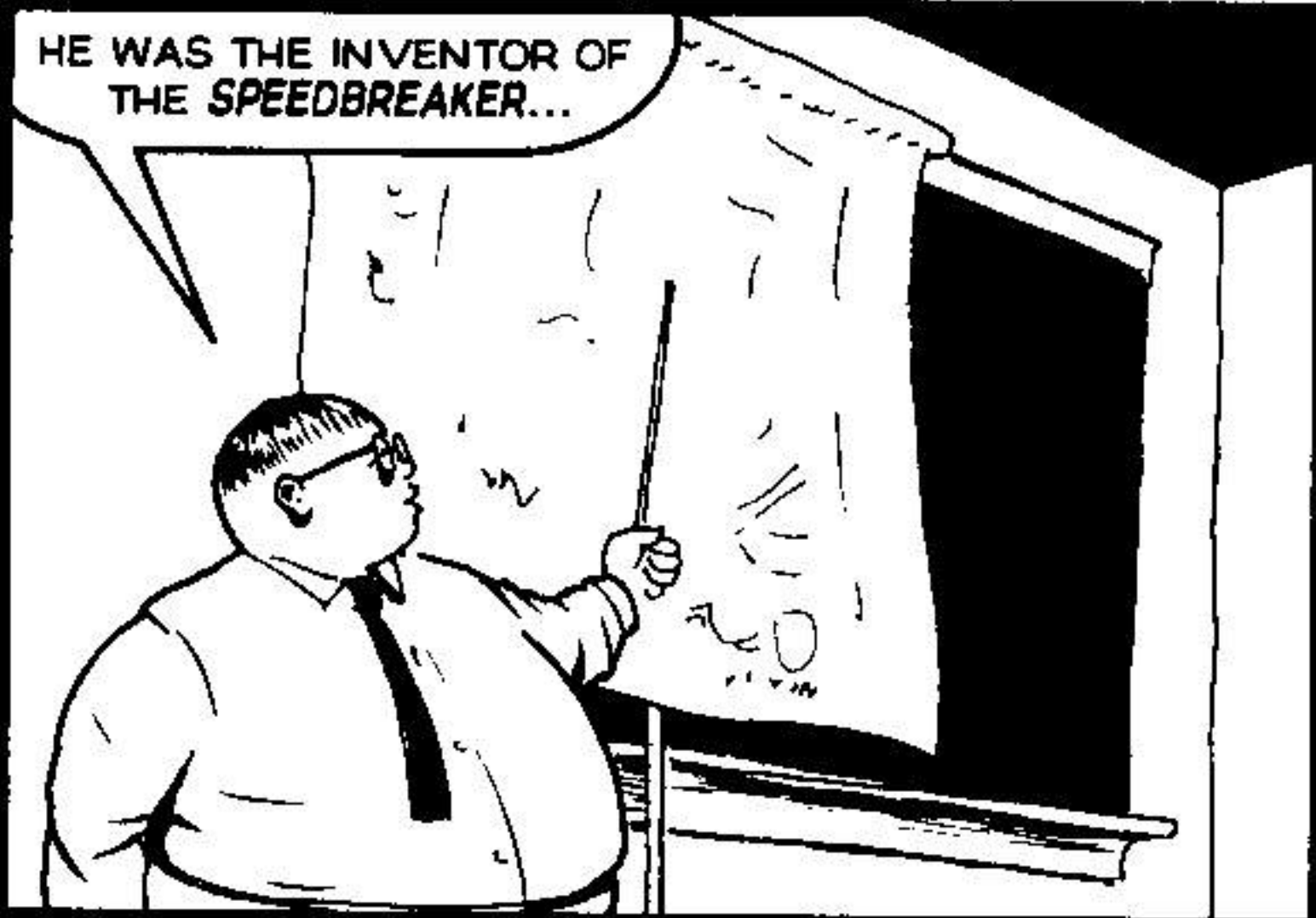


AND SO PROFESSOR...  
YOU SEE SHAKESPEARE  
DID NOT WRITE ALL HIS  
PLAYS AND SONNETS  
ALONE...

AND HE WAS PRETTY MUCH  
A HICK, A HAYSEED, AND A  
HILLBILLY!...BUT HE WAS  
VERY INGENIOUS, AS WE  
SEE HERE IN THESE PRO-  
JECTED BLOWUPS  
FROM HIS LOST  
NOTEBOOK...



HE WAS THE INVENTOR OF  
THE SPEEDBREAKER...



...SOAP ON A ROPE, CLOTHESPIN ON YOUR NOSE TO  
DETER BAD ODORS, PANELING FOR DENS AND REC  
ROOMS, GAG JOKES ON COCKTAIL NAPKINS,  
SLIPPING ON BANANA PEELS...



THIS IS *INSANE*! ALL SO  
RIDICULOUS! I'VE LOST MY  
JOB FOR SURE NOW!

...AND SO YOU SAY  
THAT SHAKESPEARE AND  
HACKETT WERE A *TEAM*?

COULDN'T A  
DONE IT WITH-  
OUT HIM!

WELL, DOGWOOD! THIS IS QUITE  
*IMPRESSIVE*! IT SEEMS I WAS  
*WRONG* AFTER ALL...YOU CAN  
HAVE YOUR JOB BACK.



The  
End