

THE
CLASSIC NOVEL
BROUGHT TO
LIFE IN FULL
COLOUR!

Classical
COMICS



SWEENEY TODD

THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

Original Text

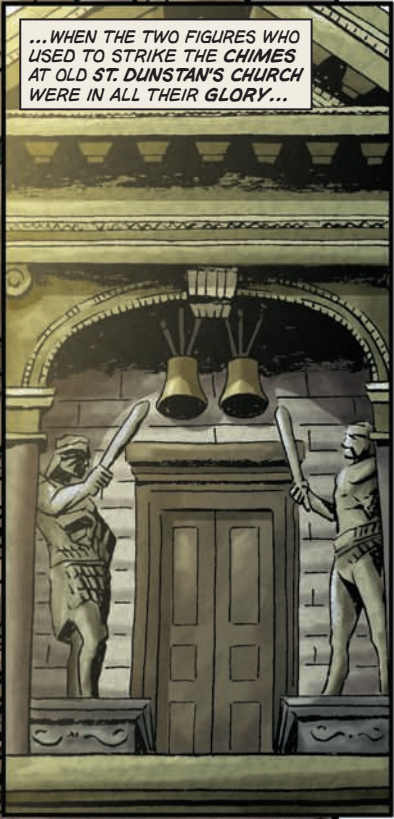
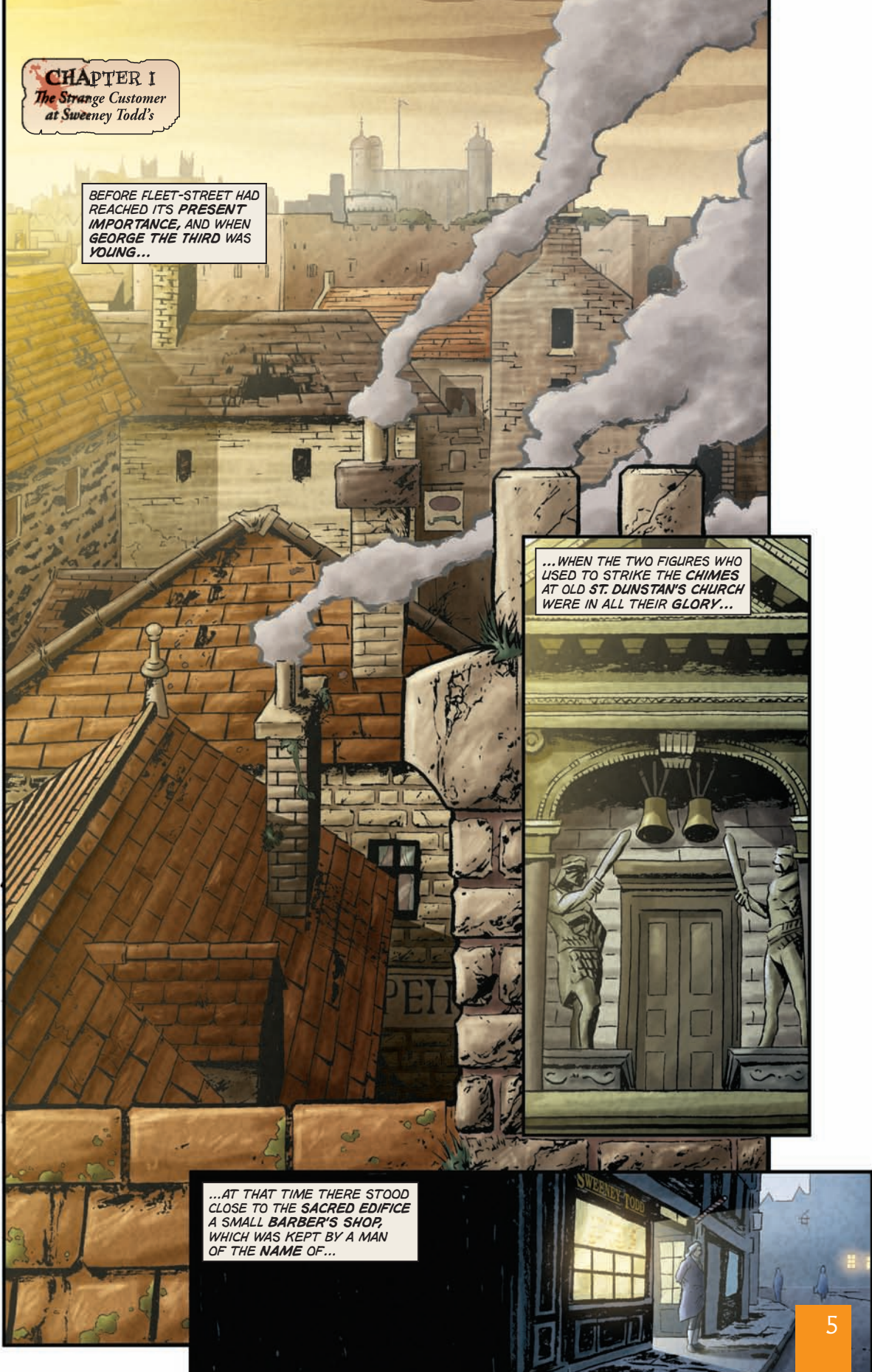
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CHAPTER I
*The Strange Customer
at Sweeney Todd's*

BEFORE FLEET-STREET HAD REACHED ITS PRESENT IMPORTANCE, AND WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS YOUNG...

...WHEN THE TWO FIGURES WHO USED TO STRIKE THE CHIMES AT OLD ST. DUNSTON'S CHURCH WERE IN ALL THEIR GLORY...

...AT THAT TIME THERE STOOD CLOSE TO THE SACRED EDIFICE A SMALL BARBER'S SHOP, WHICH WAS KEPT BY A MAN OF THE NAME OF...





SWEENEY TODD

BARBERS BY THAT TIME HAD NOT BECOME FASHIONABLE, AND NO MORE DREAMT OF CALLING THEMSELVES ARTISTS THAN OF TAKING THE TOWER BY STORM; YET PEOPLE HAD HAIR ON THEIR HEADS JUST THE SAME AS THEY HAVE AT PRESENT.



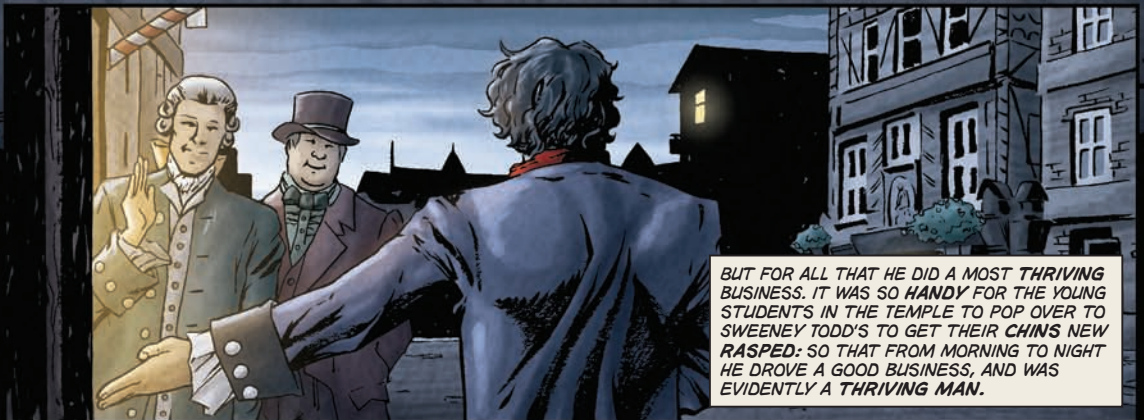
SWEENEY TODD WAS A BARBER OF THE OLD SCHOOL, AND HE NEVER THOUGHT OF GLORIFYING HIMSELF ON ACCOUNT OF ANY EXTRANEIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

HE HAD A SHORT DISAGREEABLE KIND OF UNMIRTHFUL LAUGH, WHICH CAME IN AT ALL SORTS OF ODD TIMES WHEN NOBODY ELSE SAW ANYTHING TO LAUGH AT.

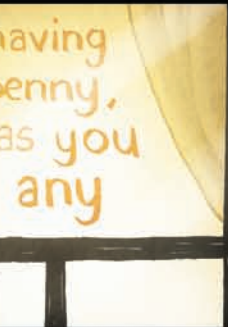
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO LOOK UP TO THE CEILING, AND ON THE FLOOR, AND ALL ROUND THEM, TO KNOW FROM WHENCE IT HAD COME, SCARCELY SUPPOSING IT POSSIBLE THAT IT PROCEEDED FROM MORTAL LIPS.



Hee
Hee
Hee



BUT FOR ALL THAT HE DID A MOST THRIVING BUSINESS. IT WAS SO HANDY FOR THE YOUNG STUDENTS IN THE TEMPLE TO POP OVER TO SWEENEY TODD'S TO GET THEIR CHINS NEW RASPED: SO THAT FROM MORNING TO NIGHT HE DROVE A GOOD BUSINESS, AND WAS EVIDENTLY A THRIVING MAN.



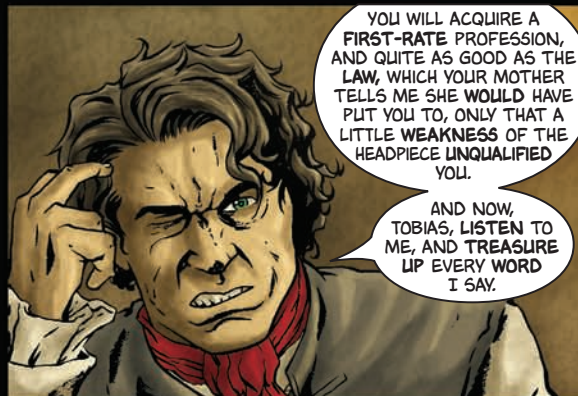
SUCH WAS THE STATE OF THINGS, AD 1785, AS REGARDED SWEENEY TODD.



YOU WILL REMEMBER, TOBIAS RAGG, THAT YOU ARE NOW MY APPRENTICE, THAT YOU HAVE OF ME HAD BOARD, WASHING, AND LODGING, WITH THE EXCEPTION THAT YOU DON'T SLEEP HERE, THAT YOU TAKE YOUR MEALS AT HOME:

AS FOR LODGING, YOU LODGE HERE IN THE SHOP ALL DAY. NOW, ARE YOU NOT A HAPPY DOG?

YES, SIR.



YOU WILL ACQUIRE A FIRST-RATE PROFESSION, AND QUITE AS GOOD AS THE LAW, WHICH YOUR MOTHER TELLS ME SHE WOULD HAVE PUT YOU TO, ONLY THAT A LITTLE WEAKNESS OF THE HEADPIECE UNQUALIFIED YOU.

AND NOW, TOBIAS, LISTEN TO ME, AND TREASURE UP EVERY WORD I SAY.



YES, SIR.



I'LL CUT YOUR THROAT FROM EAR TO EAR, IF YOU REPEAT ONE WORD OF WHAT PASSES IN THIS SHOP, OR DARE TO MAKE ANY SUPPOSITION, OR DRAW ANY CONCLUSION FROM ANYTHING YOU MAY SEE, OR HEAR, OR FANCY YOU SEE OR HEAR.

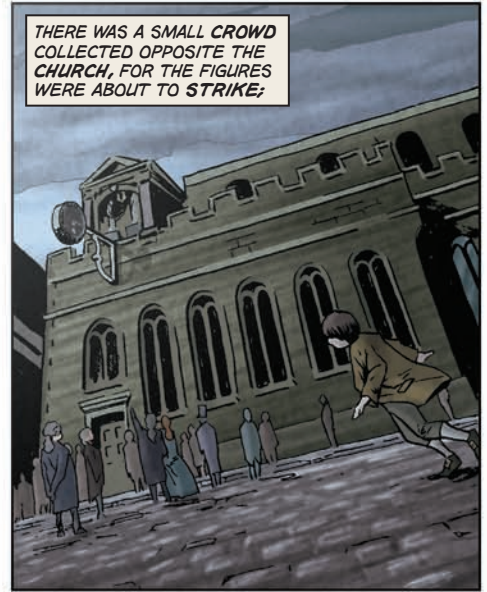
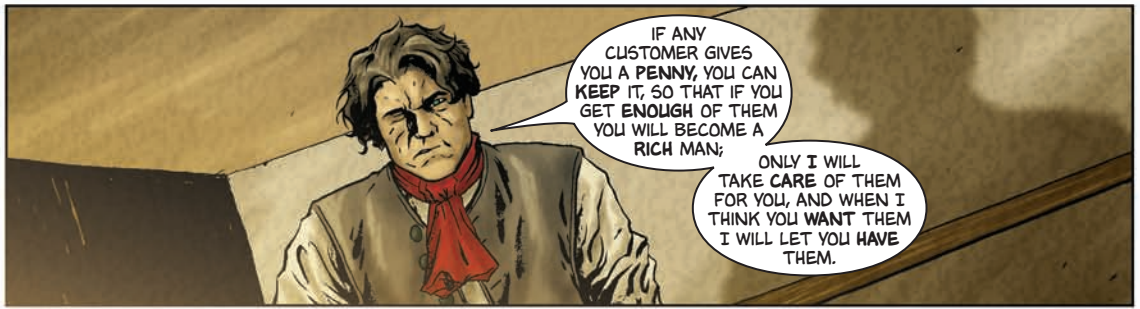
I'LL CUT YOUR THROAT FROM EAR TO EAR - DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?



YES, SIR, I WON'T SAY NOTHING. I WISH, SIR, AS I MAY BE MADE INTO VEAL PIES AT LOVETT'S IN BELL-YARD IF I AS MUCH AS SAYS A WORD.



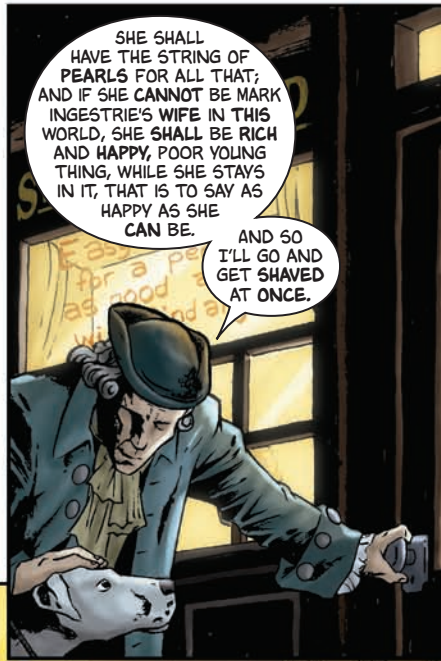
HMMM...VERY GOOD. I AM SATISFIED; I AM QUITE SATISFIED; AND MARK ME - THE SHOP, AND THE SHOP ONLY, IS YOUR PLACE.





THERE IS A BARBER'S SHOP OPPOSITE, SO BEFORE I GO ANY FARTHER, AS I HAVE GOT TO SEE THE LADIES, ALTHOUGH IT'S ON A VERY MELANCHOLY ERRAND,

FOR I HAVE GOT TO TELL THEM THAT POOR MARK INGESTRIE IS NO MORE, AND HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT POOR SWEETHEART JOHANNA WILL SAY.



SHE SHALL HAVE THE STRING OF PEARLS FOR ALL THAT; AND IF SHE CANNOT BE MARK INGESTRIE'S WIFE IN THIS WORLD, SHE SHALL BE RICH AND HAPPY, POOR YOUNG THING, WHILE SHE STAYS IN IT, THAT IS TO SAY AS HAPPY AS SHE CAN BE.

AND SO I'LL GO AND GET SHAVED AT ONCE.



WHY, HECTOR, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

rrrrrrrrrrrr



DOWN, SIR, DOWN!

I HAVE A MORTAL FEAR OF DOGS. WOULD YOU MIND HIM, SIR, SITTING OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND WAITING FOR YOU, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME? ONLY LOOK AT HIM, HE IS GOING TO FLY AT ME!

THEN YOU ARE THE FIRST PERSON HE EVER TOUCHED WITHOUT PROVOCATION.

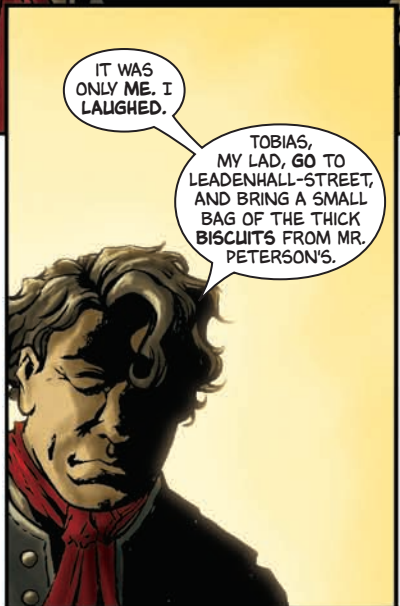


I SUPPOSE HE DON'T LIKE YOUR LOOKS, AND I MUST CONFESS I AIN'T MUCH SURPRISED AT THAT. I HAVE SEEN A FEW RUM-LOOKING GUYS IN MY TIME, BUT HANG ME IF EVER I SAW SUCH A FIGURE-HEAD AS YOURS.



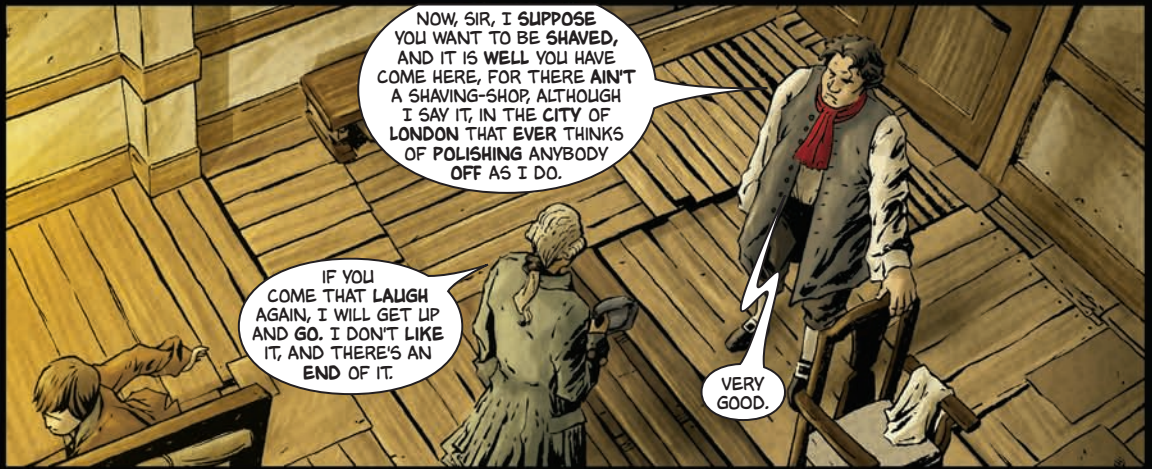
HEH HEH HEH

WHAT THE DEVIL NOISE WAS THAT?



IT WAS ONLY ME. I LAUGHED.

TOBIAS, MY LAD, GO TO LEADENHALL-STREET, AND BRING A SMALL BAG OF THE THICK BISCUITS FROM MR. PETERSON'S.



NOW, SIR, I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO BE SHAVED, AND IT IS WELL YOU HAVE COME HERE, FOR THERE AIN'T A SHAVING-SHOP, ALTHOUGH I SAY IT, IN THE CITY OF LONDON THAT EVER THINKS OF POLISHING ANYBODY OFF AS I DO.

IF YOU COME THAT LAUGH AGAIN, I WILL GET UP AND GO. I DON'T LIKE IT, AND THERE'S AN END OF IT.

VERY GOOD.



YOU HAVE BEEN TO SEA, SIR?

YES, I HAVE, AND HAVE ONLY NOW LATELY COME UP THE RIVER FROM AN INDIAN VOYAGE.

DO YOU KNOW A MR. OAKLEY, WHO LIVES SOMEWHERE IN LONDON, AND IS A SPECTACLE-MAKER?



YES, TO BE SURE I DO - JOHN OAKLEY, THE SPECTACLE-MAKER, IN FORE-STREET, AND HE HAS GOT A DAUGHTER NAMED JOHANNA, THAT THE YOUNG BLOODS CALL THE FLOWER OF FORE-STREET. WHAT OF IT, SIR?

WELL SINCE YOU ASK I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO GIVE HER, AND A GIFT OF SOME CONSIDERABLE VALUE.



INDEED! WHERE CAN MY STROP BE? I HAD IT THIS MINUTE; I MUST HAVE LAID IT DOWN SOMEWHERE. WHAT AN ODD THING THAT I CAN'T SEE IT!

OH, I RECOLLECT, I TOOK IT INTO THE PARLOUR.

SIT STILL, SIR. I SHALL NOT BE GONE A MOMENT. BY THE BY, YOU CAN AMUSE YOURSELF WITH THE COURIER, SIR.



fwoooosh

THUDD



SWEENEY TODD EMERGED FROM HIS PARLOUR, AND LOOKED UPON THE VACANT CHAIR WHERE HIS CUSTOMER HAD BEEN SEATED, BUT THE CUSTOMER WAS GONE, LEAVING NOT THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF HIS PRESENCE BEHIND EXCEPT HIS HAT.

**HEH
HEH
HEH**

