

# THE MARVELOUS MUNCHHAUSEN!

#1 (one)



DUSTIN HOLLAND

# THE MARVELOUS MUNCHAUSEN #1

WRITTEN, DRAWN, AND PAINTED BY  
DUSTIN HOLLAND

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LONGMONT, CO

FOR MADI  
W/ APPOLOGIES TO  
MUNCH, RASPE, GILLIAM,  
ZEMAN, AND GOD.

THE BIT W/ THE LION AND THE ALLIGATOR IS LOVINGLY  
LIFTED FROM THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE ADVENTURES  
OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY AUTHORED  
BY THE GREAT BARON HIMSELF... AND THAT SCOUNDREL  
RUDOLF ERICH RASPE TOO. CERTAINLY 2 MEN OF  
INCREDIBLE IMAGINATION THE SHADOWS OF WHICH  
I AM DELIGHTED TO DANCE IN. THIS ORIGINALLY  
BEGAN AS A CONTRIBUTION TO THE FORT COLLINS  
YACHT CLUB (A WRITING GROUP FOUNDED BY MY BROTHER  
NICK HOLLAND).

THANKS, NICK! THANKS, MADI!

Love,  
DUSTIN

FOR MORE OF MY STUFF, I'M ON INSTA AT @dustin.holland.artstuff

PATREON: [patreon.com/dhollandComics](https://patreon.com/dhollandComics)

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#GCRH #MUNCHAUSEN #NOMAKEUPNOFILTERNOFUTURENOPROBLEM





FTEEN, WHEN I  
FIND MYSELF ENMESHED IN  
THE INTOXICATING INTRICACIES  
OF A GOOD HUNT, I DIS-  
COVER ALL TOO LATE I MIGHT  
ADD-THAT IN SOME GREAT  
DISPLAY OF MY OWN  
DIONYSIAN FERVOR I  
HAVE MANAGED TO  
RUN OFF IN PURSUIT OF  
GREAT BEASTS WITHOUT  
THE AID OF MY HORSE  
OR MY MUSKET...

...IT WAS ON ONE SUCH OCCASION  
THAT I FOUND MYSELF  
BETWEEN A CROC AND  
A HARD PLACE"







AND SO IT WAS BY CHANCE AND A TIMELY EXECUTION  
FEROCIOUS BEAST LODGED ITSELF SO FIRMLY INTO THE  
MET THEIR ENDS BEFORE EITHER COULD FULLY GRASP  
TSAR IN HEAT THAT EVENING, AND INDEED FOR MANY EVENING



OF A MOVE I LIKE TO CALL "THE SPLITS" THAT ONE  
GULLET OF ANOTHER THAT I BELIEVE BOTH CREATURES MUST HAVE  
THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION. NEEDLESS TO SAY, I ATE LIKE  
'GS AFTER THAT. OH HOW I MISS THOSE NIGHTS ON THE ISLAND OF PURPLE  
SANDS.

ALL THESE LUCKY ESCAPES,  
GENTLEMEN, WERE CHANCES  
TURNED TO ADVANTAGE, BY  
PRESENCE OF MIND AND -

HA!

AND, PRAY TELL, TO  
WHAT DO I OWE THE  
GREAT PLEASURE  
OF YOUR GROSS GIGGLES?!

HA!

YOU, SIR, ARE A TALE TELLER!  
YOU COME HERE SLINGING STO-  
RIES WE ALREADY KNOW! STORIES  
WE DONE HEARD FROM THE  
MAN THAT DONE LIVED 'EM!  
SO YES I GIGGLE. WE ALL  
GIGGLE LEST YOU GIGGLE  
LATER AT OUR OWN EXPENSE!  
AN' YOU'LL BE LUCKY LAD IF  
ALL WE DO IS GIGGLE!

WHAT  
?



FOR SHAME, YOUNG ROGUE!  
I ASSURE YOU: THESE TALES OF  
DARING DO ARE MINE AND MINE  
ALONE FOR I AM THE ONE AND  
THE ONLY BARON. I AM  
THE MARVELOUS MUNCHAUSEN!



INDIGNANT  
POINTING!

HA!

MUNCHAUSEN SCHMUNCHAUSEN!  
THE HONORABLE RUDOLF ERICH RASPE  
ALREADY DONE SANG THESE  
SONGS! YOU DECEIVER!!



DECEIVER!!



YOU DEVILS!  
WATCH ME PROVE  
MY METTLE!







AND SO I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO DISPATCH THE POOR, IMPUDENT DEVILS AND BURN DOWN THEIR TAVERN. TO BE TRUTHFULL, THE STENCH STILL HAUNTS ME...

... BUT IN COMPARISON TO THE NOTION THAT A MAN IS OUT-PROMOTING HIMSELF ON MY MERITS - MY ACCOLADES - MY STORIES!... WELL THE STENCH OF BURNING HELL FLESH CAN NOT BEGIN TO COMPARE TO SUCH AN UNPLEASANTNESS.



MY DEAR, BARON... I AM SIMPLY A YARN SPINNER. I MEAN NO OFFENSE.



HARUMPH!

HARUMPH! I SAY!



WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME MUNCHAUSEN?



AN EXPLANATION!

SATISFACTION!

JUSTICE!

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE DOING!



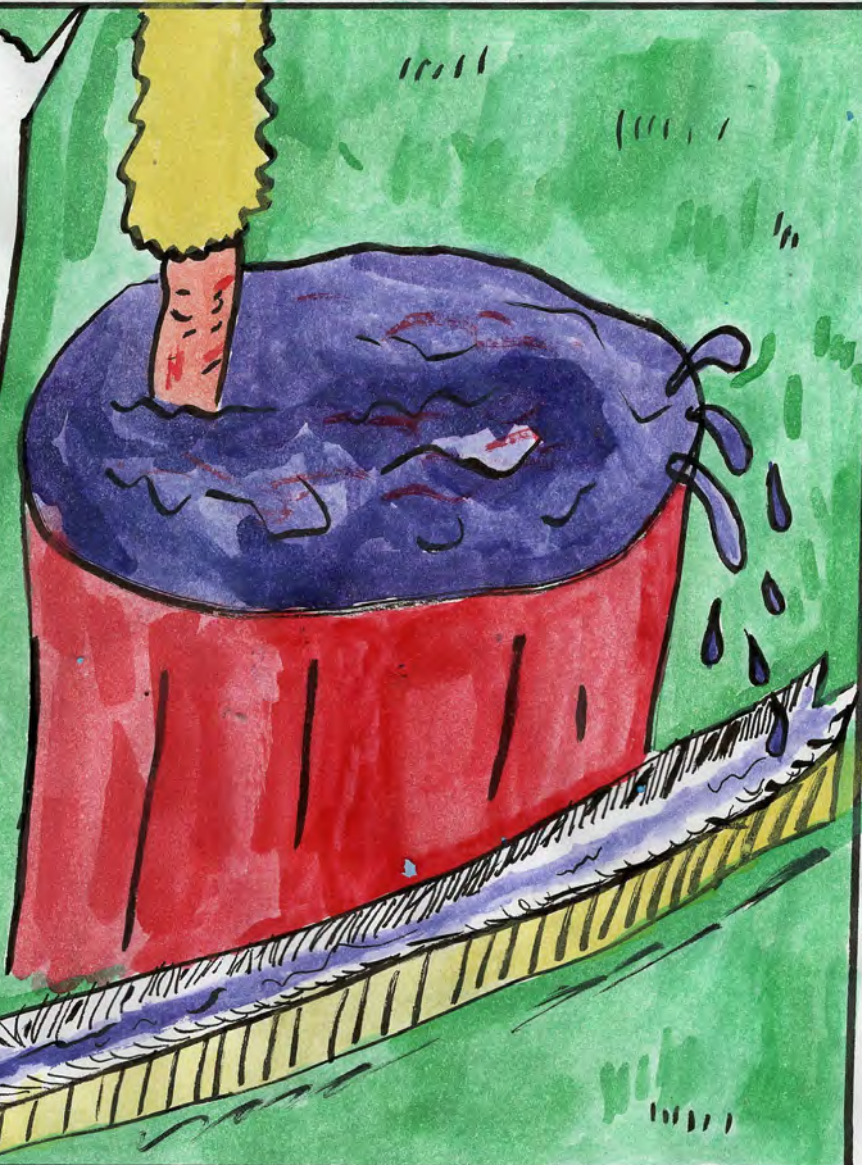
HEHEHE! YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO ASK FOR AN EXPLANATION. SATISFACTION IS YOURS TO FIND. JUSTICE? WHAT A LAUGH!

AS FAR AS 'WHAT THE HELL I'M DOING' GOES - I SHOULD THINK IT IS RATHER OBVIOUS...

I'M WRITING!

ACTUALLY, AT THE MOMENT I'M ONLY PREPARING TO WRITE. BASICALLY, I'M SLOGGING ABOUT IN A SLOUGH OF JARGON. I COLLECT WHATEVER SLOSHES OUT IN A TROUGH I BOUGHT FOR A BARGAIN. THEN I SIMPLY PRESS THE MESS INTO THIS BOOK I BROUGHT AND LET IT BE WRIT WHAT I HAVE WROUGHT. WHO'D'VE THOUGHT IT COULD ALL BE SO SIMPLE?! SIMPLE AS A DIMPLE!\*

\*GIGGLING



WHEN MY BOOK IS ALL  
GOOPED AND FULL  
UP WITH WORD BITS  
I'LL HAND IT TO THE  
PUBLISHER BIRD  
AND LET IT BE HEARD  
ALL AROUND THIS LAND.  
RICHES SHALL ABOUND IN  
MY BRITCHES!  
I, RUDOLF ERICH RASPE,  
WILL BE THE WEALTHIEST  
STORYMAN IN HISTORY!



VILLAIN! THIEF!  
YOU HAVEN'T LIVED  
THE STORIES YOU TELL!!  
YOU ARE NOT ME!



YOU MAY BE THE ADVENTURER,  
BUT I'M NOT AFRAID TO GET  
MY FEET DIRTY.



CHARLATAN!!!



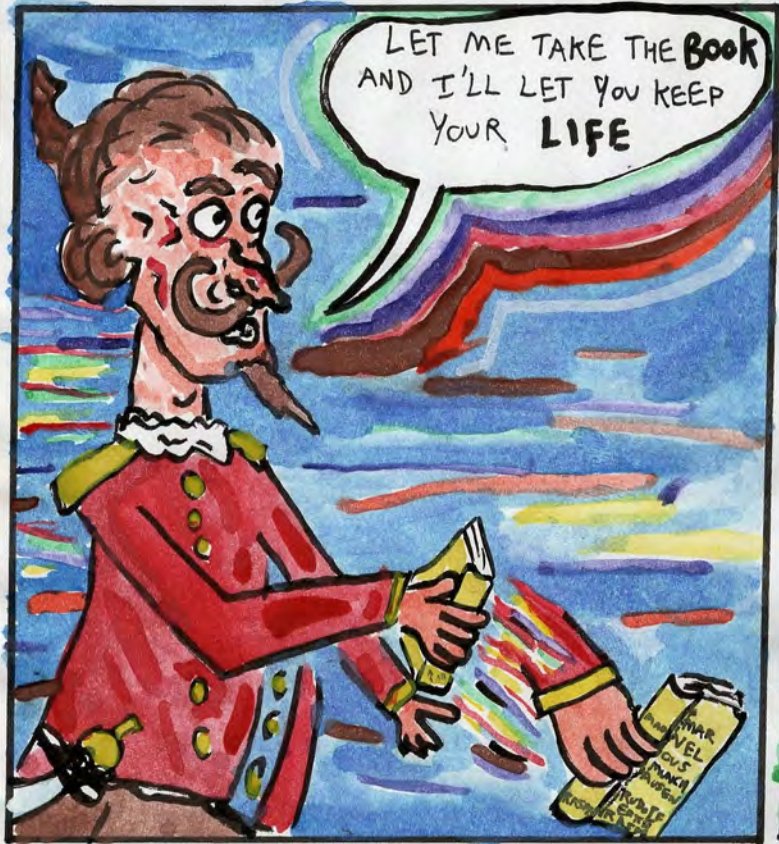
I DEMAND THAT YOU GIVE  
ME THE BOOK OF MY LIFE  
THAT I LIVED AT ONCE!



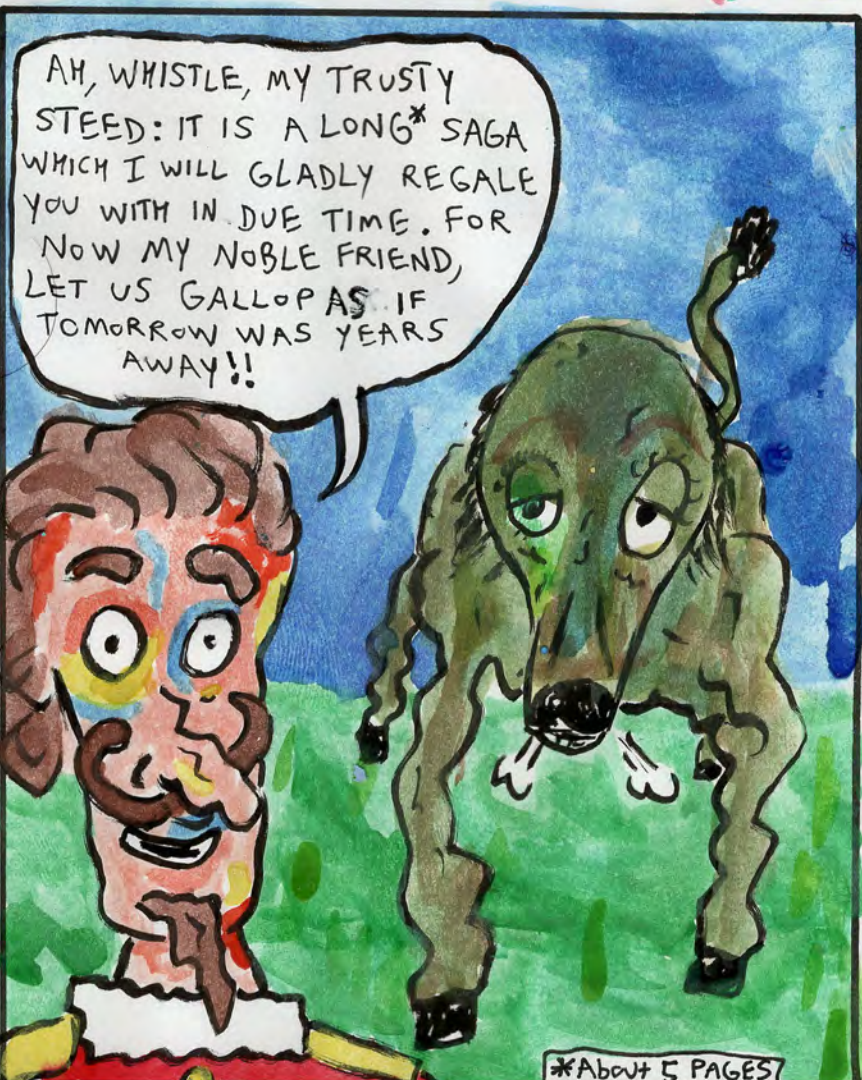
MUNCHAUSEN, YOU POOR OLD FOOL,  
YOU DON'T SCARE ME. HELL!  
YOU'RE JUST LIKE ME. WE BOTH GET  
BY ON YOUR SILLY LIES. I JUST  
HAVE THE GOOD SENSE TO WRITE IT  
ALL DOWN.












\*About 5 PAGES




IN ALL MY TRAVELS,  
I HAVE EXPERIENCED NO  
PLEASURE GREATER THAN THE  
THRILL OF GOING FOR A GOOD  
GALLOP WITH WHISTLE.






HEY..BARON?

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, MY STURDY STALLION?

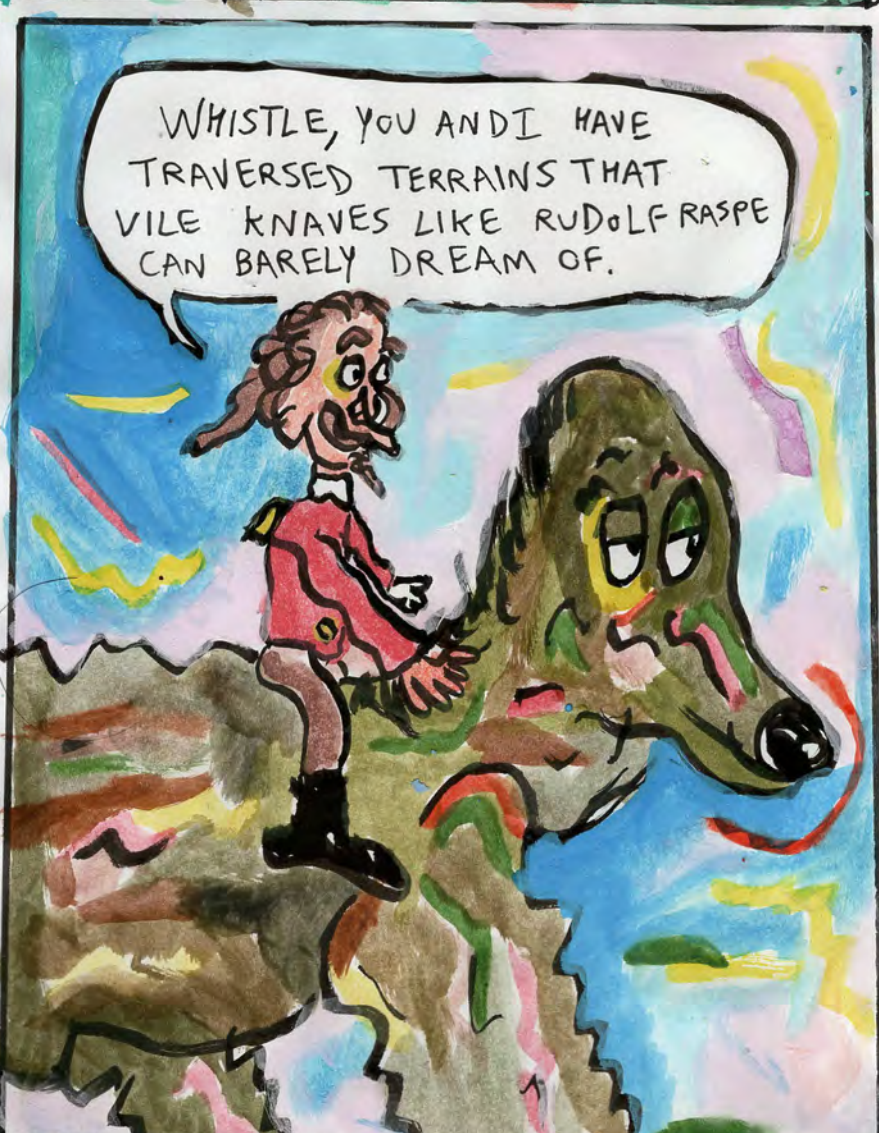


WELL, I JUST WONDER, HOW DID RASPE KNOW ALL YOUR STORIES?

I PRESUME THE SCOUNDREL HAS SPENT MANY AN EVENING LURKING AND LISTENING TO ME RECOUNT OUR ADVENTURES.



YOU DON'T THINK HE COULD HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING US?



WHISTLE, YOU AND I HAVE TRAVERSED TERRAINS THAT VILE KNAVES LIKE RUDOLF RASPE CAN BARELY DREAM OF.

IF YOU SAY SO...

FEAR NOT, WHISTLE,  
WE HAVE SEEN THE LAST  
OF THAT FOOL.

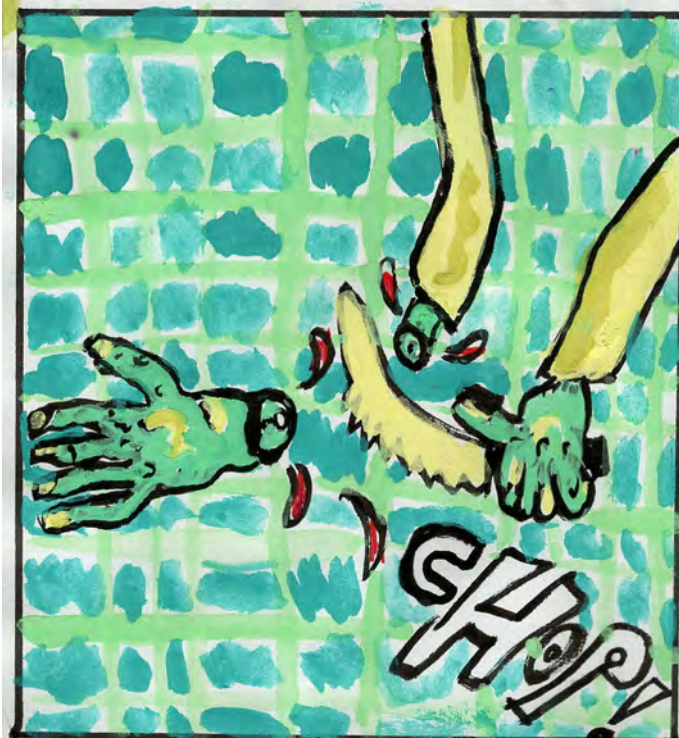
NOW, I CAN ONLY SPEAK  
OF MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE,  
BUT AT THIS PARTICULAR MOMENT  
I FEEL A BIT PECKISCH.  
WHAT SAY YOU TO A MEAL  
MY FRIEND?

GRUMBLE  
RUMBLE  
GROWL

YEAH!  
I'D  
BE DOWN  
FOR SOME GRUB

AH! LOOK YONDER!  
AN OPEN TABLE! FORTUNE  
SMILES UPON US TONIGHT.









YES! I WOKE UP WET, PERFORMED THE DUTIES REQUIRED OF ME, AND FELL INTO A DEEP AND POWERFUL SLUMBER SUBMERGED IN THE WELCOMING WATERS OF THE GREAT ATLANTIC OCEAN EVERY DAY WITHOUT FAIL FOR ONE YEAR.



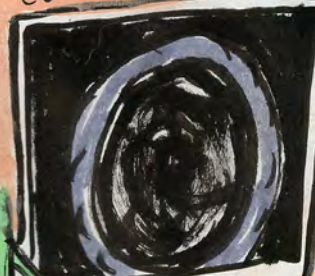


WHISTLE MY FRIEND, YOU MUST NEVER ASK WHY! "WHY" IS THE DULL BATTLE CRY OF GOLD BLOODED COMMON SENSE CODGERS WHOSE LIVES MERELY PLOD ALONG FROM PLOT A TO POINT B AT THE SPEED OF CALCULATED MOLASSES. "WHY" IS ALONG AND ENDLESS SLOG THROUGH THE SWAMP OF REASON AND DESPAIR! WHY BOTHER?! WHISTLE, WE ARE NOT CREATURES DESIGNED TO CONCERN OURSELVES W/ "WHY" AND "WHAT FOR".

LITERARY CANON



CULTURAL CANON

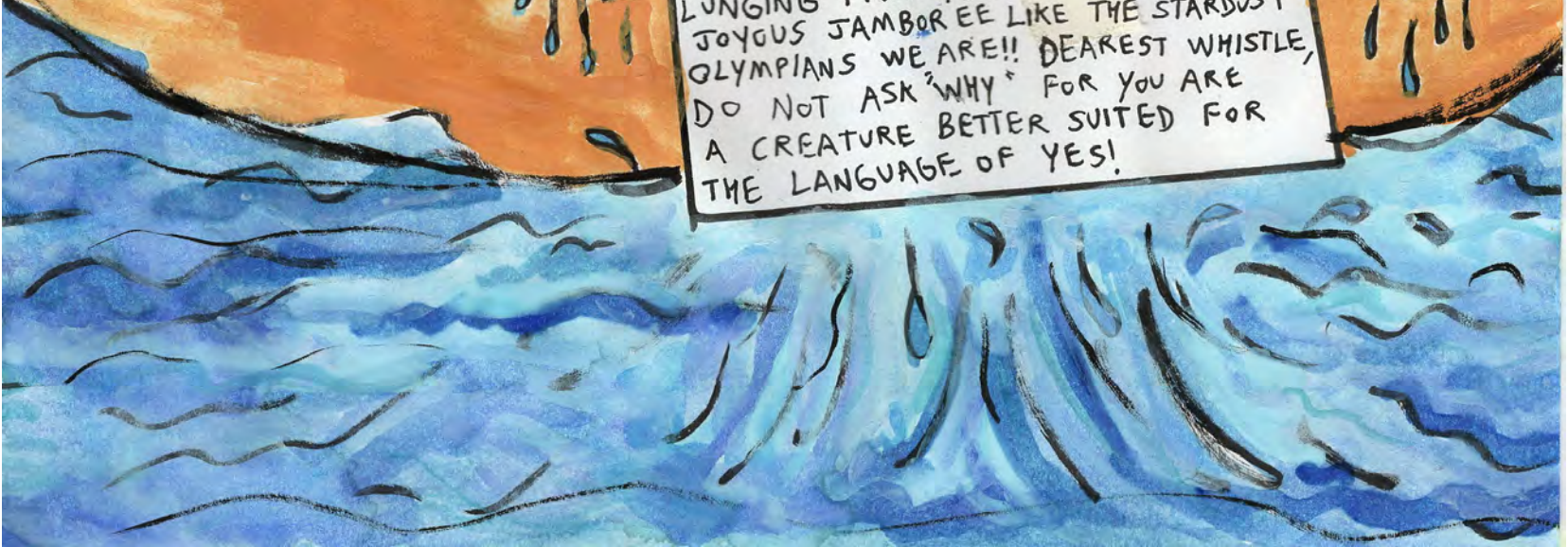


ACTUAL CANNON



WE ARE HOT BLOODED FANTASISTS LUNGING FROM RAUCOUS BATTLE TO JOYOUS JAMBOREE LIKE THE STARDUST OLYMPIANS WE ARE!! DEAREST WHISTLE, DO NOT ASK "WHY" FOR YOU ARE A CREATURE BETTER SUITED FOR THE LANGUAGE OF YES!

WELL, THIS IS SOME BULLSHIP



... Ok, BARON.



Now... WHERE WAS I?



AH YES! ONE FINE MORNING ABOUT HALF WAY THROUGH THE DURATION OF MY YEAR OF DROWNING, I FOUND MYSELF WAKING WET AND WEIRD ON THE DECKS OF A PIRATE SHIP CAPTAINED BY THE FEARSOME

# REDWARD BREACH!



ARRGH! OI! YA SCURVY SCALLYWAG! WHAT'RE YE DOIN' ON THIS 'ERE VESSEL???





MY GOD! WHAT AM I DOING ON THIS VESSEL???



I GOT NO TIME FER YER GAMES, LAD! GET TA TALKIN'!

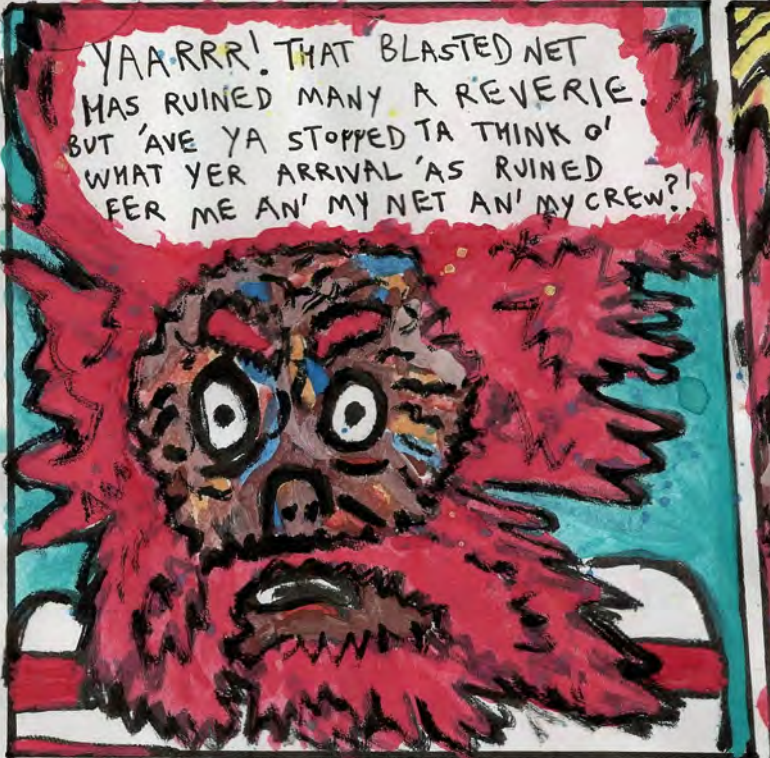


I AM BUT A HUMBLE TRAVELER MUCH LIKE YOURSELF

I LET THE WILD WAVES OF FORTUNE TOSS ME WHERE THEY WILL!



I WAS CONTENT TO FLOAT IN SOLITUDE UNTIL YOUR NET'S RUDE INTERRUPTION TORE ME FROM MY REVERIE!



YAAARRR! THAT BLASTED NET HAS RUINED MANY A REVERIE. BUT 'AVE YA STOPPED TA THINK O' WHAT YER ARRIVAL 'AS RUINED FER ME AN' MY NET AN' MY CREW?!



AH YES... A GRIEVOUS ERROR ON MY PART.

AY! GRIEVOUS INDEED! AN' 'ERE WE BEEN TALKIN' FER A WHOLE PAGE AN' YA HAVEN'T SO MUCH AS SAID A SINGLE SORRY!

SORRY?!

SO, ITS A SORRY YOU SEEK, EH?!  
WELL THEN I MUST ENDEAVOR  
TO DELIVER MUSTN'T I?!

I'M SORRY I'M  
HERE. I'M SORRY TO  
BE STANDING ON THIS  
SORRY EXCUSE FOR A  
SHIP! I'M SORRY TO HAVE  
MET YOU! I'M SORRY  
TO SEE THAT THE SEA  
HAS YET TO PULL YOU  
DOWN INTO ITS  
DEPTHS!

I'M SORRY THE GULLS  
HAVEN'T GORGED THEMSELVES  
ON YOUR FOUL BOWELS!

ARRRR! I'LL BE  
MARCHIN' YA OFF O' THA  
PLANK IN PIECES  
YA SALTY DOG, YOU!

AH, BUT I COULD NEVER LEAVE  
WITHOUT FIRST GIVING MY  
SWORD AN OPPORTUNITY TO PAY ITS  
RESPECTS!

I'LL TEAR YA LIMB FROM LIMB AN'  
FEED YA TA THE FISHES I FEED TA MY  
MEN! AN' THEN I'LL FEED MY MEN TA  
THE SHARKS I EAT AN' THE MEAT WILL BE  
SWEET SHEETS O' BLEEDIN' JUSTICE!!!

ARE YOU BOYS  
DONE YET!?

PLEASE REDWARD,  
AT LEAST INTRODUCE US  
TO YOUR NEW FRIEND BEF-  
ORE YOU KILL EACHOTHER.

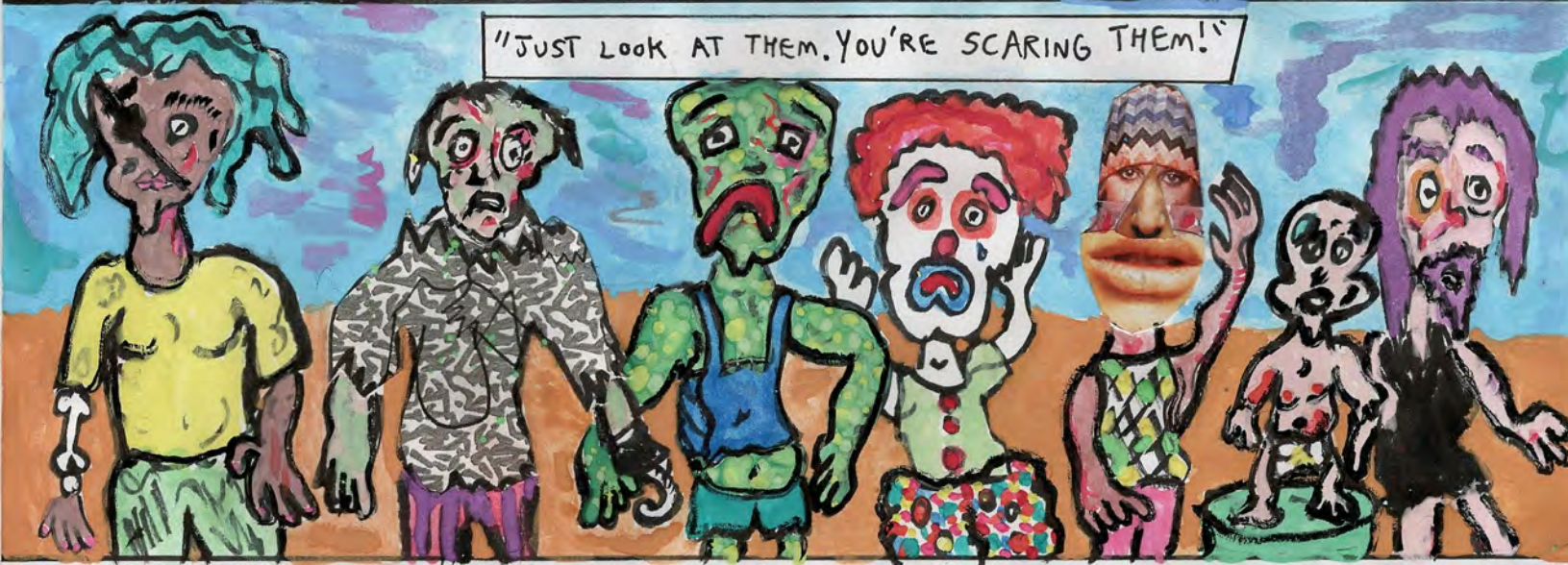




DAMN IT! MATILDA,  
THIS IS MY SHIP! I KILL  
WHO I WANT WHEN I  
WANT!



BUT DARLING,  
THINK OF YOUR  
CREW. THEY HATE  
IT WHEN YOU GET  
LIKE THIS...



"JUST LOOK AT THEM. YOU'RE SCARING THEM!"



YARRR!...

I...

...I'M SORRY  
I LOST ME TEMPER.  
PAY ME NO MIND. I  
AIN'T MUCH BUT A  
SALTY OL' SEA  
DOG.

BAD HANDS!



ER... UM..  
WELCOME ABOARD.  
I'M REDWARD.  
AN' WHO MIGHT YOU  
BE, MATEY?

...



HIERONYMUS KARL FRIEDRICH FREIHERR VON MUNCHAUSEN  
AT YOUR SERVICE! BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME  
THE BARON. MY MOST SINCERE APOLOGIES  
FOR MY BOARISH  
BEHAVIOR EARLIER.  
I FORGOT MYSELF.



IT IS ALL WATER UNDER  
THE BOAT, BARON.

WOULD YOU LIKE  
A DRINK?



WELL  
I SUPPOSE A  
DROP OF GROG MIGHT  
DO ME SOME GOOD!



Aye! Looks LIKE  
WE DUG UP A NATURAL  
SEA MAN EH!? YO HO  
HO! YARRR HAR KE!  
LETS 'AVE US A PARTY!



HIP! HIP-HIP HURRAH!!!

YIP YIP!

YARR!

Yo Ho!













2020