



Oh gosh, is it half past Fall already?

Some of the recent stories have used up so much of my brain, I completely lost track of the time.

I almost missed Hallowe'en!

I've got to hurry! There's a lot to do ...

A more appropriate outfit, for starters.



Hmm.

Sexy nurse ... severe nurse ... Playboy bunny ... onesie ... Catwoman ... cheerleader ... plague doctor ... normal doctor ... puppy suit ... why do I even have some of this stuff?

Sexy maid ... sexier maid ... downright Petishistic maid ... school uniform ... school uniform ... school uniform ... geez, another school uniform ... where did I pick up all those? ... usherette ... clown ... jester ... pony ... lumberjack ... elf ... policeman ... butler ... football uniform ... soccer uniform ... Star Trek ... nun -- heh. No.

Witch ... witch ... witch ... druid priestess ... voodoo priestess ... serpent priestess ... no, no, I need something nonspecifically witchy, yet hot ... Ah! here we go.



There!

Now I'm ready for

TRILBY'S TRUE TALES TRANSFORMATION

* Actual truth not guaranteed.

Now, not a one of you gave me any ideas for Hallowe'en stories when I asked. I think you must want to be punished.

Luckily, or unluckily, for you, I came up with two tales on my own. One of them is a treat, and the other is definitely a trick.

I'm not going to tell you which one I decided to do first. That would spoil the surprise.



I'VE ALWAYS FELT THE WORLD OF HIGH FASHION WAS KIND OF A BIG JOKE, BUT I KNOW THE PEOPLE WHO OPERATE IN THAT UNIVERSE TAKE IT VERY SERIOUSLY. MAYBE TOO SERIOUSLY.

MEET CHARMAINE LEVERT.



Simone??

They gave the Balenciaga spread to Sylvia Simone??

What's wrong with them? Don't they have eyes? Did she pay somebody off or something?



Getting real tired of all these stupid young things thinking they can waltz in and poach jobs that are supposed to belong to me.

I don't know what I'm going to do about it, but I'm going to do something.

HMM.
Sounds to me like you have a problem.



And what would you know about it?

About your problem? Not a thing.

I bet I know how to solve it, though.

That's what I do. I solve people's problems.

Riiiiight.
Pretty sure you don't have a solution for mine.



How do you know?

Why not come in and look at what I have available?

Can't possibly hurt, right?



People. My problem is people.

Love issues, or hate?

I have too much professional competition. I want to get rid of some of it.

Ah.
Hate, then.

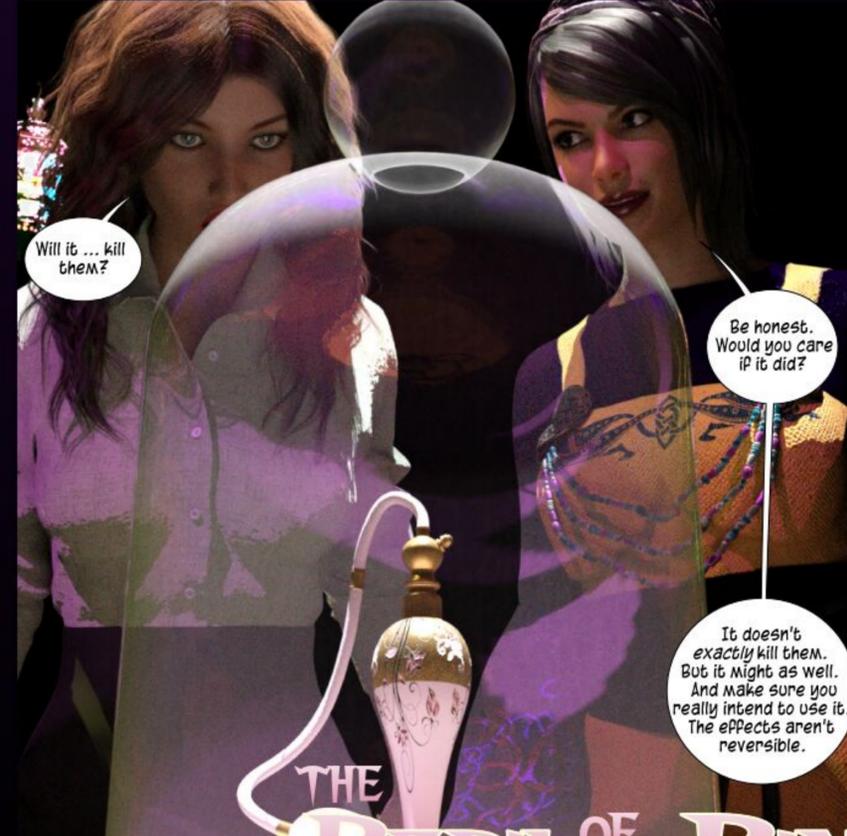
I have just the thing.



A perfume bottle.

Don't be fooled. It's much more powerful than it looks.

Spray a little on your competition. A short while after that, they won't be any competition anymore.



Will it... kill them?

Be honest. Would you care if it did?

It doesn't exactly kill them. But it might as well. And make sure you really intend to use it. The effects aren't reversible.



Be careful not to get any on yourself, either! Not even a little. You're not immune.

THE PERIL OF THE PINK PERFUME

WORDS AND IMAGES BY TRILBY

CHARMAINE PAYS A VISIT TO SYLVIA SIMONE BACKSTAGE JUST BEFORE A RUNWAY SHOW.



Charmaine! ...
Uh, hi!
What's up? I don't have long ...

Oh, I know. I just wanted to tell you how much I liked the Balenciaga spread. You did amazing work!



Why, thank you!
That's so sweet ...

I, uh, kinda thought you'd be mad at me ...

Don't be silly.

Hey, could you do me a real quick favor?

I'm set up to do a perfume ad, but the thing is ... I think the perfume is kind of gross. I don't know if I want to do an ad for a perfume that's gross.



But scents sometimes do weird on me. Would you try a little of it and see what you think?

Sure!



-- sniff --

Well, it's not the greatest ever, but I don't think it's gross. Kinda meh, maybe--

Sylvia! Ten minutes!

Oh, hell, I'm not nearly ready! And I need to go pee too ...

Sorry!

I'll clear out and stop distracting you. Thanks for the help.



I'm an idiot. I don't know what possessed me to believe that woman in the first place.

"Just spray it on your competition." Didn't do a damned thing.

BUT WHAT'S THIS? THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING DELAYING THE START OF THE SHOW ...



Hey, Hazel!
What's going on?

Not sure. It sounds like they can't find Sylvia? She was here a while ago -- she wouldn't have just left --



It could just be coincidence. It's probably coincidence.

She said she needed to go pee. Maybe she passed out in the toilet. She probably hasn't eaten in two days.

I don't know why they leave all these mannequins back here. They never use them, and they're creepy.



... wait.

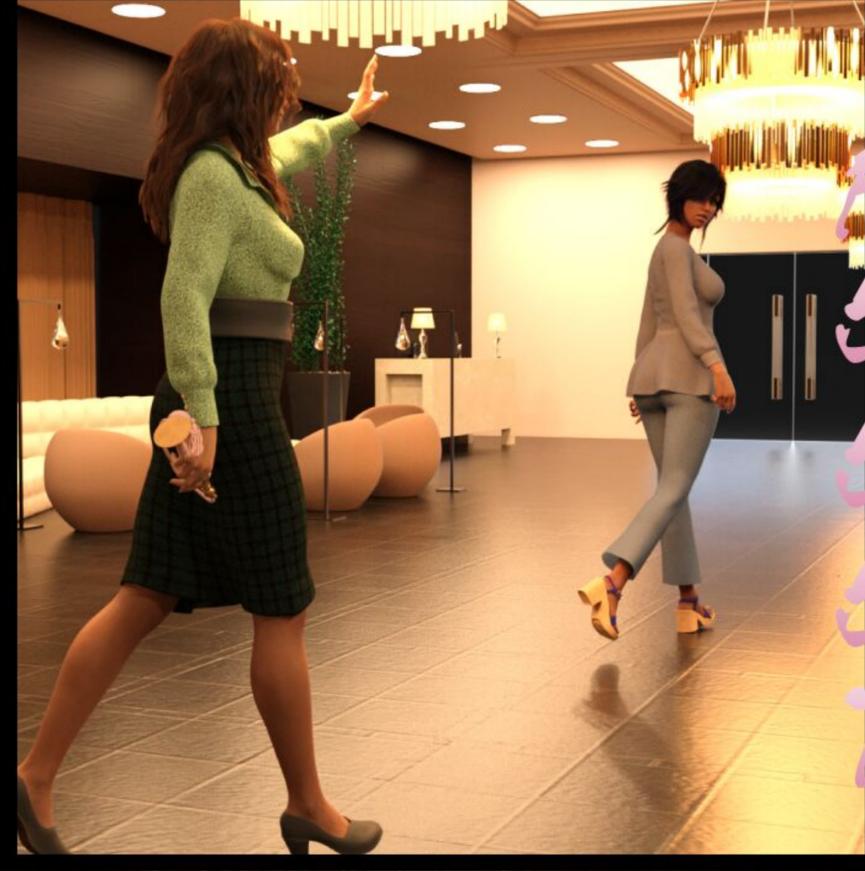


It can't be! It's not possible!

... I think I need to be somewhere else. Right now.



AND SO ...





That's good, Rowan ... Maybe a little bit more of a smile ...

... Anyway, I just feel like it can't be coincidence. I think someone's going after Models, and I don't think the police are taking it seriously enough.

Well, it's hard to blame them, Lyn. I mean, what'd be the motive? Someone who hates Fashion?



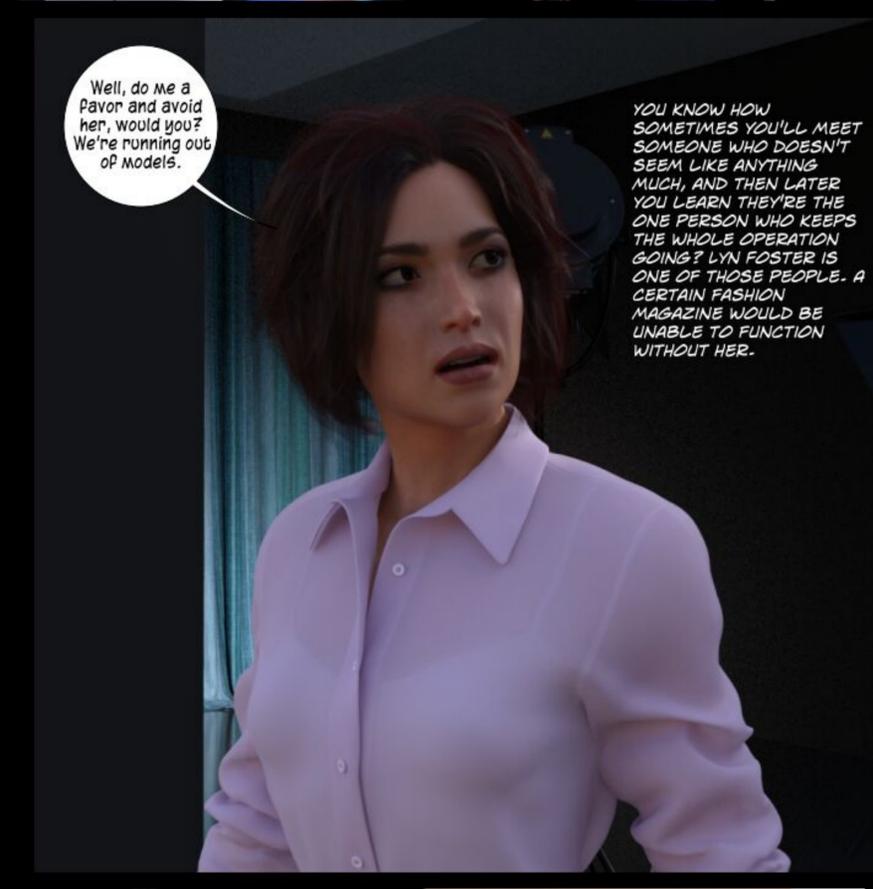
What do you think, Rowan? Know anybody with a grudge against Models?

Inside the community, or outside?

Huh. Does that change your answer?

Well ... Charmaine Levert is horrible. She says nasty things about everybody to everybody else. She's friendly to your face and it doesn't mean a thing. And she's super-competitive.

Honestly, sometimes I think she'd kill us all off if it meant she'd get more work.



Well, do me a favor and avoid her, would you? We're running out of Models.

YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU'LL MEET SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T SEEM LIKE ANYTHING MUCH, AND THEN LATER YOU LEARN THEY'RE THE ONE PERSON WHO KEEPS THE WHOLE OPERATION GOING? LYN FOSTER IS ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE. A CERTAIN FASHION MAGAZINE WOULD BE UNABLE TO FUNCTION WITHOUT HER.



Charmaine?

What are you doing in here? Get out!

Aw, Rowan, is that any way to talk?

I'm not here to give you any trouble. I just want to show you something.



Rowan, did you-- Hey!!

Oh, shit --



That was Levert!

... Rowan?

Rowan, are you OK?



-- gasp --

LYN GOES OUT TO SPREAD THE WORD.



I know, it's ridiculous. But, please, avoid Levert. Don't even let her anywhere near you. I'm also trying to get her banned from all the usual venues.

Why not get the police in on this?

I'm trying, but even leaving out the crazy parts I don't think they believe me, and if they do, they don't seem to care much.

