

STRIKER



WRITTEN BY MATTHEW FITT ILLUSTRATED BY GARY WELSH



SCOTS
hooose

LUKE PATERSON
OPENS HIS EEN.

GOOD MORNING,
LUKE PATERSON.
TIME FOR SCHOOL.

SCHOOL? ON A
SETTERDAY?
WHIT A STUPID
IDEA!

WHILE HIS MAW AND DA HAE A
LANG LIE, LUKE SHAUCHLES AFF
TAE SCHOOL.

I CANNAE BE
BOTHERED.

BUT LUKE GETS OOT O BED AND EATS SOME SCRAN.

GIE ME
MAIR TOAST,
A-300!

BUT LUKE IS IN NAE RUSH.

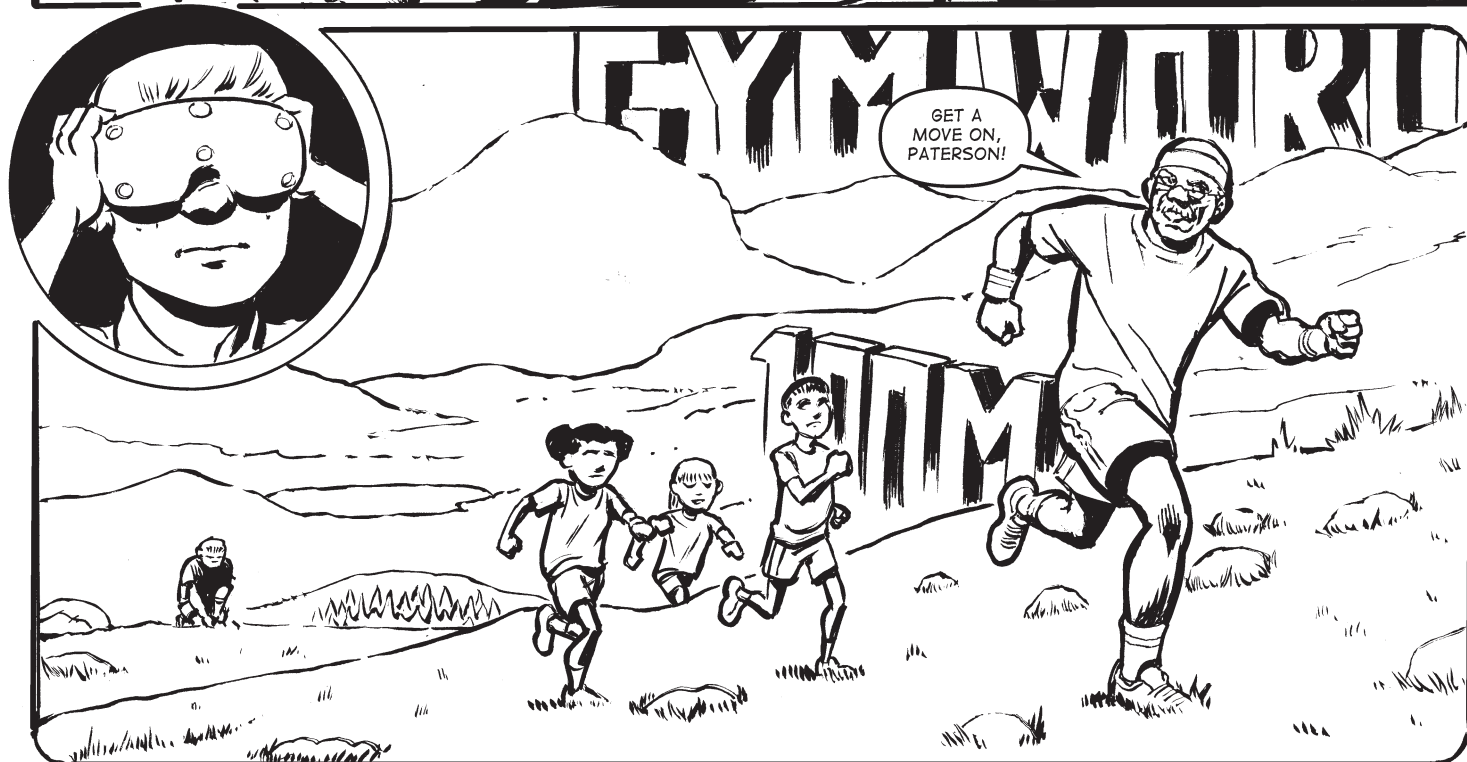
HURRY, LUKE
PATERSON. THEY'RE
STARTING.

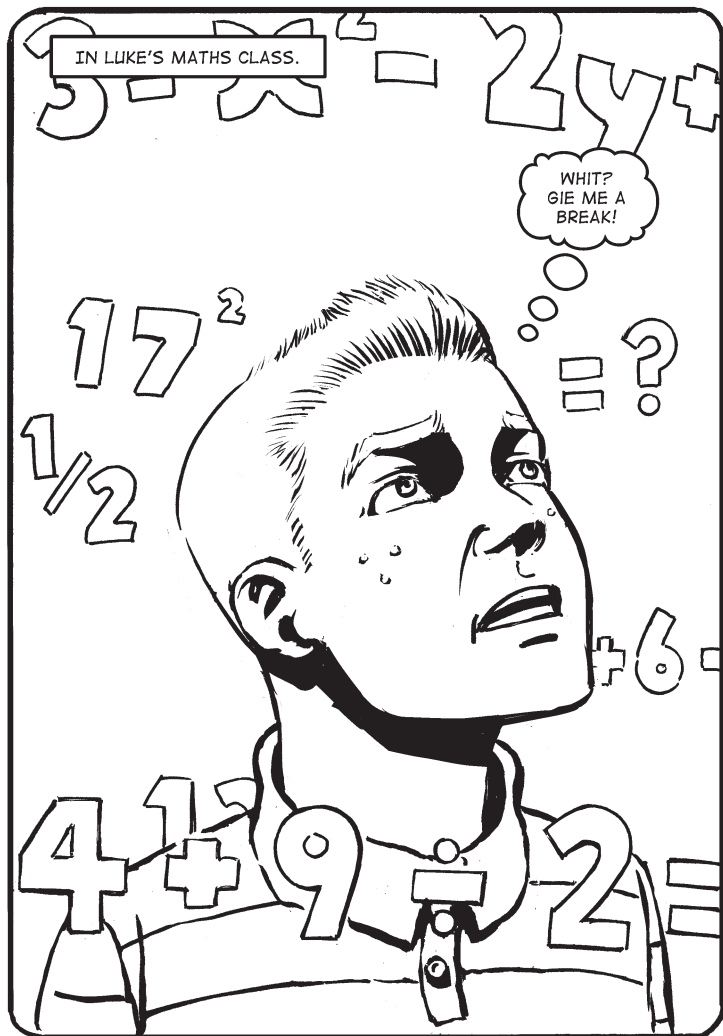
AYE, KEEP YER
METAL WIG ON.
I'M COMIN.

REGISTRATION

PATERSON!
YOU'RE
LATE!

VR-ED





IN LUKE'S MATHS CLASS.

WHIT?
GIE ME A
BREAK!



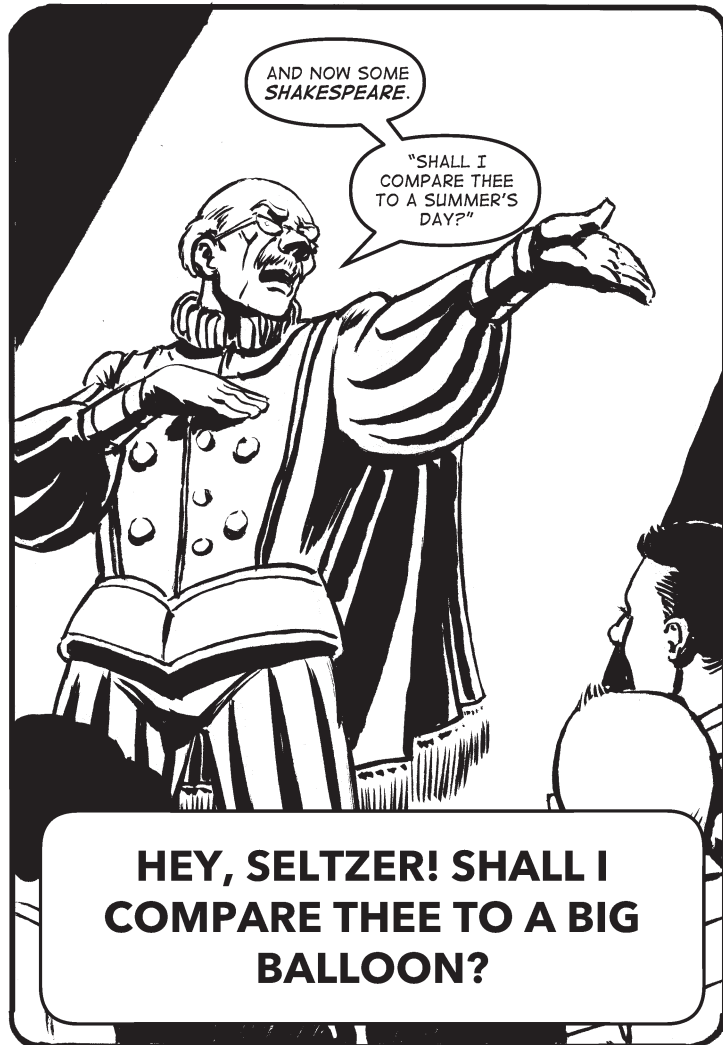
AND THEN HISTORY.

WHAT A GREAT
WAY TO LEARN
ABOUT *WORLD
WAR ONE!*

WHIT A GREAT
WEY TAE GET
YER HEID
BLAWN AFF!

YOU SAY
SOMETHING,
PATERSON?

NAW, NO
ME, SIR.



AND NOW SOME
SHAKESPEARE.

"SHALL I
COMPARE THEE
TO A SUMMER'S
DAY?"

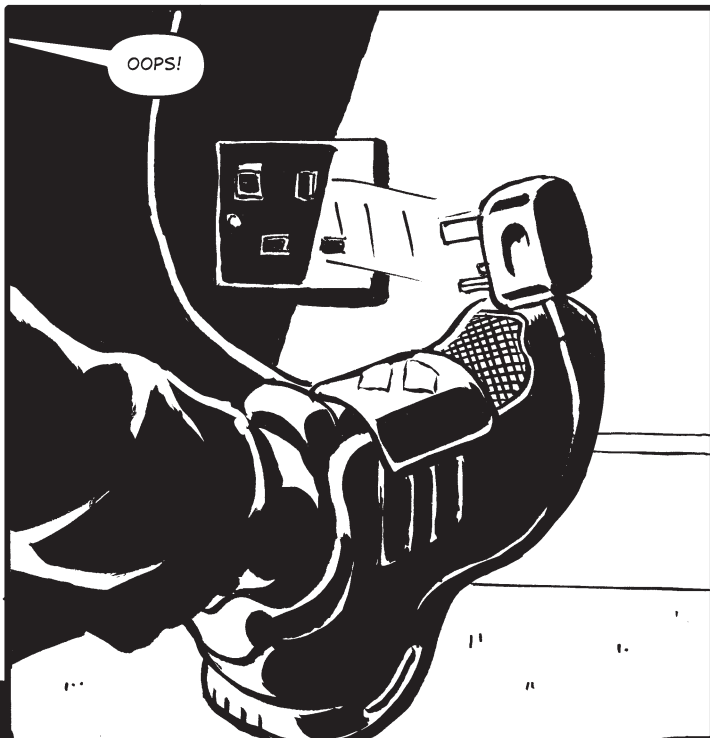
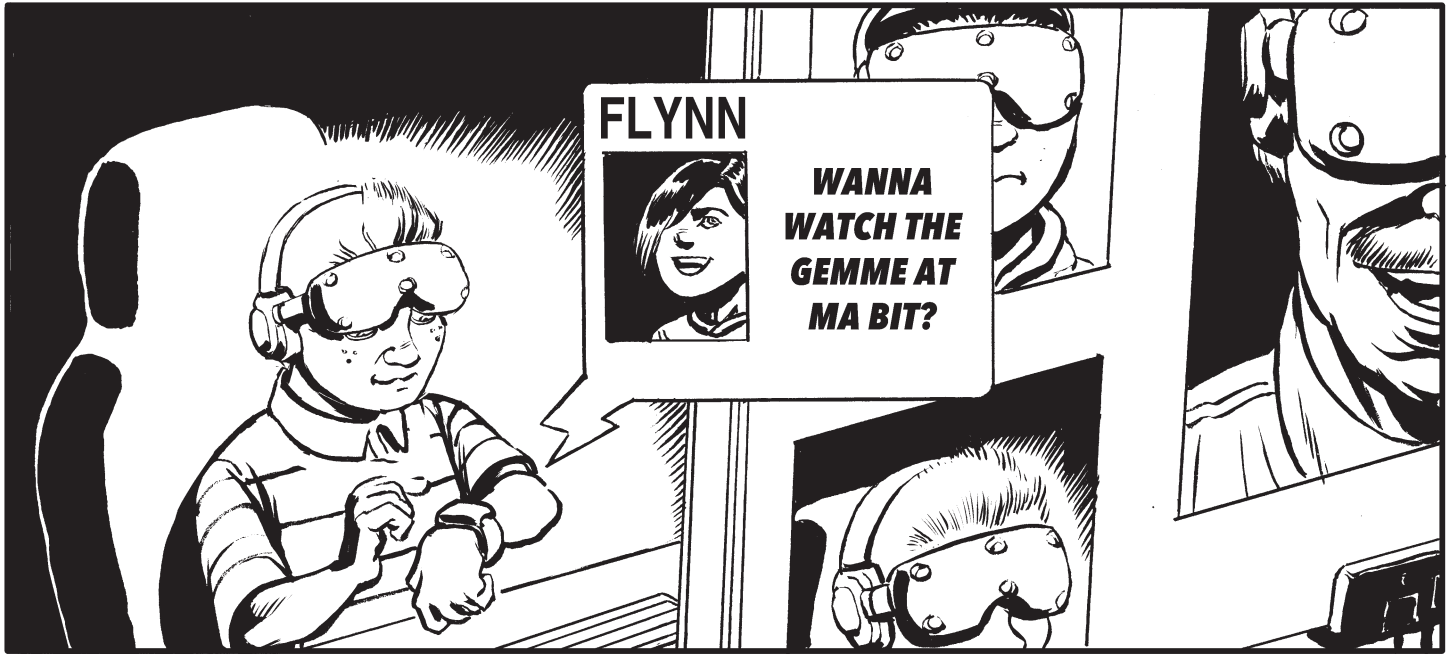
**HEY, SELTZER! SHALL I
COMPARE THEE TO A BIG
BALLOON?**

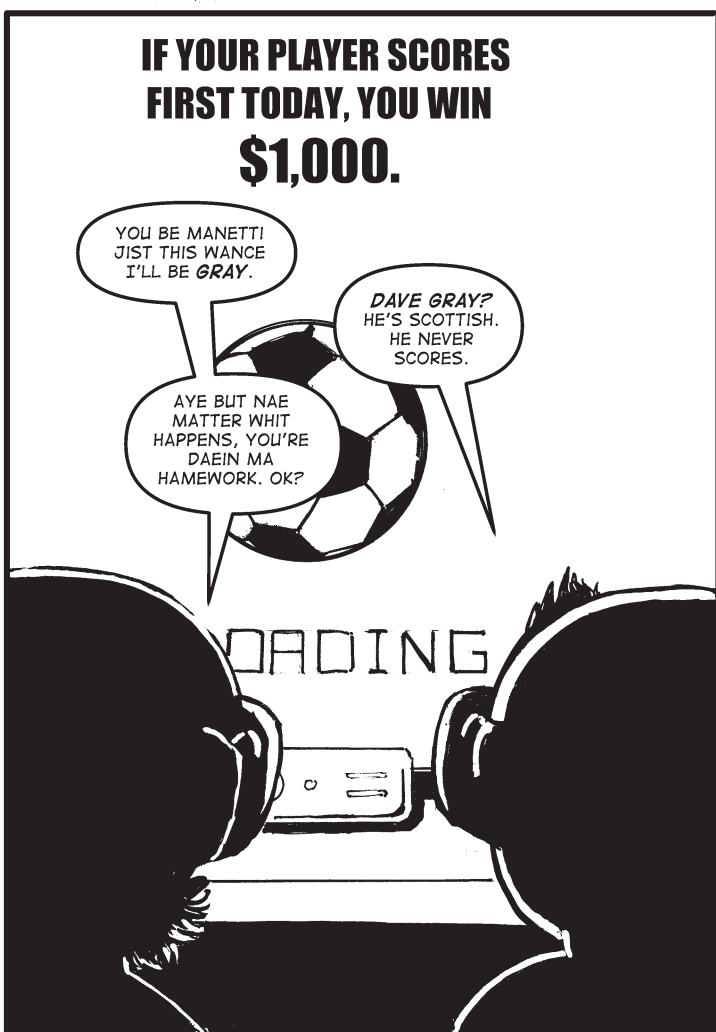
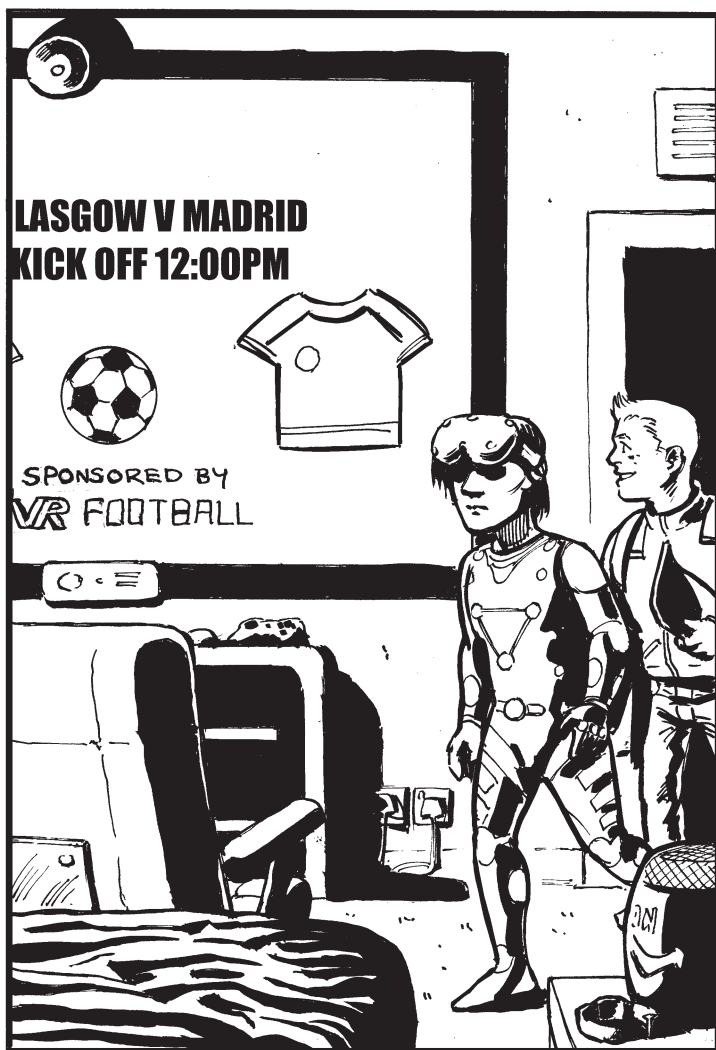


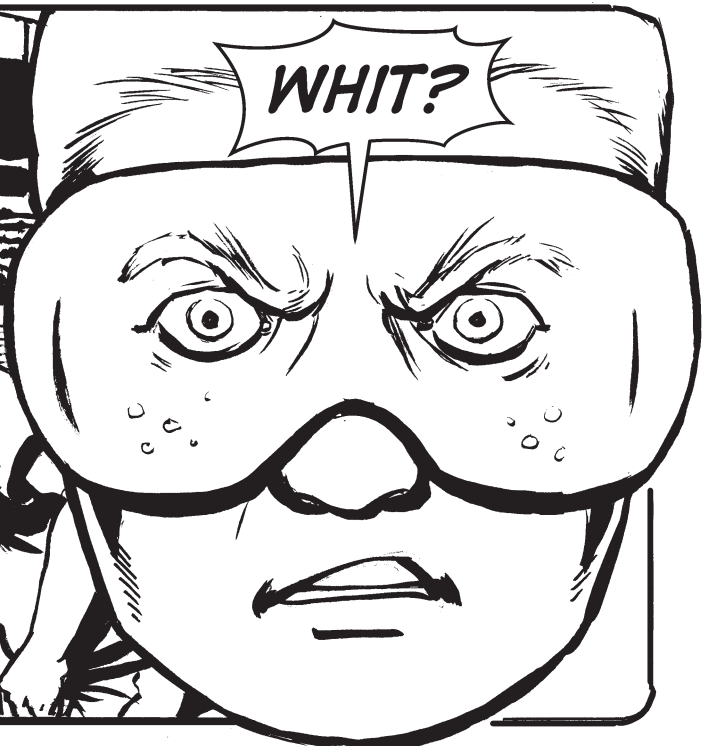
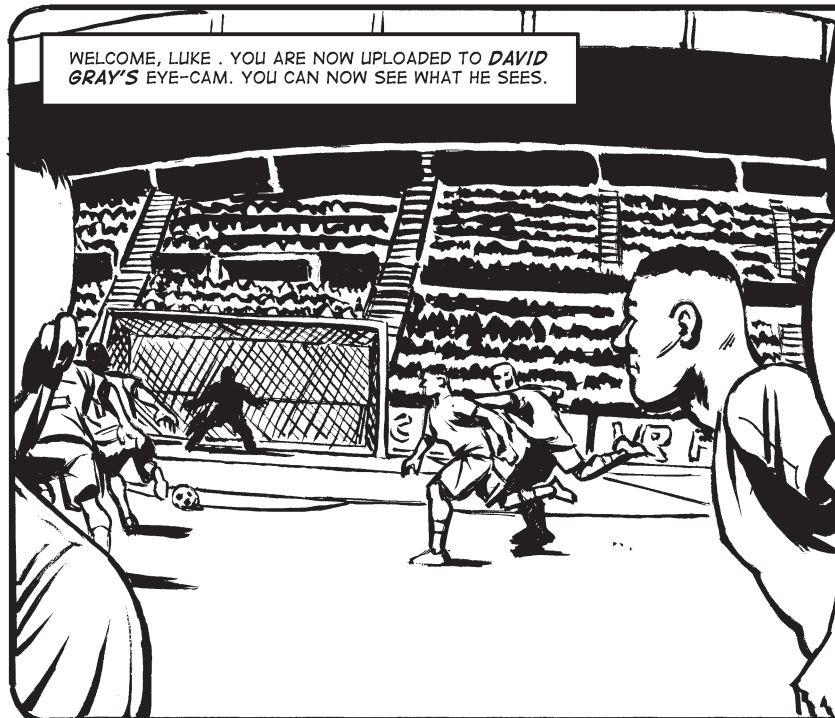
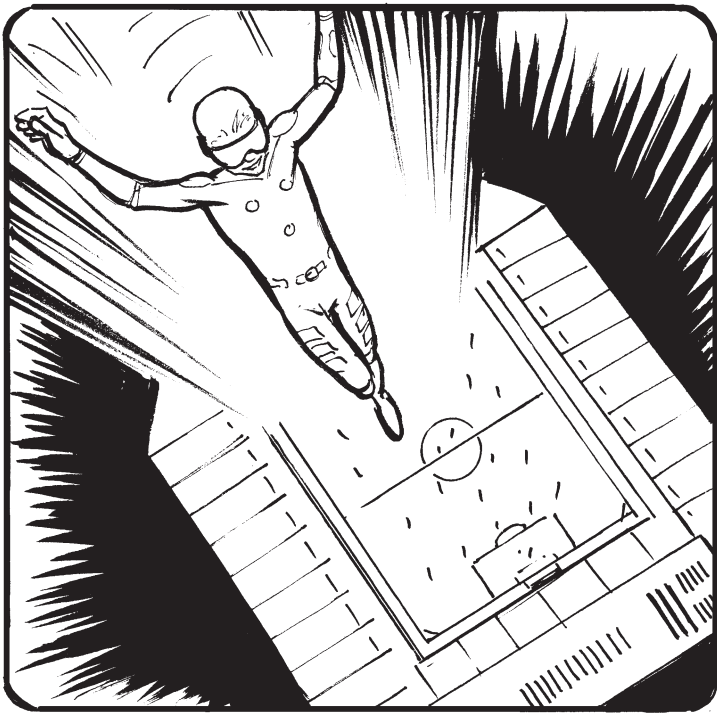
WHO WROTE
THAT?

DINNAE
LOOK AT
ME, SIR.

SEND









AND IT LOOKS LIKE SILVIO MANETTI'S GOING FOR GOAL.

FLYNN

FLYNN, YOU GIED ME GRAY? AND TOOK MANETTI FOR VERSEL?

MUST BE A GLITCH. ONYWEY, YOU'RE DAEIN MA HAMEWORK. FOR A MONTH! BYE!



SEAN FLYNN. SOME FREEND HIM! WHIT A BAM!

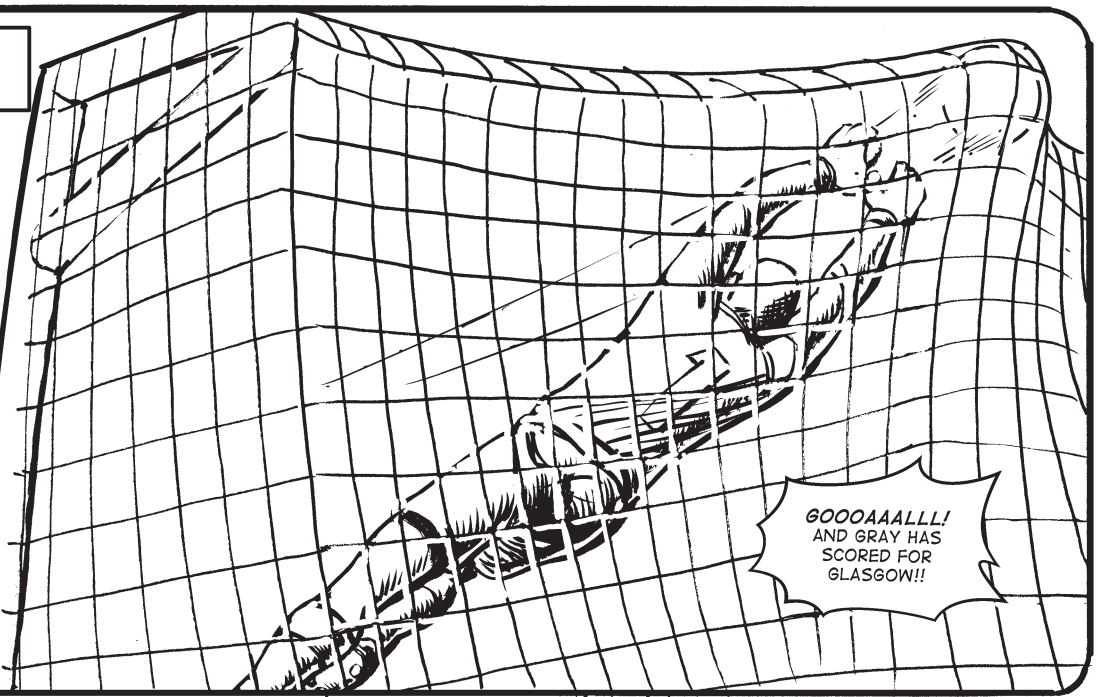
FLYNN



MANETTI'S MISSED!

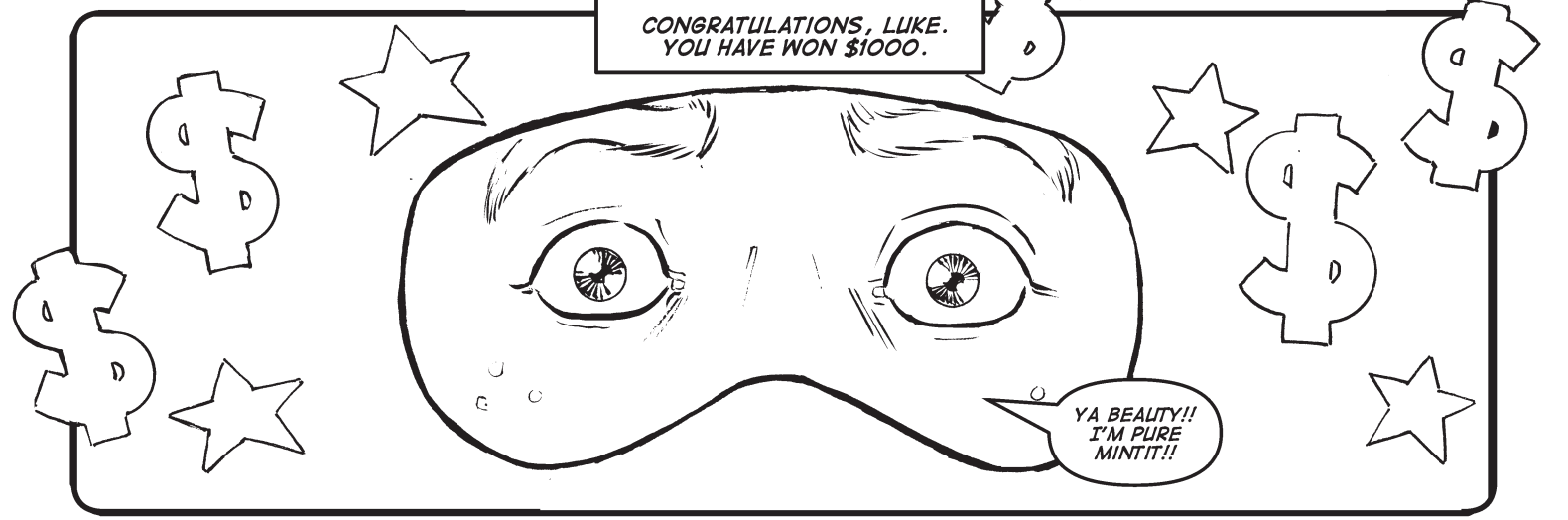
AND THE BALL IS ROLLING BACK TO LOCAL PLAYER DAVID GRAY.

LUKE COULD FEEL GRAY SWING HIS LEG AND SKELP THE BAW PERFECTLY WI HIS RIGHT FIT.



GOOOOAAAALLL!
AND GRAY HAS SCORED FOR GLASGOW!!

CONGRATULATIONS, LUKE.
YOU HAVE WON \$1000.



YA BEAUTY!!
I'M PURE MINTIT!!

LUKE PATERSON. GAME OVER.

LUKE FINDS HIMSEL SUDDENLY KICKED OOT O THE MATCH.

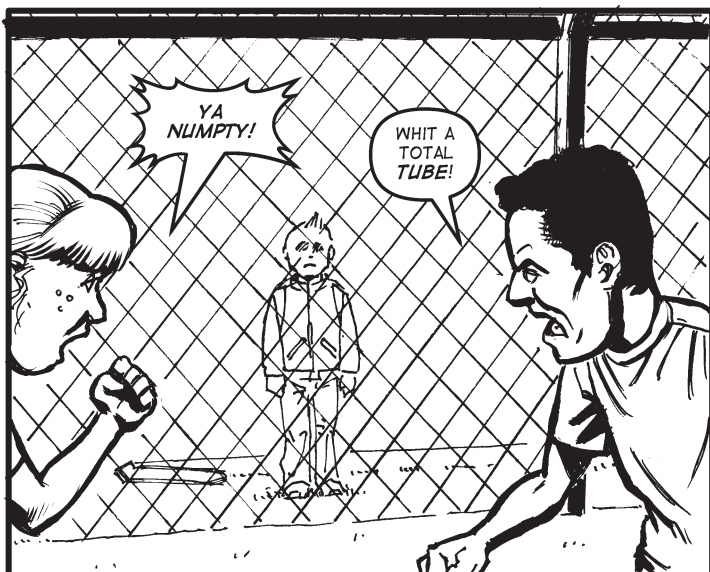
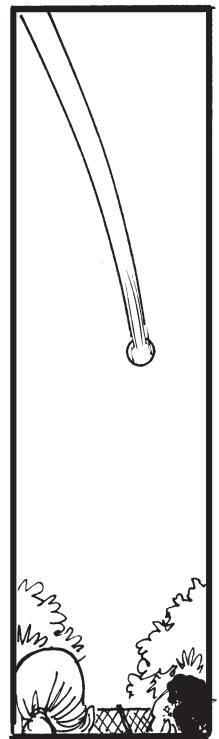
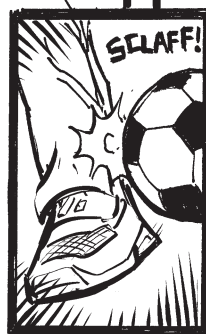
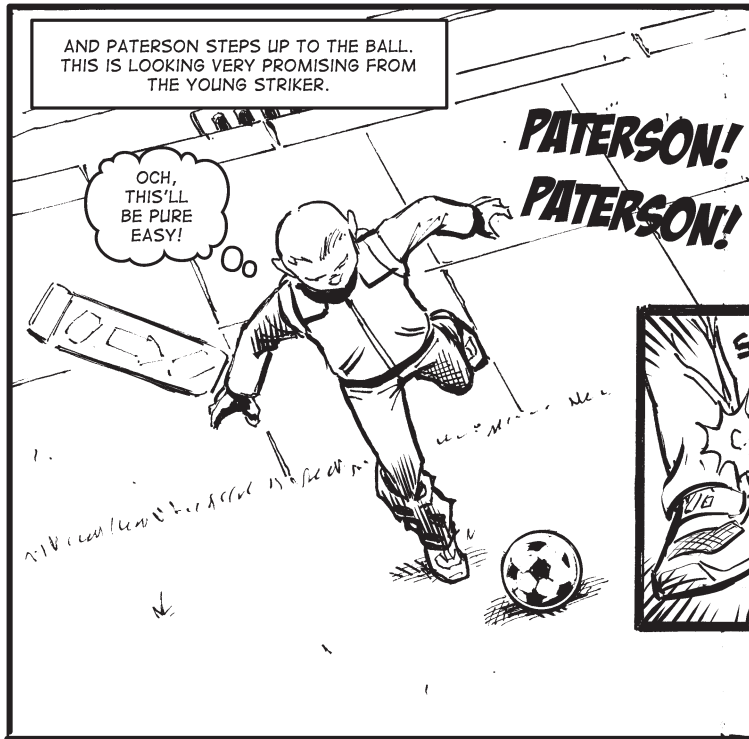


THAT ANITHER WAN O YOUR GLITCHES, FLYNN?

JUST GET OOT O MA HOOSE, PATERSON.



STICK YER STUPIT GEMME, FLYNN!



LUKE'S FACE TURNS AS REID AS HIS GLESGA FITBAW TAP.

