

CHAPTERS 5 & 6:-

TRUE KOMIX
PRESENTS:
NO 503
DFO

How to charm a fish
with a flame!



&
King Arthur's
Nights!



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY
TAMAR SNOWMAN.

Arthur-- big, handsome, charming! Some have a predominant physical need.... they need a soft shoulder and somebody to squeeze a bit. But Arthur is really unusual. There's a definite spiritual need there, and he is sensitive or psychic enough to know himself that his need is not physical or purely mental, but spiritual!

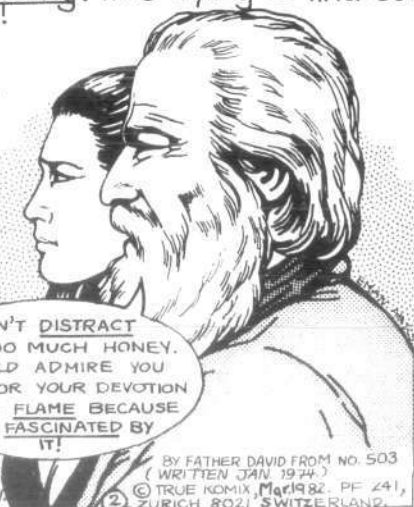


But he has a much much deeper need; there's a very deep-seated fear in his eyes, and all the rest is a suave cover-up. But he really senses we have something. There is something there that he doesn't know what it is, but he's feeling. He's trying to find out what it is!

There are different kinds of bait to catch different kinds of fish... don't make the flirty part the foremost. Look deep into his heart and that can sober you and also give you confidence! You have the Answer! He needs the Lord, and you have Him!

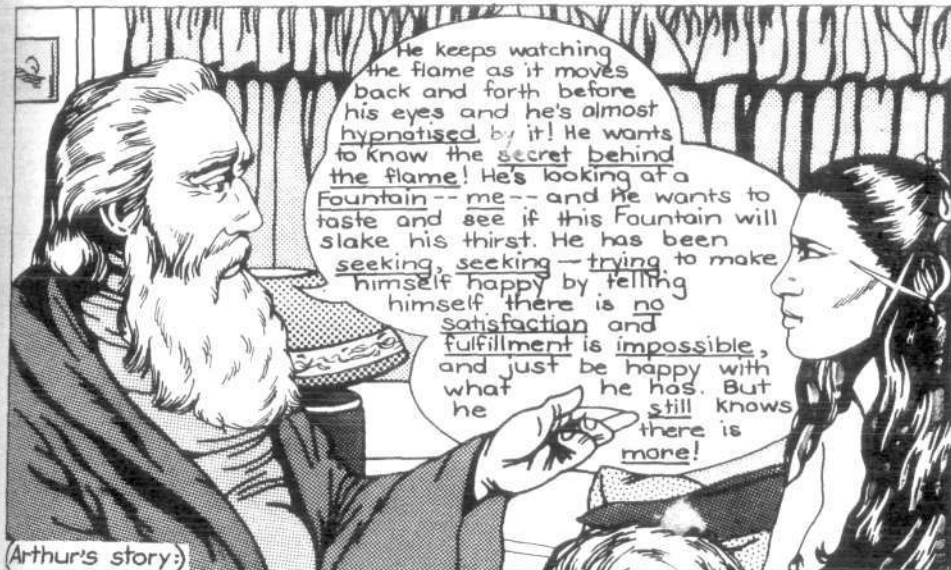
Arthur is... searching! Very deep into my eyes. He doesn't really know why, but he suspects there is something, he has a feeling there is some kind of an answer there. He has been searching me--- from the beginning he's felt there's something, an attraction in our spirit!

He's hungry... he's not really happy. He has hungers. There's that aching spiritual void that only God can fill, but he doesn't know what it is, or why



DON'T DISTRACT HIM TOO MUCH HONEY. HE WOULD ADMIRE YOU MORE FOR YOUR DEVOTION TO THE FLAME BECAUSE HE'S FASCINATED BY IT!

BY FATHER DAVID FROM NO. 503
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He keeps watching the flame as it moves back and forth before his eyes and he's almost hypnotised by it! He wants to know the secret behind the flame! He's looking at a Fountain -- me -- and he wants to taste and see if this Fountain will slake his thirst. He has been seeking, seeking -- trying to make himself happy by telling himself there is no satisfaction and fulfillment is impossible, and just be happy with what he has. But he still knows there is more!

(Arthur's story):

I used to frequent a ballroom dancing studio in a big city and it was an enjoyable place to go to meet people as well as get pleasurable exercise. I was approaching thirty years old and unmarried.

Even though I lived alone and had all the modern comforts, there was an emptiness in my life which had caused me pain and heartache and left my life very empty in a lot of ways, the cure for which I had never been able to discover.

I wondered often, what was life all about? Why were we here on this Earth? Was there a God? What was the truth? What was the Bible? The questions were endless!

I loved female company and enjoyed sex, but for me there had to be a deeper bond between man and woman than just a night or two in bed learning about each other. There had to be something deeper, a spiritual bond, an understanding, but in my restlessness, I would never allow anyone to get close enough to me to find out how I really was inside, deep down inside! ③

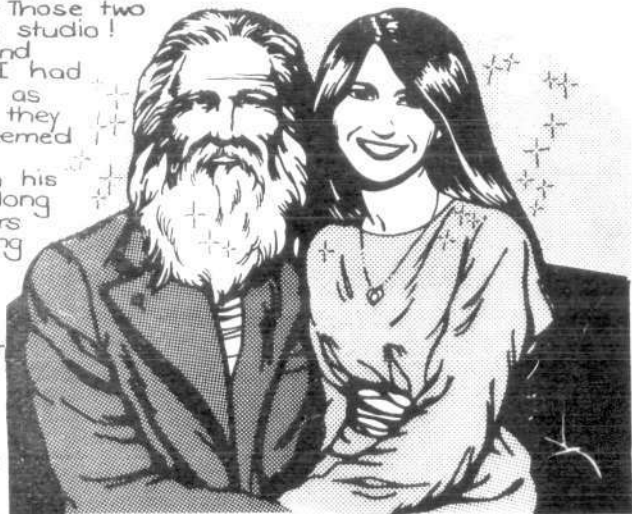


I FEEL
SO ALONE!

IS THERE
A GOD?
CAN I FIND
TRUE LASTING
HAPPINESS?

Not one person I knew in my circle of friends and acquaintances was totally happy. Wait! --- Those two people from the dance studio! They were foreigners and were always smiling! I had never seen two people as happy all the time as they were! They always seemed to be happy!

She kept sitting on his lap and running her long slim, unpolished fingers through his hair, kissing him whenever the chance presented itself!, much to the jealousies and frustrations of the rest of us there! He enjoyed every minute of it and looked as if it was his way of life! His name was David, and her name was Maria!



There was something about them that was different. It took me some weeks to quite understand what it was and then I understood. It was in the eyes! Yes, that was it! --- The eyes! Those windows to the soul! . . . the telltale witness to the inner thoughts!

I could relate to those eyes so well because when I was with her on the dance floor and she looked up at me and stroked the back of my hand, it made me purr with inner delight and joy!

These two people had these really soft warm eyes. They melted as you looked at them. They were eyes that spoke to you. They seemed to say, "We love you!"

I used to really engineer my chances to dance with her, but she wouldn't always dance with me even when I was close by . . . I wasn't used to this treatment --- I wanted every dance I could . . . I fell in love with her!