

To Ruth
For everything.
Again!
— G.B.

To Cath and Leni
Thank you.
— P.W.

LITTLE TIGER
An imprint of Little Tiger Press Limited
1 Coda Studios, 189 Munster Road,
London SW6 6AW

Imported into the EEA by Penguin Random House Ireland,
Morrison Chambers, 32 Nassau Street,
Dublin D02 YH68

www.littletiger.co.uk

First published in Great Britain in 2024
Based on the novel *Stitch Head*, originally published by Little Tiger Press Limited in 2011

Text copyright © Guy Bass, 2024
Illustrations copyright © Pete Williamson, 2024
Colour by Kat Cass

ISBN: 978-1-78895-637-6

The right of Guy Bass and Pete Williamson to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work respectively has been asserted by them in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988.

All rights reserved.

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition, including this condition, being imposed upon the subsequent purchaser.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available
from the British Library.

Printed and bound in Poland.



The Forest Stewardship Council® (FSC®) is a global, not-for-profit organization dedicated to the promotion of responsible forest management worldwide. FSC defines standards based on agreed principles for responsible forest stewardship that are supported by environmental, social, and economic stakeholders. To learn more, visit www.fsc.org

STP/3900/0533/1123
2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

STITCH HEAD

THE
GRAPHIC NOVEL

GUY
BASS



PETE
WILLIAMSON

Colour by Kat Cass

LITTLE TIGER
LONDON



AAH!



Stitch Head,
THERE you ARE!

I've been
LOOKING for you
EVERYWHERE.



My wall...

What did
you—

How did
you—

Where did
you—

ALL GOOD
questions.



Turns out,
I have quite
the NOSE for
FINDING folk.

Actually,
I seem to have
TWO noses, but I'm
not ENTIRELY sure
where the OTHER
one is.

So, I followed
your SCENT,
through THIS wall
and THAT ... and
HERE you are!



I can't TELL
you how HAPPY I am
to FIND you...

Very, very,
VERY happy.

I thought you'd
been EATEN by
those MONSTERS.



You - you mean the creations? But they're not monstrous - at least, not any-

So, is this where you LIVE? Maybe I should live HERE, too!



Even though it's DEFINITELY the WORST room in the WHOLE castle and smells like-

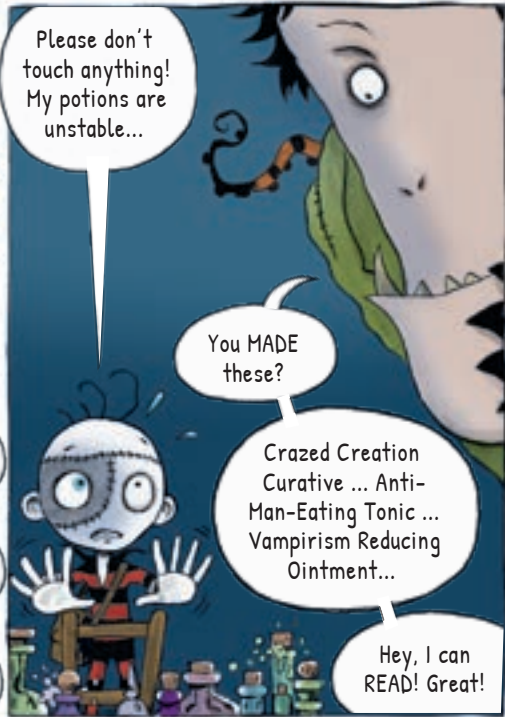
HEY, look at all this STUFF! I LOVE stuff!



What is THIS one?

What does THIS do?

What if I DRINK this?



Please don't touch anything! My potions are unstable...

You MADE these?

Crazed Creation Curative ... Anti-Man-Eating Tonic ... Vampirism Reducing Ointment...

Hey, I can READ! Great!



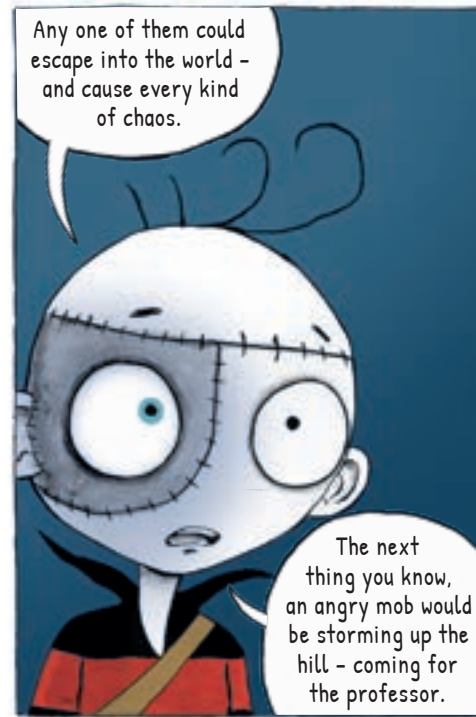
So, what are they all FOR?

They're nothing! It's just...

My master - the professor - he's started using more dangerous ingredients in his experiments.



Vampire blood ... Evil Essence ... Werewolf Extract... They make his creations monstrous when they first awaken.



Any one of them could escape into the world - and cause every kind of chaos.

The next thing you know, an angry mob would be storming up the hill - coming for the professor.



It would mean the end of everything.

The end of Castle Grotteskew.



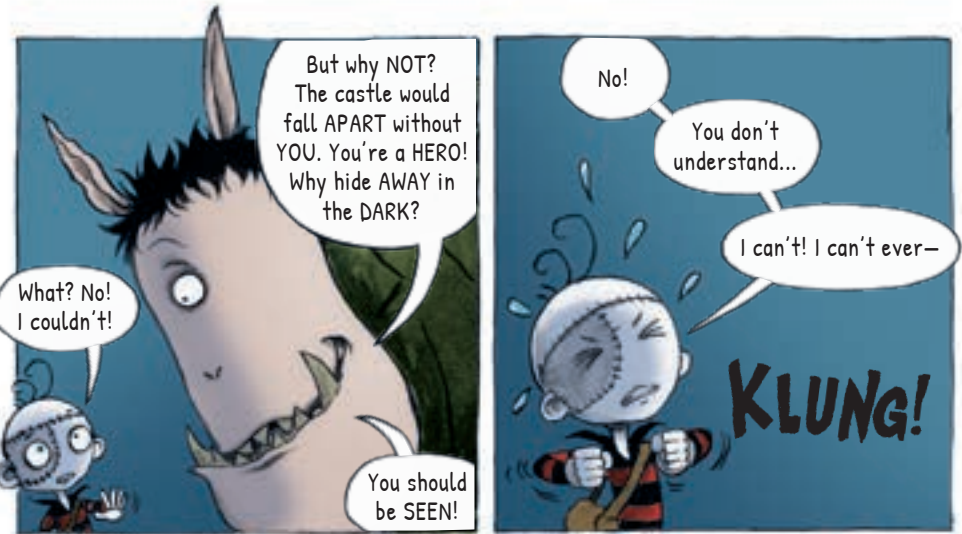
But a little antidote here ...
a little curative there...

So, you UN-MONSTERED
those monsters, like you
un-monstered ME?
You're a
GENIUS!

'I can keep the creations un-monstrous
- and keep the professor safe.'

'I can be there for my master,
without him ever knowing.'

Have you TOLD
the professor that
you've CURED his
creations?



What? No!
I couldn't!

But why NOT?
The castle would
fall APART without
YOU. You're a HERO!
Why hide AWAY in
the DARK?

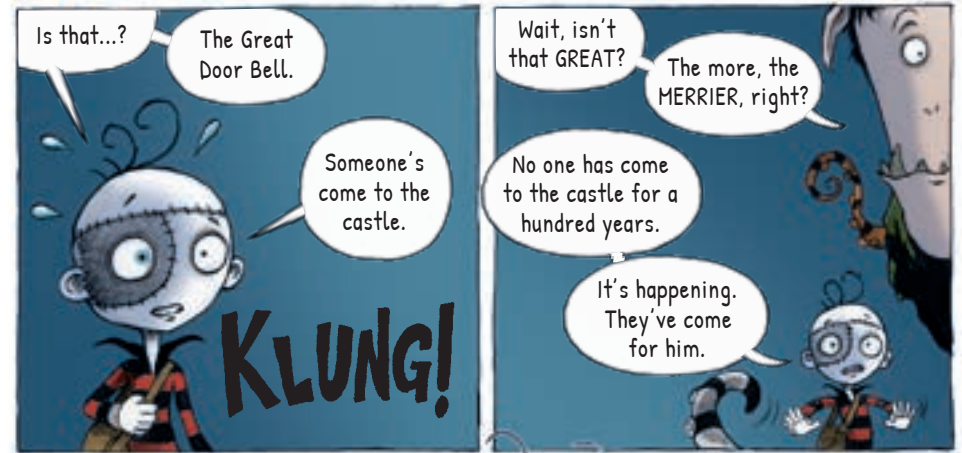
You should
be SEEN!

No!

You don't
understand...

I can't! I can't ever--

KLUNG!



Is that...?

The Great
Door Bell.

Someone's
come to the
castle.

KLUNG!

Wait, isn't
that GREAT?

The more, the
MERRIER, right?

No one has come
to the castle for a
hundred years.

It's happening.
They've come
for him.



KLUNG!

They've come for
the professor.