ANTHOLOGY

NO 04
JUNE 2023

TALES FROM THE DISPATCH

DIGITAL EDITION

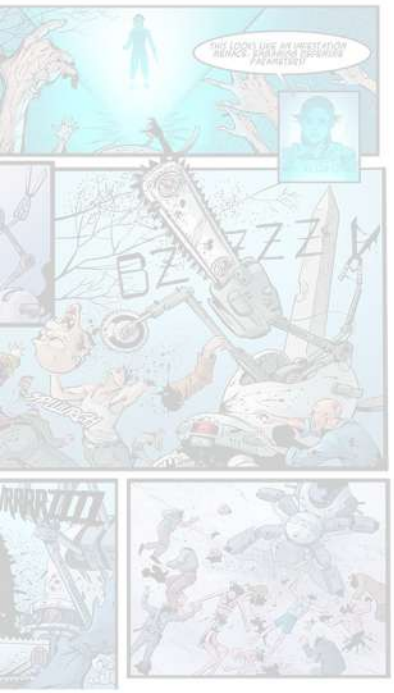
WHAT?
WE'RE ALREADY HERE.

What means so little to some, is everything to another...

HUMANITY STILL HAS ONE LAST SHOT.

Every day I wish I try... to make Sydney a better place.
Sydney is a twenty-four seven city. Pitt Street in the morning. George Street at night. Circular Quay at the weekend...
Sydney loves the tourist dollar. But education is key...not everyone gets a chance to learn Sydney's ways. Australia's ways...
Until two seven on the scene. We've got visuals on the suspect.

THERE'S SOME...
I SEE.
SO SENSEX SEXY!
THERE'S SOME SEXY SEXY!


THIS LOOKS LIKE AN INFESTATION HAZARD. SOMEWHERE DANGEROUS PARASITES!
BZZZZZZZZ

WHY I DON'T TAKE UP ARCHERY.
WHAT WOULD COMPANIES...
THERE ARE NO AIR CONS PLANS.
YOU OFTEN ASK MORE OF MORE BUT KNOW MORE. SAME THING WHO DO PLAYER WAS WHAT TO SEE.
I GUESS I JUST WANT A LOVE SYMPATHY. WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT, SOMEONE WANTS TO SPEND TIME WITH MY CHARACTER, IT'S WRONG?
IT WAS STRAIGHT FROM A DAHLI PAINTING, SO OTHERWORLDY. LIKE AN ALIEN SAND CASTLE.
WHY THE FUCKEN MEANWHILE LITTLE SIERRA ROAMING WITH TOGETHER HOW WANT TO TALK WHOM CAT THERE?
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG. I NEED TO TELL YOU.
I THINK-

A MOMENT THAT WAS IT. THAT THE MOMENT THAT HAPPENED.
MINUTES LATER, MILES AWAY...
WHERE I WANT TO TALK.
WHAT IS A KIND OF...

The magistrate's ready for you now, Sgt. Mr. Rayne.
Give it to me straight, one human to another.
Lieutenant! You failed the police academy fitness test in 2012. So we've got impersonating a police officer, two counts of assault, kidnapping, racial obfuscation.

WE CAN'T HELP!
YOU AIN'T WELCOME HERE!

THE PRETTY THOUSAND CHEERY LEGGY MAIDS POINTED BY THE MAYOR OF TONGO TO THE GREEN FLAGS OF OKIS. IT WAS A FRIENDSHIP DATE BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES.
THEY'RE SO PRETTY.

TALES FROM THE DISPATCH

VOLUME FOUR

SPONSORED BY:

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LOGO: BRETT HILLESHEIM

CONTEST WINNERS

URBIS FAERIE 2.0

CUPCAKES & CANALS

NOSTRUM

URBIS FAERIE 2.0

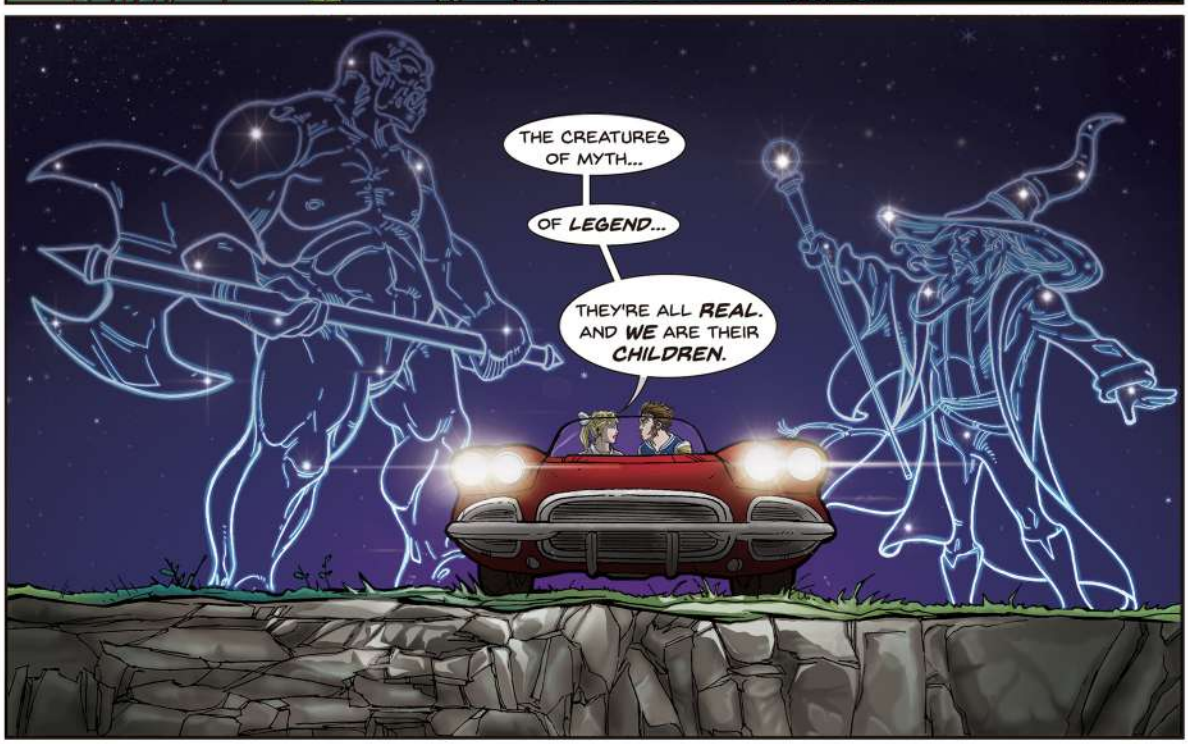
Robert Burke Richardson
Andrea Meneghin
Curtis Swain

URBIS FAERIE 2.0

STORY BY ROBERT BURKE RICHARDSON
ART BY ANDREA MENEGHIN
COLORS AND LETTERING
BY CURTIS SWAIN

ADDITIONAL COLORS AND VFX
BY ANDREA MENEGHIN

...BECAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING I WANTED TO SHARE WITH YOU. A GLORIOUS SECRET ONLY A FEW KNOW ABOUT.


THE CREATURES OF MYTH...
OF LEGEND...
THEY'RE ALL REAL. AND WE ARE THEIR CHILDREN.

PEOPLE EVOLVED FROM THE CREATURES IN FAIRY TALES. YOU, LUCAS, COME FROM A LINE OF WEREWOLVES.

THAT'S CRAZY TO BELIEVE, BUT...
IT'S TRUE! I FEEL IT IN MY BONES!
IN MY FUR...
AND YOU, LAUREN... YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL.
YOU'RE... AN ELF?
A FAIRY?
NO...

I'M DEFINITELY A VAMPIRE.
END

CUPCAKES AND CANALS

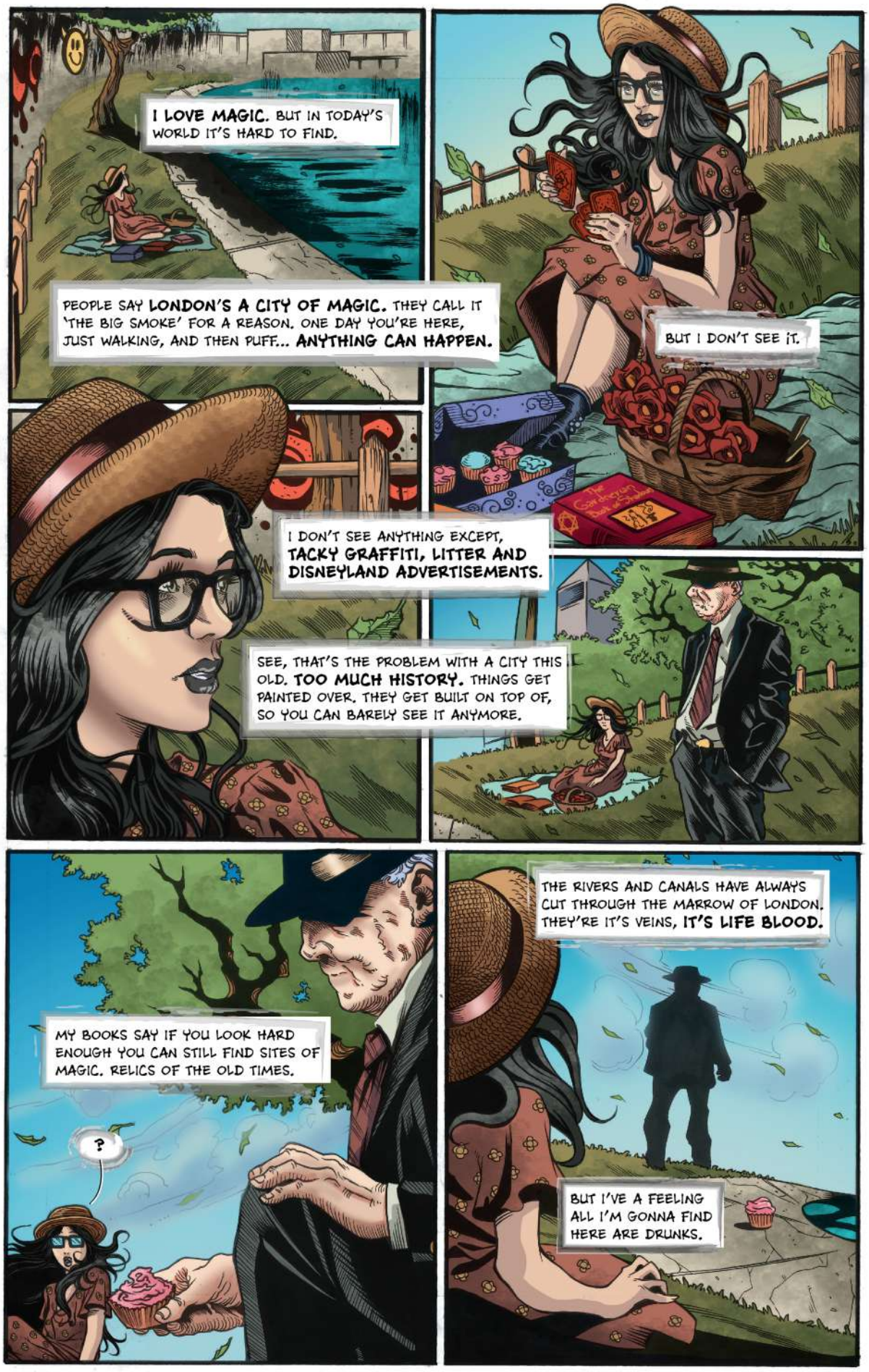
SM Watson
Brian Azcurra
Erik Lay

CUPCAKES AND CANALS

PENCIL AND INK
BY
BRIAN AZCURRA

WRITTEN AND LETTERED
BY
SIM WATSON

COLOURED
BY
ERIK LAY


I LOVE MAGIC. BUT IN TODAY'S WORLD IT'S HARD TO FIND.
PEOPLE SAY LONDON'S A CITY OF MAGIC. THEY CALL IT 'THE BIG SMOKE' FOR A REASON. ONE DAY YOU'RE HERE, JUST WALKING, AND THEN PUFF... ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.
BUT I DON'T SEE IT.
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING EXCEPT, TACKY GRAFFITI, LITTER AND DISNEYLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.
SEE, THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH A CITY THIS OLD. TOO MUCH HISTORY. THINGS GET PAINTED OVER. THEY GET BUILT ON TOP OF, SO YOU CAN BARELY SEE IT ANYMORE.
MY BOOKS SAY IF YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH YOU CAN STILL FIND SITES OF MAGIC. RELICS OF THE OLD TIMES.
?
THE RIVERS AND CANALS HAVE ALWAYS CUT THROUGH THE MARROW OF LONDON. THEY'RE IT'S VEINS, IT'S LIFE BLOOD.
BUT I'VE A FEELING ALL I'M GONNA FIND HERE ARE DRUNKS.

MUSIC
HMM...
SHHHLLLIP!
SMACK!
SPLOOSH!
EEUGH...

-GLUB--GLUB-
I GUESS MAGIC WOULDN'T BE **MAGIC** IF IT DIDN'T APPEARED WHEN YOU **LEAST EXPECT.**
THAT'S IT'S TRICK.
RRRRARRGH

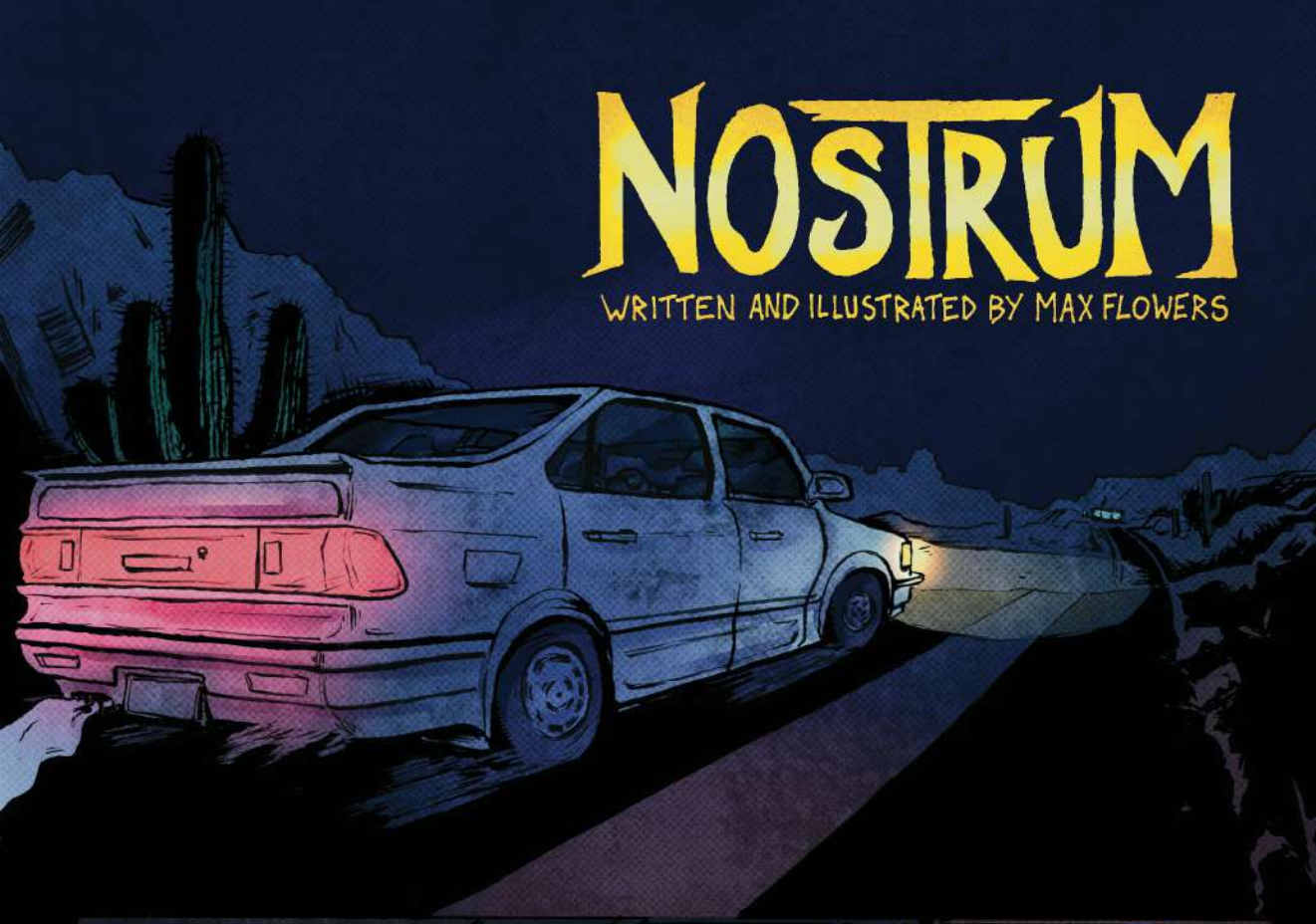
GASP!
I GUESS LONDON'S STILL GOT SOME MAGIC LEFT IN IT'S TIRED OLD BONES.
HEH...
AND THAT MAGIC'S HUNGRY FOR FRIENDS...
...AND CUPCAKES.
END

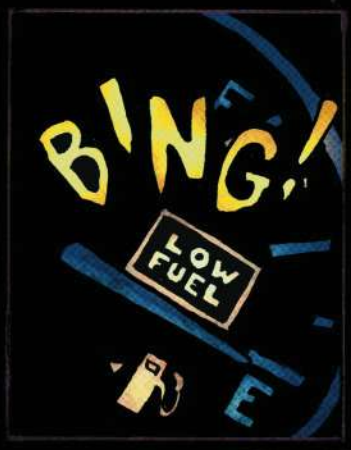
NOSTRUM

Max Flowers

NOSTRUM

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MAX FLOWERS





MIDDLE OF NOWHERE...
TIME: 02:47 A.M.
SRRRT
STUPID PIECE OF...

HEY, CAN I GET A LIGHT?

GET LOST KID...

FUCKING TEENAGERS
ATM

HI THERE FELLOW HUMAN! ANYTHING I CAN HELP YOU WITH?
UHH... NO I'M GOOD THANKS...
OKIE DOKIE MISTER!
THAT WAS WEIRD.

PSHHHH
WILL THAT BE ALL?
!

N-NO! S-STAY AWAY!
SCHLOP

OPEN

SCREEEEEEEEE
BANG!
YEA, WE GOT ANOTHER ONE DOC.
DUH, IT'S DEAD. WE AREN'T DUMB KIDS.

RESURRECTED

Julio Paz Y Vadala
Hernan Molina

RESURRECTED

SIR, I'M SORRY WE HAD TO INTERRUPT YOU, GENERAL, BUT WE FOLLOWED YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. THIS IS OF YOUR CONCERN.

WE MANAGED TO CAPTURE ALIVE SEVERAL **RESIDENTS** FROM THE FISHERMEN VILLAGE, SIR. ONE OF THEM REQUESTED TO SPEAK TO YOU, SIR.

STORY: JULIO PAZ Y VADALÁ
ART/LETTERING: HERNÁN MOLINA

HE GAVE US YOUR PHONE NUMBER AND YOUR HOME ADDRESS, SIR.

HE CLAIMS HE HAS KNOWN YOU FOR MANY YEARS.

HOWDY, ROOSTIE! JUST LOOK HOW BIG YOU'VE GROWN UP, BOY! YOU ARE QUITE A MAN NOW!

WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?
C'MON, MARK. DID YOU FORGET ABOUT ME? I DIDN'T. I ALWAYS REMEMBERED YOU.
C'MON, IT'S ME, ROOSTIE BIG PAPA. YOUR GRANDPA!
HOW DARE YOU, ABOMINATION!?
YOU DAMNED. STOP READING MY MIND OR WHATEVER YOU ARE DOING.
YOU KNOW WE CAN'T DO THAT. WE NEVER COULD. WE ARE NOT EXTRATERRESTRIALS.
ROOSTIE. IT'S ME. YOUR GRANDPA.
ALL NIGHTS YOU WOULD ASK ME TO READ YOUR FAVORITE STORY BEFORE SLEEP. THE ONE OF THE ASTRONAUT ROBOT..

OR WHEN WE PLAYED SCIENCE. SEARCHING BUGS AT THE BACKYARD.
... AND HOW YOU USED TO CLASSIFY CHOCOLATE CANDIES BY COLOR TO EAT THEM LATER IN ORDER.
STOP IT!!! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT. IF YOU'RE READING MY MIND OR HAVE BEEN SPYING ON US FOR DECADES.
WHY CAN'T YOU ACCEPT THE TRUTH? I'M YOUR GRANDPA 'CAUSE I RESURRECTED.
WE ALL CAME BACK.
WILLIAM? BROTHER?
JENNIE? IS THAT YOU? I MISS YOU. YOU CAME BACK!
UNCLE JACK? IS IT REALLY YOU?
MOM? IS IT YOU?

YOUR'E LYING! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. NO ONE REINCARNATED!
WE'RE THE LAST EVOLUTIONARY STEP IN THE TRASCENDENCE OF OUR SOUL.
IT'S STILL ME, ROOSTIE. ONLY IN A DIFFERENT BODY.
IT'S A LIE!
I'M NOT LYING. I WOULD NEVER LIE TO YOU. RESURRECTION IS POSSIBLE. I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT EITHER. I NEVER WENT TO CHURCH, YOU KNOW THAT, ROOSTIE.
BUT I WAS WRONG. YOU CAN REINCARNATE, BODY AND SOUL. BUT WITH ANOTHER BODY. THIS BODY.
WE RESURRECTED AS OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. DO YOU KNOW WHY THEY DEPICT HIM AS A FISH?
IN GREEK FISH SPELLS ICHTUS. AN ACRONYM OF Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ "JESUS CHRIST, SON OF GOD, SAVIOUR".
'CAUSE WE ARE LIKE HIM!! HYBRIDS IN HIS OWN IMAGE AND LIKENESS.
NOOOO
SOLDIERS, KILL'EM ALL!! IT'S AN ORDER!!
BANG

SOLDIER, I GAVE YOU AN ORDER. WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
I CAN'T DO IT, SIR. SHE'S MY MOTHER, SIR.
THESE THINGS ARE READING OUR MINDS. THEY'VE BEEN SPYING ON US. THEY ARE A THREAT. DO IT OR I WILL.
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
I'M SO SORRY, JENNIE. FORGIVE ME, MY LOVE. WE'RE GONNA BE TOGETHER AGAIN.
SOLDIER PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPON. IT'S AN ORDER! PUT IT DOWN, NOW!
BANG

IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE THEN. I HAD TO FACE A COURT-MARTIAL. I WAS REMOVED FROM MY RANK AND DUTIES. THAT WAS ONLY THE PRELUDE OF THIS ENDLESS AND GROWING NIGHTMARE.
HOW IT ALL BEGAN? THINGS GOT WORSE WHEN I HAD A HEART ATTACK. I WAS DEAD AND BROUGHT BACK. AFTHER THAT I SPOKE OF WHAT I SAW WHILE BEING DEAD.
93512

I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT PARADISE IS A GRIM AND WARM SWAMP WHERE SOMETHING UNMEASURABLY GROTESQUE AND CHRISTIAN AWAITS...
...EMBRACING THE WORLD WITH ITS TENTACLES... AND FROM ITS WINGS HYBRID ANGELS EMERGE. I SHOULD'VE KEPT QUIET. BUT FEAR OVERWHELMED ME.

SINCE THEN I'M WORSHIPED LIKE A LIVING MARTYR, AS SOMEONE WHO HAD A VISION OF THE AFTER LIFE AND THEY WANT TO KNOW MORE.
I'M AFRAID TO DIE BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT AWAITS...
...BECAUSE THERE WE WILLINGLY SURRENDER TO FEED THE GODS.
THE END

FROM UNDERGROUND

Nietzsche Pop

FROM UNDERGROUND

WARNING:
THOSE SHADOWS CAN BE WITH YOU.

THERE WERE INDEED THREE INDIVIDUALS IN THAT BASEMENT.
SOMETIMES, AT INCONSPICUOUS TIMES, FOOTSTEPS COULD BE HEARD COMING FROM THERE...
IT WAS EVEN POSSIBLE TO IDENTIFY THEIR AUTHORS.

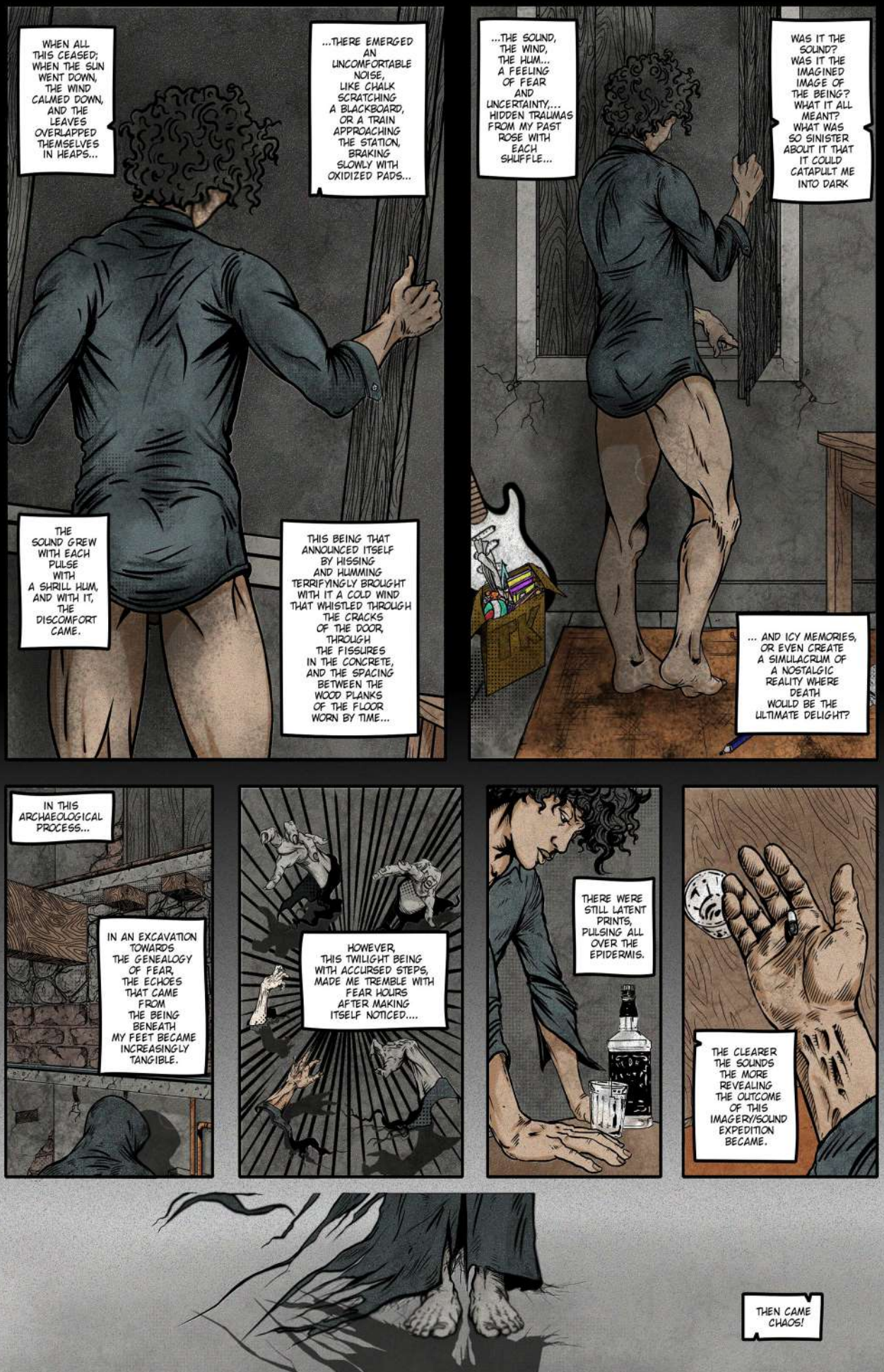
IN THE MORNING, MUFFLED STEADY STEPS WITHOUT ECHOES WERE PRODUCED...

...MISMATCHED STRIDES...

...MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO PREDICT THE NEXT STEP...

THEN, IN THE EARLY AFTERNOON...
WHILE THE SUN ON THE HORIZON STILL CAST NO NOTICEABLE SHADOWS...
ANOTHER STRIDE MERGED INTO THE STEADY STEPS WITHOUT ECHOES...
THUS, A MELODY WAS COMPOSED BETWEEN THE LOW, FIRM...
...AND UNEVEN TONES OF A CERTAIN STEP, AND THE SOFT, DELICATE AND SYMMETRICAL TONES OF ANOTHER.
HOWEVER, IT COULD ONLY BE HEARD FOR A FEW MINUTES...
...IT WAS DAZZLING TO PERCEIVE THAT THE SILENCE BETWEEN ONE UNEVEN RHYTHM AND THE OTHER WAS PERFECTLY AND HARMONIOUSLY FILLED BY THE SOFTNESS AND "SYMMETRIC DELICACY...
...OF SHE WHO VENTURED INTO THE SHADOWS, UNDER THE HIGH NOON SUN...

AFTER A LONG PERIOD OF SILENCE...
...ONE EVEN FORGOT WHAT WAS UNDER OUR FEET...
THE SHADOWS BEGAN TO DISTORT THE PERSPECTIVE OF OBJECTS...
...A COLD WIND, COMING FROM THE EAST, CARRIED WITH IT SOME YELLOWED LEAVES THAT ENDED ITS JOURNEY...
...BEDROOM WINDOWS HAVE BEEN CLOSED...
...AND NOW AND THEN...
...THE STOVE'S FLAME WAS PUT OUT BY A MOCKING GUST OF WIND....

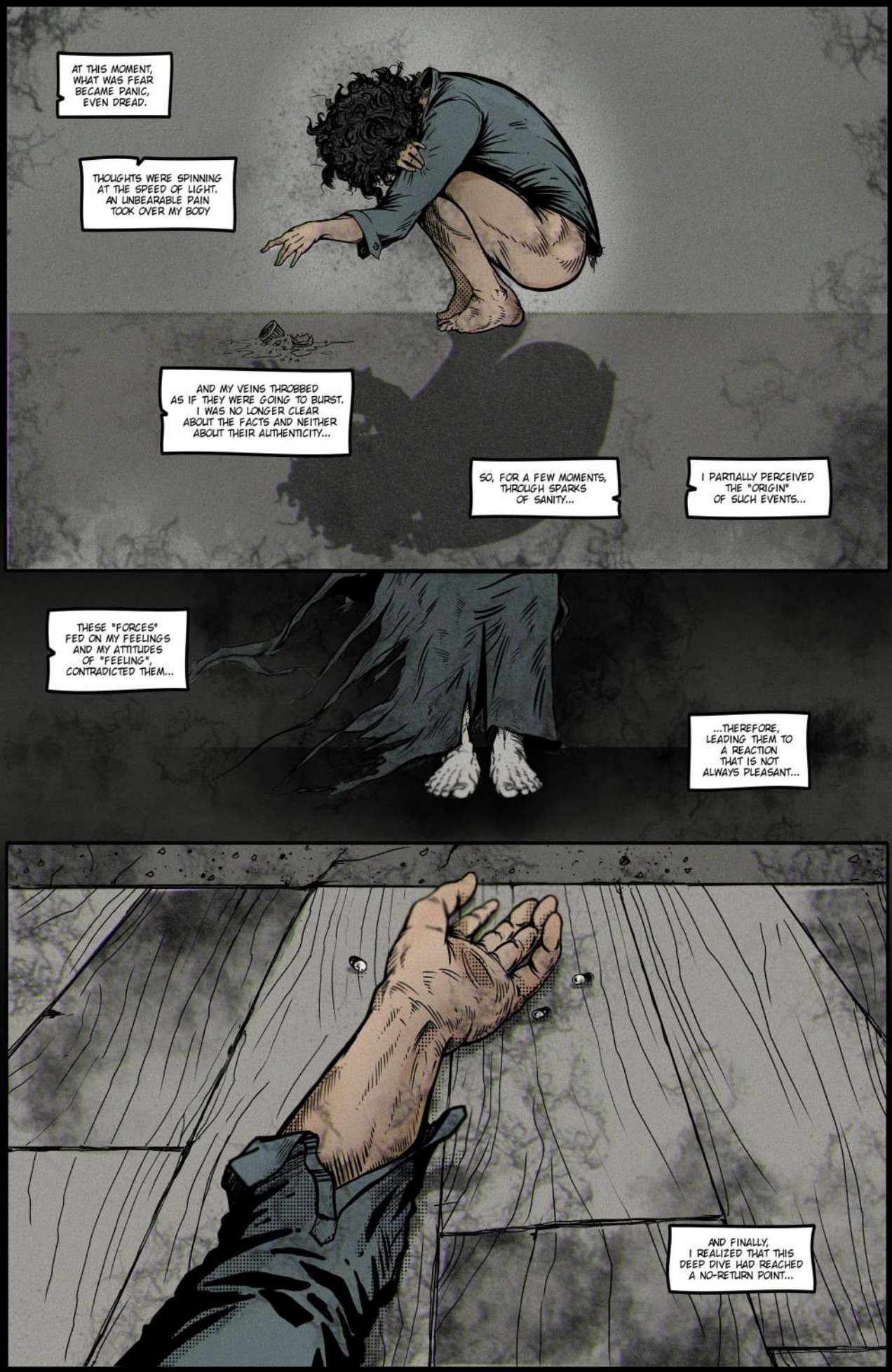

WHEN ALL THIS CEASED; WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN, THE WIND CALMED DOWN, AND THE LEAVES OVERLAPPED THEMSELVES IN HEAPS...
...THERE EMERGED AN UNCOMFORTABLE NOISE, LIKE CHALK SCRATCHING A BLACKBOARD, OR A TRAIN APPROACHING THE STATION, BRAKING SLOWLY WITH OXIDIZED PADS...
THE SOUND GREW WITH EACH PULSE WITH A SHRILL HUM, AND WITH IT, THE DISCOMFORT CAME.
THIS BEING THAT ANNOUNCED ITSELF BY HISSING AND HUMMING TERRIFYINGLY BROUGHT WITH IT A COLD WIND THAT WHISTLED THROUGH THE CRACKS OF THE DOOR, THROUGH THE FISSURES IN THE CONCRETE, AND THE SPACING BETWEEN THE WOOD PLANKS OF THE FLOOR WORN BY TIME...
...THE SOUND, THE WIND, THE HUM... A FEELING OF FEAR AND UNCERTAINTY,... HIDDEN TRAUMAS FROM MY PAST ROSE WITH EACH SHUFFLE...
WAS IT THE SOUND? WAS IT THE IMAGINED IMAGE OF THE BEING? WHAT IT ALL MEANT? WHAT WAS SO SINISTER ABOUT IT THAT IT COULD CATAPULT ME INTO DARK
... AND ICY MEMORIES, OR EVEN CREATE A SIMULACRUM OF A NOSTALGIC REALITY WHERE DEATH WOULD BE THE ULTIMATE DELIGHT?
IN THIS ARCHAEOLOGICAL PROCESS...
IN AN EXCAVATION TOWARDS THE GENEALOGY OF FEAR, THE ECHOES THAT CAME FROM THE BEING BENEATH MY FEET BECAME INCREASINGLY TANGIBLE.
HOWEVER, THIS TWILIGHT BEING WITH ACCURSED STEPS, MADE ME TREMBLE WITH FEAR HOURS AFTER MAKING ITSELF NOTICED....
THERE WERE STILL LATENT PRINTS, PULSING ALL OVER THE EPIDERMIS.
THE CLEARER THE SOUNDS THE MORE REVEALING THE OUTCOME OF THIS IMAGERY/SOUND EXPEDITION BECAME.
THEN CAME CHAOS!

THE BEING THAT WAS ANNOUNCED BY THE COLD WIND, ALWAYS IN SPECTACULAR APPEARANCES...
...WAS SILENCED AT DUSK IN A CONTINUOUS CYCLE THAT...
...UNTIL THEN, HAD NEVER CHANGED.
HOWEVER, IN THE EVENING OF THAT DAY...

HE ENDED HIS REGULAR CYCLE AND STARTED AGAIN...
ONLY THIS TIME, INSTEAD OF RETURNING AND GIVING WAY TO THE NIGHT THAT WAS EMERGING...

HE WALKED TOWARDS THE STAIRS THAT WOULD TAKE HIM TO THE BASEMENT DOOR...

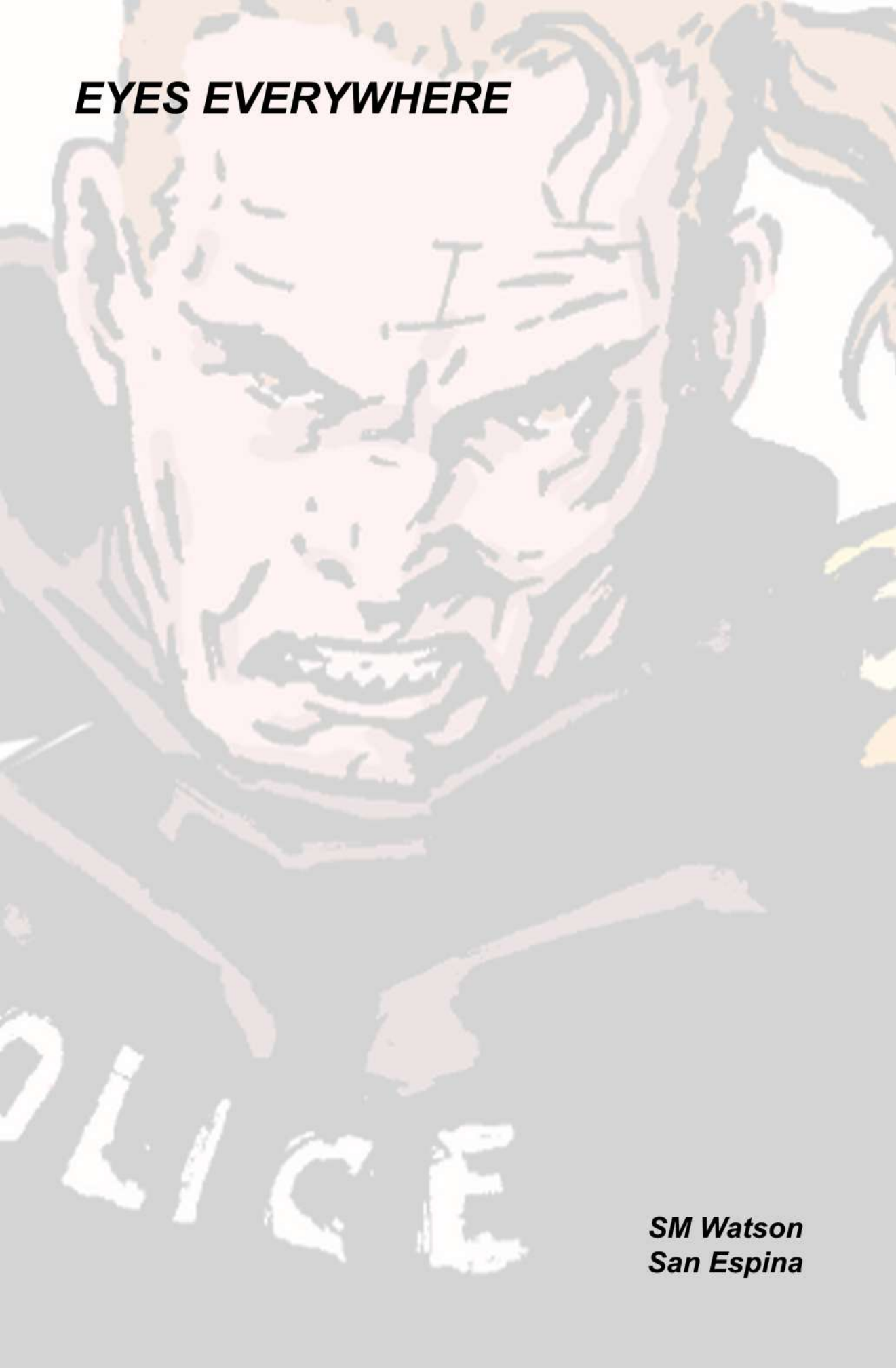
...AND THEN, HE STARTED PUNCHING HER!


AT THIS MOMENT, WHAT WAS FEAR BECAME PANIC, EVEN DREAD.
THOUGHTS WERE SPINNING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT. AN UNBEARABLE PAIN TOOK OVER MY BODY
AND MY VEINS THROBBED AS IF THEY WERE GOING TO BURST. I WAS NO LONGER CLEAR ABOUT THE FACTS AND NEITHER ABOUT THEIR AUTHENTICITY...
SO, FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THROUGH SPARKS OF SANITY...
I PARTIALLY PERCEIVED THE "ORIGIN" OF SUCH EVENTS...
THESE "FORCES" FED ON MY FEELINGS AND MY ATTITUDES OF "FEELING", CONTRADICTED THEM...
...THEREFORE, LEADING THEM TO A REACTION THAT IS NOT ALWAYS PLEASANT...
AND FINALLY, I REALIZED THAT THIS DEEP DIVE HAD REACHED A NO-RETURN POINT...

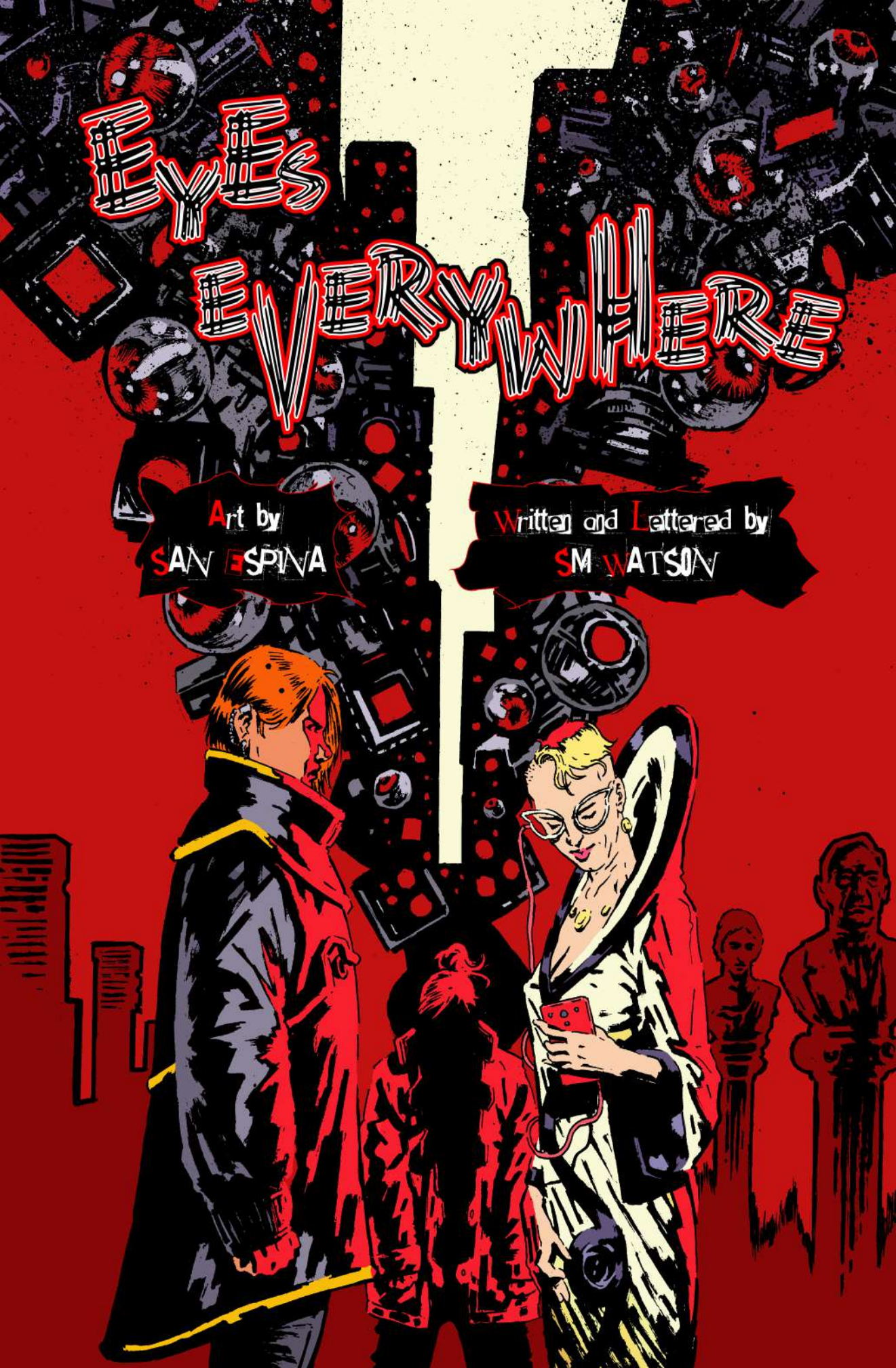
...EVERY CYCLE EXPANDS. SOMETIMES IN SUCH A WAY THAT ONE DAY IT BECOMES LINEAR. AND FINALLY, IT CEASES TO EXIST.

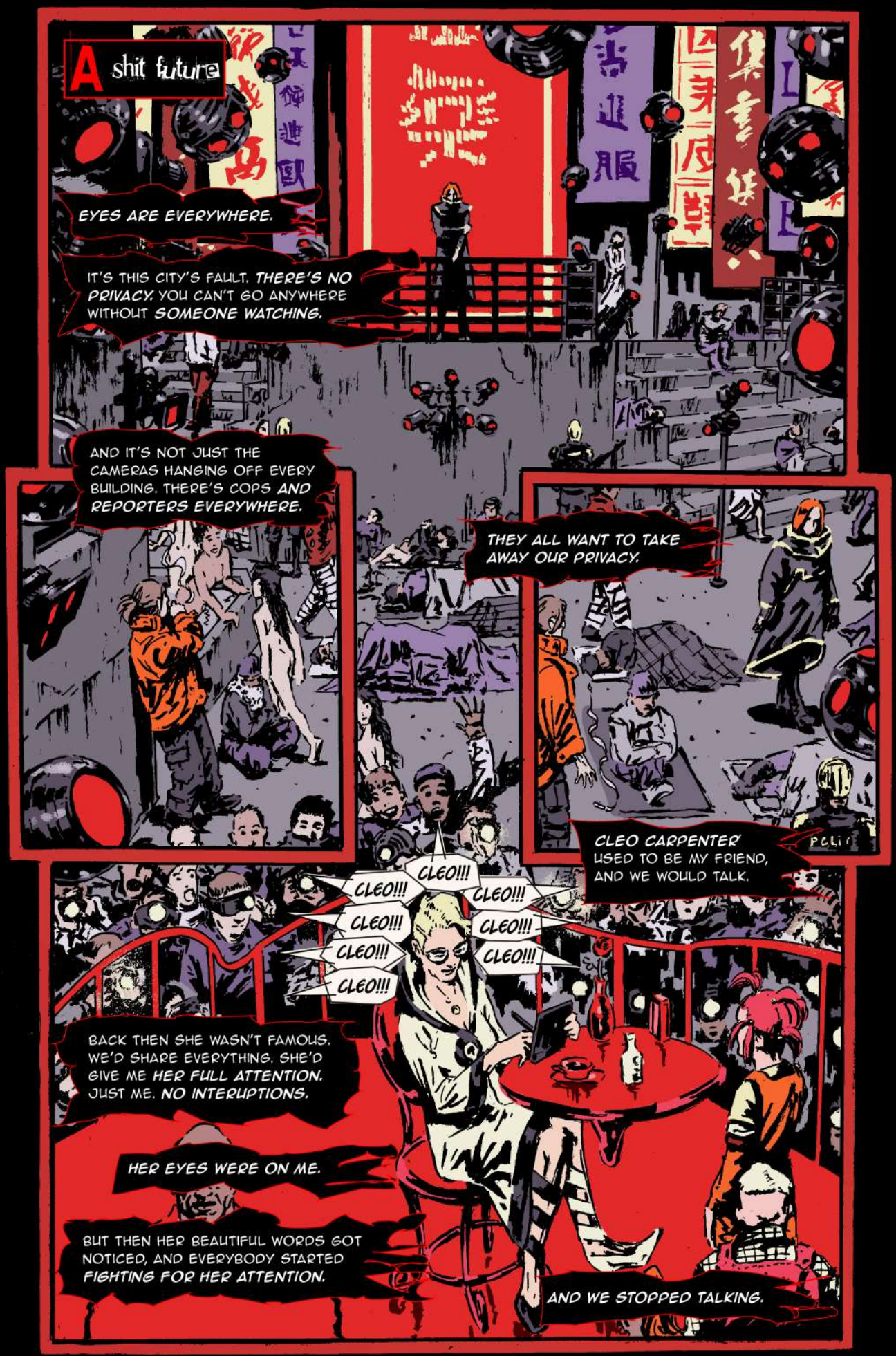
THE END

EYES EVERYWHERE



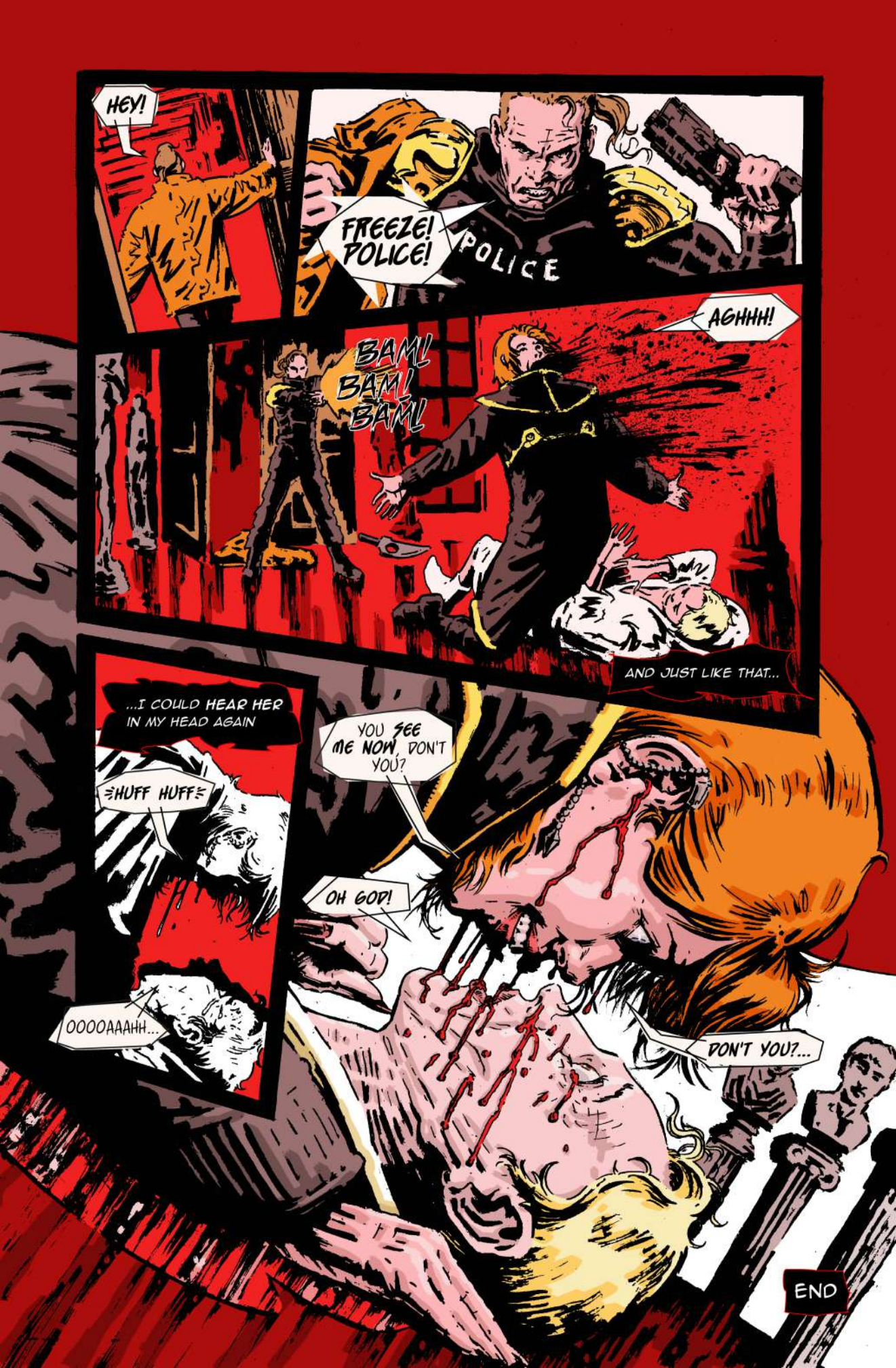
SM Watson
San Espina


EYES
EVERYWHERE
Art by
SAN ESPINA
Written and Lettered by
SM WATSON


A shit future
EYES ARE EVERYWHERE.
IT'S THIS CITY'S FAULT. THERE'S NO PRIVACY. YOU CAN'T GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT SOMEONE WATCHING.
AND IT'S NOT JUST THE CAMERAS HANGING OFF EVERY BUILDING. THERE'S COPS AND REPORTERS EVERYWHERE.
THEY ALL WANT TO TAKE AWAY OUR PRIVACY.
CLEO CARPENTER USED TO BE MY FRIEND, AND WE WOULD TALK.
CLEO!!!
CLEO!!!
CLEO!!!
CLEO!!!
CLEO!!!
CLEO!!!
CLEO!!!
CLEO!!!
BACK THEN SHE WASN'T FAMOUS. WE'D SHARE EVERYTHING. SHE'D GIVE ME HER FULL ATTENTION. JUST ME. NO INTERUPTIONS.
HER EYES WERE ON ME.
BUT THEN HER BEAUTIFUL WORDS GOT NOTICED, AND EVERYBODY STARTED FIGHTING FOR HER ATTENTION.
AND WE STOPPED TALKING.

TOK TOK
TOK TOK
TOK TOK
TOK TOK
CRUNK
I KNOW OF ONLY TWO PLACES WHERE THERE'S ANY PRIVACY LEFT.
ONE IS THE TOILET.
DAMN...
AND THE OTHER IS YOUR OWN HOME.
SMASH

FORTUNATELY FOR ME, I KNEW WHERE CLEO HAD MOVED TO.
KNOCK KNOCK
YES? CAN I HELP YOU?
WE NEED TO TALK.
I'M SORRY, HAVE WE MET?
HEY!
THUP
PRIVACY.
WE NEED PRIVACY.
GUUGH!
THUP
PLEASE! I DON'T KNOW YOU OR WHAT THIS IS--
--YOU DO! WE'D PASS IN THE CORRIDOR AND I'D FEEL YOUR EYES ON ME.
I'D HEAR YOUR WORDS IN MY HEAD.
THEN YOU MOVED. NOW YOUR EYES ARE ALWAYS ON OTHER PEOPLE.
SO I'M GOING TO TAKE THEM! THEN I'LL ALWAYS HAVE YOUR ATTENTION.
SHWINGGGGG


HEY!
FREEZE! POLICE!
POLICE
AGHHH!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
AND JUST LIKE THAT...
...I COULD HEAR HER IN MY HEAD AGAIN
=HUFF HUFF=
OOOOAAAHH...
YOU SEE ME NOW, DON'T YOU?
OH GOD!
DON'T YOU?...
END

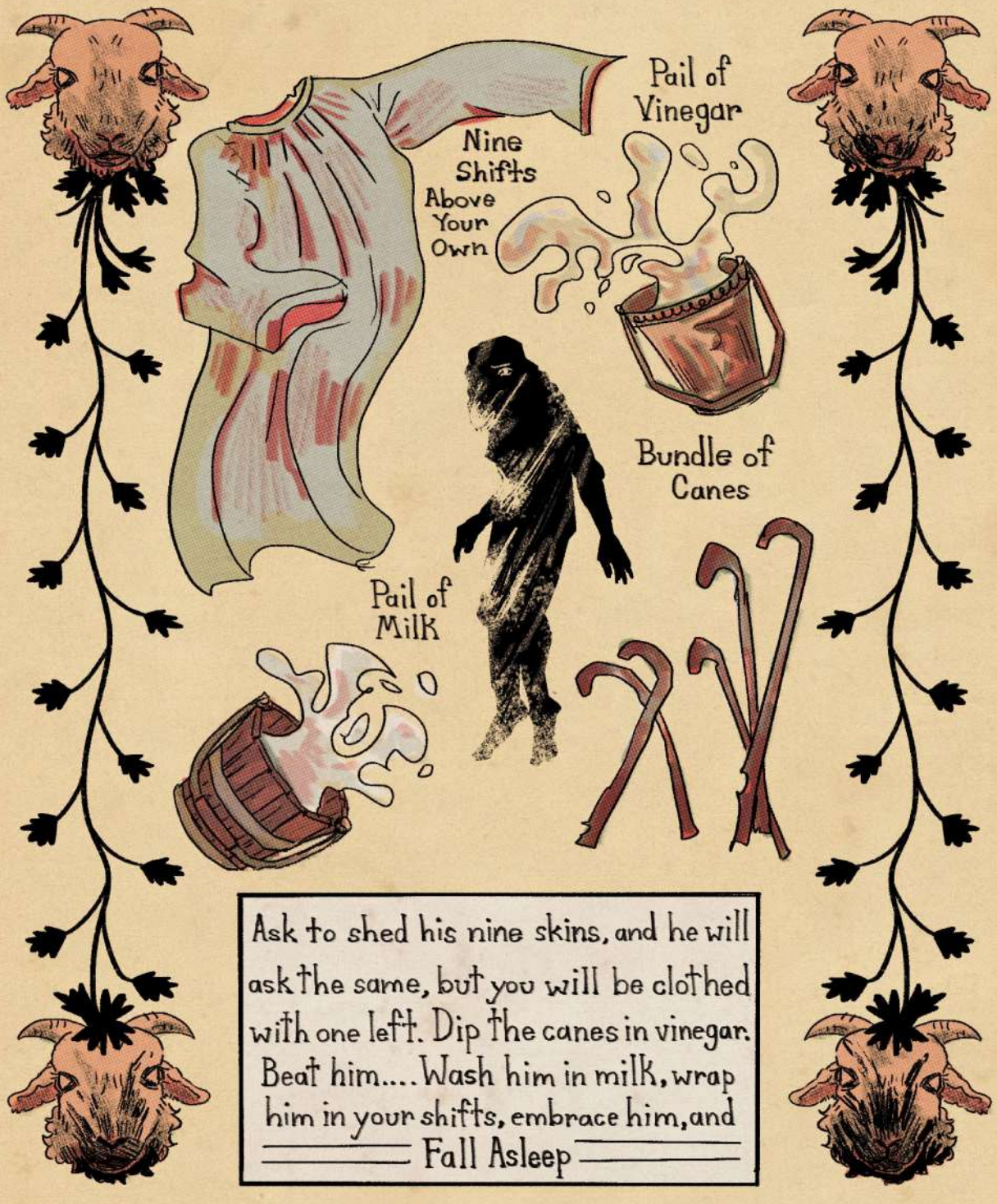
KING LINDWORM

Ash Jon

A Queen Gave Birth to a Lindworm
How Could This Happen?

What is Your Bidding King Lindworm

There might be something to be done about this.
Do exactly as I tell you, and he will become a Handsome Prince



Ask to shed his nine skins, and he will ask the same, but you will be clothed with one left. Dip the canes in vinegar. Beat him.... Wash him in milk, wrap him in your shifts, embrace him, and

Fall Asleep

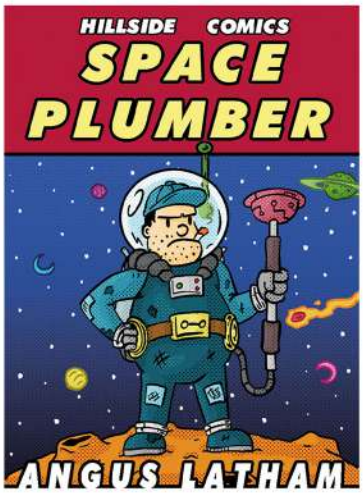
That Fateful NIGHT
MAIDEN, shed a shift.
KING LINDWORM, shed a skin!
Maiden, shed your shift, shed your skin and please–
Come closer. Please come closer to me?

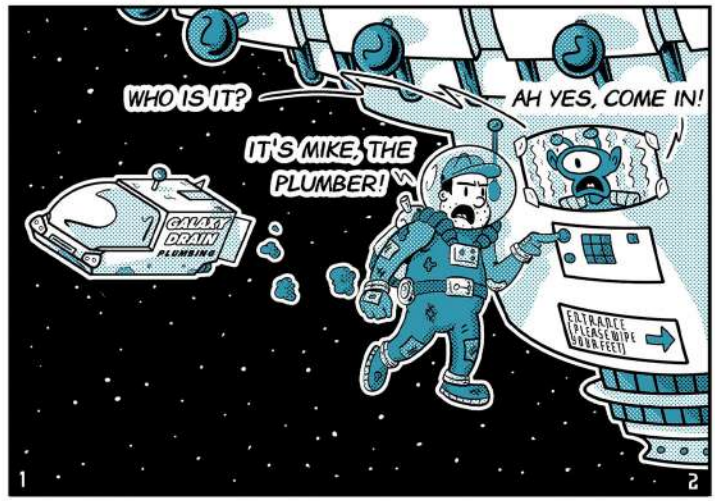
She Did Not Stay For King Lindworm
Sneaking Away
Far Away
King Lindworm Lies on The Floor a Bloody Heap

Fin.

HILLSIDE COMICS

Angus Latham





HILLSIDECOMICS

OFFICE DOG #3 COMING SOON

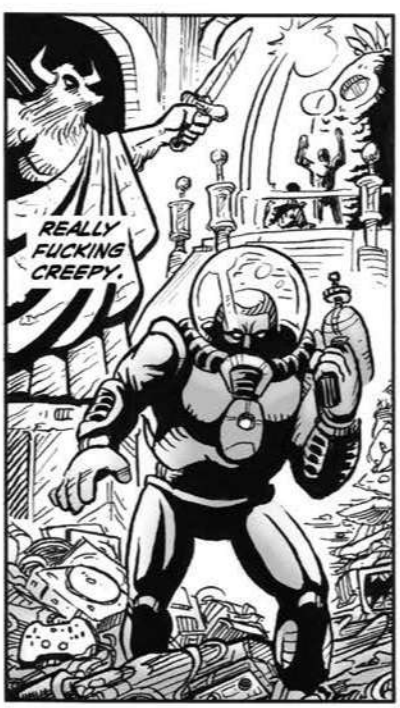
FROM HILLSIDE COMICS!

Ultra-Thin

Kyle Killeen

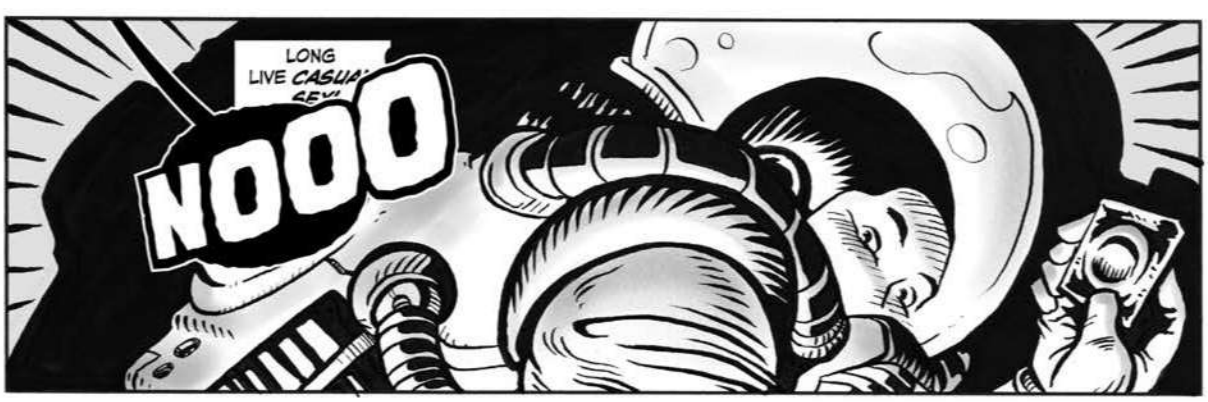
"...IN THE EXILE'S TOMB, OUR SALVATION YOU WILL FIND ..."
SOME DUMB ASS YOHDA SHIT. I'M JUST OUT HERE FOR THE MONEY...AND THE BABES BACK HOME.
THAT IS IF I MAKE IT BACK HOME.
THE DRONE'S SCAN HAS CONFIRMED NO OTHER LIFEFORMS IN THE VICINITY.
HONESTLY, I'M A BIT ANNOYED, WAS HOPING FOR A GOOD STORY.
I'LL HAVE TO SPICE IT UP A BIT FOR MY SOON TO BE GROUPIES...

...NOTHING WRONG WITH A LITTLE ROMANTIC HYPERBOLE.
FEELS LIKE THE PLACE TO KEEP AN ANCIENT MYSTICAL TECHNOLOGY.
FUCKING CREEPY THOUGH.


REALLY FUCKING CREEPY.

COULD IT BE?
FINALLY, I'VE FOUND IT! THE ANSWER TO ALL OUR PRAYERS.

THIS DEVICE WILL ALLOW US TO CONTROL POPULATON GROWTH AND DISEASE. WE CAN FINALLY STOP SCREWING IN VIRTUAL REALITY!!!
ULTRA-THIN


LONG LIVE CASUA-
NOOO

BIRTH CONTROL IS A SIN!

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

Shawn Turek

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY SHAWN TUREK

SOMEWHERE INSIDE A TOP-SECRET ORBITAL FACILITY...
OSLO, OSLO! ARE YOU THERE?!
DO YOU HAVE IT?
YEAH, I GOT IT!
I JUST NEED TO GET OUTTA HERE. A COUPLE OF GOONS ARE CHASING ME!
JUST WAIT TILL WE CATCH YOU, YA LITTLE MAGGOT!
OH CRAP! THEY'RE GAINING ON ME!
NO WAY YOU'RE GETTIN' OUTTA HERE WITH THAT!
GAAAAAAAA!

OK, IF I'M RIGHT...

HE'S HEADING TOWARDS CORRIDOR SEVEN!

...THIS SHOULD BE WHERE THE...
ESCAPE PODS
...YES!

0
ESCAPE PODS REMAINING

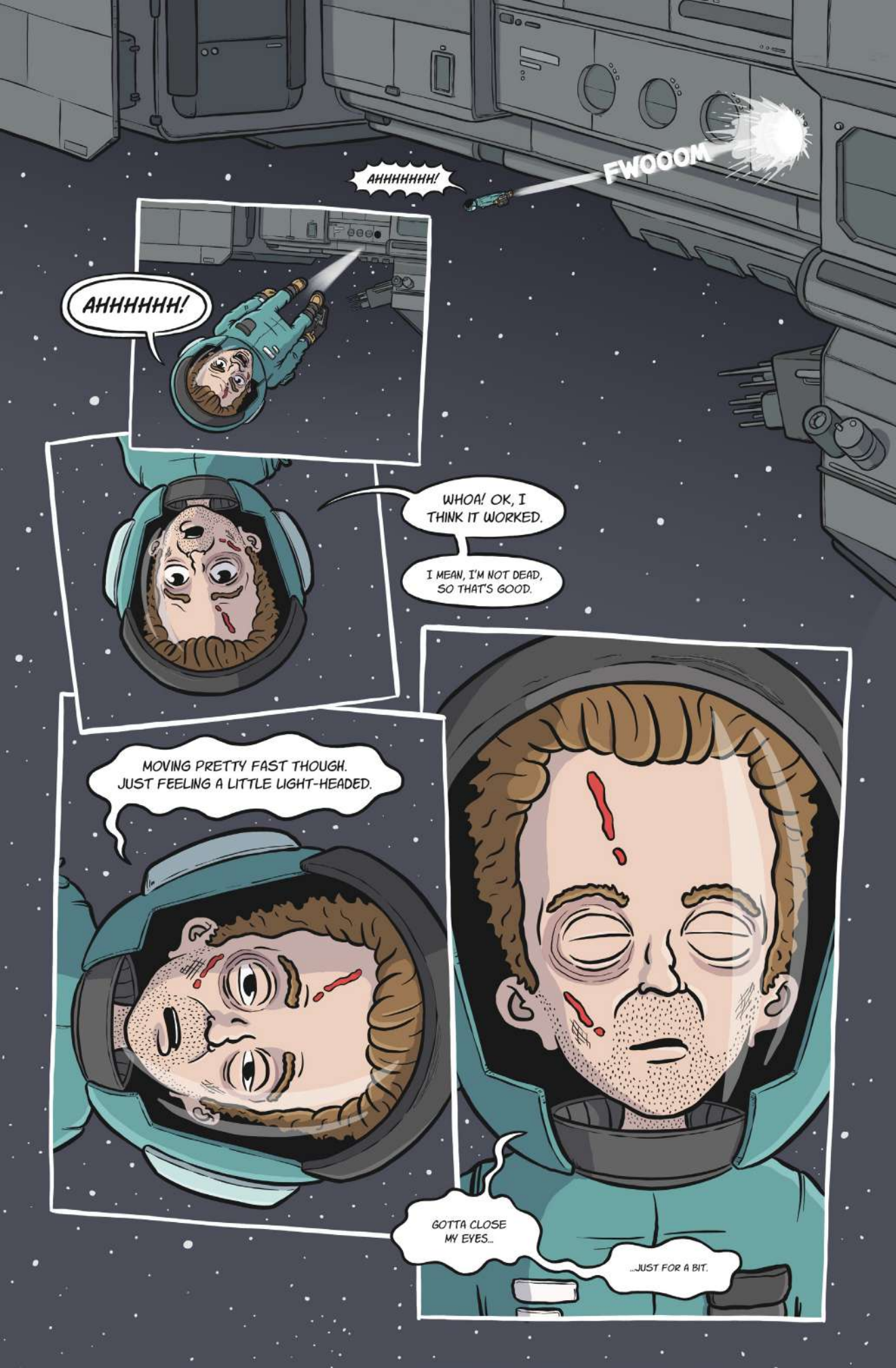
YOU SAID THERE'D BE ESCAPE PODS!
WE WORK WITH WHAT WE'VE GOT, OSLO.

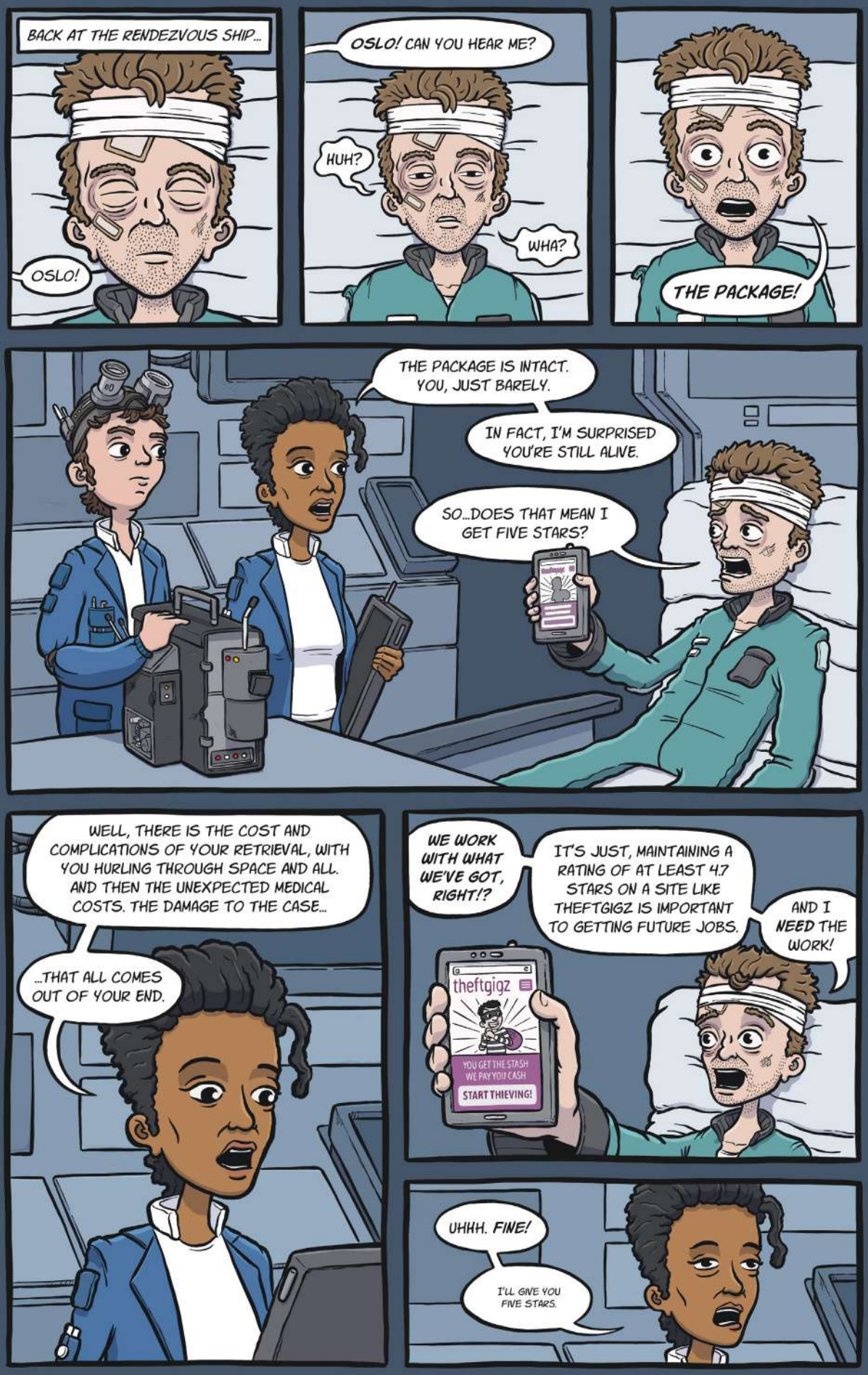
I MEAN, THAT HAS TO BE A SAFETY VIOLATION OF SOME KIND, RIGHT? BECAUSE IF...

WHAM
UHHH. WHAT THE... WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
OSLO! OSLO!
NOW GIMME... THAT...CASE!
AHHHH! DON'T YOU GUYS, LIKE, USE GUNS?!
NO PROJECTILE WEAPONS IN PERIMETER ZONES.
RISK OF PIERCING THE BULKHEAD.
DON'T WORRY. WE'LL STILL MAKE THIS PLENTY PAINFUL FOR YOU!

WHACK
BIFF
BASH
TOLD YOU, YOU WEREN'T GETTIN' OUTTA HERE WITH THIS CASE!
WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM NOW?
GARBAGE COMPACTOR?
NO WAY! TOO MESSY!
WE COULD THROW HIM OUT THE AIRLOCK. IT'S NOT FANCY, BUT IT GETS THE JOB DONE.
CLICK
DEET DOOT
DEET DOOT
DEET DOOT

FLASH
AHHHH!
MY EYES!
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!
WHERE'D HE GO?!
Pshhh
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF
OK, NO ESCAPE PODS. SO NOW WHAT?!
HUFF
I WONDER IF--
Pshhh
ESCAPE POD 1
GET THIS DOOR OPEN!
HE LOCKED IT!
WHAT IS HE DOING?!
LEMME TRY THE OVERRIDE CODES!
HERE GOES NOTHING.
GOT IT!
Pshhh
PLEASE DON'T LET ME DIE.


FWOOOM
AHHHHHHH!
AHHHHHH!
WHOA! OK, I THINK IT WORKED.
I MEAN, I'M NOT DEAD, SO THAT'S GOOD.
MOVING PRETTY FAST THOUGH. JUST FEELING A LITTLE LIGHT-HEADED.
GOTTA CLOSE MY EYES...
...JUST FOR A BIT.


BACK AT THE RENDEZVOUS SHIP...
OSLO!
OSLO! CAN YOU HEAR ME?
HUH?
WHA?
THE PACKAGE!
THE PACKAGE IS INTACT. YOU, JUST BARELY.
IN FACT, I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.
SO...DOES THAT MEAN I GET FIVE STARS?
WELL, THERE IS THE COST AND COMPLICATIONS OF YOUR RETRIEVAL, WITH YOU HURLING THROUGH SPACE AND ALL. AND THEN THE UNEXPECTED MEDICAL COSTS. THE DAMAGE TO THE CASE...
...THAT ALL COMES OUT OF YOUR END.
WE WORK WITH WHAT WE'VE GOT, RIGHT!?
IT'S JUST, MAINTAINING A RATING OF AT LEAST 4.7 STARS ON A SITE LIKE THEFTGIGZ IS IMPORTANT TO GETTING FUTURE JOBS.
AND I NEED THE WORK!
theftgigz
YOU GET THE STASH WE PAY YOU CASH
START THIEVING!
UHKH. FINE!
I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE STARS.

YES!
FIVE STARS!

HOW LONG BEFORE HE REALIZES THAT HE DIDN'T ACTUALLY MAKE ANY MONEY ON THIS JOB?

LACEWING

Ben Pyle
Dan Schmidt
Jasen Smith

FLIP
Animalia
FLIP
Arthropoda
FLIP
Insecta
FLIP
Neuroptera
FLIP
Hermerobiifor
FLIP
Chrysopoidea
COOK YOU SOME BREAKFAST, CHRISTINE?
CHRISTINE?
LACEWING
Written by Ben Pyle
Illustrations by Dan Schmidt
Colors by Jasen Smith
Nocturnal in nature and highly predator
Chrysopidae (commonly referred
to as the "Green Lacewing")
are known for their
wing venation comprised
of a wide
costal field
Highly sensiti
to vibratio
lacewi
single adult lacewing
male can produce
00 eggs which are
on the undersides
es where prey
adily available,
for pest control,
rvae feed
on smaller
ing the
eir prey

SNAP!
CHRISTINE!
CAN'T YOU STOP STUDYING EVEN IN THE WOODS?

ZZZZZIP
YAWN!
SORRY, SAM. WAS WAITING FOR YOU TO WAKE.
OTHERS NOT MAKE IT BACK IN LAST NIGHT?

FOUR GONE. JUST THIS THIRD WHEEL ON A BICYCLE-BUILT-FOR-TWO LEFT.
ME, YOU, AND --
STEVE, YES. HE HATES BUGS.

BUT ADORES YOU.

SAMANTHA'S RIGHT, OF COURSE. STEVE DOES SEEM TO CARE FOR ME.
OTHERS PROBABLY GOT DRUNK. SLEPT ON SOME ROCKS.
BEER'S STILL HERE. AND THE LIQUOR.
SHOULD WE PACK THEIR SHIT?
SUPPOSED TO RETURN OUR SAMPLES TO THE LAB BY NOON.
MORNIN', SWEETHEART.

DID THE BEDBUGS GET YOU, STEVIE-WEEVIE?
SO WHY CAN'T I LET HIM IN?
IF NOT MY HEART, AT LEAST MY TENT?
DON'T EVEN.
DAVE AND THEM NOT BACK?

SOME PROJECT, HUH?
STUDYING CHEMICAL IMPACT ON THE LOSS OF JUNK BUGS ONLY TO LOSE HALF OUR CREW.
"JUNK BUGS?"
LACEWING LARVAE.

ALWAYS PREFERRED 'APHID WOLVES.' MORE PERFECTLY CAPTURES THEIR PREDATORY NATURE.
HIGHLY AGGRESSIVE TOWARD OTHER INSECTS. CARRY THEIR KILLS ON THEIR BACKS.
DISGUSTING.
AND YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THESE BUGS, WHY?

GOOD FOR GARDENS. PEST CONTROL. SAVE FARMERS MILLIONS IN LOST CROPS.
WANT TO STAY HERE AND MAKE LUNCH? SAM AND I ARE LEAVING TO LOOK FOR THE OTHERS.
SAM THINKS I HAVE TOO MUCH BAGGAGE.
THAT I CAN'T POSSIBLY IMAGINE ALLOWING ANYONE ELSE TO HELP ME SHOULDER THE LOAD.

BE CAREFUL.
REALLY, I'M JUST NOT CERTAIN I'D FEEL COMFORTABLE WITHOUT IT.
ALWAYS.

EIGHT HOURS LATER
SWEAR, I'M GOING TO KILL THEM!
DAVE ALWAYS DOES THIS SHIT.
AND WHY DO I ALWAYS DO THIS SHIT?
PROFESSOR FURGERSON WILL MURDER US FOR NOT RETURNING THE SAMPLES AND EQUIPMENT ON TIME.
WE NEED TO GET BACK TO CAMP.
WHY AM I ALWAYS RUNNING AWAY FROM THOSE WHO CARE FOR ME?
STEVE IS PROBABLY WORRIED.
OR HAS ALREADY SET OUT LOOKING FOR US. HE'S AS HELPLESS OUT HERE AS THESE OTHER IDIOTS.
BUT HE'S SO SUPPORTIVE.
AND GOOD IN THE SACK.
AND WAY BETTER THAN I DESERVE.
SNORT!
YOU MEAN "SLEEPING BAG."
SNAP!
DAVE, IS THAT YOU?
DAVE?
I SWEAR I'M GONNA PUNCH HIM RIGHT IN HIS DAMN --

THERE YOU ARE!
WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING ALL DAY FOR YOU IDIOTS!
KEVIN?
OH, GOD.

SAM.
SAMANTHA, YOU NEED TO BACK AWAY.
SLOWLY.
HUHHHHH -- !
SAM!!!
NO!!!
MOVE, CHRISTINE.
MOVE.

RUN.

RUN.

RUN!

CHRISTINE!!!
OH, STEVE, YOU WONDERFUL MAN. RUN AWAY YOU BEAUTIFUL --
THEY'RE...DEAD...
THEY'RE ALL DEAD.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHERE'S SAM?
IN HIS EYES, I SEE EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR.
EVERYTHING I'VE NEVER ALLOWED MYSELF TO HAVE.
SOMEONE TO HELP CARRY THE LOAD.
WHERE'S -- ?
-- ACK!
SHUNK
TO SETTLE DOWN WITH.
NO!
NOOOOo!!!
TO CREATE --

-- A *FAMILY.*

NO.

IT'S FINALLY *TOO MUCH.*
I THOUGHT I COULD TAKE *WHATEVER* LIFE THREW AT ME.

NOTHING WAS TOO BIG TO HANDLE.

PERHAPS *SHE* BETTER UNDERSTANDS THE *BURDEN* I CARRY.

THE WEIGHT OF *POTENTIAL.*
END

THE MEN POSSESSED AND THE SPOOKY MANOR

Jade Lowder

ARE WE THERE YET?
CHAD, I TOLD YOU, WE GET THERE WHEN WE GET THERE! JUST LOOK OUT THE WINDOW OR SOMETHIN'!

OH GREAT! I CAN LOOK AT JACK AND SQUAT!

WENDIGO!

YOU GOT 'IM THERE WENDIGO, LEAST YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK AT YERSELF!
HAR HAR.

HEY! CUT IT OUT HYDE!
BANG

COOL IT YOU TWO! I THINK WE JUST BLEW OUT A TIRE.

THERE GOES GETTING TO THE GIG ON TIME.
HYDE, GO GRAB THE SPARE.
NO CAN DO BOSS MAN.
AND WHY'S THAT?
WELL, CUZ I HAD TO PITCH IT TO MAKE ROOM FOR MY AMP.
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
THE MEN POSSESSED AND THE SPOOKY MANOR
BY JADE LOWDER
WHY DON'T WE ASK FOR HELP UP AT THAT SPOOKY LOOKING MANOR?
SERIOUSLY, NO ONE ELSE HEARD THAT?

GUESS WE'D BETTER KNOCK.
KNOCK KNOCK
JEKYLL IS A PUSSY
OPE! TOO BAD, NOBODY'S HOME!
NOT SO FAST MATE.
CREEEEEK
YES?
EVENIN' JEEVESY OL' BOY! OUR VAN BROKE DOWN AND WE WERE HOPING YOU'D LEND US A HAND?
BUT OF COURSE. MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME. I SHALL RETRIEVE THE CORDLESS PHONE TO CALL FOR A TOW TRUCK.
WENDIGO.
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN. I'D'VE GUSSED TELEGRAPH TOO!
THE FUCK?
HAHAHAHA

LATER, BUT NOT LIKE THAT MUCH LATER...
UGH! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR AGES!
IT'S YOUR FAULT WE'RE WAITING HERE TO BEGIN WITH!
WELL... YOU MAY HAVE A POINT THERE.
WHAT IS GOING ON? YOU DON'T THINK HE FORGOT US DO YOU?
HAHAHAHAHA

ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT! LET'S SPLIT UP N' TAKE A LOOK AROUND. WEND'GO, YOU AND I WILL CHECK THE MAIN FLOOR. CHAP + HYDE, YOU TWO HEAD UPSTAIRS AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND!

OH GREAT! STICK ME WITH THE FRAIDY CAT.
HAHA
THERE IT IS AGAIN! YOU'RE TELLIN' ME NO ONE ELSE IS HEARING THAT?

FORGET IT!

THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS.
I DUNNO, IT'S NOT SO BAD.
WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR ANYWAYS?
CLUES.
CLUES? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YAH KNOW, CLUES. CLUES TO HELP SOLVE THE MYSTERY.
MYSTERY? WHAT FUCKING MYSTERY?
JUST HANG ON! WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK IS GOING ON?
AAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAHHHH

THANK GOD YOU FOUND US MAN! AT THIS POINT I DON'T THINK ANYONE IS LOOKING FOR US!
REAH!

...AND THAT'S HOW VERONICA AND I GOT SEPERATED FROM OUR FRIENDS AND HAVE BEEN WANDERING IN THE DARK.
BUT MANDY, YOU FORGOT THE WORST PART.

OH RIGHT! THE TOTALLY FREAKY MONSTER!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN MONSTER?

YOU KNOW. BIG, SLIMY. TONS OF EYES.

THE KIND THAT LOVES TO SNEAK UP BEHIND YOU. THEN RIGHT AS YOU TURN AROUND...

AAAAAH

SLIP
SMACK
ACME MASK CO.

IT WAS THE CREEPY BUTLER ALL ALONG!
AND I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT TOO!
WE WEREN'T INTRODUCED TO LITERALLY ANYONE ELSE SO WHO ELSE COULD IT HAVE BEEN? AND "GOTTEN AWAY" WITH WHAT? JUST LIKE SCARING PEOPLE WHO RANDOMLY SHOW UP TO YOUR HOUSE? ALSO THAT'S A REALLY COMPLEX COSTUME FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS. AND HOW DOES THE DISEMBODIED LAUGHTER FIT INTO THIS, AND...
YOU DID IT! YOU SOLVED THE MYSTERY!
WELL...
JUST TAKE THE WIN MATE.
YOU HAVEN'T RUN INTO OUR FRIENDS HAVE YOU?
SCREW IT!
OOOOOOOOHHH

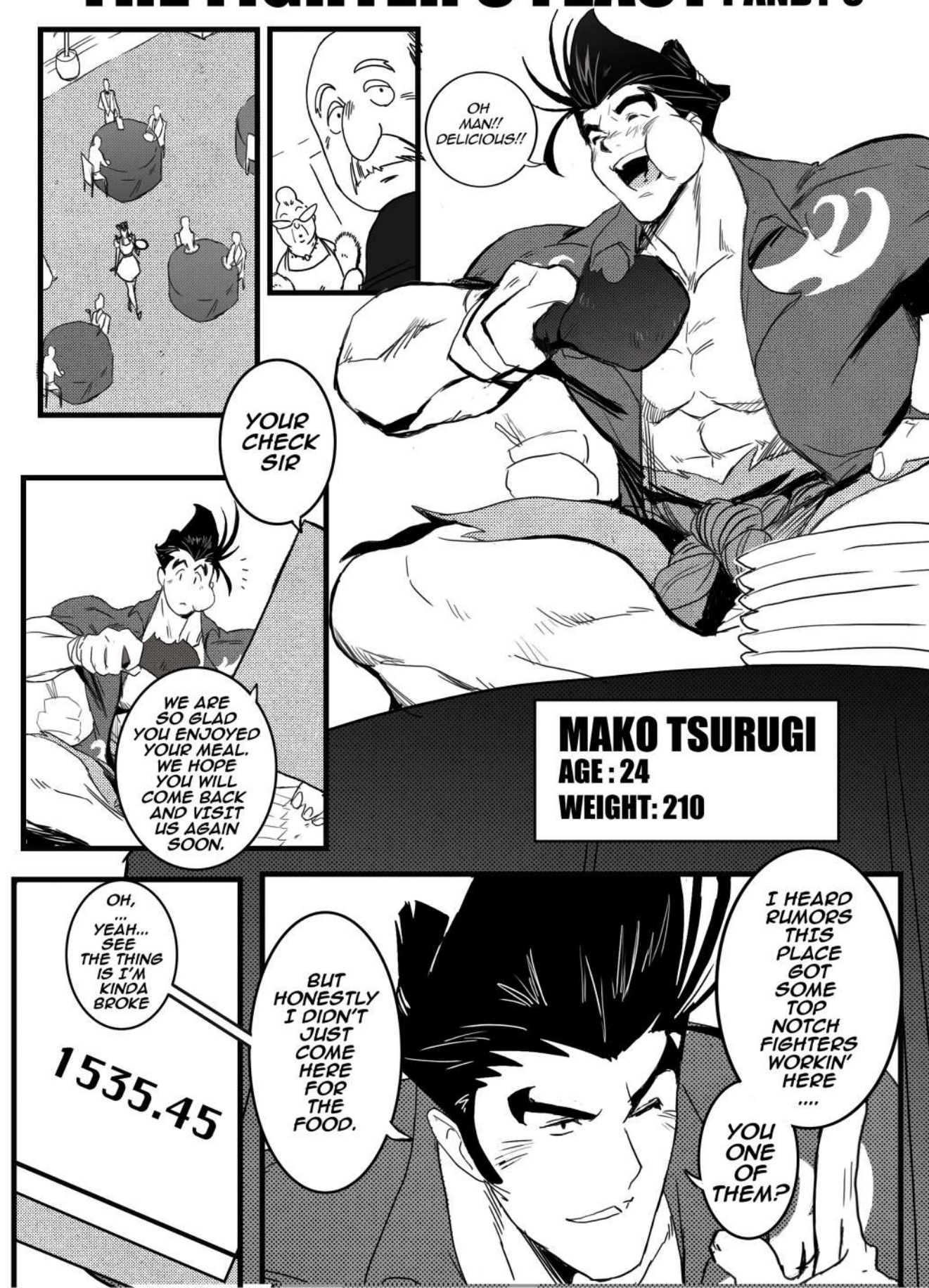
CHAD!
HYDE! WAKE UP!
WHAT THE FUCK?!
WAS IT ALL A DREAM? MANDY AND VERONICA, THE MONSTER, THE MANSION... EVERYTHING?
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, BUT YOU TWO DID HIT YOUR HEADS PRETTY HARD WHEN WE BLEW OUT THAT TIRE.
WENDIGO!
YOU'RE RIGHT WENDIGO! IT'S TIME TO GET THIS SHOW BACK ON THE ROAD!
HAHAHAHAHAHA
END.

THE FIGHTER'S FEAST

Pandy O

THE FIGHTER'S FEAST

ART AND STORY BY:
PANDY O



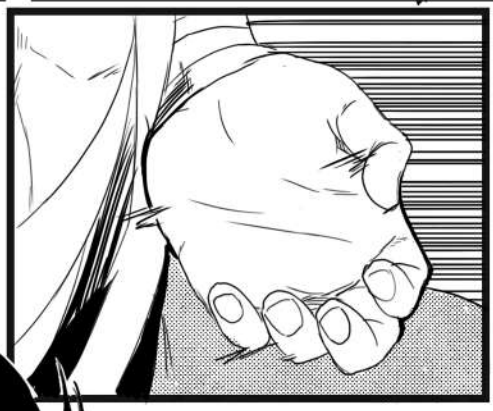
MY... I DID NOT KNOW OUR MARTIAL REPUTATION PRECEDED US.
HMM?
PLEASE PAY YOUR BILL SIR.
USUALLY WE WOULD NOT TOLERATE FREE LOADERS, BUT FOR A MAN OF YOUR... BUILD
I WILL MAKE AN EXCEPTION.
DEFEAT MY AMELIA AND YOUR MEAL IS FREE.
LOSE AND YOU WORK FOR ME.
SNAP!
AHH IN THAT CASE CAN YOU THROW IN SOME DESSERT?!
SHHWWW

HA! YOU SURE DON'T WASTE TIME?!
AWW DON'T RUN AWAY!
THE FUN IS JUST GETTIN' STARTED!
SHBOOM
TARGET LOCKED. ...
BZZZ
ZAZ
CRIMSON GLANCE.

WHOOSH!!

BRINGING OUT THE MAIN COURSE ALREADY?

FWOC



SURE ... I GOT ROOM FOR SECONDS!
MOON★LAIR

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Do you like comics about witchcraft, vampires, aliens, monsters, vigilantes, and sex robots?

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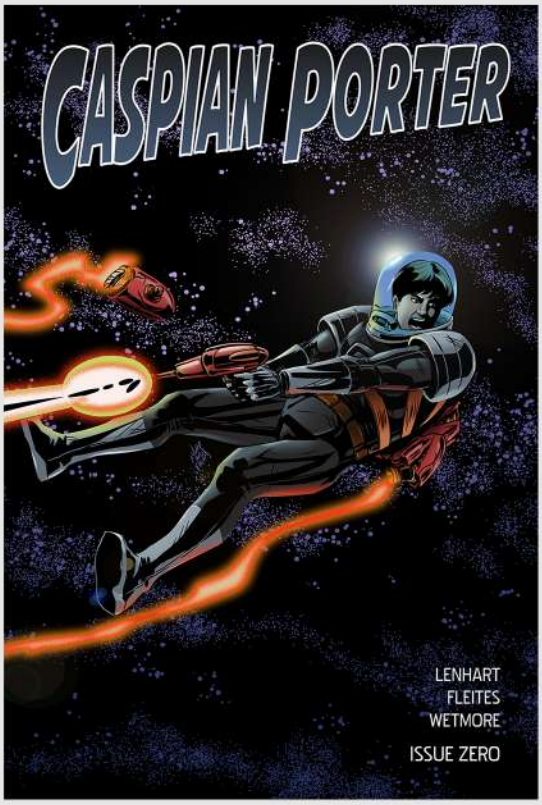

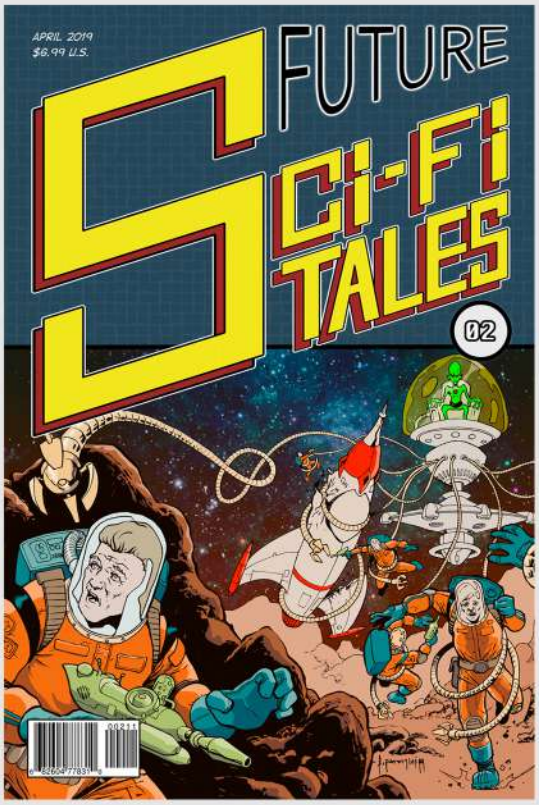

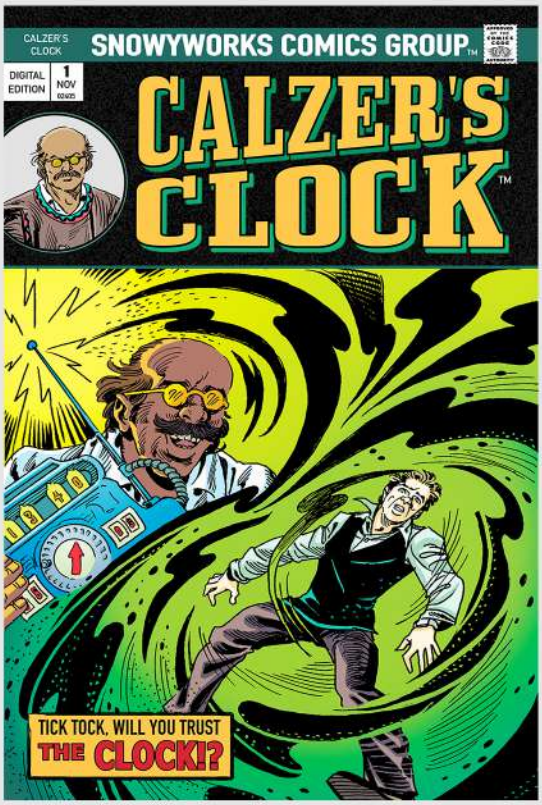

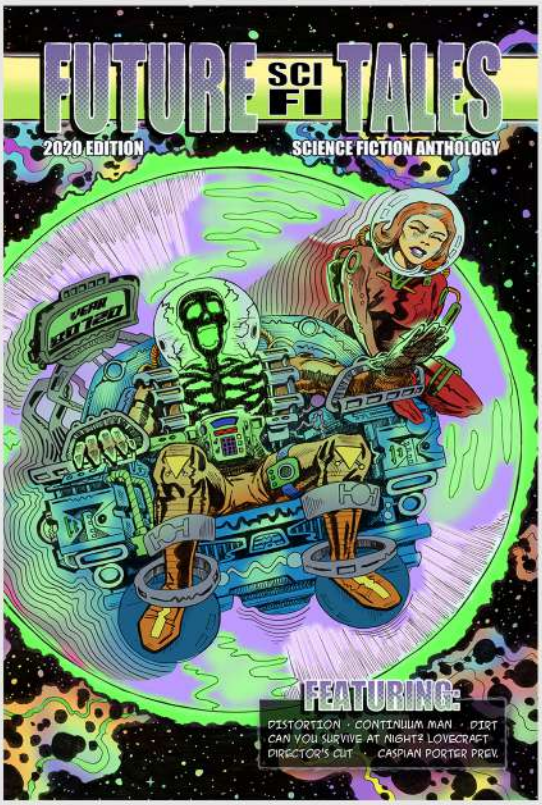

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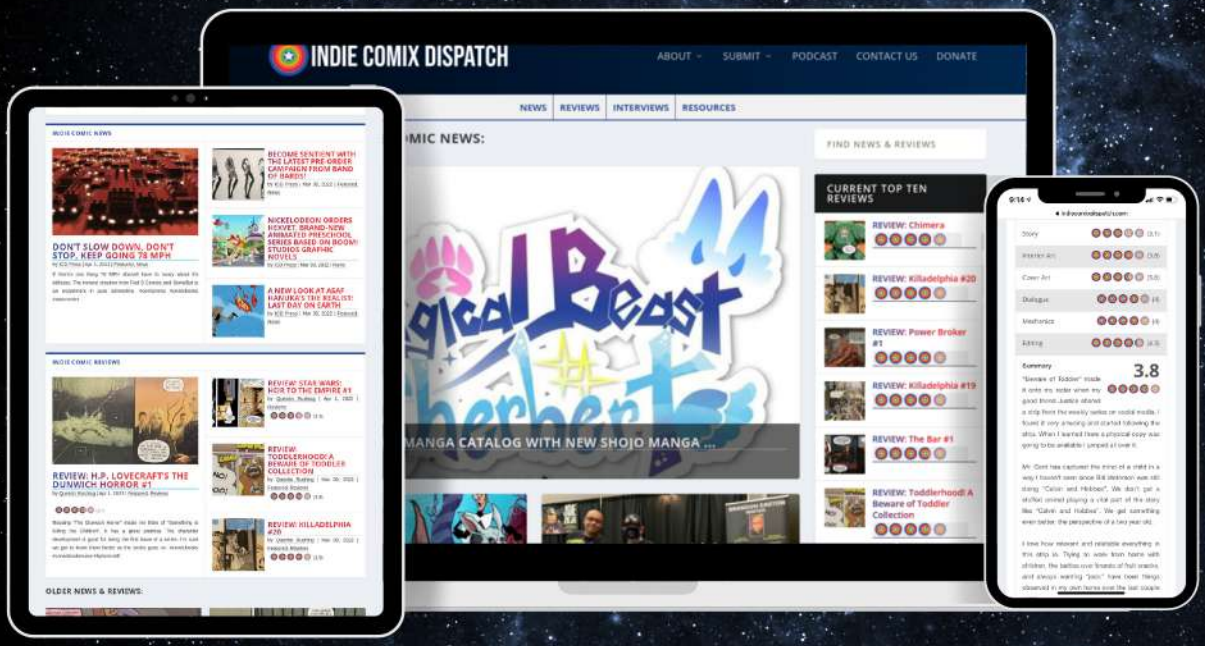


SMALL PRESS, INDEPENDENT, AND CREATOR-OWNED COMIC NEWS, REVIEWS, INTERVIEWS, AND MORE!

SPONSORED BY:

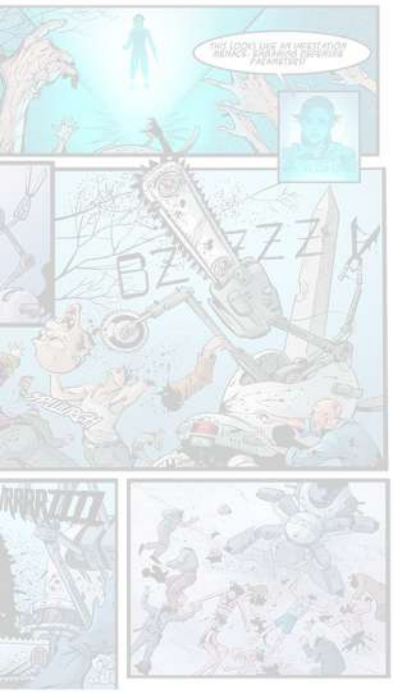
WHAT?
WE'RE ALREADY HERE.

What means so little to some, is everything to another...

HUMANITY STILL HAS ONE LAST SHOT.

Every day I wish I try... to make Sydney a better place.
Sydney is a twenty-four seven city. Pitt Street in the morning. George Street at night. Circular Quay at the weekend...
Sydney loves the tourist dollar. But education is key...not everyone gets a chance to learn Sydney's ways. Australia's ways...
Until two seven on the scene. We've got visuals on the suspect.

THERE'S SOME...
I SEE.
SO SENSEX SEXY!
THERE'S SOME SEXY SEXY!


THIS LOOKS LIKE AN INFESTATION HAZARD. SOMEWHERE DANGEROUS PARASITES!
BZZZZZZZZ

WHY I DON'T TAKE UP ARCHERY.
WHAT WOULD COMPANIES...
THERE ARE NO AIR CONS PLANS.
YOU OFTEN ASK MORE OF MORE BUT KNOW MORE. SAME THING WHO DO PLAYER WAS WHAT TO SEE.
I GUESS I JUST WANT A LOVE SYMPATHY. WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT, SOMEONE WANTS TO SPEND TIME WITH MY CHARACTER, IT'S WRONG?
IT WAS STRAIGHT FROM A DAHLI PAINTING, SO OTHERWORLDY. LIKE AN ALIEN SAND CASTLE.
WHY THE FUCKEN MEANWHILE LITTLE SIERRA ROAMING WITH TOGETHER HOW WANT TO TALK WHOM CAT THERE?
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG. I NEED TO TELL YOU.
I THINK-

A MOMENT THAT WAS IT. THAT THE MOMENT THAT HAPPENED.
MINUTES LATER, MILES AWAY...
WHERE I WANT TO TALK.
WHAT IS A KIND OF...

The magistrate's ready for you now, Sgt. Mr. Rayne.
Give it to me straight, one human to another.
Lieutenant! You failed the police academy fitness test in 2012. So we've got impersonating a police officer, two counts of assault, kidnapping, racial obfuscation.

WE CAN'T HELP!
YOU AIN'T WELCOME HERE!

THE PRETTY THOUSAND CHEERY LEGGY MAIDS POINTED BY THE MAYOR OF TONGO TO THE GREEN FLAGS OF OKIS. IT WAS A FRIENDSHIP DATE BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES.
THEY'RE SO PRETTY.

BROUGHT TO YOU BY: