

sketches



from

the void

Dedicated to Cody of Punchbowl and Wisconsin—
Wyoming

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ALSO BY WORKERS COMP

Pen Tool

Lubriderm Bucket

Office Blueprints

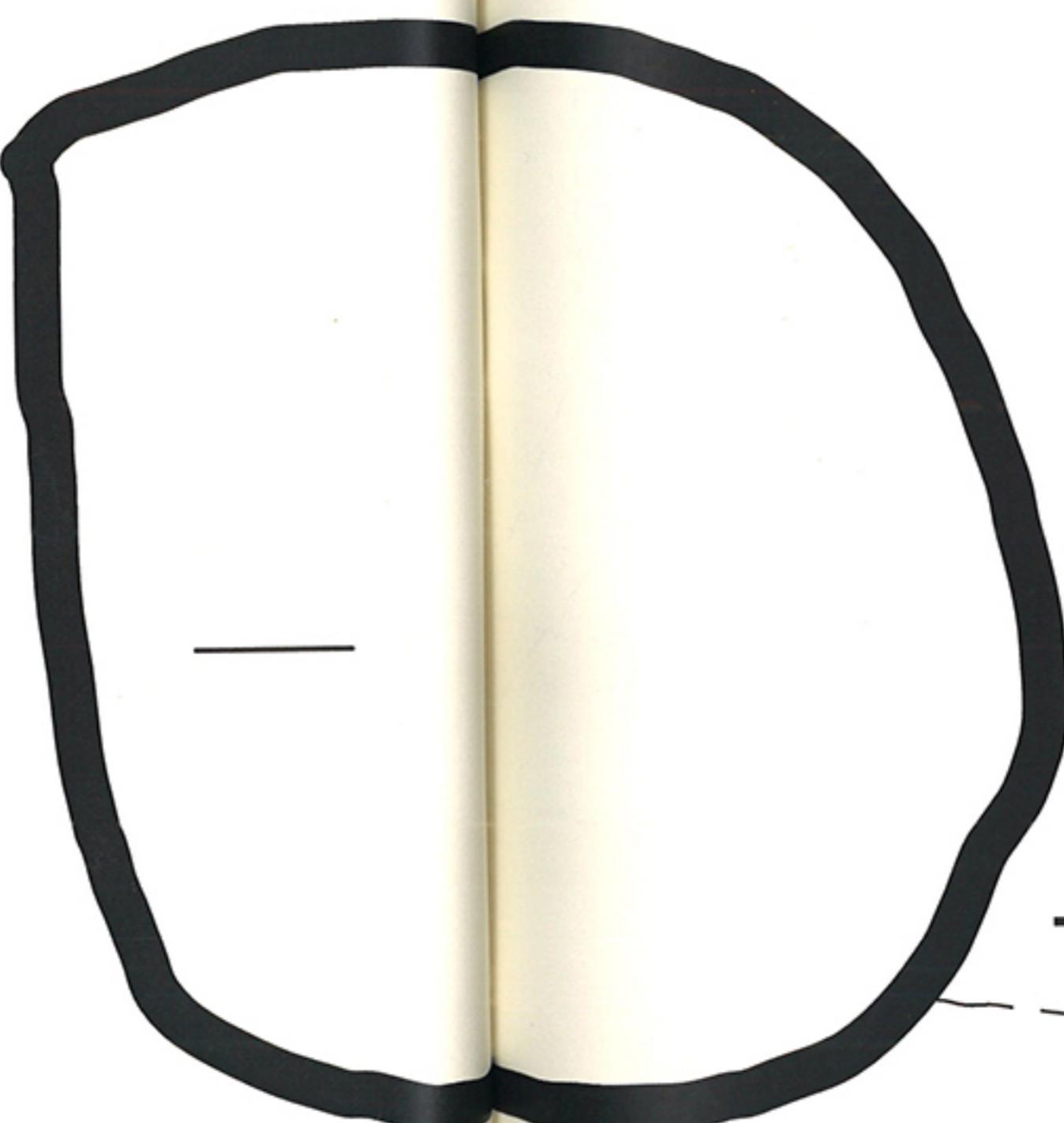
*A Large Receipt for a Metal Bucket, Two Ice Trays,
Lubriderm, and a Passing Grade*

and more soon.

We dedicate this to him because
we hope it will make him laugh

... one time.

Part 1



urgoth/saxon

old male

demeanour: overtly

aesthetic appearance: utterly absurd

physical proportions: imposingly big

motivation: fame

quirk: missing body part

reaction roll: ♀

occupation: private guard

Urgoth in Wyoming - He knows a friend of a friend of Cody's.

KRISTIAN CARTHUS VOLD

"SEEKER OF THE LIVING DOOR"

THE FOOL TRIUMPHANT

Eloquent speaker.

Talks too loud.

Can't go in rooms alone.

Rides a horse, occasionally.

1/3 of a Triumvirate.

Wets the bed, occasionally.

Eats raw onions.

Wins arm wrestles and other duels.

Loves to cry, hates to laugh.

Can't get it up, occasionally.

CHAPTER 2 1 WEEK PRIOR

He questioned whether he had made the right wish.

"Dammit. Would they know exactly what I meant?"

Everything he had asked for lay before him, yet he felt unease. He whipped out his rusty comb and clutched it tenderly.

It dawned on him that he didn't use spell check before submitting his wish. He knew he dressed practically, though he felt his first pet sparrow (which he carried proudly on his shoulder), Becky, enjoyed his simplistic garb. Becky pecked at his clearly ironed shirt as if to draw attention to the fact that it was intently cared for.

He walked across the yard. With every step he took, the weight of his sword dug into

his back. He fiddled with it wearily. Every time he did, his third eye itched above his singular nose.

As he got closer to the edge of the yard, he noticed an elderly man struggling in the distance. Had the oracle heard his plea?

Approximately 5 feet in front of him was a small bag with various trinkets that looked to be old stage props of a Victorian-era play. He pulled out a mask, a crown, a rickety scepter, and a chalice full of warm milk.

"What the hell is all this supposed to be?" the man pondered aloud.

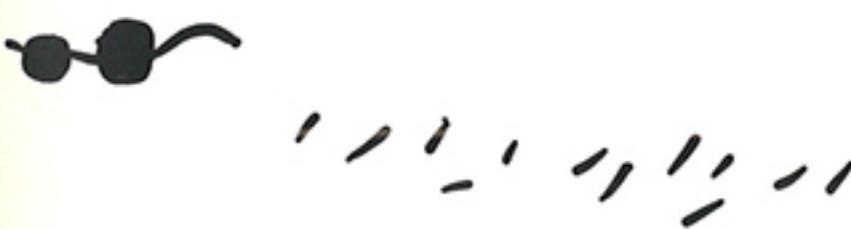
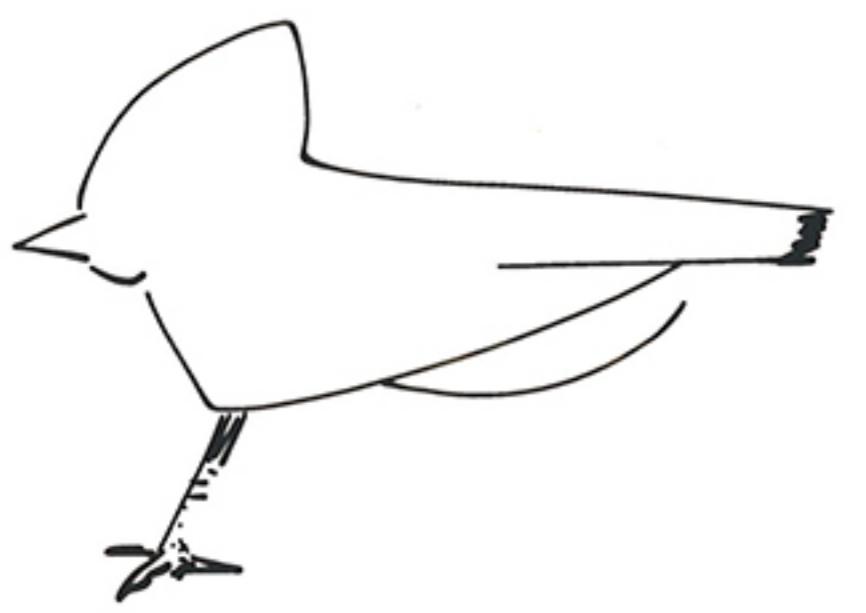
Just last week, Becky had warned him to be weary of his questionable spelling.

The man adjusted the sword, gouging into his back to find that the irritation was actually a piece of paper taped to his back.

"Another paper?!" Becky cried.

The man finally got a grip on the scrap to find that it was the receipt from the Oracle from whence he made his wish.

"Here we go again," the voice called out from the abyss.





Acknowledgments

Blake Snyder's Save the Cat: The Last Book on Screenwriting You'll Ever Need

While we are not screenwriters by education, Snyder lays out the formula for the layman (of which we are). The ten character archetypes were seedlings that helped inform the improvisational decisions outlined in the responsive writing technique.

Watabou's Medieval Fantasy City Generator

Continuing with the theme of aleatory, Watabou's Medieval City Generator spawned a sense of direction for us during times of disorientation.

These did not influence the creation process, as the stories and settings were defined well before generating the maps however, we found it on the internet and decided to explore it. Our conclusion: they're pretty sick. Thanks, Watabou, you magical Internetian.

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Book design by Jarin Moriguchi.

2022
Chicago, IL

