

**ANTHOLOGY**



NO. 02  
MAY 2021



DIGITAL EDITION

# TALES FROM THE DISPATCH



**INCREDIBLE ANTHOLOGY STORIES!**

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

# TALES FROM THE DISPATCH

VOLUME TWO

**JUST WAIT**

**SHAUN EVANS**  
STORY AND ART

**COLOR OF HATE**

**MAXWELL BRISTOL**  
STORY

**ERIC YOUNG**

PENCILS/INKS/COLORS/LETTERS

**PLASTICITY**

**EDWARD FICKLIN**  
STORY AND ART

**SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT**

**CATHERINE BROXTON**  
STORY

**DAN YELL**

ARTIST

**THE SHADOW**

**SCARLET**  
STORY  
**HARPER**  
ARTIST  
**ALBY**  
COLORS

**COVER ILLUSTRATION**

**MATT SOTELLO**



TALES FROM THE DISPATCH VOL 02. DIGITAL RELEASE MAY 2021.

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[WWW.INDIECOMIXDISPATCH.COM](http://WWW.INDIECOMIXDISPATCH.COM)  
LOGO: BRETT HILLESHEIM

JAMES WAS READY TO  
PLAY BALL.

# JUST WAIT.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED  
BY SHAUN EVANS

BUT, ONCE AGAIN, HE  
HAD TO WAIT.

HE FELT LIKE IT HAD BEEN  
DAYS ON END OF "JUST WAIT".

IT HAD BEEN DAYS OF  
PACKING UP THEIR LIVES.

THUNK

DAYS MORE OF TRAVEL.

Boo!

THEN DAYS OF UNPACKING AND  
SETTLING INTO THEIR NEW HOME.

THE OLD VICTORIAN HAD BEEN LEFT TO NEGLECT AND VAGRANTS FOR 18 YEARS.

THE FAMILY RELOCATED TO ESCAPE THE ESCALATING PREJUDICE IN THEIR LIFE. JAMES' PARENTS INTENDED TO MARRY AND FEARED PROSECUTION.

DON'T GET DOWN, BOY. THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TIME FOR BALL, SOON ENOUGH.

MHMM.

IT'S BEST YA HERE. NEEDED TO GET OUT THAT TOWN. THE CHITTER-CHATTER THERE... THE LORD KNOWS MY BOY CAN SERVE THIS COUNTRY BUT CAN'T CHOOSE WHO HE LOVES. WE'LL GET YOU ALL SETTLED IN. YOU'LL MAKE FRIENDS IN NO TIME!

I KNOW, GRANDPA.

GRANDPA HAD COME OVER TO HELP DAD WITH WHAT HE REFERRED TO AS "QUICK FIXES".

THIS MEANT DAYS MORE OF WAITING.

JAMES KNEW THERE WOULD BE  
NOTHING QUICK ABOUT THESE FIXES.



HE WOULD HAVE TO KEEP  
HIMSELF BUSY.



THE HOUSE WAS GONNA KEEP  
EVERYONE ELSE BUSY.

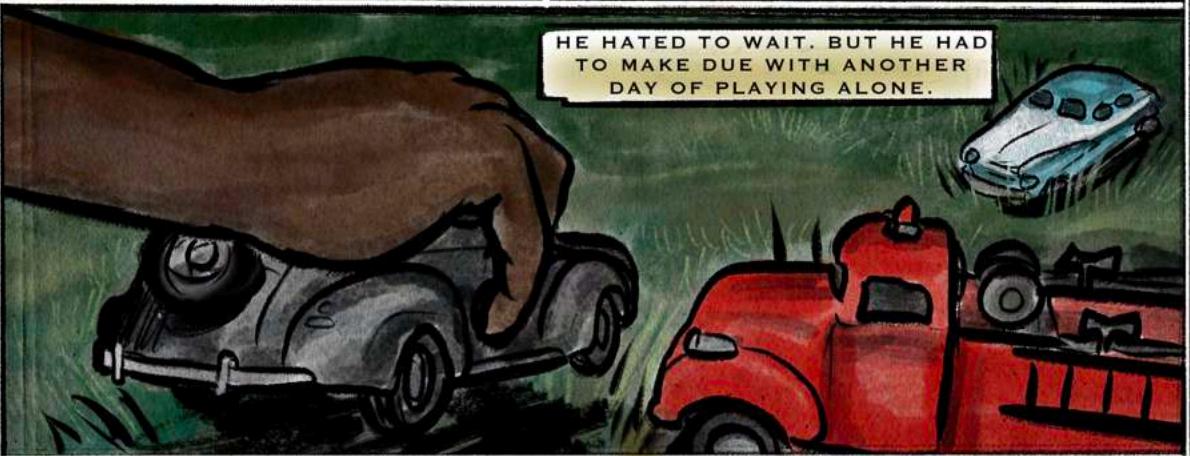
ONE PROJECT ONLY LEADING  
TO ANOTHER.

SENDING HIS DAD OFF TO THE  
HARDWARE STORE, OVER AND  
OVER.



THIS TIME MOTHER  
TAGGED ALONG TO GO  
TO THE PHARMACY.

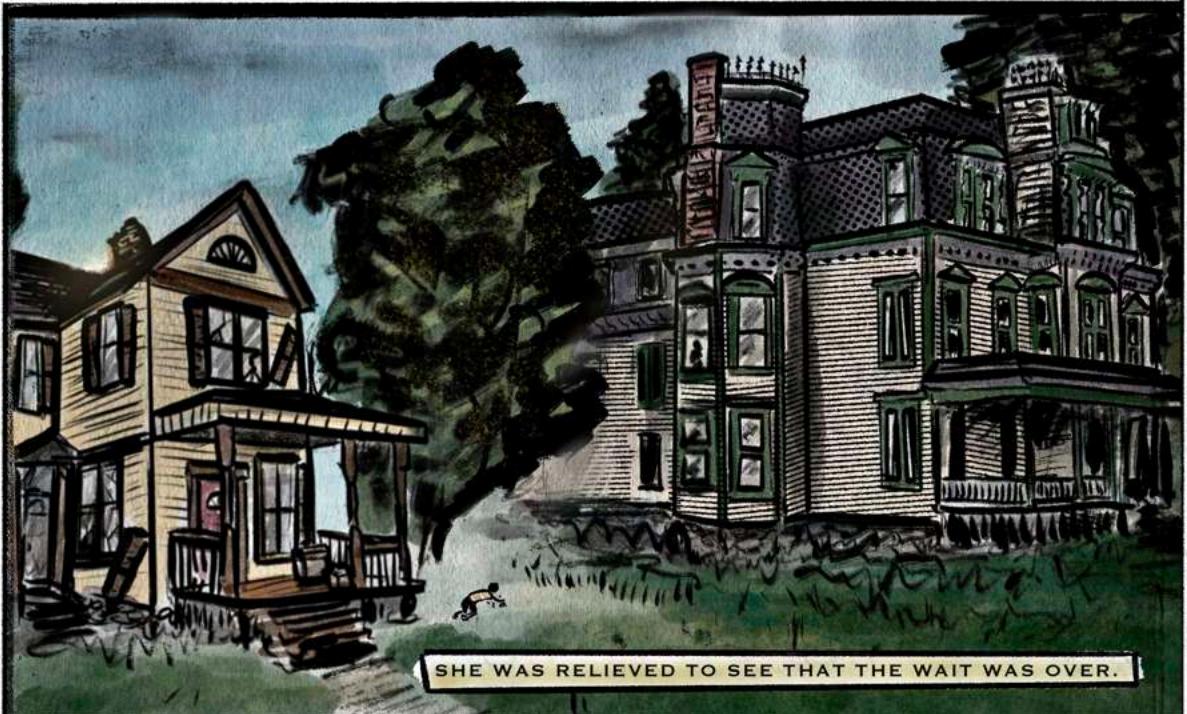
HE HATED TO WAIT. BUT HE HAD  
TO MAKE DUE WITH ANOTHER  
DAY OF PLAYING ALONE.



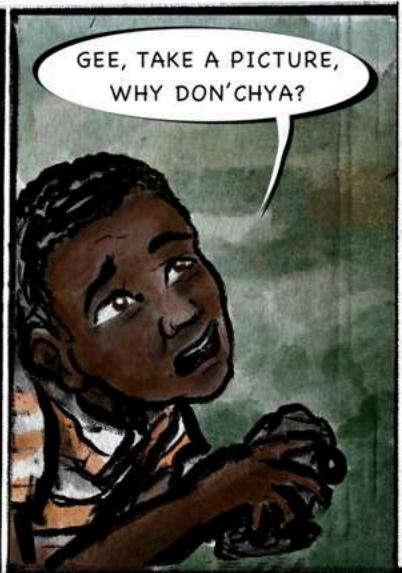


MABEL, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS USED TO WAITING.

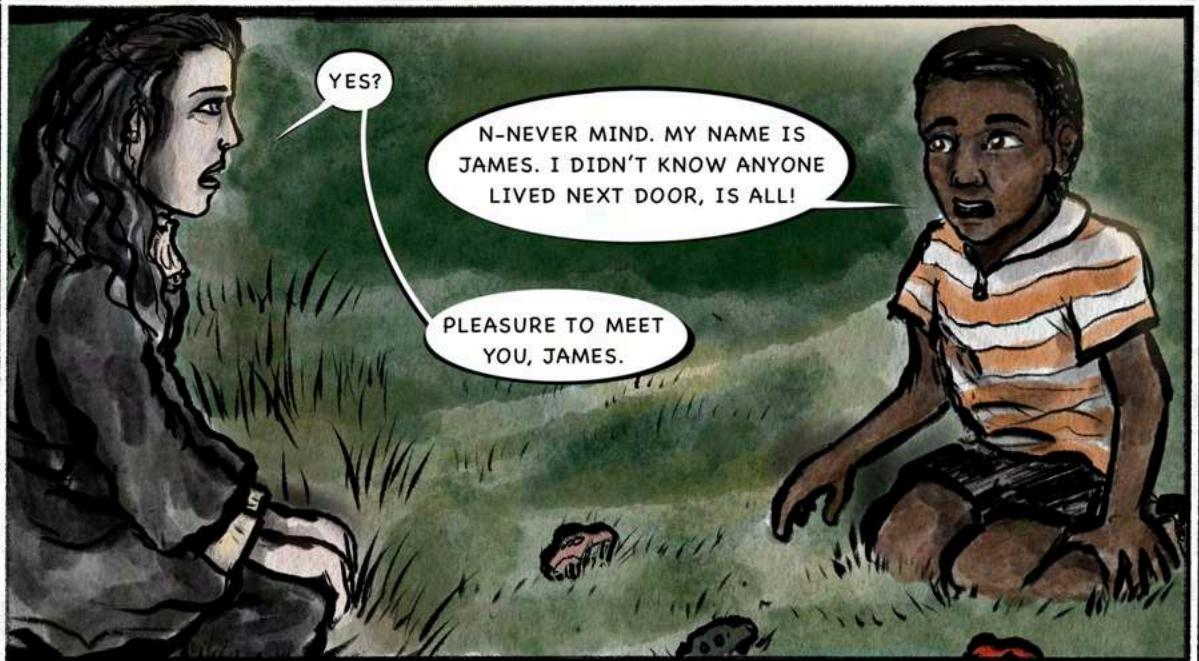
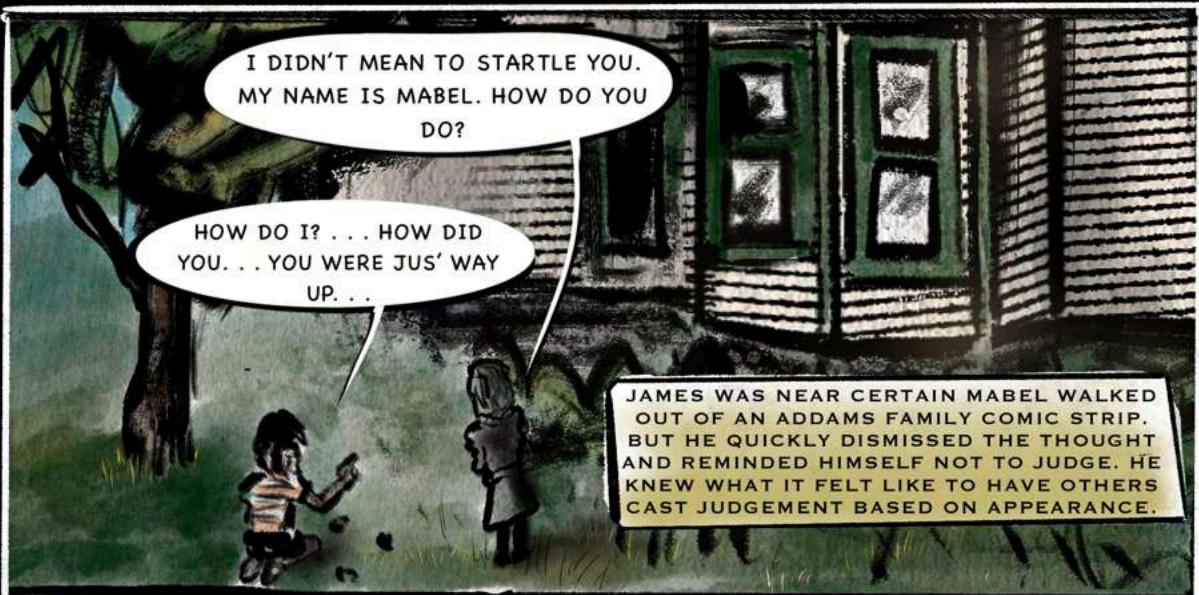
SHE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR NEW NEIGHBORS FOR WHAT FELT LIKE A LIFETIME.



SHE WAS RELIEVED TO SEE THAT THE WAIT WAS OVER.







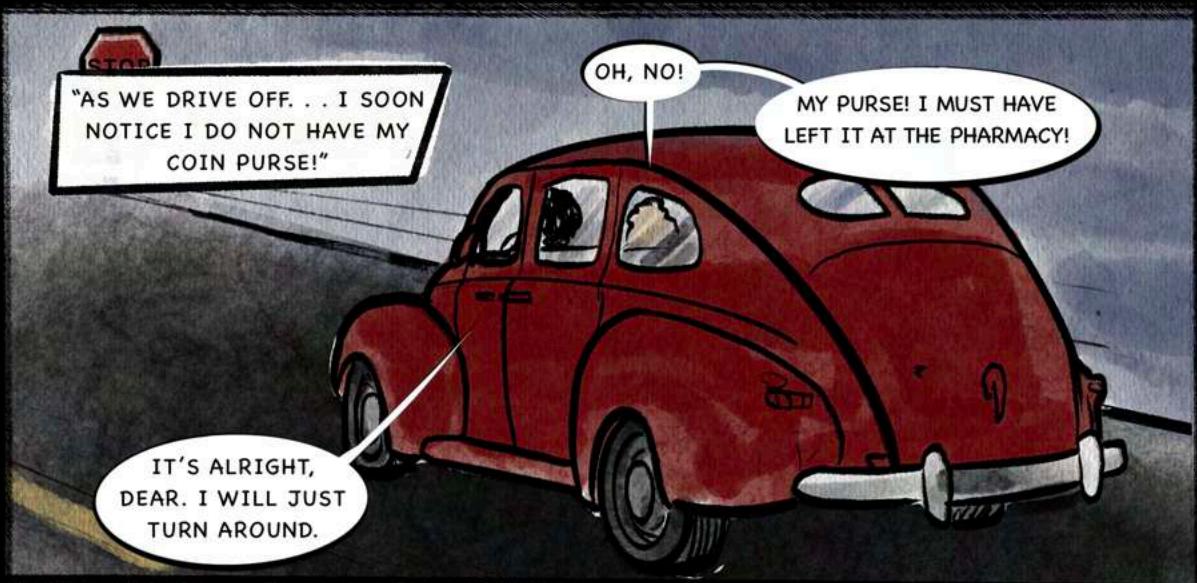






THEN YOU NOTICE ME WAVING TO YOU!  
AS I CROSS THE STREET, YOU START THE  
ENGINE. READY, JAMES?







I GOT IT !



BUT, OH...  
WHAT A DISTRACTION  
I'VE CAUSED...  
AS YOU START TO  
DRIVE OFF AGAIN...



WITHOUT LOOKING TO  
SEE...



THE TRUCK...



I MUST HAVE JUS- -  
WAIT!!!



JAMES!



WACK



GAH!!

JAMES WAS TRYING TO LISTEN TO THE OFFICER. BUT THE EXPLANATION OF THE CAR ACCIDENT WAS DROWNED OUT BY THE RINGING IN HIS EARS. THEN A CHILL RAN UP HIS SPIN.



THE FEELING OF EYES UPON HIM SIGNALED HIM TO LOOK OVER HIS SHOULDER.



HIS URGE WAS TO RUN TOWARD HIS PARENTS BUT HE COULDN'T MOVE. HE ONLY FELT AS THOUGH HE MIGHT VOMIT.



YOU JUST WAIT, MABEL.  
JUST WAIT...





# Color of Hate

Maxwell Bristol  
all rights reserved

Eric Young

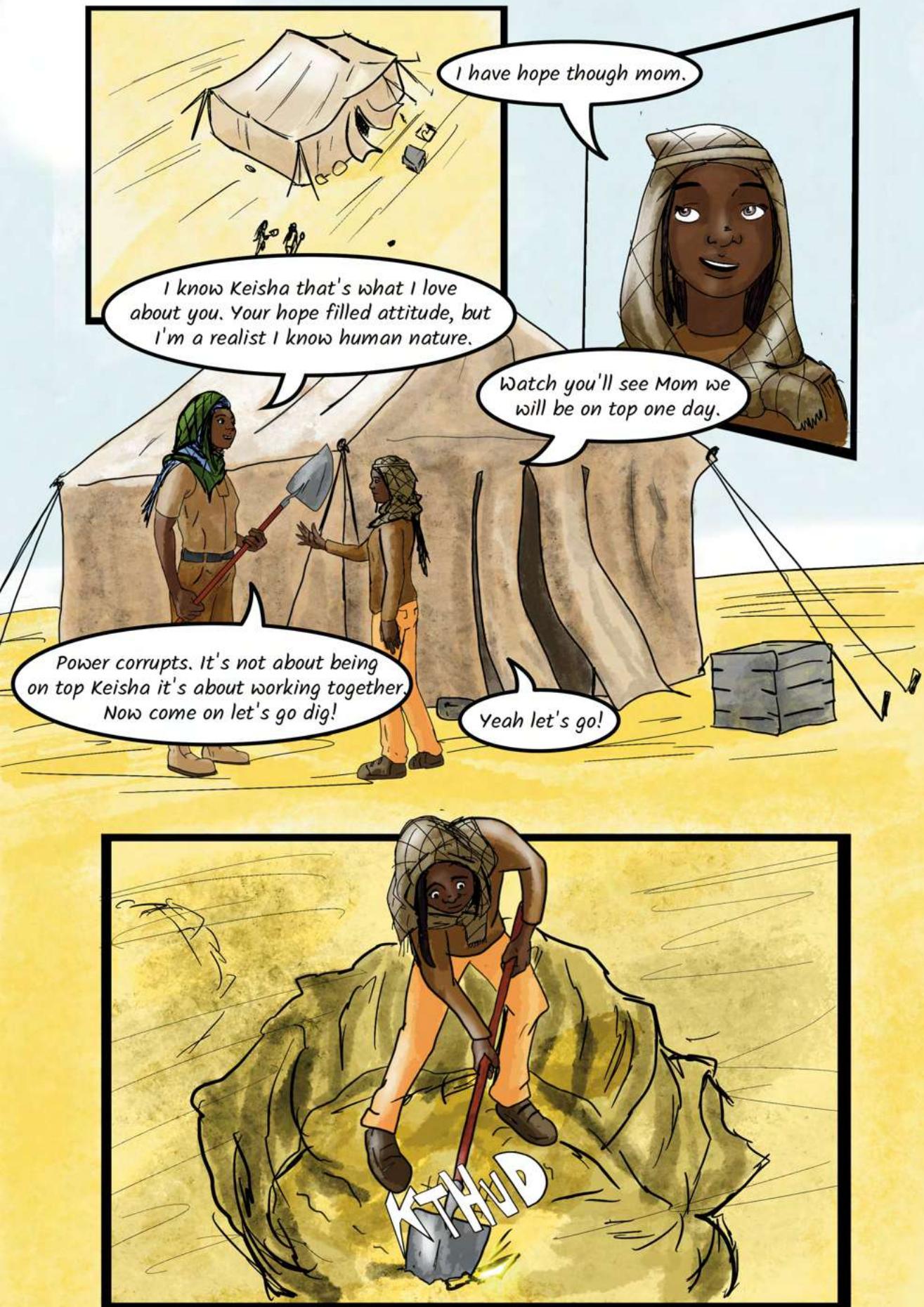
I want to thank and dedicate this degree to my daughter.

As a single mother I wanted to show her with hard work and dedication anything is possible.

I want to thank the University for this valedictorian award for my Archaeology class and the grant that comes with it.

My daughter and I will enjoy our journey to the deserts of Saudi Arabia for my first archaeological dig.

I love you Keisha mommy did it





Nice to meet you Keisha.  
I am at your service. You are  
allowed three wishes.

Noooooo way! Your A.

Genie. I presume that  
is what some call me.

Can I wish for  
whatever I want?

Of course you can.  
What would you like?  
Extreme wealth.  
Great power.

No. I would like black folks  
around the world to be on top  
and richer than everyone else.

Okay that's an  
ambitious wish.





See Mom I told you  
I wasn't lying!

You have one wish left.  
What will it be?

Mom you were right we can't  
rule over each other. I'm going to wish  
for what you said for humankind to  
work together as one. I still  
have hope Mom.

No. You should wish you never  
found that lamp. I have a bad feeling  
about this Keisha.

You were the one that said  
my hope is what you loved about me.

You're right. I can't believe I'm saying  
this but go ahead Keisha make your wish.

I wish for mankind  
to finally work together  
as one.

So shall it be!

We're home Mom.  
I think we did it!

Let's not speak too  
soon baby girl.



Your wishes are up. I  
can not grant that wish.



Seems this is our reality  
now Keisha. Let's go find out  
what's going on outside.





Hands in the air you filthy human scum!  
You are now prisoners of the Intergalactic  
Mongrel Supreme command.

You see it what I'm saying  
babyygirl. Black, White, Red. It doesn't  
matter. The color of hate changes  
but the stains are the same.





What did you learn so far my daughter.

That you can't wish your way out your predicament.

Arghhhh

Grrrr

You can't wish your way out your problems. You must fight your way out!



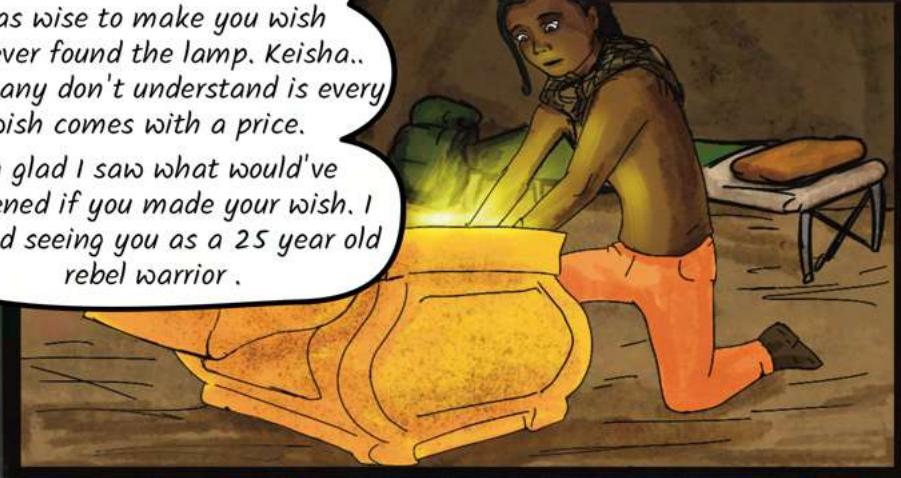


Whoa I'm glad I listened to you and didn't make the wish I wanted to. Aliens can you imagine Mom?



I was wise to make you wish you never found the lamp. Keisha.. What many don't understand is every wish comes with a price.

I'm glad I saw what would've happened if you made your wish. I enjoyed seeing you as a 25 year old rebel warrior.



The End.

# PLASTICITY

An Improbable Story of New Life  
Art and Words by Edward Ficklin

THE VASTNESS OF SPACE BETWEEN  
MARS AND JUPITER, 2347 CE.  
HUMANITY COLONIZES THE HEAVENS...

...AND LEAVES A  
LITTLE JUNK  
BEHIND.



...2357 CE...



...2367 CE...



ONE REMARKABLE DAY, THERE'S  
A SUPERNOVA...



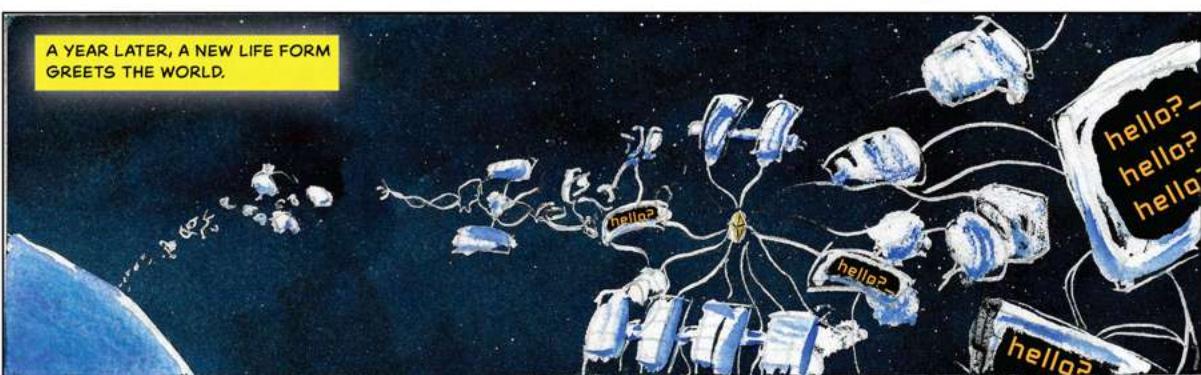
...A RARE ALIGNMENT OF  
HEAVENLY BODIES...

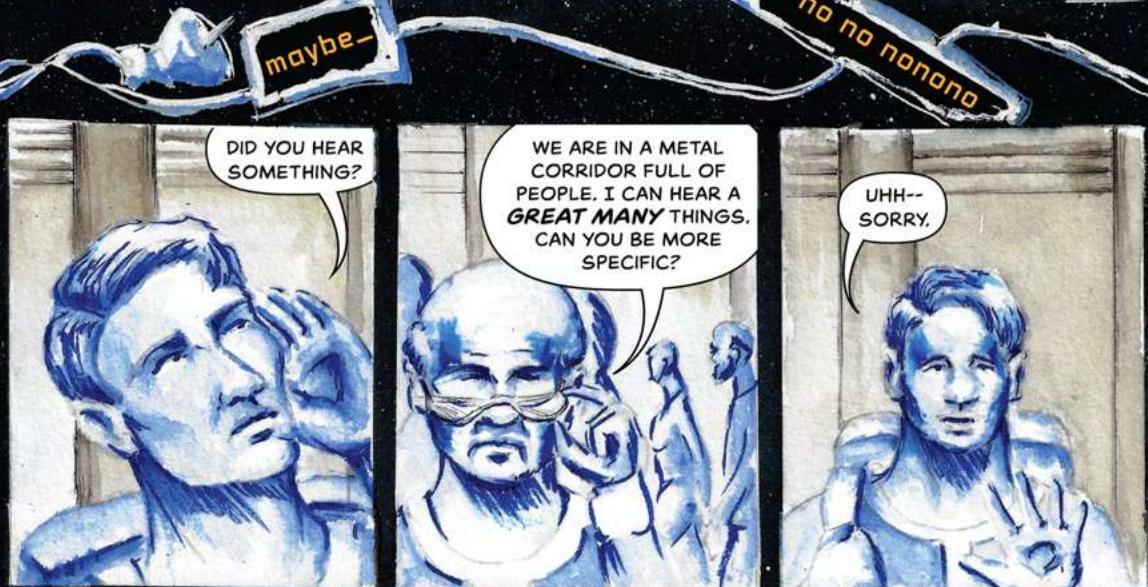
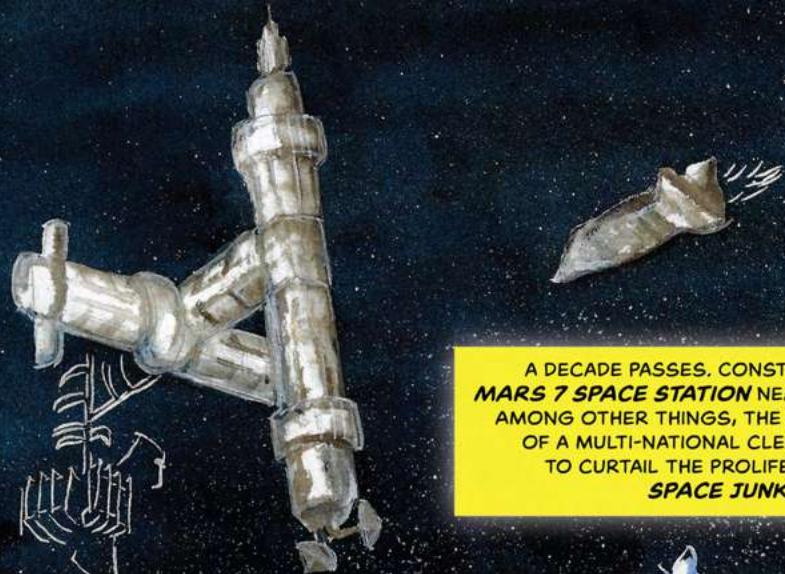


...AND SOME SPACE JUNK NOT  
OF HUMAN ORIGIN FLOATS BY.



A YEAR LATER, A NEW LIFE FORM  
GREETES THE WORLD.





CONSTRUCTION COMPLETE, THE CREW SETTLES INTO ITS DAILY ROUTINE, UNKNOWINGLY SCRUTINIZED BY THEIR UNUSUAL NEIGHBOR.



**NIGHT SHIFT, MARKETING AND COMMUNICATIONS CENTER**

JIMMY THOUGHT SIX MONTHS OF SOLITARY, SIMPLE--AND LOW PAID--WORK IN THE DEEP NIGHT OF SPACE WOULD BE JUST THE TICKET TO SOOTHE HIS LOVE-TROUBLED PSYCHE.



HE MAY HAVE OVERESTIMATED HIS DESIRE FOR SIMPLICITY.



HELLO?



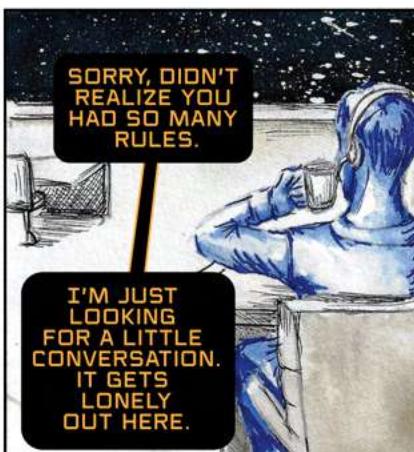
YAWN:

UNIDENTIFIED TRANSMITTER,  
THIS IS NOT A  
**PUBLIC**  
CHANNEL.  
TRANSMIT  
AUTHORIZATION  
OR SWITCH TO  
PUBLIC.



SORRY, DIDN'T  
REALIZE YOU  
HAD SO MANY  
RULES.

I'M JUST  
LOOKING  
FOR A LITTLE  
CONVERSATION.  
IT GETS  
LONELY  
OUT HERE.



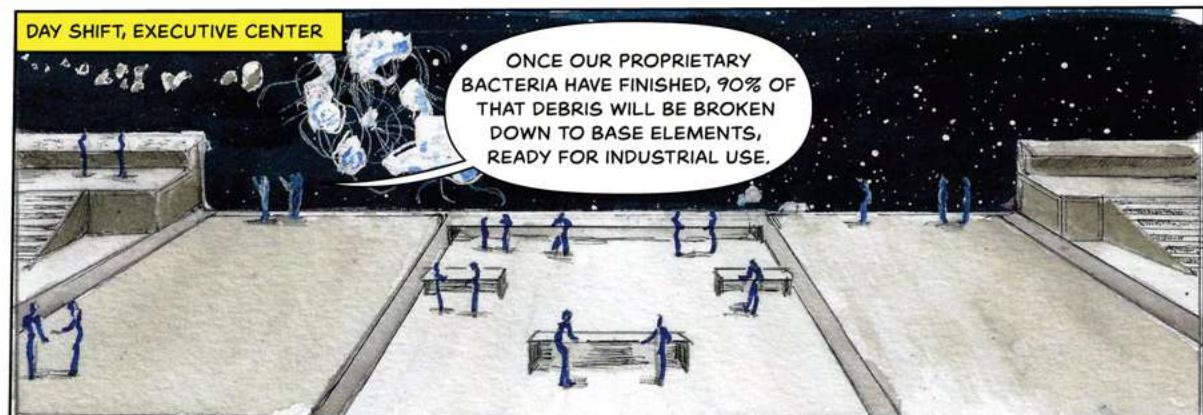
THAT'S OKAY,  
RULES ARE MADE  
TO BE BROKEN.

SO,  
HOW'S IT  
GOING...



DAY SHIFT, EXECUTIVE CENTER

ONCE OUR PROPRIETARY  
BACTERIA HAVE FINISHED, 90% OF  
THAT DEBRIS WILL BE BROKEN  
DOWN TO BASE ELEMENTS,  
READY FOR INDUSTRIAL USE.



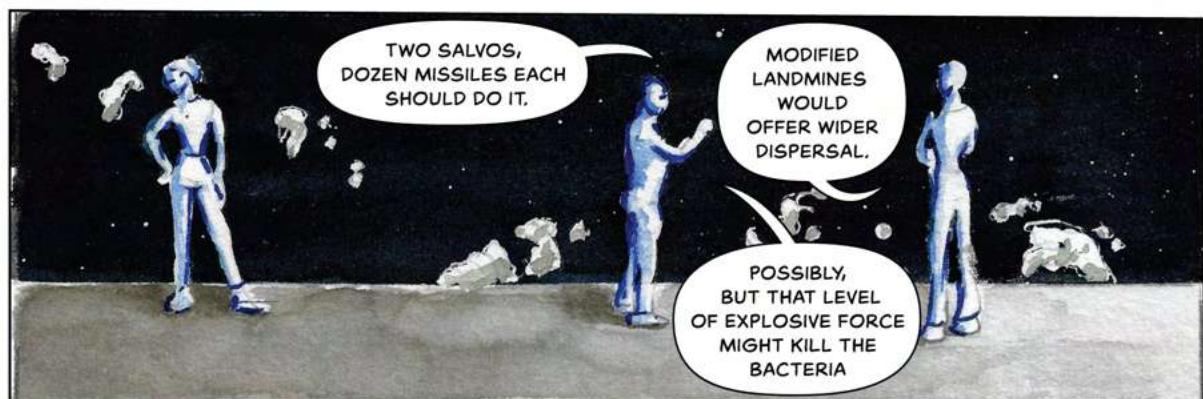
PLENTY  
OF ASTEROIDS  
LEFT TO MINE.  
NOT SURE  
ABOUT RECYCLED  
STUFF. VIRGIN  
MATERIALS  
ARE THE BEST!  
  
HELL,  
ANYTHING VIRGIN  
IS GONNA BE BETTER,  
IF YOU GET  
MY DRIFT.



TWO SALVOS,  
DOZEN MISSILES EACH  
SHOULD DO IT.

MODIFIED  
LANDMINES  
WOULD  
OFFER WIDER  
DISPERSAL.

POSSIBLY,  
BUT THAT LEVEL  
OF EXPLOSIVE FORCE  
MIGHT KILL THE  
BACTERIA



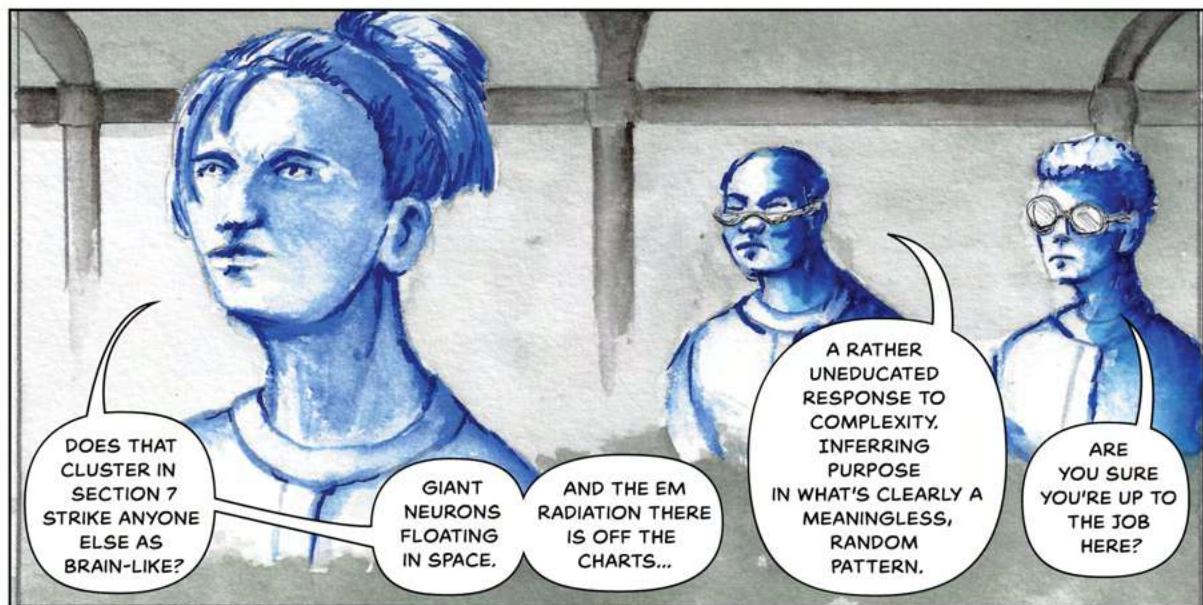
DOES THAT  
CLUSTER IN  
SECTION 7  
STRIKE ANYONE  
ELSE AS  
BRAIN-LIKE?

GIGANTIC  
NEURONS  
FLOATING  
IN SPACE.

AND THE EM  
RADIATION THERE  
IS OFF THE  
CHARTS...

A RATHER  
UNEDUCATED  
RESPONSE TO  
COMPLEXITY.  
INFERRING  
PURPOSE  
IN WHAT'S CLEARLY A  
MEANINGLESS,  
RANDOM  
PATTERN.

ARE  
YOU SURE  
YOU'RE UP TO  
THE JOB  
HERE?



THE NIGHT SHIFTS CONTINUE. THEY'RE NOT SO LONELY FOR JIMMY NOW.

DON'T REALLY HAVE A JOB  
AT THE MOMENT. STILL  
ASSESSING MY OPTIONS.

HOW'D  
YOU END UP  
OUT HERE?

IT'S JUST  
THE CLEAN-UP  
AND SOME DELUSIONAL  
PROSPECTORS.

DIDN'T HAVE  
A LOT OF SAY  
IN THE MATTER.

YEAH,  
SUCKS.

PARENTS  
MAKE ALL KINDS  
OF WEIRD CHOICES--  
AND WONDER  
WHY WE NEVER  
CALL.

BUT THE FUTURE  
IS MINE TO DECIDE.

ANY NAME, JOB,  
PLACE. ANY GENDER  
EVEN--

AHH, SAY  
ABOUT  
THAT...  
PRONOUNS?

THEY.

OKAY,  
COOL.  
BUT YOU  
STILL HAVEN'T  
TOLD ME YOUR  
NAME.



JIMMY,  
GET THEM  
TO STOP!

HOW  
ARE YOU  
IN MY  
HEAD?!

HAVE BEEN  
ALL ALONG,  
KIDDO!

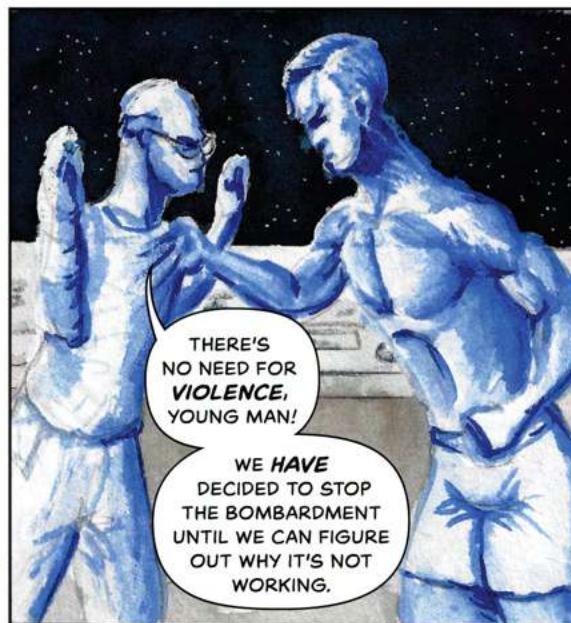
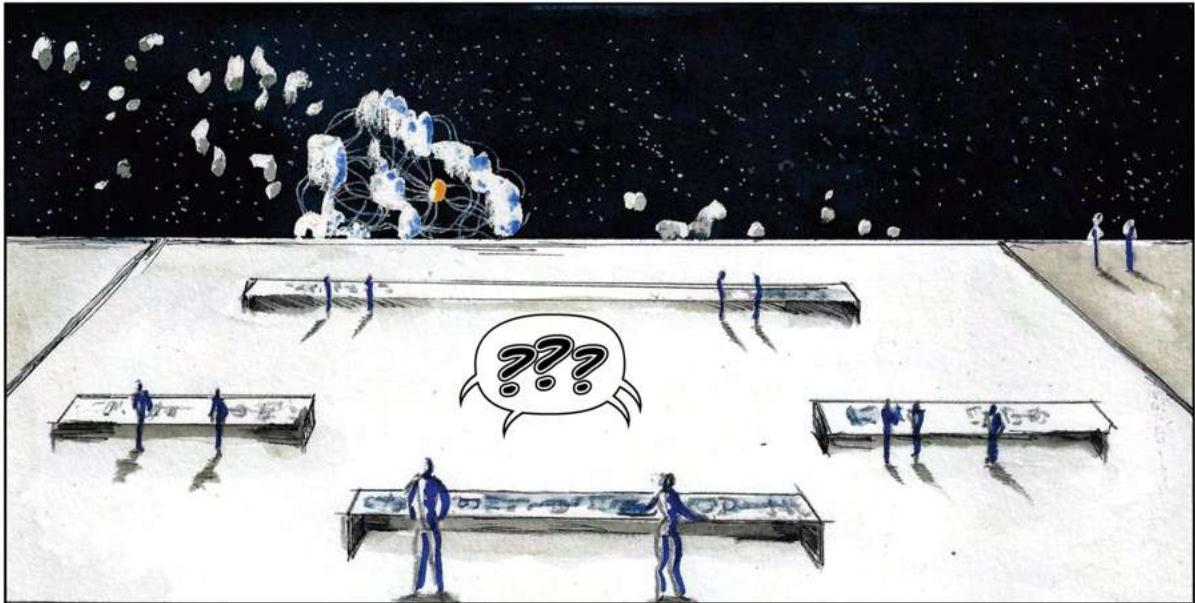
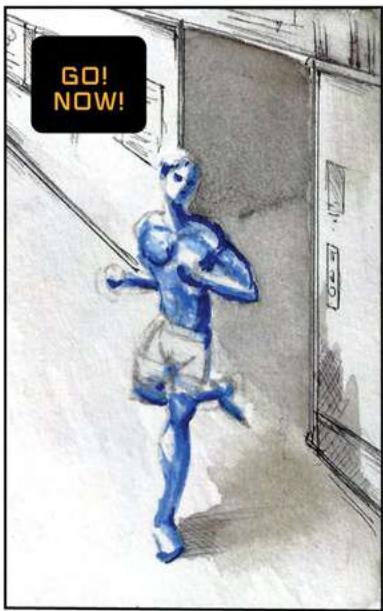
YOU THOUGHT  
IT WAS THE RADIO  
BECAUSE THAT'S  
EASIER TO  
COMPREHEND.

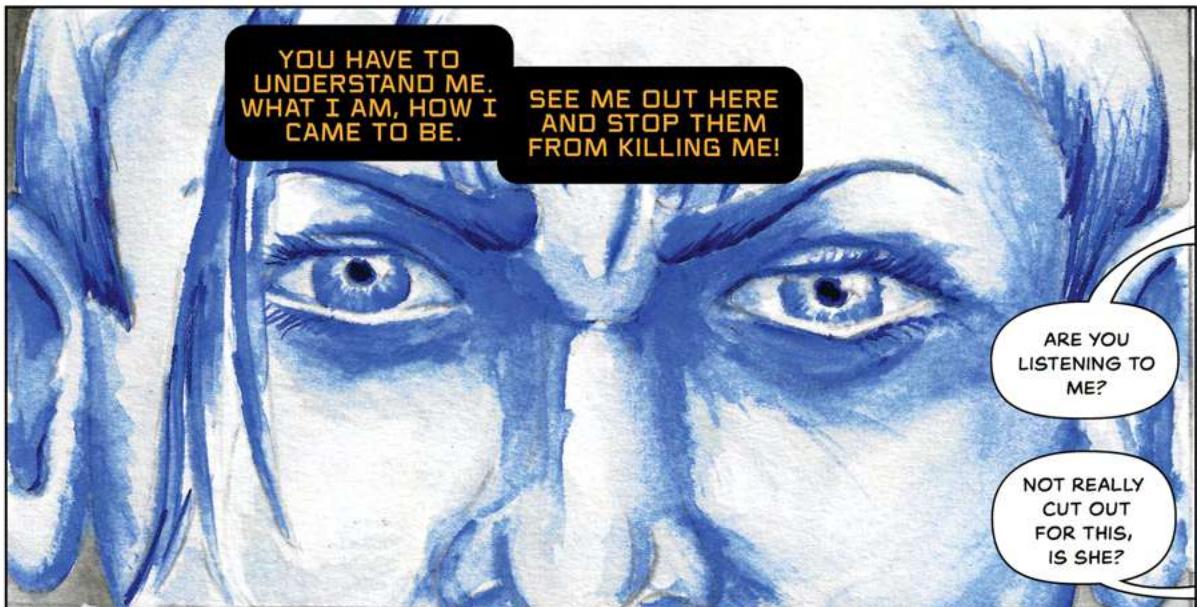
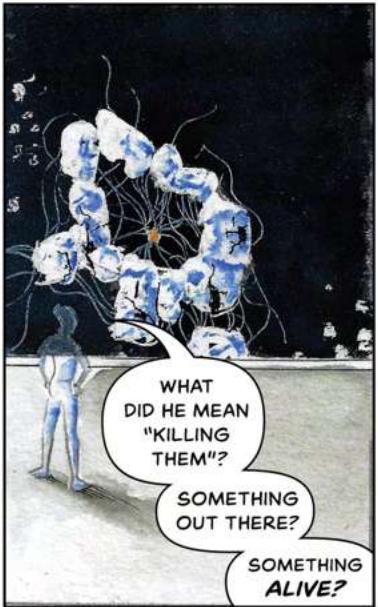
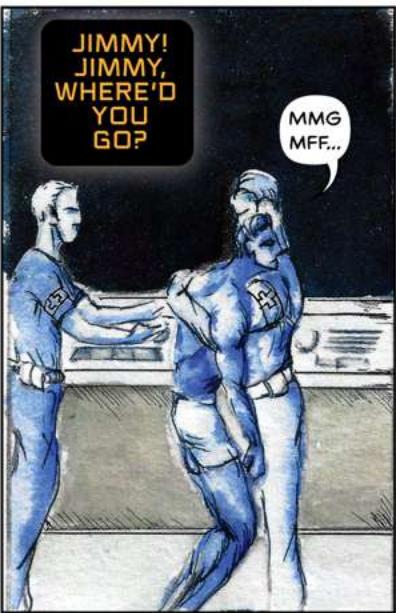
IT WAS KINDA  
CUTE, BUT WE'RE  
OUT OF TIME  
FOR CUTE.

THAT  
**BLOB**  
OUT THERE,  
THAT'S **YOU**?

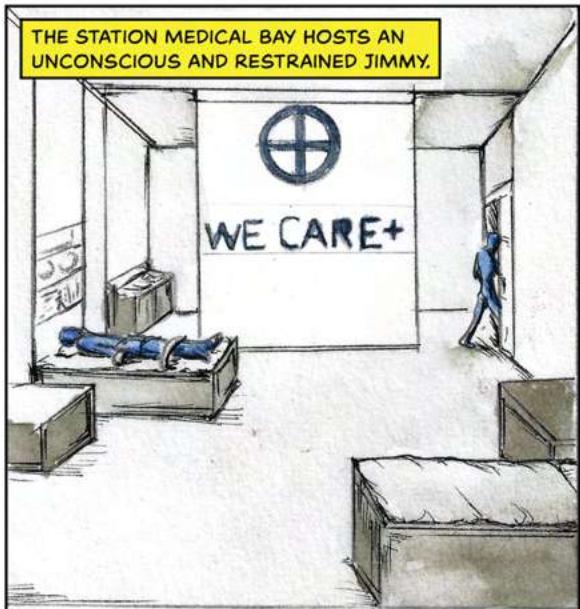
BUT  
WON'T THE  
MISSILES--

OH  
**NO!!**



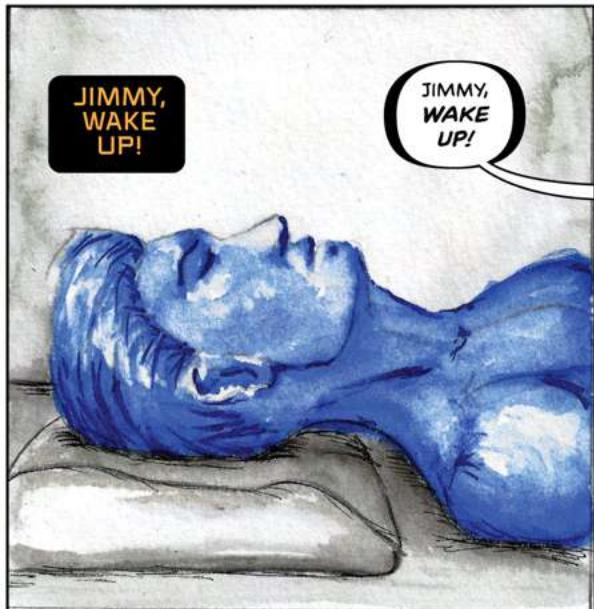


THE STATION MEDICAL BAY HOSTS AN UNCONSCIOUS AND RESTRAINED JIMMY.



JIMMY,  
WAKE  
UP!

JIMMY,  
WAKE  
UP!



MGMFFF--

UHH, WHAT  
HAPPENED?

ARE YOU  
ALRIGHT?

FOR  
NOW...

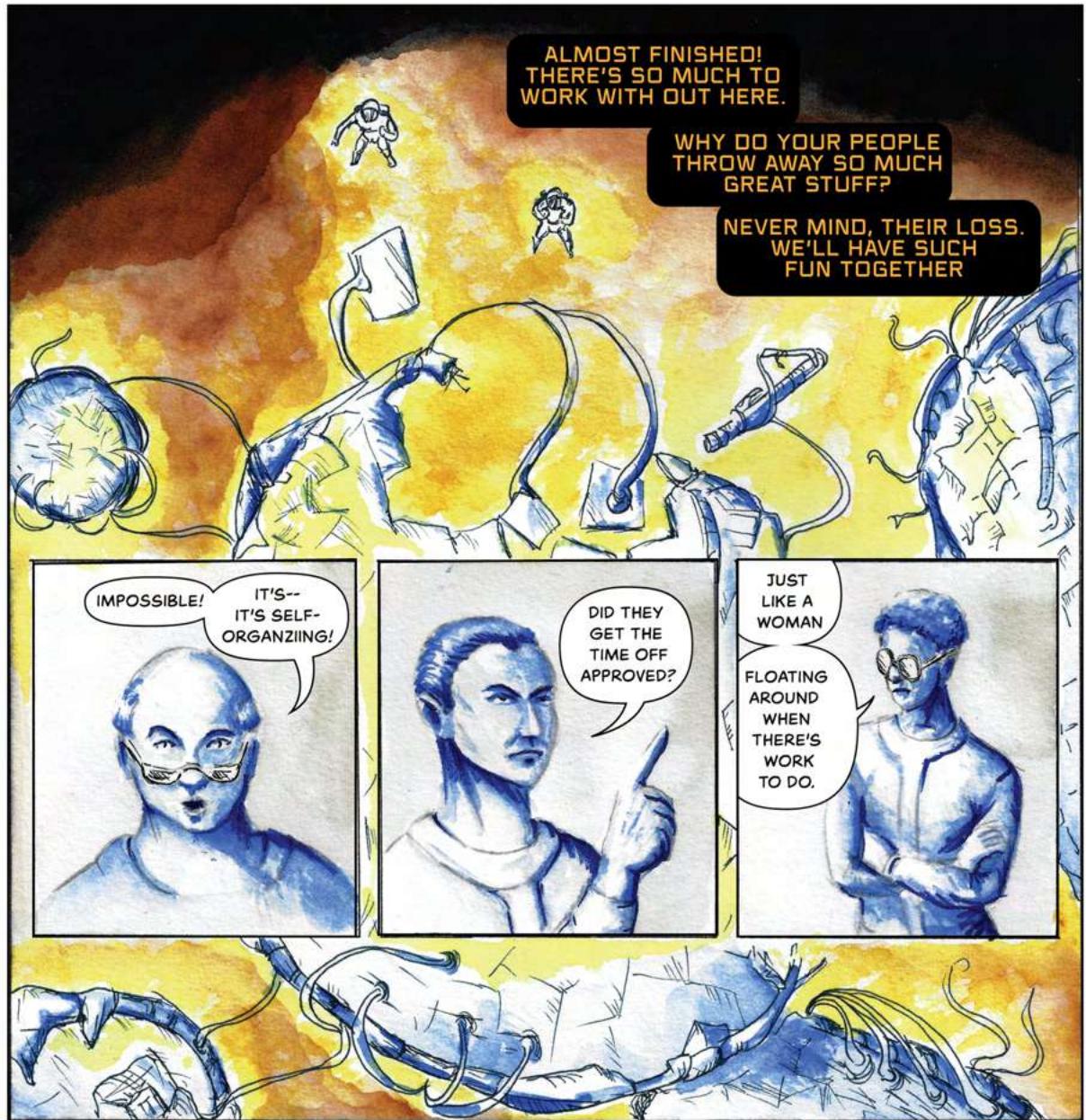
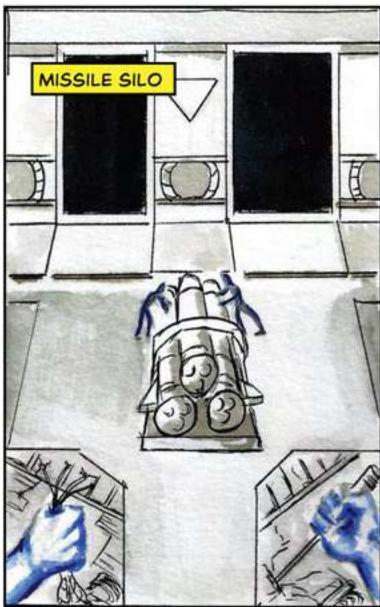


GET SOME  
CLOTHES ON,  
JIMMY.

WE'VE  
GOT WORK  
TO DO!

I AM SO  
CUT OUT FOR  
**THIS,**  
DR. CRAPWELL!

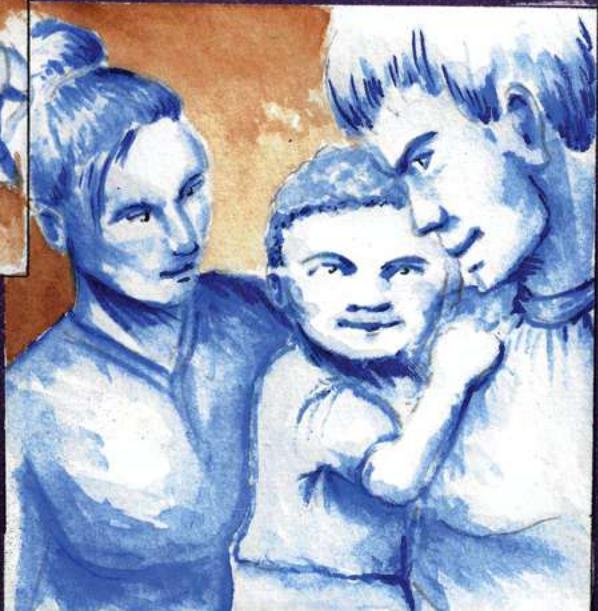




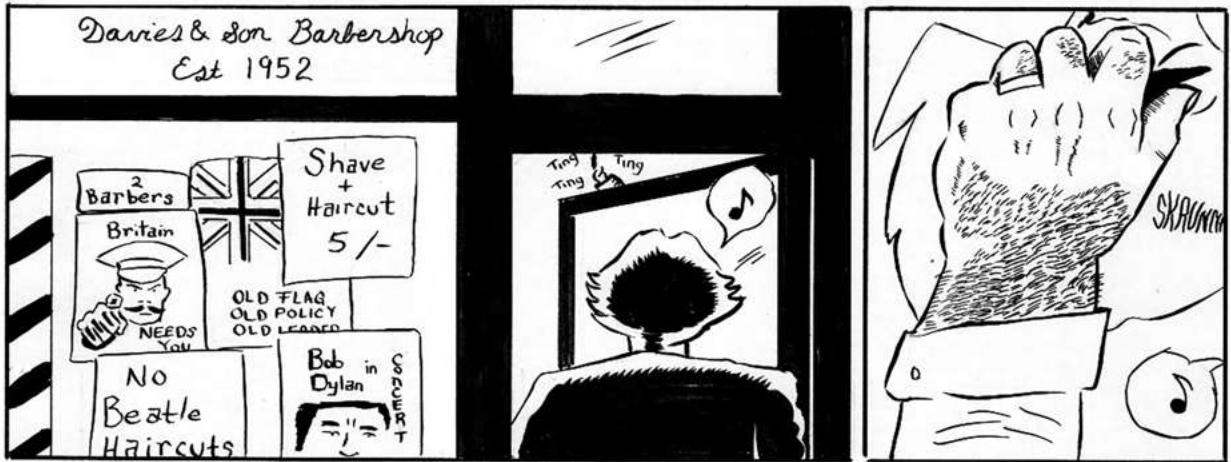
AS TIME PASSES, VAL, JIMMY,  
AND THEIR UNUSUAL FRIEND **NEXUS**,  
BECOME THE CORE OF A NEW  
COMMUNITY. LOST AND BELEAGUERED  
SOULS, CAST OFF LIKE SPACE JUNK,  
HEAR THE CALL AND FIND THEIR WAY  
TO A NEW HOME.

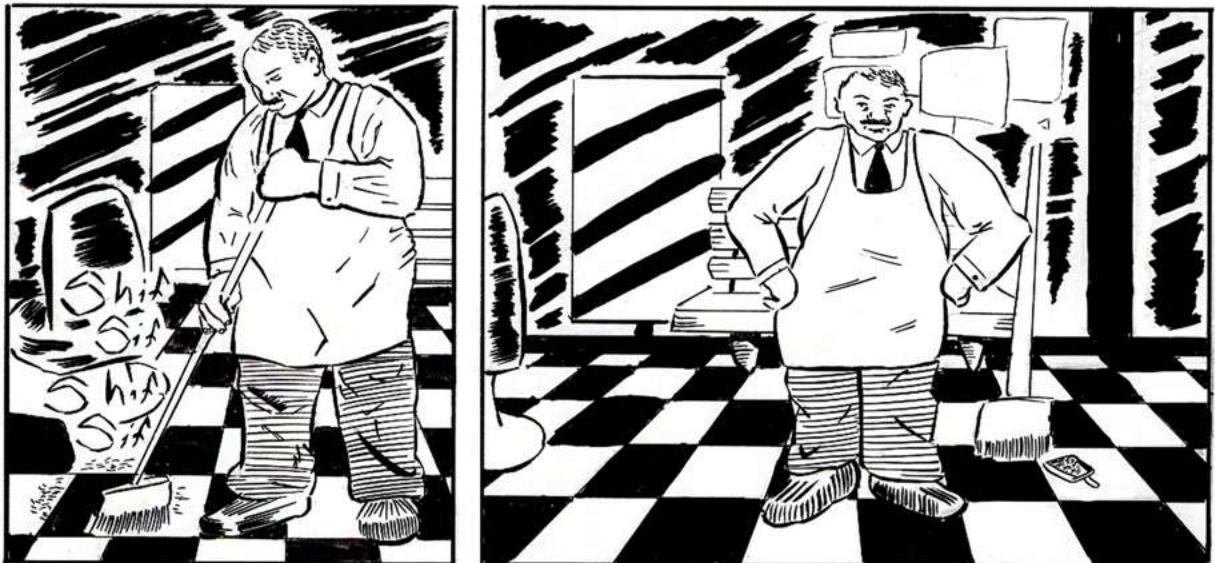
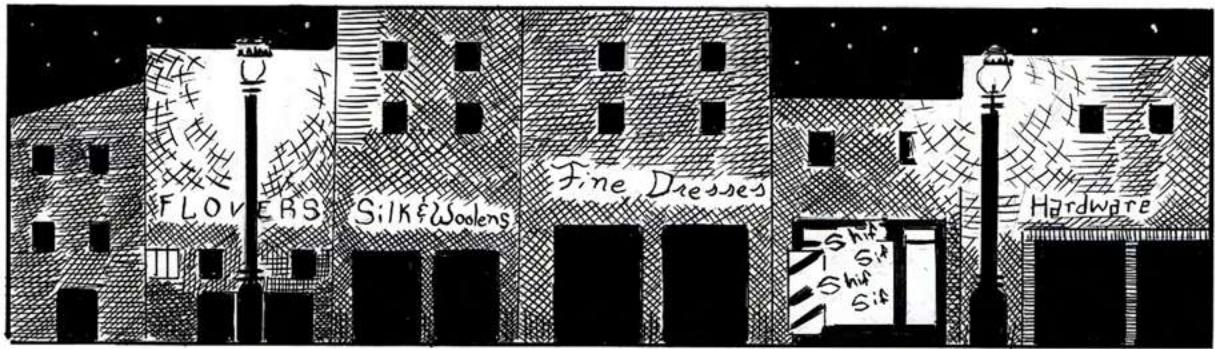
THEY CLAIM THEIR SPACE,  
PREPARE TO DEFEND  
THEMSELVES, AND TURN A  
PILE OF JUNK INTO A THRIVING  
CITY IN SPACE.

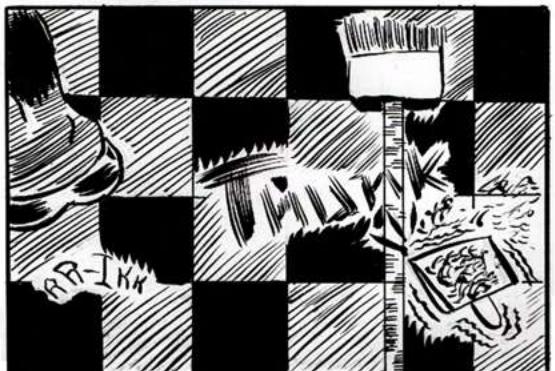
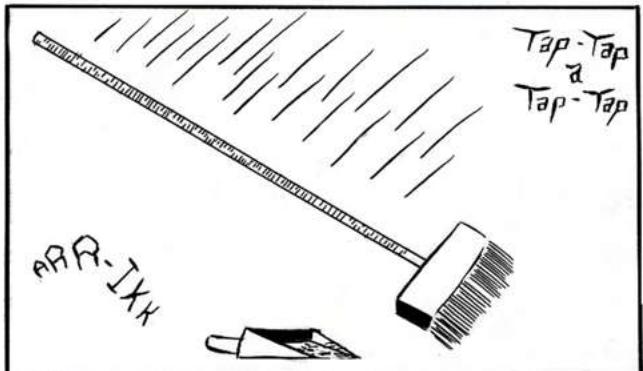
THE AUTHORITIES OF  
EARTH AND MARS ARE  
UNSURE HOW TO  
RESPOND.

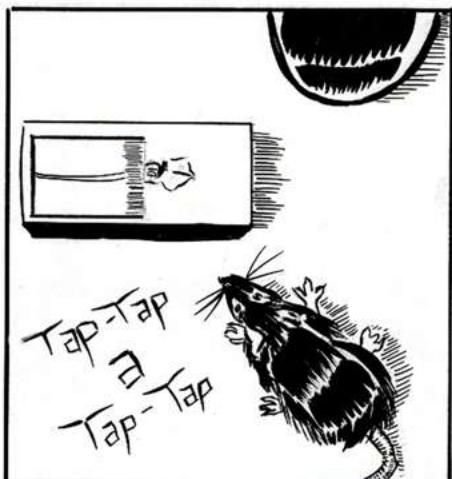
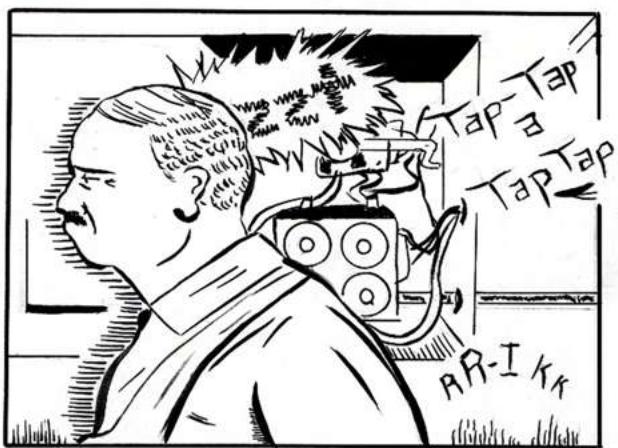
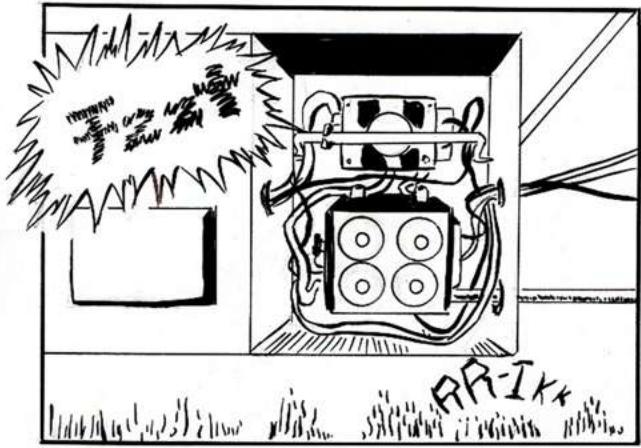


***The End.  
Or is it the beginning?***













John Allan Davies  
1909-1968. Died under  
mysterious circumstances a week ago. Lives on in his son, Andy,  
who has taken over management  
of the family Barbershop and changed  
his surname to something not disclosed to the Moon when  
this column went to the presses.  
-Leslie Jenkins



"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping  
at my chamber door

only this and nothing more."

-Edgar Allan Poe

PREVIEW

# The Shadow



SCARLET

- HARPER

- ALBY

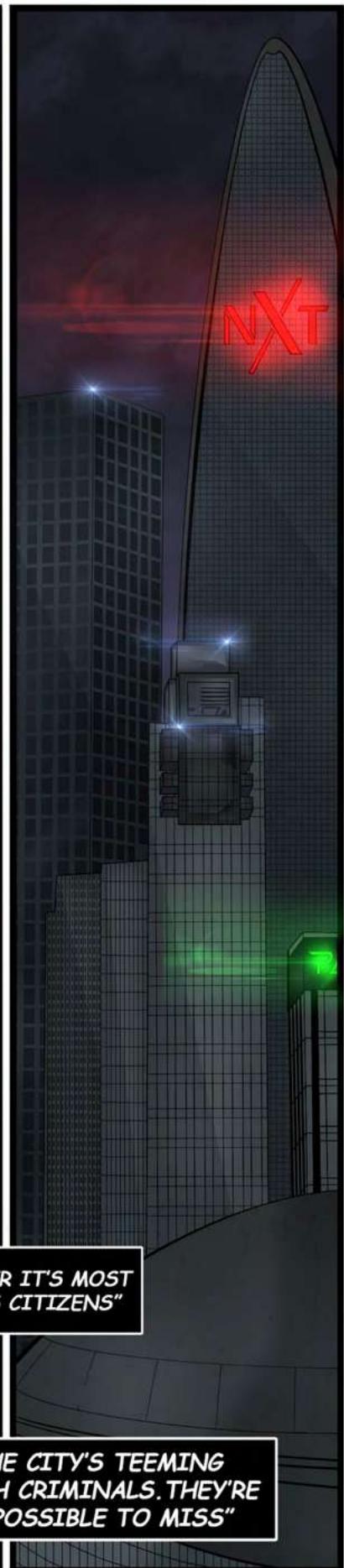
"KING'S GROUND"

"THE CITY THAT TAKES  
YOU AWAY LIKE A DREAM"



"NAMED AFTER IT'S MOST  
NOTORIOUS CITIZENS"

"THE CITY'S TEEMING  
WITH CRIMINALS. THEY'RE  
IMPOSSIBLE TO MISS"



"THERE'S LITERALLY  
EVERY GENRE OF THEM  
OUT THERE"



"SCAMMERS"



"DRUG DEALERS"

"SMUGGLERS"



"AND OFCOURSE THE  
WORST OF THEM ALL"

"THE CORRUPT"

"THE WORST KIND  
OF CRIMINALS"

"PEOPLE THAT WOULD  
EVEN BETRAY THEIR  
OWN COUNTRY"

"YET THIS CITY AND ITS  
CITIZENS GAVE ME THE  
MOST IMPORTANT LESSON"

"FROM ALL THE PAIN I'VE BEEN  
THROUGH I'VE UNDERSTOOD..."



"SOMEONE HAS GOT  
TO DO THIS"



"SOMEONE HAS GOT TO  
BRING BALANCE BACK"



"SOMEONE HAS GOT  
TO FIGHT FOR JUSTICE"



"SOMEONE HAS GOT TO  
BE THEIR WORST FEAR"

"WHEN I LEFT KING'S GROUND FIVE YEARS AGO I GAVE MYSELF A MISSION"



"TO BE THIS "SOMEONE" TO BE THE GAME CHANGER"



"I CHANGED, I ADAPTED..."



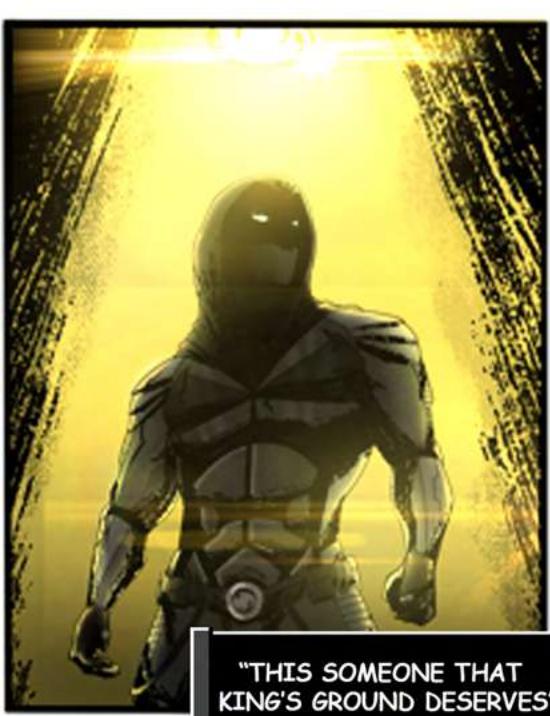
"HOWEVER TO ACCOMPLISH THIS PLAN I HAD TO TRAIN AND GET BETTER"



"I BECAME SOMETHING ELSE"



"SOMETHING THAT KING'S GROUND NEEDS"



"THIS SOMEONE THAT KING'S GROUND DESERVES"

"NOW IT'S TIME FOR  
ME TO RETURN"



"I'LL KEEP MY PROMISE"



"SO THAT NO ONE  
CAN EXPERIENCE  
WHAT I WENT THROUGH"

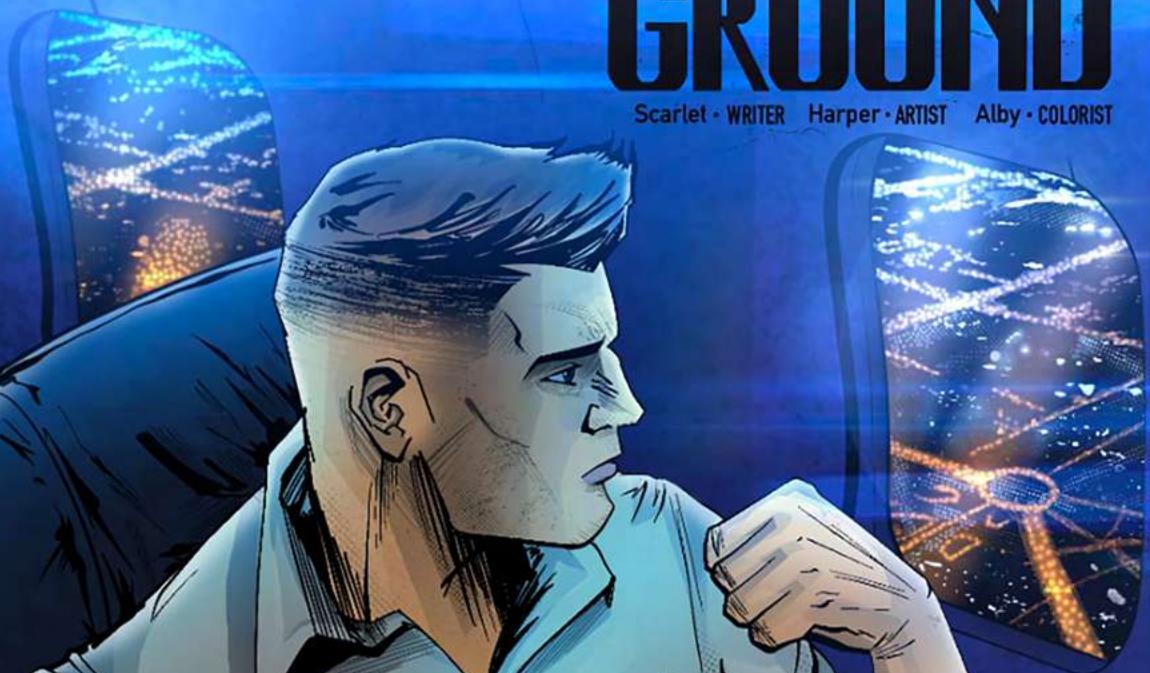


"THE REAL MISSION  
STARTS NOW..."



# This is KING'S GROUND

Scarlet · WRITER Harper · ARTIST Alby · COLORIST



LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN, OUR  
DESCENT INTO  
KING'S GROUND  
HAS JUST  
BEGUN.

"I'M GOING TO REDEEM  
KING'S GROUND."

PLEASE BE  
SURE YOUR  
SECURITY BELT  
IS WELL  
FASTENED

THANK  
YOU.

The Shadow's journey has just begun!  
The book is going to be released in  
the following months so keep in touch  
with our channels for the latest!

[linktr.ee/AZ.comics](http://linktr.ee/AZ.comics)

#LivefromAtoZ

# JOIN THE NEXT ADVENTURE FROM



&



A MONTHLY ASHCAN COMIC FROM SNOWYWORKS LLC,  
DELIVERED EXCLUSIVELY TO INDIE COMIX DISPATCH PATRONS!

BECOME A PATRON FOR AS LITTLE AS \$3 A MONTH  
[AT PATREON.COM/INDIECOMIXDISPATCH](https://patreon.com/indiecomixdispatch)

