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2016

Emanata presents: Kin (2016)

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EMANATA presents

RAIN

vol. 3



Dedicated to Jeffrey Shackelford

8 YEARS AGO

NO NO, A MAN
SHOULD DO THIS.
WAIT UNTIL YOUR ABBU
COMES HOME. IT'S TOO
DANGEROUS.



I'LL BE FINE!
WE DON'T NEED MEN.
YOU USE IT ALL THE TIME.

I DON'T HAVE THE ARM
STRENGTH ANYMORE AFTER
THE ACCIDENT. AND BESIDES,
IF YOU EVEN GET A
SCRATCH ON YOU YOUR
FATHER WOULD KILL ME!



I CAN DO IT!
I'M STRONG, REMEMBER?

- BUT!



AYYAAAA F-FINE



I CAN DO IT!

JUST DON'T HURT YOURSELF!

..... FOREWORD

We care because we can't help it. We want to see our best friend get home safely. We want our lovers to enjoy video games with us without us being cuttngly competitive to them. We want to tell our bad boss to suck it when they rag on a co-worker who already has enough on their plate. The specific reasons we connect with one another are as varied as the ways in which we do it. But one thing our self-chosen kin in their myriad forms have in common is that they show up for us when we can hardly show ourselves kindness, and we show up for them in kind.

It's easy in the wake of an especially painful breakup, the betrayal of a close friend, or the decease of a loved one to forget that it wasn't solely blood relations, or one human striking out alone, that built the civilizations that developed into our cities today. No one makes it all on their own, despite supposed animal instincts to the contrary. We have been fed the glorification of one person rising to great heights completely alone when in reality no person rises to their full potential without the help, friendship, and even challenge of other people. Whether we like it or not, we are not alone and it is our ability to welcome people into the circle of our own chosen "family" that creates not only revolutions of thought and policy, along with flourishing artistic communities, but also individuals with the ability to defy the bounds of possibility and reach new heights of achievement, creation, and compassion.

In this issue of KIN you will find widely varying stories, of betrayal and loss to new, romantic love. Not because we are weak and need others in a material sense, but because the interplay of support between individuals reminds us of strength we didn't know we had, and encourages us to achieve that which we could not have dreamed alone.

- Elly Call

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KIN





APPARENTLY RICE HAS A LOT OF CARBS? THE NUTRITIONIST SAID TO AVOID IT.

MY FOOD ISN'T HEALTHY?



NO NO MOM, I FUCKING LOVE YOUR FOOD...BUT YOU KNOW OUR COUNTRY'S FOOD... IT'S MOSTLY OIL AND FAT. EVERYTHING FRIED OR CURRIED. YOU KNOW THE DOCTOR SAID I'M PRE-DIABETIC...



SH! DON'T SAY BAD WORDS! YOUR DAD WILL HEAR THROUGH THE PHONE. JUST STAY HEALTHY, LISTEN TO YOUR DOCTOR.

AH, RIGHT. HE STILL RECORDS PHONE CALLS. AND YEAH MOM, I KNOW.



OH HEY, THE COCONUTS ARE ON SALE. HAHA REMEMBER HOW I USED TO OPEN THESE?

REALLY? YOUR DAD BOUGHT SOME TODAY.



WHEN DO YOU THINK YOU CAN COME -

- AH! MOM, I HAVE TO CHECK OUT NOW. TALK TO YOU LATER, BYE!

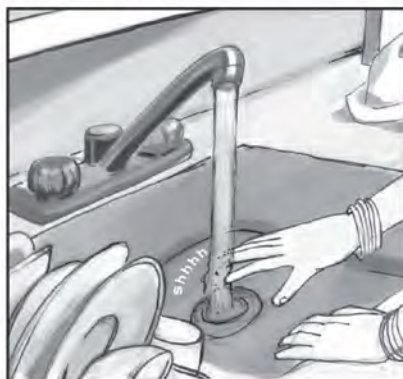
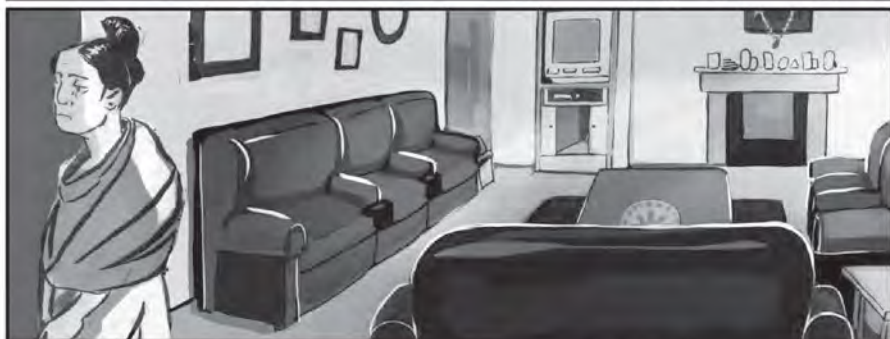


WAS I INTERRUPTING?



NAH, JUST THE END OF A CHAT WITH MY MOM.

I'M AFRAID I DON'T WANT TO GO HOME...



8 YEARS AGO

NO NO, A MAN
SHOULD DO THIS.
WAIT UNTIL YOUR ABBU
COMES HOME. IT'S TOO
DANGEROUS.



I'LL BE FINE!
WE DON'T NEED MEN.
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I CAN DO IT!
I'M STRONG, REMEMBER?

- BUT!



AYYAAAA F-FINE

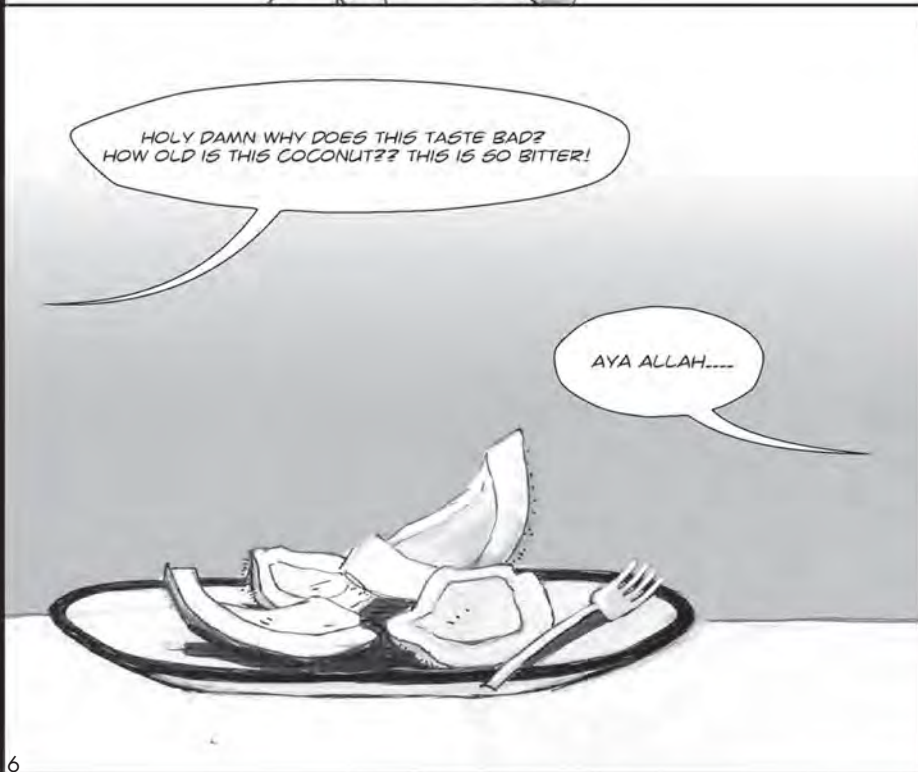


I CAN DO IT!

JUST DON'T HURT YOURSELF!



* PLEASE DO NOT IMITATE THIS IDIOT OF A CHILD





I'm sorry Mom.
I DON'T THINK I CAN GO BACK.
...I'M SORRY MOM.







I WAS THE ONE BEING
THE SMUG LOUDMOUTH.

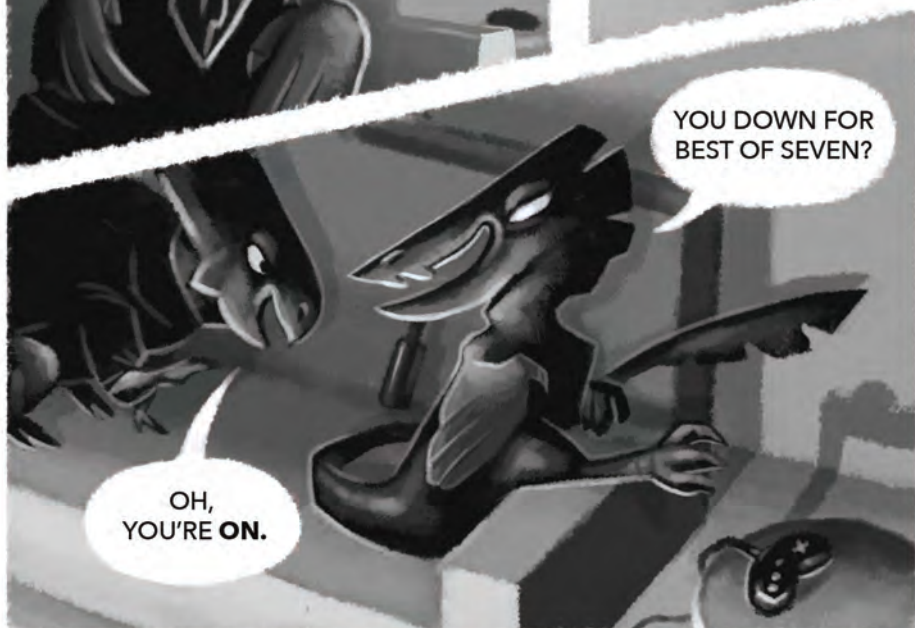


YOU HAVE EVERY RIGHT
TO BE ANNOYED AT ME.

PFFT! LETTING A
COUPLE **GOD-DAMN**
VIDEO GAMES GET
BETWEEN US!



AW C'MERE!
I CAN'T STAY
MAD AT YOU.



YOU DOWN FOR
BEST OF SEVEN?

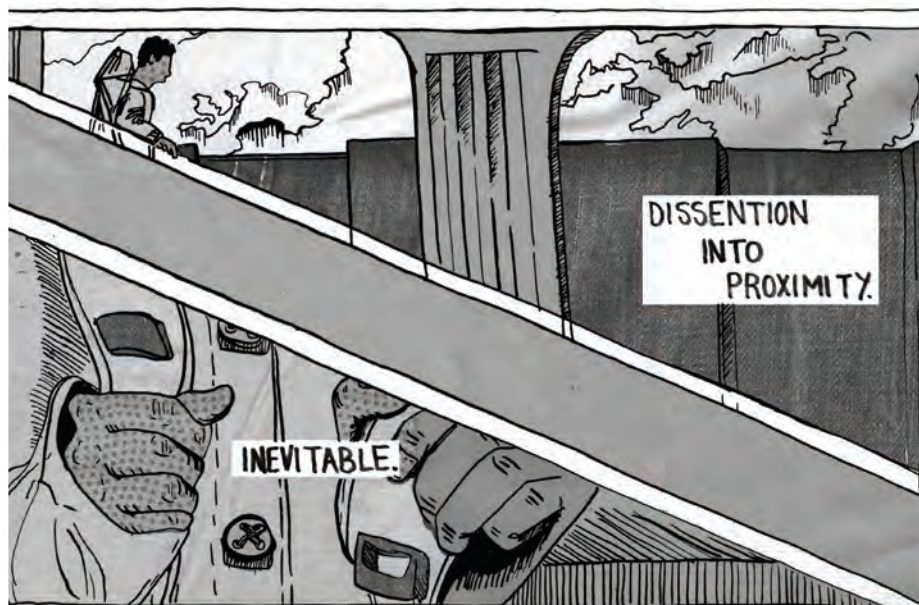
OH,
YOU'RE **ON**.

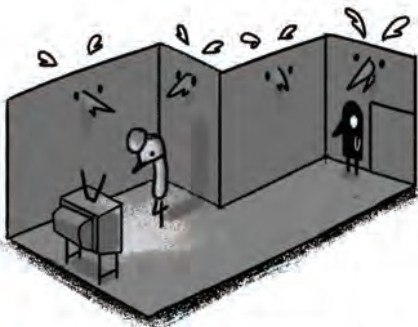




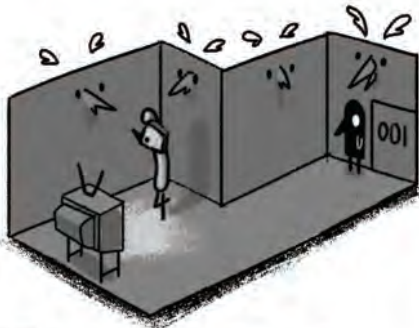
TIME TO GO

DISTANCE SHRINKING

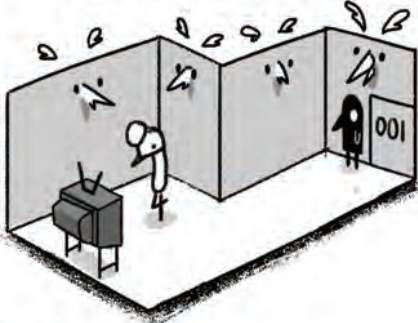




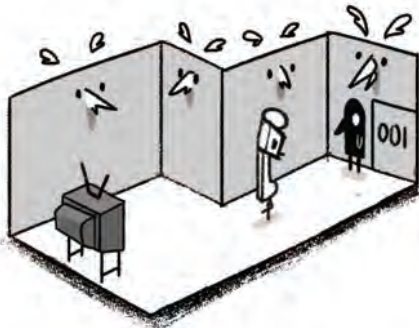
We have finally determined the exact speed at which The Bird must be shot into a concrete wall in order to fuse naturally and serve its true function as a Bird Wall.



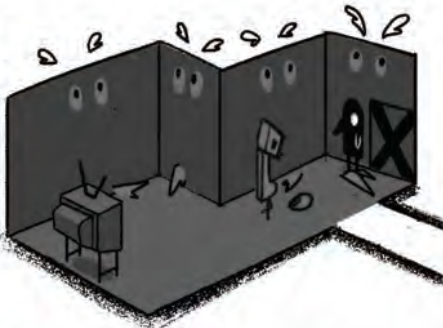
Unfortunately, the Birds will not survive testing, but it is the duty of all Birds to serve our nation. Birds are a renewable resource.



The Scientist will now take you to the testing room.



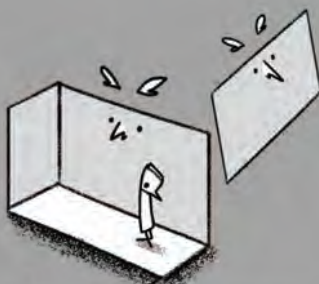
(no.)



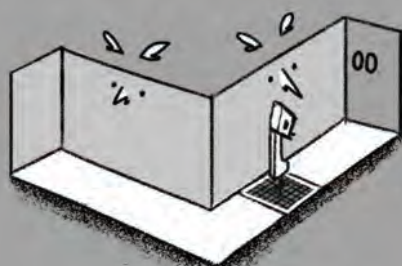
ERROR: we ask that all objecting parties now make their way to the HALL OF BAD BIRDS.



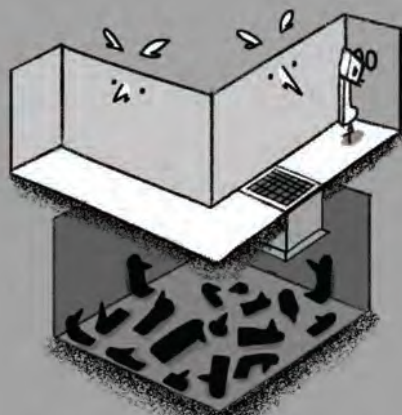
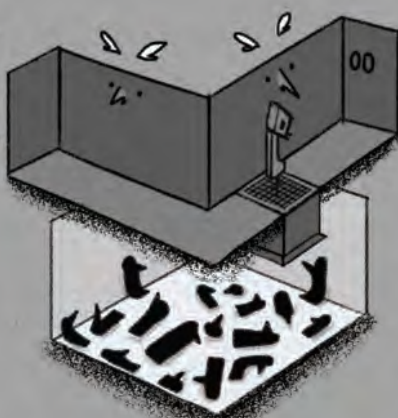
Birds are the backbone of this society. Once feral creatures, the common bird has been engineered to reach its true potential: modern construction.



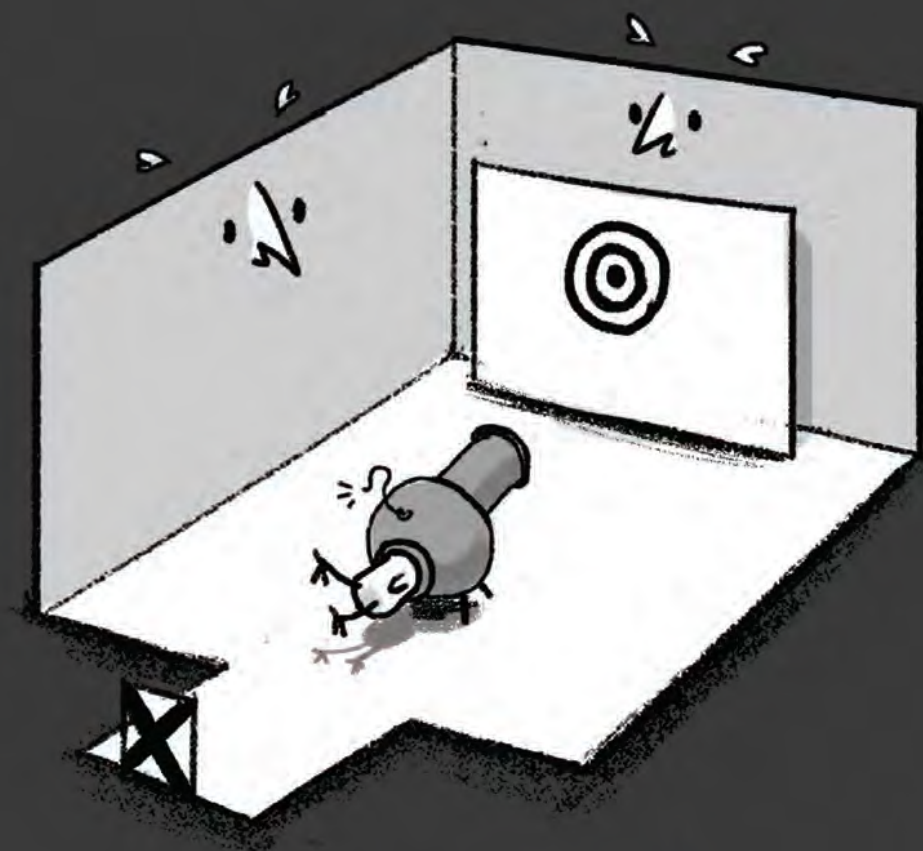
Look around you. The Future is supported by Bird Walls.



Of course, Science invites all birds to exercise their freedom of choice.



We've prepared a surprise for you before you exit the facility.
We think you'll like it.



The Flamingo
enters the cannon.





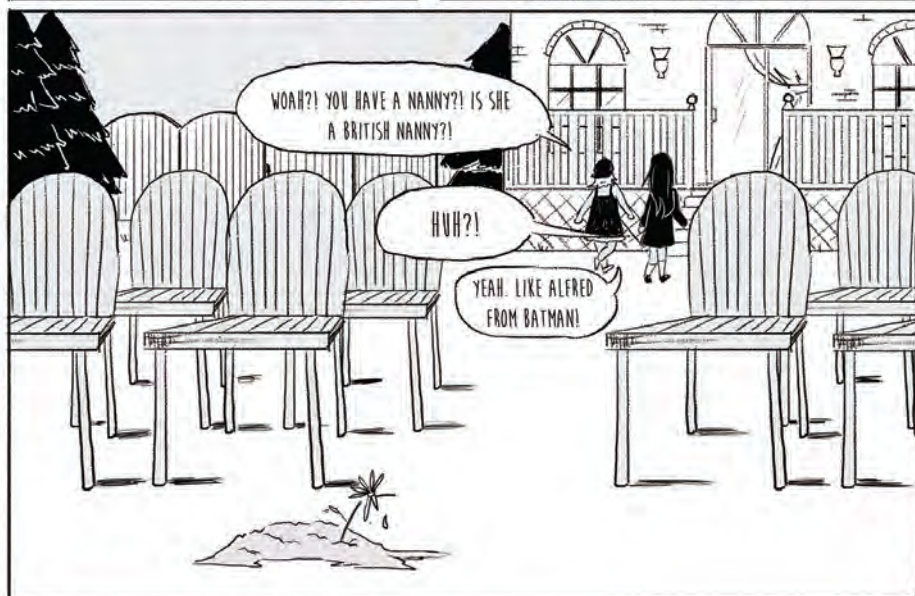




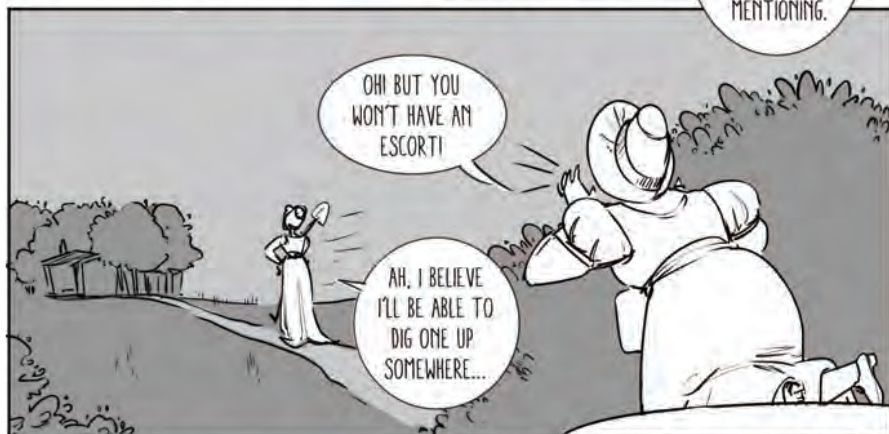


























I KNEW IT WHEN I WAS 13.
THAT YOU CAN'T PICK
YOUR FAMILY.



IT DOESN'T MEAN
IT'S WHO YOU'RE BORN TO.



SOMETIMES...
IT'S YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR



WHO HAPPENS TO BE
IN YOUR 5TH PERIOD
ENGLISH CLASS



WHO LOVES THE WOODS
IN YOUR BACKYARD
JUST AS MUCH AS YOU DO.



WE WOULD START
EARLY IN THE MORNING

RUNNING AROUND BEING
PIRATES, ADVENTURERS,
WHATEVER ELSE.



STAYING OUT
TIL OUR PARENTS CAME
SEARCHING FOR US.



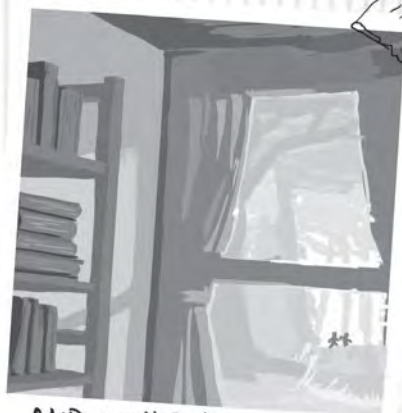
SCOLDED THE FIRST TIME,
AND THEN ...



GIVEN FLASHLIGHTS
WHEN BEING OUT LATE
BECAME A HABIT



ALL THE BOOKS I READ GROWING
UP - HARRY POTTER, TERABITHIA...
ALL STORIES ABOUT FINDING
YOUR PLACE,



AND WHILE I LOVE MY
PARENTS
VERY MUCH...



I FINALLY UNDERSTOOD
THAT FEELING...



FINDING WHERE YOU REALLY
BELONG.



BECAUSE SOMETIMES THAT PLACE
WHERE YOUR FAMILY
TRULY IS...



CAN BE ONE PERSON.

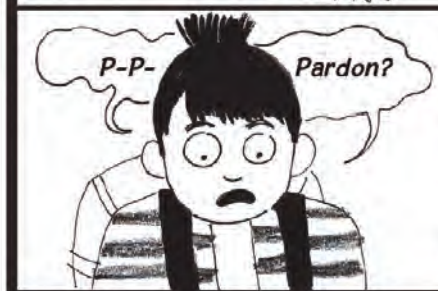








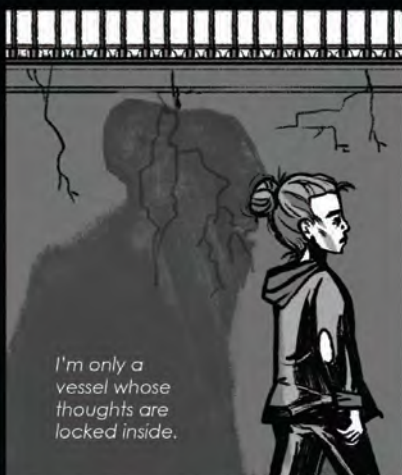
A H E M .



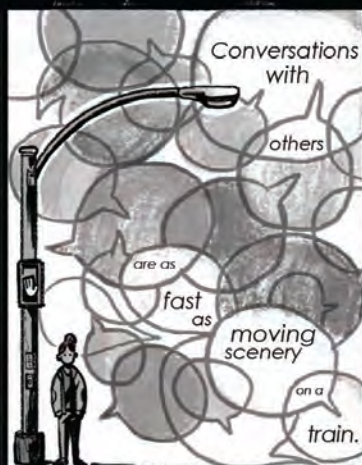




It's hard to be understood.



I'm only a vessel whose thoughts are locked inside.



Conversations with others

others

are as

fast as

moving scenery

on a

train.



Details fly away and become lost. Leaving me empty.



Nothing to share with anyone.



I'm a ghost without any solid relationships.

Unseen. Unheard.



I'm me.



You're you.

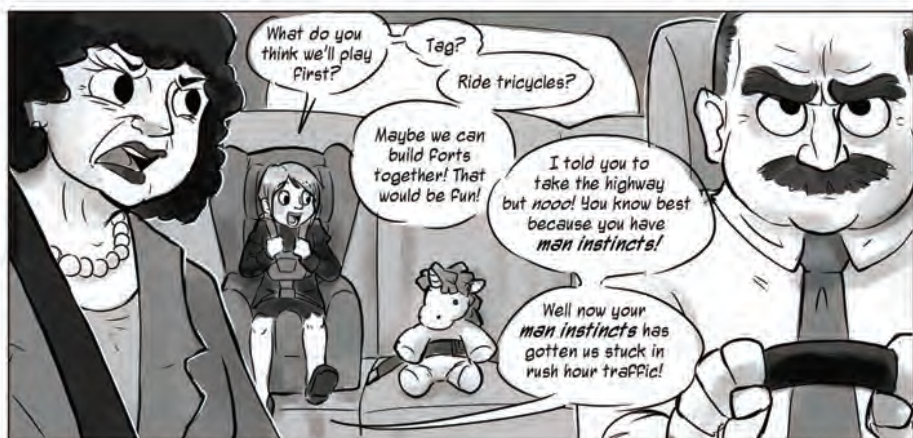


We're just...



Me again.













IS THAT
ALL?!



Chipmunk and Squirrel were never very fond of one another. The chipmunk spent his days burrowing in his underground home while the squirrel climbed high in his great tree. For these very reasons they both thought they were superior to one another.



They rarely crossed paths except during Autumn, when the Squirrel leaves his tree to dig into the ground to bury his acorns to store for the Winter. Sometimes he would dig a little too deep, into the burrows of the Chipmunk.



The Chipmunk in turn would get his revenge by hoarding the squirrel's acorns in a large pile deep underground.

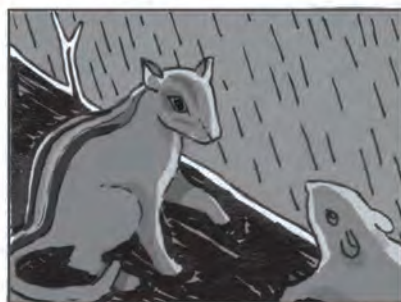


One Autumn, a great storm came.





The water rose and rose. The Chipmunk's burrows began to flood and he had no choice but to flee his home. The squirrel, watching the other creature struggle in the rising water, extended his hand to help him up into his great tree.



"You can stay with me until your burrows dry out," said the squirrel. "Thank you, Squirrel," replied the chipmunk. "I know we are not very good friends, but I am very grateful and one day I will repay you for your kindness."



In three days time, the soil was dry and the chipmunk began repairing his burrows.





The morning after the chipmunk returned to his burrow, he arose to get a breath of fresh air. He noticed the squirrel wandering around looking at the ground.

"Squirrel," he called. "What's wrong?"



"It's nothing. I just can't find the markings I had put down to remind me of where I had buried my acorns. The rain must have washed them all away. I would dig to find the acorns again, but I know that you're repairing your burrows and I would hate to mess them up," the squirrel replied.

"I have an idea," the chipmunk told the squirrel. "Wait here."



"Squirrel, I must confess. Sometimes I would take your acorns if they fell into my burrows and I hoarded them in a pile. I still have a lot of your acorns stored underground. I just made a tunnel directly from here to the acorn stash. You're welcome to drop your acorns directly into this hole and to go inside anytime to gather them up."




The squirrel thanked the chipmunk and the chipmunk reminded him of his kindness during the storm. The two creatures lived harmoniously for many Autumns more.












Well, I dated another woman who was like you



Her name was Taylor.
We met at an orgy
actually,



heh






We only dated
for a month,




I really liked her though.





Why'd you guys
break up?



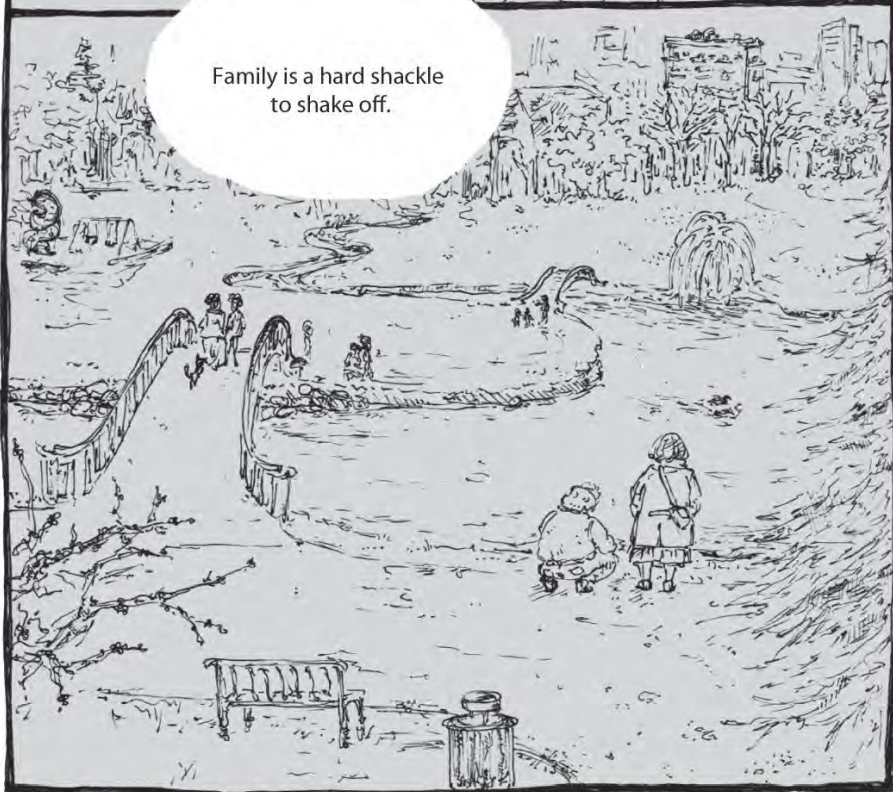
We didn't really. She went
home for a family emergency.

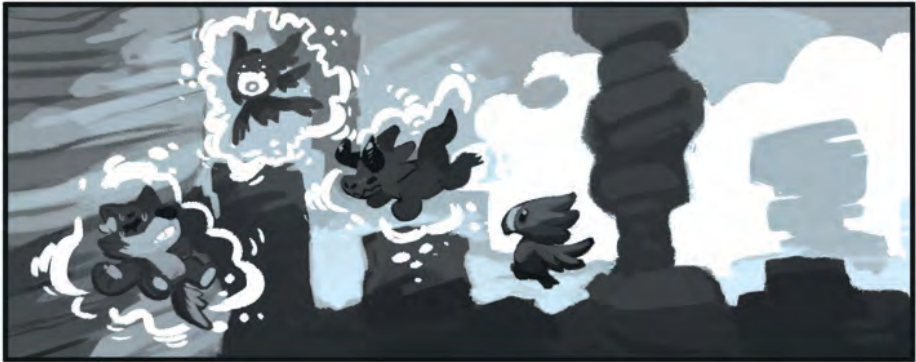
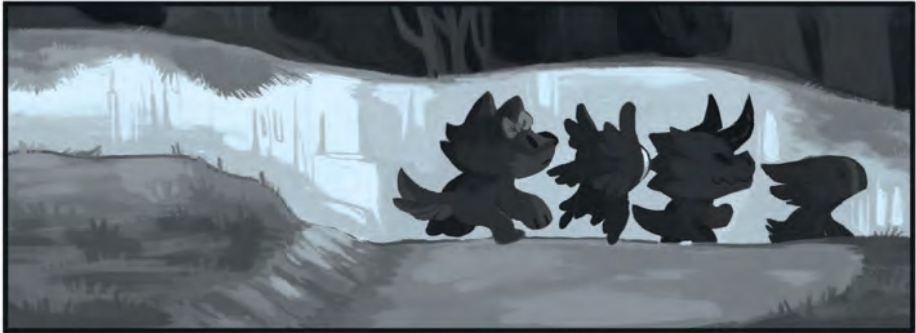
I guess they didn't know
about her... you know,

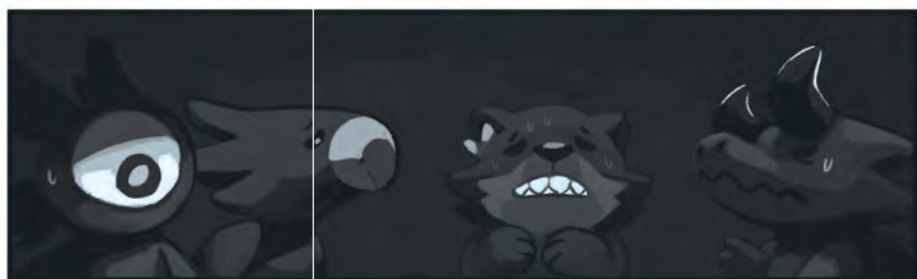
being a 'her'

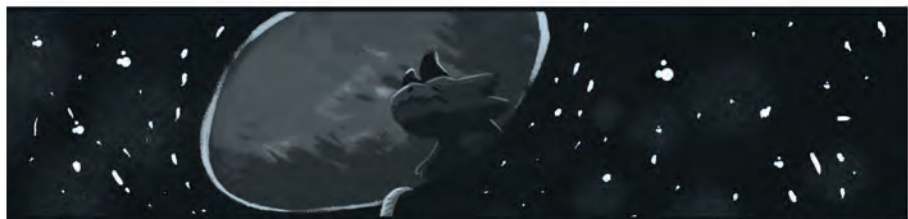


Family is a hard shackle
to shake off.

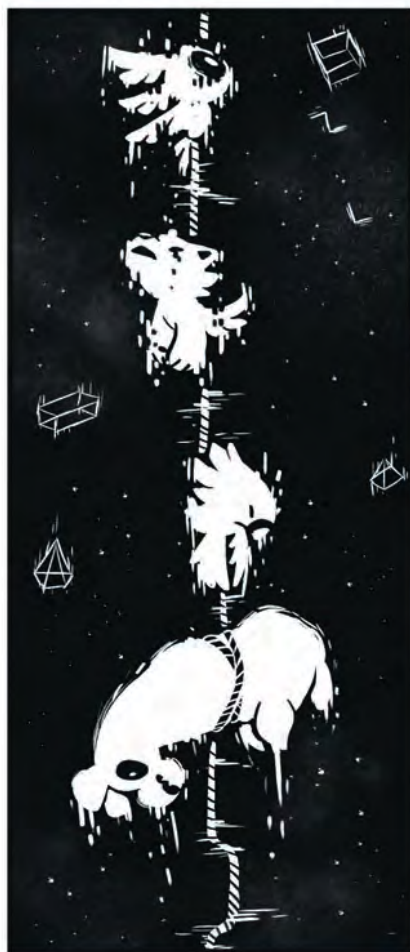














FIN

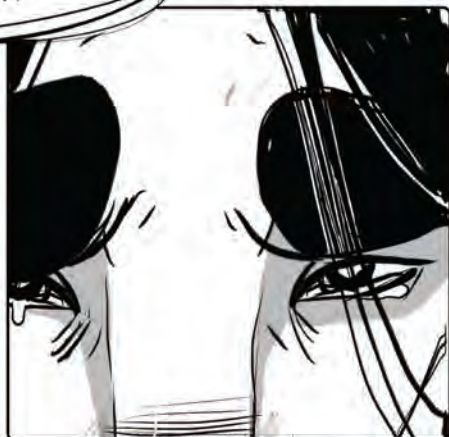




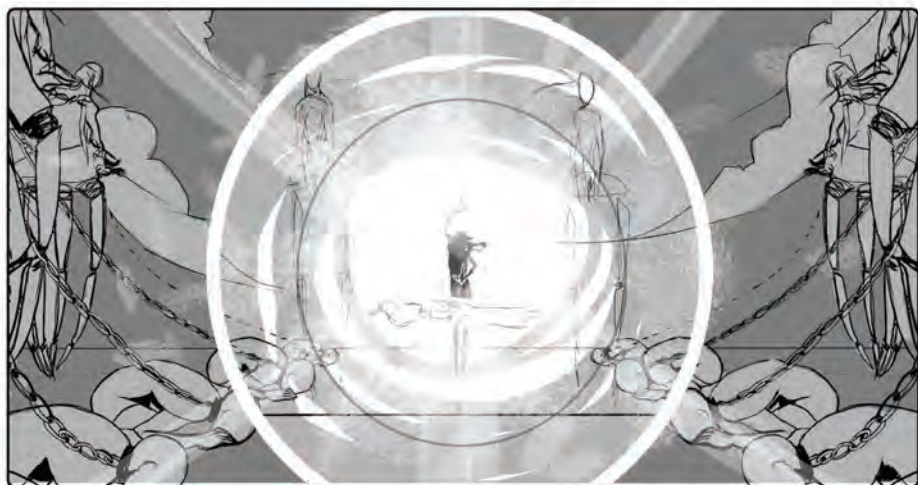


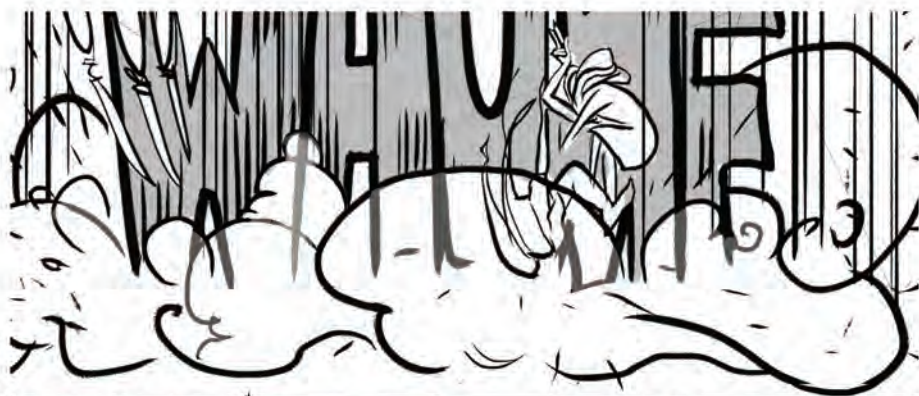


DON'T BELONG
TO THEM.









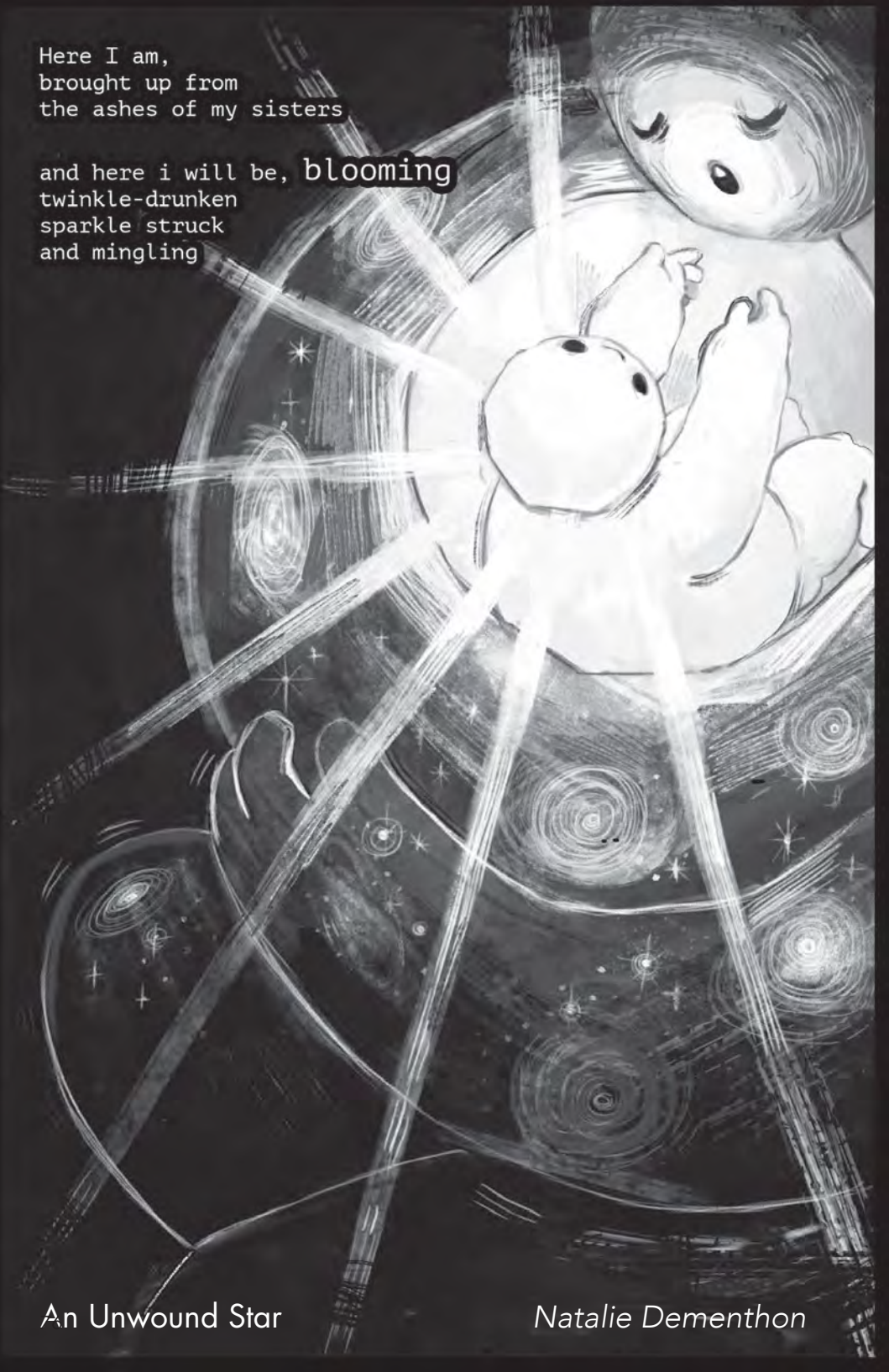


Here I am,
brought up from
the ashes of my sisters

and here i will be, **blooming**
twinkle-drunken
sparkle struck
and mingling

An Unwound Star

Natalie Dementhon



Blue-Strapped Sharpshooter


Red Giant

and Supernova,

we all flittered
in the inkjet clouds of magellan
we were just, little sky-freckles
then



First left Supernova,
drifting, dripping to
the gravity, of an interstellar galaxy, and we
just
watched
stagnant
there was, no stopping then



Our hopes grew
awry and we
splayed, older and over
and I
was, no longer
blooming
I was just

alone



Compressing
pressing
the little me caved in and turned me inside out
and i was,
reborn
a bullet hole
of the universe,
pulling
everything
claiming
everyone



but there was
no stopping
the will of a bullet hole,
and I
caressed the black
around their breaths, and
muffled the lights
because

I finally found
my stars
again

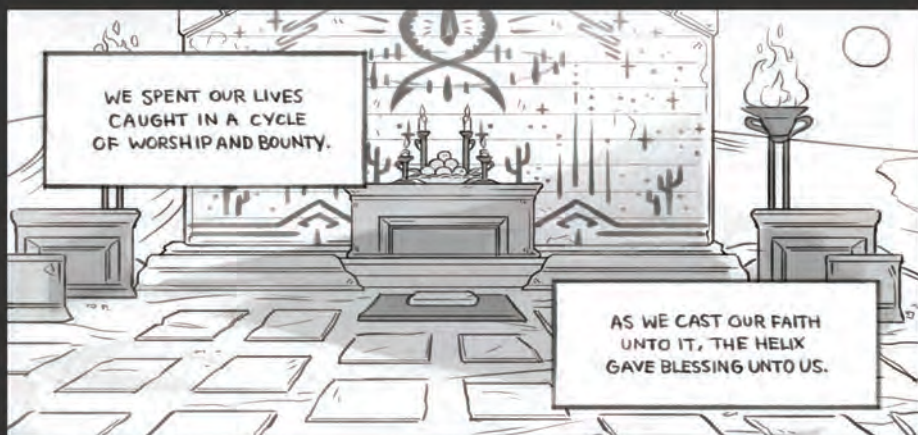


I WAS NINE YEARS OLD
WHEN I FIRST WITNESSED THE
DIVINE HELIX DEFEND OUR LAND.

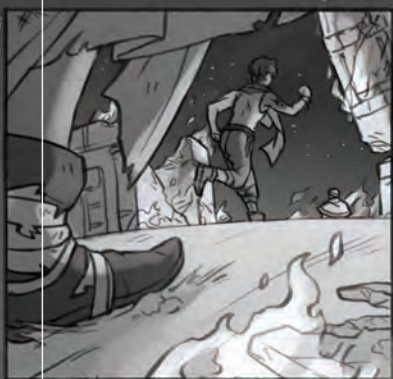
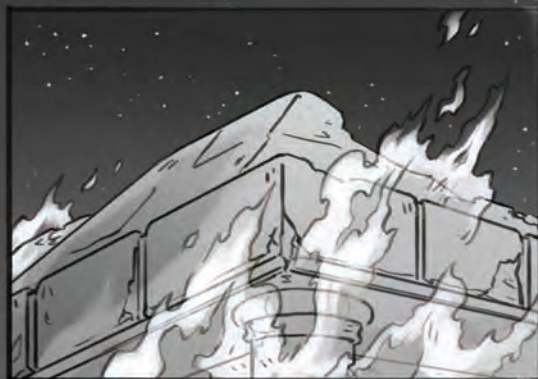


IT WAS UNLIKE
ANYTHING I
HAD EVER SEEN.



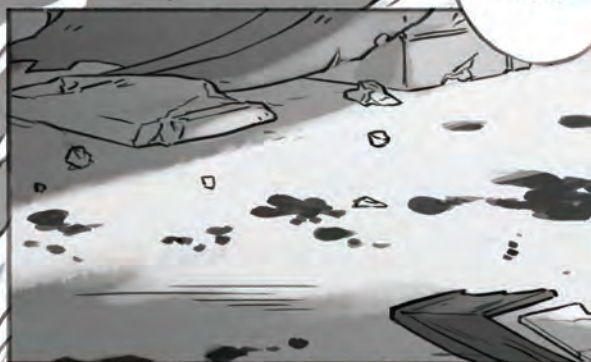


BUT FATE IS UNFORGIVING.



THE GEM...
IT'S BEEN
RIPPED
FROM THE
HELIX'S
CORE.

...
SHATTERED
AND
SPREAD
LIKE GLASS
IN THE
WIND.



WITHOUT
IT, THE
COSMOS
WILL FALL
INTO
UTTER
IMBALANCE.

AFTER ALL, NOTHING LASTS FOREVER.

BUT THE SUN STILL RISES IN THE EAST.



AND AS LONG AS I
LIVE TO SEE IT SET
IN THE WEST...



... I WILL SCOUR
THE EARTH FOR
PIECES OF YOU.

..... EDITORIAL STAFF

Shannon Wright

Editor-in-Chief

A Senior in Communication Arts, along with the Illustrations Editor for The Commonwealth Times, Shannon is an illustrator and cartoonist using her passion to reach underrepresented voices and highlight untold stories. Being a huge fan of nerd culture, anime, blackness and feminism, a lot of her inspiration and creative drive comes from those things. Deep down, she's a big ball of nerves and laughter.

Ameorry Luo

Managing Editor

A Senior Communication Arts student, Ameorry is an illustrator, comic artist, and concept designer. She's interested in drawing upon themes of melancholy, mythology, and unusual juxtaposition in her work, as well as telling stories about the Chinese-American diaspora experience.

Elly Call

Senior Editor

Elly Call's crustacean hordes continue to amass in the east, and a scorpion special forces unit is suspected on location. When she and her military of magnitude are not enjoying a quiet walk on the beach as a unified, arthropodial force, she is a senior at VCUarts double majoring in Communication Arts and English while minoring in Creative Writing. Her visual work has appeared in the journals Poictesme and Quailbell, her written work has appeared in the journals Poictesme and Amendment, and her other comics work lurks around on the internet in the form of the webcomic Aubergine In Hell.

..... EDITORIAL STAFF

Daniel Torraca

Staff Editor

Communication Arts graduate, freelance illustrator, and designer working at Think of Us (a non profit focused on reforming the foster care system). His work focuses on the combination of textiles and drawing to communicate the intricacies of interpersonal relationships and to better understand people. Hi Mom.

Will Sullivan

Staff Editor

Emanata Staff Editor, junior Communication Arts student, and future triple-A concept designer & illustrator. His work centers around future relics, ancient space, and wicked robots. An eternal fan of sci-fi/fantasy his love of the weird, the otherworldly, the mystical drives his creative work across media. \m/

Fahmida Azim

Secretary

Senior in Communication Arts, Fahmida is an illustrator, night-owl, and storyteller. She draws pictures and eats stories. She finds the strange in the everyday and the ordinary in the fantastical. She aims to use the language of fiction to find a better understanding of reality.

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Velocity Comics for being the hub of the Richmond comics scene.

Our talented alumni for reaching back to collaborate with students.

The contributors, for the bonds you have inked into these pages.

...and Jeffrey Shackelford for always supporting our publication.

emanatacomics@gmail.com

