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EMANATA PRESENTS

dream

VOL. 9



Acknowledgements

Emanata wishes to acknowledge and thank the following:

Sammy Newman for illustrating our otherworldly cover.

Our talented book designer Madison Tran for helping us compile this behemoth of a book.

Velocity Comics for their continued support and their role in uplifting the Richmond comics scene.

VCU Libraries and Special Collections for their support of student comics creation.

Our alumni for their collaboration and continued support.

Our editors for their dedication and helping us accommodate a large amount of stories.

Our contributors for their enthusiasm and hard work, of which this anthology would not be possible without.

And VCU's Student Media Center, for not only sponsoring our cover art, but also their guidance and support every step of the way.

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Foreword

Dear Readers,

The cover spread of this anthology, inspired by the work of Heironymous Bosch, is a visual interpretation of escaping the hell that's been the past two years. As we suffered from burnout during the thick of the pandemic, we here at Emanata dreamed of igniting the passion for comics amongst the masses at VCU. We opened our doors not only to experienced comic artists, but also to students who otherwise would not have an opportunity to express themselves through the visual arts. For many of our contributors, this was their first experience with creating comics.

Just as one day-dreams while bored sitting at a desk, some of our contributors dreamt of a whimsical escape from the doldrums of life and held optimism for what the future brings. Others chose to reflect and amplify the nightmarish horrors of life, with the reassurance that all storms pass. While past editions of Emanata, such as Hindsight and The End, focused on the past and present respectfully, this year's edition, Dream, focuses on hope for a brighter future.

At over 400 pages, this edition of the anthology is our Renaissance, as it is not only a revival, but also a great achievement.

— Sarah Brady & Claire Deely

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Liam Harrison

A MONSTER SLEEPS

LIAM HARRISON



Liam Harrison

DID I EVER
TELL YA' MY OLD MAN
FISHED THESE WATERS,
SAME AS US?

NAH,
YOU DIDNT.



Liam Harrison



YEAH, WELL,
ALL THOSE HOURS OUT
HERE GAVE HIM SO MUCH, TOO
MUCH, TIME TO THINK THAT
HE FANCIED HIMSELF A
PHILOSOPHER.

IS THAT SO?

YEAH,
AND HE TALKED
'BOUT THIS THEORY
THAT'S STUCK
WITH ME.



THAT OUR
WORLD IS REALLY
JUST THE DREAM
OF A GIANT, AND
WHEN IT WAKES UP
POOF WE'RE
GONE!



BUT,
I ASKED HIM,
I SAID, IF THIS THEORY
OF HIS WERE TRUE, WHERE'S
THIS DREAMIN' GIANT
SUPPOSED TO
BE?

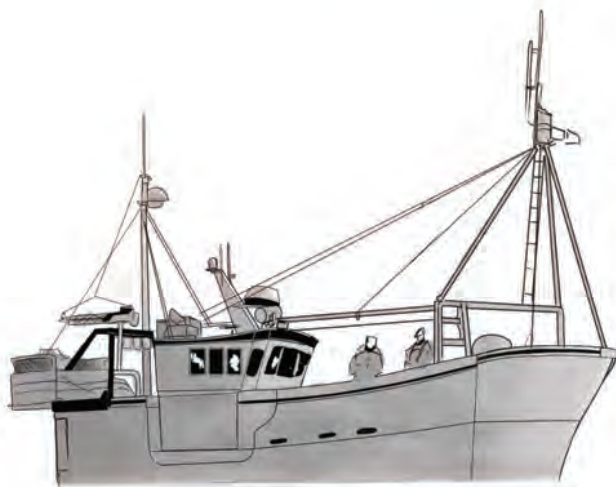
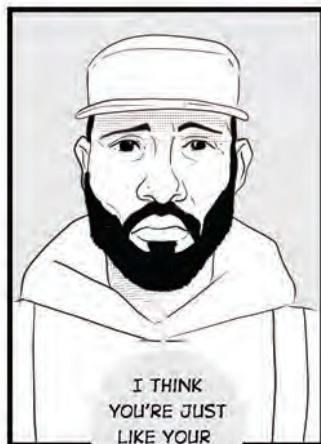
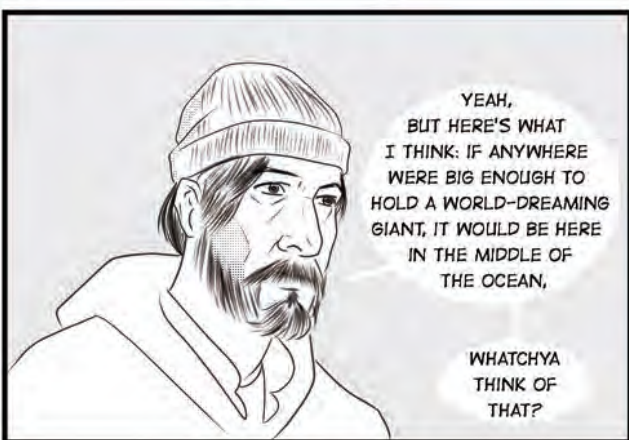
AND WHAT
DID HE SAY?



Liam Harrison

NOTHIN,
NEVER COULD
GIVE ME AN
ANSWER.

THAT SO?



Liam Harrison



THE OCEAN,
IN ITS BLACK DEPTHS,
HOLDS GIANT, MONSTROUS
BEINGS.

LEVIATHANS
THAT MEN HAVE
NEVER SEEN,

SLEEPING
IN THE ARMS OF
INKY WATER.



Liam Harrison

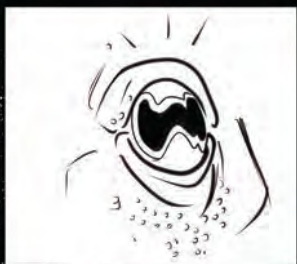
IN THIS ANCIENT
SLUMBER THAT A GIANT
HAS SEEN THE BIRTHING
AND DYING OF
STARS.

FROM
THESE DEPTHS,
HE AND HIS KIND HAVE
USHERED FORTH THE CREATION,
AND DESTRUCTION, OF
WORLDS.



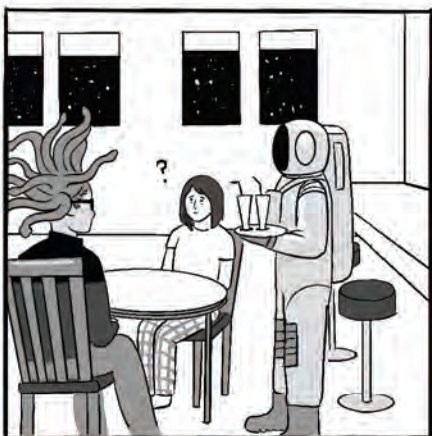
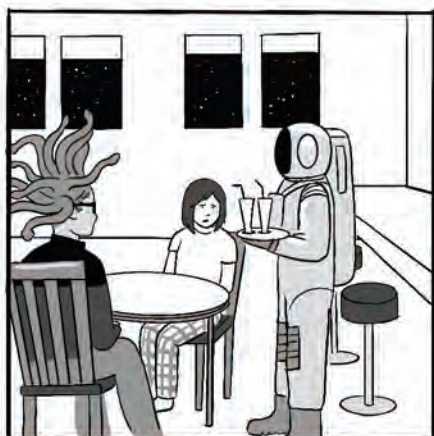
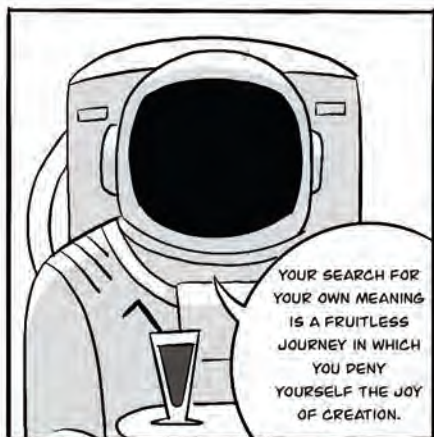
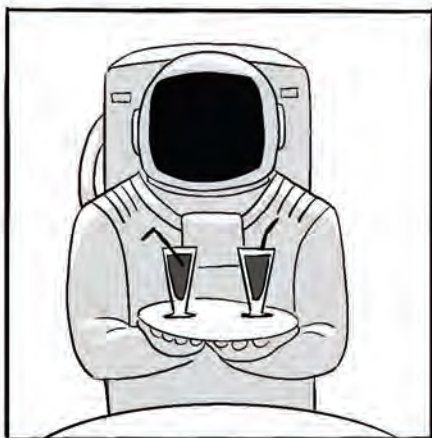
Liam Harrison

IN THE DARKNESS
OF THE OCEAN FLOORS,
A MONSTER DREAMS.

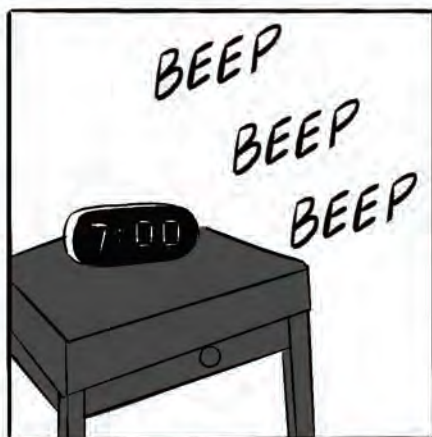










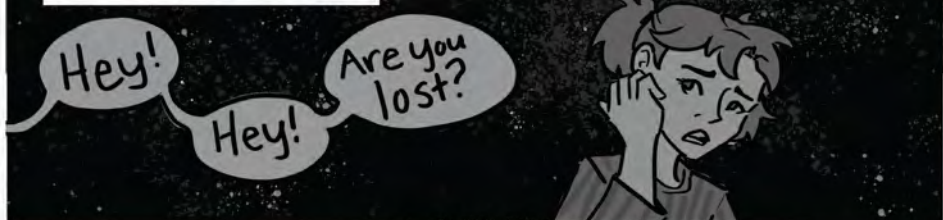
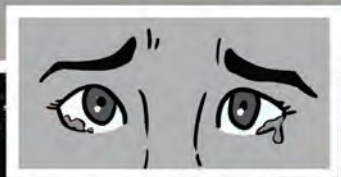


Kathy.



by lindsay bowman



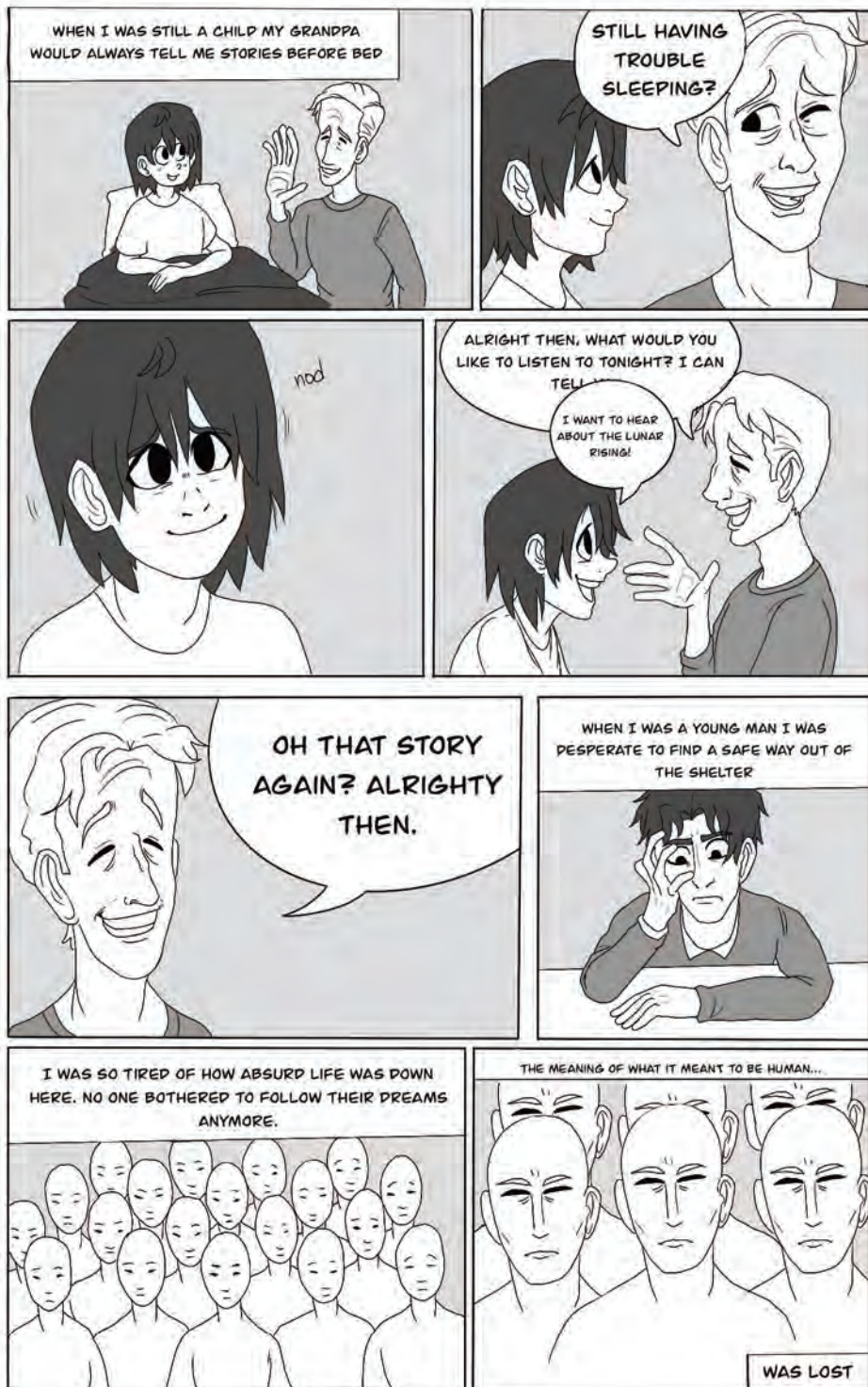




...no matter what anyone or anything tells you...



The Lunar Rising by Kirsten Sturgill



I WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT MY FUTURE



WHEN...

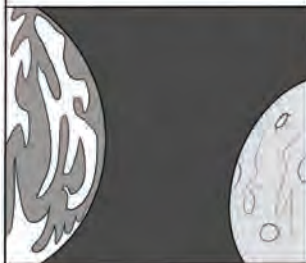


YOUR GRANDMA TOLD ME SOMETHING INCREDIBLE



SHE TOLD ME HOW EVERY CENTURY, THE SMOG CLEARS UP

THE MOON CHANGES OUR WORLD DURING THIS TIME



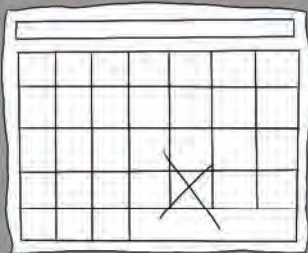
IT LIGHTENS THE SMOG AND ALLOWS US TO BREATHE WITHOUT OUR HELMETS



I WAS SO EXCITED. FINALLY AN OPPORTUNITY TO LEAVE THE SHELTER.



IT WAS THREE DAYS AFTER OUR CONVERSATION THAT THE DAY HAD FINALLY COME



WE SUITED UP AND BEGAN OUR ASCENT UP THE LADDER TO THE SURFACE





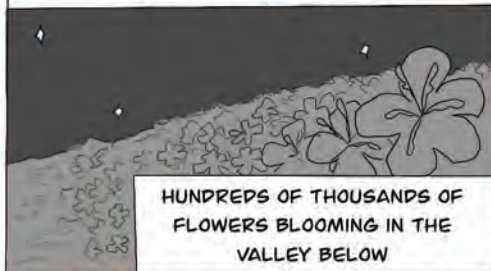
WE HUGGED EACH OTHER AND
BEGAN SEARCHING AROUND



YOUR GRANDMA WANTED TO CLIMB UP THE HILL NEAREST TO US



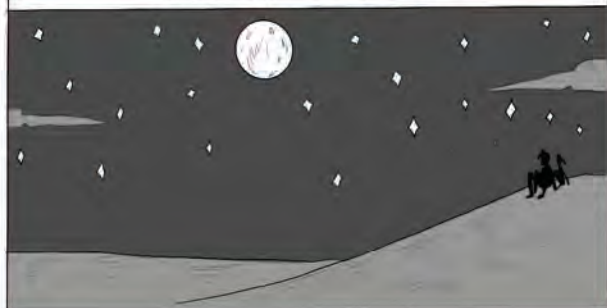
WE SAW THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHT
AHEAD OF US AT THE TOP



WE LOOKED UP AND SAW THE MOON FOR THE FIRST TIME



BEHIND THE MOON WE SAW MILLIONS OF TINY
STARS DANCING IN THE SKY



THEY LOOKED LIKE FIREFLIES
FLYING ABOVE US





I WOULD FLY ALL THE WAY TO THE FIREFLIES IN THE SKY



AND FEEL THE BREEZE ON MY SKIN



FREE.



END



EVERY TIME I FALL ASLEEP...



I WAKE UP IN OTHER PEOPLE'S DREAMS



USUALLY I LOVE IT,

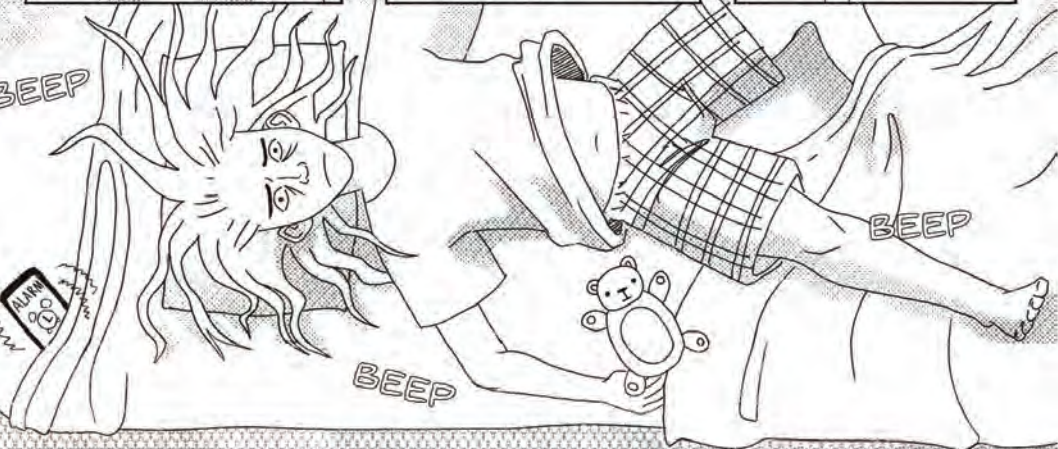


BUT SOMETIMES...





I SEE SOMETHING I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO.





HEY!

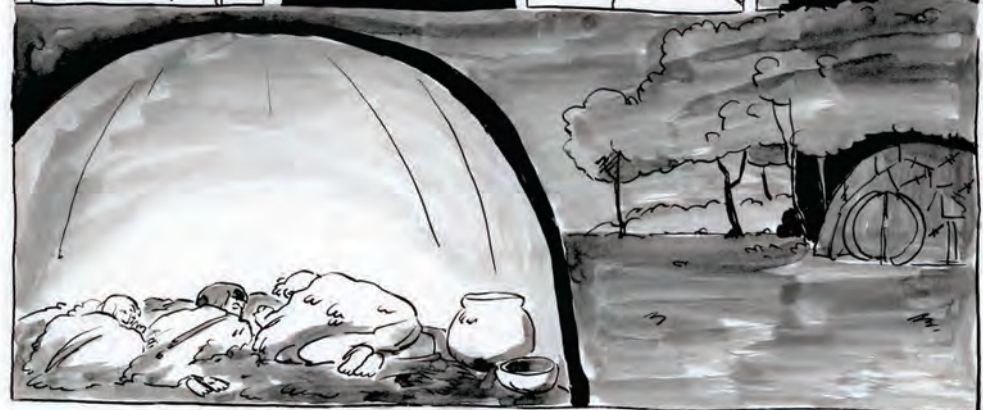
OH, NO.



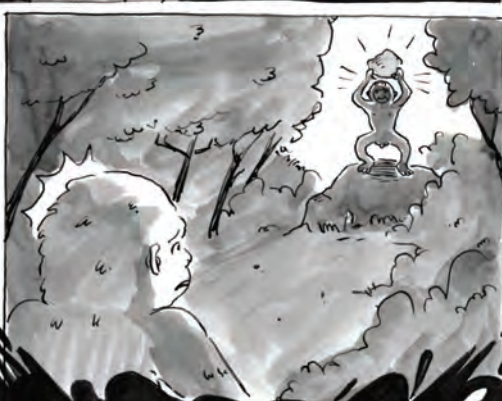
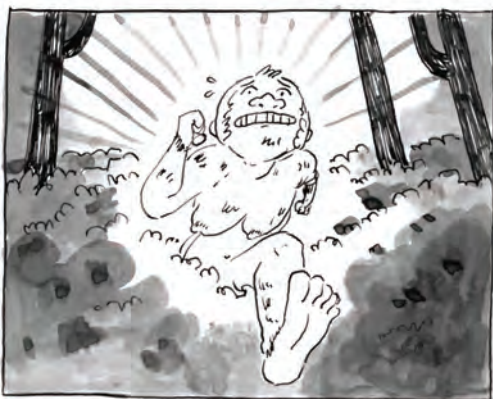
written and illustrated
by Sarah Leckemby

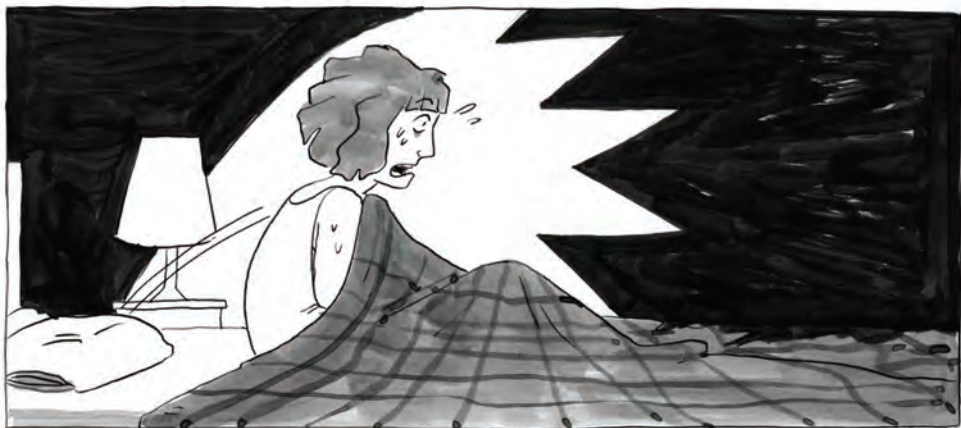


CLICK!





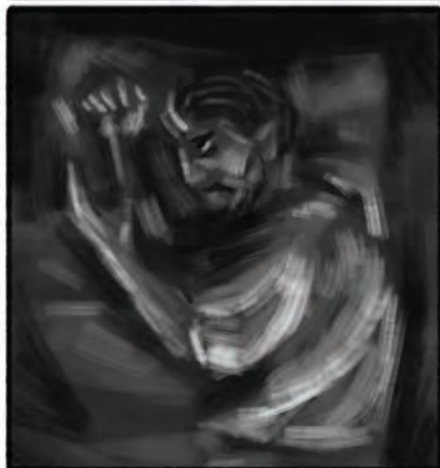


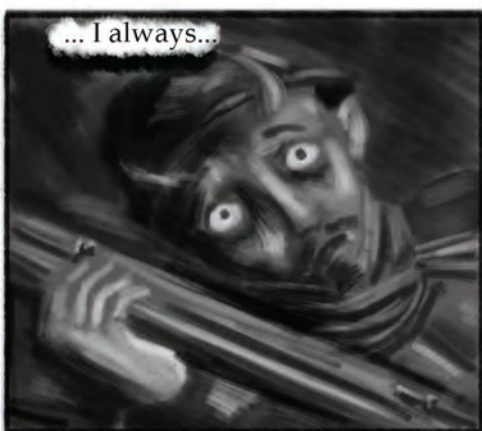


ENTRENCHED

BY CROIX LOUIS RICHARDT









The whistles.







Every night, I wake up...

... I always look to make sure I am in my room...

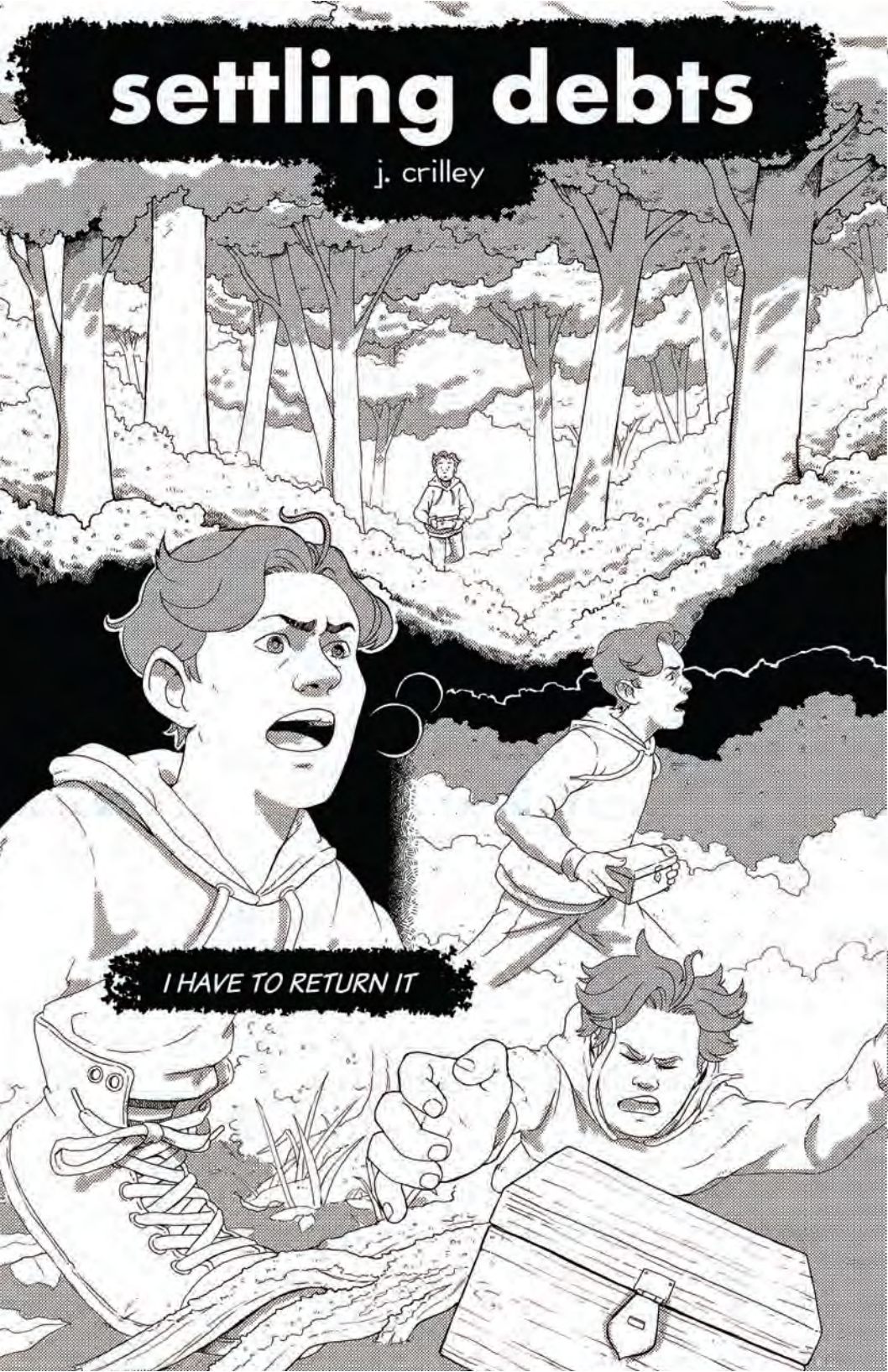
... But even though I keep doing that...



... it always feels like I never left those trenches in the first place...

settling debts

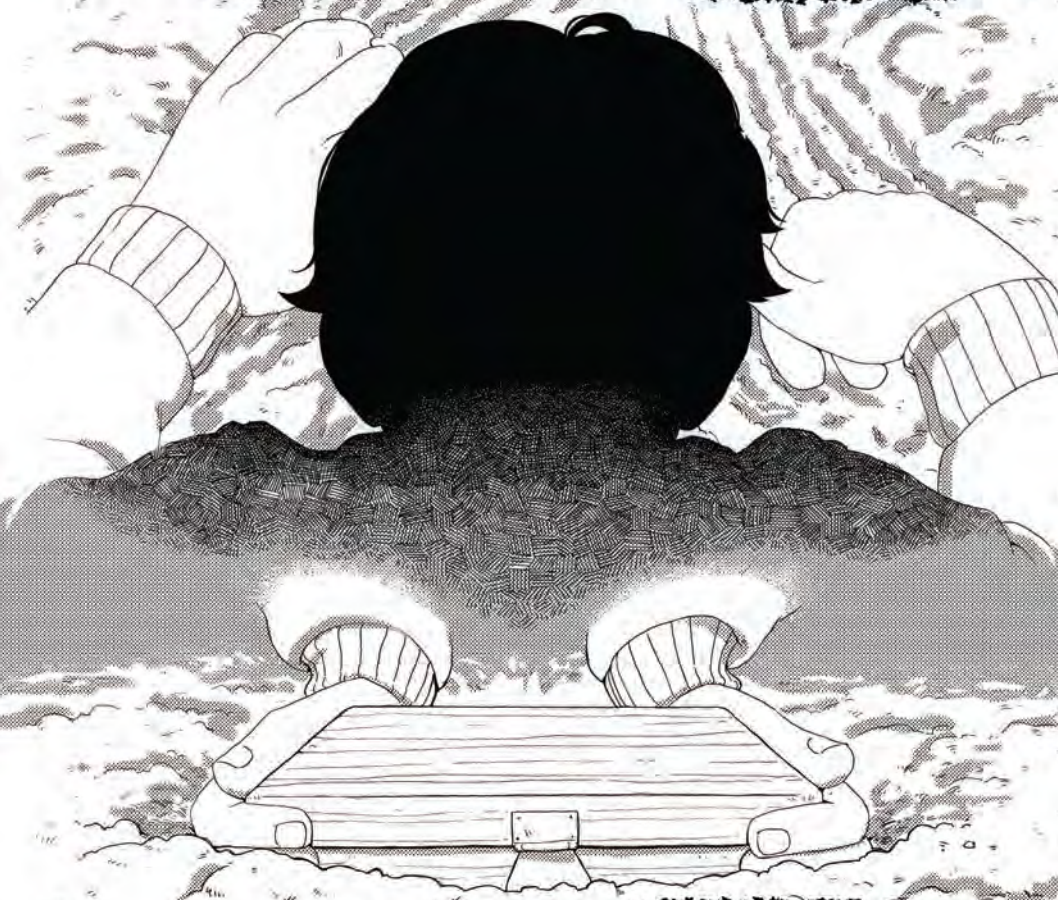
j. crilley





I HAVE TO...

... RETURN IT



I HAVE...

...TO RETURN

IT



HEED THIS

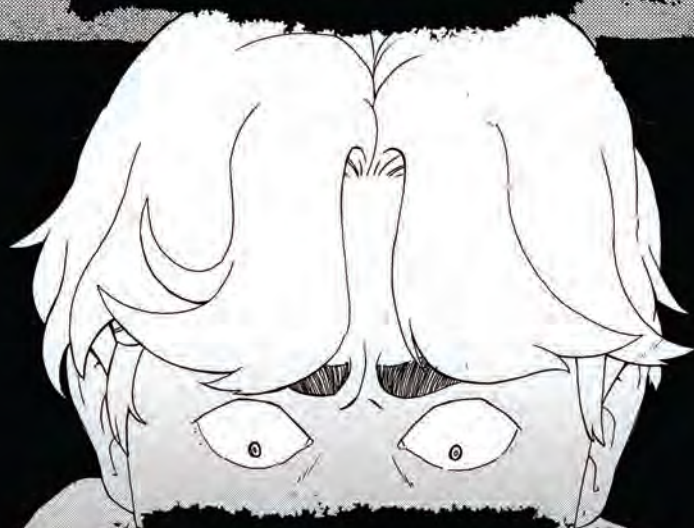


THE FOREST IS A GOD



OF LIFE AND

OF DEATH



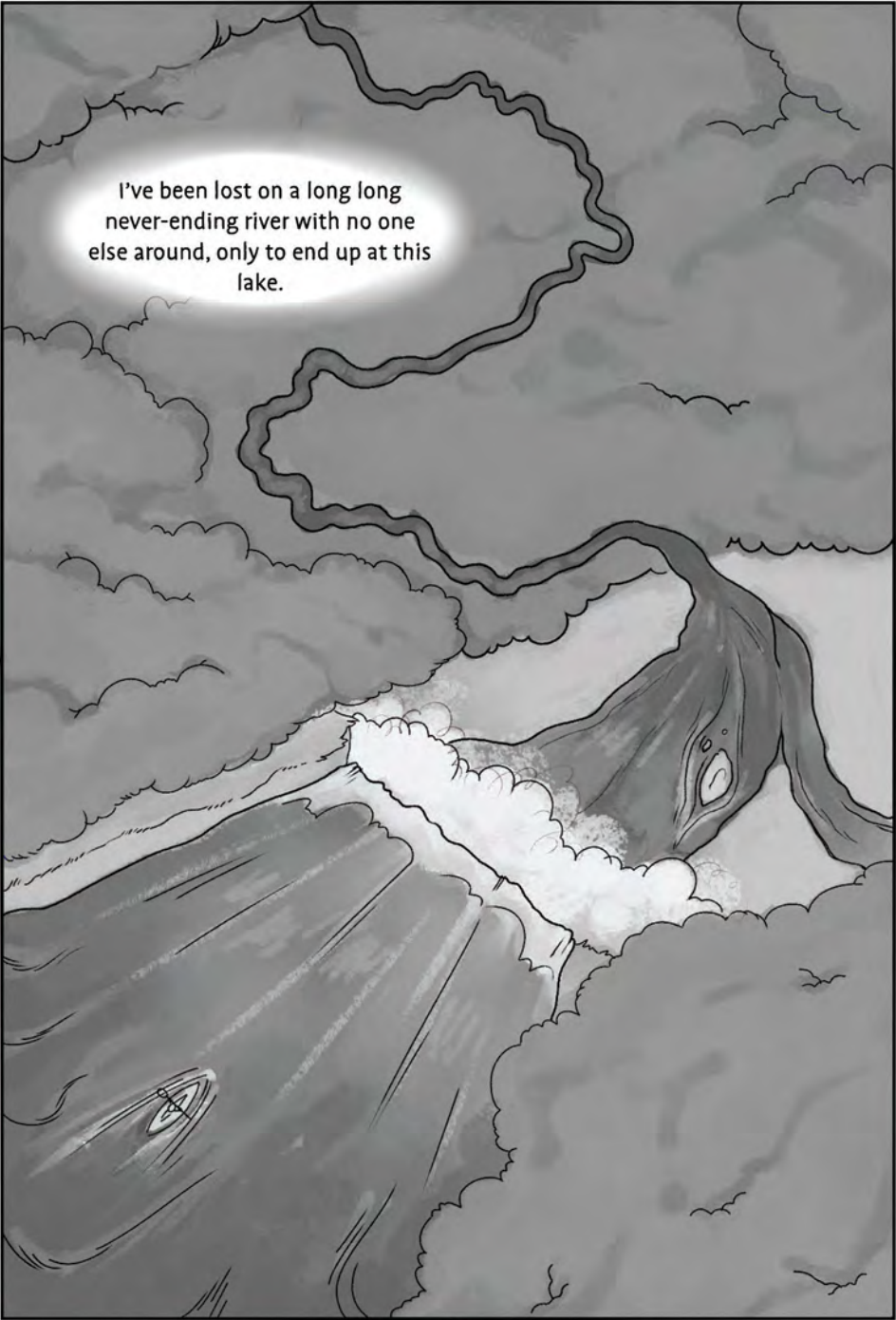


There's a lake I always see in my dreams. It's appearance can vary but I know it's the same place.

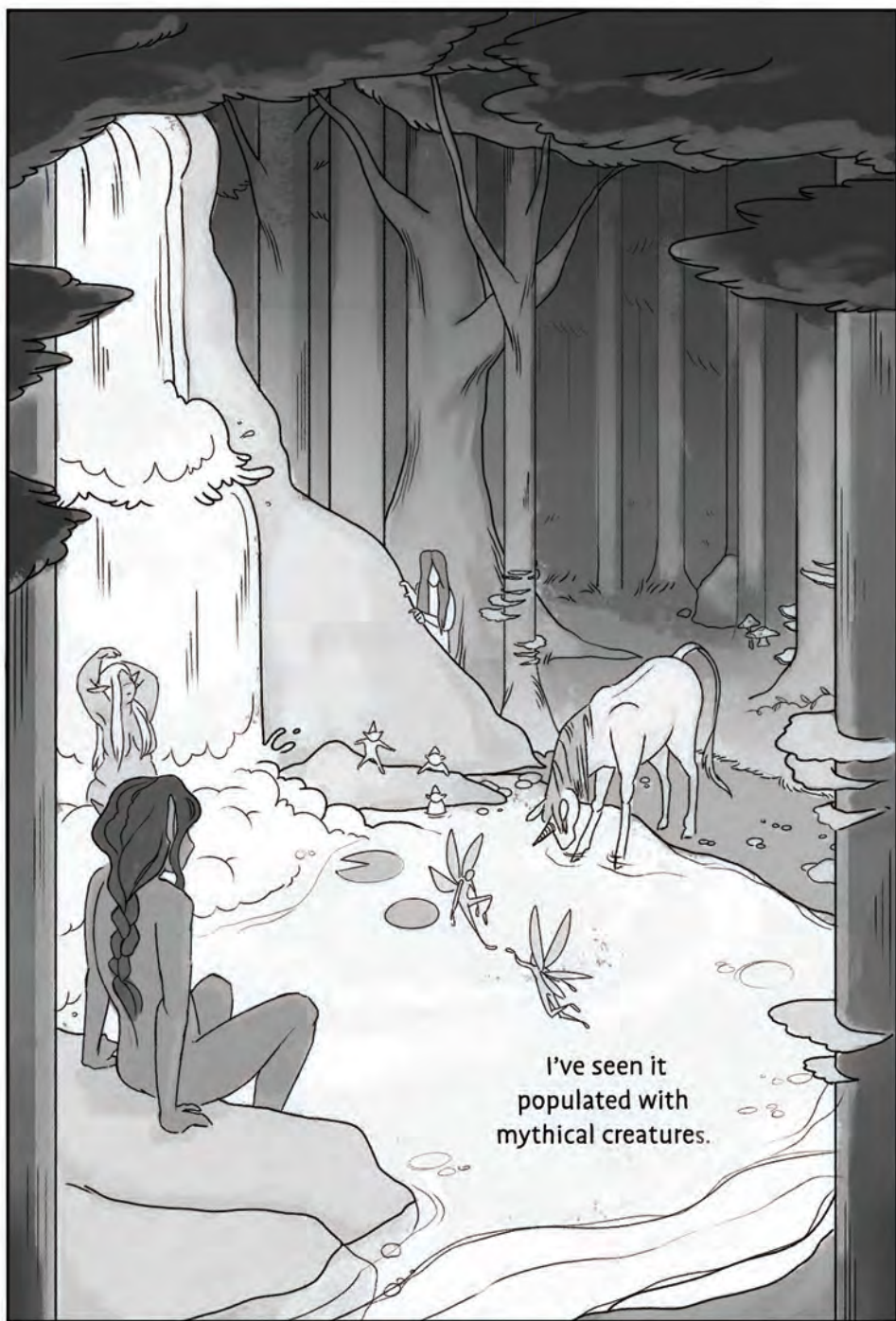




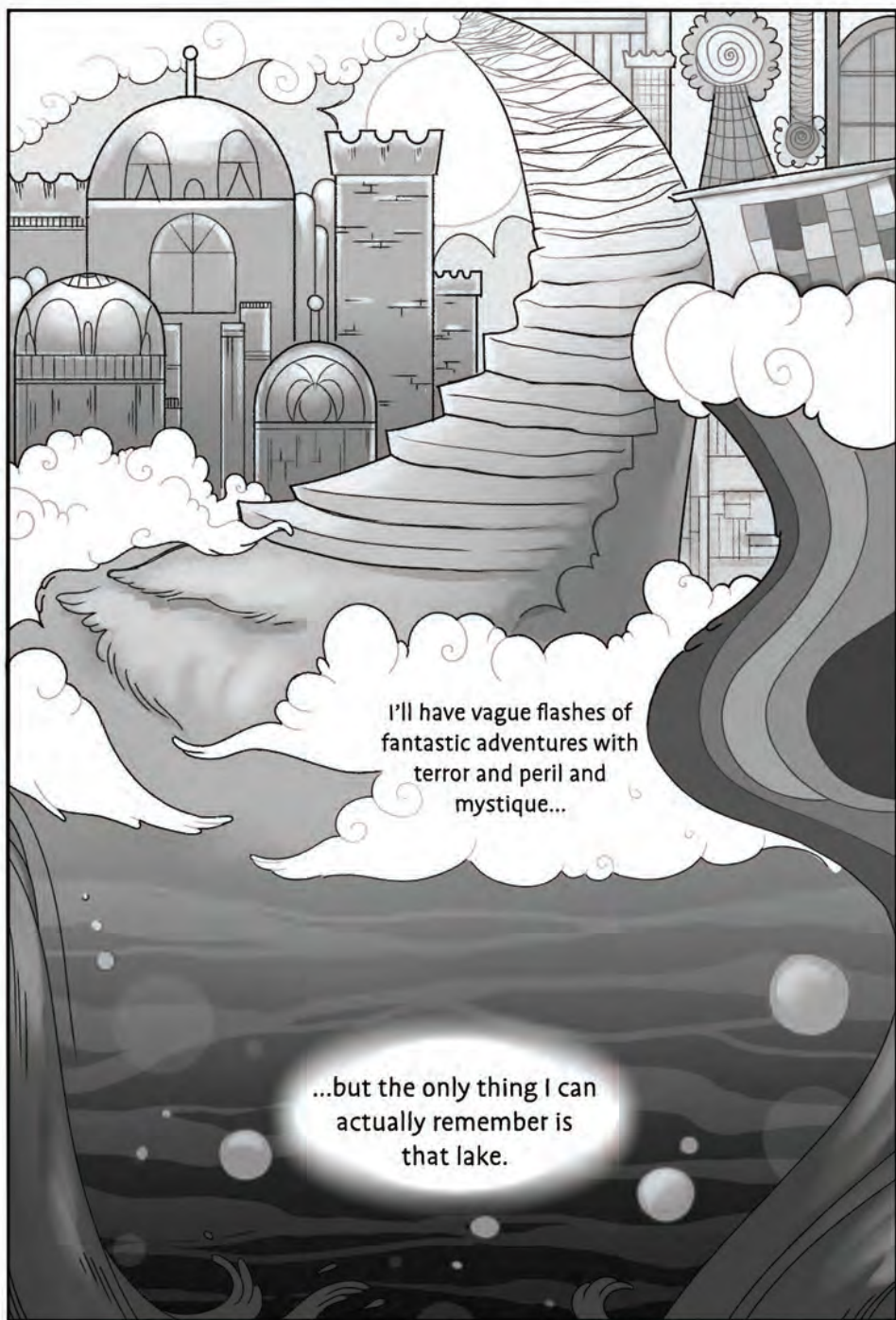
I'll be hiking up a trail
and looking over it.



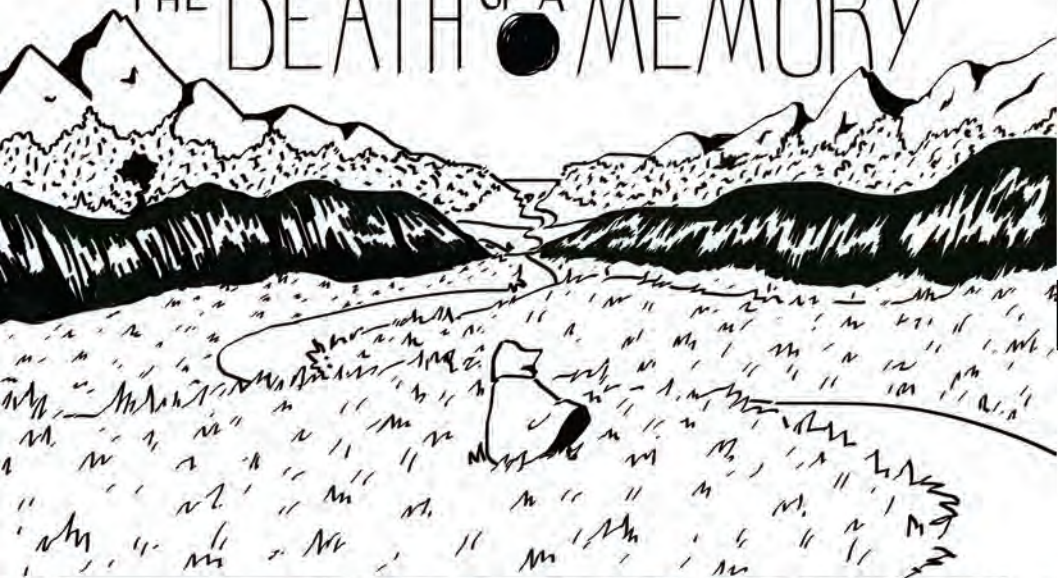
I've been lost on a long long
never-ending river with no one
else around, only to end up at this
lake.



I've seen it
populated with
mythical creatures.



THE DEATH OF A MEMORY



Come. In.





Follow. Please.

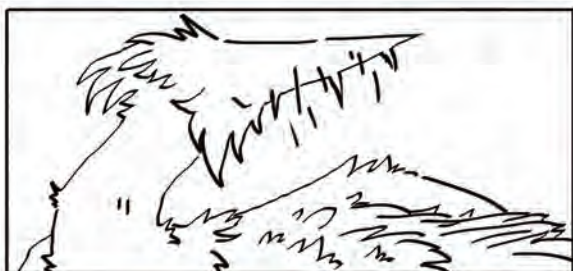


Slay. It.





Slay. The. Beast.





Hi Ms. ... your child...

Thank. You.

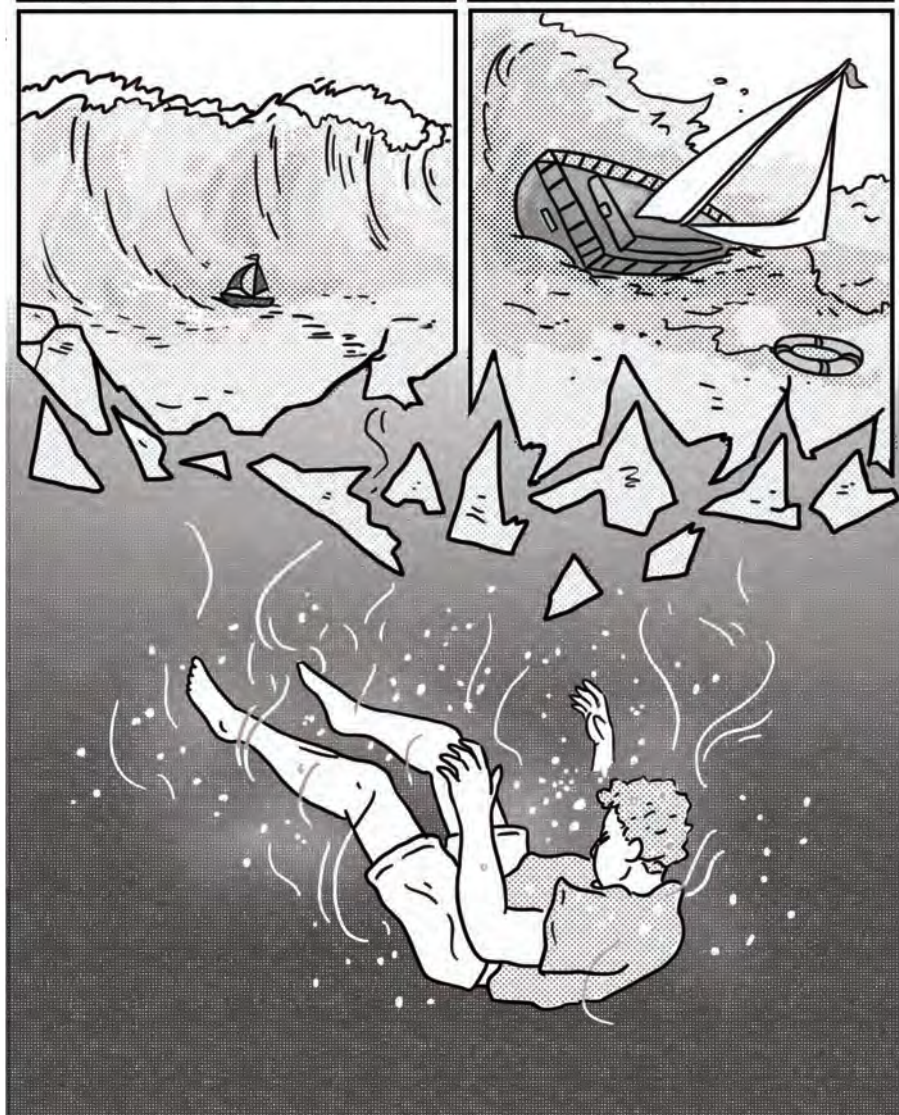
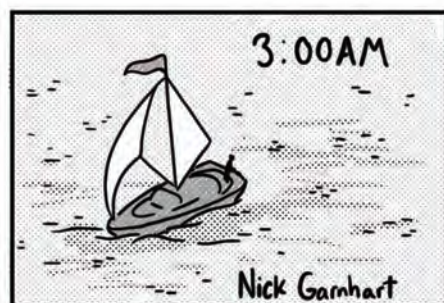


Why ... in class again?

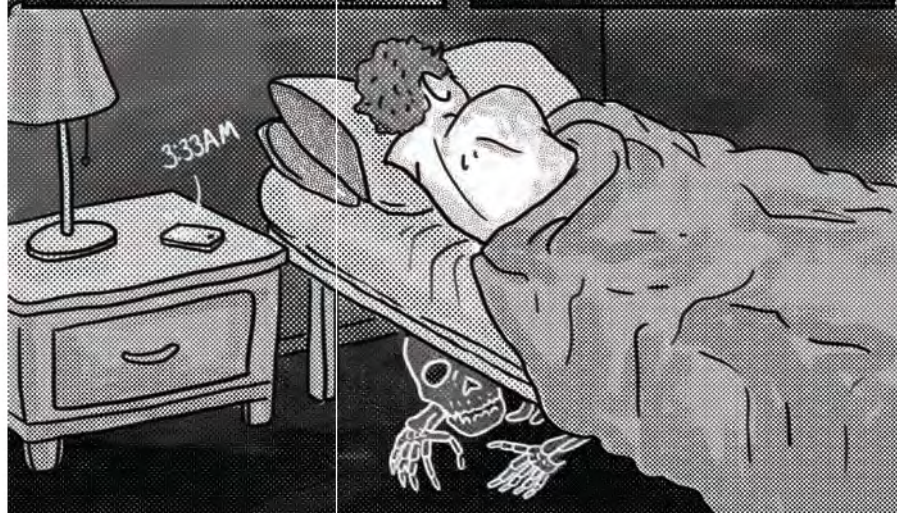
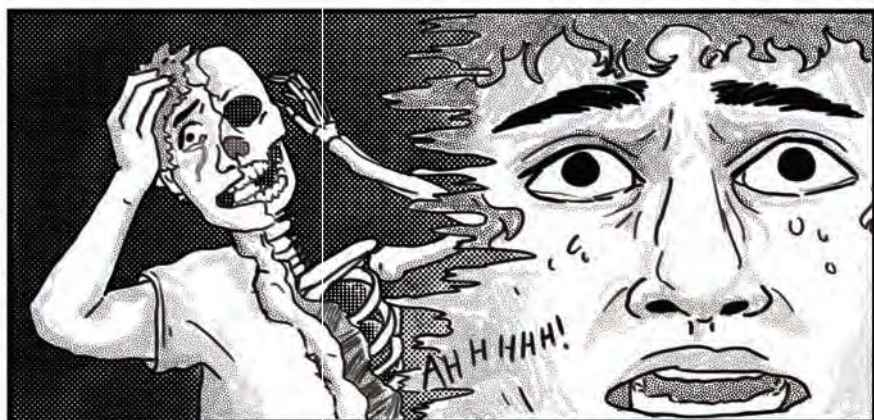
*... but ... not sure...
non-verbal ... home ...*

*How ... she ... grades ...
socialization ... mhm.*













Hagh...



Ooh...
Ah...
Ang...



Rrhg...

I don't know what
happened with the
higher-ups, kid!
Really!!

But this
is your only
chance nonetheless

You told me!!!
You promised this
wouldn't have to
happen!!!



Sigh...

Listen, John.



You gotta think
about what's
important here-
YOU.



John, really
think about it.
If you don't do
the job, you're
dead. It's
you and your
family, or them.

I know
it's hard...
I understand...

Let me tell
you what
helped me
out...



Think
back to
your fondest
dreams...

Your ideal
day dream...



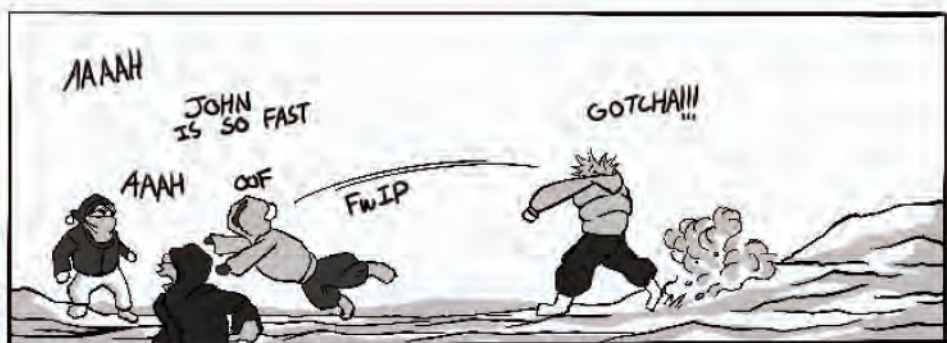
Wait...
I... I didn't
mean it...



OH MY
GOD!! HE JUST
SHOT THAT
MAN!!!



GET THAT
KID AWAY FROM
HIM!!!



H-holy shit...



John, what did you do...

The Train to Nowhere

by Kylie Love Gatchalian



I'm not sure how long I've been travelling...



or how I even got here,



but something tells me I need to be on this train.



I see everyone.



Hello?



... but no one can see me.

Everyday passed like
it was the same.



Until the train stopped.





Who is that?



I doubt he'd see me.



Oh!

Hi.



I didn't think anyone
could see me.

Me neither.

but I'm glad we could
see each other.



He didn't know where we
were either—are we
ghosts? Spirits? At this
moment, it doesn't matter
to me as long as we
understood each other.

Time passed by like it was
nothing. The train was
ours, and it feels good to
be seen by somebody.



How could a stranger feel so familiar?



We explored this peculiar train together.



Two souls fated to meet here.

But sometimes it would be so cold.



I can't help but think of
"what ifs."

What if this is all
a dream? What if
he leaves the
train without me?

Would cold feet make
me run away from
something comforting,
yet unfamiliar? Is this
why I have wings, to fly
away from something
good?



Somehow you always
knew when I felt off...



Even if you don't stay,



please don't forget me.

You kept me warm.

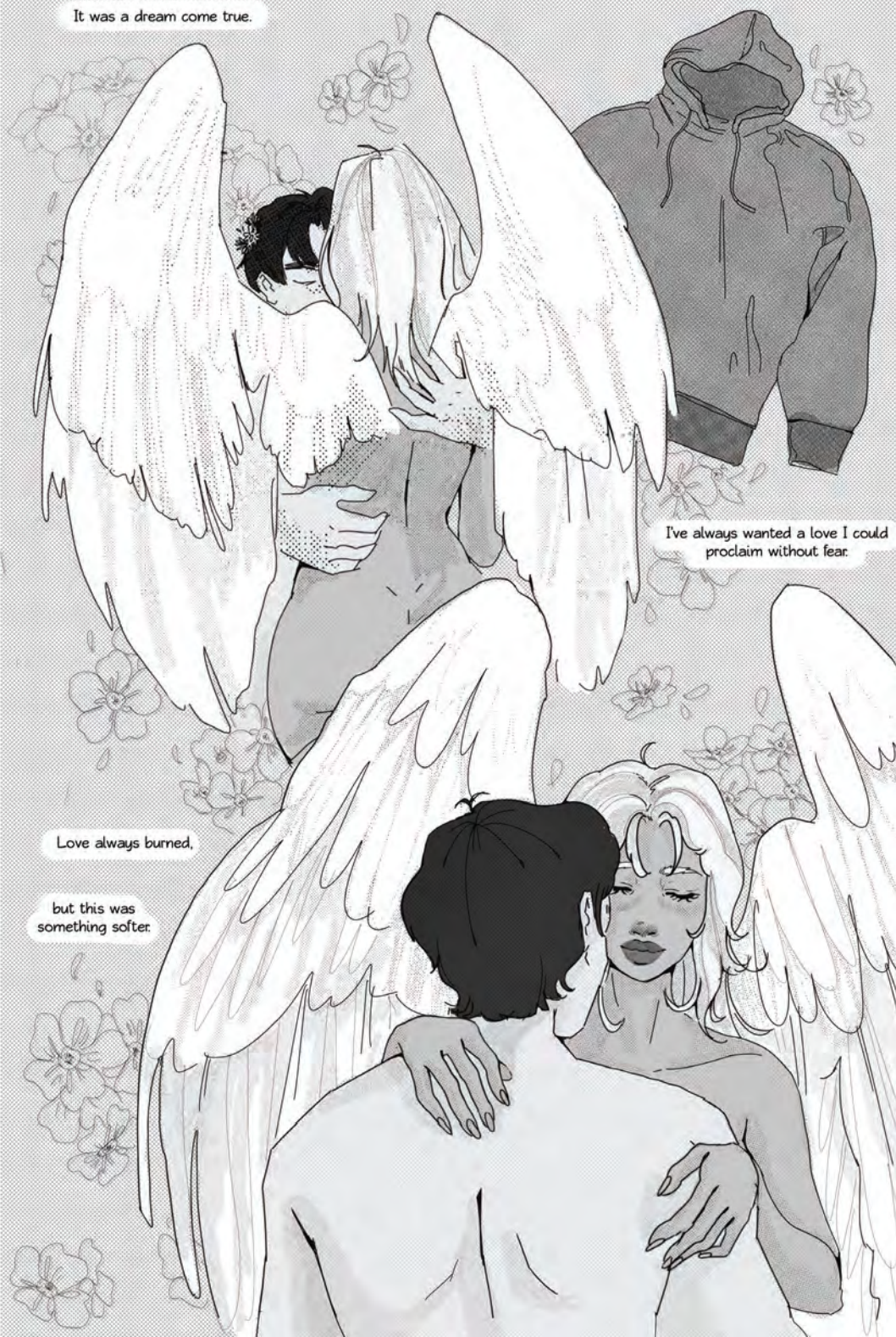


It was a dream come true.

I've always wanted a love I could
proclaim without fear.

Love always burned,

but this was
something softer.







I wanted to fly with you.



Isn't this grea—



I didn't know you were cold too.



Hey.

let me help you too.



I wish you told me sooner.



Oh! We're
stopping?



I'm getting off here.

Am I coming too?



You didn't want to try.

I just wanted to be
better together.



Don't wait for me, okay?

Wait!



Take care.



And the most cruel thing of all
was you told me not to wait,
but you said...

Until next time.



BY: VIV RATHFON



LIGHT MELTS INTO SHADOW,

SHADOW MELTS INTO MORNING.







I KNOW WITHOUT
LOOKING

BLACK EYED SUSANS
LINE THE FRONT,



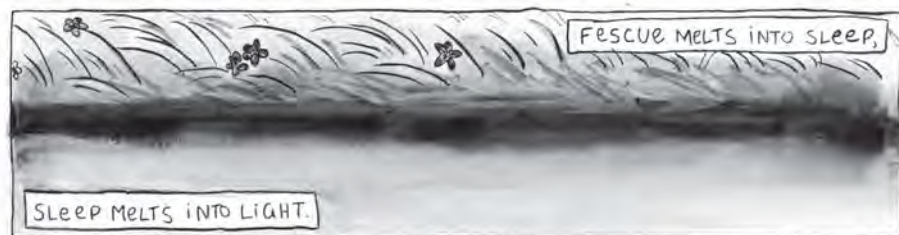
TOWERING OVER A CROWD
OF PANSIES AND DAFFODILS.



HYDRANGEAS
WRAP AROUND TO
A BACKYARD,



WHERE PINDRICKS
OF VIOLET POP UP
AMONG FESCUE.



FESCUE MELTS INTO SLEEP,

SLEEP MELTS INTO LIGHT.



BEHIND TIRED EYES...

WHERE NOTHING
EVER HAPPENS,
AND NO ONE
COMES OR
GOES...



PRICE \$LESS

“OK.”

SHOUTS. NO MURMURS.



AND, YOU CANT PUT A NOVEL ON THE FRIDGE.



XX 0.90% OF NEW YORKER CARTOONS FROM 1996-1987 INCLUDED BLACK CHARACTERS.

*** SORRY ALCONQUIN ROUND TABLE.



I TAG THEIR EDITOR EMMA ALLEN IN MY DODGY INSTAGRAM POSTS.

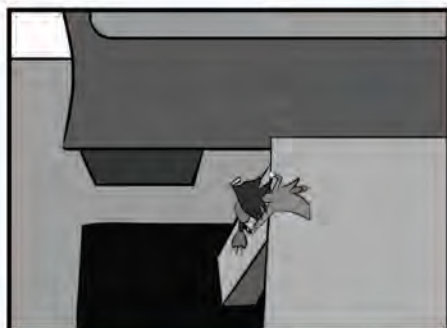


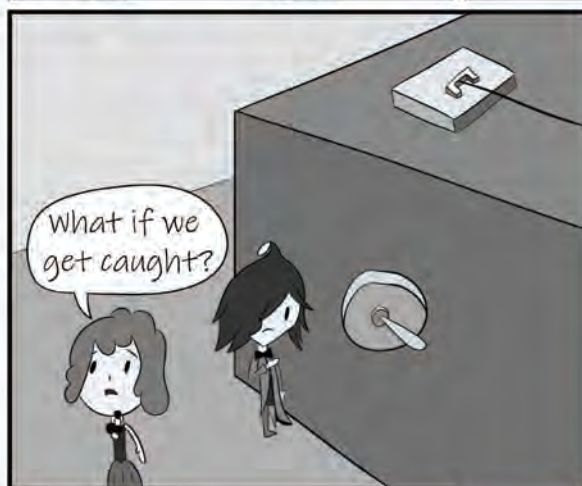
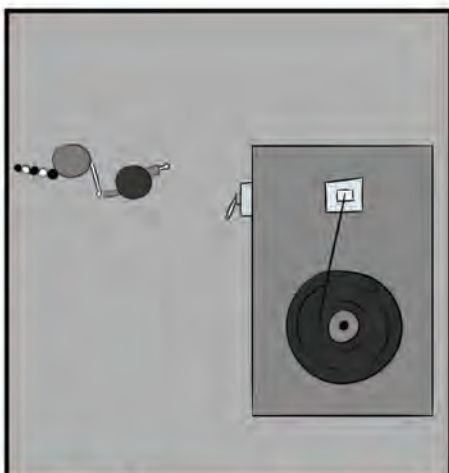


EVEN NOW, AS I WRITE THIS, I AM THINKING OF MS. ALLEN FINDING THIS IN HER PILE OF SUBMISSIONS AND PUBLISHING IT IMMEDIATELY, PAYING FOR MY RENT, AND GIFTING ME PANT SUITS TO DRINK MARTINIS IN...



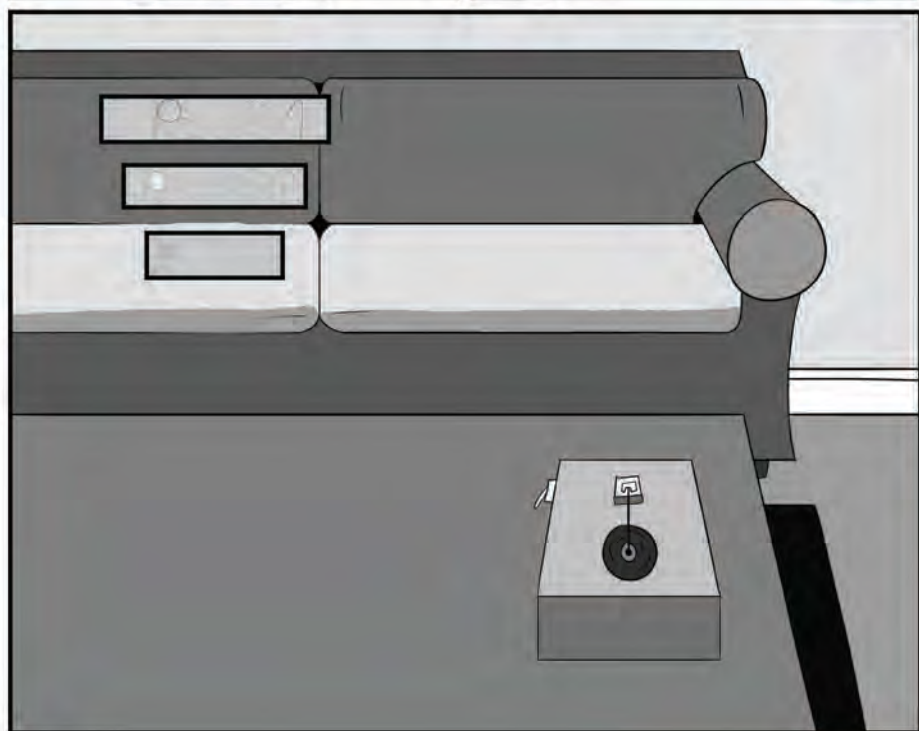
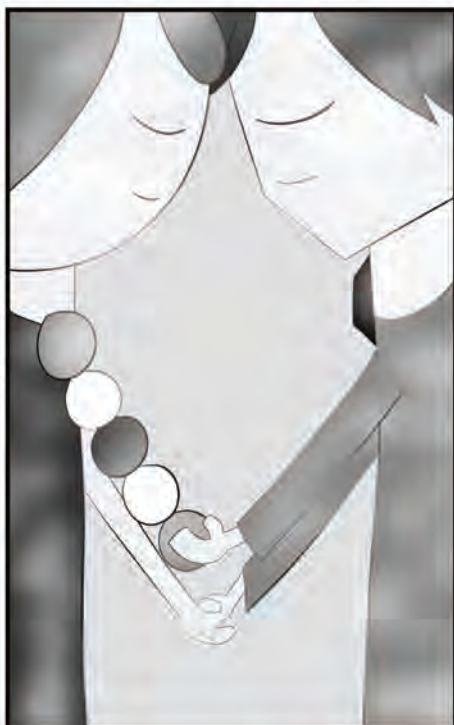
BY AUDREY.G



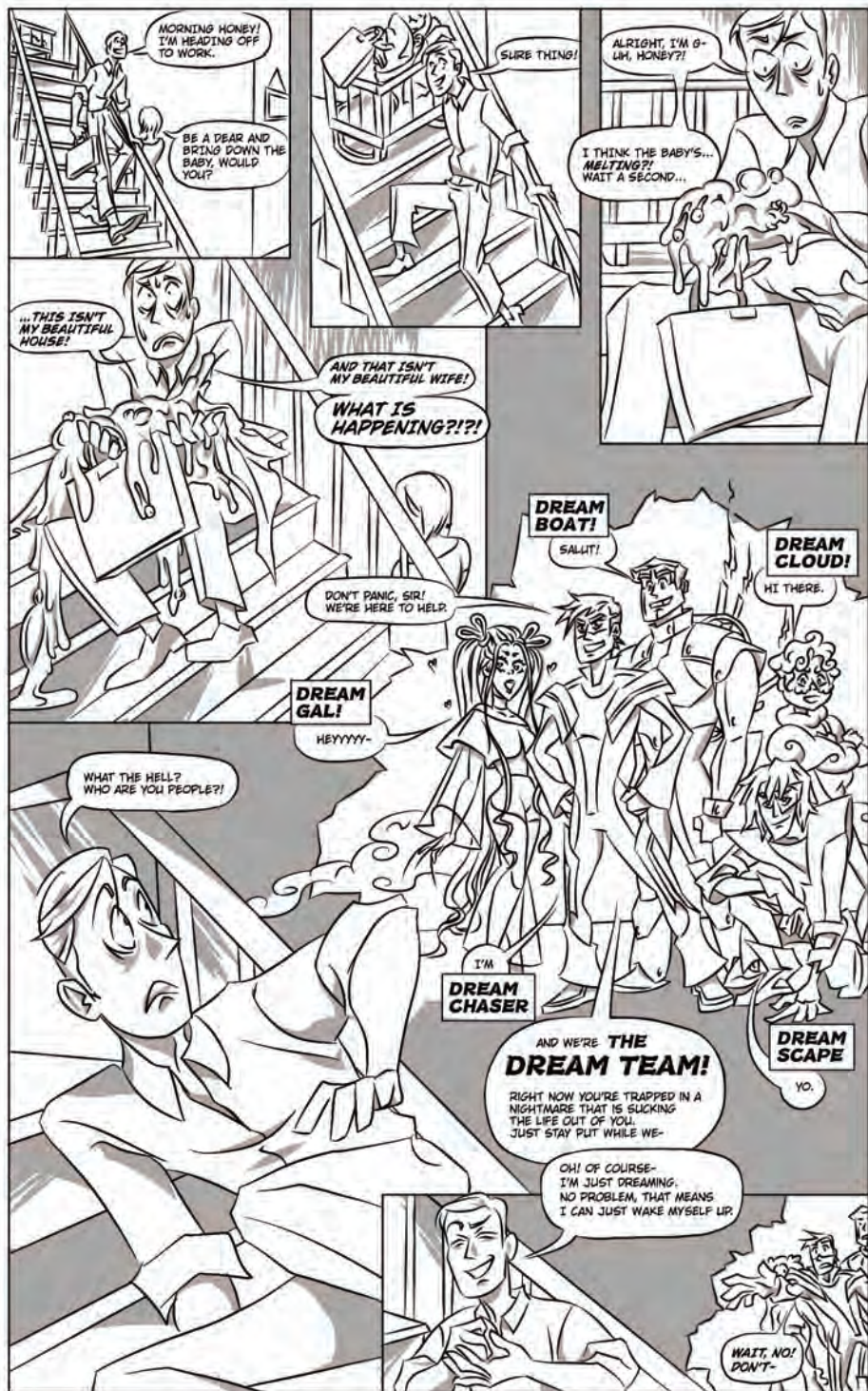






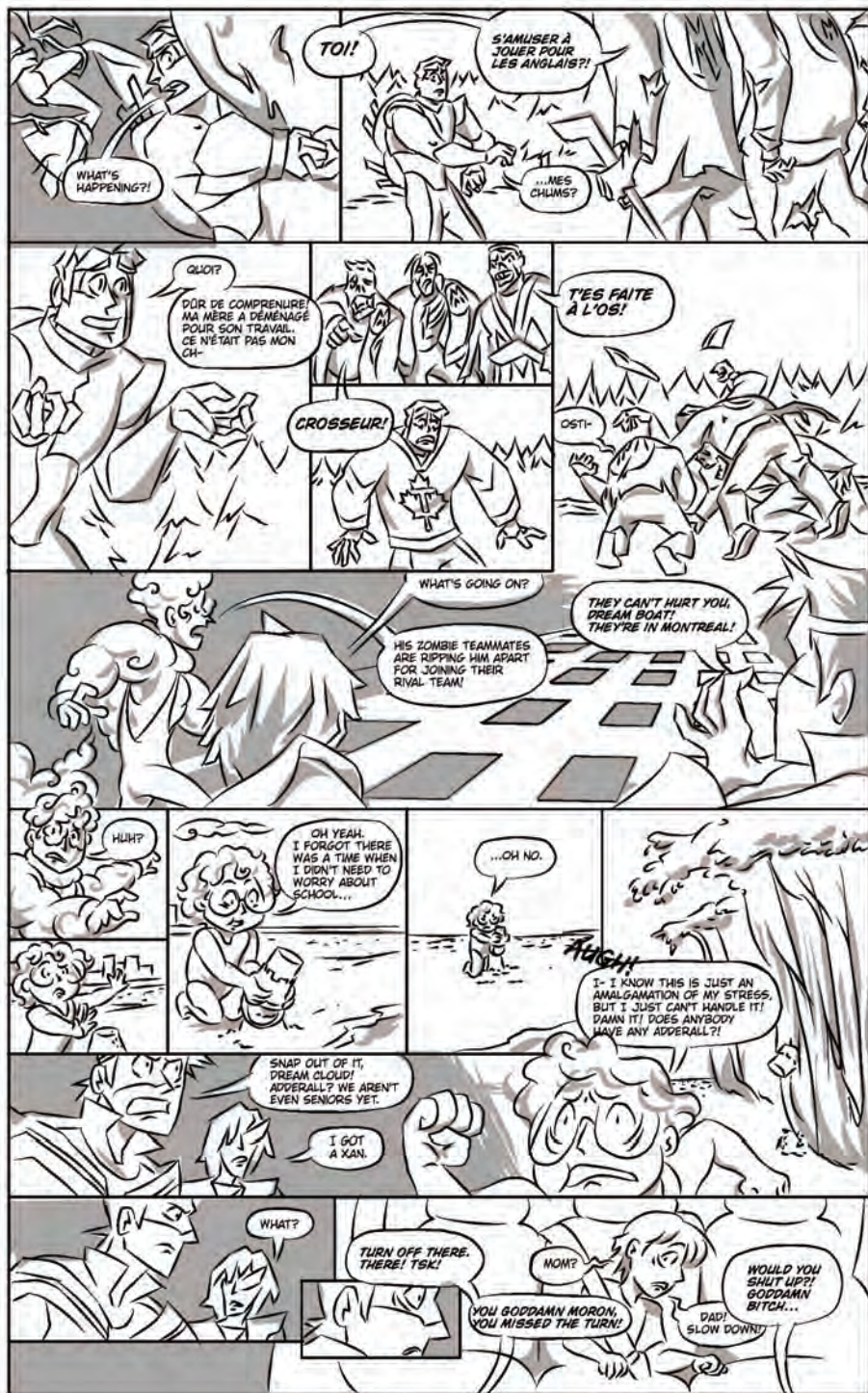
















I wonder...

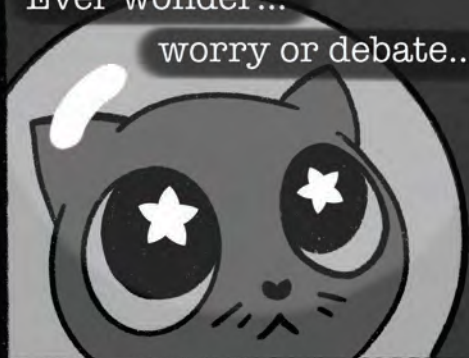
If even the brightest stars
in the night sky



Ever consider..

Ever wonder...

worry or debate..



Whether the space they
take up is too much

Or if the beauty and brilliance
they radiate...



will be too blinding.

When my dreams seem out
of reach



It's a game of
hide and seek

BUT

I will never lose
sight

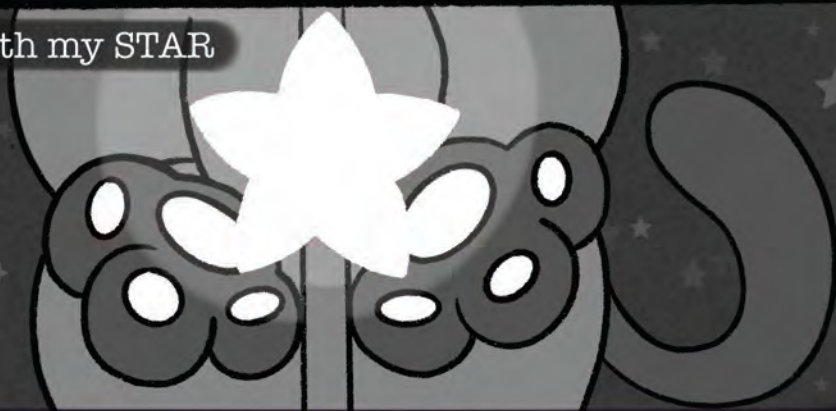
I wonder if it's because
they are challenging
me..




I carry my dreams with me.



With my STAR



I can shine brightly too.

A woman with long dark hair and glasses, wearing a white lab coat, is holding a dark, textured mask with two large, circular eye openings. Several thick, segmented tentacles are wrapped around her head and shoulders. In the background, there is a piece of equipment covered with a white sheet and a control panel with a screen and buttons.


I WISH I COULD
SAY THE DEVICE WAS
MY OWN INVENTION.

A close-up of the woman's face as she holds the mask. She has a serious expression. The tentacles are visible behind her.

IT WAS GIVEN TO
ME IN MY SLEEP

A close-up of the mask, showing its dark, textured surface and the large, circular eye openings. The tentacles are visible behind it.

INSTRUCTIONS, SENT TO
ME IN MY DREAMS.

The woman is sitting on the edge of the piece of equipment that was previously covered with a white sheet. She is looking down at the equipment. The tentacles are still wrapped around her head.

I NEEDED TO KNOW.

A close-up of the mask, showing its dark, textured surface and the large, circular eye openings. The tentacles are visible behind it.

WHAT WAS WAITING FOR ME ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE VEIL?

I REMEMBER FALLING ... GOING SOMEWHERE WARM, WHERE I
WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT WAKING UP EVER AGAIN.



A VOICE INSIDE ME TELLS ME I SHOULD FEEL FEAR,
REGRET, RAGE ... BUT THEY NEVER COME.



INSTEAD, I RELINQUISH MY MORTAL FORM. I'VE
WORKED FOR SO LONG. IT'S TIME TO REST NOW.



I FEEL MY HANDS WRAP AROUND ME.
HER HANDS NOW.
AND I FINALLY UNDERSTAND.
I BROUGHT **MYSELF** HERE.



ORROR MACHINE

Story and art by Halden Fraley

WANDERING MIND

BY: MORGAN KENDRIC SAWYER









When

DREAMS

become

NIGHTMARES





When they told you of the wolf

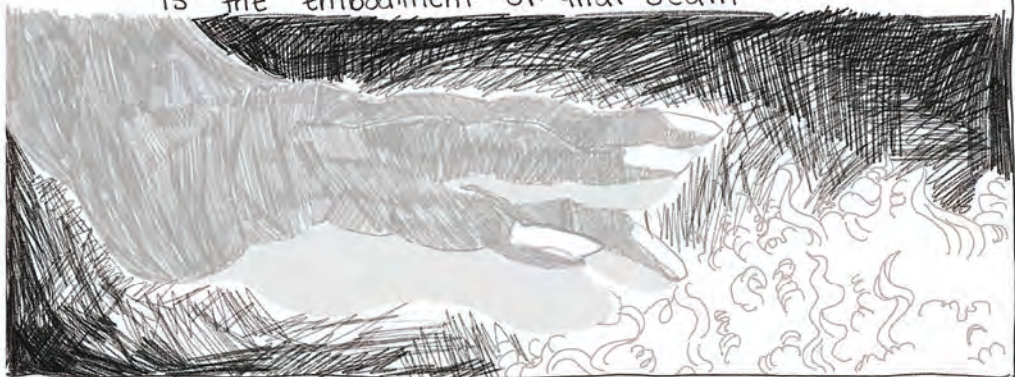


that clothed itself in the pelt of a lamb



She who stands before you

is the embodiment of that scam





No more wool over your eyes



but you still can't trust what you see

Claws now grasp for your life



and fangs replace teeth





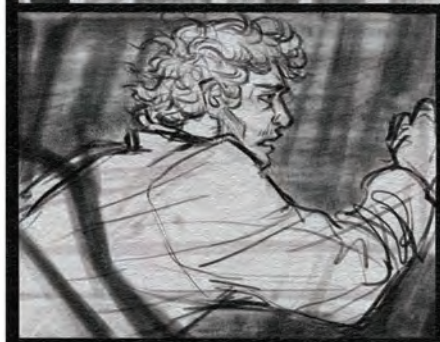
so run if you dare

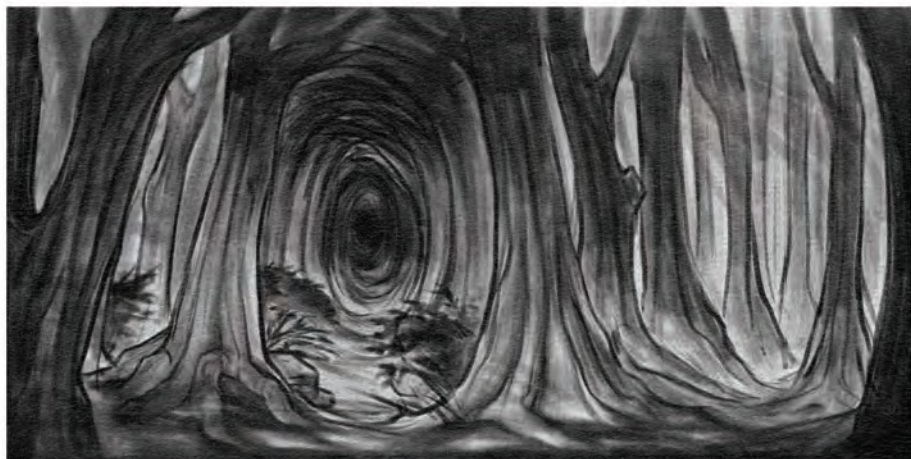






THE WOODS





I don't see it anymore, but I don't trust that it's not there.



I just
need to
find a
place to
hide—



finally.







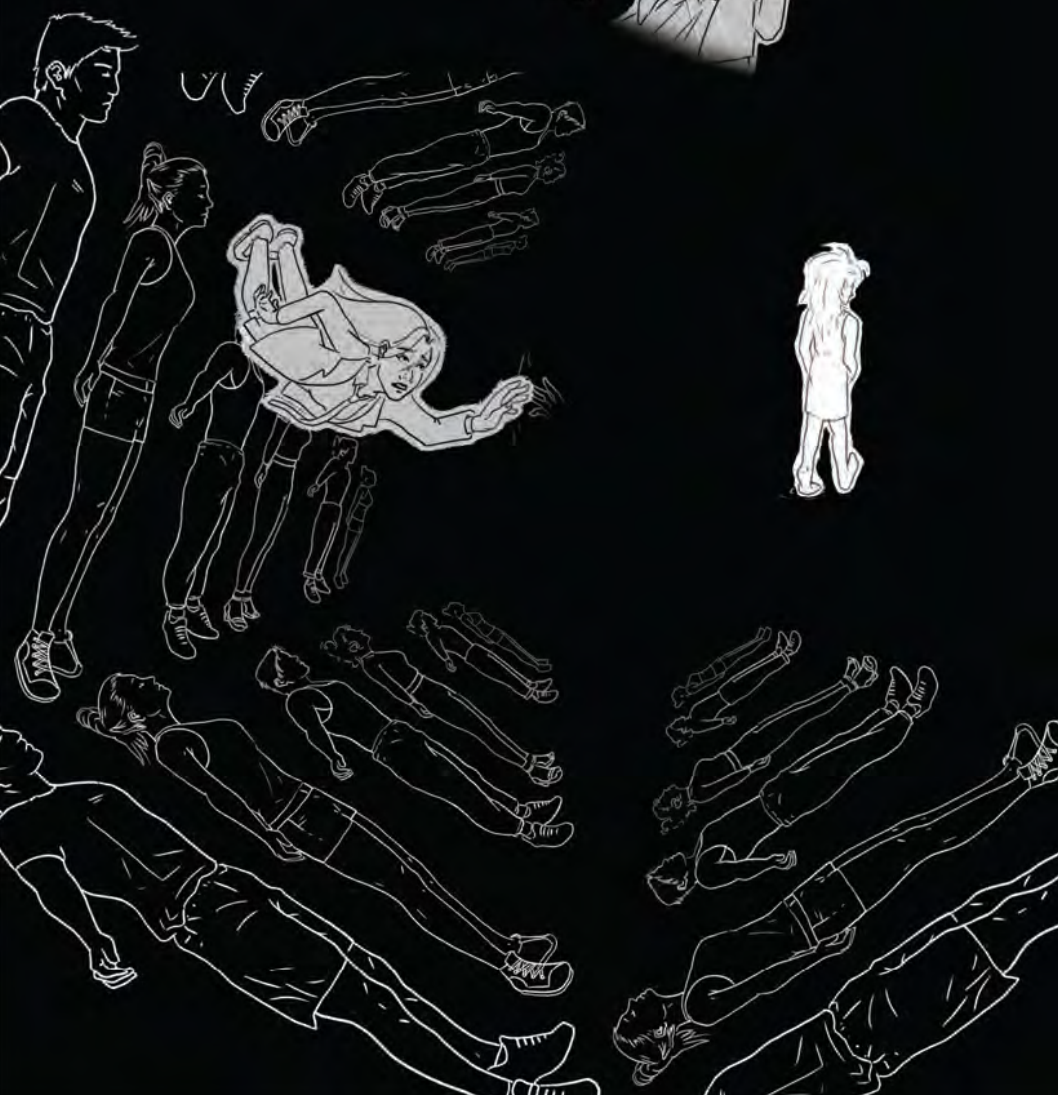






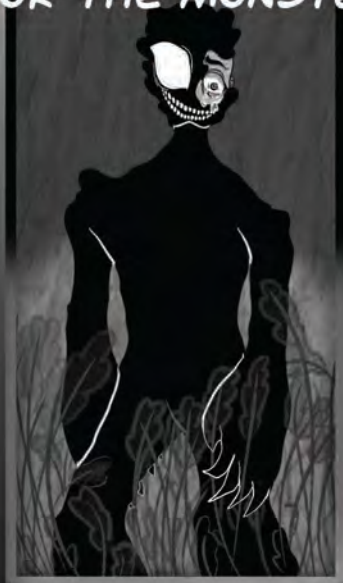








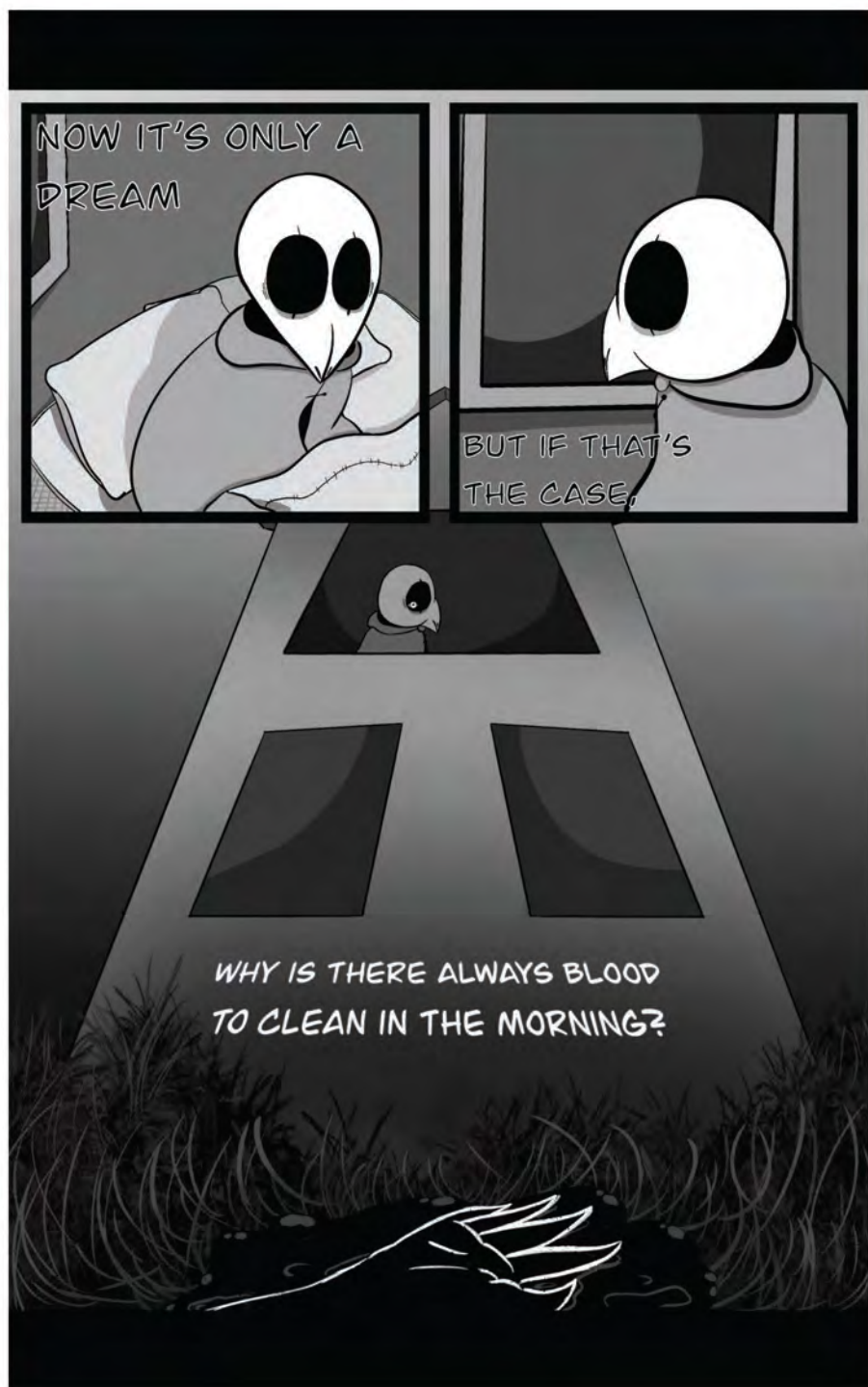
FOR THE MONSTER

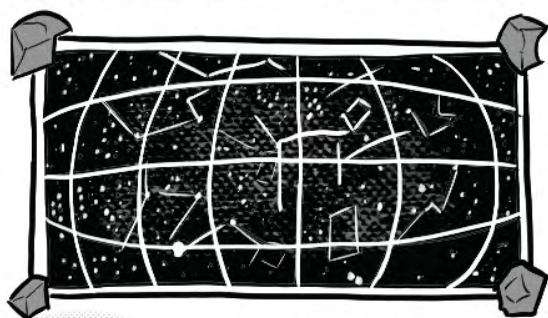


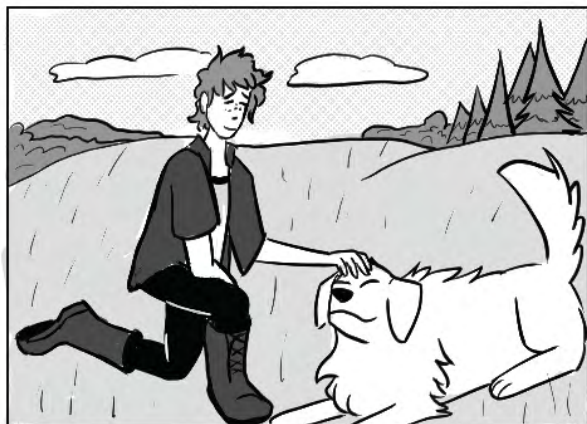


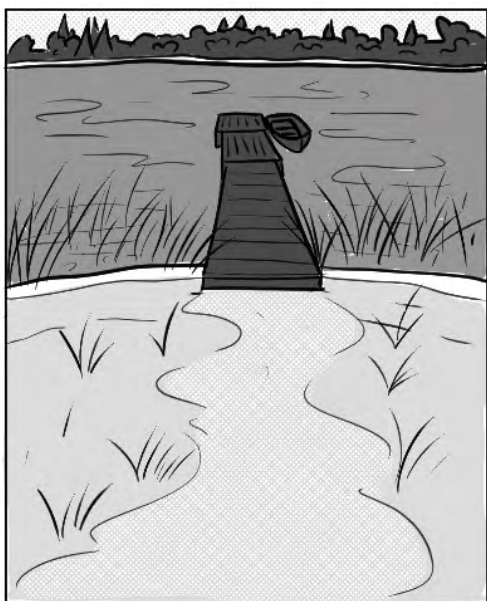
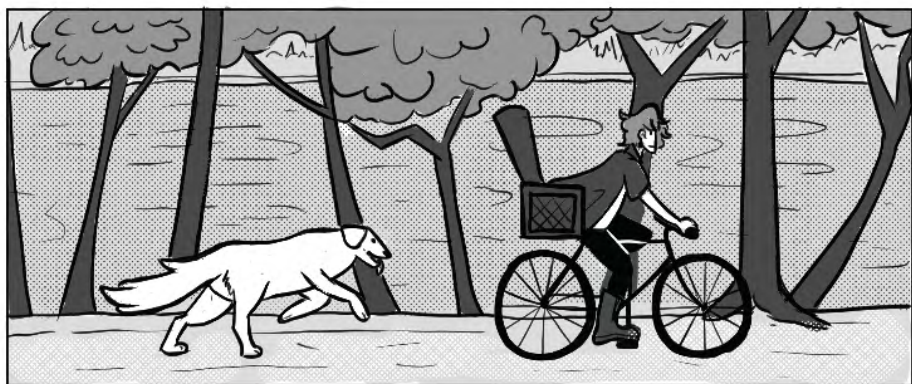
AND WHEN I'M DONE, I
GO BACK HOME



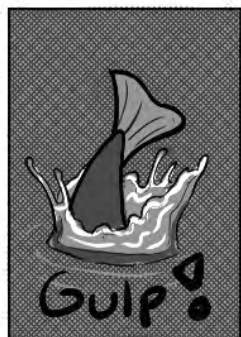
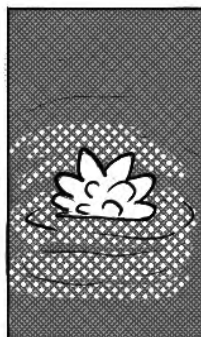
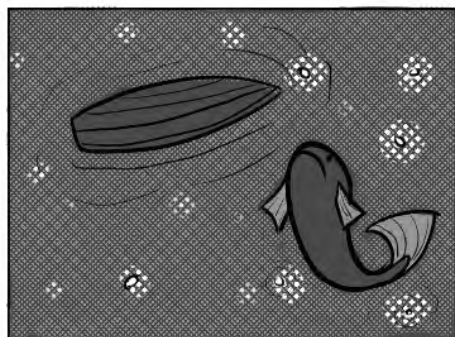
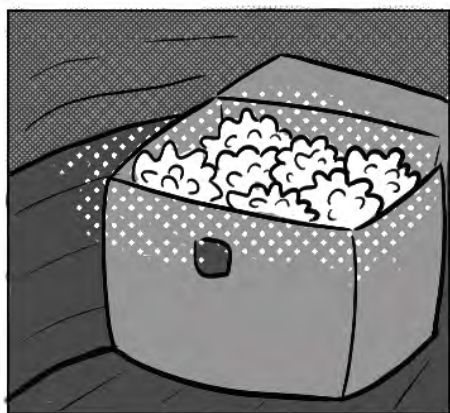














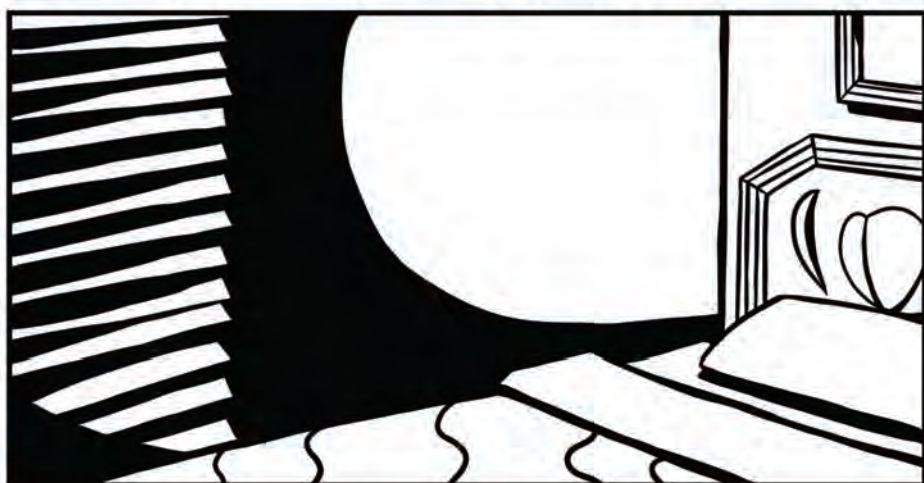












Light and Air

- burnett

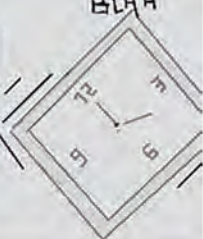
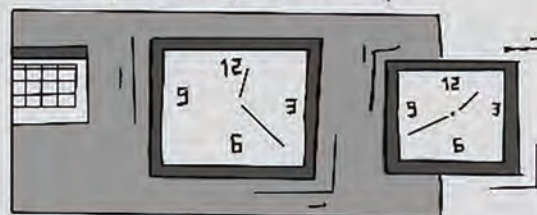


BLAH, BLAH, BLAAAAHHH



BLAH

BLAH
BLAH



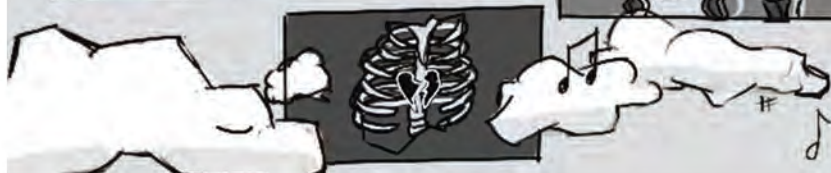
JUST 1. MORE. LECTURE.

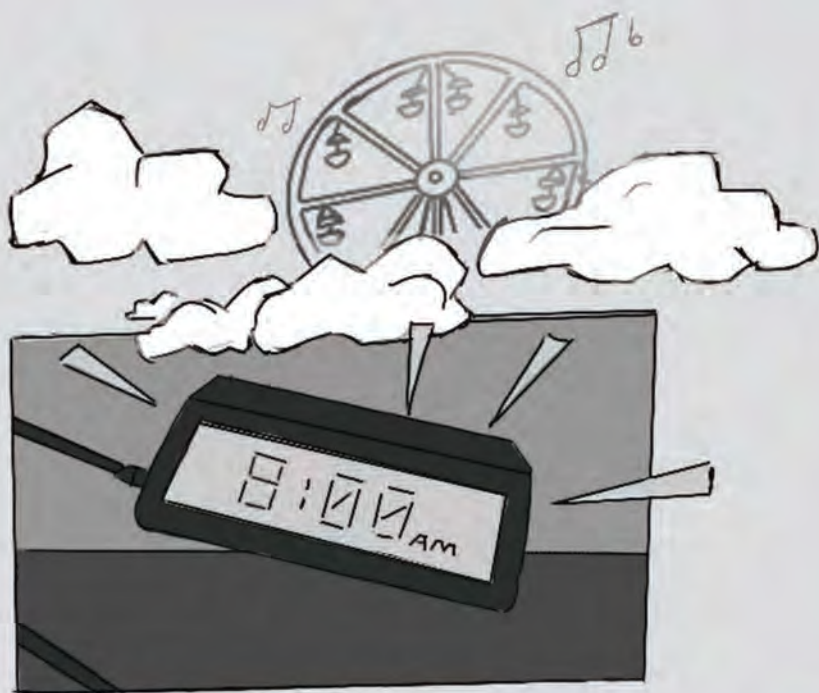


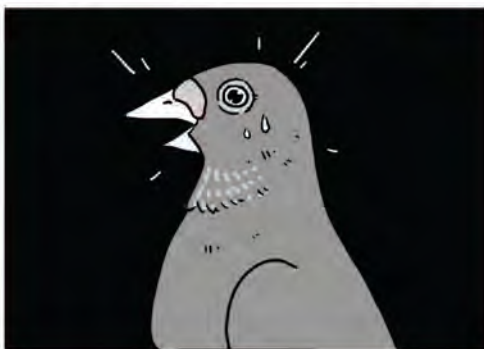
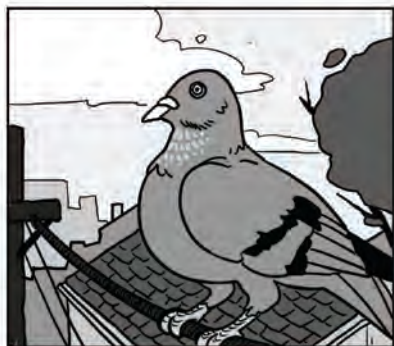
ZAAAA...









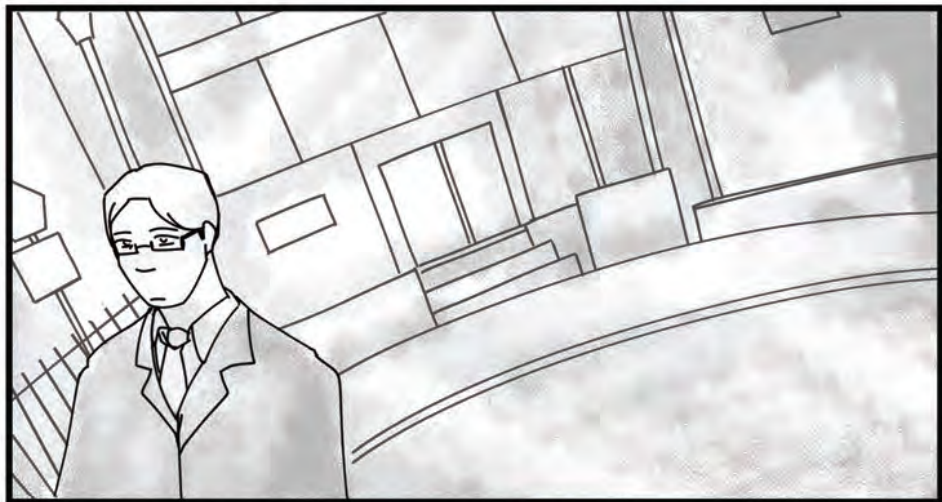
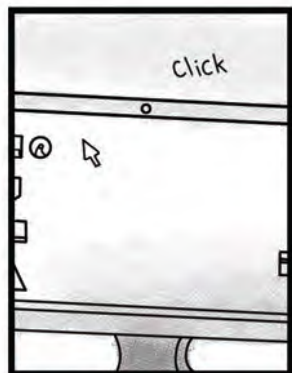
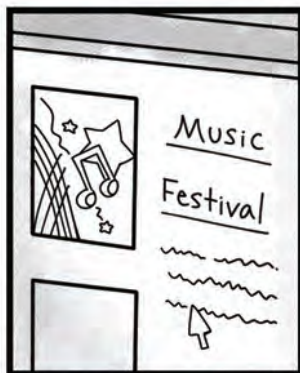


Duet

LENA SORIANO

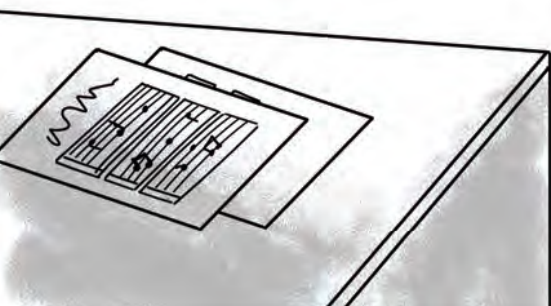












THE END

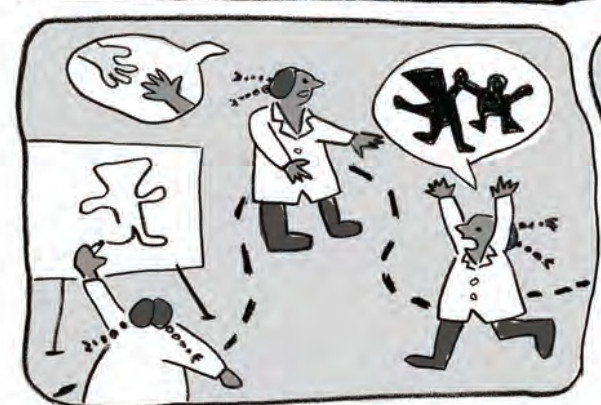
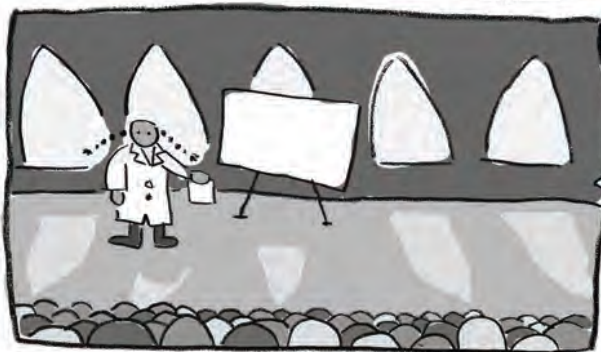
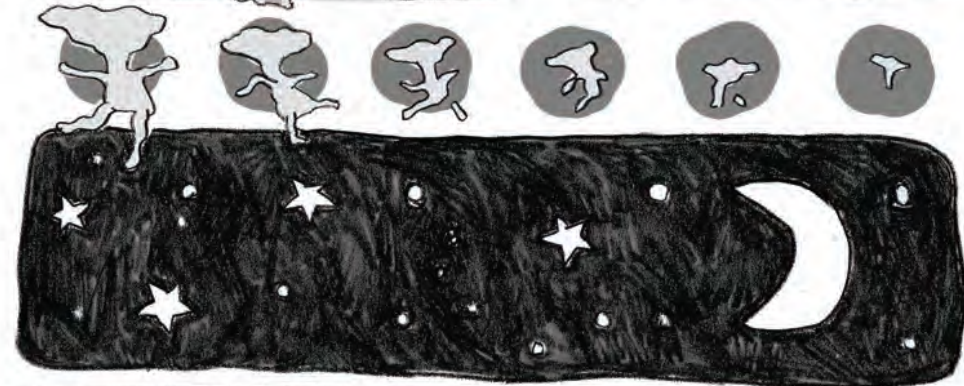
FIELDWORK

by Helen Rose
Binder









LILY & LYDIA

STORY OF A GIRL WHO
WANTED TOO MUCH FOR HER
SMALL HOUSE CAT.

HAVING THE RUNT OF THE
LITTER NEVER SATISFIED LILY. SHE
DREAMED OF A BIG CAT, A CAT
WHO WOULD PROTECT HER AND
GO ON LONG SCARY
ADVENTURES WITH. THESE IDEAS
BREWED IN HER HEAD AS SHE
STARTS THINKING MISCHIEVOUSLY.
SHE DECIDES TO GO TO THE
DARK WEB FOR ANSWERS.



CREATED BY:
CASSIDY CASE

LILY & LYDIA

STORY OF A GIRL WHO
WANTED TOO MUCH FOR HER
SMALL HOUSE CAT.



NOW TO DROP ON THE POTION.. TO
MAKE LYDIA BIG..



LILY & LYDIA

STORY OF A GIRL WHO
WANTED TOO MUCH FOR HER
SMALL HOUSE CAT.



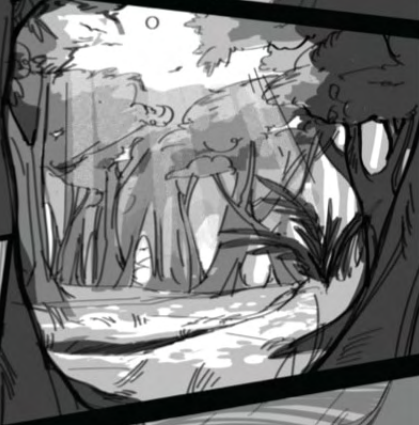
**AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY
EVER AFTER**

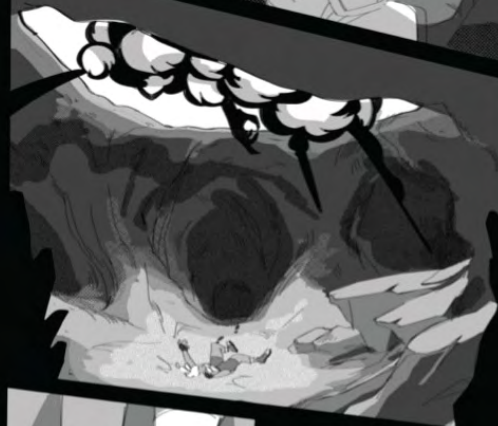
WAIT.



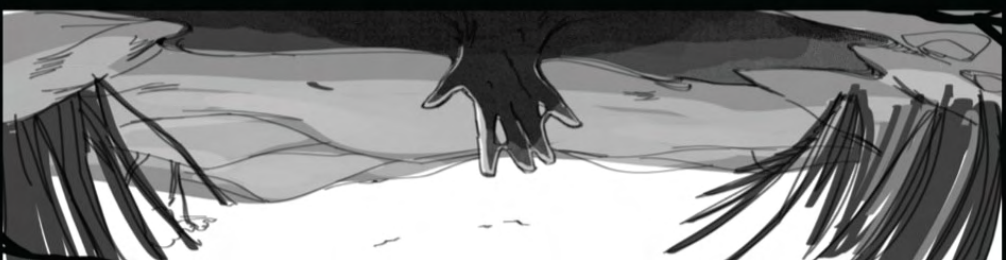
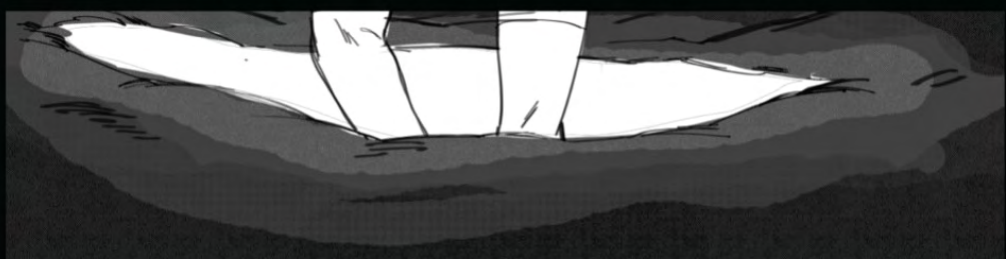
YEALA GRIMES













NO...

WAIT...



FIN.






WHAT A NICE PLACE,
I WONDER IF GRANDMA
PICKED IT OUT FOR THEM?

SORRY I
HAVEN'T
VISITED YET

I DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT I WOULD
SAY

I GUESS TALKING
IT OUT MIGHT
HELP ME THINK...




SO I SPENT YEARS
ON THIS DEGREE
SO I COULD BUY
GRANDMA A HOUSE
AND HELP WITH
HER BILLS...




BUT EVERYONE IS
SO MEAN...

THEY JUST FIRED ME...

AND MY BOSS
WAS KIND OF
A CREEP

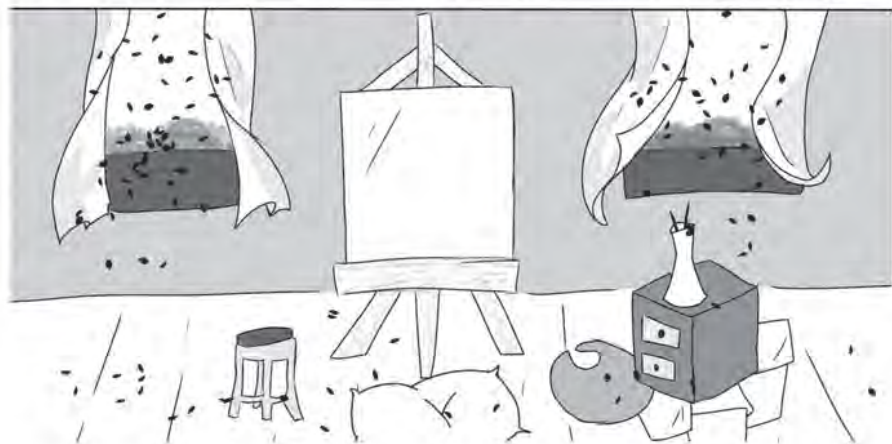


I WONDER IF I
WOULD BE HAPPIER
JUST SELLING MY
PAINTINGS



I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S WORTH IT
TO TRY TO PURSUE MY DREAMS







DO YOU THINK SHE UNDERSTOOD WHAT
YOU SHOWED HER?

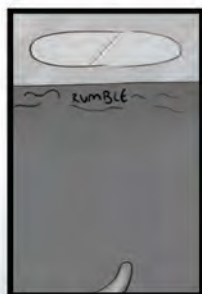
OF COURSE, SHE'S A LOT LIKE HOW
YOU WERE. IF SHE DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND NOW, SHE WILL...



...Eventually

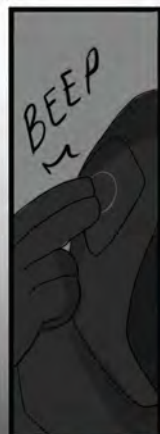


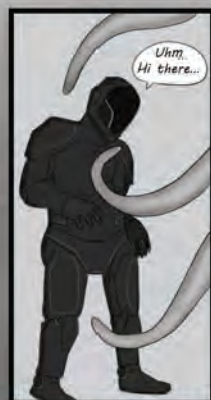
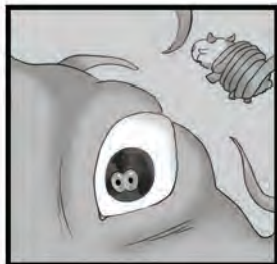
SPECIMEN





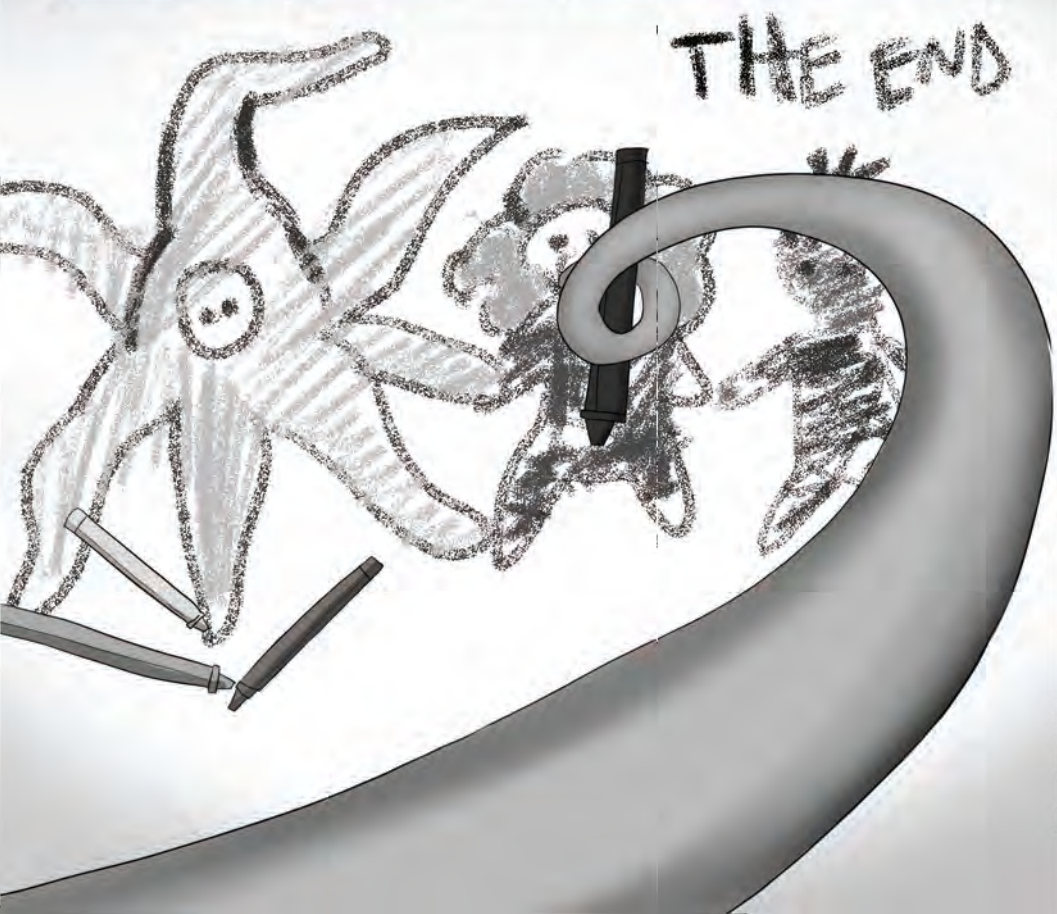
About 75%. Besides, the co-captain will be in there with you in case anything goes awry.

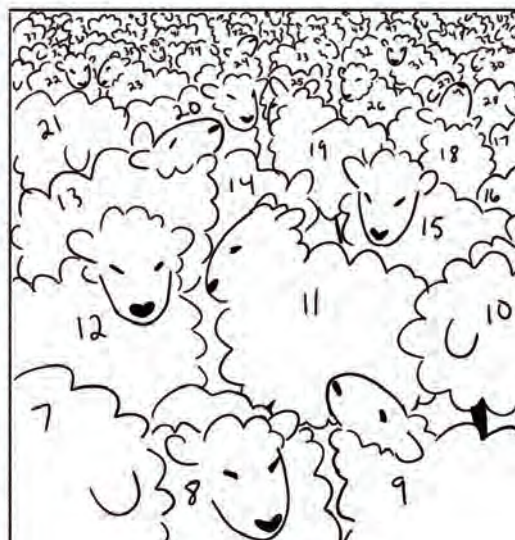


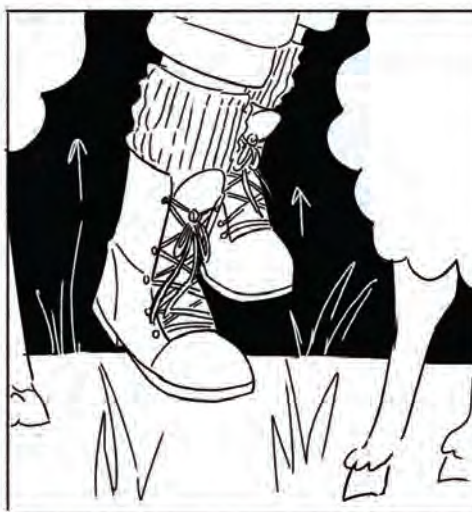


Later...

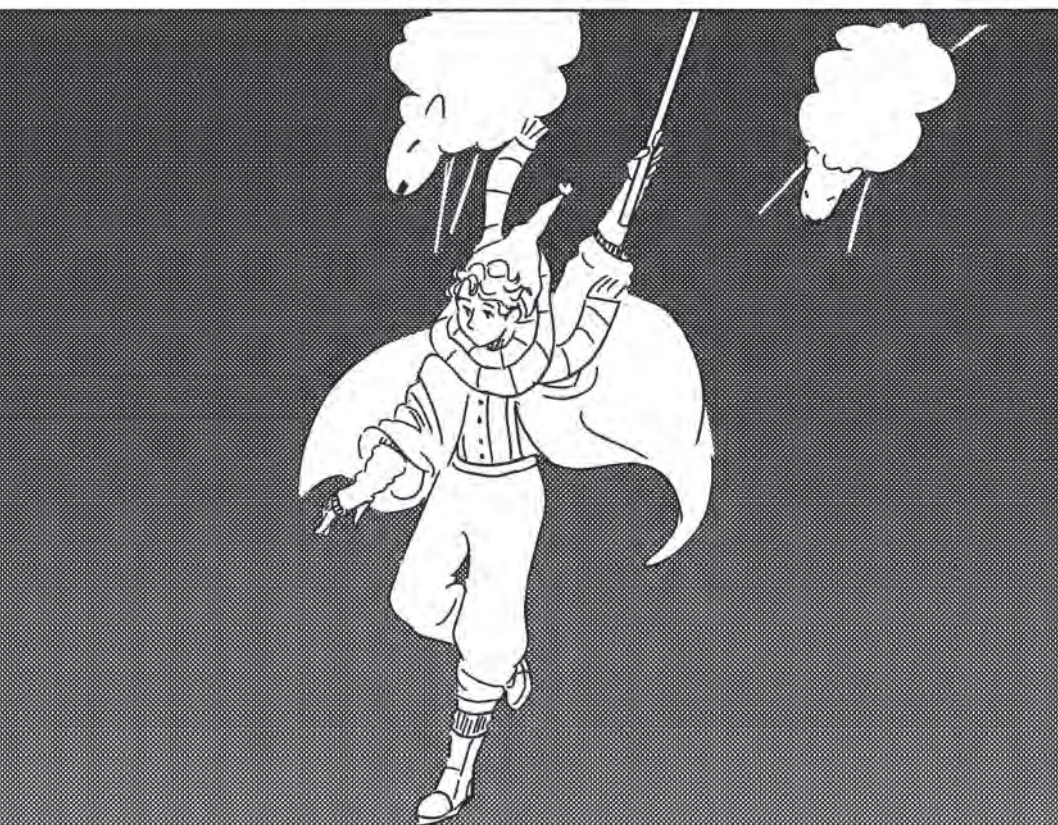












Counting Sheep

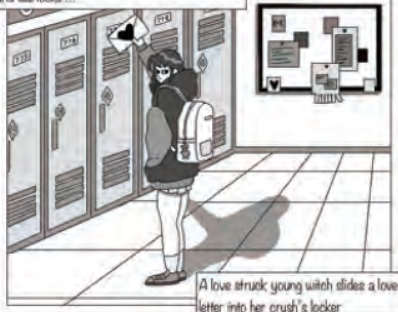
by Jessica Soffian



RETURN TO SENDER

BY VEDIKA KALCHANI

At the gifted & talented school for young witches and warlocks ...



Just when she thought she could slip away unnoticed she bumps into her sworn enemy, Kai



Hey! Watch where you're going Kai!



Oh my god, please don't tell me you're slipping a love letter into Noah's locker! There's no way he likes you - he's the most popular guy in our grade!

Kai is so annoying! But maybe he's right, what if Noah doesn't like me ...



That night, Rory gets ready to meet her true love



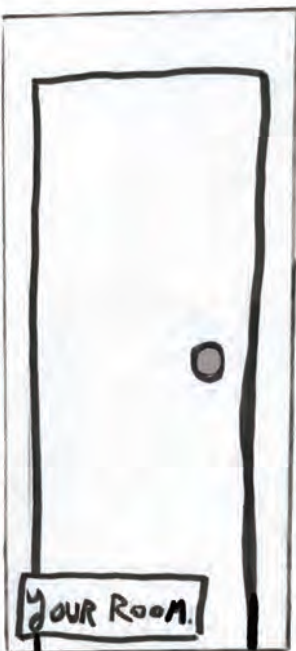
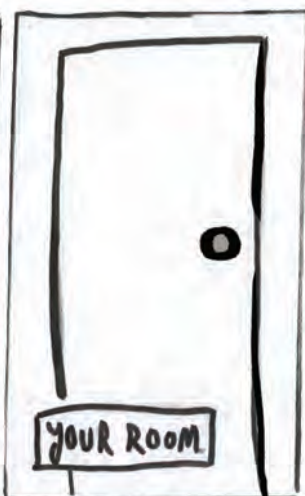
My true loves face I've got to see, I know not what his name may be, so quick, bring him to me !

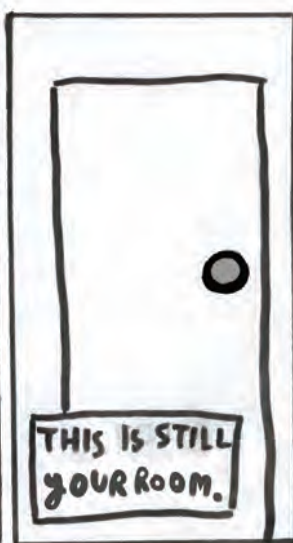
Rory appears in the dream...

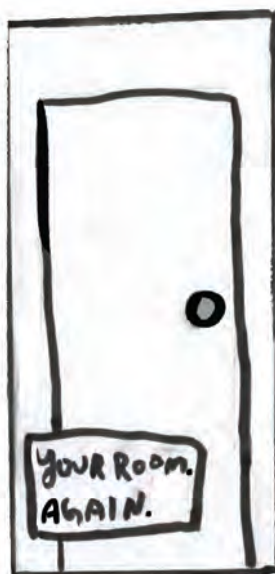




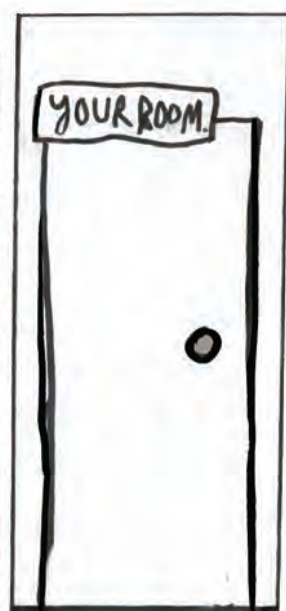












812

HOMES

YOUR ROOM—
WAIT A SECOND...

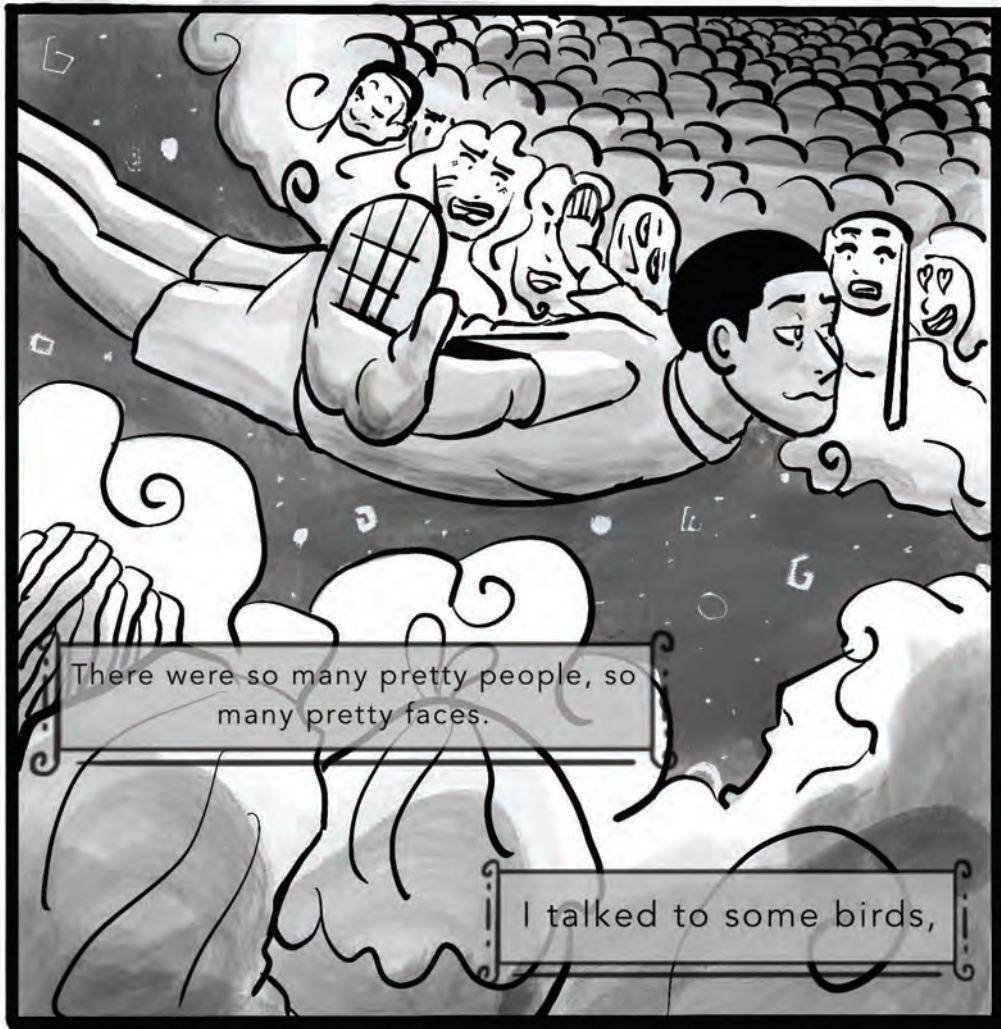
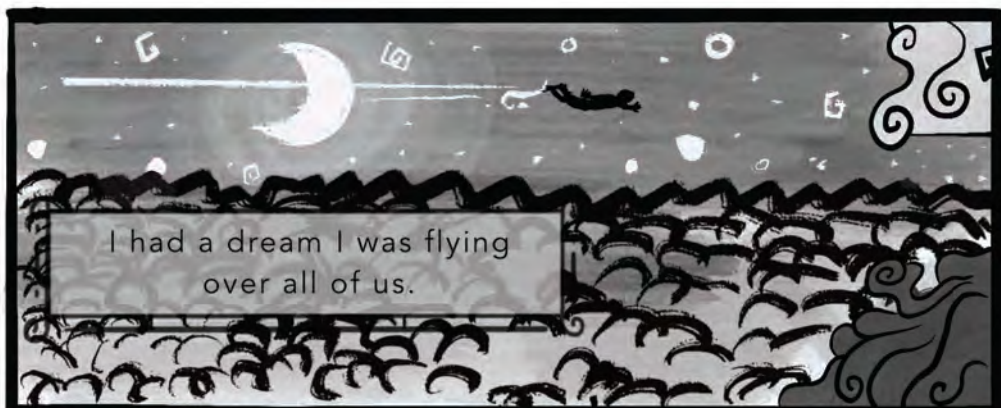
WHO OPENED THE DOOR?
THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT,

IS THIS NOT my ROOM??





I had a dream.





My love was extraordinary.

Even when she
laughed she cried.



And even when she was sad she was
really happy because she was here.



And then we all kissed

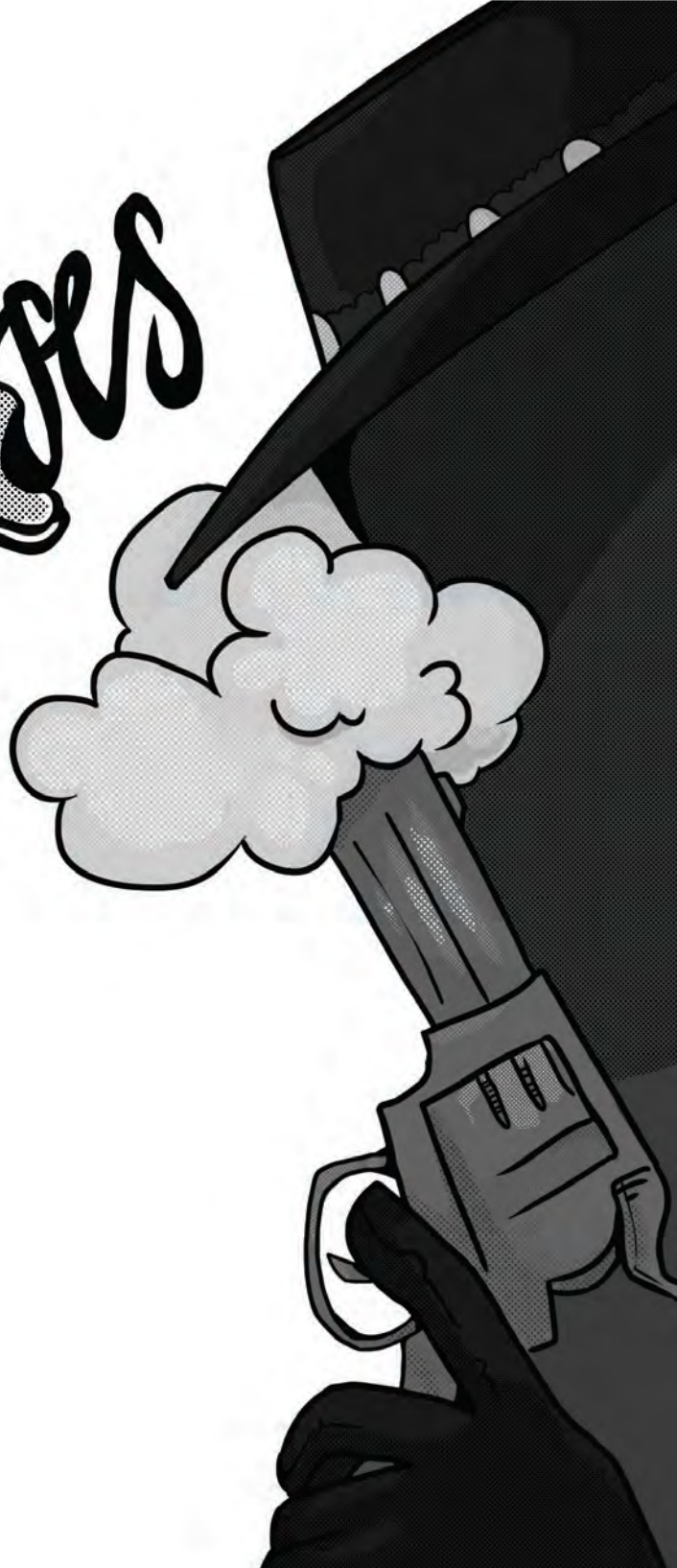



And we became the
same.



We became the same.


Roses





I APPRECIATE YOU
COMIN' OUT HERE 'N ALL

I KNOW YOU'RE BUSY.



IT MEANS A
LOT, REALLY.

VALENTINE 28. PHARMACIST. A BIT OF
A WORRIER, BUT MEANS WELL.




ROSES 32. WRANGLER. LONER WHO
POPS INTO TOWN EVERY NOW 'N AGAIN

WELL.

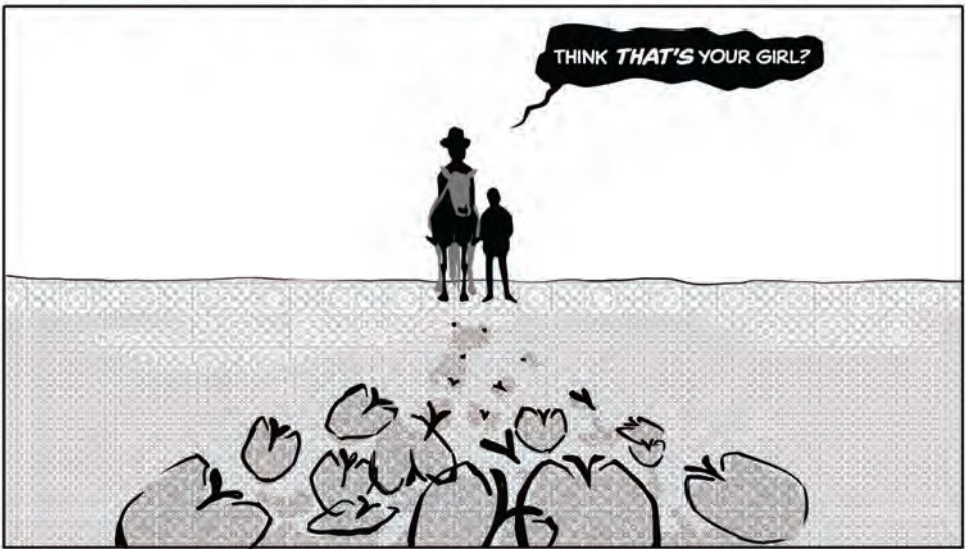
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN WEAK IN
THE KNEES FOR A PRETTY FACE.



OH.



WOOAH THERE.



THINK *THAT'S* YOUR GIRL?







YOU SURE THAT'LL HOLD?

YOU GOT ANYTHING BETTER?

WELL, NO.



THEN YEAH, I'M PRETTY DAMN SURE.

TRUST ME ON THIS
ONE, TURTLEDOVE.

SIGH.

I JUST...

DON'T WANT YOU TO GO 'N THE
DAMN THING'S GONE TOMORROW



WELL.

ONE MORE
NIGHT OF THAT

AND I PROMISE
IT'LL BE THE LAST.

AND I'M RIGHT BACK TO ROLLIN' IN BED ALL NIGHT.

OH.



MORNIN'
PRETTY THING



I'DVE GUESSED
YOU LEFT



TRYNA GET RID OF
ME ALREADY, NOW?

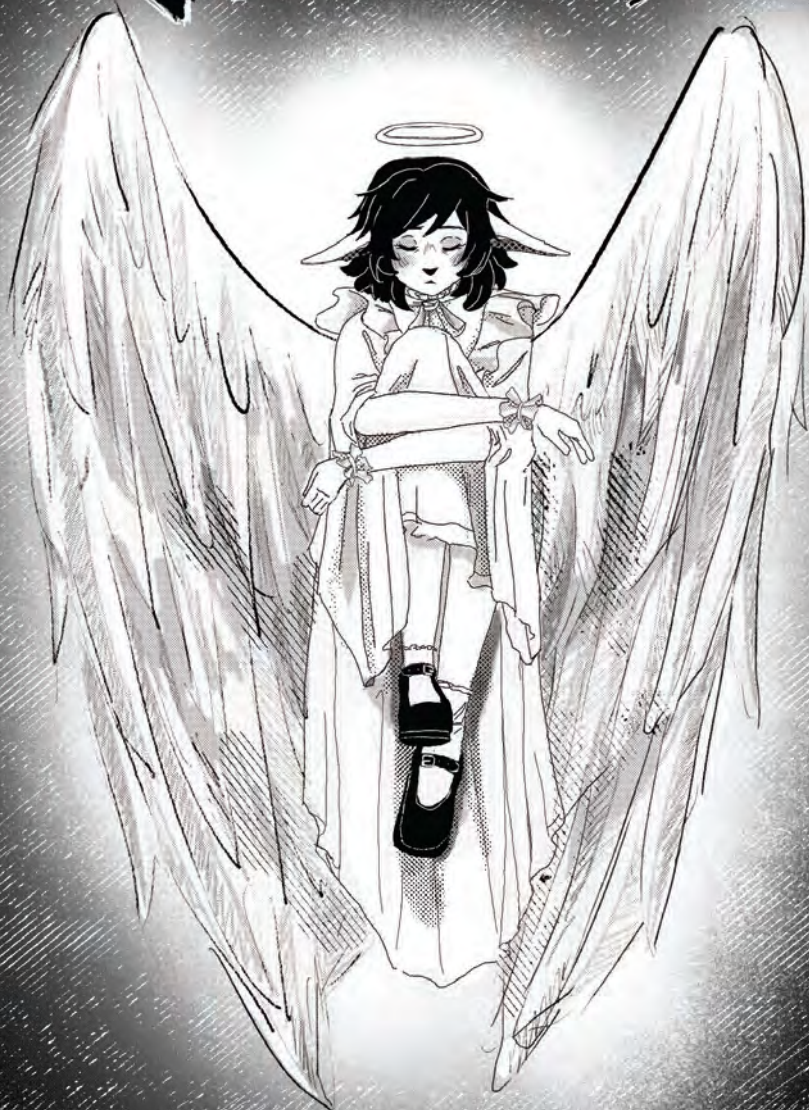
NO! I JUST-



OH.

I THOUGHT I MIGHT **SETTLE DOWN** FOR AWHILE.

VERITY



BY FINN PLOTKIN

I DREAMED THAT I WAS VISITED BY AN ANGEL.

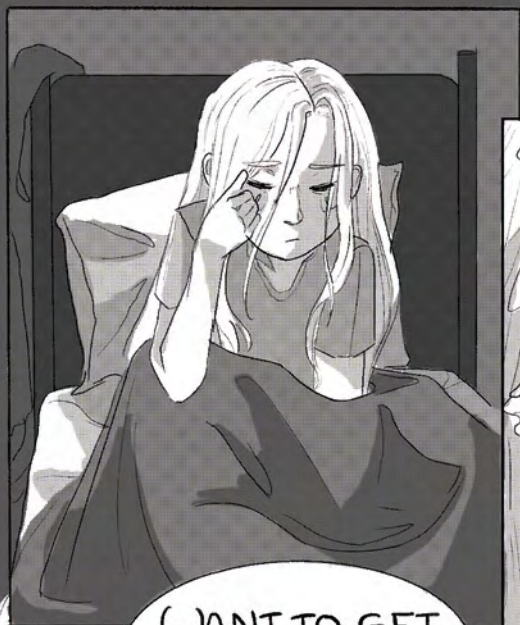


IT CRAWLED THROUGH MY WINDOW
AT THE DEAD OF NIGHT.



IT WOKE ME UP WITH A KISS.





WANT TO GET
OUT OF HERE?








DON'T WORRY,
I'VE HEARD HOW
THIS GOES.

YOU'RE MY
GUARDIAN ANGEL,
RIGHT?



I'M SORRY...



I'M NOT THAT
KIND OF ANGEL.

I HOPE YOUR
NEXT LIFE IS JUST
AS FULL OF LOVE.

NOW JUST...

GO BACK
TO SLEEP.



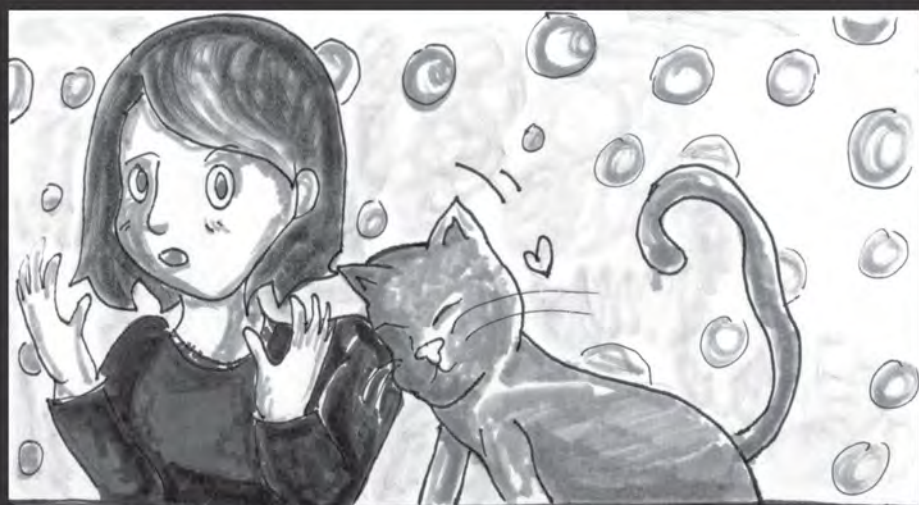
AND WHEN I WOKE UP,

THE LAST THING I FELT WAS A
STABBING PAIN IN MY CHEST.



END







DREAM









Bell of the Night



Created by: Killian Goodale-Porter



WELL, THIS IS IT.
HOW ARE YOU
FEELING?



WELL, NOW THAT
YOU'VE SAID THAT,
PRETTY DARN
NERVOUS.



AHH SORRY.
BUT YOU'VE
GOT THIS!





THE NIGHT IS BEAUTIFUL, BUT IT
BRINGS WITH IT SO MANY
DANGERS.



I WAS A CHILD WHEN I
LAST SAW DAYLIGHT



OUR ENTIRE LIVES REVOLVE
AROUND THE DARK



BUT I FINALLY HAVE
A CHANCE.

WE HAVE A LEAD.

THIS IS AGENT
BELL. I AM
CONFIRMING THAT
BACKUP IS
PREPARED. OVER.

THIS IS AGENT REV.
AFFIRMATIVE. BACKUP IS
READY FOR
ENGAGEMENT. WHENEVER
YOU'RE READY AGENT.

ROGER.

WHOOSH

BEGINNING TO
ENGAGE TARGET.
OVER AND OUT.

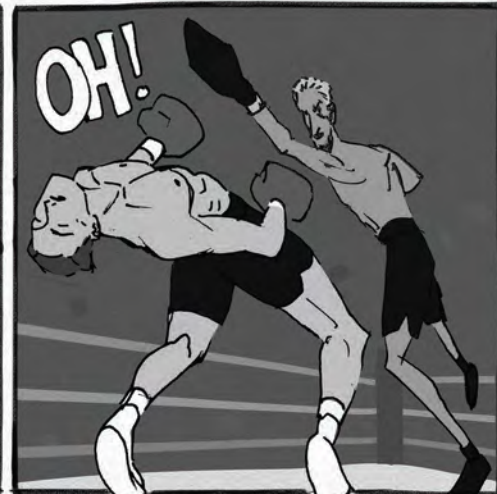
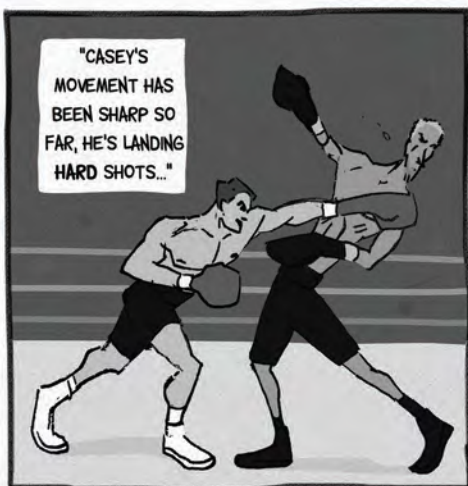


PRESTIGE

"CASEY CAPPER CANNOT AFFORD
TO LOSE IN WHAT IS UNDOUBTEDLY
THE MOST IMPORTANT FIGHT OF
HIS YOUNG CAREER."

"HE'S NEVER BEEN
TESTED BY A GUY LIKE
KUTZABIĆ, LET ALONE IN
A CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT."

DING!





WHERE
AM I?



YOU GOT KNOCKED
OUT AND ARE
UNCONSCIOUS.

MM.

S#!T



THIS FIGHT WAS
EVERYTHING TO ME.
DAMNIT! GOD, WHY DID
YOU DO THIS TO ME?

GOD MUST BE
DISAPPOINTED
IN YOU.



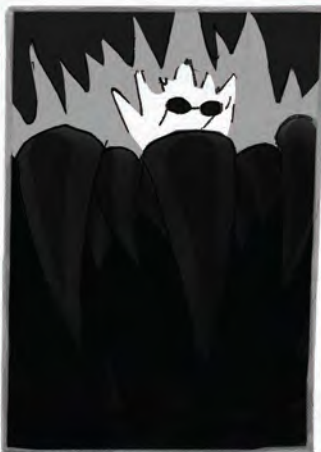
RUMOR IS THAT YOU'RE
WASHED UP, UNWORTHY
OF ANOTHER FIGHT.

LET ME HELP YOU. I CAN
GIVE YOU EVERYTHING THIS
WORLD HAS TO OFFER.



WHY
SHOULD I
LISTEN TO
YOU?

I'LL IMMORTALIZE
YOU. EVERYONE ON
EARTH WILL KNOW
YOUR NAME. FAME,
MONEY, WOMEN... ALL
THE POWER ON
EARTH IS YOURS.



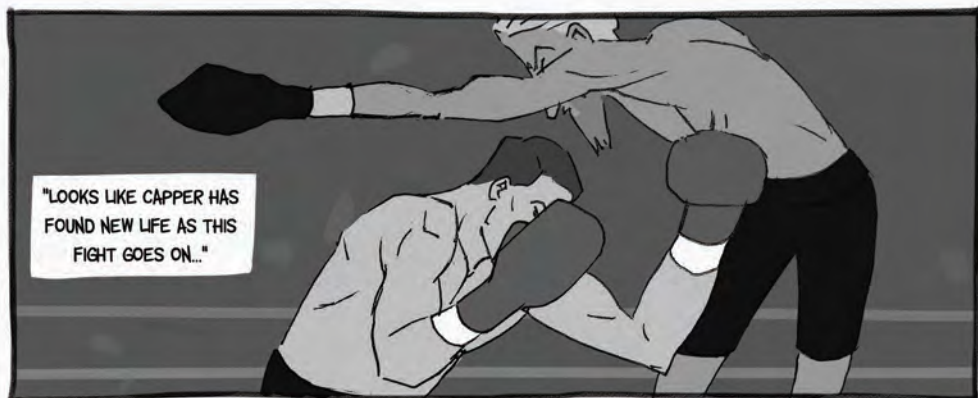
CASY CAPPER...

"...IS GETTING UP!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT".

EIGHT!...

NINE!...

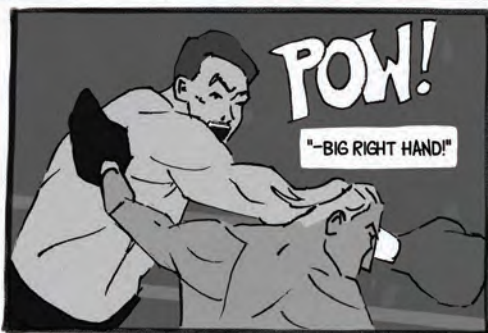




"LOOKS LIKE CAPPER HAS
FOUND NEW LIFE AS THIS
FIGHT GOES ON..."



"CAPPER IS
POURING IT
ON
KUTZABIĆ!"



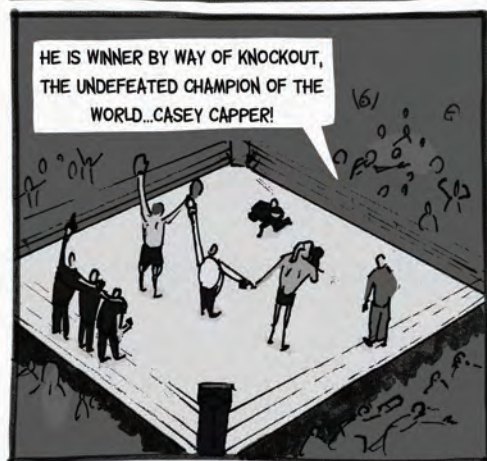
POW!

"-BIG RIGHT HAND!"



"AND
DOWN
GOES
KUTZABIĆ!"

"-REFEREE HAS SEEN
ENOUGH!! IT'S OVER!!
CASEY CAPPER IS THE
NEW CHAMPION!"



HE IS WINNER BY WAY OF KNOCKOUT,
THE UNDEFEATED CHAMPION OF THE
WORLD...CASEY CAPPER!



WALK ME THROUGH
WHAT GOT YOU UP WHEN
YOU WENT DOWN?

THE DEVIL HAD ME IN
THE PALM OF HIS HAND BUT GOD
REVEALED A WAY OUT. I TURNED
TO HIM AND HE ROSE ME TO MY
FEET. THE GLORY BELONGS TO
JESUS.

Mundane

BY ASIA RORICK







OPEN

LUCID DREAM

by: scorpi.goat





FINDING CHARM

BY ALEX O'CONNOR





WAIT
WHERE'S CHARM? HE
WAS RIGHT HERE!
HE'S MISSING!



MOM!



**I'M SO
SORRY I
LOST CHARM**





CHARM!



PURRR
PURRR
PURRR
PURRR

THANK
YOU!!!

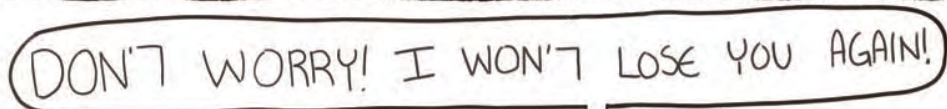


CHARM?

AUNCLE
JOANA?

MOM?







-Selene-



Andy!



JIN

3 a.m.
By Natalie Reyes

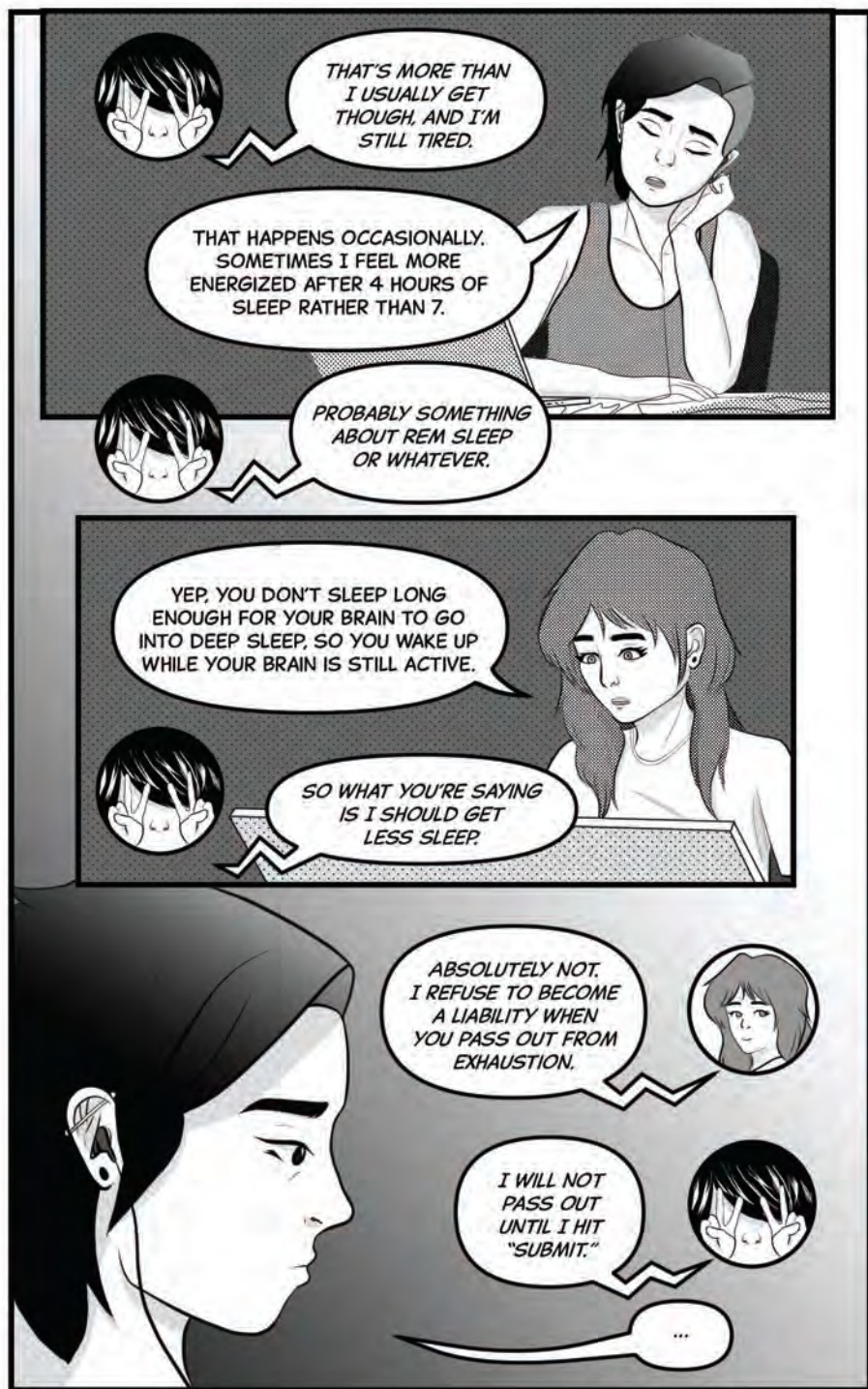


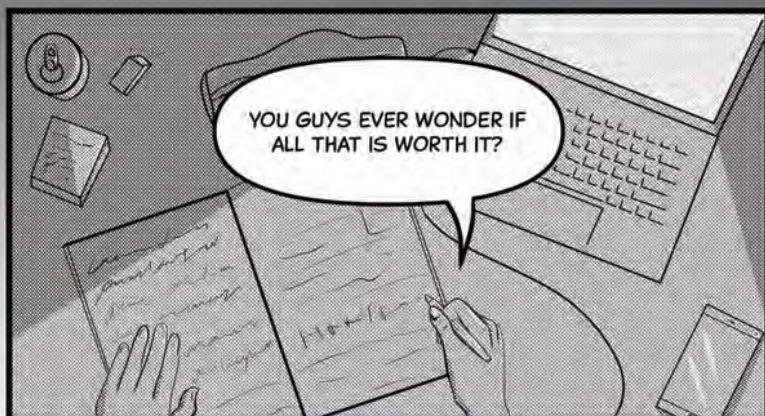
※YAWN※

TIRED, JIN?

YEAH, EVEN
THOUGH I GOT 5
HOURS OF SLEEP
LAST NIGHT.

DON'T MAKE
THAT SOUND
LIKE A GOOD
THING...





WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



DON'T GET ME WRONG,
I LOVE MAKING ART-

-BUT I FEEL KIND OF
GUILTY, Y'KNOW?

LIKE I SHOULD BE GETTING
A DEGREE IN SOMETHING...
USEFUL..



I USED TO THINK THAT WAY, YEAH.



BUT I LOVE IT,
I REALLY DO.



AND IN THE END,
I FEEL LIKE THAT'S
A PRETTY GOOD
REASON.



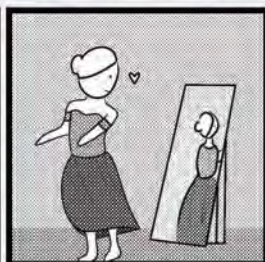
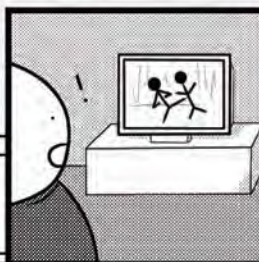
WE'RE NOT *STARVING* ARTISTS.
WE'RE NOT *DISPENSABLE*.

WHEN PEOPLE NEED A BREAK
FROM ALL THAT'S GOING ON,
THEY LOOK TO *US*.

THEIR FAVORITE
SHOW-

THEIR FAVORITE
VIDEO GAME-

THEIR FAVORITE
OUTFIT-



NOT OF THAT IS
POSSIBLE WITHOUT
ARTISTS!

AND WHEN I THINK OF THE
YOUNGER ME WHO DREW THE
FLOWERS OUTSIDE MY WINDOW
EVERY SPRING WITHOUT FAIL-

AND WATCHED THE SAME
MOVIE RELIGIOUSLY UNTIL
I MEMORIZED EVERY
SINGLE LINE...

I FEEL LIKE I OWE IT TO HER.
SHE DESERVES TO HAVE HER
DREAM COME TRUE.





YOU'RE VERY ELOQUENT,
ANDY.

HEHE, I'M VERY TIRED.
I THINK I'M GONNA
HEAD TO BED.



FINISH YOUR DRAWING?

...I'VE GOT TIME.
I'LL FINISH IT
TOMORROW.



YOU SAID THAT
YESTERDAY.

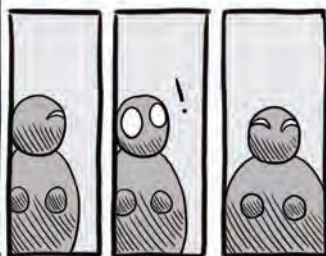
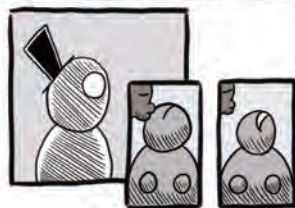
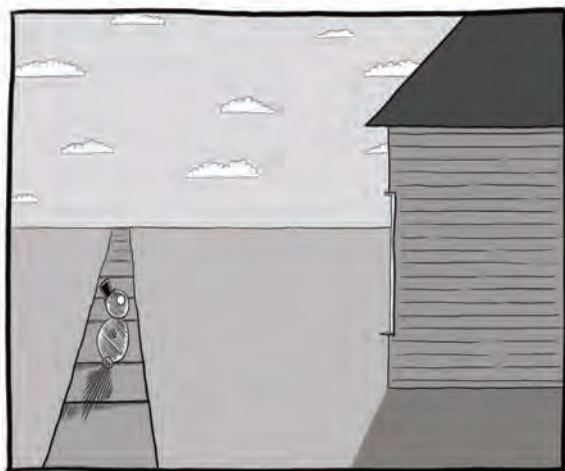
SO DID YOU!



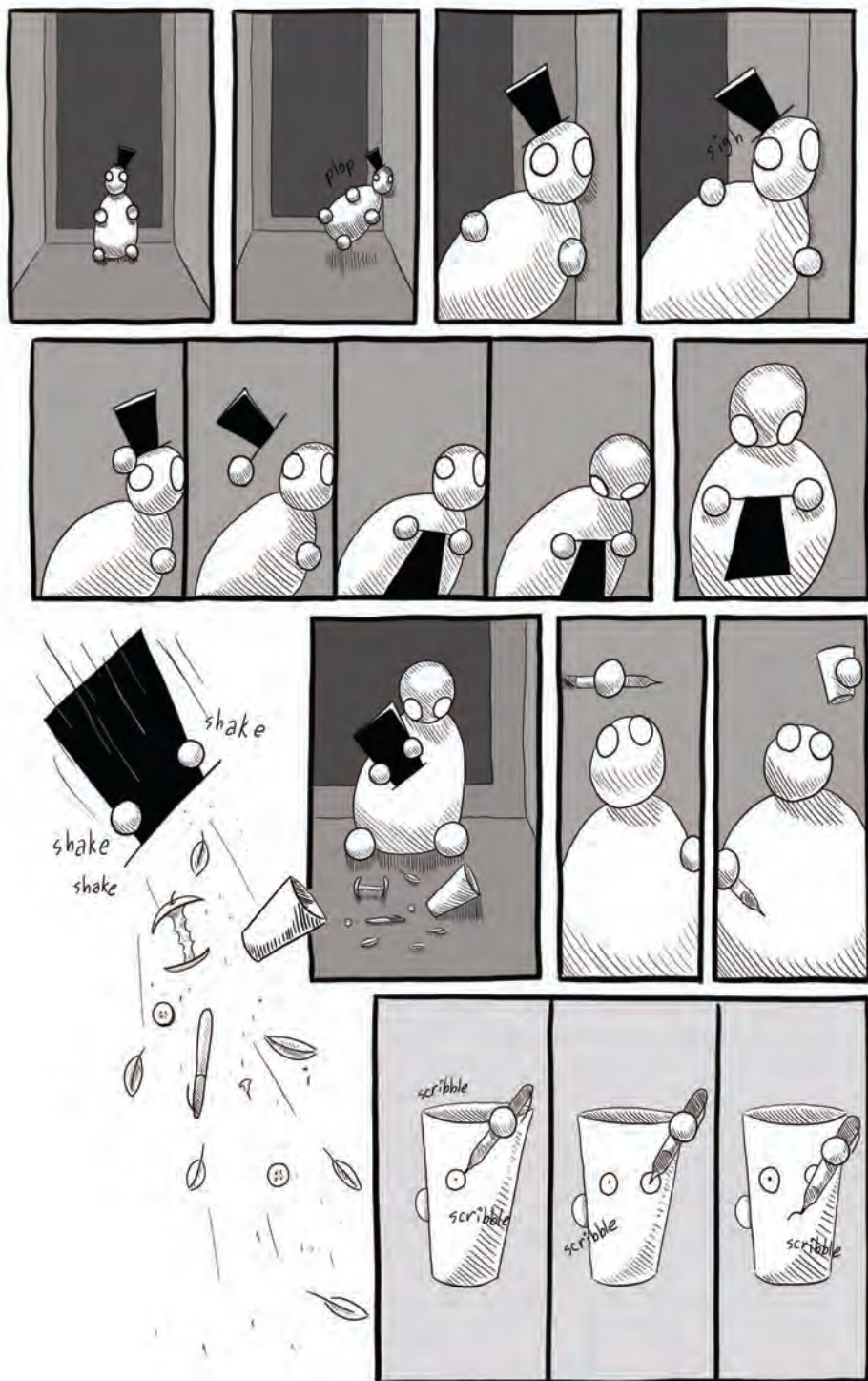
SUBMIT

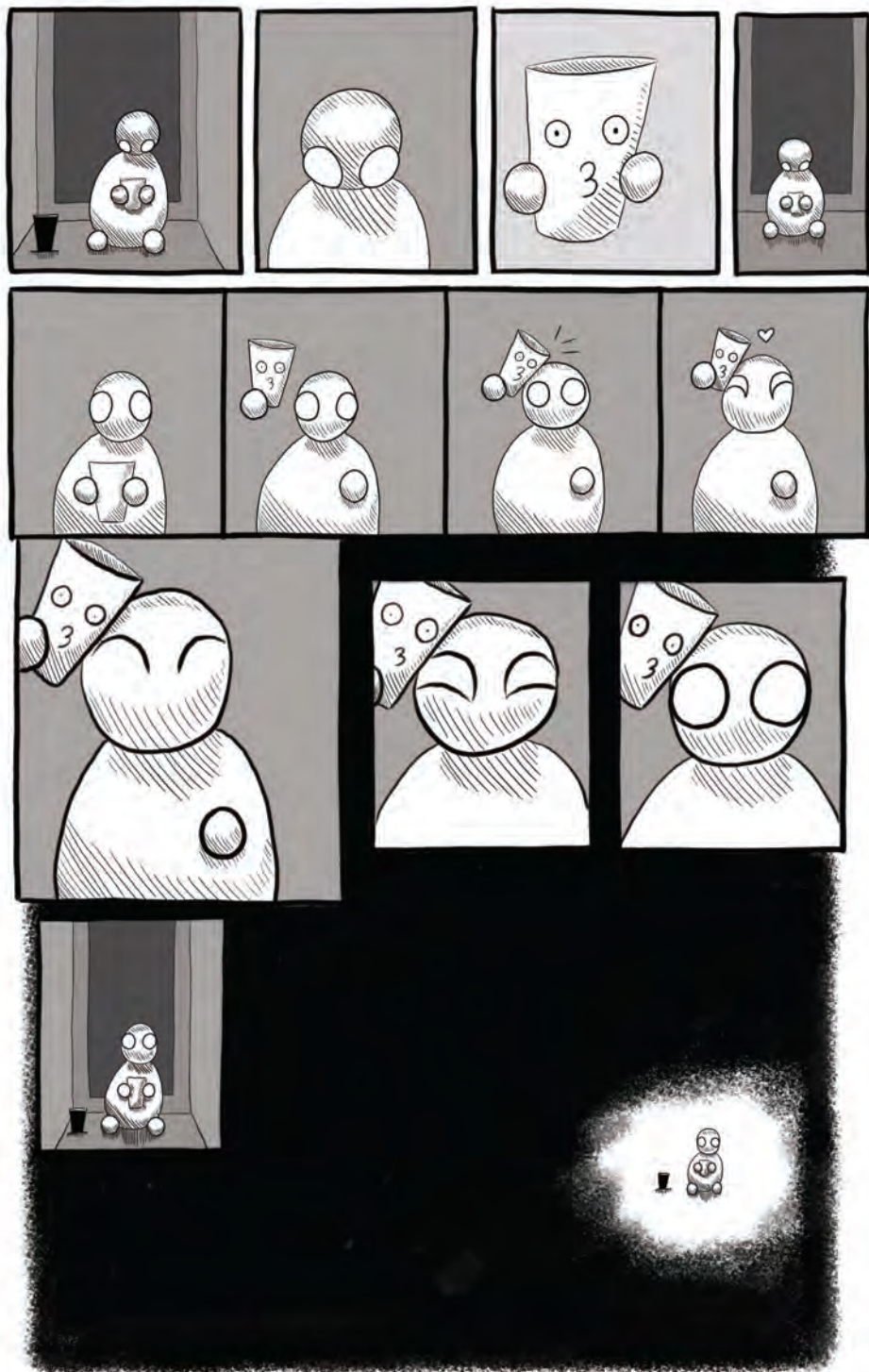


The End!

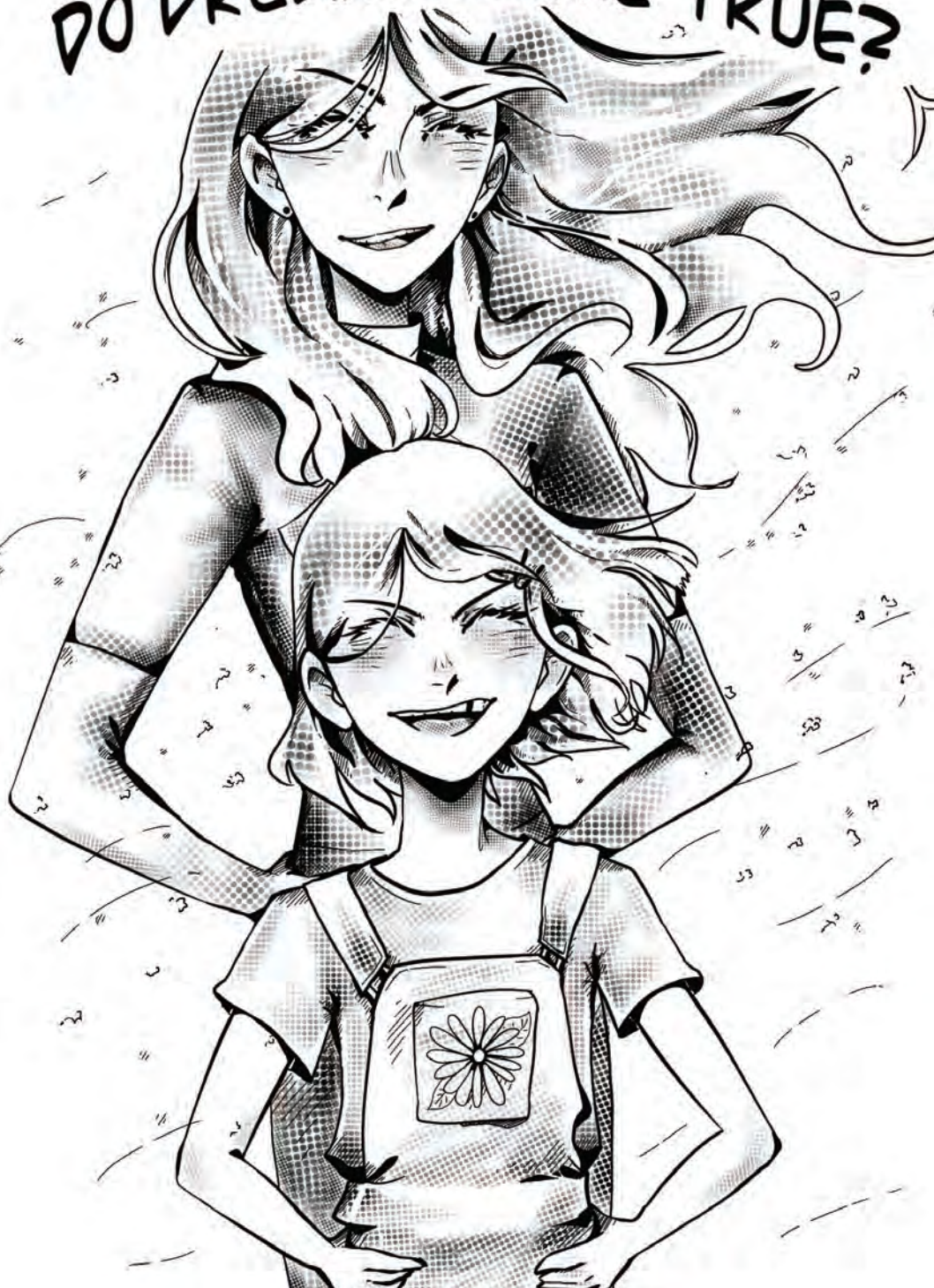


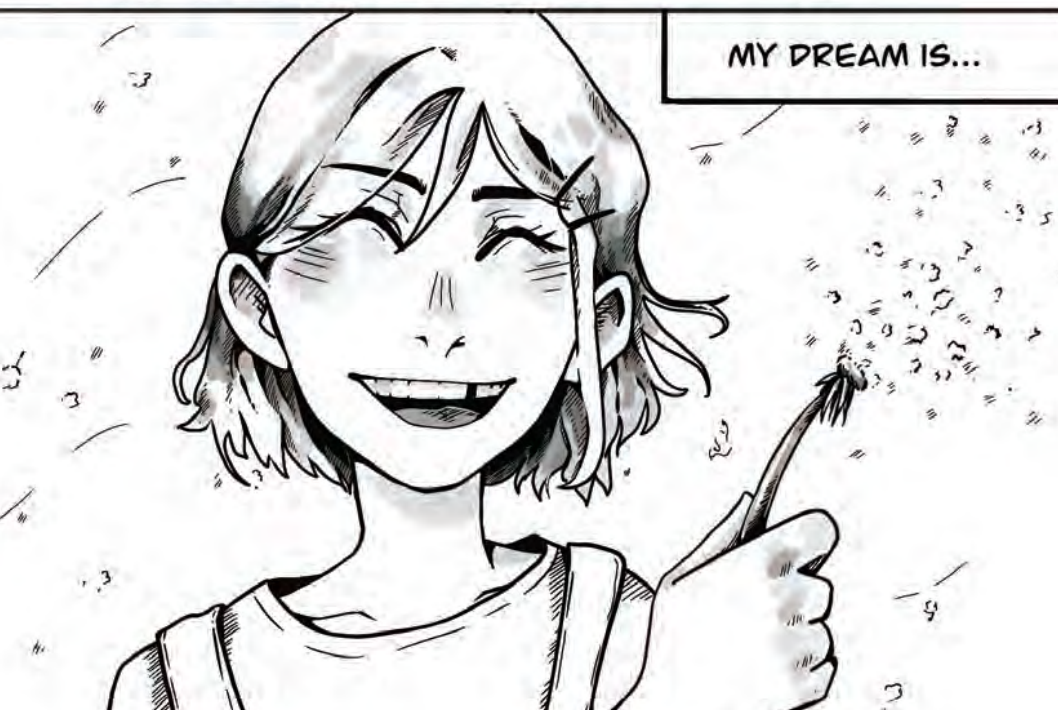






DO DREAMS COME TRUE?





MY DREAM IS...



ALRIGHT! SO YOU
GUYS ARE GOING TO BE
WRITING ABOUT YOUR
DREAM JOBS!



THANKS FOR
BEING WILLING
TO COME IN!

YOU KNOW I'M
ALWAYS HAPPY
TO HELP OUT!



AND YOU SHOULD
KNOW I ALWAYS
APPRECIATE IT!

COULD I BUY YOU
A COFFEE OR SOMETHING
TO PAY YOU BACK?
WHEN ARE YOU FREE?



UHH...



I CAN'T DO
TOMORROW-
I'M HELPING MY
COUSIN MOVE.



FRIDAY I'M
VOLUNTEERING AT
THE FOOD BANK.



I'M AT THE
SENIOR CENTER
EVERY SATURDAY.



AND SUNDAY I'M
DOING A CAR WASH
FOR CHARITY.





WOULD MONDAY
WORK?



WOW...
OKAY.

ALL THAT ON
TOP OF WORK?



YEAH.

WOW.



ACTUALLY,
WHAT WAS
YOUR
DREAM
JOB AS
A KID?

JUST 'CUZ I
FIGURE YOU WEREN'T
THE OFFICE JOB AND
SUBSTITUTE TEACH
WHEN I BEG YOU
TYPE.

WELL...

IT'S A BIT
EMBARRASSING
TO ADMIT NOW



BUT I
WANTED TO BE A
SUPERHERO.

HELPING PEOPLE
AND STUFF.



IN THAT
CASE,
I THINK
YOU'VE
ACHIEVED
YOUR DREAM
ALREADY.



I MEAN,
YOU'VE
CERTAINLY
HELPED ME
A LOT!

GUESS DREAMS DO COME TRUE.



**THANK
YOU!**

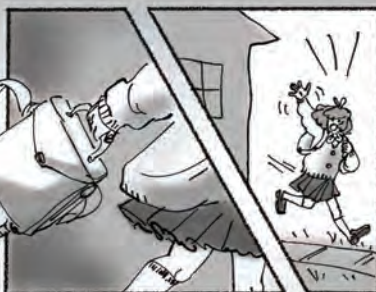




Tissue?

Thanks...

"DREAM GIRL" by TORI WOODS

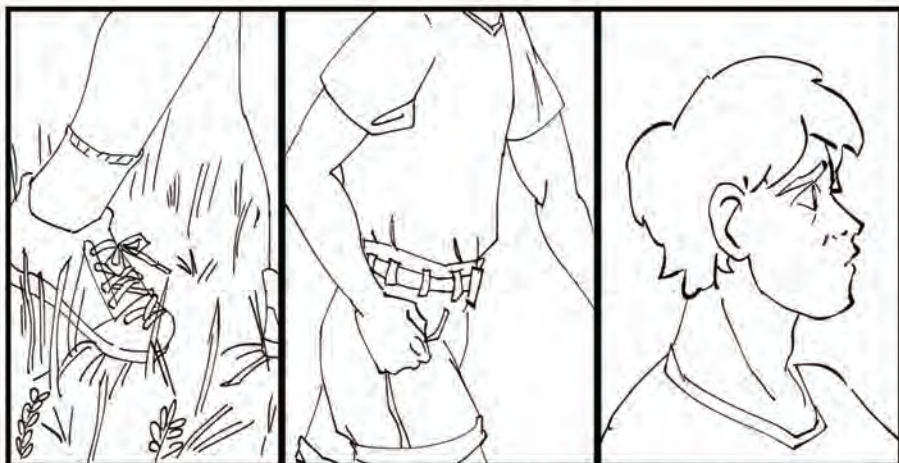




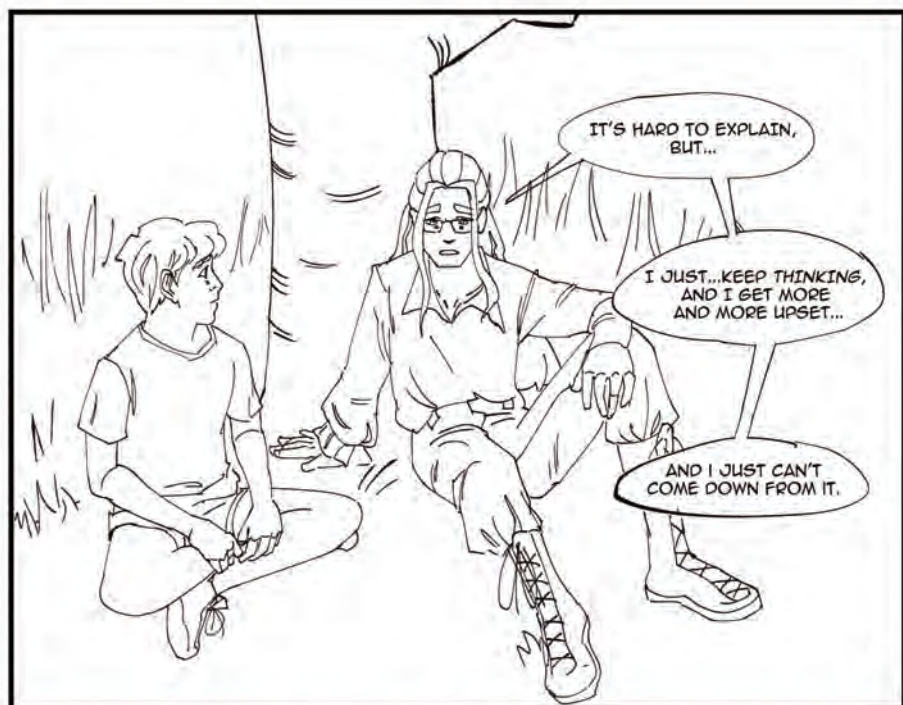
Solace

By Abby Downes













FALLING



ASLEEP

BY RENA BRIDGE

I THOUGHT I WAS
DREAMING AT FIRST.

ONE NIGHT WHEN
I LAID DOWN IN BED,
RIGHT BEFORE
DRIFTING OFF...

...I FELT STRAIGHT
THROUGH THE MATTRESS.

I WAS
FALLING

FOR A
WHILE.

LIKE, AN HOUR.



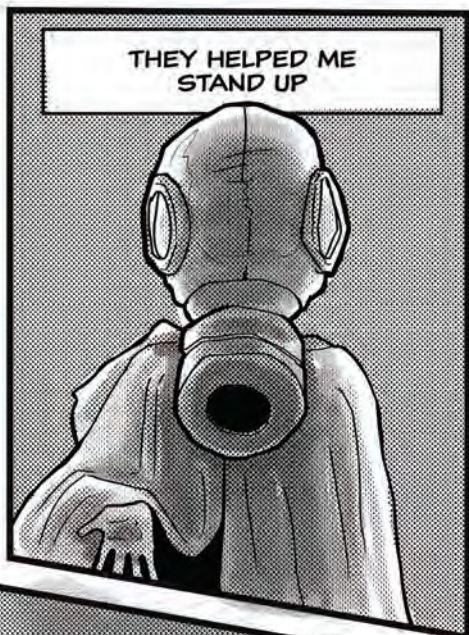
WHEN I FINALLY LANDED,
I HAD THE STRANGEST
SENSATION.



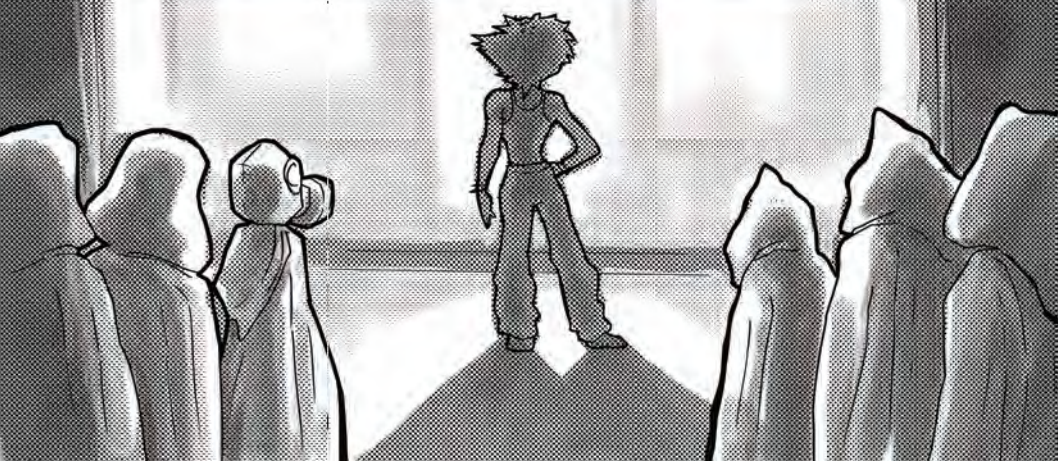
OUCH.

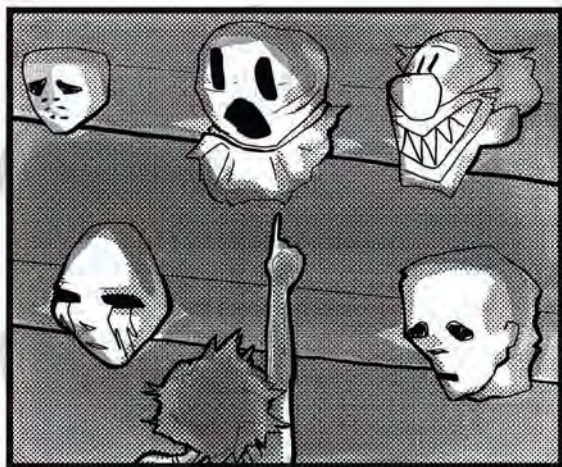


IT WAS LIKE I WAS
BEING STARED AT.



PARTY CITY





THEY BOUGHT ME
A MASK.

WHEN I PUT IT ON,
IT FELT...



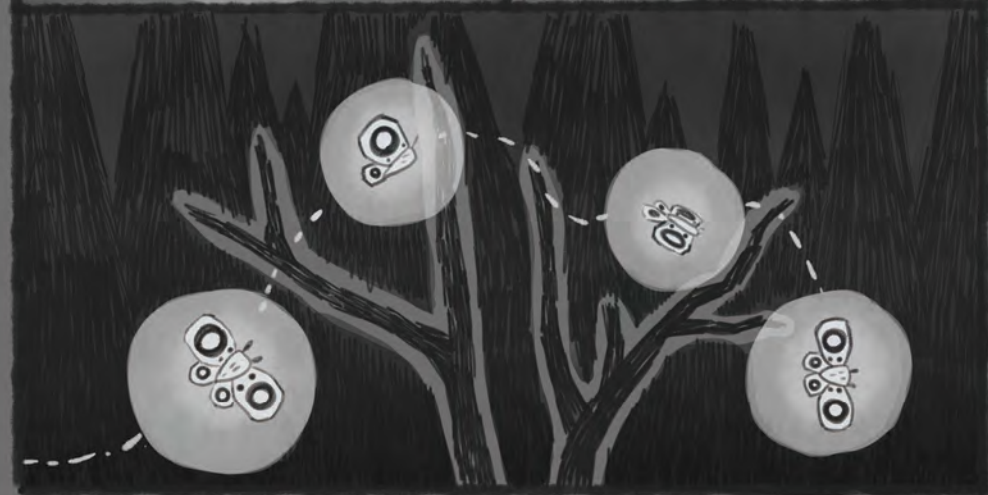
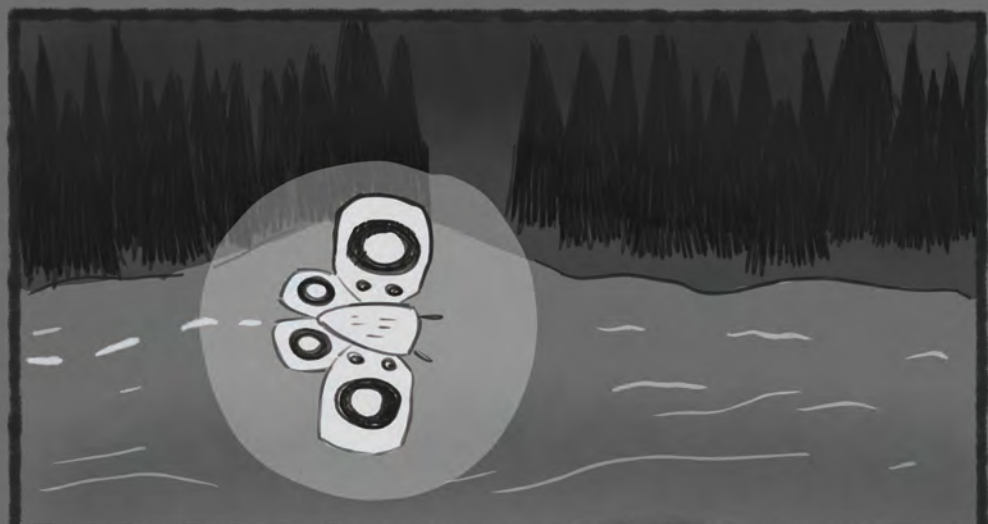
RIGHT.



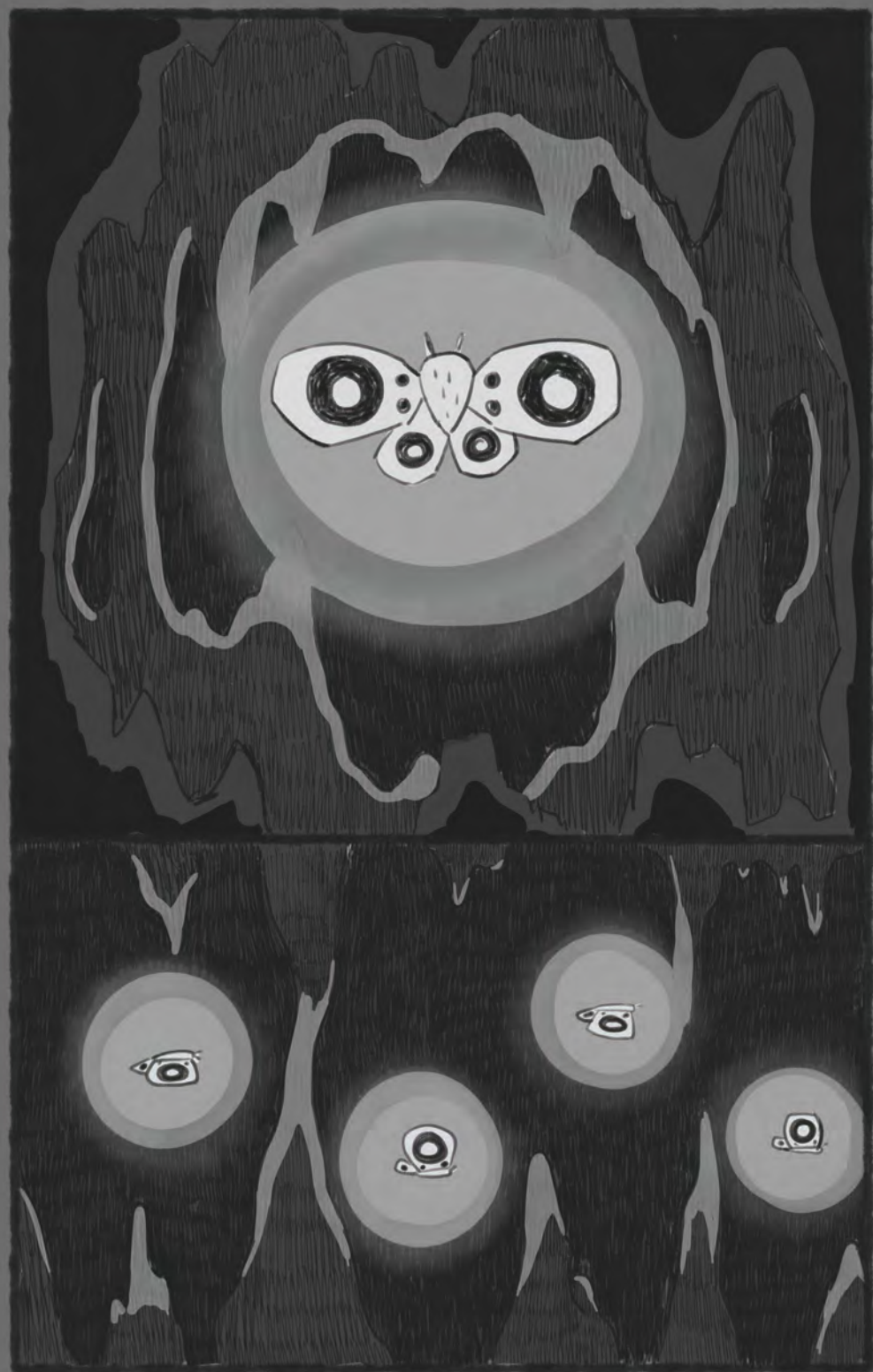
EVER SINCE THAT DAY, I'VE
BEEN WAITING HERE.
FOR YOU.

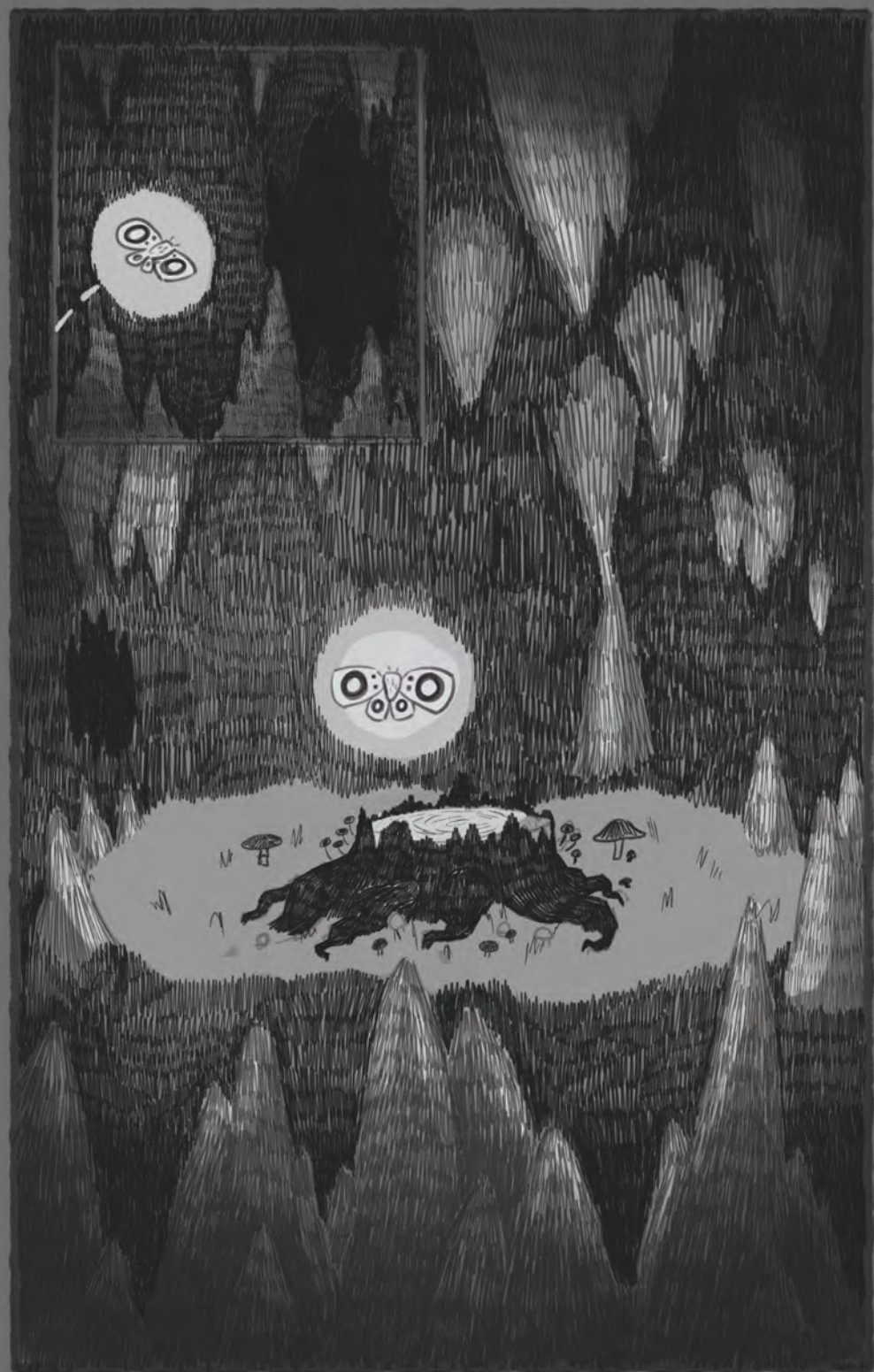


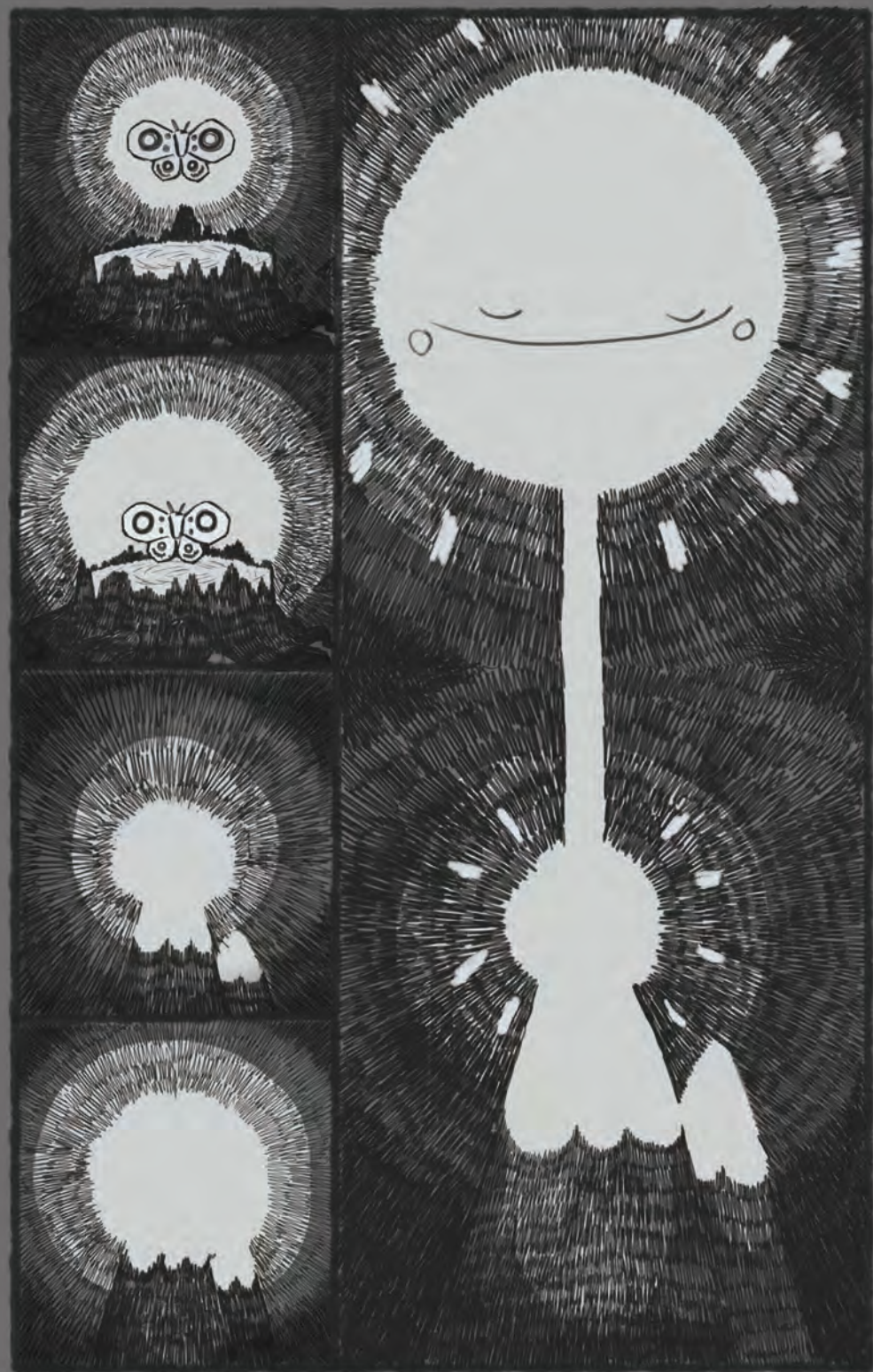
Anderson Bowles Moon Beam
Dream











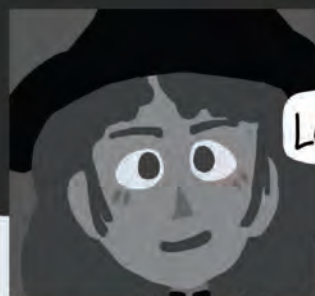


...yeah. I'm sorry.



Not what I meant!
I love helping out
young witches.

What was it that
you needed?



Love-in-idleness! For a love potion.



Love-in-
Ran-
son.

for making
you... you...
for...? ...
and...

Ah!

That should just be right... over...

Here! I hope these tea leaves do the trick for your little potion.

Love-in-idleness is just a Shakespearean way of saying pansies, by the way.

I'll have my quill write out the instructions for you—

That'll be 5 shillings

—nothing you can't handle. Fair warning, I'm told this stuff can give you pretty wicked dreams.

Blessed be, Kiddo.

Blessed be!

Make with boiled moon water
Steep for 5 minutes
Set intent before consumption
Drink just before sleep (may
cause drowsiness)





...woah.



Hello.



Oh! Hi!
Who are you?
You seem nice.

Is this heaven? I
don't really believe
in heaven.

Is this a dream? Am I being
punished? Why am I here? Was
it the tea? Nevermind, that's a
stupid question, of course it was
the tea, what else would it be?

... sorry, I'll stop talking now.

I'm Aphrodite.

And you're right,
this is a dream,
but it's also real.

I'm here to guide you.

You want to fall in love.

A noble pursuit. But heed my warning—
no other person can make you whole.

Love is beautiful.

It is not a cure.

It is intangible,

it is confusing.

It is tiring, it is all-consuming, it is a responsibility.

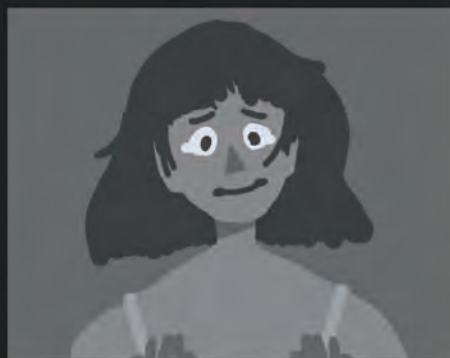
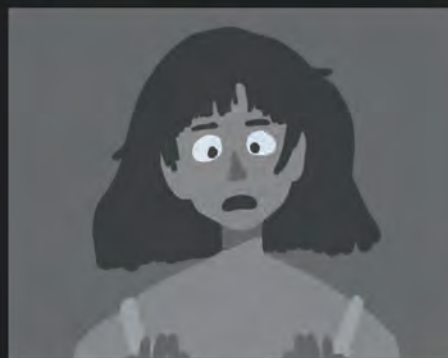
Are you ready?



Yes.



Oh.
How refreshing.



End.



OBLIVION

GABE CARLSON

@LUKASS_KICKS

@LUKASS_KICK.S

2021-2022

AS PER STATION REGULATION, I AM HERE TO CONDUCT YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION. WE ARE CURRENTLY TESTING A NEW SYSTEM THAT REQUIRES A NEUROLOGICAL LINK TO PLACE YOU INTO A DREAM-LIKE STATE AND WILL NOT HARM YOU PHYSICALLY.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

... YEAH, SURE.

VERY WELL.

THE NEUROLINK WILL ALLOW US TO MORE CLEARLY SEE, DIAGNOSE, AND TREAT ANY PSYCHOLOGICAL ISSUES OR TRAUMA YOU MAY BE DEALING WITH.

DO YOU WISH TO CONTINUE?

JUST GET IT OVER WITH, DOC.

ONCE THE PROCESS STARTS IT WILL FEEL LIKE YOU'RE DRIFTING OFF TO SLEEP.

WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THINGS EXACTLY AS YOU SEE THEM WHILE YOU'RE UNDER.

ALL OF THIS REMAINS
CONFIDENTIAL UNLESS YOU POSE
A RISK TO YOURSELF OR OTHER
CREW MEMBERS.



PEACHY.



WE'VE LOST
THE SHUTTLE-

HOW LONG
UNTIL IMPACT?

NOTHING CAN
GET FAR ENOUGH
IN TIME

WE CAN'T
JUST LEAVE
THEM!

WE HAVE
TO GO BACK
FOR THEM-

WE HAVE
TO TRY!

THERE'S NO
TIME!

SEEMS LIKE I'M NOT COMING BACK, HUH?

...

CLARKE,
I'M SO SOR-



CAN I TELL
YOU SOMETHING
SELFISH, THEN?

ANYTHING.

I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU.



YOU NEVER-

SAID ANYTHING?



I NEVER PLANNED TO.



I KNEW IT WOULDN'T WORK OUT

I'M NOT WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.



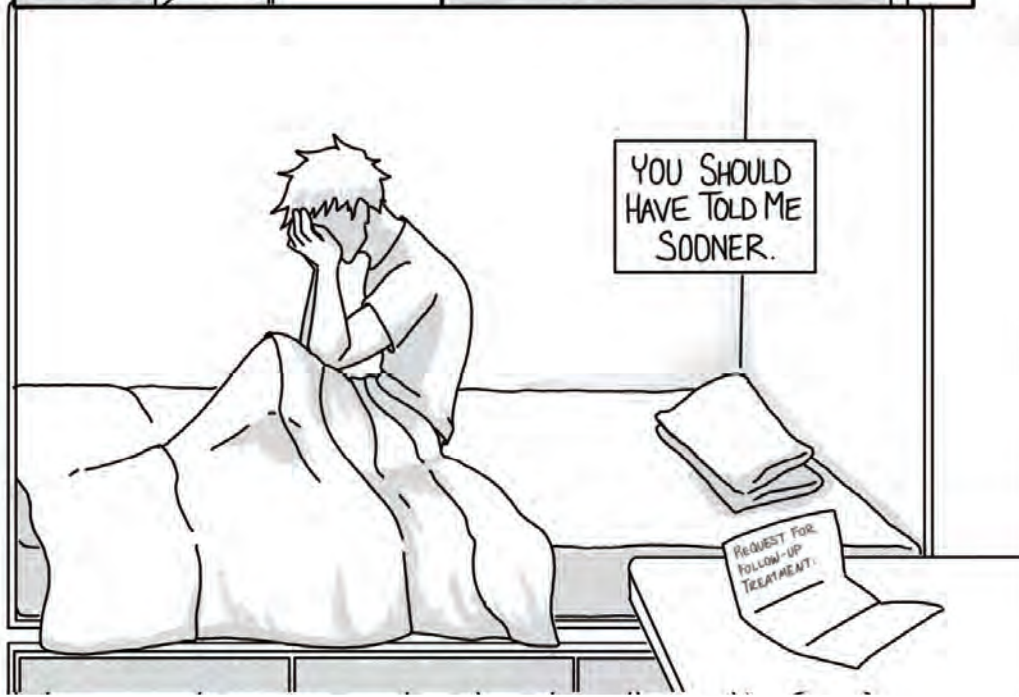
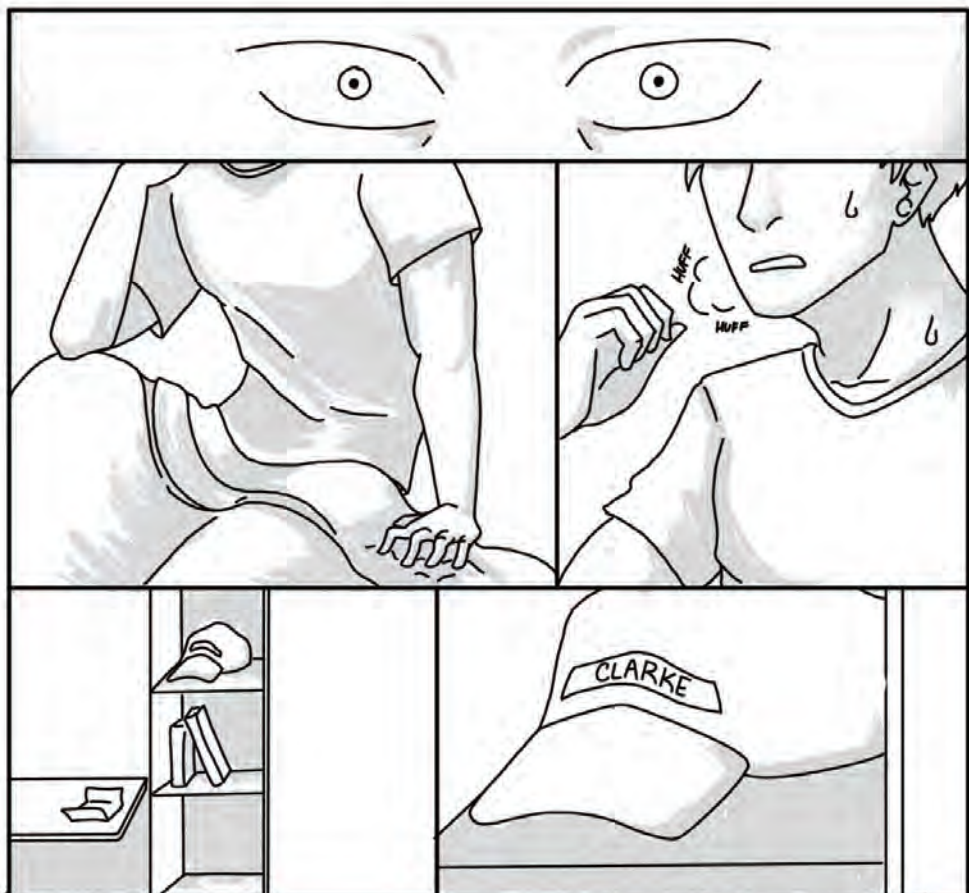
THAT'S NOT
FOR YOU TO
DECIDE.

KAMSKI

NO,

I GUESS
NOT.

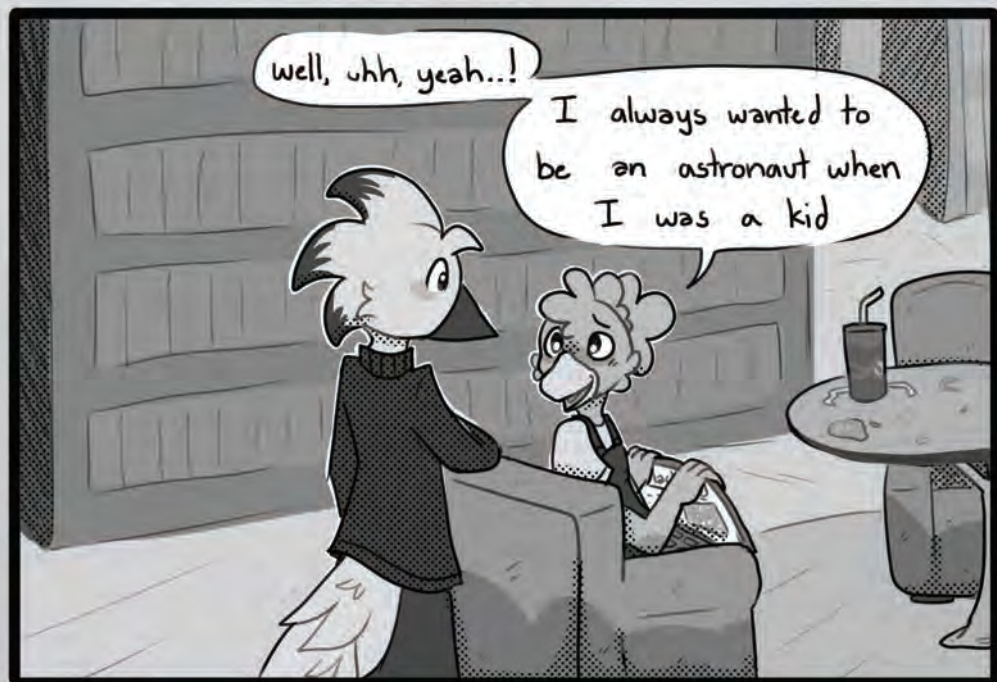
I'M SORRY.



hopes &



a comic by Alexa "Tig" Harriss









ONE THAT'S STUCK WITH ME THROUGHOUT THE YEARS IS ONE WHERE I WAKE UP IN

I'VE ALWAYS HAD EXTREMELY VIVID DREAMS.



(MY) BEDROOM



I WAS STANDING THERE WITH SOMEONE MY AGE

SOMEONE WITH DARK CURLY HAIR.

IT REMINDED ME OF MY SISTER'S.



I KNEW THAT THE OTHER PERSON WAS



(ME)

XY INTRODUCED XEMSELF



XEIR NAME WAS JAMIE.



(A NAME ALMOST GIVEN TO ME.)

XY USED

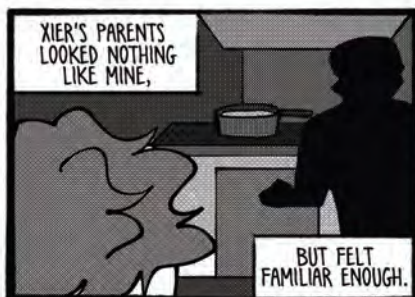
XY
XEM
XIER

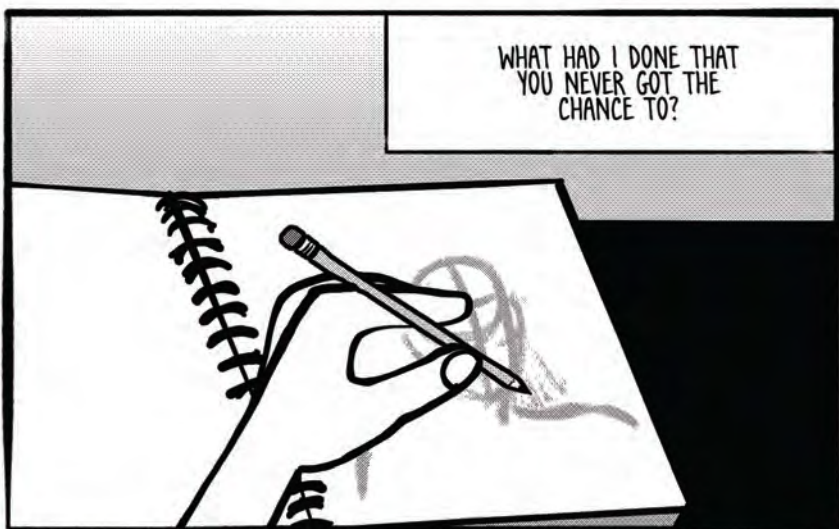
PRONOUNS

I KEPT THAT IN MIND.









Emanata presents...

TRANCE

by Crisjin Antonio



**Holliver
Lockeford**

HUMAN ROGUE.
COLLECTOR OF WEAPONS
AND LOVER OF ADVENTURE.
A BIT BRASH AT TIMES,
BUT CARES A LOT ABOUT
HER COMPANIONS.



**ELSPETH
THE HEXED**

HALFLING CLERIC.
BANISHED FROM HER CHURCH
AFTER BEING CURSED WITH
DEMON EYES AND HORNS.
STILL PRETTY CHEERFUL,
ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.



**WITCH-EYE
CYRIS**

ELVEN WIZARD.
A POTION MAKER WHO
TREATS HER COMPANIONS
AS TEST SUBJECTS.
SLOWLY BECOMING A WITCH
AFTER A DEAL GONE SOUR.







GASP! MY OLD ROOM
AT THE CONVENT!

AWW, JUST HOW
I REMEMBER IT!



WELL, EXCEPT FOR
THE SMELL...
MAYBE THAT'S
FOR THE BEST.
THE STENCH OF
ROTTEN WOOD IS
QUITE AWFUL.

WAIT. IF THIS IS EXACTLY
HOW I REMEMBER IT...



THEN UNDER
MY BED WAS...



THE LOVE STORIES I WROTE ABOUT
ME AND THAT HANDSOME PASTOR
WHO WOULD COME SPEAK TO US...



AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU
WERE LOST TO ME FOREVER.

SISTER MARGOT FOUND OUT
AND MADE ME BURN YOU
IN FRONT OF HER.



BUT SINCE I'M HERE, NOW...

A FEW REVISIONS
COULDN'T HURT, RIGHT?





BIG FANCY BED. SO I WAS RICH?
HAR HAR. VERY FUNNY, TRANCE.



BUT CYRIS'S POTIONS RARELY
FAIL, SO...IT MUST BE TRUE.

WAIT, I'M BROKE AS
HELL RIGHT NOW!



WHAT EVEN HAPPENED TO
ALL THIS FANCY CRAP?

AND WHY THE HELL DID I
HAVE SO MUCH HAIR?!



PRINCESS HORTENSIA?



IT IS I, YOUR
ROYAL ADVISOR!



I HOPE YOU'RE
WELL-RESTED
FOR TONIGHT'S
JUBILEE!

I KNOW
I'M NOT!

ANYWAYS, ABSOLUTELY
EVERYONE WILL
BE ATTENDING!



AND AS THE PRINCESS OF
THE WEALTHIEST KINGDOM
IN ALL THE LAND,

YOUR PRESENCE
IS OF UTMOST
IMPORTANCE!

WAIT, DID THEY SAY...





LATE BLOOMER - BY LARK FLEISCHER



LADIES, DRESS CODE TO
IS TO, DRUMROLL PLEASE...
DRESS LIKE A FRAT BOY!!!

YESSSS!



I LOOK STUPID... SO
INAUTHENTIC. UGH.

WANNA WEAR
MY BOYFRIEND'S
SHIRT? I GOT
A BUNCH! 000
AND A HAT?



THANKS!







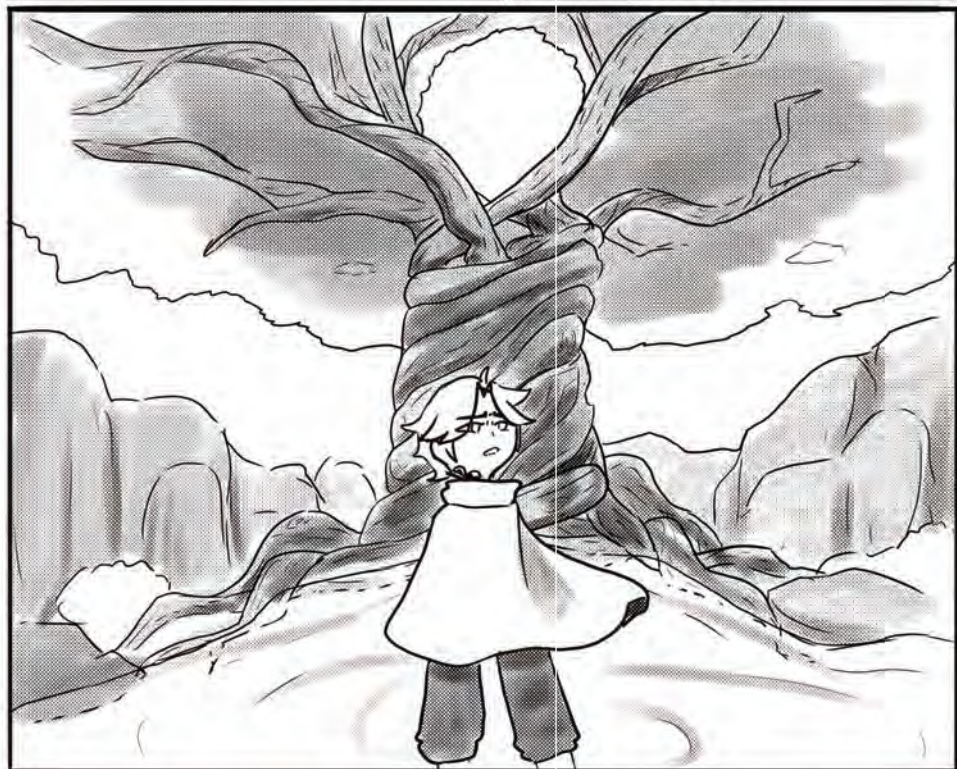
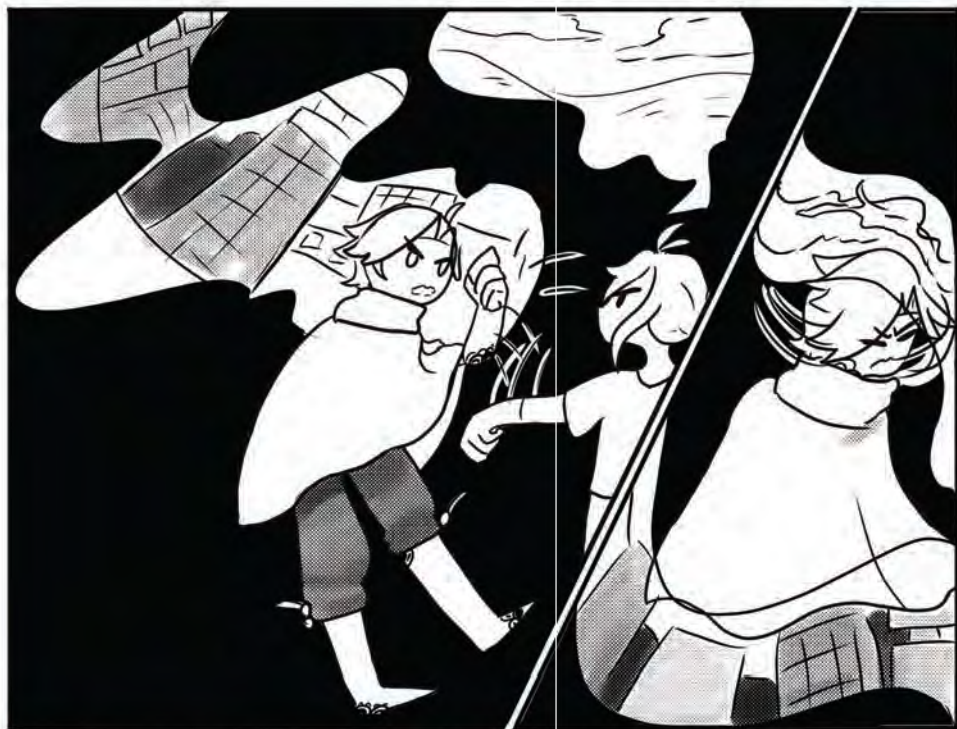
Living Idely and Dying as if Dreaming

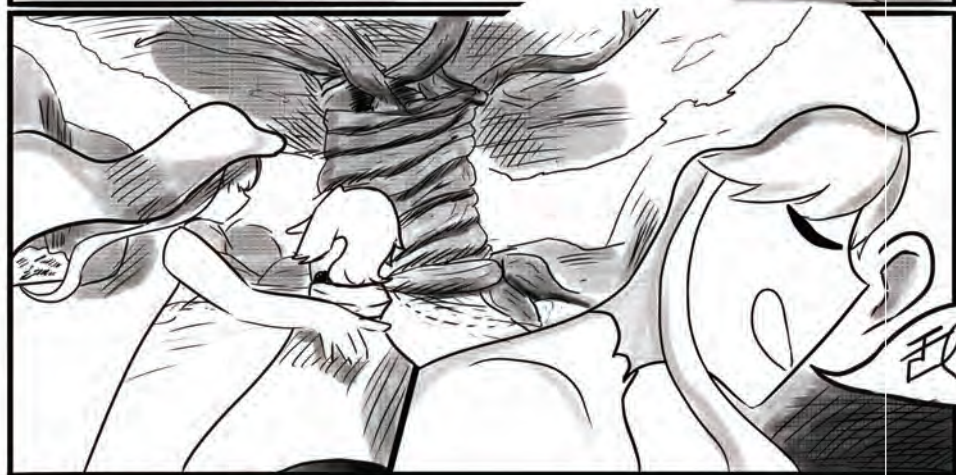
by: Sophie Boone

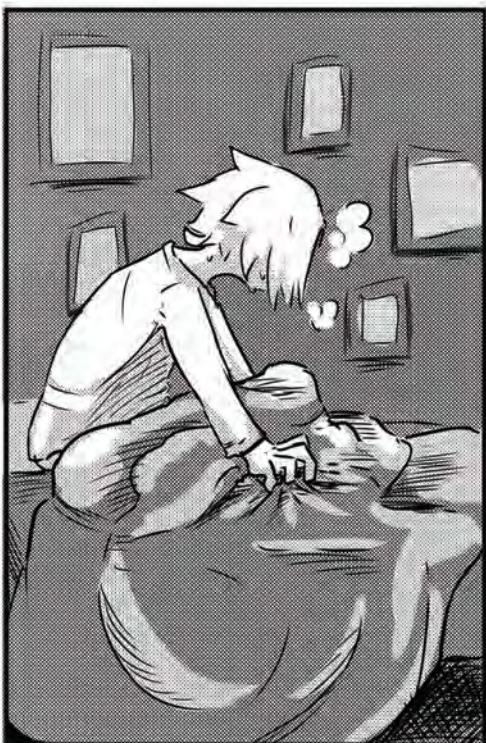
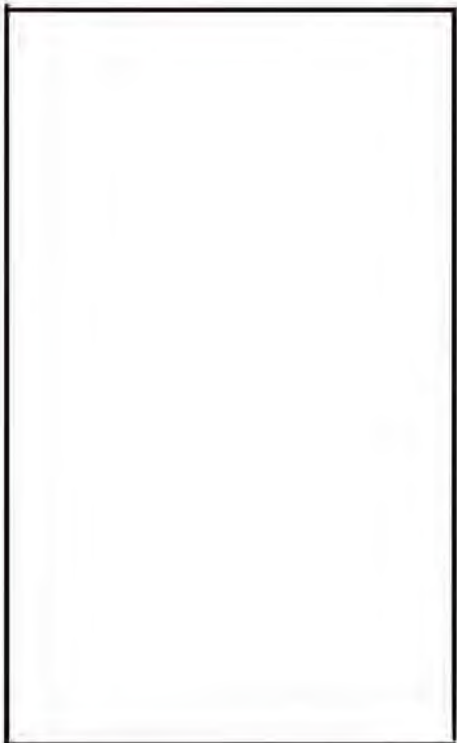












THE DRIFTWOOD EXPRESS

H.M. SMITH





THERE'S A WORLD THAT EXISTS BETWEEN CONCIIOUSNESS, OUR HOME, AND THE GREAT BIG BEYOND. THIS WORLD IS CREATED ENTIRELY WITHIN OUR MINDS, AND WE CAN ONLY VISIT IT UNDER A NUMBER OF COMPLICATED CIRCUMSTANCES.

FIRST, YOUR EYES MUST MOVE RAPIDLY. ONCE THEY ARE, YOUR BRAIN THEN HAS TO PRODUCE ENOUGH ACETYLCHOLINE AND MELATONIN TO CREATE THE WORLD.

YOU'LL ALSO NEED OXYTOCIN WHICH, THROUGH A PROCESS OF COMPLETELY RANDOM SELECTION, WILL FILL YOUR WORLD WITH PEOPLE.

ONCE YOU HAVE THOSE INGREDIENTS, YOU CREATE THE WORLD--THE DREAM.

TONIGHT, AGALIAREPT FELL ASLEEP AS NORMAL. FORTUNATELY--OR UNFORTUNATELY--HIS BRAIN CHEMICALS ALIGNED PERFECTLY.

THOUGH, HIS CHEMICALS CHOSE TO BRING HIM TO A RATHER UNPLEASANT PLACE.

A SMALL RAFT, FLOATING AIMLESSLY ON A RIVER:
THE DRIFTWOOD EXPRESS.

WHO ARE YOU?
HOW DID YOU
GET HERE?

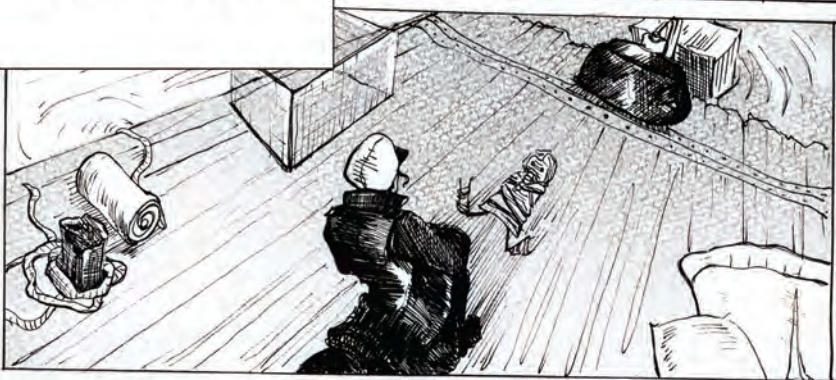
HUH? YOU GONNA
ANSWER ME?



...YOU'RE A WEIRD LITTLE THING.

KINDA STUPID LOOKING.

AGALIAREPT PANICKED. HE HAD NO
IDEA WHAT WAS GOING ON.





I'M
SORRY,
SIR!

I HAVE NO IDEA HOW I
GOT HERE!



PLEASE DON'T HURT ME--

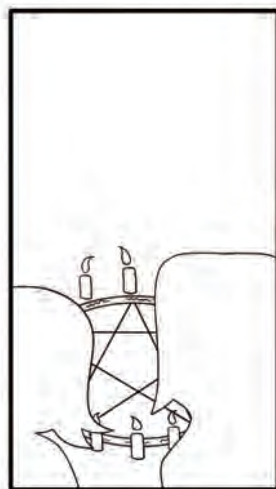


OH, YOU'RE
SENTIENT.

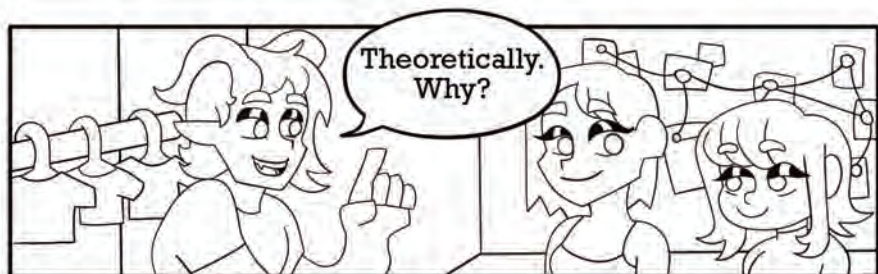
WIGGLE



ONE REQUEST!

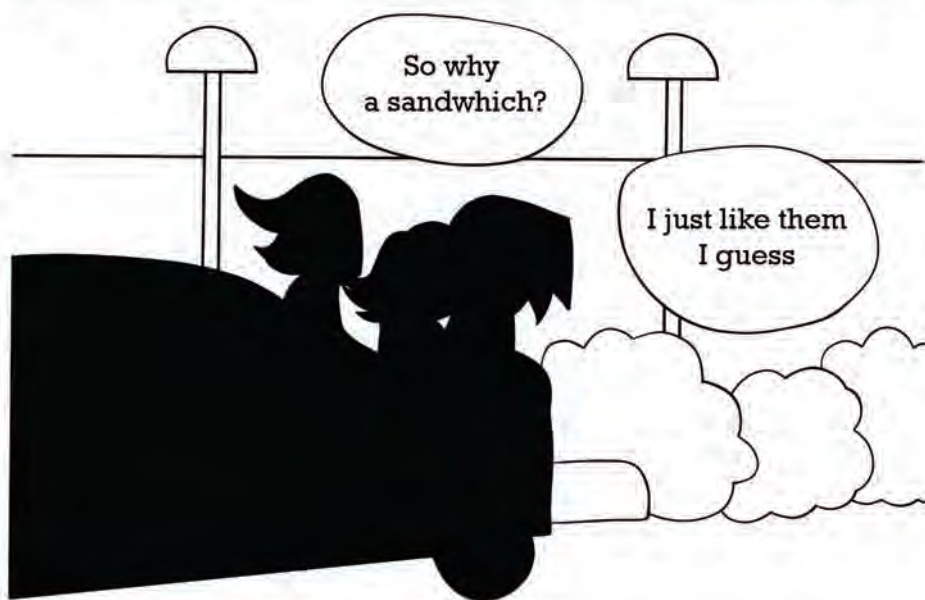








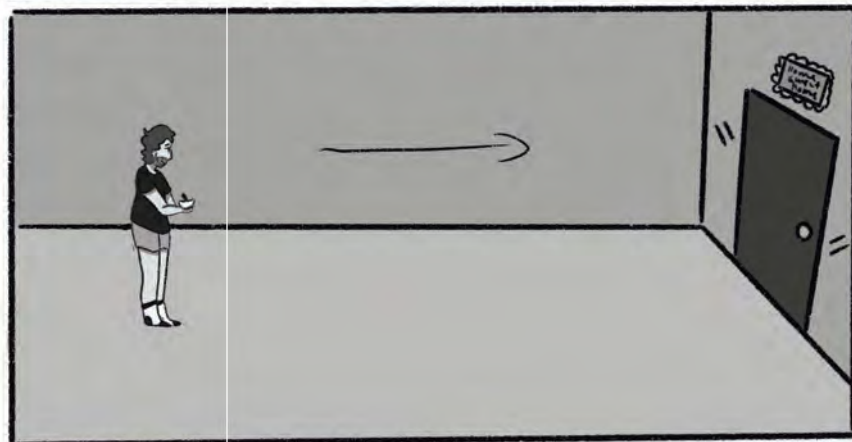


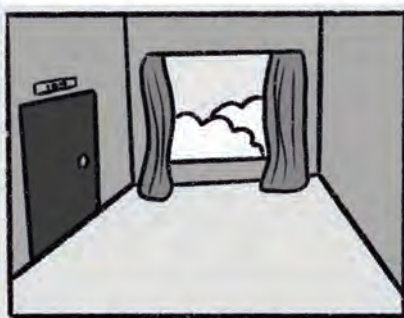


What Could Have Been



By Reese Cilley







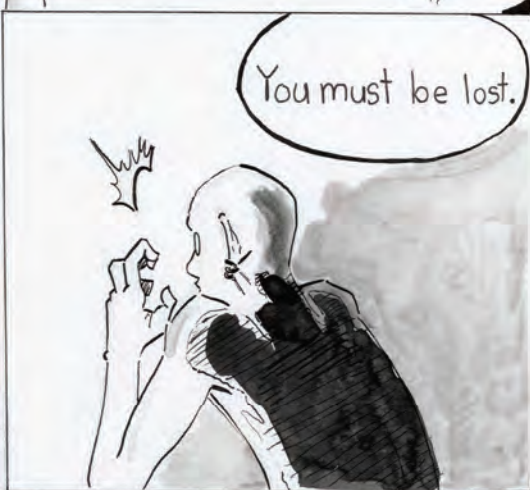
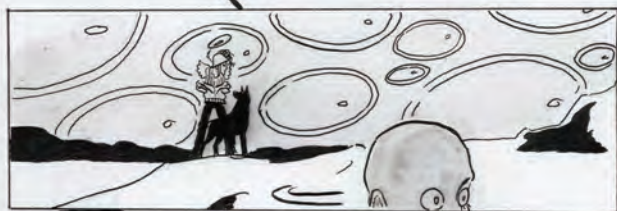


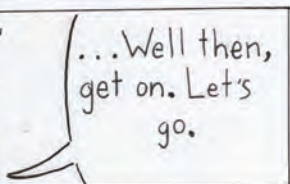
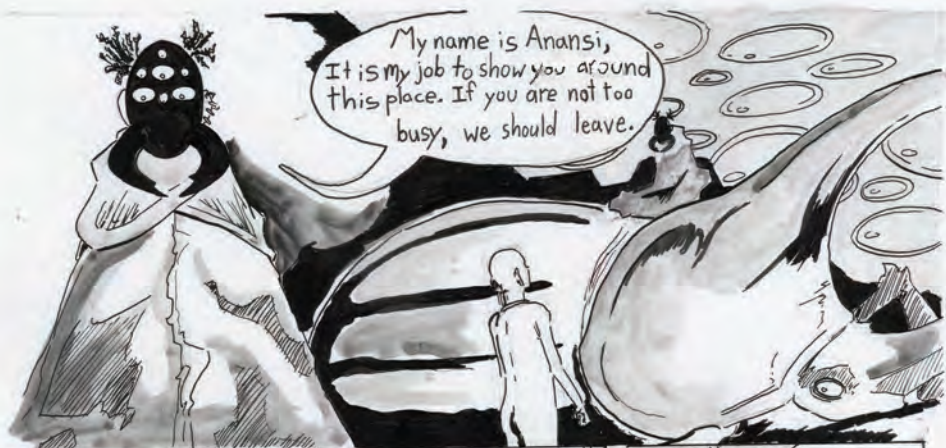
Anansi

& the Stranger



Joseph Jarrett





















DREAMS CAN BE ANYTHING

Some say it's just our deepest desires



Things like... riches



Power



Love.



Maybe it's just a playlist
of memories



Now playing

Embarrassing middle school moment part 24
(Remastered)

Memories we love to remember..



Or some we just can't forget...

Or maybe it is just our brains cooking up scraps of our lives to
keep it entertained as we sleep



Guess we'll never know..

But mysteries like that make life so much more interesting..



Ma'am that's real thought provoking and all. But this is a McDonald's.

I asked you what are the DRINKS.



Yep.

Oh..



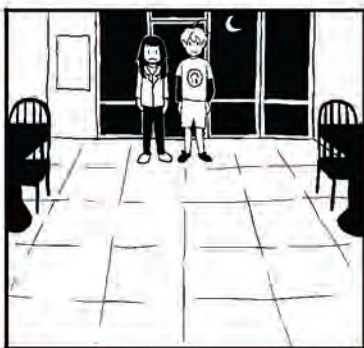
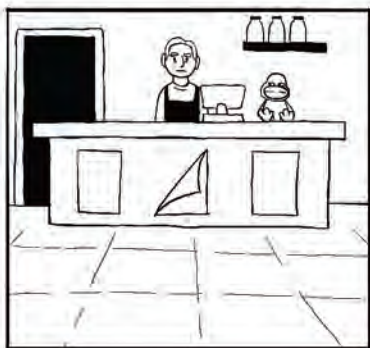


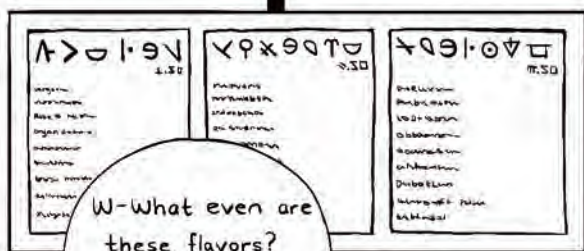
BUBBY

BUBBLE TEA
Rachel Farzan



DING



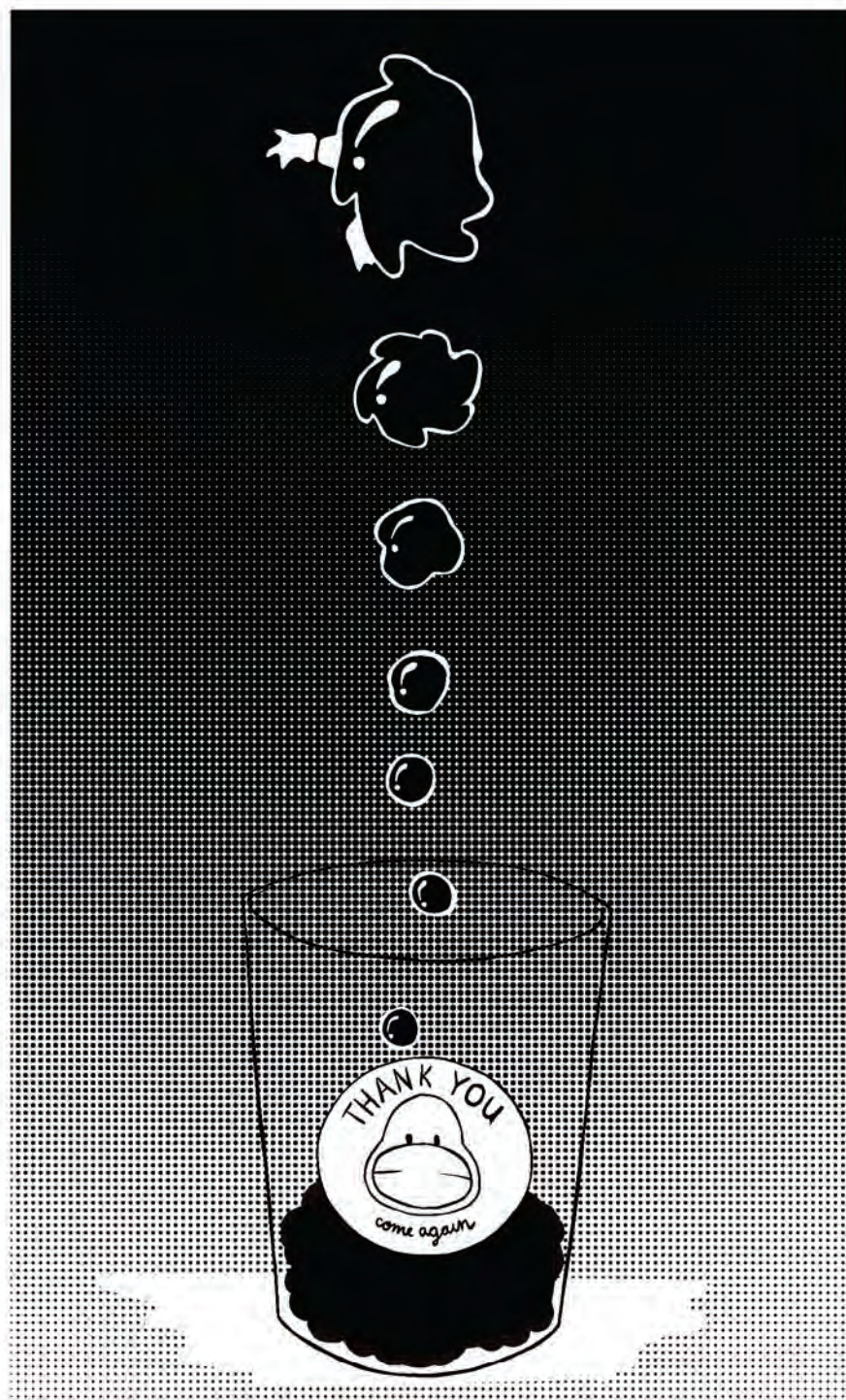


W-What even are these flavors?
What does any of this say?



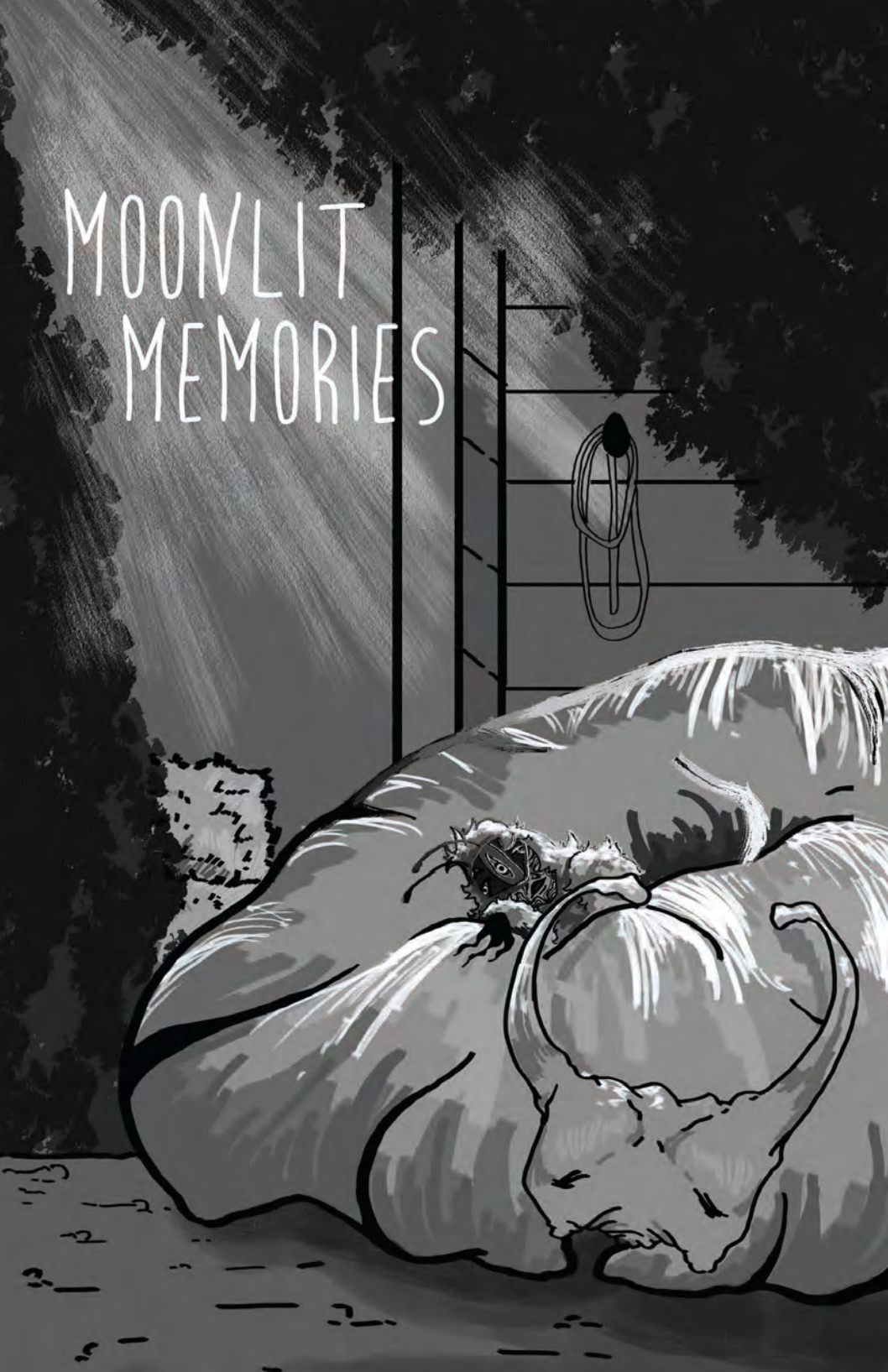


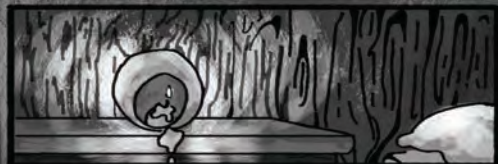






MOONLIT MEMORIES






AND EVERY NIGHT I WAKE UP IN
MY CHILDHOOD BEDROOM...



HEAR THE FLOORBOARDS CREAK...



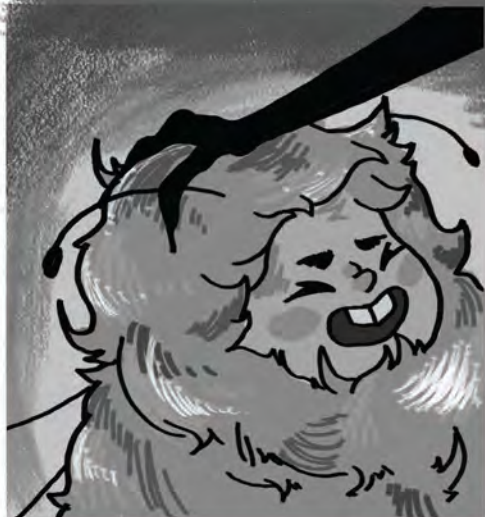
AND REACH FOR MY
BEDROOM DOOR...

Wait,
Please!

Please...
PLEASE!

WAIT!

THEY BEAT ME
THERE... EVERY SINGLE
TIME...



JUST ONCE...



I'D LIKE TO BE
AMONG THEM...

THESE MOONLIT MEMORIES OF
MINE...



HARU'S DREAM

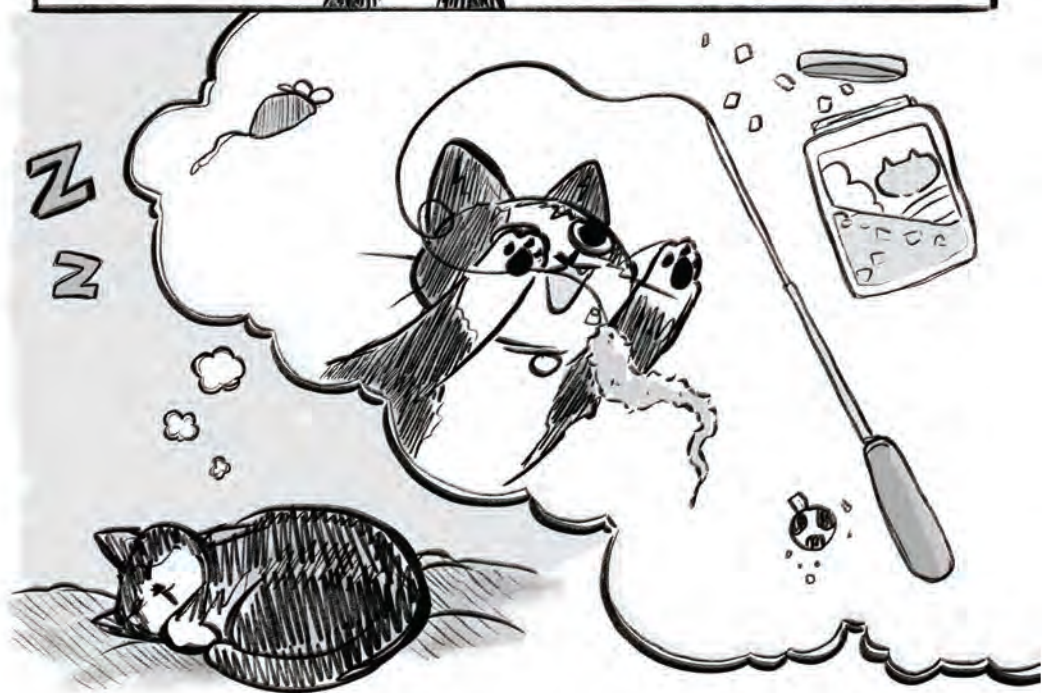
BY
SHAINA
SEMBRIA

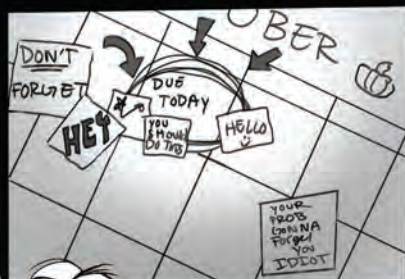
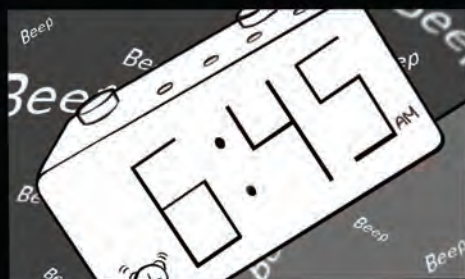


I WONDER IF
CATS DREAM...















OH
FUNNY
THING
HA.HA..



OH...



A A A A A

A A A A A

A A A A A

H H H H H

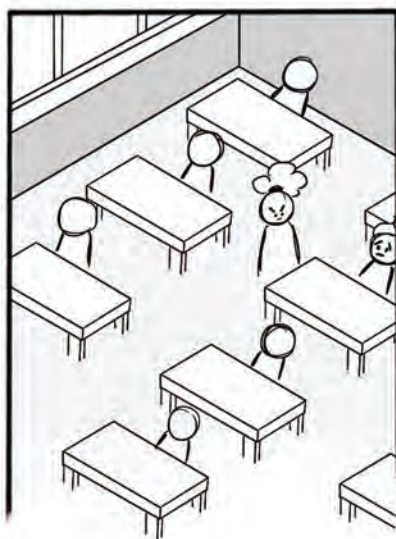
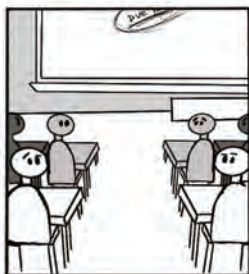
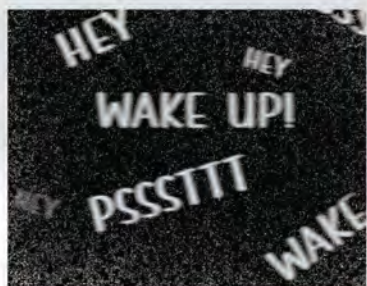
H H H H H

H H H H H

H H H H H

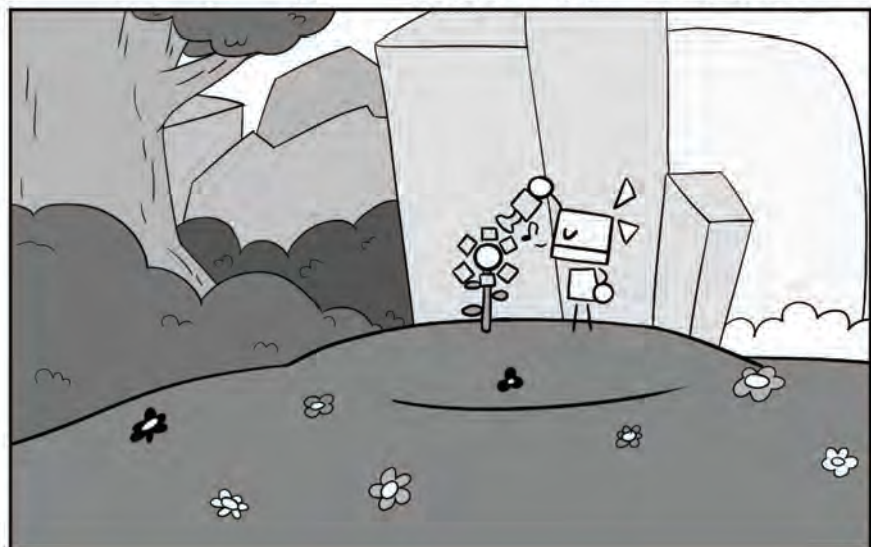
H H H H H

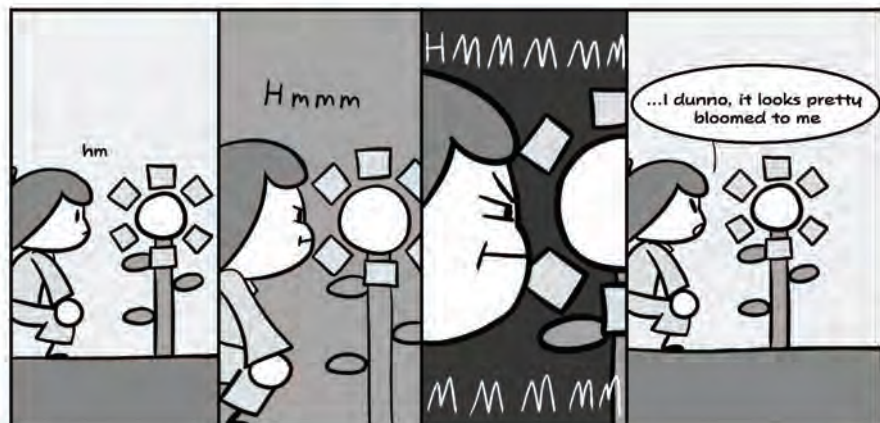
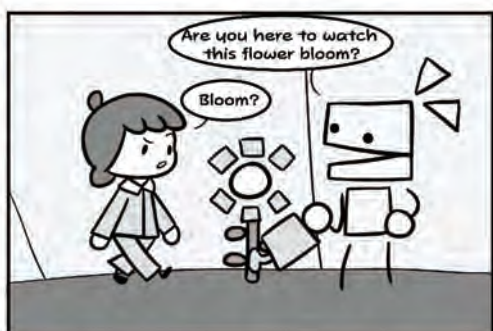
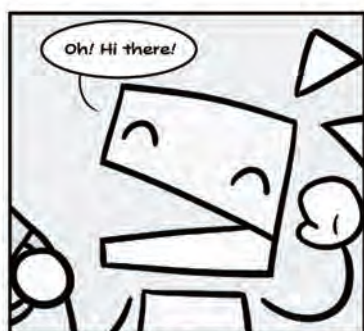
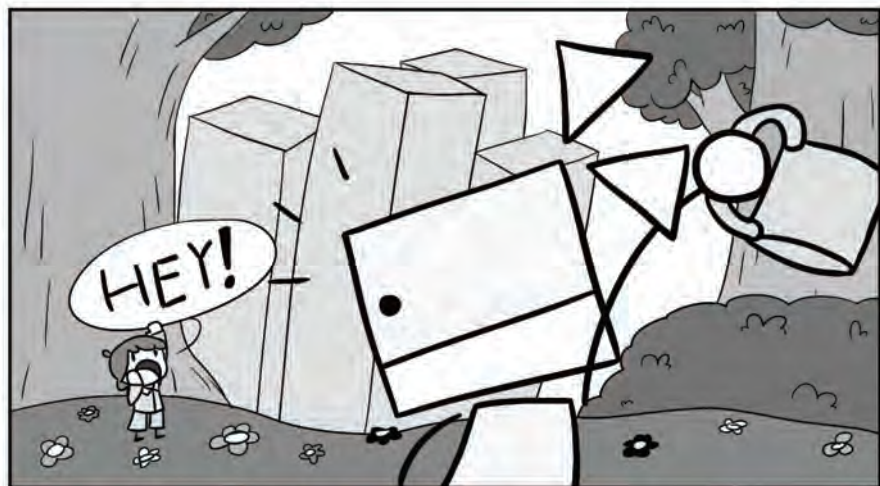
H H H H H

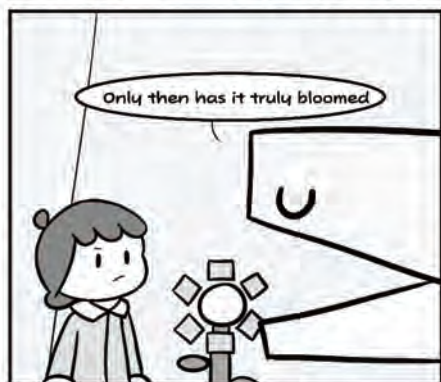
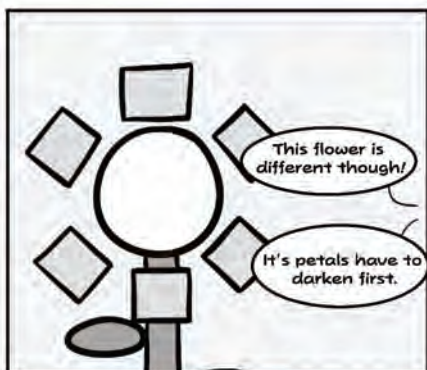
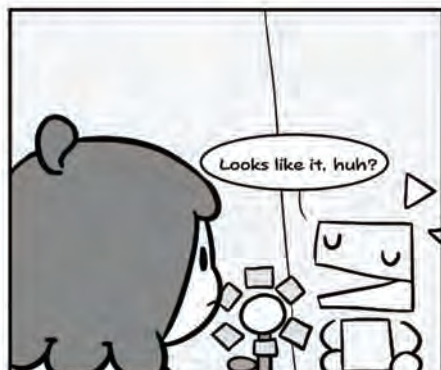


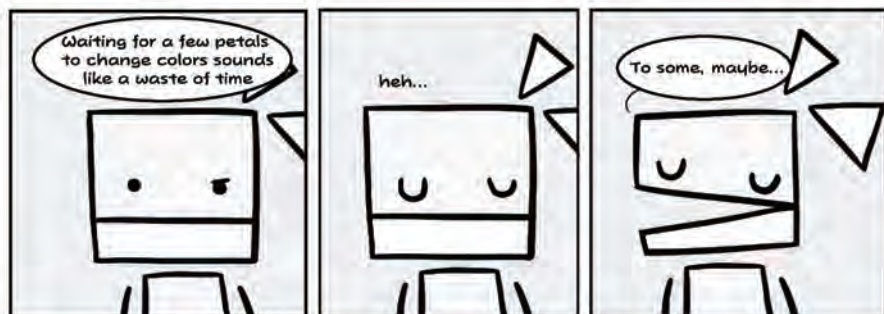
SHIT.

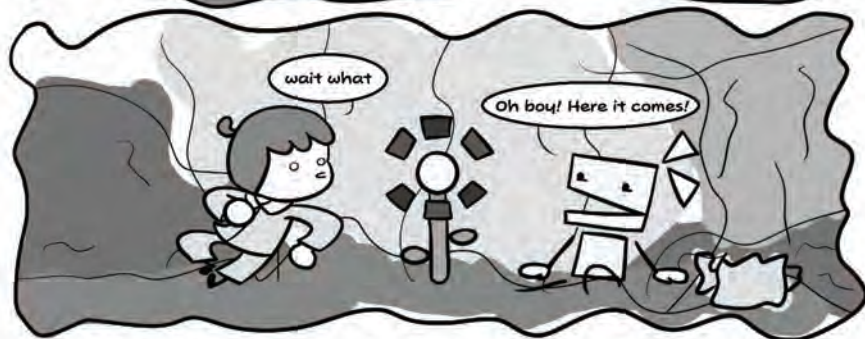
THE END.

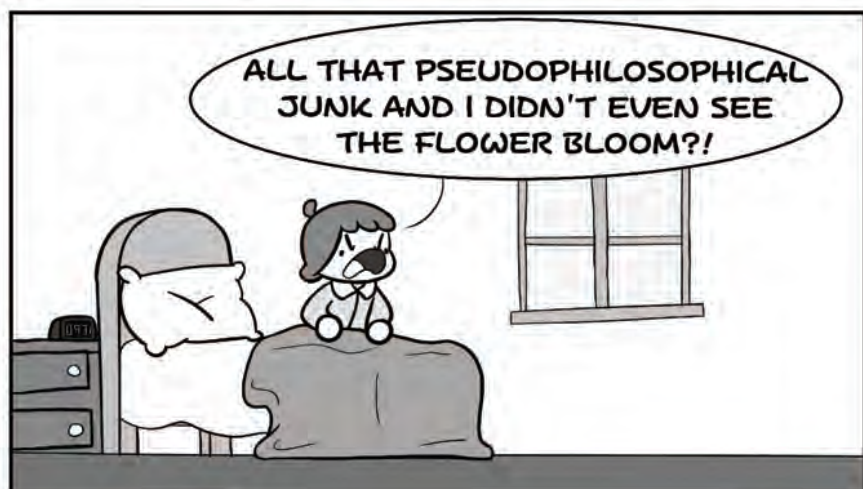
























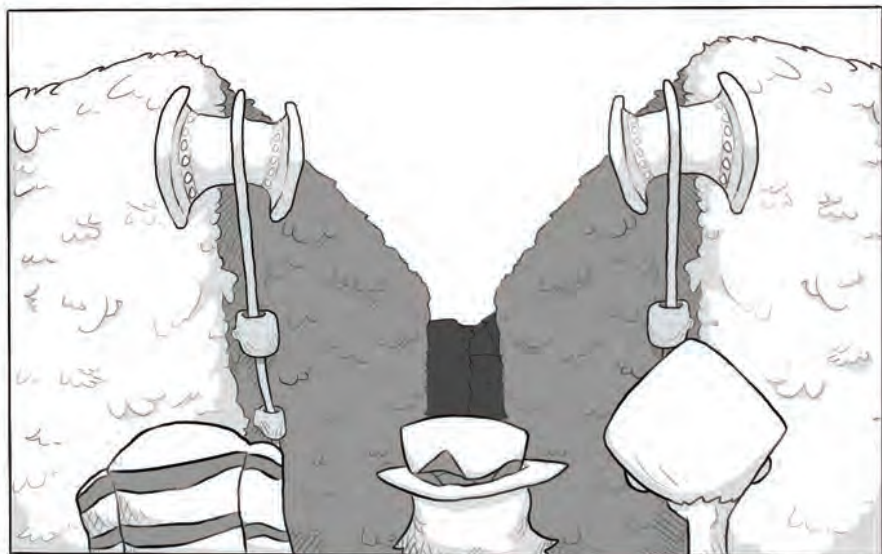


LATER THAT NIGHT...



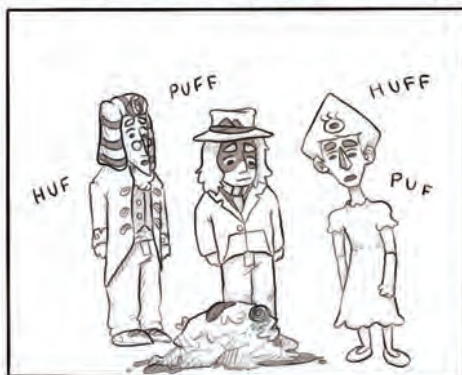
I hope
you're
ready
for tonight's
challenge











Reverie

By Morgan Lee

*You came to visit me
last night.*

*It was a surprise
to see you, really,*



If I'm honest,



*I couldn't help but blush
at the thought of you caring*



*You guided me to our secret spot
in the garden,*



Insisted we dance beneath the stars,



I reminded you that


"I love you."



And you laughed.



You always looked beautiful smiling in the moonlight.



At dawn you pulled me close,

Returning the favor,

"I love you too."

But when the sun rose I realized



That I had forgotten




How life was so cruel.




WHEN I WAS
YOUNGER, I HAD
A FRIEND WHO
COULD...



... LUCID
DREAM



ONCE SHE REALIZED
SHE WAS DREAMING....



THE WORLD WOULD BEND
TO HER EVERY WHIM.

SHE SAID IT MADE
HER FEEL LIKE A
GOD.

WVLA

NICKI
BAUMEART



ONE DAY, SHE TOLD
ME ABOUT A DREAM
SHE HAD.



IT STARTED OUT
NORMAL ENOUGH...




BUT THEN SHE
HAD MET...



THEM.





BUT SHE COULD
HEAR THEIR VOICES
ALL THE SAME.

THE ONLY THING
SHE COULD SEE
WAS THEIR EYES

A WARNING.

WE HAVEN'T TALKED
SINCE GRADUATION



BUT LAST NIGHT...



SHE TEXTED
ME.





LUCE >

HELP.

I STARTED
DREAMING AGAIN.

"I THINK THEY'RE"

"COMING"

"FOR ME."

MISSING



How have you been
anyways, Dream? I've
missed our nightly strolls.

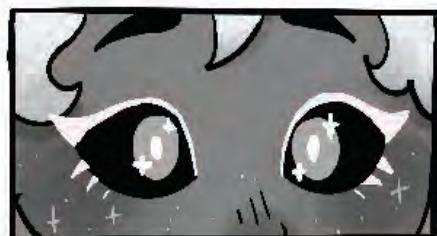
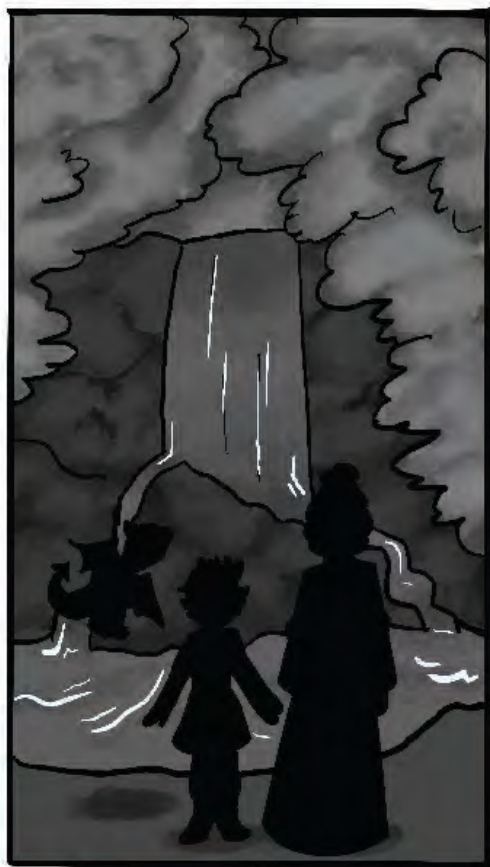


Oh, you know.
Being a deity of dreams
certainly keeps me busy.



Not that I'm complaining!
I mean, look at all
these amazing places.







It's a shame people haven't been able to dream much lately though.



Oh, Sleep!!!



Look someone's dreaming about the ocean!!!





It's not my fault!!
How can I be being be
expect millions of
places a? How am
I suppose everywhere
at o ng sure
e ay and
grea g can only
is!
Even s ssed all the
time a su ed to make
it be H EARTH
am ant t that???





It's okay, Dream.
Deep breaths.

It's okay.

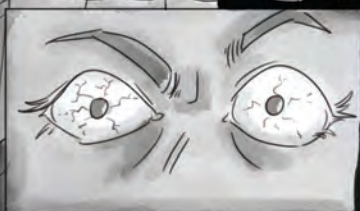
Come Along Now

BY: LILY ROBINETTE

@fyrianox



**KNOCK
KNOCK**



F*ck off!



Hey!



Oh-

**How ya
doin'?**

- it's you.





Have you seen the fireflies?

The what?

The fireflies!

We haven't much time.

Now-

Come along.



Another adventure?

Where we goin'?

You'll see.



Are you ready?

Yes.

Then after you.





How far
have we
gone?



Hard to
tell.



Not exactly a
linear path, ya
know.

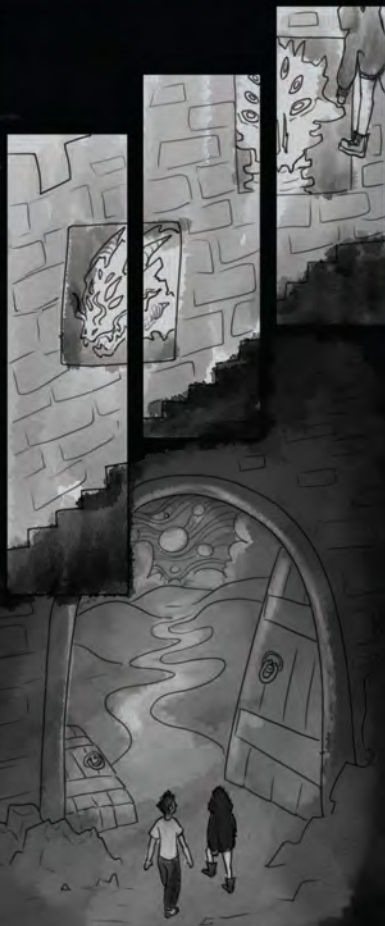


Then how
far left?



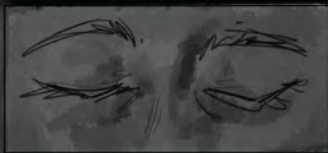
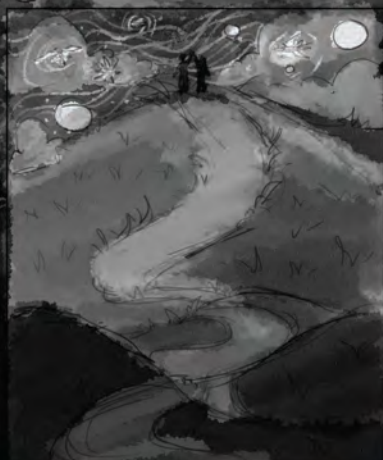
Spoilers.

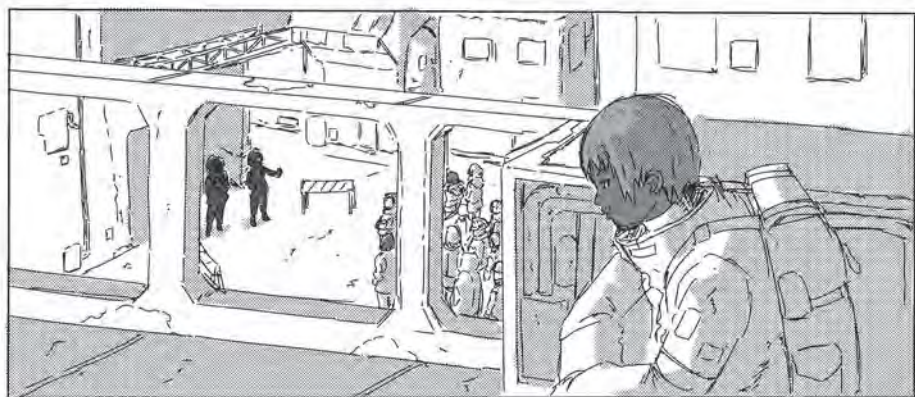






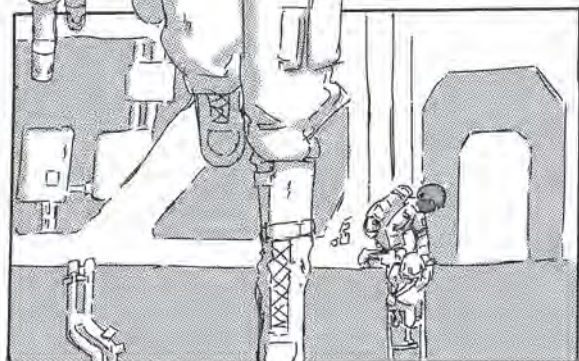
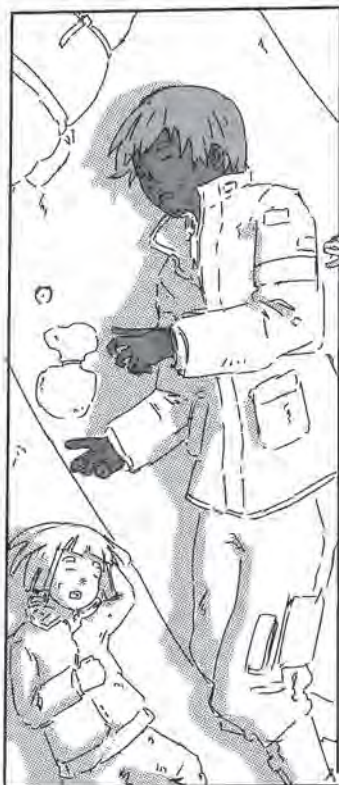
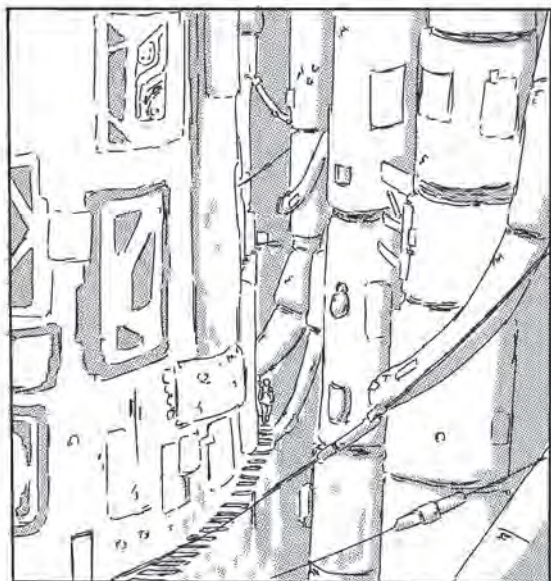
We're here.



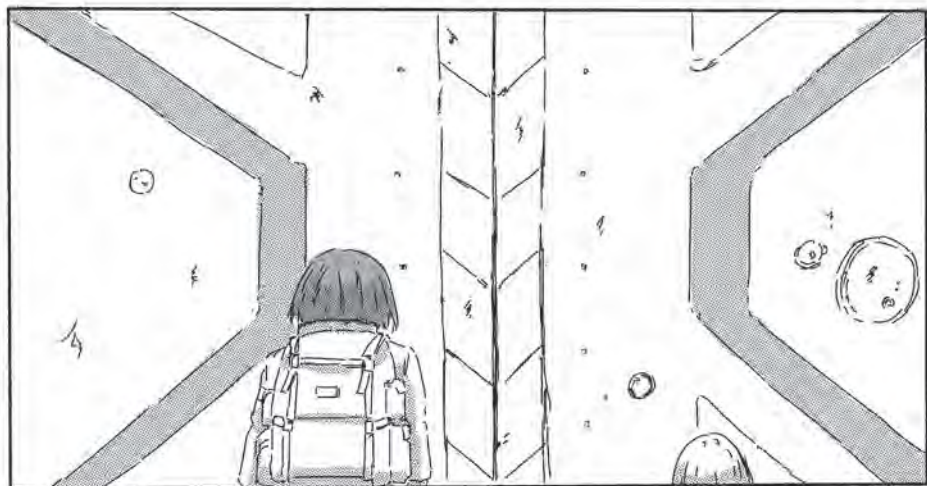






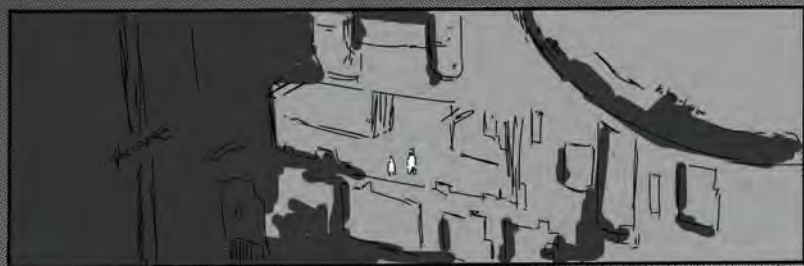




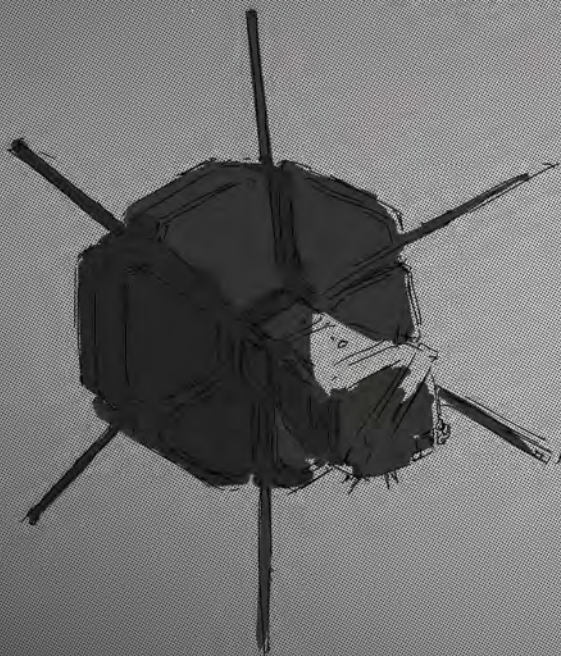




WHAT...



...WHERE ARE WE??



Senior Staff



Sarah Leckemby (she/her)
Editor in Chief

Sarah is an illustrator and comic artist who received her BFA in Communication Arts from VCUarts in 2022. When she's not drawing, she can be found playing spooky video games with friends or adoring her dog, Hamburger.

Website: <http://gumleet.com/>



Claire Deely (they/them)
Editor in Chief

Claire is a cartoonist and illustrator who received their BFA in Communication Arts from VCUarts in 2021. While they are constantly in pain over the fact they'll never exist within the timeframe of 1968–1973, they make up for this by drawing inspiration from the countercultural movements from that period, particularly psychedelic and hippie culture.

Website: <https://clairedeely.com/>

Instagram: @mintynjeb



Jayce Nguyen (he/him)
Social Media Coordinator

Jayce is a graphic design senior at VCUarts with a deep-seated love for ice hockey, queer narratives, and serif typefaces. His work is influenced by his relationships with fiction and virtual spaces growing up—particularly within video games. He enjoys exploring the relationship that people have with technology and daydreaming of alternate possibilities through fantasy and fiction.

Website: <https://jaycenguyen.com/>

Instagram: @jayce.nguyen

Senior Staff



Nick Garnhart (they/them)

Secretary

Nick is an illustrator and concept artist at VCUarts, studying communication arts as a senior. They are pursuing a future in environmental concept art for animation as well as comics and graphic novels. Some of their favorite topics in narrative media include fantasy adventure, martial arts, survival, and of course queer romance. On a normal day, you might find Nick at work at the VCU rockwall, drawing in Monroe Park, birding, or rewatching their favorite anime. :)

Website: <https://garnhartillustration.com/>
Instagram: @garnhart.illustration



Alex Dowdy (he/him)

Treasurer

Alex is a major in Cinema, minor in Creative Writing and Psychology awaiting graduation any minute now. He sure loves the idea of writing scripts (that includes comic scripts!!) and, occasionally, he actually gets around to it. His main material is “ensemble casts for lonely people,” dry comedy, and campy sci-fi/fantasy settings with endearingly heavy-handed political undertones. When he’s not planning, writing, or planning on writing, he likes to cook, play the same 5 songs on the guitar, and tell everyone he knows about his cat. (Profile pic: @multiplumes)

Website: <https://alexdowdy.carrd.co/>

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