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2023

## Emanata presents: Ruin (2023)

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EMANATA PRESENTS

# RUIN

VOL. 10



# FOREWARD

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**In these times we live in, it is easy to fall into despair.**

**T**his year's theme, Ruin, feels ominous -- it calls to mind disaster, destruction, and loss. Our wonderful cover by Sarah Leckemby carries that looming anxiety with it. But also like our wonderful cover, there is beauty there too. Ruin can be beautiful both in revealing the ephemeral nature of everything and appreciating that there can be value in things that are imperfect -- and sometimes it is necessary for the things that come after, like how a forest fire leaves the ground dense with the nutrients for new growth.

Thank you to the people and organizations who helped us find beauty and growth this year: the VCU Student Media Center, our cover artist Sarah Leckemby, our graphic designers Clare Wislar and Solimar Santoyo, and of course all of our managing editors, editors, and contributors. We would have been ruined without them.

We're incredibly proud of the work in Ruin. We hope that in this year's volume, you find not despair, but beauty, growth, and meaning.

Signed,

**Emanata Senior Staff**

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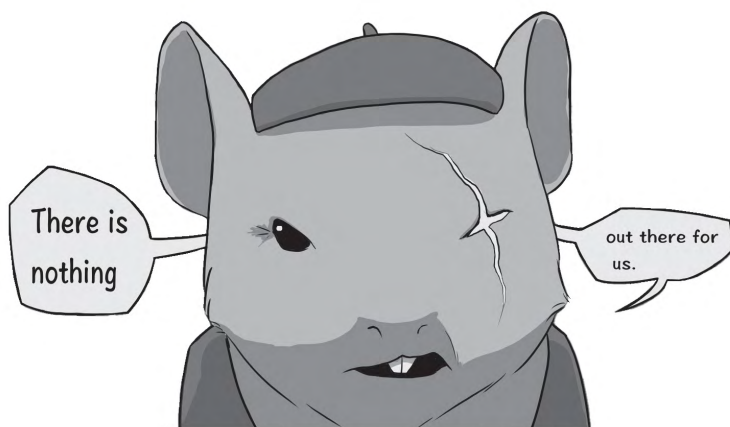
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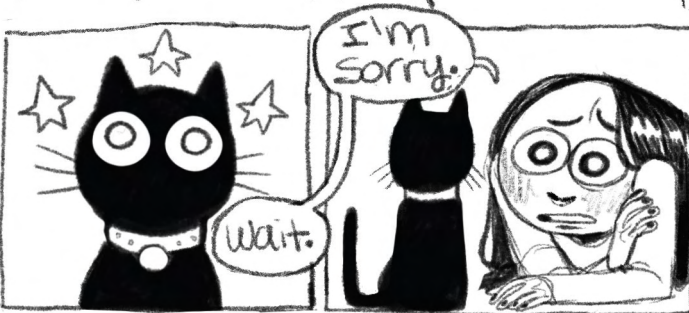
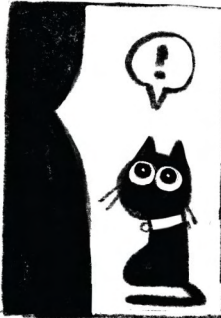
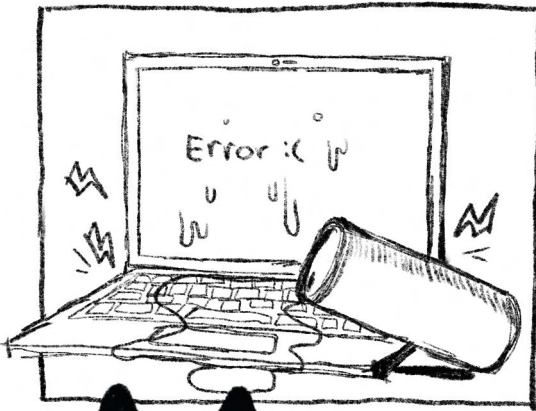




# It's OK...

By Lily Delac





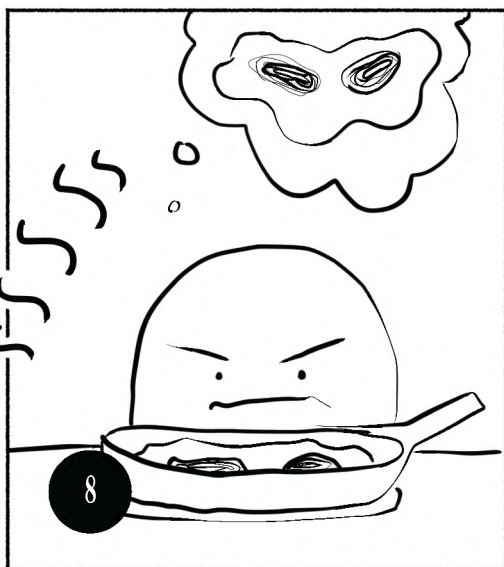
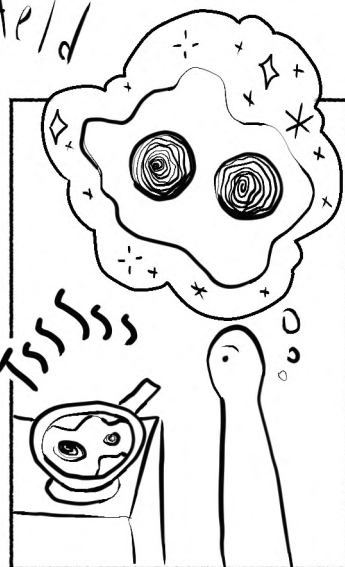
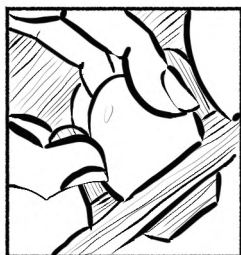
you didn't mean to, it's okay.

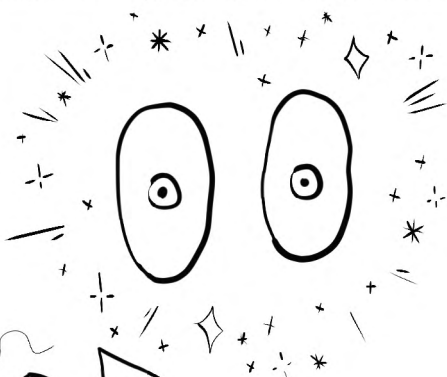
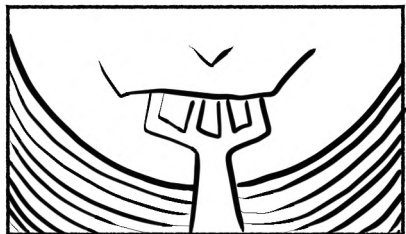
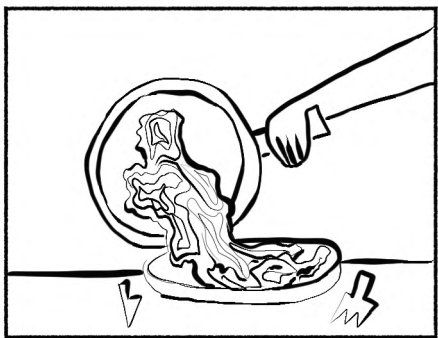




# SCRAH!!!

by Eden Nelfeld





# Portabello Bay

Ashley Ablaza

SO- WHAT IS IT  
WE'RE LOOKING FOR?

THERE IS NO "WE" HERE,  
JUST ME.

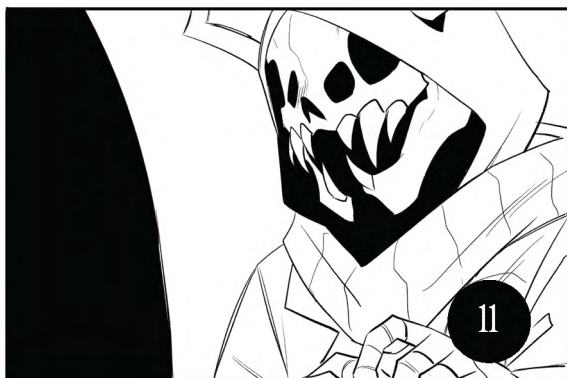
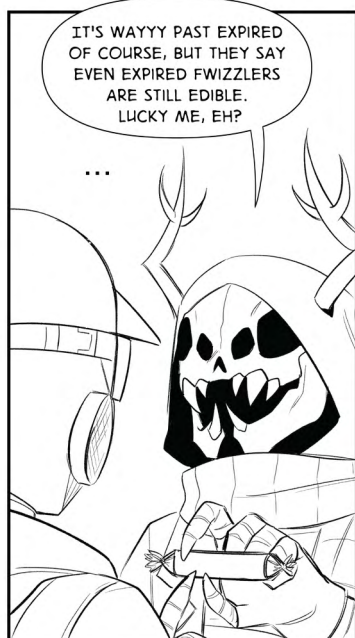
I'M LOOKING FOR  
FOOD THAT ISN'T  
MADE OF DAMN  
MUSHROOMS.

I DON'T KNOW  
WHY YOU'RE  
STILL HERE ANYWAY.

SCAVENGING  
IS WAY  
MORE FUN  
WITH A  
FRIEND!

...OKAY.  
I CAN'T  
STOP YOU.





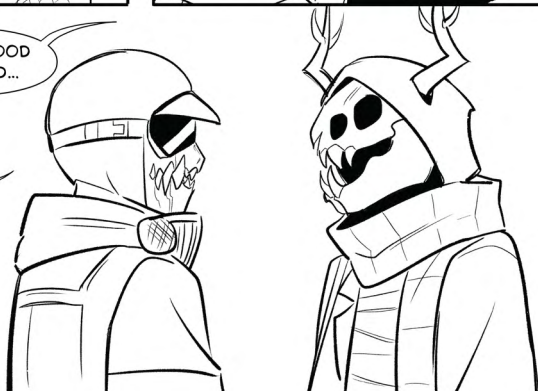


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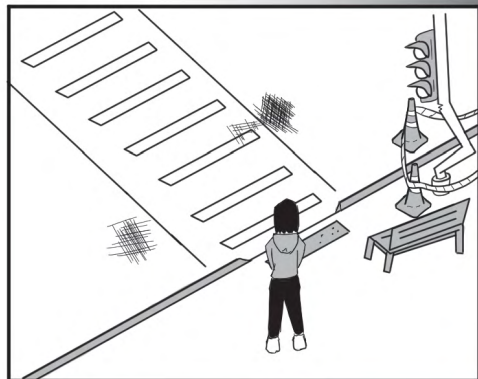
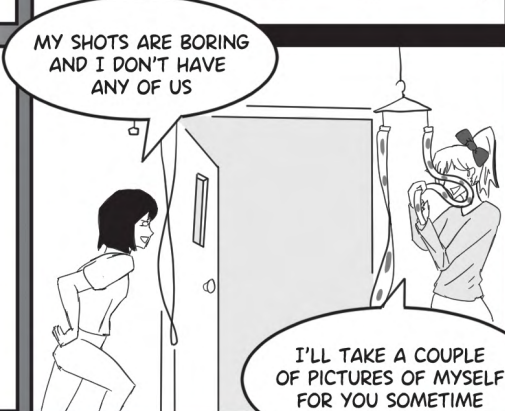
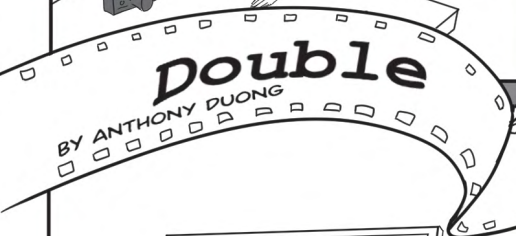
WASN'T QUITE AS GOOD  
AS I REMEMBERED...

IT CAN'T BE HELPED...  
YOU TAKE WHAT YOU CAN  
GET IN THIS CITY.

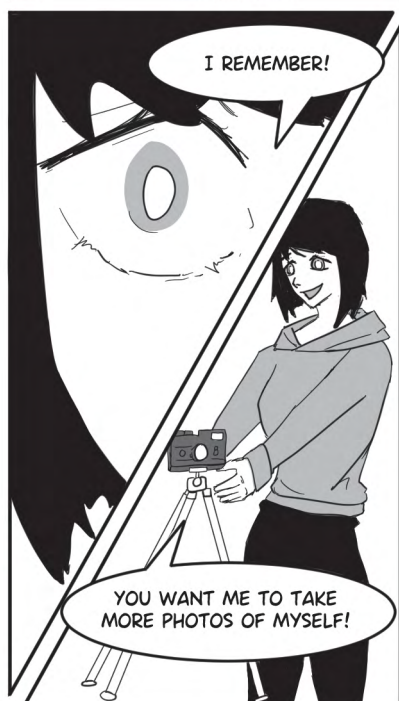
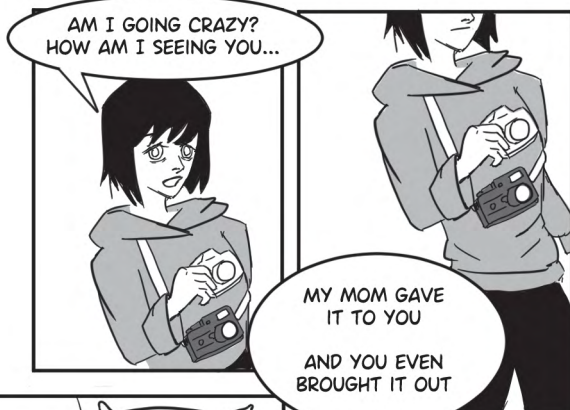
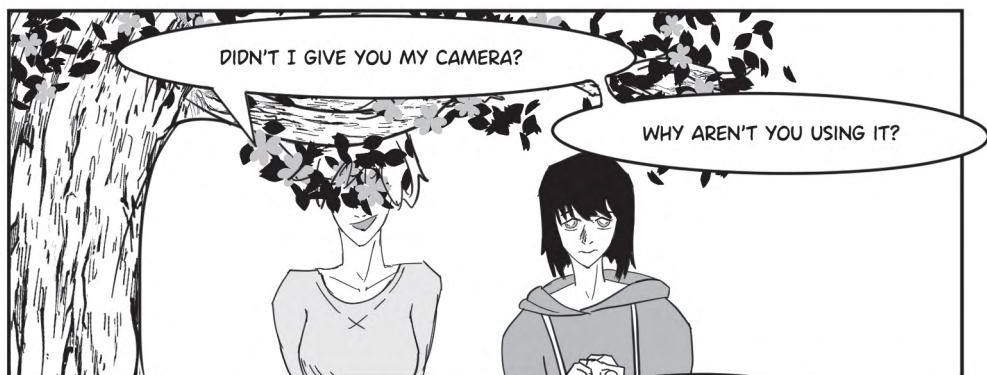
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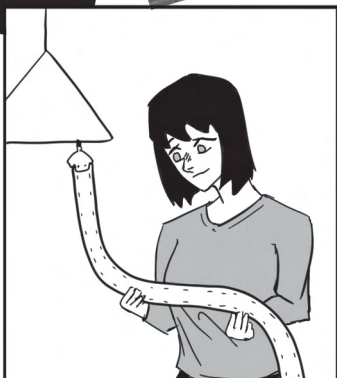
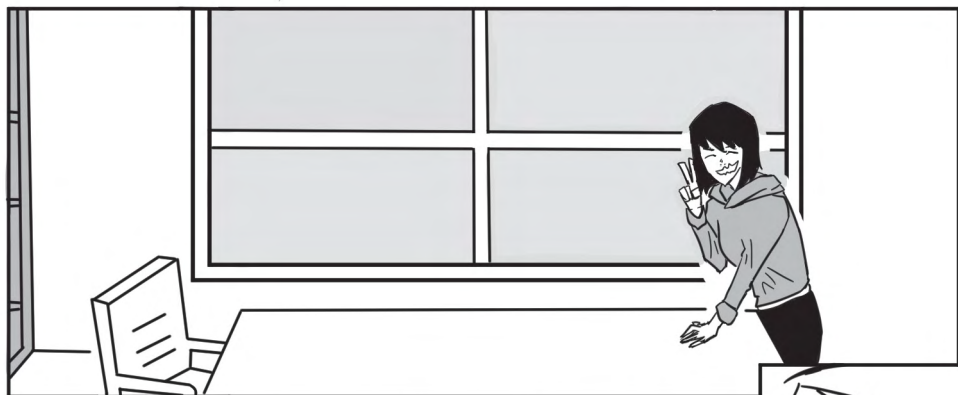


THE  
END

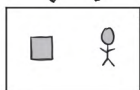
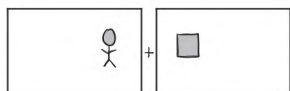
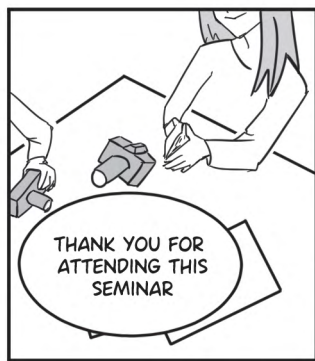






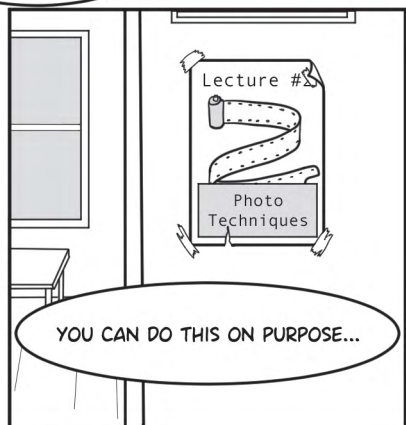




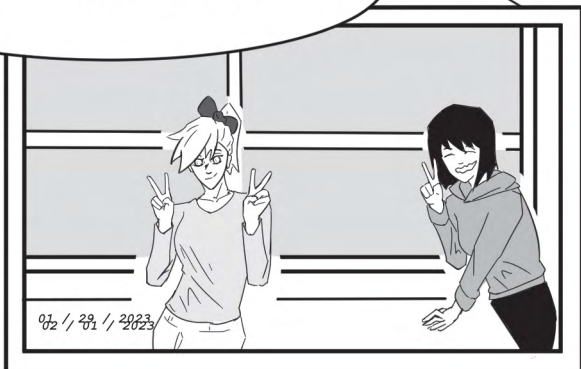


THIS IS WHEN YOU SHOOT TWO IMAGES ON THE SAME FRAME

THIS IS DONE EITHER BY SHOOTING THE SAME FRAME TWICE, OR BY SHOOTING AN ENTIRE ROLL TWICE



OR JUST BY HAPPY ACCIDENT...



THE END

Film

01/23/2023

# EVERY BUFFALO DEAD

BY ALEXANDER TYREE

IS AN INDIAN GONE.

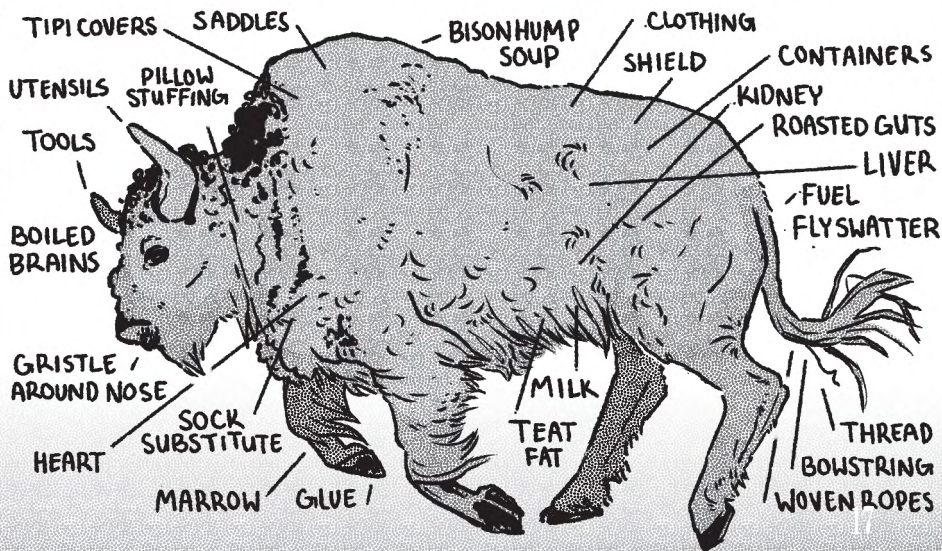
- COLONEL RICHARD DODGE

AS GRAZING ANIMALS, THE BUFFALO MUST MOVE THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

UPPER KUTENAI - MID JUNE  
 LOWER KUTENAI - WINTER  
 KALISPEL - SUMMER  
 PLAINS CREE - SPRING & SUMMER  
 THE FIATHEAD - SUMMER & FALL  
 SPOKANE - SUMMER & FALL  
 WESTERN OJIBWA - FALL & WINTER  
 CREE - FALL & WINTER  
 CHIPEWYAN - FALL & WINTER  
 AIGONQUIAN - WINTER  
 THE SEKANI - WINTER & EARLY SPRING

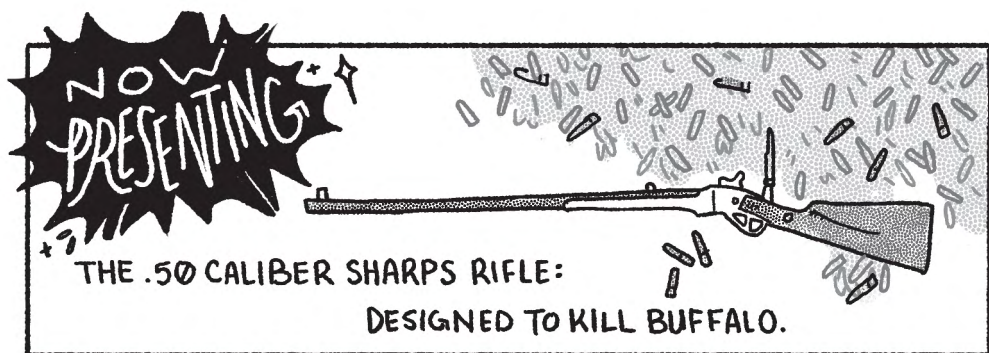
USE OF THE BISON VARIED BETWEEN CULTURES, BUT INCLUDED:

UP TO 400LBS OF MEAT TO BE ROASTED, BROILED, BOILED, OR DRIED



BISON ARE HARD TO KILL.

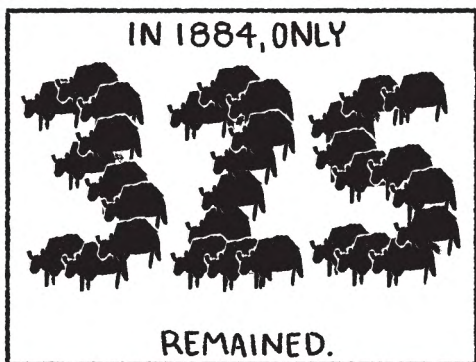
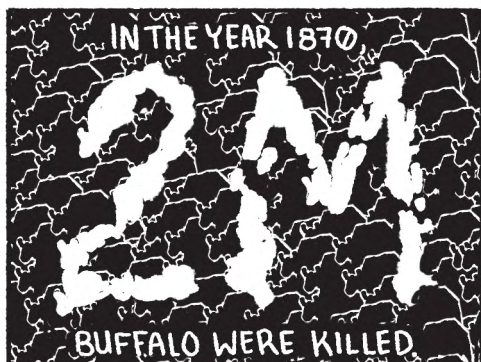




"THE TRAIN IS SLOWED...THE PASSENGERS GET OUT FIRE-ARMS..."



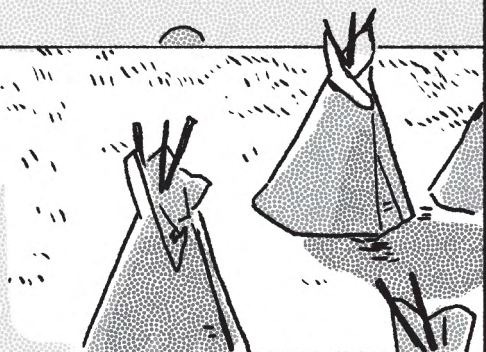
A FIRE THAT RESEMBLES A BRISK SKIRMISH."



WHEN THE BUFFALO ARE EXTINCT THEY, TOO, MUST DWINDLE AWAY.

PRIOR TO EUROPEAN INVASION  
THERE WAS AN EST. 18-100M  
INDIGENOUS PEOPLE LIVING  
IN N. AMERICA. BY 1800, AN  
EST. 600,000. AFTER THE  
BISON MASSACRE, IN 1890,

≈ 250,000  
PEOPLE REMAINED.





ON SEPT. 24<sup>TH</sup> AT THE BLACKFEET RESERVATION THE BUFFALO TREATY WAS SIGNED.

**PRESENT:**

BLACKFEET NATION

KAINAI/BLOOD TRIBE

SIKSIKA NATION

PIIKANI NATION

TSUUT'INA NATION

THE ASSINBOINE & SIOUX TRIBES OF FORT PECK INDIAN RESERVATION

THE ASSINBOINE & GROS VENTURE TRIBES OF FORT BELKNAP INDIAN RESERVATION

THE SALISH & KOOTENAI TRIBES OF THE CONFEDERATED SALISH & KOOTENAI INDIAN RESERVATION



**PURPOSE AND OBJECTIVE OF THE TREATY**

To honor, recognize, and revitalize the time immemorial relationship we have with BUFFALO, it is the collective intention of WE, the undersigned NATIONS, to welcome BUFFALO to once again live among us as CREATOR intended by doing everything within our means so WE and BUFFALO will once again live together to nurture each other culturally and spiritually. It is our collective intention to recognize BUFFALO as a wild free-ranging animal and as an important part of the ecological system; to provide a safe space and environment across our historic homelands, on both sides of the United States and the Canadian border, so together WE can have our brother, the BUFFALO, lead us in nurturing our land, plants and other animals to once again realize THE BUFFALO WAYS for our future generations.

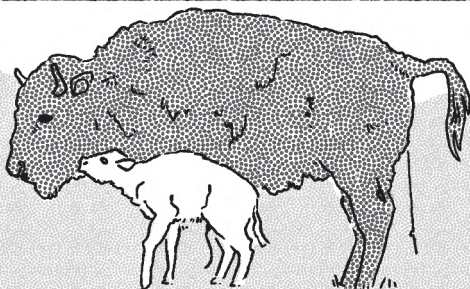
• • •

**ARTICLE VI ~ RESEARCH**

Realizing that learning is a life-long process, We, collectively, agree to perpetuate knowledge-gathering and knowledge-sharing according to our customs and inherent authorities revolving around BUFFALO that do not violate our traditional ethical standards as a means to expand our knowledge base regarding the environment, wildlife, plant life, and the role BUFFALO played in the history, spiritual, economic, and social life of our NATIONS.

WE'LL NEVER SEE  
20-30 MILLION BISON  
AGAIN. NO ONE IS TRYING  
TO GO BACK IN TIME.

WE'RE TRYING TO  
GO FORWARD.

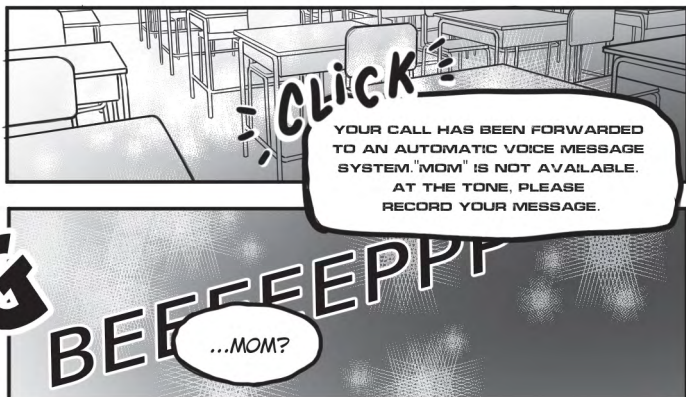
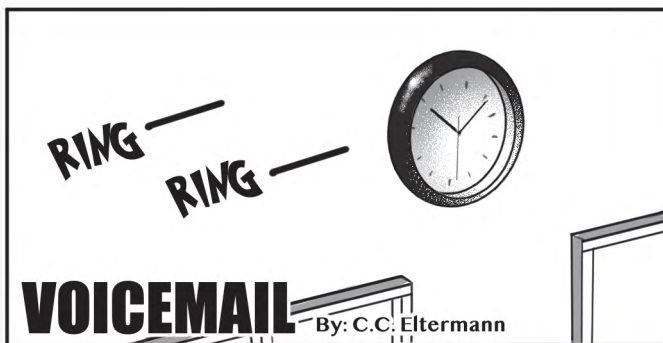


-JONATHAN PROCTER, ROCKIES & PLAINS PROGRAM DIRECTOR

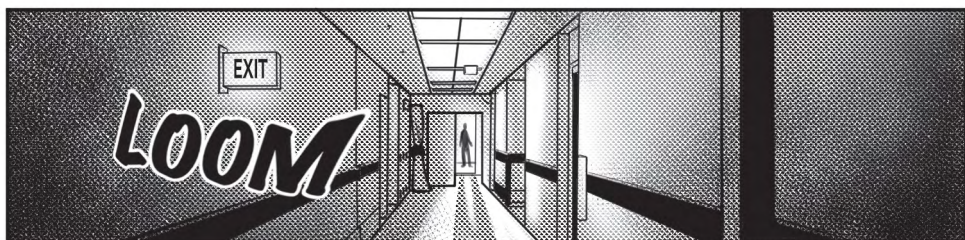
**MADE WITH GREAT THANKS TO THOSE MAKING CHANGE HAPPEN.**

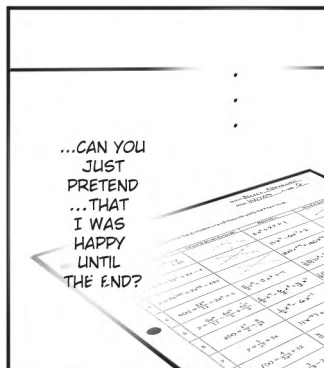
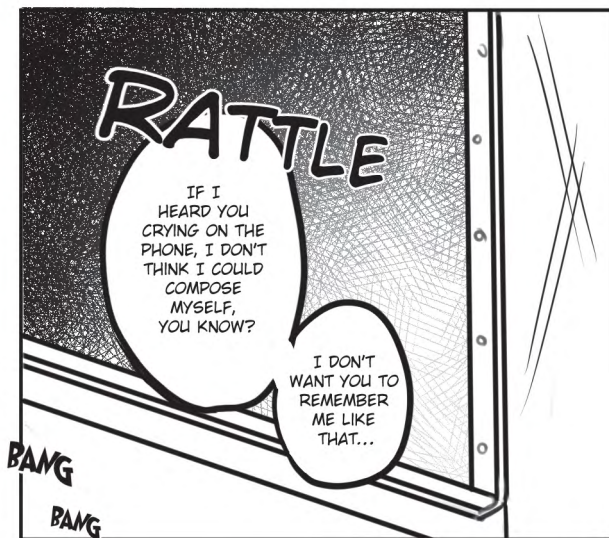
MY INTENT IS TO CENTER INDIGENOUS VOICES & DECISIONS. TO MY KNOWLEDGE ALL INFORMATION PRESENTED IS FACTUAL & ACCURATE. SOME STATEMENTS OR CONCEPTS MAY BE SHORTENED OR SIMPLIFIED FOR SPACE. FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THE VARIOUS SOURCES USED →



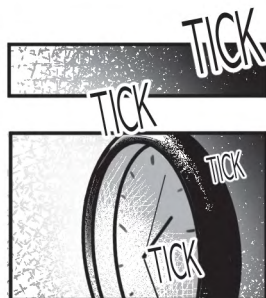
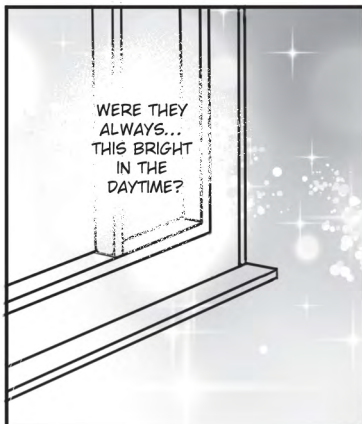










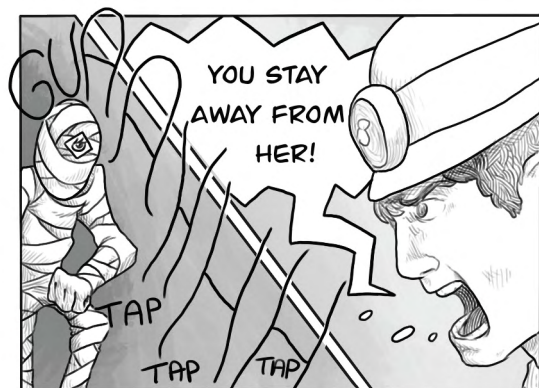




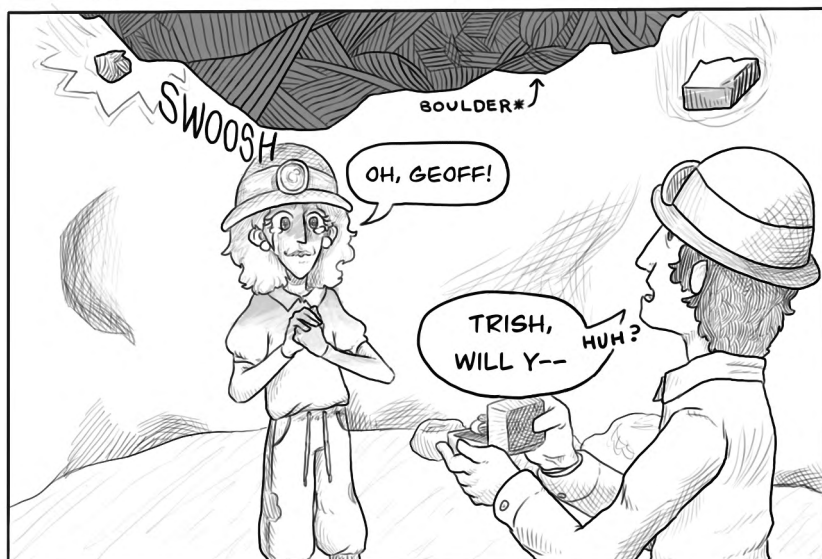
Created by Isaac Harmon

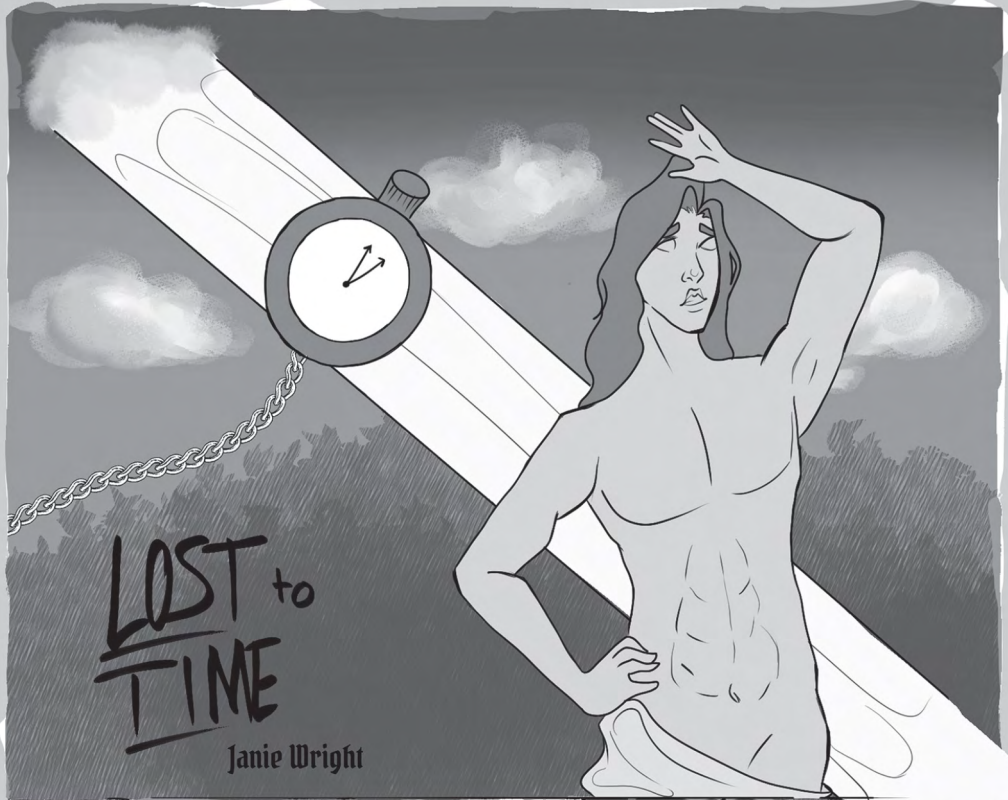
# Romance in RUINS







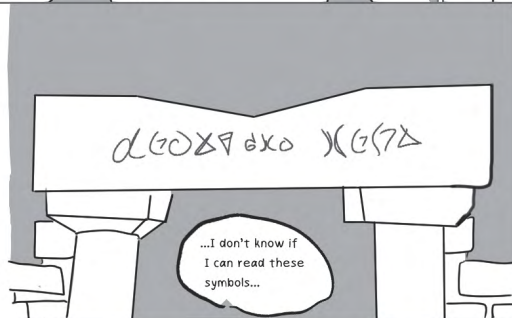
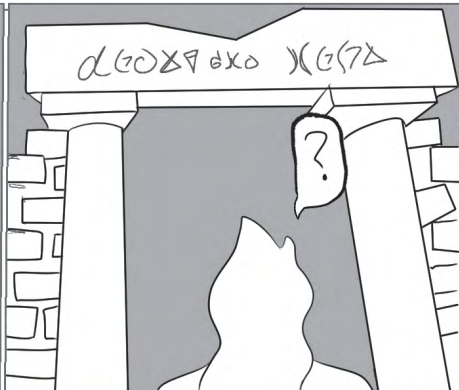




The sun is coming up. The sun...why does that sound familiar? Who am I? What am I?



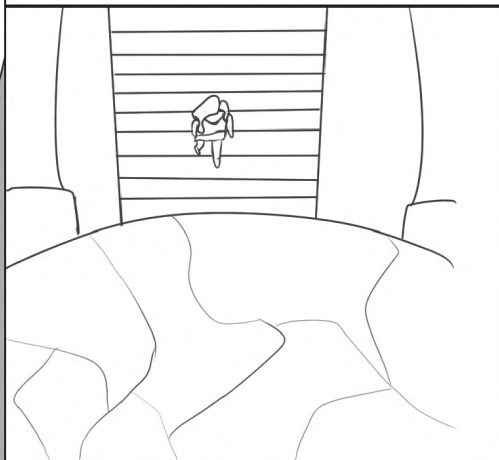
...How odd.



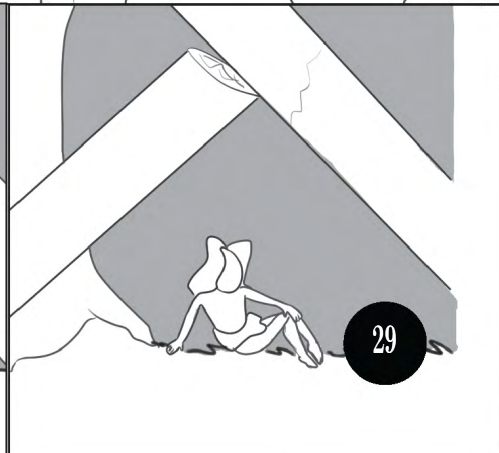


Nothing around me...

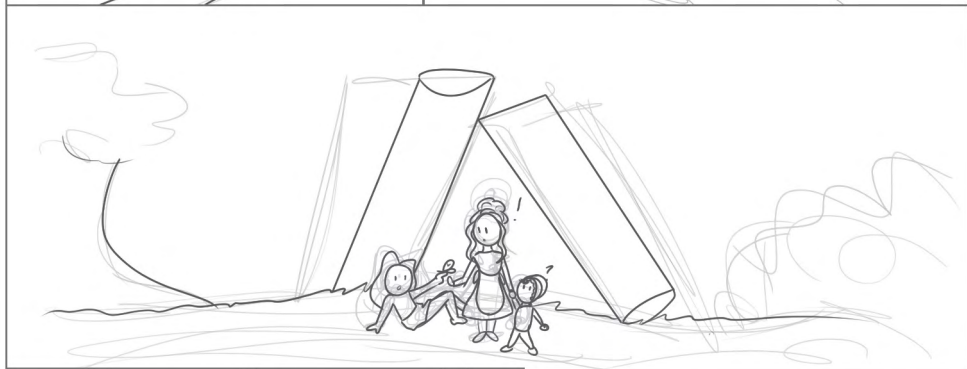
...Serves any purpose.

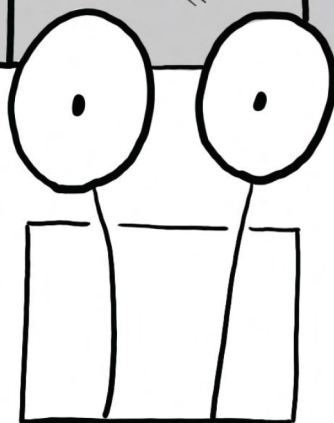
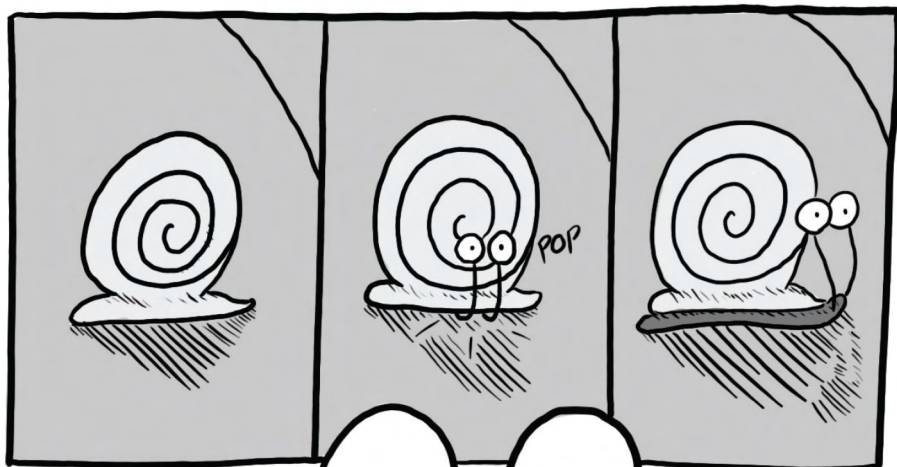
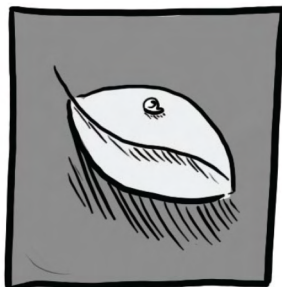
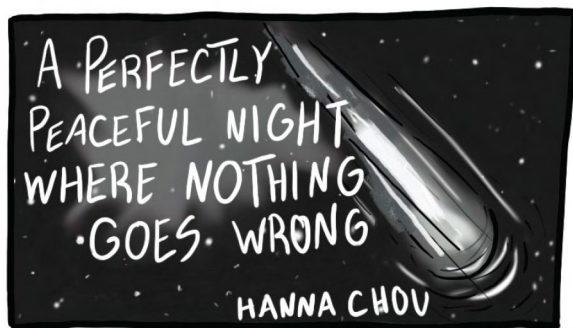


Oh, this  
is hopeless..

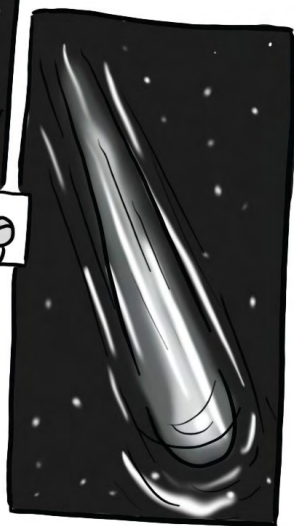
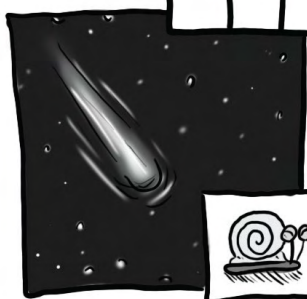
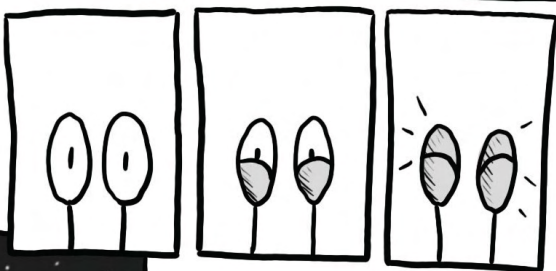
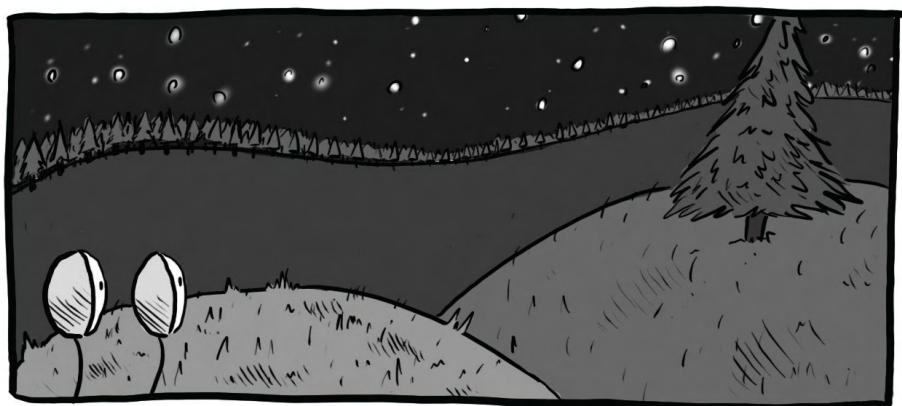


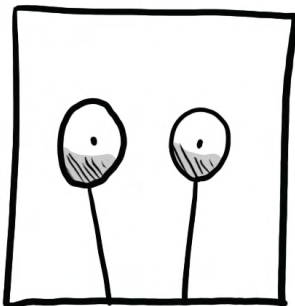
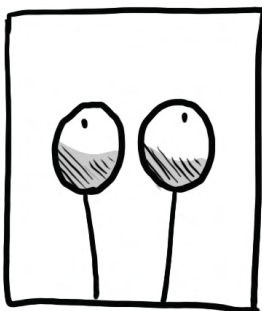
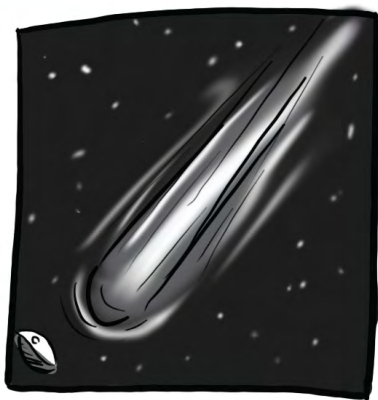
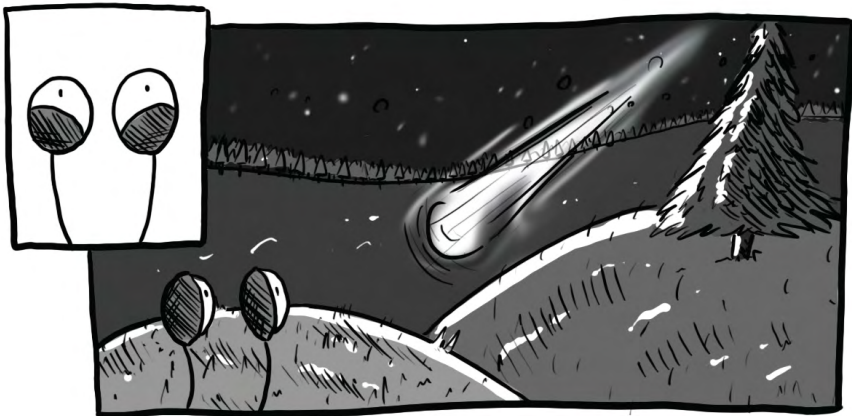








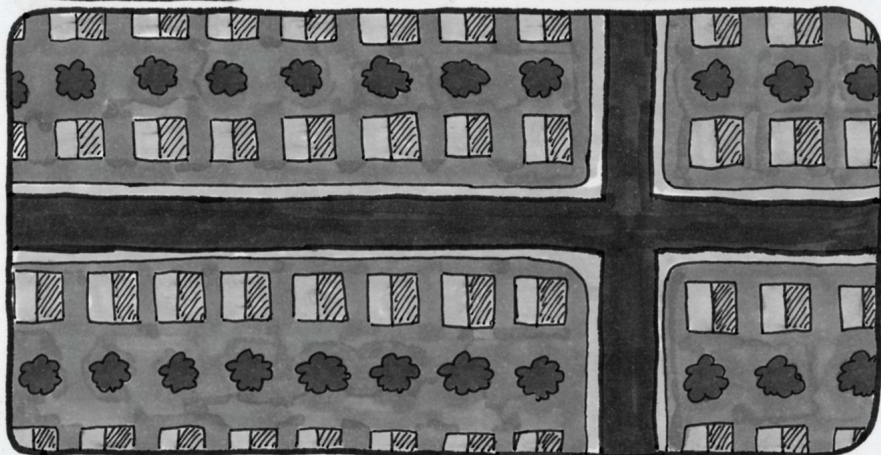




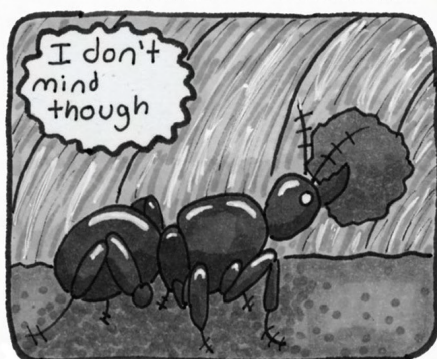
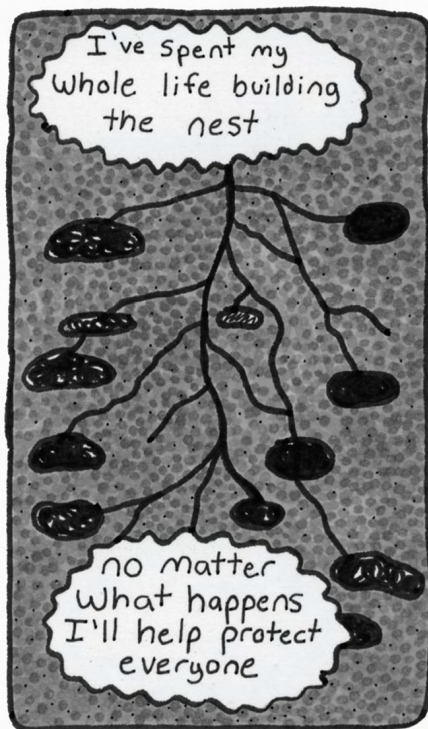
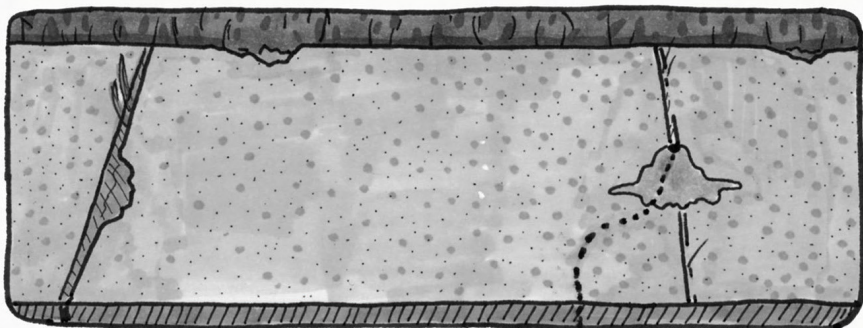
END

# THE COLONY

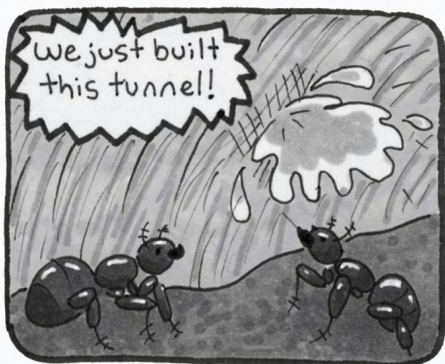
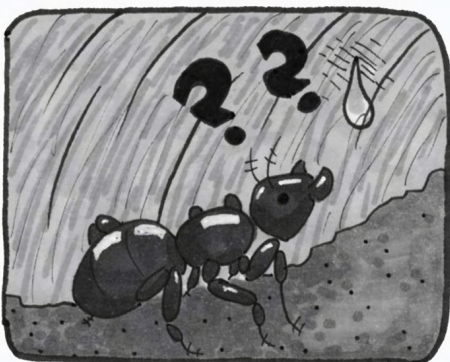
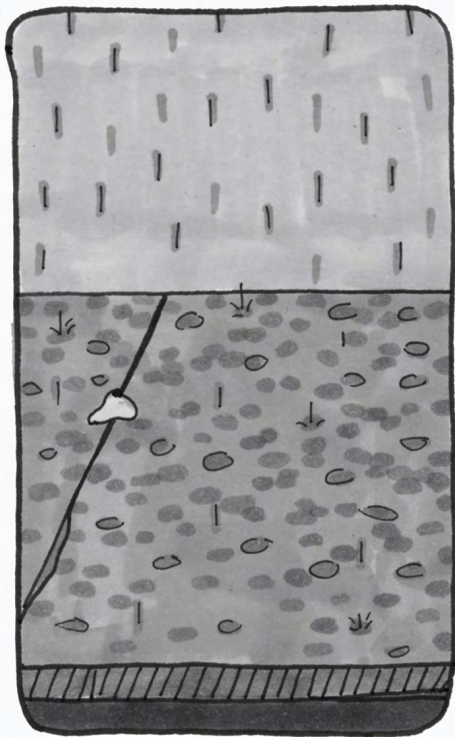
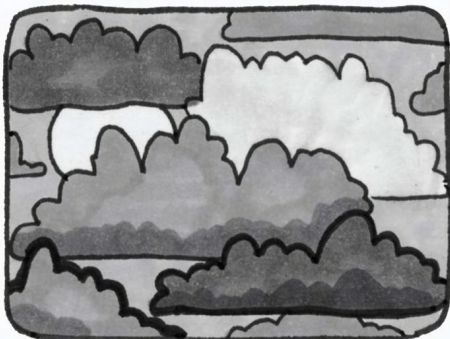
JOHNNIE WATKINS



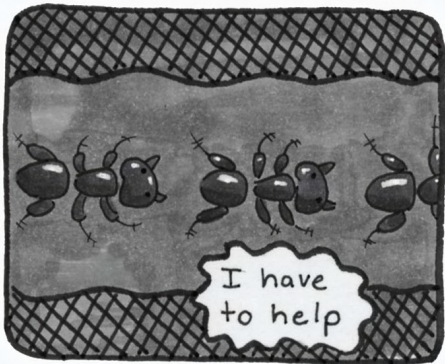
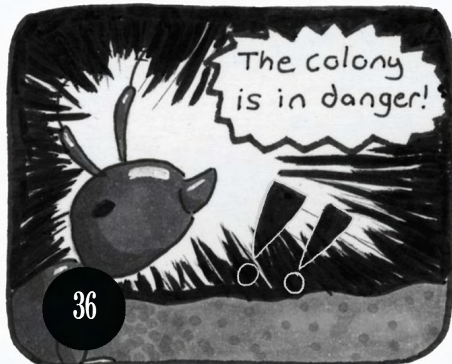




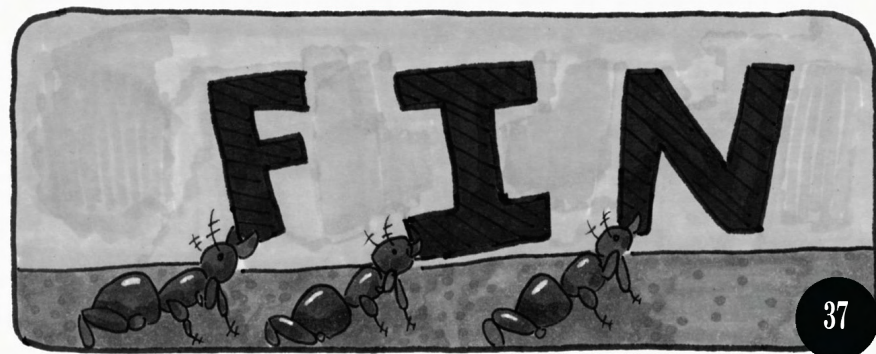




We just built this tunnel!



I have to help





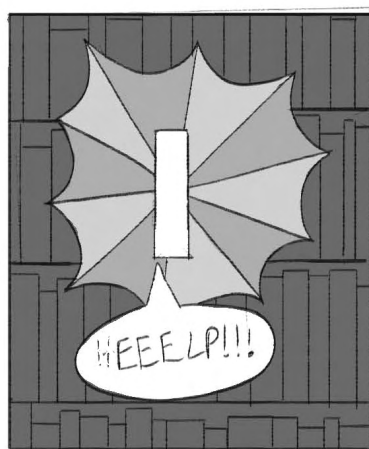
# PEELING PAGES

by Casey Smith!

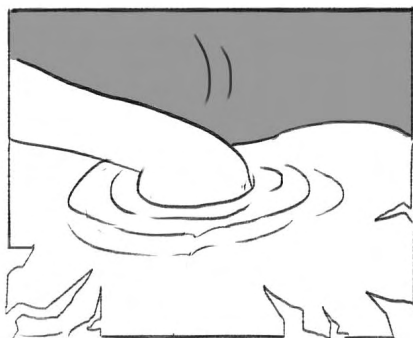
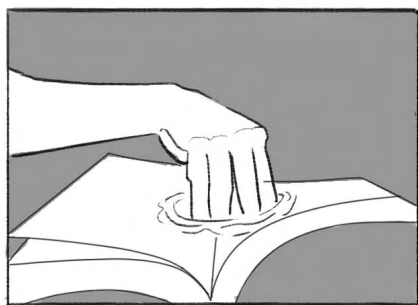
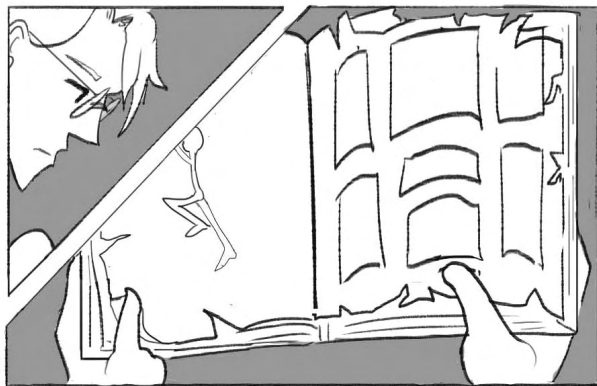
HELP!!  
SOMEONE  
HELP!!

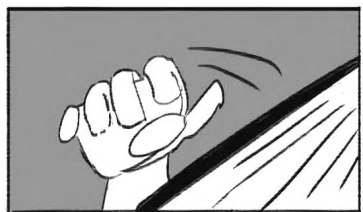
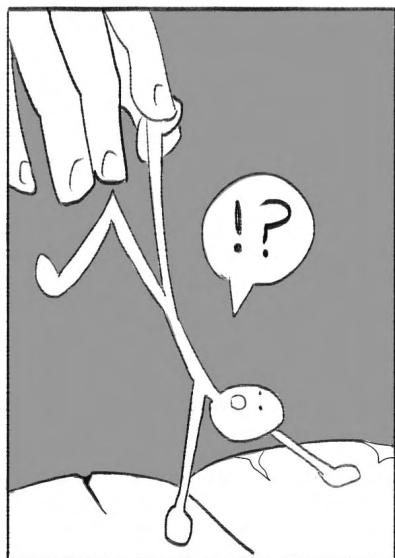


Not again...





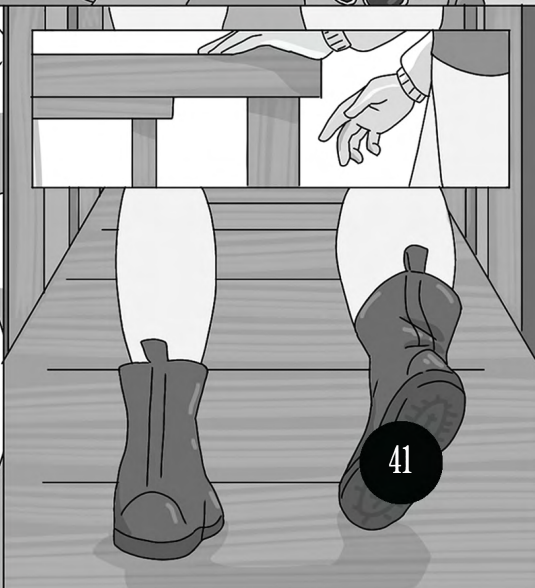




# BURN

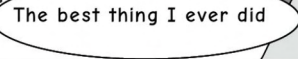
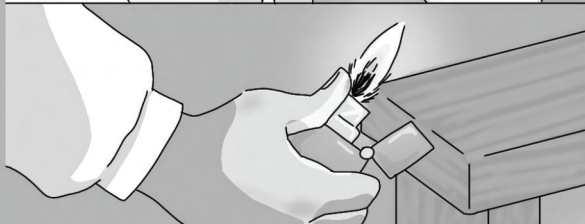
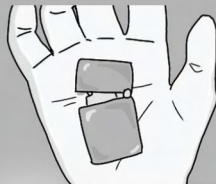
Apollo Hurley

@achilles\_knees



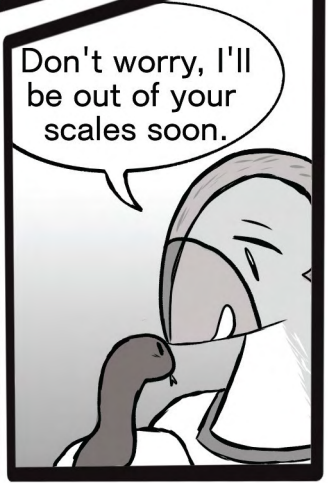






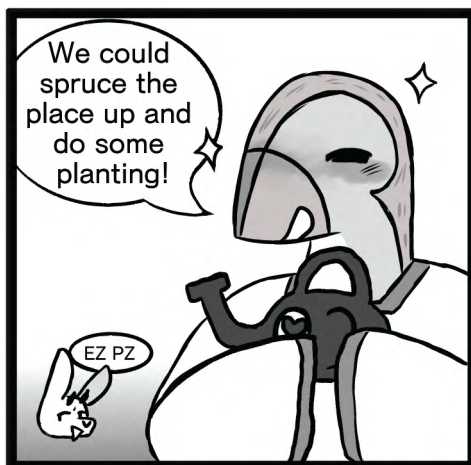
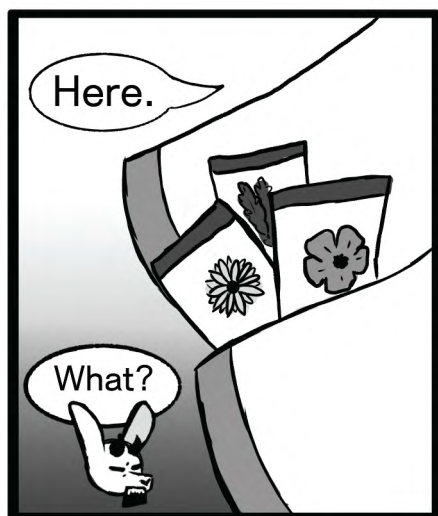
# Rejuvenated RUINS

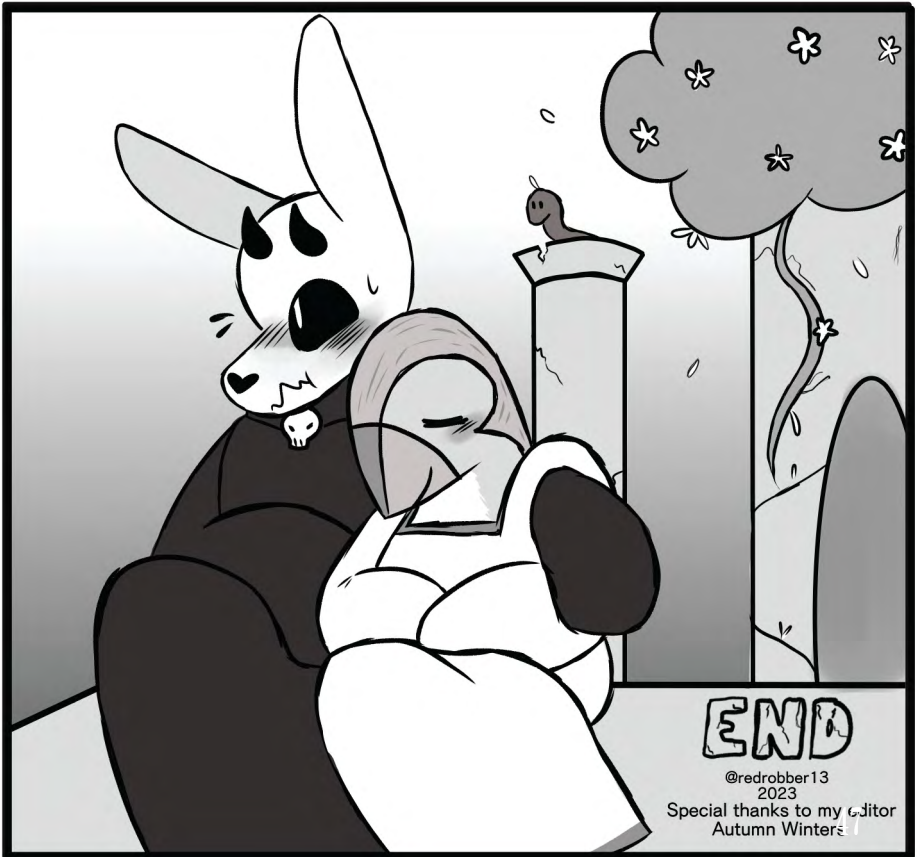
By: Bridget Sadler













# PROTECTOR

HANNAH PERLOW



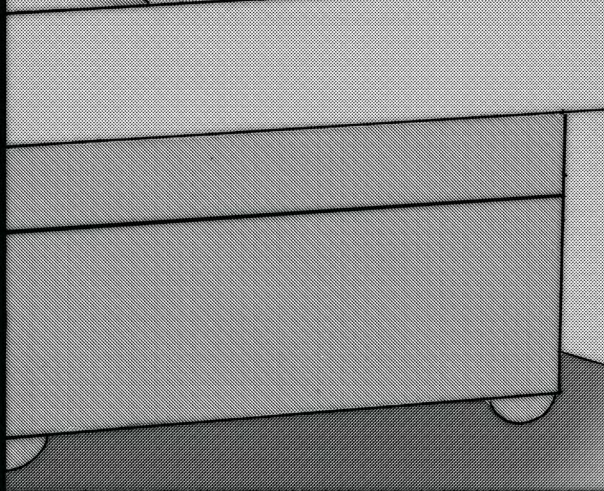




To whom it may concern,  
This matter is of  
utmost urgency will  
likely concern you  
greatly. This child is  
capable of mass  
destruction, but could  
also be quite useful  
in future scientific  
endeavors. I hope that  
you are able to at  
least quell this  
current situation,  
but it is up to your  
better judgement.

-The Orbiter









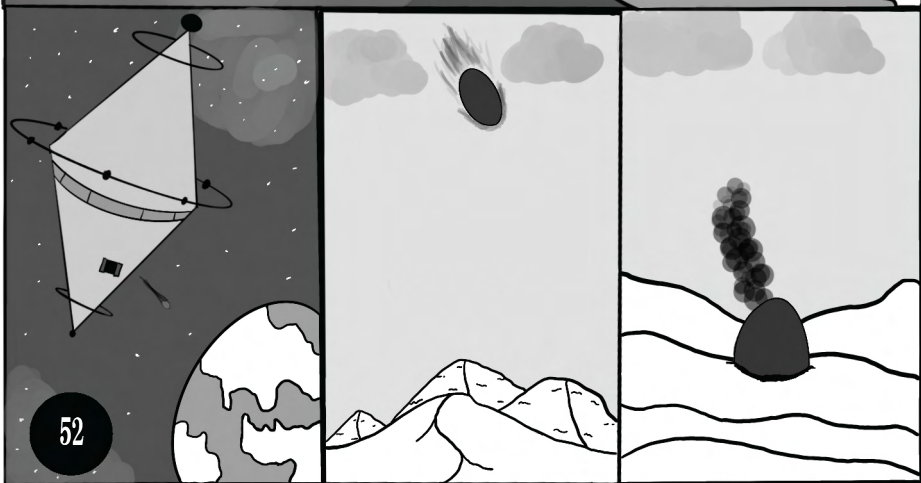
That kid is  
going to be  
our golden  
goose.

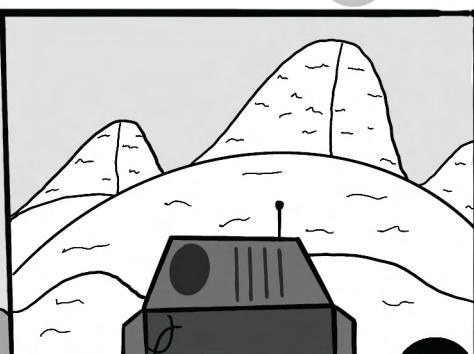
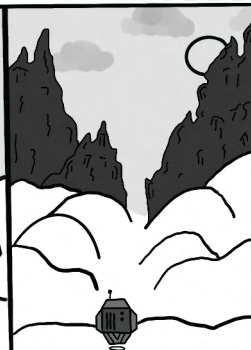
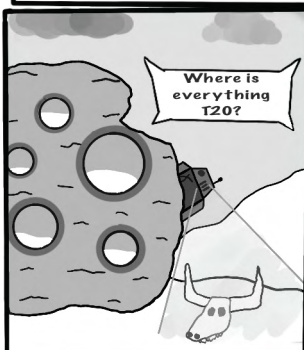
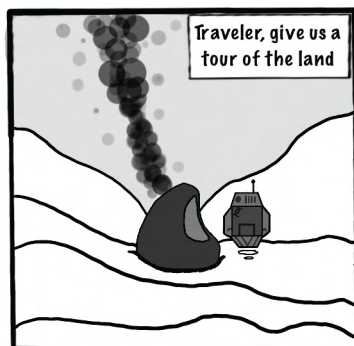


# The Expedition of Planet Merlile

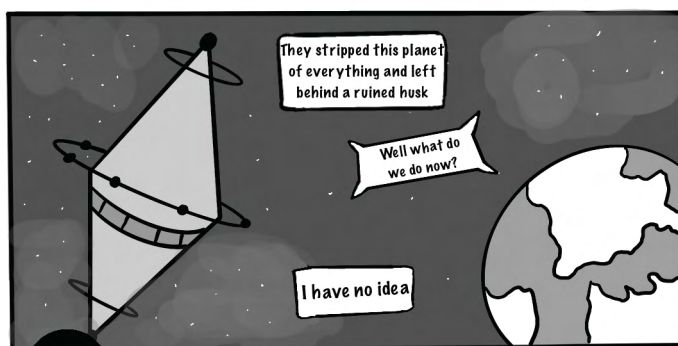
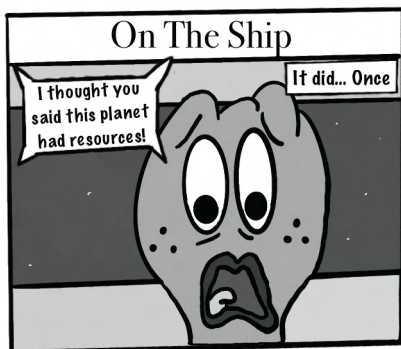
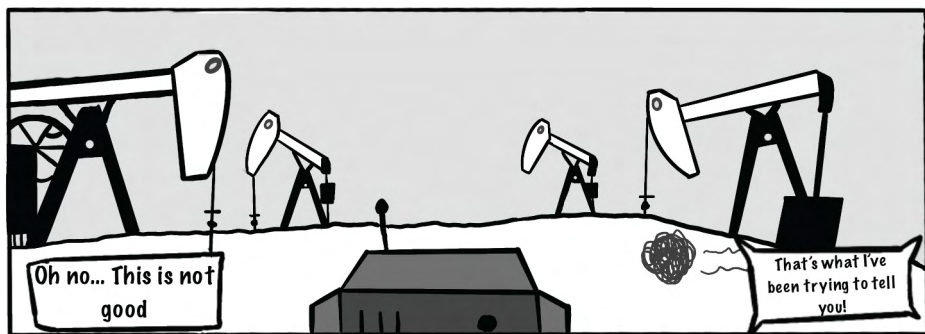
Traveler Launch will  
commence in T minus  
5...4...3...2...1

Created by  
Aidan Doyle









# Fin

# A Gift from the

By Jordyn Johnson



MOM'S BIRTHDAY IS SOON BUT WE HAVEN'T GOTTEN HER ANYTHING.

IT'S GOTTA BE SOMETHING COOL.

FAMOUS  
ARCHEOLOGIST  
DISCOVER!

ARCHEOLOGIST AND DAUGHTER  
FIND STUFF!

AND SOMETHING OLD!

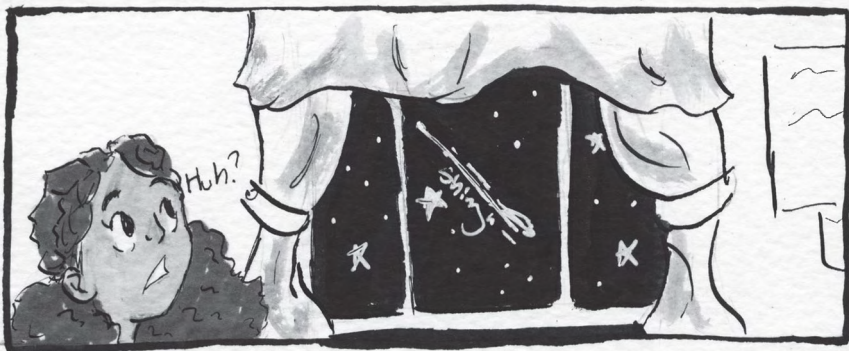


MOM ALSO REALLY LIKES ANCIENT THINGS!



BUT WHERE WOULD I GET THAT?





Huh?



A SHOOTING STAR!  
SIR BARKSALOT  
IF WE WISH **REALLY**  
HARD SOMETHING  
MIGHT HAPPEN.

BOOM!



THAT'S GOTTA  
BE THE STAR!



LET'S GO  
SEE WHAT  
IT LEFT US!

Bonny!








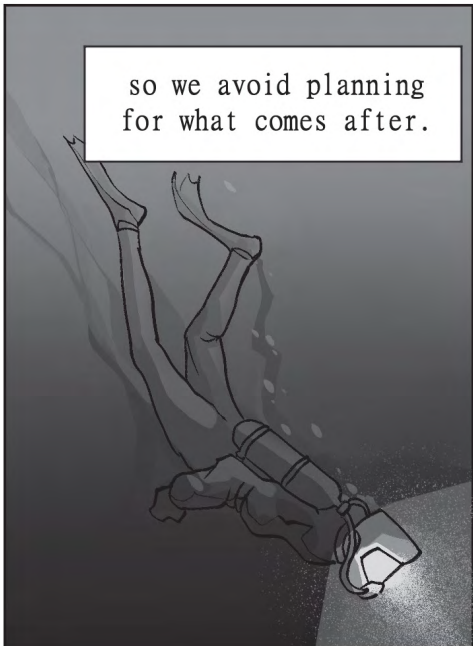


# WILL BE MADE COLD

BY DAVID SONG



No one wants to admit  
things end,

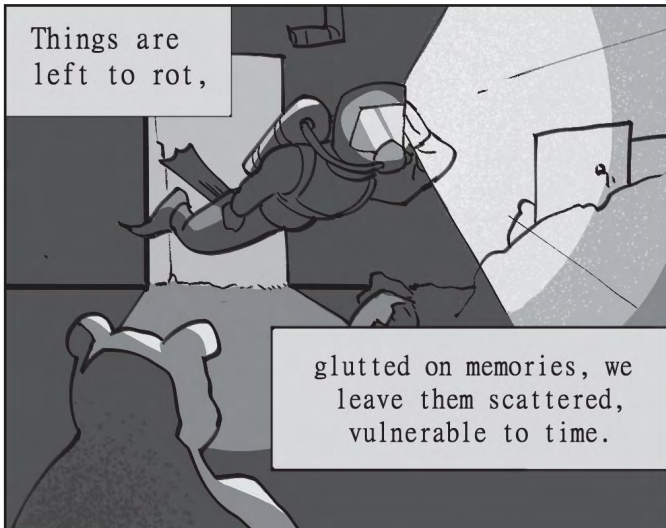


so we avoid planning  
for what comes after.





Things are  
left to rot,



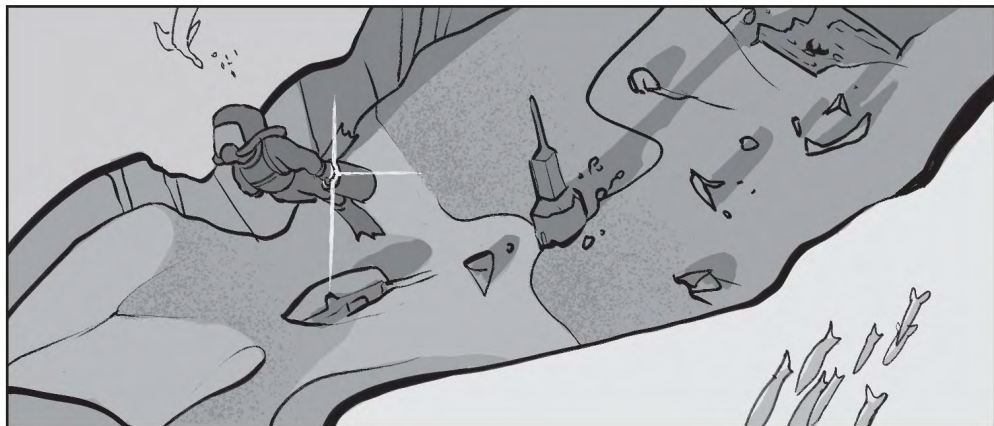
glutted on memories, we  
leave them scattered,  
vulnerable to time.

Once over, the  
only ones who return  
are the desperate.



Thieves.

...And once looted, even they  
will leave the past to the waves





# RECLAIMED

BY: CAROLINE MAY



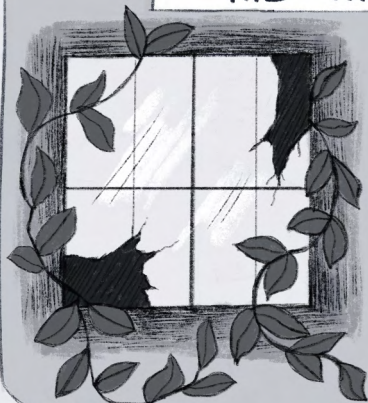
THERE IS A PLACE ...



AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS ...



WHERE VINES CREEP INTO  
THE WINDOWS,



COBWEBS COLLECT  
IN CORNERS,

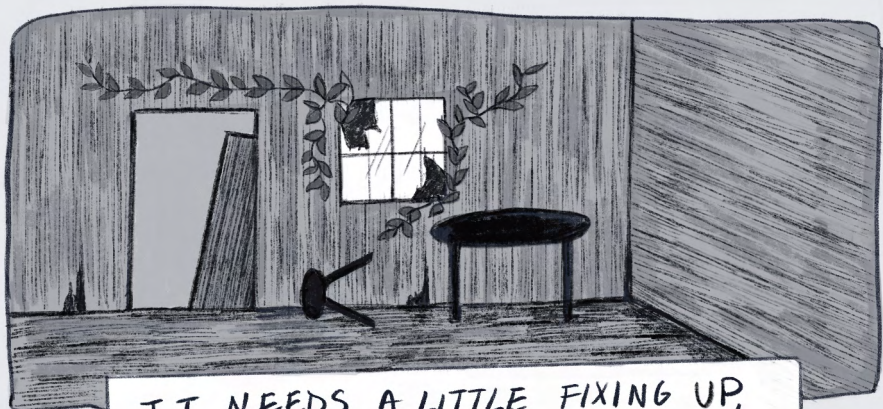


FLOORBOARDS ROT  
AWAY,



AND VISITORS COME TO CALL.





IT NEEDS A LITTLE FIXING UP,



BUT, SOON...



... IT WILL FEEL LIKE HOME.



THE END



# ENVY

Beck Kallenburg

I'm sitting at the reflecting pool

staring at a stranger

A me that never was  
and never will be

The essence of my soul

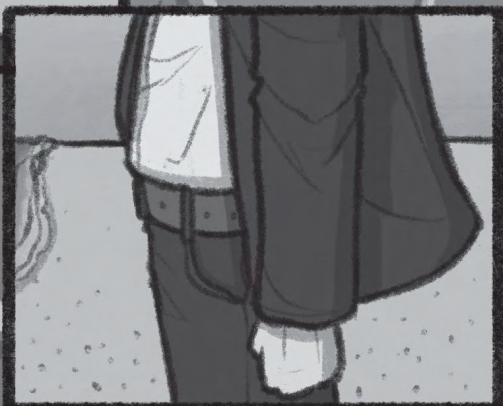
A fragment of my longing



And now I'm  
falling in

Drowning in a  
bittersweet love

For a self I  
cannot reach



It reminds me of what I really am



and what I'll always be.





And as I'm crawling  
back out...

Drenched in despondency...

I'm waterlogged with  
a craving

For a version of me that  
feels so intimate

And yet so regretfully  
foreign.

# HOME

DANIELLE MURPHY

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED  
ABANDONED HOUSES.

EVIDENCE OF A WORLD  
LEFT BEHIND,

LOST TO TIME'S NATURAL  
DECOMPOSITION.





A LIFE HOUSED IN WALLS  
NOW ROTTEN,

MEMORIES REFLECTED FROM  
EVERY DUSTY SURFACE.

I THINK PEOPLE ARE A LOT  
LIKE HOUSES.

WHEN DECAY SETS IN, A STORY IS TOLD IN WHAT REMAINS.



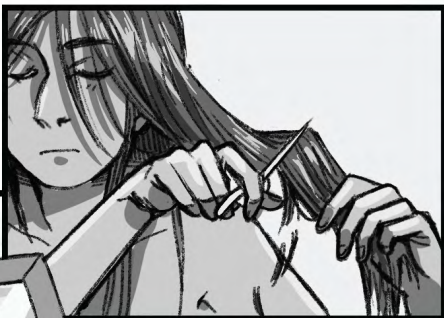
FADED SCARS,

ROUGH HANDS,

ARE NO DIFFERENT THAN  
SUNBLEACHED PHOTOGRAPHS,  
LINING A BEDROOM WALL.



SO WHY NOT BUILD SOMETHING  
BEAUTIFUL, MEANINGFUL?



STILL EVER-PRESENT AND  
SOLID?



THIS HOME OF YOURS,



DESPITE INEVITABLE RUIN?



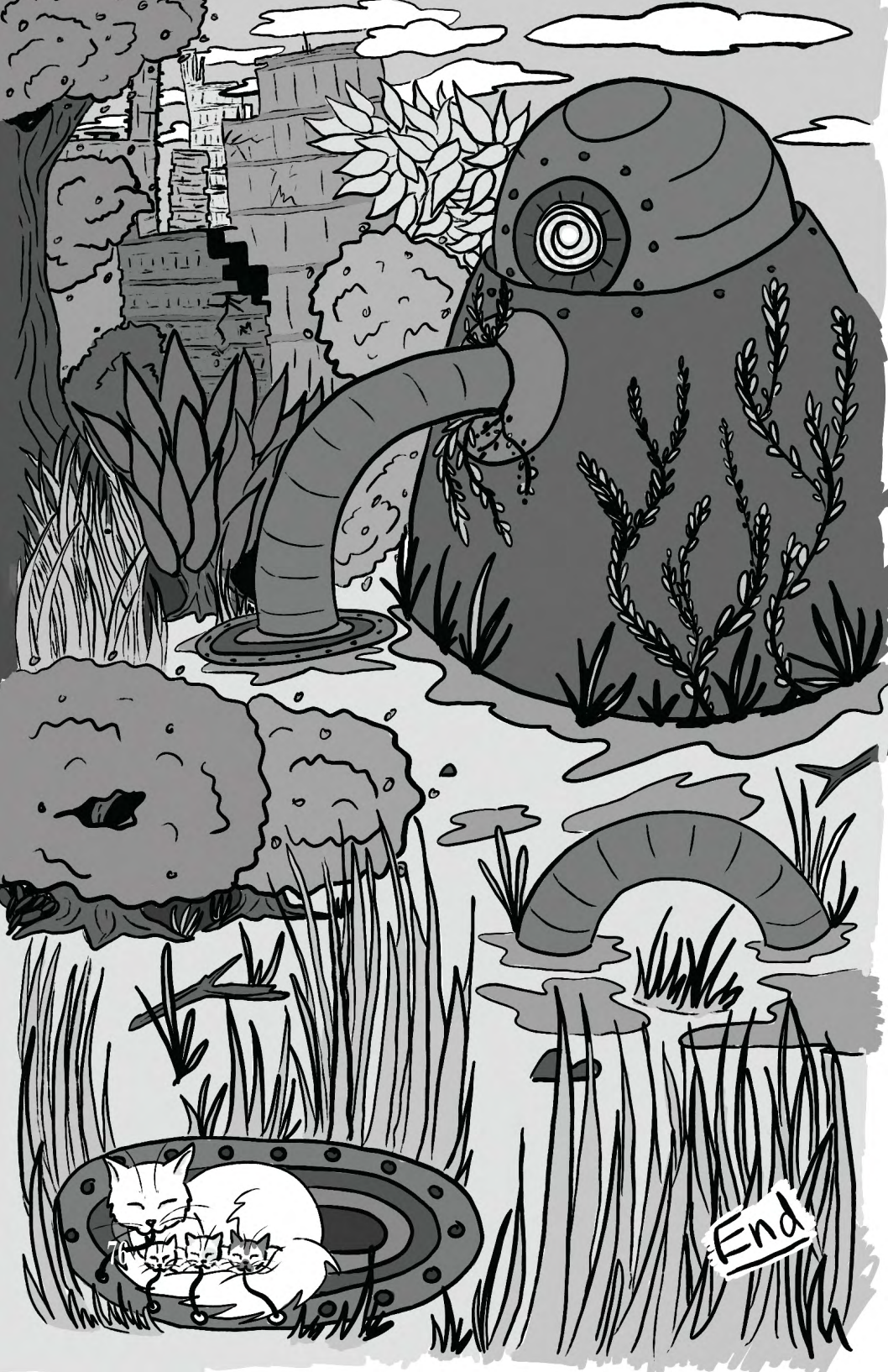
Nero-Punk  
Bria @ Bee & The Bunk

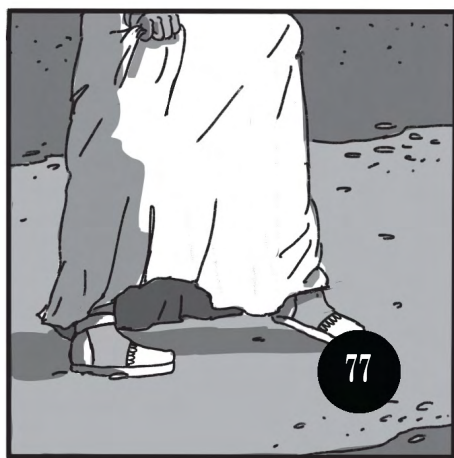
















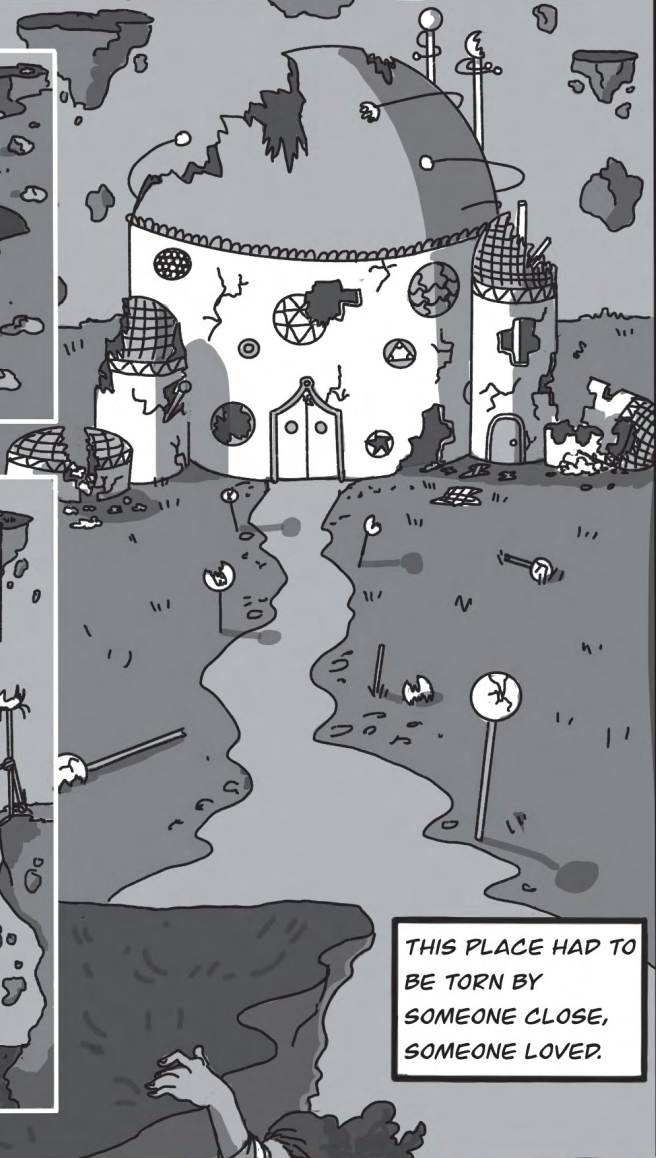
...THE BRICK DETAILS  
LAID SO CAREFULLY...



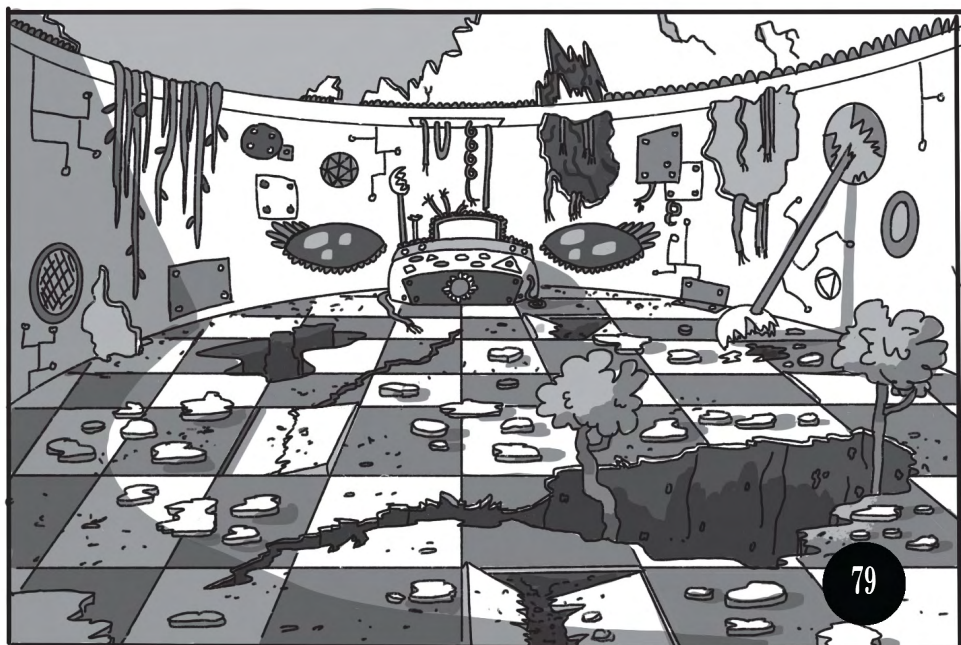
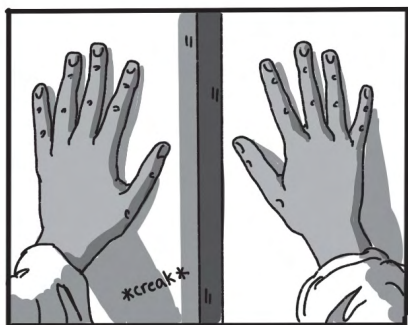
...CRAFTED TO  
PERFECTION...



...YET TORN  
SO SWIFTLY?



THIS PLACE HAD TO  
BE TORN BY  
SOMEONE CLOSE,  
SOMEONE LOVED.







NIGHT, 1/12/21

JOHN NOVAK

# BACKYARDS

ARE CROWDED PLACES AFTER DARK  
THE JANUARY COLD JUST MAKES THEM WORSE  
DEVOID OF WARMTH, INSIDIOUS AND STARK

THE SUN IS GONE  
AND ALL THE WORLD'S

A



I

81





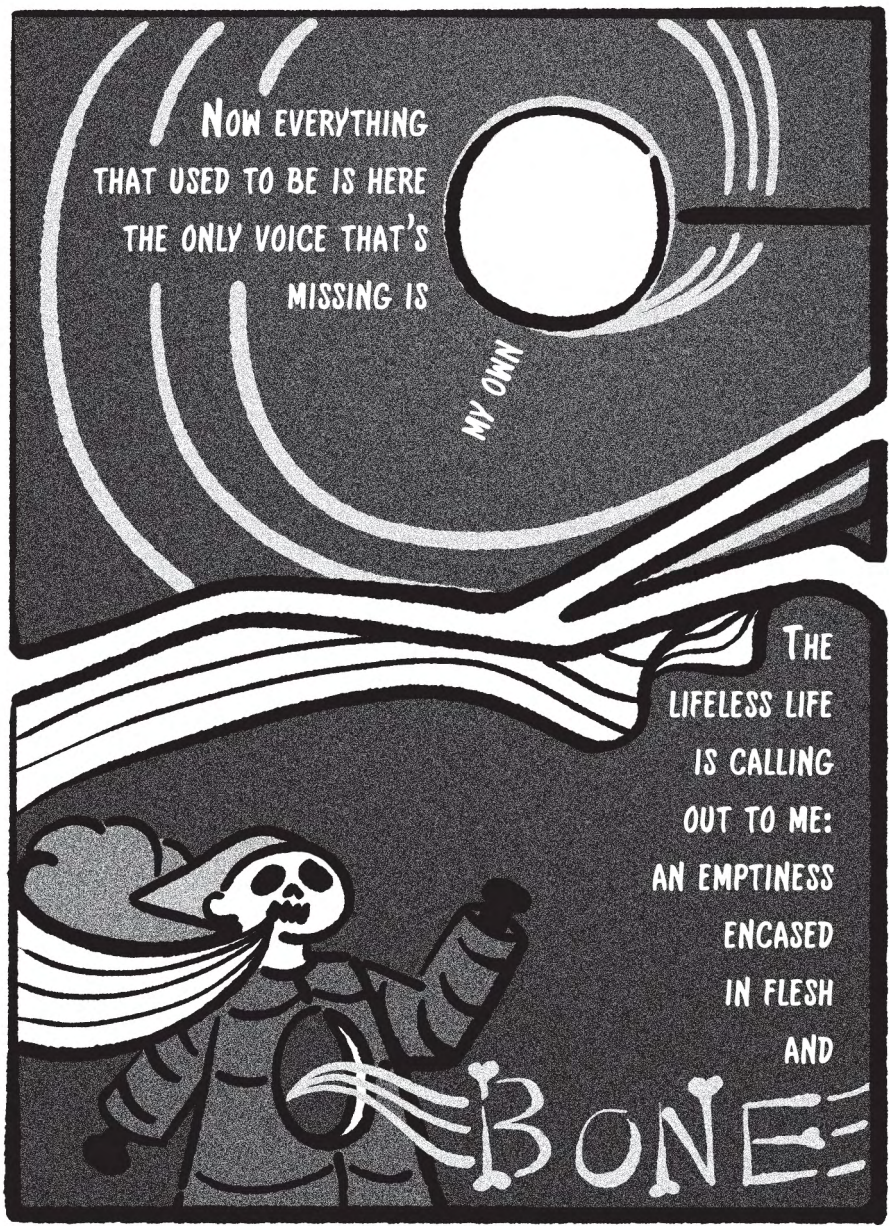
THE LARGEST CORPSE I NOTICE IS THE YEAR:  
A NASTY THING WE LOVE TO WATCH DECAY



BUT TIME IS NOT WHAT FILLS ME UP WITH FEAR  
IT'S LIFELESS LIFE THAT COMES WHEN LIFE'S

AWAY





NOW EVERYTHING  
THAT USED TO BE IS HERE  
THE ONLY VOICE THAT'S  
MISSING IS

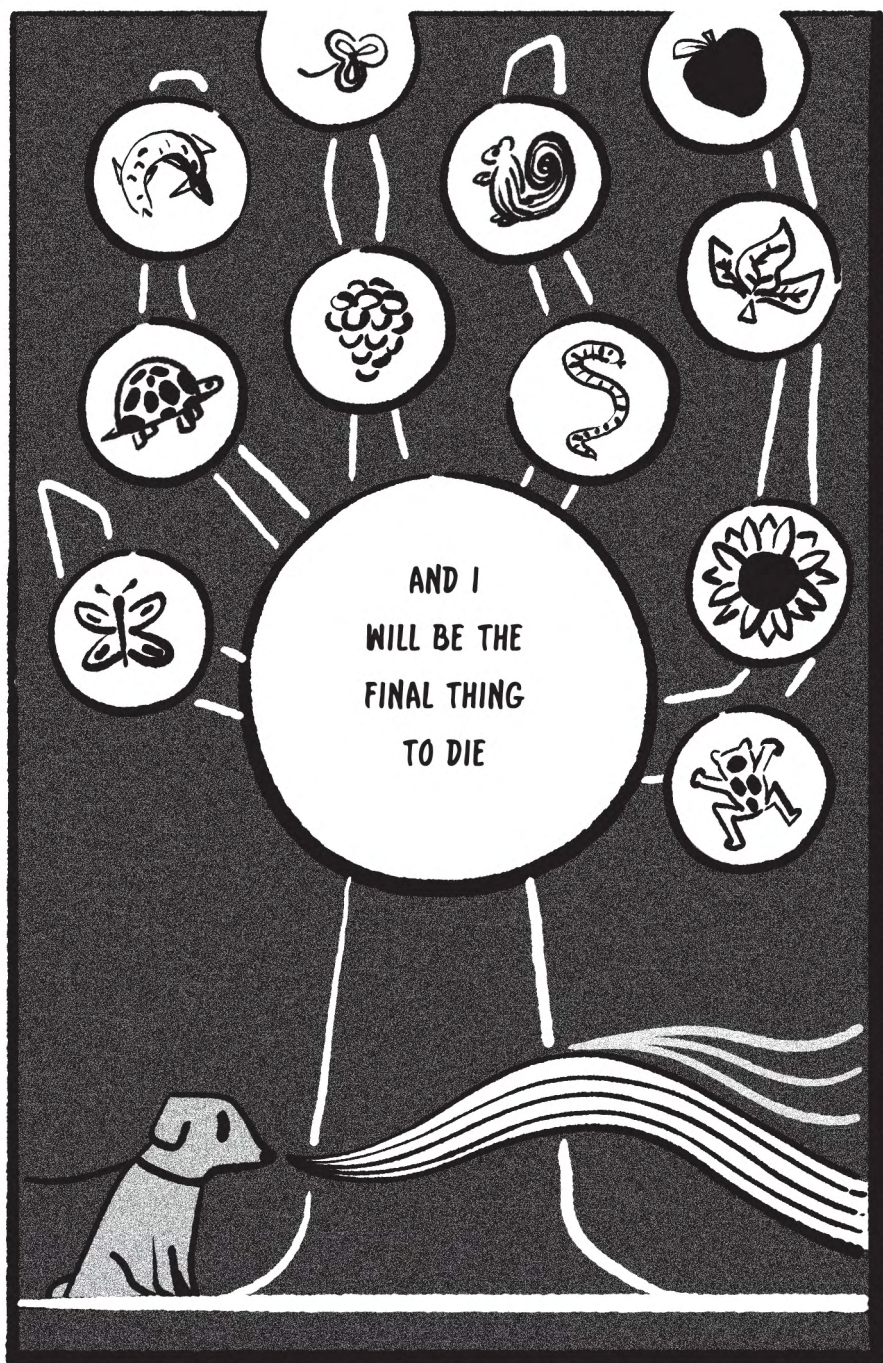
MY OWN

THE  
LIFELESS LIFE  
IS CALLING  
OUT TO ME:  
AN EMPTINESS  
ENCASED  
IN FLESH  
AND

BONE

EVENTUALLY, I'LL WANDER FROM THE LIGHT...



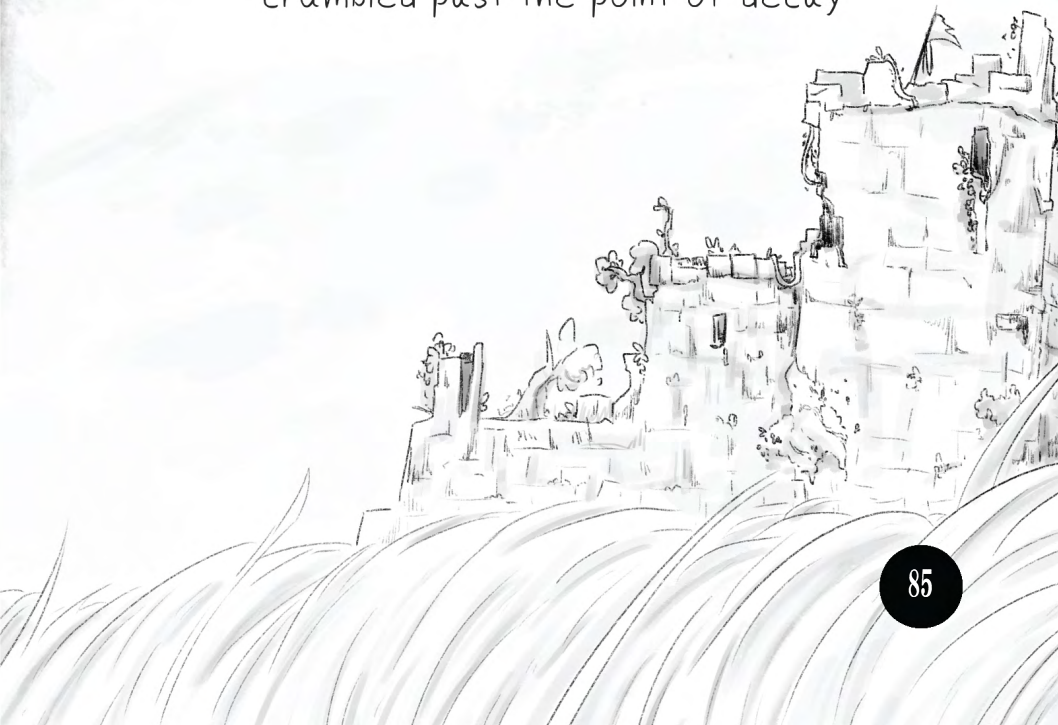




when I close my eyes



An old stone castle  
crumbled past the point of decay

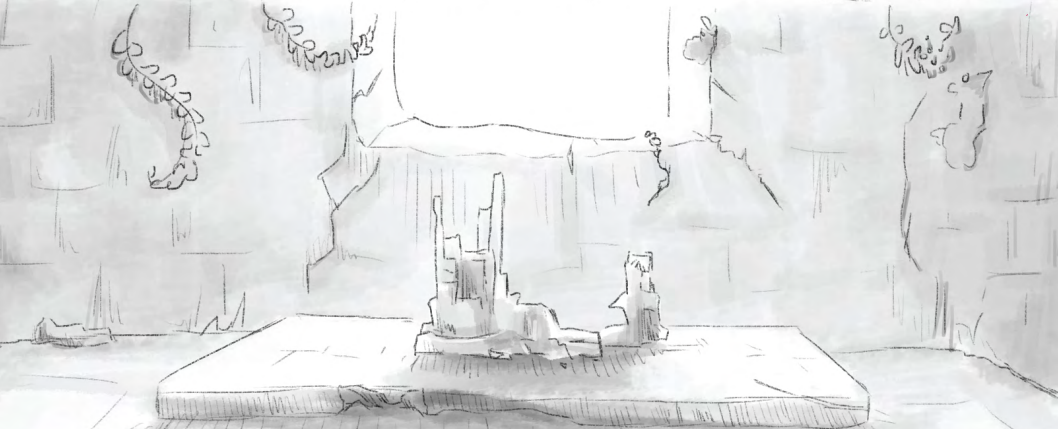




I walk through what's left of its halls...



Weave my hand through what was once a tapestry



And as I stand in the  
shadow of a throne room, I wonder:



What things in my head could have made this?



An image from a picture  
book, long ago burned  
into memory?



An aging fantasy  
left uncared for?



A past dream spilling over  
into my present?







What ancient civilization  
has born and died in my mind?

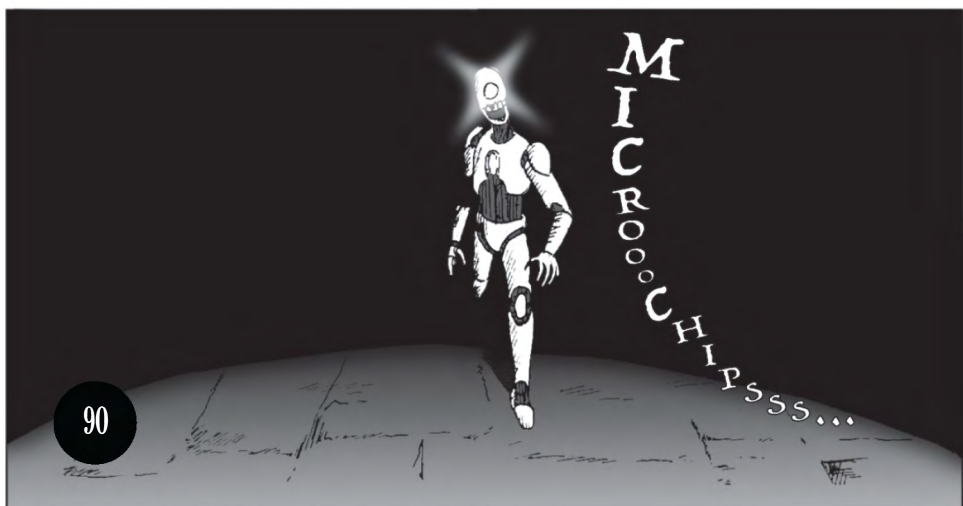
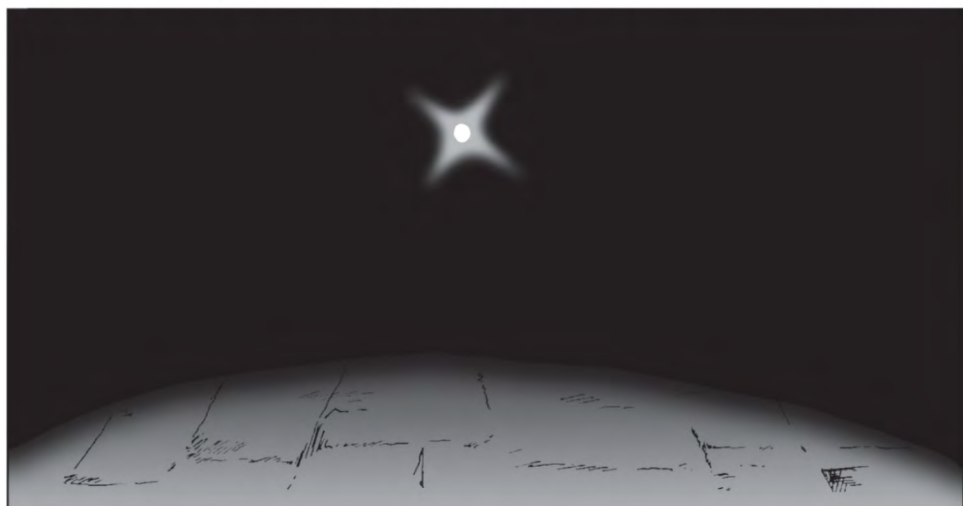
What happened to them?  
To this place?

...By waking up, do I kill it?

DOES THIS TYPE OF THING  
HAPPEN OFTEN?







UH OH...

RAHH!

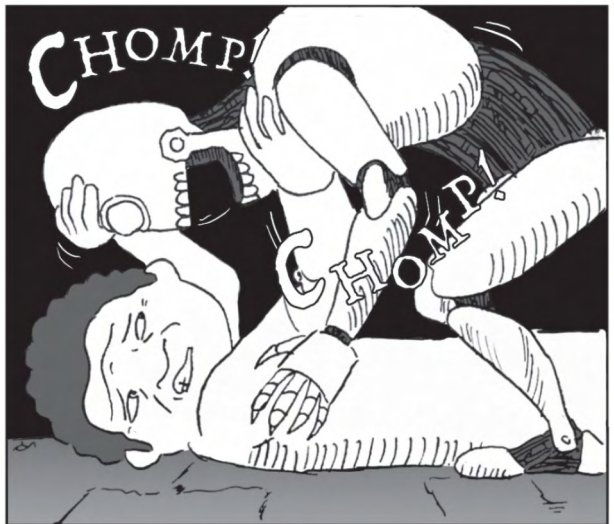
CASEY YOU HAVE TO SHOOT IT!

CAN'T WE JUST UNPLUG IT OR SOMETH

UGH!

CLACK!





# THE MOUSE KING



By: Holly Morgan



Good Evening...

*your majesty*

What did you  
wish to discuss?



Your city is safe and prosperous...

All thanks to  
your flock, yes.







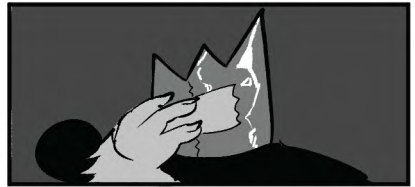
Nearly too much so



Not time enough for Spring



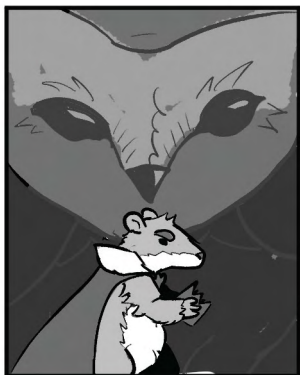
More Cadavers  
will come in time



What would maintain  
our arrangement?



SACRIFICES?







# POSSESSION

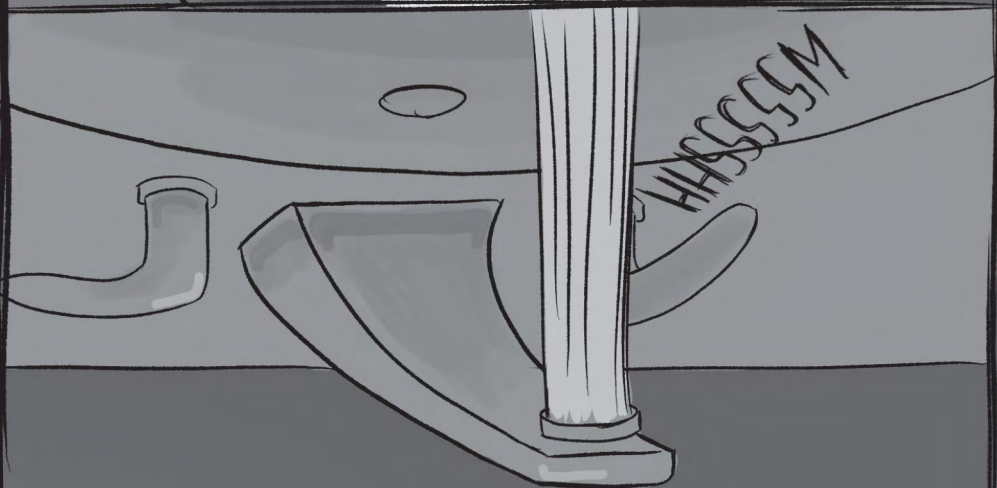
- GABE CARLSON -

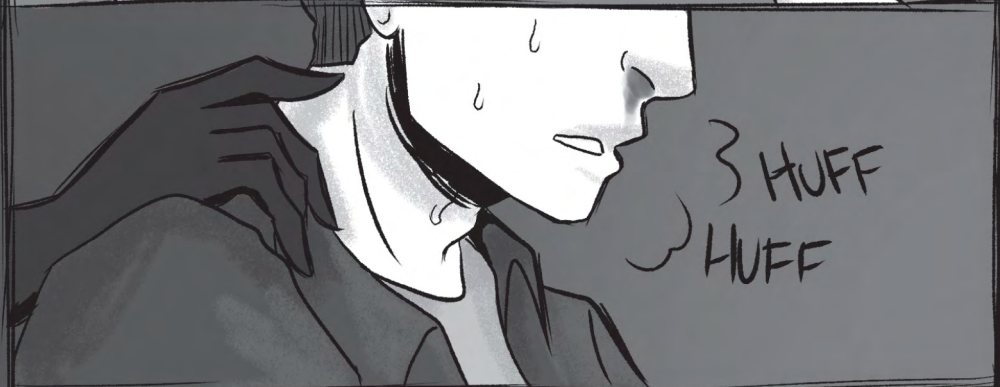
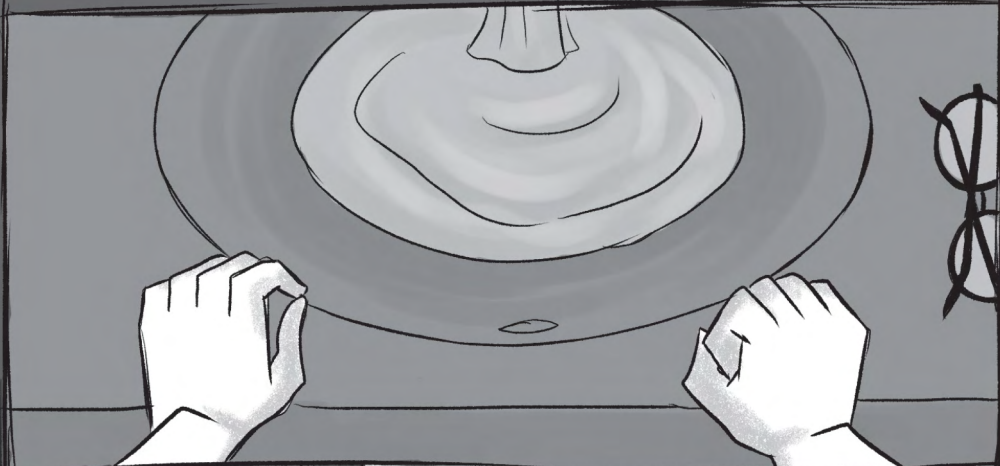
@LUKASS\_KICKS @LUKASS\_KICK.S

@LUKASS-KICKS













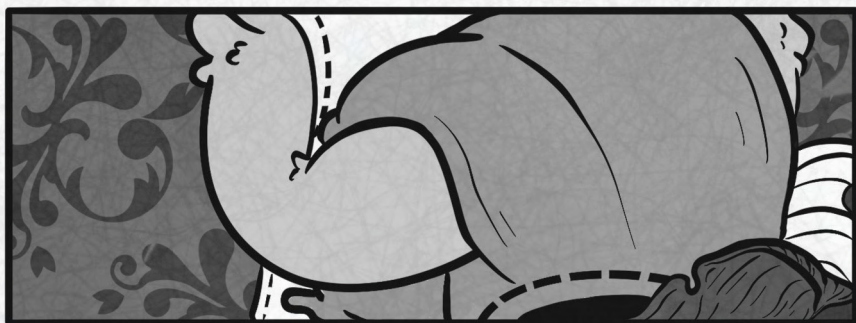
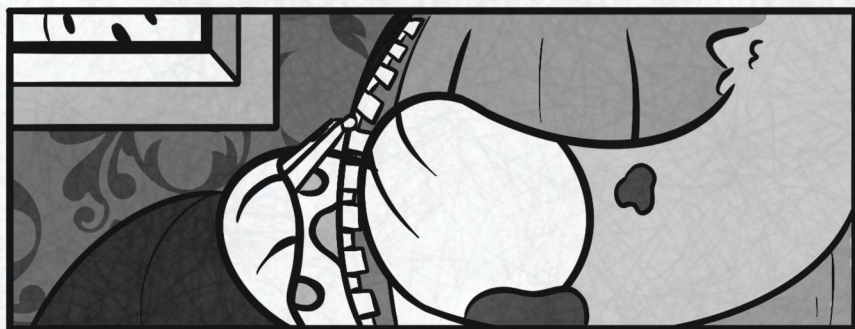
# Laundry Day

By : Joanna Thompson











# The End

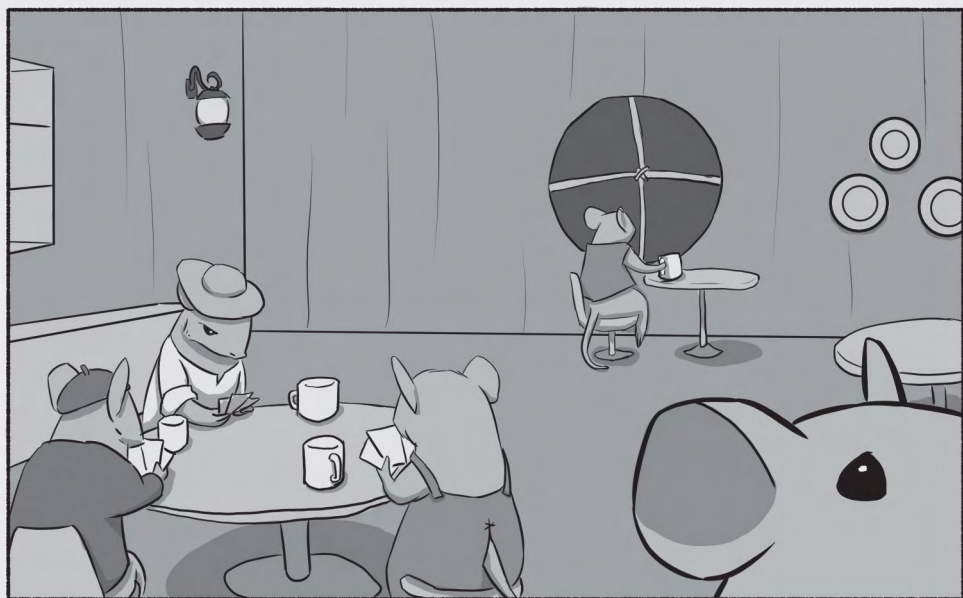


# What Lies Outside

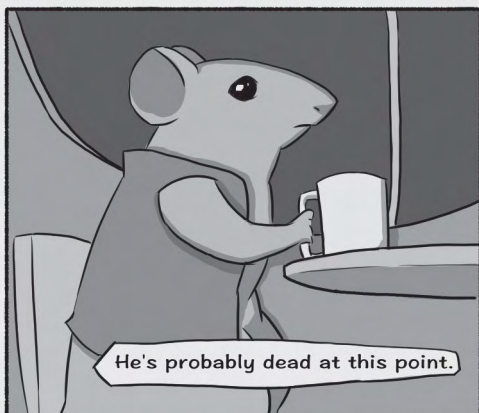
by Jade TeSelle







You hear about Will?  
He left the barn and hasn't come back.



But you don't know that for sure.





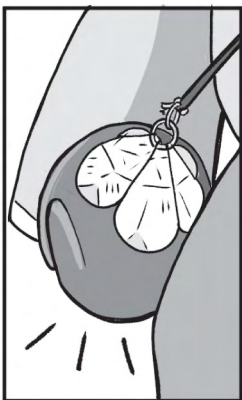
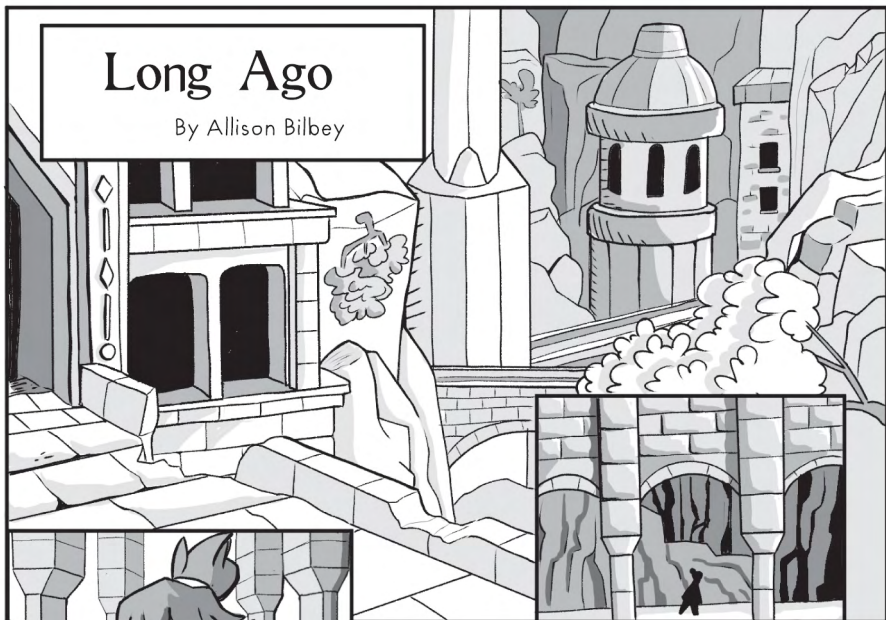
except death and ruin.



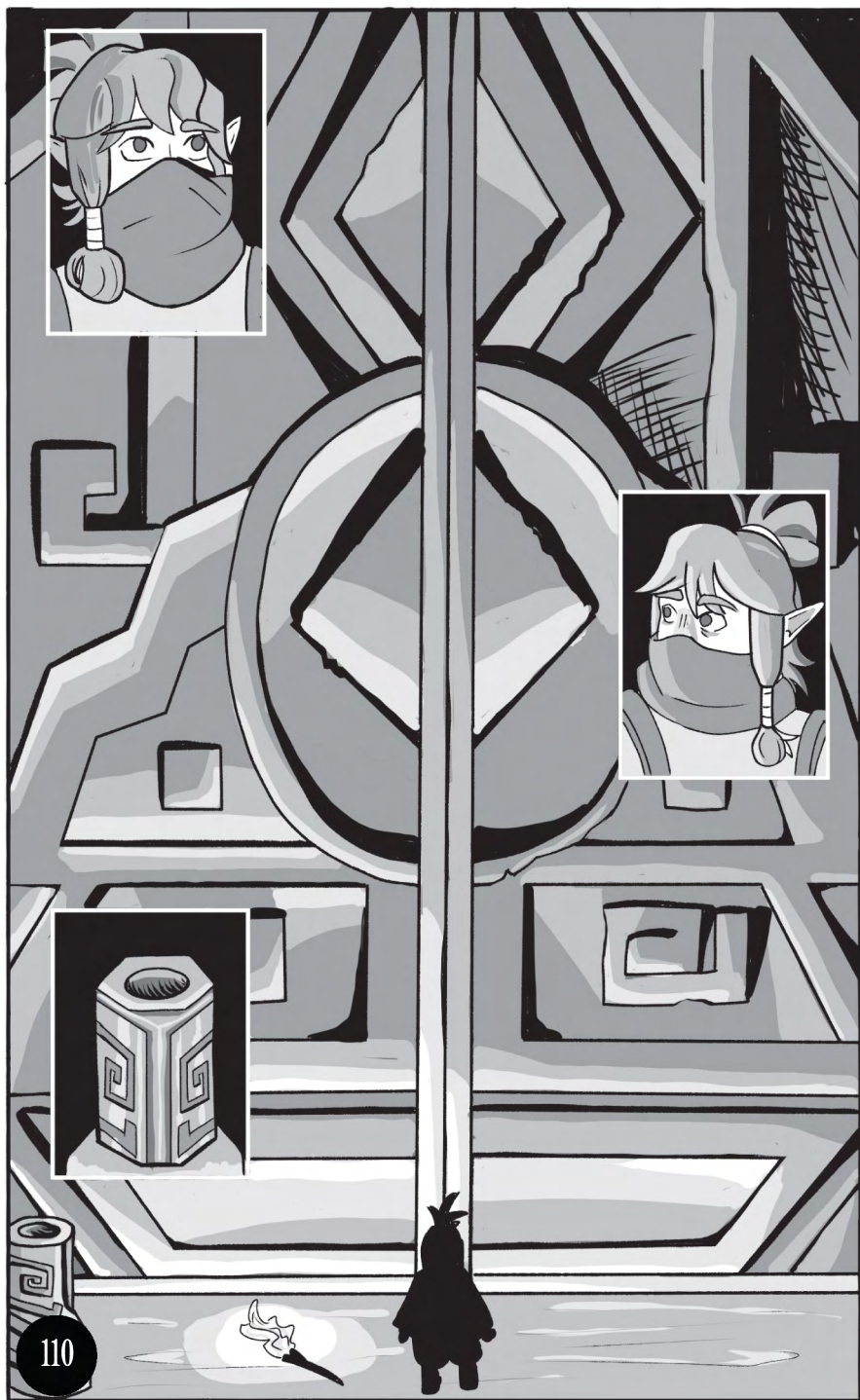
End

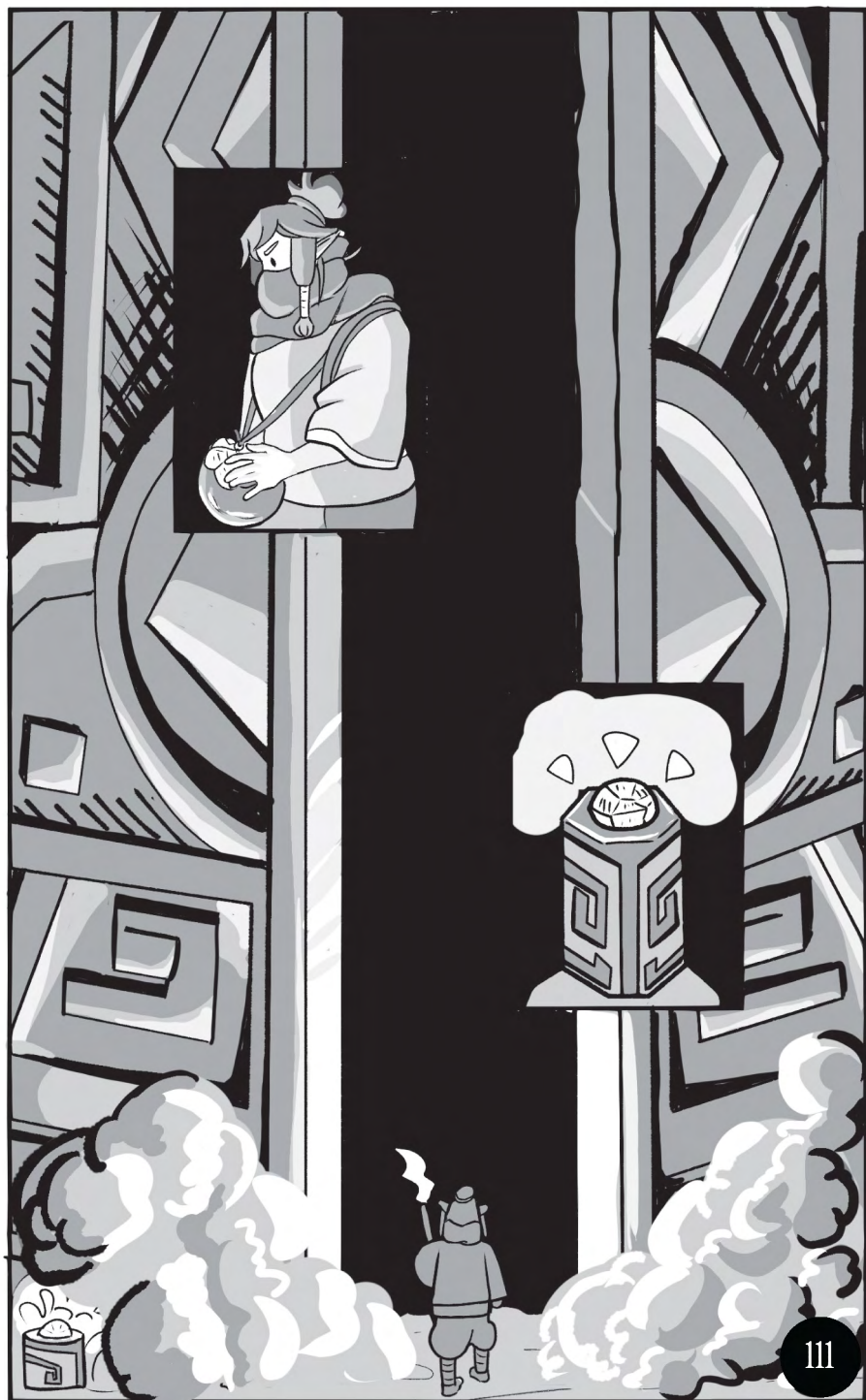
# Long Ago

By Allison Bilbey

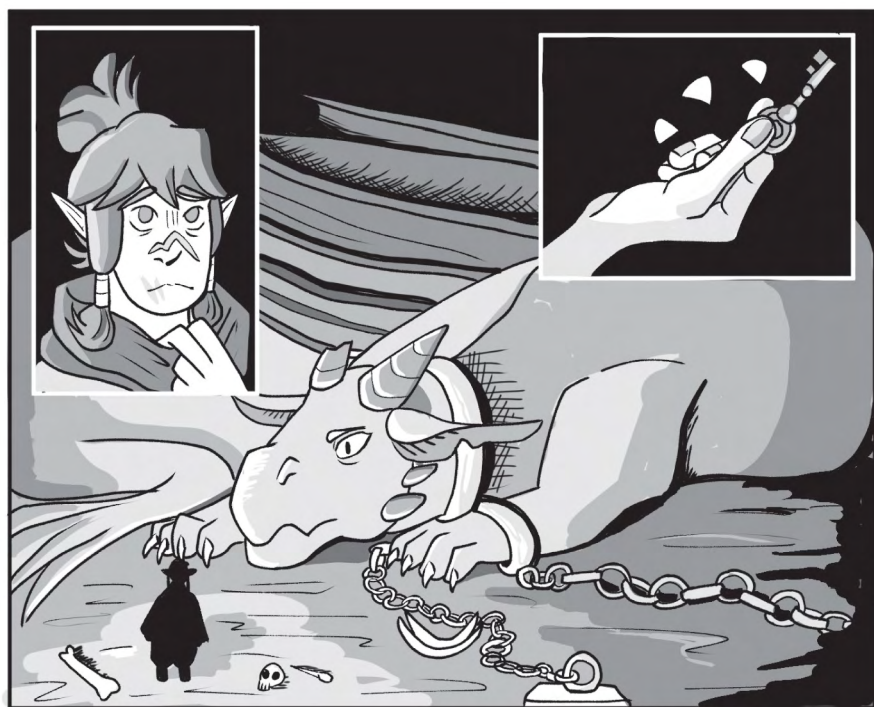












The End  
IG: @alli\_gallery

# Sea Farer

By: Anne Wu

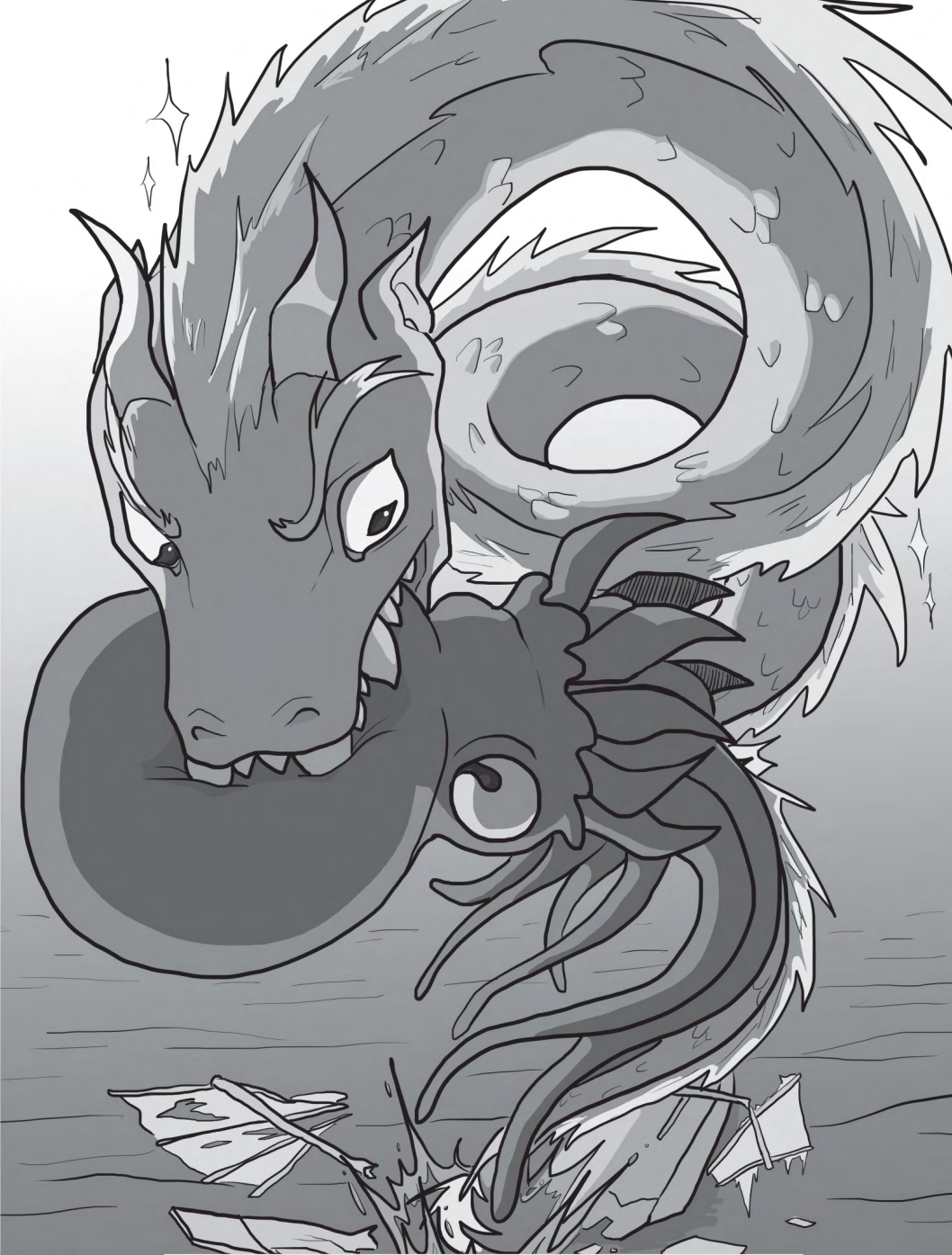
*I have known  
this crew for  
some time.*

*They are stronger than those  
I worked with in the past.*

*But nothing is  
stronger than  
the sea...*







*...then I will destroy  
everything in my path.*





# Shed Some Light

by: Carmina Videña

MAMA  
SAID I  
LIGHT UP  
HER LIFE...


AND THAT I  
SHOULD  
SHARE IT  
WITH OTHERS

I LIKE  
HELPING  
PEOPLE

IT BRINGS  
ME JOY  
KNOWING I  
MADE  
SOMEONE'S  
DAY A  
LITTLE  
BETTER







BUT SOMETIMES  
I WONDER...

HOW  
MUCH CAN  
I GIVE?


AM I GIVING TOO  
MUCH?

WHAT IF IT'S NOT  
ENOUGH?


THAT'S SCARY  
TO THINK  
ABOUT-







-THAT I'M NOT  
GIVING  
ENOUGH



BECAUSE I WISH  
I COULD.

# DINE UNTIL DEATH

by: Cadence Uys



To What Keeps us living...







All right you fools, time to  
begin our reign of terror



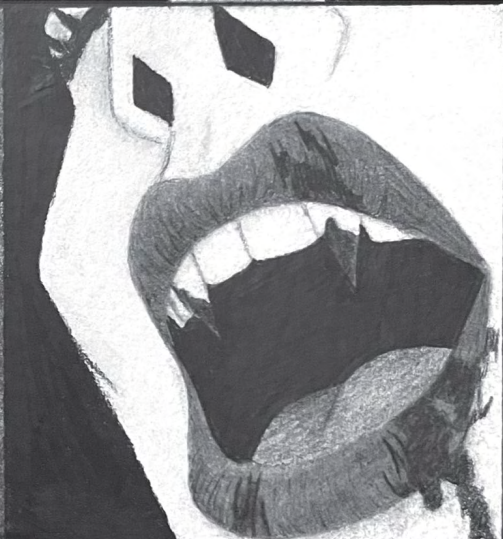
RUN

























128

# GROCERY RUN

BY: CAROLINE BRADY

# SPATTER

Alex Lawson



THE END  
For Now...





# Coup d'État

130

AMARI LOUVIERE







KIJANI HAS ALWAYS BEEN  
MY HOME TO ME,

DESPITE THE DESERT.



NEW LAWS LEADING MOST OF  
MY FAMILY OR FRIENDS TO  
LEAVE...OR DIE.

THE GOVERNMENT ?  
THEY DON'T CARE.



**SHE NEVER  
CARED.**

NOBODY PAID MUCH ATTENTION  
TO YOU AS A KID...YOU ABUSE  
YOUR FAMILY'S POWER TO GET  
WHAT YOU WANT...WHAT YOU  
WISHED YOU HAD.

**ZONAI APAWE,  
GOVERNOR-  
GENERAL OF KIJANI**



WOULDN'T HAVE  
THOUGHT YOU WERE  
THE ONE TO DO  
THIS.

BUT AS KIDS, YOU NEVER  
TOLD ME MUCH ABOUT  
YOURSELF...

NO MATTER HOW MUCH  
OUR PEOPLE WANT YOU  
DEAD...

I CAN'T MAKE  
MYSELF TO KILL YOU.

ZONAI...

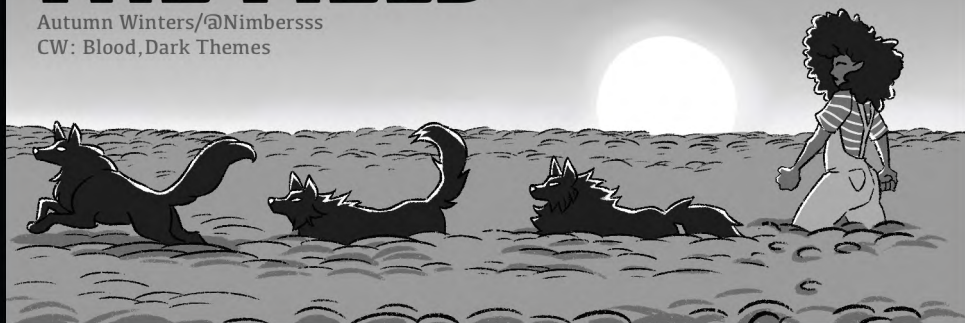
Greatest Friend 1974



# THE FIELD

Autumn Winters/@Nimbersss

CW: Blood, Dark Themes



ANOTHER ONE.  
SHE'S ONE OF  
THREE FOUND  
TODAY.



134



RECOVER ANY PIECES  
YOU CAN.

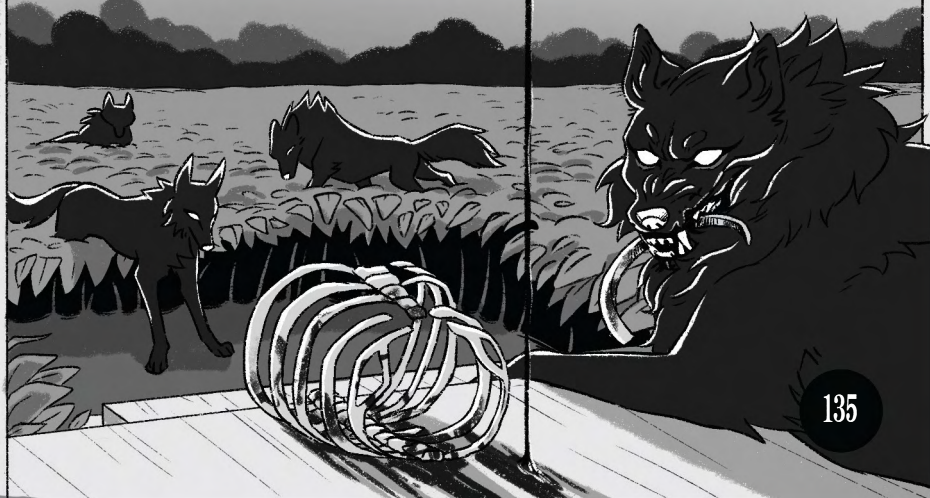
CENTURIES AGO, THIS  
PLACE WAS A TOBACCO  
PLANTATION. OUR  
ANCESTORS WERE  
KIDNAPPED AND FORCED TO  
WORK IN THESE VERY  
FIELDS.



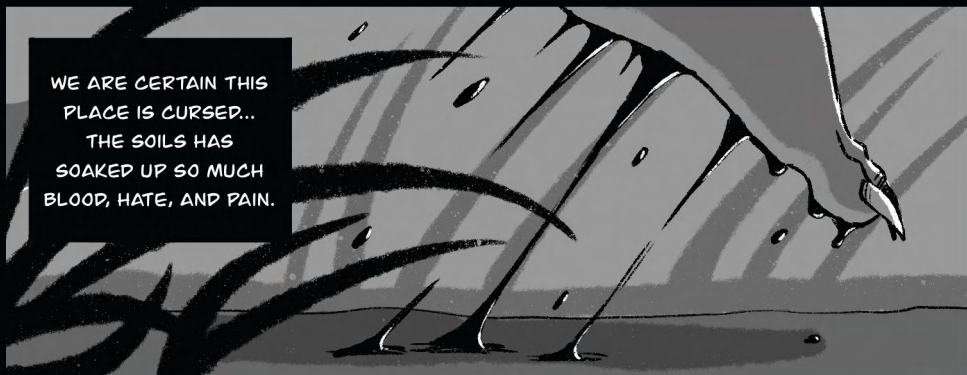
BUT THEY  
INVOKED A WOLF  
SPIRIT AND  
ROSE AGAINST  
THEIR  
ENSLAVERS.



THIS HAS BEEN OUR LAND SINCE.







WE ARE CERTAIN THIS  
PLACE IS CURSED...  
THE SOILS HAS  
SOAKED UP SO MUCH  
BLOOD, HATE, AND PAIN.

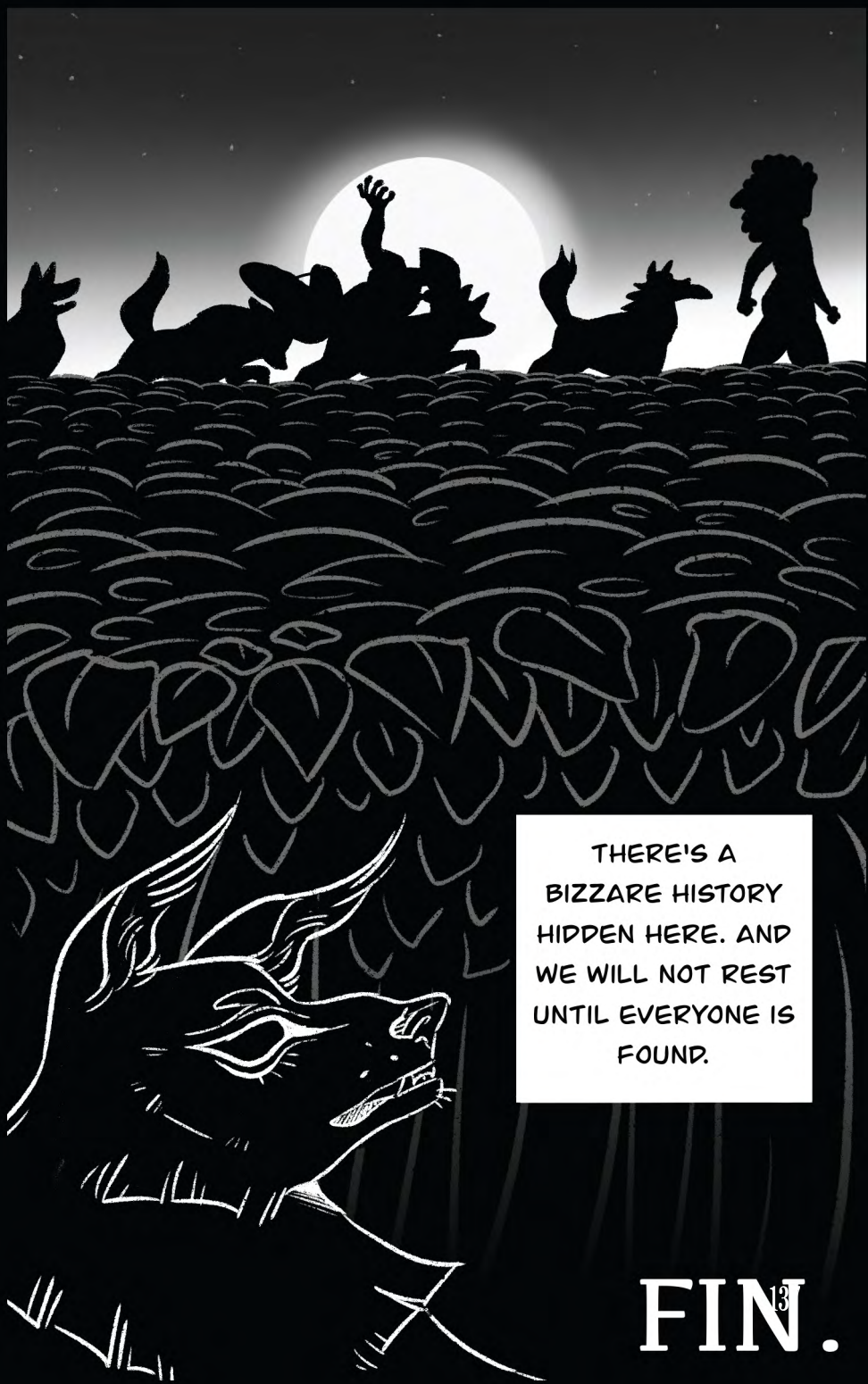


THESE...RUINS  
ARE PROOF OF  
AN UNTOLD  
STORY...



WHATEVER  
HAPPENED... WE  
ARE CERTAIN  
THESE ARE  
PEOPLE, NOT  
STATUES.





THERE'S A  
BIZZARE HISTORY  
HIDDEN HERE. AND  
WE WILL NOT REST  
UNTIL EVERYONE IS  
FOUND.

FIN.<sup>13</sup>















# OUT

*burnett.*

tk tk tk  
tk tk tk-

CLICK.

-tk.

“Oh damn it.”

“Mom!”

THUMP

THUMP

THUMP

"yes, Peach?"

"...Can we sleep in the  
basement tonight?"

"mmmm"

"...What?"

"I said  
yes, we can. I  
was just finding  
a flash light.  
help me with the mattress?"

"Why is this so  
hard to BLOW UP?"

ehehehe "I can do it if you'll  
get the blankets."

"..."

"okay"



click.

"that's much better."

"Blankets."

"maybe I should invest in a generator."

"What -

really?"

"Well, yes."

blackouts bring whatever I'm  
doing to a halt."

"terribly inconvenient, really."

“I  
don’t  
know. I *like* how it halts things.”

“It’s like a theatre intermission.  
You get to do things you normally wouldn’t do.  
Like sleep in the basement.

The house is dead but we are not.”

“well, that was wonderfully said.”

“I promise if I do get a get a generator  
we can still sleep in the basement, peach.”

“...Yeah, okay.”

*shffl*

145  
END.

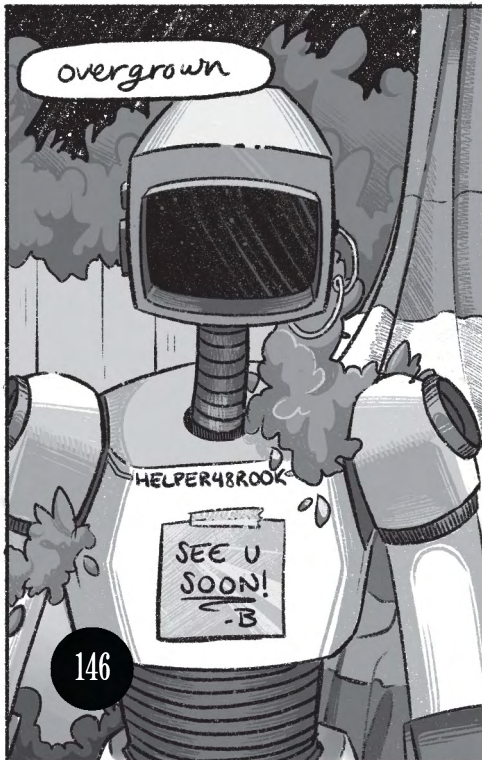


# OVERGROWN



BY: ANNA WELLS  
POETRY BY SAMUEL MENASHE

Stone-worn



overgrown

HELPER48ROOK

SEE U  
SOON!  
-B

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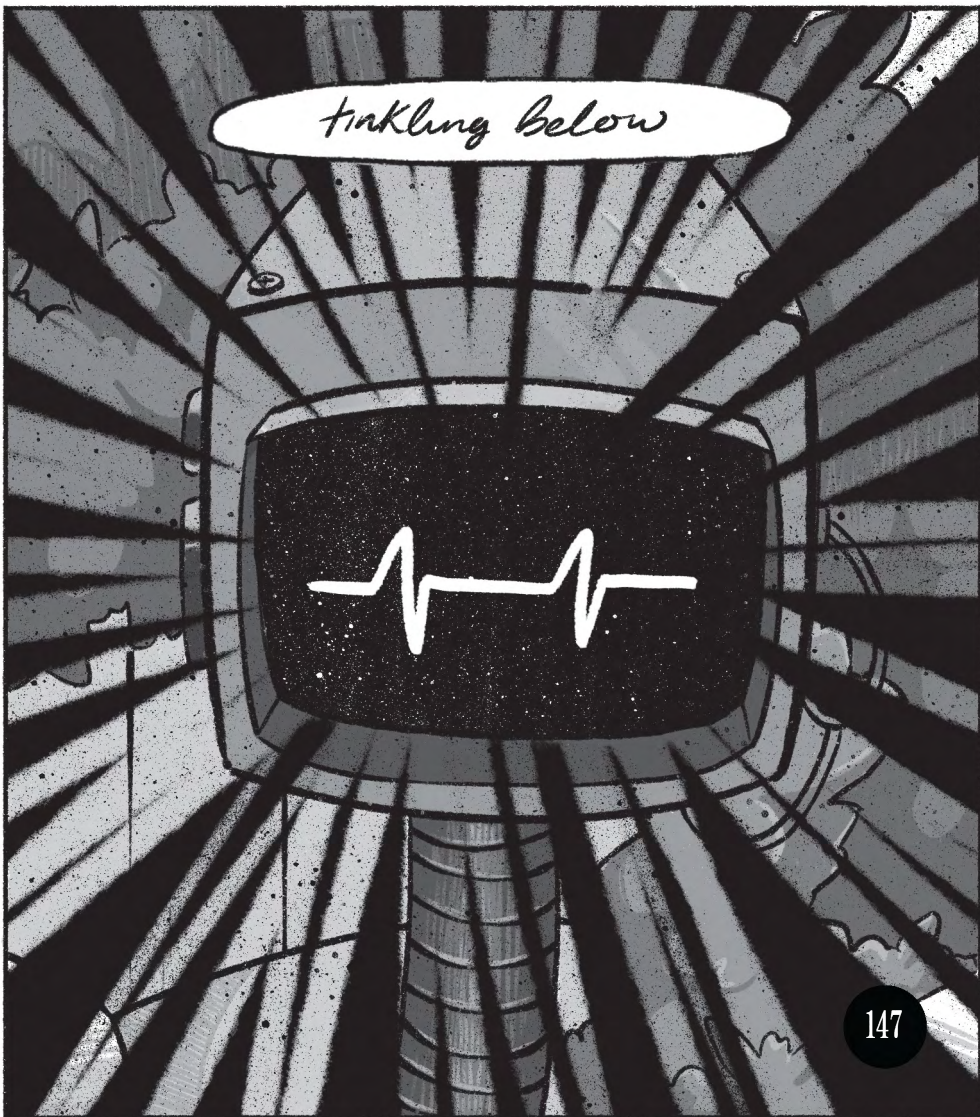
pristine thorns



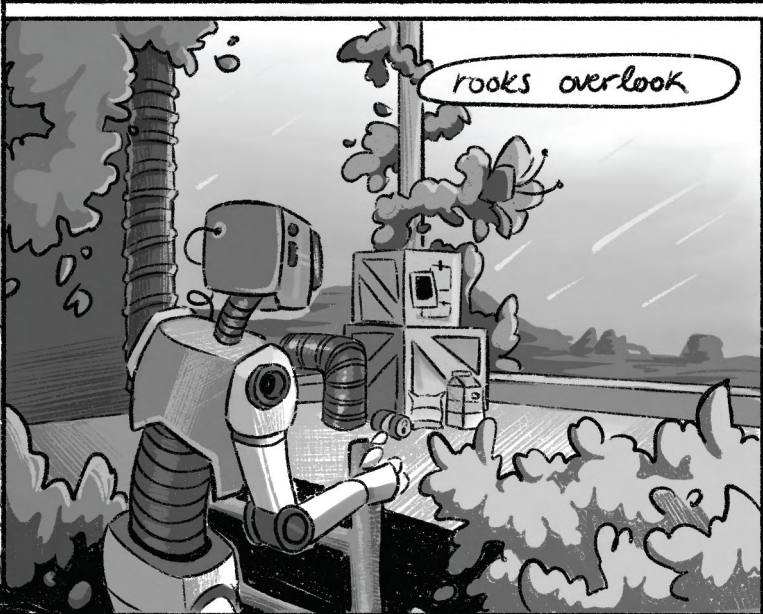
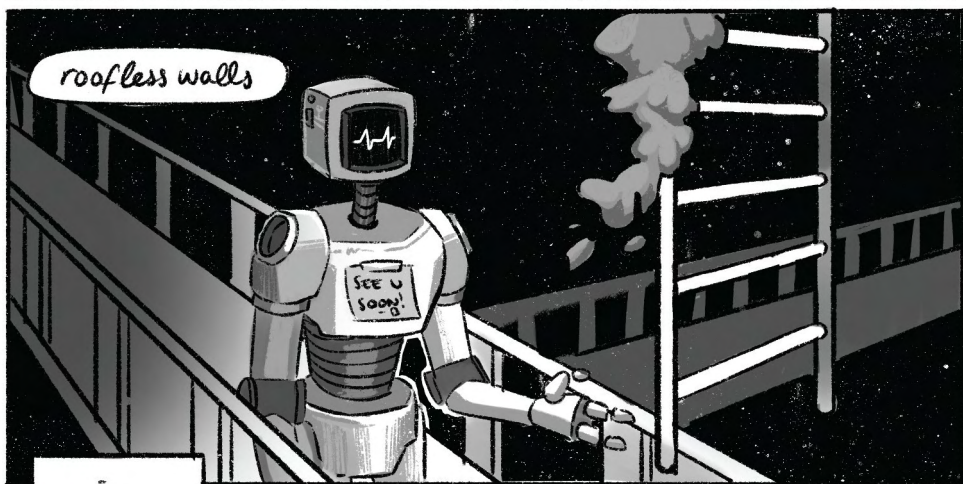
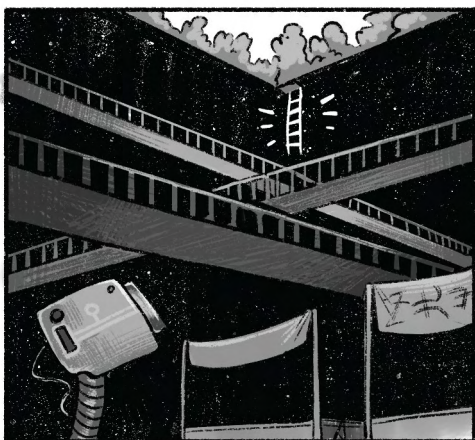
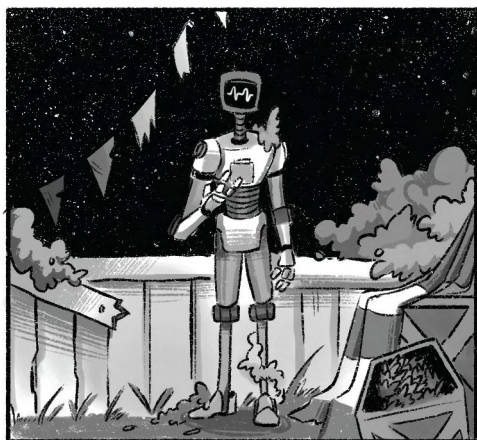
*Sheep Shorn*

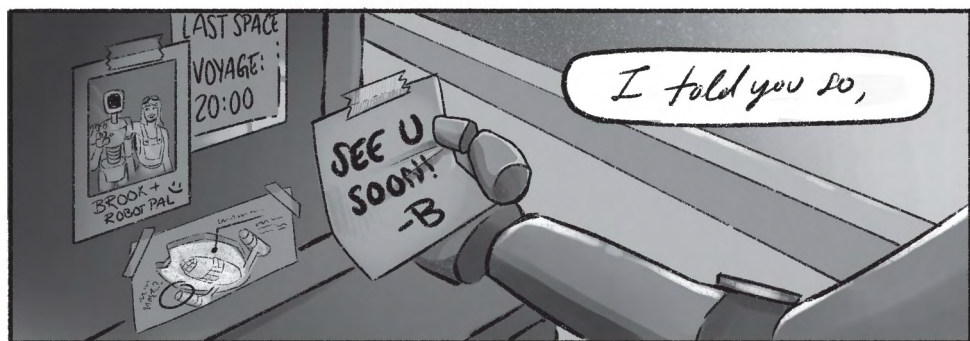


*tinkling below*





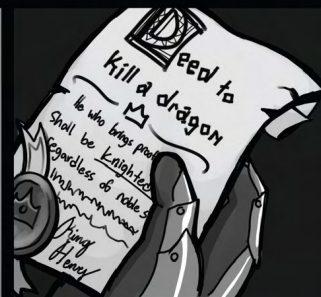


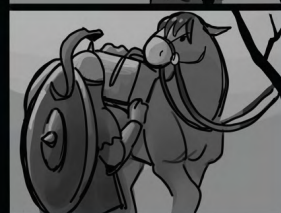




*The*  
**LADY KNIGHT**  
*and the*  
**DRAGON**  
**PRINCESS**

*By* **Brooke Granger**







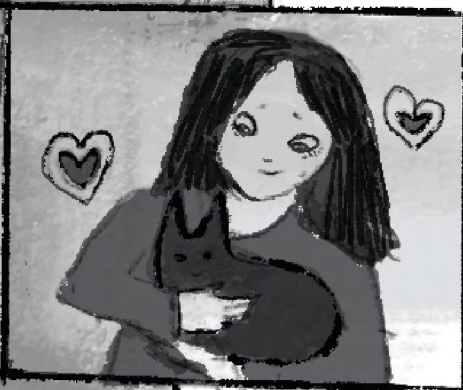








BY: CASSIDY CASE



the  
end



# Boody

by Grayson Gayvert





What have you  
done to  
yourself?



What  
does it matter  
to you?



you look  
**MONSTROUS.**



you are **RUINING** the  
body I gave to *you.*

**It isn't yours.**

**AND**

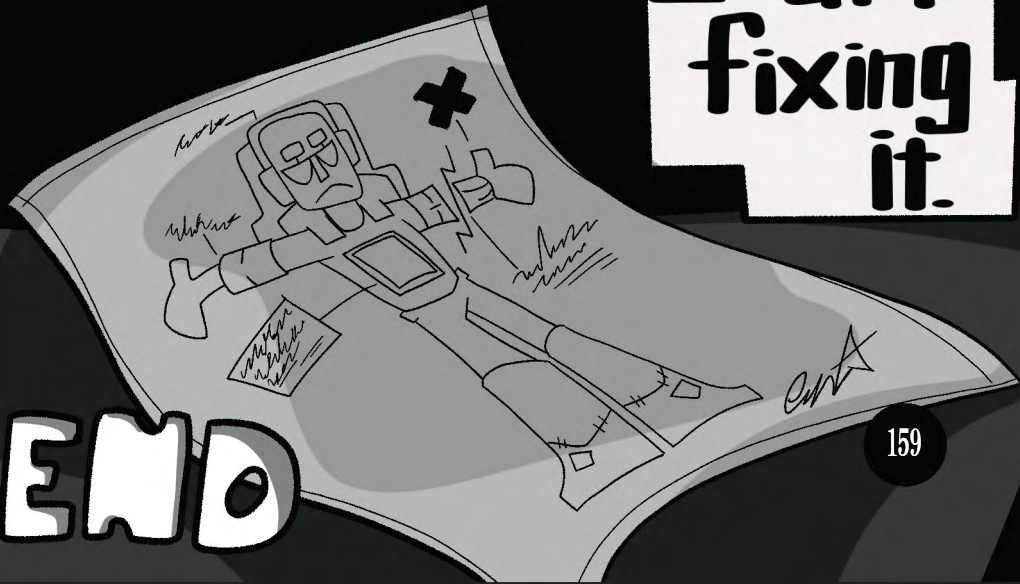
**I could do much *WORSE.***

# SLAM!



I am not  
ruining  
my body.

I am  
fixing  
it.



# END

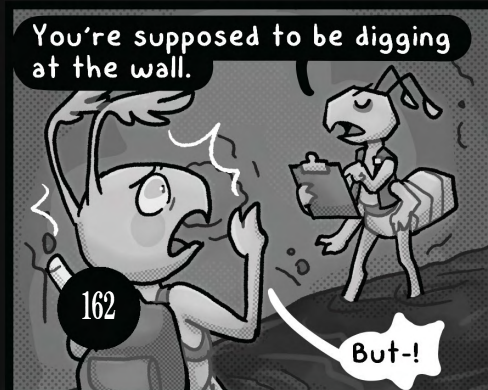


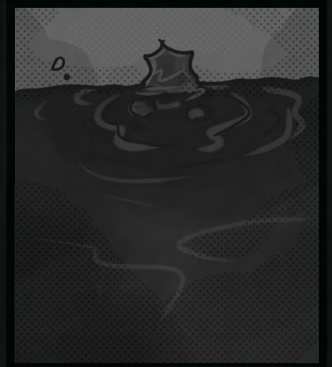
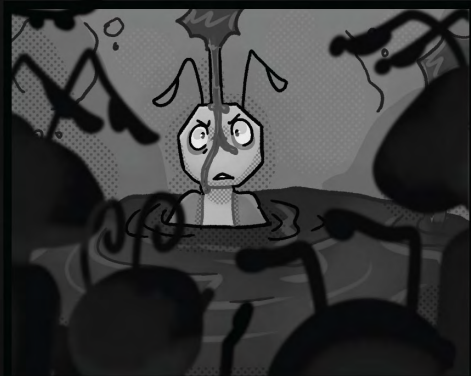
# Ants go Marching













created by: **BYE**



TO THE  
POINT  
WHERE I  
GET  
BUTTERFLYS  
IN MY  
STOMACH



9:3


DO NOT READ IF YOU ARE NOT  
COMFORTABLE WITH BODILY  
FLUIDS OR REGURGITATION.

Too *so*  
much


STOMACH



I HAVE NO CLUE WHY, BUT I CAN NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME IT HAPPEND.



TO DELIVER A LOVE LETTER




IT WAS MY JUNIOR YEAR IN HIGH SCHOOL.



I DON'T LIKE THE THOUGHT OF PEOPLE FALLING IN FOR ME THINKING I'M A GIRL...WHEN I AM A GUY.

BUT...



A CLASSMATE FOUND ME TO HELP HER FRIEND OUT-

I WAS VERY BORED AND WANTED TO KILL TIME. (WORST MISTAKE)



I FOUND OUT IT WAS FROM MY BIG GAY CRUSH SINCE FRESHMAN YEAR!

IT WASN'T THAT AT ALL...

I FELT SOMETHING I'D NEVER DID BEFORE...

IT WAS DISGUSTING.

I THOUGHT IT WAS LOVE, OR LUST.

AFTER THAT, I AVOIDED HIM AND THOUGHT I'LL NEVER TALK TO HIM AGAIN...

UNTIL WE RAN INTO EACH OTHER AT COLLEGE.

AFTER GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER MORE, HE ASKED ME OUT AND I WAS SURPRISED SINCE I FULLY TRANSITIONED.

I AGREED.





IT WAS PERFECT.

BUT I FUCKED UP.



SO... I'VE  
BEEN  
WONDERING  
DID YOU-



PERFECT  
UNTIL HE  
BROUGHT UP  
THAT ONE  
THING.



READ MY  
LETTER?



REMEMBERING



THAT



TASTE IN  
MY MOUTH,



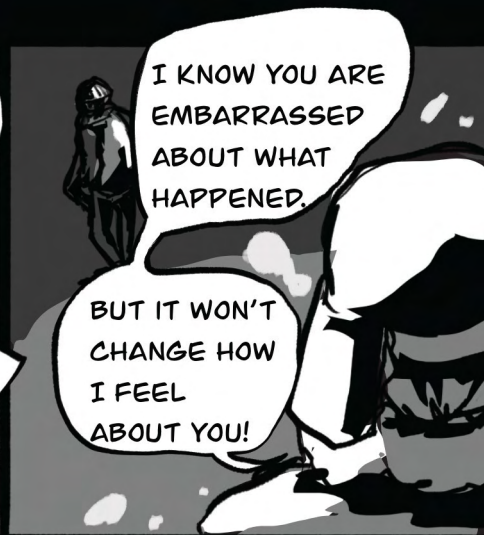
WHEN YOU FELT  
THE SAME WAY.



I RAN TO THE  
BATHROOM, AND  
NOW I'M HEADING  
BACK HOME.

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
SMART AND NEVER  
TALKED TO HIM.

I'M A FREAK. BUT  
THAT'S WHAT I'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN.



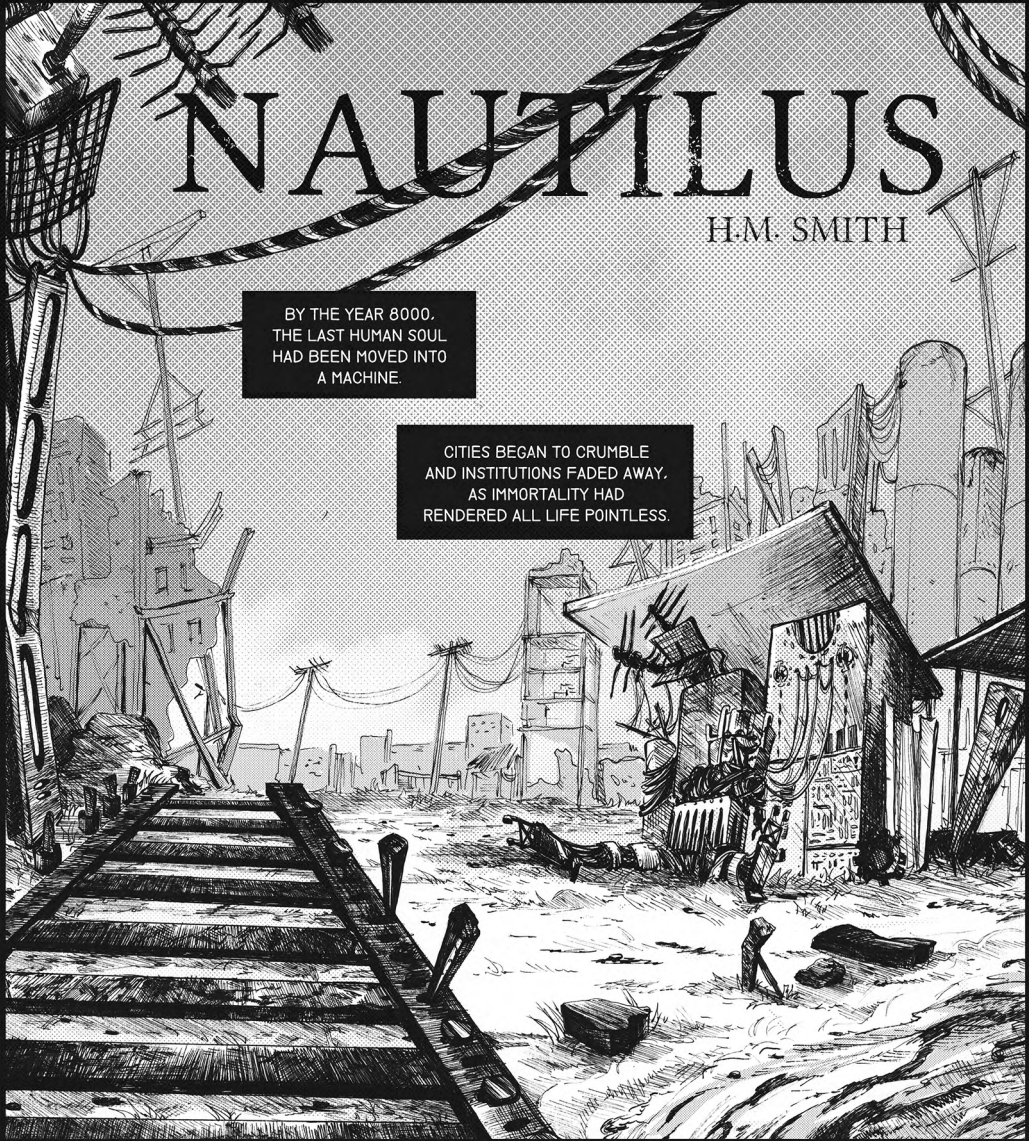


# NAUTILUS

H.M. SMITH

BY THE YEAR 8000.  
THE LAST HUMAN SOUL  
HAD BEEN MOVED INTO  
A MACHINE.

CITIES BEGAN TO CRUMBLE  
AND INSTITUTIONS FADED AWAY.  
AS IMMORTALITY HAD  
RENDERED ALL LIFE POINTLESS.



THAT WAS, UNTIL  
ONE DAY,

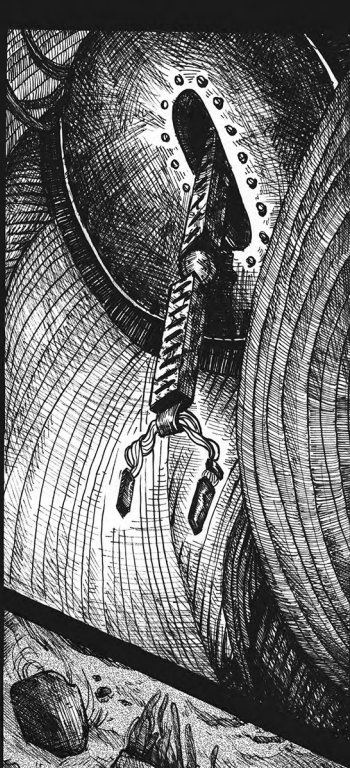
SOMETHING SMALL  
CRAWLED OUT OF  
THE OCEAN.








IT WAS A  
NAUTILUS.



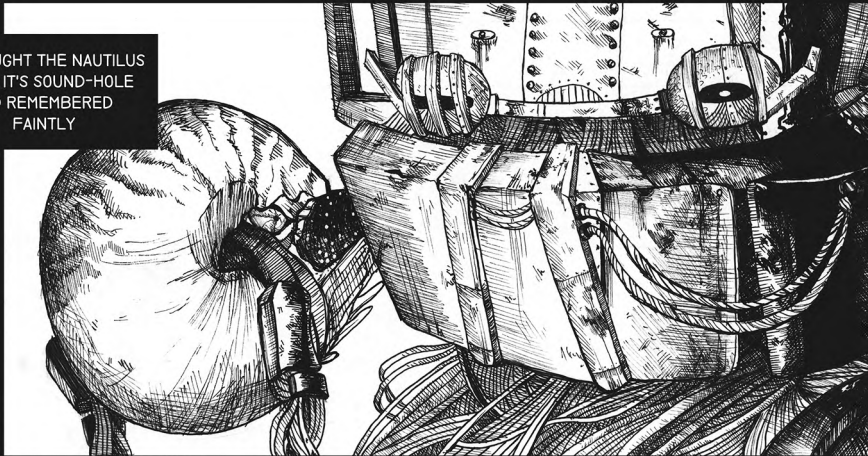
CURIOUS. AND HAVING DONE  
NOTHING BUT RUST  
FOR THE PAST DECADE.



THE ROBOT PICKED IT UP.



IT BROUGHT THE NAUTILUS  
UP TO IT'S SOUND-HOLE  
AND REMEMBERED  
FAINTLY



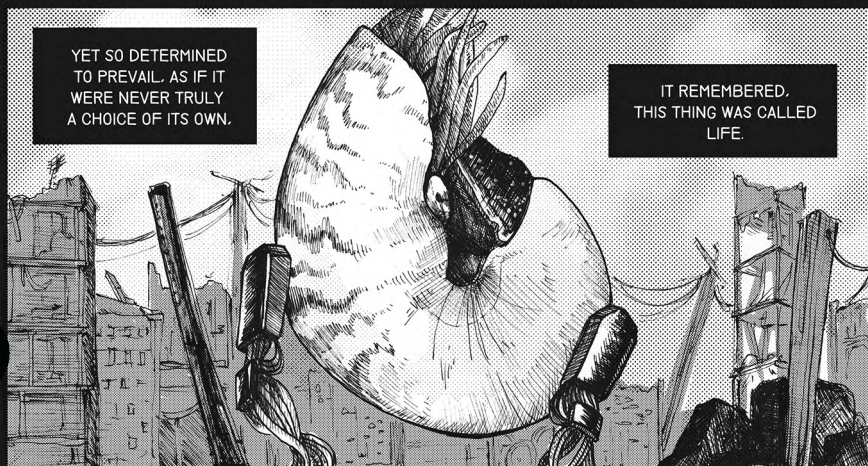
THAT THERE WAS  
SOMETHING LONG AGO.

GENTLE AND INSUBSTANTIAL.



YET SO DETERMINED  
TO PREVAIL, AS IF IT  
WERE NEVER TRULY  
A CHOICE OF ITS OWN.

IT REMEMBERED.  
THIS THING WAS CALLED  
LIFE.





"WE ARE BEST FRIENDS NOW"  
THE ROBOT SAID INSTINCTIVELY.

THAT AT LEAST WAS  
WHAT IT FOUND APPROPRIATE.

IT COULDN'T ACTUALLY  
REMEMBER WHAT BEST  
FRIENDS MEANT.

FIN.



# HELL

BY LARK FLEISCHER



I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD PEOPLE'S  
THEORIES OF THE AFTERLIFE.



OF THE CONCEPT OF HELL  
OR GHOSTS.



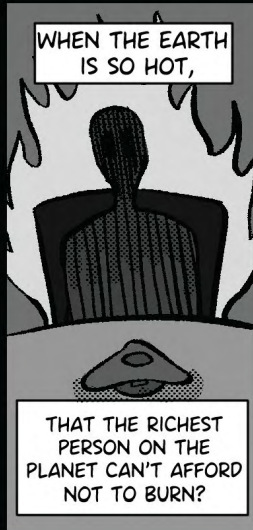
BUT, IF GHOSTS ARE REAL,  
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE'RE ALL GONE?



WHEN THE OCEANS  
OVERFLOW,



WHEN THE WASTE  
PILES HIGHER THAN  
SKYSCRAPERS,



WHEN THE EARTH  
IS SO HOT,

THAT THE RICHEST  
PERSON ON THE  
PLANET CAN'T AFFORD  
NOT TO BURN?



ONCE WE'VE  
LET THE PLANET DIE,

WHAT CAN WE DO OTHER THAN  
ROAM AROUND IN ITS RUIN?



AND BY THE TIME WE'VE  
WALKED CIRCLES AROUND  
THE EARTH,



WON'T WE BE FORCED  
TO WATCH IT REBUILD?

AND ONCE IT'S  
REBUILT,




WON'T WE HAVE TO  
WATCH THE WORLD BE  
BEAUTIFUL AGAIN?



UNABLE TO TOUCH  
ANY OF IT ?





AND THE FORMER CEOS,  
BILLIONAIRES, TYCOONS,  
WILL CRY, WON'T THEY, AND  
SAY IT ISN'T FAIR?

AND MAYBE THEY'LL ADMIT  
THAT IF THEY LISTENED, FOR A  
SINGLE SECOND,

THE WORLD COULD'VE  
REALLY BEEN AT THEIR  
FINGERTIPS.

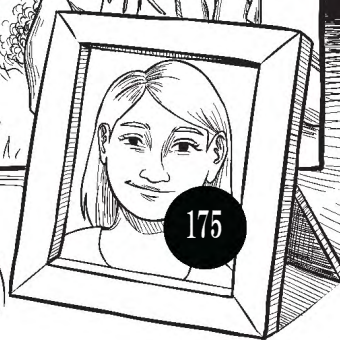
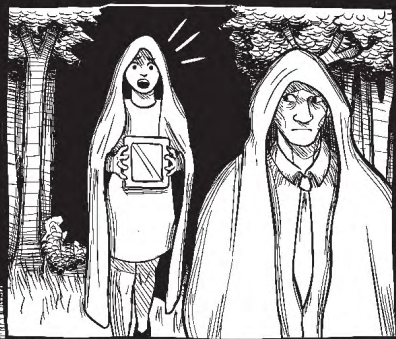
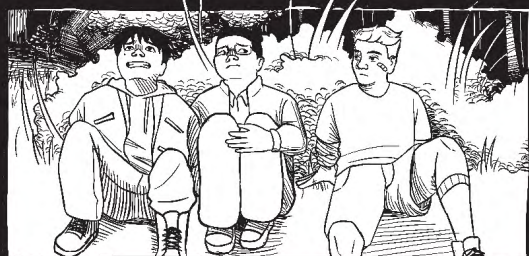
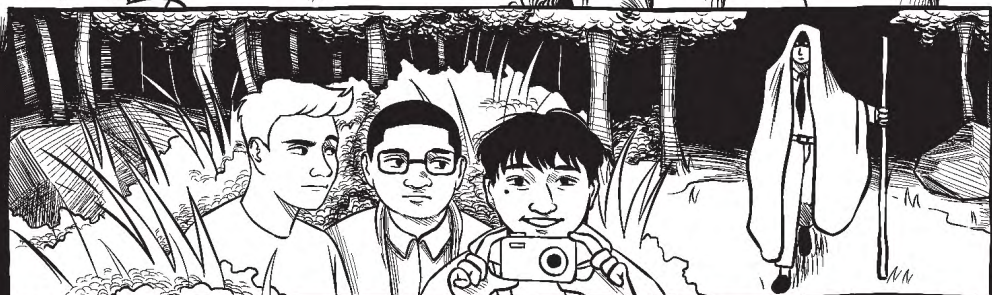


THAT MUST BE  
WHAT HELL IS.

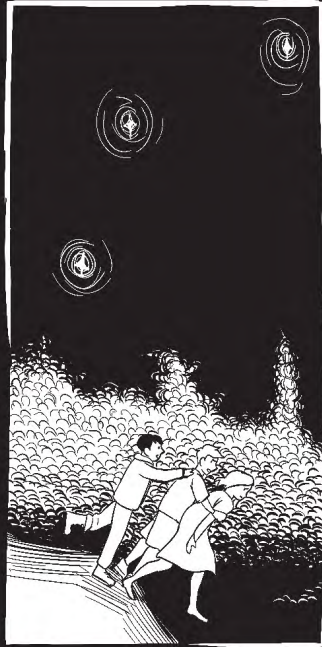


# BUSCANDO BOSQUES

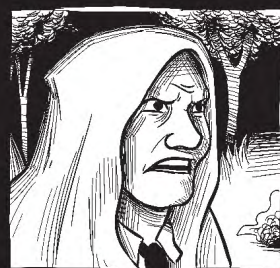
RACHEL FARZAN



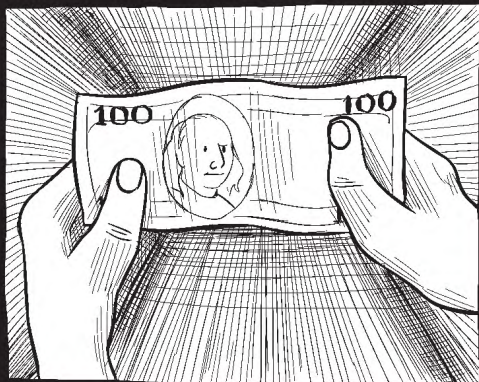












**THE  
END**

# HOLLOW

martie surasky  
@moonselkies

I'M NOT SCARED OF DEATH.



I LOST THAT FEAR A LONG TIME AGO.

I KNEW I'D DIED.

I'D FELT IT.

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.



SO WHY

AM I-





-STILL

HERE?

THIS DOESN'T FEEL LIKE DEATH.



BUT THIS ISN'T



LIFE EITHER.

I'M STUCK IN A STATE OF DECAY



TRAPPED IN A RUINED BODY.



NO LUNGS TO  
CATCH

MY SHAKING  
BREATH.



I FEEL  
EVERY LIMB.



EVERY DIGIT.



MY CHEST

DRY...



HOLLOW.



THERE'S NO HEARTBEAT.  
NO PROOF THAT I AM ALIVE.



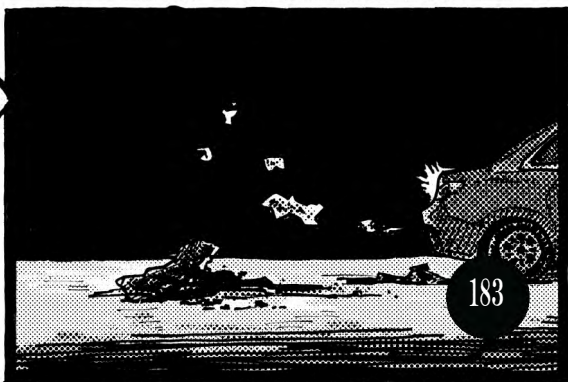
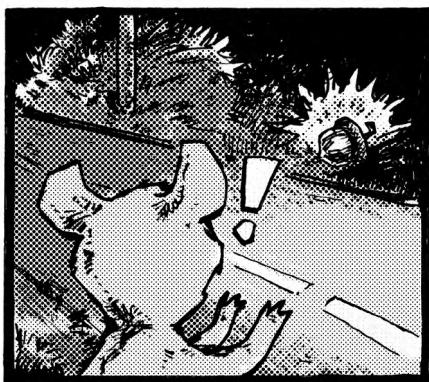
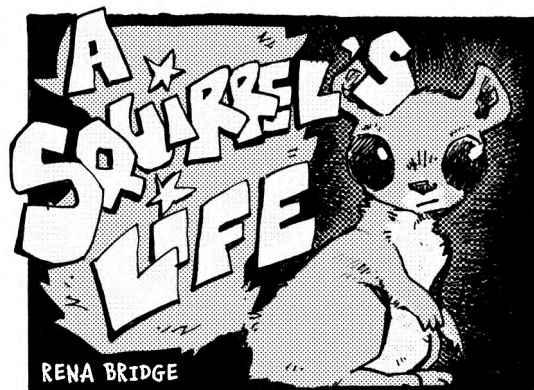
BETWEEN  
*LIFE*  
AND  
*DEATH*



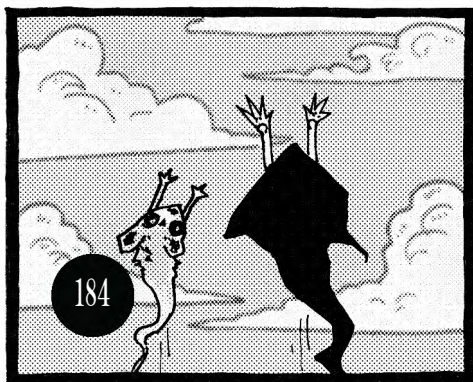
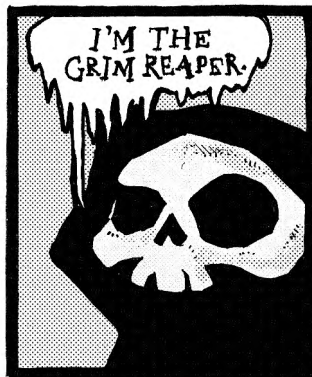
I'M TRAPPED.

I'M ALONE.

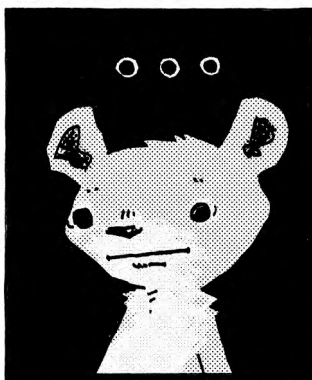
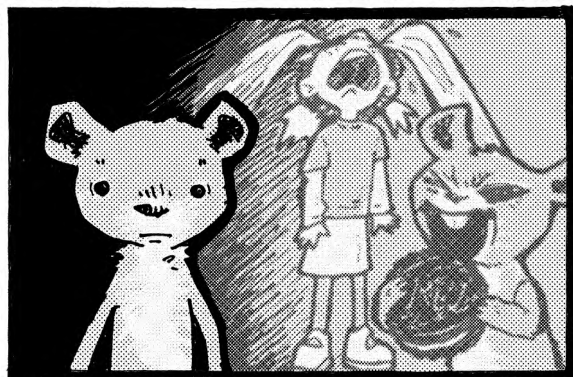














Samantha Brem

I guess  
it's good  
enough?



"Better"

I've always liked  
the saying



That "better"  
is the enemy of  
good enough.



But with art...




... "Good enough"  
usually ISN'T

Dammit.








I bet it'd be  
easier to destroy  
everything I've  
ever made...

...than create  
anything  
meaningful.



...well, maybe it'd  
be cathartic.

I really shouldn't  
destroy all my  
work though.



Screw  
it.



At this point what's  
the harm?

Might as well  
go for it.



Honestly though...

Hmm...  
Not bad.



Maybe sometimes you have to ruin  
something "good enough"



I don't  
hate it.



To get something  
better.

Fin.



# TEMPLE

BY MADDOX STROUT



JOINT PAIN THAT WORSENS  
WITH PRESSURE,

OR BENDING,



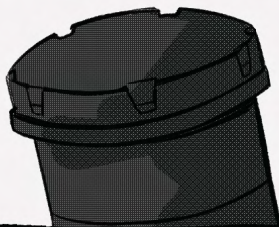
OR STANDING,



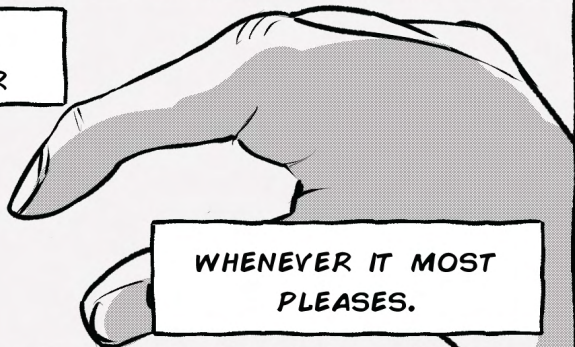
OR WEATHER,



MOVES FROM ONE  
SIDE TO THE OTHER



WHENEVER IT MOST  
PLEASES.



FATIGUE AND MALAISE  
FOLLOW CLOSELY,



LIKE LOYAL HOUNDS.



BACK ACHING,

ACHING,

ALWAYS DULLY  
ACHING

SOMEONE'S CARRYING  
WITH AN ICEPICK

DEEP WITHIN  
MY BONES.

WHATEVER THEY'RE  
MAKING...

CRACK

IT'S IMPACTING  
THE STRUCTURE.

IF MY BODY IS A  
TEMPLE...

IS THIS HERESY OR  
EXCOMMUNICATION?



# XIU

BY YEALA GRIMES

Where did everyone go?

Why's it so...

...quiet?

How...

How did I get here?



There was someone here  
just a moment ago...



Someone important...



Where did he go?



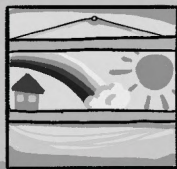








# CRASH



It's

Ruined.

196

END

Created By Killian Goodale-Porter

# All That Remains

by Morgan Lee

Ah,  
take a look at  
this one, Dicoros.

"Chaos God Dicoros steals  
away Gaiea's god-to-be, Iren".  
Oh, *please*, Mother was delighted  
to know I finally took a liking  
to someone.

Aw, damn it,  
they caught my bad  
angle!

Ha!  
Those politicians  
never get anything  
right.

Even after all  
this time, they somehow  
still believe I'm  
a damsel in distress.

"Oh Titans!"

"The devilish god of  
chaos has simply swept me  
off my feet! What will he do  
to me?"

Woo me with his  
charming wit? Kiss me  
sweetly? Ask for my hand  
in marriage?"

"Please don't cry  
mother! I won't let his  
philandering ways get  
to me so easily!"





Ha Ha Ha Ha  
Ha... Ha ha  
ha...

Are the headlines  
getting to you?

They think I  
must be crazy to fall  
in love with you,

but they  
don't know you like  
I do, dear.

Ah pft,  
let them hate me  
however they want.

At the end of the day, I'll  
still be by your side till the end of  
the world, my love...

Won't I?

Your Holiness!

Thank the Titans  
you are safe!

We were worried that if  
we did not strike now, it would  
only be a matter of time before it  
was too late for you.

Don't fret, your holiness!  
You no longer have to fear that  
tyrant of a chaos god!

...

Your Holiness?



What have you done?

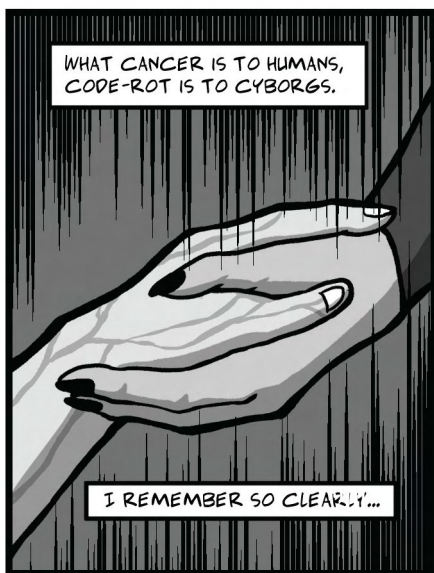


# My Love Has Returned

BY SETHE HOWELL



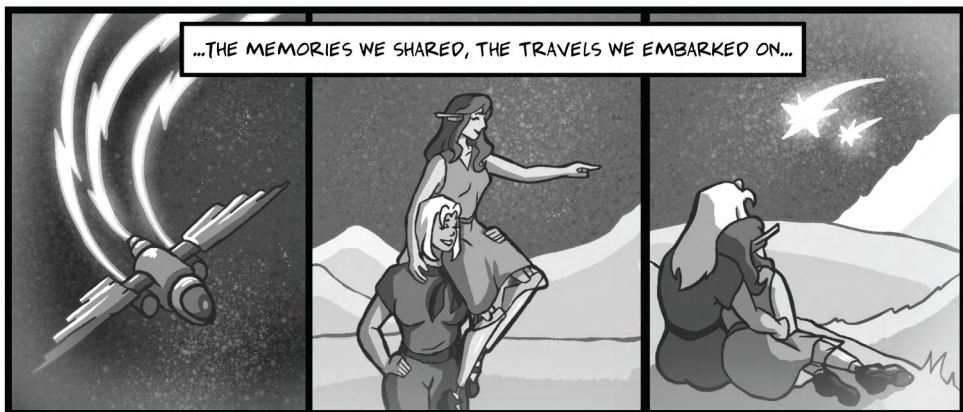
INTO RUINOUS DESPAIR, YOUR DEATH  
HAS PLUNGED ME.



WHAT CANCER IS TO HUMANS,  
CODE-ROT IS TO CYBORGS.

I REMEMBER SO CLEARLY...

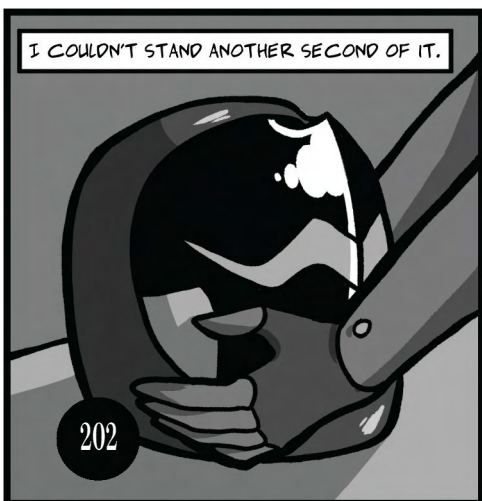




...THE MEMORIES WE SHARED, THE TRAVELS WE EMBARKED ON...



YOU WITHERED TOO QUICKLY,  
LEAVING ME WITH AN ICY VOID  
WHERE YOUR WARMTH ONCE  
BROUGHT COMFORT.

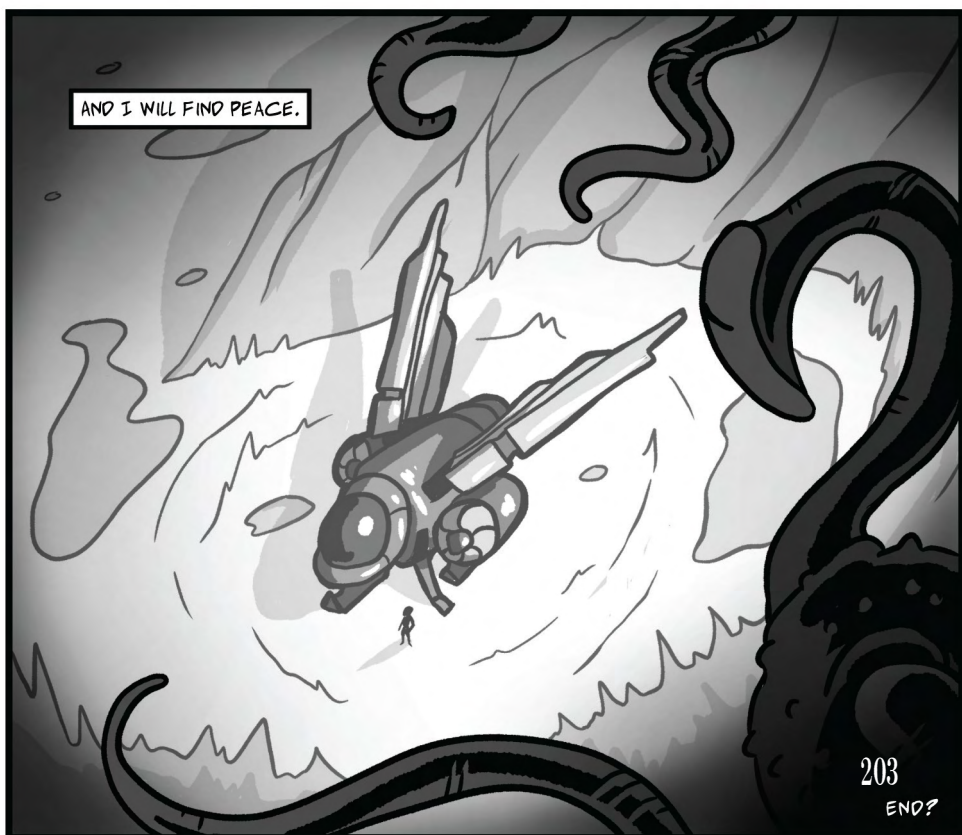
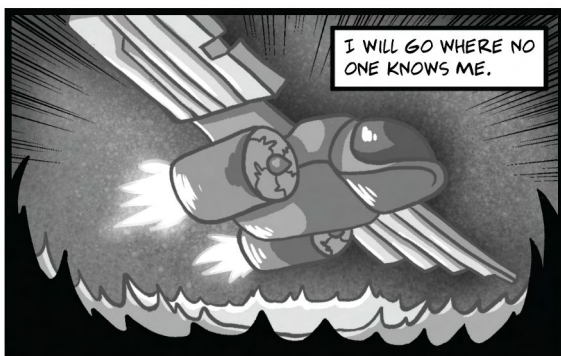


I COULDN'T STAND ANOTHER SECOND OF IT.

202



WHAT WAS ONCE  
OUR HOME IS NOW  
A CASKET.

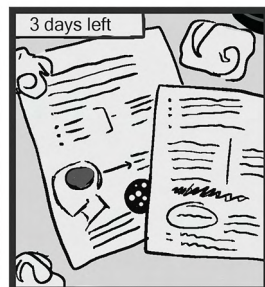
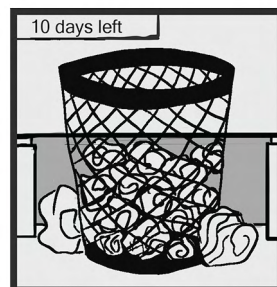






LAURYN BAYNES

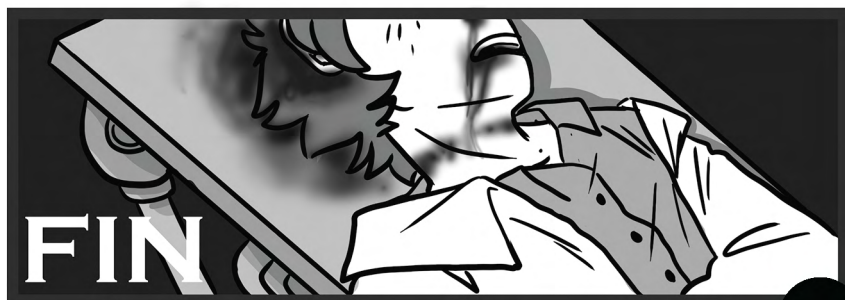
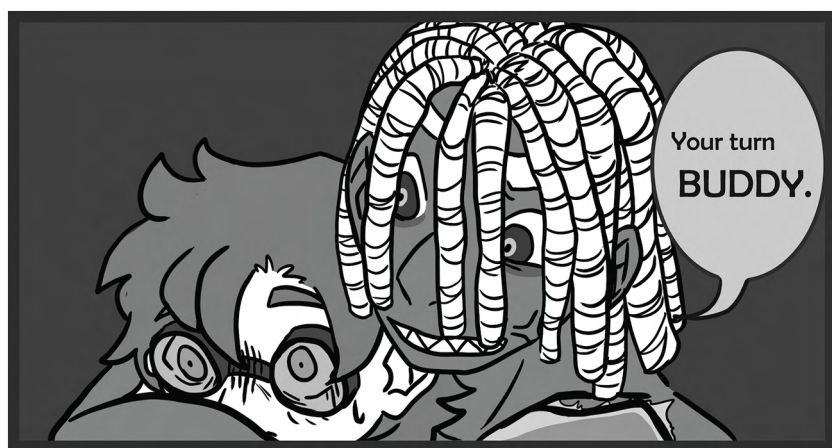
# CORRUPTED SUCCESS













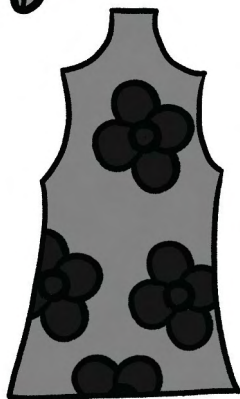
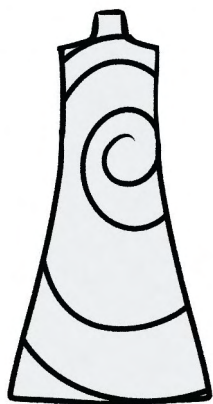
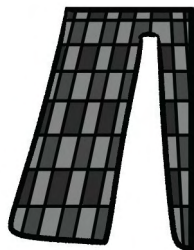
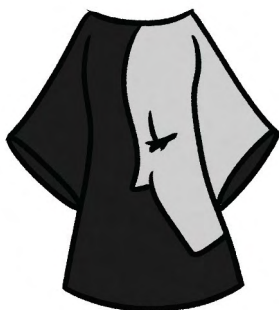
# Beef & Sunny

Space  
Adventure's  
by: Lily Higgins





















I WANT TO BURN THIS  
WHOLE BUILDING DOWN.



I'LL DILIGENTLY MARK IT  
DOWN ON THE SHEET.

MAYBE IF  
I DESTROY  
THEM  
ENOUGH

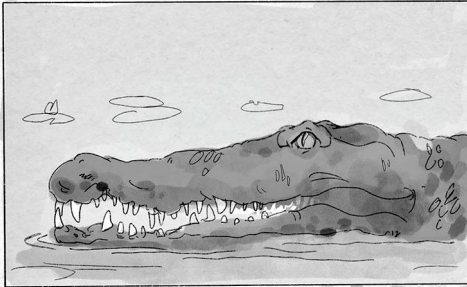
THE THINGS  
I MAKE CAN  
FINALLY BE  
MINE.

# Among The Lotuses

by Kylie Love Gatchalian

I was waiting for my lotuses to bloom...

when you came along.



Normally,  
I'd shoo you  
away,

but I was curious.







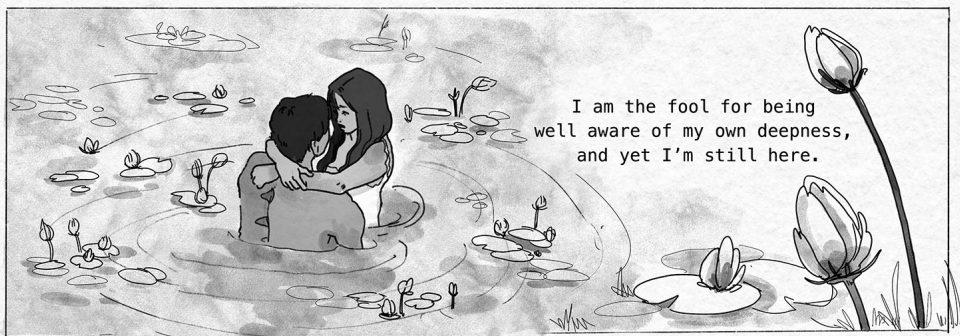
But what can I say,  
I am a giver.



It wasn't supposed to mean anything.



I wanted to see you as the  
beast, finding reasons to  
justify my indulgence.



I am the fool for being  
well aware of my own deepness,  
and yet I'm still here.

Love won't blossom from our temporary affection.



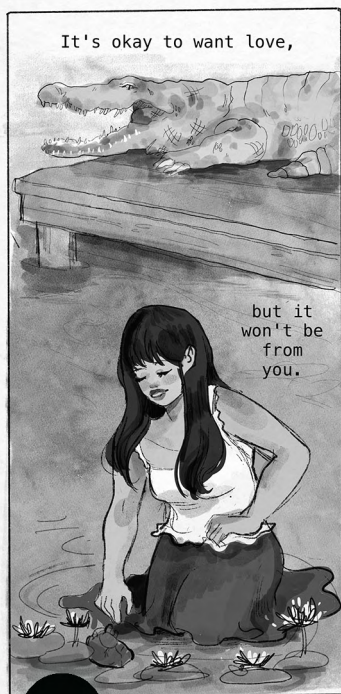
I am a beast  
in my own way.



I don't blame him  
for his hunger,

because I  
starved too.





# THE FLAMES GROW HIGHER

LEAH BONANNI



RAHMIEL?

IS  
THAT  
YOU?



I MISSED  
YOU...

IT'S GOOD TO  
SEE YOUR FACE.



VAHLI...

I SPOKE  
WITH MY  
FATHER.



ANY LUCK?



...





NECROMANCY GOES  
TOO FAR FOR HIM-

HE WON'T  
REDUCE THE  
SENTENCE.



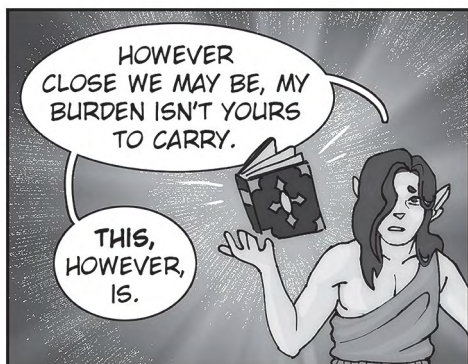
YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
DIE...

...AND IT'S  
ALL MY  
FAULT.



YOU MAY NOT BE ABLE TO  
GET ME OUT OF THIS,

BUT I GOT MYSELF IN IT.



HOWEVER  
CLOSE WE MAY BE, MY  
BURDEN ISN'T YOURS  
TO CARRY.

THIS,  
HOWEVER,  
IS.



YOUR SPELL  
BOOK?!

I CAN'T  
TAKE THIS!  
IF I GET  
CAUGHT-

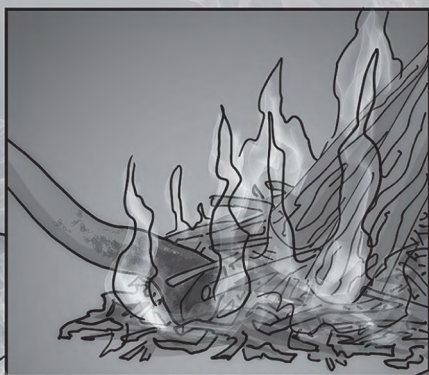
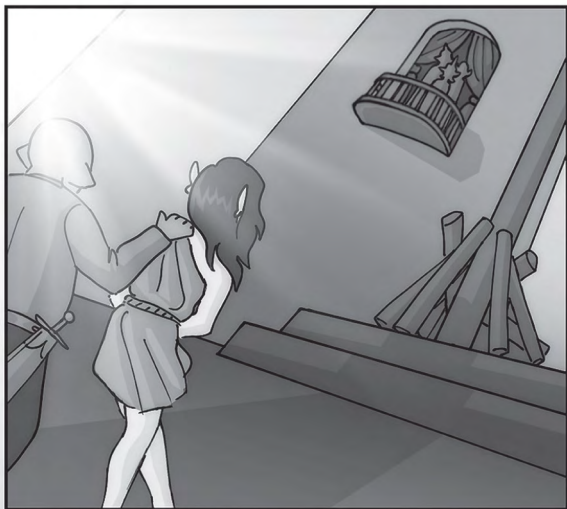


I'M NOT ASKING  
YOU TO USE IT- JUST  
TO KEEP IT.

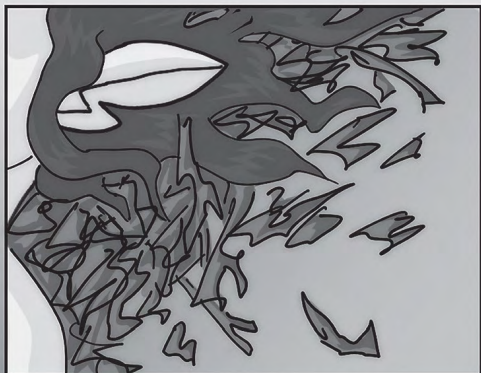
TO REMEMBER  
ME BY.



I LOVE  
YOU,  
RAHMI.







So it was the fork incident that got you fired.

\*sigh\* I wish,  
that just put me  
on thin ice.

It's what happened  
afterwards that  
sealed my fate.

I mean is this  
really my fault.  
how was I  
supposed  
to know tha-

Excuse me.

Hm?

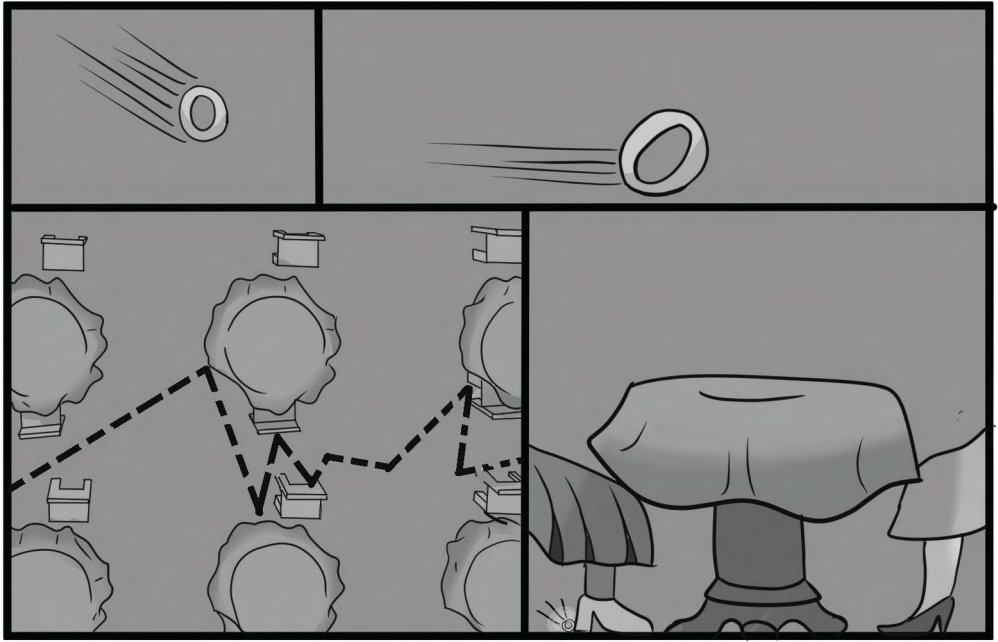
Could you do me a favor? I'm proposing to my boyfriend tonight and  
want to put the ring in the wine glass to suprise him. Do you think you  
could help me with that?

Aww how sweet.  
Sure thing, I can bring  
the ring over in the  
wine for you.  
What table  
are sitting at?

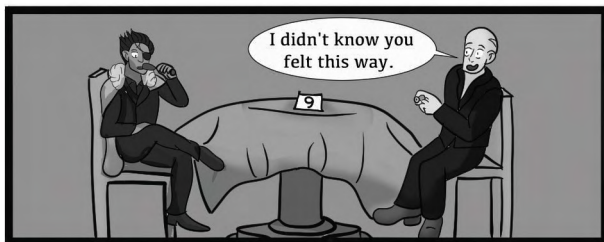
Table six





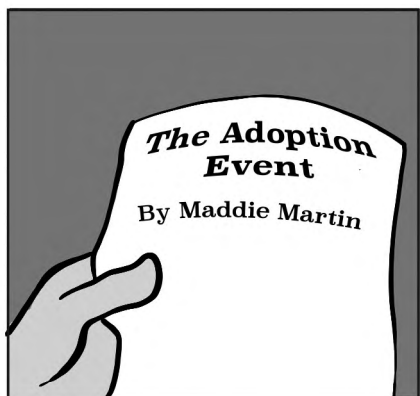




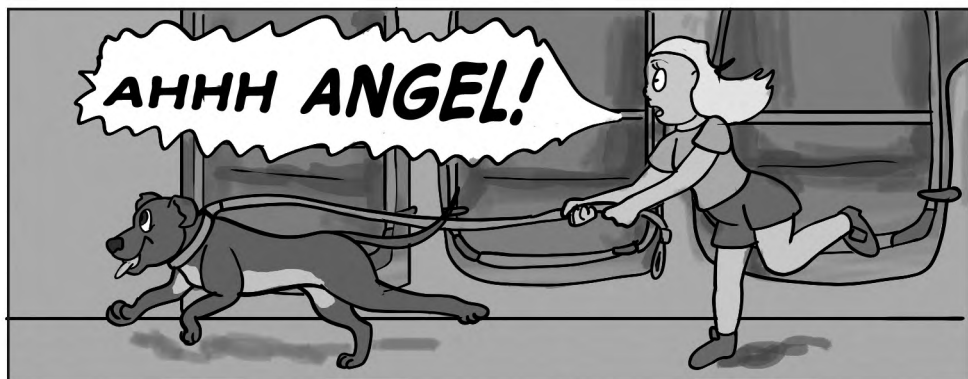


And that's how I managed to piss off not only the mayor, but also our city's biggest gang leader within five minutes of each other.

The  
End













I ALMOST GOT A  
FOREVER HOME TODAY.  
WHY DID I HAVE TO JUMP HER?  
WHY DID I HAVE TO RUIN IT?

THE  
END



# Restoration

BY: MADISON PHAM

The ruin of the  
Crying Goddess has  
always stood tall  
near my village.

The old lake used to  
provide for the  
faithful. But we have  
abandoned Her-

- so She has  
abandoned us.

She once sustained  
us with Her tears.  
Now, Her and the  
land are dry.

We're out of water. We  
need more, or else.





I don't even know if  
this will work. I am  
one of the last of  
Her followers.

But I have to try,  
for everyone's  
sakes. May She  
have mercy on us.

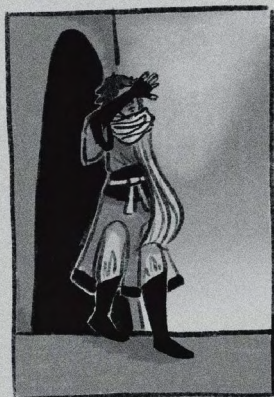
The button on the  
door should open  
the temple, but  
only if She allows it.



She allowed it.



The temple is a beautiful ruin, but a ruin nonetheless.



There are floors upon floors of desolate, crumbling rooms and altars in here. An entire dying culture for a goddess too little people believe in anymore. But, hopefully



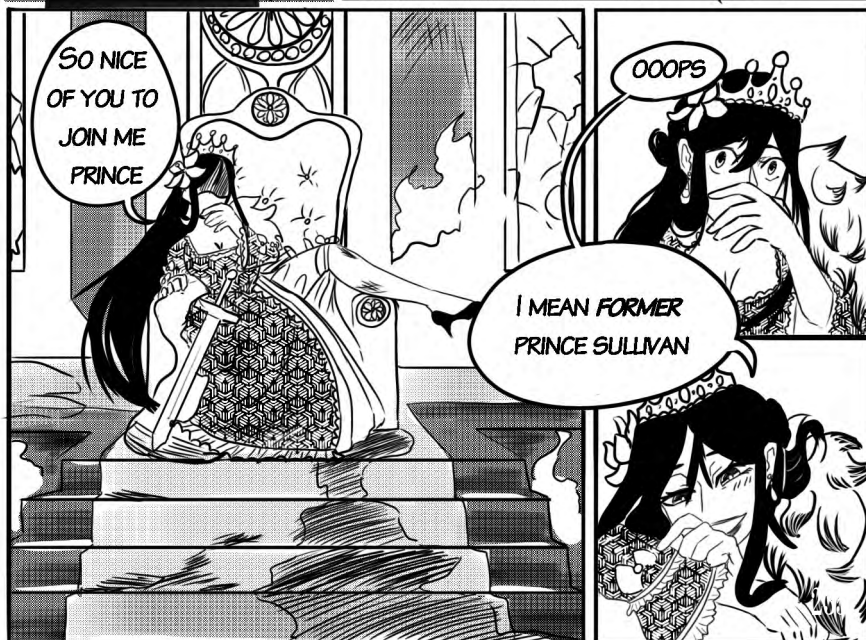
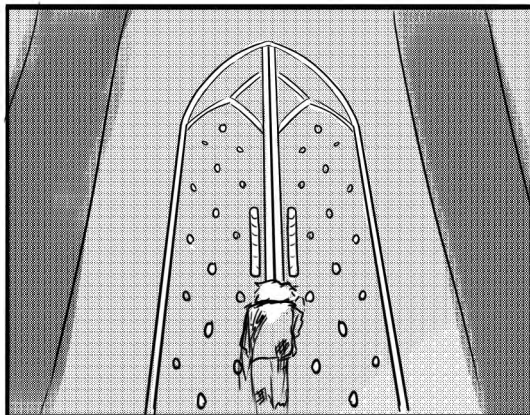




...but a restored  
temple for a  
returned faith.

# Ruination

Sophie boone



SO NICE  
OF YOU TO  
JOIN ME  
PRINCE

OOOPS

I MEAN FORMER  
PRINCE SULLIVAN

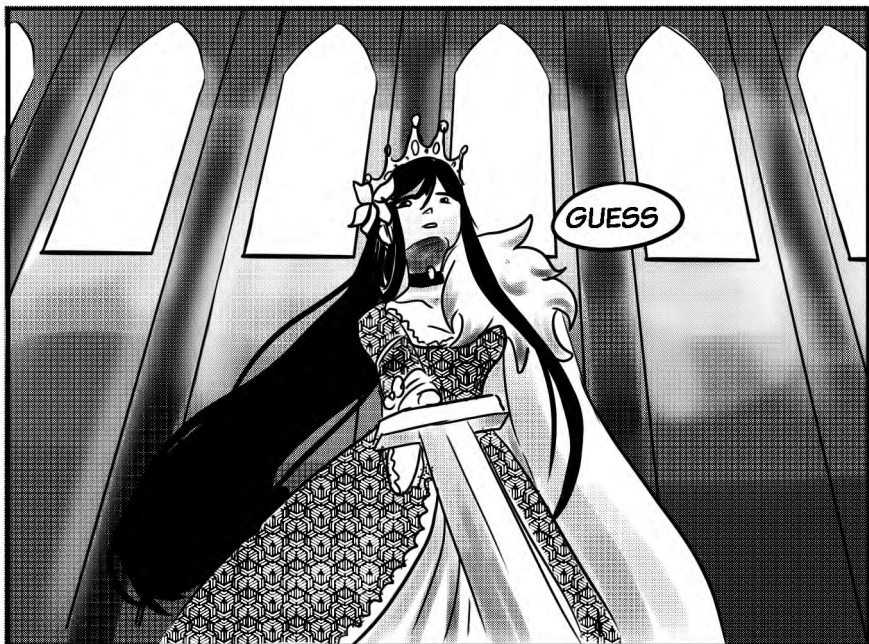




WHAT DO  
YOU INTEND  
TO DO BY  
DOING THIS?



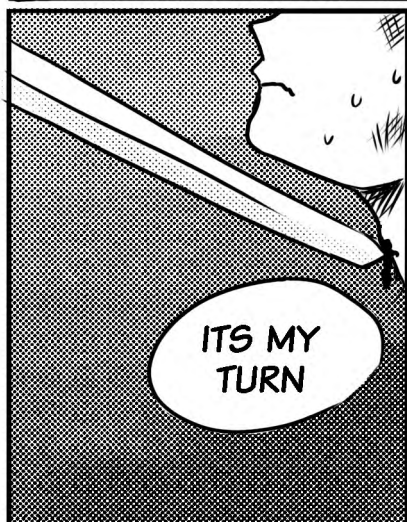
GUESS



WELL ITS  
TOO  
LATE NOW







# THE CURSED LAND OF SCRIOSTA

SHANNON FRITZ

@DREAM\_SOMETHING\_BIG

@DREAMSMTHBIG

*Once there was a witch of  
life and a woman of death.*

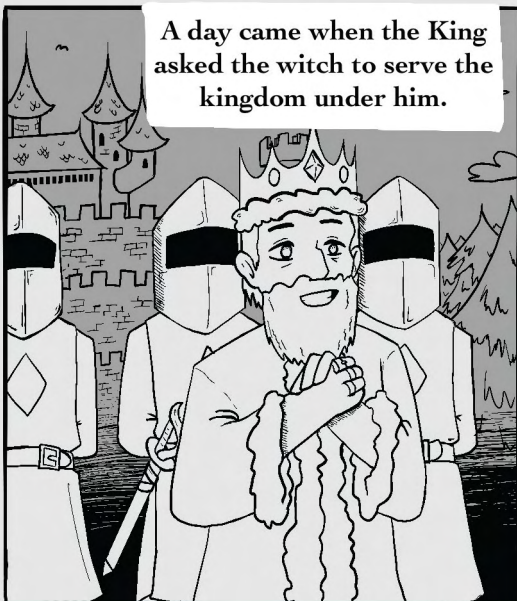
*Each understood  
the need for the  
other in the world.*

*They loved each other.*





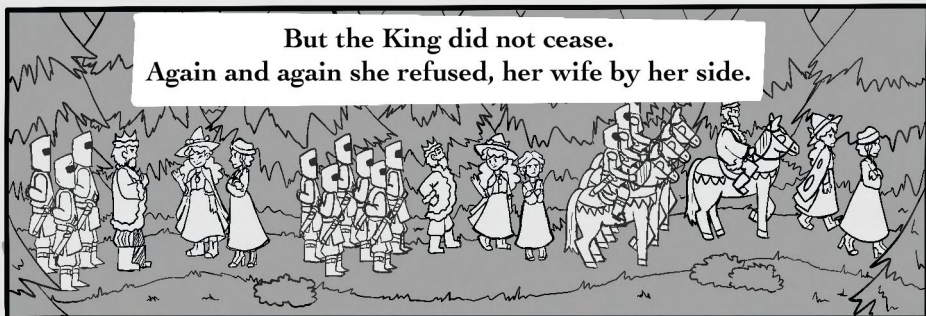
A day came when the King  
asked the witch to serve the  
kingdom under him.



She refused.



But the King did not cease.  
Again and again she refused, her wife by her side.



The King broke.

"If I cannot have the  
power over life, than  
no one shall."





He turned the kingdom against  
the witch.



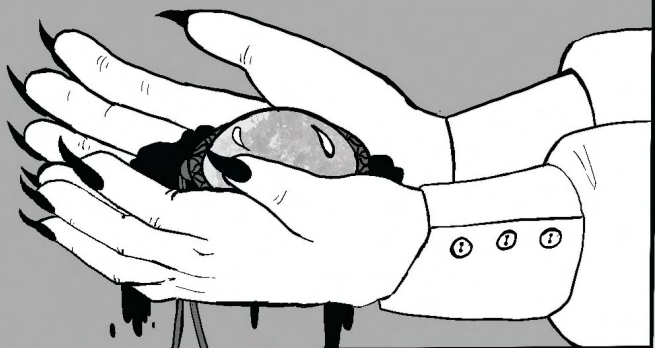
And burned her at the stake.



The  
woman  
of death  
was too  
late.



When she found out, she used the witches amulet to curse the land.



"Ten times over, twenty, a million times over, I curse the land you lay your heads down on, I will take all that is left, for you took all that was left for me. You will never again rest easy."



Thus, the land was cursed to death and destruction that spread across all lands, hungry for ruin.



# Fixer Upper

By Rebecca Clay

CLASS, TODAY  
I'LL BE ASSIGNING  
A BIG PROJECT!  
IT'LL BE DUE  
DECEMBER 1ST.

NOV 10

Aa Bb

I WANT YOU  
TO CREATE  
SOMETHING  
THAT  
SHOWS-

WHAT  
YOU'D  
LIKE TO  
BE WHEN  
YOU  
GROW  
UP!

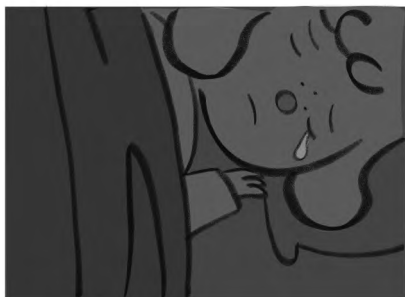
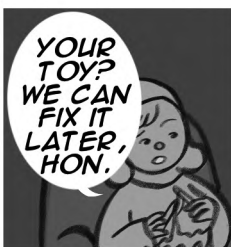
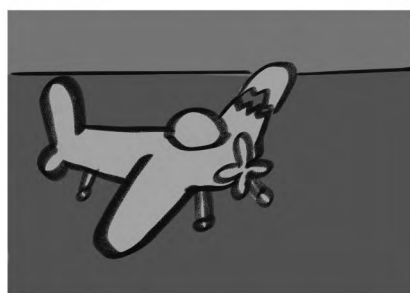
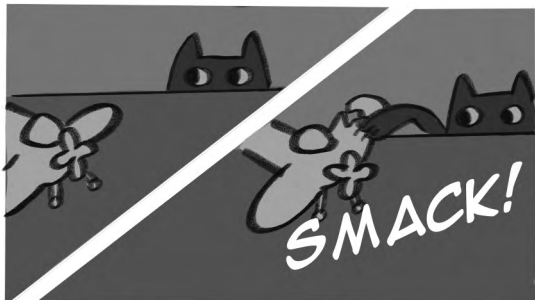
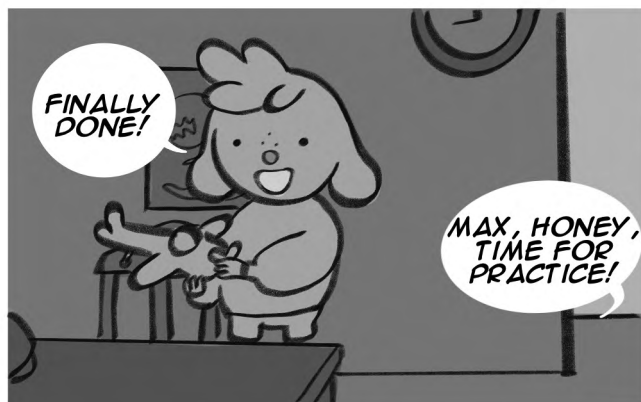
I'M  
HOME!

HOW WAS  
SCHOOL?

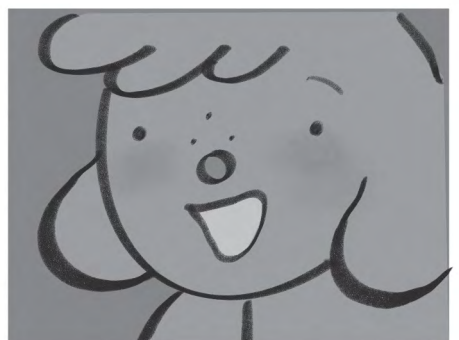
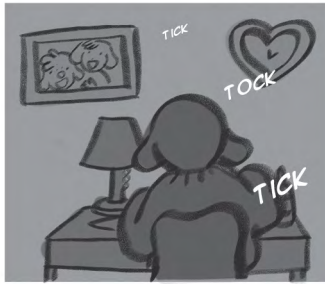
FINE!













I thought of saying

so many things



but oh... who am I kidding?  
I never meant to fall in love

least of all with you



my worst enemy



and my greatest lover



You're the sun, you're perfect!

everything this town loves  
and adores



but I've never  
been like that

I'm an outlaw,  
a thief,  
and a murderer

I destroy things,  
you build them  
back up.

thats the way it has to be









This town is nothing  
but trouble

and I think it could  
use a bit more

And there is no  
one I rather  
cause trouble with than you

So I ask again

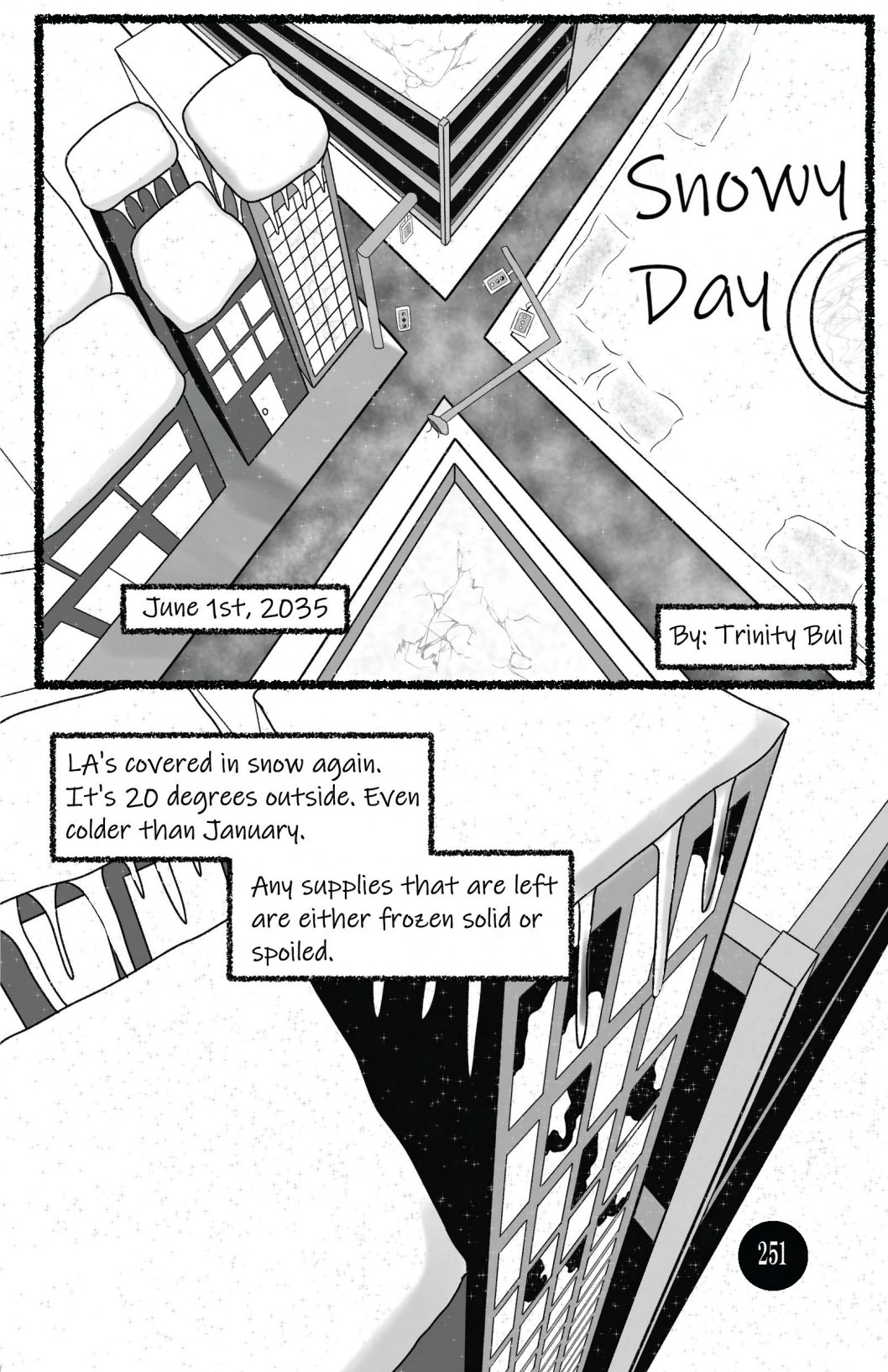
My Rosebud

Will you cause trouble with me forever?

I will.

250

THE  
END.



# SNOWY Day

June 1st, 2035

By: Trinity Bui

LA's covered in snow again.  
It's 20 degrees outside. Even  
colder than January.

Any supplies that are left  
are either frozen solid or  
spoiled.





I met someone about a week ago.



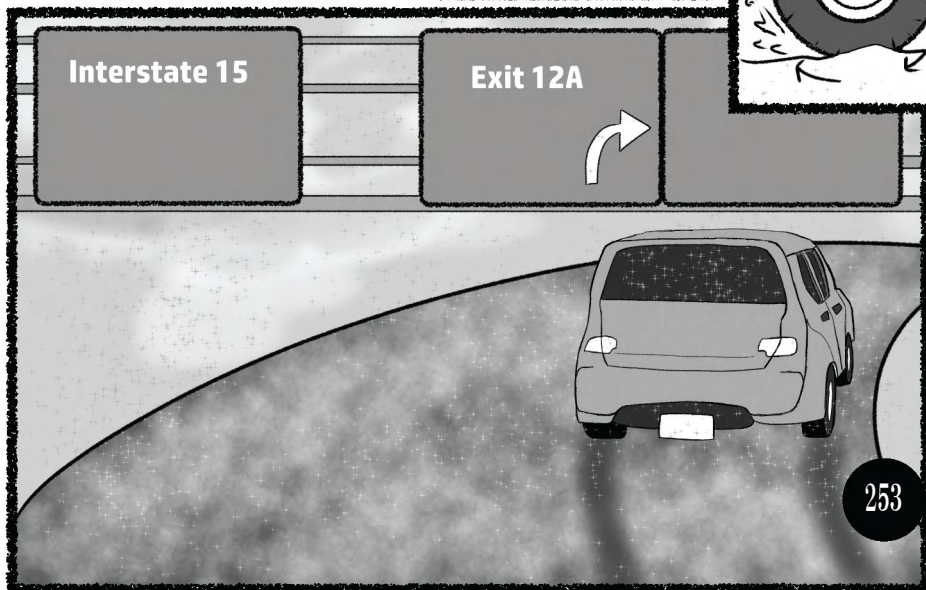
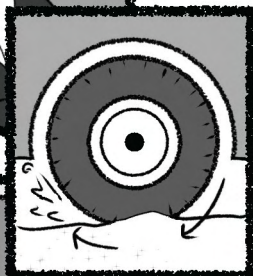
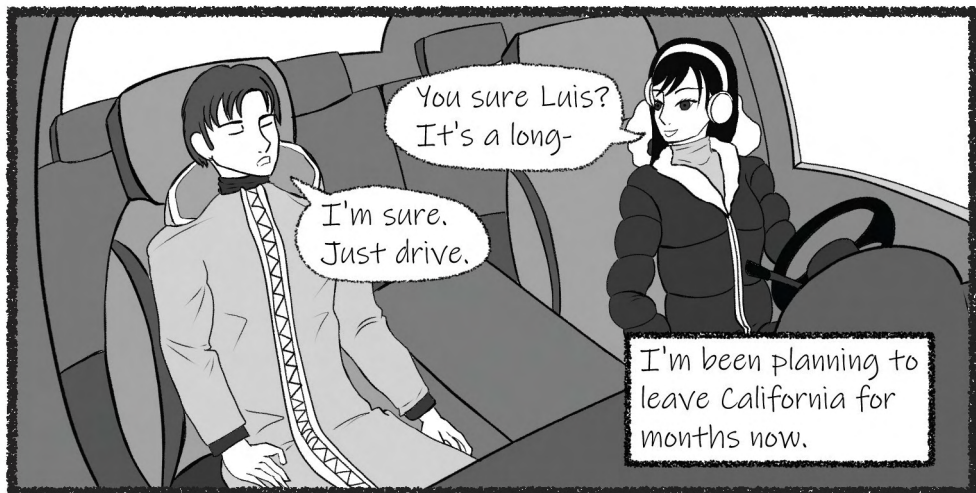
She calls herself Abby.



She's an odd one. Always smiling and asking me things.

Yeah, pretty much.

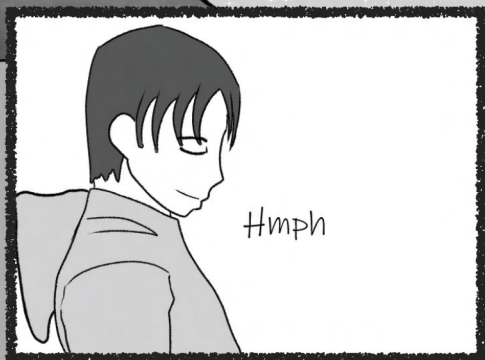
Got everything you need?





I am grateful to her though.  
She could've just left me to die.

I don't know what will happen  
after the drive's over.



Hopefully we make it that far

# World Worth Saving



By Heese Cilley











Maybe



One



Day



258

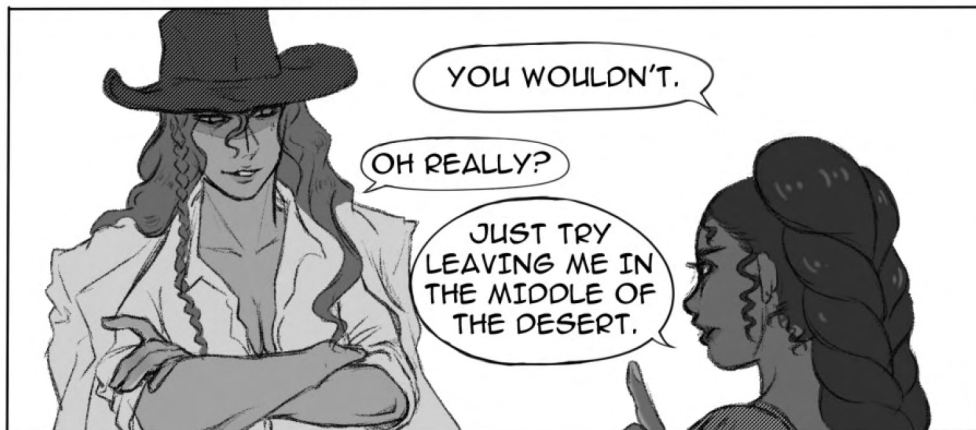
Again



The End

# Screwed

MALAIKA CAMPBELL







I HAVE  
NO IDEA  
WHAT YOU'RE  
TALKING ABOUT.



...DON'T FORGET  
THE POSITION  
YOU'RE...WE'RE IN.

EVENTUALLY, YOU'LL  
"TAKE CARE"  
OF YOUR  
ORIGINAL TARGET...

AND YOU'LL  
HAVE TO STOP  
PLAYING  
LOVER GIRL  
SO THAT YOU DON'T  
ACCIDENTALLY  
**RUIN** EACH  
OTHERS LIVES.







# a dance half-stepped



hey, Loretta.

wanna  
dance?



oh,  
alright.



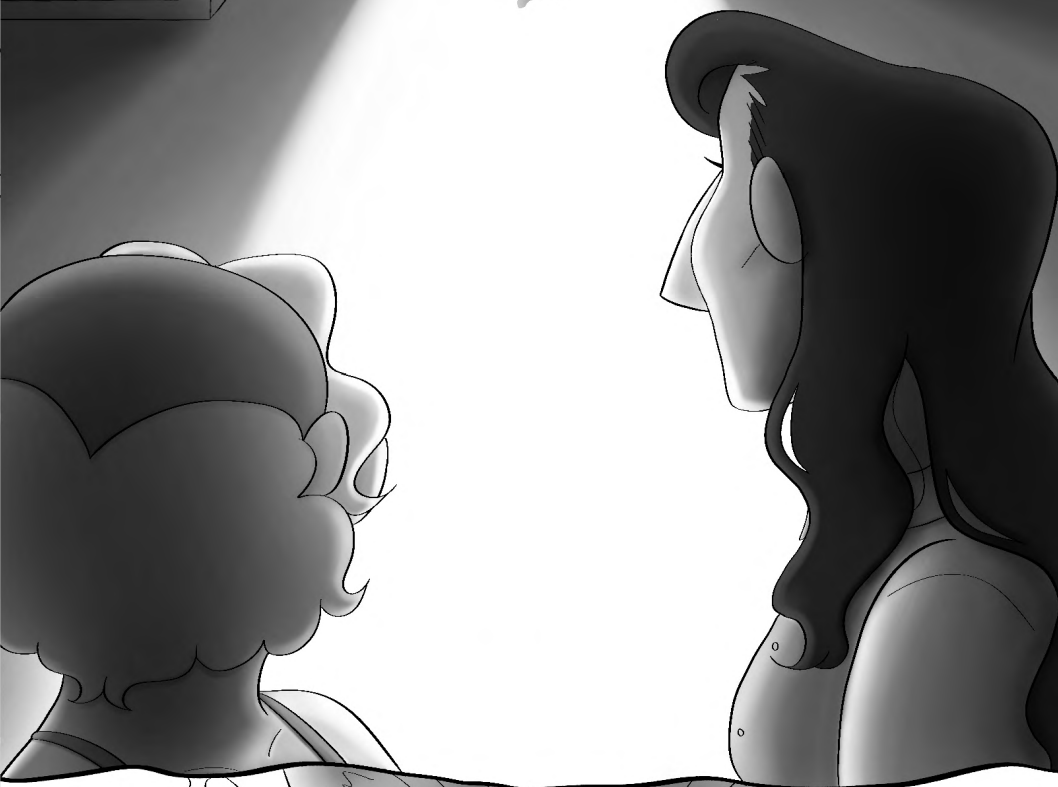
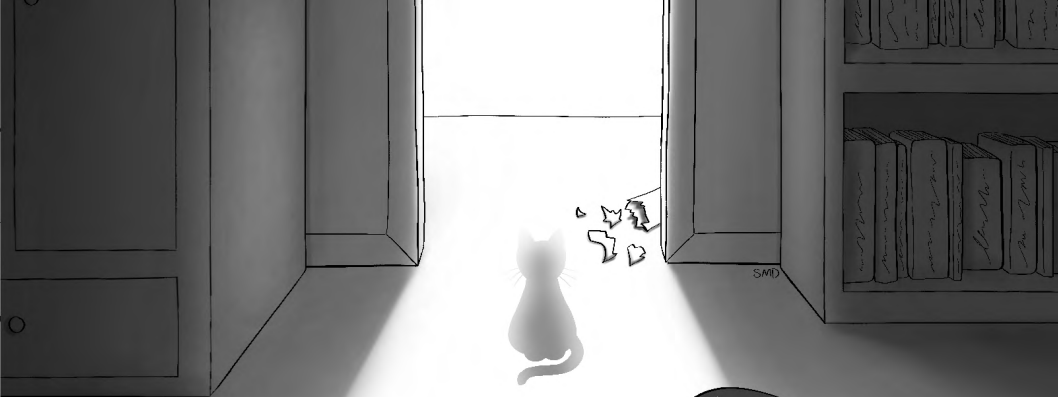
Clementine, dear,  
mind your strength!

hahaha!





CRASH!



augh,  
*Nimbus,*  
you ruined  
the  
moment!

there'll  
be others,  
love.

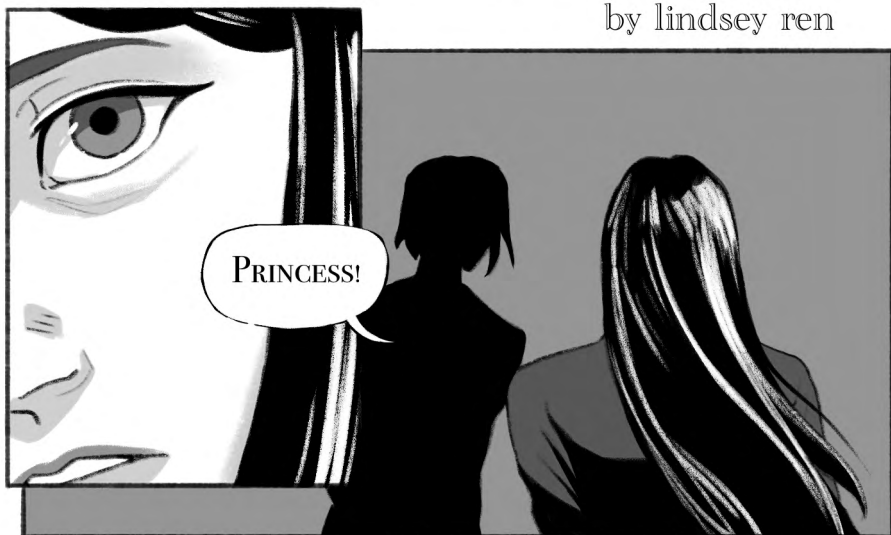
E N D



# 覆水难收

what spills between

by lindsey ren





OH MY GODS, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR EYE?

YOU SHOULD LEAVE, PRINCESS.  
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.



WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN?

**FIRE!**



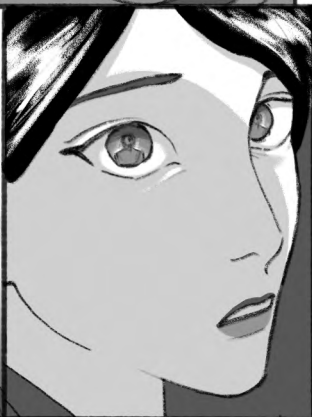
**FIRE, IT'S AN OIL FIRE!**



HEAVENS—A FIRE?  
YING, WHAT'S GOING ON?

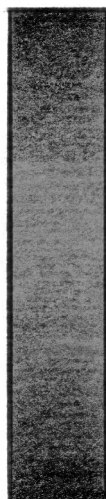


YING...?



**SHHK**







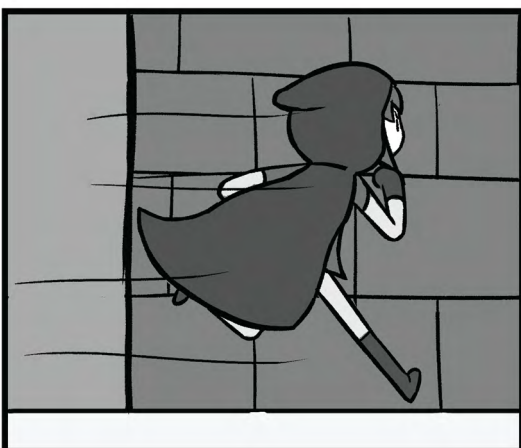
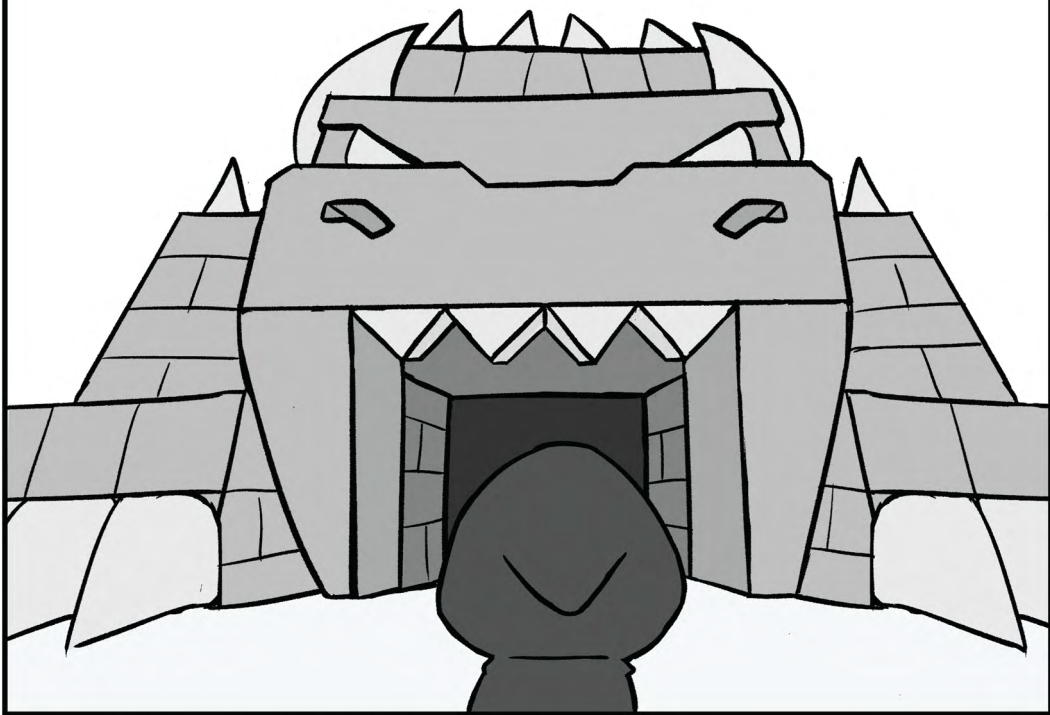
\* "LORD" IS A GENDER-NEUTRAL TERM IN THIS CASE.

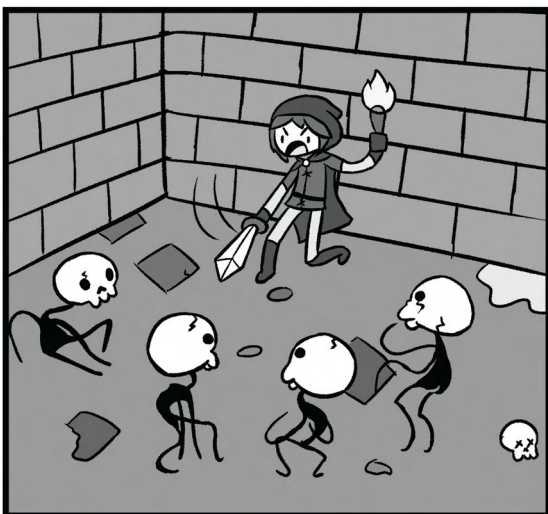
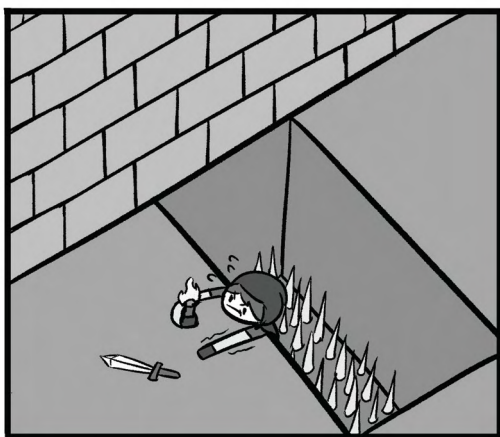




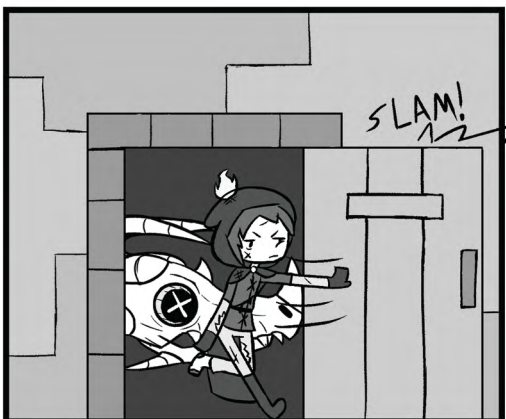
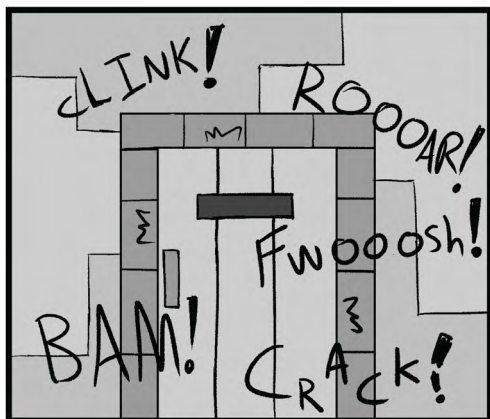
# Crypt of the Forgotten

Stephen Askew



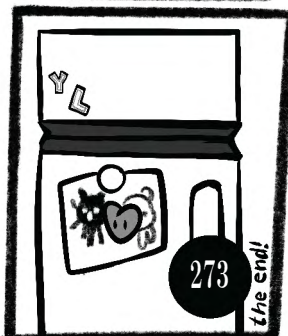
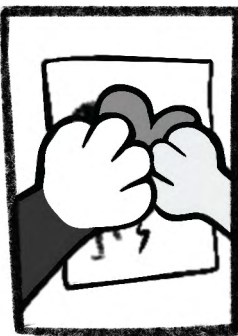
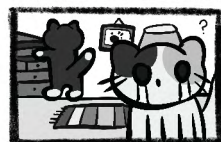
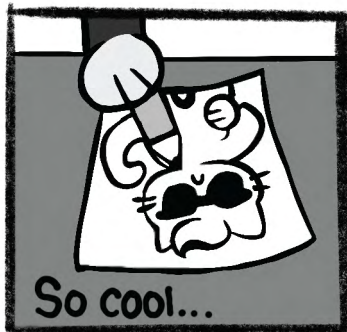
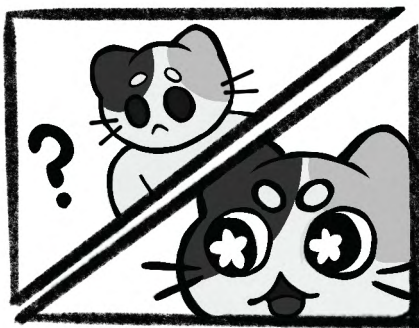
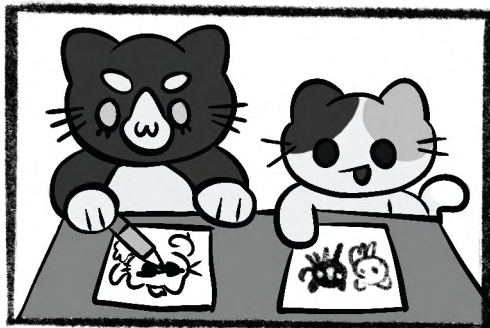






# BRUDDER

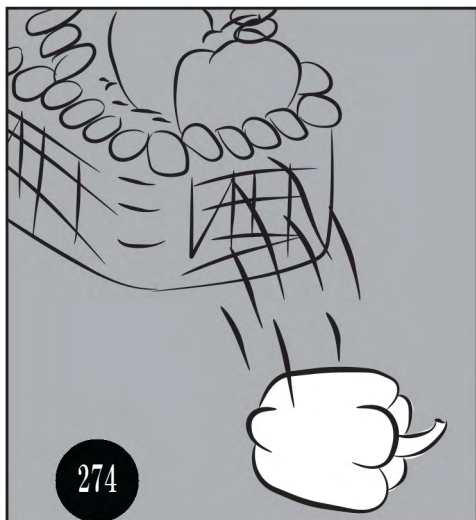
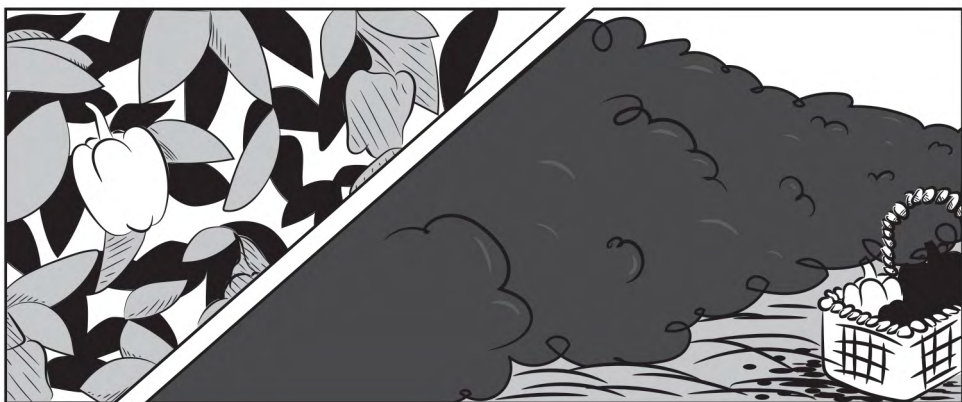
by Yelena  
for Lenny

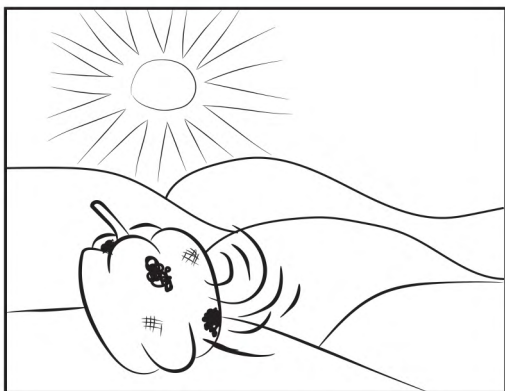
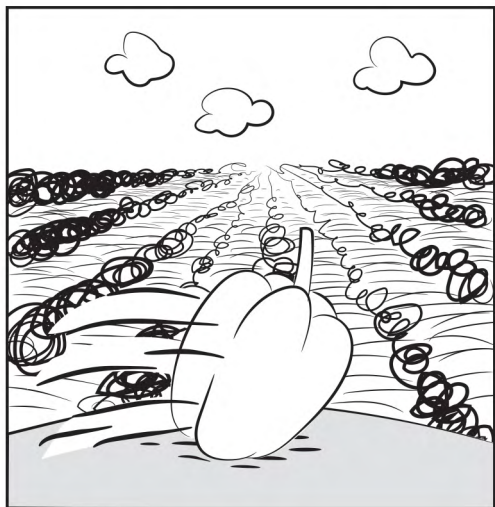




# The Last Bell Pepper

By Muniza Siddiqui





A FEW YEARS LATER...





MEANWHILE...



MUSEUM



The Last  
Bell Pepper

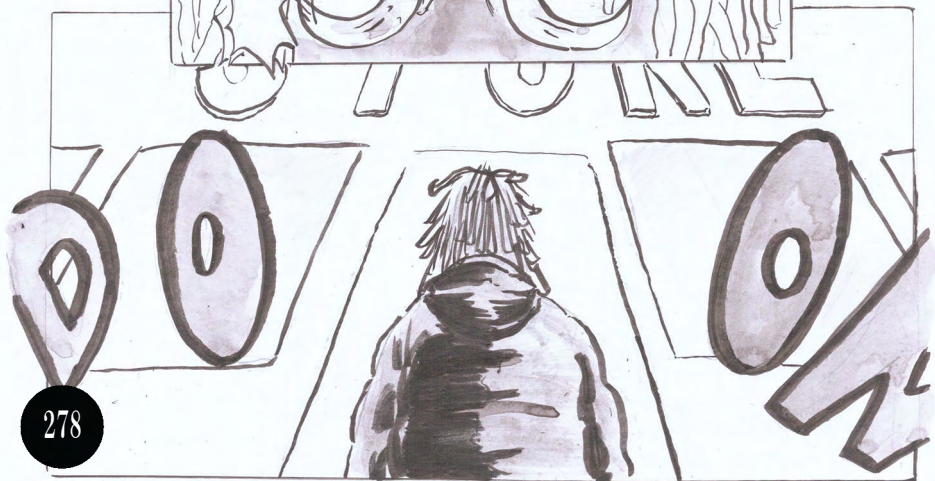
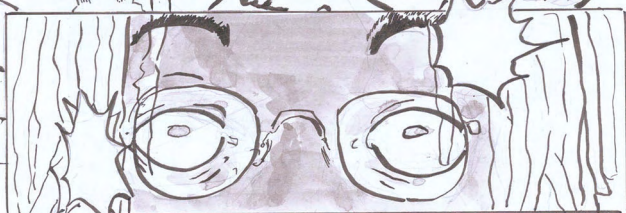
AND TO MY  
RIGHT IS  
THE WORLD'S  
LAST BELL  
PEPPER.

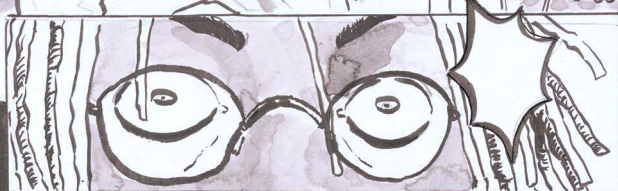
GOOD  
MORNING

By: Joseph A. Torret











!DEET!DEET!DEET!DEET!



# Lost In Fragments

BY: MELINA RIVERA

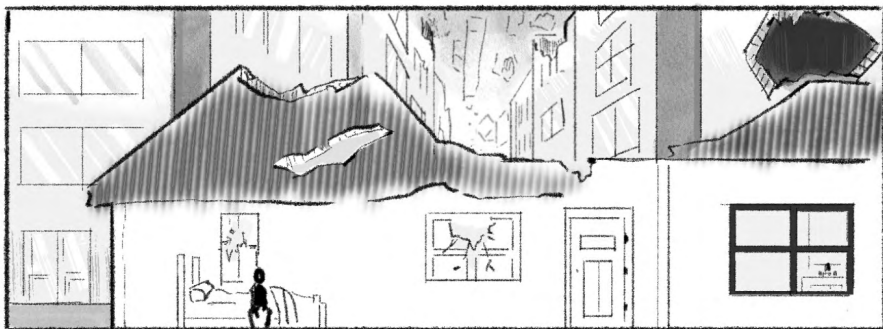






I WILL ALWAYS-

-PROTECT YOU





WHERE IS SHE??







LETS PLAY  
HIDE N SEEK!



WAIT!!



WHEN DID I  
LOSE SIGHT OF  
HER..?



YOU FOUND  
ME!

# NOOKIE & QUINNIFORD 2

BY: QUINN WAKEFIELD @: QSTAR\_ART





YEAH! THIS'S  
THE CLOSEST  
NEIGHBORHOOD  
TO OURS THAT'S  
BEEN ALL MESSED  
UP FROM  
THE WAR.

STEP

HOP

DON'T  
DROP  
THAT  
WATER!

OUR  
TEACHERS SAY  
THE *CHAOS WAR*  
AFFECTED PLACES  
AT RANDOM  
LIKE THIS,  
EVEN THOUGH  
THE WAR  
DIDN'T EVEN TAKE  
PLACE IN  
OUR CITY.

PEOPLE USED TO  
LIVE HERE BUT  
I THINK THEY ALL  
HAD TO LEAVE...  
OR DIED.  
IT'S SAD... ALL THAT'S  
LEFT IS RUINS...

286

YEAH,  
IT'S CAUSE OF  
THE *ENERGY*  
FROM THE  
WAR.

DIG DIG DIG



I CAN FEEL IT.  
THE CHAOS ENERGY  
IS LIKE, *CORRUPTED*  
INTO THE LAND HERE.  
THAT'S WHY IT'S  
REACTING LIKE THIS!  
THE CHAOS SPREADS  
AND TURNS ALL IT  
CONSUMES TO  
DISTORTED RUIN.



YOU CAN TELL  
ALL THAT FROM  
YOUR NATURE  
POWERS?

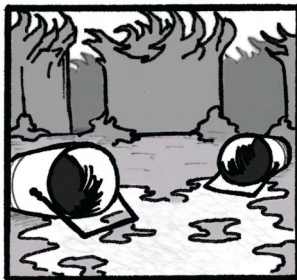
DUH!  
HAHA!

I MEAN  
YEAH! ...  
CAN'T YOU  
FEEL IT?

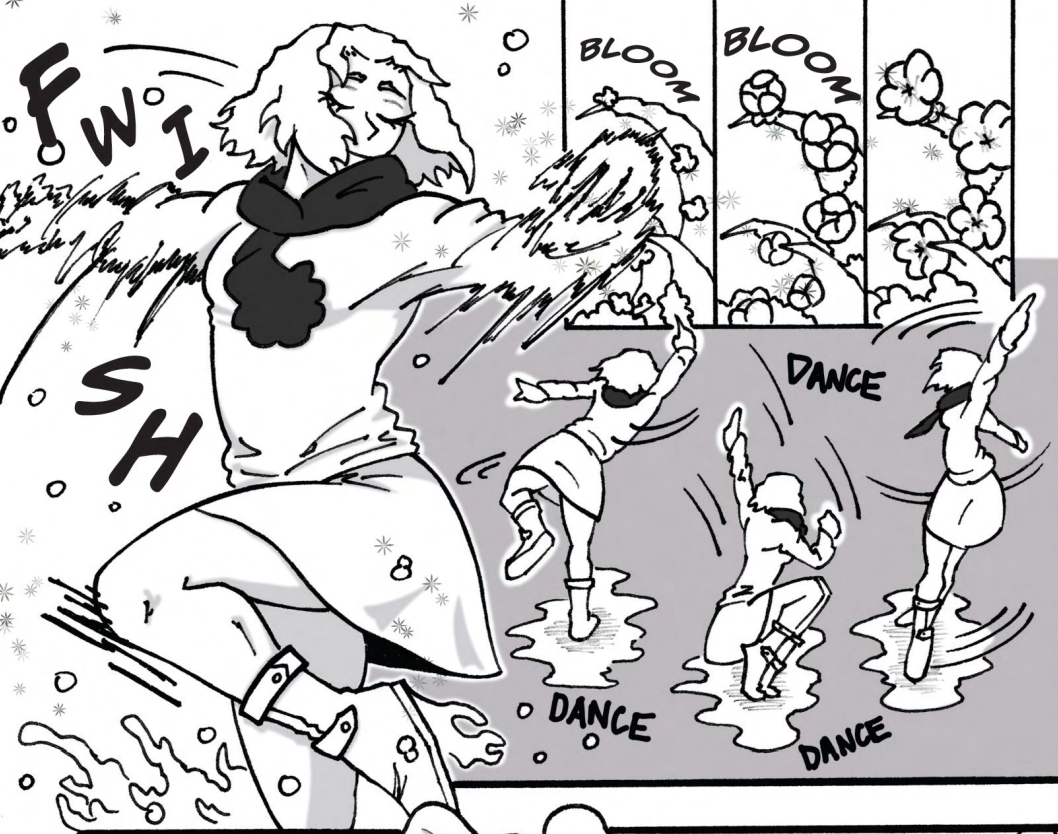


ANYWAY,  
RIGHT  
HERE'S  
GOOD.

BET!







THERE!  
NOT SO  
RUINED  
ANYMORE!

WOW...  
THAT'S  
BEAUTIFUL  
NOOKIE!



BY  
TRUCK

FOX

I GOT  
THIS!







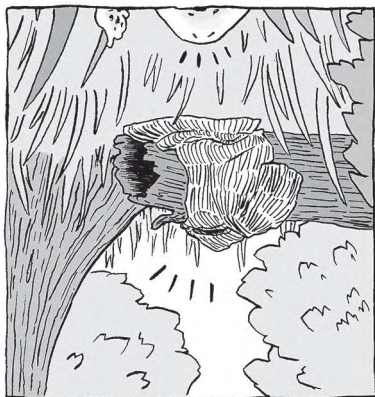
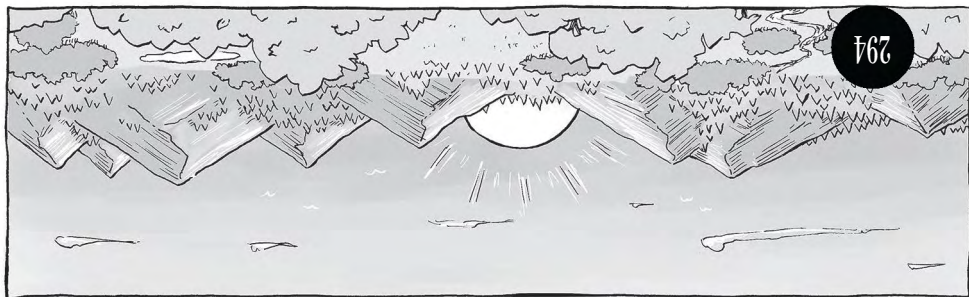




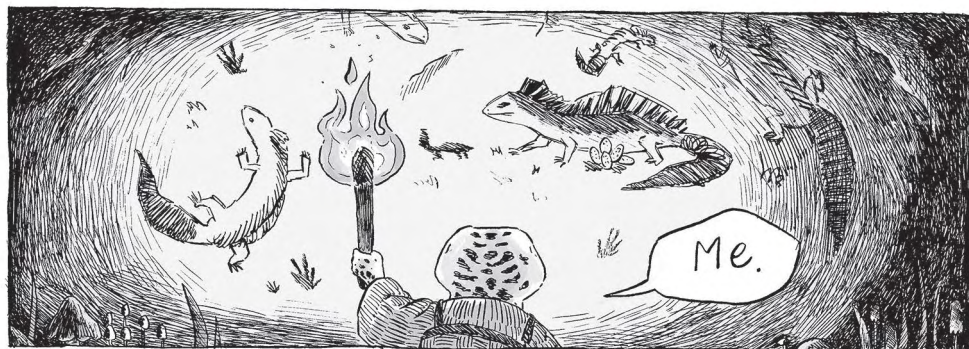




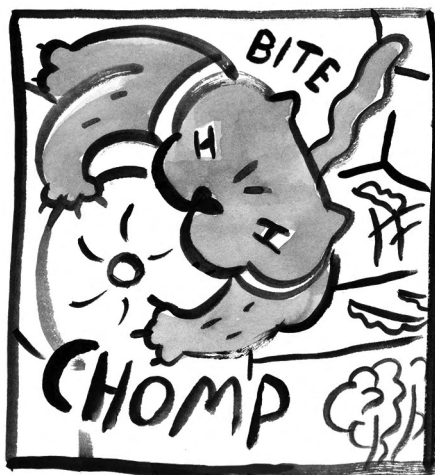
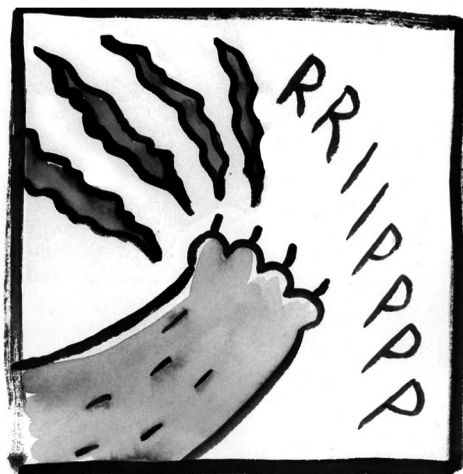












AS IF YOU COULD  
OUTRUN ME



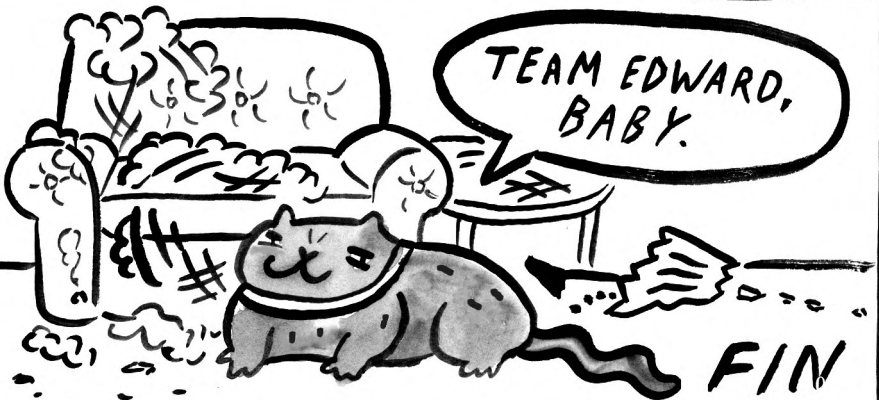
AS IF YOU  
COULD FIGHT  
ME OFF



I'M DESIGNED  
TO KILL



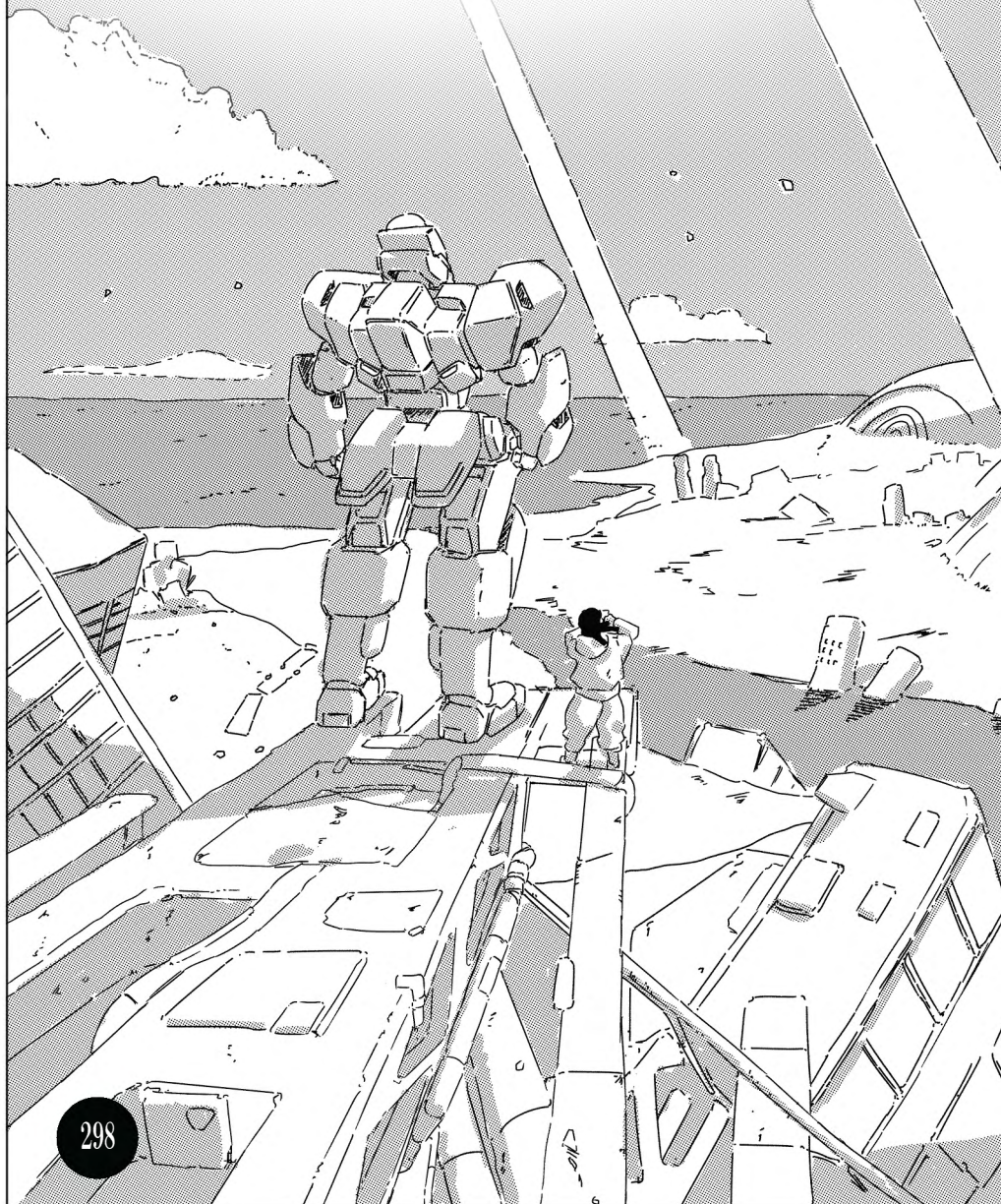
TEAM EDWARD,  
BABY.



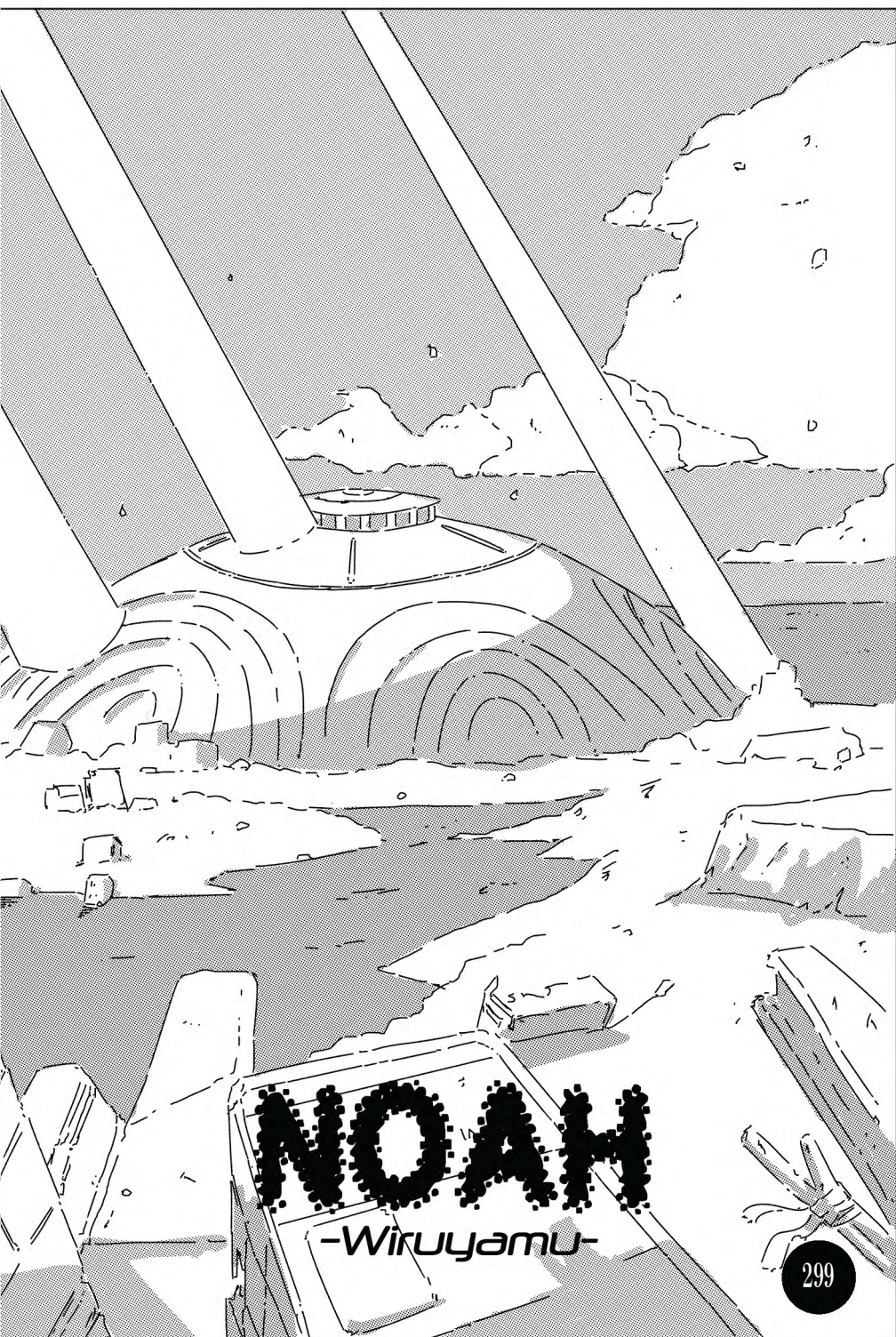


3XXX A.D

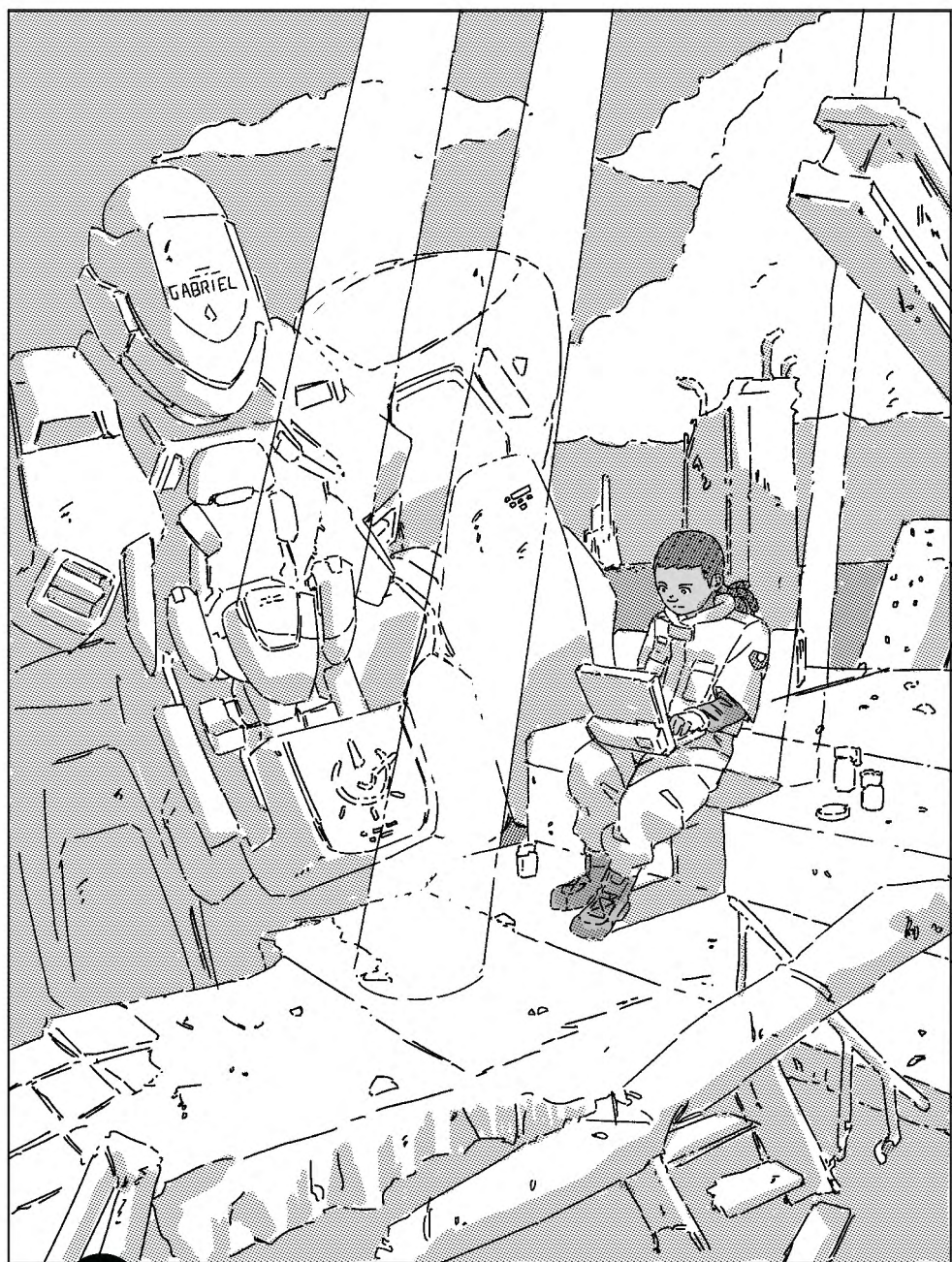
HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO AN ECO-DISASTER LED TO  
WAR AND CHAOS ON A GLOBAL SCALE  
THE FEW GROUPS OF HUMANS THAT SURVIVED RETREATED INTO "ARKS"  
NOW THEIR DESCENDANTS SET OUT TO  
RECLAIM THE RUINS OF THEIR LOST HISTORY.



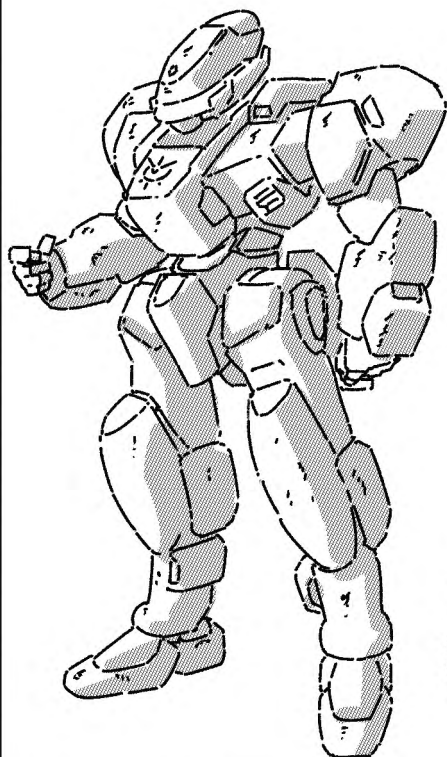






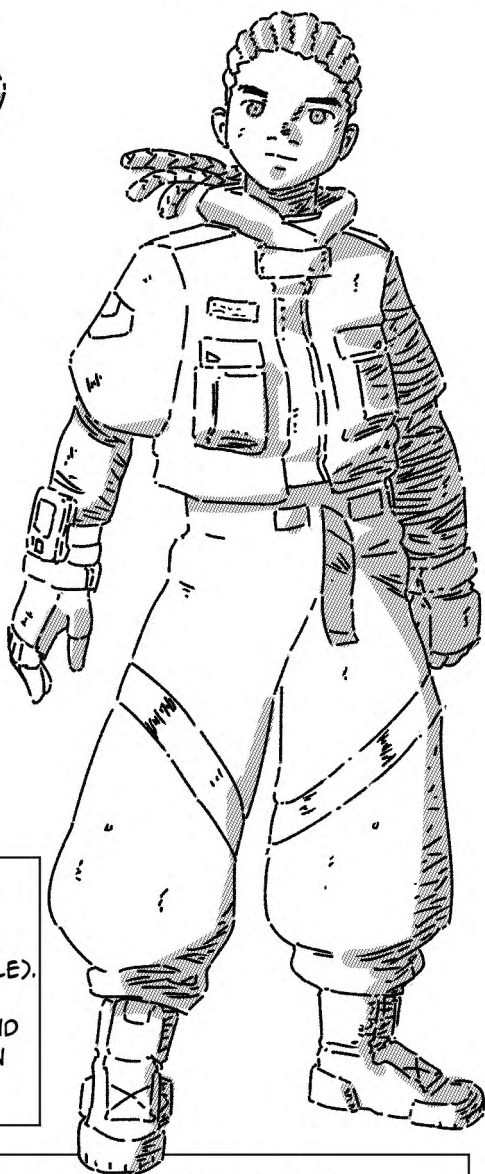


Noah



Gabriel

GABRIEL IS THE NAME OF THE  
SUPPORT AI INSTALLED IN NOAH'S  
H.E.V. (HUMANOID EXPLORATION VEHICLE).  
THIS TYPE OF CRAFT IS USED TO  
TRAVERSE UNSTABLE LOCATIONS AND  
PROTECT PILOTS FROM RADITAITON



NOAH WAS BORN AND RAISED WITHIN THE ARKS AND  
JOINED THE E.S.E. (ECOLOGICAL SURVEY EXPEDITION) AS A RESEARCHER.  
THEIR E.S.E'S GOAL IS TO FIND HABITABLE LOCATIONS FOR THE ARKS  
SO HUMANITY CAN ONE DAY RETURN TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD  
AND RESTART CIVILIZATION.

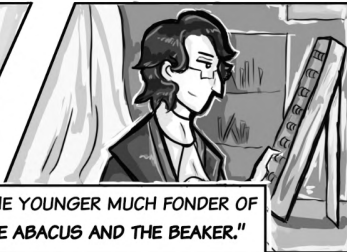




"THE OLDER A MILITARY SORT WITH  
A LOVE FOR REVELRY."



"THE YOUNGER MUCH FONDER OF  
THE ABACUS AND THE BEAKER."



"THEY WERE CLOSE, ONCE"



"BUT THEIR FATHER'S LAST WISHES  
DIDN'T SIT WELL WITH THE OLDER SON."



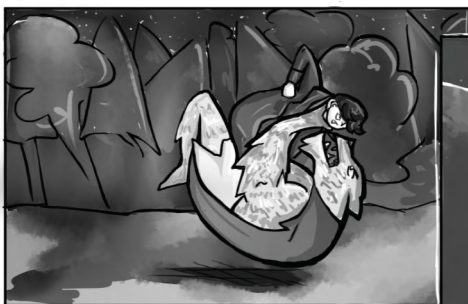
"THE JEALOUS BROTHER'S MILITARY  
FRIENDS REFUSED TO HELP HIM CLAIM  
THE FORTUNE HE BELIEVED HE DESERVED..."



"...SO HE TURNED TO  
DRASTIC MEASURES."







"AND SO THE BROTHERS LAY DEAD ON THE FOREST FLOOR, THE MANOR THEY HAD FOUGHT FOR SO TERRIBLY..."

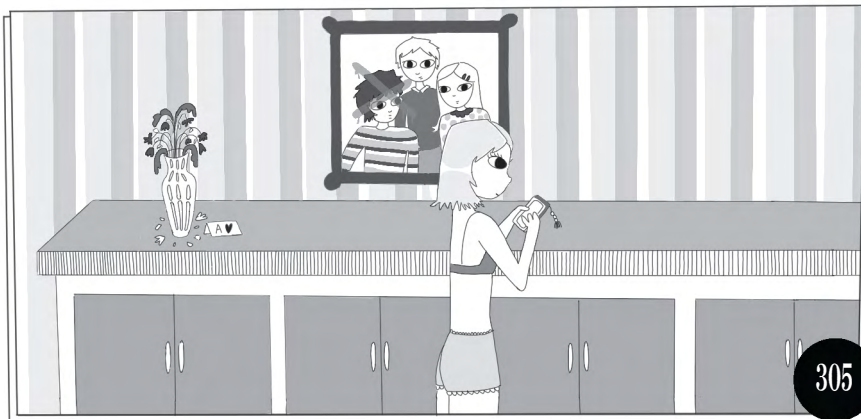
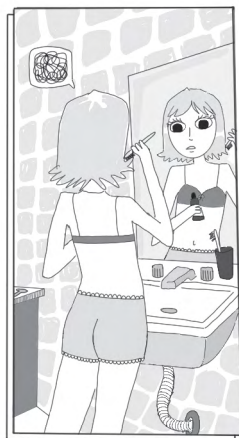
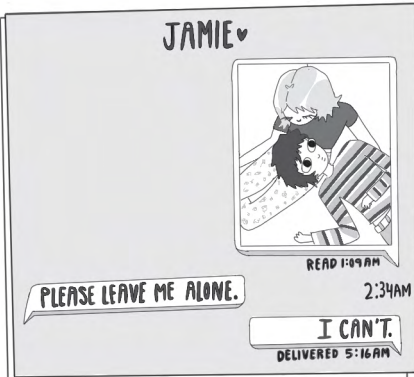


"...CRUMBLING TO DUST IN THEIR ABSENCE."

THE END.

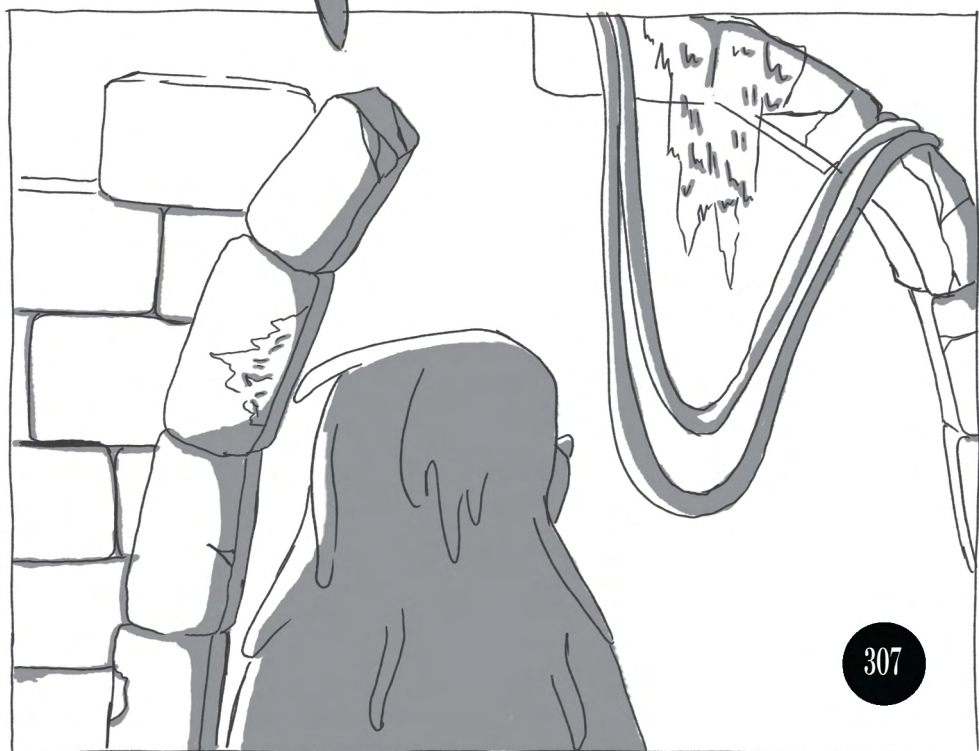
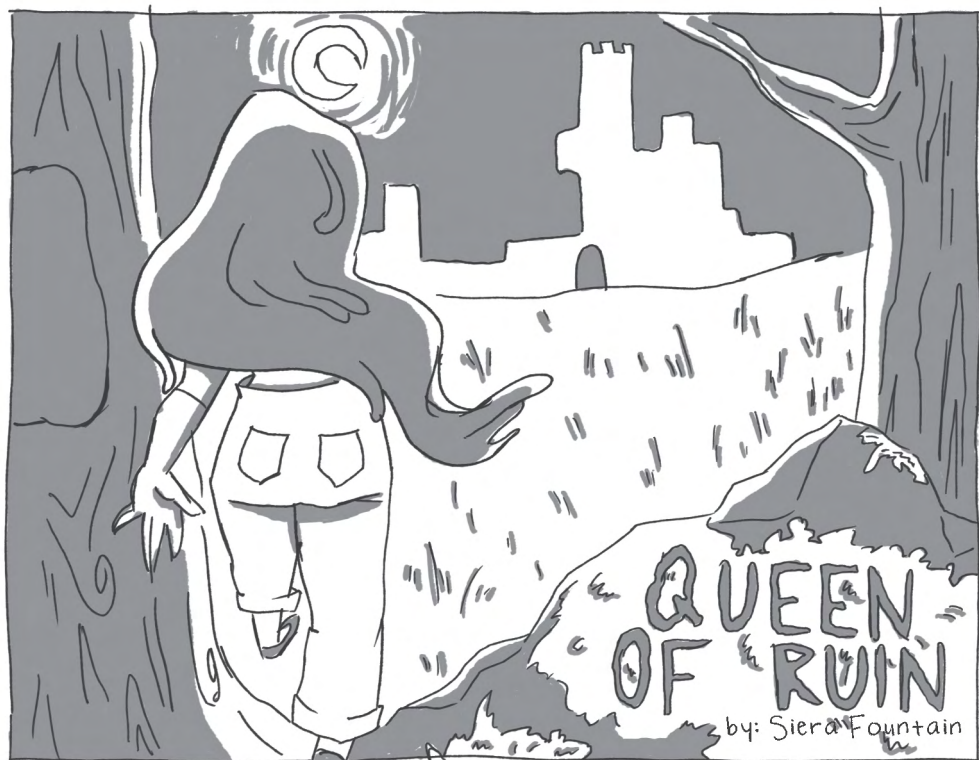
# ☆ MONDAY ☆

BY VEDIKA K.



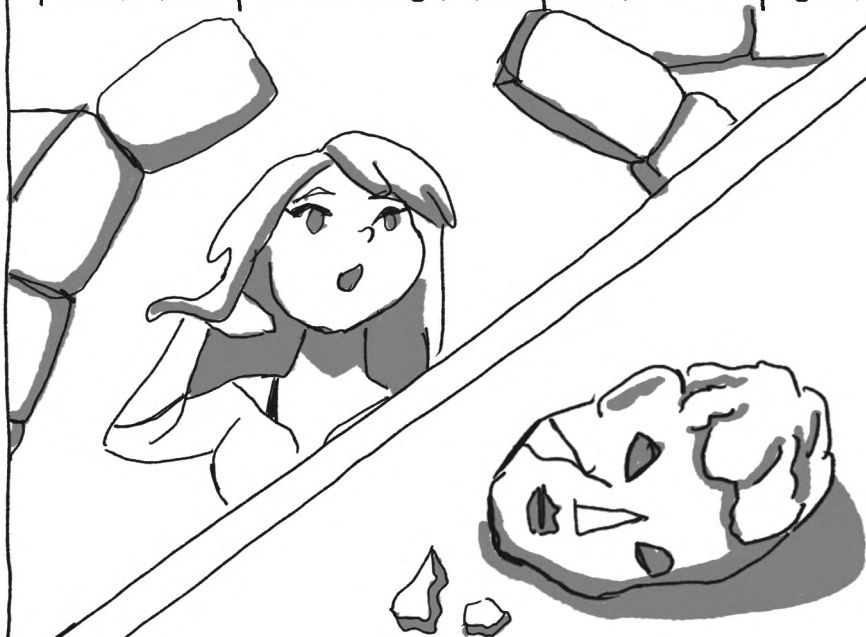






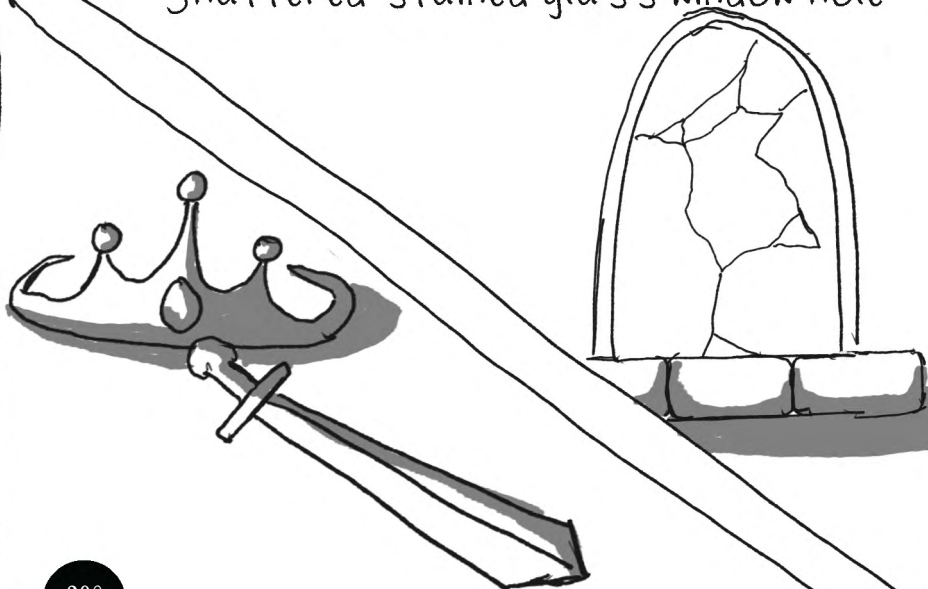


I found a place lost deep within my soul



A moss covered fortress built from stone

Shattered stained glass window hole



Hidden away in hollowed bone

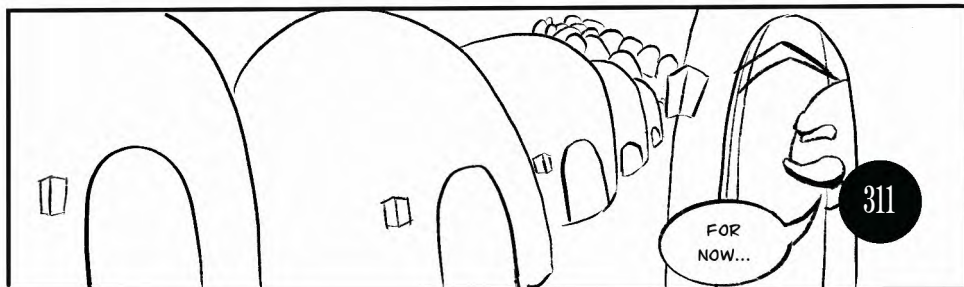
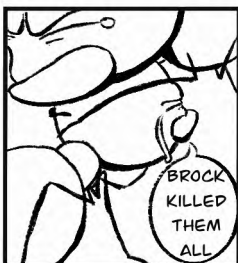


...Ruin

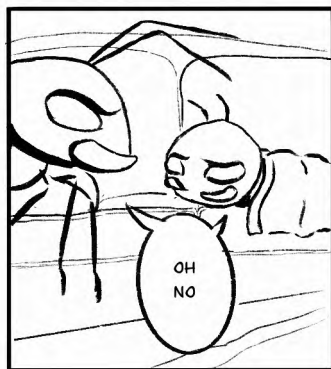
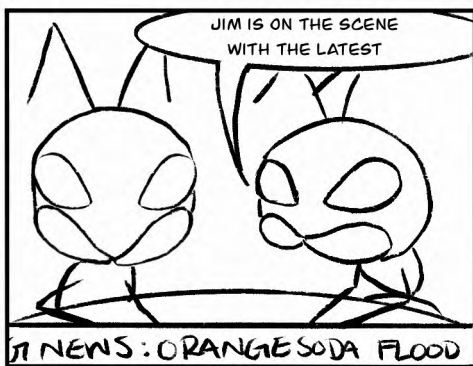
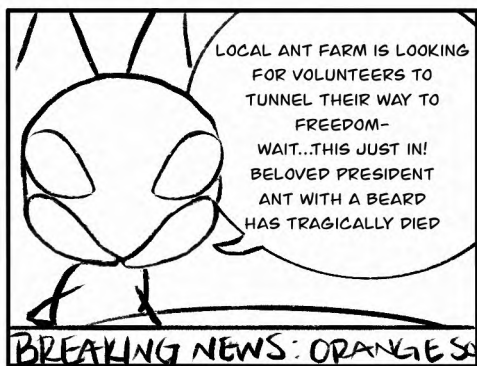
Fin.

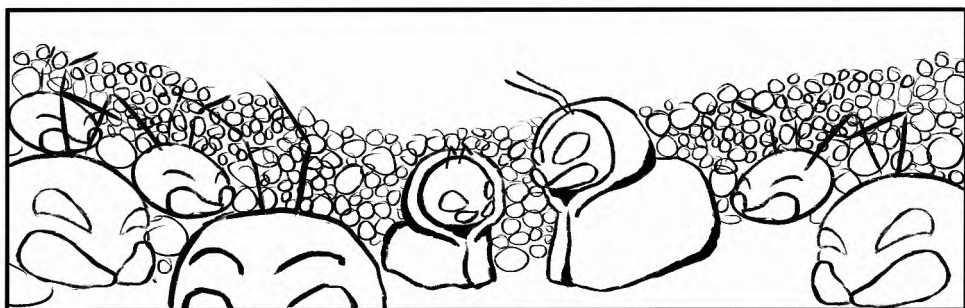
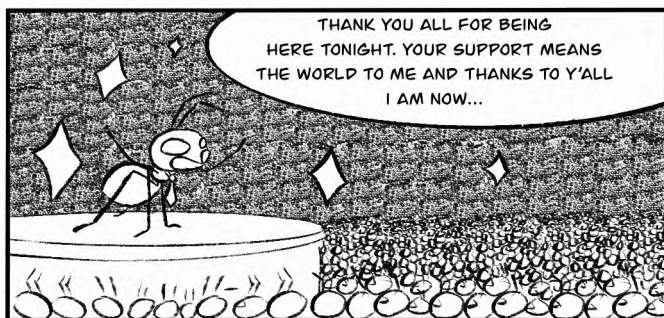
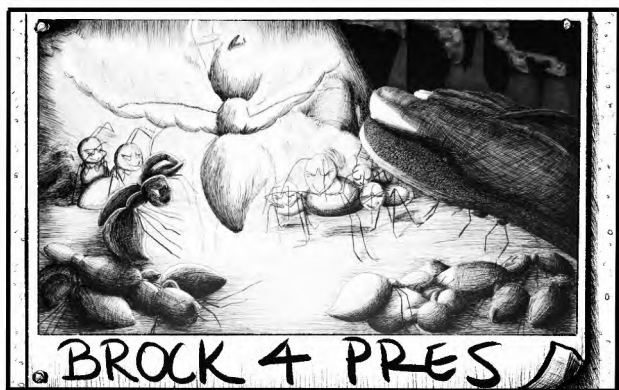
















# UNGODLY HOUR

By Nehemiah Terry (@blackwolfdavinci)




Often at times,  
Acknowledging your demons  
Isn't enough..



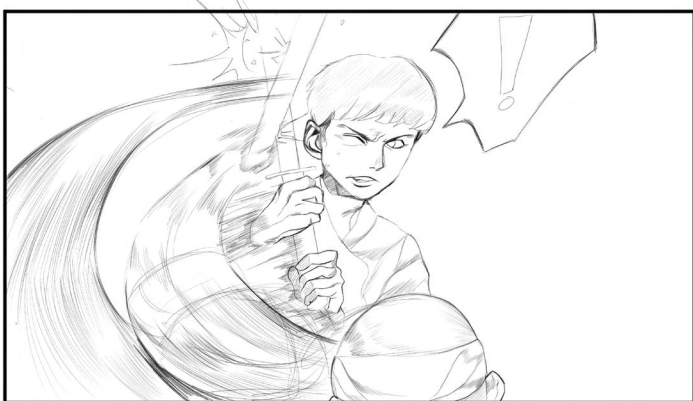
You have to fight them



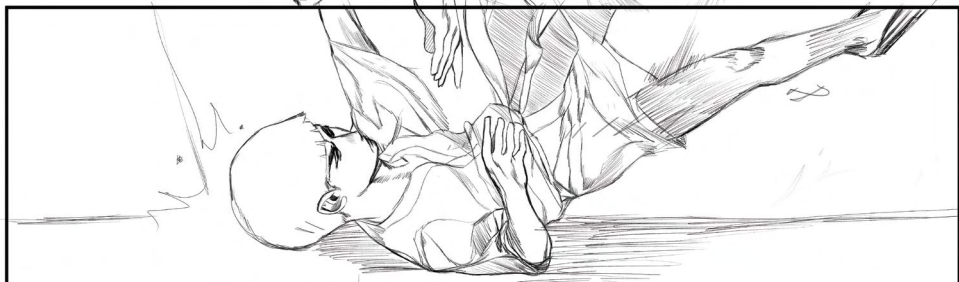
Head on



And embrace  
the tattered dread  
as it's woes breathe  
stiffly down your neck.

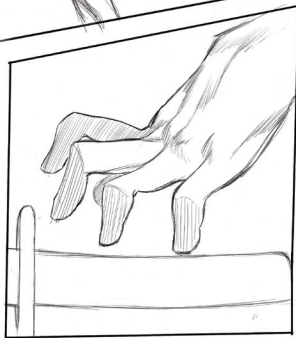


Sometimes these conflicts are physiological,  
real but physically intangible,  
like a small breeze felt softly  
through the grasp of your hand

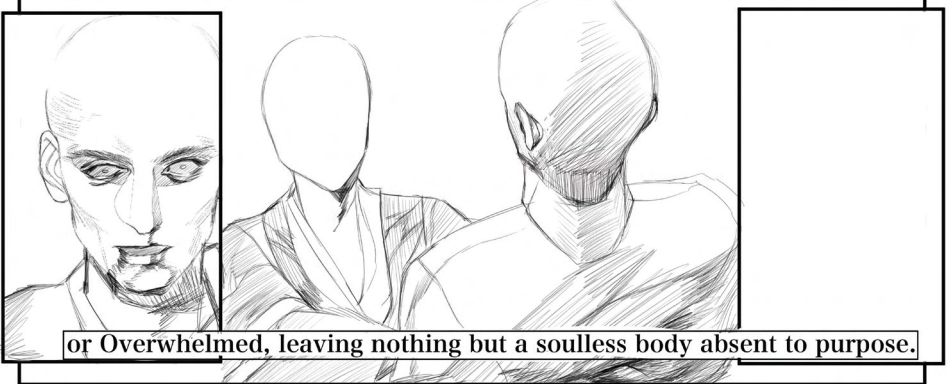
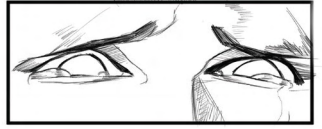
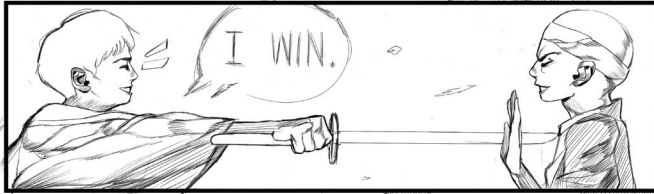
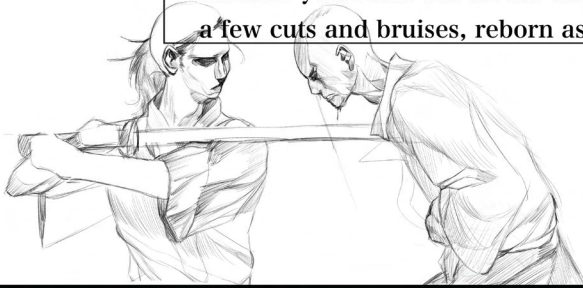




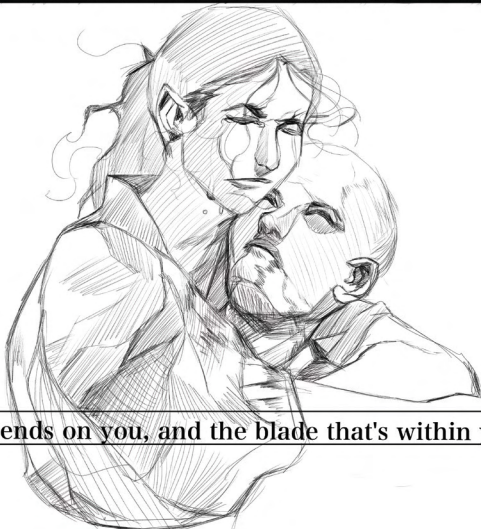
Prevailing through internal struggles  
from any situation and  
finding the strength from within  
is what makes you alive.  
It's what makes you human.



Whether you come out on the other side crowning  
a few cuts and bruises, reborn as a Phoenix..



or Overwhelmed, leaving nothing but a soulless body absent to purpose.

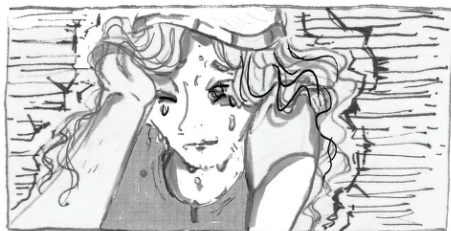
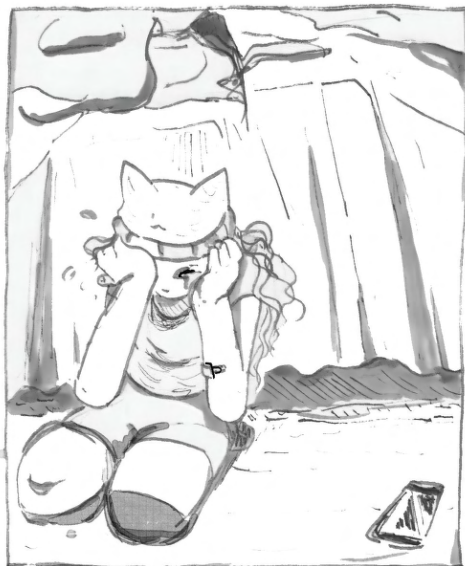


It all depends on you, and the blade that's within your hands



# COLD WAR

By LOKI BISCHOFF



HOW COULD THIS  
HAPPEN TO ME? TO  
US? WEREN'T WE  
FRIENDS? HOW CAN  
THEY ACT LIKE THIS?

WE'VE KNOWN  
EACH OTHER  
FOR SO LONG...  
AT LEAST I  
THOUGHT I DID.

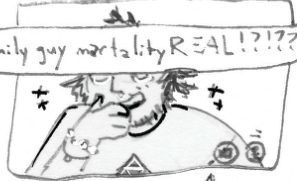




please say sike



family guy mortality REAL!?!??



that's too funny i died

THIS IS STUPID.



STOP BITCHING!

NO THIS SHITAG-  
SHUT THE FUCK-

AND YOU. YOU'RE JUST...

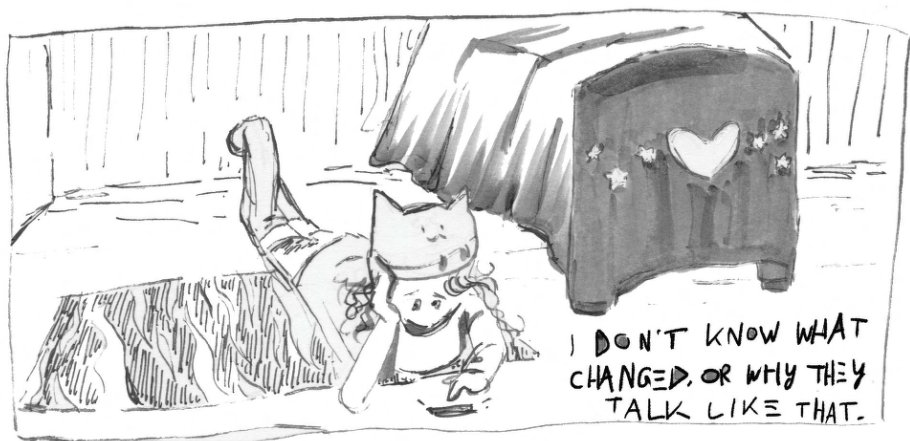


YOU'RE BARELY A PART  
OF THIS. OF US.



THIS IS THEIR PATTERN.









# SENIOR STAFF

---

## Alexander Tyree

Editor in Chief

Alexander is a queer Appalachian artist focused on telling engaging stories through a variety of mediums. His work often explores the human condition, man's existence relative to nature, and death. He is excited to enter the publishing industry upon graduating in the spring of 2023, and plans to remain involved in indie comics 'til the end of his days.



@bellwetherbird



[www.bellwetherbird.com](http://www.bellwetherbird.com)

## Isaac Harmon

Event Coordinator

Isaac is a comic artist and illustrator, and a sophomore in Communication Arts at VCU. He enjoys working on comics and filling sketchbook pages with characters of all kinds. He also loves meeting new people and getting to know them, especially when he gets to talk about anything drawing or comic related with them.



@ismoughart

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## **Katy Hooper**

Communications Manager

Shannon is a sophomore in the class of 2025, majoring in Communication Arts. They love working on comics, character designs, and writing. Some of their interests include reading books, and watching Studio Ghibli 24/7. Their work often has some queer element in it, and some sort of fantasy element in it. What more could you want?

 @katy.hooper

 @incantamina

## **Shannon Fritz**

Deputy

Katy is a comic artist and illustrator who graduated Fall 2022 with a major in Communication Arts. She loves to read comics, create comics, and work on interesting projects with other artists.

— @dream\_something\_big

 @dreamsomethingbig





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Autumn Winters  
Wiruyamu  
Tess Wladar  
Janie Wright  
Anne Wu



## **Colophon**

Emanata was produced at the Virginia Commonwealth University Student Media Center. The fonts used are Adobe Caslon Pro, Death Font, and P22 Franklin Caslon. The cover is printed on Veritiv Starbright, 100 lb., smooth uncoated paper. The interior pages are printed on Domtar Lynx, 60 lb. smooth uncoated.

