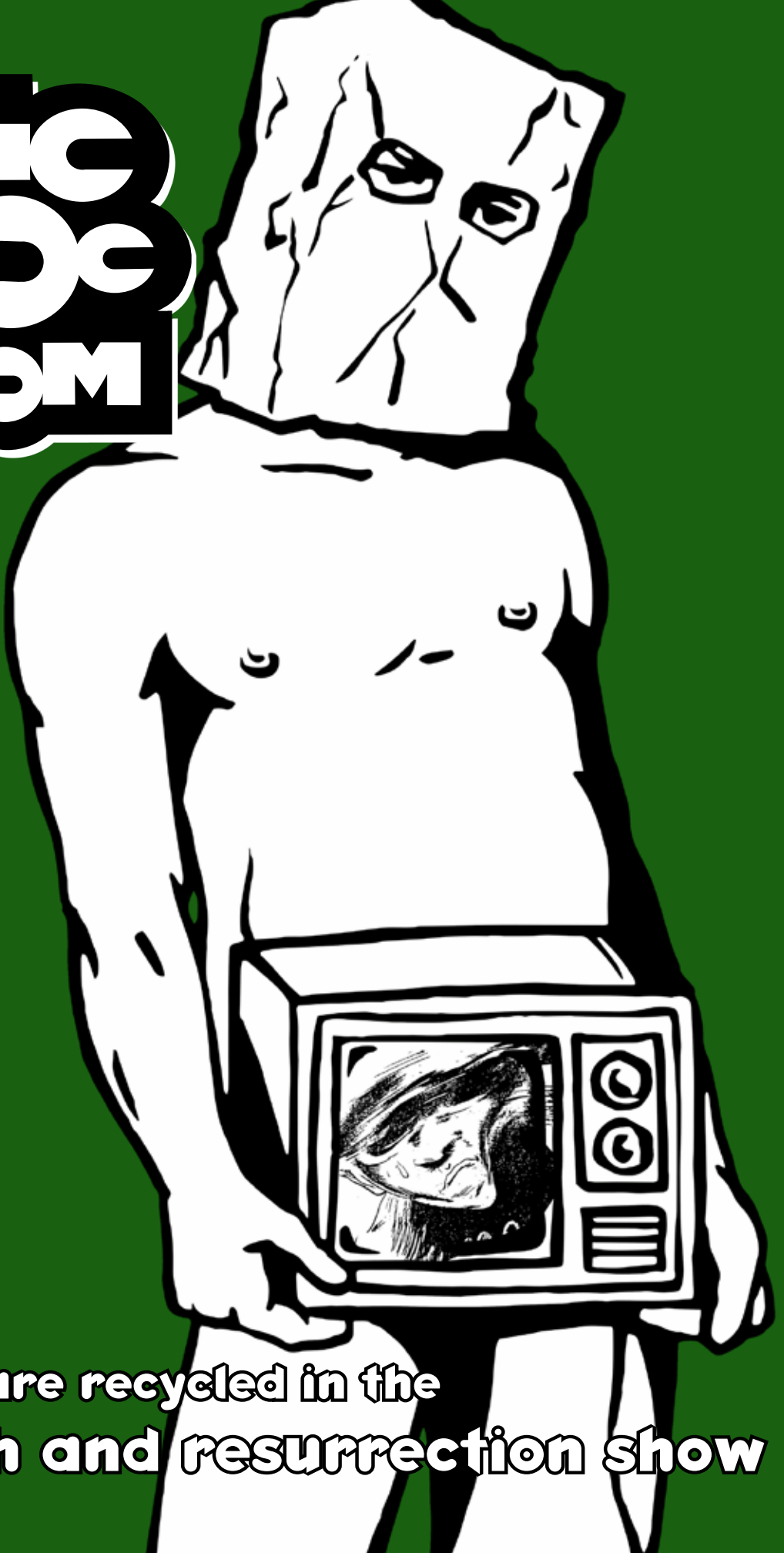


# **TTC TTC TOM**

**issue fifteen  
january 2017**



**Souls are recycled in the  
death and resurrection show**



## Issue 15

©Each individual writer and artist.

All stories are of fiction. Any likeness to a person living or dead is purely coincidental. Kenneth Gallant is the only exception.

If you plan to reproduce any material from this issue, please give credit to the creators who have put a hard effort into their work.

January 2017

Cover: Paul Marhue

Logo Design: Jarkko Holopainen



# don't let him go

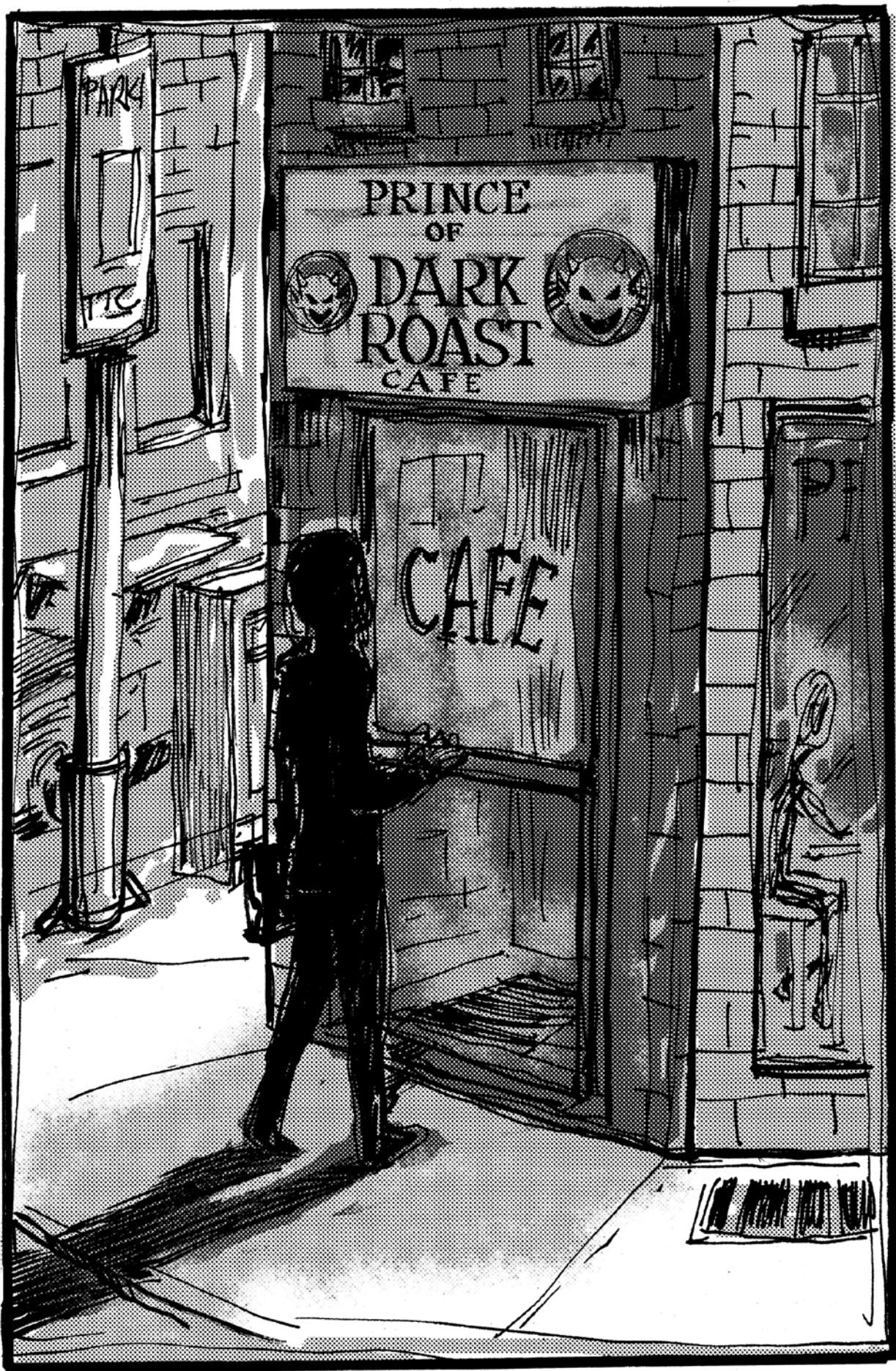
by chetan & tom

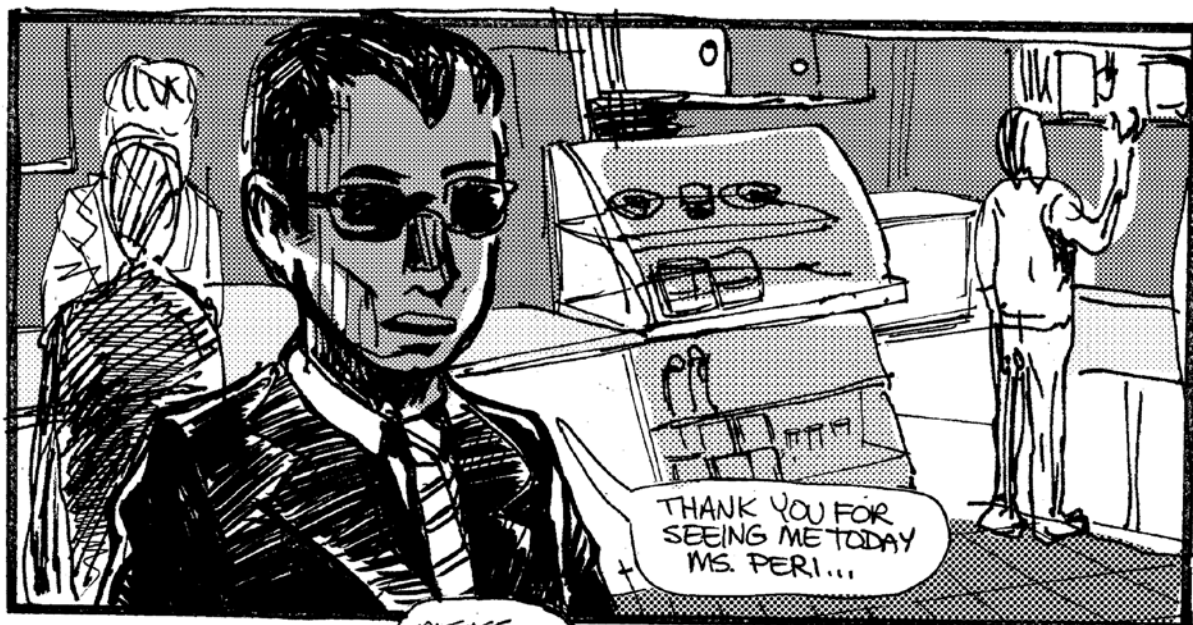
part 2

# That's What Friends Are For



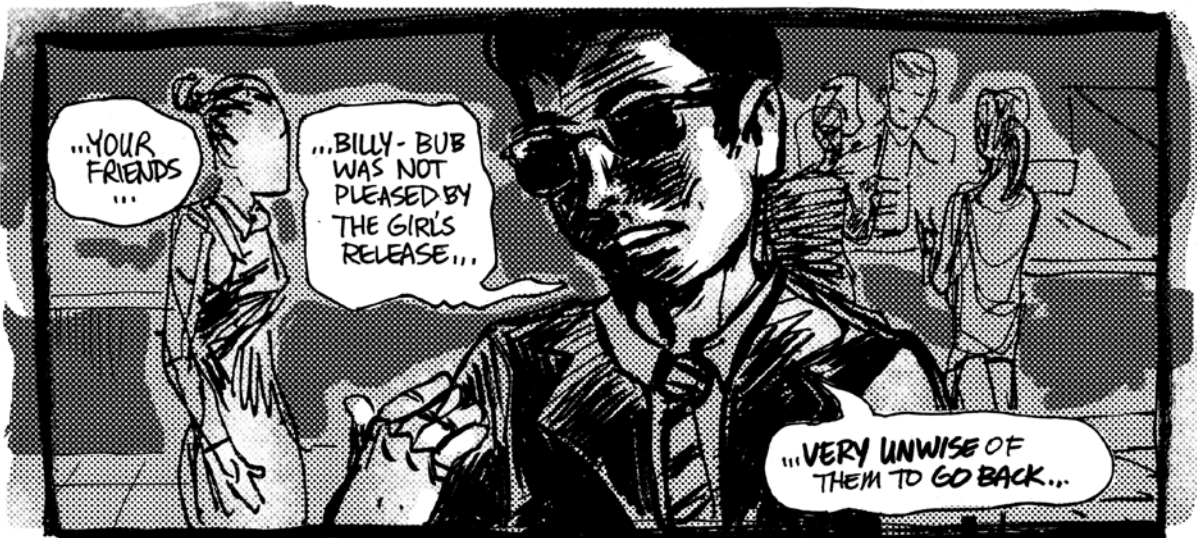














THE UNDERWORLD HAS  
CHANGED SINCE THE  
LAST TIME YOU WERE  
HERE, TIC TOC TOM.



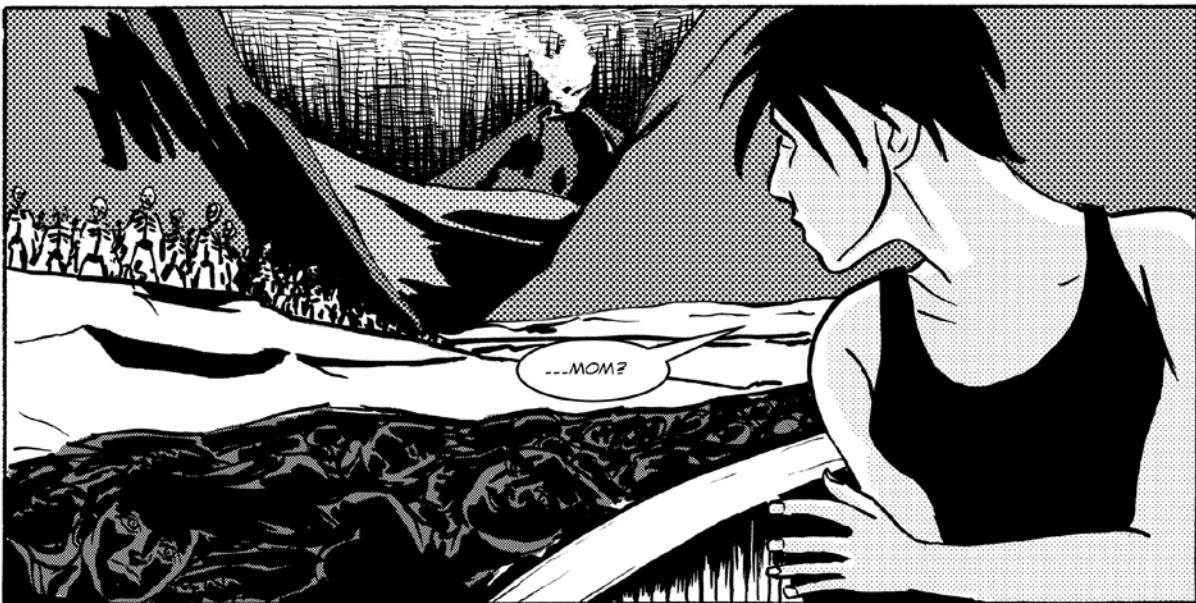
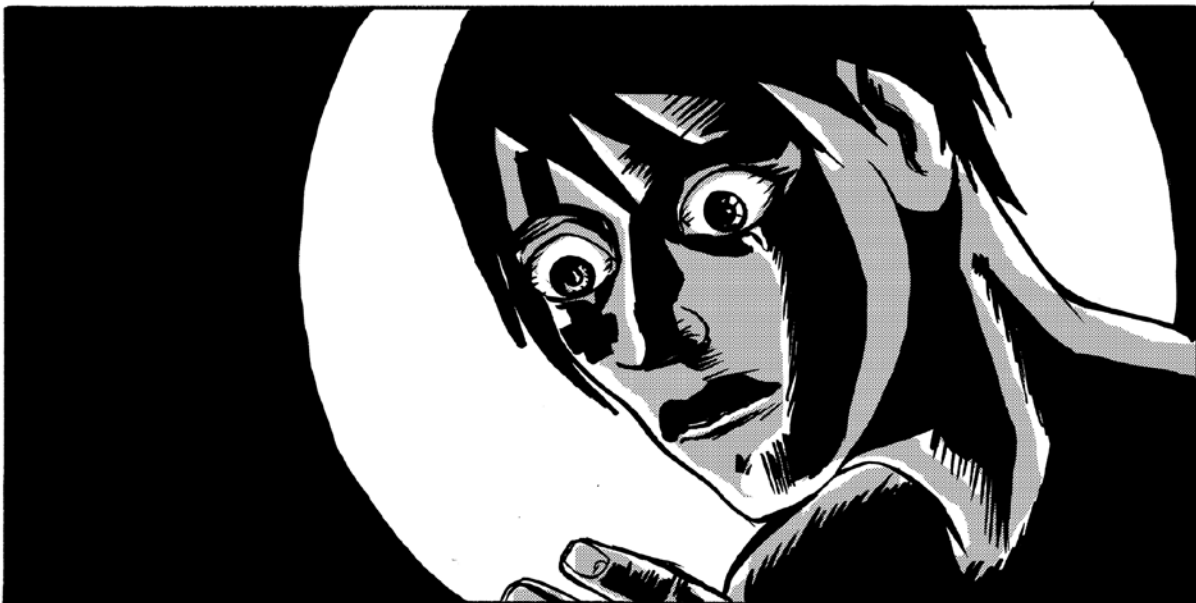
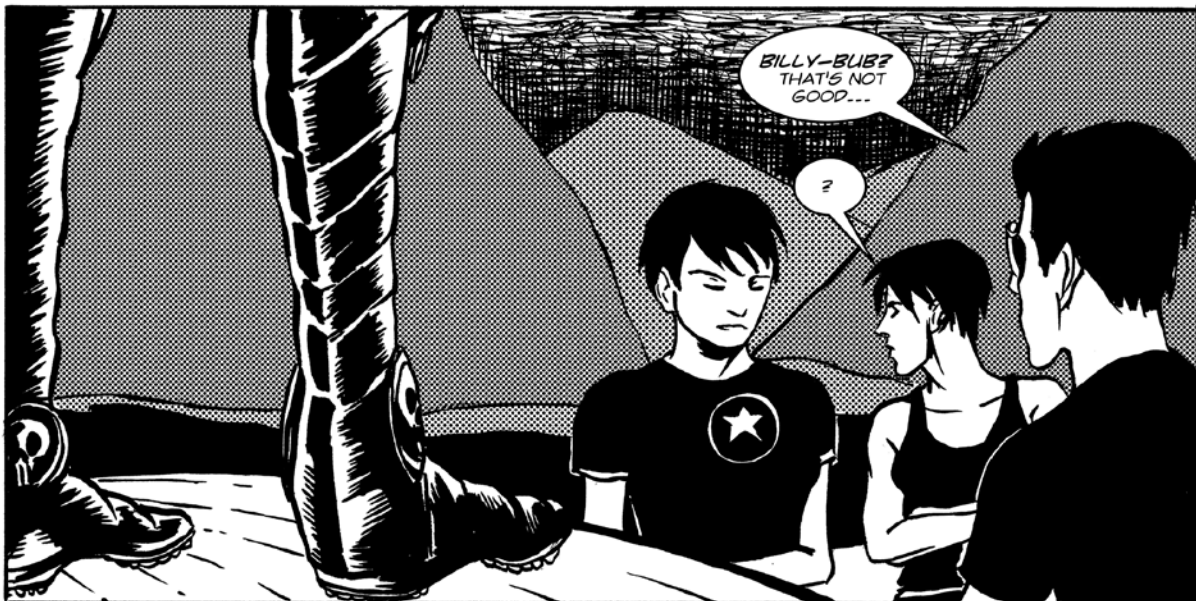
LOTS OF  
RESTRUCTING  
GOING ON IN  
HADES.

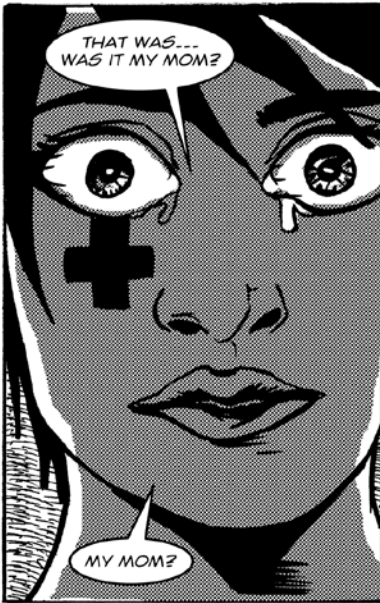


LUKE HAS BEEN  
OUSTED OUT AND  
BILLY-BUB IS NOW  
IN CHARGE.

YIKES.







THAT WAS...  
WAS IT MY MOM?

MY MOM?

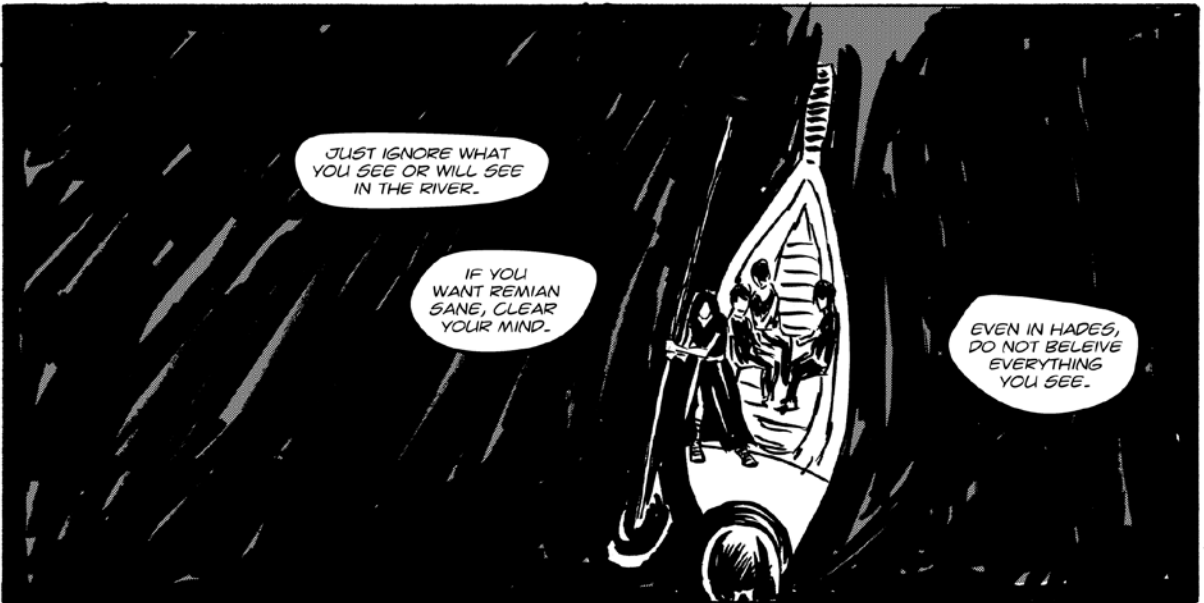


THE RIVER *STYX* CAN PLAY  
GAMES ON YOUR EMOTIONS...

SHE'S  
IN HELL?



AND PLAY MIND TRICKS.



JUST IGNORE WHAT  
YOU SEE OR WILL SEE  
IN THE RIVER.

IF YOU  
WANT REMIAN  
SANE, CLEAR  
YOUR MIND.

EVEN IN HADES,  
DO NOT BELEIVE  
EVERYTHING  
YOU SEE.



OK, PEOPLE.  
WE ARE HERE!



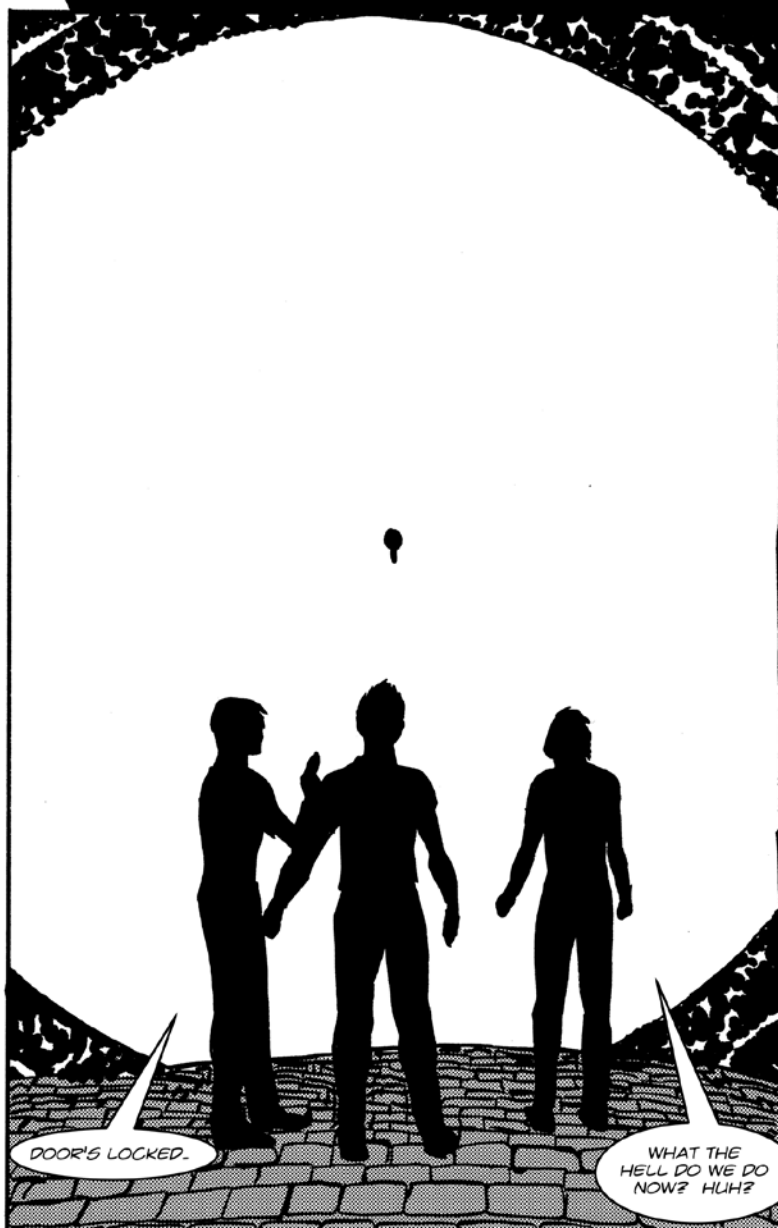
THIS IS  
WHERE YOU  
PEOPLE GET OFF.

SEE THAT DOOR?  
WAY UP THERE?

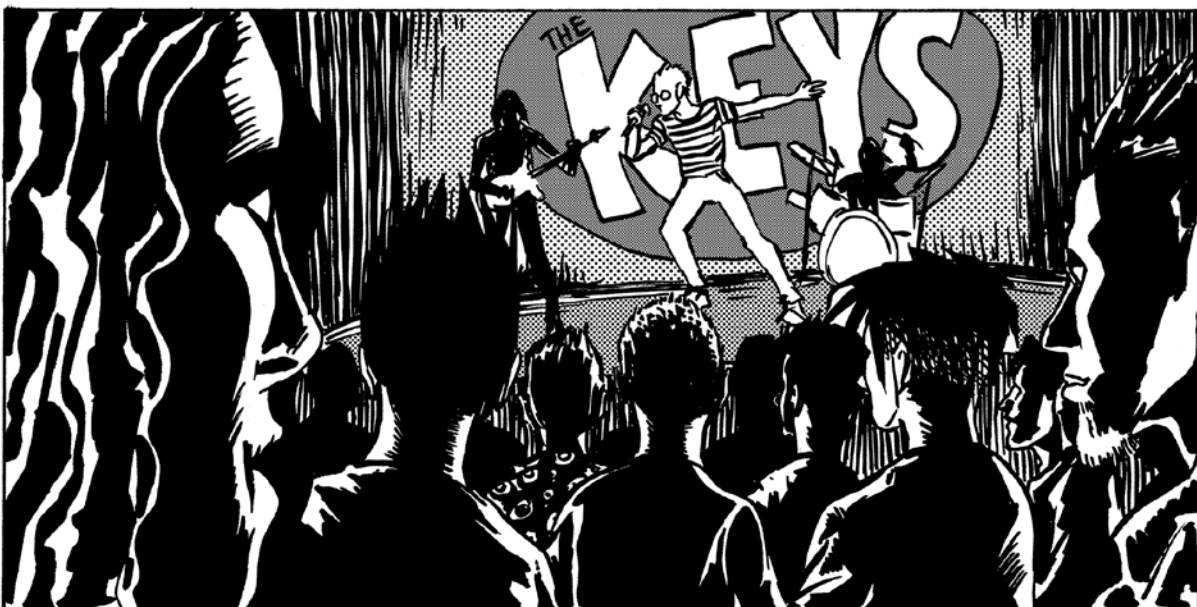
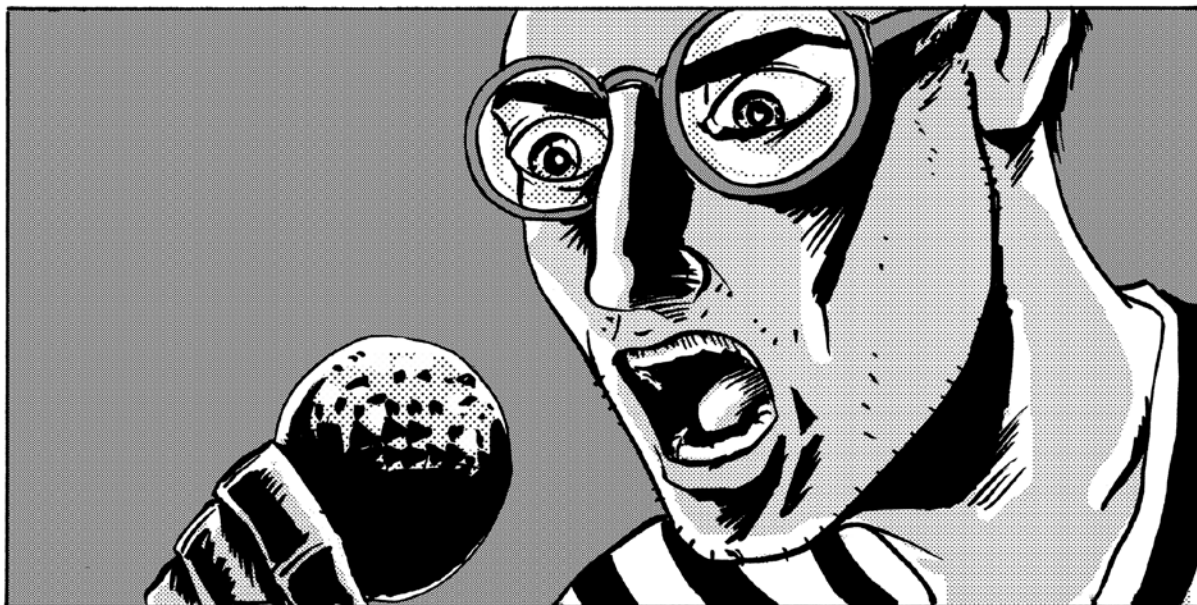
THAT'S THE  
ENTRANCE INTO  
HADES.



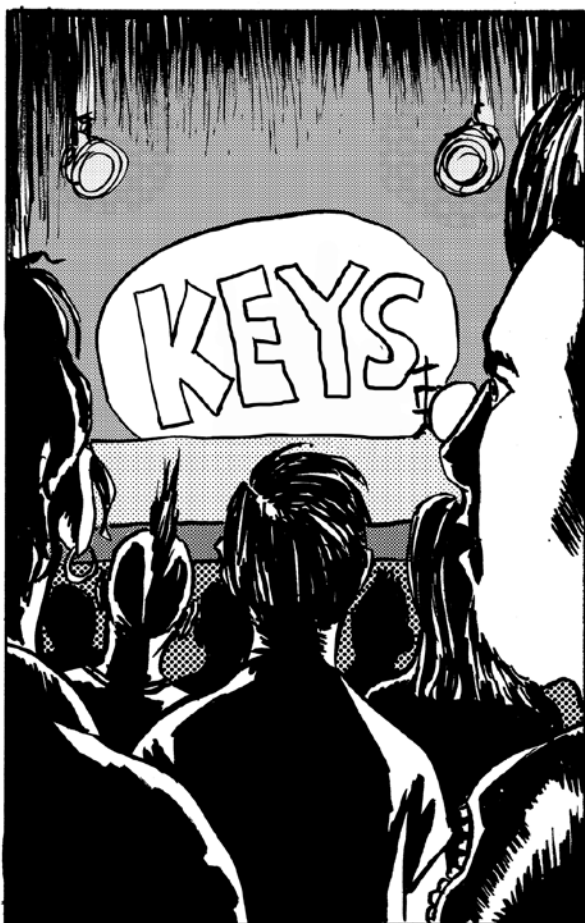
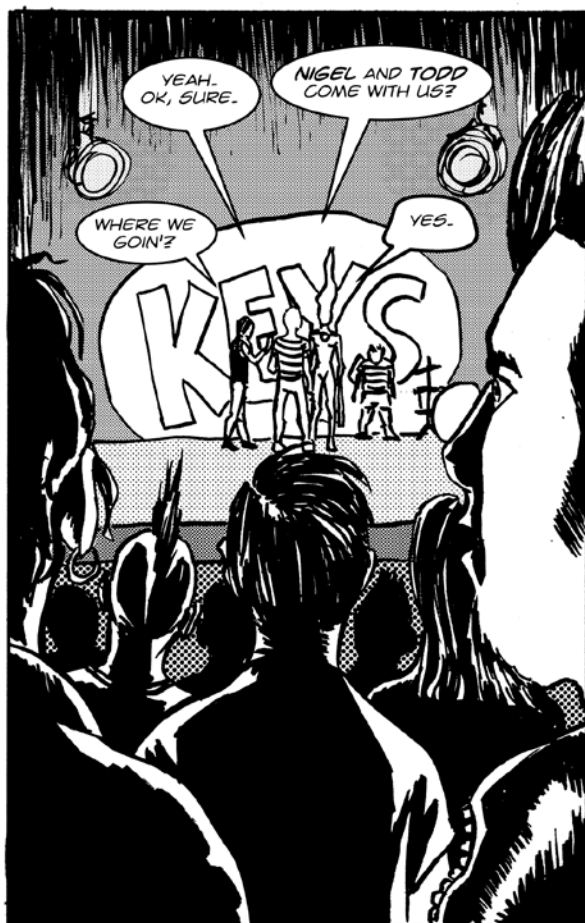


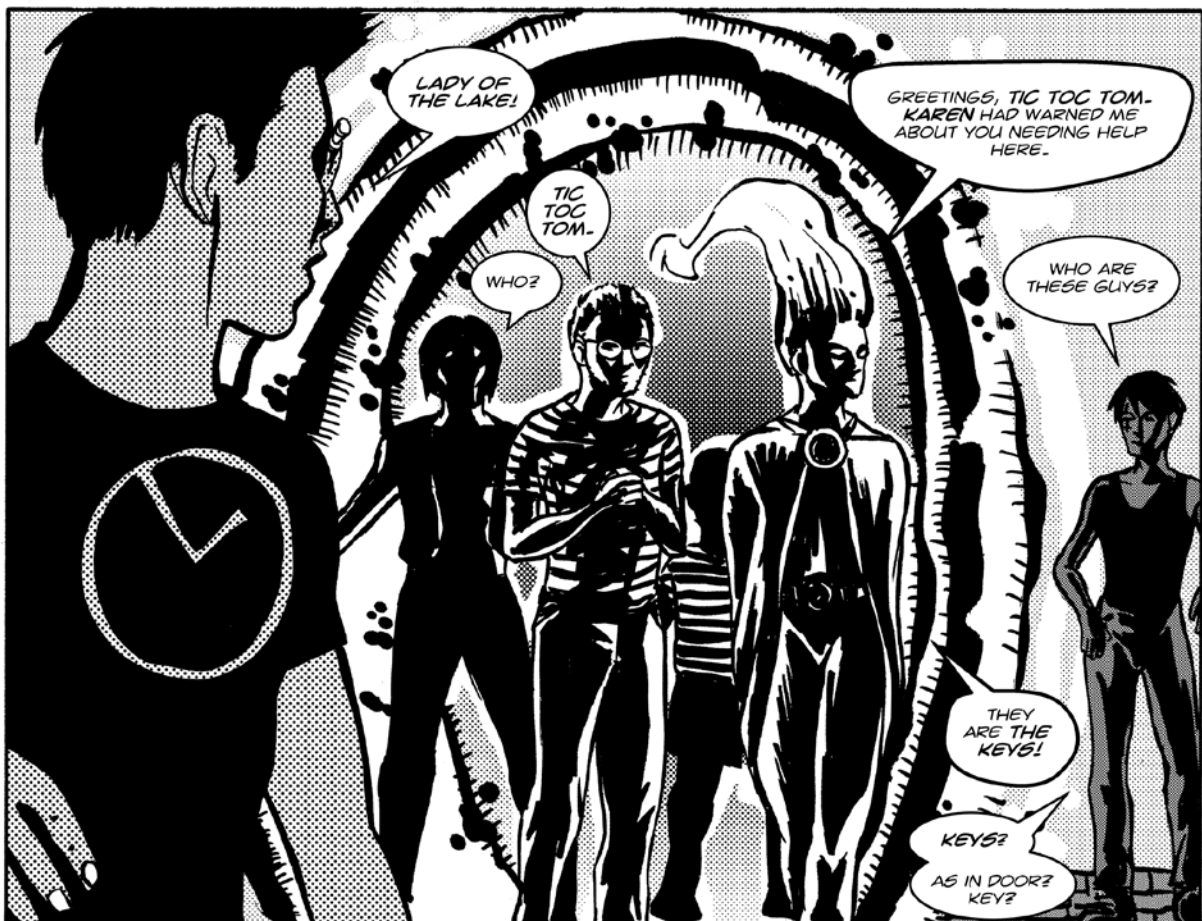




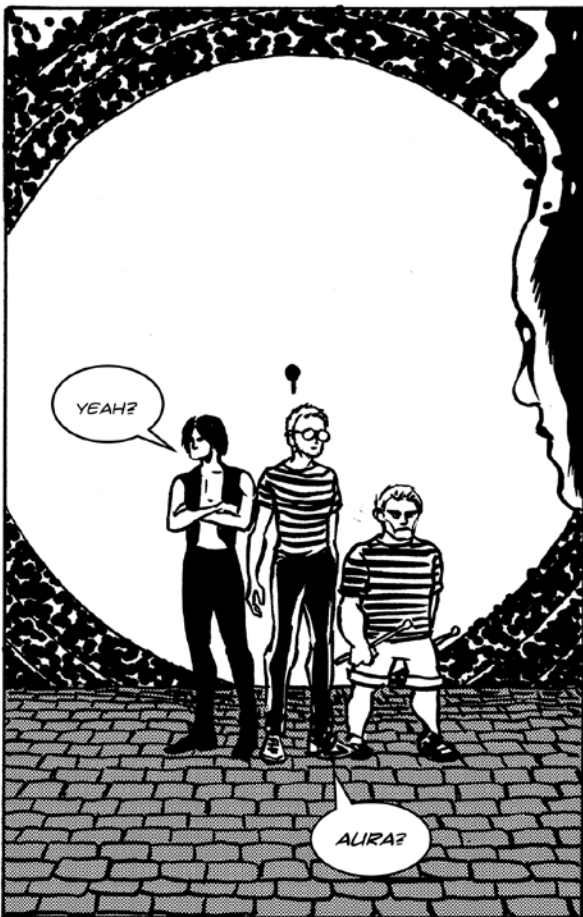




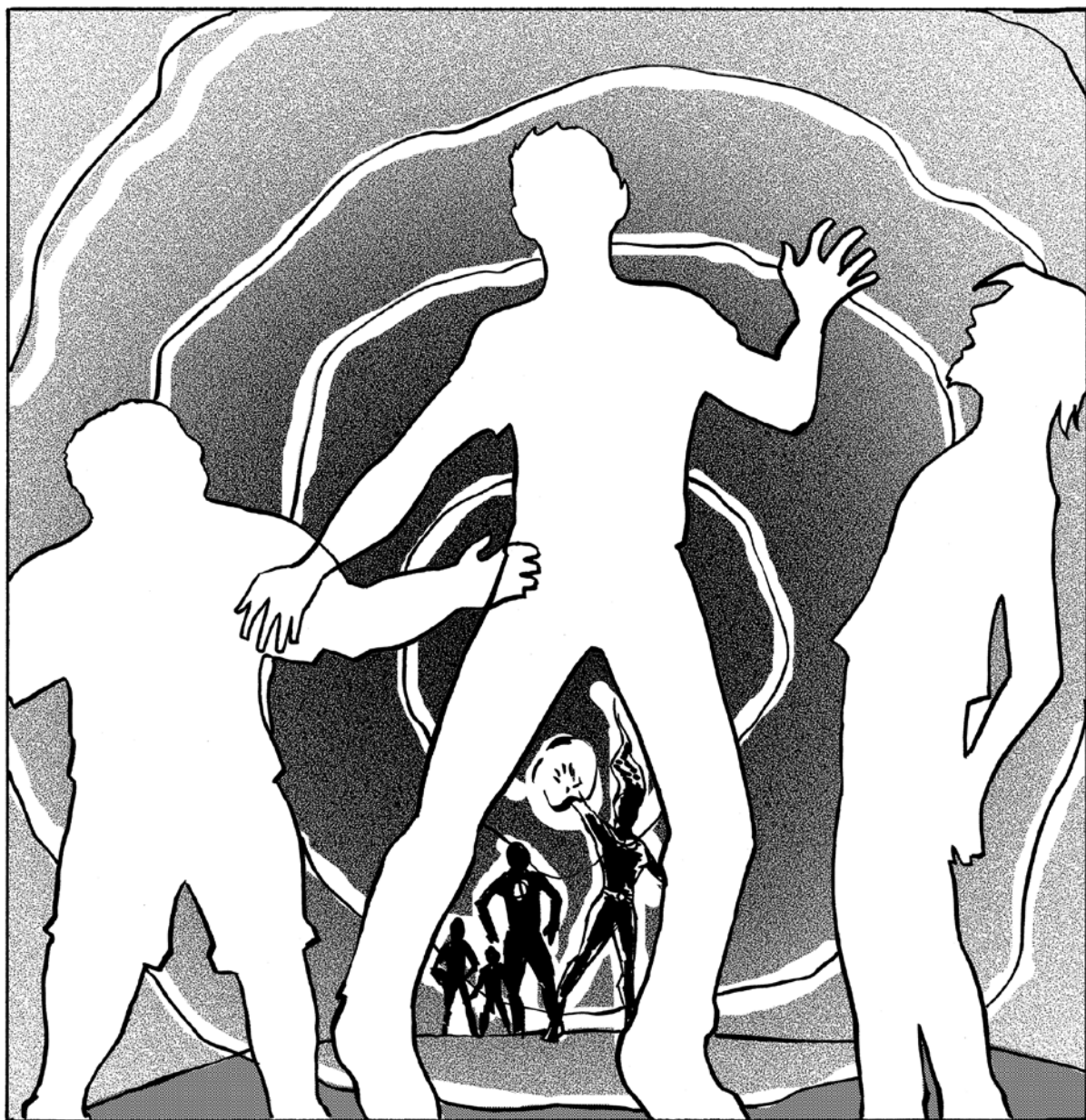
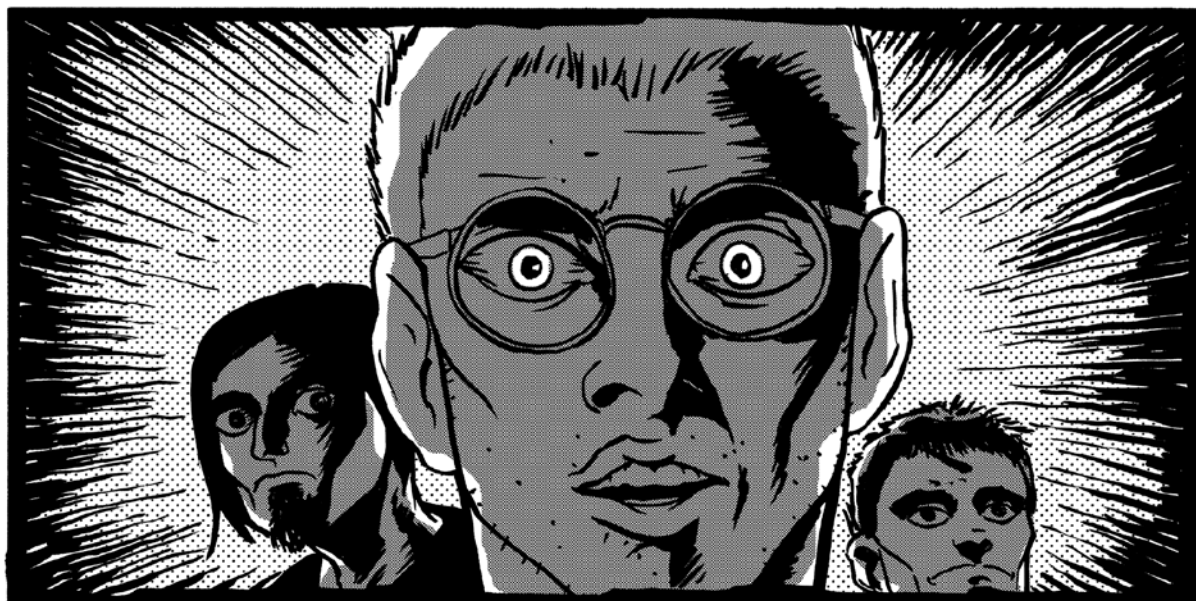














To be continued in the next issue.

# Don't Let Him Go

part three





**The following story first appeared in Tick Tock Tom mini comic #2 (1993).**

**Story & art by Chetan Patel & Kenneth Gallant.**





ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A MAN NAMED BRADY, NOT THE BRADY FROM THAT T.V. SHOW, THIS BRADY WAS DIFFERENT.

THIS BRADY WASN'T ALL THERE.

YOU COULD SAY THAT HE WASN'T PLAYING WITH A FULL DECK.

BRADY WASN'T DANGEROUS, HE WAS DIFFERENT.

MANY PEOPLE IN THE TOWN DID NOT LIKE THE LIKES OF BRADY AND HIS KIND.

"PUT THEM ALL AWAY!", THE TOWN'S PEOPLE WOULD TELL THE MAYOR.

"FUCK OFF!", BRADY WOULD SAY TO THEM WHILE WAVING HIS ARMS AROUND.

BRADY DIDN'T LIKE TOO MANY PEOPLE.

THEY DIDN'T SEE THINGS THE WAY HE DID.



THEY SAID HE WAS SCREWED UP IN THE HEAD

BECAUSE OF THAT.

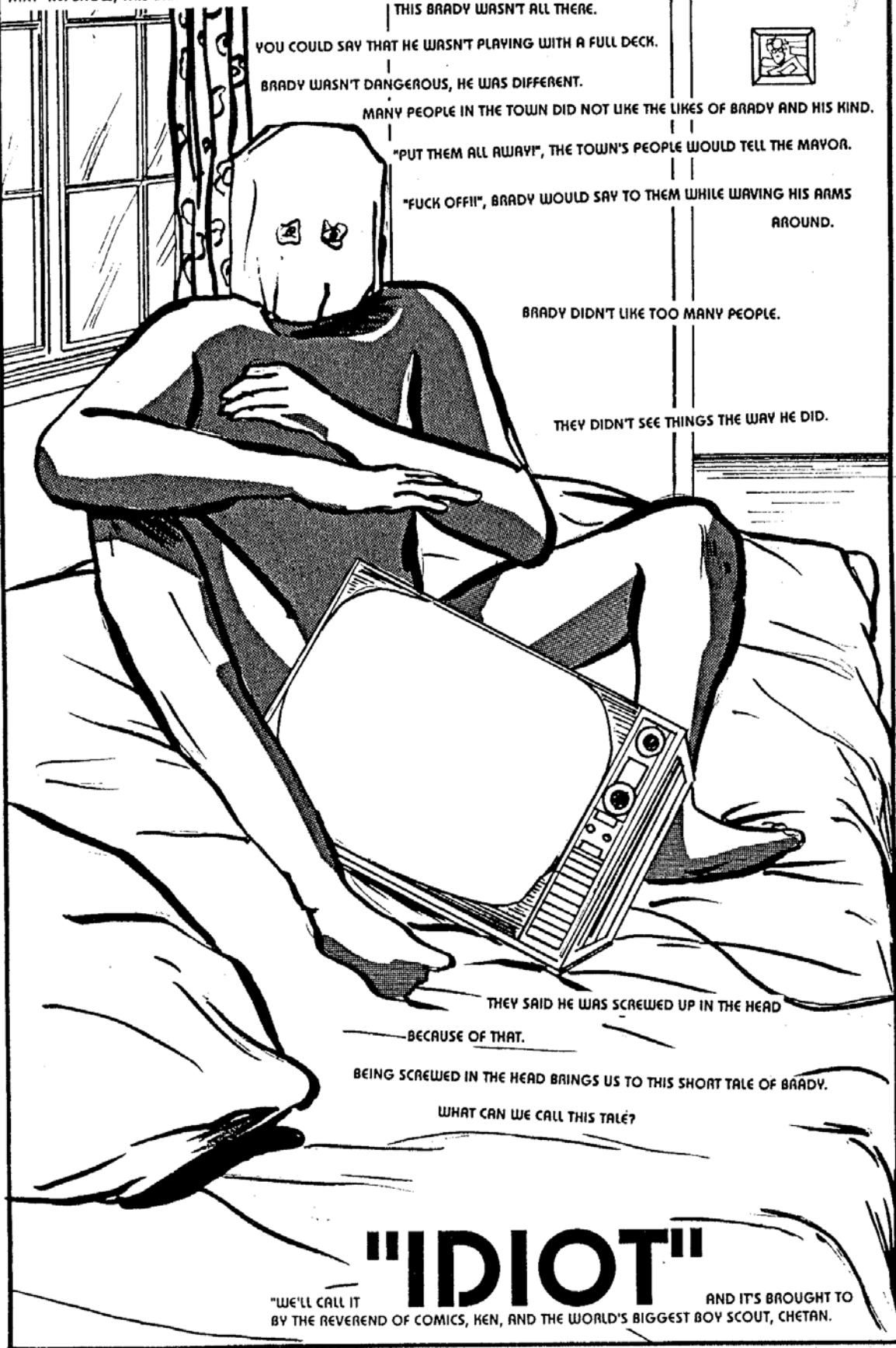
BEING SCREWED IN THE HEAD BRINGS US TO THIS SHORT TALE OF BRADY.

WHAT CAN WE CALL THIS TALE?

# "IDIOT"

"WE'LL CALL IT  
BY THE REVEREND OF COMICS, KEN, AND THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BOY SCOUT, CHETAN.

AND IT'S BROUGHT TO





BRADY HAD THIS DREAM ONE NIGHT,  
HE WROTE ALL OF IT DOWN.  
IT'S ALL WRITTEN ON A  
TOILET PAPER ROLL WHICH  
SITS ON HIS DRAFTING TABLE.  
HE WROTE ALL OF IT IN CRAY-  
ON, A RED CRAYON.

ALL BRADY HAD TO DO WAS  
WEAR A PAPER BAG OVER  
HIS HEAD, BE COMPLETELY NUDE,  
AND HAVE AN UNPLUGGED  
1979 R.C.A. T.V. SET.

ALL BRADY HAD TO DO WAS TO

SAY A FEW PHRASES AND

RUB THE TUBE AND MAKE A

WISH.

THE DREAM HAD TOLD HIM THAT THE  
'SECRET OF LIFE' COULD BE HIS.

THE WISH TO 'SECRET OF LIFE'.

THE SECRET TO IMMORTALITY.

THEN ALL BRADY HAD TO DO WAS WAIT 13

SECONDS AND THE SECRET WOULD BE HIS.

THE KNOWLEDGE WOULD COME STRAIGHT OUT

OF THE T.V. AND LEAP INTO BRADY'S

HEAD.

BRADY WAITED 13 SECONDS.

20. 30. 40.

60 SECONDS.

NOTHING.

THE RITUAL DID NOT WORK.

HE CURSED. HE CURSED AT THE RITUAL.

HE CURSED AT THE T.V. SET. HE CURSED AT THE  
WORLD.

HE EVEN CURSED AT HIS  
MOTHER FOR RAISING A  
FUCKED UP SON.

BRADY JUST WAVED HIS ARMS AND STARTED TO VELL THINGS THAT WE CAN'T WRITE IN  
HERE.

GLASS SHATTERED EVERYWHERE.

"I'D LIKE TO BUY A VOWEL, PAT. A 'T' PLEASE."

"DON'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE, ROMAN..."

"WIPE YOUR TOILET CLEAN."

ALL THESE NOISES CAME OUT OF THE SET.  
THE SOUND IT MADE AS IT HIT THE BED WAS  
HEARD AROUND THE WORLD.



BRADY QUICKLY JUMP OFF THE BED AND WAS  
WONDERING WHAT WAS GOING ON.

BRADY AGAIN HEARD MORE NOISES FROM THE SET.

HOW COULD HE HEAR THE NOISES FROM THE SET BRADY  
THOUGHT. HE KNEW HE HAD  
UNPLUGGED THE SET BEFORE THE RITUAL BEGAN.  
HE DECIDED TO GO CLOSER TO CHECK IT OUT.

"HOLY SHIT!", SAID BRADY AS HE  
APPROACHED THE T.V. SET.  
AS HE WATCHED THE SET, HE  
BEGAN TO SMILE.

"IT WORKED! IT WORKED!", YELLED BRADY.

"HERE'S A STORY OF A MAN NAMED BRADY, WHO BUSY RAISING THREE BOYS OF ...", CAME OUT OF THE SET.

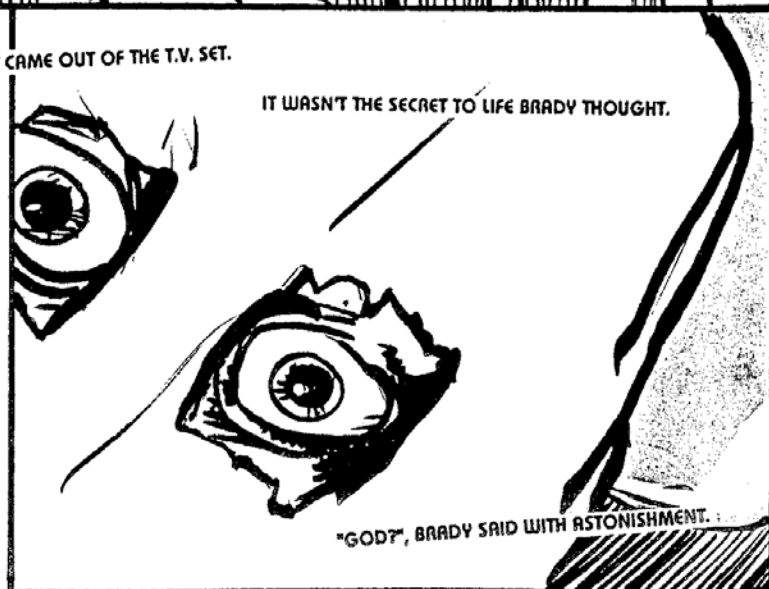
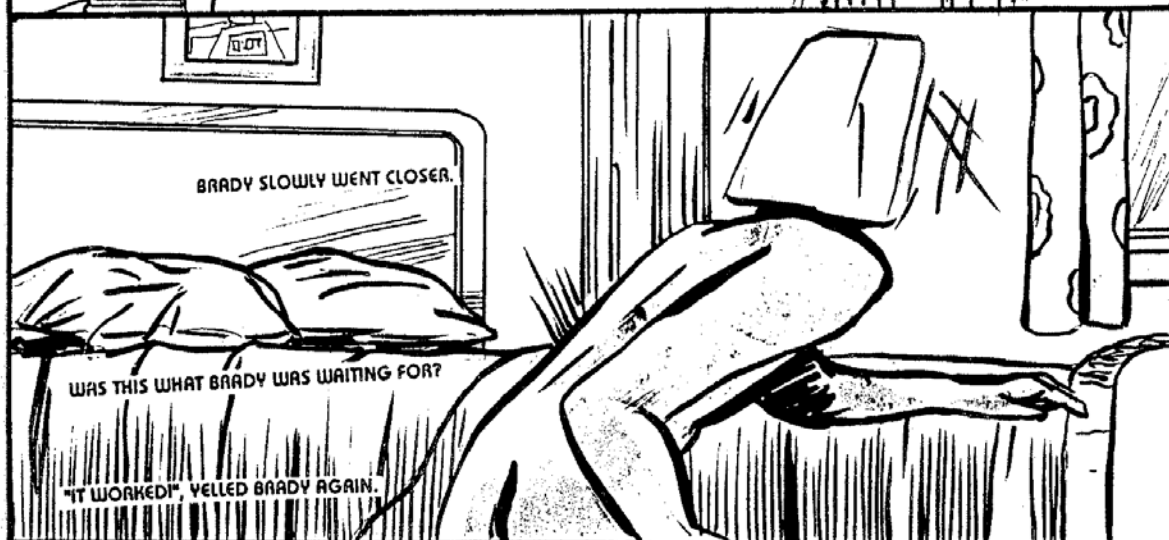
"ALL OF THEM WITH HAIR OF GOLD, THE YOUNGEST ONE IN CURLS..."

"STAB 'IM IN THE HEART"

"YOUR TURN TO SPIN THE BIG WHEEL"

"TICKET"

"GEE, WALLY"





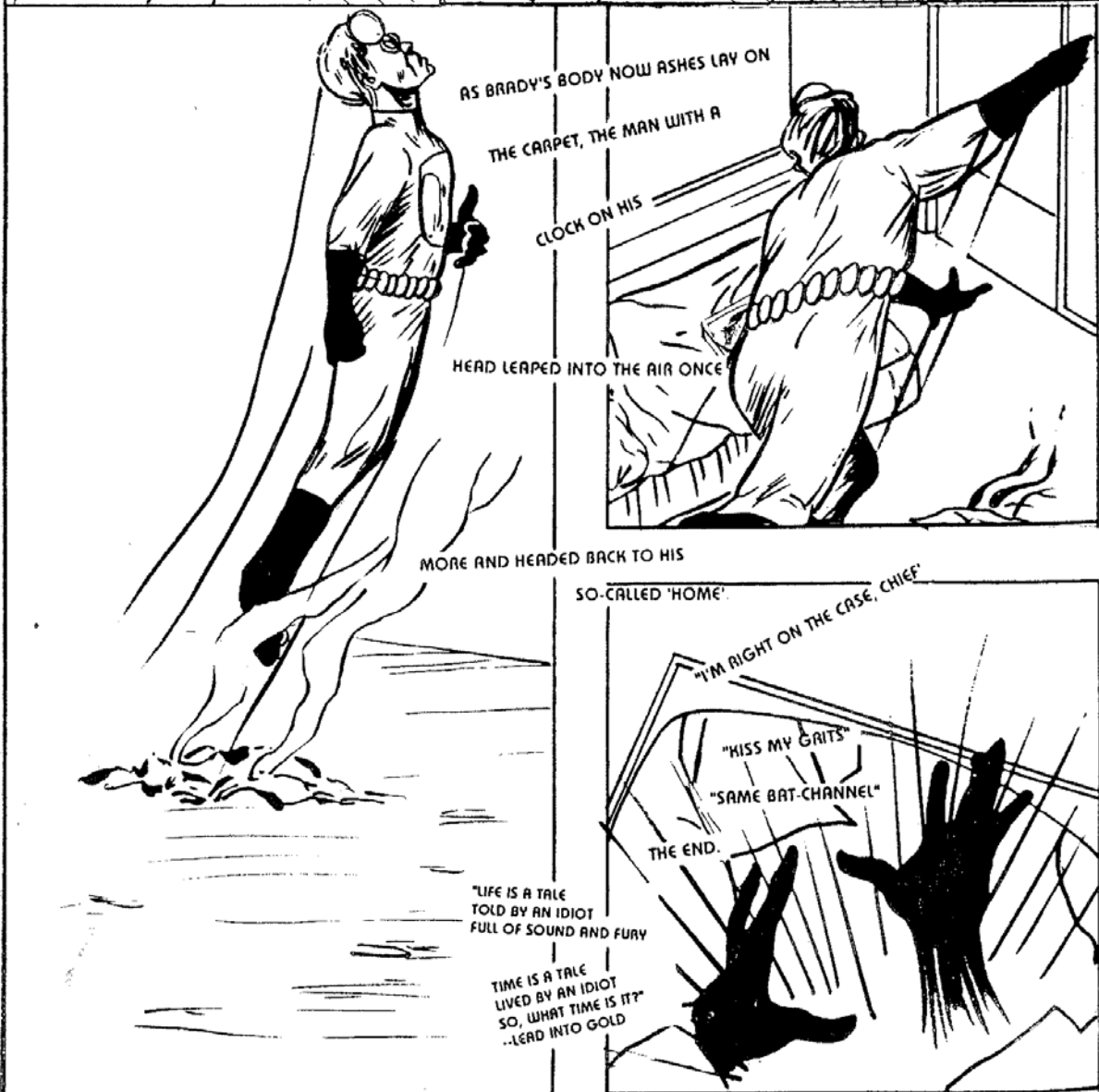




BRADY DID NOT WANT TO HEAR THAT.

"GET AWAY FROM ME!!!!!!", VELLED BRADY.

"GET AWAY!!!!!!", BRADY WENT ON.



AS BRADY'S BODY NOW ASHES LAY ON  
THE CARPET, THE MAN WITH A

CLOCK ON HIS

HEAD LEAPED INTO THE AIR ONCE

MORE AND HEADED BACK TO HIS

SO-CALLED 'HOME'.

"I'M RIGHT ON THE CASE, CHIEF"

"KISS MY GRITS"

"SAME BAT-CHANNEL"

THE END.

"LIFE IS A TALE  
TOLD BY AN IDIOT  
FULL OF SOUND AND FURY

TIME IS A TALE  
LIVED BY AN IDIOT  
SO, WHAT TIME IS IT?"  
--LEAD INTO GOLD