

TIC TOC TOM

issue seven

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Nowhere girl





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person living or dead is purely coincidental.
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issue, please give credit to the creators who
have put a hard effort into their work.



JACK IS GONE.

I'M EXHAUSTED!

IGGY IS STILL
FIGHTING!

THESE FUCKERS
KEEP COMING.

NON-STOP.

WE KEEP
KILLING THEM...

...BUT THEY
COME BACK.

I AM TIRED.

I WANT TO GO HOME.

...HOME IS SO FAR AWAY.



part two

The Land of Confusion

by chetan & tom

The story that you are about to read started out with no story or plot in mind. Each page was plotted, drawn and scripted as we went along. Once a batch of pages were completed, the artwork was passed along to the other person. And so forth. We did not talk about any story ideas, just went with what came to our mind.

AS THE STORY GOES...

IT WAS YOUR AVERAGE DRY SUMMER DAY IN ETHIOPIA AS A YOUNG GOATHERDER TENDED HIS DAILY DUTIES. HE WASN'T FOND OF THE DAILY TASKS THAT HE HAD TO DO. HE WAS LIKE EVERY OTHER BOY, HE WANTED TO ENJOY THE DAY. HE WANTED TO PLAY WITH HIS FRIENDS. NOT BE HERDING GOATS.

BUT THIS WAS HIS LIFE. LIKE HIS FATHER, HE TOO WILL BE A GOATHERDER.

LIKE EVERY DAY, HE WOULD MOVE HIS GOATS ALONG THE PATHWAY THAT HE HAS TAKEN SO MANY TIMES BEFORE. HIS GOATS WOULD STOP HERE, THERE AND EAT FROM ONE SHRUB TO ANOTHER. IT WASN'T UNTIL HE DECIDED TO SIT DOWN AND RELAX AS THE GOATS ATE THAT HE NOTICED SOMETHING INTERESTING.

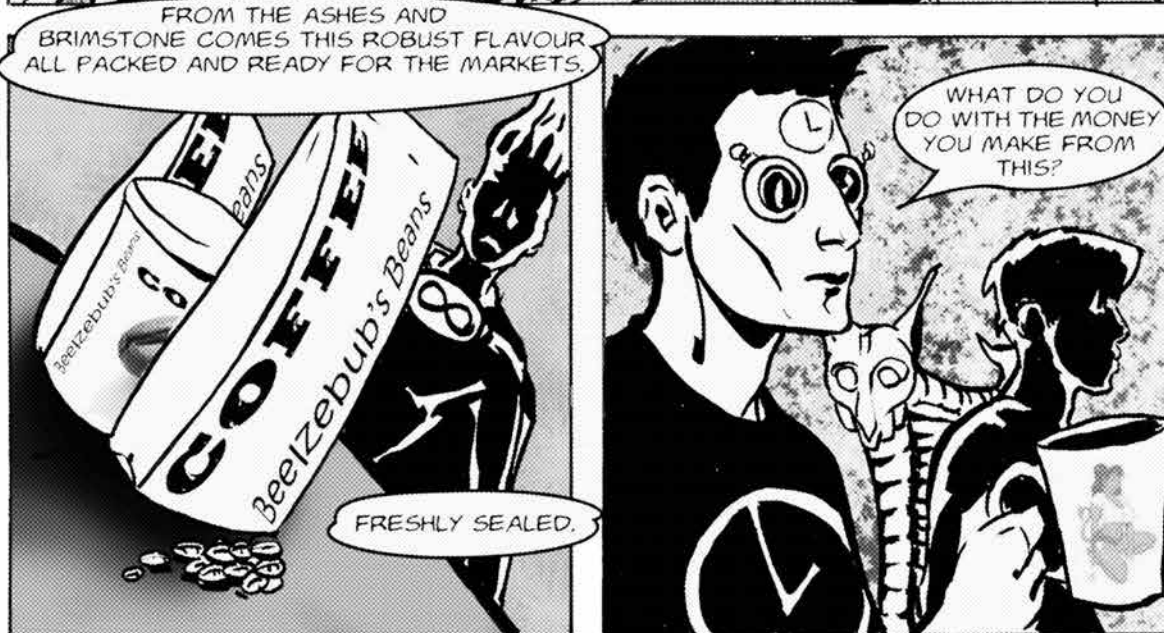
HIS GOATS, MOVING FROM ONE SHRUB TO ANOTHER, WERE FULL OF VITALITY. AS HE LOOKED CLOSER HE REALIZED THAT HIS HERD WAS EATING THE BERRIES FROM THE SHRUBS. AS THEY ATE THEM THEY WERE "DANCING". OUT OF CURIOSITY, HE PICKED A FEW BERRIES AND ATE THEM. WITHIN SECONDS HE TOO WAS DANCING. AS THE BOY AND HIS GOATS DANCED, A LOCAL MONK WITNESSED ALL OF THIS. HE APPROACHED THE BOY AND ASKED WHAT HE HAD EATEN. THE BOY TOLD THE MONK WHAT HAD HAPPENED. THE MONK PONDERED AND THEN PICKED A HANDFUL OF THESE BERRIES. HE WOULD TAKE THIS TO HIS BROTHERS.

IT IS ALSO BELIEVED THAT COFFEE WAS INTRODUCED TO THE WORLD THROUGH THE MUSLIM WORLD AND SPREAD ACROSS THE KNOWN WORLD BY THE DUTCH TO THE EAST INDIES, ITALY AND TO THE AMERICAS.

WORKS WRITTEN DATING BACK TO THE 15TH CENTURY SPEAK OF A DRINK THAT BROUGHT ON ALERTNESS AND KEPT THE DRINKER AWAKE FOR HOURS.

THERE ARE COUNTLESS TALES OF THE ORIGINS OF COFFEE.

KOFFIE.
KAHVE.
GAHWA.
WINE OF THE BEAN.





WHAT WE'VE ALWAYS DONE IN THE UNDERWORLD, TIC TIC TOM, BUY SOULS!!

DID WE JUST SWAP CHAIRS?

WEIRD...



SOULS...




NOW ABOUT YOUR FRIEND'S SOUL?

I FORSEE A PROBLEM HERE.



YOU SEE WITH THE NEW RESTRUCTURING WE MUST SPEAK WITH THE HEAD OF HUMAN RESOURCES.

HE WILL BE ABLE TO TELL US IF A WORKER CAN BE LET GO AND WHAT PAPERWORK NEEDS TO BE COMPLETE TO DO SO.



I TELL YOU WHAT I AM,
I AM PISSED IS WHAT I AM!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A
FEW DOZEN FELLERS OVER
YONDER PIT AND SEE IF THAT'LL
WARM UP THE PLACE.

BURN AS MANY
A BODIES AS YOU KIN.
KEEP 'EM CROPS
FROM DYING,
YOU HEAR?

GREETINGS,
BILLY-BUB.

I'D LIKE YOU MEET
TIC TOC TOM
AND JACK SHIT.

THEY HAVE COME
TO RECLAIM THE
SOUL OF THEIR
FRIEND.

IS THAT SO?

HOWDY, BOYS!

I RUN THINGS
AROUND THESE
PARTS.

OUR FRIEND
DOESN'T BELONG
HERE...

NO ONE
DOES AND
THAT'S THE
PROBLEM.



















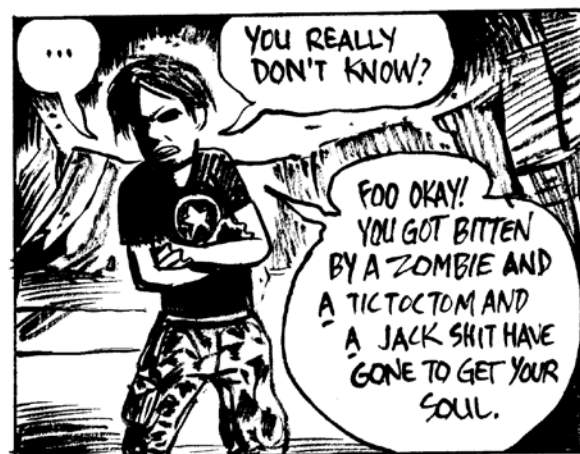


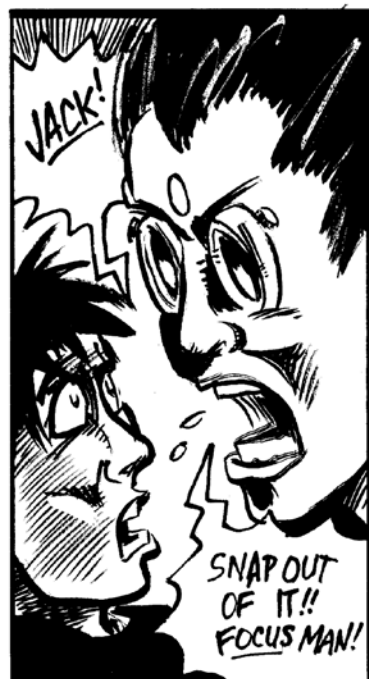
I AM NOT A ZOMBIE!! I AM STRONG!
I'M A FIGHTER!! I AM ZOTA..
NOT A ZOMBIE!! STRONG!
A FIGHTER!! COME ON!














... THE LAWS... TRUE,
THIS IS A SOMEWHAT
LAWLESS PLACE IN
A WAY...

!?

... THERE ARE
IMMUTABLE RULES
WE ALL MUST FOLLOW.

FEW REALIZED, AS
CONDITIONS GREW COLDER,
THAT SOMETHING RARE WAS
HAPPENING...

YOUR ARRIVAL AND
THE REQUEST FOR A SOUL IS
JUST AS INFREQUENT. IT MUST
SHOW A LINK!





To be continued in the next issue.

The Land of Confusion

part three

