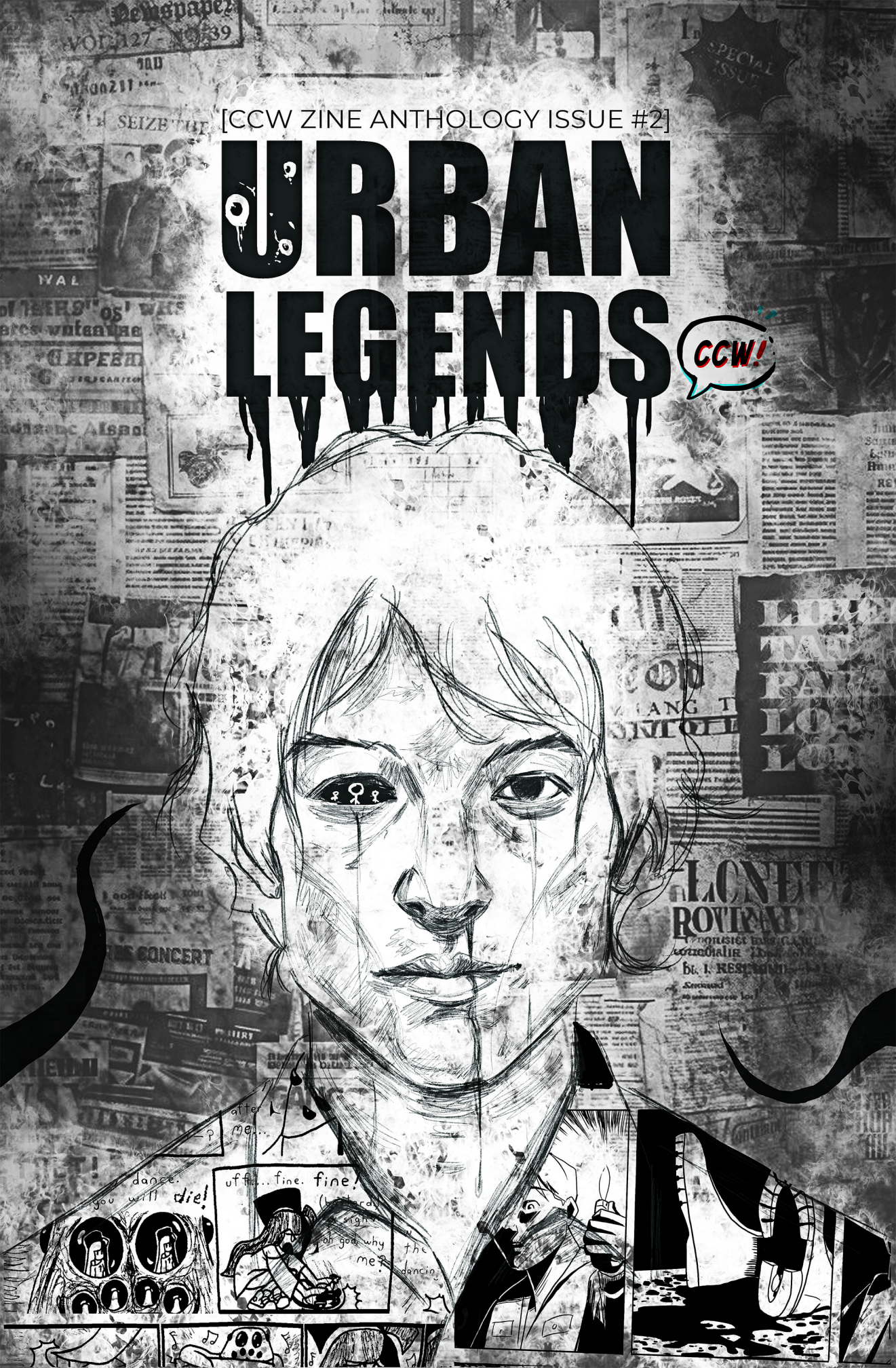
[CCW ZINE ANTHOLOGY ISSUE #2]

URBAN LEGENDS

CCW!





URBAN LEGENDS

CONTENTS

03. BENEATH THE RAVINE OF THE DEAD

Story by Tabascoshrimp
Art by Tabascoshrimp

09. TARANTOLA DEL TORMENTO

Story by David Alexander
Art by David Alexander

15. TI-MOUNE MOI

Story by David Winter
Art by Sheltz Joseph

22. Vitterstråk

Story by Snokkart
Art by Snokkart

28. PIPIDONG

Story by Samuel Lilja
Art by Samuel Lilja

33. CREDITS

CCW!

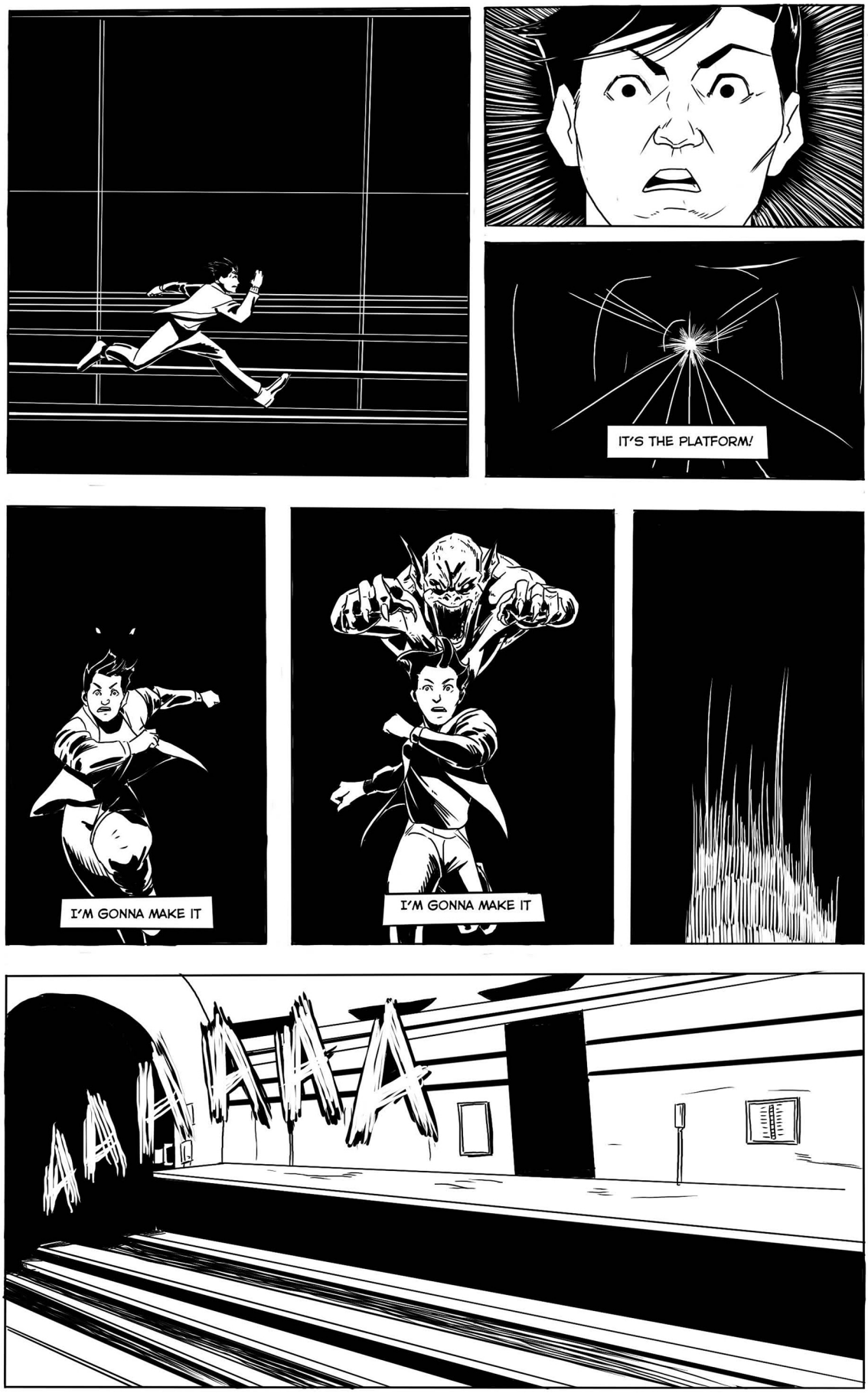

Phone
CALL 1-800 HELP
IF IT RINGS...
DON'T
PICK IT UP!!!


SO TIRED...
BARELY MADE IT TO THE LAST TRAIN, AND I'VE GOT TO BE BACK AT WORK IN A FEW HOURS...
DON'T FALL ASLEEP...
TU RU RU
NEXT STOP: BARRANCA DEL MUERTO END OF THE LINE
LINEA 7
SAN ANTONIO
MIXCOAC
BARRANCA DEL MUERTO
"RAVINE OF THE DEAD"
I ALWAYS WONDERED WHY WAS IT CALLED THAT.
I MEAN, OBVIOUSLY, THERE USED TO BE A RAVINE AND IT WAS FILLED WITH DEAD BODIES.
BARRANCA DEL MUERTO
BUT, WHO WERE THEY? AND HOW DID THEY DIE?
IT SEEMS EVERY TIME I ASKED A TEACHER ABOUT IT, I GOT A DIFFERENT ANSWER.
SOMETIMES THEY WERE TRAVELERS KILLED BY BANDITS IN THE TIMES OF THE VICEROYALTY.
OTHER TIMES IT WAS AN AMERICAN BATALLION AMBUSHED DURING THE BATTLE FOR MEXICO CITY.
OR THE CASUALTIES FROM NEARBY CLASHES BETWEEN THE ARMY AND ZAPATA'S REBELS DURING THE REVOLUTION.
BENEATH THE RAVINE OF THE DEAD


!!
WHAT?
SHIT! I FELL ASLEEP!
I MUST BE IN THE YARD AT THE END OF THE LINE.
BUT HOW? THE GUARD AT THE STATION SHOULD HAVE SEEN ME.
WHAT NOW?
GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THE TRAINS START RUNNING AGAIN IN THE MORNING.
SSSSS
HUH?
WHERE DID I PUT THAT LIGHTER?
SSSSSSS


WHAT THE!?
SHIT!
REEEEEEE


EMERGENCY EXIT
RIIIIIIP
THUMP


IT'S THE PLATFORM!
I'M GONNA MAKE IT
I'M GONNA MAKE IT
AAAAA



A WHISPER IN THE LEAVES

LITTLE BY LITTLE A THUMB AND A BEETLE
ALAS AND AN EYE OF A SEED
TWIST , TURN , TWIST , BURN
MY HANDS LAY DEAF AND CAUTIOUS AS I BLEED

LITTLE OH LITTLE A HEIR AND A CRADLE
ELECTRIC NOT ABLE
TWIST , BURN , TWIST TURN
NOW HE TORTURES AN ANGEL TO BE

BURN , TWIST , BURN , TURN
HIS HANDS AS HEAVY AS HIS GREED
BURN , TWIST , BURN , TURN
NO TALKING NO HUMMING JUST
A WHISPER IN THE LEAVES


MORGAN & POPS
one shot:
Tarantola del TORMENTO
Giardini Piazza Garibaldi (Taranto, Southern Italy)
at last! we're finally here! morgan's childhood town. taranto italy!
ok but....
why the fuck is everyone da-da-dancing?
we're cursed! cursed by the tarantola!
dancing the tarantella is the only way to sweat out the spider's venom!
if bitten, you must dance or die!
it's not contagious is it? i'm eh..... i'm chorophobic.
hang on. you cuss like a sailor, still owe back taxes, and you touch yourself. a lot. but dancing? oh- no!
wait, what!?
no, he's lying! i'd never be so dirty!


forget the dancing! i'm more worried about the fucking spiders!
i heard the spiders here are huge!
alright — alright, calm down. morgan, no one's asking you to dance. and ariel, there are no giant spiders here.
buongiorno.
=click= =click=
morgan!
babe, wrap that one.
yes dear.
gah!
oh ew! so much hair!
bitch, get a grip! you really gonna let them eat griff!?
come on! hurry!
oh.... oh— okay!
wait! i need my sticks!
keep your panties on! fuck! why am i always carrying your shit?!
here!
oh god, why does it have to be fucking spiders!? let's kill 'em quick!
alright. let's kick some arachnid ass!


eat bass wave you freaks!
nom.
i didn't mean literally!!
ariel! don't be a pussy! use your drum-chuks!
r-r-right!
take this!
SLICE!
=tink!=
exo skeleton. ain't it a bitch?
aight, i'ma wrap you now.
shhh.... just let it happen.
now that all the chips are on the table, let's talk deal.
see, it has come time for me to mate! and soon, my wife will eat me.
that's not how that— oh nevermind.
the people of this town dance because of me, but it's just so.... incidental.


before i have hot spider sex and die, just once i want to see a human dance *for* me, not because of me.
i'll release all your friends if you do.
oh, ha-ha! i eh.... i don't dance. is there anything else i—?
preposterous!! they didn't name a *sport* after me...
they named a dance!
you *will* dance. or you will *die!*
uff.... fine. **fine!** (bastard.) * sigh * oh god, why me?
because you have supple curves. now— make with the dancing!
PLAY
=inhale=
(i hate this.)
(the hell am i even doing?)
(shit! my skirt's too short for this!)
yes! yes! more! more!
oh..... so hot!
(ew.)
damn. she's not half bad!
you got this morgan!
(i can still feel the pedipalps!)

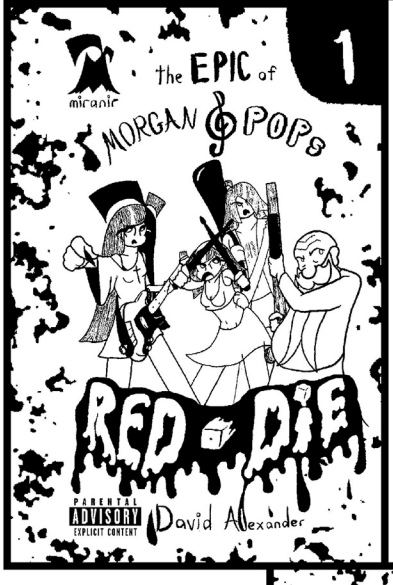


Created by David Alexander. If you enjoyed this, check out the full "Epic of Morgan & Pops" series at www.miranir.com

This comic was based on the real legend of the tarantola spider from taranto italy. The word "tarantula" comes from this legend, although the spider in question is what we now call a wolf spider. This legend lead to the iconic "Tarentella Napoletana" folk song (look it up - you've probably heard it) and the traditional Tarantella dance, although I doubt that can cure chorophobia. Allegedly some people did indeed dance for days because of this legend.
One last thing - wolf spider's helped me get over my arachnophobia - they are God's little architect. Please don't kill them - they hunt pests and they love you.

welcome to the world of MIRANIR





Miranir is a vision for a world where we care for each other like jesus.

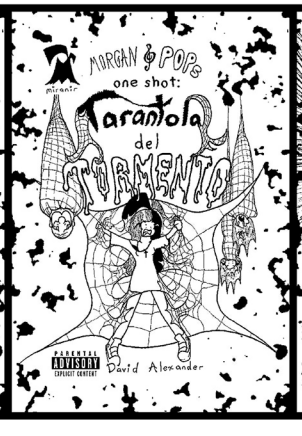
Come share this dream, one creation at a time.

Enjoy hand-drawn, hand-made comics including free zine downloads by David Alexander.

Get copies of "the Epic of Morgan & Pops" full volumes and zines, available at:

www.miranir.com







TI-MOUNE MOI



AN OBSCURE URBAN LEGEND FROM ST. LUCIA

CHARACTERS

MARY

BLACK ST. LUCIAN WOMAN, 60S. AVERAGE BUILD, GREY HAIR, HOUSEDRESS, BARE FEET.

(IN FLASHBACK MEMORY PANELS, MARY ALSO APPEARS BOTH AS A CHILD AND AS HERSELF 10-15 YEARS YOUNGER THAN SHE IS IN THE PRESENT OF THE STORY.)

TI BOLOM

A SPIRIT OF AN UNBAPTISED CHILD, PLUCKED FROM HELL BY AN EGG-BASED RITUAL. THE ONE IN OUR TALE IS CHILD-SIZED BUT EMACIATED AND GAUNT. SMOOTH CHARCOAL-GREY SKIN. LARGE EYES GLOWING A DULL, CONSTANT AMBER. LONG THIN LIMBS, ELONGATED FINGERS. CROUCHES LOW, MOVES CLOSE TO THE GROUND, HANDS OFTEN PLANTED IN FRONT OF IT. LITTLE CLOTHING, BUT SOME BITS MARY HAS FORCED IT TO WEAR. MOST NOTABLY, MARY CROCHETED FOR IT A COLOURFUL, LOPSIDED, SLIGHTLY TOO BIG HAT!

(NOTE ON TI BOLOMS GENERALLY: NO TWO LOOK ALIKE. DIFFERENT BUILDS, SKIN TONES, EYE-GLOW COLOUR, AND SOME WEAR HATS, EVEN WHEN NOT FORCED TO. MARY'S ONE IS DEFINITELY FORCED TO.)



PAGE ONE (3 PANELS)

PANEL 1 (HALF PAGE)

WIDE, AND FAR BACK. A ST. LUCIAN BEACH AT DUSK. THE PITONS SIT IN THE DISTANCE, THE SEA CALM. MARY AND THE SMALL SHAPE OF A TI BOLOM, EASILY MISTAKABLE AS A CHILD FROM THIS DISTANCE, SIT TOGETHER AT THE WATER'S EDGE, THEIR BACKS TO US. SMALL IN THE FRAME.

(IF WE WANT A TITLE CARD AND CREDITS, WE COULD PERHAPS MAKE THIS TWO-THIRDS OF THE PAGE AND STILL HAVE IT ALL FIT.)

1. MARY: RIGHT HERE, DOUDOU.
2. MARY: GRANNY WOULD SIT ME DOWN IN THE SAND, BETWEEN HER OLD KNEES.

PANEL 2

CLOSE IN NOW, AND FROM THE FRONT OF THE TWO FIGURES. NOW WE SEE THE TI BOLOM CLEARLY FOR THE FIRST TIME. GAUNT, CHARCOAL-GREY FLESH, AMBER EYES GLOWING, THE CROCHETED HAT ON ITS HEAD. IT LOOKS DEAD AHEAD, EXPRESSIONLESS. MARY KEEPS TALKING TO ITS SIDE.

3. MARY: SHE'D PLAIT MY HAIR AND GRUMBLE.
4. MARY: LIKE THE SEA, THAT WOMAN.

PANEL 3

WE ARE NOW LOOKING UP AT MARY SLIGHTLY, WITH THE TI BOLOM IN THE FOREGROUND OF THE PANEL. IT CONTINUES TO LOOK STRAIGHT AHEAD, BORED AND DISINTERESTED. MARY LOOKS DOWN AT IT, EYES SOFT, MOUTH TIGHT, ONE HAND RESTING IN THE SAND BESIDE IT.

5. MARY: TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW IN THEM GRUMBLES, DOUDOU.
6. MARY: EVEN HOW TO MAKE A TI BOLOM, LIKE YOU.

PAGE TWO (5 PANELS)

[ART NOTE]: MEMORY PANELS SHOULD USE A DISTINCT VISUAL STYLE FROM THE PRESENT DAY. PERHAPS A WARMER TONE, ROUGHER LINE QUALITY. SOMETHING THAT FEELS MORE INTIMATE AND HANDMADE?

PANEL 1 (PRESENT)

PRESENT-DAY MARY SITS ON THE BEACH FACING THE SEA, DRAWN IN THE MAIN PRESENT-DAY STYLE, HANDS FOLDED IN HER LAP, SPEAKING SOFTLY TO THE TI BOLOM BESIDE HER. BESIDE MARY, DRAWN IN THE WARMER, ROUGHER MEMORY STYLE, CHILD MARY SITS BETWEEN HER GRANDMOTHER'S KNEES WHILE THE GRANDMOTHER PLAITS HER HAIR WITH FIRM, PRACTISED HANDS. THE GRANDMOTHER'S FACE IS FIERCE.

1. MARY: "TAKE ONE EGG, AN' SLEEP WITH IT UNDER YOUR PILLOW", SHE'D SAY.
2. MARY: SO I DID. FELT A FOOL, BUT THREE NIGHTS I KEPT THAT EGG SAFE

PANEL 2 (MEMORY)

WE ARE LOW ON THE BED, AS THOUGH WE ARE THE NEWBORN TI BOLOM, LOOKING UP AT MIDDLE-AGE MARY. MIDDLE-AGED MARY IS LEANING OVER, FILLING THE FRAME. MORNING LIGHT CATCHES THE EDGE OF HER FACE. SHE GAZES DOWN WITH PURE, STARTLED LOVE, LIKE SHE IS SEEING A MIRACLE.

3. MARY (CAPTION): THEN JUST LIKE THAT, THERE YOU WERE.
4. MARY (CAPTION): OLD PEOPLE SAY THE DEVIL SEND TI BOLOMS. HAH! LOOK AT YOU, DOUDOU...

PANEL 3 (MEMORY)

REVERSE ANGLE, FROM MIDDLE-AGE MARY'S PERSPECTIVE. EARLY MORNING LIGHT ACROSS THE BED. MIDDLE-AGE MARY'S HANDS REST CAREFULLY ON THE MATTRESS, ONE ON EITHER SIDE OF A CRACKED-OPEN EGG. IN THE BROKEN SHELL LIES THE NEWBORN TI BOLOM. IT IS TINY, WET-LOOKING, MALFORMED AND PATHETIC, MORE LIKE A SICKLY INFANT THAN A MONSTER, THOUGH NO LESS GROTESQUE. ITS CHARCOAL-GREY LIMBS ARE FOLDED TIGHT TO ITS BODY. ITS DULL AMBER EYES ARE ALREADY OPEN.

5. MARY (CAPTION): HOW COULD THE DEVIL MAKE SOMETHING SO BEAUTIFUL?

PANEL 4 (MEMORY)

MIDDLE-AGE MARY KNEELS ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE TODDLER-SIZED TI BOLOM, HOLDING OUT A SMALL PIECE OF RAW MEAT BETWEEN FINGER AND THUMB. THE TI BOLOM CROUCHES LOW IN FRONT OF HER, STARING AT THE MEAT WITH ITS DULL AMBER EYES. MIDDLE-AGE MARY'S OTHER HAND IS RAISED WITH ONE FINGER POINTED, ATTEMPTING TO TEACH IT.

6. MARY (CAPTION): THEN ONCE IT'S HATCHED, YOU HAVE TO BE QUICK. IF IT SPEAKS FIRST, IT HAVE THE POWER. YOU SPEAK FIRST, THEN IT'S YOURS.

PANEL 5 (MEMORY)

OLDER (CLOSE TO PRESENT DAY) MARY SITS IN A CHAIR, CROCHETING THE COLOURFUL LITTLE HAT THE TI BOLOM WEARS IN THE PRESENT, ON THE BEACH. THE TODDLER-SIZED TI BOLOM CROUCHES STIFFLY BETWEEN HER FEET WHILE SHE MEASURES THE HALF-FINISHED HAT AGAINST ITS HEAD. IT HOLDS A STRIP OF RAW MEAT IN BOTH HANDS AND STARES BLANKLY AHEAD.

7. MARY (CAPTION): IT'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY. CAN'T LEAVE YOU. IT BELONGS TO YOU.

PAGE THREE (5 PANELS)

PANEL 1

BACK ON THE BEACH IN THE PRESENT. MARY SITS BESIDE THE TI BOLOM, HOLDING ONE FIST UP IN FRONT OF HER. A THIN, WORN WEDDING BAND ON HER FINGER CATCHES THE LAST LIGHT AS THE SAND FALLS. SAND SLIPS FROM BETWEEN HER FINGERS AND FALLS BACK ONTO THE BEACH.

1. MARY: YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE GRANNY TOLD ME? HOW TO BE RID OF ONE.
2. MARY: EASY ENOUGH. GIVE IT A TASK IT CAN'T FINISH, WATCH IT WASTE AWAY TRYING.

PANEL 2

CLOSE ON MARY'S OPEN HAND IN FRONT OF THE TI BOLOM'S FACE. A FEW GRAINS OF SAND REMAIN IN HER PALM. THE TI BOLOM LOOKS AT THE SAND WITHOUT INTEREST.

3. MARY: A TASK LIKE, COUNT EVERY GRAIN OF SAND ON THIS BEACH.

PANEL 3

CLOSE ON MARY'S FACE. SHE LOOKS AT THE TI BOLOM WITH DISAPPOINTMENT HARDENING INTO ANGER.

4. MARY: SO TONIGHT, WITH ALL THIS SAND HERE TO COUNT, I WANT TO KNOW. DO YOU EVEN SEE ME?
5. MARY: DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I NEVER ASK OF YOU?

PANEL 4 (SPLASH PANEL)

A RUM SHOP INTERIOR AT NIGHT. A WELL-DRESSED LOCAL HARD MAN SITS CALMLY AT A CORNER TABLE, COUNTING A THICK FOLD OF BANKNOTES BESIDE A HALF-EMPTY GLASS OF RUM. ACROSS THE ROOM, HIS TI BOLOM HAS DRAGGED A BLOODIED MAN HALFWAY ACROSS THE FLOOR BY ONE ANKLE. THE VICTIM'S FACE IS SMASHED, ONE ARM BENT WRONG BENEATH HIM, HIS FINGERS CLAWING USELESSLY AT THE BOARDS. THE TI BOLOM IS SQUAT AND HEAVY-SET, WITH DARK REDDISH-BROWN SKIN, COLD GOLD GLOWING EYES, AND A SMALL STORE-BOUGHT FELT FEDORA THAT MATCHES THE HARD MAN'S OWN STYLE. THE OTHER DRINKERS KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN AND PRETEND NOT TO SEE.

6. MARY (CAPTION): PEOPLE ALL OVER THIS ISLAND USE YOUR KIND FOR ALL MANNER OF WICKEDNESS.
7. MARY (CAPTION): STEALING. HARMING. RUINING A MAN WHO LOOK AT THEM WRONG.
8. MARY (CAPTION): ME, THOUGH? I FED YOU. DRESSED YOU. TOOK YOU AS MY OWN!

PAGE FOUR (6 PANELS)

PANEL 1

BACK ON THE BEACH. MARY STANDS OVER THE TI BOLOM. SHE POINTS DOWN AT IT, ANGRY AND DESPERATE. THE TI BOLOM CROUCHES AT HER FEET, LOOKING UP AT HER WITHOUT EXPRESSION.

1. MARY: SO YOU TELL ME TRUE, YOU HEAR ME? RIGHT NOW.
2. MARY: DOES YOUR HEART BEAT FOR ME AT ALL?

PANEL 2

CLOSE ON THE TI BOLOM AS IT FIDDLES ABSENTMINDEDLY WITH A SHELL. ITS EXPRESSION DOES NOT CHANGE, AND IT IS NOT LOOKING AT MARY.

3. TI BOLOM: NO.

PANEL 3

MARY STARES DOWN AT THE TI BOLOM, FROZEN FOR HALF A SECOND. HER MOUTH IS OPEN, ONE HAND LIFTED USELESSLY IN FRONT OF HER, AS IF THE ANSWER HAS KNOCKED THE NEXT WORD OUT OF HER. A MIXTURE OF RAGE, SADNESS, AND CONFUSION FIGHT FOR CONTROL.

4. MARY: NO? NO! YOU... LOVE ME. YOU HEAR ME?! I'M TELLING YOU! YOU LOVE ME.

PANEL 4

MARY DROPS DOWN TO THE SAND BESIDE THE TI BOLOM. HER CHIN IS LOWERED, HER EYES ARE ON THE SAND AT HER FEET, AND HER SHOULDERS HAVE FALLEN.

5. MARY: CHILDREN GROW, THEY LEAVE. THAT'S HOW IT IS.
6. MARY: BUT MY HUSBAND... NO. HE WAS TAKEN TOO YOUNG. IT'S ALL WRONG.

PANEL 5

CLOSER ON MARY, FROM THE SIDE. HER EYES STILL DOWN.

7. MARY: EVER SINCE, MY SISTER PASSES MY GATE LIKE SHE DON'T SEE IT. WHOLE ISLAND FULL OF PEOPLE, AND NOT ONE SOUL COMING BY.

PANEL 6

WIDE. PULL ALL THE WAY BACK: THE TWO OF THEM TINY ON THE VAST DARK BEACH, THE SEA AND THE NIGHT AROUND THEM. MARY SEATED ON THE SAND, KNEES DRAWN UP. THE TI BOLOM A SMALL SHAPE BESIDE HER.

8. MARY: JUST ONCE, I WANTED A SOUL TO CHOOSE ME.
9. MARY (QUIETER, SMALLER): BUT YOU NEVER HAD NO CHOICE AT ALL.

PAGE FIVE (4 PANELS)

PANEL 1

MEDIUM. THE SKY BEHIND THEM IS BEGINNING TO PALE AND LIGHTEN AS DAWN APPROACHES. MARY KNEELS IN THE SAND IN FRONT OF THE TI BOLOM, HOLDING ITS FACE WITH ONE OF HER HANDS, THE OTHER BEATING HARD AGAINST HER CHEST. THE TI BOLOM DOES NOT RESIST, BUT ITS EXPRESSION DOES NOT CHANGE.

1. MARY: YOURS MIGHT BE QUIET, YOU FOOL THING. BUT MINE STILL BEATING FOR YOU.

PANEL 2

CLOSE. MARY AND THE TI BOLOM'S FACES ARE CLOSE TOGETHER. MARY LOOKS INTO ITS BLANK AMBER EYES.

2. MARY: I WANT YOU TO HOLD IT IN YOUR HANDS.
3. MARY: I WANT YOU TO SEE HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU.

PANEL 3

MARY IS FALLING BACKWARDS, SMILING WARMLY AS THE TI BOLOM LURCHES FORWARDS, TEETH BARED, AMBER EYES AGLOW. ITS SMALL HAND PRESSED CLAWS FIRST INTO MARY'S CHEST.

4. TI BOLOM: WANT YOU TO SEE.

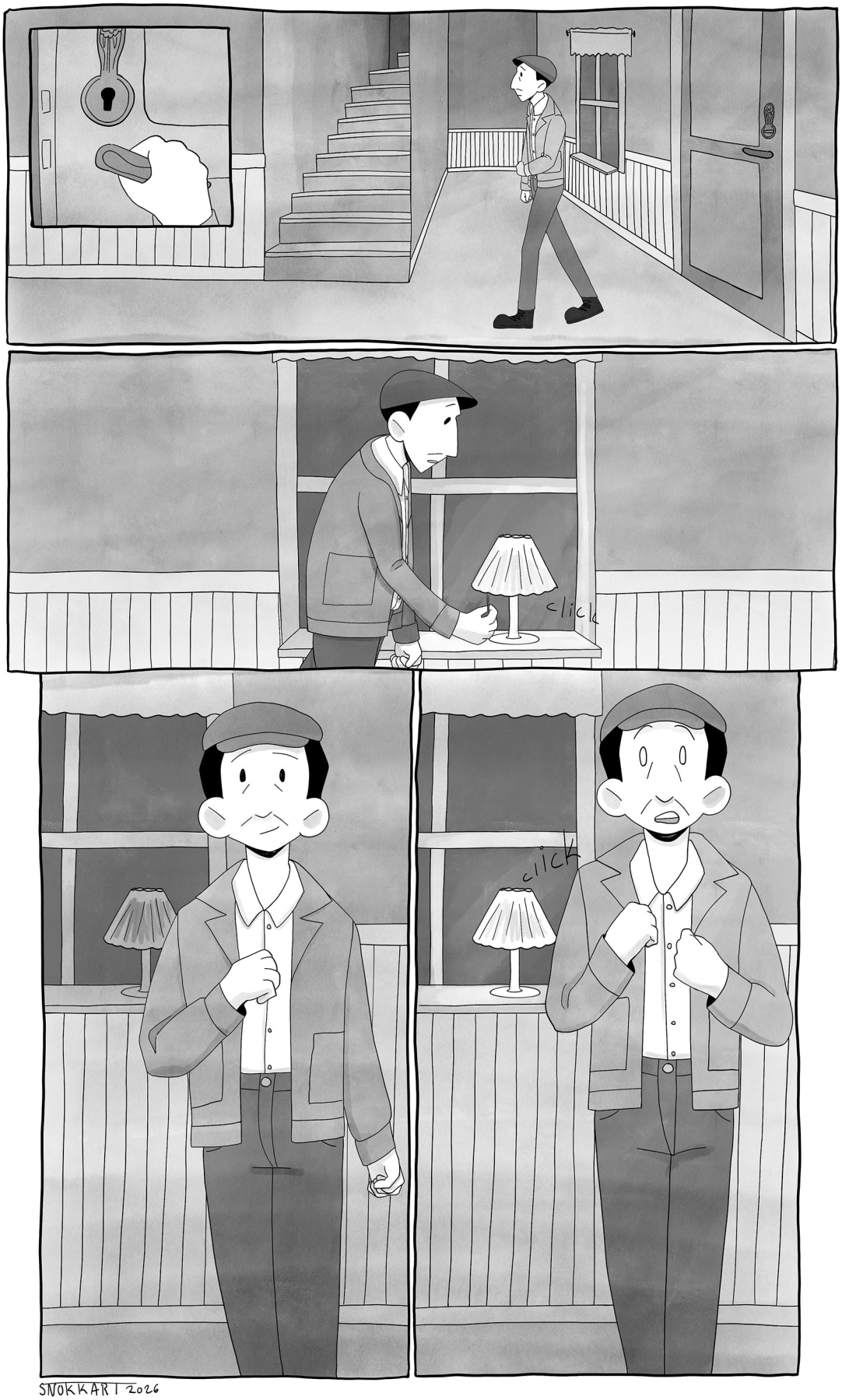
PANEL 4 (HALF PAGE)

THE BEACH, STILL AT NIGHT. THE SUN IS BEGINNING TO RISE, CASTING A PALE ORANGE LIGHT OVER THE SCENE. MARY LIES ON HER BACK IN THE SAND, ARMS SPRAWLED AT HER SIDES, FACE TURNED TOWARD US, EYES OPEN, THE CORNERS OF HER MOUTH FAINTLY TURNED UPWARD. HER CHEST HAS BEEN PUNCHED OPEN, RIBS FORCED APART AROUND THE OPEN CAVITY. THE SAND BENEATH HER IS DARK RED AND WET. THE TI BOLOM CROUCHES OVER HER, HOLDING HER HEART IN BOTH HANDS. THE LOPSIDED, TOO-BIG CROCHETED HAT IS STILL ON ITS HEAD, TIPPING SLIGHTLY AS IT LOOKS DOWN AT THE HEART. ITS EXPRESSION DOES NOT CHANGE. THE SAND AROUND IT IS SMOOTH AND UNDISTURBED.

5. TI BOLOM: ...HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU.

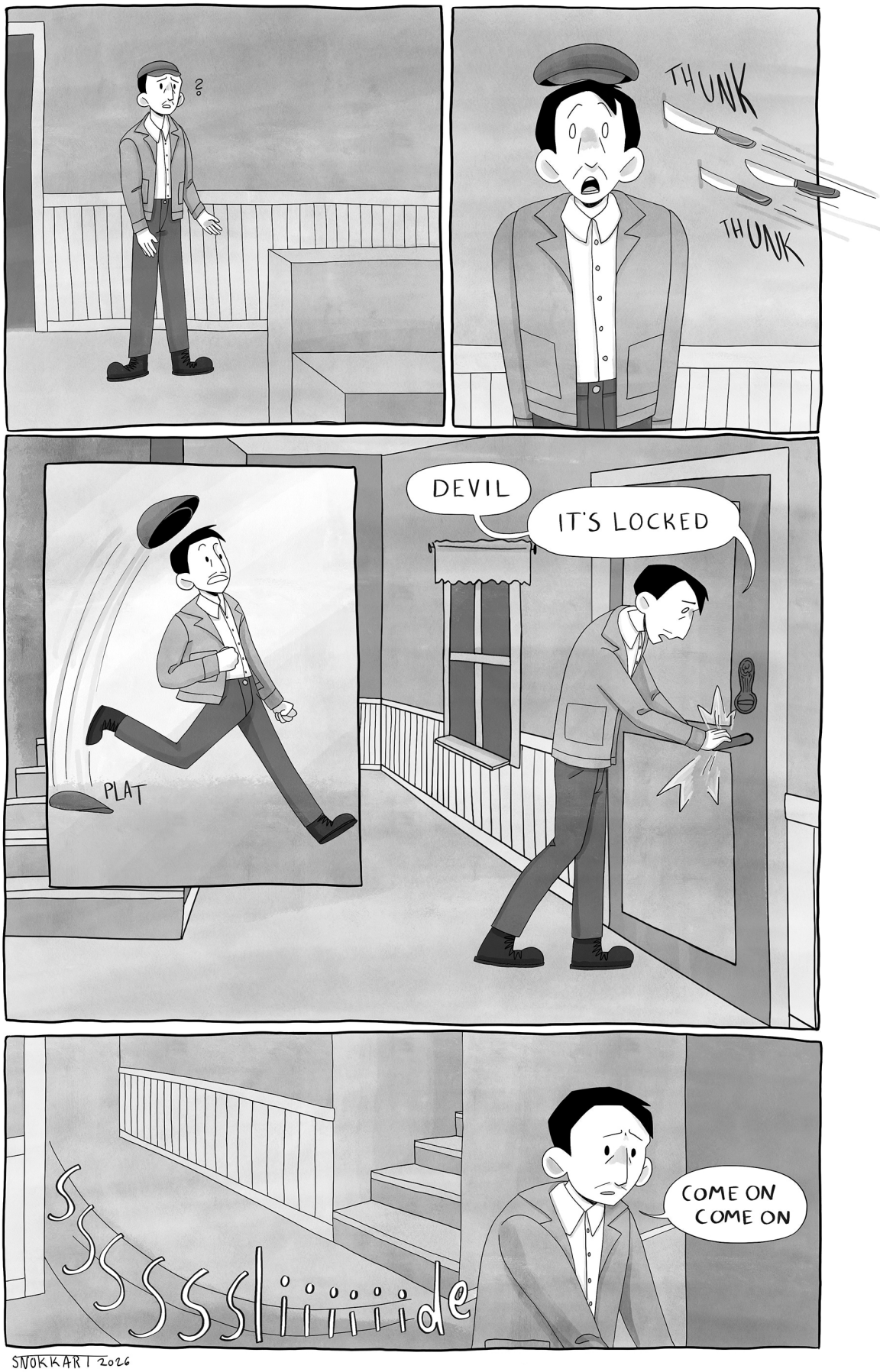

TRAZ


BY SNOKKART
VITTERSTRÅK
DEAR GOD
MAY MY FAITH PROTECT ME
MAY EVIL SPIRITS LEAVE ME ALONE
AMEN
ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE CHURCH
DON'T WORRY SWEETHEART
DADDY WILL SEE WHY THE LIGHTS ARE STILL ON AT THE CHURCH
KNOCK KNOCK
click
SNOKKART 2026



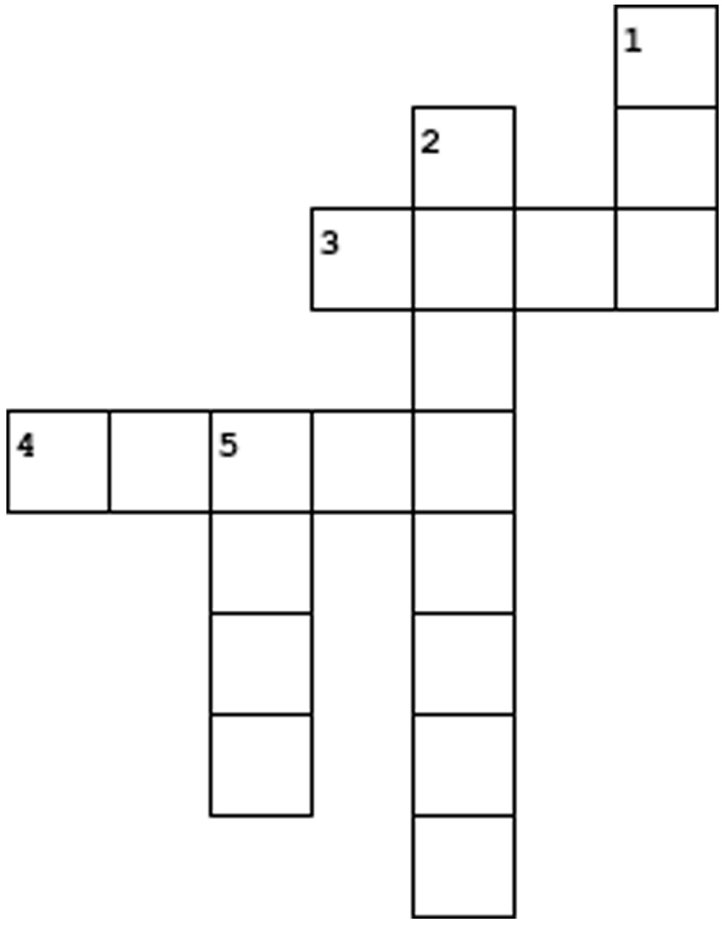
SNOKKART 2026


SLAM
HELLO?
IS ANYONE THERE?
PRESS
SLAM
DEEEP BREATH
SNOKKART 2026


THUNK
THUNK
PLAT
DEVIL
IT'S LOCKED
SSSSSSliiiiide
COME ON
COME ON
SNORKART 2026



SNOKKART 2026



ACROSS

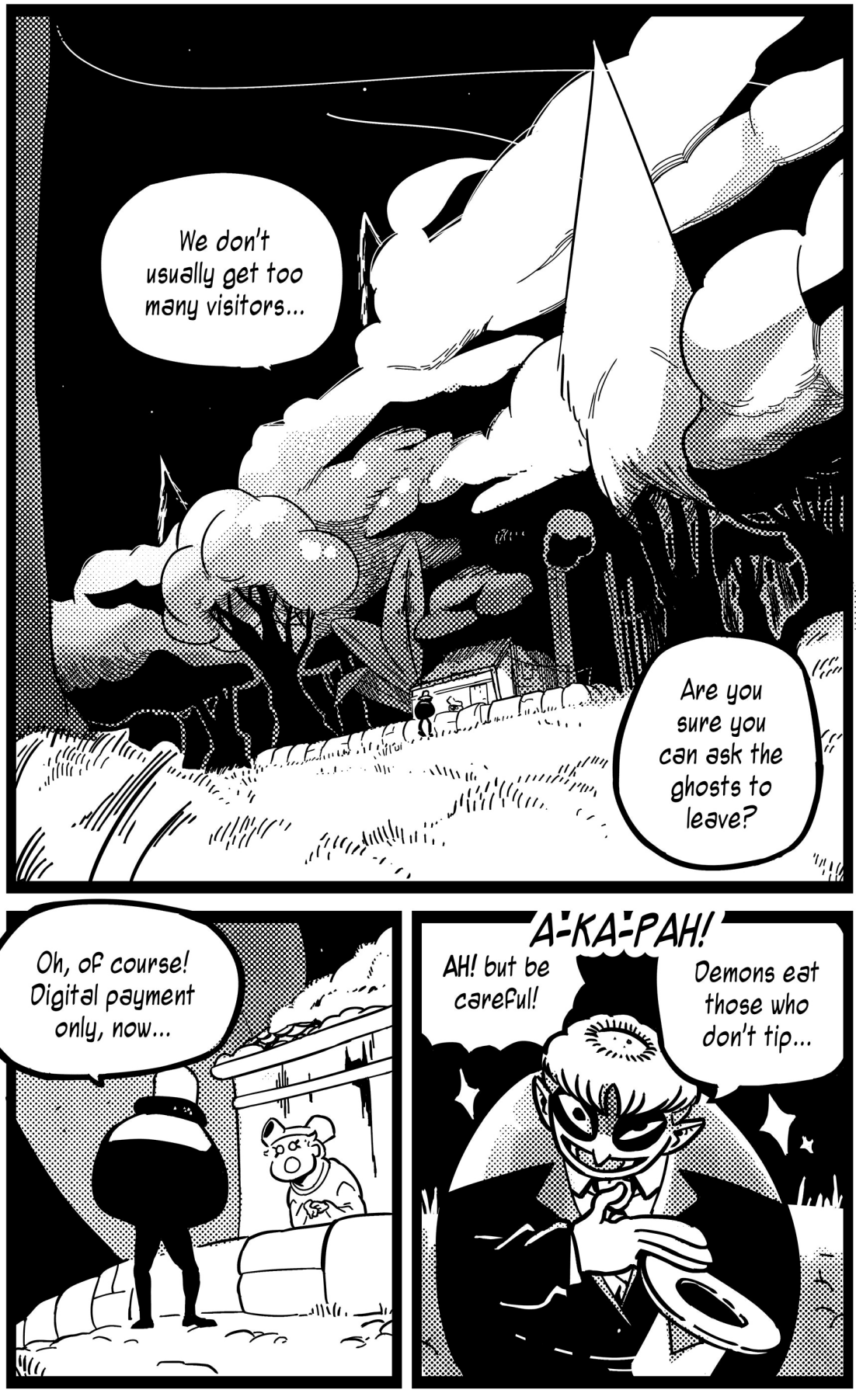
3. RELIGOUS BUT MYSTERIOUSLY FORBIDEN.
4. THE DEVIL'S FAVOURITE COOK.

DOWN

1. FLYING MAMMAL.
2. IT BREEDS WILD IN THE FOREST AND CAN CAUSE STRANGERS TO DREAM WHEN EATEN.
5. TALL AND LIVES FOREVER.

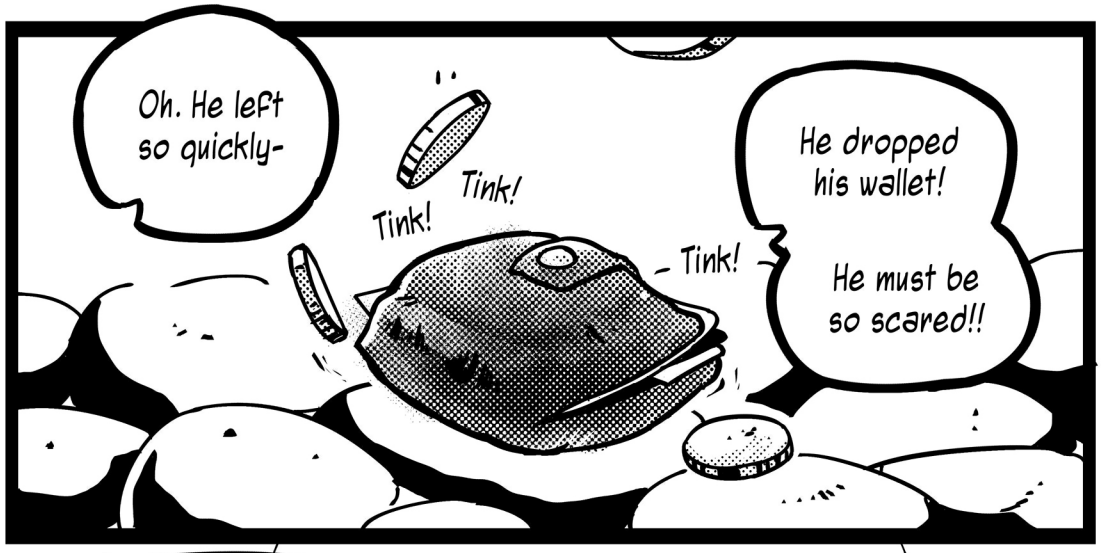
PipiDong




We don't usually get too many visitors...
Are you sure you can ask the ghosts to leave?
Oh, of course! Digital payment only, now...
A-KA-PAH!
AH! but be careful!
Demons eat those who don't tip...


Ah...
Okay!! I'll gladly tip!!
I know! you should come over afterwards.
Wiggle Wiggle
Wiggle Wiggle
This nasty spirits been causing me to feel so odd...
I got this nasty burn just from putting on tea, you see...
DONNG!!!
GO AWAY, GHOST, GO AWAY...
I AM EXORCISING YOU, OH YAY...
!!
She ended up paying in coins...
At least try to listen, hag...
That burn thing sounds serious.
I thought age made you wiser. She should recognize a scam by now...
Your crappy tea isn't from some spirits...
Sprip!


Pipip...
Rain...?
Pop!
THUD
Hm?


Oh. He left so quickly-
Tink!
Tink!
Tink!
He dropped his wallet!
He must be so scared!!


I'll keep it on hand for him...
DO
ON
Beep...
Beep...
Beep...
PipiDong, the grandma loving boy spirit.

CREDITS

DON'T PICK IT UP
TRAZ CREATURE
(FILLER DRAWINGS)

BY KENETH LAKE
DISCORD : SLY FOX
HTTPS://WWW.INSTAGRAM.COM/LAKELOVEILLUSTRATIONS/

ZINE FORMATTING
COVER PAGE
POEM 1
ILLUSTRATIONS FOR
DAVID'S TI-MOUNE
MOI COMIC

BY SHELTZ A JOSEPH AKA XICX
DISCORD : XICX
HTTPS://X.COM/CASHDEVIL_UNLTD
HTTPS://WWW.DEVIANTART.COM/RAPXIC
HTTPS://BSKY.APP/PROFILE/XICX.BSKY.SOCIAL

TITLE OF COMIC:
TARANTOLA DEL
TORMENTO

BY DAVID ALEXANDER
DISCORD : DAVID ALEXANDER
HTTPS://WWW.MIRANIR.COM/
HTTPS://WWW.YOUTUBE.COM/@REVERENDOFPUNK

TITLE OF COMIC:
VITTERSTRÅK

BY SNOKKART
DISCORD : SNOKALO/SNOKKART
HTTPS://LINKTR.EE/SNOKKART

TITLE OF COMIC:
BENEATH THE
RAVINE OF THE DEAD

BY TABASCOSHRIMP
DISCORD : TABASCOSHRIMP
HTTPS://WWW.INSTAGRAM.COM/TABASCOSHRIMP
HTTPS://X.COM/TABASCOSHRIMP

TITLE OF COMIC:
TI-MOUNE MOI
(SCRIPT ONLY)

BY DAVID WINTER
DISCORD : DAVID (COLD SNAP COMICS)
HTTPS://WWW.COLDSNAPCOMICS.COM/

TITLE OF COMIC:
PIPIDONG

BY SAMUEL LILJA
DISCORD : SWORD(SAMUEL.LILJA) AFAMILIARSWORD
HTTPS://SAMUELLILJA.CARRD.CO/
HTTPS://AFAMILIARSWORD.ITCH.IO/



SPECIAL THANKS

TO KIWIZOOM, OUR AWESOME ADMINISTRATOR FOR THE COMIC CREATOR WORK GROUP FOR MAKING THIS ZINE POSSIBLE AND FOR YOUR AWESOME GUIDANCE.

ALSO THE FIERY NINJUTSU MAKING COMIC ARTIST, WRITERS OF THE CCW DISCORD FOR THE RELENTLESS ENCOURAGEMENT AND DEDICATION TO VOTE, JOIN, DISCUSS THIS YEAR'S THEME TO INSPIRE THE PARTICIPANTS TO CREATE PASSIONATELY THROUGH INK, PAPER AND SOUL

TO XICX, FOR PICKING UP AND FORMATTING THIS WHOLE ZINE ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE... YOU'RE A ONE-MAN MACHINE!! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL THAT YOU DO!

AND TO YOU, THE READER MEGA THANKS FOR ENJOYING THIS CHILLING URBAN ZINE!!!!




[CCW! ANTHOLOGY ISSUE #2]
CCW!
TOWN HALL MEETING TOMMOROW
GANGSTER No 1