

ISSUE #12

SLEEP

(QUARTERLY)

ogy

er Mental Comic And





Editorial

Endings are difficult but they are a lot easier than evolving.

For once I'll keep this quite brief. Issue #12 marks AN ending for Sliced Quarterly. There will be a few along the way to this project becoming something new and different.

There are a few digital surprises and of course one more Kickstarter campaign to make the Volume 3 print collection. If we succeed in that effort, it will finalise all the work that has been done over the last 3 years+.

After that... Well, I have ideas. It will be a lot more informal, a lot more personal. But I hope to continue my work in helping first time creators making unique comics find a way to get in front of readers.

This has been the pleasure of Sliced, helping so many creators realise that there is an audience for thier work, and spurring them on to make more.

I want to thank all contributors that have made this possible and everyone that had read an issue, supported a kickstarter or generally passed the word around about our little anthology.

I've always said that this book really has no business existing, but that's why small press and indie comics are vital. This sort of art HAS to be made. It HAS to exist... Otherwise what's the point?

Sliced has been a funnel, we've collected wonderful art and concentrated it into a product. Just becasue this product stops updating, doesn't mean the art ceases to be. It's out there, and you have to go looking. It's what I've been doing for a few years now, and I truly envy the journey you get to take.

Keep making... Keep discovering.

Ken Reynolds
Editor

November 2018



Cover
Art by
Konstantinos
Moutzouvis

SLICED

(QUARTERLY)

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The Four Seasons

Script by Chris Sides
Art by Adam Jakes



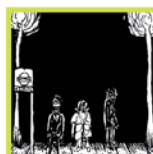
My Former Boyfriend

By Ivana Filipovic



Mind Racing

Script by Steven Fraser
Art by Charlie Gillespie



The Wait

By Erika Price



Fireflies in the Night

Script by K. Qing
Art by Lucas Peverill



Every Tangled Path

Script by John Osborn
Art by Gareth A. Hopkins



Punktuation

By Martin Feekins



Transection

Script by Jimmy Furlong
Art by Rosa Devine



Refraction

Script by Gráinne McEntee
Art by Jonathan Scott



LDN

By David Thomas



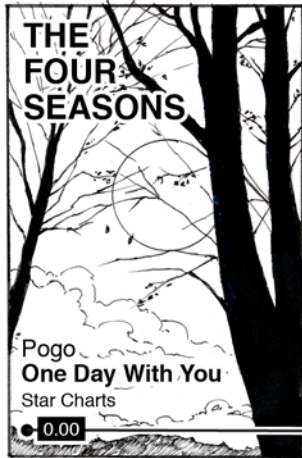
Crabsticks

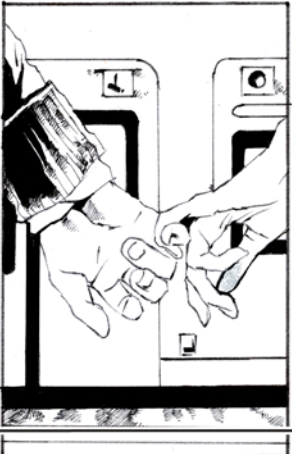
By Konstantinos Moutzouvis

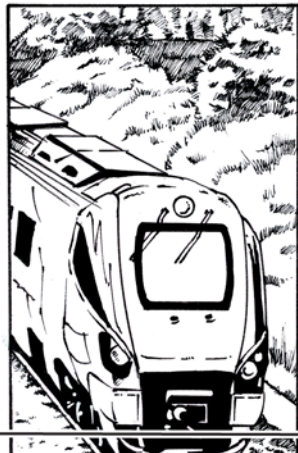


Small Press Preview - Witchmark

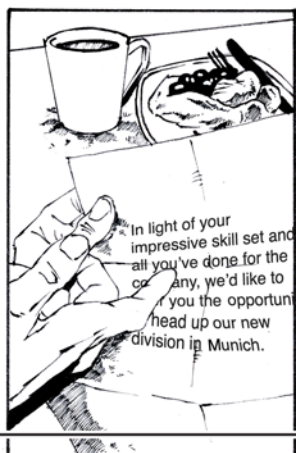
Created by Matt Elllison
Art by Rosa Devine
Editor, Megan Byrd







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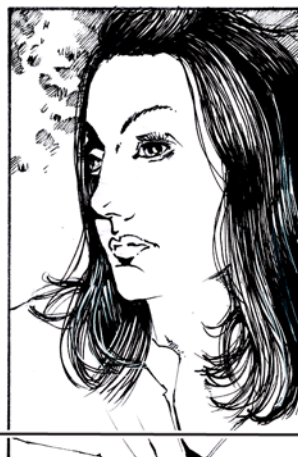
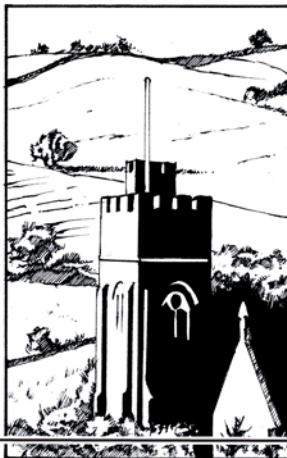
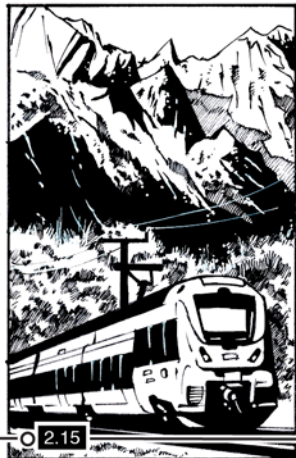


"In light of your
impressive skill set and
all you've done for the
company, we'd like to
offer you the opportunity
to head up our new
division in Munich."

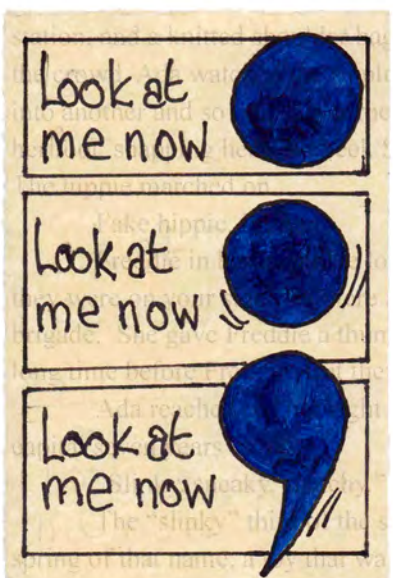
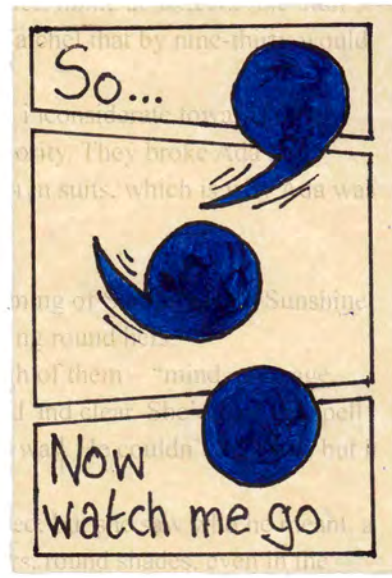
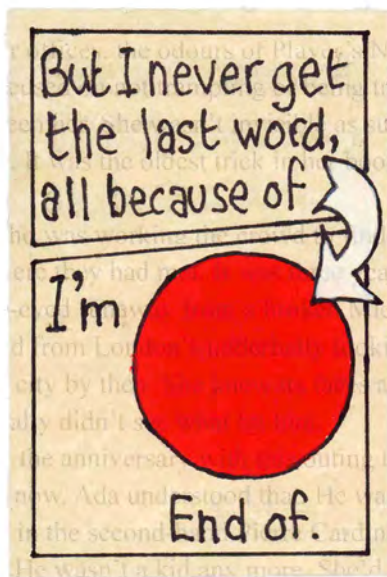


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Punktuatation: tales of dots and squiggles



MY FORMER BOYFRIEND

BY IVANA FILIPOVIC

A FEW MONTHS AGO I DECIDED ENOUGH IS ENOUGH, I REALLY SHOULD START MAKING COMICS AGAIN, MONEY OR NOT. THE FIRST CALL FOR COMICS I FOUND WAS FROM A SWEDISH FESTIVAL, FOR COMICS ABOUT SURVIVING DICTATORSHIPS. I GOT REALLY EXCITED. BEING FROM FORMER YUGOSLAVIA, I KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT DICTATORSHIPS. WHEN I STARTED MY RESEARCH, THE FIRST THING THAT POPPED UP IN GOOGLE WAS THIS WIKI-HOW PAGE: HOW TO COPE WITH LIVING UNDER A DICTATORSHIP.



PRACTICAL AND COMMON SENSE, IT READS LIKE IT'S WRITTEN BY A DICTATORIAL REGIME EMPLOYEE. "COMPLY OR GET OUT" IS THE GIST OF IT. MY HEAD STARTED POUNDING AND MY BLOOD BOILED, AND IT TRIGGERED A MEMORY OF SOMEONE I NEVER THINK OF. MY FORMER BOYFRIEND PETER...





YOU PROTEST AND I'LL
COOK DINNER TONIGHT.
LUV YOU BABE.

ROMANTIC AND
DEPENDABLE, HE WAS
TOTALLY APOITICAL.
THAT IRKED ME A BIT,
BUT HIS SPAGHETTI
CARBONARA WAS TO
DIE FOR, WHEN THE
REST OF THE GUYS
DID NOT EVEN
WANT TO STEP
INTO THE KITCHEN.
ON THE DAY OF
THE MAJOR
ANTI-GOVERNMENT
PROTEST, HE DID
NOT WANT TO
JOIN, AND WENT TO
WORK INSTEAD.



RIOT POLICE
ARRESTED HIM AT
A BUS STOP WHICH WAS
NOWHERE NEAR THE
PROTEST SITE.

HE WAS RUFFLED A COUPLE OF TIMES IN PRISON,
UNTIL HE SIGNED A CONFESSION, LISTING ALL
THE THINGS HE'S NEVER WANTED TO DO IN LIFE:
CONSPIRING TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT, JOINING
A VIOLENT PROTEST, DAMAGING
PUBLIC PROPERTY, ETC.



A MONTH OR SO LATER,
WHEN HIS BRUISES WERE HEALED,
HE WAS LET GO, WITH A COPY
OF HIS SIGNED CONFESSION!



HE WAS STILL
CLUTCHING IT
IN HIS HAND
WHEN HE FINALLY
SHOWED UP.



IT TOOK HIM ANOTHER TWO MONTHS TO RECOVER. HE LOST HIS JOB, BUT WAS BY NOW TOO AFRAID TO JOIN THE PROTESTS. IN THE END, WE DID NOT HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY TO EACH OTHER ANYMORE. HE LEFT QUIETLY, I DID NOT EVEN HAVE TO ASK.



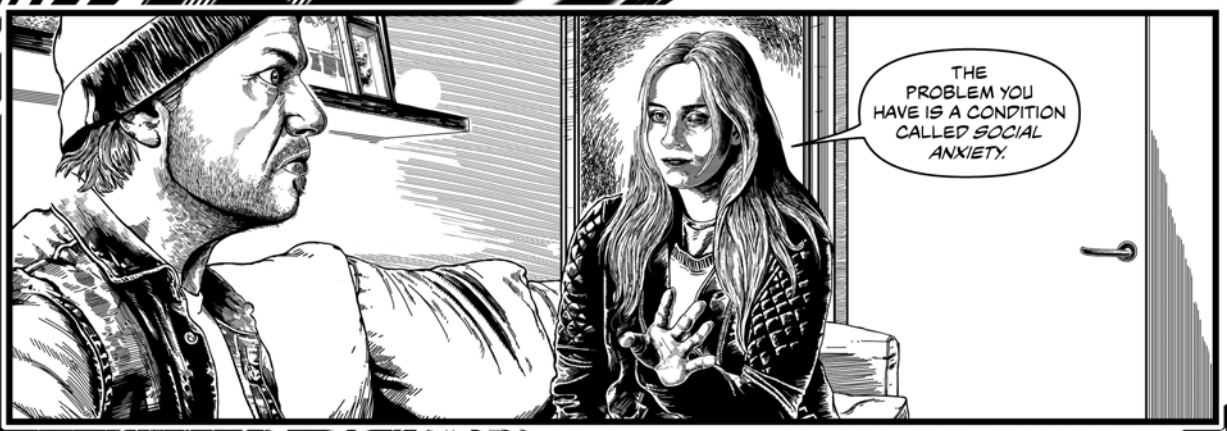
THE END

Ivan F.



Script:
Jimmy Fung
Art:
ROSA DEVINE
Letters:
JAM REYNOLDS

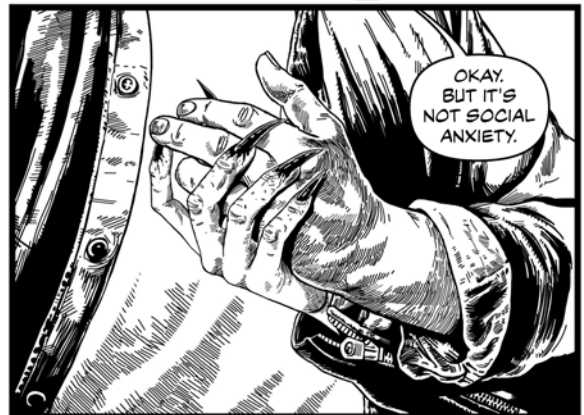




"YOU'RE ALWAYS BY YOURSELF."

"YOU'RE A VERY ISOLATED PERSON."

"YOU NEED HELP."







ARE YOU NOT
JUST SEEING
AND HEARING
WHAT YOU
WANT TO SEE
AND HEAR?



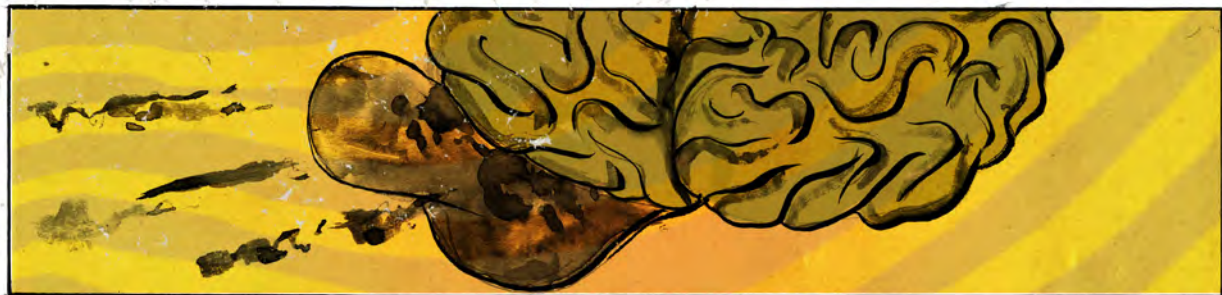
MIND RACING

SCRIPT:
STEVEN FRASER

ART:
CHARLIE GILLESPIE

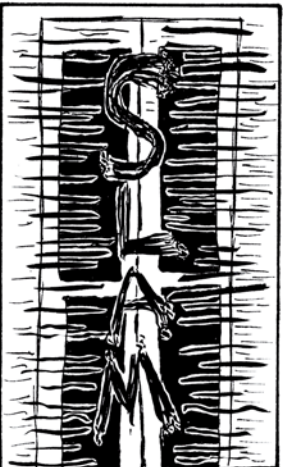
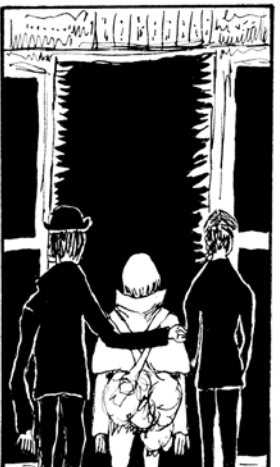
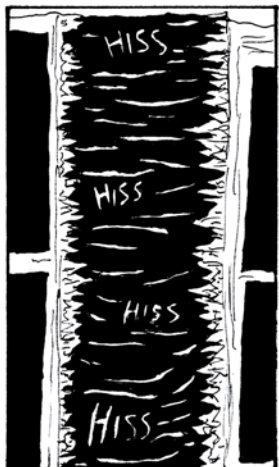
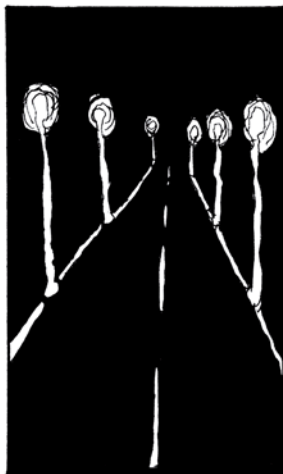
LETTERS:
KEN REYNOLDS











CAPITOL WORDS PRESENTS

LDN

By FFORD and TARMAC.



A FINGER PRINT MAP PRESSES

DEEP INTO NEON CLAY

IT AWAKES CELL PHONES

AND MANOR'S ALIKE

THE URBAN BEAT

IS GIVEN THE GREEN LIGHT

THE CITY REVS

AND SPITS OUT

A HUMAN GROWL

OF FOGGY INFORMATION.

NEXT WEEK - DOWN THE TUBES

David Thomas

AS LONG AS I COULD REMEMBER, THE THIN BRICK WALL OUTSIDE OUR APARTMENT HAD BEEN COVERED IN GRAFFITI.

NO ONE COULD REMEMBER HOW LONG IT HAD BEEN THAT WAY, AND THERE WAS NO WAY TO KNOW HOW MANY NAMELESS CONTRIBUTORS HAD WORKED TO BRING IT TO ITS CURRENT STATE.

WE ALL THOUGHT IT WAS BEAUTIFUL THE WAY IT WAS, NO MATTER HOW MUCH THE AUTHORITIES COMPLAINED. NO ONE EVER TOUCHED IT THOUGH, OUT OF REVERENCE, I SUPPOSE.



BUT ONE MORNING, WE AWOKE TO FIND THE WALL WASHED AWAY--OUR SYMBOL OF COMMUNITY GONE OVERNIGHT.

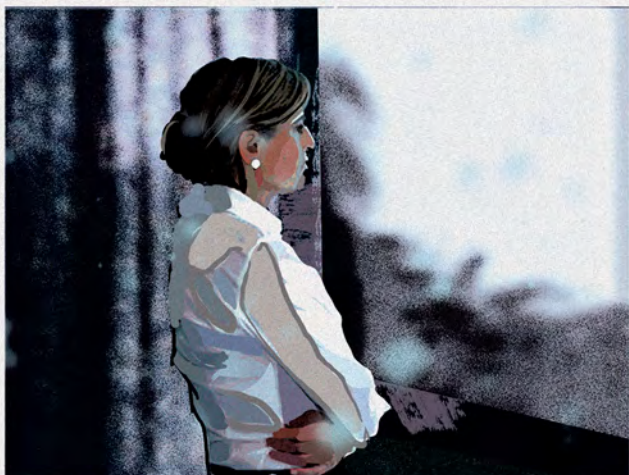


fireflies in the night

SCRIPT: K. QING
ART: LUCAS PEVERILL
LETTERS: KEN REYNOLDS

THE NEXT MORNING, THOUGH, WE DISCOVERED THAT PART OF THE WALL HAD BEEN RECREATED, SIMILAR, BUT NOT QUITE THE SAME.

WHAT ONCE PROUDLY PROCLAIMED 'JOHN' HAD BEEN RE-PAINTED A LETTER OFF, BECKONING US FORWARD WITH A NEW MESSAGE.



AT NIGHT, I WAS AWOKEN BY THE SOUND OF THE DOOR OPENING; CURIOUS, I GOT UP AND LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW.

WHAT I SAW THEN WAS MAGIC.



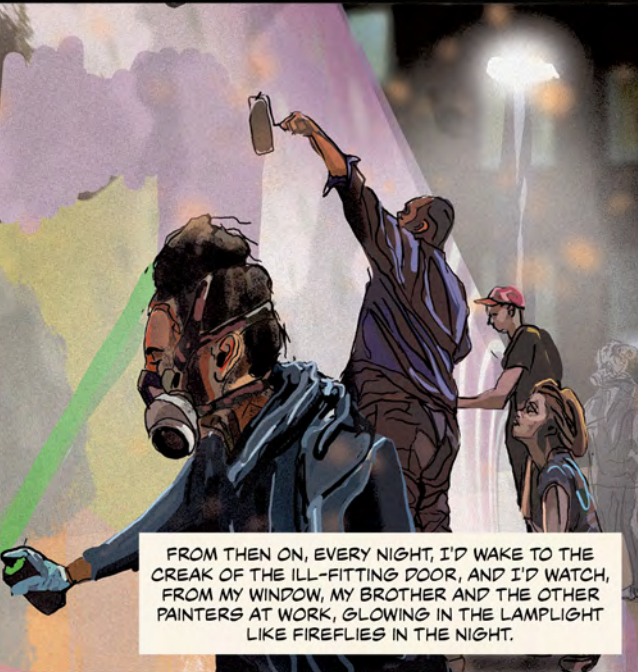
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I STOOD AT THAT WINDOW, BUT I REMEMBER STARING THROUGH THE DIM NIGHT UNTIL, EVENTUALLY, I HEARD THE DOOR CREAK ONCE MORE.



AND THEN, I SLID OUT OF MY ROOM TO SEE WHAT THE NOISE WAS, JUST TO FIND MYSELF FACE TO FACE WITH NONE OTHER THAN ONE OF THE HEROES THAT I HAD SEEN OUTSIDE MY WINDOW.



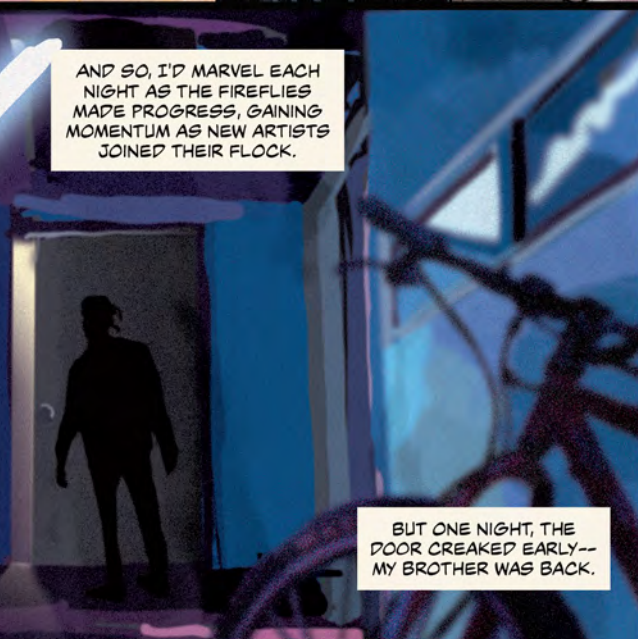
EACH MORNING, THE NEIGHBORS WOULD WAKE UP TO ADMIRE THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S WORK, AND I'D BE SECRETLY PROUD THAT I GOT TO WITNESS IT FIRST, LIKE A CELEBRITY WHO HAD BEEN SHOWN AN EXCLUSIVE ADVANCE SCREENING TO THE LATEST MOVIE.



FROM THEN ON, EVERY NIGHT, I'D WAKE TO THE CREAK OF THE ILL-FITTING DOOR, AND I'D WATCH, FROM MY WINDOW, MY BROTHER AND THE OTHER PAINTERS AT WORK, GLOWING IN THE LAMPLIGHT LIKE FIREFLIES IN THE NIGHT.



AND SO, I'D MARVEL EACH NIGHT AS THE FIREFLIES MADE PROGRESS, GAINING MOMENTUM AS NEW ARTISTS JOINED THEIR FLOCK.




BUT ONE NIGHT, THE DOOR CREAKED EARLY-- MY BROTHER WAS BACK.

HEY, LUISA, WANNA COME DOWN WITH ME?

I'LL BET THAT IT LOOKS EVEN COOLER UP CLOSE.





THAT NIGHT, I SAW OUR
NEIGHBORHOOD, REPAINTED
ANEW, BUT THIS TIME, WITH A
STORY THAT WE OURSELVES
COULD REMEMBER TELLING.

AND I REALIZED THAT NONE OF THIS
COULD HAVE EVER HAPPENED IF THE
OLD WALL HAD STILL BEEN THERE.

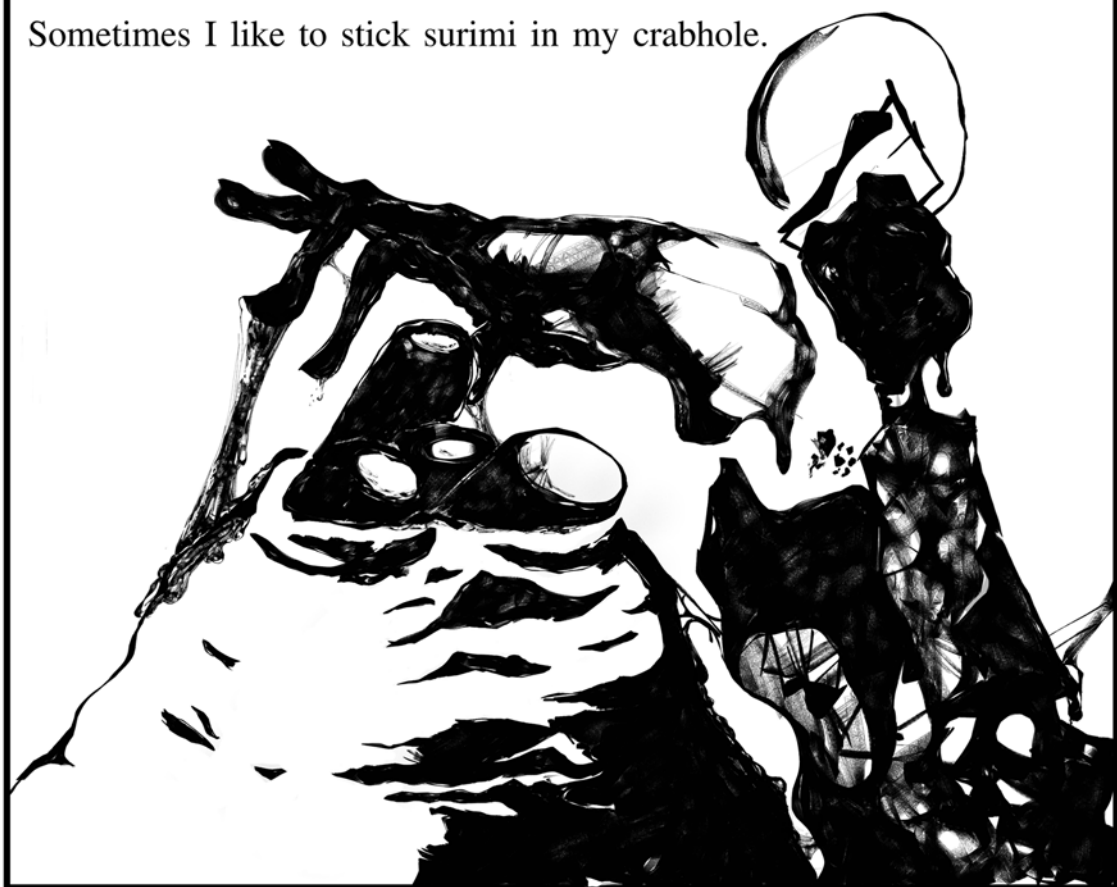
YOU KNOW,
THE OLD WALL ISN'T
ENTIRELY GONE, LUISA;
IT STILL EXISTS, IN OUR
MEMORIES, AND IN OUR
PICTURES. MAYBE IT'S
BETTER THIS WAY?

BECAUSE
NOW, IN OUR HEADS,
IT'S ALMOST LIKE WE
HAVE TWO WALLS.

AND EVEN NOW, I STILL REMEMBER WHAT MY
BROTHER SAID, AND EVEN THOUGH MY BROTHER
AND THAT NEIGHBORHOOD ARE BOTH LONG GONE,
THEY'RE STILL THERE WHEN I THINK ABOUT THEM.

END

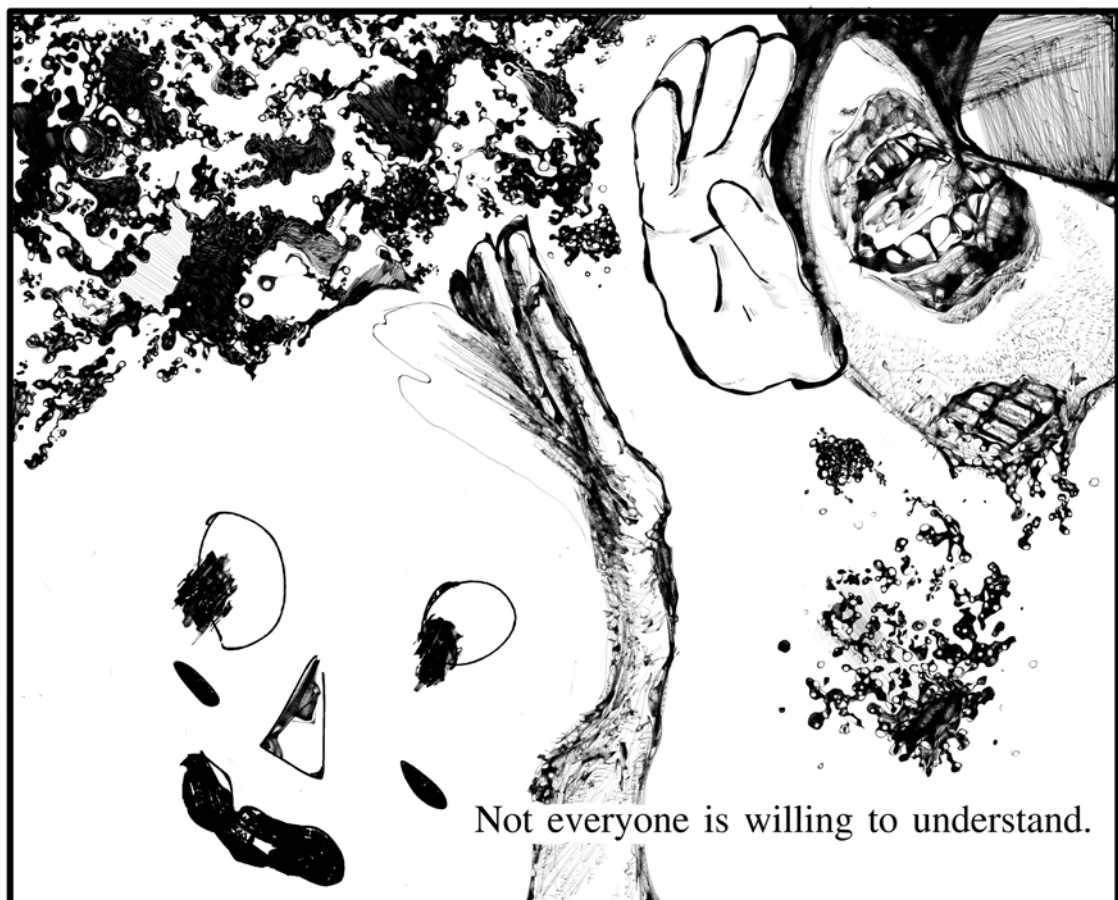
Sometimes I like to stick surimi in my crabhole.



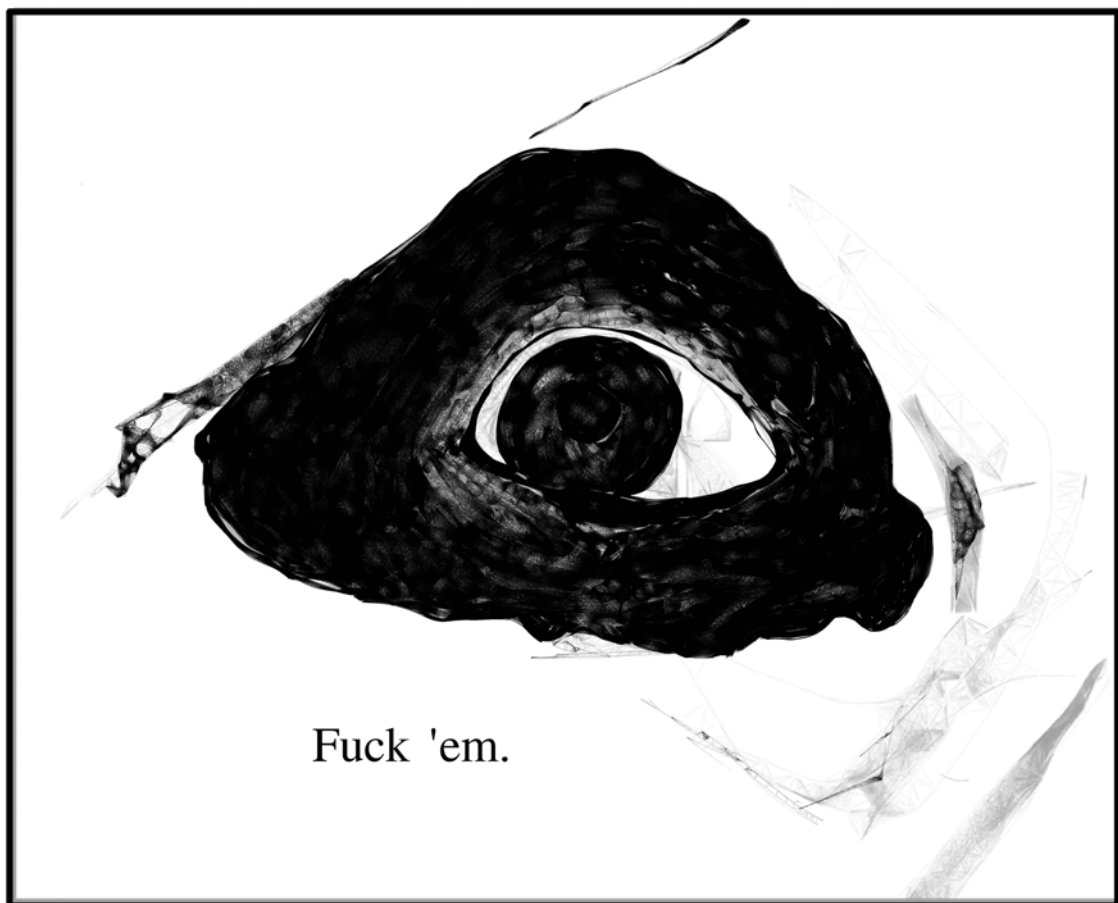
It's for the calcium.



Oh my Lord.



Not everyone is willing to understand.



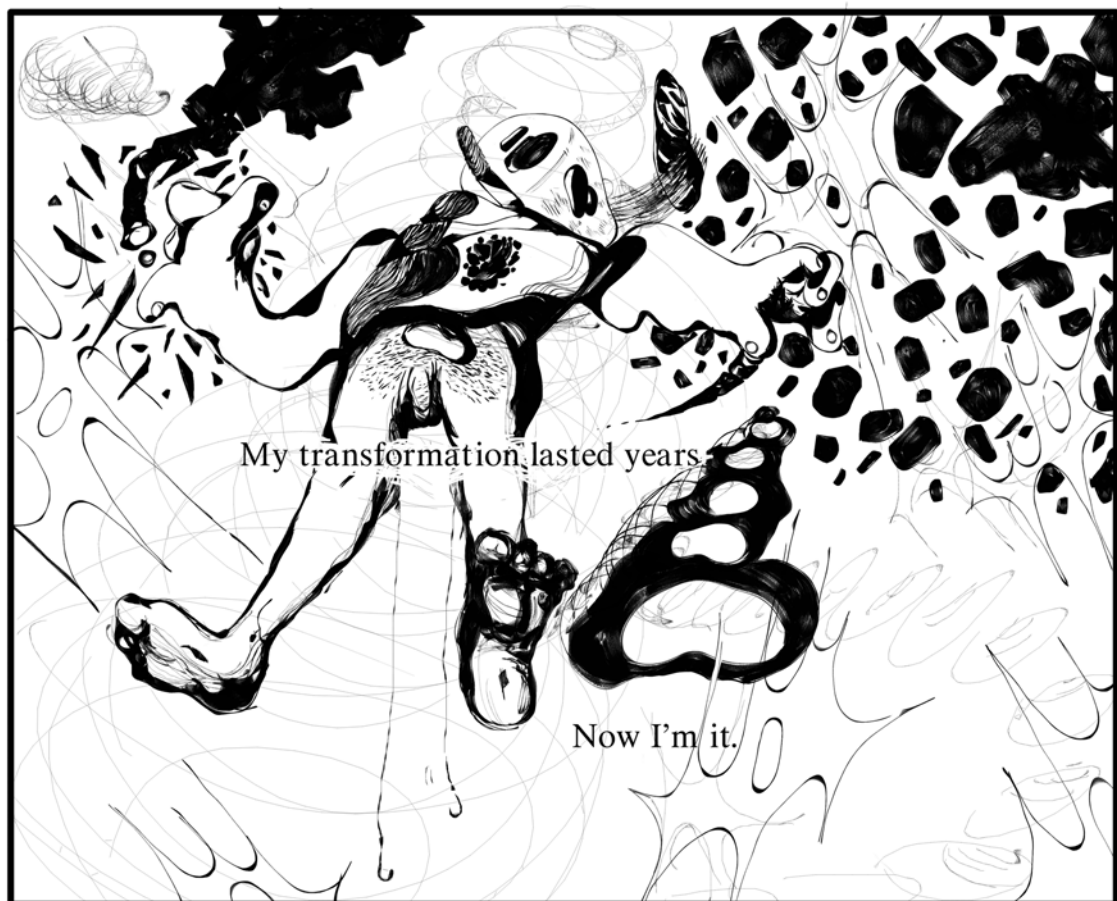
Fuck 'em.

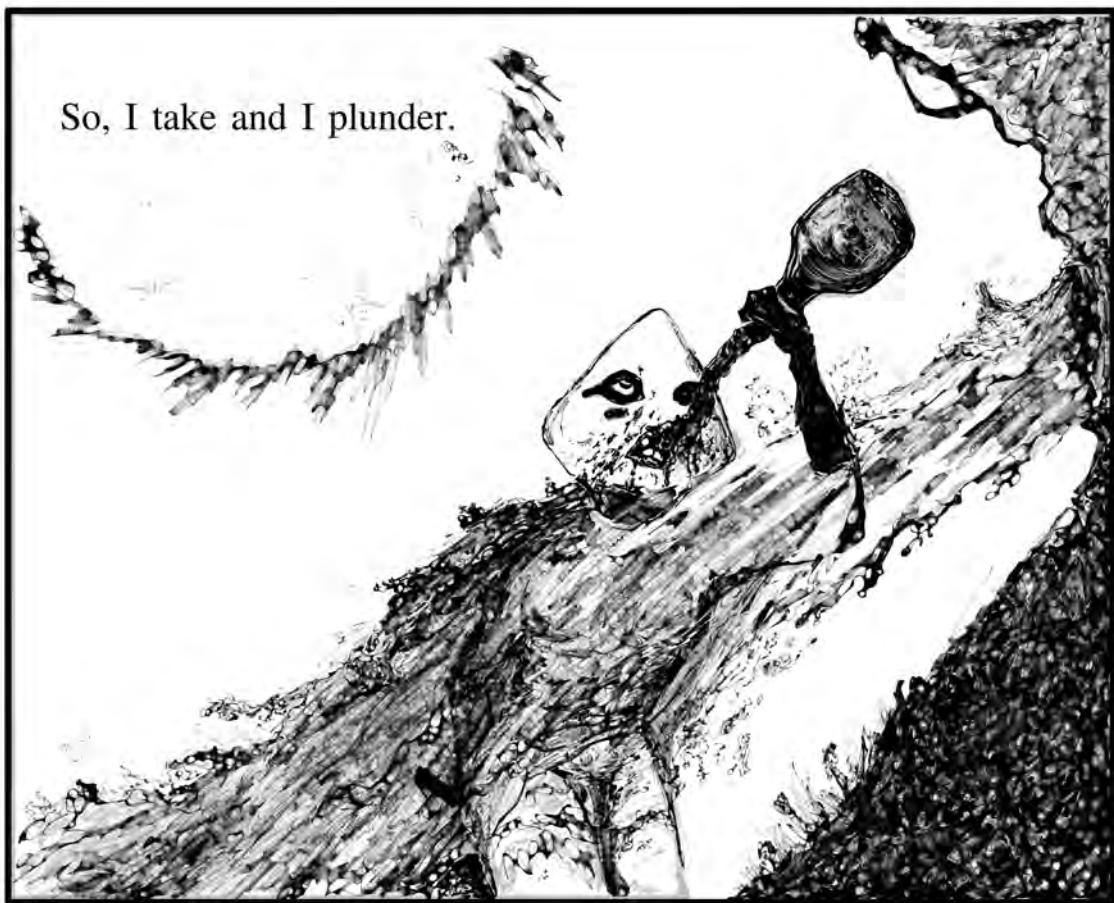
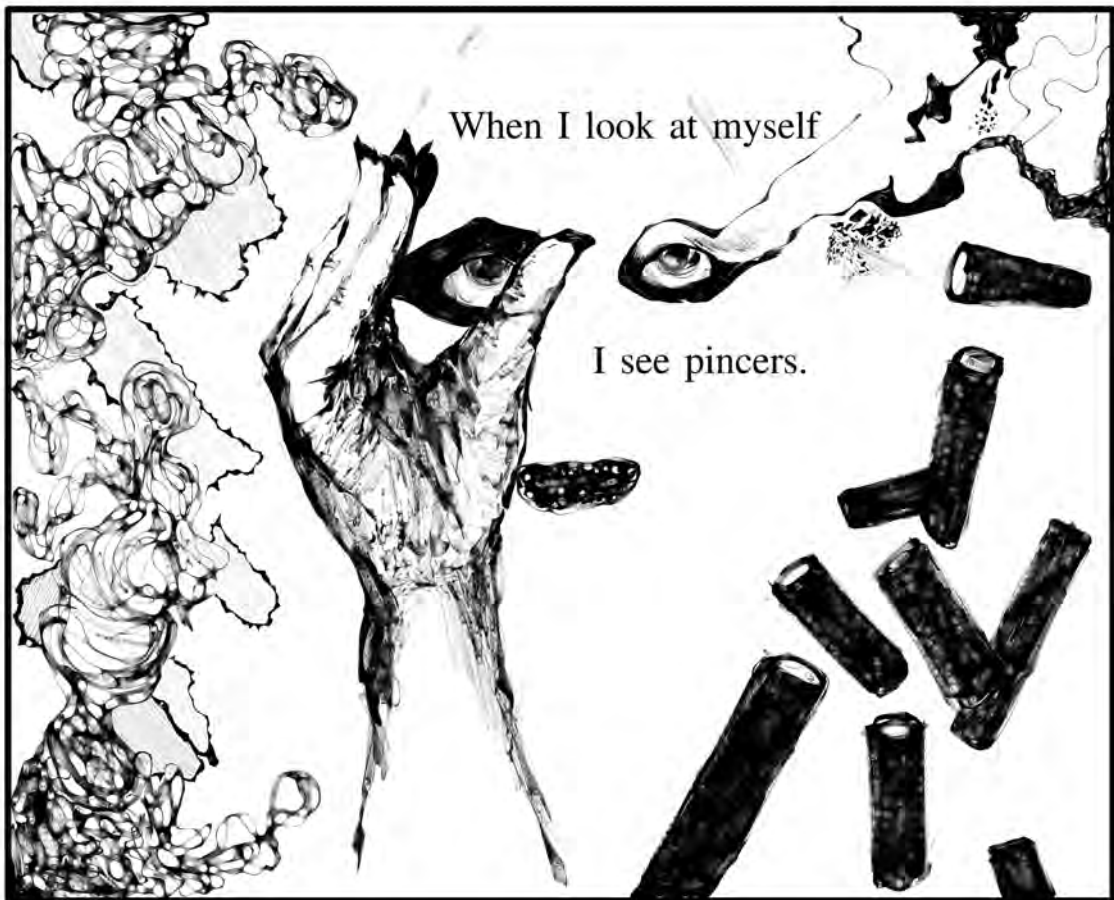
When I was a young boy,
I got "lost" at the beach.

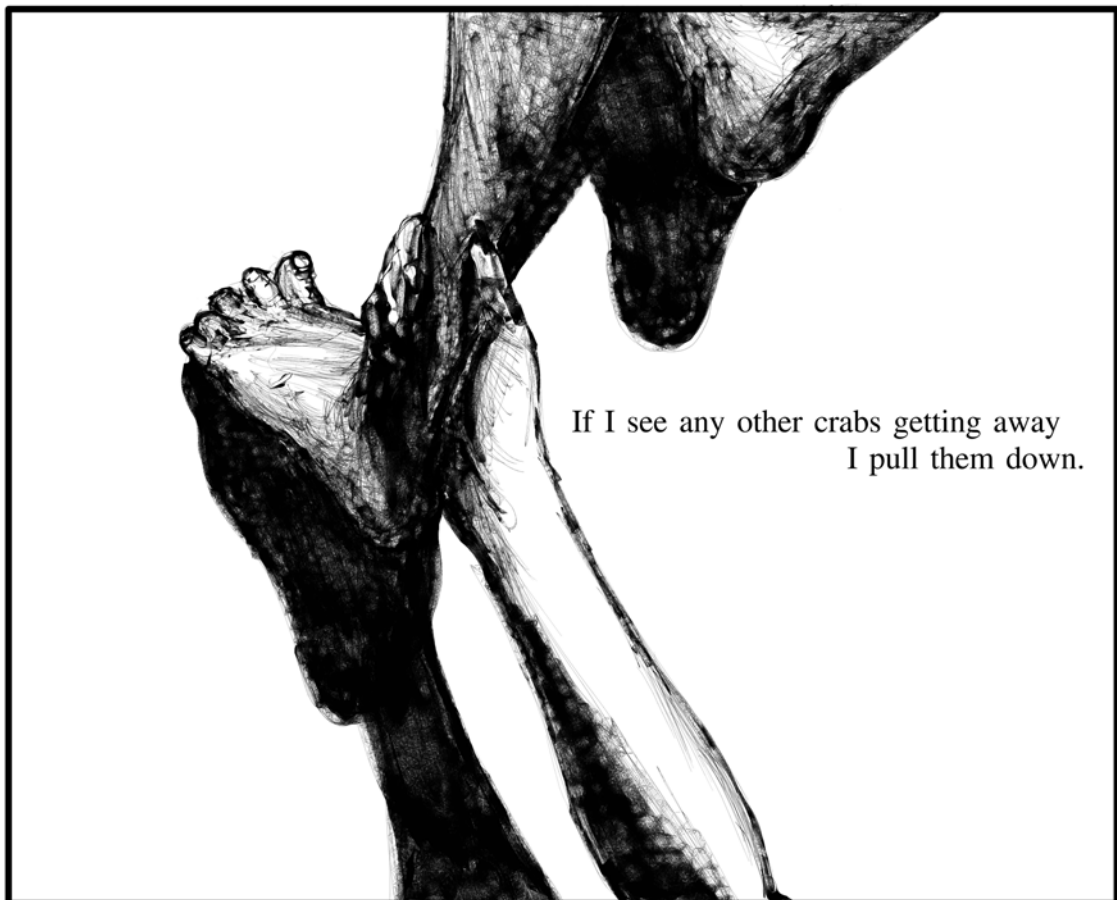


There I found something beautiful.










If I see any other crabs getting away
I pull them down.



They all say I'm a fake,
like the sticks.

EVERY TANGLED PATH

SCRIPT: JOHN OSBORN ART: GARETH A. HOPKINS



I SAW A GIRL YESTERDAY, WHO HAD HAIR SO LONG AND WAS SO YOUNG - THAT I THOUGHT MAYBE IT HAD NEVER BEEN CUT.


THAT THE VERY TIPS WERE THE FIRST HAIR THAT EVER EMERGED FROM HER BALD BABY HEAD.

I THOUGHT IT MIGHT MEAN SOMETHING, BUT COULDN'T THINK WHAT.



I WAS REMINDED OF WALKING ON AN EARLY SPRING DAY, SEEING LAWNS THAT WERE OVERGROWN AND YET TO BE MOWED SINCE THE END OF WINTER.

THEIR FIRST GROWTH. WEEDS AND JAGGED GRASS.



LIKE A TEENAGE BOY'S FIRST BEARD, WHICH HE WEARS WITH PRIDE, EVEN THOUGH IT'S PATCHY AND ASYMMETRICAL AND UNEVEN.



THESE MEAN NOTHING EXCEPT PERHAPS THE HINT OF SOME FUTURE NOSTALGIA. SOME LATE SUMMER DAY WHEN YOU THINK OF THE EARLY SPRING.


WHEN THINGS WERE SO WILD AND COULD HAVE GONE IN SO MANY DIRECTIONS.



BUT THINGS ONLY GO THE WAY THEY DO, AND THAT'S ALL YOU REMEMBER.

THOUGH NOW, MEMORY SEEMS TO HOLD EVERYTHING. EVERY SPLIT OF A SPLIT. EVERY TANGLED PATH.

AND FOR A SECOND, YOU FEEL LIKE YOU CAN SEE IT ALL.



AND IN THE NEXT SECOND IT'S GONE.

END



SMALL PRESS PREVIEW

Witchmark

Matt Ellison - Writer, Creator

Rosa Devine - Artist, Co-Creator

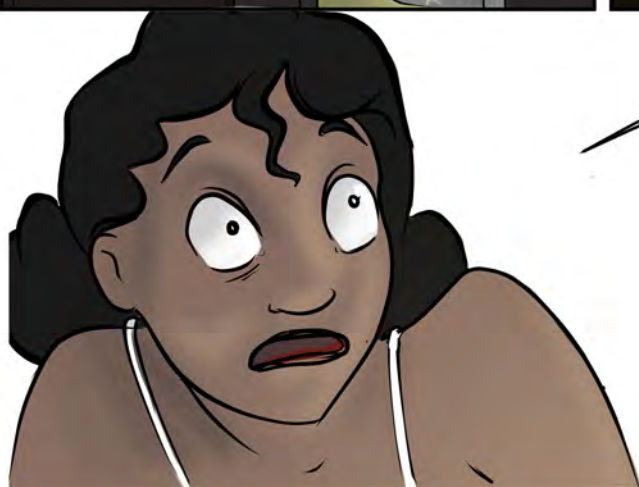
Megan Byrd - Editor

Witchmark is a YA fantasy piece based on Irish folklore surrounding magic, na daoine sí, power and darkness. It follows an ensemble cast of young women negotiating the trials and tribulations of adolescence such as family, friendship and trying not to get ripped apart by vampires.

There is no official publication date at the time of writing this, but please do follow the creators on social media for updates and announcements.

The most likely place to find news is on Rosa Devine's public Patreon page - patreon.com/rosadevine



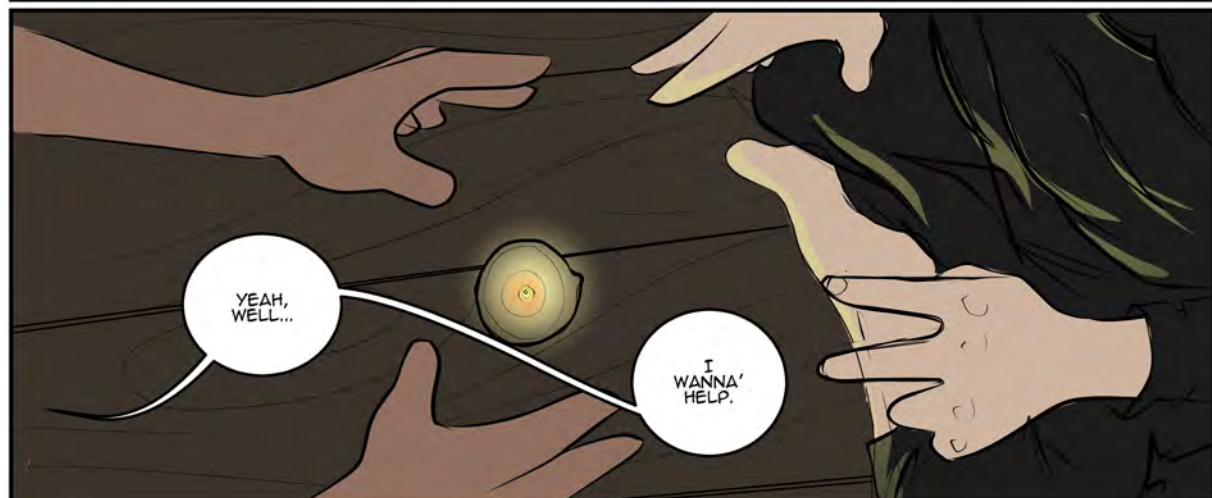




IF YOU'RE USING MAGIC, I WANNA' SEE.

NOBODY BELIEVES ME THAT IT'S REAL.

'SPECIALLY IF YOU'RE TALKING TO THE GHOST.



YEAH, WELL...

I WANNA' HELP.



'KAY...



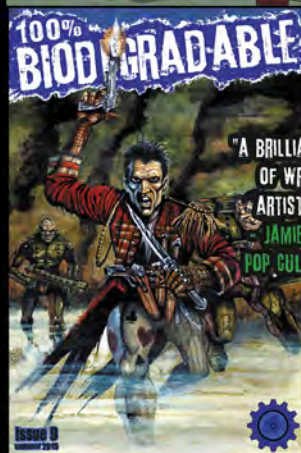
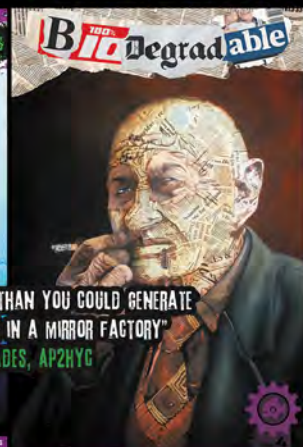
UM... OKAY... IF ...LIKE...

...IF YOU CAN HEAR US ...I WANTED TO... TO ASK...





DON'T MISS THE QUARTERLY DIGITAL COMIC AVAILABLE FROM COMIXOLOGY, DRIVETHRU AND COMICSY!



Rosa Devine

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CREATOR INDEX



SLICED

(QUARTERLY)

Are you a comic creator?

If you've enjoyed this issue, and like what we're all about, get involved. We are beginning to look for long form stories, especially new creators looking for help to make their first book.

We're looking for 'slice of life' stories told in experimental and innovative ways, this includes comics, narrative illustrations and infographics. We aren't interested in zombies, vampires, aliens or superheroes; there are plenty of comics that have those bases covered.

We want stories that communicate. They can be funny, serious, moving, thought provoking. You can do whatever you want, as long as it isn't offensive or inappropriate.

We put the spotlight on the narrative potential of comics. **HOW** the story is told is as important as **WHAT** it's about.

Writers, artists, or all-round creators are welcome.

slicedquarterly.co.uk/submissions

Twitter: [@slicedquarterly](https://twitter.com/slicedquarterly)

Facebook: facebook.com/Sliced-Quarterly

Email: editor@slicedquarterly.co.uk

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Editing, design and additional lettering by Ken Reynolds.
Sliced Quarterly #12 is published by Ken Reynolds
kenreynolds.co.uk

