

VIEWOTRON

comics and stories

No. 2

SAM SHARPE &
PEACH S GOODRICH



VIEWOTRON COMICS & STORIES

cover
Peach S Goodrich

SATELLITE & TELESCOPE Part 1 (of 2)
by Peach S Goodrich
pages 1-21

WHAT WILL BE LEFT?
By Sam Sharpe
pages 22-28

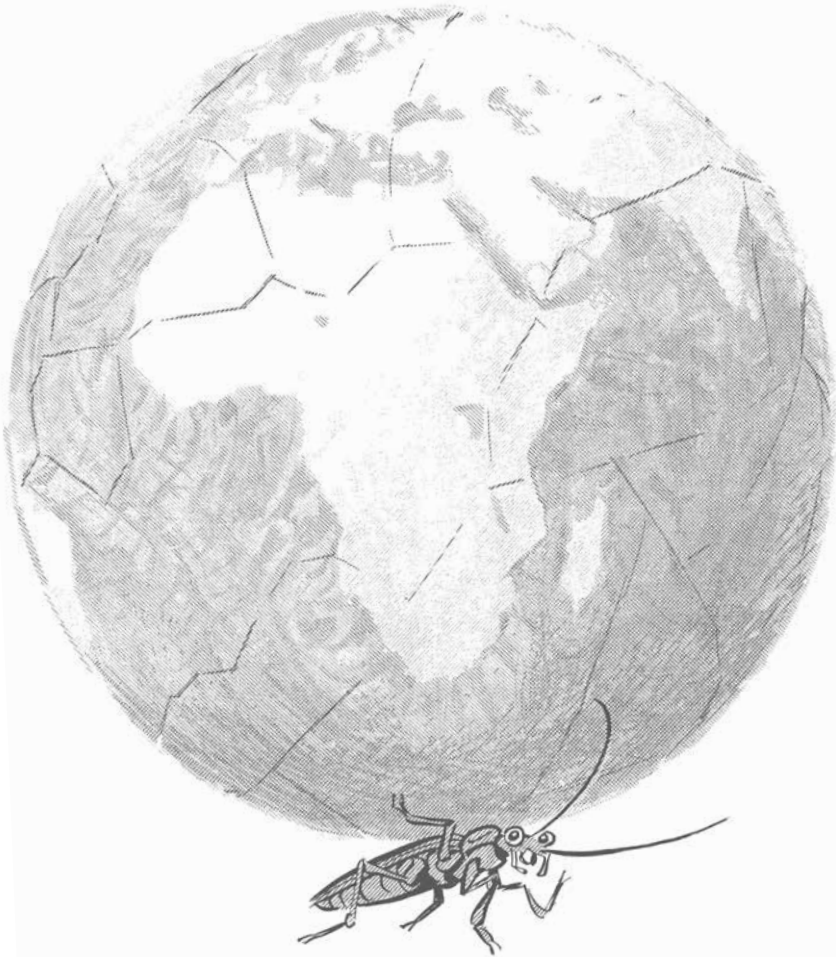
THE SPOOKY CHILD
Part 1 (of 2)
by Sam Sharpe
pages 29-48

back cover
Sam Sharpe

publisher
Neil Brideau

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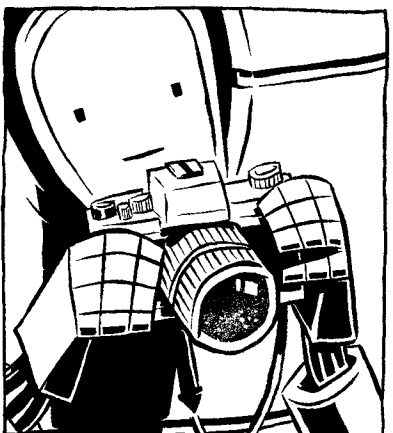
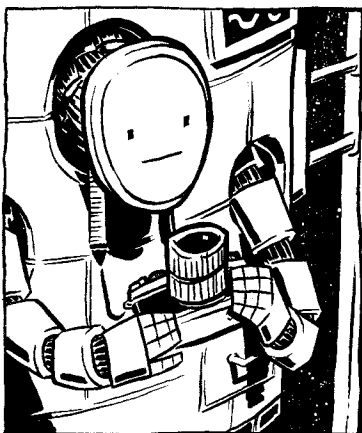
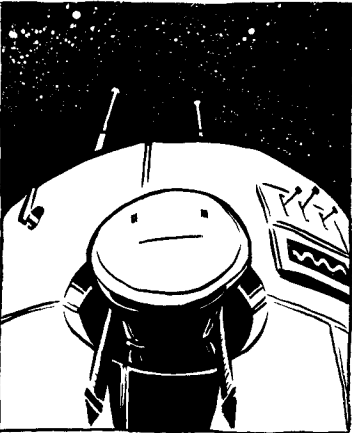
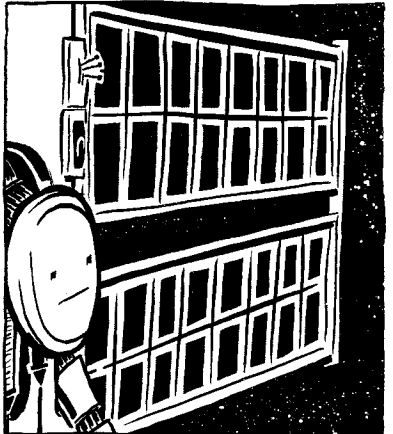
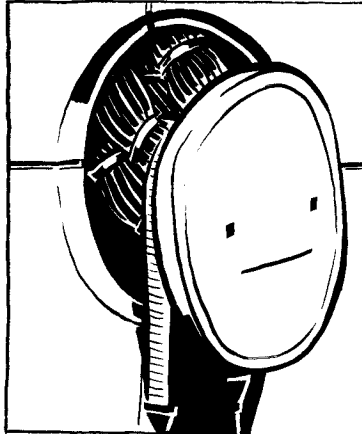
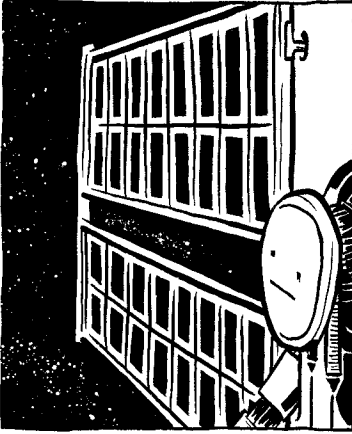
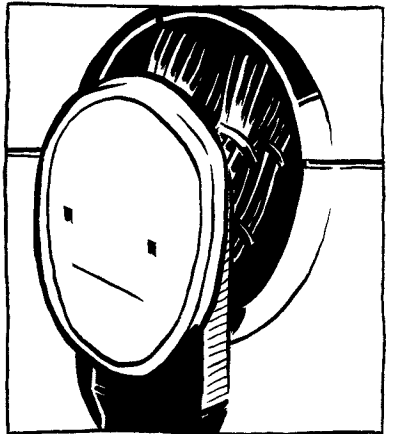
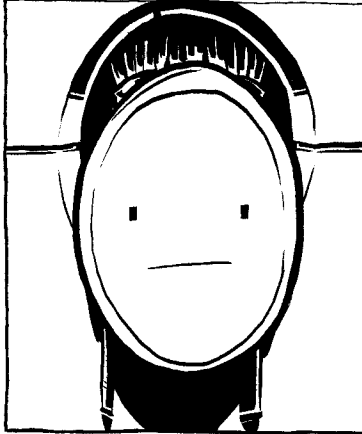
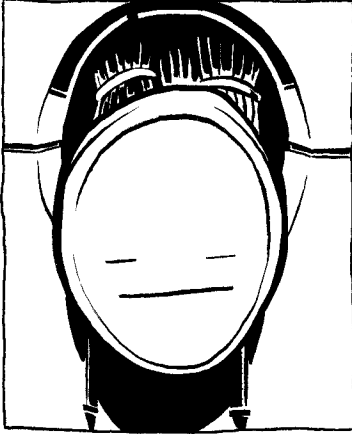


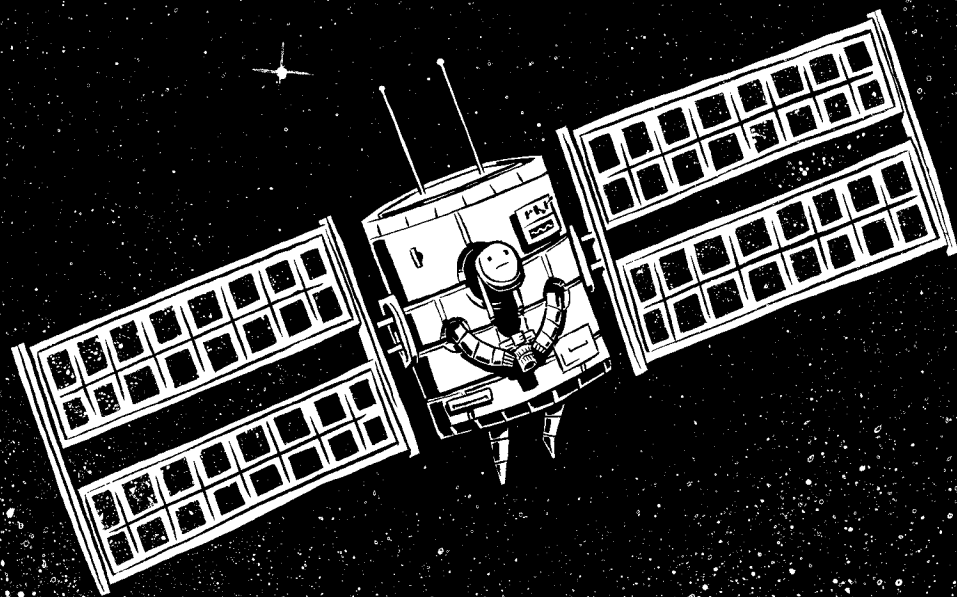
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DOS STARTUP...

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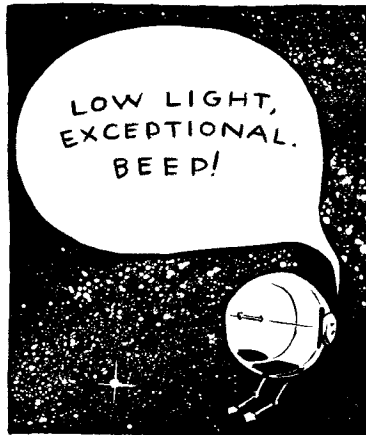
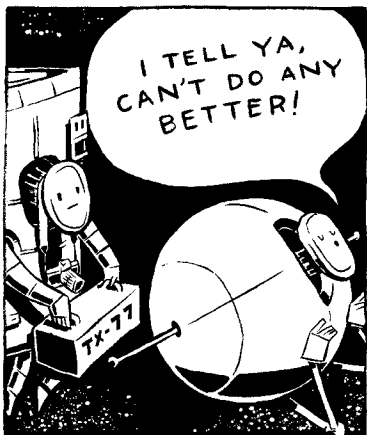
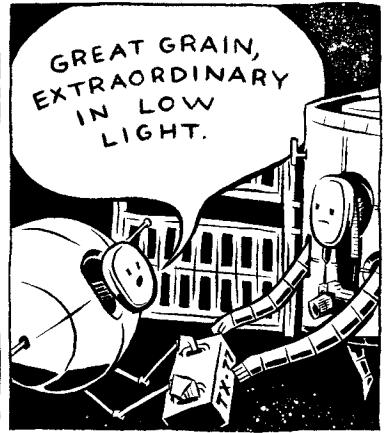
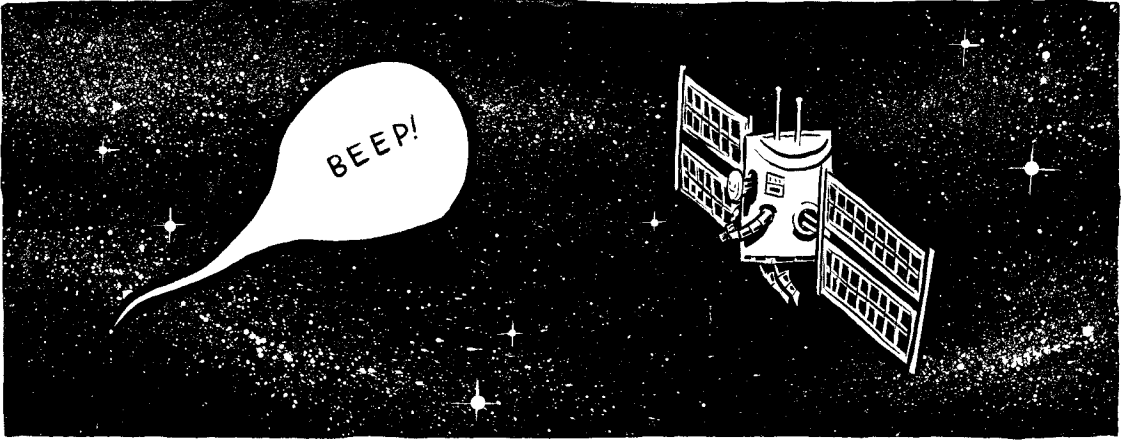
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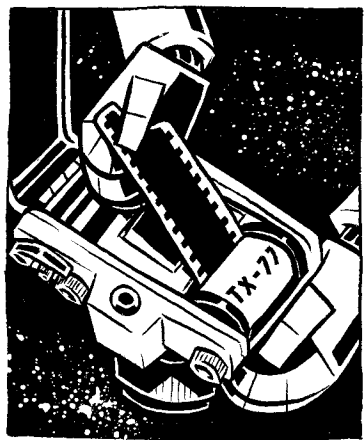
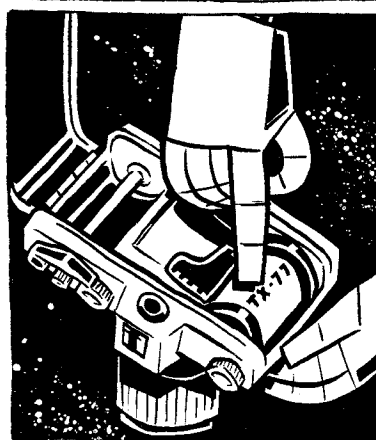
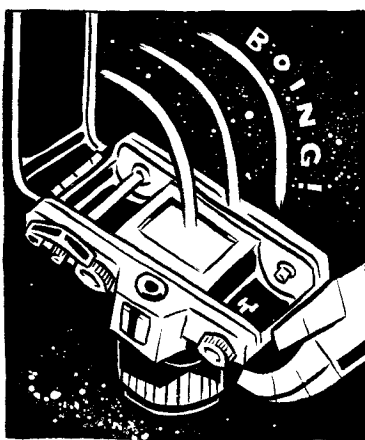
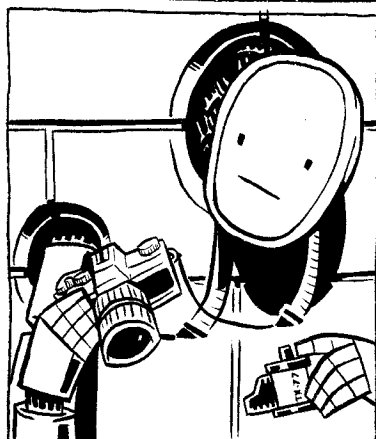
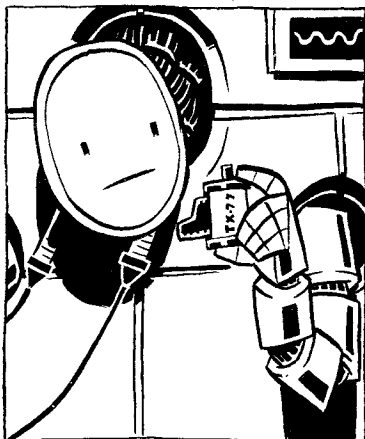
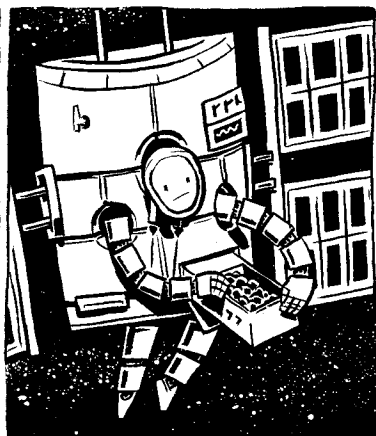
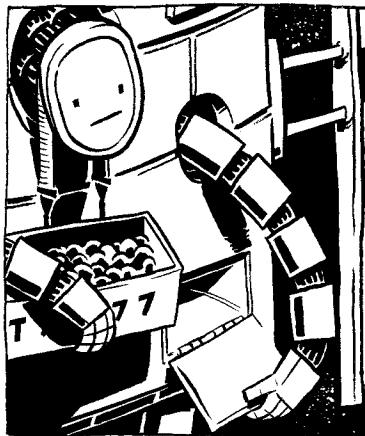
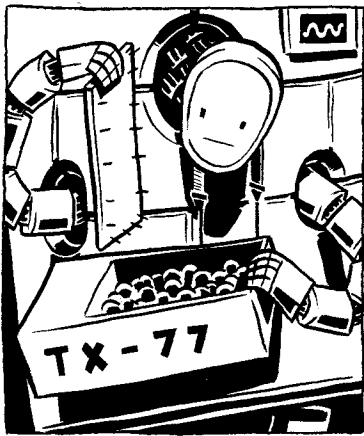


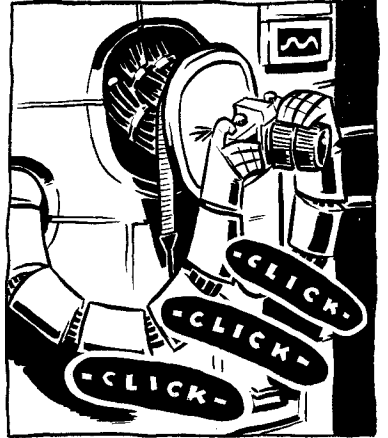
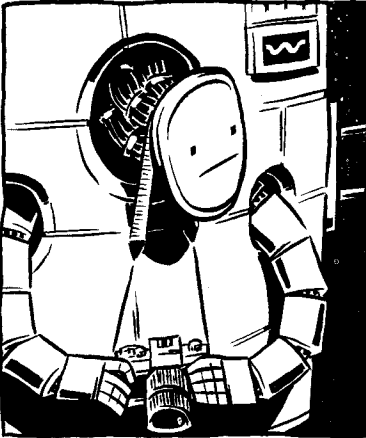
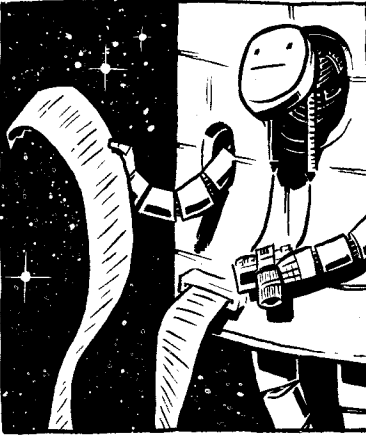
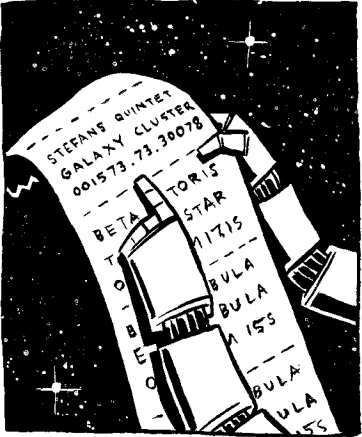
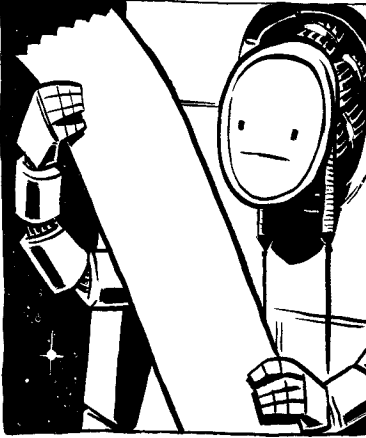
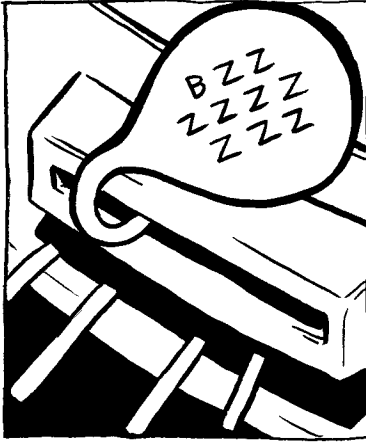
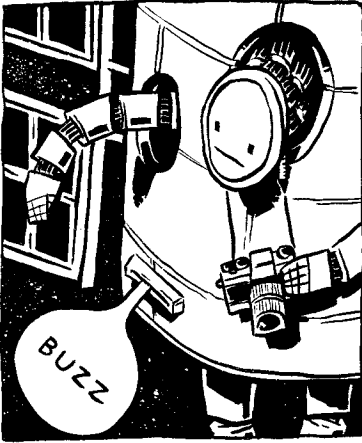


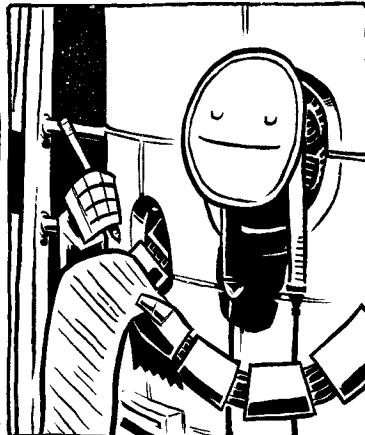
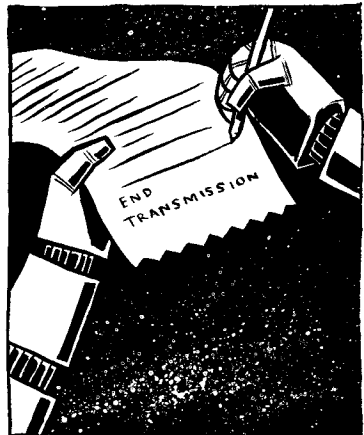
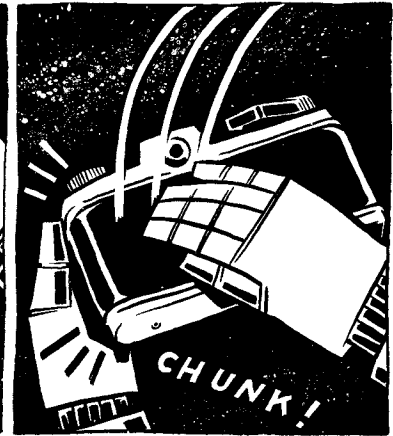
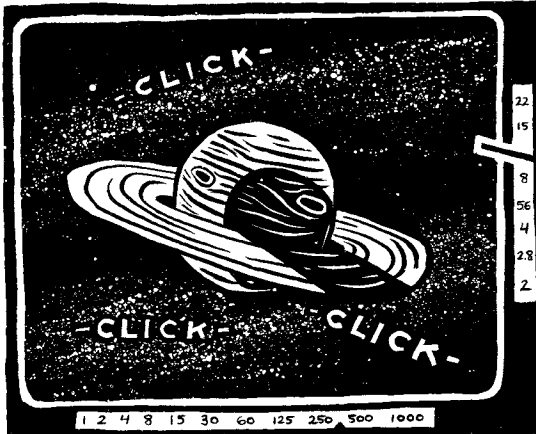
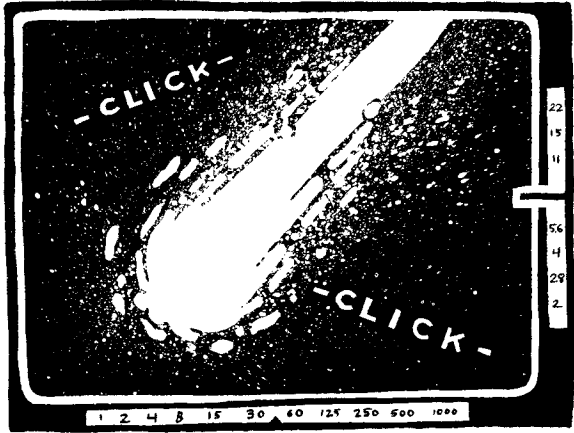
SATELLITE & TELESCOPE

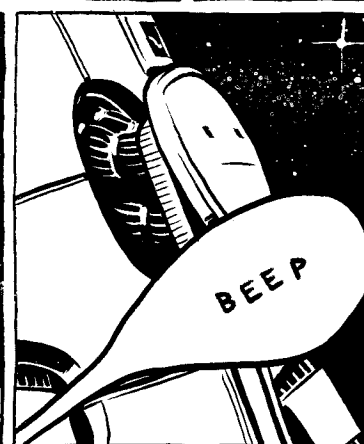
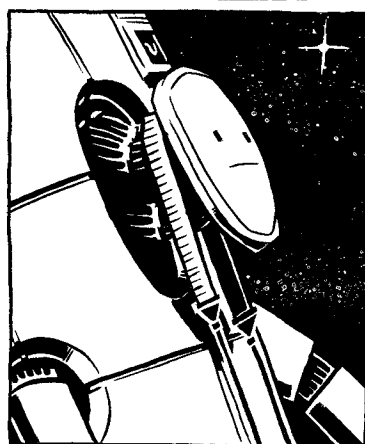
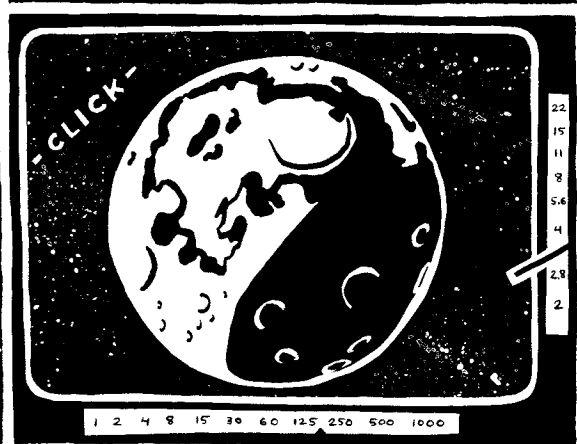
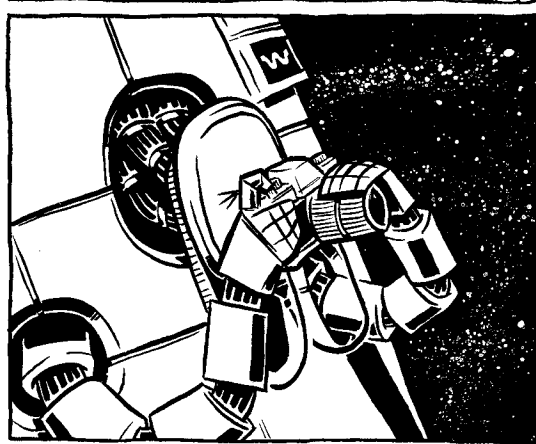
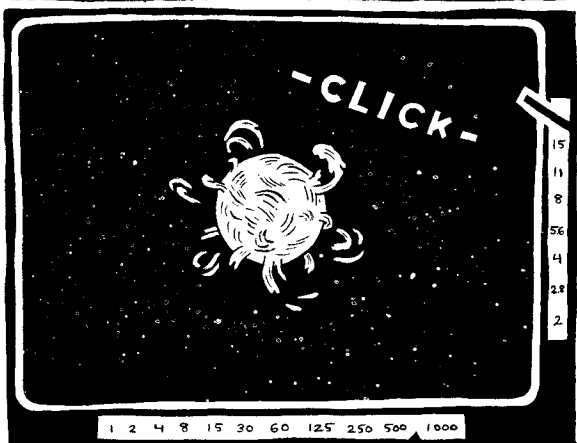
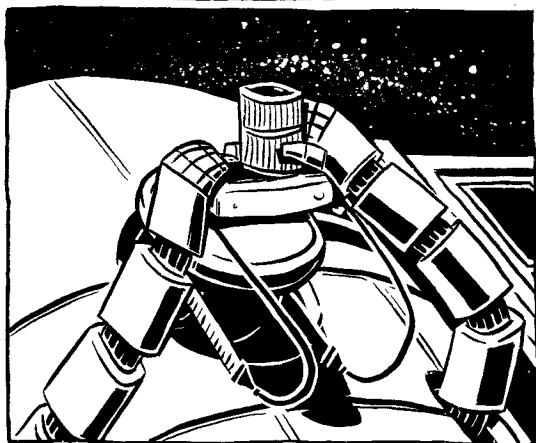
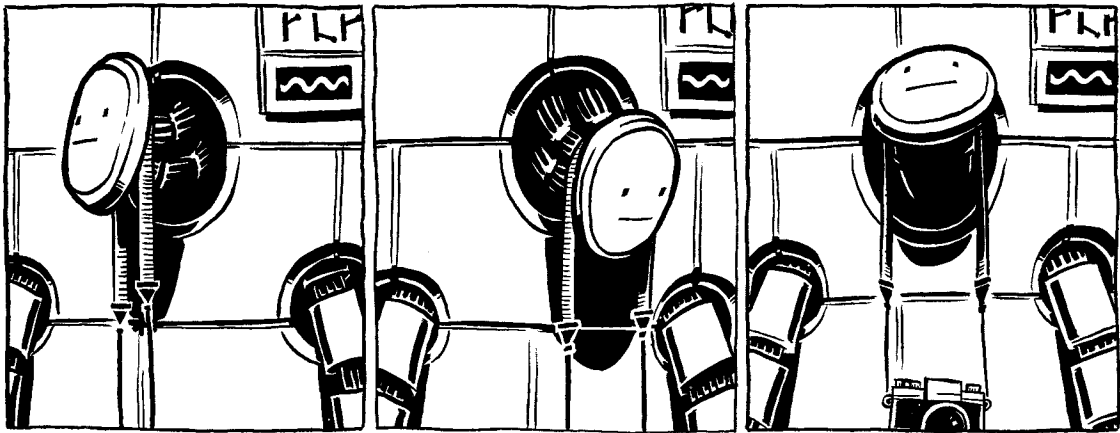
PART ONE
BY PEACH S GOODRICH

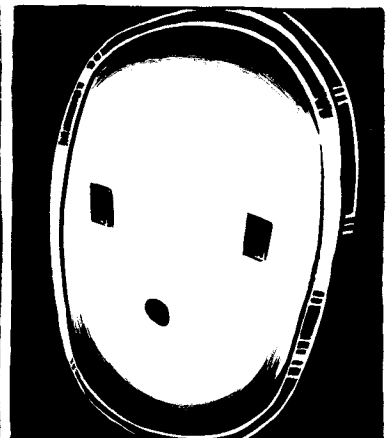
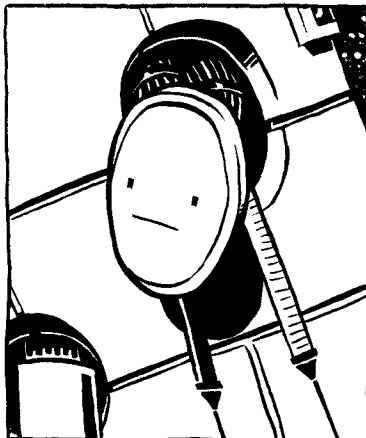
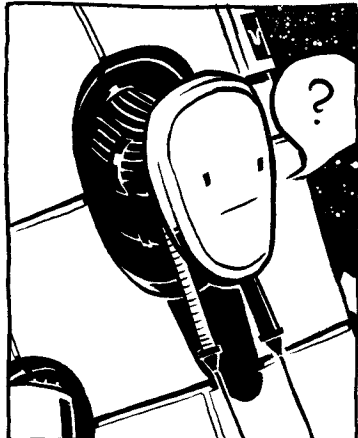
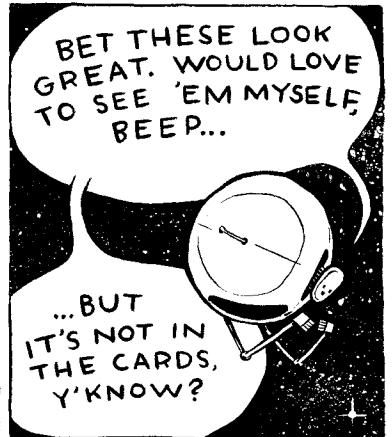
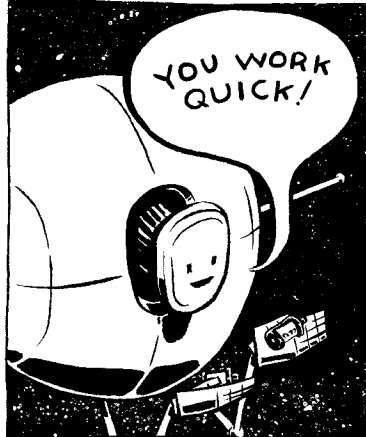
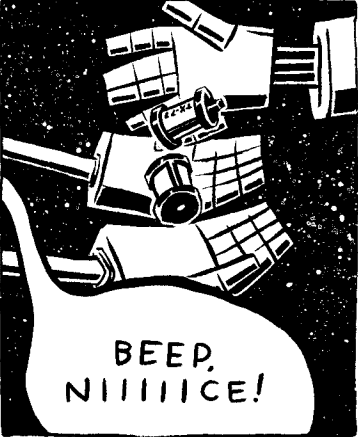
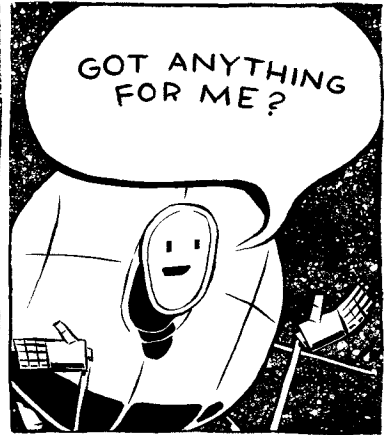
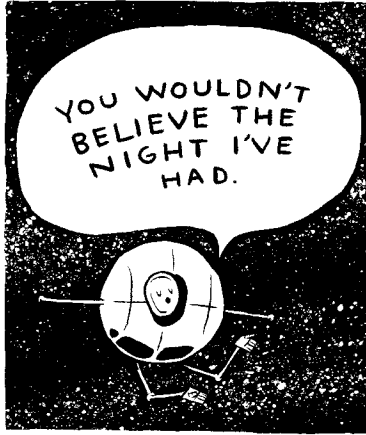




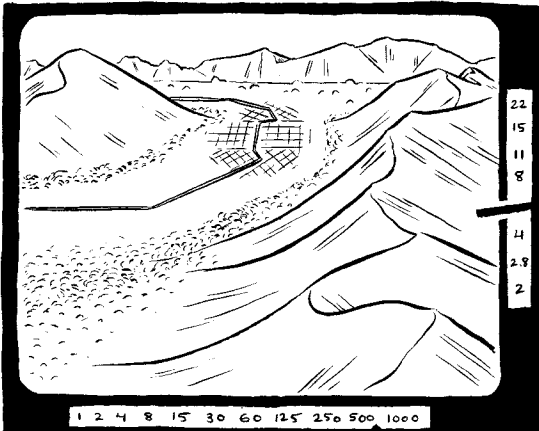
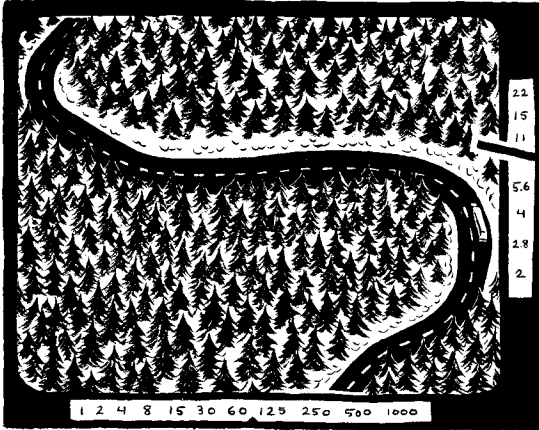
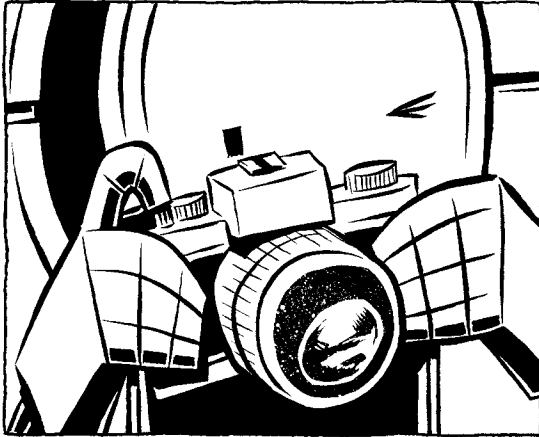
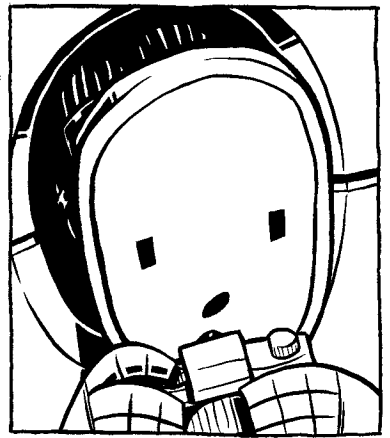
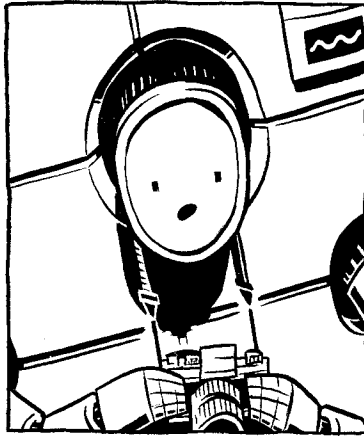
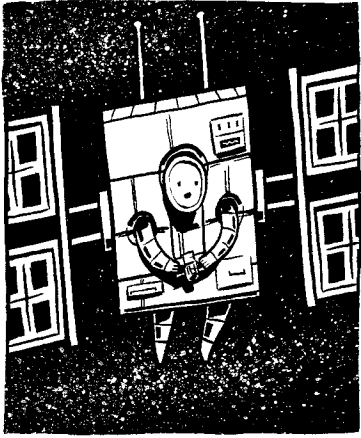


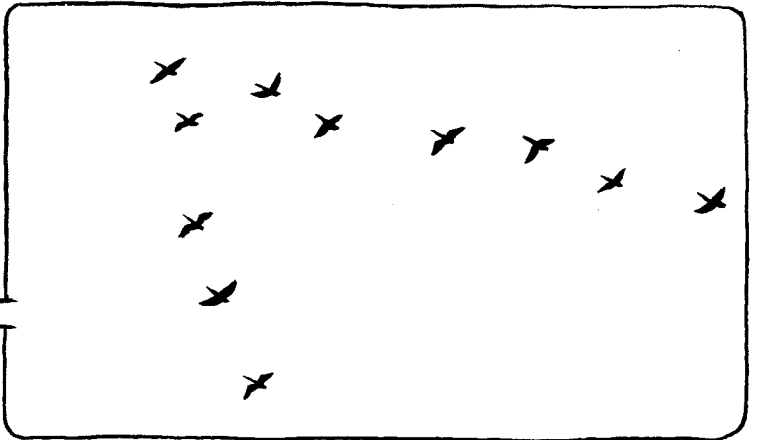
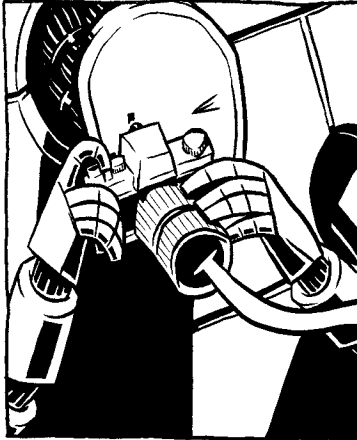
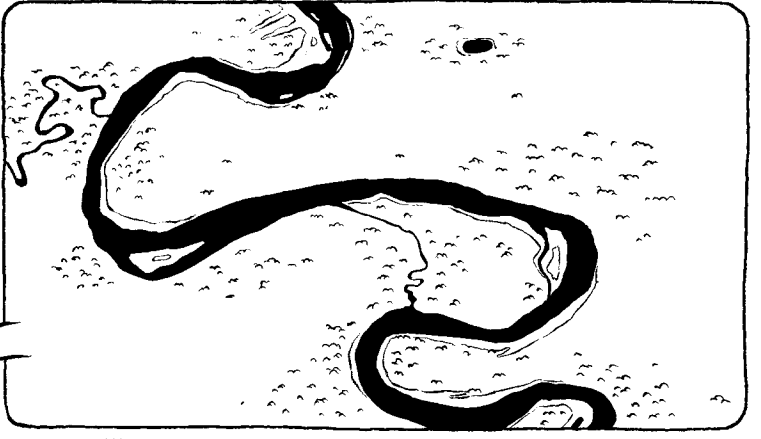
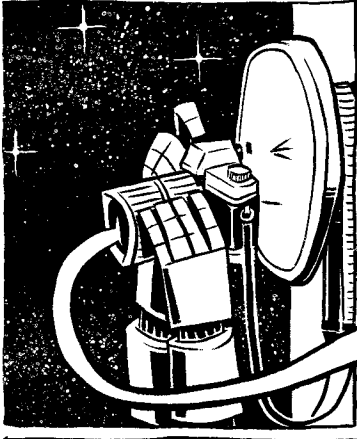
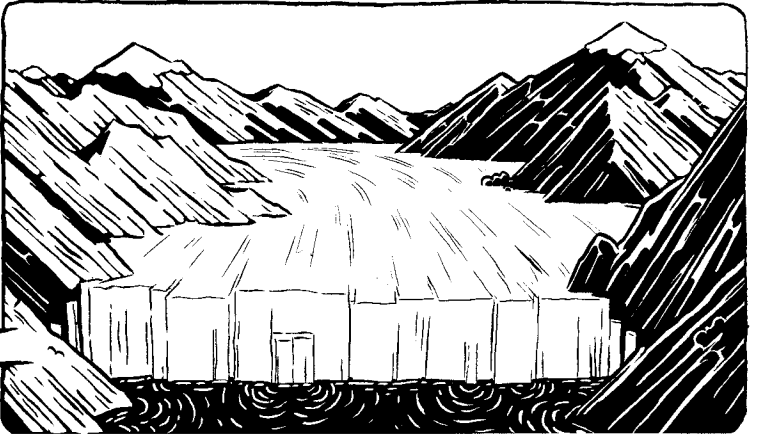
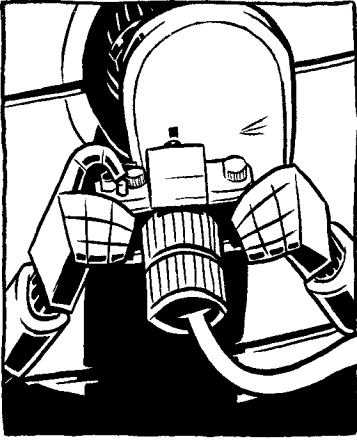
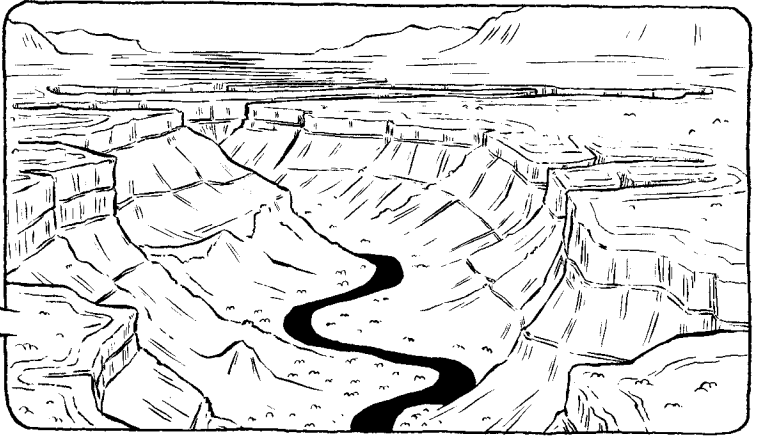


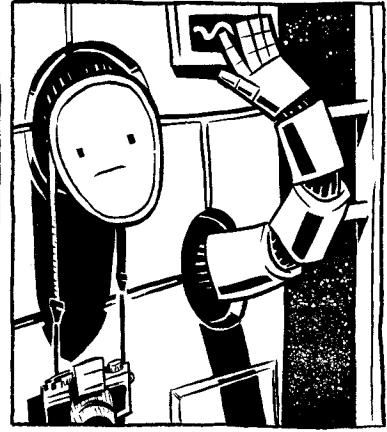
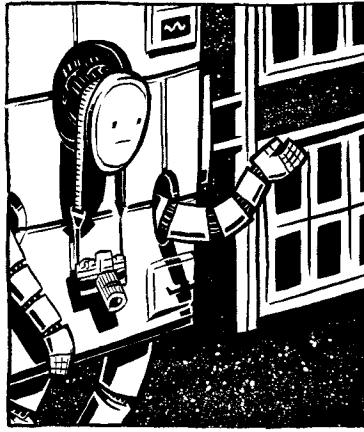
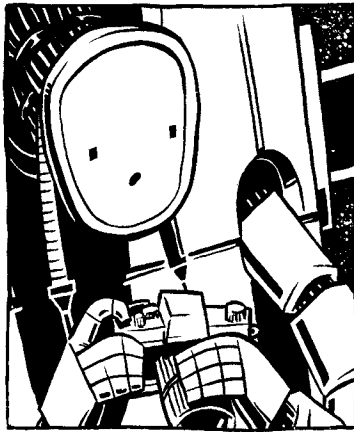
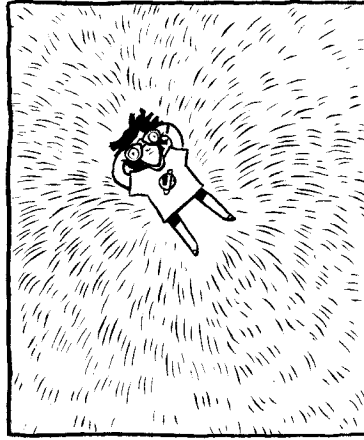
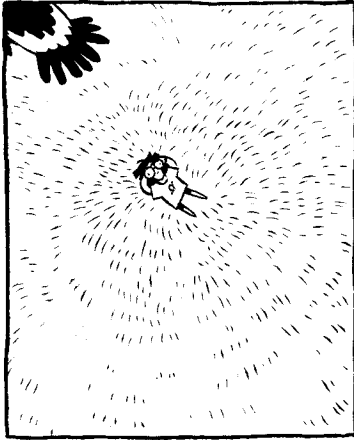
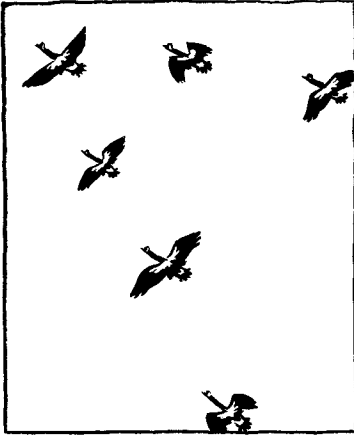


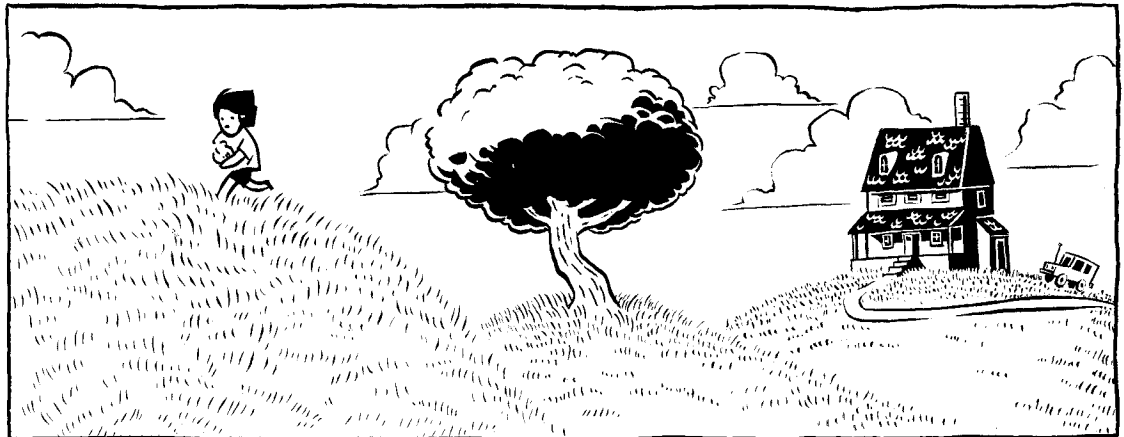
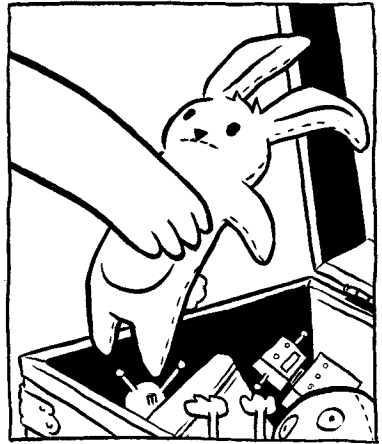
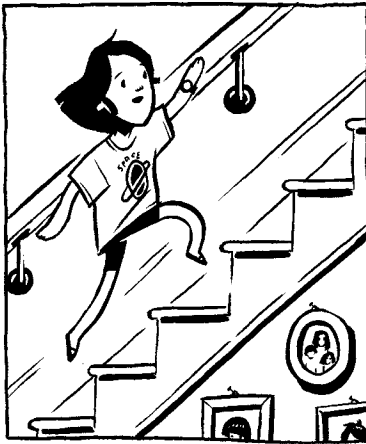
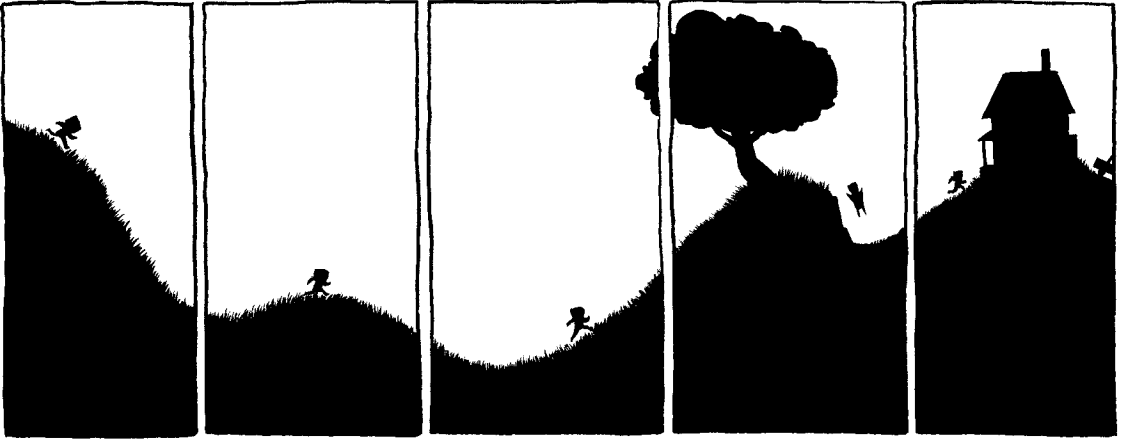


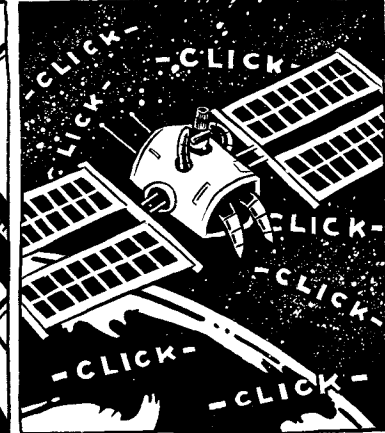
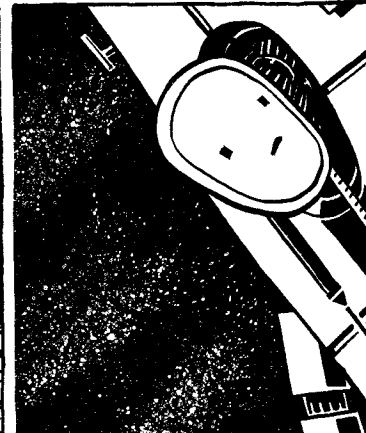
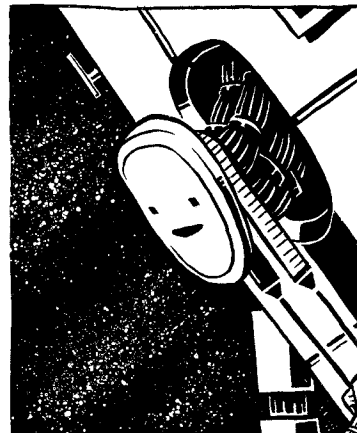
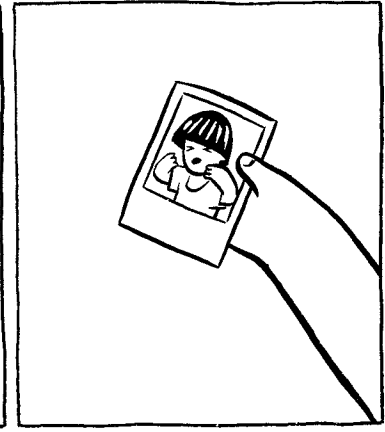
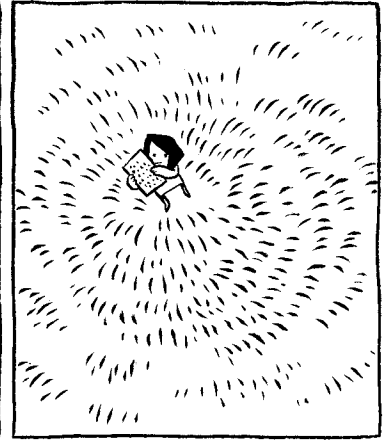
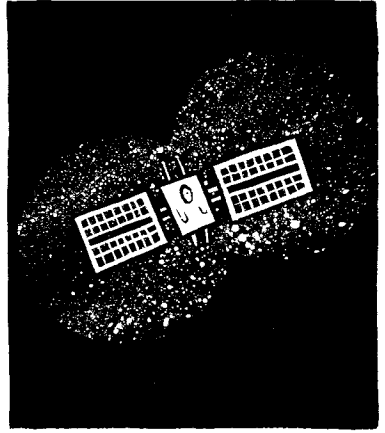


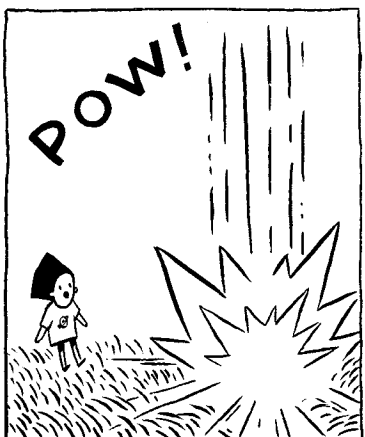
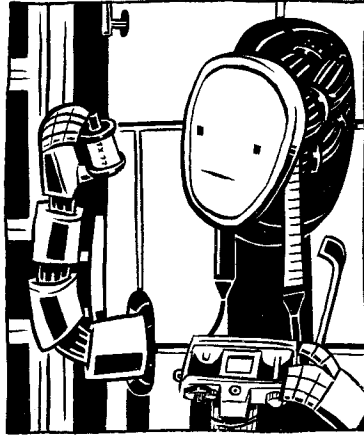
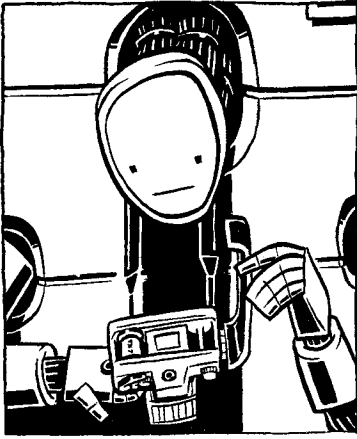


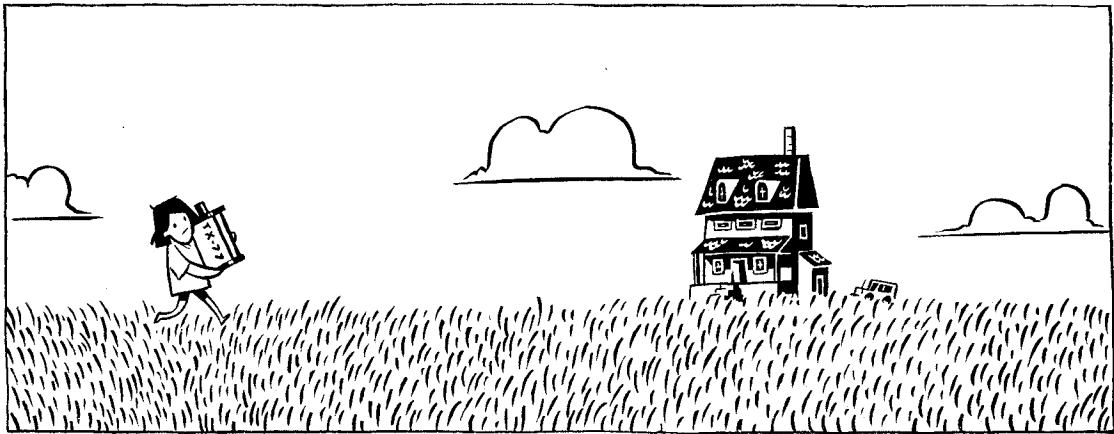


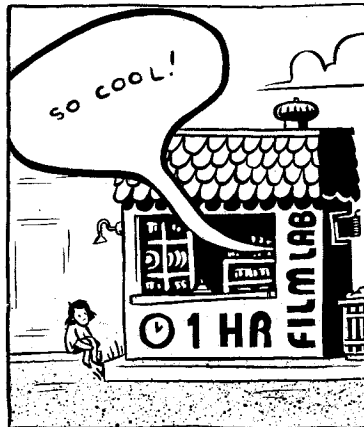
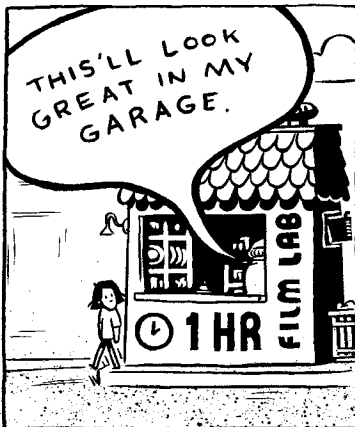


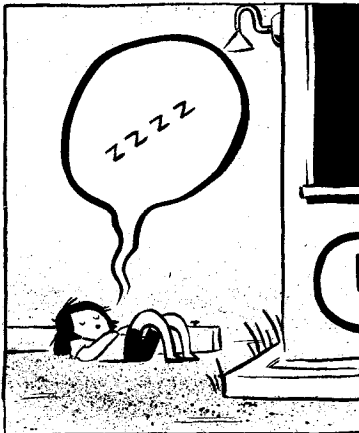
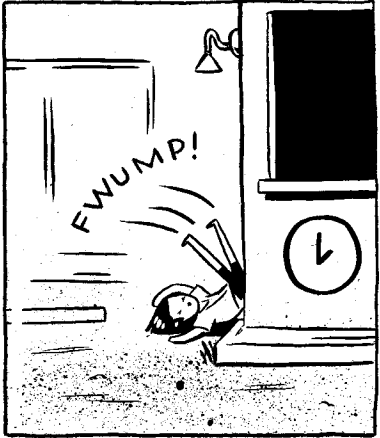
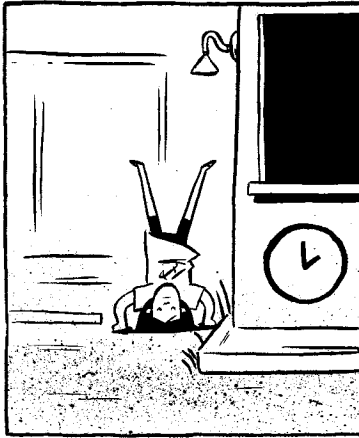
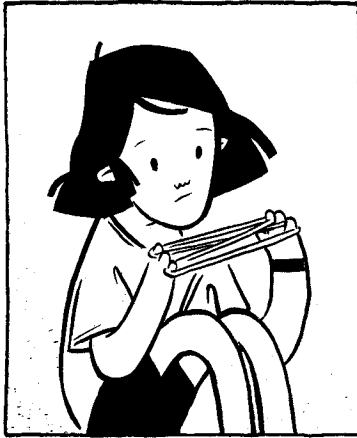


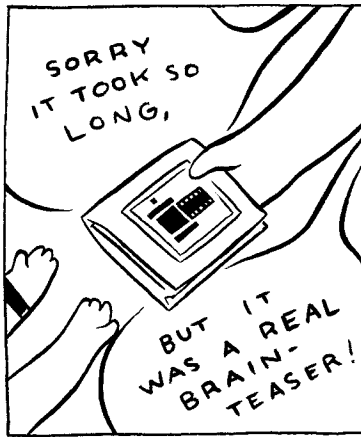


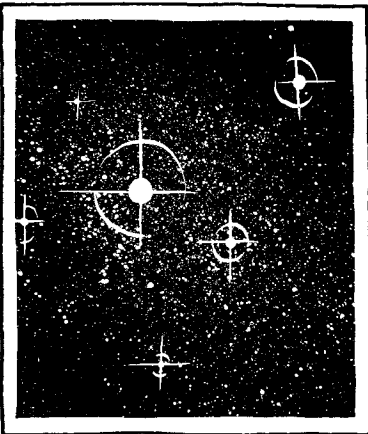
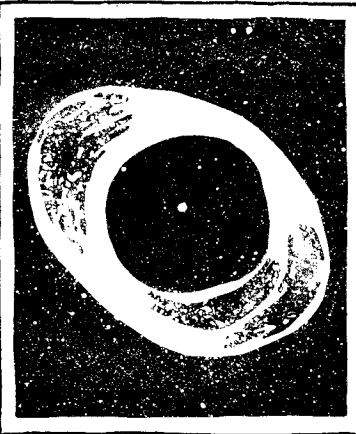


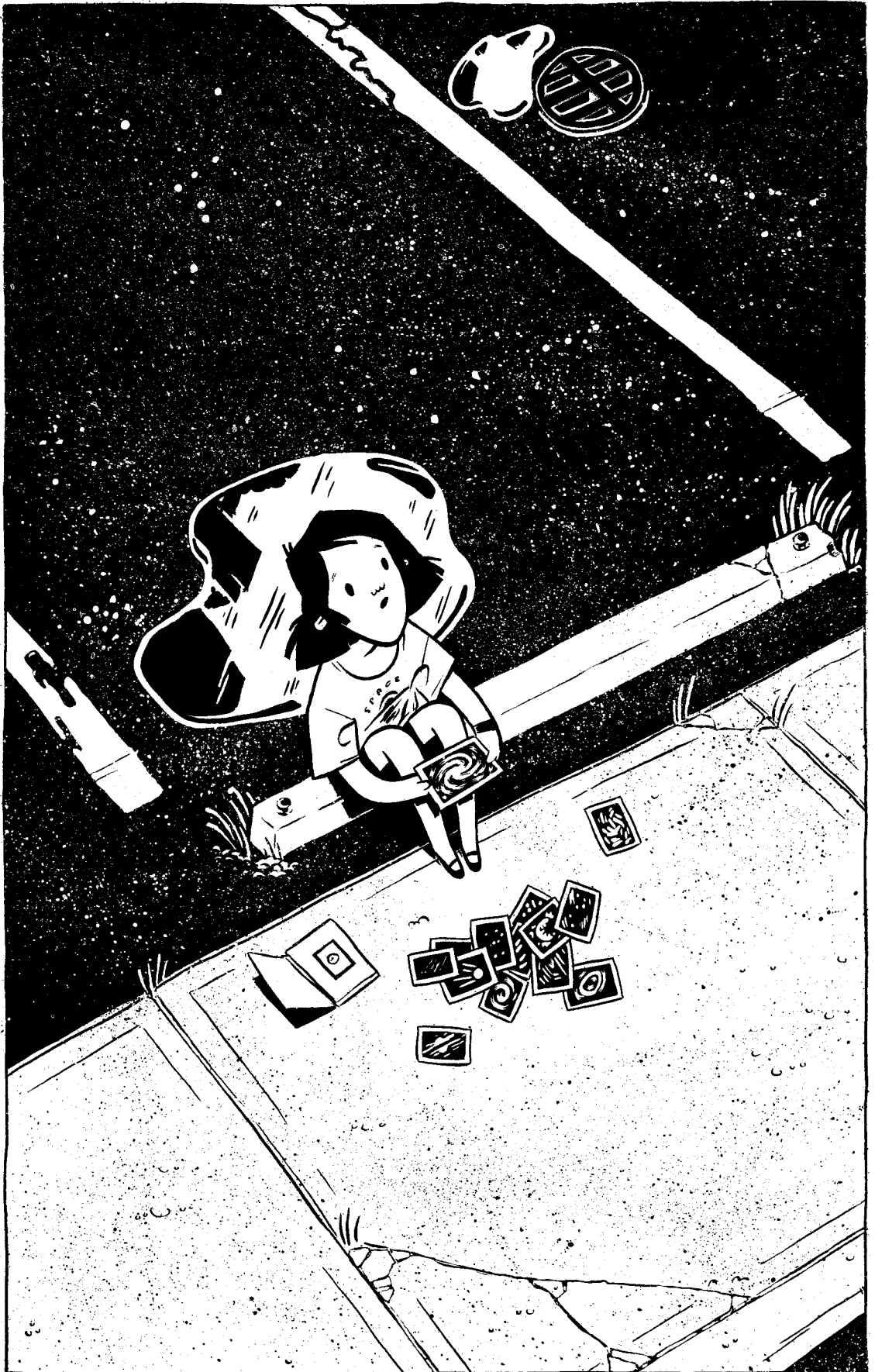












END PART ONE.

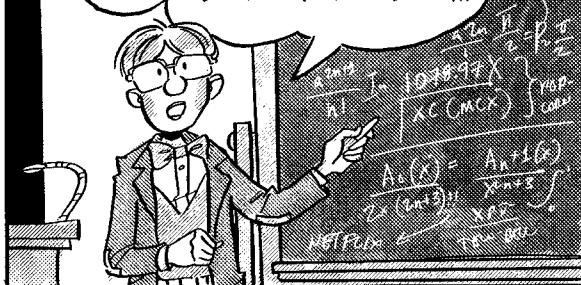
WHAT WILL BE LEFT?

After the world as we know it ends, what will be left?

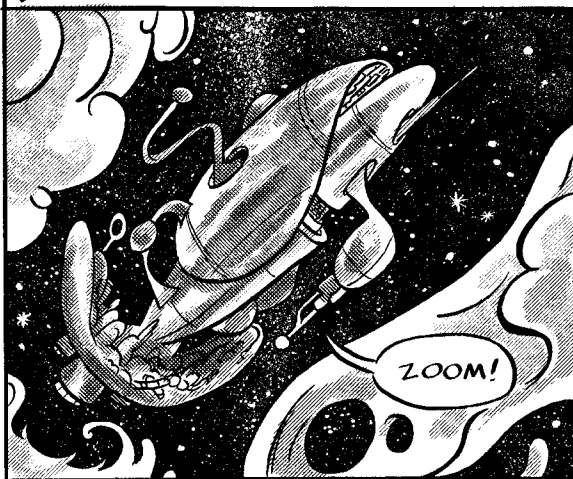


Before it does, will we have time to save ourselves?

I CRUNCHED THE NUMBERS AND WE ONLY WILL SURVIVE IF WE CEASE ALL CONSUMPTION AND AVOID FRIVOLOUS ENTERTAINMENT...



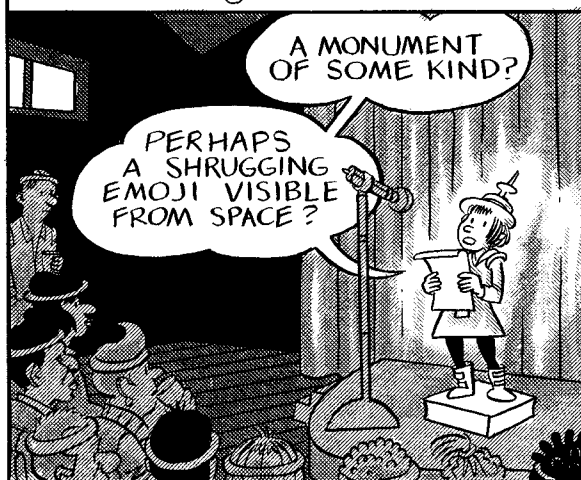
Can we take to the stars?



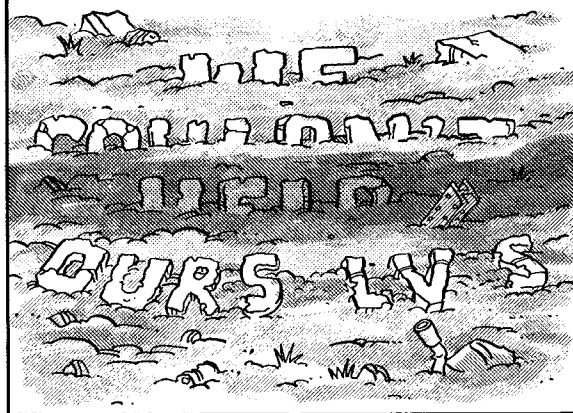
Do we need to leave something behind?

PERHAPS A SHRUGGING EMOJI VISIBLE FROM SPACE?

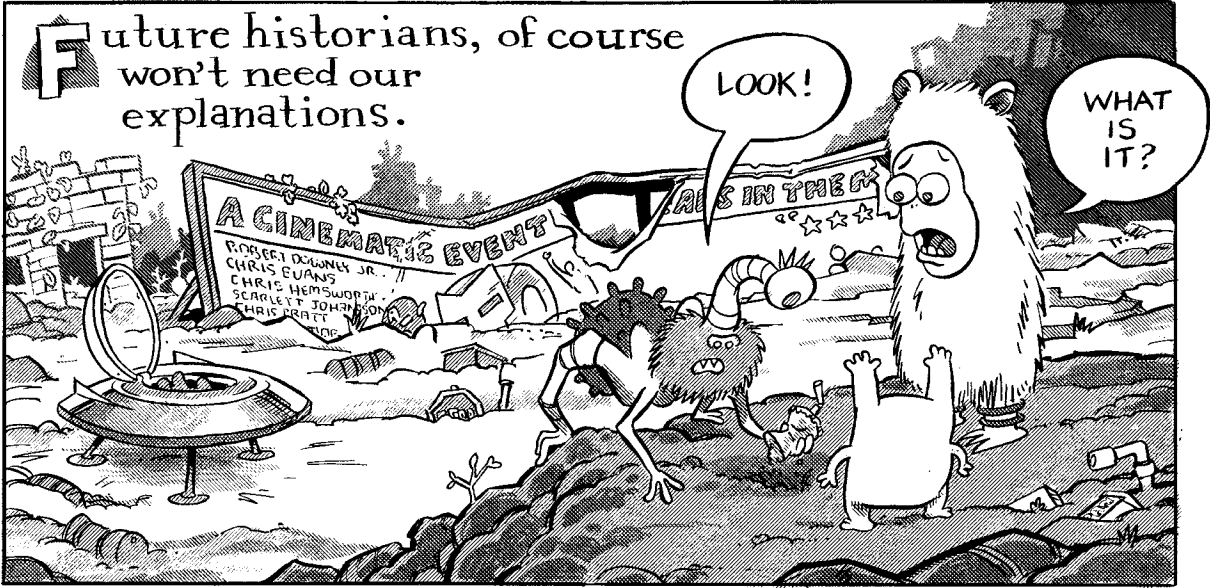
A MONUMENT OF SOME KIND?



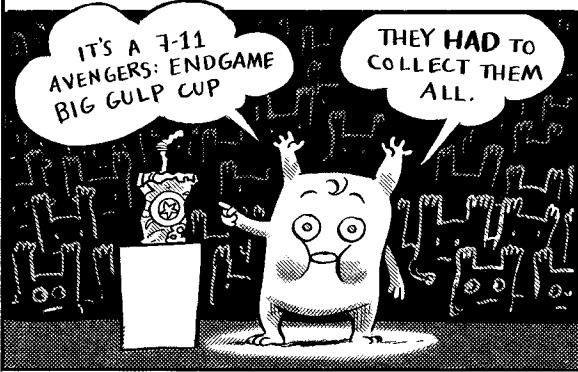
Eons will certainly pass before anyone finds our message, it may be illegible when they do...



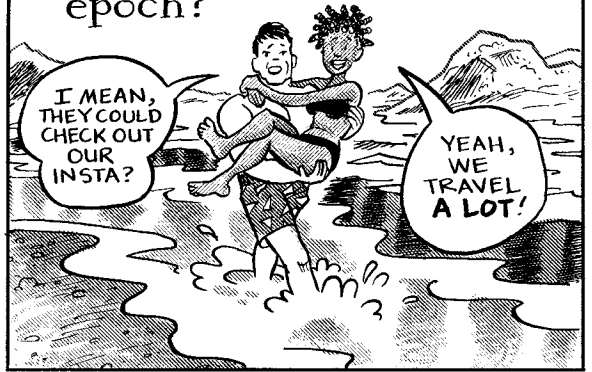
Future historians, of course won't need our explanations.



Glancing at our relics, they will know exactly who we were, and know exactly what happened.



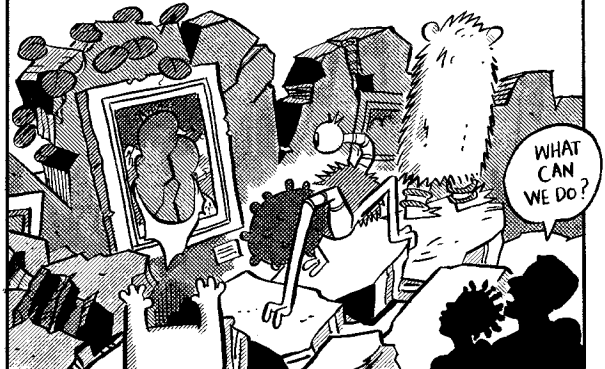
How, though, will they ever know how beautiful our planet was at the tail end of this epoch?



Inevitably, every hard-drive, disc, and server will have been wiped clean by the slow but persistent tug of earth's magnetic field...

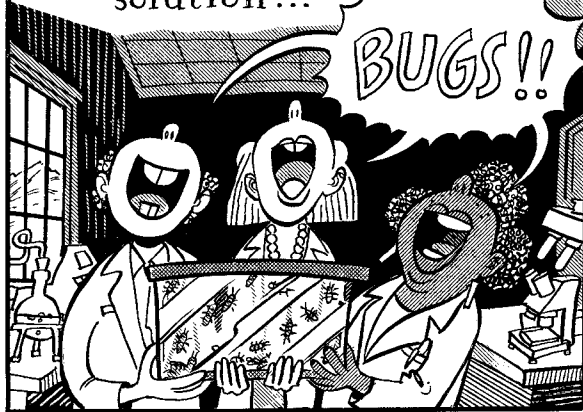


Just as inevitably every book will have turned to dust and every painting will have rotted away...

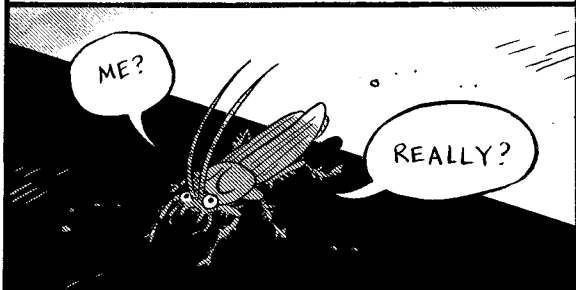


Kindly researchers at the University of Southern Idaho may have a solution...

BUGS!!



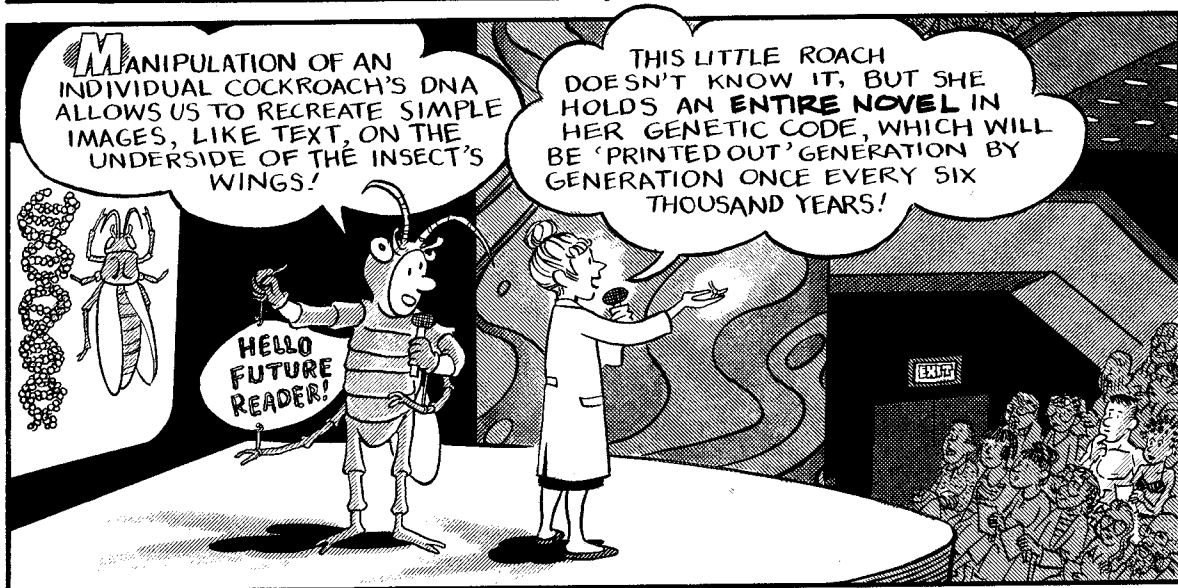
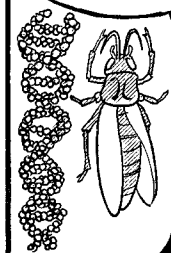
Long thought to be the heartiest invertebrate on the planet, the common American cockroach might hold the key to preserving our legacy.



MANIPULATION OF AN INDIVIDUAL COCKROACH'S DNA ALLOWS US TO RECREATE SIMPLE IMAGES, LIKE TEXT, ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE INSECT'S WINGS!

THIS LITTLE ROACH DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT SHE HOLDS AN **ENTIRE NOVEL** IN HER GENETIC CODE, WHICH WILL BE 'PRINTED OUT' GENERATION BY GENERATION ONCE EVERY SIX THOUSAND YEARS!

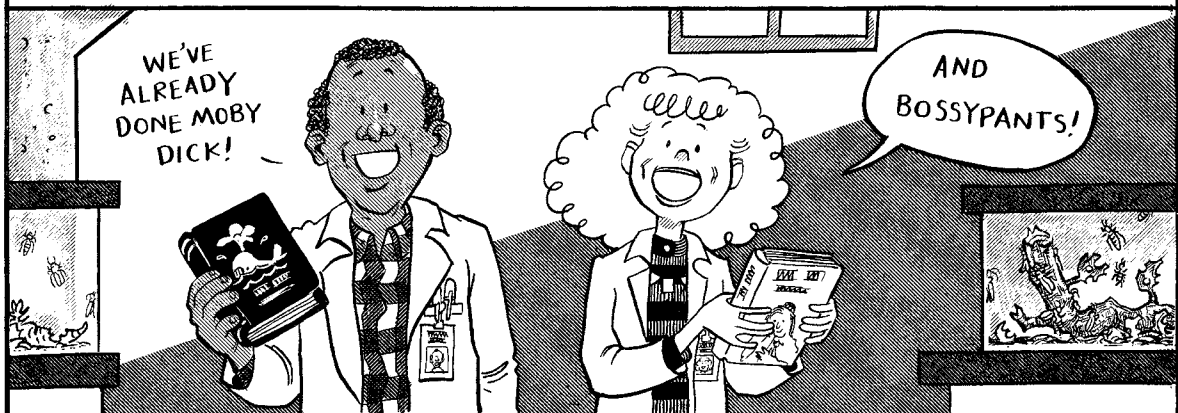
HELLO FUTURE READER!



Not knowing exactly how much time we have left, they have started with the 'Rosetta Stones' of human literature.

WE'VE ALREADY DONE MOBY DICK!

AND BOSSYPANTS!



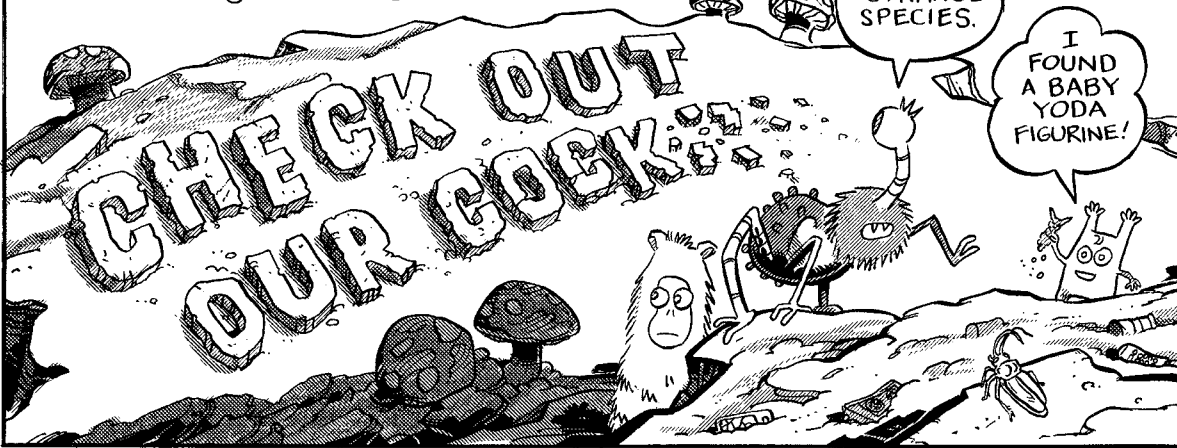
Once humanity's great texts are preserved, we can move on to lesser known work.



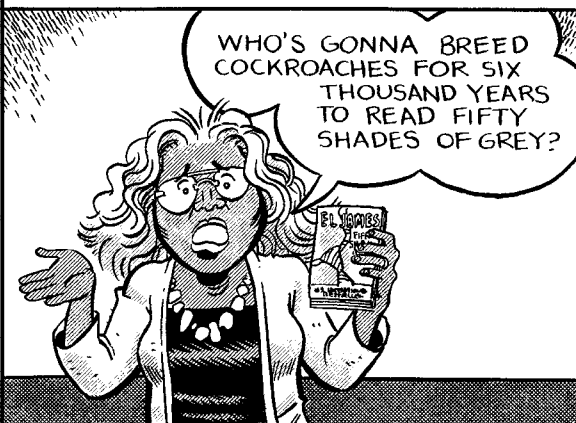
Perhaps the biggest issue isn't cataloging the information, but getting anyone to know it's there.



Quite possibly our messages won't get through...



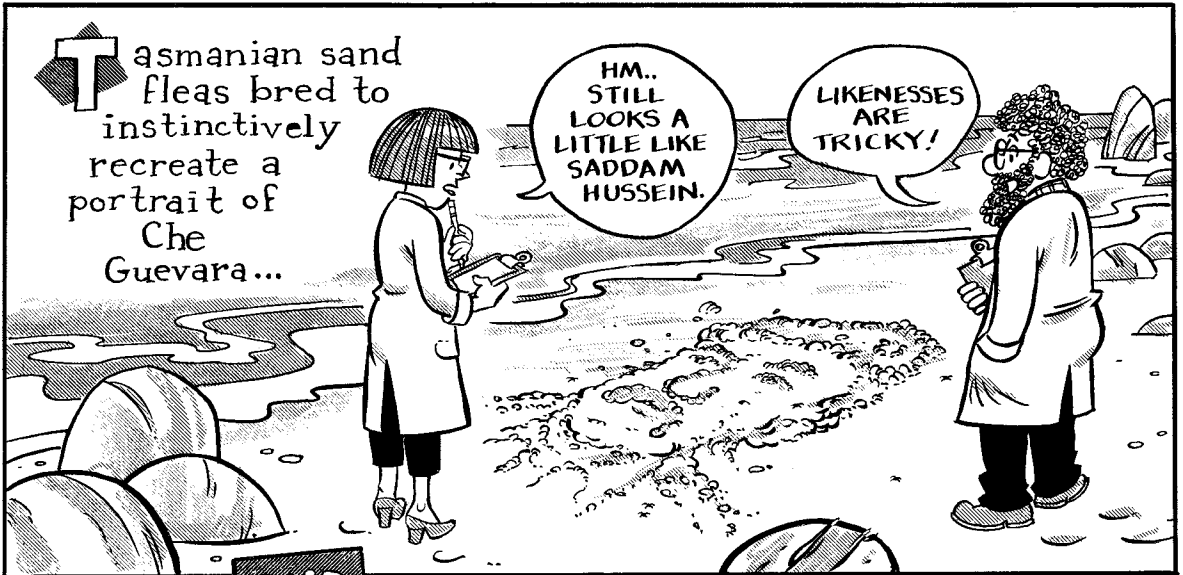
Researchers in the field of "deep time communications" are certain they won't.



So alternative "fast-talking" insects are being explored:

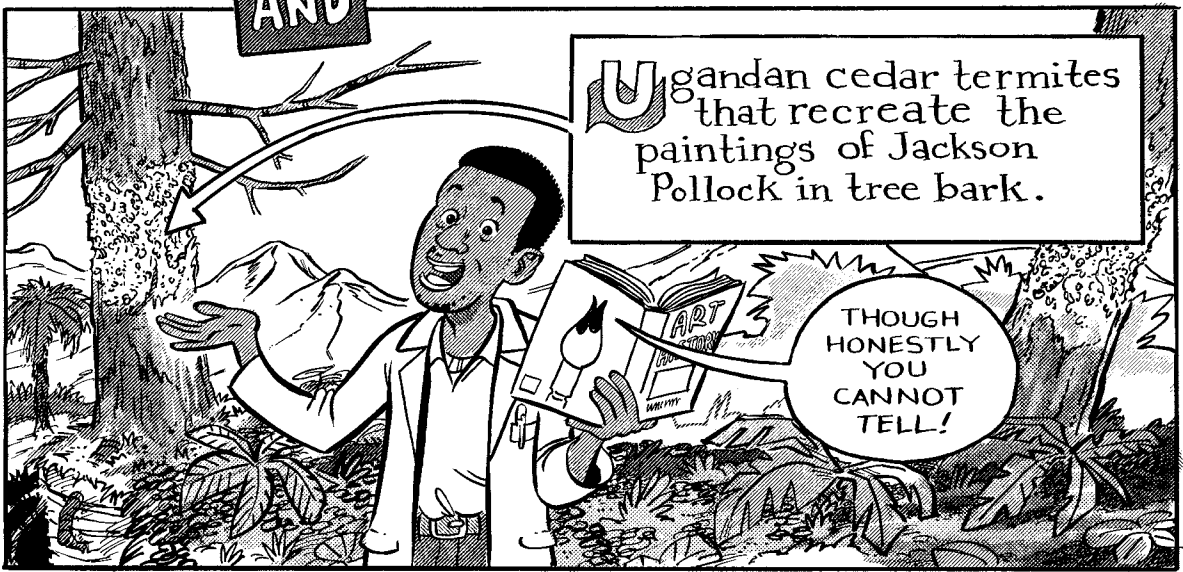


↑ Tasmanian sand fleas bred to instinctively recreate a portrait of Che Guevara...

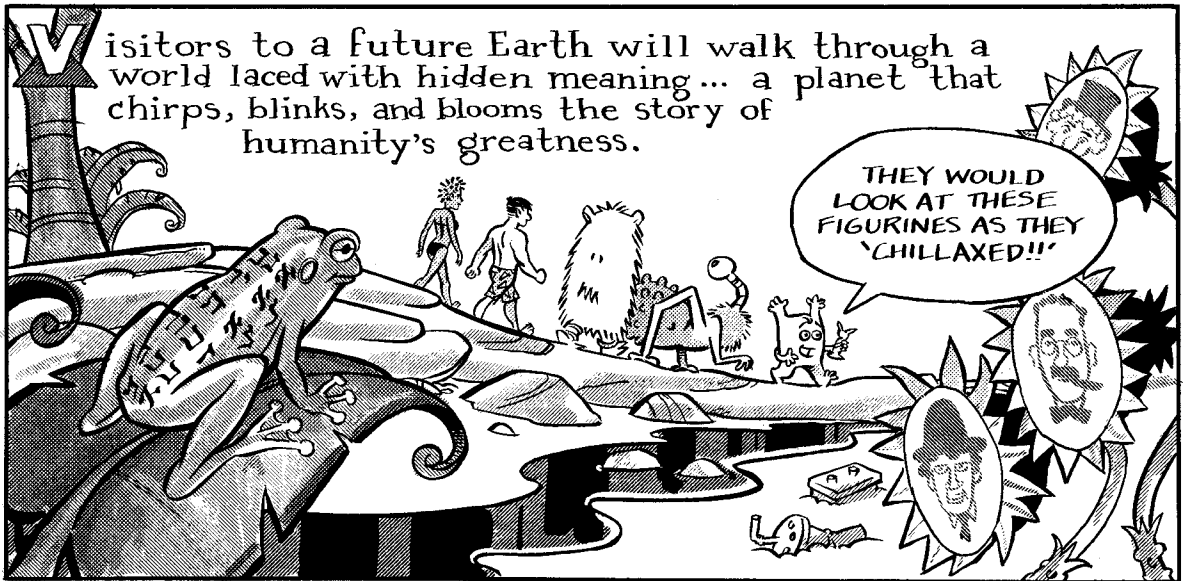


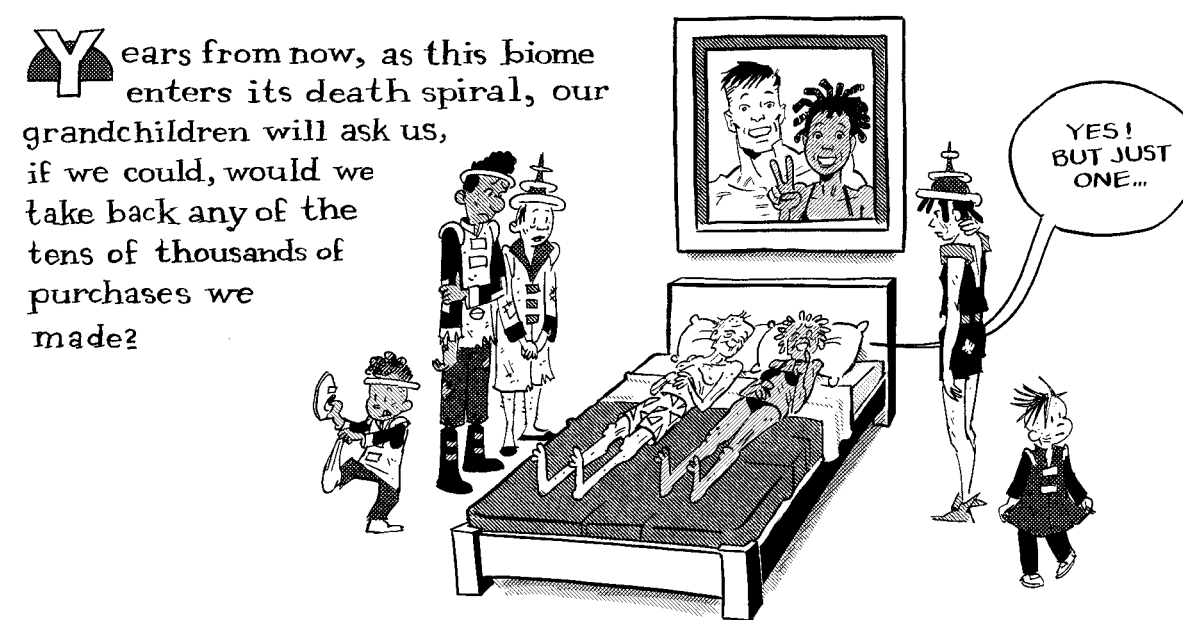
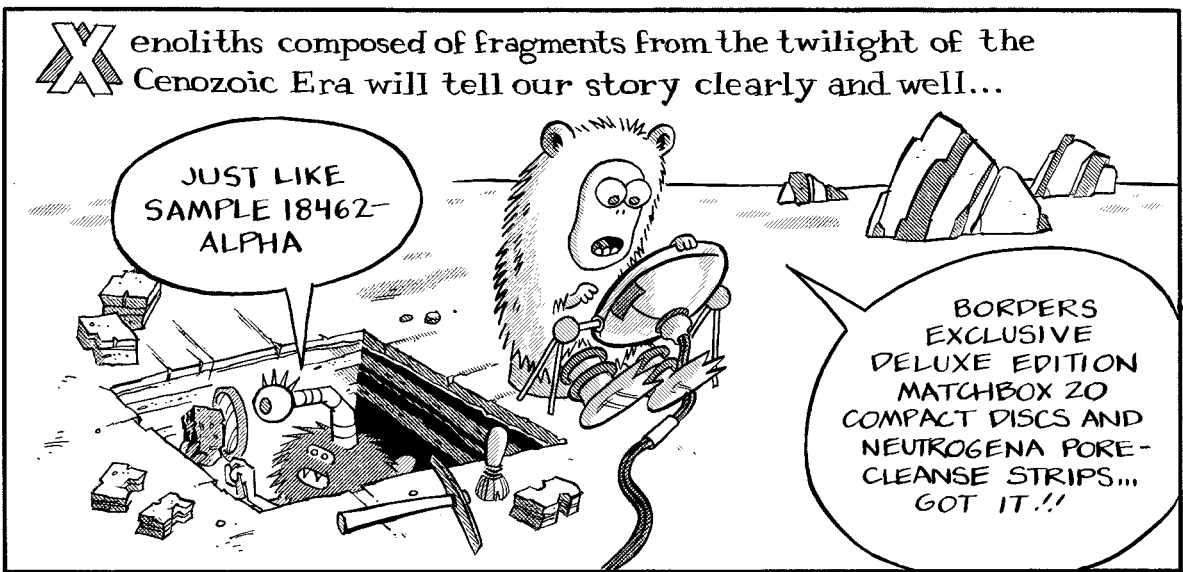
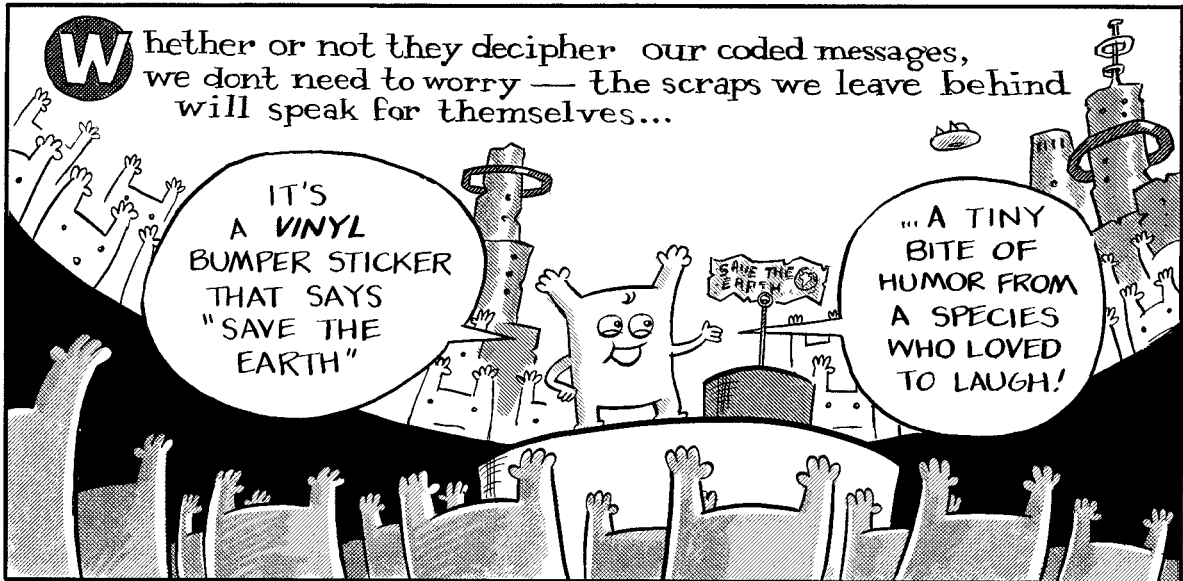
AND

Ugandan cedar termites that recreate the paintings of Jackson Pollock in tree bark.




Visitors to a future Earth will walk through a world laced with hidden meaning ... a planet that chirps, blinks, and blooms the story of humanity's greatness.







EBRA
STRIPED
BABY
JEGGINGS!

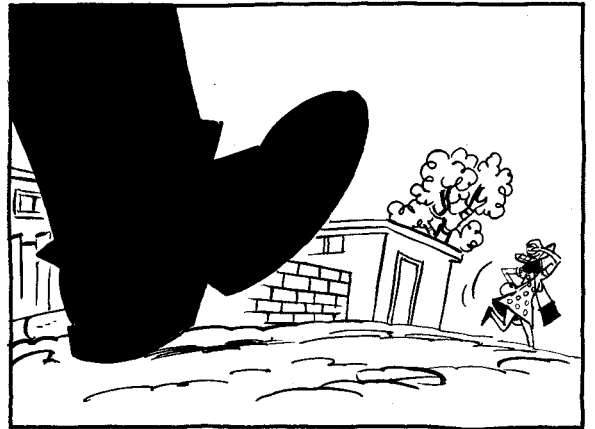
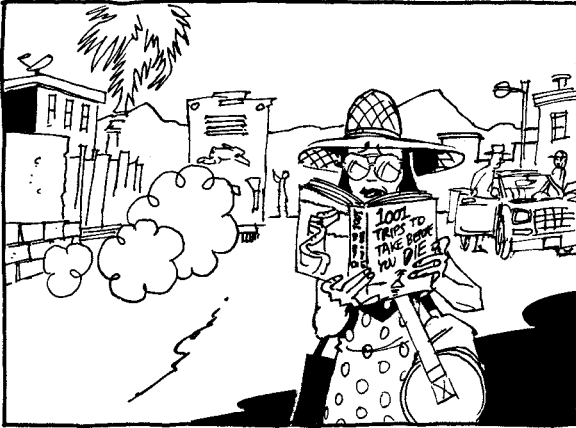
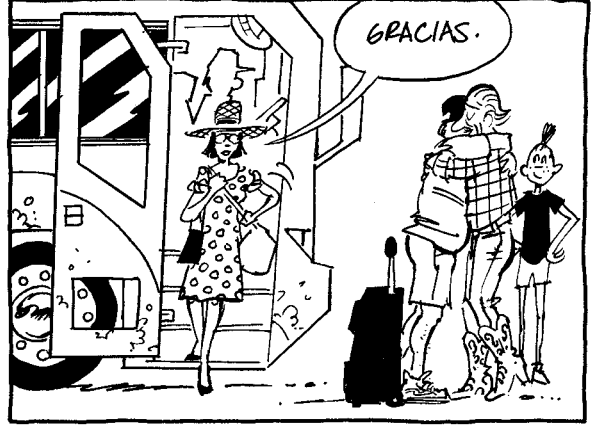


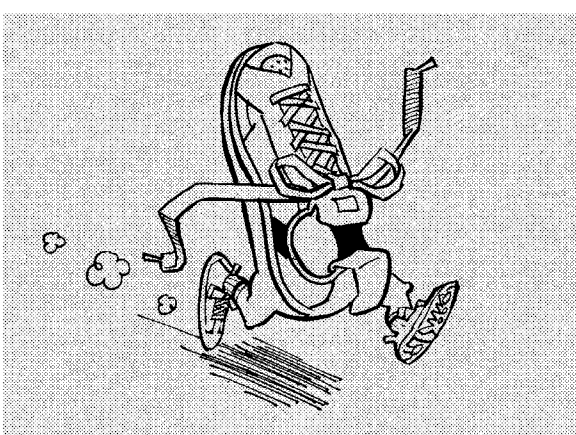
WHAT A
STRANGE
WONDERFUL
WORLD.

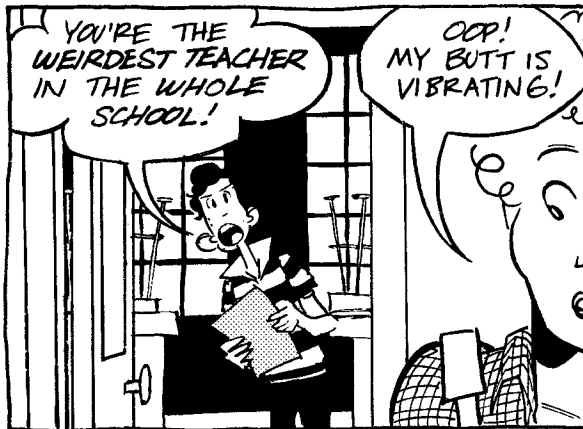
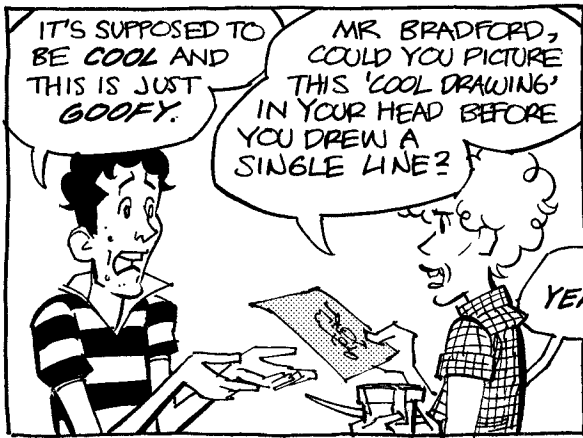


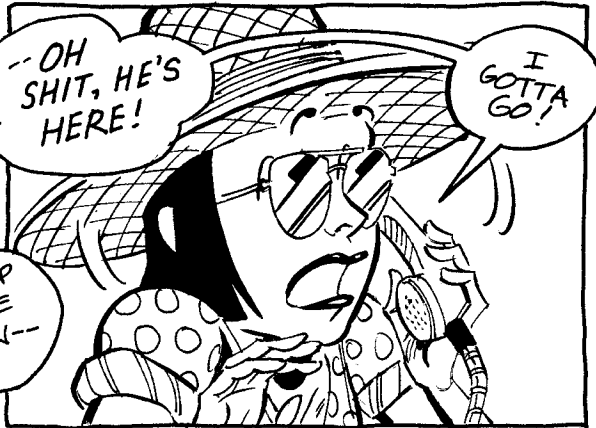
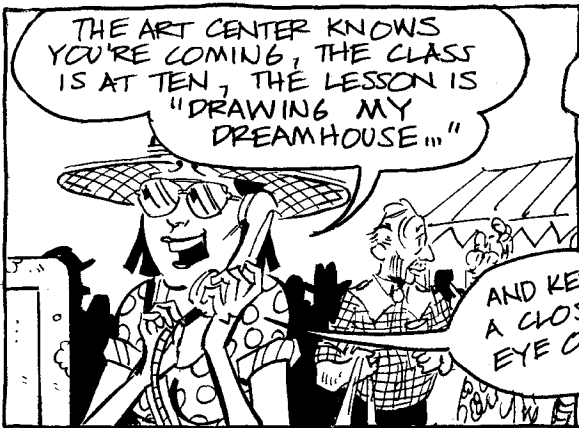
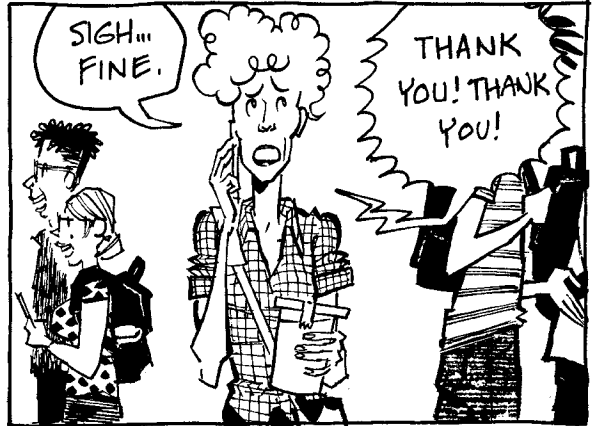
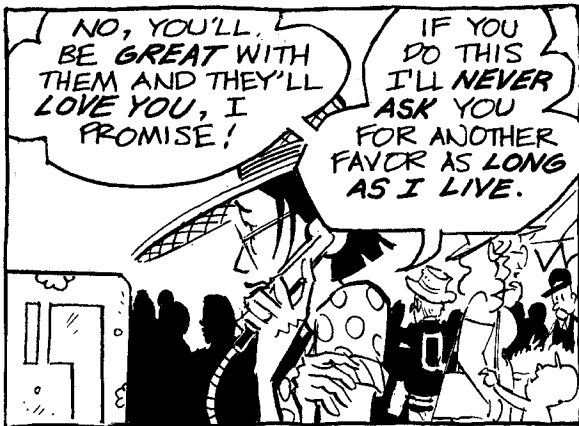
**THE
END**

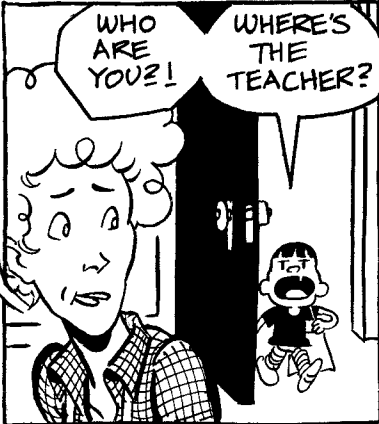
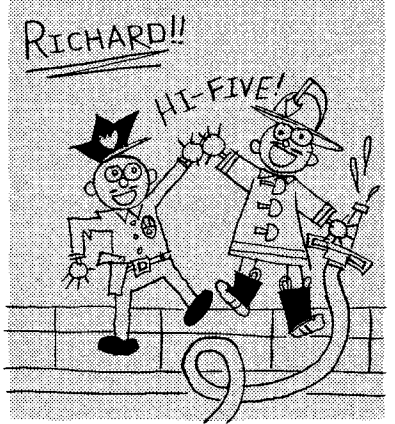
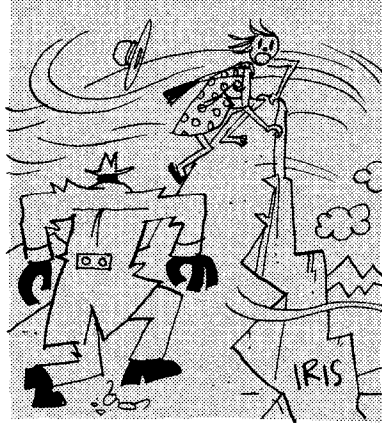
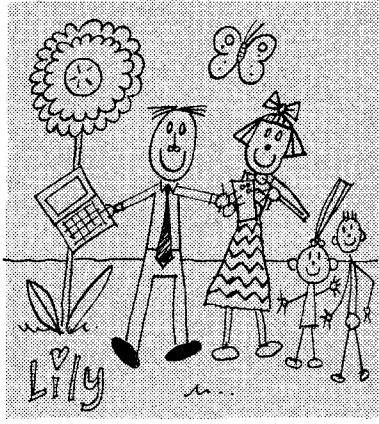
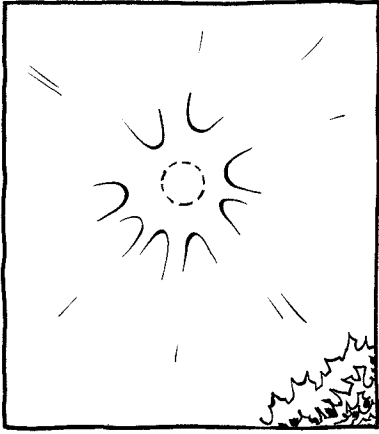
MEANWHILE, IN THE 21ST CENTURY...











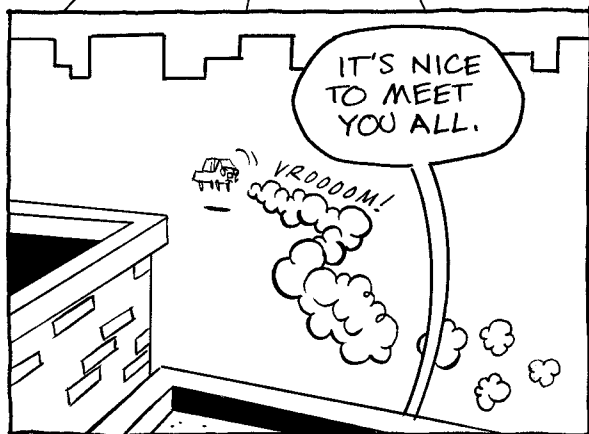
The Spooky Child

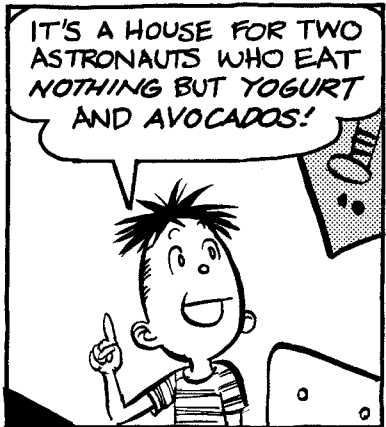
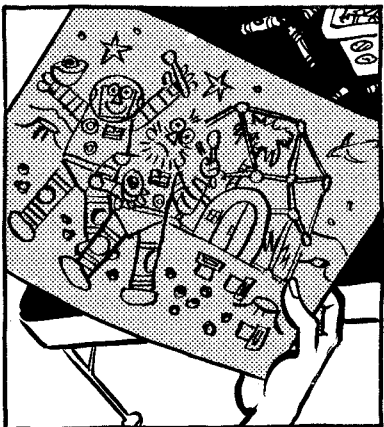
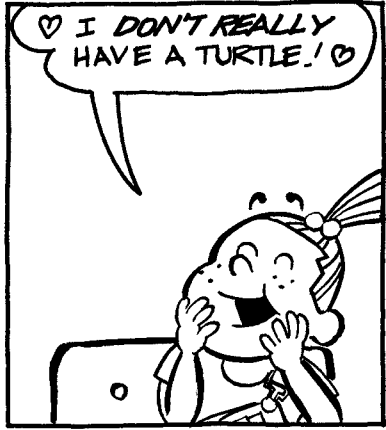
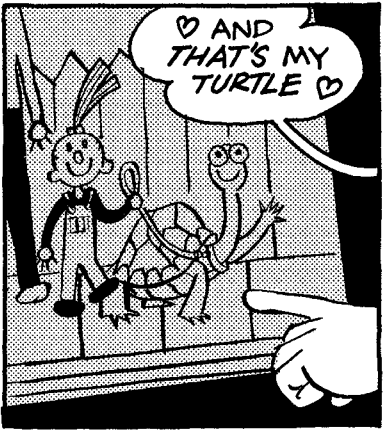
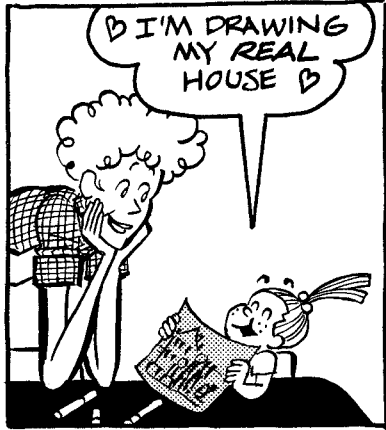
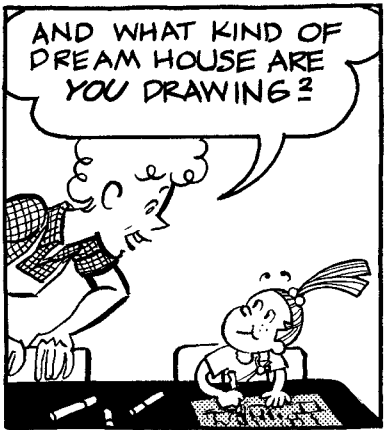
PART 1

S. SHARPE 2022

WE'RE SO SORRY SHE'S LATE.

REMEMBER, HONEY, MAKE NICE DRAWINGS.





THAT'S A
VERY DETAILED
DRAWING, IRIS

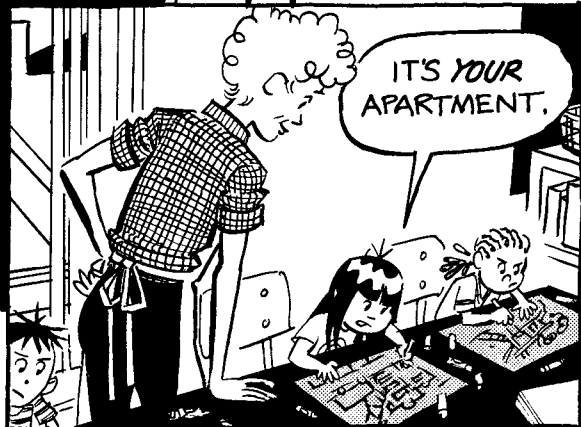
IS THAT
YOUR
APARTMENT Z



NO.



IT'S YOUR
APARTMENT.



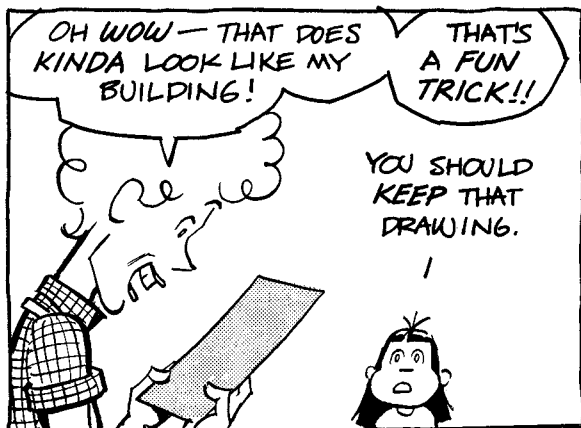
DON'T YOU
RECOGNIZE
IT?

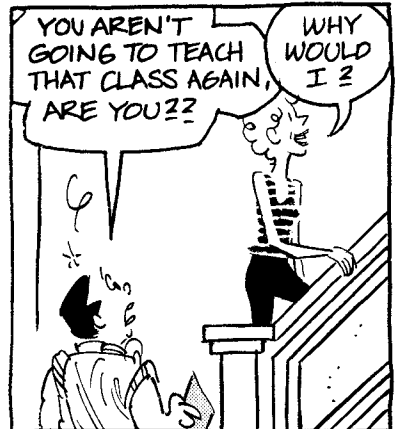
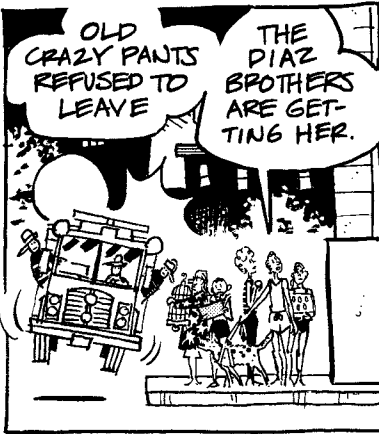
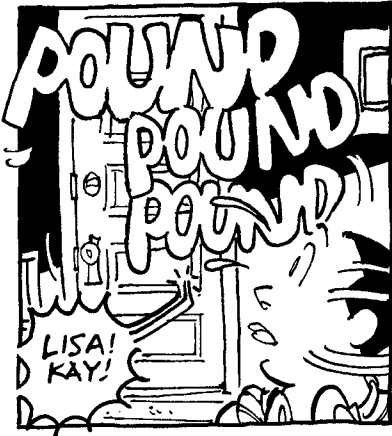
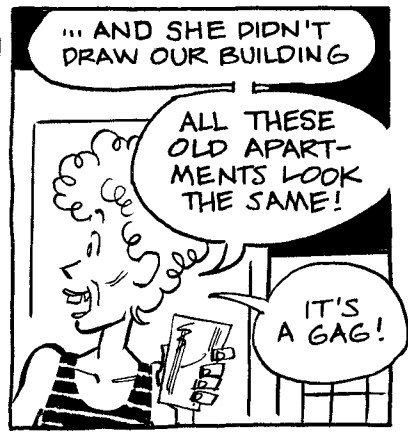
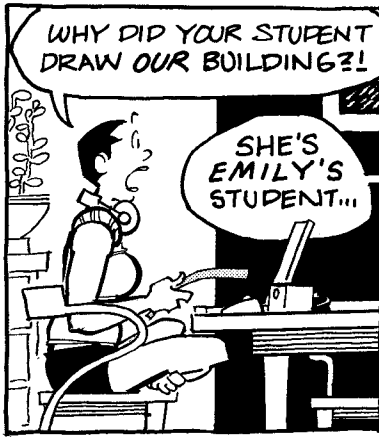


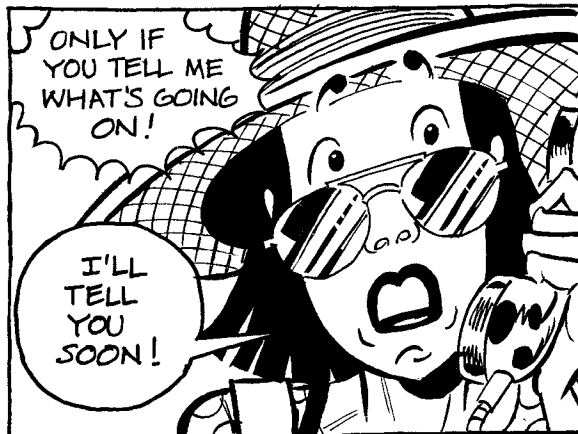
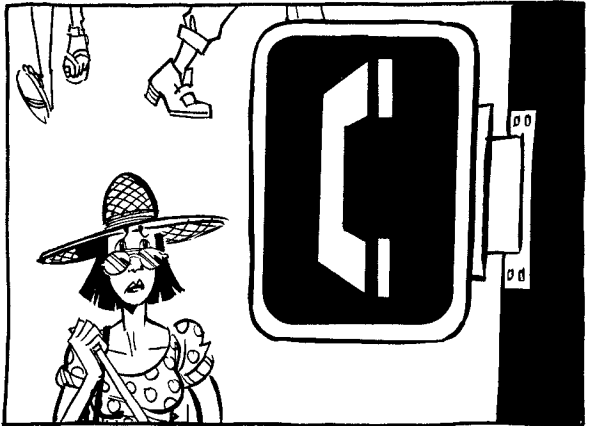
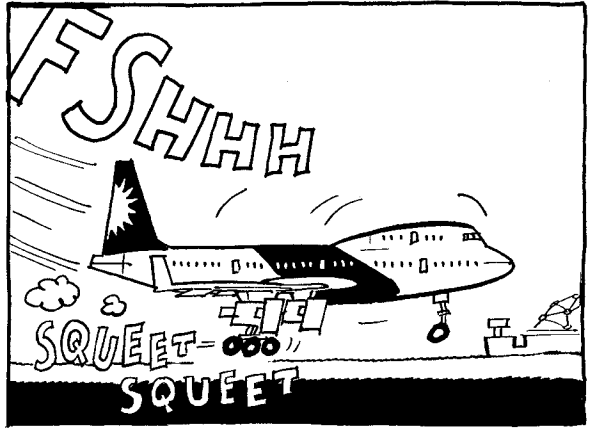
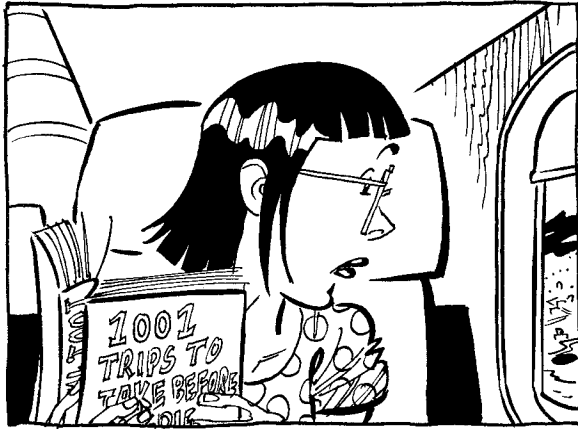
OH WOW — THAT DOES
KINDA LOOK LIKE MY
BUILDING!

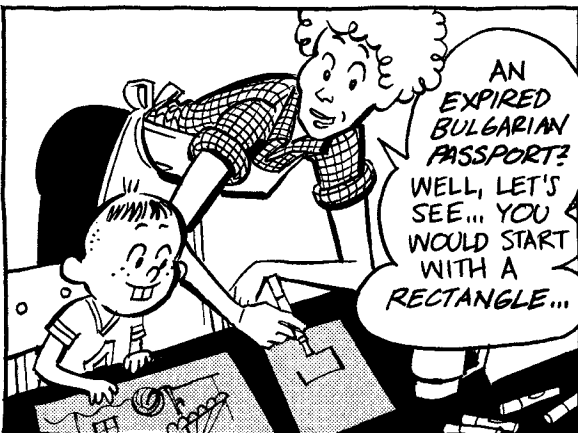
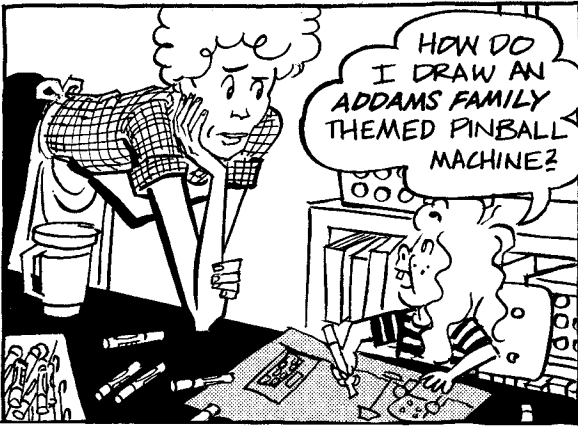
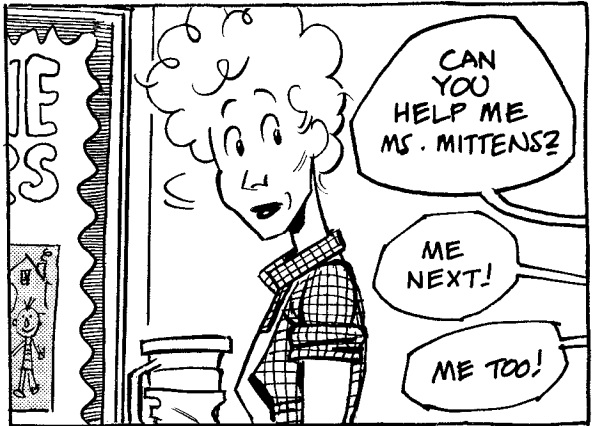
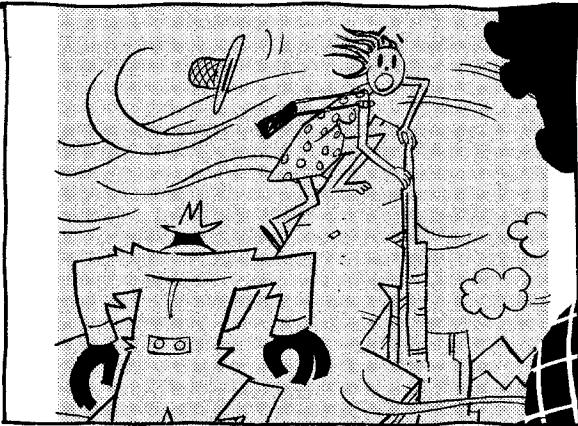
THAT'S
A FUN
TRICK!!

YOU SHOULD
KEEP THAT
DRAWING.

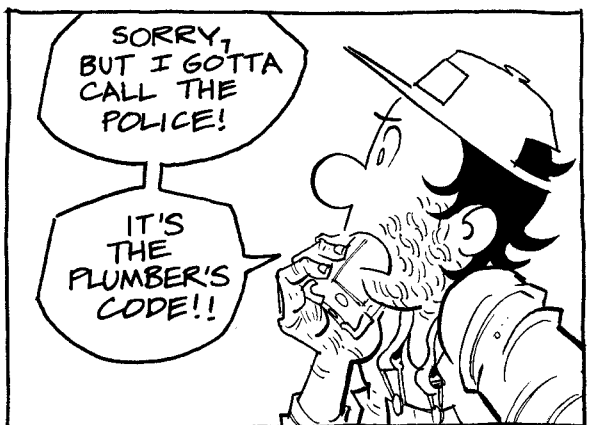
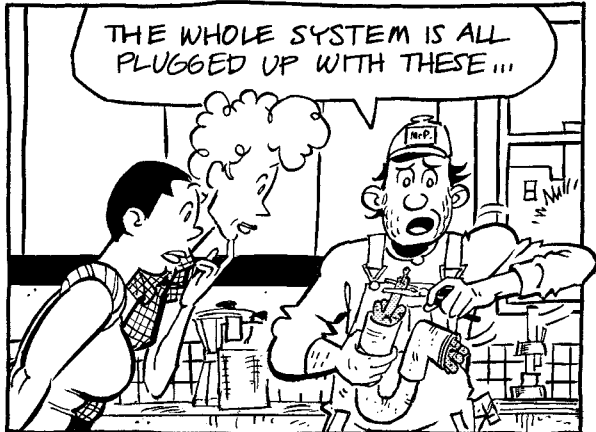
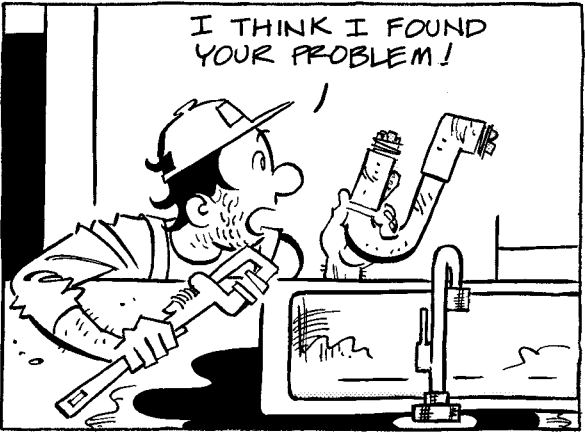
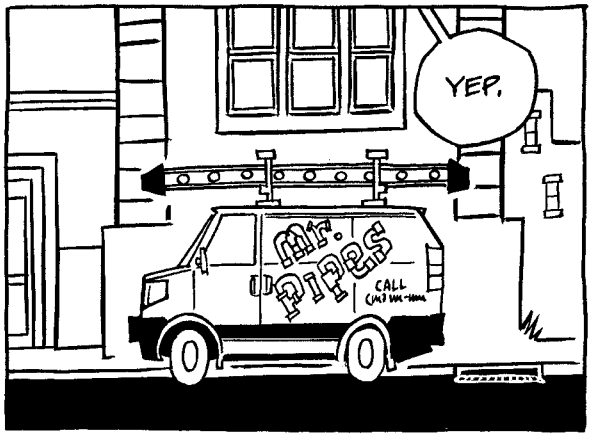
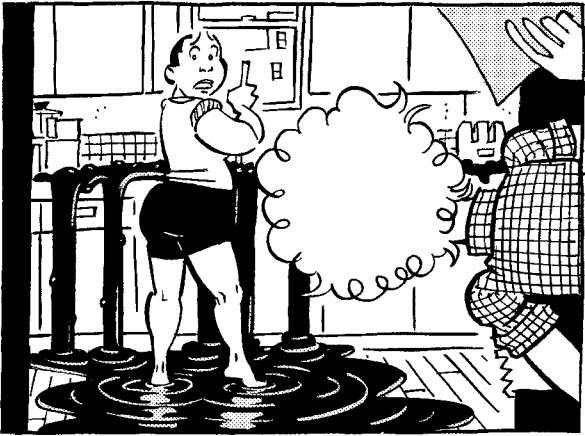
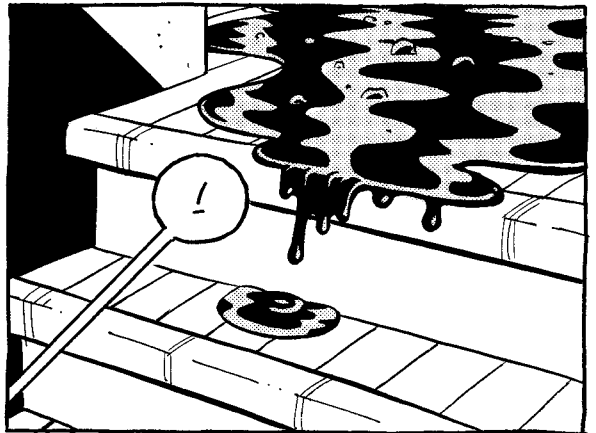
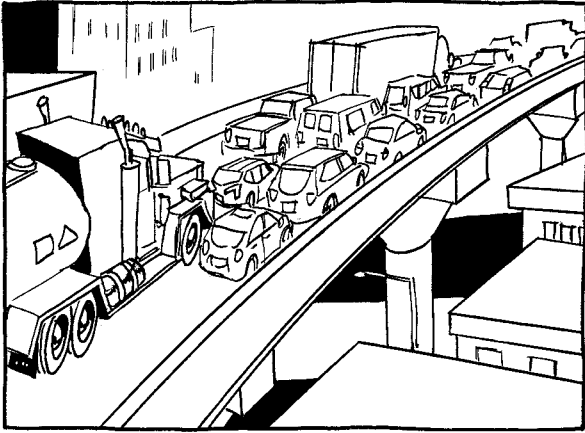


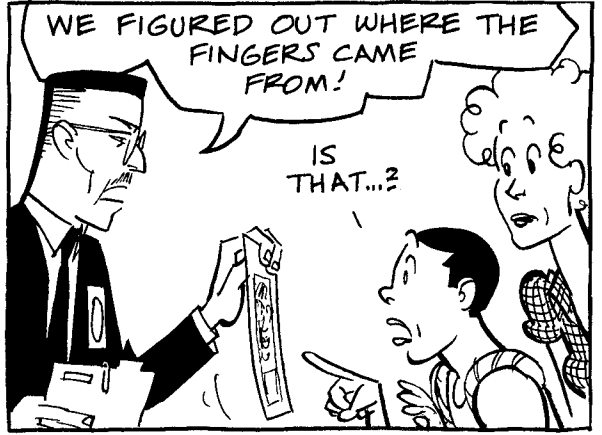
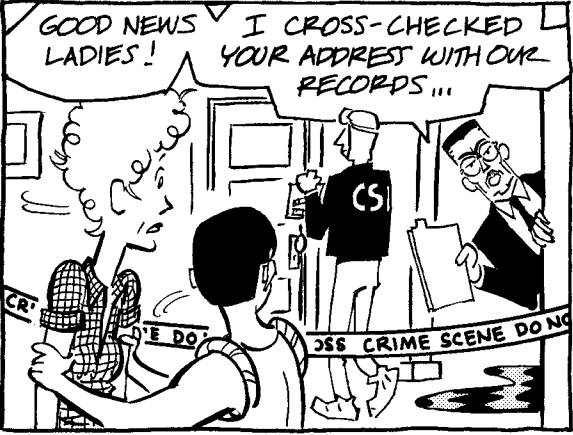
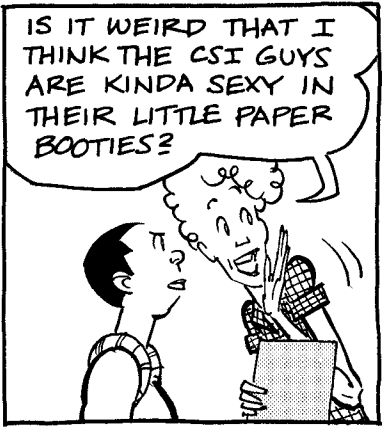
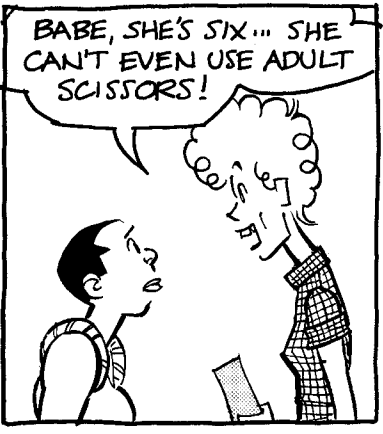
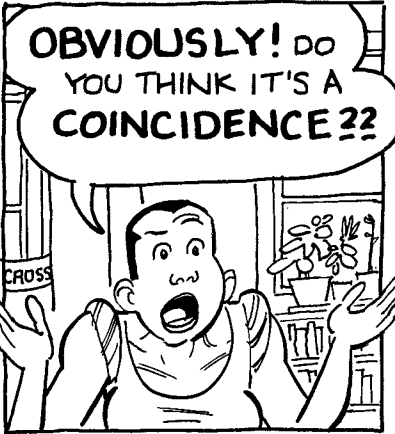
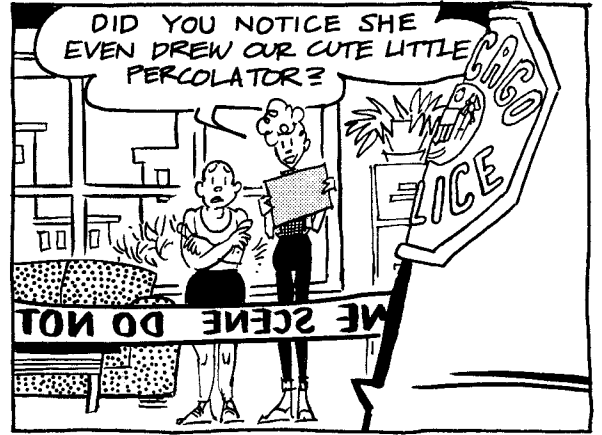


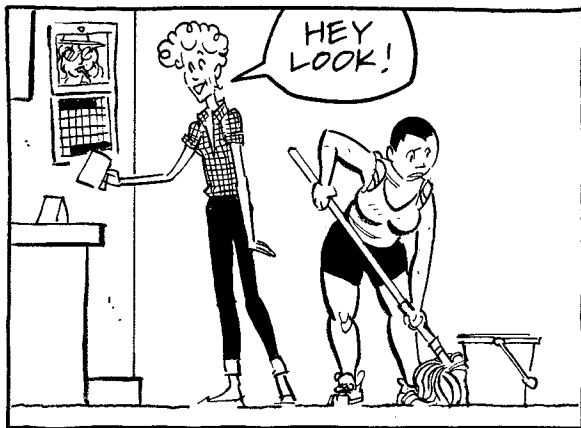
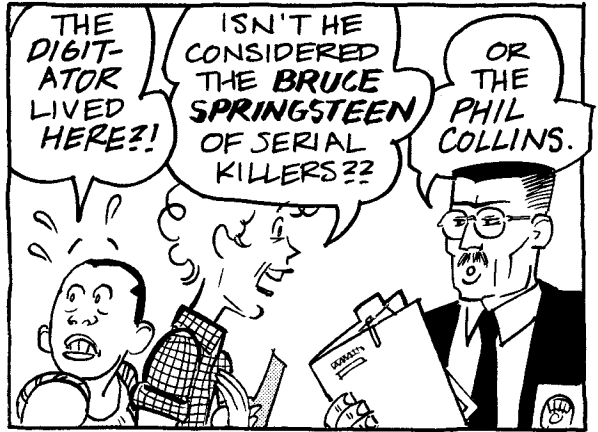


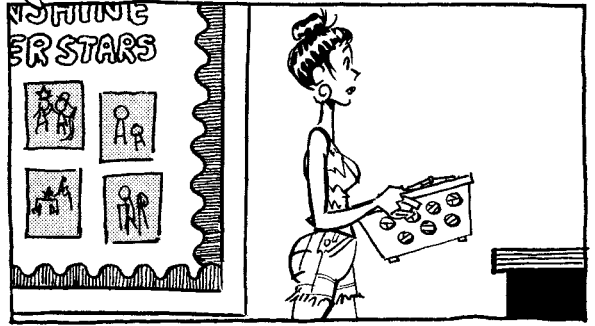
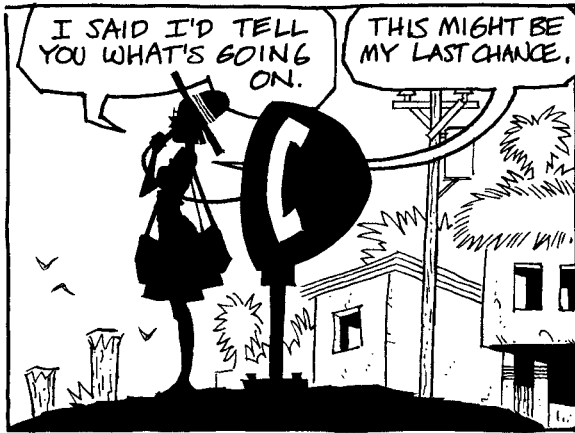
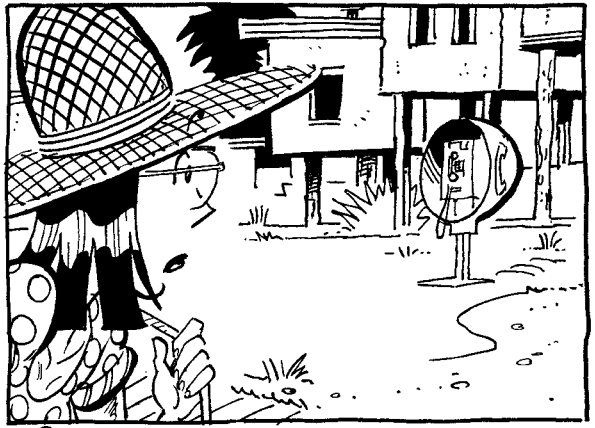
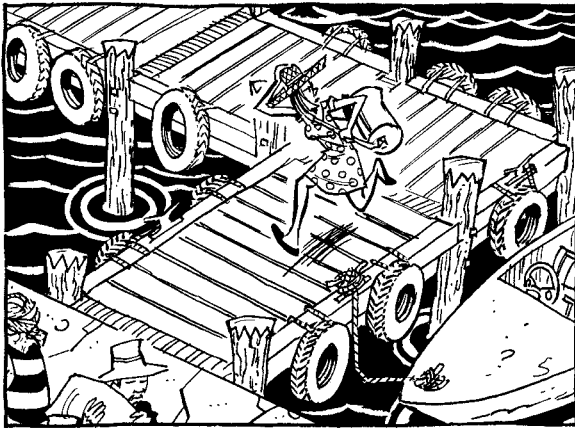
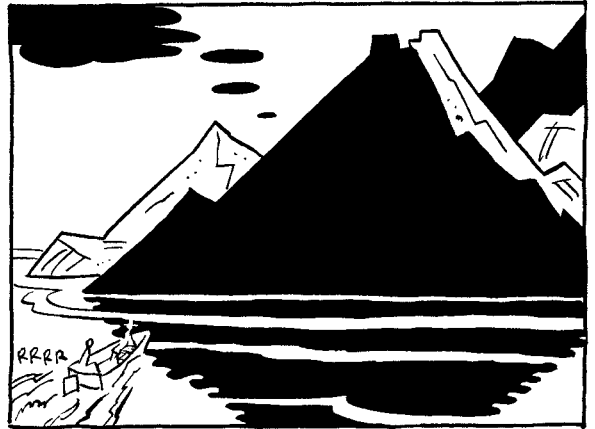
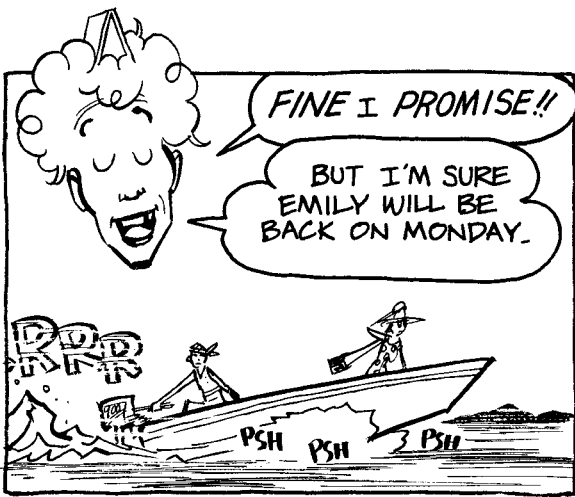






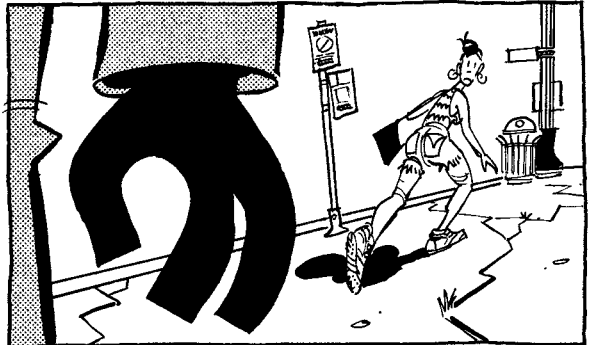




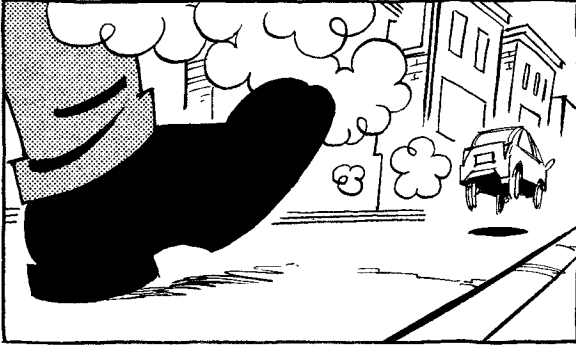


I WAS LOCKING UP WHEN I NOTICED THIS HUGE GUY WATCHING ME FROM ACROSS THE STREET... LOOKED KINDA FAMILIAR.

HE FOLLOWED ME. WALKED KINDA LIKE A FRANKENSTEIN.



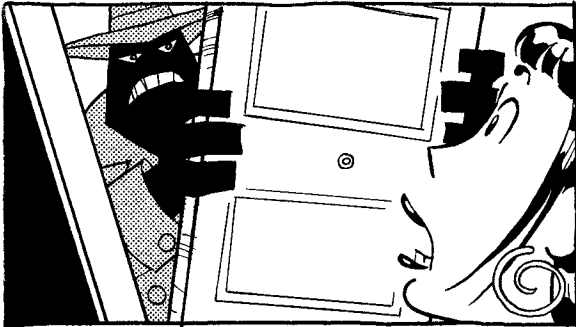
ONCE I CLIMBED INTO TRUSTY RUSTY, I FIGURED I WAS SAFE.



LATER, I WAS PLAYING THAT GAME WHERE KITTENS THROW BANANAS AT ALIENS, WHEN I HEARD THIS SOUND --- THUMP, THUMP..



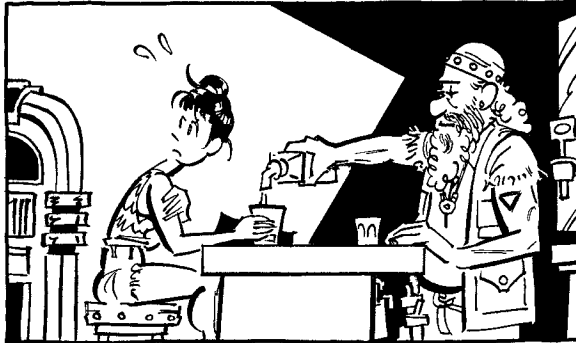
THUMP! --- I WAS ABOUT TO PEEPERIZE MY PEEPHOLE WHEN I LOOK UP AND THERE HE IS!!!



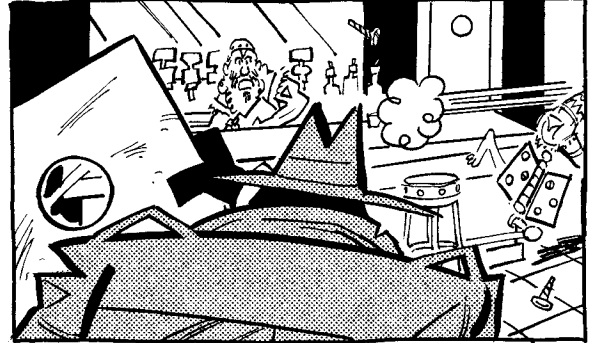
AND NOW I'M SURE OF IT -- I'VE SEEN THIS CREEPAZOID SOMEWHERE BEFORE!



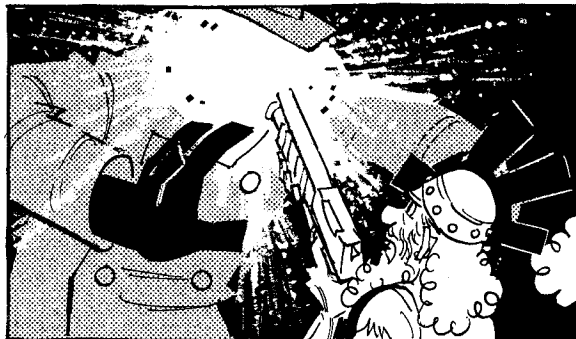
I RAN ALL THE WAY TO OPEN SECRET! I THOUGHT NOBODY WOULD LOOK FOR ME AT BAR I HADN'T BEEN TO SINCE HIGH SCHOOL.



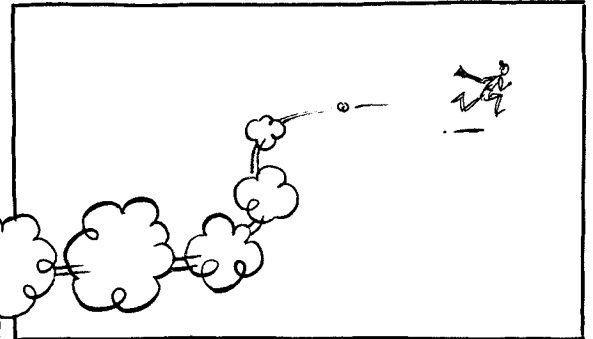
... BUT I WAS WRONG. WHO THE FUCK WAS HE?? A FORMER STUDENT WHUMPED TOO HARD BY THE PUBERTY TRUCK?



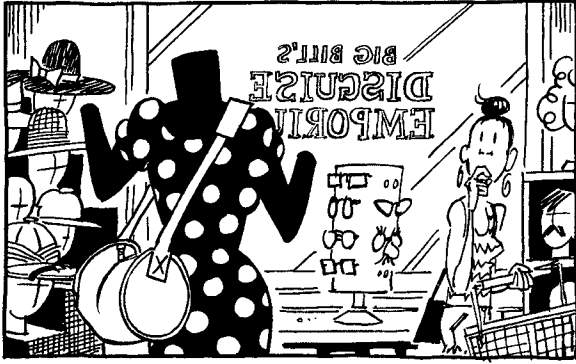
SOME ONE-NIGHT STANDEE WHO GOT REALLY INTO BOGART? --- BENNIE THE BARTENDER BOUGHT ME SOME TIME...



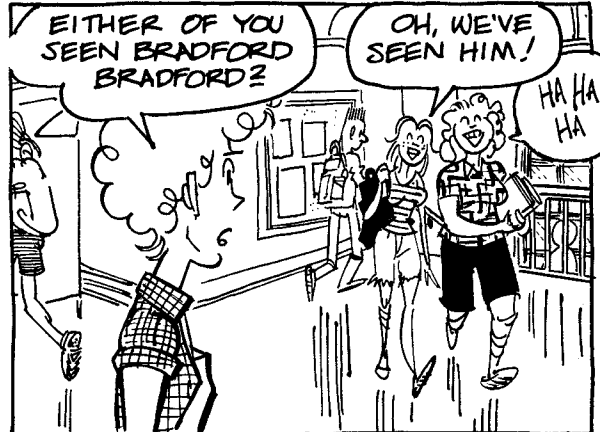
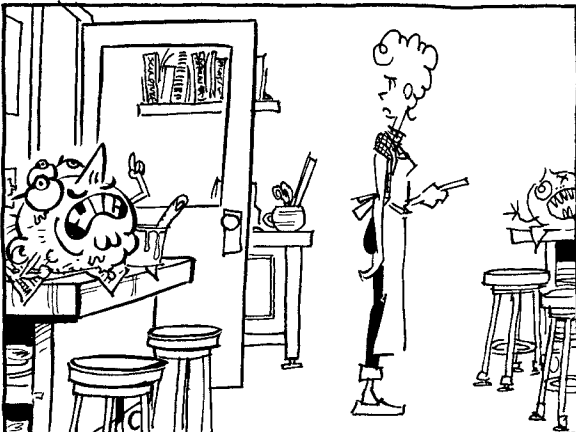
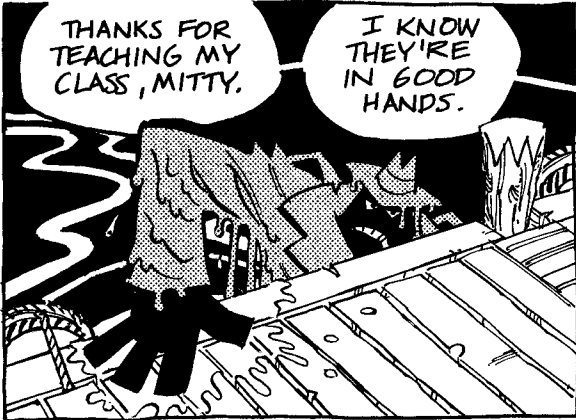
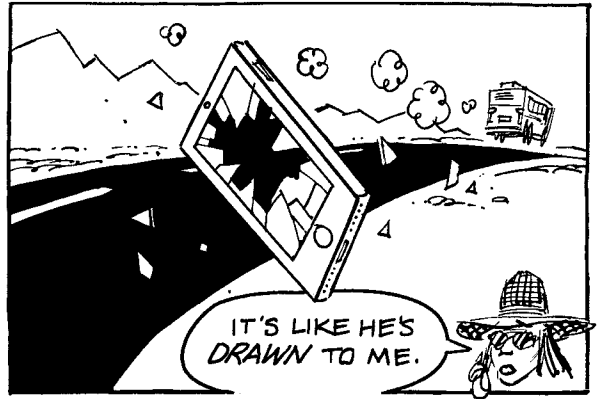
BUT I'VE SEEN TERMINATOR AND MOST OF THE FRIDAY THE 13TH MOVIES. GUNS DON'T STOP A GUY LIKE THAT.

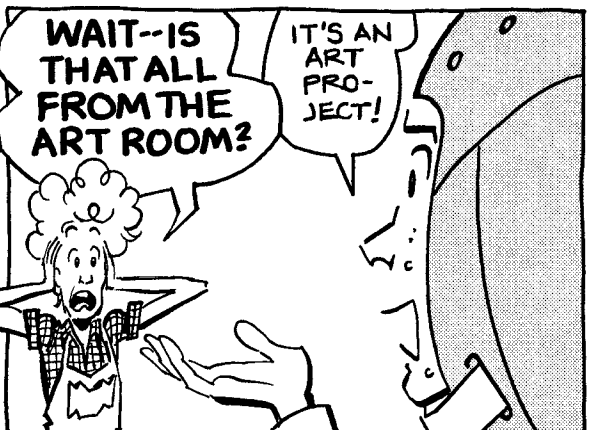
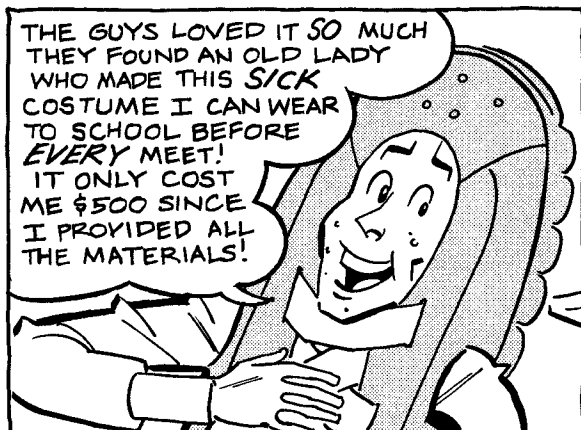
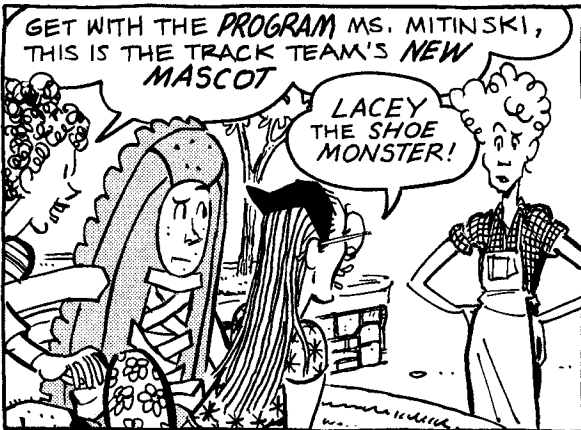
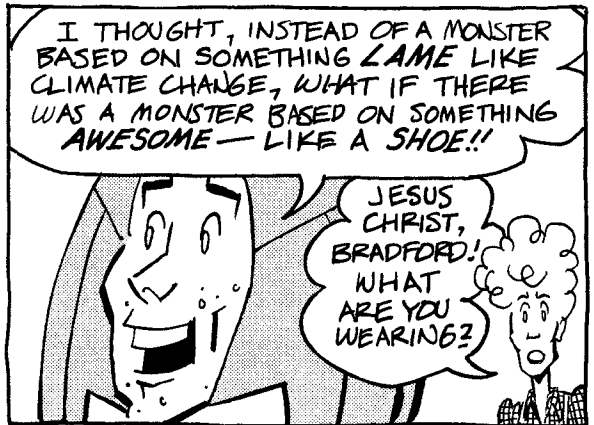
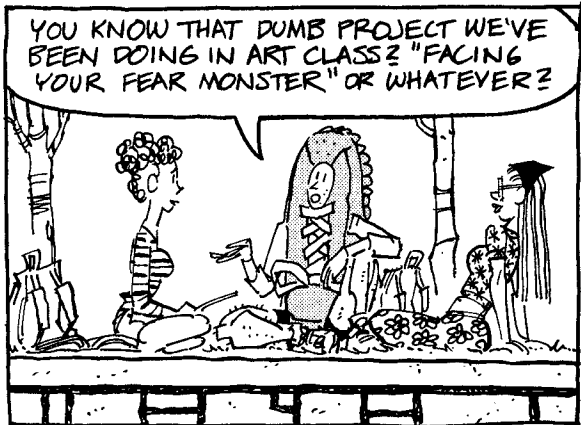
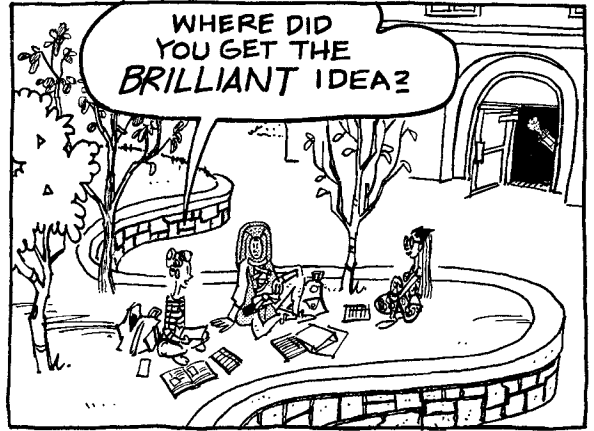
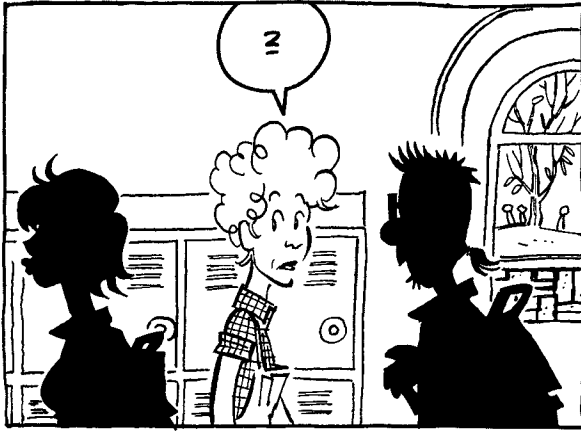


I DID EVERYTHING I COULD THINK OF TO GET RID OF HIM...



NOT THAT ANY OF IT MATTERED.







#%&*#€!-=
LANGUAGE
MS. MITINSKI!

'TRUST
FUND GNOME!
THAT'S A NEW
ONE! I'M GOING
TO WRITE THAT
DOWN!!

DID
YOU COME
OUT HERE
JUST TO
CHASTISE
ME??

GRRR

NO!

I
CAME
TO ASK A
FAVOR...

HOW
ARE YOU
WITH
LITTLE
KIDS?



END OF
PART
1

WILL
BRADFORD
BRADFORD III
TEACH EMILY'S
CLASS??

CAN
SHE ESCAPE
THE CLUTCHES
OF HER SHADOWY
PURSUER??

WHAT
IS
IRIS'S
WHOLE
DEAL??

FIND OUT NEXT
ISSUE, IN THE
(HOPEFULLY)
THRILLING
CONCLUSION,
WHEREVER
FINER
COMICS
ARE
SOLD!!

VIEWOTRON MAIL BAG

SEND: SAMUELBSHARPE@GMAIL.COM

FEEDBACK: PANTS.SKIRTS.SHIRTS@GMAIL.COM

The last issue of Viewotron: Comics and Stories was so cram-packed with comic goodness there wasn't room to squeeze in a letters page or even our email addresses!

As a result, when the comic came out, it was met with a cold whooshing sound, followed by a single tumbleweed. Obviously you all hated it, and that's fine. No, really, it's fine.

The aggressive lack of interest has forced us to cull through the Viewotron archives, and print two letters we received in response to the first two self-published issues of the series. ...Enjoy!

I am a reader from China. I just bought your book Mom from a tiny comic store here (Wooden Bird Comics). This work really shocked me. It absolutely soothed my soul. All the tough memories with my grandparents in their final stage of their lives, how they lost their sanity and brought great sorrow to my family.

I want to say thank you for telling such a story in a really authentic way. I quit my job as a doctor months ago and started to pursue a career in arts. I ask myself quite a lot: how could art help other people and myself? Did I make a wrong choice quitting such a meaningful (and well paid) job?

After finishing your book I realized, just having the courage to really tell an authentic story, and do it well, will help a lot of people who don't know how to assemble their own memories and feelings. Just like your story healed a little hole in me.

I dealt with many elders who weren't quite able to look after themselves, and patients with mental health issues when I was a doctor (I didn't major in it, but it just happened that many of my patients suffer from mental health issues). Experiences with them left me with many doubts. My own grandparents suffered from dementia too and that sure brought tough times to me and my family (still lasting). I don't know at which point exactly that I lost

them to dementia or if they were just who they were all the way to the end. I guess the hardest part is we repeatedly assume (even when we know it's not like that) we could love their illness away. I just didn't know I was thinking like that until I read Mom. When my loved ones got worse and worse and finally passed away, my memories and feelings about them not being who I expected them to be fell apart into a box of puzzles. I was not sure if I should ever put those puzzles into one picture again. I have been terrified to see a picture showing me the horrible conclusions: that I didn't do my best, that I was too cruel to my loved ones, that I was too selfish, that I didn't care enough. Maybe these are all true, maybe I should have done better and I know there are people who can do a better job because (unfortunately) I've seen it. I don't know what to do about these puzzles.

I know I am not the only one that's so terrified of my own life. When you made those words in the black screens and drawing beautiful plants around them. It's like I can hear you.

I cry easily, like 10 times per Harry Potter movie. It's odd that I didn't shed a tear when I read Mom, but was just shocked by the honesty in it. No clever words, no miracles, no fancy endings, just like my experience and the experiences of people I know. And it turns out that it's not so terrifying as I imagined those puzzles would be. I didn't

expect that I would find so many answers in one book.

Though I love reading good stories, I wasn't quite sure the value and power in it (maybe just a vague thought). Unlike being a doctor or something like it, where you just won't doubt yourself whether your job is worth doing. But arts, is that another selfish choice I made? I know I like painting and enjoy storytelling, but how exactly would it make a difference for ... everything? I think the experience of me reading your story and writing these words answered my doubts.

The stories that form us but we are too afraid to remember, artists tell them for those who are too afraid to do so. I guess just telling an honest story is powerful enough to encourage people facing the puzzles. If I ever tell powerful stories in the future, Mom would be one of the most important inspirations.

-Anna Liao
Guangzhou, China

I shared the comic with a ten-year-old kid I sat next to on the plane. Halfway through, he asked me what "auto-erotic asphyxiation" was, and I got embarrassed and didn't know what to say.

He really liked the drawings.

-Carolyn Janssen
Berkeley, CA



THANKS TO MEL, NENA, JIM, BSH, HELEN AND CHRIS AT BOYHOUSE BOOKS FOR THEIR SUPPORT IN MANY FORMS. PART OF THIS BOOK WAS MADE AT THE SOCIAL STUDIES ARTIST RESIDENCY IN COLUSA, CA. THX TO THEM AS WELL.

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COLD BEV

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\$9.99

WARNING



WE CALL THE POLICE!

**NEIGHBORHOOD
WATCH**

