



TALES

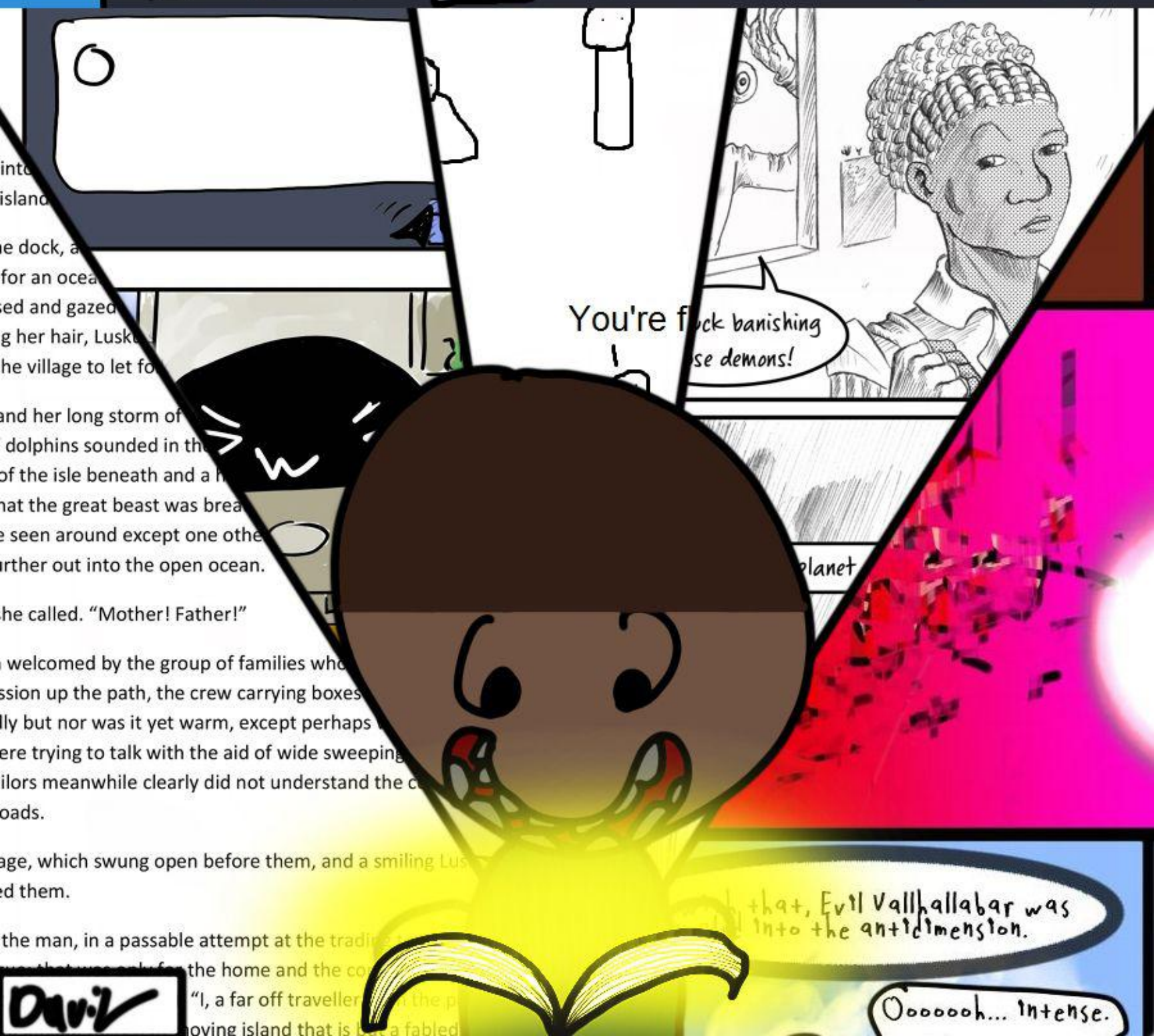


No. 1

Free

FROM THE

FEDIVERSE



into
island
the dock, a
for an ocean
ed and gazed
g her hair, Luske
he village to let fo
and her long storm of
dolphins sounded in the
of the isle beneath and a
that the great beast was brea
e seen around except one othe
urther out into the open ocean.

he called. "Mother! Father!"

welcomed by the group of families who
ssion up the path, the crew carrying boxes
lly but nor was it yet warm, except perhaps
ere trying to talk with the aid of wide sweeping
ilors meanwhile clearly did not understand the co
oads.

age, which swung open before them, and a smiling Luske
ed them.

the man, in a passable attempt at the tradit
that turned back for the home and the co
"I, a far off traveller, in the pl
moving island that is but a fabled

You're flock banishing
se demons!

planet

that, Evil Vallhallabar was
into the antidimension.

Ooooooh... Intense.



TALES

FROM THE

FEDIVERSE

Free



Featuring:

ewazix @ewazix@mastodon.social

Yncke @yncke@ComicsCamp.Club

James Baillie @TubalBarca@mastodon.at

Duck Dodgers @duck dodgers@tabletop.social

David @david a webcomic@ComicsCamp.Club

Case Duckworth @acdwwriting.exchange

Special thanks to everyone who helped
spread the word!

And thanks to you, the reader,
for picking this up!

Editor:
David



Ooooooh... intense.

Welcome to Tales From The Fediverse!

I'm your host, David, and man, do we have an anthology for you.



In Tales From The Fediverse, we take the art and writing talent of the Fediverse, websites and microblogs like Mastodon, Pleroma, Friendica, and the like, and put 'em into a sampler of everything good about the creative side of decentralized internet.



And after four long months of work, we can finally enjoy what the internet has to offer!



Within this issue, you'll get stories ranging from fantasy, epics to science fiction, mysteries, and everything inbetween!



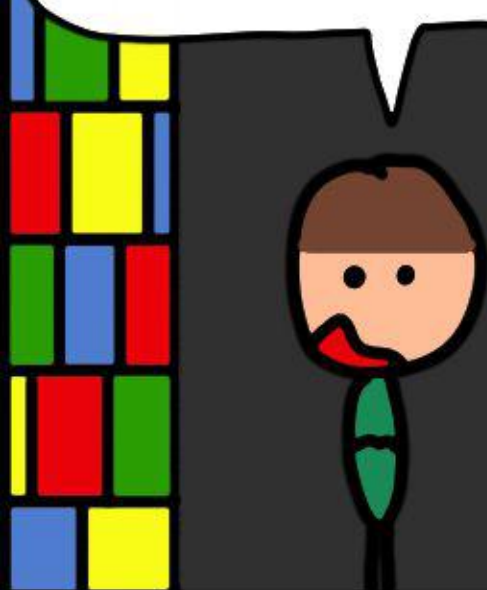
Six stories by six authors. There's a lotta great stuff here!



So, without further adieu, let's get started!



Our first story, perhaps counterintuitively,
is a bit of a warning about social media.



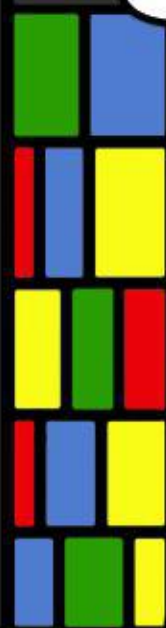
I mean social media can be a stressful place!
Negativity never helps!



Thankfully, this story makes the stress
easy to understand.



How... uh... however that works.

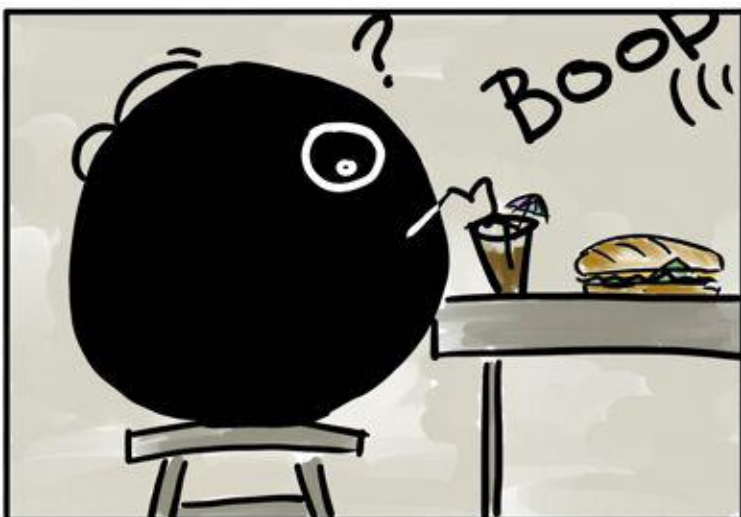
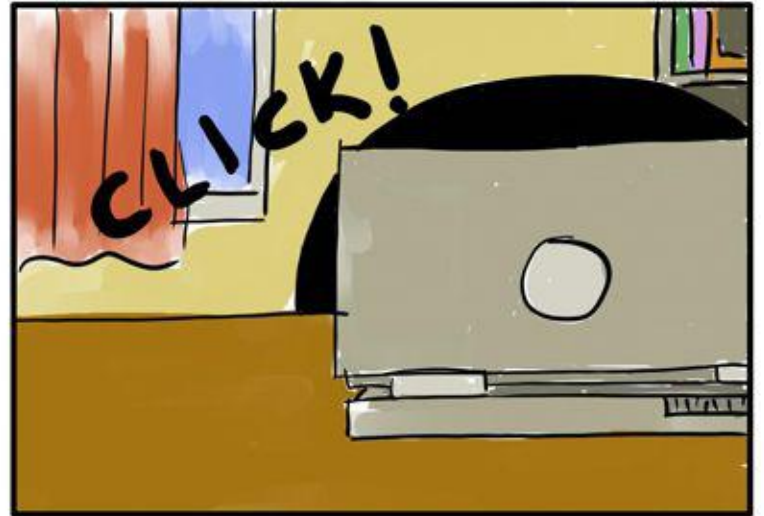
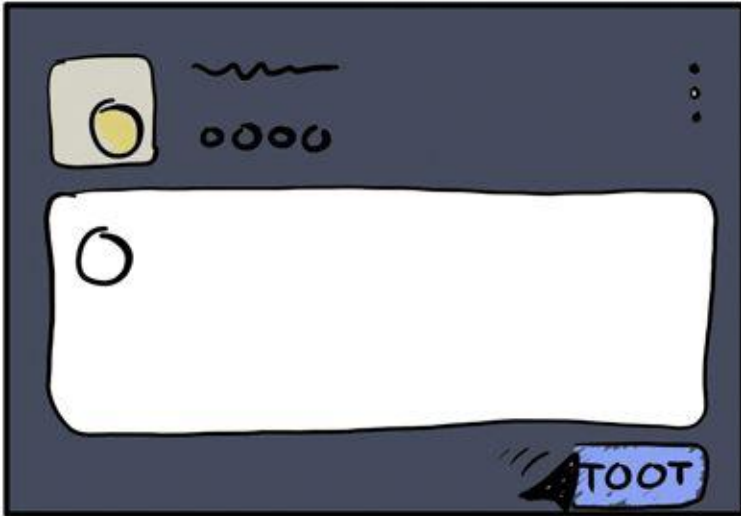
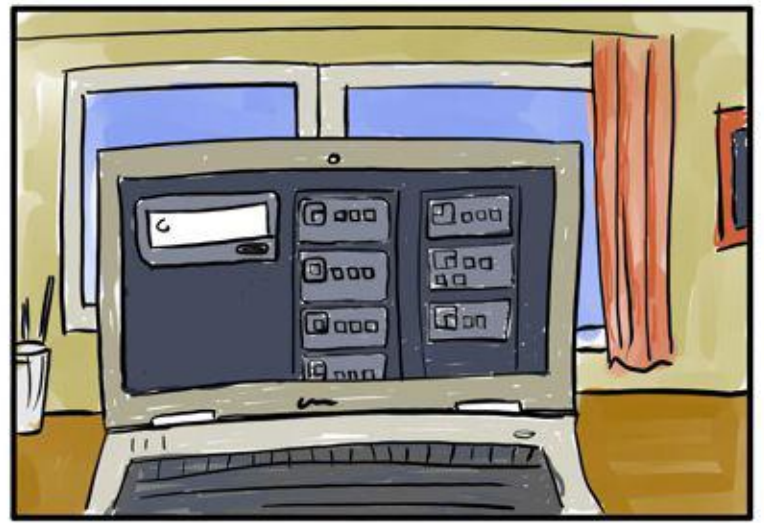


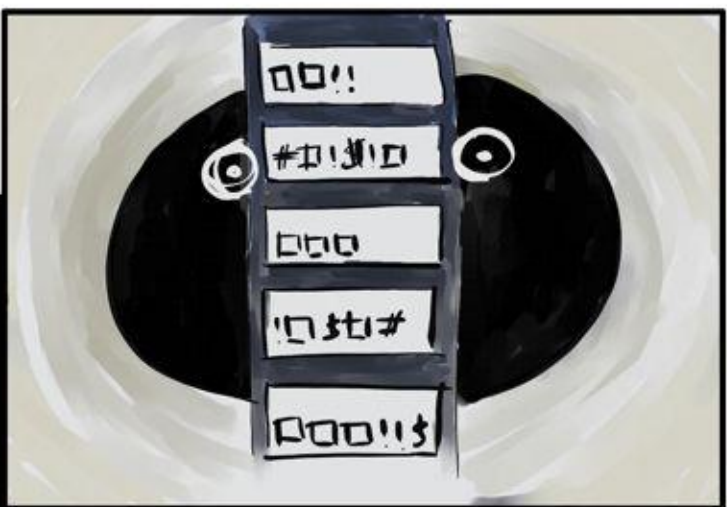
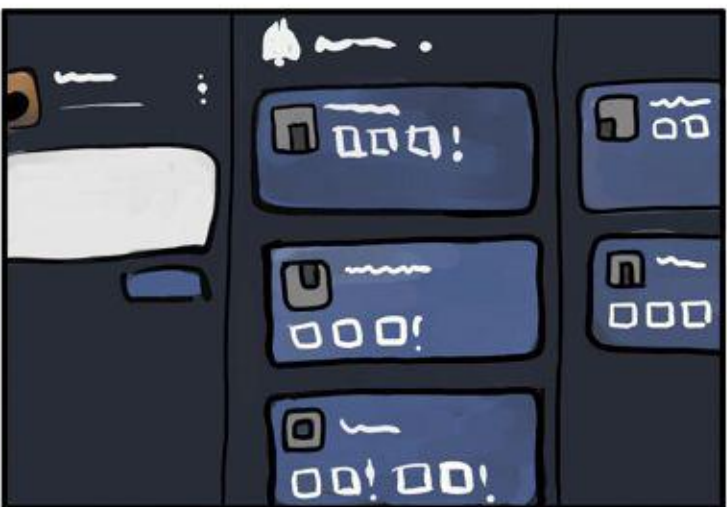
IT'S ADORABLE OK?
STRESS HAS NEVER BEEN THIS ADORABLE!

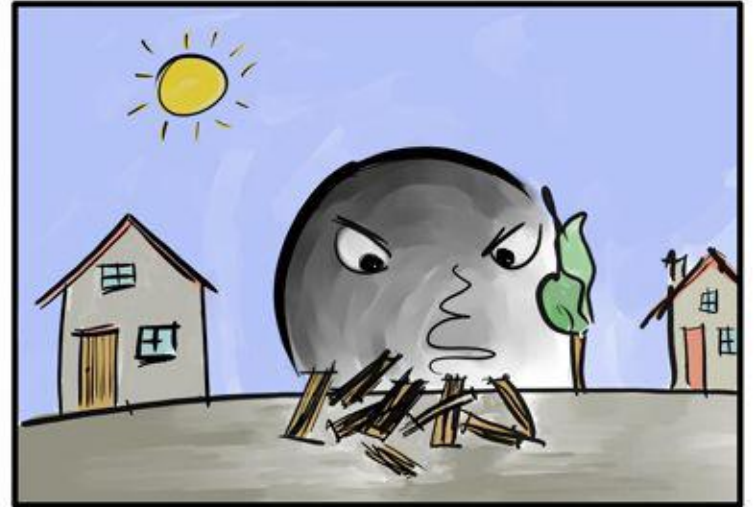


Aaaaaanyways, here's "The Blob" by
ewaz!x!



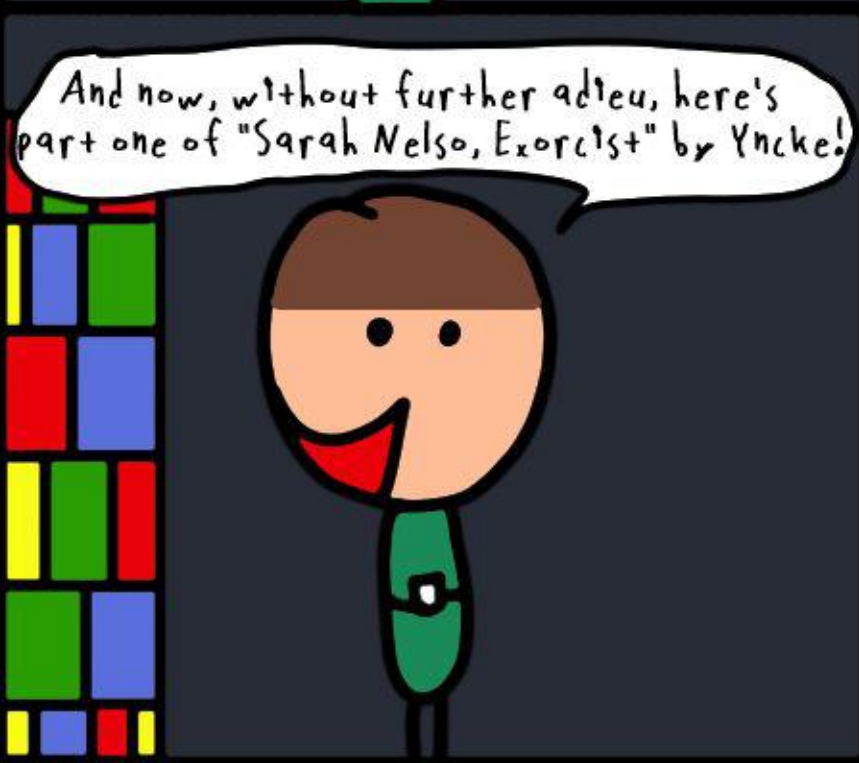
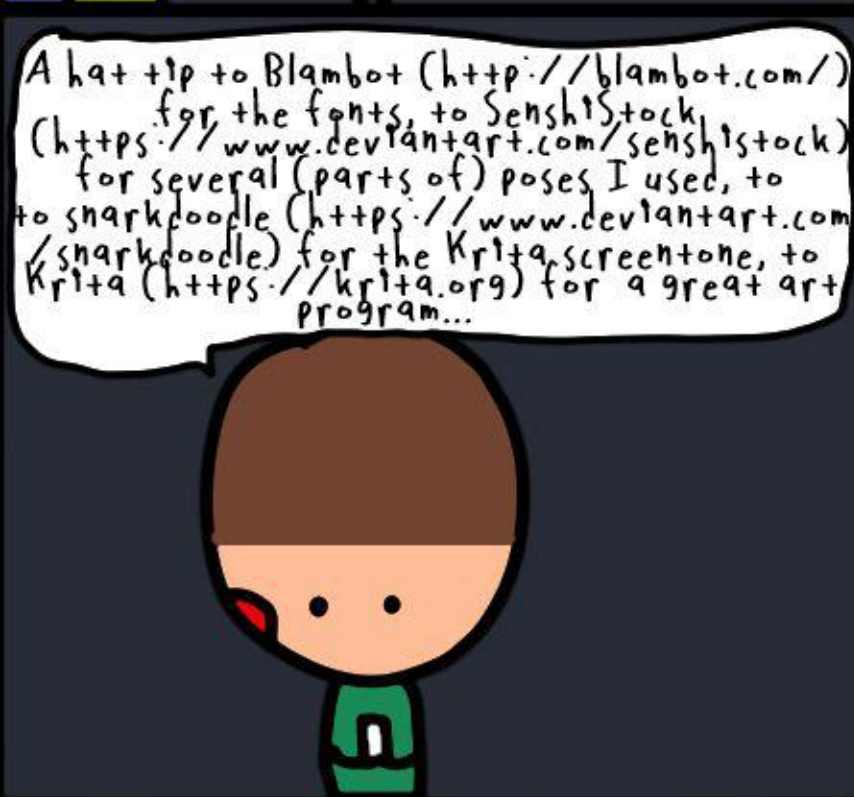




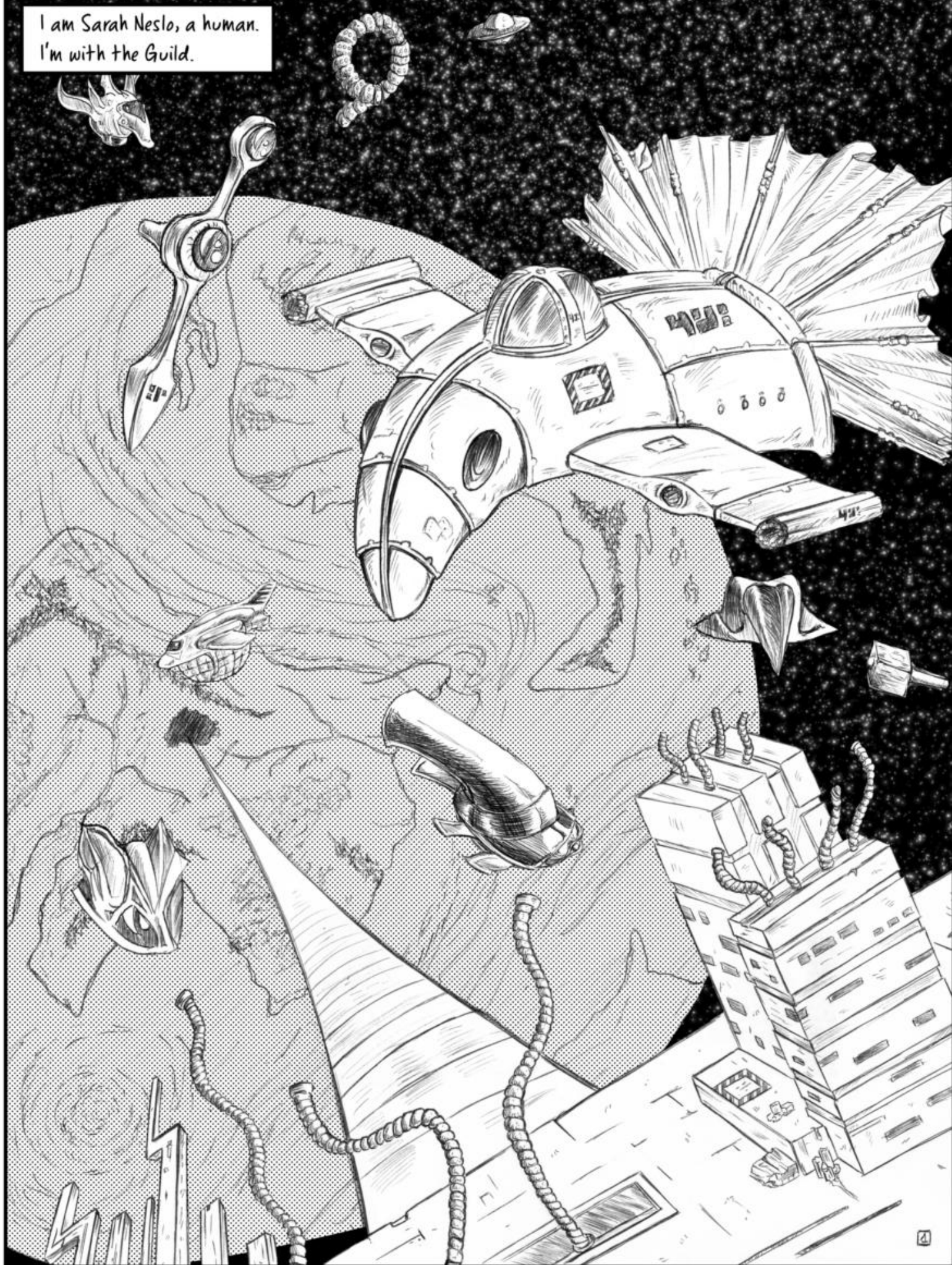








I am Sarah Neslo, a human.
I'm with the Guild.



This planet has been expecting me for over fifty years.

Any minute now!

Can you see her?



What's taking her so long?

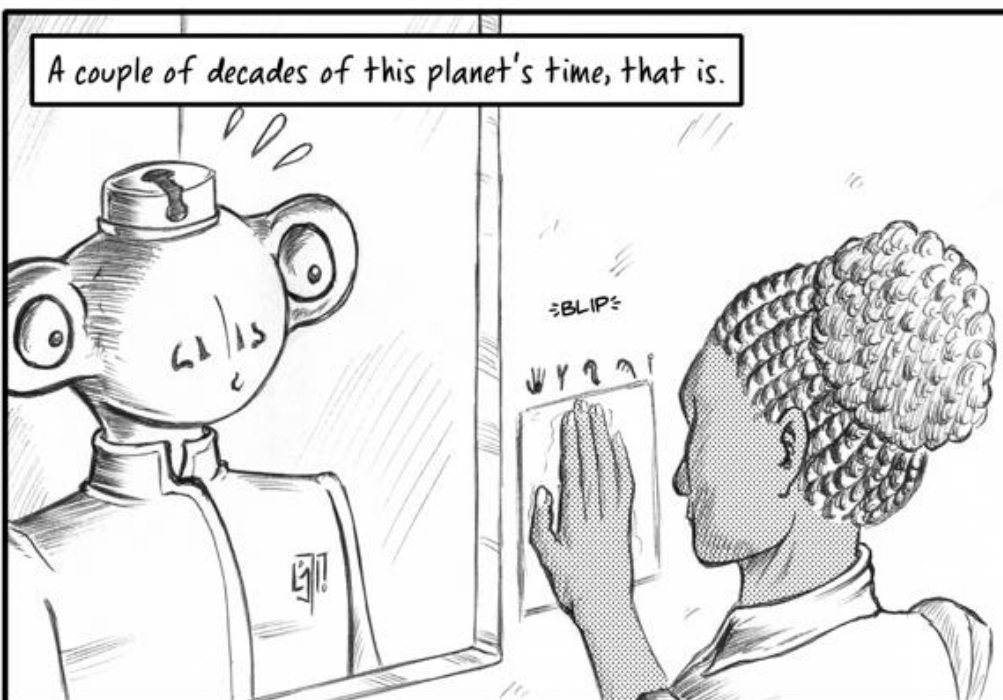
Where is she?

And they were lucky that we could shave off a couple of decades through a Spring Storm.



A couple of decades of this planet's time, that is.

BLIP

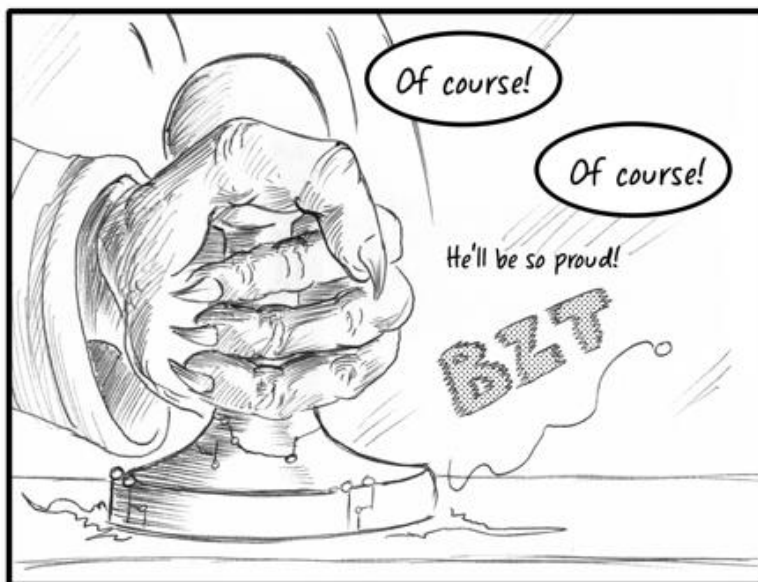
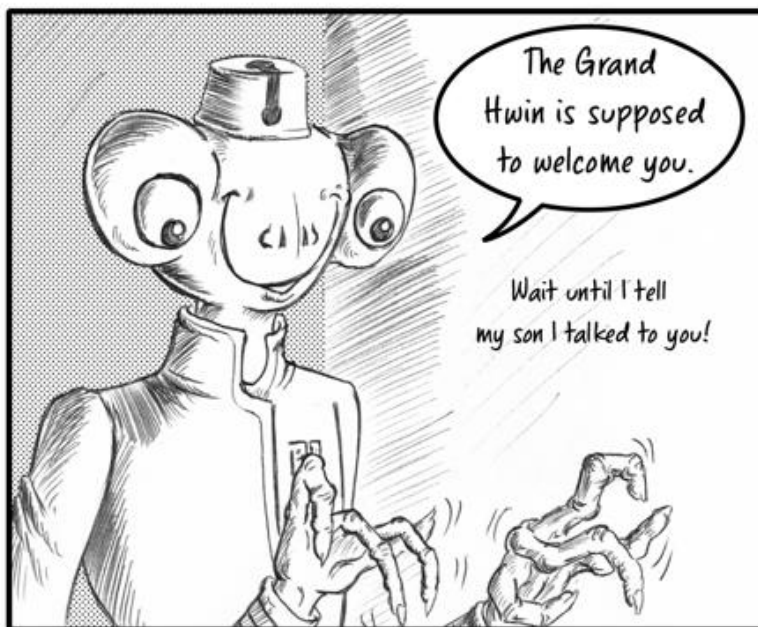


Sarah Neslo, exorcist?

Oh boy, oh boy, she has arrived!

Yes. Obviously.





Grounding is important.



I don't know why.



Probably the same reason the nasties only manifest themselves planet side.



A planet, and natives of their mythology living on it.



With every alien race spreading through the galaxy, their nasties followed them.



I do the Vederian ones.

I'm the best.



Yes, Vederian.



Even the kind and gentle
Vederians have their demons.



Petrichor.



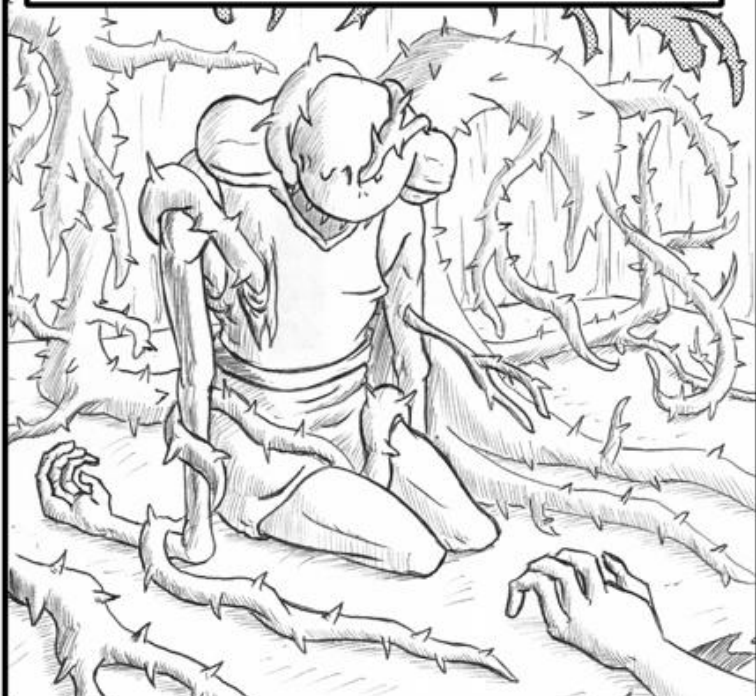
Vines.



Vederian nasty, no doubt about it.



Someone tried to save a possessed. Can't blame them for trying. These people weren't expecting me for another twenty years.



Looks like some local pastirin. Not even Vederian.



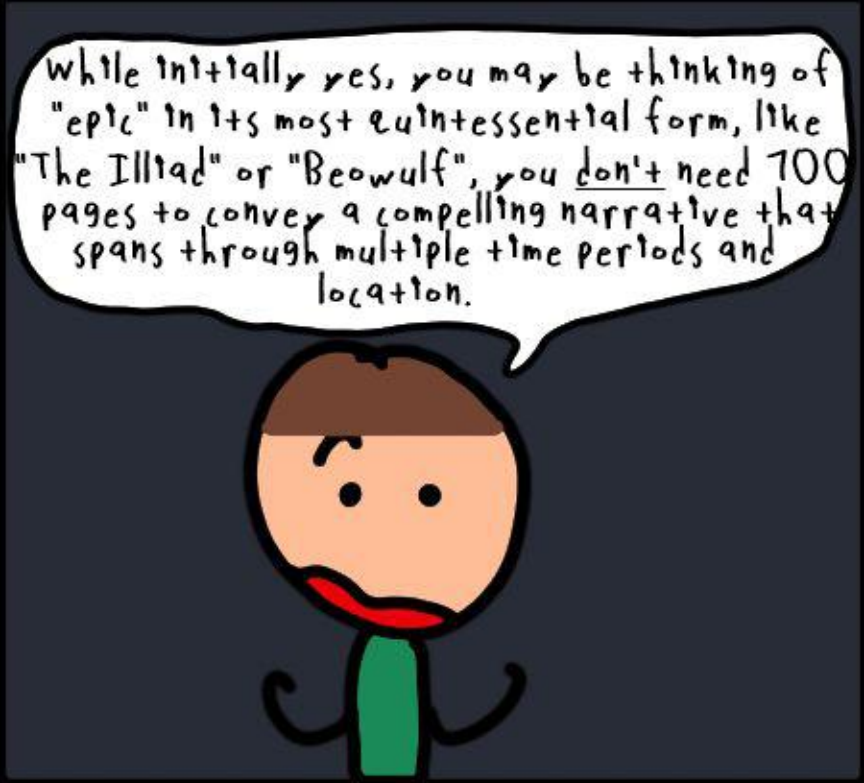
She knew her Vederian exorcism, though. Very well crafted circle. Would have kept out any nasty earlier than the Fifth Season.




I'm on the right planet.




"Epic" is a relative term.



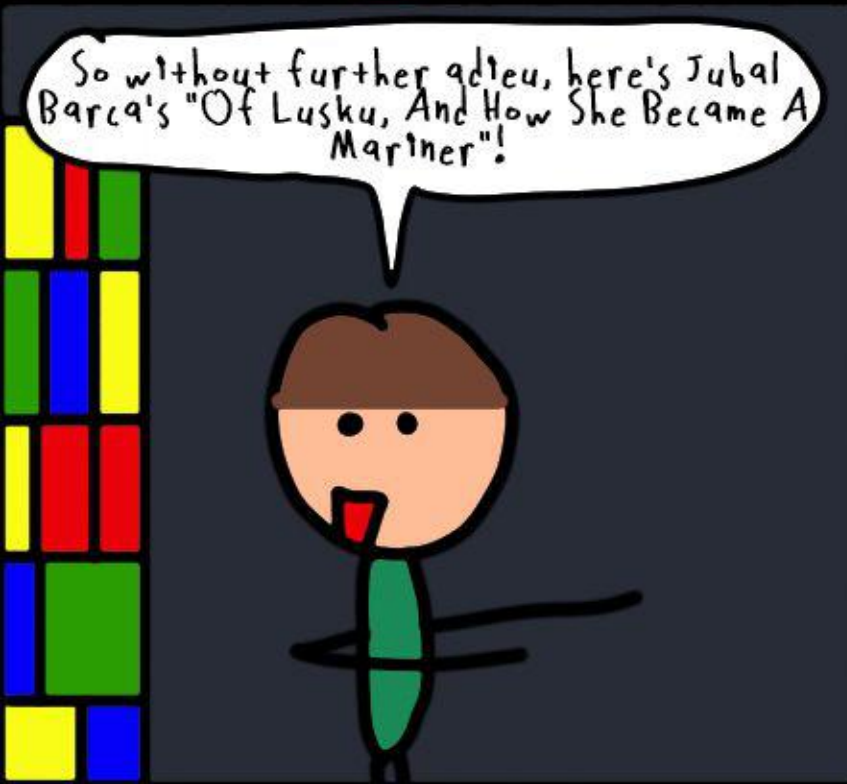
While initially yes, you may be thinking of "epic" in its most quintessential form, like "The Illiad" or "Beowulf", you don't need 700 pages to convey a compelling narrative that spans through multiple time periods and location.




Sometimes it can take only 7.



The short story is an expendable format, and this next story really proves how fully 7 pages can get you.



So without further adieu, here's Jubal Barca's "Of Lusk, And How She Became A Mariner".



And then for a slightly more cerebral change of pace, we'll cap it off with Duck Dodgers' surreal half page "Stair Loop".

Of Lusku, And How She Became A Mariner

By James Baillie

The ship slipped the last few feet into the dock, and started to bump gently against the soft piles of netting that lined its berth as the island swam on through the open ocean.

Lusku saw two figures alight on the dock, as a small crew scurried, ant-like, across the low deck behind. The vessel was low-slung for an ocean voyage, and looked a little the worse for wear, but the two travellers were well dressed and gazed up past the palm trees to the cluster of houses that sat upon the island's peak. Shaking her hair, Lusku shinned down the tree she had been sitting high upon, and ran sandalfooted into the village to let folk know of the arrival.

It was a little while after sunrise, and her long storm of wind-flailing hair was the only restless cloud in sight. The clicks and whistles of dolphins sounded in the distance. Beams of light shot and danced across the water. A gentle heave of the isle beneath and a heavy wave crashing on the forward shore gave the comforting knowledge that the great beast was breathing, and it slowly, eternally pulled them onwards, with nothing to be seen around except one other moving island, just on the horizon in the far, far off distance, even further out into the open ocean.

"Surku! Tiakai! Esul! Travellers!" she called. "Mother! Father!"

The newcomers had already been welcomed by the group of families who lived by the dock, and were making their way in a procession up the path, the crew carrying boxes of goods in their arms. The atmosphere was not unfriendly but nor was it yet warm, except perhaps with the two leaders who had alighted first and who were trying to talk with the aid of wide sweeping hand gestures to amused islanders; the ordinary sailors meanwhile clearly did not understand the conversation, and grunted, sweating beneath their loads.

They came to the gates of the village, which swung open before them, and a smiling Lusku was at the front of the crowd that greeted them.

"Now I have seen it all," declared the man, in a passable attempt at the trading tongue that the sea folk used (not the whalesong tongue; that was only for the home and the community's sacred days, passed on from mother to son and father to daughter). "I, a far off traveller from the port of Tavel, reaching one of the lands of the Cheloniad, this great moving island that is but a fabled tale in our shallow seas. What a sight!"

It struck Lusku that the man had no need to say such things. The people of the isle were well aware that there were peoples who lived on unliving, unmoving shores, and seas where their great floating homes had no wish to pass.

The man had a thick accent, and a wispy little beard, and quick little brown eyes set into an olive face. His hair was tied back, and his shoulders were broad, and he smiled all to one side, like half of his face was happy and half of it sad. His companion was a small woman with big, mud-pool eyes and a wide, flat nose, and she wore a huge cloth that was wrapped robe-like around her, slung over one shoulder at the top.

Then again, Lusku thought, perhaps the need of these people's words was not to tell anyone anything, at least not directly. It told a story: an idea of who these strangers were or could be to one another. Even the smallest child was aware of the People of Dust, of how long ago the first Isle had been found by Kukht Skuai, the first *Kuesh*, of how heroes like Cunning Surku had returned to the People of Dust and tricked from them a thousand treasures, of how great *Kuesh* had taught the People of Dust the sea-ways and the art of trade. They were good stories, stories that told you who you were, what you were doing here.

The two leaders of the travellers bowed low and signalled their men to place the goods in the central plaza of the village, with the white and purple paint of its clay houses reflecting the climbing sun ever brighter towards them.

"Perhaps you should go with them when they leave," said Lusku's mother, who had joined the crowd. "They'll like as not find other isles you could move to, and you're old enough to go out into the world now."

Lusku tilted her head, and considered. She already knew that she could not stay much longer on the isle: their village was strong, which meant too many people, which meant sending young women and men to other isles. The ship would be safer than building her own raft; it was worth the thought, but she had little wish to leave at that moment.

For the rest of the day, the newcomers traded. They brought iron and steel tools, hard and cold and able to stand the toil of work for longer than the bone knives and spears that the islanders used the rest of the time. Arrul, the island's leader, their *Kuesh*, even bartered a whole casket of fine seal-oil for a long, sharp, heavy blade of the kind that the man and woman who led the ship's crew both carried. It made the *Kuesh* look warlike, with her knot-grass helmet and chestplate on as well, though Lusku knew that Arrul would be far more likely to use the weapon to cut up particularly large fishing catches than ever wield it in anger.

They brought cloth, too, soft and warm, kinder than the rough grassweaves that most of the islanders wore, and in enough quantity that the ordinary islanders could trade for them. In return, the travellers received just a single bolt of cloth from the island – but this was a bolt of sea-silk, a cloth fit for emperors, a cloth it had taken the whole island weeks to make, woven fine from the filaments through which great shells clung to their slow moving home as it carried ever on through the foam.

And the third thing they brought, as the afternoon came to a close, was stories. Some of it was news, that Lothar (a name that Lusku knew not) had taken the throne of Alasia (a place that Lusku knew not), and that there was war in the Oak Islands, and a hundred other things of peoples and seemingly whole worlds that seemed very distant from the familiar, slow-lurching back of the island-creature that had provided her whole world up to that point.

"And of course I must tell you of our own adventures," said the man, making a wide sweeping gesture with his hands.

It was getting towards evening, and the sun was sinking low. The villagers gathered in one of the larger buildings, and passed around food and drinks, as the man began to tell a tale.

"Let me tell you," said the man, "about our escape from the Giant Blood Baron of Ecarath! He ravaged the isle of Gendrog for twenty winters, stamping around in his great fur cloak, in a land where the winter is so cold that the very waters themselves turn hard and pale.

We were shipwrecked on that accursed ice, and I went inland and was captured by the Baron, a mighty giant, twelve feet tall and more than willing to eat a man's heart out with a single bite! His teeth stained red, his great fur cloak huge and heavy, he found us and cornered us all. He grabbed me and threatened to kill me there, eating me raw with his terrible teeth."

The crowd breathed in, hanging on the man's words.

"But he did not know where our ship was", said the man, "and he desperately wanted to know. He wanted to get our silks and the rest of my crew, and our swords to use as butter-knives and our daggers to use as tooth-picks.

Now, there was a lake nearby, deep and cold, frozen as all things were in that barren land, and I had an idea. I bet him that whichever of us could cause the most breakage in the ice would get our desire – I my freedom, or he my ship.

He agreed, thinking his strength would save him, and with a huge fist he punched a hole in the ice, whilst I whittled a smaller one with my sword.

Ha! said he. I see my great breaking of the ice is by far the larger.

Ah, said I. But had I not challenged you to the contest, you would not have made a hole at all. As such, I caused your hole in the ice, plus my own, and submit that I have won the contest.

The giant was angry at realising he had been tricked, and he stamped, and he gnashed his teeth, and he tore a tree from the ground without even realising it in sheer fury.

I'll show you! he said. I'll break the biggest hole in the ice that you've ever seen!

And he stomped out into the middle of the lake and he stamped and stamped until the ice broke right through – and sunk him with it. He bobbed up and down for a moment, but he was so heavy and his huge fur cloak so wet that he was pulled down and down to the lake's very bottom, where for all I know he is to this day.

I think that the giant might have won the contest, at that point, but he was in no position to make use of it, so we repaired our ship with the help of some grateful locals and made our way back out to sea and freedom."

Lusku was entranced. These were new stories that roamed in her head, stories not from ancient times but right here, right now. This strange man with his heavy accent and his lopsided grin was... well, he was a hero. She looked around the room to where the other villagers were sitting, their eyes wide.

"When we had escaped," said the man, "I sang a prayer for our wellbeing, and we boarded ship again. We had a fair wind to the south, for a while – but we were waylaid, for a terrible sea-spirit rose up before us, shaped like a man of rolling, ever-stormy wave.

Who are you that would travel my domain? Roared the spirit.

I? Palavan, I said.

And why should I not crush you? Said the Spirit.

I know things, I said, trying to think of something that could save us. *Things you will never know if you crush me and my ship.*

Foolish sailor, said the spirit. *I can answer any question you ask me.*

Give me three questions, I said, *and I am sure I can find one you will answer wrongly.*

Very well, laughed the spirit cruelly. *If you can, I will let you go – but if you cannot, your ship shall be mine. Now, ask your question.*

Who rules Maghkedel, furthest of cities from the sea, upon the desert edge? I asked, hoping that a sea-spirit would have no knowledge of such a land.

Such a question being of lands far off makes no difference to me, said the spirit, *for I know well that the city of Maghkedel is ruled by the Brass Lions, terrifying in battle and vengeful in defeat and victory alike.*

I cursed my misfortune to have run into such a creature, but thought to myself to find a second question.

Where in the world is the finest bread to be found? I said, trusting that such a water spirit would have not known the ways and needs of humankind.

Such a question being of things I have not felt makes no difference to me, said the spirit, *for I know the ways of human folk. It is always said that the finest bread is that from one's own hearth, for the taste of homecoming sweetens each mouthful.*

I cursed and cursed again, for the spirit had indeed seen through the trick of my question, but there was nothing for it but to think of a third thing to ask the creature.

It was then that I realised the question that could save my life, and I asked it.

What is my name?

Such a question so close to your own self makes no difference to me, said the spirit, *for you are Palavan!* The spirit roared with laughter. *You already told me!*

I bowed. *I am indeed Palavan, but that is, in my people's tongue, the word for a mariner. It is not my name, and you have answered me wrongly.*

You tricked me! Cried the spirit.

But your promise stands, I said, *knowing that such fey creatures were bound by their word above all else.*

And so the spirit was defeated by my cunning, and bowed his head, and turned into a school of dolphins that rushed around our ship as it sped on through the water. We were free at last to travel onwards.”

The man paused in his story, and sipped from a round bowl that one of the villagers had passed to him. His audience were silent, waiting, listening. Lusku did not move, but watched, but listened, but thought.

The sun had dipped below the horizon outside, and candles of whale-fat lit the room, puffing heady smoke out into the rafters of the hut. Through the haze, the man’s voice came for a third story, rolling like candle-smoke across the audience.

“We at last came,” said the man, “to a place where the sea was calm and there was no wind at all. We were forced to row through the silent water, until we came to an island upon which two gods lived. They were powerful beyond measure, for it was they who had commanded the calm of the sea and they who had brought our ship to those waters. Their power was greater than the cold fires of moonlight, the deep tides of the ocean, the strength of the great mountains.

Travellers! They called to us. Come and tend our fires.

Each of them sat before a great burning fire, and this was their hope – that we should be kept upon that island forever to keep their fires burning, and cut their trees, so that they should never have to lift a finger to do it themselves. There was a forest nearby, and they commanded us to cut some trees and bring them to the fire.

I commanded my sailors to cut fifteen trunks, and we dragged them up to their two fires.

Hail, gods, I said. Here is a log for each of your fires. I have cut only the finest trees from your forest – no wood is better than this. And my men threw a log onto each fire.

Give us more, they said, and so I called my men to throw two logs onto each fire, so that each fire had three great trunks burning upon it. *Now you have three of the finest logs each,* I said. *Is that not satisfying to your greatnesses?*

No, each of them replied in turn. *No, I want more, I want more.* So my men threw four more logs onto each fire, and they had seven trunks burning each, a great pyre that blew sparks high into the darkening sky. *Is that not the greatest fire you have seen?* I said. *Seven each of the finest fifteen trunks in your forest.*

But it is in the nature of Gods to want more and greater, just as it is in the nature of ourselves. *No, they roared, more, bring more.* But there was – as I had planned – only one trunk left. *Which of you will then have the last trunk?* I said. *For there is only this last of the finest trunks in your forest. Tell me, which of you is the greater, who shall have the last fine wood for your fire?*

Of course, neither of them could possibly admit that he was the lesser, and so they began to argue. The first God roared of how he had sunk a castle, and the second of how he had sunk a city. The second God roared of how he had raised a hill, and the first of how he had broken a mountain. And back and forth they went, and back and forth, until they were not just shouting but standing, and not just standing but fighting.

And there, as two Gods raged, neither of them noticed that we had crept back to our ship, and heaved on our oars, and by the time they knew what was what we were far, far gone from that strange place with the calm waters, and vowed to ensure we never sailed that way again."

He bowed to signal the end of his tales, and Lusku called and whooped with the rest of the islanders as they slapped their thighs and knocked on the floor to show their appreciation for the storyteller's crafts.

Lusku stepped out of the door of the hut for a moment, and found the woman standing there, the one who had come along with the traders. She breathed the darkening air, and it was cool where the inside of the room had been sweat-fumed and hot.

"I would come with you, when you leave," she said to her. "If you will take me on your ship."

"And why would you do that?" said the woman, looking sideways at her.

"Because I am ready, and I am old enough," said Lusku.

"I do not doubt your age, or your strength," said the woman, "but age and strength are not a reason to become a mariner."

"I can be useful, too," said Lusku. "I can fish, and fight, and mend ropes: I am strong enough to haul goods, and sharp-eyed enough to scout for land."

"I do not doubt your usefulness," said the woman, "but I still want to know why you want to travel with us, if we are to take you aboard our ship."

"You know those stories better than I," said Lusku, finally. "Who would not want to live life as you do? I have grown up hearing tale after tale of long ago when people did greater deeds and greater things, but you come doing those things today. I have heard enough stories about who I am. I want to make stories about who I will be."

"You should not come," said the woman, "because you want to live a life like a fairytale. What has my companion told you, after all, if not that he spins words like a weaver spins thread? All his tales tell you not what he did, but who he is, and he is a good man, and he is a brave man, but he is a moonlight-tongued rogue just the same."

Lusku paused, and looked out across the water, which was darkening with twilight. "You mean those are all... just stories?"

The woman smiled a smile like a little twist of knot-grass, that grew sideways across her face, just a little like the lopsided smile of her companion. "Nothing is ever just a story," she said, "But stories are both more and less than truth, and truth is the only place you can live in. You cannot live our life based just on stories. Think on that."

The woman turned away, and into the building, and left Lusku outside.

As she walked home, her shoulders were slumped, and the sea's last glimmers in the far distance seemed to tantalise her, made half-real and yet untouchable. At last, the night wrapped around Lusku, and fell, soft across the dark water.

Dawn cracked like an egg, golden across the world and water.

The boat bumped gently against the side of the dock. The beast below opened a weary eye, and the isle rumbled gently as air surged through the great hallways of cavernous lungs beneath the surface.

Standing by the dock was a young woman, and Lusku was her name. She had a tight knot-grass helmet upon her head, and carried a bag of clothes and a fishing spear. She had said farewell to her parents before dawn had even broken. She was ready.

"Why have you come," said the woman aboard the ship, "after what I told you yesterday?"

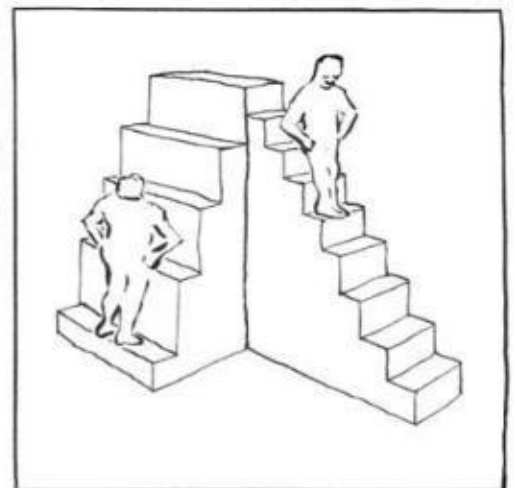
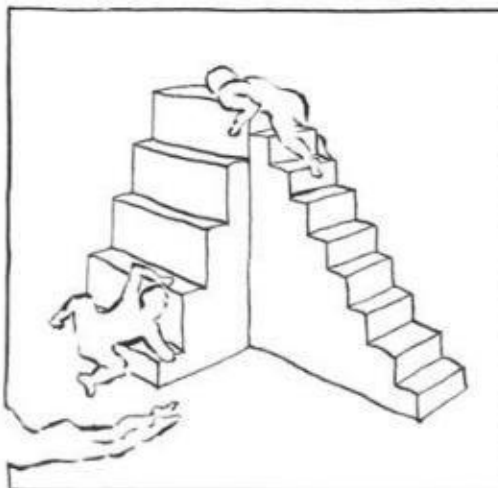
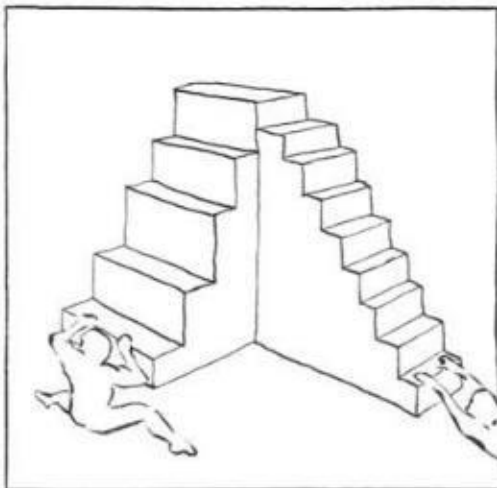
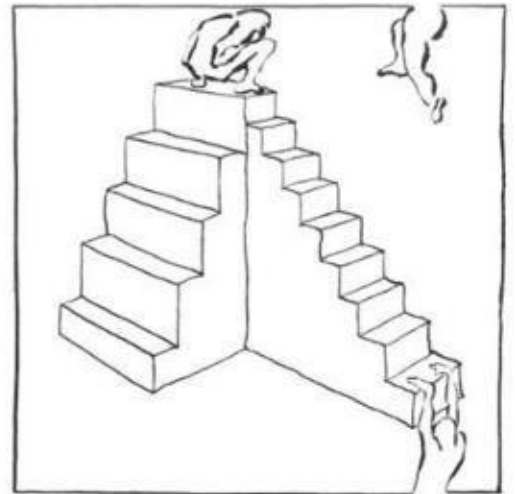
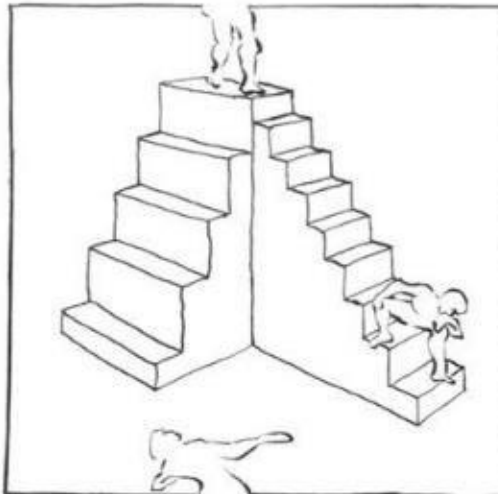
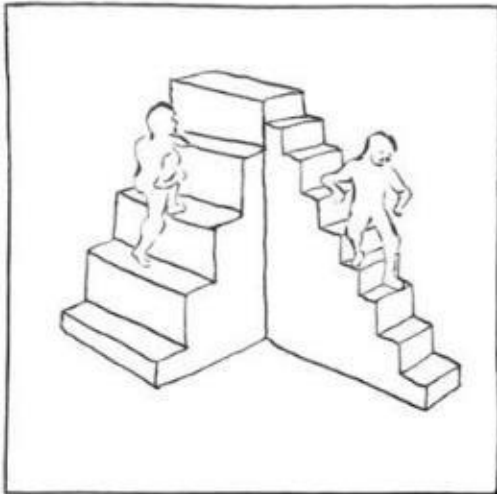
"Perhaps I will never live a life worthy of such stories as your companion told", said Lusku, "but I want to know what sort of life lets you tell stories like that, all the same."


And then the woman on the ship nodded, smiled, and let her aboard, and that is the story of how Lusku became a mariner.

The ship flew out of the dock, its sail a swan-wing, its prow a dolphin beak to cut through the waves, and it began to slip through the peaks and troughs of the wide and sunlit sea. Behind it, slowly, gently, as it had done for a hundred years and would do for a hundred more... the island moved, ever on, ever on and away, across the glittering ocean.


Stair Loop

Duck Dodgers @duck_dodgers@tabletop.social






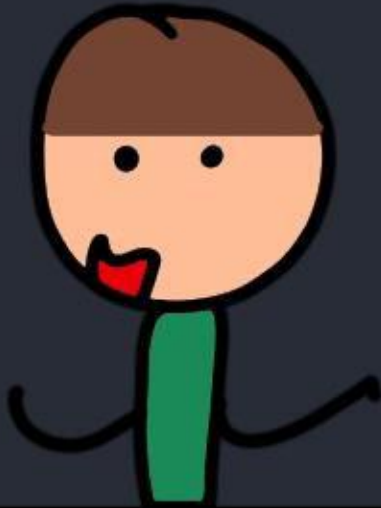
Has high fantasy been overdone?




Cuz that's kinda what my story is.



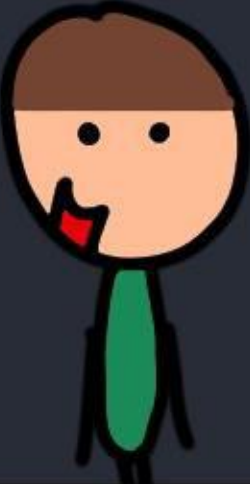
To be honest, it's really more of a tongue in cheek satire of the genre, but it's a high fantasy nonetheless.



I gotta admit, this was a bit of a learning experience for me within the realms of both art and storytelling.



That being said, I really hope you guys enjoy reading this story as much as I enjoyed making it.



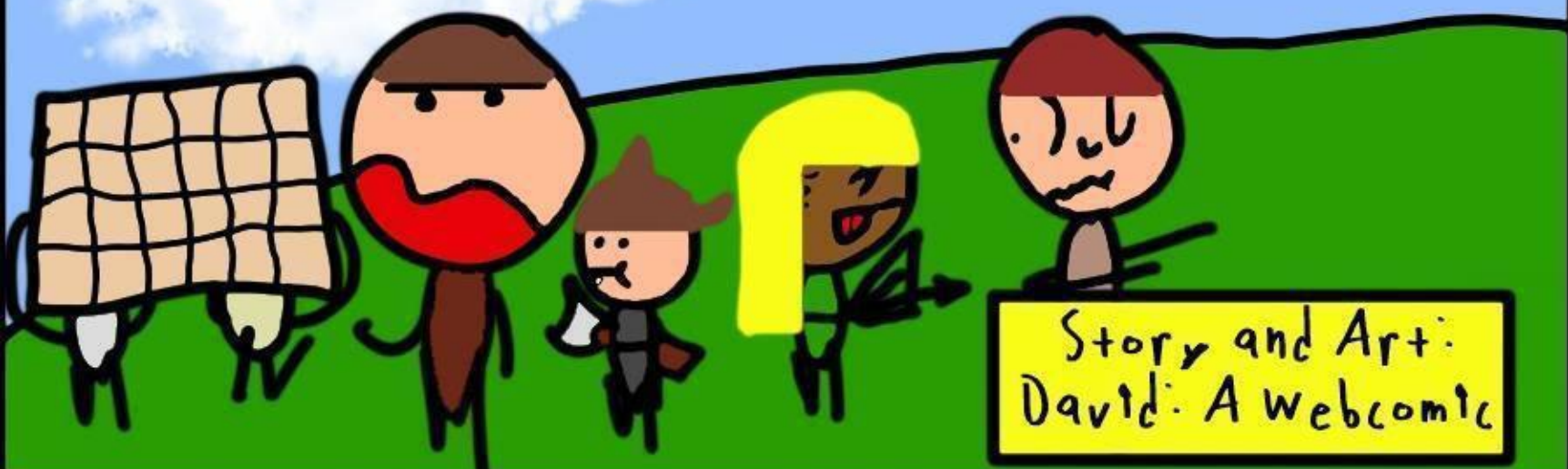
And so, without further adieu, here's my story, "Dungeons, Dragons, And Dipwads" part one.

Dungeons, Dragons, and Dipwads

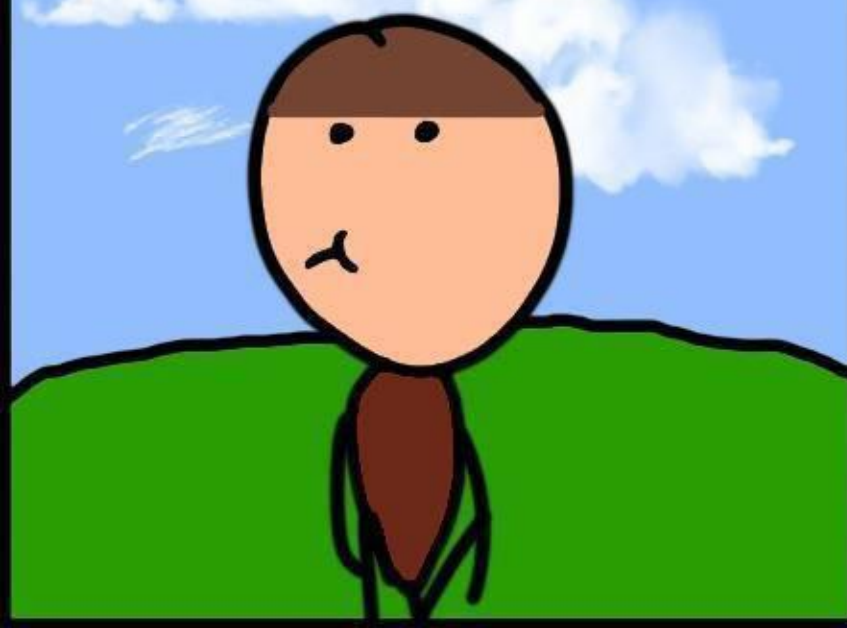
Chapter 1: Fellowship of the Dingus

Part I: A Game of Tomes

Ok, so just so we're clear, what exactly is the ultimate goal of this module?



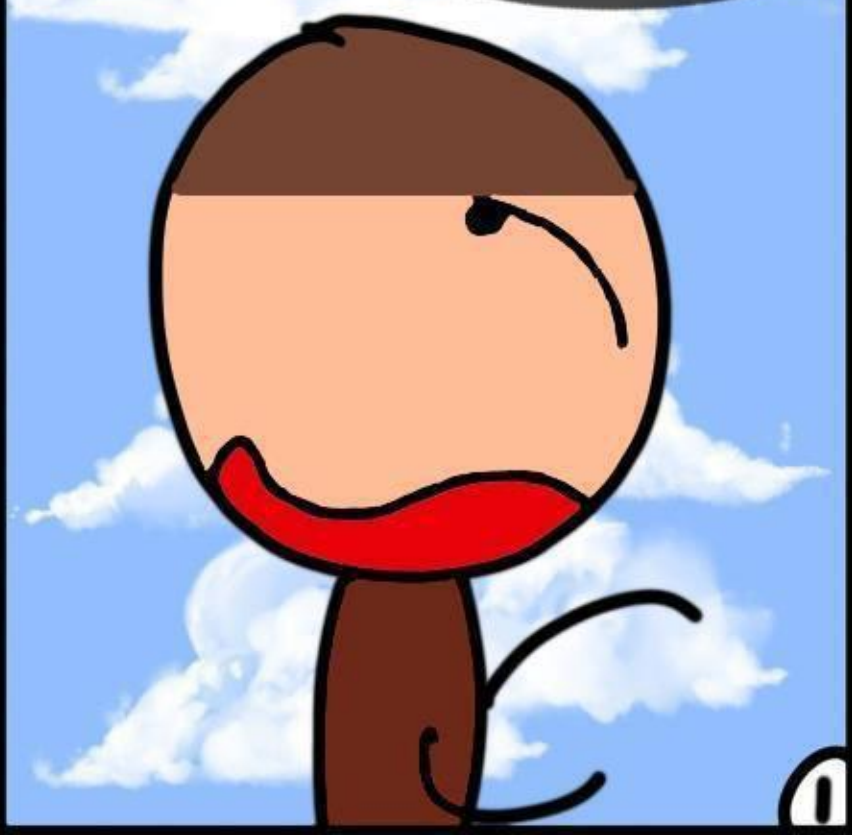
All right, here goes: there's this ancient tome, see? And the wizard Valhallabar wants it, see? But his evil half, which he split from his mortal being 10,000 years ago also really wants it.



Ok... but there's a catch, right?

There's always a catch.

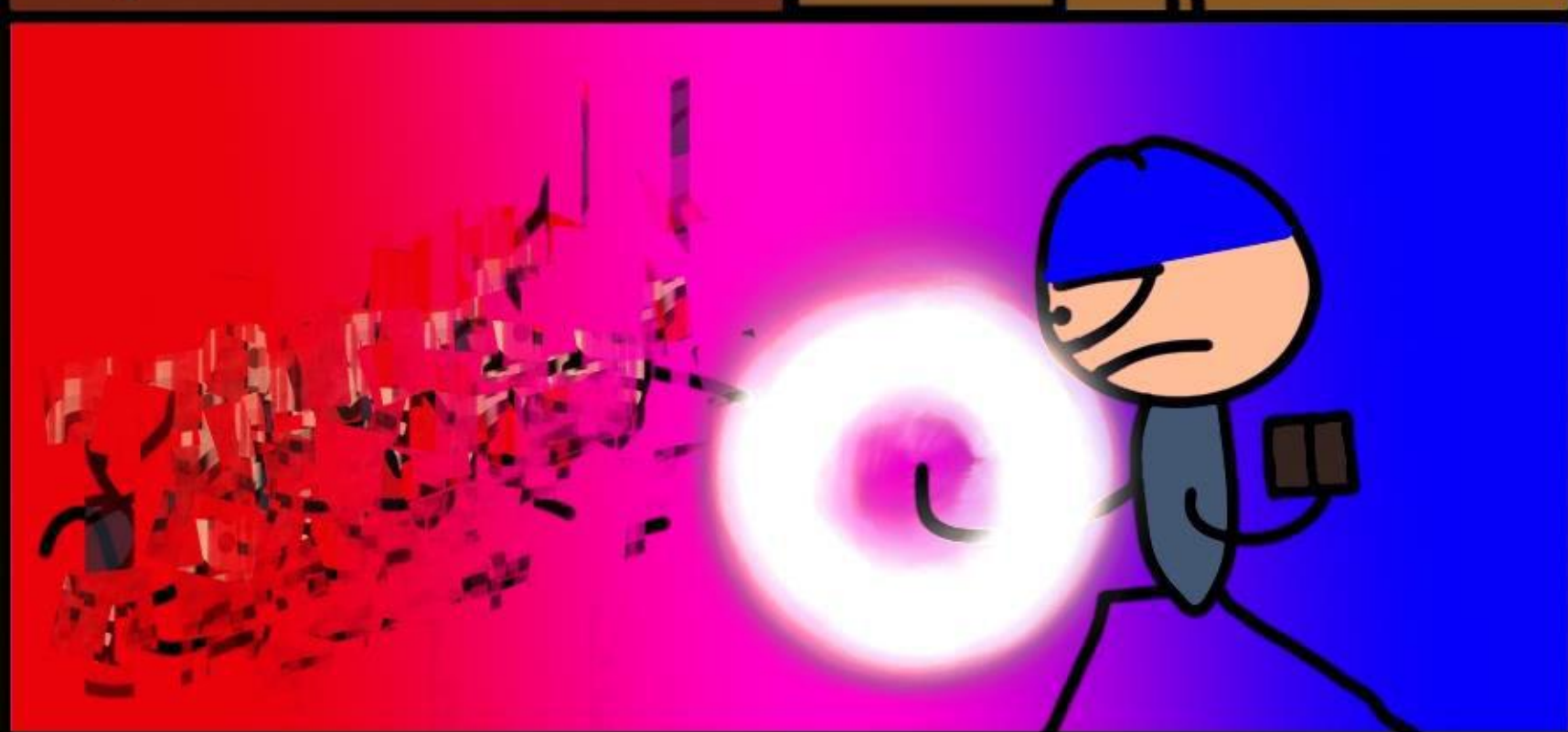
well... kind of.



Vallhallabar and his other half fought endlessly for years. Nobody ever won.



That all changed when Good Vahallabar found the Ancient Tome of Legend.

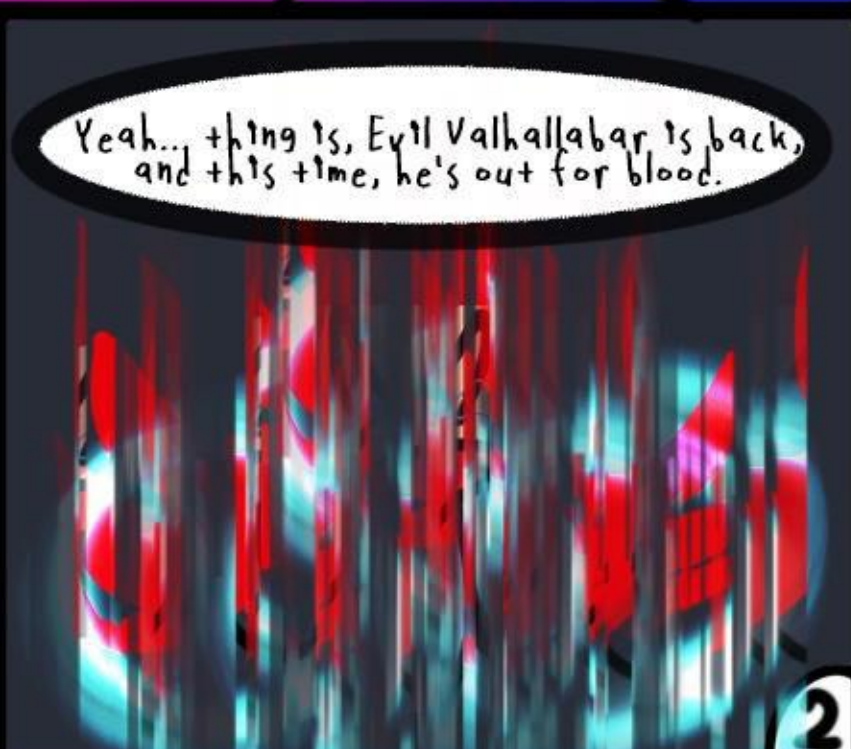


And with that, Evil Vallhallabar was sealed into the antimension.

Ooooooh... intense.



Yeah... thing is, Evil Vahallabar is back, and this time, he's out for blood.



So basically, get this tome, kill evil dude.

Yeah, pretty much.

Anyways, there should be a village up...

oh dear lord...

What in the fresh hell...

What she said.

The whole place's been burned to the ground...

Travellers... I-I need assistance... Evil
Valhallabar's forces... have been here...

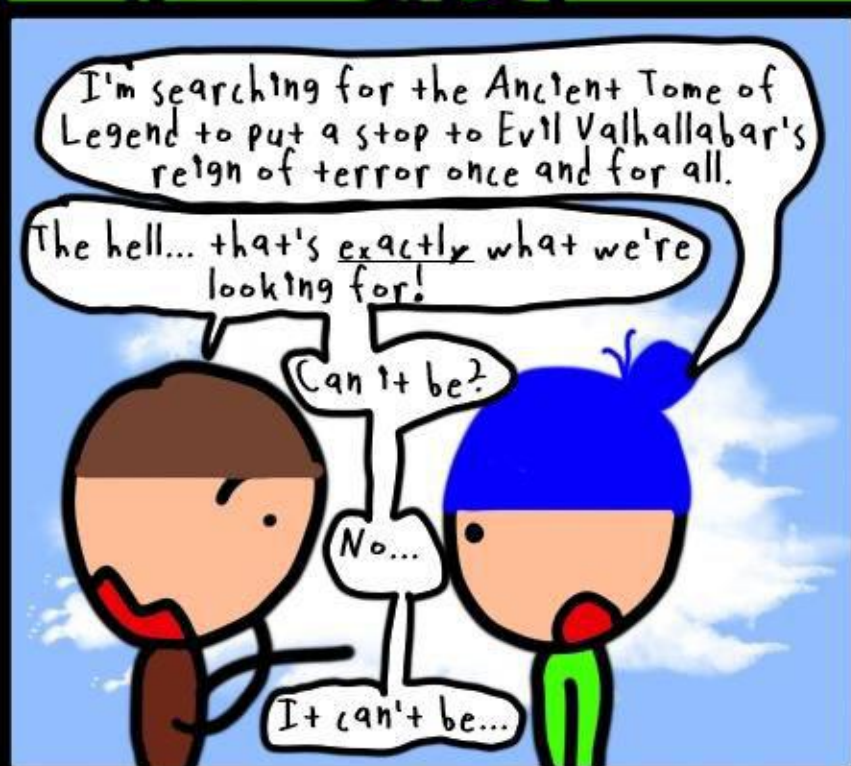
WHAT IN FRESH [REDACTED]!

Valhallabar's forces... they killed everyone.
I... much as you are, was on my own quest
and I-I made the mistake of taking them
on alone. They cursed me... It's slowly eating
my lower body... the pain... is unbearable...

Dear LORD, woman, you're not getting
eaten, you're phasing out of [REDACTED]ing
existence!

Don't ask any questions, take the damn
potion!

Oh, thank the Gods!



This has been a bit of a big deal as of late. I wouldn't discount Evil Valkallabar to have a fake version of me out there.



Rest assured, I am the real deal. In fact, you may find me useful on your journey; I happen to know exactly where the Tome is located.



Heh.

How can I say no?



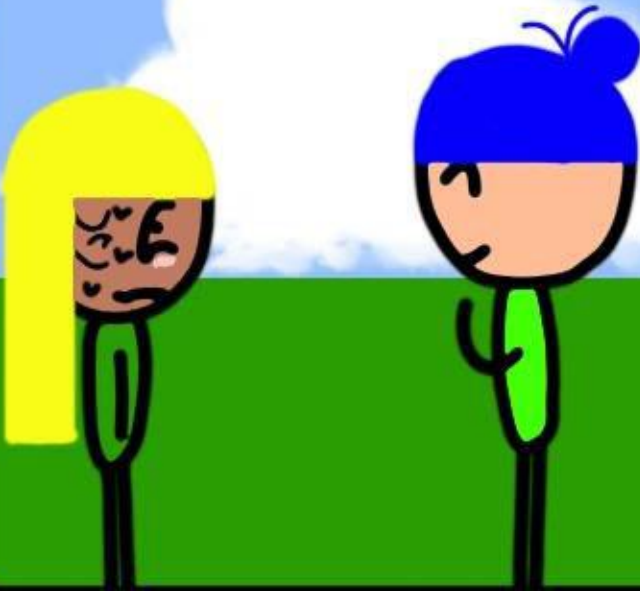
All right, team, with that all settled, let's push out!



Meanwhile...

What do you mean he had a daughter!?

And why the hell wasn't I notified of this development!?



W-well, to be honest, boss, we didn't know about this either.



Please don't kill me...

This... is a most disturbing obstacle.

I thought the old fool was too old to continue his quest...

...obviously, I've underestimated his determination.



This could prove to be interesting...

24364.

Y-yes my lord?

I have a mission for you.

Go to the Mountainous Valley.

Yuh huh.

Seek out The Beastmaster.

Yuh huh.

Tell him to kill Good Valhalla's daughter.

Yuh huh. Hold up, lemme finish writing this down...

If he asks, tell him it's for an old friend...

This must be the place...

Hello? Does anyone by the name of "Beastmaster" live here?

Um... who calls?

Oh. Him. Cool. Come in, man.

Uhhhhhhh... what the [redacted]?

Soldier 24364 of Evil...

An old friend.

What. The [redacted]. Is that?

Is it the horns?

Yeah, I've been thinking about adding them to my costume for a while, I just don't, like, talk to people that often, so I've never got an honest opinion on these.

So, judging on your initial reaction...

No?

No. Not now, not ever.

So, you want a hit, don't ya?

Yeah. Teenage girl. Good Valhallabar's daughter.

Good Valhallabar's... daughter?

Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooh... it's on.

Meanwhile still...

Hey, so, you've never told us your name.

You're right! I haven't!

How inconsiderate of me!

My name is Mizhi Mithikt, daughter of Good Valhallabar and inheritor of the fabled knowledge of the Valhallabar kin.

Hold on... If you're part of the Valhallabar kin, wouldn't that make your last name Valhallabar?

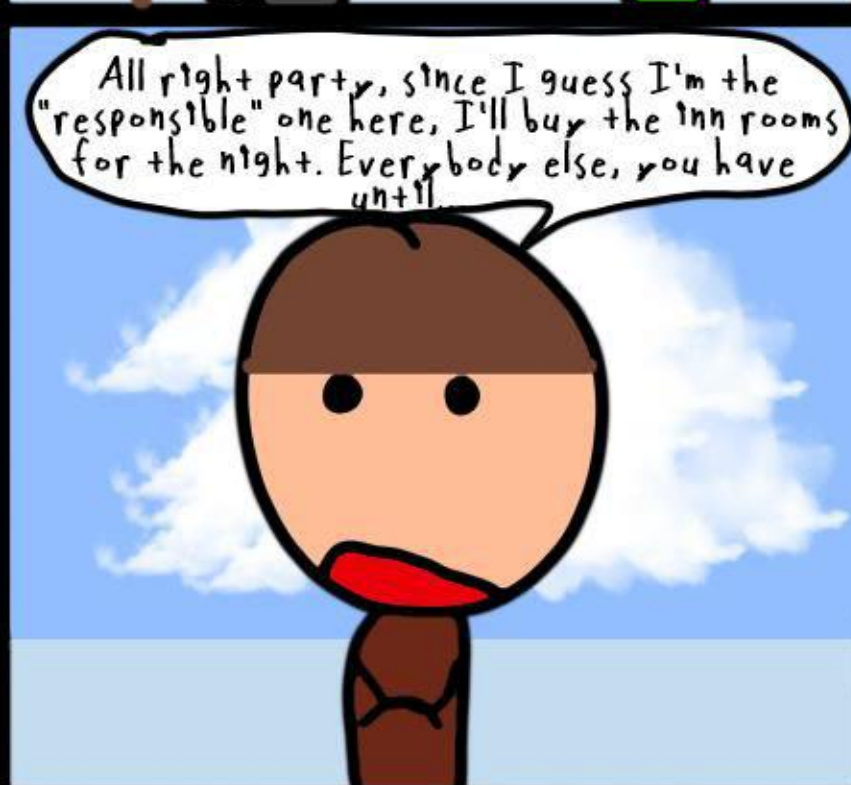
Valhallabar is a family name. All firstborn males in the family get the name Valhallabar.

I just happened to be in a generation without any men. It's complicated, I know.

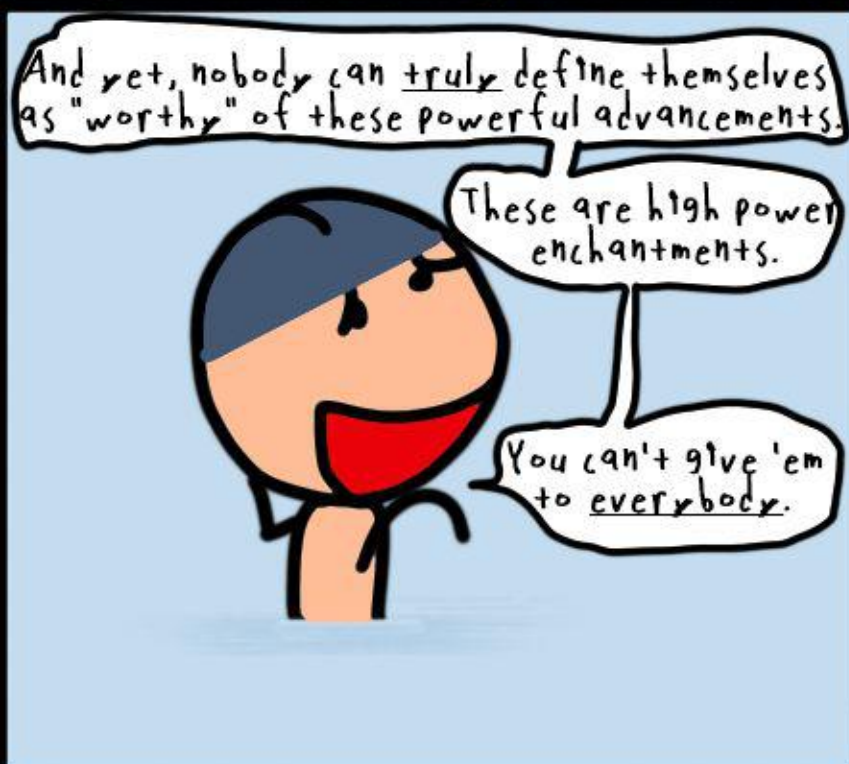
Anyways, there should be a village a few miles north. We'll stay there for the night.

Hopefully this one isn't razed.

Actually, I'm told that this one has managed to stay entirely off of Evil Valhallabar's hit list.







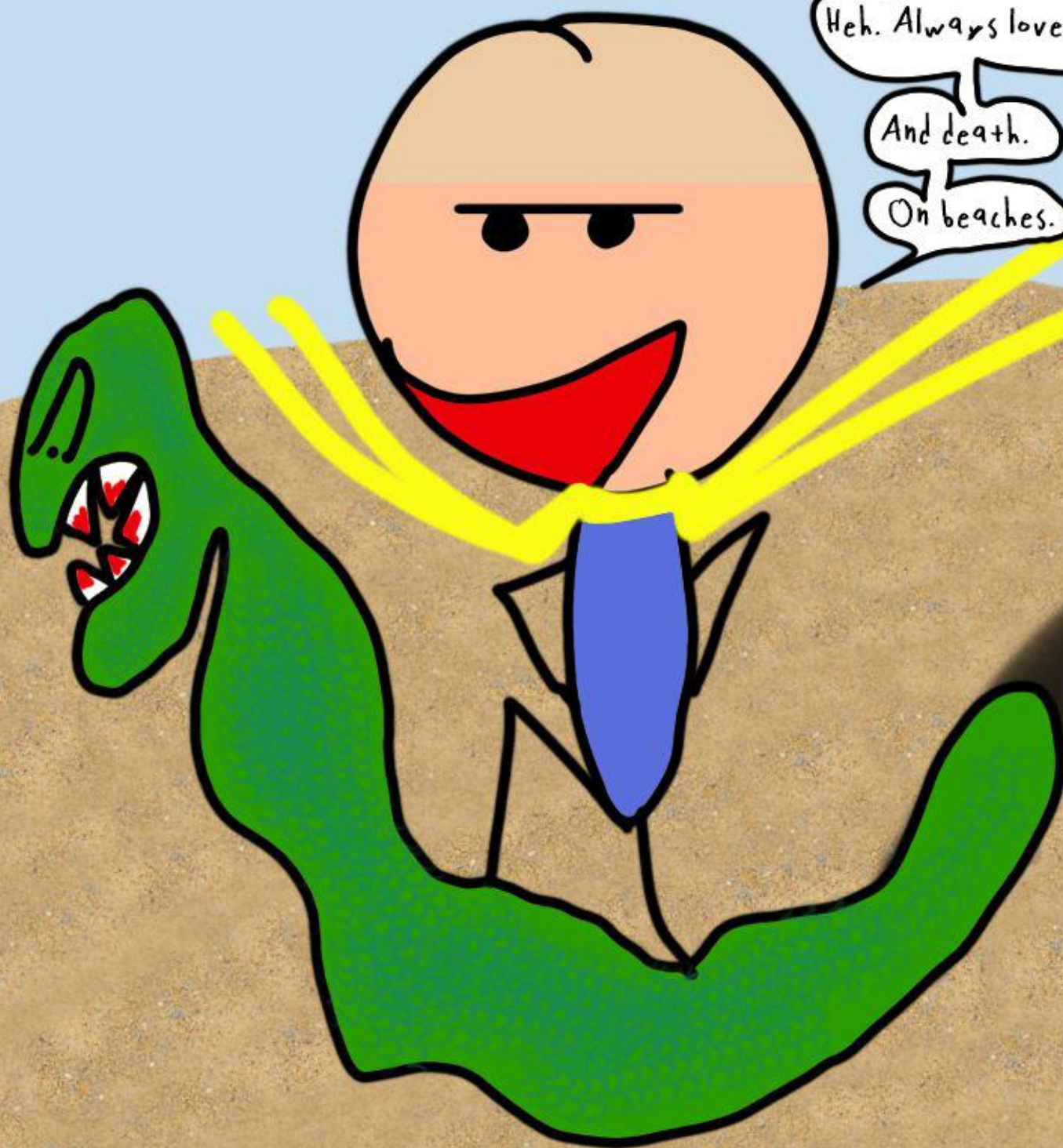
...you brought company.

So... the quest for Good Valhallabar's daughter brought me here.

Heh. Always loved beaches.

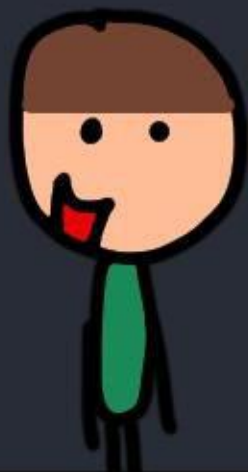
And death.

On beaches.



Will David-er-Kelthblud and party be able to beat The Beastmaster? Find out next issue (we hope)!

Ten individual comics about two characters named I and A. Simplicity at its finest.



Switching off from philosophical to just plain weird, our final story is perhaps one of the more fascinating ones.



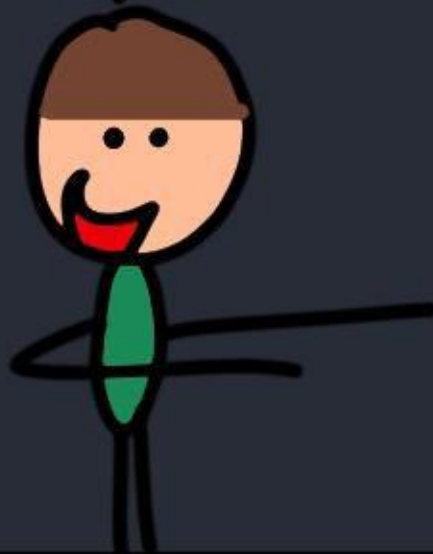
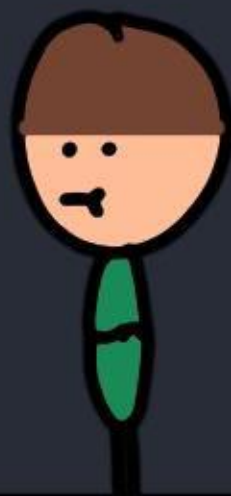
And perhaps this is the best way to end off our first issue.



With weird.



Aaaaaaaaaaaaaanyways without further adieu, here's Case Duckworth's "XCV".



Do you ever
think about how



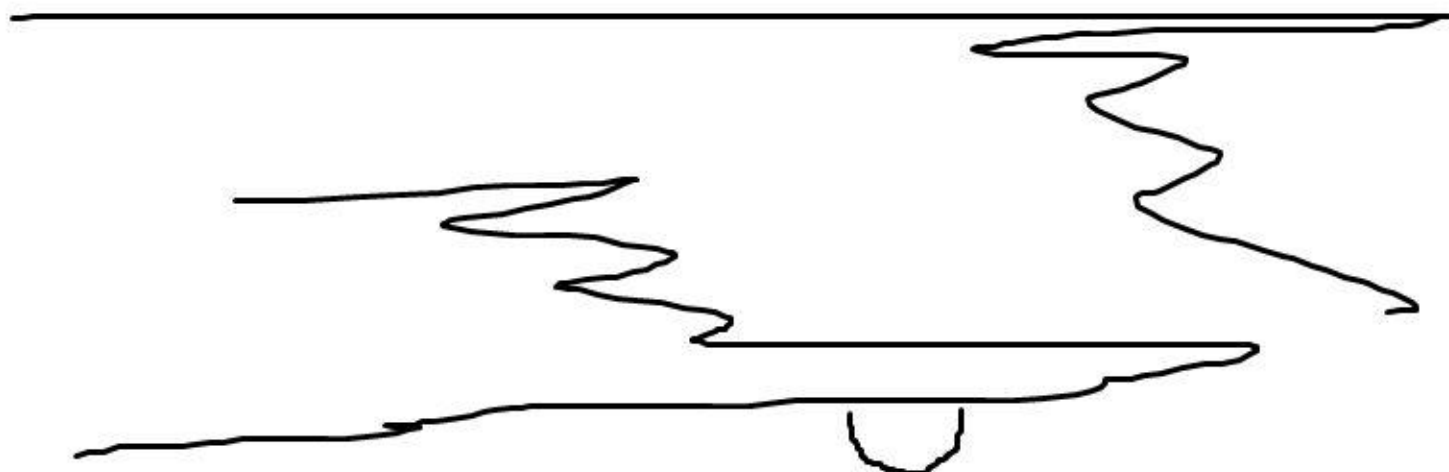
No.



I don't think. I only act.
Thinking is for the weak.
Well that's
ridiculous.



I don't care.



I love sunsets



You love everything, what do
they care?



Hey



No



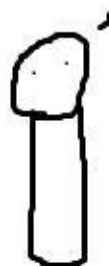
Do you ever think about switching sides?



...

I kind of like it! It's different

This is weird

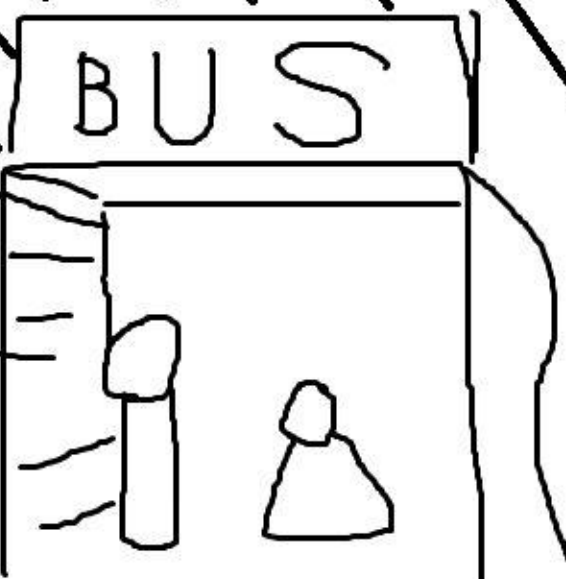


It's so gloomy!

I don't mind it

Oh?

It sounds like the sky is remembering something from when it was a kid



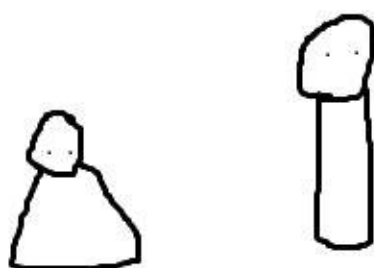
Are you hungry?



mmm... I could eat



Can't you always?



How are you
doing that?



what



You're floating!



no I'm not



I don't know what
you're talking
about



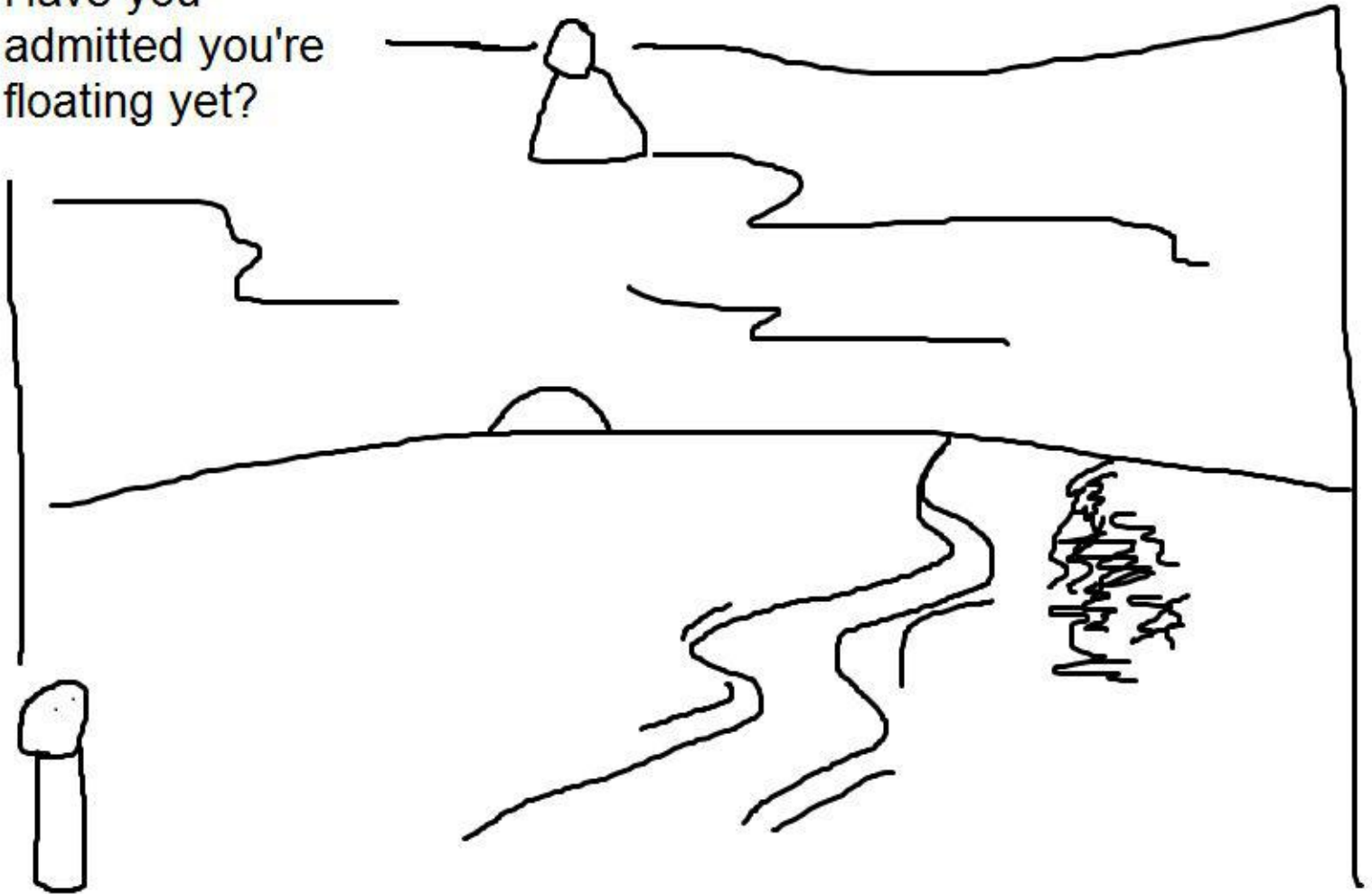
Oh my god you're floating away!



Farewell sweet prince.
We barely knew ye...

yeah, but the view from up here is incredible.
I can see everything past this billboard

Have you
admitted you're
floating yet?



Have you figured out how
to come down yet?

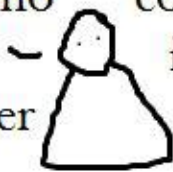
are we still doing that floating gimmick?

seriously this is getting tired, okay

like, look: there's no contextual information

in these comics

that I'm just further
or something



it's totally possible

away or like up on a hill

well I don't know what to
tell you about that honestly
I really don't know why this
storyline is still being written
it's pretty tired don't you
think

But you're not obeying the laws
of perspective in that case; your
body is the same size as it
always is



yeah I really have to agree

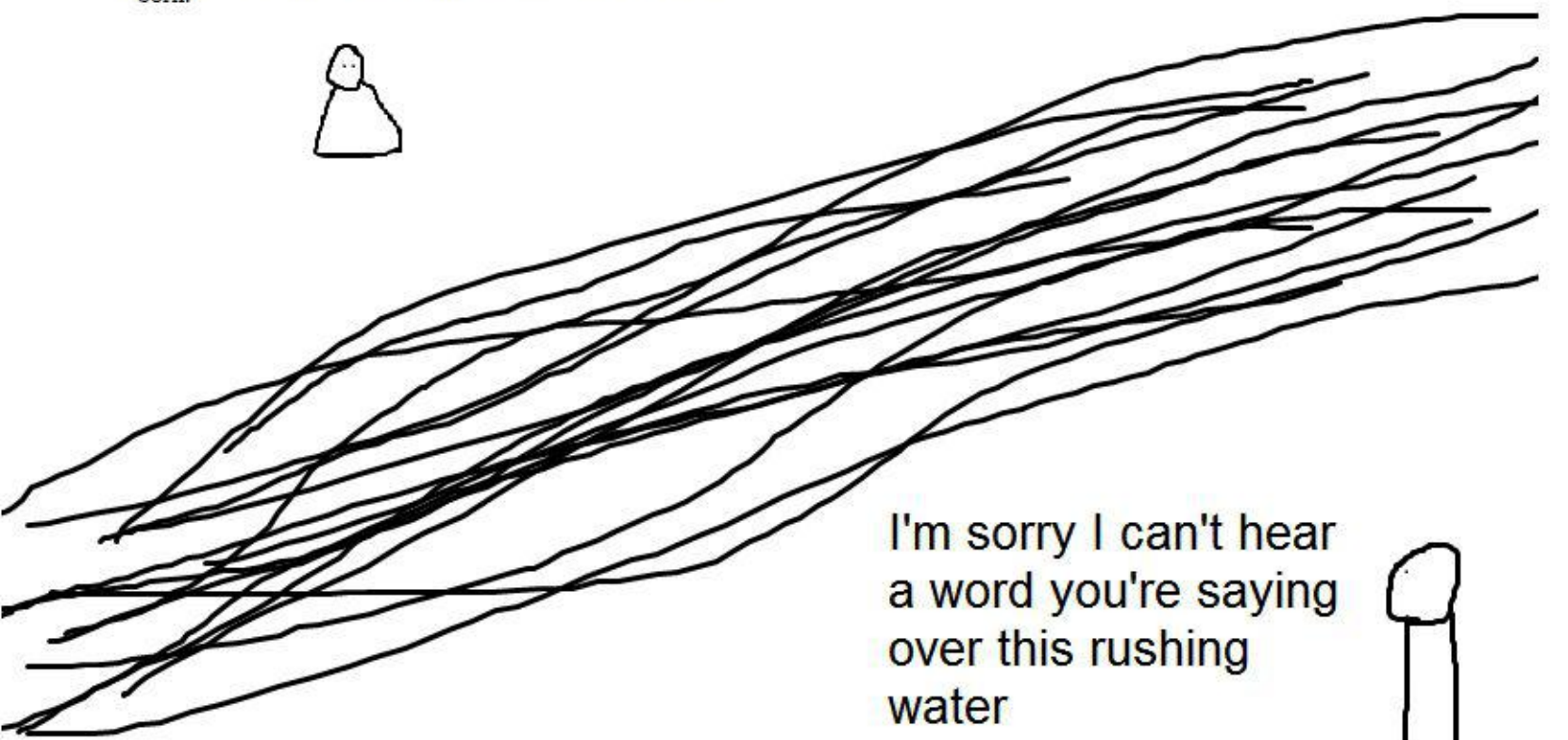


Do you ever think --

shhh

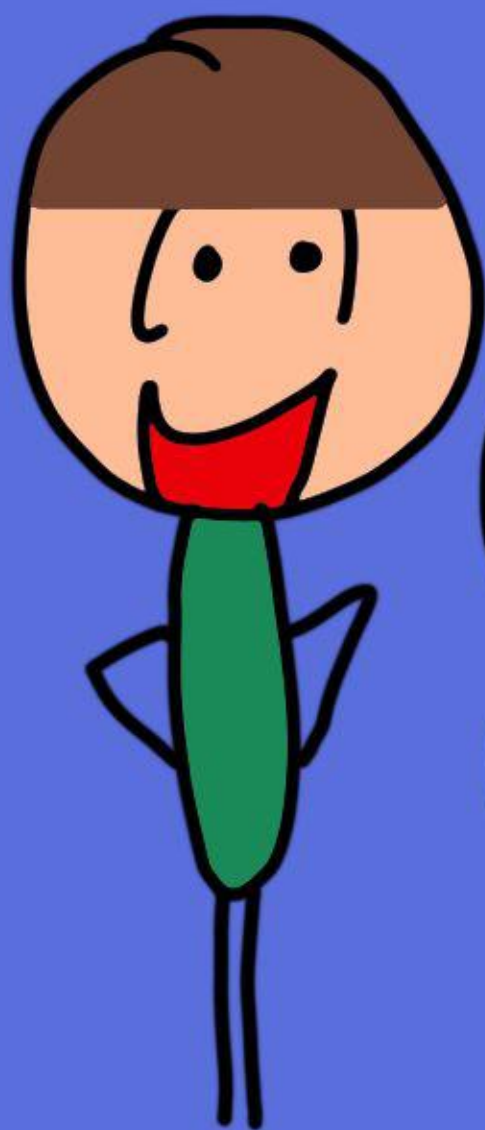
just look

We are separated by a river of time; what was lost can no longer be found. There is no meaning beyond which that we place on the world, like hands on a corpse before burial. We are born, we grow old, we die, and for what? There is no organizing principle to the world, no tether that holds anything down. Yeats was half-right: "mere anarchy" has been the operating state of the universe since its conception shrouded in mystery and irrelevance. God is not merely dead; he was never born.



I'm sorry I can't hear
a word you're saying
over this rushing
water





Join us for our next
issue!

Like, join us!

Be a part of the team!

Are you an artist or writer on the Fediverse?

Well do we ever have the chance for you!

Join the fun for the next issue of Tales From The Fediverse
and submit your ideas to me at

@David_A_Webcomic@ComicsCamp.Club
and show the world your comics and stories!
We can't wait to see your work!

—David
(A Webcomic)

Citizens of the Internet: Here it is!

Months of long work have made this possible, and we're proud to bring you Tales From The Fediverse!

So, if you're ready to check out what the Fediverse has to offer, step right in and enjoy the show!

If you like what you're seeing, consider supporting the writers and artists that made this possible!

Writers and artists:

Yncke

David: A Webcomic

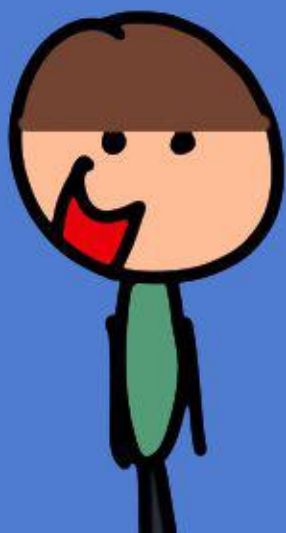
Case Duckworth

Duck Dodgers

Jubal Barca

Qwazix

Our host



Questions? Comments? Direct 'em to:

Email-davidawebcomic@gmail.com

Fediverse-@David-A-Webcomic@ComicsCamp.Club