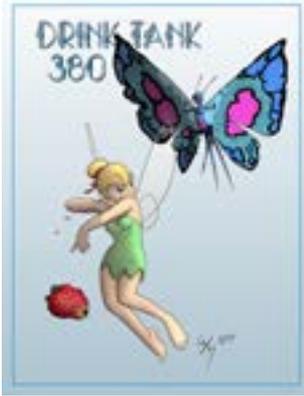


DRINK TANK
380



WJ 84

Never Scene in Colour Six by Taral Wayne



The *Drink Tank* keeps rolling on. How many more issues will there be in the remaining few months, I wonder. Didn't Chris say that he meant to reach issue 400? If so, he needs to average about 4 issues a month before 2014 inevitably comes to an end. Maybe more, depending on when this issue comes out. My only concern, however, is whether I use up the colour art I had earmarked for this series. With this, the 6th, I have five more eligible for *Drink Tank* covers.

"Tinkerbell & the Tie-Die Butterfly" is the oldest I had set aside for *Drink Tank*. Like many from my generation, Tinkerbell from Walt Disney's *Peter Pan* was enormously appealing to guys ... not girls. But in recent years, Disney has re-branded her from a diminutive sexpot to a Mall Rat Princess for 9-to-16-year-old girls. The one had everything to do with sex appeal ... the later is more about consumerism and peer group rankings among suburban teenage girls.

In my mind there was also a little of the psychedelic '60s about Tink. What could be more suitable to pair with Tinkerbell than a butterfly whose wings were dyed like a hippy's polychrome t-shirt? As for the raspberry, it simply appealed to the senses – colour, smell and taste.

As was my usual practice in those years, the colour is entirely by colour pencil. I miss those days, but I would only have to try to colour something new using my old pencils to discover why I stopped. Colouring this way is time consuming and tedious in the extreme. Digital colouring is fast and easy by comparison. Still, there's character to these old pieces that my newer colour work lacks. Fundamentally, all digital colour looks like it was done by the same artist ... Photoshop.

The original art is a simple composition of Tink, butterfly and the raspberry. It seemed a little too simple for use as *Drink Tank*'s cover, though. I tried one or two things, but I think this plain gradation of background tone, and a thin blue outline makes the best appearance.

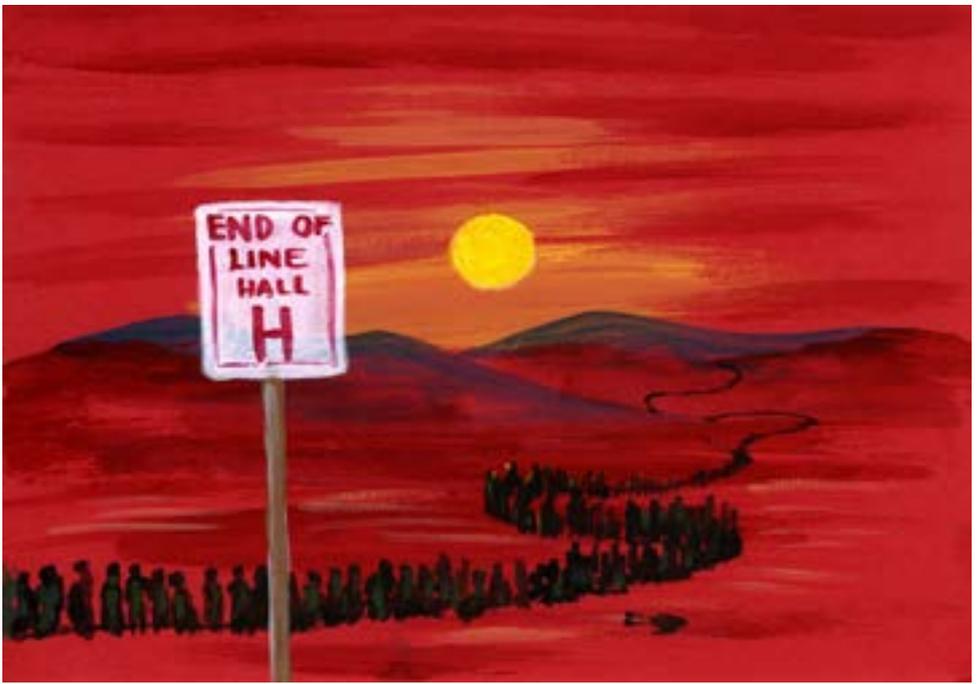


Steamtrain Running on Active Lines in London!
Shot by James!



Drink Tank 380

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THE ARTIST AND THE MUSE. EXCLUSIVE HIGHLIGHTS
OF COMIC-CON EDITION. AN EDIFYING ALLEGORY
IN THREE AND ONE HALF ACTS.
BY THERESA MATHER

Act The First:

“I didn’t think that you wanted to come to Comic-Con,” said the Artist.

“I really didn’t,” replied her unlikely Muse. He went by the name of Daimon of the Hill Country, and hailed originally from the land of pointy castles and casual violence. Though he had met an untimely end around the year 1212 at the hands of the evil Simon De Montfort, he had yet to acknowledge that he was no longer alive.

It had yet to be explained to either the Artist or the Muse how their working arrangement had come to pass since not only was Daimon long dead, he broke things and hurt people by profession and turned the occasional sanctimonious verse as a hobby. He

had no known connection to the visual arts beyond the fact that he liked the little paintings in the heavy parchment books he'd once liked to read. "You know I'm not too fond of crowds since my..uhh... cough-defeat-cough way back in the day," he said, "but I was gone for 10 minutes, not that time is really relevant to me, but it was only 10 and you're curled up on the floor in the fetal position. The 'Con' as you call it hasn't even started and you're already a mess."

"Who wouldn't be?" asked the artist.

"Two pallets."

"What?"

"Two pallets blocking the booth space and a foreign podium within it. That's all it took and you're on the floor in the fetal position after a bout of territorial rage."

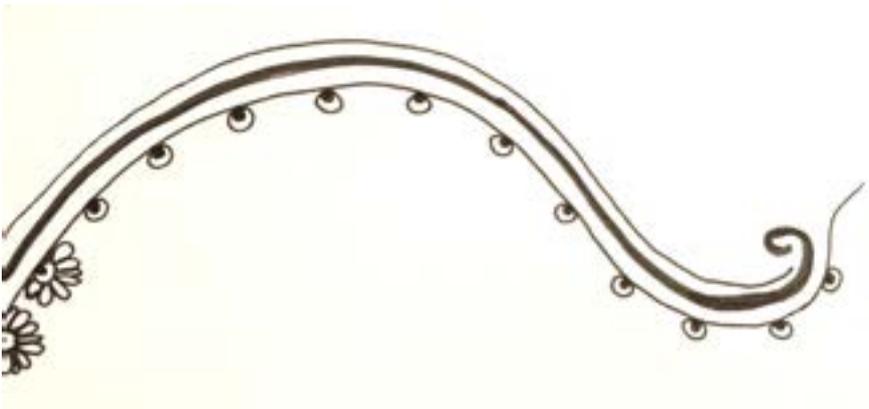
"Well.....maaaaaybe. But it's all the stress."

"What stress? The con hasn't even begun."

"No, but there were two big plywood pallets blocking my booth space and a big black podium of unknown origin right inside it."

"What if there had been three pallets? Or two podiums? Would that exponentially increase your 'stress' considering that you're a soft irrational self-indulgent twenty-first century marshmallow?"

"Let's hope we never have to find out," said the Artist as she reluctantly scrambled to her feet and tried with limited success to remove the offending podium. It was an ill omen, and much still had to be done.



CRAPNADO

2

BROWN
WILL NOT
HELP YOU!



Act The Second: Crapnado Two

The Artist took a break from her booth as crowds swirled around her. She could barely hear her Muse over the din and chaos, and was beginning to doubt that he was more than a figment of her overactive imagination. She was not quite sure if this came as a relief or a disappointment. She walked, with no small amount of difficulty, through the river of people a few aisles down until she came to the elaborate Lowball Studios booth featuring their latest production, a motion picture titled Crapnado 2.

“What is this Crapnado, anyway?” asked Daimon earnestly.

“It’s a movie. I guess it’s about a tornado of crap. Or something. I’m pretty sure that it’s crap even if it’s not about crap.”

“Why would anyone want to see a movie about a Crapnado?”

“I don’t know, but someone must have wanted to because this is Crapnado Two, meaning that there was already a Crapnado One.”

“Yeah!” said Stereotypical Fanboy, who wore a crisp black Crapnado T-shirt. “I saw Crapnado One: It Really Flies back when it came out, and it was awesome! Look at all the ‘See it or get off the pot’ swag I got!”

“Why would you want that?” Daimon asked. “Ask him -- why would he want those things depicting a tornado of crap? Why would he allow such things into his house, let alone his mind?”

“I can’t, Daimon, that would be rude,” the Artist thought.

“And Crapnado Two: It Really Hits The Fan isn’t rude?” Daimon retorted.

“I can’t wait for the new Crapnado” said Stereotypical Fanboy, glowing with enthusiasm. “I camped out for two days just to see the Crapnado Hall H panel last year.”

“Why would you do that?” asked Daimon. “Ask him why he would even do that. Why would anyone sleep on concrete for two days to see a discussion about a movie about a tornado of crap?”

Before the Artist could reply, Negative Fanboy, attracted by the happy excitement of Stereotypical Fanboy, felt compelled to interject. “Dude,” he said, “Crapnado is just a cheap ripoff of Shit-

storm.”

“No it’s not!” insisted Stereotypical Fanboy. “Crapnado is about a tornado and a sewage plant. Shitstorm is about a hurricane and a manure barge. They’re completely different!

“Whatever, dude.” said Negative.

Daimon slipped away into the crowd and the Artist bounced like a bumper car through the human carnival and back to her booth.



Act Two and One Half: The Crapnado Two Hall H Panel

The Crapnado preview trailer began to roll as the director and lead actors sat at the front table of Hall H.

“TA TA DUM In a world where nothing ever goes wrong TA DUM DUM The good people of Fearmonger are about to find out DUM DUM DUM DUM that the horror that is a crapnado DUM DUM DUM DUM can strike anyone and anywhere it desires.

‘Sir, the F5 tornado is heading toward the outskirts of town.’ RATTA TAT TAT TAT.

‘Well, as long as it stays away from the sewage treatment plant, everything should be okay now that the trailer park has been secured. THUMPITY THUMP THUMP.

‘Sir.....the new readings...” THUMPITY THUMPITY BANG

“Oh no....it’s headed directly BANG BANG BANG ...for the biggest sewage pond!” THUMPITY THUMPITY BANG BOOM BANG...

Daimon of the Hill Country surveyed the sea of eager fans but could think of nothing to say, even had they been able to hear him. Even though he could slip in and out of the vaunted hall H at will, he decided that this ability was not worth exploring further - at least for the next hour - and so he decided to see if he could make himself seem more corporeal instead. He was certain that everyone would just assume that he was a ‘cosplayer’, though the last time he tried it, more than one person insisted that he “got the character wrong.” Fortunately, Daimon didn’t really care what people who slept on concrete for days to watch a preview of anything called Crapnado thought in regards to much of anything. He began to materialize, and found that he could not escape through the mass of enraptured fans.

Suddenly stuck, Daimon could not avoid listening as a cheerful studio spokesperson explained, in response to a question by Avid Fan of Pacoima CA , that “‘Crapnado vs. Shitstorm: The Fertilizing’ is currently in pre-production with director Biff Splosion attached to the project over at Lowball Studios. He wants to re-imagine the canon, though, and considers this to be a reboot of both franchises. So old fans should expect the new and different and new fans will

find a more contemporary sensibility than what was hot the week before last when Shitstorm 6 was pre-released.” Burdened with this news, Daimon decided to make his escape even if application of mild force was required.

Act Three: The Battle for Exclusives!

Stereotypical Fanboy began to run, exulting in his prominent and advantageous position in just the right line as the exhibit hall opened, flushed with the certainty that he was about to obtain the con exclusive Crapnado 2 Deluxe Collector Set with the Post-Impact Sewage Pond variant. “There is no running in the exhibit hall” announced the loudspeaker, and he slowed his triumphal pace to a brisk speed-walk. He was about to enter his rightful place in line at the Passable Toys booth when Negative Fanboy ran past him and entered the queue before he could react.

“Dude!” said Stereotypical. “That was uncool!”

“Hey, all’s fair in love and plastic, dude. In this case, it’s both,” quipped Negative.

The Passable Toys clerk handed out tickets for the prized Crapnado exclusive until she reached Negative. “That’s all there are, sorry guys” she said to the 300 fans who by now stood behind him.

“Will there be more tomorrow?” asked Stereotypical.

“No, that’s it. The post impact set has been very popular and the manufacturer put half of them on the Slow Boat from China so the container didn’t get here in time.” explained the clerk.

“Dude, you stole it from me!” Stereotypical complained to Negative.

“Hey, you snooze, you lose. If you wanted it bad enough, you would have run.”

“They said not to, I was trying to be cool!”

“Do you always do what THEY tell you to do? Sheep just get eaten, dude. You need to learn be more assertive if you really want something.”

“I am being assertive. Give me that ticket, you know you

barged in front of me!”

“It’s not my fault that you’re a sheep! I don’t even want this thing for myself, I’m going to get it and resell it on eBay. If you want it from me you need to win it at auction, dude.”

“Here, look, I’ll trade you this variant Donatello Ninja Turtle figure with two left hands for your place in line” said Stereotypical. “Out of everything at the con, the Crapnado set is the thing I wanted the most!”

“That Donatello isn’t a variant, it’s a manufacturing MISTAKE, dude! Learn the difference!”

The conversation quickly degenerated into scowls and then shoving. Daimon of the Hill Country, who was still, for the moment, corporeal, thought that he should probably use his rare opportunity to affect physical reality to do some good without manipulating the amusing yet frustrating Artist like a meat puppet. He moved to separate the fanboys, which was far easier for him than it should have been because even though he had been dead for 800 years, he was in better physical condition than either of them.

“Coming to blows over bits of molded plastic made by slave labor on the other side of the world is ridiculous” he said.

“This is THE Crapnado con exclusive, dude!” countered Stereotypical. “It’s not just a piece of molded plastic!”

“Yeah!” said Negative, quickly siding with Stereotypical against Daimon, who both instantly viewed as a common enemy. “Who are you dressed as, anyway? If you’re supposed to be Lord Arrowfodder, you’ve got the chainmail all wrong, and you need a badass two handed sword strapped across your back, not that short one you’ve got.”

Daimon thought for a moment about explaining the finer points and advantages of fighting with the sword he preferred but instead asked “Who the hell is Lord Arrowfodder?” Both fanboys regarded him with contempt.

“Jorge P.P. Martinez, dude? Game of Swords?” sneered Negative.

“I have no knowledge of that” said Daimon. The Artist had read all 25 of the books but he’d somehow slept through 19 of them.

“It’s posers like you who buy all the badges and keep the REAL fans from getting in!” Stereotypical sneered, even though this was only his 3rd time at the con.

“At least he’s not smart enough to compete with the real fans for the exclusives!” said Negative.

“You know what? I’ve changed my mind,” said Daimon, a hint of a growl discernible through his heavy Occitan accent. “Fighting is the only option. Go to it, boys, that Crapnado sewage pond is the most important thing in all the world. Give it your all. And when only one of you is left standing, I will personally take on the winner.”

“...and after I beat you like a pinata, I will shove the Crapnado sewage pond where you will never be able to remove it...” he added in his thoughts. But the sudden wash of negative emotions abruptly caused Daimon to dematerialize.

“Wow, amazing effect!” exclaimed Negative, and Stereotypical could not help but agree.



~Art Credits~

Cover by Taral Wayne
Page 3 Photos by James Bacon
Page 4 and Page 6 by Theresa Mather
Pages 5, 8, and 12 by Vanessa