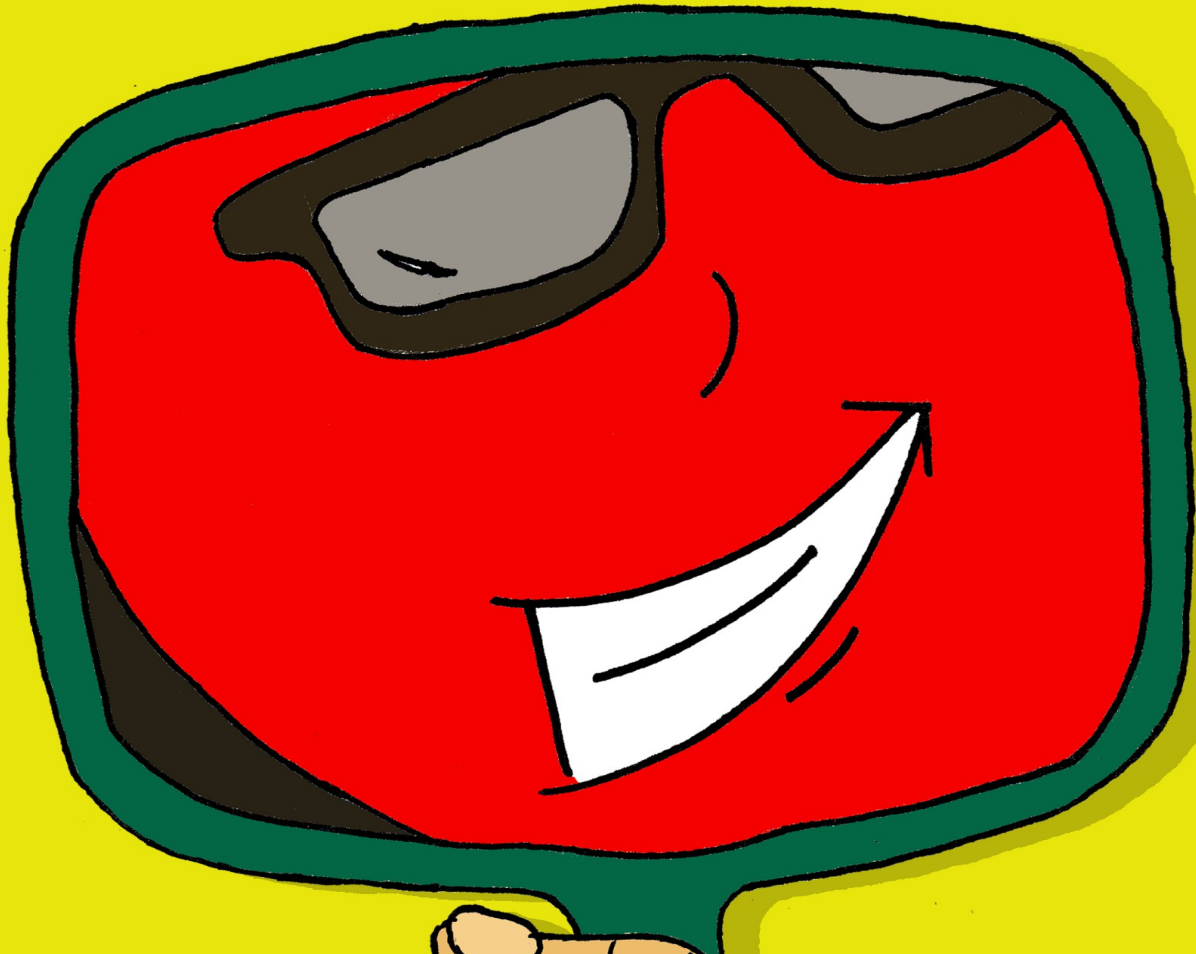


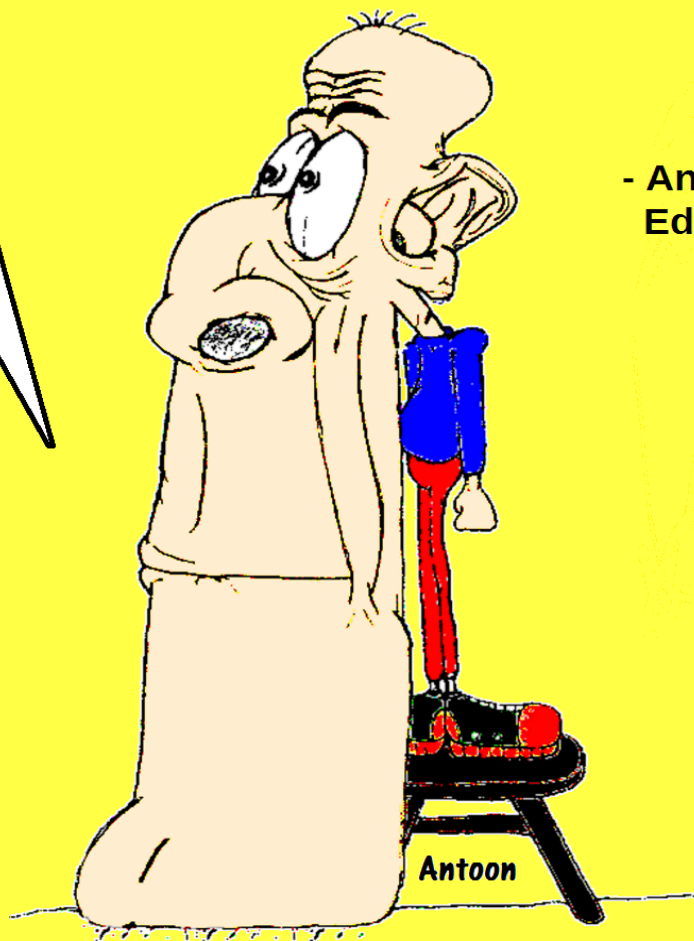
THE GREG

free indie comic magazine



The
Greg Looking-Glass
Issue

In 1825, a lithographic printer from Glasgow published the first mass-produced magazine that told stories using illustrations. It was called *The Glasgow Looking Glass* and pioneered such techniques as word balloons and the cliffhanger term To Be Continued. The fourth issue contained its first official comic strip, *History of a Coat* by William Heath. Soon after, numerous international publications dedicated to cartoons and comics emerged; France's *La Caricature* in 1830, Britain's *Punch* in 1841, Germany's *Fliegende Blätter* in 1845, Belgian's *Uylenspiegel* in 1856, and America's *Puck* in 1871. Many more followed, including *Illustrated Chips*, *O Tico-Tico*, *La Semaine de Suzette*, *Judge*, *The New Yorker*, *Famous Funnies*, *New Fun*, *Action Comics*, *Marvel Tales*, *Weird Science*, *Tales From the Crypt*, *Mad*, *Weekly Shōnen Jump*, and of course *The Greg*. Each of these publications illustrate the important influence comics and cartoons have had on society by offering a view of the world through an artistic looking glass.



- Anthony Applegate
Editor

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TRAPPY
PLACES

BIG
SCARY
LIZARDS

Art and character by SABrina Boyer

The A
is silent

Name: **Oda**

Class: **Rogue**

Race: **Gnome**

garden ← no.

Strength: Sad, almost nonexistent...
plus she is short.

Intelligence: She is usually too intoxicated to know
which side of a sword to hold.

Charisma: She likes to think its high.

Greatest Accomplishment:

Besides the scene in the comic on the next page,
shot a enemy in the eye from across a burning tent
while lying drunk on the floor.

Tragic Tale:

Got shot in the foot by one of her own
teammates two turns after they
shot the arrow up in the air.

rolled
1 →

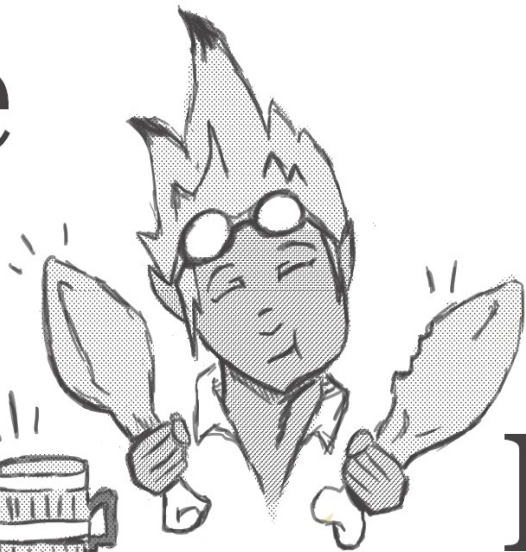
Do you have a character or funny story from playing an R.P.G.?
Email us your story and your character might end up in The Greg!

thegregmagazine@gmail.com
(make subject title RPG)





Take
All



The
FOOD!





issue 1

A PROLOGUE

Elisabeth Birch



I am Kokkino Eruin.

I have lived an adventurous life, full of mighty warriors and battles of noble hero spirits- from deep within catacombs to up upon the highest mountain tips.

I have fought with the fury of a lion and the skill of a cunning spider all my days...

But... in all I've been through, I have learned that there always comes a day when even the mightiest heroes fall...

Eliveir!!!

Please, you have to return NOW!

And I fear my day has come

...

she took the ring!!!

Halt!

Get them!!

Can't let them escape!

we're going to catch you, wench!

Boss'll kill us!

ARROW

They're this way!

Don't let them out!

Catch up with them!

SHE TOOK THE RING!!!

Come on...!

and I shall lose. Everything.

That day HAS come. And I... well...
I know I'm not getting out of this one.

I am really going to die this time.

Come back!

OW!

Don't let them go!

I'm going to fall. My legs gave out. I stumbled. I've tripped.



My Mistress Kokkino... I am very glad to see you well... it makes me so happy! You must be well, alright?

The stone beneath my feet is cold... just like my memories. They seem to fade with my sanity as the pain and time has dulled my senses...



It's too much. Even for me.

I'm falling.





Stop them!



Grunt

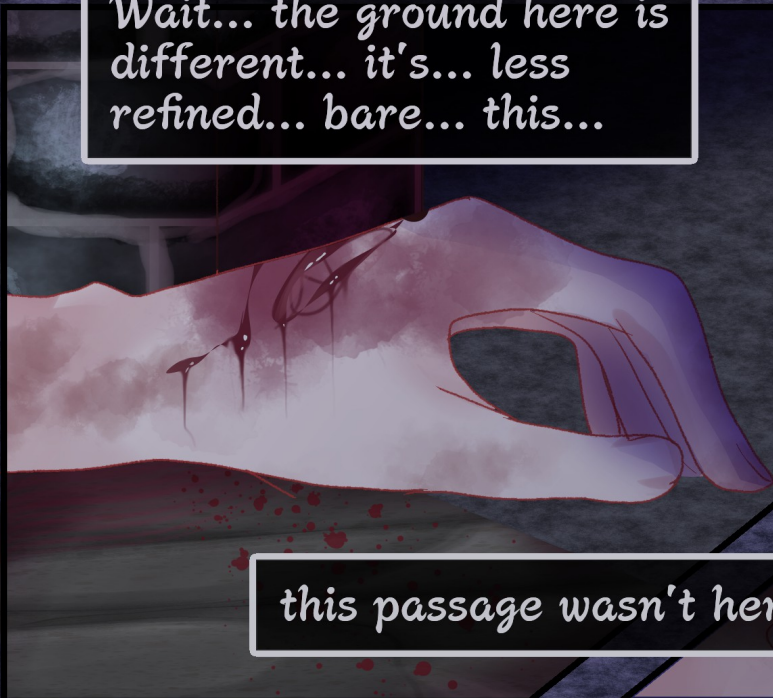


No, she's this way

Ow...

we need her

Wait... the ground here is different... it's... less refined... bare... this...



where'd they go?!

this passage wasn't here earlier.



What...

Get back here!!

It's a secret passage...
how did I find it...?

Eliveir!
Eliveir,

please, wake up!

Don't let them go-

I found her blood-

Kokkino... my
la...dy...

I can't keep carrying him...

Eliveir! You must
return now!!

No, this way!

Eliveir...

I do not want to hurt him.
Never again. No more.


N-no... Kokkino,
no, please, don't make
me leave you, please-

If only I had a choice.

Elevein Fos tou méllontos-



NO! Kokkino, STOP-!



I order you,
as you're bearer,
to return!!!



But you promised....

I-I know... Eliveir... I'm...

I don't have choice. I have to get away. I can't let them get to him. Even if... Even if... that means...



I'm so sorry...

Even if that means I have to
kill him. He's too dangerous.

I'm so sorry, Eliveir...

A woman with long, dark hair is shown in a dark, maze-like passage. She is wearing a dark, form-fitting dress. The floor is dark with light-colored geometric patterns. The walls are dark and textured. There are some green leaves or petals floating in the air. The lighting is dim, with some red light visible in the background.

The door to the passage shut behind me, trapping me in.

I don't mind, though.

I never planned to leave this passage anyway.

It's long, and twisting, like I'm wandering an endless maze with a thousand endless turns.

I can't keep going... I'm trying, trying so hard to do what I cannot.

I've always hated admitting that in the end, I'm only human.

But now... it's right here, in my face. These are my last breaths, and...



There's a light ahead....



Oh... I see...

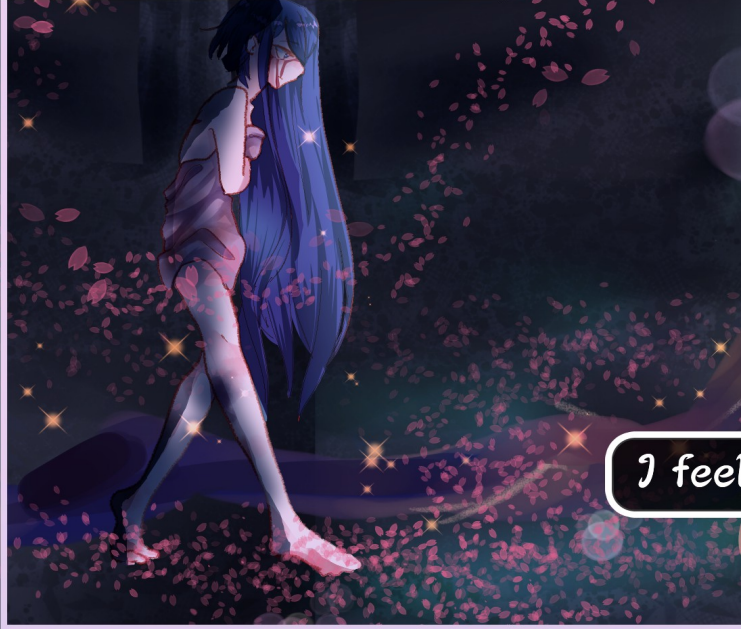


This is where I want it to happen.

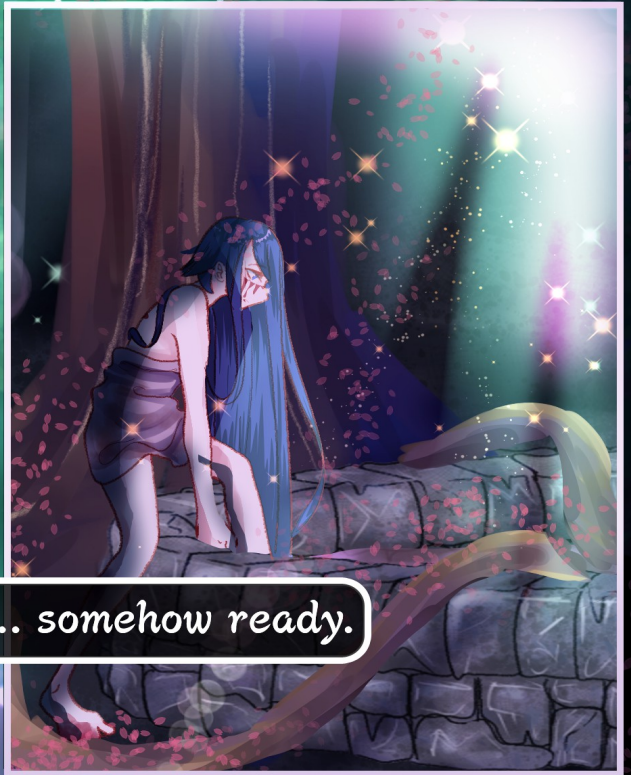
We spend our whole lives avoiding this. But now it's in my face,

I realize, that is not true. We spend our entire lives preparing for this day.

And even though this is not how I thought it would happen, not at all,



I feel... somehow ready.



The water is old. Stale. But it is sweet relief to the burning pain.



It's cold. And the flowers... are in full bloom

Even down here, life thrives. It somehow survives with this fountain and a skylight leading to the sun and moon.

Isn't it beautiful?

I feel welcomed. I feel done. Finally.



I am going to die.

KOKKINO!

Kokkino- no, don't leave me, take off my ring, don't make me forget you-

His ring. The ring that holds his soul...

The ring I wear on my right hand.

If my heart stops beating while it's still there... he will disappear with me.

Eliveir...

But we both know...

Remember that....

I love you...

I can't do that. I can't let him live if others will use him to destroy the world we so love... He fades with me. Just like that. So simple, so easy...

Goodbye....

Art and Poem by SABrina Boyer

The Chase



Lovely, sweet and pretty words, painted on my face.
Charming, soft, polite saying: start up this little race.

I say things so nice and warm, you move close to feel this joy.

Now you've come into my trap, your mind becomes my toy.

I let you slip out of my claws, make you feel like you are safe.

Little do you know, dear game, I do this for the chase!



A stylized signature 'SAB' in red ink.

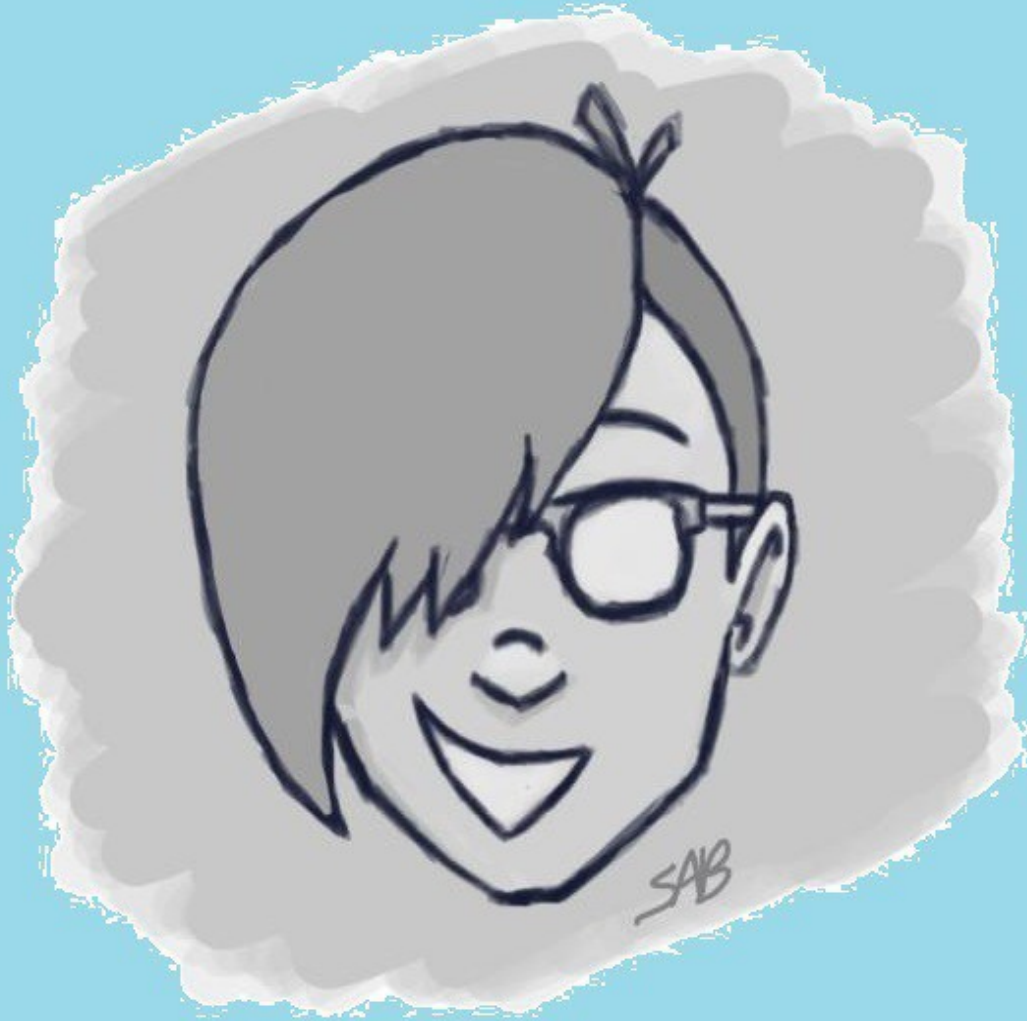


SAB





Elisabeth Birch (Uni) - Before you ask, I go by Uni because of inside joke among friends. I'm an aspiring artist in the manga/anime genre who is obsessive in pursuing fantasy, sci-fi and all in between in my art and stories! I'm very detailed in all I do, especially world building in fiction, and can't wait to be friends with all of you!



SABrina Boyer - A huge nerd from the upstate of New York. Has been a lover of comics and graphic novels most of her life, and has recently started loving manga! Is so excited to be working with great writers and have her work get published! Aspiring to one day work for one of the bigger animated studios to make children movies! (Will use all the money she makes from that to bring dinosaurs back, no matter how many Jurassic park movies they make to tell her that's a bad idea!)



Amanda Lund