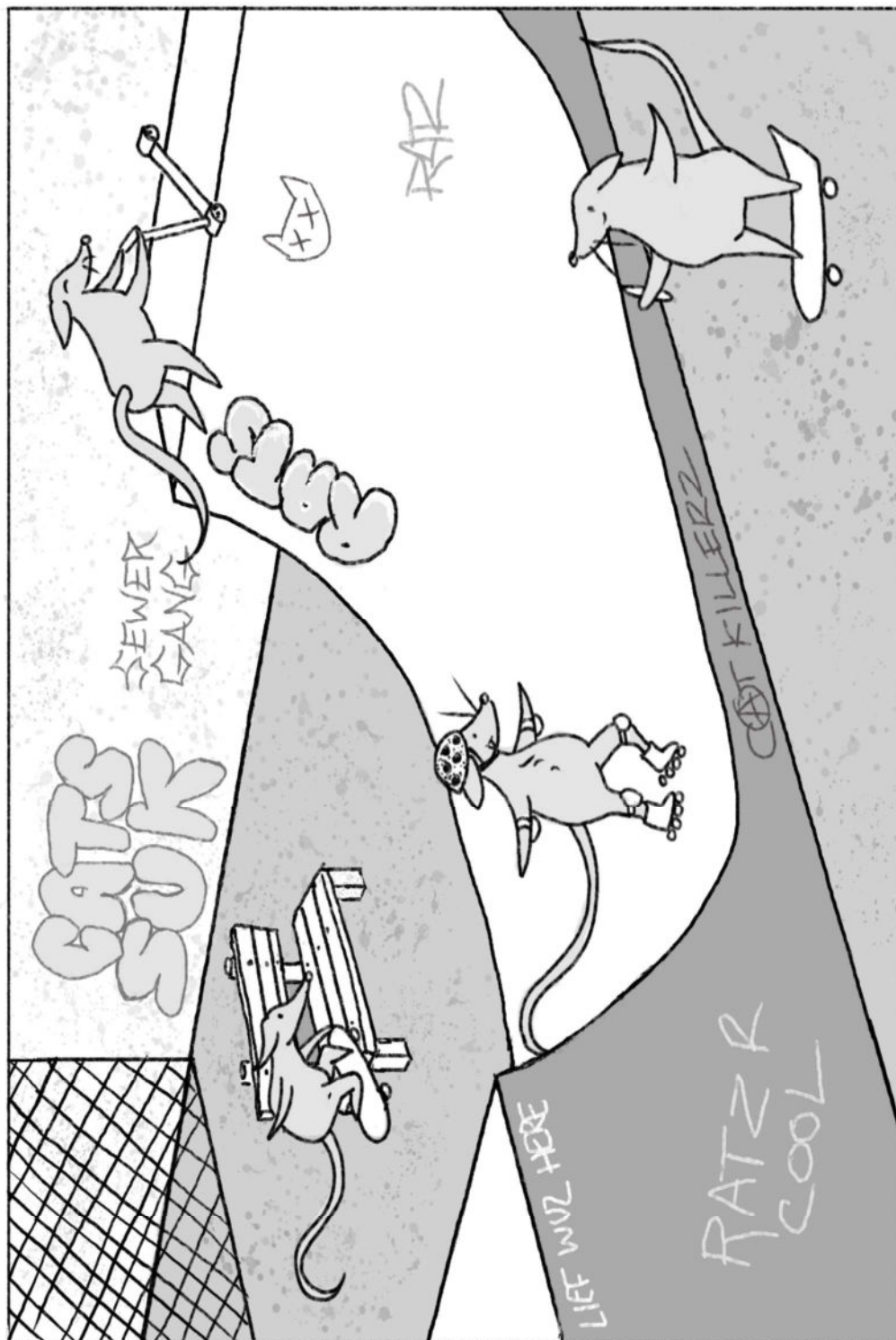
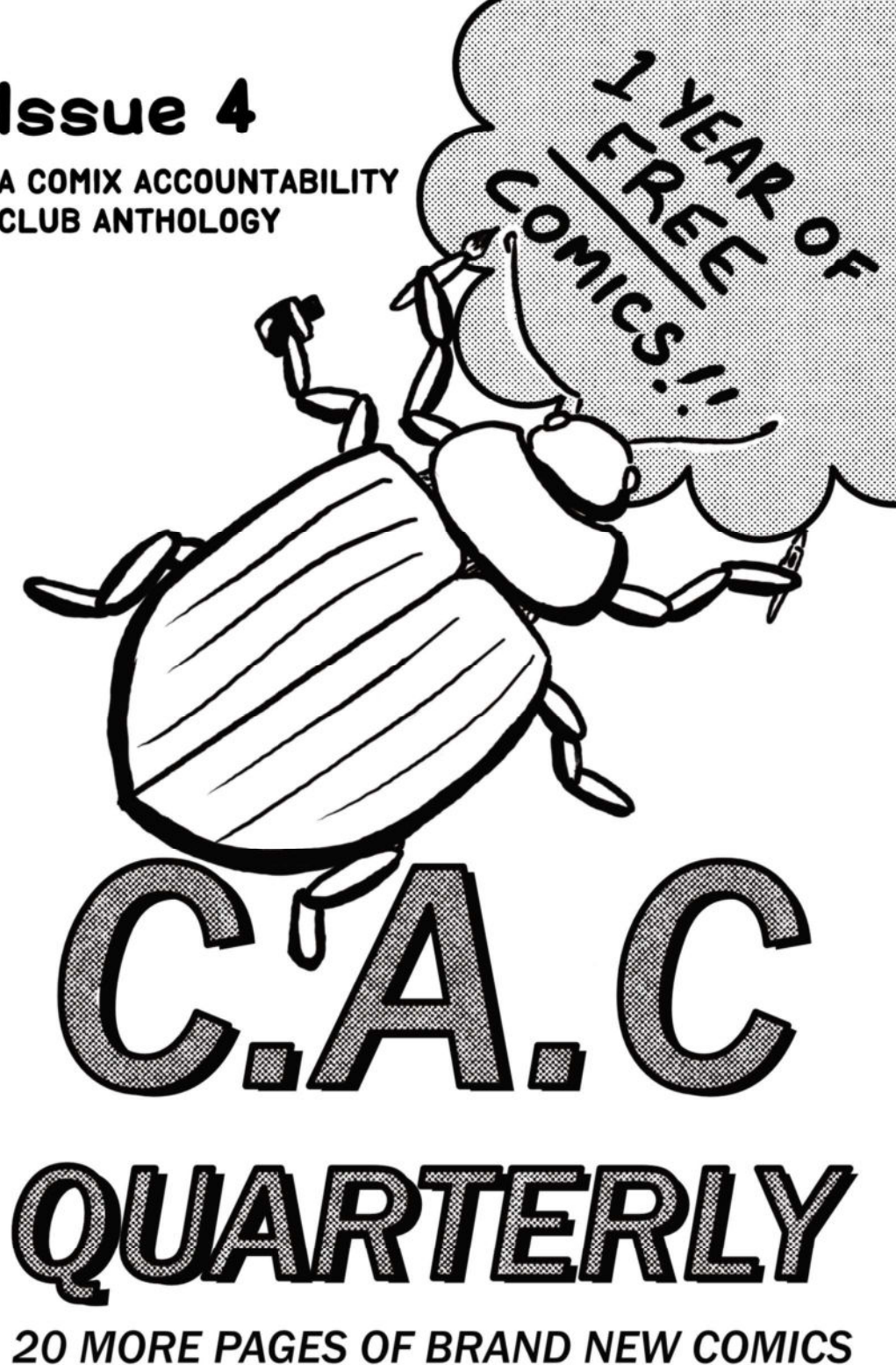




Issue 4

A COMIX ACCOUNTABILITY
CLUB ANTHOLOGY



This is the fourth issue of the CAC Quarterly
January 2025 (Happy 1 year!)

CREATED
BY MEMBERS
OF THE
COMIX
ACCOUNTABILITY
CLUB



Contents:

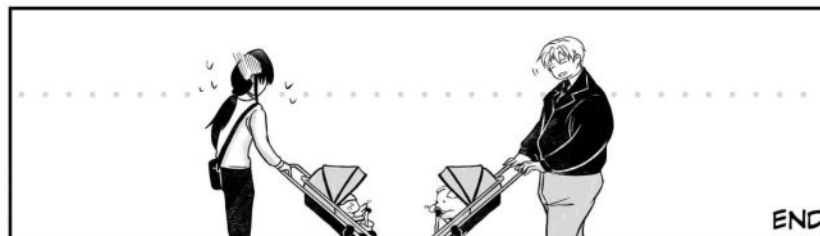
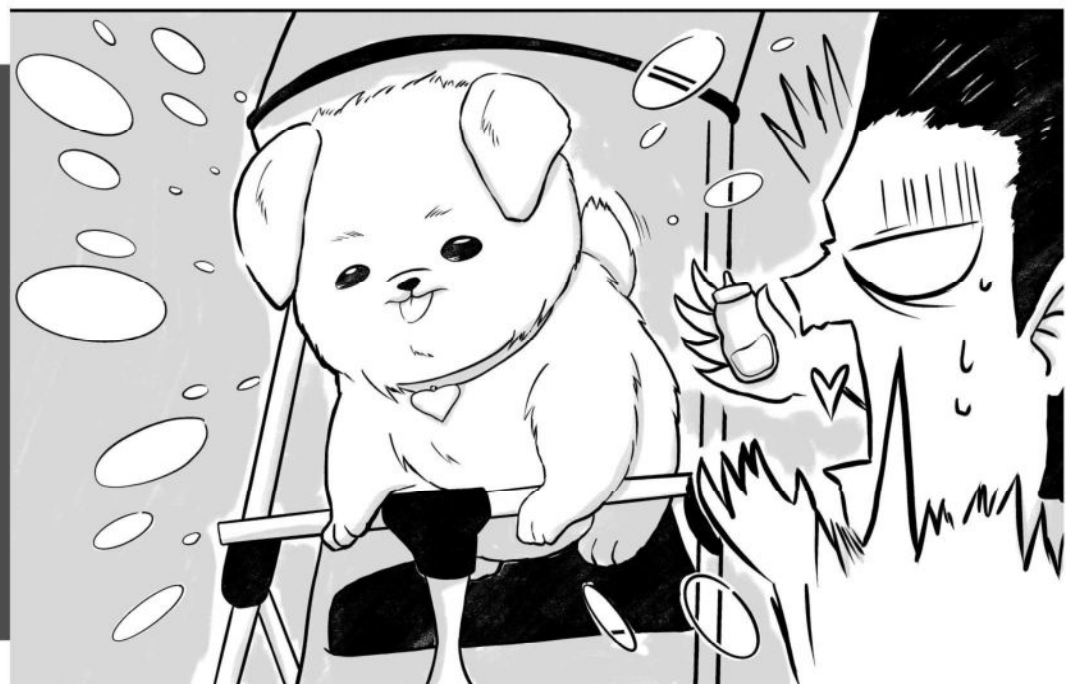
"Smokey Comic Strip" by Marino Yinug (@bungowife on Bluesky!)
"Robot Girl" By Perry (@perrseity)
"Punk Shark on Recycling" by Victor Santiago & Markk JC
(@warpvector, @bozorobo)
"Infusion Clinic" by Micah Liesenfeld (@micahnova)
"Over the Years" by Rae Whitlock (@hashtagraewhitlock)
"Inky Nightmares" by Cate (@phantatrix)
"Love Me Like a Reptile" by Kyle Kerezsi (@kylekerezsi)
"A Video" by FM (@nervous_lemon)
"Captain Saguaro" by A.I. Miller (@aimiller)
"The Deepen" pt. 2 by Vale Rodriguez (@ccrvdr)
"Stargazing" by Smog (@smogfrogg)
"Zemlune" by selephida (@selephida)
"Son of a Fish" by Ryan B. (@awfulquiet)
"Groceries and More" by Kaitou-al (@kaitou_al)
"Rat Paradise" and front cover by Lief Bennett (@houseoflief)

The Comix Accountability Club was founded by
Shannon Spence (@shan.zine)
and

Kathy DeLoria (@highlykatheinated)

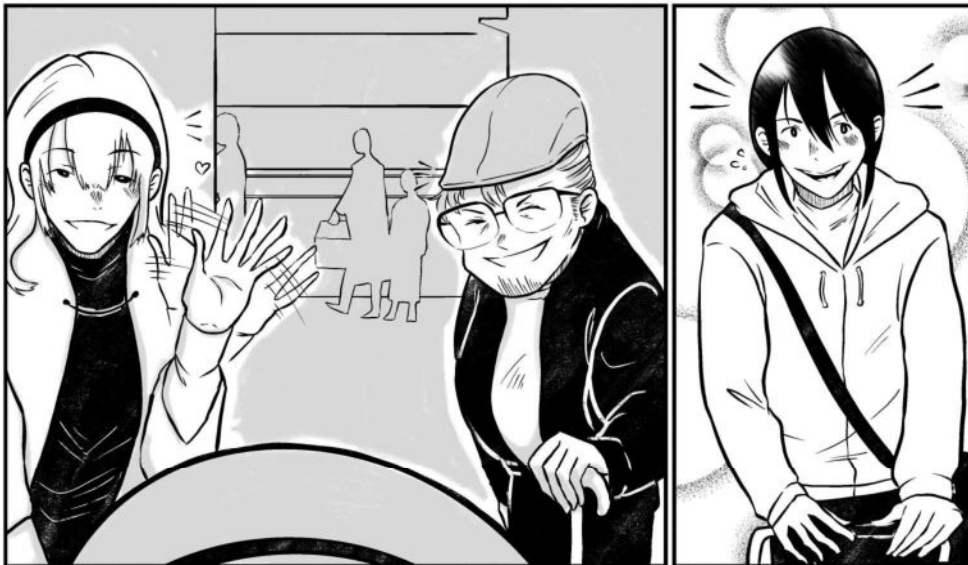
The CAC Quarterly is very loosely edited by Ryan B. (@AwfulQuiet)
For info on joining the CAC, send us a DM @comix.club

The CAC Quarterly is a comix anthology zine meant to showcase
previously unpublished works by members of the
Comix Accountability Club. These are one- or two-page stories
that haven't fit into larger collections, or maybe find the
cartoonist experimenting with a new style of art or storytelling.
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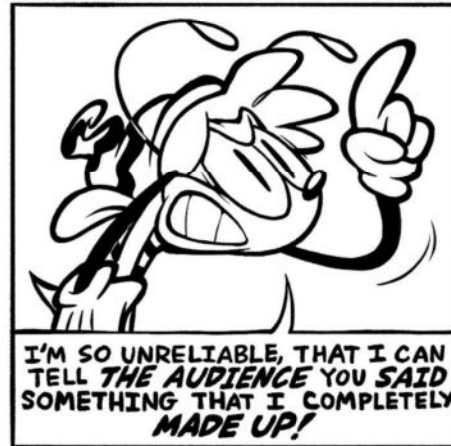


END

KAITOU-AL // AWSKETCH.COM

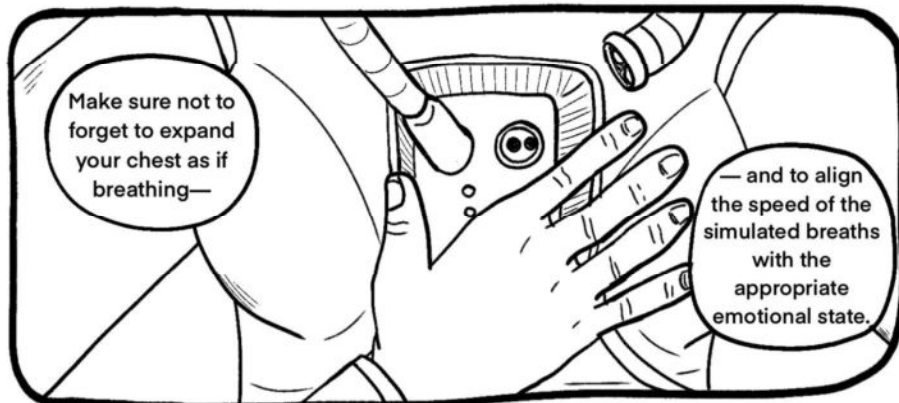
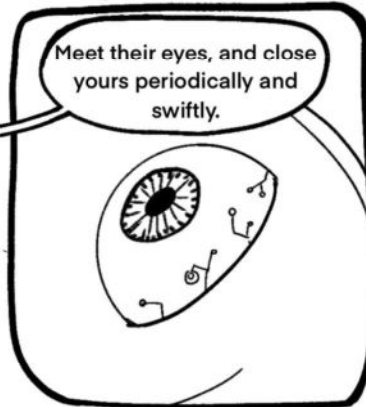
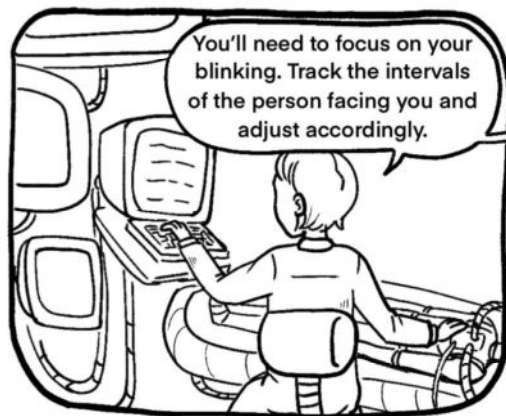


OSCAR
SMOKEY & FLAUREL



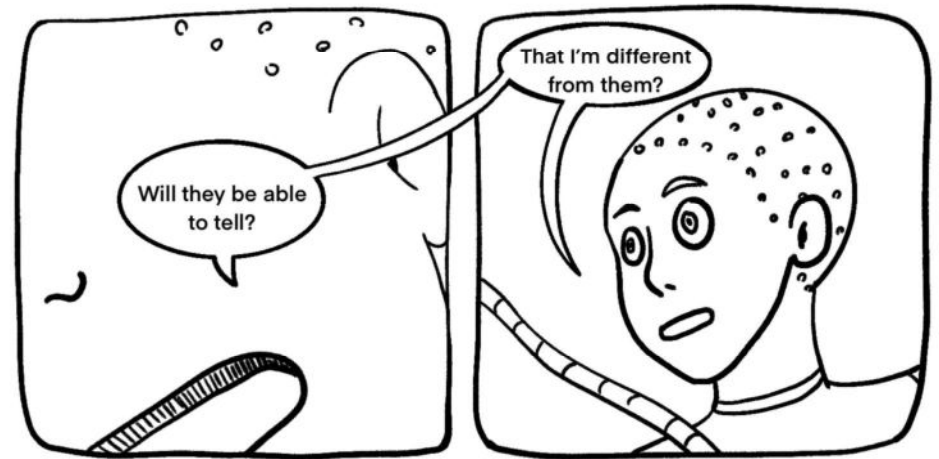
"Robot Girl"

by: Perryseity



ZEMLUNE

ZEMLUNES ARE NOCTURNAL. THE LENSES ON THEIR HEAD ARE USED TO FILTER MOONLIGHT, WHICH IS THEN CONVERTED INTO A SPECIAL FLUID THAT IS SECRETED OUT OF THEIR EARS AND INTO A DISC.



PUNK SHARK ON RECYCLING

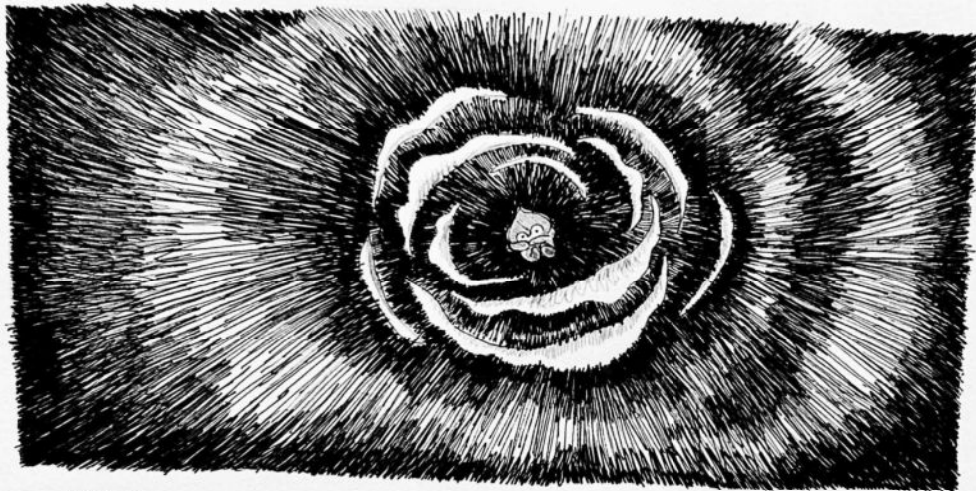
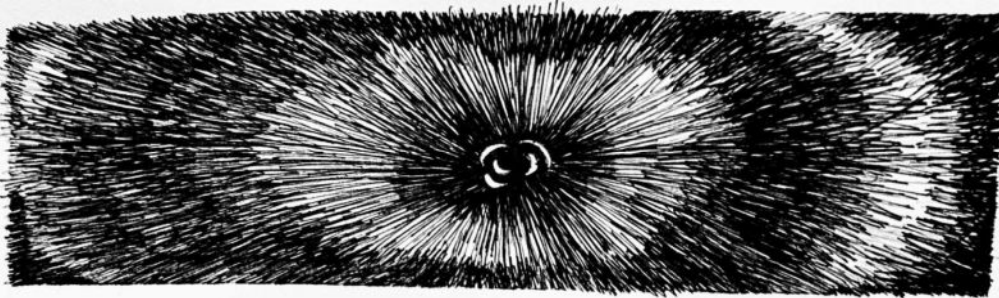


ART: BOZO ROBO

WORDS: VICTOR SANTIAGO



SMOGFROGG



INFUSION CLINIC

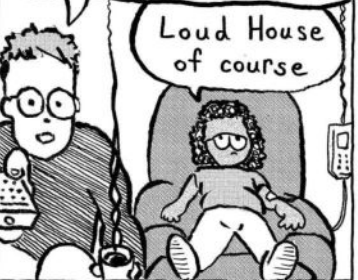


Now we put the turtle shell over your IV to protect it

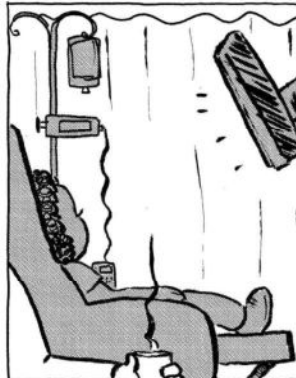
I know



You want to watch Masha, Mickey's Club House, or Loud House?



Loud House of course

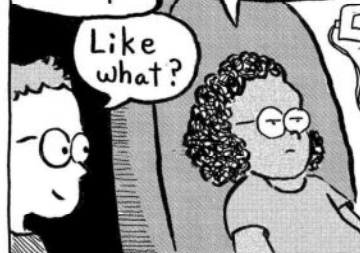


Papa... I need to say a bad word

Hmm?



Like a brand new bad word... I want to make one up



Like what?

Like... OH BUTTER BISCUITS!



Nice!

Oh butter biscuits I've got this IV in my arm again



Oh butter biscuits, we're stuck in this infusion clinic again



Yeah

Oh butter biscuits there's nothing to watch except Loud House again



Yeah!

Oh butter biscuits I waited until the last minute to pay my taxes and now I have to pay a service fee to pay online when I could've just dropped them in the mail at no extra charge!

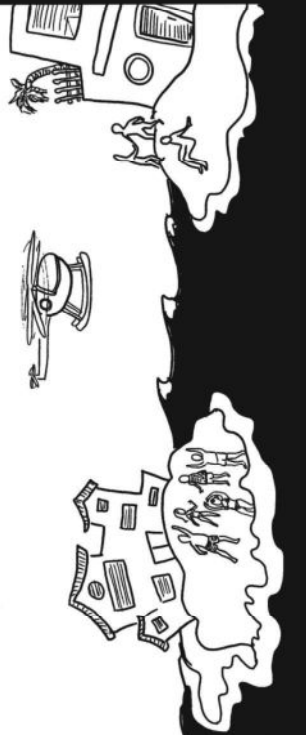


You're over-doing it

OVER the YEARS

TZAE WHITLOCK '25

EVERYONE IN THE BIZ ENJOYED MONUMENTOUS FINANCIAL GAINS EFFORTLESSLY. THEY ALL OWNED PRIVATE ISLANDS WITH PALATIAL HOMES AND HOSTED BACCHANALS EVERY NIGHT. THE VERY FINEST IN FOOD, FASHION, AND ENTERTAINMENT BECAME STANDARD FARE.



THE NEW YEAR'S EVE GLASSES INDUSTRY STARTED BLOWING UP IN THE 90'S.



ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT!

ANOTHER WINNING DESIGN!

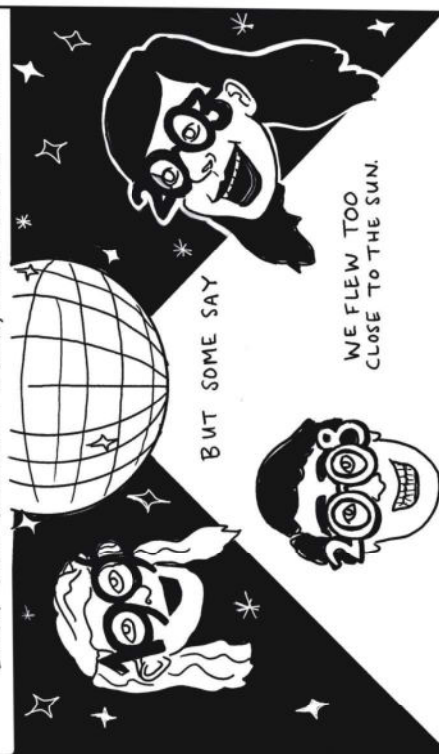
CLAP CLAP

AND THE SUCCESS CONTINUED UNABATED INTO THE NEW MILLENNIUM. IT SEEMED THE SKYWARD TRAJECTORY WOULD NEVER END.



2001

EVERY YEAR BROUGHT A NEW, MORE PERFECT DESIGN.



BUT SOME SAY

WE FLEW TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN.

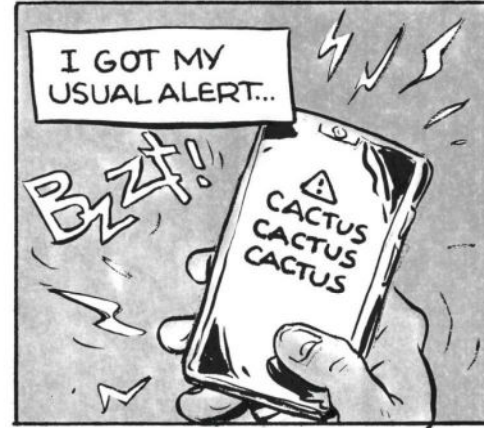


BE SAFE OUT THERE, AND REST ASSURED I'M **ON THE CASE!**



...SO I JUMPED INTO ACTION!

THAT'S ME!!



I GOT MY USUAL ALERT...

BZZ!



UH...
TOMORROW!

'NIGHT CHAT.



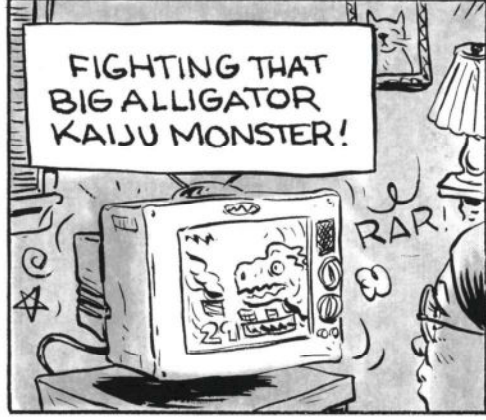
IT ESCAPED... I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT WENT. BUT...

I'M **REALLY** SLEEPY...

SO...



THE KAIJU WAS **RAMPAGING** THROUGH THE CITY!!



YES, I WAS THERE, IN MY MODEST, BRUSHED NICKEL WIRE FRAMES.



EX X S
OD -5.75
OS -5.75

PD 67 MM

BUT I GOT OUT WHEN I FORESAW THE END - AND I TRIED TO WARN THEM.

I WENT TO MY BUSIEST FIRST THING THE NEXT MORNING.

"BUT, MR. TEMPLE, I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!"

"MY DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN TO YOU!"

"YES, OF COURSE, O' YOU IN TODAY!"

"NEAREST WHAT IS IT THEN?"

"WELL, SIR, I'VE BEEN RUNNING SOME CALCULATIONS AND - I'M AFRAID, IT SEEMS...

"...I'LL..."

"ABSURD!! OUT OF MY OFFICE WITH THIS NEGATIVITY!"

"BUT YOU SEE, THIS HAS BEEN A FUNNY! WE SIMPLY CANNOT SUSTAIN DESIGN-WISE!"

"NON SENSE!! THE RISE! YEAR YET! WE'RE ON THE RISE!"

"WE'RE DUE FOR A CRASH. A BUBBLE BURST. POP! SPLOAT. KA-BLOODE!"

"IT WAS LATE ONE TUESDAY EVENING IN 2009"

"I WAS AT THE OFFICE, CRUNCHING NUMBERS."

"HMM..."

"THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT... UNLESS..."

"DEAR GOD, NO."

"BUT, MR. TEMPLE!"

"OUT!!!"

"YOU'RE FIRED, YOU! DO YOU HEAR ME?"

"KICK"

"I DID TRY AGAIN."

"GREG? IT'S ME - NO - PLEASE LISTEN!"

"HAHAHA, DONG YOU OLD FOOL!"

"I SOLD ALL MY SHARES LATER THAT YEAR."

"INVESTED IN PROPERTY. LAND-LOCKED THIS TIME."

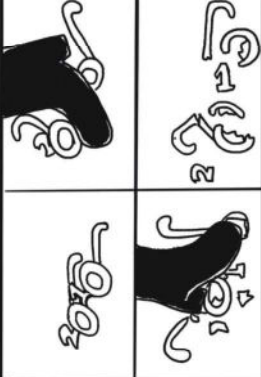
"TO NO AVAIL."

THE 2010 DESIGN MEETING WAS UNCHARACTERISTICALLY TENSE. THE FRAMES WERE SALVAGED BY PLACING THE "1" ON THE NOSE BRIDGE, BUT IT WAS AN UNHAPPY COMPROMISE.



THEIR TROUBLES WERE JUST BEGINNING, OF COURSE, BECAUSE ONE YEAR LATER WAS THE NOW INFAMOUS 2011 DESIGN MEETING.

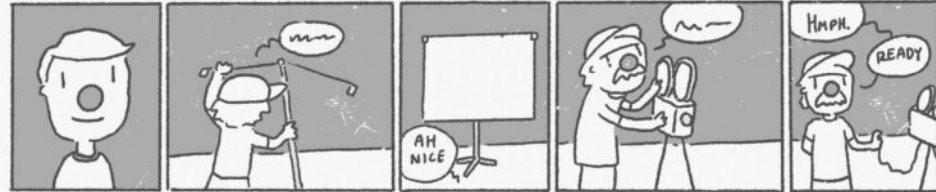
IT WAS PURE CHAOS, NO ONE KNEW HOW TO POSITION THE SECOND LENS.



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE PANIC BECAME VIOLENCE.

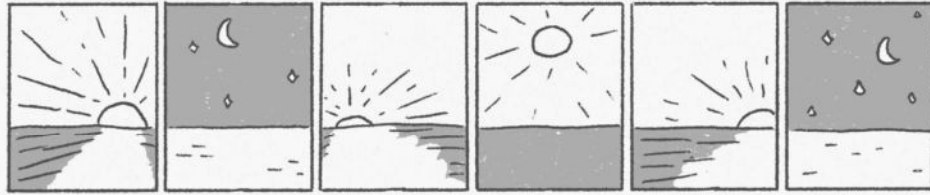
AND THEN THE HORRORS BEGAN.

THE CARS, HOUSES, ALL GONE. THEY LOST EVERYTHING.



I WANNA WATCH A VIDEO

A COMIC BY: 



DESPERATE EXECUTIVES BARRICADED THEMSELVES INTO THEIR CORNER OFFICES.

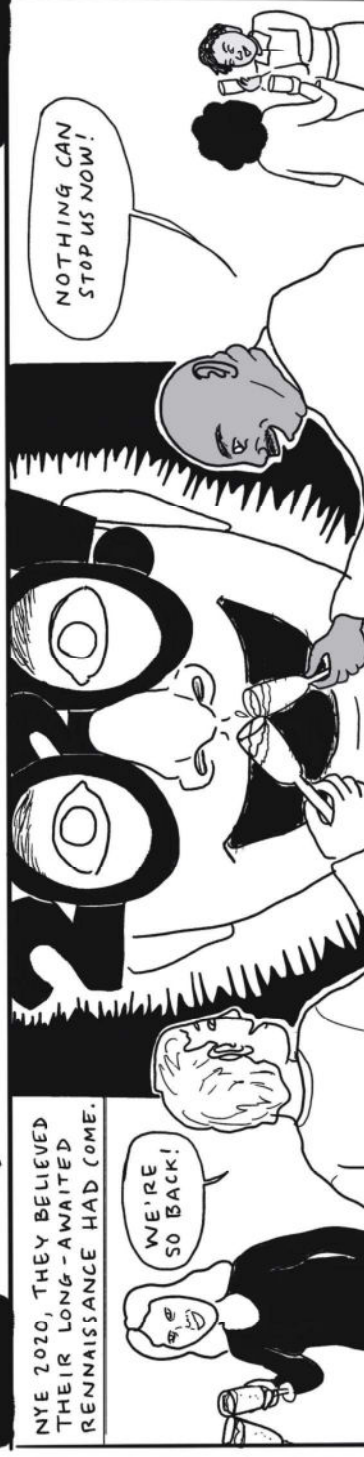
SOME SAY THEY'RE STILL THERE



NYE 2020, THEY BELIEVED THEIR LONG-AWAITED RENAISSANCE HAD COME.

WE'RE SO BACK!

NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW!



THERE IS NO FUTURE IN NUMBERS LIKE 2022, 2027, 2032 - OUR TIME HAS PASSED AND WE WILL BE BUT A BLIP IN THE HISTORY BOOKS.

AS FOR ME, I KEEP MY EXPECTATIONS LOW. MY JOYS ARE SIMPLE.

AND I NEVER BOTHER CELEBRATING A NEW YEAR.



