

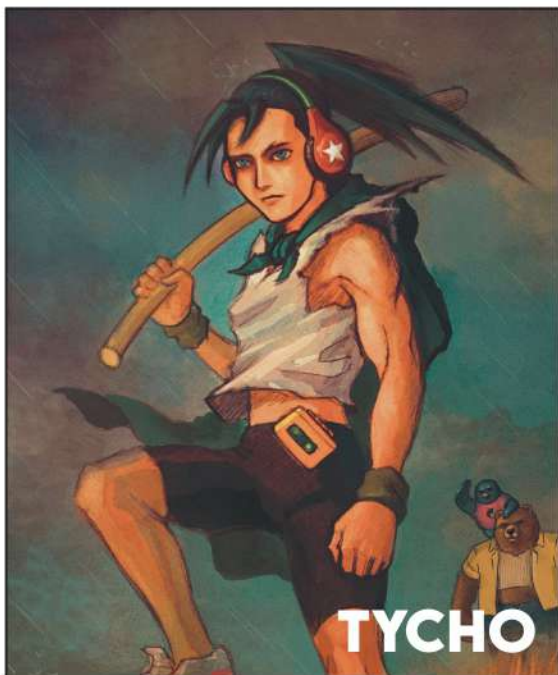
REMASTER MONK



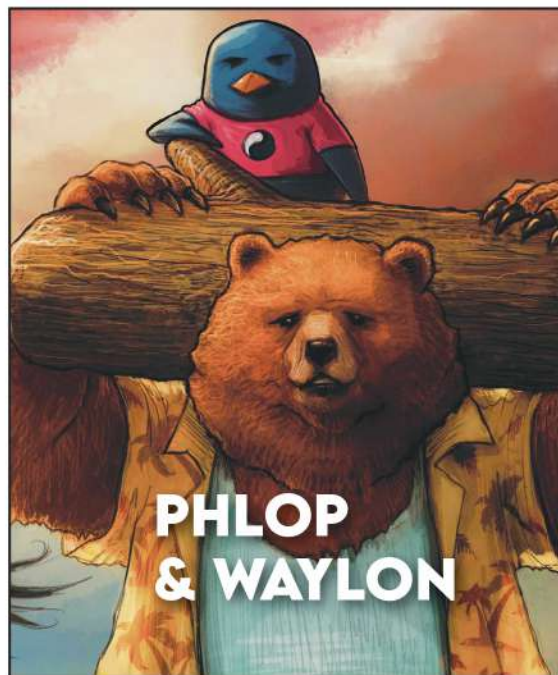
IS IT JUST YOUR NOSTALGIA, OR IS THE WORLD GETTING WORSE?

Your memories are being revised. Your life is getting a remaster. Welcome to the Retro World of *ReMaster Monk*, a manga-inspired comic written and illustrated by Leviathan a.k.a. Levi Hoffmeier.

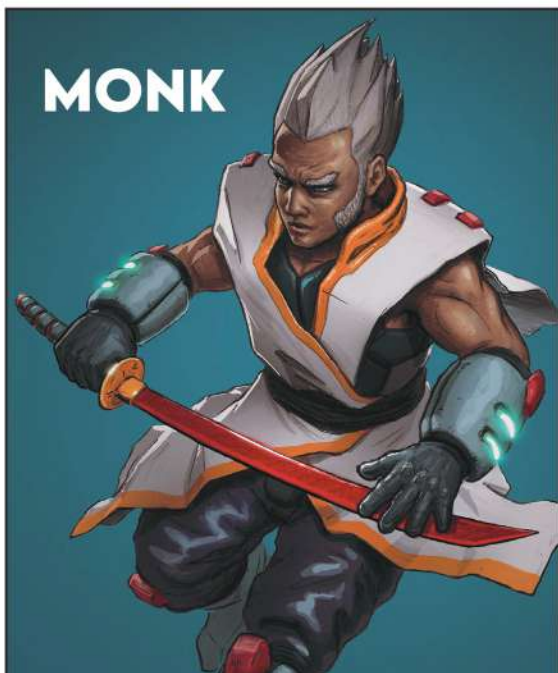
THE PLAYERS



Tycho, struggling with intrusive thoughts and dissociation, has been on a journey into the wild to distract himself from his suffering. He uses a walkman and headphones to stay calm and focused when his symptoms manifest. He hopes to return to CD City one day, cured of his sickness.



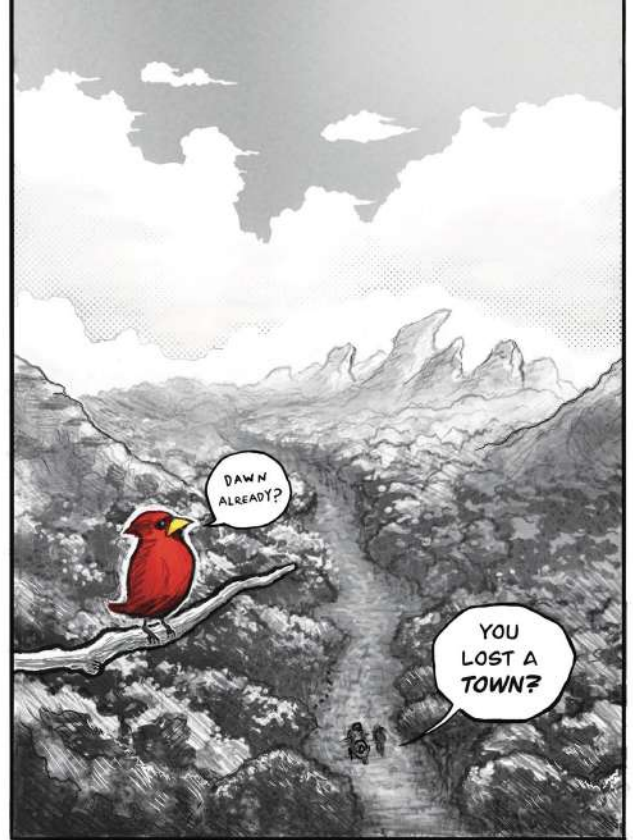
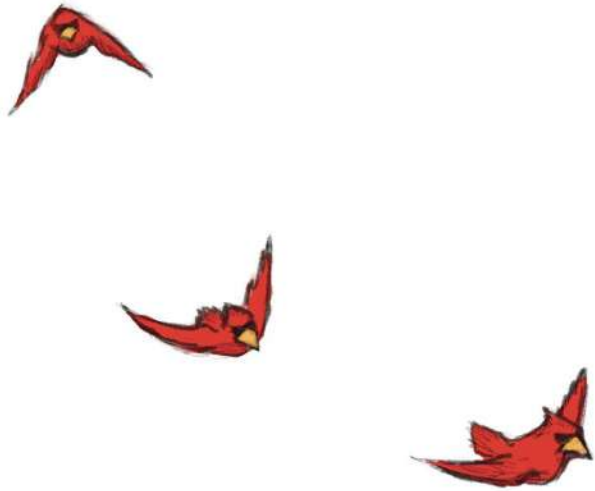
Penguin detective Philip R. Phlop and his spiritual advisor, the bear Waylon, make up the *Mind's Eye Detective Agency*. The Agency investigates psychological mysteries and crimes in an attempt to restore mental health to a troubled land still recovering from the Great Sickness. Phlop provides the brains; Waylon provides the heart.



Monk guards the First Station, a dilapidated castle on the borders of land now colonized by the ReMaster Corp. He was once a young musician whose work was "remastered" until he turned against the Corp and was exiled. When he sees their renewed expansion, he investigates, crossing paths with Tycho, Phlop, and Waylon.



A devious marketing firm made up of cardboard *Bots*, artificial *Influencers*, and mysterious static lifeform *Bosses*. They use disruptive technology to weaponize nostalgia and take advantage of traumatized populations, then sell their culture to the highest bidder.



DAWN
ALREADY?

YOU
LOST A
TOWN?



TOWNS.
PLURAL. WE'VE
LOST CONTACT
WITH A NUMBER OF
SETTLEMENTS TO
THE SOUTHEAST.

MESSENGERS.
TRADERS. NO ONE
HAS RETURNED.



AND SO
THE MIND'S EYE
DETECTIVE AGENCY
WAS HIRED BY THE
OUTER COUNCIL TO
INVESTIGATE.

TOWNS
DISAPPEAR
AND THEY SEND..
THE TWO OF
YOU?



I AGREE, IT IS OVERKILL, SENDING AN AGENCY OF SUCH PRESTIGE AS US.

...RIIIIGHT.

BUT THE COUNCIL WANTS TO BE CAREFUL. SOMETHING LIKE THIS HASN'T HAPPENED SINCE THE SICKNESS OF OLD REMADE THESE LANDS.



AS IN "THE" SICKNESS?



YES, THE SICKNESS WASN'T A COLD OR A FLU. IT WAS--

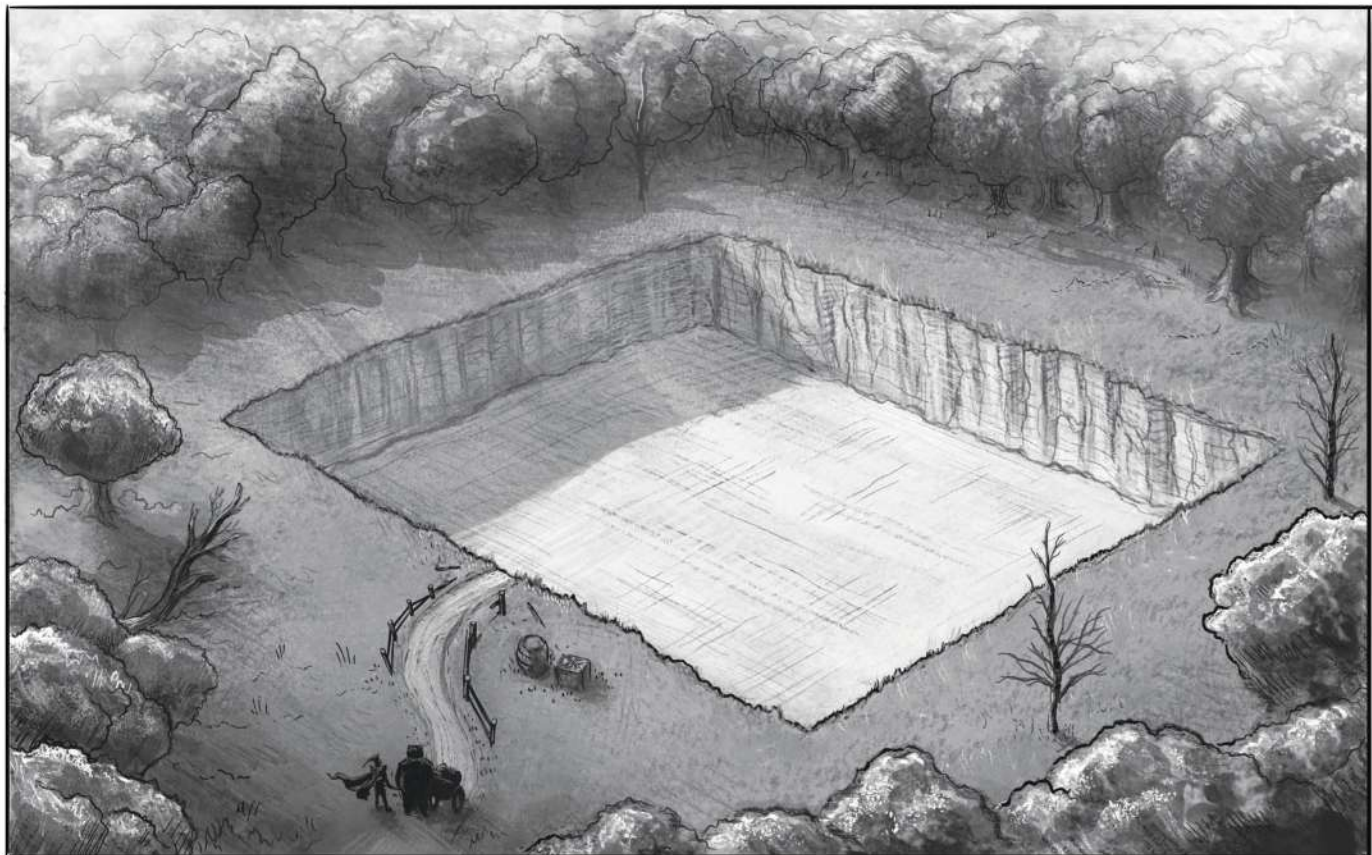
--WELL, LET'S FIND A MUG OF ALE BEFORE I TRY TO EXPLAIN THAT!

JUST UP AHEAD IS A WAYSTATION CALLED BOPLIN.

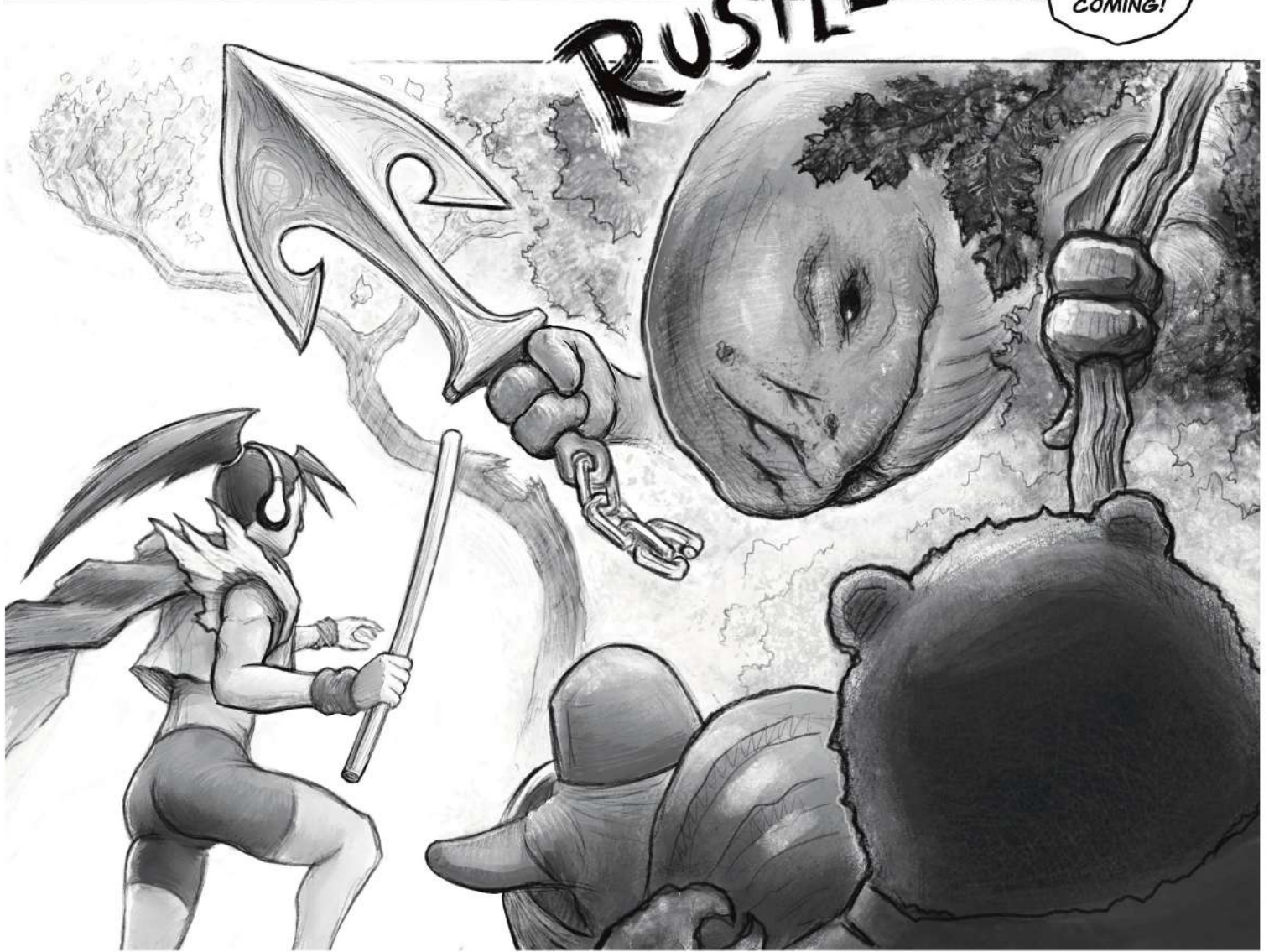


THERE'S A COZY LITTLE TAVERN THERE THAT--

OH MY...









YOU AGAIN?

COME BACK FOR A REMATCH?

YOU MAY'VE WON OUR LAST TANGO BUT NOT THIS--





OKAY,
OKAY...

IT'S BEEN
LESS THAN 24
HOURS SINCE
YOU BEAT ME.

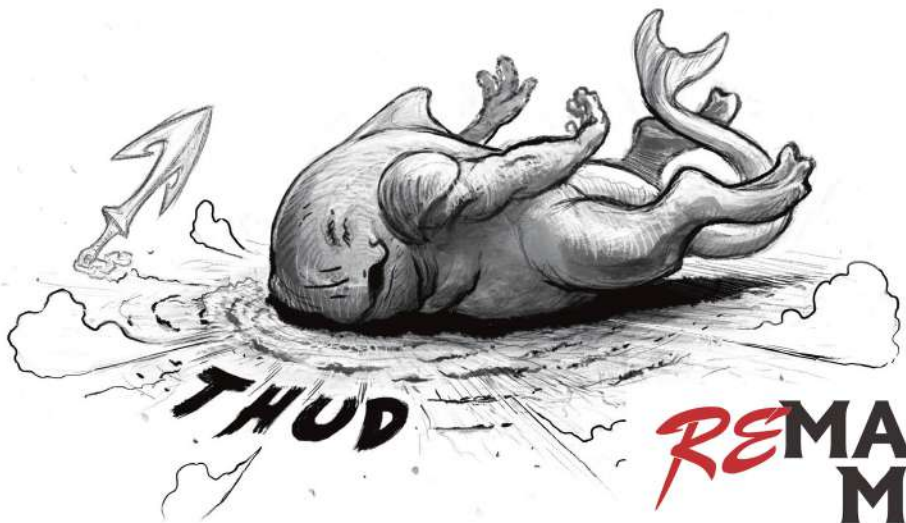


I HAVE
NOT TRAINED,
LEARNED
ANYTHING
NEW,
AND THIS
IS STILL
DEFINELY
JUST A
STICK.

...BUT
I THINK I
GOT YA THIS
TIME.



NO, WAIT
TYCHO, LOOK!
HE'S HURT--



REMASTER
MONK