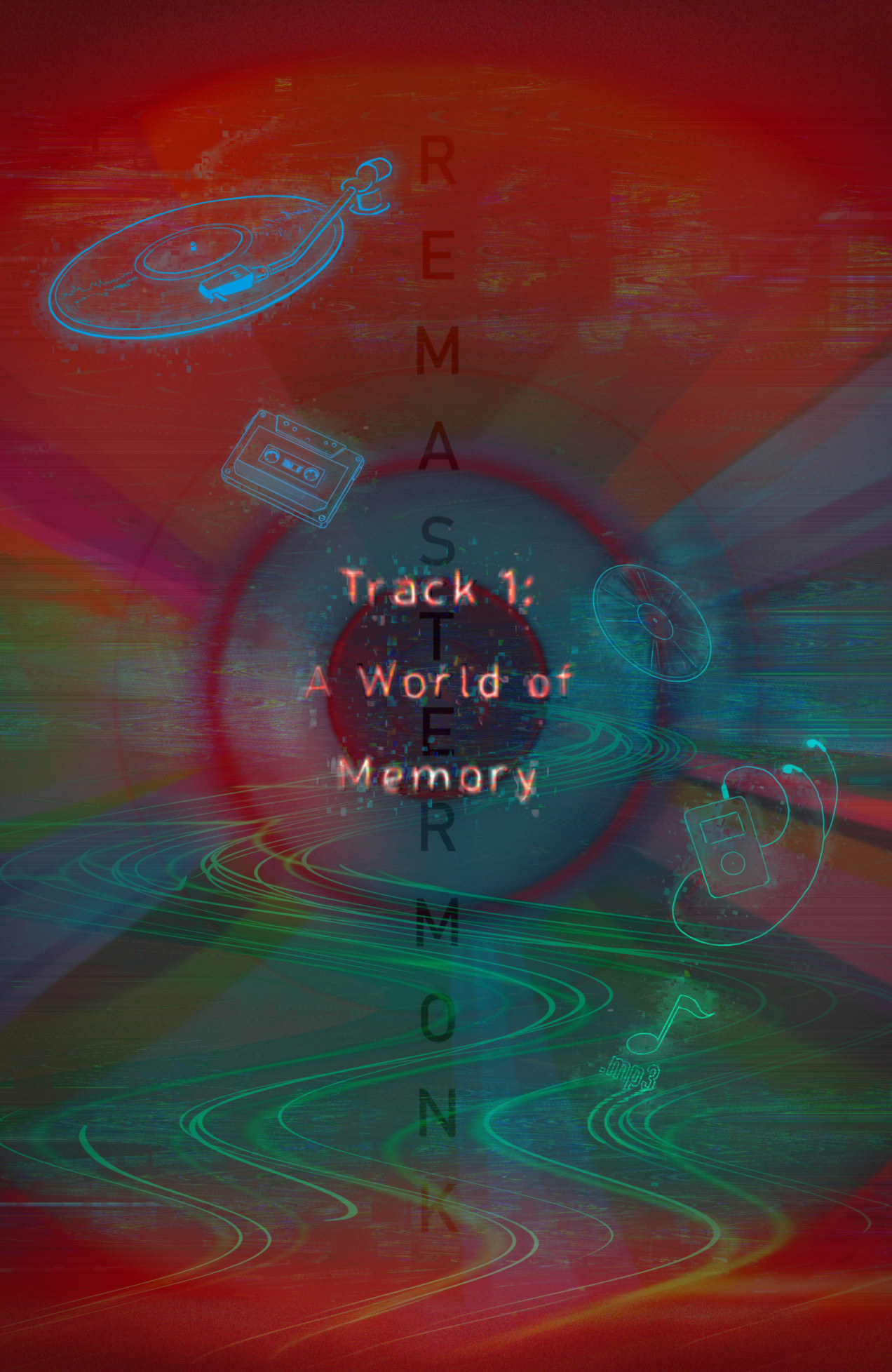
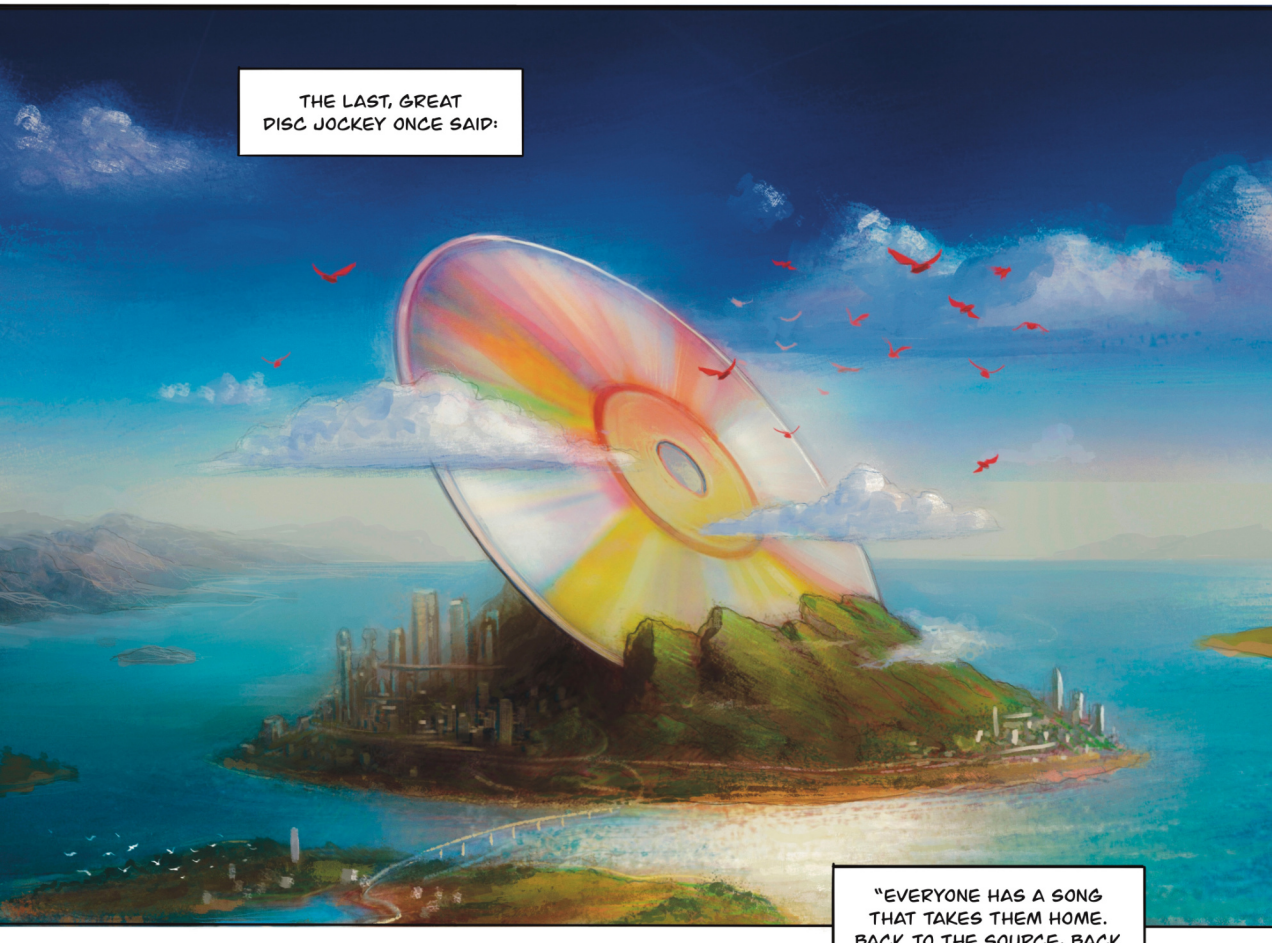
IS IT JUST YOUR NOSTALGIA OR IS THE WORLD GETTING WORSE?

REMASTER MONK

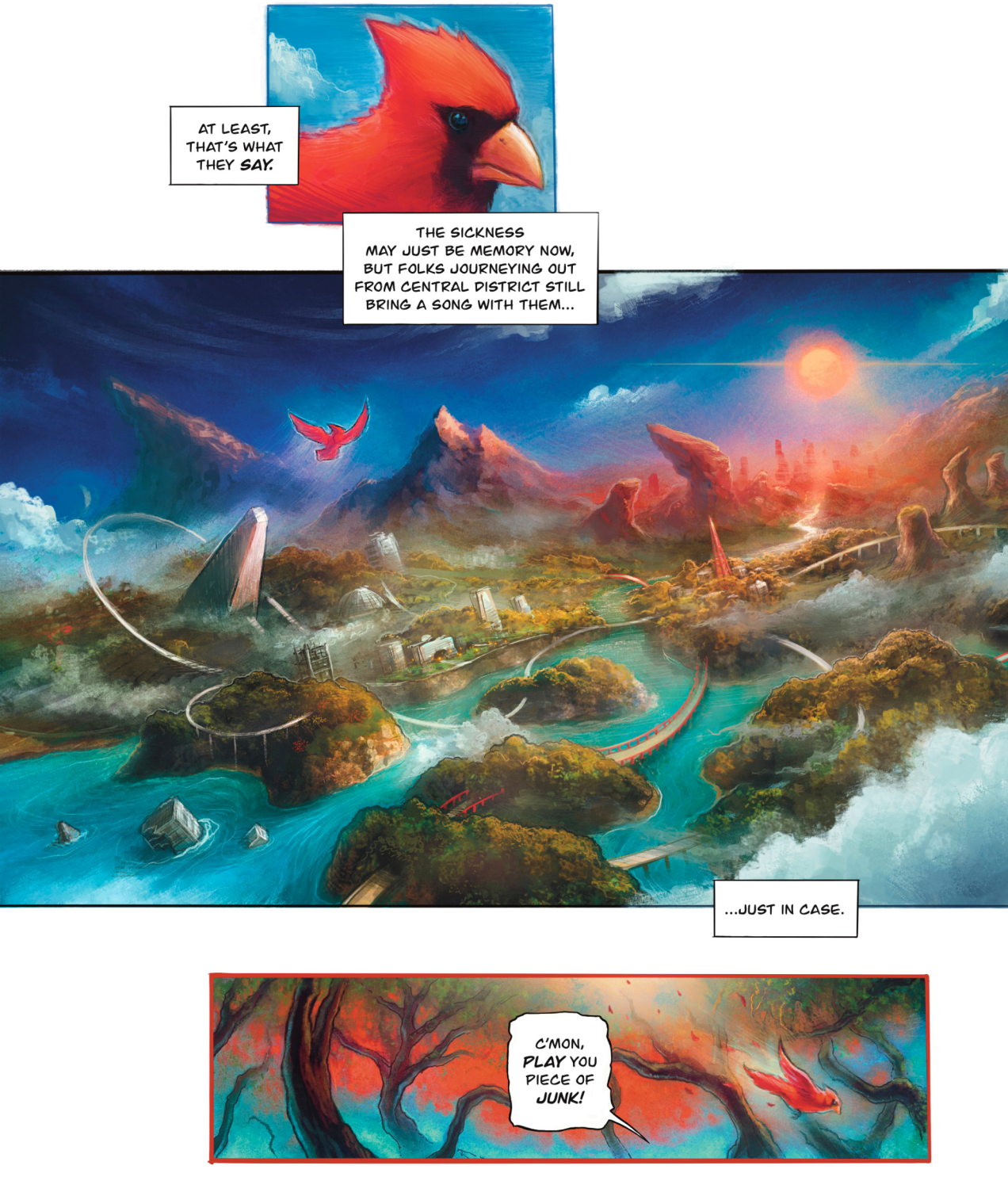


1


REMASTERMONK
Track 1:
A World of
Memory
.mp3


THE LAST, GREAT DISC JOCKEY ONCE SAID:
"EVERYONE HAS A SONG THAT TAKES THEM HOME. BACK TO THE SOURCE, BACK TO THE CENTER."

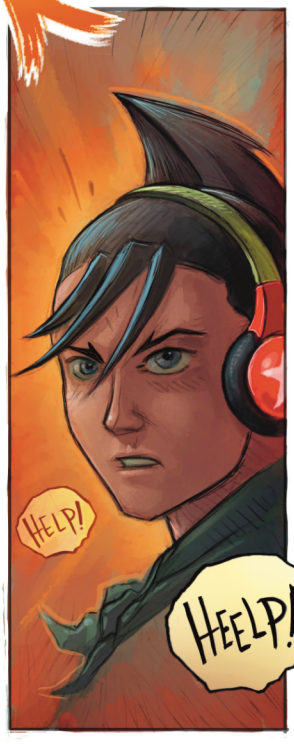

CENTRAL DISTRICT CITY USED ONE SUCH SONG TO SHIELD ITSELF FROM A SICKNESS CORRUPTING THE LANDS.
THE SICKNESS CRASHED UPON CD CITY LIKE A DARK WAVE.
AND THOUGH THE WORLD AROUND IT WAS CHANGED FOREVER...
...CD CITY WAS PRESERVED.


AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY.
THE SICKNESS MAY JUST BE MEMORY NOW, BUT FOLKS JOURNEYING OUT FROM CENTRAL DISTRICT STILL BRING A SONG WITH THEM...
...JUST IN CASE.
C'MON, PLAY YOU PIECE OF JUNK!


PLAY


THERE WE GO.
FEELS LIKE NOTHING WORKS RIGHT THESE DAYS...


ROAR
PAUSE
WAS THAT... A BEAR?


HELP!
HEELP!

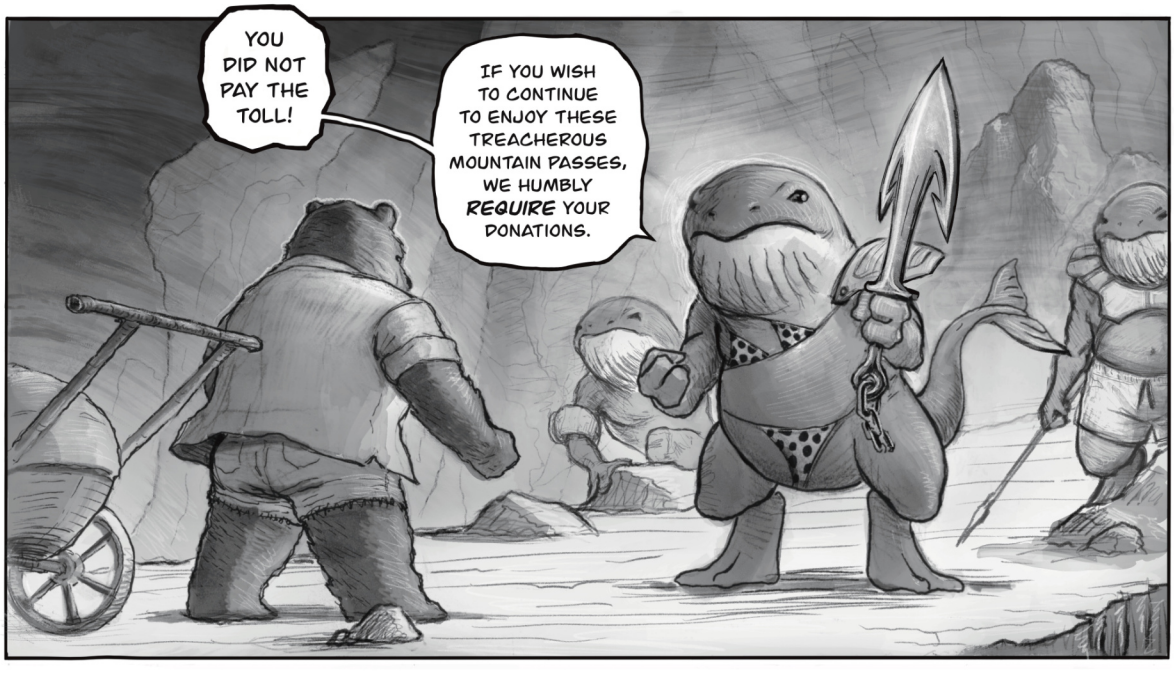

...A BEAR ABOUT TO FIND HIS DINNER!


RROARR
ROAARRRRR
FINALLY, SOMETHING TO DO AROUND HERE.
REMASTER MONK


AAAAAAAAAHHH
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAA
AAAAAA
NO...


HANG ON, PHILLIP!
ALMOST--
--THERE.
TOO CLOSE!

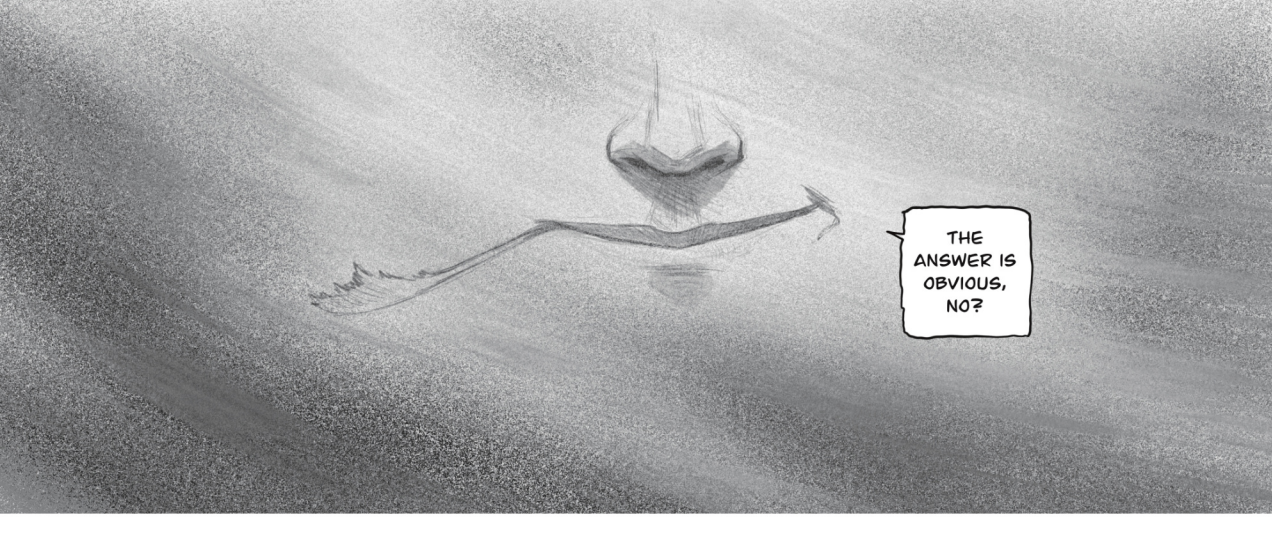

TRESPASSER!


YOU DID NOT PAY THE TOLL!
IF YOU WISH TO CONTINUE TO ENJOY THESE TREACHEROUS MOUNTAIN PASSES, WE HUMBLY REQUIRE YOUR DONATIONS.

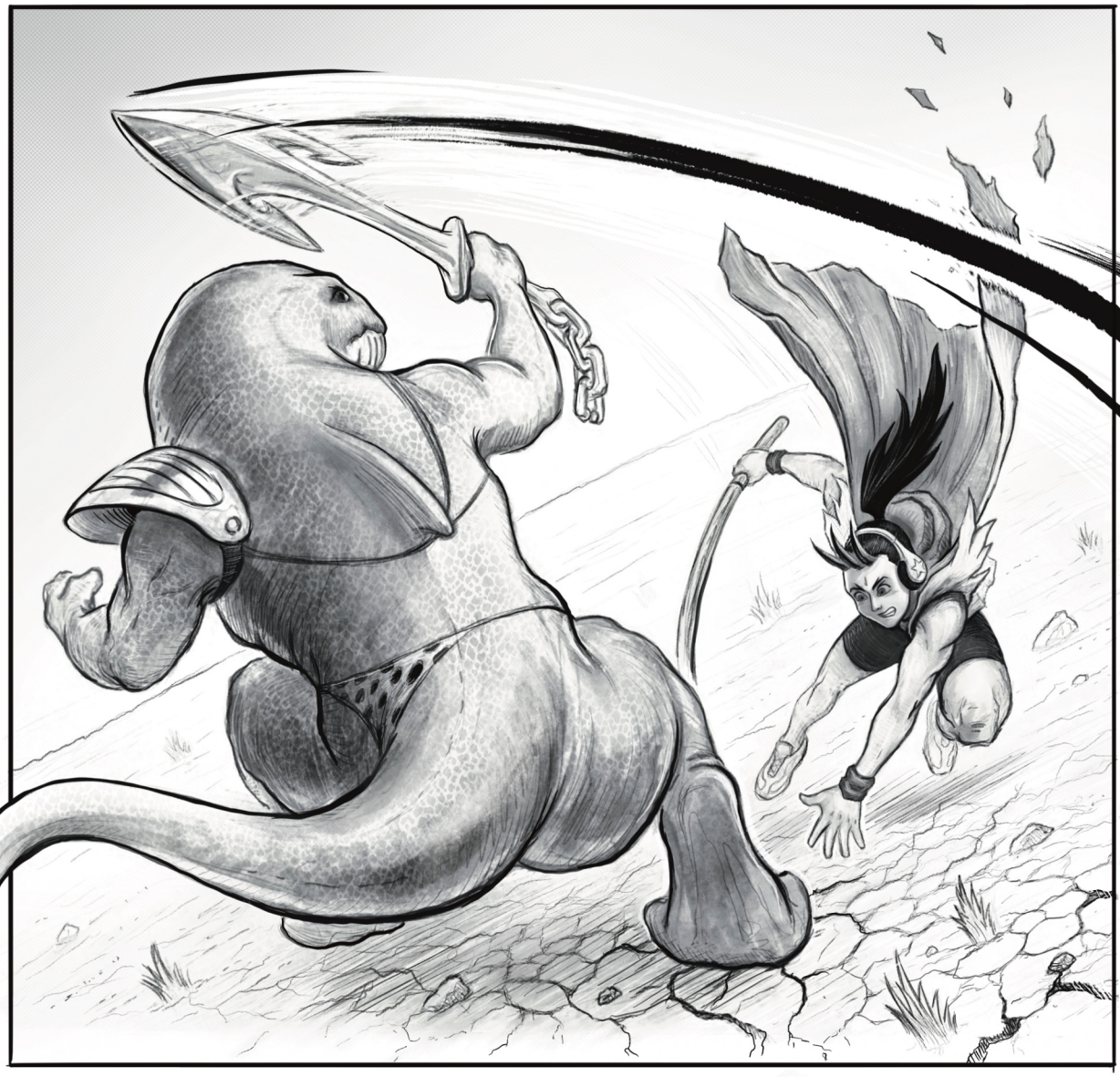

YOU NEARLY RAN US OFF THE CLIFF!
AND YOUR MOUNTAIN PASSES ARE FULL OF POTHOLES!
YOU WILL PAY OR ELSE!
--HM?


CHK
CHK
CHK
CHK


CHK
CHK

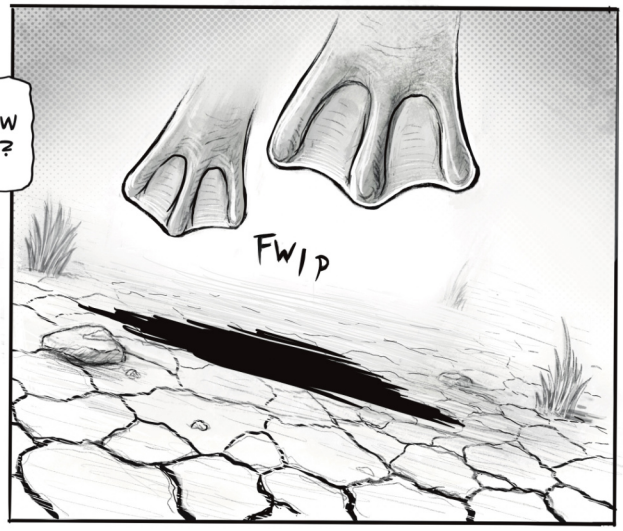

THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS, NO?


THEY CHOOSE "ELSE."
CAPTAIN, DID WE PRE-DEFINE "ELSE" IN OUR POLICY HANDBOOK?
HM, WELL... NO, NOT EXACTLY...
...BUT THE SUBTEXT HEAVILY IMPLIED VIOLENCE!
WELL, THEN LET ME SUPPLY IT.



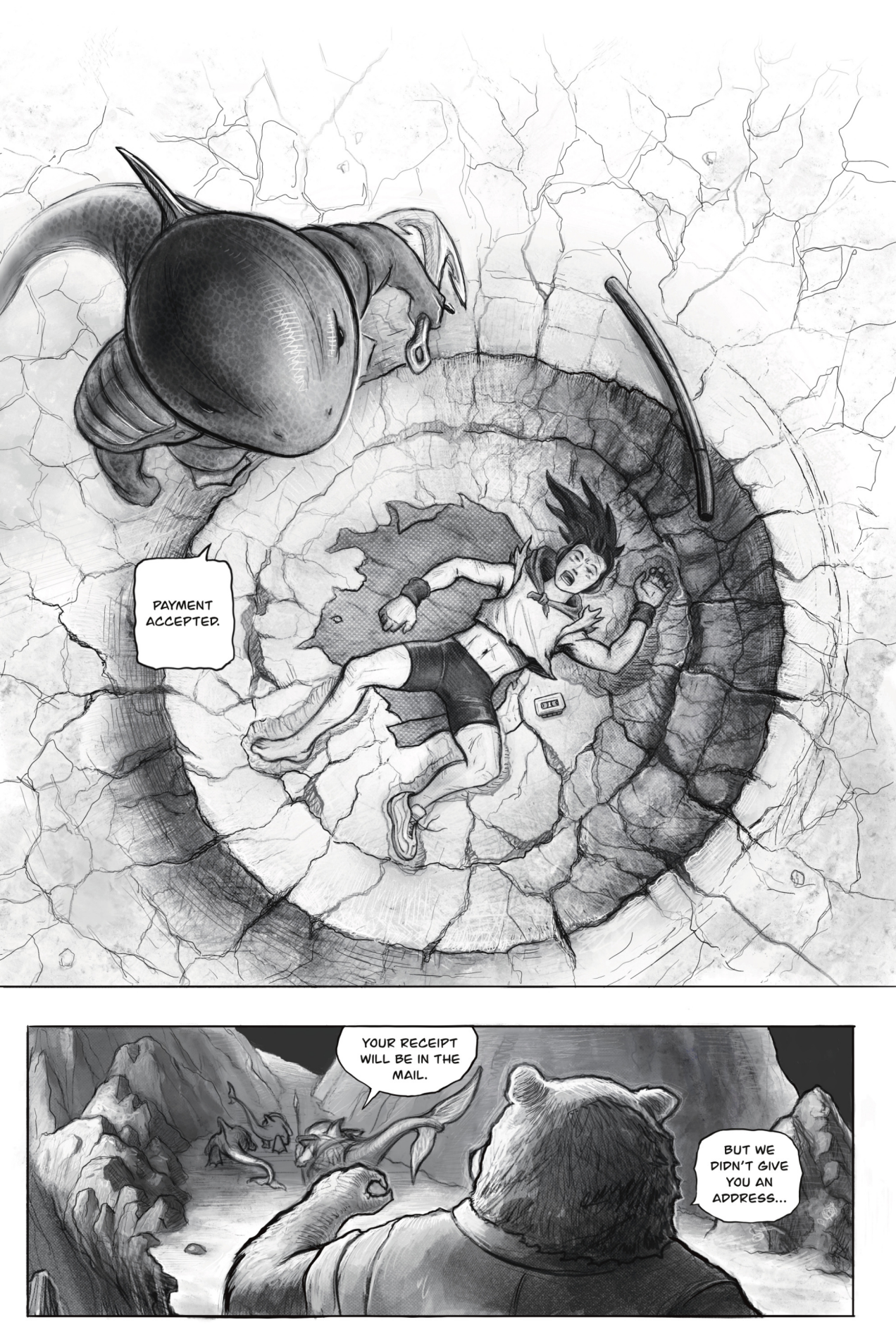

PANT
PANT


Y'KNOW
WHAT?


FWIP


TWINKLE
...I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO PAY IN CASH, ACTUALLY.

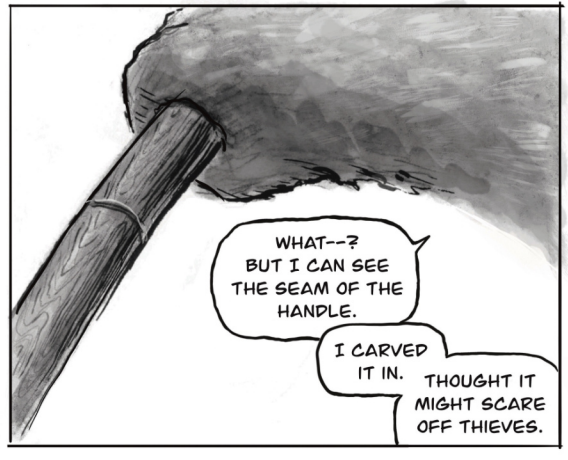

BOINK


PAYMENT ACCEPTED.
YOUR RECEIPT WILL BE IN THE MAIL.
BUT WE DIDN'T GIVE YOU AN ADDRESS...


THANK YOU FOR... HELPING, MY FRIEND.
UGH-- IT'S TYCHO.

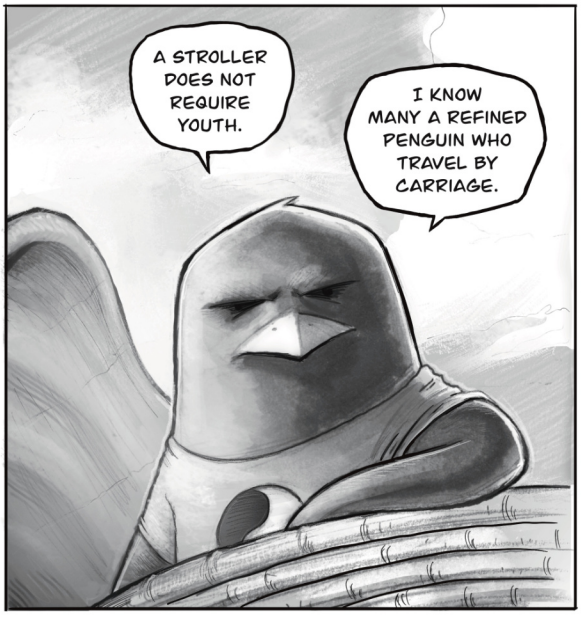

PERHAPS NEXT TIME, TYCHO, YOU MIGHT TRY ACTUALLY UNSHEATHING YOUR SWORD?


IT'S NOT A SWORD. IT'S A STICK.

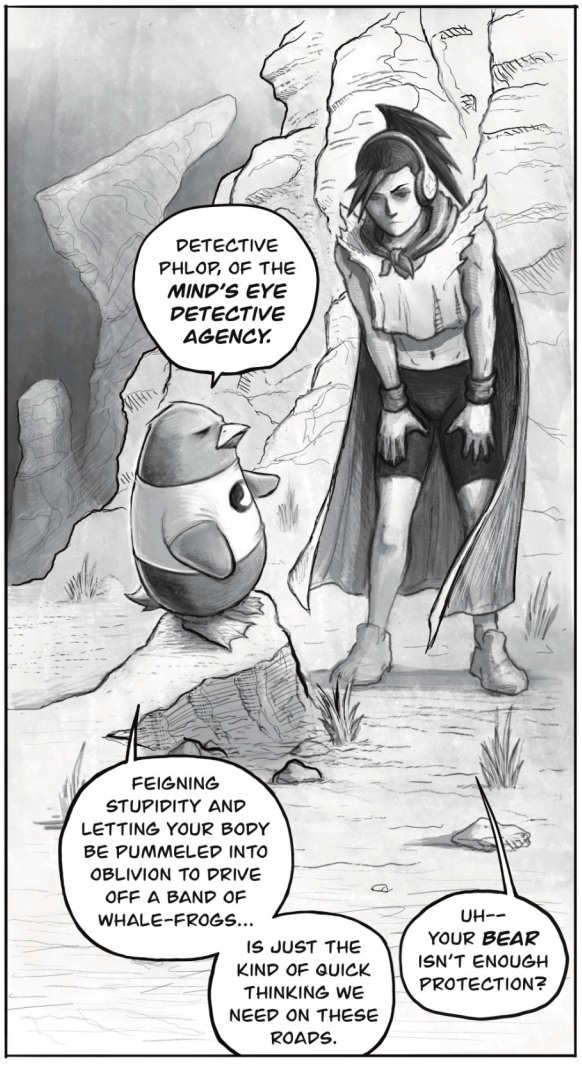

WHAT--? BUT I CAN SEE THE SEAM OF THE HANDLE.
I CARVED IT IN.
THOUGHT IT MIGHT SCARE OFF THIEVES.


INGENIOUS, REALLY.
ETECTIVE AGENCY


HUH?
YOUR BABY CAN TALK?


A STROLLER DOES NOT REQUIRE YOUTH.
I KNOW MANY A REFINED PENGUIN WHO TRAVEL BY CARRIAGE.


MY NAME IS PHILLIP
--EHH--
R.
--EHH--
PHLOP.
WOBBLE

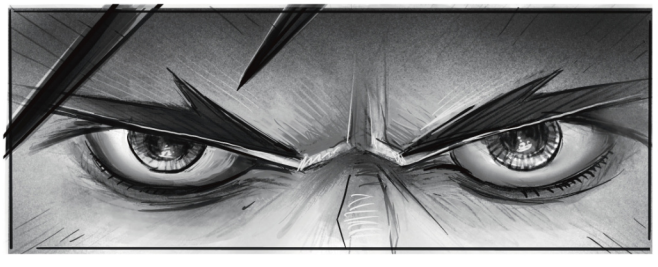

DETECTIVE PHLOP, OF THE *MIND'S EYE DETECTIVE AGENCY.*
FEIGNING STUPIDITY AND LETTING YOUR BODY BE PUMMELED INTO OBLIVION TO DRIVE OFF A BAND OF WHALE-FROGS...
IS JUST THE KIND OF QUICK THINKING WE NEED ON THESE ROADS.
UH-- YOUR *BEAR* ISN'T ENOUGH PROTECTION?

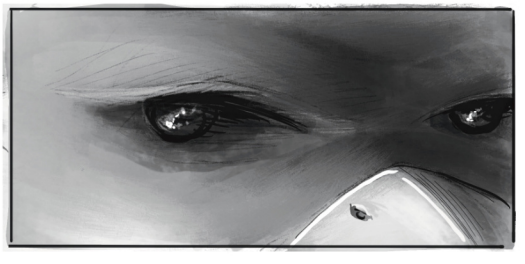

WAYLON? HE'S MY SPIRITUAL ADVISOR.

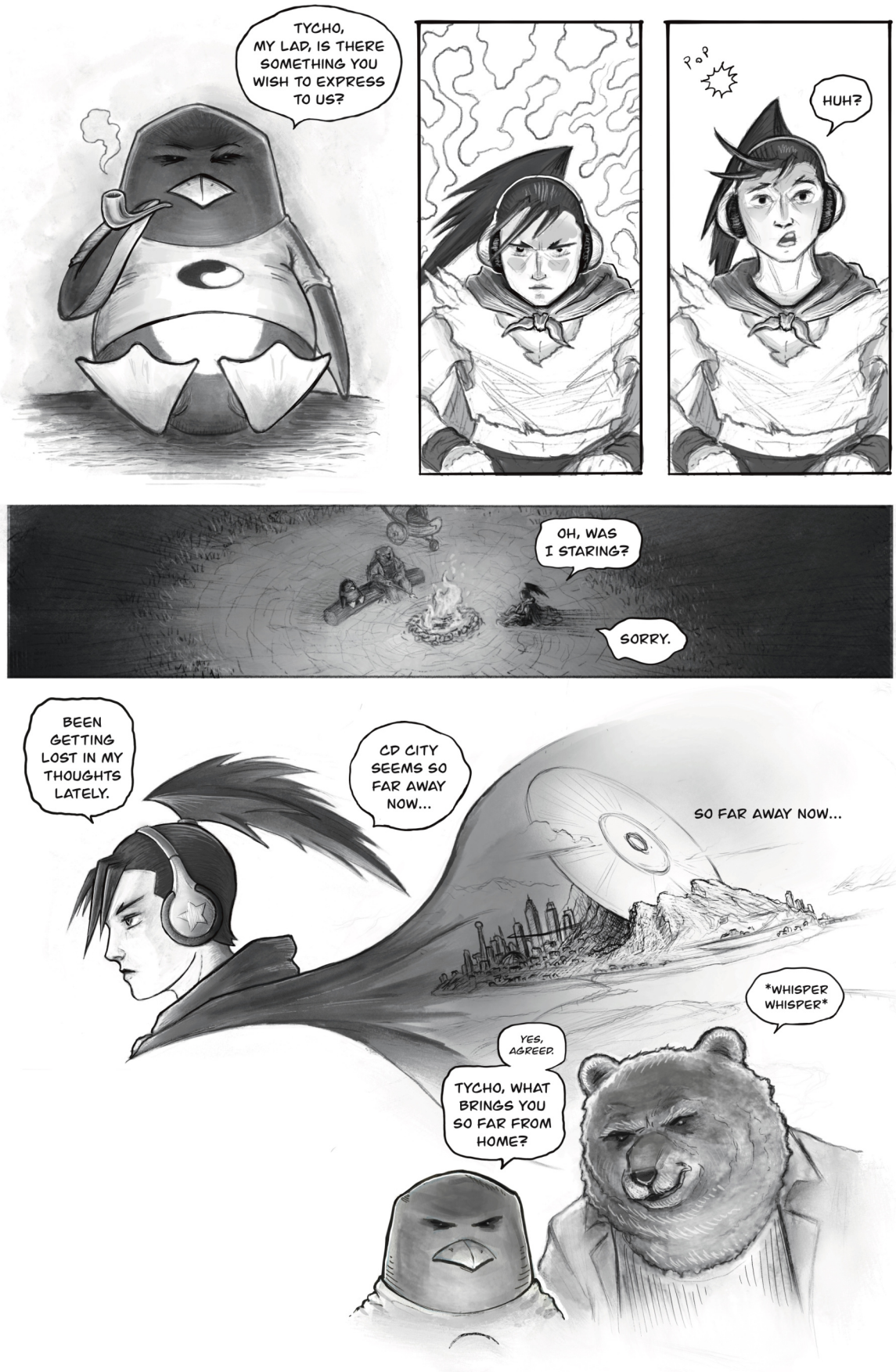

AND YOU, TYCHO, SHALL BE OUR BODYGUARD.

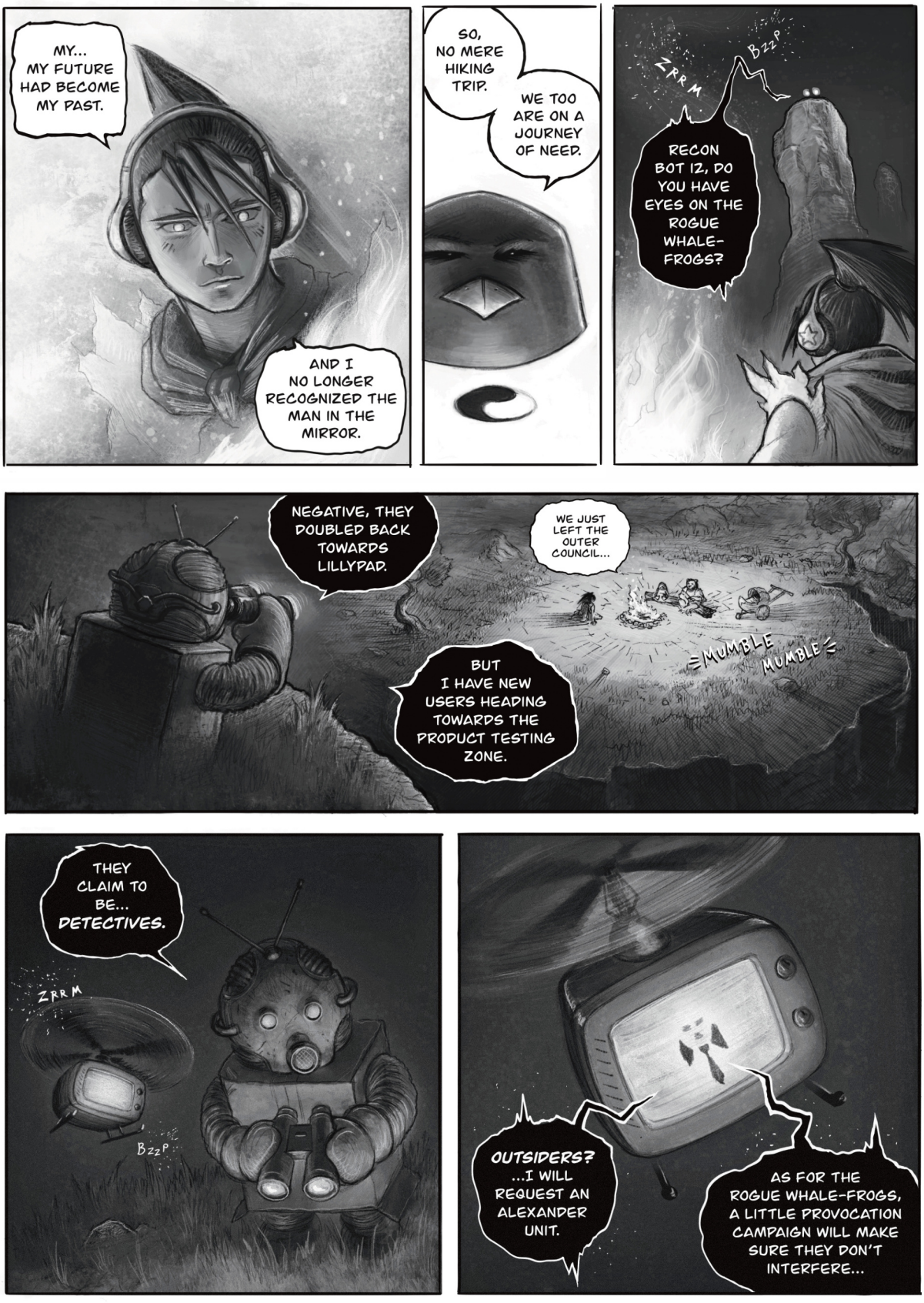

WHERE DID YOU GET MARSH-MALLOWS?
MUMBLE
MUMBLE


YOU "FOUND" THEM?
WE'RE IN THE WILDER-NESS!
AND WE'RE ON THE JOB!
YOU CAN'T BE LOOKING FOR CHICKEN NUGGETS UNDER EVERY TOADSTOOL--
--ERM??






TYCHO, MY LAD, IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WISH TO EXPRESS TO US?
POP
HUH?
OH, WAS I STARING?
SORRY.
BEEN GETTING LOST IN MY THOUGHTS LATELY.
CD CITY SEEMS SO FAR AWAY NOW...
SO FAR AWAY NOW...
WHISPER WHISPER
YES, AGREED.
TYCHO, WHAT BRINGS YOU SO FAR FROM HOME?

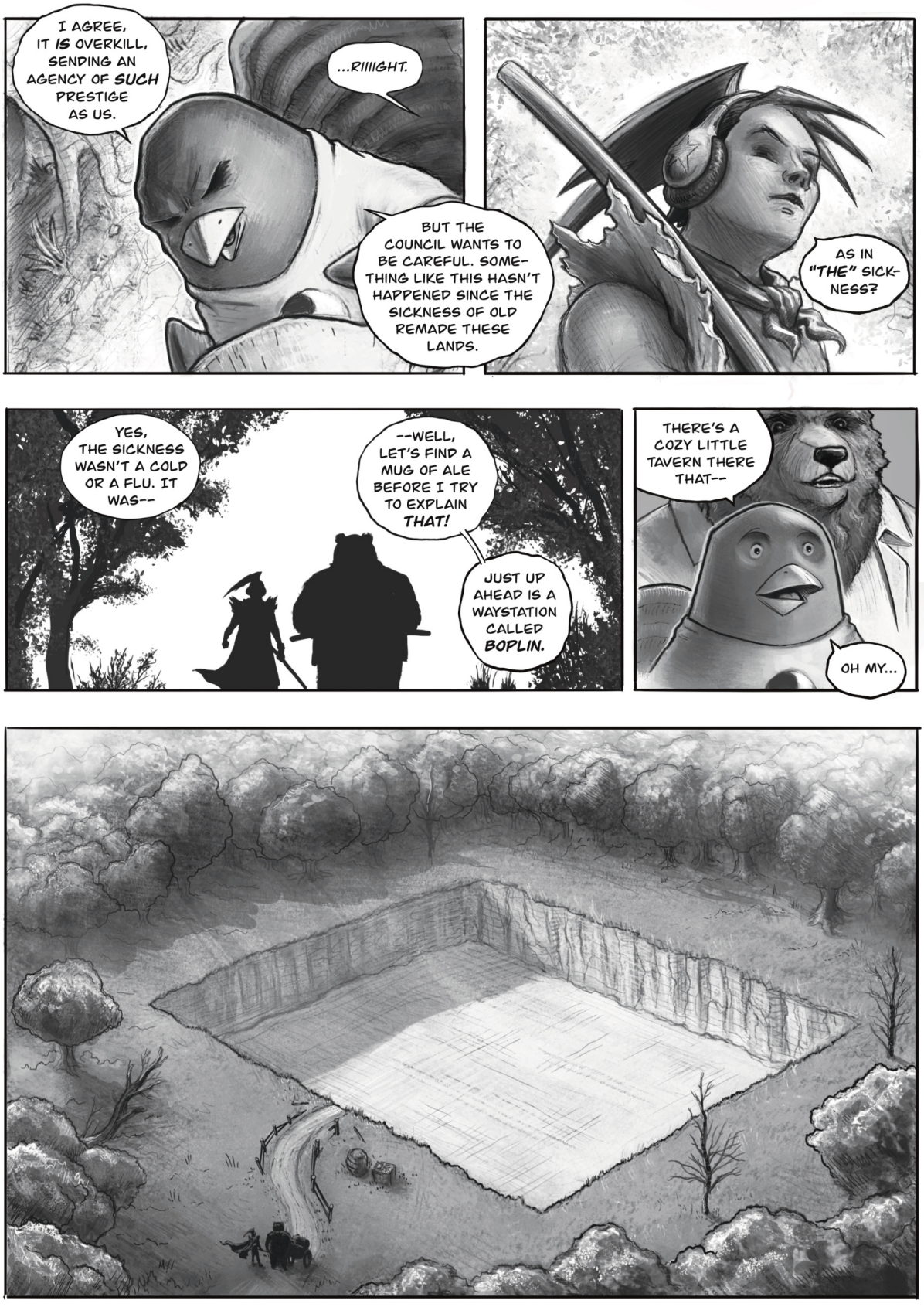

MY... MY FUTURE HAD BECOME MY PAST.
AND I NO LONGER RECOGNIZED THE MAN IN THE MIRROR.
SO, NO MERE HIKING TRIP.
WE TOO ARE ON A JOURNEY OF NEED.
ZRRM
BZZP
RECON BOT 12, DO YOU HAVE EYES ON THE ROGUE WHALE-FROGS?
NEGATIVE, THEY DOUBLED BACK TOWARDS LILLYPAD.
WE JUST LEFT THE OUTER COUNCIL...
=MUMBLE MUMBLE=
BUT I HAVE NEW USERS HEADING TOWARDS THE PRODUCT TESTING ZONE.
THEY CLAIM TO BE... DETECTIVES.
ZRRM
BZZP
OUTSIDERS? ...I WILL REQUEST AN ALEXANDER UNIT.
AS FOR THE ROGUE WHALE-FROGS, A LITTLE PROVOCATION CAMPAIGN WILL MAKE SURE THEY DON'T INTERFERE...



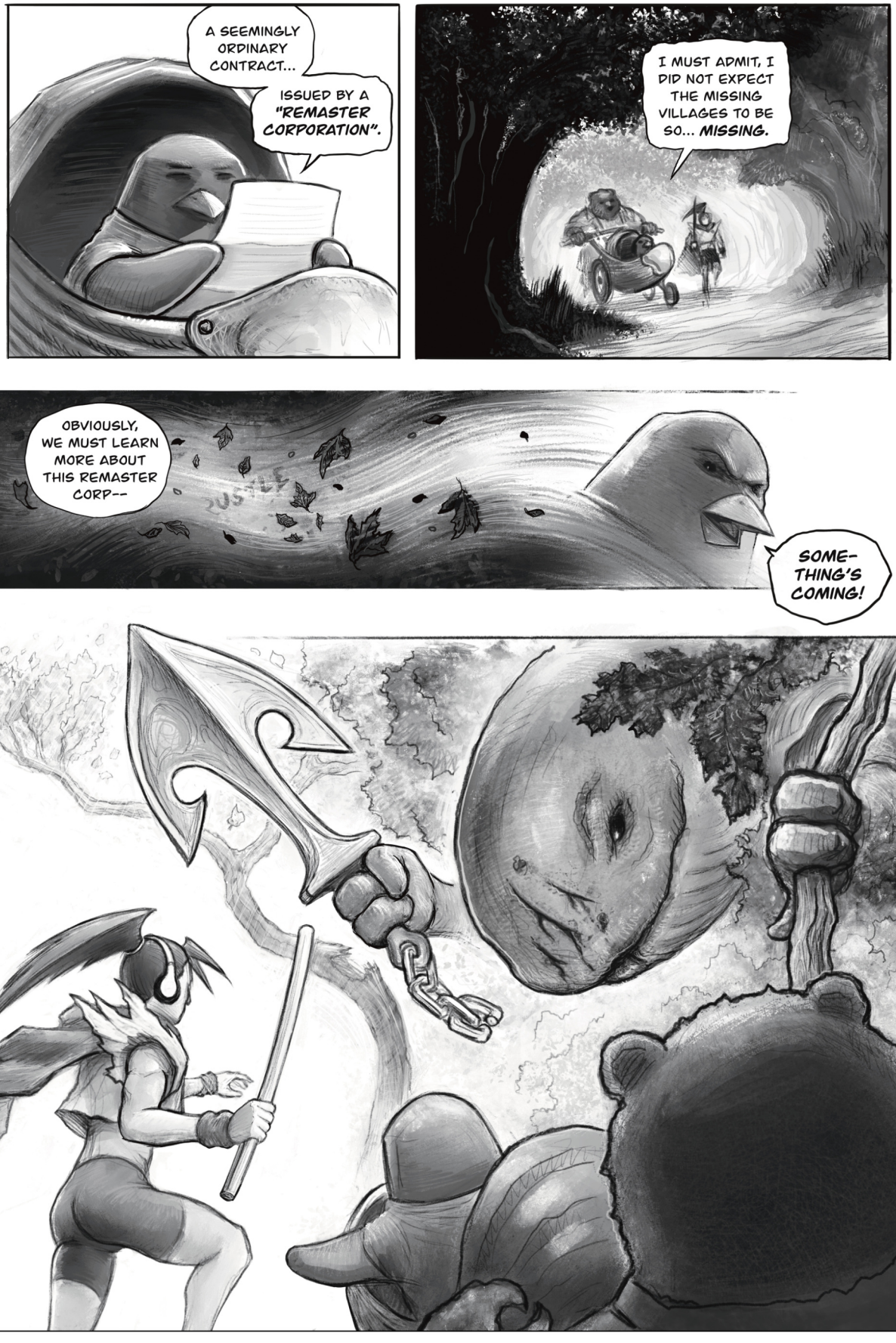

DAWN ALREADY?
YOU LOST A *TOWN?*


TOWNS. PLURAL. WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH A NUMBER OF SETTLEMENTS TO THE SOUTHEAST.
MESSENGERS. TRADERS. NO ONE HAS RETURNED.

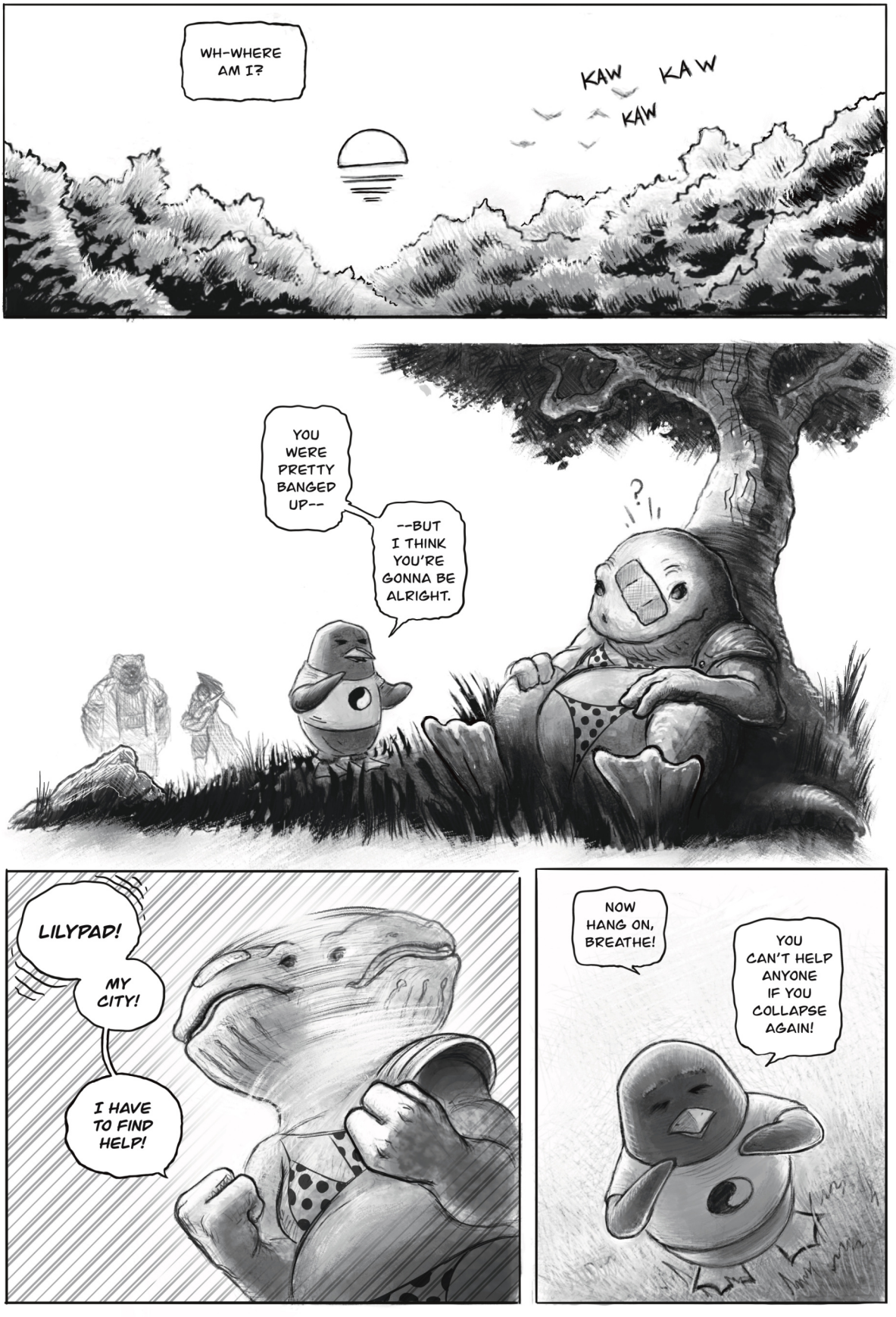

AND SO THE ***MIND'S EYE DETECTIVE AGENCY*** WAS HIRED BY THE OUTER COUNCIL TO INVESTIGATE.
TOWNS DISAPPEAR AND THEY SEND... THE ***TWO*** OF YOU?


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...

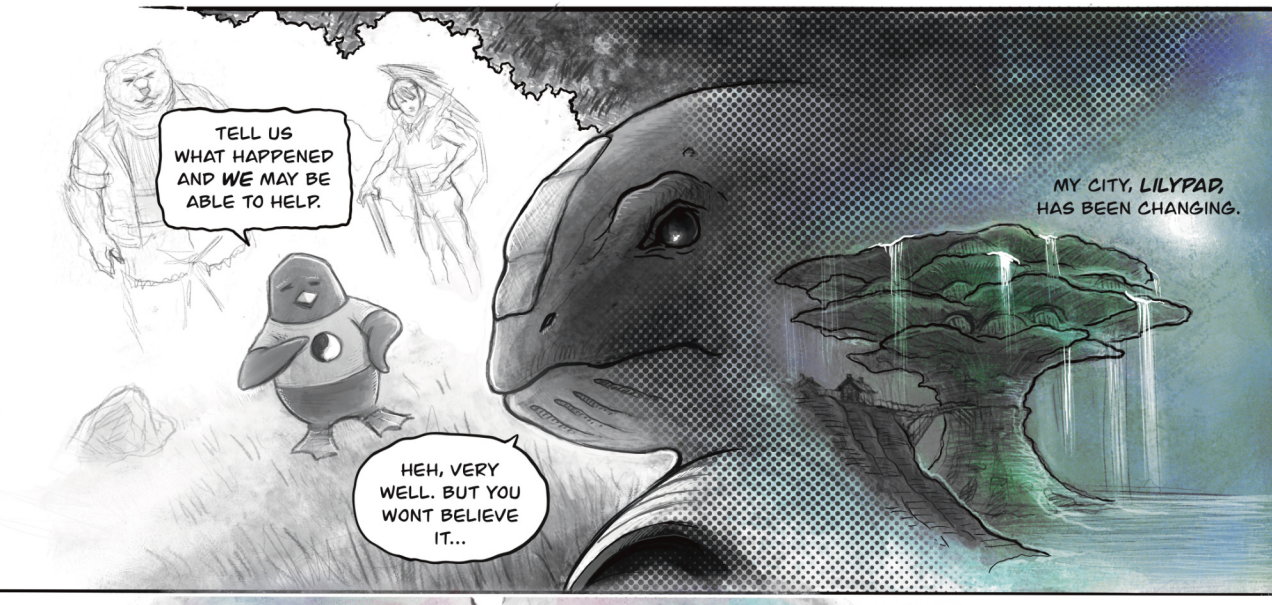

YOU'VE BEEN DOWN THERE AN HOUR - FIND ANYTHING YET?
NO, NOT A SINGLE THING.
IT'S AS IF THE SETTLEMENT WAS JUST PLUCKED FROM THE EARTH.
TAVERN HERE ALWAYS GAVE ME HEARTBURN. REAL HOLE-IN-THE-WALL.
WELL, NOW IT'S A HOLE-IN-THE-GROUND.
?
HELLO, FRIEND...
DID YOU SEE ANY-THING?
WHAT'S THIS?
"NON-DISCLOSURE-AGREEMENT"
I INSPECT EVERY PEBBLE ON THE GROUND AND YOU FIND THE CLUE.

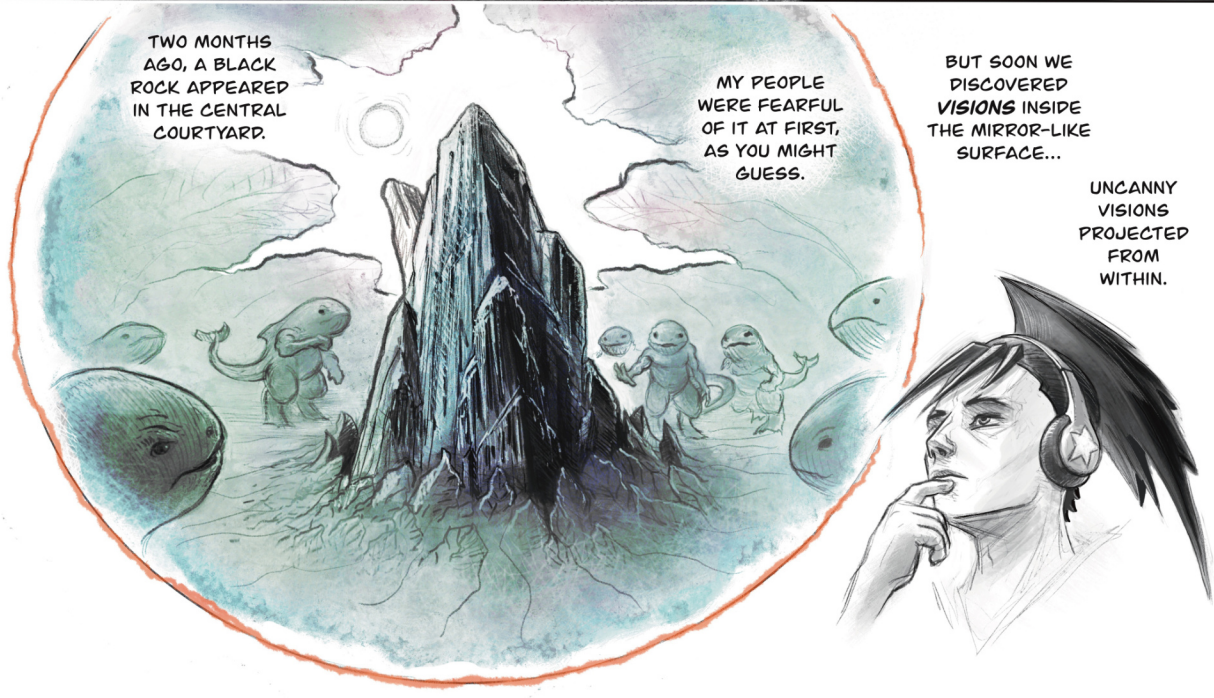

A SEEMINGLY ORDINARY CONTRACT...
ISSUED BY A "REMASTER CORPORATION".
I MUST ADMIT, I DID NOT EXPECT THE MISSING VILLAGES TO BE SO... MISSING.
OBVIOUSLY, WE MUST LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS REMASTER CORP--
SOME-THING'S COMING!

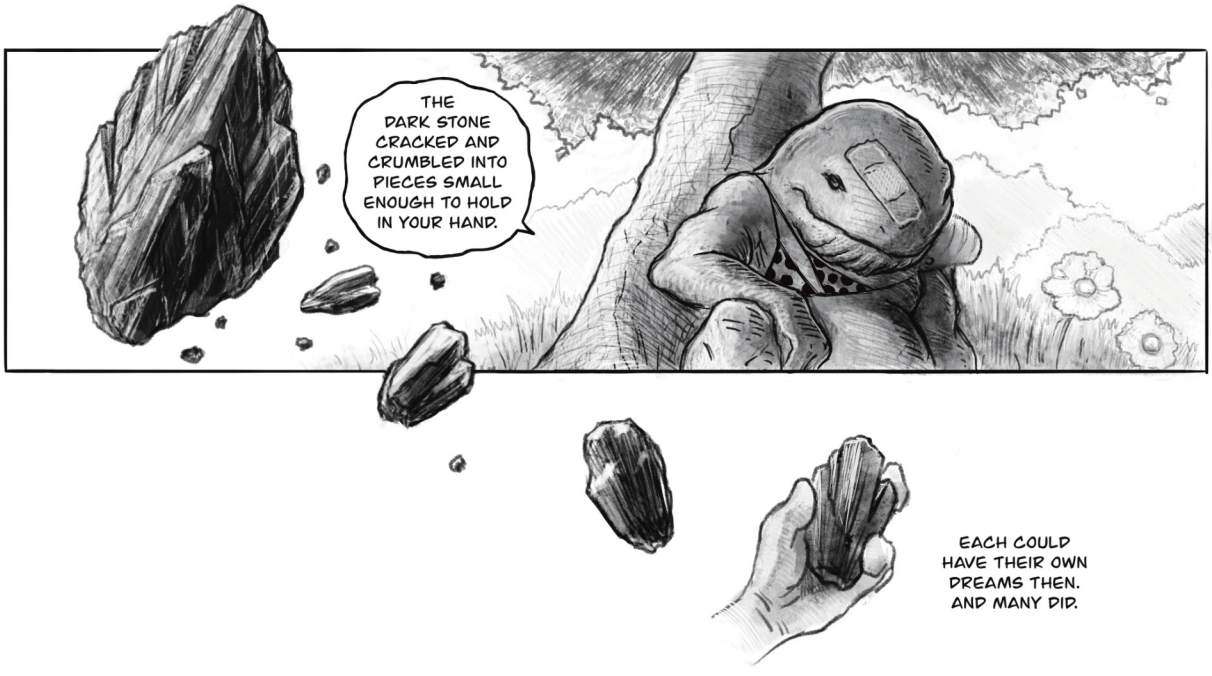

YOU AGAIN?
THUNK
IT'S BEEN LESS THAN 24 HOURS SINCE YOU BEAT ME.
I HAVE NOT TRAINED,
LEARNED ANYTHING NEW,
AND THIS IS STILL DEFINTELY JUST A STICK.
...BUT I THINK I GOT YA THIS TIME.
NO, WAIT TYCHO, LOOK! HE'S HURT--
THUD

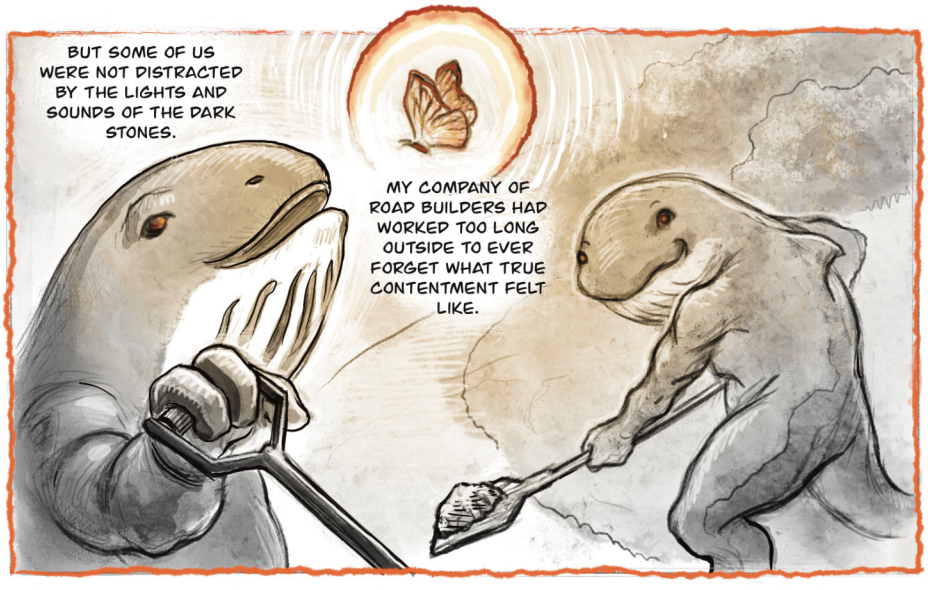

WH-WHERE AM I?
KAW KAW KAW
YOU WERE PRETTY BANGED UP--
--BUT I THINK YOU'RE GONNA BE ALRIGHT.
?!
LILYPAD!
MY CITY!
I HAVE TO FIND HELP!
NOW HANG ON, BREATHE!
YOU CAN'T HELP ANYONE IF YOU COLLAPSE AGAIN!


I MUST INSIST YOU SIT!
AAARGH!
YOU ARE RIGHT LITTLE BIRD, I AM OF NO HELP TO ANYONE IN THIS STATE.

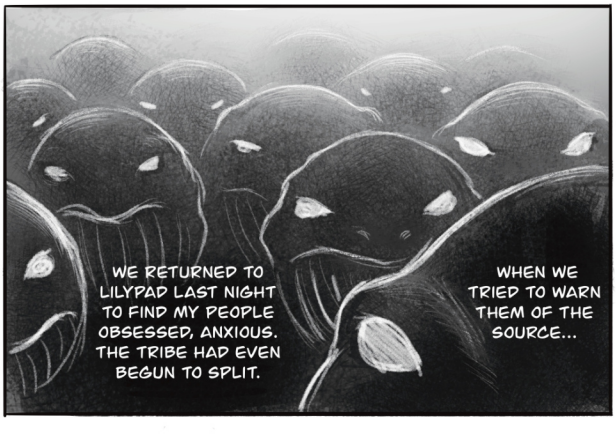

TELL US WHAT HAPPENED AND WE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP.
HEH, VERY WELL. BUT YOU WONT BELIEVE IT...
MY CITY, LILYPAD, HAS BEEN CHANGING.

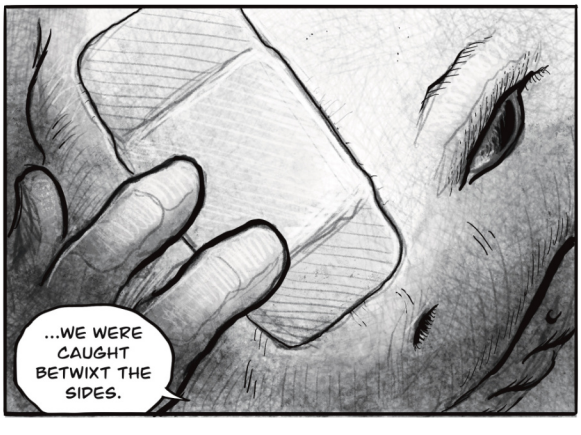

TWO MONTHS AGO, A BLACK ROCK APPEARED IN THE CENTRAL COURTYARD.
MY PEOPLE WERE FEARFUL OF IT AT FIRST, AS YOU MIGHT GUESS.
BUT SOON WE DISCOVERED VISIONS INSIDE THE MIRROR-LIKE SURFACE...
UNCANNY VISIONS PROJECTED FROM WITHIN.


THE DARK STONE CRACKED AND CRUMBLED INTO PIECES SMALL ENOUGH TO HOLD IN YOUR HAND.
EACH COULD HAVE THEIR OWN DREAMS THEN. AND MANY DID.

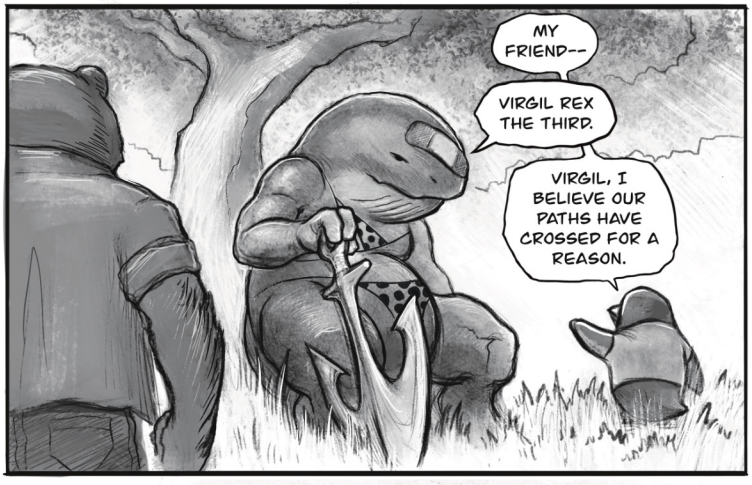

BUT SOME OF US WERE NOT DISTRACTED BY THE LIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE DARK STONES.
MY COMPANY OF ROAD BUILDERS HAD WORKED TOO LONG OUTSIDE TO EVER FORGET WHAT TRUE CONTENTMENT FELT LIKE.


AND WHAT QUALITY ROADS YOU MADE... RIGHT OFF A CLIFF.

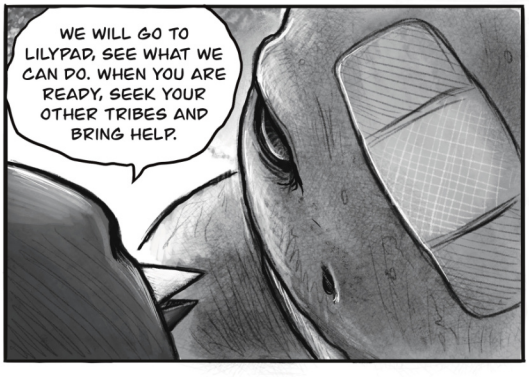

WE RETURNED TO LILYPAD LAST NIGHT TO FIND MY PEOPLE OBSESSED, ANXIOUS. THE TRIBE HAD EVEN BEGUN TO SPLIT.
WHEN WE TRIED TO WARN THEM OF THE SOURCE...


...WE WERE CAUGHT BETWIXT THE SIDES.

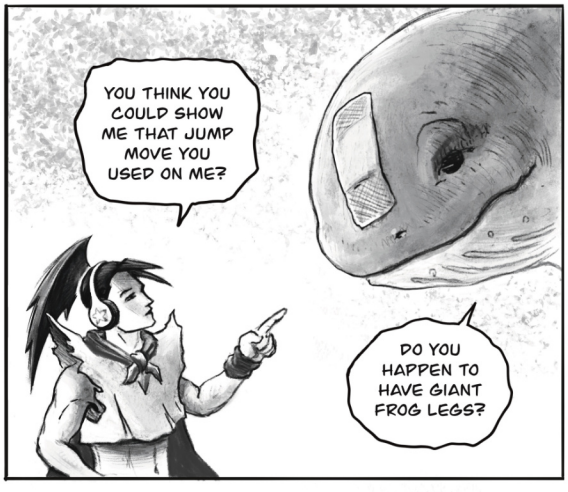

IT WAS AS IF THEY WERE SICK. BUT NOT WITH A COLD OR A FLU. A SICKNESS OF THE MIND.

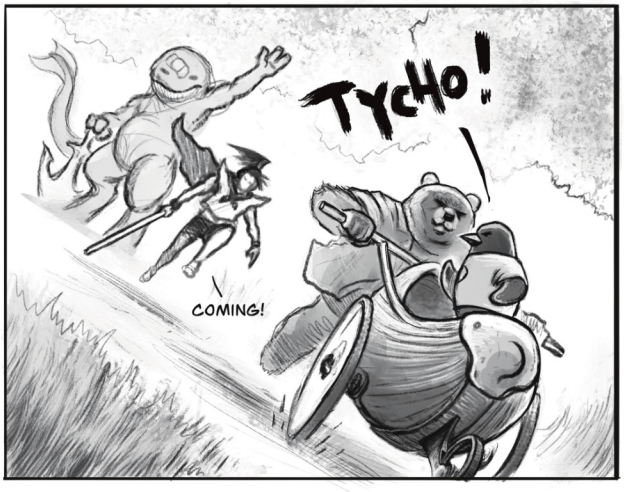

MY FRIEND--
VIRGIL REX THE THIRD.
VIRGIL, I BELIEVE OUR PATHS HAVE CROSSED FOR A REASON.


YOUR CITY IS IN GRAVE DANGER. AND I WORRY WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THESE LANDS--
--MAY SOON HAPPEN ACROSS THE ARCHIPELAGO


WE WILL GO TO LILYPAD, SEE WHAT WE CAN DO. WHEN YOU ARE READY, SEEK YOUR OTHER TRIBES AND BRING HELP.


AGENTS! MAKE READY! WE SHALL CUT THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF DEW TO THE SURGING CLIFFS OF FRESCA AND REACH LILYPAD BY DUSK!


YOU THINK YOU COULD SHOW ME THAT JUMP MOVE YOU USED ON ME?
DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE GIANT FROG LEGS?


TYCHO!
COMING!






I'M EXHAUSTED JUST LOOKING AT THIS.


IF TRADERS CAN MAKE IT OVER THESE MOUNTAINS, THERE MUST BE A PATH.
PERHAPS WE SHOULD ASK THE LOCALS...
THE LOCALS
THE MINDSEYE DETECTIVE A


THE CASTLE STATIONS WERE PLACES OF PEACE AND WELLSPRINGS OF POWER.
THERE USED TO BE MANY. THIS WAS THE FIRST.


HELLOOOO THERE!!!
MIGHT THOU KNOWETH A WAY THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OVER YONDER?
...UM, HELLO?
....
SHUFFLE SHUFFLE
FOLLOW THE RED FLAGS.
BUT DO NOT DRINK THE DEW.
...IT MAY LEAD TO HEART-BURN.
AND UM, DEAR NOBLE SIR, DOTH THOU KNOWETH IF THOU'S PATH IS CARRIAGE-FRIENDLY?
=SIGH=

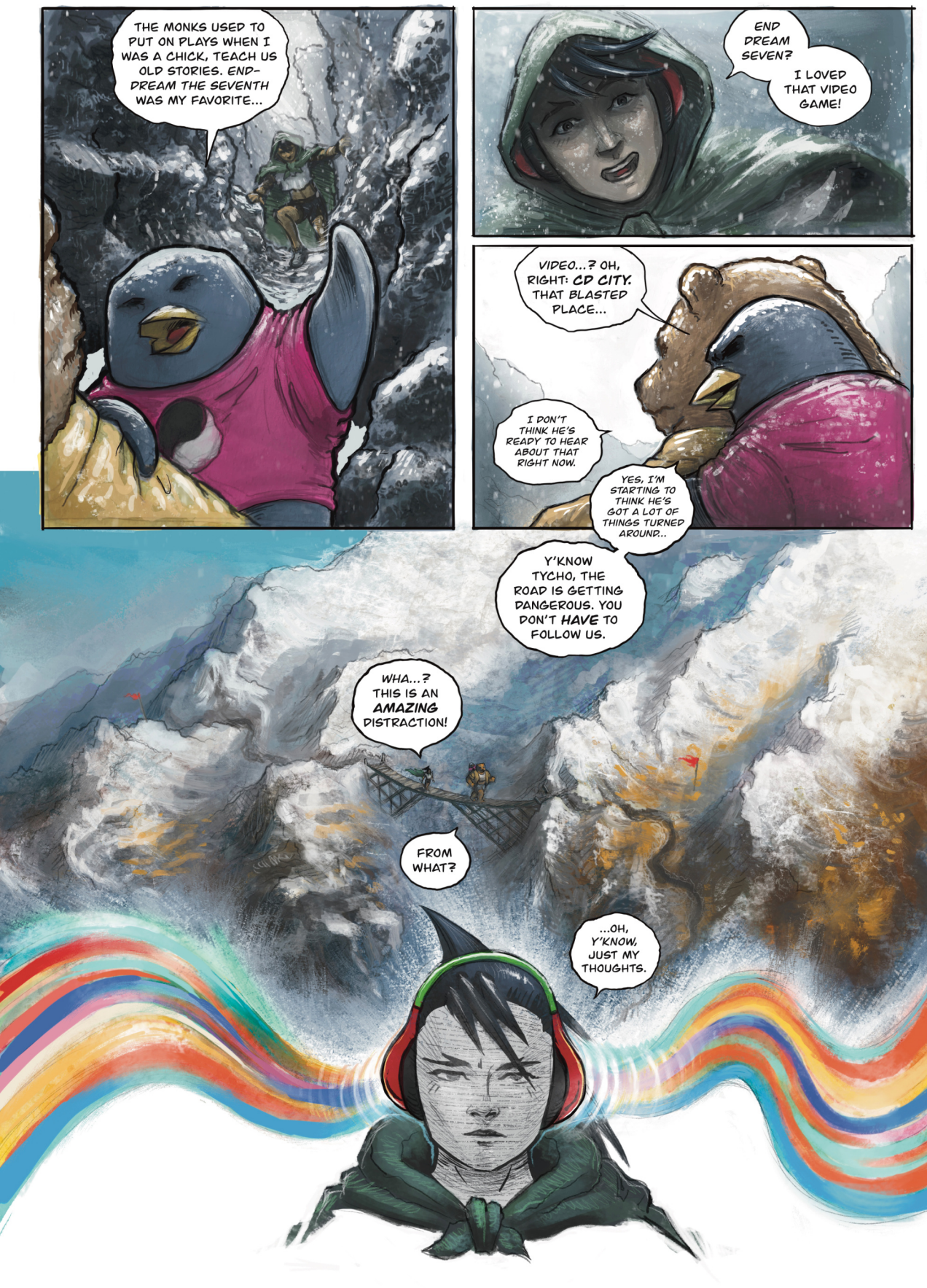

I'M SORRY WE HAD TO LEAVE YOUR STROLLER BEHIND.


OH, IT'S ALRIGHT, I NEEDED THE EXERCISE.
BESIDES, THE MONK WILL TAKE CARE OF IT.
THAT WAS A MONK?


A CARETAKER OF THE WILD LANDS. THERE USED TO BE MORE OF THEM, WATCHING OVER THE ROADS BETWEEN THE VILLAGES.


ONLY A FEW REMAIN NOW, AND THOSE THAT DO ARE MORE GARDENERS THAN GUARDS.
THOUGH I'D STILL REFRAIN FROM UNDER ESTIMATING SUCH CALM SOULS.
OCEAN WAVES MAY LULL YOU TO SLEEP...


THEN DESTROY EVERYTHING YOU'VE BUILT.


THE MONKS USED TO PUT ON PLAYS WHEN I WAS A CHICK, TEACH US OLD STORIES. END-DREAM THE SEVENTH WAS MY FAVORITE...
END DREAM SEVEN?
I LOVED THAT VIDEO GAME!
VIDEO...? OH, RIGHT: CD CITY. THAT BLASTED PLACE...
I DON'T THINK HE'S READY TO HEAR ABOUT THAT RIGHT NOW.
YES, I'M STARTING TO THINK HE'S GOT A LOT OF THINGS TURNED AROUND..
Y'KNOW TYCHO, THE ROAD IS GETTING DANGEROUS. YOU DON'T HAVE TO FOLLOW US.
WHA...? THIS IS AN AMAZING DISTRACTION!
FROM WHAT?
...OH, Y'KNOW, JUST MY THOUGHTS.


LILYPAD.


DO YOU SEE SOMETHING OUT THERE, IN THE WATER?




YOU MEAN THAT DARK, OMINOUS SHAPE SLOWLY MOVING TOWARDS US?
NOPE, DEFINITELY DON'T SEE THAT.
I THINK WE SHOULD HURRY...


THE CITY LOOKS STILL. SILENT.
NO, LOOK! THERE'S SOMEONE UP AHEAD!
EEK!
WE DID NOT EXPECT GUESTS SO SOON!
LIVE LAUGH LOVE
SLOW THEM DOWN. I'LL PREPARE A RECEPTION.
YES, BOSS.
WHAT THE...?
AAAIEEE!


URK!
YOU WANNA HANDLE ONE OF THESE THINGS?
HOW UNDIG-NIFIED...
OOPS...
THEY'RE EMPTY INSIDE.
MORE LIKE A... CARICATURE THAN A REAL PERSON.
SO YOU'RE SAYING I DON'T NEED TO HOLD BACK.
LIVE LAUGH LOVE
GULP.


TYCHO!
LIVE LAUGH LOVE
WHERE'S THAT FOOL RUNNING OFF TO?
WHERE ARE ALL THE WHALE-FROGS...?
THEY'RE THERE, WAYLON, IN THE DARK CORNERS...
...BOUND TO THEIR DARK STONES.
BUT THEY DON'T EVEN CARE WE'RE HERE!
YES... LET'S FIND TYCHO...


"...BEFORE HE DOES SOMETHING STUPID."
IS THIS ONE OF THE STONES VIRGIL SPOKE OF...?
I SHOULD WAIT FOR THE OTHERS.
WHO KNOWS WHAT THESE THINGS CAN DO.
CLICK
PHONY
JUST NEED TO BE PATIENT.
STAY CALM.
STAY CENTERED.
PAUSE
...
IT DOESN'T LOOK THAT BAD.
THERE'S SOMETHING... INSIDE IT.


TYCHO!
TYCHO!
TYCHO!
JUST A SEC...
YOU'VE BEEN SAYING THAT FOR 20 MINUTES!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM!?
WE GAVE HIM WHAT HE WANTED: DISTRACTION.


IT ISN'T JUST NOSTALGIA, THIS WORLD HAS GOTTEN WORSE.
BUT THE REMASTER CORP IS HERE TO HELP YOU COPE. WE'LL MAKE THAT BEAUTIFUL PAST KEEP LOOKING BETTER AND BETTER!
MY COWORKER HERE JUST HAS ONE QUESTION BEFORE WE BEGIN...
WILL YOU ACCEPT MY COOKIES?
REMASTER MONK

Written and illustrated by

Levi Hoffmeier

Dedicated to

Marty Hansen & Akira Toriyama

Special Thanks to

Shiva & Gordo



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

After the war, Leviathan settled in Eastern Europe where he took up archery, until, owing to the scandal with the Princess, he had to flee to the New World. There, Leviathan came to be known as "Big Ears" by the aggressively rude orphans who lived in the alley outside his apartment. Big Ears Levi, hating his new nickname, soon squandered his fortune in drink and cards and indebted himself to the local loanshark (whose life was later adapted into the animated film "Shark Tale"). Having no career skills to settle his finances, Levi ran a Kickstarter to swindle poor souls out of their money for a hastily cobbled together cartoon about a guy, and a penguin, and some other stuff (I can't remember exactly). Levi currently resides in Zanzibar with his beloved Ikea chair and six grand-children.

ReMasterMonk.com

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LEVIATHAN

REMASTER MONK



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By Levi Hoffmeier

$10.00



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