

KARACOMET PRESENTS



TALES FROM THE BOTTLE



EPISODE ONE

-BIRTHDAY REUNION-

OUR FIRST STORY BEGINS ON A LATE SATURDAY EVENING, IN THE COLLEGE TOWN OF NEW AGRABAH...



WHERE A SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE MEET TO CELEBRATE SAM DENNEHY'S TWENTY FIRST BIRTHDAY.



YOU KNOW
YOU GUYS DIDN'T
HAVE TO DO
THIS...

IT'S
SO FAR
OUT OF THE
WAY...

THIS IS SAM: A CHEMISTRY MAJOR WITH SOME GLARING SELF-ESTEEM ISSUES...



THE ONLY THING GREATER THAN HIS LACK OF CONFIDENCE IS THE COST OF HIS AMERICAN EDUCATION.



BOLD
OF YOU TO
ASSUME WE
CAME ALL THIS
WAY JUST FOR
YOU...

MAN,
COLLEGE
REALLY **DID** GO
TO YOUR HEAD,
JUST LIKE SHE
SAID...

HEH...


UH...

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN...?

WHO...?

DONNA,
OF COURSE.
WHO ELSE?





ON THE
WAY HERE SHE
WOULDN'T STOP
WHINING...

SAID THAT
COLLEGE HAD
REALLY CHANGED
HER **little
baby
brother**.

I DIDN'T
WANT TO
BELIEVE HER,
BUT...

HERE
YOU ARE,
MAKING THIS
ALL ABOUT
YOU...

AND THAT'S TIM: SAM'S BEST AND ONLY REAL FRIEND SINCE THE THIRD GRADE...



UNLIKE SAM, HE IS OVERLY CONFIDENT AND RARELY SERIOUS, OFTEN TO EVERYONE ELSE'S ANNOYANCE.

A man with short brown hair, wearing a dark green polo shirt, stands in front of a wooden structure. He has a slightly concerned or questioning expression. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with palm trees.

NO SHE
DIDN'T...

YOU'RE
JUST MESSING
WITH ME...

RIGHT...?



I DON'T
KNOW...

SHE DID
SEEM A LITTLE
MIFFED THAT YOU
CAN'T FIND TIME TO
GAME WITH US
ANYMORE...

YOU
SHOULD'VE
HEARD HER BITCH
WHEN THE RAID LEAD
ASKED HER TO GO
HEALS IN YOUR
PLACE.


SIGH

YEAH...

I MEAN,
IT'S NOT LIKE
I DON'T WANT
TO PLAY WITH
YOU GUYS...

I JUST
CAN'T FIND THE
TIME BETWEEN
WORK AND MY
CLASSES...

AND IT'S
NOT LIKE I CAN
AFFORD TO RE-
SUBSCRIBE
ANYWAY...

A close-up shot of a man with short, wavy brown hair and a light beard, wearing a green polo shirt. He has a thoughtful or slightly distressed expression, with his hand resting near his chin. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with a building and some foliage. There are four speech bubbles overlaid on the image, containing text.

SHAME. WE
COULD DEFINITELY
USE YOUR HEALS
FOR THE NEW
RAID....

YEAH,
I KNOW, I
JUST...

HANG
ON...

WHAT'S
THE OTHER
REASON YOU
GUYS FLEW HERE
TOGETHER...?



WHAT,
YOU THINK
ME AND YOUR
SISTER...?

DRAFT!

DUDE,
I FRICKEN
WISH!

BRO!

YOU LIVE
IN A COLLEGE
TOWN...

I'M HERE
TO GET SHIT-
FACED WITH
YOU...

AND TO
GET US BOTH
*LAI*D!





THESE
SORT OF PLACES
ARE A GOLD MINE
FOR SOME EASY
PLUS-

HEY!




YOU TWO LOSERS STILL LOOKING TO GET DRUNK, OR WHAT...?

UH, YEAH...

SORRY, DONNA...

HIMPH



HOW MUCH
FURTHER IS THIS
BAR YOU FOUND,
TIMBERLY?

IT'S
GONNA GET
DARK PRETTY
SOON...

AND I'M
WAY TOO SOBER
TO LISTEN TO YOU
GUYS GO ON ABOUT
HOW LAME YOU
TWO ARE.

JEEZE!

CALM
DOWN, YOU
LUSH...

IT'S
SOMEWHERE
AROUND HERE,
WE...

JUST
HAVE TO
FIND IT.

JUST LET
THE MEN DO
THEIR THING,
OKAY?

OH,
REALLY, "THE
MEN...?"

THEY
SOMEWHERE
AROUND HERE,
TOO...?

GOOD
GRIEF, YOU
TWO...





LISTEN...

IF YOU
NEED ME TO
DEMONSTRATE
JUST HOW MUCH
OF A MAN I
AM...

I'LL BE
MORE THAN
HAPPY TO SHOW
YOU AFTER WE
HAVE A FEW
DRINKS.

DUDE...

Pub-
Lease!

EVEN
I'M MORE
OF A MAN THAN
YOU'LL EVER
BE.

AND THAT
WAS SUPER
CRINGY...

SO, WHY
DON'T YOU STOP
BEING A CREEP,
AND TELL *ME* THE
ADDRESS...

THEN,
WHEN WE GET
THERE, I'LL DRINK
YOUR SORRY ASS
UNDER THE
TABLE.

AND FINALLY DONNA: SAM'S OLDER SISTER AND TIM'S CHILDHOOD CRUSH...



SHE'S ALWAYS CONSIDERED HERSELF "ONE OF THE GUYS," AND HAS NEVER PUT UP WITH ANYONE'S SHIT.



THAT
DIDN'T SOUND
LIKE A "NO,"
RIGHT...?

SEE, I
TOLD YOU
SHE SECRETLY
WANTS ME...

SHE'S
JUST ALWAYS
PLAYING HARD TO
GET FOR SOME
REASON...



IT MUST
BE A *REAL*
GOOD SECRET,
BECAUSE THAT'S
NEWS TO
ME...


YOU'RE
LIKE A CREEPY
EXTRA BROTHER
OR SOME-
THING...



HEY,
GUYS...?



I HAVEN'T
SEEN EITHER OF
YOU IN, LIKE,
MONTHS...



CAN
YOU MAYBE
TRY *NOT* TO
FIGHT ON MY
BIRTHDAY?





WHO'S
FIGHTING...?

FOR
THOSE OF US
WHO GET LAID,
THIS IS CALLED
FLIRTING.

SHE'S
JUST IN
DENIAL IS
ALL...



HEY,
SAMMY...

YOU'VE
BEEN LIVING
HERE FOR A
BIT...

KNOW
OF ANY GOOD
PLACES NEARBY,
SO WE CAN JUST
DITCH YOUR IDIOT
FRIEND?

DE-
NIAL...

SORRY. I
DON'T LEAVE
CAMPUS VERY
OFTEN...





GREAT!
IT SEEMS LIKE
WE'RE ONCE AGAIN
AT THE MERCY OF
TIMBERLY'S POOR
NAVIGATION
SKILLS...

**THIS IS
WHAT I *GET*
FOR LEAVING MY
PHONE IN YOUR
DORM...**

**ALL SO I
DIDN'T DRUNK
DIAL MY EX
TONIGHT...**



DON'T
LISTEN TO
HER...

YOU
KNOW SHE
GETS OFF ON
JERKING MY
CHAIN...

WHY DO
YOU HAVE TO
MAKE *EVERY-*
THING SO
GROSS!?

I'M GOING
TO MAKE SURE
TONIGHT IS ONE
YOU'LL *NEVER*
FORGET...



THAT'S
WHERE WE'RE
HEADED, BASED
ON MY RESEARCH
OF BARS THIS
AREA.

SEE THAT
BUILDING OVER
THERE, WITH THE
THING THAT LOOKS
LIKE A LONG-ASS
SAGGY TIT...?

O-
KAY...

ACCORDING
TO TALKGPT, IT'S
THE NUMBER ONE
PLACE FOR HOOK-
UPS WITH LOOSE
CO-EDS...

IS THAT
REALLY WHAT
YOU ASKED
IT...?



SO, THAT'S
WHERE YOU'RE
LEADING US
TONIGHT?

SOME
LAME DIVE
BAR WHERE MY
LITTLE BROTHER
CAN CATCH THE
CLAP...?

YOU
KNOW HE'S
NOT...

KNOW
WHAT...?

NEVER-
MIND...

DIVE
BARS USUALLY
HAVE CHEAPER
DRINKS...

FUCK
IT! I'M
IN. LET'S
GO!

YOU
KNOW *AI*
ISN'T ALWAYS
RIGHT...

RIGHT...?

NAH!

THIS
WAS JUST AN
EASIER *BOOBLE*
SEARCH. YOU'LL
SEE...

YOU
TWO BETTER
HURRY!

LAST ONE
THERE BUYS
THE FIRST
ROUND!

AND SO THE TRIO WANDERED THROUGH THE UNFAMILIAR STREETS OF NEW AGRABAH...



IN SEARCH OF AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION THAT TIM CHOSE BASED ON SOME... QUESTIONABLE CRITERIA.

UNTIL THEY FOUND THEMSELVES IN AN EQUALLY QUESTIONABLE NEIGHBORHOOD..



WITH ITS STREETS EERILY QUIET, AS THE SUN BEGAN TO SET BEHIND THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS.



BACK
HOME HASN'T
CHANGED *TOO*
MUCH...

IT'S
STILL THE
SAME BORING
PLACE WHERE WE
GREW UP...

BUT, MY
LEASE IS UP
AT THE END OF
AUGUST...

AND
I'M NOT
REALLY SURE
WHAT I WANT
TO DO...

SO, WHAT HAPPENED TO MOVING IN WITH MEGAN...?

I DIDN'T TELL YOU THIS...

BUT THAT *SLUT* IS WHO I CAUGHT MARK CHEATING ON ME WITH...

OH, SORRY, I DIDN'T...

YEAH, I KNOW...





IT SUCKS
THAT THAT
HAPPENED TO
YOU...

AND I'M
PRACTICALLY
LIVING IN A
CLOSET RIGHT
NOW...

BUT
I CAN MAKE
ROOM IF YOU
NEED A PLACE
TO GO.



YOU'RE
SWEET, BUT
THAT HONESTLY
SOUNDS PRETTY
HORRIBLE...

NAH...

YOU'RE
WORKING ON
WHERE YOU WANT
TO GO IN LIFE,
RIGHT...?

I THINK
I JUST NEED
TO FIGURE MY
OWN SHIT
OUT...

MAYBE
START A NEW
LIFE SOME-
WHERE...

I'M
NOT SO
SURE...

SPEAKING
OF FIGURING
SHIT OUT...

HEY!

ANY LUCK
FIGURING OUT
WHERE THIS
PLACE IS
YET...?



A man with a beard and short hair, wearing a black leather jacket, is shown in profile, looking down at a smartphone he is holding in his hands. He is standing in a dark room with a large, paneled door behind him. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of his jacket and the contours of his face. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the scene, containing text that suggests a search for something in a ghost town.

I DON'T
GET IT...

IT'S
SUPPOSED
TO BE SOME-
WHERE AROUND
HERE...

BUT
THIS PLACE
IS A GHOST
TOWN...



SO...

WHAT
YOU'RE
SAYING
IS...

YOU GOT
US *LOST*, JUST
LIKE I SAID YOU
WOULD...

I DIDN'T
GET US LOST,
DONNIE.

I'M
SURE WE'RE
IN THE RIGHT
PLACE...

IT'S JUST
ODD THAT NO-
ONE IS OUT HERE
ON A SATURDAY
NIGHT...

GIVEN
THAT THIS IS
SUPPOSED TO
BE ONE OF THIS
TOWN'S HOT
SPOTS...





LOOK.
SEE...?

ACCORDING
TO MY GPS, IT'S
SOMEWHERE IN
THIS STRIP...

A man with brown hair and a light beard, wearing a green polo shirt, is looking upwards and to the right with a thoughtful expression, his hand resting on his chin. He is on a city street at night. In the background, there is a sign for 'ARCHERAPLYX PAWN SHOP EST. 1971' and another sign that says 'Hosted by Muscle Mommies'. A woman with curly hair is partially visible behind him.

HEY,
WHAT'S THE
NAME OF THE
PLACE WE'RE
LOOKING
FOR...?

LUCKY'S
IRISH PUB.

GREAT!

I'M
PRETTY SURE
WE FOUND
IT...



WELL,
WOULD YA
LOOK AT
THAT...

NO
SHIT...

EATS.de.SWEET



IF YOU
SIMPLY WAITED
JUST ONE MORE
MINUTE BEFORE
BEING A *HUGE*
BITCH...

SHUT
THE *FUCK*
UP, TIM-
BERLY.

YOU
JUST GOT
LUCKY THIS
TIME...

HUH?
WHAT WAS
THAT LAST
PART...?

I SAID:
"A BROKEN
CLOCK CAN BE
RIGHT ONCE IN
A WHILE..."

**YOU
TWO...**

Closed
Danny is out on
maternity leave again.
See you in three
weeks!



FINE...
YOU FOUND
THE STUPID
BAR...

BUT
YOU'RE STILL
THE LAST ONE
IN LINE, SO YOU
GET THE FIRST
ROUND.

HEY,
UH...

DON'T
WORRY...

Closed
Drinking is not an
excuse for bad
behaviour.
Get up on their
feet!

DRINKS
ARE ON ME
TONIGHT.

WELL...
SHIT...

CAN YOU
AFFORD TO DO
THAT...?

YEAH,
MAN. I'M
GOOD.



HEY
GLYS...

NICE...

THINGS
MUST BE
GOING PRETTY
WELL THEN...

HELL-
O...?

Closed

Danny is out on
maternity leave again.

See you in three
weeks!

YEAH,
I JUST GOT
THAT PROMOTION
AT MY UNCLE'S
COMPANY...

HEY!

ASS-
HOLES!

WHAT!?

THE BAR'S
CLOSED, YOU
IDIOT...



YOU'RE
JOKING...

LET ME
SEE...

SO NOW
WHAT ARE WE
SUPPOSED TO
DO...?

GUYS,
IT'S FINE. I'M
SURE THERE'S
SOME OTHER
PLACE AROUND
HERE...



UGH!

I WAS
HOPING TO
DO SOMETHING
NICE FOR YOUR
BIRTHDAY...

RELAX,
I'M TRYING
TO SEE WHAT
ELSE IS EVEN
NEARBY...

THIS
WAS NICE,
JUST HAVING
YOU GUYS
HERE...

TG Comics



A close-up shot of a man with a shaved head and a goatee, wearing a black leather jacket. He has a tattoo of a cross and the word 'Sinner' on his left cheek. The background is a dark city street at night with buildings and streetlights.

WHERE
THE HELL DID
YOU COME
FROM...?

HEH...

EITHER
WAY, SEEMS
LIKE TODAY IS
MY LUCKY
DAY...

TO BE CONTINUED..

Thanks for reading!



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