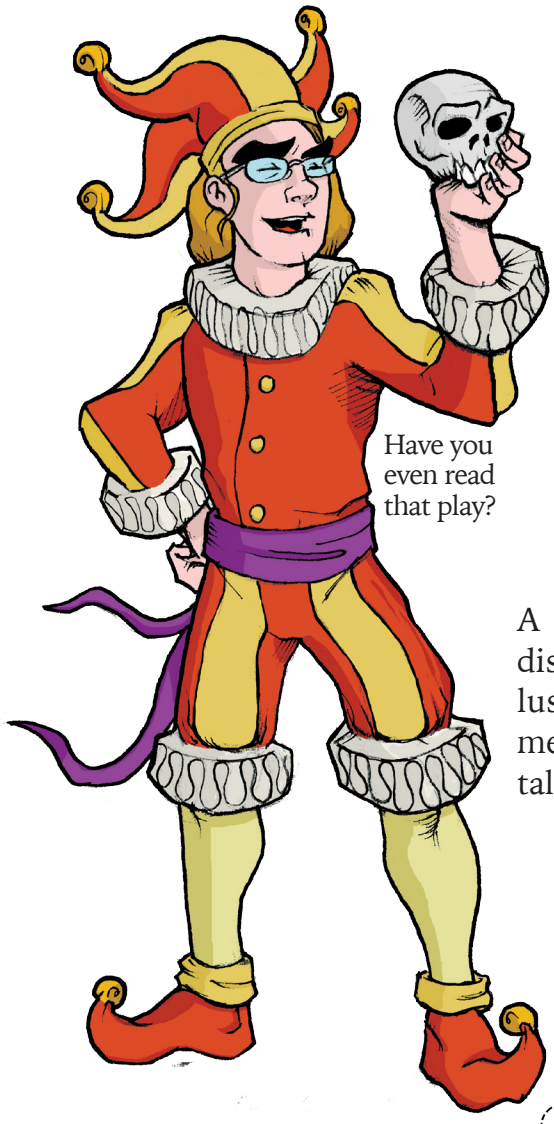
SKETCHY
1$
VOL. 1
Featuring
UNRECOGNIZABLE
a short story by
JACOB FORTIN
A SKEPTICAL
PUBLICATION

MEET THE PEEPS

Here are some of the creative minds involved in this magazine



JACOB *"14"* FORTIN

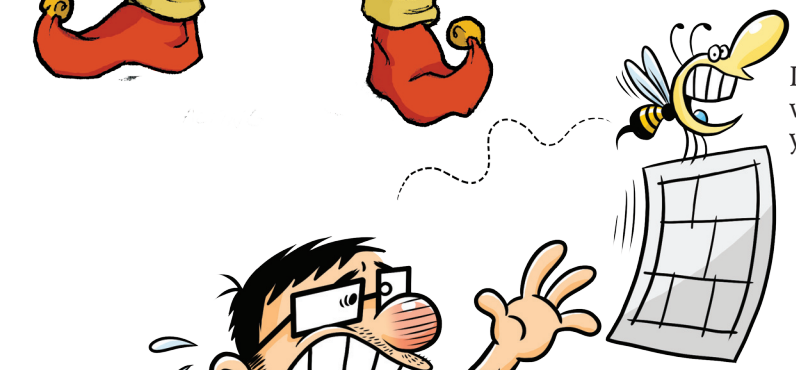
writer, illustrator, podcaster, jester

After nearly a decade of entertaining godless heathens with his podcast "The Good Atheist," Jacob decided to try and create something totally original. When that failed, he "borrowed" a few old ideas, and behold: "Sketchy Magazine" was born.

JOSE LUIS GILES

comic book artist

A student of multiple artistic disciplines, Jose became disillusioned with the art establishment and chose to focus his talents on the subversive world of comics instead.



AFROMONKEY

cartoonist

Concieved inside an Andean volcano, he was worshiped as a miracle child after being born with a pencil in his tiny hand; his first comics engraved on the walls of his mother's womb.

★ THE MOST ADEQUATE IN SATIRE ★

SKETCHY

Volume #1 Spring, 2015

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Cover Illustration by **J.D.Fortin** -- Ink and Color by **Dan Drew**

SKETCHY MAGAZINE is published in Montreal, QC, Canada. If a name of any living person is used, it is entirely coincidental. The digital copy of this publication is not to be printed, as the author reserves that right. Potential subscribers should go to www.patreon.com/sketchy for more.

JAKE'S CORNER

Dear Reader,

Thank you for downloading the free edition of "Sketchy Magazine". We've included the first 10 pages, along with a special preview of our serial comic "Skeptic-Al". Now, you might be wondering: what is "Sketchy Magazine?"

Sketchy Magazine features original stories, cartoons and editorials with a satirical bent.

Sketchy Magazine is intended to offend. The world is offensive. Life is often offensive. Prudes and cowardly leftists are fond of muzzling offense, fuled by the mistaken belief that snuffing out its embers will prevent fires from spreading. Nothing could be further from the truth. Hatred that moves underground becomes further radicalized, the same way drugs become more dangerous once they are prohibited. Genuine persecution is a strong recruitment tool, especially for frustrated young men who often need little incentive for violence. Besides, freedom of speech isn't only about the right to express your own ideas; it's also about the right to hear competing ones too, no matter how objectionable they may be.

I made the magazine only 1$ in order to entice as many people as humanly possible.

It's amazing how size really can make a difference. Although a few hundred subscribers would be great, a few thousand would be life-changing. In even greater numbers, the possibilities become endless. I wanted subscription to the magazine to be a no-brainer. Besides, I've included many other goodies for people willing to spend a little more money, including podcasts and the audio-versions of the Magazine. If people want to be big supporters, they are more than welcome!

Why did I decide to publish this magazine?

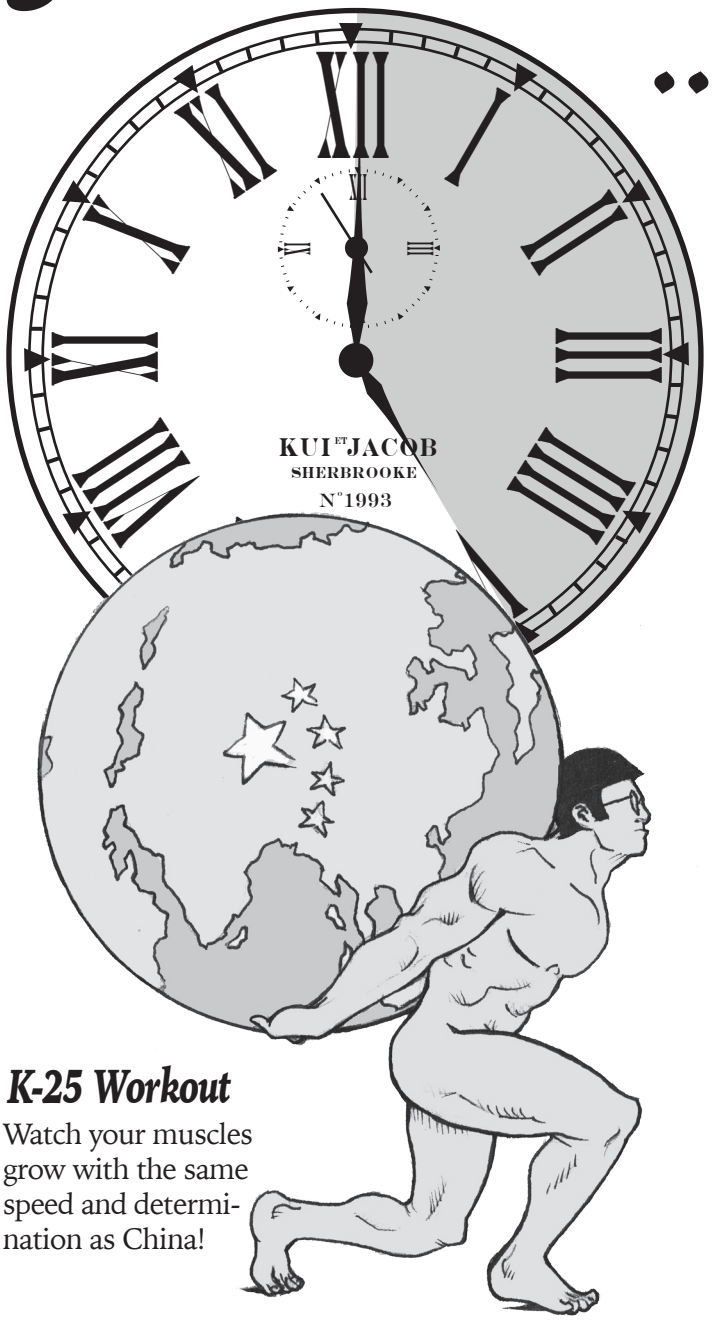
I don't want to bum you out, but only a short while ago, the minute hand of the cheerily named "Doomsday Clock" -- a clever theatrical device that aids in the visualization of our own demise -- moved just a little closer to midnight. This piece of bad news was largely ignored, as the month's newscycle had been monopolized by the violent conflicts being fought in the name of Islam. Although the religious wars currently haunting the Middle East and Africa have no doubt added to the urgency, the reaction of our own governments has been alarming, to say the least. We've watched as our freedoms dwindle under the pretense of safety and security from an invisible enemy. The only reprieve from this nightmare is the knowledge that the institutions threatening our freedoms can still be openly mocked, though there are terrifying limitations.

The enemies of free expression are not yet in full control, but that does not stop idealogues from yanking at the chain around our necks, and sending their most deranged young converts to butcher their critics. Be they nations or religious groups, there are all manner of organizations willing to do whatever it takes to silence dissenting voices.

If they expected cooperation from us, they were mistaken.

MONKEY SCRIBBLES

Just 25 Minutes A Day ...and I'll turn you fat american into a REAL MAN



I have visited your country, and seen how fat and lazy your citizens have become. A shame! In my home province, a man would be pointed at and mocked for not seeing his own member when urinating. Lucky for you, I have decided to teach you americans my secret for building muscle, endurance, and stamina in the bedroom.

I was a puny weakling once, but the power of the dragon allowed me to become "The World's Most Perfect Asian Man".

I Was a Puny Weakling

Now, my government has convinced me to help your desperately obese country get fit.

FREE THIS FREE BOOK WILL TEACH YOU AN "ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET" TO WIN THE RESPECT OF PEERS.

Just because your country is a bloated, oversized beast ready to collapse at any moment, it certainly doesn't mean you have to be too! Even as you watch your own government's incompetance grow, you'll see your waistline shrink just as drastically. Do you want to be strong and confident, like your nation used to be? Then you'll need to get a copy of my K-25 workout today!

K-25 Workout

Watch your muscles grow with the same speed and determination as China!

Here's PROOF, American!

"I can't believe the results. I'm now questioning everything I hold dear." **F.D., Kansas**

"The K-25 program changed my life; now on to the philosophy of Karl Marx!" **B.S., New York**

"My fat reserves are deflating faster than our economy!" **T.J., Florida**

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The Voice

Story & Art by
Jacob Fortin

"Hey sweety, you want another drink or what?"

Sandy snapped out of her daydream to look up at the bartender, a heavy-set woman wearing what some might have generously called a dress (though table cloth seemed more apt a description); an unlit cigarette hung precariously from her lips, dangling to and fro as she talked.

"Yeah, sure," Sandy replied. "Same thing."

The bartender left to refill her dirty glass with the only putrid beer they served in this dive as Sandy closed her eyes, desperately trying to recall her favorite dream. It had been so clear only a moment before; a splendid music hall, filled to capacity with a crowd wearing gorgeous clothing. Her towering dress, flowing breezily as she walked towards the stage. The audience, fallen silent by her beauty, desperate to hear her golden voice. After what seemed like an eternity, she grabbed the microphone and began belting out a tune with such ferocity and honesty that the faceless audience rose to their feet, anxiously awaiting the final note to unleash their furious applause.

It all seems so easy in the dream world, she thought as she scrutinized the karaoke equipment being set up on the other side of the bar. *So why can't I even find the guts to sing in a shithole in the middle of buttfuck nowhere? I purposely drove for hours out into the boonies to find a joint where nobody knows me, and I'm still terrified!*

Her drink in hand, Sandy went to sit back down in the corner of the bar, desperately trying to avoid eye contact with the locals. Most of the patrons were in small groups anyway, conversing with one another about their miserable little lives. They slapped each other on the back in false consolation while their calloused hands clutched oversized beer mugs, slamming the golden liquid down their gullets at a furious pace. The noise of so many drunk and overly boisterous revellers made the crowd seem like a pack of wild animals, sending a wave of fear washing over her, so she took another gulp of her drink to put the thought out of mind.

"Howdy folks!" exclaimed a young man as he made his way to the stage. His ludicrously mismatched outfit was at least two sizes too big. "Welcome to tonight's karaoke competition. This is a pretty special night, as all of you know. The winner will be chosen as this year's Harvest Queen! What an honor! So, we encourage all of our participants to try their best, OK?"

Harvest Queen? thought Sandy. *What the hell kind of prize is that?*

The crowd predictably cheered, and soon a number of candidates had begun to line up. Most looked extremely young; probably teens still in high school, if this town possessed such an institution. No doubt in this small town, people were willing to overlook something so mundane as drinking laws.

Figures a bunch of teenagers would want to win something as dumb-sounding as 'Harvest Queen.' Sounds like the lame pageant I hated back in high school she thought, hoping for the lie to be true.

The first teenager stammered her way up the small staircase and onto the stage. Each uncoordinated step was followed clumsily by another, and it soon became apparent that the girl was painfully shy. She smiled nervously as her chosen song came on, and when the first lyric flashed across the screen, her rendition was barely audible. At first it seemed a little comical; but as the song progressed and her voice continued to fail her, the audience began to turn. A couple hecklers yelled out for her to sing louder, which was quickly followed by anonymous boos from the back. Her eyes began to water. As the jeers increased, what little courage she had left her, and she slunk off the stage.

"Give her a hand, folks," said the host, half-heartedly, "and let's welcome our next performer!"

Sandy's mind began to wander again. She wondered what it would be like to be famous. Would she keep all of her friends, or get swept up by the 'Hollywood' life? What would her fanbase be like, and would she ever get a stalker?

Before you get all excited, maybe you should try and actually sing on stage just once in your damn life, said the part of her brain desperately clinging to reality. *Just because you can sing in the shower doesn't mean jack shit…*

"REEEEEEEE," screeched the microphone for a moment, snapping Sandy back awake as the next girl -- another forgettable human being -- tried to ignore the groans of the crowd. Her chosen song was a typical country ballad lamenting the loss of a beloved barnyard animal, which subdued the audience into silence. A few began to smile, though this was not to last, as her ambition fled her; a sustained note, as foul as they come, shattered her weak spell over the crowd. She seemed to pick up on this, for in her final verse she took the safe route. The damage had been done. As she made her way off the stage, only pity drove the listless claps that accompanied her.

What a bunch of losers, thought Sandy. *They couldn't hold a note if their lives depended on it. I'd blow all of these bitches out of the water! I wonder if the winner gets a crown…*

"Let's keep it moving, folks! Our next contestant is Jenny Flass. Come on up, Jenny."

Sandy's heart stopped momentarily as she saw a striking young woman take to the stage. Every step seemed to land on a cloud as her small summer dress caressed the contours of her maturing body. There was an innocence and serene beauty about the girl; if anyone had a royal quality to their character, certainly this was it. Sandy wasn't the only one enraptured.

She's mostly just pretty, Sandy observed. *I bet she's terrible.*

As if on cue, young Jenny Flass began to sing. It was angelic, setting off a wave of melancholy that washed through the crowd.

What a fake! She's not even old enough to understand the concepts she's talking about! She's barely sixteen for Christ's sake… has this girl even been in love? Did she get her heart broken in a million pieces and have to suffer the humiliation of moving back in with her mom? She shook her head to clear the growing fog. This was no time for self pity!

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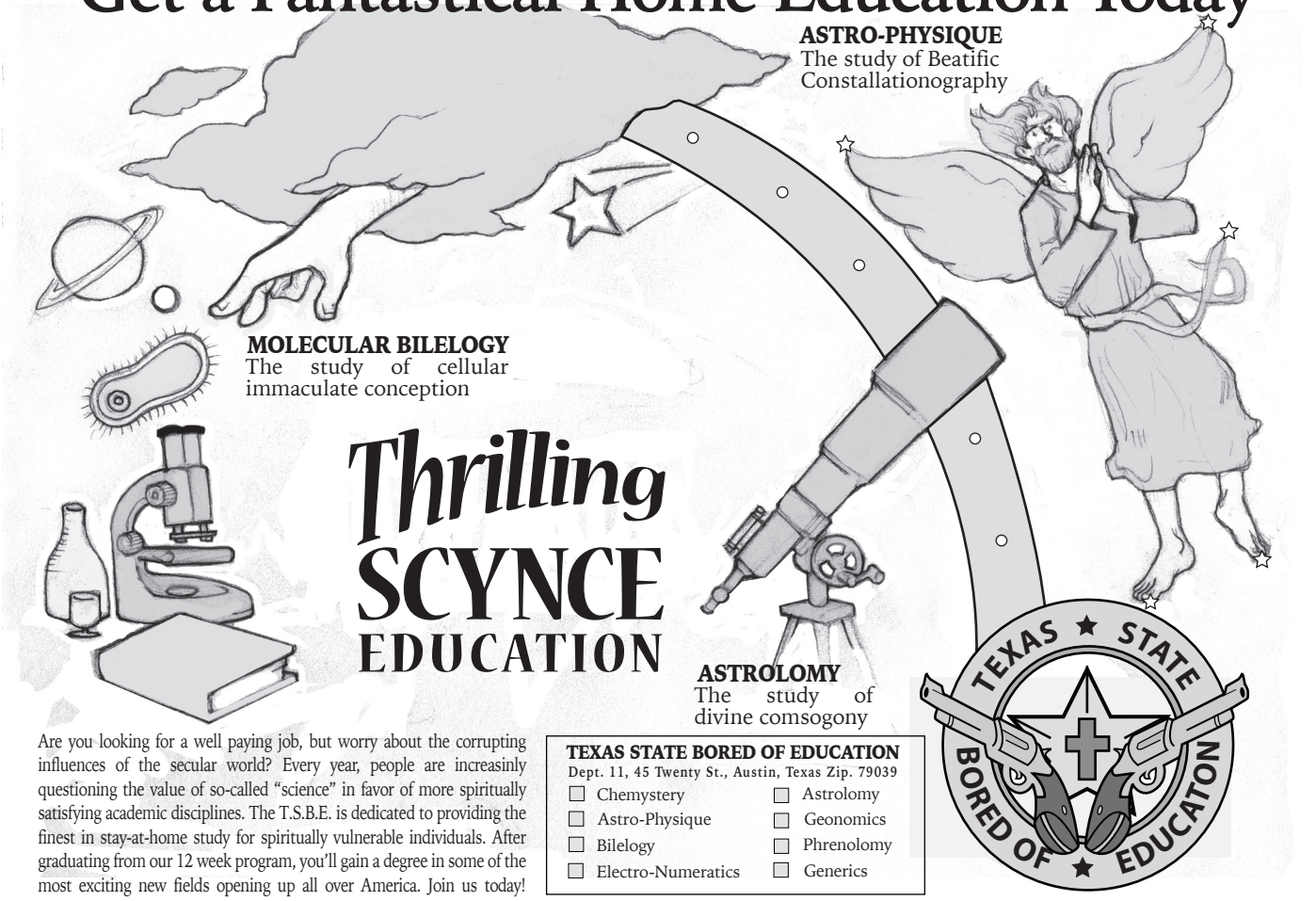

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The crowd cheered loudly, and the DJ grabbed the microphone from Jenny's small hands. "Wasn't that great, everyone? Now, unless there are no other entries, I think we may have found our Harvest Que.."

"Stop!" shouted a voice from the back of the bar. Sandy was surprised momentarily when she realized that voice had been her own. She composed herself. "I'd like to sing a song...if you don't mind."

Although the patrons seemed shocked by the stranger in their midst, the boozy atmosphere of joy had them quickly rallying her on, and Sandy bravely made her way to the evening's host.

The young man put his hand on the microphone to mute it. "What's your song, miss?" he asked.

"Your Cheatin' Heart," Sandy replied, almost instinctively. Her heart raced as she climbed the three little steps leading to the stage, and when she turned around to finally see the crowd, it skipped a beat. She had not been prepared for the sudden rush of adrenaline, but Sandy tried her best to suppress it. As the soft melody of the song began, she felt her nerves begin to calm.

"Your cheatin' heart will make you you weep..." her voice trembled ever so slightly to the words, thinking about how many tears she had shed. "You'll cry and cry, and try to sleep," all those sleepless nights she had suffered... "But sleep won't come, the whole night through, your cheatin' heart will tell on you."

She took a deep breath, and closed her eyes. "When tears come down, like falling rain," She could see his smug face slowly contorting with pain. "You'll toss around and call my name." Even in the dark she could still feel the bright lights on her face as each note floated effortlessly from her mouth, and she smiled. "You'll walk the floor the way I do," she took another deep breath and a torrent of emotion seemed to flow through her: "your cheatin' heart, will tell on you!"

The silence was deafening. Rather than clap, the audience seemed frozen in shock. Sweat poured down Sandy's brow as her heart began to race wildly. *Oh god, I actually suck...*

Suddenly, the crowd exploded into collective jubilation; their faces turning so rapidly from blank stares to ecstasy it sent a shockwave throughout Sandy's body, and she jumped in shock. The older patrons momentarily forgot their age and began to jump around as they hugged one another while the younger ones made their way to the stage. Before she could react, Sandy was lifted in the air in triumph.

She was beaming, and her mind began to boil over. *This is it! They're making me the Harvest Queen! I beat that little bitch! It means I'm going to be famous, and all my dreams will come true!*

The sudden sound of a door being slammed shut snapped Sandy out of her naive reverie, and she realized her surroundings had changed. Gone was the bar area, replaced instead with a large, smokey room filled with lit candles. It was empty, except for a single metallic chair in the middle. She tried to struggle to get free, but there were too many hands holding her still. They forced her to sit down, and secured her arms and legs with the bloodsoaked restraints. Once she was secured in the bolted chair, the mob took to their knees.

The young DJ began to walk towards Sandy, slowly removing his oversized clothing, revealing the nearly transparent robe he had been wearing underneath. Just as he neared her, he quickly turned around and raised his bony hands into the air.

"We have prayed long and hard, Oh Master, and still the crops continue to fail. But now, you have chosen in your infinite wisdom to send us a glorious Harvest Queen. We humble offer her to you so that you may bring back the rains!"

Sandy opened her mouth, desperate for a sound to come out in protest as the crowd rose to their feet and began to descend on her. Alas, her strength had left her, and she could not find her voice.

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