

EXPEDITION: AMERICA



WRITER:
DELONGE

ARTIST:
KAKA

EXPEDITION: AMERICA

Lewis and Clark, guided by Sacagawea, are venturing across uncharted North America. It's been a successful and educational journey, but they eventually stumble across something truly strange: a mythical creature, endowed with the transformative powers of nature. Ignited by the thrill of discovery, they lose themselves to its beauty.



Author:

DeLonge

Artist:

Kaka
Sedna Studio

Layout:

JSD
Studio GFX

Editor:

Valeyard Vince

All Rights Reserved 2021 © by Interweb Comics, LLC

All similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

No part of this comic book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means without express written permission from the publisher.

This comic is intended for mature readers (18 years of age and over).

Please report any piracy to dmca@interwebcomics.com

WILLIAM CLARK DIARY ENTRY. AUGUST.

WE HAVE SEEN BEAUTY ALL ACROSS THIS GREAT NEW WORLD. IT SEEMS BURSTING FULL OF COLOR AND LIFE. I LACK THE ELOQUENCE TO CONVEY PROPER WORDAGE.



FAR GONE IS THE DISTANT BLEAKNESS OF MY FORMER HOMETLAND, NOW STEMMING AS IF FROM A PREVIOUS LIFETIME. THE SIGHTS AND DAMP SMELLS OF CITY LIVING ARE FOREVER TARNISHED BY THE RICHNESS BEFORE US.



EVERY DAY BRINGS FORTH NEW DISCOVERIES. NEW ADVENTURE. BY MY WORD, I CANNOT SEE MY LIFE HAVING ANY OTHER PURPOSE GREATER THAN THIS.



ALTHOUGH, THESE UNDISTURBED GRACES AND RICHES DO NOT COME WITHOUT PERIL. AND I DO NOT SPEAK OF MERE ANIMAL NOR DISEASE AS ONE MAY EXPECT.



THE GREATEST TRIAL OF OUR LIFETIMES COMES NOT FROM DARKNESS...



...BUT FROM BLINDING LIGHT; SUCH AS THE ONE WE WITNESSED THAT FATEFUL DAY.



WILLIAM! WHAT HAPPENED?

DON'T WORRY. NOTHING BUT BLIND STUPIDITY. I THINK I'M ALRIGHT.



BETTER PLAY IT SAFE. LET'S GET YOU CLEANED UP.

THIS WAY. I THINK I HEAR WATER.



I'M FINE, TRULY. LET'S GET BACK TO THE COMPANY BEFORE DARK.

IT'S TOO FAR. WE NEED TO HELP YOUR ANKLE FIRST. BESIDES--



THE WATER I HEAR IS CLOSE.





THIS IS WRONG. THIS SHOULDN'T BE HERE.

HEAVENS. HOW IS THIS WATER GOING UP?



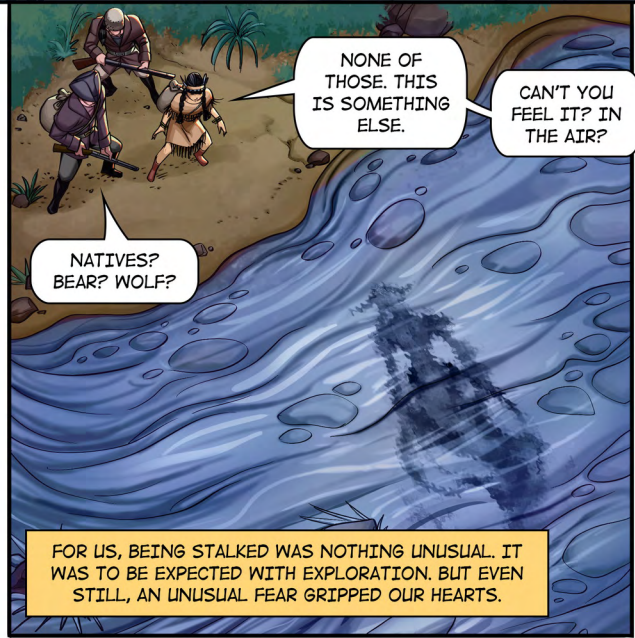
IF ONLY WE WERE GIVEN THE GIFT OF FORESIGHT, WE MAY HAVE RUN FAR FROM THAT STRANGE PLACE.



WE COULD NOT HAVE IMAGINED WHAT AWAITED US THERE... HUNTING US.

WE SHOULD TELL THE OTHERS ABOUT--

HUSH. BE QUIET. WE'RE NOT ALONE.

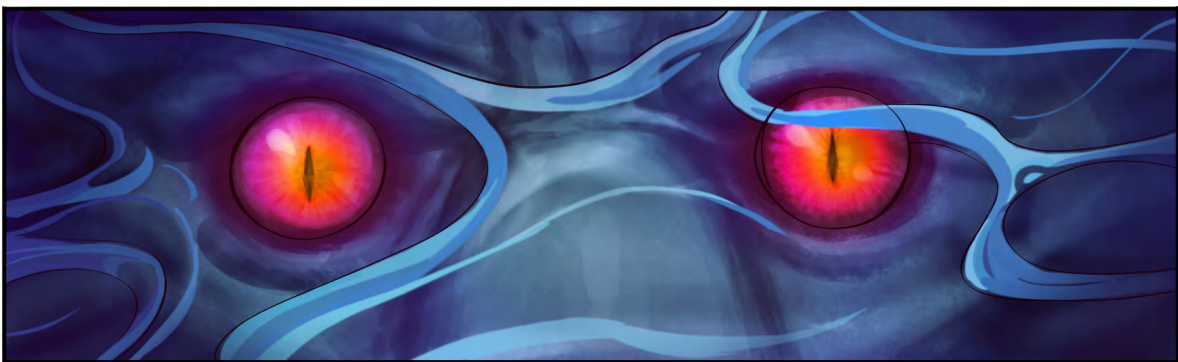


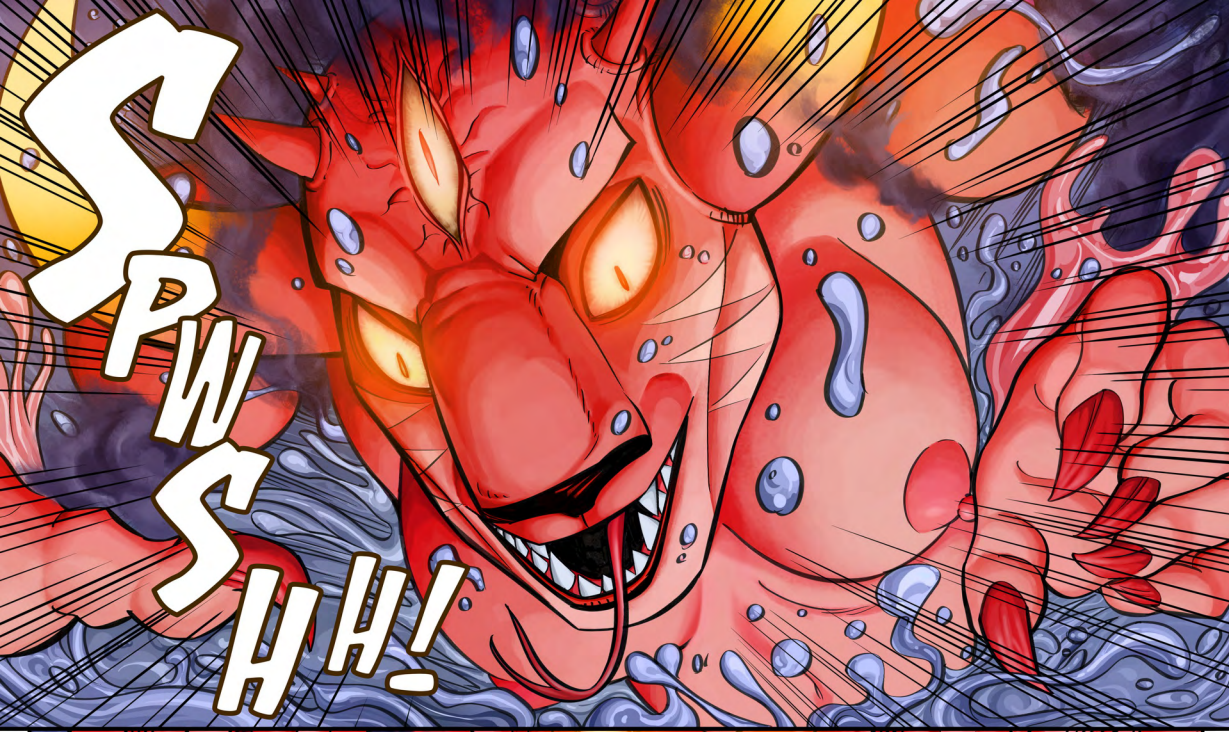
NONE OF THOSE. THIS IS SOMETHING ELSE.

CAN'T YOU FEEL IT? IN THE AIR?

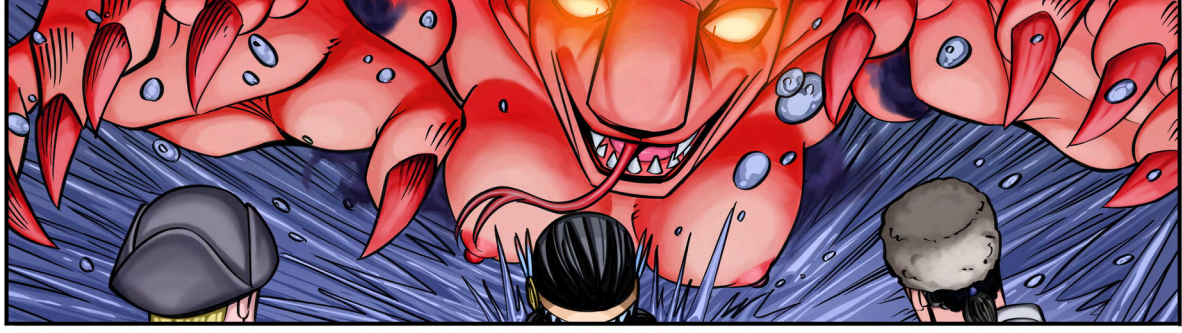
NATIVES? BEAR? WOLF?

FOR US, BEING STALKED WAS NOTHING UNUSUAL. IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED WITH EXPLORATION. BUT EVEN STILL, AN UNUSUAL FEAR GRIPPED OUR HEARTS.



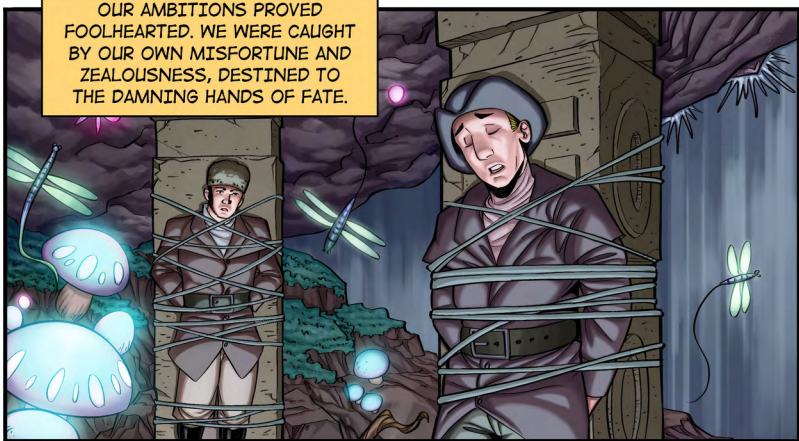


**S
P
S
H H!**

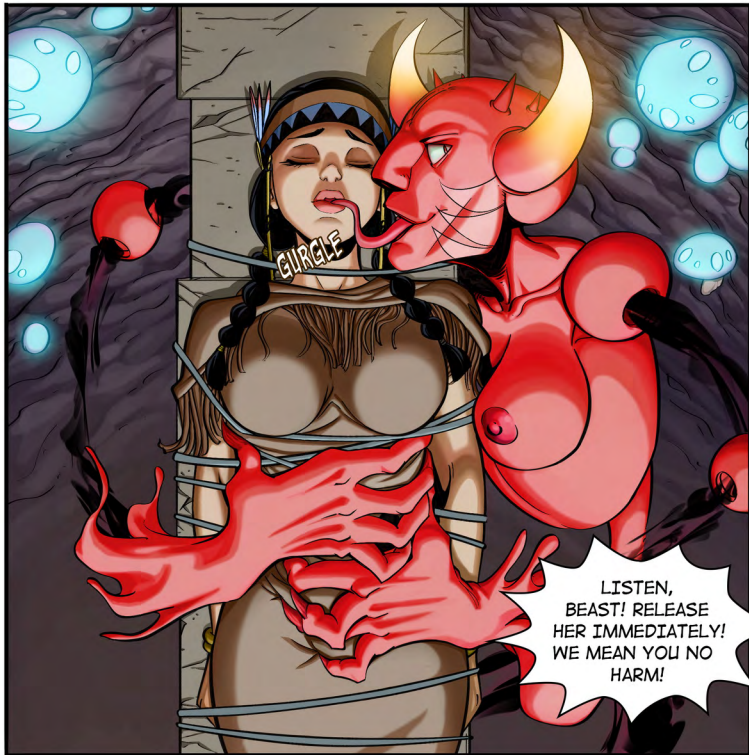


WUUMP!

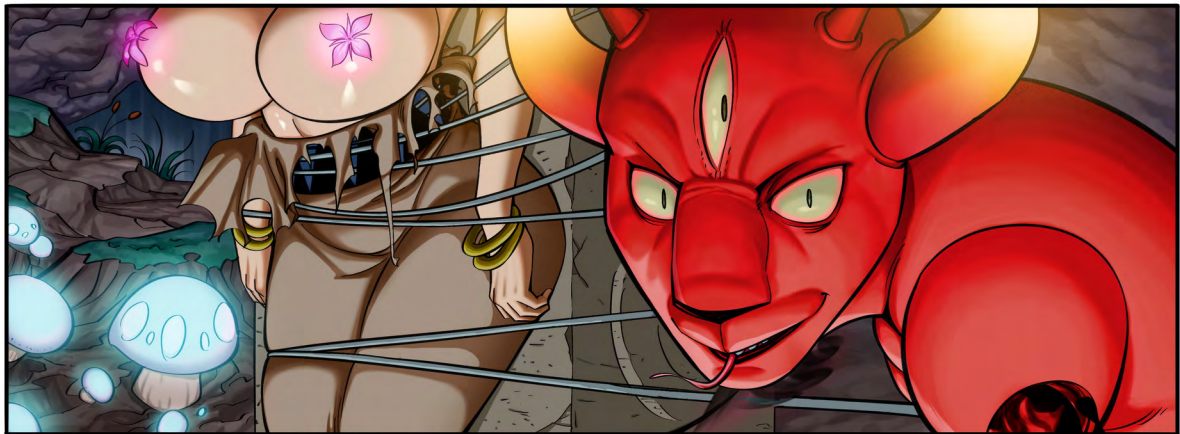
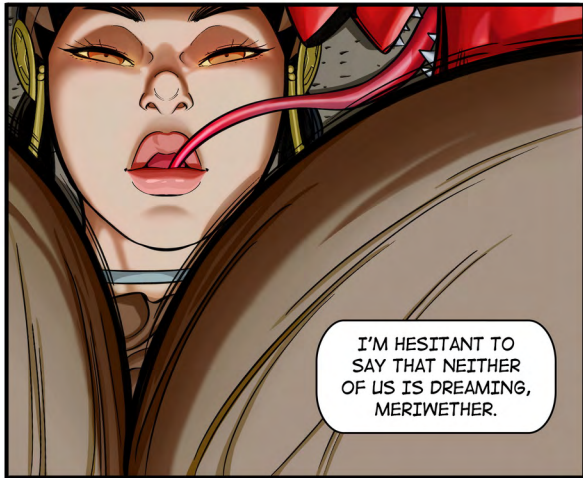
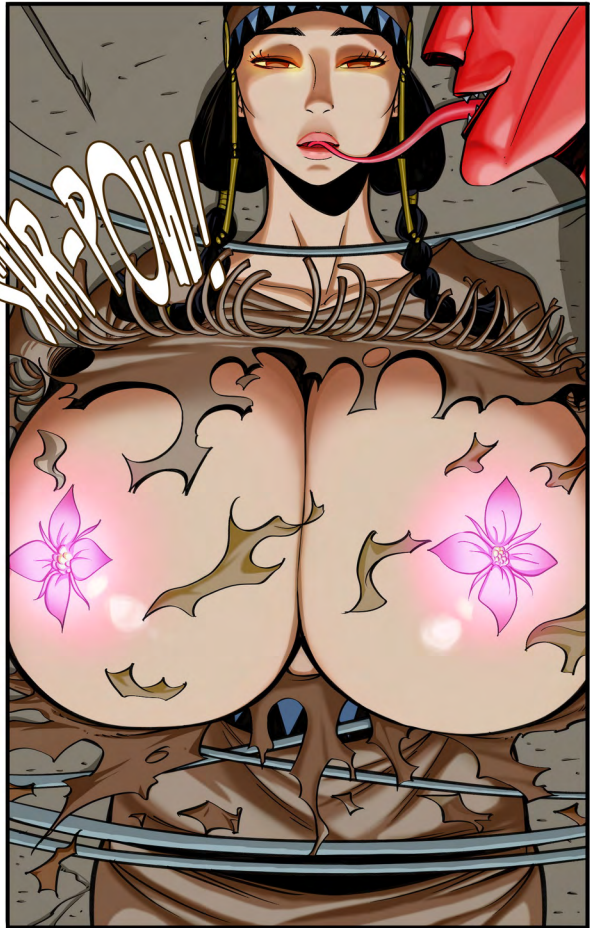
OUR AMBITIONS PROVED FOOLHEARTED. WE WERE CAUGHT BY OUR OWN MISFORTUNE AND ZEALOUSNESS, DESTINED TO THE DAMNING HANDS OF FATE.

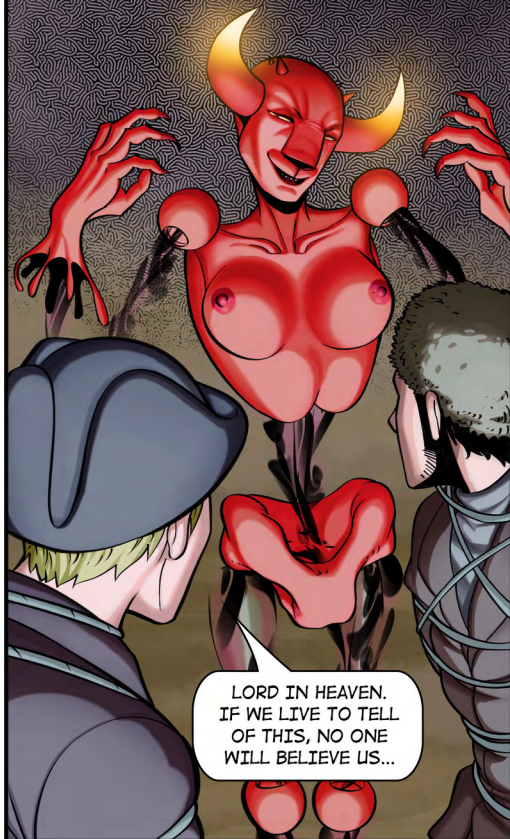


MERIWETHER, WAKE UP! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

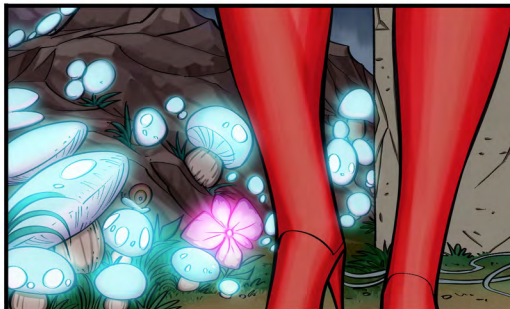


LISTEN, BEAST! RELEASE HER IMMEDIATELY! WE MEAN YOU NO HARM!



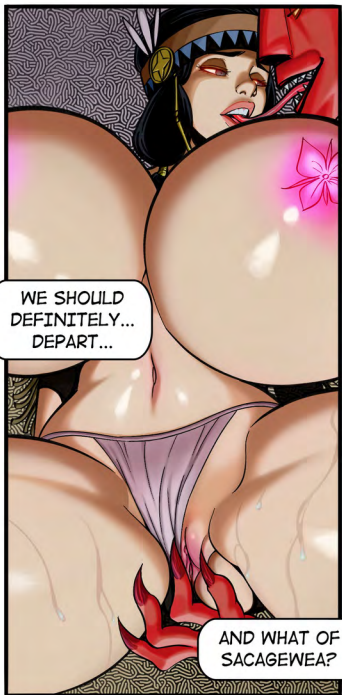


LORD IN HEAVEN.
IF WE LIVE TO TELL
OF THIS, NO ONE
WILL BELIEVE US...



WE SHOULD
T-TRY TO ESCAPE,
YES?

AGREED.



WE SHOULD
DEFINITELY...
DEPART...

AND WHAT OF
SACAGEWEA?



THERE ARE FORCES IN THIS WORLD BEYOND UNDERSTANDING. WE ARE NOT MEANT TO EXPLORE PAST CERTAIN MEASURES, LEST WE TUMBLE INTO A SELF-MADE ABYSS.



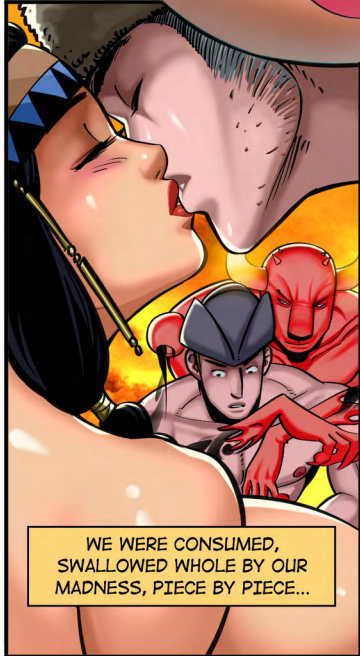
THIS CREATURE'S POWERS WERE NOTHING WE'D WITNESSED. ITS DETERMINATION, UNPARALLELED.

THE MORE WE INDULGED OUR SINS, THE MORE WE IMPRISONED OUR MINDS, SWEEPED AWAY BY RAVENOUS NEEDS. WE WERE NOT OUR OWN.





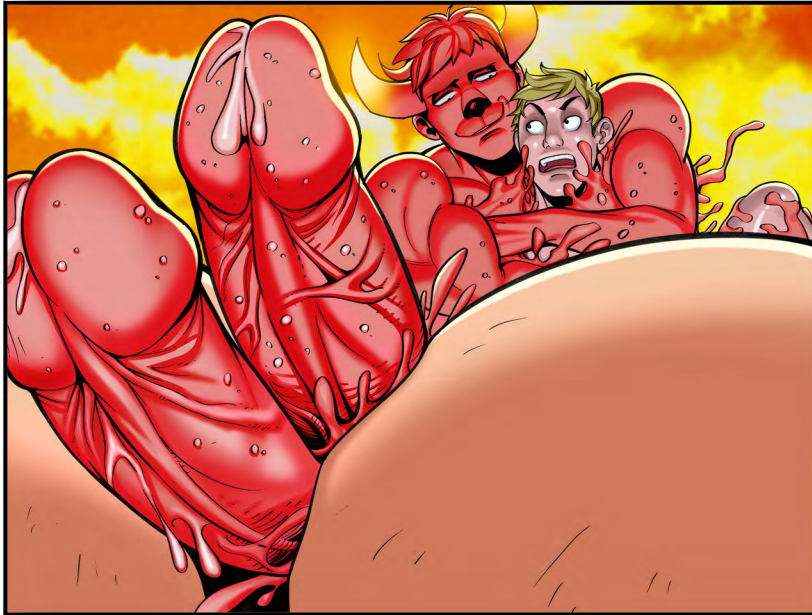
GONE WAS DECENCY. LEFT IN ITS PLACE WAS PURE, ANIMAL INSTINCT.



WE WERE CONSUMED, SWALLOWED WHOLE BY OUR MADNESS, PIECE BY PIECE...



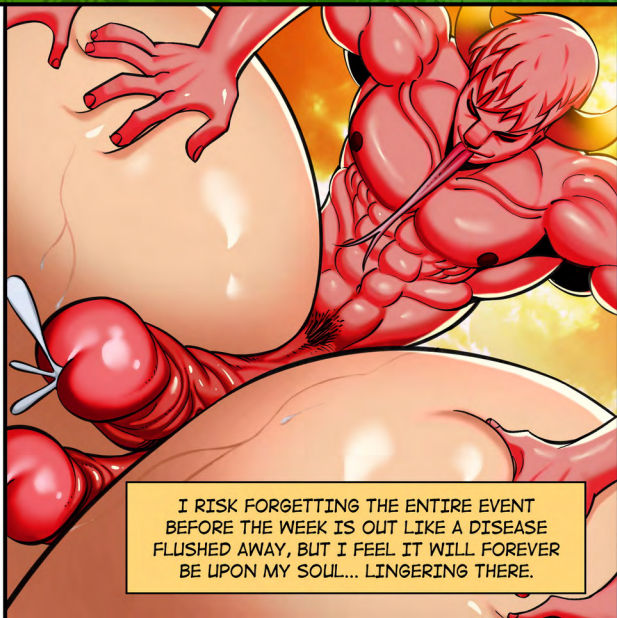
...UNTIL IT DEFINED US. WE GLADLY LABELED OURSELVES AS HARLOTS BORN THAT EVENING. MONSTERS OF OUR OWN SELF-MAKING.



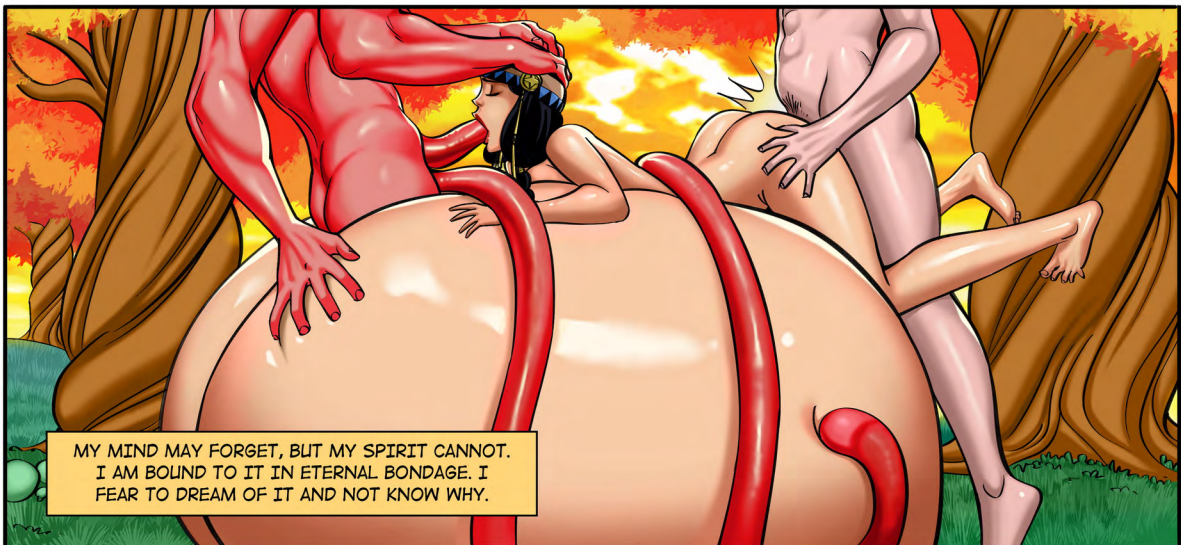
EVEN NOW, THE MORE I DWELL ON THE
EVENT, THE MORE MY MEMORY FADES. I
CAN RECALL LESS AND LESS OF IT.



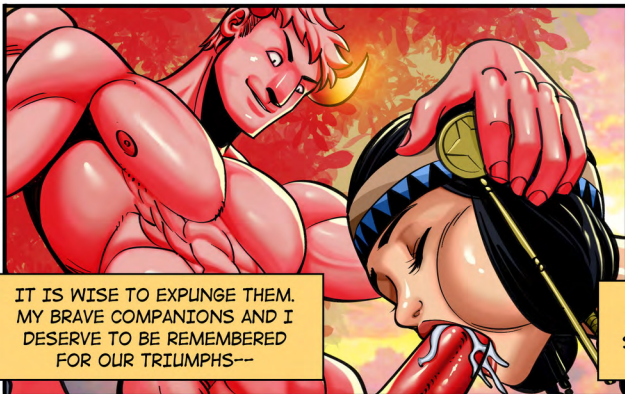
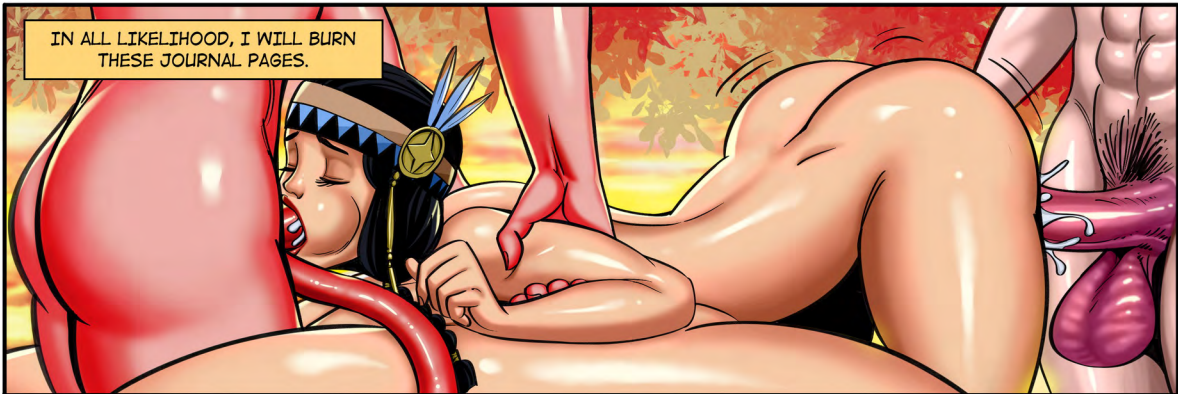
I RISK FORGETTING THE ENTIRE EVENT
BEFORE THE WEEK IS OUT LIKE A DISEASE
FLUSHED AWAY, BUT I FEEL IT WILL FOREVER
BE UPON MY SOUL... LINGERING THERE.



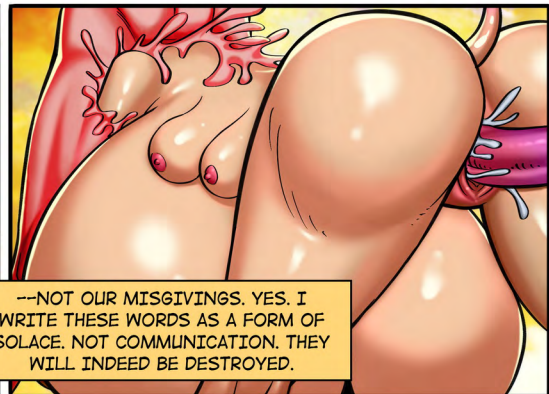
MY MIND MAY FORGET, BUT MY SPIRIT CANNOT.
I AM BOUND TO IT IN ETERNAL BONDAGE. I
FEAR TO DREAM OF IT AND NOT KNOW WHY.



IN ALL LIKELIHOOD, I WILL BURN
THESE JOURNAL PAGES.



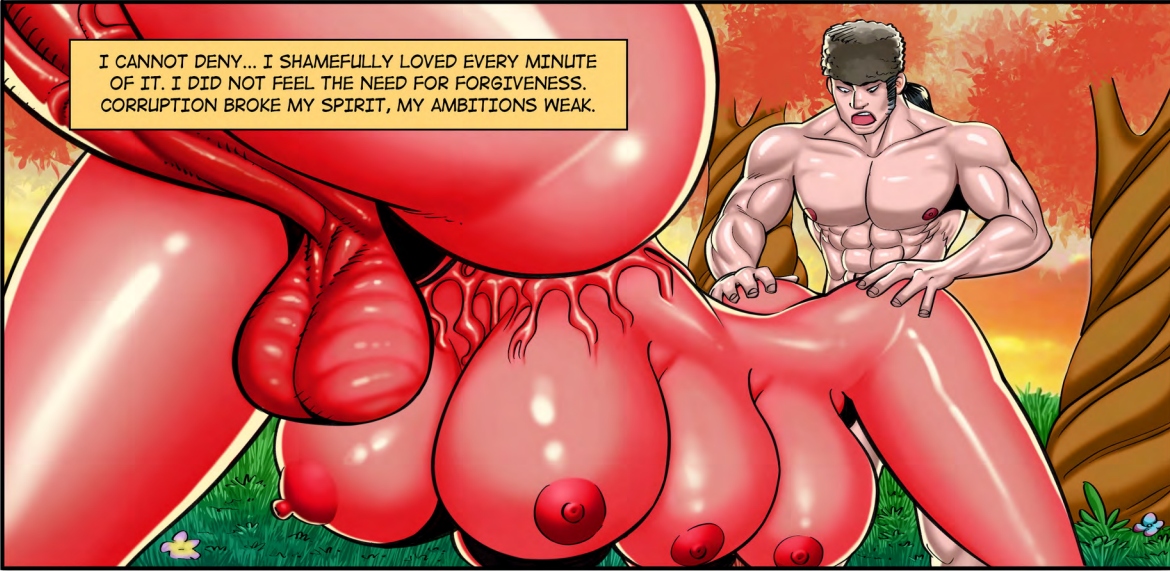
IT IS WISE TO EXPLUNGE THEM.
MY BRAVE COMPANIONS AND I
DESERVE TO BE REMEMBERED
FOR OUR TRIUMPHS---



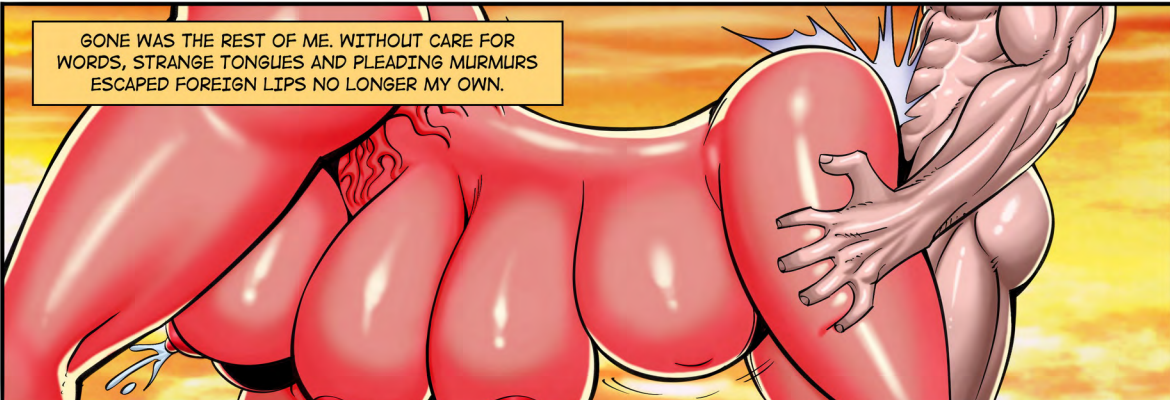
--NOT OUR MISGIVINGS. YES. I
WRITE THESE WORDS AS A FORM OF
SOLACE. NOT COMMUNICATION. THEY
WILL INDEED BE DESTROYED.



IN THAT SPIRIT, LET ME WRITE DOWN
WHAT I TRULY FEEL. THE NEED TO SAY,
FOR NO ONE TO READ BUT MY OWN EYES.



I CANNOT DENY... I SHAMEFULLY LOVED EVERY MINUTE OF IT. I DID NOT FEEL THE NEED FOR FORGIVENESS. CORRUPTION BROKE MY SPIRIT, MY AMBITIONS WEAK.



GONE WAS THE REST OF ME. WITHOUT CARE FOR WORDS, STRANGE TONGUES AND PLEADING MURMURS ESCAPED FOREIGN LIPS NO LONGER MY OWN.

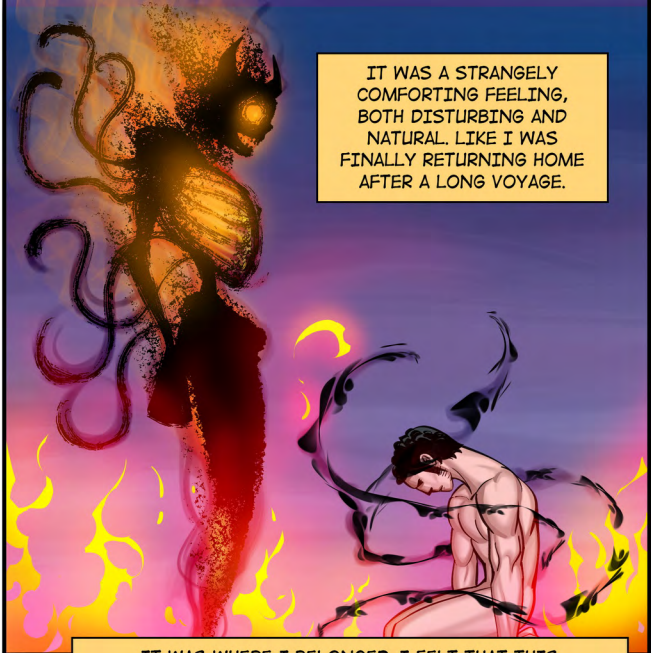


IT WAS A STRANGE NEW LAND WE HAD DISCOVERED, STRONG ENOUGH TO CHANGE ANY MAN OR WOMAN.

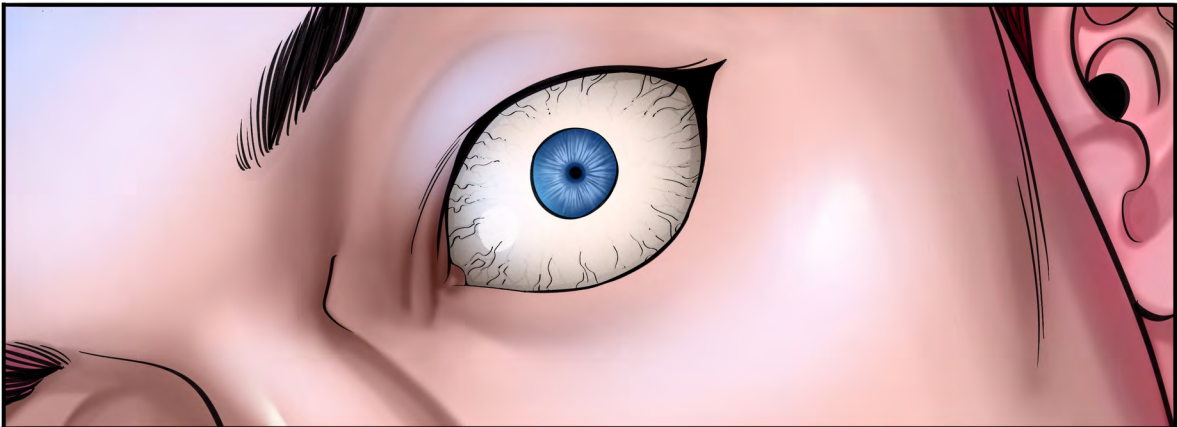
THE PLEASURES I FELT...
ANY ATTEMPT TO CONVEY
THOSE FEELINGS WOULD BE
A GROSS INJUSTICE.

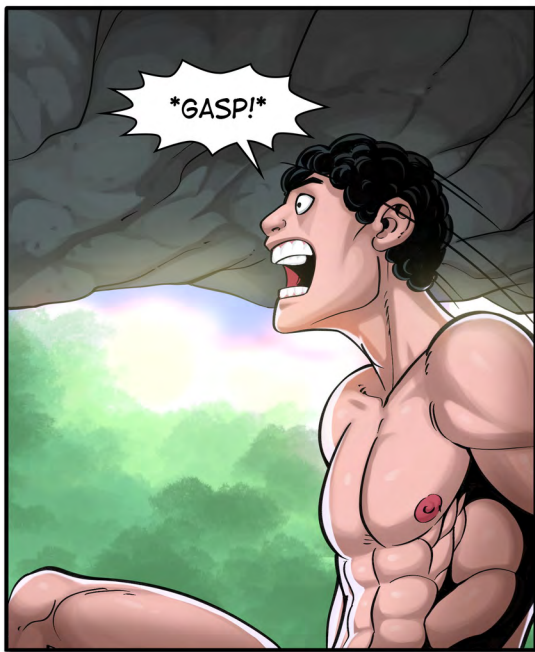


IT WAS A STRANGELY
COMFORTING FEELING,
BOTH DISTURBING AND
NATURAL. LIKE I WAS
FINALLY RETURNING HOME
AFTER A LONG VOYAGE.



IT WAS WHERE I BELONGED. I FELT THAT THIS
STRANGENESS WAS THE REAL ME... A VESSEL I'D ALWAYS
BEEN, WHOM I WAS DESTINED TO REDISCOVER.





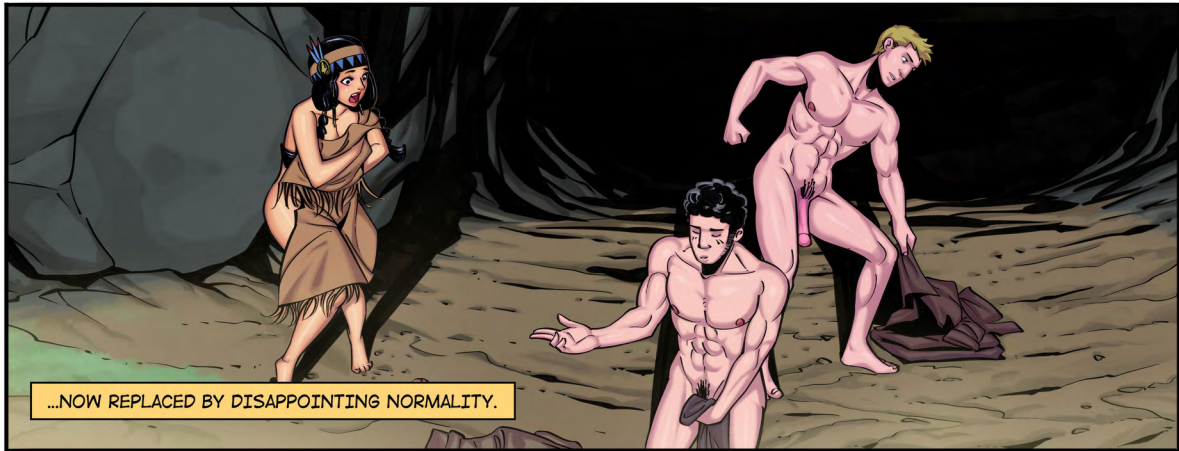
GASP!



WHAT HAPPENED?

IT'S...
MORNING.

I AWOKE. REMOVED WAS THE INTOXICATING POWER...



...NOW REPLACED BY DISAPPOINTING NORMALITY.



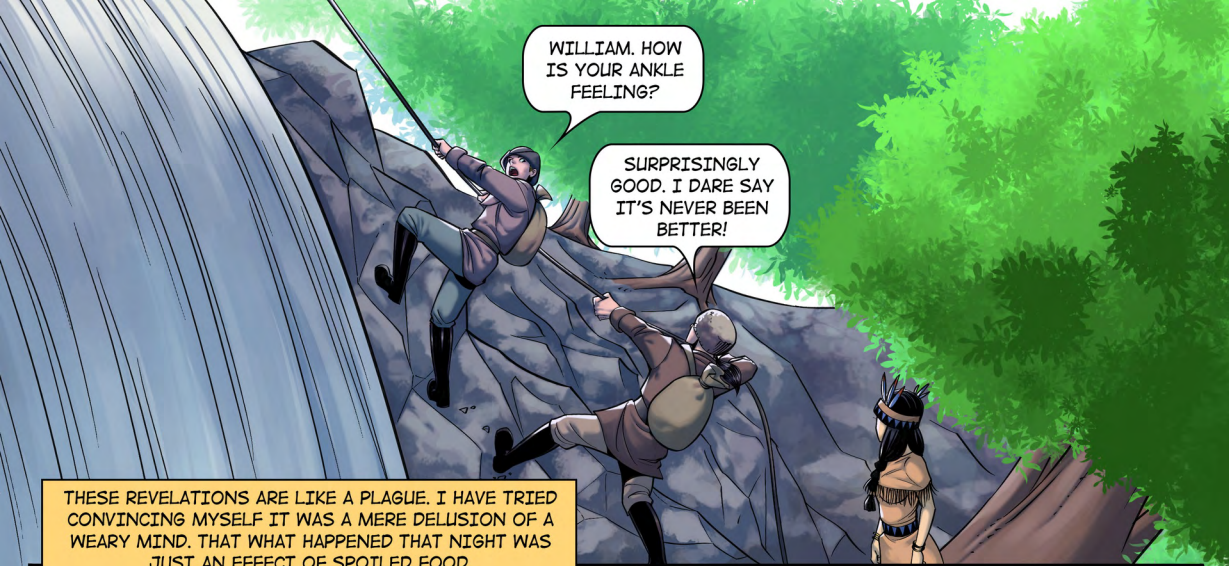
WE SHOULD GET BACK
TO THE COMPANY. THEY'RE
NO DOUBT WONDERING
WHERE WE ARE.

DEAR MERIWETHER,
I'M WONDERING
WHERE WE ARE.



HOLD ON. LAST
NIGHT. DID WE--?

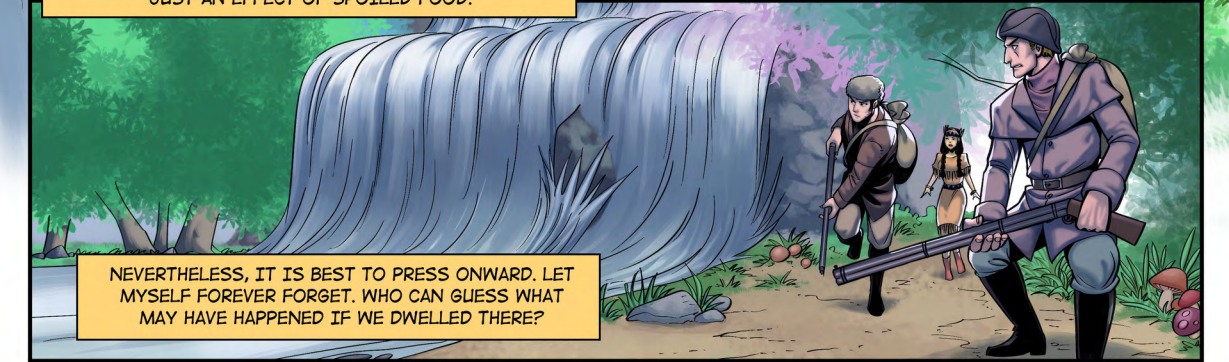
IT WAS JUST A
DREAM. NOTHING
MORE.



WILLIAM. HOW IS YOUR ANKLE FEELING?

SURPRISINGLY GOOD. I DARE SAY IT'S NEVER BEEN BETTER!

THESE REVELATIONS ARE LIKE A PLAGUE. I HAVE TRIED CONVINCING MYSELF IT WAS A MERE DELUSION OF A WEARY MIND. THAT WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT WAS JUST AN EFFECT OF SPOILED FOOD.

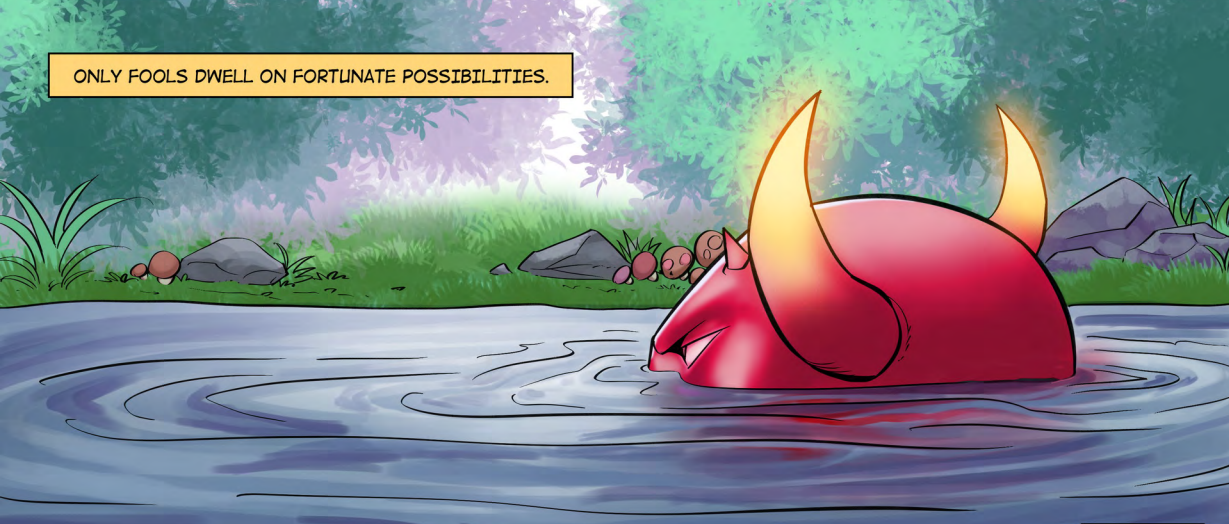


NEVERTHELESS, IT IS BEST TO PRESS ONWARD. LET MYSELF FOREVER FORGET. WHO CAN GUESS WHAT MAY HAVE HAPPENED IF WE DWELLED THERE?



WE WEREN'T SURE WHERE OUR JOURNEY WOULD LEAD US NEXT, BUT IT WOULDN'T BE FOUND ON DISTRACTING THOUGHTS. SOULFUL LONGING HINDERS SWIFTNES.

ONLY FOOLS DWELL ON FORTUNATE POSSIBILITIES.



THE END

CHECK OUT SOME
PREVIEW PAGES FROM OUR
UPCOMING COMIC LINEUP!



iWish

AUTHOR:
WILLIAM PRATT

ARTIST:
LWJ (SEDNA STUDIO)



BLOATED BANDIT

THE FRAUDULENT FRIAR

AUTHOR:
SOYLENTORANGE

ARTIST:
AMBLAGAR



★★★ AH! MY BOOBIES! ★★★

AUTHOR:
GEN-AWESOME

ARTIST:
YOULZ (STUDIO ARIETA)

