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Sophie Campbell

WET MOON

FEEBLE WANDERINGS

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AN ONI PRESS PUBLICATION

WIFE MO FEE

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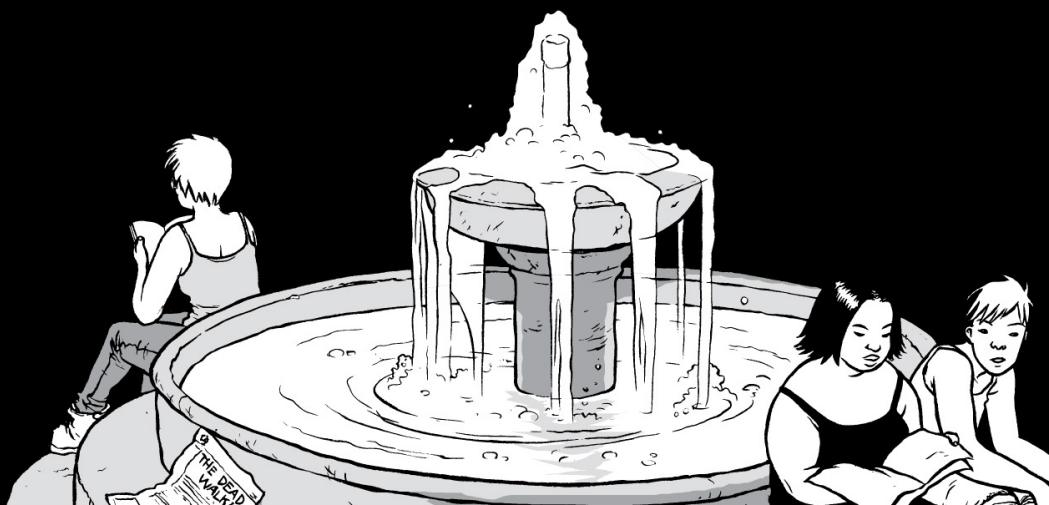
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1. Bowden House
2. Vance House
3. Smith House
4. Westmiller House
5. Weitz Hall
6. Polsky Hall
7. Yardley Hall
8. Joseph Hall

9. Simmons Hall
10. Page Hall
11. Meyer Hall
12. Steve Hall
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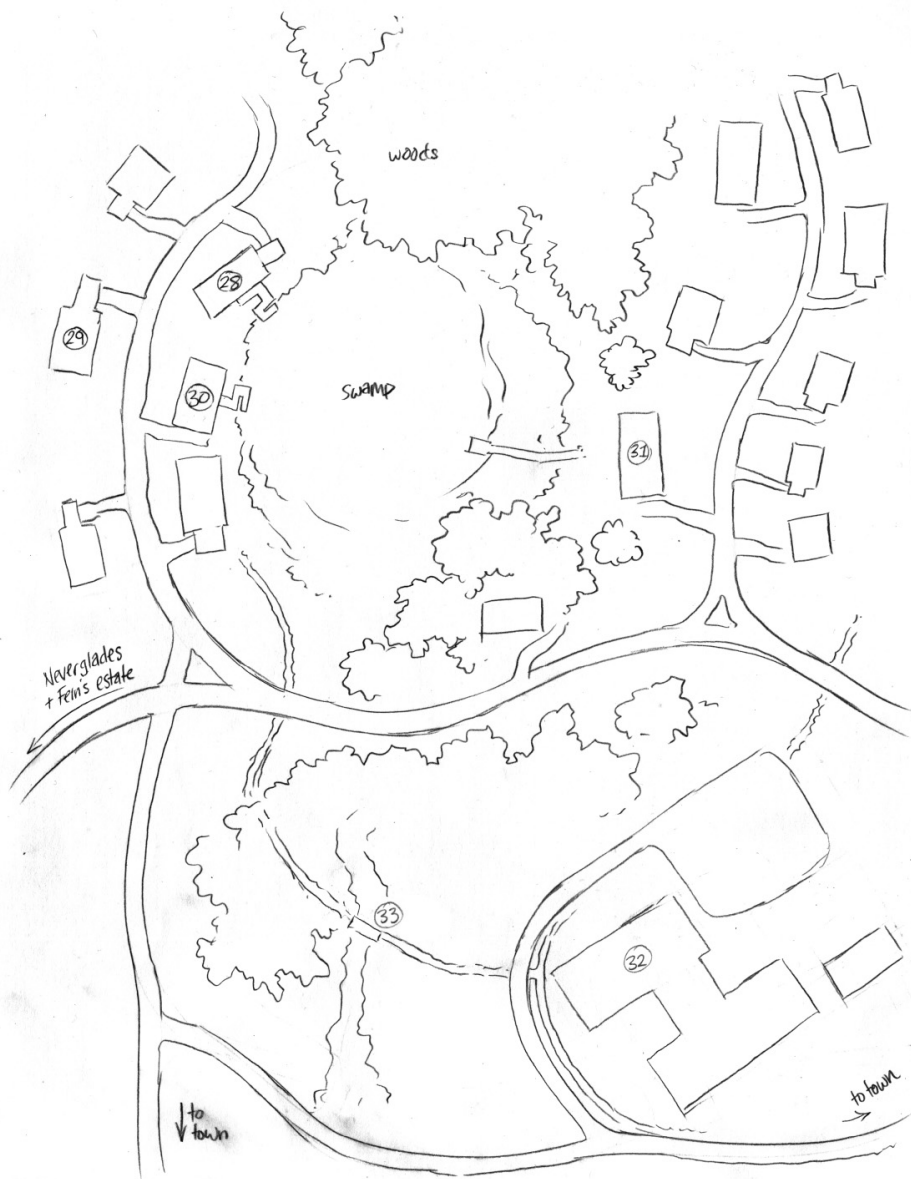
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wet
moon



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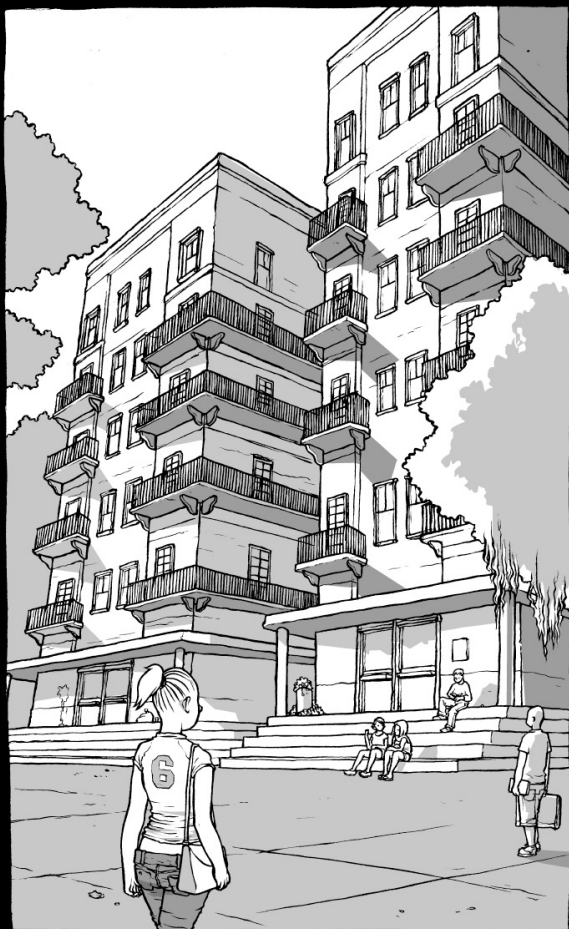
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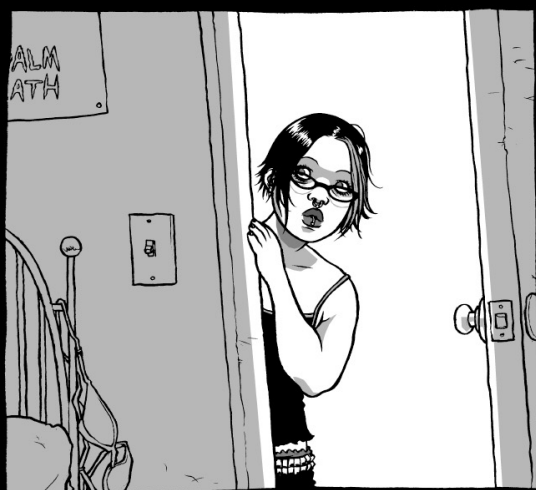




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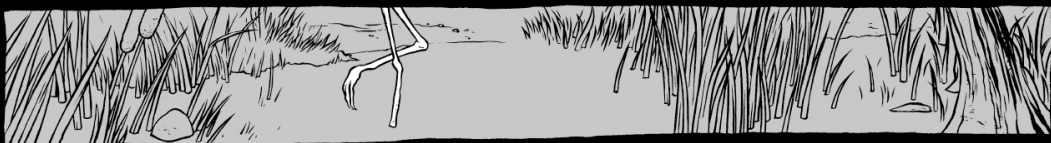




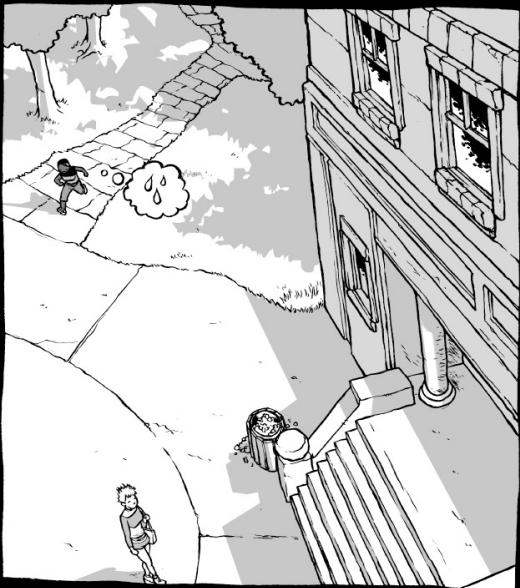
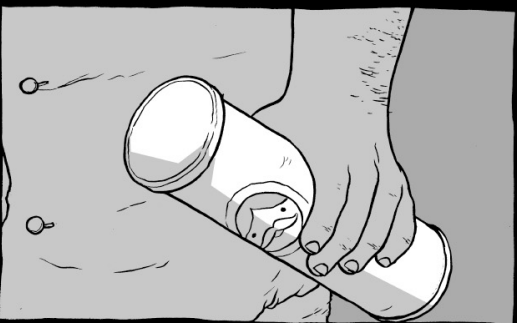


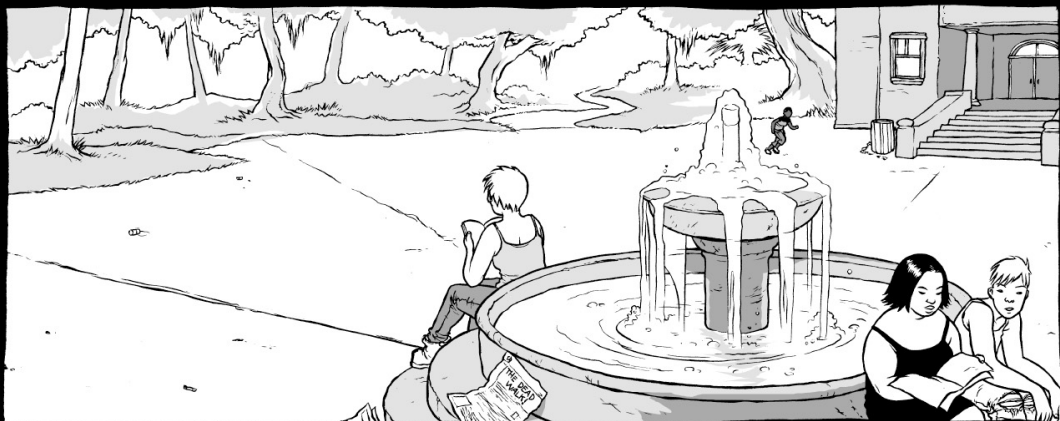










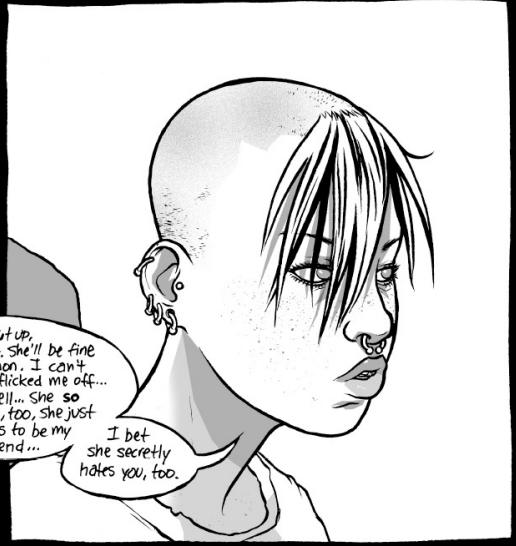






"i thought Marissa was my friend once, but then Audrey told me that Marissa said she thought i looked trashy. i've never asked her about it, so i'm not really sure what sort of trashy she meant, but i think she knew that i knew. right after Audrey told me, Marissa was acting all weird, like giving me these funny looks... so i guess she probably somehow knew i found out what she said. i thought a whole lot about it, being trashy or whatever, there are so many different kinds of trashy, i really wish i knew what sort Marissa meant. i hope not the bad kind."









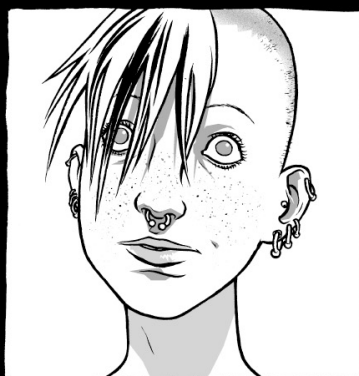
Well... it was pretty bad, but I really had to go like really, an' I sat down—



You *sat* on the toilets??!



Trilby, come on... so yeah, I looked up and was readin' those like, things people write into the walls, and somebody wrote "cleo eats it" on the inside!!



Wha...? M-maybe it's not me, maybe there's another Cleo...? who would write that...??



Hahahahaha!! Holy shit!

Audrey, you gotta show us!

September 17th

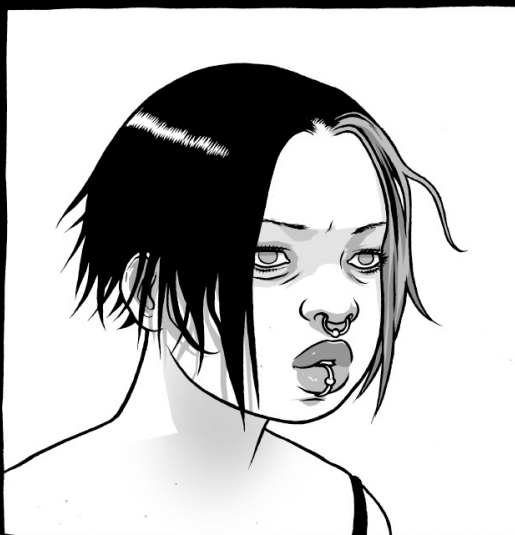
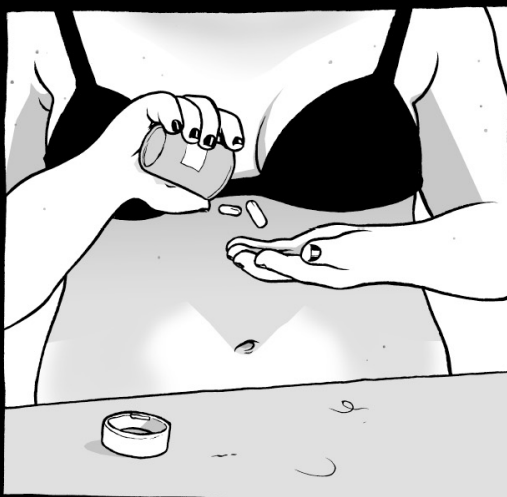
this is the first time I've had the chance to write, since we visited Uncle Dwight and Aunt Anne in Birmingham. I really didn't want to go, because I knew that as soon as I'd get back from it, I'd have to rush off to my new dorm room, without any respite from the trip. Dad said I should pack before the trip, but of course I didn't, so I had to run around and pack up everything super quick. And now that I'm all moved in, I can finally write the trip: it kinda sucked; Anne was sick so she wasn't

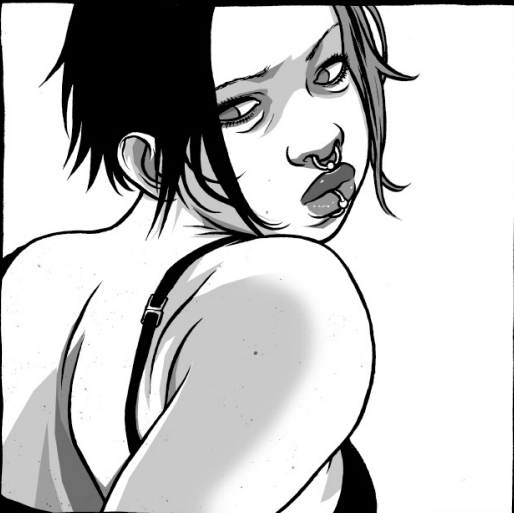
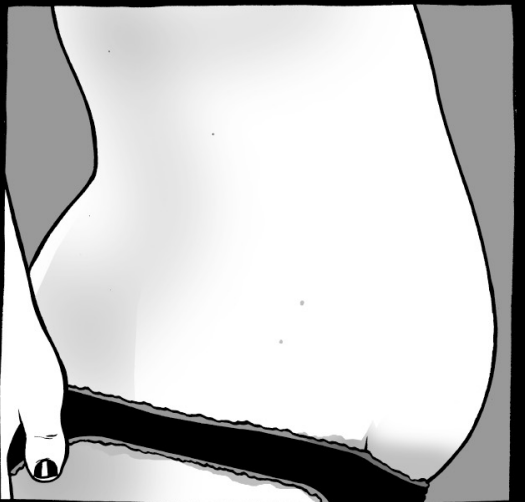
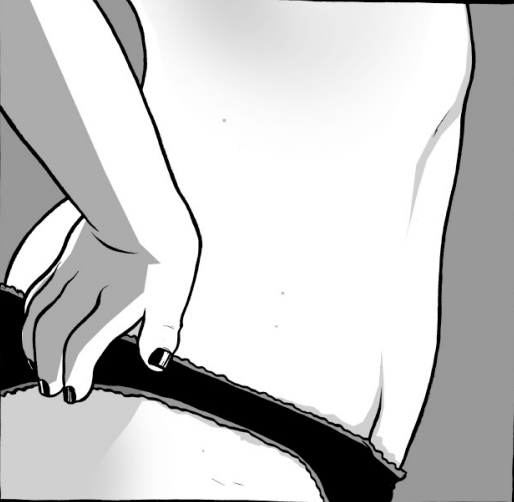
much fun, but we made some green tea together and told school stories, so that was kinda cool...

My cousins were here this time, usually Jason's off at college and Amber's visiting with her real mother. But they were here, and Jason totally has a crush on Trilby, it's so annoying. So all the talked about the whole time was her, like asking me questions about her, saying how pretty she was, and on and on. And Amber was a total bitch, she practically refused to talk to me, and I'm 99% positive she stole three of my barrettes, the ones I just got: the little

spider ones, and the one with the little rattlesnake on it. I can't believe it. So now I'm even more depressed. I've moved into this uninviting dorm room, my roommates apparently avoiding me. I thought roommates were supposed to greet you when you moved in, and make you feel at home. But all I get is an empty room. I know they're avoiding me.

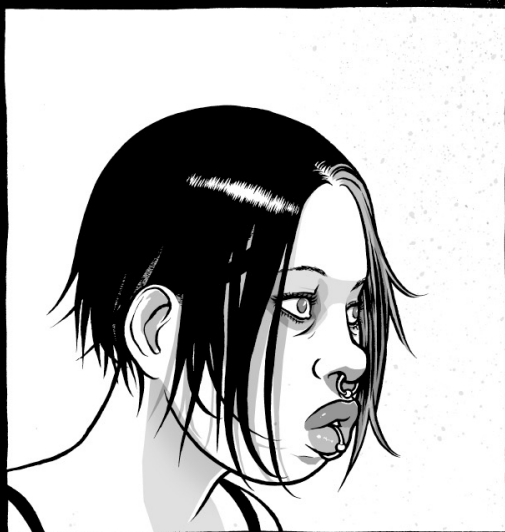


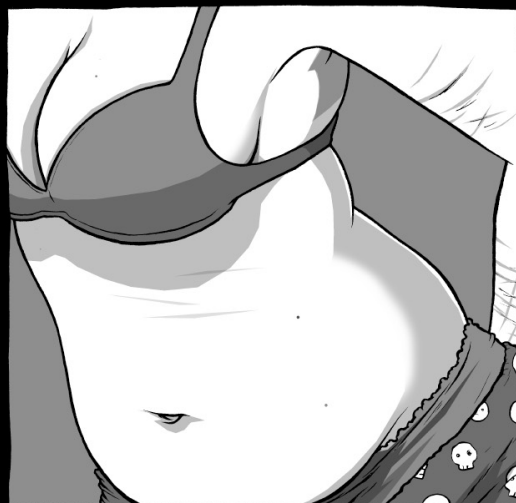












cleo
eats
it

Well...
it definitely
says "cleo."

Well of
course it does.
...

You guys
know any other
cleos? It's a
pretty unusual name...
it has to be
you...

I know!
ohhh who is it??
somebody hates
me that much,
to write that
I eat it...?

...in a bathroom
stall?? I'm so
upset...

hmm...

I wonder if
I have my old yearbooks,
maybe if like there's two
Cleos, she went to
our school...

hmp...

Shouldn't we
be tryin' to figure
out like who wrote
it, though...?

Well... yeah,
I guess... well,
I'm outta
ideas.

Maybe, uh...
Maybe it's like...
a character or some-
thin', not a person.
like that cartoon
goldfish from
"Pinocchio."

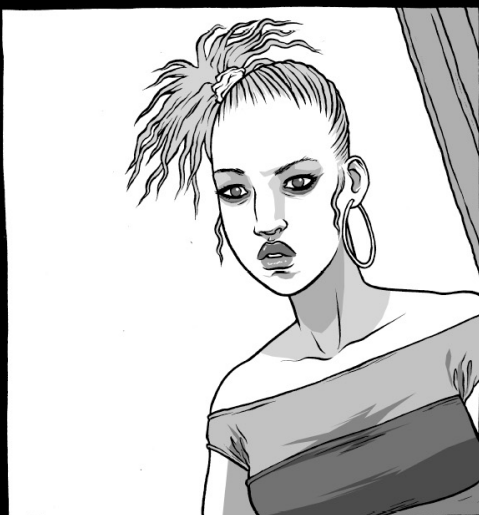
Heh,
somebody hates
that cartoon fish
so much they had
to etch "cleo eats it"
into a bathroom
stall?

My brother
really hates
gold fish...

i think
they're cute...
especially
that
Pinocchio
one.

See?
it could
be...







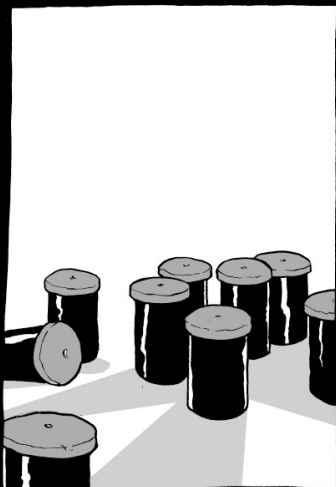
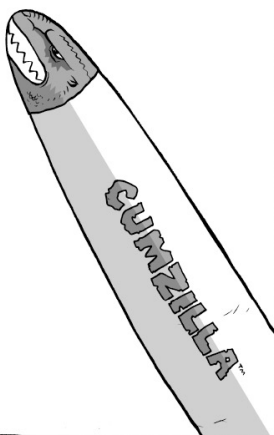
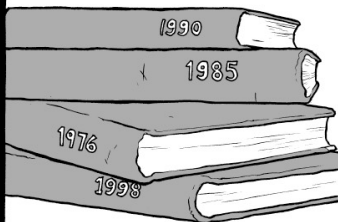
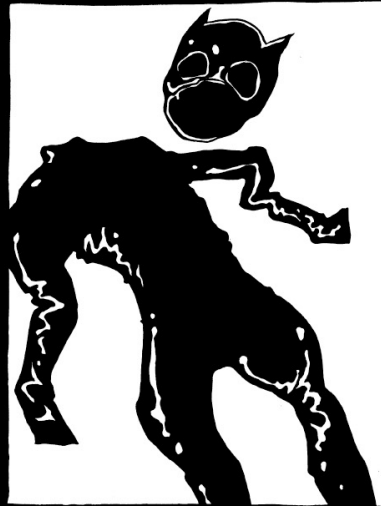


“Strange, the reasons that we met
Stranger now the ending rests
In a place where fires burn forever more.”

-Bella Morte

things found in Natalie's room:

- a catwoman outfit
- a yearbook collection from random schools
- a green vibrator with 'Cumzilla' on it
- a porn screensaver on Natalie's laptop
- sixteen rolls of undeveloped film
- a drawing of a cartoon girl with a gun, with 'slit of the month' written next to her (ew!!)
- and the weirdest thing: a photo of cute conjoined twins. could they be Natalie's sisters??





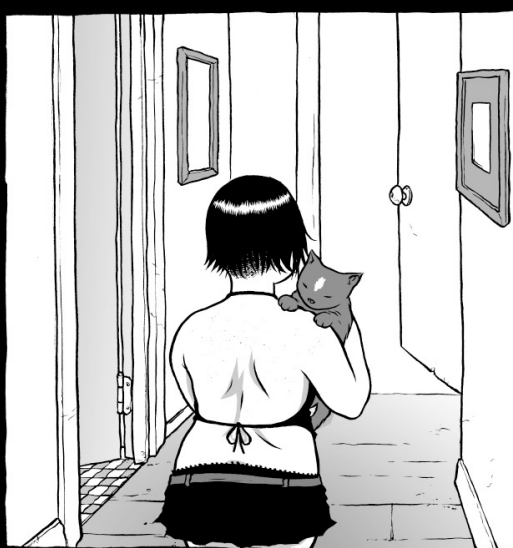
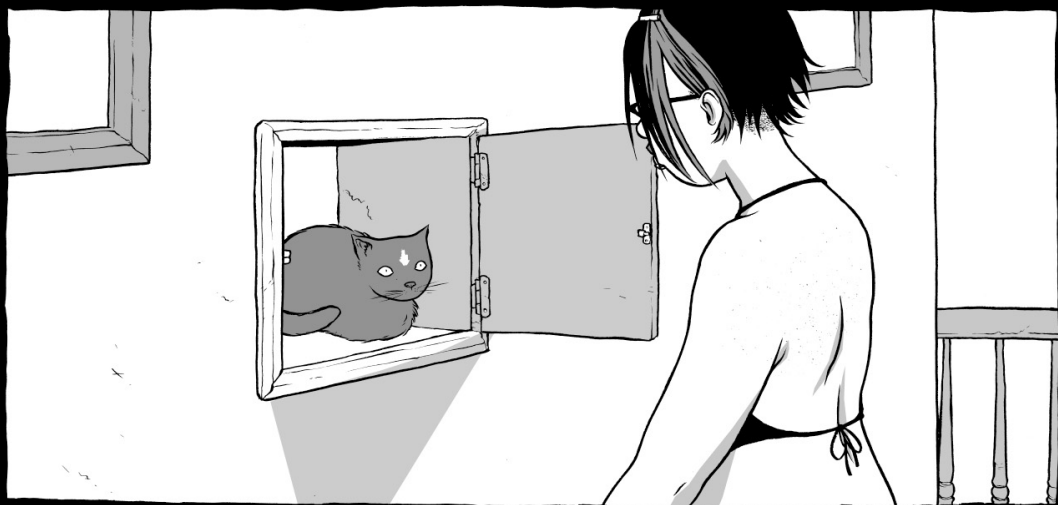




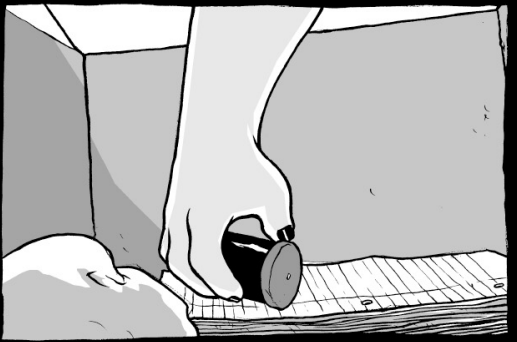
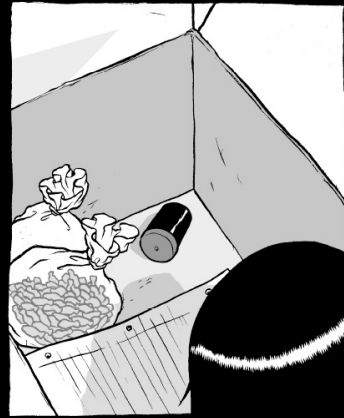
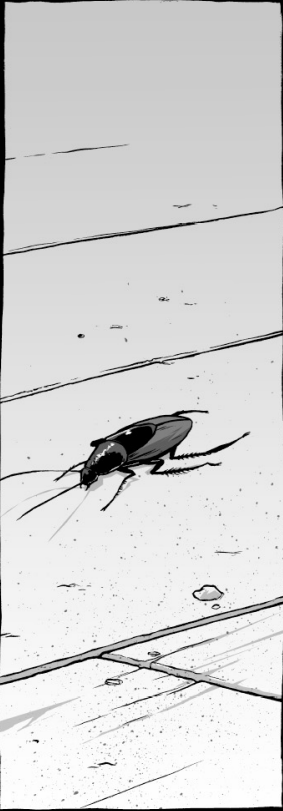


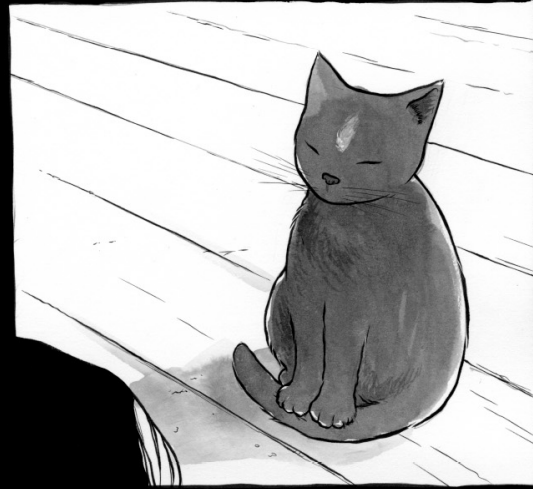


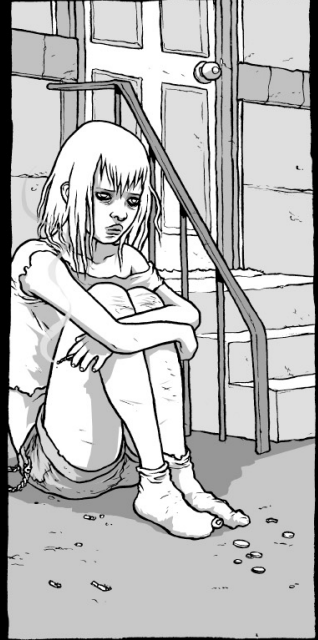
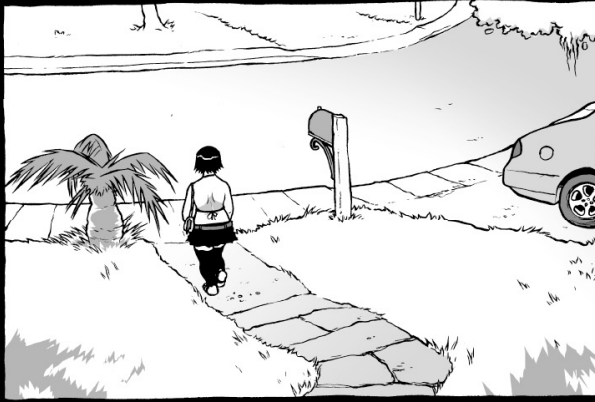


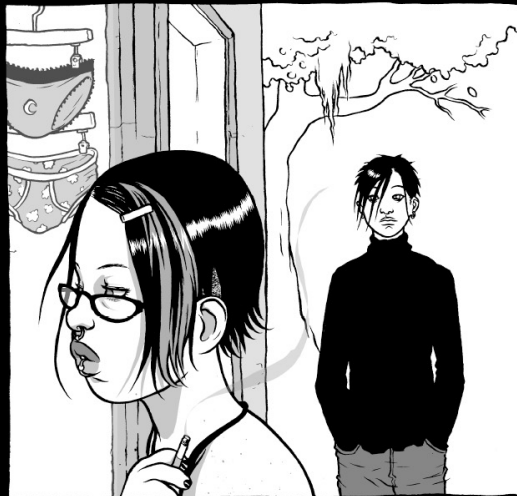














What're you up to?

Just headin' back to my dorm, an' lookin' at some outfits...



That one's cute, that red top.

Yeah, it is... I can never do red, though. It always makes me look like an apple.



heh heh, aw... is that a new purse you got there?

Sort of... I made the wings myself, and sewed 'em on, but the purse itself is old.



Yeah! I've seen a guy with a purse before at Usher... his had all these rubber spikes all over...

Why do girls only get to have purses? I should go out and get myself my own purse.



You know you have the cutest accent?

...I have an accent?



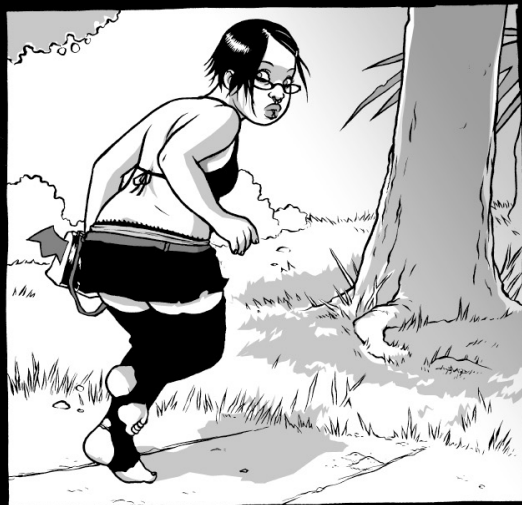
haha, duh, Cleo, it — heh, why aren't you wearing any shoes?



Zaba deh sittin' in dem leeaaaves. Ah sees 'em, not nothin' 'em, yeh... bread... za...



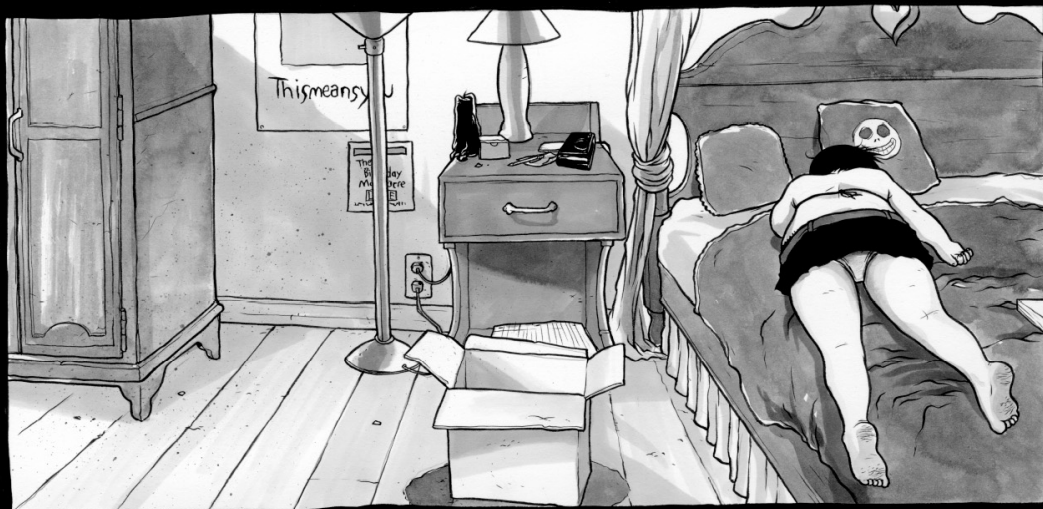




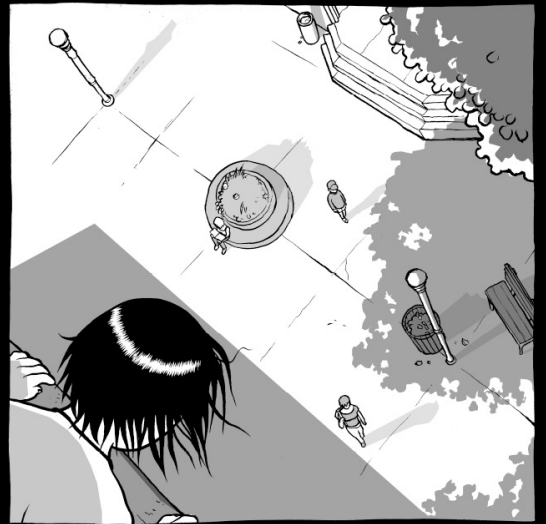
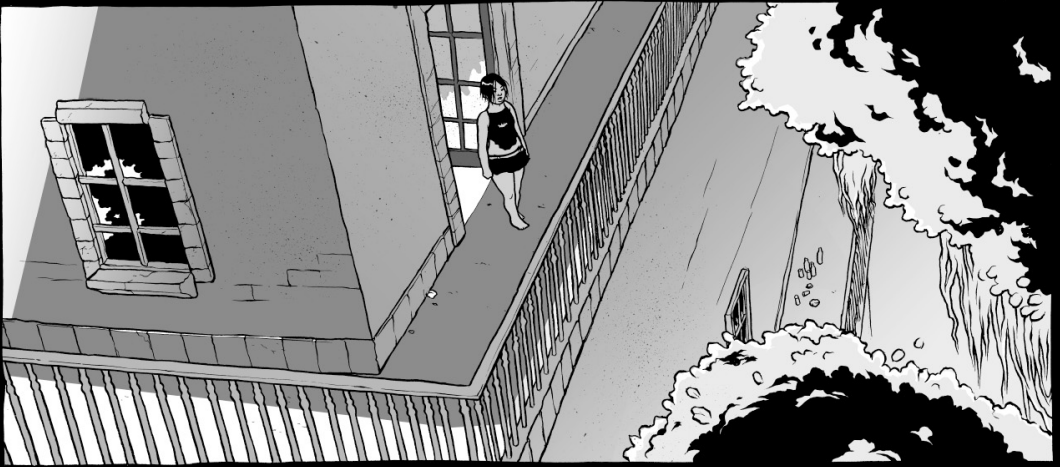


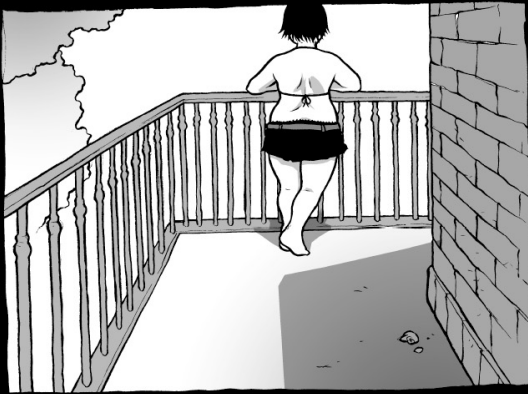










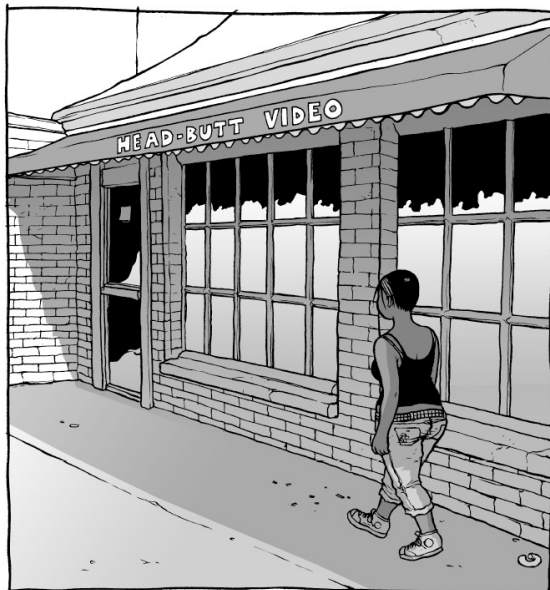


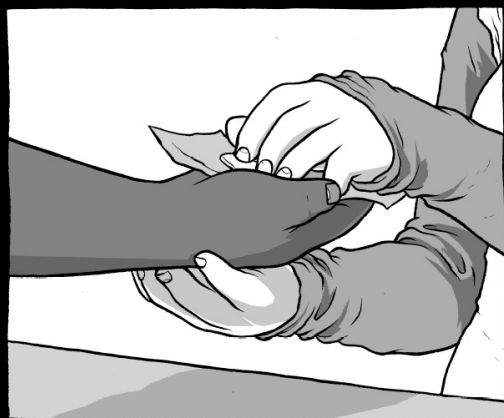
"And boys are so cruel,
so don't let them find you
tonight.
And girls are so vain,
so put them behind you
tonight.
I'll cast you a spell,
a magic where everyone
plays dead forever.
And after tonight,
they'll never remind you."

-The Birthday Massacre

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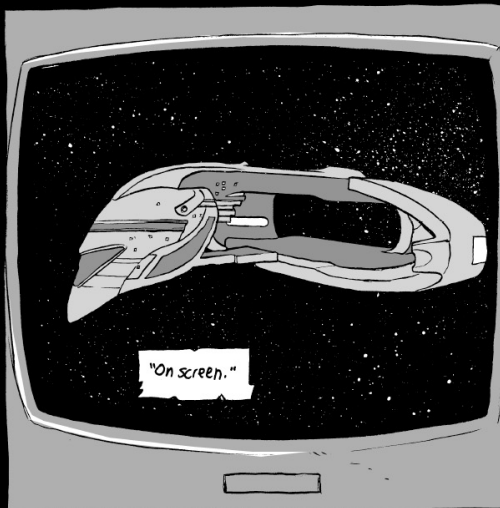












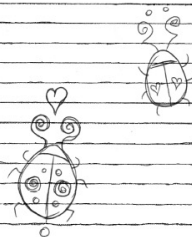
September 18th

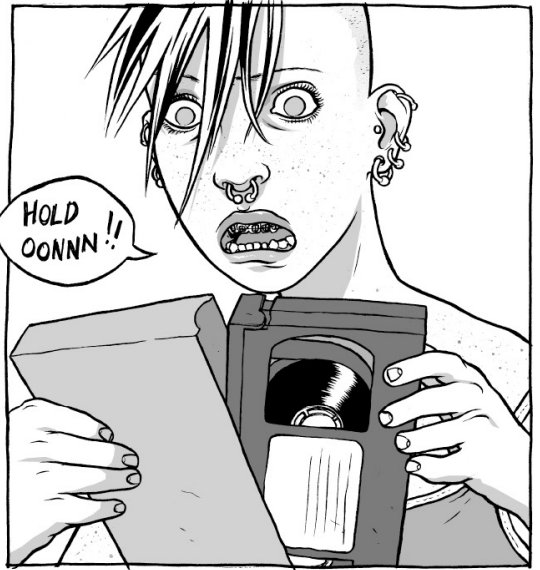
Though she was still pretty cold, Natalie invited me, and my friends (which ended up being just Terry and Mark) to this party at the House of Vicer. It was a "back to school" party, so I felt obligated to really dress up and look nice. I'm really popped, so I'll write about what happened tomorrow. I found a newspaper, and here's my ~~weekly~~ weekly horoscope:

"If your partner isn't understanding you mood swings, you might do well to communicate, and avoid some serious grief down the road.

Your vast energy supply will help you make a stream this next week. Some volunteer work might be worthwhile for you. You should look into making some physical changes to mimic your changing mental ones; a new hairstyle or a help to the gym may suffice. Your lucky day this week will be Thursday. At least I still have a lucky day coming up, today was almost unbearable... both my roommates seem to hate me already, and of course, Malady's first sight of me is me bent over and my face in the

sucking toilet, retching. Ew. I'm so embarrassed. I'm gonna go to bed and sleep it off, snugg as a bug.











Y'ALL
WANT ANYTHING?!!



No!

DRUID
FLUID!!



HI, SEAN!!



"SO I HAD TO WALK ALL THE WAY BACK BARE-FOOT. I EVEN STEPPED IN GUM... I GOT IT OFF, BUT MOST OF IT GOT MASHED INTO THE LINES IN MY FOOT.

WHAT IN YOUR FOOT?



THE LITTLE LINES. THE LITTLE...SKIN LINES OR WHATEVER.

THAT SUCKS. I THINK BEN MIGHT BE HERE TONIGHT, I FUCKING HOPE HE'S WITH MARISSA.

WHY?? WON'T YOU BE UPSET??

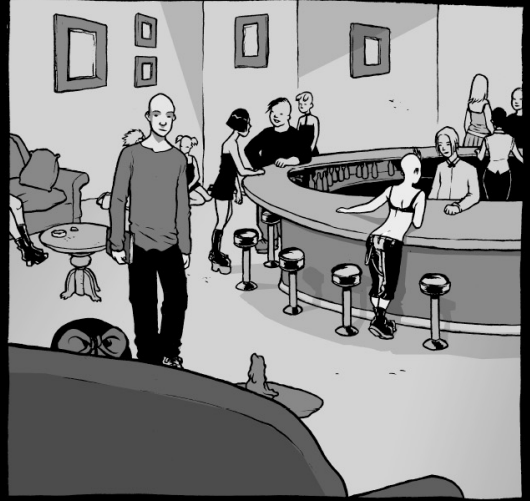


WHAT?!!?

I SAID WON'T YOU BE UPSET?!!



OH, NO WAY, BUT I'LL BE FUCKING MAD, I'LL NAIL HER IN HER FUCKIN' FAT FACE!!





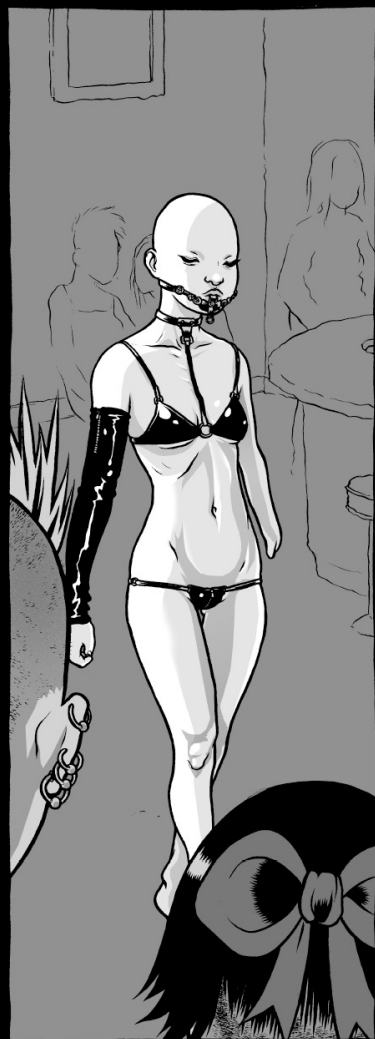


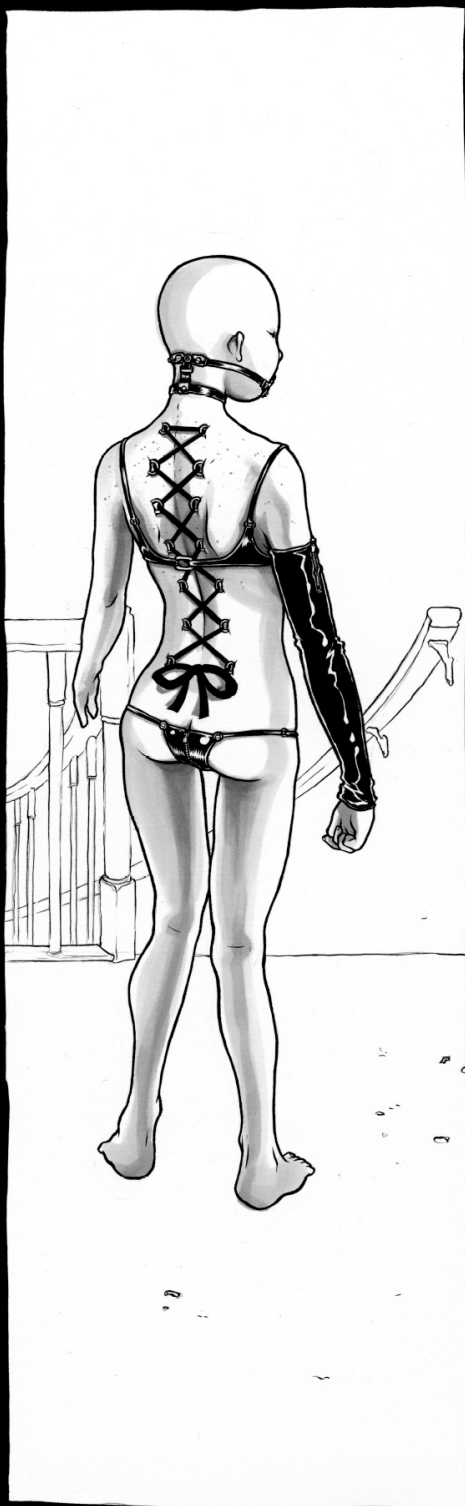




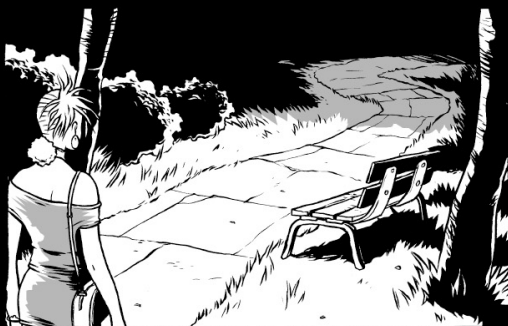


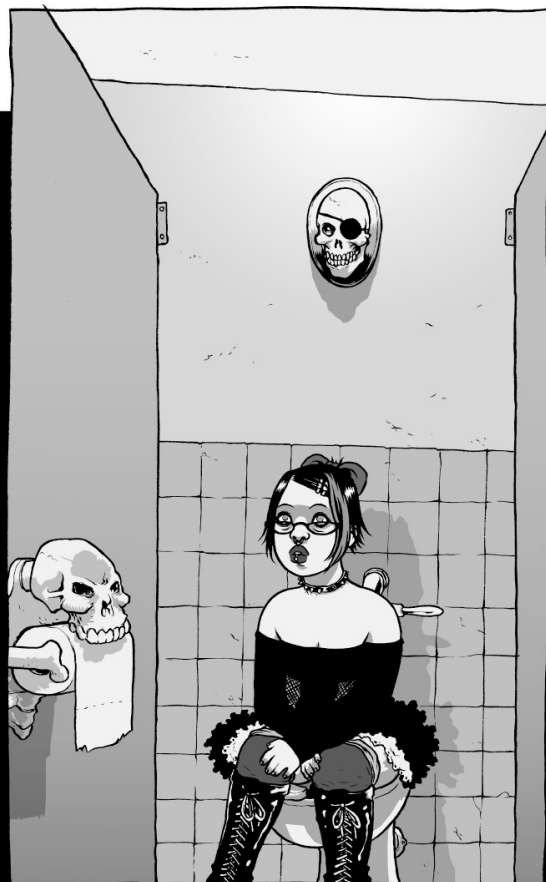


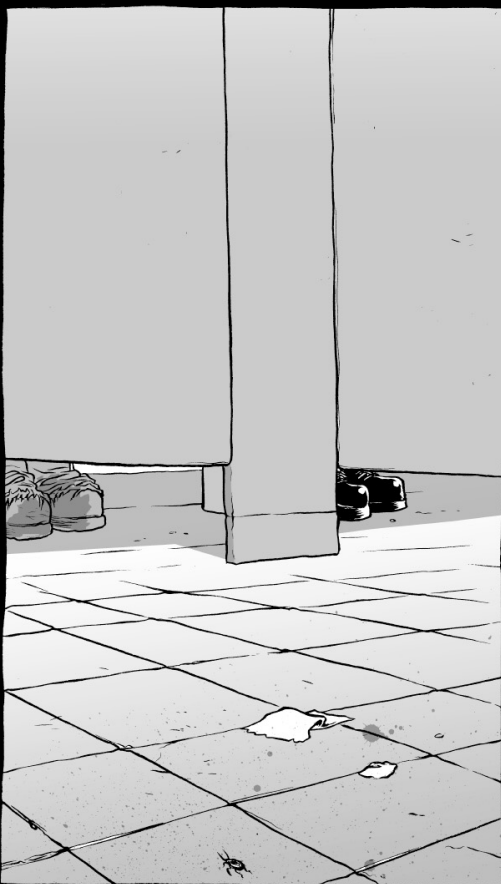




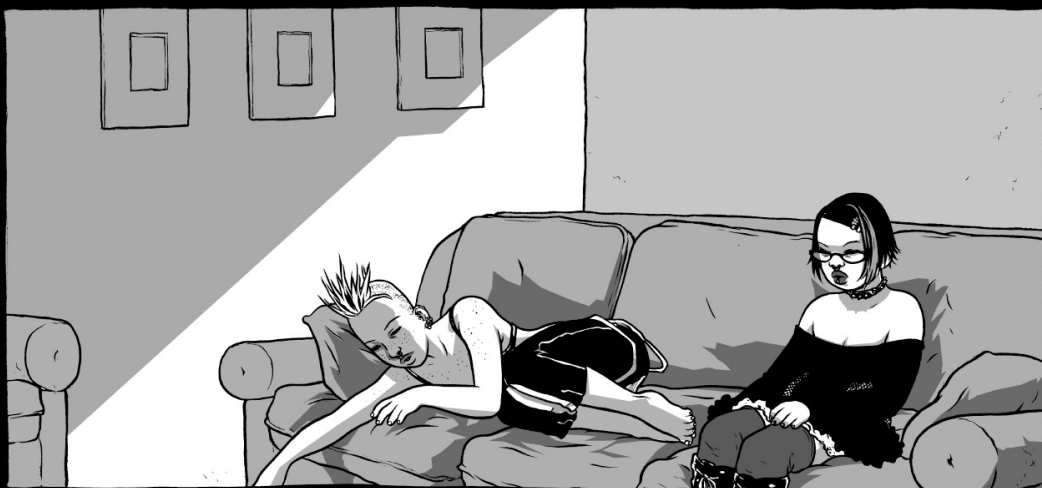








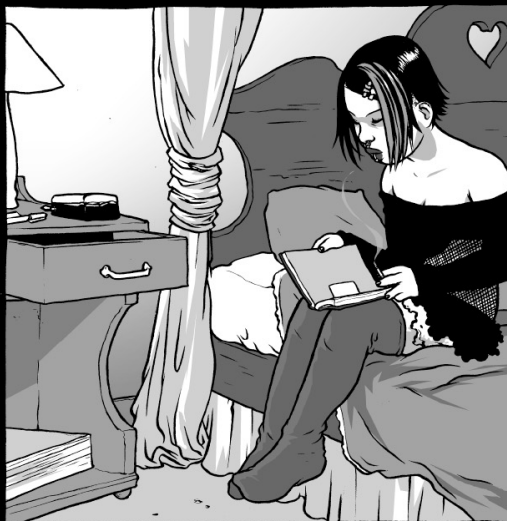
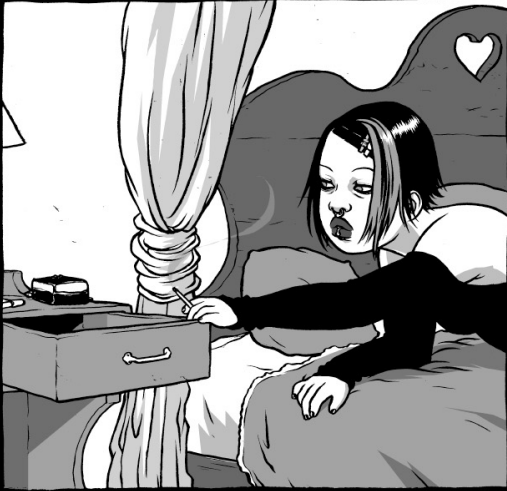




"i didn't even see Natalie there at all. she invited us, and then doesn't talk to us... maybe she really does hate me. maybe this sofa is her great-grandmother's sofa from world war II that she passed down after her husband was killed in the pacific by a kamikaze raid, and now i sat on it... i wonder if there could be a ghost, like her grandmother's ghost, living inside the sofa, like she's hanging on to the last memories of her husband's life. and when i sat on it, her ghost or part of it went into my butt, and now i have an old woman's ghost living in my butt. i guess it's big enough to hold probably at least four ghosts. i feel bad for Natalie now... i should apologize..."

"now i'm sitting here with a rather drunk Trilby; she only had a couple drinks, too. i don't know what her problem is..."







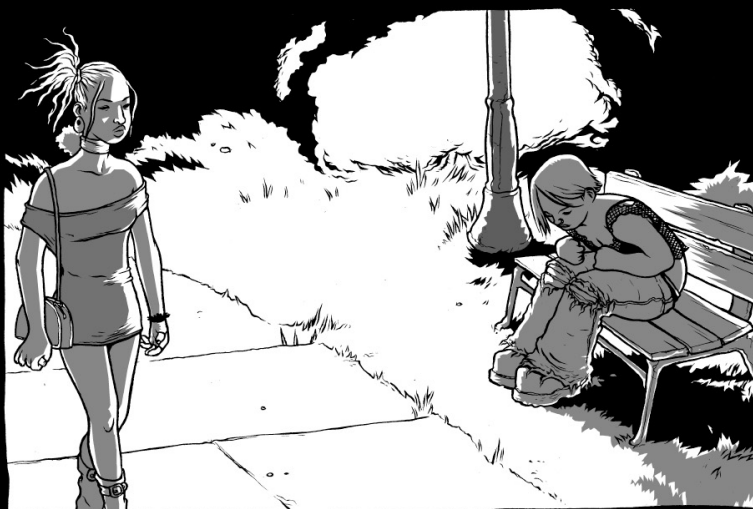












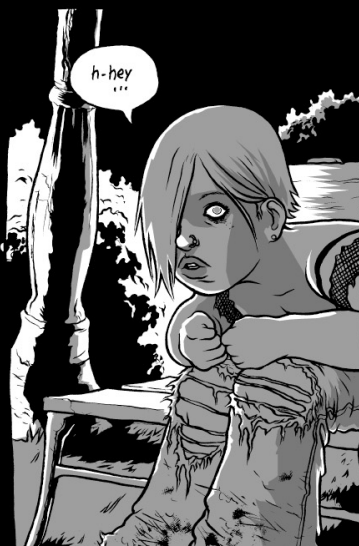
"i've seen five pretty girls since i sat on this bench. this one is number six. she has a pretty, lacey skirt, a soft tiny figure, and a nice way of walking. i like the way her feet go on the sidewalk. not like mine, not like my stomps and sasquatch-walk."

"that's where i should be, with the sasquatches and bigfoots, the abominable snowpeople. abominable snow-myrtle.

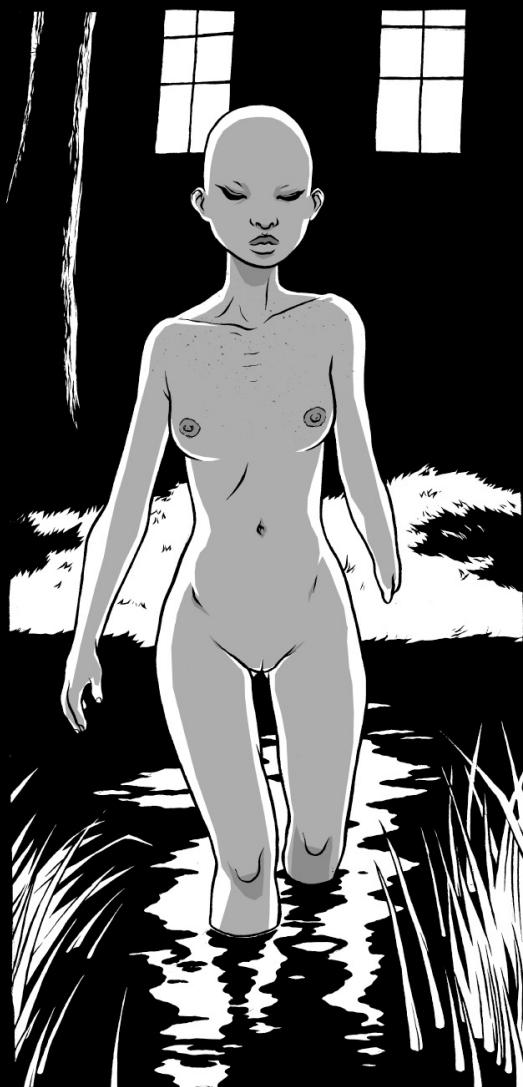
that's me.

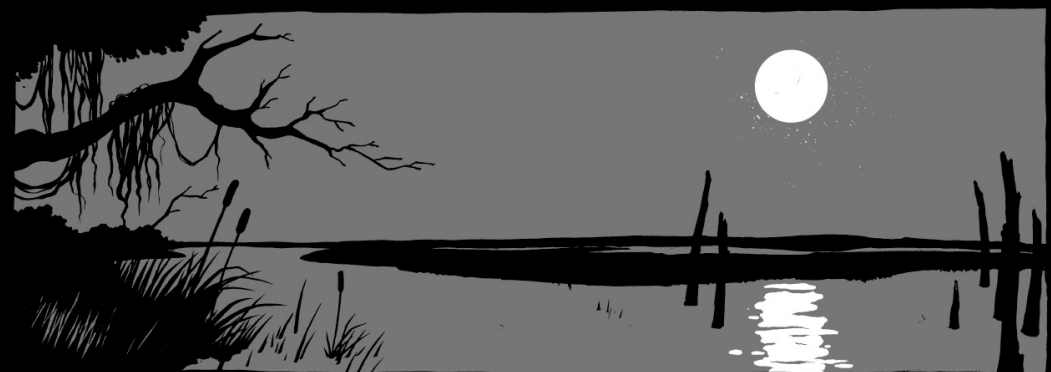
i don't want to be like this girl with green hair. i hate her. i want to throw her in the dirt and mash her face in the shit and mud."

hey...









"I never expected you to love me
The way I loved you
To have you near
Was all I wanted
Just to have you near."

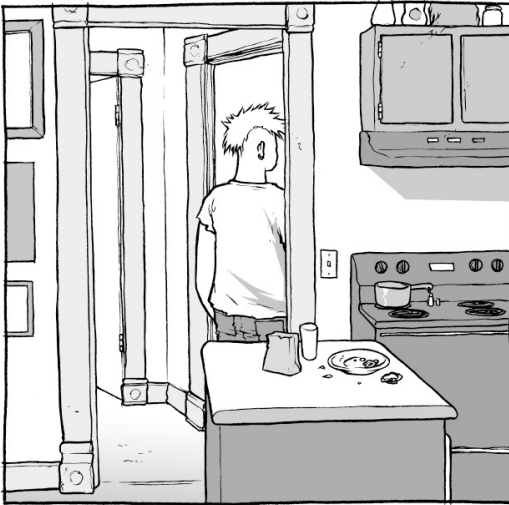
-Azure Ray



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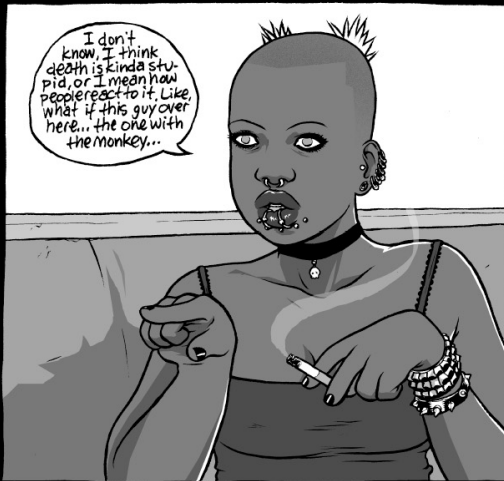




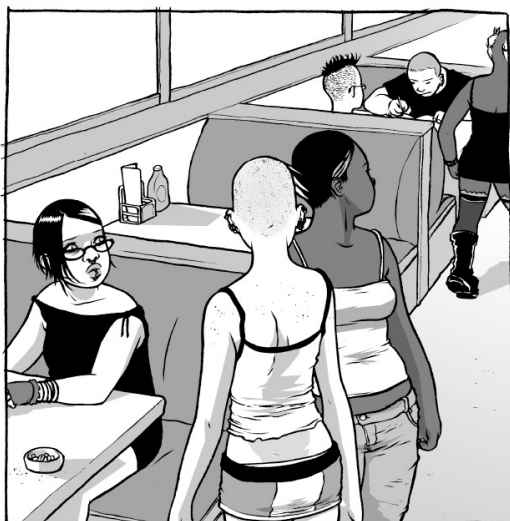




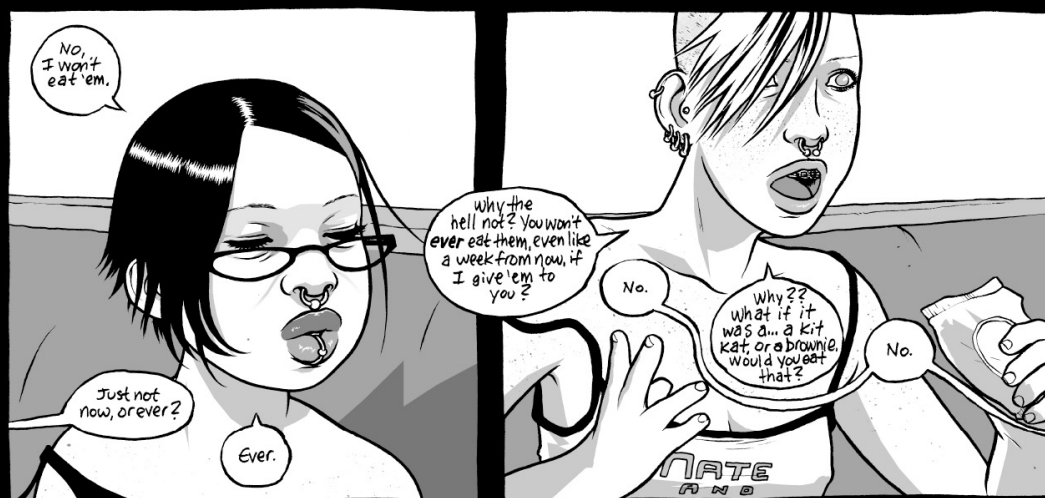






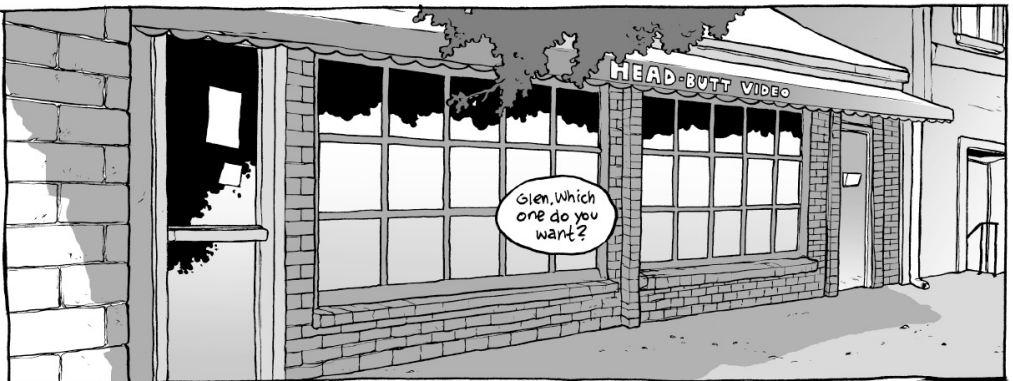










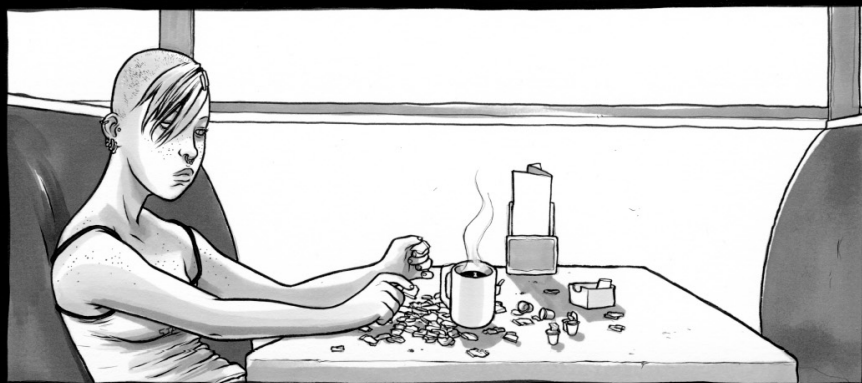














Aw, I'm sorry, honey...

Yeah, it sure sucked big time... Penny is so mean some-times.



I was in here yesterday, and the girl who rung me up did this hand-touching thing when she gave me my change...



I don't know. One time I'm pretty sure I saw her do the same thing to an old man, so I can't be sure...

I'll buy somethin'! I'll get somethin', an' we'll see if she does it to me, too!





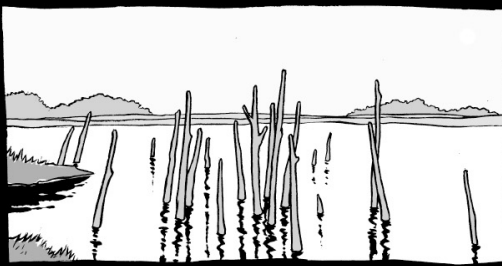
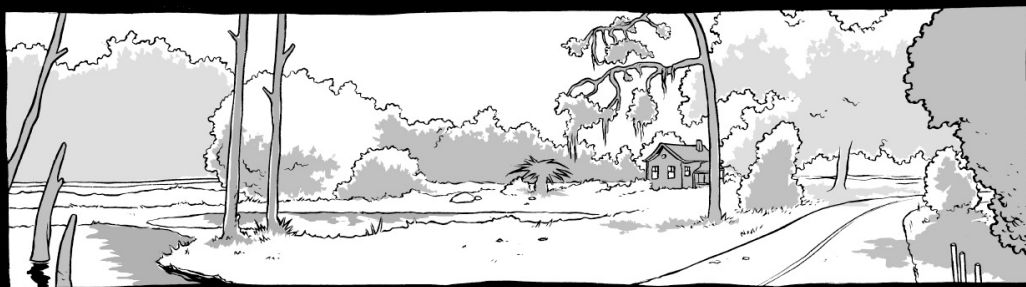


Yeah, I am...
um, room 223.

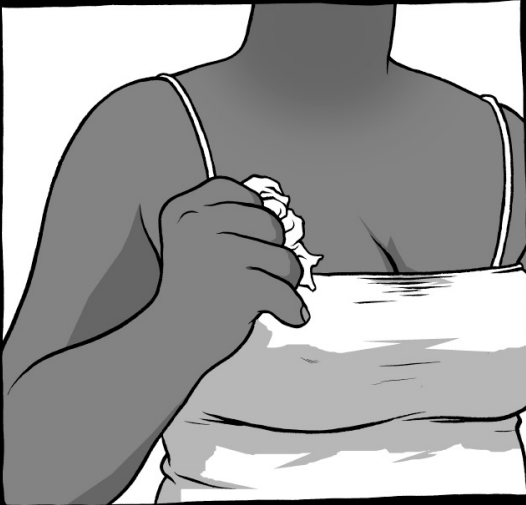


Yeah, I know... I've been busy, I guess, family vacations an' stuff, it sucks.







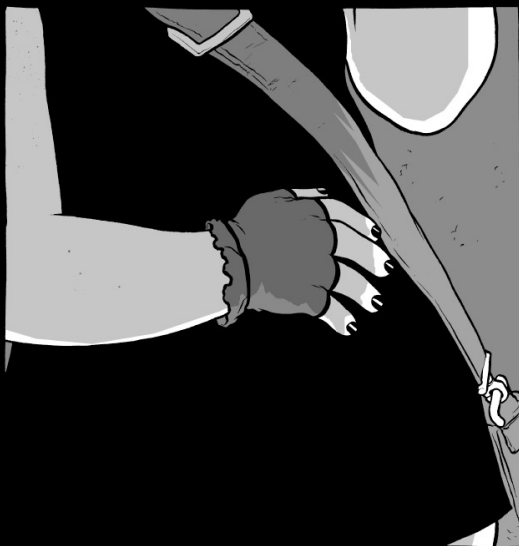












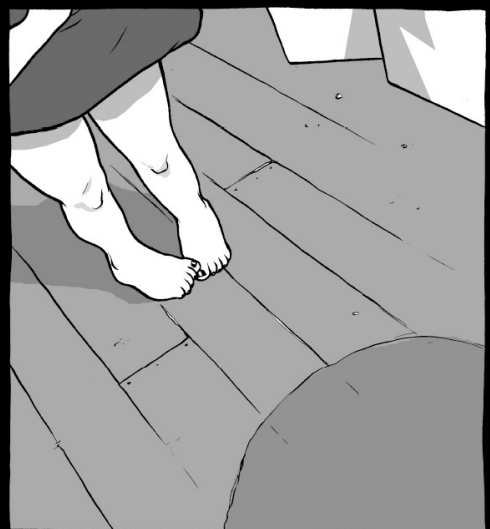
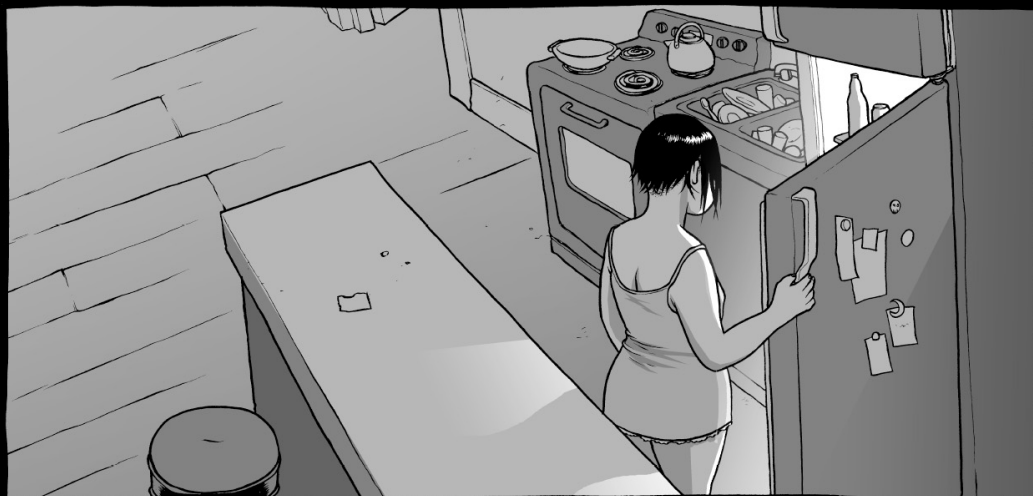


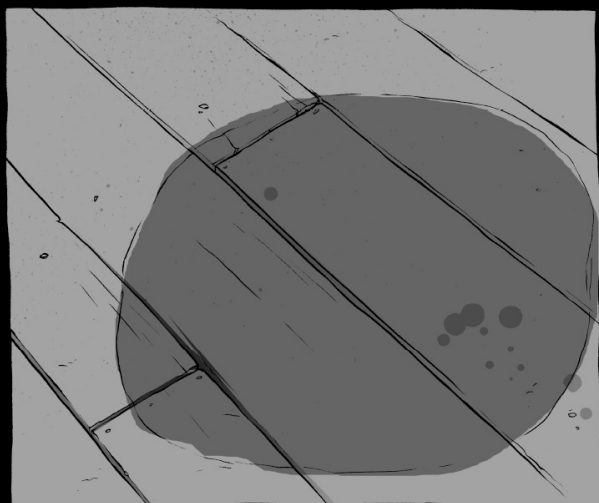






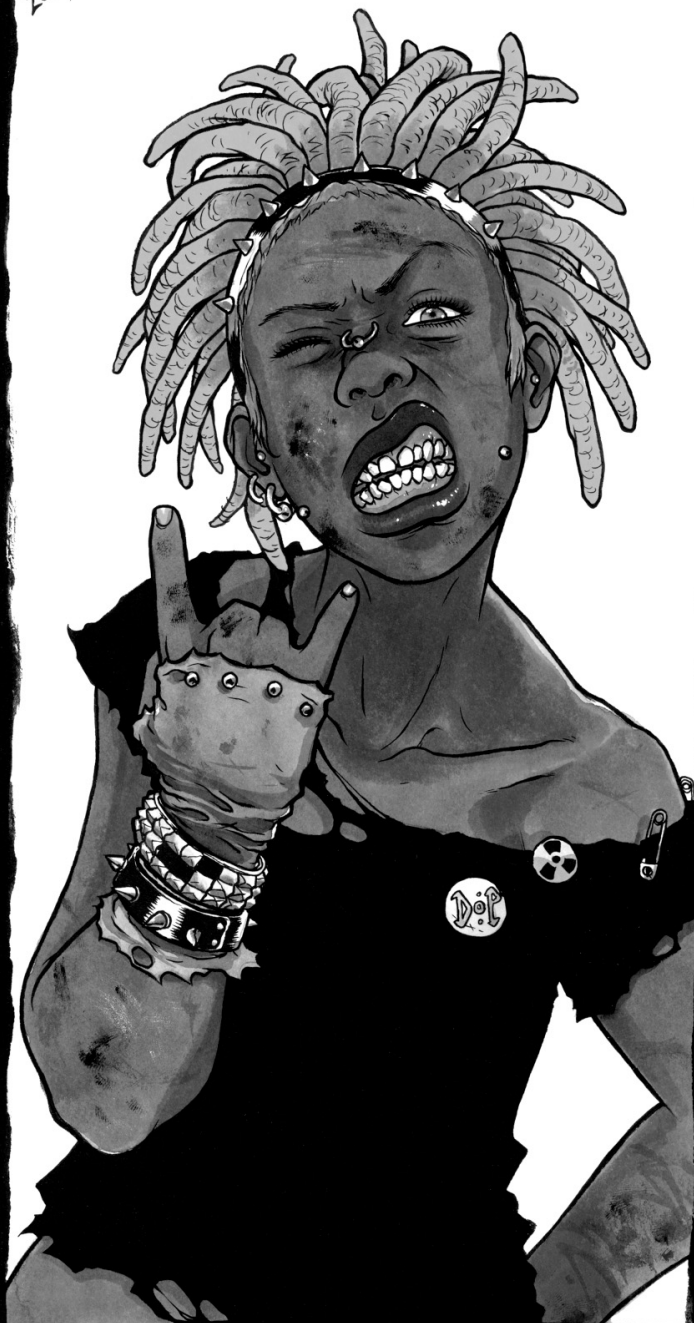






2004

5



"And your face seems somehow altered; something swims below
If I live to be much older I fear I'll be alone
For your stare speaks something so insane
And I know you won't be saved tonight."

-Bella Morte





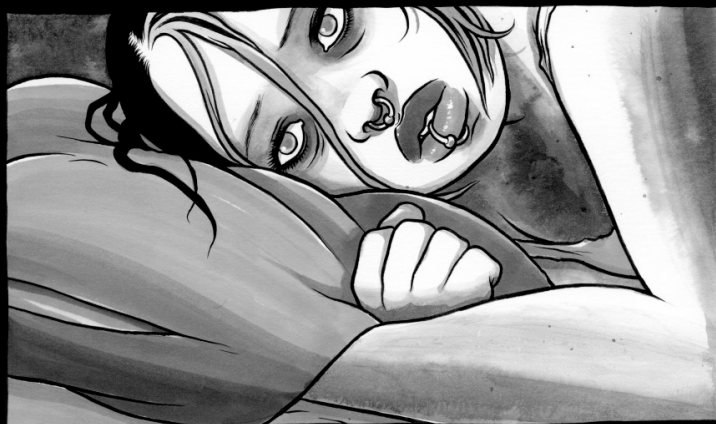


September 19th.

Class starts tomorrow. I'm nervous. I wish Trilby and I were in the same major program, then at least I'd have someone in class that I know. I wonder when my evil fortune, is supposed to come true... like how long it'll be before my stupidity ~~takes~~ takes over and causes my undoing. Maybe it's already causing it... maybe my undoing is already in progress, and tomorrow I'll wake up undone. Maybe going to class tomorrow is stupid, and I'll be undone by that... but I'd think I'd more likely be undone

by not going to class, because that would be stupider than going, definitely.



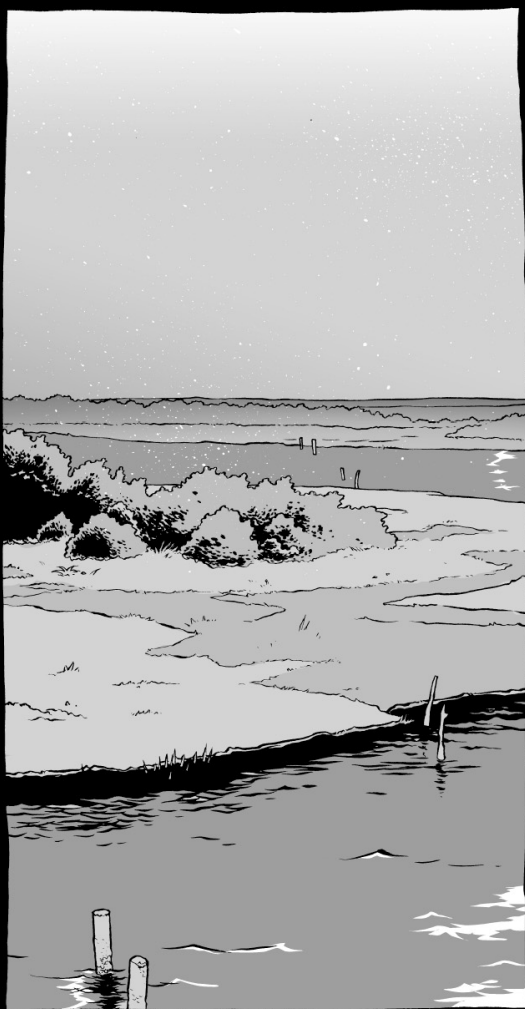
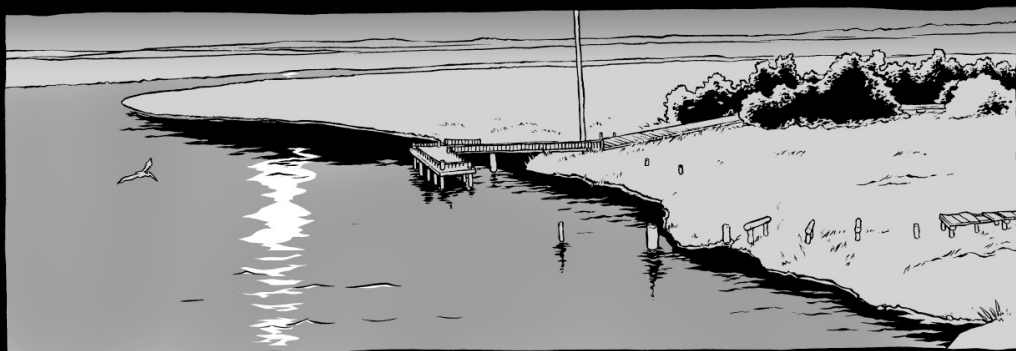


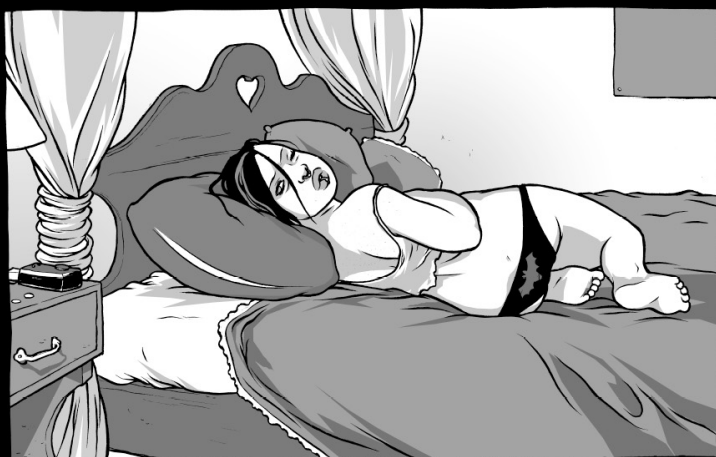
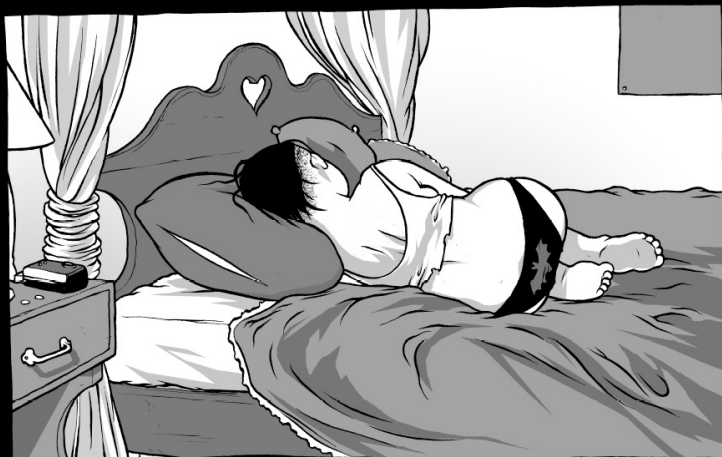
September 19th (continued)

Trilby never called. She must still be out with Martin, either that or she's sick of me... maybe, she thinks I'm too clingy, or I'm cramping her space, or something, and she doesn't want me around when she hangs out with Martin. I'm not even sure if they're officially dating or anything, and it's only been like a day, but I

thought she'd at least introduce me to him. I'm so jealous... If Trilby calls tomorrow, I'm going to be busy. She should've hung out with me today, so I'll be her own fault! Now I'm going off to class tomorrow morning and no one was around today to give me moral support, and I feel like I'm practically going crazy with nerves. At least I bought a cute new blue pen.









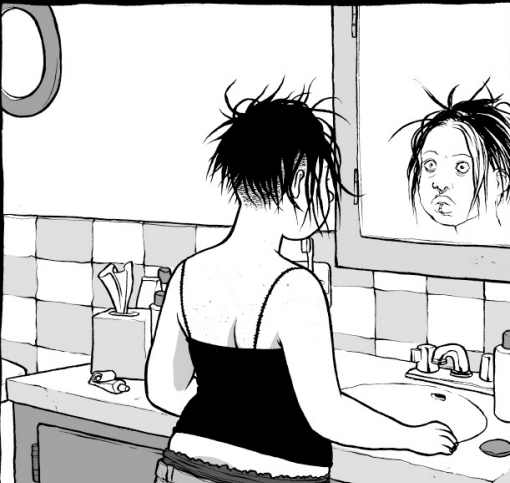
Shit!!



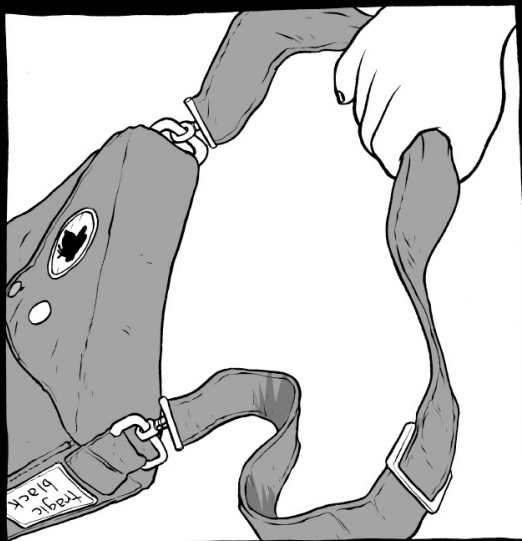
Fuck, it's almost 9!!!
Fuck!! The first day!!!

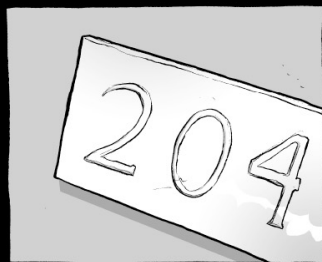
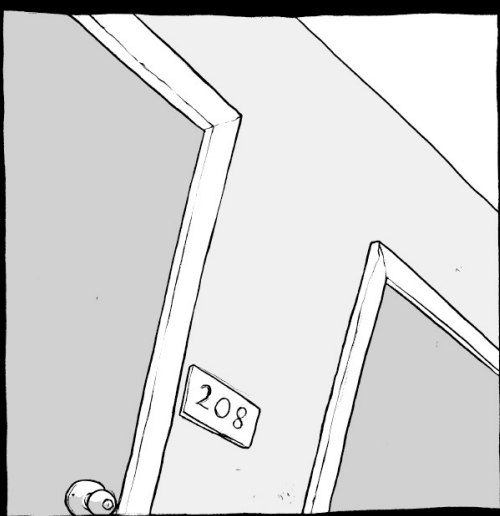


Fuck!!



Fuck!!!

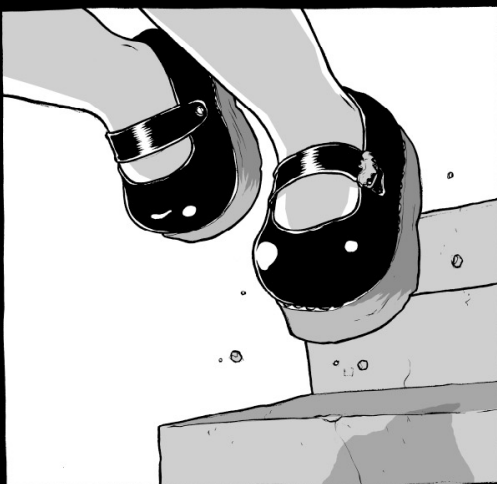
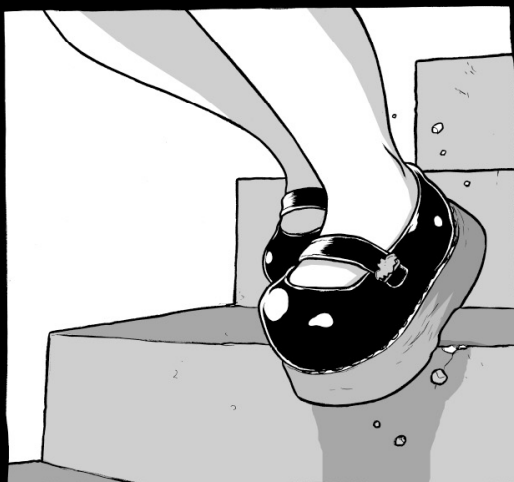


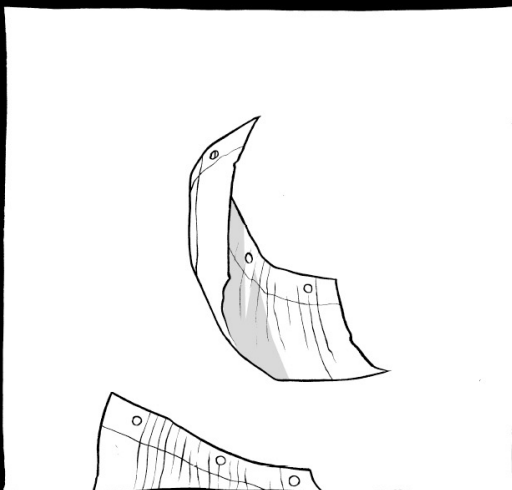
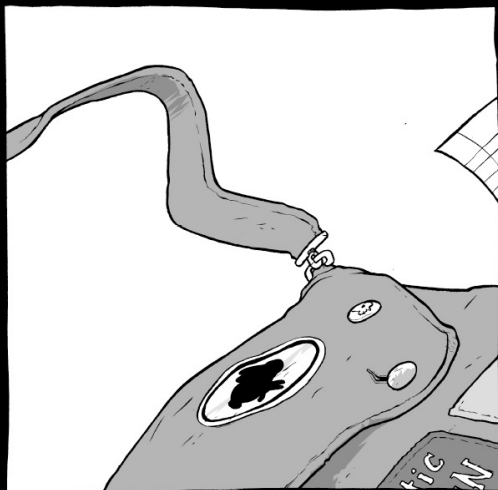


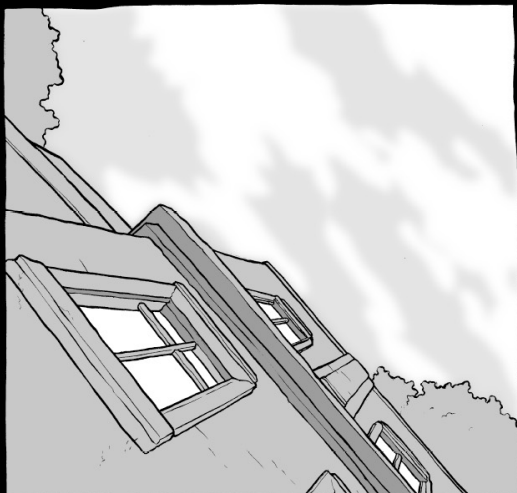




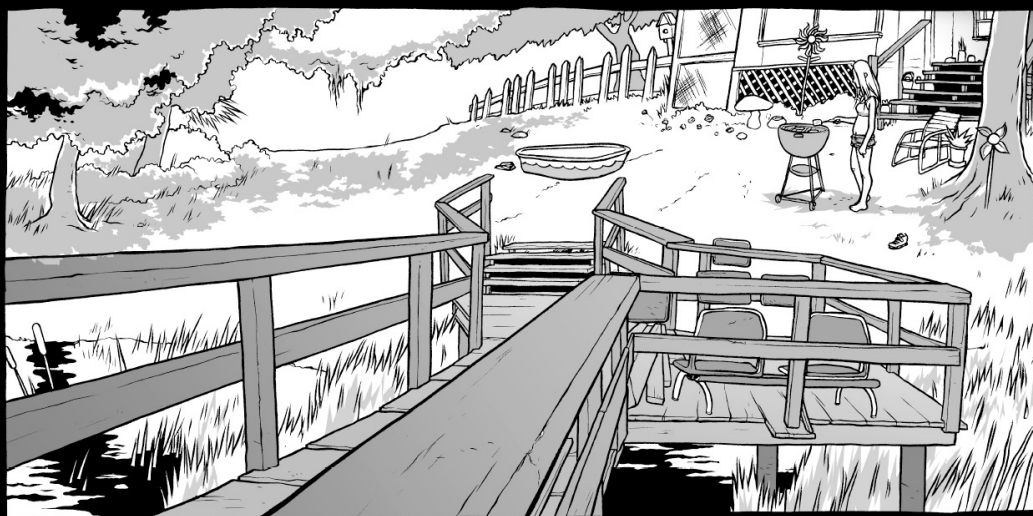


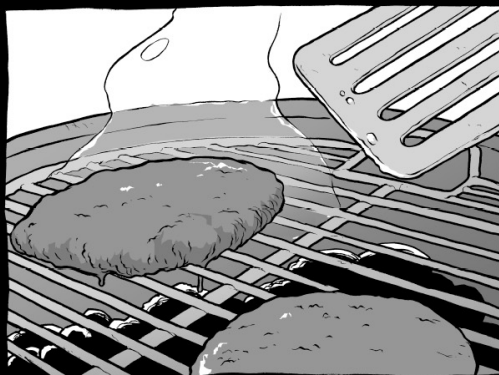
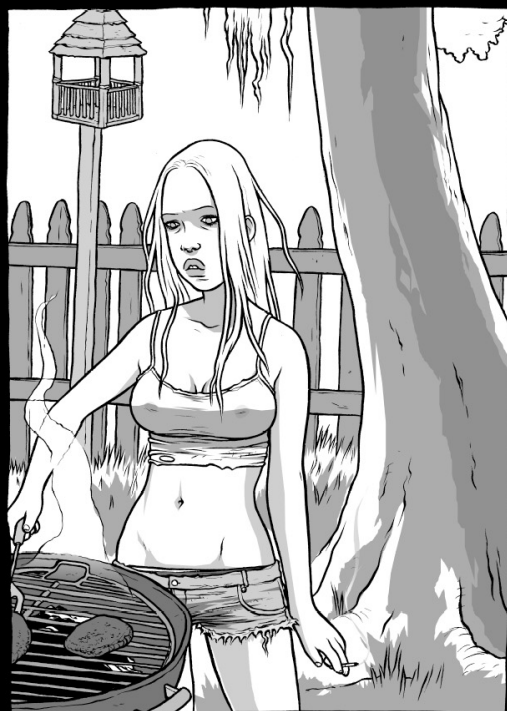
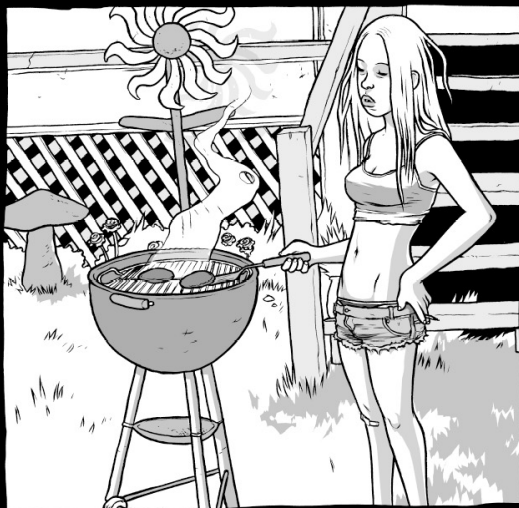








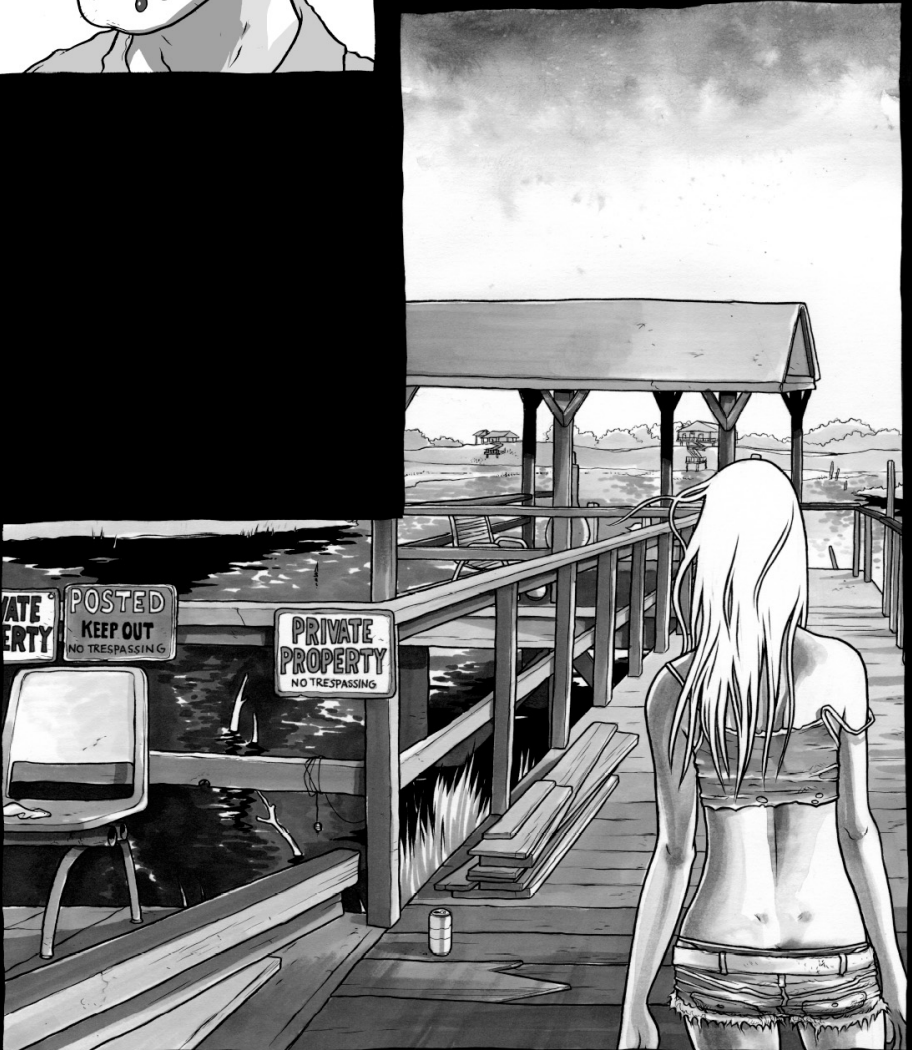






Hey Paw,
burgers're dummh!





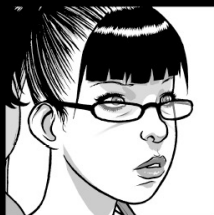


TO BE CONTINUED

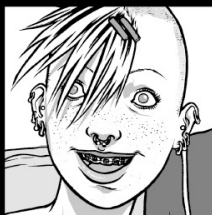
WHO'S WHO IN WET MOON



cleo lovedrop



penny lovedrop



trilby bernarde



audrey richter



mara zuzanny



fern



natalie ringtree



myrtle turenne



martin samson



malady mayapple



glen neuhoff



slicer



meiko



marissa lyons



connor eakle



the pringles guy



fall swanhilde



vincent verrier



ben viola



CLEO CHRISTINA LOVEDROP

AGE: 18

SIGN: Pisces (March 3rd)

HEIGHT: 4 ft. 10 in.

HAIR DYE: Lagoon Mist Blue, Midnight Black

MAJOR: English & Literature

HOMETOWN: Wet Moon, FL

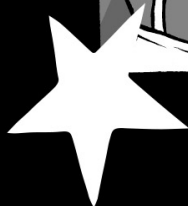
MUSIC: Kittie, Bella Morte, The Birthday Massacre, My Chemical Romance, Otep, In This Moment, Thismeansyou, HIM, Nine Inch Nails, Nightwish, My Dying Bride, The 69 Eyes, Tragic Black, Bjork, Eyes Set To Kill, Debbie Gibson, Paramore, Avenged Sevenfold

READING: JK Rowling, Francesca Lia Block, Stephenie Meyer, Poppy Z. Brite, Mary Shelley, *Warriors* series, Emily & Charlotte Brontë

MOVIES/TV: Batman, Harry Potter movies, Pirates of the Caribbean, Edward Scissorhands, Twilight, Nightmare Before Christmas, Juno, Beauty & The Beast, Aristocats, Aladdin, Donnie Darko, Amelie, Labyrinth, Memoirs of a Geisha

LIKES: Walks on the beach at dusk, Swedish fish, cold pillows, cats, blueberries, sappy drama, letters in the mail, moths, pancakes, Peter Pan, bacon, popping zits, Michael Keaton, and clipping her toenails

DISLIKES: Sundays, birds, ice tea, slimy monsters, sleeping on her back, rice cakes, and typing



AUDREY KITTY RICHTER

AGE: 19

SIGN: Virgo (August 29th)

HEIGHT: 5 ft. 3 in.

MAJOR: Journalism

HOMETOWN: Wet Moon, FL

MUSIC: Fursaxa, Tom Waits, Bjork, Coco Rosie, Kate Bush, His Name Is Alive, Akron/Family, Nick Cave, Skunk Anansie, Azure Ray, India.Arie, Merzbow, Maxwell, Little Dragon

READING: Toni Morrison, Haruki Murakami, Alice Walker, Anne Rice

MOVIES/TV: Anything on the History Channel, Bound, Silence of the Lambs, Just Cause, Along Came A Spider, Wild Side, Totally F***ed Up, DEBS, Waking Life

LIKES: Birdwatching, Christmas, social sciences, giving to charity, North American history, forensics and criminology, cartoon skulls, green tea, citrus fruit, and conspiracy theories

DISLIKES: Spicy mustard, strawberries, headboards, public bathrooms, and turtles



TRILBY GWENDOLYN BERNARDE

AGE: 18

SIGN: Taurus (May 9th)

HEIGHT: 5 ft. 5 in.

HAIR DYE: Atomic Flamingo Pink

MAJOR: Sequential Art

HOMETOWN: New Orleans, LA (but grew up in Wet Moon)

MUSIC: My Chemical Romance, Bella Morte, Zombina & The Skeletones, Dragonforce, The Protomen, Madonna, No Doubt, Tokio Hotel, Modest Mouse, Dir En Grey, The Order Of The Fly, Manowar, The Cruxshadows

READING: Grant Morrison, Bryan O'Malley, X-Men, The Crow, Batman, Fantastic Four, Spider-Man

MOVIES/TV: The Crow, Star Trek, Batman Beyond, Pirates of the Caribbean, Buffy the Vampire Slayer & Angel, Iron Man, Quantum Leap, Chronicles of Riddick, Indiana Jones, Swamp Thing, Hollow Man, Darkman, Futurama, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Sixteen Candles, Donnie Darko, CHUD, Team America, Clueless, Napoleon Dynamite, The Specials

LIKES: Yelling, dancing, being gross, making fun of people with derisive nicknames, hugs, sneaking up on people, Wolverine, dark anti-heroes, monsters from outer space, squirt guns, and of course comics

DISLIKES: Star Wars, secrets, french fries, autobiographical comics, people assuming they know what she's thinking, shaving, and vultures



MARA DAISY ZUZANNY

AGE: 18

SIGN: Cancer (June 26)

HEIGHT: 5 ft. 3 in.

HAIR DYE: Blood Of Virgins Red

MAJOR: Film

HOMETOWN: Wet Moon, FL

MUSIC: Combichrist, Hocico, Dynabyte, Trivium, Incaperseverance, Thismeansyou, Immortal Technique, Slipknot, Massive Attack, In Flames, Manhole, Cadaveria, DevilDriver

READING: Edward Lee, Richard Matheson, Clive Barker, Tananarive Due, Poe, Chuck Palahniuk, Tess Gerritsen

MOVIES/TV: Cannibal Holocaust, The Devil's Rejects, The Shining, Hard Candy, Hellraiser, Bride of Frankenstein, Mulholland Dr., Tetsuo the Iron Man, Blue Velvet, Night of the Living Dead, Brotherhood of the Wolf, Sweeney Todd

LIKES: Cobwebs, warm milk, forbidden passion, Egyptian mythology, secret passages, tombs, mummies, mud, spaghetti, and wearing shoes until they can be worn no more.

DISLIKES: People who kill insects and spiders, egg nog, folk music, clicky pens, crossword puzzles, and everything else.

following are the first five pages
of what was originally supposed
to be *wet moon* volume 1, done
sometime between december 2002
and the end of january 2003.

i never finished it, but i think it
works well as a short story all by
itself. it takes place before the events
in this book, in senior year of
high school.

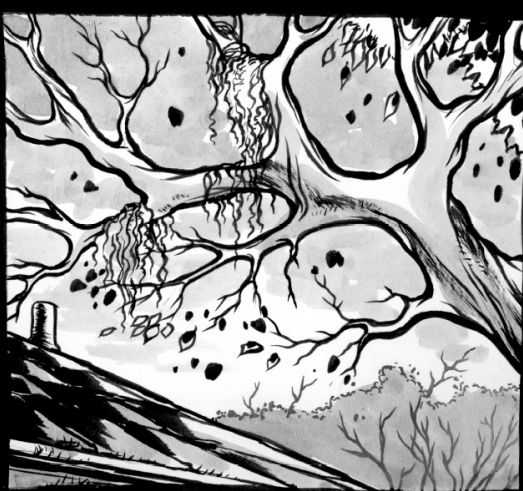
cleo has since gotten herself a
digital clock, and i'm guessing
she dropped her skull lamp
when packing for college.

-s.

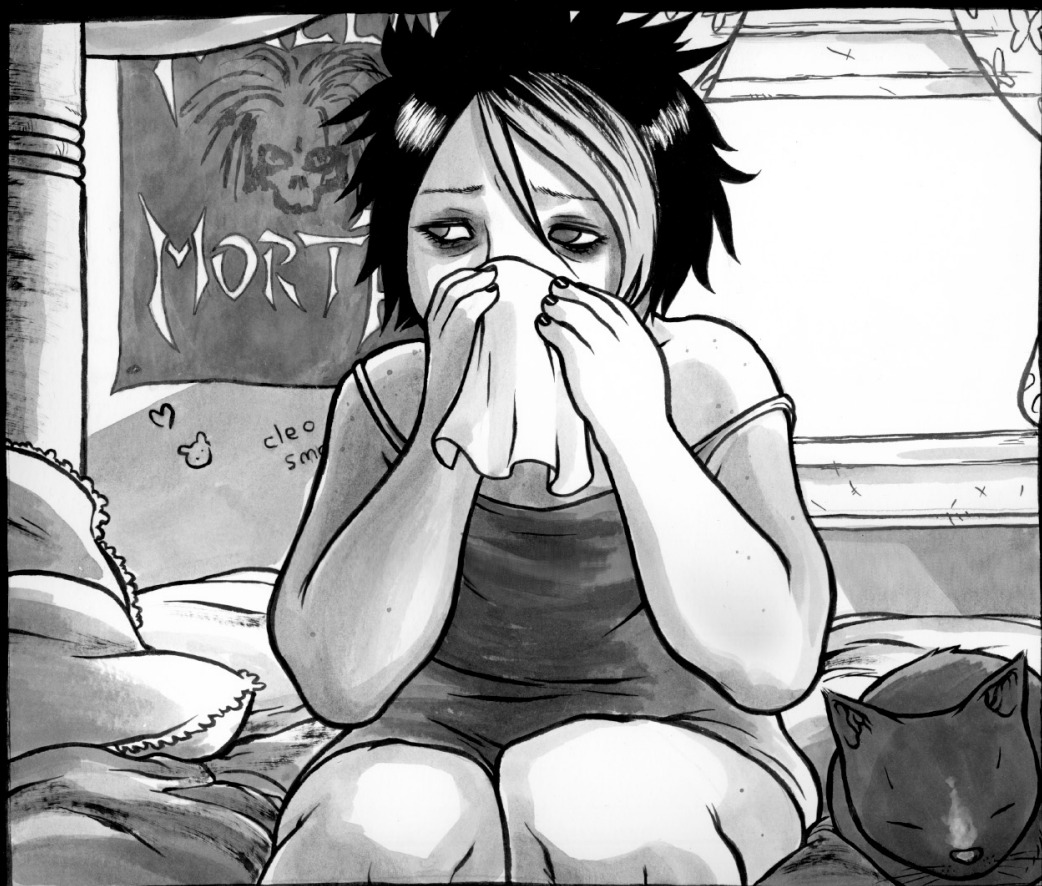


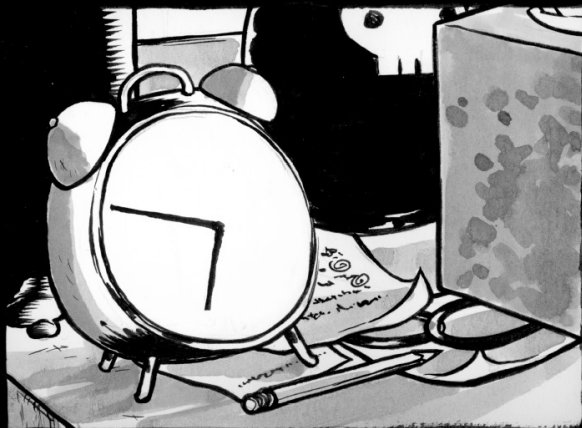






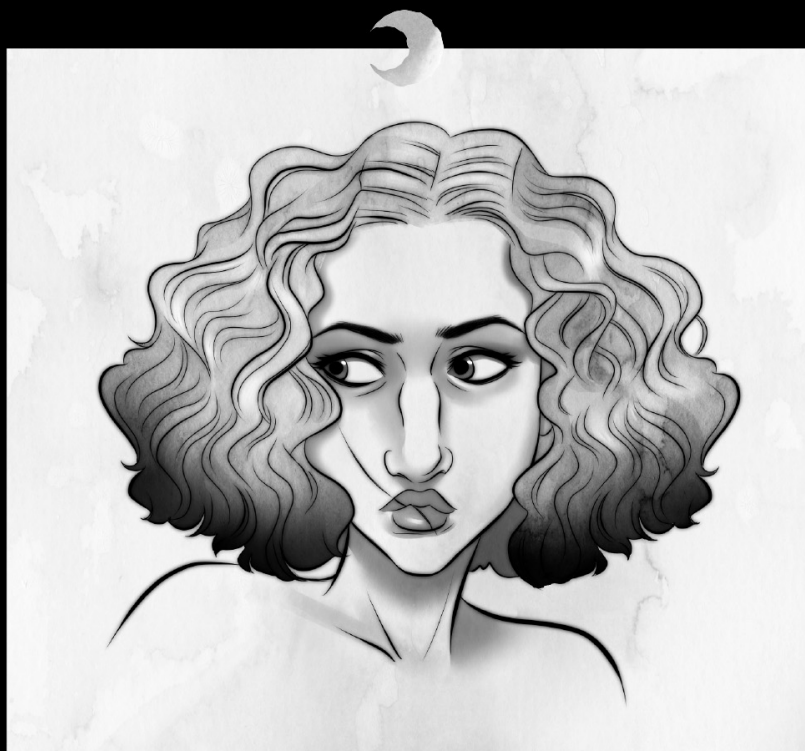








FANART BY BOUM



FANART BY ERIN WATSON



FANART BY KAYLIE MCDUGAL



FANART BY MARIA PUGATCHEVA



FANART BY ZOE MOSS



FANART BY PAIGE TOWNSLEY VIDNOVIC

Thanks to: Mom, Dad, Julie, Zach, Dan, Becky, Jess, Mandy, Steve, Nate, Tracy, Brandon, Chris, Ker, Bub, Gork, Krog, Nano, Carlie, Lance, Lydia, Rain, Jamaica, everyone at Oni, Antony, everyone at Deviantart, my SCAD professors, Eileen at Kinko's, Don, Mysterious Bagger Girl at Wilmington Island Kroger, and everyone who has ever supported me and my work.

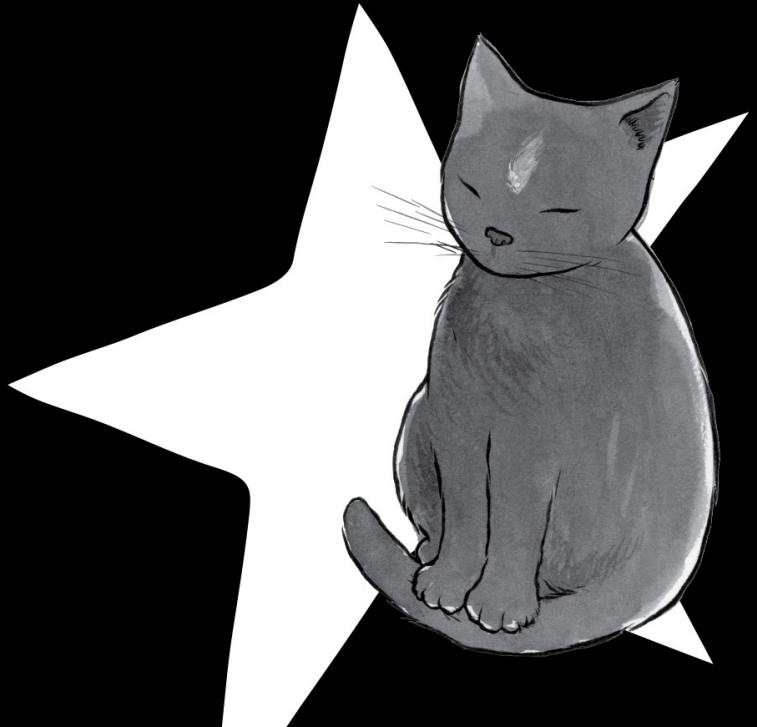
Special thanks to: Bella Morte (Andy, Gopal, Tony, and Micah), Azure Ray, the Birthday Massacre, Jenny, and Laurie.



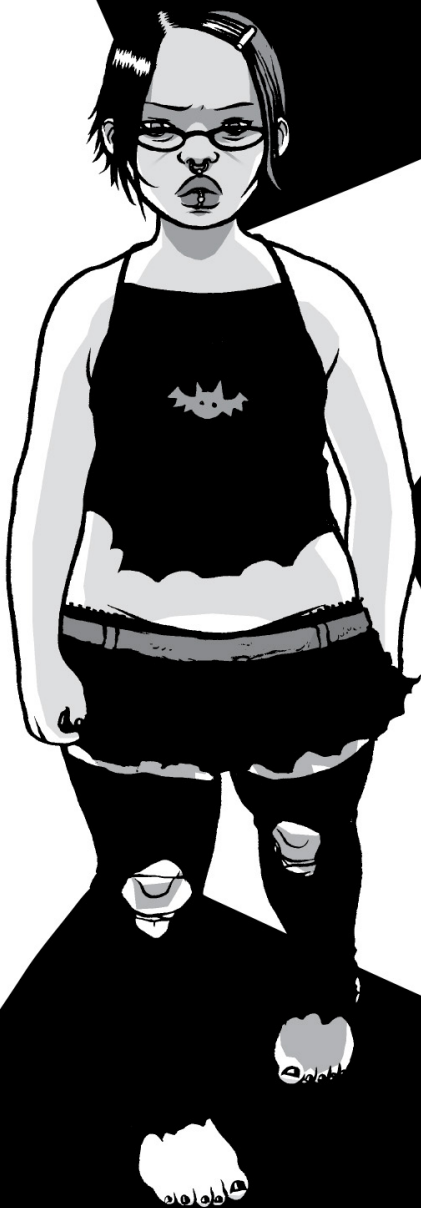
SOPHIE CAMPBELL likes cats, Gamera, tea, Final Fantasy 7, and ice cream. She hates frogs, snakes, dogs, and traveling. She currently resides in Rochester, New York.

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