

NEW COMIC STRIPS * TIME MACHINE * SHORT STORY * DIGITAL ART



#2

\$7.99

METEORS 'N MILK MAGAZINE

**INCLUDED INSIDE:
A BRAND NEW
SHORT STORY!**

**EXCLUSIVE
CONTENT!**



Fine Art
**SONIC
&**

Friends!
ORIGINAL COMICS!

**ALL OF YOUR
2019 & 2020
FAVORITES**



Meteors 'n Milk Magazine

Publisher Meteors 'n Milk

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Designer Marc Watson

Contributes Mary Walls
Marc Watson
Sonic the Comic Humes

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Cynthia Watson <- Especially This One!
Sandra Watson
and of course all of my amazing Fans and Friends!

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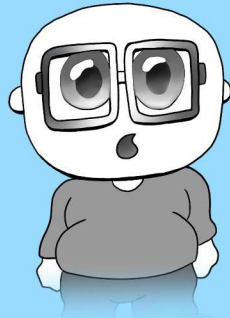
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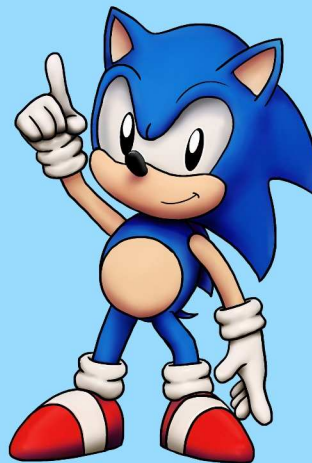
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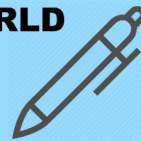


2 METEORS 'N MILK



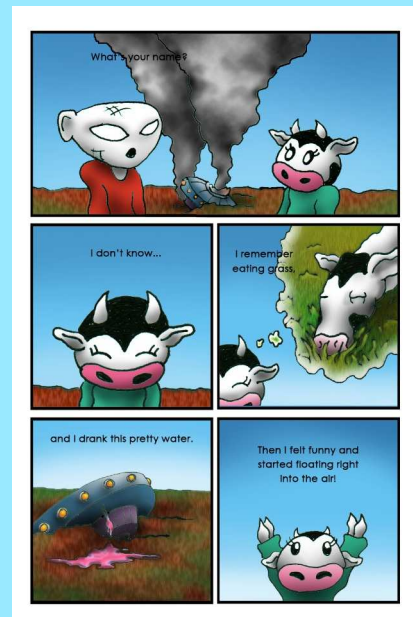
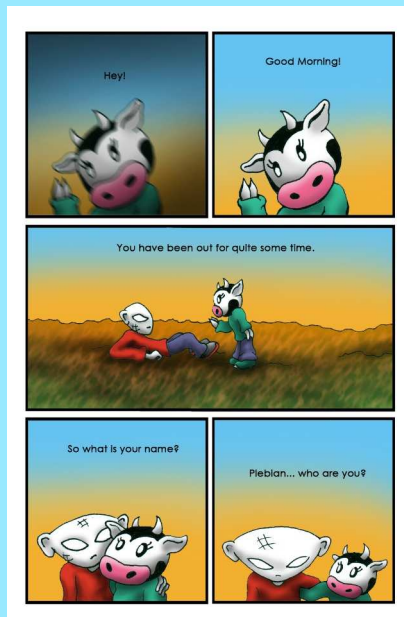
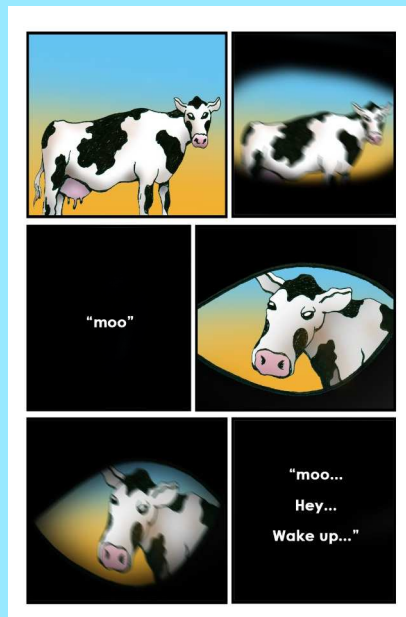
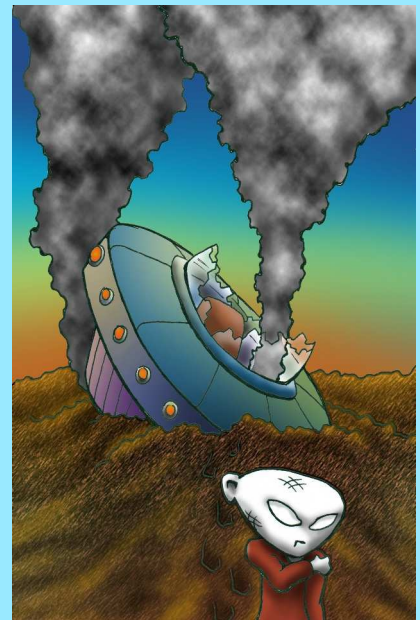
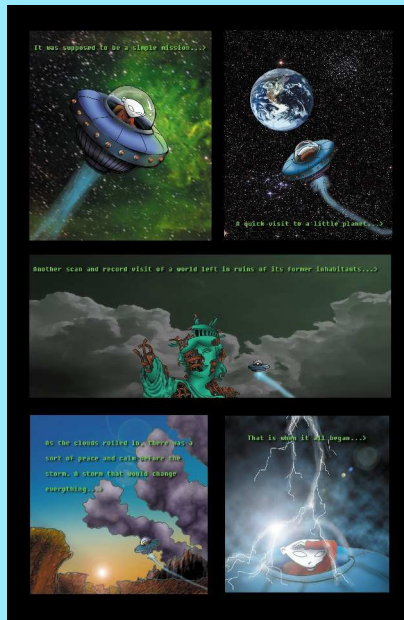
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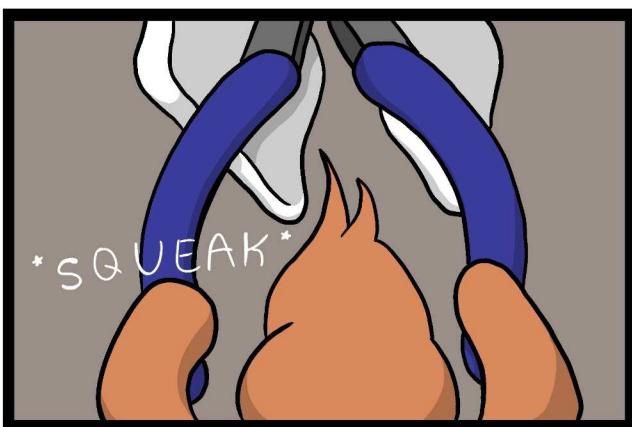
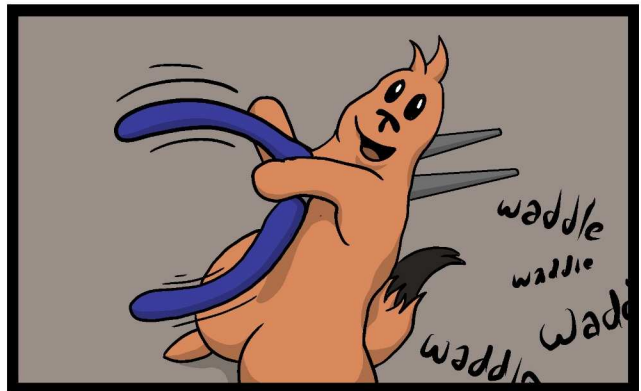
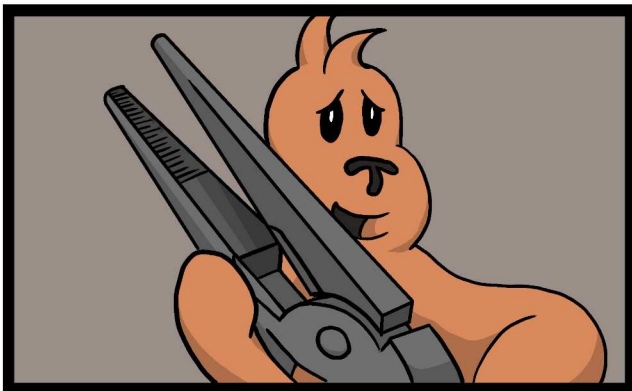
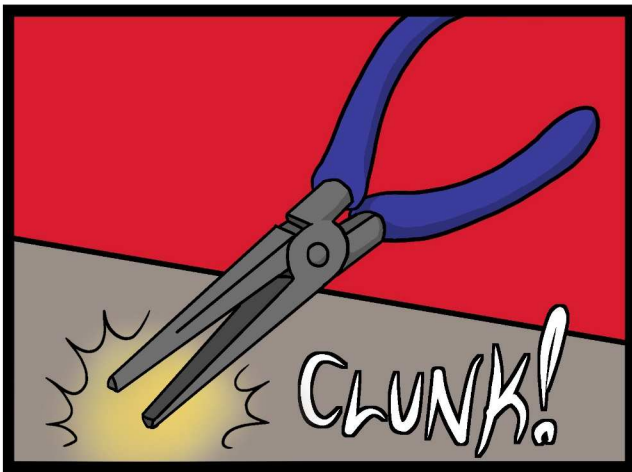


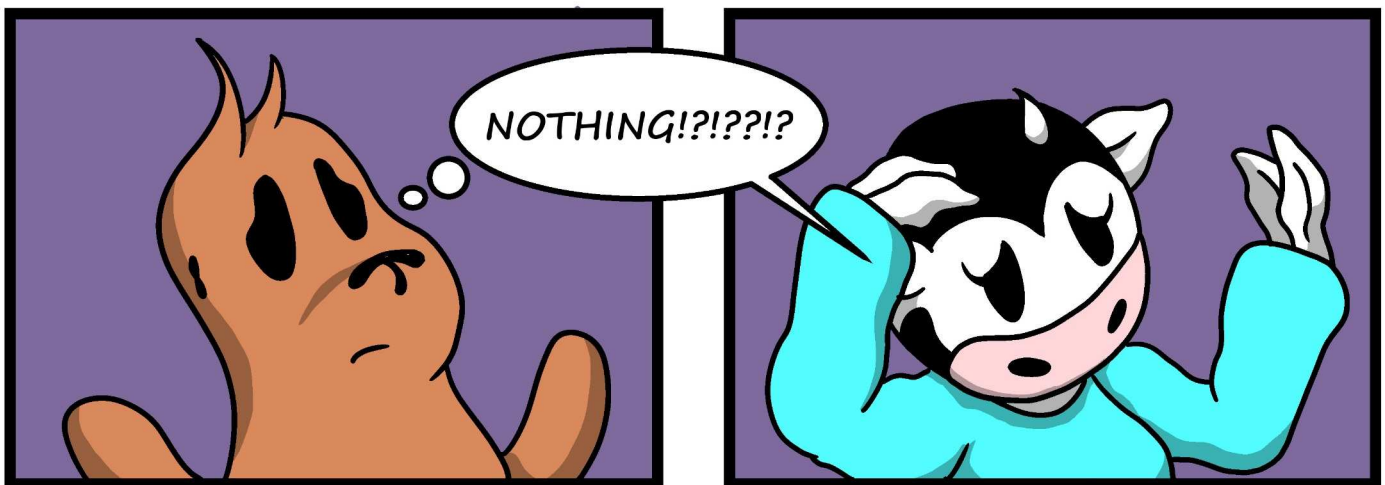
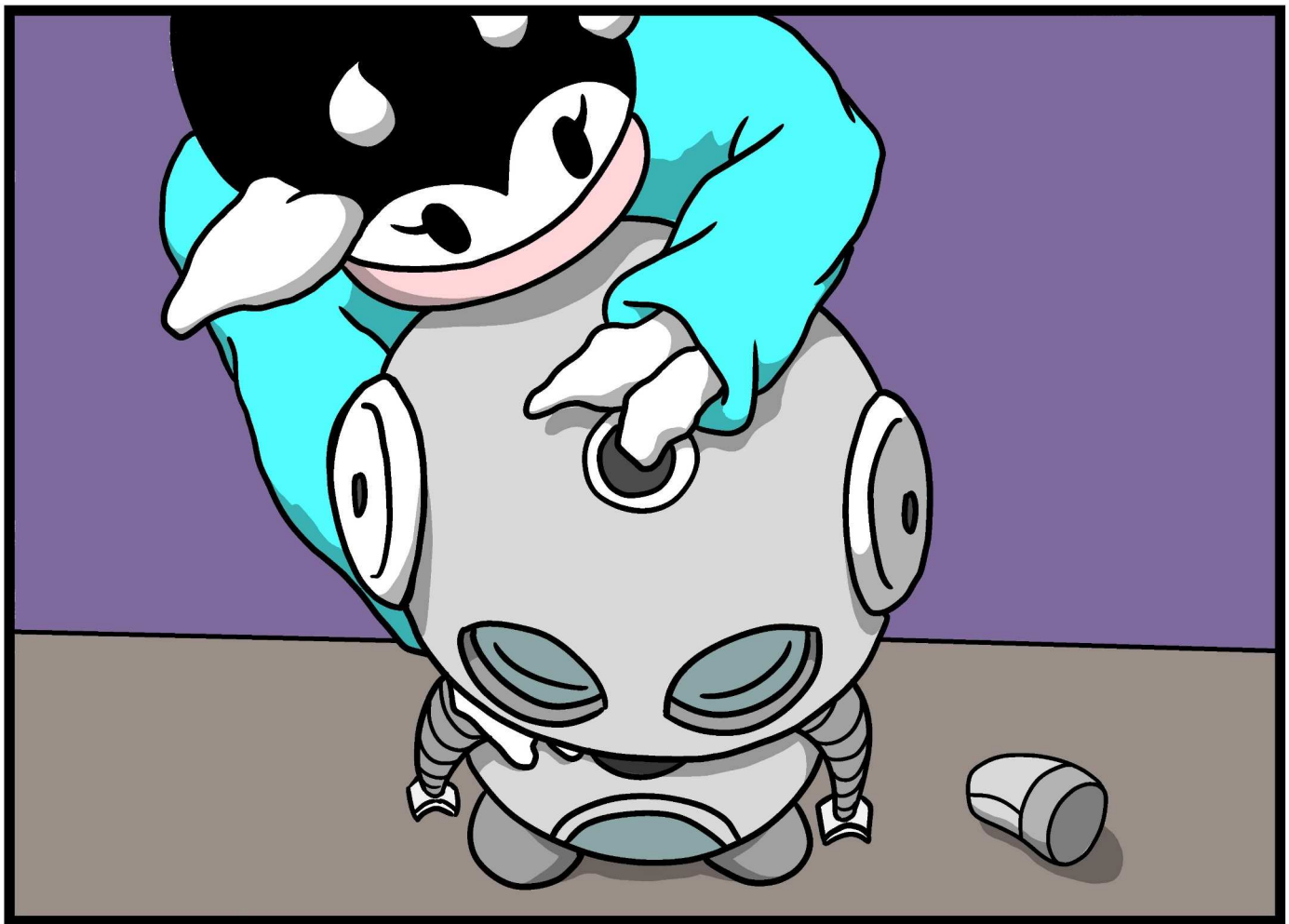
THE MILKY WAY?

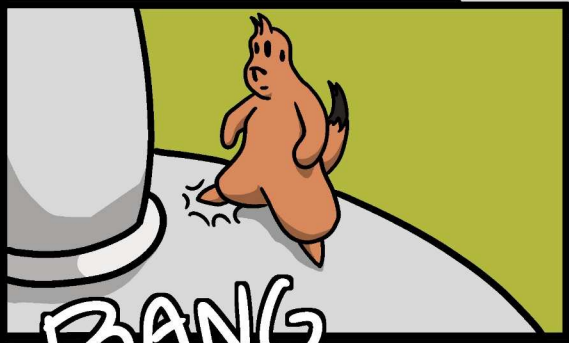
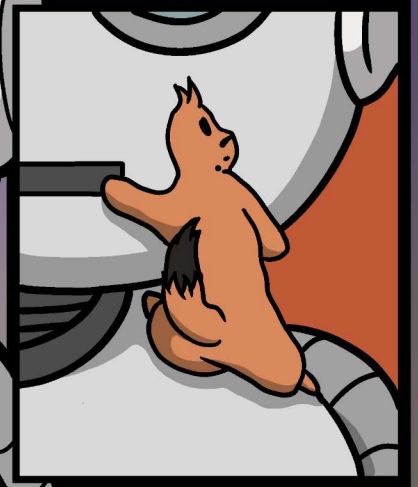
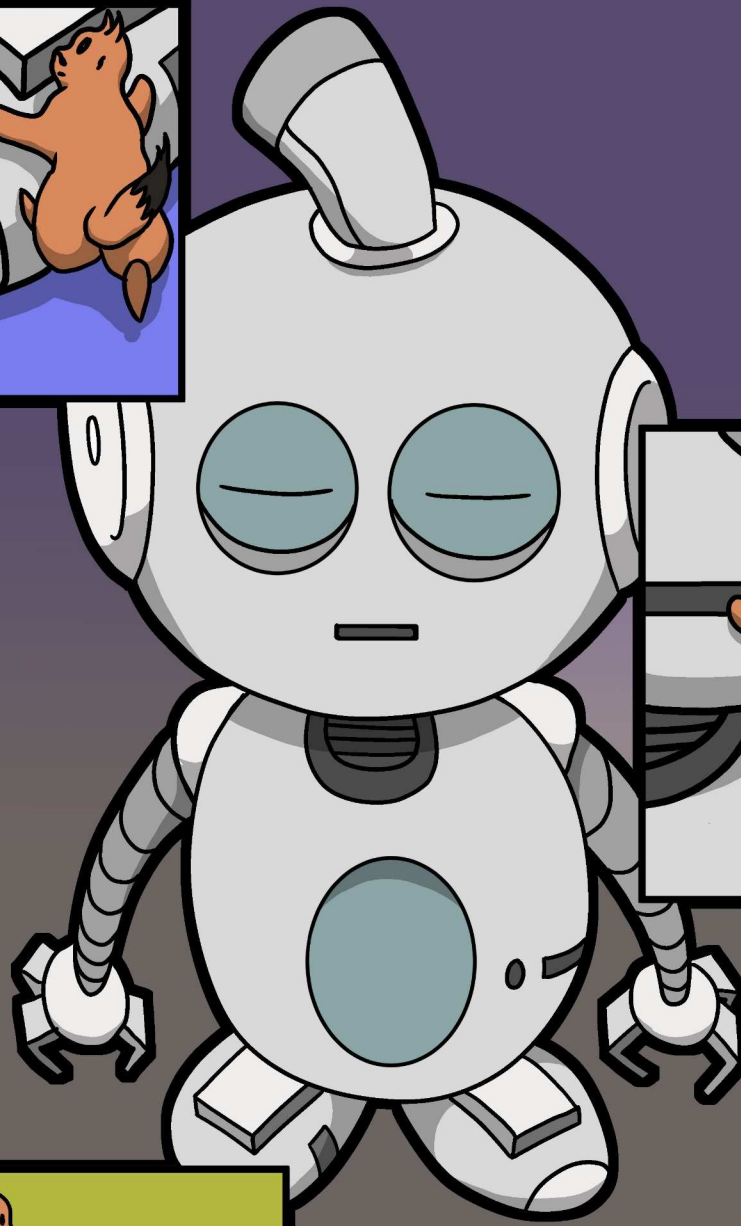
Before *Meteors 'n Milk* became the ongoing story you know now, it originally began as a never published story with the working title "The Milky Way". Here are some of the very first unfinished pages from that early version.



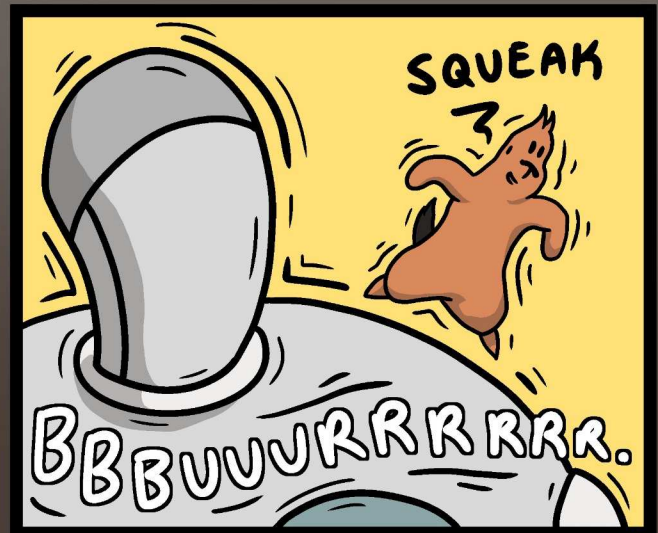
The story today continues as our little buddy assists Ceva. (See issue 1)





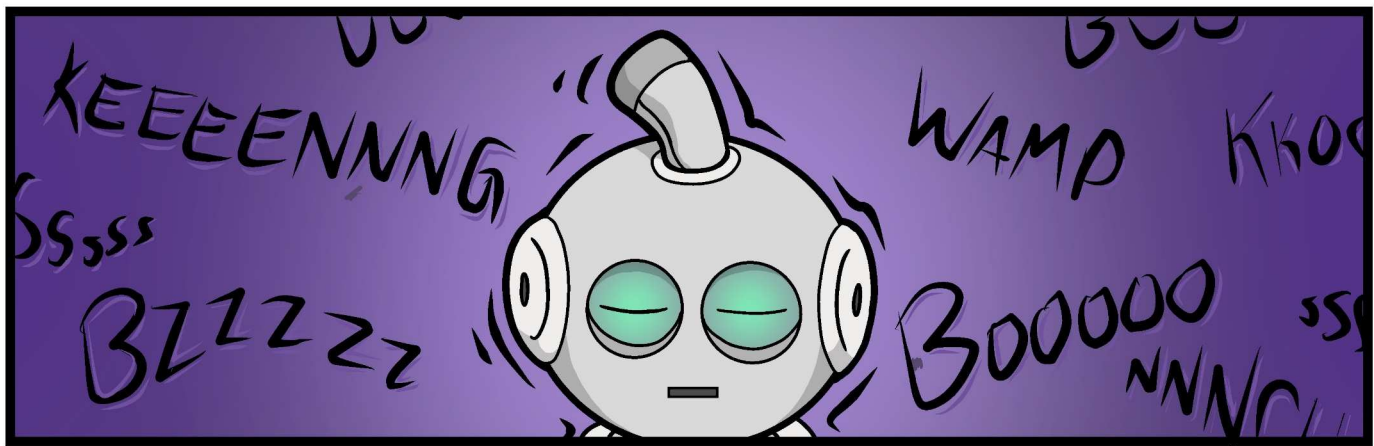


BANG
BANG
BANG!



SQUEAK

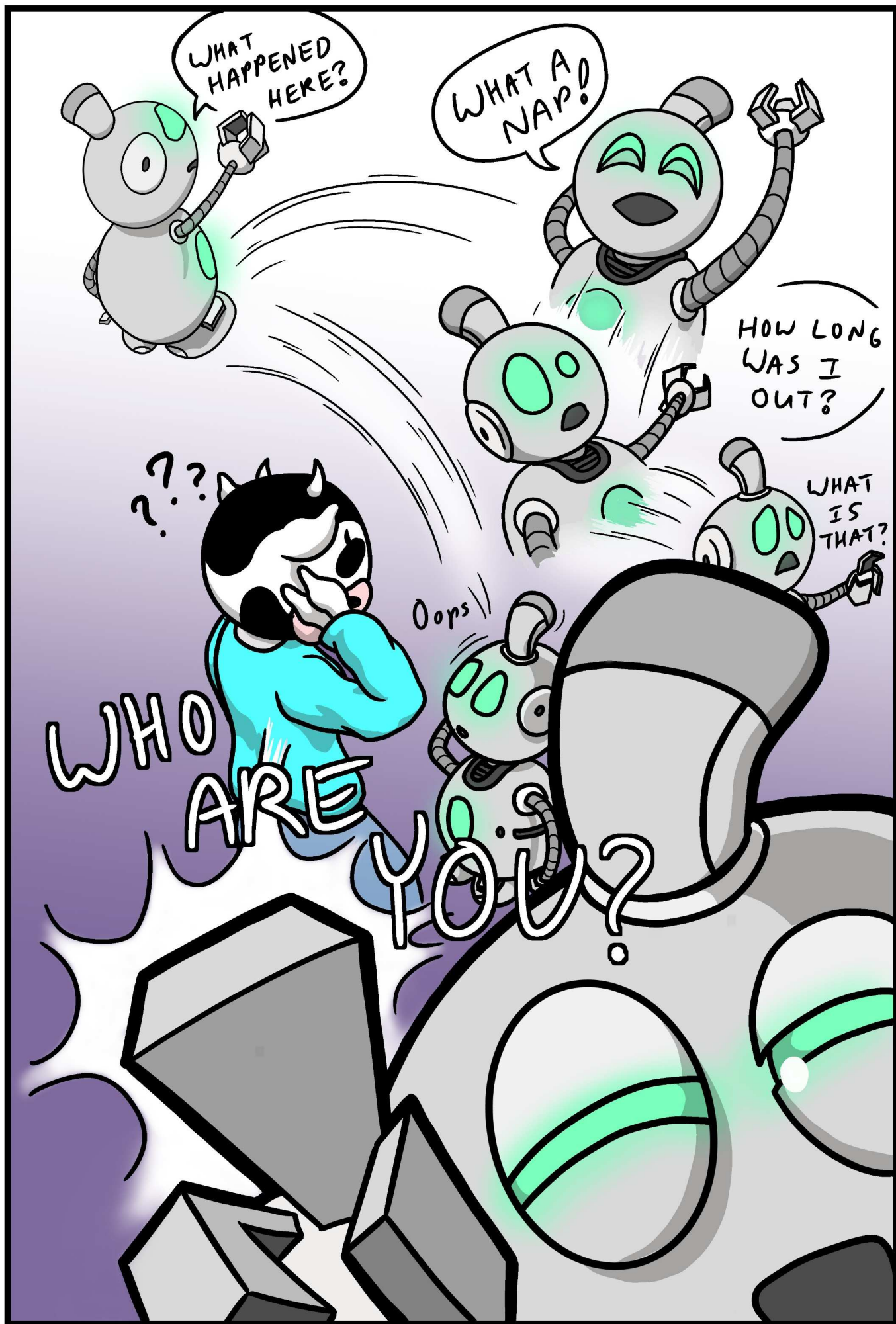
BBBUURRRRRR.



■BOOT SEQUENCE...

```
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timeout=30
default=multi(0)rdisk(0)disk(0)partition(1)\WIN95
[operating systems]
multi(0)rdisk(0)disk(0)partition(1)
    \WIN95="Windows 95 Workstation 4.00"
multi(0)rdisk(0)disk(0)partition(1)
    \WIN95="Windows 95 Workstation 4.00 [VGA mode]"
    /basevideo /sos
C:\="DOS"
```





WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?

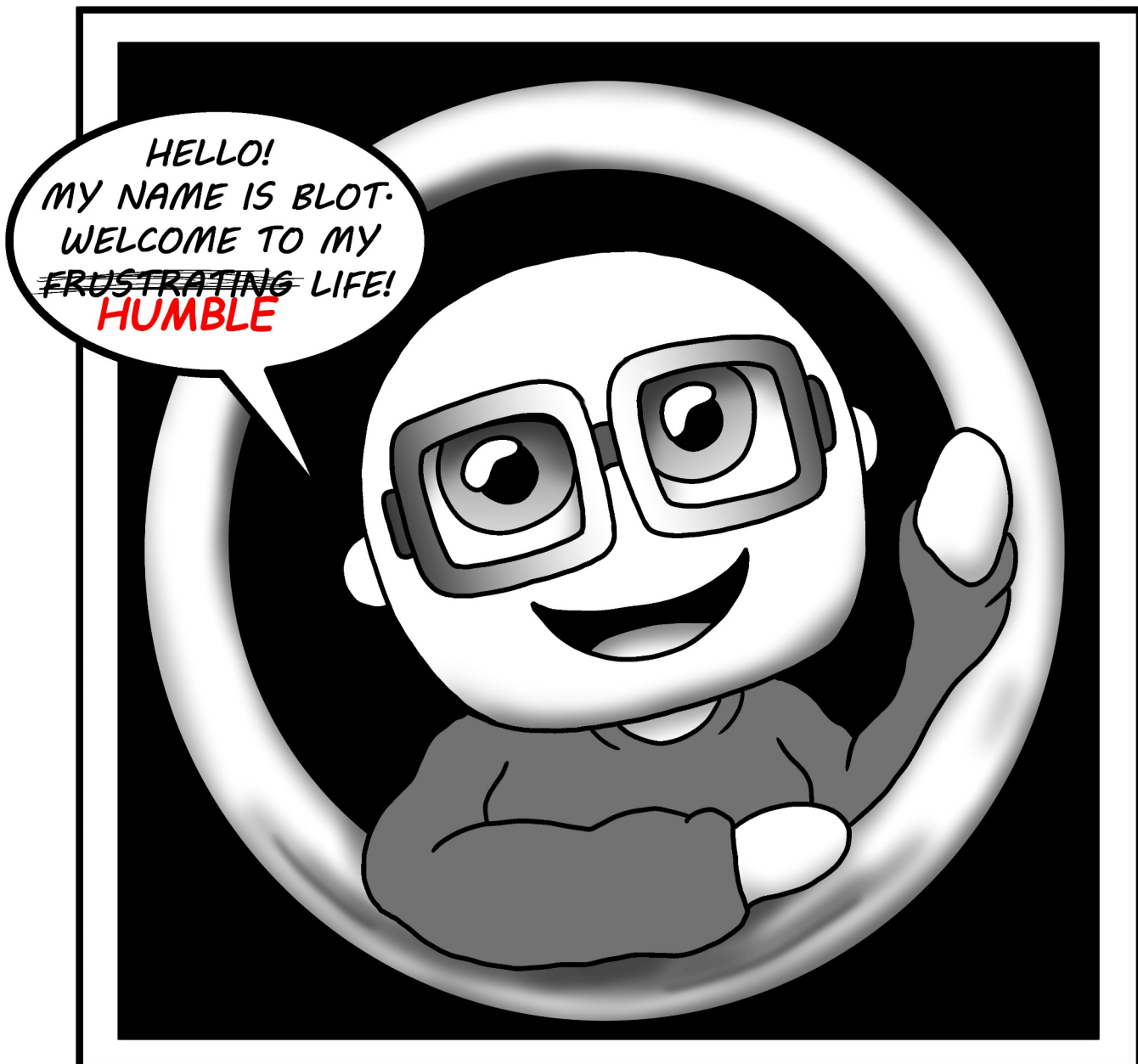
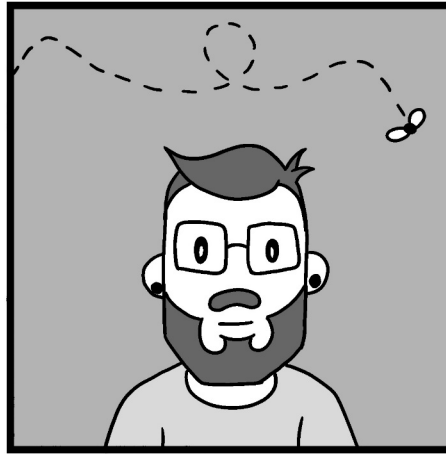
WHAT A
NAP!

HOW LONG
WAS I
OUT?

WHAT
IS
THAT?

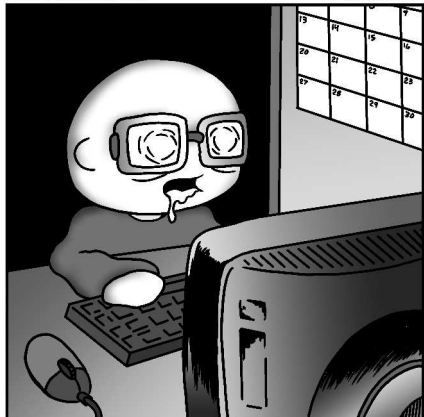
Oops!

WHO
ARE
YOU?



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Mindless"



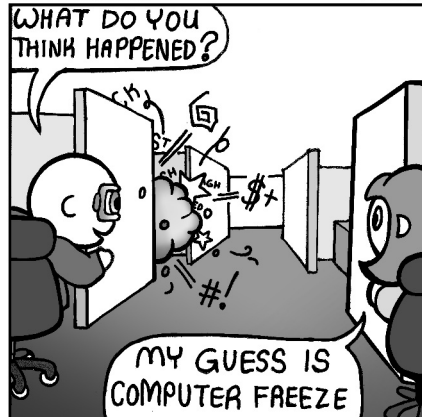
BLOT by Marc Watson

"Bait"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Freeze"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Build"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Husky"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Enchanted"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Frail"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Swing"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Pattern"



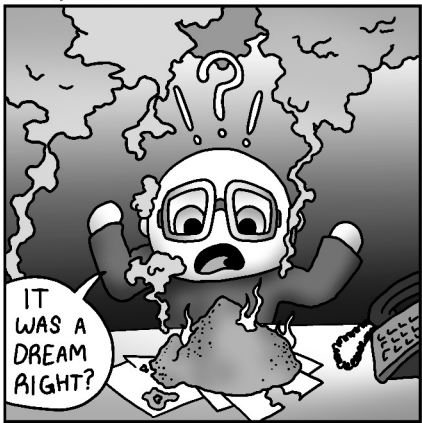
BLOT by Marc Watson

"Dragon"



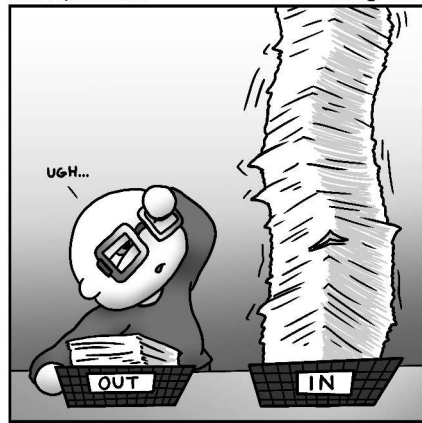
BLOT by Marc Watson

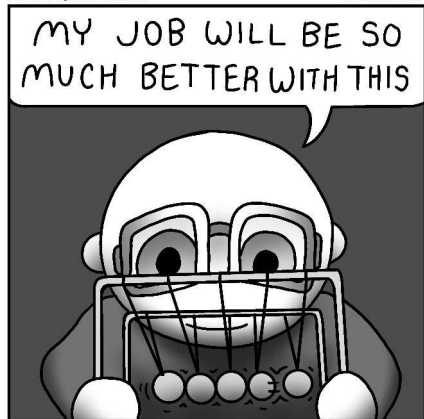
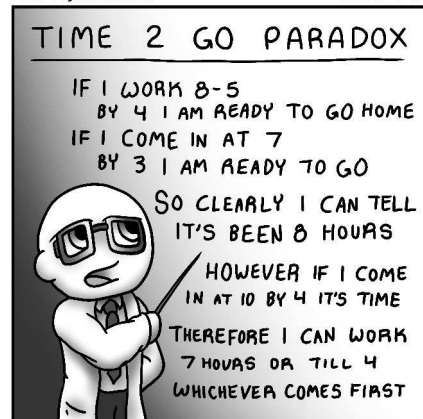
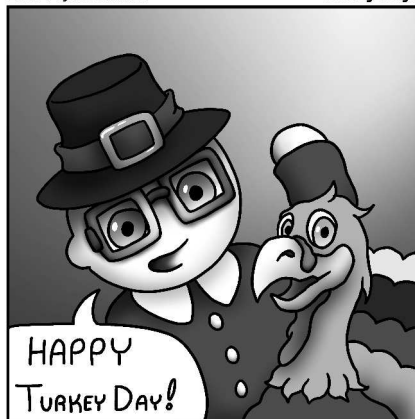
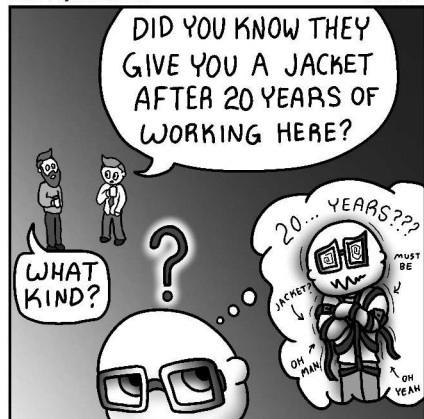
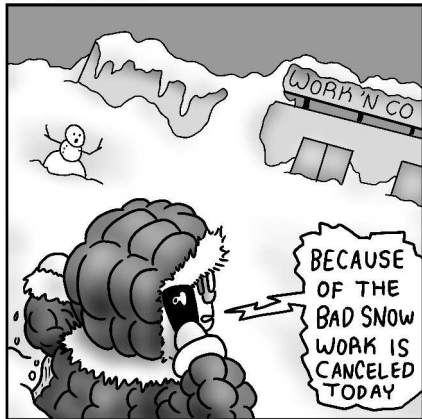
"Ash"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Overgrown"





BLOT by Marc Watson

"Ancient"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Dizzy"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Tasty"



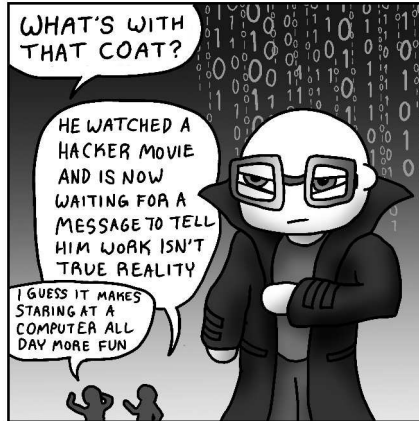
BLOT by Marc Watson

"Dark"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Coat"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Ride"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Injured"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Catch"



BLOT by Marc Watson

"Ripe"



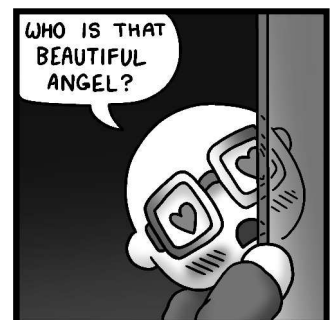
BLOT by Marc Watson

"Propitious"



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Meteors 'n Milk today!**

**Look for the
Big Book of Blot
Fall 2021!**





MOBIUS STRIPS

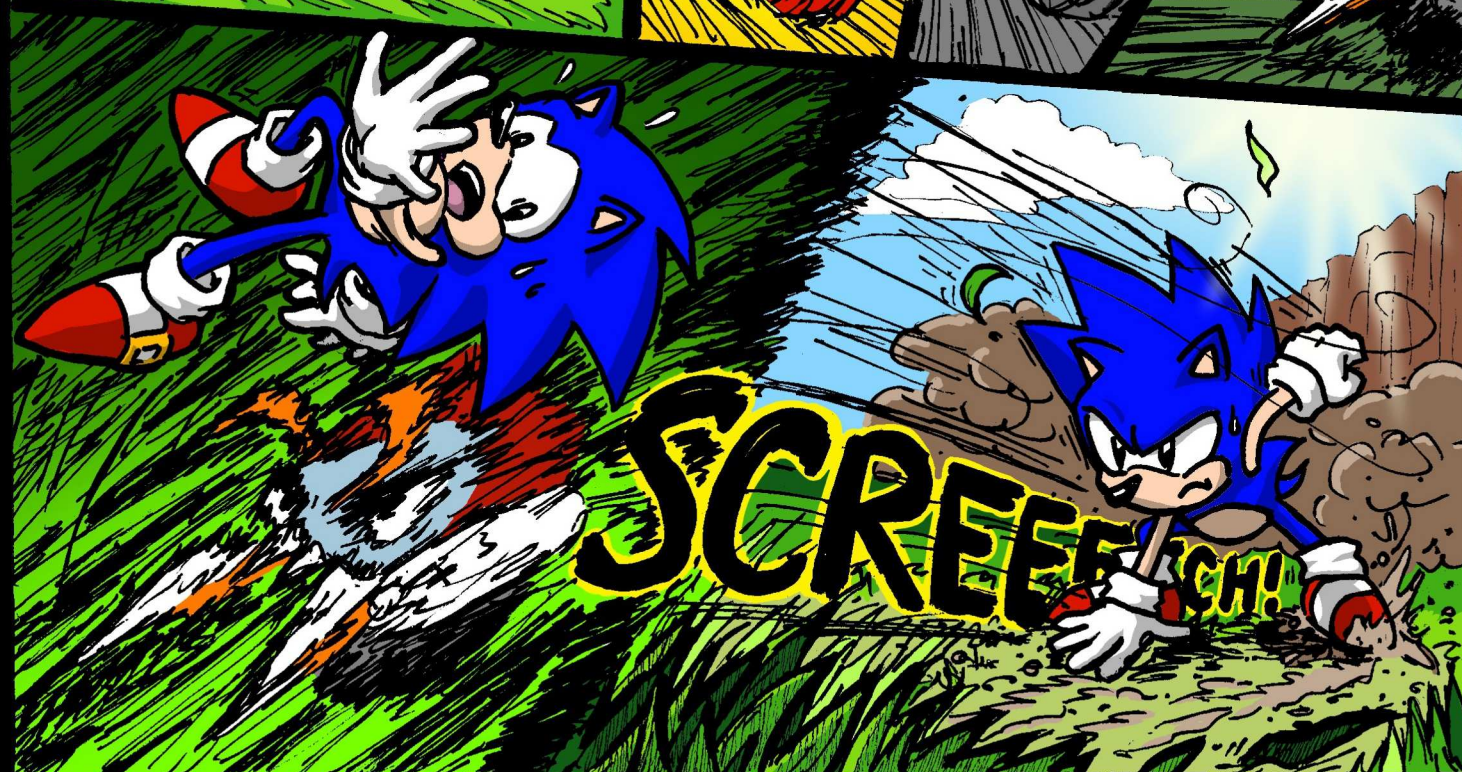
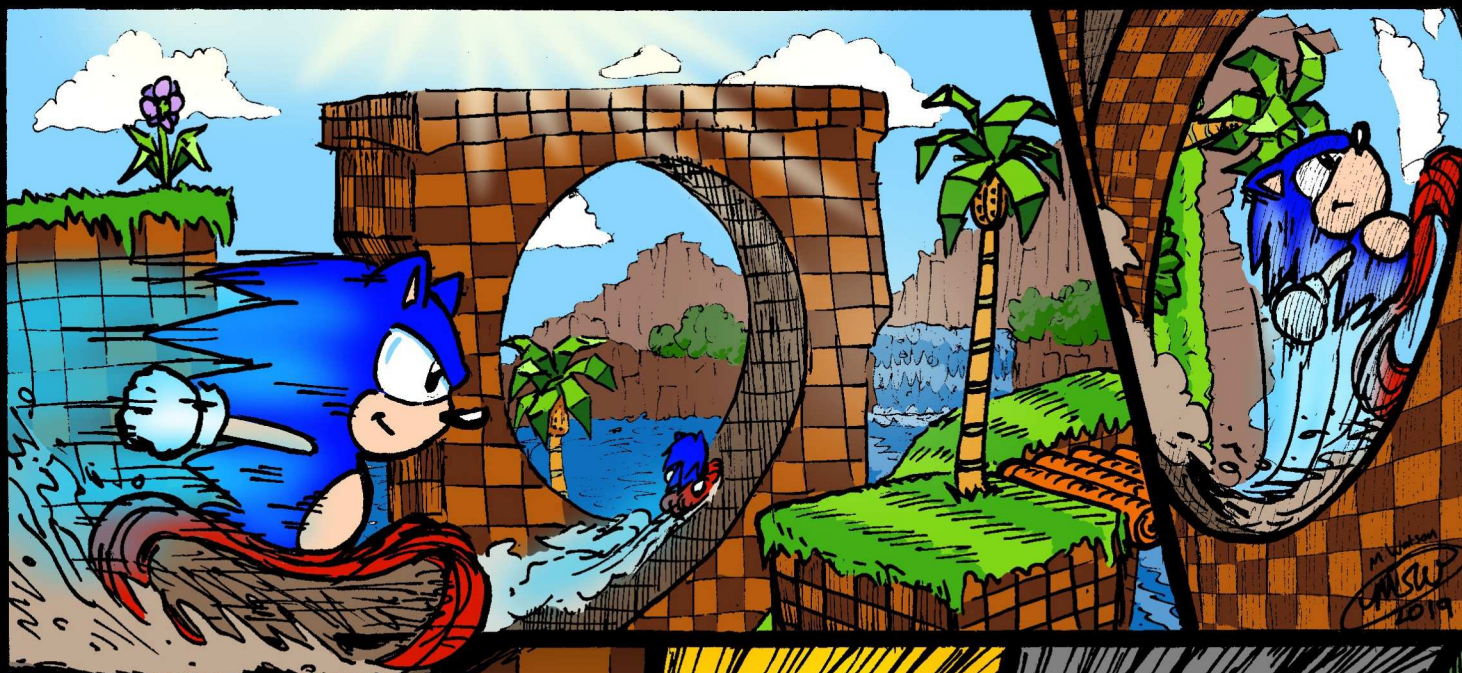
TALES OF SONIC THE HEDGEHOG

STORY MARC WATSON

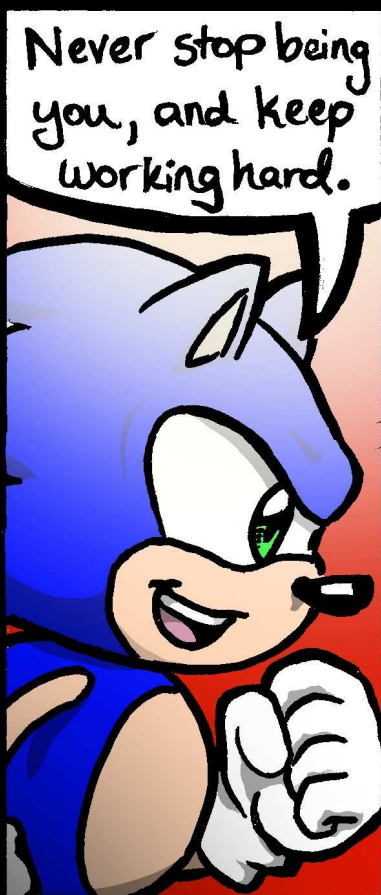
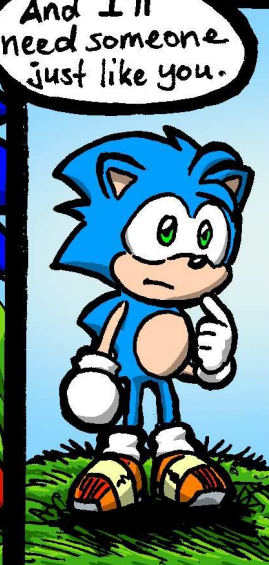
PENCIL AND INK MARY WALLS

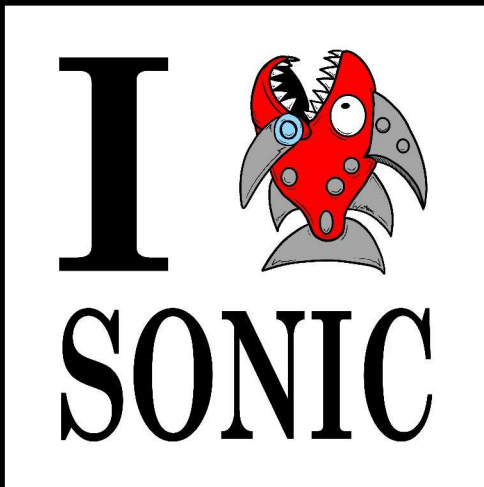
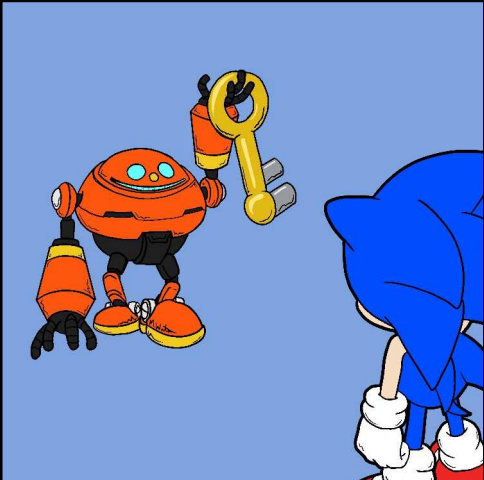
DIGITAL CLEAN UP MARC WATSON

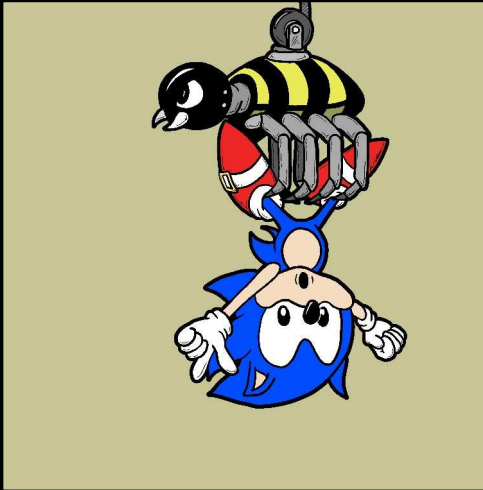
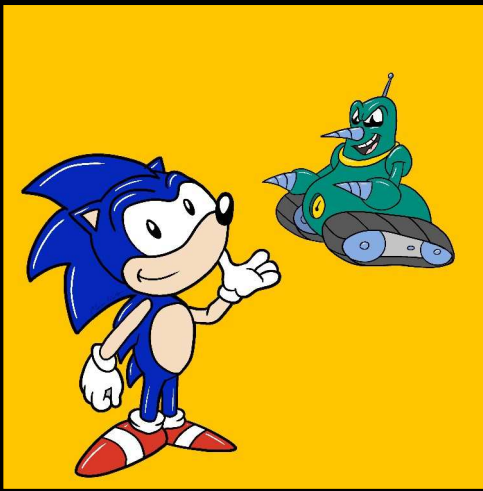
COLOR MARC WATSON

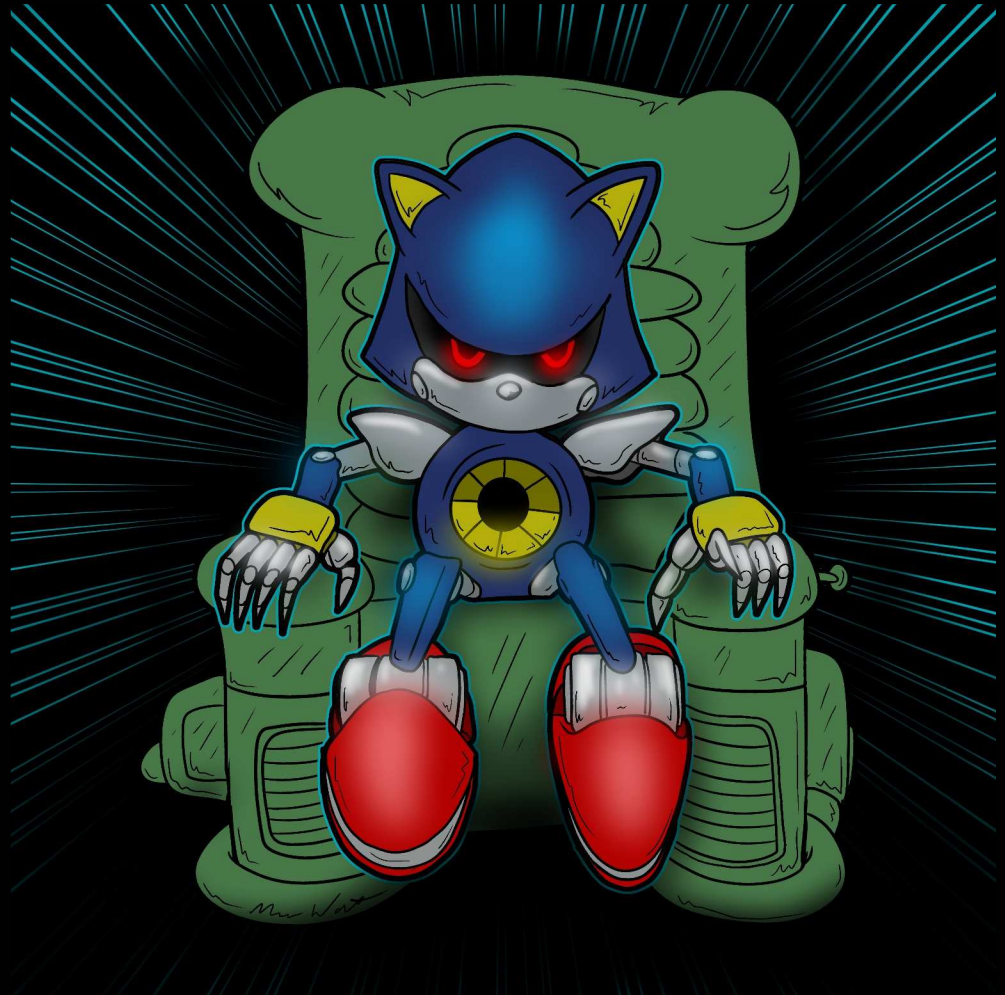
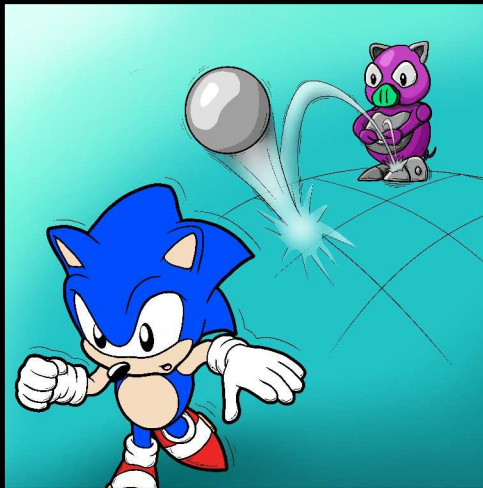
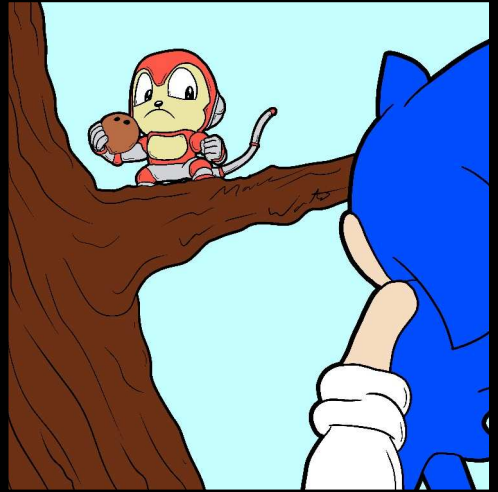
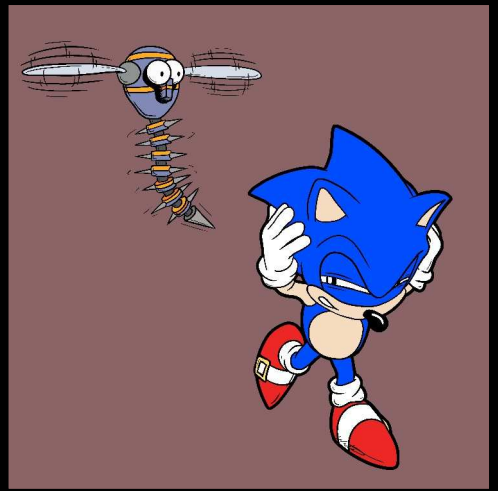




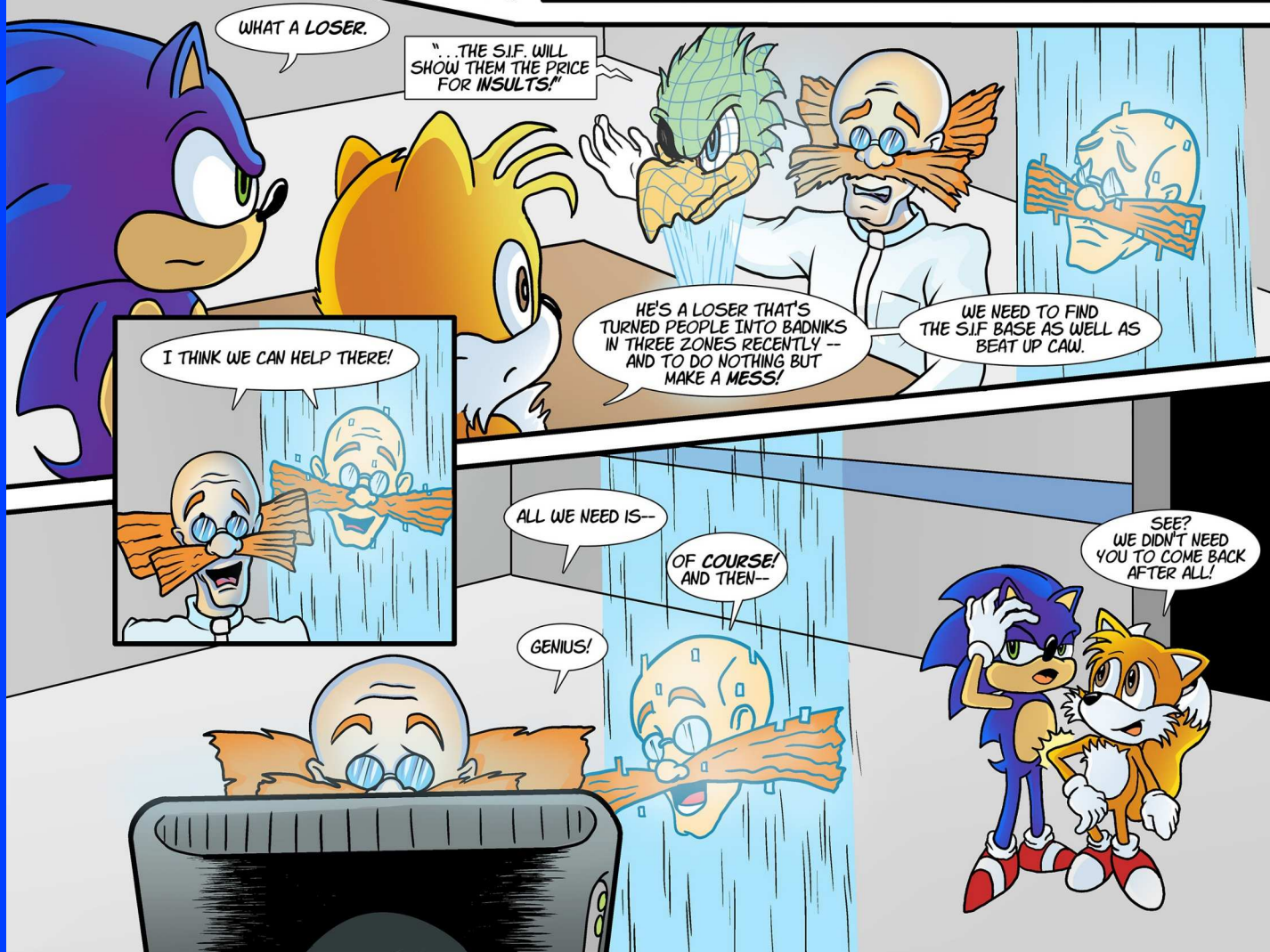


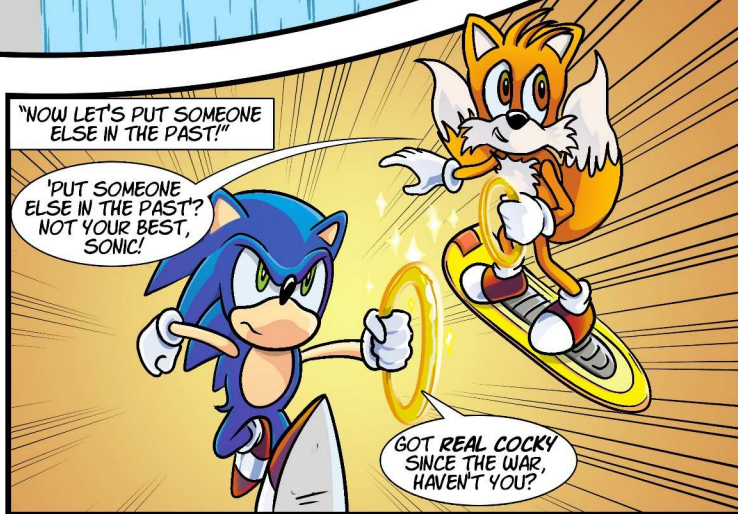
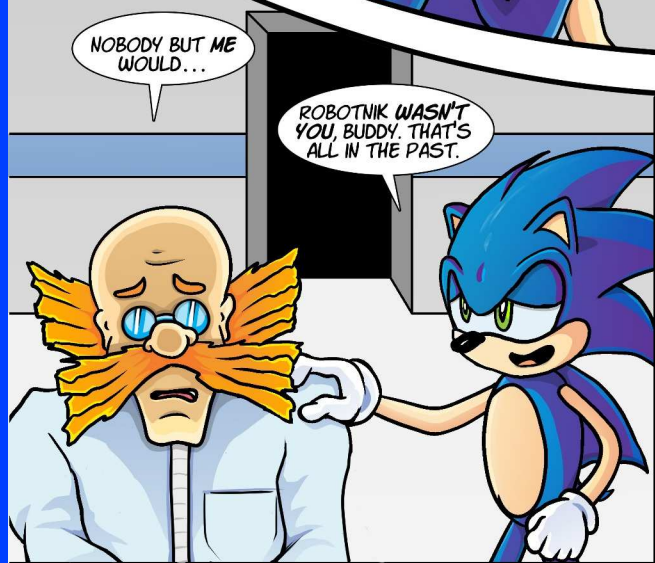
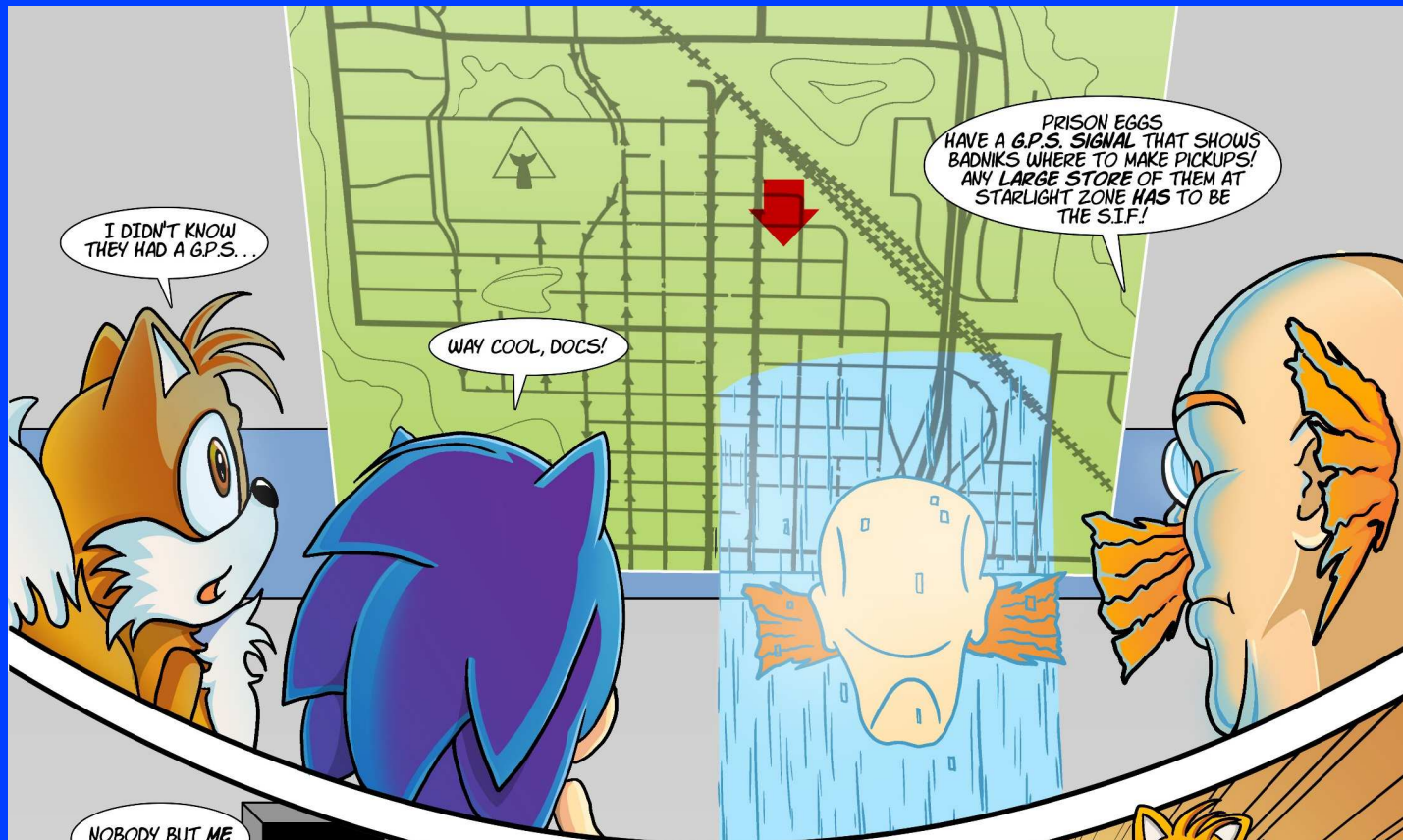


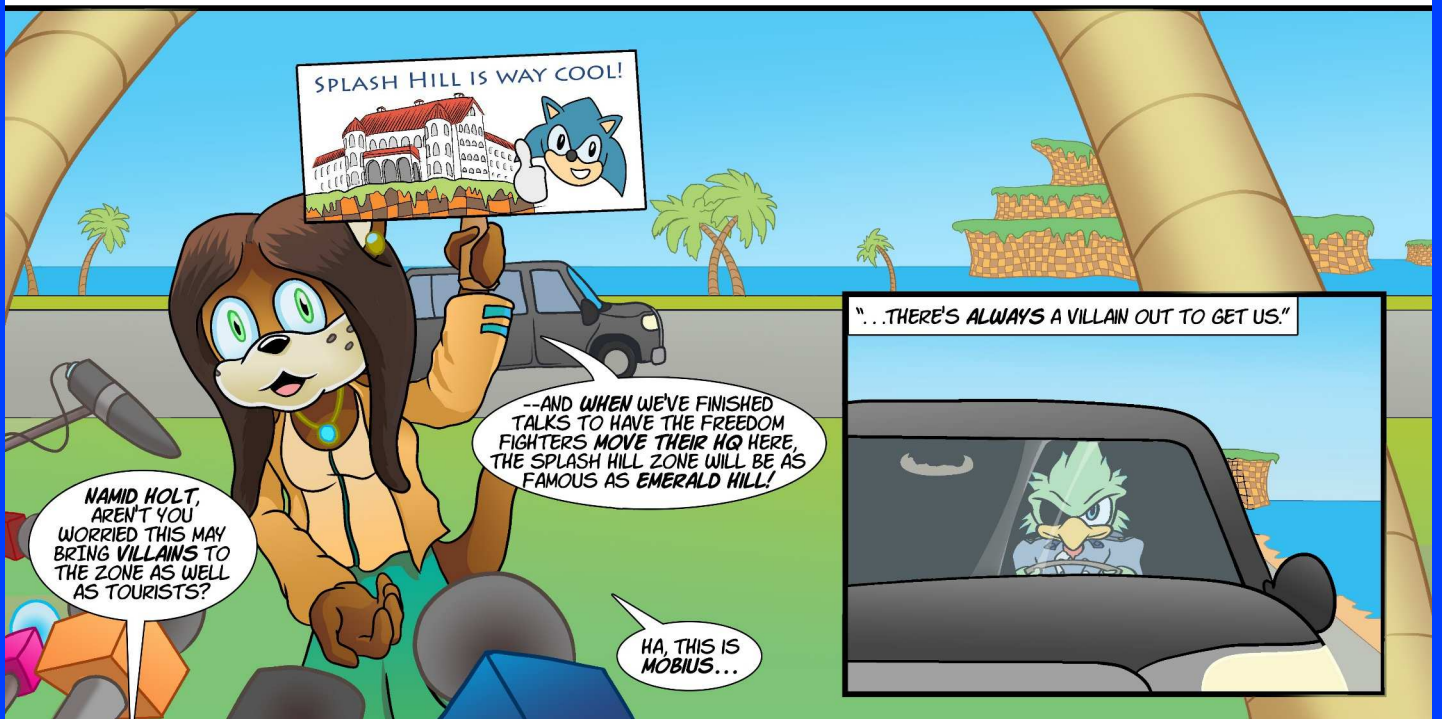




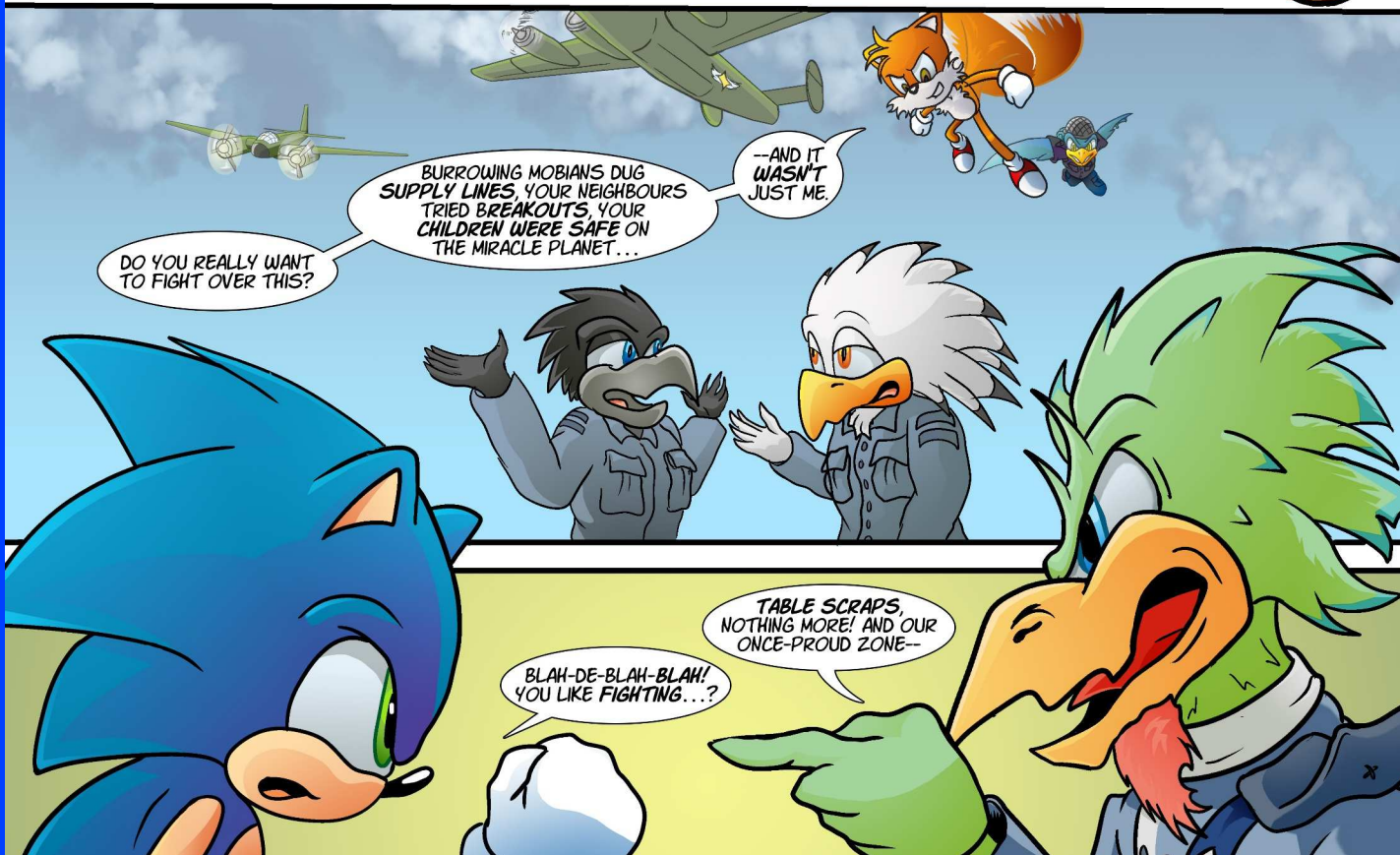


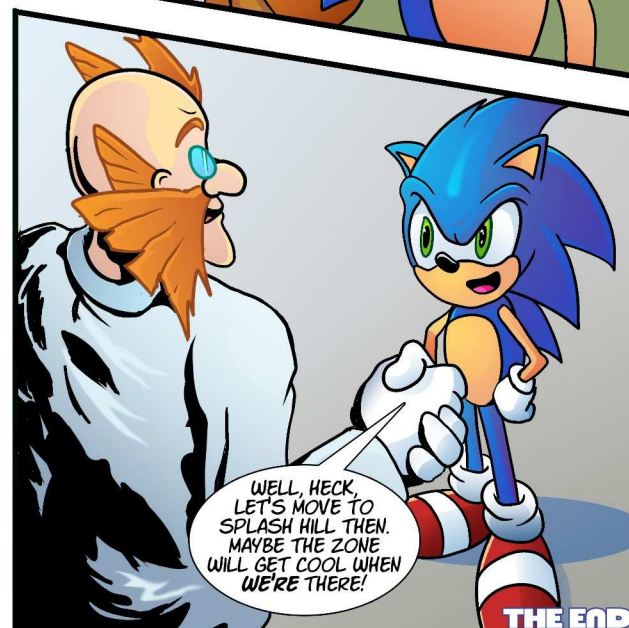
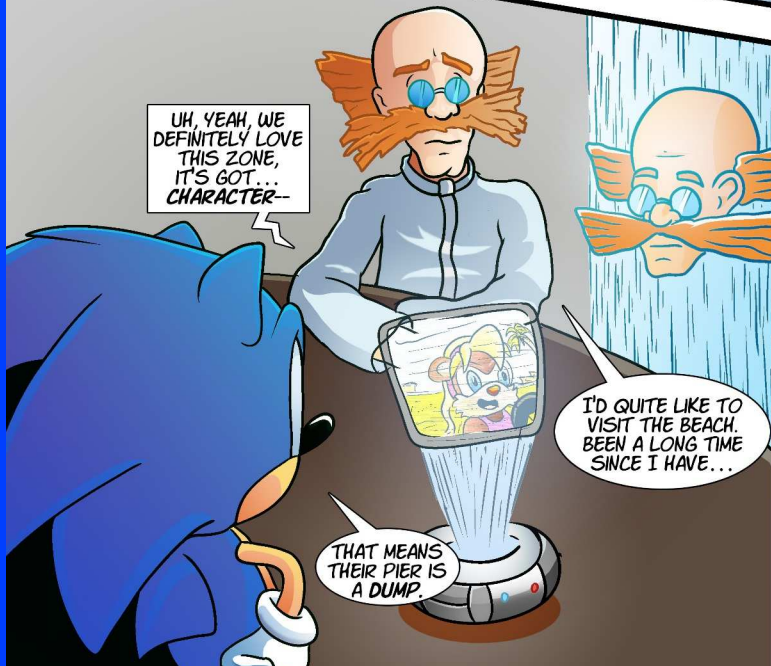














TIME-MACHINE

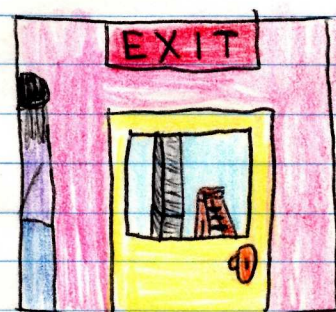
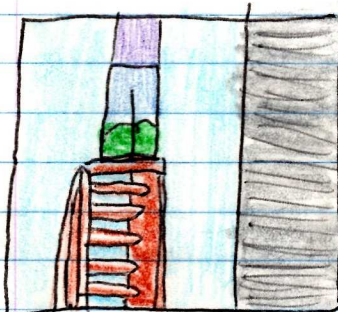
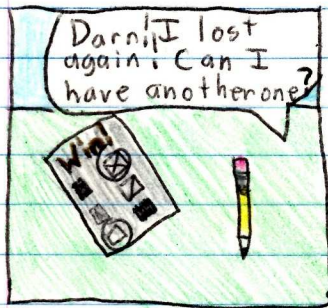
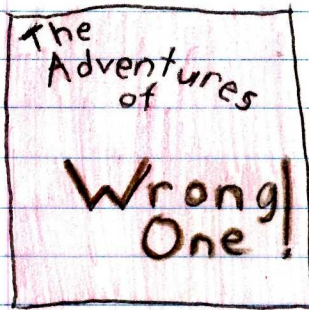
THE ADVENTURES OF WRONG ONE (1995-1996)

Marc
Watson

12/29/95

4:10-4:19 P.M.

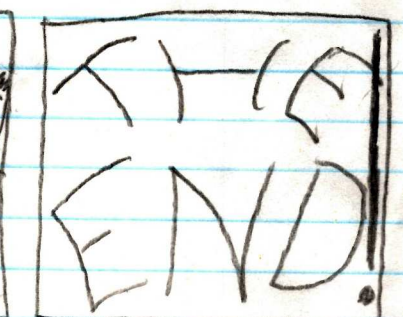
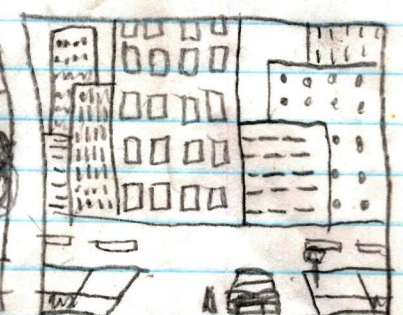
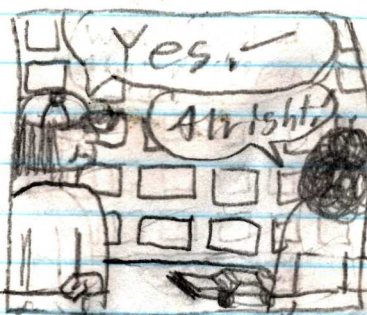
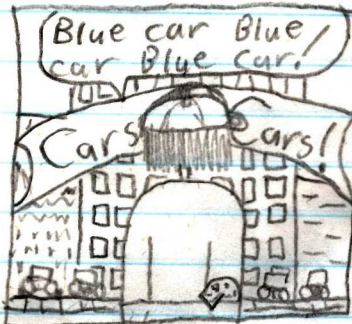
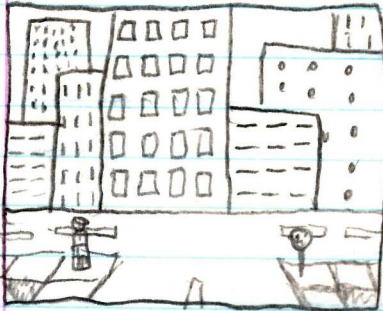
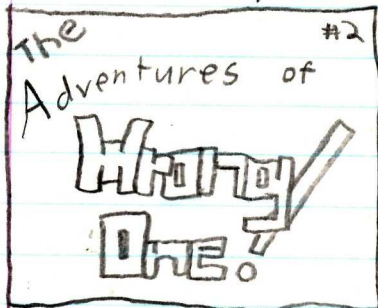
Age 11 1/2



THE END!

April 1, 1996

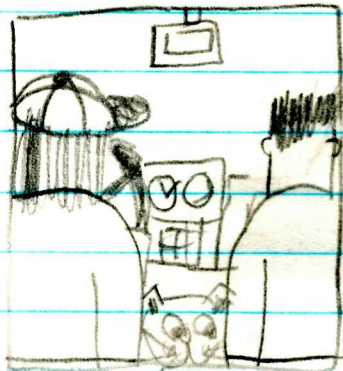
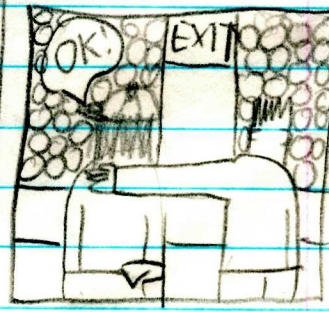
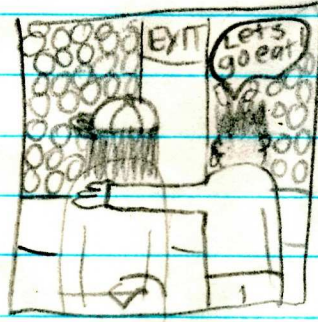
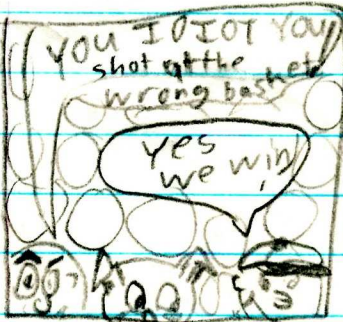
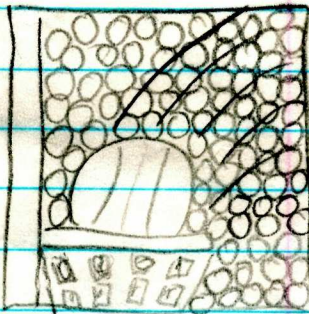
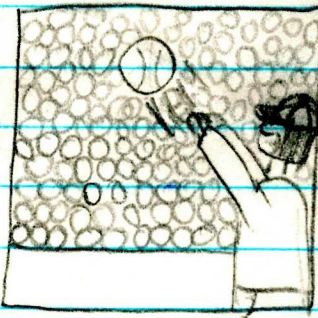
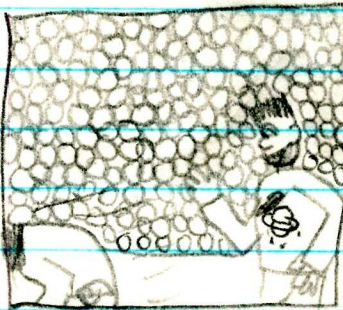
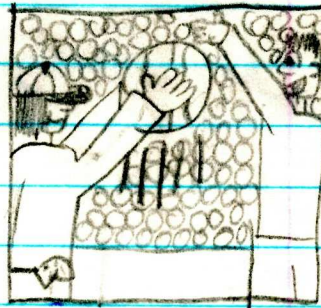
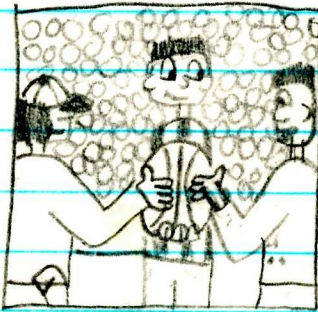
Marc Watson



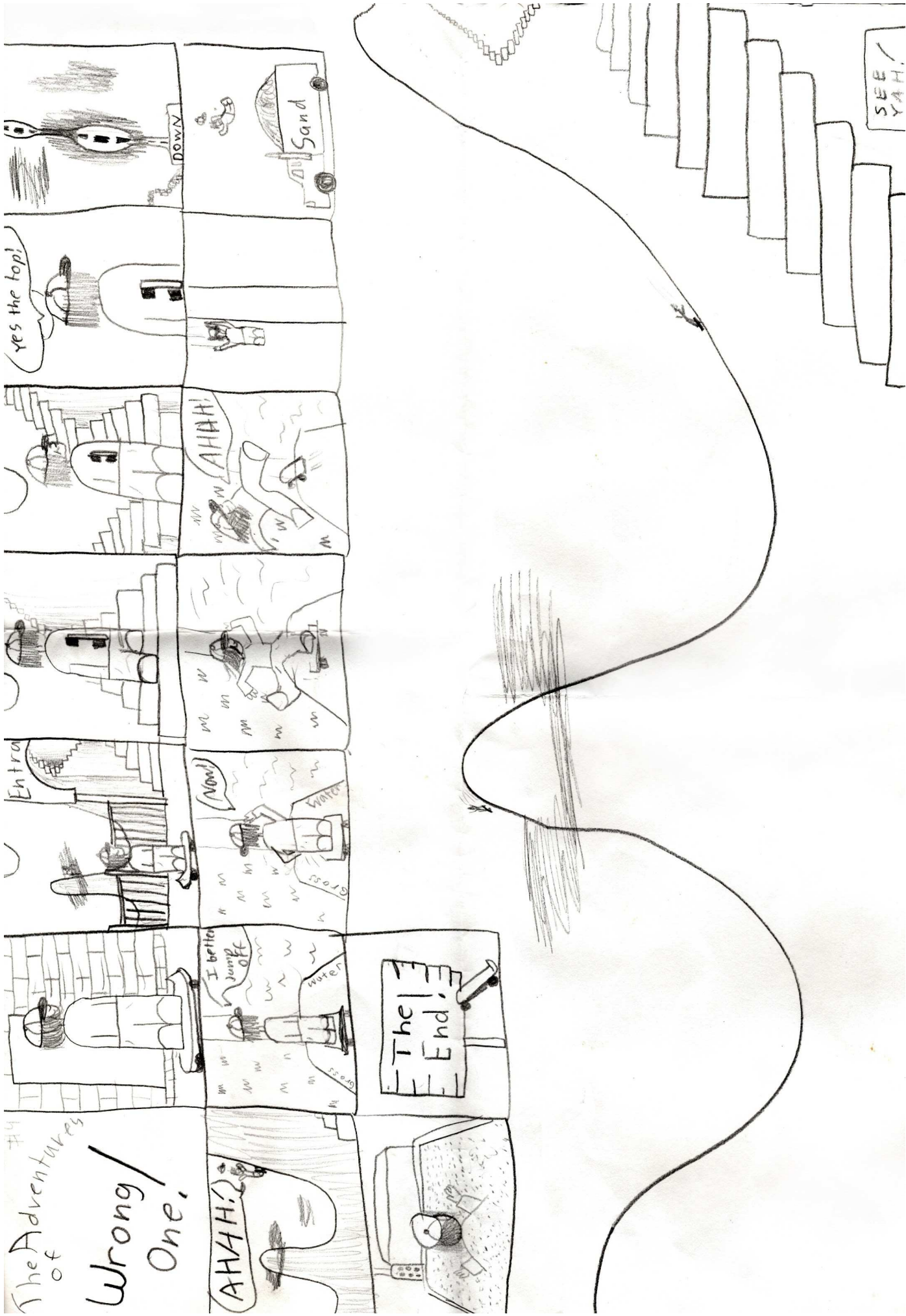
Marc Watson

4/2/96

The Adventures #3
of Wrong
One.
wrong one
meats slams.



The Adventures of Wrong/ One!



#4

Extra

DOWN

yes the top!

WAAAAH!

GROSS

(Now)

I better jump off

Water

The End

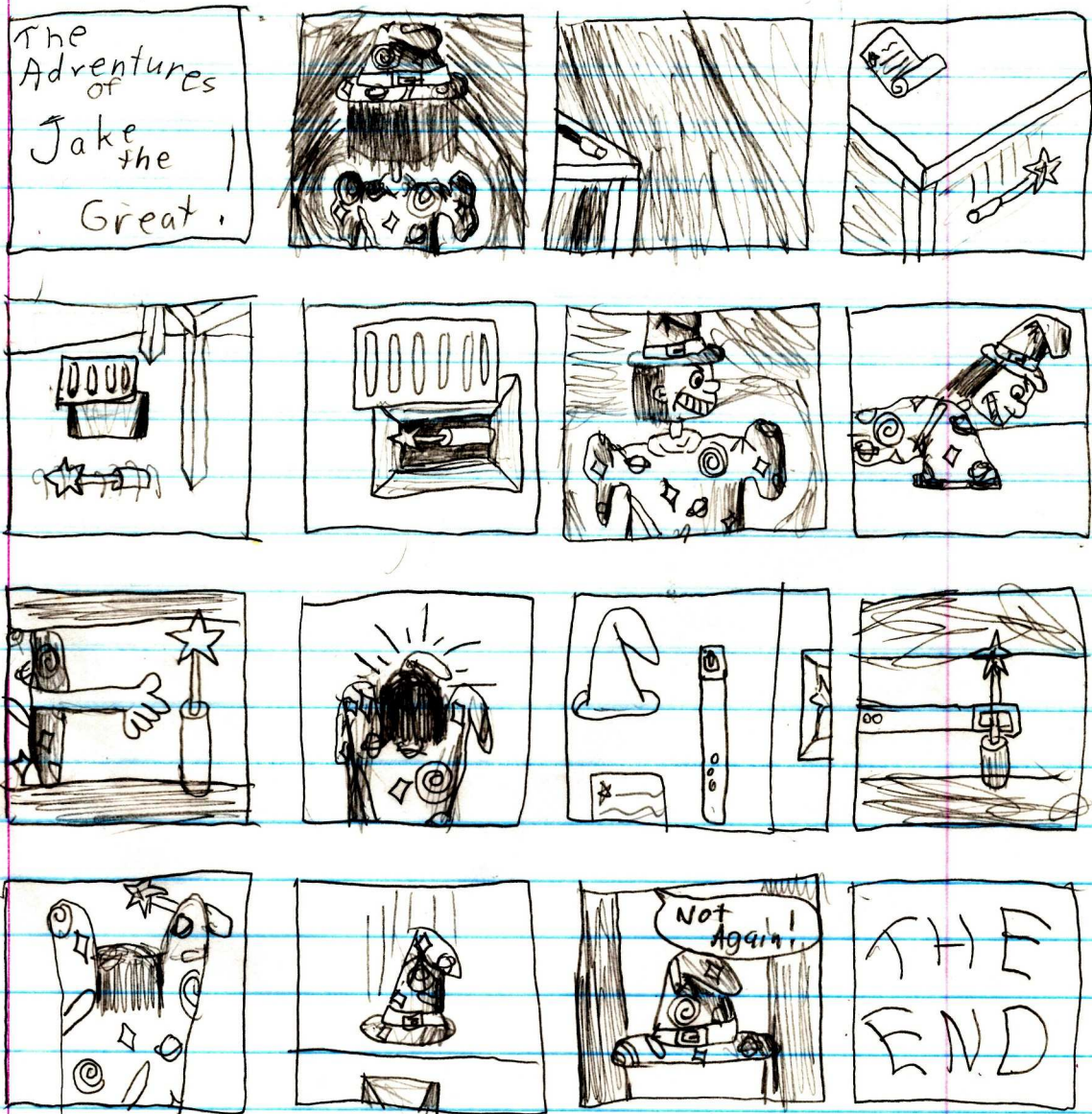
SEE YAH!

TIME-MACHINE

THE ADVENTURES OF JAKE THE GREAT! (1996)



Marc Watson
1/3/96
Age 11 1/2



METEORS
N MILK
→



ANOTHER WORLD

A Short Story Written by Marc Watson

DEET DEET DEET DEET! The alarm clock of morning terror rang. Jake despised the noise that took him out of his pleasant blissful sleep, even more so he hated that it meant he had to go to school. From another room of the house another unpleasant noise erupted. “Jake. Wake up! Get dressed!” It was Jake’s mother. Jake loved his mom but being in junior high of course meant he hated the rules, getting up, having to go to school, and anything that wasn’t playing games or reading science fiction novels. He threw on clothes which today included his favorite shirt. It was a t-shirt from his favorite movie series ‘Galaxy Wars’. The shirt had seen better days. He loved it so much, and so often wore it, this fateful day would sadly be the last. As he left his room the shirt caught the doorknob and ‘trsshhhh’! “No!” Jake cried out. “What’s wrong!” his mother shouted out as she came running. She rounds the corner and sees Jake on the verge of tears. She sees the tear along the side and how the fabric was unraveling. It was ruined. “Oh no.” she said sympathetically “I will tell you what, after school today we will go out first thing and buy you a new shirt. With your birthday coming up won’t it be nice to show off a new shirt you picked out?” Jake didn’t want a new shirt but he knew his mom was really trying. It would be cool if he could find a new Galaxy Wars shirt or something even better, although what could be cooler than that he thought. He put on a different shirt for now, hugged his mom, and left for school.

It was a short walk to school from Jake’s house. It was only two blocks down the road, around a corner and another 3 blocks till he was at his 8 hour a day prison. School wasn’t really all that bad for him. It was just boring. He had a few friends and like many others was picked on and bullied too. George was his bully. Jake for a while had actually felt bad for George. George was poor and his father had run off when he was a baby. His mom’s new boyfriend drank a lot and would take out the frustrations of life on him. Jake only knew this because a few weeks earlier on the way home he had overheard George in an alleyway talking to one of his friends about it, showed him the bruise on his arm, and how when he is old enough he is running away and never looking back. He then told his friend that if he ever repeated a word of it that he would kill him. That was enough for Jake to not tell anyone what he overheard either. This of course meant that when Jake was beaten by George it was a placeholder for what he wanted to do to his abuser. Today Jake was lucky enough to evade the bully leading to a rather ordinary and dull school day.

The bell rang to end the day and off to home he headed. The end of the day bell had such a nicer ring to it than the alarm clock or the start of the day school bell. Maybe it was just because it meant he was free. Jake walked the three blocks around the corner and finally home. When he walked in his mom was putting on her shoes. “Hey honey. How was school today?” she asked. Jake replies “It was pretty good actually.

My teacher said that I have learned so much this year that I don't even have to go anymore." "Very funny. Now get ready for the store. We leave in five minutes." Mom was too smart and didn't buy it but it was worth a shot right? They were off to Jake's favorite store for getting new shirts. It was kind of one of those odd ends stores that seems to carry everything but virtually no stock of anything. This meant it was more likely that if you had something from there than no one else did. This is exactly why he loved this store because it meant his new shirt would be a one of a kind and he would have something cool no one else did. Now to pick which one.

Picking the right shirt was difficult. There were a lot of cool ones but not the right one. It had to be perfect. Something about it had to scream pick me. The first rack yielded nothing more than whisper of interest let alone a scream. The second, third, and forth were almost worse although a few times he got a good chuckle from a joke on the shirt or a clever reference. Suddenly a rack almost out of sight or rather something on the rack caught his eye. It couldn't be. Was that his shirt? An identical to the one he loved too much? The letters were cut off by the shirt in front of it 'Galaxy Wa..'" Jake rushed over with excitement pulling the shirt out like he scored the biggest treasure of all. No. His heart sank. The shirt said Galaxy Warts and to the side it had a depiction of a geeked out nerd fan with warts on his face. It was a parody shirt making fun of his favorite shirt. Not only was he not finding a suitable shirt but now his heart had been ripped out of his chest, kicked, and spat on. Jake began to cry. His head now held low and he was giving up on hope.

This day was ending in misery Jake thought, Trying not to make it obvious he was weling up with tears he started to speak to ask his mother if they could go. "Mom I don't think..." Underneath a rack Jake noticed a weird shape that seemed to pull his gaze. What was it? He stepped close and noticed a shirt had fallen off of a hanger and had gotten caught on one of the rack support beams so it floated above the floor. Jake pulled the shirt from its hiding place. He felt a sudden warmth and joy. Was it the excitement to see what it was or something else? He held the shirt out to see what it said. In a dark silvery iridescence it had the words "Another World" scrawled across it. The shirt had a very cosmic look. Stars and galaxies almost seemed to shift over the entire fabric. The words almost seemed to float off the clothing. This was it. This was the one. In an almost trance like state Jake shuffled to his mother presenting the shirt. Wlth just his arms sticking out he prompted her approval. "Is this the one you want?" she asked and added "I like it. Let's try to make this one last okay?" Jake nodded his head. He was filled with joy. The tears were nothing but a memory. He couldn't speak because the feeling was just too good. It was like the best hug ever. He had found the perfect shirt.

The next day couldn't come fast enough. He was ready to wear his new shirt with pride. It was going to be an incredible day. When Jake reached his locker he had already gotten like nine hellos, three what's ups, and even a smile from a cute girl from class. This shirt must be magical! The day went on this way and he was on cloud nine. Even his teachers seemed to be a bit nicer. Lunch was his favorite, which was those square pizzas that you can't seem to get anywhere besides a school cafeteria with sides of macaroni and cheese and a brownie. His friends all complemented his shirt and talked about the new comics that were coming out today. The rest of the day seemed to fly by. The end of day bell rang and Jake headed home

with a lot more see you tomorrows than he was used to. If he didn't feel so cool Jake may have skipped home but instead he walked tall like he envisioned a hero struts in the movies. A couple blocks of this and he is called out from behind "Well look who it is. Hello there Jake." It was George. Jake gulped and he immediately thought to run but his feet hadn't caught up yet. Suddenly a hand grabbed his shoulder and George emerged from one side and stood right in front of Jake blocking his escape. So much for the wonderful day Jake thought as George stood there with a grin. "So did you hear they are talking about making another Galaxy Wars movie?" George asked. Jake stood there stunned. What was happening. Had he fallen through a wormhole and was in some parallel dimension where everything seemed to go his way? It was as if he was in another world. The thought hit Jake like lighting, 'Another World' was precisely what the shirt said. Could this t-shirt really be transporting him to another world? Was it just making people like him? Regardless it didn't matter because George was standing in front of him right now but instead of hitting Jake he is talking about his favorite movies. They stood there talking about how exciting it is and guessing where the franchise is heading and what certain characters fates were. Finally it was getting a bit late to be heading home so they ended their conversation and Jake headed home. What a day.

The next morning Jake decided to test his theory. He arrived at school and seemed to be almost invisible. Hardly anyone noticed him. His friends did say hi of course but were more caught up in their own conversations. Lunch was spaghetti which was his least favorite food there. The sauce was somehow too sweet and sour and the noodles were always seeming like they were cooked the day before. After lunch Jake headed back to class when a foot swung out causing Jake to tumble to the floor. He had been tripped and fell hard. As he began to rise back up he was pushed back down from behind knocking his backpack over his head. "Did I say you could get up?" Jake instantly recognized the voice, it was George. That sort of confirms it he thought to himself uncertain if he was allowed to stand yet. George gave him one last kick to the stomach and walked off. "Loser!" he chuckled as he walked away. So much for his new found Galaxy Wars talking buddy.

A week had passed and things seemed back to their normal routine and natural order of things. Today would be different though because it was his birthday. Today he would wear his magic shirt and have the greatest birthday ever. His mom made his favorite breakfast which he knew would have happened regardless of the shirt or not because it was tradition. Still though, it tasted extra great this time. After his last bite the doorbell rang. Who could that be and right before school? Jake went to the door and as he opened it his jaw dropped and eyes grew to the size of plates. It was George at his house! "Hi Jakey! Happy Birthday Bud!" George said with a smile. Was this a prank or the shirt? "Oh I got you something!" George exclaimed as he presented a small gift wrapped up with a bow and everything. Jake cautiously accepted the gift, timidly opening it with fear of what mean prank it could be. Tearing the paper away it turned out to be a key chain of one of the two good guy partner's spaceship from the most recent Galaxy Wars movie. George then pulls something from his pocket and holds up the partnering other ship and says "and see I have the other one! We battle the cosmos together and defeat the evil and injustice of the galaxy!" This was the coolest gift ever. "Want to walk to school together?" George asked and so they did. The was shaping up to be the best birthday he had hoped for and even more so. Then lunch came. Not only was it pizza but two

slices had stuck together so the lunch lady just gave him both!. How could the day get any better?

“Hey Jake?” a soft familiar voice from behind him made his eyes go big. It was a girl’s voice! Not only was it a girl but it was the girl he had the biggest crush on. Jake turns around slowly not believing the reality he was now facing. The blushing beauty before him clearly was just as nervous as Jake was. “Happy Birthday!” she managed to blurt out. She quickly kissed him on the cheek and then immediately covered her face. The whole lunch room erupted with “oooohs” and ‘aaahhhs’. Even more embarrassed, the girl thrust a hand at Jake holding a little piece of paper. “Call me sometime okay?” she said and ran off bright red and smiling. This was for sure the highlight of the day but that is not to say the rest of it wasn’t incredible. Late that night at home after the cake and icecream and tons of great gifts Jake found himself in his room mesmerized by the day he had. From out of one of his pockets he pulled out the note from the girl. Should I call her he thought. He was nervous regardless of the luck he was having. He thought about that too. Everything was going his way so it would be perfect right?

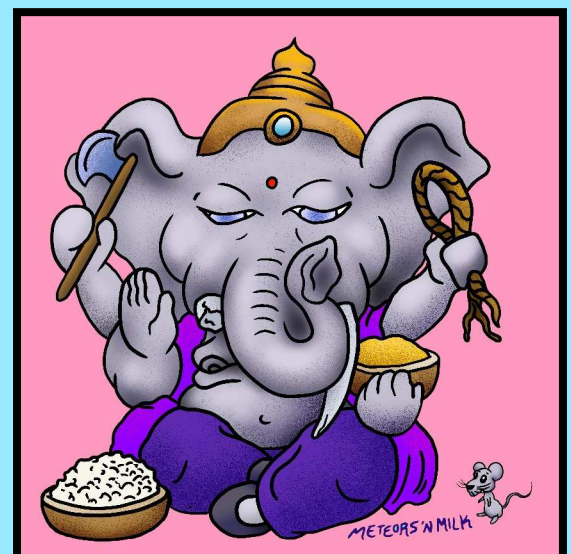
Suddenly Jake felt very alone in his room. Looking down he tugged on his shirt, pulling it forward, and reading the upside down words of ‘Another World’ on his chest. Is this the only reason she liked him? Were people only nice to him because of this shirt? Were they even the same people he knew? He wanted to be liked for who he was and not because they were made to. So now what? Jake couldn’t sleep much that night. This was supposed to be his new favorite shirt and this was supposed to be the best day ever, but now it felt more like a dark curse. The next day Jake went to school with the guilt clinging to him like a shadow. When he met with his friends it was like it was before the shirt came to be in his possession. Everything was seeming back to normal. Lunch came and so did the bullying. Near the end of lunch as Jake went to put away his lunch tray he noticed the girl that had confessed her feelings and given him her number. “Hey!” said Jake excitedly with a great smile on his face. She looked at him with a disgusted puzzled expression. “Uh Eww!” she exclaimed. Jake’s heart dropped so hard he felt it in his shoes. He ran to the bathroom with tears welling up in his eyes. He wanted to disappear and run away.

Jake sat there tears running down his face wishing he had never found that shirt. All it did was bring him pain. Sure it had made his personal desires a reality but what good was it if everyone was forced and it only worked while he wore the shirt. He could never make the girl like him. He wouldn’t want his friends to revolve around him. Most of all, manipulating George to be his friend was just more of the kind of abuse that George already received that Jake already felt bad about. Was he now the bully? Sure he wasn’t stealing lunch money or punching anyone but he was still forcing them to be people they were not wanting to be. Jake decided it had to stop once and for all. When he got home he offered to take out the trash after he put up his backpack. While in his room he pulled out the shirt and said in a quiet voice “I hate you”. Part of it was meant for the shirt but part of it was directed at himself. He snuck it under his current shirt and grabbed the trash from the kitchen. Making his way to the alley and then to the dumpster he was shaking wondering if he was going to regret this. He pulled out the shirt looking at it one last time. He thought of his favorite fictional characters and what they would do. That gave him the needed confidence as he tossed it in and buried it with the trash. It was over.

Night fell and Jake slept much better than he expected. Maybe it was because he felt he did the right

thing or maybe it was because he didn't feel the guilt of the curse anymore. School seemed like it was suddenly free and possibilities were endless. While he didn't have everyone pining over him he realized how much he appreciated the good things he did have. Lunch time rolled around and it was food he hated. Bullies seemed like they were on the extra attack today. The teachers seemed to ignore it so Jake tried to as well. This was better than the alternative he thought. He no longer had a crush on the girl that did not like him and somehow he felt ok and somewhat free because of it. Jake realized that he was happy even if everything wasn't his way. When the day ended he headed home excitedly looking forward to the weekend. So much had been going on that he just wanted to relax and play some games and not worry about anything. He walked the blocks from school and reached the corner. The final stretch.

Suddenly from the corner out popped George! "Hi Jake. It's beating time!" Jake turned to run but behind him stood his friends from school but they looked weird. They had sorta menacing grins on their faces. "Guys what are you doing?" Jake cried out but it didn't matter. George threw Jake to the ground and began beating on him. Jake tried to block the punches but George seemed extra strong today and extra mad. There was no fighting back. It was a matter of waiting endlessly for the beating to stop. Jake tried shielding his face to protect himself as best as he could. The violent cynical laughter emerging from George rang in Jake's ears. Please just let it stop. Jake searched for a glimmer of hope. A glimmer suddenly caught his eye. A shiny iridescent glimmer just beyond the spaghetti mixture of moving arms and fists. Jake tried to focus on what it was to try and distract himself from the pain and bring himself closer to the hope. Just a little more of any opening so he could see. He summed up the courage to finally push George back to give him just enough space. It was now or never. Jake with every bit of strength shoved George backwards. It wasn't enough to stop the beating but enough to get a better look. The glimmer now larger and more clear was across George's shirt. The shirt read "Another World".



Thanks for reading and remember 'Be the inspiration that once inspired you!'

EXTRA SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL OF OUR AMAZING
METEORS N MILK FRIENDS AND FANS! WE ❤️ YOU!

