

JOSEPH: In the pickpocketing trade, distraction is key.

PANEL 2. Some beautiful girl walks past. A preppy college kid is staring at her as Joseph walks off in the other direction with his wallet.

PANEL 3. Same as panel 1. Joseph talks to the reader.

JOSEPH: You look for the easy targets, an open purse or backpack in a crowded area.

PANEL 4. A large woman with an open purse on a crowded subway. Joseph is facing the other direction, but his hand reaches towards the purse.

PANEL 5. Same as panel 1. Joseph talks to the reader.

JOSEPH: But sometimes, you get these crazy ideas that work.

PANEL 6. A BUSINESS MAN uses a urinal in the Men's restroom. JOSEPH casually walks off with the man's suitcase.

BUSINESS MAN: Excuse me. Uh... that's mine.

JOSEPH: I know.

AND DONE.

“WILL RUN FOR FOOD”
ILLUSTRATED BY CHAD SELL

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “Will Run for Food” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

PANEL 1. Two people sit at a table in a nice restaurant. They've finished a huge meal. Just for reference and for fun: the girl could look like our mutual friend April Wenzel -- and the guy, how about... Chad Sell?

A waitress approaches the table with the bill.

WAITRESS: Can I interest you in dessert?

CHAD: No, we're done.

WAITRESS: I'll be your cashier when you are ready.

PANEL 2. Close on April and Chad as they stare at the bill. Ominous.

PANEL 3. Chad sits at the table. April's chair is empty.

CHAD: Okay. On the count of three...

April?

PANEL 4. Chad and April hide in an alley behind the restaurant. Chad is worn out, and leaning against the wall. April smiles. Garbage can nearby.

CHAD: *pant* *pant* Next time, wait for me.

APRIL: Never.

CHAD: I think I'm going to be sick.

AND DONE.

“KIDNAPPING”

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL MILLIGAN

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “Kidnapping” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

PANEL 1. SUE a woman in her early 50s answers the telephone. She has blonde hair, done up. She wears pearls, and a nice dress. Wealthy women.

SUE: Hello. Chamberlain residence.

VOICE ON PHONE: I need \$10,000 if you want to see your daughter again.

PANEL 2. On the other end of the call – ROBERT a man in his early 20s wearing an unbuttoned shirt, undershirt, and jeans is on the phone. He looks like a stoner. As he's talking, there's a 20 something girl JACKLYN, the daughter of Sue, standing in front of Robert. She's fine, and giggling at the scam they're trying to pull on the mom.

ROBERT (talking on phone): She's in great danger, unless you pay up.

JACKLYN: Hee hee.

PANEL 3. Same scene. ROBERT, while on the phone talking with mom, gives a high five to JACKLYN.

PANEL 4. SUE on the phone. She rolls her eyes.

SUE: Really? \$10,000.

VOICE ON THE PHONE: I'm... uh... feeling generous?

PANEL 5. ROBERT on the phone.

ROBERT: Yes?

Hold on.

PANEL 6. JACKLYN questions ROBERT who now has the phone at his side.

JACKLYN: What happened?

ROBERT: She made a counter offer.

AND DONE.

“STEALING ELECTRICITY”
ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID DEGRAND

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “Stealing Electricity” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

I envision this page without any panel borders whatsoever. On the top half of the page, there's a scummy man sitting in a scummy recliner. The man is hairy, wearing a stained tank top, gross as only you can do. He's watching TV. All the electric cords in his house and from the TV have been plugged into a power strip. The strip is ridiculously overloaded with plugs, and adaptators to fit more plugs into the strip. The cord from the power strip trails off away from the scummy man, where...

...this power strip cord acts as a border for the comic page itself. It loops and twists around the entire page – knotted in places, duct taped, and when the cord ends, another is plugged end-to-end to continue the line. This cord should make at least one trip around the entire page until we come back around to the bottom half of the page...

...the cord goes out the window of the scummy man's house, across the grassy front yard (maybe a push lawn mower and various toys and lost items in the overgrown grass) to where the cord is plug into his neighbor's house's exterior electrical outlet.

I want this page to have the crazed feel of something from your infamous sketchbook.

AND DONE.

“VENDING MACHINES”
ILLUSTRATED BY JAKE EKISS

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “Vending Machines” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

PANEL 1. A vending machine fallen over on top of a person. All we see is his hand twitching.

CAPTION: Stealing from a vending machine is fun and easy.

CAPTION: It's reasonably safe.

CAPTION: According to the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission, there were 37 vending machine fatalities between 1978 and 1995.

PANEL 2. A younger adolescent version of me, I have a very bushy head of hair. I'm wearing a Motley Crue t-shirt (Dr. Feelgood era), blue jeans torn at the knees. Converse shoes. Always Converse. I'm on my back with my arm halfway up the vending machine. It's an older vending machine with glass bottles. The machine is faded, stained, and damaged.

CAPTION: With the older machines, you could reach up and simply grab a bottle.

PANEL 3. Me holding a bottle of generic cola, I'm offering it to a girl. My arm is bruised and mangled from reaching up the machine. I have a goofy smile. The girl looks

incredulous. She has blonde wavy hair, huge bangs, huge earrings, and a big beaded necklace. Very late '80s.

CAPTION: I used to do it all the time at my friend's apartment complex.

DAVID: Here. I got one for you.

PANEL 4. A college version of me, I have short buzzed hair and a patch goatee. I'm walking away from a vending machine. I'm holding a can of generic cola with both hands, staring at it in awe as if it were the Christ-child.

CAPTION: In college, I found a vending machine that took pennies as quarters. I visited that machine every day for four years.

DAVID (whispering): Thank you.

PANEL 5. High school version of me. Messy hair and sideburns, I'm wearing a short sleeve plaid shirt. I'm standing before another kid (glasses, curly hair) who smashed the glass front of a snack machine using the blunt end of a fire extinguisher. I'm wide-eyed and horrified.

CAPTION: Once, I met a kid who went for the more straightforward smash-and-grab approach.

PANEL 6. High school me -- running like crazy, looking behind.

CAPTION: I freaked out and just ran.

AND DONE.

“LOST WALLET”
ILLUSTRATED BY JOE EISMA

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “Lost Wallet” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

PANEL 1. Close on a man's hand holding an open wallet.

PANEL 2. A young man BRAD is holding the wallet. He looks at another man TOM who stands at a street corner near a pedestrian DONT WALK traffic sign. TOM has his back to BRAD.

PANEL 3. Close on BRAD. He looks conflicted about whether to tell Tom about the wallet.

PANEL 4. Same shot as panel 3. BRAD looks off panel to where Tom is.

BRAD: Excuse me, sir.

PANEL 5. TOM turns around. BRAD now has his hands in his pockets, smiling.

TOM: Yes?

BRAD: Ummm... nice weather, isn't it?

AND DONE.

“TOOLS OF THE TRADE”
ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL LAGOCKI

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “Tools of the Trade” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

PANEL 1. On the back of a hip twenty-something KID, crazy spiky hair, as he stands in front of Andy Warhol's Mobil screen print (web reference: <http://www.fineartsite.com/detail.php3?code=6794>). Wealthy women with shopping bags walk by, oblivious.

CAPTION: One day, I was at North Park Mall. I noticed they had an original Andy Warhol piece on display.

CAPTION: At the mall.

PANEL 2. Move closer on him and the screen print. He looks over his shoulder. Now we see his face. He wears horn rim glasses.

CAPTION: How much easier would it be to steal from the mall than an art museum?

PANEL 3. At home, the KID stands in front of a mirror with his non-descript jumpsuit, wearing a name bag that says “CLYDE” and he’s holding a clipboard.

CAPTION: All I need is three things: a jumpsuit, a clipboard, and an official looking name badge.

CAPTION: No one questions a person who possesses these three things.

PANEL 4. Back at the mall. The KID in his uniform walks off with the screen print in his hands. The wall is now blank, except for a sheet of paper with small writing (too small to be read) posted in its place.

CAPTION: I need a minute to remove the art, post a notice -- thirty seconds to the nearest exit, and have my friend waiting in the van.

PANEL 5. The Warhol screen print now hangs in his bedroom. For his bed, he only has a mattress on the floor. A bookshelf constructed with 2x4s and cinder blocks. A laptop on the ground. Various clothes on the floor. The KID lies on his mattress and listens to music on his headphones.

CAPTION: A Warhol would look great hanging in my bedroom.

AND DONE.

“THE PLAN”
ILLUSTRATED BY SAMAX AMEN

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “The Plan” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

The layout is going to be slightly different than the other one page vignettes in this larger project. Panel breakdown: it’s going to be three large columns from left to right with no panel borders. All the dialogue is going to run down the middle, acting as a divider. I would prefer if all the text were hand drawn, but it’s your call. Have fun.

All the stories in this project deal with theft. However, this page deals with an issue of social theft I feel rather strongly about.

PANEL 1. LEFT SIDE.

A two-story rowhouse in an inner city neighborhood, steps lead to the front door. There's an open window on the left side with plants along the ledge. The rowhouse has foundation problems with large cracks. The sidewalk out front is damaged, cracked, and uneven. The neighborhood kids are playing "keep away" with the football. Someone is sitting on the front steps with an acoustic guitar. His girlfriend is hanging on him. There's an older woman at the open window watching them. Some older men are playing chess on a fold up table near the front steps. The crowd is predominately black. Although, a few other ethnic groups are mixed in. The whole scene should look almost like an urban Norman Rockwell scene. The narrative is implicit in the busy-ness of life in front of this building.

PANEL 2. THE MIDDLE.

CAPTION:

The Plan is no conspiracy theory. It's real.

Through systematic neglect, redlining, and mortgage discrimination – predominantly black inner city neighborhoods are left to ruin.

The "best and brightest" leave the community, only further compounding the problem.

These neighborhoods are condemned. Residents are displaced and relocated.

The area is then sold on the cheap to land developers who build expensive condos catering to a different demographic. Local politicians benefit. Real estate brokers benefit.

Call it gentrification. I call it The Plan, because this corruption is no accident.

PANEL 3. RIGHT SIDE.

Same row house. Although, it has been completely renovated, white-washed, and devoid of personality. The window on the left is closed. No plants. There's a sign in the window: FOR LEASE. The sidewalk is brand new and perfect. The only person in front of this house is a white businessman in a suit. Briefcase at his side. He's talking on his cell phone, looking bored.

AND DONE.

“BLANKET THIEF”
ILLUSTRATED BY JUSTIN STEWART

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “Blanket Thief” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

If you don’t mind, I like the way you draw yourself and Leslee, would you be willing to use those likenesses for this comic?

PANEL 1. JUSTIN and LESLEE are in bed. JUSTIN is sound asleep and has all the blankets to himself. LESLEE is curled up, asleep, without any blankets – wearing pajamas.

PANEL 2. Close on LESLEE. Eyes now open. She’s awake and upset that she’s without the blankets.

LESLEE (no balloon): *grumble*

PANEL 3. LESLEE grabs and pulls the blankets.

PANEL 4. LESLEE gives one final tug.

PANEL 5. JUSTIN falls off the bed.

PANEL 6. JUSTIN now awake, and on the floor, looks at LESLEE. She’s asleep with all the blankets.

AND DONE.

“THE NIGERIAN SCAM”
ILLUSTRATED BY JIM LUJAN

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “The Nigerian Scam” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

PANEL 1. A goofy wide-eyed idiot NED sits at a computer (circa 1995 Dell computer). He has a messy apartment, and tons of paper and books on the card table where his computer is. He sits in a foldout chair.

CAPTION: A good scam relies on taking your mark's weaknesses and using it against them -- the greatest weakness being greed.

CAPTION: This is why the Nigerian Scam has been so successful.

PANEL 2. Extreme close up on NED. His eyes widen. He sees something on the computer that intrigues him.

CAPTION: It's also known as Advance Fee or 419 Fraud. The earliest version of it existed in the 1920s called "The Spanish Prisoner."

CAPTION: The basic premise: You pay me now, and you'll get ten fold later.

PANEL 3. Extreme close up on his hands typing on the keyboard.

CAPTION: In the Nigerian variation, a deposed African dictator emails an offer of millions in frozen assets in exchange for initial payments to cover bribes and other expenses to free up that money.

PANEL 4. Back view of NED at the computer.

CAPTION: Of course, there is no deposed African dictator and no millions.

PANEL 5. Extreme close up on NED's toothy smile.

CAPTION: The Secret Service Financial Crimes Division reported in 1997 that during a 15 month period \$100 million was lost to this email scam.

CAPTION: \$100 million.

PANEL 6. Same as panel 1.

CAPTION: \$100 million.

NED (THOUGHT BALLOON): I'm gonna be rich.

AND DONE.

“RETURN POLICY”
ILLUSTRATED BY CAL SLAYTON

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “Return Policy” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

PANEL 1. A cute GIRL in a clothing store. She holds up a blouse that's still on the hanger.

CAPTION: Return policies vary. But with some stores, there's a flaw in the system.

PANEL 2. She takes the blouse off the hanger. Looking around to see if anyone notices.

PANEL 3. She hands the blouse to EMPLOYEE , a young girl behind the cash register.

GIRL: I'd like to return this blouse.

EMPLOYEE: Do you have your receipt?

GIRL: Nope.

PANEL 4. Close on the GIRL and EMPLOYEE.

EMPLOYEE: I'm sorry. Our store's policy doesn't allow a refund without the receipt.

GIRL: Crap. Well, could I at least exchange it for a size that fits?

PANEL 5. Close on the EMPLOYEE. She looks happy to help.

EMPLOYEE: I don't see why not.

PANEL 6. GIRL walks out of the store with a shopping bag. She's smiling and victorious.

CAPTION:

Thank you. Come again.

AND DONE.

“THE OIL CHANGE”
ILLUSTRATED BY SCOTT ZIRKEL

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “The Oil Change” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

PANEL 1. One mechanic JUDSON in an oil stained jumpsuit looks under the hood of an Oldsmobile. Another mechanic ROGER, also in an oil stained jumpsuit, stands behind him with a clipboard.

ROGER: You check the air filter?

JUDSON: Clean, more or less.

ROGER: Grab the dirty one from the counter.

PANEL 2. In the oil change waiting room, it’s grimy with old torn couches, a tiny TV on an end table, a coin operated gum ball dispenser. A cute OLD LADY sits on the edge of the couch. JUDSON stands before her, holding an absolutely dirty air filter.

JUDSON: We changed the oil, but you really need a new air filter.

See how bad it is?

OLD LADY: How much will it be?

JUDSON: \$21.95. I won’t charge for labor.

PANEL 3. Closer on OLD LADY and JUDSON

OLD LADY: Thank you so much.

JUDSON: It’s my pleasure.

AND DONE.

CAPTION: Our freedom must be stolen from those in power.

He is the patriot.

PANEL 5. A homeless man, who looks similar to Prometheus, wears tattered clothes, oversized jacket (i.e. his robe) and a baseball cap. And this panel should mirror panel 1. He reaches for a briefcase on a park bench. There's a man in a suit, sitting nearby, oblivious.

CAPTION: The thief is a reminder that fire belongs to those who want it most.

AND DONE.

“LONG WALK HOME”
ILLUSTRATED BY RYAN CODY

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “Long Walk Home” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

PANEL 1. On an empty city street at night, the front of a store called TVs AND MORE. The store has a sign indicating it's CLOSED, and other signs, such as MONEY BACK GUARANTEE and FREE DELIVERY. The front window is shattered, a large gaping hole.

PANEL 2. A scrawny long-haired man JED journeys down the street. He's trying in vain to carry a rather cumbersome, wide, and heavy box for a flat screen television. He's holding on barely, leaning back. The expression on his face is pained. He's grunting.

JED: Hmph!

PANEL 3. JED tries holding the box differently, to now avail. He's still struggling.

JED: Urrrgh!

PANEL 4. JED takes a break. The box is on the ground. He's leaning over, regaining his strength.

JED (no word balloon): *sigh*

PANEL 5. JED attempts to drag the box. This also proves difficult.

JED:

Aaaaah!!!

PANEL 6. In the foreground, the TV box. In the background, JED walks off, giving up and leaving the TV behind.

AND DONE.

“I FOUND IT”

ILLUSTRATED BY WES MOLEBASH

ONE PAGE.

NOTE: Make sure to post the title “I Found It” (no quotation marks) at the top, and your name at the bottom.

PANEL 1. SON (cute kid, about seven years old, jeans, t-shirt, jacket) is playing the Nintendo wii. The box it came in is right next to the game system. The MOM stands behind her SON. Curious.

MOM:

Sweetie, where did you get that?

SON:

I found it.

PANEL 2. Same shot. SON continues to focus on his game. He’s getting into it.

MOM:

Where did you find it?

SON:

At the store.

PANEL 3. MOM is not amused. SON turns around to address his MOM more directly. Game controls at his side now.

MOM:

That’s stealing.

SON:

No, it’s not. I found it.

MOM:

You have to pay for stuff at stores.

PANEL 4. Same shot. SON acting innocent.

SON:

No one told me I had to.

MOM: I have a hard time believing that.

PANEL 5. On SON. He gestures to show how he put the wii under his jacket.

SON: I put it under my jacket, and no one said anything.

PANEL 6. MOM walks off. SON grabs onto her leg, trying to keep her from leaving.

MOM: I'm getting my car keys.

SON: No Mom. You don't understand. I found it!

AND DONE.