

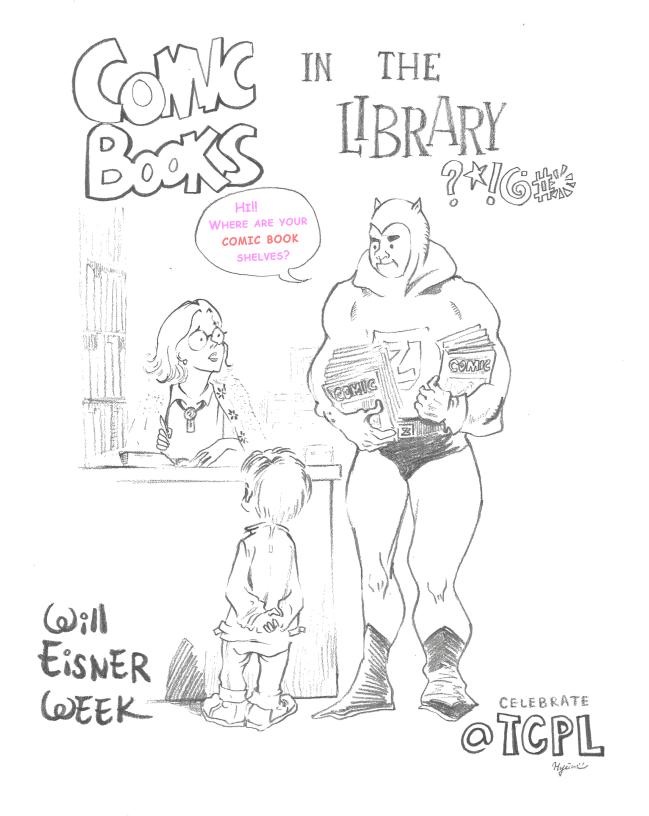
2020
Anthology

In March 2020, members of the Ithaca community submitted hand drawn comics to TCPL for our first Community Comics program, as part of Will Eisner Week — a celebration held around the world of comics, graphic novels, sequential art, free speech and the legacy of Will Eisner, a pioneer in the field of comics. The goal was to collect submissions throughout the month of March and display them for the enjoyment of the public.

Unfortunately, on March 13th, the library and everything else in Ithaca shut down in response to the COVID-19 virus, and so TCPL Community Comics was cut short. One year later, the library has reopened and Will Eisner Week is here again, but we're not able to do Community Comics — so we at TCPL would like to share with you those comics created by the Ithaca community last year. We hope you enjoy.



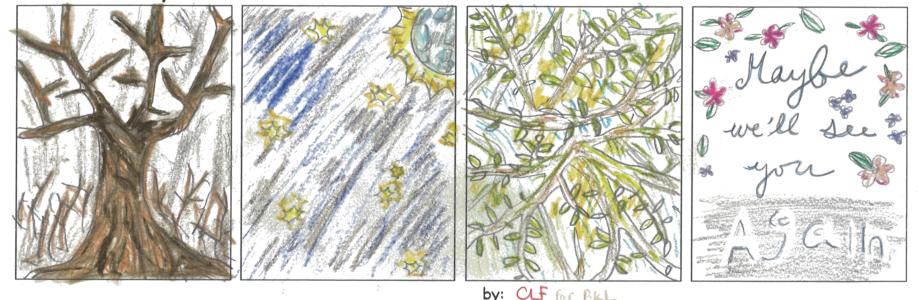




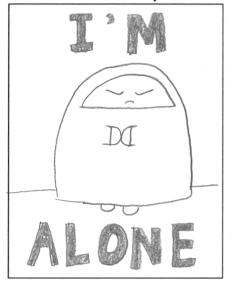
TCPL Community Comics

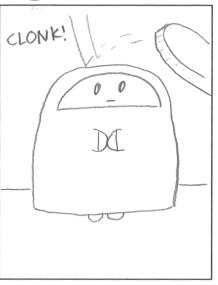


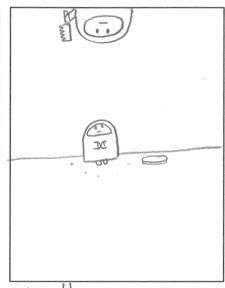
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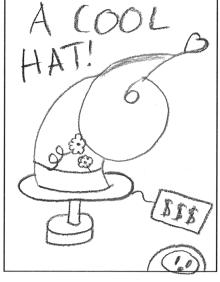


by: Haven

TCPL Community Comics \$\$



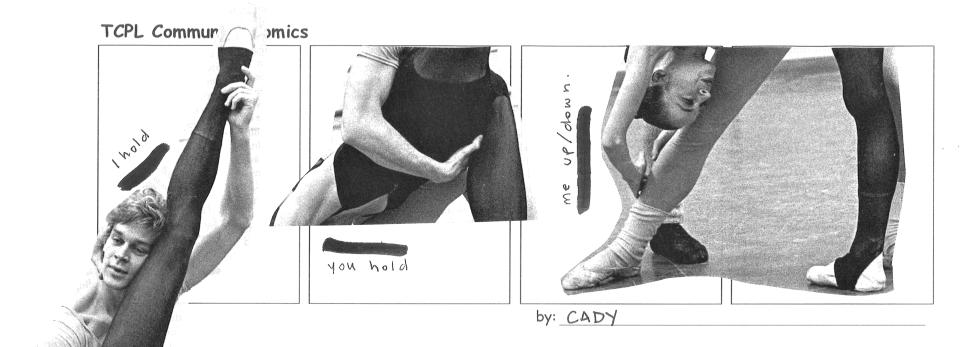






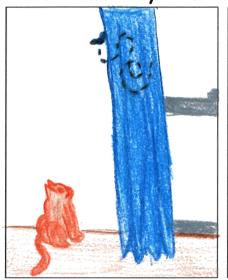


by: Haven Wenjing





TCPL Community Comics









by: Angelina Bandazzo

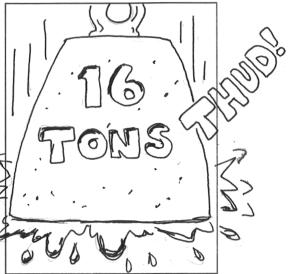
TCPL Community Comics



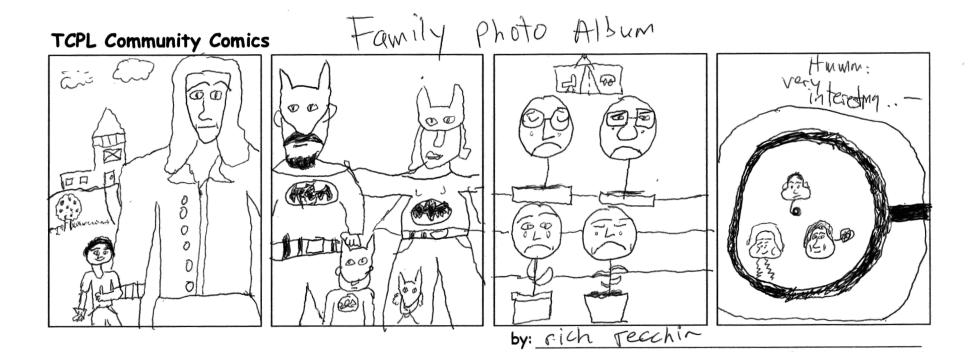








by: Rich Recchia / art by Helisa Chimnine Concept





PHILOSOPHY 101

TCPL Community Comics

Sometimes, I get a strange notion that I'm not really



Maybe I'm in a mental ward somewhere, and this is mydelusion.

Usually this occurs to me when I'm singing along to a song and I hit a note badly...



or when I'm on the toilet.

What if I'm actually just squatting in the corner...

making a mess ...



or other times, when I've spaced out for aminute...



I'll think maybe I actually died during that time.

Maybe this is the afterlife. It's just like our regular lives.



Because maybe that's all our brains can handle.



is the last few moments of my dying body, drawn out for years and years.

For all I know, my body died when I was a child...



but my brain has taken me to middle-age.

I have a friend who fell into a coma when he was a teenager.



He sometimes fears that he's still in that coma, his brain creating this reality. I've tried telling him that can't be true, because I'm here, not a figment of imagination.

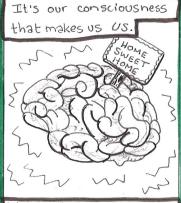


But isn't that exactly what a subconscious would say?

I guess, in the end, it doesn't really matter what our bodies are doing...

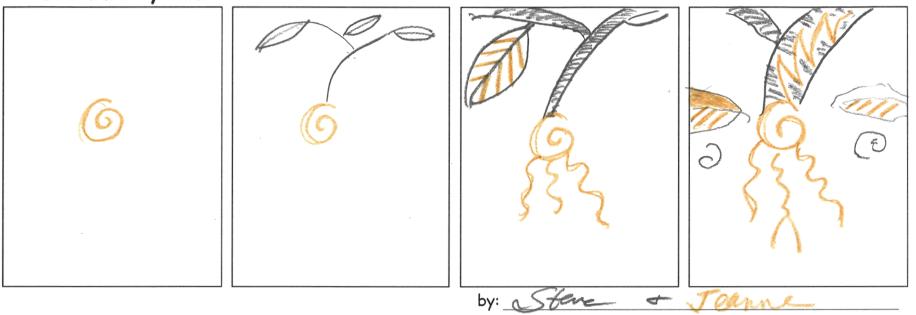


or where they are ...



We are where our brains are.

TCPL Community Comics



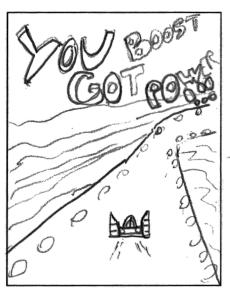


Good memories.





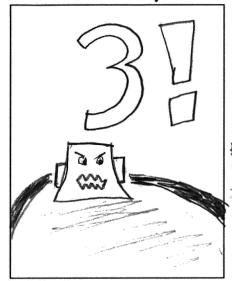


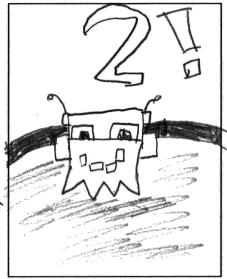


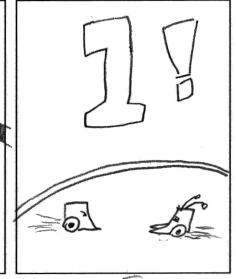
Jean by:

TCPL Community Comics

Robot wrestling

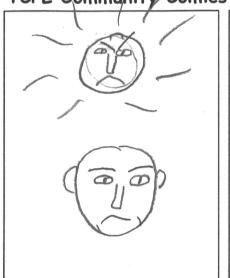


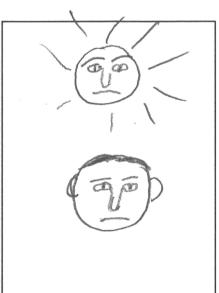


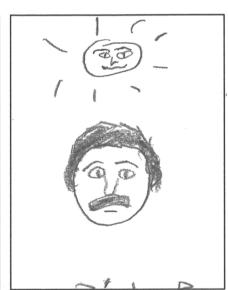


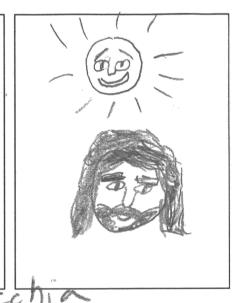


Doah by:



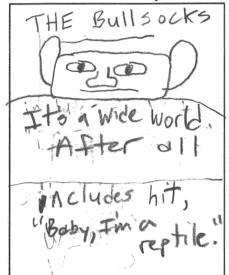






by: Rich Recohia

TCPL Community Comics



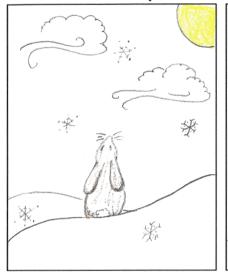






TCPL Community Comics

1s It Spring Yet, Little Bunny?



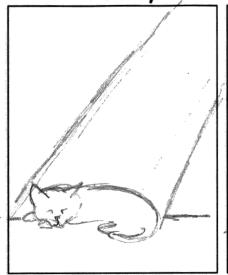


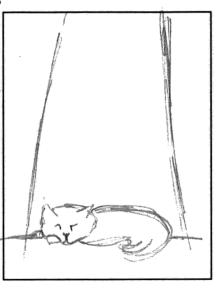


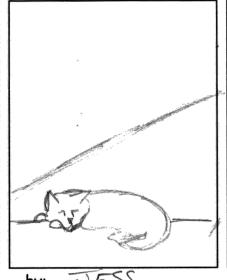


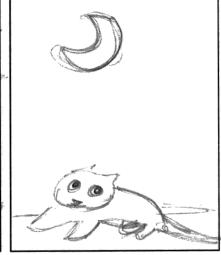
by: Kelly Doolittle, Library Assistant, Youth Services

TCPL Community Comics









by: UESS



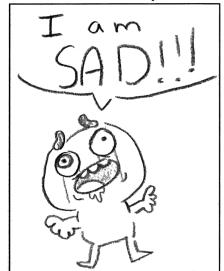






by: Joanna

TCPL Community Comics









by: Rachel & Fachary



TCPL Community Comics









by: _____





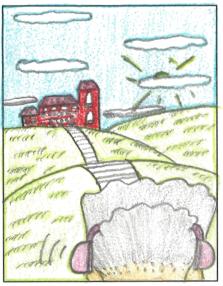




by: Angelina Randazzo

TCPL Community Comics



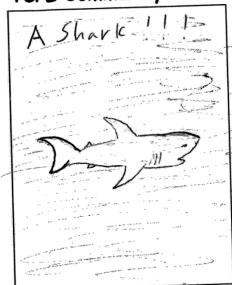


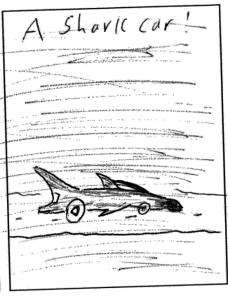


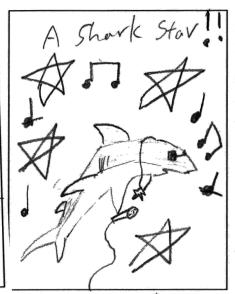


by: STEPHEN G. WHITAKER , JR

A Sport









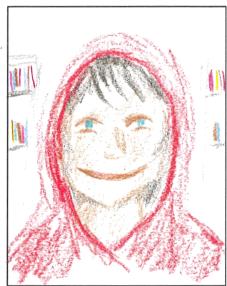
Baby Shork! "Do dedo do do do "!

TCPL Community Comics









by: