

#1



# DREAMON

VOLUME 1



HARLEY SANGER  
AMERICUS MOORE

MERRILY, LIFE IS BUT A DREAM



# DREAMON

WRITTEN BY  
**HARLEY SANGER  
AMERICUS MOORE**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
**HARLEY SANGER**

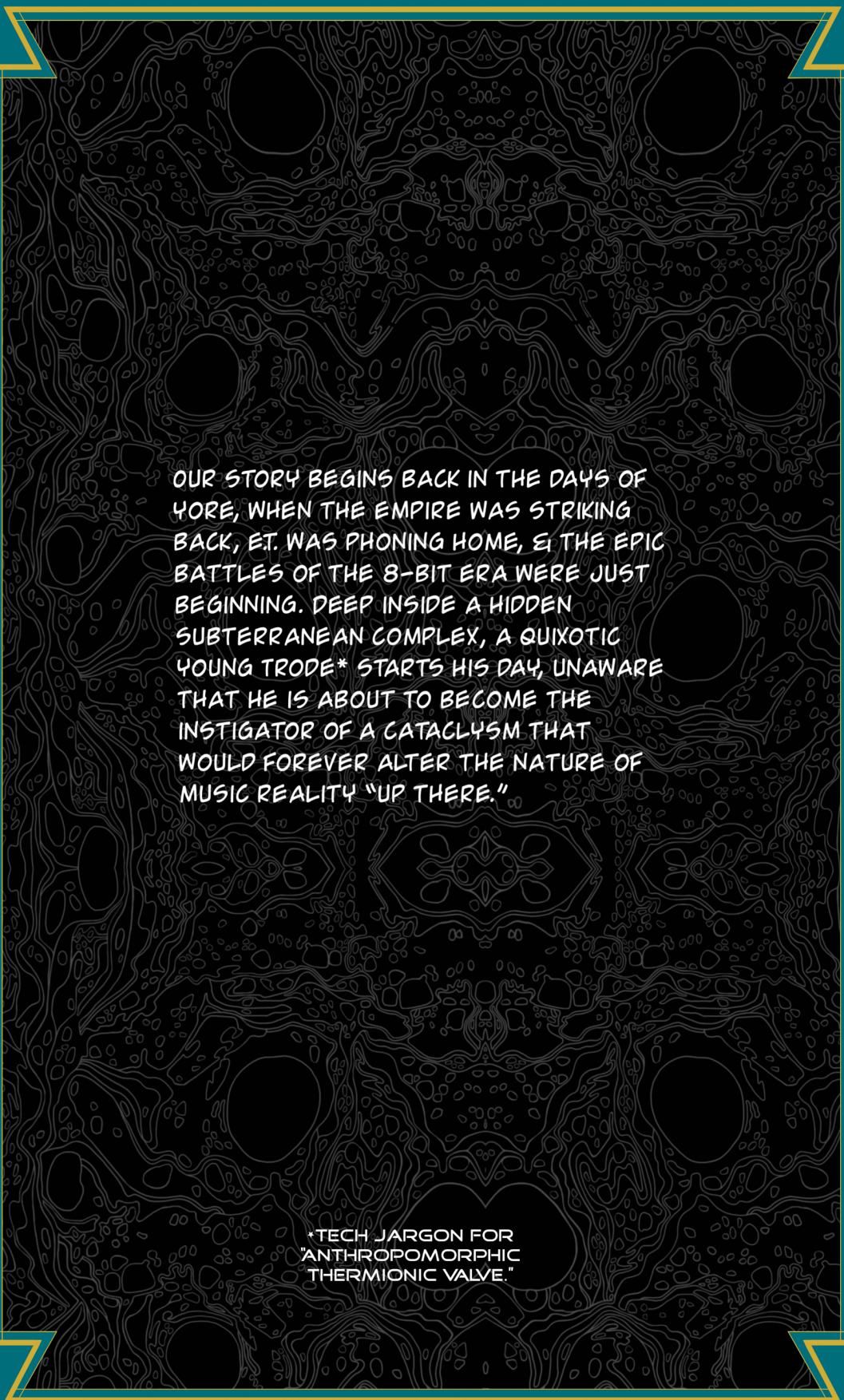
spiritual guidance by



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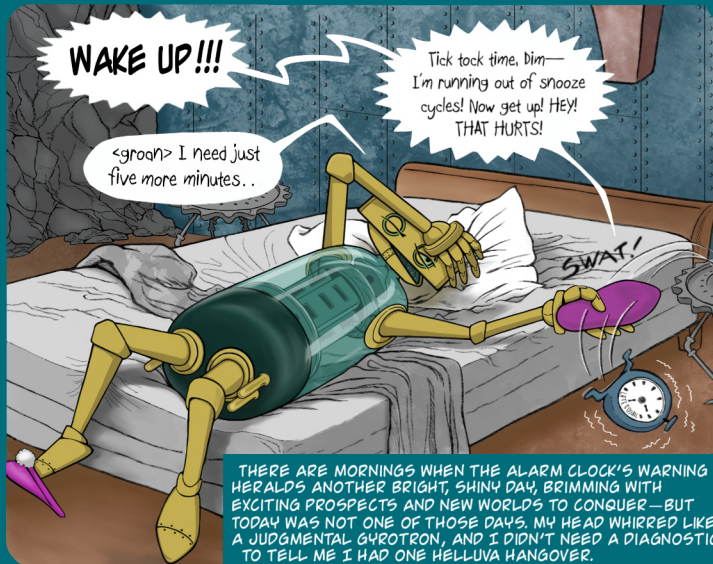




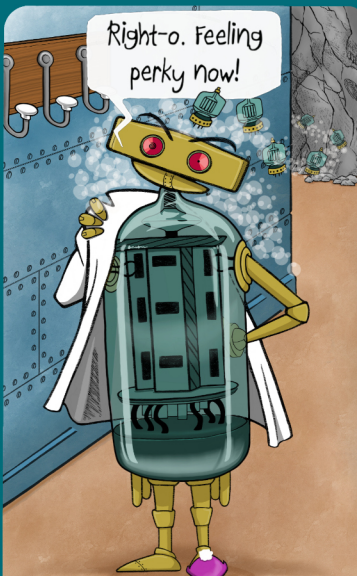
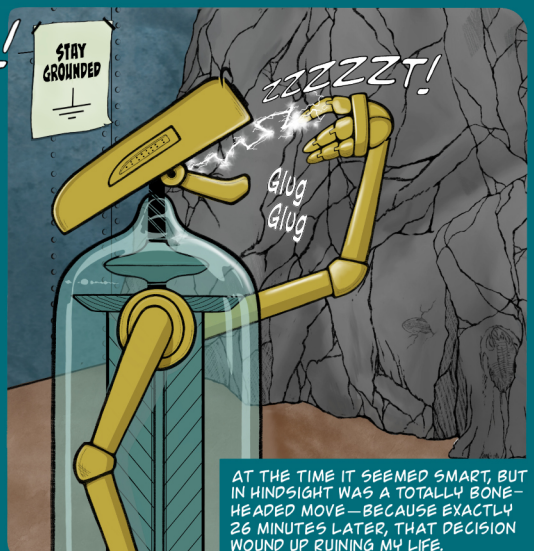
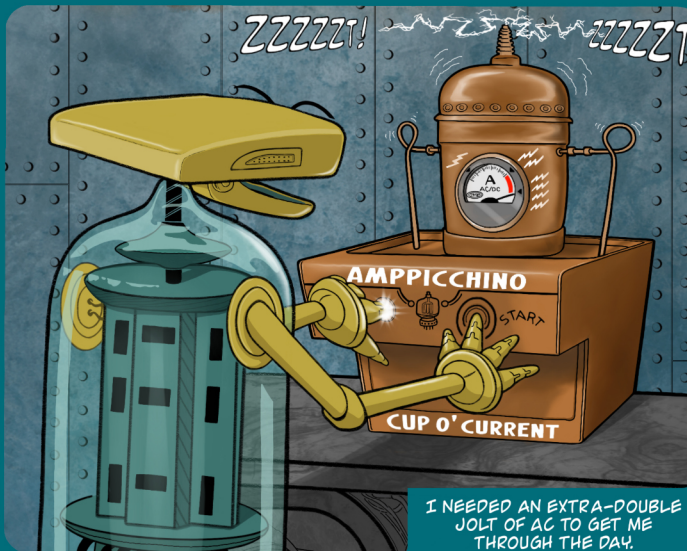
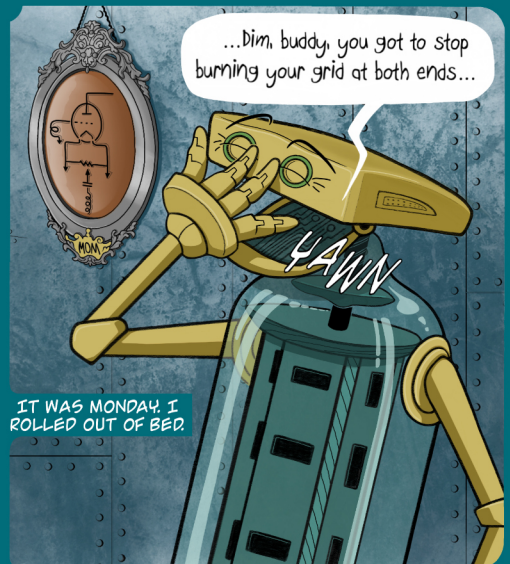
OUR STORY BEGINS BACK IN THE DAYS OF  
YORE, WHEN THE EMPIRE WAS STRIKING  
BACK, E.T. WAS PHONING HOME, & THE EPIC  
BATTLES OF THE 8-BIT ERA WERE JUST  
BEGINNING. DEEP INSIDE A HIDDEN  
SUBTERRANEAN COMPLEX, A QUIXOTIC  
YOUNG TRODE\* STARTS HIS DAY, UNAWARE  
THAT HE IS ABOUT TO BECOME THE  
INSTIGATOR OF A CATAclysm THAT  
WOULD FOREVER ALTER THE NATURE OF  
MUSIC REALITY "UP THERE."

\*TECH JARGON FOR  
"ANTHROPOMORPHIC  
THERMIONIC VALVE."





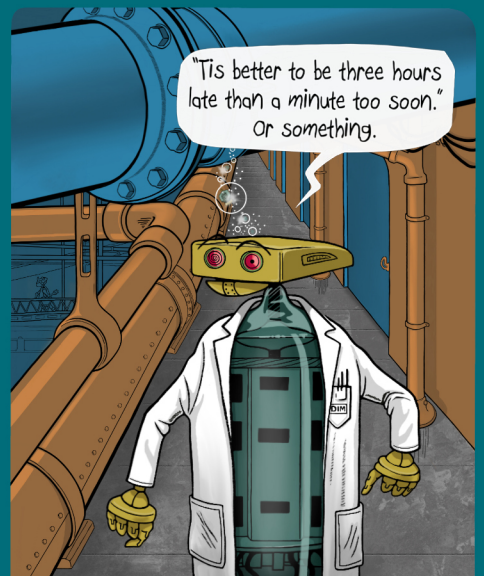
THERE ARE MORNINGS WHEN THE ALARM CLOCK'S WARNING HERALDS ANOTHER BRIGHT, SHINY DAY, BRIMMING WITH EXCITING PROSPECTS AND NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER—BUT TODAY WAS NOT ONE OF THOSE DAYS. MY HEAD WHIRLED LIKE A JUDGMENTAL GYROTRON, AND I DIDN'T NEED A DIAGNOSTIC TO TELL ME I HAD ONE HELLUVA HANGOVER.



I DIDN'T CARE THAT MY INTERNALS HAD SUDDENLY AMPED TO OVERLOAD. I GRABBED MY LAB COAT, IGNORING THE WARNING SIGNS OF IMMINENT ELECTRON DERANGEMENT.



AS I HEADED OUT TO WORK, I MADE A MENTAL NOTE TO GO FOR THE FOUR LIGHTNING BOLTS MORE OFTEN. I HADN'T FELT THIS TUBULAR SINCE I GREW OUT OF MY RETAINER!



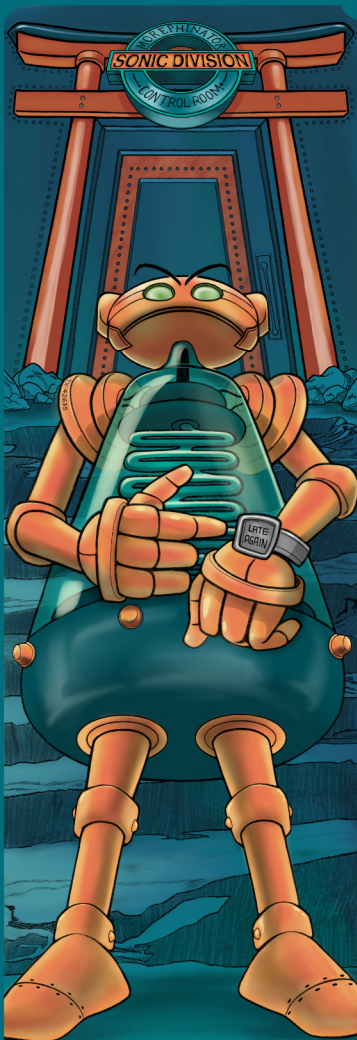
HEY HO, BEN FRANKLIN! THERE WAS A NEW APOHISER ON THE BLOCK! IF THERE HAD BEEN ROSES DOWN IN THAT INDUSTRIAL DUNGEON I CALLED HOME, I WOULD-DA STOPPED AND SMELLED 'EM. THE DAY WAS DEFINITELY LOOKING BRIGHTER.



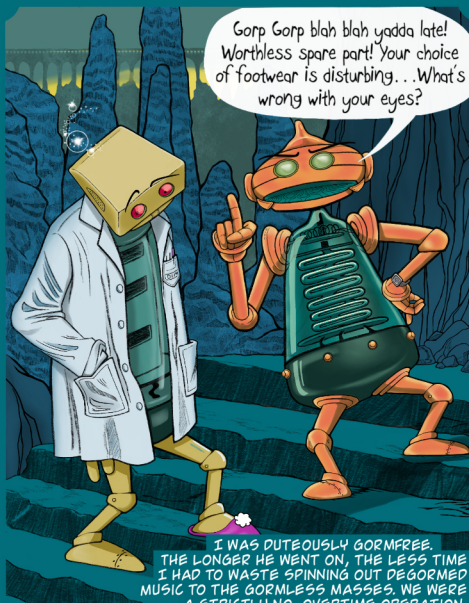
AT WORK I WAS KNOWN AS THE LOOSE SOLDER JOINT, ALWAYS A MISSTED AWAY FROM THE DISASSEMBLY LINE. BUT THANKS TO MY FAMILY CONNECTIONS, I HAD A CHERRY GIG FEEDING HQ-APPROVED RECORDINGS INTO BIG M (OUR RESIDENT SONIC-BROADCASTING MOREPHINATOR), WHICH LEFT ME WITH WAY TOO MUCH TIME TO COME UP WITH NEW WAYS TO SCREW UP MY LIFE.

# INSOMNIA HQ

STILL JACKED ON AMPPICCHINO, I WALKED INTO THE BUILDING FEELING LIKE A GAMBLING JUNKIE ON A HOT STREAK—BETTING MYSELF THAT, GIVEN HALF A CHANCE, I'D FINALLY DO THE THING THAT... WELL, YOU'LL SEE. TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, I'D CONVINCED MYSELF THAT WHEN THE TECH TERRARIUMS UP ON THE 40TH FLOOR FOUND OUT WHAT I'D DONE, THEY'D BE BLOWING THEIR SPARK CHAMBERS TO SEE WHO COULD UPSIZE ME THE FASTEST!



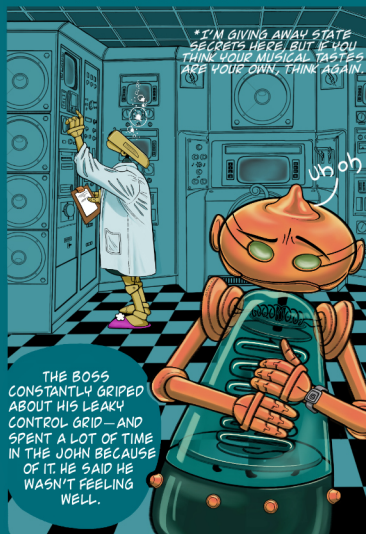
HOLY PILLARS OF THE ARGONATH! THE BOSS WAS WAITING FOR ME WHEN I ARRIVED.



Gorp gorp blah blah yadda late! Worthless spare part! Your choice of footwear is disturbing... What's wrong with your eyes?

I WAS DUTEOUSLY GORMFREE. THE LONGER HE WENT ON, THE LESS TIME I HAD TO WASTE SPINNING OUT DEFORMED MUSIC TO THE GORMLESS MASSES. WE WERE A STRICTLY NO-OVERTIME OPERATION.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM, I GOT TO WORK LOADING BIG M WITH THE LATEST BATCH OF SORRY [BLEEP!] HIT PARADES CHOSEN TO INFECT THE MUSIC CHARTS THAT DAY.\*



\*I'M GIVING AWAY STATE SECRETS HERE, BUT IF YOU THINK YOUR MUSICAL TASTES ARE YOUR OWN, THINK AGAIN.

THE BOSS CONSTANTLY GRIPED ABOUT HIS LEAKY CONTROL GRID—AND SPENT A LOT OF TIME IN THE JOHN BECAUSE OF IT. HE SAID HE WASN'T FEELING WELL.



I'll be right back! I'm warning you, Dim—don't screw anything up while I'm gone!

HE LEFT IN A HURRY.



AND THERE IT WAS, MY FRIENDS—OPPORTUNITY KICKING IN MY DOOR WITH A GOLDEN JACKBOOT! I FIGURED IT WAS TIME TO SCREW MY COURAGE TO THE STICKING PLACE, AND WITH BIG M'S HELP I WAS ABOUT TO GO WHERE NO TRODE HAD GONE BEFORE!



IT WAS ON AND I HAD TO MOVE FAST, BEFORE THE ESM\* GOT WIND OF IT AND SHUT ME DOWN!

\*EVIL STORY MEANIES

Gorp. Crackle. Pop. Buzz.

I FLIPPED FROM LOAD MODE TO BROADCAST & JAMMED THE MASTER CONTROL HARD RIGHT. SUDDENLY, THE OVERCOOKED YIN I'D JUST FED INTO BIG M BEGAN SPEWING ONTO THE AIRWAVES LIKE A RAW YANG SLUDGE REGURGITATE! I HAD TO ADMIT—IT WAS AWESOME!



WAH HA HA!  
I AM DIMBULBEX,  
APEX THERMIONIC  
VALVE, THE ONLY  
TRODE TO BREACH  
THE FORBIDDEN  
FOOBAR ZONE!

LOOK  
ON MY WORKS,  
YE MIGHTY, AND  
DESPAIR!

Woo Hoo!

(Then without warning:  
a bad thing happened.)

KA-BOOM!

CRACK!



## AFTERMATH

WELL, THE HARDWARE SURVIVED THE EXPLOSION, BUT BIG M WAS A HOT MESS OF BLOWN CIRCUITS. SHE COULDN'T BE RESTORED; NOT THEN, NOT EVER. HEY, I MIGHT MESS UP, BUT I DON'T MESS AROUND! EVEN SO (AS I TOLD THEM DOWN IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM), IT DIDN'T SEEM FAIR THAT I SHOULD BE HELD RESPONSIBLE, WHEN IT WAS CLEARLY MANAGEMENT'S JOB TO PREVENT THE CATASTROPHE IN THE FIRST PLACE. AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, THAT DIDN'T GO OVER TOO BIG WITH THE BOSSES. INSTEAD OF CONGRATULATING ME FOR DARING TO GO WHERE NO TRODE HAD GONE BEFORE, THEY SENTENCED ME TO HARD LABOR IN ALCATRODE PRISON!! AFTER THEY WERE DONE WITH ME, INSOMNIA HQ REPLACED THE MOREPHINATOR WITH A NEW EXPERIMENTAL DEVICE, CODENAMED "EMPTY VEE."

NOW I SPEND THE LONG DAYS CURATING MY GROWING COLLECTION OF DUST PARTICLES AS I WAIT FOR NEWS FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD. JAILHOUSE SCUTTLEBUTT SAYS THAT THE INSTALLATION OF EMPTY VEE OVER THE RUINS OF BIG M HAD CREATED **STRANGE TRANSMOGRIFICATIONS** IN THE SURFACE WORLD'S MUSIC—BUT MAYBE THAT'S JUST A TRAGIC RUMOR INTENDED TO KEEP ME—PUBLIC ENEMY #1—LOCKED UP FOREVER.

FOR NOW, MY DREAMS ARE MORE OFF THAN ON, BUT WHO KNOWS? SOMEDAY MY FATE MAY CHANGE—AND I WILL BE A FREE TRODE ONCE MORE.

—DIMBULBEX

P.S. YOU CAN WRITE YOURS TRULY, PRISONER #8675309, C/O ALCATRODE SUPER MAX. MEANWHILE, STAY GROUNDED, MY FRIENDS.

P.S.S. WHILE I DO NOT CONSIDER MYSELF A CONSPIRACY THEORIST, I CAN'T HELP BUT WONDER: WAS IT JUST A COINCIDENCE THAT JESSIE'S GIRL, WRITTEN & PERFORMED BY MR. RICK SPRINGFIELD, HIT #1 ON AUGUST 1, 1981, THE SAME DAY HQ LAUNCHED THE EMPTY VEE?

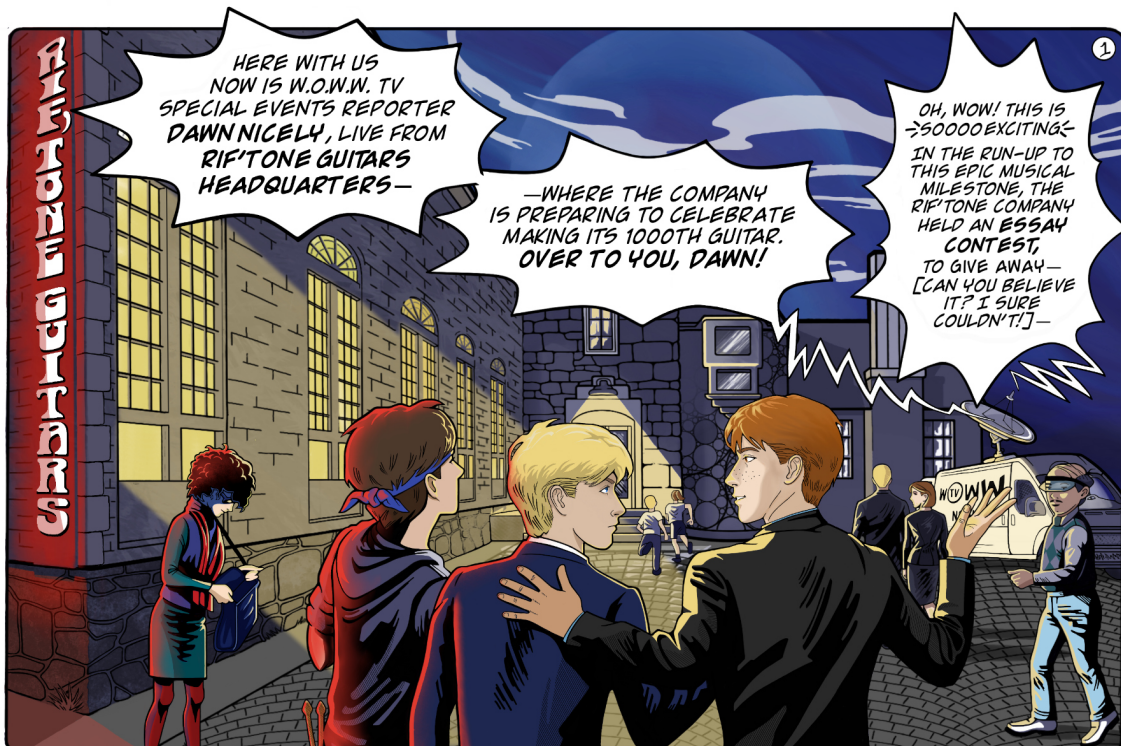






NOW, FOUR DECADES LATER,  
UP ON THE SURFACE...





HERE WITH US  
NOW IS W.O.W.N. TV  
SPECIAL EVENTS REPORTER  
DAWN NICELY, LIVE FROM  
RIF'TONE GUITARS  
HEADQUARTERS—

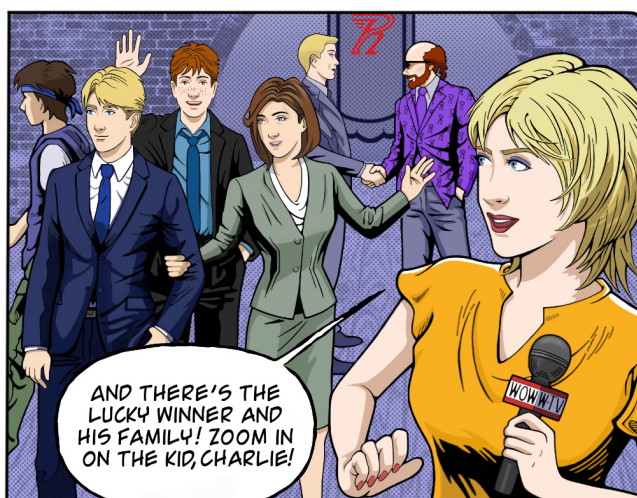
—WHERE THE COMPANY  
IS PREPARING TO CELEBRATE  
MAKING ITS 1000TH GUITAR.  
OVER TO YOU, DAWN!

OH, WOW! THIS IS  
~500000EXCITING~  
IN THE RUN-UP TO  
THIS EPIC MUSICAL  
MILESTONE, THE  
RIF'TONE COMPANY  
HELD AN ESSAY  
CONTEST,  
TO GIVE AWAY—  
[CAN YOU BELIEVE  
IT? I SURE  
COULDN'T!]

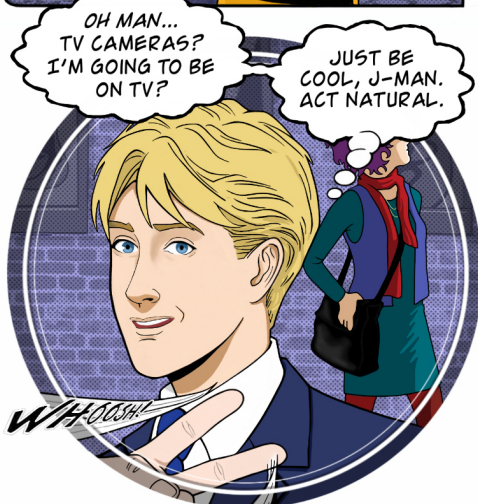


—THE ACTUAL  
1000TH GUITAR!

TALK ABOUT A  
COLLECTOR'S ITEM!

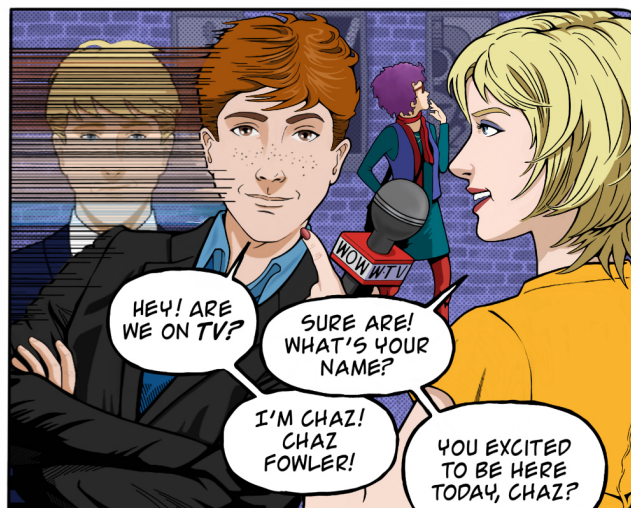


AND THERE'S THE  
LUCKY WINNER AND  
HIS FAMILY! ZOOM IN  
ON THE KID, CHARLIE!



OH MAN...  
TV CAMERAS?  
I'M GOING TO BE  
ON TV?

JUST BE  
COOL, J-MAN.  
ACT NATURAL.



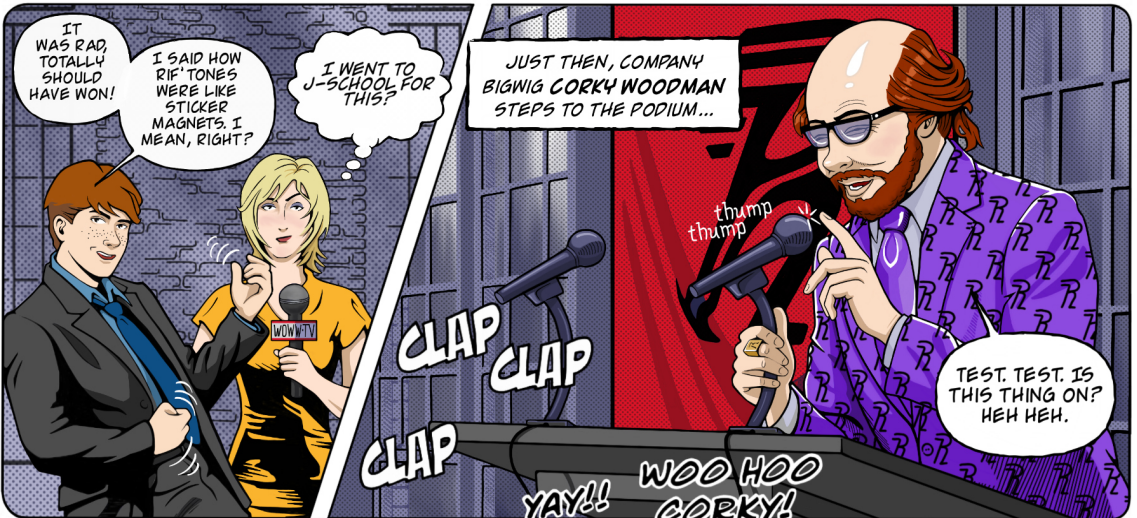
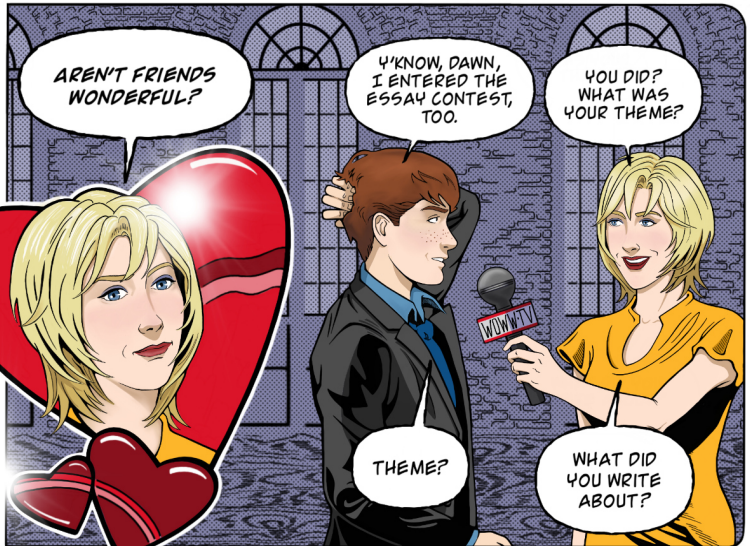
HEY! ARE  
WE ON TV?

SURE ARE!  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME?

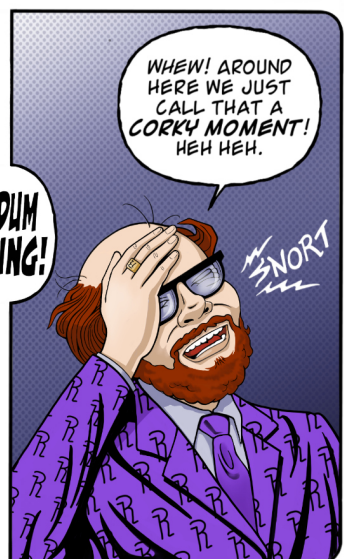
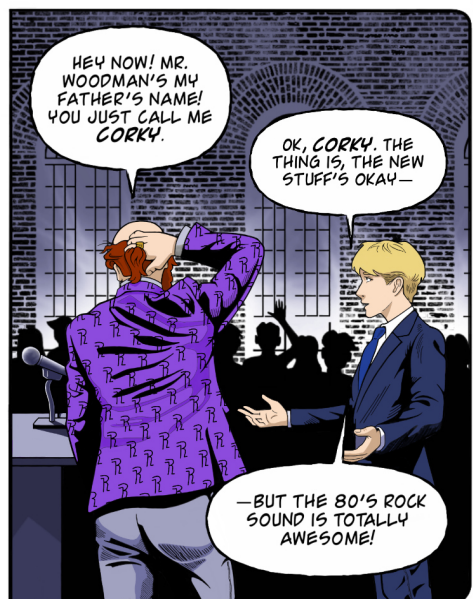
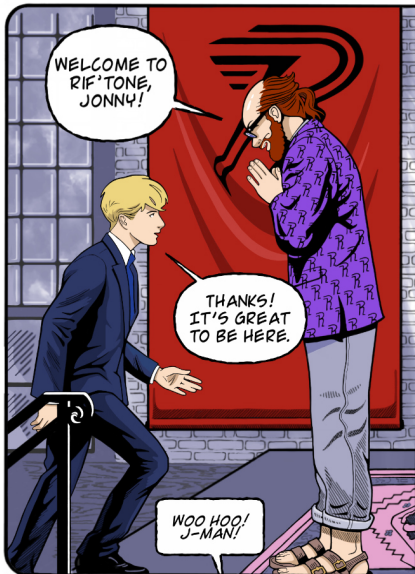
I'M CHAZ!  
CHAZ  
FOWLER!

YOU EXCITED  
TO BE HERE  
TODAY, CHAZ?

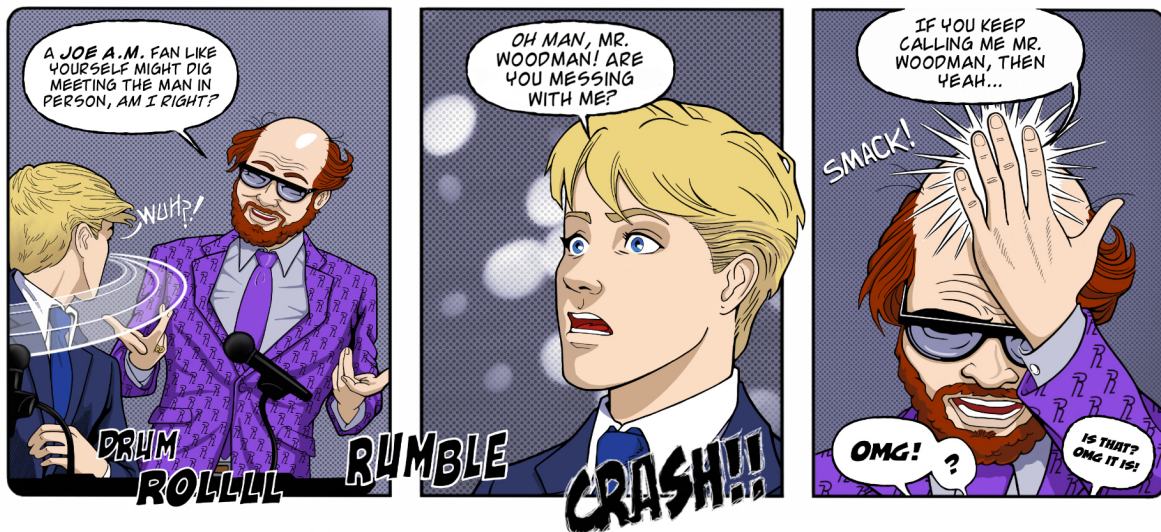
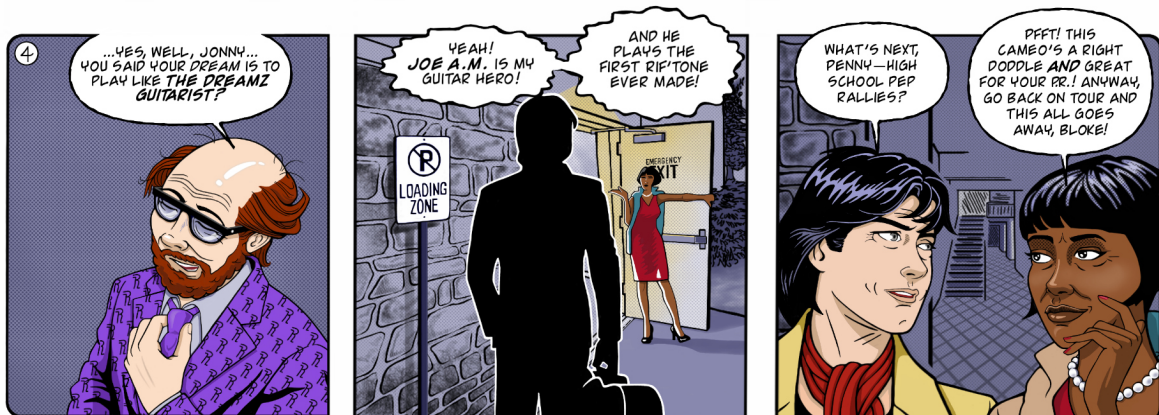








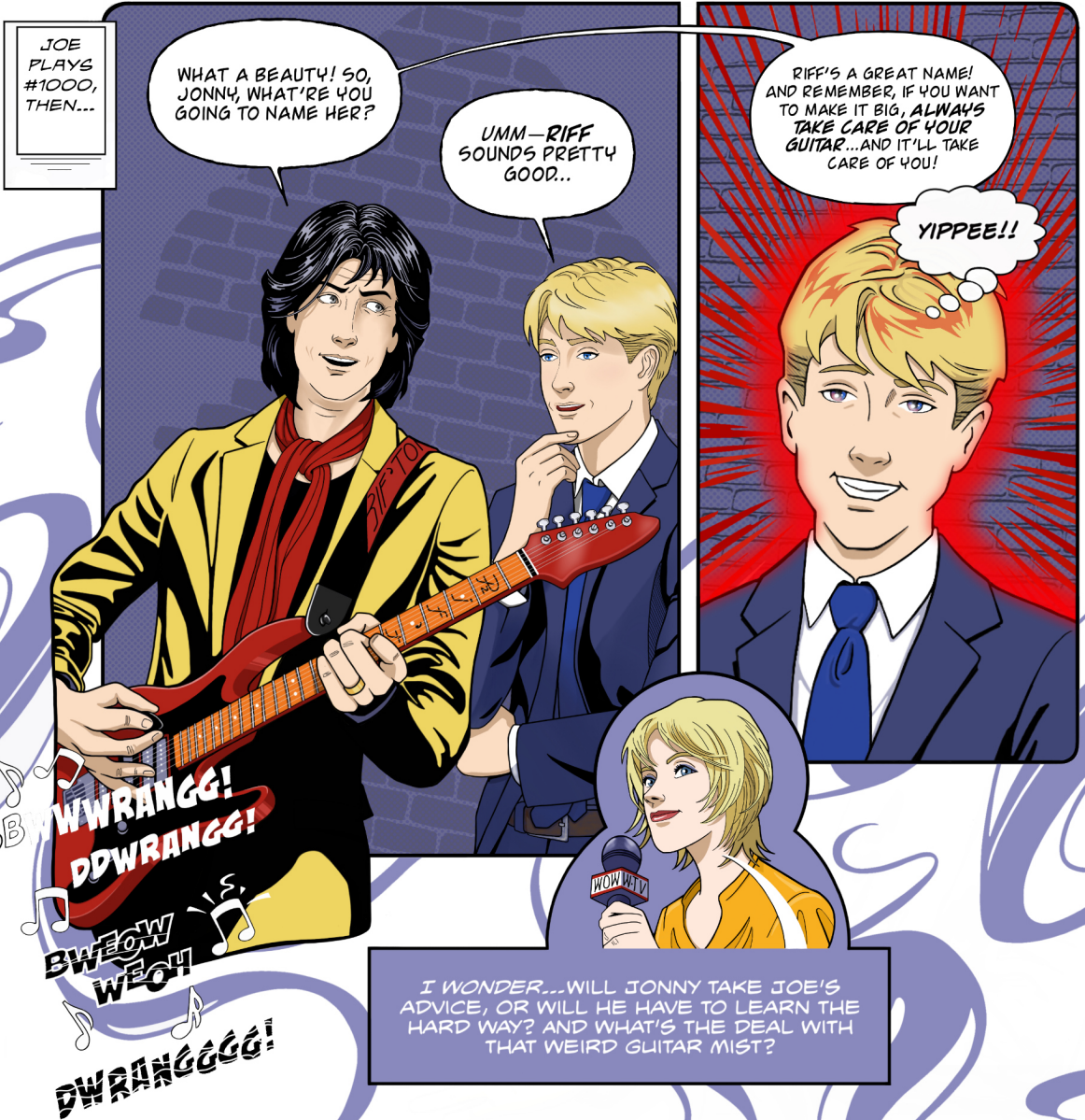
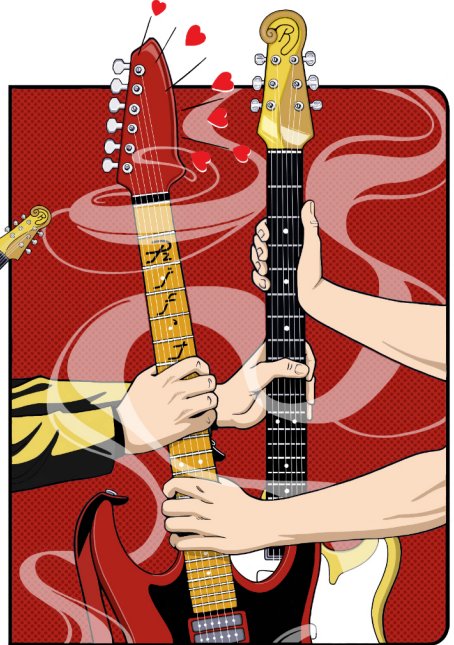
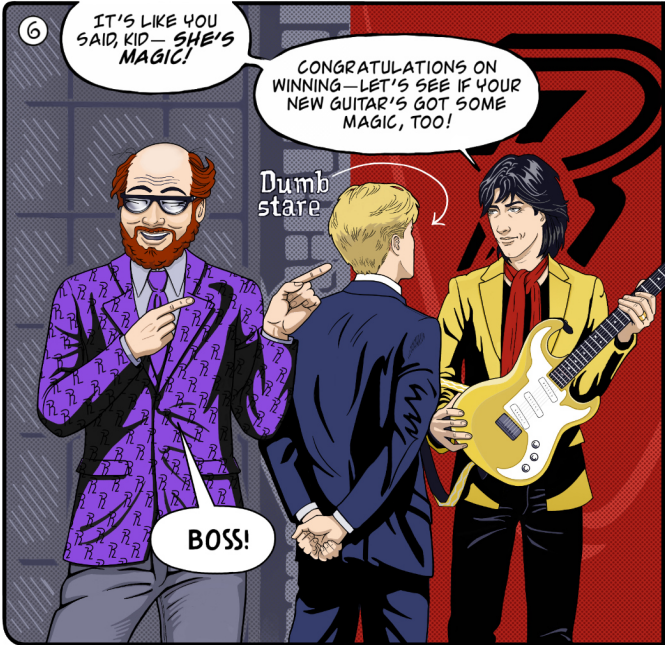














AT HOME LATER THAT NIGHT, JONNY IS ON CLOUD NINE—HE WON THE RIF'TONE 1000TH GUITAR, WHICH HE NAMED "RIF", AND HE GOT TO MEET HIS GUITAR HERO, JOE A.M. OF THE DREAMZ.

Y'KNOW JONNY, I USED TO PLAY GUITAR BACK IN THE DAY. 'WILD THING' WAS MY SIGNATURE SONG! I'LL TEACH IT TO YOU!

CAN I PRETEND I DIDN'T HEAR THAT?

UM...THANKS, AUNT LUCILLE, BUT—HEY! PRETTY COOL FIESTA TONITE, HUH?

JUST THINK OF IT, RIF! SOMEDAY WE'LL BE AS GOOD AS JOE A.M. AND LORETTA—AND THAT'LL BE US UP THERE ON SOME KID'S WALL!

BWEOO  
WEDHH

EVENTUALLY, EVEN WENDY'S SUPERMOM-ABILITY TO WITHSTAND HER ELDEST'S AMPLIFIED GUITAR NOISE FINALLY REACHES ITS LIMIT!

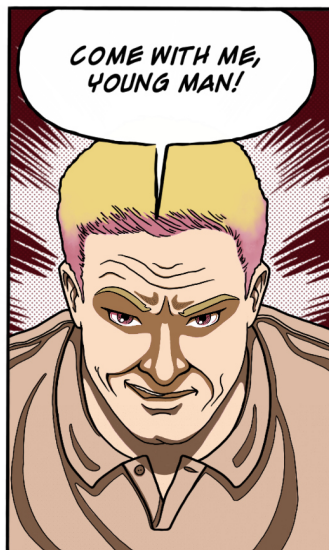
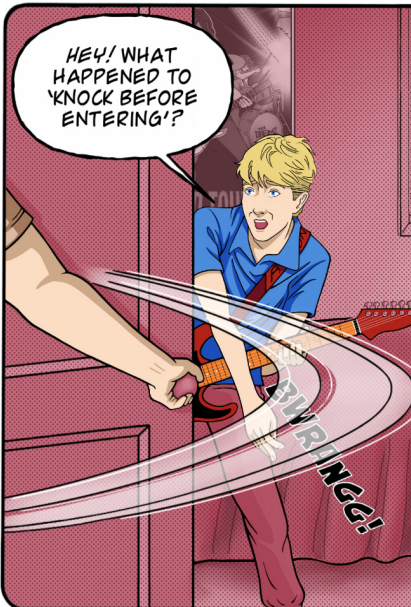
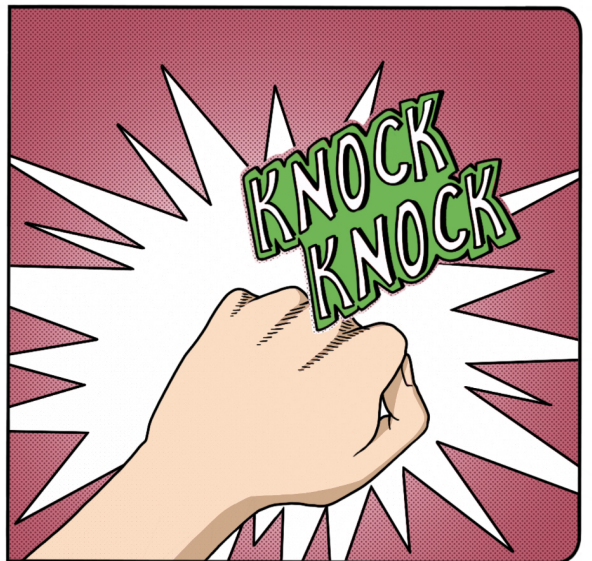
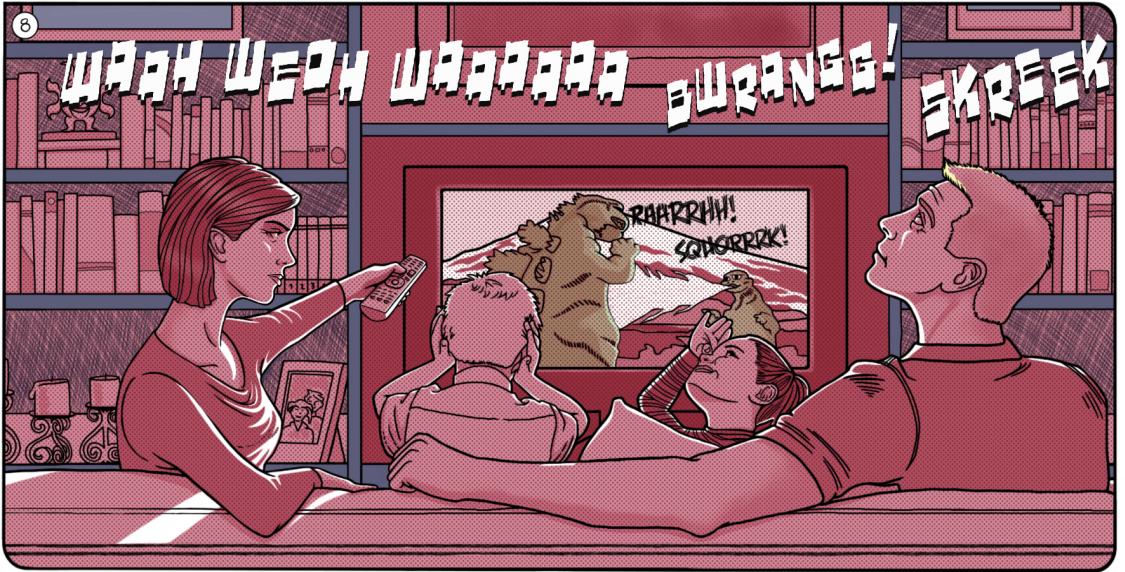
'NIGHT,  
EVERYONE!

THE WEEKS GO BY AS JONNY PRACTICES ENDLESSLY WITH HIS NEW GUITAR, DRIVING EVERYONE NUTS.

SKREEK!

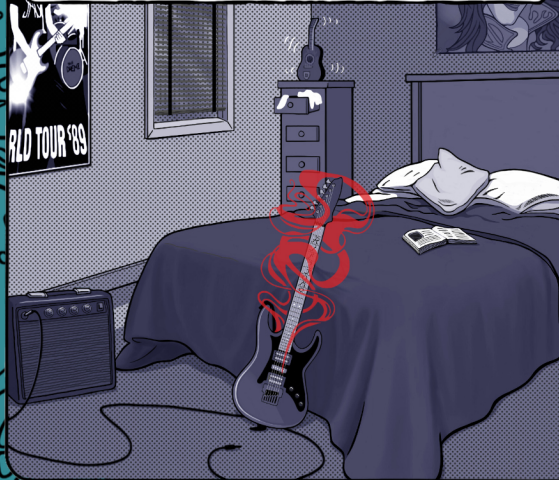
JONATHAN  
ANDERSON MCMANN!  
STOP THAT RACKET  
RIGHT NOW!!



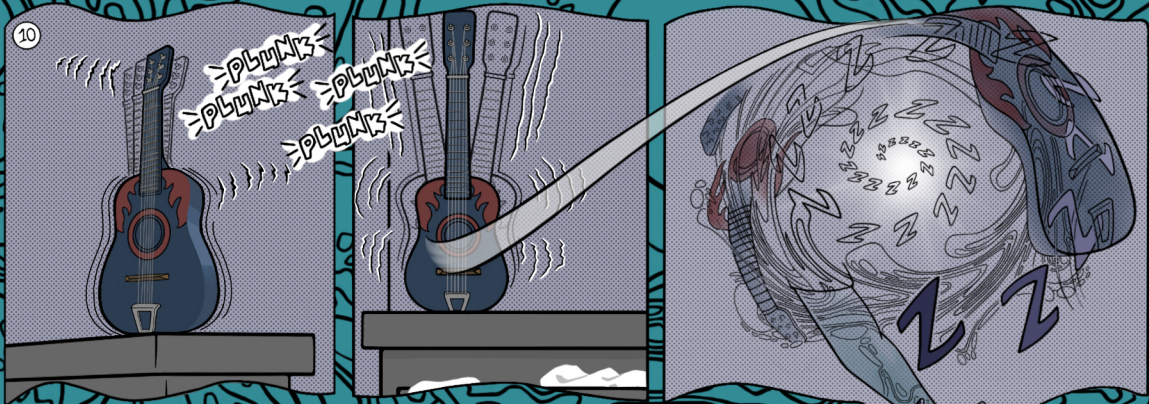




AS JONNY FOLLOWS SAM-DAD DOWNSTAIRS, STRANGE METAMORPHOSES BEGIN TO TAKE PLACE IN HIS BEDROOM—AND NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME...



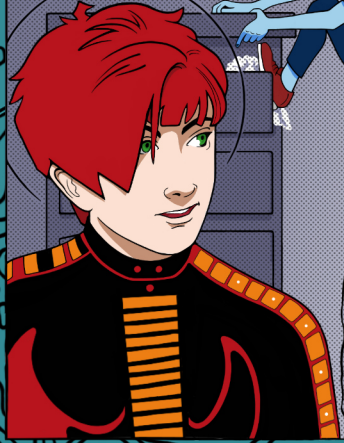
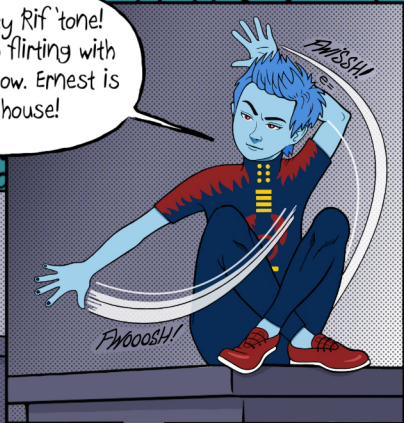




Yo, Mr. Fancy Rif'tone!  
You can stop flirting with  
the wall art now. Ernest is  
in the house!

Oh. Hiya  
Ernest.

Hiya  
yourself.



Do you think  
Jonny's in  
trouble?

Do flying monkeys  
have wings? You dorks  
were making a big  
racket...disturbing the  
peace and whatnot.

Is that why  
his dad seemed  
so angry?

Heh heh. Sam-  
dad yanked him out  
of here like a  
bad puppy.

What's  
going to happen  
to him?

Oh, nothing. But  
you'll probably get  
grounded in the closet  
for a month.  
-snicker-

I hope  
not!

Then again, there  
might be yelling and  
crying...





PRESSING HIS EAR TO THE BEDROOM DOOR, ERNEST LISTENS FOR THE YELLING AND CRYING.



You hear anything?

Nah.



SUDDENLY, HE HEARS A NOISE COMING FROM OUTSIDE...



Huh. What're they doing in the garage at this time of night?



Uh oh!

Relax, Rif'tone. It's a garage, not an interrogation room.



But I like it that you care about Jonny.

And I like you too, Ernest.



Whoa! Let's not get all cuddly, okay? I didn't say I liked you.

You don't like me?



Why should I? Before you showed up, I was the most famous guitar in this bedroom.



Ha hah. You're not a real guitar, Ernie. You're a carnival toy!



DON'T EVER  
CALL ME THAT! MY  
NAME IS ERNEST!  
AND I'M NOT A  
TOY!

CAN A TOY  
DO  
THIS?

Fwoosh!

FWISSH!

FWISSH!

Wow! How'd  
you learn to play  
like that?

It's magic,  
I guess!

...but I'm never  
gonna live up to my potential!  
Jonny doesn't take me seriously.  
All he sees is my puny size and  
plastic strings.

I'm sorry I said you  
weren't a real guitar.

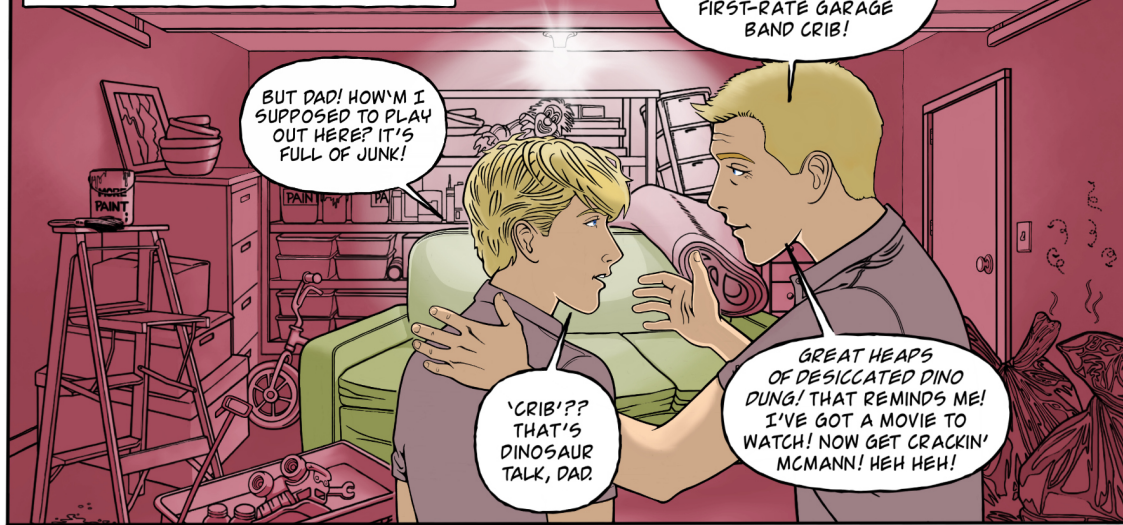
Aw, that's okay.  
\*sigh\* I wish I lived in a world  
where I didn't have to hide myself  
when humans are around.

Do you think there  
is a place like that?

When I was at Wonder World  
Amusement park, before I came here, I met an  
old guitar who said he'd seen it. But he was a  
habitual string snapper too, so...



WHILE NOT NEARLY AS NIFTY AS RIFF AND ERNEST'S TRANSMOGRIFICATION, THE MCMANN GARAGE GETS A MAKEOVER.

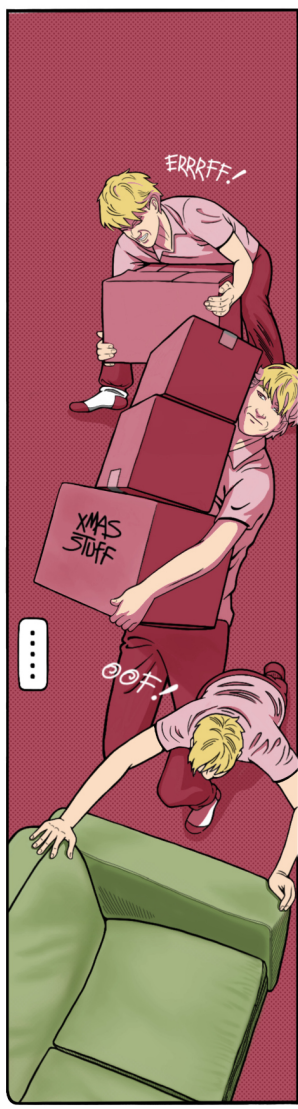


BUT DAD! HOW'M I SUPPOSED TO PLAY OUT HERE? IT'S FULL OF JUNK!

SURE, IT IS NOW— BUT YOU'RE MY SON AND I HAVE FAITH THAT YOU'LL CLEAN IT UP AND MAKE IT A FIRST-RATE GARAGE BAND CRIB!

'CRIB'?? THAT'S DINOSAUR TALK, DAD.

GREAT HEAPS OF DESICCATED DINO DUNG! THAT REMINDS ME! I'VE GOT A MOVIE TO WATCH! NOW GET CRACKIN' MCMANN! HEH HEH!



ERRRRF!

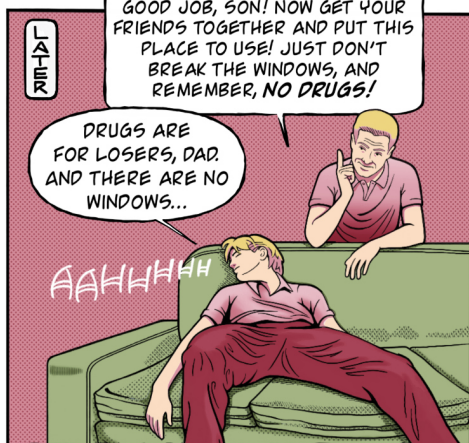
OOOF!



UGH.

.....

SWEEP SWEEP



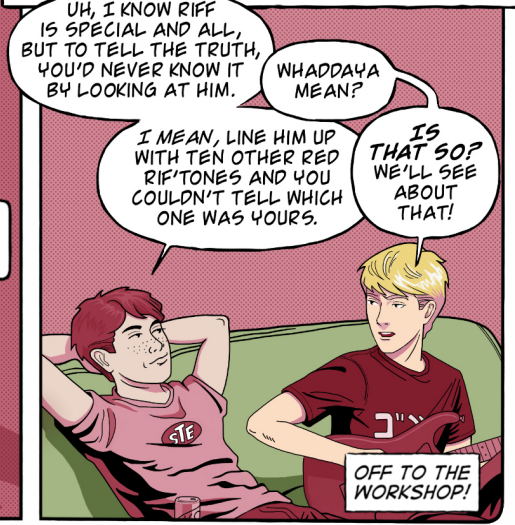
LATER

GOOD JOB, SON! NOW GET YOUR FRIENDS TOGETHER AND PUT THIS PLACE TO USE! JUST DON'T BREAK THE WINDOWS, AND REMEMBER, NO DRUGS!

DRUGS ARE FOR LOSERS, DAD. AND THERE ARE NO WINDOWS...

AAHHHHH

JONNY AND HIS BEST FRIEND CHAZ FOWLER MAKE A NEW HANGOUT AND INVITE SOME FRIENDS TO JOIN THEIR BAND. BUT ENVY INFECTS CHAZ, AND JONNY RISES TO THE BAIT.



UH, I KNOW RIFF IS SPECIAL AND ALL, BUT TO TELL THE TRUTH, YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT BY LOOKING AT HIM.

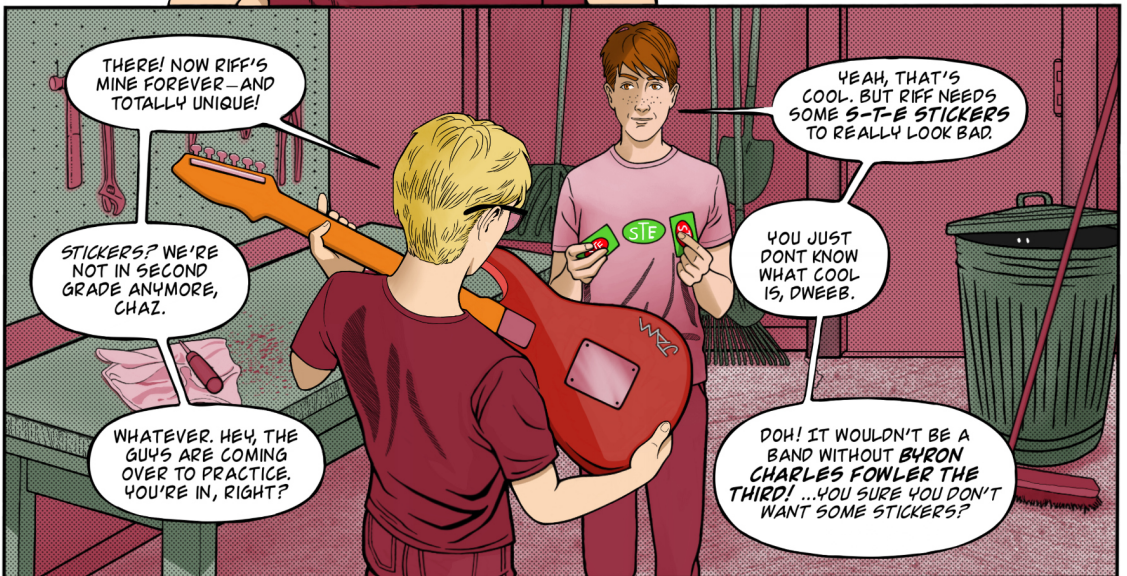
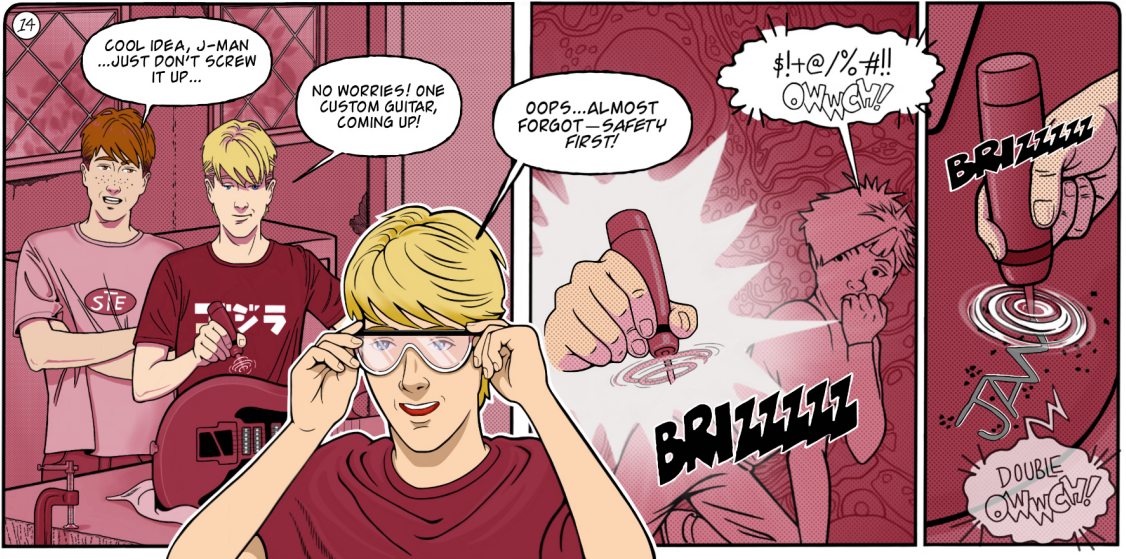
WHADDAYA MEAN?

I MEAN, LINE HIM UP WITH TEN OTHER RED RIF'TONES AND YOU COULDN'T TELL WHICH ONE WAS YOURS.

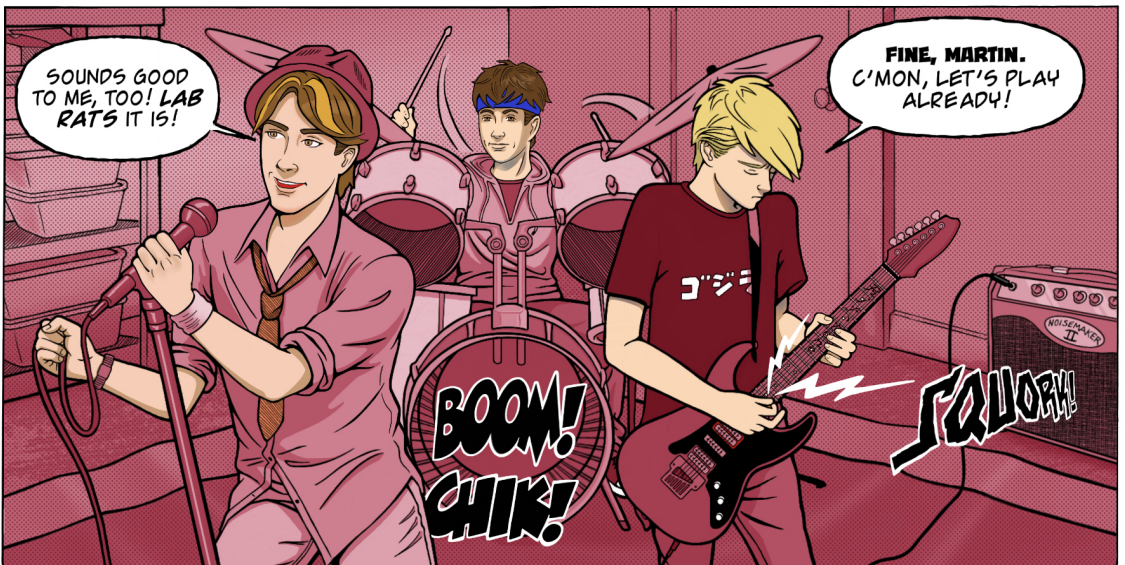
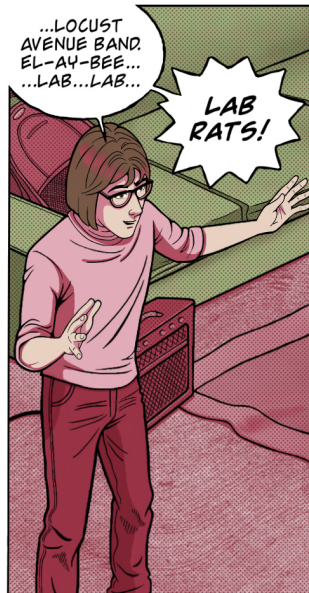
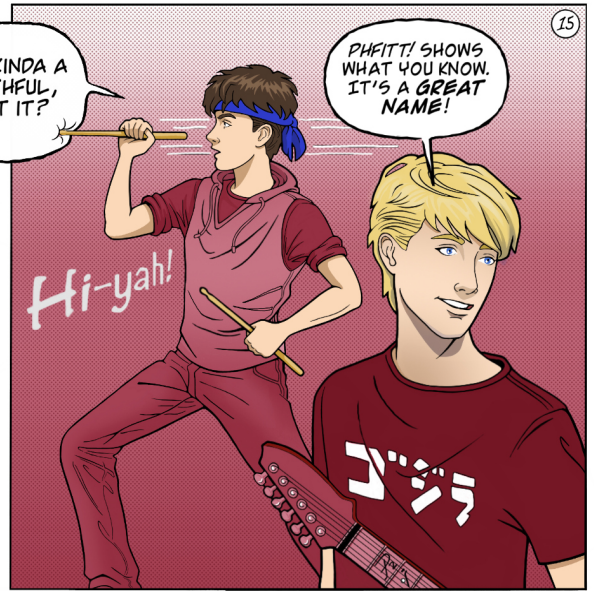
IS THAT SO? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

OFF TO THE WORKSHOP!





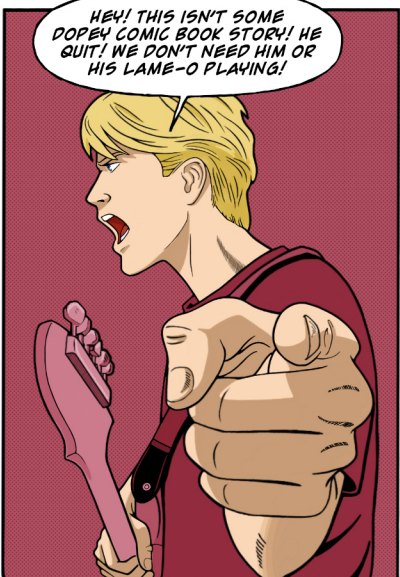
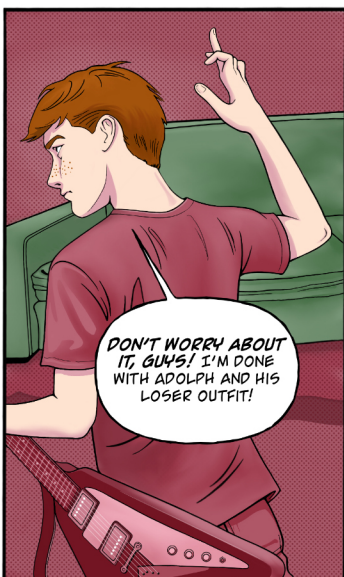
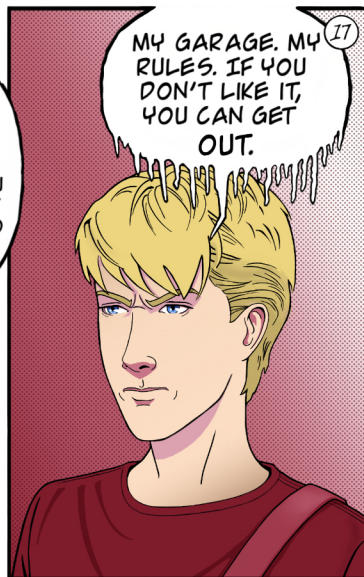








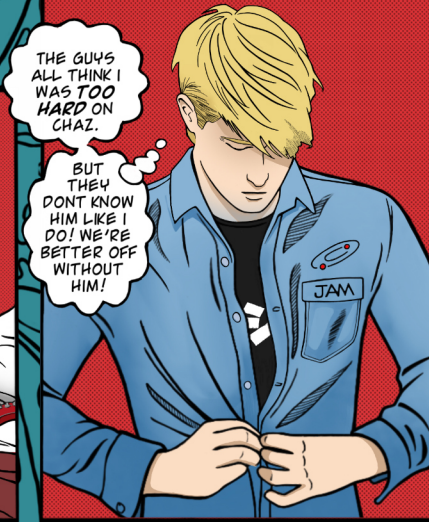
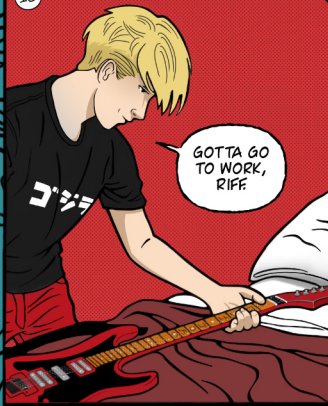




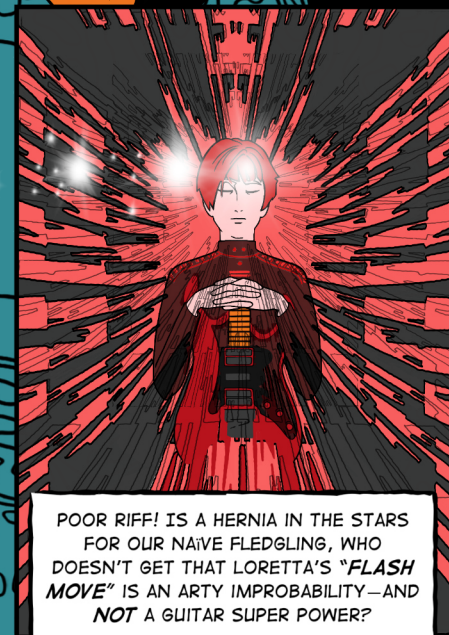
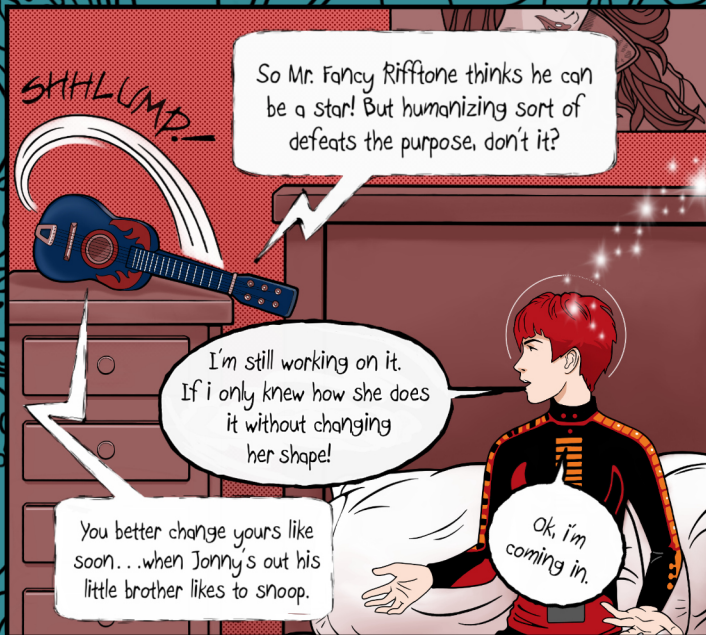
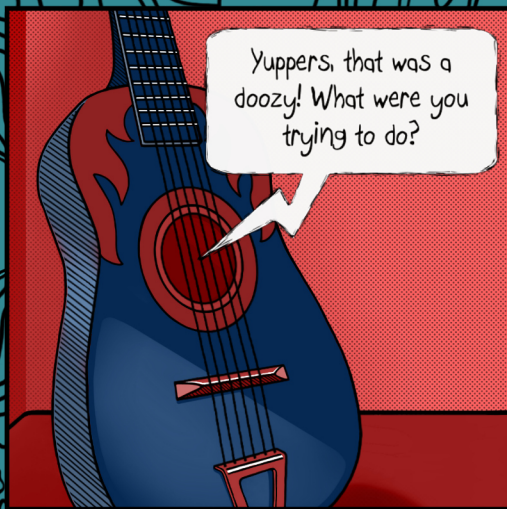


LATER THAT NIGHT...

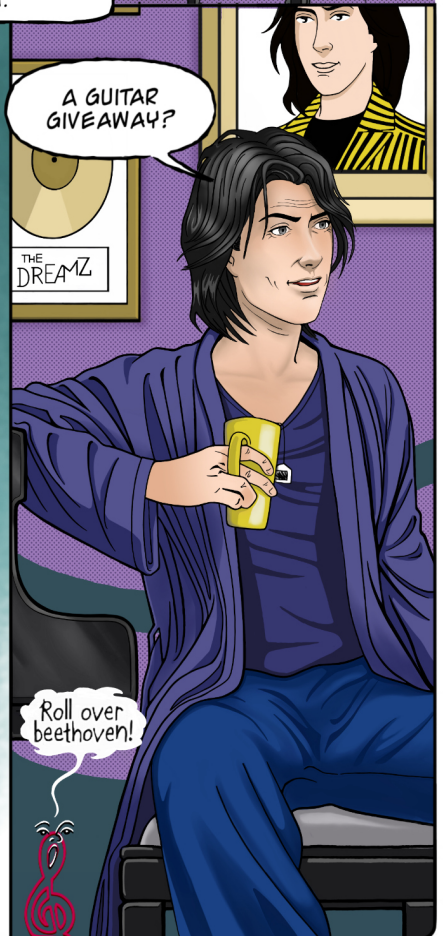
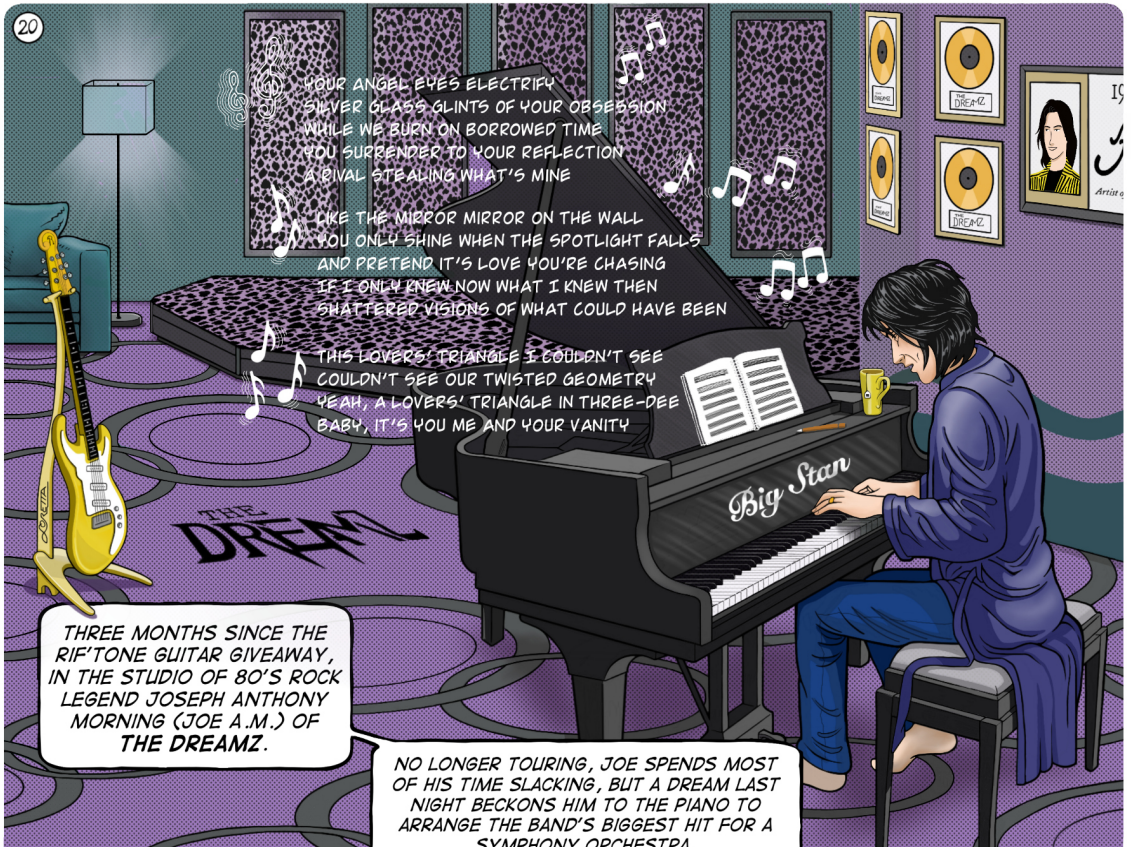
18



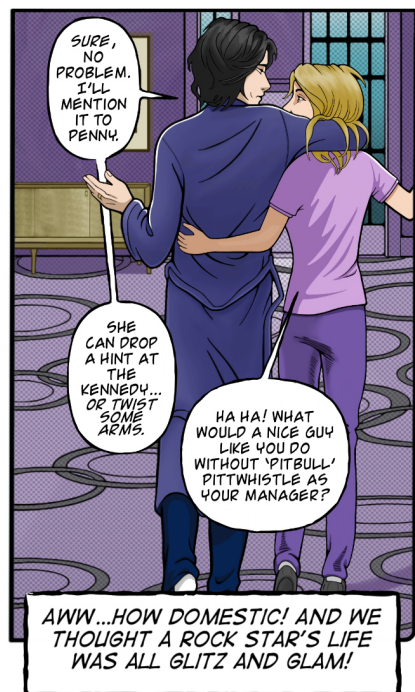
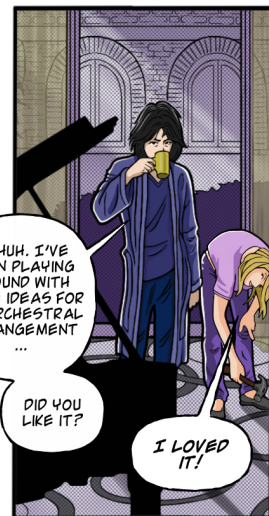
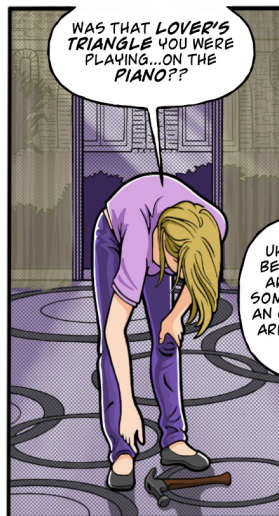






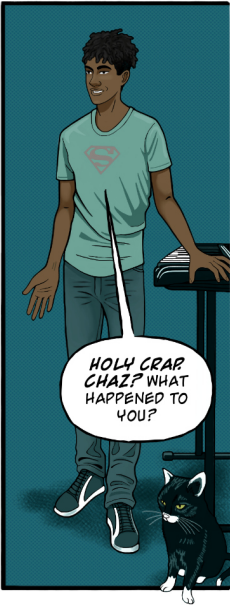
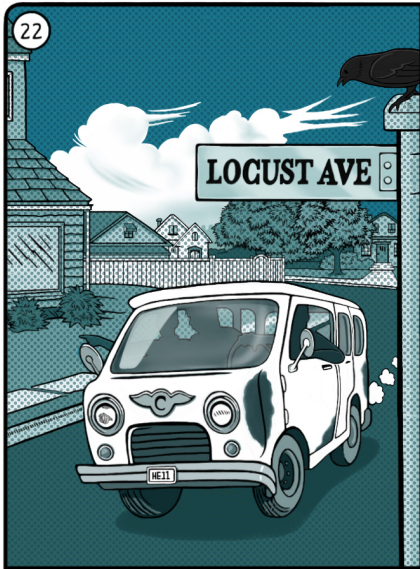




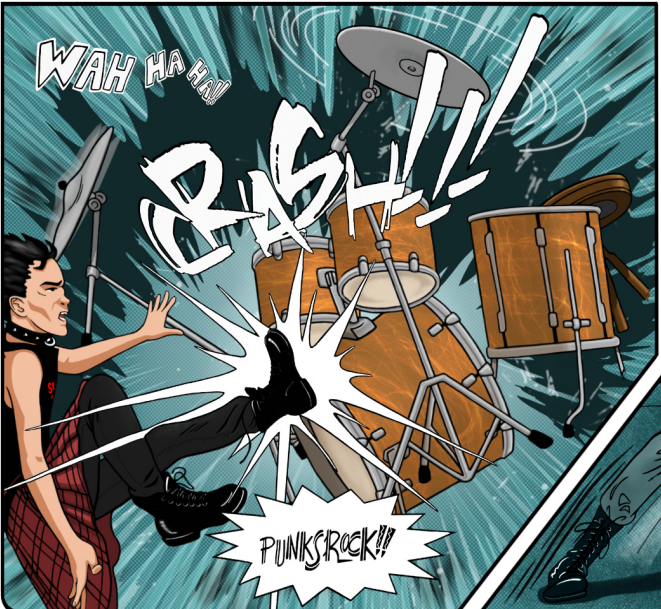
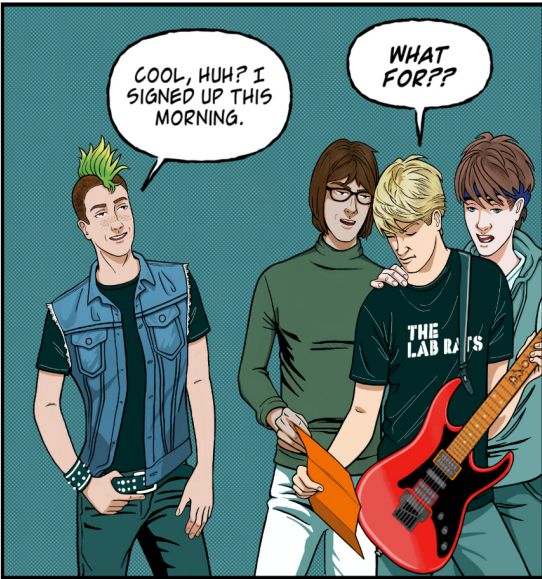




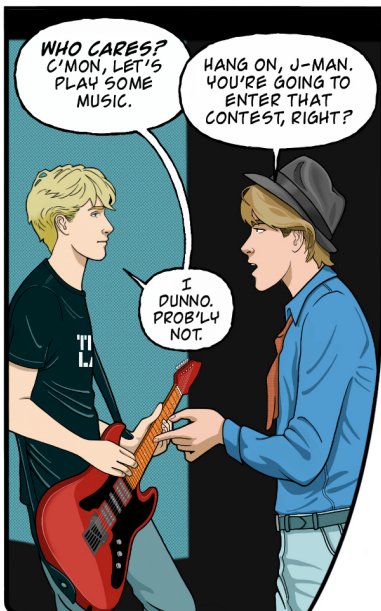
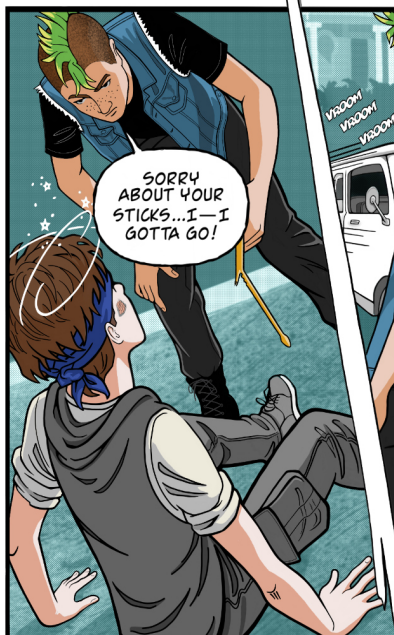
THREE MONTHS AFTER HIS ANGRY DEPARTURE FROM THE LAB RATS, **CHAZ IS BACK**, WITH A SPANKING NEW HAIRDO, TWO RADICAL NEW BANDMATES, AND A FLYER FOR A **GUITAR RIFF CONTEST**.



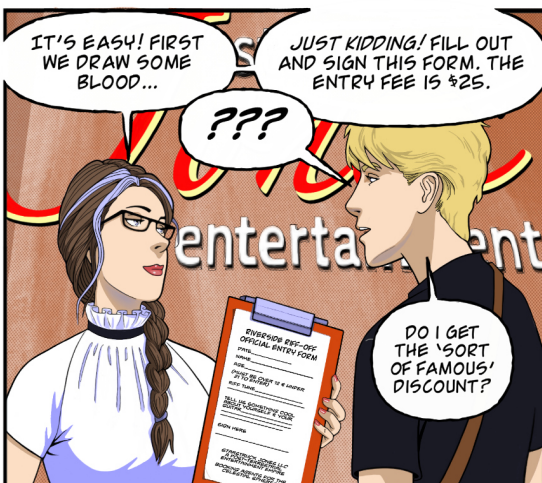
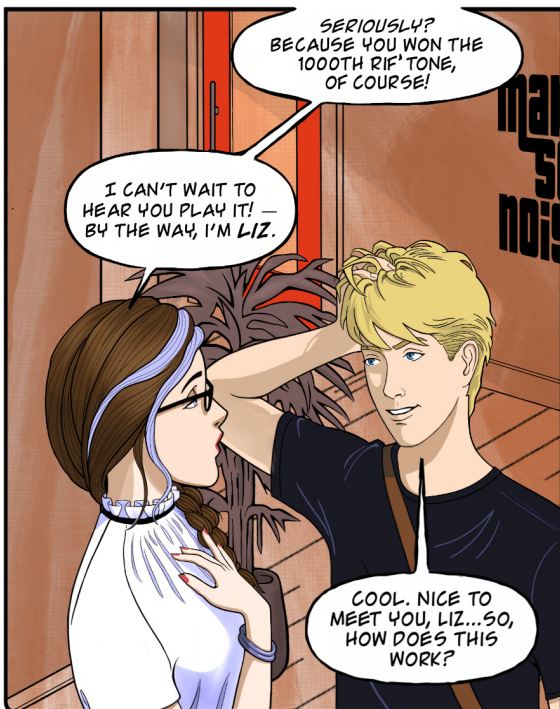
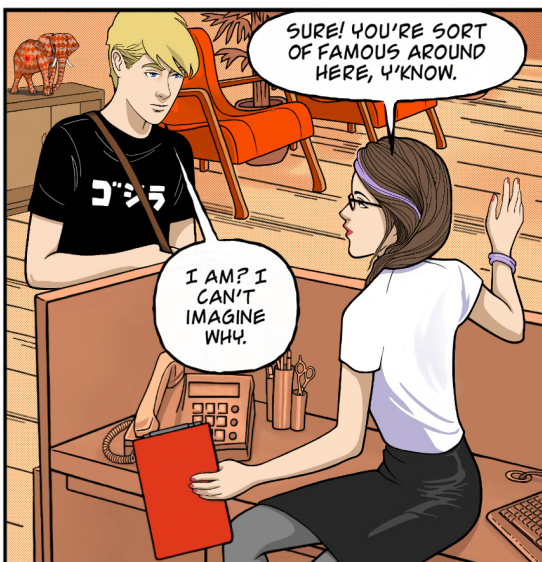
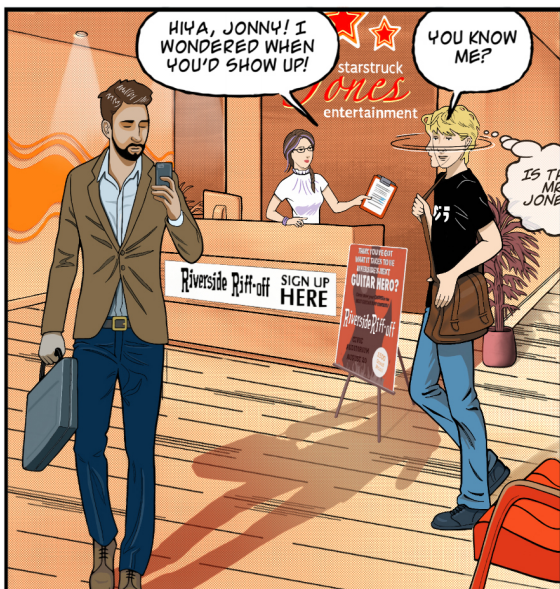
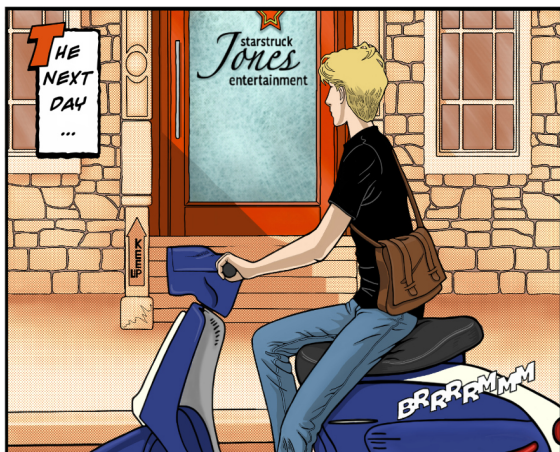




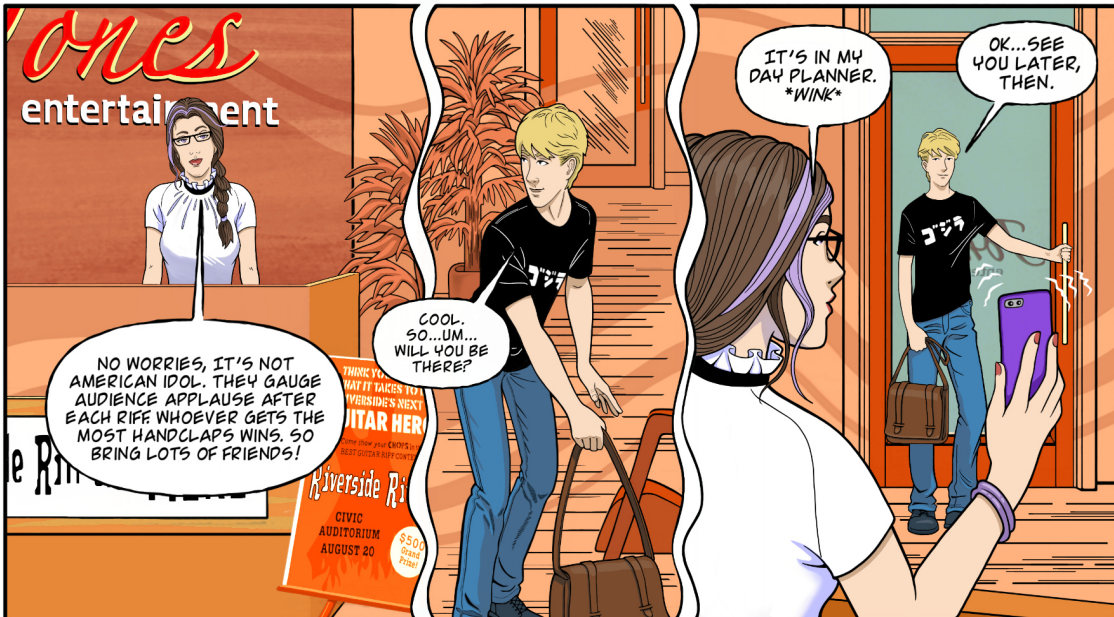
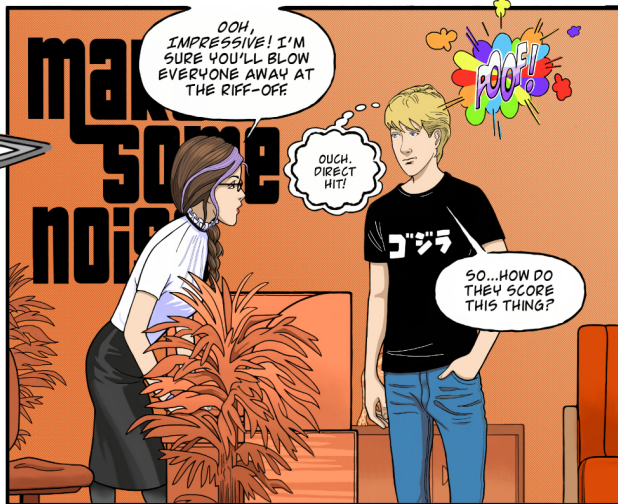
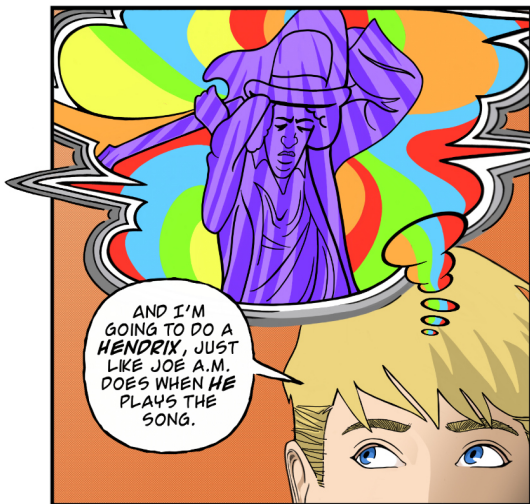
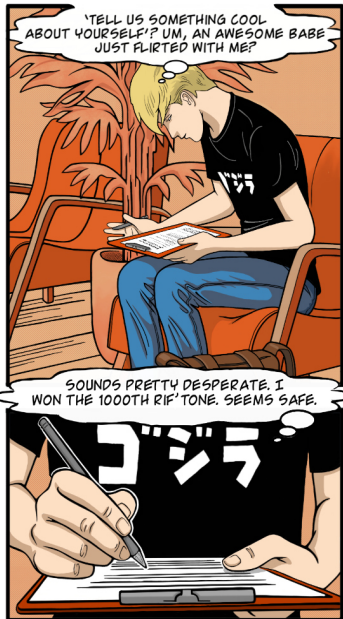
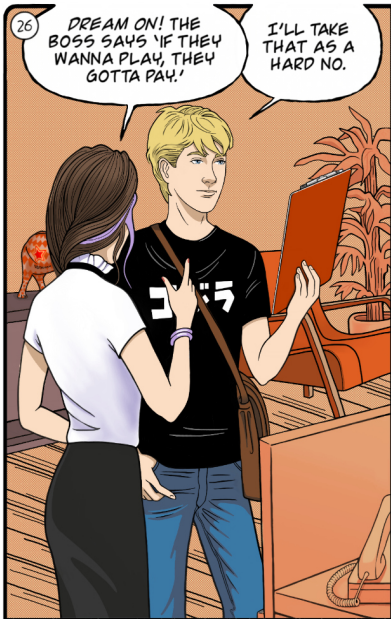










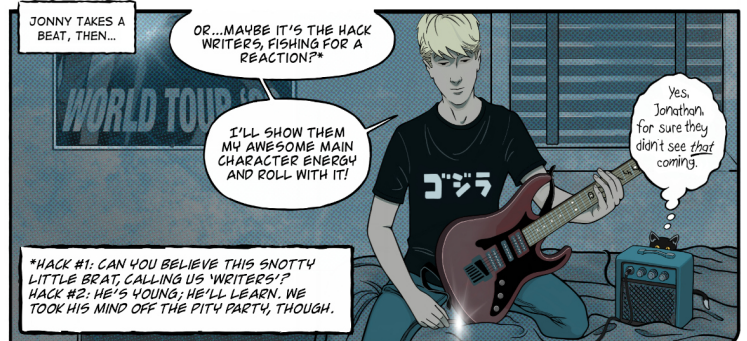
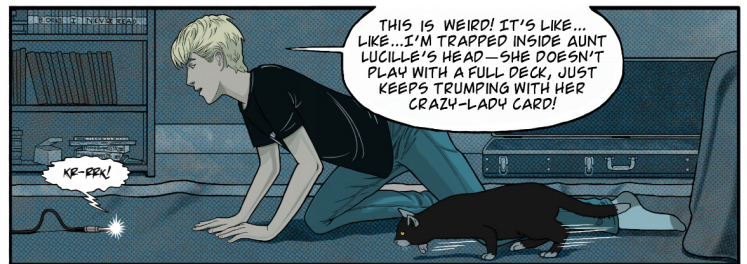
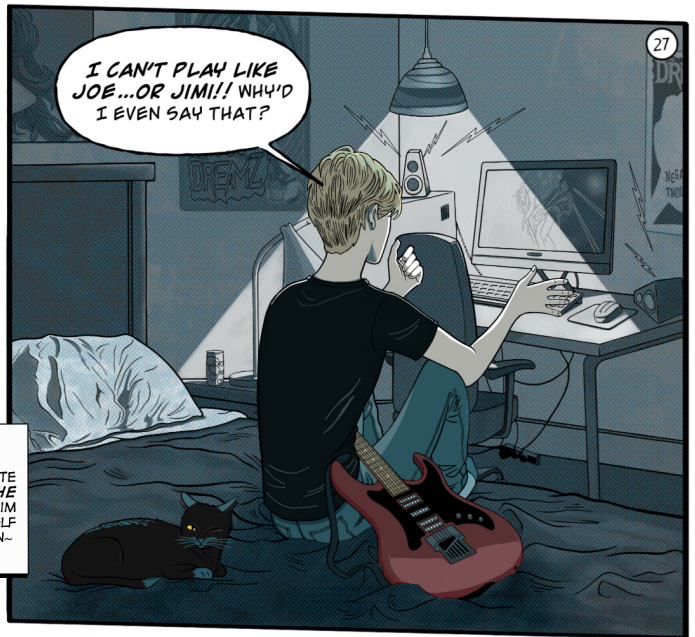




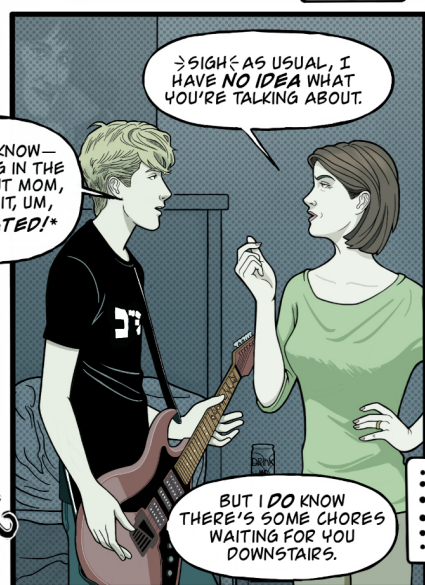
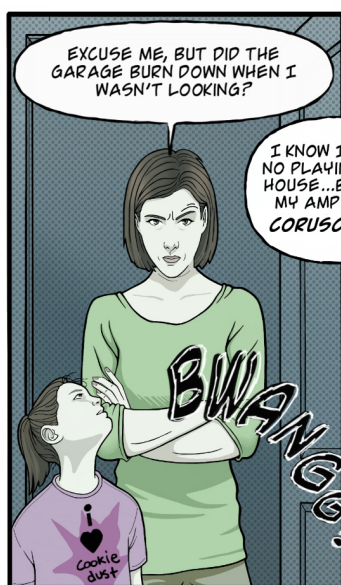


**B**ACK AT HOME, LATER THAT DAY—

AS JONNY WATCHES HIS FAVORITE CONCERT VIDEO OF THE DREAMZ AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL, A SUDDEN PANIC HITS HIM THAT HE SORTA-KINDA-MAYBE OVERSOLD HIMSELF AT THE STARSTRUCK JONES OFFICE. BUT THEN—A CURIOUS SOMETHING HAPPENS...

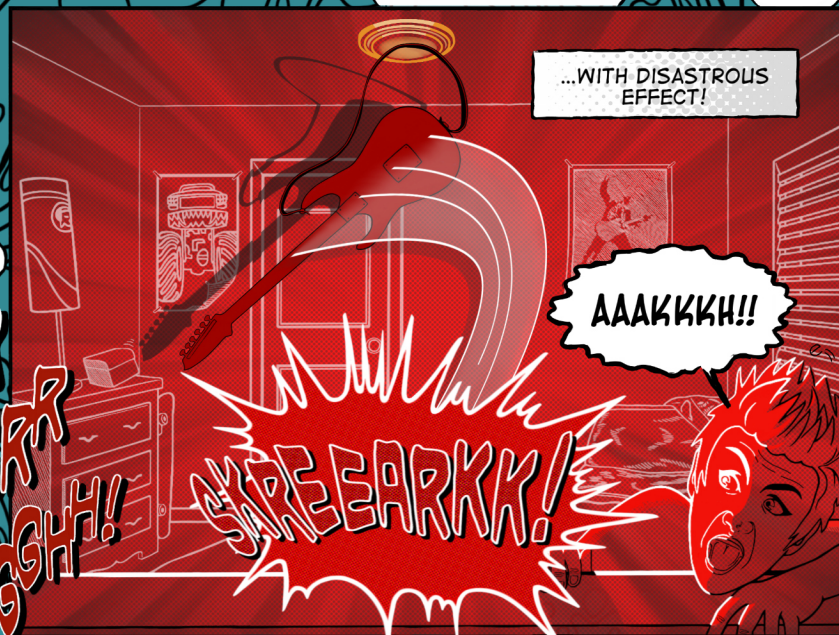




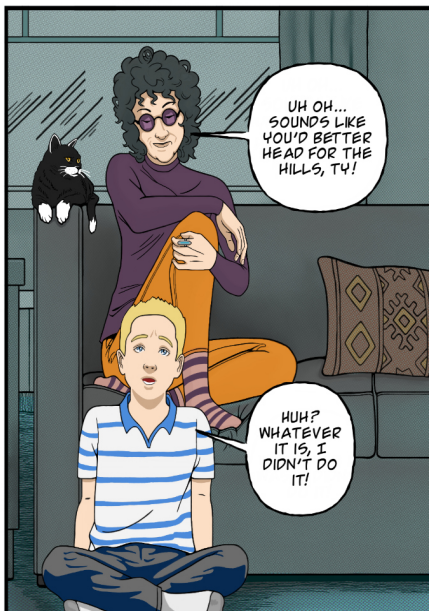
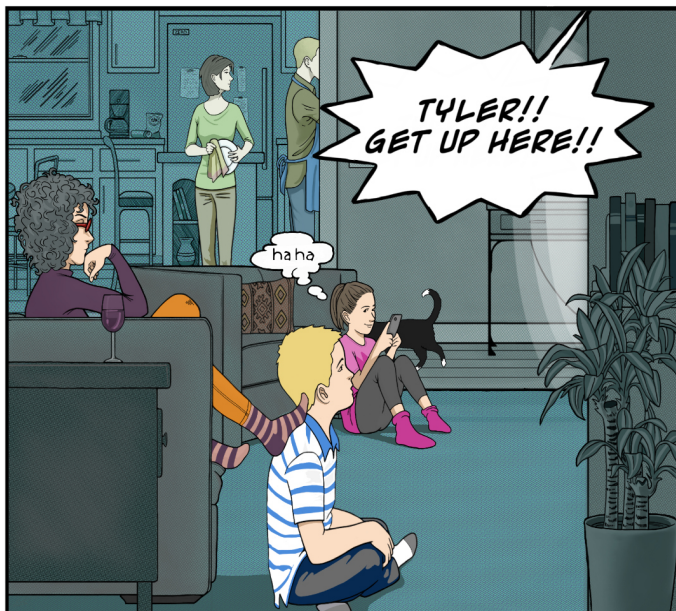
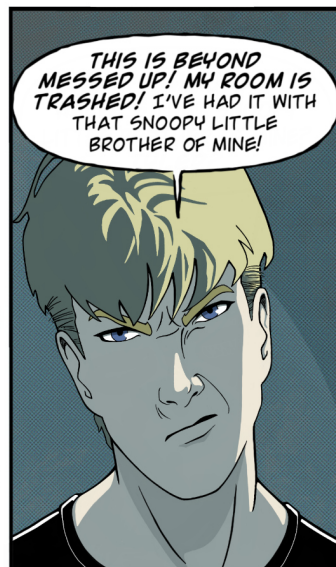
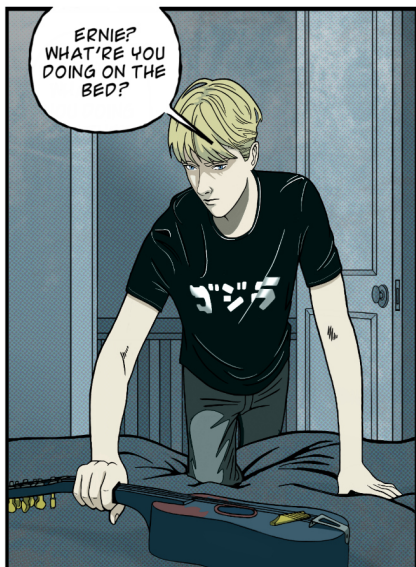
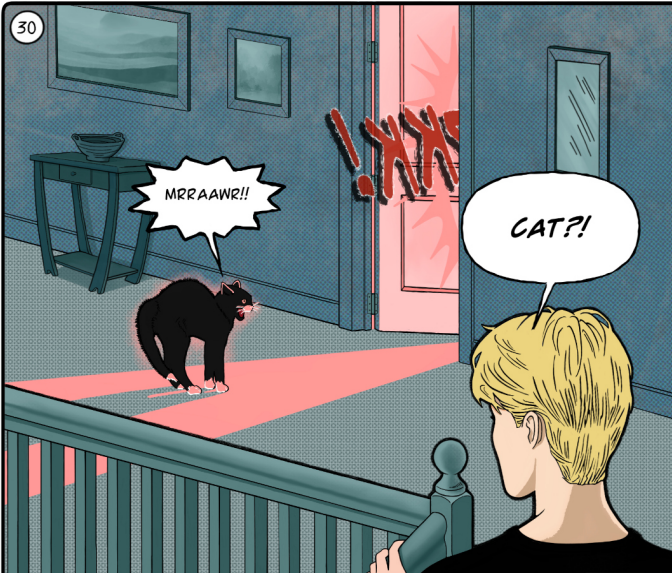


\*SPARKLED BRIGHTLY











**T**HAT NIGHT, AFTER HEARING WHAT TYLER DID OR DIDN'T DO AND WHEN HE DID OR DIDN'T DO IT



WOW! YOUR KID BROTHER SWEARS HE DIDN'T TRASH YOUR ROOM—EVEN THO YOU PROMISED THAT IF HE CONFESSED YOU'D LET HIM PLAY CALL OF DUTY IN DISTURBING CONTENT MODE? HOW CAN YOU NOT BELIEVE HIM!



IS SHE WACK? THERE'S SOMETHING SERIOUSLY MESSED UP WITH A KID WHO CAN'T BE BRIBED!

IGNORE HIM, JONNY. HE'S JUST JEALOUS. I THINK YOU'VE GOT A POLTERGEIST, BUT THERE'S NO TIME JUST NOW TO FIND OUT—THE **RIFF-OFF CONTEST** IS ONLY TWO WEEKS' AWAY, AND YOU NEED TO NAIL DOWN THE 'LOVER'S TRIANGLE' RIFF! YOU DON'T WANT TO BOMB OUT IN FRONT OF YOUR CREEPY EX-BEST FRIEND CHAZ, DO YOU? OR ME, EITHER, CUZ YOU KNOW HOW TOTALLY HOT I AM!

AND SINCE THIS IS YOUR DREAM—DID I MENTION HOW MAJORLY AWESOME YOU ARE?

HAH! YOU'RE ABOUT AS AWESOME AS A CASE OF 3-DAY DIARRHEA, MCSUCK! LET'S BE REAL—YOU DON'T DESERVE THAT COOL GUITAR—PLUS THE LAB RATS ARE COUNTING ON YOU, AND YOU'RE GONNA LOOK LIKE AN EPIC JERK IF—**I MEAN WHEN—YOU SCREW UP.** WHAHA HAHA HAH!

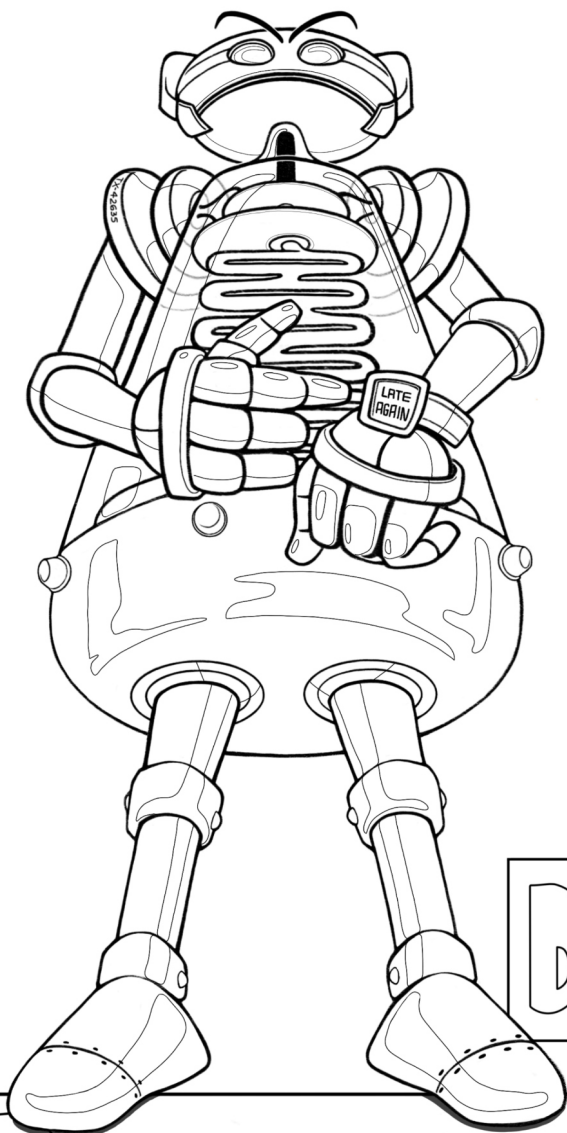


**TO BE CONTINUED**





# DREAM COMIX EXTRAS



DIODOREX



DIMBULBEX





COLOR ME  
INCARCERATED,  
DADDY-O!

ELVIS  
IMPERSONATION  
NITE AT  
ALCATRODE  
PRISON

*FUN FACT: ELVIS IS BELIEVED TO HAVE  
STYLED HIS HAIR LIKE CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.,  
A COMIC BOOK WORKING CLASS SUPERHERO.*



# LORETTA

THE ORIGINAL RIF'TONE™





# IN THE NEXT ISSUE

OH WOW! HASN'T THIS BEEN FUN? I SURE THINK SO!

BUT NOW THAT DREAM ON ISSUE #1 IS IN THE CAN, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO REJOIN THE LEGIONS OF THE UNDRAWN.

NO WORRIES, THO! MY REPLACEMENT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE IS THE DELIGHTFULLY DRAWABLE ZAP MURPHY!

AND WE'RE REAL SORRY TO SEE DAWN GO, AREN'T WE READERS? BUT ENOUGH ABOUT THAT.

LET'S TALK ABOUT ME! MY NAME IS ZAP, BUT MY FRIENDS CALL ME **THE TALENTED ZAP MURPHY™**—YOUR HOST FOR THE AWESOME **RIFF-OFF CONTEST**—WHICH BTW IS SPONSORED BY THE HOTTEST NAME IN IMAGINARY MEDIA: **STARSTRUCK JONES ENTERTAINMENT!**—

—COMING UP IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DREAM ON!

LIKE THE ANXIOUS GUITAR PLAYER SAID TO HIS GUITAR: **"STAY TUNED!"**





**Dream On** is a wacky coming of age tale with a *fantasy twist*. Music fans both young and old will dig it. —*Standingstone Magazine*

*“The comic book version of a grownups-friendly kid flick, **Dream On** has it all—fantasy, drama, comedy, satire, music, and even some bad guys. But best of all is its positive messaging about the power of true friendship.*—*CementHead Comics Review*

*Addictive! We can’t wait to see **Dream On: The Musical!*** — *My Kingdom For A Guitar Podcast*

# DREAM ON

*“Friendship is like a great musical masterpiece, there’s nothing like it in the whole world.”* — *Generic Wise Woman*

Overlapping realities coalesce as the shadow worlds of music overlords and transmogrifying instruments set the stage for Jonny’s adventures with his guitar Riff. While Jonny believes that his dream of following in the footsteps of his 80’s rockstar hero is all but realized, Riff is less sure, and together they discover that it truly is “A Long Way to the Top (If You Wanna Rock n’ Roll)!”

Sanger and Moore have teamed up to craft a new American classic! **Dream On** is rated G for Groovy and F for Fun!

DREAMCOMIX.COM

