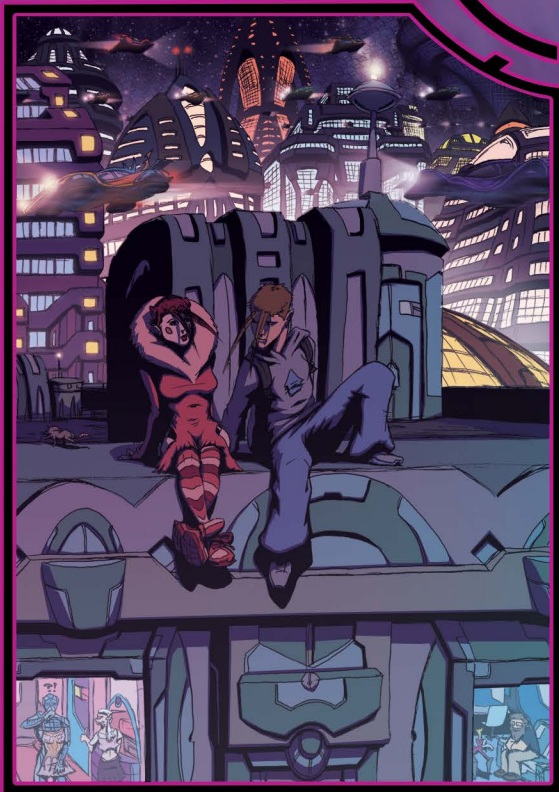
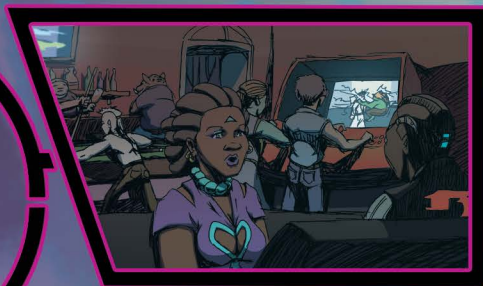
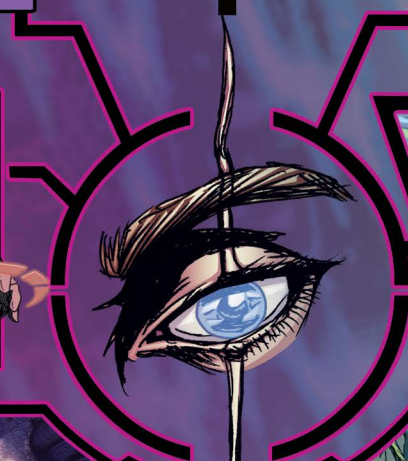




NEO-G

CH. 1: THE ONUS



NEO-G

CH. 1: THE ONUS

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Pencils: Daniel Curran**

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**with
Special Thanks to:**

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Darrel Endicott
Pedro Friginals and the Friginals family
Speakeasy Studios
Will Alexander
Rylee B
Stephanie Jacobs
Riley Holcombe
Jennifer Tedder and Craft Circle Jerks
The Compound**

**and all of those that helped along
the way that believe in the dream**

:New Recruit Briefing

To: Sgt. Deal
From: General RAM

All new recruits must be informed, regardless of what they may already know. There's a lot of disinformation out there. This message should clarify.

We've had too many opposing views, so our team has put together this briefing, to settle any disputes. Recruits can have their theories, but for purposes of necessity, this makes us all on the same page.

History of Sub-Binary Taglines:

With the advent of quantum entanglement computing and mental interface tek, a new computing system came to fruition, in the 21st century EY (Earth Years). By sending files, in open loops, to the past, quantum computers achieved time travel.

It wasn't long after that closed loops were experimented with, upsetting causality factors, but opening a new horizon for humanity. Theories of multiple universes quickly became reality, but this also meant a whole new understanding of what computing had the capability of.

Through experimentation, it became sport to send files further and further through time. But, as this happened, new theories sprang up, considering that, rather than the origins of them being from the present, what if they were discovering loops that had been present all along, and that our world was actually made up of portals through space-time. These portals became known as sub-binary taglines.

As mentioned, mental interface tek changed this drastically. While these systems of sub-binary taglines were highly classified, it wasn't long after that hackers made it available for people to virtually experience the past, through quantum entanglement, via sub-binary taglines and their mental interface tek. From there, it was discovered that sub-binary taglines weren't just a computational portal, but a telepathic one, as well.

Because of these mental connections, it's necessary for humans to safeguard their minds, if they don't have mental interface augmentation. Lynks, which are small devices attached to most humans in the DCs, act as a firewall, and double as a communicator device. The lynks protect from mental piracy, a variety of necessities, such as temporal dementia, Mandela Effect Syndrome, and other psychoses, and utilize tek to stabilize timelines, preventing tachyons from destroying the unified field.

This is not to say that the systems of government, designed to safeguard against crimes of a sub-binary nature, are not corrupt themselves. It is necessary for people to be suspecting of these governing forces. As a resistance, a coalition of hackers, known as versers, came to be, running interference against corrupt governing systems. They keep everything intact.

Neo-G's Subspace Realm and the Link System:

It is said that Noah Bradley and the early founding scientific community manufactured the subspace realm of Neo-G, prior to colonization. It is a natural holistic system using the moon's energy lay-lines as a means to combat the need for lynks. It is what gives the mystyks of the Wyld access to the OA fields. The Omega-Alpha waves generated by the subspace realm, or what was known, originally, as the Gnoah System, are what the lynks' system is based off of. There are other link systems off-world, but they don't rely on the moon's OA fields. Cesar perversely built the DCs (Digital Citadels) over each point of the convergence of the lay-lines, which happens to be seven core centers, in a cave system, throughout Neo-G.

The subspace realm, besides offering freedom from the dangers of sub-binary taglines, has many functions. It is a realm that exists independently of space-time, and the seven core points are what focus its energy field. The mystyks and other Wyld Ones have naturally adapted to harnessing the power of the

:New Recruit Briefing

To: Sgt. Deal
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OA fields, and its uses range in a variety of means. The mystyks developed a symbiotic relationship with it, and to them, it is as an aspect of their religious understanding.

The History of the Digital Citadels:

The DCs were put in as learning centers to reintroduce the people of the Wyld to tek, according to Cesar. After the civil war and the fall of Purity (Neo-G's true human kyngdom), the DCs became home for those who wanted to have tek reintroduced to their lives. Despite being traitors (which is now forgivable), in order to have homage in the DCs, Cesar demanded access to the lives of each citizen. They were implanted with a lynk, and are slowly being homogenized into his system.

The first generation of citizens that took occupancy in the DCs were given fertility drugs, as well. The majority of the citizens are teenagers and young adults, being that the DCs have only been in full operation for almost 20 EY.

The citizens are given a luxurious lifestyle. Food, tailor-made clothing, personally designed aerocars, housing, tek, and entertainment are all things seemingly given freely to the people. The price is servitude on Earth, for themselves and their families, based on a credit system. The more one is willing to turn over, the more credit they receive.

Cesar claims that life on Earth has become manageable again, and these learning centers are there for people to become acquainted with tek, so that they are not foreign, when returning to Earth, which is the ultimate goal for Cesar's plan.

(We're planning on sending a spy to investigate how manageable life on Earth will be, but the details are classified.)

The History of the Re-Tek and Cyber-Junkies:

Cyber-junkies is the slang term for people who have become addicted to augmenting their minds and body with tek. There are levels to which people will go, with some cases becoming completely machine-like. Most sub-binary versers are cyber-junkies to some extent, but not all.

About half of the Re-Tek ranks are former cyber-junkies. The Re-Tek feel that becoming affiliated is a way to atone for a misguided life of mistaking tek augmentation as a viable outlet, despite being raised in a society of backwards morality that seems to promote that choice. The Re-Tek consider themselves to be the only acceptable militant group that fights fire with fire, by using tek to combat Cesar and his forces. The Re-Tek appreciate sub-binary versers that aren't affiliated, but the Re-Tek's ultimate goal is total unity, believing that working together is the only way to overpower the system of the DCs.

The Re-Tek were started by the remaining soldiers still loyal to the kingdom of Purity. During the fall of Purity, Cesar began construction of the DCs, against the will of the monarchy and parliament. Soldiers of Purity tried to stop the construction, but were unsuccessful. Those who survived fled to the tree cities in the Wyld.

Eventually, some of those soldiers came together, and began studying the tek of the DCs. They entered the DCs as willing occupants, but only to gain knowledge of the tek, learning how to use it against the DCP (Digital Citadel Police). It took time, but eventually they developed a strategy.

The tek of the DCs upgrades on a nyghtly basis. Its old materials are discarded in the miles of wasteland outside of each DC, which is another reason the why the Re-Tek fight to rid Neo-G of them. Useless to the DCs, though, the old soldiers harnessed the capability of the discarded tek.

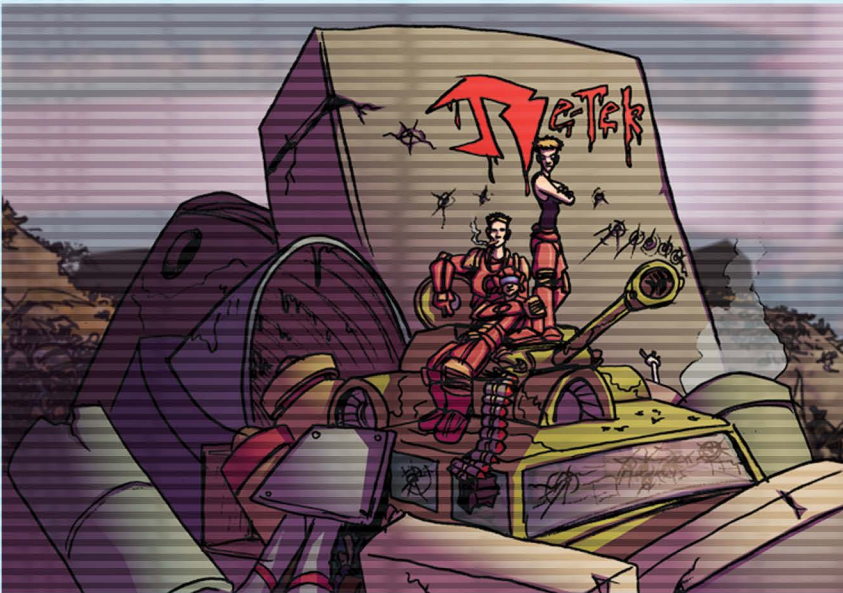
:New Recruit Briefing

To: Sgt. Deal
From: General RAM

The Re-Tek have taken refuge in the wastelands, developing military outposts underneath. There are networks of tunnels running from the surface deep into the underbelly, which allow for cover, but the Re-Tek are constantly on the move, evading jrones that seek to usurp the hideouts.

The Re-Tek started recruiting Wyld Ones, at first, and training them in the ways of tek. Once their force grew in numbers and knowledge, guerilla tactics were employed, destroying specific locations vital to the DC's system operations. This earned the soldiers the title of Re-Tek, which was a slander, coined by news broadcasts, but the soldiers took it, as a badge of honor. Hard to trace, the hunt for the Re-Tek was on.

The Re-Tek have become well known throughout Neo-G. Their networks allow them to move in and out of the DCs with ease, employing DC citizens, and mostly cyber-junkies, to help with the internal fight. Over time, though, their focus shifted from attacks on the cities, and more on protecting the Wyld. The DCP constantly break peace negotiations with the Wyld, as they see fit, and the Re-Tek have become like a police force, intervening where necessary.



Welcome to the Re-Tek. The fyght is with you now.

imajik6.wixsite.com/wearethefree-tekuv2



How unbelievable
is our future?

versethesystem.net

The page features a large, jagged orange speech bubble containing a multi-paragraph welcome message. The background is a stylized illustration of a futuristic city street with tall buildings and a large purple dome-like structure. At the bottom, three characters are shown: one interacting with a monitor, another standing nearby, and a third further back near a glowing yellow sign. Three small speech bubbles contain their dialogue.

**LOWER ZU
CYBRARY**

**WELCOME
TO THE LOWER ZU CYBRARY!**
OUR WORLD, NEO-GENESIS, OR NEO-G,
WHICH WAS ONCE SIMPLY KNOWN AS THE MOON,
IS ONE OF THE REMAINING HOMES FOR HUMANS. DURING
SECOND EXODUS, BEFORE NEO-GENESIS, HUMANS FLED EARTH,
BECAUSE A CATAclysmic DISASTER RENDERED THE PLANET
USELESS. IN THE YEARS OF EARTH, BEFORE SECOND EXODUS,
SCIENCE WAS ABLE TO DEVELOP A PROCESS THAT HEATS THE
CORE OF THE MOON. THIS, IN TURN, HELPED TO DEVELOP AN
ATMOSPHERE. AFTER THE ATMOSPHERE DEVELOPED, DNA
FROM LIFE ON EARTH WAS USED TO DEVELOP A PROCESS OF
ADVANCED EVOLUTION. BY FOLLOWING CONSTRUCTIVE
DIAGRAMS, MACHINES BEGAN REPRODUCING LIFE.
BUT, DUE TO HUMAN ERROR, THE MACHINES
WOULDN'T WORK... EENNH... ENN... ENNH..
NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN...

I HATE
WHEN THESE
THINGS FUCK
UP!

IT'S PROBABLY
A RE-TEK OR A
CYBER-JUNKIE.

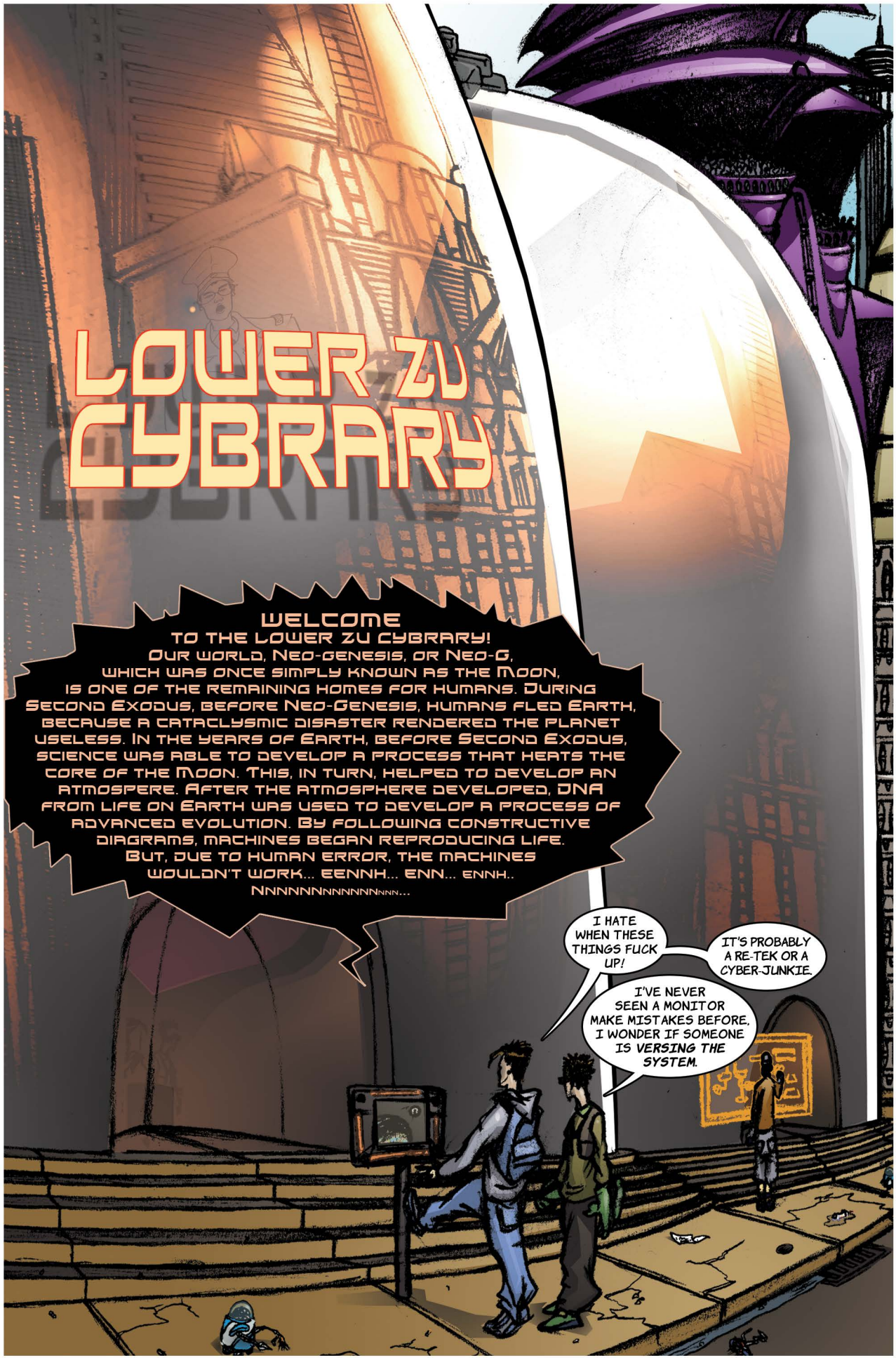
I'VE NEVER
SEEN A MONITOR
MAKE MISTAKES BEFORE.
I WONDER IF SOMEONE
IS VERSING THE
SYSTEM.

TO THE LOWER ZU CYBRARY!

NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN

IT'S PROBABLY
A RE-TEK OR A
CYBER-JUNKIE.

I'VE NEVER
SEEN A MONITOR
MAKE MISTAKES BEFORE.
I WONDER IF SOMEONE
IS **VERSING THE
SYSTEM**





EVERYTHING IS JUST BITS AND PIECES OF INFORMATION, ALL REVOLVING AROUND THE FACT THAT HE IS THE TRUE KYNG OF NEO-G.

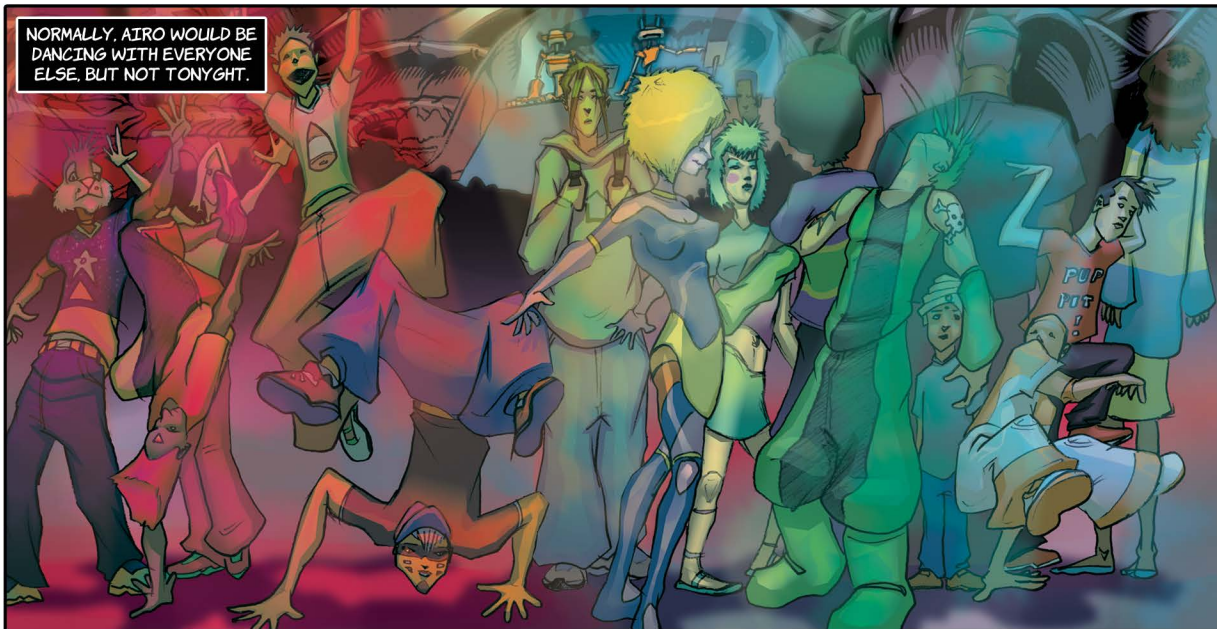


NAH, THEY'RE NEW. THEY'RE CALLED **DOOM!**

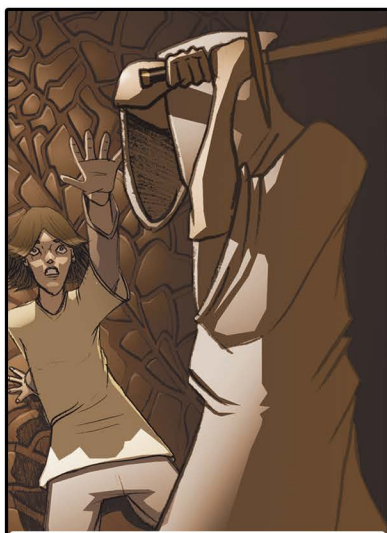




NORMALLY, AIRO WOULD BE DANCING WITH EVERYONE ELSE, BUT NOT TONYGHT.



TONYGHT, AIRO IS FEELING DOOM, AND IT IS REMYNDING HIM OF ANOTHER TYME.



IN AIRO'S MYND, HE'S A PRYNCE AGAIN, REMEMBERING THE TYME HE WAS SCARRED.



IN THAT MOMENT, HE COULD HAVE DIED.



LUCKILY, HE WAS SAVED.



AND AVENGED
BY HIS FATHER.



GET AIRO
OUT OF
HERE!



WHAT
ABOUT YOU,
XANDER?!

IF I DIE,
RAISE AIRO
TO FULFYLL
HIS ONUS!

HE MUST
LEARN TO
ASCEND!

AND, MAKE
SURE HE KNOWS I
DONT BLAME HIM
FOR THIS!

RAAAHHH!

WITH A LOUD ROAR THAT ECHOED IN
AIRO'S MYND, HIS FATHER VANISHED INTO
THE MISGUIDED HORDE OF BETRAYERS.



THIS WAS CIVIL WAR.



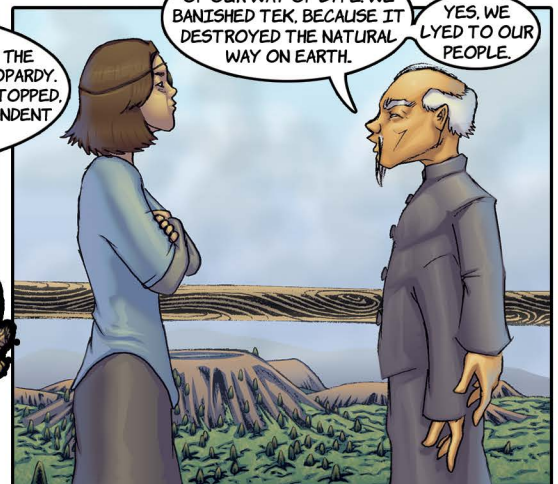
ONLY THOSE LOYAL TO THE KYNGDOM WERE
WYLLING TO SECURE AIRO'S ESCAPE.

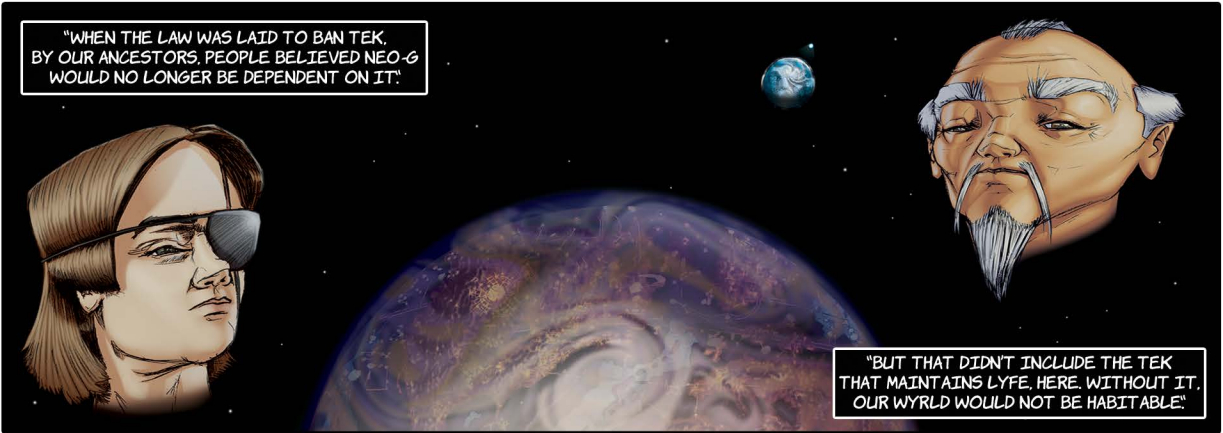
HURRY, AIRO,
THROUGH THE
CORRIDOR.



CESAR'S TRICKS.
I WYLL EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING, WHEN
WE ARE SAFE.

WHY ARE WE
FIGHTING EACH
OTHER?





"WHEN THE LAW WAS LAID TO BAN TEK, BY OUR ANCESTORS, PEOPLE BELIEVED NEO-G WOULD NO LONGER BE DEPENDENT ON IT."

"BUT THAT DIDN'T INCLUDE THE TEK THAT MAINTAINS LYFE, HERE. WITHOUT IT, OUR WYRLD WOULD NOT BE HABITABLE!"

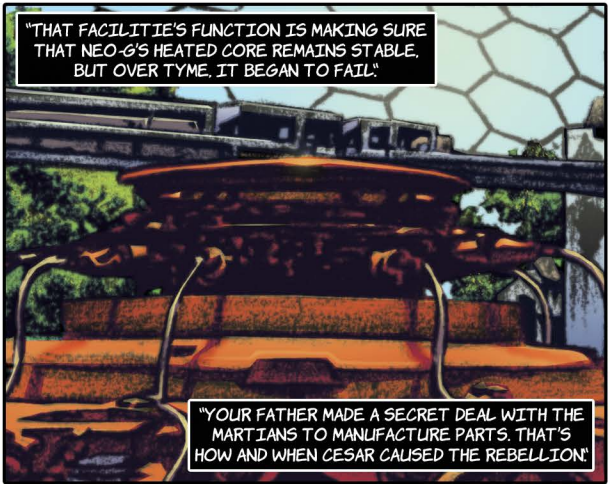


"NOAH BRADLEY, YOUR ANCESTOR, AND THE PARLIAMENT OF SCIENTISTS, BELIEVED THAT PEOPLE WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY WE WERE KEEPING SOME IN USE, BUT NOT ALL OF IT, SO THEY HID IT, KEEPING IT SECRET."

"THEY TOLD THE PEOPLE THAT ALL OF THE FACILITIES WERE DESTROYED, BUT THEY LYED!"

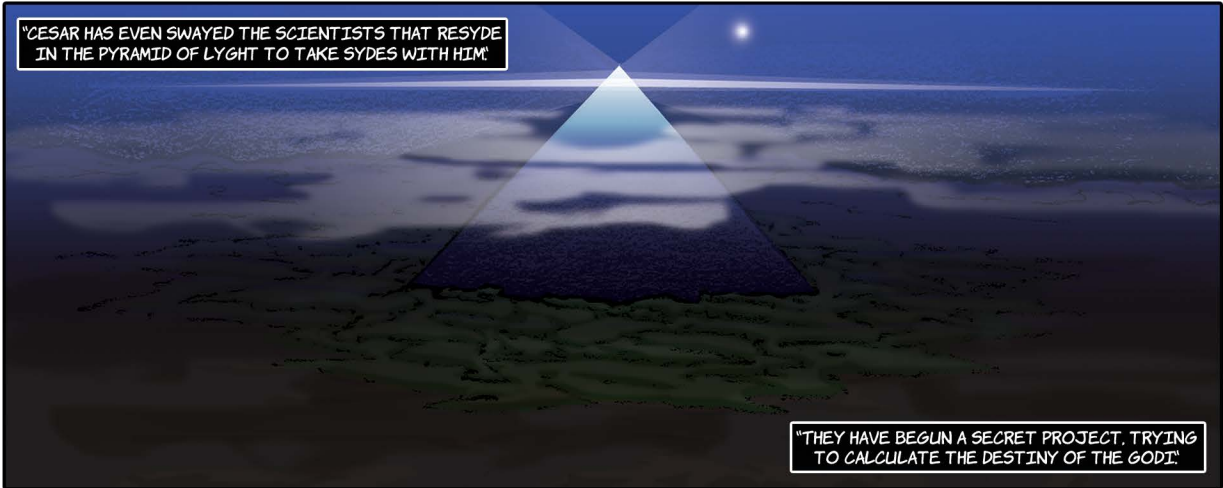


"THE SYTES THAT ARE KEPT OPERATIONAL ARE DESYGNED TO HEAT THE LUNAR CORE AND MAINTAIN ITS GRAVITY!"



"THAT FACILITIE'S FUNCTION IS MAKING SURE THAT NEO-G'S HEATED CORE REMAINS STABLE, BUT OVER TYME, IT BEGAN TO FAIL!"

"YOUR FATHER MADE A SECRET DEAL WITH THE MART IANS TO MANUFACTURE PARTS. THAT'S HOW AND WHEN CESAR CAUSED THE REBELLION!"



"CESAR HAS EVEN SWAYED THE SCIENTISTS THAT RESYDE IN THE PYRAMID OF LYGHT TO TAKE SYDES WITH HIM!"

"THEY HAVE BEGUN A SECRET PROJECT, TRYING TO CALCULATE THE DESTINY OF THE GODI!"



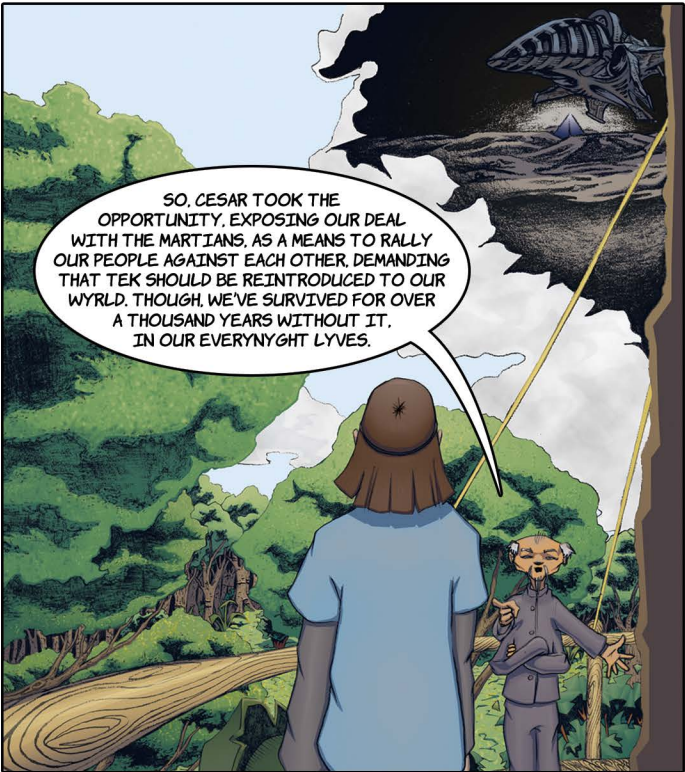
"THE EYE OF NEO G, WHICH ACTS AS A MOON FOR US, HAS LONG BEEN A SPACE STATION FOR OUTSIDE TRAVELERS. BUT, NOW, CESAR WYLL USE IT AS A MEANS OF SPREADING TEK IN OUR WYRLD."



"EVEN THE SOLAR TOWERS, WHICH ARE OVERSEEN BY THE PYRAMID OF LYGT, WILL BE UNDER CESAR'S CONTROL. AND THEY ARE WHAT POWER ALL OF THESE FACILITIES."



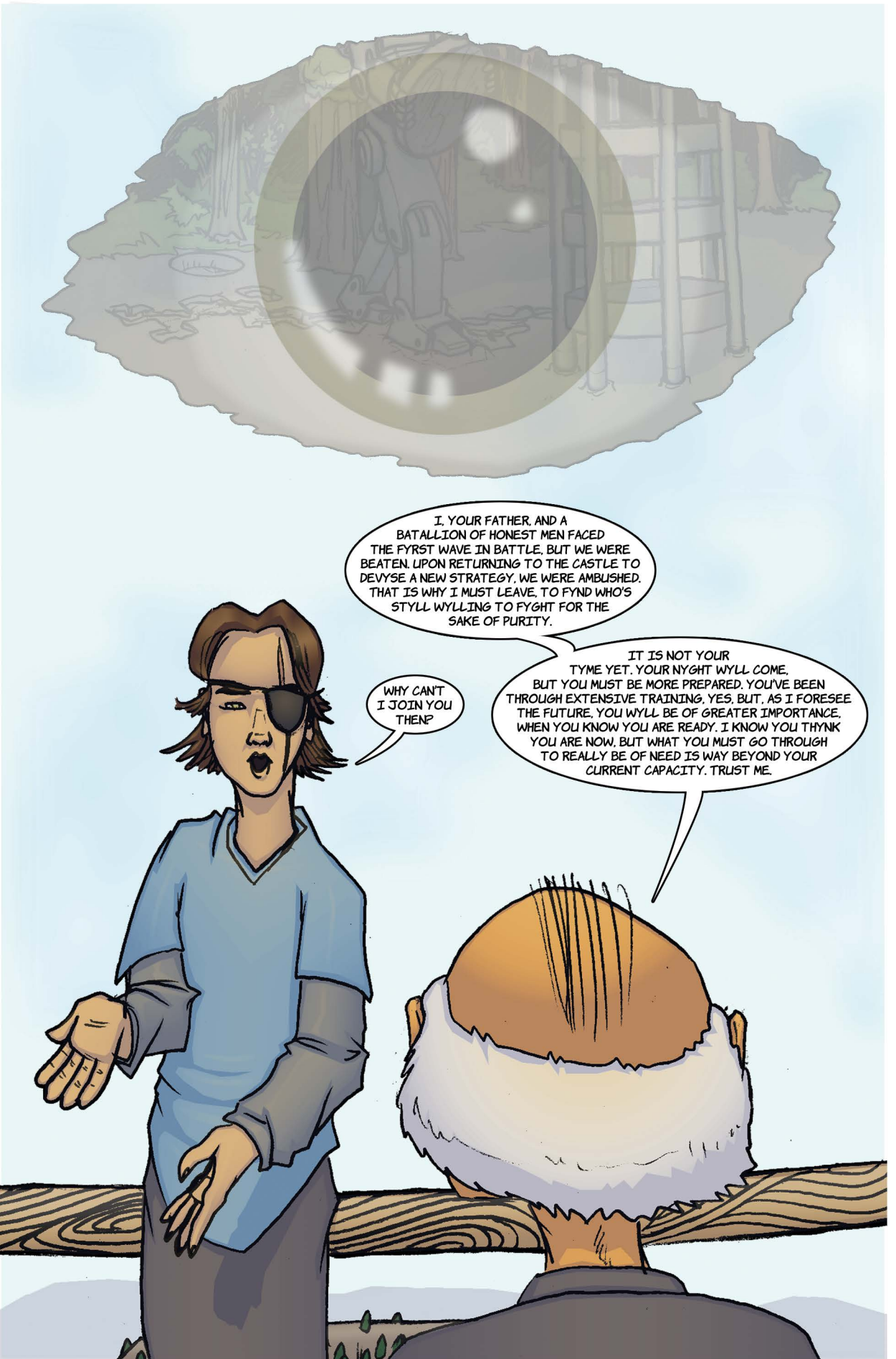
"YOU SEE, OUR WYRLD WAS ALWAYS DIVIDED, BETWEEN THOSE WHO THOUGHT WE SHOULD KEEP USING TEK, AND THOSE WHO DIDN'T. DESPITE THE LYES WE TOLD ABOUT ITS INOPERATIVE ABILITY. THE MAJORITY ACCEPTED THE LYE, BECAUSE THE TEK WAS MINIMAL AND NECESSARY."



SO, CESAR TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY, EXPOSING OUR DEAL WITH THE MARTIANS, AS A MEANS TO RALLY OUR PEOPLE AGAINST EACH OTHER, DEMANDING THAT TEK SHOULD BE REINTRODUCED TO OUR WYRLD. THOUGH, WE'VE SURVIVED FOR OVER A THOUSAND YEARS WITHOUT IT, IN OUR EVERYNYGHT LYES.



NOW, THE ARRIVAL OF HIS KLONES AND JRONES, AND THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF OUR SECRETS, HAS CAUSED THE REBELLION.



I, YOUR FATHER, AND A
BATTALION OF HONEST MEN FACED
THE FYRST WAVE IN BATTLE, BUT WE WERE
BEATEN. UPON RETURNING TO THE CASTLE TO
DEVYSE A NEW STRATEGY, WE WERE AMBUSHED.
THAT IS WHY I MUST LEAVE, TO FYND WHO'S
STYLL WYLLING TO FYGHT FOR THE
SAKE OF PURITY.

WHY CAN'T
I JOIN YOU
THEN?

IT IS NOT YOUR
TYME YET. YOUR NYGHT WYLL COME,
BUT YOU MUST BE MORE PREPARED. YOU'VE BEEN
THROUGH EXTENSIVE TRAINING, YES, BUT, AS I FORESEE
THE FUTURE, YOU WYLL BE OF GREATER IMPORTANCE,
WHEN YOU KNOW YOU ARE READY, I KNOW YOU THYNK
YOU ARE NOW, BUT WHAT YOU MUST GO THROUGH
TO REALLY BE OF NEED IS WAY BEYOND YOUR
CURRENT CAPACITY. TRUST ME.



WE HAVE DECIDED TO RAISE THE CREDIT LEVELS 2.376%, AND THE HEAVY SPENDERS PROGRAM IS GOING TO HAVE CUTBACKS. THE CAFETERIAS WILL ALSO HAVE LIMITS. WE'LL BE USING NEW FOOD ALLOWANCE CREDITS. IT WILL KEEP TRACK OF 3 MEALS ALLOTTED PER DAY. THE NEW RULES FOR THOSE IN THE HEAVY SPENDERS PROGRAM WILL BE SENT TO NETWORK DEVICES IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THIS ADDRESS.



AS ALWAYS, YOUR HUMBLE KING, HERE TO SERVE YOU, AND THE GREATER SUSTAINMENT OF OUR NEW PROGRESSION.

AIRO!
YOU ALRIGHT,
MAN?!



NAH!
I THNKK
I GOTTA
LEAVE!



FOR REALS?
I JUST MET ISSYAH.
I WANTED TO INTRODUCE
YOU TO HER.

HI, I'M
ISSYAH.

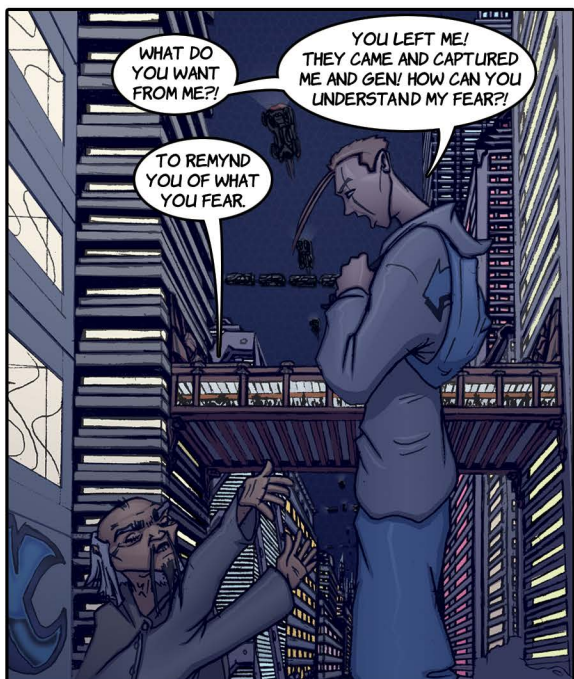
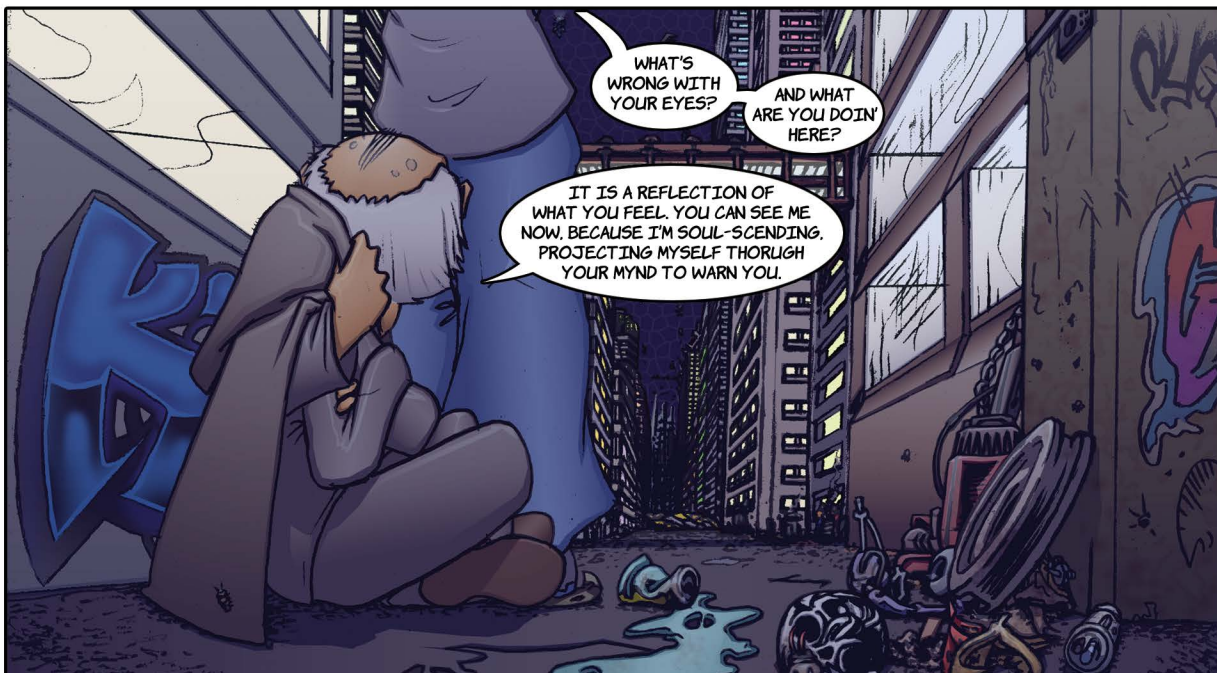
BRYN!
I GOTTA GO!
SORRY!



WHAT'S HIS
PROBLEM?

WE TOOK
DOOM EARLIER.
I HOPE HE'LL BE
ALRIGHT.







THE PERCEPTIONS OF OTHERS WYLL CONFUSE YOUR UNDERSTANDING. IT IS A CONSTANT STRUGGLE, IF YOU ALLOW IT. YOU CAN FYND A PERSPECTIVE THAT TEACHES YOU TO SEE THROUGH THE CONFUSION AND CONTRADYCTION.



I CAN'T RYGT NOW! I TOOK SOME PYLLS, AND THEY'RE DRYVING ME... CRAZY.

WHAT YOU'RE AFRAID OF IS AN ILLUSION. THESE SEMI-PERMANENT WALLS ARE NO SOLUTION. YOU CAN LEAVE, ANYTME YOU WANT. BUT ARE YOU WYLLING TO DO WHAT IT TAKES TO ESCAPE?



SO... YOU'RE LEAVING ME HERE ALONE AGAIN?



ARE YOU FEELIN' BETTER YET?

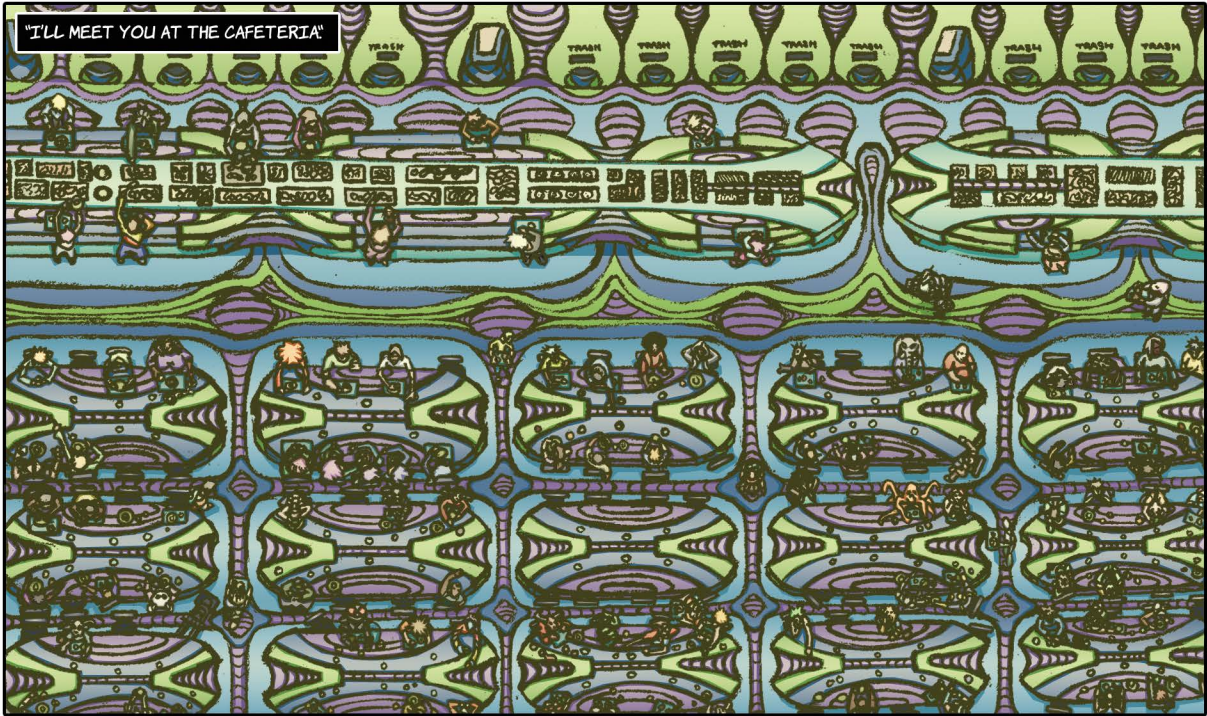
WELL, ISSYAH ASKED US TO COME TO HER PLACE FOR A LITTLE. I SAID, ONLY IF YOU WANNA.

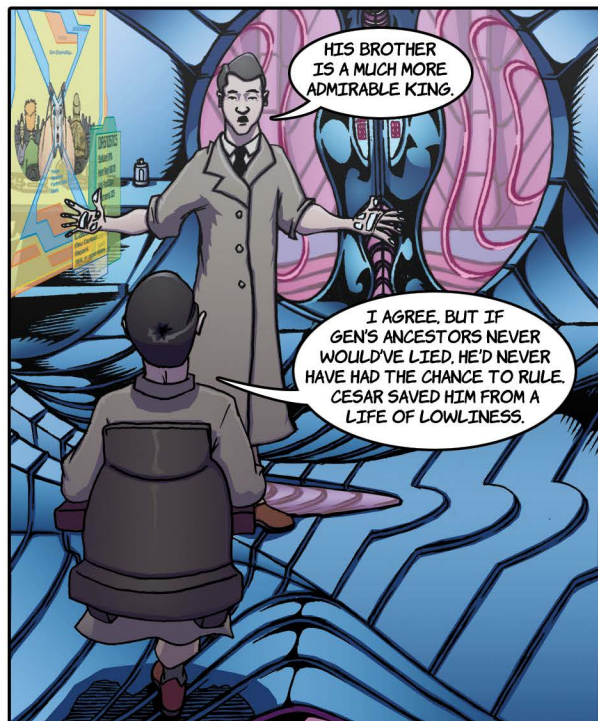
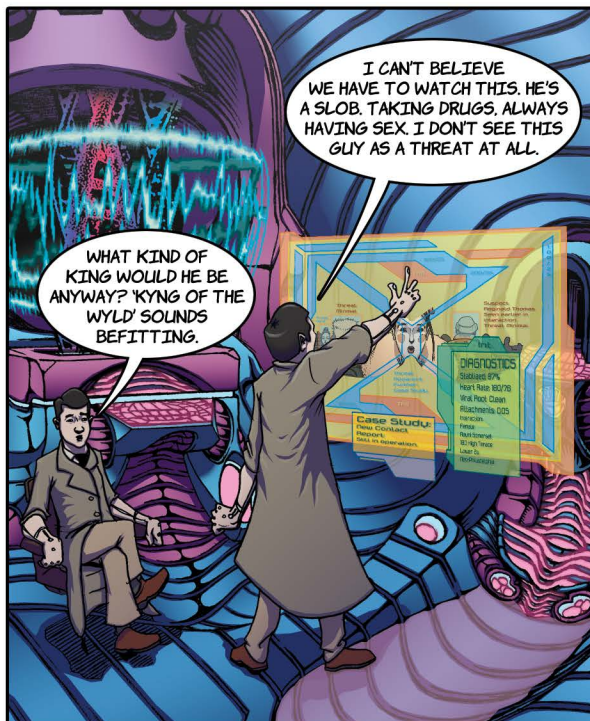
WHAT?! NO! I'M ANGRY AS FLICK! AND... I'M HUNGRY.

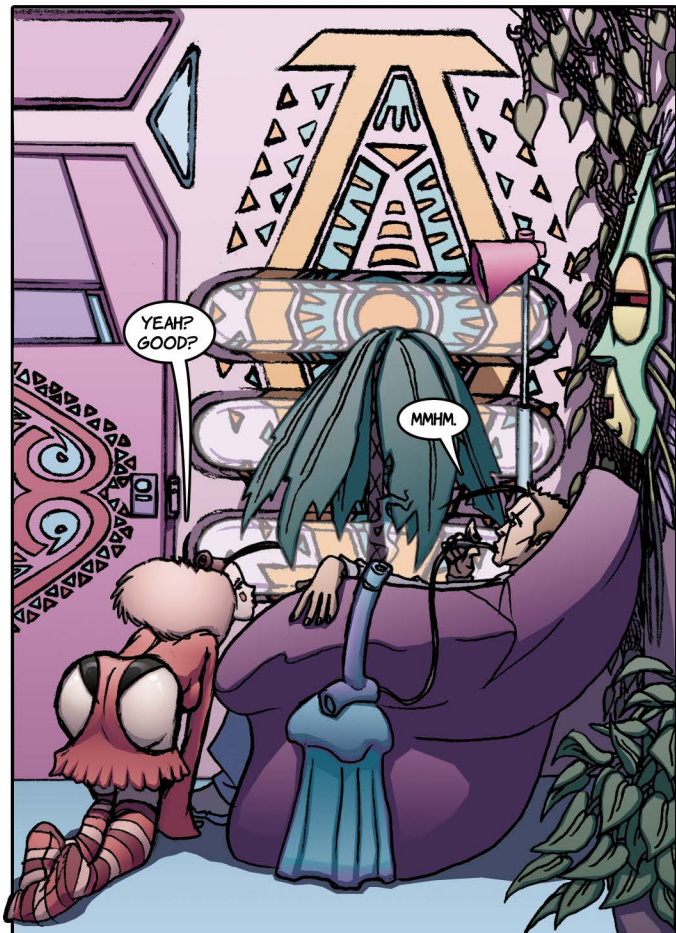


SO? DO YAP

YEAH! BUT I GOTTA EAT FYRST.



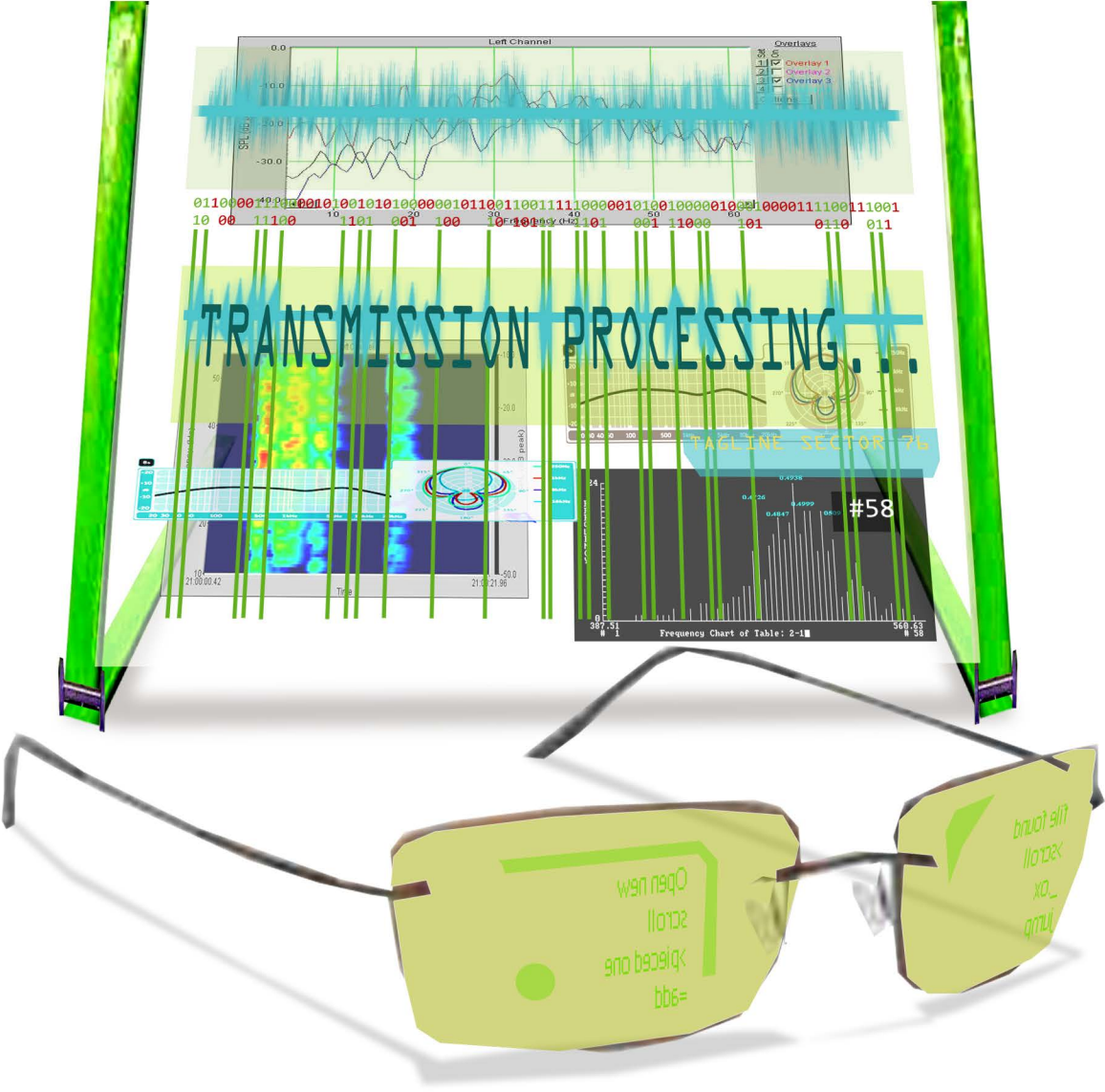




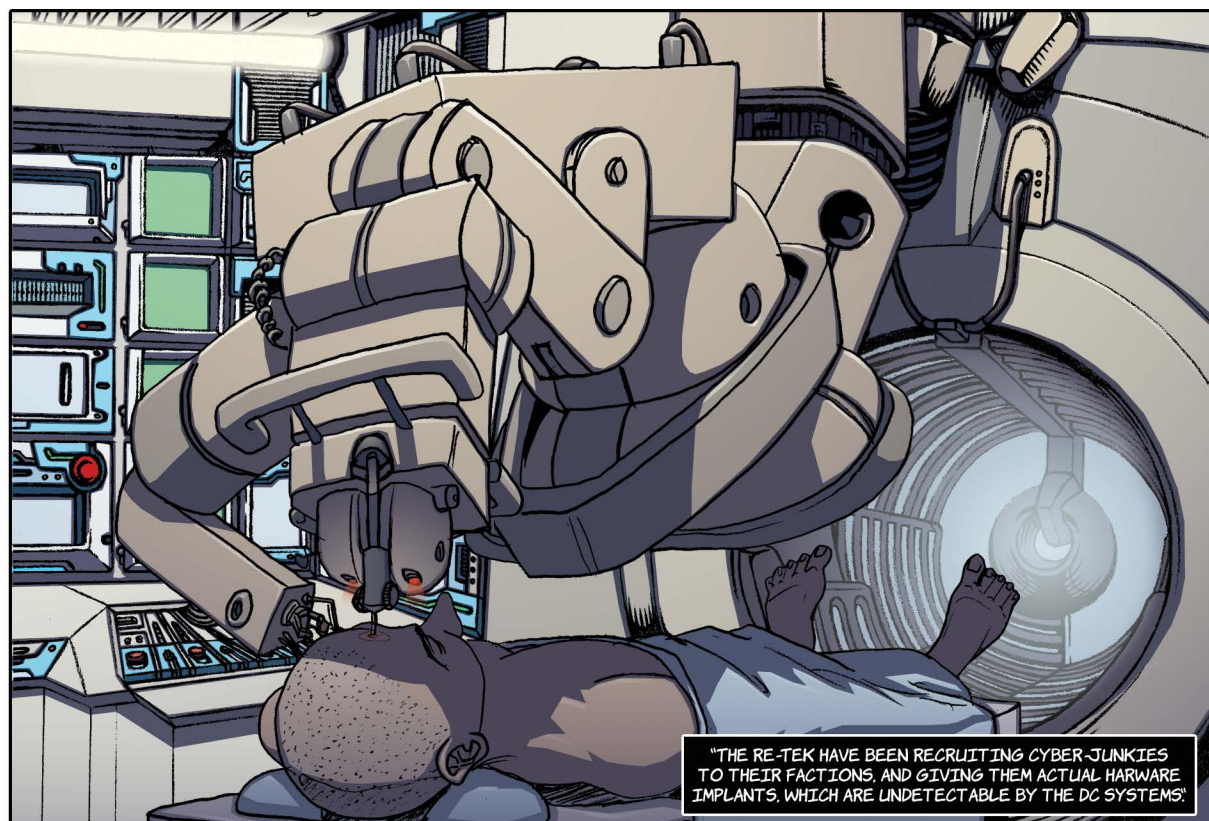
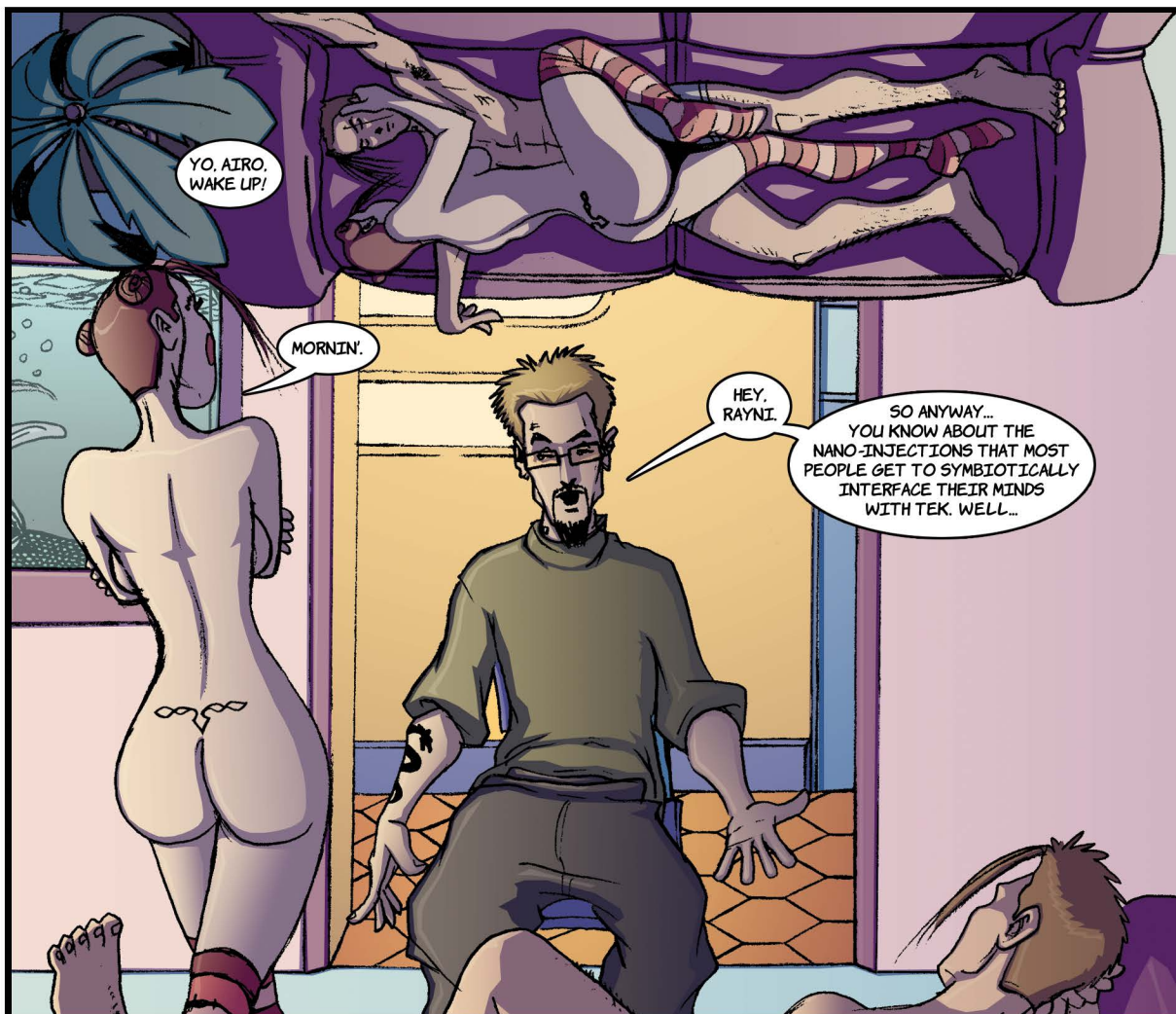
NEO-G

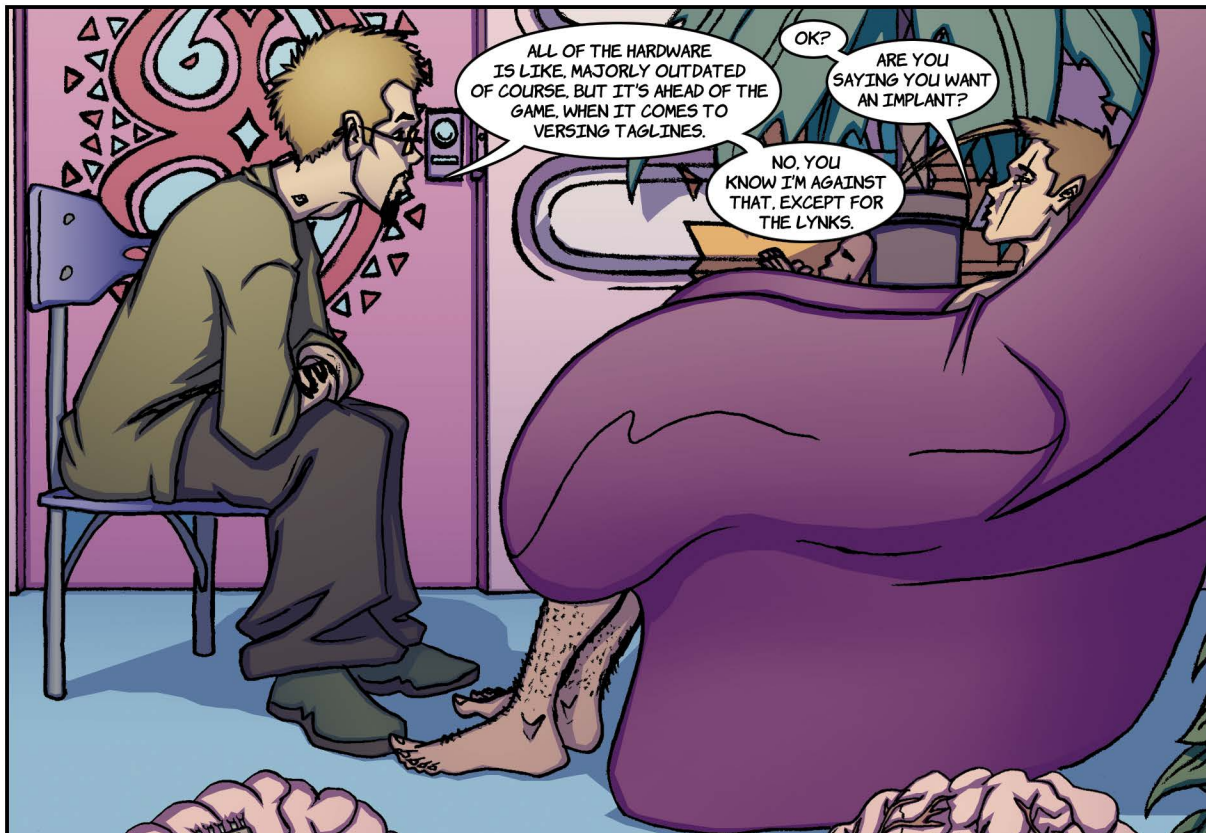
SOUNDTRACK VOL.1

THE ONUS



Listen and download for free at soundcloud.com/free-tekreords

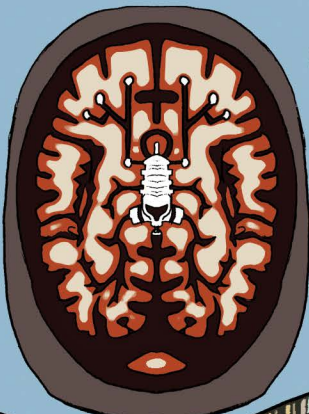
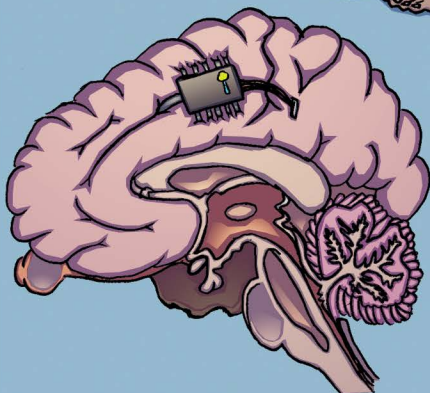




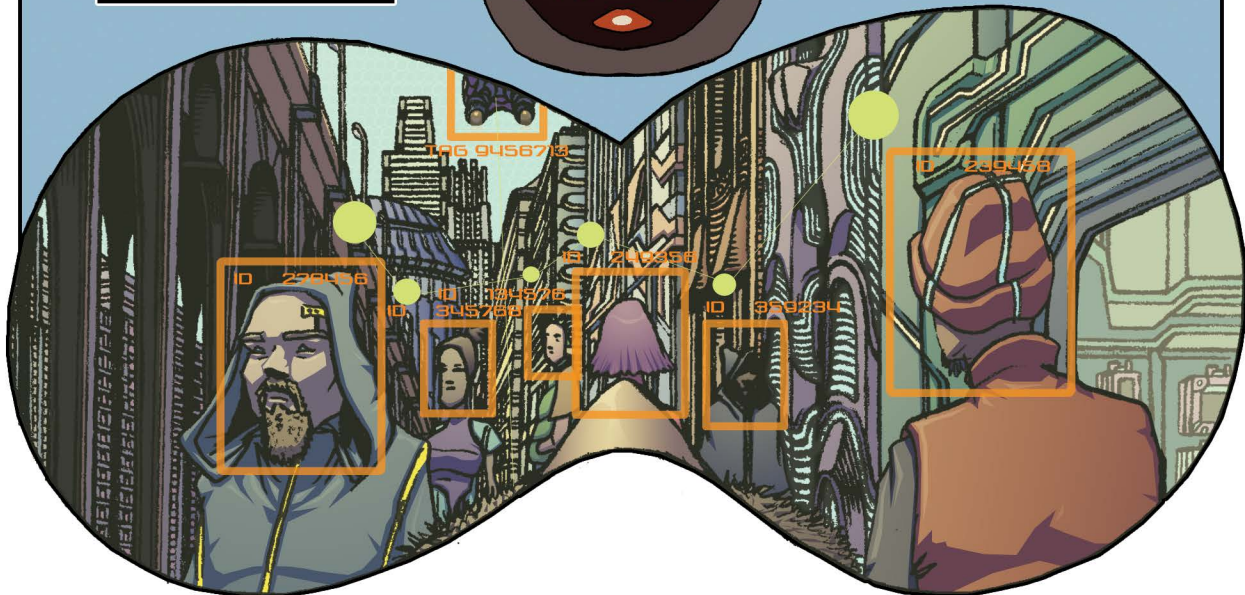
ALL OF THE HARDWARE IS LIKE, MAJORLY OUTDATED OF COURSE, BUT IT'S AHEAD OF THE GAME, WHEN IT COMES TO VERSING TAGLINES.

OK? ARE YOU SAYING YOU WANT AN IMPLANT?

NO, YOU KNOW I'M AGAINST THAT, EXCEPT FOR THE LYNKS.



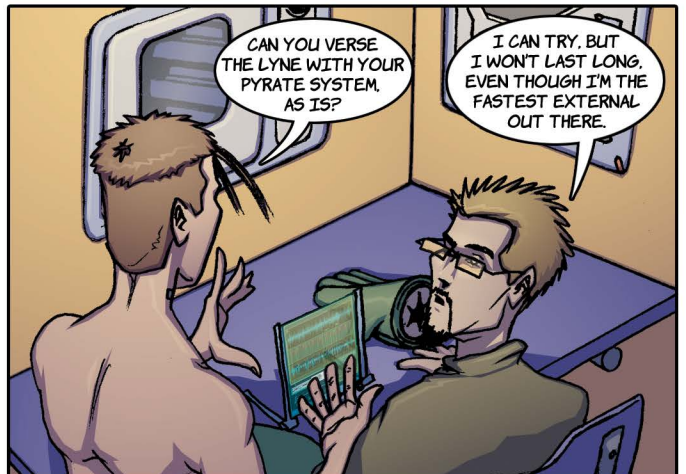
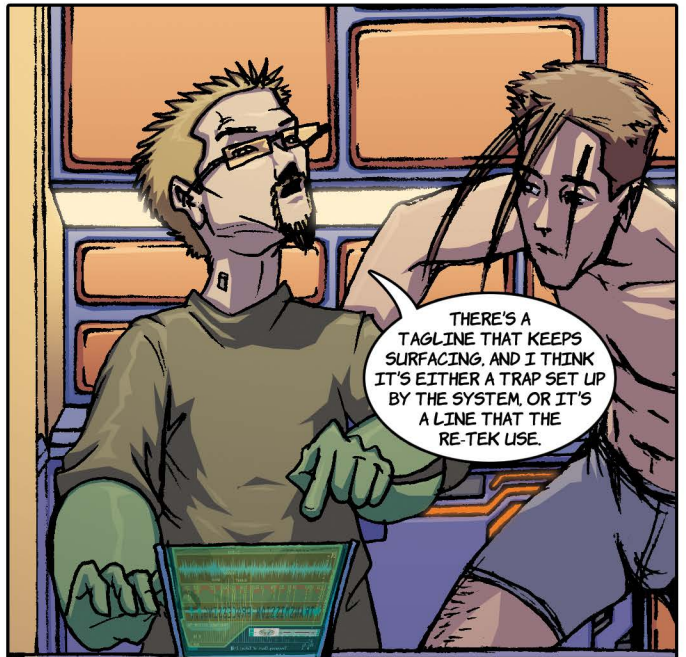
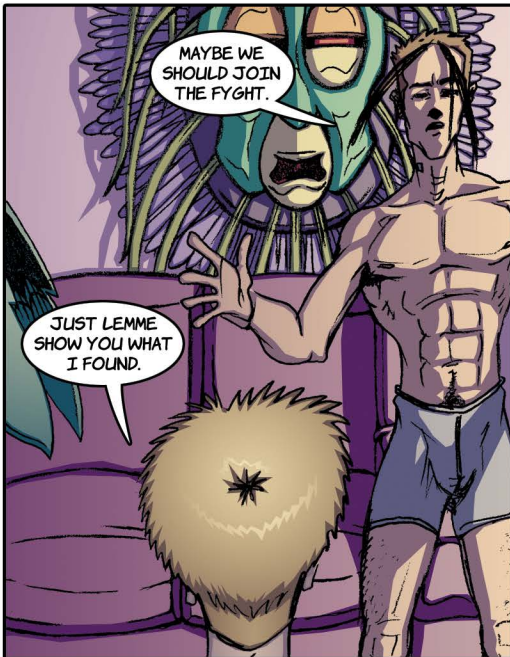
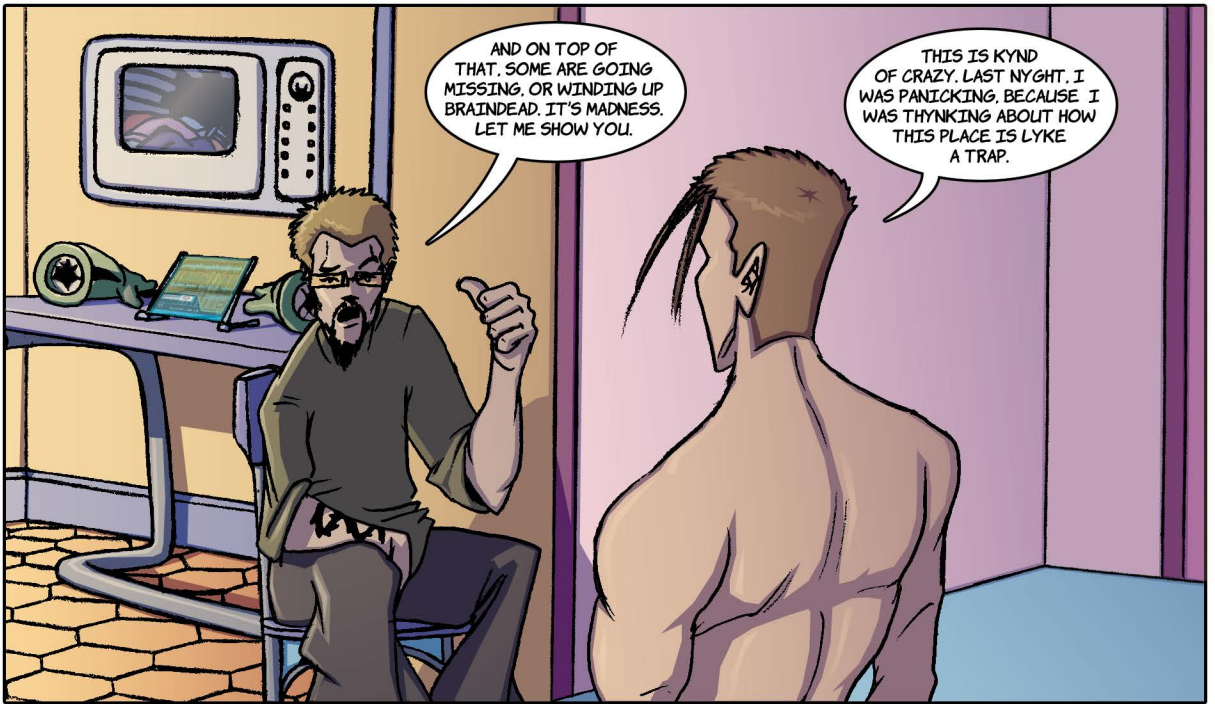
"THE POINT IS THAT SOMETHING MAJOR IS ON THE MOVE."

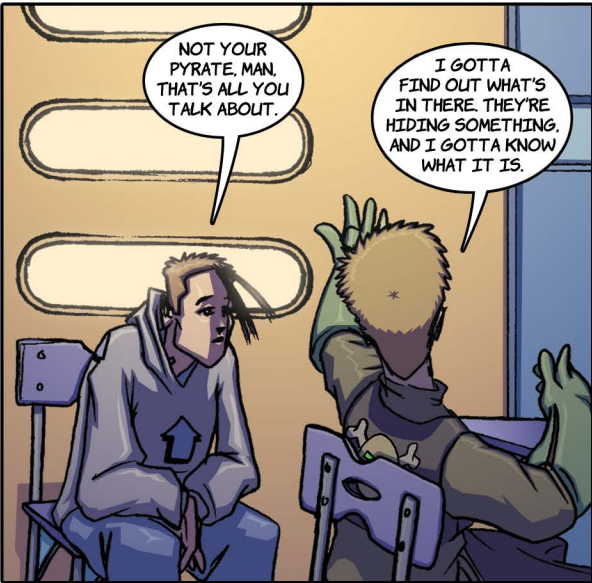
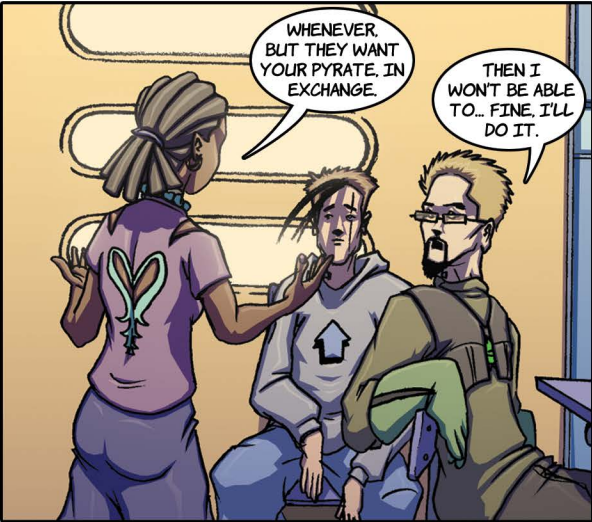
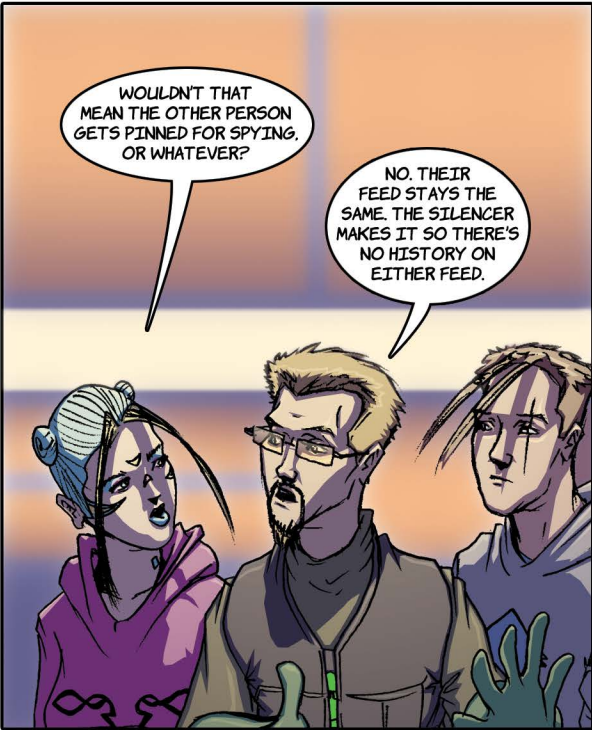
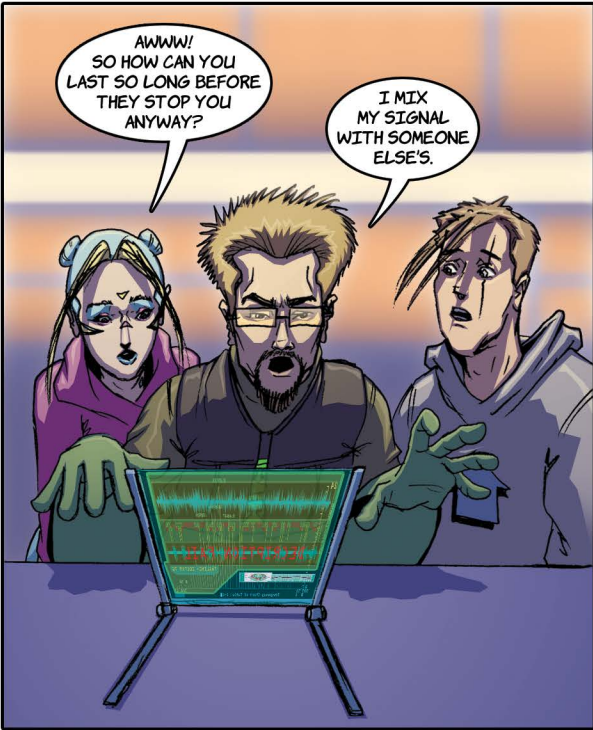


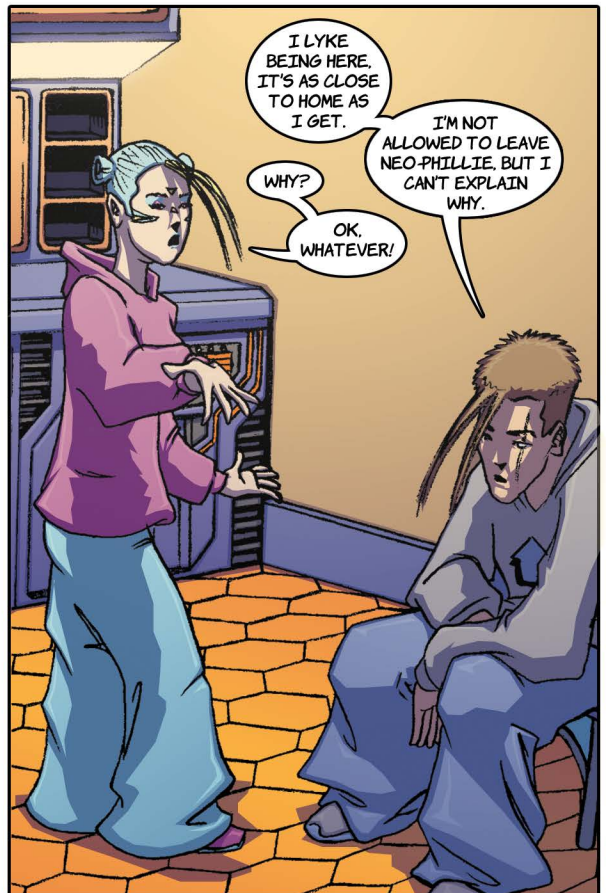
"I'VE BEEN TRACKING CERTAIN TAGLINES, AND THERE SEEMS TO BE A LOT OF ACTIVITY BUILDING AROUND A PLAN OF SUBVERSION!"

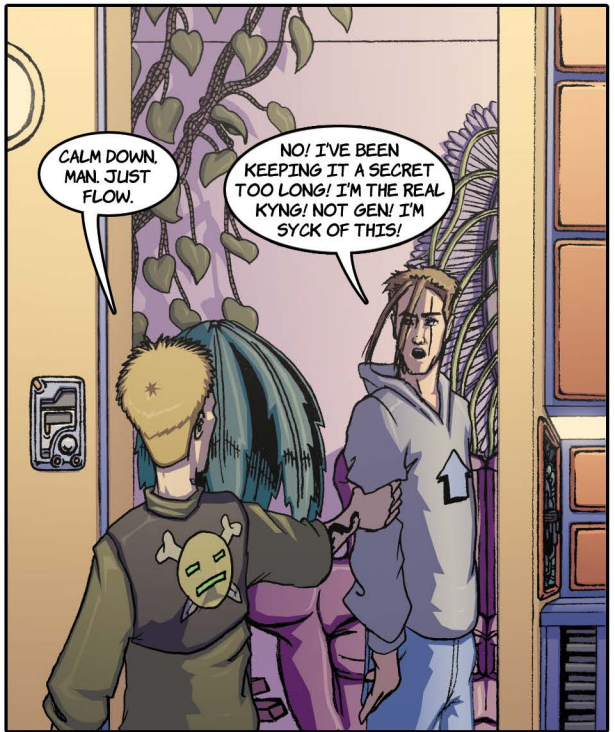
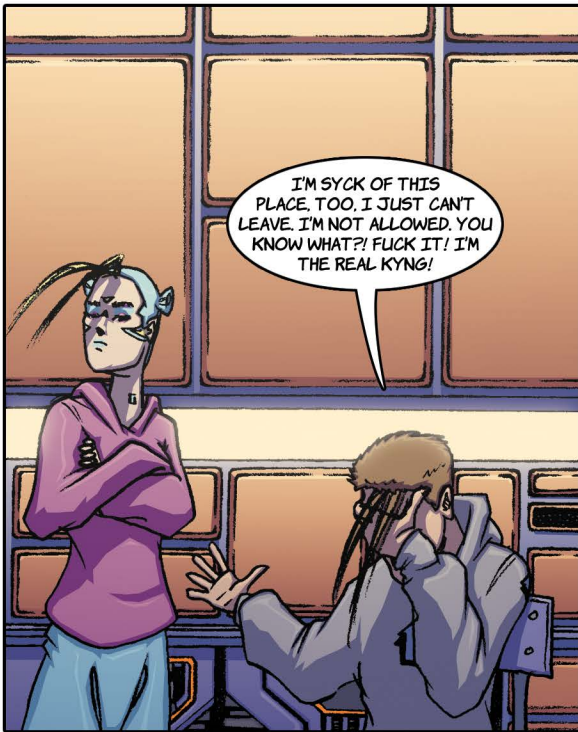


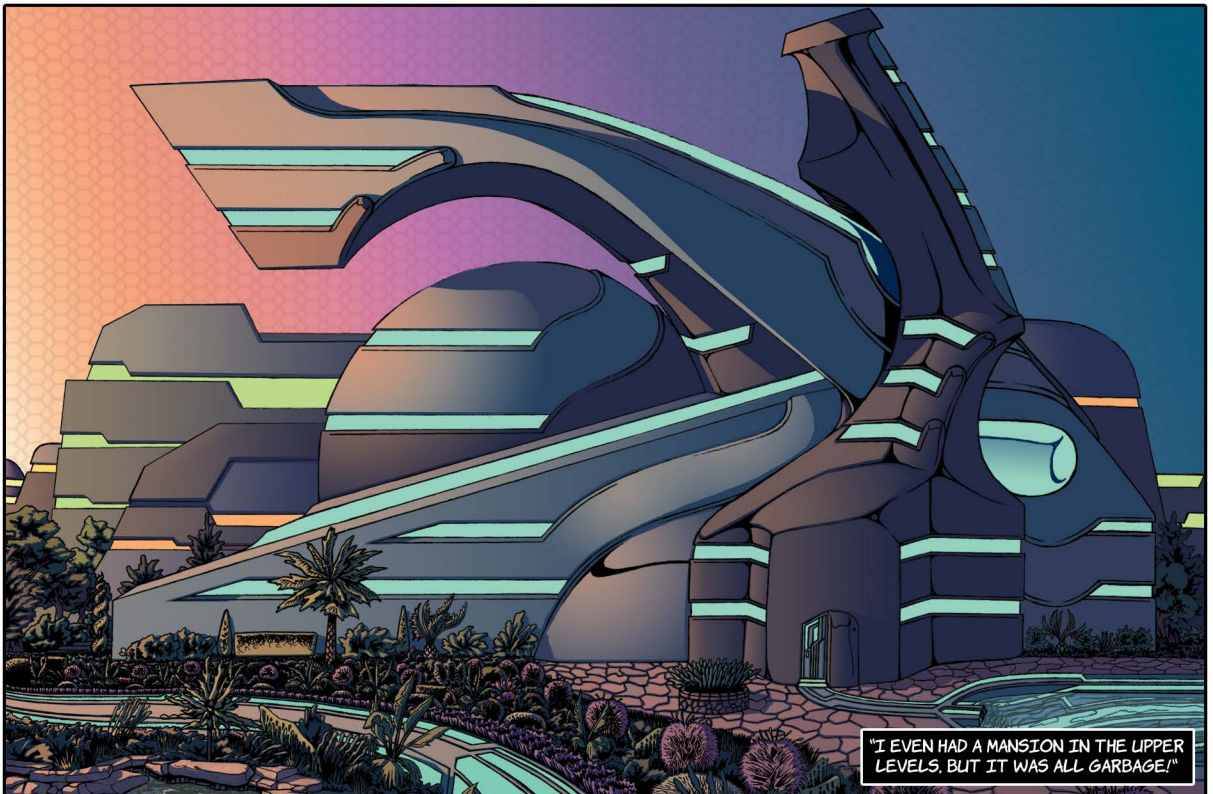
"CYBER-JUNKIES ARE GETTING POPPED, LEFT AND RIGHT, BECAUSE OF THE INFLUX OF SO MANY JOINING THE RE-TEK. THE SYSTEM'S DETAINING ANY POTENTIAL THREATS, ON WEAK CHARGES, SIMPLY BECAUSE OF THE RISK!"

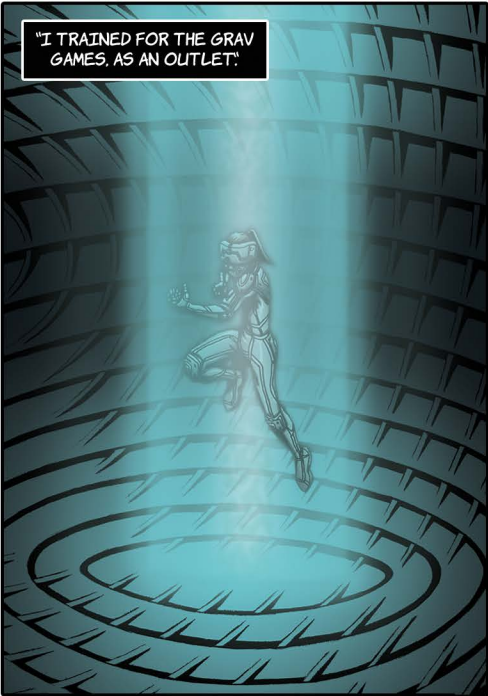
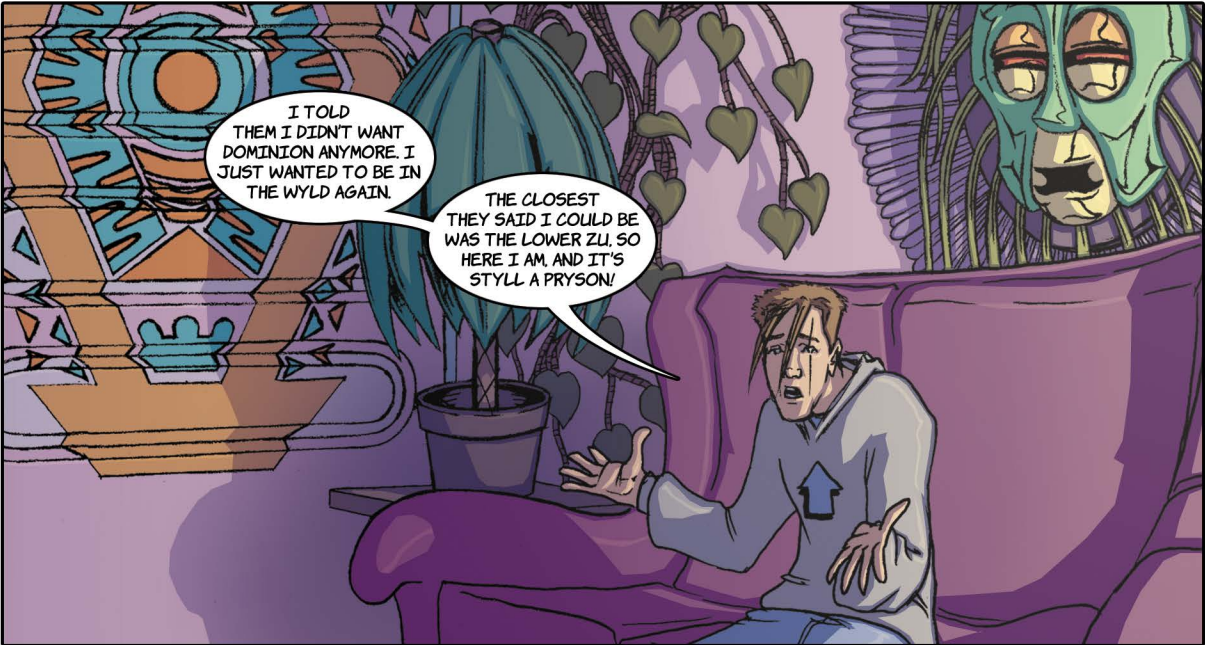
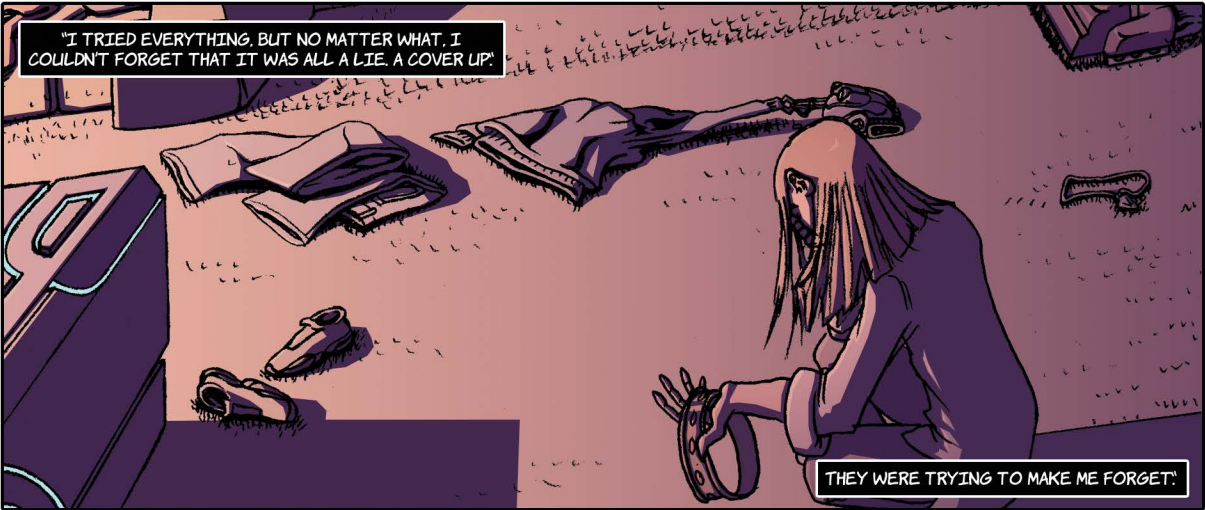


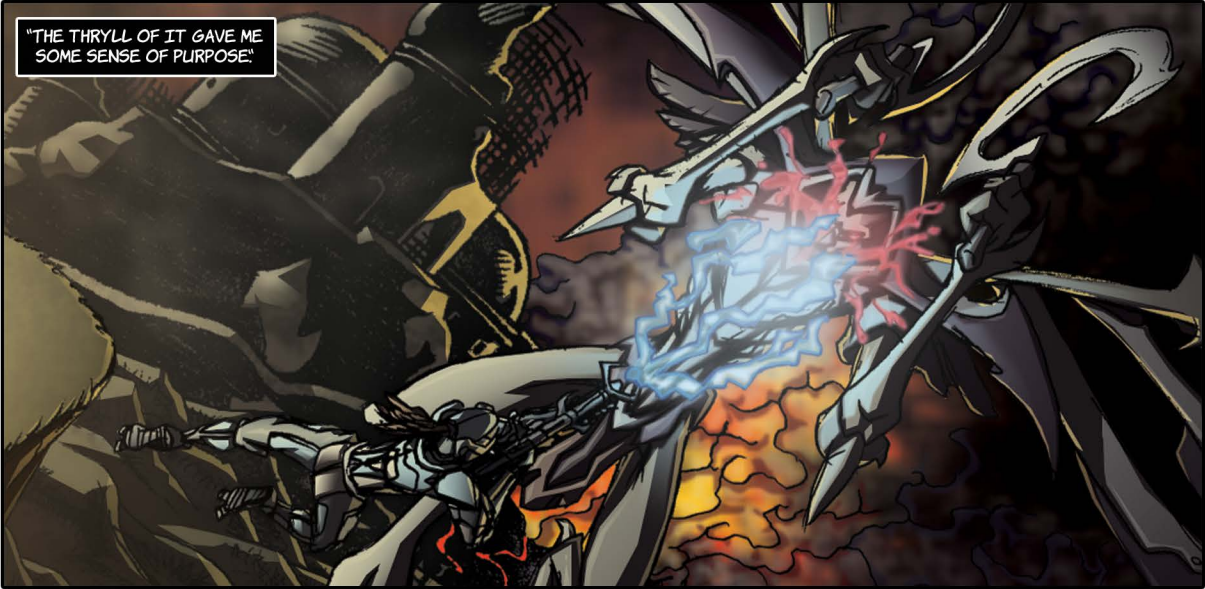




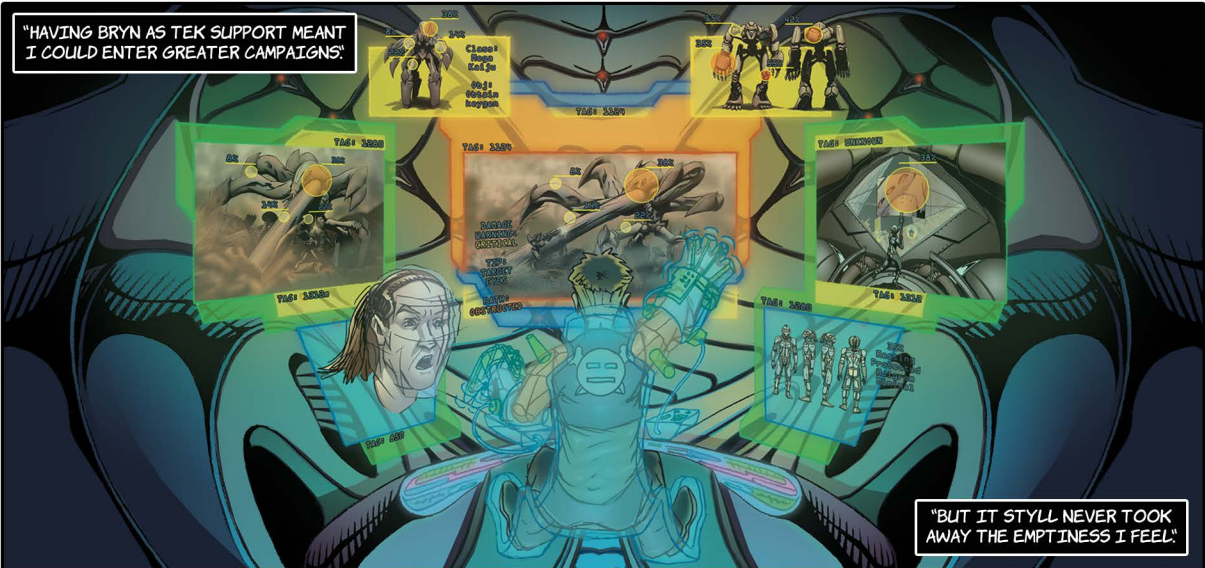








"THE THRYLL OF IT GAVE ME SOME SENSE OF PURPOSE."



"HAVING BRYN AS TEK SUPPORT MEANT I COULD ENTER GREATER CAMPAIGNS."

"BUT IT STYLL NEVER TOOK AWAY THE EMPTINESS I FEEL."



I GUARANTEE THAT SOMEWHERE IN THAT TAGLINE YOU SO DESPERATELY SEEK, BRYN, THE REASON WHY THOSE CYBER-JUNKIES ARE BEING SHUTDOWN, IS THE SECRET ABOUT HOW I'M SUPPOSED TO BE KYNG.



BUT NO! THESE SELF-CENTERED, TEK-DEPENDENT ASSHOLES DON'T CARE! FREE FOOD, FREE CLOTHING, FREE VEHICLES, AND FREE HOUSING! IMPLANTS! LYNKS! I'M SYCK OF THIS SHYT!







Dear Reader,

When I finally started the graphic novel, I was uncertain of what direction to take. I had dreamt of this story since about ninth grade, which would've been '94-'95, and it's now 2017. I spent the years in between perfecting my artistic talents, hoping that someday I'd have the ability to accomplish the magnum opus. I enrolled in art schools and colleges, after high school, trying to build a vision for it. Then, in '05, I had a mental breakdown, fearing the idea that I might die, before I ever saw the day that 'Neo-G' would see the lyght of day. That propelled me into a spree of trying to make it become a reality.

Originally, before the breakdown, I thought that I would have to hire a writer to do the task, but every attempt at working with someone else failed. After all of those scenearios, I realized I'd have to write it myself. I had no idea what I was doing, and I was fearful through the whole process.

My first attempts were messy. I had a great vision in mind, in my early adult years, but after the breakdown, I lost a lot of what it originally meant, and how the story would play out. I tried writing it as a novel first, but those were the messy parts. At one point, I was on medication that thrashed my mind, and came up with some vague, distorted outline, which was garbage. I was losing hope that I'd ever have the wherewithal or the ability to write it. By the time I started what came to be this final version, I was so fed up with the whole process, I dawned an attitude of determination, and just went with what came to mind. I wrote in a variety of means: on paper, by computer, with the TV or music playing, in drawing spells, through musical recordings, while employed, in between jobs, and in the hospital. I had, at one point, created an atmospheric soundtrack, which I used to help me envision what the world would look like. I needed to go as deep and as far as I could.

In '98-'99, when I first started taking the creation of it seriously, I was stumped. I wanted the story to revolve around transcendence. I heard from some unkown source that the universe consisted of twelve dimensions, and I spent the next ten years trying to imagine what transcending those dimensions would be like. That was the main hangup preventing me from starting it, before the breakdown. I just couldn't see where the story went, after a certain point. Losing my mind helped me to stop caring about where it would go, and drove me to just start completing it. It's been the longest and most emotional experience I've ever had to face.

Once the writing process was started, then there was the task of drawing it. As I said, medication impaired many of my abilities, and I feared that I lost that ability, too. Luckily, Dan backed me up, suggesting I draw the characters, and he'd design the backgrounds. That saved the process, but finding the time was a whole new challengege.

Now... Here we are. It's the start of what I imagine will take about fourteen to twenty-one years to complete. I don't know if that's in my bank to get there, but I'm gonna die tryin'. All I can ask is that the fans bear with me, and see where this goes. I know it's going to be a crazy ride, which it's already been. But... I'm game.

Later.

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