



PITTSBURGH,
PENNSYLVANIA.
JULY 5, 2015.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE
NOT MORE OFFENDED BY
THAT STATUE!!!

IT'S THE TYPICAL
RECONSTRUCTION ERA SETUP --
THE STERN AND STOIC WHITE MAN,
STEPHEN FOSTER...

...IS IN AN OBVIOUSLY
SUPERIOR POSITION OVER THE
FOLKSY OLD BLACK MAN, WHO'S
BAREFOOT, SMILING, AND
PLAYING A BANJO.

STEPHEN FOSTER IS A FAMOUS COMPOSER,
BUT THE STATUE MAKES HIM LOOK
MORE LIKE A RACIST
DICTATOR!

IT'S OFFENSIVE TO ME,
AND SHOULD BE OFFENSIVE
TO ANY DECENT-HEARTED
CITIZEN OF THIS CITY.

I'D LOVE TO
TEAR THAT STATUE
RIGHT OUT OF THE
GROUND.

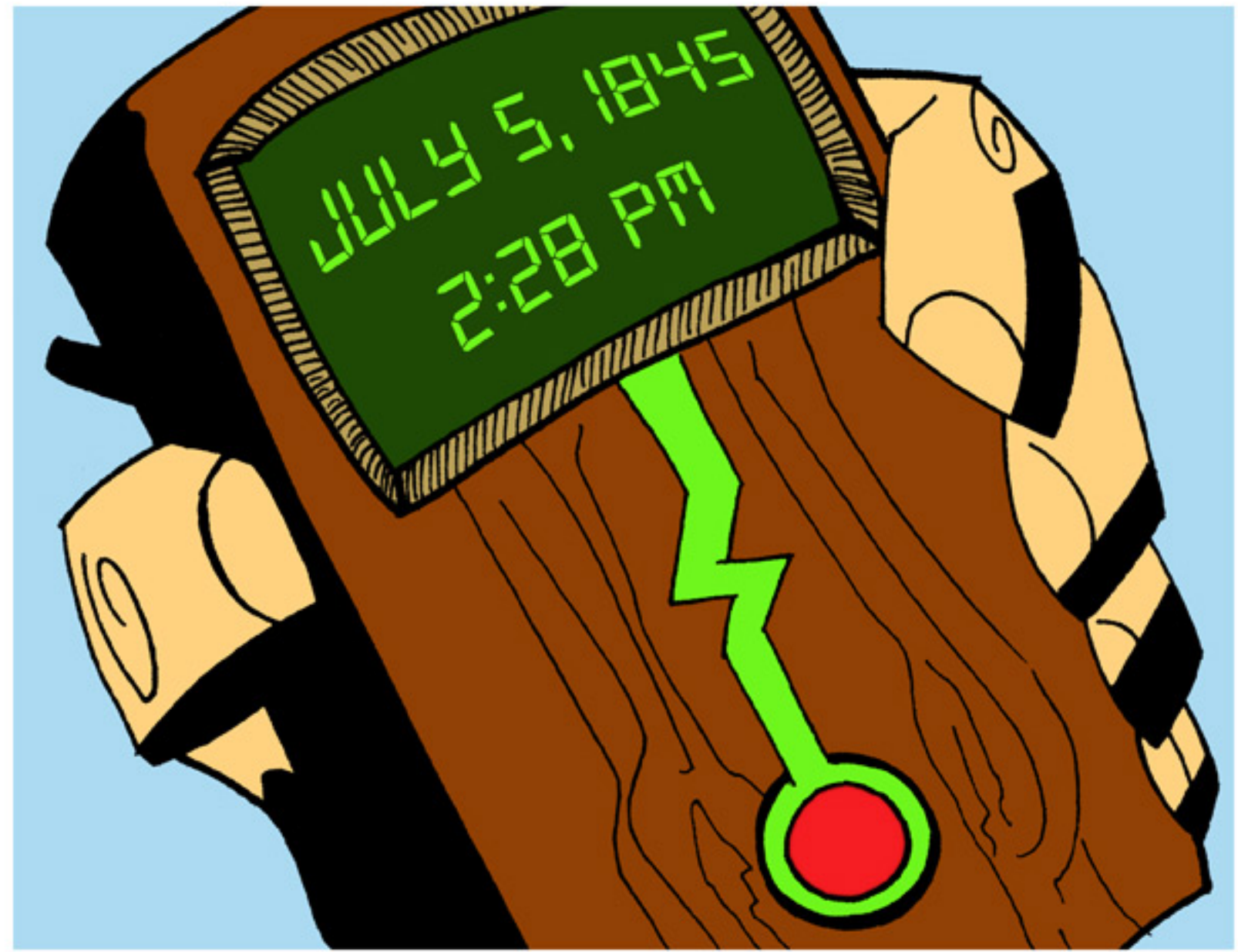


IF PEOPLE
REALLY WANT
TO PRESERVE
HISTORY...

THEN THEY
SHOULD SHOW FOSTER
AS HE WAS WHEN HE
DIED...

A WASHED-UP
ALCOHOLIC!

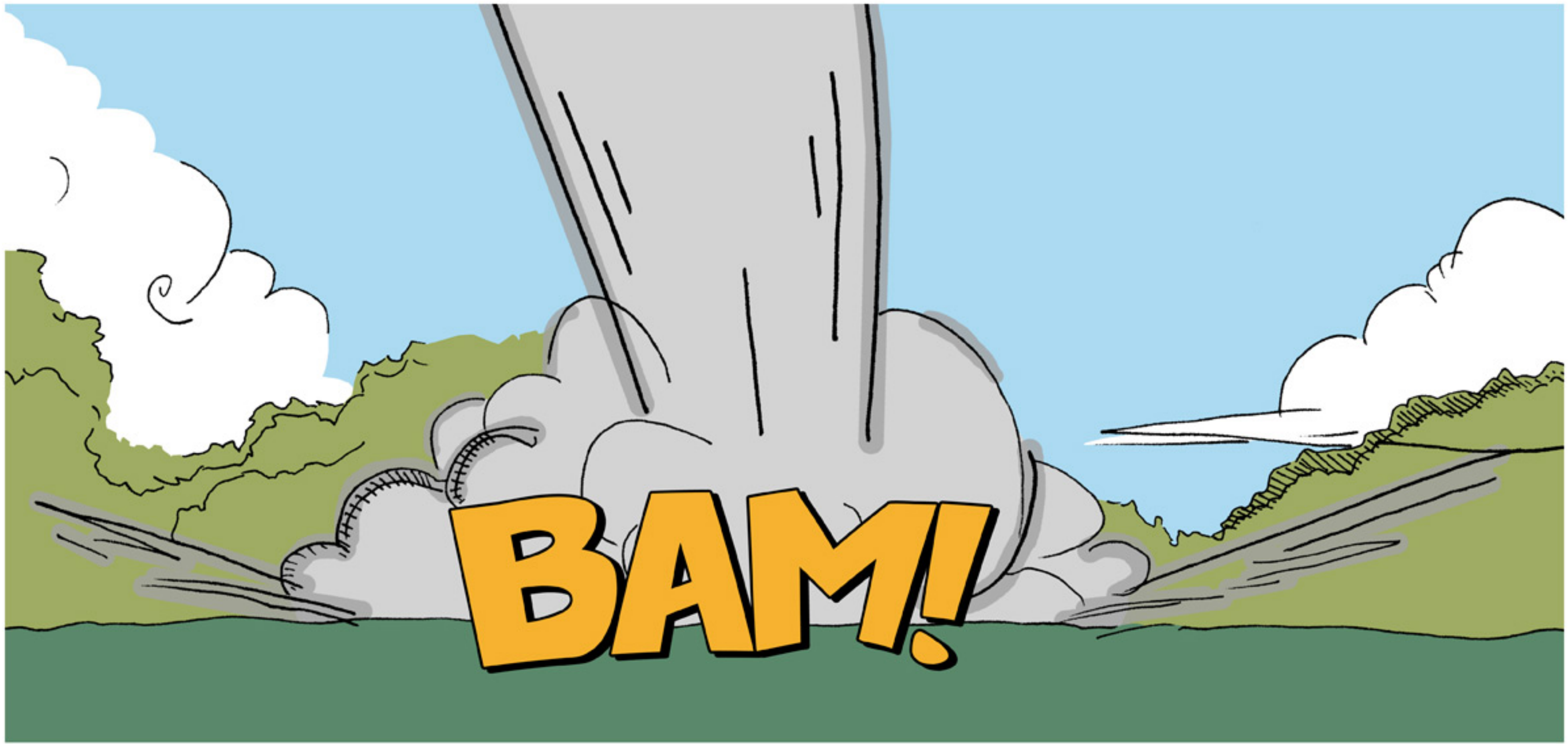
RIIIGHT...
WELL, I'M OUTTA
HERE.

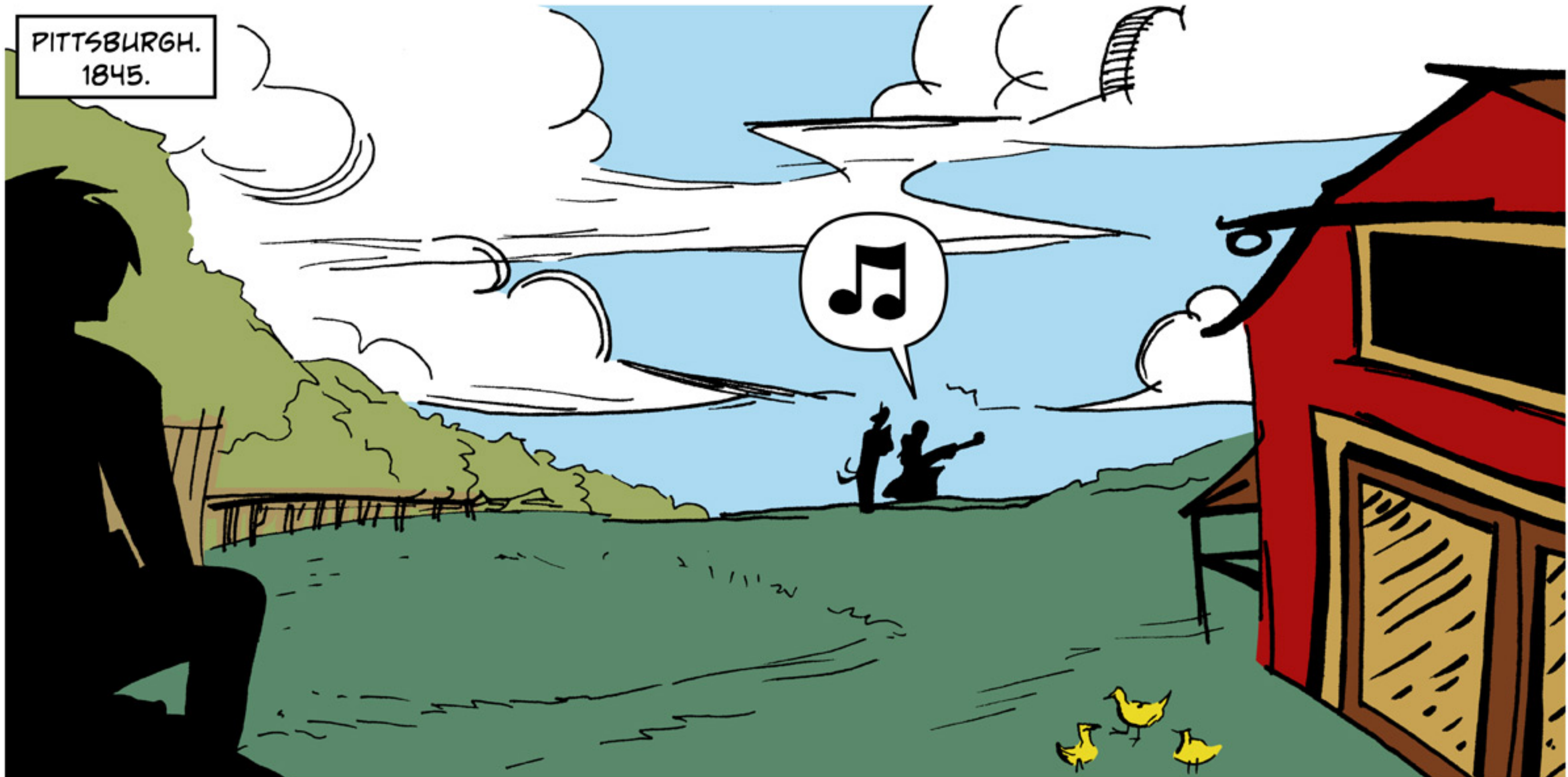




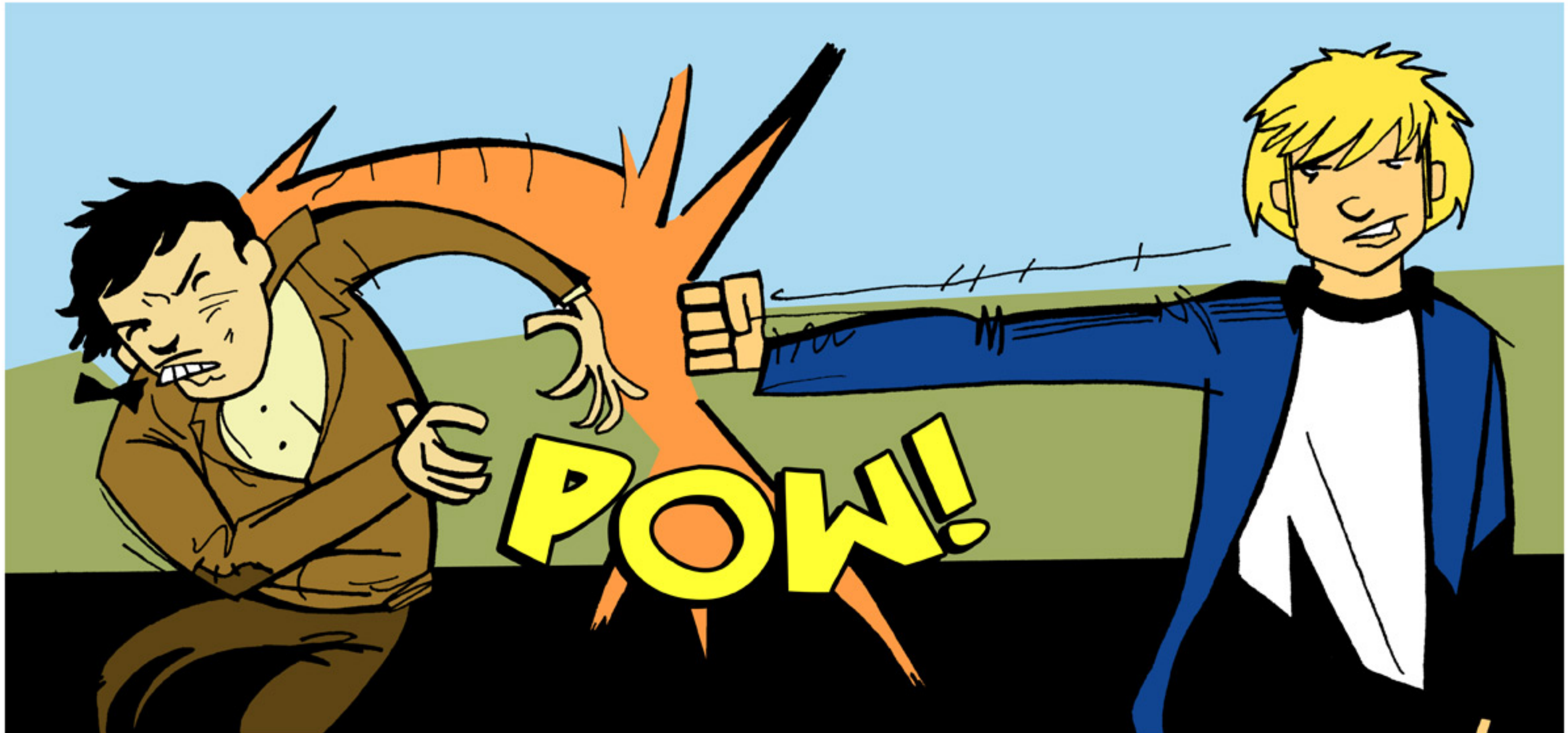
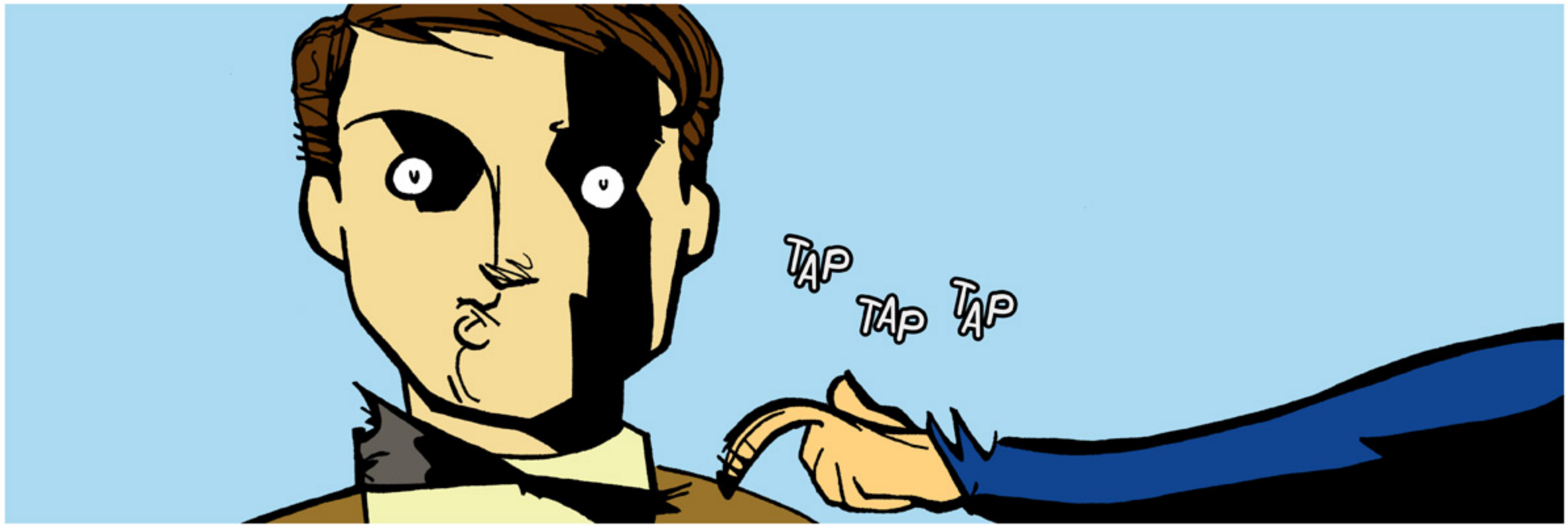
AAAAAH!!





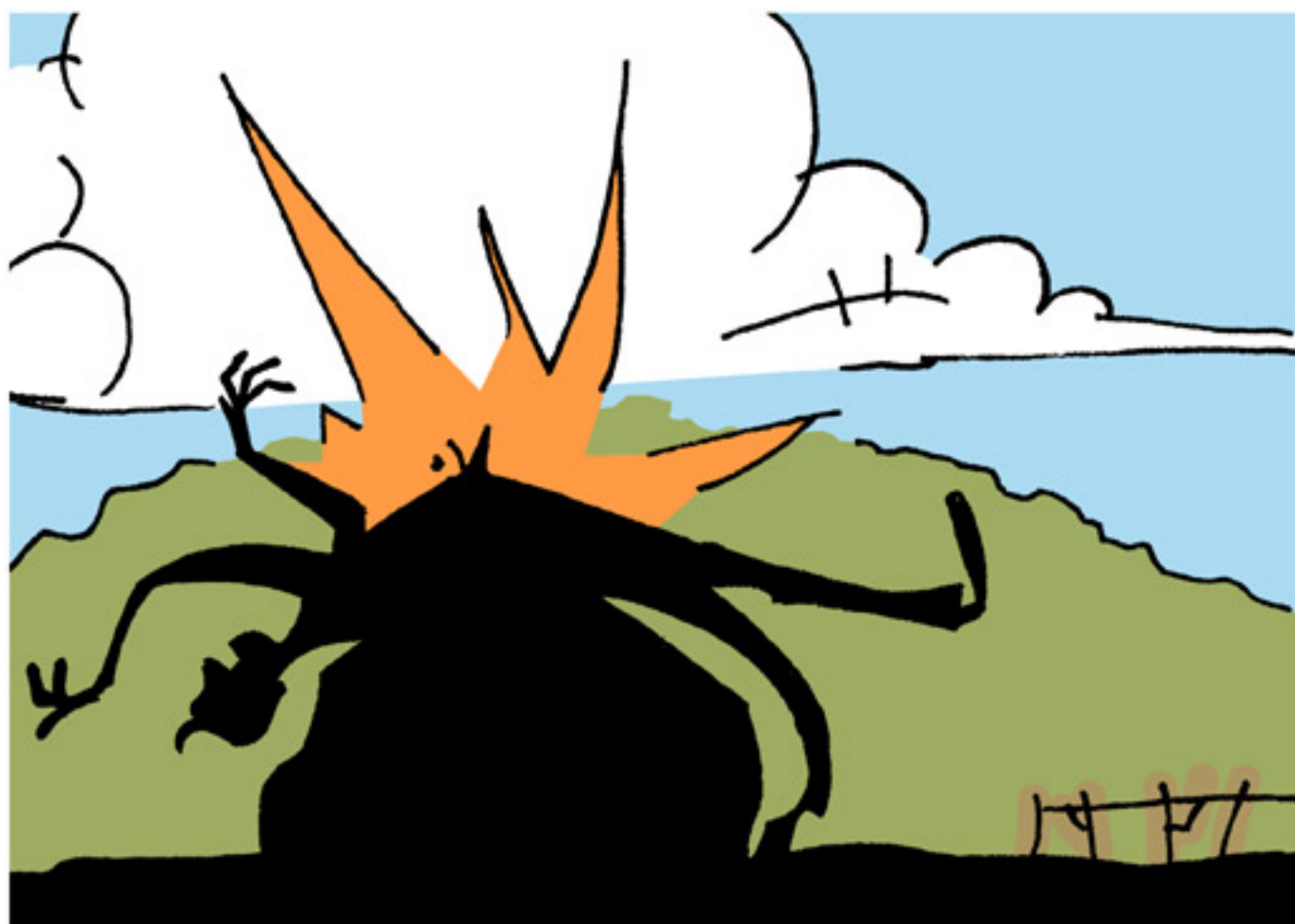


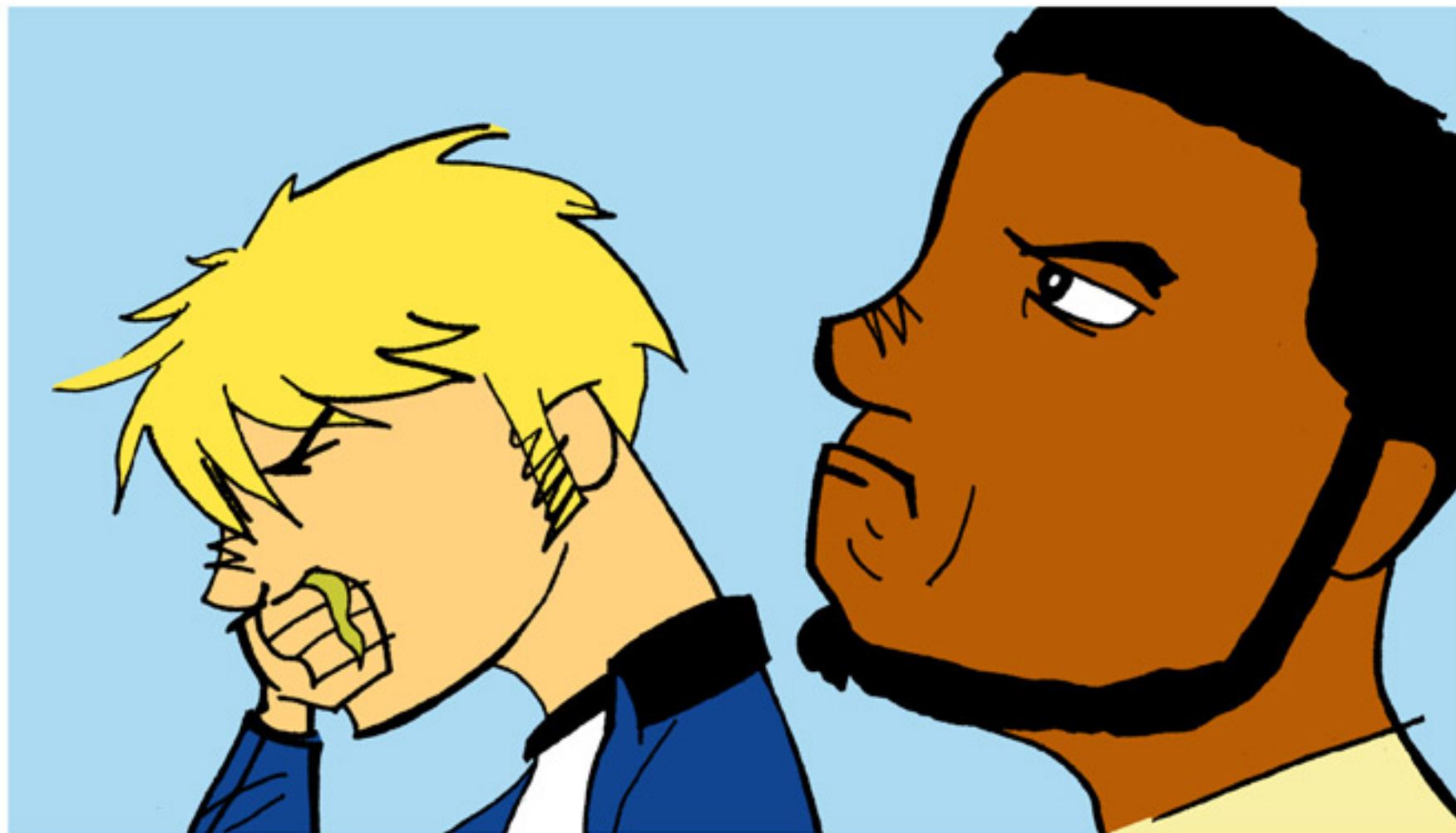






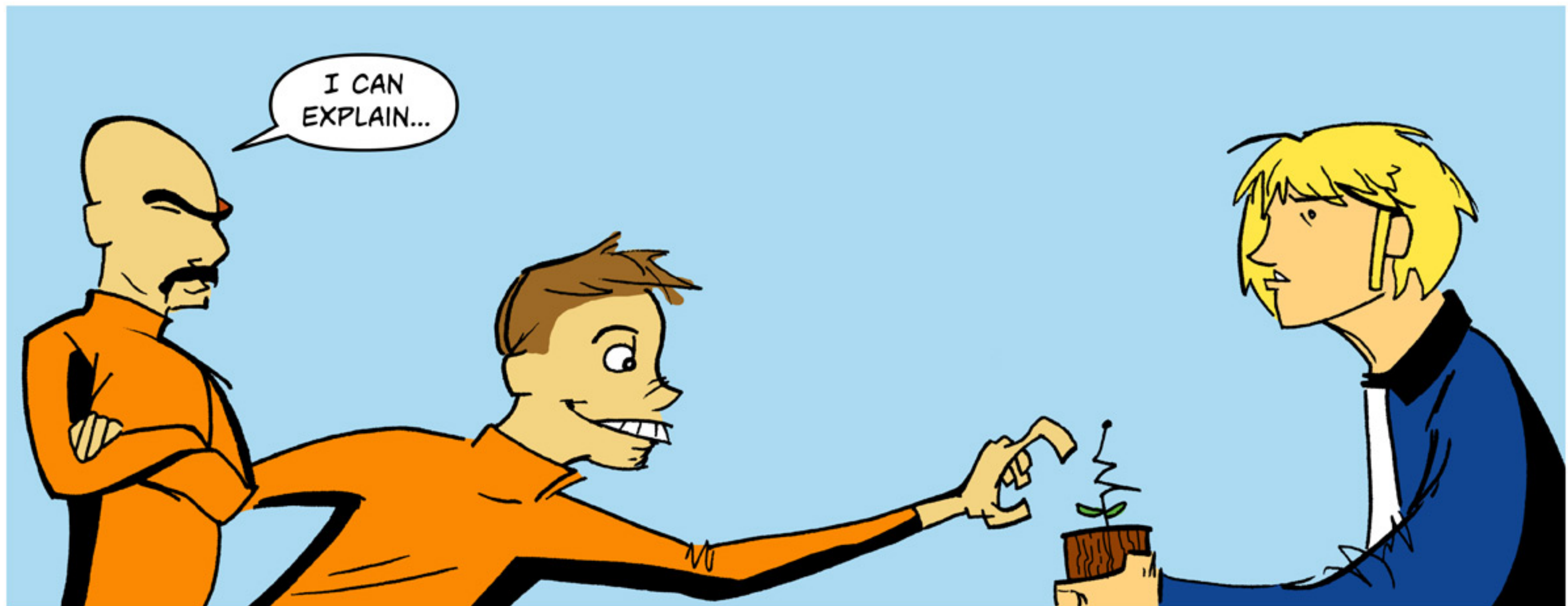
KKRRRAAK!

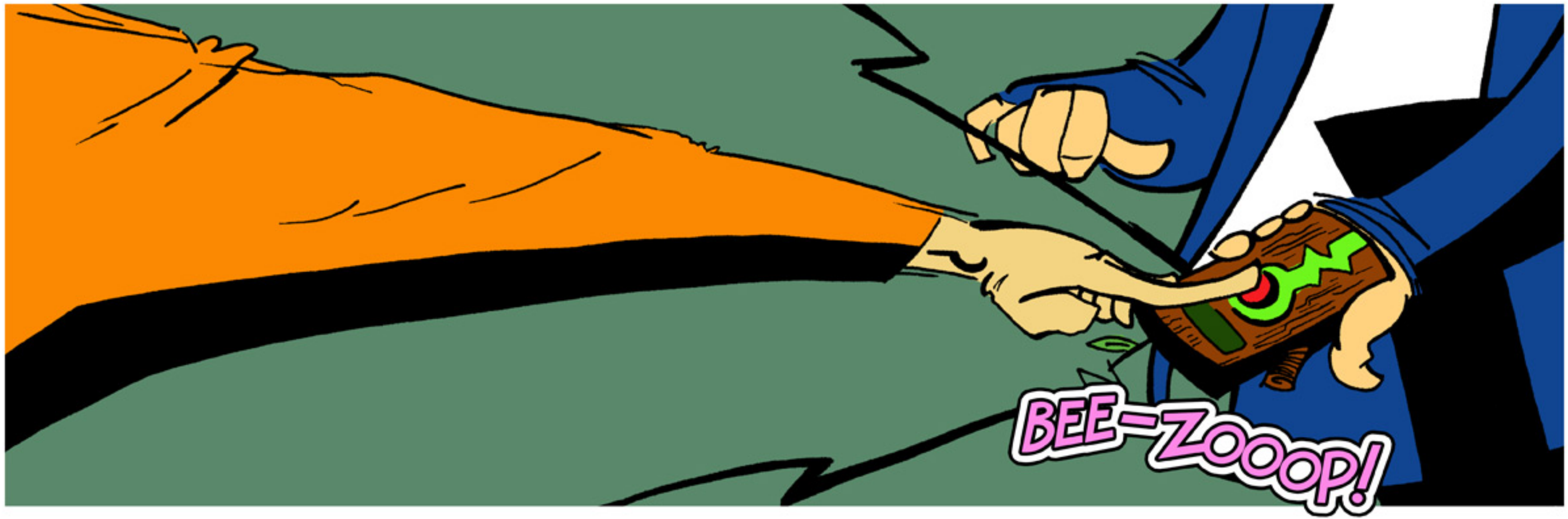










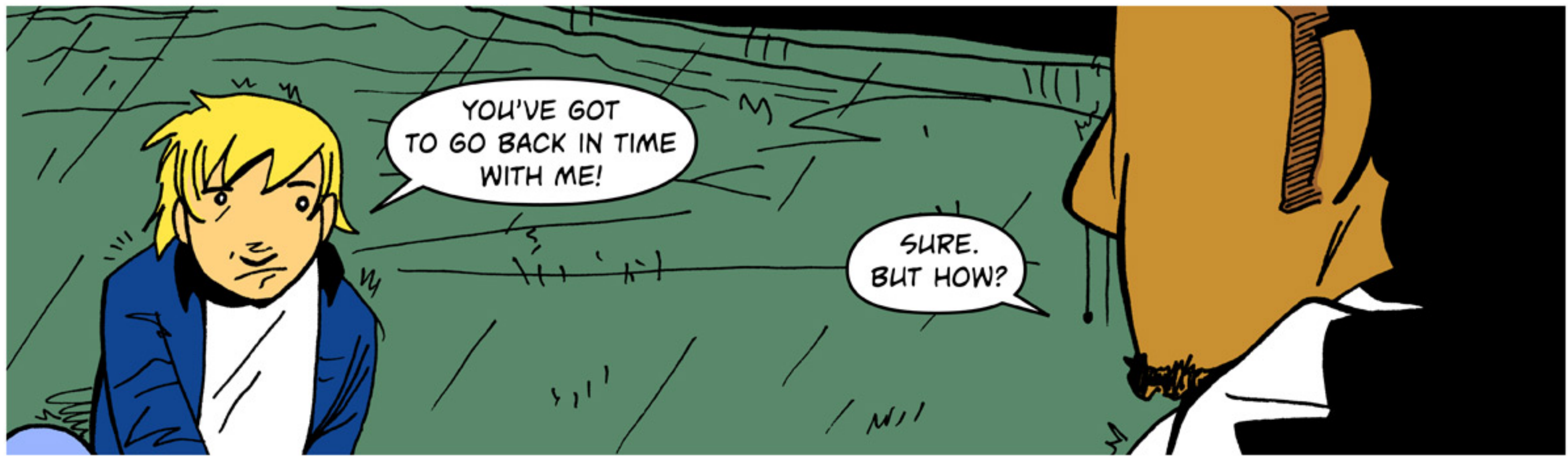


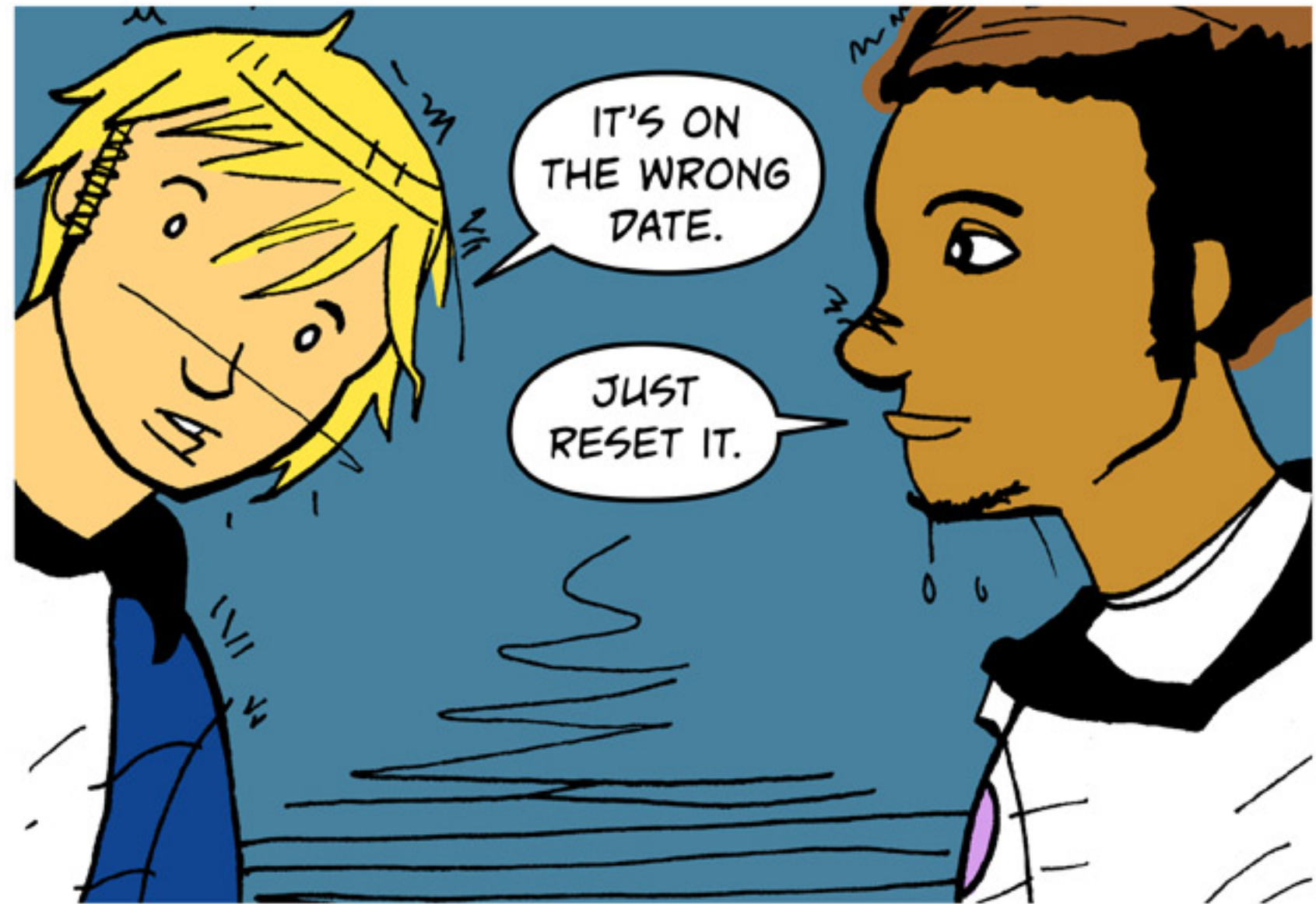
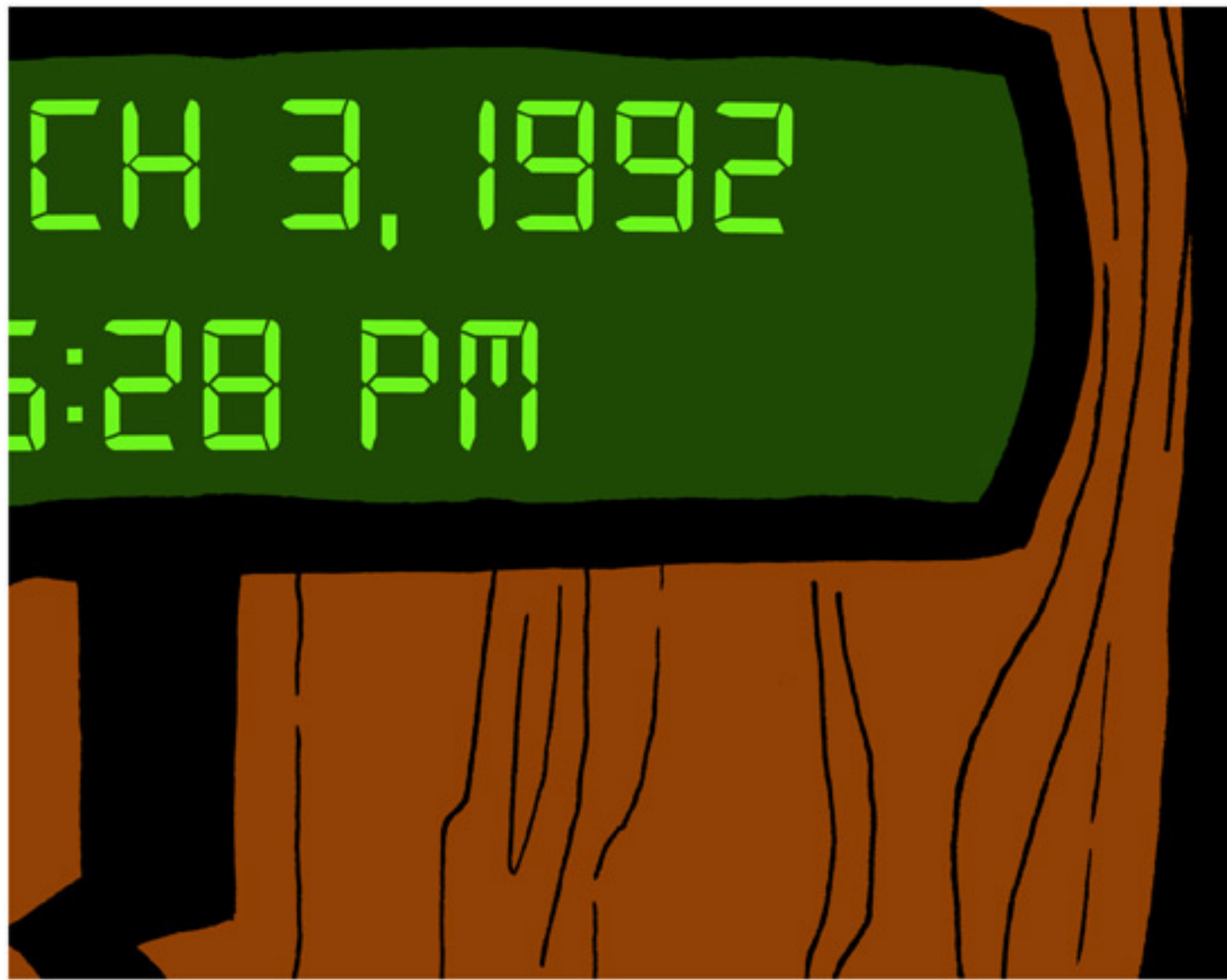
PITTSBURGH. 2015.

MY GOD!
WHAT HAVE I
DONE?!

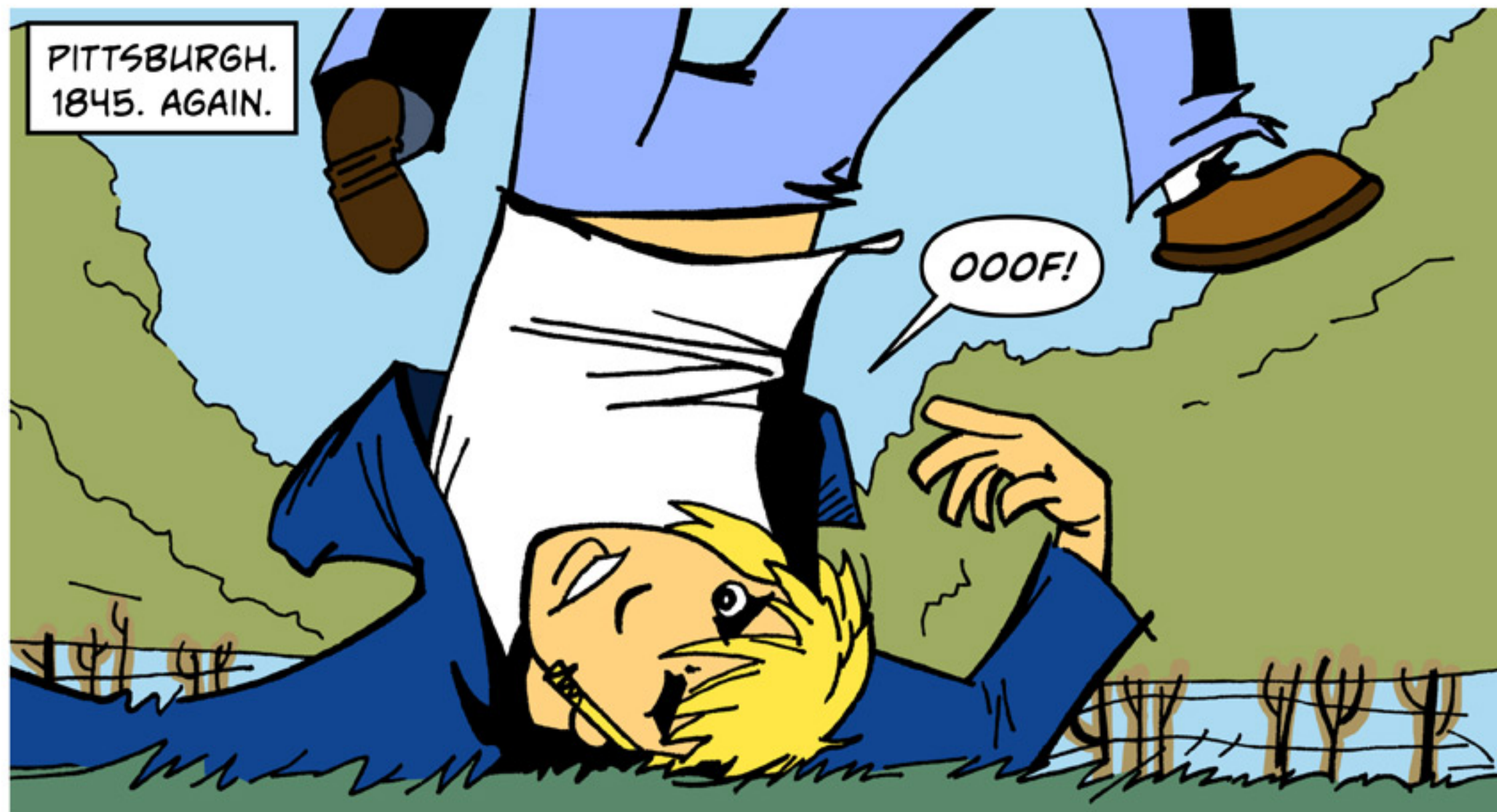
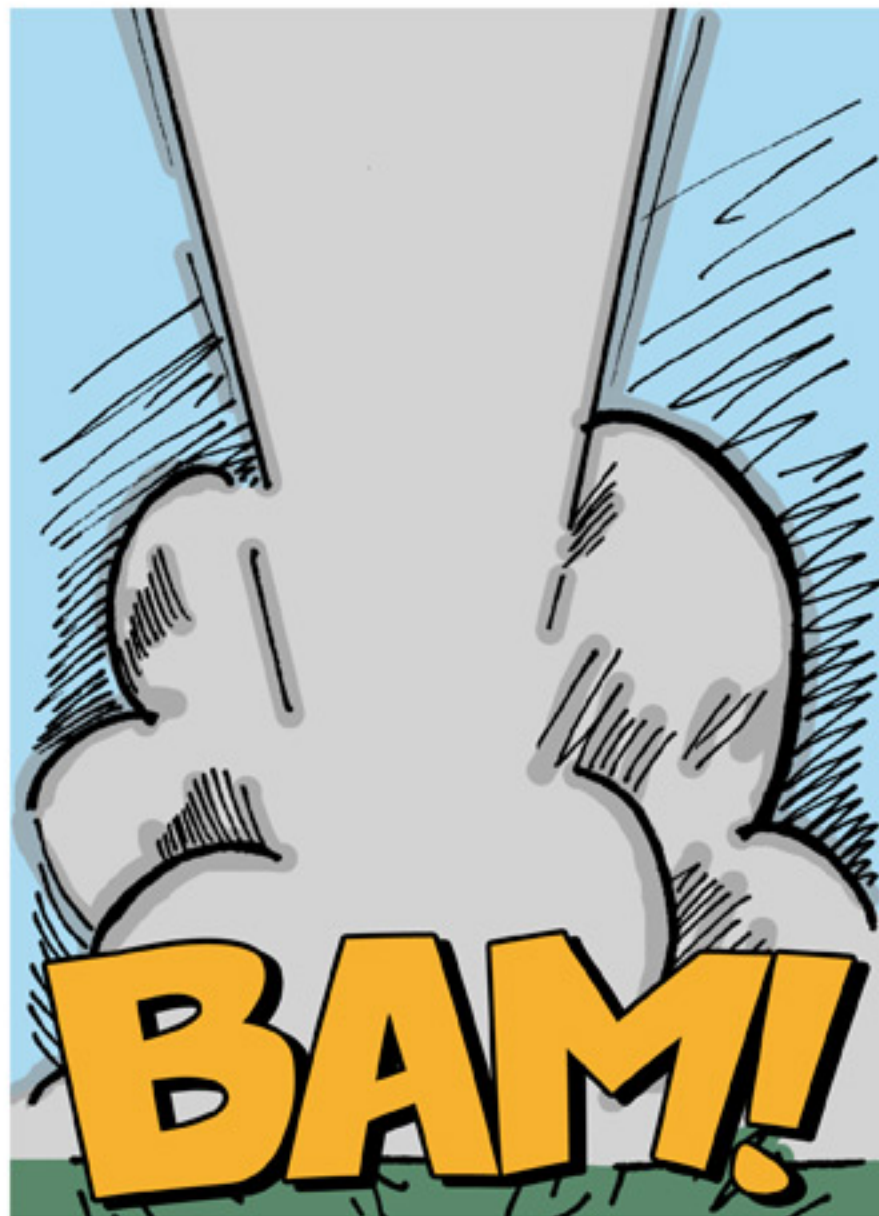




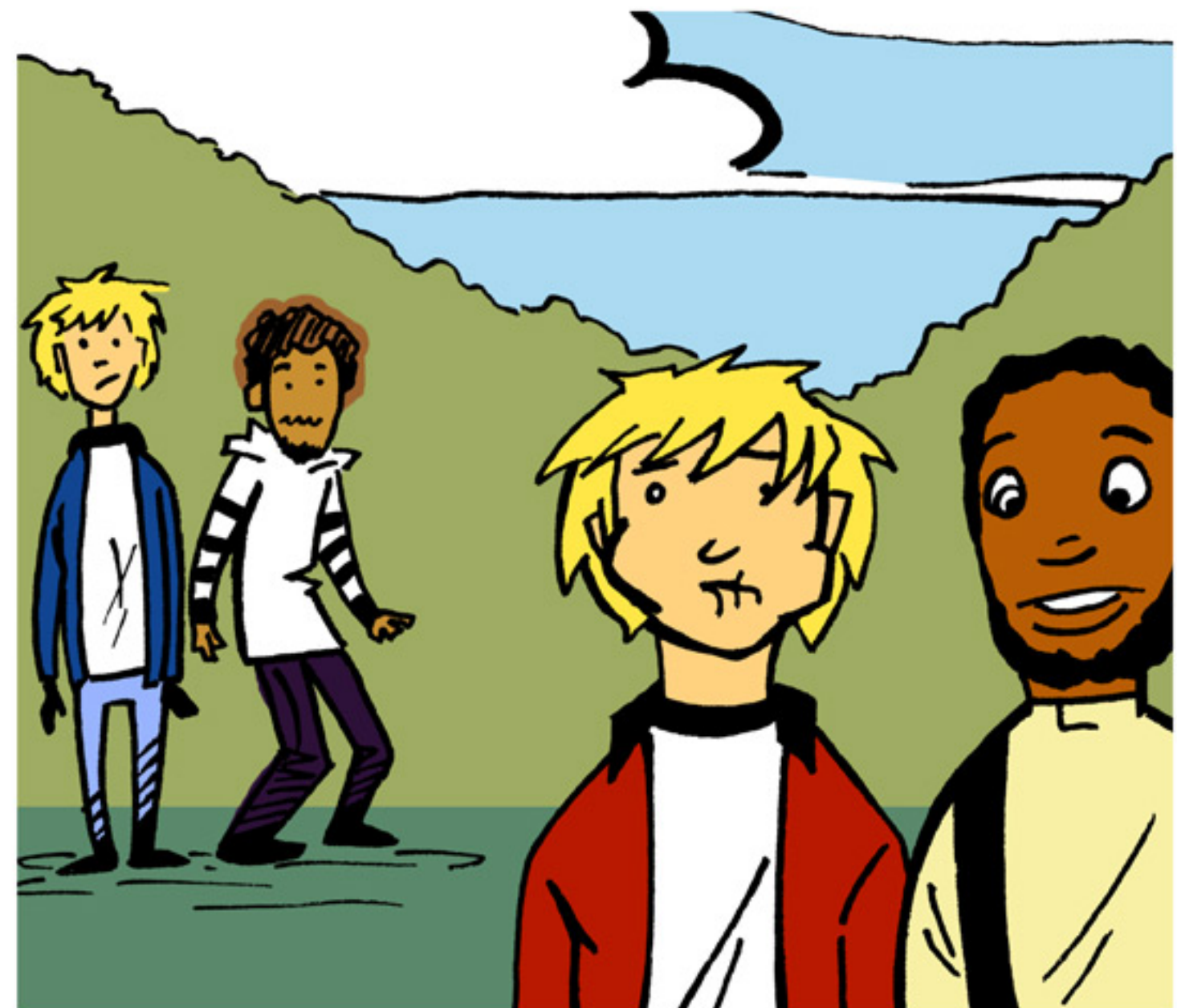
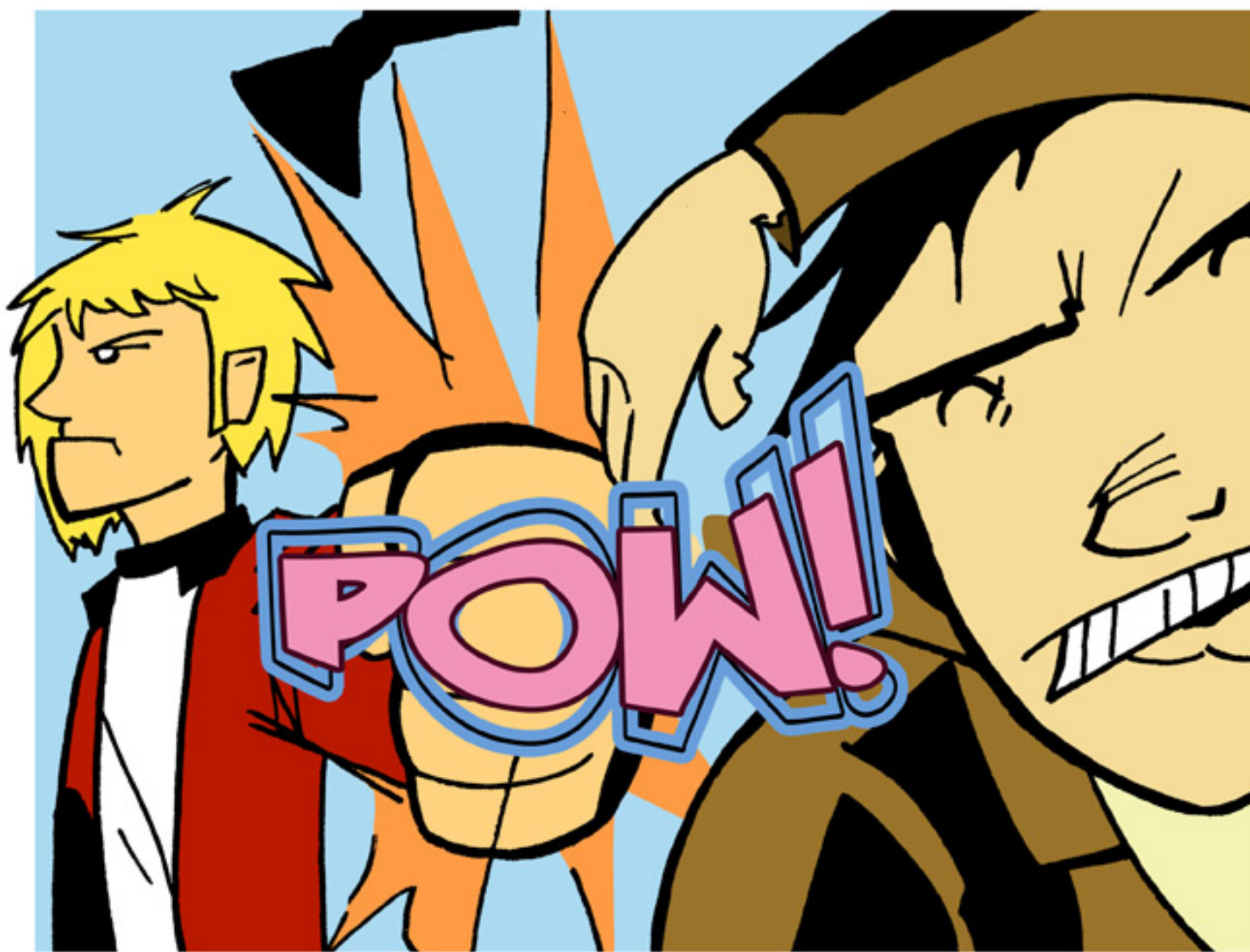








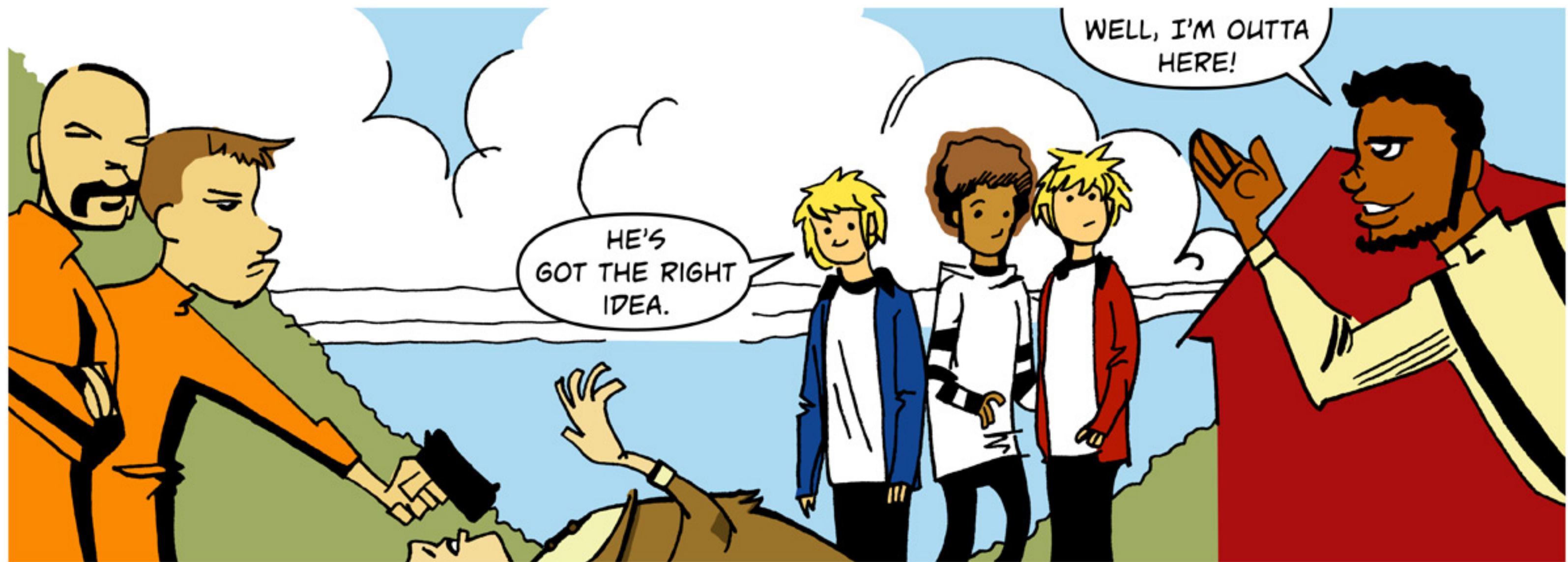




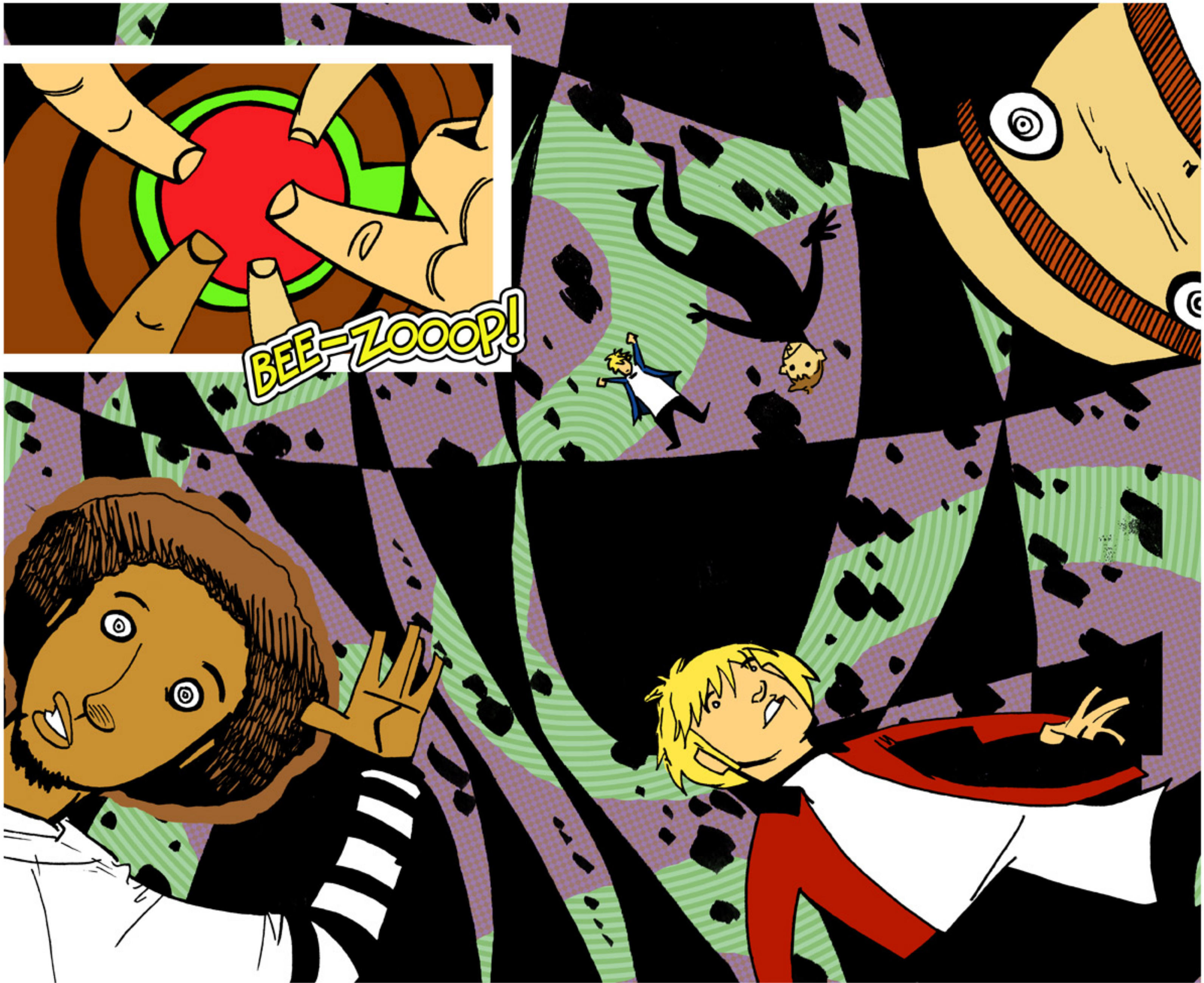












THE TIME
VORTEX.

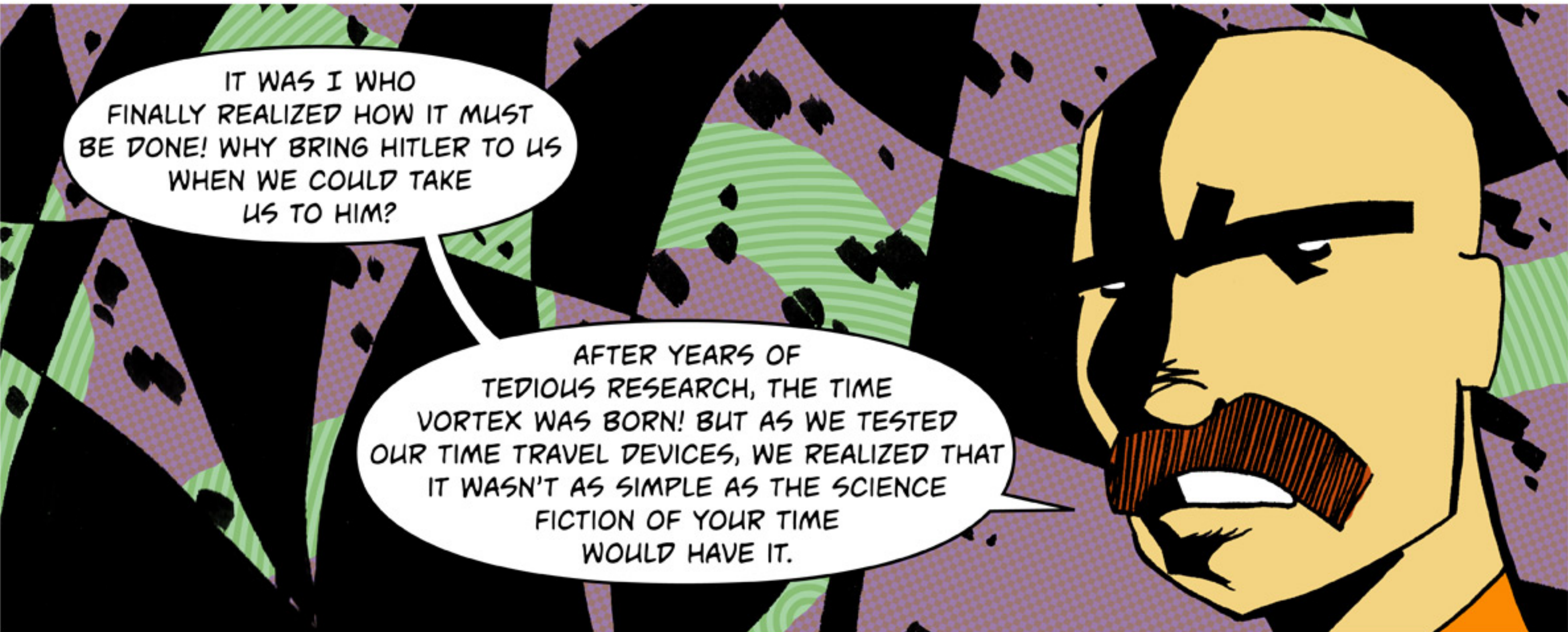
DON'T
MAKE ANOTHER
MOVE.

ALRIGHT,
WHAT IN THE
HELL IS GOING
ON???

WE'RE
FROM THE FUTURE.
YOUR FUTURE.

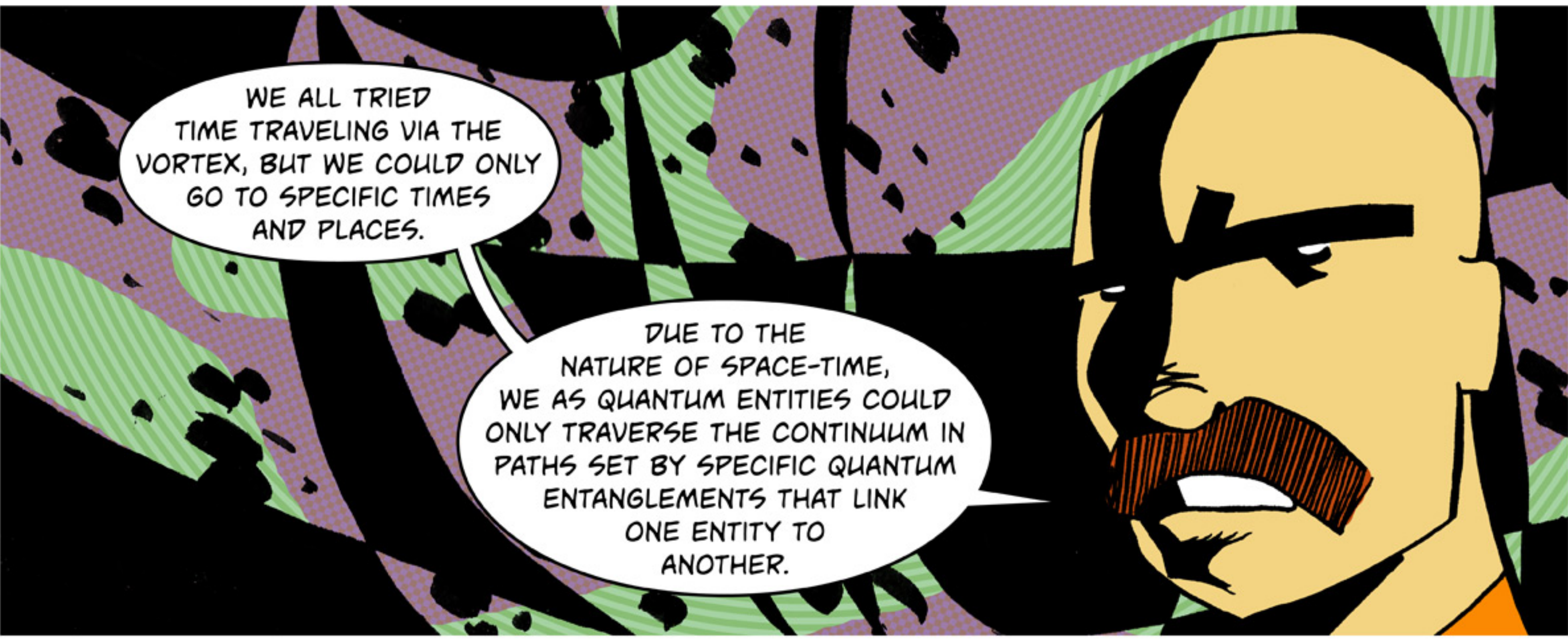
SINCE
THE END OF THE
SECOND GREAT WAR, THERE'S
ALWAYS BEEN A CONTINGENT OF
PEOPLE WHO BELIEVED IN THE
TEACHINGS OF ADOLF
HITLER.

AMONGST
US WERE THOSE
WHO TRULY BELIEVED THAT
WE COULD BRING HITLER BACK
ONCE WE MASTERED THE
TECHNOLOGY
TO DO IT.



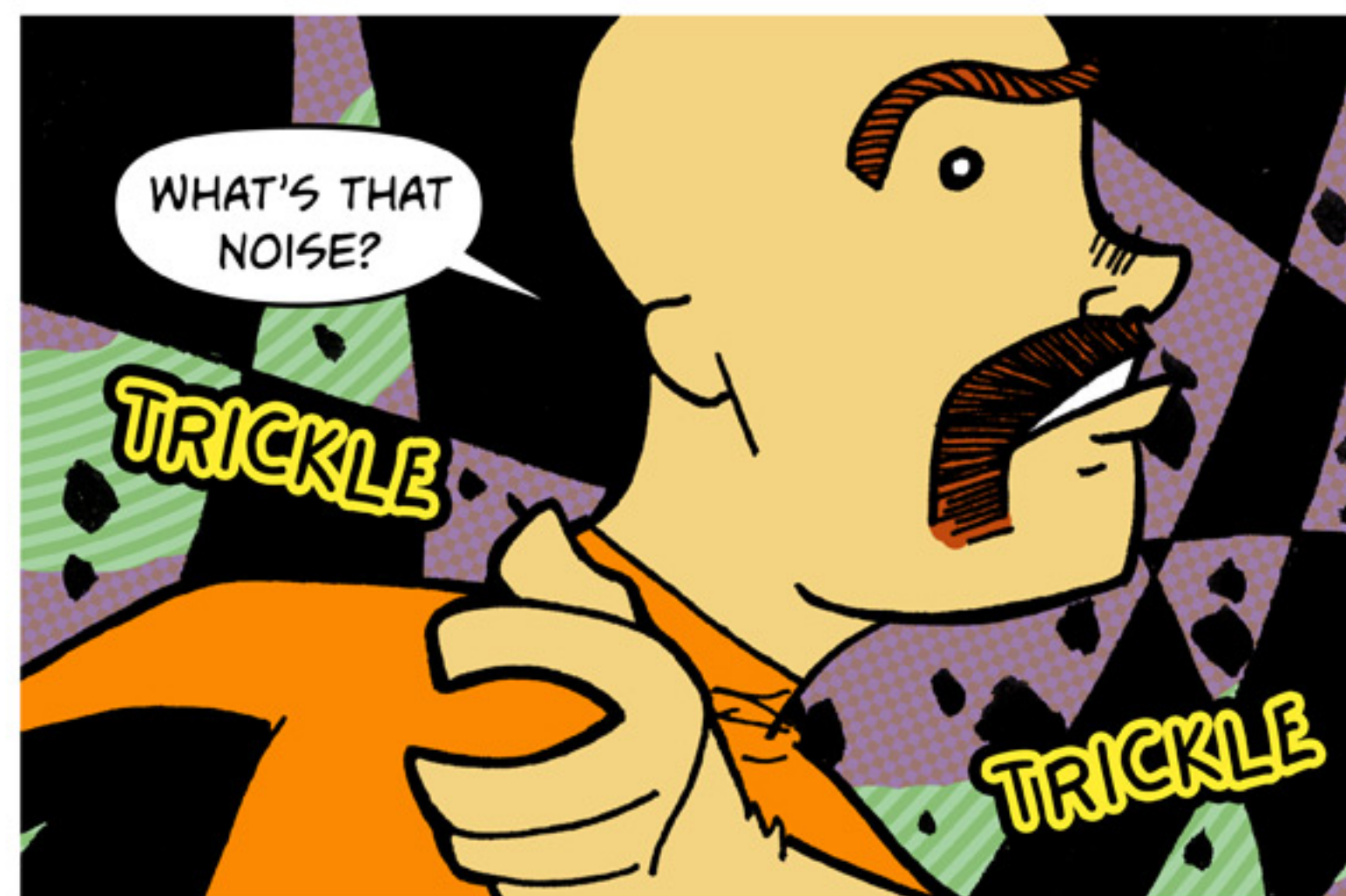
IT WAS I WHO
FINALLY REALIZED HOW IT MUST
BE DONE! WHY BRING HITLER TO US
WHEN WE COULD TAKE
US TO HIM?

AFTER YEARS OF
TEDIOUS RESEARCH, THE TIME
VORTEX WAS BORN! BUT AS WE TESTED
OUR TIME TRAVEL DEVICES, WE REALIZED THAT
IT WASN'T AS SIMPLE AS THE SCIENCE
FICTION OF YOUR TIME
WOULD HAVE IT.

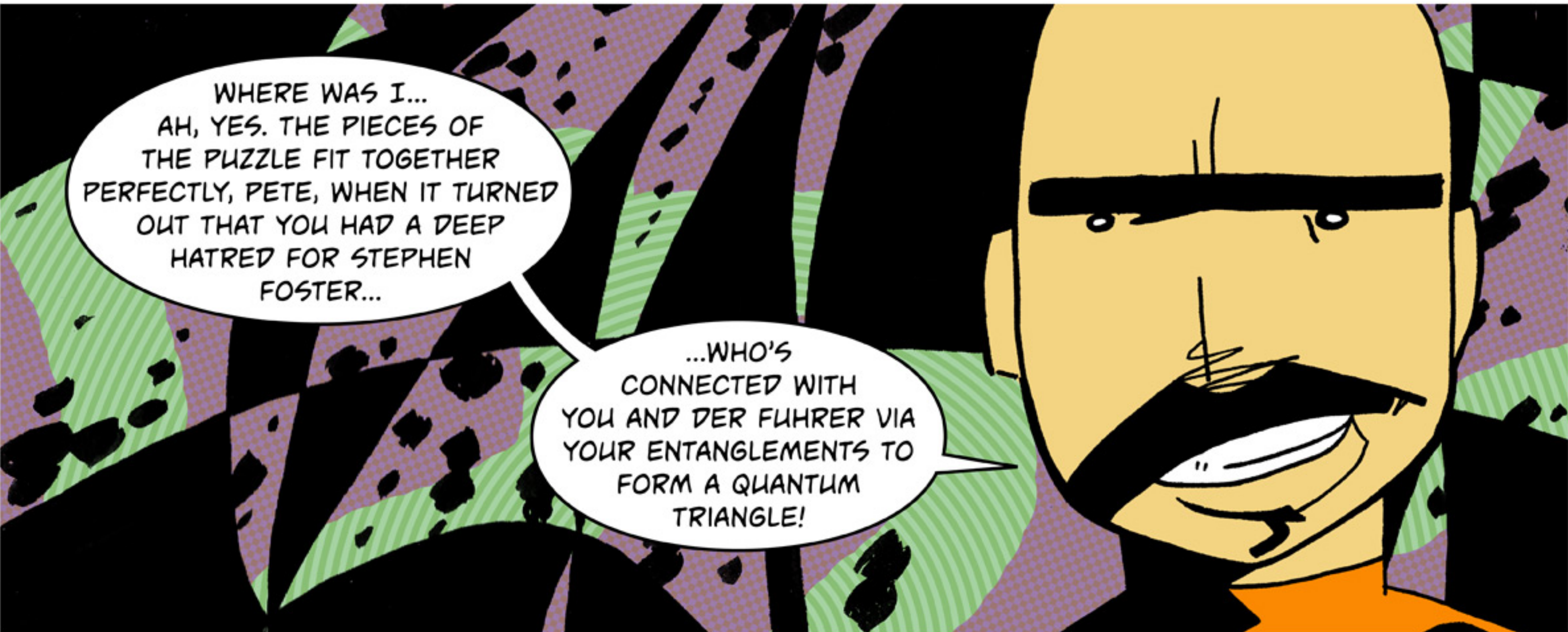


WE ALL TRIED
TIME TRAVELING VIA THE
VORTEX, BUT WE COULD ONLY
GO TO SPECIFIC TIMES
AND PLACES.

DUE TO THE
NATURE OF SPACE-TIME,
WE AS QUANTUM ENTITIES COULD
ONLY TRAVERSE THE CONTINUUM IN
PATHS SET BY SPECIFIC QUANTUM
ENTANGLEMENTS THAT LINK
ONE ENTITY TO
ANOTHER.







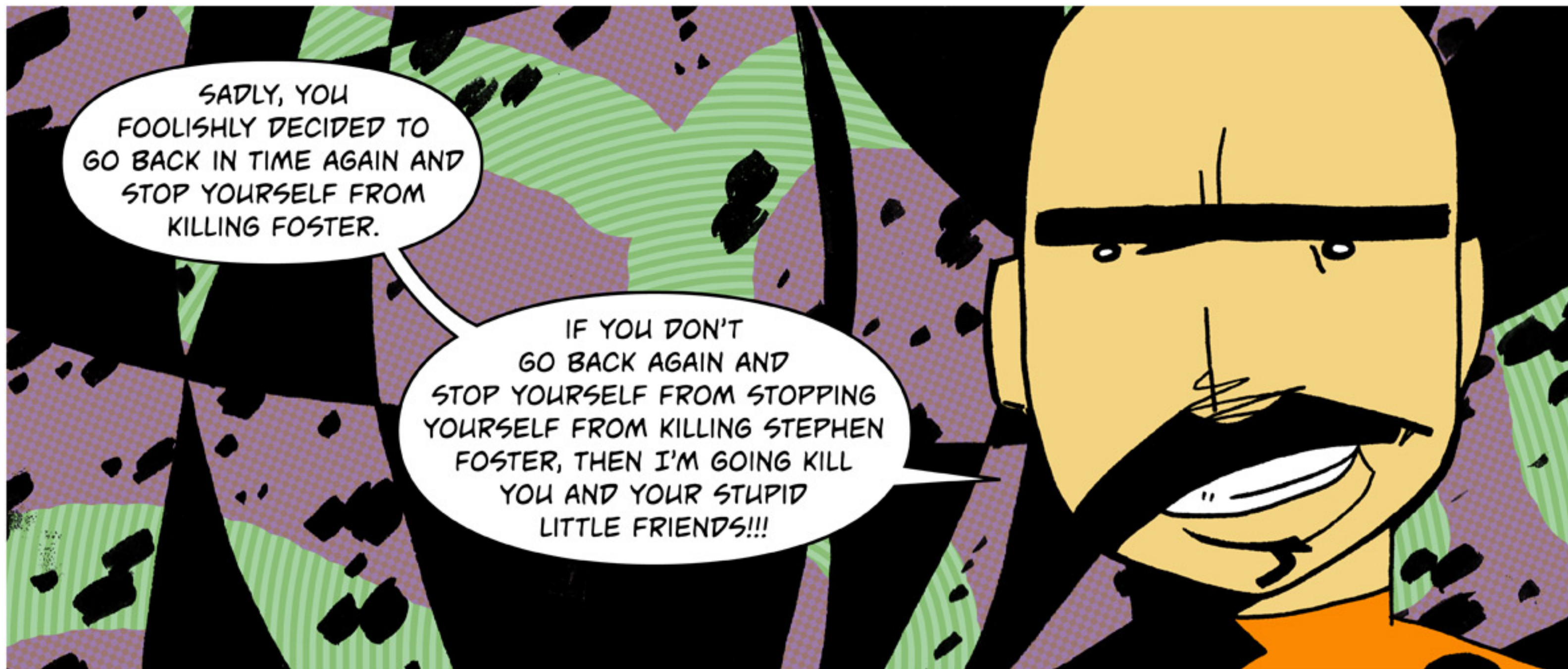
WHERE WAS I...
AH, YES. THE PIECES OF
THE PUZZLE FIT TOGETHER
PERFECTLY, PETE, WHEN IT TURNED
OUT THAT YOU HAD A DEEP
HATRED FOR STEPHEN
FOSTER...

...WHO'S
CONNECTED WITH
YOU AND DER FUHRER VIA
YOUR ENTANGLEMENTS TO
FORM A QUANTUM
TRIANGLE!



WE SET THE
TIME LOG TO TAKE
YOU BACK TO 1845 SO
YOU'D KILL STEPHEN
FOSTER.

AND THEN
HITLER, THROUGH HIS
QUANTUM CONNECTIONS, WOULD FILL
THE VOID LEFT IN FOSTER'S ABSENCE,
THUS GIVING HIM CONTROL OF THE
HEARTS AND MINDS OF THE
AMERICAN PEOPLE!



GET 'EM!

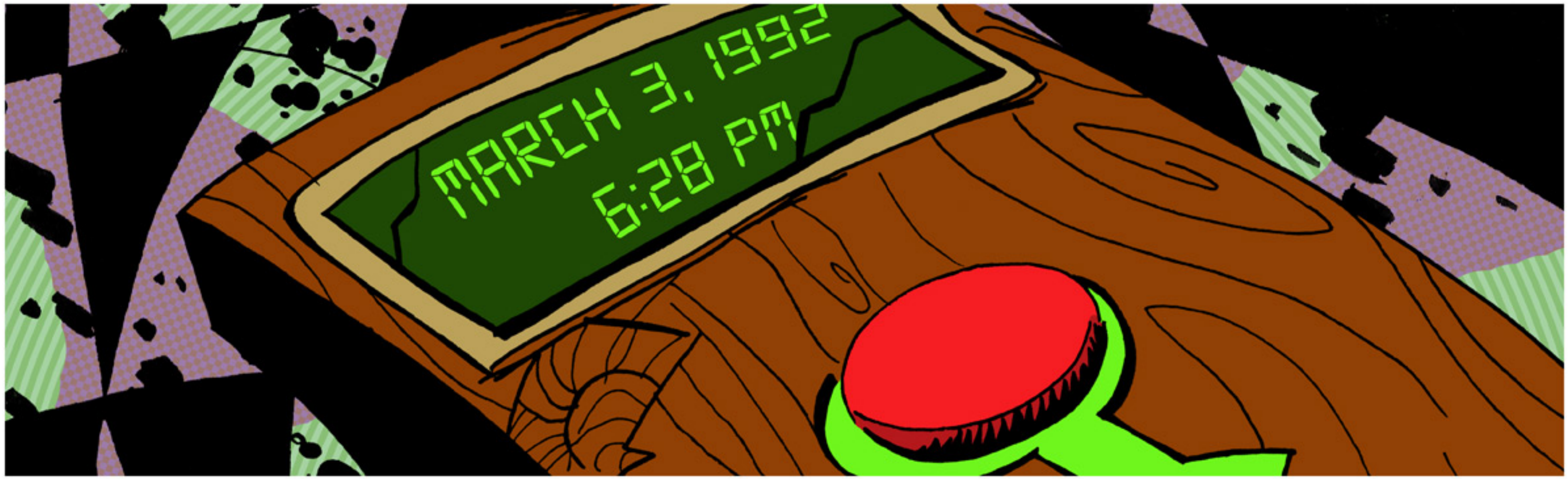


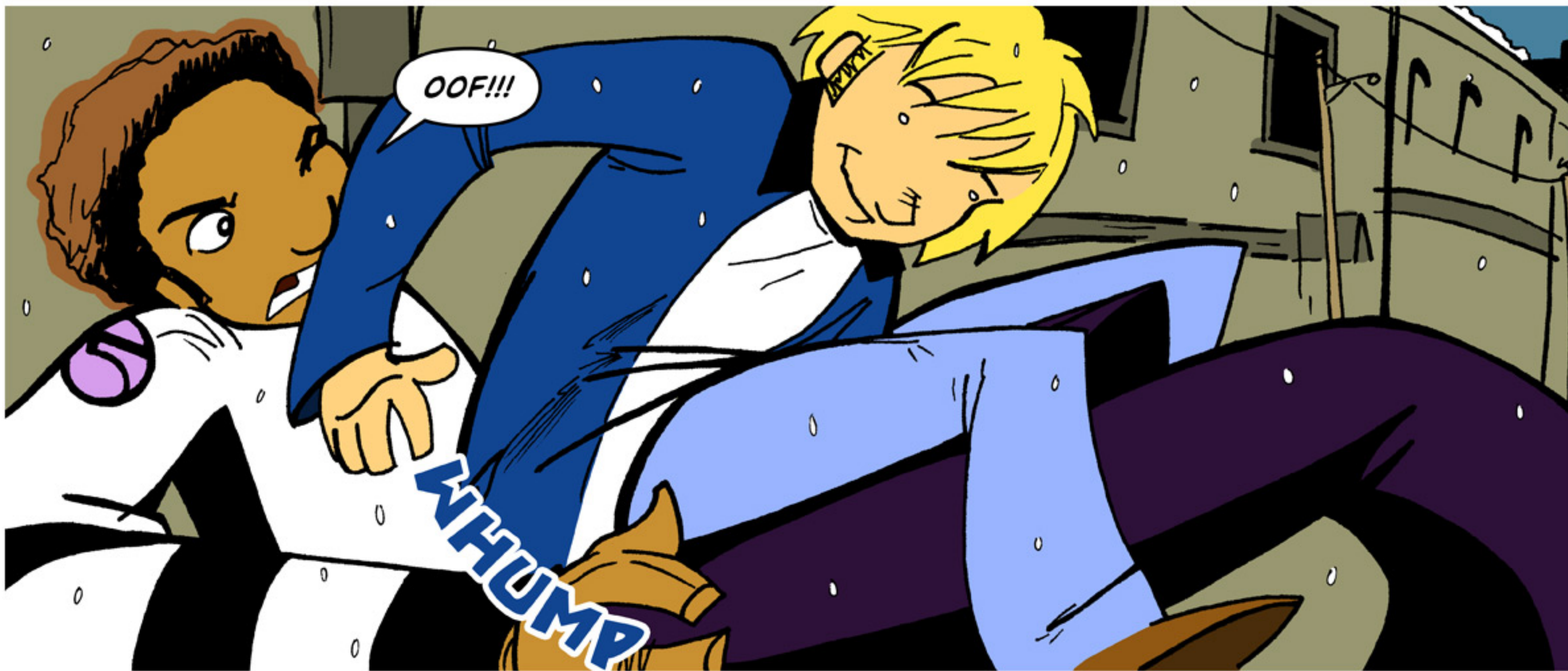
SOON...

WELL,
I'M OUTTA
HERE.

BEE-
ZOOOP!

UH... I
THINK WE HAVE A
PROBLEM.





PITTSBURGH.
1992.

11 S. CRAIG

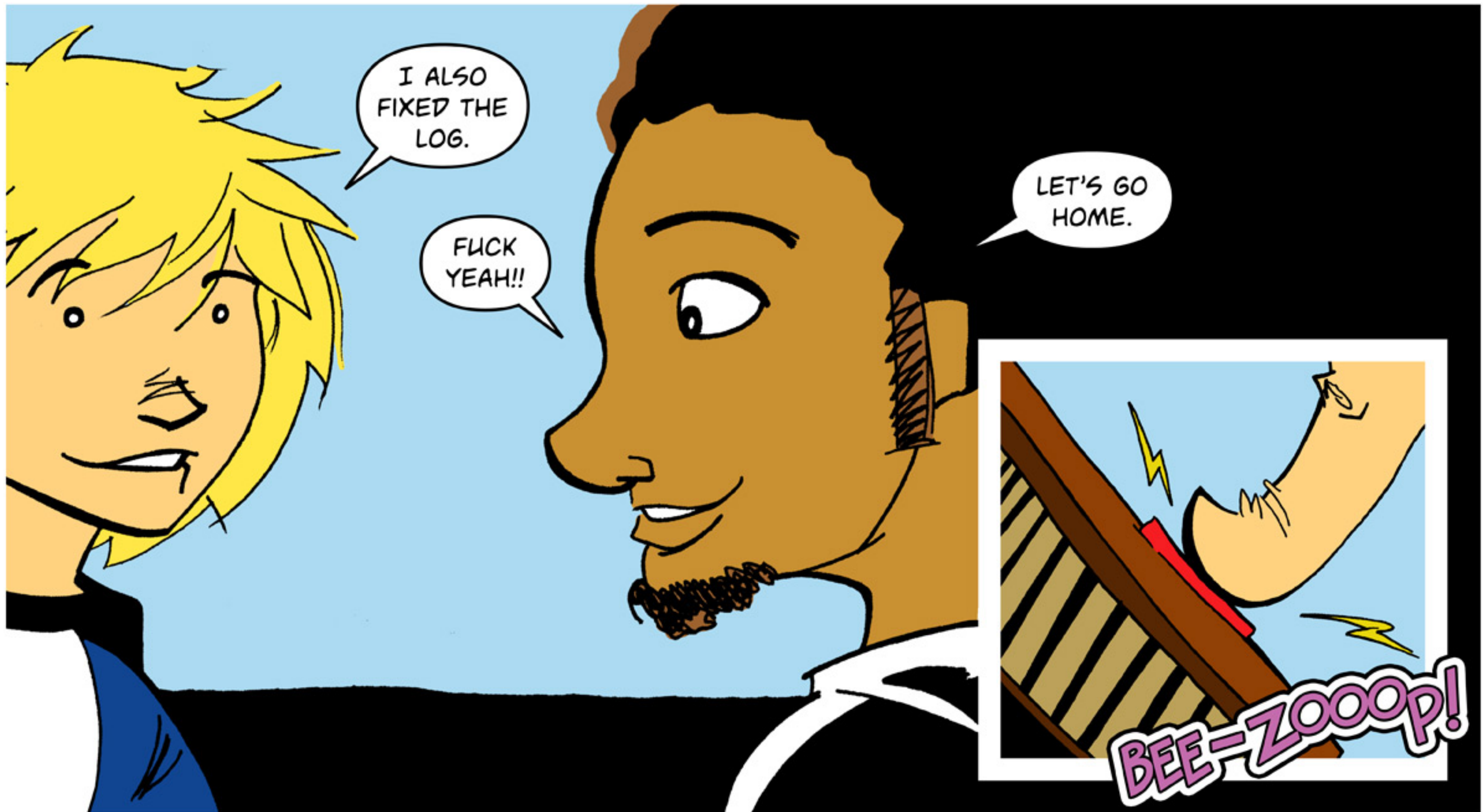
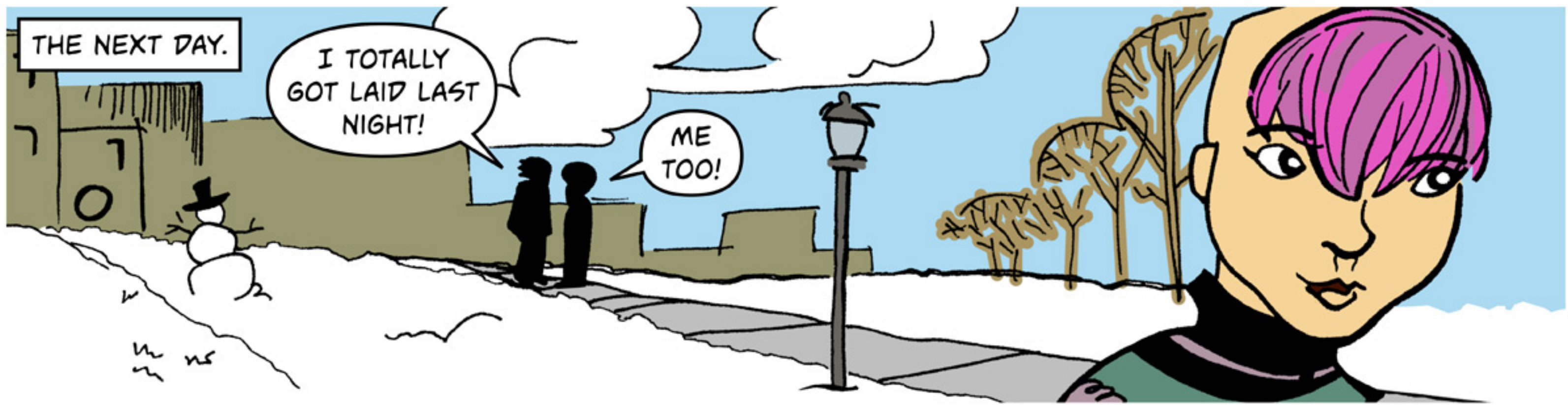
ED'S
PUB

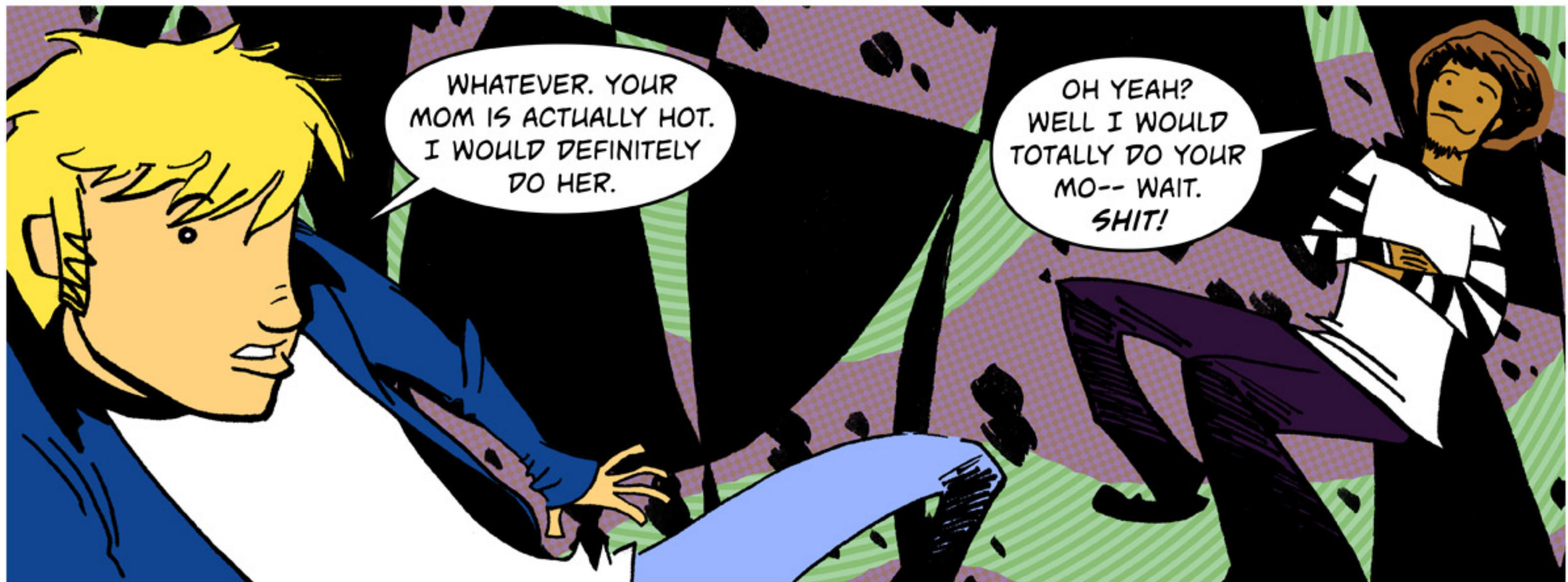
YES!
WE MADE
IT.

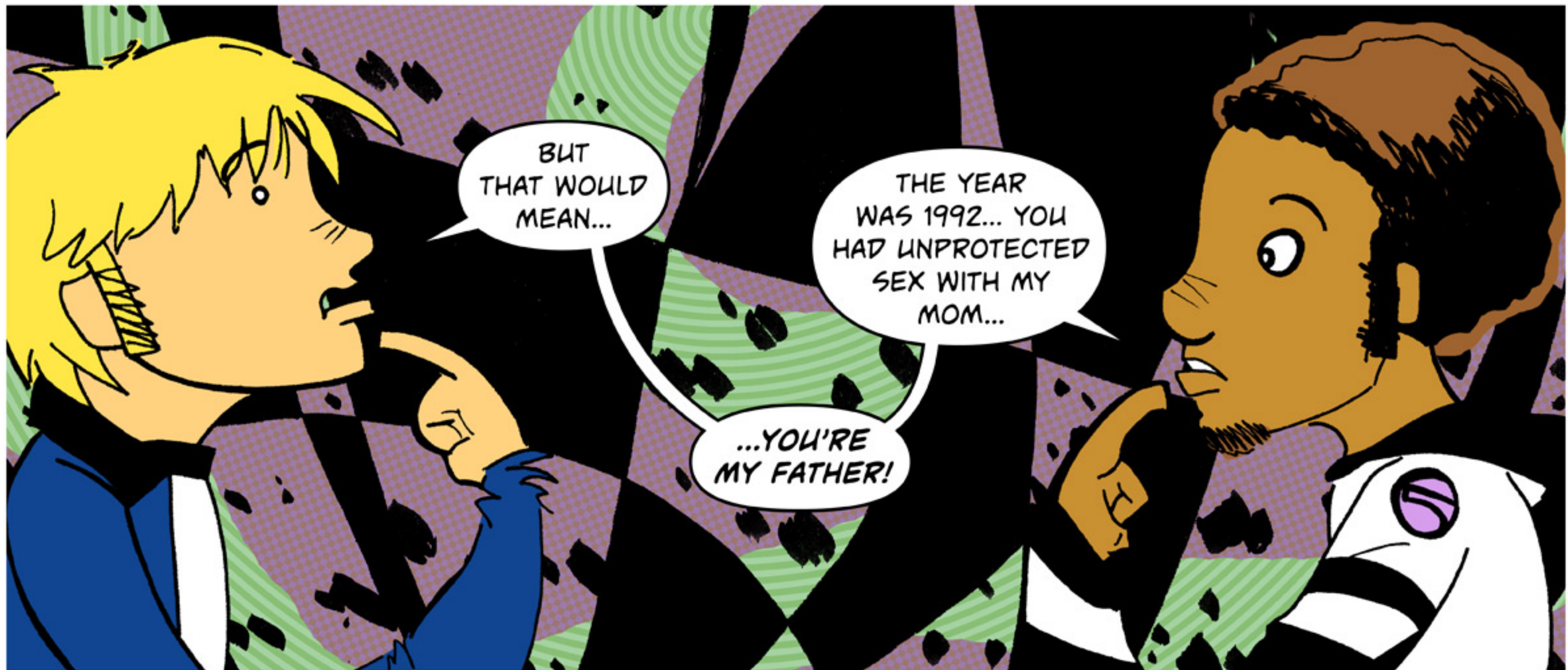
LET'S GO
GET DRUNK.







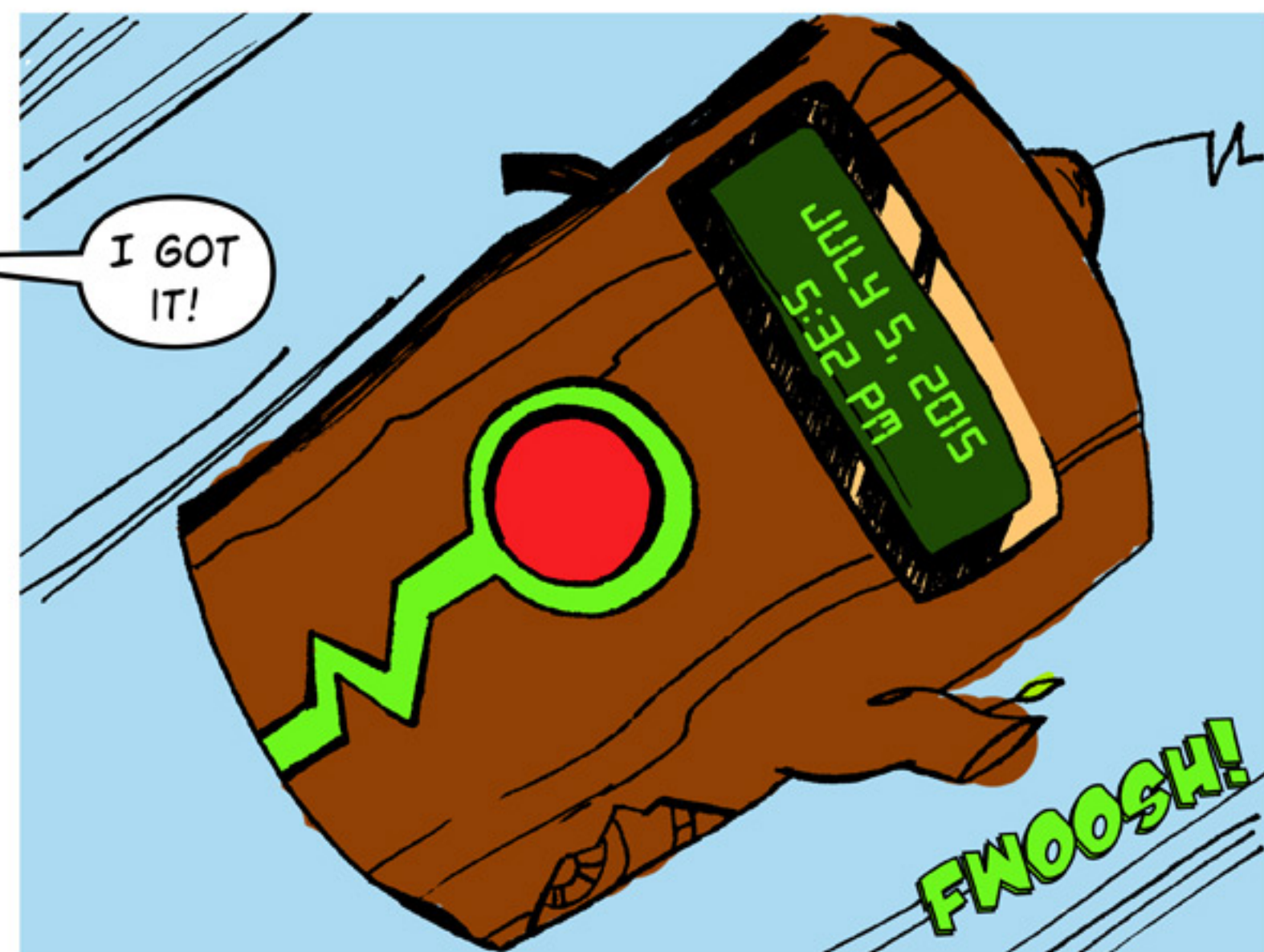




PITTSBURGH. 2015.







DIDN'T YOU EVEN LOOK
AT THE STATUE WHEN
YOU GOT BACK?



YEAH, IT'S NEIL
DIAMOND.

HE'S
GREAT!



BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT'S RATHER
STRANGE? AND WHAT HAPPENED
TO STEPHEN FOSTER?



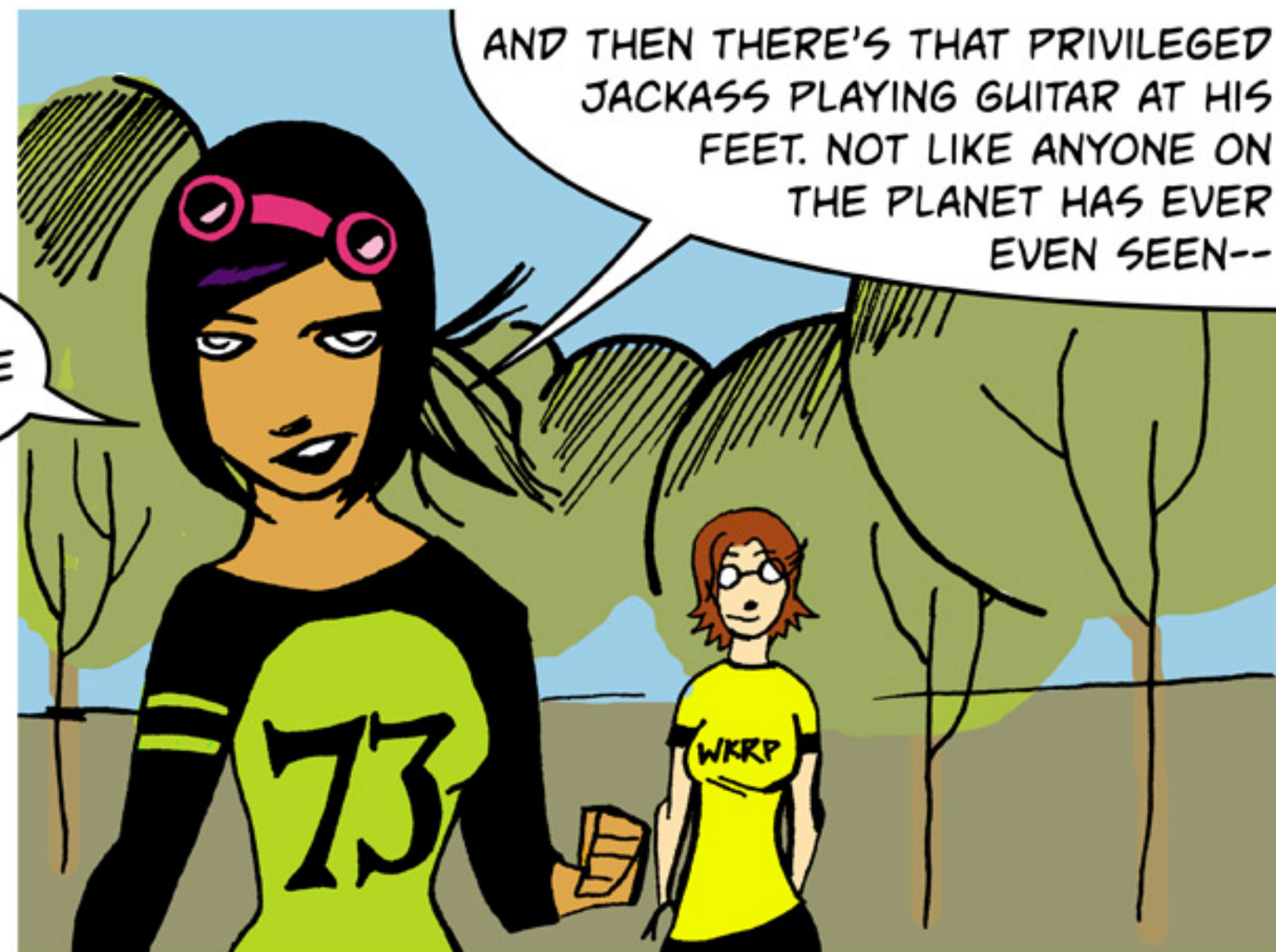
OH,
HIM?

HE
SUCKED.

BUT
LOOK AT THE
PEOPLE!

♪♪ I'M A BELIEVER! ♪♪









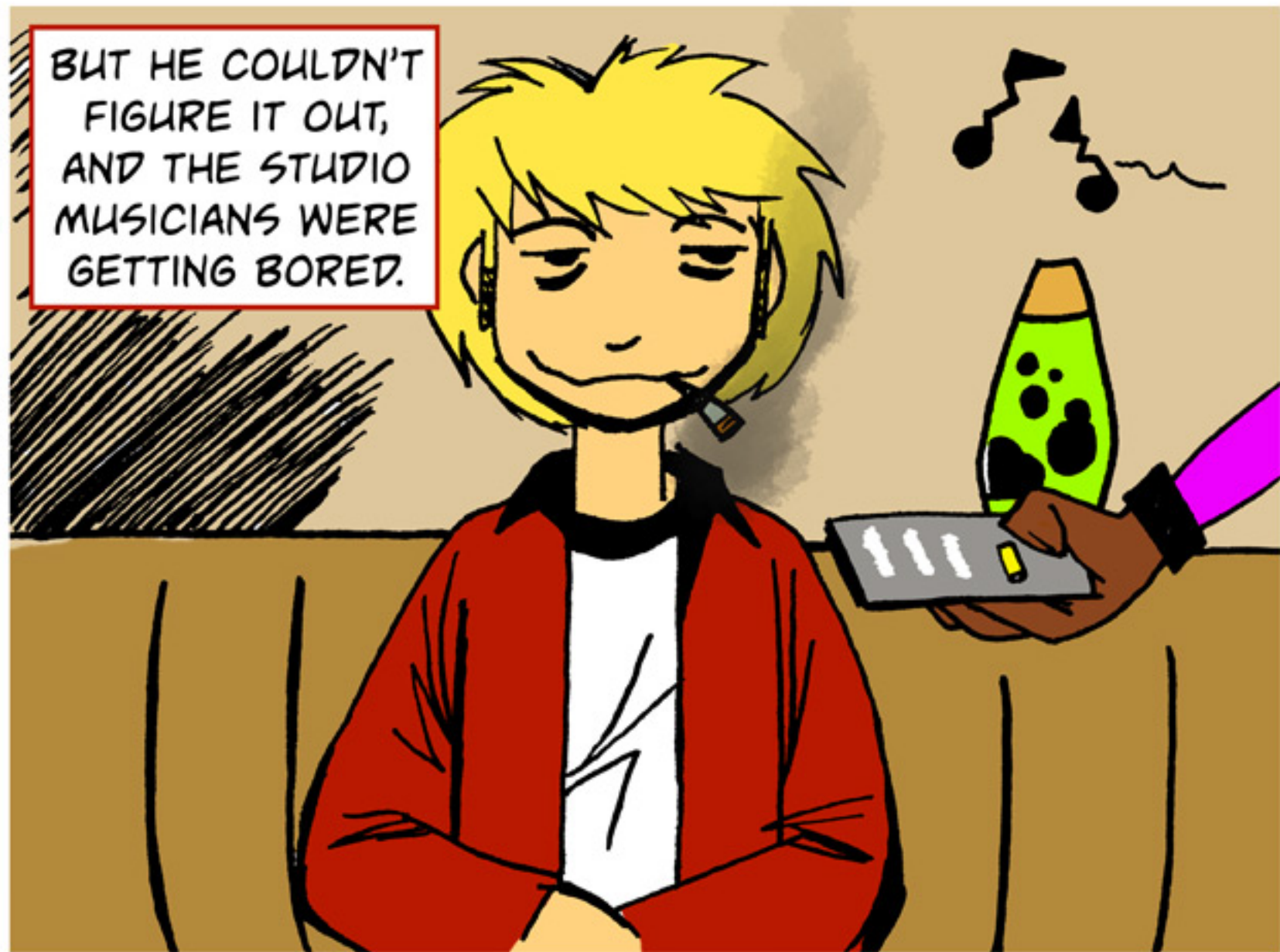
TOSSING A TIME LOG ON THE FIRE



DIAMOND WAS STILL TRYING
TO WRITE HIS FIRST REAL HIT.



BUT HE COULDN'T
FIGURE IT OUT,
AND THE STUDIO
MUSICIANS WERE
GETTING BORED.



WHAT'S THIS?
MORE COKE?



SUN
PORT

THAT'S
PCP.

ANGEL
DUST!

GROOVY.
HAND ME THAT
GUITAR.



I PLAYED
THE FIRST
THING THAT
CAME INTO
MY HEAD.



I'M A BELIEVER
I COULDN'T LEAVE
HER IF I TRIED

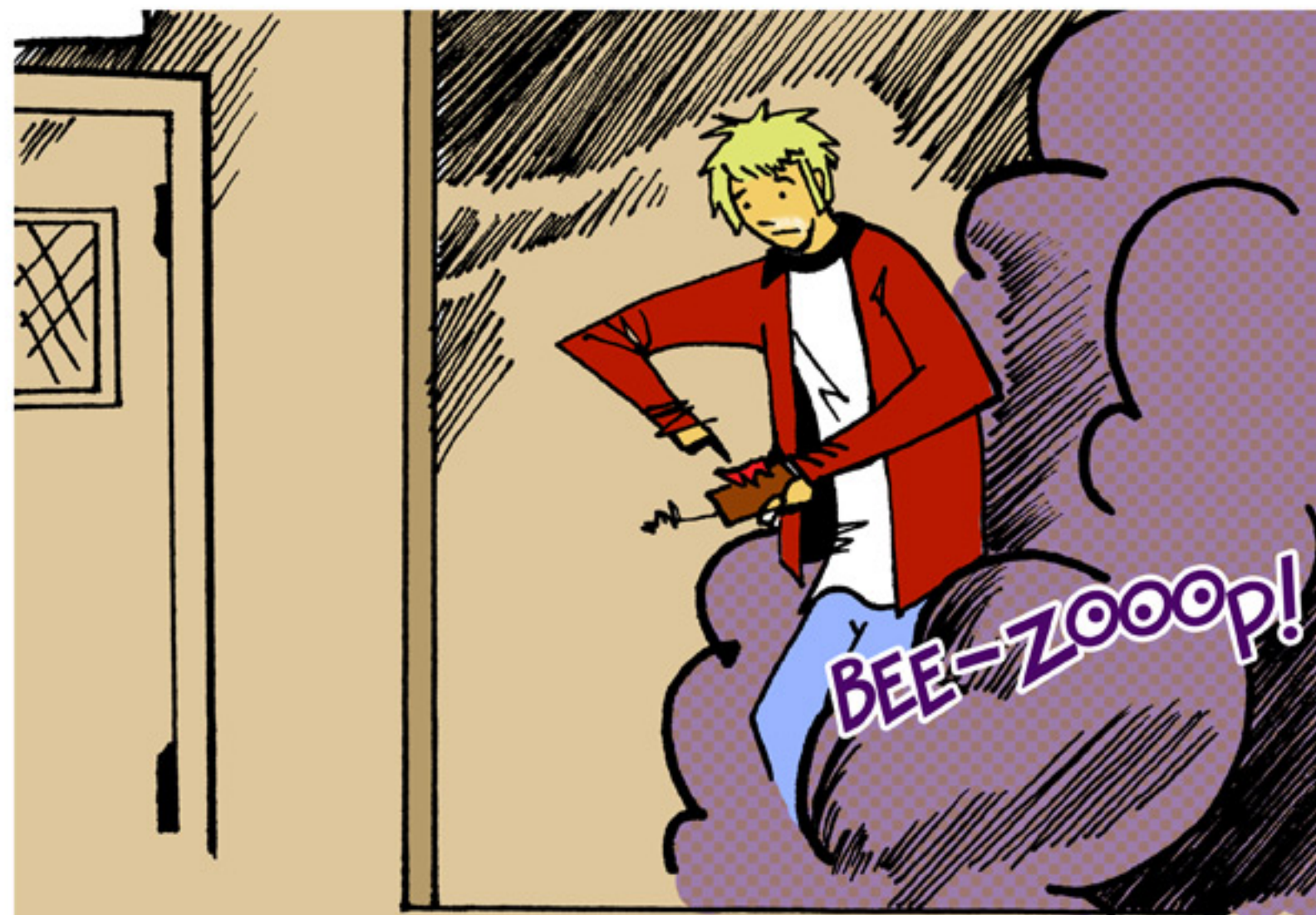
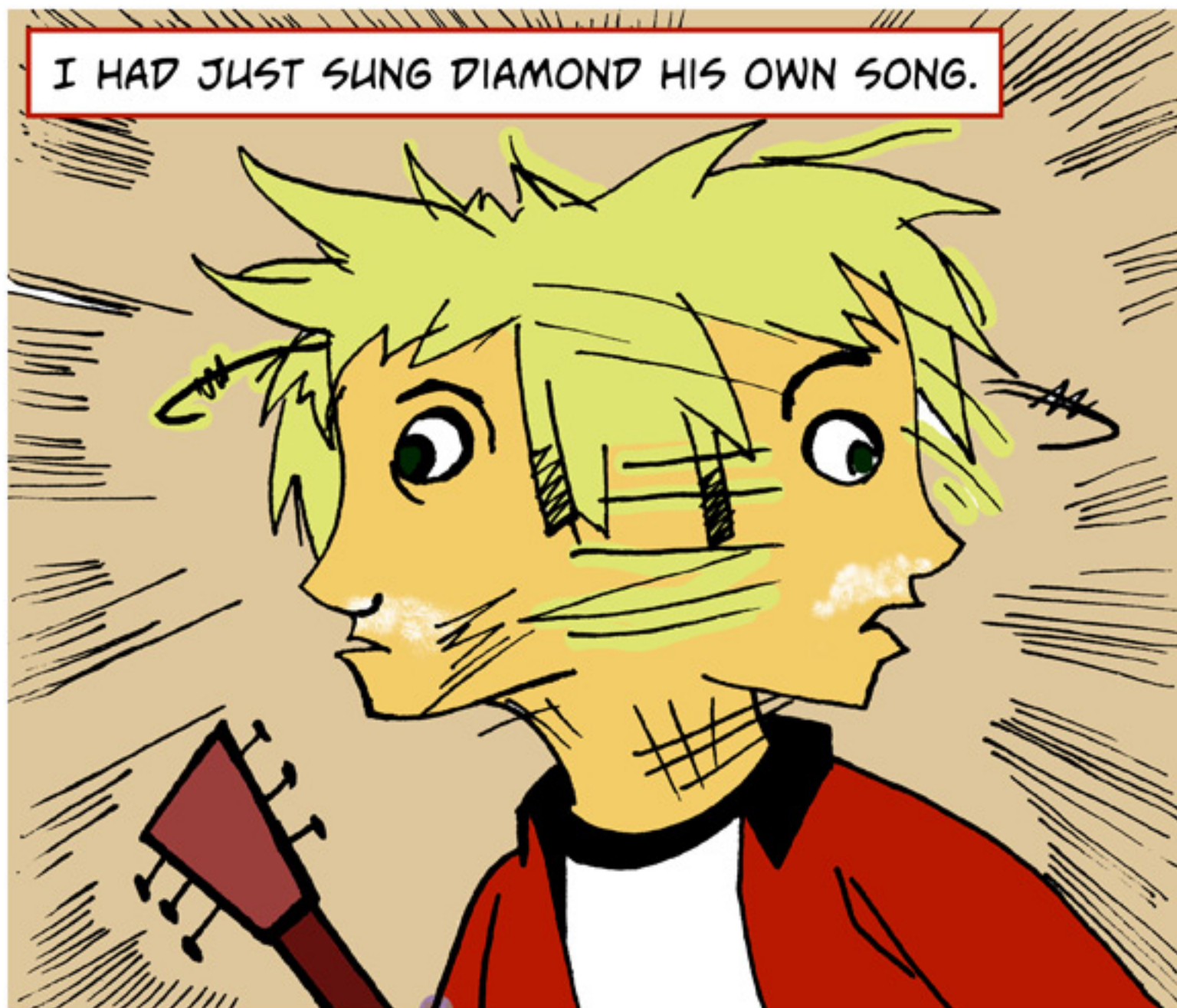


Ummm

GO ON...

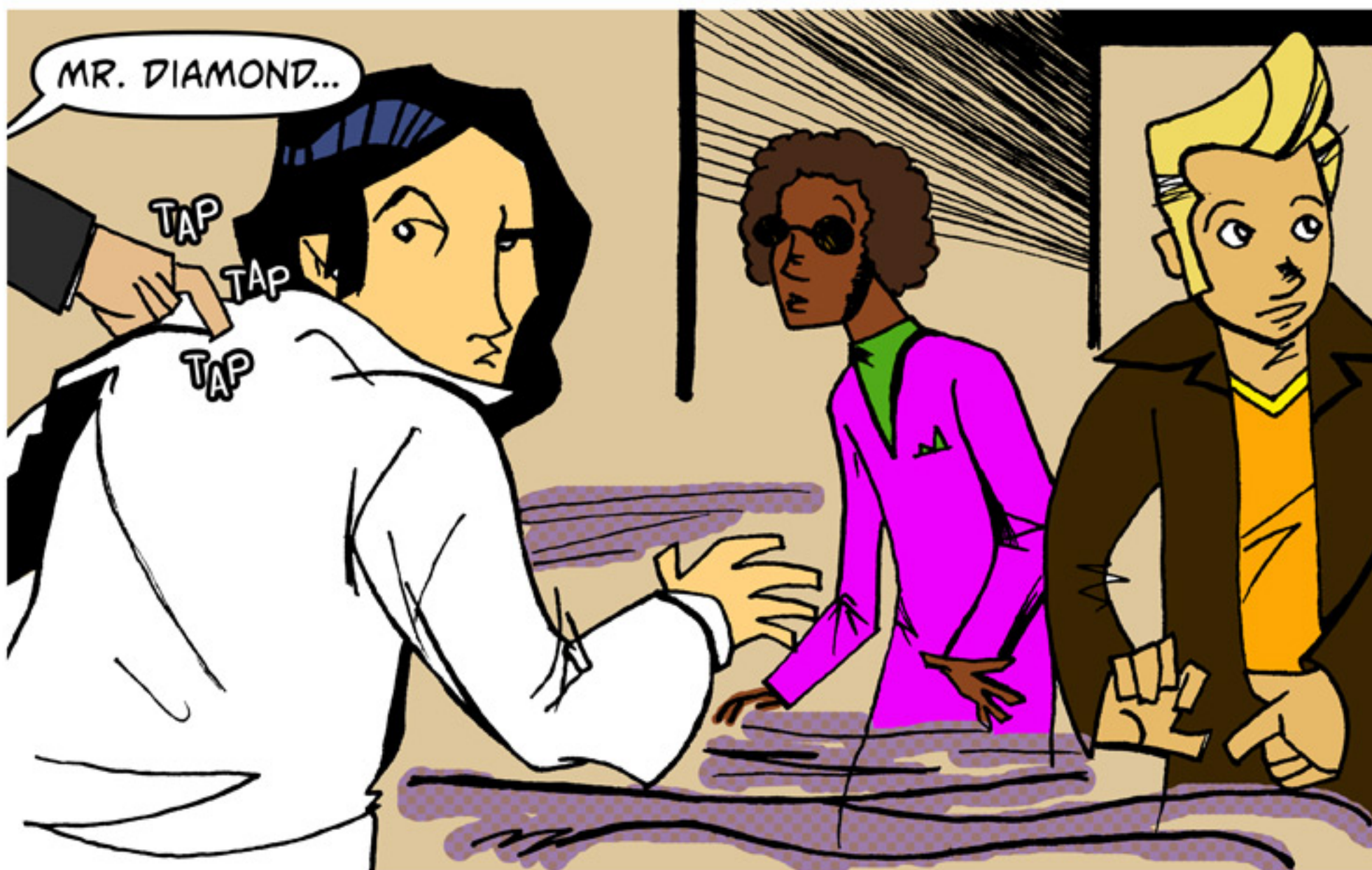


I HAD JUST SUNG DIAMOND HIS OWN SONG.



BEE-ZOOOP!

I KNEW I HAD BETTER GET OUT OF THERE BEFORE THINGS GOT WORSE.



MR. DIAMOND...

TAP
TAP
TAP

I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO MAKE ABOUT THE SONG YOU'VE JUST "WRITTEN"...



I WAS FALLING THROUGH THE
VORTEX, BUT MEANWHILE, IN
WASHINGTON, D.C...



...SO ONCE THE SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES ARE IMPLANTED IN
THE SONG WE'LL GET A BUNCH OF NICE LOOKING FAKE
MUSICIANS TO PERFORM IT AND THE WORLD
WILL BE TRANSFIXED.



AND?

AND THE
THOUSAND-YEAR REIGN
OF THE FOURTH REICH
WILL BEGIN!

UHHH,
JUST SO YOU
KNOW--

I'M JEWISH. BUT IF
YOU'RE COOL WITH IT, I'M
COOL WITH IT.

YEAH,
THAT'S FINE.

OKAY,
GREAT! I JUST NEED
TO RUN THIS PAST
MY RABBI...





WHY DON'T WE JUST GO BACK
AND STOP ALL THIS BEFORE
IT EVEN STARTS?

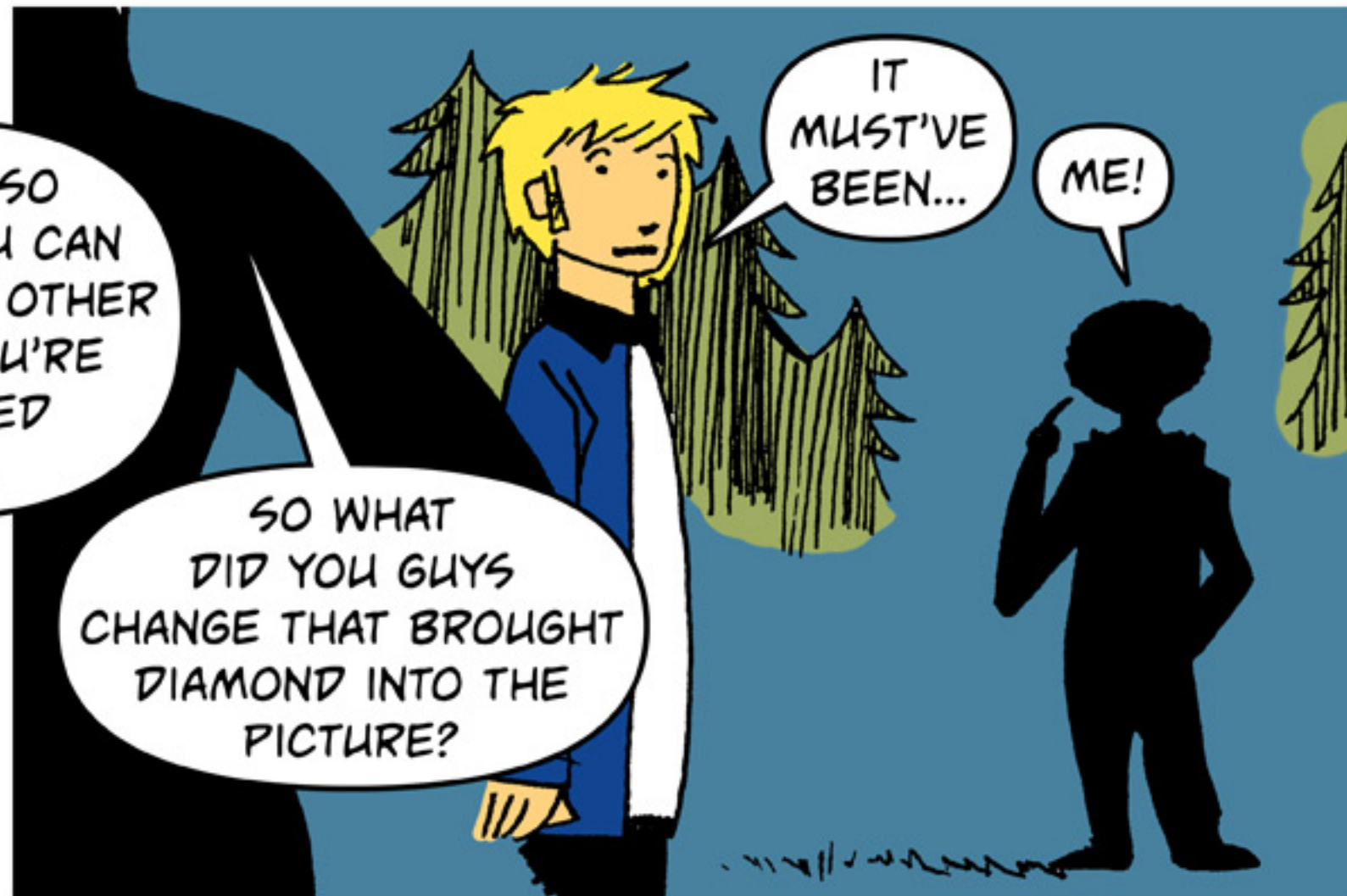


IT'S NOT SO
SIMPLE. YOU CAN
ONLY AFFECT OTHER
PEOPLE YOU'RE
ENTANGLED
WITH.

SO WHAT
DID YOU GUYS
CHANGE THAT BROUGHT
DIAMOND INTO THE
PICTURE?

IT
MUST'VE
BEEN...

ME!



SO, HIT THE
BUTTON,
NICK!

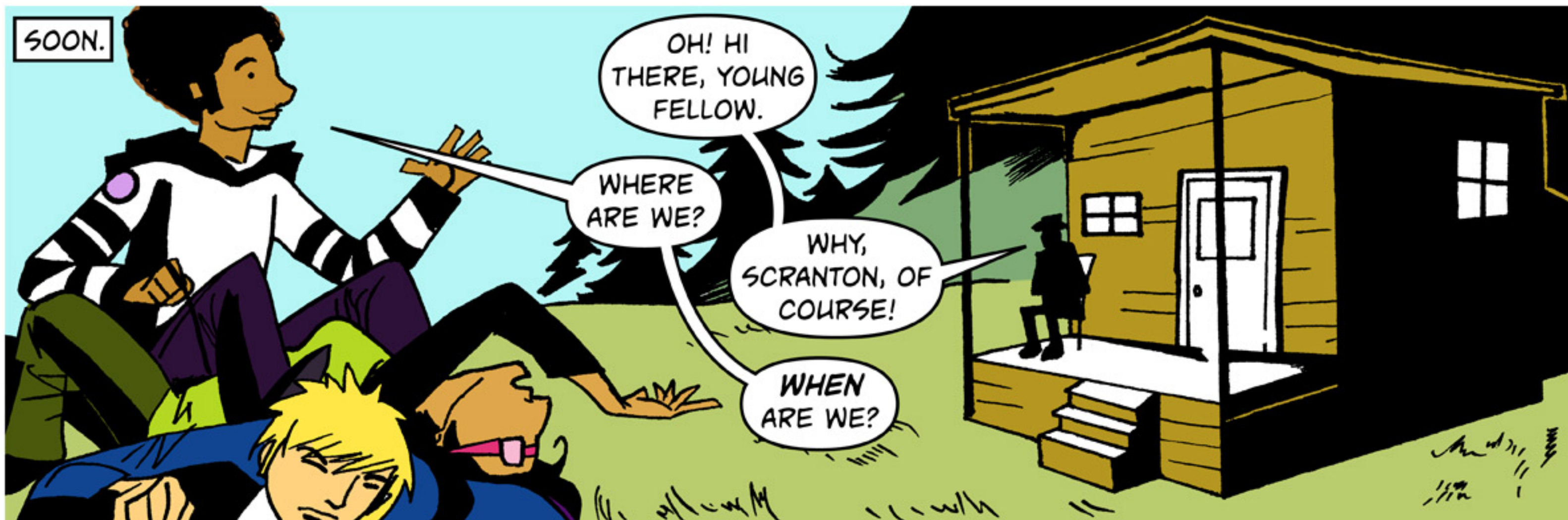


LET'S GO
STOP ME FROM
DOING WHATEVER
I DID!

BEE-ZOOOP!







SOON.

OH! HI THERE, YOUNG FELLOW.

WHERE ARE WE?

WHY, SCRANTON, OF COURSE!

WHEN ARE WE?



JUNE 28, 2015.

SHIT!

LET'S GO BACK TO PITTSBURGH...

WAIT! IF WE DO THAT, WE RISK THE CHANCE OF CREATING MORE DOUBLES OF OURSELVES.

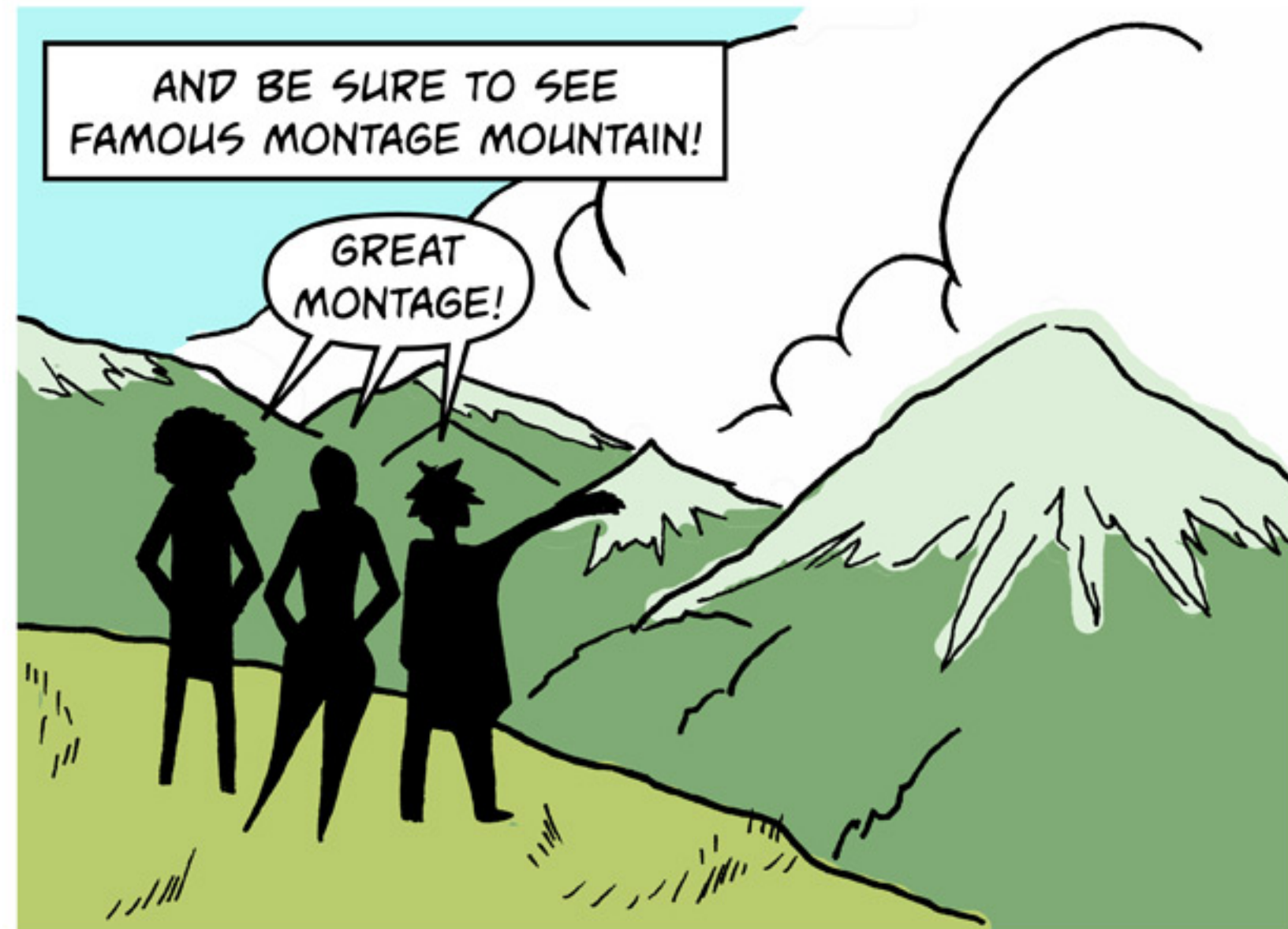
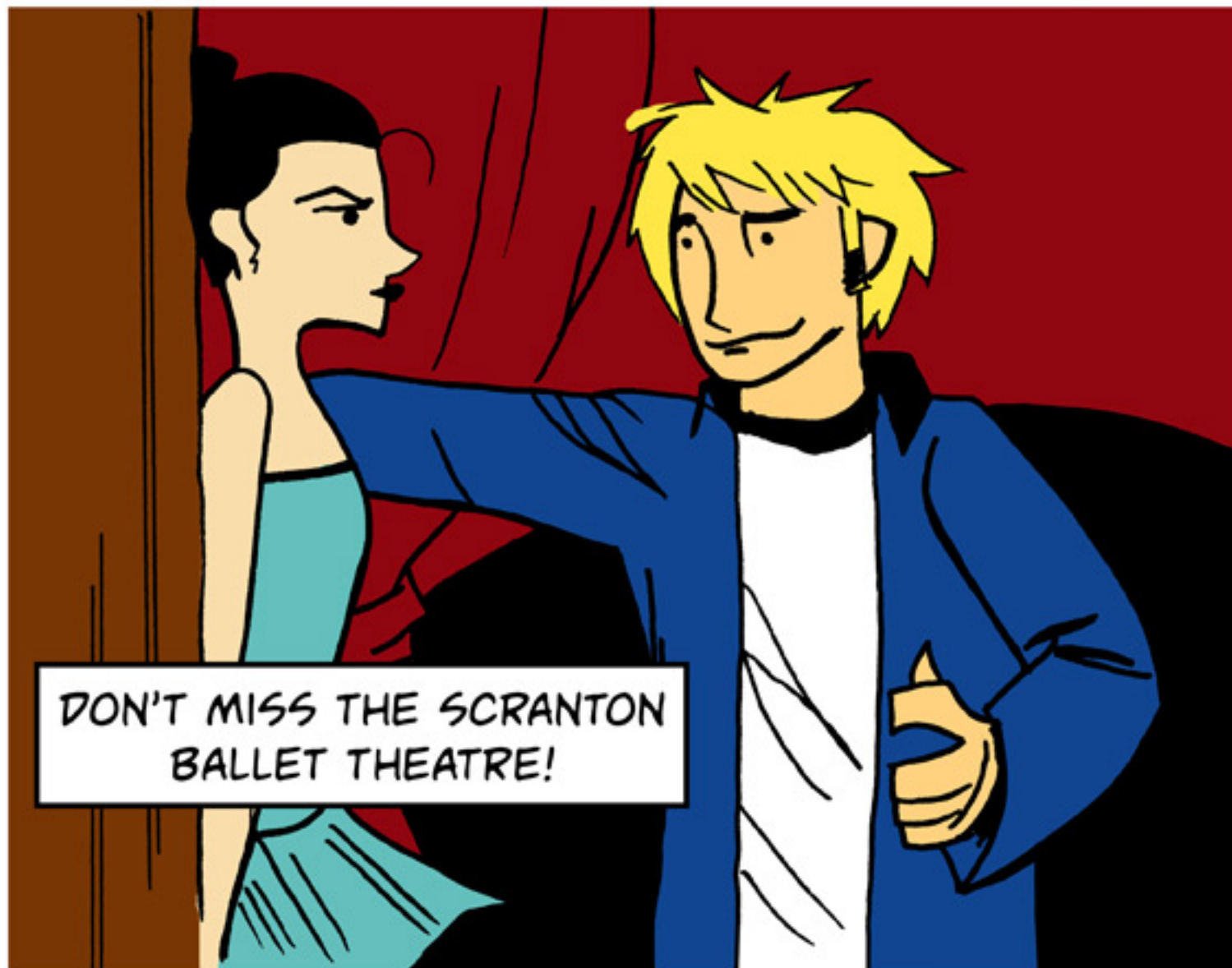
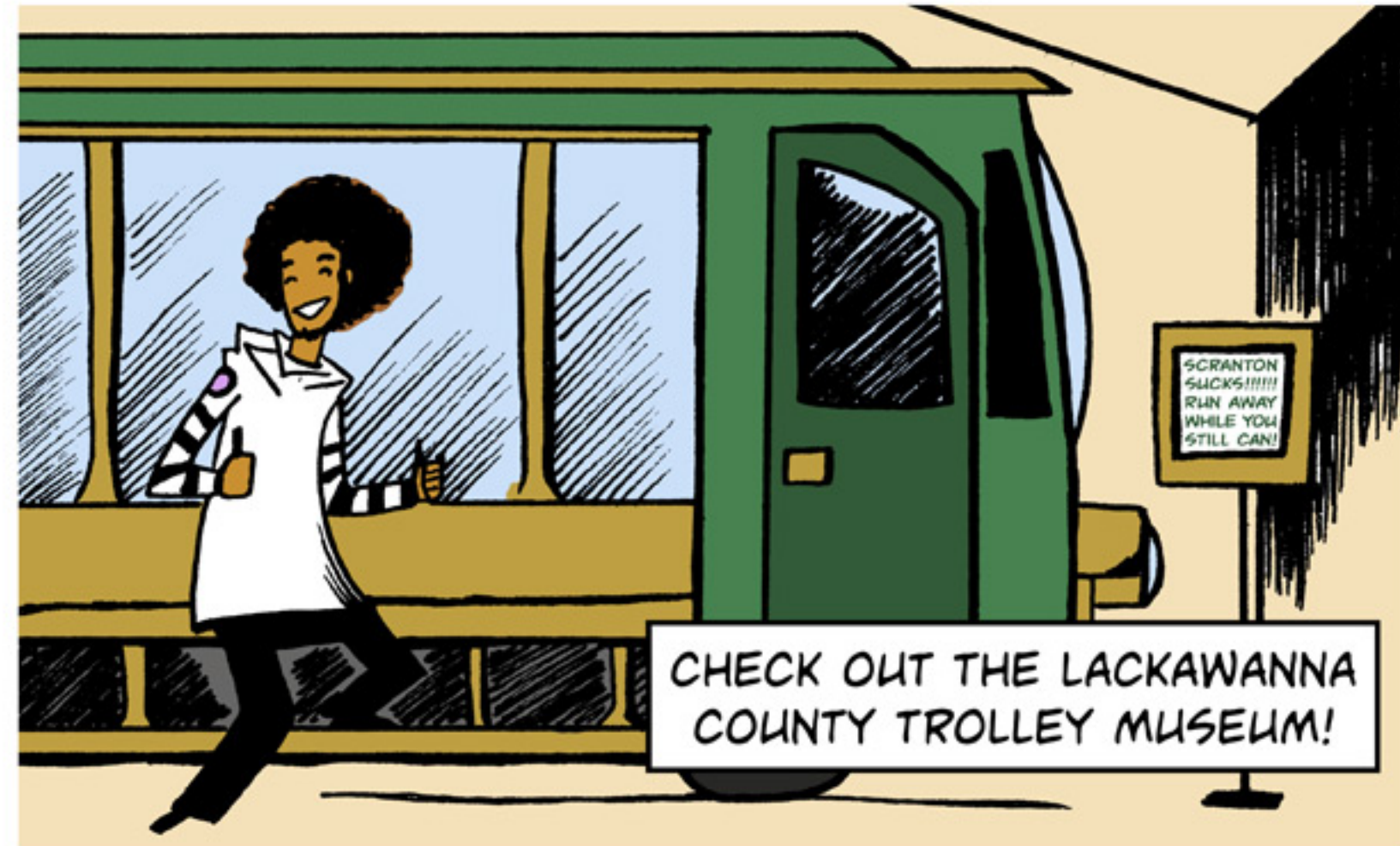


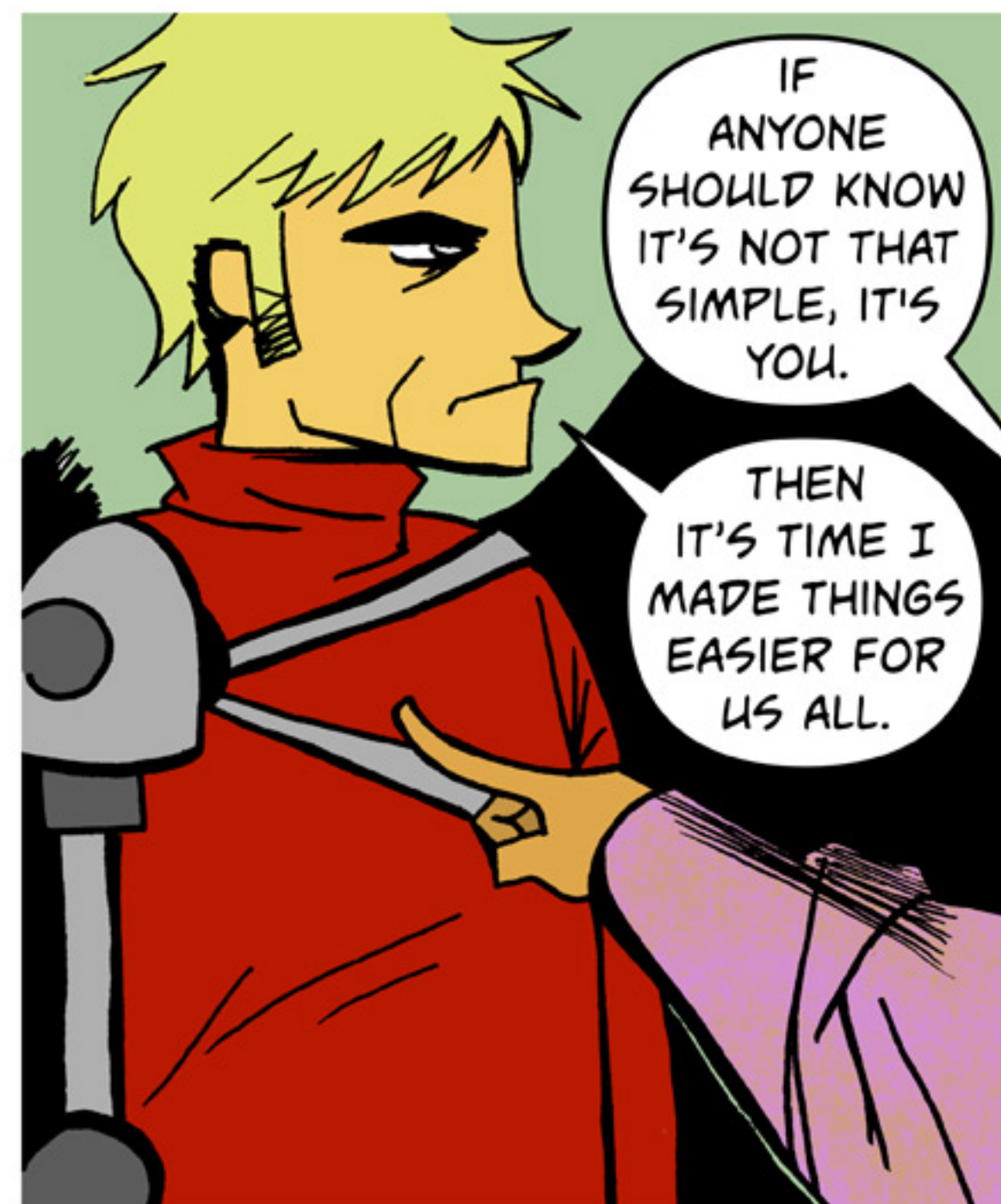
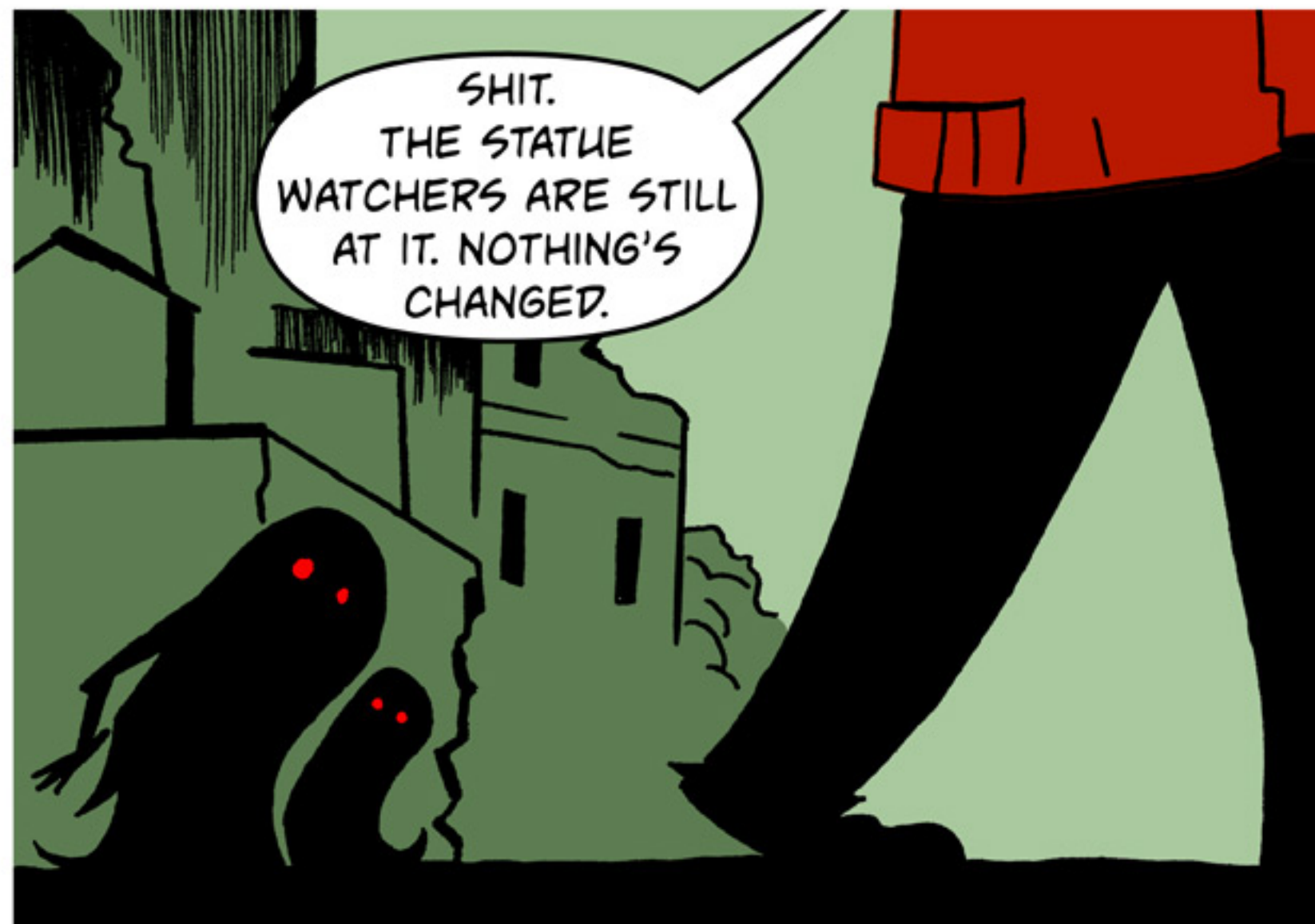
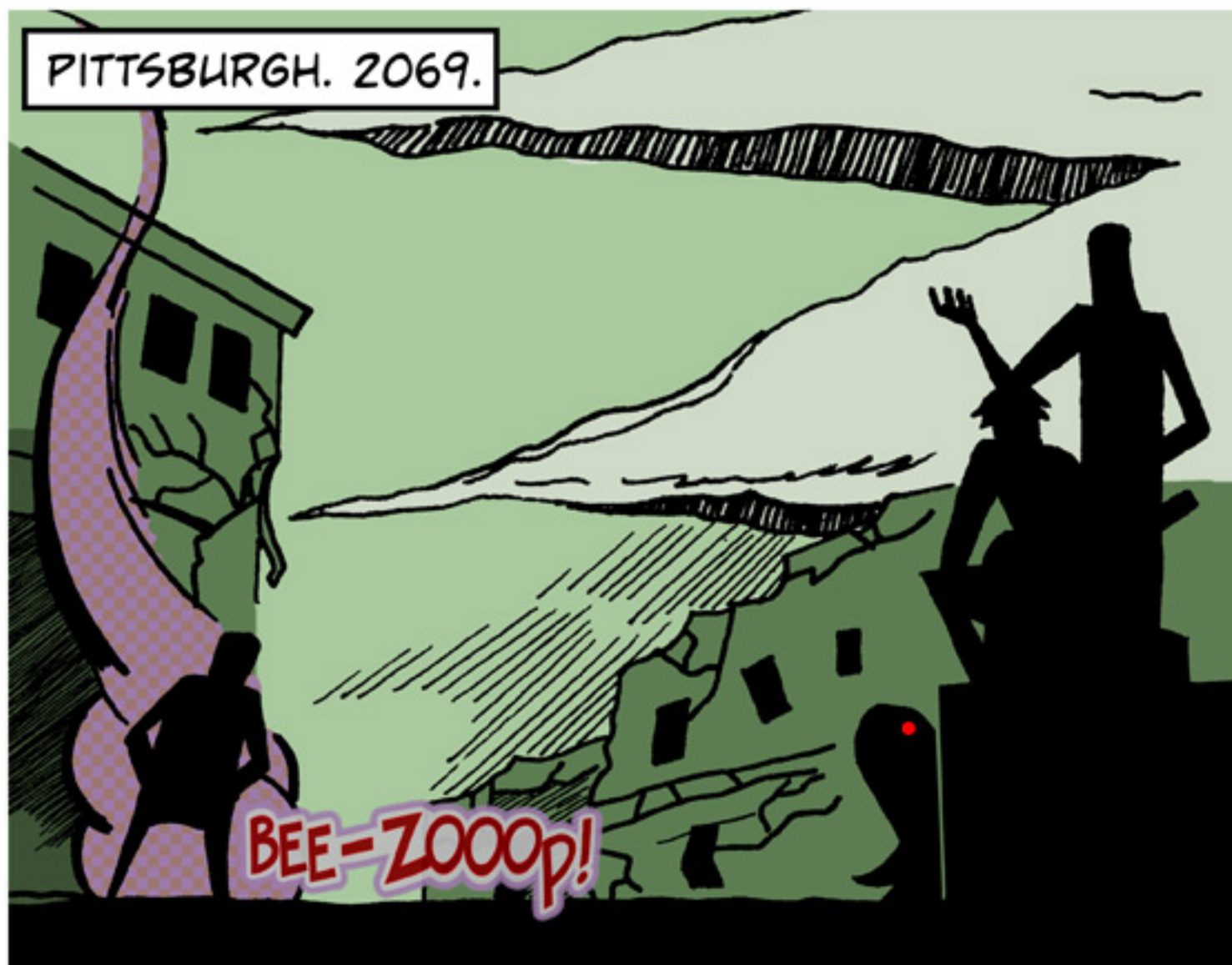
IT'S ONLY A WEEK. WE SHOULD JUST WAIT AND THEN DRIVE BACK TO PITTSBURGH SO WE CAN MAKE IT THERE RIGHT AFTER WE HIT THE BUTTON!

HMM, ONE WEEK IN SCRANTON... HOW BAD COULD IT BE???

A WEEK IN SCRANTON

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE TOURISM BOARD OF SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA







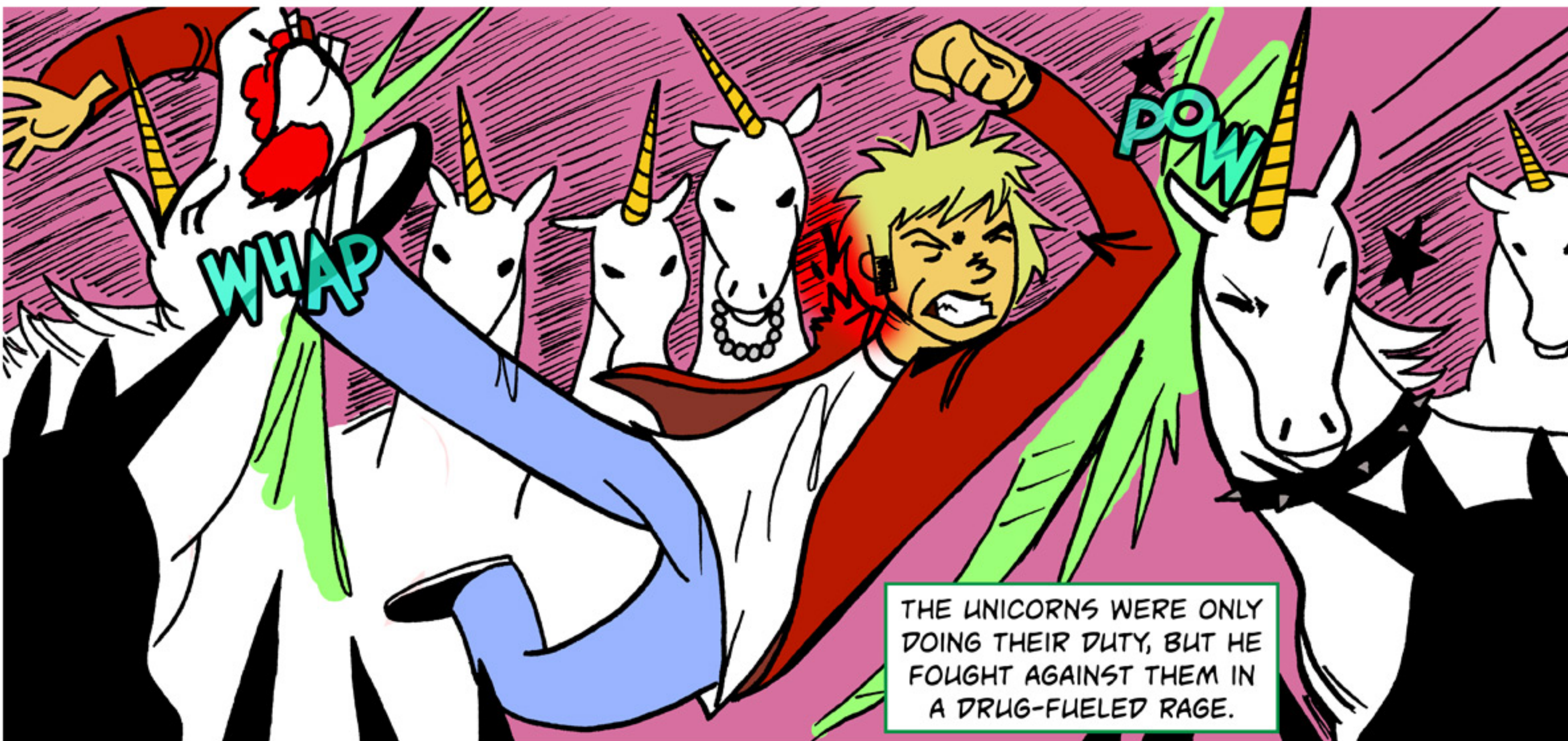


TOSSING A TIME LOG ON THE FIRE... AGAIN!

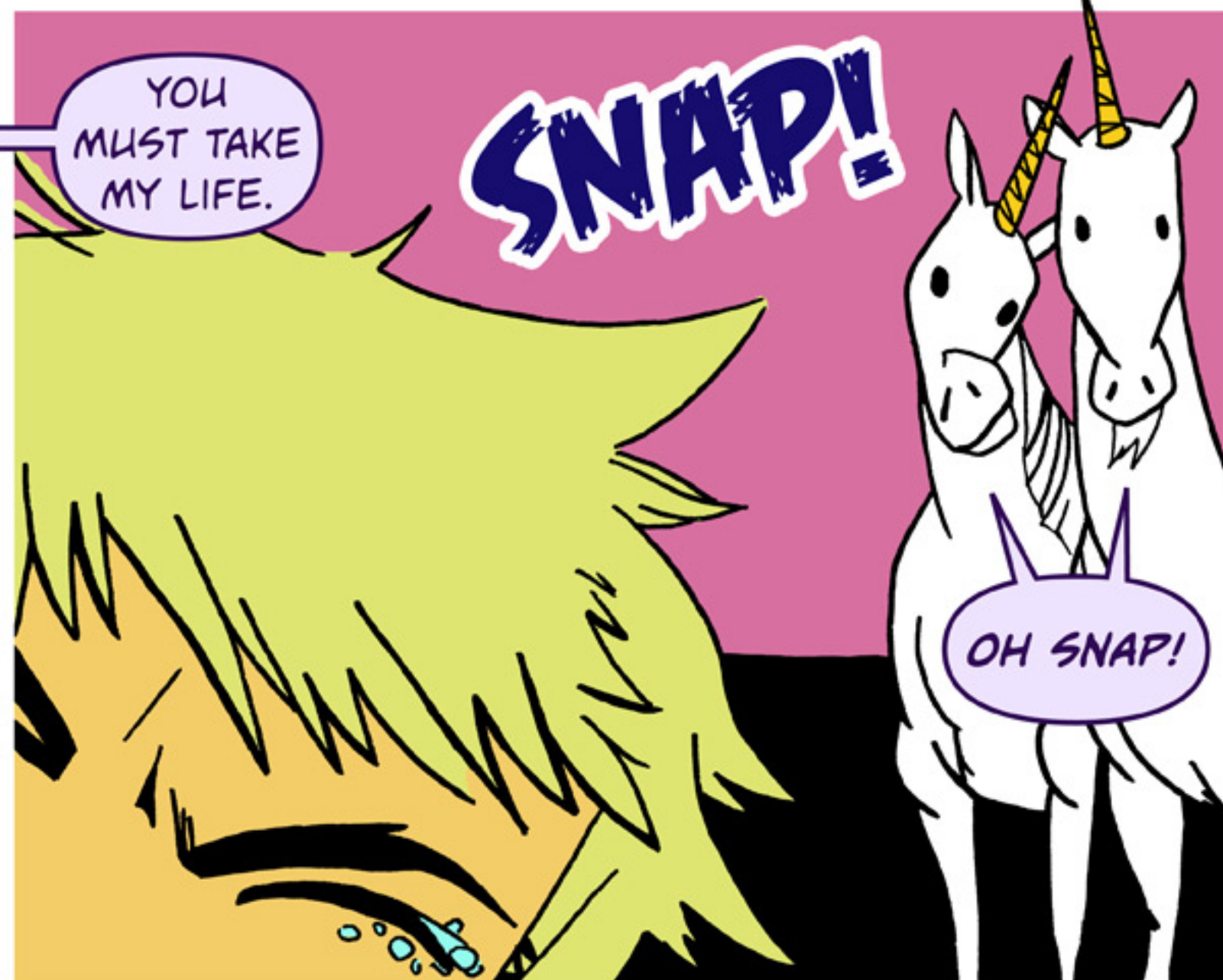
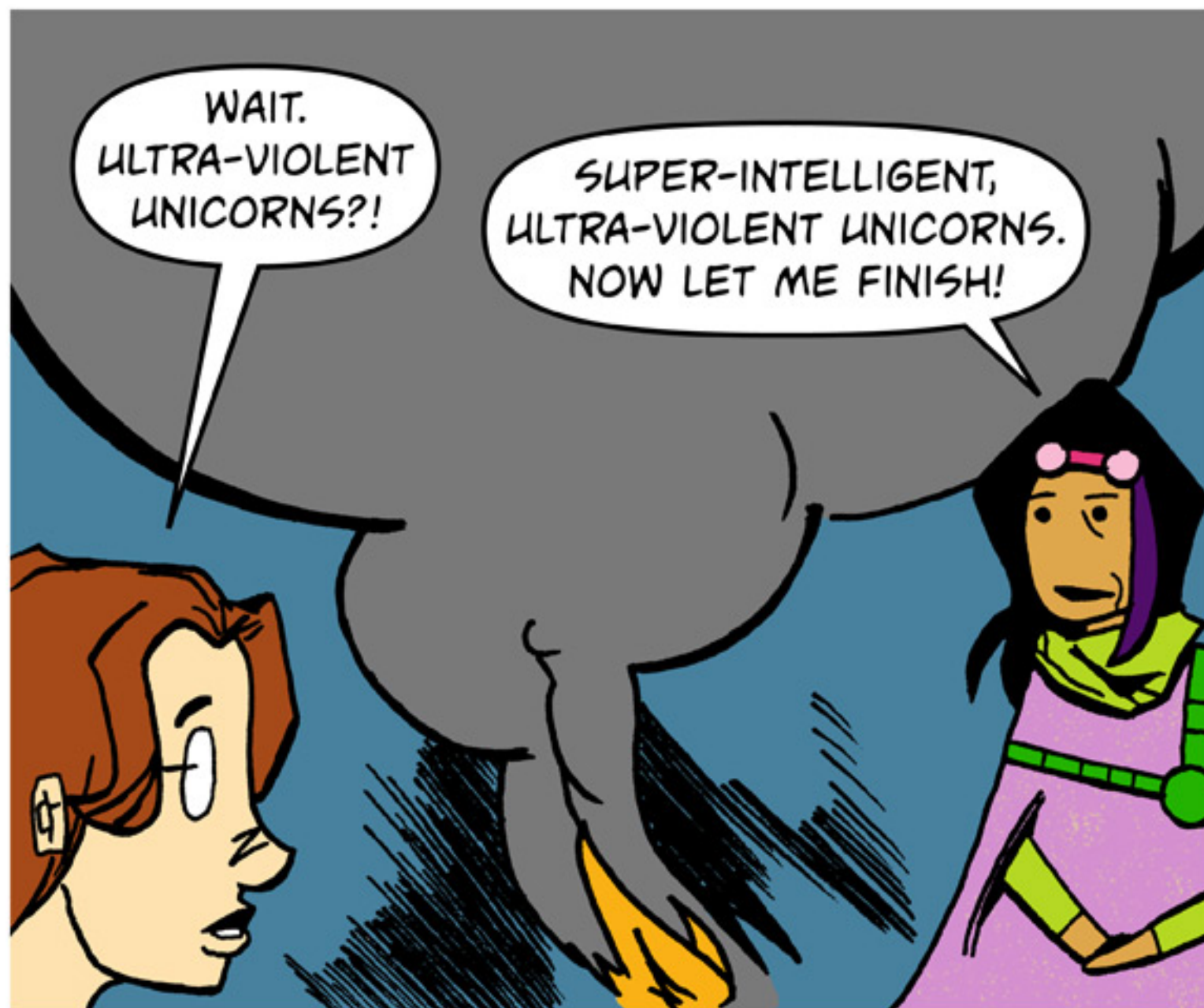
LIKE ALL ACCIDENTS OF TIME, PASTPETE LANDED IN THE LAND OF THE UNICORNS...

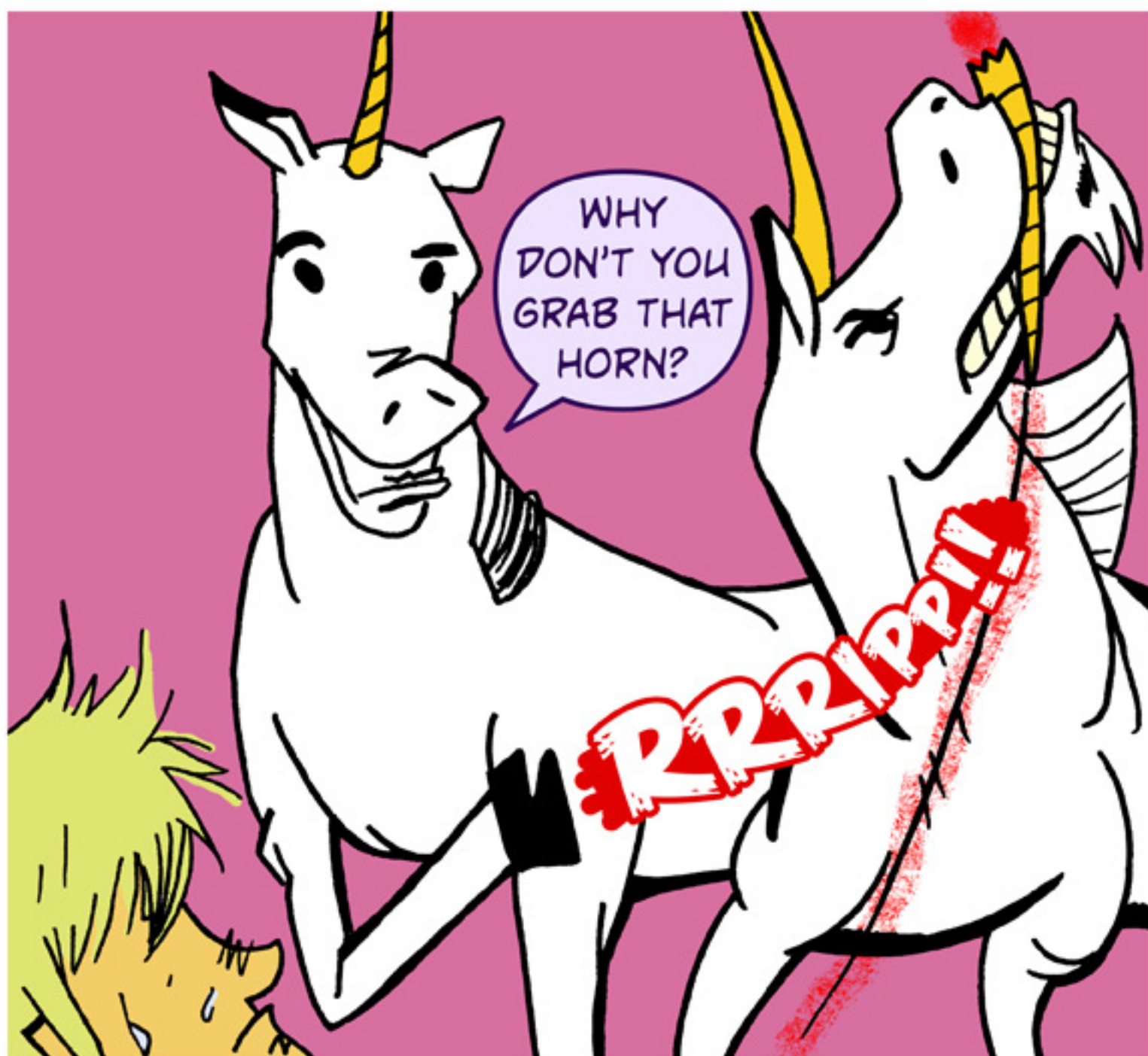
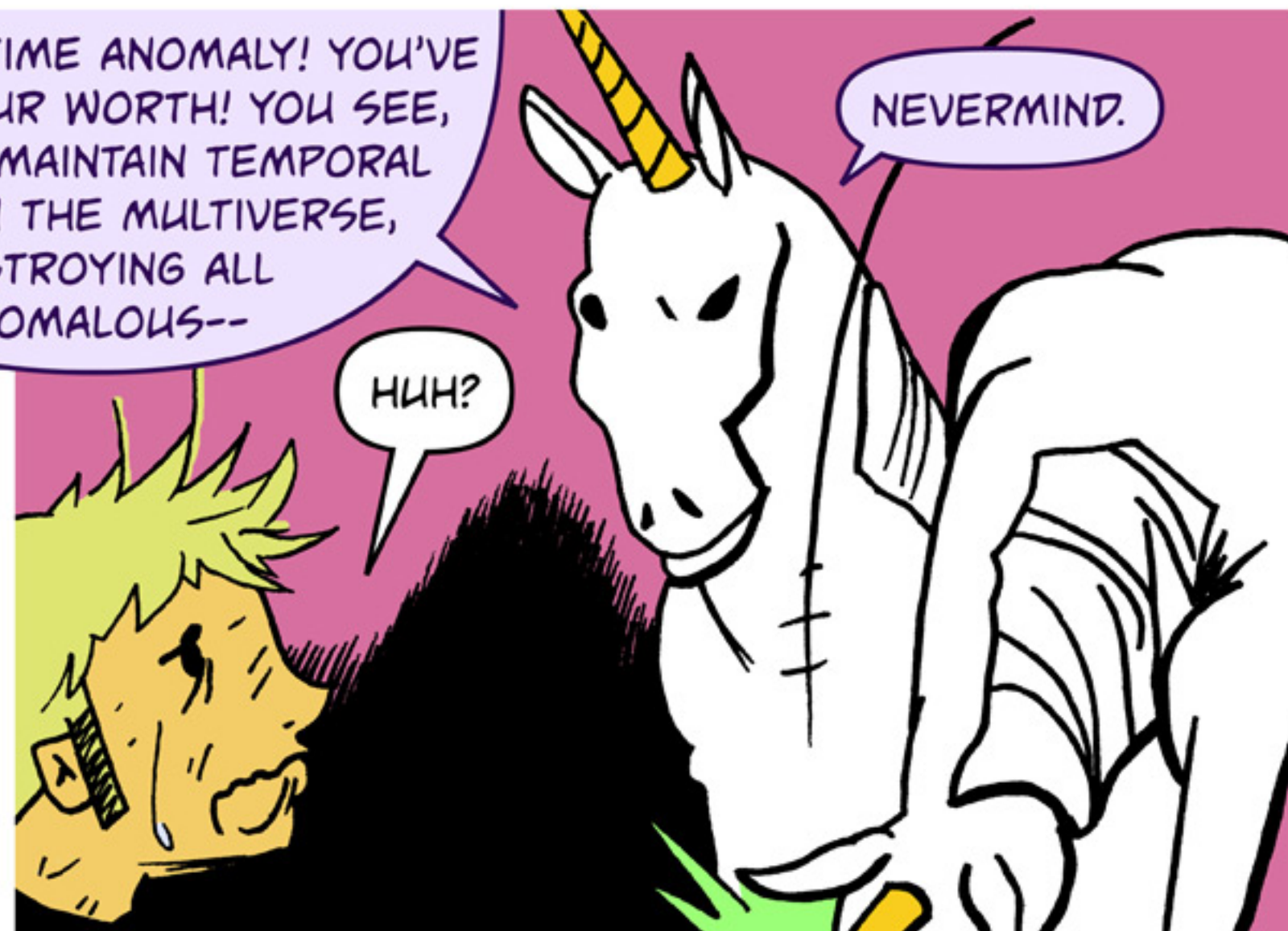
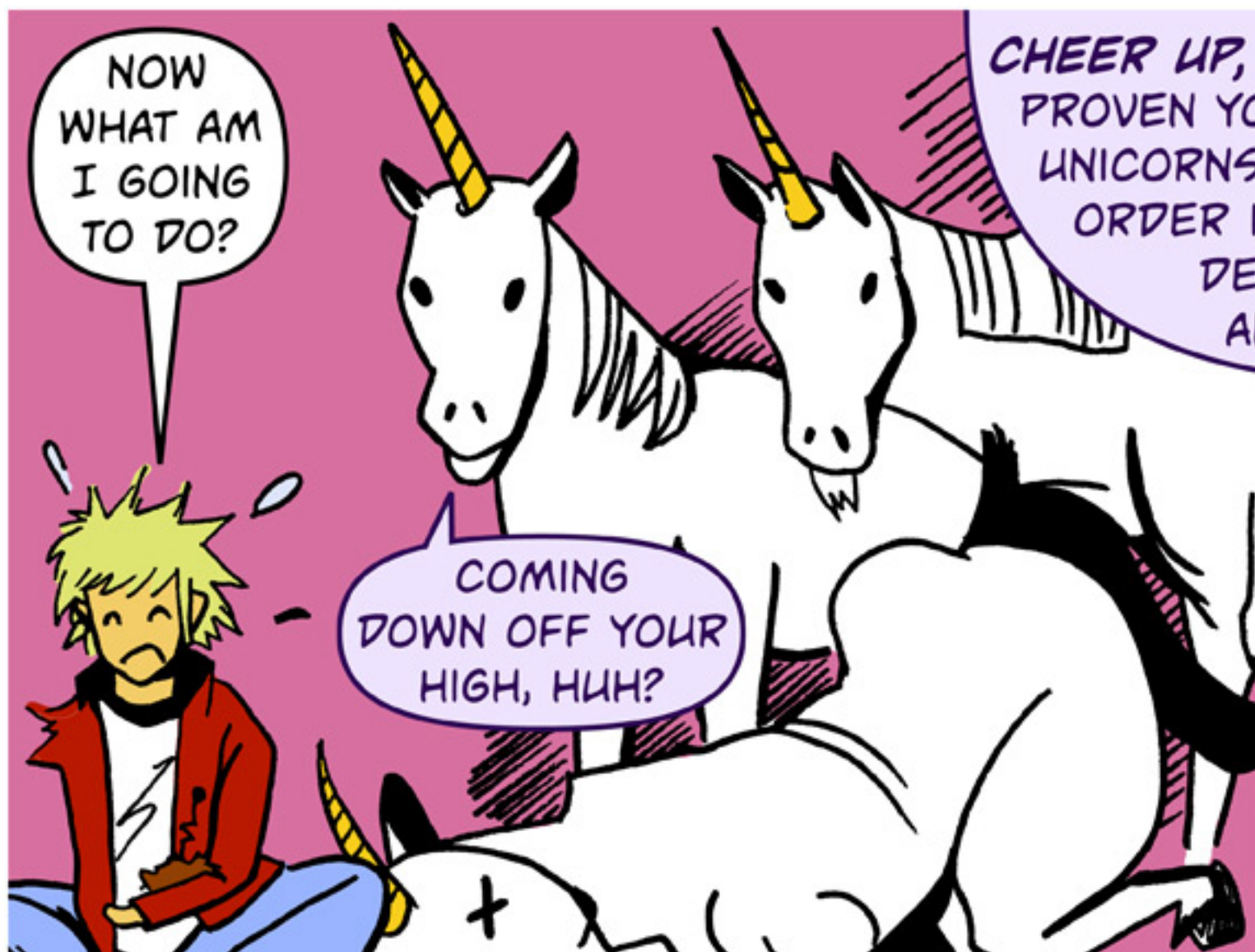
AND THESE UNICORNS DON'T LIKE VISITORS.

CRUNCH!



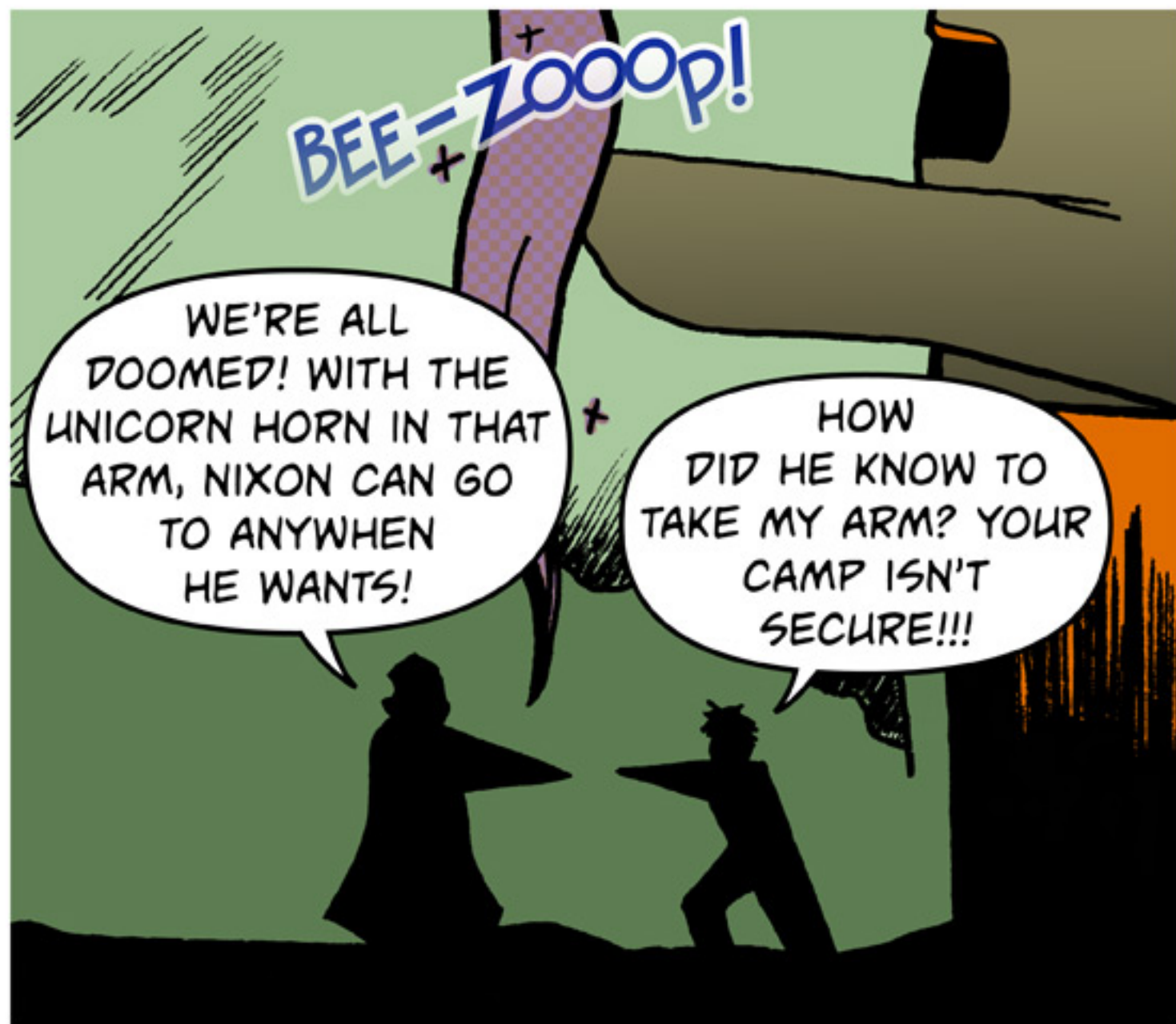
THE UNICORNS WERE ONLY DOING THEIR DUTY, BUT HE FOUGHT AGAINST THEM IN A DRUG-FUELED RAGE.







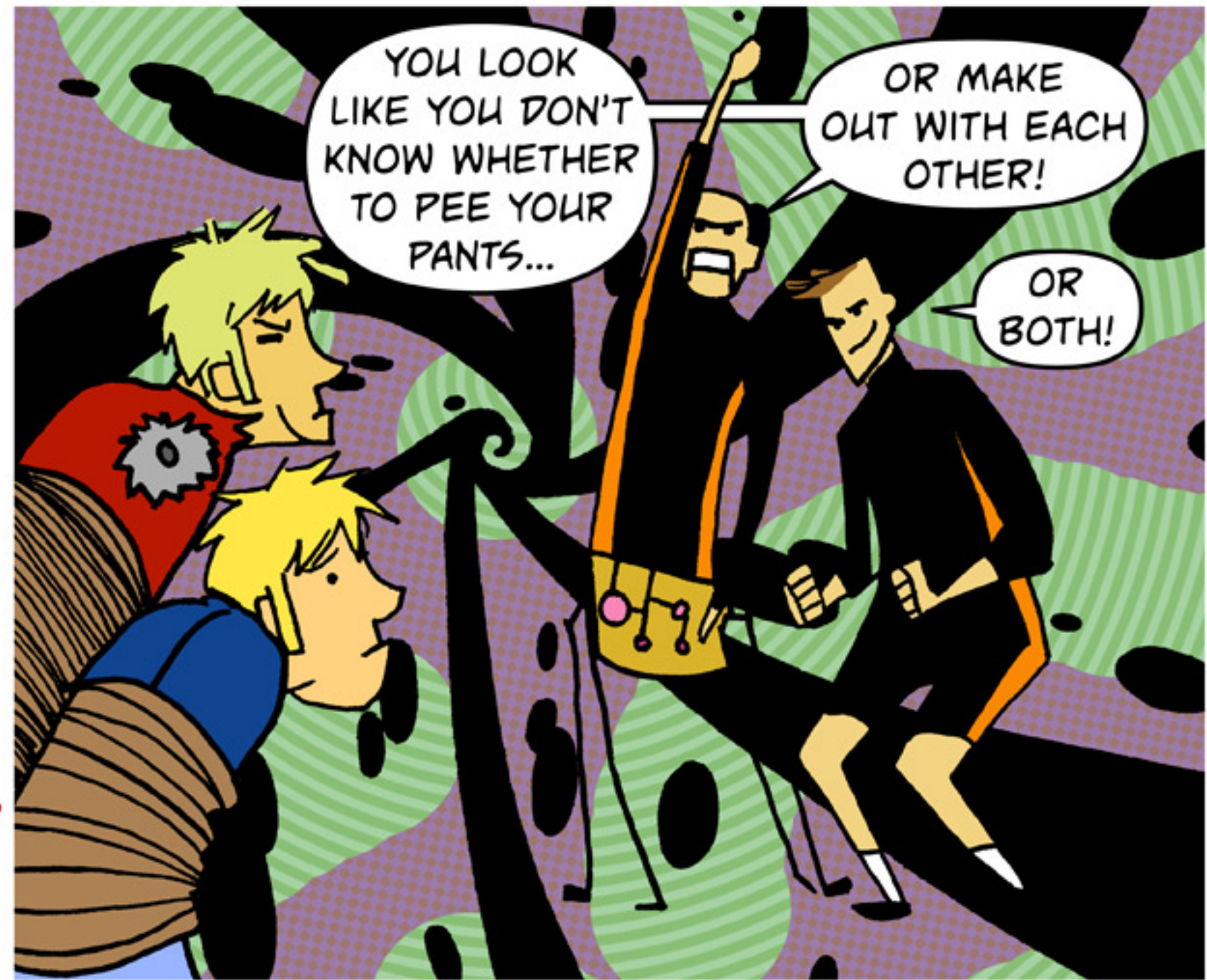


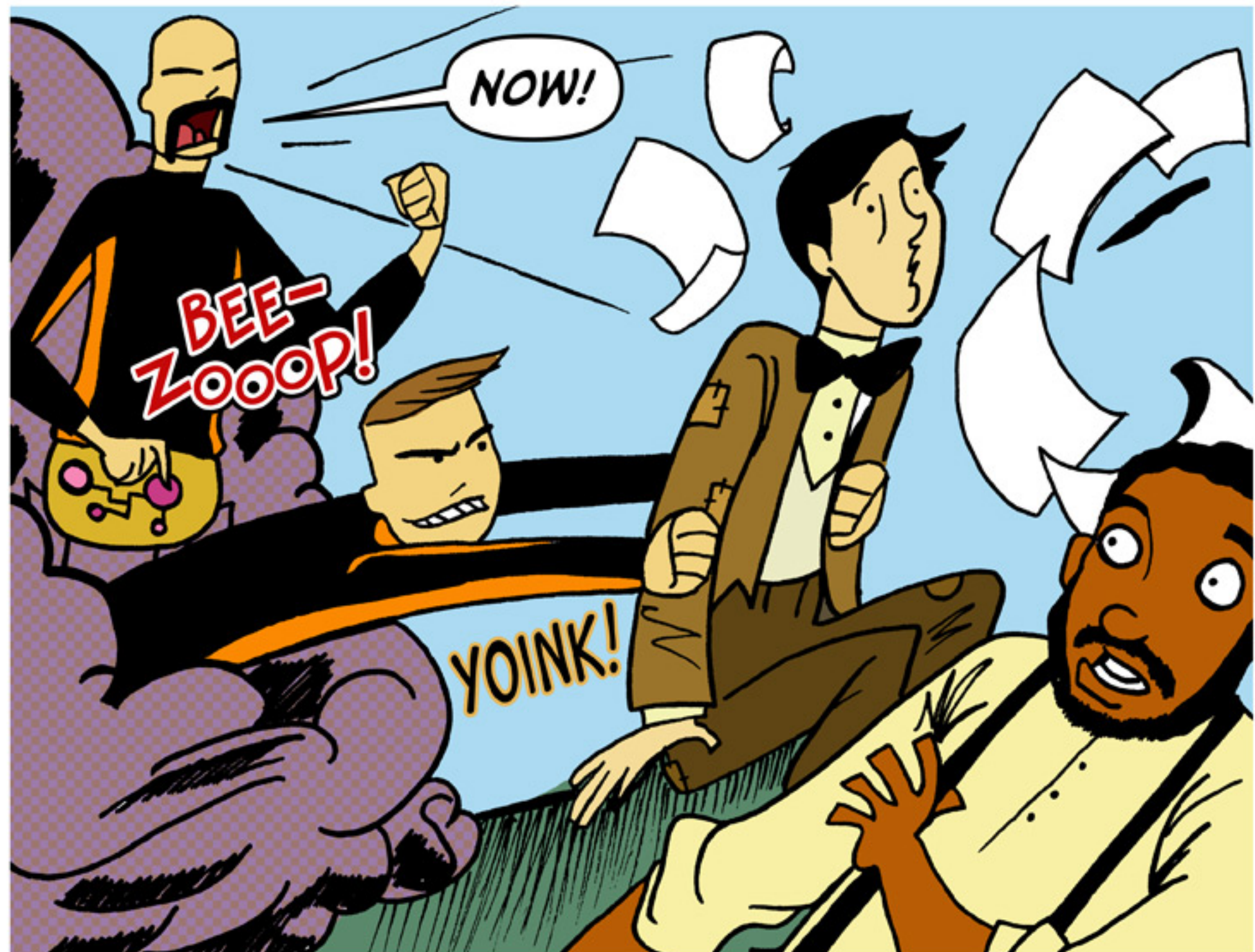






BEE
ZOOOP!







2015.

WE GOTTA FIGURE OUT HOW THIS THING WORKS.

PETE? PETE!

HE'S GONE. IT'S OUR TURN NOW.

I'M A BELIEVER, I COULDN'T...

NO SINGING!

BEE-ZOOOP!

WHAT? IT'S CATCHY.

FUCK! SCRANTON AGAIN?

HI, CONRAD!

DO I KNOW YOU?

WE'LL BE BACK IN ABOUT 50 YEARS, OKAY?

HIT THE BUTTON AGAIN!

BEE-ZOOOP!

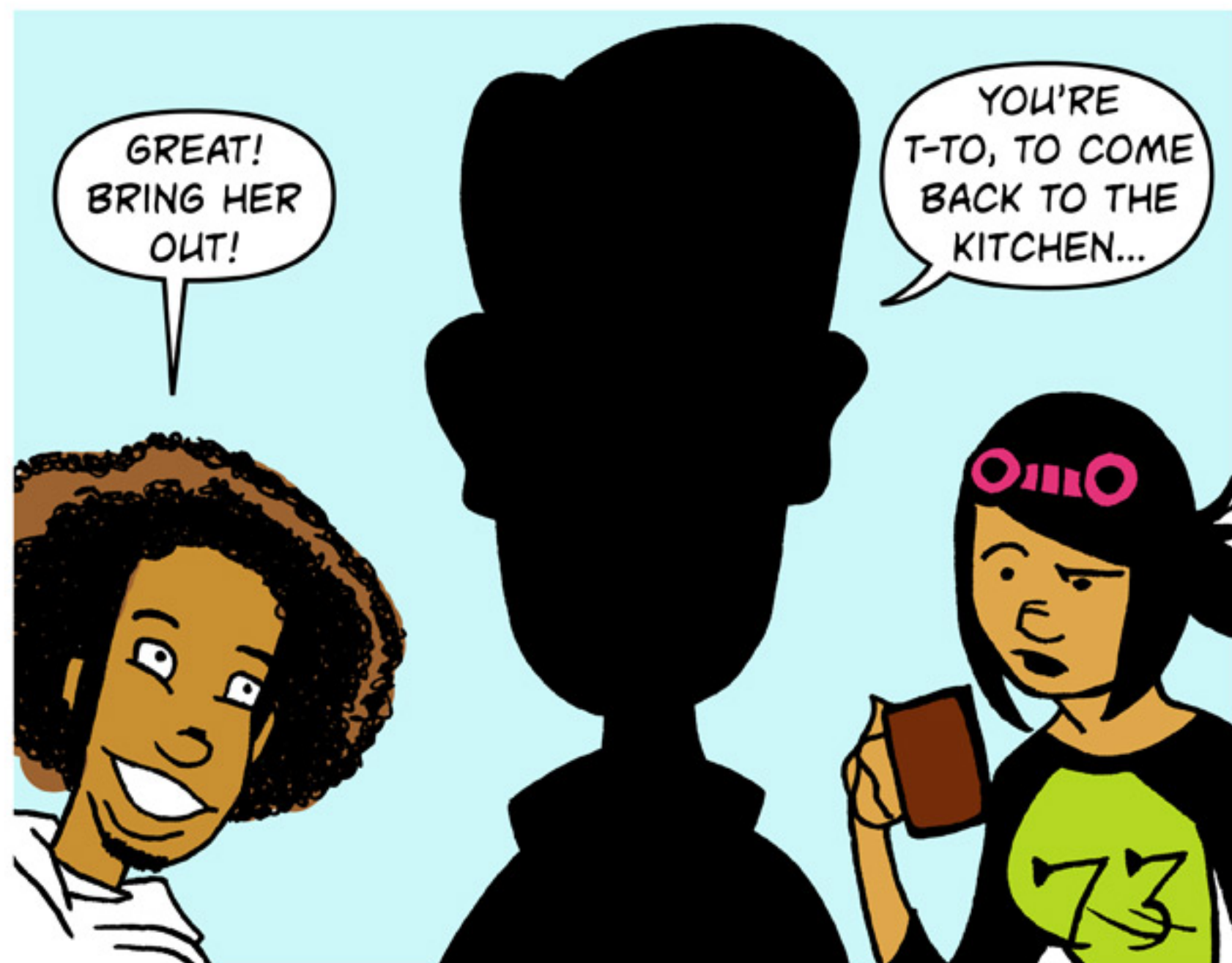
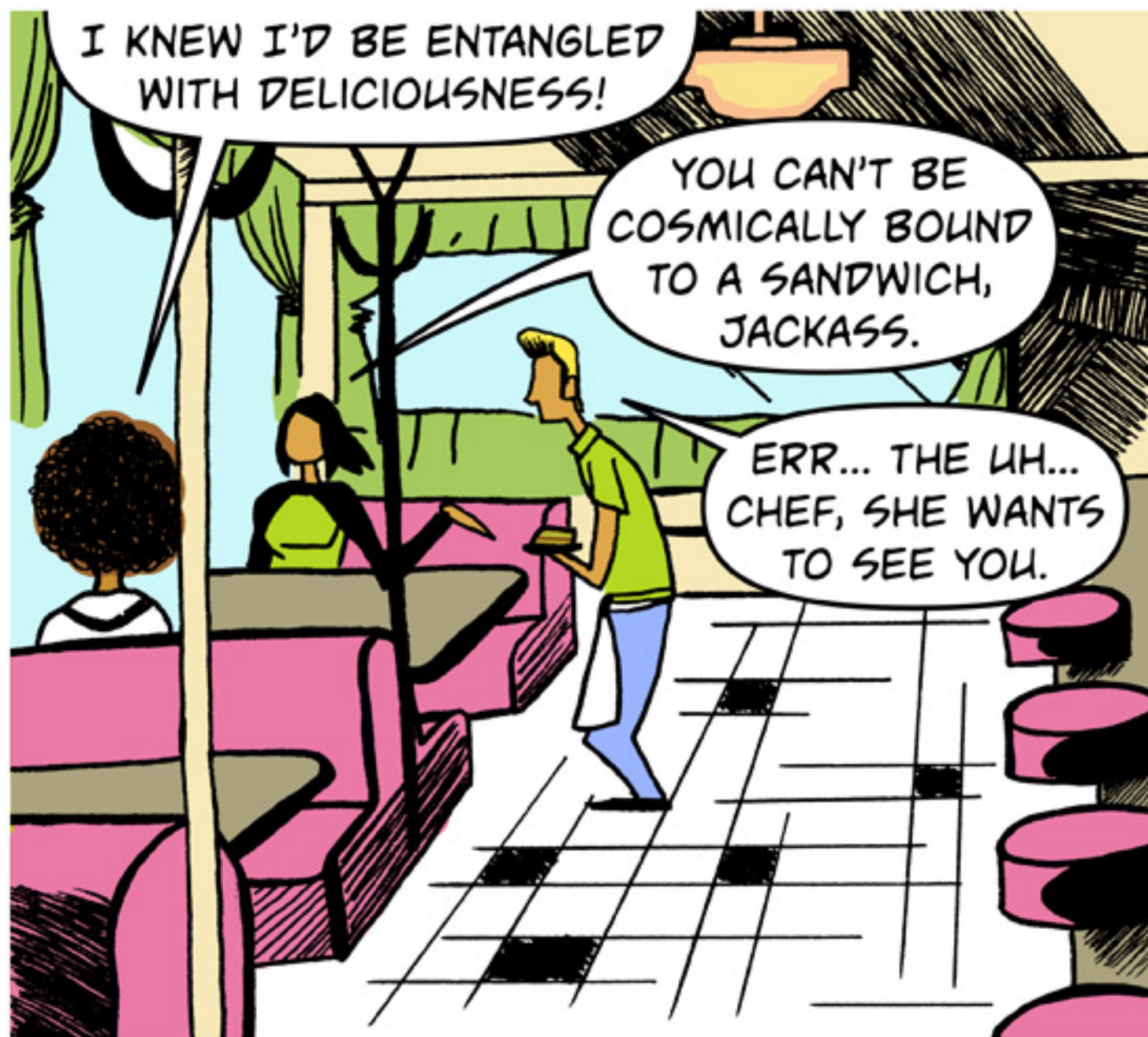
SCRANTON. 1965.



HEY, SHAWN! YOU
KNOW WHAT HAPPENS
IN THE VORTEX *STAYS*
IN THE VORTEX...

FUCK
OFF.

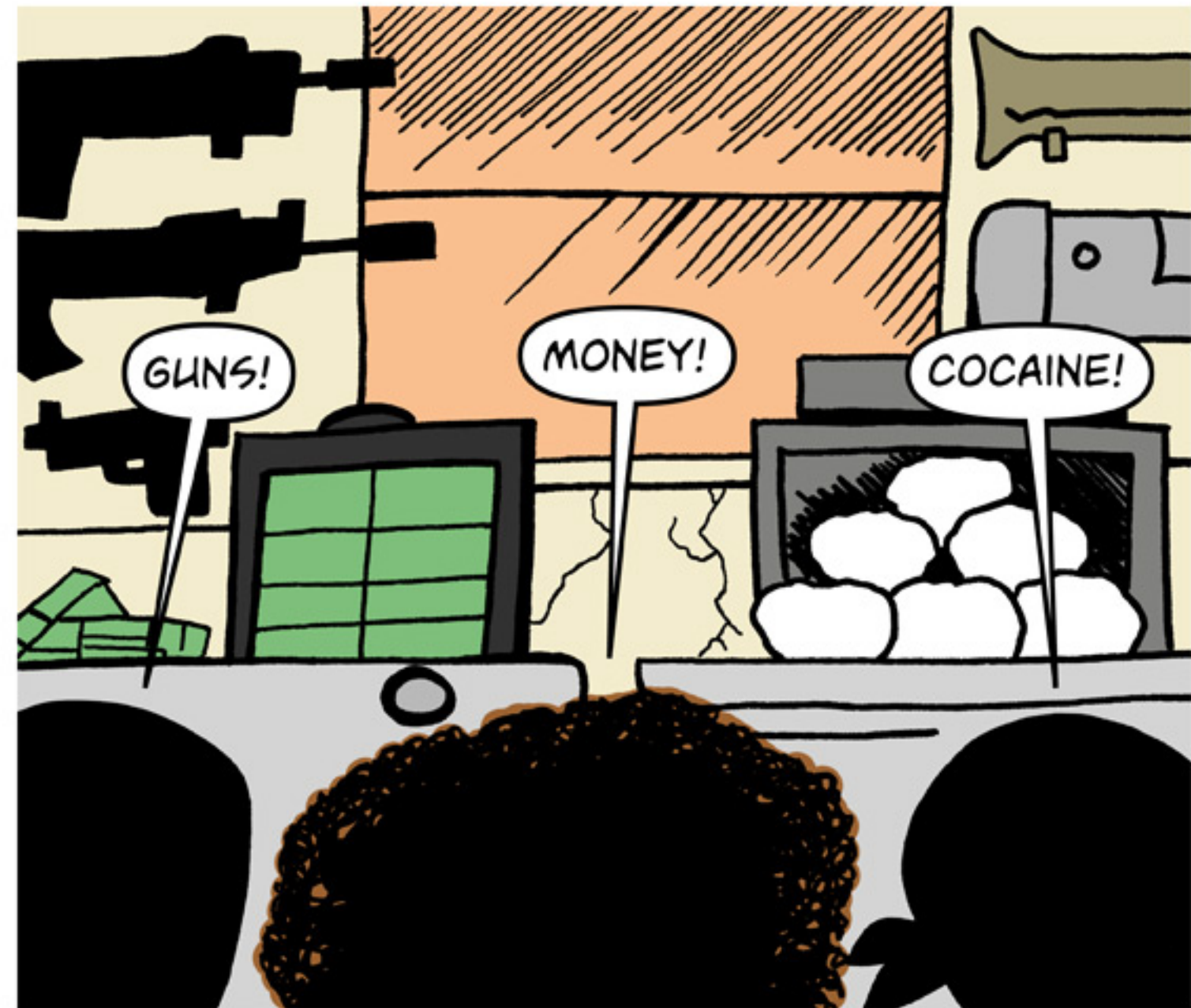






YEAH! I FEEL LIKE I TRAVELED THROUGH TIME...









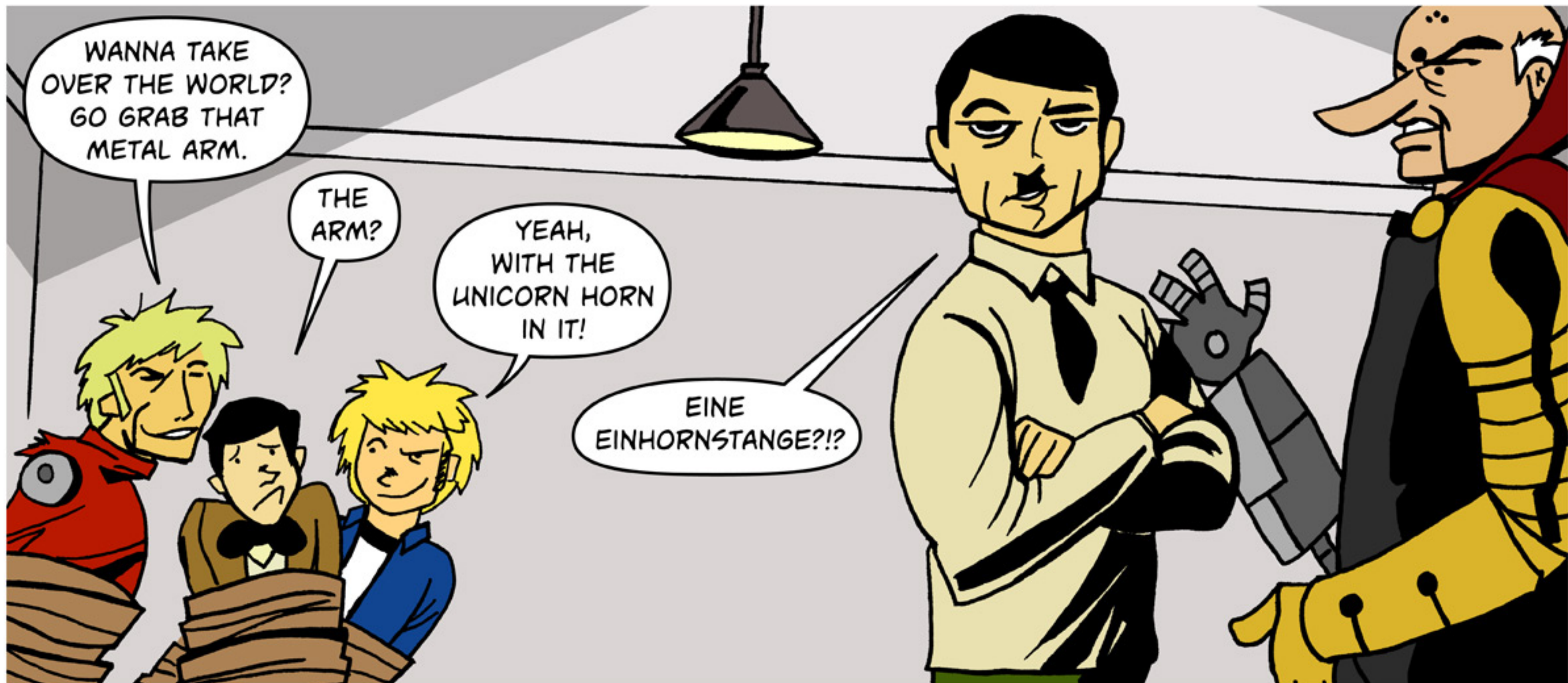
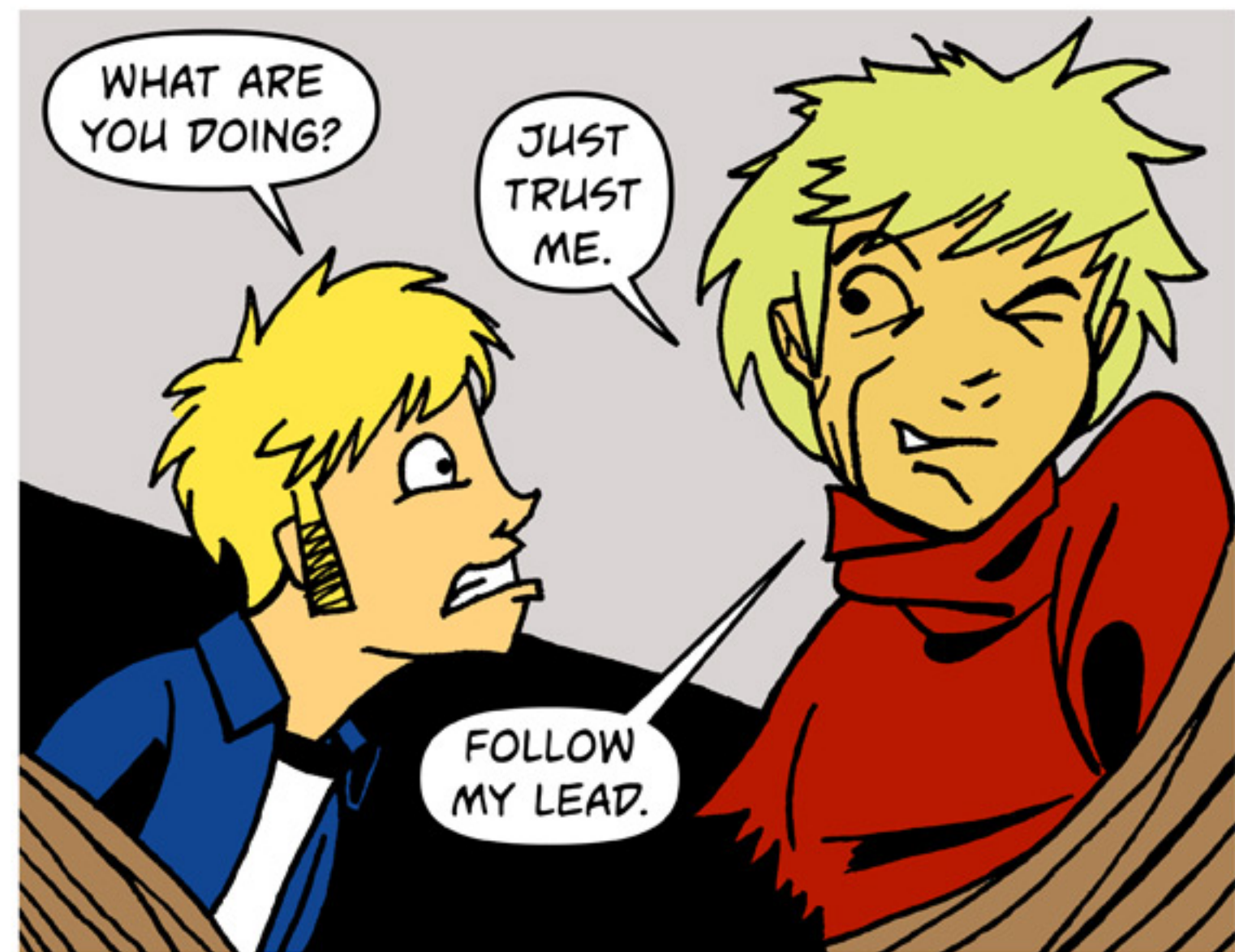
BEE
NOON
P!



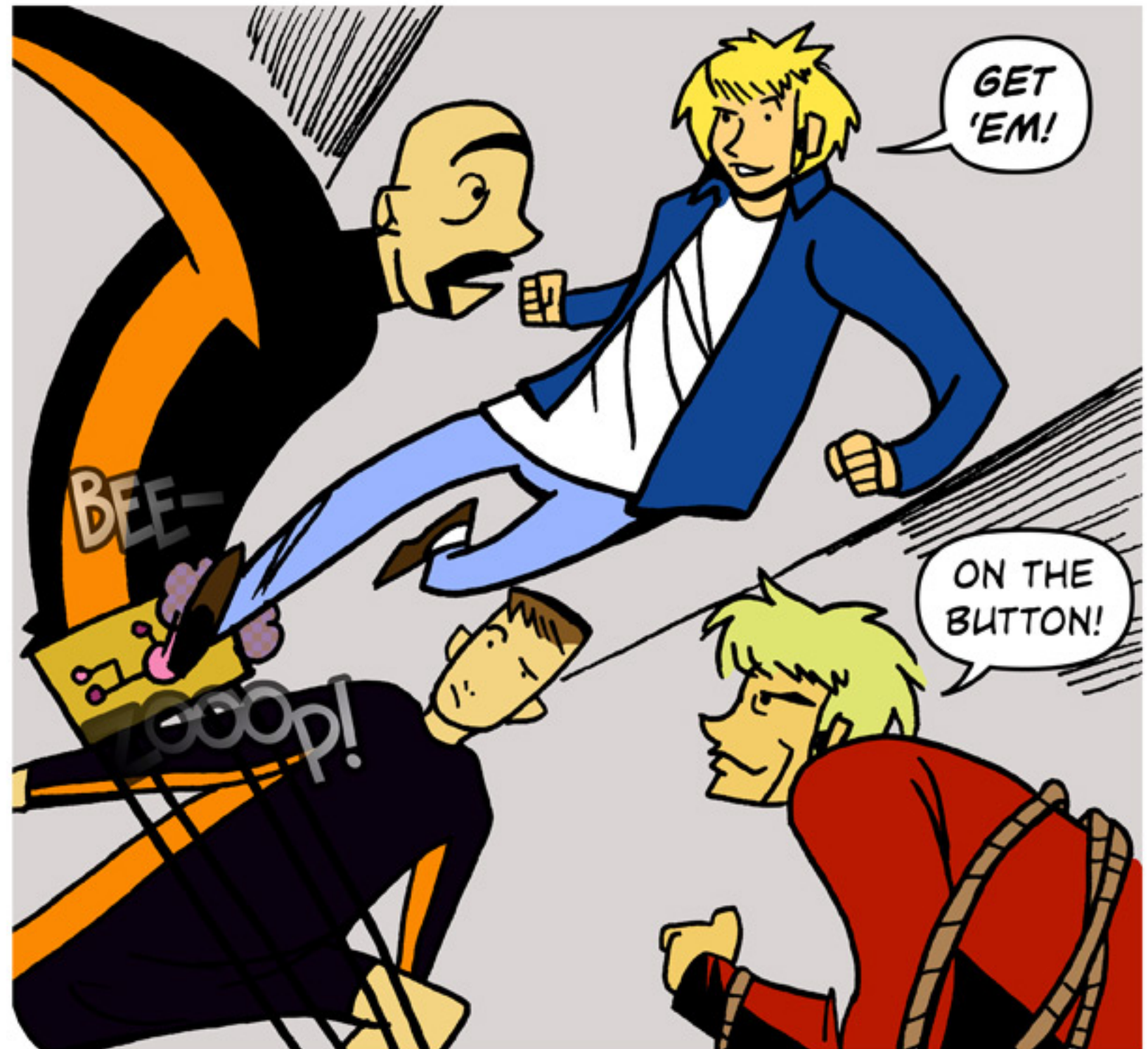
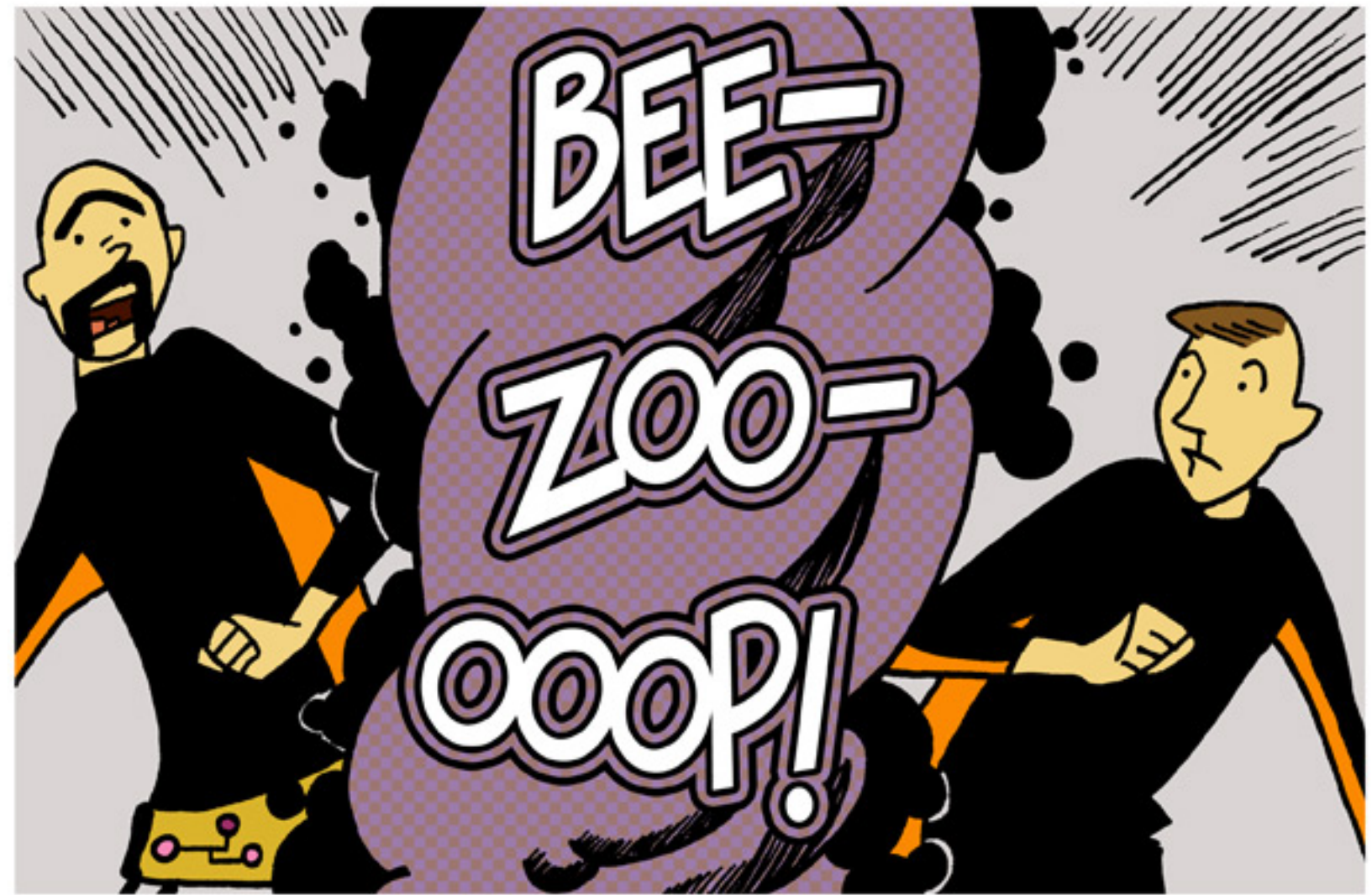
BERLIN, GERMANY. 1945.

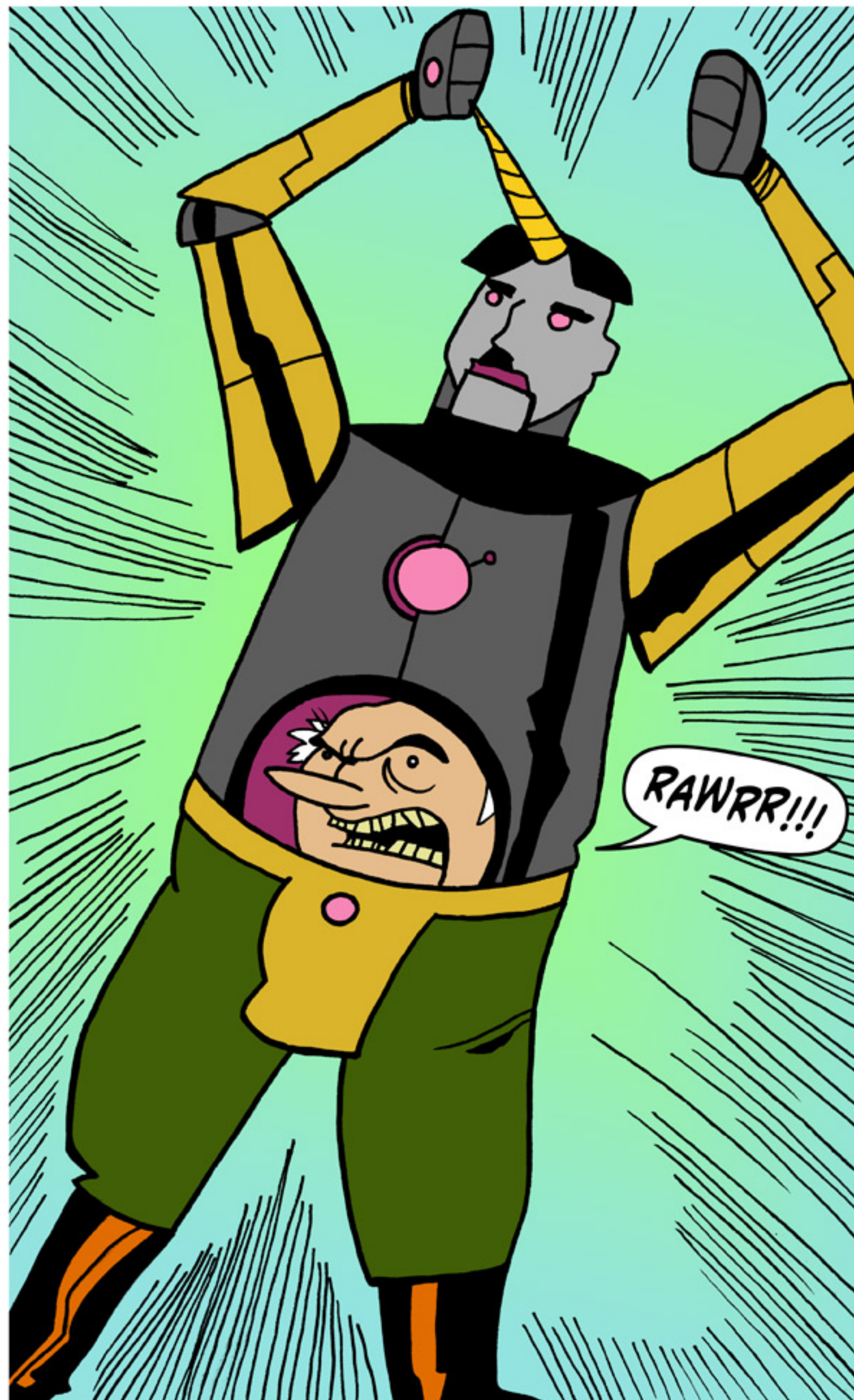
HITLER,
WAIT! DON'T KILL
YOURSELF!!!

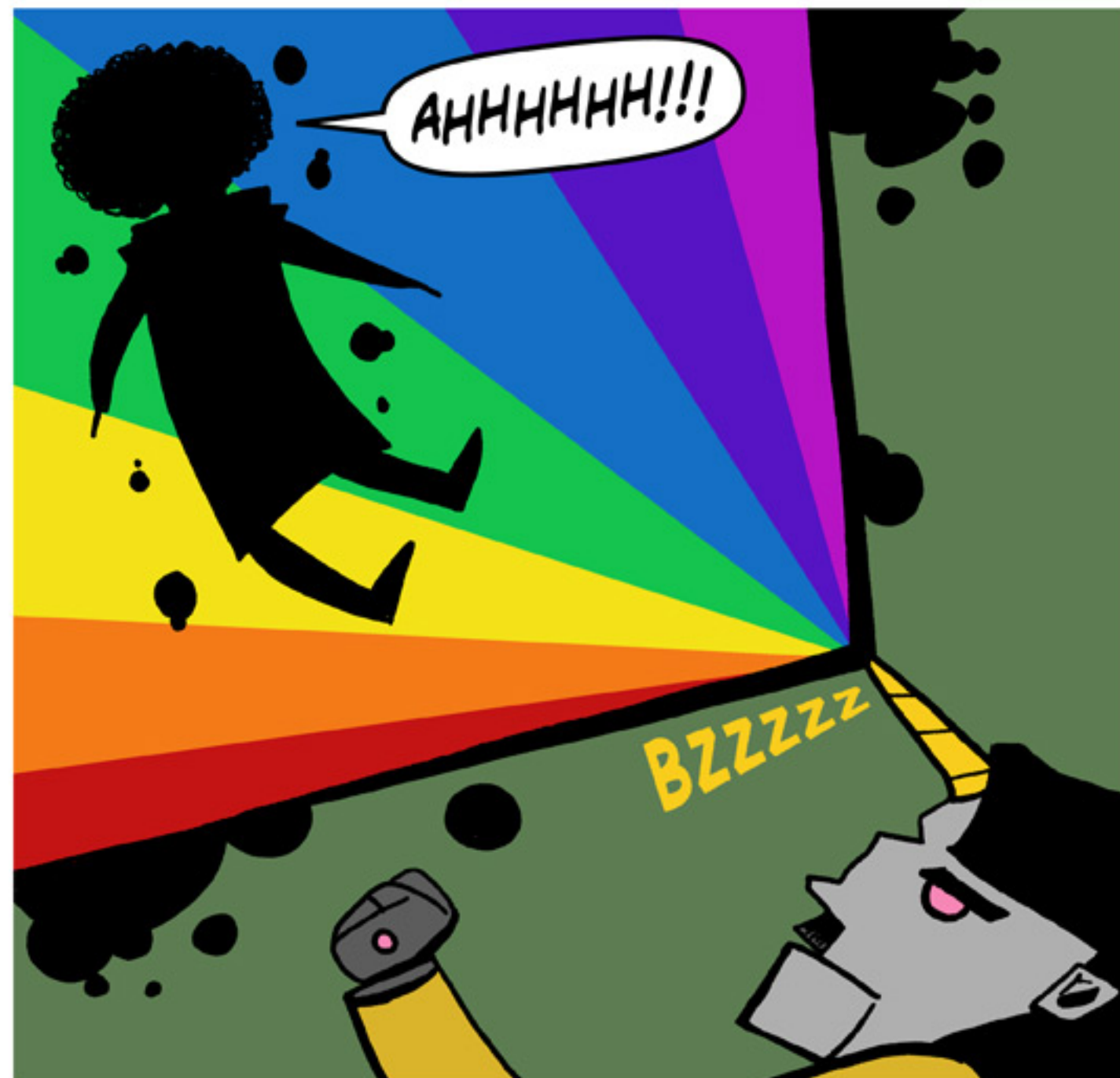


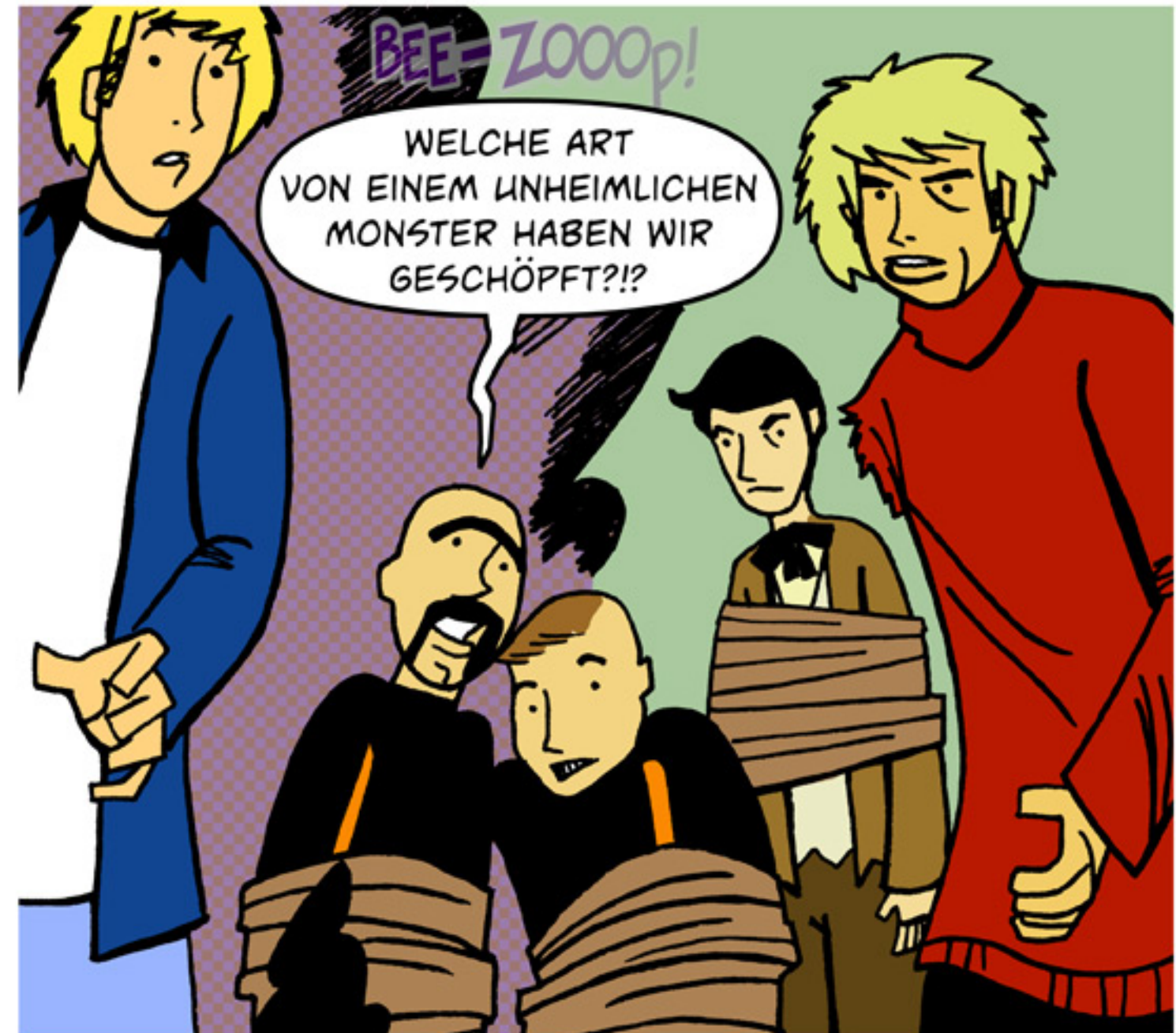
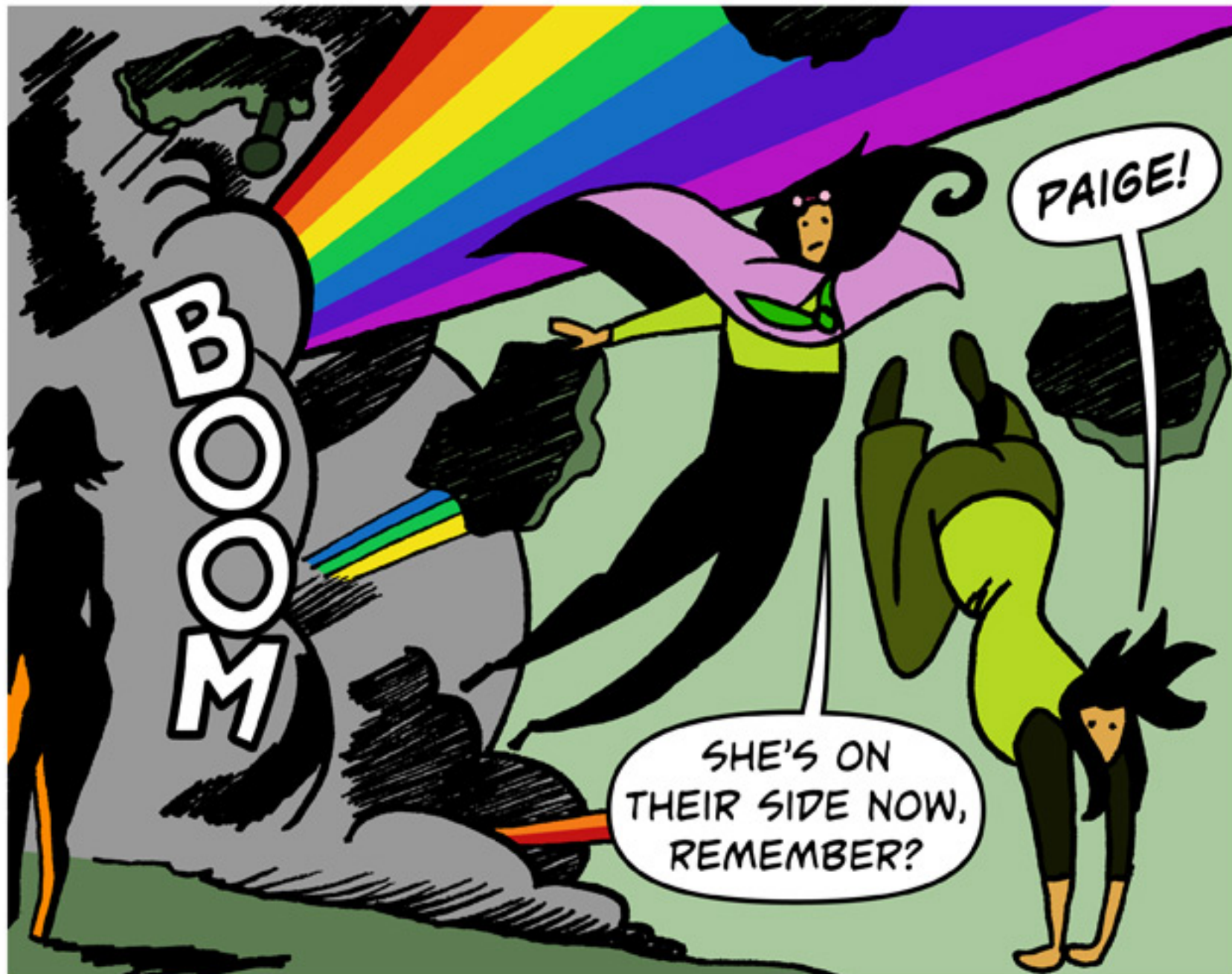




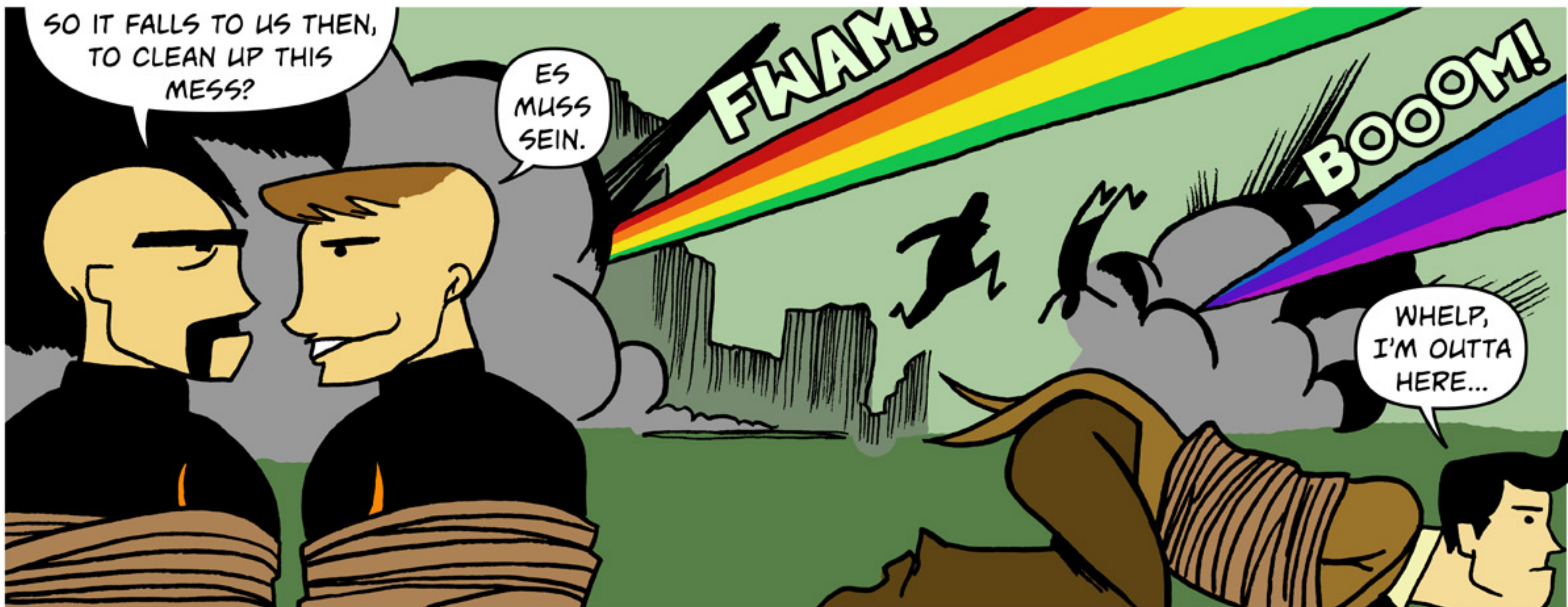


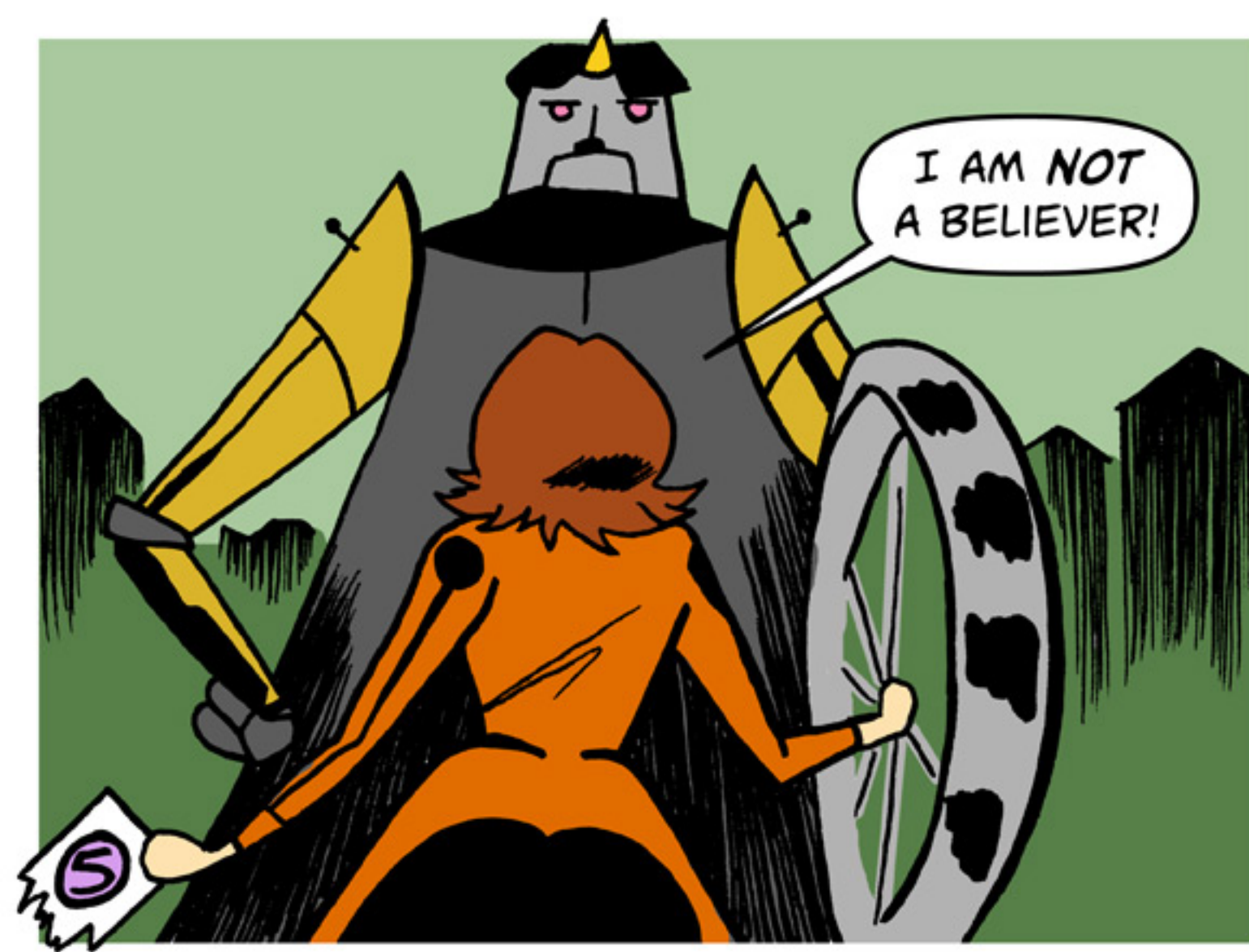


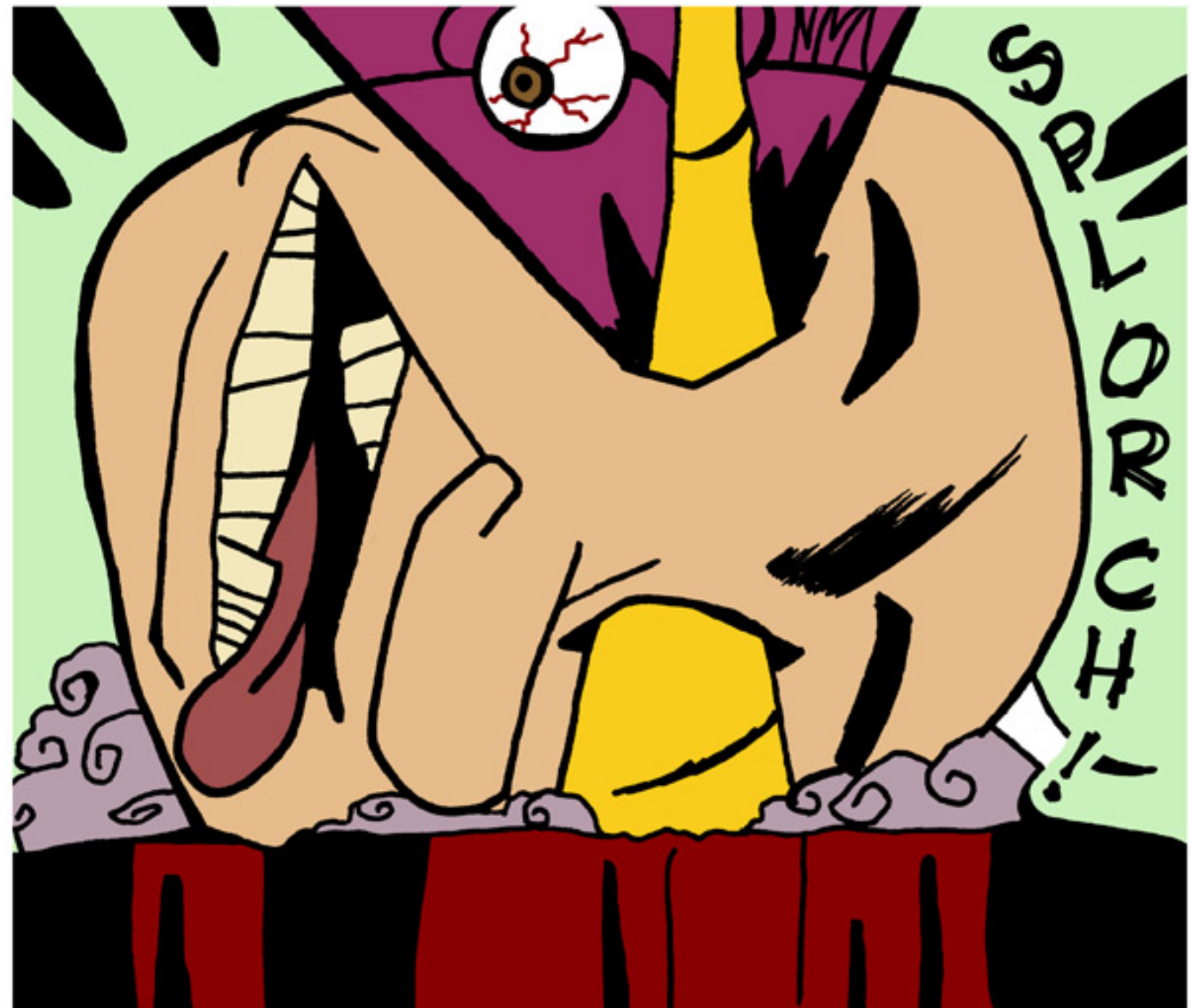
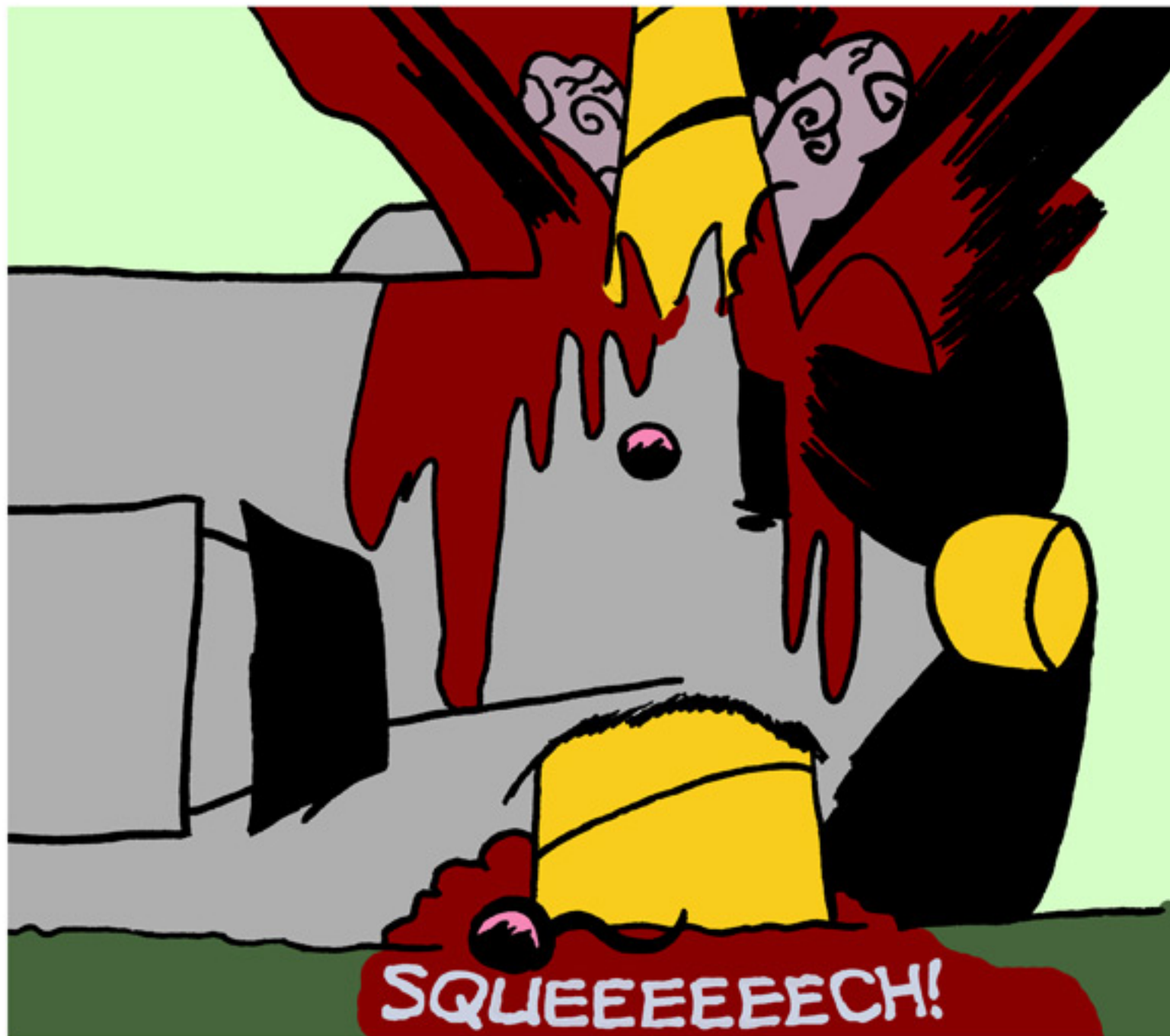
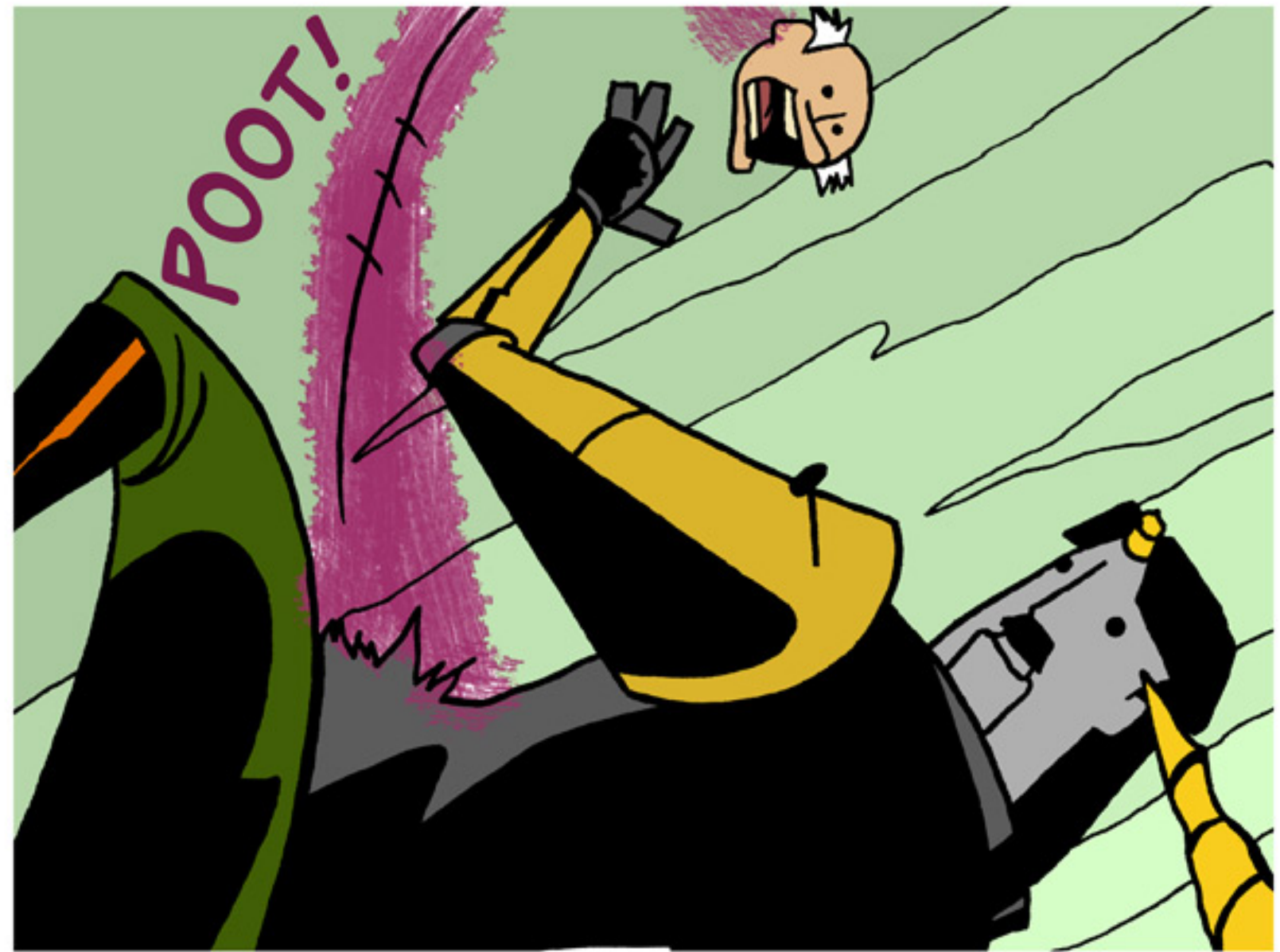




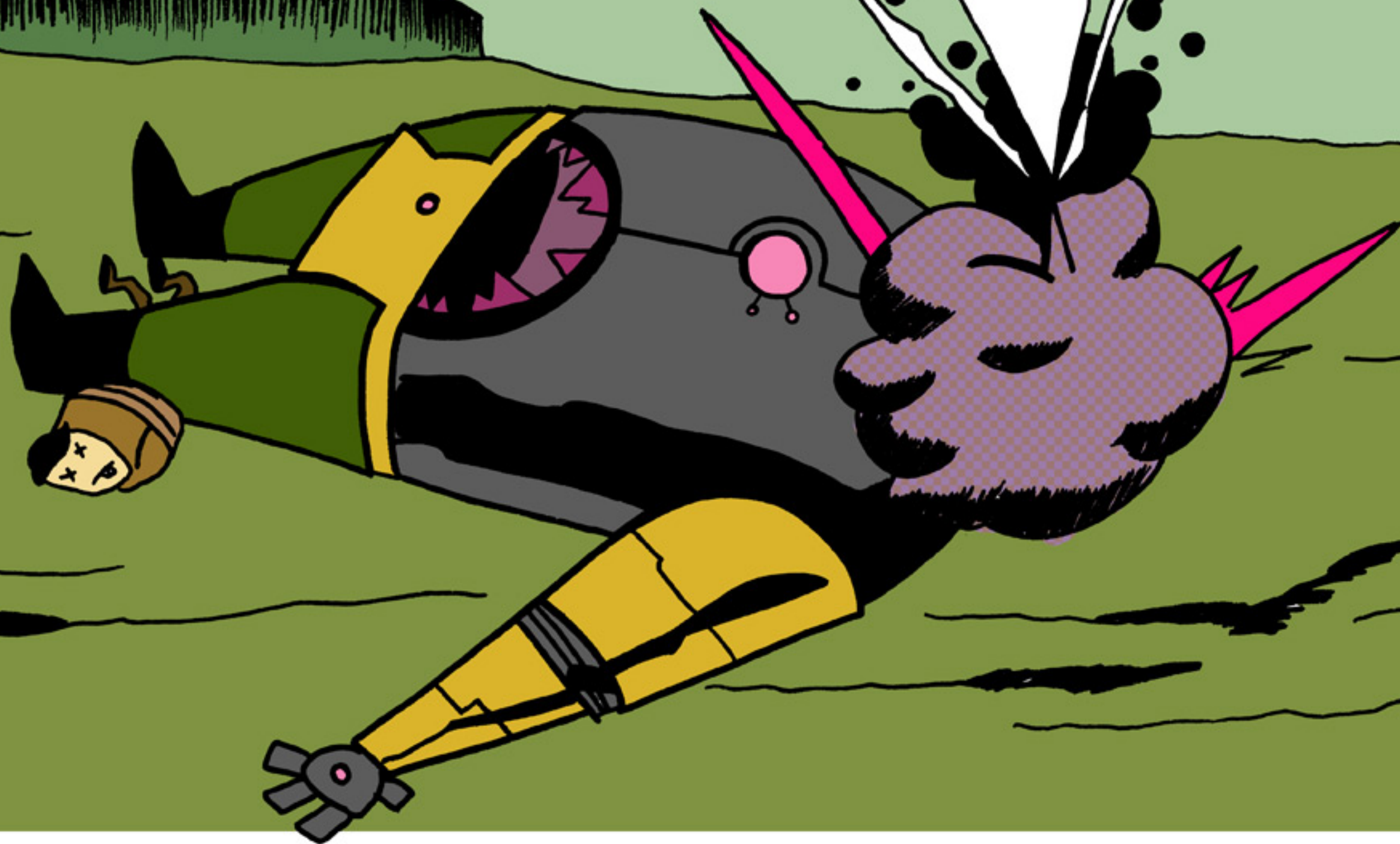






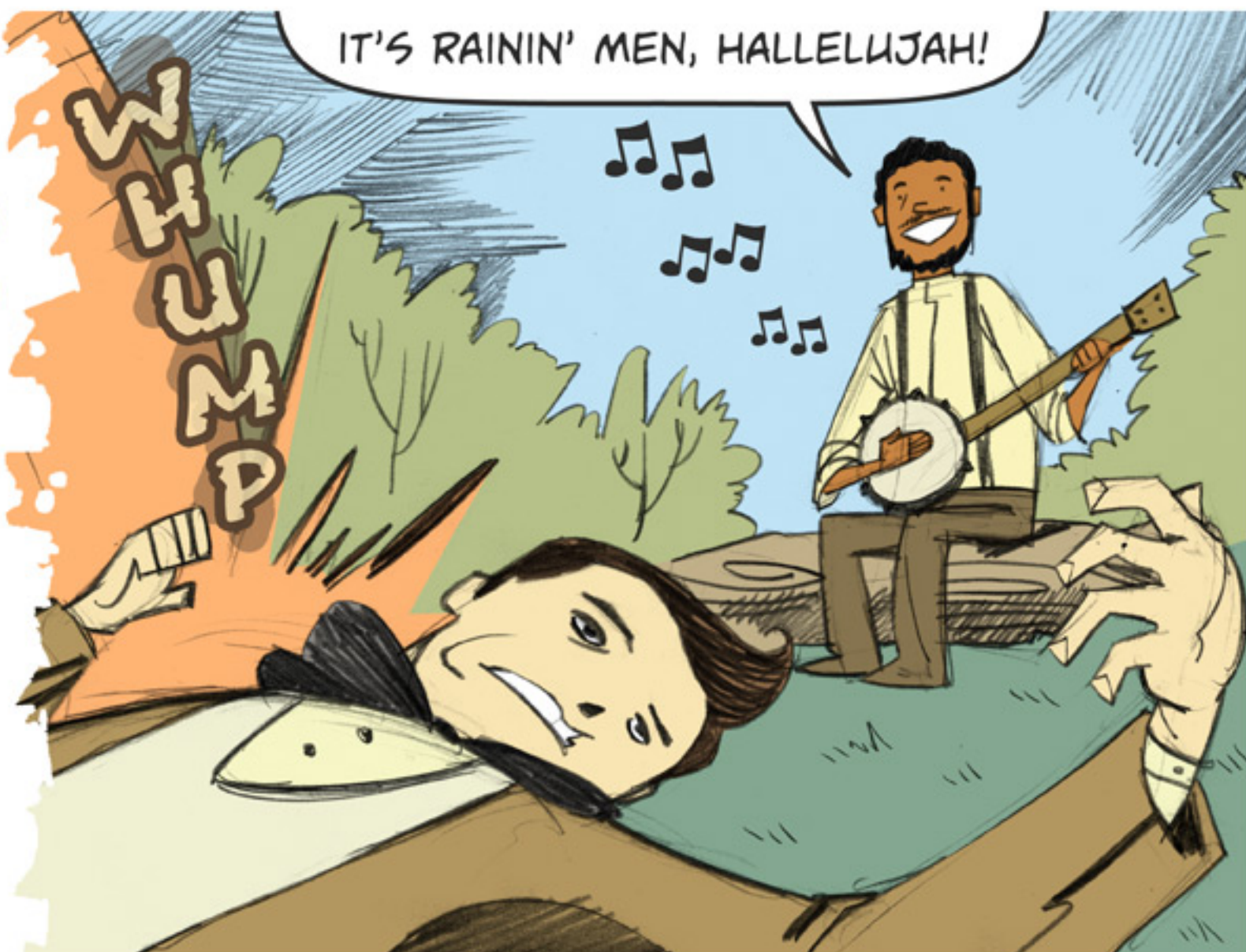
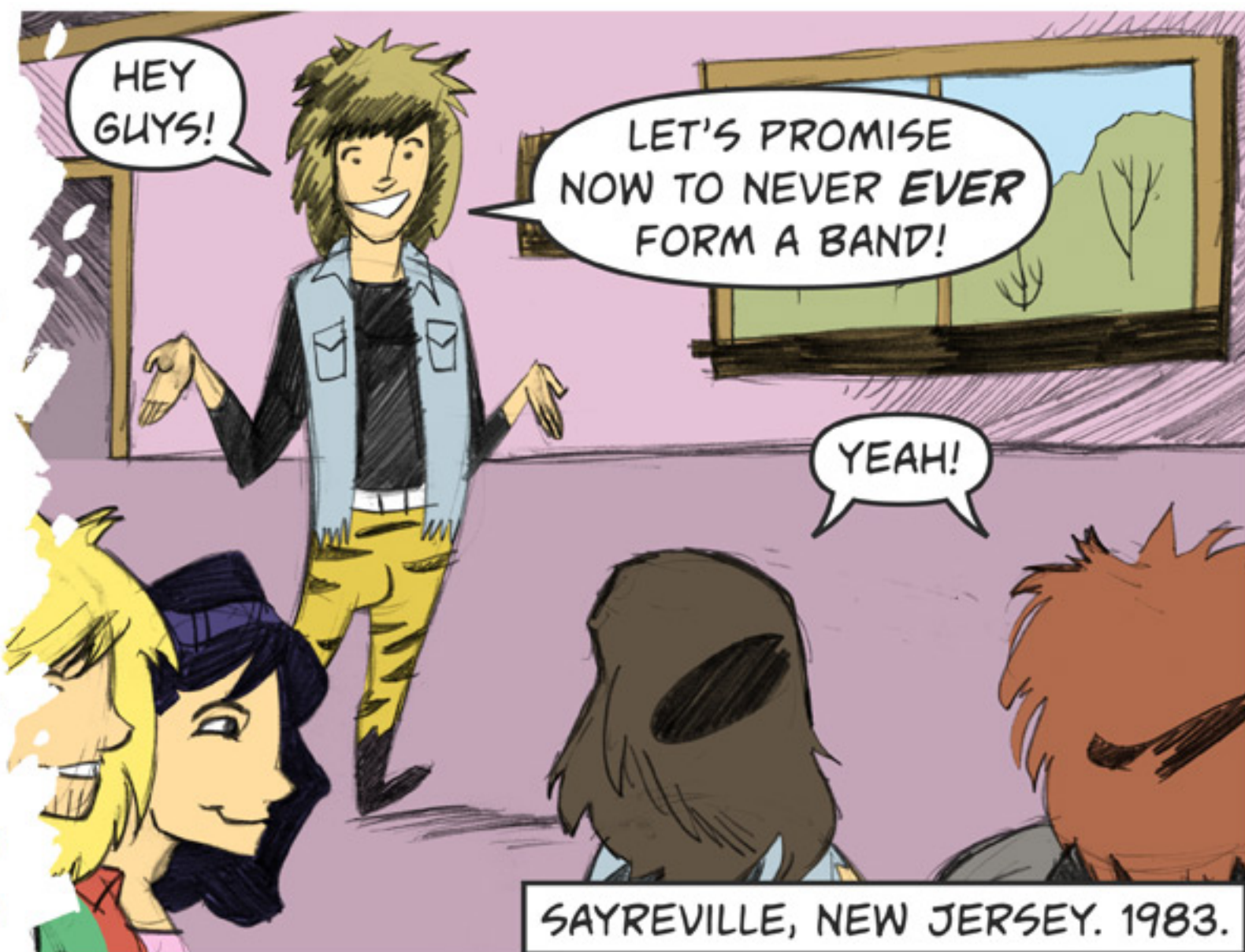
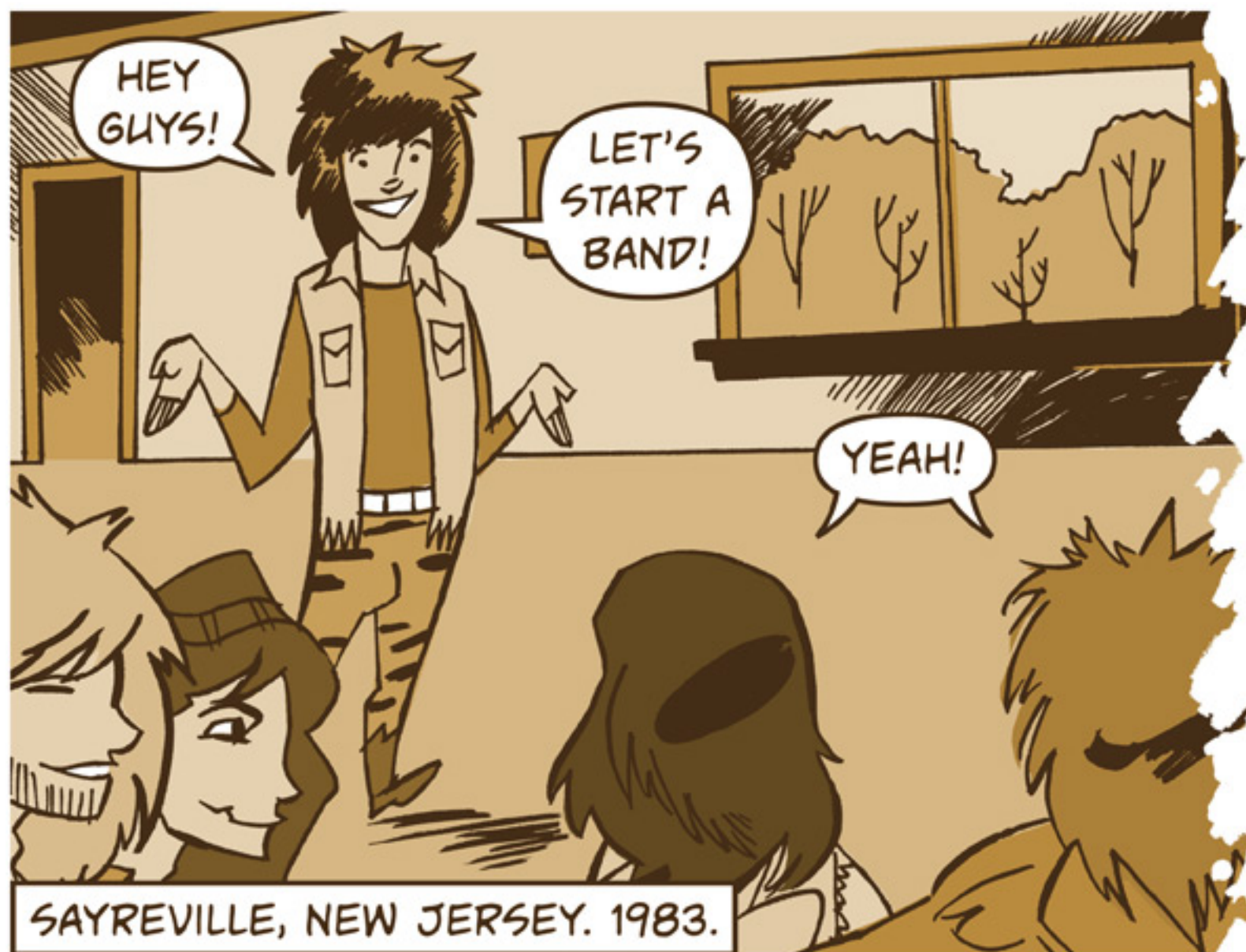


BEE-
ZORCH!

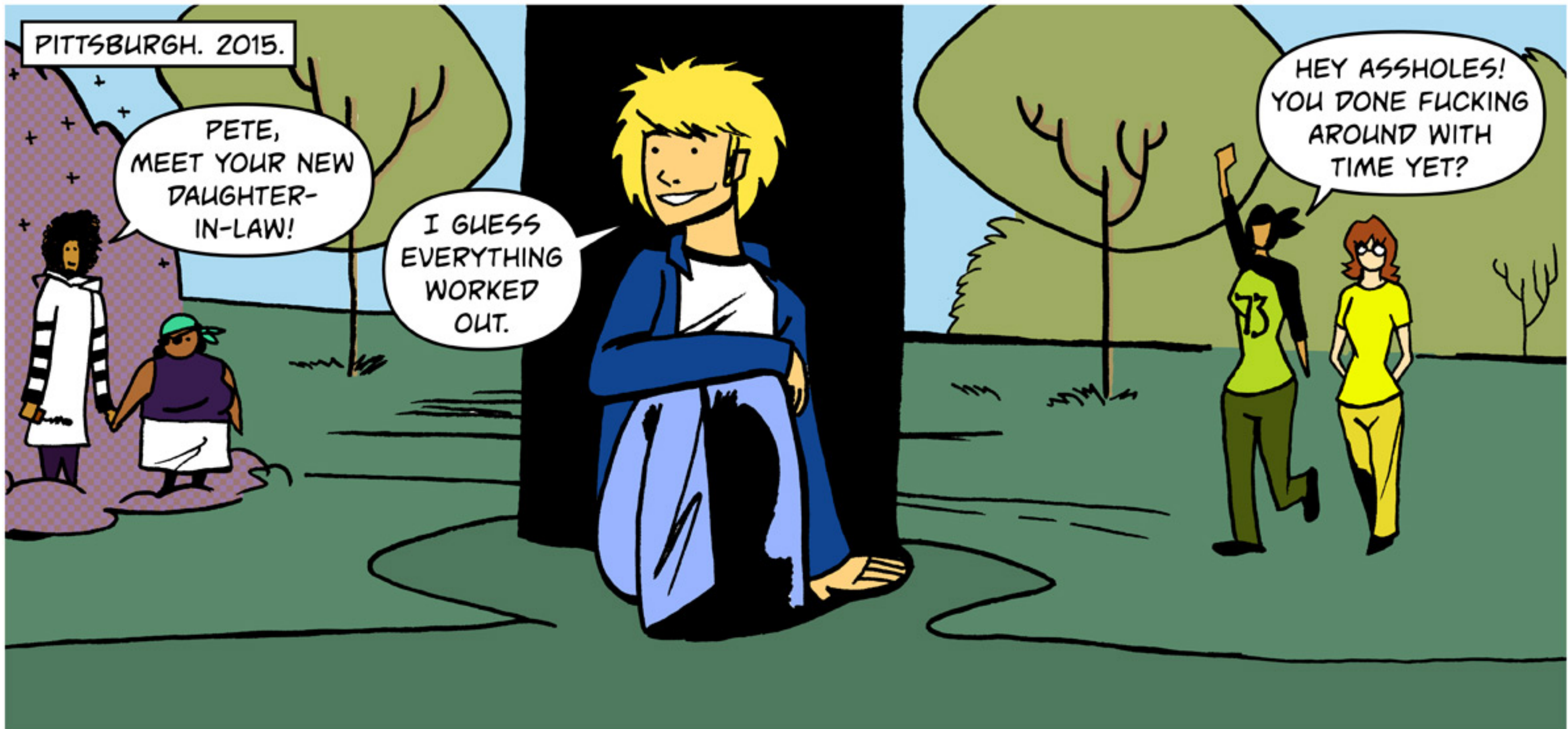
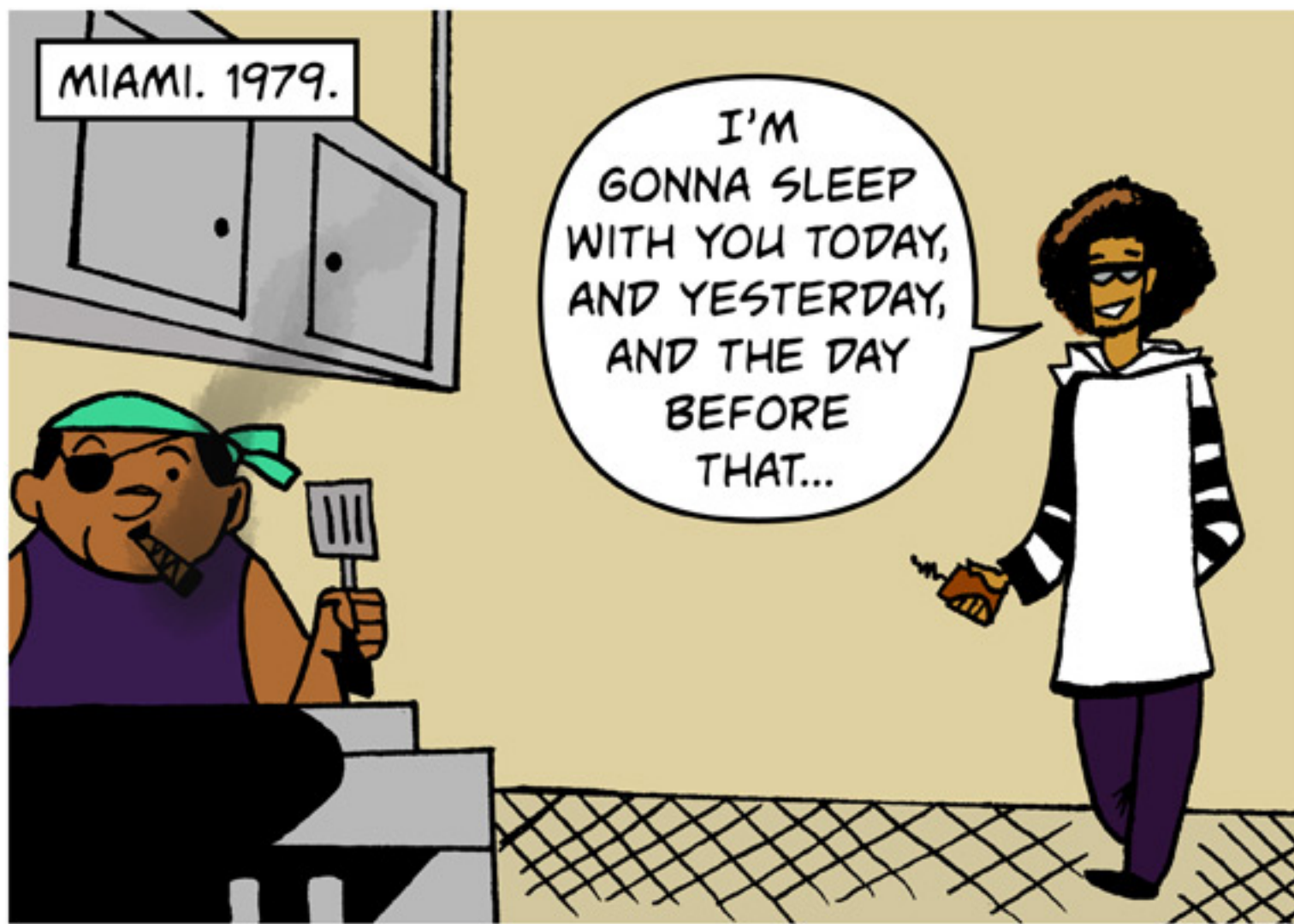


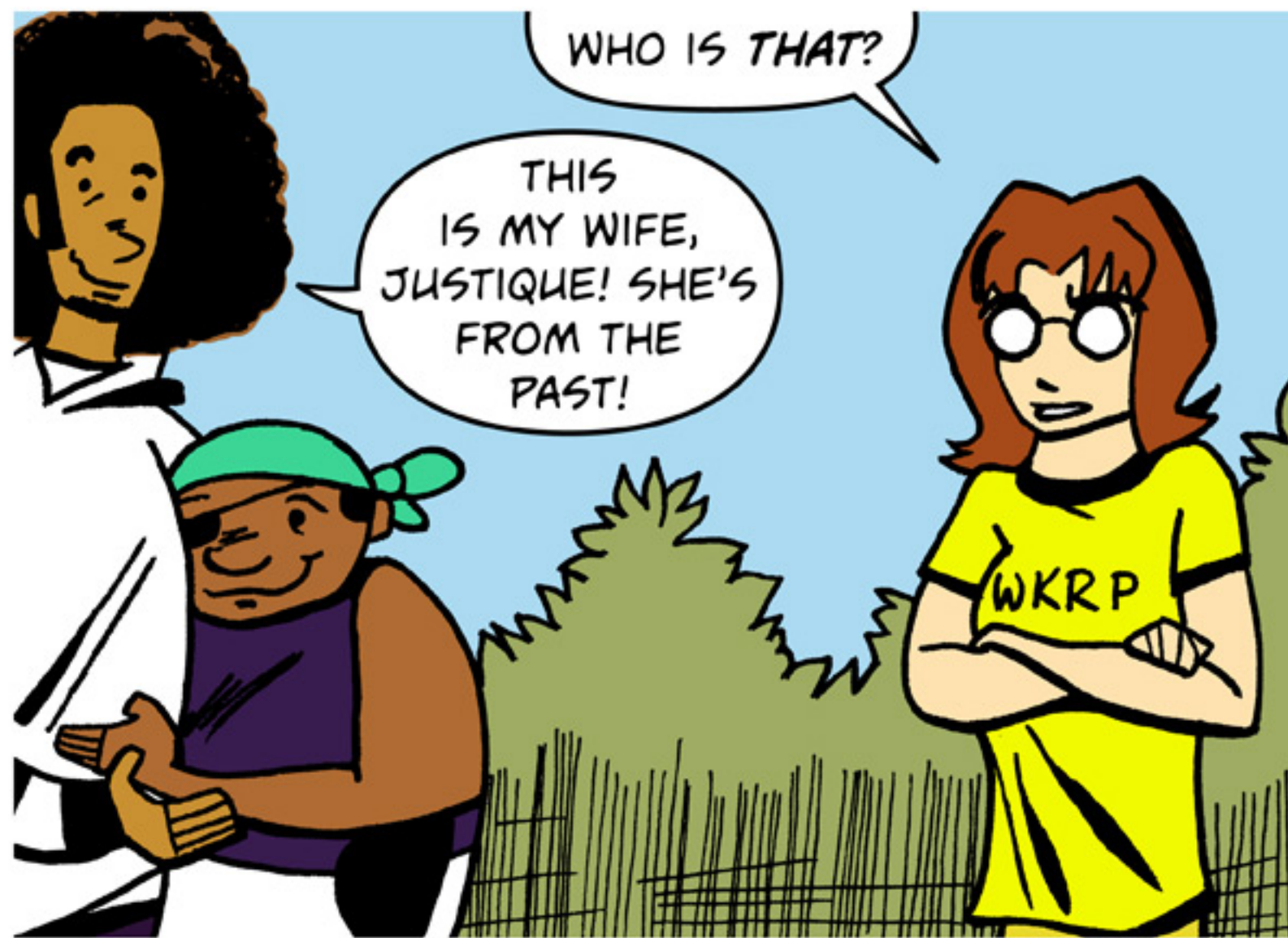














NOOOO!!!

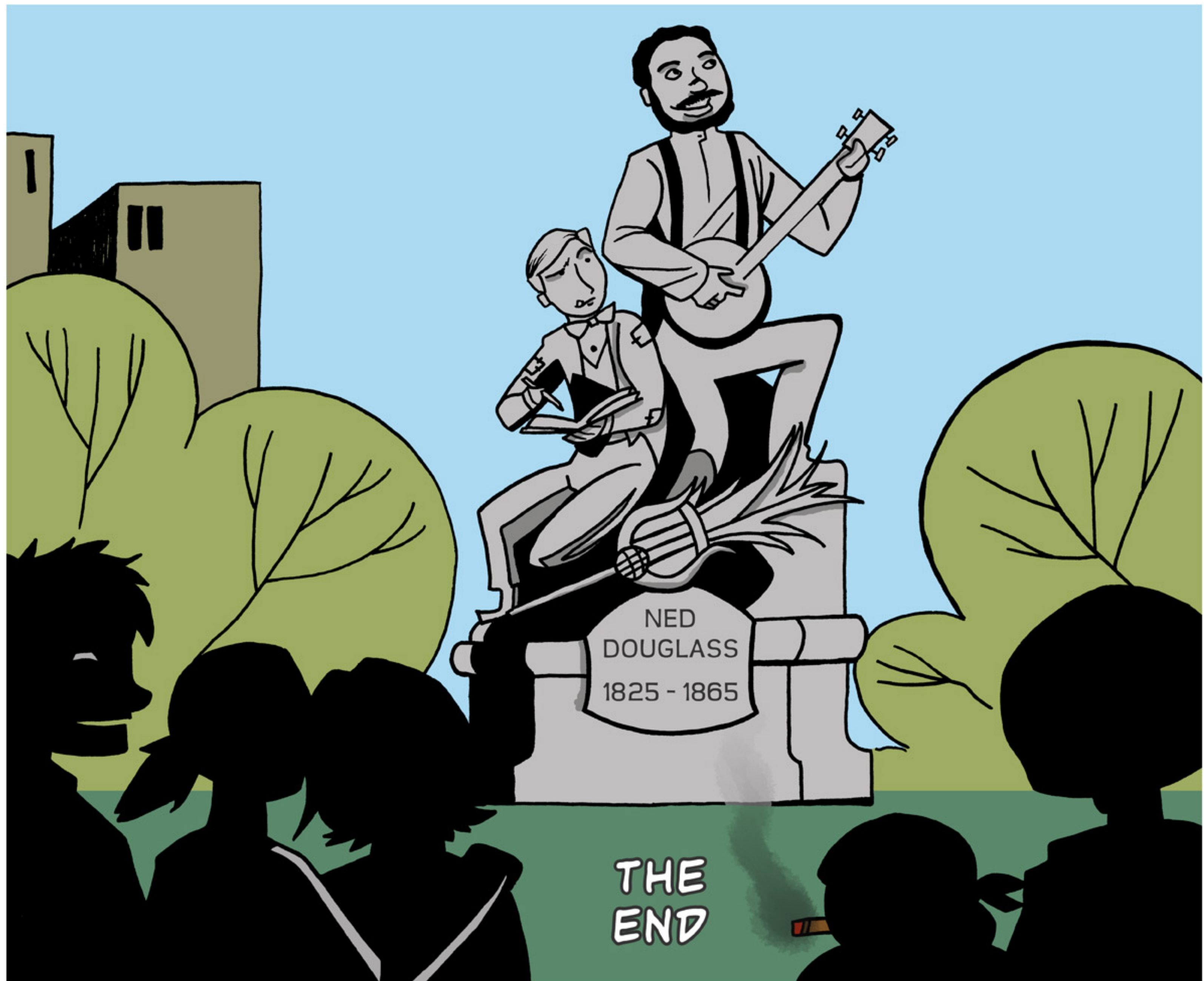
MHMRM...
I'VE MISSED
YOU!

MMMM...
MY LOVE! MY
DARLING!

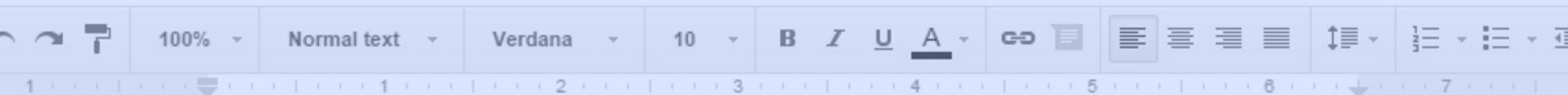
YOU
SHOULDN'T
EVEN EXIST
ANYMORE!

JEEZ!
NICE TO SEE
YOU TOO.





THE
END



Panel 1

The future. A landscape of a wasted planet, straight out of '90s-era X-Men Intergalactic Time Travel stories. A make-shift fortress (think Mad Max) has been assembled around the Neil Diamond statue. A couple shadowy hunched figures wearing robes and goggles sit in front of the statue. FuturePete arrives from the Time Vortex in a puff of smoke.

CAPTION: Pittsburgh, PA. 2069.

Panel 2

FuturePete walks past the statue, regarding the hunched figures.

Pete Borrebaach

FutureShawn steps out of a shadow to greet FuturePete, holding the Time Log in her hands.

and Nick Marino

Panel 4

FUTURESHAWN: Things are worse than we predicted. You saved the log but your friends still haven't figured out how to stop Nixon.

FUTUREPETE: This is ridiculous! I'll stop him myself!

Panel 5

FutureShawn becomes her usual, easily-agitated self. She points at FuturePete's robot arm. But FuturePete looks determinedly off into the distance.

FUTURESHAWN: If anyone should know that it's not that simple, it's you.

FUTUREPETE: Then it's about time I made things easier for all of us.

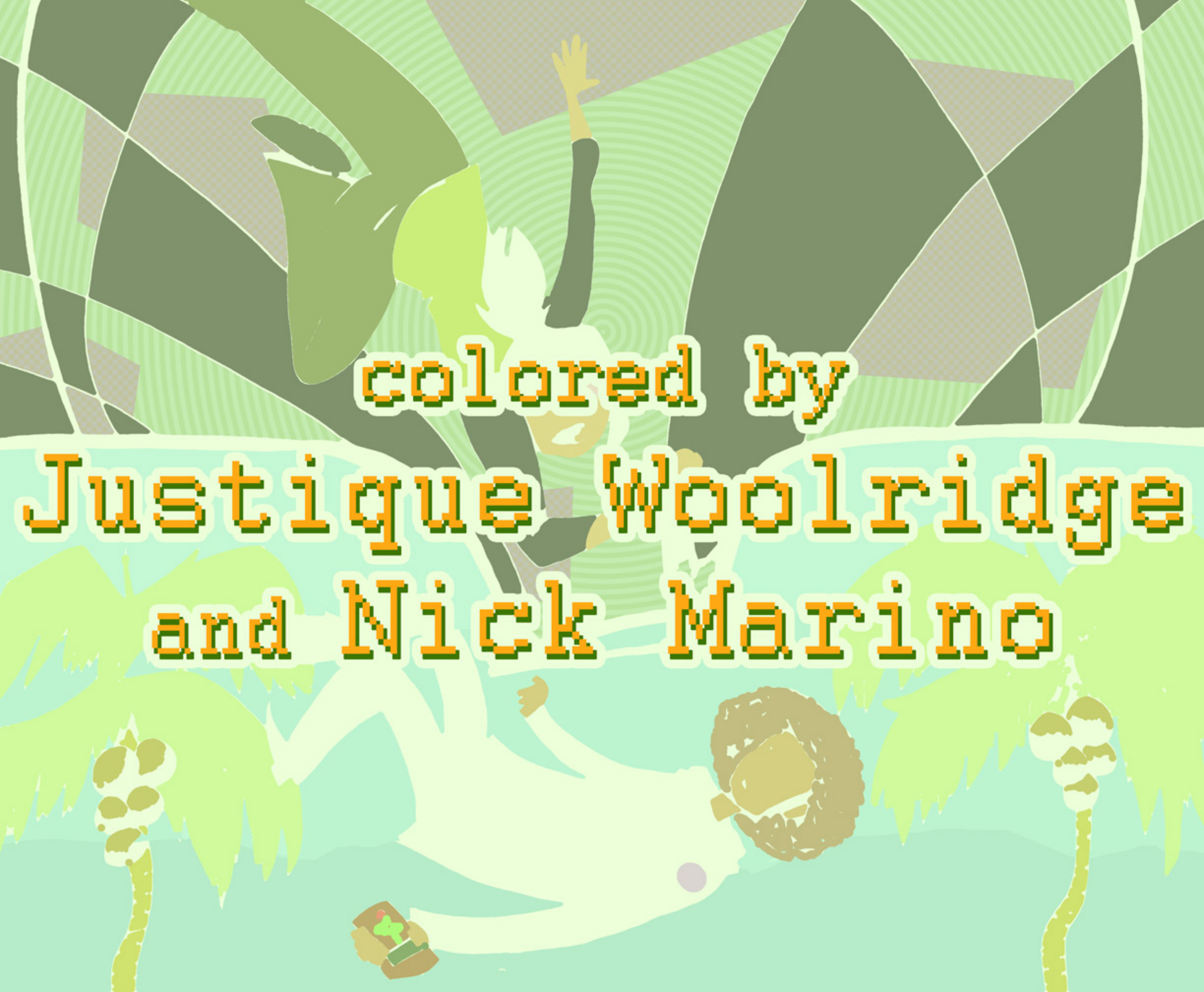
A dynamic pencil sketch of a chaotic scene. In the upper left, a large figure with a wide-eyed, screaming face and a dark, flowing cape or cloak is shown. In the lower right, a boat is falling or sinking, with a person inside. In the lower left, a person is lying on the ground with their arms raised. The background is filled with swirling lines, splatters, and several 'X' marks, suggesting a storm or a battle. The text 'pencilled by Shawn Atkins' is overlaid in the center.

pencilled by
Shawn Atkins



inked by

Paige Shoemaker
and Nick Marino



colored by

Justique Woolridge
and Nick Marino

GOOD
CK WITH THESE
GUYS.

THANKS!

WHAT
DO WE DO
NOW?

2069.

WHAM

SHIT.

BEE-
ZOOOP!

lettered and edited by

Nick Marino

YOU FOOL!

I HAD TO GO FIGHT
NIXON, DIDN'T
YOU?

I COULD
KILL BOTH OF YOU
RIGHT NOW, BUT
INSTEAD...

I THINK I'LL
GO KILL YOU IN
THE PAST!

THUD

Time Log was originally published in



The Time Log one-shot (April 2010)



The New Time Log #1 (March 2011)



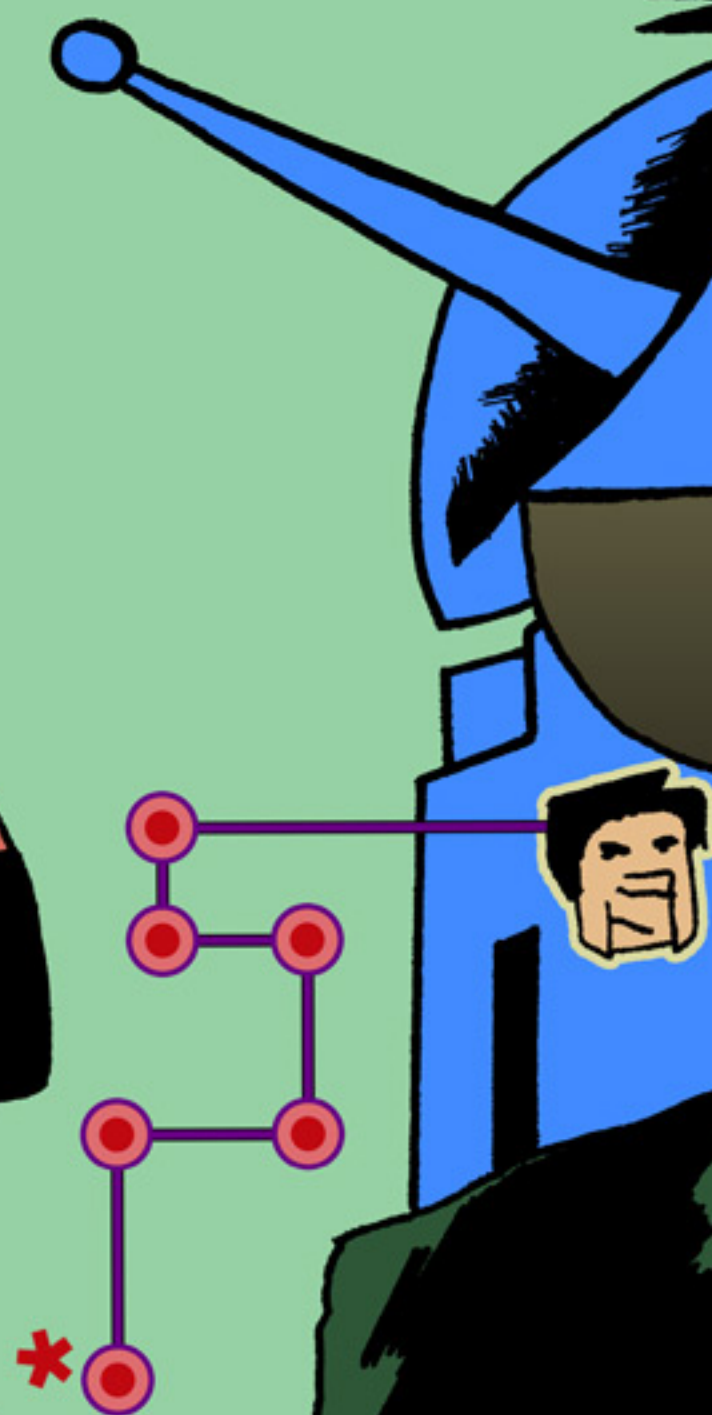
The New Time Log #2 (September 2011)



The New Time Log #3 (March 2012)

and at timelog.audioshocker.com

TIME LOGG



NORMAL
▶ DIFFICULT
PRESS START