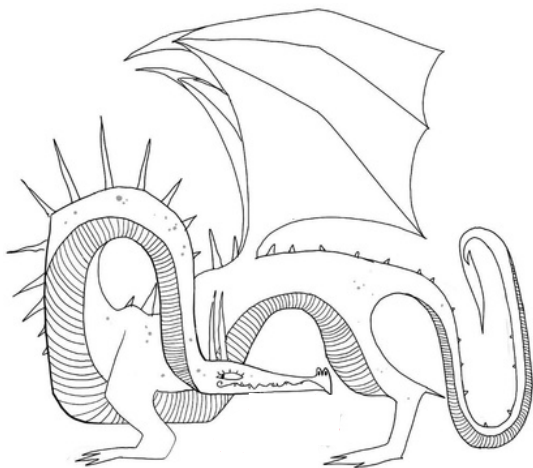


Keep Comms

F9 MMXXVI

THE KEEP OF BARNABAS LANDING





Originally, there was gonna be a whole grand finale here, we would have beaten the aliens in a spectacular fusion of medieval concepts and sci-fi. But alas, it was not to be, all passion for such nonsense has long left me. I've been listless, and reflecting on what the Comms has become. It used to be a celebration of community, where all voices were heard, albeit altered to suit the comedic needs of the medium. We used to sit and laugh together boisterously, without reservation. Now it feels a cold lifeless thing. What went wrong? Where did I go astray? The only notable exception to this decay has been the Secret Garden Edition. It showed me what could have been, how the Comms could have played out. Perhaps imagining conflict, a war even, and cutting the community out of the writing process was where I erred. Perhaps I became out of touch with the big picture day-to-day issues that could only be funny and relevant if they were lampooned in collaboration. It was there that I stopped myself. Clearly I was irrationally spiralling, anxiety or whatever. I could never make mistakes of that magnitude, no self respecting Editor In Chief of such renowned publication ever would. There had to be another explanation.

It hit me like the full weight of Elliot Fulljames on my right knee: The Shep 1 Problem. With the staff divided on opposite ends of the property, and the only space infested and condemned, there is no environment in which a Comms reading could thrive. The only reason the Secret Garden Edition worked because it was localized on the Keep feast; it was convenient for people to be there and enjoy themselves. This madness must end, there must be a solution.

I turned to the community to find answers. Mr C. Of Shep 2 Room 3 speculated that “the, uh, communal space is Applegate, and that the rest of the guests who sleep in Applegate, have to sleep outside... we get to chill and applicate in the lounge because, um, that’s an OG. So, I don’t know. It’d be nice to have, you know?” Nadia rebutted: “We should make a bunker at the station, so we all get shovels...We make Ruys dig it, because he’s good at that stuff. And then we put ethernet cables down, so we get prime signal, because we’re all gonna be grinding, uh, caught zombies and the Instagram algorithm...We need Andrew to make, um, a lot of mead for the, uh, mini fridge we’re gonna put down there. Oh, yeah, and Ruys can store quiche in the fridge. Yeah, but only he’s gonna eat that stuff. You don’t touch that stuff. That’s all Ruys gets to eat.” Steph simply stated “Jai’s Saddam Hussein hiding spot.” Ah, that feels better, now we’re getting somewhere, I hope Jonny takes notes when he sees this. Well, until next time, dear reader, may your Comms be Kept ever in your hearts, the Comms being the friends we made along the way. As for the war, please enjoy the statements from Don and Dame below:

My good people,

It has been a long and arduous war, full of great loss and triumph. It's time for us to put this war to rest. As seen in our stunning photo, the Dame and I have come to a truce, and with it, brought peace to the beautiful land known as Toe Nation.

Even though she straight up almost got me murdered by medieval aliens (what?), the Dame proved her innocence to me with how valiantly she fought alongside the Keep to ward them off. She even abandoned our connect 4 game, which she was completely and utterly dominating me in, to protect our people and land from those aliens. I still kicked her kneecap off for almost turning me into a kebab. Good thing those aliens bought that body double for a while (RIP to that guy).

I never wanted any divide between our people, but rather unity and prosperity. I hope with this joining of forces we may protect and defend Her Meowjesty and Toe Nation to the best of our abilities. Toe Nation is a better place when our people are allied as one, serving under the Lord.

It has been such an honour and privilege to serve all of you this summer. You have no idea how special being your Don has been this summer. I hope to see you all again someday. In the meantime; Godspeed, and I bid you the fairest of adieus.

Yours Truly,

Don Jai



Leaving my residence one recent morning I was greeted by two fellow Bousers. They greeted me with jeering statements about the “ongoing” war. Um, ladies, the war is well over? Did thou not READ the COMMS.

Apparently not. It falls upon me now to clear up the events during the final hours of battle.

In the orchard, Don Jai and I were locked into a gruesome game of connect four. I would tell you who was winning but I can’t remember further back than a day or two. Then an arrow was shot at us, destroying the game board. The aliens had returned. Now, recall that I had cut ties with the aliens due to them being ungovernable and doing whatever they wanted which usually involves hunting and man-eating.

As I look up at them on their flying chariots of sorts, I become very aware of two things. Firstly, I never actually really wanted to fight Jon Dai, I just wanted Toe Nation, which he doesn’t seem to even have anyway.

Secondly, the aliens flying chariots spinning propellers are far too generously clipping the 100 year old apple trees.

How could I have been so foolish.

The Keep would never harm a 100 year old tree.

The Don and I momentarily lock eyes in an obviously understanding way, before turning our swords to our extraterrestrial assailants.

The battle against the aliens began in the orchard in a violent uproar. Hearing the commotion (sound travels very well here) all the warriors of The Keep and Bouse came running to our aid. While momentarily surprised to see their Don and Dame fighting side by side against a

greater common enemy, they leapt swiftly into battle. The Bousers and Keepings, familiar with the terrain, dodged apple trees and fellow soldiers flawlessly. The aliens, while masters of jogging and recreational fitness, were no match.

I swear on my life I saw Idunno escape mid battle.

In the end the aliens were captured, bound, and left in the pig pen. Ultimately the pigs will consume them. Unless Idunno returns. But I don't know about that.

I apologized to Don Jai for ever seeking the aliens assistance. He responded by kicking one of my kneecaps clean off.

I said "why'd you do that??? I thought we were cool?"

He responded "That's for making me bring you ten thousand bags of frozen raspberries for your parties all summer."

Anyway we're friends now. We drafted up this cool treaty of peace.

In the end I suppose the real Toe Nation was the friends we made along the way.

JG's Hottest Dad:

Presented By: Elijah Nordin

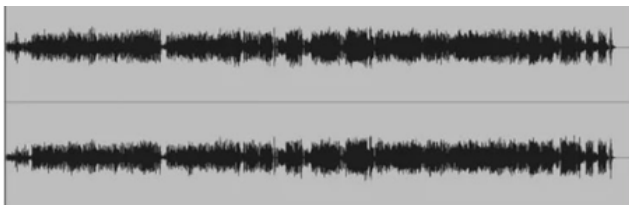
Jakub Rosicki!



JG's Newest Parents:

Presented By: Stephanie Wiebe

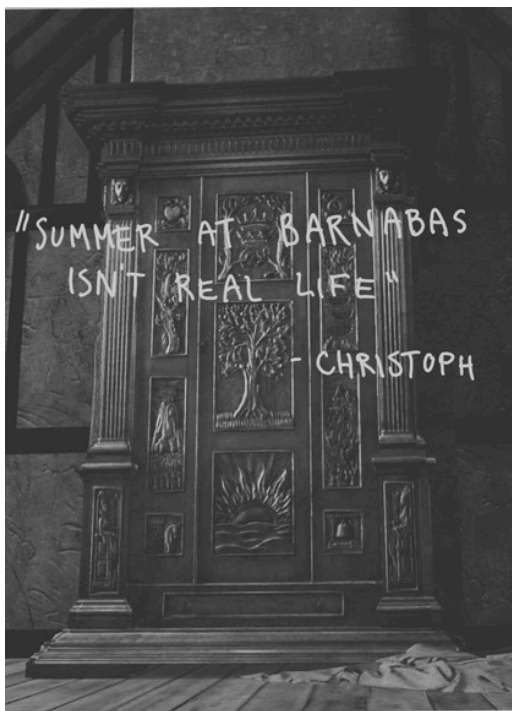
Logan and Jaylene Wiebe!



“The Ballad of Fully Corpse” - An audio submission by Cully Forbes

See you next summer!

Art by Dame Francine.



The Keep Comms staff would like to remind readers that all conflicts described in the Comms are purely fictional.

Have an amazing fall, and we hope to see you again soon!