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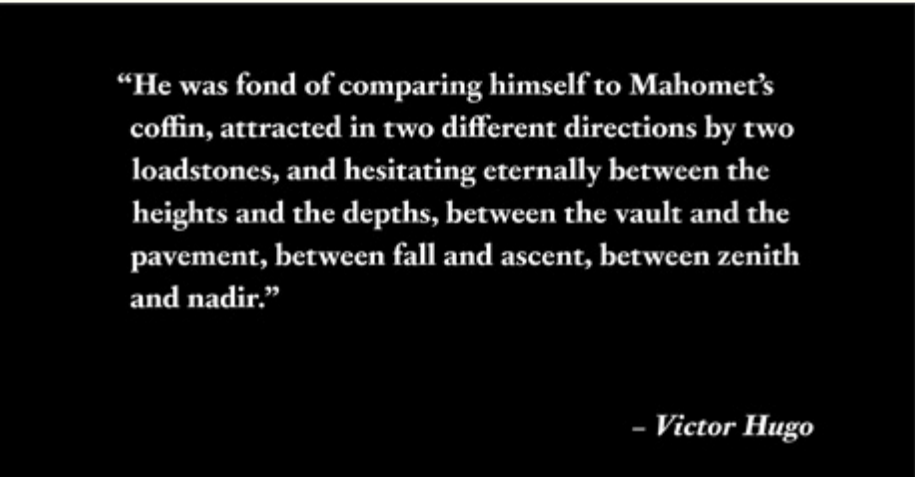
About

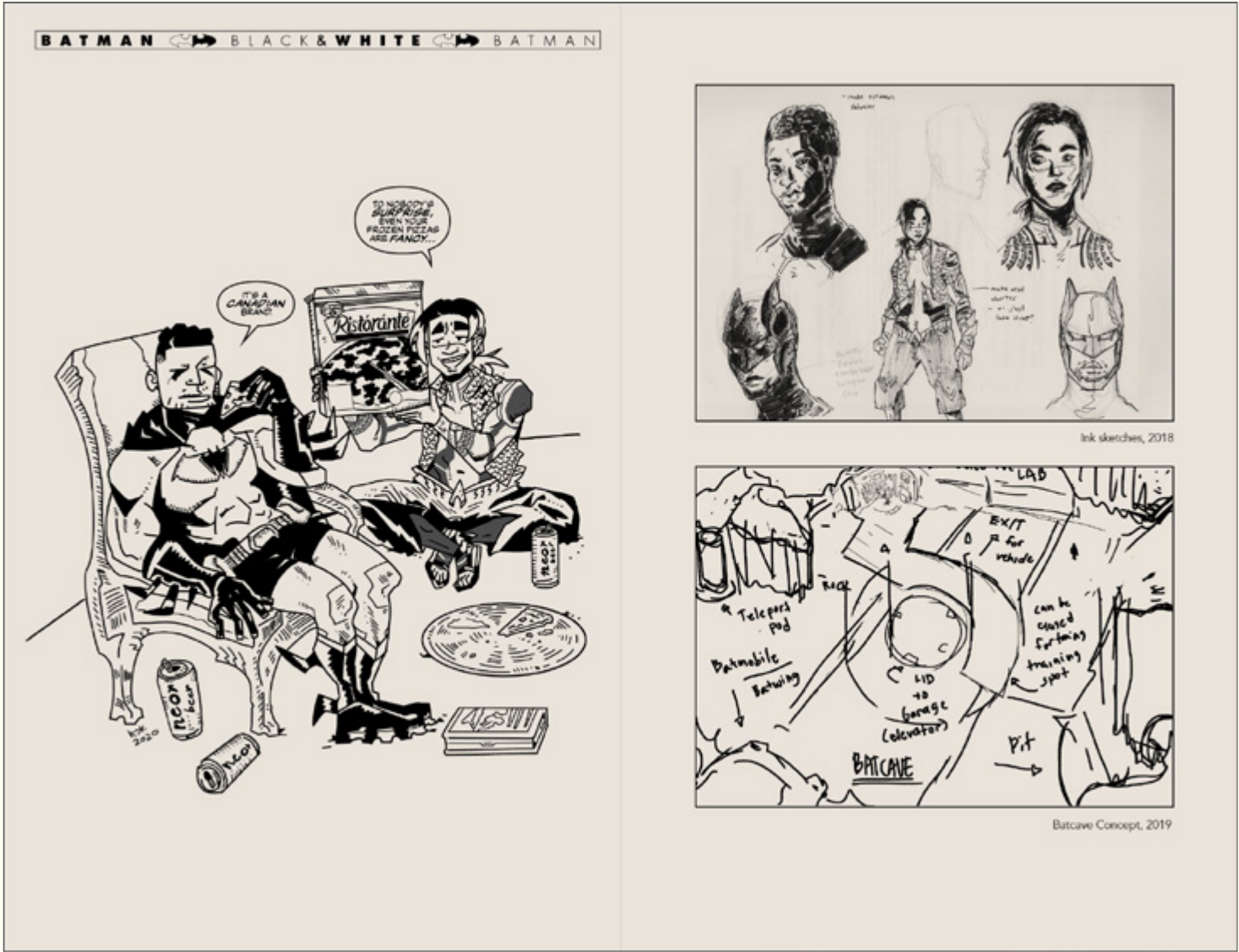
My name's Kiela (she/her). Short for Kielamel Sibal. I was born in Pampanga, Philippines and now I hail from the honey-dill-makin', Canadian capital of panzerotti-producin' Winnipeg, Manitoba.

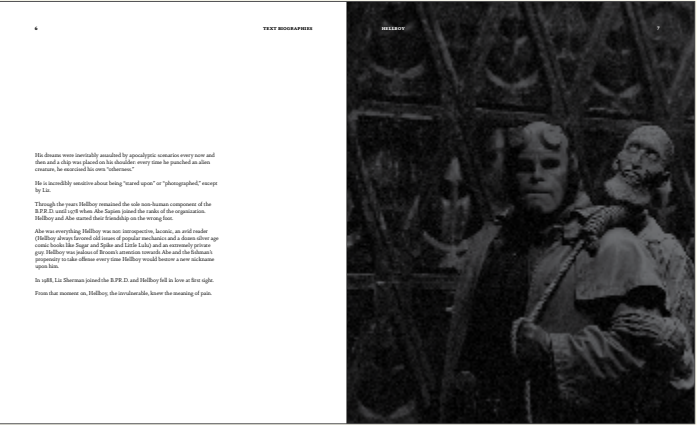
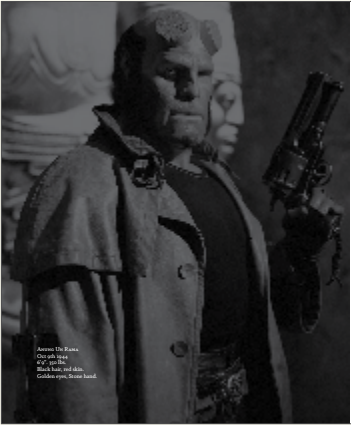
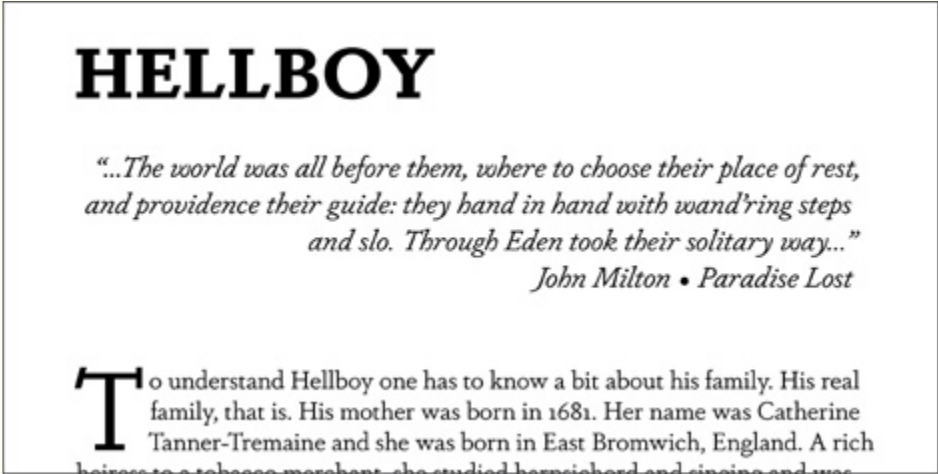
I suppose I could describe myself akin to a gremlin and a bag of flour: small, conniving, with all purpose-thinking! I'm always curious about learning the craft of different kinds of storytelling. Designer, cartoonist, illustrator, letterer, writer... you name it, I'll dabble in it.

I'm incredibly passionate about comics, video games, film, music, illustration, and book publishing. Anything that allows me to tell a cool, awesome (some might say geeky) story is fair game. So if you fit any of those shoes or hats of media, give this creature a shout and we'll make some magic happen.

For more added details and information about each project, go to labislemaleik.com and click away and read and see to your delight!









ELIZABETH SHERMAN
29 years old, 5' 5"
Weight: 100 lbs.
Hair: Raven Black.

LIZ SHERMAN

"Certain things they should stay the way they are. You ought to be able to stick them in one of those big glass cases and just leave them alone. I know that's impossible, but it's too bad anyway."
J.D. Salinger • *Catcher in the Rye*

There are a few things you should know about Liz: she grows real quiet when she's nervous, she can stare at the ceiling for hours and not be bored. She can throw snowballs like the best big-league pitcher. Every time she tastes vanilla ice cream she cries for hours. Just like that, for no good reason. And she likes it. Why? Because crying feels like a normal thing people do. And there are precious few things normal about her.

Robert and Diane Sherman got married three years after meeting while standing in line to see *The Godfather*. He was an efficiency expert and she was a chef. Liz was born when theaters were showing the *Godfather Pt. II*.

Liz didn't speak a single word until she turned four. Her mom took her to see several specialists and they all concurred: mentally, all cylinders were firing.

One evening, while out to dinner, Mom called the baby-sitter. She was informed that Liz was talking. "What is she saying?" asked Mom. "Everything," was the succinct answer. And she was. Liz Sherman went from total silence to articulation in a single evening.

They moved around. Quite a bit. Her father streamlined processes (whatever that meant) for big companies like Lear or Lockheed. Kansas City, Chicago, D.C....

Liz had trouble making friends. She was too intense, too intelligent and too aware. None of it jibed with the laid back late 70's. And then, there was the fire.

At the age of 7, Liz's bed and one of her teddy bears presented strange scorched patches. Round, perfectly delimited areas were burnt to a crisp, but nothing more.

Her room was examined for short circuits. No answer was found. Liz, however, volunteered a small fact: she dreamt of fire that night. The occurrence repeated itself a few more times, always during her sleep, always in limited areas. Her parents started worrying, so did the principal at her school...

One morning after gym class, several volleyballs exploded inexplicably. Liz was the only one around. The Catholic Church was not much help either; Father Jones had given Liz a small crucifix to wear around her neck. It didn't keep her safe for long. Her hands burst into flame when two girls chased her after school. Scared, Liz plunged them into a vat of water, but the fire raged on. A store owner called the paramedics and the fire department, but by the time they arrived all they found was a little girl crying on the street.

Moving came in handy after that. New schools took a while to get records and—most of the time—the family was soon gone after that.

Liz's mom and dad fell out of love along the way and had terrible fights almost every day. They were careful at first, trying not to upset her, but—as these things go—they eventually didn't care enough to pretend things were ok.

They separated and to their credit never blamed Liz. But she knew. She felt the guilt every time her mother cried alone in the living room, TV at full blast.

One Christmas, at age 10, she got a small instamatic camera from her dad and started photographing everything around her. "Things stay still in pictures," she thought. "Not in real life." From then on, her private albums filled up with mundane images that became beautiful as soon as they were pinned and mounted.

She became quite good at taking pictures and even won a prize at school. Her mom was proud and so was she.

But then the world caught fire.

It is unfair that memories yield only sketchy details of some of our most tragic moments. Liz doesn't remember what she was wearing that day. Every time she dreams about it, the dress is different. She can't even pinpoint her exact position in the building's courtyard. Forensic investigators could, but not her.

It was the day that changed everything. The day she burned a courtyard full of people and damaged property a quarter of a mile around. The day most car alarms went off in the outskirts of Detroit.

The facts and speculations are in the public record, but the true cause, and the most intimate grief, lies within the heart of the sole survivor: Elizabeth Sherman.

The many "what ifs" and "what nexts" grow tenfold when your mother's death is the direct result of your actions. Now imagine that happening at the age of 11.

Liz went from institution to institution, even managing to escape for a few years at a time: living in the streets, learning the value of being alone and the tough code of self-reliance. And still, inside her, there was a basic need, a tragic void that burned away with an interrupted childhood that became almost impossible to fill afterward.

Professor Broom met Liz at age 17 in a halfway house in Portland. Their interview was brief. In less than 30 minutes she agreed to join the B.P.R.D. It would become apparent that she had dismissed his offer as pure baloney, and that her sole interest was to get out and make a run for the street. It was impressive then, when the fire-proof truck showed up, surrounded by FBI agents.

LIKES

"Sentimental Education" by Flaubert. George Tooker paintings. Some Thomas Cole landscapes. The Beatles' White Album.

Cold, fresh sheets, a big pillow, almonds, pine nuts and pistachios, trail mix, washing her hands, bathing, long, hot showers, the smell of clean hair, flannel shirts, antique jewelry.

Fire. Yup—unfortunately she does love fire.

Big sweaters. Silent films. Especially Chaplin and especially *City Lights*, kids, watching them at play. Looking at the moon for long periods of time. Being alone with her eyes closed.

Churches and cats—everything about them, except "the worship thing."

Snow falling, fog. Really soggy cold cereal. Her big, tomboy leather boots, the smell of wet pavement, the aroma of pancakes and syrup, the promise and clarity of rain-washed sky.

Watching the pavement as she walks (she's found a few pennies), keeping her hands in her pockets and her head covered by a hood.

She loves to dissolve communion wafers in her mouth and thinks that it makes her purer—plus they taste real good.

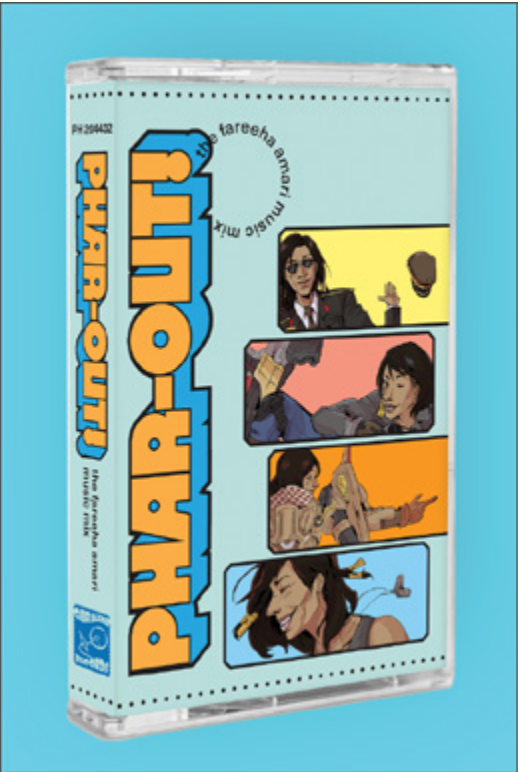
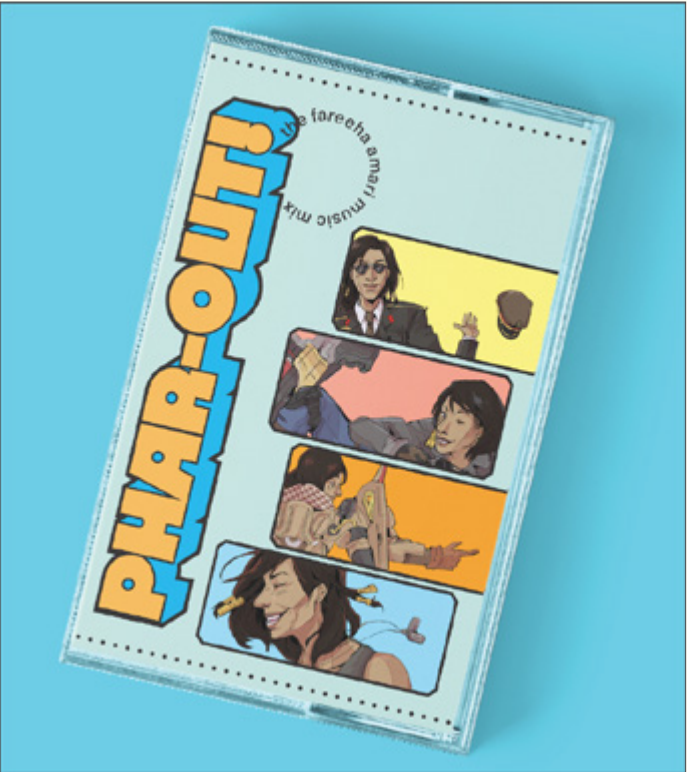
DISLIKES

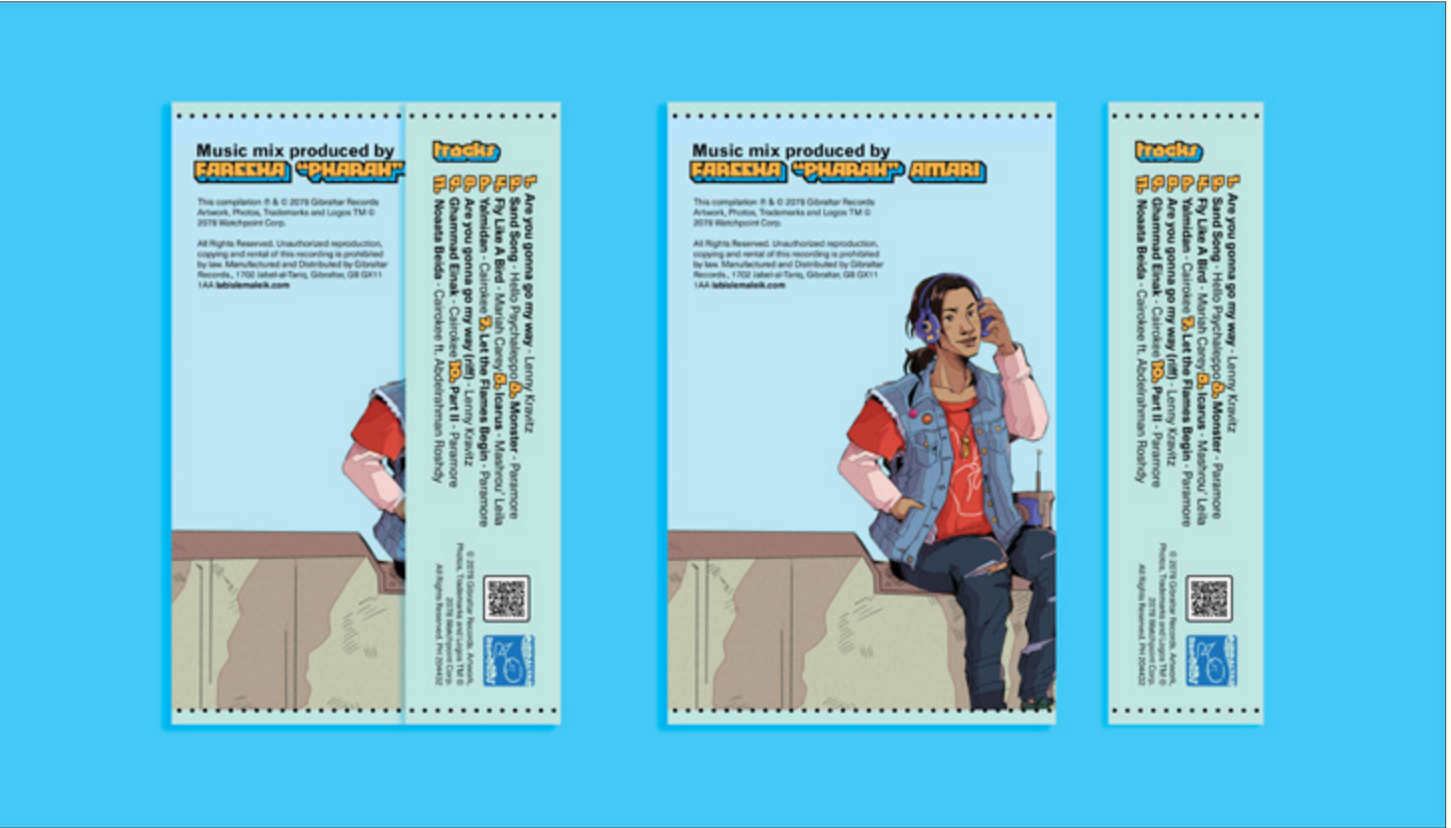
Crowds, parties, being recognized, surprise visits, gifts (giving them or receiving them), nightfall, and sleepless nights.

Enya, Michael Bolton, Kenny G, the smell of air fresheners, the scent of incense.

Being looked in the eye by strangers.

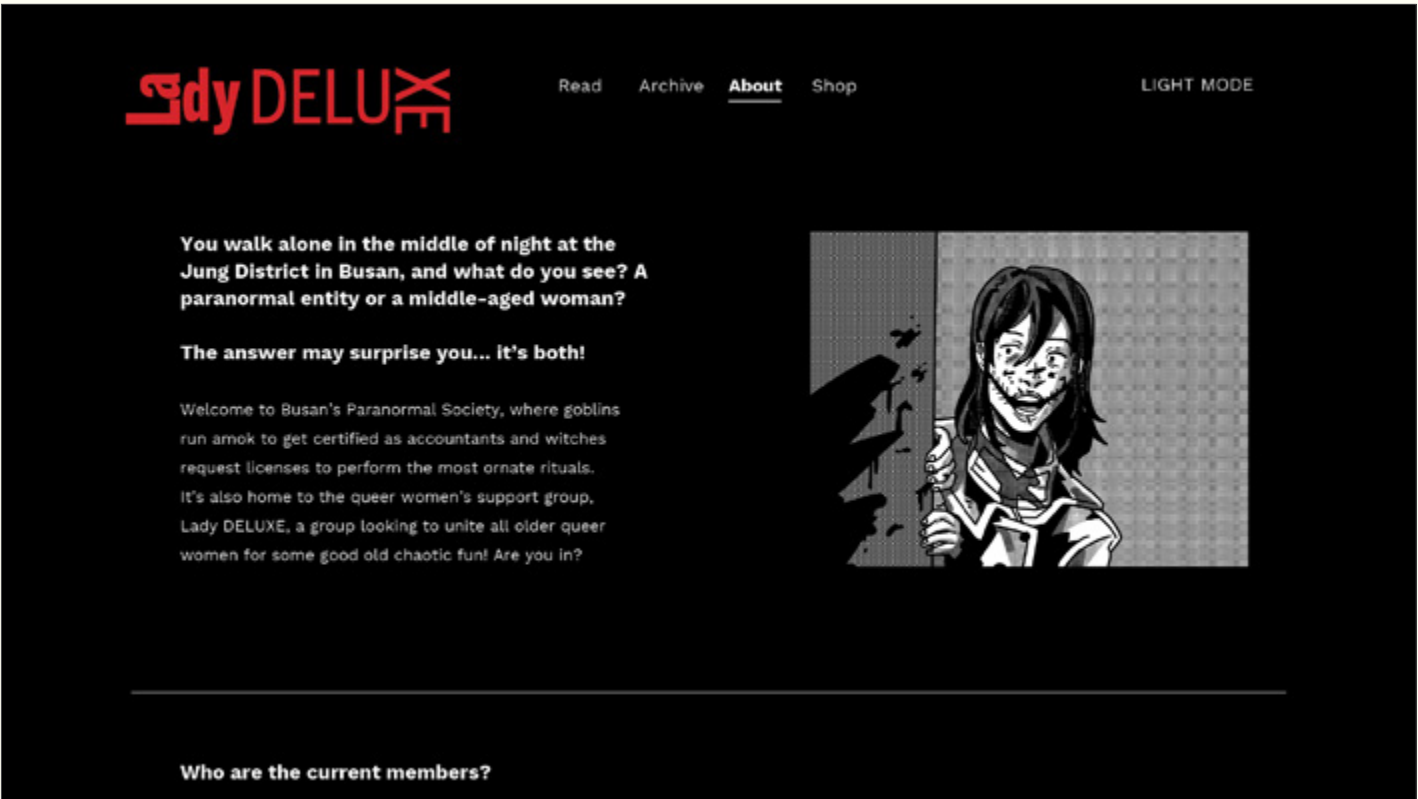


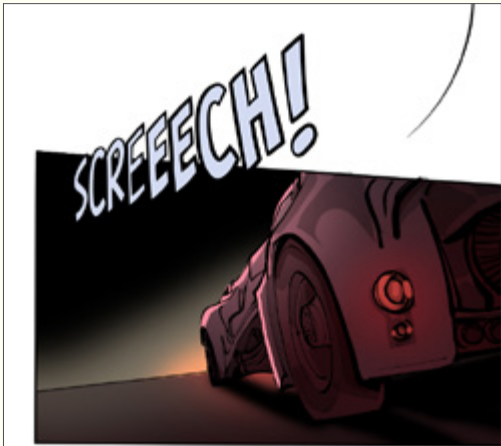




Lady DELUXE








YEAH!

REMEMBER THAT TIME YOU CAUGHT A FOOTBALL AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE A GUY?



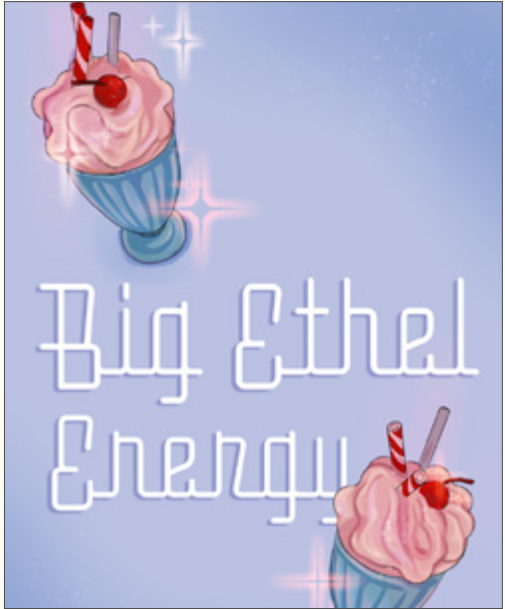
I'D RATHER NOT! IT'S NEVER A GOOD DAY WHEN I GET CALLED 'SIR,' YOU KNOW?

I COULD BARELY SEE THE GOALPOST!



ANYWAY, I FELT BAD AFTER THAT AND REALIZED I SHOULD PROBABLY GET MY EYES CHECKED. AND HERE WE ARE.

WELL, YOU'RE WELCOME.





CHARM
By Kietamel Sibai



YOU KNOW, CHUM, IT'S REALLY COOL THAT YOUR AUNT'S A CONTINENTAL HERO.

YEAH, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE MANAGES WITH THE CATS.

IT'S BEEN HAPPENING FOR A GOOD DECADE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

WELL, DURING THE WAR, SHE BEGAN ENCOUNTERING LONE CATS, WHENEVER SHE'S BY HERSELF.

THEY WERE DIFFERENT-LOOKING CATS, BUT THEY ALL ACTED THE SAME: HAUGHTY, YET AFFECTIONATE.



SHE ADOPTED ANY OF 'EM?

NO, THE CAT WOULD RUN AWAY BEFORE EITHER PARTY GOT TOO ATTACHED.

ANYWAYS, LISTEN--



MY GRANDPOP TOLD ME THEY AREN'T REALLY CATS, IT'S A WITCH WHO TRAVELLED WITH HER DURING THE WAR, SHE LOVED MY AUNT SO MUCH AND DREAMED TO BE WITH HER, BUT HER MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT HER HOW TO LOVE AND SO SHE REMAINS TERRIFIED TO OPEN UP ABOUT HER FEELINGS.

SHE'D TURN INTO DIFFERENT CATS, THEN VISITS MY AUNT SO SHE COULD EXPRESS HER AFFECTIONS.

MY AUNT HAS NEVER THOUGHT MUCH OF IT, SHE JUST THINKS SHE HAS CAT CHARM.

*CHARM WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN LILIES ANTHOLOGY #8: NODDING LILY (2019).



AND YOU KNOW WHAT'S GONNA FREAK YOU OUT?



THAT WITCH... PEOPLE ARE SAYING IT'S THE LIBRARIAN.

!GASPI!

MY, HAVE YOU CHILDREN STUMBLED UPON A SCANDALOUS BOOK?

NO, NOTHING!

MS. LIBRARIAN...

--IS IT TRUE YOU'RE A WITCH AND YOU TRANSFORM INTO CATS?

A MOST INTERESTING THEORY. HOWEVER, I AM NO SUCH THING!



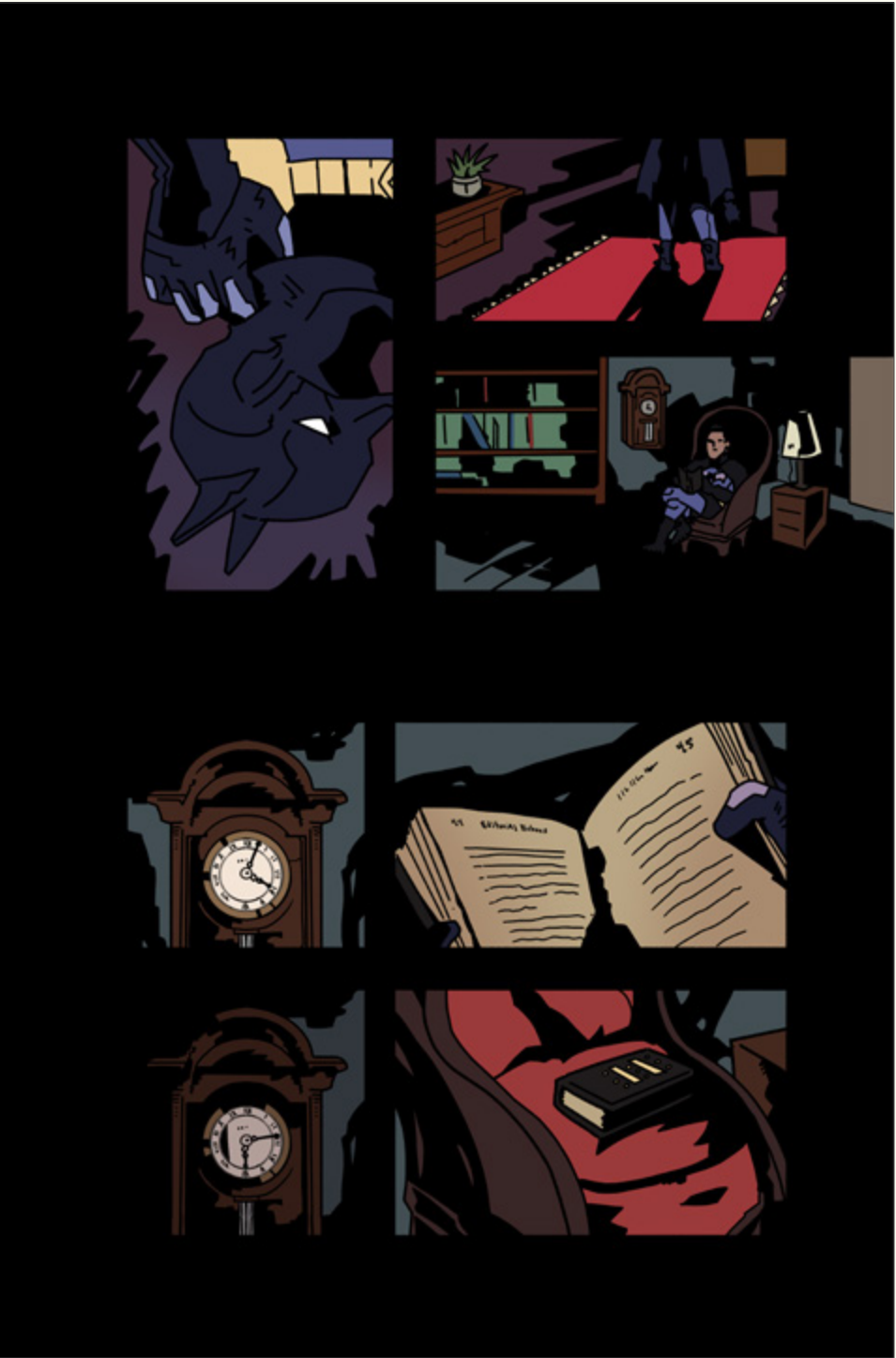
OH, LIBRARIAN, IF YOU'VE BEEN PINING OVER THE LUMINARY, ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS ASK AND WE CAN SET YOU UP A DATE NO PROBLEM!

I WOULDN'T BLAME YOU TWO FOR BELIEVING SUCH IDEAS, BUT--

NO WAY, GRANDPOP NEVER LIES!

--THE LUMINARY IS MERELY A CLOSE ACQUAINTANCE I MET DURING THE WAR. DON'T LISTEN TO THE RUMOURS.













WONDERFUL

COMICS AND OTHER FUN DOWNLOADS



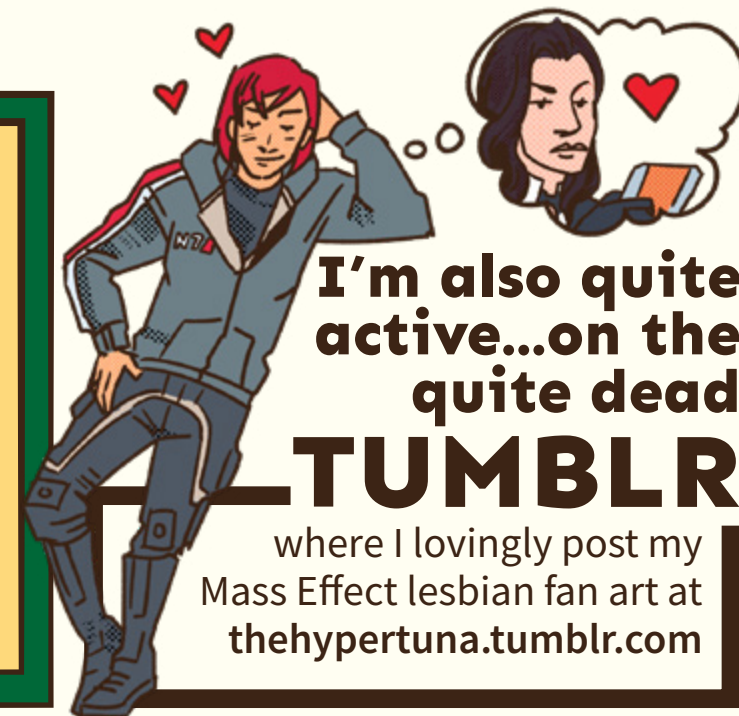
available at
[hypertuna
.itch.io!](http://hypertuna.itch.io)



FOR
SOME
REASON

I have two
INSTAGRAMS

@labis_lemaleik is more design-y
@thehypertuna is more comic-y



I'm also quite
active...on the
quite dead

TUMBLR

where I lovingly post my
Mass Effect lesbian fan art at
thehypertuna.tumblr.com



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