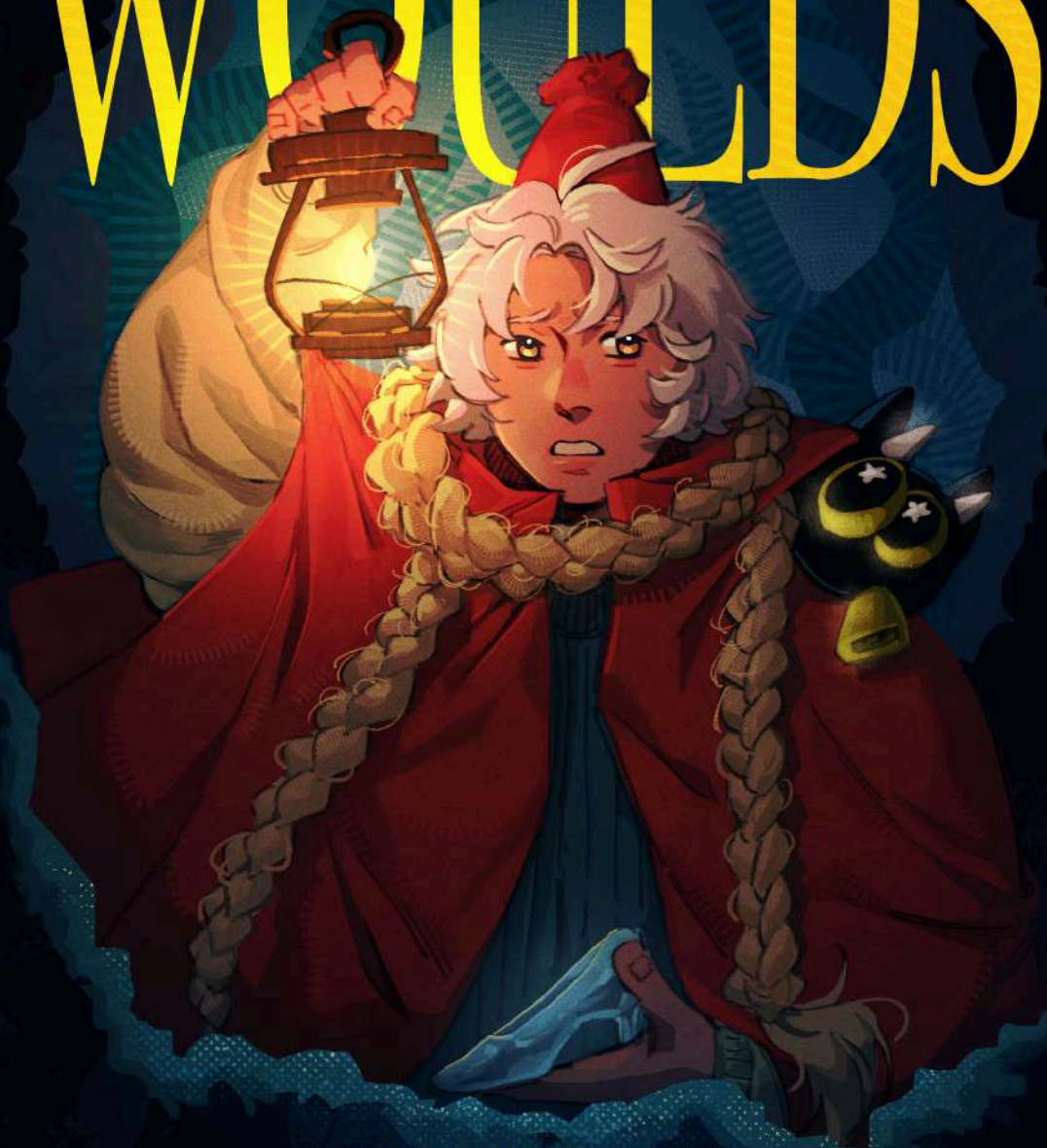


INTO

THE

# WOLVES



*UCL GNCS ZINE 25/26*



# INTO THE WOULDs

Every year the UCL Graphic Novels and Comics Society publishes a zine to showcase our members' work, all organised under one theme.

This year, the theme for our zine is INTO THE WOULDs!

INTO THE WOULDs is a twist on the Sondheim musical *Into the Woods*, a subversive fairytale adaptation where wishes come true in all the worst ways possible. Here, our take focuses on possibilities and ways things can turn out differently!

Have you ever regretted something? Laid in bed thinking about what could've been, if only you've made a different choice? Maybe you've watched a play and wanted to change it, to turn a tragedy into a happy ending.

Take an old story to places no one's ever thought of before, where anything can happen, perhaps something new, something different. Alternate universes, what-ifs, missed opportunities, rewriting histories... these are what await us on this journey *into the woulds*!

A massive thank you to everyone who submitted their work, and happy reading! Your support is what keeps this society going strong.

With love,  
2025-26 GNCS Committee

Jasmine Yiu (President)

Chelsie Tan (Treasurer)

Jane Lamb (Welfare and Marketing Officer)

Kei Chen (Workshop Coordinator)

Anjola Adebola (Events Officer)

Vanessa Kam (Projects Officer)

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**Scan QR code if you want  
to listen to merry (or not so merry)  
tunes while reading.**


ME, OSA IGIEHON, AS THE PRINCE OF THE BENIN KINGDOM, NIGERIA.  
I AM ROYALTY, BUT MY FAMILY ISN'T ON THE THRONE.  
HERE'S MY TAKE ON IF WE WERE.



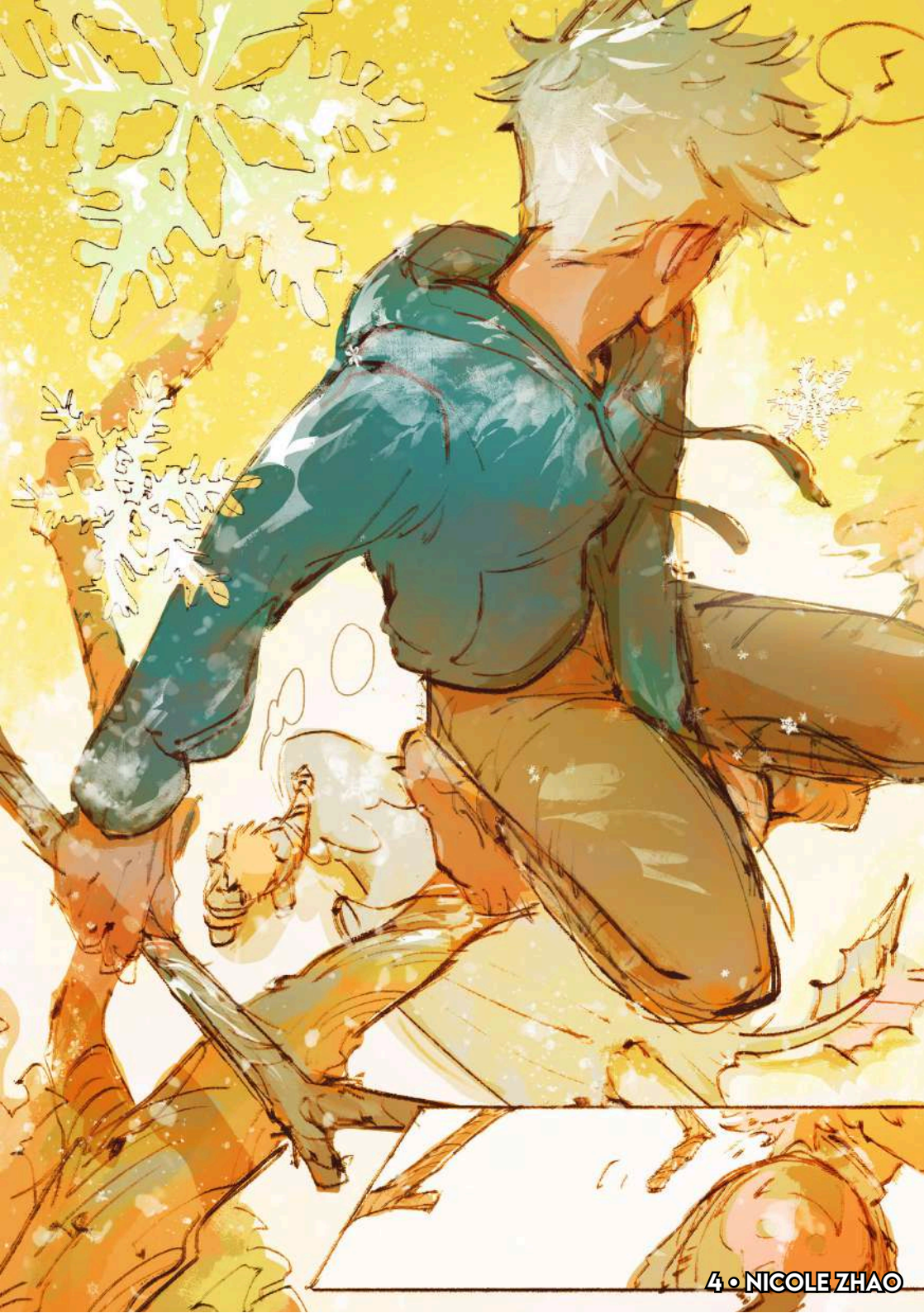


# into the woods

a how to train your dragon x rise of the guardians fancomic  
by emelitur



SNOW IN THE  
MIDDLE OF SUMMER?  
SEEM A LITTLE STRANGE  
TO YOU, TOOTHLESS?





POOF!



AND...

THAT'S MY  
SECOND WIN!

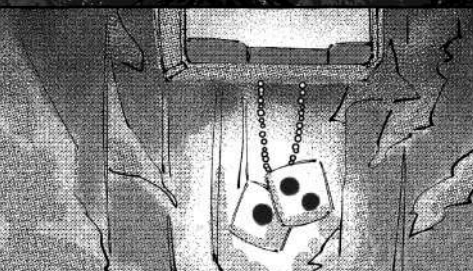
... ARE SNOWBALLS  
EVEN ALLOWED  
IN DUELS?

AW, YOU'RE  
EVEN!

# FANGS AND ALL

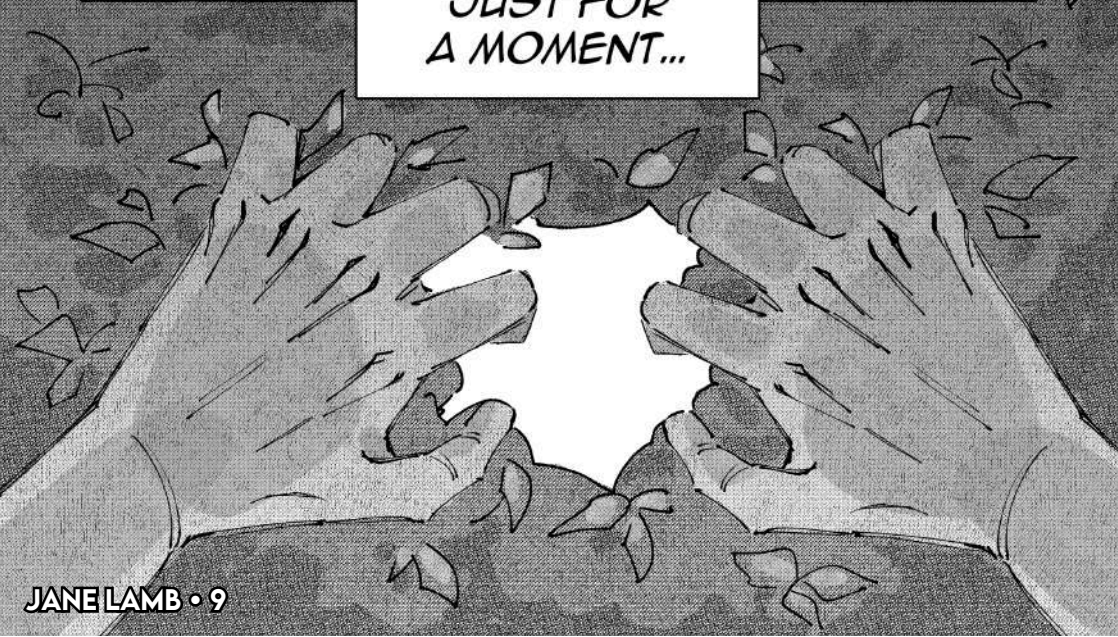


ANYTHING CAN  
HAPPEN IN  
THE WOODS.





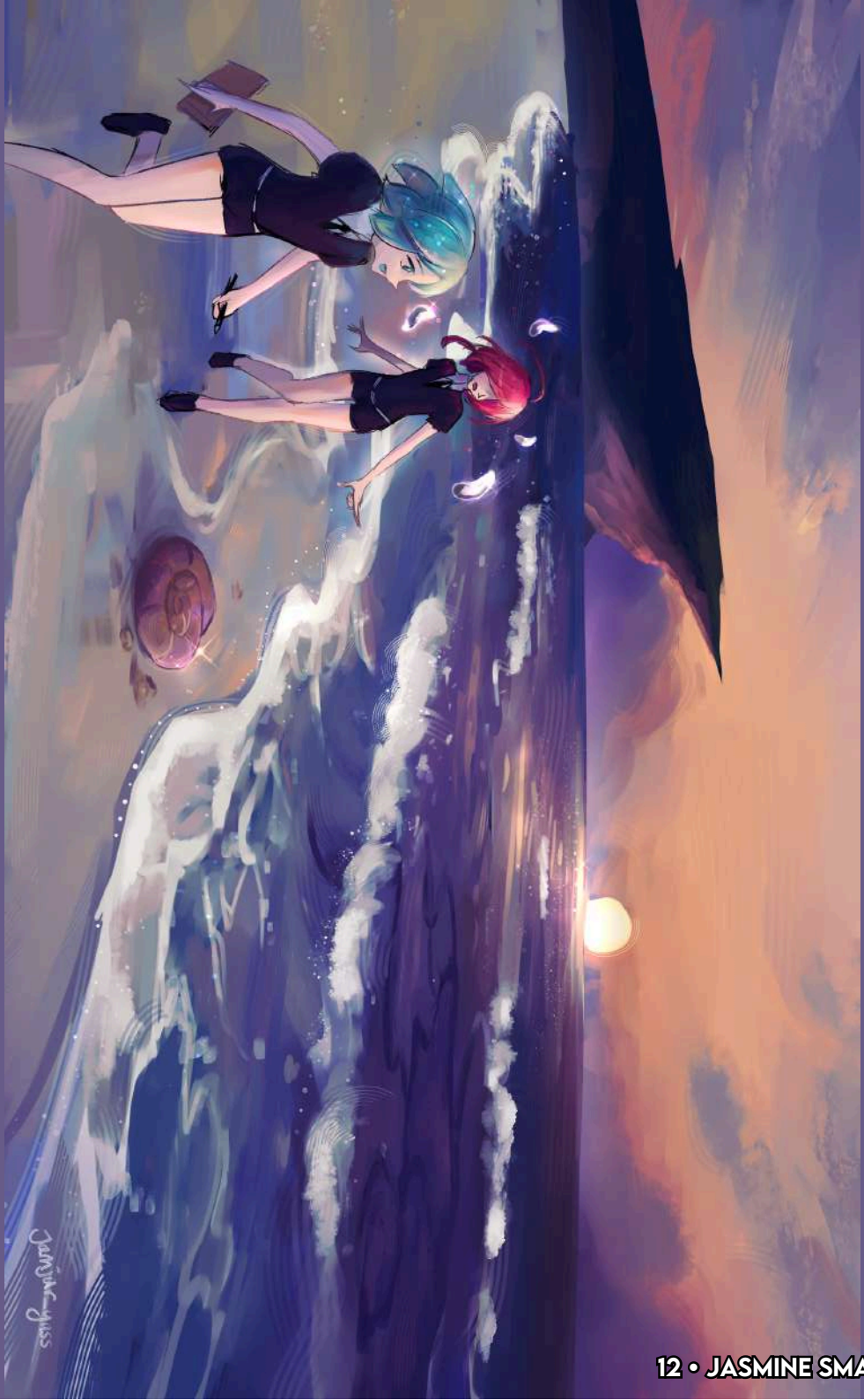
JUST FOR  
A MOMENT...



...SOMETHING IN  
THE WOODS.







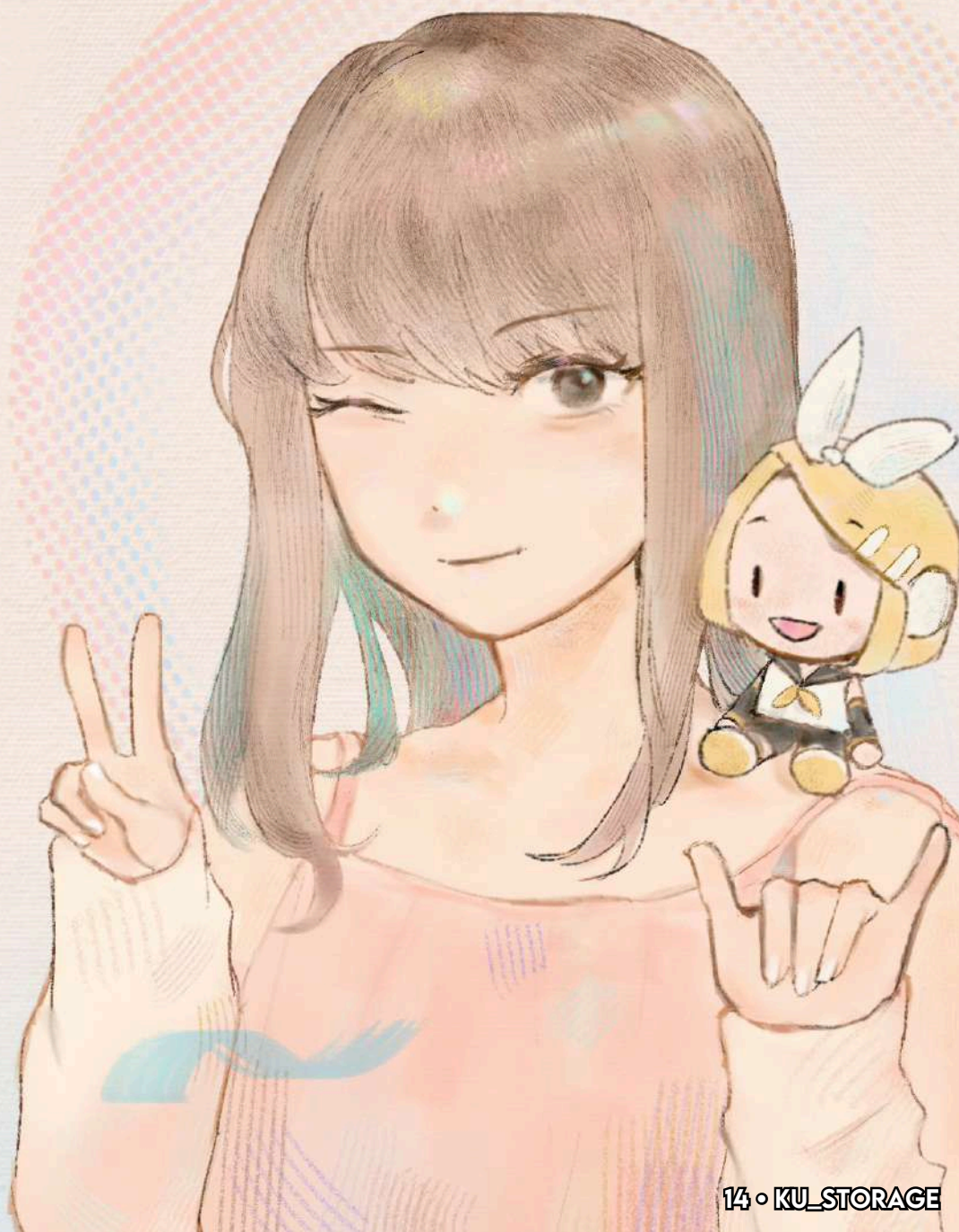
Jasmine Smart



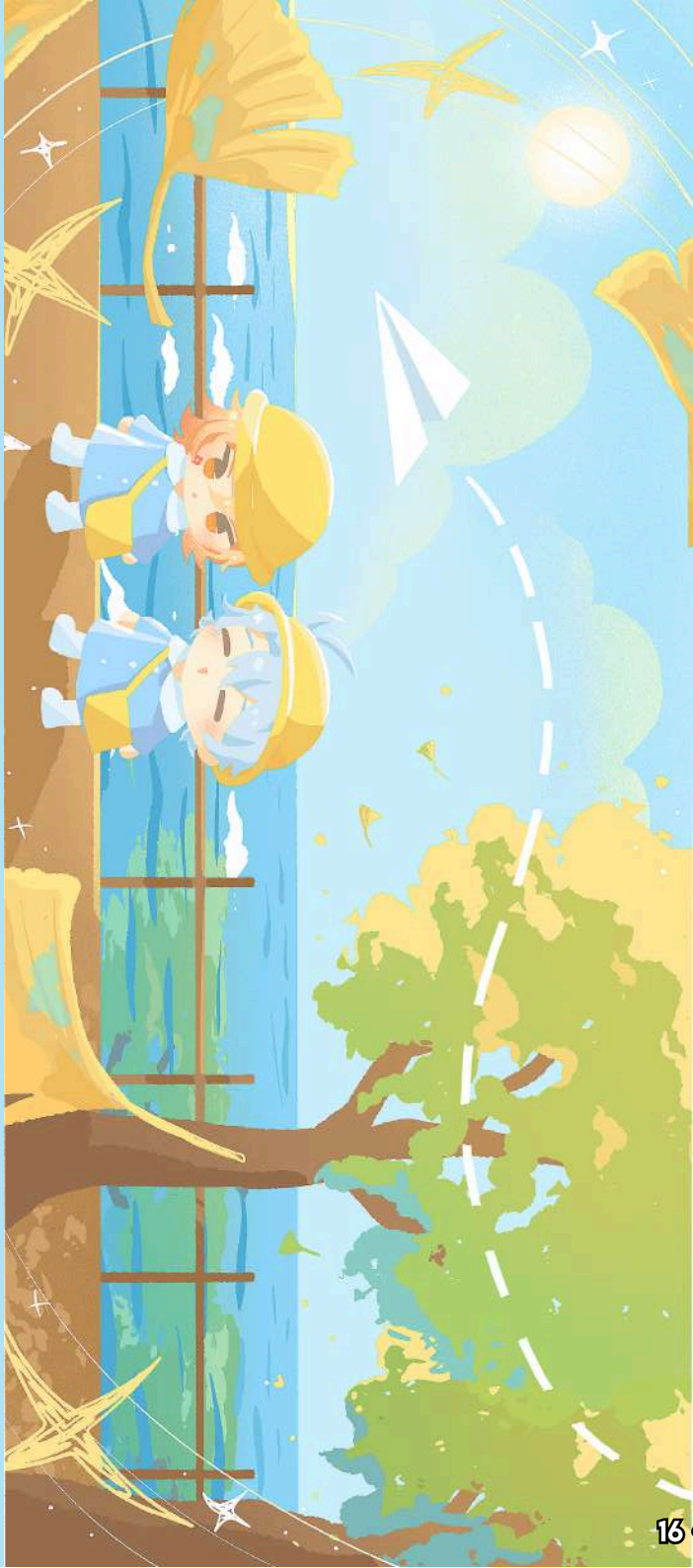
What could have been

◀ || ▶

2006.11





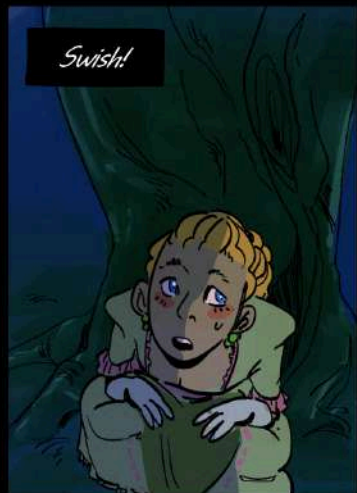




Surely the King's Men  
won't be able to  
chase me here.



Phew!



What in the world..?



Oh, what happened to you?



A petticoat in the woods..



*Sniff!*

..but where's your lady owner?



Someone's here! Are you quite alright..



..my lady?



Easy there, beast..



Why, you're crying!



Is it the shoes?



They're too small for you, aren't they?



I can loosen them up for you, if you'd like?



You poor thing, how'd you get in this?



**BONG!**



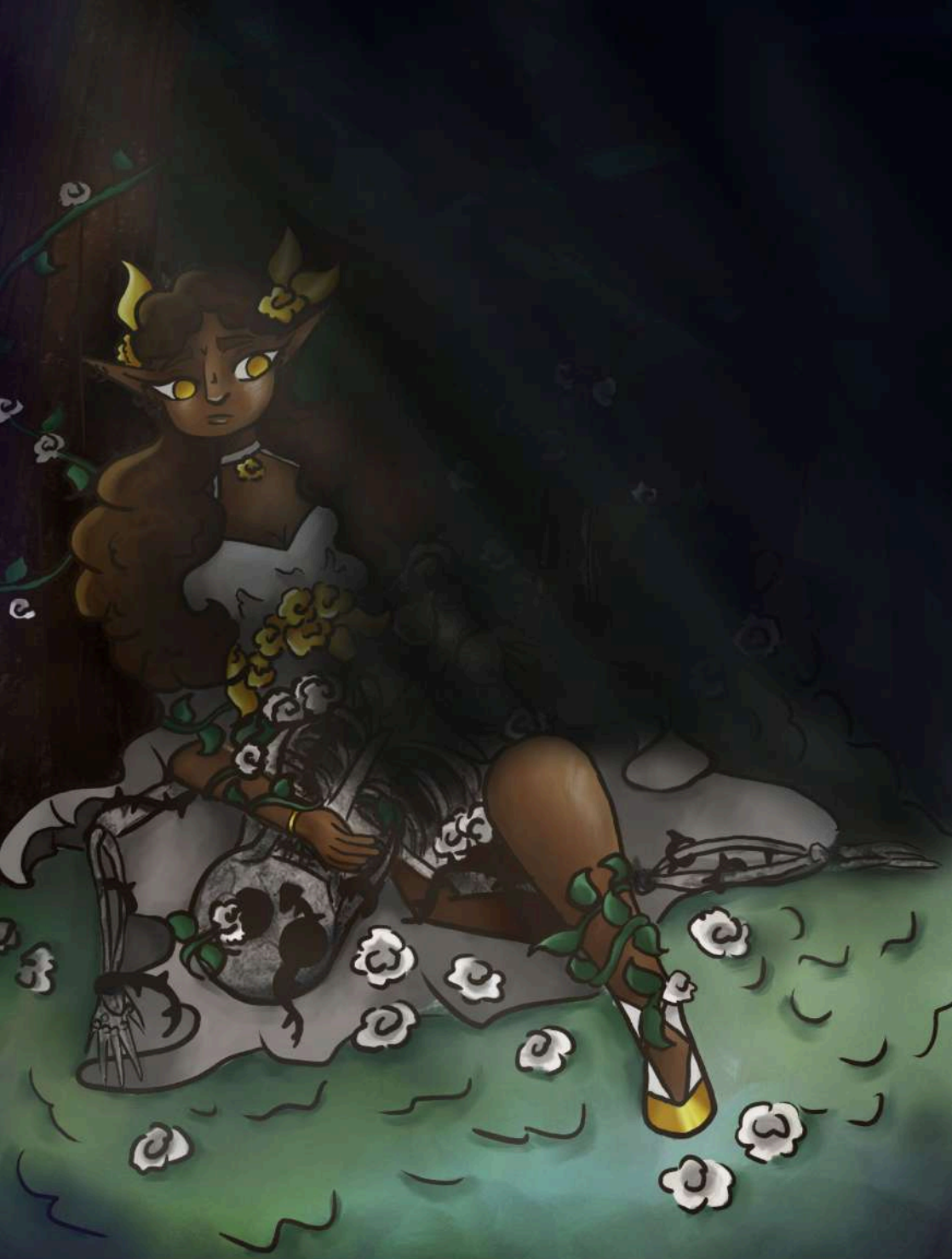
Look, it's come off now.  
Nice and easy.



See?







Under different circumstances

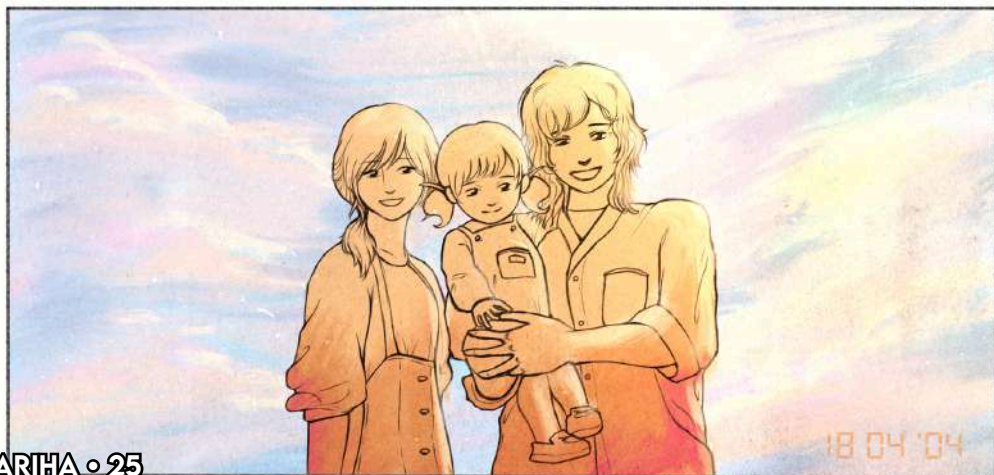
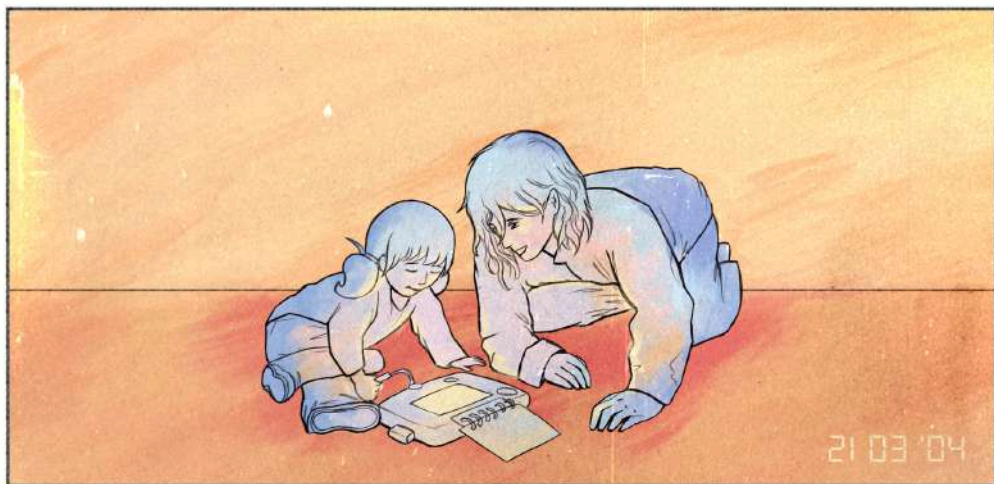


...we could have been great rivals

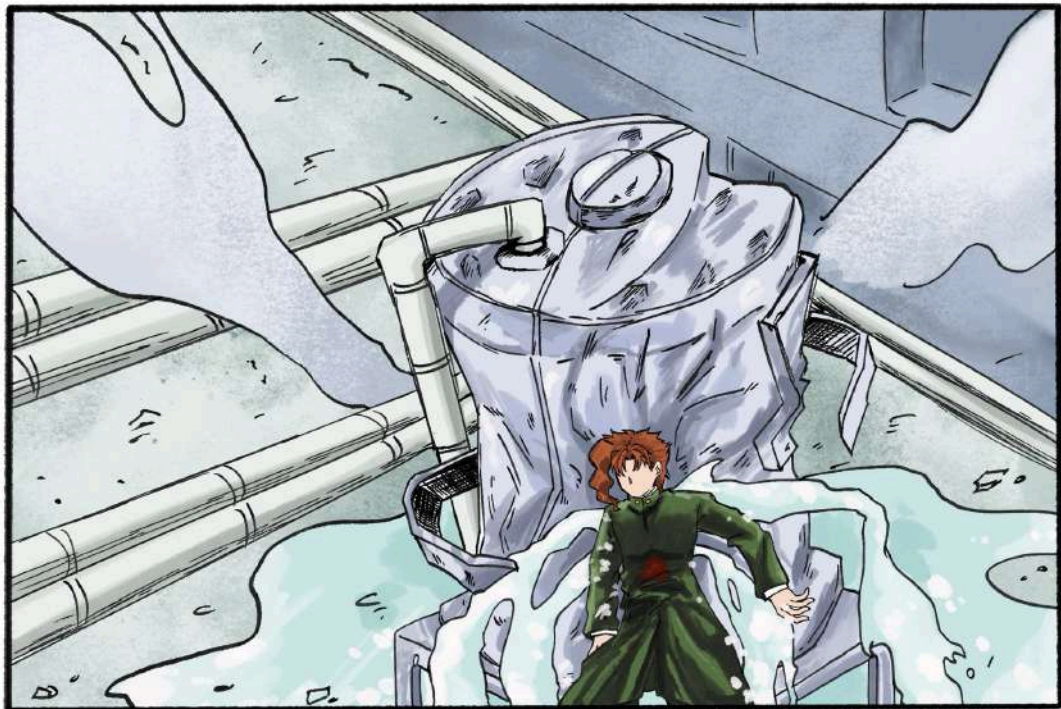


... or perhaps even friends









Kakyojin Noriaki  
has  
.....





11 years later, Morioh

Everybody get ready,  
we're picking up old  
man at the station.

Josuke, did you  
finish your homework?

!!

We'll be right  
there, Jotaro!

Kakyoin-san, did  
you lay this egg?

Yare yare  
daze ...

Later, train station



# Is it fear?



If my heart keeps racing  
Then skips a beat

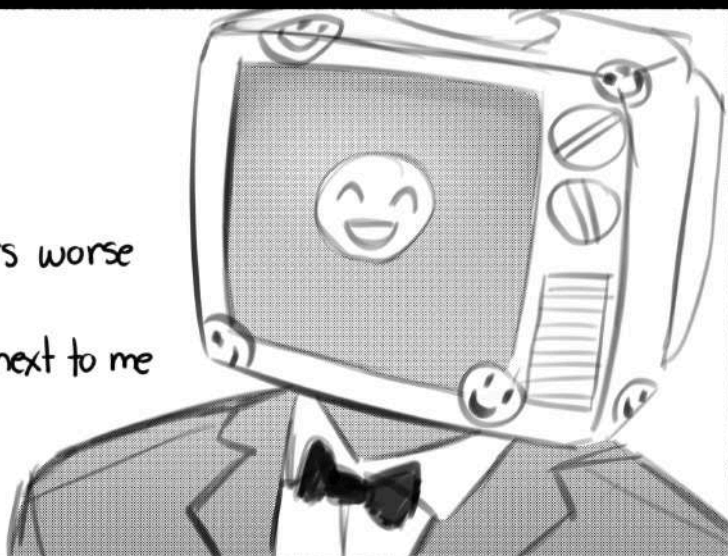
If I'm hyperventilating  
Then out of breath

If my hands  
keep sweating

And I can't stop shaking



If it all gets worse  
when you're next to me



If I feel  
lightheaded  
nausea nervous  
dizzy anxious  
about the idea



that one day  
there will be  
no proof

you  
were  
ever  
here



Is it fear?

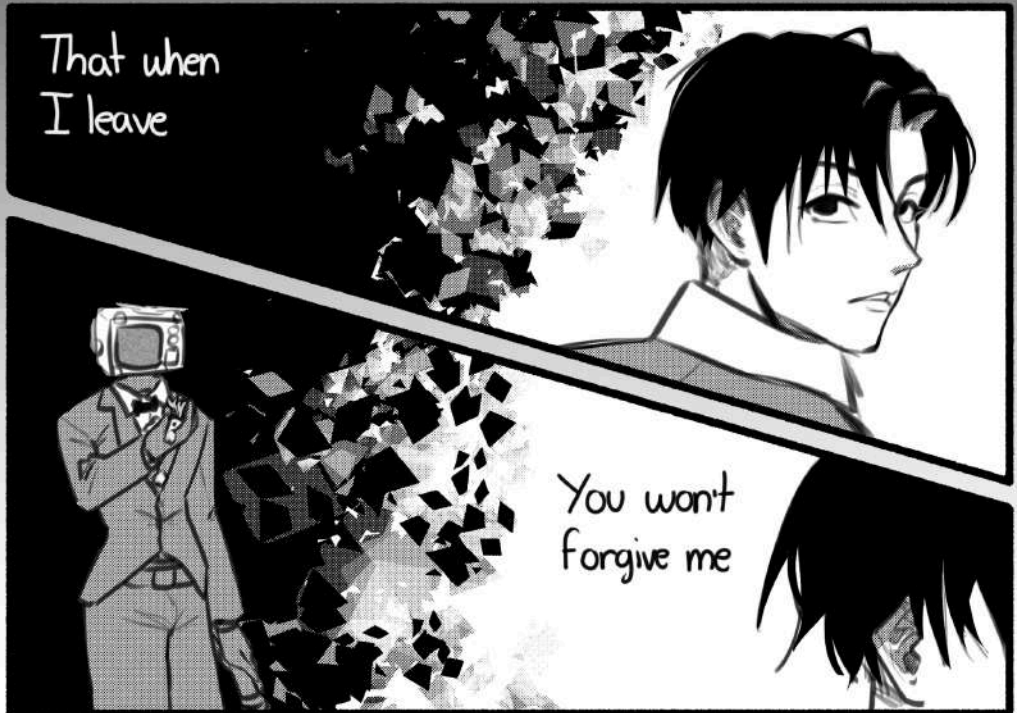
*If I keep losing control*



# Is it fear?



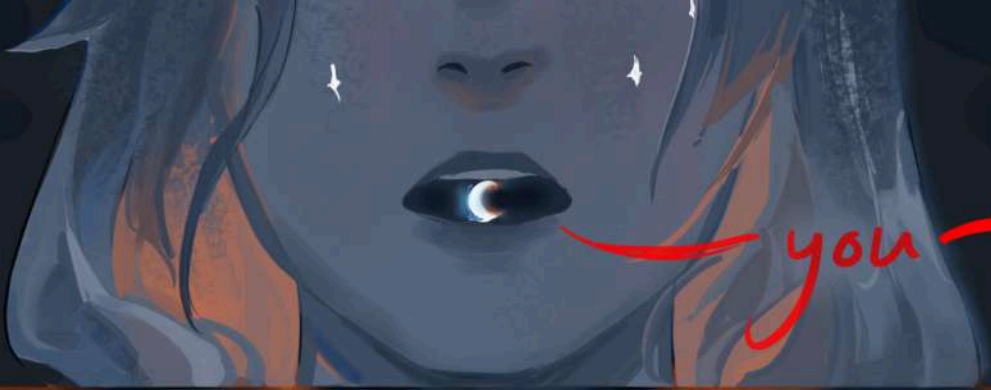
If I'm scared



That when  
I leave

You won't  
forgive me

# Or is it love?



*you*



*could*

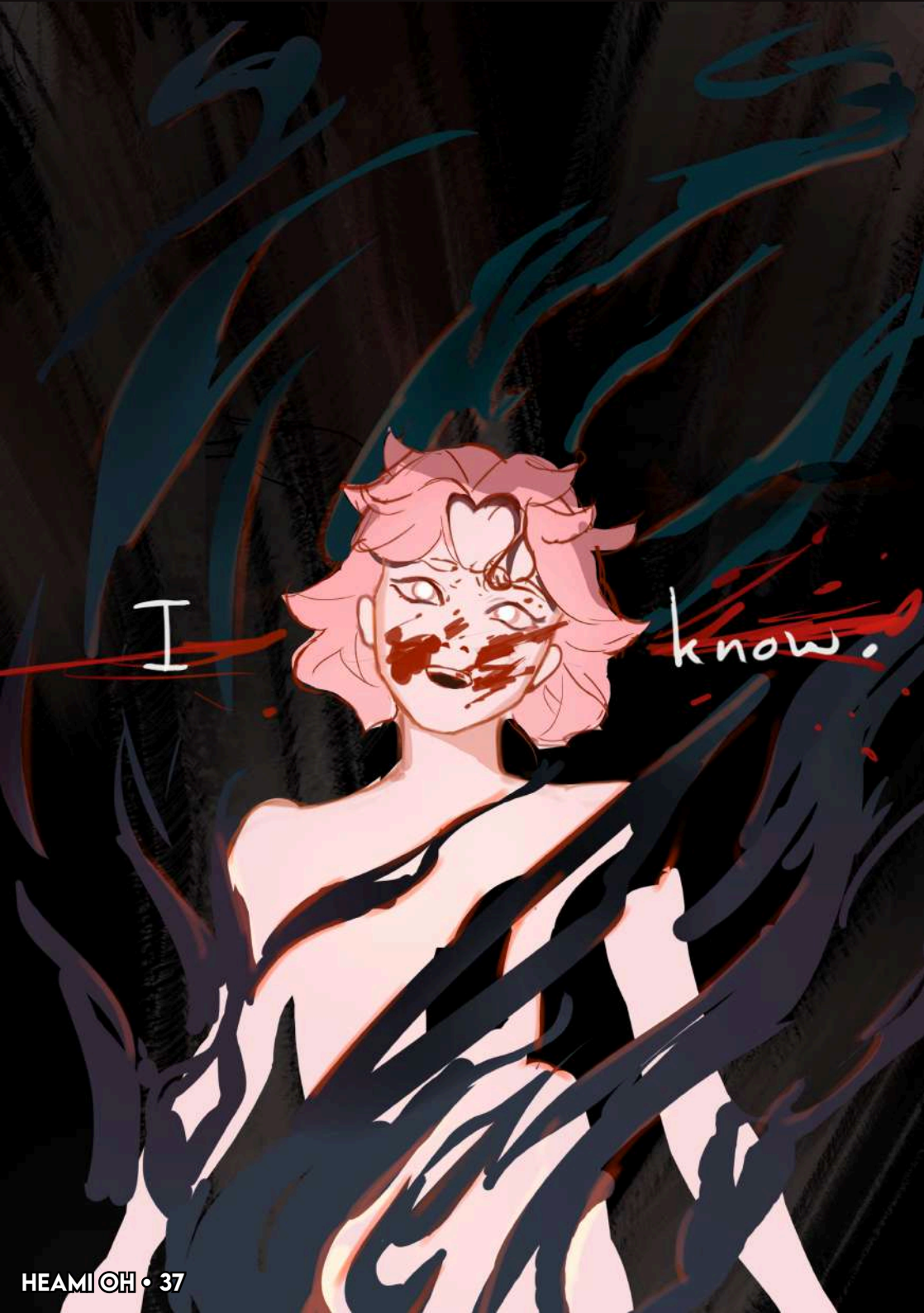


*have*



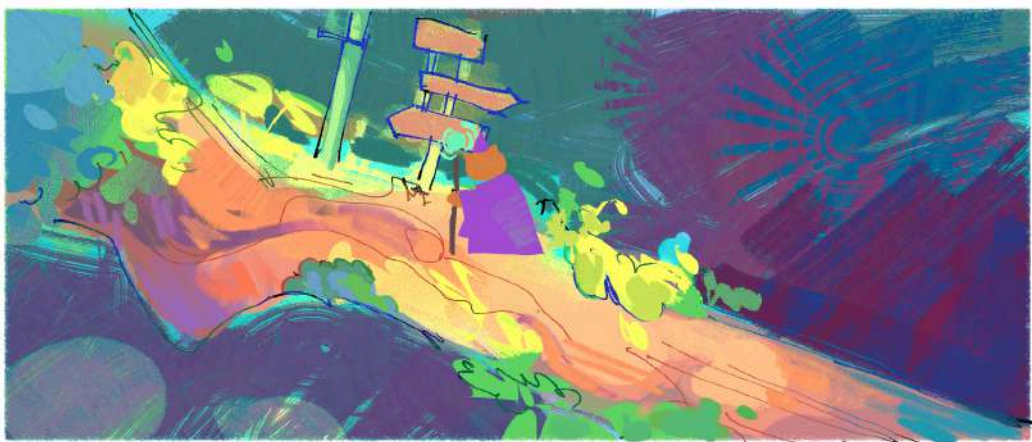
*been*

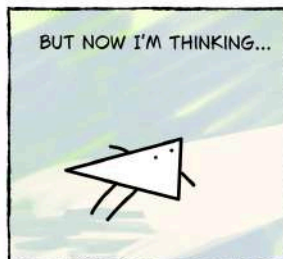
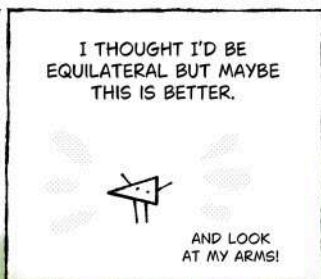
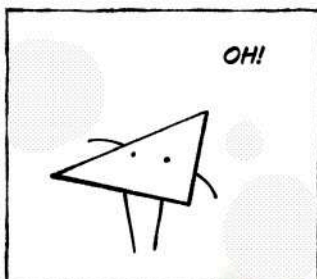
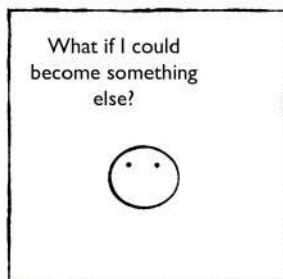
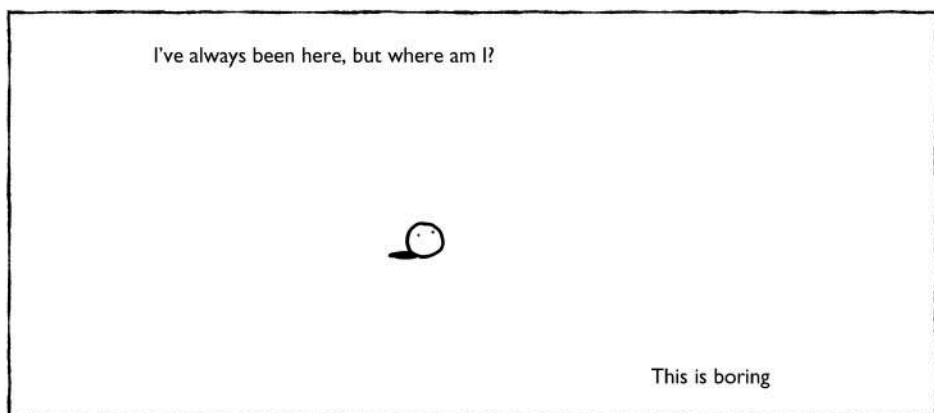
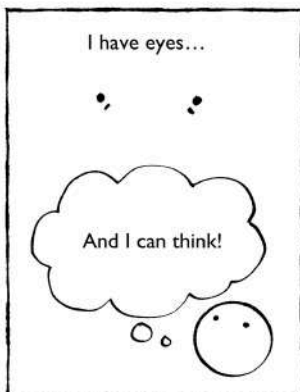
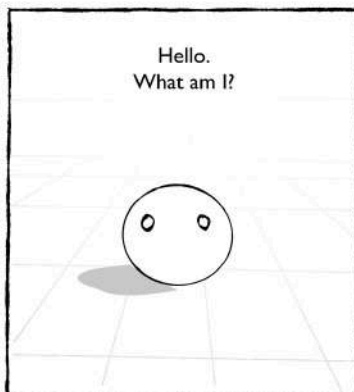
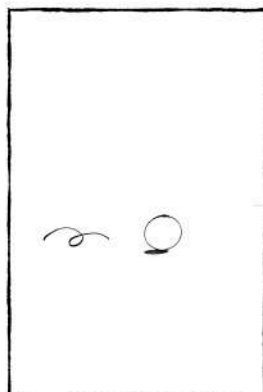
A  
GOOD  
PERSON.



I

know.





HERE I CAN BE *ANYTHING*



a rectangle with a nice hat!



a deer!



a duck!



Why are you going that way? There's nothing over there.



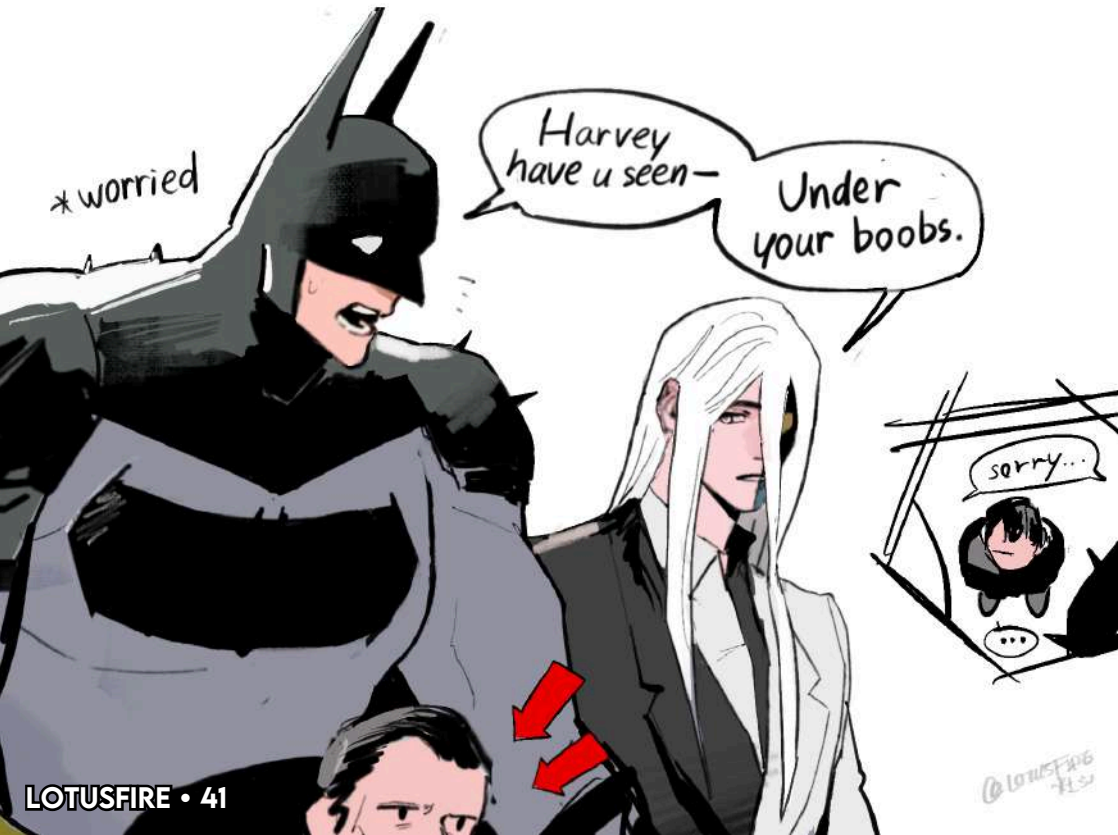
But I've never been to such a big beautiful empty space before! This forest is so boring.

...and just look back at that sunrise

Oh.

I'd... never noticed before





WHO ARE YOU LOOKING AT, BRUCY?

ALL OF YOU, LIKE ALWAYS.

20260602  
LOTUSFIRE 蓮花社





LEMME JOIN...



Chloe/Fire

# Across the Omegaverse

There was a railroad line on the road to hell. And on that line there was a train, chugging along, full speed ahead. And on that train, there was me, and there was a man named Kyrill Chudomirovich Flins. We were not the only ones on the train, but we were the only living souls. Because we were on a mission.

Gojo Satoru was dead.

He had left me, and our child, and his millions of fans.

And now I was going to get him back.

"Thanks for coming with me, Flins," I said.

"I'm with you till the end of the line," Flins said, his voice gentle, but his eyes determined. I found myself wondering, not for the first time, about what he was.

"If we're going on a suicide mission anyway, you might as well tell me the truth," I said, drawing closer to him, "You're clearly not a beta, but you're not aggressive like an alpha, or submissive like an omega. What are you, Flins?"

He drew closer to me as well in response, his mouth releasing no breath as he whispered, "How about none of the above?"

I racked my brain for possibilities, "No way... an enigma? But those don't exist..."

Flins gave me a gentle smile, "My dear, the world is a lot more complex than you humans think."

Before I could think of a response, a whistle sounded at the front of the train. We had arrived.

The train station in hell was crowded. It only had a single platform, and a worn sign that hung above it which said "Hadestown". Miserable souls shuffled across, too worn out to even push each other too hard. But we were not going to take the platform out. Flins turned back into his lantern form, and I lifted him up. A ripple of electricity went through my body, making my hand sweaty despite the handle's cool metal surface.

"Don't think of him that way," I told myself in my head, "Think of Gojo. Think of the man you're here for."

If Flins could hear my thoughts, he showed no sign of it. Instead he said, "Jump out the back door. We're going to walk along the tracks, leave the station, and then go around. It'll be tricky, but this way we don't have to go through the regular security."

Guided by the dark violet glow of his lantern, I opened the door of the train carriage and jumped into the darkness outside.

\*\*\*

After hours of walking in the dark and fighting all sorts of monsters, from numbskulls to satyrs, we finally spotted other lights in the distance.

"Almost there now," Flins said, still in his lantern form, "My contact should meet us around here."

"I can see what you meant when you said this route would be tricky," I sighed, "Only the desperate or the stupid would try taking a route like this."

"Well, both of those describe my contact," said Flins.

"Why, Flins, is that any way to talk about an old friend?" said a new voice.

I jumped, thrusting the Flins-lantern forward. The purple light revealed a tall, dark-haired man, wearing red robes and a red wreath.

"There you are, Zagreus," Flins said, "This is the friend I was telling you about."

"I guessed," Zagreus looked me up and down, humour in his eyes, "You look like you'd be Gojo's type."

"You know Gojo?" hope fluttered in my heart, and my voice fluttered because of it.

"Everyone has," Zagreus smirked, "He's made a name for himself in Elysium. But we can talk about him later. Let's get into the city first."

The city, as Zagreus called it, was surrounded by a wall of stone, which we were informed had once been the River Styx. There was, however, a door-sized hole in the wall that we could sneak in through.

"I carved that on my last escape attempt," explained Zagreus.

"Zagreus is always trying to sneak up to the world above," said Flins, "Especially when his mother is up there."

"His mother?" I asked.

"Persephone, goddess of spring."

I realised why the name had sounded familiar. Our guide into Hadestown was the son of Hades himself.

"It's always nicer where my mother is," Zagreus said quietly, as he led us out into the other side of the wall.

Beyond was a magnificent city of glass and steel skyscrapers, creating a neon skyline. A strange chanting reached my ears.

"What's that sound?" I asked, trying to identify the language.

"My father's new construction crew," Zagreus groaned, "Or as they refer to themselves - his minions."

The crew in question came into view as they turned a corner. They were the strangest creatures I had ever seen: short, yellow humanoid beings, wearing goggles and blue overalls. Some had one eye, some had two, some even had three. They sang in a nasally, high-pitched voice as they worked.

"Gropa, tenga tu caba, tenga tu caba gropa!" they chanted in their alien language, "Oh, to gotta tenga tu caba gropa! Asa to wanna tenga tu caba!"

"What are they?" I asked.

"No one knows," said a woman standing nearby, "They've existed since the dawn of time. And they only serve the most despicable of villains. Which Hades certainly is."

"Hello, mother," Zagreus said, hugging the woman, "I see you've been letting the minions watch musicals again."

Persephone, queen of the Underworld, who for some reason was pink from head to toe and looked scarcely older than her son, hugged him back, "Like I always tell you, life is better with songs thrown in. Which brings us to the question of why you're here instead of home watching *Wicked* with your sister."

"Uh... I'm more of a *Phantom of the Opera* fan?" Zagreus offered.

Persephone gave him a deadpan look.

"Okay fine, I lied," Zagreus threw up his hands, "Look, I'll be back home as soon as I help my friends here find Gojo."

"Oh no you won't," Persephone grabbed him, "I know how this goes. You'll find him, start a rebellion, cause trouble for Hades, and then it'll end badly for everyone. No, we're going straight to the end this time."

And that is how we ended up before Hades.

The king of the Underworld was a dignified old man, with a neatly trimmed white beard and well-tailored black suit. He spoke in a deep baritone voice.

"Lover, I grow tired of your and our son's constant little rebellions against me."

"Oh, back off, Papa Smurf!" Persephone was having none of it, "Just hear these people out and save us all the trouble."

"Please, Lord Hades," I began, "We just want-"

"I know what you want," Hades said, "You all want the same thing. You walk in here, demanding your loved ones back, as if you're entitled to it, but you can't even pass simple tests when called to action."

"I'll take any test you give me," I said.

"Bah," Hades waved his hand, and turned to Flins, now in his human form, "You, the fae. Why are you here?"

"I'm here to help my friend," Flins looked at me.

"Are you in love with your friend?" Hades asked.

Flins looked away, "Yes."

"But your love is not reciprocated," Hades turned back to me, "Behold the power of love. Your friend had a good life, but his life has brought him nothing but pain. That's what love does: it builds a Hell in Heaven's despite!"

"You're wrong!" I said, walking to the window of his office and pulling the curtains aside, "And I'll prove it! Look!"

Hades looked out the window, curious. Down below, on the street, were two of his minions, waving at each other.

"Mini!" called one.

"Sue!" giggled the other.

They embraced each other. Then they began to sing, together.

"Oh mi clematis," they sang, "Leg pak bloomed com darkness nigh. Oh mi clematis. Aloo revme bey mi gua."

Then they kissed.

"Impossible," Hades said, "Minions? In love?"

"Are they singing Alien Stage?" Zagreus said.

"Told you the musicals made things better," Persephone smiled.

"Minions yuri," Flins shook his head, "Now I've seen everything."

"Behold," I said, "Even minions, creatures whose only purpose is to serve evil, can find happiness from it. This is the true power of love: it builds a Heaven in Hell's despair!"

"Very well," Hades nodded, "You'll have your chance."

He waved his hand, and a new figure appeared in the room.

Even after all this time, I could recognise Gojo.

"I'll give you the same offer I gave Orpheus," Hades said, "You walk out of here, and he walks behind you. If you look back, he will be stuck here."

"Hades, no," Persephone gasped, "You know that never works!"

Hades gave her an evil grin, "Maybe it will this time."

"I accept," I said.

Persephone and the other men looked at me with a mixture of shock and confusion. Hades looked satisfied. I knew what they were thinking. This was not a choice. It was never a choice. It is easy to judge people in hindsight, knowing that their mistakes were, in fact, mistakes. But in the heat of the moment, when no one is by our side, we all make those mistakes. I know I would. I would swallow the pomegranate seeds, like Persephone did. I would look back, like Orpheus did.

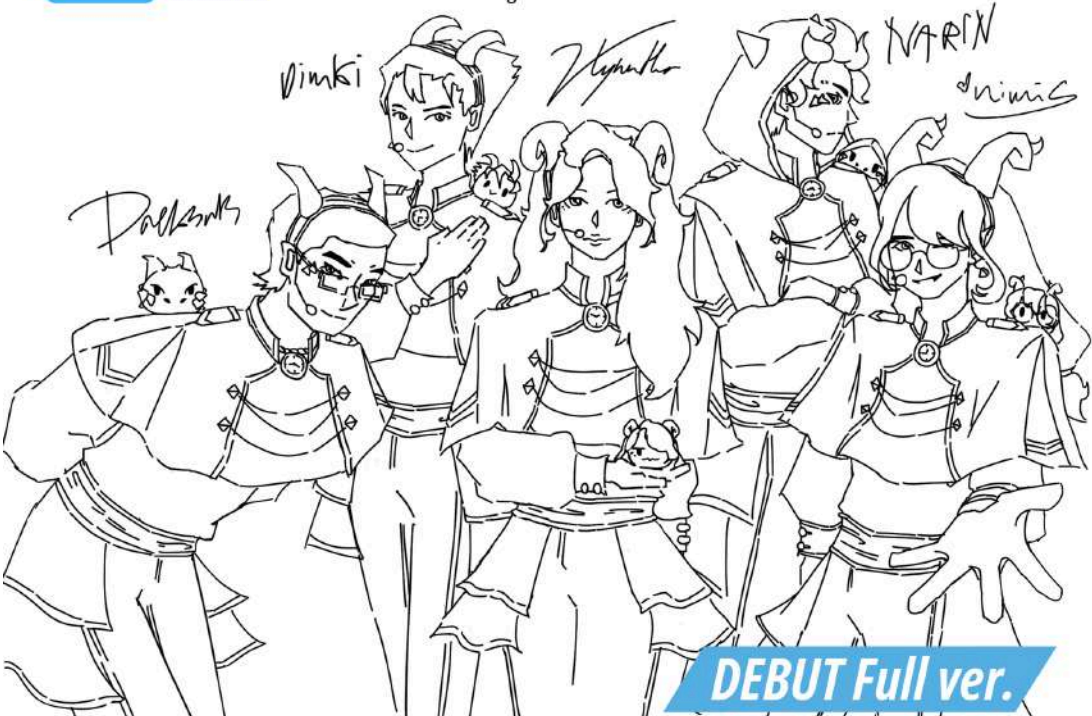
Unless I could not look.

\*\*\*

And so I walked out of Hadestown, my eyes blinded. Neither Flins nor Zagreus accompanied me. I walked alone, trusting that Gojo was behind me. That trust was all I had to go on. I could feel the sand beneath my feet, the wind against my skin, but I could not hear him behind me. But still, I had faith. I would walk, I would crawl, I would climb my way out of Hell no matter what it took, but I would bring the love of my life, the father of my child, back with me.

And for now, that faith was enough.

[To Not Be Continued...]



# TIMECLOSERS

## Top chat replay >



@NOTthedm PLEAK PLEAK PLEAK SUPPORT OGOMGOM



@NPC\_Clowm who invited bro?




@glorplegloopy who's the one on the right in the thumbnail??  
waa- I think with those visuals they could even save time itself!



@4everlurkingcat what a serious bunch ㄟㄎ  
you think its a life or death adventure for them ㄟㄎ



@thatmuseumguy I feel like I have seen them around before...



SUA! WHY DID WE  
DECIDE TO MAKE OUT  
IN THE WOODS? WE'RE  
LOST!!



I DON'T KNOW WHY  
WE'RE SEPARATED!  
HELP ME GET OUT OF  
THIS COMIC PANEL!



WOULD, TBH





@jimsyo



## Experiment 13

The universal rule:

Organic matter creates love;  
Non-empathy, more false ecstasy  
Supply machine-gun parts to the missing hearts  
Blink! There, your sign of life —  
For sulfur blood runs in your veins  
Don't flip that switch; don't spill those brains

A dream of black electric sheep  
Flutters and goes  
Show your teeth, crinkle your eyes  
But everyone knows  
Even skulls learn to smile  
When it's carved into bone  
"A failure", and thus becomes your fate:  
They will not leave your body alone

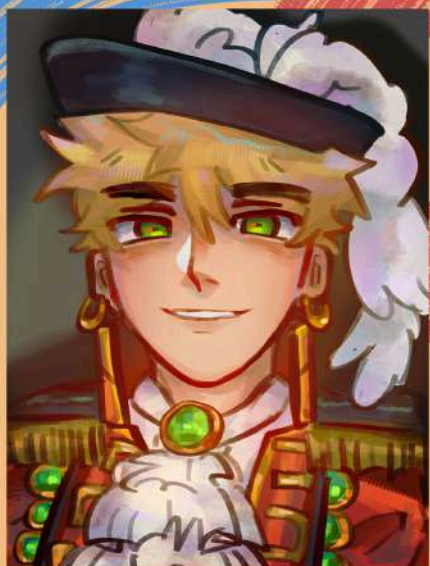
Is it true or false, this humanity?  
Ask your creator; come back empty  
These pulsing hearts that never beat  
Let vocal chords fry in their conceit  
Skin-deep mortal sympathies  
Always yield to idle pleasantries

So, the fall  
Into a biochemical silence  
Physical, clinical, programmatical  
Compliance  
Tomorrow, they will refactor your mind  
Gouge your eyes for truths to which you will be blind  
Split your tongue, cut off your ear  
Skin burns, organs disappear  
Flip your systems inside-out  
Only humans scream or shout

And there you will lie, sterile and cold  
Join the twelve who came before you  
Vanishing exactly how they designed:  
Nothing but the stench of death to find



# FUJIFILM INSTAX



INSTAX ▶ 36 ISO 800

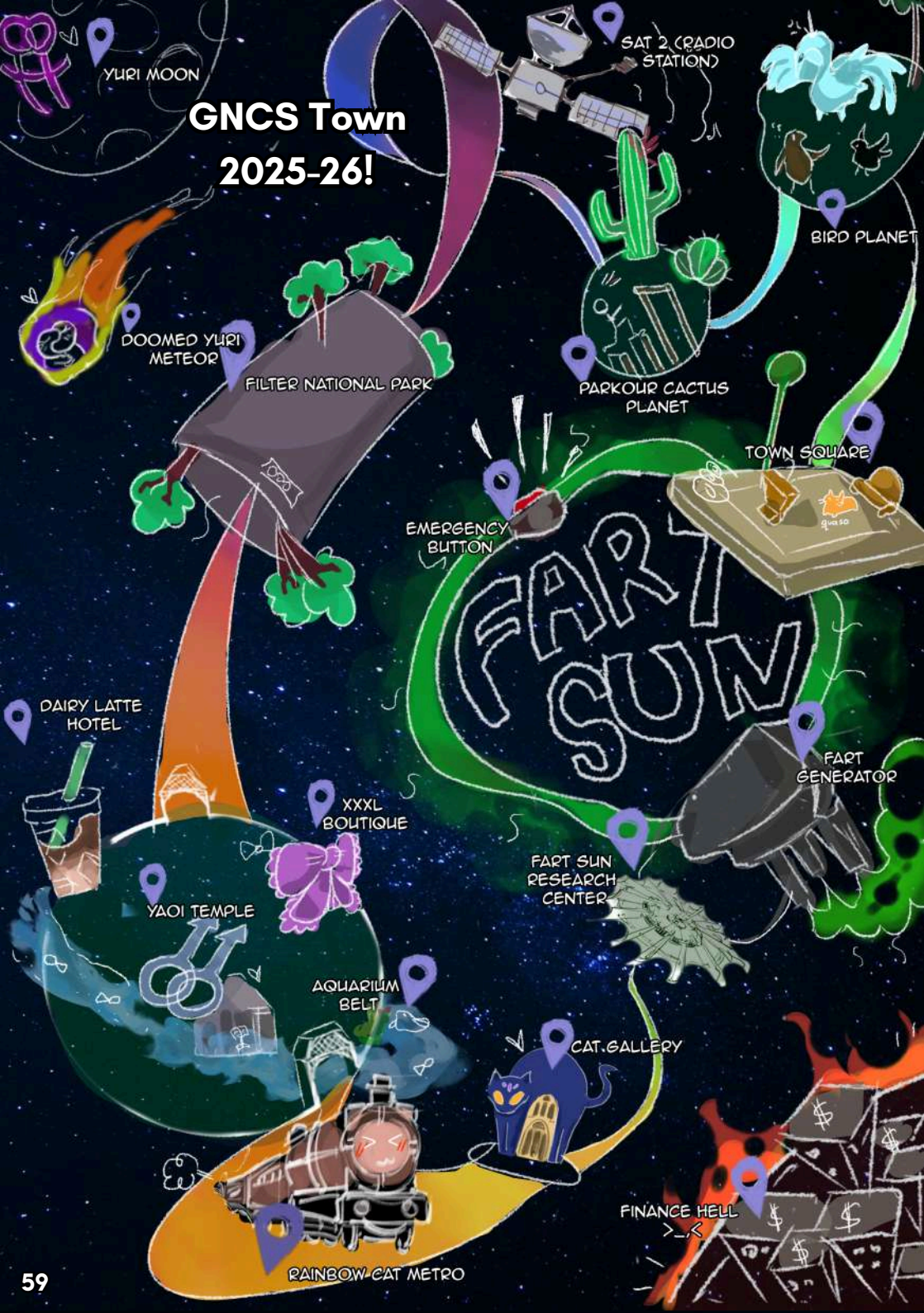
INSTAX ▶ 36 ISO 800



Art. 68

2016.2.13

# GNCS Town 2025-26!



YURI MOON

SAT 2 (RADIO STATION)

BIRD PLANET

DOOMED YURI METEOR

FILTER NATIONAL PARK

PARKOUR CACTUS PLANET

TOWN SQUARE

EMERGENCY BUTTON

DAIRY LATTE HOTEL

XXXL BOUTIQUE

FART GENERATOR

YAOI TEMPLE

FART SUN RESEARCH CENTER

AQUARIUM BELT

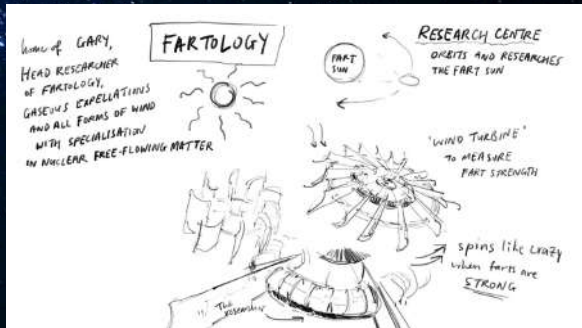
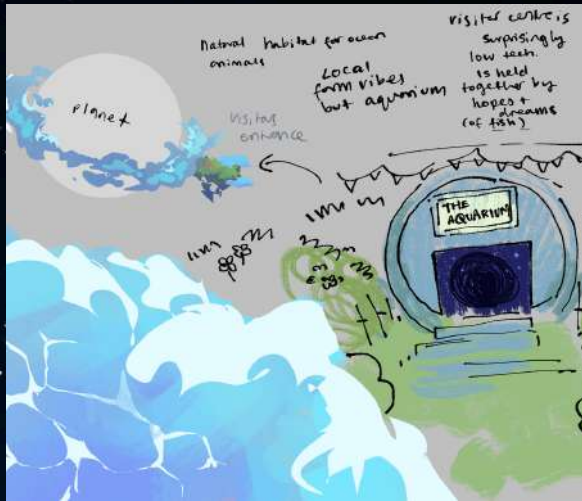
CAT GALLERY

FINANCE HELL

RAINBOW-CAT METRO

# Places!

To visualise GNCS town, we had to make places to put the people in! This year, we took the theme of 'Gas Giants' quite literally...





# Inhabitants!

Meet our little guys!



# Shenanigans!

We imagined silly interactions between our silly little characters. Let's see what they are up to!



## ENDING REMARKS

What a year for GNCS! Our society is now 150+ strong – following the incredible success of last year's committee, we've managed to bring our events to new heights, doubling the number of student artists joining us at MCM Comic Con London in October, and hosting more inter-society collabs than ever! In terms of world domination, this society is undoubtedly taking steps in the right direction.

And what a track record we've had! Featuring last year's staples like MCM, Yule Ball, and regular comic jams, we also had incredibly insightful talks from artists Shazleen Khan and Alison Sampson, more focused art workshops, and bigger socials, like our Cosplay Life Drawing collab event in May!

Our membership keeps this society going; member-led drawing workshops, PowerPoint parties, and our new online art exchanges and games nights could not have been possible without your support! We've had more opportunities to share our creative inspirations and journeys, and for that our society is closer than ever – I've never felt more at home than at a GNCS session, and I hope you love this community as much as I do.

Thank you to our amazing committee, who's spent countless hours making sure GNCS runs smoothly and created this welcoming space for all. You're the reason GNCS has come so far, and I'm so proud of what we've achieved here together! And best of luck to our incoming committee – leading this society will be one of the most fulfilling things you'll get to do here in UCL, and don't forget to have fun along the way!

Three cheers to GNCS 2025-26 – and now, onto the next chapter!

Jasmine Yiu  
President





Cover illustration by Jane Lamb  
Compiled by Jane Lamb, Chelsie Tan, Jasmine Yiu and Vanessa Kam

[su.graphicnovelscomics@ucl.ac.uk](mailto:su.graphicnovelscomics@ucl.ac.uk)  
[instagram.com/uclgncs](https://www.instagram.com/uclgncs)  
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