

Back Cover Prologue

In an exciting new series from Ka-Pow Comics! Young Katie's always had her world be perfect! She's been a star athlete, gotten good grades (if not perfect grades), and had two loving parents who raised her in a loving home... And now her world has come apart at the seams... in her darkest moment, she finds her true destiny on a dark night...

Chapter 1 - The Dark Night!

Opening panel, a dark street, rain pouring down. A lone figure walks down the street, feminine in outline, it's face obscured by a hoodie and the darkness of shadows. A thought bubble frames above.

What the hell! Bastard yelling at me, not my fault mom went nuts and slit someone's throat before throwing herself off a 20 story building. Maybe if he'd been a better husband she wouldn't have done it! Ten O'clock curfew my ass, I'll be damned if I go back before morning!

Second page, two figures huddled in an alley, using the fire escapes as protection from the steady drizzle. One ducks his head out to look down the street, he notices Katie.

"Butch, some little bitch comin, all alone... looks young, don't see no purse..."

"Who gives a fuck, nobody been out, I need a hit. Fuck, if she don't got money, she can work it off on her knees..."

"Heh, hope she's got a pretty face..."

Third page - Katie stalks forward, shoulders hunched, angry at the world.

I'm seventeen, going on eighteen in a few months, I don't need to be treated like a little girl anymore. As soon as I'm eighteen, I'm so getting the he....

Panel shift, exclamatory text. **"Wha??!"**

Panel shift, a large hand lands on Katie's shoulder and jerks her into the alley, sending her sprawling in the garbage and water. The two muggers tower over Katie, both leering down at her.

"Whaddaya think Butch? Pretty?"

"Who can tell, she got that damn hoodie pulled up. Pull the hoodie down girl, lessee if you got a pretty mouth..." The man laughs.

"Yeah, and empty your purse too... So we can party later.. after we party..."

Page 4 - Closeup of Katie's face, her eyes wide in fear.

Oh my god oh my god oh my god! Their rapists... They'll kill me when they're done with me... I'll be dead... like mom...

Panel shift - Closeup of Katie face, her eyes are now hardened, slitted. Exposition dialog by narrator. Narrator's first commentary since the comic started.

Something snapped inside Katie, and something new was born within the rage that rang inside her soul...

Page 5 - Katie moves, her body arching upward as her left leg rises in an arc, the foot catches 'Butch' under the chin, snapping his head back as Katie moves into a handstand. She flexes her arms, and executes a mid-air roll and twist, landing on her feet four feet away, moving lightly into a crouching position.

"No thanks, assholes. You're not my type..."

Panel shift - Butch rubs his jaw, apparently not all that hurt. His pal pulls a knife out of his pocket, and it opens with a 'snick' as the switch blade slides out.

"Oh, now you done done it, little girl. We're gonna carve our names in your face..."

Butch's friend says, moving forward in a low stance while Butch grins, watching from behind.

Page 6 - Katie's eyes, still in shadows, a close up. Opening with surprise, but not fear.

He's got a knife.. should have thought of that... damn! I don't have any weapons... Gotta back off...

Panel shift, Katie backs down the alley, only for another shape to move out of the shadows behind her.

"No way girlie, Mikey done said we carvin' your little ass up for Butch..."

Panel shift - Close up of Katie's face, still in shadows, with the new thug in the distance behind her. Now fear begins to creep back onto her features.

Son of a... Three of them... and I'm surrounded! I need a weapon... something...

Page 7 - Multiple panels of the alley around Katie, obviously her looking for a weapon. And then the last panel, a baseball. Old, torn, but recognizable.

Panel shift - Katie swoops down and picks up the baseball, her body moving in a flowing motion that almost leaves after-images behind her.

“Fastest fast pitch on the girl’s baseball team in the school’s history, assholes. Catch!”

Panel shift - The ball hurtles from her hands and slams into ‘Mikey’, hitting him between the eyes. There’s a loud thud sound as the ball hits, it’s outer casing exploding from the hit. Mikey flies backward, the knife leaving his hand.

Page 8 - Mikey lands heavily next to Butch, and skids another couple of feet in the water. He doesn’t get back up. Butch looks down, and his face twists in anger.

“Now you die, bitch!”

Panel shift - Closeup of a hand dropping into a pocket.

Panel shift - Closeup of a hand pulling a gun out of the pocket.

Panel shift - Closeup of a hand lifting a gun.

Panel shift - The gun jerks in the hand, smoke trailing out of the barrel. A large ‘BANG’ drawn in lurid blood red letters.

Page 9 - Closeup of Katie’s face, eyes wide.

He’s got a gun! Crap!

Panel shift - Katie dives, again, quickly. The trail of a bullet leaves the gun, moving for her!

Panel shift - The bullet closes on Katie’s head...

Panel shift - The bullet nears Katie’s eye!

Panel shift - The bullet passes by Katie’s head, sending a few dozen long black hairs floating toward the ground as her hoodie is jerked back and off by the close round!

Panel shift - The bullet continues on, and hits the third mugger in the head! The thug makes a ‘GLURK’ noise as his body begins to fall, black liquid spraying the walls of the alley.

Page 10 - Katie, still moving from the first shot, rolling and coming up into a crouch. Her hands grabbing the first thing they touch. Her right hand has a handfull of trash, the left a beer bottle.

Panel shift - The handful of trash leaves her hand, traveling with the same sort of path as the bullet left.

Panel shift - Butch is moving the gun toward Katie when the garbage hits him! A bottle cap hits his face, slicing open his cheek painfully, blood splatters.

Panel shift - An old plastic fork hit's his arm, sticking in!

Panel shift - An x-ray view of his arm, with the plastic fork penetrating his ulna, causing it to crack and spiderweb!

Panel shift - A partially crushed can of soda slams into his kneecap!

Page 11 - An x-ray view of Butch's knee shows the kneecap exploding!

Panel shift - Bits of kneecap fling out of Butch's leg, sending a shower of bone and blood out the back of his pants leg.

Panel shift - Katie's other hand flinging the bottle forward.

Panel shift - The bottle hurtling toward Butch's face.

Panel shift - A silhouette of Butch on the alley wall... his head... with a bottle neck shaped shadow sticking out of the back of his head's shadow.

Panel shift - Butch's body, his head not in the panel, laying in the alley. Dark liquid stains the rain water...

Page 12 - A close up of Katie's face. Shock showing.

Oh my god... how... they're... oh my god....

Back Cover Prologue

In an exciting new series from Ka-Pow Comics! Katie's world has gone from a Garden of Eden, to a dark and twisted landscape, one which offers her a way to harness the rage that flows through her. By day she attends college at Loyola University, Chicago's Lake Shore Campus. The greenery, the bright flowers, the happy coeds... Such a peaceful place, it reminds her of the Garden of Eden her life was before...

But by night, she dons a mask and walks in a more primitive garden, a garden not of bright flowers but of shadows and death, the Garden of Evil...

Chapter 2 - The Garden of Evil!

Page 1 - A woman with purple and black hair blowing in a breeze, looking down from a roof top on a dimly lit alley. The shadows in the alley show a shapely woman being groped by a man.

For months after the encounter with the thugs, Katie waited for the police to knock on her door with handcuffs. She almost seemed her old self to her father and friends, she stopped raging at them, she hit the books hard again, her grades improved, and she graduated in the top third of her class. After graduation, she was accepted to Loyola University through an outreach program for poorer families, which she now qualified for, since her father had lost his job and couldn't find another one. The stigma of what his wife had done had ruined his prospects in the city. The house had been sold to pay off the family of the woman her mother had killed, leaving them penniless. Katie had moved out, getting an apartment off campus with four other students and finding creative ways of paying her rent...

Panel shift - Close up of Katie's face, now with dark hair and purple streaks in it. Her eyes are now purple as well. Her clothes are black, with purple trim, subtle makeup makes her look much older than her real age.

Panel shift - Pull back, show Katie leaning on the edge of the roof, the shadows on the building on the opposite side show the woman and man pressed together. Exposition raises up from where the couple would be, if the building didn't block them.

“Oooh, that's it baby... yeah, you like that huh? Unh, go for it... “

Panel shift - Close up of Katie's face again, with a wry grin. Thoughts appear above.

Well, it is illegal... but I'm not going to bust their chops for it. I've got other stuff much more pressing than them pressing each other against brick walls.

Panel shift - Katie leaps into the air and somersaults over the open alleyway! Her foot comes down on the power line connecting the two buildings. Sparks flicker at the control panel as the wire stretches, but the tension cable attached to it holds, and Katie takes the elastic rebound to allow her to flip to the other building as lightly as a cat.

Page 2 - Multiple Panels - Katie racing along the roof tops, leaping from roof to roof, or catching onto drainage pipes and flipping her way up the buildings, or leaping over giant air-conditioning boxes on the tops of buildings.

Hah! Pakour expert my ass! I can beat Kurt Gowan any day of the week!

Finally, Katie drops down a fire escape, going from the roof to the alley below in a controlled fall stopped only by her gloved hands catching onto the tension wires, laundry lines, and fire escape railings. She lands nearly silently, with a fierce grin.

So, the 842's. Bastards have to be around here somewhere, this is their territory, they sure put up enough of those marks. She was only 8 years old...

page 3 - Newspaper closeup, headline reads **GANGLAND DRIVEBY! FOUR DEAD, INCLUDING 8YO**

Panel shift - Katie leaps to the top of a wooden fence that blocks off the end of an alley, and crouches, looking out into the semi-residential area that borders the more traditional downtown buildings.

That little Blue Angel punk I caught last night swore it was the 842's. Said the BA's were going to hit them today. If the police scanner was right, the BA's walked into a trap, 8 more dead. But at least the little prick told me where the 842's leader lives.

Panel shift - She squints at the three story apartment building, right on the edge of the more suburban residential houses. Sure enough, in the front of the building, there are a half-dozen gangers, all looking loud and proud, drinking beer in the twilight. Squinting up, she can see a couple on top of the building as well.

Page 4 - Multiple panels, more pakour as Katie goes up the fire-escape again like a bottle rocket, barely touching the metal before racing over the roof tops again, silent and deadly.

Panel shift - Katie pulls a pair of combat knives out of her boots, both taken from the Blue Angle she'd questioned the night before.

Panel shift - Two hands release two knives...

Panel shift - Two silhouettes fly backwards, knives sticking out of their heads.

Page 5 - Katie bends down over a body, taking a gun from a dead hand, then rifling it's pockets for cash, and finally sliding the bodies knife into the slot she had used to hold the BA's knife.

Sorry, but you won't need any of this where you are going...

Panel shift - A second body get's the same treatment.

Sheesh, what is this guy, like 15? Who in their right mind gives a 15yo an H&K submachine gun?

Page 6 - A female gang member with a pistol sticking out of the waist band of her short-shorts stands at the bottom of a dark stairwell, humming a toon while filing her nails.

Panel shift - Close up of the female ganger's face, her eyes are wide, and a single drop of blood drips from her nose.

Panel shift - A silhouette on the wall bends over a slumped form, what looks like a shadow of a knife sticks up from the silhouettes head.

Nope, you won't need these either... 38 special? Sheesh, haven't you idiots heard of conservation of ammunition types? You should all be using 9mms!

Page 7 - A room, run down, with cash and drugs on the coffee table. Gang members of various genders sit around partying, drinking, plenty of guns on display. A boom box puts out music.

Panel shift - A form slumps down in front of a door that has music emanating from it, blood pools, but the wound is out of shot.

Panel shift - A gloved hand reaches for the door knob, while a second hand is seen in frame holding a sub machine gun...

Page 8 & 9 - Two page panel display of the apartment complex. Multiple gunshots occuring, and text bubbles lead up from a single lit window on the top floor.

"Sorry to interrupt the party..." *BANG* *BANG* "But I've got some messages from Felicia Johnson..." *BANG* *BANG*

"KILL THAT BITCH!"

"OH GOD! SHE SHOT MY CO..." *BANG*

"AAAAGHHHH!!!!"

“KILL HER! KILLERRrrrghhhh”

“PLEASE DON’T KILL ME! I DON’T WANNA DI...AGH!”

“She says she really wanted to hit puberty and chase boys... but she can’t, because you fucks killed her...” *BANG* *BANG* *BANG* “Do you have any messages for her?”

“Oh my god... help me... I’m dying... please???”

“I’ll tell her!” *BANG*

Page 10 - The gang members from the front of the building race into the building, cursing and pulling weapons.

Shift panel - The single lit room again has a fusilade of bullets, this time several exit the window, shattering the glass.

Shift panel - Katie stands in the middle of the room, blood splattered everywhere. Bodies lay scattered around.

Hmm, now, put this gun in that guys hand, and this gun in that guys hand, and as bad as they were spraying bullets with those uzi’s, and my god, why do they have so many different guns, idiots... it should look like a falling out within the gang.

Page 11 - Multiple Panels - Katie scrapes the upper layer of money off the pile, to get to the ones that have less blood on them. Katie digs through everyone’s pockets for more cash. Katie dumps the drugs into the toilet and flushes them down the drain. Katie does a quick search for other caches of cash.

Page 12 - Katie, now with a bulge on her back where her backpack is now full of stuff she got from the gangers, looks down from the roof as the cops pull up, four cars worth, all rushing in carefully with guns drawn.

Geez, 20 minutes, are you serious? That was a fucking war zone... guess you had to wait to make sure there was no active fighting going on before you showed up...

Multiple panels - Katie using parkour across the rooftops. Then Katie in what looks like an abandoned building, her silhouette stripping down. A closeup of a metal drum with fire in it, with clothes being tossed in.

Page 13 - Katie standing in a short robe that shows off her legs, with a white towel wrapped around her hair. Her red hair escapes from the towel at various points. She leans against a humming dryer.

Panel shift - A dark haired girl with glasses appears in a doorway, presumably the one leading to the laundry room.

“Uhm, Katie, sorry to bother you, but uhm, you’re a week late on the rent, and Bobbie and Lawanda can’t cover you... And I can’t either...”

Panel shift - Katie smiles with a bright smile, as she turns to open the dryer.

“Oh, no problem Tina! Hang on a second...”

Panel shift - She rummages in the dryer.

Panel shift - She pulls her hands out of the dryer, both clutching freshly washed green bills.

Panel shift - Tina, looking a bit thunderstruck, is holding her hand out, while Katie puts \$100 bills in it.

“And twelve hundred! There, that should pay me up for three months Tina. Sorry I was late, I lost track of time.”

“Uh, oh, sure, that’s fine... didn’t mean anything personal.. just was... uhm, worried, new roommate, you uh... never know... Guess you’re not a deadbeat, right?”

“Oh, right?! I was like, totally worried one of you three was gonna be a deadbeat or something worse, you know, like a thief or something, but you’re all just great roommates!”

“OH! Thanks Katie... I’m glad you’re enjoying it so far, I think we all lucked out.. but uh... if you don’t mind... can I ask why... you were washing them?”

Panel shift - View from inside the dryer, looking out past Katie’s legs and at Tina, the money is shadowed, but there’s obviously a lot of it.

“Oh! I read that the worst thing you can do is handle money, full of nasty germs and such. And since I got a part time job at the strip club, I mean really, have you ever worked in one, can you imagine where the money’s been? I always wash the money I get in disinfectant and dry it afterwards. And wash myself in disinfectant afterwards.”

Panel shift - Tina’s face, with round eyes.

“OH! That makes sense! I thought about doing that, honestly, but I lucked out and got that job at the jewelry store, and it may not pay as good, but yeah, I can totally get the whole wash the money thing!”

Back Cover Prologue

In an exciting new series from Ka-Pow Comics! Young Katie's come to terms with her mother being a murderer... by becoming one herself. She leaves a trail of blood through Chicago by night, and carries on as a college student by day. But so far, she's only encountered normal humans... what happens when she's Bearded by something more than human?

Chapter 3 - Bearded!

Opening panel, a dark street, snow falling gently. Four girls walk along, chatting. A redhead, a tall black woman with blonde hair, a shorter dark haired girl in glasses, and a girl with bright blue hair with purple streaks. Each girl's speech matches her hair...

"Bobbie! I can't believe you're sporting that color! And Katie! How can you encourage her all the time!"

"Yeah girl, you look like cotton candy from the circus!"

"Hey, I think she looks great! And I really like dying her hair, it's fun!"

"Charlie likes it too!"

"Eww, you should drop that emo idiot, he's got zero potential!"

"Oh, I dunno about that girl, he's got that yummy physique. I'd do him..."

"Hands off! Bimbo!"

"Hahahaha! Watch out Lawana, Bobbie might claw your eyes out."

"Ain't afraid of no white girl..."

Panel shift - Across from a theatre, two obvious thugs take a purse away from a woman, pushing her down in the snow.

"Go on bitch, be thankful all we took was the purse!"

"OH my god, look at them! I'm calling the police!"

"Like hell you are, Tina. Let's all go in the theatre and watch the movie, it ain't none of our business..."

"She's right, let's go... we don't want them coming over here..."

"Leave it Tina, we're not the cops..."

“God, you people are the reason this city is a shit hole...”

“Maybe, but at least we’re alive...”

Page 2 - Interior of the theatre. Katie looks out the door.

“I’ll catch up, I think I’m gonna be sick. I’m going to the little girls room...”

“You ok girl? Want company?”

“No, get me an Icee though, cherry, to settle my stomach...”

“Sure, we’ll save you a seat Katie...”

Panel shift - Alley next to the theatre, Katie steps into the alley.

Huh, looks like there’s nobody around, good... I knew those spent rounds would be useful...

Panel shift - Panel wavy, indicating a flashback. Katie standing up in front of a class of students, pointing to a block of yellowish something with wires leading from it.

“So, as we see from the ballistics gel, it doesn’t take much to induct a lethal current through a human body. Any of these common household items can kill you dead as a doornail...”

Panel shift - A dark roof, next to the lake shore. Katie stands with a pistol in her hand, a silencer on it, firing quietly into the block of ballistics gel.

Panel shift - The gel is cut into small bits, and Katie holds a handful of bullets in her hand.

There, now if the police trace the bullets, they’ll find it belonged to one of those dead gang members, which will point them to the gangs... Excellent...

Page 3 - Back to the present in the alley. Katie holds two bullets on the palm of her glove, and sights at the thugs, who are across the street, going through the purse.

Panel shift - Her finger flicks the bullets, once each.

Panel shift - Silhouette of two figures, each with a line tracing through their throats, and liquid spraying in silhouette.

Panel shift - Katie walking back into the theatre through the alley entrance.

I hope they got us popcorn! I could really use some! With extra extra butter!

Page 4 - A view of a hospital room, a dark haired girl lays in the bed, Tina. Tubes lead from her mouth, machine are attached to her. Katie, looking distraught, sits with her. The narrator places the scene.

Two weeks later, in the Chicago Mercy Hospital.

Katie holds Tina's hand, and wipes a tear from her face.

"It'll be ok Tina, the doctors say you'll recover. You just need to wake up is all. You just hit your head... and broke your arm.. and four ribs.. and punctured a lung... but it'll all heal up normally, as long as you wake up..."

Panel shift - Night has set, a figure in black with wild purple hair stands in an abandoned building, it looks like it was once a manufacturing plant from all the pipes. There is a gang member pinned to the wall by a piece of rebar sticking through his shoulder. Dark stains drip down the wall behind him.

"Let me explain how this works. I know you're a 512 Lord, you know you're a 512 Lord. I know someone killed two of your leaders in a jewelry store two days ago. I don't care what you're doing, I don't care what you're selling. I just want to know who killed your leader, so I can kill them. Now, that's something we both want, right?"

"What the hell is you? Fuck, that hurts... I don't wanna die... I dunno who it was, I swear, if we did, we'd have iced him already..."

"Let's see, you probably don't need both kidneys... I wonder if I can spear one with this rebar..."

"Wait! Wait! God... I don't know who it was, but Jimmy survived, and he said it was some southern biker guy, big beer gut, big full beard, lots of tats... said he didn't even notice being shot... must have been on drugs..."

Panel shift - Close up of Katie's face, her eyes hard and purple.

"Thanks, I'll make this painless..."

Page 5 - Katie looking down at cheap hotel, one of those no-tell motel ratty places. A large motorcycle sits, covered by a tarp to keep the snow on it. The narrator sets the scene.

The Paradise Motel, four days later

Katie's thoughts fill up another portion of the panel.

Found the bastard! Finally...

Panel shift - A large fat bearded biker steps out of room 8, headed toward the motorcycle. Despite the snow, he wears only a black vest. His beer gut and tats on proud display. A text bubble interrupts his steps.

“Hey asshole, if you have a next life, think about not hurting innocent bystanders...”

Panel shift - A knife flies through the air.

Panel shift - The biker's face, a close up, with the hilt of the knife sticking up behind it, with a 'Thunk' in lurid red letters to the side.

Panel shift - Katie's face, close up, looking satisfied...

Page 6 - Katie's face, close up, looking shocked...

Panel shift - The biker reaching up to grab the knife. The blade slides out of his do-rag, only a tiny amount of blood on the tip, as if it had penetrated the skin but nothing more.

“Well well, sumbitch, that actually hurt. Didn't know anyone could hurt me anymore... Gonna have to get a new rag, bitch...”

Panel shift - The biker turns and hurls the knife at Katie, who just dodges out of the way. The blade continues on...

Panel shift - The knife arcs several blocks away...

Panel shift - The knife sticks into the side of a car door, bending the door in.

Panel shift - The car goes off the street out of control and slams into a light pole...

Page 7 - Full page panel. The car detonates, sending pedestrians to the ground...

Page 8 - Back to the hotel, with Katie on top of the roof, looking down at the biker. Her back is lit by the explosion. She looks over her shoulder...

What the hell! That knife went 4 blocks! How the hell did he surviv... AAAGHHH!!!

Panel Shift - A massive fist connects with Katie's jaw, sending out blood...

Panel shift - Katie flying through the air...

Oh god... jaw... broken? How...

Panel shift - Katie slamming into a wall, two blocks away... and then falling...

Panel shift - Katie landing in the back of a dump truck filled with dirt...

Page 9 - The hospital room again, Tina sitting up, the tube out of her mouth, but tubes still leading to her nose. Katie sits nearby, her arm in a sling, and her face swollen with one eye closed. Her lip is split.

"Wow Katie, I thought I looked bad. But you look almost worst! I can't believe you got hit by a car after I got hit with a baseball bat. I don't even remember it, not really. They told me that Cherry got hit by a stray round. She died on the way to the hospital. She was only 19, Katie. She was a nice girl. What's this city coming to? No, don't answer, I know you can't. Your lucky your jaw didn't break, getting hit by a car!"

Katie sits, one eye narrowed, the other closed shut with a nasty looking bruise.

I'll get him Tina, I promise. For you, and for Cherry, and for what he did to me... I'll figure out a way...