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FREE

WOLF NEWBOLD GARLETT'S

# PUNY MORTALS





MEET YOUR NEW HEROES.

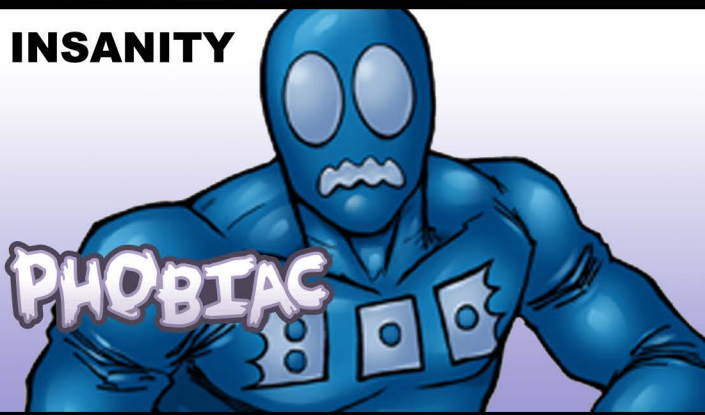
# BREAKTHROUGH



PROPHECY



LEGACY



INSANITY



TREACHERY



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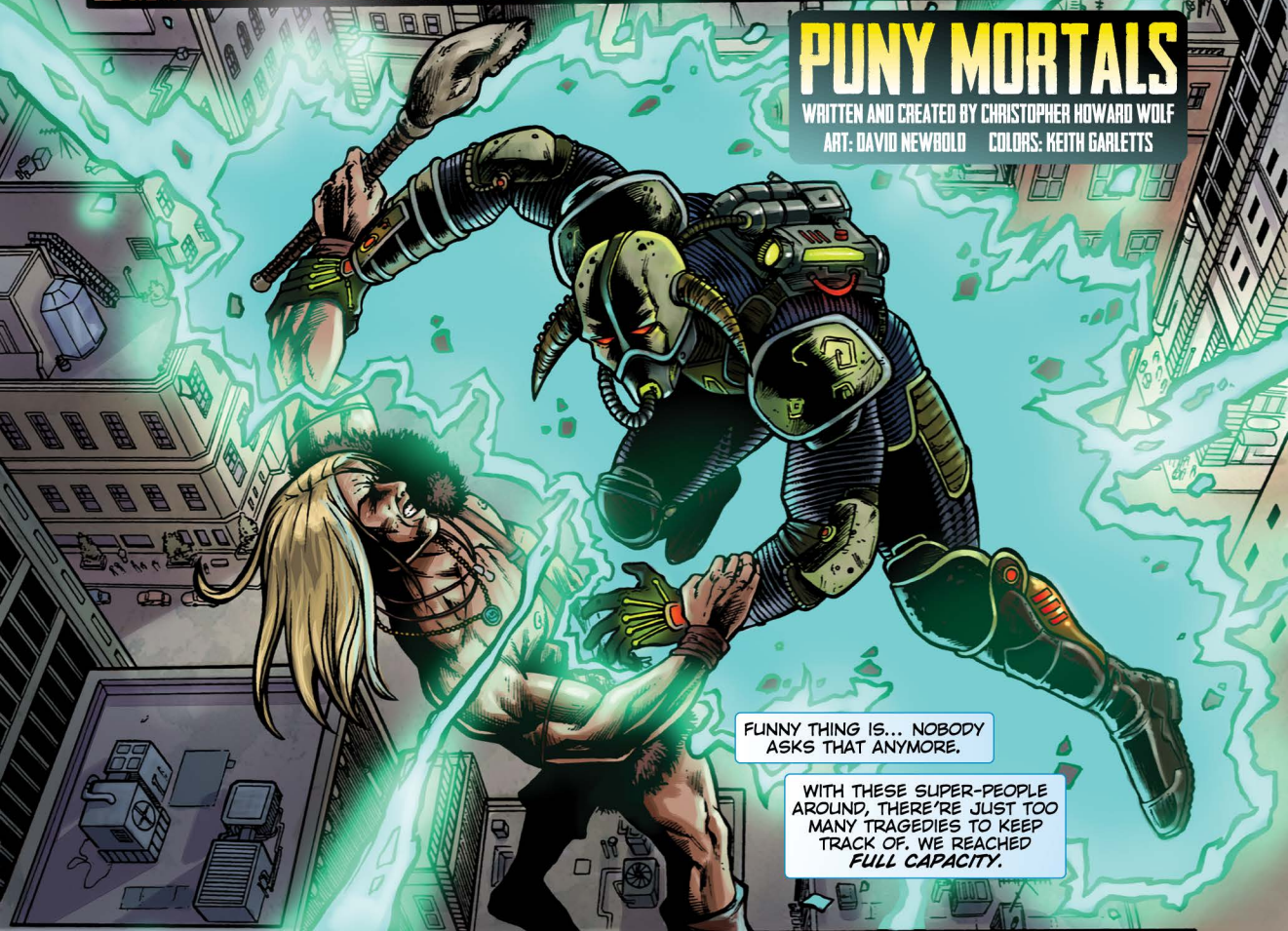


IT'S AN OLD *CLICHE*...  
"WHERE WERE YOU  
WHEN IT HAPPENED?"

WHEN THE PRESIDENT  
WAS *SHOT*... WHEN  
THE BUILDINGS FELL.

# PUNY MORTALS

WRITTEN AND CREATED BY CHRISTOPHER HOWARD WOLF  
ART: DAVID NEWBOLD    COLORS: KEITH GARLETT



FUNNY THING IS... NOBODY  
ASKS THAT ANYMORE.

WITH THESE SUPER-PEOPLE  
AROUND, THERE'RE JUST TOO  
MANY TRAGEDIES TO KEEP  
TRACK OF. WE REACHED  
*FULL CAPACITY*.

HOWEVER... I'LL ALWAYS  
REMEMBER WHERE I WAS  
WHEN *DOG O' WAR* DIED.



THAT INTERGALACTIC JACKASS  
"*AGGRIVAX*" KILLED HIM ABOUT  
A BLOCK FROM MY APARTMENT.



IN TOTAL, WE HAD  
BURNED THROUGH  
*FIVE DOGS O' WAR*.



THE *MACE* CHOSE SOMEONE NEW,  
WE GOT ANOTHER SUPERSTAR TO  
LOVE, A FEW YEARS PASSED, AND  
THEY ALL ENDED UP OBLITERATED.

I REMEMBER  
WHERE I WAS  
THAT DAY...  
BECAUSE IT  
CHOSE *ME*.





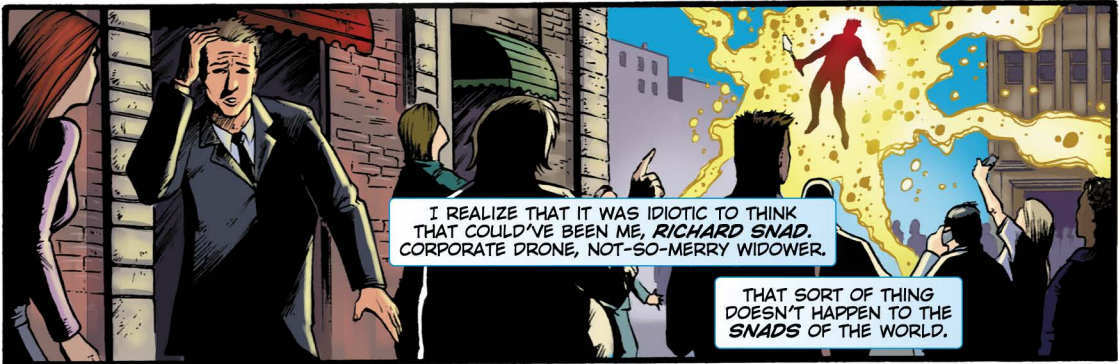
THEN CAME  
**WALTER  
GOODE.**

A STEEL WORKER WHO  
DECIDED TO TAKE HIS WIFE  
TO THE CITY FOR LUNCH.



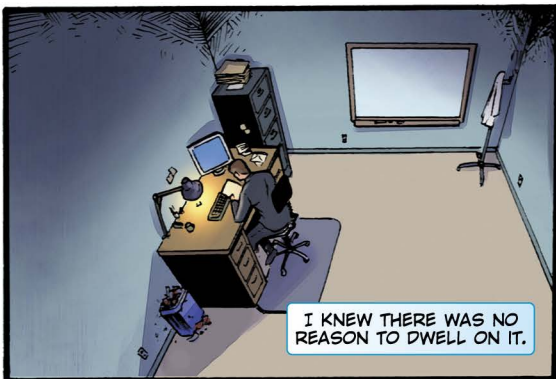
**WALLY GOODE...** EVERYTHING  
YOU PICTURE WHEN YOU THINK  
OF A SUPER-HUMAN. HELL, EVEN  
HIS **NAME** WAS RETRO CAMP.

THE MACE FELL INTO HIS  
SINEWY GRIP WITH THE SOUND  
OF A SLEDGEHAMMER HITTING  
A SIDE OF BEEF.



I REALIZE THAT IT WAS IDIOTIC TO THINK  
THAT COULD'VE BEEN ME, **RICHARD SNAD.**  
CORPORATE DRONE, NOT-SO-MERRY WIDOWER.

THAT SORT OF THING  
DOESN'T HAPPEN TO THE  
**SNADS** OF THE WORLD.

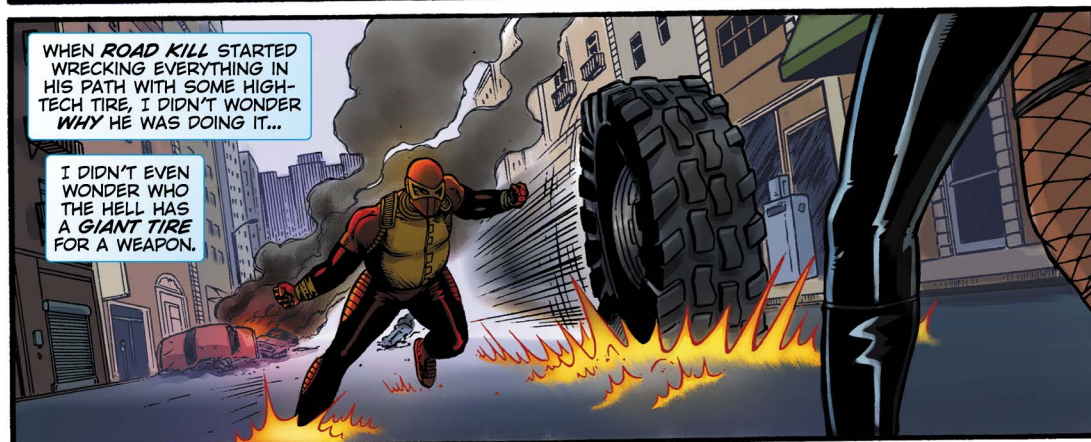
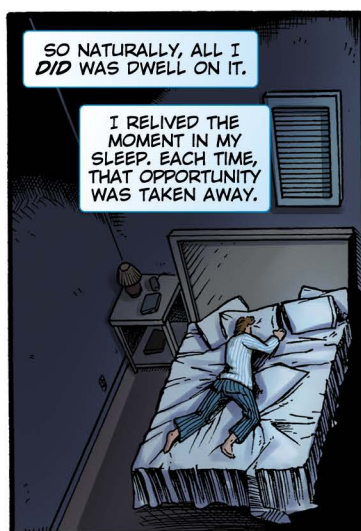


I KNEW THERE WAS NO  
REASON TO DWELL ON IT.

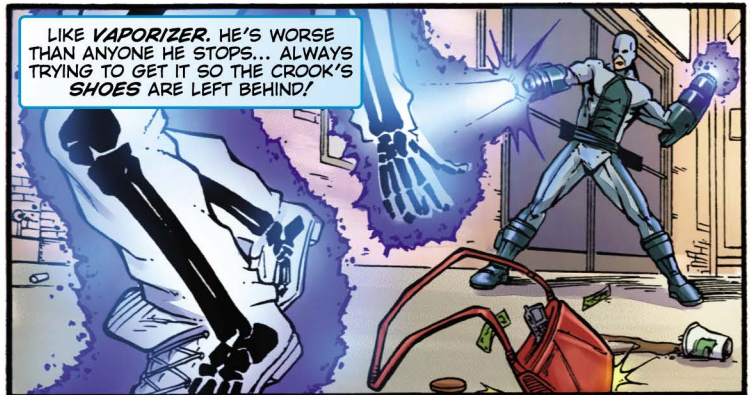


NO REASON  
AT ALL!













I WOULDN'T BLAME ANYONE FOR CALLING ME **STUPID** AT THIS POINT.



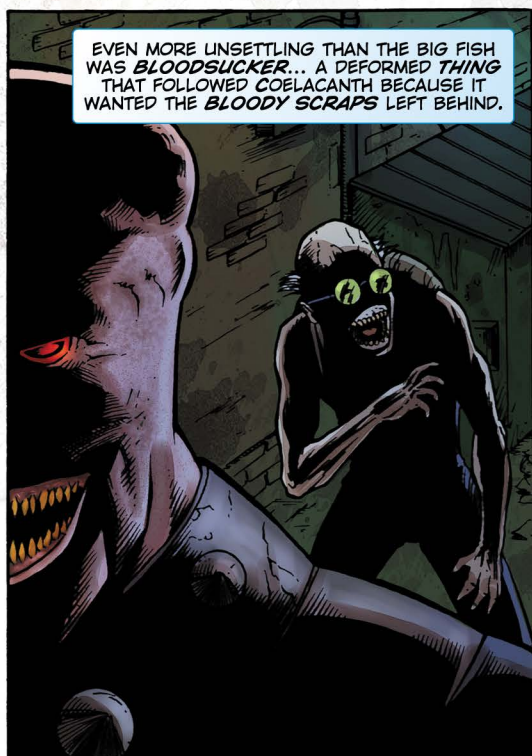
**COELACANTH!**

YOU NEVER KNOW WHO YOUR **POWER MARKET** CONTACT IS GOING TO BE UNTIL THE MEETING.

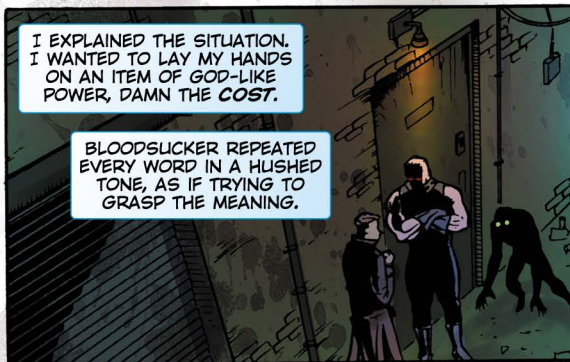


I WAS FACE-TO-FACE WITH COELACANTH. LUCKY ME.

THE FACT THAT HIS UGLY MUG WAS TWISTED INTO SOMETHING VAGUELY RESEMBLING A SMILE DIDN'T SOOTH MY NERVES.



EVEN MORE UNSETTLING THAN THE BIG FISH WAS **BLOODSUCKER**... A DEFORMED **THING** THAT FOLLOWED COELACANTH BECAUSE IT WANTED THE **BLOODY SCRAPS** LEFT BEHIND.



I EXPLAINED THE SITUATION. I WANTED TO LAY MY HANDS ON AN ITEM OF GOD-LIKE POWER, DAMN THE **COST**.

BLOODSUCKER REPEATED EVERY WORD IN A HUSHED TONE, AS IF TRYING TO GRASP THE MEANING.



THE SITUATION WAS CLARIFIED QUICKLY. I'D GET WHATEVER HE HAD, AND IT **WOULD** COST ME.

WHEN I OPENED THE SUITCASE  
FULL OF CASH, I KNEW MY  
SUPER-HUMAN CAREER WAS  
OFF TO A GREAT START.



HOW MANY PEOPLE OUT  
THERE CAN SAY THEY  
LEFT A PSYCHO KILLER  
SPEECHLESS?



I KNEW FROM THE WEIGHT  
THAT THIS WASN'T A PHONE...  
THERE WAS NO VISIBLE FOIL...

I NEVER GAVE MY EMPTY  
RETIREMENT FUND A SECOND  
THOUGHT. THERE WOULD BE  
BENEFITS NOW. **REWARDS.**



WHEN I OPENED THE BOX, HANDS TREMBLING,  
I IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED WHAT I HAD.

IT WAS NO COSMIC  
MACE, BUT IT WOULD DO.



**GOLD MIND'S "PYRAMID OF PROTECTION".**  
HE LOST THE THING WHILE FIGHTING THE  
**MALEVOLENT ELEVEN**, AND THE PAPERS  
SAID THAT'S WHY THEY COULD KILL HIM.



NOW IT BELONGED TO ONE  
RICHARD SNAD. SUPER-HUMAN.







THE PYRAMID OF PROTECTION  
AT MY DISPOSAL! CAN YOU  
IMAGINE HOW THAT FELT?



I HAD NO MORE REGRET...  
NO MORE FEAR. IF ANYTHING  
BAD HAPPENED, I COULD USE  
MY SPECIAL DEVICE AND NO  
HARM WOULD COME TO ME!



THAT'S WHEN  
I SAW HIM.



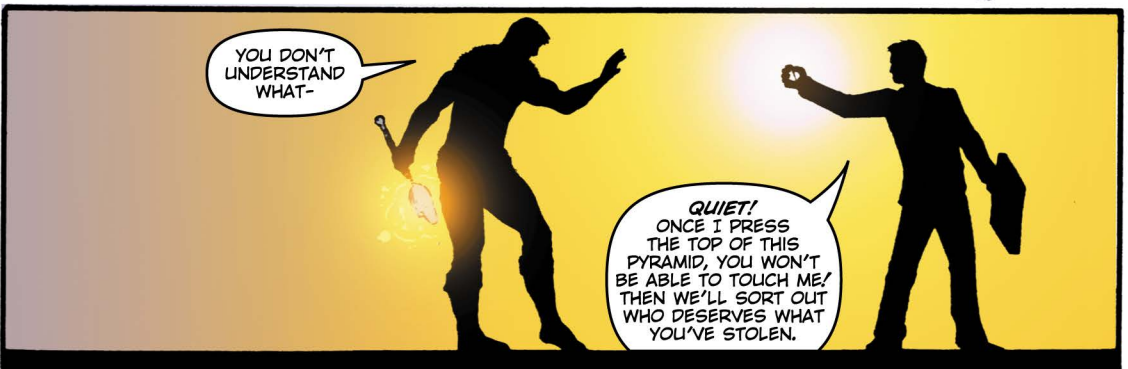
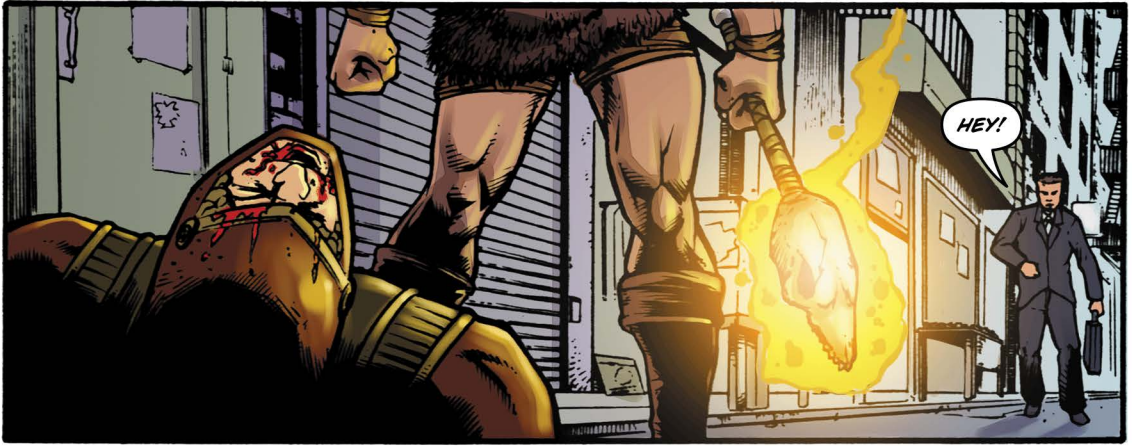
ROADKILL WAS BACK FOR  
ANOTHER BEATING.

BUT THAT'S NOT WHO  
I WAS LOOKING FOR.



MR. GOODE. DOG O' WAR.  
I NEEDED TO HAVE A WORD  
WITH THAT MAN.









LOOKING AT THE BIG PICTURE, I SUPPOSE FOLKS LIKE ME WILL ALWAYS SEARCH FOR POWER THROUGH TOTEMS... WEAPONS... STATURE...

