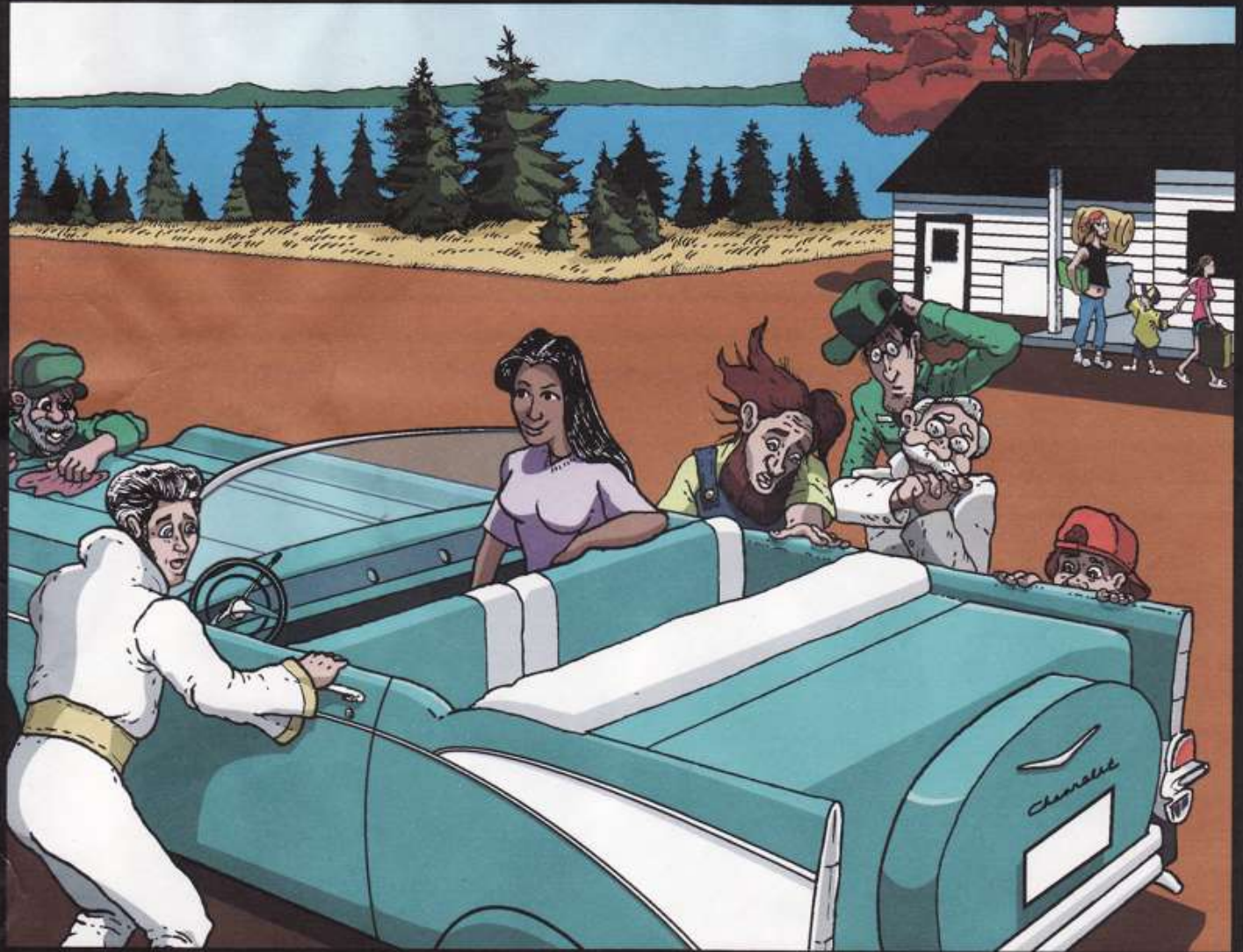


***Twilight Village***

a graphic novel written by Jon P. Roth with artwork by Peter M. Richard

Chapter One sample

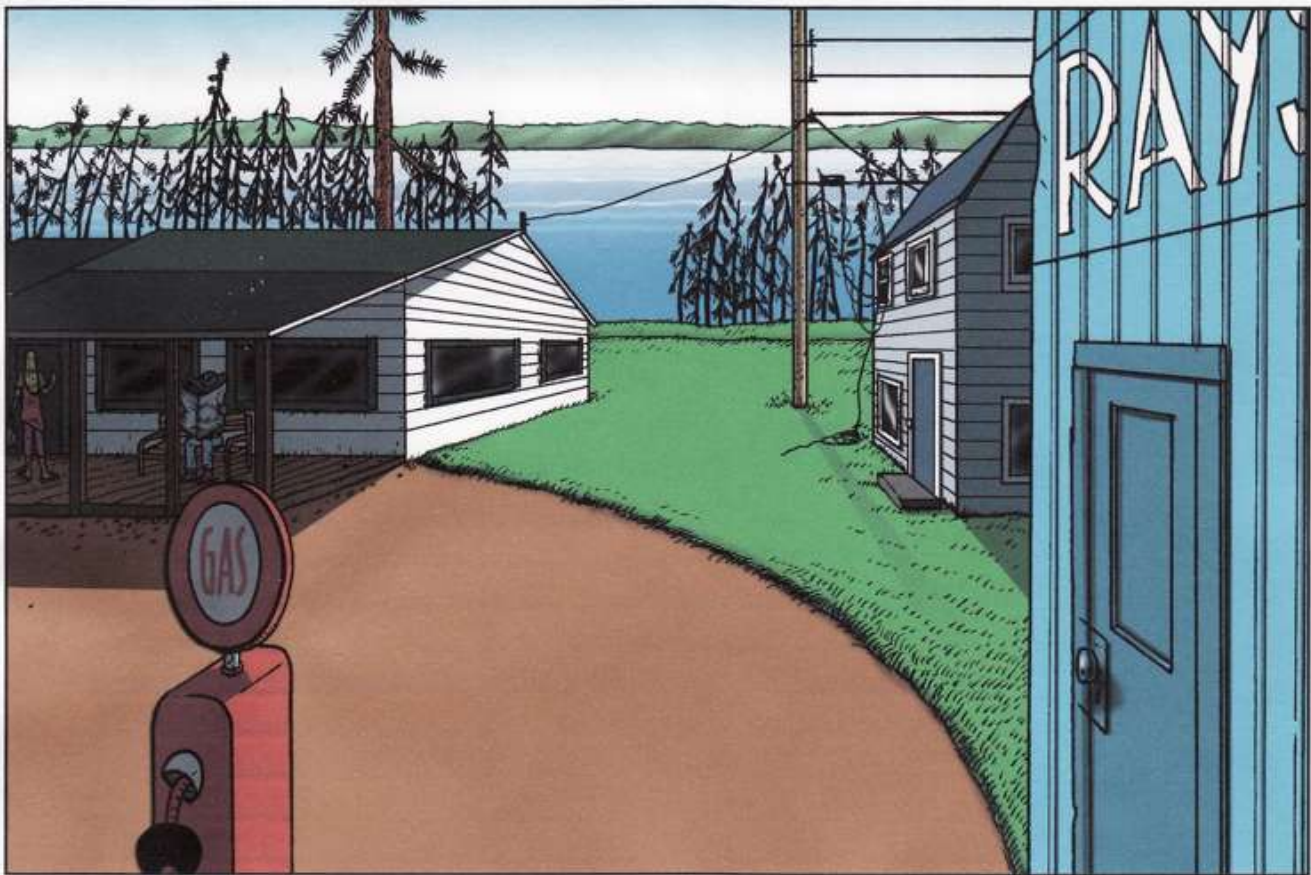
# Twilight Village



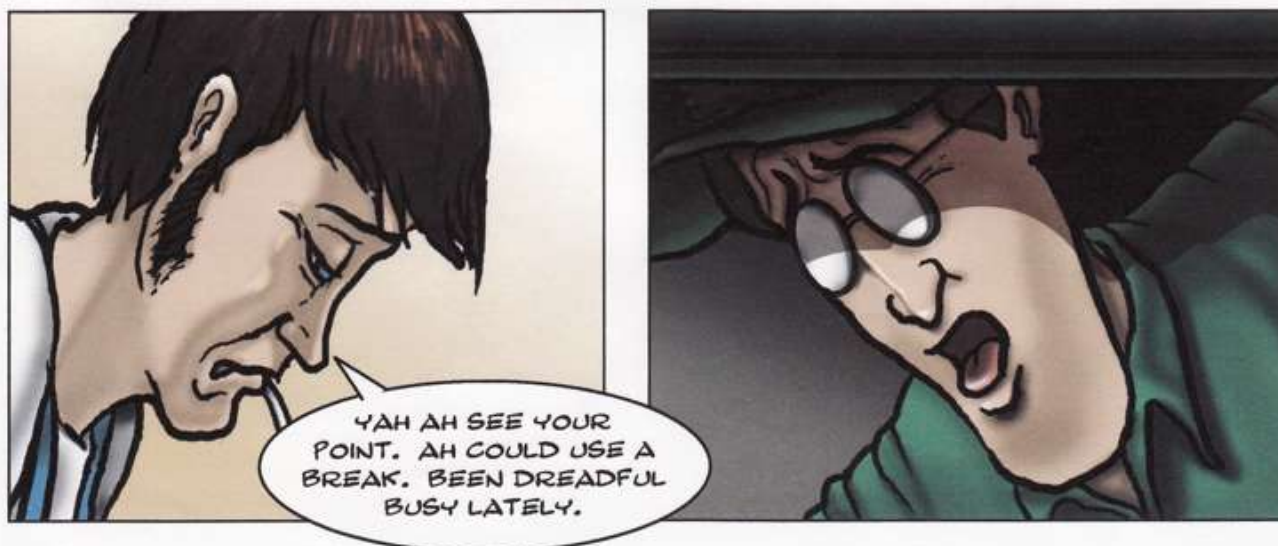
*okay, that's wishful thinking!*  
*written by the ~~New York Times~~ best selling author - Jon Roth*

*illustrated by Jon's sidekick and bodyguard - Pedro*

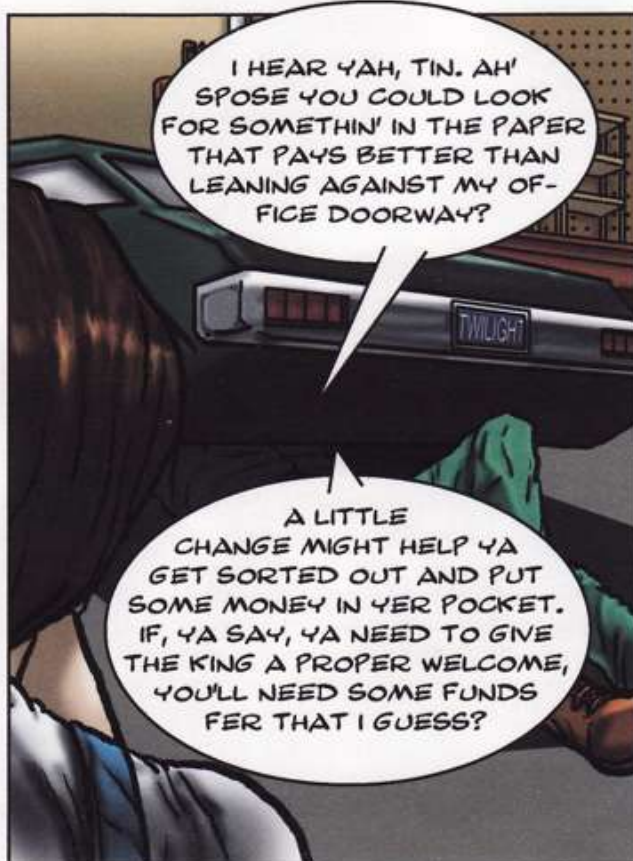
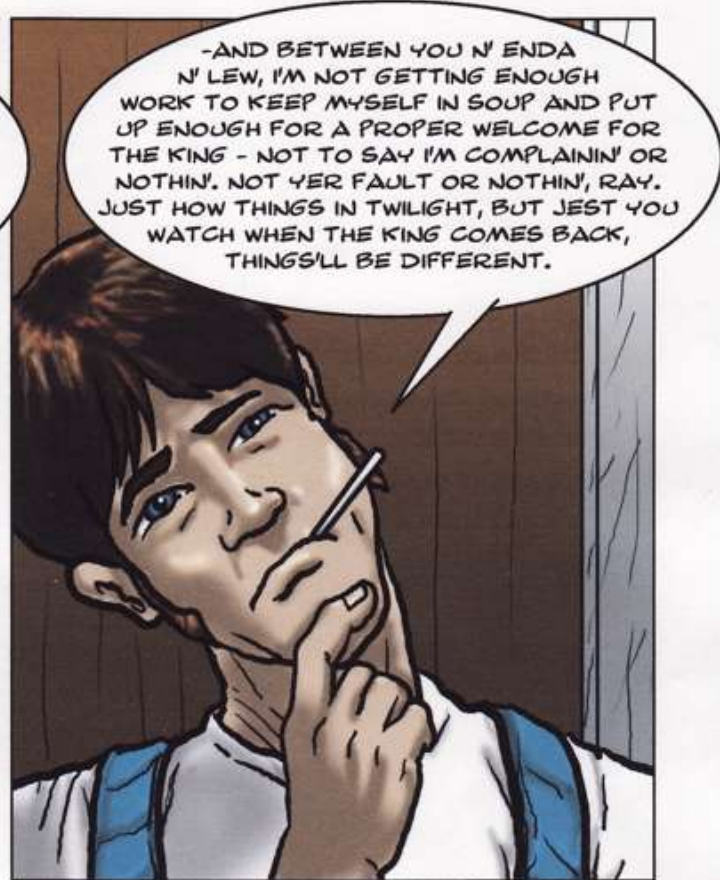










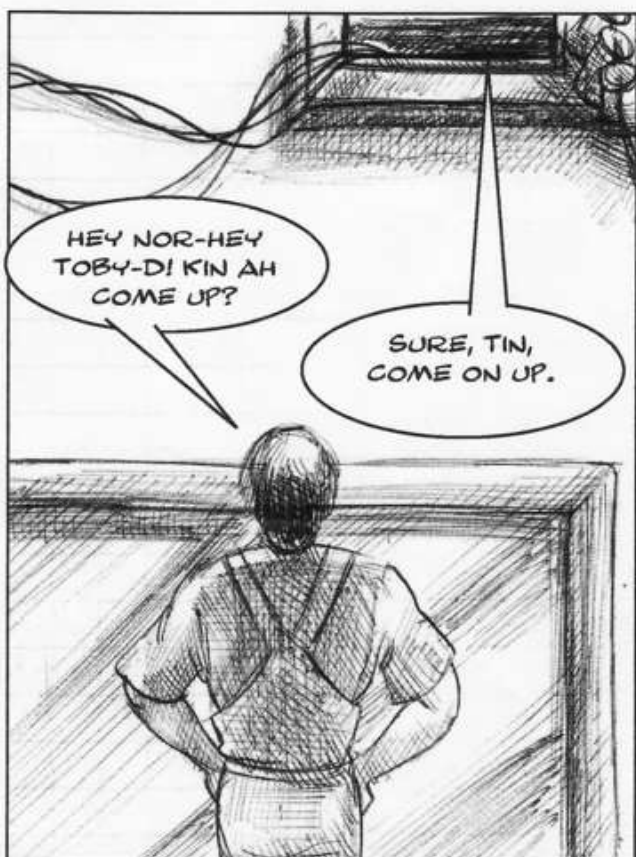




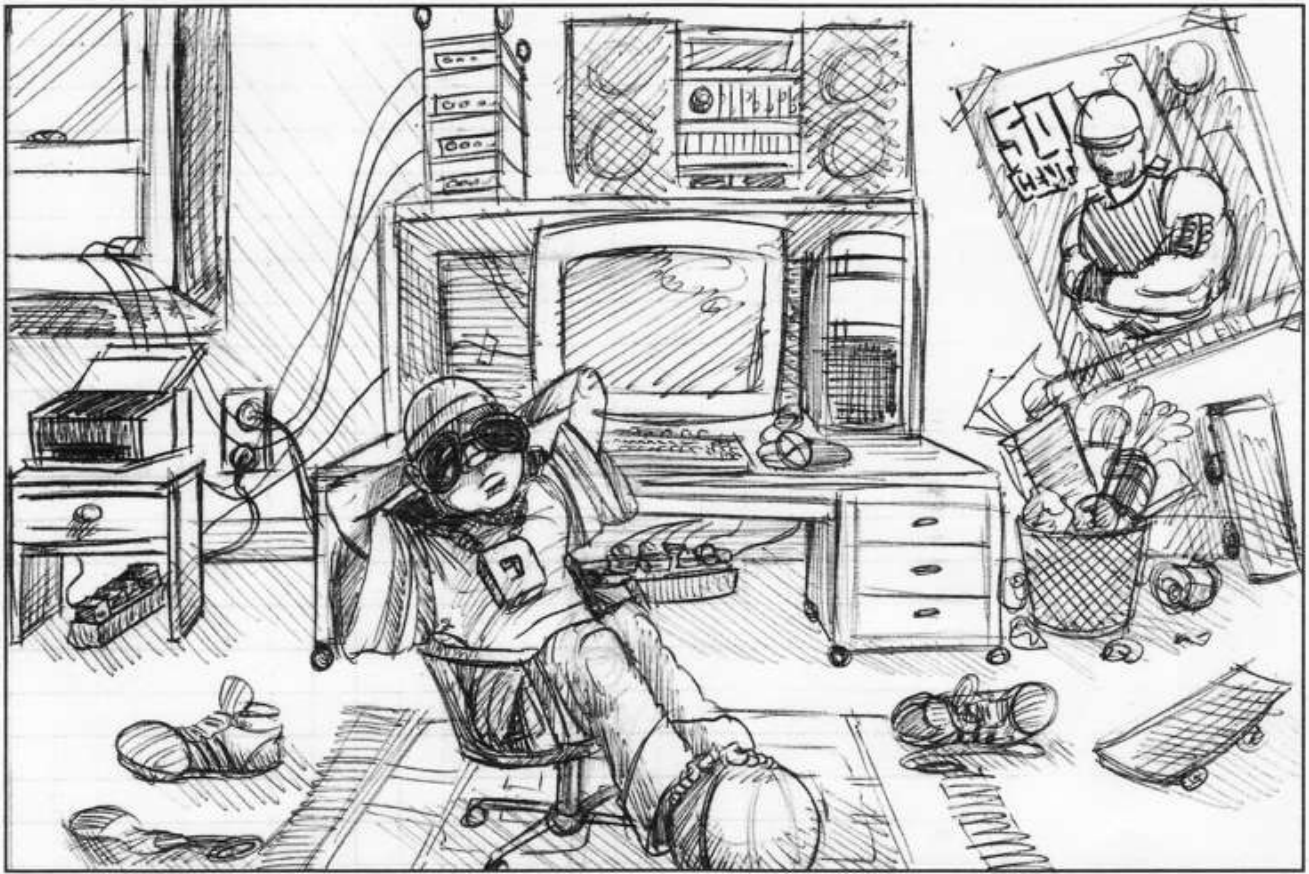








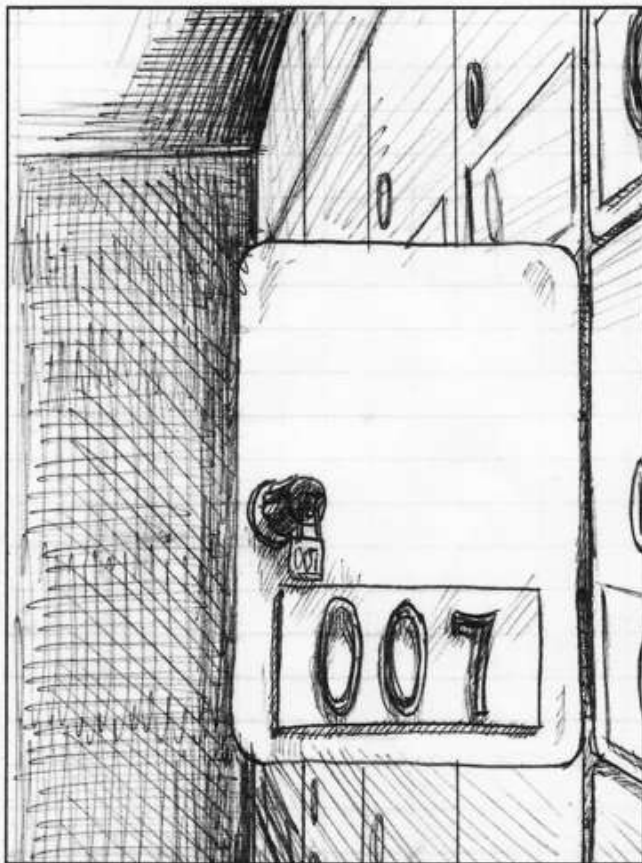
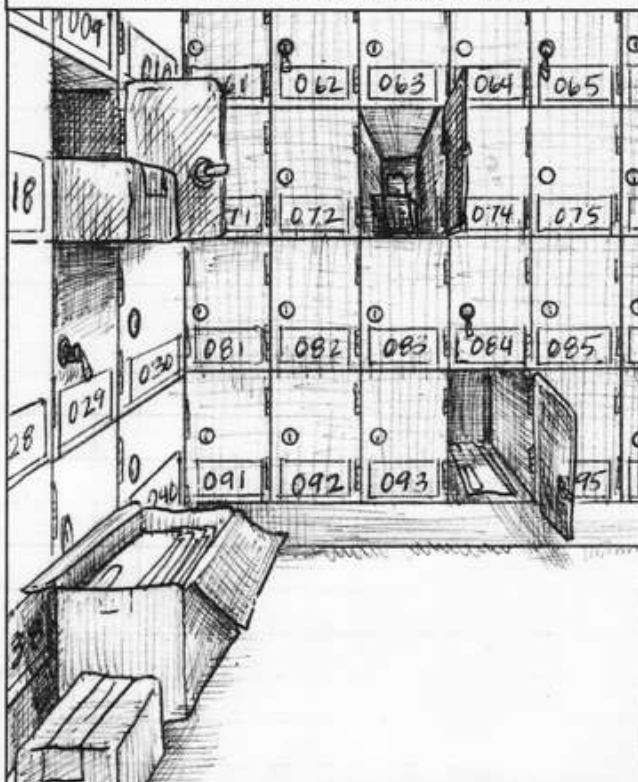




A WEEK OR SO LATER...

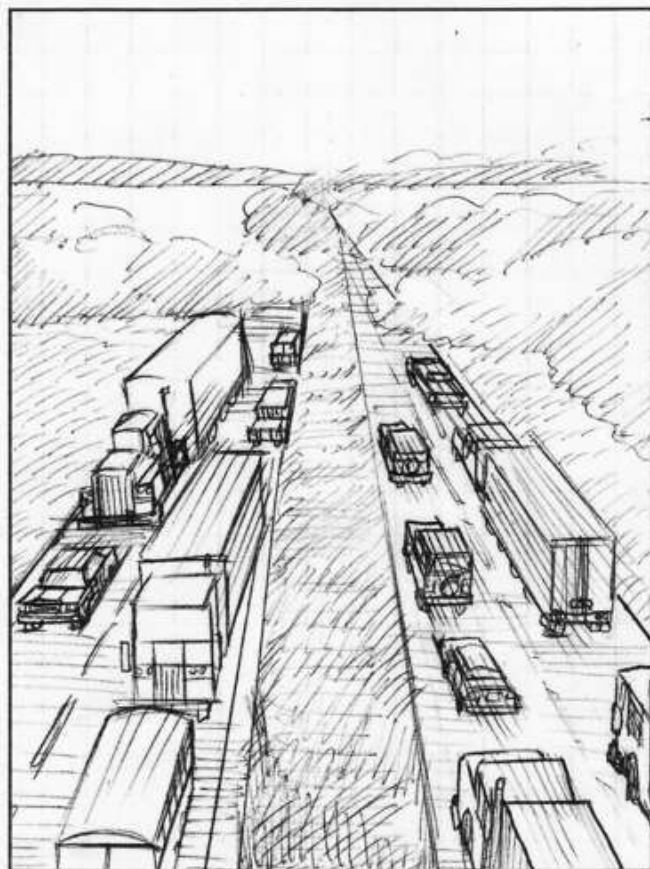
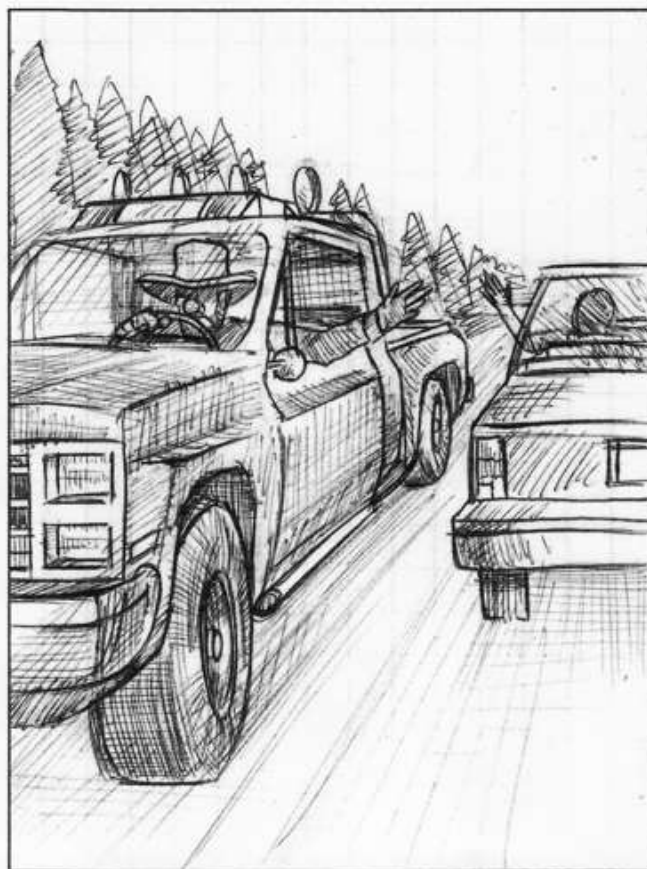


INSIDE THE BACK OF EDNA'S STORE, IN THE POST OFFICE SECTION.



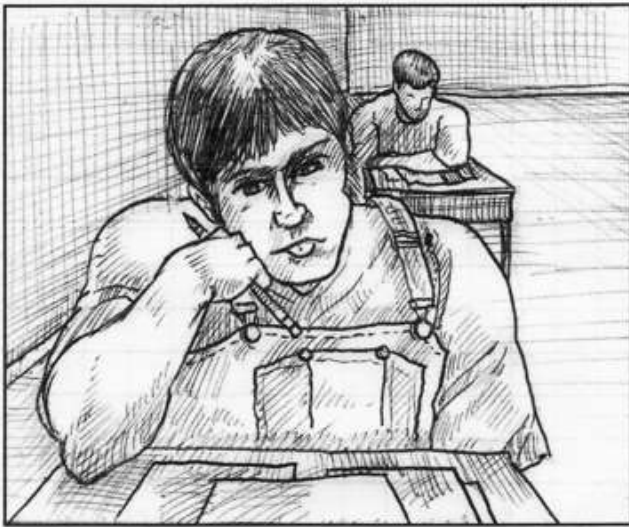
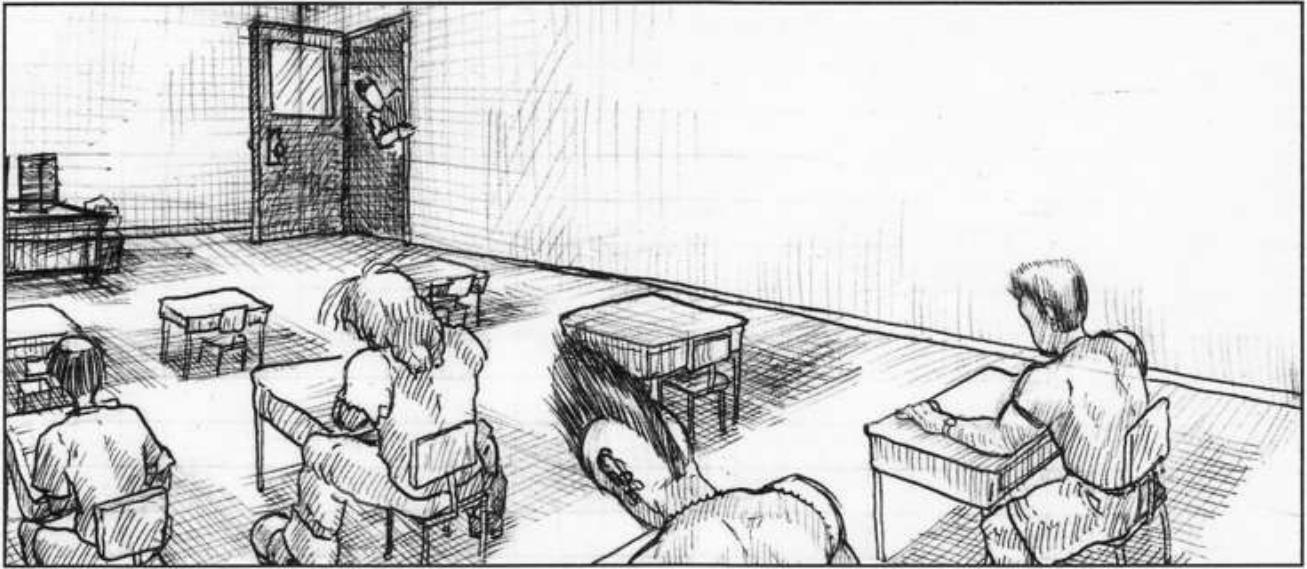




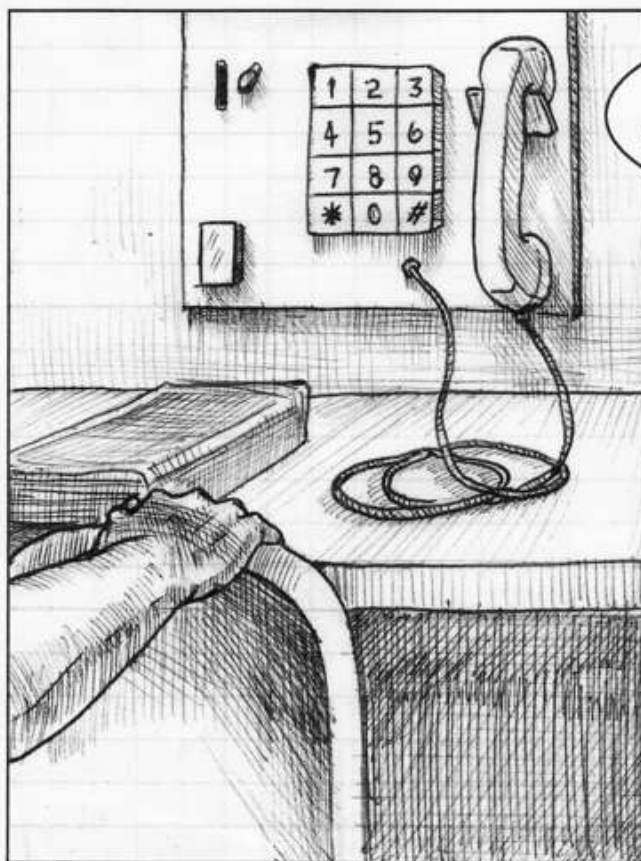


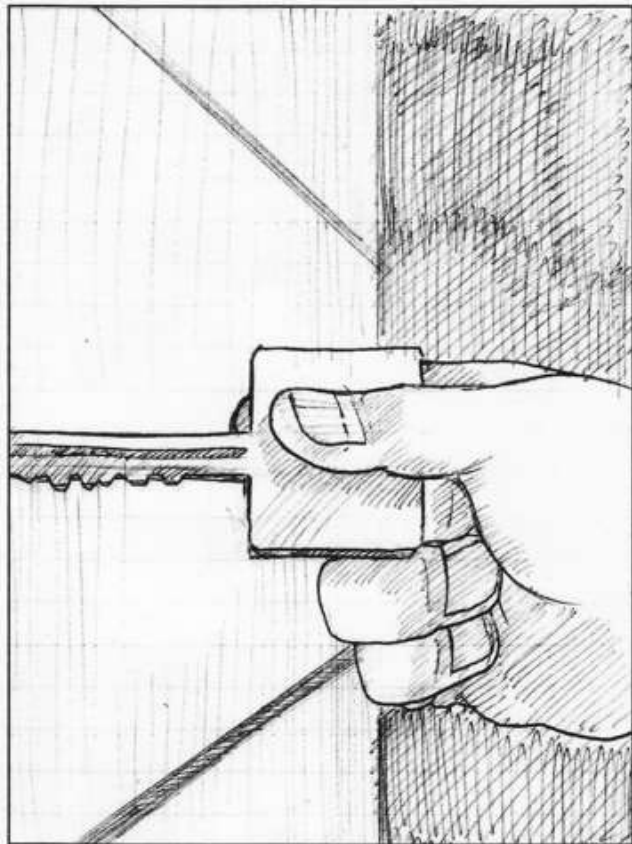




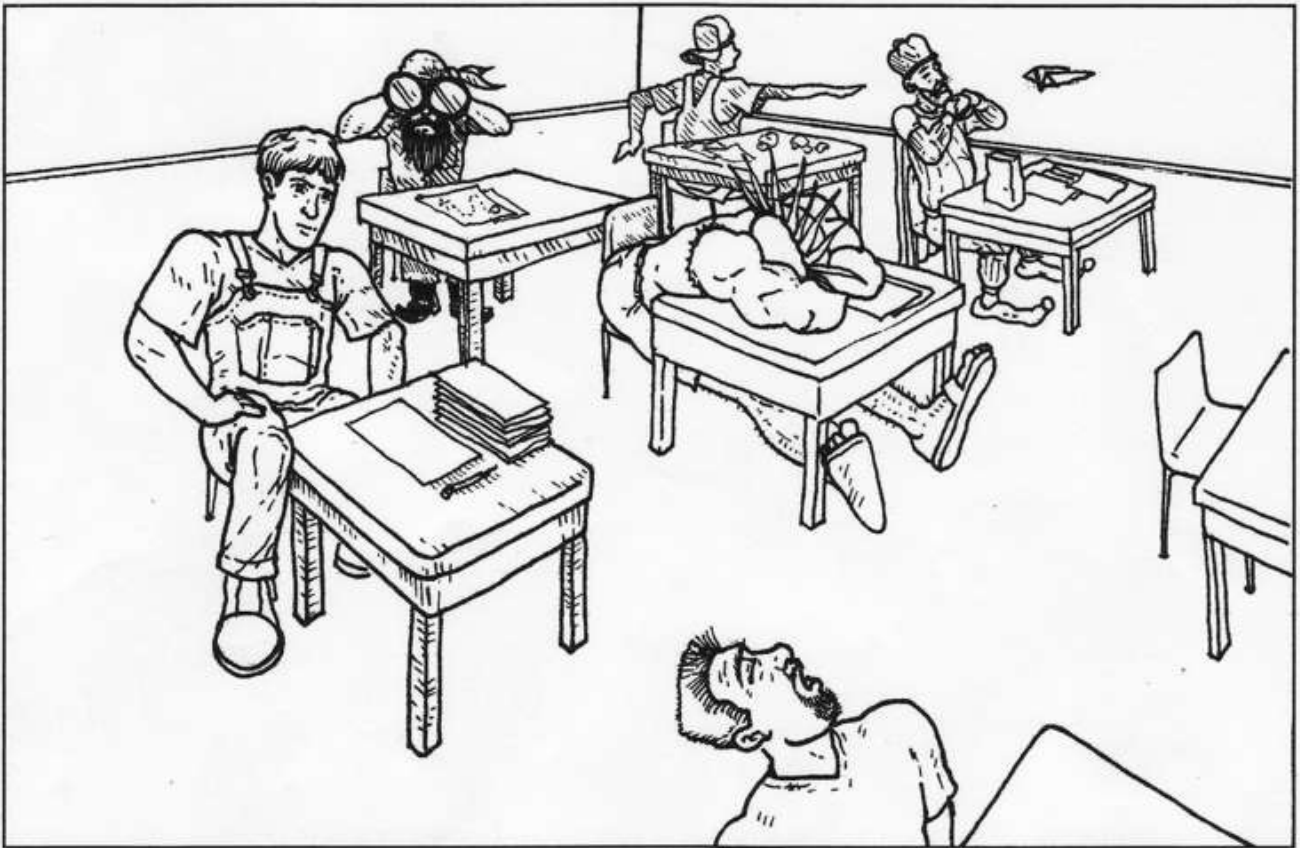


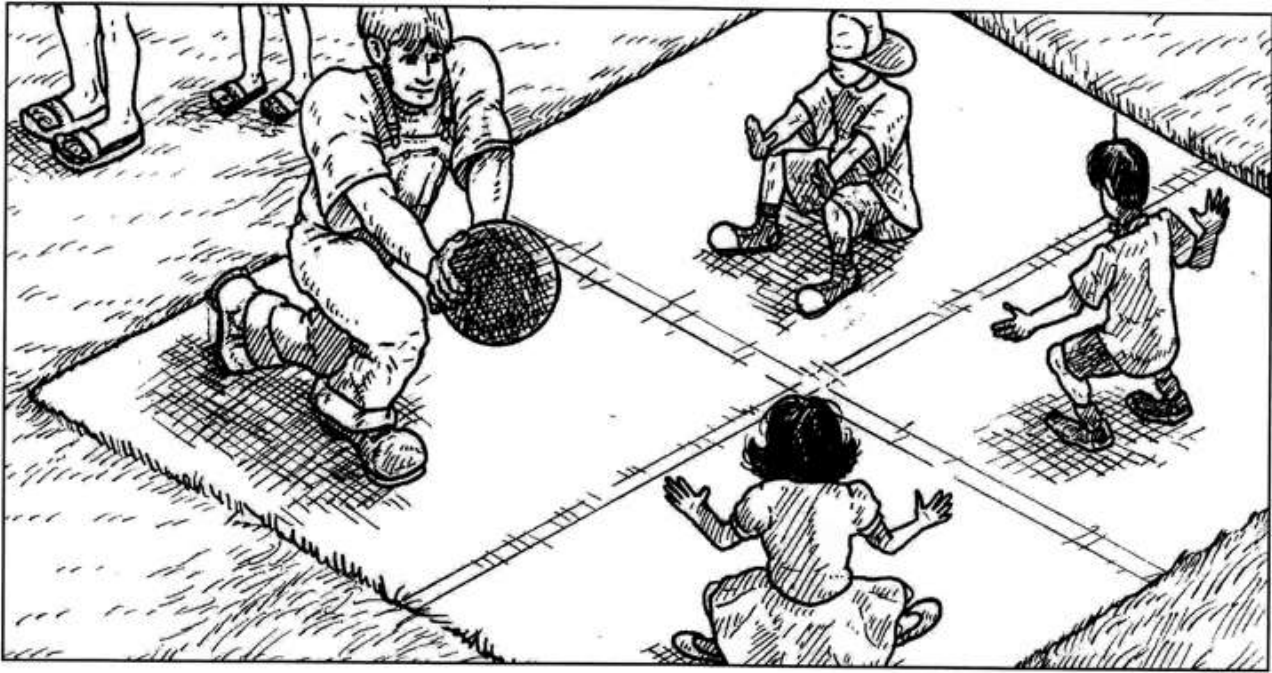
















AND THE TRUCK COMES EVERY TUESDAY AND THURSDAY FOR PICK UP. GET'S PRETTY BUSY IN THE SUMMERS, BUT WE STILL GET ENOUGH VISITORS THIS TIME OF YEAR TO FILLER MOST OF THE WAY UP. DUMPSTER AT THE CAMPGROUND TOO.

UH HUH.



YOU EVER USE ONE OF THESE?

WELL, THE ONE I USE OVER TO RAY'S GARAGE IS SORT OF LIKE THAT. DON'T LOOK TOO TRICKY



AND HERE'S THE SUPPLIES FOR JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU'LL NEED. JANE TAKES CARE OF THE WELCOME CENTER INSIDE. YOU'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERYTHING OUTSIDE. YOU GOOD WITH TOOLS THERE TYNDAL?

AW SURE. USE 'EM ALL THE TIME, SETTIN UP DOCKS IN THE SPRING, HELPIN' FIX CARS, FIXIN' STUFF ON PEOPLES COTTAGES, HELPING OUT AROUND THE VILLAGE.



WELL, LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL FIT IN AROUND HERE JUST FINE, GRUMMAN. WE COULD USE A FELLOW LIKE YOU ON OUR STAFF, NICE AND ADAPTABLE.

THANK YOU, SIR.

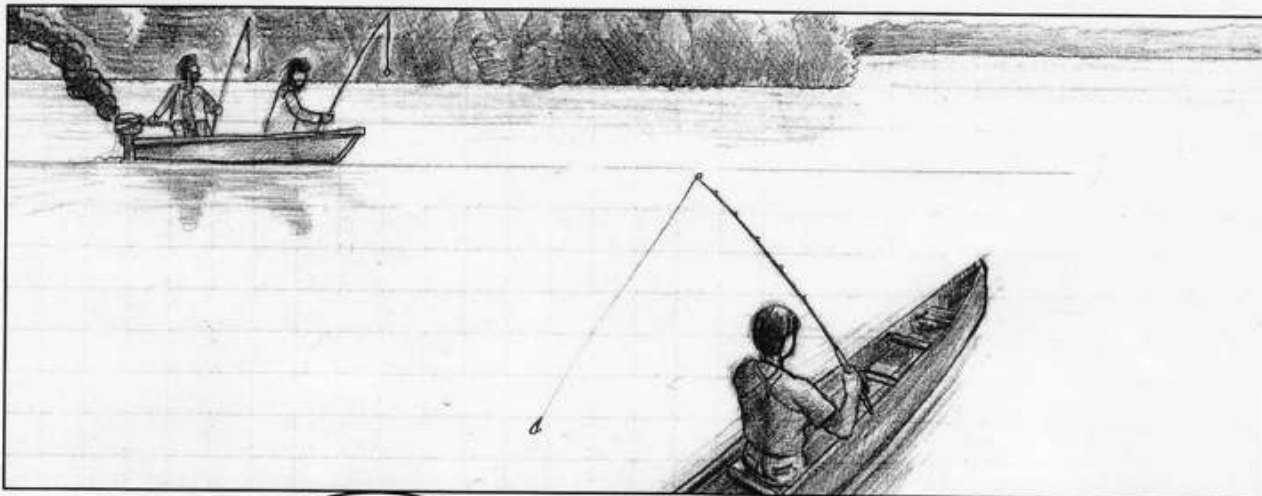


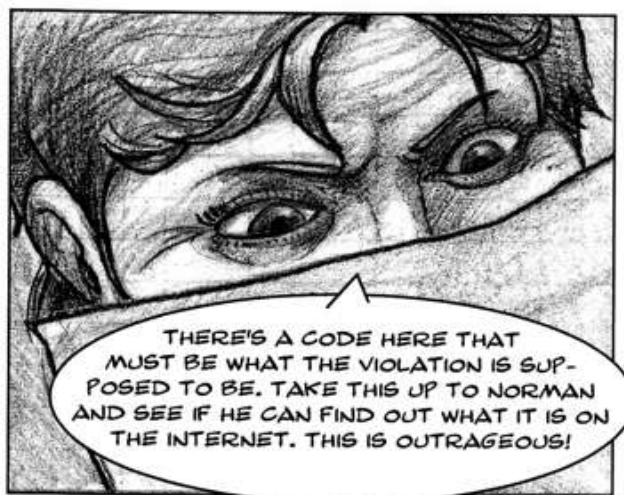
USUALLY TAKES A WEEK OR TWO FOR THE BACKGROUND CHECKS TO BE COMPLETED AND YOUR TEST RESULTS TO COME BACK. ONCE YOU'RE ALL CLEAR THERE, I CAN RECOMMEND TO THE FEDERAL OFFICE THAT THEY HIRE YOU ON. YOU'LL START AT THE BOTTOM OF COURSE, BUT YOU CAN WORK YOUR WAY UP THE OLD "GS" SCALE AS YOU GO, AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR HEALTH INSURANCE ANYMORE NEITHER.

GOLLY, THANK YOU, RANGER STEVENS! THANK YOU A LOT SIR!



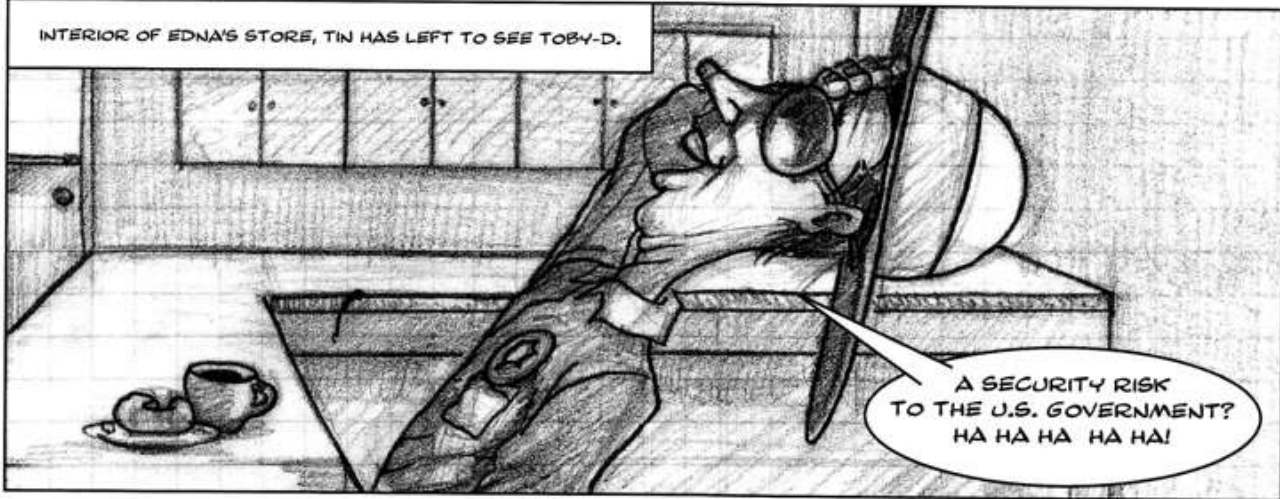


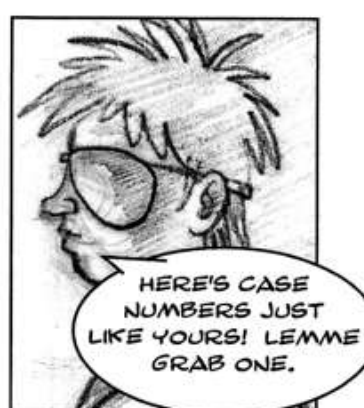






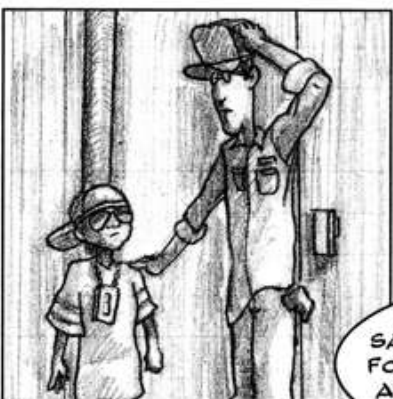
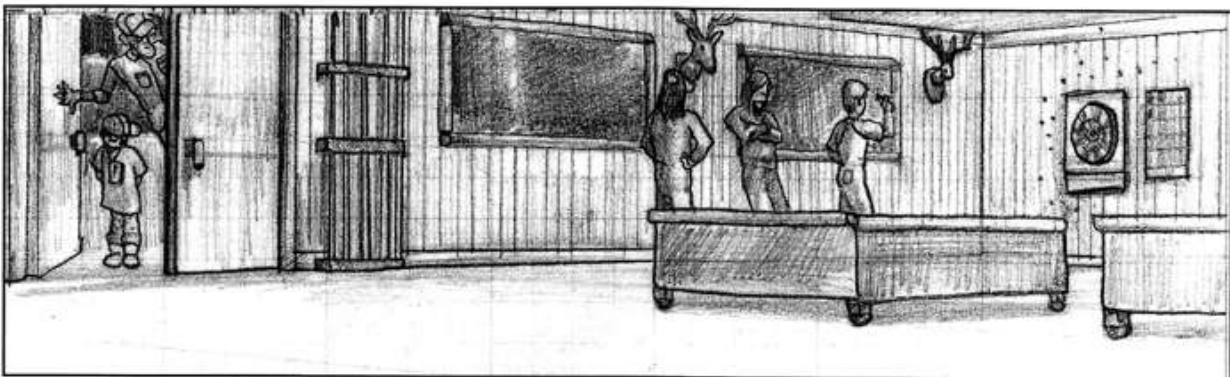
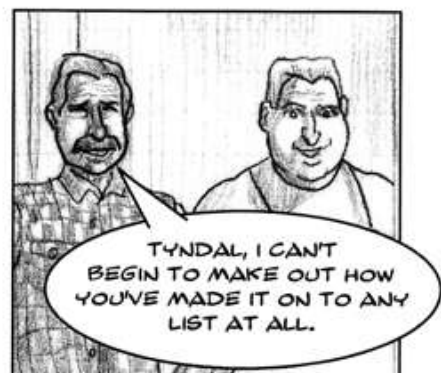
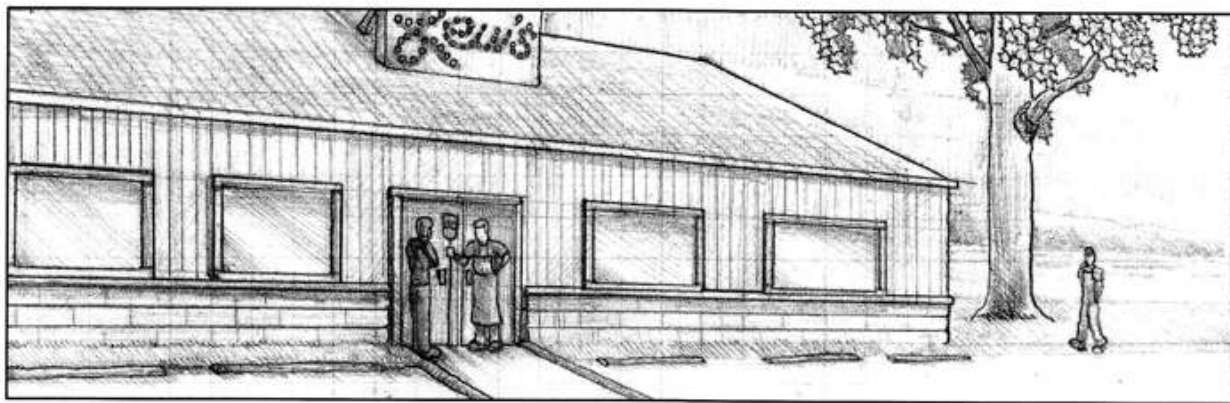
INTERIOR OF EDNA'S STORE, TIN HAS LEFT TO SEE TOBY-D.





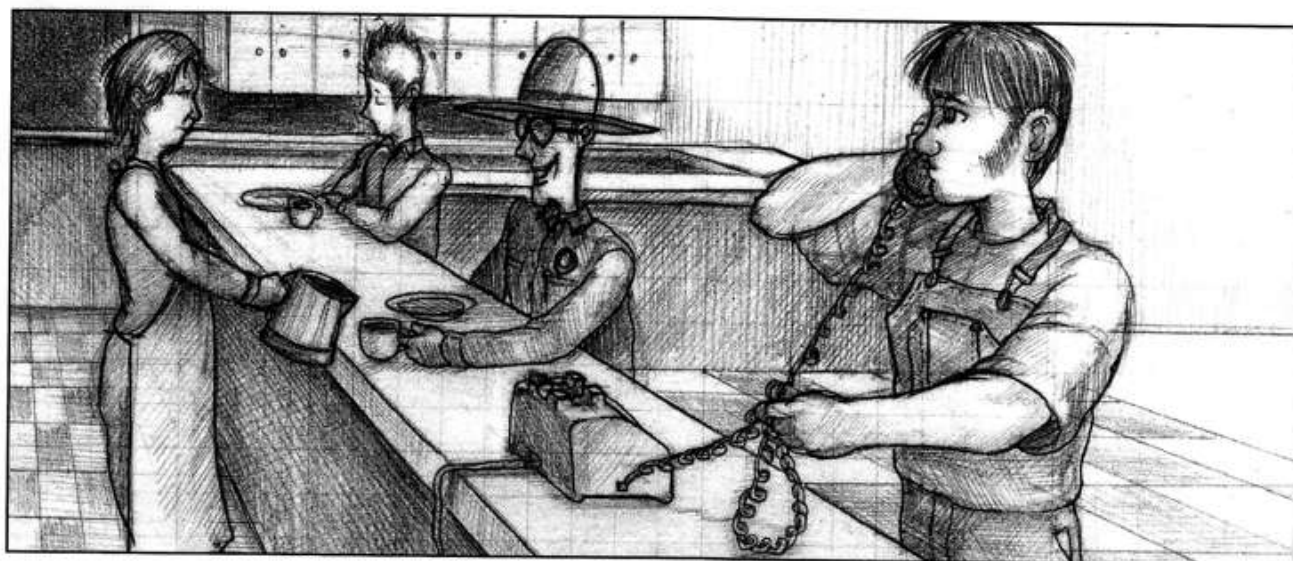




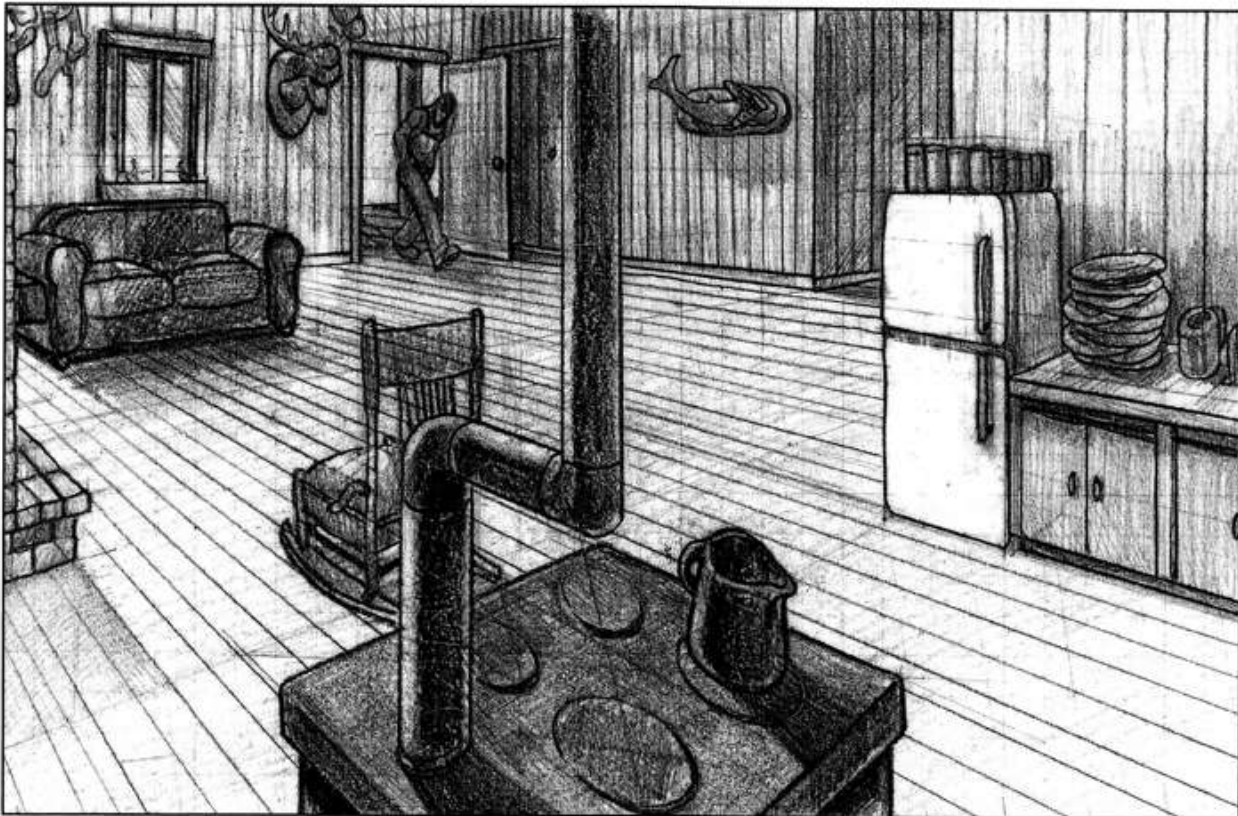
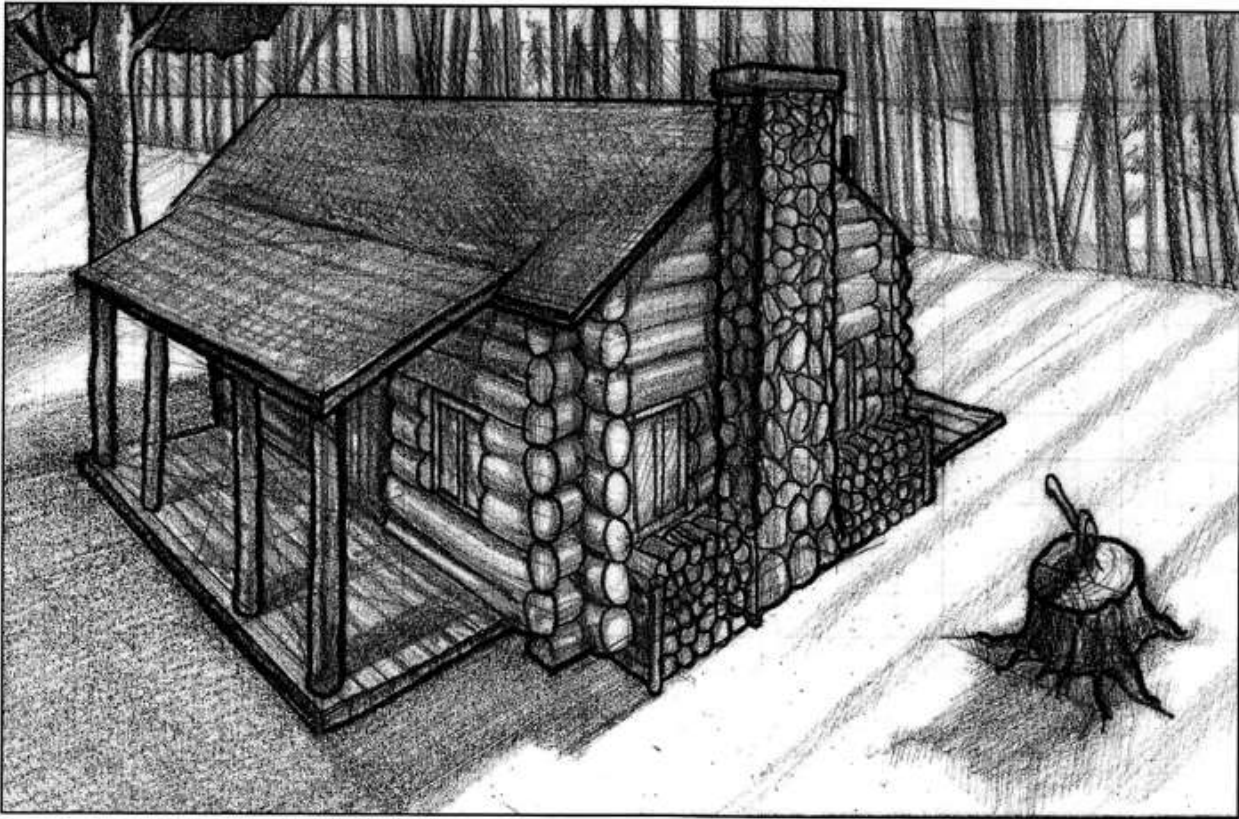








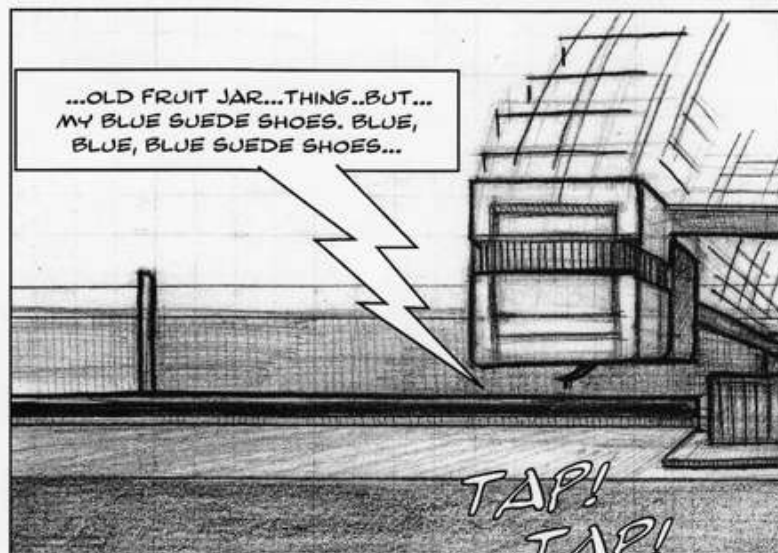
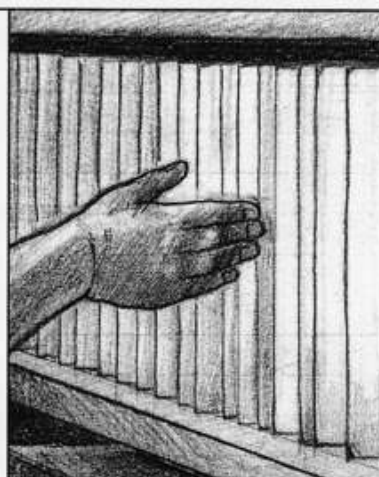


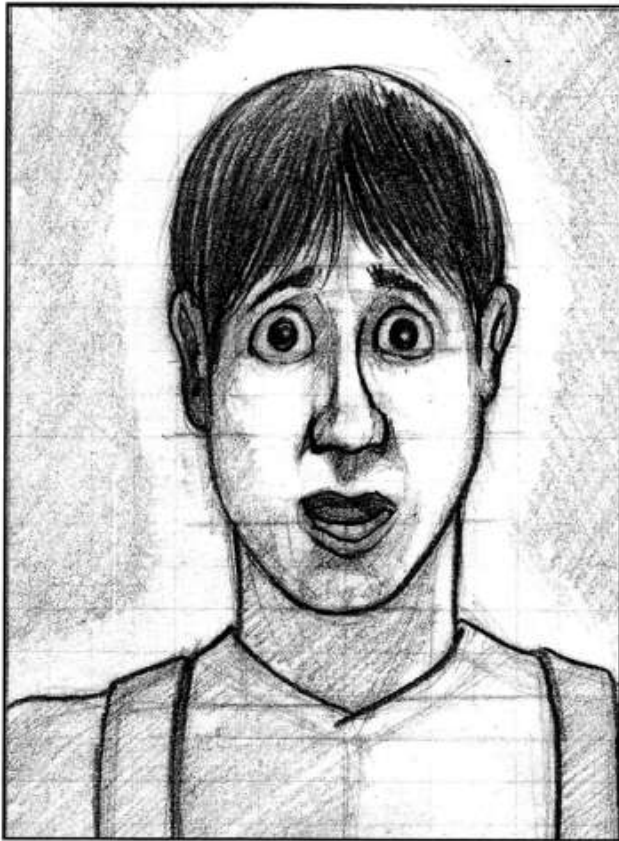




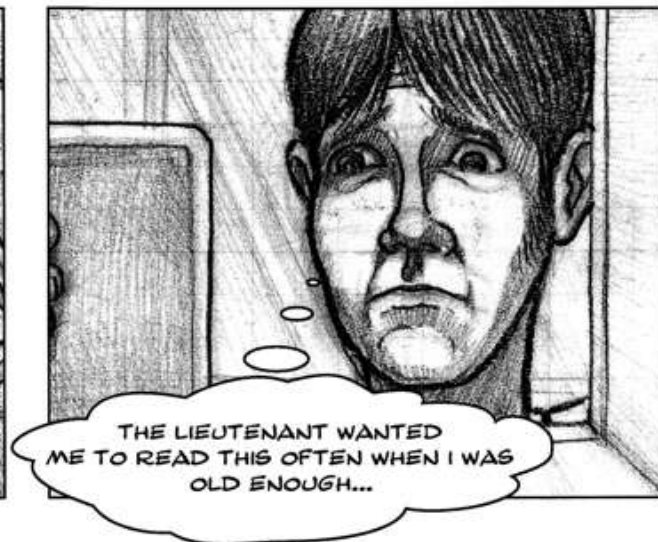


TOO IMPATIENT TO WAIT FOR A SIGN, TIN CHOOSES INSTEAD TO INVOKE "ELVISANCE", HIS FAIL-SAFE METHOD FOR RECEIVING DIRECTION AND ADVICE FROM THE KING IN THE GREAT BEYOND.











DEAR TYNDAL,

WHEN YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH, I WANT YOU TO READ THIS LETTER SO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR DADDY. THEN I WANT YOU TO READ IT OVER EVERY NOW AND AGAIN SO THAT YOU NEVER FORGET.

YOUR DADDY WAS NOT AFRAID. HE WAS ONE OF THE BEST SOLDIERS WE HAVE OVER HERE. I OWE MY LIFE TO HIM AND WOULD NOT BE HERE TO WRITE YOU THIS LETTER IF NOT FOR HIS BRAVERY.

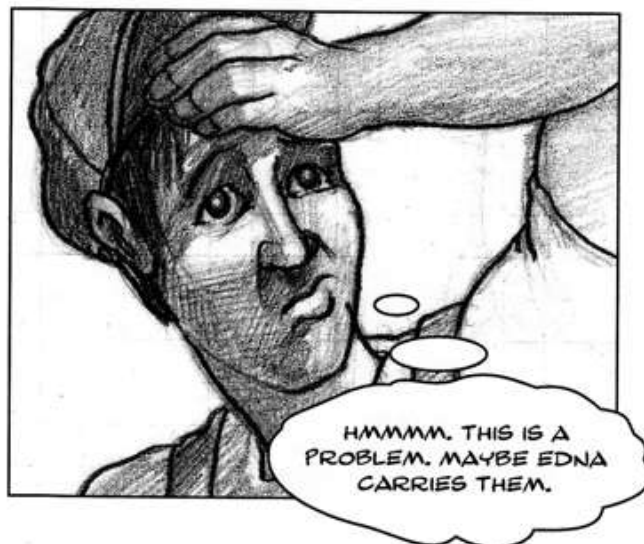
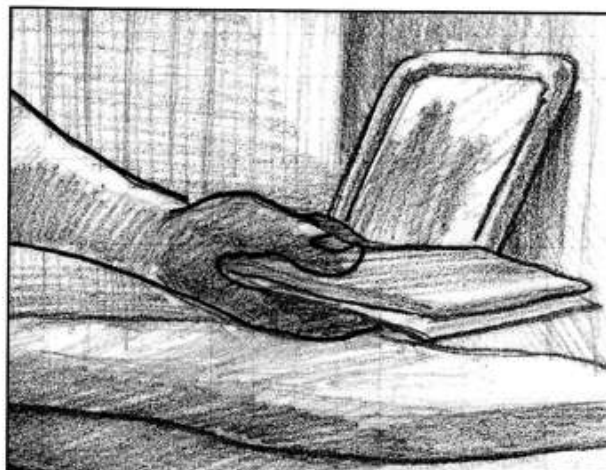
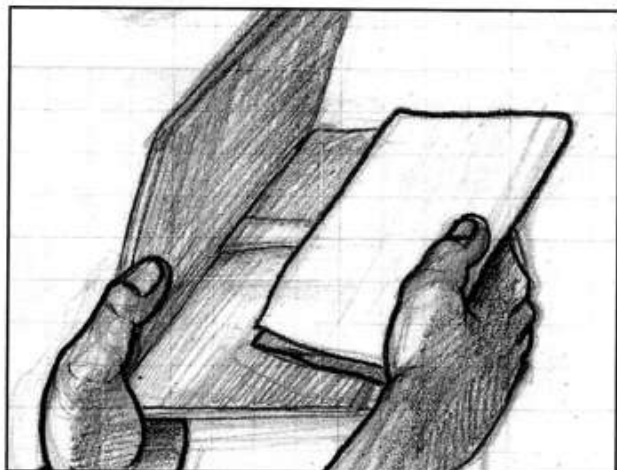
OUR PATROL WAS GOING THROUGH RICE FIELDS WHEN I WAS ON POINT AND TOOK A SLUG IN MY LEG. I LAY THERE IN A SOPPING WET RICE PADDY BLEEDING OUT MY LEG THINKING THIS IS IT. THE ENEMY WAS SNIPING OVER MY HEAD, AND I FIGURED MY GUYS CAN'T COME IN FOR ME. THAT'S WHAT THE ENEMY WANTS. DRAW THEM IN HERE SO THEY CAN SHOOT THEM DOWN.

WELL, YOUR DADDY, HE DIDN'T CARE. HE CAME SLOGGING IN HERE ANYWAY WITH THEM SLUGS SPLASHING ALL AROUND US. TURNS OUT I WAS RIGHT. WE'D WALK RIGHT INTO A U SHAPED AMBUSH AND THEY STARTED SPRAYING SLUGS AS SOON AS THEY SEEN YOUR DADDY, BUT AL CAME RIGHT IN TO WHERE I WAS AND STARTED DRAGGING ME OUT OF THAT RICE PADDY.

HE GOT ME ALMOST OUT WHEN HE TOOK THREE SLUGS IN HIS PELVIS AND THEN WE WAS BOTH DOWN, BUT HE'D GOT US FAR ENOUGH THAT SOME OF THE OTHER GUYS COULD GET TO US. ANOTHER GUY, DAVIS, TOOK A SLUG GETTING US THE REST OF THE WAY OUT.

DOC PATCHED US UP BEST HE COULD, BUT WE COULD SEE AL WASN'T GONNA MAKE IT, AND WE COULDN'T GET A HUEY IN UNTIL WE WENT ANOTHER MILE OR SO.

AL SAID TO ME JUST BEFORE HE DIED, FRANK, WHEN MY BOY TYNDAL'S OLD ENOUGH, YOU TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED AND YOU TELL HIM I WANT AFRAID, AND I AINT AFRAID NOW.







AW, HE LOVES DOING THAT STUFF ON THE COMPUTER. JUSK ASK HIM.



End of Chapter One sample



