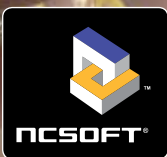


CITY OF HEROES

FANZINE #1



JULY 2008

Render by
DOUGLAS SHULER
www.douglasshuler.com

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The City of Heroes® Fanzine Submission Guidelines are Online! For information about how you can contribute, please visit us at: http://www.cityofheroes.com/community/fansubmission_guidelines.html

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Welcome to the first production issue of the City of Heroes Fanzine! Well, to be honest, it's not really the first – the preview issue #0 set the stage for this next publication, and what a publication it has turned out to be! We have a really great comic and some very outstanding fan art and fan fiction to entertain you with.

I'd like to dedicate this issue to our good friend Jesse "Arctic Sun" Scoble. Jesse was the driving force behind the original Fanzine and the preview Issue #0. While Jesse has turned his attention to other pursuits, we stay in touch and he continues to be a strong supporter of the City of Heroes community. It has been a challenge to fill his shoes in carrying the Fanzine forward, but in the end, being able to spotlight such great player creations makes it all very, very worthwhile!

Speaking of great player creations, we couldn't make a Fanzine without you. If you are a fan story writer, artist or comic book creator, we'd love to see your City of Heroes inspired work! It's easy to submit your information; read the details on the previous page. We're waiting to hear from you!

In the months that that Fanzine #1 has been in work we have seen a number of developments with the City of Heroes game. Chief among those is the release of Issue 12: Midnight Hour. As a salute to Issue 12 we have the excellent cover created by City of Heroes fan artist, Douglas Shuler. Back Alley Brawler and Ghost Widow don their Roman Garb and head back through time to join forces under the direction of the secretive Midnight Squad.

While the game community is still enjoying the post release fun of playing through the finished content of Issue 12, the development team is already hard at work on what is coming next. Chief among those coming features is the concept of "player created content" that Positron announced with the 4 year anniversary of City of Heroes. Also, we can look forward to the expanded use of the new contextual dialog feature that our lead writer, Hero 1, explained in his pre-Issue 12 release article. If you haven't read these, be sure to dig further into the news archives of the City of Heroes Website.

While you wait for Issue 13 and the next wave of great stuff coming for City of Heroes, kick back, relax and enjoy this issue of the Fanzine!

Yours truly,

Alex "Lighthouse" von Minden
Community Manager

DAY IN THE LIFE

By Bill Dezell



David awoke to find himself in the trunk of a car. Being a long time resident of Independence Port, this was not unusual. What concerned him was that there was no jack handle resting uncomfortably against his spine. At first, he didn't realize how comfortable he was, but as it became more apparent, he began to panic. Paragon City did not have a wide selection of cars with trunks that could fit a person. Having been stuffed into all of them at one time or another, David began to see a pattern. Every car ever made, in any model, style, color, or size, has a jack handle placed to rest directly on the spine of anyone stuffed into them. He was unsure if this design commonality was a law, or just an agreement among builders. He suspected it was a law. The reason comfort was so frightening was that he knew how to escape from every trunk of every model of every car in the city. A comfortable trunk meant no ready way out.

His mind wandered back to his kidnap survival class in the 6th grade. This was a mandatory class every child had to take in order to move on to middle school. Outsiders think it odd, but kids in cold climates have classes on why it's bad to lick flag poles, and kids on hot areas learn all about sunstroke and heat exhaustion. Different survival classes for different hostile conditions. He recalled that the first thing he was supposed to do was to listen for the music that blared from the loudspeakers in every neighborhood. This was put in place in order for kidnap victims to better identify their surroundings when locked in trunks or stuffed into sacks. Unfortunately, the criminals have taken to driving erratically when they have a hostage to hide exactly where they are. The ones that do drive well have soundproofed the trunks and play bagpipe music to the hostage. This keeps them from knowing where they are, and helps to make them compliant when they are let out. After all, how many times can you listen to "Amazing Grace" before you start looking for things to jam in your ears, just to make the hurting stop?

When the car finally stopped, David winced. They always hit him when they open the trunk. They could be parked inside a warehouse, in a pitch black room, and they'd still hit him when they opened it. It was so unnecessary. True to form, the crack of light appeared in the trunk, and the crack of the flashlight echoed through his skull. The worst part was this guy didn't even try to knock him out, he just hit him for fun. As he was trying to decide whether he should fake unconsciousness or not, he

heard the leader speaking. He was definitely kidnapped by the Family. This was cool in a way. They were artists at it. His cousin had been taken by the Family about a dozen times now and they all worked out fine. Of the four or five other times he'd been grabbed, there were two that were really bad experiences. One time the heroes that showed up used invisibility to sneak up to where he was being held, forcing him to sneak past all the other Trolls that were still in the halls. The second one was even worse. He saw the Heroes come into the room on the far side. Watched them attack a group of Freakshow, then heard two of them yell something about getting a new security level and having to leave to sign the papers. He just stood there with the two freaks for about 15 minutes while the heroes did whatever it was that was so important. When they finally got back, they dropped the two freaks and it was over.

Dave hoped his rescue would go smoothly. His normally did; he was lucky that way. He always seemed to be among the first found, and could usually just run right out. As he slunk back into his corner, he did his best to cower while still listening for anything that may help the heroes. After about 20 minutes he thought he could hear the rescue team coming. There was definitely a battle raging down the hall. As the sounds drew closer, David noticed something different about them. They were advancing more slowly than normal. He could also hear voices. Angry voices.

"You need to do a better job at keeping their attention!"

"How, you keep blasting them too far away for me to hit!"

"Try yelling at them. As offensive as you are, they should swarm you."

"Stop fighting you two. We need to hurry, there is a costume contest in Atlas in 5 minutes"

"Yeah, and 10, and 15, and one big one that lasts all night"

"You're just jealous 'cause I look so good, and you look like a stupid ummm stupid thing"

"Well I got news for you, you're not the first guy to dress all in black and swing a katana. Real original."

The next person to speak had an accent David could barely understand. He said something like, "Doods, SHUT UP. U N0 TEH I OLY GOTS 10 MIZNITS B4 I GOTS 2 33T."

"Okay this next room how about I pull some to us"

"Okay"

"Yeah"

"Pull?"

Dave felt sick. He'd heard of teams like this before. His neighbor was once grabbed by the Skulls. A team of 'heroes' tried 5 times to free him and never made it. In the end the poor guy had to beat two Skulls unconscious with his shoe and climb out a window. From where he stood, he could see the path the heroes would be using to get to him. It always surprised him how in a room with only one way in or out, the kidnapers would never guard it. They rarely ever even posted a guard. For all the professionalism they had in actually grabbing a hostage, there was just no clean follow through. It was like they didn't really have a plan once they got you.

More battle sounds came from the hallway. Dave felt a chill in the air and saw what seemed to be a raging ice storm around the corner.

"I thought we told you not to use that. Jeez!!!"

"No, you said it was a bad idea, you never said 'don't use it'."

"Oh, sorry, I thought you'd be smart enough to see that it nearly got us all killed the first 4 times you used it."

"Yeah, but it didn't, so maybe it was the only thing that saved us those 4 times."

"D00d, ur l@m3"

For the first time in all his life, Dave feared his rescuers more than his captors. The Family still seemed oddly oblivious, but that, at least, was normal.

As the team of heroes came fully into view, it was obvious that these were not the same type that had saved him before. Sure, there was the sword guy, the big flaming guy, the two little guys that shot ice or energy or fire, and the woman in the tiny little outfit that tried to keep them all safe, but there was something wrong. The big flaming guy usually had a bluer tint to his flame. The one in the tiny outfit didn't seem to do anything for the other heroes. The two shooters were arguing about who would fire first, neither wanted to. The sword guy seemed to want to get in and 'do some hero stuff', but he kept checking his watch.

Suddenly, they launched into action. The ice guy shot one of Dave's guards. The energy guy shot someone on the other side of the room. The flaming guy ran in and yelled something about the Family leader's second cousin's orchid collection (Dave actually couldn't quite make it out). The sword guy ran in next to the fire guy and the tiny outfit just stood in one place, spinning around yelling, "Stick together!!! What are you doing???"

The ice guy managed to take out the two guys guarding Dave and he bolted. At the corner of the room he turned to see the fire guy, flame off suspended in mid air. Both shooters were down. The tiny outfit was running around the room being chased by three members of the Family. The sword guy passed Dave on the way to the door shouting something about being late for the contest.

In the chaos that followed, Dave was able to sneak back to the front door of the warehouse. He exited and looked around, trying to get his bearings.

From the music blaring from the unseen speakers, he was near home. Just another day in the life of a Citizen of Paragon.

ECHOES OF HEROISM

By Nate Hock



The explosion rattled his teeth, but Alexander gritted them and fired several energy blasts down the smoky hallway. He had trouble seeing clearly through the golden face-shield. He wiped the debris away and opened fire again. Energy streaked from his hands towards multiple targets. As they grew closer he suddenly saw them for what they were. Heroes, friends... and himself? He stumbled back. Suddenly he couldn't breathe. He ripped away the helmet gasping for air. He was dressed as a Paragon Protector. Who was he? Why did this happen? What was going on? The noise became deafening and then he screamed.

He sat bolt upright in bed. His sheets were soaked with sweat and the TV was still on. He ran his hands through his hair and closed his eyes. "Another dream... how long am I going to go through this?" His mind wandered to earlier that day during a session with a mentalist working with the FBSA. Antonio recommended he talk to someone about it all and to try to put it back together.

"Alex. You've been through a lot and you cannot hope to beat this without giving yourself time to heal." Dr. Emmanuel frowned at him and she produced a small gold locket from the drawer beside her. "Can you tell me what this is?"

Alex looked up at it curiously, "a necklace?"

"Does it mean anything to you?" She asked patiently.

He looked at it again and suddenly images of the store. The nosy clerk. The hot day. "Yes, I do remember it." The images kept coming. "Where did you get it?"

"It was found by Dawn Patrol on the site of your extraction. We thought it might be a personal item."

He nodded. "It was a gift... for someone special."

Alex turned on the sink in his bathroom and let the cool water run over his fingers. He lifted the water to his face and wiped away the sweat. The doctor had given him the necklace and offered that maybe he should make his peace with the past. He looked at himself in the mirror. He recognized the face. It was his and at the same time it wasn't. Was this really even his past? Or was it just something borrowed or something given to him by Crey?

He put on his casual clothes, avoiding the costume for now, and headed for the one place he had avoided since he woke up in the hospital. The cemetery. There on the outskirts of town, he landed gently. The place was old, unkempt, and looked seldom if ever visited. A quick glance around revealed he was certainly alone. Walking amongst the stones, he somehow knew where to go. He froze. There in front of him was a grave. Scott "Captain Atomyc" Baxter. He fell to his knees there on the soft earth. It wasn't his name... but it was. He could see the images. This was him. He brushed some leaves from the stone, and took another deep breath. There, at the site beside his own, was another familiar name. Rachel "AngelicFire" Wynnegarde. He closed his eyes.

The moment of silence lingered into several long minutes. Finally, after some time, he fished around in his pocket and produced a shiny gold pendant. Brushing away leaves from Rachel's grave as well, he laid it there in front of the head stone. "This is yours. He wanted you to have it. He bought it for you... and he loved you more than life. I just hope that wherever you are... he's there too and... I hope he got up the courage to tell you finally."

"Old friends?" A voice from behind.

Alex quickly sprung to his feet and spun around. "Who are you?"

"Whoa hey relax. I'm a friend. I work here on these grounds." An old man. He didn't appear to be dangerous. "We don't get many visitors out here. Were they friends of yours?" He gestured towards the graves.

Alex glanced at the sites, and then back at him. "Yeah, you could say that."

The old man nodded. "Some of my friends are here too." He looked beyond Alex at the graves. "Ah, Atom and Angel... they were great heroes. Died during the Rikti war."

"You knew them?" Alex was surprised. He didn't remember this man.

"I had met them. Actually, I met him in Europe during world war two." The old man seemed thoughtful, and Alex raced through his mind to try and remember him. "Come on inside." The old man had turned to walk away and waved Alex after him. "It's a cold morning. I've got some tea on."

As the old man walked off, Alex glanced around. Nothing was pressing at the moment, and he was curious. He decided to accept some hospitality and followed the man back to a small wooden house on the premises. Once inside he was greeted by the warmth of a fireplace and the smell of breakfast. The place was small and rundown but very cozy.

"Make yourself at home. I'll go ahead and pour some tea."

Alex sat near the fire and glanced around the room. There were pictures all over. Some old, some newer.

"You've got a very nice place here." Alex said with a smile as he admired the simplicity.

"Nah, nothing like I'm sure you've got. It's just a shack really... but it's ok for me." He chuckled as he rattled around in the kitchen. Soon he emerged with a tea cup in each hand. "I added some honey. I'm afraid I don't have any sugar."

Alex nodded and accepted the warm drink appreciatively. "Thanks, that's ok. I'm grateful for your kindness." He let the old man sit and then couldn't wait any longer.

"How did you know him?" Alex sipped his tea again, "Captain Atomyc I mean."

"Well..." he said with a smile, "we were in a thick firefight in a small village somewhere in France... I can't even remember the name. Anyhow, there were only 8 of us left." He sipped his tea. "I was running out of ammo, and had twisted my ankle. We had just finished a mission to destroy some objective... I don't remember that either... but what I do remember was being surrounded by Germans. I thought we were dead." The old man chuckled. "But Captain Atom dropped right out of the sky, he knocked me down just as a bullet flew by my face. I'd have been killed for sure. Then he turned on the Gerries and scattered them to the wind. He was fast, fearless, and kind. He helped us carry our gear and walked us out of the zone. Two days." The old man looked thoughtful again. "Two long cold days."

Alex was thoughtful too. He remembered it now. He remembered the admiration he had for those men. Still, the memories didn't feel like they were entirely his own. It was almost disorienting.

"You're Captain Atomyc. Aren't you?" The old man said simply.

Alex looked a little startled. "How did you know?"

"I may be old, but im not blind." He smiled. "I'd recognize you anywhere sir. It's been a long time."

Alex smiled and shook his head. "It's not really like that."

"No it's ok. I understand... but we thought you were dead. I knew it though when I heard about you on the news. Then I saw the costume. The white cape, boots, just like when you joined the Phalanx in the late 40's. I knew it was you. What happened?"

Alex sighed. "It's a long story."

The old man laughed. "It always is." He smiled. "Well sir, this is what I owe to you." He gestured around the room to the pictures. "My life. Go on take a look."

Alex was a little embarrassed. He felt odd taking credit for something Scott did... was it even moral? Maybe it was just for this old man's sake. He rose and began investigating the pictures more carefully, and the old man was more than willing to provide a narrative.

"That's my family. I had 3 kids. They've all moved on and had their own kids of course, who are now having kids of their own." There were many pictures of his family, their families, and of a woman that Alex figured was his wife.

"Is this your wife?" Alex asked.

"Indeed it is sir. That was my angel, God rest her soul. She died during the Rikti invasion. She's buried just out there..." He let his thoughts drift off and looked out the window.

Alex stopped and turned. "That's why you're here isn't it?"

The old man turned to him and smiled sadly. "I couldn't bear the thought of her here alone. So I stay as near as I can. I keep her company until I can join her." He looked thoughtful again.

Alex let his gaze fall from the pictures as his mind wandered to his own past, and uncertain future.

"Aw now don't look so glum. It's ok. I wanted to show you how what you did paid off. That day you saved my life, you set in motion all of this. My life. My kids, their kids, the love I was able to share with an amazing woman." He smiled. "None of it would've happened without you making it possible. You and the other heroes of this city every day. Every person you save. You do this every day."

Alex looked up at him again and smiled.

"I don't know how you survived, or why you always stayed so young, and I can only imagine the life you've led and will still live when I'm gone. What I do know is that I'm thankful for all you've done, for all you do, and all you will do... we all are. Even if we don't always say it. Paragon owes you all a huge debt of gratitude."

Alex lifted a hand to stop him. "You've led a rich life that I envy my friend. Never think you didn't. I'm honored to have played a small role in your life." He smiled and continued, "but you don't owe us anything. I'm just a single part of a larger whole. We do this because we want to. We do it gladly."

The old man smiled and nodded.

Alex set his cup down. "Thank you very much for the tea, but I really should get going."

"Certainly. I don't want to take up your time. I need to go see my angel and tell her that I got to talk with you again. Oh! Do you have a wife? Did you settle down?" He asked with warm excitement.

Alex stopped at the door before leaving, but he didn't turn around. "No. Not yet."

The old man nodded. "Listen. I know that you're a little older than me... but, let me give you some advice. Live. Don't let your duty become who you are. Live your life, and don't be afraid to take chances."

Alex nodded. "Thanks. Enjoy your visit with your wife. Maybe I'll drop by again some time to check on you."

"I'd enjoy that. Be safe Captain." The old man waved with a smile, and Alex was gone.

Soaring into the sky, Alex had a lot on his mind. It felt good to have got some closure with his grave, and hers, and to touch his past. His past... was it? Maybe it didn't matter. What mattered was that for whatever reason he had another chance. A chance to do more good in this world. It wasn't one he was about to squander. Captain Atomyc would fly again over Paragon City.

THE ORIGIN OF STAGMALITE

By Funnyhalo



"I can't believe you convinced me to do this", said Richard Marane, trying to catch his breath.

"Come on, its good exercise! You've been in the lab working on the damn suits for way to long, and this is the perfect place to test them out," replied Lauren Jakson, his fiancée.

"Had to pick the volcanoes in Hawaii, couldn't of picked something closer, something within the continent....", thought Richard.

"Besides, its one of the hottest places we can find within the U.S. Another thing, it's Hawaii! Its, beautiful, serene...."

"Hot as hell, smoky, no hospitals for miles....", interrupted Richard

"Oh quit your whining", snapped Lauren. "We are almost at the top anyway."

After another hour of hiking, the couple reached the top.

Richard dropped his huge back pack on the ground and stared down into the pit of the volcano. He then glanced back up, and saw Lauren take off her jacket, revealing her tank top.

"God, she's beautiful....", his thoughts were interrupted when Lauren said, "Wouldn't want to fall in there....".

Richard grinned, "At least not without our suits. Lets get them on and test them, so we can get out of here...."

"Oh come on, can't we enjoy ourselves?" Lauren ran back towards the path they climbed up. "This volcano has a magnificent view!"

"All I see and smell is smoke."

Lauren pouted. "Your no fun...." She opened up her back pack and took out a small glowing rectangular object. She pressed a button on it, and it glowed brighter. She placed it near her, and a bright flash enveloped the couple. When it subsided, two thin but odd patterned suits had replaced the object.

"My own work of art, finally getting out of the lab. A suit that can withstand any amount of heat...."

By the time Richard finished day dreaming, Lauren had already half of her suit on. "Are you going to

just stand there and gawk at the damn thing, or put it on?" Lauren stated coolly.

"Alright....alright.....sorry your highness."

"Don't make me come over there and smack you...."

Within a few minutes, the couple had gotten into their suits. They both walked over to the edge of the volcano. They both stared down.

"So.....who wants to jump into the fiery pit of doom first?" Richard said.

Lauren laughed. "I'm debating of whether or not I should shove you in first..."

"Well...." Started Richard, but was interrupted by Lauren diving into the volcano.

Richard mashed his intercom, which was located on his right arm, along with some other controls, including a status meter of his suit.

"Lauren! We haven't even tested out the intercom yet!"

His fiancée's voice erupted from within his helmet. "You know the old saying, got to go in head first!"

Richard shook his head, and clicked his intercom again. "I haven't heard that saying before...."

"That is a clear sign that you need to get out more."

Richard ignored her, "Linking video feeds in 3....2....1....link established."

The upper corner of his visor flashed, and a small screen appeared. He was seeing what Lauren was seeing.

"Holy....this is amazing." "Lauren, are you getting this...."

It was a small view, but it was enough. He saw smears of pink, bubbles of orange, and waves of red.

"Duh, of course I'm getting this! Your looking through my eyes!"

Richard again ignored her, "How is the suit? Is the internal temperature normal?"

Lauren replied, "Yes, levels are normal, and temperature is stable....wait....just got an error."

“What type of error?” Richard began to pace back and forth with fear and excitement.

“Just a slight internal temperature increase.... no big deal.”

Richard froze. “There should not be ANY increase of temperature at all. Lauren, get back up here now.”

“Its no big deal....I don’t feel anyth....huh....that’s odd. I’m getting kind of itchy....”

Richard jammed the intercom, “Lauren. Up. Here. Now.”

“In a minute.....oh.....”

The next thing Richard heard was his fiancée screaming in pain.

Richard yelled Laurens name, into the intercom, but it was drowned out by screams. Without a single thought, Richard dived into the volcano. He broke the surface of the hot molten magma, and began to swim with determination through the thick liquid fire. Through the screams, he tried to contact her once again. “Lauren! I’m coming! Hold on!”

As he began to swim deeper, searching for Lauren, he didn’t notice his own suits internal temperature rising. Within minutes, his skin began to itch as well. With the determination of searching for his fiancée, he pushed the feelings to the back of his mind. As each minute passed, however, the discomfort grew. He swam deeper. He was already scared, but when he noticed Lauren had stopped screaming, it doubled his determination.

“Lauren....hold on! I’m coming!”

After what seemed to be years, he saw a blurry figure in the distance. It was Lauren....and she was motionless. “LAUREN!” Richard screamed. As he got closer, he noticed the magma around her was glowing, as well as her suit. He grabbed Lauren by the wrist, and began kicking with adrenaline enhanced speed.

When they finally broke the surface of the magma, Richard grabbed a crack in the wall of the volcano,

and began to climb with his fiancée draped over his shoulder. At this time, his suit began to glow as well. The pain, fear, and the adrenaline forced him to climb at an even faster pace. He eventually reached the top of the ledge, and dragged him self as well as the limp Lauren with him. When he was on his knees, he desperately tried to claw the molten suit off his girlfriend so he could apply CPR. After hopeless attempts, he realized there was no suit, but just drying magma. The suit had somehow fused with the magma, thus turning her skin into stone.

Richard screamed with agony above her. His suit and skin began to crack and harden. His visor had already shattered, and the glow spread to his face. He grabbed Laurens stone arm, and began to crawl towards the trail that lead to the top of the volcano. Before he blacked out, he remembered a man running towards them.

Richard awoke slowly. His entire body ached. Where was he? What happened?

Within a few seconds, despite the pain, he shot up out of his bed.

“LAUREN!!!!!!”

He tried to get out of the bed, but a doctor had rushed into the room, and pushed him back down in the bed. He began to struggle as another doctor and 3 nurses were holding him down. As he couldn’t move, he began to felt a vibration on his chest. Pillars of stone shot out of his chest and rammed the doctors and nurses away from him and onto the ground. He ripped the curtain separating his bed from the other, to reveal a site that almost killed him on the spot. He saw a statue lying on the bed. He saw Lauren lying on the bed.

Richard screamed, and as the floor began to shake, liquid molten tears escaped his eyes. He wiped them off to see his hands for the first time. They were made out of stone as well, just like Lauren. His hands however, glowed red beneath the surface of his newly formed stone skin.

Thus, the hero Stagmalite was born.



CITY OF HEROES



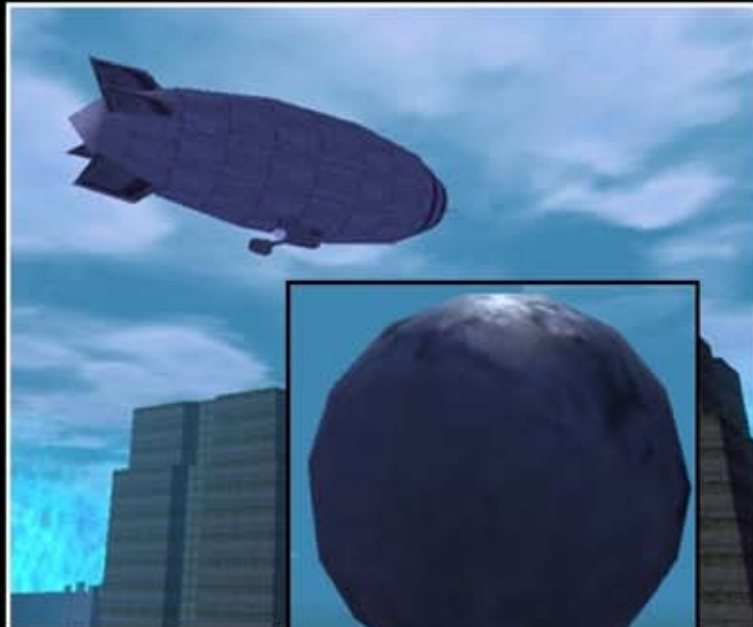
AN ORIGINAL STORY BY JOHN SULLYOK

Created with Comic Book Creator

"PARAGON CITY--"



"--THE MAP SURE
MAKES IT LOOK
SMALL, HUH?"



"BELIEVE ME, IT'S
A LOT BIGGER
WHEN YOU'RE OUT
THERE IN IT."



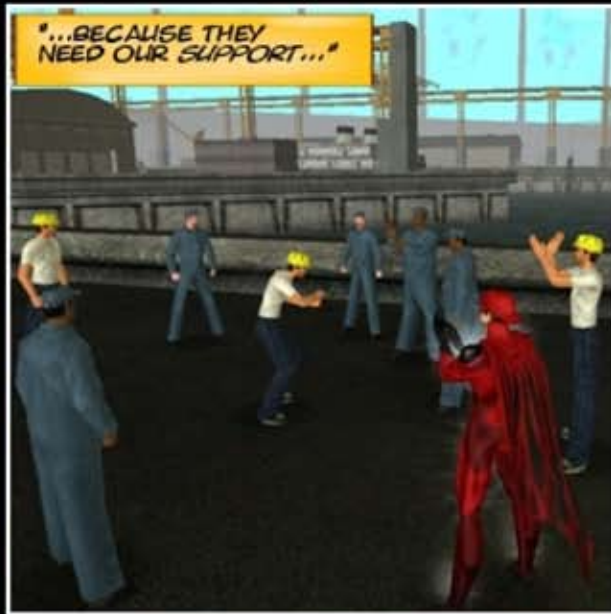
SORRY, I
DON'T
MEAN TO
SCARE
YOU.

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THAT,
IT'S NORMAL.
THE FACT THAT
YOU'RE HERE AT
ALL SAYS A LOT.

YEAH, I
GUESS.

IT'S OKAY. I
DON'T THINK
I COULD GET
ANY MORE
NERVOUS.

"A City's Hero"





"--BUT THERE ARE STILL A LOT OF MONSTERS IN THE WORLD."



"MONSTERS THAT TRAIN TO DEFEAT US."



"THAT CREATE WEAPONS TO DESTROY US."



REAL LIFE MONSTERS?



"IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD"



ARE OUR
POWERS
ENOUGH TO
FIGHT THEM?

"OUR POWERS HAVE
FOUGHT INVASIONS..."



"...OPRESSION..."



"...AND THINGS
YOU WOULDN'T
EVEN BELIEVE."



"BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT
THING ISN'T THAT WE FIGHT--"



"--IT'S 'WHY'
WE FIGHT."



"WE FIGHT TO KEEP
THE STREETS SAFE."



"TO KEEP EVIL
AT BAY."



"WE FIGHT FOR
THOSE WHO CAN'T--"



--BECAUSE
WE CAN.

THOSE ARE THE
THINGS YOU'RE
GOING TO
LEARN ALONG
THE WAY.

I DON'T
KNOW IF
I CAN DO
THAT ON
MY OWN.

WELL,
BELIEVE
ME WHEN
I SAY--



"--YOU WON'T
BE ALONE."



"YOU KNOW
SOMETHING,
MISTER--"



I'M
GLAD TO
HEAR IT.

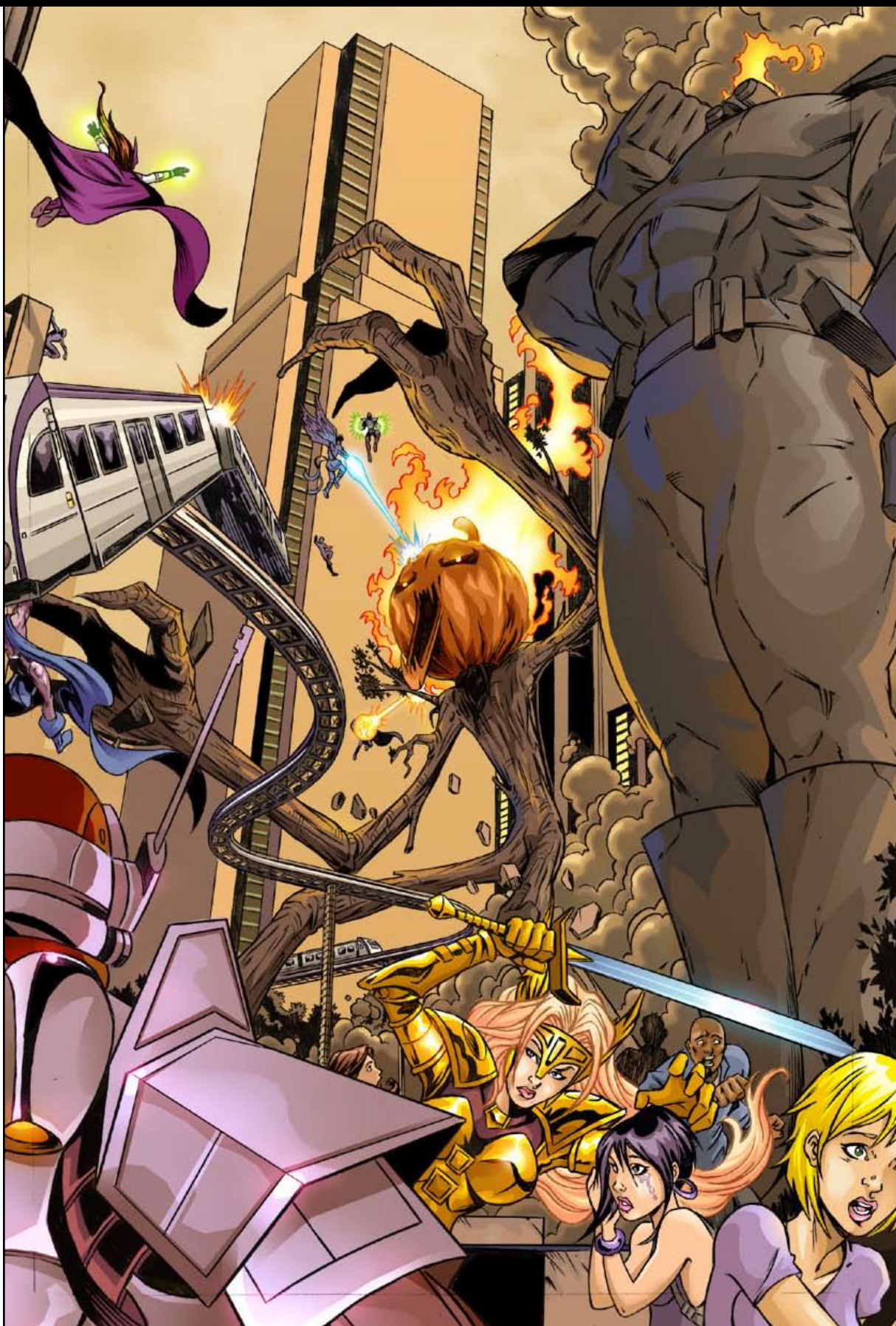
--I DON'T
THINK I'M
SO NERVOUS
ANYMORE.

NOW
COME
ON, KID...

LET'S GO
SEE MS.
LIBERTY!

THE END

ARTIST SHOWCASE



City Of Heroes Splash Page By Bruno Auriema

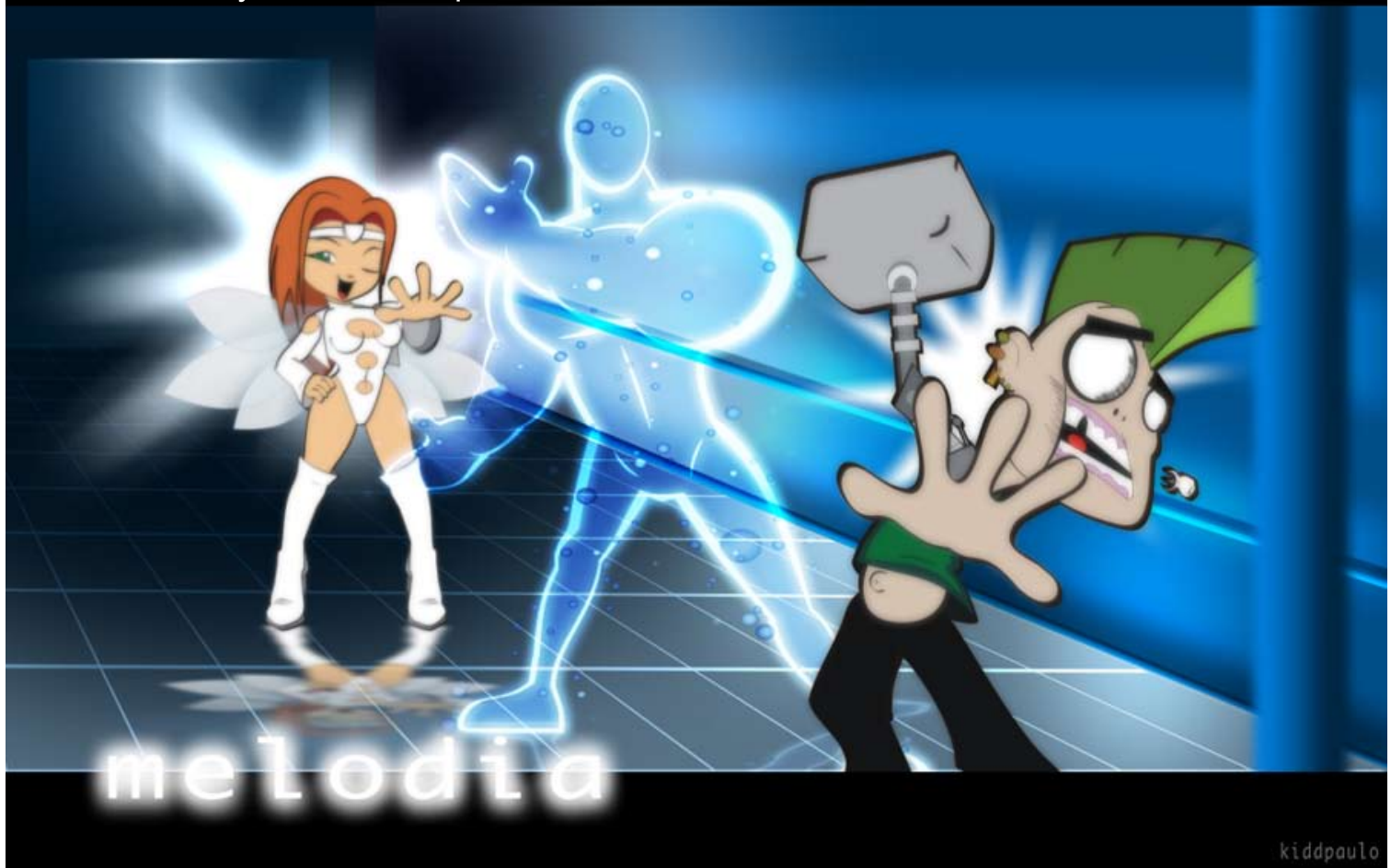


Ghost Widow

By Sabrina O'Donnell

WarPatriot

By
Todd@toddworld.com

**Melodia SD** By Paulo Henrique Almeida so Santos



Ghost Widow By VR

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