



Battlerock Comics Presents...



ISSUE 01  
2019

# PENITENCE

T FOR TEENS



CHAMPIONS  
ONLINE

PERFECT  
WORLD

Insert Inside Cover Ad here

Aaron Nile was an arrogant man. Always right, never wrong. His aggressive behavior led to much misery and death, until one day a wayward shove threw him to his own demise. In the afterlife, his life was judged to have more bad than good. To atone for his evil acts, he would return to the living and purge the evil in others. He would rip the evil from the souls of the living until he could tip the balance of his own worth.

He is the avenging force that is...

# PENITENCE

## "CURSE OF THE BLOOD MOON"

- A CHAMPIONS ONLINE STORY BY DAVID 2

WHILE EVIL CAN EXIST AT ANY TIME,  
THERE IS ONE TIME OF THE YEAR  
WHEN IT IS THE STRONGEST.

WHEN ALL THAT IS GOOD IS ECLIPSED  
AND THE WICKED REIGN SUPREME.

THAT TIME IS CALLED THE BLOOD  
MOON.

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MILLENNIUM CITY, MI, USA

DURING THE BLOOD MOON...

THE BLOOD MOON...

IT'S MORE THAN JUST A RED HAZE OVER THE EARTH AND A BLOOD-RED MOON IN THE SKY.

THERE IS NO DAYLIGHT DURING THE BLOOD MOON. IT IS ALWAYS NIGHT.

IT MEANS THERE IS NOTHING TO STOP THE DARK LORD TAKOFANES FROM COMING TO THIS CITY TO PREY ON THE LIVING.

IT MEANS EVIL IS FREE TO PREY ON THE INNOCENT.

AMANDA...

\*GASP!\*

AMANDA...

MY NAME IS AARON NILE...  
I HAVE BEEN CONDEMNED TO  
WALK THE EARTH FOR OVER  
TWO CENTURIES.

NOT ALIVE YET NOT DEAD.

TAKOFANES HAS NO POWER OVER  
ME, YET I FEEL THE SAME PULL  
OF EVIL AS THE DEAD.

ONLY HERE, IN MY PURGATORY  
LAIR, CAN I CONTROL THE  
POWER THAT COARSENS  
THROUGH ME DURING THE  
BLOOD MOON.

ONLY HERE... CAN I BE HUMAN.

BUT I CAN NEVER STAY HERE  
DURING THE BLOOD MOON.

HELLO?

I'M LOOKING  
FOR AARON NILE.  
I'M TOLD HE  
LIVES HERE.

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE  
A NEED FOR ME TO HELP  
THE LIVING.

THERE IS NO ONE LIVING  
BY THAT NAME HERE.  
WHOEVER TOLD YOU  
OTHERWISE WAS WRONG.

WELL YOU DON'T SOUND  
LIKE THE DEAD.  
NOT LIKE THE DEAD I'VE  
SEEN AROUND THE CITY.



I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME COMING DOWN TO TALK WITH YOU.  
I DON'T LIKE TALKING FROM A DISTANCE.



HI... MY NAME IS AMANDA ZIGFREE.  
YOU ARE AARON NILE, RIGHT?

SOME OF THE TIME.



I NEED YOUR HELP.  
I'M BEING STALKED.

TELL IT TO THE POLICE.



I DID. THEY SENT ME TO SOME MAGIC BOOKSTORE. THE WOMAN THERE TOLD ME TO SEE YOU.  
MY STALKER IS... NOT LIVING.



HE'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME SINCE THE BLOOD MOON STARTED.  
SHOWING UP EVERYWHERE I GO.  
HE FOLLOWS ME... CALLS ME BY MY NAME.



WHAT DOES HE WANT?

I DON'T KNOW.



THE DEAD DON'T JUST SHOW UP STALKING STRANGERS AND CALLING THEM BY THEIR NAME.  
HOW DOES HE KNOW YOU?

I... I HAVE FANS AROUND THE WORLD. I'M AN INFLUENCER ON SOCIAL MEDIA.  
HE PROBABLY WAS ONE OF MY ONLINE FOLLOWERS.

AN "INFLUENCER"... AN EMPTY TITLE, BUT I HAVE SEEN PEOPLE LIKE THIS BEFORE. THEY USED TO HAVE SOCIAL EVENTS FOR THESE KINDS OF PEOPLE TO DRESS UP AND PRETEND TO BE IMPORTANT. NOW THEY DO IT THROUGH THEIR PHONES AND IN THEIR PAJAMAS.



GO HOME,  
AMANDA ZIGFREE.  
GO HOME AND  
WAIT OUT THE  
BLOOD MOON.



I CAN PAY YOU  
WHATEVER YOU  
WANT.

I HAVE ALL I  
EVER NEED.  
YOUR MONEY  
IS USELESS.



PLEASE... I'M  
DESPERATE.  
I CAN'T SLEEP.  
I CAN'T EAT.



I SEE HIM IN EVERY  
DARK ALLEY AND  
AROUND EVERY  
CORNER.  
I'M AFRAID TO TAKE  
A SHOWER FOR FEAR  
HE'D BE THERE.



I'LL GIVE YOU  
ANYTHING YOU WANT.  
ANYTHING!



YOU HAVE  
NOTHING  
THAT I WANT.



LOOK  
AT ME.



ANYTHING.



PUT YOUR SHIRT BACK ON, PLEASE.



BUT... I...



IF YOU REALLY WANT MY HELP, THEN YOU NEED TO BE DRESSED FOR US TO CONTINUE. YOU DO NOT WANT TO BE HALF-NAKED FOR WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE.



WHAT YOU SEE OF ME... THIS FORM... THIS IS NOT WHAT I AM NOW. THIS IS JUST A SHADOW OF WHAT I WAS WHEN I WAS ALIVE.



BUT IF I AM TO HELP YOU, I NEED TO DISCARD THIS SHELL AND SHOW A MORE... BASER VERSION.





I AM AARON NILE...  
THE CONDEMNED SOUL  
THAT WALKS THE  
EARTH IN THE QUEST  
FOR REDEMPTION.

IF YOU REALLY SEEK MY  
HELP, THEN HEED WHAT I  
HAVE TO TELL YOU.



LOOK AT ME.

I... I...



I SAID  
LOOK AT  
ME, WOMAN!



OKAY!  
OKAY...



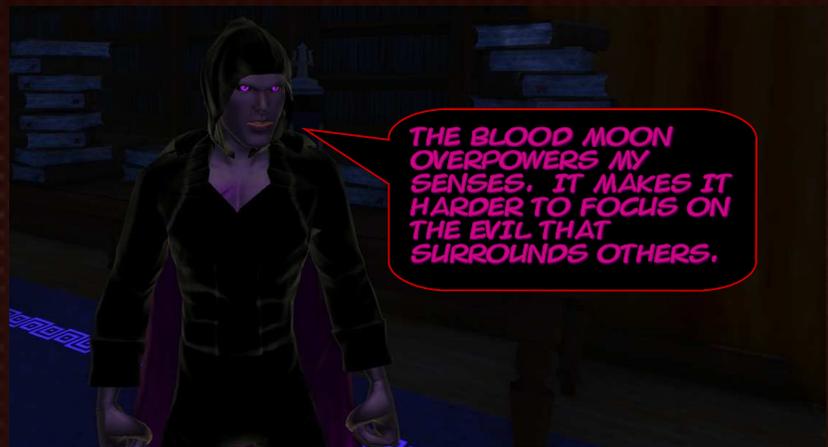
I HAVE BEDDED  
WOMEN OF ALL  
AGES AND  
VIRTUES IN MY  
WRETCHED LIFE,  
AMANDA ZIGFREE.

DID YOU REALLY  
THINK YOU COULD  
SOMEHOW SEDUCE  
ME NOW THAT I AM  
CONDEMNED?

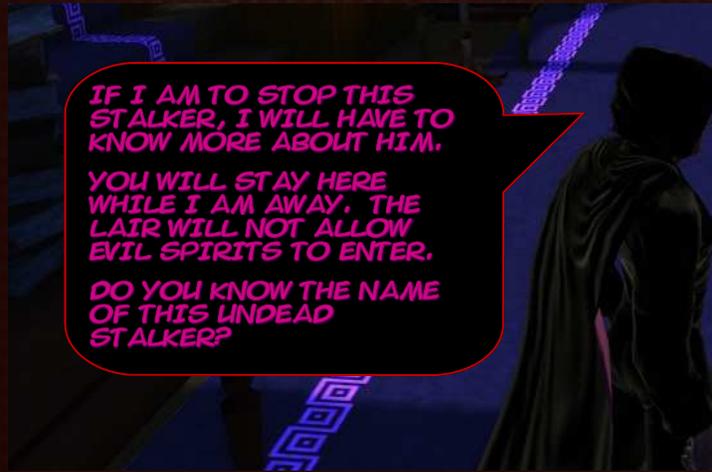
YOU WOULD NOT  
SURVIVE THE...  
EXPERIENCE.



THERE IS AN EVIL THAT TOUCHES YOUR SOUL.  
 BUT I CANNOT TELL WHAT IT IS OR HOW IT TOUCHES YOU.



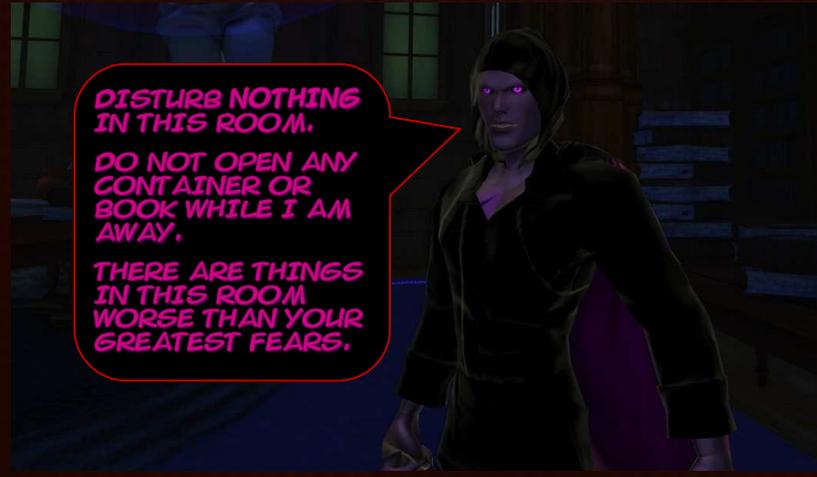
THE BLOOD MOON OVERPOWERS MY SENSES. IT MAKES IT HARDER TO FOCUS ON THE EVIL THAT SURROUNDS OTHERS.



IF I AM TO STOP THIS STALKER, I WILL HAVE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM.  
 YOU WILL STAY HERE WHILE I AM AWAY. THE LAIR WILL NOT ALLOW EVIL SPIRITS TO ENTER.  
 DO YOU KNOW THE NAME OF THIS UNDEAD STALKER?



A-AUGUST.  
 I THINK HIS NAME WAS AUGUST.



DISTURB NOTHING IN THIS ROOM.  
 DO NOT OPEN ANY CONTAINER OR BOOK WHILE I AM AWAY.  
 THERE ARE THINGS IN THIS ROOM WORSE THAN YOUR GREATEST FEARS.



FOOD WILL ARRIVE SOON.  
 I HOPE YOU LIKE FISH STEW.  
 I DON'T NEED TO EAT, I JUST ENJOY THE TASTE OF IT.



DOWNTOWN... MINUTES LATER...

THE WOMAN MENTIONED A GIRL AT A MAGIC BOOKSTORE. THERE IS ONLY ONE MAGIC BOOKSTORE IN MILLENNIUM CITY RUN BY A GIRL.

THE MAGIC LANTERN BOOKSTORE, WHOSE GLYPH STANDS OUT AS A SAFE AREA EVEN DURING THE BLOOD MOON.

I'M SORRY, AARON, BUT I REALLY DON'T KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT AMANDA OTHER THAN WHAT SHE TOLD YOU.

AND YET YOU STILL BLINDLY SENT HER TO MY LAIR ASKING FOR HELP.

IN CASE IT HASN'T OCCURRED TO YOU, WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BLOOD MOON.

I HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO KEEP THE MYSTICAL FIELD INTACT AND KEEP TAKOFANES AWAY FROM THIS PLACE.

ALICIA BLACKMUN IS A FORMIDABLE WITCH, EVEN IF SHE DRESSES LIKE A COSTUME HARLOT. IF I WAS STILL ALIVE, I'D BE TRYING TO ENTICE HER INTO MY BED.

SHE DIDN'T SEEM DESPERATE... SHE WOULDN'T TELL ME WHO THE STALKER WAS, BUT THE WAY SHE DESCRIBED HIM... IT WAS ALMOST AS THOUGH HE WAS MORE OF AN ANNOYANCE THAN A THREAT.

SHE PLAYED THE HARRIED DAMSEL WITH ME. SHE IS NOT AS INNOCENT AS SHE CLAIMS... OR AS DESPERATE.



SORRY!



I JUST NEEDED TO TAKE A BREAK AND RE... CHARGE.



I'M SORRY... MY NAME IS ELITE ICE AND... I AM SENSING A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF MYSTICAL POWER IN YOU!



WE COULD REALLY USE YOUR HELP OUT THERE!

TAKOFANES AND HIS UNDEAD MINIONS ARE KICKING OUR BUTTS.



**I AM UNDEAD!**  
I AM CURSED TO HELP THE LIVING, BUT I AM NOT THE HELP YOU NEED AGAINST TAKOFANES!



AND THEY CALL ME ARROGANT!



HE'S... NOT A BIG FAN OF THIS TIME OF THE YEAR.

STUPID CHILD! SHE KNOWS ONLY A FRACTION OF WHAT MYSTICAL FORCES ARE AND HOW THEY WORK.

BUT HER PRESUMPTIVENESS GAVE ME THE INCENTIVE TO GET OUT HERE, OVER THE CITY.

SOMEWHERE DOWN THERE IS AMANDA'S STALKER, CONNECTED TO HER BY EVIL.



HE IS THINKING ABOUT HER, AS I AM. HE IS DRAWN TO HER AS SHE WANTED ME TO BE DRAWN TO HER.

THIS FORM... THIS VERSION OF MYSELF... IT IS STRONGER... BUT ALSO MORE VILE.



THE VICES... THE URGINGS OF MY FORMER LIFE ARE MAGNIFIED.

THE WANTS... ARE STRONGER.



BUT MY WANT FOR HER ALLOWS ME TO FIND HIS WANT FOR HER.

LIKE A DIVINING ROD LEADING ME TO WATER.



SHE DRESSES FOR BUSINESS, YET I FEEL THE PULL TOWARDS THE WESTSIDE.

THE DEAD ARE AROUND US.



THE BLOOD MOON HAS PULLED THE DEAD TO THE SURFACE.  
THE MULTITUDE KILLED BY DOCTOR DESTROYER A GENERATION AGO.

THEY RISE LIKE A FESTERING SORE,  
PREYING ON THE LIVING FOR THE SIN  
OF EXISTENCE.

EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD... HEROES  
AND VILLAINS, PRINCES AND PAUPERS.

THERE IS NO GOOD IN THEM  
NOW. THEY ARE ALL EVIL.



THEIR BODIES ARE JUST  
PUPPETS TO TAKOFANES.  
CONDUITS OF THE EVIL  
THAT IS THE BLOOD MOON.



I GAIN NOTHING FROM PURGING  
THE EVIL IN THEIR BODIES.  
ALL I CAN GIVE THEIR BODIES  
IS REST.  
THAT IS WHY I CANNOT HELP  
THE HEROES IN THIS FIGHT.



BUT I ALSO DO NOT HAVE  
TO HOLD BACK WITH THEM.

I CAN SHOW THEM MY TRUE FORM.

# PENITENCE

THE REAPER OF EVIL, UNLEASHED.



BEGONE!



RETURN TO YOUR SLUMBER!



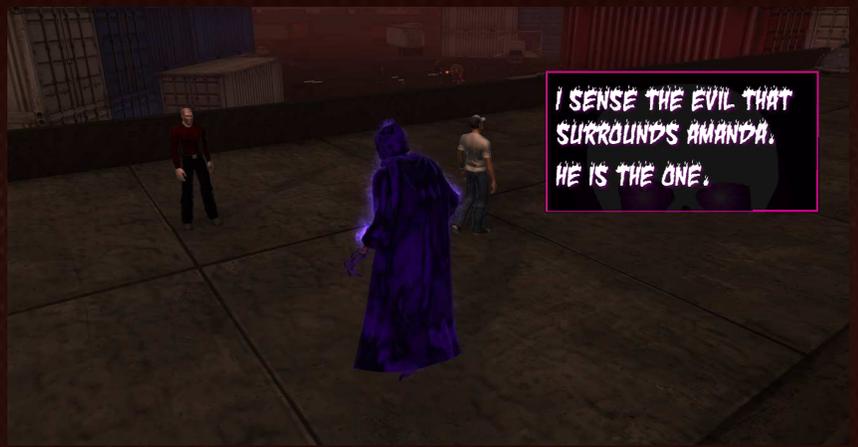
THE DARK STORM: A WHIRLPOOL OF DARKNESS THAT RIPS THE EVIL FROM THEIR BODIES.

AGONIZING FOR THE LIVING.

STILL, EVEN THE DEAD ARE NOT IMMUNE TO IT.



OVER THERE...



I SENSE THE EVIL THAT SURROUNDS AMANDA. HE IS THE ONE.



AUGUST... HAUNT THE WOMAN NO MORE!



AMANDA...

HIS EYES ARE GLASSY. HIS VOICE IS HOLLOW.

HE IS NOT ALIVE.



BEGONE, AUGUST!

WHAT? I HAVE NO POWER OVER AUGUST!



AS PENITENCE, MY POWERS COME FROM THE EVIL IN OTHERS. BUT I SENSE NO EVIL IN THIS UNDEAD FORM TO PULL FROM.

YOU... YOU WERE NOT SUMMONED BY THE BLOOD MOON.

AN INNOCENT SOUL BROUGHT TO LIVING? WHY?



I FORGET MY SURROUNDINGS.

**\*WHACK!\***

A STRAY ROCK HITS MY HEAD.



THE UNDEAD MINIONS ARE STILL HERE.

AND THE BEAST THAT IS PENITENCE IS UNLEASHED.



I SCREAM AT MYSELF TO STOP, BUT PENITENCE WON'T LISTEN. HE FEELS THE NEED TO RIP THE EVIL THAT IS ALL AROUND HIM.



BUT PENITENCE IS NOT A GOD.

EVEN PENITENCE CAN BE OVERWHELMED, AND THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THE UNDEAD FOR HIM TO STOP.



EVEN PENITENCE CAN BE DEFEATED.

DEFEATED. BUT NOT DEAD.

Insert Inside Cover Ad here

Insert Inside Cover Ad here

BACK AT THE PURGATORY LAIR...

COFFINS..  
WHY AM I NOT  
SURPRISED?

HELP US...

HELLO?

HELP US...

FREE US...

IT'S COMING  
FROM... THE  
BOOKS?

AMANDA...

NO!! GO  
AWAY!

LEAVE ME  
ALONE!

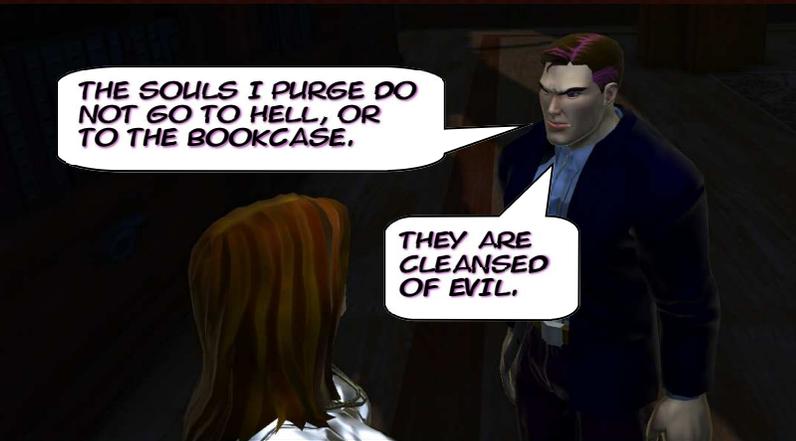
AMANDA!  
IT'S OKAY!  
JUST STEP AWAY  
FROM THE BOOKS!

I'M SORRY! I WAS  
JUST CURIOUS... AND  
I HEARD VOICES...  
AND THE BOOKS... THE  
BOOKS THEY WERE...

TALKING.  
YES, SOME OF THEM DO.  
SOME SOULS ARE TOO  
DANGEROUS TO BE SENT  
TO HELL, SO THEY'RE  
ENTRUSTED TO MY CARE.  
IN THIS ROOM, LOCKED  
AWAY IN THOSE BOOKS,  
THEY CAN NEVER ESCAPE.



IS... IS THAT WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO PUT AUGUST WHEN YOU FIND HIM?



THE SOULS I PURGE DO NOT GO TO HELL, OR TO THE BOOKCASE.

THEY ARE CLEANSED OF EVIL.



I FOUND AUGUST. HE WAS IN THE WESTSIDE DISTRICT AMONG THE OTHER UNDEAD.

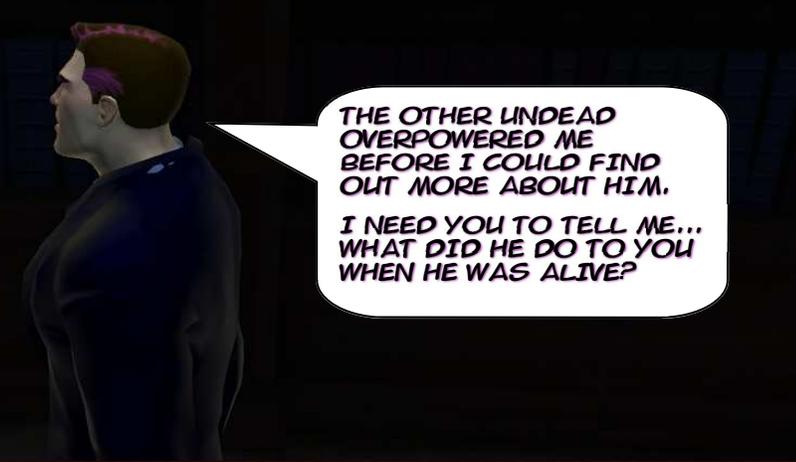


THEN... IT'S DONE. HE'S GONE.

NO. I COULDN'T TOUCH HIM.



BUT... I THOUGHT...



THE OTHER UNDEAD OVERPOWERED ME BEFORE I COULD FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HIM.

I NEED YOU TO TELL ME... WHAT DID HE DO TO YOU WHEN HE WAS ALIVE?



I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! I BARELY KNEW HIM! HE WAS... JUST A FAN IN SOCIAL MEDIA.



THAT'S OKAY... I HAVE A FEW MORE PLACES TO LOOK.

JUST... STAY AWAY FROM THE BOOKS, AND THE CRYPTS.

SHE'S LYING. I KNOW SHE IS. BUT I NEED TO FIND THE TRUTH, AND IT WON'T COME FROM HER.

MILLENNIUM CITY POLICE DEPT.

WESTSIDE PRECINCT

# POLICE

AMANDA WENT TO THE POLICE BEFORE GOING TO THE MAGIC LANTERN BOOKSTORE.



AMANDA ZIGFREE... SHE CAME TO YOU ABOUT A STALKER.

AMANDA... YEAH, THE BOYS HERE IN THE HOUSE HAD A GOOD LAUGH WHEN SHE CAME TO US.

WE THOUGHT.. KARMA'S A YOU-KNOW-WHAT, YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN?.



EXPLAIN.



WELL, YEAH, WELL, YOU KNOW... SHE WAS HERE ABOUT TWO MONTHS AGO. SHE WAS WITH SOME VENTURE CAPITALIST NAMED AUGUST MANTON AND HE SUDDENLY "DISAPPEARED".

WE FIGURE... HEY, RICH SUGAR DADDY AND THE EYE-CANDY MODEL. HE MUST HAVE RUN OUT OF MONEY AND THEN STIFFED HER WITH THE HOTEL BILL.



"MODEL"?

"YEAH. DIDN'T YOU KNOW SHE WAS ONE OF THOSE BIKINI MODELS?"

"WE EVEN HAD HER CALENDAR UP IN THE LOCKER ROOM BEFORE THE CHIEF TOOK IT DOWN."



"SHE SAID THEY WERE SCOUTING LOCATIONS FOR A PHOTOSHOOT... BUT, HEY, WHO REALLY SHOOTS DOWN BY THE DOCKS, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?"





NOT AS INNOCENT...  
AND NOW I KNOW WHY.



THERE! AUGUST.

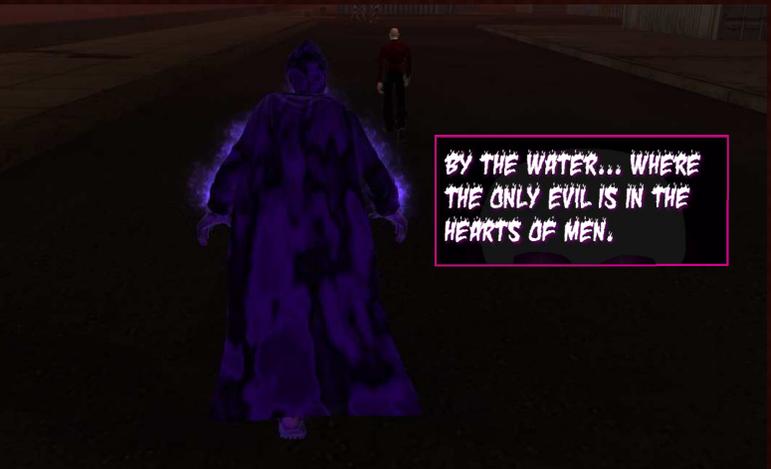
WAITING FOR ME?



AUGUST.  
TALK TO ME.



HE JUST WALKS...  
TOWARDS THE DOCKS.



BY THE WATER... WHERE  
THE ONLY EVIL IS IN THE  
HEARTS OF MEN.



HE STOPS. HERE.



AMANDA...



NOW I KNOW  
THE TRUTH.

AN HOUR LATER...

WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE?  
I THOUGHT YOU SAID EVERYTHING IS OKAY NOW.

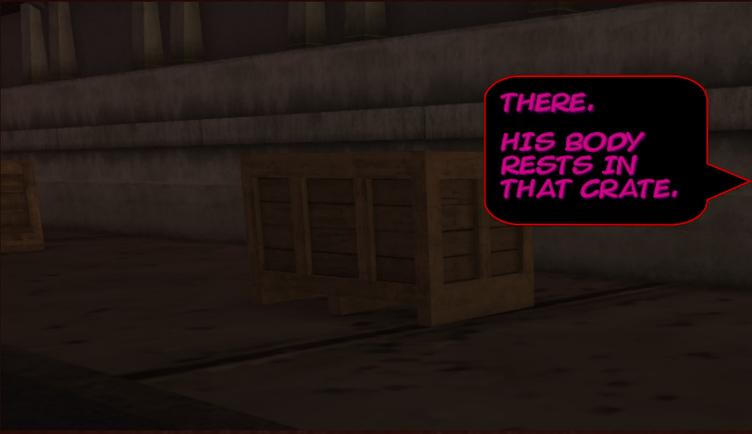
IT IS. YOU WILL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM HURTING YOU.

I MADE A FATAL ASSUMPTION, AMANDA ZIGFREE.  
I THOUGHT THE EVIL TOUCHING YOU WAS FROM AUGUST.

BUT WHEN I ENCOUNTERED HIM, MY POWERS HAD NOT EFFECT ON HIM.  
HE WAS INNOCENT. SOMEONE KILLED HIM.

OH MY GOD...  
HOW...? WHO...?

ALL WILL BE REVEALED IN THERE.  
IN THERE, HE WILL FIND PEACE AND HAUNT YOU NO MORE.



THERE.  
HIS BODY  
RESTS IN  
THAT CRATE.



BUT YOU  
ALREADY  
KNEW THAT,  
DIDN'T YOU?



**\*POP!\***  
**\*POP!\***



**\*POP!\***



BULLETS WITH HOLY WATER  
IN THEM.  
I DIDN'T GO TO THE MAGIC  
BOOKSTORE BECAUSE I WAS  
DESPERATE.  
I WANTED TO KNOW HOW TO  
STOP AN UNDEAD BEING OR  
A GHOST.  
JUST IN CASE YOU DIDN'T  
DO YOUR PART.



ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS  
VANQUISH HIM. SEND HIM TO  
HELL WHERE BELONGED, OR  
WHATEVER IT IS YOU CALL HELL.  
BUT I GUESS YOU WERE JUST  
TOO NOBLE.



DID YOU KNOW I HAVE TWO MASTERS DEGREES IN BUSINESS?

I CAN SPEAK FIVE LANGUAGES AND I'VE BEEN AROUND THE WORLD TWICE.

BUT I WILL ALWAYS BE "MANDY JUNE" TO AUGUST.

THAT FIFTY-SOMETHING LETCH ONLY SAW ME AS HIS EYE-CANDY. A PRODUCT FOR HIS GLAMOUR WEBSITE.

WELL THE ONLY REASON WHY I CAME BACK HERE WAS TO FINALIZE THE SALE OF THAT MEDIA SERVICE. A DEAL THAT WOULD SET ME UP FOR LIFE.



I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE POETIC... AFTER ALL THE EFFORT IT TOOK TO CONVINCE AUGUST TO COME HERE.

THE ARRANGEMENTS I MADE TO THE GANG MEMBERS SO THEY WOULD DO THE DEED FOR ME SO MY HANDS WOULD BE CLEAN.



SO ALL I HAVE TO DO NOW IS PUT A COUPLE OF ROUNDS IN HIS CORPSE AND THAT'S IT. NO MORE GHOST.

AND THEN ALL HIS EYE CANDY MATERIAL IS SOLD AWAY... MINUS MY OWN, OF COURSE.



I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M TELLING YOU ANY OF THIS.

IT'S NOT LIKE YOU CAN DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.



BECAUSE THE DEAD HAVE A WAY OF GETTING THE GUILTY TO CONFESS THEIR SINS.



**\*GASP!\***



**KARAAAAAAHHH!!**



AMANDA ZIGFREE...  
YOU THOUGHT YOU  
COULD SEDUCE ME.  
YOU THOUGHT YOU  
COULD KILL ME.

I AM PENITENCE!  
I CANNOT BE SEDUCED.  
I CANNOT BE KILLED.  
I AM THE REAPER OF EVIL!



NO! OH  
GOD! OH  
GOD SAVE  
ME!

IEEEE!



TASTE YOUR  
OWN EVIL AS IT  
IS RIPPED OUT  
OF YOU.



YOU ORDERED A MAN WHO  
LOVED YOU TO HIS DEATH.  
A MAN WHOSE ONLY CRIME WAS  
TO SEE YOU AS A GODDESS.  
IS LIFE THAT SHALLOW TO YOU?



NO...

THIS IS NOT JUSTICE.



TO PURGE YOU OF YOUR EVIL WOULD BE TOO KIND.



YOU KILLED FOR YOUR "FREEDOM". THAT SHOULD BE YOUR PENANCE.



YOU WILL BE BOUND TO THE LAIR. YOU WILL SERVE HARRON NILE.



YOU WILL HELP HIM TEND TO THE LAIR AND FEED HIS... APPETITES.



NO... I'D RATHER DIE. I'D RATHER GO TO HELL OR WHEREVER YOU SEND ME THAN TO BE ANOTHER MAN'S EYE CANDY. I'D USE EVERY CHANCE I HAVE TO KILL YOU AND ESCAPE. I PROMISE YOU THAT!



FAIR ENOUGH. I KNOW A MUCH BETTER FATE FOR YOU.

MILLENNIUM CITY PRISON

TWO DAYS LATER...

SHE CONFESSED TO EVERYTHING.

SHE SHOWED THE POLICE  
WHERE THE BODY WAS.

SHE FINGERED THE GANG MEMBERS  
SHE HIRED AND TOLD THEM HOW  
SHE PAID THEM.

SHE PROMISED THAT SHE WOULD  
PLEAD GUILTY AND ACCEPT A LIFE  
SENTENCE AND NOT APPEAL IT.

I'M TOLD  
SHE'S  
FOUND  
RELIGION.  
PROBABLY  
GOING FOR  
GOOD  
BEHAVIOR.

SHE WON'T  
LEAVE.

SHE'S AFRAID  
THAT AUGUST  
WILL BE  
WAITING FOR  
HER IF SHE'S  
RELEASED.  
THAT PRISON  
IS HER ONLY  
REFUGE.

SHE'LL NEVER KNOW  
THAT HIS SPIRIT WAS  
RELEASED WHEN HIS  
BODY WAS REVEALED  
AND SHE CONFESSED  
TO HIS MURDER.  
AUGUST MANTON WILL  
NEVER RETURN FOR ANY  
BLOOD MOON EVENT.

BUT SHE'LL  
ALWAYS  
BELIEVE THAT  
HE WILL.  
I ALMOST  
FEEL SORRY  
FOR HER.

MY BOSS... HE HAS FILES ON JUST ABOUT EVERYONE, AND HE LET ME SEE YOURS.

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN THIS WAY FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS.



TIME... IS IMMATERIAL TO ME. I WAS HERE BEFORE THIS CITY EXISTED. I WILL BE HERE AFTER IT IS GONE.

THE BEST YOU AND YOUR BOSS CAN DO IS TO STAY CLEAR OF MY WORK.



I'M SURE SHE MEANS WELL... BUT I AM NOT HERE TO JOIN A TEAM.



THIS CAUSE IS MINE AND MINE ALONE.

EVERY SOUL I PURGE OF EVIL GETS ME CLOSER TO MY OWN REDEMPTION.



ONLY THEN CAN I TRULY REST.

MY NAME IS AARON NILE... BE MINDFUL AROUND ME.



OR SUFFER THE WRATH OF PENITENCE!



END

# "HE WHO CHRONICLES..."

*Words of wisdom from writer and creator David 2.*

---

## **The Life and Death of Aaron Nile**

**From the journal of Horace Longfellow, Cleveland, OH.**

**October 30, 1803.**

*Aaron Nile was a vile and repulsive man.*

*He may have had the face of a gentleman, but he was far from one. Behind those dashing features was a man full of spite and scorn; not only for himself, but also for those that came across his path.*

*A bookstore owner by trade, Aaron fancied himself the master of all sorts of work. He knew all the verses of the Holy Bible and would often argue with the pastor over several passages used for that Sunday's sermon. He would question poetry and prose with the teachers. He would argue with the newspaper publisher over the articles. He would argue ordinances and rules of procedure with the city leaders.*

*Some believed that he just liked to argue, but others believed he loved to make other people look foolish and wrong.*

*Aaron could never be wrong about anything. Even when proven wrong, he would never admit to it. Many a fight would start and end because Aaron Nile could never admit he was wrong, even over the time of the day.*

*It was said that Aaron was married one time, but that his wife died in childbirth. We found this hard to believe as we were convinced that no woman would ever want to bear him a child and have him or her be raised around such wretchedness. Some of us speculated that maybe it was because of this loss that he became who he was.*

*To be certain, Aaron did not act like he wanted to be married again. There was always talk about whom he would seduce, or whom he has seduced. Some were barroom talk and gossip among ladies. But the behind the hushed whispers and guilty glances, many of us believed the talk to be true.*

*Aaron faced death several times in his wretched life. He was challenged to duels to defend the honor of two wives, a minister's wife, and a fiancée. He prevailed each time. With regards to the minister's wife, she later took her own life in shame.*

*And yet, for all his wretchedness, there was some good in him. When the local idiot was hounded by the younger men, Aaron would step up for him and give the youth a good thrashing. He did not tolerate theft by anyone, even in need. He would gladly pay if someone needed food or a shelter for the night.*

*It was remarkable that someone with such kindness can also be shallow and self-serving and cruel to others.*

*His death would finally come, not by age, but by malice. A wayward shove in the path of a passing carriage would end his contradictory life. Nobody would ever admit who it was who shoved him, but there were plenty who were glad to see it happen.*

*I write this of him because I fear nobody else would. His obituary in the local newspaper was simply this:*

*"It is said that we should only speak good of the dead. Aaron Nile is dead. Good."*

*Continues on next page...*

# "HE WHO CHRONICLES..."

Continued from previous page...

## A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR...

Welcome to a new and different publication.

Once upon a time, I had a idea to come up with my own comic book. I have always loved reading comic books, and when I started playing an MMORPG called "City of Heroes", I was surrounded in an online world that felt like a live-action comic book. I was inspired to create characters, some based on my comic book characters, and others purely out of my imagination. Today we refer to it as being an alt-aholic.

But I didn't stop there. Soon I was creating fake comic book covers with my creations, which led to people leaving me comments like "I can't wait to read this! When will it come out?" Well, of course, the answer would be "never". Because they were just fake covers. However, that did inspire me to take it to the next logical step and actually create comics with material from the MMORPG.

I had launched a regular series called "Guardians of the Dawn Spotlight", which would focus on one specific character. It did pretty well and lasted twenty-seven issues before circumstances forced me to leave that MMO. But during that time, I had also created plenty of other characters that were not connected to the series. My alt-aholism was pretty manic then.

So when I was bored, or suffered from writer's block, I created a second infrequent series called "Tales from Paragon City". It only lasted four issues, but it allowed me to feature characters not connected to my regular series.

Well as loyal fans of Battlerock Comics know, my absence from "City of Heroes" led the world of Champions Online, and to another infrequent series called "The Lost Adventures of Galatea Future". It allowed me to continue to create comics with this newer MMO at the time until I could return to "The City".

Sadly, "City of Heroes" ended, and, not long later, Battlerock Comics was launched, with "Future's Guardian" as the new regular/irregular series. We've had some pauses, but now we are trying to keep the stories going on a more infrequent basis.

Unfortunately, there are times when I'm unable to keep the stories going. The dreaded writer's block often rears its ugly head, or there are times when I cannot work on material for that series. The time of the Blood Moon is one such instance. It's hard to do a comic dealing with daylight when you have to wait a whole month before the sun shines again.

But this time my alt-aholism has allowed me to create a character that is almost perfect for this season of total darkness. So what better way to launch a new infrequent series during the time of Halloween than with a creature from your nightmares?

"Battlerock Comics Presents" will do for Champions what "Tales from Paragon City" did for City of Heroes. It would provide a place for characters whose stories haven't been told yet. Some may be connected to the events in "Future's Guardian". Others may be standalone specials.

This will be an infrequent series, which means there will be new issues when time allows for it. There will be further issues of "Future's Guardian" (*as of this publication*), so this series will not be replacing it anytime soon. It's just that every so often there would be a need for a special issue.

So where do we go from here?

Well, there is a certain sword-and-gun vigilante you may have seen in the pages of "Future's Guardian" whose story I'm dying to tell. While it may not feel right to be showcased in "Future's Guardian", it certainly would be perfect for this series. You may have heard of her... Red Sinner.

In the meantime, please keep checking with the Battlerock Comics website and our page on Facebook and our Twitter feed for more news on this and other Battlerock Comics stories.

- *David 2* (aka Battlerock X)

Editor/Publisher/Writer/Creator, Battlerock Comics.

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