

PARROTT · COTTON · ABEL · FREND · MARQUES · CAREY

NEW STORY ARC!



ROCKEY SUN

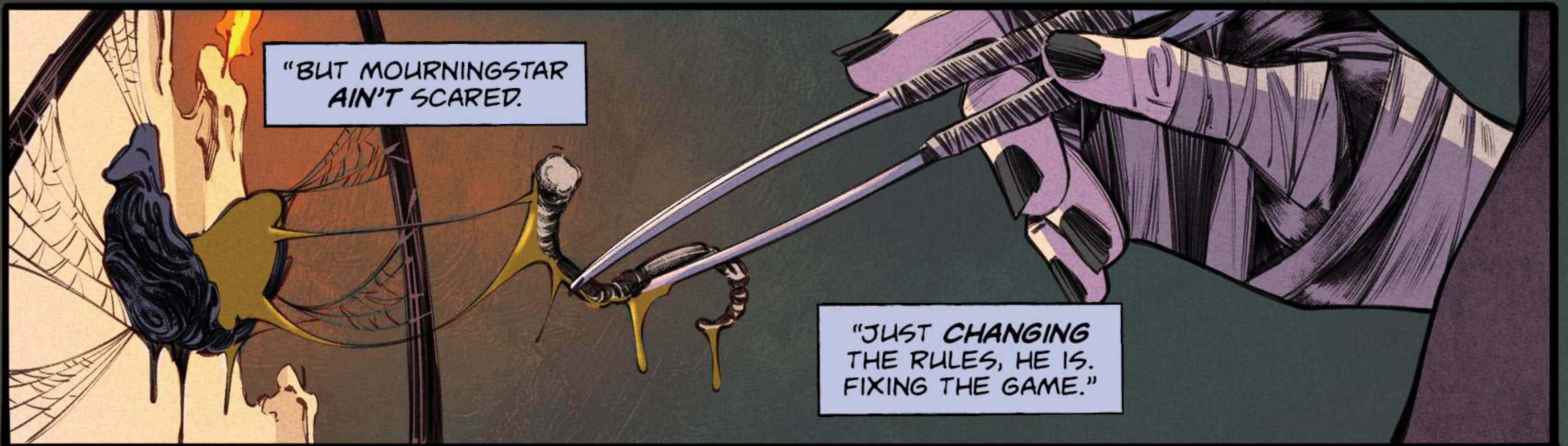




PROLOGUE.

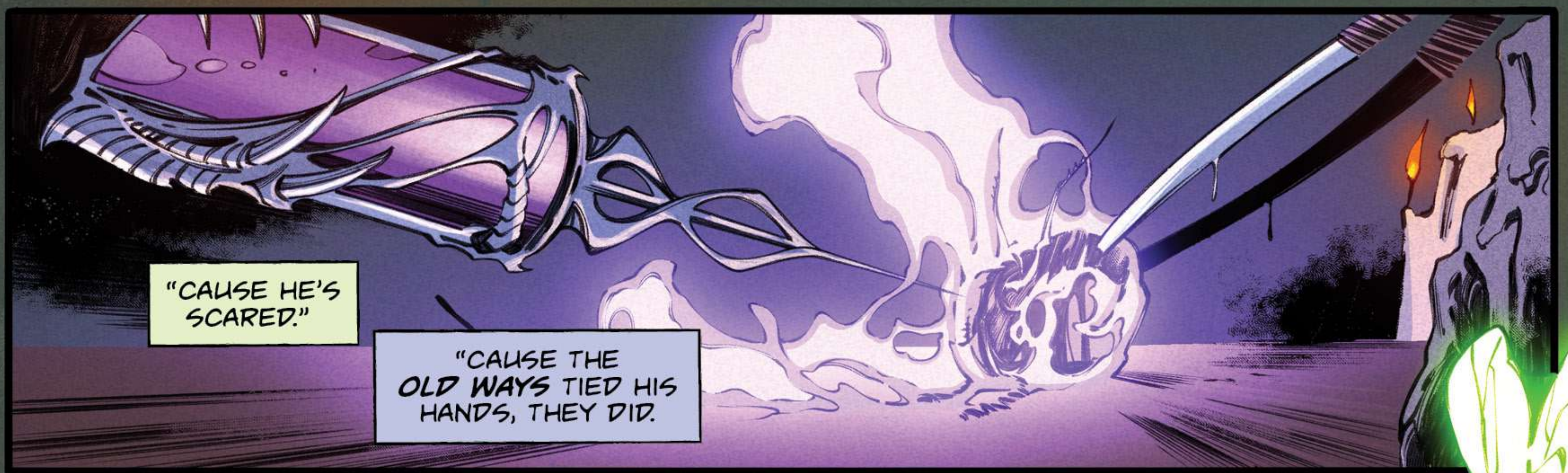
"FOOLISH, THEY
IS. QUESTIONING
THE HOLINESS
OF A GOD."

"PSSH. GODS DON'T
BE GETTING SCARED,
ENTEMIS."



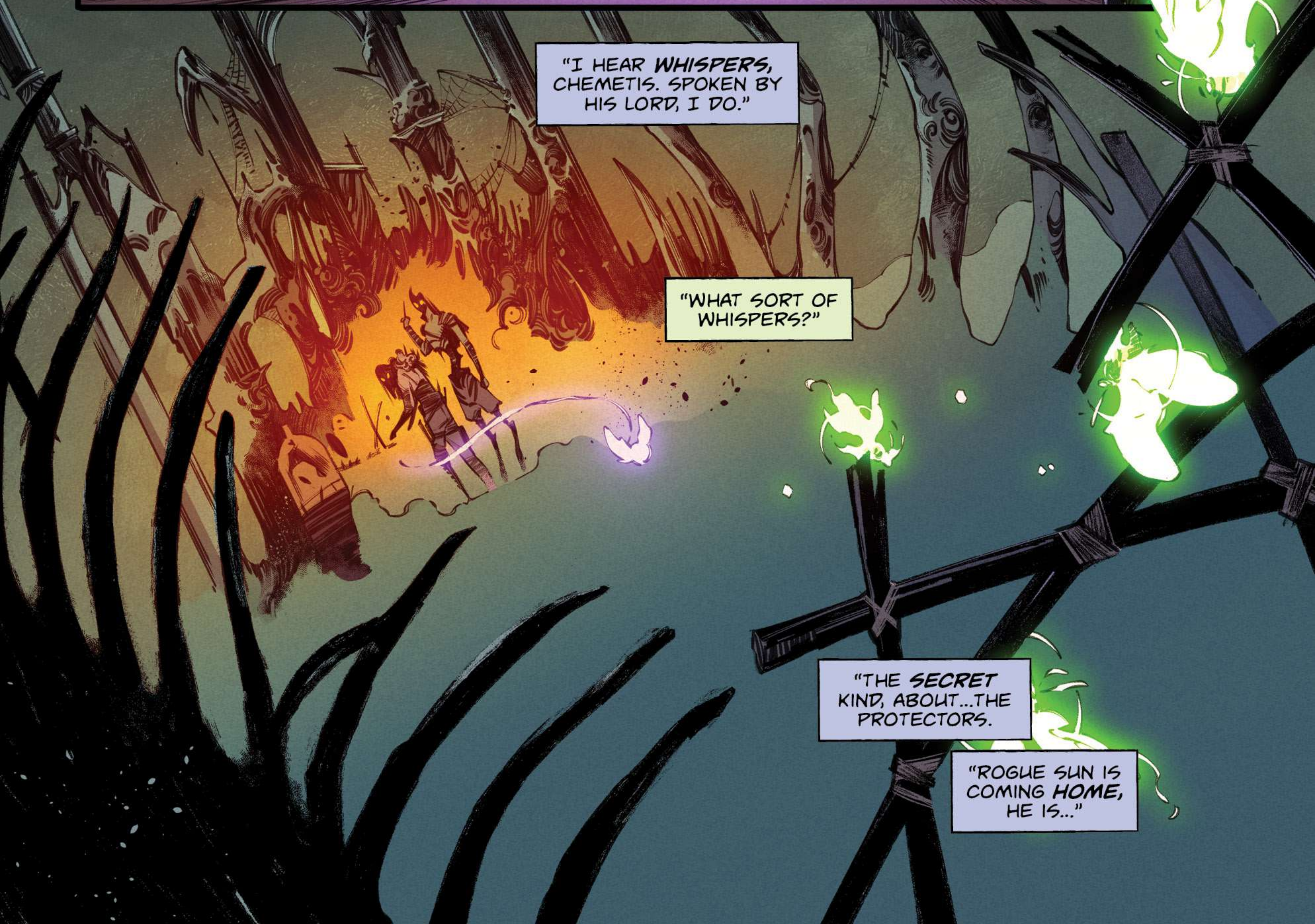
"BUT MOURNINGSTAR
AIN'T SCARED."

"JUST CHANGING
THE RULES, HE IS.
FIXING THE GAME."



"CAUSE HE'S
SCARED."

"CAUSE THE
OLD WAYS TIED HIS
HANDS, THEY DID."



"I HEAR WHISPERS,
CHEMETIS. SPOKEN BY
HIS LORD, I DO."

"WHAT SORT OF
WHISPERS?"

"THE SECRET
KIND, ABOUT...THE
PROTECTORS."

"ROGUE SUN IS
COMING HOME,
HE IS..."

"...AND THIS
IS WHERE HE
WILL DIE."

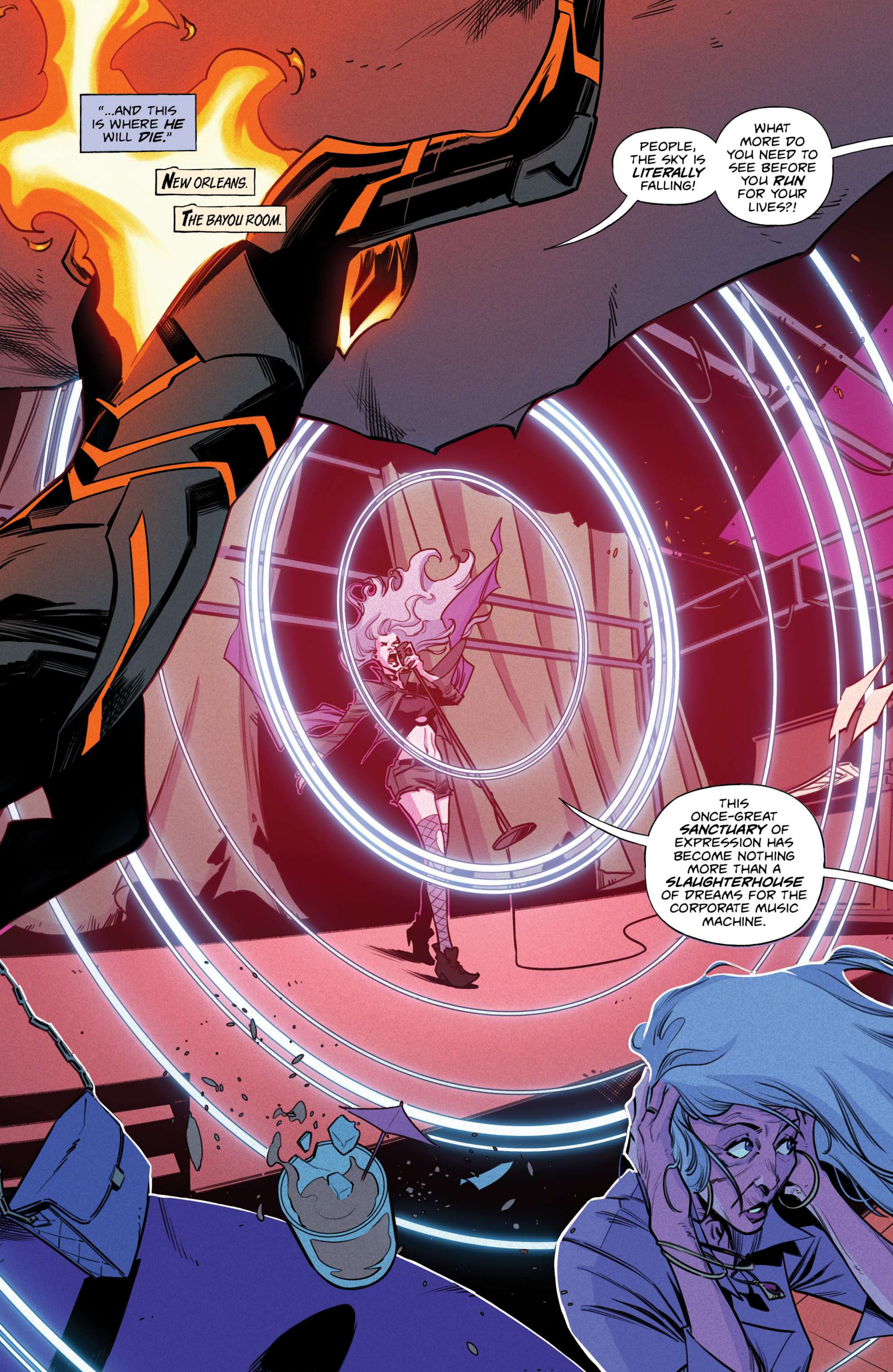
NEW ORLEANS.

THE BAYOU ROOM.

PEOPLE,
THE SKY IS
LITERALLY
FALLING!

WHAT
MORE DO
YOU NEED TO
SEE BEFORE
YOU RUN
FOR YOUR
LIVES?!

THIS
ONCE-GREAT
SANCTUARY OF
EXPRESSION HAS
BECOME NOTHING
MORE THAN A
SLAUGHTERHOUSE
OF DREAMS FOR THE
CORPORATE MUSIC
MACHINE.



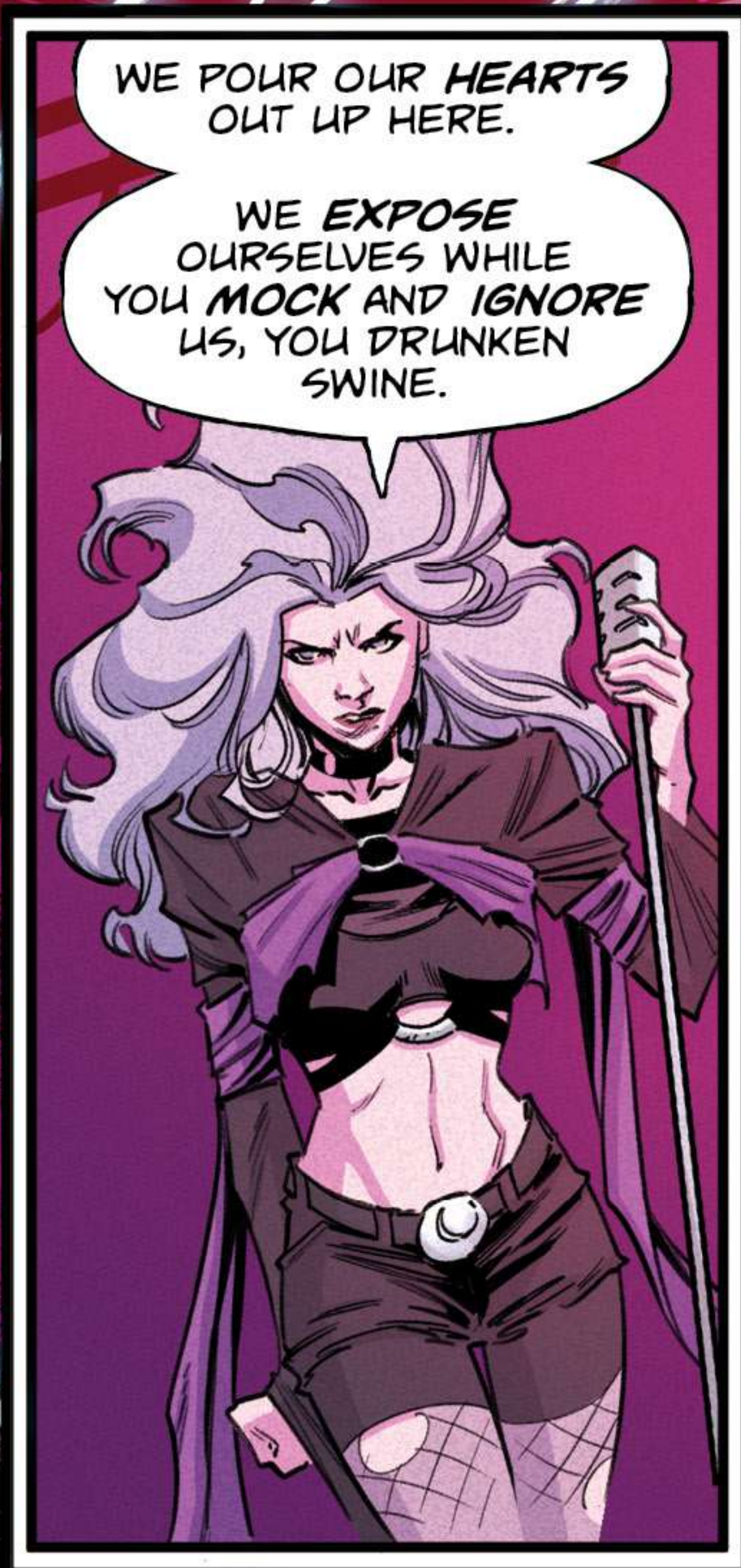
A full-page comic book illustration depicting a chaotic scene inside a restaurant. In the upper right, a superhero figure in a blue and purple suit is suspended in the air, engulfed in flames. A large, round, brown object, possibly a lamp or a piece of furniture, is falling from the ceiling towards them. The restaurant floor is littered with debris, including overturned chairs, broken plates, and spilled liquids. In the foreground, an older man with a grey beard and a light-colored shirt is running towards the viewer with a look of intense shock and fear, his hands raised to his ears. To his right, a man in a dark shirt is also running, looking back over his shoulder. In the lower right, a woman with long red hair is crouching on the floor, looking up in alarm. In the background, other patrons are visible, some running and others looking on in confusion. The scene is lit with dramatic, high-contrast colors, with a strong purple and blue hue. Several speech bubbles are present, indicating a tense and urgent situation.

CAN YOU NOT HEAR ME?

I DON'T THINK THEY CAN HEAR YOU!

I DON'T THINK THEY CAN HEAR ME.

AND TONIGHT WILL BE ITS **FAREWELL** PERFORMANCE!



WE POUR OUR **HEARTS**
OUT UP HERE.

WE **EXPOSE**
OURSELVES WHILE
YOU **MOCK** AND **IGNORE**
US, YOU **DRUNKEN**
SWINE.

I WAS
MEANT TO BE
A STAR.

I
AM **SPECIAL**.
I WAS CREATED
TO SHOW YOU TO
YOURSELF.

I
DESERVE
TO BE...

...WORRRRSHHHHHIIIIIPPPPPPEEEEDDD!!!

AGGHHHHHHH--



WHOA! I
GOTCHA.

I GOTTA
SAY...I MAY BE ON
FIRE, BUT YOU'RE
DEFINITELY THE
HOT ONE.

HI THERE.
I'M ROGUE
SUN.

UM...
HI?



YOUR BROTHER'S
BUSY **HITTING** ON
THE VICTIMS,
SO...

...MAD
MELODY IS ALL
YOURS.

ONE OR
TWO GOOD
PUNCHES
SHOULD--

OR I
COULD **NULLIFY**
HER SCREAM BY
MATCHING THE
FREQUENCY...



...WHICH IS WHY
I BROUGHT THE
FORK OF PYTHIAN
FROM YOUR
OFFICE.

HOPE
THAT'S
OKAY.



31ST ISSUE! A LEGEND CONTINUES!

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STONE!

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ROGUE GUN

