

TWILIGHT GUARDIAN

Twilight Guardian created by Troy Hickman

Dedicated to my dear friend and TG's "mama," the one and only Pam Bliss. - Troy

WRITTEN BY TROY HICKMAN

ART BY REZA

COLORS BY IMAGINARY FRIENDS STUDIOS

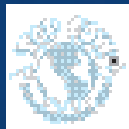
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*I am the Twilight
Guardian.*

*Every night I patrol a nine
block area between Sandusky
Avenue and Aurora Drive.*

*If you belong to the forces
of injustice, don't bring
your evil ways here.*

*Not on my
watch.*

TGIF (Twilight Guardian
Information File):
September 16, 2008

10:00 P.M. I
prepare for
tonight's patrol.



I begin by reading a
chapter from one of
my many books on
criminology. I have to
know the enemy
inside and out.

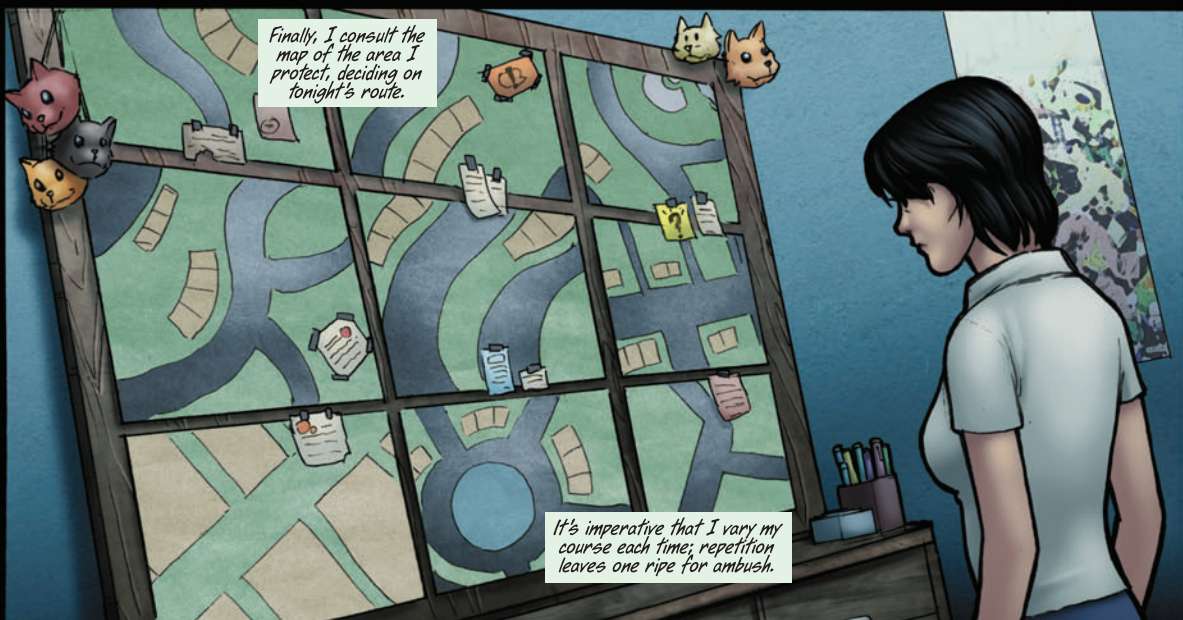


Then I watch an
episode of the
television series
"Quincy" to pick up
forensic pointers.

I've tried watching
"C.S.I." but William
"Q" son's
overegginess
distracts me from
my studies.



Finally, I consult the
map of the area I
protect, deciding on
tonight's route.



It's imperative that I vary my
course each time; repetition
leaves one ripe for ambush.



It's time to get ready. First I make sure I have all my crimefighting equipment.



My roll of quarters. It gives me greater striking power in case of melee combat, and helps prove to the police that I'm not a vagrant.



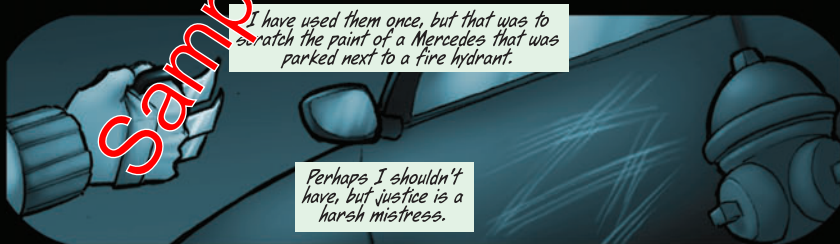
Deer jerky. I used to use mosquito repellent to fend off aggressive dogs, but I've found that throwing them a handful of jerky is more effective...

...and economical, as I dehydrate the meat myself.

My ninja climbing claws. These are a recent addition to my arsenal. Someday they will be a great asset if I ever develop the upper body strength to lift my own weight...



...and if some of the local buildings become more than one story tall.



I have used them once, but that was to scratch the paint of a Mercedes that was parked next to a fire hydrant.

Perhaps I shouldn't have, but justice is a harsh mistress.

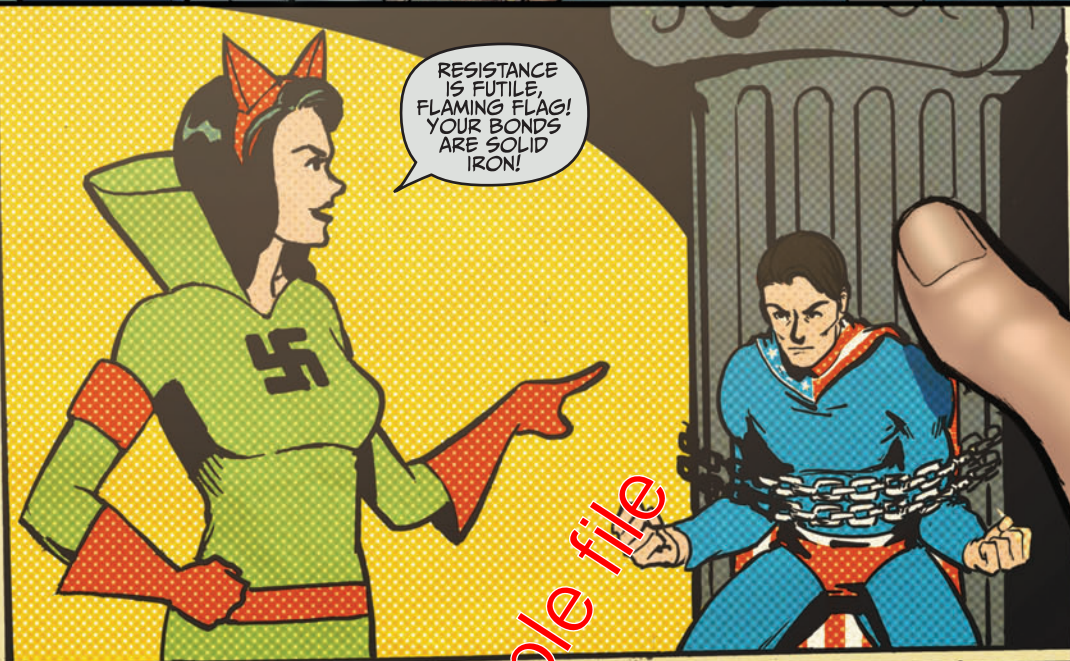


Finally, my comics. I have 22,000 comic books, and each night I read one for inspiration before I go on patrol.

I tend to avoid the newer ones. Though the artwork is nice enough, the heroes don't always win.

Don't the creators care about realism anymore?

Tonight I choose Boffo Comics #23, from April 1943. It's one of my oldest.



11:45. My favorite part of the preparation. I put on my action suit.

First the leotard, for smooth movement, and stealth.

Then the jacket, for protection from the elements.

And finally my trusty mask.

I always feel like I should recite some sort of heroic oath as I finish, but so far all I've been able to come up with is--

TIME TO GO.

I've been thinking about taking some creative writing classes so I can work on it.

Sample file

On the way out, I notice my answering machine is blinking. I hope that it's a tip on a robbery or drug deal...

...but it's just my mother.

SUGAR?
IT'S MOMMA. JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE COMING BY FOR SCRABBLE ON FRIDAY. I'M MAKING RASPBERRY SQUARES.

HEY, YOU KNOW WHO I SAW? JOHN AND HIS LITTLE DONUT SHOP FLOOZY, COMING OUT OF THE WALMART. DID YOU EVER GET YOUR CDs BACK FROM HI--

I turn it off. Justice is calling me.