

MERCENARY™ PIG

BOOK ONE “ORIGIN”

*Created, Written & Illustrated by
Tom Arvis © 2011*



The text is framed by a border of comic book panels. Top left: A character with a speech bubble saying "GOD, I HATE HOW HE SPITS TOBACCO JUICE WHEN HE SHOUTS". Top middle: A character with a speech bubble saying "FEEDING THE HUNGRY." Top right: A character with a speech bubble saying "THE NUCLEAR WASTE HAS CONTAMINATED YOUR WATER-- AND IN TURN YOUR FLESH." Middle left: A character with a speech bubble saying "Days later I awoke to find--". Middle right: A character with a speech bubble saying "I SAID A PIG." Bottom left: A character with a speech bubble saying "THAT'S RIGHT--". Bottom right: A character with a speech bubble saying "R JUST DID T'DO WHUT I SAY!".

Introduction...

Created in the 1992, during the height of the "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" craze and the black and white glut, "Mercenary Pig" popped into my head full-blown, and fully realized, and his adventures immediately began writing themselves, as the best ideas often do.

I plotted the first six issues of this character right off the bat, thumb-nailed 106 pages, and pencilled 74 pages, starting with this 48-page "Origin" presented here for the first time in it's entirety, and in full color, wherein our hero, "Percy the Pig", through a set of bizarre circumstances, comes to be, and battles his first two iconic adversaries, "Cal Poke" and "The Meatcutter", and sets out to destroy the evil conglomerate of pig farms known as "Hoof, Inc.", and it's unscrupulous proprietor, "Horace M. Fatback", his former owner and on-going tormentor.

I then went on to plot such stories as "The Coming of GrilleMaster", wherein Percy is stalked by a "mesquite-crazed, suburban lunatic", "The Puppy Mill", wherein Percy acquires an additional permanent sidekick, "Bob, the Talking Dog", and "Now Comes Minotaur", wherein Percy comes to learn Himmelman wasn't the only mad scientist splicing genes, and Percy is not the only mutant, humanoid livestock-- each of which I plan to eventually publish as graphic novels respectively.

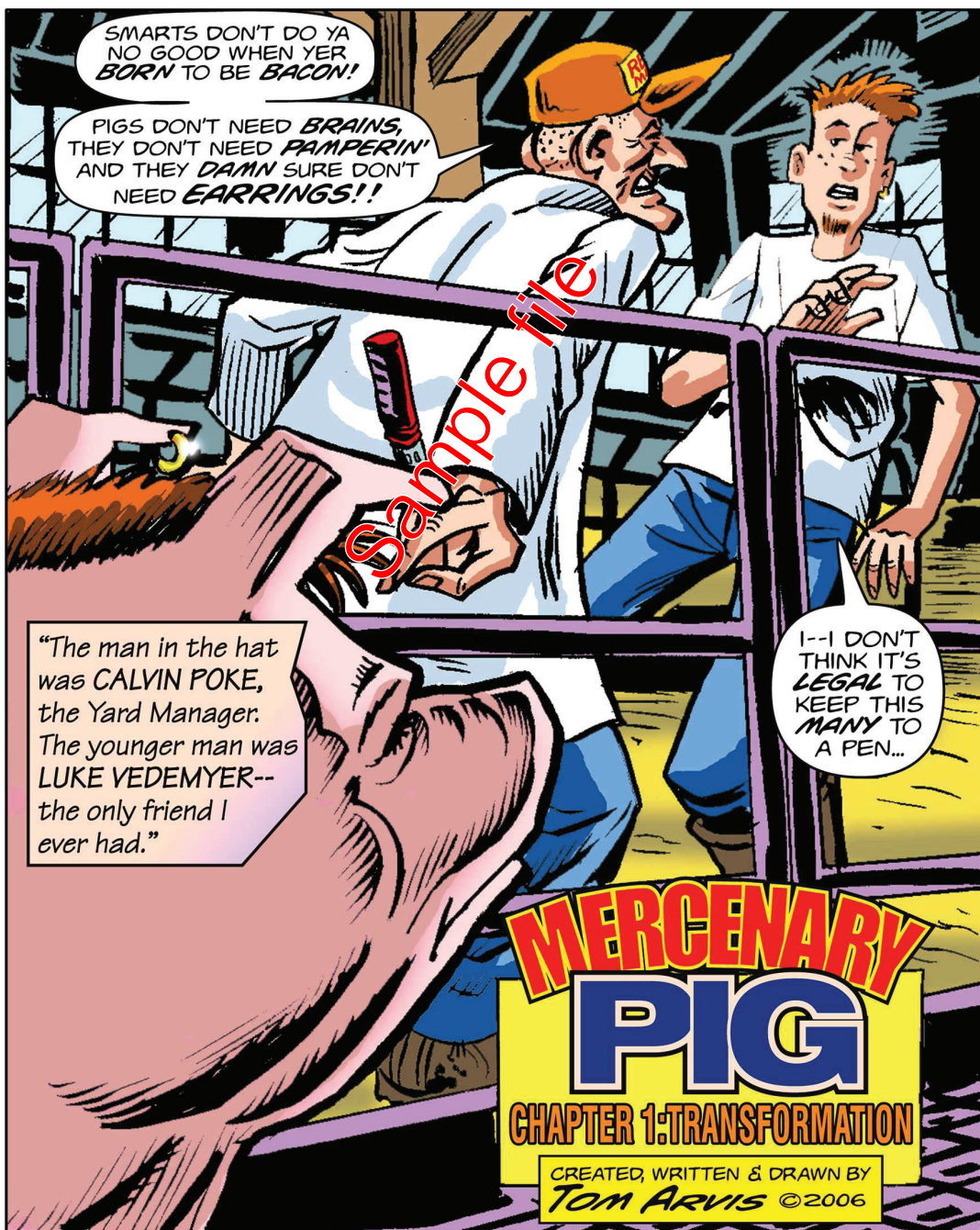
Other than showing xeroxed copies at comic shows, Percy did not see publication until I redrew, re-inked and re-lettered the first 8 pages for the lead featurette in my 2001 black & white, ashcan, anthology comic book, "Adolescent Power Fantasies" #1, followed by 8 more pages in "APF" #2 in 2005, and then 16 pages in "APF" #3 in 2009, all published through my own label, Sureshot Comics, established by me in 1995.

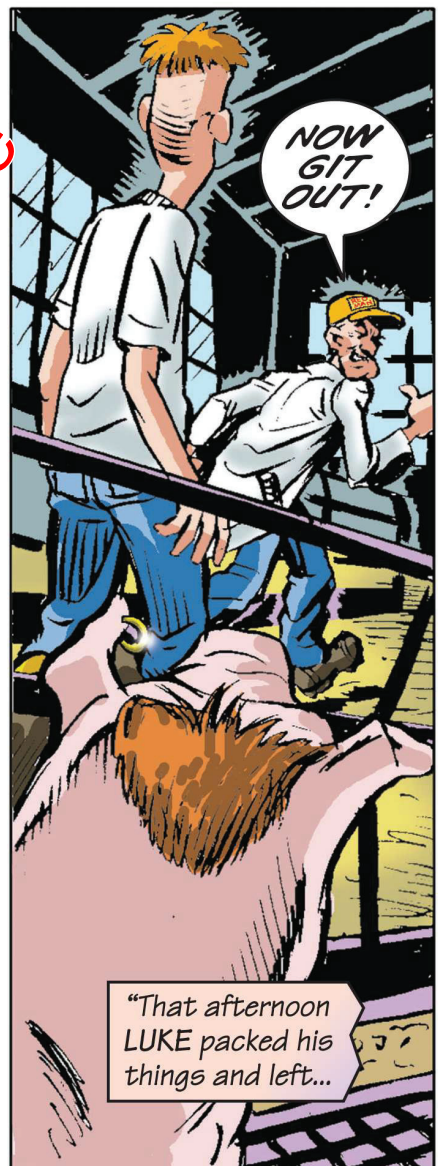
These pages were also colored, and have been posted as a web-comic at www.drunkduck.com starting in 2005, but this compilation is the only place you can view the 16-page conclusion to this spectacular character's astonishing origin -- and if you've never seen the previous incarnations, the whole book will be new to you.

I love this character and I hope and plan to continue creating and publishing his adventures for a long time to come. I also hope you enjoy reading them as much as I enjoy creating them, and if so-- LET ME KNOW! Be vocal, or at least prolific about the things that give you pleasure in life! Write me! You can either e-mail me at arvtoon@verizon.net, or snail mail me the old fashioned way at **Tom Arvis, c/o Sureshot Comics, 11228 Troy Road, Rockville, MD 20852**. Thanks and God Bless! With that, I present to you, "**Mercenary Pig**" **BOOK ONE**...

Tom Arvis

creator, writer, illustrator and publisher







"--but not before leaving the gate to my pen ajar."



"I waited 'til night, when everyone had gone-- and made my way to the door."



"None of my fellow pigs chose to follow me--"

"but I knew with LUKE gone, I had to get out of there."



"Once outside, I burrowed under the fence-- and escaped into the hills beyond the COMPLEX."



"I'd wandered several miles when I came upon another fence--"

"- a fallen tree allowed me easy access to what lied within its perimeters."



"Inside I found row upon row of rusty metal drums..."

"many of which were leaking-- into a pool of some bubbling-yellowish-green mixture."

"Suddenly overcome by hunger, I began to partake of the NUCLEAR SWILL



"and so I ate...

"and ate...

"and ate... until--



GLURK!!



"Days later I awoke to find--



"that not only had I NOT been KILLED by the RADIOACTIVE SLOP--



"but instead had MUTATED into a walking, talking, thinking HUMANOID PIG!

