PREVIEWS

2023 & 2024

Redwood Comics is a Veteran- & AAPI-owned comic book and graphic novel publisher focused on grounded storytelling from well-rounded, award-winning content creators from all mediums.

RISE
Previews of issues 1 & 2
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For Redwood Comics:
Founder & Chief Creative: Edward Coffey

www.redwoodcomics.com

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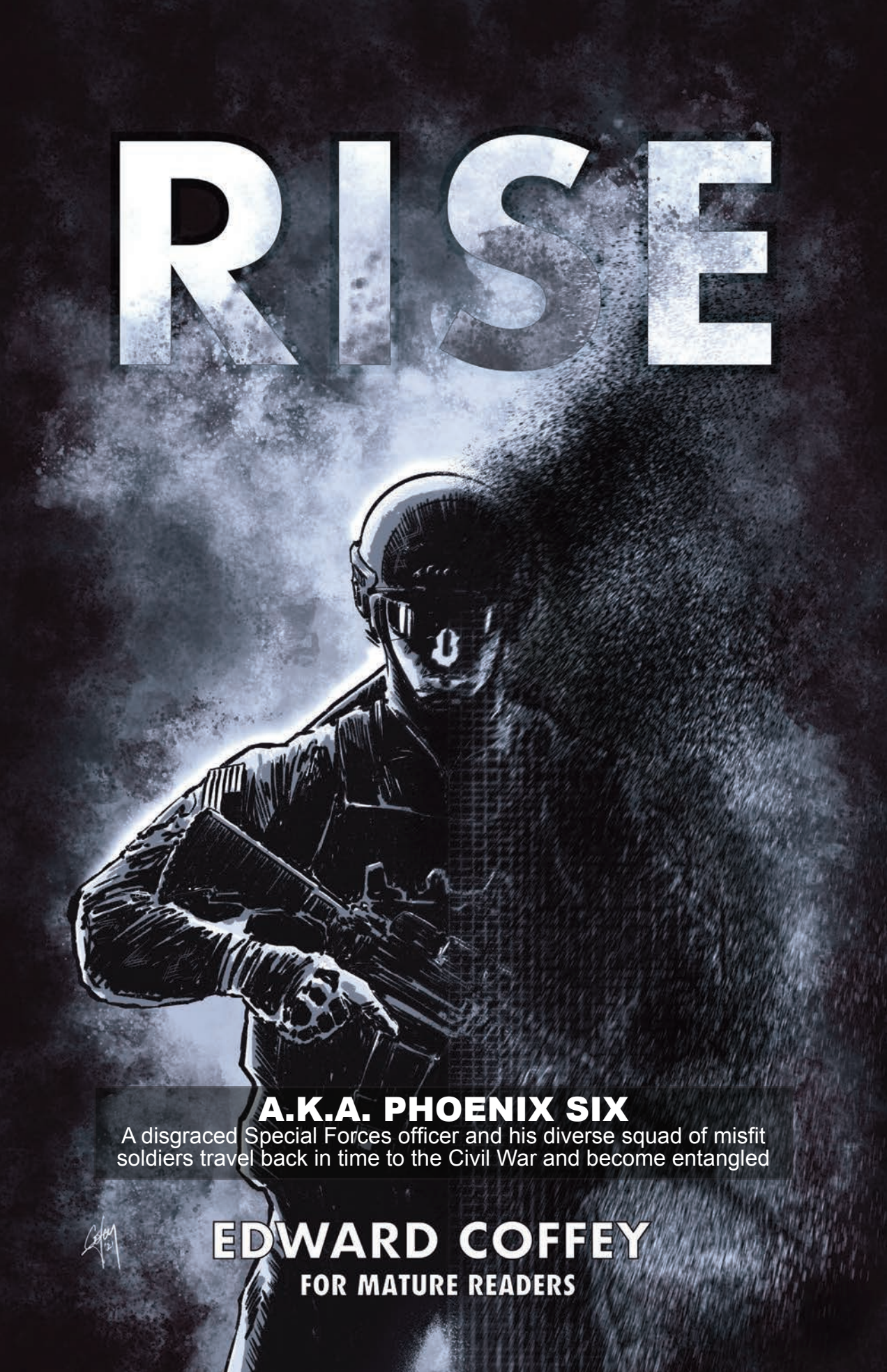

RISE
A.K.A. PHOENIX SIX
A disgraced Special Forces officer and his diverse squad of misfit soldiers travel back in time to the Civil War and become entangled
EDWARD COFFEY
FOR MATURE READERS

SOUTH CAROLINA/GEORGIA BORDER — APRIL 3, 1864
A RICKETY WAGON LEADS A CARAVAN OF BLACK UNION SOLDIERS CAPTURED AT THE BATTLE OF PLYMOUTH IN NORTH CAROLINA WEEKS EARLIER. THEY TRAVERSE THE DENSE APPALACHIAN BRUSH AT THE BASE OF BLOOD MOUNTAIN.
SEATED IN THE WAGON, BRYAN AND ALAN CERNIGLIA, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE CERNIGLIA TWINS. THEY'RE NOTORIOUS FOR CAPTURING FORMERLY ENSLAVED PEOPLE AND FREEMEN IN THE NORTH AS PART OF THE REVERSE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.
IF REVERSE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD SOUNDS NEFARIOUS, YOU'RE RIGHT. MEMBERS OF THE UNORGANIZED MOVEMENT WORKED IN COORDINATED HUMAN TRAFFICKING, SELLING THOSE OTHERWISE FREE IN THE NORTH INTO SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH.
THE KIND MIDWESTERN DEMEANOR OF THE CERNIGLIA TWINS WARMLY WELCOMES THE UNKNOWING INTO A TRAP. THEY KIDNAPPED AND SOLD HUNDREDS OF ENSLAVED PEOPLE, SEPARATING FAMILIES, KIDNAPPING WOMEN AND CHILDREN. FOR THE CERNIGLIA TWINS, THIS IS SPORT.
TONIGHT'S TRANSPORT: THE SPOILS OF WAR.
QUIT FIDDLIN' WITH THE LOCK.
IT'S KINDA CRACKED...YOU CAN ALMOST SEE INSIDE.
WE'RE NOT TO LOOK INSIDE THE CRATE.
HOW WOULD THEY KNOW WE LOOKED INSIDE THE CRATE?
DOESN'T MATTER. WHAT MATTERS IS WE DELIVER THE CARGO AND DO NOT LOOK IN THE CRATE.
AREN'T YOU THE LEAST BIT CURIOUS AS TO WHY THEY SPECIFICALLY SAID, "DON'T LOOK IN THE CRATE"?

"I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT THE GOOD OL' BOY THEY'RE MAKING RIDE WITH US."
BOY, I TELL YA, YOU NEED TO PICK IT UP...
...OR I'LL SHOOT YOU DEAD MY DAMN SELF.

C'MON, GODDAMMIT, PICK IT UP!

WE'VE GOTTA SLOW DOWN OR HE'S GONNA TRIP US ALL.
WE CAN'T SLOW DOWN. THE WAGON'S MOVING TOO FAST--

GASP!

THIS ONE-LEGGED NIGGER'S SLOWIN' US DOWN!
CAN'T WE JUST SHOOT HIM?

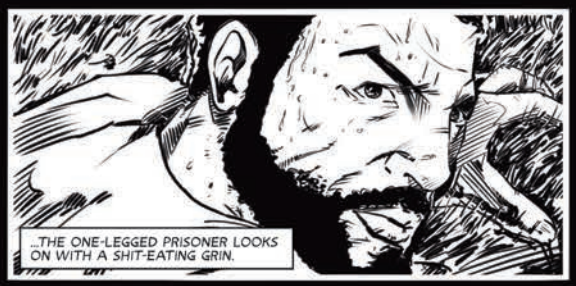
WE CAN'T SHOOT HIM. ONE-LEGGED NIGGER'S WORTH MORE THAN THE REST OF THEM.
THEN WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT THEM AND PUT HIM IN THE BACK?!
HE'S GOT A POINT. WE NEED TO PICK UP THE PACE IF WE WANT TO MAKE IT TO SAVANNAH BEFORE THE MORNING..

ALL RIGHT. LINE 'EM UP!

CRUNCH SNAP CRACK CRUNCH CRACK SNAP CRUNCH SNAP CRACK CRUNCH
WHO GOES THERE?
IT SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE ALL AROUND US...
COME OUT NOW! SHOW YOURSELVES--

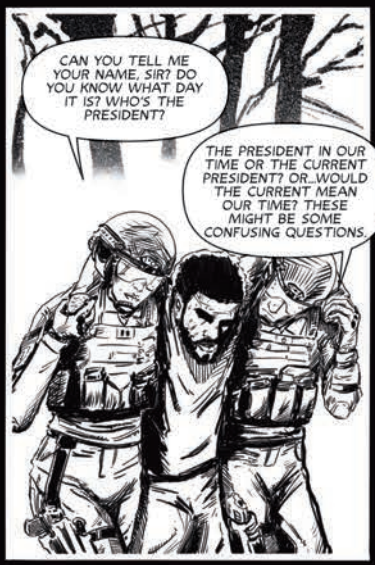
THAP THAP THAP THAP THAP
NEIGH!
THE HORSE BUCKS THE RIDER AND FLEES BETWEEN THE TREES.

THE CERNIGLIA TWINS ATTEMPT TO FLEE IN THE HORSE'S DIRECTION, BUT THEY'RE TOO SLOW.
THAP THAP THAP THAP THAP
WHILE THE UNION SOLDIERS COVER THEIR HEADS, UNABLE TO GET TO COVER...

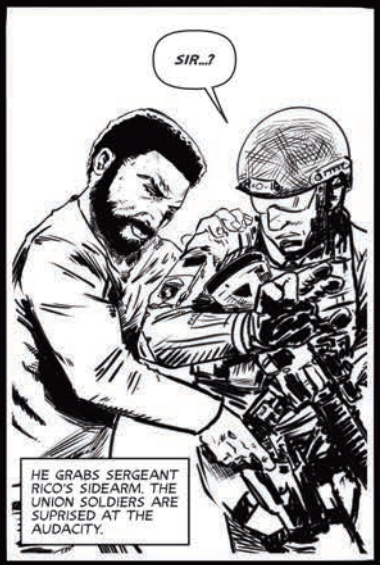

...THE ONE-LEGGED PRISONER LOOKS ON WITH A SHIT-EATING GRIN.

CLEAR?
CLEAR.

A.M.A.R.A.: RUN TRIAGE.
IDENTITY: LT. COL. CONWAY, THOMAS. RUNNING TRIAGE SCAN...
...DRY LIPS, DRY SKIN, DELIRIUM...LT. COL. CONWAY IS SUFFERING FROM DEHYDRATION AND EXHAUSTION.
HELP ME GET HIM UP, SGT. RICO.


CAN YOU TELL ME YOUR NAME, SIR? DO YOU KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS? WHO'S THE PRESIDENT?
THE PRESIDENT IN OUR TIME OR THE CURRENT PRESIDENT? OR...WOULD THE CURRENT MEAN OUR TIME? THESE MIGHT BE SOME CONFUSING QUESTIONS.

MOVEMENT GRABS THOMAS'S ATTENTION...


SIR...?
HE GRABS SERGEANT RICO'S SIDEARM. THE UNION SOLDIERS ARE SURPRISED AT THE AUDACITY.

GASP-CHOKE-GARGLE.

SHIT...SHIT...SHIT...

SHIIIT!!

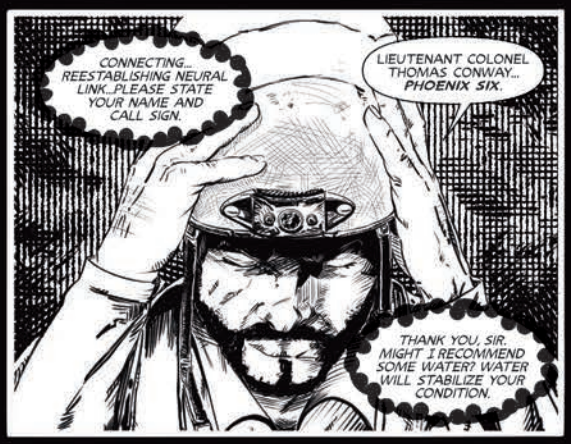
W-WAIT. PLEASE. W-WE CAN SPLIT THE MONEY, OKAY? I-I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR FREEDOM...
PLEASE...DON'T DO THIS. I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT. PLEASE--

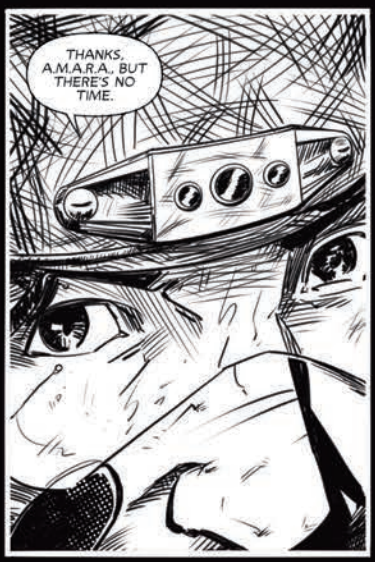
BLAM

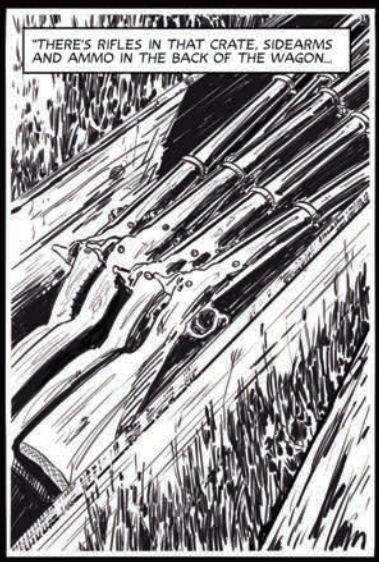
THOMAS SEARCHES FOR HIS UNIFORM, RIFLE, ARMOR...
"ARE YOU WITH US, SIR...?"
...AND THE MOST IMPORTANT PIECE OF HARDWARE...

...THE PROSTHETIC HIS CAPTORS REMOVED FROM HIM.
IT WASN'T FOR FEAR THE TECHNOLOGY WOULD END UP IN THE HANDS OF THOSE WHO WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND OR WOULD WANT TO REPLICATE...

...IT WAS PURE CRUELTY.
"ARE YOU WITH US--"
CAPTAIN REISER. RE-LINK MY TRANSPONDER.
"YES, SIR."


CONNECTING... REESTABLISHING NEURAL LINK...PLEASE STATE YOUR NAME AND CALL SIGN.
LIEUTENANT COLONEL THOMAS CONWAY... PHOENIX SIX.
THANK YOU, SIR. MIGHT I RECOMMEND SOME WATER? WATER WILL STABILIZE YOUR CONDITION.

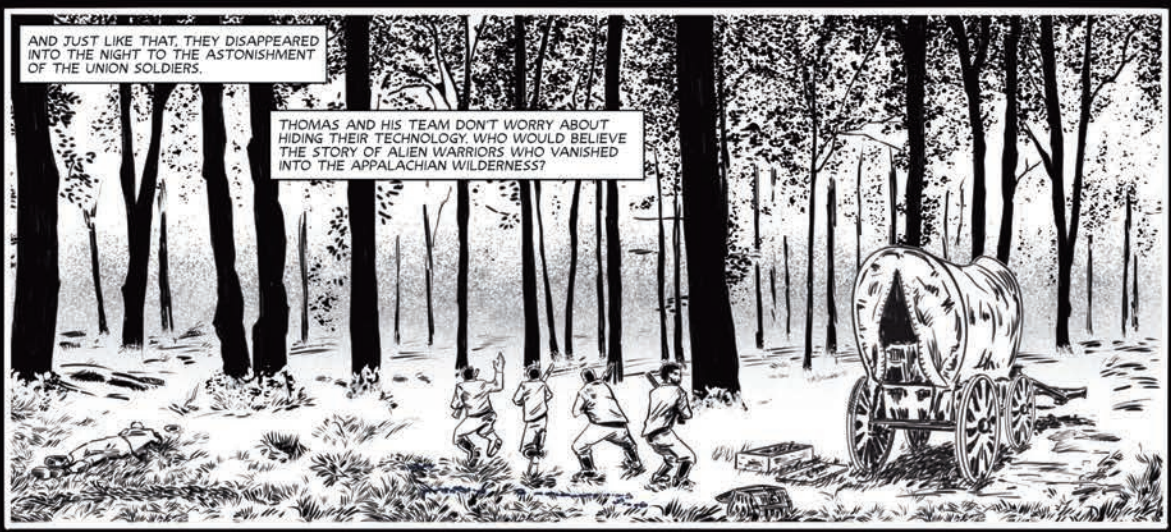

THANKS, A.M.A.R.A., BUT THERE'S NO TIME.


"THERE'S RIFLES IN THAT CRATE, SIDEARMS AND AMMO IN THE BACK OF THE WAGON...

"...LOAD UP AND CARRY EXTRA AMMO. IT'S POSSIBLE UNITS OVERHEARD THE SKIRMISH."

FOLLOW THE SAME TRAIL WE JUST TRAVELED.
YOU WON'T SEE US...
CONWAY

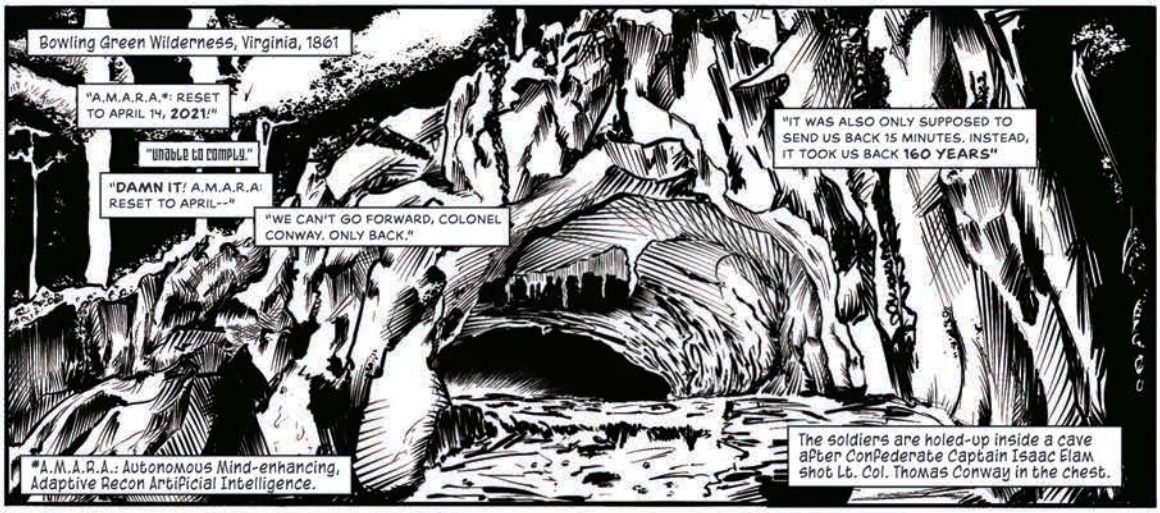
A.M.A.R.A.: CLOAK.
...BUT WE'LL SEE YOU. MOVE OUT.


AND JUST LIKE THAT, THEY DISAPPEARED INTO THE NIGHT TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE UNION SOLDIERS.
THOMAS AND HIS TEAM DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIDING THEIR TECHNOLOGY. WHO WOULD BELIEVE THE STORY OF ALIEN WARRIORS WHO VANISHED INTO THE APPALACHIAN WILDERNESS?

RISE

EDWARD COFFEY

FOR MATURE READERS


Bowling Green Wilderness, Virginia, 1861
"A.M.A.R.A.*: RESET TO APRIL 14, 2021!"
"unable to comply."
"DAMN IT! A.M.A.R.A: RESET TO APRIL--"
"WE CAN'T GO FORWARD, COLONEL CONWAY. ONLY BACK."
"IT WAS ALSO ONLY SUPPOSED TO SEND US BACK 15 MINUTES. INSTEAD, IT TOOK US BACK 160 YEARS"
*A.M.A.R.A.: Autonomous Mind-enhancing, Adaptive Recon Artificial Intelligence.
The soldiers are holed-up inside a cave after Confederate Captain Isaac Elam shot Lt. Col. Thomas Conway in the chest.

UNHAND ME! HOW'RE YOU STILL ALIVE, BOY!
BOY?! YOU WANT ME TO GAG HIM, SIR--

AHHHHH
IT COULD BE THE KID, SIR?
YOU SAID WE AREN'T SUPPOSED TO CHANGE SHIT, COLONEL.
WHAT IF IT'S THE KID?!
WE DON'T KNOW THAT--
ENOUGH. WE OBSERVE AND ASSESS.

ALL RIGHT... BUT IF SHIT HITS THE FAN, IT'S YOUR FAULT.

LUNSFORD, YOU'RE ON CAPTAIN CONFEDERATE.
YES, SIR.

EVERYONE ELSE, ON ME. THAT INCLUDES YOU, SERGEANT WALLACE.

Just a few klicks away, Runaway Slave Police harass ConFederate Lt. Marshall WestField and two enslaved people, Doris and Jacob Bale.
...ONE'A Y'ALL, ALL'A Y'ALL... SOMEONE HERE'S LYIN'.
NOW, WE HEARD SOMEONE WAS RUNNIN' NIGGAS NORTH THROUGH THIS AREA...
...AND HERE IT IS WE COME ACROSS YOU ESCORTIN' SOMEONE'S PROPERTY.
TALK ABOUT A COINCIDENCE.
SO LET ME ASK YOU AGAIN: WHAT IS YOU DOIN' WITH THESE HERE NIGGAS WHEN THERE'S A CURFEW?
I DONE TOLD YA! THEY'RE THE PROPERTY OF MISTA BALE! I WAS TAKIN' 'EM BACK TO THEY PLANTATION--
TAKIN' 'EM BACK TO THEY PLANTATION--HA! WHEN I SPOTTED YOU, YOU WAS HEADIN' NORTH...
MISTA BALE'S PLANTATION WEST...THE OTHA WAY.
"TSK, TSK...BOY, I HOPE WE AIN'T GOT US A TRAITOR IN OUR MIDSTS."

Patrick nervously stares at the thick branch overhead. He's nervous. Nervous because he's not like these men...not like his Father Hubert. He doesn't have it in him to hang a person regardless of their color or status. But Patrick fears his Father's wrath more than the wrath of God, so he begrudgingly tosses the rope, hoping God will strike the branch...
...missing...
...every...
...single...
...time--
GIMME THAT GODDAMN ROPE!
CAIN'T DO SHIT RIGHT.
Thomas and the soldiers approach the grove where the scream originated...
...Aghast at what they find.

Y'ALL MIGHT BE LOST, BUT WHAT I BELIEVE IS...
...IS YOU'S THE ONE WE'RE ALL OUT HERE LOOKING' FOR.
A REPUBLICAN SPY IN CONFEDERATE GRAYS...I RECKON YOU AIN'T GON' TALK EASILY...
"I RECKON YOU'S GON' NEED SOME EXTRA ENCOURAGIN' TO GET YOU TO SPEAK."
P-PLEASE... HE'S JUST A CHILD...
"OR MAYBE YOU AIN'T THE SPY RUNNIN' NIGGAS NORTH AND YOU DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO THIS HERE PRIVATE PROPERTY..."
...EITHER WAY...
...WE GON' SEE JUST WHERE YOUR LOYALTIES LIE, BOY.

I TOLD YOU...
...I'M A LIEUTENANT IN THE 5TH VIRGINIA--
POW
PLEASE... LET US GO. JUST LET US GO.
HOLD ON... HOLD ON ONE COTTON-PICKIN' SECOND...
Hubert takes a good long look at Jacob's green eyes and light skin and realizes--
HAHAHA! THIS YOUR BOY? THIS LITTLE ABOMINATION YOUR BOY?!
...HEHE...PROB'LY NOT. LIKELY MISTA BALE'S BOY, FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD OF HIS TASTES...HEHEHE.
The anger festers among the modern soldiers. As horrific a sight they're witness to, they know the potential harm to their timeline if they become involved...
...So they watch...

...They watch as Hubert pulls the rope closer...

...and slips the noose over Jacob's head...

...They watch as he tightens the rope around Jacob's neck...

...They watch as Patrick pulls the slack from the rope...

...and force Doris to watch...

...as Jacob accepts his fate--

ALL RIGHT, GODDAMNIT! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU WANT!
JUST...JUST REMOVE THE ROPE...I-I'M A SPY, ALL RIGHT... PLEASE...

"HEHEHE...SON, I KNOW. I WAS GON' KILL Y'ALL REGARDLESS."

"PULL!"
NO...

Thomas raises his rifle and emerges from cover, ready to put a stop to the lynching...
...Consequences be damned.

DROP THE ROPE! DROP THE FUCKIN' ROPE! PUT IT DOWN!
SHITFIRE...

Randall quietly goes for his pistol--
RUNAWAY SLAVE PATROL

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.

Hubert drops the lamp to create a distraction.
BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG
THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP-THAP
DROP THE ROPE!
THAP
OOF...

The pistol in Hubert's hand weighs a ton but not as heavy as the sight of his dead son.
P-PATRICK...? GET UP, BOY. C'MON. YOU AIN'T DEAD... -SNIFF-

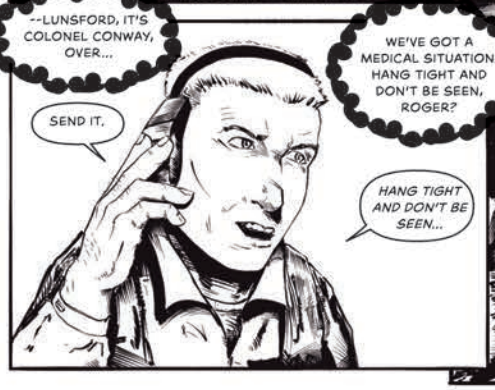
Melody cuts Marshall and Doris loose, and they rush to Jacob's aide.

I-I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT IF YOU WERE GOING TO KILL US, YOU'D HAVE DONE IT BY NOW...
CAN YOU HELP US...?

Sgt. Rico uses A.M.A.R.A. to run a triage scan...
COLLAPSED TRACHEA. IT'S NOT GOOD, SIR.

Back at the cave...
C'MON...
Isaac stares incredulously at Lunsford's iPhone, curious as to who or what he's talking to.

CAN I HELP YOU?
WHAT IS THAT CONTRAPTION?

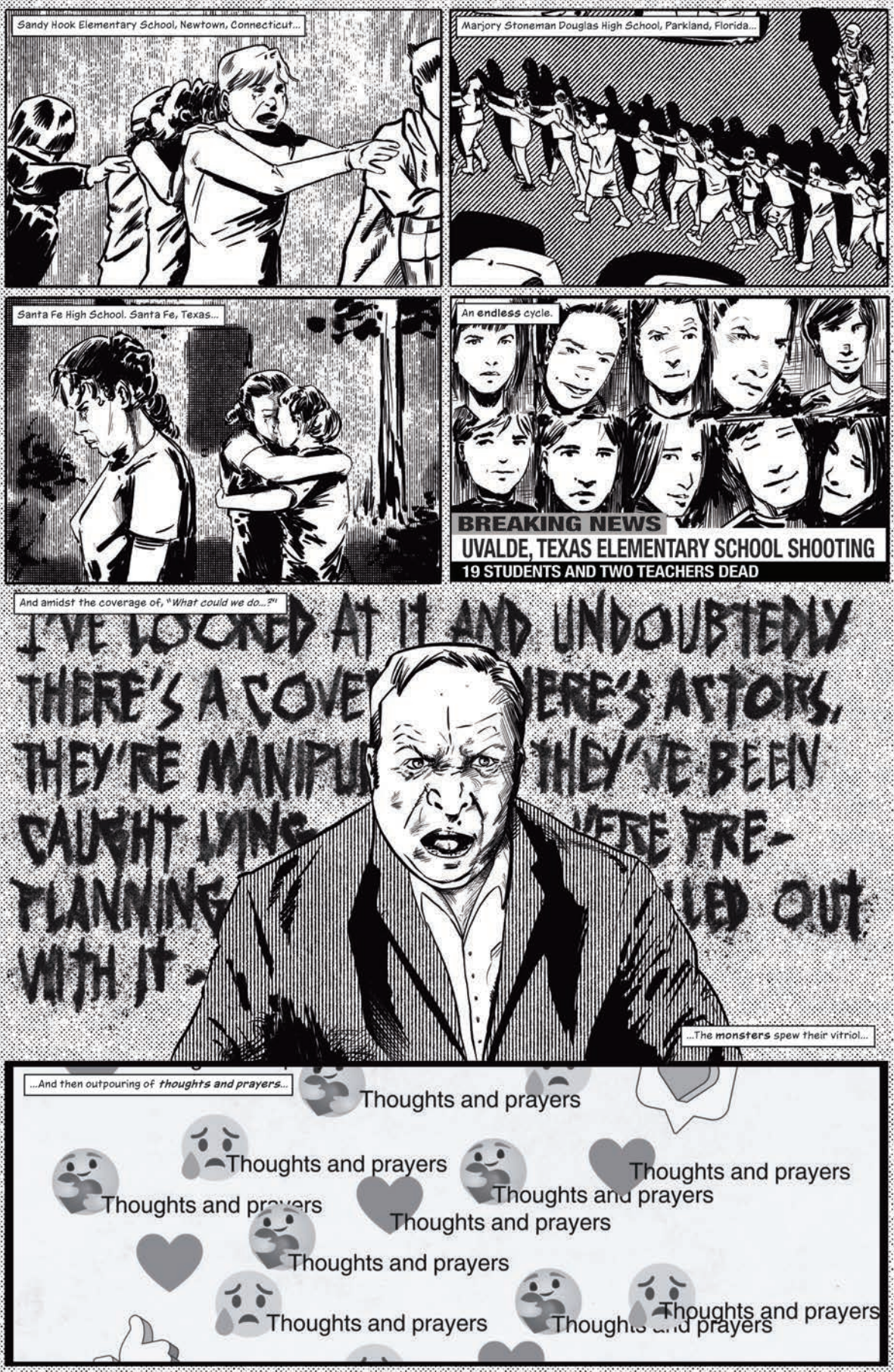

--LUNSFORD, IT'S COLONEL CONWAY, OVER...
SEND IT.
WE'VE GOT A MEDICAL SITUATION. HANG TIGHT AND DON'T BE SEEN, ROGER?
HANG TIGHT AND DON'T BE SEEN...

"ROGER THAT, SIR."
ALL RIGHT, BOYS. NO ONE COMES OUT ALIVE.
To be continued...

FALSE FLAG

A single father mourns the loss of his son in the aftermath of a mass shooting, when conspiracy theorists converge on his small town demanding proof the tragedy occurred.

It's an all-too common occurrence in the U.S. Another mass shooting. Daniel Smith lived a life of seclusion in a rural Michigan town when his son is killed by a mass shooter. As Daniel comes to grips with the tragedy, he wants to mourn quietly and in his own way. How do you grieve when you're haunted by ghosts… and hunted by monsters?


Sandy Hook Elementary School, Newtown, Connecticut...
Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School, Parkland, Florida...
Santa Fe High School. Santa Fe, Texas...
An endless cycle.
BREAKING NEWS
UVALDE, TEXAS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL SHOOTING
19 STUDENTS AND TWO TEACHERS DEAD
And amidst the coverage of, "What could we do...?"
I'VE LOOKED AT IT AND UNDOUBTEDLY
THERE'S A COVE ERE'S ACTORS,
THEY'RE MANIPU THEY'VE BEEN
CAUGHT LYING ERE PRE-
PLANNING LED OUT
WITH IT
...The monsters spew their vitriol...
...And then outpouring of thoughts and prayers...
Thoughts and prayers
Thoughts and prayers
Thoughts and prayers
Thoughts and prayers
Thoughts and prayers
Thoughts and prayers
Thoughts and prayers
Thoughts and prayers
Thoughts and prayers

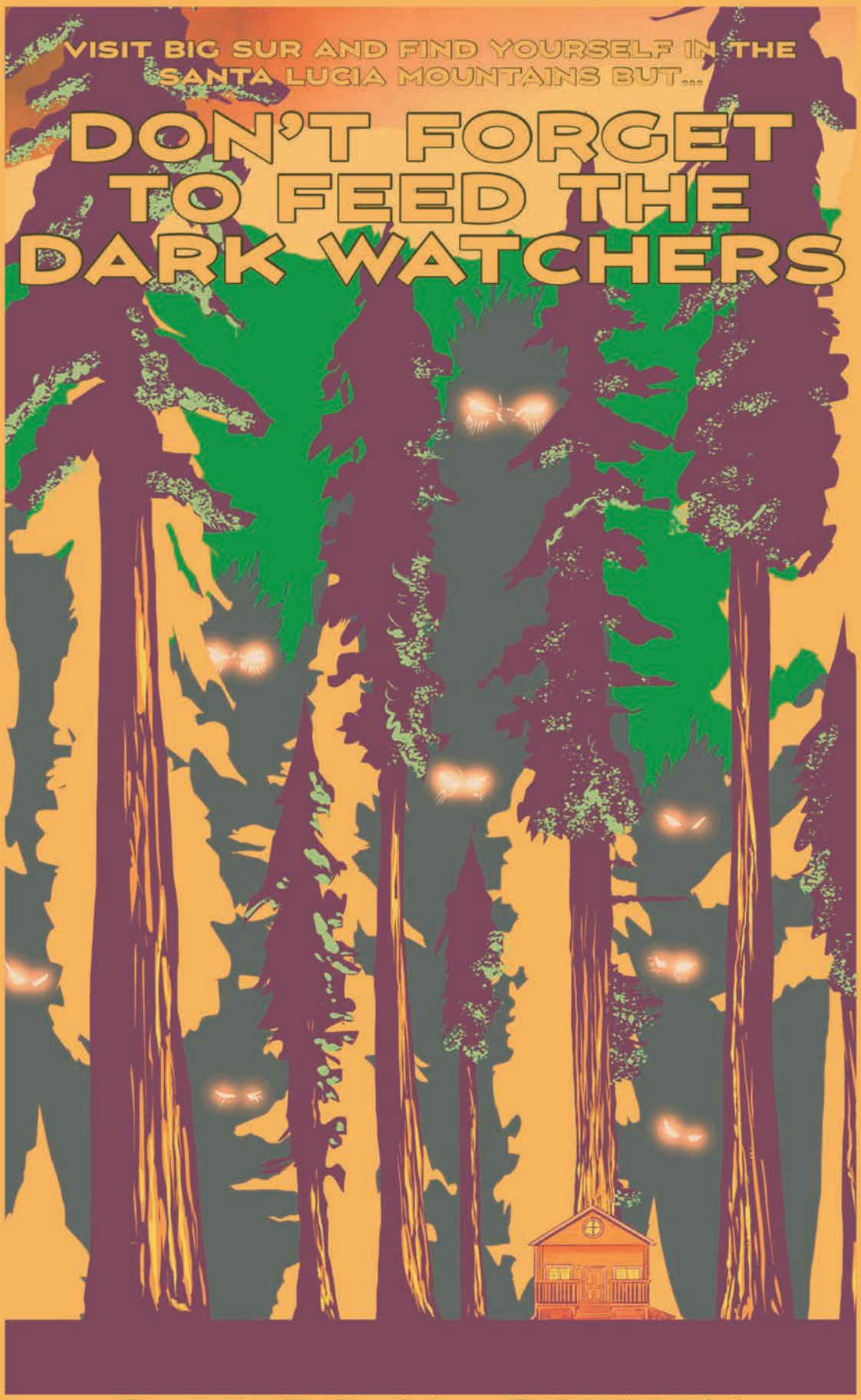
FUCK THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS.

KA-CHUCK
SCHUCK
KA-CHUCK
SCHUCK

KA-CHUCK
SCHUCK
KA-CHUCK
SCHUCK
PANT... GASP
KA-CHUCK
SCHUCK
KA-CHUCK

CREAK
CRACK
CREAK
CRACK

REDWOOD COMICS

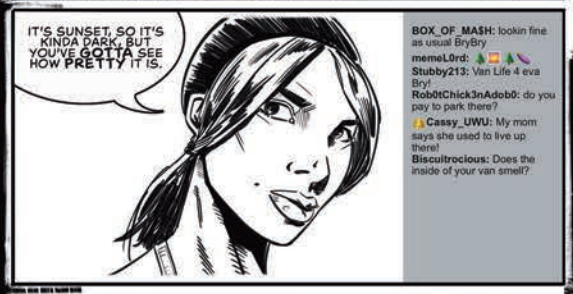


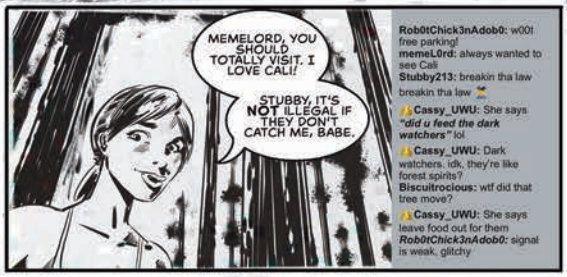
PETERSEN · COFFEY

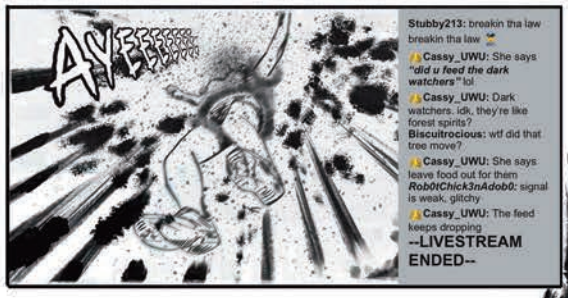
SANTA LUCÍA MOUNTAINS, CALIFORNIA.

HEY, **GUYS!**

IT'S YA GIRL, **SMILEY BRILEY!**







UPCOMING TITLES

THE WATCHMAKER

Orphan Jimmy Knight discovers an ancient pocket watch in his uncle's clock repair shop that can send him back and forth through time. Tempted to use the device to change significant historical events, Jimmy unknowingly awakens Kronos, the Greek god of time, who spent centuries searching for the watch and devouring those in his way.

THE ABOLITIONISTS

The "Deep State" is real, but not as conspiracy nuts think. After the Compromise of 1877, two underground groups formed representing post-Civil War power sharing between the Union and the Confederates. The Compromise held the two groups together as they initiated their own set of ideals on the country, but the balance of the exchange tips when an undesired President is elected and refuses to concede their power, forcing one side to coalesce behind the would-be dictator hell-bent on a return of the Confederacy, and the other behind the continued abolitionist cause.

MANONG

An interracial love story between a Filipino farmworker and a white woman in Delano, California, as racial tensions rise leading up to the Watsonville Riots of 1930. Based on actual events, the story follows Remy Castro, who flees the Philippines after authorities accuse him of stealing. He runs to California, where he works the fields of Delano, where he meets Mary Bowers, creating ire among the locals.

FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear reader,

Thank you for taking the time to read through Redwood Comics' preview edition. I hope you consider following us on social media or joining our mailing list. Our first year as a publisher has been quite a journey, but I'm proud of what we've built and where we're going.

While we only have a few titles under our belts (and primarily by me), we have more titles on the way with other creators. We're hoping to be able to preview their works soon on social media. Projects have been delayed by the winter storms that hit California at the end of 2022 and into the spring of 2023. Massive trees fell on and around our home. If you're unfamiliar with coastal redwoods, they can grow as tall as the Statue of Liberty. Douglas-fir trees stand between the redwoods just as tall, and when they fall, they're a sight to behold. In addition to the fallen Doug-fir, we've had plenty of washouts and smaller trees that'd dropped, damaging our car and driveway. I've finally gotten to where I'm creating again with repair work and tree removal. Slowly but surely, more work is on the way.

Please follow us on TikTok (@redwoodcomics) and Instagram (@redwoodcomicsllc). As we focus on our work, we aim to engage with you all online and in person at conventions.

Thanks again for joining us, and I hope you continue this journey with us as we expand our titles & reach more fans.

Kindest regards,
Edward Coffey
Publisher
Redwood Comics