



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
by Edward Coffey
Pg. 1

FALSE FLAG

Previews of issue 1
by Edward Coffey
Pg. 19

DON'T FORGET TO FEED THE DARK WATCHERS

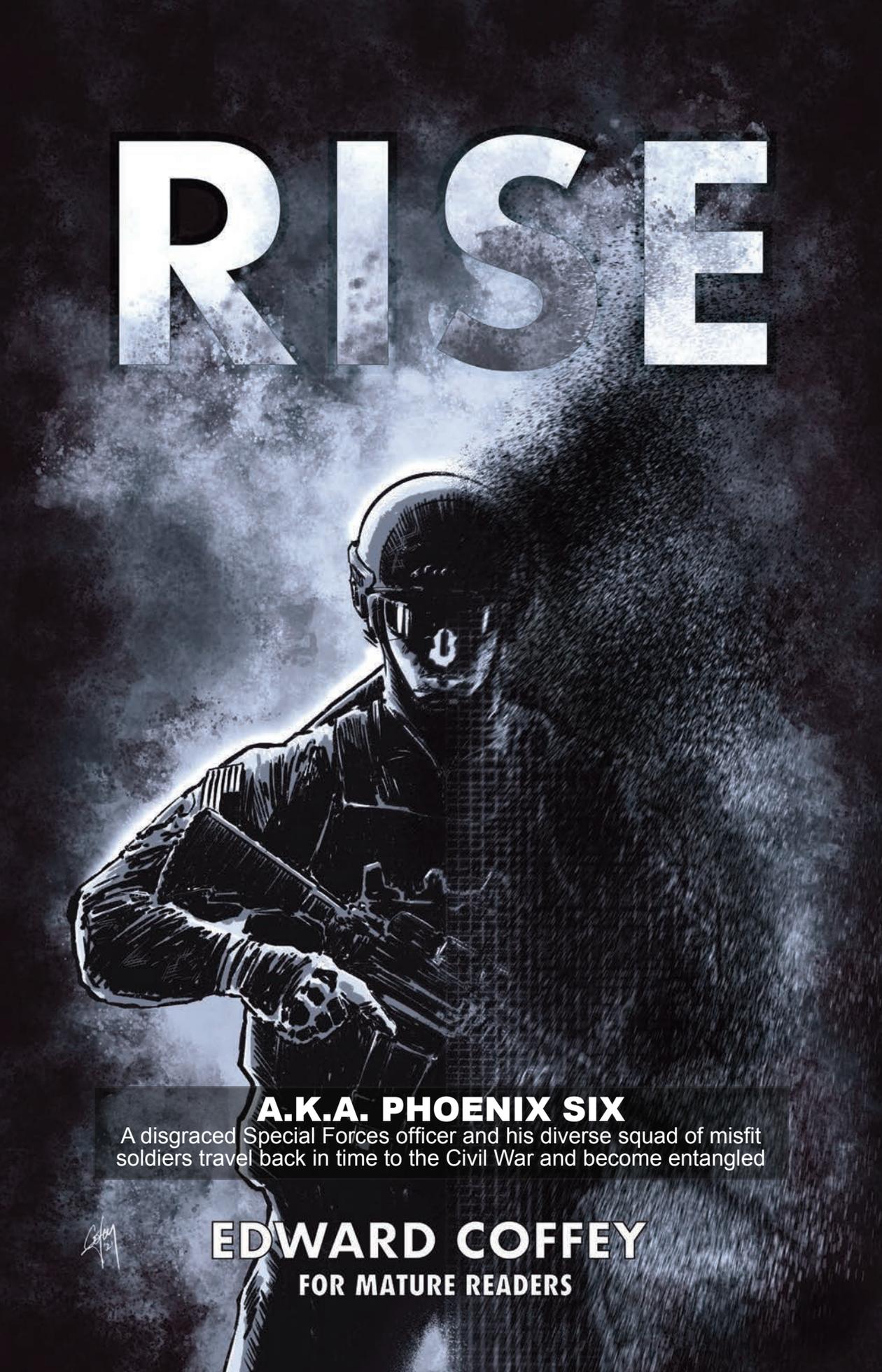
by Michael Petersen & Edward Coffey
Pg. 25

For Redwood Comics:
Founder & Chief Creative: Edward Coffey

www.redwoodcomics.com

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RISE

A soldier in tactical gear, including a helmet and goggles, is shown from the chest up, holding a rifle. The soldier is positioned on the left side of the frame, looking towards the viewer. The background is dark and smoky, with a bright light source behind the soldier, creating a silhouette effect. The overall tone is gritty and action-oriented.

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

A small, stylized signature logo is located in the bottom left corner of the page, below the author's name.

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'?







WHO GOES THERE?

IT SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE ALL AROUND US...

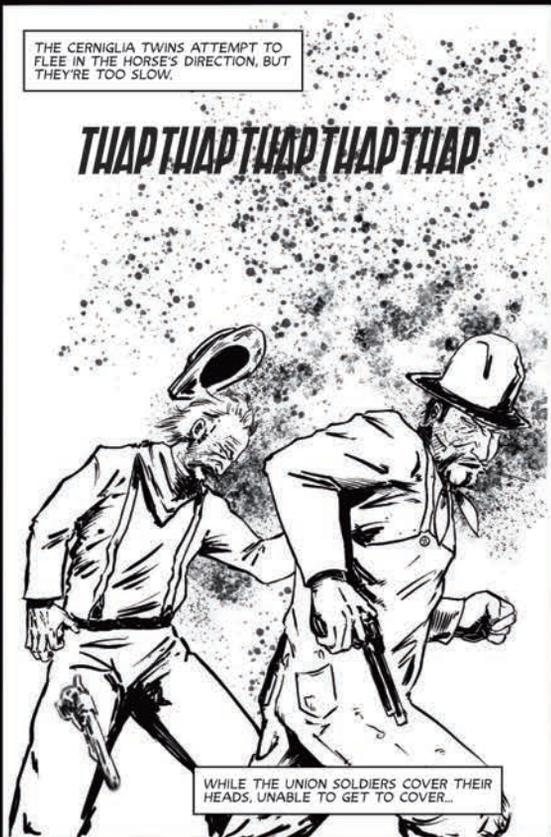
COME OUT NOW! SHOW YOURSELVES--



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.

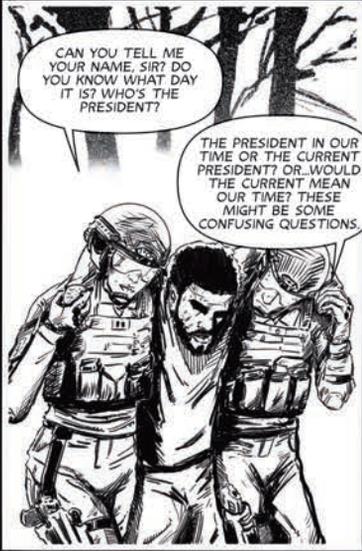


A.M.A.R.A:
RUN TRIAGE.

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.

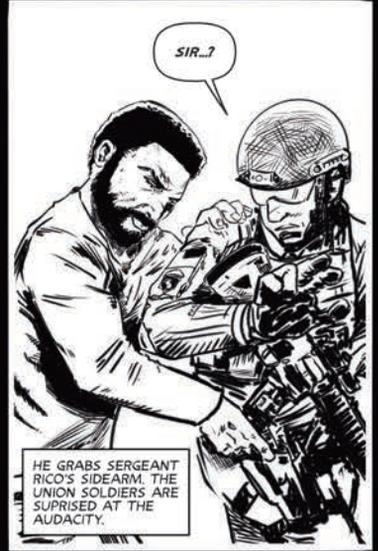


CAN YOU TELL ME
YOUR NAME, SIR? DO
YOU KNOW WHAT DAY
IT IS? WHO'S THE
PRESIDENT?

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...

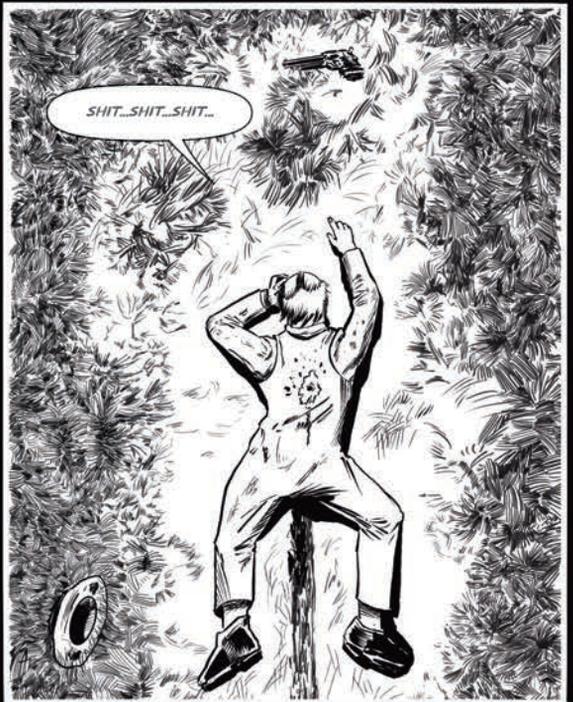


SIR...?

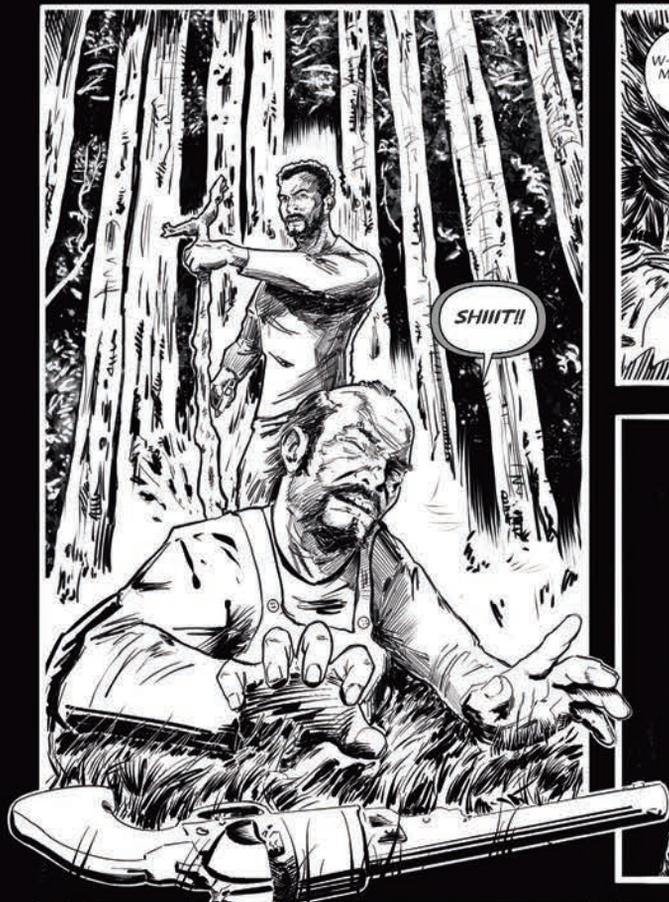
HE GRABS SERGEANT
RICO'S SIDEARM. THE
UNION SOLDIERS ARE
SURPRISED AT THE
AUDACITY.



GASP-CHOKE-GARGLE.



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



SHIIT!!



W-WAIT, PLEASE. W-WE CAN SPLIT THE MONEY, OKAY? 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.



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 held-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--

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--



AHHHHH

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 clicks 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?

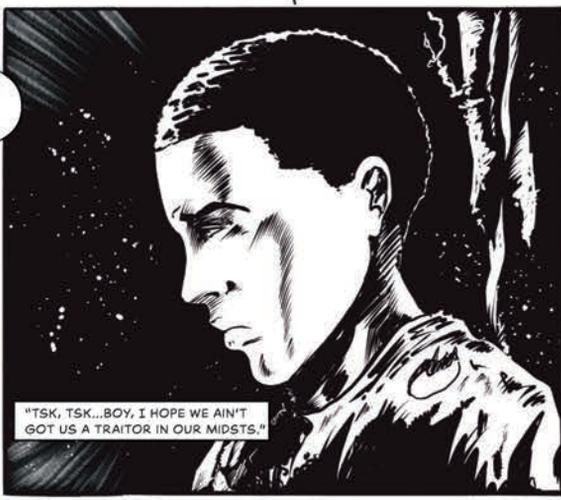


I DONE TOLD YA!
THEY'RE THE PROPERTY OF MISTA BALE! I WAS TAKIN' 'EM BACK TO THEY PLANTATION--

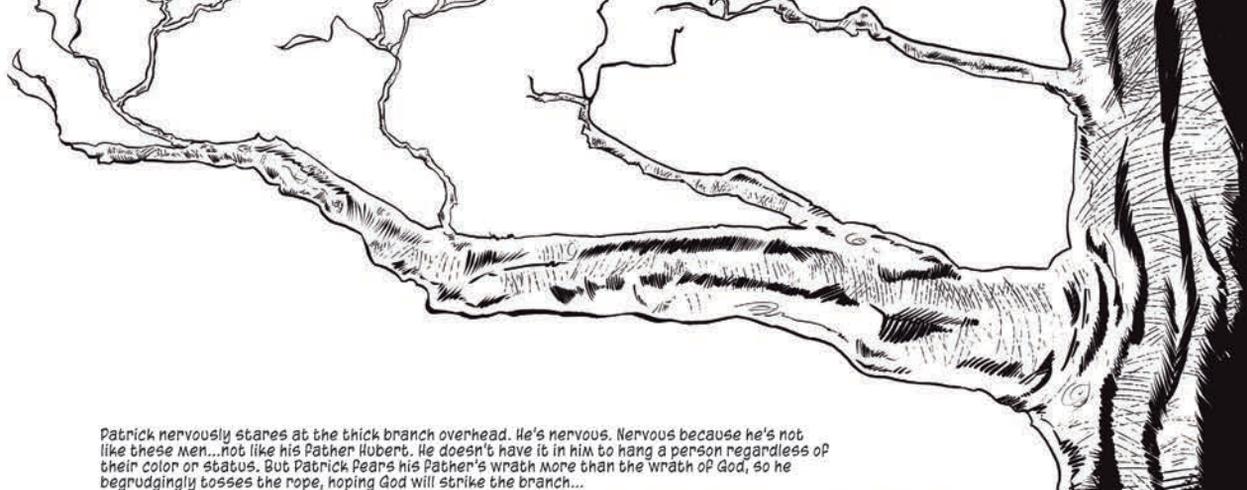


TAKIN' 'EM BACK TO THEY PLANTATION-- HA! WHEN I SPOTTED YOU, YOU WAS HEADIN' NORTH...

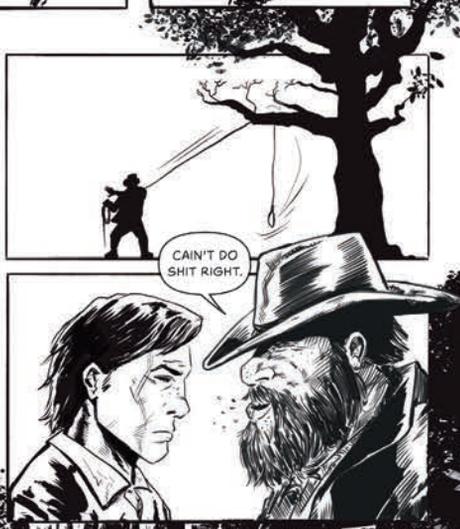
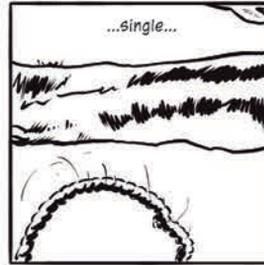
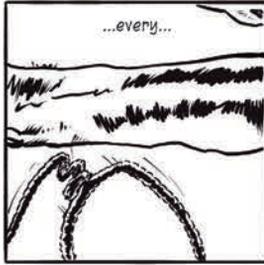
MISTA BALE'S PLANTATION WEST...THE OTHA WAY.



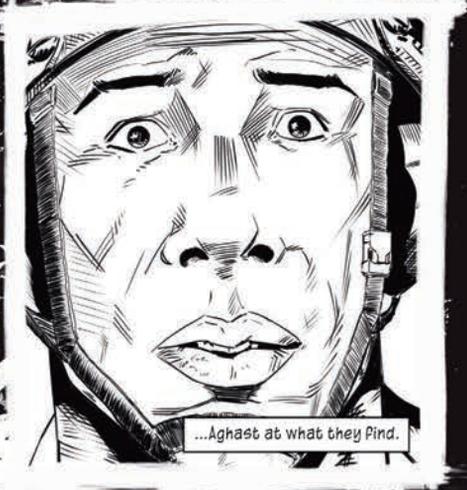
"TSK, TSK...BOY, I HOPE WE AIN'T GOT US A TRAITOR IN OUR MIDSTS."



Patrick nervously stares at the thick branch overhead. He's nervous. Nervous because he's not like these men...not like his Pather Hubert. He doesn't have it in him to hang a person regardless of their color or status. But Patrick fears his Pather's wrath more than the wrath of God, so he begrudgingly tosses the rope, hoping God will strike the branch...



Thomas and the soldiers approach the grove where the scream originated...







Hubert takes a good long look at Jacob's green eyes and light skin and realizes--





...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 Porce 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...

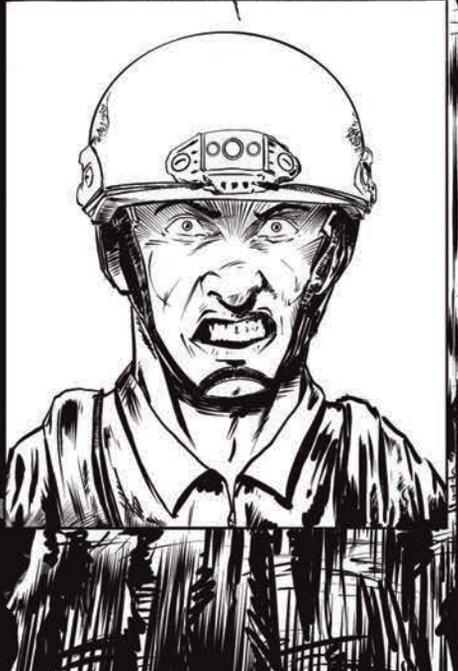


"HEHEHE... SON, I KNOW. I WAS GON' KILL Y'ALL REGARDLESS."

"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--



DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.



Hubert drops the lamp to create a distraction.



DANG DANG DANG DANG DANG DANG DANG DANG DANG



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."

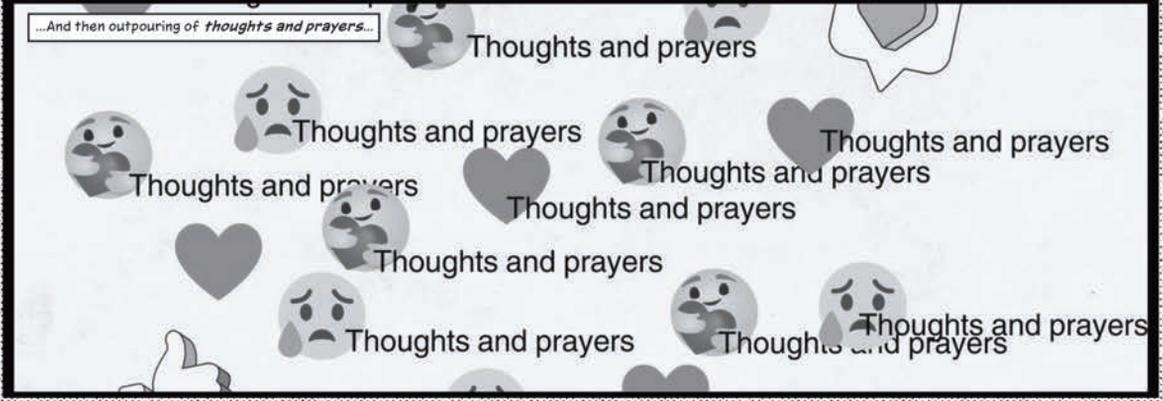
ALL RIGHT, BOYS. NO ONE COMES OUT ALIVE.

To be continued...

FALSE FLAG

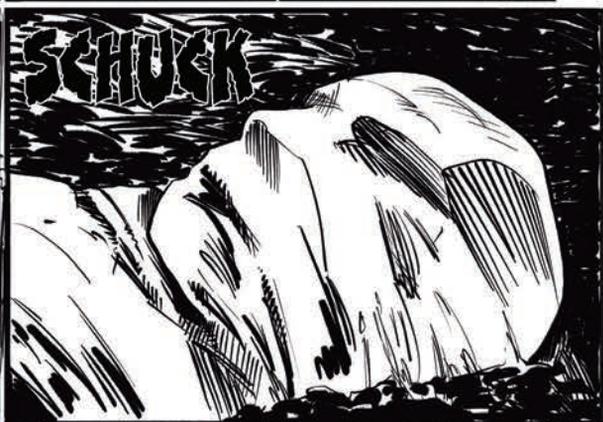
A single father mourns the loss of his son in the aftermath of a mass shooting, when conspiracy theorists converge on his small town demanding proof the tragedy occurred.

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?



FUCK THOUGHTS AND PRAYERS.

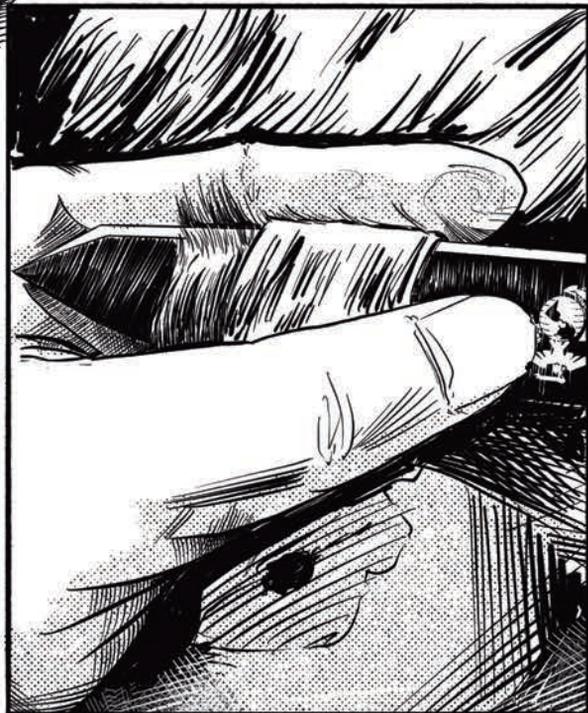
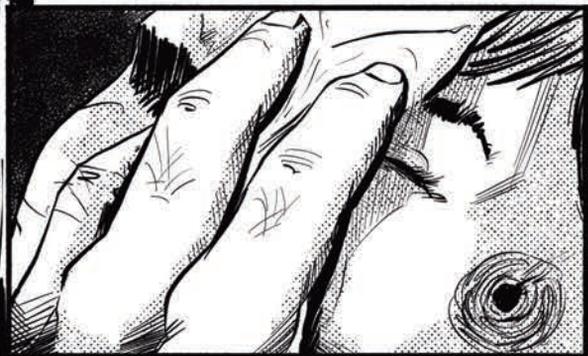
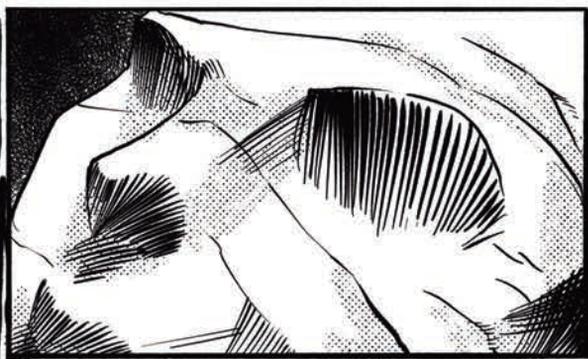
KA-CHUCK
SCHUCK
KA-CHUCK
SCHUCK





CREANS
CRACK
CREANS
CRACK

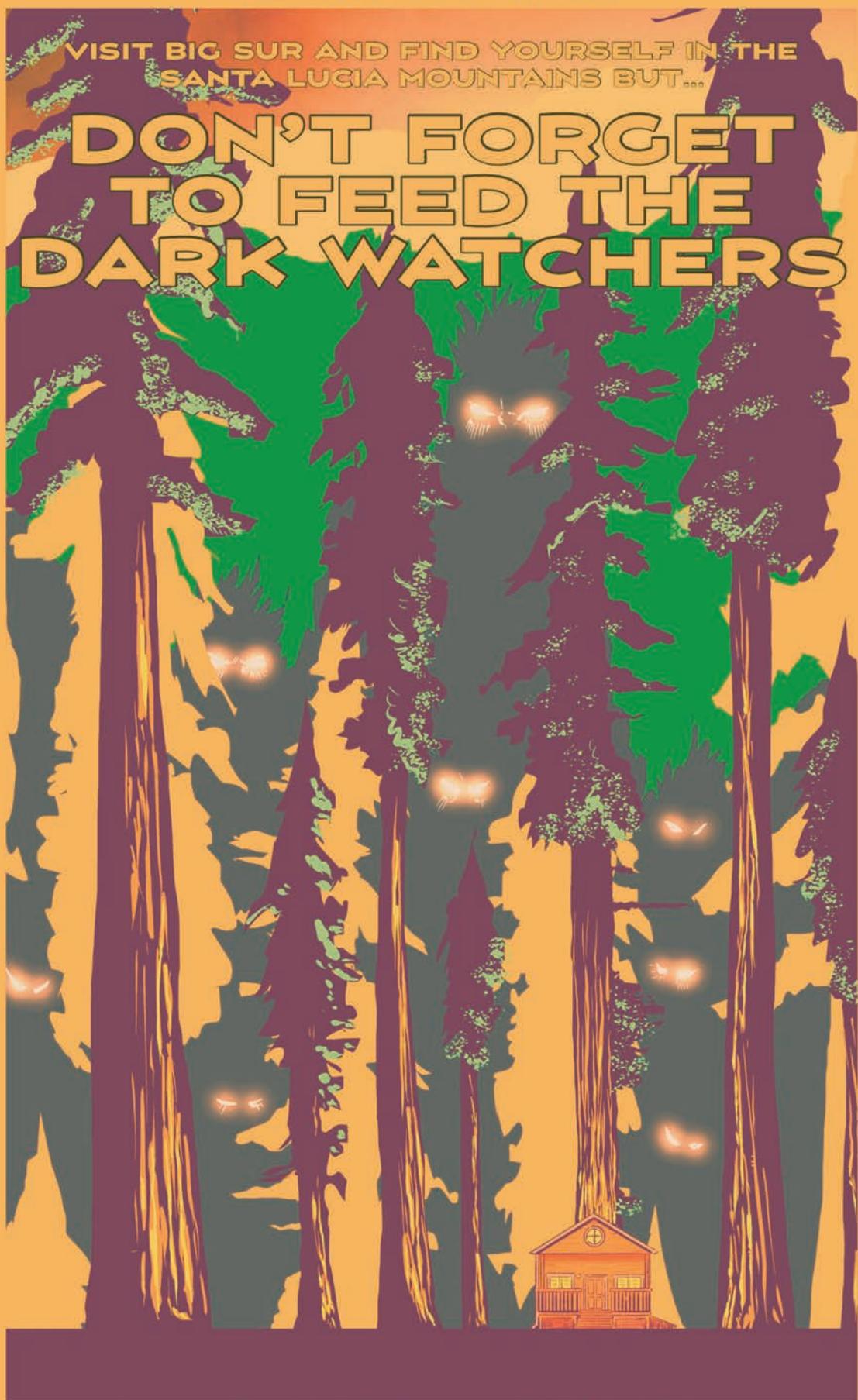




REDWOOD COMICS

VISIT BIG SUR AND FIND YOURSELF IN THE
SANTA LUCIA MOUNTAINS BUT...

DON'T FORGET TO FEED THE DARK WATCHERS



PETERSEN · COFFEY

SANTA LUCÍA MOUNTAINS, CALIFORNIA.

HEY, GUYS!

IT'S YA GIRL SMILEY BRILEY!



THANKS FOR JOINING THE VAN LIFE Q&A LIVESTREAM. THE CHAT IS ALREADY LIT!



IT'S SUNSET, SO IT'S KINDA DARK, BUT YOU'VE GOTTA SEE HOW PRETTY IT IS.

BOX OF MASH: lookin fine as usual BryBry
memeLrd: 🍌 🍌 🍌
Stubby213: Van Life 4 eva Bry!
Rob0tChick3nAdob0: do you pay to park there?
Cassy_UWU: My mom says she used to live up there!
Biscuitrocious: Does the inside of your van smell?



AWW, THAT'S SWEET. THANKS, MASH.

ROBOT, I FOUND A FIRE ROAD TO PARK ON.

CASSY, DOES YOUR MOM KNOW A GOOD PLACE TO GET A LATTE?



MEMELORD, YOU SHOULD TOTALLY VISIT. I LOVE CALI!

STUBBY, IT'S NOT ILLEGAL IF THEY DON'T CATCH ME, BABE.

Rob0tChick3nAdob0: w00t free parking!
memeLrd: always wanted to see Cali
Stubby213: breakin the law breakin the law 🍌
Cassy_UWU: She says "did u feed the dark watchers" lol
Cassy_UWU: Dark watchers. idk, they're like forest spirits?
Biscuitrocious: wtf did that tree move?
Cassy_UWU: She says leave food out for them
Rob0tChick3nAdob0: signal is weak, glitchy



"DID U FEED THE DARK WATCHERS?"



UGH, I DON'T LEAVE FOOD OUT FOR ANY CRITTERS, REAL OR PRETE--



AWWWW

Stubby213: breakin the law breakin the law 🍌
Cassy_UWU: She says "did u feed the dark watchers" lol
Cassy_UWU: Dark watchers. idk, they're like forest spirits?
Biscuitrocious: wtf did that tree move?
Cassy_UWU: She says leave food out for them
Rob0tChick3nAdob0: signal is weak, glitchy
Cassy_UWU: The feed keeps dropping
--LIVESTREAM ENDED--



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



