



**BEFORE THE SAGA OF  
PANDORA ZWIEBACK,  
SEBASTIENNE MAZARIN'S  
LONG-LOST SOLO  
ADVENTURE!**

HEARTSTOPPER **FREE**  
**#2** NOT FOR  
RESALE

**SUGGESTED  
FOR MATURE  
READERS**

**STEVEN A.  
ROMAN**

**URIEL CATON**

**HOLLY  
GOUGHTLY**

**DAVID C.  
MATTHEWS**

**ALAN LARSEN**

# HEARTSTOPPER™

**THE LEGEND OF LA BELLA TENEBROSA**

FAUVE 94  
&  
LARSEN



**T**HINK YOUR JOB IS HARD? TRY BEING SEBASTIENNE MAZARIN FOR A WHILE. FOR OVER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS ANNIE HAS BEEN FIGHTING AN ONGOING BATTLE AGAINST THE MONSTERS THAT THREATEN TO DESTROY THE WORLD. IT'S HARD, DANGEROUS WORK WITH FEW REWARDS, AND DOES ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO HELP PAY HER BILLS. AND WHEN YOU'RE A FREELANCE WRITER WORKING FROM PAYCHECK TO PAYCHECK, SOMETIMES MONSTERS HAVE TO TAKE A BACKSEAT TO KEEPING FOOD ON THE TABLE...

Art by  
Uriel Caton.

# HEARTSTOPPER™

**"IN THE AIR TONIGHT"**

**STEVEN A. ROMAN**  
WRITER/LETTERER

**URIEL CATON,  
HOLLY GOLIGHTLY, and  
DAVID C. MATTHEWS**  
PENCILS

**ALAN  
LARSEN**  
INKS

**ZEEA  
ADAMS**  
COLORS

SEBASTIENNE MAZARIN CREATED BY  
**STEVEN A. ROMAN & URIEL CATON**

HEARTSTOPPER LOGO BY  
**GRANT MIEHM**

PUBLICATION DESIGN BY  
**MIKE RIVILIS**

FOR MORE INFORMATION,  
VISIT OUR WEB SITES:

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NEW YORK'S EAST VILLAGE IS AN AREA LONG KNOWN FOR ITS SOMEWHAT ECLECTIC TASTES.

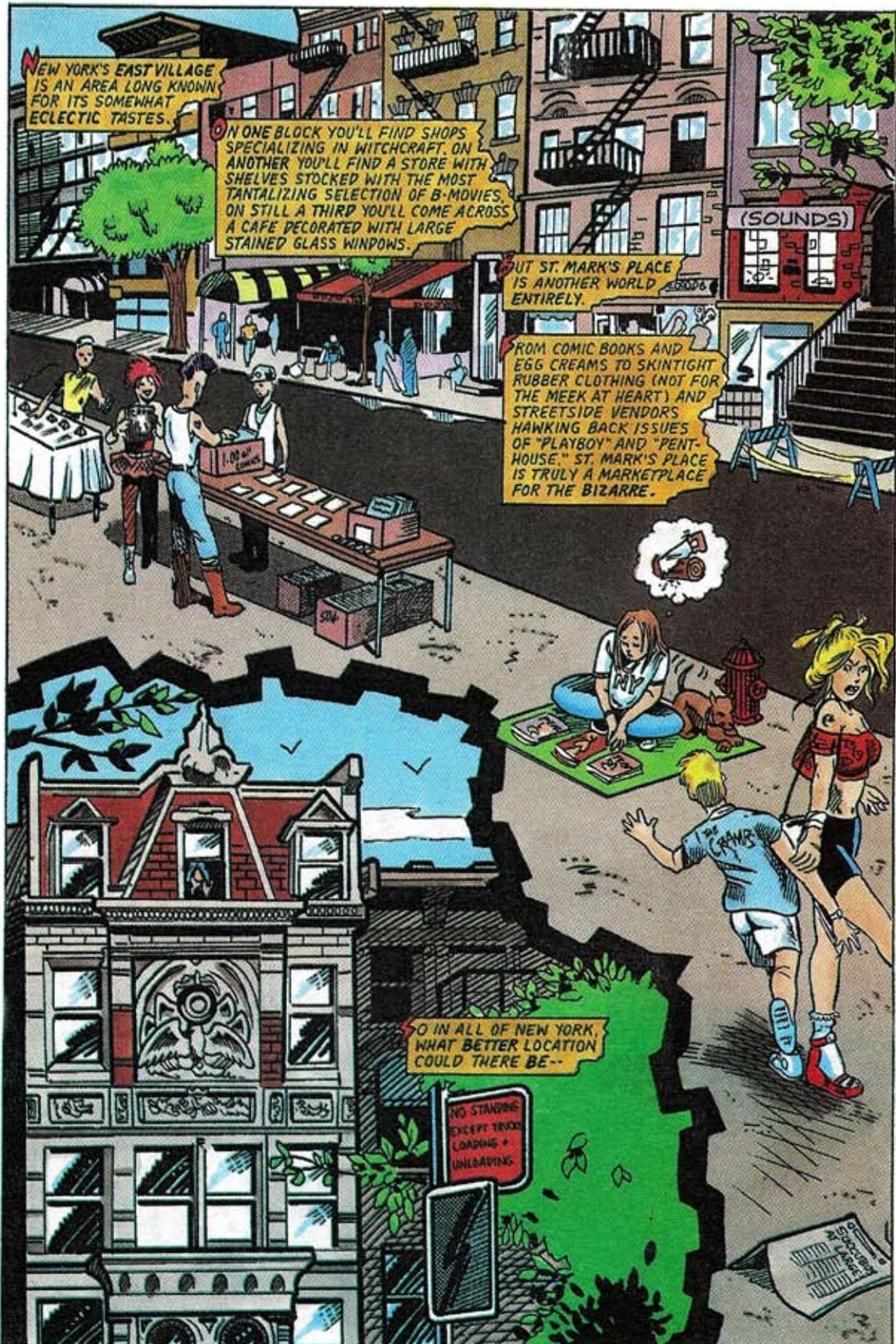
ON ONE BLOCK YOU'LL FIND SHOPS SPECIALIZING IN WITCHCRAFT, ON ANOTHER YOU'LL FIND A STORE WITH SHELVES STOCKED WITH THE MOST TANTALIZING SELECTION OF B-MOVIES. ON STILL A THIRD YOU'LL COME ACROSS A CAFE DECORATED WITH LARGE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS.

BUT ST. MARK'S PLACE IS ANOTHER WORLD ENTIRELY.

FROM COMIC BOOKS AND EGG CREAMS TO SKINTIGHT RUBBER CLOTHING (NOT FOR THE MEEK AT HEART) AND STREETSIDE VENDORS HAWKING BACK ISSUES OF "PLAYBOY" AND "PENTHOUSE," ST. MARK'S PLACE IS TRULY A MARKETPLACE FOR THE BIZARRE.

SO IN ALL OF NEW YORK, WHAT BETTER LOCATION COULD THERE BE--

NO STANDING EXCEPT TRUCK LOADING & UNLOADING



-- FOR A SHAPECHANGING  
FREELANCE WRITER NAMED  
SEBASTIENNE MAZARIN?

"THE WOMAN  
MOVED ACROSS THE  
STAGE LIKE SOME GREAT  
JUNGLE CAT ON THE PROWL,  
HER MANE OF JET-BLACK  
HAIR FRAMING A FACE  
STRAIGHT OUT OF A  
CHOIRBOY'S WET  
DREAM."

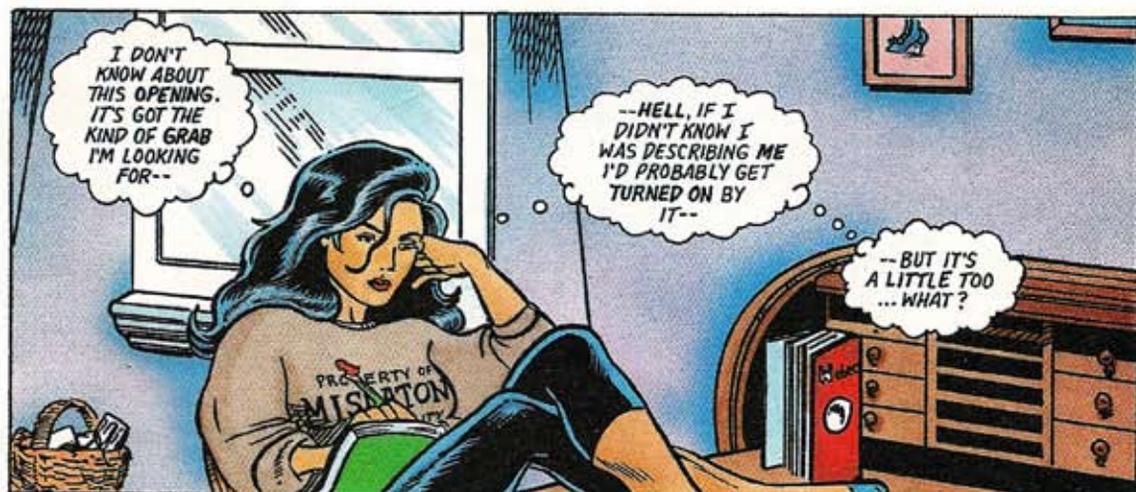
"FULL, POUTY  
LIPS, A BUTTON  
NOSE AND STEEL-  
GRAY EYES, SHE  
WAS ALL A MAN  
COULD ASK FOR  
IN A WOMAN..."

"... AT LEAST  
UNTIL THE NEXT  
DANCER CAME  
ON STAGE  
AFTER HER."

PROPERTY OF  
MISKATONIC  
UNIVERSITY

IN THE  
AIR  
TONIGHT









HELLO, KATO.

ENJOYING THE VIEW?



IT'D BE ASKING TOO MUCH TO HAVE YOU BEHAVE LIKE A NORMAL CAT, WOULDN'T IT?

MKROW

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.



I'M NOT GOING TO ASK HOW YOU WOUND UP IN THE CABINET. YOU GIVE ME A HEADACHE WHEN YOU TRY TO EXPLAIN THINGS.

I JUST HOPE YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN TO CRAPPING ON MY FOOD.



WELL...

YOU WERE TOO BUSY EATING.

... AT LEAST I DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT YOU RELIEVING YOURSELF IN HERE.



YEAH, YOU BETTER RUN.

THIS IS COMING OUT OF YOUR RUBBER MOUSE ALLOWANCE.



THE HELL WITH IT. I DIDN'T WANT A RING DING ANYWAY.

BESIDES, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GET DRESSED AND GO TO THE INFERNO.



WHEN I GET BACK, I'D BETTER NOT FIND OUT YOU WENT AFTER MY CHIPS AHoy.



I JUST DON'T GET IT!

DO I GO AROUND STEALING YOUR CATNIP WHEN YOU'RE NOT LOOKING? OF COURSE NOT!

I'D AT LEAST ASK FOR YOUR PERMISSION BEFORE TAKING IT!

YOU THINK YOU KNOW A PERSON FOR YEARS AND THEY SNEAK AROUND BEHIND YOUR BACK AND STEAL YOUR FOOD...

HUMANS.

WHILE IT'S CONSIDERED TO BE FACT THAT NEW YORK'S ODDER ELEMENTS CAN BE FOUND IN GREENWICH VILLAGE...

... IT IS ALSO TRUE THAT MIDTOWN MANHATTAN HAS ITS OWN SHARE OF STRANGE SIGHTS...

# CORUM! CORUM! CORUM!



HOLY CHRIST! WHERE DID THEY ALL COME FROM, O'DONNELL?

HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?

MY OLD MAN ALWAYS USED TO SAY THAT ROCK 'N' ROLL WAS NO GOOD.

TO HIM, THE BEATLES WERE THE FIRST SIGN OF THE APOCALYPSE.

I LOVE YOU, CORUM!

OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE, KID! GET BACK THERE!

COME ON, HONEY. BACK BEHIND THE BARRICADE.

BUT I LOVE HIM!

MY KID SISTER USED TO LOVE DONNY WAHLBERG.

TRUST ME, YOU'LL GET OVER IT. SHE DID.

ENOUGH WITH THE KICKING! I'M GONNA GET THE RESTRAINTS!

THIS IS GETTING OUT OF CONTROL!

MAYBE MY DAD WAS RIGHT, BLOCH--

"-- ROCK AND ROLL PROBABLY WILL DESTROY THE WORLD!"



MARVELOUS.



HEY, CORUM, YOU THINK YOU COULD STOP WATCHING THAT MOB OUTSIDE FOR FIVE OR TEN MINUTES?

I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO BE ON THE CONCERT NEGOTIATIONS. THAT'S WHY WE'RE MEETING HERE INSTEAD OF OVER AT NCT.

IT'D ALSO HELP IF YOU TOLD US EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED FOR THE SHOW SO RON AND I CAN ARRANGE IT.

WELL, DICK, WE'VE SET EVERYTHING UP WITH MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

SECURITY SHOULD BE EASY TO HANDLE, AND THEIR BROADCAST FACILITIES WILL TAKE SOME OF THE BURDEN OFF OF US.

THE ONLY PROBLEM IS THAT WE'D HAVE TO TAPE THE CONCERT ON JULY 3rd AND--

**LIVE?!**

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF THE--

LIVE'S NO PROBLEM.

AND NOT THE GARDEN. IT'S TOO SMALL.

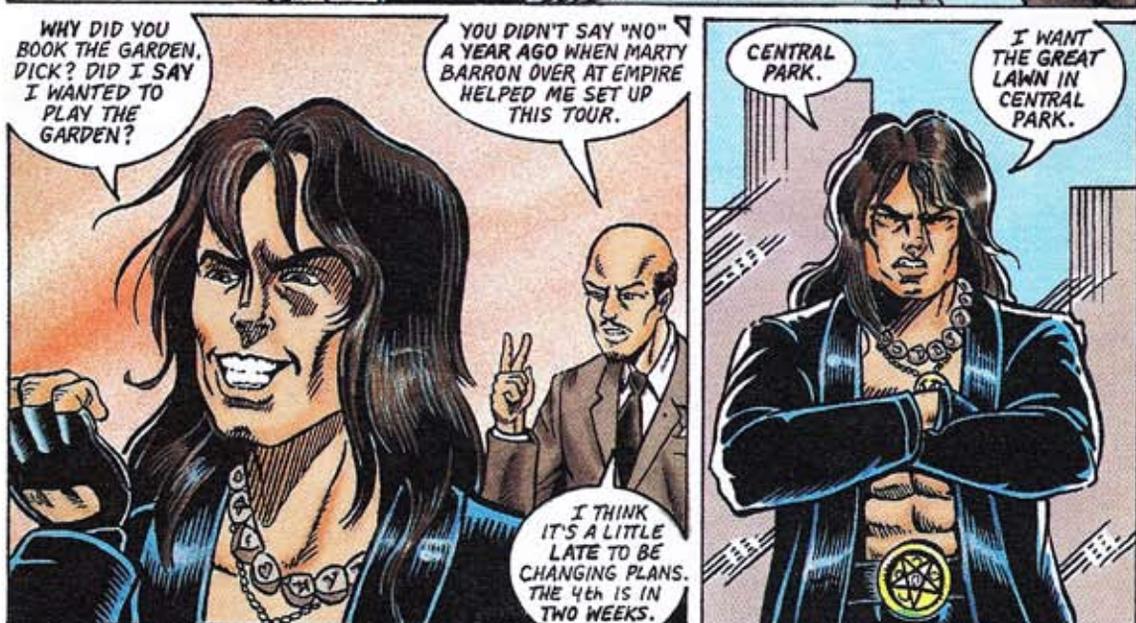


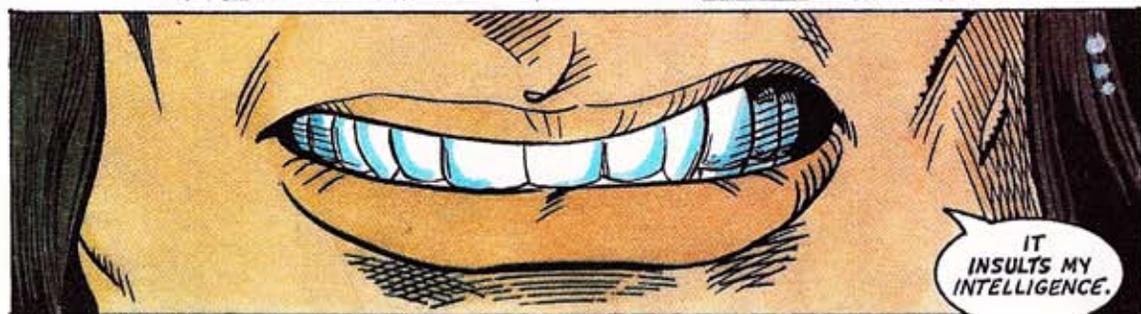
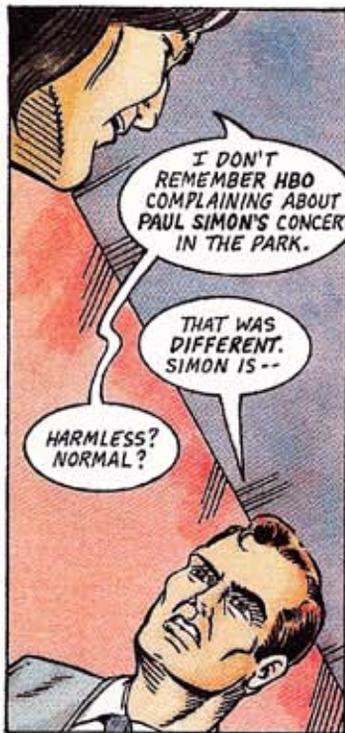
ESPECIALLY FOR WHAT I HAVE IN MIND.

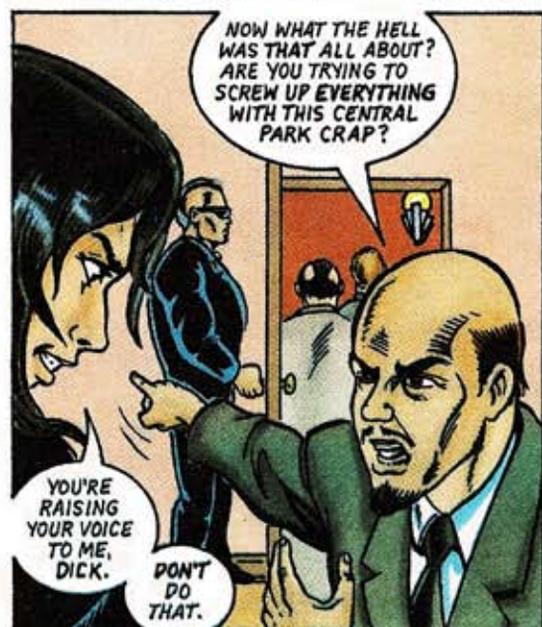


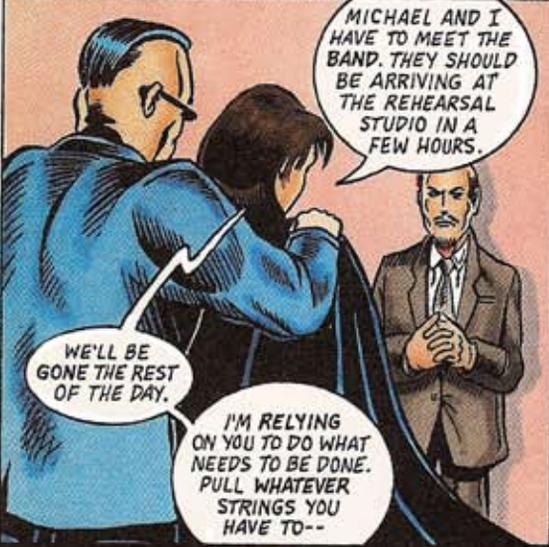
**NOUFF!**

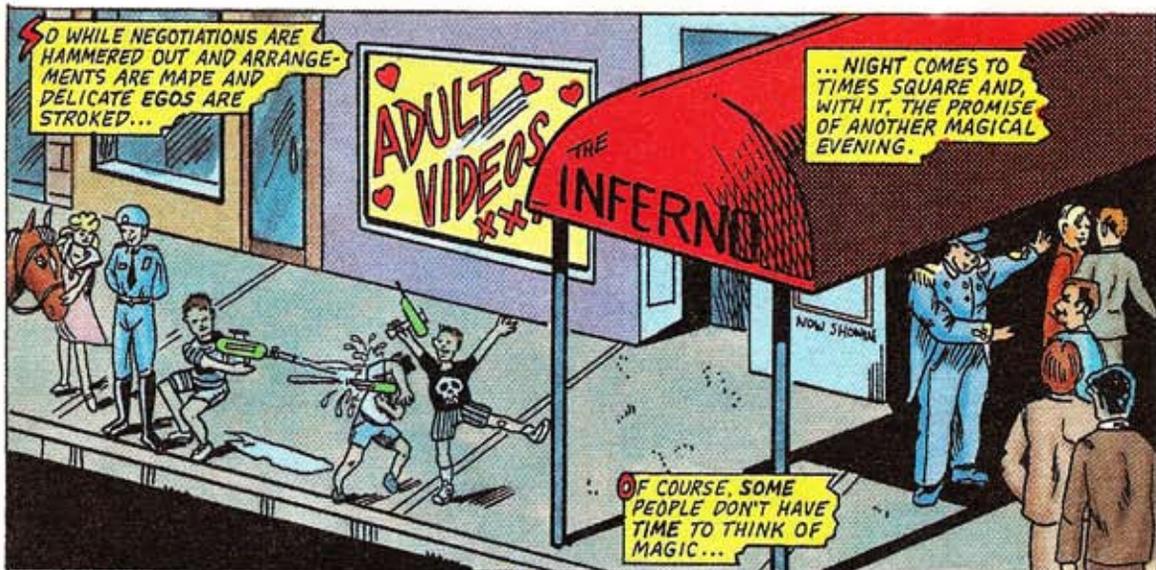
IT HAS TO BE BROADCAST LIVE.











SO WHILE NEGOTIATIONS ARE HAMMERED OUT AND ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE AND DELICATE EGOS ARE STROKED...

... NIGHT COMES TO TIMES SQUARE AND, WITH IT, THE PROMISE OF ANOTHER MAGICAL EVENING.

OF COURSE, SOME PEOPLE DON'T HAVE TIME TO THINK OF MAGIC...



I'LL TAKE ONE MORE CRACK AT THE ARTICLE BEFORE I TURN IN TONIGHT.

THAT'S IF I CAN STILL SEE STRAIGHT BY THE TIME I GET HOME.

WHO KNEW DANCING COULD BE SO TIRING?

IN THE OLD DAYS, I COULD DANCE ALL NIGHT LONG AND STILL BE FRESH IN THE MORNING.

OF COURSE, 200 YEARS AGO IT WAS BALLROOM DANCING AND IT DIDN'T REQUIRE THRUSTING YOUR PELVIS AND WRAPPING YOUR LEGS AROUND A METAL POLE.



THEN AGAIN, THRUSTING MY PELVIS AND WRAPPING MY LEGS AROUND SOMETHING MY SORT OF DESCRIBES MY SEX LIFE--



--AND I CAN DO THAT ALL NIGHT LONG...

**KNOCK KNOCK**

COME IN!



HEY, ANNIE.

WHY, SCOTTY...



... I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT YOU.



OH? ANYTHING YOU'D CARE TO TALK ABOUT?

MAYBE OVER AN EARLY BREAKFAST WHEN THE CLUB CLOSES.

NOW, ANNIE, YOU KNOW I'M NOT ALLOWED TO DATE ANY OF THE DANCERS.



WELL, I'LL ONLY BE A DANCER FOR TWO MORE DAYS. THEN I GO BACK TO THE EXCITING LIFE OF A FREELANCE WRITER.

IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'D BE BREAKING ANY RULES...



I'D BE BREAKING MINE.

I'LL WAIT THE TWO DAYS.

A MAN OF INTEGRITY. YOU BECOME MORE INTRIGUING EACH DAY, SCOTTY.

BLAME IT ALL ON A GOOD UPBRINGING AND A SENSE OF DISCIPLINE HONED BY THE ARMY.

IT'S LIKE SGT. WHITE USED TO TELL US: "ORDER IS HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW."



WHAT, YOU NEVER READ ALEXANDER POPE?

UMMM... NOT IN A FEW YEARS.

I'M STILL TRYING TO CATCH-UP ON MY MICKEY SPILLANE.



"THE BULLET HIT THE PUNK WITH ALL THE SPEED OF A #5 EXPRESS TRAIN, AND HE CRUMPLED IN A SLOW BALLET OF AGONY."



THAT'S FROM ONE OF THOSE MIKE HAMMER NOVELS?

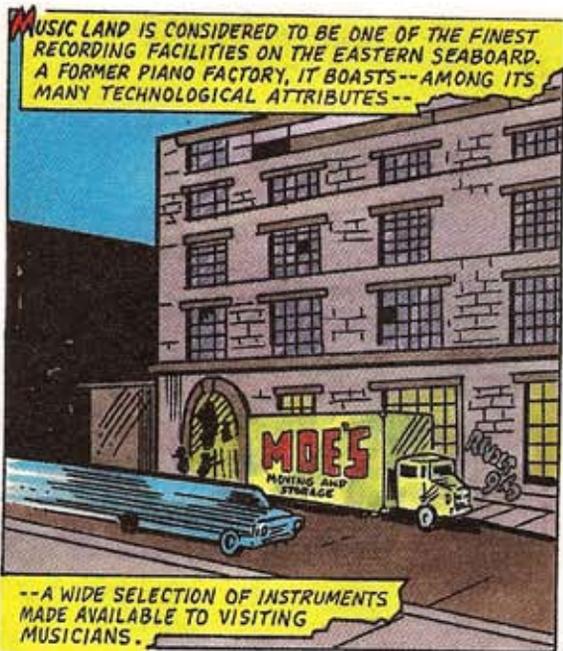


NO, I JUST MADE IT UP.  
WHUFF!

I'M A WRITER, REMEMBER?



CATCH YOU LATER.



MUSIC LAND IS CONSIDERED TO BE ONE OF THE FINEST RECORDING FACILITIES ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD. A FORMER PIANO FACTORY, IT BOASTS--AMONG ITS MANY TECHNOLOGICAL ATTRIBUTES--

--A WIDE SELECTION OF INSTRUMENTS MADE AVAILABLE TO VISITING MUSICIANS.



SOME BANDS, THOUGH, STILL PREFER TO BRING THEIR OWN EQUIPMENT...

KEEP IT STRAIGHT. THE JACKASS WHAT PUT THIS TOGETHER DIDN'T PACK IT TOO GOOD.

OKAY, I GOT IT.



LOOK OUT!

CRACK!



YOU IDIOTS! THIS IS DELICATE EQUIPMENT!

IF I'D WANTED CHIMPS FOR THIS JOB, I'D HAVE CALLED RING-LING BROTHERS!



IF YOUR CIRCUS REJECTS DAMAGE ONE MORE CRATE, MOE, I PROMISE I WILL MAKE YOUR LIFE VERY

VERY

DIFFICULT.

THE WORK IS COMPLETED WITHOUT FURTHER MISHAP.

IN FACT, IT'S THE MOST PROFESSIONAL JOB EVER HANDLED BY THE EMPLOYEES OF "MOE'S MOVING AND STORAGE."

IT'S ALSO THEIR LAST.



NOW, YOU UNDERSTAND WE HAD TO CHARGE YOU DOUBLE 'CAUSE OF THE LATE NIGHT WORK.

YES.

I KNOCKED DOWN SOME OF THE HANDLING CHARGES 'CAUSE OF THAT PROBLEM WITH ONE CRATE--

--AND I'M GONNA NEED PAYMENT IN FULL.

MAY I BE HONEST WITH YOU, MOE?

SURE.

I REALLY CAN'T ABIDE INCOMPETENCE, MOE.

WHENEVER I SEE SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING STUPID, RED SPOTS START DANCING IN FRONT OF MY EYES.

THEN I START TO LOSE MY TEMPER.

YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU?

UH... YEAH. SURE.

THEN YOU CAN UNDERSTAND HOW UPSET I AM WITH YOUR ASSOCIATES.

I... GUESS.

YOU TRYIN' TO TELL ME YOU'RE NOT GONNA PAY?



**HAHAHA!**

OF COURSE NOT!

WELL, THAT'S... GOOD.

UH, YOU WANNA LIGHTEN UP ON THAT GRIP?



LOOK AT ME, MOE.

NOW LOOK, PAL, I KNOW YOU ROCK TYPES ARE ALL KINDA FLAKY, BUT--

**LOOK AT ME.**



HMMM... I SENSE A GREAT DEAL OF ANGER IN YOU, MOE. THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME YOUR WORKERS HAVE CAUSED YOU TROUBLE, IS IT?

no...

I IMAGINE THEY'VE BECOME SOMETHING OF A BURDEN TO YOU, AM I RIGHT?

my wife's nephews...

WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, MOE--



--"NEVER WORK WITH FAMILY."

PERHAPS THIS WOULD BE THE IDEAL TIME TO TERMINATE THEIR EMPLOYMENT.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



yes...

GOOD. THEN  
RUN ALONG AND  
TEND TO YOUR  
DUTIES.

ON YOUR  
WAY OUT, TELL  
THE NIGHT MANAGER  
WE'RE NOT TO BE  
DISTURBED.



CATTLE.



WELL, THIS  
IS SHAPING  
UP TO BE A  
PLEASANT  
EVENING.

I THINK  
A COUPLE OF  
HOURS OF  
REHEARSAL  
SHOULD BE  
ENOUGH FOR TO-  
NIGHT. THERE'S  
A CLUB IN  
TIMES SQUARE  
I'VE BEEN  
MEANING TO  
CHECK OUT.



IT'S CALLED  
THE INFERNO.

SOUNDS LIKE  
MY KIND OF  
PLACE.



RIGHT  
NOW, THOUGH,  
I THINK IT'S  
TIME WE GOT  
STARTED.

I SAID,  
"I THINK  
IT'S TIME WE  
GOT STARTED."





LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
I GIVE YOU

**HELLFIRE!**

THE HOURS PASS AND, SLOWLY, THE NIGHT'S MAGIC BEGINS TO FADE.

FOR SOME NEW YORKERS, THOUGH, THE MAGIC FADED A LONG TIME AGO...

Ooohww

MY FEET ARE KILLING ME.

YOU KNOW, JASMINE, I USED TO ENJOY WEARING HIGH HEELS.

NOW ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT IS A BUCKET OF EPSOM SALTS.

YOU WANT ME TO SET UP AN APPOINTMENT FOR YOU WITH THE ACUPUNCTURE GUY I SEE?



YEAH, BUT I KNOW THEY'RE THERE.



AH... NO, THAT'S OKAY.

I'VE GOT THIS THING ABOUT NEEDLES.

THAT'S JUST MENTAL.

THEY'RE REALLY SMALL NEEDLES. YOU DON'T EVEN FEEL THEM.



YOU SOUND JUST LIKE MY ROOMMATE LAURIE.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER?

YEAH. SHE GETS ALL QUEASY WHEN SHE SEES SOMEBODY ON T.V. GETTING A FLU SHOT.

REALLY? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE I'D LIKE TO MEET.

I'LL TRY TO BRING HER AROUND BEFORE YOU FINISH THAT ARTICLE. MAYBE I CAN GET HER TO TAKE SOME PICTURES TO GO WITH IT.

IF YOU CAN DO THAT, I'LL BUY YOU THE LARGEST ICE CREAM SUNDAE KNOWN TO MAN.

MATTE OR GLOSSY FINISH?





LIVELY CROWD.

LOOKS LIKE A CASTING CALL FOR "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD."

YEAH, BUT HERE THE DEAD HAVE MONEY, AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.

BESIDES, WE CLOSE IN AN HOUR.

AND YOU ACTUALLY DO LAP DANCES FOR THESE ZOMBIES, JASMINE?



KID, YOU SIT IN SOME GUY'S LAP AND SEE HOW FAST HE WAKES UP.

TRUE, BUT THAT'S SOMETHING I TRY TO SAVE FOR MY PERSONAL LIFE.

LIKE FOR SCOTTY, MAYBE?



AREN'T YOU THE QUICK STUDY.

I'VE BEEN WATCHING THE TWO OF YOU.

IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO HIDE IT, YOU KNOW.

A BODY LIKE THAT, A NICE, FIRM BUTT...



I COULD MARRY A MAN LIKE THAT.

TOO BAD HE'S GOT THAT RULE ABOUT NOT DATING DANCERS.

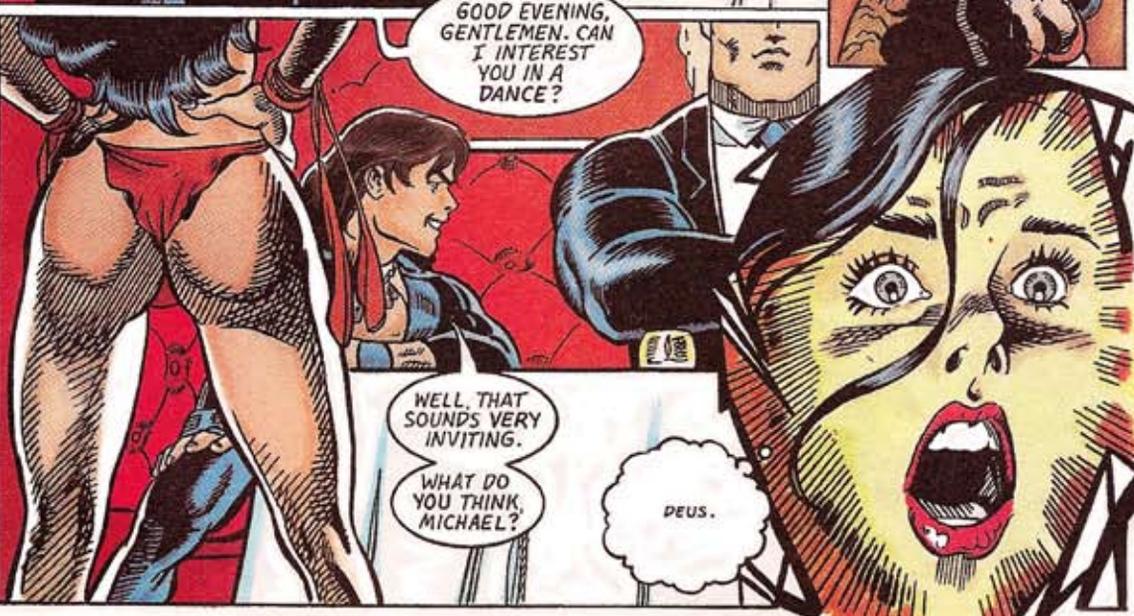
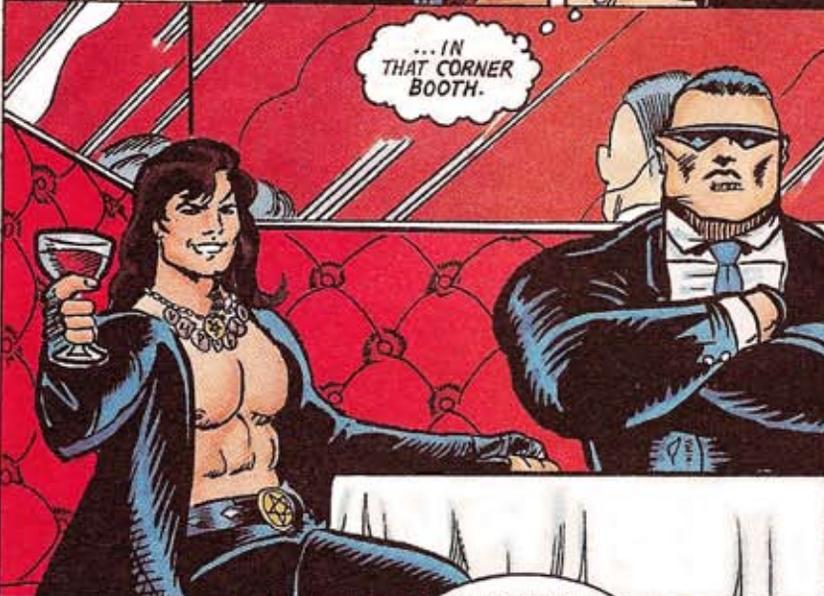


NOT THAT YOU HAVE THAT PROBLEM. YOU'RE NOT REALLY A DANCER.

DON'T START. I'VE ALREADY BEEN THROUGH THAT WITH HIM, AND HE WON'T BUDGE ON IT UNTIL I'M FINISHED HERE.

WOW. A MAN OF INTEGRITY.

THAT'S WHAT I SAID.





Letters page  
masthead art  
by Uriel Caton.



## **WELL, IT WAS NICE WHILE IT LASTED...**

—AN AFTERWORD BY STEVE ROMAN—

If you read my afterword in the first issue of *Heartstopper: The Legend of La Bella Tenebrosa* (still available for download from the StarWarp Concepts Web site), you know the history of this prequel-of-sorts to *The Saga of Pandora Zwieback*, my dark-urban-fantasy series of young adult novels. In those books, Sebastienne (Annie) Mazarin, the star of this comic, acts as Pan's monster-hunting mentor. As I explained, *Heartstopper* was planned as a limited series from Millennium Publications, except that it ended with issue two—this very comic you've just read.

\* \* \*

Here's how things went pear-shaped.

It began shortly after *Heartstopper* #1 was delivered to Millennium, when co-creator and penciler Uriel Caton informed me that, between his full-time day job and a growing number of freelance art assignments, he'd have to end his involvement in Annie's comic book adventure. (Like the majority of independent

publishers—even today—Millennium didn't pay advances or page rates, so we were working for free in anticipation of sharing the royalties generated by sales.) He had, though, completed the pencils for eight pages of *Heartstopper* #2—just not a consecutive run of pages.

Well . . . damn. I could understand Uriel's position, but this cre-

ated a problem. *Heartstopper: Sorrow About to Fall* (the comic's original subtitle taken from an Electric Light Orchestra song) was meant to be a bi-monthly, four-issue miniseries, and issue 1 had already been sent to the printer; that meant I needed to find a replacement artist ASAP if I wanted to keep the book from crashing and burning. So, y'know, no pressure.

What to do? Then the solution hit me, and I put in a call to artist David C. Matthews.

Dave and I had been working together since 1993 on my self-published *Lorelei* comic series; I wrote, he drew. He was a great artist, he was timely about deadlines, and he was enthusiastic about his work. Dave, I explained to Millennium's publisher, was the guy to get the book back on track; in fact, here are the six penciled pages he's already completed! The publisher, however, didn't like what he saw and insisted I find another artist, right away, or the project was off.

Uh, okay . . .

Back in 1994, I didn't know too many artists. There was Dave, of course, and Uriel, and Louis Small Jr., who was the first artist involved in bringing Annie to the comics page. Outside of them were a handful of small-press creators who, while talented, weren't really up to Dave's or Uriel's or Louis's level—and certainly not anyone Millennium would accept (I count myself among that number).

Then one day at a New York comics convention I met a talented artist named Holly Golightly, who was working under the handle "Fauve." At the time she was working for Carnal Comics, drawing sto-

ries for their line of adult film star biographies. To me, that meant she knew a thing or two about penciling scantily clad women—an ideal background, given the lead character of my comic wasn't wearing all that much herself; even better, she was interested in tackling the *Heartstopper* assignment right away. The only question was whether Millennium's publisher would give his okay.

One package of Carnal Comics and sample-page copies later, Millennium said yes and Holly became Annie's new artist. Thankfully, inker Alan Larsen agreed to stay on board, although he was now tasked with the job of trying to create a cohesive look from three artists with differing styles. Unfortunately, colorist Dan Peters then informed me he was moving to California, to follow his dream of becoming either an animator or a special effects technician (he later became both), so now I needed a replacement colorist.

Three artists, a publisher making ultimatums about creative teams on a creator-owned book, and now the departure of my colorist—y'know, all the signs were there that things weren't going to work out, but I remained optimistic. Oh, those crazy comic book dreams!

Holly recommended a friend of hers for the colorist position: Zeea Adams, daughter of comics legend Neal Adams. Zeea had been working at her father's Continuity Studios publishing house for a number of years, and had the chops to get the job done. When Zeea agreed to jump right in, all that remained was getting the second issue back on track.

Pages practically flew off Holly's drafting table as she worked hard to make up for the time lost during the artist search, and before you knew it the art was passed along to Alan, who found a way to blend Holly's, Uriel's, and Dave's pages into a finished package. The middle step between pencils and inks, the lettering, was handled by me; yes, back in the day, we used to hand-letter our comics—on the actual art! Then photocopies of the finished pages were handed to Zeea, who colored them in no time flat. And off went *Heartstopper* #2 to Millennium Publications.

As I explained in issue 1's afterword, it didn't take long for things to fall apart after that.

Holly had completed the pencils and cover art for *Heartstopper* #3, and the first four pages had been finished by new inker "Chainsaw" Chuck Majewski (yup, another staff replacement), when I called Millennium to find out how sales were doing. Great, I was told. *Heartstopper* #1 had sold 15,000 copies (outselling Harris Comics' latest *Vampirella* issue), and HS2 was on track to sell about the same.

Fantastic! So, uh, when can I expect to see some royalties? Everybody's been working on spec for this project, so it'd be nice if I could start handing out some money, to keep my people happy.

Well, see, that's the problem, I was told. There are no royalties to share. Between printing costs and administrative costs, all the money taken in from *Heartstopper* sales had been used to reimburse Millennium's expenses on the project.

I was stunned. We'd sold close

to thirty thousand copies and there was no money coming my way?

Exactly, I was told. But royalties were certain to kick in once the miniseries was completed and it was collected in trade paperback form.

Hang on a second. You expect me to get two more free issues from my people? That's never going to work. They like me, y'know, but they don't love me enough to keep working for free. And I wouldn't ask them to. The only reason I'd proceeded with HS3 was because I expected some money to come in.

Nope, sorry, I was told.

I thought about it for a few seconds.

"Then I guess I'm gonna have to cancel the series."

\* \* \*

**A**nd that's how Annie's comics debut came to a screeching halt. It was a shame, too, because the first issue's release had been followed by a flood of mail from readers who were either fans of my work on *Lorelei*, or disgruntled *Vampirella* fans who thought Annie was a far better character. The potential to have *Heartstopper* become a successful series in an industry overwhelmed with "bad girl" comics was right there for all to see.

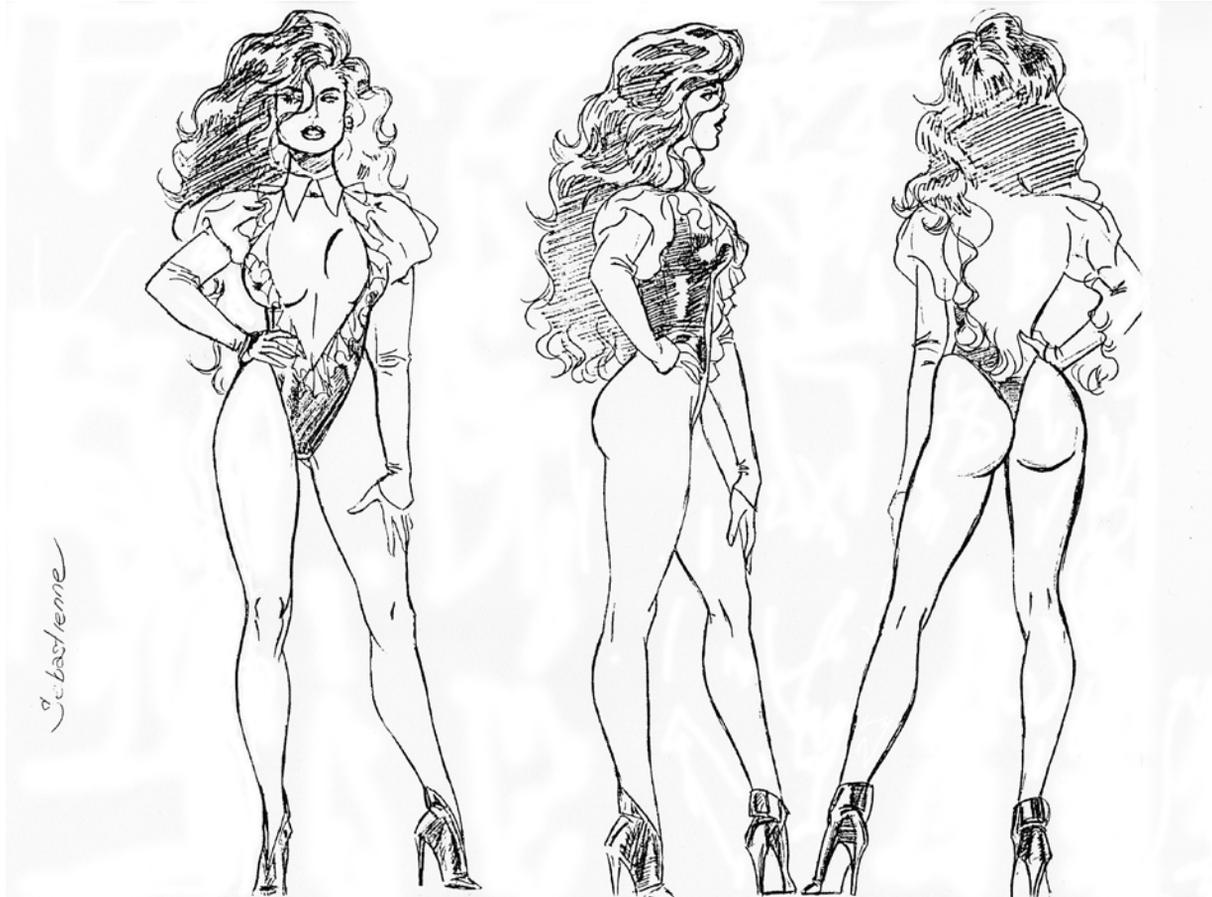
But 100 pages of story and art and coloring—for free? With no rock-solid guarantee of royalties? Sorry, but no.

The story has a happy ending, though. I revived Annie in 1998 for a proposed series of *Heartstopper* young adult novels that would team her

with a teen sidekick named Pandora—a project that eventually morphed into the current *Saga of Pandora Zwieback*, in which Annie acts as mentor to the sixteen-year-old monster hunter in training.

But what about that unpublished third issue? you ask. Where are those pages?

Well, the original art went back to Holly but I've kept photocopies on file, so be sure to drop by the StarWarp Concepts Web site during next year's **Free Comic Book Day**—to be celebrated on May 4, 2013—and download a copy of the fully penciled and lettered *Heartstopper #3*. In the meantime, you can always check out Annie's latest adventures in the Pandora Zwieback novels, short stories, and comic books we're producing. She might be wearing more clothes these days, but Sebastienne Mazarin still knows how to kick a monster's ass!



A character turnaround for Annie. It's similar to what animators use so that all artists on a project know what a character looks like from the front, back, and side.

Art by Uriel Caton.



Uriel's initial sketch for Annie's redesign. Poised, confident, and sexy—just what you'd expect from a 1990s "bad girl era" femme fatale!

Sebastienne

Annie's not just a monster hunter, she's also a 400-year-old shape-shifter. Here she gives a quick demonstration of her power. That big cat looks pretty hungry...



Uriel 94

Uriel titled this sketch "Pensive Sebastienne," but this huntress doesn't look so much like she's musing thoughtfully as sizing up her next target!



Uriel 94

STILL  
AVAILABLE  
FROM

# STARWARP CONCEPTS

A  
STARWARP CONCEPTS  
MAGAZINE

BEFORE THE SAGA OF  
PANDORA ZWIEBACK, THERE WAS...

## HEARTSTOPPER™

THE LEGEND OF LA BELLA TENEBROSA



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HUNTER  
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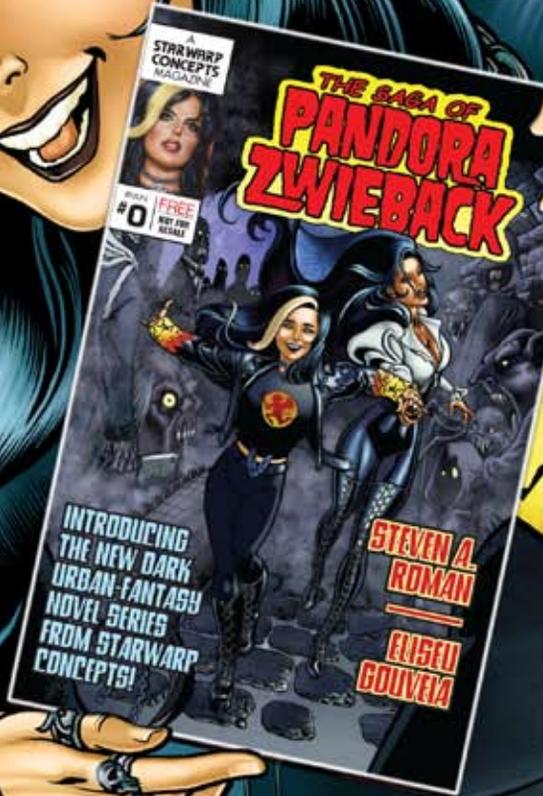
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# ABOUT THE CREATIVE TEAM

**STEVEN A. ROMAN** is the author of the dark-fantasy novel series *The Saga of Pandora Zwieback* and the graphic novel *Lorelei: Sects and the City*, as well as the novels *X-Men: The Chaos Engine Trilogy* and *Final Destination: Dead Man's Hand*. His current writing projects include the science fiction novel *Doctor Omega and the Megiddo Factor*.

**URIEL CATON** began his artistic career as a penciler for Eternity/Malibu Comics with *Starlight* and *Ex-Mutants*. In the years since, he has provided pencil art for *JSA Annual*, *Vampirella*, and *The Outer Space Babes*. Currently, he works as the head of the Control Art and Figure Design division of toy manufacturer Art Asylum.

**HOLLY GOLIGHTLY** (aka Fauve) has been an artist on such comic books as *Sabrina*, *the Teenage Witch*, *Nightmare Theatre*, *Vampfire*, and her own *School Bites*. Currently she and her husband Jim Balent run BroadSword Comics, known for its adult series *Tarot: Witch of the Black Rose*.

**DAVID C. MATTHEWS** is the writer/artist/creator of the comic *Satin Steele*. Currently, he's employed as a "quick sketch" portrait/caricature artist at a certain world-famous, mouse-associated theme park in Orlando, Florida. If you're into manga and female bodybuilders (even combinations of the two!), check out his work at <http://dcmatthews.deviantart.com>.

The late **ALAN LARSEN** was the writer/artist of the indie comics *Bella Donna*, *Goon Patrol*, *Jim Nastics* and *Messiah*, and an inker for *Femforce*, *The Armageddon Factor*, *Keith Laumer's Retief*, and *Creepy Tales*.

**ZEEA MOSS (né Adams)** worked for Continuity Graphics as a colorist and animator during the late 1990s and early 2000s; her comic projects included *Samuree* and *Neal Adams' Monsters*. Currently, she is the vice president of Untitled Project Productions, Inc.

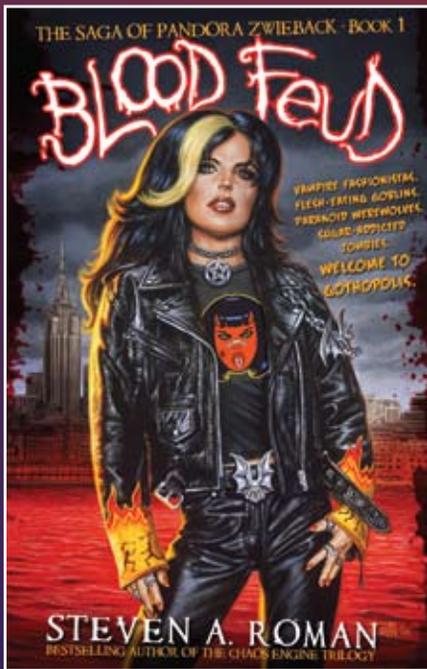
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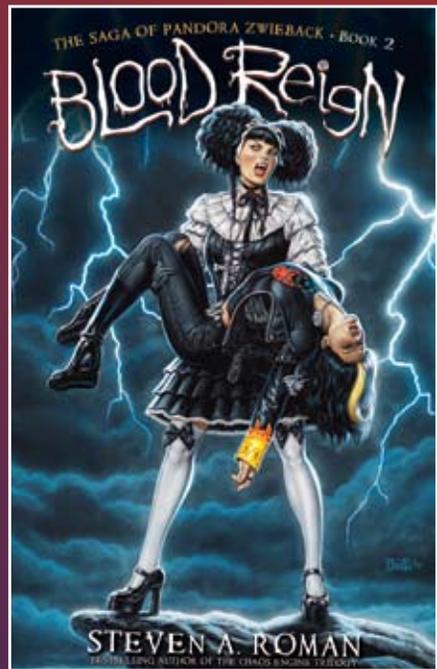
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