



STREET ANGEL



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Jim Rugg and Brian Maruca
AdHouse Books



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Story + Art: Jim Rugg
Story: Brian Maruca

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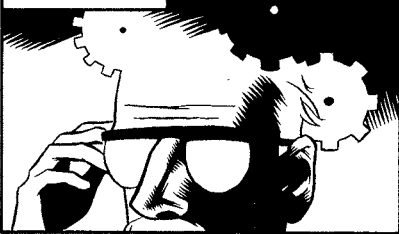
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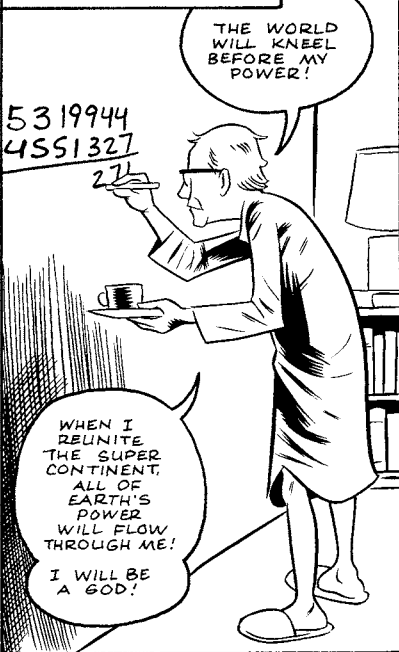
AT AGE 19, DR. PANGEA TRIED TO FLATTEN THE EARTH USING PROPRIETARY SEMICONDUCTOR TECHNOLOGY IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE MAGNETIC RESONANCE OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES.



IT'S IN HIS DOSSIER, ANDERSON. HE DEVELOPED A HARSH COLD AFTER INSTALLING THE DEVICE AT THE NORTH POLE AND SOUGHT MEDICAL TREATMENT. THAT'S WHEN THEY NAILED HIM.



BASED ON NOTES LEFT BEHIND ON HIS CELL WALL, WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO SURMISE THAT HE PLANS TO REUNITE THE EARTH'S CONTINENTS AND HE'S KIDNAPPED MY ONLY DAUGHTER AS AN INSURANCE POLICY.



THE WORLD WILL KNEEL BEFORE MY POWER!

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4551327

WHEN I REUNITE THE SUPER CONTINENT, ALL OF EARTH'S POWER WILL FLOW THROUGH ME!
I WILL BE A GOD!

DOCTOR PANGEA'S CONTINENTAL CONUNDRUM!

BEFORE POWER CUT OUT, SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS CAUGHT PANGEA TAPPING ON THE WALL ADJACENT TO THE CELL OF A SUPER NINJA NAMED GARY.

SOME SORT OF CODE, PERHAPS?

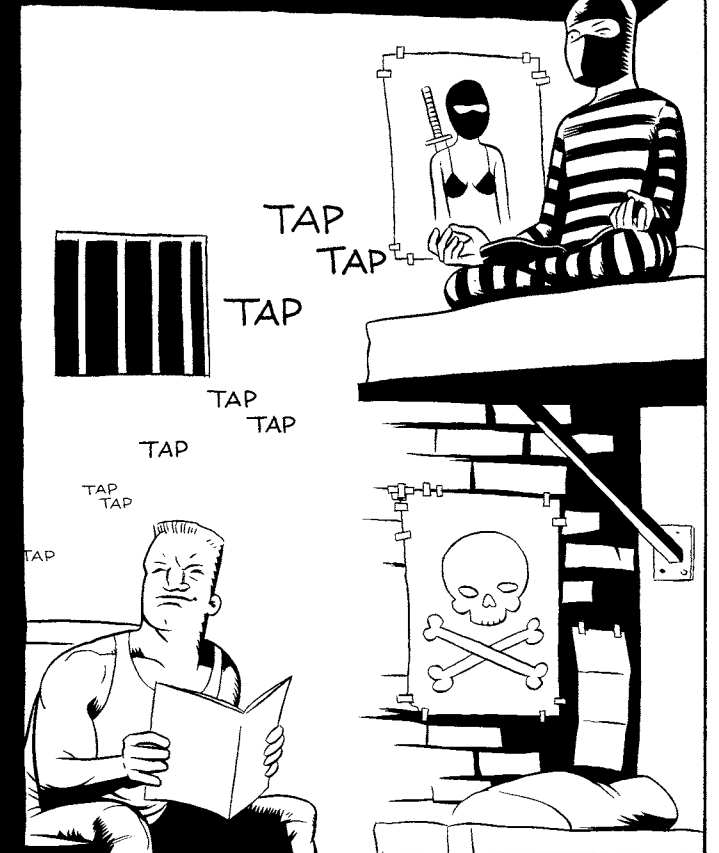


GARY'S CELLMATE HANK—YES, THE EX-SPECIAL OPS DESERT STORM KILLING MACHINE—IS ALSO UNACCOUNTED FOR.

THE DEADLIEST GEOLOGIST OF THE LAST 1000 YEARS IS ON THE LOOSE AND ONLY DUMB LUCK SAVED US FROM HIS LAST PLOT...

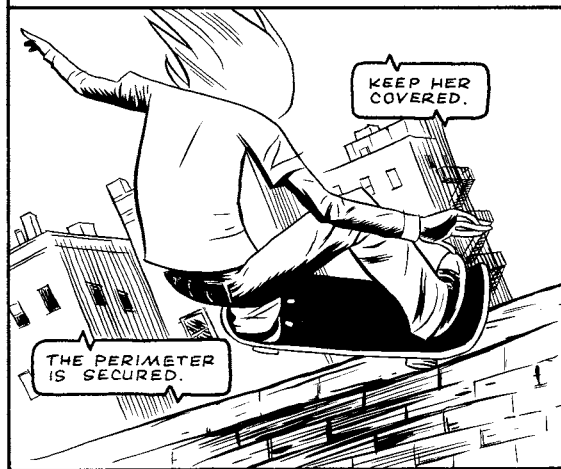
FIND STREET ANGEL AND BRING HER TO ME. OTHERWISE, TOMORROW NIGHT AT 8:37 P.M., WE'RE GOING TO START WORSHIPPING A NEW GOD...

AND HIS NAME IS PANGEA!





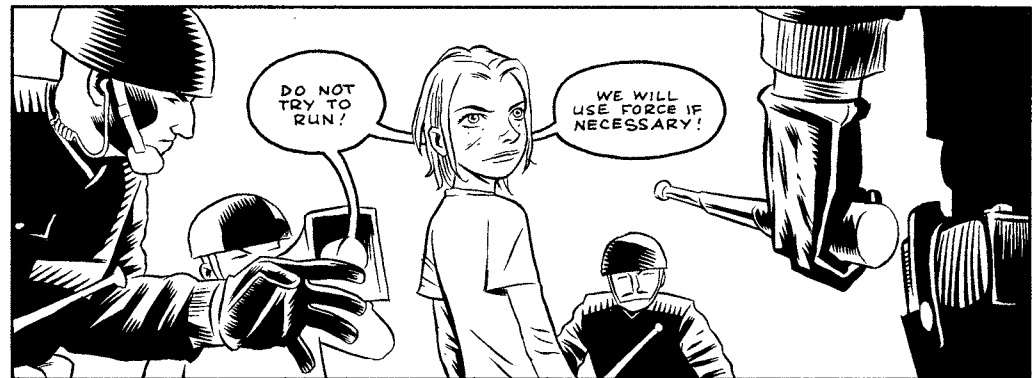
JESSE SANCHEZ IS AN ORPHAN RAISED BY THE STREETS. IN AN UNFORGIVING WORLD OVERRUN WITH POVERTY, DRUG ABUSE NEPOTISM, AND NINJAS, SANCHEZ FIGHTS FOR THE POOR, THE FORGOTTEN, AND WHENEVER POSSIBLE, FOR FOOD.



ARMED ONLY WITH HER PHAT SKATEBOARDING SKILLS, MARTIAL ARTISTRY AND TRICKED OUT DECK, SHE'S KNOWN TO CRIMINALS AS STREET ANGEL!



WHEN THE NINJA RIOTS OF '06 THREATENED TO BURN ANGEL CITY TO THE GROUND, THE MAYOR CREATED AN ELITE HIT SQUAD. THEIR EFFICIENT DISMISSAL OF THE NINJAS EARNED THEM A PERMANENT SPOT ON THE MAYOR'S PAYROLL. SINCE THEN, THEY HAVE NEVER LOST A FIGHT...THEY HAVE NEVER TASTED DEFEAT. THEY HAVE NEVER MET JESSE SANCHEZ.





YO, THERE'S A FIGHT!

IS THAT STREET ANGEL DOG?

YOU TRIPPIN! THAT'S JUST SOME KID THE COPS IS HASSLIN'.



IT'S EASY TO UNDERESTIMATE STREET ANGEL, SHE'S A YOUNG GIRL, BARELY 5 FEET TALL, 90 LBS.



IT'S A COMMON MISTAKE AMONG FIRST-TIME FOES.

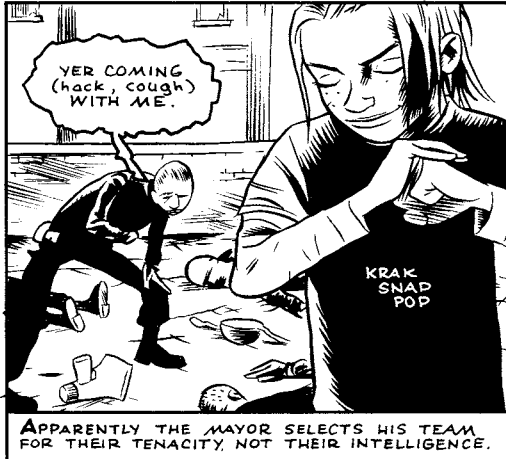


BUT IT SELDOM HAPPENS MORE THAN ONCE.

WAIT, STREET ANGEL.



THE MAYOR SENT US TO (cough, cough) BRING YOU IN...



YER COMING (hack, cough) WITH ME.

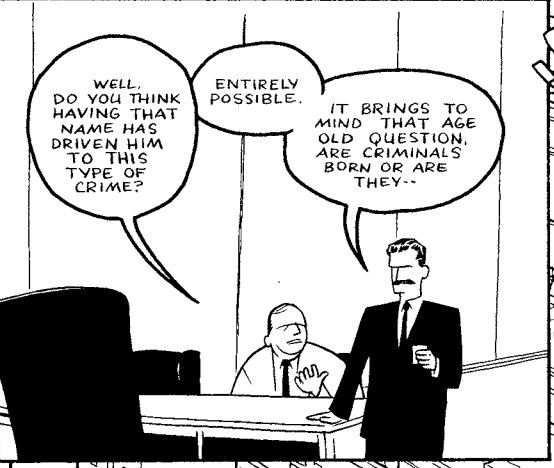
APPARENTLY THE MAYOR SELECTS HIS TEAM FOR THEIR TENACITY, NOT THEIR INTELLIGENCE.

ANGEL CITY



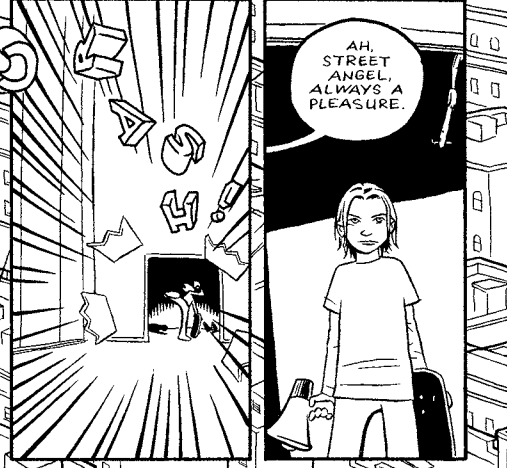
DO YOU SUPPOSE HIS REAL NAME IS PANGEA OR THAT HE CHANGED IT TO COINCIDE WITH THIS HAIR-BRAINED SCHEME OF HIS?

DID YOU EVEN READ THE DOSSIER? IT'S ALWAYS BEEN PANGEA. RUDY IVAN PANGEA. AND THIS "SCHEME" IS FOOL-PROOF ANDERSON, I ASSURE YOU OF THAT.

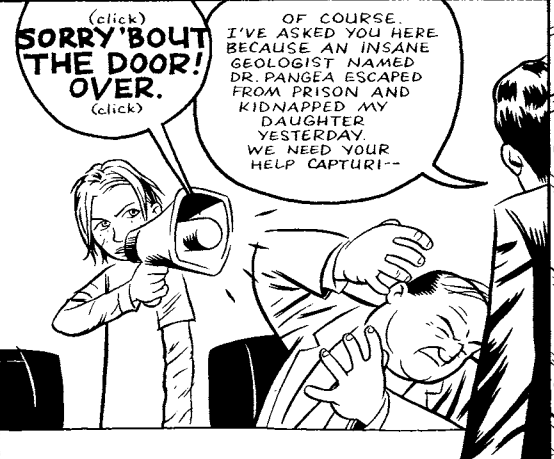


WELL, DO YOU THINK HAVING THAT NAME HAS DRIVEN HIM TO THIS TYPE OF CRIME?

ENTIRELY POSSIBLE. IT BRINGS TO MIND THAT AGE OLD QUESTION, ARE CRIMINALS BORN OR ARE THEY--



AH, STREET ANGEL. ALWAYS A PLEASURE.



(click) SORRY 'BOUT THE DOOR! OVER. (click)

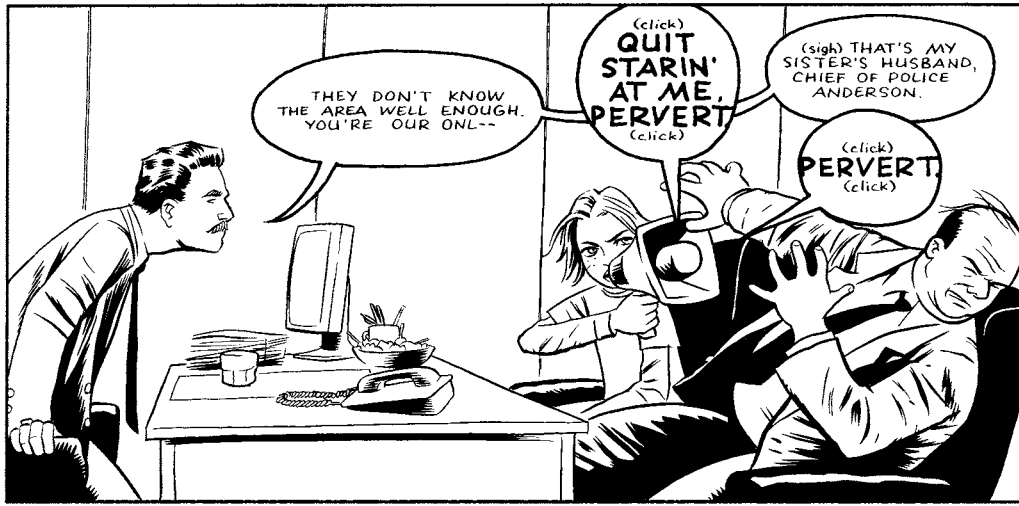
OF COURSE. I'VE ASKED YOU HERE BECAUSE AN INSANE GEOLOGIST NAMED DR. PANGEA ESCAPED FROM PRISON AND KIDNAPPED MY DAUGHTER YESTERDAY. WE NEED YOUR HELP CAPTURI--



(click) WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WITH ME? OVER. (click)

WELL, HE'S HIDING OUT IN WILKESBOROUGH.

(click) SO MAYBE YOU SHOULD'VE SENT YOUR BOYS AFTER HIM INSTEAD OF ME. OVER. (click)



THEY DON'T KNOW THE AREA WELL ENOUGH. YOU'RE OUR ONL--

(click) **QUIT STARIN' AT ME, PERVERT** (click)

(sigh) THAT'S MY SISTER'S HUSBAND, CHIEF OF POLICE ANDERSON.

(click) **PERVERT** (click)



(click) **WHY SHOULD I TRUST EITHER OF YOU? OVER** (click)



STOP USING THAT BLASTED MEGAPHONE!



(click) **MAKE ME.** (click)

(click) **OVER** (click)



FINE. THEN LISTEN. PANGEA PLANS TO REPANGEAIFY THE CONTINENTS. HE'S A DEMENTED UBERGENIUS AND UNLESS WE STOP HIM BEFORE HE CAN FIRE HIS LASER, EARTH AS WE KNOW IT WILL BE DESTROYED.

AND HE'S USING MY DAUGHTER AS A SHIELD.

OTHERWISE I WOULD'VE CARPET BOMBED WILKESBOROUGH AND BEEN DONE WITH IT ALREADY.



(click) **OKAY, I'LL DO IT. OVER** (click)



RACING AGAINST TIME, STREET ANGEL CANVASSES WILKESBOROUGH SEARCHING FOR THE PROVERBIAL NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK - DR. PANGEA'S SECRET LAIR!



PAN WHO?



HOLMES, YOU EVAH HEARD A PANGEA?



PANGEA YOU SAY? THE SUPER-CONTINENT OR THE MAN?

I MET HIS FATHER IN '42, DIDN'T REALIZE RUDY WAS STILL ALIVE.



RRRRRR...



CRANK, CRACK, SMACK, X, PCP, ANGEL DUST, BLACK TAR...

BUT NO PANGEA. SORRY, KID.

DR. PANGEA'S SECRET LAIR!

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE NAME BADGES? IF YOU DON'T USE YOUR BADGES TO PUNCH IN THEN HUMAN RESOURCES CAN'T PAY YOU PROPERLY.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN?

ROGER.

AND YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHERE YOU LOST YOUR BADGE, ROGER?

NO, SIR.

THOSE BADGES COST \$4.50 TO REPLACE.

(sigh)

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT THIS TIME. BUT THE NEXT TIME ANY OF YOU LOSE YOUR BADGE YOUR PAY WILL BE DOCKED! UNDERSTOOD?

YES, SIR!

YES, DR. PANGEA.

UH... DR. PANGEA? I HAVE ANOTHER QUESTION.

WHAT NOW, ROGER?

WHY DON'T YOU FIRE THE LASER NOW?

GARY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO FIELD THIS ONE?

= Dr. Pangea
NEW GOD!

FASTER THAN THE HUMAN EYE, GARY UNFOLDS HIS ARMS, TAKES OUT HIS SWORD, SLICES THROUGH ROGER'S NECK FROM SIDE TO SIDE, WIPES THE LITTLE BIT OF BLOOD FROM HIS SWORD THAT HAD TIME TO COLLECT THERE, SHEATHES HIS SWORD AND RESUMES HIS POSITION NEAR DR. PANGEA.

ANY OTHER QUESTIONS? OKAY, GREAT. LET'S BREAK FOR LUNCH. WHO WANTS MEXICAN?

BRUNO'S KITCHEN.

HIYA!

HEY, JESSE, DID YOU KNOW I WAS GONNA BE A NINJA? IT'S TRUE, BUT MY MOM WANTED ME TO BE A CHEF, SO...

DAMN, BILL. THEY MAKE NINJA OUTFITS IN YOUR SIZE?

AFTER WORK, THE BALD EAGLE WAITS FOR JESSE.

DID YOU FIND PANGEA?

DOES AN EAGLE FLY SOUTH IN THE WINTER?

HUH?

OKAY, I DIDN'T "FIND" PANGEA, BUT SOME OF HIS NINJAS ARE HANGING OUT AT DAGGLY COURTS. THEY CAN TELL YOU WHERE HE IS.



DAGGLY COURTS.

I'LL GET IT.

OUT ON YOU.

YOU TOUCHED IT LAST!

NOW WHERE IS THAT BALL?

THAT BALL?



A CHANGE OF CLOTHES LATER...

Uh... WHOSE BALL?

IT'S STREET ANGEL! GET HER!

NICE UNDIES, STEVE!

(whistle)



SO, ANY BIG PLANS TONIGHT?

PANGEA'S? HELLO?

OH YEAH! I FORGOT. WHERE IS THAT, BY THE WAY?

17TH AND STONE. SAME AS LAST NIGHT. GEEZ.

I'M OPEN!

FEED ME THE PILL.

TO MIKEY!

STOP WORRYING ABOUT PANGEA AND PLAY DEFENSE! WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WIT YOU, STEVE???

HEY! THAT'S NOT ME!

HIGH FIVE!

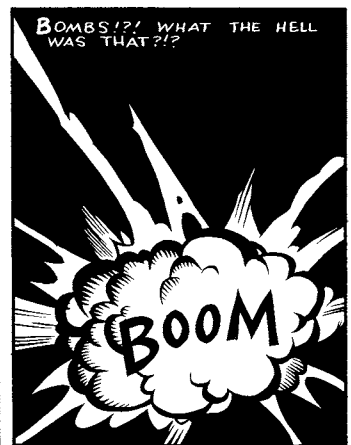
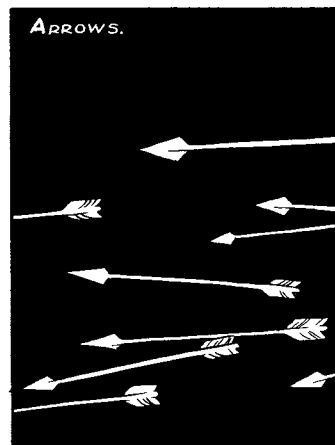
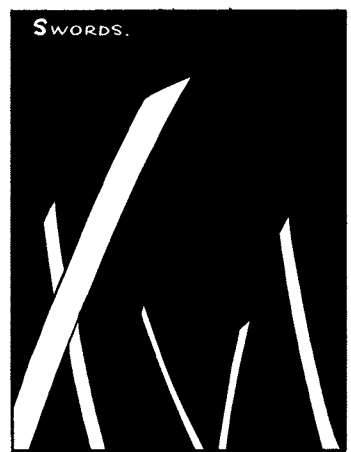
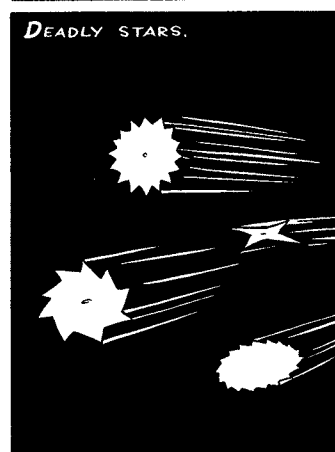
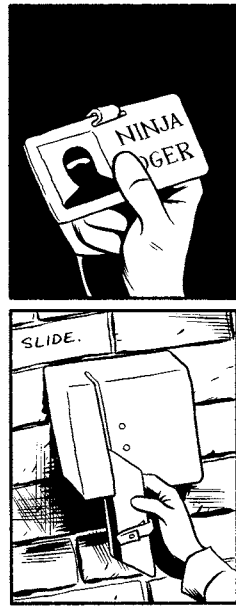
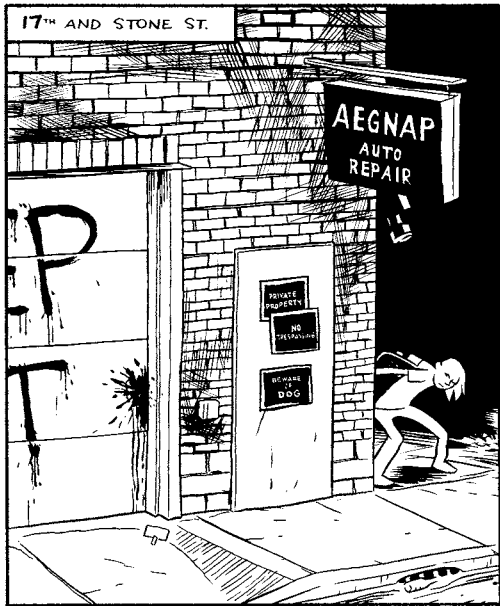
WELL? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GET HER!

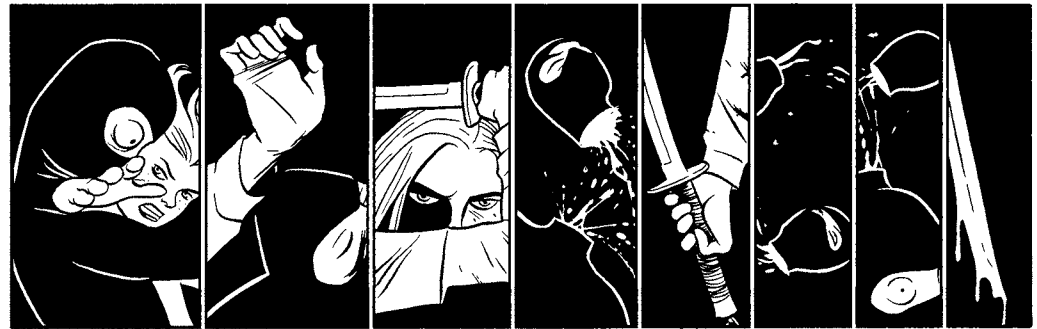
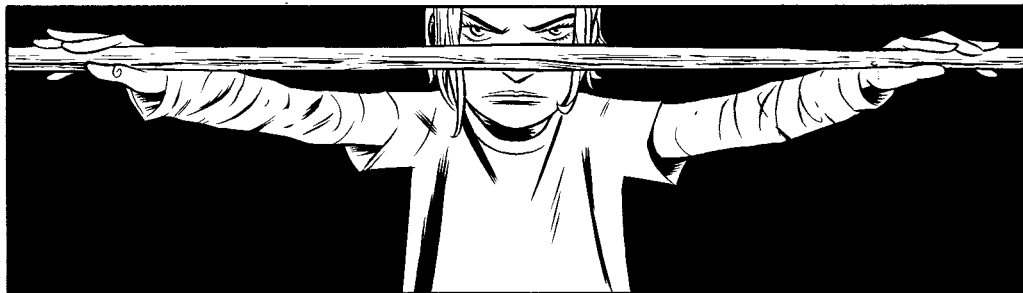
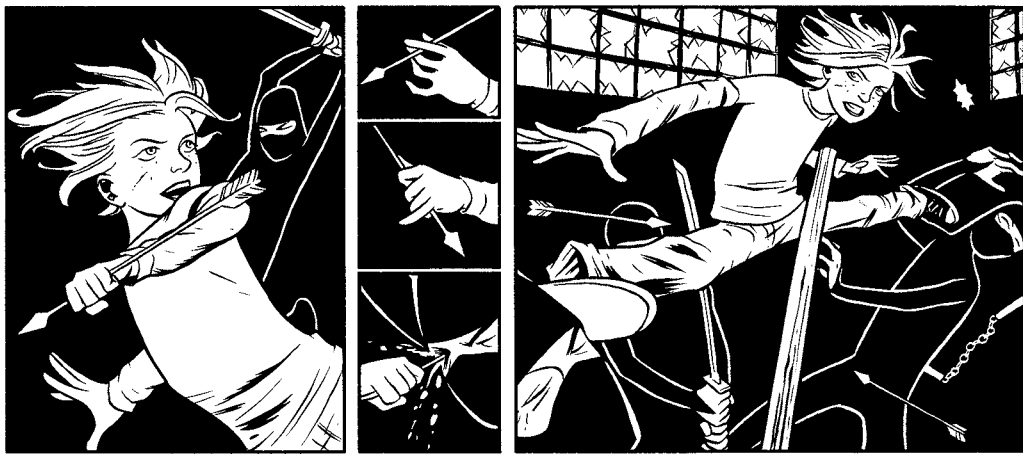
I'M NOT GETTING MY ASS KICKED BEFORE THE END OF THE WORLD.

IT'S NOT LIKE SHE FOOLED US.

RIGHT. YOU GUYS ARE TOO SMART FOR ME. I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FIND PANGEA'S LAIR SOME OTHER WAY. OH WELL.

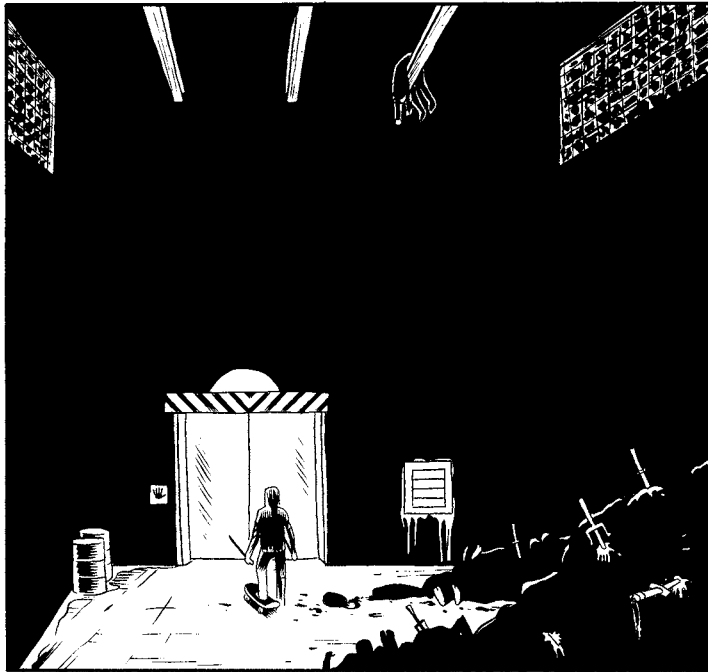
YOU GET HER.





IRRITATED, STREET ANGEL TRIUMPHANTLY SURVEYS THE WAREHOUSE.





COME ON!



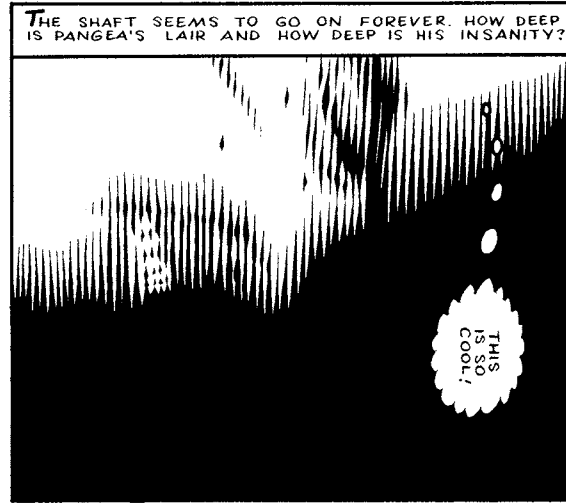
STUPID DOOR! OPEN!



JUST LIKE A NINJA TO LOCK UP BEFORE A FIGHT.

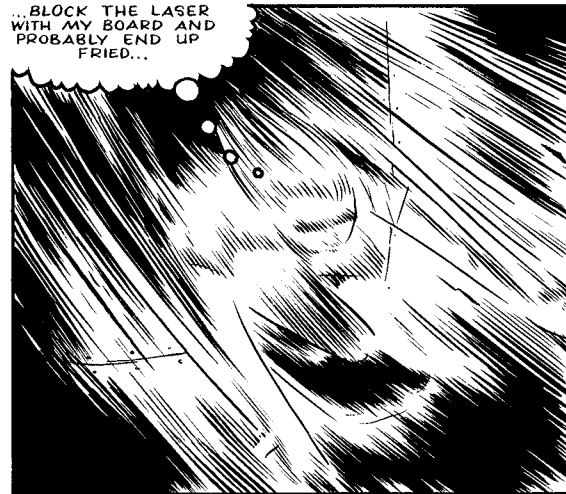


HOPe THERE AREN'T ANY FAN BLADES ON THE OTHER END.

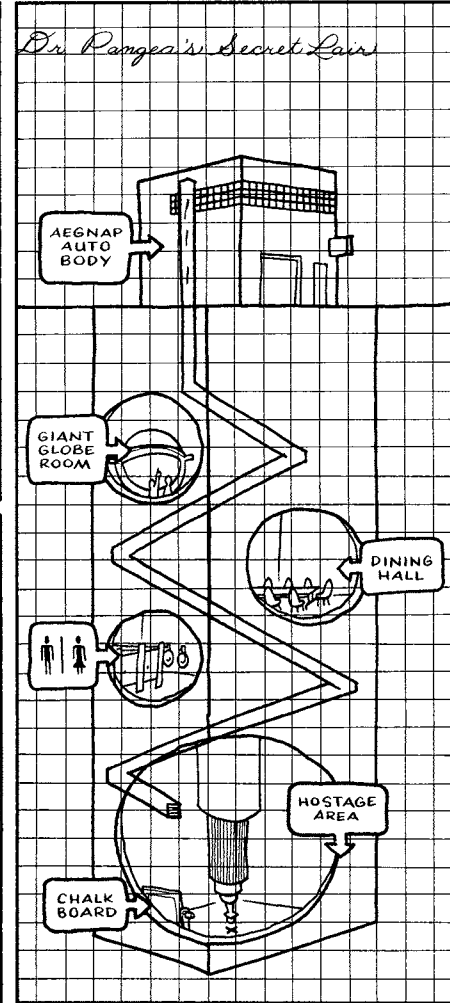


THE SHAFT SEEMS TO GO ON FOREVER. HOW DEEP IS RANGEA'S LAIR AND HOW DEEP IS HIS INSANITY?

THIS IS SO COOL!



BLOCK THE LASER WITH MY BOARD AND PROBABLY END UP FRIED...



Dr. Ranga's Secret Lair

AEGNAP AUTO BODY

GIANT GLOBE ROOM

DINING HALL

HOSTAGE AREA

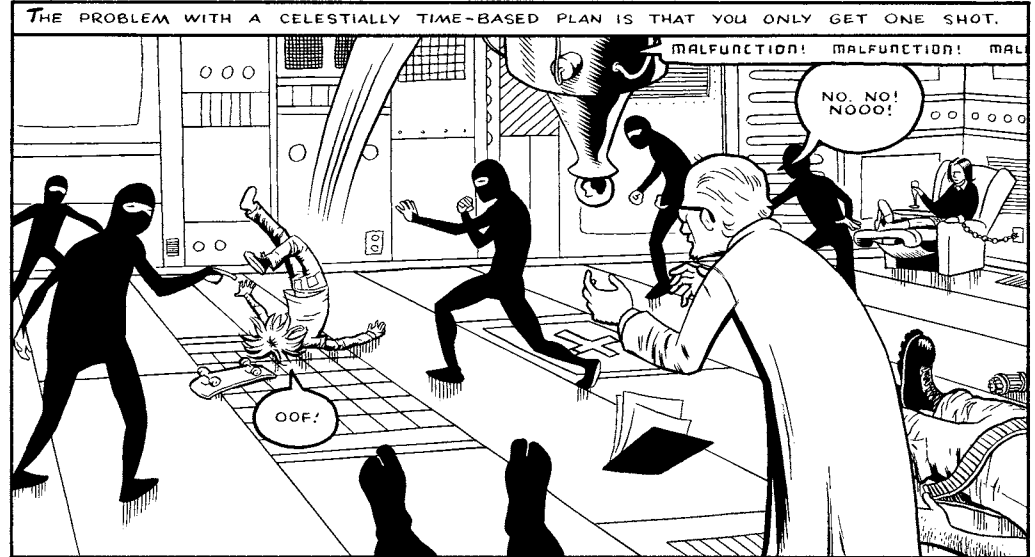
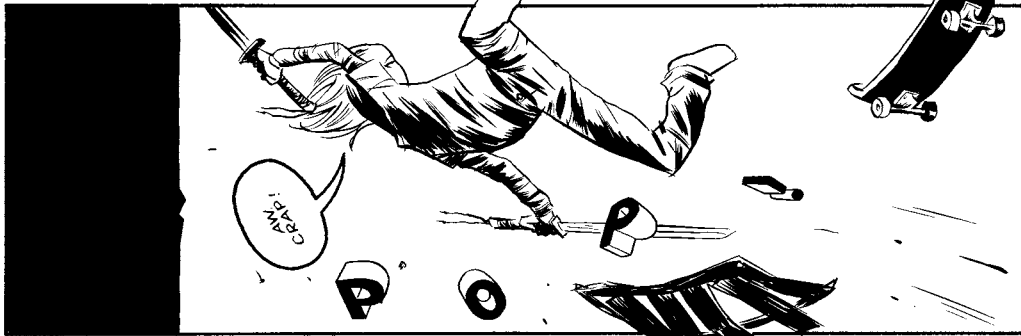
CHALK BOARD



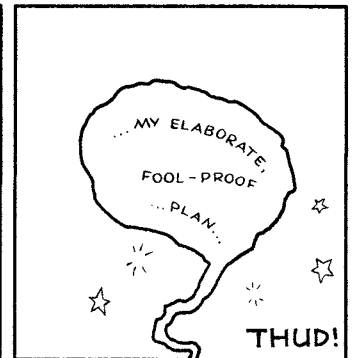
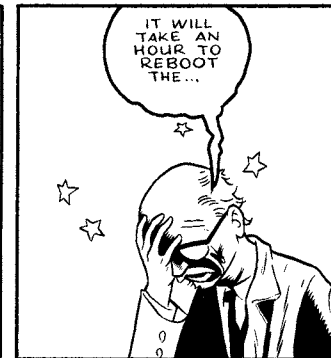
STEELEING HERSELF TO THIS GRIM DESTINY, STREET ANGEL ZOOMS TOWARD THE SOUND OF THE CHARGING LASER.



OH MAN... IF I SURVIVE, I'M DOING THIS AGAIN!



MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION!

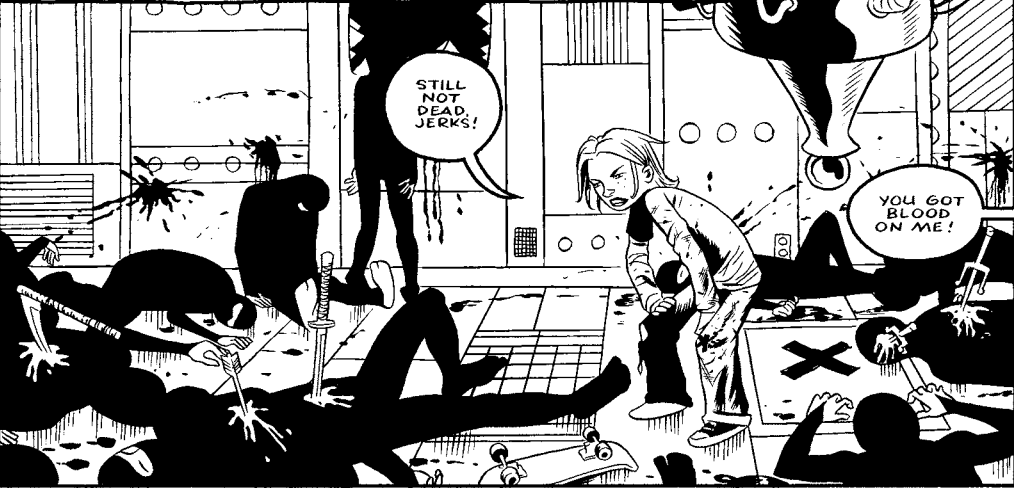


MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION!

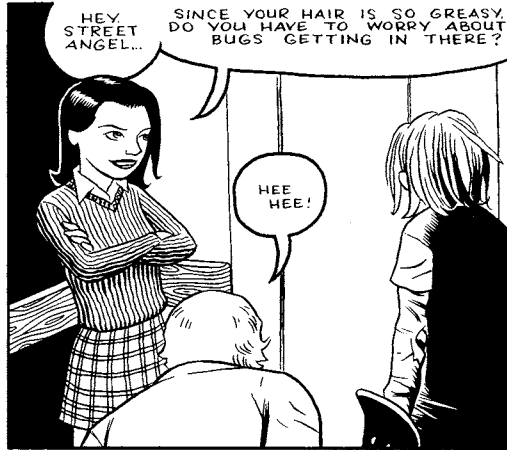
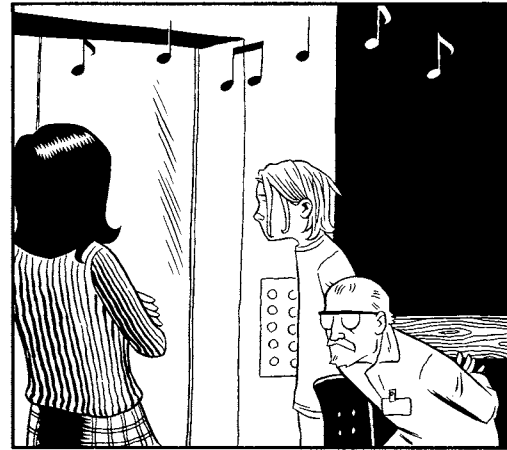


NO DEAR READER, YOU DIDN'T SKIP A PAGE. STREET ANGEL WIPED OUT ALL OF DANGEA'S HENCH-NINJA IN THE TIME IT TOOK YOU TO TURN THIS PAGE.

FUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION!



CTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION! MALFUNCTION!





WITH PANGEA'S EVIL PLAN THWARTED AND THE WORLD SAVED, JESSE SANCHEZ TURNS HER ATTENTION TO FINDING HER SHOE - UNTIL THE NEXT TIME THAT DANGER COMES CALLING FOR - STREET ANGEL!

