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VEIL COMICS

COSMICA

ISSUE #2

SOLARA IGNITES!

Created and written by

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Visual artwork created with generative-AI tools under extensive human direction, selection, revision, and editorial control.

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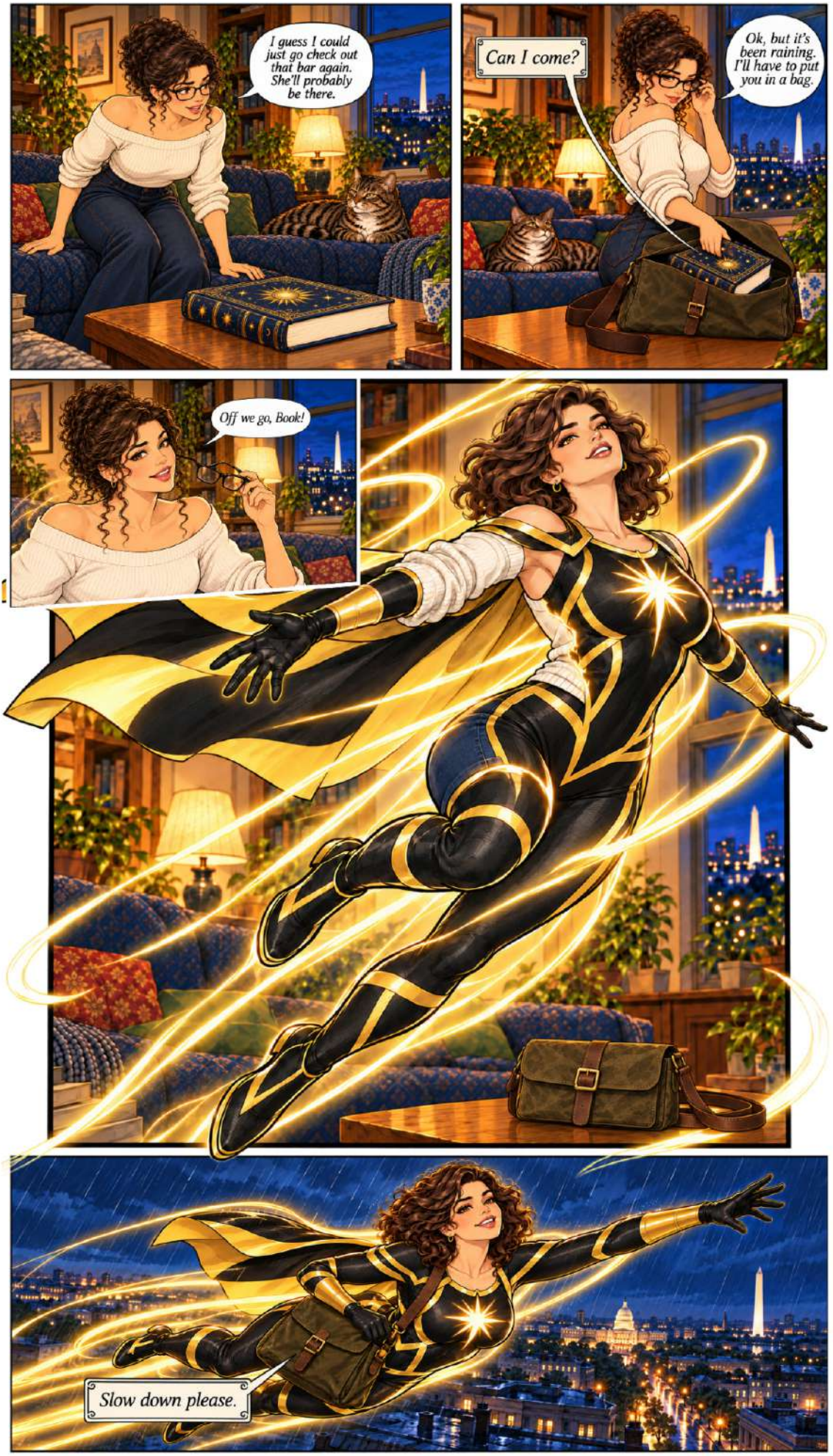

Hello, it's your old pal Book here. I knew you couldn't stay away for long.
When we left our story, Claire Rosslyn—Cosmica—was rushing toward a cry for help. Rachel Harper was ordering another drink. Let's begin with her.
This band sucks.
Then again, most bands suck.
That's the point of bands.
Why do I spend so much time here?
I'm better than this place.
Sure you are, Rachel.


What else am I supposed to do?
There aren't any jobs. At least not any that I want.
Capitalism has ruined everything.
Bucket of beers for the band.
But this band sucks.
They still deserve beer. And keep the change.
I'm gonna be sick.


ohhhh
RETCH
Those diners paid for a peaceful evening, not to get held up at gunpoint by men wearing masks of elected officials!
It's a crime and it mocks democracy!
It's time to become...
HOLY SHIT! COSMICA!


Hang on. Let me finish changing here.
Oooh you're transforming. That's so retro.
Wait a second, are you...
Am I what, Leather Lady?
I'll deal with you later, whoever you are.
That was freakin ridiculous. I'm not telling anyone about this.
BARF


Book, that young woman had a red aura around her. I'm certain of it!
One of your gifts is recognizing other heroes when they appear. It looks like you just did.
But she was throwing up in an alley. That's not very heroic.
Not everyone can be an all-American gal like you, Claire.
It takes all kinds, I guess!


I guess I could just go check out that bar again. She'll probably be there.
Can I come?
Ok, but it's been raining. I'll have to put you in a bag.
Off we go, Book!
Slow down please.