



IT IS APRIL, 1994.

I AM IN MY DORM ROOM IN FOSTER-SHEA, STARING AT A BLANK PAGE.


I HAVE BEEN HERE FOR HOURS.
I STILL WILL BE HOURS FROM NOW.

THE LAST RAYZOR STORY



THEY SAY "ALL GOOD THINGS
MUST COME TO AN END" ...


TURNS OUT, THE SAME IS TRUE OF
EVERY THING, EVEN A MIDDLING
COMIC PASTICHE.



I'VE BEEN DOING THIS LITTLE
STRIP FOR ALMOST A YEAR, WITH
NO PARTICULAR PLAN OR DIRECTION
IN MIND.

NOW THE SECOND SEMESTER IS
ALMOST OVER. I HAVE TO LAND
THIS PLANE SOMEWHERE.

SO...WHAT DO I WANT TO DO?



A HEROIC DEATH, MAYBE?
A CITY IN MOURNING AFTER RAY
MAKES THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE
TO SAVE IT FROM AN ALIEN THREAT?



OR A FLASH-FORWARD TO A GRIM
FUTURE, WITH RAY FACING DOWN
A FORMER ALLY-TURNED-ADVERSARY.

EPIC... BUT ALREADY *CLICHE*,
AND THE CHARACTERS DON'T HAVE
THE GRAVITAS TO MAKE IT WORK.



A CLIFFHANGER, THEN?

THE WORLD -- OR AT LEAST A
MOUNTAIN-- READY TO CAVE IN
ON THE ASSEMBLED CAST AND
HEROES OF THE BIG TEN?

AFTER HOURS OF CREATIVE *DITHERING*,
THE LURE OF "NBA JAM" IS TOO MUCH.
I SLAP TOGETHER SOMETHING ORIGINAL...
AND WHOLLY *UNMEMORABLE*.

IT IS JUNE, 2003.

I AM DRIVING CROSS-COUNTRY,
HEADED FOR L.A. TO BE A SCREEN-
WRITER (OR SO I THOUGHT.)

MY CAR IS LOADED UP WITH BOXES
HOLDING MOST OF MY EARTHLY
POSSESSIONS.

THE STUFF THAT DOESN'T FIT I LEAVE
BEHIND, AT MY GRANDMOTHER'S.
IT'S ALL LATER TAKEN BY MOLD
AND MUST BE THROWN AWAY.

THE BOX WITH ALL MY HIGH SCHOOL
AND COLLEGE MEMENTOS WAS THE
LAST THING I LOADED.
IT NEARLY DIDN'T MAKE THE CUT...

IT IS MAY, 2018.

ANOTHER MOVE, THIS TIME FROM
SEATTLE TO TEXAS.

INTERSTATE MOVERS CHARGE BY WEIGHT,
SO I FINALLY OPEN THE "MEMORY BOX"
I'VE BEEN SCHLEPPING AROUND,
MOVE AFTER MOVE, UNOPENED FOR
THE PAST 15-ODD YEARS.

IT IS MARCH, 2020.

STUCK AT HOME WITH A LOT OF
FREE TIME...AND A NEW COMPUTER.

I FIND MYSELF REVISITING ALL THE
OLD FAVORITES: MISTER HOLLYWOOD,
THE ZOMBIE MOVIE...AND RAYZOR.

I GET THE BRIGHT IDEA HIS STORY
NEEDS A SEQUEL.

Ray is just
some kid who "thought"
about
"killer"
"zombie" and "DEAD NOW!"
"Ray" is just
some kid who
"thought" about
"killer" and "zombie" and
"DEAD NOW!"
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some kid who
"thought" about
"killer" and "zombie" and
"DEAD NOW!"

ONCE MORE, I FIND MYSELF CONFRONTED
BY A *BLANK PAGE*.

ONCE MORE, I HAVE A CHANCE
TO BUILD MY OWN WORLD.



MY POWERS HAVE GROWN QUITE A BIT
SINCE MY COLLEGE CARTOONING DAYS.
I CAN CREATE FULLY-RENDERED, LIFE-LIKE
3-D ENVIRONMENTS FOR MY HEROES AND
VILLAINS TO OCCUPY.



THE WILDEST, MOST OUTLANDISH
PLACES AND PEOPLE I CAN IMAGINE,
ON THIS OR ANY OTHER WORLD...

EPIC BATTLES...



I CAN BRING IT TO LIFE IN PHOTO-
REALISTIC DETAIL (IF I WANT),
OR STYLIZE IT IN ANY WAY I'D LIKE.
ANYTHING I CAN CONCEIVE,
I KNOW I HAVE THE POWER TO BUILD.



A COFFEE SHOP?

WHY WOULD I BUILD
A COFFEE SHOP?!?



