



**1** US 4.99  
A  
COVER  
TEEN

**AMERICAN  
MYTHOLOGY  
PRODUCTIONS**

# THE GUN

# WAD





# THE GUNHAND

**VOL. 1 ISSUE NO. 1**

**Creator/Writer**

*Marty Grosser*

**Illustrator**

*Matthew Plog*

**Letterer**

*Mark L. Haynes*

**Designer**

*Elena Byerly*

**Publisher:** Michael Bornstein  
**President:** James Kuhoric  
**Managing Editor:** S.A. Check  
**Marketing Manager:** Barlow Jones  
**Designer:** JC Spence

## **PART 1: THE MONSTER REBORN**

Thanks to everyone who has supported our endeavor and plunked down their hard-earned cash to join us on this wild ride into unexplored territories! I dedicate this issue to my mom, Margarete Grosser, who fed my love of comics at an early age, and to Scott Braden, who asked me to help him bring his character to life in his own comics and inspired me to write my own first series... perhaps a bit too late in life. But, "better late than never", they say.

### **PAGE 25:**

Editorial:

**HOW TO MAKE  
A MONSTER**

### **PAGES 26-27:**

**THE GUNHAND #1  
PREVIEW STORY**

### **PAGE 28:**

**WILLOUGHBY'S LETTER  
IN PLAIN TEXT**

### **COVERS:**

**"A":** Matthew Plog  
**"B":** Matthew Plog  
**"C":** Barry McClain, Jr.  
**"D":** Kelley Jones

THE GUNHAND Vol. 1 #1. First Printing. Published by American Mythology Productions, LLC, P.O. Box #325, Bel Air, MD 21014  
www.americanmythology.net. The GunHAND is ™ & © Martin Grosser 2024. All rights reserved. American Mythology logo ™ 2024 American Mythology Productions, LLC. All names, characters, events, and locales of this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of American Mythology Productions except for review purposes. Printed in Canada.



**AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY  
PRODUCTIONS:**

www.AMERICANMYTHOLOGY.net

**Facebook:**

/AmericanMythologyComics

**Twitter:**

@AmericanMytho



# HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER

*By Marty Grosser*



I have always been a fan of the FRANKENSTEIN story. From Mary Shelley's original novel to movies and comics, the idea of a monster... a man... pieced together from disparate parts of other human beings (dead ones), and then filling said construct with life anew, has always fascinated me. My first encounter with the monster was in the classic 1931 film, FRANKENSTEIN, by James Whale, starring Boris Karloff (a.k.a. William Henry Pratt) as the monster. I saw this on TV in the early '60s and was immediately enthralled by the monster and his plight. A sympathetic creature who was a victim of his creation and situation.

In my third grade class in elementary school, our instructor Mr. Rorher brought into the class a box of Classics Illustrated comic books and there, along with *War of the Worlds*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Ivanhoe*, and *The Jungle Book*, I found FRANKENSTEIN... and read it and re-read it several times. I was always struck by the very last panel, which depicted the monster floating away on a raft of ice: "He was soon borne away by the waves and lost in the darkness and distance." I always wondered what became of him.



When Marvel Comics debuted their series, *The Monster of Frankenstein* by writer Doug Moench and artist Mike Ploog in 1973, I found one answer to my wonderment at the fate of the monster. I followed the series faithfully throughout its run, even after the great Ploog left the series after issue #5, replaced by Marvel mainstay, John Buscema on the retitled series, *The Frankenstein Monster*.



A few years ago, I found myself helping a friend develop his character creation, an aquatic adventurer named "Kent Menace", into a comic book series... a dream of his I was more than happy to help him

accomplish. I wrote several stories for him, even doing punch-up on a particular story that he had co-written with artist Dan Lawlis, and helped to edit several issues. While doing all of that, I found a copy of the Classics Illustrated FRANKENSTEIN and it reminded me of the story left untold (by me, at least). I decided to make it a Western... but it needed a hook, something that set it apart from other retellings or continuations of the novel. I knew I wanted the monster to become a gunfighter (a GREAT gunfighter), so I came up with the "magic arm" of an enforcer for a coven of witches and warlocks hellbent on taking control of the United States, still licking its wounds from the Civil War that pitted state against state, brother against brother. The rest of the details fell into place quickly.



To design the monster, I called upon my friends Barry McClain, Jr. and Matt Plog. Both of these talented artists provided head sketches and designs of the monster, which helped to solidify his look. But it was Matt's designs for the monster's Western ensemble and the "GunHAND" itself that sealed the deal.



The comic you now hold in your hand is a labor of love. Matt put his heart and soul into the artwork and it shows on every page, every panel. And I tried my best to create an interesting and entertaining story that I hope you will come back to every two months, to see where we're headed. It's going to be a wild ride!

*Marty Grosser*





## FOR THOSE WHO CURSE THE CURSIVE

(or just don't like eye-strain):

### WILLOUGHBY'S LETTER TO THE MONSTER... IN PLAIN TYPE

My dear friend (and yes, you are now my dear friend, for reasons I will explain) I must apologize for not staying around to make sure the surgery was a success, but sometimes one must trust in their skills and knowledge. I learned of your existence many years ago when stories of your creation and alleged demise found their way stateside via tales told by immigrants from the Old World who lived through your short but... *impactful* existence nearly one hundred years ago. It is the year 1888 for your benefit, and you are in the city of New York. I recognized you from the stories I heard, which told of your particularly odd pallor and great physical presence.

I must apologize for the idea of transplanting the arm which now hangs in place of your own lost limb: the idea was solely mine, which I gave to you via a suggestion spell which, in your injured state, was easy to cast upon you. I am a wizard of sorts. My name is Jamie Willoughby. I once belonged to a coven of witches and warlocks, but I left them behind (I tried to, anyway), when they made it known that their plans for the future included taking control of this grand country from coast to coast, enslaving all those they deemed unworthy, to toil for them unquestioningly. I wanted no part of their plot for domination, so I left them back in California and headed as far away as I could, here to New York City.

But my luck ran out when the Coven of the All-Seeing Eye sent their assassin, Edgar Caine — the man whose arm you now possess — to kill me. Luckily, I got a drop on him, and he did indeed die under the wheels of a streetcar, but that had everything to do with my magical abilities, which are more than adequate I must confess. The Coven of the All-Seeing Eye controlled Caine through the arm. They could track his whereabouts, and even see events unfold via the eye tattooed to the back of his hand. For both our sakes, I have negated that power so you may pass unnoticed on your journey. You see, I have informed the Coven that Caine succeeded in his mission to extinguish my life, and soon they will call him home.

The arm, this "Gun Hand," will act as a compass, and will direct you back to their lair in California. And when you eventually get there, **I WANT YOU TO KILL THEM ALL**. No one will be safe until they are all dead. The arm will be your ultimate weapon to battle the Coven. But be warned: the arm still retains some of the memories and emotions of Caine, and it will fight your will until you can bring it under your control. Never let your guard down... it will try to kill you or draw you into mortal danger at every turn.

Again, I am sorry to do this to you, but I have every confidence that you will accomplish this grim task.

Good Luck to You, Noble Creation. Your Friend,

Jamie Willoughby

J. W.