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"...More fully-rounded, more realistic and, as a direct result, more human than all but the best superhero comic book work."

—From the introduction by Dwayne McDuffie

"Sean Taylor's stories focus less on the obvious trappings of the genre, instead homing in on the conflicted, flawed human beings for whom greater-than-mortal powers don't convey greater-than-mortal morality."

—Tom Brevoort, Executive Editor, Marvel Comics

"Show Me a Hero delivers a series of stories that are dangerous, intriguing, fun and lathered with that sense of character readers will be sure to love. Once you're done reading, you'll know you read a well-crafted, fully rounded piece of work."

—Dan Jurgens, author of *The Death of Superman*

"Hitting a heavy beat on the 'human' in superhuman, Taylor's stories pulse with a visceral reality. The biggest villains his heroes face might be their own bad habits; their greatest challenges are working through relationships—not surviving the battle. Show Me a Hero lives in the place where modern fiction meets mythology."

—Barbara Randall Kesel, author of *Alien vs. Predator*, *WildC.A.T.s*, *Rogue Angel*; *Teller of Tall Tales*

"Show me a hero and I will write you a tragedy." Sean Taylor takes F. Scott Fitzgerald to heart in a selection of stories that reveal the high price even super heroes often pay to do the right thing. If there are any tears in these riveting tales—and, I'm afraid, there are—they do not diminish the courage of Taylor's champions or the power of his writing. These are the quiet pains that stay with the readers and, hopefully, help them appreciate the heroes in their own lives."

—Tony Isabella, author of *1000 Comic Books You Must Read*, *Star Trek: The Case of the Colonist's Corpse*

Just as he'd requested in the *Mid Town Reporter*, the flowers were all made of papier-mâché. They were orange. And green. No other colors. The pall bearers wore suits of black, against which the brightly colored paper looked like a gift from a well-meaning, but naïve child, the kind of gift that a parent couldn't dream of turning down, but clenched still at the thought of accepting.

And in a way, they were. Just as surely as Graham Dixon lay in that shiny orange casket, these people, these mourners, they had fathered him and birthed him and given him life. Then they killed him.

They deserved to wear the stupid fake flowers. -- From "Foolish Notions"

The Senator's death was a textbook shooting. Muldaine had taken one slug in the temple and died instantly. His body slumped in the leather desk chair, and his head lay back, eyes still open, staring in vain at the office's high ceiling.

The intern wasn't so lucky. His body lay in the doorway, arms and legs spread out like a stomped spider. He had taken eight rounds, three in his chest, one in his right kneecap, two in his face, and the remaining two in his right arm. The bullets that had disfigured his face had done most of the damage. One had taken his left eye and left a bleeding, empty socket in its place. The other had shattered his jaw, exposing the muscle and bone of his cheek. The three chest shots were clean—though none of them had pierced his heart. The shot to the knee had made walking away impossible. With any luck, he had passed out before he died. But judging by the pained grimace on his face, that hadn't been the case.

And there was the matter of the word "Atlanta" he had scrawled in his own blood on the hardwood floor. -- From "Lucky Strikes"

In the movies, bars always have cool names and are filled with happy people chatting up supermodels. Sure there is usually one moping character amid the clamor of noise and festiveness. But Palmer's wasn't like that at all. The place was quiet as an unwritten symphony and the crowd—though there couldn't be more than a dozen people inside, none of whom were remotely close to supermodel status—sipped from their glasses in silence, each too burdened with his or her own business to spare a thought for anyone else's. The place didn't even smell like smoke.

-- From "Fear and Frenzy"

The man who killed me wore a tattoo of Santa Claus across his chest. The old elf in the red suit sat in his sleigh, moist with the man's sweat in spite of the night's chill, and his reindeer jerked with every shudder my murderer made as the icy breeze kissed his bare skin. -- From "Sin and Error Pining"

She had never been the type of person to see the world in black and white. There had always been just too damn much, well, gray wherever she looked. In spite of all her private Protestant schoolteachers had done to instill Southern fundamentalist categories of good and evil in her, she just didn't buy it. It was a load of crap, as far as she was concerned.

Still, even with all that, even when her mind told her it was just a compartment people had invented for storing ideals they disagreed with, she somehow knew that the man standing over her was plain, through and through evil. -- From "Farewell"

Larry Moore stood mixed in the crowd, the wet shoulders of his raincoat bumping against those of the other onlookers as they pushed toward the front of the police line. He smelled the gladiatorial bloodlust as the curious smashed together to witness the city's demolition crew reduce 2341 Old Smith Street to a few hundred square feet of rubble. Even through the hazy drizzle he could smell it. Like a mixture of soured upholstery and human sweat.

People always turn out for destruction, he thought with a smirk. -- From "The Framework Soul"

Something heavy and hard slammed into my back. I tried to twist and roll with the impact but its force kept me careening forward, falling out of the sky, until the cement walkway of Bishop Port Park stopped us both a few feet in front of the statue of Alexander D. Bishop.

I pushed myself up from the hole I had made and pushed the hair out of my face. I gazed up at the monument of Alex Bishop, I guess to apologize for wrecking his park, and I smiled faintly and shook my head. I stood up and turned around, finally able to see what had taken me out so easily.

The top two floors of the Simmons building. -- From "A Gathering of Angels"

Mom," he said, pointing up at the top of St. Anne's Cathedral. "It moved."

"What moved, honey?"

He hated it when she called him sweet names like "honey" or "baby." She never seemed to call him just son or John anymore, not since the accident. And his baby brother, Edward, never got baby names. "The angel moved," he said, his voice cracking as he fought the spots the sun was putting in his eyes. "The angel on the church." -- From "Angels of Our Better Nature"