

Mike Nappa's
Chihuahuas
ARE LUCKY

#1
Fantastic
First
Issue!

NAPPA • EDWARDS



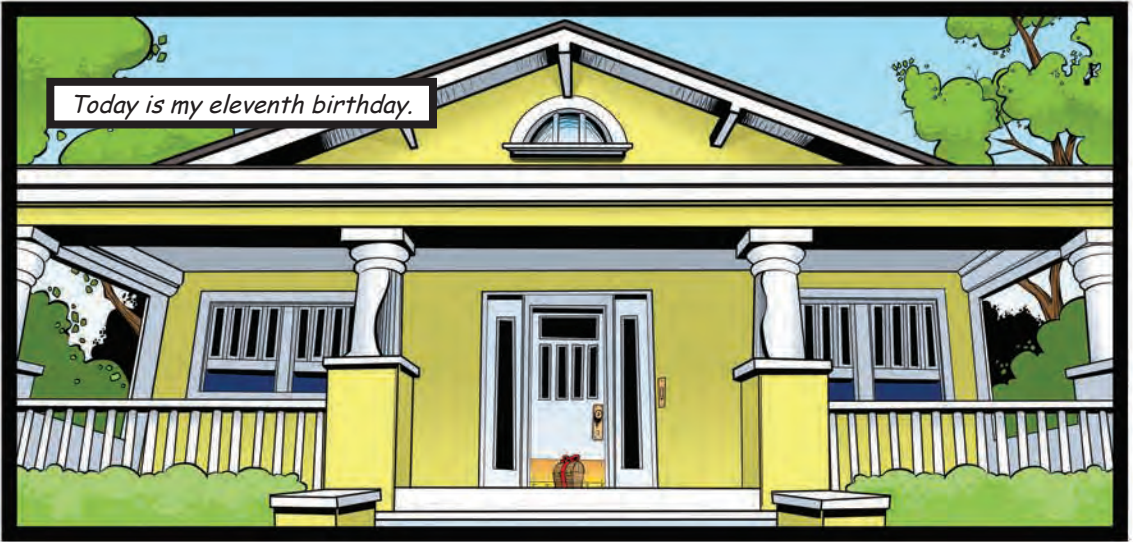
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Today is my eleventh birthday.



My parents are acting weird.




Mike Nappa's

Chihuahuas ARE LUCKY

EPISODE I

AND SO
IT BEGINS...



Wait—Isbel,
are you turning eleven already?
Is that today?

What? What did you say?

It's her birthday today. I forgot to tell you.

Today? It's her eleventh birthday today, and this is what you forget?

Maybe I still have enough time to—Uh oh.

BRRRZZZZZZ

RRRZZZZZZZZZZAP!!

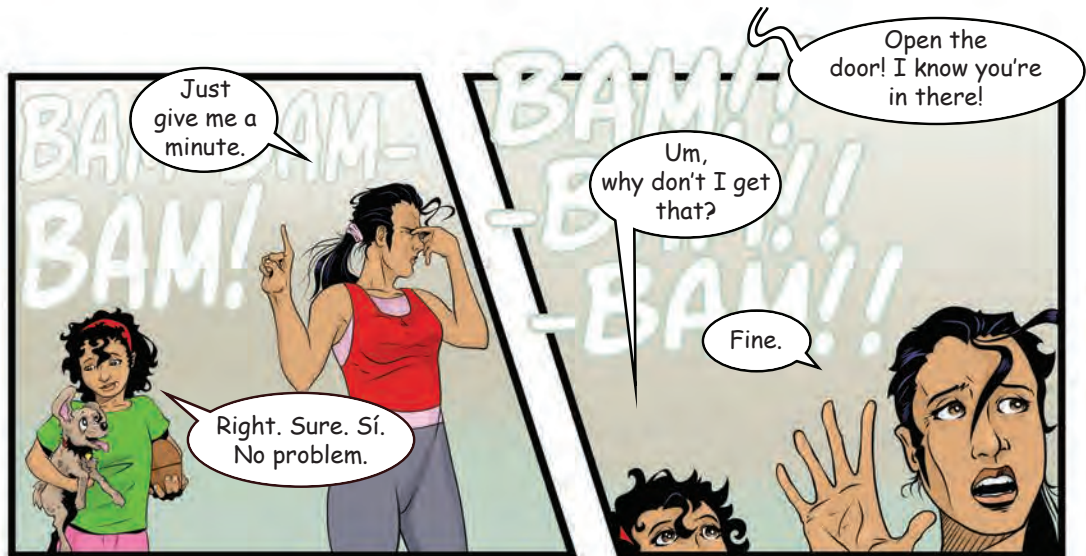
YIP!!

Uh... Mamá?

It's complicated, honey.

BAM-BAM-BAM!

YIP YIP



Just give me a minute.

Open the door! I know you're in there!

Um, why don't I get that?

Right. Sure. Sí. No problem.

Fine.



Tía Amy?

Isbel! Sweetie! Happy birthday!

Am I, uh, too late?



I forgot it was her birthday. She moved the box off the front porch before I could get to it.

Well, that's not good..

Stupid forget-me-magic. Not fair.



Mom? Tía Amy? Why is my birthday present shaking?

GRRRR



Too late.
She might as well
open it now.



She's not ready.
I'M not ready!



Ready for what?



IT'S COMPLICATED.





I'VE GOT EIGHT PENNIES! HOW MANY DO YOU HAVE, AMY?

FIVE!



THIRTEEN PENNIES! IT'LL HAVE TO BE ENOUGH!

QUICK, THROW THEM IN THE BOX!



UH, GUYS?

GIVE HER YOUR WATCH! YOU NEVER KNOW, RIGHT?



AND THE CHIHUAHUA! DON'T FORGET THE CHIHUAHUA!

GUYS?



WVEEEL

START AT THE IN-BE-TWEEN HOUSE, HONEY!



AND REMEMBER TGD WE MMFFDSGU...

RRROOOO



Urk.

OOSSHHHH



Ungh.

Oh no

WHUMPI!!!

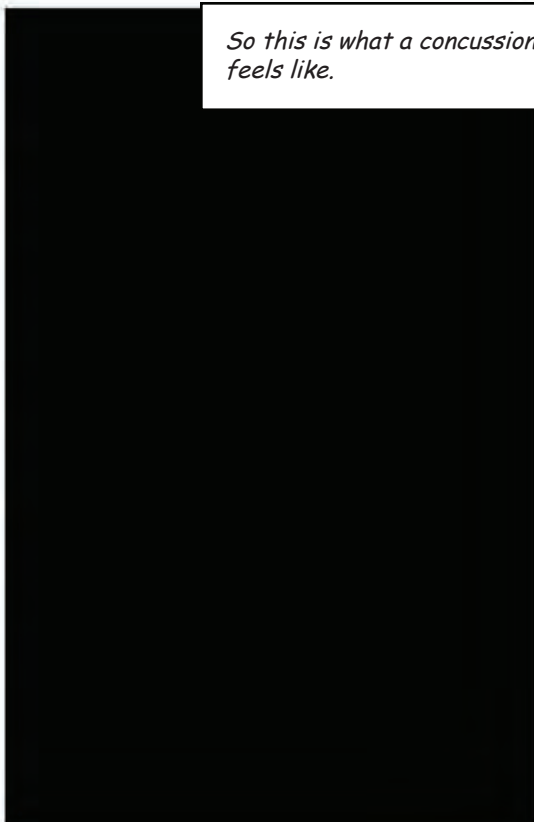
That's gonna leave a mark.




Where am I?



So this is what a concussion feels like.





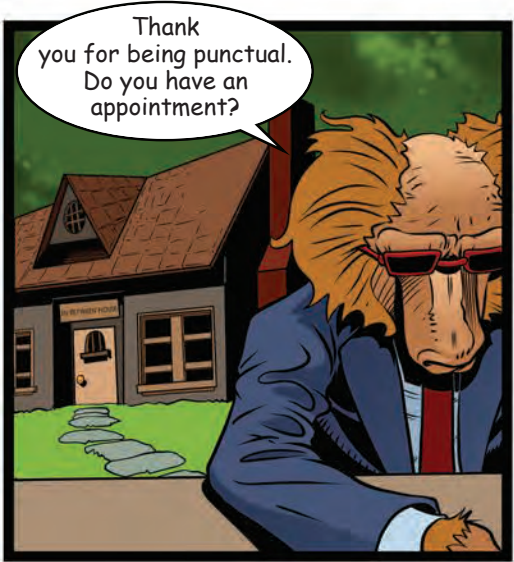
I see you're right on time. Were we expecting you?

If you weren't expecting me, then how do you know I'm on time?

And you brought a Chihuahua. Interesting choice.



Excuse me Mr., uh, Baboon Person. Where am I please?

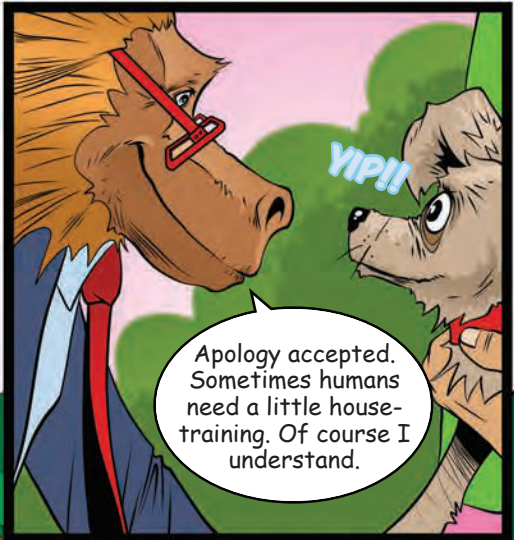


Thank you for being punctual. Do you have an appointment?



How do you know I'm punctual if you don't know whether I have an appoint— oh, never mind.

YIP!!



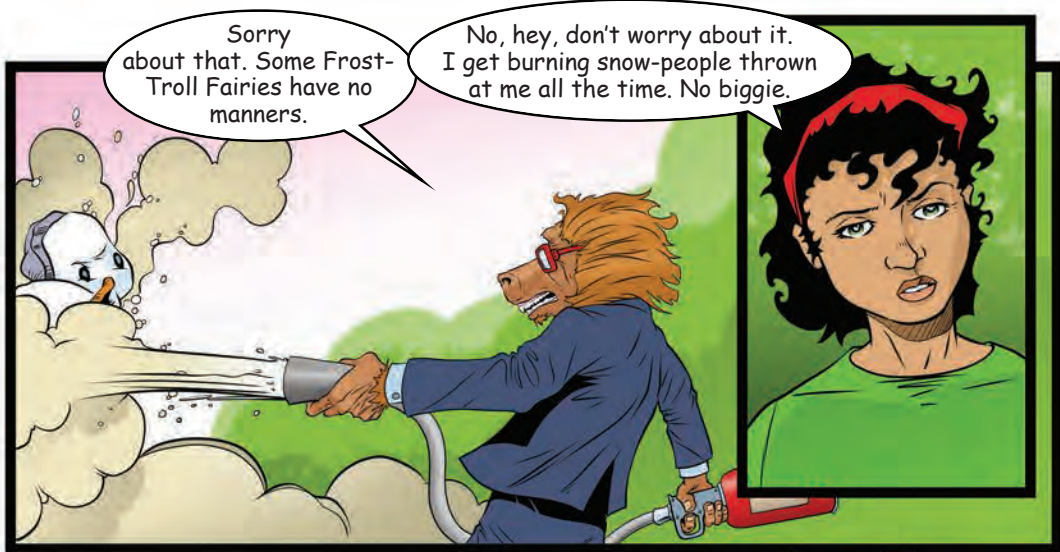
YIP!!

Apology accepted. Sometimes humans need a little house-training. Of course I understand.



HEY!

Hm. I suggest we all take cover now.





My name is Wert the Wixard. That's "wizard" with something "x-tra." Oh, and happy birthday!

I'm sure you have questions?

Uh.

Right. Well, here's the deal. Your dad's been kidnapped by the Pirate Gorilla Horde. You have to rescue him before they make him walk the plank or eat okra or something.

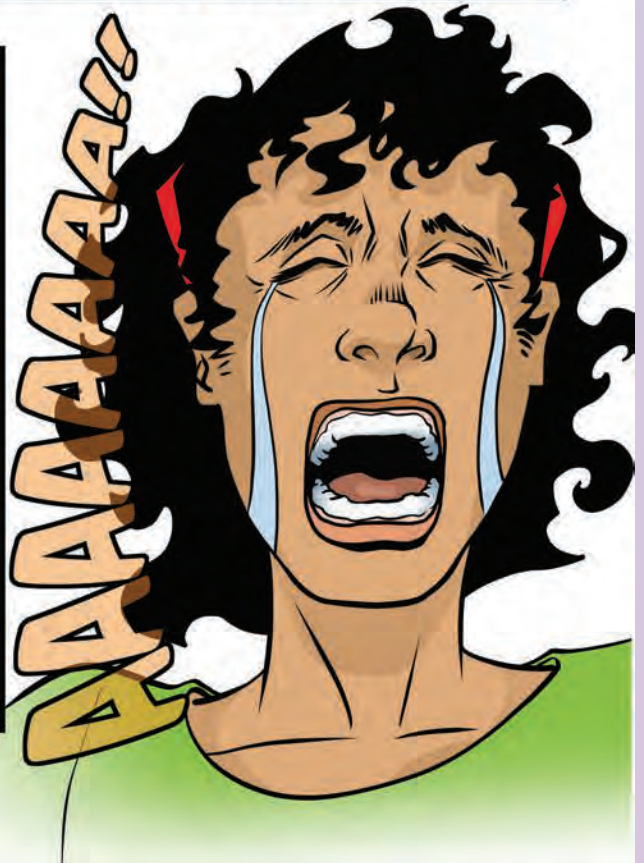


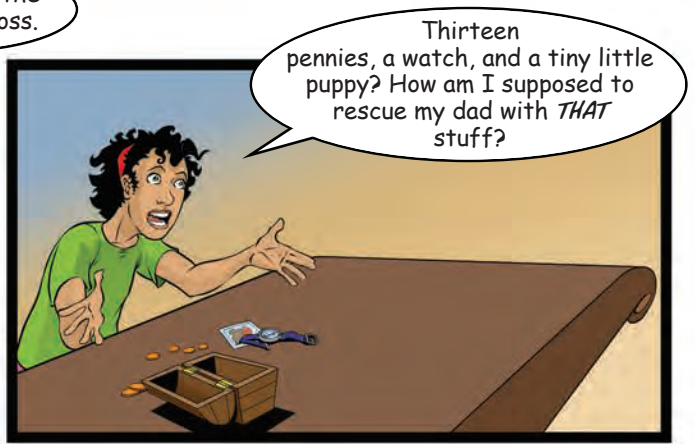
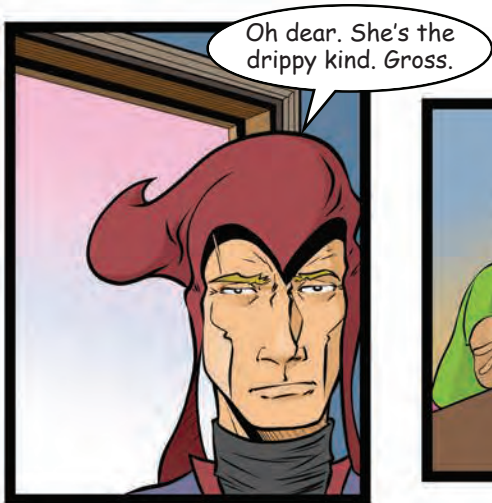
Thirteen pennies. Not bad for a birthday quest. Not great, but not bad. A watch. Hm. And of course, the Chihuahua.



The dog was an inspired choice. Risky, yeah. Duh. But Chihuahuas are lucky, and what's life without a little heart-stopping danger?











So. What do we do now, Princessa?

I wish you could talk. Then maybe we could figure out this whole "birthday quest" thing together.



Hey!
One of my pennies disappeared.



Yeah.
That's what happens when you use up one of your wishes.



So my pennies grant wishes?
And now you can talk?
Wow. That would've been nice to know earlier.

A word, Miss Human Thingy?



Um, sure, Mr. Baboon Man.

You must be careful. Penny Wishes are never exact.



Sometimes you get less than you wished for.



Sometimes you get more.





What? Is something stuck in my teeth?



Excuse me.

I couldn't help but overhear. Are you going on a magical birthday quest to save a loved one?



Um. Yeah, I guess so.



Perfect! That's just perfect. Hop on—I'll give you a ride.

O-kaay. I guess that's okay. Unicorns are good guys, right?

Sure we are. Honest. Now, let's go save the world!

Actually, we're just saving her dad.

Right, sure. We'll see how it goes.

Strangest. Birthday. Ever...

CHIHUAHUAS ARE LUCKY

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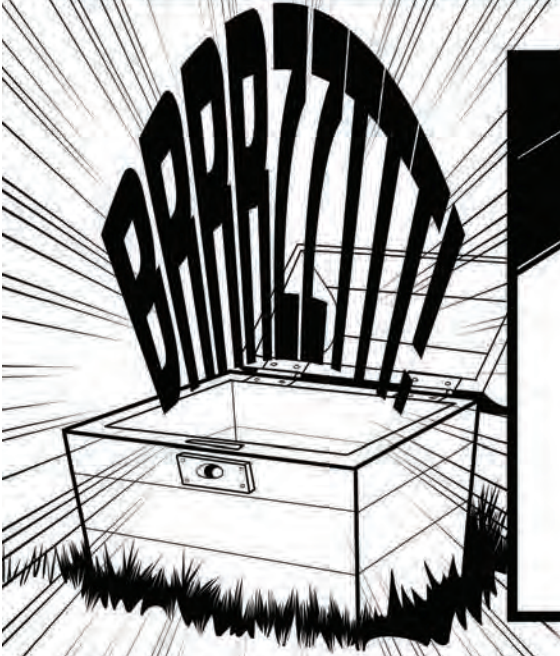
ETERNAL INSPIRATION
AMY!

Mike Nappa's

Chihuahuas ARE LUCKY

Episode 1
COLORING PAGES!!





NIGHTMARE CITY STARRING JOHNNY GRAV



ONE: FALLING

“I hate dreams like this,” I say to myself.

You know the kind of dreams I’m talking about. One minute you’re floating without a care in the world; the next you’re falling like a rock in the sky and you can’t remember why or how you got into this situation.

So there I am, tumbling head over heels, feeling the pit of my stomach lurch up into my mouth. Noticing it’s suddenly getting hard to breathe even though acres of wind are whipping at my face like a slap-fighter gone mad.

“Wake up, Johnny,” I say out loud. “C’mon you lazy lunkhead, wake up!”

Sure, I know how these dreams end, just like you do. You fall, fall, fall until just before you’re going to hit the ground. Then bam! You wake up in bed and practically have a heart attack cuz it felt like you fell right into your body as it was lying on the mattress. Then you sigh with relief, take a moment to relax your tense muscles, roll over and go right back to sleep.

But something feels different this time. Weird almost. And the only thing I can think is that it’s getting to be pretty important for me to wake up and finish

this dream.

The wind is drying out my eyes something fierce, but I can still catch glimpses of the ground getting closer, closer, closer. It looks like I’m falling toward Denver, Colorado. I recognize the football stadium right in the middle of the city. Even though I’ve never actually been there, I’ve flown over it dozens of times, and ... Then it hits me.

John Owen, you are an idiot! I think as I mentally slap myself on the forehead.

After all, I am a superhero, right?

The one and only Johnny Grav, that’s me! I’m the guy with control over gravity itself. A member of Heroes LFC, the kid superhero team based in Denver. A personal friend of Marta Kelley, the technology genius who invented my Grav-Suit and who also goes by the superhero name of The Visioneer.

Yeah, sure, I’m paralyzed from the waist down, but that didn’t stop Marta. She invented the Grav-Suit and made me a superhero anyway ... but that’s another story.

So now I’m feeling pretty good about things, in spite of the headache that’s starting to poke like a needle above my left ear. I’m thinking:

Hey, just activate the mental link in the helmet of your Grav-Suit, Johnny Boy, lower the gravity effect on your

SNEAK PEEK

body, then float on out of here and back to the Heroes LFC headquarters.

Easy peasy.

That's when my head really starts to hurt. Something awful. So bad that the pain begins to warp everything in my line of vision.

I'm trying hard to focus on the huge football field below me, cuz it keeps getting bigger and bigger, but now my eyes don't want to work at all and a roaring sound starts to echo in my ears—but it's coming from inside my head. It sounds like static on a radio that somebody keeps turning up and up until it overpowers even your thoughts.

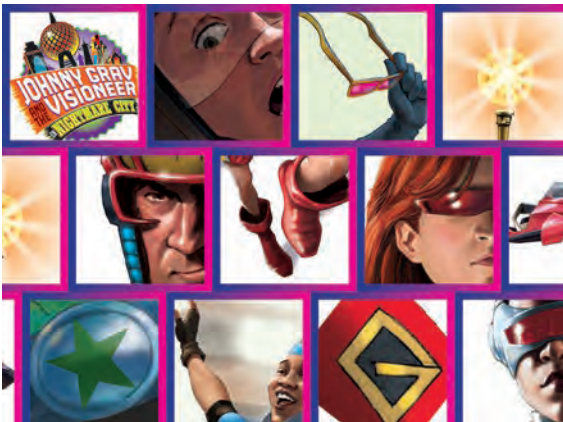
Did somebody just say my name?

"When did they plant that spike in my brain?" I say to nobody, cuz that's what it's starting to feel like, and I'm wondering how much longer I can take this without passing out.

Then I realize something important.

If I feel like I'm going to pass out...

Then this is no dream.



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A stylized, colorful illustration of a cityscape. The central focus is a large globe with a grid pattern, rendered in shades of red, orange, and yellow. To the left of the globe is a black building with a blue arched window. To the right are several other buildings in various colors (black, purple, blue, yellow) with some having windows. The background is a purple and green patterned area with a jagged, sawtooth border.

**JOHNNY GRAV
VISIONEER**
**AND
THE
NIGHTMARE CITY**



Meet the Creators of

Chihuahuas
ARE LUCKY

MIKE NAPPA

IS A BESTSELLING NOVELIST, AN AWARD-WINNING CHILDREN'S AUTHOR AND CREATOR OF THE KID-SUPERHERO COMIC SERIES, "JOHNNY GRAV AND THE VISIONEER" MIKE IS ALSO FOUNDING PUBLISHER OF THE POPULAR E-MAGAZINE, POPFAM.COM "POP CULTURE FOR FAMILIES." PLUS HE ONCE MET STAN LEE FOR ABOUT 45 SECONDS, SO, YOU KNOW, HE'S GOT THAT GOING FOR HIM.

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