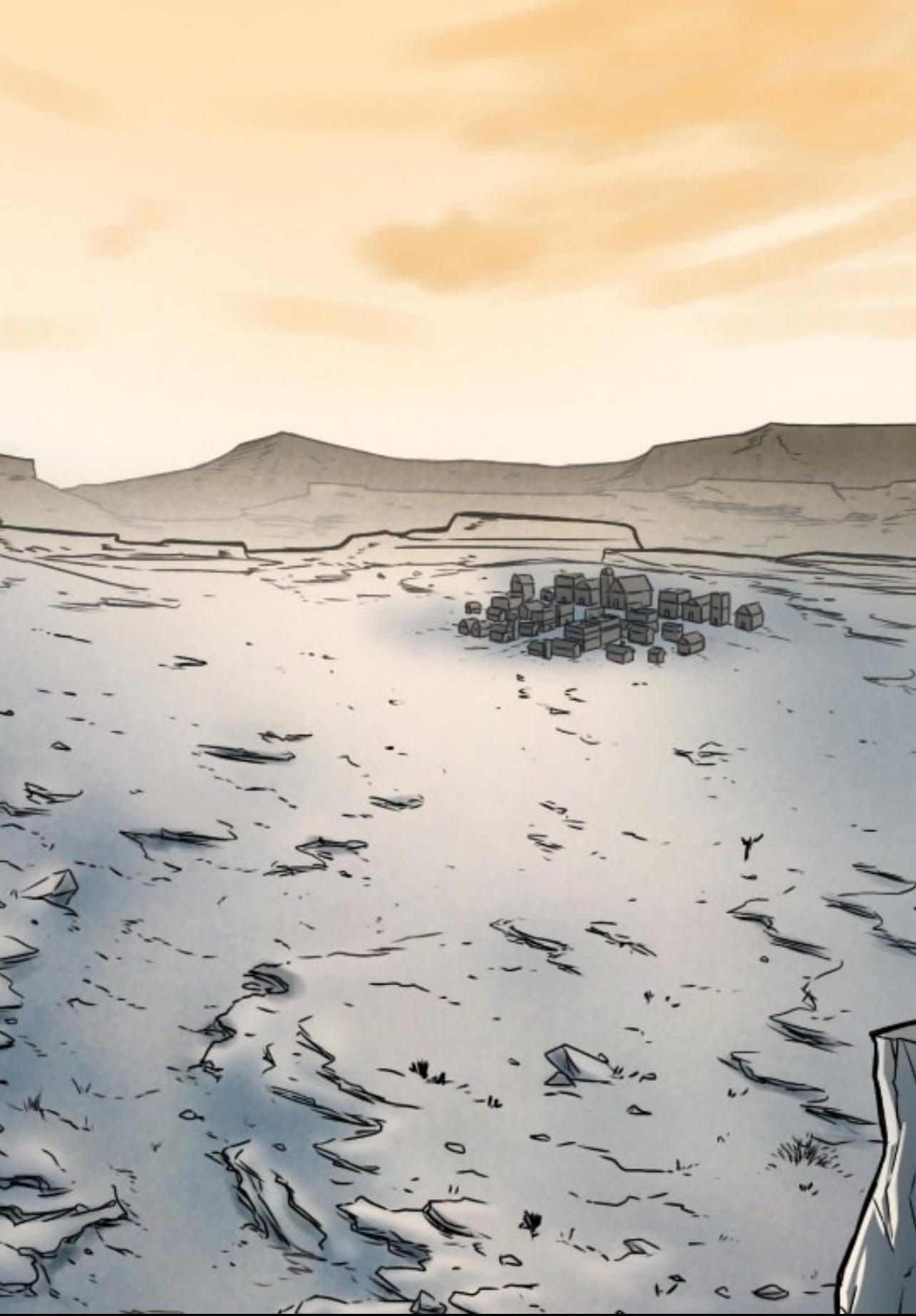

RECORD OF THE PALADINS
VOLUME 1 - OLIVER
McCOPPIN
JACOBS

RECORD OF THE PALADINS

The Comic






















WELCOME FRIEND
ALL ARE WELCOME IN THIS HOUSE OF GOD


STOP
HAVE YOU COME SEEKING SHELTER FROM THE DESERT?
PLEASE, SIT, REST. WE WILL HAVE FOOD AND DRINK, ENOUGH FOR ALL, AFTER THE SERVICE


God....
sss...
House.
God... isss...
dead!


ROARRR!

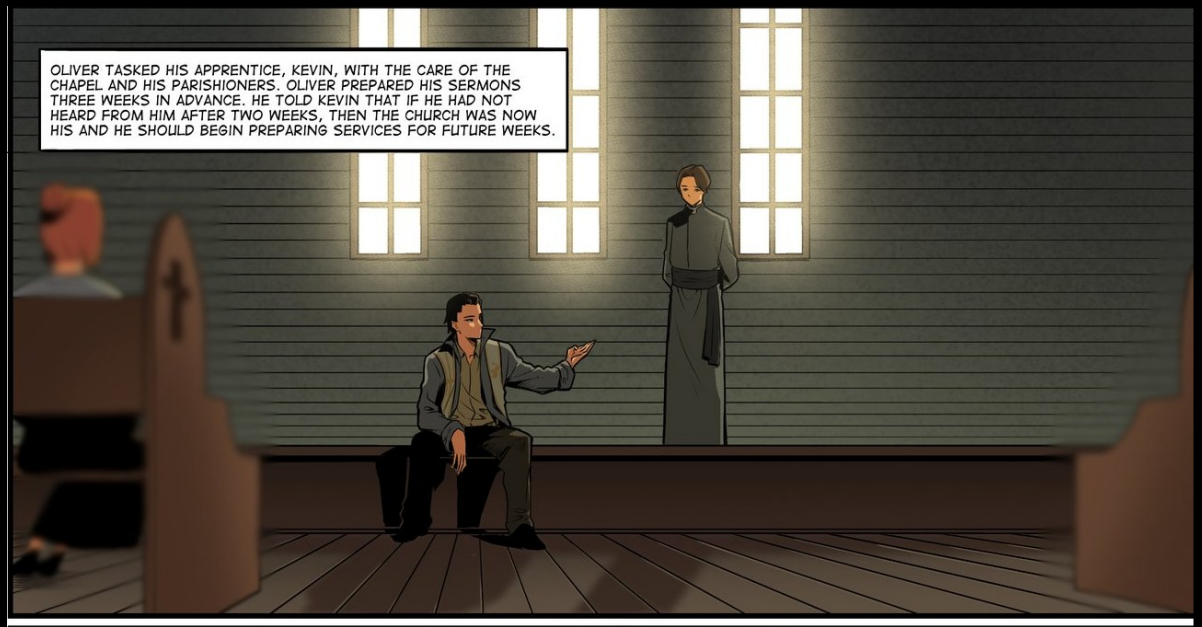

BANG
BANG

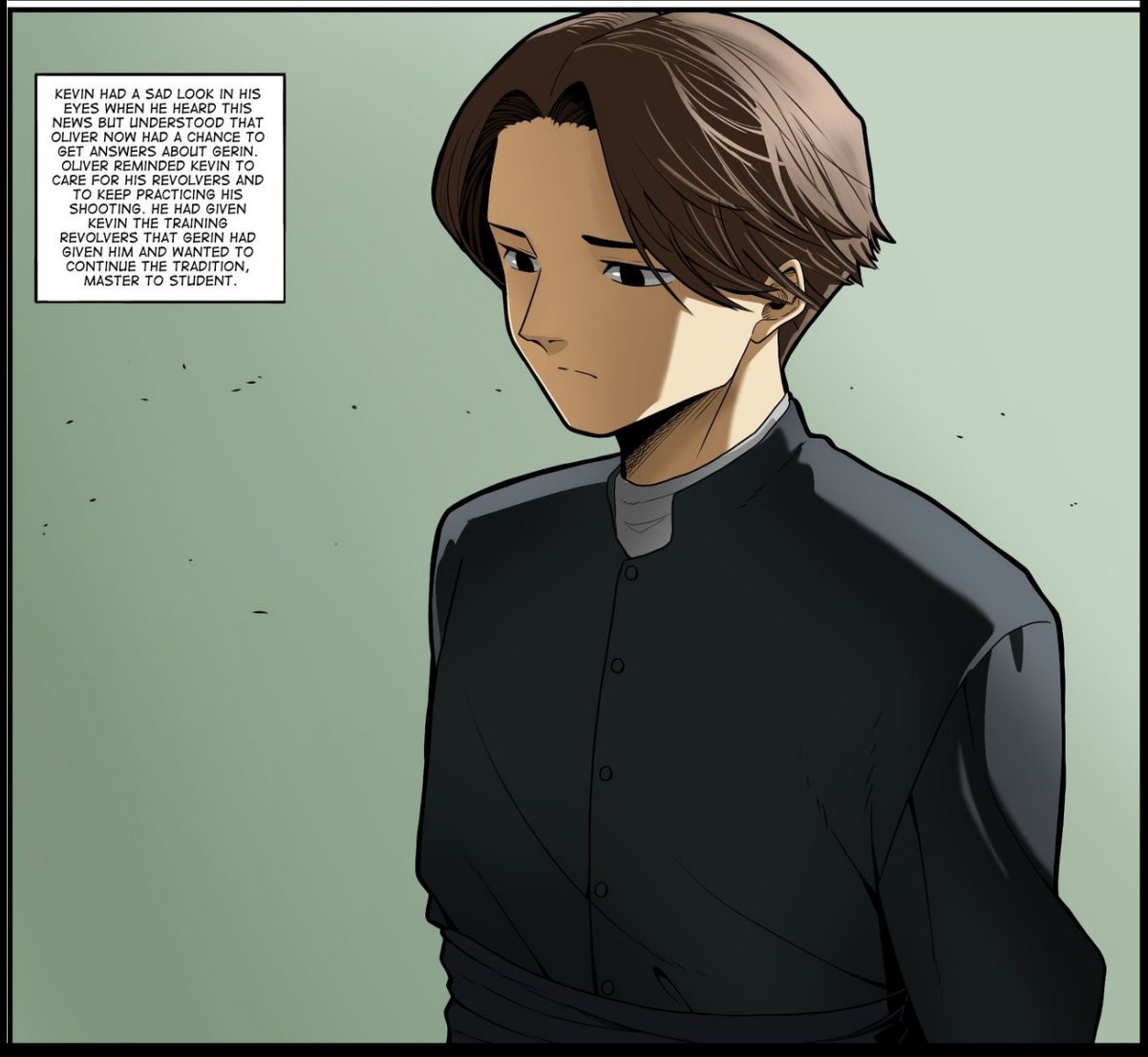

IT'S A GHOUL
A LESSER DEMON, ONLY ABLE TO POSSESS A CORPSE


MY NAME IS MELISSA
AND YOU, YOU ARE OLIVER DONNELLY, APPRENTICE OF GERIN
YES, I AM; MY NAME IS POSTED ON THE SIGN OUTSIDE
WHO ARE YOU, WAS THIS 'GHOUL' HERE FOR YOU, AND HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT GERIN?


THIS GHOUL IS A SERVANT OF A GREATER DEMON
I KNOW MUCH ABOUT DEMONS, AND EVEN SOME ABOUT YOU. GERIN WAS YOUR MENTOR, YOUR ADOPTIVE FATHER, AND YOUR TRAINER. THE WEAPONS YOU WIELD WERE ONCE GERIN'S. MOST IMPORTANTLY, HE WAS A PALADIN, AS ARE YOU.


THE DAYS AFTER THE INCIDENT IN THE CHURCH HAD LITTLE MORE TO OFFER IN ANSWERS. MELISSA PROMISED TO EXPLAIN HOW SHE KNEW ABOUT GERIN IF OLIVER ACCOMPANIED HER TO THE VATICAN. SHE HAD CREDENTIALS THAT SEEMED TO SUFFICIENTLY PROVE HER IDENTITY AS A VATICAN OFFICIAL, BUT WHAT DID OLIVER CARE ABOUT DOCUMENTS AND LAMINATED CARDS? HE WANTED MORE ANSWERS ABOUT GERIN. MELISSA HAD THESE ANSWERS, AND HE WOULD JUMP THROUGH WHATEVER HOOPS NECESSARY TO LEARN THEM


OLIVER TASKED HIS APPRENTICE, KEVIN, WITH THE CARE OF THE CHAPEL AND HIS PARISHIONERS. OLIVER PREPARED HIS SERMONS THREE WEEKS IN ADVANCE. HE TOLD KEVIN THAT IF HE HAD NOT HEARD FROM HIM AFTER TWO WEEKS, THEN THE CHURCH WAS NOW HIS AND HE SHOULD BEGIN PREPARING SERVICES FOR FUTURE WEEKS.

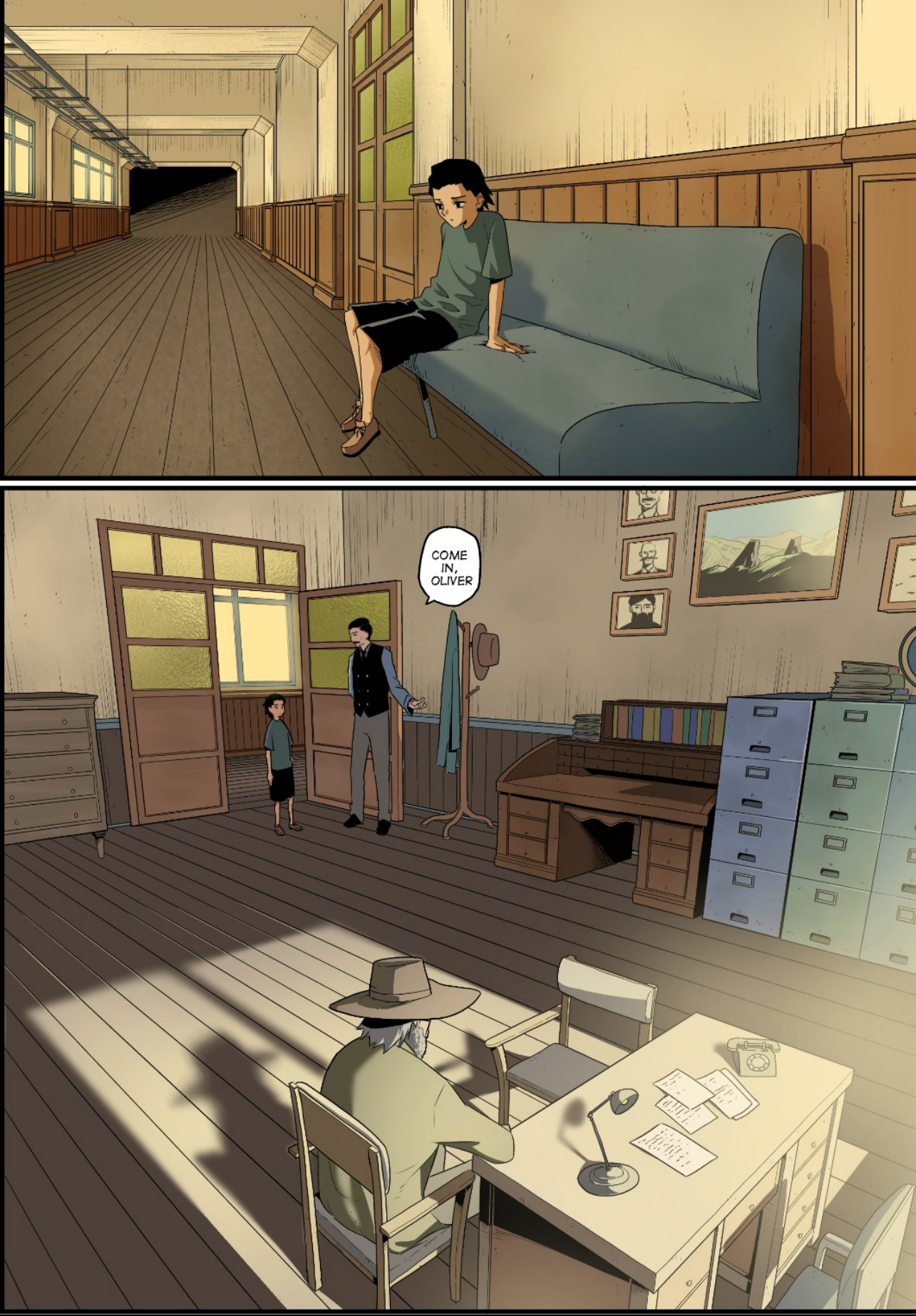

KEVIN HAD A SAD LOOK IN HIS EYES WHEN HE HEARD THIS NEWS BUT UNDERSTOOD THAT OLIVER NOW HAD A CHANCE TO GET ANSWERS ABOUT GERIN. OLIVER REMINDED KEVIN TO CARE FOR HIS REVOLVERS AND TO KEEP PRACTICING HIS SHOOTING. HE HAD GIVEN KEVIN THE TRAINING REVOLVERS THAT GERIN HAD GIVEN HIM AND WANTED TO CONTINUE THE TRADITION, MASTER TO STUDENT.


ARE YOU READY?
YES, LET'S GO


FROM HIS CHAPEL, THE LUXURY SUV DROVE A FEW HOURS TO AN ABANDONED AIRPORT WHERE A PRIVATE JET AWAITED THEM

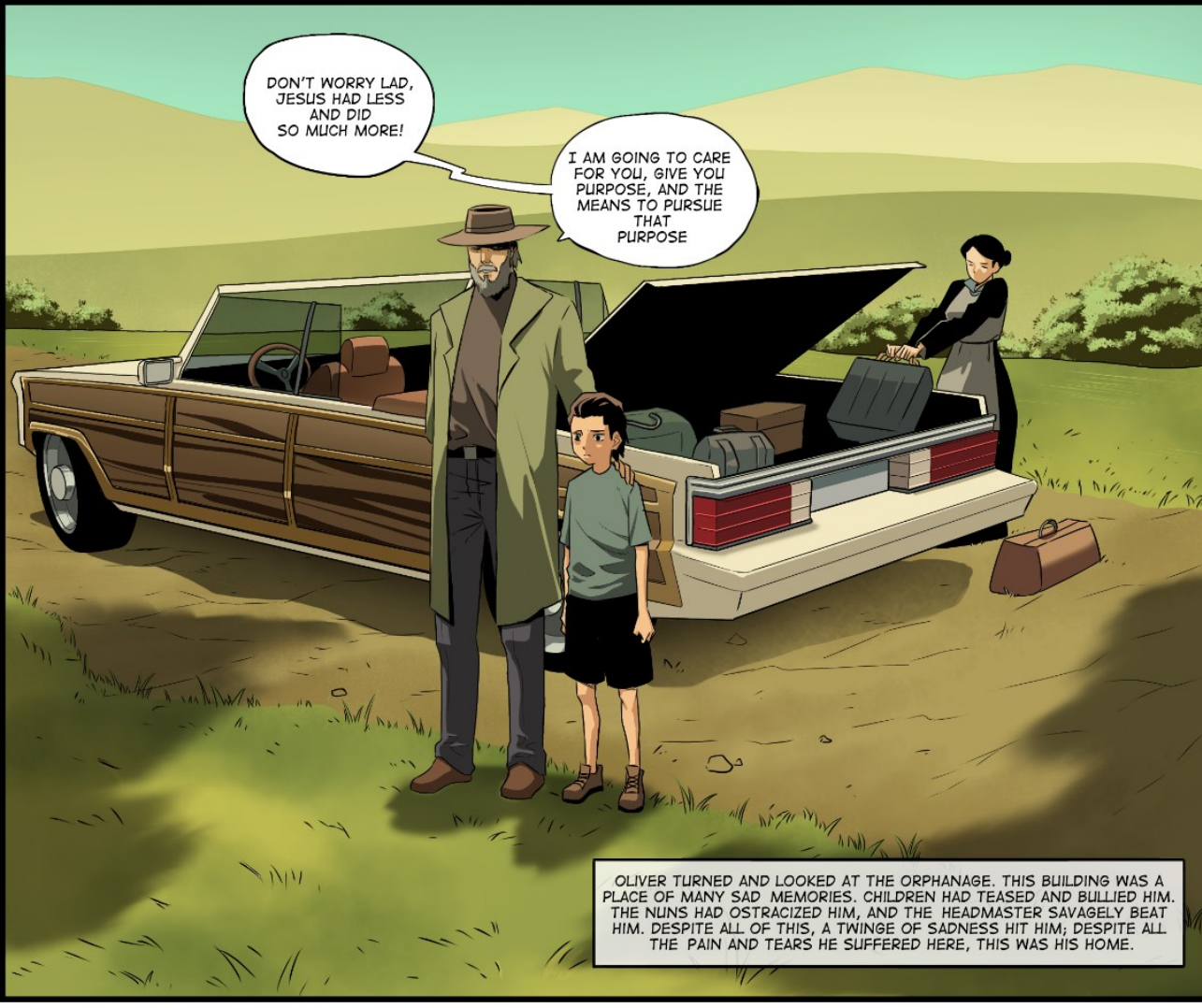

ORPHANAGE

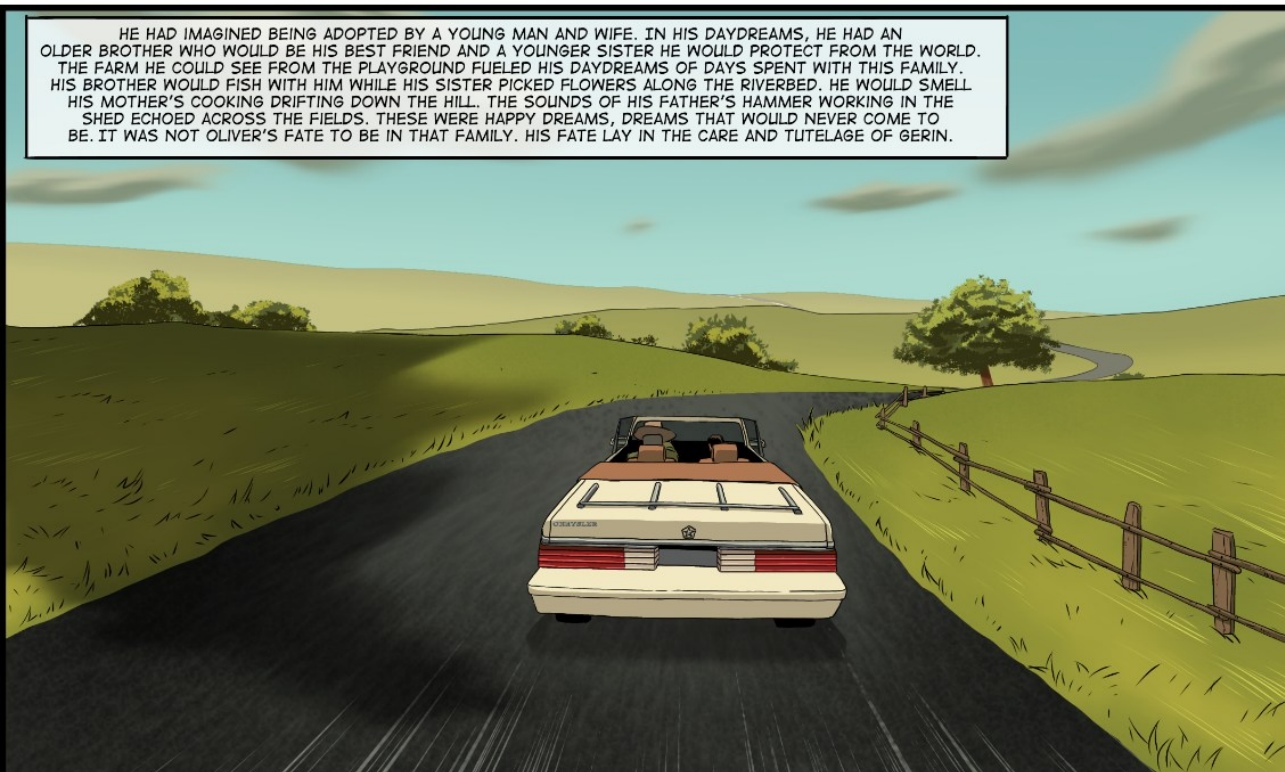



COME IN, OLIVER


OLIVER
THIS IS GERIN DONNELLY. HE IS GOING TO ADOPT YOU

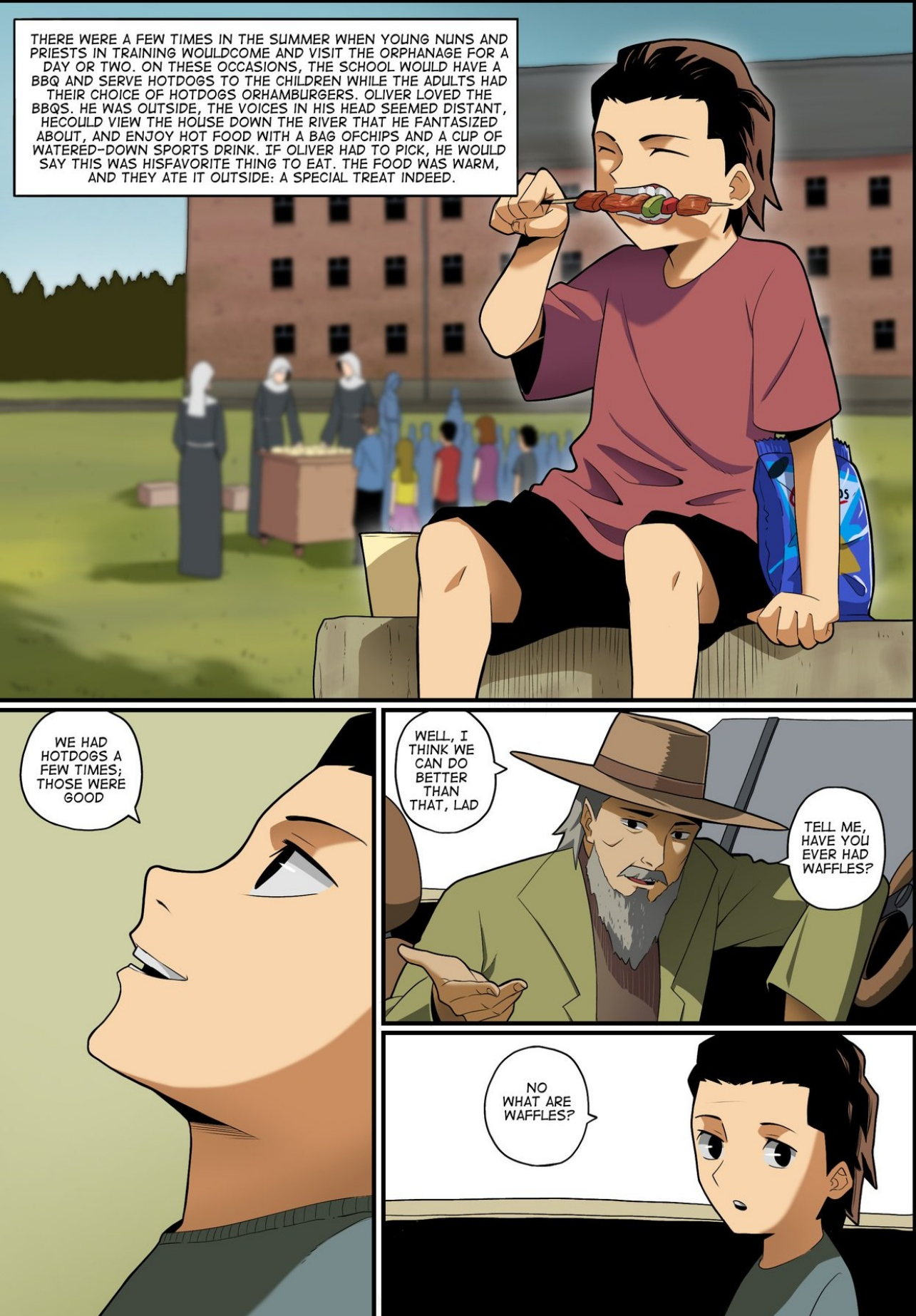

GREETINGS, LAD, YOU MAY CALL ME GERIN


DON'T WORRY LAD, JESUS HAD LESS AND DID SO MUCH MORE!
I AM GOING TO CARE FOR YOU, GIVE YOU PURPOSE, AND THE MEANS TO PURSUE THAT PURPOSE
OLIVER TURNED AND LOOKED AT THE ORPHANAGE. THIS BUILDING WAS A PLACE OF MANY SAD MEMORIES. CHILDREN HAD TEASED AND BULLIED HIM. THE NUNS HAD OSTRACIZED HIM, AND THE HEADMASTER SAVAGELY BEAT HIM. DESPITE ALL OF THIS, A TWINGE OF SADNESS HIT HIM; DESPITE ALL THE PAIN AND TEARS HE SUFFERED HERE, THIS WAS HIS HOME.


HE HAD IMAGINED BEING ADOPTED BY A YOUNG MAN AND WIFE. IN HIS DAYDREAMS, HE HAD AN OLDER BROTHER WHO WOULD BE HIS BEST FRIEND AND A YOUNGER SISTER HE WOULD PROTECT FROM THE WORLD. THE FARM HE COULD SEE FROM THE PLAYGROUND FUELED HIS DAYDREAMS OF DAYS SPENT WITH THIS FAMILY. HIS BROTHER WOULD FISH WITH HIM WHILE HIS SISTER PICKED FLOWERS ALONG THE RIVERBED. HE WOULD SMELL HIS MOTHER'S COOKING DRIFTING DOWN THE HILL. THE SOUNDS OF HIS FATHER'S HAMMER WORKING IN THE SHED ECHOED ACROSS THE FIELDS. THESE WERE HAPPY DREAMS, DREAMS THAT WOULD NEVER COME TO BE. IT WAS NOT OLIVER'S FATE TO BE IN THAT FAMILY. HIS FATE LAY IN THE CARE AND TUTELAGE OF GERIN.


ARE YOU HUNGRY, LAD?


WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
FOOD, LAD? I SEE YOU EYEING THAT CAFE. WOULD YOU LIKE SOME FOOD?
HE HAD NEVER BEEN DIRECTLY ASKED THISQUESTION. THE FACULTY AT THE ORPHANAGE TOLD HIM WHEN TO EAT, WHEN TO SLEEP, WHEN TO PLAY, AND WHEN TO PRAY
YEAH, I COULD EAT. WHAT ARE WE HAVING?
HA HA HA
WHAT DO YOU WANT, SON?
"SON." THE WORD FROZE HIM A MOMENT AS THE IDEA BEGAN TO HIT HOME.THE QUESTION OF 'WHAT TO EAT' ITSELF DID NOT REGISTER PROPERLY WITH OLIVER. NONE OF THE FOODAT THE ORPHANAGE APPEALED TO HIM. MOST DAYS THE FOOD WAS THE SAME AS EVERY OTHER DAY. IT WASNOT POOR QUALITY FOOD, BUT NOT TASTY. IT WAS PREPARED FOR DOZENS OF CHILDREN, SO QUANTITY WASFAVORED OVER QUALITY.


THERE WERE A FEW TIMES IN THE SUMMER WHEN YOUNG NUNS AND PRIESTS IN TRAINING WOULDCOME AND VISIT THE ORPHANAGE FOR A DAY OR TWO. ON THESE OCCASIONS, THE SCHOOL WOULD HAVE A BBQ AND SERVE HOTDOGS TO THE CHILDREN WHILE THE ADULTS HAD THEIR CHOICE OF HOTDOGS ORHAMBURGERS. OLIVER LOVED THE BBQS. HE WAS OUTSIDE, THE VOICES IN HIS HEAD SEEMED DISTANT, HECOULD VIEW THE HOUSE DOWN THE RIVER THAT HE FANTASIZED ABOUT, AND ENJOY HOT FOOD WITH A BAG OFCHIPS AND A CUP OF WATERED-DOWN SPORTS DRINK. IF OLIVER HAD TO PICK, HE WOULD SAY THIS WAS HISFAVORITE THING TO EAT. THE FOOD WAS WARM, AND THEY ATE IT OUTSIDE: A SPECIAL TREAT INDEED.
WE HAD HOTDOGS A FEW TIMES; THOSE WERE GOOD
WELL, I THINK WE CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT, LAD
TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER HAD WAFFLES?
NO WHAT ARE WAFFLES?


IT IS TIME YOU FOUND OUT
COME ON, LAD

Oliver's Revolvers

Base Model: Webley–Fosbery Self-Cocking Automatic Revolver

Ammunition: .38 ACP in a 8-round cylinder



These weapons came into his care after Gerin's death. This pair of revolvers had a nickel shine to the metal, an oak wood grip with crosses burned into each side, and a small ring on the bottom of the grip. They fired .38 Automatic Colt in 8 chambers. From the profile, the custom guns looked pretty normal other than a thicker and longer barrel. However when you looked down the barrel itself, it had the shape of a cross with a single-pointed crown adorning it. Each side of the barrel jutted out a bit and the bottom of the barrel extended almost to the end to create the cross effect. The front sight created the crown effect. The left revolver read "JESUS CHRIST IS IN HEAVEN," and the right one read "I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD".

Character Sketches

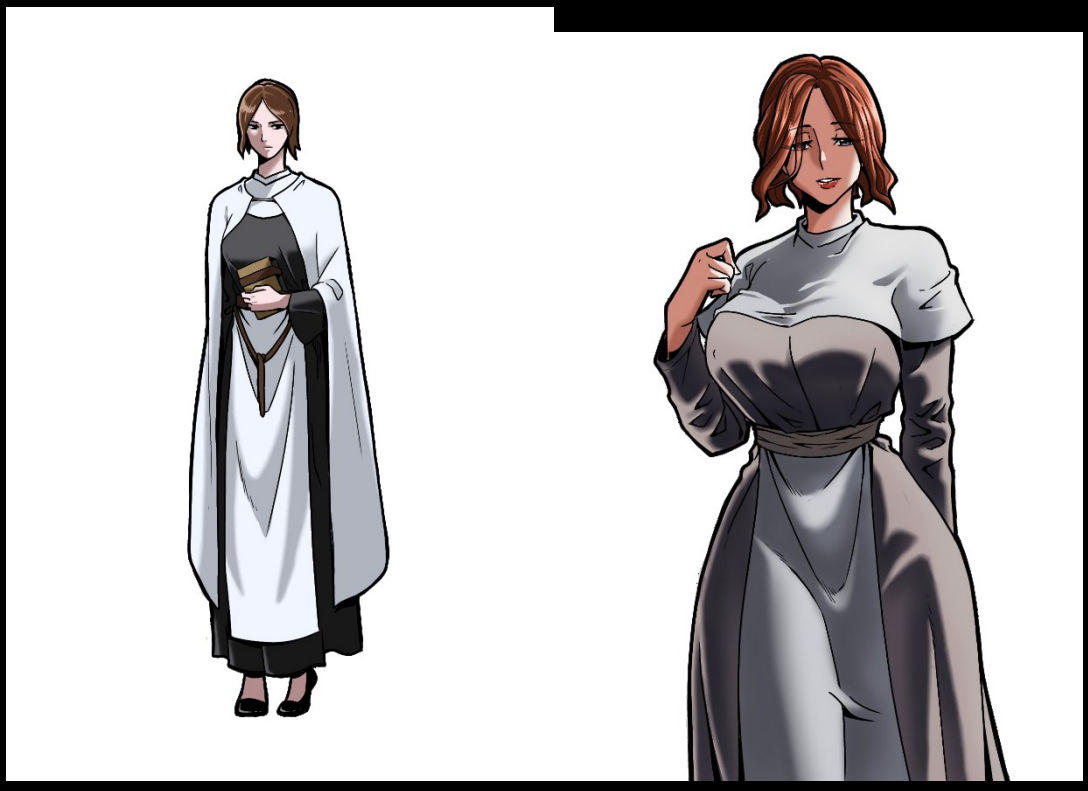
Roland







Melissa





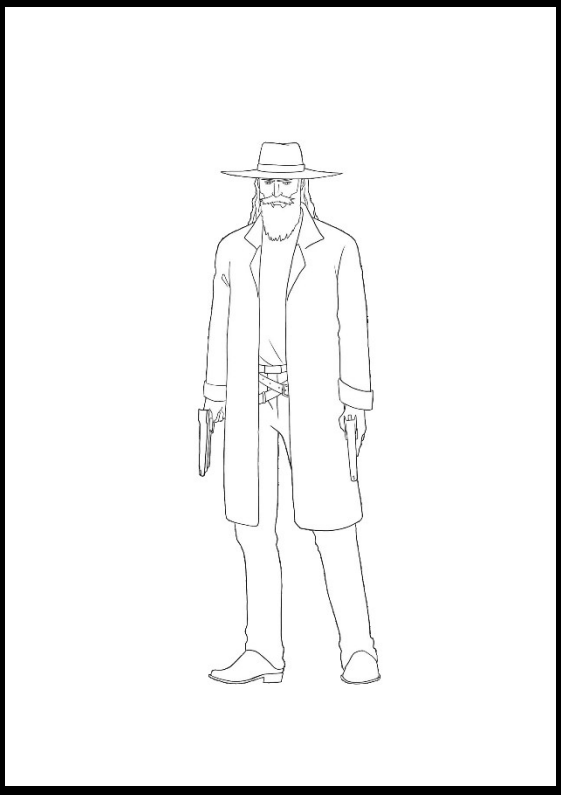
Oliver





Gerin and Persephone








MOVE! GET TO THE STAIRWELL
THERE IS NO DOOR TO THE STAIRWELL!
ROLAND!
HELP
BEHOLD, I HAVE GIVEN YOU AUTHORITY TO TREAD ON SERPENTS AND SCORPIONS, AND OVER ALL THE POWER OF THE ENEMY, AND NOTHING SHALL HURT YOU
O COME, LET US WORSHIP AND BOW DOWN: LET US KNEEL BEFORE THE LORD OUR MAKER!
OLIVER! DOWN!







The Comic Team



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Author



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Artist

RECORD OF THE PALADINS



THEPALADINBOOKS.COM

Demons are real.
They walk this world in human skin.

Oliver Donnelly was just a pastor.
Until a stranger spoke his name.
Until a demon crossed his threshold.
Until the Vatican called him to Rome.

What he learns there will change everything he thought he knew about faith, war, and the man who raised him.



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