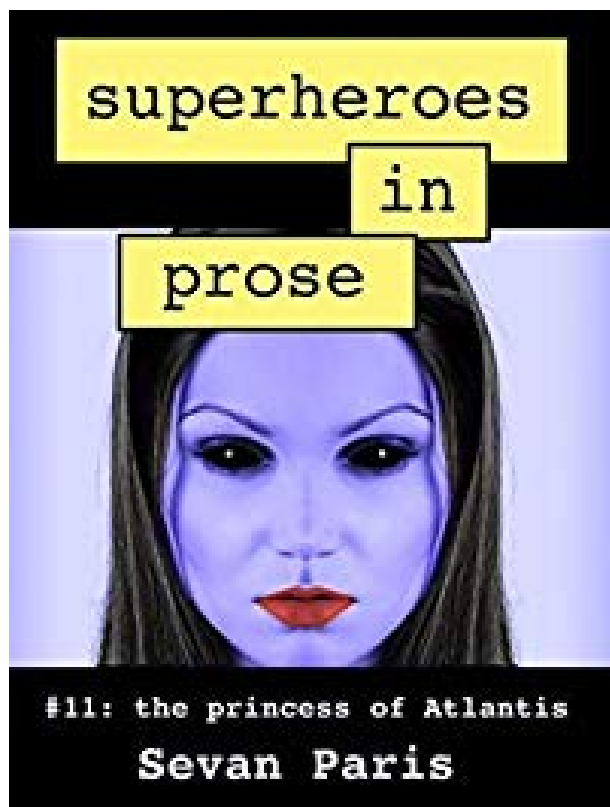


# Superheroes in Prose Vol 11: The Princess of Atlantis



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Includes a preview of the new Superheroes in Prose Handbook and Sevan Paris' new book: Space Pulp! Now, on with the description ... “Welcome to Prose,” Mom says, as we pass under the green highway sign. “I’ve read that thing a billion times—never feels welcoming, especially when you’re stuck in traffic.” Imagine being stuck with you. “Not now,” I say under my breath. Mom sighs at the early morning traffic on the Liberty Bridge, pushes her Cooper Mini into first gear. “I know, right? This is even worse than usual.” “You would be wise to share my sentiment instead of attempting to suppress it,” the alien inside my head says. “Make no mistake, Gabriel. Your mother has a very specific reason for our being here, trapped within the confined space of this wretched sub-compact.” Mom points at the flattened guard rail on the right side of the highway. “Wait, did something happen here recently? Looks like another Super fight.” Mom’s right, kind of. The fight in question actually took place last night. It involved Pink and Rock going fist-to-mist over their messed up past. And ended with Rock getting hauled away by HEROES, Pink not being able to do a damn thing about it.

I stayed with Pink, trying to comfort her, until this morning—then hightailed it home before Mom woke up. There’s no way I’m going to mention any of that to Mom though.

She doesn’t know about the other me—the Superhero me. And since having a secret identity requires a stupid amount of lying—something which I impressively suck at—I do the best thing for me, myself, and the alien life-form living inside my head: look out the passenger side window and shrug. My name is Gabe Garrison, and this is the next volume of my story ...