



**Action Comics #22**  
Roy Flinchum

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*Action Comics*  
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Written by: Roy Flinchum  
Cover by: Ramon Villalobos and Roy Flinchum  
Edited by: Brian Burchette

"Look Mom! Look what I made." Little Winslow ran through the living room with the little red and blue balsa wood airplane held into the air.

"Nnnnnneeeeeeyyyyoowwwww"

His mother stopped dusting and knelt down to the young boy.

"I see, that's a great airplane Winslow. Mommy's a little busy right now can you take your airplane outside and play for a while"?

"Sure Mom", he said and zoomed off out the front door.

Little Winslow held the plane up against the blue sky.

"Nnnnnneeeeeeyyyyoowwwww" he exclaimed as he took off running, watching as the propeller he had made whirled in the wind.

Winslow's father worked downtown in a steel factory, hard long days of work left little time for other things like his wife, his child and his house. He made sure to divide his free time between his wife and child, this however, created neglect for the house. It was in bad need of painting and some minor repairs. The old picket fence showed the worst. The original coat of paint had long since been shed and most of the pickets were in some stage of decay. His wife never nagged him about it, only pointed

out that it needed to be repaired.

Good thing for Winslow that his father had not yet gotten around to that particular project. Winslow was so focused on his airplane flying against the sky that he didn't see the fence when he plowed into it. The rotten wood burst into pieces and Winslow fell through into the neighbor's yard.

"Ha ha ha", Winslow heard the neighbors kid, Greg, laughing at him from their living room window.

No time now to worry about whether he was hurt or not. He had held the airplane above him as he fell, and it was unharmed. He scrambled to his knees hurrying to get back to his yard before Greg got there.

He lunged trying to make it across the fence line but he was too late. He felt Greg grab the waistband of his pants. Greg pulled Winslow back and threw him onto the ground as his airplane flew from his hand. Winslow watched as it bounced and landed again, unharmed.

Winslow stood up, but before he could run Greg grabbed him again.

"That was funny Snot!" Greg's unruly red hair and the way he puckered up his face to make fun of Winslow's last name to say 'Snot' make him look like a gnome. "Do it again."

Greg pushed Winslow through the picket fence. Greg laughed hard, turning his face a beet red.

Winslow stood and ran for his airplane still lying in Greg's yard. He snatched it up and turned to run. Greg stuck his foot out and tripped Winslow, as he turned, throwing him to the ground yet again, and again the red and blue balsa wood airplane remained unscathed.

Greg reached down snatching the plane from Winslow's hand.

"Where'd you get this, Snot?" Greg sneered.

"I... I ... made it." Winslow stammered.

"Made it? I thought you got it out of the trash cause that's what it looks

like to me. Let's see how it does in a power dive." Greg swung his arm around over his head smashing the airplane into the ground.

Winslow watched in horror as the delicate balsa wood plane burst into a million pieces.

Winslow's mother appeared at her front door. "Winslow"! She shouted. "Come in for lunch."

Greg stopped and waved at Mrs. Schott, shifting his feet to hide the plane underneath them. He glared at Winslow and clenched his fist. The unspoken threat passed between them.

Mrs. Schott saw the damaged fence. "Winslow what happened, are you ok?"

Winslow walked past her into the house his head hung low. "I'm fine Mom, I fell, I'm sorry, I'll help Dad fix the fence."

Winslow went to his room and watched from the window as Greg continued jumping up and down on the airplane until it was nothing more than an indentation in the grass.

Weeks later, Greg met with a horrible accident while flying his new gas powered remote control plane. The controls somehow malfunctioned and the plane flew right at Greg's face. He put up his hand to protect himself and the propeller sliced off three fingers on his right hand. No one noticed Winslow smiling from his bedroom window.

In the years to come Winslow P Schott's passion for toys and his brilliant mind would catapult him to the forefront of toy makers. His brilliant engineering work at LENA Toys would capture the attention of the company's founder and CEO Lex Luthor.

He was flattered when he was offered the head position of a new R&D project and disappointed to learn it was for a weapons system based on Kryptonian technology.

This is what brought Winslow to now be standing before a befuddled Lois Lane in the basement of a defunct comic store.

“Believe it or not I was actually warned about you Ms. Lane.” Schott walked over to the table and adjusted one of the crystals.

“Warned about me? Why, what are you doing down here that you should be worried about me finding out? I’m a reporter; don’t you want your story told?”

Lois darted her eyes around looking for a way out. On one of the tables was a weapon that looked familiar to her, like a large rifle. She recognized it. It looked like the one that Bloodsport had at the park.

“My employer told me you have a way of showing up and sticking your nose in his business.” Schott picked up a small box from the table and sat it on the floor.

“Your employer? Who are you?” Lois asked.

“My name, Ms. Lane, is Winslow P.Schott.” Schott touched a button on the small box and it sprang open. What looked like ribbons shot from the box and wrapped around Lois pinning her arms to her sides. “I build toys.”

Superman woke up. His eyes fluttered open. He was encased in ice. Not just ice, something more. Instinctively his focus narrowed and he could see the ice crystals, they were tighter, more compact, but still only ice.

Two beams of heat burst forth from the man of steels pupils and the ice melted away.

All around him an inky blackness crushed in on him, for a brief second the fear of Black Zero came rushing back, but he quickly dismissed it. He felt weak, how long had he been down here, away from the sun that energized his Kryptonian cells? He couldn’t tell.

He concentrated, blocking out the visible spectrum, allowing the infra-

red wavelength to shine through. He was in a cave, alongside the cave wall encased in ice were the three young men stacked up like canned goods in a larder.

Jimmy woke in his room. He picked up his watch from the table next to the bed, 7:20. He was usually up earlier, but had stayed up late the night before doing research on the Wendigo on his laptop.

“Thank God for satellites and wireless internet”, Jimmy thought as he looked out the window towards the forest covered in a fresh blanket of snow.

“I better check on Mr. Kent”, he thought as he hurriedly put on his clothes.

Jimmy knocked repeatedly on Mr. Kent’s door, but there was no answer. He tried the door, the old doors had no locks except the chain on the inside, and Mr. Kent’s was not fastened.

Jimmy poked his head in through the door. “Mr. Kent, are you up?” He asked.

No answer. He stepped inside the room. Mr. Kent’s bed was not slept in and his window was open.

Jimmy ran downstairs to Towaka.

“Miss, has Mr. Kent come down this morning?”

“No, just you.” She replied.

“He was hit on the head last night and I’m worried about him, his bed wasn’t slept in and his window is open.”

Towaka’s eyes widened, “Your friend has been taken by the Wendigo.”

“Yeah right thanks.” Jimmy leapt back up the stairs, two at a time.

He grabbed his coat and bounded back down the stairs and out into the town square. That hit on the head was obviously worse than he had thought and now Mr. Kent was probably wondering around out here in the forest, and it was up to him to find him.

He was startled by the sound of snow crunching behind him. He turned as the old shaman Red Wolf approached him.

"I know where your friend ese'he ma'heono is."

"You're the guy that cracked him in the head last night, why should I listen to you?"

"That was an accident; he is lost in the woods, follow me." Red Wolf walked toward the forest, without looking back.

Jimmy pulled the fur collar on his coat tight around his neck and followed the Shaman into the trees.

Superman checked the vitals of the young men. They were incredibly slow, but they were strong. Whatever Wendigo was, it had plans for them later.

Superman looked up through the roof of the cave, past rock and debris, through the loam of the soil the frosted earth and the recent snowfall, till he could see the gray of the sky with the skeletal trees reaching up for it.

"I guess the easiest way to get them out of here", he thought, "Is to leave them as they are." He removed his cape and stacked the boys in it like firewood, and pulled the ends together.

"Hope, I have enough energy left to dig us out of here." He flew upward swinging his free arm. His fingers cut like steel blades through the rock and earth. In arm full loads he excavated out the tunnel as he flew upward, till finally punching through into the crisp air. Superman gently laid the encased boys in the snow and snapped his cape back into place.

"I've got to fly up above the clouds and get a solar recharge." Superman

lifted his arms to the sky and had just lifted off the ground when he heard Jimmy calling.

“Mr. Kent! Mr. Kent.”

Superman floated back down as Jimmy came into the clearing.  
“Superman?”

“Jimmy, what are you doing out here?”

“Mr. Kent and I were here to do a story about the missing boys, and ... Hey, you found them.”

“I did Jimmy. How did you get out here?”

“Oh, my gosh, Mr. Kent, he’s lost out here somewhere. That creepy Indian guy was leading me to where he was; I guess I lost him in the woods.”

“Creepy Indian ... ?” Superman felt the pressure wave before he saw the creature. The Wendigo burst from the woods and tackled the man of steel wrestling him to the ground.

“You will not take them”, It hissed, “I will devour you now.”

Its jaws opened wide and Superman’s remaining energy began to writhe from him into the creature’s gaping maw. Superman’s eyes blazed and heat beams boiled into the creature’s forehead. It flew back screaming like glaciers scraping against each other.

“Jimmy”, Superman yelled back at him. “Get back to town, go get help; I don’t know how long I can hold him off in my weakened condition.”

“Help? What was that thing?”

The Wendigo seemed to come from nowhere as it knocked Jimmy to the ground.

“I am Wendigo, I am the hunger, the devourer.”

He instinctively held up his arm to protect his face and the Wendigo

growled and recoiled disappearing into smoke.

"Jimmy, what did you do?" Superman asked.

"Nothing, I thought I was a goner. Is that really a Wendigo, I thought that was just a legend." Jimmy replied.

Superman scanned Jimmy for any anomalies. "Jimmy, your watch, its silver."

"Yeah, so. Oh Yeah right, silver can kill it. I read that online!"

Superman flew up into the air. "If it comes back hold it off till I get back."

"Hold it off 'till you get back! You're kidding me right!"

"Use the watch, protect the guys." Superman disappeared into the forest. Jimmy looked into the forest, then to the frozen men, then to the watch on his wrist.

"You've got to be kidding me."

The Indian shaman Red Wolf stepped out of the forest and into the clearing.

"Hey, where did you go? You better get out of here, there's a Wendigo loose if you can believe that?"

Red Wolf stepped toward Jimmy. "Yes, meat, I can believe that."

"Oh so you believe in the legends, I mean of course, you're like an old Indian and ... did you just call me meat?"

With a speed not matching his age, the Shaman swung his staff at Jimmy catching him on the side of his head and knocking him to the ground. The shaman thrust the end of it through the sleeve of Jimmy's coat pinning his arm to the ground.

“Wendigo not like silver, redtop, but Red wolf has no such fear.” Red Wolf reached down to take the watch from Jimmy.

“Get away from him Shaman”!

Red Wolf turned to the voice. Superman stood there. His energy severely depleted, all he wanted to do was lie down and sleep, but he couldn't, not while his friend and these boys were in danger from this supernatural creature.

Red wolf jumped into the air at the pinnacle of his arc his form shifted and changed into the Wendigo. Its long scythe-like claws and horrible teeth came down toward Superman. At the last instant Superman reached behind the tree and pulled out a long pointed piece of metal and thrust it into the creature's chest as it hurtled toward him.

The creature exploded with a blast of cold air that knocked Superman off his feet. Above him the Wendigo swirled and eddied as if a stain upon water. It howled with the icy wind of one hundred winters.

“I will be back to feast on your corpse ese'he ma'heono, sun spirit, I will devour you!” The Wendigo faded and the rough metal spear fell to the ground.

Superman rushed over to Jimmy and pulled Red Wolf's staff out of the sleeve of his coat. “Are all-right Jimmy”, he asked.

“Yeah, I'm OK, I don't think he hit anything but my coat. What was that you hit it with?”

With the Wendigo gone, the ice that had encased the three young men, Mark, Rick and Steve, had disappeared and they were beginning to stir.

“I remembered when I was searching for the boys before that I had spotted a vein of silver running nearby, so I dug it up and fashioned a homemade spear. Let's get these guys back to town and get them warmed up.”

Superman and Jimmy helped the boys to their feet. “Oh, no”, Jimmy

exclaimed. "Mr. Kent, he's still out here somewhere."

"Jimmy can you help these boys back to town, and I'll find Mr. Kent. Just keep heading in that direction." Superman pointed, "And you'll hit town."

"That Wendigo isn't coming back is he? What about that shaman?" Jimmy handed Red Wolf's staff to Mark to lean on for support.

"I'm afraid that Red Wolf is dead Jimmy, I scanned him earlier and he didn't have any vital signs. I fear he was just a vessel for the Wendigo. And I think together we scared him off for a long time." He patted Jimmy on the back. "I hope", he thought.

Superman flew up into the sky. "Don't bother to wait for Clark", he called back, "He'll probably be in pretty bad shape so I'll just fly him on to a hospital." He waved and was gone.

## **Metropolis**

Lois found the more she struggled the tighter the bands that crisscrossed her body became. Winslow had at least sat her in a chair.

Winslow approached her. "Now, now Ms. Lane, you've got to stop struggling or those ribbons are going to cut you in half. You get comfortable and I'm going to place a call to find out what to do about you." Before Schott could move a huge explosion blew open the far wall. Chunks of concrete and plaster erupted into the room. Men wearing black uniforms and faceless helmets poured into the room.

The explosion knocked Lois chair over and threw her to the ground. A large chunk of wall fell on her, the arms of the chair keeping it from crushing her. From out from under the wall she could see Schott lying on the floor, he had not been so lucky.

Lois could see several large slabs of debris lying on his legs and blood seeping from his head. She could hear the men talking they had not seen her, the slab covering her from their view.

"We're in... yes, loading the equipment now. Affirmative the rocket is here. Yes Sir he's here, the worse for wear I'm afraid." There was a long pause. "No sir, no problem sir."

Lois watched as a pair of black boots walked over to Schott, he moaned slightly. The muzzle of a weapon was lowered against Schott's head.

Lois closed her eyes; she felt the flash of the discharge and the soft phhht of a silenced weapon.

"All right, load it up and set the charges, let's load out!"

### **Smallville**

"Another piece of pie Pete", Martha asked holding out the slice of pie toward Pete Ross.

"No thanks Mrs. Kent, Three's my limit." He swallowed down the last mouthful of milk, and dabbed his mouth with the cloth napkin.

"Surely you didn't call me out here the fill me up on pie, Mrs. Kent."

"No, Pete, I didn't. I wanted to get your help with something and I wanted to ask you while Clark wasn't here." Martha took Pete's glass and rinsed it out in the sink.

"Planning a surprise birthday party Mrs. Kent?"

"Actually Pete, I was planning on selling the farm."

*The End*

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