



50 specialists from around the world were recruited for a secret experiment known as **Project W.I.G.**

50 radioactive wigs representing the spectacular spectrum of mullets were placed on their heads.

Each enhanced recruit gained an astounding ability that corresponds to their fantastic new hair.

Now they work for **Humanity's Alliance for International Radness (H.A.I.R.)** as they combat the evil machinations of Baron Bogus, saving the world over and over again from his harebrained schemes.

they are  
**Mullet  
Squad  
50/50**

Cutting through the clouds like the sharpened edge of an ultra-high-carbon steel chef's knife, a helicopter emerges in the sky above H.A.I.R.'s Education and Administrative Defense Quarters (H.E.A.D. Quarters) in beautiful Egg Harbor, Wisconsin.

Hanging from the bottom of the helicopter's left skid is **Flowy**, a former gymnast sidelined by injury who was granted the ability to do numerous aerial somersaults when he was bestowed his radioactive mullet by Project W.I.G.

Leaping like an elegant squirrel and/or any other manner of small-to-medium-sized rodent, Flowy releases his grasp from the skid and glides into a quintuple somersault, aiming directly towards the ground where **Croptop** stands watching in astonishment.

Flowy's long wavy mullet is a servant of the wind, whipping around in loose loops as the brisk Wisconsin air slides between each and every piece of luxuriously conditioned hair, the brunette locks glowing with an auburn glint in the late afternoon sunlight.



Landing on the ground in a perfect dismount position, back arched and arms proudly raised high, Croptop is reminded of Flowy's promising gymnastics career that was poised to culminate with Olympic gold.

Sadly, that victory never came...

...and injury sidelined Angelo Charles for what many believed would be forever. But his heartbreaking athletic decline was halted by none other than Croptop, herself in the process of living another life at the time.

Denise Dennis had been assigned to recruit 49 unique individuals with special skills...

...never once realizing that the secret experiment was always intended to have 50 participants.

From the very beginning, H.A.I.R. knew Denise would be the ringleader, her short no-nonsense mullet representing the vital abilities she would wield as the team's defacto handler.

Capable of imparting succinct information that cuts right to the meat of the matter, Croptop is the ticking pacemaker at the heart of Mullet Squad 50/50.

And what she has to impart today is more unexpected and preposterous than any assignment she's ever delivered before.

"Excellent aerial somersaults, Flowy. Your best yet," Croptop begins. "But enough pleasantries, let's get right to it. Baron Bogus has developed a horrid chemical that turns a cat's luxuriously soft fur into bird feathers and a bird's majestic feathers into cat fur. As usual, we've got a madman on our hands and I need you to stop him."

Before a single word can exit his mouth, Flowy's mind races back to simpler times.

A decade earlier. Surrounded by kittens for a gymnastics photo shoot, Angelo Charles experienced true bliss. Adorable, bouncy, curious, soft, loving. He felt an instant bond with these sweet creatures.

"There's no fucking way Baron Bogus is gonna mess with those kittens," Flowy responds, drawn back to the present moment with a sense of urgent responsibility.

"And the birds," adds Croptop.

"Yeah, sure. Them too," Flowy says with a shrug.



Croptop needs Flowy to handle this. There's no one else who can tackle this task with the same passion and poise. Flowy was made for this fight and Croptop trusts her number one guy to do his job.

And he better do his damn job, she thinks, because H.A.I.R. has invested deeply in his unusual demands.



Croptop delivers her assignment to her trusted operative before setting him loose.

"Assemble a team best suited to this task and go save the world's loveable population of cats and birds from this maniac," she commands.

"And afterwards we'll have a party because, well, as you know..."

**"...BUSINESS UP FRONT AND PARTY IN THE BACK!"** Flowy yells in reply with uproarious joy.

Any doubts he had before today have washed away in the wake of Croptop's belief in him and his ability to complete the vital mission at hand.

New York City, USA.

Flowy sits in a salon chair at *Chez Mullet*. Behind him stands **Stylez**, a scissors expert who'd be invaluable in battle against Baron Bogus.

Sporting a bold fashion mullet and a surprised face, they didn't expect their longtime friend to be seated in their styling chair.

"Just a little off the top, Stylez. And don't you dare touch the back!" Flowy says, greeting Stylez with bombastic joy as he finesses his hair in the mirror.

"And destroy this masterpiece? Never!" Stylez calls back.

Ureshino, Japan.

Flowy sips a cup of hot hojicha at the bottom of a majestic field built into a serene hill. Walking down is **Leafy**, whose spiky mullet looks like leaves gently sprouting from his head. His ability is to terraform, which he used to design his haven, this perfect tea farm.

*"Mmm mmm mmm!"* Flowy can't restrain his satisfaction. "Your tea grows more delicious with every passing year, Leafy."

"Ah, time for our annual reunion, I see," Leafy says with a smirk as he sets down his tools and prepares to head into action once again.

London, UK.

Flowy stands among the stacked longboxes of a musty comic shop. Issues are everywhere, slipping off piles of other issues, plastered on walls. **Bundles**, who retains and regurgitates knowledge at an accelerated rate, doesn't look up from the comic she's reading.

Her bun-mullet is loosely gathered atop her head, strands spilling onto her shoulders below.

"I expected you yesterday," she says.

"Y-you've been surveilling me!?" gasps Flowy.

"Nah, Stylez texted me," Bundles replies nonchalantly.



Buenos Aires, Argentina.

In a dimly lit apartment, a drafting table holds a page sparsely littered with empty squares. The artist, **Panels**, has the ability to generate force fields. Their boxy blue mullet straggles down their neck as they hunch over their page, unable to draw. Flowy looks on.

"Stuck?" asks Flowy.

"Like you wouldn't believe," whispers Panels, frustration seeping in.

"Wanna go on an adventure?"  
questions Flowy.

"Hell yeah," answers Panels.

Flowy's team, now assembled, sits in H.E.A.D. Quarters at a table covered with half-eaten meals. They've just been briefed and they can hardly believe what they've heard.

"Seriously... *all of the world's kittens?!*" exclaims Stylez.

"And birds," adds Bundles. "Baron Bogus is a monster."

In an instant, the new crew is caught off guard by the thunderous voice of none other than **Baron Bogus**. They gaze at a shadow looming in the skylight above as the acrid voices booms.

"No, you fools! *This* is a monster," Bogus screams.

Smashing through the skylight with feral force, the feathered paw of a massive kaiju kitten swoops downwards, decimating the ceiling surrounding the skylight as the Baron's voice rings out once again.

*"Mullet Squad 50/50, meet Mittens... arbiter of your deaths!!!"*

TO BE CONTINUED

Mullet Squad 50/50 #1  
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