



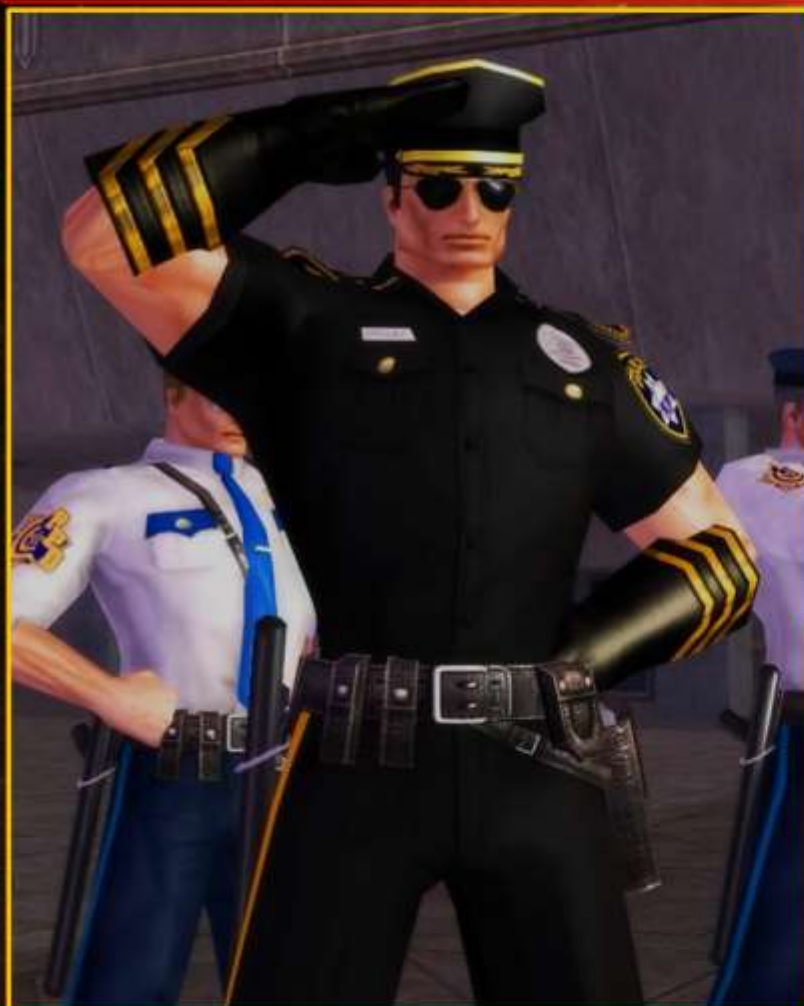
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MAJOR DEEJ UNIVERSE



# ORIGINS

***Sergeant "Deej" Yorke:***



***Survivor...or MERCENARY??***

**THE ORIGIN OF MAJOR DEEJ: PART II**



# MAJOR DEEJ UNIVERSE ORIGINS

<http://www.majordeejuniverse.com>

The Major Deej Universe is what occurs when one unique anomaly amidst the millions of parallel universes and divergent timelines make a decision different than all the rest. The 'anomaly' for this universe is a superhero codenamed: Major Deej. No other timeline or universe has a "Major Deej"...except this one. A time-travelling sect known as the "Order of Chronos" from this universe's 28<sup>th</sup> Century discovered that Major Deej is a actually a critical if not sole factor in the prevention of the destruction of all time in all universes, parallel or otherwise, as they know it.

From his humble childhood start in Brooklyn, New York, David Jason Yorke chose a path different than in any other. As a result the bright, athletic well-mannered boy became a man of strength, conviction and courage. After several years with the military and successfully fighting in the Soltan Star Empire's Invasion of Earth, he returned to his hometown of Brooklyn, New York. There, he joined the police department and sadly became mired in a corrupt precinct. Officer David Yorke was eventually able to expose his precinct's corrupt boss, Captain Irons. Sadly, Captain Irons got away. Officer Yorke and a squad of policemen, 30 civilian a5 firemen and even Captain Irons died in a blazing inferno believed to be set by the fleeing, suicidal Captain Irons. With David Yorke dead, the question now becomes, "how is Major Deej to even be"?

*The Major Deej Universe is proud to continue...*

## THE ORIGIN OF MAJOR DEEJ

### FAMILY & DUTY

Crowne Memorial Hospital,  
Brooklyn, New York...

...one hour since the end of our last issue \*...

...and nearly 6 hours since David  
Yorke came back from the dead.

Yep, he's alive....

..but will life ever be  
normal for him again?

*"IT IS NOT LENGTH OF LIFE,  
BUT DEPTH OF LIFE."  
- RALPH WALDO EMERSON*

\*Major Deej Universe: Origins Issue #2.



...once at the hospital, patient was additionally assessed with damage extending down his spine from C1 vertebrae to L3 in your lumbar region. Sternum crushed...exposed Thorax... stopped breathing while being transferred to Trauma One.

Code black conditions...*blah blah blah...here we go...*

...third degree burns across Torso. Left Tibia broken, three places, Left Femur, two; left Ulna also broken, two places. Both hands...severe trauma... third degree burns up to elbows... extensive muscle and tissue loss... extensive tissue loss from 7 of 10 fingers...*yada yada yada*...left clavicle broken...multiple breaks...1<sup>st</sup> through 9<sup>th</sup> rib, each side...

...potential trauma identified with 8<sup>th</sup> to 12<sup>th</sup> ribs...both sides... 80% epidermal loss due to 3<sup>rd</sup> degree burns...

**Ah!**

And my favorite entry...

...both of your feet are technically listed here as "**jelly**".

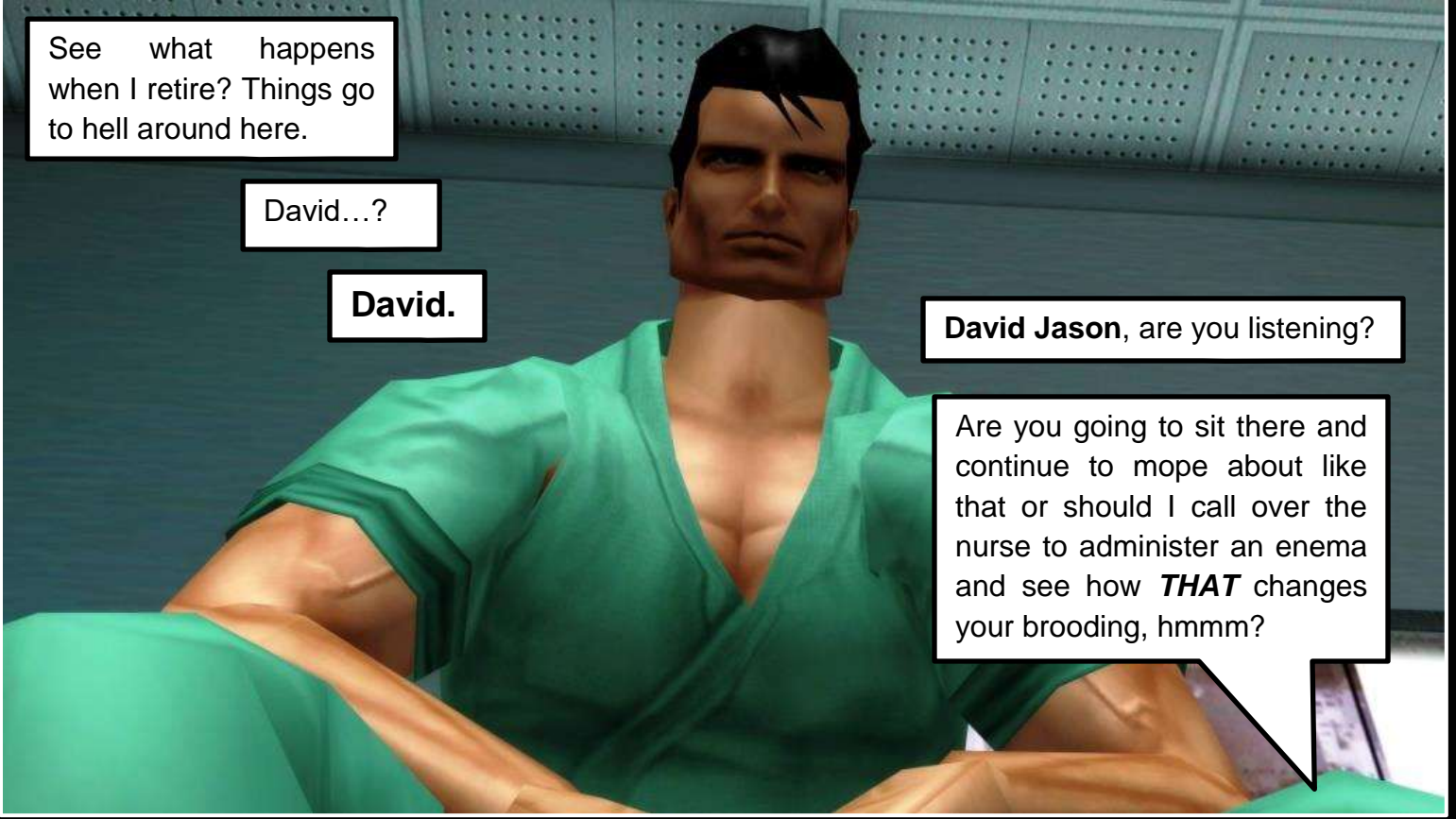


Whoever wrote this report should be **fired**.

**Inaccurate.**

**Sloppy.**





See what happens when I retire? Things go to hell around here.

David...?

David.

David Jason, are you listening?

Are you going to sit there and continue to mope about like that or should I call over the nurse to administer an enema and see how **THAT** changes your brooding, hmmm?



Let's work in the present, David. Brood on your own time.

Do I make myself clear?



Yes, Mom.

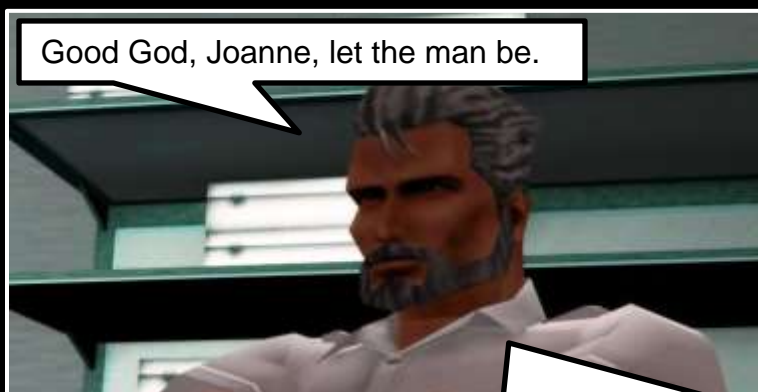


Good. **Now**, has the doctor said when he's going to release you from the hospital?



No.

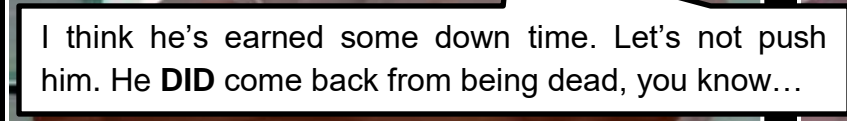
Well then, get up off that gurney, walk with your two perfectly **good** feet and two perfectly **good** legs and go ask him *yourself*, David.



Good God, Joanne, let the man be.



...says the fire chief dad who always told us to pick ourselves up no matter how bad things got?



I think he's earned some down time. Let's not push him. He **DID** come back from being dead, you know...



Your daughter's right, Phil.

You know what I mean, Sarah!

Should I go out and find us a 2-by-4 to help beat some sense into him?



...and I'm back once again, dear family of mine!  
*Had* to take that call. **Everyone** wants me today!



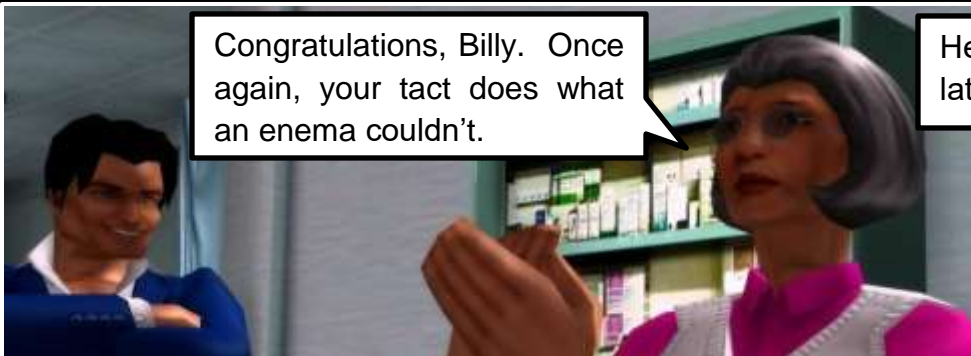
So...big brother, what's your verdict? Do we *still* need to call ahead to schedule your funeral or are you going to **un-funkify** yourself sometime today?

I think it's safe to say my funeral **can** be cancelled, Billy.



Wait...did my brother finally **speak**?? Mom, did you threaten him with the enema?

Congratulations, Billy. Once again, your tact does what an enema couldn't.



He'll thank me later, mom...



but right now...

...I think Davey-boy better get on over there...



..before they start choosing his China patterns without him.

It's a simple question, doctor. **WHY** is he still being kept here? He's alive and in better shape than Arnold Schwarzenegger ever was!



As I've been trying to tell you, my team needs to do *more* studies on him. He has super powers that we don't yet fully understand. We need more time to...



**What??** Put him in a lab and dissect him? Put him on a hamster wheel and stick **probes** up his wazoo until **your** lab's grant money runs out??



I don't think so... "**Doc**".

As his newly assigned doctor, it is within my **right** to do what I see fit for my patient. You are **NOT** his doctor... **Commissioner**.



Yea, and about **that**...when did **YOU** become his doctor? According to Yorke, he never requested a new doc. You just **showed up** outta the blue, hm?

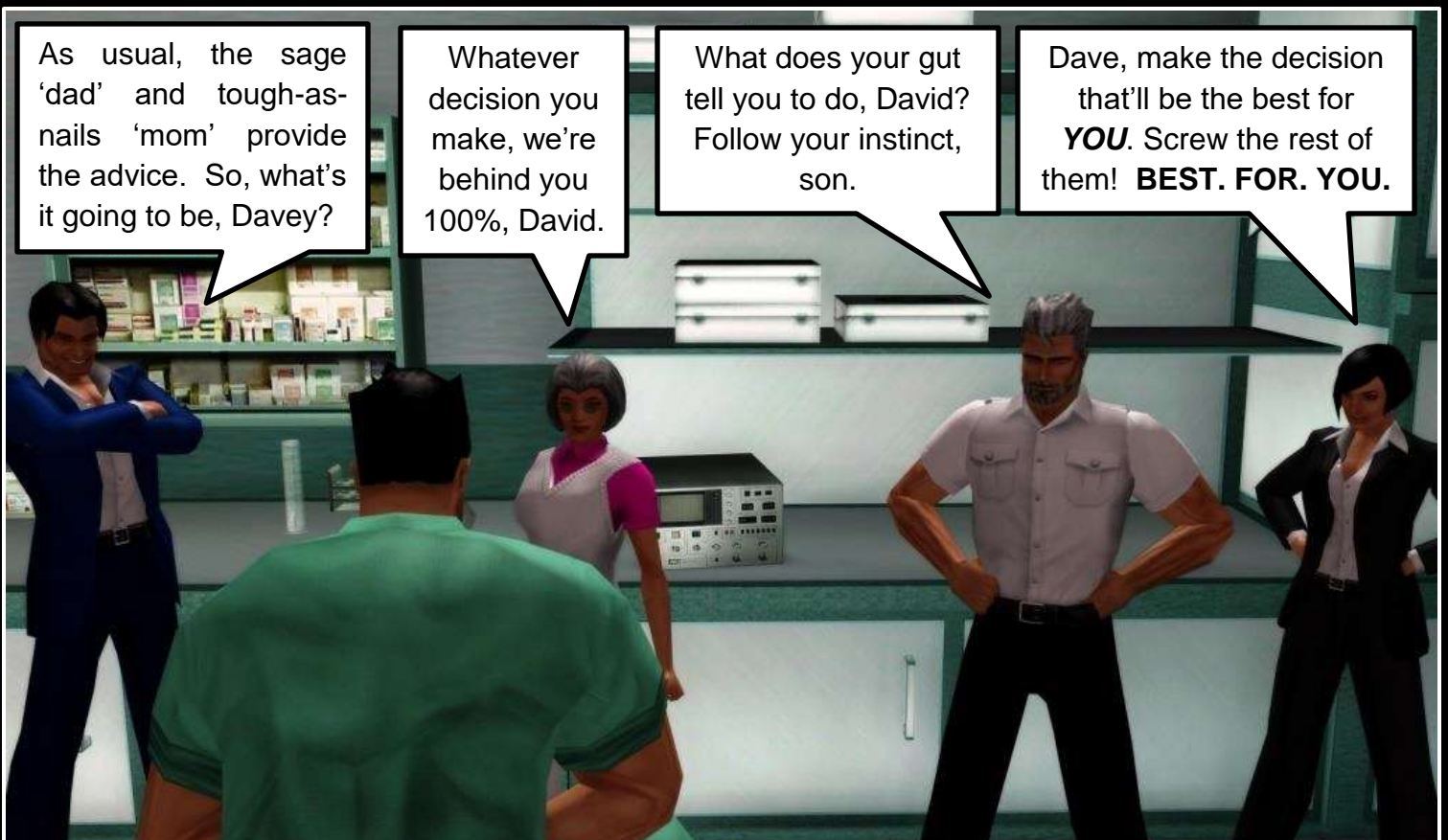
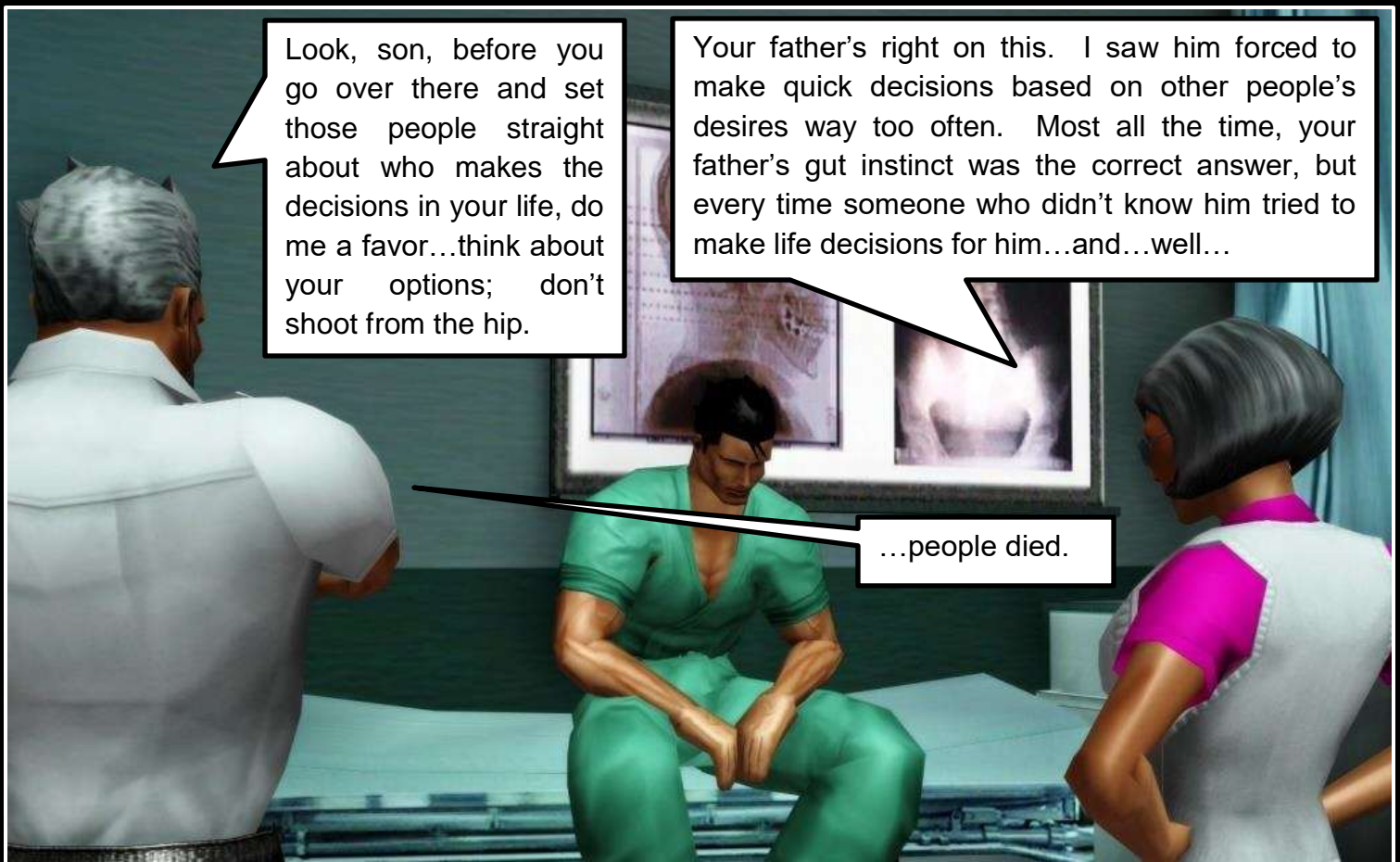


Commissioner...I am renown in my expertise. I work with **Zenith Labs**. My team and I are the foremost world **experts** in this field.



Read my lips, "**Herr Mengele**", he's going back to work for me. **ME! Not YOU, 'doc'!**







And, if you choose door #3, well, I can always use a guy like you working with my construction crew...so long as you don't mind having a foreman as a sister, that is.



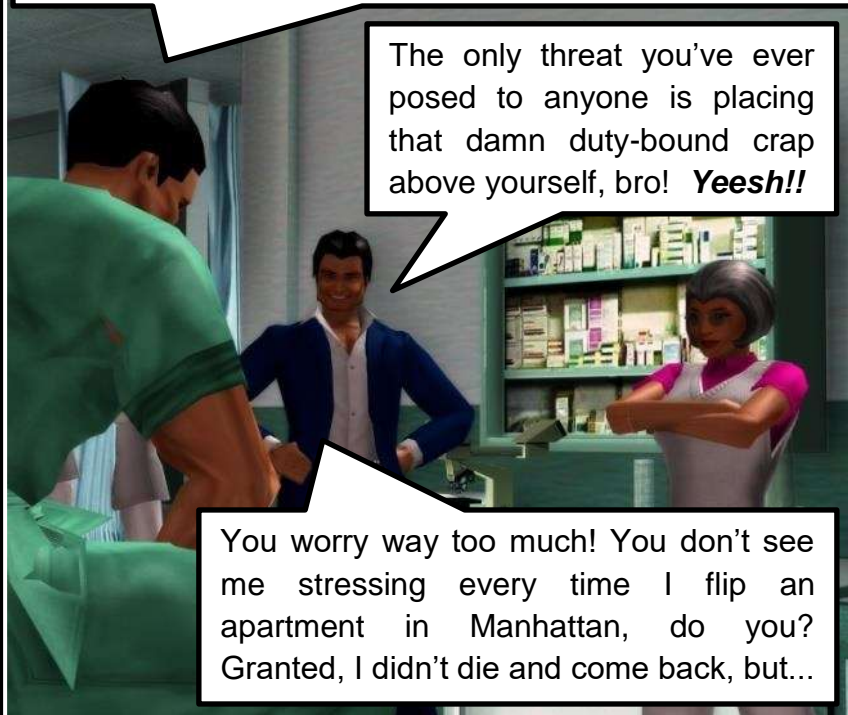
Look...first, *I love you all*. You being here is the only reason I'm not at Bellevue Mental after what just happened to me. Second...well, I don't know what I am right now. I'm not the old me. I'm some...souped-up version of me.



I don't know what I can do, or for that matter if I can still be around people...or my family, for that matter. Is the doctor right? Do I need to be locked away until others are sure I'm not a threat, or just get back to work?

The only threat you've ever posed to anyone is placing that damn duty-bound crap above yourself, bro! **Yeesh!!**

You worry way too much! You don't see me stressing every time I flip an apartment in Manhattan, do you? Granted, I didn't die and come back, but...



I hate to push, son, but you might want to get out there. It seems they're about to make your decision without you.



I **can** and **will** have this hospital *demand* a court-order to permanently assign Mr. Yorke to our care in less than an hour... "**Commissioner**"!

And I'll have a judge slap you with a writ of **Habeus Corpus** faster than I can pee on your diploma, "**Herr Megele**"! *Yorke's mine!*

Habeas Corpus secures every man here, alien or citizen, against everything which is not law, whatever shape it may assume.

Thomas Jefferson. 1798.

*Oh.* Sergeant Yorke. Sorry, son. I didn't see you there...

**Mister** Yorke. I hope you understand that for yours and the people's safety that...

*Gentlemen, STOP.*

I understand what each of you want, but I can attest, I am alive, healthy and in full control of my faculties.

Doc, is there **ANY** reason I can't go back to work now?

We have no idea what you are now! You could be radioactive...!

No, I'm not. I've been carefully **watching** one of your technicians over there use a remote medical scanner on me since my family arrived an hour ago.

**No** alarms. **No** alerts. If I **were** truly dangerous, this hospital, especially you, doctor, would have already evacuated.



Commissioner, I appreciate you going to gun for me, but I am not **'yours'**. In fact, should I claim my death, I'd be able to legally live on my deferred pension quite comfortably for the rest of my life, so long as I leave the country.



I learned that from reading up on one of Captain Irons' actual 'legal' scams.

Okay, sergeant...so what do you **WANT** to do then? Head back to work? Take some R and R? Be a lab rat? Waste away in Margaritaville? What **ARE** you looking for, man?



Doctor, I don't know you, ergo, I don't trust you. Just being in your presence makes my skin crawl. Gut reaction: I'm not submitting myself to your care, sir.

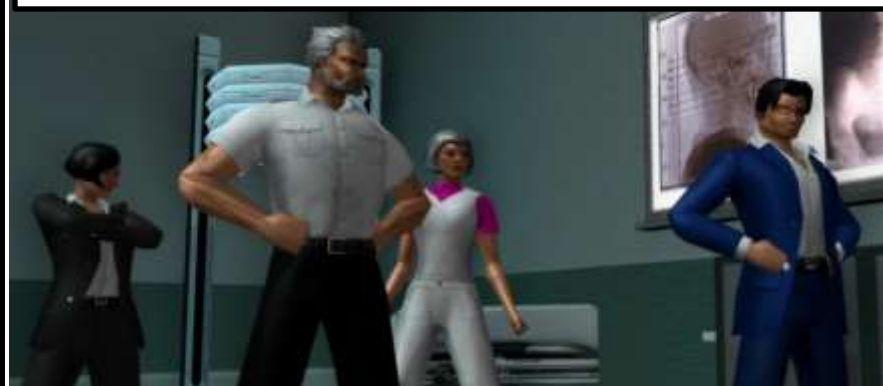


How *dare* you insult me...!!

That's my Big Bro! Gut 'em with kindness!

Commissioner, I believe your heart's in the right place, however, I can't work as your super-stooge. I'm a detective. I'm also a police officer. Serve and protect, *right*?

I'll do my duty, but not for someone's political gain. My duty is to my family and the people I've taken an oath to protect.



I'll serve and protect them all...



... the **RIGHT** way.

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# CITY OF TITANS



[HTTP://CITYOFTITANS.COM](http://CITYOFTITANS.COM)



## DUTY & THE MEDIA

Five days after “Sergeant Yorke” had his discussion with the doctors and police commissioner, the things Yorke ‘requested’ were set into motion. Yorke’s previous precinct had since been officially shutdown by the NYPD Internal Affairs division in wake of Captain Irons’ corruption scandal and the loss of the only remaining leaders in the precinct. As such the police commissioner was under the media’s microscope. Attention had to be paid to all that was occurring. It was time to bring the media up to speed...and Sergeant Yorke officially back to life.

**NYPD Brooklyn District HQ.**  
**Friday afternoon.**

**Ladies and Gentlemen** of the press, *thank you* for taking the time out of your schedules to attend this impromptu press briefing. *Sadly*, we’ve been a bit too busy of late to schedule a formal one.

**COMMISSIONER!**  
**Over here!!**

*Is it true that Captain Irons was the cause of the Reston Building explosion?*

**COMMISSIONER!!** Care to respond to the New York Governor’s tweets regarding the rampant corruption in the Brooklyn’s police department?

**COMMISSIONER!!**

**Ladies and Gentlemen, PLEASE!!!** I’ll answer your questions later, but for now, let’s settle down and let me put out what needs to be said, alright?! That’s better. Decorum.

As most of you already know, we lost some good men in the Reston Building explosion. CSI is still going over the scene, however, as already reported the bomber was indeed the 13<sup>th</sup> precinct’s own Captain Irons.

It will take months to comb through the damage Irons created. As such, there are still a dozen people listed as ‘missing’ in the explosion. Irons’ body has yet to be verified, however, the remains of one of Irons’ hostages, Police Officer Marco Chavez, has been officially identified as of 6 A.M. today.

As a result of the extensive loss of officers in the 13<sup>th</sup> Precinct, the Mayor has decided to shut down the precinct until further notice, effective immediately.

WHAT?!? Who'll be patrolling in the South Brooklyn area then?

MORE shut downs?? Seriously?



*Decorum*, people, please! Some decorum! NOW...elements from the 8<sup>th</sup>, 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> precincts will be authorized overtime to fill in.



To ensure things don't get out of control, I have a special announcement to make. We will be forming a new Special Tactics Division...

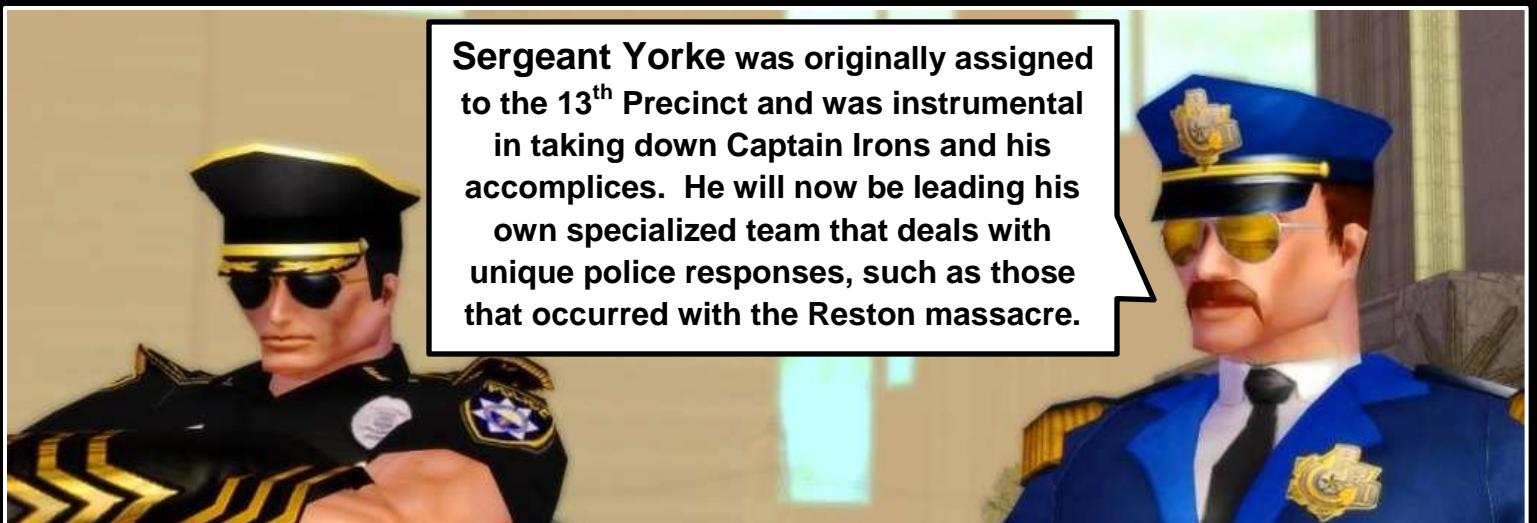


...to be led by a survivor from the Reston massacre, Sergeant David Yorke!



PSST!!! David, watch out for the reporter in the pink jacket! That's Riva Ryan! She's a pain in the...

Sergeant Yorke was originally assigned to the 13<sup>th</sup> Precinct and was instrumental in taking down Captain Irons and his accomplices. He will now be leading his own specialized team that deals with unique police responses, such as those that occurred with the Reston massacre.





**Instrumental??** How can you say that when Captain Irons 'got away' from you and killed dozens of people as well as **leveling** a city block?

How '**instrumental**' is **Sergeant** Yorke and his band of gorillas going to be in stopping, say, super-powered people? **What**, take out half of South Brooklyn for a super-speeding ticket?

As was mentioned in the prior press packages, Ms. Ryan, I wasn't there when Captain Irons escaped. Sadly two outstanding police Lieutenants died by his hand before the building blew. If I could have, I would have traded my life for theirs in an instant.

Sadly, all we can do is mourn their loss and know that the threat that was Captain Irons most likely died with his own psychotic, suicidal actions.

**EXCUSE ME?!?**

Why should **we** listen to **you**? You were **FROM** the same corrupt precinct as Irons! What proof do we have that you aren't the commissioner's next corrupt replacement for Irons? A replacement that, by your own press package's account, **NOW** has MORE powerful guns than half of the NYPD's SWAT vans?

Also, I'm **STILL** trying to figure how reports of **your** death have obviously been exaggerated?

*After the team gets trained up properly, we'll be happy to take in the press to ride with us to see that we aren't some gestapo-like thugs...or that I'm actually dead.*



*Good one, Sarge! \*\*snicker\*\**

*All we want to do is to protect and serve the people of our community. In any organization, there are a few bad apples. The thing being, there are far more good than are ever bad. We're here to enforce the law...*



*...and our new division is simply a new tool in our toolbox to make sure you, and the community stay safe. Most people like to use the right tool for the right job...*

*...when we're needed, we'll be right there in the toolbag...ready to be used...and even die, to ensure your safety.*



*Can't argue with that logic, eh, Ned?*

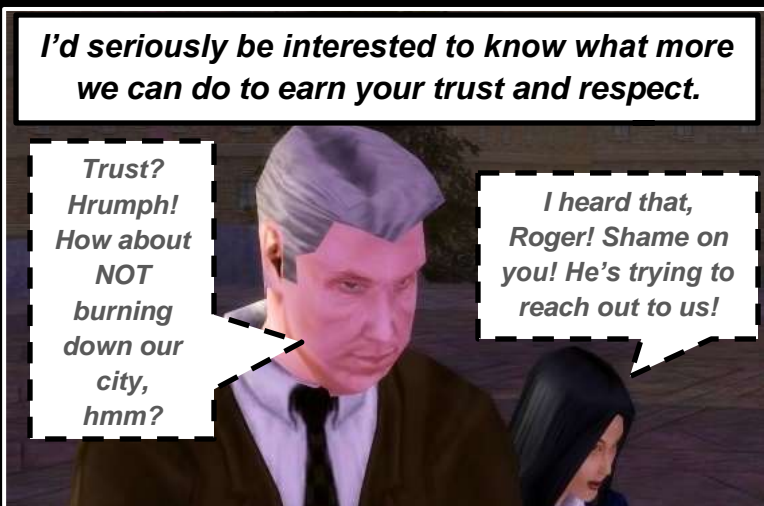
*Actually...no, I can't. The man's well spoken.*

*Did that answer your questions, Ms. Ryan?*



*If not, I'd be more than happy to sit down with you or the rest of the press to discuss your concerns shortly after this.*

*I'd seriously be interested to know what more we can do to earn your trust and respect.*



*Trust?  
Hrumph!  
How about NOT  
burning down our  
city,  
hmm?*

*I heard that,  
Roger! Shame on  
you! He's trying to  
reach out to us!*

*We're not gods, nor the military. We're not omnipotent beings. We're not saints or for that matter, angels. However, WE are here to serve and protect YOU. Let us do our job for you; that's all we want.*





*Am I correct in understanding this, Sergeant Yorke...you want to go out on a DATE with me to wine and dine me to get me to write fluffy stories about you?! PAH-LEAZ!!!*

*Is THAT what you're suggesting, Sergeant?*

*Should I bring my overnight bag, too, or will the commissioner throw that in as a complimentary gift too?*

*Riva, sometimes you can be such a bitch.*

*OH, shut up, Carol! Watch this! He's going to fall apart right in front of the cameras!*

*Ms. Ryan, I am deeply surprised that a woman of your professional calling was not able to discern what I'd just said. I'm sure that if you ask your fellow reporters, they'll help to clear up what you obviously misheard...*

*...but if I might suggest, Ms. Ryan, that a woman in her advancing years, such as you, might invest in a new, higher-powered hearing aid instead.*

*Oh man, he went there!*

*\*\*snicker\*\**

*Also, Ms. Ryan, I'm hoping that you being the lady that you are, will share your knowledge of deportment and professional courtesies with your fellow reporters, after all, our ELDERS should lead by example, am I correct in that, Ma'am?*

*Any additional questions, folks?*

*Sergeant Yorke! Is that "Yorke" with an 'e' or without, because you just made our front page story, sir!*

*With an 'e', Ma'am.*

*Thank you, Sergeant...er... Sir... Sergeant!*



Oh, I like this guy!

Sergeant Yorke, look this way at the camera, please? Thank you, sir!

Yep! Put ole "Railroad Ryan" in her place! It was beautiful!



Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for attending! Please, don't forget to call our News Action Hotline if you receive any tips on criminal activities. Remember...we're here to serve and protect you and the community as best we can!



HEY!!! Sergeant Yorke, quick question before you go...

...do you have a nickname... like one you had as a kid? One you can tell us about?

OK, but that's the last question for this session. My family used to call me "D.J.", but my friends called me "Deej"; D-E-E-J. Is that what you were looking for, sir?

Perfect! Thanks, Sergeant Yorke!



Thank YOU, sir. See you next time, ladies and gentlemen!



Game on, Sergeant "DEEJ".

**GAME.  
ON.**



## ROLE CALL

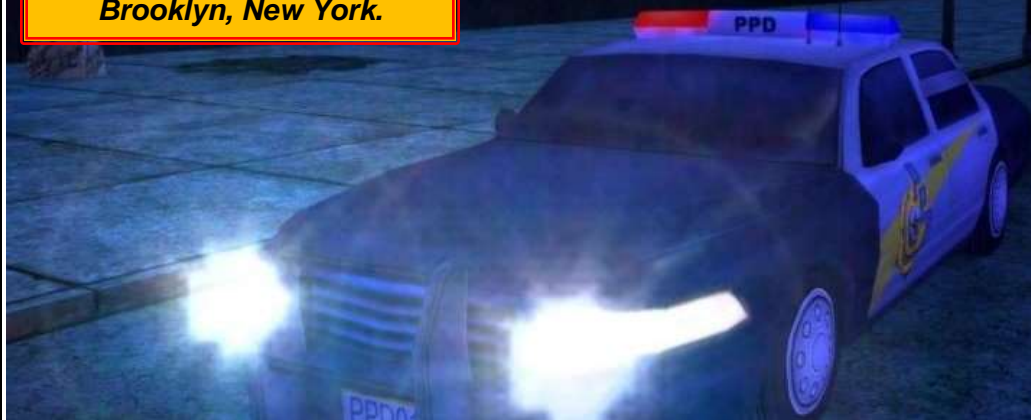
Things moved fast...VERY fast...after the press conference. The media couldn't stop writing about Sergeant "Deej"; his humbleness, his dedication to the NYPD and of course, How he took down "Railroad Ryan". Within weeks, Yorke was one of the most requested people to be on the New York talk shows and magazine covers.

David Yorke, however, wasn't into the publicity of it all and stayed out of the limelight as much as possible, all the while taking on his new responsibilities in the new NYPD Powered Police Division (PPD), with him as the field sergeant-in-charge of Brooklyn's new Special Tactics Division; a role he knew was befitting of his powers...



...yet a role far from being the detective he knew he was.

*One month after the press conference. South Street, Brooklyn, New York.*



*"Dispatch, this is Charlie 1-3. We've encountered several gang members in an attempted robbery..."*

*"DISPATCH!!! SHOTS FIRED! Repeat, SHOTS FIRED!! Officer down!! DAMN IT!! MULTIPLE OFFICERS DOWN!!"  
\*\*SQUAWCK\*\**



*"DISPATCH!! Gang members are in possession of assault weapons!!"*

*PING BINK PING*

*"DISPATCH!! They're using armor piercing ammo! Our vests can't..."*

*PING*

*"...oh God, not Mikey... This is O'Hare! CALL IT IN! Send HIM in!"*

**"NOW!!"**

**SPECIAL TACTICS  
DIVISION**



**"Roger, scene. Level 1  
response en-route."**

**"ETA 3 minutes."**

**0100 hours.**



**3 minutes later.**

**We still have four officers  
down! We can't get a  
medical response team in  
to help them without  
being shot at, Lieutenant!**

Special Tactics just  
arrived. Maybe  
they can help to at  
least distract the  
gunmen so we can  
get our wounded  
out.



I don't like it, L.T.; this new "PPD" thing doesn't *feel* right. We've **never** seen them in action. What if they create more problems than solutions? We got wounded cops out there! Now is **not** the time for a bunch of high-powered showboats to...





Sergeant Yorke and the Special Tactics Division, reporting in, Lieutenant. What's the situation, sir?



Good to see you, Sergeant, I'm Lieutenant Ingalls, this is Sergeant Thompson. We're...

**NOT** in need of your services, *Sergeant "Deej"*. Go chase a news van. We got this. We don't need you...

**Dammit**, Thompson, rein in those horses! That's **not** your call! If Captain O'Hare thinks Yorke's team is needed, then we follow, **got it**?



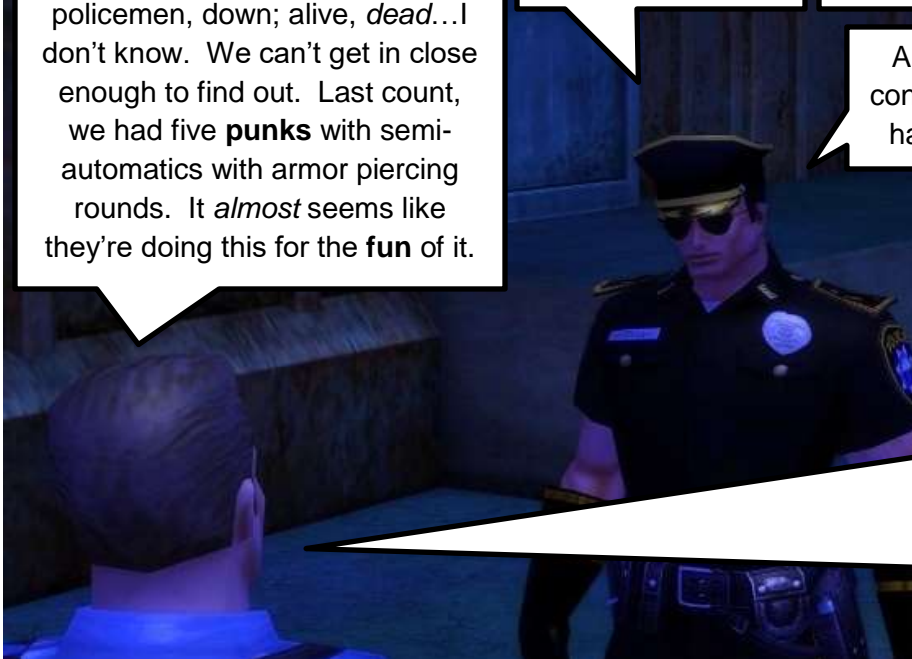
Sorry about that, Sergeant. As I was saying...we've got four policemen, down; alive, *dead*...I don't know. We can't get in close enough to find out. Last count, we had five **punks** with semi-automatics with armor piercing rounds. It *almost* seems like they're doing this for the **fun** of it.

Anyone try getting at their flank?

**Yea! WE** already **tried** that! **That's** how we got our **fourth** officer down, *showboat*!

Are the gunmen contained? Do they have a way out?

We got all but **one** path cordoned off. Our men were trying to cordon them off but were cut off. They're under cover, but under fire from the shooters. The opening's relative to our battle 6 position, 20 yards behind from shooter's center.



Thank you, Lieutenant. As per NYPD Directive 13-02, authorized by the New York State Governor, the NYPD PPD's Special Tactics Division is now taking charge of the scene. I am assigning myself, Sergeant Yorke, as tactical site lead. Lieutenant, you're the backup supervisor. Sergeant Thompson, go set up security tape to keep civilians out.

*You smug sonofa...!!*

Lieutenant, please have your men hold their ground as best they can. Help is on the way.

Team, this is Sergeant Yorke on Tactical Channel Theta. We have several shooters armed with assault rifles with armor piercing ammunition. Initial reports are four downed officers. Stage alpha initiated; we have the site. Other officers are on site, some pinned and under fire. Enact tactical scenario Theta-Two. Alpha squad, set the perimeter; Beta squad, in reserve if this goes FUBAR\*.

**'Fracked' Up Beyond All Recognition**  
— *politely acronyming DeeJ*

We've practiced this scenario dozens of times to perfection, team, however, today, we have live targets. Verify ammunition for target class "H"; "H" as in "hotel". Once done, set scenario positions and await for stage 2 confirmation and code.

I'll take vantage. I'm heading to recon locale and positioning for potential tank-and-spank as needed.

We're on the clock, folks. Let's close this out in no more than 300 ticks. Over and inbound.



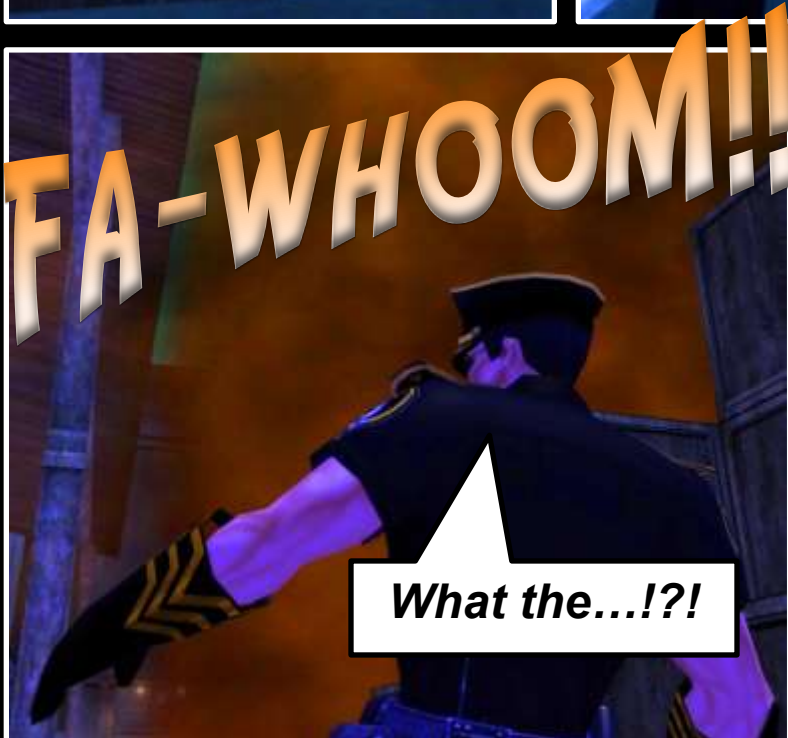
*With the deftness of a military reconnaissance team leader, Sergeant Deej practically sprints on the site, using maximum cover along the way to shield himself from any potential shooters. When a tower of crates block him from his path, rather than go around or climb them, Sergeant Deej jumps atop them.*



*As in '35-feet off the ground' atop them. He makes his leap look as simple as stepping up onto a sidewalk's curb.*



*But before Yorke can get an advantageous look at the shooters and the site situation, a new wrinkle enters the engagement.*



**What the...!?!**

**REPORT!**

*This is Alpha-One, site police car's gas tank went up. Both officers were out of vehicle. Both look good. They're returning fire on shooters now all from covered positions, over.*

*Boss, situation is escalating. Alpha Team is still 1-2-zero ticks from position. Recommendation?*

All teams, continue with Theta-Two scenario. I'm going to vantage point romeo. Alpha-One if the shooter's bolt, call in Beta Team to intercept, over.



**Yorke learned back in the Army that a situation can change in the blink of any eye. He also learned during the Soltan Invasion that a situation change in battle could mean the difference in making a bad situation worse...or advancing one's advantage over your target's.**

*Roger, boss. I got eyes on you. You're clear to advance to vantage point romeo. Subjects are still in the box.*

Roger, Alpha-One. Going in.



**With an additional 25-foot leap, Yorke alights atop the topmost stacked crates yards from the roof's edge.**

*Boss, you're out of my visual. Subjects are still in the box. Thanks to the light of the fire, I can now see one of the officers down on site, 6 o'clock to shooters position, 30 yards beyond center. Officer is in priority medical need from this point of view.*



**One more leap...**



**...and he's well atop the warehouse roof.**

**Alpha-One, if you have the shot, take down whoever is shooting at the downed officer!**

Additional shots fired from the shooters. Two police officers pinned down. The medical priority subject is in the line of fire. Shots are landing close to him.

Boss, I can't. The shooters...they're the other cops that are pinned down. They're firing blindly. Rule 5 - we never shoot our own, right?

**Bolting across the roof with the speed of an Olympic track star, Yorke realizes the situation is skidding out of control.**

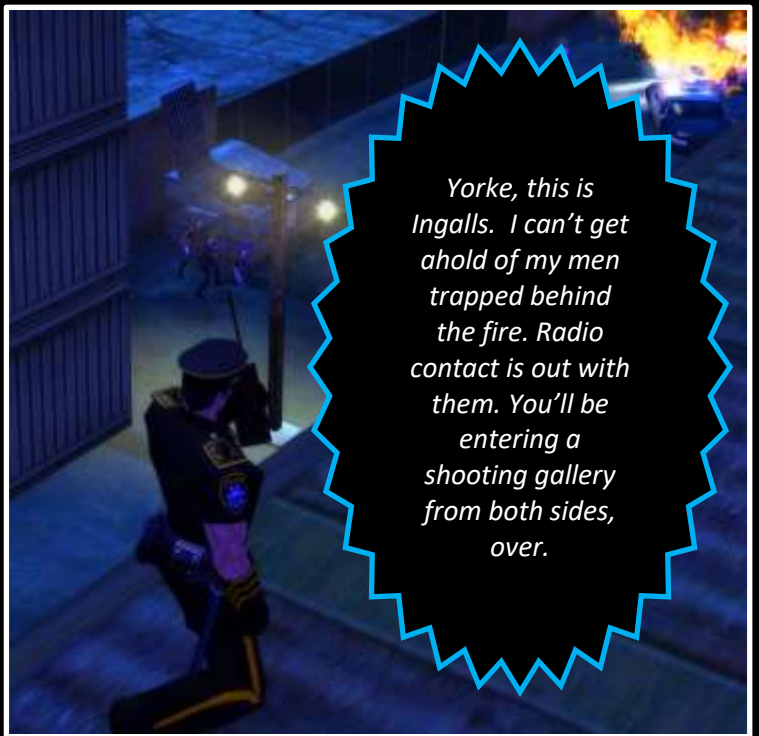
**The variables are too great. He's going to have to go in no matter what.**

**So much for the seven "P"s his daddy taught him:**

**Proper  
Prior  
Planning  
Prevents  
Piss-  
Poor  
Performance**

*Yorke pulls out his NYPD-issued radio.*

*Lieutenant Ingalls,  
this is Sergeant  
Yorke of Special  
Tactics on channel  
9. Have an EMT  
and a bus come  
from behind our 6.  
Downed officer  
delivery in 30 ticks.*



*Yorke, this is  
Ingalls. I can't get  
ahold of my men  
trapped behind  
the fire. Radio  
contact is out with  
them. You'll be  
entering a  
shooting gallery  
from both sides,  
over.*

*Understood.  
Continue as stated.  
Yorke, Out.*

*Yorke then puts away his  
bulky NYPD radio and  
talks on his Bluetooth  
tactical comms set.*

*All Teams, roll call  
and status check-in,  
over.*



*This is Alpha-  
Two. In  
position.*



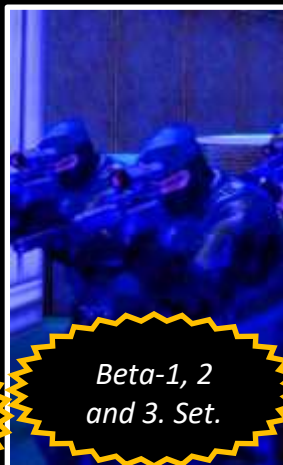
*Alpha-Three.  
In position.*



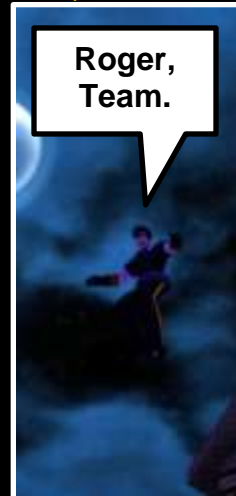
*Alpha-Four.  
I'm in  
position.*



*Alpha-1.  
Ready.*



*Beta-1, 2  
and 3. Set.*



*Roger,  
Team.*



*Standby for  
Theta-Two  
implementation  
on my mark.*



Bullets ricochet off of the warehouse walls as Yorke lands easily from a 60 foot drop to the ground.

PING  
PING

He can see the downed officer from where he is. He can already tell...it doesn't look good for the injured man.

PING

Yorke's not worried about himself, but the wild fire of the gun fight between the shooters and the trapped police officers will get someone killed.

PING

Within feet of the downed officer, a message blares across the NYPD radio handset...

PING  
YORKE!! A SWAT TEAM IS INCOMING!  
ETA 1 MINUTE!

What...??  
INGALLS, THIS IS YORKE.  
I DID NOT CALL FOR SWAT, OVER!

PING

I know, Yorke. It was Sergeant THOMPSON who called it in. He broke the chain of command. I just found out, over.

PING

Clipping the handset to his belt, Yorke leaps into action.

Dammit! Actions like Thompson's...this is why the city hates us! We're nothing more than demolition men!



SWAT will level this place, including all the cops here!

Thompson, you're NOT going on my Christmas Card list this year!

PLUNK!

Ouch! Getting shot at! Gotta protect this guy!

PING

PA-WING

...he's dead.

Yorke picks up the downed officer as if the officer were as light as a feather...but far more precious. Yorke cradles him, using his own body to shield the officer until he can get him back and behind the gunfire to a safe area where Yorke realizes...

Multiple gunshot wounds. Some from small arms; one shot is through-and-through.

















***C'mon, Pickle! Those two cops ain't dead yet? Kill 'em already! I'm startin' to come down off this stuff!***

***QUIT SHOUTIN', SAGE!! Damn, I'm deaf enough from this rifle shootin' in my ear! I'm trying to hit 'em, but the f\*#\$%^ purple unicorns keep giving them candy!***



***You are so WASTED, Pick! Those aren't unicorns...they're squirrels...giant orange squirrels, man...!***





Stop feeding the cops  
candy, ya purple..!!!

Screw it! Shoot all  
those unicorn...  
squirrel...things!  
HAHAHAHA!!



...squirrels...



SHOOT THE  
COPS!

SHOOT THE COPS!!

YEA!!  
SHOOT  
THE  
COPS!



SHOOT! THE! COPS!! SHOOT  
THE...!!





...SQUIRREL...??



WHAM!!



SHOOT THE...  
COPS!

SHOOT THE...

SHOOT...

BLAM!!  
BLAM!!



*Dammit, Sage!  
What the hell are  
we supposed to  
shoot again...!?*



**OH #\$\$%^!! OH MAN!! I CAN'T DO ANY TIME MY DAD'S ALREADY IN FOR 20 AND MOM'S ON THE D.R. SIS IS SMOKIN CRACK AND MY BROTHER IS IN WALL STREET ACQUISITIONS AND I GOT A CLUB FOOT AND MY METALLICA CD GOT STOLEN WHEN I WAS FIVE AND DADDY ALWAYS HIT ME AND THE NEIGHBORS STEAL MY MAIL AND I'M IN A.A. AND I'M WORKING ON NOT KICKING THE HOBOS IN THE SUBWAY ANYMORE AND...**









...squirrels...



...ummm...



...Bill...you ever  
seen anything  
like this?

First time for  
everything.



Hey, you the  
one that took  
these two out?

It's kinda hard to see  
when you got smoke  
and a roarin' fire up  
your backside, ya  
know!



I'm happy you two  
got out alive. One of  
us didn't, though.





And if the autopsy shows **ONE** single NYPD bullet in that man...

...you're going to **WISH** you were one of these two here.

Here's my handset...call it in.

Hey, Thompson...Ingalls... anyone? This is Foxtrot-3. We're clear on site.



\*...squ...squirrel...\*

\*whimper\*

All shooters are down. Send in back-up for clean-up.



Why can't I move?


Shut up, Sluicy! Don't you know that we've all been tranquilized??

Is that what that dart is in your neck, Blueboy?




Oww...I hate pain...





We should be dead.



You're not. So long as I'm on the job, I'll do everything I can to keep us all alive. I expect the same effort from each of you.

Five perps here. Two of them will need medical.



Agreed, gentlemen?

Umm... yea.

...uh, sure.

This is Ingalls, back-up units take station. Assist in extraction and rescue. Scene, where's Sergeant Yorke?

Ingalls, this is Foxtrot-3, he's...

Remember what I said. We're here to serve and protect. No more blind shooting. Check down range, men. You're better than this.

Yes, sir.

Yes, sir.

Carry on, Gentlemen.

You seem to be breaking up. I say again, where is Sergeant Yorke?

...he's...

Foxtort-3?



Over the next few months, Sergeant Yorke and his team mirror their successful operation again and again. Dozens of highly dangerous perpetrators all brought in alive rather than dead. In Brooklyn alone, crime drops by over 20%. Word spreads of what happens to those that come across Sergeant Yorke that have killed or hurt others in the discharge of their crimes. As such, when caught, some criminals simply give up, dropping their weapons at the sight of a police car, later stating their fears of Sergeant Dee and his 'Tag and Bag' crew. The media spreads the news of the PPD and its Special Tactics Division like wildfire. After three months of operations, everyone in the United States knows of Sergeant "Deej", praising the incredible team. Of course, that's usually when things go sideways...



# THE RESTON REVELATION

Several months after the Reston Incident, Brooklyn, NY.

Why did I get called to the classified briefing room here at HQ?

I wonder if this has anything to do with the Commissioner's Press conference this afternoon....

Hello, Sergeant Yorke, I'm Captain Heston. It's good to finally meet you.

Captain. What's...?

I'll get right to the point. After combing through all of the Reston Building's debris, we discovered that Captain Irons body wasn't there.

What!?

It's true. We did, however, find a secret, old elevator shaft, with some blood drops down the tunnel a few yards from the bottom of the elevator shaft.

We sent the blood samples to the lab and...well...

...the results just came back...

...and as far as we can tell...

...CAPTAIN IRONS is still alive.

Um, Sergeant Yorke? Where are you going? Sergeant??

To Be Continued...

**Next Issue:** Sergeant "Deej" gets promoted! The PPD gets a new tech wiz! Just as things start looking up for our intrepid David Yorke and his band of brothers, the criminal world decides to start fighting back...HARD. Will Yorke and his team be able to survive a new and powerful Brooklyn criminal uprising? Also, Yorke breaks out his detective skills and begins the hunt for Captain Irons!

# MAJOR DEEJ UNIVERSE

# ORIGINS

## MDU “ORIGIN”AL COMMENTS

*Here's a character who embodies a diverse set of skills, morals, ethics, duty, honor, family and commitment that any one person would probably sell their soul to achieve, yet we find our Officer "Deej" Yorke in much the same position that most of us have had to deal with - he doesn't fit in. Sound familiar? If academia isn't your cup of tea, some try labor skills; if that doesn't torque one's bolts, then some may find a simple administrative position; if that doesn't blow papers off your desk...well, therein lies the continuous dilemma...where does each of us fit in??*

*Our Deej Yorke seems to be presented with a gift that he simply wants to 'serve and protect' with. He's not in it for the accolades; he's not in it for the power, the money or the glory; he sincerely just wants to help people. After surviving the Soltan Invasion, Yorke saw enough bloodshed and death with entire family lines destroyed, cities obliterated and an enemy that for the most part was too powerful to take out. Now that Yorke has his new powers, he decided to use them in a Special Tactics Division of his own devise. Although a shaky start with the other officers, by the end of this book's story, it seems our Deej Yorke is at least acknowledged for trying to do some good. Will that be enough, or will others have their own 'agenda' for him? "Finding your place in life...is major." - Me*

**- Don "Major Deej" Finger, MDU Creator**



## MAJOR DEEJ COMICS

*Check out the latest issues of Major DeeJ Comics with "The Allied Fighters" Issue #2!*

*Introducing Doc Alleviation - a PTS-rattled mutant healer from Canada! He hasn't used his powers in almost 15 years. Can Major Invader change his the Doc's mind to come back to the team or will it be our first 'no'? Also...the recruiting message is sent! To top it off: **Baron Berlin!!***

*Also introducing "Q"! He's tough! He fights! He brawls in the alleys of Boston's South Side for money and...is a professor at M.I.T?? Hmm...*

**Check out this phenomenal 2<sup>nd</sup> issue and the story of the decade!**

<http://www.majordeejuniverse.com/thealliedfighters.htm>

