

ISSUE 8

★ THE NEW ★

JUN 2013

ALLIED FIGHTERS

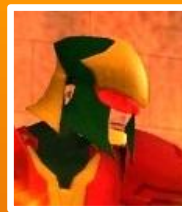
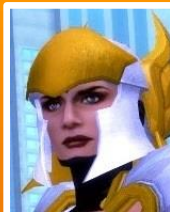
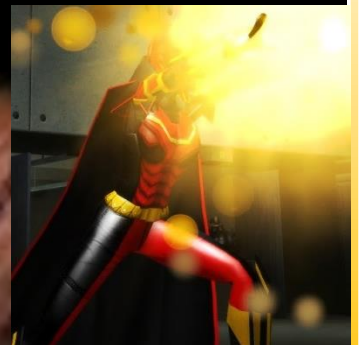
HOME INVASION!

Part VI

Double-Sized Issue



Who Is The New
Kid on the Block?



★ THE NEW ★ ★ ALLIED FIGHTERS ★

IN 1942, SHORTLY AFTER THE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR, AMERICA AND ITS ALLIES NEEDED VICTORIES IN BATTLES AND HEROES THROUGH WHICH CITIZENS AND TROOPS COULD RALLY TO. THE 'ALLIED FIGHTERS' WERE BANDED TOGETHER JUST FOR THIS PURPOSE. LED BY CAPTAIN INYADER, THESE LEGENDS OF WWII FOUGHT AGAINST THE POWERFUL FORCES OF THE AXIS FORCES AND WON VICTORY AFTER VICTORY. ON V-J DAY IN 1945, THE ALLIED FIGHTERS DISBANDED AND WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS. IT'S NOW THE 21ST CENTURY AND AN OLD THREAT HAS BECOME NEW. THE ALLIED FIGHTERS ARE NEEDED ONCE AGAIN, WITH THE ORIGINAL 'MAJOR' INYADER LEADING THE TEAM ONCE AGAIN, THIS BAND OF OLD AND NEW HEROES WILL FIGHT TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM ANY EVIL - NEW OR OLD.

VINDICATION. THY NAME IS VINCENT

THE VANGUARD. A SECREIVE PARA-MILITARY WORLD OPERATION CREATED TO REPEL ANY FORM OF EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL ATTACK. IN THE LAST SEVERAL YEARS, THE VANGUARD HAS MOSTLY FOUGHT OFF THE INVADING RIKTI. THE VANGUARD ANSWERS ONLY TO LADY GREY.



WHEN THE VANGUARD FIGHT THE RIKTI, INJURED OR DYING VANGUARD TROOPS ARE SENT TO BASE MEDIPORTERS THAT TELEPORT AND HEAL THEM.

THE MEDIPORTER IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL PIECES OF EQUIPMENT IN THE WORLD.

NOT ONLY DO THE MEDIPORTERS TELEPORT AN INJURED PERSON TO A SAFE LOCATION LIKE A COMMAND BASE OR A HOSPITAL, BUT THEY ALSO AID IN HEALING THAT INJURED PERSON TO ONE DEGREE OR ANOTHER.

SOME SUPER-HERO BASES HAVE MEDIPORTERS, BUT DUE TO BASE POWER, DESIGN AND COST, MOST OF THOSE MEDIPORTERS MAY ONLY HEAL YOU BETWEEN 25% AND 50% OF YOUR OVERALL HEALTH PRIOR TO YOUR INJURIES.



THE VANGAURD'S MEDIPORTERS CAN HEAL AS HIGH AS 75% TO 100% OF YOUR INITIAL HEALTH.

EXTENSIVE USE OF THE MEDIPORTER IS NOT A GOOD THING.

CALCIFICATION AND REPAIRED BONES CAN SOMETIMES CREATE LONG TERM HEALTH ISSUES. BASICALLY, THE MORE YOU USE THE MEDIPORTER, THE SHORTER (AND MORE PAINFUL) YOUR SENIOR YEARS WILL BECOME.

WITH A RATE OF 75%-100% HEALING, VANGAURD'S MEDICPORTERS ARE THE TOP OF THE LINE, AND RARE AMONGST THE POPULACE.

MS. VINCENT HAS BEEN WITH THE VANGUARD THE LAST 24 HOURS. SHE HASN'T SLEPT OR RESTED ONCE YET.



VANGAURD TROOPS WILL ONLY USE THE MEDIPORTER AN AVERAGE OF 20 TIMES A YEAR...



SHE HAS ALREADY USED THE MEDIPORTER 20 TIMES...TODAY.

MS. VINCENT HAD RECENTLY LOST HER SUPERHERO REGISTRATION, AND AS SUCH, WAS ORDERED TO TURN OVER HER POWER SUIT*. SHE FLED. INSTEAD, SHE FOUND OUT ABOUT THE SECREIVE VANGUARD.



THE VANGUARD DOESN'T CARE IF YOU'RE A HERO OR VILLAIN, ROGUE OR VIGILANTE; ALL THEY CARE ABOUT IS IF YOU CAN FIGHT AGAINST EXTRATERRESTRIAL INVASIONS. MS. VINCENT HAS SINCE BEEN RECRUITED IN THE VANGUARD DOING JUST THAT.



I DON'T SEE YOU OUT THERE STOPPING THE RIKTI HORDES. WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

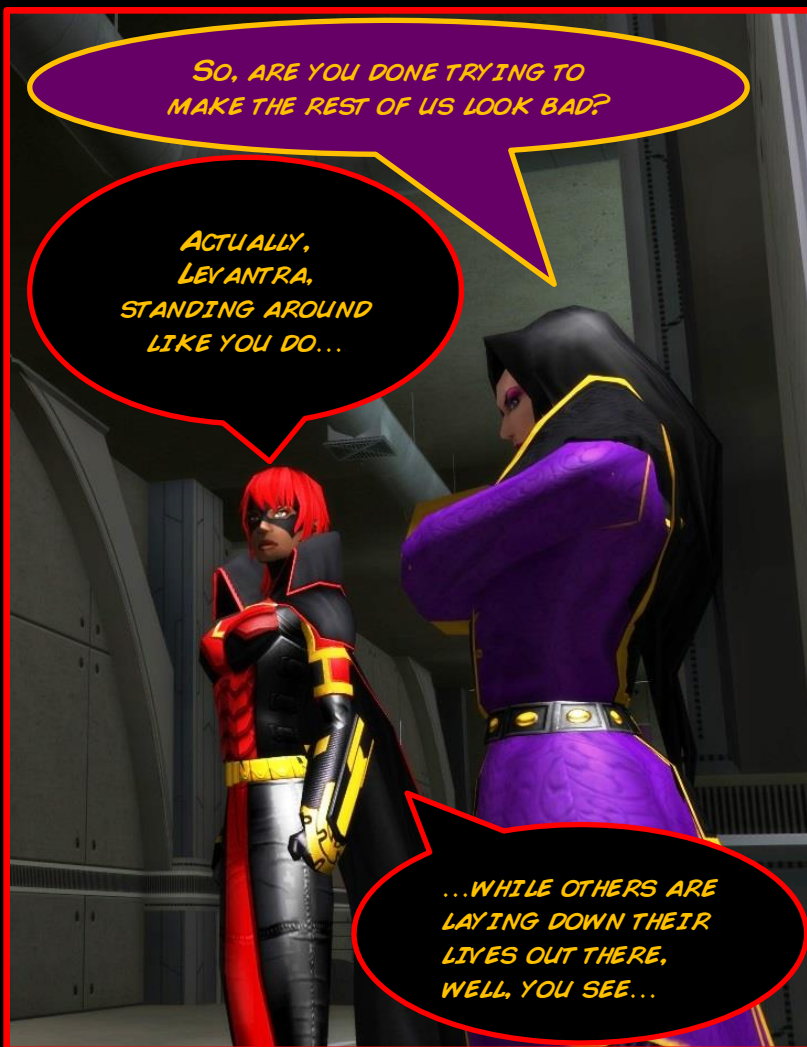


YOUR HEALTH, AS WITH THE HEALTH OF ALL OF THE VANGUARD, IS IMPORTANT TO ME. YOU NEED TO REST. NOW.











HEY
WHITNEY!

OUT MAKING
FRIENDS, AGAIN,
I SEE?

WHO?
LEVANTRA?
PFFFT. IF THAT
GIRL MOVED
FROM HER SPOT,
LADY GREY
HERSELF WOULD
HAVE A HEART
ATTACK!



I SEE YOU GOT
SOME NEW RIKTI
TROOPS LINED UP
FOR ME TO
'INTERROGATE'.
HMMM?

WELL, IT'S AGAINST MY BETTER
JUDGMENT, AND PROBABLY
AGAINST THE GENEVA
CONVENTION, BUT...YES. THEY'RE
YOURS TO 'INTERROGATE'.

PLEASE...TRY TO KEEP THE PIECES
OF THEM FROM FLYING OFF IN
THIS DIRECTION...I JUST CLEANED
THE FLOORS THIS MORNING.

NO
PROMISES.



OK, YOU
BASTARDS, LET'S
SEE WHAT YOU'RE
MADE OF...FROM
THE INSIDE OUT!!

PAYBACK'S A
BITCH, ISN'T IT?
THAT'S RIGHT - AND
I'M THE BITCH!!
GET IT?



OK, WHO WANTS TO ANSWER MY QUESTIONS?? NONE OF YOU? HOW ABOUT THIS FOR AN OPENING QUESTION...



DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KILL THOUSANDS OF INNOCENTS, TROOPS AND HEROES AND GET AWAY WITH IT??

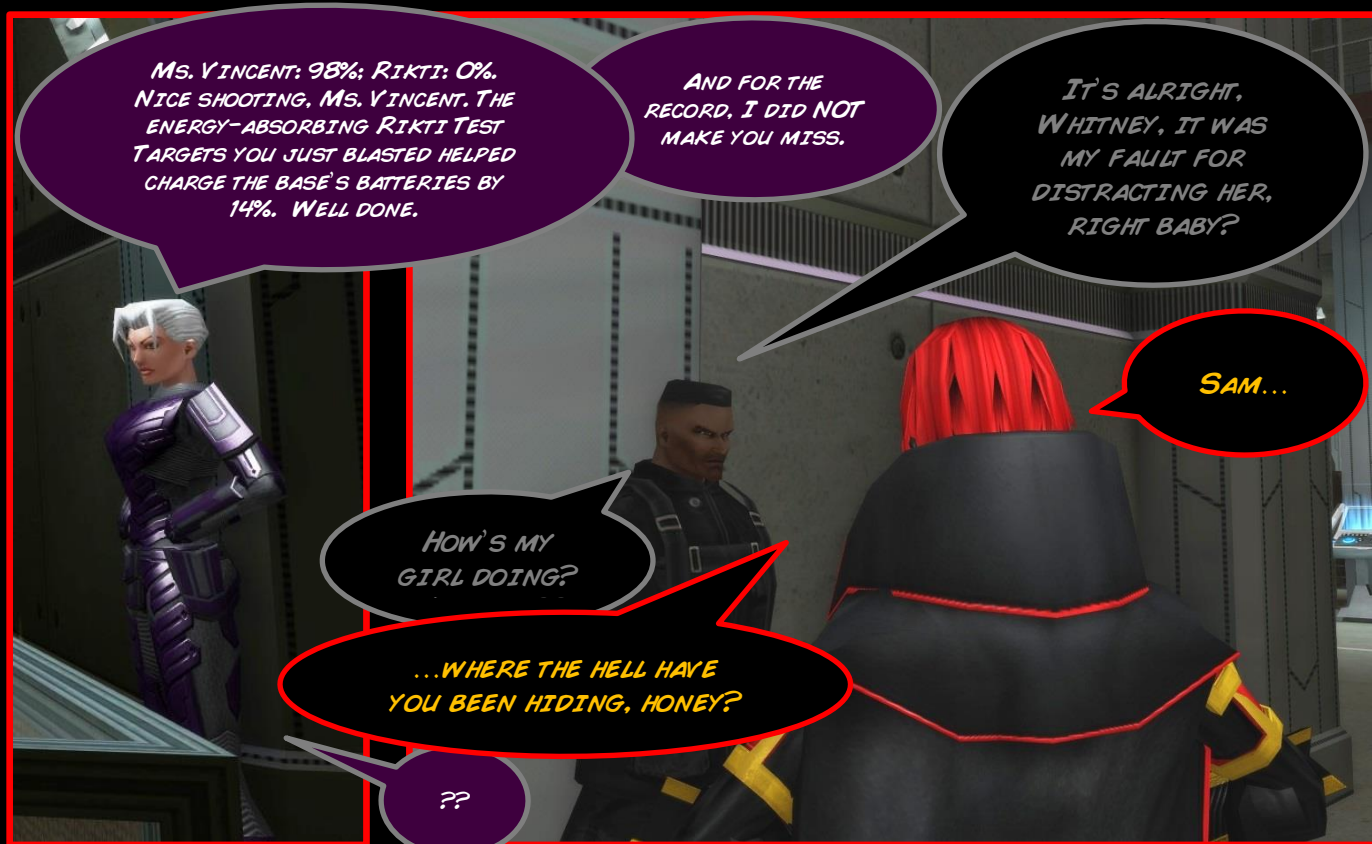


DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH TAKING MY SAM AWAY FROM ME? THE LOVE OF MY LIFE? MY SOUL MATE?

*WELL DO YOU, YOU BASTARDS??
DO YOU?!?*

*ANSWER ME, DAMMIT!
ANSWER ME!!*





MS. VINCENT: 98%; RIKTI: 0%.
NICE SHOOTING, MS. VINCENT. THE
ENERGY-ABSORBING RIKTI TEST
TARGETS YOU JUST BLASTED HELPED
CHARGE THE BASE'S BATTERIES BY
14%. WELL DONE.

AND FOR THE
RECORD, I DID NOT
MAKE YOU MISS.

IT'S ALRIGHT,
WHITNEY, IT WAS
MY FAULT FOR
DISTRACTING HER,
RIGHT BABY?

SAM...

HOW'S MY
GIRL DOING?

...WHERE THE HELL HAVE
YOU BEEN HIDING, HONEY?

??



I'VE BEEN
WATCHING
OVER YOU,
SUGAR-LIPS.

YOU HAVEN'T
CALLED ME
THAT IN
YEARS.

I'VE BEEN WATCHING HOW YOU'VE
BEEN VINDICATING ME. YOU MAKE
ME PROUD, GIRL. DAMN PROUD.

I MISS YOU SO
BAD, HONEY.
EVERY DAY...

I'VE BEEN DEAD
AWHILE, BABE,
REMEMBER??

UH...MS.
VINCENT, WHO ARE
YOU TALKING TO?





THAT'S MY GIRL!
NOW CHUG THAT
DRINK AND GET
BACK TO IT!

UH...
OK...



...BOBBY...
SIGH



...THE STRENGTH...



...TO SEE THIS
THROUGH TO THE END.

...THOSE PERPETRATORS
WILL LEARN REAL PAIN;
THEY WILL LEARN REAL
JUSTICE; THEY WILL
KNOW WHO VINDICATES
THE INNOCENT; THEY
WILL KNOW:

**MS.
VINDICATOR!!**

AND AS GOD IS MY
WITNESS, ANYONE OR
ANYTHING WHO IS
HURT, KILLED, MAIMED
OR BULLIED BY THE
WORTHLESS SCUM OF
THIS OR ANY OTHER
WORLD...

**ATTENTION! RIKTI MOTHER
SHIP RAID BRIEFING IN 10
MINUTES!**

CENTRAL, THIS IS
MS. VINCENT...

...NOW GOING BY
THE CODENAME: MS.
VINDICATOR...

...I'M ON
MY WAY.

*"THE STRONG SURVIVE, BUT THE
COURAGEOUS TRIUMPH."
— MICHAEL SCOTT, THE WARLOCK*



Convergence



MEANWHILE, IN THE UNLIT AND DANK MEDICAL BAY OF THE OLD ALLIED FIGHTER'S COMMAND BASE...

<HOW'RE WE FEELING, JACQUE?>*

<PHYSICALLY, SORE; EMOTIONALLY...I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE, DOCTOR.>

<WE CAME HERE, NOWHERE ELSE TO GO. OUR MEME GONE, HER FORTUNE GONE, WE HAD NO ONE TO TURN TO...>

*SPOKEN IN FRENCH.
-FRANCOPHILE DEES

<...EXCEPT HERE TO FIND YOUR LONG-LOST GRANDFATHER WHO DECIDED TO SHOOT YOU. TWICE.>

<MY ARROGANCE BROUGHT MY SISTER AND ME TO THAT POINT. IT IS TRULY MY FAULT.>

<WE...I...ACTED IRRATIONALLY. EVEN MEME TAUGHT US NOT TO BE SO. NOW, I FIND SHE WAS A SPY; A...A...'MIND-THIEF' WHO READ AND ALTERED MINDS AGAINST THEIR WILL.>

<I HAVE SAID THINGS I HAD NO RIGHT TO SAY. BAD THINGS. I HAVE SULLIED OUR FAMILY NAME BY MY ACTIONS.>



<FAIR ENOUGH. YOU ADMIT YOUR MISTAKES; WE ADMIT OURS. WE SHOULDN'T HAVE JUMPED TO CONCLUSIONS EITHER. LOOK, PAST IS PAST. I THINK IT'D BE BEST IF YOU STAYED WITH US...FOR NOW.>



<HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE? HE WON'T...>

<LEAVE YOUR GRANDPA TO ME. I'LL SMOOTH THINGS OVER WITH HIM. HE'S A TOUGH, ARROGANT BASTARD, BUT SO ARE YOU. YOU'LL REMIND HIM OF HIMSELF 50 YEARS AGO.>



<OUR CHOICES ARE THIN, DOCTOR. AS MUCH AS I KNOW HE AND I WILL FIGHT, I ALSO KNOW YOUR IDEA IS OUR ONLY WAY OF MAKING RIGHT WHAT HAS TRANSPIRED.>



<GOOD! LOOK DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM...HE'S A CUDDLY TEDDY BEAR...HE'S JUST...WELL...A NUTCASE...MADE OUT OF TITANIUM...AND ARMED WITH SEVERAL DOZEN WAYS TO KILL YOU...ER...AH...>

<HE IS ALSO FAMILY, AND FAMILY MEANS EVERYTHING TO SOPHIE AND ME.>

<I DO NOT KNOW WHAT PATH GRANDFATHER HAS TAKEN OR CONTINUES TO TAKE, BUT IF HE TRUSTS SOMEONE AS KIND AND TRUTHFUL AS YOU, THEN I BELIEVE WE SHOULD AT LEAST...TRY TO BE FAMILY, NO?>

< LOOK, LET ME TALK WITH HIM. YOU GO DISCUSS THIS WITH YOUR SISTER. IN A FEW MINUTES WE'LL ALL BE KISSING EACH OTHER ON THE CHEEKS...ER... FACIAL, NOT POSTERIOR....EH?>

AS JACQUE CAREFULLY WALKS DOWN THE UNLIT CORRIDOR, DOC ALLEVATION FINDS MAJOR INVADER WALKING WITH SOPHIE. DOC INTERRUPTS THEIR JOVIAL CHAT AND TELLS SOPHIE THAT JACQUE IS LOOKING FOR HER. DOC HOPES TO PERSUADE THE MAJOR TO A FAMILY TRUCE; ONE THAT MAY BE A WIN FOR ALL.

NO.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'NO'? C'MON, THIS IS A WIN/WIN SITUATION! YOU GET GRANDKIDS YOU'VE NEVER HAD, WE GET TWO NEW YOUNG SUPER-POWERED MEMBERS TO THE TEAM, AND YOU GET SOMEONE ELSE TO VERBALLY ABUSE ASIDE FROM ME!

NO. END OF STORY.

WELL I'M OPENING THIS UP TO THE FIRST CHAPTER! THEY HAVE NOWHERE ELSE TO GO; YOU GONNA DROP THEM ON THE CURB AND ALLOW GROUPS LIKE ARACHNOS AND THE GOLD SYNDICATE TO PICK THEM UP?

THEY HAVE NO COMBAT TRAINING. THEY'RE GREENER THAN YOUR MOTHER'S POTATOES. HE'S A LOOSE CANNON, SHE'D PROBABLY FALL APART ON HER FIRST SOLO MISSION. NO.

SO YOU'RE SAYING 'NO' BECAUSE THEY'RE TOO HARD FOR YOU TO TRAIN? REALLY? MY, HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE SHRIVELED UP. I SUPPOSE TRAINING MENTALISTS IS, WHAT, A HEADACHE FOR YOU, OLD MAN?

I SAID NO.

LOOK, DON'T PULL YOUR "IT'S FOR THEIR OWN GOOD" SPEECH YOU TRIED ON A FEW OTHERS! THEIR POWERS CAN ALTER OUR TEAM DYNAMIC! HELL, WE MAY BE ABLE TO DO MORE THAN ONE TEAM!

NO.

OK, HAVE IT YOUR WAY. I'M SURE THAT NEW TEAM, 'THE CHALLENGERS', IS LOOKING FOR A PAIR LIKE THAT.

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING...

DIDN'T THE CHALLENGERS SAY IN THE NEWS THAT YOU WERE A 'WASHED UP OLD COOT WHO COULDN'T TRAIN TODAY'S HEROES EVEN IF IT WAS DONE FOR HIM'?

YOU WANT TO GET SHOT, BOY?

GOOD! SHOOT ME! MAYBE IT'LL GET ME TO UNDERSTAND WHAT A **STUPID**...YES, I SAID **STUPID**!...DECISION YOU'RE MAKING! YOU KNOW THIS IS THE RIGHT ANSWER!

I ALREADY MADE UP MY MIND. THEY STAY.

LOOK, YOU BULLHEADED
OLD...WAIT...WHAT DID YOU SAY??

THEY
STAY.

SO...YOU AGREE WITH ME?

NOPE. SOPHIE AND I ALREADY
TALKED. WE'D ALREADY MADE THE
DECISION FOR BOTH OF THEM TO
STAY. ANY OTHER PLAY IS...HOW'D
YOU PUT IT? OH YEA...STUPID.

SO, WAIT...WHY'D YOU KEEP
SAYING 'NO'?

I WANTED TO SEE IF YOU'VE
STILL GOT THE MOXIE YOU USED
TO HAVE. KUDOS. YOU PASSED.
THAT...PLUS I WANTED TO SEE IF
YOUR FACE'D GET ANY REDDER
THAN YOUR SHIRT. IT DID. I
WON THE BET WITH SOPHIE.

OTHER THAN THAT, YOU NEED TO LIGHTEN
UP A BIT. YOU'RE TOO SERIOUS.
RELAX AND YOU'LL LIVE LONGER...LIKE
ME! NOW GO GET MEDICAL READY.

JUST SO YOU FEEL BETTER ABOUT
YOURSELF, YOU MADE THE RIGHT
CALL. TAKE ME OUT TO THE
WOODSHED WHEN NEEDED. ALWAYS.

I...YOU...BUT...AH HELL
DAMN THE MAN.

MOMENTS LATER, DOC ALLEVIATION SAUNTERS BACK TO THE MEDICAL BAY TO FIND HIS FIRST PATIENT FINALLY AWAKE AND SITTING UP.

GOOD TO SEE YOU AWAKE. HOW'RE YOU FEELING?



I'M...BETTER. WHAT HAPPENED? THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS PASSING OUT AT A HOSPITAL...

WELL, YOU POPPED OUT OF SOME STRANGE-LOOKING PORTAL HERE, DEAD. YOU OBVIOUSLY GOT BETTER.



YOU SEEM AWFULLY FAMILIAR, SON. WHAT'S YOUR NAME? WHERE ARE YOU FROM?



UM...I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU, BUT FIRST...CAN WE FIND ME SOME CLOTHES? PLEASE?



AND WITH THAT, DOC ALLEVIATION STARTS OPENING UP CRATES IN THE HOPES OF FINDING THE UNKNOWN AND STRANGE NAKED YOUNG MAN SOME CLOTHES. AS THE DOCTOR DIGS THROUGH CRATES LAST PACKED A DECADE OR SO AGO, HE REALIZES HE HASN'T EVEN TOLD THE MAJOR ABOUT HIM YET. HE PONDERES, WONDERING IF THE MAJOR MIGHT KNOW WHO THIS GUY IS...

HELLO AND WELCOME (CONTINUED)

ATHEYTA WAS ASSIGNED A SIMPLE MISSION BY HER 'HUSBAND', EMPEROR COLE – INFILTRATE A PRIMAL EARTH SUPER GROUP, LEARN ALL YOU CAN, FORWARD THAT INFORMATION AND DECEIVE THEM UNTIL THE DAY THE INVASION HAPPENS...THEN WIPE THEM OUT. TO COMPLETE HER MISSION, SHE'S KILLED HUNDREDS OF TSOO AND WARRIORS GANG MEMBERS AND TRAVELLED TO ATLAS PARK TO GET HER HERO REGISTRATION CARD.

NOW, HERO REGISTRATION CARD IN HAND, SHE MUST FIND A SUITABLE SUPER GROUP TO INFILTRATE. BUT WHERE SHOULD SHE BEGIN?

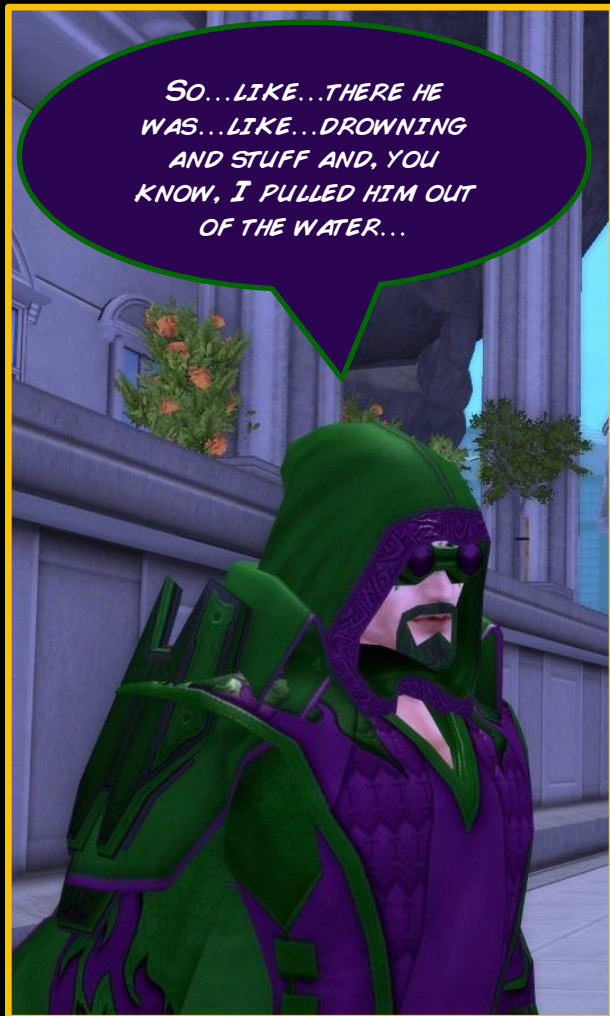


HOW CAN SHE GET THE ATTENTION OF POTENTIAL HERO GROUPS IN THIS ERA? ON PRAETORIA, THEY HAD THE TPN TELEVISED SERVICE TO TELL ALL SUBJECTS THAT WHICH THE EMPEROR WANTED THEM TO KNOW. HERE, THOUGH...



...SHE'LL HAVE TO IMPROVISE. SHE NOTICES A SMALL ENCLAVE OF FOLKS ASIDE HER. THEY SEEM TO BE 'INTERVIEWING' SOMEONE. THIS MIGHT BE THE OPPORTUNITY SHE NEEDS TO GET HER DESIRES MET.





SO...LIKE...THERE HE WAS...LIKE...DROWNING AND STUFF AND, YOU KNOW, I PULLED HIM OUT OF THE WATER...



...AND, LIKE, SAVED HIS LIFE...AND STUFF, YOU KNOW.

EXCUSE ME, 'DOCTOR GREEPLE', SHARON SHELACK OF PNN...

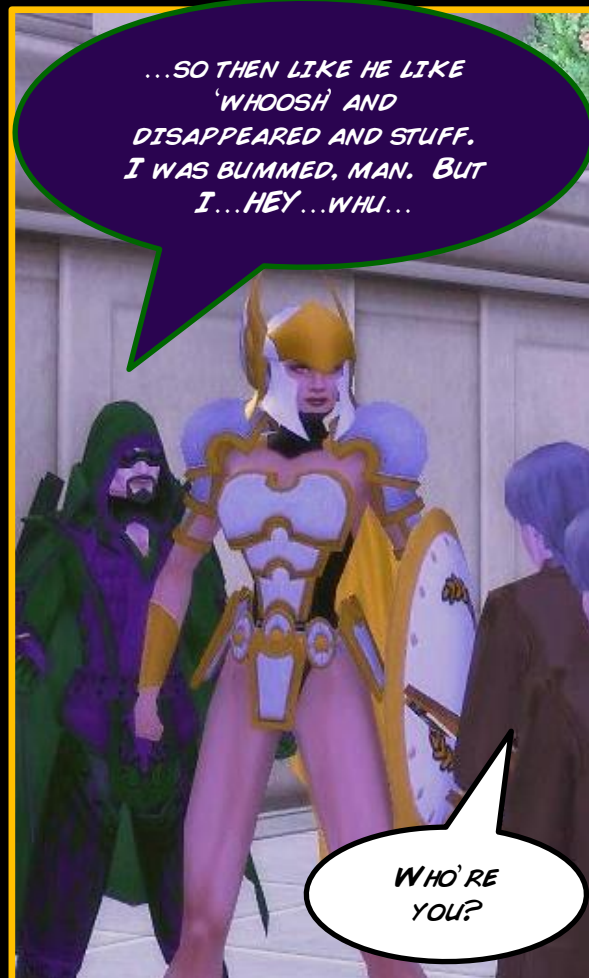
...WASN'T THE DROWNING MAN FOUND IN ONLY A FOOT OF WATER?



...WELL, YEA, MAN...BUT, LIKE...YOU KNOW...

SNICKER

AND TO ADD TO THAT, YOU SAY HE WAS WEARING A RED, YELLOW, BLUE AND WHITE COSTUME?





HERALDERS OF PARAGON CITY!
HEAR ME AND HARKEN THIS DAY
IN SCRIPT AND SONG, FOR
ATHEYTA HAS RETURNED TO YOUR
WORLD ANON!

...HEY...LIKE
...THAT'S
RUDE...

FINALLY!
SOMETHING
NEWS-
WORTHY!

WHO?

YOU MEAN,
ATHENA, RIGHT?



I AM KNOWN BY MANY NAMES,
ATHENA 'T WAS BUT ONE. BUT THIS
DAY, THIS ERA...YOU HAVE
REGAINED THE WARRIOR GODDESS
WHO FOUGHT ON THE SIDE OF GOOD
IN YOUR "WORLD WAR II".

...HEY...WHAT
ABOUT ME...?

WASN'T THAT
LIKE, AGES
AGO?

LIKE, IN
THE '80S?



I HAVE RETURNED FROM AFAR
TO THIS WORLD TO GUIDE AND
AID YOU IN YOUR HOUR OF
NEED ONCE AGAIN.

...MAN...

MY SISTER AND I
WROTE ONE OF OUR
FIRST ARTICLES ABOUT
YOU DECADES AGO!



I INTEND TO GRACE ONE OF THIS REALM'S MOST POWERFUL SUPER GROUPS TO PROVIDE MY SWORD FOR THE BETTERMENT OF ALL MORTALS.

IS THERE A PARTICULAR SUPER GROUP YOU WISH TO JOIN?



YOUR WORLD'S SUPER GROUPS ARE NEW AND VARIED TO ME. I AM SURE YOUR SCRIPTS AND 'VIDEOS' SHALL QUICKEN THE HEART OF A LEADER WORTHY OF MY SWORD SOON ENOUGH.

...THIS WAS MY INTERVIEW...



OH MY GOD! IT IS HER! IT'S REALLY ATHEYTA!

MY PUBLISHER'S GOING TO HAVE A HEART ATTACK! THIS IS BIG!

IT IS INDEED PLEASING TO STAND AMONGST YOU MORTALS AGAIN!

LOOK THIS WAY, ATHEYTA!

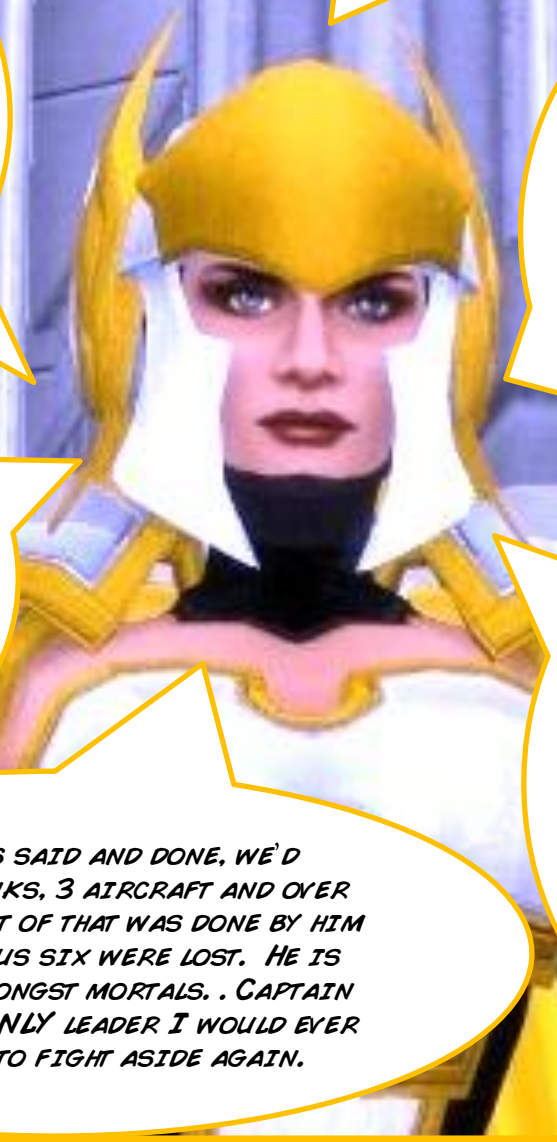
SMILE, ATHEYTA!

BUT...LIKE...
...OH MAN...









CANDICE COPLY, I SHALL TELL YOU A TALE, NAY, AN HOMAGE, TO ONE OF THE BRAVEST MORTALS I HAVE EVER BARED WITNESS TO IN THIS REALM: YOUR 'CAPTAIN INVADER'.

IT 'T WAS A DARK AND GLOOMY NIGHT THAT ENVELOPED OUR COMRADES AS WE ABSCONDED UPON THE ENEMY'S GATES IN ITALY SEVERAL DECADES AGO. THERE WERE BUT SIX OF US; THE ENEMY WAS REPORTED TO BE 200 STRONG. EVEN THE GODS WOULD HAVE WAGERED AGAINST OUR ENCOUNTER.

AS WE ADVANCED IN STEALTH AMONGST THE ENEMY, THE CAPTAIN ELECTED TO SCOUT AHEAD TO ASSESS THE ENEMY'S STRONGHOLD...

...THERE, THE CAPTAIN FOUND A PANZER TANK DIVISION, PRIMED FOR ASSAULT ON THE FORTHCOMING ALLIED ADVANCE. WE KNEW THE ODDS BECKONED OUR DEFEAT, YET...

...HE STORMED THE TANKS WITH THE FEARLESSNESS OF A DEMI-GOD. HE DESTROYED ALL BUT ONE HIMSELF; I DESTROYED THAT REMAINING ONE.

WHEN ALL WAS SAID AND DONE, WE'D DESTROYED 12 TANKS, 3 AIRCRAFT AND OVER 350 TROOPS. MOST OF THAT WAS DONE BY HIM ALONE. NONE OF US SIX WERE LOST. HE IS TRULY A TITAN AMONGST MORTALS. . CAPTAIN INVADER IS THE ONLY LEADER I WOULD EVER DEEM WORTHY TO FIGHT ASIDE AGAIN.

HE THEN USED EVERY TACTIC, EVERY WEAPON, EVERY SKILL HE AMASSED AND CHARGED THROUGH HAILS OF BULLETS AND GRENADES, ADVANCING FASTER IN PACE THAN EVEN WE.



THAT'S AN INCREDIBLE STORY, ATHEYTA!
IS THERE A REASON WHY YOU WOULDN'T
REJOIN THE ALLIED FIGHTERS?

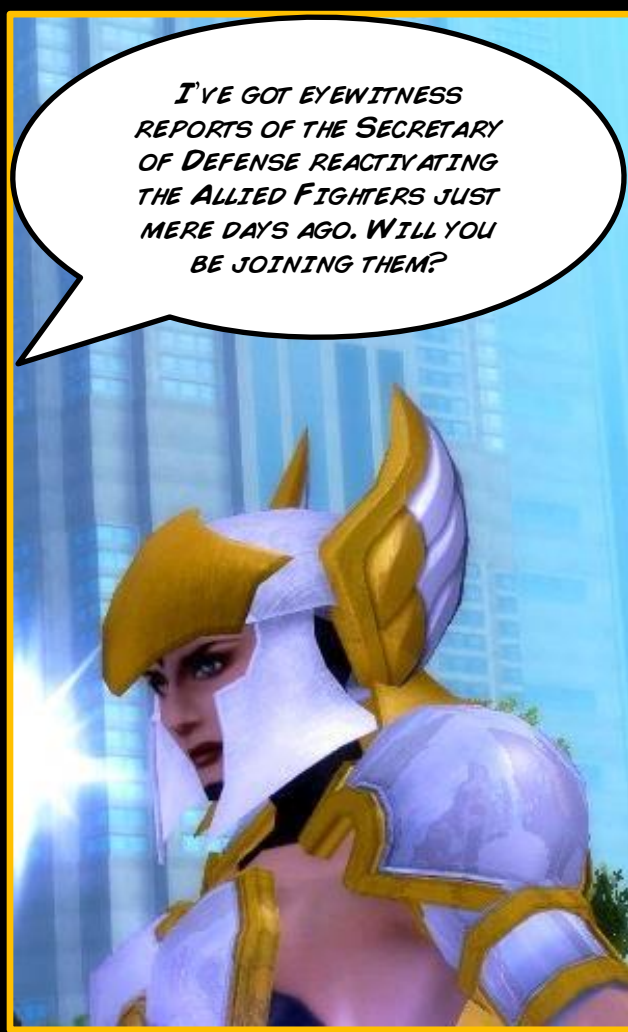
OH WOW.
THAT
WAS...LIKE...
BEAUTIFUL,
MAN. *SNIFF*

I AM SURE THE ALLIED FIGHTERS ARE NO
LONGER ACTIVE, NOR WOULD I IMAGINE A
CENTENNIAL-AGED CAPTAIN INVADER...



MS. ATHEYTA! I'M CURRENTLY
DOING A STORY ABOUT THE ALLIED
FIGHTERS REFORMING! IT'S SAID
MAJOR INVADER HAS BEEN CALLED
BACK INTO ACTION!

HERALD! I DEMAND TO KNOW; IS
WHAT YOU SAY THE TRUTH OR A
RUMOR SPREAD BY TROLLS?



I'VE GOT EYEWITNESS
REPORTS OF THE SECRETARY
OF DEFENSE REACTIVATING
THE ALLIED FIGHTERS JUST
MERE DAYS AGO. WILL YOU
BE JOINING THEM?



KNOW THIS, MORTAL: IF YOUR WORDS ARE TRUE, THEN THE ALLIED FIGHTERS SHALL INDEED ONCE AGAIN HAVE ATHEYTA'S SWORD AT THEIR CALL TO SERVICE, POSTHASTE. BUT, ONLY SHOULD 'MAJOR' INVADER BE AMONGST THOSE RETURNING TO DUTY.

THAT IS JUST SO COOL, MAN! I CAN, LIKE, FEEL THE POSITIVE VIBES EMANATING FROM EVERYONE!

TELL ME YOU GOT THAT LIVE?!? THIS IS EPIC!!



THAT IS ALL I HAVE LEFT TO SAY, HERALDS! CALL FORTH THE HONORED 'MAJOR' INVADER AND INFORM HIM ATHEYTA HAS CHOSEN TO ONCE AGAIN GRACE HIS RANKS! GO NOW AND PASS THE WORD UNTO HIM!

THIS IS SUCH A RIGHTEOUS MOMENT, MAN! LIKE, HOW ABOUT A HUG OR A HIGH-FIVE, ATHEYTA?

AWAY FROM ME, WHINY ONE, OR I SHALL BE COMPELLED TO SMITE YOU.

MAAAANN, WE HAD SUCH A CONNECTION GOING ON, TOO...



AS MORE AND MORE REPORTERS AND NEWS CAMERAS BEGIN TO ENCOMPASS ATHEYTA, SHE PONDERES. "ZUES HAS GRANTED ME MY WISH, TO ONCE AGAIN QUICKEN TO MY FORMER COMRADES-AT-ARMS...BUT I AM ALSO REQUIRED, BY DECREE OF MY HUSBAND, TO SPY AND KILL THESE SAME HEROES...WILL I BE ABLE TO COMPLETE THE MISSION SET BEFORE ME? CAN I TRULY KILL THE ONLY MORTAL I RESPECT? WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO PRAETORIA, AND MY BELOVED, SHOULD I CHOOSE NOT TO COMPLETE THIS MISSION? WHY AM I THINKING OF MY WEDDING DAY AGAIN..."

ON FOREIGN SOIL (CONTINUED)

IN THE LAST 24 HOURS, GALAXY CITY, A ZONE OF PARAGON CITY'S WHOLE, WAS STRUCK BY HUNDREDS OF FALLING METEORS. BUILDINGS WERE STRUCK, PEOPLE WERE KILLED, AND DEVASTATION BLANKETED THE CITY. IN THE WAKE OF THE METEOR SHOWER, THOUSANDS OF CREATURES EMERGED FROM THE METEORS, ATTACKING THE REMAINING CITY'S SURVIVORS. THROUGH COMBINED EFFORTS OF THE MILITARY, CIVIL DEFENSE, POLICE, FIREMEN, LONGBOW AND SUPERHEROES ALIKE, THE CREATURES WERE CONTAINED AND ALL REMAINING CIVILIANS WERE EVACUATED FROM THE ZONE. ONE OF THOSE HEROES, CAPTAIN LITHUANIA, HASN'T LEFT GALAXY CITY SINCE THE METEORS BEGAN TO RAIN DOWN AND HAS LITERALLY PASSED OUT FROM EXHAUSTION AT AN EVAC SITE.



*"The skies o'er us are adrift of cloud-shaped dreams;
dreams mottled with youthful trips amidst the clouds;"*



*"but should fantasy fall way by the conspiracy of others; never
shall the dream be what once was, e'er anon" -Anonymous*

CAPTAIN LITHUANIA, A FAMOUS EUROPEAN SUPERHERO, HAD BEEN CALLED TO PARAGON CITY AT THE INVITATION OF HIS BENEFACTOR, MAJOR INVADER, TO JOIN HIS NEW TEAM.

WITH GREAT HEROISM AND SACRIFICE, THE CAPTAIN SAVED DOZENS OF LIVES AMIDST THE CHAOS, TAKING OUT HUNDREDS OF THE METEOR CREATURES.

HE USED ALL OF HIS ENERGY TO STOP A MASSIVE METEOR CREATURE AND ARACHNOS FROM FELLING MORE INNOCENTS.

FOR NOW, CAPTAIN LITHUANIA IS OUT OF IMMEDIATE DANGER, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN HIS STORY IS OVER; QUITE THE CONTRARY: IT'S ONLY JUST BEGUN...

CAPTAIN...?

CAPTAIN...?

CAPTAIN...?



*CAPTAIN
LITHUANIA,
WELCOME
BACK, SIR!*

*...NEED...
...NEED...
PAINT...*

*EVERYTHING'S
OK, NOW.
JUST RELAX...*



YOU GAVE US QUITE A SCARE THERE. WE ALMOST LOST YOU.

SIR, INITIAL VITALS CHECK OUT.

CAPTAIN, WE'VE ALSO BEEN RECHARGING YOUR SUIT FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR. HOWEVER, YOU'RE ONLY AT 12% POWER NOW.



UGHN

...PAINT...

CAPTAIN, TAKE IT SLOW...



I'M FINE...COYOTE, ISN'T IT?

I'M HONORED YOU KNOW MY NAME OR FACE.

NO, THE HONOR IS MINE. I WENT THROUGH A 'DIFFERENT' TRAINING SYSTEM THAN THE ONE YOU HAD SET UP IN THE OLD DAYS OF PARAGON CITY. I WISH I'D GONE THROUGH YOURS INSTEAD.









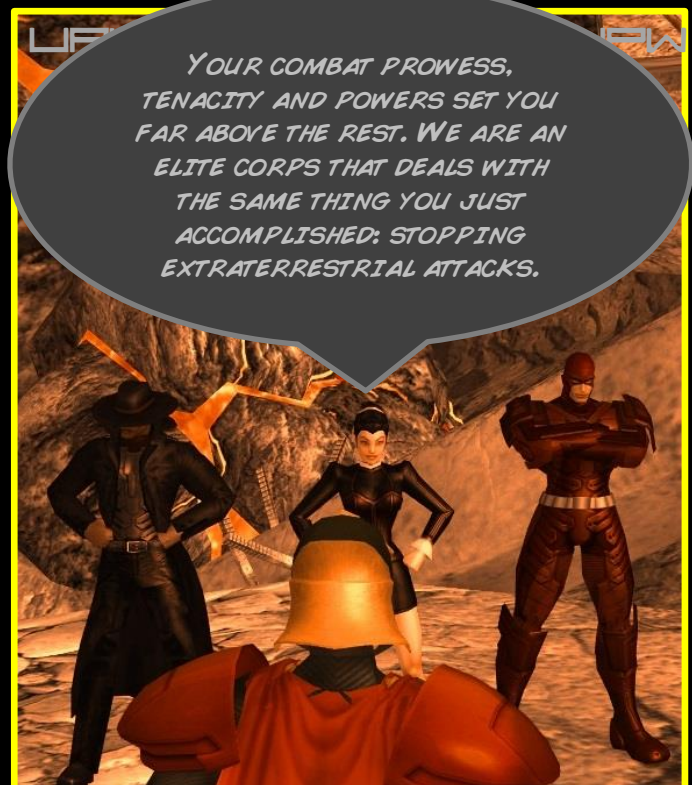
CAPTAIN.

*CAPTAIN, MY NAME IS
LADY GREY OF THE
VANGUARD.*

I'M APEX.



*ON BEHALF OF OUR SENIOR
OFFICERS IN THE VANGUARD, I'D
LIKE TO EXTEND AN INVITATION
AND WELCOME YOU TO THE RANKS
OF THE VANGUARD, EFFECTIVE
IMMEDIATELY.*



*YOUR COMBAT PROWESS,
TENACITY AND POWERS SET YOU
FAR ABOVE THE REST. WE ARE AN
ELITE CORPS THAT DEALS WITH
THE SAME THING YOU JUST
ACCOMPLISHED: STOPPING
EXTRATERRESTRIAL ATTACKS.*



WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, LADY GREY...IS THIS A 'REQUEST' OR A 'MANDATE'?

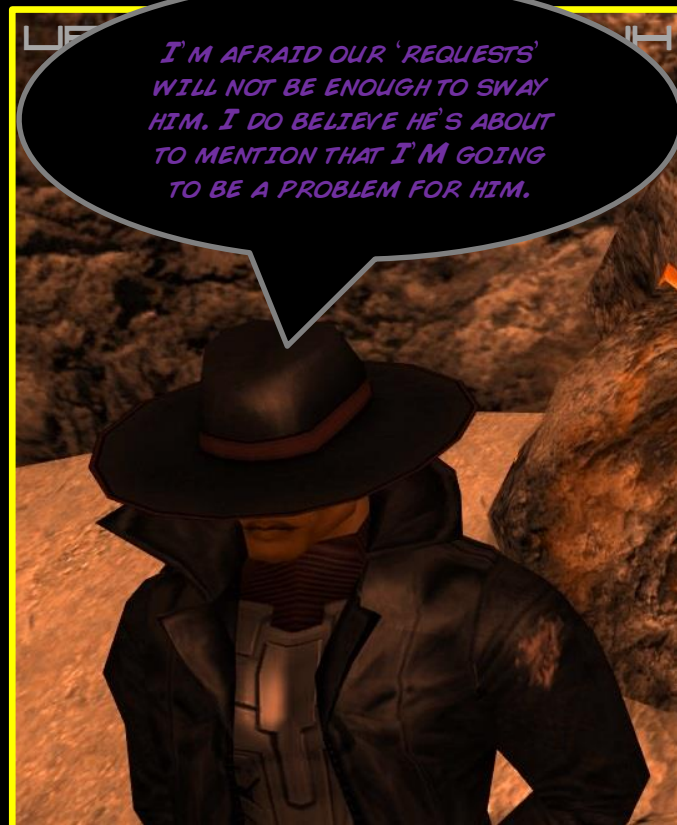


WELL, I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE OF WHAT YOU ARE GETTING ON ABOUT...

... BUT YES, OF COURSE...IT IS A 'REQUEST'.



CAPTAIN, IF I MAY; THE VANGUARD IS A BENEVOLENT ORGANIZATION. ITS WHOLE PURPOSE IS TO SAVE THE WORLD. ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU ALREADY TRY TO DO...EVERY DAY?

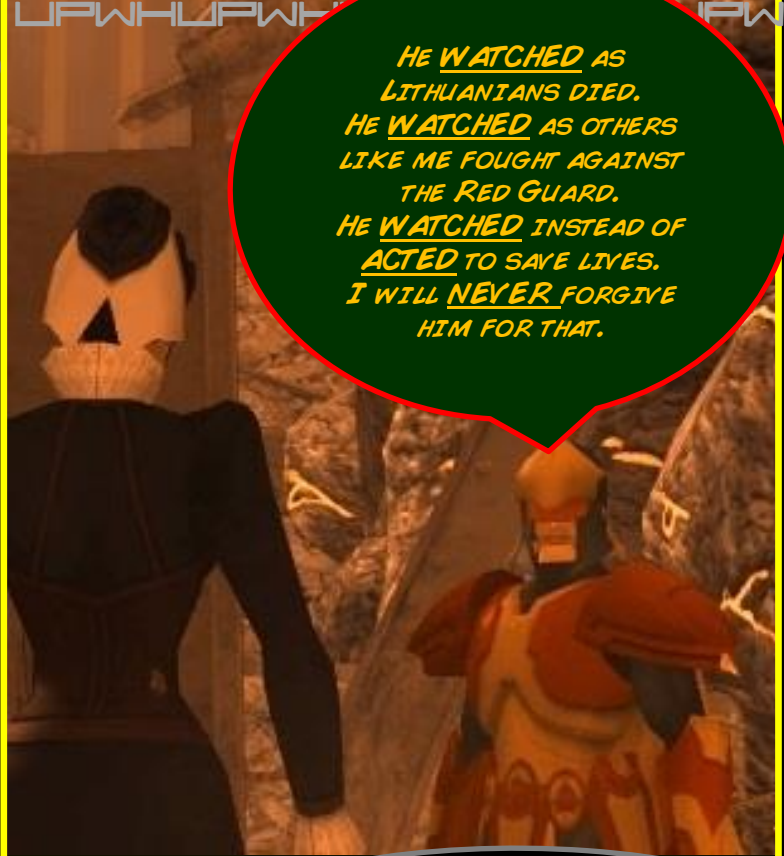


I'M AFRAID OUR 'REQUESTS' WILL NOT BE ENOUGH TO SWAY HIM. I DO BELIEVE HE'S ABOUT TO MENTION THAT I'M GOING TO BE A PROBLEM FOR HIM.

IS THIS TRUE CAPTAIN?
DO YOU HAVE A BEEF WITH
THE DARK WATCHER?



HE WATCHED AS
LITHUANIANS DIED.
HE WATCHED AS OTHERS
LIKE ME FOUGHT AGAINST
THE RED GUARD.
HE WATCHED INSTEAD OF
ACTED TO SAVE LIVES.
I WILL NEVER FORGIVE
HIM FOR THAT.



SO AS FAR AS YOUR 'REQUEST'
GOES, THE ANSWER, IS **NO**.
MAJOR INVADER HAS INSTEAD
OFFERED ME A SPOT IN THE
ALLIED FIGHTERS.



INTERESTING. YOU DO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS LAST
TEAM, DON'T YOU, CAPTAIN?



YES, WATCHER. I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS LAST TEAM, BUT YOU SEE...THEY DIED VALIANTLY IN ACTION...THEY DIDN'T STAND AROUND AND JUST...WATCH...WHILE OTHERS DIED.

GOD HELP WHOEVER IS THE NEXT GROUP OF PEOPLE YOU 'WATCH' OVER!

WHUPWHUPWHUP

CAPTAIN!
UNDERSTAND
THIS: ONE DAY
YOU WILL NEED
THE VANGUARD.

IF YOU WALK AWAY NOW, SO WILL WE...WHEN YOU OR YOUR PEOPLE NEED US MOST. THINK ABOUT THAT BEFORE YOU BOARD THAT HELICOPTER. WE'LL BE HERE AWAITING YOUR ACCEPTANCE.







EXCELLENT. PERSHING MY
THIRD QUESTION: DO YOU
HAVE ANY TYPE OF PAINT,
SPRAY, OR OTHERWISE
ONBOARD THIS HELICOPTER?

YES IT WILL, PERSHING.
THANK YOU. I'LL GO
COLLECT IT UP AND BE
BACK ABOARD THIS HELO
ASAP. CARRY ON.

WE KEEP A CAN OR TWO
OF FEMA ORANGE
SPRAY PAINT ONBOARD.
WILL THAT DO?

CAPTAIN...I OVERHEARD WHAT LADY
GREY SAID. CALL ME IF 'THEY' EVER
DECIDE NOT TO COME HELP YOU. I
PROMISE I WON'T JUST 'WATCH.

I'LL BE
RIGHT
BACK!

I HOPE I'LL NEVER
HAVE TO TAKE YOU UP
ON THAT OFFER...BUT
THANK YOU...AGAIN.



*"WHEN WALKING ALONE IN A JUNGLE OF TRUE DARKNESS,
THERE ARE THREE THINGS THAT CAN SHOW YOU THE WAY:"*

PWHLUPWHLU
PWHLUPWHLU



"INSTINCT TO SURVIVE"

"THE KNOWLEDGE OF NAVIGATION."

"CREATIVE IMAGINATION."



*"WITHOUT THEM,
YOU ARE LOST."*

*— TOBA BETA, MY
ANCESTOR WAS AN
ANCIENT ASTRONAUT*



The Eagle Has Landed Part II



AGUILA DE MEXICO – THE MEXICAN EAGLE – IS A VALUED HERO OF MEXICO; A NATIONAL TREASURE, IF YOU WILL. THE PEOPLE LOVE HIM. THE GOVERNMENT LOVES HIM. POLICE LOVE HIM. CRIMINALS HATE HIM.

TODAY, AGUILA DISCOVERED AN ASSASSINATION PLOT AGAINST THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO. AN ASSASSINATION THAT'S SAID TO BE PERPETRATED BY NONE OTHER THAN...HIM. NOT KNOWING WHO TO TRUST, AGUILA HAS FOLLOWED LEADS TO A WAREHOUSE THAT MIGHT AID HIM IN STOPPING THIS DESPOTIC EVENT.

<STOP! YOU ARE TRESPASSING! ALL TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT!>*

BUDDDDA
BUDDDDA
BUDDDDA
BUDDDDA

*TRANSLATED FROM
MEXICAN SPANISH
-GRINGO DEES

WITH THE SKILL OF OVER A
DECADE OF PRACTICE AND
APPLICATION, AGUILA EVADES.

<MEXICAN EAGLE?! HERE??>

<YIELD.
NOW.>

<YOU ARE NOT EXPECTED
HERE! PITY. YOU SHALL
DIE ALONE THEN!>

EVEN IN THE DARK OF
THIS OLD WAREHOUSE
IN MEXICO CITY,
AGUILA DEFTLY MOVES
WITH THE GRACE OF A
DANCER, THE
SWIFTNESS OF A
COBRA, THE DEMEANOR
OF ERROL FLYNN AND
THE CUNNING OF A
TACTICIAN.

THE GUARD, ALTHOUGH
SEEMINGLY DOING HIS
JOB, SEEMS TO HAVE
SOME PRETTY HEAVY
HARDWARE FOR SIMPLE
SECURITY. AGUILA HAS
SEEN THESE RIFLES
BEFORE. THEY BELONG
TO A FASCIST GROUP
CALLED 'THE COUNCIL'.

HE ALSO HAS THE TENACITY AND SKILL TO STRIKE ANOTHER DOWN, WOUNDING OR KILLING, AS REQUIRED. TODAY, THE GUARD WAS A DANGER THAT REQUIRED A DEADLY BLOW.

ARGH!!!

HE DISLIKES KILLING, BUT IN THIS INSTANCE, THE STAKES ARE TOO HIGH.

*IT IS KILL...
OR BE KILLED.*

HAHAHA!
COUGH*COUGH
<YOU THINK
I'M THE ONLY
COUGH
GUARD HERE??
GURGLE

LIGHTS!!!

SHUNK!

SHUNK!

SHUNK!

SHUNK!

**<DROP YOUR
WEAPONS, MISTER
AGUILA! NOW!!>**

THOSE TWO WERE AWFULLY
STEALTHY, BEING ABLE TO SNEAK
UP ON HIM LIKE THAT.

THEY ARE TRAINED.

MOST LIKELY FAR ABOVE A
NORMAL SECURITY GUARD'S PAY.



THESE MEN ALSO SEEM TO BE CARRYING SOME SERIOUS HARDWARE.

IT SEEMS HE HAS ENTERED SOMETHING FAR MORE THAN IT SEEMS.
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE. STILL...SOMETHING SEEMS...OFF...ABOUT
THIS PLACE...UNNERVING...

REGARDLESS, HE MUST NOW CONTEMPLATE WHAT TO DO WITH THESE
TWO 'GUARDS'...

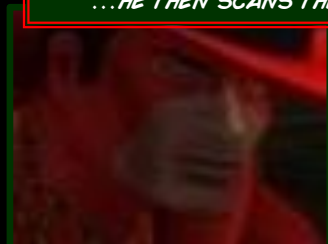


HE GIVES
THEM AN
OUT...

<YIELD.>

<US? YIELD? I THINK YOU
HAVE IT BACKWARDS, HERO.
YOU YIELD. NOW!>

...HE THEN SCANS THE SITUATION...



...AND THEN
STRIKES!!



<STOP HIM!>



SLICE!!

<I SAID...>



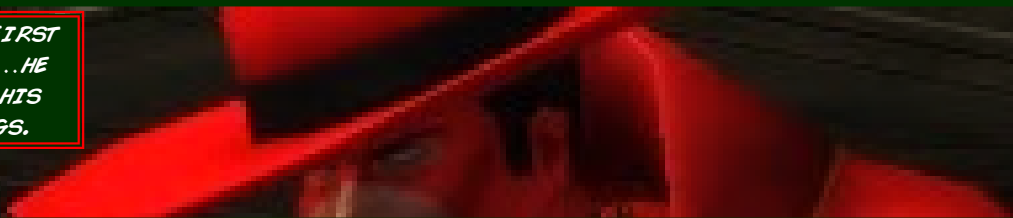


AGUILA DE MEXICO IS A PROUD MAN, FROM A PROMINENT MEXICAN FAMILY. HIS FAMILY WAS MURDERED BY DRUG CARTEL LIEUTENANTS. THE REST OF HIS WORLD WAS DECIMATED BY THE RIKTI INVASIONS. HE'S FOUGHT BOTH THE CARTELS AND THE RIKTI...AND WON.

EVEN THOUGH HE KNOWS HOW TO STOP MEN SUCH AS THESE, AN UNSETTLING FEELING CONTINUES TO DISTURB HIM. SOMETHING IS NOT RIGHT WITH THIS BUILDING. IT IS UNNATURAL...



...AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS...HE IS UNSURE OF HIS SURROUNDINGS.



REGARDLESS, HE HAS AN ASSASSINATION TO STOP. HE WILL WORRY ABOUT THIS 'DISTURBANCE' LATER; FOR NOW, THERE IS MORE SECURITY TO DEAL WITH.



THESE 'GUARDS' ARE GOOD, BUT AGUILA IS BETTER AND QUICKER. AS ONE DROPS LIKE A SACK OF BEANS, THE OTHER TAKES A MIDSECTION HIT FROM AGUILA'S SWORD AND RATHER THAN FALL...



...HE RUNS AWAY, UNDAUNED. WHATEVER WAS DISTURBING HIM EARLIER IS NOW SENDING HIM FULL BLOWN 'RED ALERTS'. HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN SLICED IN HALF, YET HE RESPONDS AS IF HE WAS WEARING ARMOR. HE MUST NOW DISCOVER THE SOURCE OF THIS MYSTERY AS WELL.



AS IN ANSWER TO THE 'GUARDS' CRY FOR HELP, AGUILA IS AWASH WITH THE DESIRE TO SLEEP. HE FIGHTS IT BUT WHATEVER SORCERY HAS BEEN SET UPON HIM, HE BEGINS TO FADE, WANTING ONLY SLEEP.

AS SUDDENLY AS THIS 'SLEEP' ASSAULT CAME ON, IT DISSIPATES.

INTERESTINGLY, HE SHAKES HIS HEAD, TRYING TO CLEAR HIS HEAD ONLY TO SEE THE ROOM ALTER BEFORE HIM.

ALSO OF INTEREST, HE DENOTES HIS SWORDS MOMENTARY YET FAINT GLOW OF WHITE - A GLOW THAT SEEMED TO CORRESPOND TO THE DISSIPATION OF THE 'SLEEP' ASSAULT...

*WITHIN TWO BLINKS OF HIS EYES, AGUILA
DISCOVERS THE ROOM HE IS IN IS NOT IN A
WAREHOUSE, BUT NOW A HIGH TECH PASSAGEWAY;
THE MAN RUNNING FROM HIM IS NO LONGER A
GUARD, BUT AN ARMORED TROOPER.*



*MADRE DE
DIOS!!*

HE HAS BEEN DUPED.



SLICE!!

SLICE!!

KA-VOOOSH!!



*THE NEW QUESTION IS: WHO DID THIS, AND
HOW FAR DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE IS THIS
GOING TO TAKE HIM?*

WHAT OR WHO COULD HAVE ASSAULTED HIM SO?
A MENTALIST? A HALLUCINOGENIC? A
DIMENSIONAL SHIFT?



AGUILA DETERMINES THAT
HE IS STILL ON EARTH;
GRAVITY HERE IS THE SAME
AS EVER.

HE'S DETERMINED THAT HE IS NOW
UNDERGROUND, RATHER THAN ON A 2ND
FLOOR PLATFORM.

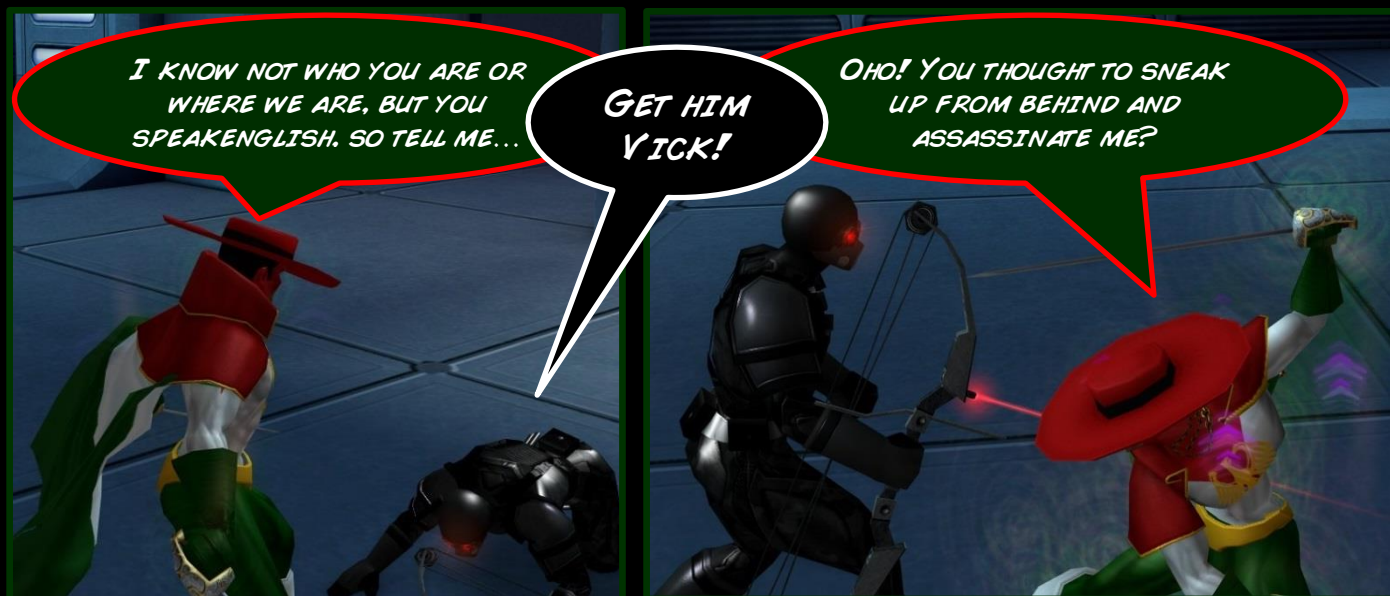


AND HE HAS DETERMINED THAT THE
TROOPER HE FIGHTS IS HUMAN; HIS
COWARDLINESS REFLECTS WELL AGAINST
THOSE HE'S FOUGHT BEFORE.



THE MEXICAN EAGLE NEEDS ANSWERS.
IT IS TIME TO START ASKING THEM.





THERE IS DEFINITELY A GREATER CONSPIRACY AFOOT THAN PREVIOUSLY IMAGINED. THE TROOPS ARE NORTH AMERICAN, BRITISH OR AUSTRALIAN. THE PASSAGEWAY DESIGNS REEK OF MONEY. THE TROOPS ARMOR IS A HIGH QUALITY; THEIR WEAPONS, TOP OF THE LINE. WHATEVER CONSPIRACY AGUILA WAS HUNTING TO DISASSEMBLE HAS NOW BEEN IDENTIFIED AS BEING RUN BY A POWERFUL, WEALTHY BENEFACTOR.

THIS DOES NOT BODE WELL FOR AGUILA. HE IS CONCERNED THAT ANYONE WITH THE WEALTH TO BUILD THIS PLACE MAY HAVE MORE ADVANCED SECURITY OR EVEN SUPERPOWERED KILLERS WAITING IN THE WINGS.

YET AGUILA DE MEXICO HAS NEVER SHIRKED FROM A FIGHT OR A MYSTERY. TODAY IS NO DIFFERENT.





ANOTHER ENIGMA UNFOLDS. THE ARMOR THESE MEN ARE USING IS NOTHING LIKE ANY HE HAS EVER SEEN BEFORE. IT MUST COST TENS OF THOUSANDS FOR JUST ONE OF THESE SUITS.

WHOEVER IS FINANCING THEM ISN'T GOING TO BE HAPPY THAT SEVERAL OF THEIR TROOPS ARE DEAD. TIME TO KEEP MOVING DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE.



AFTER TWO CORRIDORS AND (WITH THE AID OF HIS LOCKPICKS) INTO A SECURE ROOM, AGUILA SEARCHES TO FIGURE WHAT THIS RABBIT HOLE YIELDS.



AND THEN HE FINDS IT.

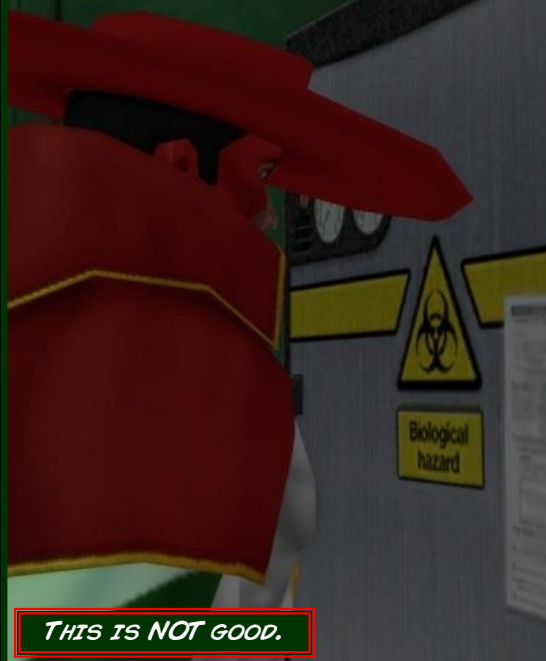


DOZENS OF REFRIGERATED UNITS WITH BIOLOGICAL HAZARD MARKINGS ON THEM.



THIS CANNOT BE GOOD.

TYZENTPENTIUM. SAYS HERE TO KEEP CHILLED UNTIL USE. **DANGER:** APPLICATION WILL WEAKEN A PERSON'S INHIBITIONS TO A HIGH LEVEL OF SUGGESTION FOR OVER A THREE DAY PERIOD. CAN BE USED IN AEROSOL FORM ONLY.



THIS IS NOT GOOD.

IT MAKES SENSE NOW; ASSASSINATE EL PRESIDENTE, FRAME ME, TELL THE MEDIA IT WAS MY DOING, UNLEASH THIS GAS ALL OVER MEXICO WHILE THEY PUSH WHO THE NEXT PRESIDENTE IS. THEY ARE CREATING A PUPPET GOVERNMENT!



*HERE
THEY
COME.*

JUST THEN THE ALARMS IN THE FACILITY SOUND, AND THE SOUND OF RUNNING BOOTS FILL THE PASSAGEWAYS. IN MERE SECONDS, AGUILA IS FORCED TO RETREAT TO A STRANGE ROOM...



<YIELD.>

...A ROOM THAT SEEMS TO HAVE A HIGH POWERED IONIC BEAM, NOT MUCH UNLIKE THE ONE CONFISCATED FROM THE MAD DOCTOR PHLEBOTINUM THAT AGUILA DEFEATED A FEW YEARS AGO.



AGUILA KNOWS THIS IS BIGGER THAN HIM, AND HIS ODDS OF SURVIVAL ARE SLOWLY DWINDLING. HE MUST ESCAPE SOMEHOW...TELL SOMEONE HE CAN TRUST. SOMEONE...

BUT NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO FOCUS ON ESCAPE; NOW IS THE TIME TO FOCUS ON THE FIGHT. THE TROOPS ARE BEGINNING TO SWARM HIM.



YEARRR--!!



NOTE TO SELF: DO NOT JUMP ON THAT IONIC BEAM PLATFORM; THAT TROOPER JUST HAD HER HEAD SLICED IN HALF.



OF COURSE, THAT DOESN'T MEAN THESE OTHER TROOPS COULDN'T SHARE HER SAME FATE. MORE THE FITTING.



AFTER TWO MINUTES OF INTENSE FIGHTING, OVER A DOZEN TROOPERS HAVE FALLEN TO HIS SWORDS OR DEATH BY WAY OF IONIC BEAM. HE IS TIRED. HIS HEAD STILL FEELS STRANGE, AS IF SOMETHING OR SOMEONE IS TRYING TO GET INTO IT. HE BELIEVES HE IS NOW FACING A MENTALIST.

AGUILA ASSESSES THAT THE ENEMY MUST BE A LOWER LEVEL MENTALIST. THIS 'MENTALIST' HAS ALREADY CREATED AN ILLUSION OF THE WAREHOUSE AND GUARDS BEFORE, YET AGUILA HAS BROKEN THAT SHROUD OF DECEPTION ONCE ALREADY. IF HE'S ABLE TO BREAK IT ONCE, HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO SO AGAIN.

AFTER DODGING SEVERAL GROUPS OF CHARGING TROOPS, ALL LOOKING FOR HIM, HE SLIDES OVER TO A COMPUTER TERMINAL. HE TRIES TO ACCESS COMMUNICATIONS, BUT ALL CHANNELS ARE LOCKED OUT.

HE INSTEAD USES A FLASH DRIVE FROM HIS BELT TO DOWNLOAD AS MANY FILES AS HE CAN. MOST FILES REQUIRE SECURITY PASSWORDS, BUT HE COPIES THE FILES ANYWAY.



HIS FLASH DRIVE FULL, AGUILA TRIES TO MAKE HIS WAY DOWN A DESERTED PASSAGEWAY WHEN HE ONCE AGAIN EXPERIENCES A WAVE OF NAUSEA AND A DESIRE TO SLEEP. ALTHOUGH HE ISN'T SLEEPY, HE AT LEAST FEELS THE NEED TO HOLSTER HIS WEAPONS. HE FEELS NO URGENCY AT ALL. IN FACT, HE FEELS LIKE SOMEONE AROUND THE CORNER NEEDS RESCUING. ALTHOUGH HE FEELS IT'S UNIMPORTANT, AGUILA ADVANCES REGARDLESS OF THE 'ULTRA RED ALERTS' HE FEELS IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.



THERE, HE FINDS WHAT LOOKS TO BE A FRAIL OLD SCIENTIST IN A LAB COAT WITH A FEW WORKER ROBOTS.

GOOD! YOU ARE HERE TO SAVE ME AND MY FRIENDLY ROBOTS!



AGUILA FEELS THAT HE NEEDS TO SAVE THEM. YES. SAVING THEM IS THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

HE FEELS NO REASON TO HAVE TO DEFEND HIMSELF. WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE...RIGHT...?

NO NEED FOR WEAPONS AROUND US! WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE, RIGHT?

NO SWORDS ARE NEEDED HERE.

PASSIVE SETTINGS REMAIN IN EFFECT

THE SWORDS MIGHT SCARE THE FRAIL OLD MAN.

SWORDS FRIGHTEN ME. YOU DON'T NEED YOUR SWORDS OUT AROUND US.

ALL IS WELL.

AGUILA DE MEXICO IS HERE TO SAVE THE DAY AGAIN...RIGHT...?

ALL IS WELL, AGUILA DE MEXICO...

...YOU'RE HERE TO SAVE THE DAY AGAIN, AREN'T YOU??





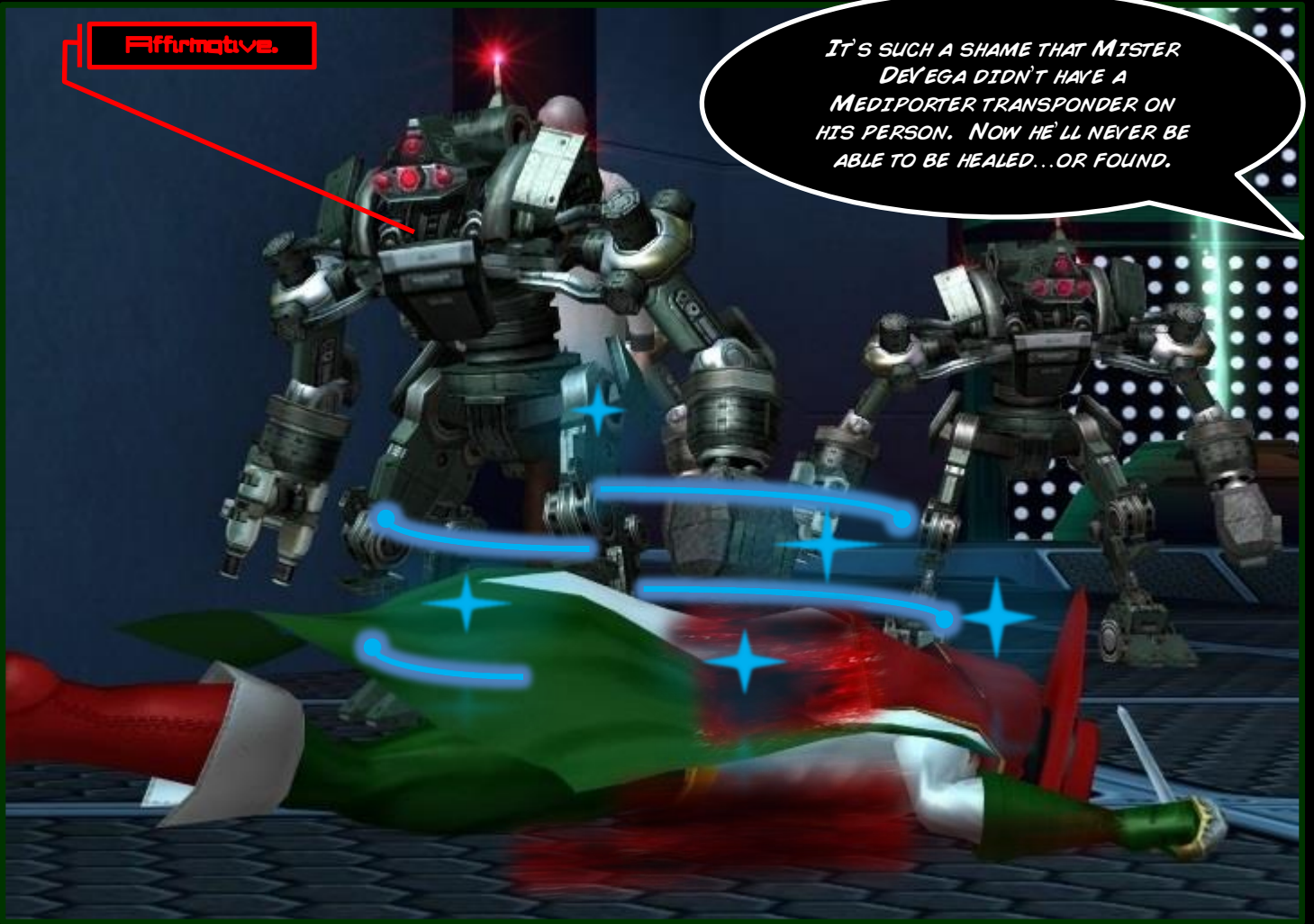


KA-CHOOOOM!!!!



Affirmative.

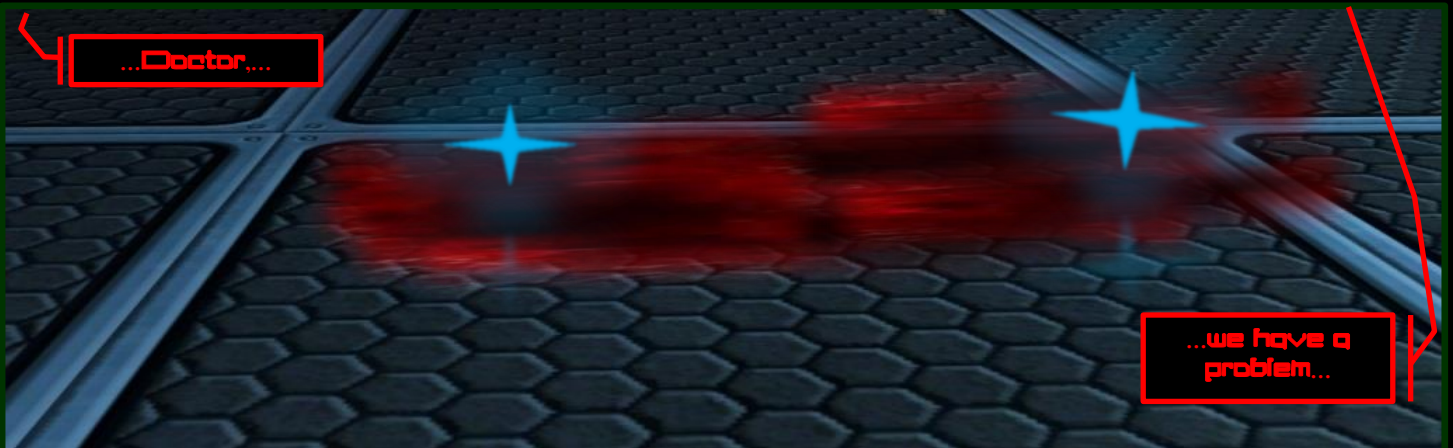
IT'S SUCH A SHAME THAT MISTER DEVEGA DIDN'T HAVE A MEDIPORTER TRANSPONDER ON HIS PERSON. NOW HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO BE HEALED...OR FOUND.



"NOT THAT ANY KNOWN MEDIPORTER COULD EVER TRANSMIT OR TELEPORT THROUGH MY ECM FIELD..."

...Doctor...

...we have a problem...



AS THE MYSTERIOUS AND DISGUISED 'FRAIL OLD MAN' SCREAMS AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS, WE BEAR WITNESS TO HIS IMMEDIATE WRATH. HIS DRONES IMMEDIATELY SELF-DESTRUCT AND NEARLY 40 OF HIS TROOPERS ARE KILLED BY THE 'FRAIL, OLD MAN'S' HANDS. AGUILA'S BODY MUST BE RECOVERED FOR HIS PLANS TO GO FORTH. DEAD, ALL THE BETTER. BUT IF, BY THE TINIEST OF CHANCES, ALIVE...

...THERE WILL BE NO SALVATION TO THOSE WHO SAVED HIM.

THE LUCK 'O THE IRISH

BACK IN THE DEVASTATED GALAXY CITY, THE METEOR SHOWER HAS FINALLY COME TO AN END. THE REMAINING METEOR CREATURES (WHICH SOME ARE NOW CALLING 'NEO-SHIYANS'), HAVE EITHER BEEN ROUNDED UP OR DESTROYED. THE CITY, HOWEVER, WILL TAKE YEARS TO REBUILD.



GALAXY CITY WAS ONCE HOME TO HERO CORPS, AS WELL AS BACK ALLEY BRAWLER. AMIDST THE DESTRUCTION, GALAXY CITY'S PHYSICAL NATURE MAY HAVE BEEN OBLITERATED, BUT THE SOUL OF ITS HEROES LIVES ON.

AMONG THE BRAVE POLICE, FIREFIGHTERS, MILITARY AND CIVILIAN PERSONNEL, THOSE THOUSANDS OF HEROES THAT ONCE STARTED THEIR CAREERS IN GALAXY CITY, WILL NEVER FORGET WHAT THE CITY ONCE WROUGHT THEM.

A GLEAMING SPIRE OF MODERNISM; A MEMORIAL TO GALAXY GIRL AND MANY OTHER HEROES WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE PURSUIT OF HELPING OTHERS. GALAXY CITY'S SOUL IS EMBROIDED UPON ALL WHO STEPPED TO BACK ALLEY BRAWLER'S TRAINING DATS AND RECEIVED THEIR FIRST SECURITY LEVEL. EVEN THE LOCAL RADIO STATION, 'THE CAPE', WHO ONCE ENJOYED HOSTING DANCE PARTIES OUT AT GEMINI PARK, STILL TO THIS DAY, LIVES ON – EVEN WHEN GALAXY CITY IS ALL BUT GONE.



ONE DAY, GALAXY CITY MAY RETURN. ONE DAY, BACK ALLEY BRAWLER MAY MOUNT THE TRAINING DATS AND REWARD A NEW HERO'S FIRST SECURITY LEVEL. ONE DAY, WE MAY ALL DANCE AGAIN, TOGETHER, IN GEMINI PARK WHILE LISTENING TO THE CAPE RADIO. ONE. DAY.



**LAST ISSUE -CHRONODEEJ*

*BUT CURRENTLY, AMIDST THE DAMAGE AND DEBRIS, THE FIRES AND THE DEAD, A SOLE FIGURE WALKS OUT FROM THE RUINS OF GALAXY CITY. HE IS NEW TO BEING A HERO, BEING ONLY 13 YEARS OF AGE, BUT EARLIER TODAY, HE PERFORMED AS A HERO.**



WELL, BOYO, YER
'DA' SENT YE HERE
TO COME BE A REAL
HERO. YOU GET
HERE...



...AND THE CITY'S GONE. WHAT GOOD
DID I DO 'T DAY? NOR A THING!
PUNCHED SOME DAMNED BIG BEASTIE
'TIL SOME 'OER HERO HAD THE
GUMPTION TO TAKE EIT DOWN.

E'EN NOW...I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO
GO 'R WHAT 'T DO. ALL I KNOW IS I
GETTA FIND ME DA'S OLD TEAMMATE,
CAPTAIN INVADER. GUESS IT'S MAJOR
INVADER NOW...LIKE I UNERST'ND ENY
MILITARY RANKS 'T ALL.



I SAW 'NOTHER COPTER TAKE OFF
FROM HERE 'AN THIS ONE LAND
BUT A MINUTE AGO...

...MAYBE THEY CAN
HAEP ME OUT.



...TO THE ATLAS
PARK HOSPITAL...

OK, THIS WOMAN IS
STABILIZED WITH THE
PSYCHE-TRANQ. LET'S
GET HER ON THE HELO.

YES, DR. SORNHEIM.



'AER'S SO MUCH
DESTRUCTION...CANNA BE DA'S START
WAS NO DIFFER'N THAN THIS IN 1940
WIT' THE BOMBIN' O' LONDON??



WELL, WHAT'S 'A
HERE??



WOMEN POPIN'
OTTATHIN AIR...



...STRANGE,
CREEPY MEN...

... 'N I MA GUESSIN' THAT
BE THAR MUSCLE.

WELL, I DINNA GET DRESSED
UP AND HOP THE ATLANTIC
FER FUN NOW, DIDN' I?

TIME FER SOME INTRODUCTIONS.

'ALO! I'M...

...ONE OF IRISH
FIGHTER'S BASTARD
SONS. YES, I KNOW. I'M
THE DARK WATCHER AND
I DON'T HAVE ANY TIME
FOR YOU OR YOUR 'CLAN'.

WELL, THAT
WAS DAMNED
RUDE 'O YE.

WE HAVE SERIOUS WORK TO
DO HERE. I DON'T HAVE THE
TIME OR PATIENCE FOR YOU
OR ANY OF YOUR ILK. IT'D
BEEN BEST IF YOU'D STAYED
IN IRELAND. BOY.

I DINNAE KNOW
WHAT MY 'KIN' DID
TE WARRANT SUCH
IRE, BUT BURNIN'
YUIR BRIDGE A'FOR
ETS BUILT IS A DAFT
MANUEVER, MAN.

G'DAY TE YE...
STR!!

PERPLEXED AND AGITATED, THE YOUNGEST SON OF THE LEGENDARY IRISH FIGHTER STORMS OFF TO THE HELICOPTER, HOPING TO CATCH A RIDE TO SOMEWHERE THAT THE JACKOBITE HE JUST TALKED TO, ISN'T.

UPON ARRIVING, HE ESPIES A YOUNG LONGBOW AGENT. ALTHOUGH ONLY 13, THIS YOUNG IRISH TEEN INTENDS TO USE HIS CHARM TO AID HIM IN GETTING TO FIND MAJOR INVADER...

...LOOK, 'TS NAE LIKE YUIR BREAKING RULES OR THE SUCH...I JUST NEED A LIFT TE SEE THIS MAJOR INVADER. THAS ALL. A FINE WOMAN LIKE YOUSELF CAN UNDERSTAND MAE NEEDS. RIGHT?

OFFICIALLY, I CAN'T TAKE YOU ANYWHERE BUT TO A SHELTER IN ATLAS PARK. YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A SUPERHERO REGISTRATION CARD YET...

...BUT, IF YOU CAN GET EITHER OF THOSE TWO OVER MY SHOULDER TO AGREE, WE CAN GIVE YOUR PLAN A TRY.

POSITRON

MANTICORE

EXCUSE ME, MISTER
POSITRON, SIR? A'EM...

ONE OF IRISH
FIGHTER'S
KIDS, RIGHT?
INTERESTING
TO MEET YOU.

YOUR FATHER IS ONE HELL OF A
FIGHTER...AND CAN PUT AWAY A
PINT FASTER THAN I CAN BUILD
AN ENHANCEMENT! ANYWAY, WHAT
CAN I DO FOR YOU, SON?

...EHM...AH,
YES, SIR.

ANYHOW, TE MAKE A
LON' STORY SHORT, I
NEED TE GET TE MAJOR
INVADER'S BASE 'O
HOME 'O THE SUCH. I'D
PREFERE TE GET A RIDE
WIT THAT COPTER, IF N
YE CAN AUTHORIZE THA'.

SON, IF YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, ALL
OUR RESOURCES, INCLUDING THE
CHOPPER ARE BEING UTILIZED TO
HELP THE VICTIMS OF GALAXY CITY.

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU. LOOK, I
HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE SURVEY TEAM.
OH, AND SOME ADVICE: IF I WERE YOU, I'D
STEER CLEAR OF MAJOR INVADER...HE'S
NOTHING BUT TROUBLE.



#%*£~%*^@%#+?
@**\$">(%#\$!! *



DAMN THIS!
SIR!! CANNAE
YE HELP ME
FIND MAJOR
INVADER?

WHAT? I CAN'T
HEAR YOU
OVER THE
HELICOPTER!

**IRISH CURSING (BAD LANGUAGE) – SWEARIN' DEEJ*



#%*£~%*^
@%#+?@
**\$">(#
%\$!! *



MA'AM!!
CANNAE YE
HELP ME
FIND MAJOR
INVADER?

I'M SORRY! THE
HELICOPTER IS FULL
YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT
UNTIL THE NEXT ONE.
YOU LOOK SO
FAMILIAR... ARE YOU
RELATED TO THE IRISH
FIGHTER? HE WAS AN
INCREDIBLE FIGHTER!
I SAW HIM IN ACTION
ON A WWII NEWSREEL
ONCE WHEN HE WAS
YOUNGER, MUCH LIKE
YOURSELF...

WHAT?!?

I SAID, I'M SORRY!
THE HELICOPTER IS
FULL YOU'LL HAVE TO
WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT
ONE. YOU LOOK SO
FAMILIAR... ARE YOU
RELATED TO THE IRISH
FIGHTER? HE WAS AN
INCREDIBLE FIGHTER!
I SAW HIM IN ACTION
ON A WWII NEWSREEL
ONCE WHEN HE WAS
YOUNGER, MUCH LIKE
YOURSELF...

WHAT?!?

FINALLY, FRUSTRATION SETS IN. HE'S GETTING NO HELP HERE. JUST LIKE WHAT HIS 'DA' ONCE WENT THROUGH DECADES AGO.



TO FIND MAJOR INVADER, HE'LL HAVE TO FLY SOLO AND FIND HIM HIMSELF.



NO MONEY, NO REGISTRATION, NO DIRECTIONS, NO HELP. HE ONLY HAS HIS SOLE DRIVEN DESIRE; THE DESIRE TO BE A TRUE HERO TO THE WORLD.

NEXT ISSUE: WHEW! 80- PAGES LATER AND WE STILL HAVE LOTS MORE TO COME!! IN THE NEXT ISSUE, THE ALLIED FIGHTERS START TO FIND THEIR NEW HOME, ONE BY ONE. AS EACH FINDS MAJOR INVADER, THE BARON STRIKES AGAIN! BUT WHAT OF AGUILA DE MEXICO? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, AND WHAT OF THE MYSTERIOUS 'FRAIL OLD MAN'? WILL ATHEYTA'S ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE WORLD UPSET THE CAREFULLY LAID PLANS OF MAJOR INVADER? WILL DOC ALLEVIATION EVER GET MEDICAL READY? WHAT OF MR. HAMILTON: HAS THE BASE'S MG WON THE MAIN EVENT, OR IS ROUND TWO ON THE HORIZON? UNTIL FRENCH LEFT BECOMES A PEACE NEGOTIATOR, REMEMBER TO RETURN FOR MORE OF THE NEW ALLIED FIGHTERS!



FIGHTIN' WORDS



By "Major DeeJ", Major DeeJ Universe Founder and Creator

Short and sweet, folks! It has been a harrowing two months; I've been chased by three tornadoes in Oklahoma, lived without power for days, and flew to Arizona to help my dad with a horse ranch; nonetheless to say, my time hasn't been my own. That said, accolades go out to the Titan Network and Codebreaker for the release of ICON 1.7! As a direct result of his tireless efforts, the stories of the New Allied Fighters can continue on INDEFINATELY! YES!! I can now create screenshot art all on my own even with City of Heroes shutdown! This has opened up all possibilities, including screenshots never before captured (some are in this very issue!). BRAVO ZULU, CODEBREAKER! You have earned the first ever vaunted title for MDU Comics Hall of Fame – Savior of the Art! Kudos!

WANT TO CONTACT US? SEND AN EMAIL OR MESSAGE TO:

MAJORDEEJUNIVERSE@YAHOO.COM