



The Immortal Legend of Hawkman #0

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Chapter 1

Under Ancient Stars...

*15th Dynasty Egypt, in the reign of Pharaoh Ramses II
The Temple City of Karnak, on the Nile...*

Stars glittered on the surface of the river, and in the light of torches from the temple precinct, a lone chariot thundered down the dusty roadway towards the pier. The driver was a young man, in nondescript, but fine regalia: an amulet of Horus, the Hawk God sat on his bare bronzed chest, and the sword at his hip was no mere decoration; it had seen much use in the Nubian wars to the south, and against Atlantean incursions in the north. The gates of his father's kingdom needed much defending.

But Prince Khufu Ma-at Kha-Taar was not riding to war now. No, what awaited him was combat of a different sort.

The barge floated serenely on the wine-dark river, lit by torches and braziers burning incense. Behind a pristine white muslin canopy, he saw the silhouette of her figure, a reclining shadow fanned by a slave waving a frond. Khufu reined in his horses, entranced by the vision on the Nile. He, who had faced the horrors of war and death unbowed, found himself now utterly conquered.

"Chay-Ara... " He breathed. "Beloved... "

The temple guards were easily dispatched. Dripping, Khufu pulled himself onto the deck of the barge, the unconscious guards floating quietly downstream. The rowers hesitated, but the steely look from the pharaoh's son kept them silent and rowing. Khufu padded carefully towards the shrouded canopy, barely able to catch his breath, his heart thundering so loud in his chest he feared it would burst. He reached out a trembling hand and thrust aside the wisps of muslin.

Within, the naked young woman gasped and cringed on the divan, pulling a sheet up to cover herself. Her eyes were wide and alarmed and flickered in recognition. The muscular slave who had been fanning his mistress snarled at the unexpected intrusion.

"Jackal, this is blasphemy! The girl is pledged to Isis—" The slave's words were abruptly cut off by the point of Khufu's sword hovering at his throat.

"Do you know who I am, eunuch?" Came the cold, calm voice. The slave blanched at the steely gaze of his prince.

"Prince Khufu!" He sputtered. "Forgive me, my prince, but the High Priest Hath-Set will have my head if—"

"I will deal with Hath-Set." Grimaced Khufu. There was no love lost between him and his father's High Priest. Nor his hounds. "Now, go out on the deck. And see that we are not disturbed."

He knew the reputation of Prince Khufu; the slave did not hesitate.

And they were alone.

The frightened young woman on the divan trembled, but did not look away from the intense gaze of the intruder. She was frightened, but she was no coward. Holding the sheet around herself, she stood to face him, chin raised defiantly.

"Are you going to ravish me, Prince Khufu?" She demanded, one finely sculpted eyebrow arched. "Is this how the noble champion of Horus woos women?"

Khufu sheathed his sword, flinching. Her barb told.

"I will not have you against your will." He declared. "I have not come to ravish you, Chay-Ara. But to tell you—"

Again he was caught by the beauty of the girl before him, but there was something else at work here, something stirring deep within his soul. He swallowed and began again. "Yesterday at the Temple, Chay-Ara, when I first saw you, with the other novitiates, when our eyes met, it seemed like I was filled with the light of Ra Himself! Indeed, some god must

have whispered to me, because I knew then what I was missing in my life; a part of myself I never knew was missing. Seeing you, I could no longer live without you. You are the other half of me, Chay-Ara! Tell me you didn't feel it, too!"

The girl's face was clouded, confused. Her eyes welled with moisture and something that could no longer be contained burst from her in a shuddering breath.

Khufu seized her by her bare shoulders, searching her eyes, teetering on the knife's edge of hope and despair.

"My prince, we cannot!" She wailed, the tears streaking her face now. "I am pledged to Isis! The High Priest himself chose me as his handmaid—"

"You will not be the concubine of Hath-Set!" Khufu flared hotly. "And Isis will not begrudge you to a son of Horus. Only say that you feel the same! That the other part of you resides in this breast." He placed her delicate palm on his chest, his heart racing faster. "Just as the other part of myself is here." He placed his own trembling hand over her heart.

Her breath caught. Her skin thrilled and awakened at his touch, and within her, joy erupted.

"My prince! My Khufu!" She pressed herself against him, unable to resist the wonder and compulsion inside her.

Khufu swept her up into his arms, his heart singing, his gaze burning into hers.

"Not Khufu. To you, I shall always be Kha-Taar, beloved soul."

Behind the canopy, two shadows merged into one as the barge floated down the Nile under the ancient stars...

Chapter 2

The Jackal and the Hawk

*15th Dynasty Egypt, in the reign of Pharaoh Ramses II
The Royal City of Thebes, on the Nile...*

"Blasphemy! The gods will bedevil Egypt with a thousand plagues if Ra does not have justice!" The robes of the High Priest swirled as he stalked the marble tiles before the pharaoh's throne. Sweat gleamed on his bald pate and his eyes were wild and filled with outrage.

The venerable pharaoh looked down, the mitre and crown of the United Monarchy atop his head, the crook and flail that were the ensigns of his office clutched to his bare chest. He glowered at his High Priest, but it was his advisor, the virile man with the flowing white beard at his elbow, who answered.

"Calm yourself, Hath-Set. You're starting to foam at the mouth." He drawled, eliciting titters from the assembled functionaries there at the court on the banks of the Nile. The sun was bright overhead, over the gently swaying cloth canopy.

"Be still your arrogance, Nabu!" Spat Hath-Set, pointing his staff at the pharaoh's chief advisor. "I have long overlooked your sorcerous meddling, and that of your lap dog—" He indicated the dark haired man with the widows peak, swathed in black linen and a golden thunderbolt on his bare chest, standing at attention behind the throne. The man glared back with half-lidded eyes that spoke of danger. "I will tolerate it no longer if the girl is not returned to me!"

Standing together behind Nabu, Prince Khufu and Chay-Ara faced the furious High Priest with defiance. Khufu took a half-step forward, shielding his beloved with his body, one hand falling to the hilt of his sword.

"High Priest... !" The pharaoh raised his voice to forestall an outburst from his hot-headed son. "You would do well to remember to whom you speak. Nabu is our most trusted advisor, and Teth Adam is no man or pharaoh's lap dog. He is a worthy champion of Egypt, as is my noble son, Khufu."

Hath-Set sneered. "Noble! Like a thief in the night he carries off my own handmaiden, defiles her, and makes her his whor—"

"Father!" Khufu exclaimed, his face contorted in rage, his sword halfway from its sheath. Nabu held out an arm to bar the young man's way, coldly calm himself. Teth Adam looked to the pharaoh for permission, cracking his knuckles meaningfully.

Pharaoh glowered down upon the High Priest but allowed Hath-Set his say.

"She is food for the gods, not men! If you do not give her up to me, the wrath of Ra shall rain down upon the Two Lands, and Egypt shall never know peace again!"

"You will never touch her!" Khufu hissed, Nabu's arm across his chest.

"Nor would I wish too, after you have sullied her." Spat the High Priest. "She is no longer fit for me. She shall be offered up to propitiate Dread Osiris and sealed alive in a buried tomb!"

Chay-Ara gasped, her hand flying to her mouth.

This time Nabu had to restrain Khufu with both arms.

"Never!" Seethed the prince.

"The will of the gods will not be flouted!" Hath-Set shot back, raising his staff.

Teth Adam took a step towards the High Priest, his every muscle rippling with violence...

"Enough!" Commanded Pharaoh in such a tone that all activity ceased

and every eye found him. He had risen to his feet, and gripped the crook and flail tightly before him. His own anger was obvious, but under tight control. "High Priest, you have told us the will of the gods, now hear you the will of pharaoh! My noble son, savior of Upper and Lower Egypt and beloved of Horus the Hawk God, shall have his bride. Return you now to Karnak, choose from any daughter of Egypt— but one!— to have as your handmaiden, and let there be peace between us! This I command. So let it be written, so let it be done!"

To punctuate the pharaoh's words a slave sounded a gong. All was quiet, but for the echoes of the gong and the hoarse breathing of the frustrated High Priest. For a moment he seemed to measure himself against the pharaoh, bitter words on his twitching lips... but then he bowed gracelessly, and with a sharp whip of his robes, spun around and strode away.

And when he was gone, Khufu threw himself at his father's sandaled feet.

"Mighty Pharaoh... !" He began, his voice choking on emotion.

"My son." Sighed Pharaoh, putting a hand on Khufu's bowed head. "This day we have defied the gods. This is not well or wisely done. I fear the doom that shall fall on Egypt for this." He looked over to Nabu.

The wily old man chewed his lip and said. "For good or ill, I sense the hand of destiny at work here. Be warned, Prince Khufu: no man can escape his destiny."

That night, Khufu and Chay-Ara walked out into the desert, under a moon hanging low behind pyramids already crumbling with age.

They walked hand in hand, the sand beneath their bare feet, the night air cool on their skin.

"We have made a dreadful enemy today, my Kha-Taar." Chay-Ara mused, worried.

"Never think on him." Khufu told her quietly. "He will never come

between us again." He pulled her to him as if he intended to never let her go. "Tomorrow we shall become betrothed and soon after I will make you a princess of Egypt, and our love will outlast the pyramids themselves... "

The stars shone iridescent above them as they melted into each others' embrace...

And a sound like thunder rent the night!

Khufu and Chay-Ara looked up to see a blazing trail streaking across the sky. The thing was like a fire-arrow, arcing towards the earth. It screamed towards them, a flaming bolt from heaven, like a spear hurled by some god!

Khufu grabbed Chay-Ara and threw both of them into the sand just as the thing sailed overhead, the heat scorching their clothes. They rolled and lifted their heads in time to see what appeared to be a gleaming metal bird skid across the dunes and the slam explosively into a pyramid, sending rocks and sand spraying everywhere.

"By the Eye of Horus... !" Breathed Khufu, climbing to his feet. He stared at the flaming wreck at the foot of the pyramid like a man who had glimpsed his destiny!

Chapter 3

The Eyes of Hath-Set

*15th Dynasty Egypt, in the reign of Pharaoh Ramses II
The Temple of Horus, Erdu, on the Nile...*

In the hallowed silence of the temple, Khufu and Chay-Ara knelt before the hawk-headed image of Horus and prayed. Behind them, gleaming in the light of the torches and incense burners was the great metal bird (what Nabu had deemed a "sky chariot"); and though it had fallen out of the heavens weeks ago, it was still warm to the touch, like a living thing.

But nothing lived within it now. Khufu had dragged two bodies from the wreckage, both twisted and mangled, but one survived long enough for Nabu to arrive. The wizard cast a spell over the dying woman to translate her words, but they were gibberish. What strange place was 'Thanagar' that they there flew in great metal birds, and what was that mysterious glowing ore deep within the bird's belly called 'Nth Metal'?

Whatever it was, it must be very precious and very powerful for the dying woman to speak of it in her last breath.

Nabu called on mighty Teth Adam to remove the sky chariot to the Temple of Horus at Erdu, and they hid it there, telling no one, as they attempted to unlock the mysteries of their discovery.

At the temple, Khufu pondered long the chunk of ore the woman had called Nth Metal, bathing in its lambent yellow glow. With it in his hand, he imagined his sight was sharper, his hearing clearer, his whole body lighter! No one could approach him unawares anymore—he could identify the scent of any distinct, familiar person...

And all this he shared with Chay-Ara. For weeks, they sequestered themselves at the temple, basking in the Nth Metal, reveling in each

other and praying to Horus for wisdom and guidance. As they slept one night, Khufu had a vision of the god granting him wings and sending him against the dark and evil things of the world. When he awoke, he recalled the words of Nabu: "Be warned, Prince Khufu: no man can escape his destiny!"

The next day, Khufu began his work on the Nth Metal. He smelted it down and, with the guidance of a wary Nabu, crafted a gauntlet he named the Claw of Horus, and two identical amulets, cast with the image of a hawk on them. He kept the gauntlet and an amulet, and gave Chay-Ara it's mate.

They wore them now, at their waists, as they knelt before the stone statue of Horus and gave thanks to the hawk god.

Little did they know that other eyes had seen the descent of the Thanagarian sky chariot, and had all this time kept a careful watch on the Temple of Horus. Jealous eyes, scheming eyes.

The eyes of Hath-Set!

"Teth Adam has been gone too long." Pronounced pharaoh at the head of his army, squinting into the sun for some sign of Egypt's champion. In the chariot beside him, Khufu also scanned the horizon, shading his eyes with the hand that wore the Claw of Horus. The assembled hosts of Egypt waited, spears and shields ready, on the sands by the Nile. There had been little warning. An enormous army was on the move, already overrunning much of Lower Egypt to the Delta, a horde that drove all before it and left few survivors. But those that did live to tell of it gibbered of furious windstorms that swirled all about the horde, a merciless monster that roared from within the cyclones and a fierce, pitiless general that wanted to make Egypt his own!

In the same chariot with Pharaoh, Nabu looked pensive. Khufu had never seen him look worried before: there had been a theft from the Temple at Heliopolis, of an artifact known as the Orb of Ra.

"Whoever wields that rod will have great power. For good or ill." The

wizard had told them solemnly.

It was obvious to Khufu they were about to meet that person.

"There!" Pharaoh declared, pointing into the sky. "Teth Adam returns!"

Disciple of the wizard Shazam, the champion of Egypt and the man who wielded the power of her greatest gods, Teth Adam flew out of the sun and landed before the chariot of Pharaoh, his face dark and inscrutable. He fell to his knees, eyes downcast.

"O Pharaoh, I bear grave news. A vast horde of unnatural soldiers approaches; deathless men made of sand, driven on relentlessly by a dark-robed magus who bears the Orb of Ra. They have come from out of the east, where they have already overrun Khandaq—" For a moment, Teth Adam choked on his words, unable to continue. All who listened stood stunned and silent. Khandaq was Adam's homeland, where his wife and sons still dwelt. Adam continued in a voice hoarse with emotion. "They leave no survivors in their wake. They are but half a day's march away."

A wave of apprehensive murmurs went through the army. Khufu bent his gaze to the horizon. His sight heightened by the Nth Metal, he could just barely spot the encroaching dust cloud of the enemy's approach.

"Does this dark magus have a name?" Demanded Pharaoh.

At that moment, Nabu lifted his head and opened his eyes. His expression was grim. "I know him. It is none other than the scourge of these lands, he who ruled in ancient times as the fabled Scorpion King, and seeks ever for dominion over all the world. His true name is Vandar Adg, but he is better known as the immortal tyrant Vandal Savage!"

Khufu clenched his fist around the Claw of Horus, and in the distance he could hear the roar of maniacal laughter carried on the wind!

Chapter 4

Return of the Savage

*15th Dynasty Egypt, in the reign of Pharaoh Ramses II
The Royal City of Thebes, on the Nile...*

The battle raged amidst a storm of sand and swords! Prince Khufu had long ago been pulled from his chariot and fought on foot now, hacking relentlessly with his blade and swiping at his foes with the Nth Metal gauntlet, the Claw of Horus. Chaos swirled all around the Egyptian warriors, and there was much panic—for their enemy were no mortal men, but crumbling desiccated homunculi of sand, their hollow eyes and mouths gaping in a deathless hunger that was not satiated with the slaughter they were inflicting on Pharaoh's army. They fell to no blade, but would rise again from the blood-drenched ground of the desert.

Except for those that fell prey to the Claw of Horus. When the golden talon of unearthly metal slashed through the revenants of sand, they dissolved and blew away on the howling wind.

But Prince Khufu was only one man. The army of Pharaoh was steadily pushed back to the very walls of Thebes. Khufu had lost sight of his father and Nabu, seeing only the occasional flashes of arcane light which he knew to be where the sorcerer made his stand.

And in the distance, he spied the black streak of Teth Adam grappling with the monster at the heart of the horde—the roaring of which made even the stoutest Egyptian heart quail.

Shielding his eyes against the swirling sand, Prince Khufu threw himself into the maelstrom, determined to find the Pharaoh and lead their people back to the relative safety of the walls of Thebes.

"Fall back!" He bellowed over the wind. "Fall back to the city!"

He pushed his way against the tide of enemies, the Claw of Horus slashing down foe after foe. He became aware of the sound of laughter again, a deep, hysterical cackling that chilled his blood. He squinted against the sandstorm and saw the villain— a tall man in layers of robes, with a broad beetling brow and a flowing black beard. In one hand he held a golden rod with a glowing red orb set at the top, and in the other he held the wizard Nabu by the throat, dangling him several feet off the ground. And at his feet, was the crumbled form of Khufu's father, the villain's booted foot on the pharaoh's twisted neck!

"Savage!" Khufu screamed and charged the immortal tyrant.

Never ceasing to laugh, Vandal Savage ground his heel into the pharaoh's neck, breaking it with an audible snap, and hurled the body of Nabu straight at the horrified Khufu. The wizard collided with the prince, and the two were sent rolling away even as Vandal Savage raised the Orb of Ra and bellowed into the darkening sky: "Pharaoh is dead! Egypt will be mine again!"

Khufu disentangled himself from the prone form of Nabu, even as waves of might pulsated from the Orb of Ra and the immortal tyrant who had just murdered his father. The brutish-looking conqueror turned the force of his gaze full upon Khufu, the Orb of Ra blazing so that the prince had to shield his eyes.

"Even now, my minion Akh-Ton, the Metamorph is killing your champion, your Teth Adam, and my army surrounds Thebes— nothing stands between me and the throne of Egypt! I have waited a thousand years for this day to come, and I will reign forever!"

Fury welled within the breast of the prince, but a cry of rage and defiance died on his lips. His senses, amplified by the Nth Metal, drew his attention to a point high above, on the honey-colored walls of the city.

"*Kha-Taar!*"

Chay-Ara stood there, hand to breast, amongst the other folk of the city watching the battle below. She had cried out in fear for her beloved, but

had also drawn the attention of Vandal Savage. The black magus grinned at Khufu then aimed the Orb of Ra at the wall and sent a bolt of concussive fire smashing into the sandstone!

To Khufu, it seemed time slowed to a crawl. He watched as a portion of the wall exploded outward in a spray of rock and dust, the whole section shaking. Chay-Ara swayed and toppled forward, screaming— she would hit the earth almost at her beloved's feet, a broken and lifeless body. She seemed to hang in midair for a moment, her eyes meeting his... and then she began to plummet.

The insane cackling of Vandal Savage ringing in his ears, Khufu reached out with everything that he was towards his beloved. On his breast, the Nth Metal amulet in the image of a hawk glittered even amidst the sand-storm.

Khufu hardly realized it when his feet left the ground. His sword fell from his hand as he reached out for Chay-Ara, rising to meet her even as she hurtled into his embrace. Slipping the bonds of the earth, he shot straight up into the air, catching her in his arms and continuing to rise, up and up, into the sky, past the height of the walls of Thebes, over the conflagration of the battle and the swirling storm of sand and magics, and into the bright, clear radiance of Ra's sun, joined in a desperate, tear-stained kiss that neither of them was willing to end.

Chapter 5

The Fall of Black Adam

*15th Dynasty Egypt, in the reign of Prince Khufu
The Temple City of Karnak, on the Nile...*

Thebes was lost.

The gates of the Royal City could not withstand the force of Savage's horde; deathless warriors poured into the city of pharaohs, bringing chaos and bloody death. Fires raged and the streets were clogged with corpses. Over it all, the immortal tyrant brandishing the Orb of Ra, cackled in delight at the mayhem.

But Prince Khufu stole from him a complete victory. The son of pharaoh, seeing his army all but utterly defeated, rallied the tattered remnants and led them to the banks of the Nile where barges awaited to aid their retreat. And he appeared like a true son of Horus to his demoralized soldiers, hovering miraculously above the ground, leading them to safety and hope. Nor was he alone in his labors. His beloved Chay-Ara, bearer of an Nth Metal hawk amulet that was twin to Khufu's own, had discovered within herself the secret to flight as well, and she led as many of the people of Thebes as she could find to the safety of the river barges.

Together, the two flying lovers became figures of hope for their people and denied the immortal tyrant the victory he so desperately coveted.

On the banks of the Nile, as the disc of the sun was sinking into the west, Vandal Savage, king of a destroyed city, raged impotently as the flotilla of river boats slipped out of his grasp...

As the fires of Thebes faded into the distance, Khufu and Chay-Ara

stood arm-in-arm at the prow of the last barge, The Tears of Isis, and watched as another flying figure landed on the deck. Teth Adam was beaten nearly unto death. He was bruised and bloody from wounds too numerous to count, but in his arms he carried the stirring form of Nabu. Unshed tears glittered in the eyes of Egypt's champion, and something like madness as well, as he stood the groggy wizard on his feet.

"The monster... too strong... I could not..." Adam choked on his words, the tears finally falling. "I have failed you, my Prince. I have failed Egypt. I have failed Khandaq... Shiruta!" Teth Adam hung his head, his shoulders wracked with sobs.

Appalled, Khufu reached out for his champion, grasping his arm firmly.

"No!" He insisted. "We have suffered a great defeat today, but that is not on your shoulders, my champion. You have striven with the might of gods! And with your strength and wisdom, we shall ultimately prevail."

But if Teth Adam heard, the words were no consolation. He fell to his knees and covered his head, hearing only the death cries of his wife and sons...

"It is as I have foretold." Intoned the High Priest, his voice booming in the cavernous hall of the Temple of the Sun. Prince Khufu clenched his mouth shut tightly, his knuckles on the teak-wood table around which the assemblage was ranged. Hath-Set stood across from him at the opposite end of the table, looking almost pleased. "Your transgressions have brought the anger of the gods down upon us. I warned you, Khufu! And now all of Egypt, and Khandaq, too," The High Priest cast a quick glance at the stone-faced Teth Adam and was rewarded with a barely perceptible flinch from the champion, "suffers for your pride."

Thebes was only three days lost, and what was left of the might of the kingdom gathered at the Temple City of Karnak, where the odious High Priest held sway. It galled Khufu to no end that he must submit to the dubious hospitality of Hath-Set. But he was not yet pharaoh, and could not afford the loss of the priesthood that would occur if he did as he wished and struck down the High Priest on the spot.

"I will never give up Chay-Ara." Khufu ground out. "And that is an end to it, High Priest. Now go and see to the defense of the walls, as we agreed. Savage's horde is but a day's march away now."

Hath-Set bristled at the dismissal, and his hand fell meaningfully to the hilt of a new ornamental dagger he wore. Khufu's eyes narrowed—the dagger had stood out to him as soon as he had seen it at the waist of the High Priest, calling out to his heightened senses. Could it be possible that it too was Thanagarian Nth Metal...? Had Hath-Set discovered their secret at the Temple of Horus in Erdu...? Khufu and the High Priest exchanged measuring glances, and the prince felt more than ever that there would be a reckoning between himself and Hath-Set. But it would not be today.

With a last lingering and scornful glance, the High Priest swept away, calling over his shoulder: "Do not forget who is Lord in Karnak, my prince."

Khufu glared after the retreating Hath-Set.

That night, as they lay in each other's arms behind veils of softly undulating muslin, Khufu told Chay-Ara of the meeting.

"What if he is right, Kha-Taar? What if our love has angered the gods?" She asked, her brow furrowed, her head on his chest.

"Nonsense." Scoffed Khufu, playing sleepily with a strand of her hair. "Nothing evil can come of our love. Besides, our destiny is written in the stars of the night sky. I know that more surely than I know Ra's sun will rise at dawn."

Chay-Ara took some comfort in that, for she shared his certainty. Gods or no gods, they were meant to be as they were.

"I saw Hath-Set today, as I emerged from the baths at the House of Isis." Chay-Ara shivered at the memory, even as Khufu stiffened. "He said nothing, but just watched me, until at last I ascended on the wind and

flew away." She put her hand to the amulet on her breast, inwardly giving thanks to Horus for the wondrous powers they'd been given... "The way he looks at me... As if he is peeling away my skin... I was tempted to return to the baths."

"He lusts after you." Gritted Khufu through his teeth. "If he ever so much as touches you, it will mean the death of him."

At that moment, their idyll was interrupted by a clanging on their chamber door.

Khufu bolted upright and Chay-Ara pulled the cotton sheet up to cover herself as the tall door creaked open, emitted the light of the torches from the hall outside.

"Who dares—?" Khufu started angrily, but fell silent when he saw who it was. The normally jovial Nabu looked exceedingly grim.

"My prince," The wizard chewed the white hairs of his moustache. "Come quickly. It is Teth Adam. He has gone mad."

Luxor was on the other side of the Nile from Karnak. It was the site of an ambitious funerary building project begun by Khufu's father, including colossal monuments to the varied gods of Egypt. From the palace at Karnak, it looked like a god was amok in Luxor, toppling obelisks and hundred-foot statues like they were children's toys.

Khufu launched himself into the night sky, gliding over the wine-dark river, accompanied only by Nabu and Chay-Ara, who would not leave his side.

Only priests and architects dwelt in Luxor, but the lanes and avenues were lit by smoking torches and sweet-smelling copper braziers. The centerpiece of the funerary-city was a flagstone courtyard where homage was paid to all the gods of the Egyptian pantheon, and it was there that Teth Adam wreaked his havoc. As Khufu, Chay-Ara and Nabu were landing, the last son of Khandaq was pulverizing a jackal-headed monument to Anubis, a crazed look in his eyes. A cabal of shaven-headed

priests cowered nearby, including Hath-Set, who merely gestured and shrieked impotent curses.

“Teth Adam!” Prince Khufu called in a clear, strident voice, touching down only a few feet from the raging champion. “What is the meaning of this desecration?”

Teth Adam crushed rock in his bare hands and turned his attention to his prince, his face soiled by the tracks of many tears.

“Meaning? Only priests and fools look for meaning, my prince.” He let a stone head of Bast fall from his hands. “I only know what is.”

“And what is that?” Khufu’s voice was calm, but pregnant with barely restrained menace.

Teth Adam glared. “That my wife and sons are dead, and I was not there to save them. That my people were slaughtered, and I was not there to save them. That the land of my birth is laid waste, and I was not there to save it.”

“Yes.” Khufu snapped. “And now the evil of Vandal Savage is upon us here, in Egypt! And if we fall before him, his dominion will know no bounds. He shall be King of all the world, and a dread sovereign will he be! Do not forget, I lost a father in Thebes, as well as a pharaoh. Now is the time for every son and servant of Egypt to stand together and fight, not—.”

“NO!” Teth Adam laced his fingers tightly and pounded the ground, causing the land to tremble and ripple; an enormous crack appeared to sunder the courtyard, and one of the cowering priests screamed. Khufu made sure Chay-Ara was unharmed, then faced the mad champion again. But before he could speak, Teth Adam roared to the skies: “I am no more a servant of Egypt! See what my service has gotten me, Khufu! The gods of this land have cursed me with power, but not enough! It wasn’t enough to save Shiruta and my sons, nor was it enough to kill the monster Akh-Ton that Vandal Savage controls! I can serve no longer, I do not have the strength needed to fight Egypt’s battles anymore, and I will be no man or pharaoh’s lapdog!”

With his priests, Hath-Set hissed and glared.

Nabu stepped forward, his brow dark and his eyes stern. "Teth Adam, you have an awesome responsibility given you by the wizard Shazam, you cannot just lay it down!"

Teth Adam laughed hysterically. "Lay it down? I would cast it off like a beggar's shawl if I could have but one more day as a man with his family! The wizard be damned! Egypt and all her gods be damned!"

Khufu reached for a sword that was not there, his blood afire at the blasphemy and betrayal of one of his closest servants.

"Horus help me, Teth Adam, I'll—."

But the prince was restrained by a cool hand on his arm. He whirled and found Chay-Ara there. Her dear, beloved face was balm and reason to him. She wept for their lost champion, and her eyes beseeched Khufu. Without a word, he knew what was in her heart: mercy, pity and understanding. She held his gaze for a long moment, long enough to cool his blood, to temper his anger.

All seemed to hang on Khufu's response.

The prince turned back to Teth Adam, but his eyes were still hard and cold. Khufu, too, was a man, but he would also have to be pharaoh.

Teth Adam returned his look like a man who had lost everything and was resigned to desolation. "What is it to be, my prince?" He said wearily. "Shall I offer you my neck? Or build my own pyre? It matters not to me. I am already dead,"

Khufu shook his head, but one hand was still in Chay-Ara's. "Neither. I release you, my champion. Begone from here and never return while I live. You have failed Egypt in the hour of her greatest need, and I will not allow you to share her fate. Find your grave in another land. Go!"

Teth Adam flinched. He had clearly not expected this judgment. For a moment he seemed on the verge of challenging the prince, but one look and he saw the sad but unwavering resolve there, the pity on Chay-Ara's face, and the contempt in Nabu's expression, and knew that his doom

had been spoken. With a last shuddering breath, he shot into the sky and disappeared into a field of stars.

Hath-Set was the first to speak, striding out from his place of hiding. "We have lost a mighty ally this night!" He warned direly. "One we could ill afford—."

One look from Khufu was enough to silence the priest. Nabu snorted approvingly. "Never mind that jackal of a priest. That was well done, my prince."

Khufu nodded. He clutched the softly weeping Chay-Ara to him and decreed: "Henceforth, the name of Teth Adam shall be stricken from every annal and monument in Egypt. All the good and service he has done this land shall go unremembered for this one night of infamy. His has blackened his name, and will forevermore be called Khem Adam. Black Adam."

Chapter 6

In the House of Horus

*15th Dynasty Egypt, in the reign of Prince Khufu
The Temple City of Karnak, on the Nile...*

Prince Khufu was restless. Sending Chay-Ara with Nabu back to the palace, he lingered behind in Luxor at the shrine dedicated to Horus. He knelt before the image of the hawk-headed god and prayed for the wisdom and strength to defend his land and defeat his enemy. One of the temple slaves had gone behind him and lit the incense burners, and Khufu inhaled the sweet smell, sending his thoughts to the heavens.

His eyes grew heavy and closed.

When he opened them again, he was no longer in the temple, or in Luxor at all for that matter.

He was in a glittering land of night and torches. Colossal images of the gods were ranged around a dazzling courtyard fed by a bubbling fountain of the purest water. Khufu looked about him with amazement. The towering statues of Ra and Isis stood side by side, and there was Osiris and Set and jackal-headed Anubis and Ibis and Bast. They loomed over him like sentinels— and though they did not move, how life-like they looked!

And here was Horus, not a colossus, but still half-again as tall as Khufu, turning to face the prince.

Khufu would have prostrated himself before the hawk-headed god, but Horus held out a clawed hand to forestall him.

"My champion shall never kneel, not even to me." Spake the towering figure in a voice that reverberated throughout all the universe. "Your prayers and faith have brought you here, son of pharaoh. What would you ask of me?"

Khufu faced the god, stood straight and spoke commandingly but with reverence.

“O mighty Horus, I ask for only the power to save my land and my people from the fearsome enemies at our gates.”

Unblinking, the hawk-headed god replied: *“The Immortal One wields the stolen might of Ra my father Himself. You ask for no small thing.”*

“I do not ask for myself, but for Egypt! I will pay any price, bear any burden!” Khufu raised his chin and thought of Chay-Ara, and took strength from that.

Horus poured the full force of his godly gaze upon Khufu, looking not only into his heart but into his soul.
After a long moment, the god spoke.

“Ah, my champion, a dread and beautiful Ka is laid upon you! You shall be a hero when all my monuments are dust and I have made the long journey to the Far Lands whence there is no return. It is given to me to lend you some aid, only I ask a boon of you in return.”

Khufu was awed. “Anything, Lord Horus.”

The god turned his gaze away and stared far off into the vastness of the star-pocked sky.

“See that they in the mortal lands remember the hawk-god that stands between the light and the evil things...”

An overwhelming sadness caused Khufu’s throat to catch. “Lord Horus, I will honor you all the rest of my days, this I swear!”

Before his eyes, the image of Horus began to expand, growing to the size of the other gods and taking his place among them, but his voice boomed in Khufu’s head.

“The Orb of Ra must be destroyed, and then all the works wrought from it shall wither and die. The gauntlet of star-metal that you have deemed the Claw of

Horus alone has the power to accomplish this. But beware, my champion! The road of a hero is never a straight one, and ever marked with sacrifice...!"

The voice of the god faded as if fleeing to a great distance, and the image of Horus became as still and stone-like as the statues of the other deities.

Khufu awoke refreshed, unaware that he had even fallen asleep, at the shrine to Horus, to the sound of horns. The horns of the approaching enemy. The horns of war. Steeling himself, Khufu rose to face his destiny.

Birds of War!

*15th Dynasty Egypt, in the reign of Prince Khufu
The Temple City of Karnak, on the Nile...*

From the north, a cloud of dust covered the land, boiling angrily towards Karnak. The deathless legion of sand soldiers came on, marching inexorably upon the Temple City, the Immortal Tyrant himself in a chariot at their head, accompanied by the ravening Akh-Ton, in the form of a rearing sphinx.

They were minutes away from the gates of the city.

Khufu stood upon the city wall, with Nabu and Chay-Ara at his side, and his generals scurrying to obey his deployment orders. On his left hand, was the Nth Metal Claw of Horus, and in his right was a spiked mace.

“Our only chance is for me to get to Savage.” He told Nabu, flexing his grip in the Claw. “But he will not be unguarded. The Metamorph—.”

“Leave Akh-Ton to me.” Nabu said with grim satisfaction. “The monster will pay for his depredations.”

“Very well, old friend.” Khufu turned to say farewell to Chay-Ara. He did not approve of her being on the walls at all, nor of the spear she carried, or of the look of determination on her face. But he would not have possibly their last words to each other be in disagreement. Instead, he took her by the shoulders and said, “Beloved, I will fight easier if I know you are safe.”

Chay-Ara fought back tears. “And I, knowing that you do not fight alone.”

Khufu saw instantly that there was nothing he could say to dissuade her. He sighed. "Then honor with me the god who watches over us this day. I had these made for us." He held up two hawk-masks, fitted specifically for each of them. They doffed them together, and with Nabu, who was already wearing his own sleek golden Helm, with naught but eye-slits, stepped off the edge of the wall and into the air to join their armies below.

The armies of Egypt fought a battle they could not hope to win. Arrayed before the gates of Karnak, they awaited the inexorable march of Savage's horde, a swirling storm of dust and death, in the midst of which howled deathless men who arose from every blow they were struck. Yet the decimated ranks of pharaoh's army charged, plunged headlong into the fray, because though they could not win the battle, they still hoped to win the war: all they needed to do was give Khufu the opportunity to face the immortal tyrant and slay him.

And so they spent their lives, pushing back wave after wave of sand demons from the walls of the temple city, opening a path for their prince.

Their sacrifice was not in vain. The Egyptian line held. Nor were they alone in their heroism. When the Metamorph rampaged into their ranks, a giant multi-colored crocodile, jaws snapping and tail whipping, Nabu descended upon him in a fury.

"Enough, Akh-Ton! Your rampage is at an end!" The wizard stood his ground directly in the path of the beast, blazing ankhs of power scintillating around him.

The Metamorph's shape blurred and shifted, becoming a man of many hues, all of them angry.

"I've been waiting for this a long time, Nabu... I have surpassed your magicks. You cannot stand against me."

From behind the golden helm, Nabu's voice came, cold and commanding.

“You are wrong, my former apprentice. You abuse the very elements of nature, and that is a power no man can ever fully control!” Nabu loosed a spell upon Akh-Ton and the Metamorph was enveloped in a shimmering cloud. He roared, and shifted into the form of a snake, slithering beneath the sand. Nabu cried out in surprise as a giant cobra sprang up at him, twisting around his body! The wizard struggled to prise the coils of the serpent from crushing the air from his chest.

And while the army kept the horde at bay, and Nabu was locked in a death struggle with his former apprentice, Khufu and Chay-Ara hovered above the fray. Khufu called commands to his troops, directing the battle, and Chay-Ara sought out their foe. And they were a beacon of hope to their struggling people, always there, where the fighting was worse, swooping in and striking a decisive blow, then floating away on the wind like incarnations of Horus himself.

It was Chay-Ara who finally spotted their enemy. “There!” She pointed with her spear, her eyes glittering behind her hawk-mask: Vandal Savage stood with his robes billowing out behind him, the Orb of Ra raised triumphantly, lightning from the heavens dancing on the red stone, an ecstasy of madness in his eyes.

With only a last quick look back at his beloved, Khufu hurled himself at the Immortal Tyrant.

Savage saw him coming, and waved the Orb before him in an arc. Khufu rebounded in his headlong flight, tumbling head over heels into the ground. Vandal’s mocking laughter rang out.

“What do we have here, a hawk-man?” He taunted as Khufu leapt to his feet and charged again, swinging with his mace. Savage pointed the Orb and a burst like the rays of the sun slammed into Khufu, sending him sprawling, his chest hair singed and smoking.

Savage strode across the distance to Khufu, all might and menace. “You have no chance against me, champion of Horus! I was king here before the pharaohs! I caused the first pyramid to be built, and I shall reign when they crumble into dust.” Dazed, Khufu rolled aside just as

Savage's foot came down where the prince's neck had been. He sprang to his feet, lashing out with a guttural scream and swinging his mace two-handed. Savage blocked it with the haft of the Orb and the mace shattered explosively, causing Khufu to stagger backward, stunned, his hawk-mask falling away.

Savage snarled, whirling to face his now unarmed opponent. "This is the end for you, Khufu. I slew your father, I've defeated your armies, and I am only moments from taking your kingdom from you!" He backed the prince against a fallen chariot, raising the Orb. "Die now, Khufu! I wield the very power of Ra! No power on earth can withstand it!" He loomed over Khufu and brought the orb crashing down hard—the prince flung out his left hand and halted the downward arc with jarring suddenness; clutched in the gleaming Nth Metal Claw of Horus, the Orb of Ra pulsed hotly, impotently.

Khufu spat at Vandal Savage: "Tyrant, the power I wield is not of this earth!" And he squeezed.

Vandal's eye's bulged in horror, but before he knew what was going on, the red gem of the Orb was crushed in Khufu's grip, pulverized into a fine crimson dust. A blast of radiant force sent both combatants hurtling backward.

And across the battlefield, tens of thousands of sand homunculi simply lost shape and disintegrated, spilling their form upon the ground. A hoarse, ragged cheer went up from the walls of Karnak, from the people watching the battle, and the warriors of Egypt raised their weapons and added their own ragged voices.

Nabu threw a pitifully squirming naked man off of himself, and with a casual, disdainful word, bound and gagged the wailing Akh-Ton in constructs of light.

Vandal Savage sat dumbly on the ground, attempting to piece back together the fragments of the shattered Orb, but it wasn't long before he realized the futility of his actions. Khufu, already battered and stunned, did not see the enraged tyrant scramble to his feet and rush him, meaning to strangle the prince with his own, thick hands.

Khufu could only watch in amazement as Savage flew at him—and then abruptly fall, wide-eyed and disbelieving, nailed to the bloody ground

by the thrown spear in his back.

Chay-Ara swept down out of the sky, and into her lover's welcoming embrace.

A Night of Daggers and Destiny!

*15th Dynasty Egypt, in the reign of Prince Khufu
The Temple City of Karnak, on the Nile...*

The immortal tyrant was dead, Egypt was safe— and the people had two new heroes. Prince Khufu and his betrothed Chay-Ara were hailed wherever they went as the saviors of the kingdom. They came, floating above the ground and hand in hand, wearing the masks of Horus to honor their patron, and people rejoiced at their coming.

All but one.

With jealous eyes, the High Priest Hath-Set watched them parade through the avenues of Karnak and burned for justice! In their hubris, by defying the will of the gods, they had been the ones to bring this disaster upon Egypt in the first place, and now they enjoyed the acclaim of the people— in the city that was the center of the priesthood's own power, no less! That insult was the last straw. Hath-Set gripped the handle of his Nth Metal dagger and vowed vengeance.

Nabu stood alone on the parapets of the palace, watching the vast dome of the night sky. Below him, the city slept, but something was not right. There was a malignant will on the air, poisoning their recent victory.

The wizard frowned, unable to dispel the uneasy feeling that had brought him from his concubine's bedchamber. He closed his eyes and stretched out his senses, scanning the very aether. Where was the menace? His ex-apprentice, the monster that had been Akh-Ton was dead, and still swinging lifelessly from a gibbet outside the city walls, and the jackal-torn body of Vandal Savage, though inexplicably missing now

from the battlefield could not possibly pose a threat. Even the outlaw Black Adam was far from Egypt, resigned to a torturous existence and a bitter exile...

The wizard frowned and stroked his white beard, glancing up at the stars. Something was not right... He felt the heavy hand of fate looming over them all, a dread and inescapable destiny which was now impossible to evade...

For hours, he searched the heavens for answers, but none were forthcoming. In the end, he acquiesced to what was unavoidable and went back to bed.

The Temple of Horus at Erdu, months later...

It was her bridal night.

In the morning, when Ra's sun painted the sky, in a ceremony officiated by the chief priest of Horus, Chay-Ara would marry Pharaoh Khufu in the rebuilt royal city of Thebes and become Queen of Egypt.

And she would spend the rest of her days with her beloved Kha-Taar...

So it was with a feeling of serene and profound contentment that she went that night to the quiet temple of Horus at Erdu to pray and give thanks to the hawk-faced god.

She knelt alone in the solitude of that sacred place, basking in the unseen glow of the Thanagarian sky-chariot buried beneath the floor, allowing the soothing otherworldly waves to wash over her.

But Chay-Ara wasn't alone. In the shadows lurked Hath-Set, seething for vengeance... In his hands glittered a blade that scintillated in the torchlight!

Pharaoh Khufu arose on the night winds, hovering over the pyramids, and scanned the shifting desert sands... something was wrong; he could

sense it. Something had awoken him from a deep slumber, an overwhelming impression of impending doom.

His heightened gaze found the lonely temple at Erdu in the distance.

Chay-Ara...!

The High Priest crept up silently behind the unsuspecting Chay-Ara, dagger raised in both hands.

"... forever to honor your name, Divine Horus." She completed her prayers and opened her eyes. The whisper of robes from behind her alerted her instantly that she was not alone anymore. She spun, wide-eyed and gasped at the leering figure of Hath-Set!

She took an involuntary step away from him, backing into the statue of Horus she'd been praying to, and flinched as the Nth Metal dagger slashed down. The razor-sharp blade tore into her robes, but did not bite skin. She held the tattered fabric to her breast and lashed out furiously with her other hand, her nails leaving parallel trails across the cheek of the High Priest.

Hath-Set staggered away, wiping the blood from his face. He hissed at Chay-Ara, holding the Nth Metal knife outstretched in one hand. A sheen of sweat on his forehead stood out in the torchlight and his eyes were filled with murder.

"You'll pay for that, whore!" He breathed. "Just like you'll pay for your blasphemy. You and your precious pharaoh have brought blood and ruin to Egypt, and yet they call you heroes." He spat in disgust. "You are a plague on this land, and I will cleanse it with your blood!"

For the first time, Chay-Ara realized that there were more figures in the shadows, dark-robed priests with hoods drawn over their heads and knives in their hands as well; she recognized them as the legendary assassins of the priesthood, the Sons of Anubis!

They had set a perfect ambush and she had walked right into it! They

closed in on her silently, even as Hath-Set leered at her.

Tears sprang to Chay-Ara's eyes, but she steeled her heart.

My Kha-Taar, I am so sorry! But they will not have me cheaply!

Hath-Set lunged again for her, his dagger flashing.

Just then the doors of the temple were struck from outside with tremendous force and burst open! Khufu exploded into the room with a roar, scattering black-robed Sons of Anubis!

Chay-Ara saw him and her spirit soared. She tried to rush to him, their eyes meeting across the distance of the temple.

But Hath-Set was between them, and his Nth Metal dagger flashed viciously at her, spraying drops of blood like a glittering necklace!

Khufu screamed her name as she fell into his arms, the blood pouring from the gash at her throat. She clutched at him and he was born down by her dead weight, his knees suddenly too weak to support him.

"I knew you would come," She gasped weakly, through severed vocal cords, her eyes focused adoringly on his. "My beloved, my Kha-Taar..." In one horrible moment, those eyes which were so dear to Khufu, dimmed and the light within them was snuffed out.

Stricken unto his soul, the pharaoh could only clutch the lifeless body of his beloved to him, gasping out his horror and sorrow.

That was when Hath-Set struck! With a cry of triumph, he drove the Nth Metal dagger deep into Khufu's back, squarely between the shoulder blades!

The pharaoh jerked upright in agony. He whirled around, a backhanded blow sending the High Priest sprawling. He roared out all his sadness and horror and agony, rising from the floor with the knife still in his back, the fearsome Sons of Anubis faltering at the naked passion on his face.

Even Hath-Set blanched at what he saw on Khufu's face, but it was too

late for the High Priest. Khufu, his strength waning with each faltering beat of his mighty heart, fell upon Hath-Set, seizing him by the throat.

“Traicher! Dog! You killed her!” Khufu gnashed his bloody teeth, tightening his double-handed grip on the High Priest’s throat.

“No!” Hath-Set’s eyes were wide in panic, but also triumph. “I’ve killed you both!”

His vision blurred by tears and the swiftly fading light of his life, Khufu summoned all his remaining strength and snapped the neck of his killer.

He let the body of the High Priest fall to the floor, before the stunned eyes of the assassins, and fell himself. With all that was left to him, he crawled, one agonizing inch at a time, back to the body of his beloved. Gathering her one last time into his arms, pressed against the fleeing heat of her body, their blood mingling, he closed his eyes and with his last breath whispered her name...

In the morning, on the day that was to be their wedding day, Nabu found them just like that, cold and dead on the floor of the temple, their enemy laying nearby.

He ordered the temple cleansed and the lovers entombed within. And after that was accomplished, he worked a spell over the site to hide it forever from grave-robbers, to be found again only when the time was right.

But the wizard did not weep. He knew there was a strange and wondrous destiny at work here, and that death was only a temporary stop on the Ka’s long journey to the afterlife. As the disk of Ra rose gloriously over the Nile, bringing dawn to Egypt, Nabu prayed devoutly to Horus that his champions would be allowed to rest together, unperturbed for all eternity...

But deep down, he knew he had not seen the last of Khufu and Chay-Ara.

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Meet the Amazing Amazon as she hosts a summit of world leaders at Themyscira House--- but danger stalks the hallowed halls as a familiar foe lurks, thirsty for the blood of her enemy Wonder Woman! Meanwhile, on Paradise Island, former USAAF Colonel Steve Trevor becomes embroiled in the deadly affairs of gods and men--- and learns that sometimes they are one and the same!

Detective Comics #0 (2005)

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A wicked new serial killer with a bloody history stalks the night-time streets of Gotham, and no one is safe! Reeling from personal crises, the Dark Knight must confront hidden dangers from his own past and new enemies laying in wait for him... From Crime Alley to Arkham Asylum, Batman is tested by a diabolical mastermind!

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Detective Comics: Lustmord: Shadows and Fog.

The mystery of the Gotham Ripper deepens as his murderous rampage continues. Batman haunts the streets and shadows, determined to bring the lunatic to justice, but in Arkham Asylum, plots are laid for the Dark Knight's demise!

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Detective Comics: Lustmord: An Uncommon Fondness for Blood.

With Vicki Vale in the clutches of the Gotham Ripper, Batman must contend with a foe who has studied him for years--- and discovered his secret identity! This is the gruesome conclusion to the Lustmord storyline!

The Immortal Legend of Hawkman #2 (2005)

The Immortal Legend of Hawkman: Wings of Destiny, Part 2.

The two part origin arc of the Golden Age Hawkman concludes as Carter Hall takes up the mantle of the immortal hero and races against time to save Shiera Saunders from the clutches of the villainous Dr. Anton Hador! But first he must survive the attack of the undead Sons of Anubis, and defeat the man who is destined to slay him!

The Immortal Legend of Hawkman #1 (2005)

The Immortal Legend of Hawkman: Wings of Destiny, Part 1.

"Wings of Destiny, Pt. 1" First in a two part origin arc! It is 1938, and the world hovers on the brink of war... Troubled by dreams of past lives, museum curator and archaeologist Carter Hall receives a mysterious package from a lost colleague that sends him across the globe to Egypt, where he will be reunited with an immortal love and encounter an enemy that stalks him through the ages! A hero discovers his destiny as the Golden Age Hawkman is born!

Wonder Woman #1 (2005)

Wonder Woman: The Swords of the Amazons!

As Wonder Woman hunts the Cheetah, Doom's Doorway opens and Themyscira is besieged by the horrors of the underworld! Diana must contend with a deadly and secret mastermind determined to destroy her and all she holds dear!

Teen Titans #0 (2005)

Teen Titans: Friends and Heroes.

Reeling from recent harrowing events in Gotham, Dick Grayson struggles with the decision to hang up his cape and mask forever as he goes off to college in New York City. Joined by Roy Harper and Wally West, the trio have a fateful meeting with the girls who will forever change their lives! Guest starring Wonder Woman!

Wonder Woman #2 (2005)

Wonder Woman: The Rage of Angels.

As the Minotaur leads the Sons of Uranus against the walls of Themyscira and Wonder Woman does battle with Typhon, the Father of Monsters, a more devastating threat comes to Olympus... Nothing will be the same after this issue!

Teen Titans #1 (2005)

Teen Titans: Serpent's Tooth, Part 1 (of 2).

As the team comes together, Wally West is seduced by a mysterious girl with a dangerous secret. The Titans must infiltrate the church of a fanatical ancient cult to rescue one of their own, but a fierce enemy awaits them: Enter Brother Blood!

Teen Titans #2 (2005)

Teen Titans: Serpent's Tooth, Part 2 (of 2).

The Titans have fallen to Mother Mayhem and a dark messiah is on the brink of awakening! Only Dick Grayson and his new ally, the mysterious and dangerous girl known as Raven, stand in the way of the resurrection of the dreaded... Brother Blood!

New Outsiders #0 (2005)

New Outsiders: What Happens in Vegas...

PLEASE NOTE: THIS IS A MATURE READERS TITLE.

A gritty and realistic look at vice, corruption and superheroing in Sin City! Meet the New Outsiders---Green Arrow, Black Canary, Huntress, Batgirl, Zatanna, and a driven District Attorney named Adrian Chase, the Vigilante!--- an unorthodox team of heroes banded together to stand against a sinister conspiracy and depraved foes!

New Outsiders #1 (2005)

New Outsiders: House Rules: Luck be a Lady.

PLEASE NOTE: THIS IS A MATURE READERS TITLE.

Things heat up in Vegas as the Vigilante and Huntress face off against each other, and Green Arrow and Black Canary enlist the aid of young college prodigy Barbara Gordon to break into L'Inferno and rescue an old friend from the clutches of the criminal organization, the House, and its cruel mistress, Roulette--- and only Zatanna stands in their way!

New Outsiders #2 (2005)

New Outsiders: House Rules: The Most Dangerous Game.

PLEASE NOTE: THIS IS A MATURE READERS TITLE.

With Black Lightning's life at stake and Green Arrow and Black Canary in the clutches of the House, Batgirl looks for some unlikely allies as she plays a dangerous game with Roulette in the conclusion of the New Outsiders origin arc!

JSA: Legends of the Golden Age #0 (2005)

Justice Society of America: Legends of the Golden Age: The Society, Prelude.

In the dark days before WWII, A Secret Society of Super Villains unleash a masterplan to seize the world in its iron grip of tyranny! But, in the gathering shadows of war, there is a glimmer of hope! The emerging mystery men of America--- Hawkman! the Flash! Hourman! the Atom! Starman! Dr. Fate! the Sandman! and the Amazing Amazon, Wonder Woman!--- rise up in a Justice Society to oppose the evil oppressors! But can even they withstand--- the Spear of Destiny!?!

All-Star Comics #1 (2006)

All-Star Comics: Captain Marvel, Part 1 (of 2).

At last! The history of the World's Mightiest Mortal in the DC2 is finally revealed! The ancient wizard Shazam recalls the career of his champion, even as foes from the past regroup to threaten the world once more. But will there be a Captain Marvel to stand against them?

Action Comics #7 (2006)

Action Comics: Hostile Takeover.

What is Genesis Corporation? Clark and Lois want to know--- and so does Lex Luthor! The Countdown to the Crisis heats up as some major players are revealed and a three-way brawl erupts in the skies over Metropolis!

Action Comics #8 (2006)

Action Comics: For All Mankind...

Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, Part 9!

Darkseid has assembled nearly all of the components to complete the Anti-Life Equation. Now, Wonder Woman leads a daring mission to the very gates of Darkseid's palace to rescue the Man of Steel and bring hope to the war-torn planet Earth! Don't dare miss this pivotal chapter, as one man shows just what it means to be a hero! You won't believe the shocking ending!

Action Comics #9 (2006)

Action Comics: Return to Smallville, Part 1 (of 4).

In the wake of the crisis, the greatest tragedy of his life brings Clark Kent home to Smallville. But can you go home again? A new era in the life of the Man of Steel begins here! New dangers await, an old romance is rekindled--- and you won't believe the shocking ending!

Action Comics #11 (2006)

Action Comics: Return to Smallville, Part 3 (of 4).

The mystery villain stands revealed and the truth about Connor finally comes out! Superman stands alone against friend and foe alike and the surprises keeps coming in this penultimate chapter of the new adventures of the Man of Steel!

Action Comics #10 (2006)

Action Comics: Return to Smallville, Part 2 (of 4).

Reeling from Lana Lang's recent revelation, Clark is forced to re-evaluate his future--- unaware that a secret enemy is lurking and waiting to destroy him! Meanwhile, Lois Lane shows up in Smallville on the trail of the biggest story of her career: the secret identity of Superman!

All-Star Comics #2 (2006)

All-Star Comics: Captain Marvel, Part 2 (of 2).

Billy Batson has no time to adjust to his new role as Captain Marvel as the Monster Society of Evil unleashes their attack upon Fawcett City! And not even the wizard Shazam is safe when the villains storm the Rock of Eternity and a new, deadly fiend is born!

Wonder Woman #8 (2006)

Wonder Woman: Hell Hath No Fury...

All-Star Comics #5 (2006)

All-Star Comics: Martian Manhunter.

Snatched across time and space by the machine of Dr. Erdel, J'onn J'onzz is the Last Son of Mars, a dead planet wasted by a telepathic plague created by his own brother. On Earth, he is the Martian Manhunter, a crusader for justice in the years after the JSA retired and before the advent of Superman. Now, hoping to at last find his place on his adopted homeworld, he is John Jones, Private Investigator--- but his quiet retirement is at an end when a beautiful dame walks into his office with legs to kill for and a fiery disposition...

Rogues Gallery #1 (2006)

Rogues Gallery: Catwoman: Hot Tin Roof.

A wave of cat burglaries sweeps through Gotham's elite society! But as the Crown Jewels of Bahdnesia come to the city, can the beautiful socialite Selina Kyle resist the lure? Sparks fly when Batman comes face to face for the first time with the deadly feline fatale, Catwoman!

DC2 Special #1: An Arkham Christmas Carol (2006)

DC2 Special: An Arkham Christmas Carol.

Wonder Woman #4 (2006)

Wonder Woman: The Eye of the Storm.

The true enemy is at last revealed, and the gods of Olympus discover there is a traitor among them! Meanwhile, the war on Paradise Island comes to a turning point as mysterious new arrivals appear--- but are they friends or foes? And in the end, Diana must set out upon a new quest to save everything she holds dear...

Wonder Woman #5 (2006)

Wonder Woman: The Quest for the Syrinx.

Nemesis is awake, and destined to bring about the end of the cosmos! Only the Syrinx, the Pipes of Pan, can stave off the inevitable fate of the universe, and now Diana, Hippolytus and Steve Trevor set off on a quest to the isle of the witch to find the legendary artifact. But will Circle prove Wonder Woman's most implacable foe yet?

As the traitor to Olympus makes his next move, the gods brace themselves for the final assault of the Furies!

Wonder Woman #3 (2006)

Wonder Woman: Horns of Doom.

Both Olympus and Paradise Island are reeling from the cataclysmic events of last issue, and the true enemy is at last revealed! Be here when Wonder Woman and the Minotaur face off at last under the walls of Themyscira!

Wonder Woman #6 (2006)

Wonder Woman: The Isle of the Witch.

The Quest for the Syrinx continues! As Wonder Woman confronts her old enemy, the witch Circe, the plots and machinations of all the players start to become known: friends are not who they seem and the true plans of the Olympian traitor are revealed as the Game of Gods and Mortals hurtles towards its epic conclusion next issue!

Wonder Woman #7 (2006)

Wonder Woman: Down the Widening Gyre.

Wonder Woman must journey into the Underworld to retrieve the Mask of Hecate for Circe, as time is running out! Even the Gods of

Olympus prepare to meet their end as Nemesis, She Whom None Can Escape finally rises to work her terrible will, and the final moves of the Game of Gods and Mortals are played out! The Olympian traitor is revealed--- and his masterplan at last is clear!--- in this penultimate chapter of the epic storyline that began in Issue 0!

Wonder Woman #9 (2006)

Wonder Woman: Armageddon Aria.

The war is over and Wonder Woman is faced with a host of new problems: what to do about the war-like Lost Amazons, who will rule Paradise Island--- and who wants her to get... married?!? And Godfrey's Glorious Crusades reaches fever pitch as a deadly new foe is unleashed upon Diana--- and leads directly into next month's crisis!

Wonder Woman #10 (2006)

Wonder Woman: Darkseid Is.

Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, Part 13!

At long last, the Anti-Life Equation is within the grasp of the Lord of Apokolips! The world's greatest heroes come together for the first time--- to destroy each other! Don't miss the epic battle as Wonder Woman stands alone against a world turned against her!

JSA: Legends of the Golden Age #1 (2006)

JSA: Legends of the Golden Age: Attack of the Giant Nazi Robots!

It's mayhem at the 1939 Worlds Fair in New York, as Baron Blitzkrieg attacks the greatest gathering of scientific minds in the world, and the Secret Society of Super Villains continue their quest for the Three Holy Artifacts!

This is it! The birth of the JSA!

Teen Titans #10 (2006)

Teen Titans: Forever and Never, Amen!

Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, Part 7!

The city of Metropolis teeters on the edge of an uneasy peace as the truce between Lex Luthor and Darkseid begins to break down. Who are the Forever People and what happens when they turn the city of refugees against the Titans? Bedlam ensues!

Justice League #0 (2006)

Justice League: Justice Falls.

Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative, concludes!

This is it! The final battle between Earth and Apokolips as the World's Greatest Heroes take the fight to Darkseid! Don't dare miss this issue--- one year in the making!--- and the senses-shattering conclusion to this epic storyline!

Justice League #1 (2006)

Justice League: A League of His Own, Part 1.

It's finally here! The World's Greatest Heroes have come together as one! But not everyone is happy about that... It's the grand opening of the Hall of Justice, and all of Metropolis has turned out to honor their saviors. But hatred and jealousy lurk in the heart of one man as he schemes to destroy the newly-formed League! And this time, the League has met its match!

Justice League #2 (2006)

Justice League: A League of His Own, Conclusion.

The most powerful members of the Justice League have fallen to Amazo. Now, only Batman stands against the villainous Professor Ivo and his killer android, with all the powers of the World's Greatest Heroes at his disposal...

World's Finest #1: Batman (2007)

Join us on Earth-X for the re-imagined Batman and his new adventures.

World's Finest #1: Superman (2007)

Join us on Earth-X for the re-imagined Superman and his new adventures.

World's Finest #1: Wonder Woman (2007)

Join us on Earth-X for the re-imagined Wonder Woman and her new adventures.

All-Star Comics Annual #1 (2007)

All-Star Comics Annual: Justice Society of America: The Time of Their Lives.

All-Star Comics #10 (2007)

All-Star Comics: Hawkman: Sins of the Father, Part 1 (of 4)

All-Star Comics #11 (2007)

All-Star Comics: Hawkman: Sins of the Father, Part 2 (of 4)

All-Star Comics #12 (2007)

All-Star Comics: Hawkman: Sins of the Father, Part 3 (of 4).

All-Star Comics #13 (2007)

All-Star Comics: Hawkman: Sins of the Father, Part 4 (of 4).

The Flash #23 (2008)

The Flash: Flash of Infinite Worlds!

When Barry Allen agreed to help his good friend Ray Palmer with an experiment, he never thought he'd find himself in another reality! The Cosmic Treadmill takes the Scarlet Speedster to a parallel Earth, and just may give him a glimpse at his own tragic destiny! Can even the Flash fight the future? Find out in this first ever DC2/DC3 crossover issue as we enter the Multiverse!

Adventure Comics #11 (2010)

Adventure Comics: Stranger New Visitor.

The long-awaited return of the DC2's original Superman book, by its original creative team! Springing from the pages of last month's "Action and Adventure" Annuals, the new era for the Man of Steel continues here, as Lois investigates the sinister Evil Factory, a strange figure in a familiar costume arrives and a threat from beyond the stars strikes in the heart of Metropolis... A huge storyline for the Man of Tomorrow begins here!



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