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Katar Hol was really starting to regret coming to Earth.

Sure, he had been forced to leave his homeworld of Thanagar in exile, and was given a home by *this* world’s greatest heroes, the Justice League. Also, Earth was the homeworld of his father, the long-missing original Hawkman— who his people regarded as the second coming of *their* greatest hero, Kar’Taral...!

But it was looking more and more likely that Carter Hall was dead. And it seemed that the Feitheran’s, a heretical group of Thanagarian exiles, had also made Earth their home, hidden deep in the area known as the Yucatan— and that they had interbred so long with the Man-hawks that they flew on real wings! The only thing Katar hated more than Feitheran fanatics were filthy Man-hawks.

Then there was Kendra Saunders. The infuriating, stubborn and willful granddaughter of Cyril “Speed” Saunders— cousin of Carter Hall’s Earth-mate Shiera, and the one who had put Katar on the road to finding the journal that was a record of the Hawk’s adventures, and possibly the key to discovering how they disappeared. But before Kendra could surrender the journal to Katar, the silly girl had gotten herself captured in a Feitheran raid on her jungle camp! Serves her right for taking part in an expedition trying to find the secret city of Feithera! Some things are better left alone.

The morning sun was just rising over the horizon, and Katar skimmed

the treetops, scanning the dense jungle through the lenses of his Wingman's helm. On his back were strapped two spears, and on his hip was a super-charged Nth Mace that had enough of a kick to knock Superman for a loop. His sensitivity to Nth Metal was allowing him to home in on the emissions from Feithera, but, he realized, his was only tracking a very small amount of the psycho-receptive substance... and that another, stranger radiation was scrambling his senses. Whatever it was, it was powerful, and unlike anything he expected on this backwater mudball-of-a-planet.

But he was sure Feithera was close. His Nth Metal wings caught the rising sun, and he rose on a thermal, gaining altitude for a better view of the majestic valley below. It was a stunning sight, but it was utterly lost on Katar; he found himself thinking again of the girl. She *was* beautiful, he conceded to himself, recalling her soft, short brown hair, her green eyes that flashed with sharp intelligence. And he had to admire her athletic figure, which she had distractingly pressed so close to his, deceitfully kissing him as she used her abnormally-strong human will to hijack his connection with his Nth Metal, and fly them— albeit for a brief time— crazily across the sky.

His blood rose. She was going to be far more trouble than she was worth.

The attack came suddenly. One minute Katar was flying through a wispy, dissipating cloudbank, the next the air was filled with shrill shrieks and a flight of savage looking Man-hawks!

They came on hard and fast, not giving Katar any time to defend himself. They were upon him in a chaos of slashing talons and exploding feathers. All Katar could do was throw up his arms to fend them off, kicking and flailing about madly. These brutes seemed to be bigger than the Thanagarian Man-hawks he'd been used to— and had hunted in the Mountain Aeries with the rest of the Wingmen. But no matter: creatures such as these would never get the better of *him*.

Ignoring the slashing and biting that was taking chunks out of his armor, Katar allowed his wings to flare out to their full length— their razor-sharp edges cutting into his foes— and began to spin, corkscrewing

through the air and flying blind to shake off the flock.

The next moment he was free, the Man-hawks falling away, blood spraying the air. Katar swooped around, his Nth Mace clutched tightly in his hands now, and dove into their confused ranks, snarling. He hit them like a bomb, his first blow scattering them in all directions. The Nth Mace hummed in his hands, sending the thrill of battle reverberating through him.

It didn't take long for his enemies to regroup. They came at him up, down, sideways and straight on— though wary now of the deadly wings and the crackling Nth Mace. Katar fought furiously, weaving in and out among them, constantly changing direction and refusing to give them a target. They tried to swarm him, but he was too fast, too agile; more often than not, they crashed into each other trying to get to him.

But their numbers were great, and for every one he downed, another seemed to swell their ranks. And in addition to being larger than Thanagarian Man-hawks, these were smarter, too, less feral and more cunning. They fought in concert, and not from dumb instinct, but from strategy. Katar knew he could not win this battle in the air.

He let out an inarticulate cry of rage that startled the Man-hawks closest to him, and unleashed a barrage of blows that sent them flying out of the range of his deadly mace. Given that moment to breathe, he seized it and dove for the tree-line. Seeing that he was getting away, the Man-hawks cawed and shrieked their fury and took off after him.

A quick glance behind him showed Katar that the creatures were hot on his tail, and in greater numbers than before. Must be close to Feithera, he reasoned, with grim satisfaction. Now the trick was to live long enough to get there!

He hit the tree-line with a burst of leaves and branches, disappearing into it like a fish cutting into the water. With an expertise gained from a lifetime of exposure and training with the Nth Metal, Katar navigated the obstacle-course-jungle with a series of precise moves, twists and turns. So dense was the undergrowth, he had to pull in his wings, and continually adjust his altitude to avoid tree-trunks and –limbs, sometimes flying so low his chest brushed the ground.

The Man-hawks were neither as lucky, nor as skilled. They crashed into the jungle, and some got caught in the trees, while others smashed into the ground. They were going down left and right, trying to keep up with him, never ceasing their pursuit.

Katar flew a mad, zigzagging course through the jungle, turning on a dime to avoid trees that loomed before him, or the Man-hawk that managed to anticipate his direction. The jungle was filled with their cries, and he could see them in his peripheral vision, hedging in on him. One dropped down in front of him, its talons extended, and Katar rolled to the side at the last minute to avoid those spiky protrusions— straight into a tree!

The impact was absorbed mostly by his Nth Mace, which he had just managed to throw up in time, but it still sent the Thanagarian veering wildly— and into another tree. This concussion caused Katar to see stars as he went, end over end and skipping like a stone over the jungle floor, the spears on his back snapping as he rolled on the ground.

He had to get up. He heard the victorious cries of the Man-hawks, and knew that unless he got up, they would be on him, clawing, slashing and tearing— and not giving up until he was fit only for carrion. But his muscles did not want to work as usual, and his head swam, pounding from his crash.

The first Man-hawk strafed him, its talons scoring his wings, and causing him to fall to the side. His vision cleared in time to see another falling down on him, its wingspan filling his vision. He lashed out with his mace, knocking the creature aside, but it had been a kamikaze run— another Man-hawk slammed into him from his blind side, opening up three long, bloody trails across his stomach.

He grappled with the creature, its beak pressed close to his helm, straining to tear out his throat. He could see and sense others joining the fray, their talons cutting into his legs and arms as they all jockeyed for a piece of him. He flailed about frantically, desperate for just enough leverage to use his Nth Mace, but it was all he could do to keep that snapping beak from his throat.

Seven Devils, he thought in disbelief. *Is this how the last Wingman of Thanagar falls, torn to pieces by these spawn of Thasaro...?*

It was a moment before he realized the Man-hawk he was struggling with had gone limp. Indeed, more and more of the creatures fastened on his wildly flailing limbs were falling away, some of their own volition, some just falling away dead. They all seemed to have sprouted multiple wooden shafts...

Gasping for breath, and weak from his wounds and blood-loss, Katar watched in amazement as another flight of arrows slammed into his foes, and more of them fell away, dead. In seconds, the remainder were taking flight out of the jungle, shrieking in panic.

"Norda, take a few harriers and follow them." A deep, aged voice said. Katar searched for the speaker, and saw a number of figures emerging from the jungle, all armed with longbows and spears. "They must not be allowed to report back to the King."

"Aye, Revered One." Said another voice, a younger one.

It was then Katar realized they were speaking in an antique dialect of Thanagar.

The older speaker came into his field of vision. He was tall, swathed in robes and ornaments of turquoise. He almost could have been a man—but for the hawk's head and wings that sprouted from his back. The feathers that covered his body were brown but shot with gray.

"Welcome to Feithera, Wingman of Thanagar. I am Hierophant Ramphastos."

Feitherans! Katar groaned inwardly as he lost consciousness. *When I find her, I'm going to kill that Saunders woman myself...*

At that moment, *"that Saunders woman"* was having troubles of her own...

She had spent hours hanging from her wrists on the gibbet in the main plaza of Feithera, and her whole body was in agony. The hot, Mexican sun beat down on her, causing the very air before her to undulate as if she were staring at a panorama of mirages. But there could be no mistaking her surroundings. She had finally found Feithera— or, more accurately, gotten close enough for *it* to have found *her!*— and seemed to be surrounded by a crowd of the hidden city’s alien inhabitants, all bearing mute witness to her suffering.

“Water,” She had managed to croak around noon, hoping that one of the silent, staring sentinels would stir, offer her some relief. None had.

One glance up the steps of the majestic building that dominated the plaza was explanation enough: on the throne there sprawled the Usurper-King of Feithera, the monster Lion-Mane. He glared down at her from heavily-lidded eyes, his nostrils flaring. He was a fearsome sight, possessed of a lethal grace and regal manner. His every move inspired terror in his subjects. Behind him, stood two savage-looking creatures, devolved Feitheran’s, it seemed, more birds-of-prey than men. They reminded Kendra of the Man-hawks Katar Hol had told her about back at camp...

Katar Hol. The *new* Hawkman... Thinking of him, made her look again at the tomb across the plaza, the one that Lion-Mane claimed housed the mortal remains of Carter Hall, the Thanagarian’s father. She wondered if Katar was even looking for her— or would his fool’s quest have taken him elsewhere, already. All he had wanted was the journal she had left in her tent the night she was abducted.

Without warning, Lion-Mane stirred. He stalked down the steps of his palace, his eyes never leaving her, his Man-hawk honor-guard following behind him. Kendra watched him through eyes bleary from sun-exposure, her chest heaving in a sudden rush of adrenalin. This was it. She only regretted not having enough moisture in her mouth to spit at him.

But Lion-Mane halted while still several feet from her, and when he spoke it was to certain Feitherans in the crowd, but his eyes remained on Kendra.

“Osoro, Sparrah, cut her down.” Growled the King. “Have her cleaned

up and sent to my harem. If she will not be my willing queen, she shall be my bound concubine.”

With that, and a last display of yellowed teeth at Kendra, he turned, his tail flicking disdainfully, and left the plaza.

When Katar came to, the first thing he realized was someone had stripped him of his wings and armor. The next was that he was not alone.

He sprang up, much to the surprise of the Feitherans keeping watch over him. He had been resting on a bed of rushes, in what appeared to be a mountainside cave, judging from the view of the sky and neighboring mountains visible from the entrance across the way. Three Feitherans were there, one of whom was the graying elder who had called himself Hierophant Ramphastos. Another was quite a bit older, stooped and leaning on a stick, his wings missing many feathers. But the last was a young, formidable looking harrier, adorned with gold and bone ornament, a spear clasped in his taloned hand, and a longbow strapped across his back.

Katar cast about for his Nth Mace, and found it instantly, sitting on a ledge close at hand— along with his wings, his helm and the rest of his armor. The Feitherans made no move to prevent him from snatching up the mace.

It was then he noticed that his wounds were cleaned, and the more serious ones dressed.

“What’s going on here?” He rasped, not relaxing his battle stance, nor lowering his mace.

“Peace, Wingman, you are safe and among friends.” Hierophant Ramphastos raised his open palm non-threateningly, his voice rich and calm. “We have brought you to the Nests of Contemplation, a bolt-hole sacred to Thasaro, and far from the prying eyes of Lion-Mane and his Man-hawk assassins.”

Katar's eye's narrowed. "Who's Lion-Mane, and why would he want to send assassins after me? And I thought you Feitherans had tamed your precious Man-hawks? Lived in peace with them."

"There are no distinctions betwixt Feitherans of old and the Man-hawks *of Thanagar*." Ramphastos told him gravely, emphasizing the last. "The sacred Children of Thasaro that accompanied us from Thanagar are as much our revered ancestors as those original Feitheran pilgrims who led the exodus so long ago. Our bloodlines are so intermingled now that we are but one people, and nothing remains of that ancient segregation. Sadly, these *new* Man-hawks are the product of something far more insidious than Thasaro's grand design. They are the result of the usurper Lion-Mane, and his corruption of the sacred Mithras Meteor!"

Only confusion showed on Katar's face.

Ramphastos sighed. "You have many questions, our brother of Thanagar. Please, put aside your weapon for now and we shall speak of many things."

"I'm not your brother." Katar muttered, but lowered his mace cautiously. He supposed if they had wanted to kill him, they had had plenty of opportunities before now. "Nor do I share your reverence of the filthy God of the Fallen."

Ramphastos inclined his head, wincing at Katar's words, but not appearing especially surprised by them. "Nevertheless, you live now by the grace of Thasaro and his servants, and owe us at least a debt of respect."

Katar bristled, but though he didn't like it, he could not argue the point. "Who are you?" He asked, still eyeing them with suspicion.

"We are all that remains of the Hierophants of Feithera, the ruling council of the Hidden City before the usurper seized control. My name is Ramphastos, as you already know. This is Worla, Oracle of Thasaro." He indicated the ancient, stooped figure with the ragged wings. "And this is Norda, our champion and Master-at-Arms."

Katar eyed the younger, formidable-looking Feitheran and the two shared a nod of mutual understanding.

“I thought all you Feitherans were pacifists, and forbidden by scripture to fight— that all that you are to have is what your god sees fit to deliver to you... ?”

“Many things have changed since the Advent of Kar'Taral, and the Coming of the Lion.” Came the oddly high-pitched voice of the Oracle, Hierophant Worla. The bent-back, wizened figure stepped closer, studying Katar shrewdly.

“Kar'Taral...?” Katar sucked in a breath. “Do you mean *Carter Hall*? Hawkman? *Is he here?*”

At his words, all three of the Feitherans closed their eyes and bowed their heads for a moment, as if in reverence. When they raised them again, Hierophant Worla continued his scrutiny of Katar, and cackled, his head bobbing.

“We have much to talk about...”

Too weak from her ordeal in the plaza, Kendra struggled in vain as the two female Feitherans took her clothes from her and bathed her. Sweet-smelling oils and invigorating unguents were rubbed into her skin, and her muscles were massaged back to life, and by the time she felt able to resist, she saw no reason to; after all, this was far more pleasant than hanging out in the plaza, watching the circling vultures that were waiting for her to die.

Still, she had no intention of waiting around for Lion-Mane, or of becoming part of his harem.

The hawk-headed Feitheran women, who attended her, in the cooling air of the sauna, did not look directly at her as they dressed her, draping her in gauzy veils of nearly transparent fabric.

“Why do you do it?” She asked them, as one pushed a thin gold filet onto her upper-arm, and another laced her sandals. “Why does Feithera put up with such a tyrant?”

One of them, Sparrah, she guessed, gasped, and bent her head to her task with the laces, but Osoro stared back at her appraisingly.

“He is king.” She explained. “He is the judgment of Thasaro upon us for our iniquities. He is our burden to bear.”

Kendra stared at the woman, frowning. As alien as Osoro was in appearance, there seemed something noble about her as well— and sorrowful.

“You serve him willingly?”

Osoro’s eyes never lowered. “Feithera is a city of peace. The worship of Thasaro means submission, not struggle. Lion-Mane takes what he wants. He kills. His Man-hawks kill. We have few weapons, and fewer warriors... What else can we do?”

“Resist him!” Kendra sputtered, shooing away the woman who was still fussing with her sandals. Sparrah scurried to her feet and would have fled had Osoro not detained her by grabbing her arm. Osoro was looking at Kendra with wide eyes now. When she spoke again, it was in whispered, subdued tones.

“There *are* some who resist. They are few, and foolish; none can stand against the Usurper.” She said this last with a hissing vehemence. “He is a *devourer*.”

“Well, *I’m* not just going to lie down for him.” Kendra snarled, stepping down from the tub steps. “He’ll find I’m more than he bargained for—.”

At that moment, a fierce looking Man-hawk with a long and cruel-looking hooked beak and a necklace of fingerbones clattered into the sauna, sneering at the woman before him. He was followed by a troop of spear-wielding Man-hawks.

“Captain Trata!” Sparrah gasped, clutching Osoro tighter.

Trata, the Captain of the King’s Guard sauntered into the room, motioning for his men to flank Kendra.

He looked Kendra up and down as if examining a haunch of meat he was about to carve.

"I'll never know what the Lion sees in you fragile human women." He spat, derisively, as the Man-hawks seized her between them.

"I don't know what he's told you, birdbrain, but your Lion King was once a human himself." Kendra spat back, trying, unsuccessfully to wrench her arms from the Man-hawks' grasp.

Captain Trata backhanded her, cutting her lip. Kendra stared back at him, blood smeared on her chin but uncowed, and furious.

"Lion-Mane is *god* in Feithera." Trata pronounced, looming close to her. "His word is law."

Kendra's lip curled. "His name is Ed Dawson, and he was a greedy, treasure-hunting archaeologist back in the '40s, looking to get rich off of whatever he could plunder." She recalled the adventure clearly from Carter Hall's journal. "He was transformed by the Mithras Meteor, the city's power source, into the monster he is today, but was defeated by Hawkman the first time he tried to take over Feithera, all those years ago. How long did it take him to try again when he found out Hawkman was dead? *How long has Feithera been enslaved?*"

This last earned her a second blow, and this time, Kendra felt her ears ringing and her head spinning.

"Bring her!" She heard Trata snap, and she felt herself being dragged forward.

Katar finished buckling on his wings, and was reaching for his gloves when the Oracle Worla told him: "This course of action is madness. The Usurper is strong, and he is savage. In a contest of arms, he will kill you."

"I don't think so." Katar snorted dubiously. "I've gone toe to toe with Despero of Kalanor, I'm not about to let this Lion-Mane take me down."

“He is cunning, and without mercy. Do not underestimate him.” Warned the ancient Feitheran.

“Carter Hall defeated him.” Katar reminded him. “I will too.”

This time it was the Oracle’s turn to appear dubious. “Back then, the Lion was still new to his strength. He has had decades to soak in the rays of the Mithras Meteor...”

“And where is this accursed rock?” Katar pulled on his helm, fitting it over his head.

“It is in the House of Thasaro, opposite the main plaza from the House of the Lion.”

“The shrine across the street from the palace, got it.” He hefted his Nth Mace, and strapped it to his side. “Any idea where they’re keeping Kendra?”

This time it was the Master at Arms, Norda, who answered. “She has been taken to the Usurper’s harem.”

Katar actually laughed, if a bit nervously, at this. “Then that’s another reason to feel sorry for this Lion-Mane.” He shook his head as he launched himself from the cave and into the air.

Seven Devils, I am really starting to hate this planet...

They tossed her roughly onto the plush bed, then locked the iron-banded double doors on their way out, only their laughter lingering.

Incense burned somewhere in the room, and Kendra nearly gagged on the sickly sweet smell. She had a time of it untangling herself from the silk sheets and cushions of the huge bed, and she was glad to discover she was alone. She stalked the room, first testing the doors (locked from the outside!), then peering into every nook and cranny. There was a balcony, with a spectacular view of the city... a thousand feet below. So it

was no good to her, unless her definition of escape was suicide— which might be preferably to the fate Lion-Mane had in store for her.

Standing on the high stone balcony, in the gathering gloom of dusk and dressed like a Turkish belly dancer, Kendra allowed herself, briefly, to be swept away by the wonder of it all. She was looking down on the graceful spires and minarets of an alien city, populated by winged and feathered people, fierce taloned warriors, and a monstrous man-lion. Far below, was a crypt that promised to be the resting place of Carter Hall, the original Hawkman, and an answer to a mystery almost sixty years old.

“Magnificent.” A deep, rumbling purr sounded at her ear.

She flinched. In her distraction, he had crept up on her! Lion-Mane’s breath was hot on her neck, and his breath fetid. He pinned her between the balcony railing and his body. She stayed absolutely still, her heart pounding in her chest.

His sheer power and vitality threatened to overwhelm her. It was all very well to trade barbs with the Feitheran captain, but here was a *mankiller*. She stuffed down the panic, and realized with a start that he had draped a large amulet around her neck, and was pawing the spot between her shoulder and throat suggestively.

Kendra stared down in amazement at the glittering ornament, one hand coming up, reflexively to touch it. She had to blink, look at it twice. *Was this...? Could this actually be...?*

“Do you like it?” He purred, nuzzling her neck. His deadly-sharp teeth scraped over tender skin and her pulsing jugular. “It is somehow sacred to the Feitherans... A bauble from their homeworld, perhaps?”

“It was made here on Earth,” She muttered, turning the amulet over in both hands, hardly daring to believe what she was looking at.

Annoyed at being corrected, he ceased his more tender ministrations, and whirled her around to face him, capturing her chin in one rough paw.

“No matter. It can be yours if you wear it as my queen.” He snarled. “This is the last time I will ask. The next time, I will take what I want.”

Steeling herself, Kendra pushed him away with both hands. Caught off-guard and stunned by her affront, Lion-Mane staggered a few steps backward.

“I’ll bet you say that to all the girls, gruesome.”

And with that, Kendra threw herself backwards off the balcony.

The Palace shook as the King’s roar echoed through it. Feitheran and Man-hawk alike scurried out of his path as he bounded down the stairs, coursing on all fours, murder in his eyes.

Lion-Mane did not like to be denied.

He burst from the doors of his palace, again bellowing his rage. Feitherans fled the plaza, taking to the skies or bolting themselves into their homes. Lion-Mane stood on the steps of the palace, his terrible roar causing the stoutest heart to quail.

He cast about for the body, prepared to feast upon it one way or another. Still on all fours, he loped the plaza looking for the mangled remains of Kendra Saunders. But there was no sign of it. He glanced up, spotting the balcony she had thrown herself from... Her body should have been right there... There had not been time for any to spirit it away...

Realization dawned. Somehow she had escaped. She lived.

But not for long.

Lion-Mane reared back and let loose with a roar that challenged any who heard it. He beat his chest like a gorilla. Let no one doubt who was king in Feithera—!

Something struck the ground behind him, causing the very steps to shake as if from an earthquake. Lion-Mane whirled around, and was

confronted by an unexpected sight: Hawkman had landed there, and had struck the ground with his Nth Mace.

“Now that I’ve got your attention.” Drawled the Thanagarian, hefting the mace in both hands and taking a step towards the surprised Lion-Mane. “Maybe you’d like to take on someone who can fight back?”

Surprise turned to delight. Lion-Mane’s lips curled away from his teeth. Hawkman raised his mace, and Lion-Mane flicked out his claws as the two rushed to grapple with each other...

Kendra Saunders fell about half the way down. It took her that long before she was able to wrap her mind around the Nth Metal.

Both hands clutching the hawk-shaped amulet Lion-Mane had fastened around her neck, she wrested herself free from gravity’s control, and hovered in mid-air, astonished. She had taken a gamble, but had been proven right. This was, indeed, one of the two Nth Metal amulets of Khufu and Chay-Ara. She had seen it many times before in her grandfather’s photo-albums, and in old photographs of Hawkman and Hawkwoman, but she had never dreamed she’d actually wear one...! From the slimmer shape and design of it, she guessed it to be Chay-Ara’s, the one worn by her cousin Shiera... But how did it come to be in Feithera? By all accounts, the Hawks had disappeared in the Bavarian Alps, investigating the mysterious Project Fenris...

There was only one way to find out. With fierce concentration, she floated gently over the city, towards the crypt of Hawkman, her slow progress making it clear to her why the wings were necessary.

“RAWRRR!!!!”

Lion-Mane lunged, swiping down with his knife-like claws. Katar sidestepped and swung his mace, connecting with his foe’s shoulder. The blow rocked the Usurper, staggering him backward several steps.

“For that,” He growled, his jaws slavering, holding his hurt shoulder. “I’m going to crack your chest open and slurp the life’s blood from your very heart!”

Katar shrugged and raised his mace again. “We all have to die somehow.” He ran at his enemy again, preparing to bring the weapon down, *hard!*

But this time, Lion-Mane was better prepared. He met the assault head-on, and with one hand, caught Katar’s mace! With his free hand, Lion-Mane slashed at Katar, and with a quick succession of brutal blows, shredded the Thanagarian armor across Katar’s torso. Katar struggled to free himself, squirming at the Usurper’s mercy. He was forced to release his mace to escape Lion-Mane’s deadly grasp, spreading his wings and taking to the air for a respite.

“Coward!” Lion-Mane screamed after him, brandishing the Nth Mace as Katar rose into the air out of his reach. “Face me like a man! Or my Man-hawks will tear you into pieces!”

With that, came the screeches of the Man-hawks as they dove out of the sun, circling the skies above Feithera, their talons and beaks glittering and thirsting for blood. Katar glanced from them to Lion-Mane, unable to keep a smile from his face.

This was it. He had them exactly where he wanted them.

Focused on him.

He held out his hand, his mind stretching out to the Nth Metal in his mace. As if a thing alive, it sprang from Lion-Mane’s grasp and shot through the air. It landed with a satisfying smack in Katar’s grip.

At the same time, new cries filled the air as the hidden Feitheran rebels burst from their hiding places all along the perches and aeries of the city, and led by Norda, ambushed the Man-hawks.

Lion-Mane looked stunned at the sudden reversal. His Man-hawks had been taken utterly by surprise, and were falling from the air, pierced by arrows and spears— he could see his Captain Tarta engaged with that

whelp Norda!

With a roar of his own, Hawkman barreled down upon Lion-Mane, poised to smash him with the mace. Desperate and enraged, Lion-Mane took a running leap into the air, and before Katar could swing, he was caught around the middle by the maddened King of Feithera. They two came down hard, Lion-Mane on top, pummeling Hawkman furiously. Katar's helm was knocked from his head, and he was dazed, but he managed to interpose the haft of his mace between him and Lion-Mane, shoving forward with all his might.

But the king's strength was monstrous, and Katar was hurt. In a moment, those snapping jaws were going to rip out his throat.

Just then, a spiked ball on an iron-link chain smashed into Lion-Mane's forehead, sending him crashing backward and off Katar, howling in pain.

Quickly, Katar sat up, looking to see his savior.

He groaned.

She was swinging a medieval weapon called a morning star, and continuing to advance on the wounded but still-deadly Lion-Mane. She was clad in a ridiculous assortment of lacy veils mixed with battle-leathers and chain mail; around her neck was a hawk-shaped amulet, and harnessed upon her back was a set of feathered wings.

Katar knew who it was before he heard the voice coming from the hawk-headed helm.

"If you're done playing with the pretty bird from Thanagar, maybe we can continue our own sport, Lion-Mane." Said Kendra Saunders, icily. "Come dance with *Hawkgirl!*"

TO BE CONTINUED!

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The Adventures of Superman #1 (2005)

The Adventures of Superman: Lost Sons of Krypton, Pt. 1: A War of Brothers!

Zod, the Destroyer of Krypton, has come to Earth, and with his Tigris and Hound, the bastard son of Jor-El, at his side, can even Superman stand against him? Meanwhile, Lois plays a deadly game to get to the bottom of the sinister machinations of Lex Luthor!

The Adventures of Superman #2 (2005)

The Adventures of Superman: Kingdom of Zod.

Superman leads a desperate assault on the Antarctic Kingdom of Zod. But even with the aid of an unexpected ally, can the Man of Steel overthrow the might of the Destroyer and his Doomsday Bomb?

Wonder Woman #0 (2005)

Wonder Woman: A Game of Gods and Men, Prelude.

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)

Detective Comics: Lustmord, Prelude.

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!

Detective Comics #1 (2005)

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!

Detective Comics #2 (2005)

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 #0 (2005)

The Immortal Legend of Hawkman: Under Ancient Stars.

In the days of the pharaohs, in the land of the pyramids, is born a hero for all time! Defying the will of men and gods, Prince Khufu and his beloved Chay-Ara embark upon a destiny filled with triumph and tragedy, sacrifice and murder. With the wizard Nabu and the champion of Shazam who will one day be known as Black Adam at their side, they must use the power of the otherworldly Thanagarian Nth Metal and the gifts of the hawk-god Horus to defeat the villainous immortal tyrant known as Vandal Savage! Born in the fires of war, undying passion and treacherous betrayal, this is a definitive retelling of the ancient origin of the hero who will be known as--- Hawkman!

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 Hastor! 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'onnn 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 it's 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 #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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