



## **All-Star Comics #12**

David Charlton

**Published:** 2007

**Categorie(s):** Fiction, Fan Fiction

**Tag(s):** Comics DC2 Hawkman Hawkgirl "Lion-Mane"

*All-Star Comics*  
(Featuring Hawkman)  
Issue #12: *"Sins of the Father, Part Three"*  
Written by: David Charlton  
Cover by: Craig Cermak  
Edited by: John Elbe

Yesterday, Kendra Saunders had been a graduate student in the St. Roch University archaeology program, interning with Professor George Emmett on an expedition to locate the fabled city of Feithera in the sultry Mexican Yucatan.

Today, she was Hawkgirl, engaged in a fight to the death with the monstrous Lion-Mane, Usurper-King of that lost Thanagarian colony.

And she was kind of having fun.

She advanced on the old enemy of the Golden Age Hawkman, swinging the medieval morning star at her side. Lion-Mane's face was bloody and swollen from where she had hit him with it once already, and he was eyeing her cautiously now, a low threatening growl coming from his throat.

"Kendra...?"

This was from Katar Hol, the Thangarian who claimed to be the son of Carter Hall, and called himself Hawkman now. She had just saved his life, but there was a marked lack of gratitude in his voice. He was climbing to his feet, staring at her incredulously.

Above them, battle raged in the skies of Feithera as the rebels, led by their champion Norda, fought Lion-Mane's mutated Man-hawks under the fierce Captain Trata.

Lion-Mane glared an incandescent hate at Kendra, his mighty chest heaving, one hand still pressed to the wreck of his face.

“If you surrender right now,” The Tyrant of Feithera rasped. “I promise to kill you both quickly. If you do not,” Spittle trailed down his muzzle. “I promise to make such sport with you not even the crows will want what’s left!”

The ferocity in his voice and face caused Kendra to blanch. In that moment she recalled how inexperienced a fighter she was... But Katar stepped forward, holding before him the crackling Nth Mace and spat back at their foe: “You foul the air itself with your breathing. Let’s remedy that!”

To her amazement, he leapt at the Tyrant, coming at him from his blind side. Lion-Mane avoided the swing, and swiped out *himself*, his claws skittering over Katar’s shoulder-guards. But Katar’s first strike had been a feint, and he had taken Lion-Mane’s hit just to get inside his foe’s defenses. He swept up with his mace, delivering a thundering blow into Lion-Mane’s belly, knocking the Usurper up off his feet and sailing backward towards the doors of his palace.

Before she realized what she was doing, Kendra rushed into the fray, joining Katar in his headlong dash up the steps towards the recovering Lion-Mane.

“Stay back!” He snarled at her. “You’ll only get in my way!”

“Was saving your life back there ‘getting in your way’?” She shot back.

Lion-Mane took advantage of their distraction by turning and fleeing into the palace.

“*Seven Devils!*” Katar swore explosively. He had wanted to finish this, but now the usurper fled to turf only he was familiar with. A quick look though the doors showed a wide, cavernous chamber, darkened, but lit by torches and braziers. An enemy gone to ground was twice as dangerous.

Kendra noticed his hesitation. “What is it? Let’s go get him.” She made

as if to step past him, but he pulled her back.

He seemed about to say something, but after a brief inner struggle thought better of it.

“Hawkgirl, huh?” He asked with a surprising quirk of his lips.

She blinked. “Hawkwoman was already taken.”

“Uh huh.” He grunted. “When this is over, I want to hear just exactly how this happened.” He stared pointedly at the amulet on her breast. “But for now, just follow my lead.”

She nodded and followed him into the palace.

The large chamber was undoubtedly Lion-Mane’s throne-room. At one end of the room was a sprawling chair, draped in purple and ermine cushions; scattered on the floor beneath it were half-gnawed bones. On the walls were bas-reliefs from the Gospels of Thasaro, the Fallen God of the Feitherans, and carved in something very much resembling hieratic Egyptian was what appeared to be a history of the colony. Kendra found herself itching to study the carvings, and had to remind herself that a big scary man-lion was lurking around to kill her.

By far the most interesting aspect of the room, however, was the object in the center. Inset in the tiled floor, with a circumference about as large as a boulder, was a many-faceted crimson, glowing rock. There were posts set at even intervals outside the edge of it, and a rope to keep people away from it. Kendra got the impression she did not want that weird alien light to fall on her.

“The Mithras Meteor.” Katar said under his breath, looking around. So far there was no sign of Lion-Mane. “It’s the power source of the city, and also how Lion-Mane is able to transform Feitherans into those Man-hawks.”

“I know.” Kendra nodded. “It’s in Hawkma— I mean *Carter Hall’s* journal.” There seemed no need to further antagonize Katar. After all, if

the Justice League had accepted him into their ranks, he must have earned the name.

But her concession was lost on him as Lion-Mane chose that moment to attack! He exploded from his hiding spot behind a marble plinth holding a statue of Thasaro, lunging for the unprotected back of Hawkman.

The Tyrant of Feithera slammed hard into the Thanagarian Wingman, but Katar extend his wings at the last moment, their razor-sharp edges slashing into Lion-Mane. He whirled, lashing out with his Nth Mace, but Lion-Mane ducked and surged forward, catching Katar in a crushing bear hug.

Kendra screamed. She was clear across the room, and saw that there was no way she could run the distance before those slavering jaws clamped around Katar's unprotected throat. Instinctively she tapped into the Nth Metal she wore, and was flying across the room, over the Mithras Meteor, her wings extended to full length, angling straight for Lion-Mane!

Katar had managed to get his Nth Mace up in time, and jammed it into Lion-Mane's mouth, keeping those deadly jaws at bay, but just barely—the beast was maddened, and hot for blood. When Katar saw Kendra winging his way, his eyes widened in shock.

Hawkgirl gave a gurgling, ferocious cry and with Nth Metal-enhanced strength, she hit Lion-Mane with all she had!

The ball of the morning star struck the monster square between the shoulders, and he roared in pain, jerking spasmodically. Katar struggled madly to break free, but Lion-Mane held on tight, his head thrashing violently, straining with inhuman effort towards Katar's throat.

"Again! Hit him again!" Katar yelled through gritted teeth, Lion-Mane's grizzled muzzle pressed almost to his face.

Kendra hit the brute again. Then again, and again.

With a hideous howl, Lion-Mane finally dropped Katar, and swung out wildly at Kendra. His massive paw struck her in the chest, and she went

tumbling end over end through the air toward the ceiling.

Gasping for breath, and seeing that Kendra was out of immediate danger, Katar scurried out of the reach of the enraged tyrant. The Usurper was hurt, bleeding from many wounds, but there was a murderous intensity on his face. Kendra had hurt him bad, and he was crazed by his need for vengeance. He leaped into the air after her, the razor-sharp claws of his maw taking out a chunk of her left wing.

Kendra instinctively jerked away and swung her morning star at him again, missing, but driving him back.

Katar spared one moment in grudging admiration for the Earth girl—how long had she worn the Nth Metal now? A matter of minutes?— then scrambled across the floor of the throne room, *away* from the fight!

Kendra saw him from the corner of her eye, and realized instantly what he was doing. She just needed to distract Lion-Mane a few more seconds.

“Your reign of terror is over, Lion-Mane!” She taunted him, circling above him and staying just out of reach of his sudden swipes. “You’re going down!”

The tyrant timed his jump just right. Just as Kendra was coming in for a strike, Lion-Mane launched himself into the air with a sudden and unexpected burst of speed and power. He hit her with enough force to send her weapon flying, and the two fell, rolling on the ground, grappling with each other.

But at these close quarters, no human was a match for the fury of Lion-Mane!

He straddled her chest, pinning her arms to her sides, and reared up with both claws, his mouth gaping wide in anticipation...

“Tyrant!” Katar barked from across the room.

By the time Lion-Mane turned at his name, it was already too late for him. Katar had positioned himself by the pit in the center of the throne room, his Nth Mace raised over the Mithras Meteor. As if in slow

motion, the Thanagarian weapon came down upon Lion-Mane's source of power, and in a single blow, shattered it in a concussive, blaze of white light.

*"Nooooo...!"*

The failed king of Feithera's scream was cut off by a flurry of successive blows Katar delivered with relentless efficiency. Lion-Mane toppled off Kendra, curling into a fetal position, his form seeming to twist and shimmer. Katar did not stop until the Meteor was little more than a pile of only dimly glowing red rocks and powder. On the floor, sobbing piteously before them, was a scrawny, naked man, eyes wide in fear...

Outside the palace, Norda and the forces of the exiled rebel Hierophants had won their battle with the Man-hawks. With the destruction of the Mithras Meteor, they had all fallen from the sky, screaming. Only the Feitheran collaborationist traitor Captain Trata had continued fighting, and he was slain in single combat with Norda over the city.

For the first time in years, Feithera was free. Folks emerged from their nests and aeries, singing joyfully at their deliverance and embracing in the streets.

Banged up from their battle with Lion-Mane, but relatively unhurt, Katar and Kendra were met with cheers from the crowds. Hierophant Ramphastos bowed low before them, and the woman Osoro draped them with wreaths of flowers. The Oracle of Thasaro, Worla, chucked and clucked at them, muttering some kind of ancient blessing upon them— which even Katar had the good sense not to grumble against.

Amidst the celebration, however, Kendra turned to Katar and hissed urgently: "I have to show you something!"

The Tomb of Kar'Taral.

Kendra led Katar up the steps to the now-opened crypt. With her Nth

Metal-enhanced strength, she had been able to break into the sealed sepulcher after her flight from Lion-Mane's harem. She knew Katar needed to see what she had found inside.

It was a single chamber, lit by a single brazier Katar recognized as a Thanagarian Eternal Flame. The floor was dominated by two stone sarcophagi, both engraved with elaborate pictograms and hieroglyphs. Upon the lids of each were carved in effigy the figures of the supposed occupants: the larger one was the likeness of a man with features much like Katar's, and upon the smaller one, a woman who shared a remarkable familial resemblance to Kendra...

"Carter and Shiera Hall..." Kendra whispered to him, in reverence of where they stood. "This is their final resting place."

Katar said nothing. He continued studying the room. On the wall behind the sarcophagi hung artifacts of the heroes' lives. Shiera's amulet, harness and wings were missing, as they were now on Kendra, but those belonging to Katar's father still hung in a place of honor, untouched, even by Lion-Mane's plundering hand. And on a plain stone plinth behind the larger sarcophagus was a glittering mailed gauntlet of gold.

"The Claw of Horus," Kendra told him, as he admired it, open-mouthed and amazed.

Katar took it up, recognizing it immediately as a most puissant Nth Metal artifact. But he did not put it on. No. This belonged only to his father.

Unbidden, a tear formed in Kendra's eye. A mystery that had long puzzled her family was now, at least partially, solved. Here was the final resting place of the Hawks...

"Your quest ends here, Katar." She spoke softly, as if in church. She did not want to disturb the obvious hallowedness of this chamber. "You've found your father..."

Katar's eyes stared off into the distance, as if looking past the thick stone walls of the crypt. After a moment, he glanced at her, and rasped thickly one word: "No."

Kendra looked a question at him.

“This is their memorial, a place where their lives can be remembered with honor, but their bodies are not here. These sarcophagi are empty.”

To prove his point, he went to the larger one, and heaved the lid aside. Gasping, Kendra looked inside—and saw that he was right.

“But how did you...?”

“The Hierophants told me.” He explained, carefully replacing the lid. “After you had been abducted by Lion-Mane, I pursued and was ambushed by Man-hawks. There were too many and I was overwhelmed by their numbers. I was rescued by the Hierophants, the exiled rulers of Feithera, whom the Usurper had driven away. They nursed my wounds and upon hearing of my lineage, told me the story. In the year 1951 by your reckoning, the Oracle Worla had a vision that a great calamity would befall my father. He was a hero to them, having saved their city once before from Lion-Mane, and so they went out in the world in search of him, to aid him in his hour of need. Worla’s vision brought them to a remote castle in a far-away land, where a great evil had nearly been loosed upon the world.”

“Project Fenris.” Kendra nodded, enthralled.

“Yet they came too late. Oh, the cataclysm had been averted, thanks to the heroism of Hawkman and Hawkwoman, but all that remained of them were what you see here. Carter and Shiera Hall had vanished. The Feitherans were uneasy in that place, sensing strange powers at work (they can be an odd, superstitious lot), and so they bore away the artifacts and left that place of ill-omen behind forever.”

Kendra was nodding, thoughtfully. “The journal makes it clear that Carter thought he and Shiera were headed for a final confrontation with their ancient foe, Hath-Set... But it doesn’t give explicit directions to the hideaway in the Bavarian Alps...”

Katar shrugged. “Worla remembers the way. He’s already promised to take me there.”

"I see. In exchange for ridding them of Lion-Mane." Kendra remarked.

"No." Katar told her. "There were no conditions on his offer."

"So you didn't need me at all, yet you still went after Lion-Mane? To rescue me?" Kendra smirked, following Katar from the tomb.

"Don't flatter yourself, girl." He shot over his shoulders. "The bylaws of the Justice League charter require me to—."

"Justice League charter! HA! Just admit it, Pretty Bird: you're totally hot for me!"

"Don't call me that!"

"Alright. How about Peacock, then? You do strut about, you know..."

Kendra had assumed they were going to fly to Europe, much to Katar's amusement.

"You've worn the Nth Metal for a matter of a few days," He had told her, back at the Expedition Base Camp. "You simply don't have the mastery necessary to achieve the speed and endurance such a flight requires."

"Try me, Peacock."

"Stop calling me that."

"Then stop acting like one!" Kendra shot back hotly. "Don't assume I can't do *anything* you can do. And don't give me that line about being the 'last Wingman of Thanagar' again. Thanagarians don't have a monopoly on Nth Metal anymore. Seems we Earthlings do pretty well with it, too."

Katar's glare was glacial.

"Be that as it may, you forget about Norda." He reminded her. "He

doesn't have the benefit of the Nth Metal, and without its protection and enhancements would never be able to keep up with us."

It had been obvious that Oracle Worla was too old to make the trip, so it was decided that Norda should lead Katar and Kendra to Hath-Set's Bavarian fortress. It turned out that the old Feitheran was Norda's grandfather—and that the woman Osoro, who had been kind to Kendra, was Norda's mother!— and that the old mystic was able to impart the knowledge to Norda on some sort of telepathic level.

This arrangement was fine with Katar. He and Norda had an unspoken understanding, the kind only one warrior shared with another. Besides, there was a deeper bond, as well. Norda's father was Carter Hall's old colleague, Fred Cantrell, the African-American archaeologist who had actually discovered Feithera in the 1940s. And though Fred Cantrell had been dead a long time, he had instilled in his son a great respect for Hawkman, who had saved the city from disaster all those years ago...

Because of his human heritage, Norda could pass among them, if he pulled his fedora down low, wore sunglasses, turned his collar up, and wore loose-fitting robes, his wings tucked close in to his body. He stood with them on the airstrip, waiting for the private jet to arrive that would take them to Europe.

"I'm not comfortable with this, Kendra." Katar grumbled, in civilian clothes as well, and carrying two stuffed duffle bags. "I should just call Alan Scott to arrange the transportation. He's promised to help me in any—."

"With everything that's going on in Washington right now, I doubt you'd even get a hold of Senator Scott." Kendra stared off into the distance, where a plane was coming into view. "This expedition is lucky to have a financial backer as generous as Helene Astar."

"But why does she insist on meeting us in Germany?" Katar pursued. "The search for my father is not related to the quest for Feithera... Which, presumably, she would be more interested in personally overseeing now that the city has been found."

Kendra shrugged, unconcerned. "Helene Astar is from an old family of

St. Roch, a patron of the Stonechat Museum, and the largest single contributing alumnus of the University. Let's not look a gift horse in the mouth, okay? Finding out what happened to one of the greatest heroes of the JSA is pretty big, too. Maybe your father saved her parents' lives or something, or maybe she's just a fan..."

Katar shared a look with Norda, but said no more.

Helene Astar's private jet flew them from the Yucatan in comfort and privacy. Kendra was able to finally have a shower, and Norda to divest himself of the bulky clothing. Katar mostly brooded, sitting to himself, and turning over in his hands the ornate and deadly looking Claw of Horus, thinking about what it meant to be Hawkman... Not merely an Nth Metal wielding Wingman, but *Hawkman*... the Champion of Horus, the second coming of Kar'Taral of Thanagar... It was more than just a legacy, a handing down of a name... It meant something to be Hawkman. It was a responsibility.

Kendra came out of the bathroom; towel-drying her short, brown hair.

"You know, I wouldn't miss this for the world, but I can't wait to get back to the Yucatan, and Feithera. I dreamed about finding the lost city since I was a little girl, so as harrowing as that whole adventure with Lion-Mane was, it was also a kind of dream come true. Norda, when we get back, I want to learn all about your art and literature. Do you have music? I heard your mother making a noise that sounded like humming—."

"What makes you think we *wanted* to be found?" Norda interrupted her in his soft, quiet voice. He turned from his contemplation of the clouds, his expression stricken.

His comment caused Kendra's mouth to snap shut in consternation.

"Feithera was hidden for a reason. We fled the persecution and violence of one destructive society; we had no wish to be exposed to another."

Kendra looked blankly at Katar, who rolled his eyes and gave her a look as if to say "*Feitherans*".

“But we saved you from Lion-Mane!” She protested.

“You *created* Lion-Mane.” He retorted. “Ed Dawson is the product of the ambition, avarice and lust for domination that infects the worst people of this planet. We sought only a haven of solitude, and the peace to contemplate The Fallen One’s plan for His people... Our isolation was by choice. Carter Hall understood that. It is why he never revealed the location of Feithera.”

Kendra was speechless, and could only stare at the sad, disappointed Norda. It was Katar who asked gruffly: “So what will you do now? The discovery of Feithera is the top story on every newscast this week.”

Norda turned back to the clouds outside his window. “The plans are already in motion. We will let the novelty of our discovery die down, and then we will commence the Third Migration. We will leave our jungle home, and go far, far from the prying eyes and grasping hands of humanity. Thasaro willing, we will find the peace and solitude we desire.”

The rest of the flight went by in silence.

Helene Astar met them when the plane landed on a private airstrip outside Munich. She was a beautiful woman of indeterminate age; old enough that her hair was silvered, yet young enough for her skin to be milky and unblemished. Her clothes— only the top Parisian couture— flattered her still-lush figure, and by the way she stood, drawing lazily upon a cigarette, she knew it. She was surrounded by a coterie of bodyguards who could have been Secret Service agents, and at least two secretaries, speaking into digital recorders.

She was waiting for them on the tarmac, and hastened forward to greet Kendra as she emerged from the plane and descended the stairs.

“Ms. Saunders, I just spoke with Professor Emmett again this morning and things are progressing well in Feithera. He is already hard at work at translating a fascinating text called the *Madrigals of Thasaro*, and is eager to have you back at his side.”

“Not as eager as I am to get there, Ms. Astar.” Kendra told her.

“There is some disturbing news, as well.” A small frown creased her otherwise smooth forehead. “It seems the Feitherans just released that vile man, Dawson. Just let him go. Perhaps not coincidentally, the largest remaining chunk of the Mithras Meteor is missing.”

A profanity escaped from Katar, and he glared at Norda, who merely shrugged.

“Ms. Astar, allow me to introduce Katar Hol of Thanagar— Hawkman of the Justice League. And Norda of Feithera.” Kendra said to the raised eyebrow of the socialite.

“Charmed.” An arch smile pursed her rouged lips, and her eyes traveled suggestively over both men. “Professor Emmett tells me that you are the original Hawkman’s biological son. Is that true?”

“Yes.” Katar said brusquely. “And I am eager to answer the last questions I have about his fate. So if you don’t mind...?” He turned to Norda.

The Feitheran nodded, and in one fluid motion, doffed his human garments, flexing his wings out behind him and sniffing the air.

“Surely you don’t mean to set out tonight?” Astar protested mildly, admiring Norda as he scanned the mountainous horizon. “You’ve had a long flight, and it’s almost sundown. Come, I have a villa nearby where we can eat and rest for the night. We can set out in the morning—.”

“We?” Katar cut her off, harshly, ignoring Kendra’s warning look. “May I ask what stake you have in this, at all?”

If possible, Helene Astar’s eyebrow arched higher. “I assure you, my intentions are altogether altruistic.” She said with an aggrieved air, and the slight drawl of a Southern belle. “Your father was one of the greatest heroes of his time— of many times!— He led the Justice Society of America through their greatest battles, and helped to save the world from the tyranny of fascist aggression during WWII... It’s only fitting that we lay to rest his memory, and tell the world what became of him.”

Katar returned her innocent look with a stare of deep suspicion. Then without a further word, dropped his duffel bags and started taking his armor out and pulling it on.

“You’ll have to excuse him, Ms. Astar.” Kendra put in, glaring at him. “He’s from a planet of rude people.”

Helene Astar sniffed, but said nothing as Kendra followed suit, and donned her own wing harness and Nth Metal. Though she did look on with great interest.

In a moment, all three of them were in costume, and Norda was nodding; he had found the trail.

“We’ll be in touch.” Kendra called down to the bemused financier, as Hawkman, Hawkgirl and Norda rose into the sky. “Thanks for the ride over!”

Astar watched as they winged over the treetops, their forms dwindling in the distance.

After a moment, she turned to the secretary at her side.

“Are we tracking them?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Good. Then prepare the helicopter. They’re going to lead us straight to the castle, and I can at last finish the job my father started all those years ago—*today the immortal legend of Hawkman dies forever!*”

The sun was dying a glorious, brilliant death over the western rim of the snow-capped Alps. Norda took the point, gliding majestically over the mountains, occasionally swooping down low and skirting the edge of a peak, as if searching for something. He seemed to be a great, graceful bird, flying as naturally as someone else would walk. Katar and Kendra followed at a distance, allowing the Feitheran to find his way. Kendra

was too lost in the wonder of the leisurely flight, the whole world spread out below her, to see that Katar was having difficulties.

They'd been in the air more than an hour now, and increasingly Katar's head felt like it was going to explode. At first, he was able to grit his teeth and bear it stoically, but finally a groan escaped him. He lost some altitude, alerting Kendra to his distress.

"Peacock!"

She circled around and came up before him, taking him by the shoulders. He could see her eyes widen in concern beneath the lenses of her mask.

"I told you not to call me that." He gnashed his teeth, trying to ignore the pain in his skull.

"What is it? Are you sick?" She asked as he tried to shake her off.

"I'm... not sure. Something is overloading my senses... And it's been growing for the last hour..."

"Not growing. *We're getting closer to it!*" Kendra guessed. "I thought I was imagining it, but I feel it, too. A tingling that wants all of my attention, like a psychic itch..."

Katar looked at her sharply. "That's it!" He gasped, seizing her by the shoulders, startling her. "It's NthMetal! There is an enormous concentration of it nearby. Like nothing I've ever seen before, to give off this much psychic emission. My god, this feels like more Nth Metal than exists on all of Thanagar put together!"

"We're here."

Norda had flown back to them, and was pointing to an indistinct shape nestled between a small range of rocky menhirs. It was the same color as the stone of the mountains, and its towers and turrets were just as capped with snow— but it was clearly a man-made structure, craggy and weatherworn— and seemingly abandoned.

Stuffing down the pain in his head, Katar dove down first, Norda and Kendra close behind.

They lit upon a cracked and crumbling battlement, their breath misting in the air. Gun placements lay abandoned on the cold flagstones, unused and unspent. Who could approach the castle to lay siege to it? Night was falling quickly. Katar dug into his duffle bag and pulled out a magnesium flare, igniting it. It sputtered and sparked, then emitted a steady glow of red light, pushing back the encroaching shadows.

“Look. Stairs.” Kendra pointed.

Going first with the flare, Katar led them down a winding spiral stair into the castle. Behind them, the wind had picked up, howling between the mountains, so that they did not hear the rotor of the helicopter...

They reached a high-ceilinged hall, presumably the Grand Foyer of the castle as a broad stone staircase, covered in red carpet, led to an upper-level walkway and a series of halls. The walls were draped in perfectly preserved Nazi flags, and everywhere were the gold eagle and swastika emblems of the Third Reich.

“Carter Hall’s journal says that Project Fenris was supposed to be a doomsday weapon.” Kendra reminded them in a hushed whisper, examining an antique looking and long dead transceiver. “To be used to avenge the fall of the Reich... Hitler’s final blow against the world.”

“Whatever it is,” Katar rasped, his jaw clenched against the pain in his head. “It’s right behind that door.”

He pointed to an iron-banded door, under which a steady, icy blue light could be seen.

They approached it together, slowly, cautiously... They became aware of a low hum coming from the chamber beyond.

“My god, the power...!” Kendra gasped, clutching Katar’s arm abruptly. Now it was threatening to overwhelm her, as well.

The Thanagarian glanced at his companions. This is what they had come for.

Katar opened the door.

**To be concluded!**

---

If you enjoyed this story, you can find more tales of your favorite DC heroes at DC2 Universe.

All characters are (c) DC Comics and no infringement upon their copyrights is intended. Support DC Comics by buying their monthly comic books and graphic novels.

## From the same author on Feedbooks

The Adventures of Superman #0 (2005)

The Adventures of Superman: Lost Sons of Krypton, Prelude:  
Strange Visitors!

A strange visitor from another planet comes to Metropolis--- and Superman is all that stands in his way! It's a battle royale in the skies and streets of the City of Tomorrow as a mistake from Jor-El's past comes back to haunt his son. And intrepid reporter Lois Lane is onto the story of her career, but can the Man of Steel save her when she goes too far?

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 #11 (2007)

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



**[www.feedbooks.com](http://www.feedbooks.com)**  
Food for the mind