



All-Star Comics #13

David Charlton

Published: 2007

Categorie(s): Fiction, Fan Fiction

Tag(s): Comics DC2 Hawkman Hawkgirl Hawkwoman

All-Star Comics
(Featuring Hawkman)
Issue #13: *"Sins of the Father, Part Four"*
Written by: David Charlton
Cover by: Craig Cermak
Edited by: John Elbe

There never was a time when Hawkman was not a part of Norda Cantrell's life. He knew the great man when he was a child. He and his mate, the flame-haired Shiera, would come every year to Feithera, bearing gifts and baubles from the outside world. Norda's own father was a human, and thus could not fly— it was Hawkman who took Norda into the sky for the first time, in the summer of Norda's third year. That was always the memory he cherished the most when he thought of his godfather: riding the warm thermals over the Yucatan peninsula, exhilarating in the glory of flight with Carter Hall at his side, watching over him, guiding him...

The people of Feithera honored Hawkman as a savior; he had rescued them from the menace of the Feathered Serpent and the ravager Lion-Mane.

Fred Cantrell respected Carter Hall as a colleague and friend, the man who made his life's work possible.

Norda loved his godfather who taught him to fly. Even when, in his tenth year, it became obvious to Norda that some evil had befallen the hero, every summer he would look to the sky, searching for that familiar figure.

When Lion-Mane had returned, Norda rose up in resistance, the example of Hawkman shining before him. That heroism of so long ago informed Norda's whole life.

Now this Thanagarian Wingman claimed to be the son of Carter Hall. Aside from the arrogance, brash tendency to rush headlong into danger, and tempestuous nature, Norda could almost see it. His grandfather Worla had taught him to look beyond the physical and into the spiritual nature of a person— and Katar Hol had his father's spirit. If Norda had not joined the quest for Hawkman and Hawkwoman out of love for his godfather, he *would* have out of respect for the new bearer of the name.

That quest had led them to an abandoned mountaintop fortress in the Bavarian Alps, the last place on earth Carter and Shiera Hall had been seen alive. The doomed lovers had pursued their eternal foe, the villainous Hath-Set, there, where he had lain in wait with a forgotten Nazi doomsday weapon... The Hawks had disappeared, but the world went on. Like Katar— and his other companion, the beautiful Kendra Saunders, cousin of Shiera Hall, and heir to *her* heroic legacy— Norda needed to know their sacrifice had not been in vain.

The trio paused briefly before the door to the room that called to Katar. The closer they had gotten to the fortress, the more the Thanagarian had felt an overwhelming surge of power. It was coming from the room in front of them. This was the end of their quest.

Katar opened the door.

Instantly, Katar and Kendra threw up their hands and turned away their faces, as if shielding themselves from a blast of light. A fact which greatly puzzled Norda, *as he saw nothing at all*. The room beyond was just as dark as the Grand Foyer they had left behind. He had to squint to make out the ruins of an old laboratory, consoles of primitive computers covered in dust, tubes and machines covered in cobwebs. It appeared to be otherwise empty. He stepped into the room slowly, glancing back at his companions in confusion.

“Seven Devils, Norda, get back!” Roared Katar, in a voice pitched to carry over whatever noise both he and Kendra seemed to be hearing.

Norda shook his head, as if to clear it of any interference. But another glance around the room showed that it was still, quiet and

unremarkable. *Why wasn't he seeing or hearing what they were? What was going on?*

The sheer amount of Nth emissions staggered Kendra and she was forced to fall back, flinging up an arm against the torrents of bluish-white waves that undulated across the room, obscuring her vision and roaring like a tidal wave in her ears. This must have been what Katar had felt, no doubt more sensitive to it due to his longer exposure to the Nth Metal— but Norda seemed to be completely oblivious, moving deeper into the room and into the maelstrom that swirled within.

Katar called to the Feitheran, but Norda only shook his head, confused. Intuitively, Kendra sensed what was going on: the Nth Metal she and Katar wore allowed them to tune into what was occurring on a psycho-ethereal level. In the center of the room rose a pillar of pure, undiluted Nth energy, a physical manifestation on a scale not seen even on Thanagar, the only planet in the universe where the substance could be found. And while she had no idea what it portended, there could be little doubt that it was natural— or good!

Pushing through the buffeting winds of Nth power, she grabbed Katar by the arm.

“What’s going on here?” She yelled over the otherworldly tumult, hoping he had some insight.

But the Thanagarian only shook his head and pointed to the pillar. Thankful for the hawk-mask she wore, Kendra squinted directly into the pillar— and gasped when she saw what he was pointing to! There were figures moving within the pillar, blurred, indistinct and impossible to tell apart, but unmistakably human.

My god! Kendra thought. *Something’s alive in there!*

Just then, Norda raised an inarticulate warning. Newcomers were flooding into the room from other entrances, strange, misshapen creatures more beast than man, for all that they were clad in jackets and ties and carried sidearms. In their midst strutted Helene Astar— and by her

expression she was aware of the Nth chaos in the room.

"What the hell—?" Kendra gaped at this unexpected arrival.

The man-animals spread out across the room, their weapons trained on Kendra, Katar and Norda, their tiger- and ape-like faces twisted into horrible leers.

Astar looked in triumph at the pillar of energy in the middle of the room, her eyes alight.

"At last, father, I've found you! I can set you free from this curse!"

Kendra and Katar exchanged a confused look.

Norda made a sudden, pre-emptive move towards one of the ape-men—who aimed his gun and fired point blank at the Feitheran.

But the bullet veered off course, as if seized by a powerful magnet, and was caught up in the vortex than was still undetectable by Norda and the Manimals. Norda slammed into the surprised man-ape, pummeling him down and whirled to face the others. A brief volley of bullets followed, from the others, all of which were seized, and began zooming around the room in an erratic circuit.

"No firing, fools! The Nth storm is too powerful!" Astar cried, wild-eyed.

"Ms. Astar," Kendra yelled, holding up one hand to hold off another assault by Norda. "Why are you here? Who are you calling 'father'? *And what the hell are those creatures...?*"

Katar stared past the conflagration of Nth energies at the woman who called herself Helene Astar. There was more to her than met the eye, it was certain now. The way she had looked at him, like a predator sizing up her prey...

And she could see the Nth storm raging in the room. She had Nth Metal on her.

As if on cue, the woman drew an ancient-looking, curved dagger from a holster on her leg. Though worn by age, it glittered like crystal in the swirling rays of Nth energy.

"Hath-Set's dagger!" Kendra called to him.

But Katar had already guessed that. This was the dagger, forged by the long-dead Egyptian wizard from the same Nth Metal that had empowered Khufu and Chay-Ara... the dagger that empowered Hath-Set's curse!

"How did you get that?" Katar demanded loudly, his hand itching for the haft of his mace.

"It is my birthright!" Helene Astar shot back. "Before my father embarked on his last crusade against the cursed Champions of Horus, he gave it to my mother to keep for me. He said he would always find it, lifetime after lifetime, and thus would one day return to me!"

"Your father...?" Enlightenment dawned on Katar. "Anton Hastor!"

"Yes!" Astar hissed. "I am the heir of Hath-Set! And I have found him at last, here, trapped within the warp field of the Nth Bomb he created all those years ago for the Nazi's, *locked in eternal struggle with Hawkman!*"

Secret Headquarters of Project Fenris, 1951...

"It's over, Hath-Set!" Hawkman dropped his last, desiccated foe, the cloth-wrapped bones bursting into dust on the floor of the cold Bavarian castle. "Your Sons of Anubis are finished, and your doomsday weapon is a fraud!"

Hawkwoman circled around the other side of their foe, swinging her morning star and looking to her husband for her cue. Between them, Anton Hastor, clad now in the robes of an ancient Egyptian wizard, held them both at bay with a strange-looking staff, burnt and cracked in places.

"You're wrong, Hawkman." Spat Hastor. "Dead wrong! Do you see this staff?" He jabbed it and lightning forked out, cracking the stone floor where Carter had been a moment before. "It was given to me by Adolf Hitler himself in the last days of the Third Reich. Legend has it that it was carved from the bark of the world tree Yggdrasil by Woden, the Father of the Gods, and is imbued with powers older than man! In the event that the Germany fell, it was the dying wish of the Fuhrer that I use the staff to bring about Ragnarok, the dreaded twilight of the gods! But Hitler was a fool, with no vision! The staff by itself is not enough; I needed a power source more potent than the walking stick of a forgotten pagan god! I needed the unlimited power of the Nth Metal you possess, my dear Carter and Shiera, to fuel this Nth Bomb! Thus not only do I encompass your doom, but make you the instruments of the apocalypse I have wrought! The world you labored so hard to save shall perish at your hands!"

Beneath his mask, Carter Hall's eyes narrowed, and his jaw tightened. He knew what he had to do...

"Shiera, get out of here!" He barked, and hefting his mace, he charged Hastor.

Hawkwoman hesitated for the briefest of moments— how could she leave Carter?— but spread her wings and took to the air. Only Hastor had expected that. He aimed the staff and unleashed a torrent of lightning at her, cackling madly. Hawkwoman lit up, screaming, her wings catching fire. She fell, smoldering and unmoving, to the floor.

But neither Hastor nor Hawkman saw it. Hawkman was upon his enemy, hacking down with his mace. Hastor just barely raised the staff, catching the mace before it made pulp of his head, snarling up at Hawkman.

"It ends here, Hastor." Hawkman gritted through clenched teeth, bearing down on his foe. "For all time!"

"On that, we are agreed, my prince!" Snarled Hastor, his knees buckling under the pressure. Pushing back at Hawkman, he closed his eyes and began to chant. "In ice creeps the Fimbulwinter, shriveling the sun! In

fire walks Surtur, scorching the moon! Lo, Naglfar sails with death at the helm! The maw of the wolf gapes wide, the earth to swallow!"

Hissing through his teeth, Hawkman reared back and came back down, two-handed, upon the staff in Hastor's hands. "Shut!" Despite its hoary, ancient might, the staff splintered, forcing Hastor to flinch and turn away from the shower of blue flame sparking from it. "UP!" Hawkman hit the staff again, shattering it.

The two halves of the staff were clutched tightly in Hastor's hands, sputtering like flares— it may have been shattered, but the spell had already been invoked!

"Come, Fenris, your time is come at last!" Crowed Hastor, triumphantly.

Suddenly, a whirlwind of magical energies arose around the wizard. Soon he was encircled by a cocoon of coruscating might. Hawkman staggered backward, his strength sapped. Hastor was draining him somehow, sucking the very vitality and life-force from him.

It was the Nth Metal. Hastor was using the staff to hijack the psycho-receptive power of the Nth Metal, and he would use it to trigger Ragnarok!

And they had delivered it right into his hands.

With a cry, Carter dropped his mace, and began unbuckling his wing harness. He had to get the Nth Metal as far from the madman as possible. His hawk-shaped amulet, Claw of Horus and mail hood followed— and then he saw Shiera! She lay still on the ground— far enough away so that Hastor was not drawing on her Nth Metal to fuel his Nth Bomb, and too far for Carter to reach her. But he had to stop Hastor.

Not again, Carter wailed inwardly. Please, not again!

With hot tears in his eyes, and for the last time, he flung himself at his ancient enemy.

Not expecting a frontal, bare-fisted assault, Hastor quailed before the look in Hawkman's eyes. He lashed out with the blazing halves of the staff, narrowly missing Carter whose wide right hook sent Hastor sprawling. Divested of the trappings of the hero, the Champion of Horus and the chairman of the JSA, Carter Hall snatched his foe by the front of his vestments and rained blows down at him, seeing not only Anton Hastor, but Emperor Nero, Thorvald the Reaver, Sir Oswald Bane, and countless others— all of them staring back at him with the malignant eyes of Hath-Set!

"Too late!" The wizard chortled through a mouthful of broken teeth. "It has begun: the wolf is at the door!"

It was true. Carter could feel something intrinsically different welling up around him. Hastor had harnessed the Nth Metal, and somehow the energies were building up for a detonation that would make Hiroshima and Nagasaki look like a hiccup; this explosion would blow a hole in the side of the world and crack the very planet apart!

Ragnarok.

From somewhere came the laughing of a wolf.

No. Carter could not allow this to happen. Would not! He had long known that the abilities of the Nth Metal were largely untapped, that its limits were unknown. On Thanagar, he was hailed as Kar'Taral, a savior and master of the Nth Metal. He had never really put that to the test... He did now.

Using every ounce of his will, and taking advantage of the connection he had with it, he reached out to the Nth Metal. No, not merely to the metal, but to the wellspring of unquantifiable cosmic Nth Force beyond and within it.

When Hastor saw what Carter was doing, he roared a challenge and sprang at him. The two old enemies grappled together, physically and on another plane entirely: Hastor used the power of the staff to ignite the Nth Bomb, and Carter struggled with his own innate affinity with the Nth Force to wrench it from Hastor's control. Hastor was weaker than Carter, but the Staff of Woden more than made up for it. He battered

Carter with wave after wave of arcane power, snarling and slashing at him. Carter felt his control of the Nth Force wavering, slipping away from him...

Then, impossibly, Shiera was there, her hand slipping into his, lending him her strength, her will. She had crawled across the floor to him, and as weak as she was, had divested herself of her Nth Metal as well, to keep it out of Hastor's grasp. She looked up at him now, with faith and love.

It was all Carter needed. With a supreme and paradoxically effortless flexing of his will, he simultaneously seized control of every last ounce of Nth Metal in the universe! Hastor screamed, the power of the staff rebounding on him, piercing him on a molecular level. Carter and Shiera ignored him. The Nth storm still raging around them, he lifted her up, holding her close in his arms. Their hair whipped about them in the maelstrom, and Hastor continued to unravel at their feet, but they only had eyes for each other.

With Shiera's help, Carter had broken the power of the staff and defeated Hath-Set— but the event their foe had set in motion still loomed. The wolf still howled at the door. Ragnarok was still at hand.

"Do it." Shiera whispered over the storm, clinging to him. "Finish it, my darling! Save the world."

Carter's heart and soul was full, and tears unabashedly moistened his cheeks. "You made it worth saving."

Then, gathering the Nth Force to him like blooms in a flower garden, Carter Hall challenged destiny and began slowly, inevitably, to push the door closed on the wolf...

All her life had led up to this point. Helene Astar had finally found her father.

She had been a child when he had left, going off to meet his destiny, to free himself at last of those who had constantly denied him his rightful

place in history... He told her about the Nth Metal, and the curse— and much else. He spoke about *them* to her in bitter whispers and in anguished tones. *They had cost him so much...!*

When Helene had realized her father wasn't coming home, her course in life had been set. He wasn't dead. She was sure she would have known that. No. Somehow, Khufu and Chay-Ara had once again defied and defeated her father, but she, Helene, would redeem him.

After all, was she not heir to the curse?

And so she devoted her life to finding her father and finishing off the Hawks once and for all. In fact, she devoted more than one life! Her mother, never more than a casual lover of Anton Hastor, was none other than Sara Descarl, the supremely gifted and utterly diabolical neural surgeon and villainous foe of Hawkman known as Satana. Helene inherited her mother's gifts as well as her father's, and soon was experimenting with transplanting ape and tiger brains in the bodies of hormone-injected humans, creating cross-species monstrosities her mother would have been proud of. She even had her own body cloned and her brain moved to it when the original had started to break down.

Relocating to St. Roch, she changed her name, established her *bona fides*, and settled down to her life's work.

It was before her now. She clutched the Nth Knife tightly, squinting into the crackling kinetic field of Nth energies between her and the heirs of the Hawks. Her nimble mind was racing, struggling to grasp what was going on. Her father had planned on using an ancient, Germanic artifact to bring about a prophesied end of the world, and needed the Nth Metal of the Hawks as a power source, but what had occurred was some kind of Nth Force eruption, gushing endlessly through some sort of time/space wormhole. This massive summoning of Nth power had obviously forestalled the apocalypse— being in its presence, Astar could not imagine a more puissant force in the universe!— but it seemed a wild and untamed thing, raw power barely contained and straining for release. She felt connected to it by virtue of the Nth Knife in her hand... It just needed a disruption, something to upset the balance, to spill the Nth power like water from an overflowing cup.

Then she would set her father free.

With a gurgling cry, she rushed towards the eye of the Nth storm.

“Norda, stop her!” She dimly heard the Thanagarian whelp bark.

Her faithful servants converged upon her, clearing the way for her with their claws and paws. The room shook with the cacophony of their warning growls. The Feitheran waded into their ranks, swinging with a quarterstaff and scattering her precious ones. No matter. He had only caused her to shift direction, the Manimals keeping him at bay. There was no way he could stop her from reaching the core of the Nth field with the Knife...

There was a ‘whoosh’ of air, and a fist to her face sent Astar sprawling backward. Hawkgirl landed feet first in front of her, rubbing her knuckles, her upper lip curled.

“You’ve been using me.” She accused as Astar regained her feet, wiping a trickle of blood from her own lip. “Everything was a lie, wasn’t it? This is just about revenge, and that stupid curse!”

With an audible snarl, Astar slashed at Hawkgirl with the Knife, who side-stepped and spun away, interposing herself between Astar and the Nth storm.

“Of course it is, you silly girl! It *always* is!” Astar advanced on Hawkgirl, jabbing with the Knife, but Hawkgirl avoided it deftly. “We are all of us caught up in its damned web! You can no more escape your fate than I can!”

“No.” Came the voice of the Thanagarian. In shock, Astar looked over Hawkgirl’s shoulder at him. He was poised at the edge of the Nth field, grimacing against the horrendous feedback, his Nth Mace held in both hands and cocked to swing. “I will not be a slave to destiny!”

With that fierce declaration, he swung his mace into the eye of the Nth storm...

The resultant concussion blast hurled every body in the room through the air and against the stone walls. The silvery-blue fountain of light that was the physical manifestation of the Nth Force flared so bright Katar could not even bare to look at it through the lenses of his mask— but it did not last long, sputtering fitfully for a few seconds, and then guttering out, dissipating into a subatomic aether all-around them. Where the pillar of power had been, was now only a single figure, standing with his head bowed.

Now there was only silence in the room. Katar stared, disbelievingly, at the man. He was tall and broad-shouldered, and seemed to be at the peak of physical condition. He was not young, but the only concession to age was the slight silvering at the temples of his straw-colored hair; his eyes were a clear, sharp blue, his jaw firm and set.

For a moment, and Katar thought he might have imagined this in the afterglow of the Nth storm, there seemed to be other figures swirling around this man, dozens, hundreds, even... but they dissipated as the Nth energies had, fading to invisibility.

The man looked around the room, taking in the scene with grim aplomb. His glance went from the stunned, stricken expression of Helene Astar, slumped up against a far wall, to the twisted creations of man and animal scattered about the room. He lingered on Kendra, and the uniform she wore, and recognition seemed to flicker on the man's face when he saw Norda. Katar dragged himself to his feet, tore off his helmet, and looked into his father's eyes.

A voice cracked and dry from decades of un-use rasped: "You're Shayera's boy, aren't you?"

For the first time in his adult life, Katar felt a catch in his throat. *He knew. Somehow, he had known after all...*

He nodded, the emotion in his chest too thick for him to speak.

The calm stillness was broken by a shrill scream from Astar. All eyes turned to her as she scrambled to her feet and charged the returned Carter Hall, the Nth Knife stabbing for his heart.

But the hysterical woman was no match for Carter. He easily seized the wrist of the hand that held the Knife, uncaring of her other fist pounding his chest. He twisted, and it fell from her hand to clatter on the stone floor. Sobbing, Astar collapsed at the feet of her father's nemesis, Carter releasing her with a gesture of disdain and pity.

"Where's my father, you bastard?" She glared up at him, her eyes brimming. "Where is Anton Hastor?"

Carter Hall looked down at her with new understanding. "Anton Hastor reaped what he sowed. The only apocalypse he brought about was his own." He released a deep, shuddering breath. "He's dead. Hath-Set has been destroyed. The curse is done."

This seemed to steel Astar. She pulled herself to her feet, her face a mask of banked rage.

"Not while I have breath!" She snapped. "My pets! Kill them all!"

Around the room, the dozens of Manimals who had been hanging on her command bared fang and claw, and began advancing towards them. Katar, Kendra and Norda reached for their weapons, but Carter only raised one hand.

"You don't have to do this." He said wearily to Astar. "The curse is not yours, and there has been too much bloodshed through the ages. Too much tragedy. Too many lives broken. Help me put an end to the cycle of hate and revenge, daughter of Hath-Set. Let the only hand that guides your destiny be your own."

Astar was sharply taken aback by his soft-spoken words. For a moment, the fierce expression on her face wavered. Perhaps she had a glimpse of four thousand years of murder and obsession? Of love lost and destiny denied? Of being trapped and doomed by fate to endure the same hope and failure, lifetime after lifetime...? Whatever it was, it caused her to look down at the Nth Knife of the floor—and back away from it as if it were a viper.

"Anton Hastor could have been a great man." Carter told her gently. "But he was consumed by mistakes made four thousand years ago, and I

think he knew it. He is granted some measure of peace, at last. I implore you: *let him rest.*"

Glancing between them, Katar, Kendra and Norda tensed for a fight. The man-tigers and –apes were poised, hanging on the word of their beloved mistress to begin the slaughter...

But Carter's words seemed to have struck home. Astar stood stock still, her eyes filling up. The look she gave her father's eternal enemy was inscrutable, but after a tense moment she whirled on her heel and stalked away, snarling for her pets to follow. Her creatures hastened to obey, leaving the Hawks with lingering looks of ferocious disappointment.

Only when the last of them had disappeared from the room did Katar, Kendra and Norda lower their weapons.

Epilogue:

99 Rimple Road, Westchester County, New York...

After the disappearance of the Hawks in 1951, the Hall Estate had been purchased and cared for by Wesley Dodds, alias the Sandman. It had been maintained in the hope that the owners would one day return, so it was with great surprise and pleasure that Sanderson Hawkins, administrator of the JSA Trust, handed over the keys to a grateful Carter Hall.

It would still be many weeks before the elegant Knickerbocker estate was restored and made livable again, but one task took priority: in the gardens on the south lawn, in the shadow of an ancient oak tree, a memorial had been erected. Atop the marble headstone an angel spread her wings, looking to the heavens. The inscription read simply **Shiera Hall, Forever Beloved. 1918-1951. She never flies alone...**

Katar and Kendra stood by the bay window, looking out upon the beautiful summer's afternoon, and the figure of Carter standing by the memorial.

His old friends had all gone, promising to meet up again later. They had much catching up to do and important plans to make. But there was time enough for that later. For now, Carter just needed to be alone with his

grief.

“Well, we did it, Peacock.” Kendra turned a crooked smile on Katar, who shot her an annoyed look at the nickname. “We found your father. Against all hope, we found him. And brought him back.”

The two of them were out of uniform, and making ready to be on their way soon. Kendra was taking him back to St. Roch for a stay, promising to expose him to the best cuisine on Earth, but Katar was more concerned with cleaning up the hedonistic city. Maybe he would join an Earth police force, adopt a secret identity and attempt, at last, to make a home on this backward planet.

“Yes.” Katar mused. “Though I wonder if we did him a favor at all. There is a deep pain and sadness within him. The Nth Force kept him in stasis, but when it dissipated, so too did the last remnants of Hawkwoman.”

Kendra nodded, suddenly somber. “Carter says she was badly wounded by Hastor. That she gave the last bit of herself to help him reverse the coming of Ragnarok. He couldn’t have done it without her. She was a true hero.”

“She was more than that to *him*.” Katar muttered, uncharacteristically thoughtful.

They fell silent for a moment, watching the lonely figure outside. But the day was too bright, and too full of promise. Kendra playfully slugged Katar on the shoulder, and pulled him away from the window.

“C’mon, Hawkman, we’ve got a flight to St. Roch ahead of us, and I can’t wait to feel the wind beneath my wings.”

Making only a half-hearted effort to protest, Katar allowed himself to be dragged away. “I suppose we should get this over with. The sooner we can get back to Justice League Headquarters, and I can introduce you to the others, the better.”

Kendra stopped, floored. “You’d sponsor me for membership in the League?”

“Sure.” Katar shrugged, and gave her a wicked grin. “Batman and the Flash had a sidekick, why can’t I?”

The sun was shining gloriously down upon her monument, and the angel seemed poised to soar into heaven. Carter Hall stood there with his hands in his pockets, his hat shading his eyes— but his mind was elsewhere.

He was recalling the time he had first seen her, in the lobby of Shepard’s Hotel, that sultry desert night in Cairo, back in 1938. Even before his memories had been awakened by the Nth Metal, he had known her. Known that she was the one and only person in the universe to whom he could entrust all that he was.

He was recalling their wedding night in Mexico, where they had faced the menace of the Feathered Serpent and saved Feithera from Lion-Mane. That had been the first time she flew at his side as Hawkwoman.

He recalled their idyllic sojourn on Thanagar, their many jaunts across the globe on archaeological digs, the villains they faced as a team: the Gentleman Ghost, the Thought Terror, Trygg the Sorcerer...

They belonged together. He did not belong in a world where she was not. And now with the curse of Hath-Set broken... Was the endless cycle of death and rebirth broken as well? Was this a final farewell?

It made his heart ache to think about it. His time in Nth stasis had brought him even more in-tune with the power of the Nth Force, but it was still a mystery to him. Was Chay-Ara’s soul, like Hath-Set’s, at last at eternal rest? Was he truly and profoundly alone now? He felt certain that he would know if she walked the earth, reborn in the time he had lain in stasis...

But he felt no such thing.

Alone. No. He wasn’t exactly alone. He thought with pride on the heirs of his and Shiera’s legacy. Katar was a hero in his own right, fighting

with the world's greatest superheroes of the day. Kendra was much like Shiera herself, full of life and love. Norda was a leader of his people, and a shining example of what love had wrought against all odds... He was looking forward to getting to know them all.

And then, of course, there was Alan and Ted and Rex and the others... They had loved her as well.

Knowing full well what was at stake, she had given all to him. *Finish it, my darling... Save the world...*

If all he had left was to honor her sacrifice, her memory, than— By God!— nothing would keep him from doing just that.

He blew a kiss into the sky, holding in his heart a vision of her smile, then turned and started back towards the house. He hoped Alan and the others hadn't gotten too far; they had some plans to make.

Hawkman would fly again.

Not The End... !

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 Syrix.

Nemesis is awake, and destined to bring about the end of the cosmos! Only the Syrix, 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 #12 (2007)

All-Star Comics: Hawkman: Sins of the Father, Part 3 (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
Food for the mind