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FOR YEARS, YOU'VE COVETED THE POWER OF THE METEOR... THIS POWER OF YOURS!

POWERS GREAT ENOUGH TO MOVE MOUNTAINS -- CHALLENGE NATURE!
POWER ENOUGH TO BATTLE THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT AS NO OTHER HAS...

YEAH, MAN, THIS POWER WAS GOOD. A HEAD-TRIP.
A RUSH.

POWER LIKE THAT CANNOT BE CONTAINED. NOT EVEN BY YOUR BODY, AND WHO SHOULD KNOW BETTER?

-- YOU'RE GOING TO PAY, MAN. LONG AND HARD.

-- VERY HARD!
AT ONE TIME THE WORLD KEPT ITS EYES ON YOU AS COL. CHRISTOPHER KELLY, THE SPACE PROGRAM'S MOST COMPETENT TEST PILOT--

ON A ROUTINE FLIGHT JUST OUTSIDE THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE

ALL SYSTEMS ARE CLEAR! GROUND CONTROL--

...I'M BRINGING HER BACK IN.

THE SHIP FELL TO EARTH--

-- SPLASHED DOWN OFF THE COAST OF BERMUDA--

-- AND WAS PICKED UP, ITS PASSENGER NEAR DEATH, BY THE SPACE PROGRAM'S COAST GUARD.

BUT YOU ALSO HAD A WIFE, AND A DAUGHTER WHO WAS BORN AFTER YOUR CAPSULE TOOK ITS BIG FALL.

TAKING EASY WITH HER, CHRIS? SHE MAY HAVE HER FATHER'S EYES BUT CHRISTIE IS HARDLY A MATCH FOR THE MIGHTY ULTRAMAN.

OR SHOULD I SAY, THE BRITISH ULTRAMAN. WHY DID I HAVE TO MARRY A MAN WITH THE SENSITIVITY OF A DEAD SALT WATER FISH?

MAYBE SO, HON--

...BUT THE KIDS' GOT A LOT OF SPUNK. SHE'S STRONG, TOO!

-- GONNA GROW UP TO BE JUST LIKE HER OLD MAN.

HOWEVER, A QUICK WARNING FROM GROUND CONTROL DIDN'T COME IN TIME TO SAVE YOU FROM A ROGUE METEOR--

OF WHICH ALL YOU CAN REMEMBER IS A DULL GREEN GLOW THAT ENGULFED YOUR CAPSULE AS UNCONSCIOUSNESS TOOK YOU INTO ITS ARMS.

NUMEROUS TESTS REVEALED THAT SOME STRANGE FORM OF RADIATION WAS ABSORBED INTO YOUR BLOODSTREAM--

LEAVING YOU WITH A METABOLISM ABLE TO CALL UP HUGEN AMOUNTS OF ENERGY FOR SHORT PERIODS OF TIME.

IT WAS THEN THAT THE WORLD BEGAN TO KNOW YOU AS THE SUPERHERO--

ULTRAMAN.
"As you desperately try to invent a way to use the power of the rock to make a weapon, in the process, you discover a terrible curse.

Years pass. You become rich and famous. Now, in the secret laboratory built and paid for by your government, your energy field is in your own hands."

"Your energy field..."

"...and explodes!"

"Hi, Dad! Just thought I'd drop by and..."
WONDER HOW LONG I'VE BEEN OUT OF IT? LORD... LOOK AT THIS PLACE!

DAD'S DEAD. THE ENERGY BURIED WITHIN HIM FINALLY CAYEED HIM, YET I DON'T SENSE DEATH IN THIS PLACE. IT'S ALMOST AS IF HIS ENERGY IS ALIVE. ALTHOUGH HIS BODY NO LONGER EXISTS, I WONDER IF...

WHAT'S THIS?! I'M IN A COSTUME SIMILAR TO ULTRAMAN'S AND I FEEL SO DIFFERENT.

EVEN DAD CULDN'T FLY! I GUESS THAT SINCE I WAS BORN AFTER HIS ACCIDENT, I'VE ALREADY GOTTEN AN IRREGULAR METABOLISM.

AND ABSORBING THE ENERGY OF THE EXPLOSION MUST HAVE SET OFF SOME KIND OF REACTION.

ULTRAMAN MAY BE DEAD, BUT I SEEM TO CONTAIN HIS SPIRIT AND ENERGY. I'M EVERYTHING ULTRAMAN WAS... PLUS MORE!

SALAMANDER DEADFISH B. SULCE JAMES CASSARA BUTCH GRIECE
WRITER BREAKDOWNS PENCILS INKS & LETTERS INKS & LETTERS
Pgs. 1-4 Pgs. 5-7

ULTRAGIRL

Sins of the Father

PLOT: GARY CARLSON
...AND THERE WAS NO BODY AFTER THE EXPLOSION! I-I CAN ONLY ASSUME...

...THAT HE'S DEAD!

I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER, LIVING THE LIFE HE DID! I COULDN'T BEAR TO WATCH HIM KILL HIMSELF!

BUT, THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY EASIER TO ACCEPT WHEN IT FINALLY HAPPENS!

AND NOW I HAVE TO GO THROUGH THAT NIGHTMARE AGAIN WITH YOU!

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM WITH A SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN FROM W.T.B.C.
A radioactive monster is terrorizing the beach city of Pelham!

Eyewitnesses describe it as a flaming, mindless beast, smashing everything in its path, and now with sports...

Bye mom, it looks like this is where Ultragirl earns her stripes!

Be careful Christie!

Don't worry, mom. I'm gonna smash this creep, not date him!

"Just remember Christie, you haven't learned to control your powers yet."

Control em? I don't even know what powers I've got!

Maybe that's why I'm scared stiff!

There it is below! It's so big, so powerful!!

The devastation is incredible! Entire buildings demolished, cars crushed!

I can still turn back! Go home!
"IT LOOKS LIKE A GIRL!"

THANK GOD! IT'S ULTRAMAN!

I DON'T THINK SO...

I CAN'T RUN AWAY NOW!

LOOK OUT, BIG, GREEN, AND UGLY! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TANGLE WITH ULTRAGIRL!

NO! IT CAN'T BE...

DAD?!!

NEXT: FATHER VS. DAUGHTER
THE CITY AT SUNRISE

RHEA, LOOK! A CITY!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
"AWAKE, MY SON!"

"AWAKE!"

"YOUR FATHER HAS NEED OF YOU!"

"WARRRRRRR RRRRRRR""AN ENEMY COMES. AWAKE! WE MUST DEFEND OUR HOME."

"WE MUST PROTECT OURSELVES FROM THOSE WHO WOULD SEEK TO DESTROY US!"
stop, leave this place.

wait!
we are friends, we have come to...

Z-ZAK

Z-ZAK
"COME TO ME MY SON, AND SLEEP."

"SLEEP WELL WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT ALL IS WELL..."

"IN THE CITY TONITE."

"WE ARE FRIENDS..."

"WE ARE FRIENDS..."

"WE ARE FRIENDS..."

"WE ARE FRIENDS... WE ARE FRIENDS... FRIENDS..."
Until recently the Pomeroy Medical Center in New Jersey was a government installation bustling with life and activity. Now it is nearly deserted.

This is the file on him. You'd better read it.

Yes—he appears to be our only hope.

The folder contains only a few typewritten pages, and a handful of photographs.

There is little in the folder that the old man hadn't known before—he'd read most of it before in the newspapers and magazines like everybody else.

An incredibly short biography of a man whose life has already inspired four biographies and a major motion picture!

This man—With the most famous medical condition in the world—and until now, nobody had thought of him in connection with the project.

McEaton

The Pulsar Project

Gary Carlson
* Writer

Mike Gustovich
* Penciller

Sam De La Rosa
* Inker-Letterer
Name: Matthew Scott a.k.a. MELATOR

Age: 26

Address: c/o Oscar Sherman Agency, New York City

Dist.: Born with 2 hearts;
Marks: Has increased strength, reflexes & sensory powers.

History: Joined circus at age 3, billed as "World's Strongest Boy." Later moved into films and television with great success. Millionaire at age 18.

Health problems began with a series of heart attacks at age 21, forcing his retirement from show business. Complications arose when his hearts began to beat out of synchronization.

Condition deteriorated rapidly, and became critical 8 months ago. Subject has been joined to a life-support device that regulates subject's heart rates. Deactivation of machine will result in immediate, massive coronaries.
"Harumph!" Yes—well—you know that I developed a process by which a person's metabolic rate was increased. This in turn magnified the subject's strength, speed, sensory perceptions, reflexes, healing process, etc., etc., creating a veritable Superman!"

"I informed the Pentagon of my discovery, and they took over my project—national security, you know. They put unlimited manpower and money at my disposal—spurred on by thoughts of an army of supermen."

"Unfortunately—there were serious side-effects. The increased metabolism speeds up the heartbeat. Many of the subjects' hearts couldn't stand the strain and burst. The rest died of old age—their supercharged metabolisms aged them a full lifetime in weeks!"
THE PENTAGON FINALLY GAVE UP. THEY CANCELLED THE PROJECT; CUT OFF THE FINANCING, RECALLED THEIR SCIENTISTS AND PULLED OUT. BUT I WOULDN'T COULDN'T QUIT.

THEN I DISCOVERED EDDIE MANSON - A MAN WITH A SIX-CHAMBERED HEART.

"HE TRADED HIS HUMANITY FOR POWER!"

"PROJECT PULSAR WAS FINALLY A SUCCESS! MANSON'S POWER AND ABILITIES FAR EXCEEDED OUR EXPECTATIONS!"

"IF HIS MIND SHOULD SNAP AND HE GOES ON A RAMPAGE - HE WILL BE VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP!"

"THE CHESTPLATE PROTECTS HIS BODY FROM HIS SUPERCHARGED METABOLISM, BUT THE INCREASED POUNDING OF BLOOD TO HIS BRAIN IS DRIVING HIM MAD!"

"A CHESTPLATE CONTAINING A TWO-CAMERED MECHANICAL HEART AND AN EXTENDED CIRCULATORY SYSTEM WAS SURGICALLY ATTACHED TO MANSON, TO RELIEVE THE STRAIN PROJECT PULSAR WOULD INFlict ON HIS BODY."

"THEN LIFE TURNED SOUR FOR EDDIE MANSON. HIS WIFE COULDN'T ACCEPT EDDIE AS A CYBORG AND DIVORCED HIM, AND TOOK HIS CHILD. EDDIE BLAMES US NATURALLY."

"PROJECT PULSAR NEEDS YOU AS MUCH AS YOU NEED US, MEGATON."
But isn't there a chance that the same thing could happen to me and you'd have two maniacs to worry about?

Hardly. Your body, with two hearts and evolved circulatory system is the perfect vehicle for the pulsar effect.

Unfortunately—if the strain is too much for your weakened hearts to stand—or if they still won't beat in synchronization...

...there will be nothing we can do to help—the chestplate is useless to you.

And his chest explodes in pain...

And he knows nothing but...

...Agony

He's at the critical stage—we'll know soon!

In the next room...

I've heard enough!
THE NAME'S NOT MANSON ANYMORE, DOC— IT'S PULSAR!

GOOD LORD— HE'S DEAD!

MY GOD— IT'S MANSON!

GUARDS!

KILL THIS S.O.B.
You're wasting your time—this chestplate is bullet-proof.

HA HA HA

Now it's my turn!

As for you—mister...

...because you like guns so much...

No--no--stay away--

...can't...breathe...*

Amid the carnage—Mesaton fights his own battle--
AS FOR YOU, MY FRIEND—I'M TRULY SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS...

...BUT THE WORLD JUST AIN'T READY FOR TWO FREAKS LIKE US!

WHAT I GOT ISN'T WORTH LIVING FOR—BUT I'M NOT READY TO GIVE IT UP YET!

I'M REALLY SORRY, PAL—NOTHIN' PERSONAL...

NOW, I'VE GOT LOTS TO DO!
IT'S POWER CUT OFF, THE LIFE-SUPPORT MECHANISMS WHINE TO A HALT.

UNCHECHED—THE TWINS HEARTS BANG WILDLY IN HIS CHEST LIKE JACKHAMMERS—THE PAIN IS WORSE THAN EVER BEFORE AS WAVE AFTER WAVE OF AGONY WRACKS HIS BODY!

NO—-!

NO—-!

WHAT THE ... ? PROJECT PULSAR WORKS! I'M ALIVE ... !

AND STRONG! I'M BURSTING WITH RAW POWER.

PULSAR! HE KILLED ALL THESE PEOPLE!

AND TRIED TO KILL ME!

THEN SUDDENLY MEGATON RIPS FREE—BURSTING OUT OF THE METAL CACOON!
AND I'M THE ONLY GUY WITH POWER ENOUGH TO TAKE HIM!

HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED!

GRIMLY—MATTHEW SCOTT DONS HIS FAMILIAR COSTUME—NOTING THE MODIFICATIONS MADE BY THE PROJECT'S SCIENTISTS!

WATCH OUT WORLD—MEGATON IS BACK—AND OUT FOR BLOOD!

I'VE GONNA MAKE PULSAR WISH HE'D NEVER BEEN BORN!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!
"LORD ANTHRAX....

THE BERZERKER
UNIT HAS GONE
REBEL-

KILLED TWELVE
SOLDIERS
DURING HIS
ESCAPE!!

WHAT?!

HE WAS YOUR
RESPONSIBILITY.

I WANT HIM
ELIMINATED,
IMMEDIATELY,
BORAK!!

A KILL-SQUAD
HAS ALREADY BEEN
DISPATCHED,
LORD....

THEY'D
BETTER NOT
FAIL....

CHOK-COUGH!!
THE ROBOT WARS ENDED IN VICTORY FOR THE MACHINES! HUMANITY WAS OUTLAWED AND LIFE BECAME A STRUGGLE TO REPLACE FLESH AND BONE WITH STEEL AND WIRE!

THOSE WHO DON'T RENOUNCE THEIR HUMANITY EITHER BECOME SLAVES OR ESCAPE TO THE WAR-TORN WASTES OF THE OLD WORLD!

STORY: GARY CARLSON
ART & LETTERING: KEN LANDGRAF
THIS IS THE ONE!!

BADOOM!

PUT THOSE TOYS AWAY!!

I'M LOOKING FOR INFORMATION ABOUT A MAN NAMED...

ALEXANDER KIRK!!

KIRK? B-BUT..... HE'S DEAD!!
YES—WHY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A DEAD MAN, CYBORG?

I USED TO BE HIM!!

FREEZE!

THERE'S A PRICE TAG ON YOUR HEAD, BERZERKER!!

YOU'RE MY TICKET OUT OF THE WORKING CLASS!

KILL THEM!!
YOU GUYS SHOULD'VE QUIT WHEN I DID!

YOU WOULD'VE LIVED LONGER!

I'VE GOT THE GIRL!

LENAA!!
THE MACHINERY GRAFTED ONTO HIS CHEST AND BACK BEGINS TO THROB... AND HE FEELS THE FAMILIAR RUSH OF ADRENALIN INTO HIS BLOOD!

...AS HE GOES BERZERK, CONSUMED BY AN UNHOLY BATTLE LUST!

RIP! IMPERVIOUS TO ALL PAIN

ZAP! SCREE!

HE IS BERZERKER - THE ULTIMATE KILLING MACHINE!
STOP IT!! HE'S ALREADY DEAD!!

HER WORDS PENETRATE HIS CLOUDED MIND, AND HIS RAGE MELTS...

I WAS BUILT FROM THE CORPSE OF ALEX KIRK!!

I'M OK NOW- IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS...

...LEAVING HIM DRAINED AND WEAK - AS ALWAYS!

YOU KNOW MY NAME?

SOMETIMES I HAVE A FLASHBACK OF HIS MEMORIES.

I HAVE TO FIND OUT ABOUT HIM BEFORE I CAN FIND MYSELF!!

BUT ALEXANDER KIRK IS DEAD. I'M NOT HIM!!

IDIOTS!!
ALL I ASK IS FOR ANOTHER CHANCE LORD ANTHRAX!!

YOU WON'T FAIL ME AGAIN...

...BORAK!

GUARDS!! CLEAR THIS AWAY AND CALL MY OFFICERS!!

I WANT THE BERZERKER HUNTED DOWN.

...AND KILLED LIKE THE ANIMAL HE IS!!

I'VE CHosen THE BERZERKER'S EXECUTIONER!!

ALLOW ME TO PRESENT THE REAL ... ALEXANDER KIRK!!!
I'm bored, Wally!

My planet is engaged in a galactic war, hundreds of light years away and I'm stuck here, playing baby-sitter!

"-- Guarding some backward planet called Earth so it isn't attacked by our enemies, as if they even know it exists."

I'm going stir-crazy! There's nothing to do but monitor Earth's broadcasts.

Oh well-- it's almost time for Gilligan's Island...

--What is the

Looks like company, Wally!
AND IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE WELCOME WAGON, VAN!
Moscow--

THE ROBOT IS TRANSMITTING?*  DA, COMRADE COLONEL!

*TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN

DATA VERIFIES IDENTITY OF THE OCCUPANT AS AN ALIEN BEING!

IMPOSSIBLE! THE AMERICANS MUST BE JAMMING OUR SIGNAL.

THEN YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT TO BE AN ALIEN VESSEL, COMRADE COLONEL?

NO!

OUR EXPERTS HAVE DETERMINED THAT THE SPACE STATION IS PART OF THE AMERICAN ARMS BUILD-UP; AN OBVIOUS THREAT TO SOVIET SECURITY! THE COSMO-III ROBOT IS PURELY A DEFENSIVE WEAPON!

UMPH!

AWRIGHT TIN-MAN!
--OR WHAT YOU WANT--

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE--

--BUT I WANT SOME ANSWERS--

--AND I WANT THEM--

--NOW? ULPS!
I AM COSMO III
AMERICAN--

--AND I WANT
YOU DEAD!
IT IS FITTING THAT YOUR DEATH OCCUR HERE, IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHERE YOUR POLITICIANS WILL LEARN ONCE AND FOREVER -- THAT THE U.S.S.R. WILL NOT BE DOMINATED!

INcredible! You are still alive?

Not only alive, Tin-Man, but--
YOU WHIPPED IT, eh?

Yeah—no thanks to you!

I had to repair the Orbi-Tor, besides, you did pretty well without my help!

THANKS, WALLY!

You looked good, Van! Just like that green guy on the monitor!

THE COSMO-XIII DESTROYED—IN AMERICA? THAT CONFIRMS THAT IT MUST BE AN AMERICAN CONSPIRACY!

THAT SPACE STATION MUST BE DESTROYED!

THE BEGINNING—
PRETTY FANCY CAMERA, MISTER—I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE!

LET'S SPLIT YOU GUYS! IT'S...

FORGET ABOUT THEM, HERO! YOU'RE GONNA HAVE YOUR HANDS FULL--

--WITH HEADHUNTER!

... THE SENTINEL!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HOT STUFF!

CRUMP!

--AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET BURNED!
I'M SCARED TO DEATH!

YOU'RE GOOD SENTINEL!

FWAP

SLAP

--BUT NOT AS GOOD AS YOUR MENTOR--

THE CRUSADER!

WUPH!

OR ME!

BLDD!
I DON'T HAVE TO --

-- PROVE MYSELF TO EVERY TWO-BIT HOOD --

-- THAT COMES ALONG!

I'M THE BEST THERE IS!

I EAT PUNKS LIKE YOU FOR BREAKFAST!

BANG!

WHO -- WHO ARE YOU?!!

YEAH? THEN CHEW ON THIS!
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE YOUR BROTHER?

JIM?!! BUT HOW—WHY?

YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW DO YOU?

THINGS WERE GREAT WHEN I WAS THE CRUSADER'S SIDEKICK, FIGHTING CRIME BACK IN THE SIXTIES...

UNTIL THE ACCIDENT THAT BROKE NEARLY EVERY BONE IN MY BODY--

--THE DOCTORS SAID I'D NEVER WALK AGAIN.
"It was torture to be trapped in a wheelchair! But it got worse--"

"--when Uncle Jason met and adopted you--"

"--and trained you as his sidekick in my costume!"

Remember? That's when I ran away, but I read about you in all the newspapers!

About how you took over when the Crusader retired!

Unh!

You've been living my life -- and I want it back!!

Y-you're crazy!

I went through 200 separate operations--

--and 20 years of hell, just so I could do this!

Good Lord! He threw Sentinel off that building! The paper'll pay plenty for a shot of that!

Happy landings--

--brother!
I'M REPLACING YOU -- THE WAY YOU REPLACED ME 20 YEARS AGO!

YOU-- WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS. YOU WON'T FOOL THE CRUSADER!

CRUSADER? I WON'T HAVE TO FOOL HIM--

HE'LL WELCOME ME BACK WITH OPEN ARMS--

AND THEN I'LL KILL HIM!

NEXT: RETURN OF THE CRUSADER
Dusk lay upon the city like a shroud...

Street lamps and neon lights lit up the city in a garish imitation of daylight—hidng the fact—that night had arrived!

Bang!

You won't be needing this wallet anymore!
SEVENTY-FIVE BUCKS! HA-HA! EASY MONEY!

SURE BEATS WORKIN'!

YOU VALUE HUMAN LIFE VERY CHEAPLY, KILLER!

WHAT THE...?
I'VE COME FOR YOU, MURDERER!

IT TAKES MORE THAN A HALLOWEEN GET-UP TO SPOOK ME!

HA HA HA HA HA

NOW IT'S MY TURN!

NO! GET AWAY!

OH JESUS...

SWOOSH!!
I-- I'M ALIVE!!

HEEEEEEEELP!

CRASH!

HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA

NIGHT OF THE SKULL

STORY: GARY CARLSON | ART: RALPH CABRERA | LETTERS: CHRIS ECKER
IN A MATTER OF WEEKS, ETHRIA'S FABLED CITIES WERE REDUCED TO CRUMBLING RUINS, AND ITS POPULATION RELOCATED TO DETENTION CAMPS, Awaiting the space barges that would transport them to the Torkian Empire... as slaves!

TWO
THOUSAND YEARS OF PEACE WERE SHATTERED ON THE PLANET ETHRIA WHEN THE VAST ARMADA OF THE TORKIAN EMPIRE SWARMED IN FROM ANOTHER GALAXY AND OVERRAN THE DEFENSELESS PLANET!
SENTRY-4 TO BASE! WE HAVE LOCATED THE ESCAPE POD. NO SIGN OF PRISONERS YET.

SENSORS INDICATE TWO LIFE FORMS AHEAD!

THEY'VE FOUND US, GALIAN!

THIS HUMMER WILL KEEP THEIR SENSORS OCCUPIED...

BUT THEY WON'T CATCH US!

WHERE CAN WE FIND WEAPONS TO FIGHT BACK WITH? THERE HASN'T BEEN A WAR HERE IN CENTURIES!

...WHILE WE DISAPPEAR!

THERE IS ONE PLACE...
IT'S HUGE! HOW WILL WE EVER FIND A WAY IN, GALIAN?

SHINE THE LIGHT HERE, KREL! I'VE FOUND A SEAM. IT MAY BE A...

THIS PLACE IS FORBIDDEN, GALIAN! IT HASN'T BEEN ENTERED IN 2000 YEARS!

FORBIDDEN BY WHOM? THE ELDERS ARE ALL EITHER DEAD OR IN CHAINS! WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!

"WHAT DID YOU DO?"

"NOTHING! IT JUST OPENED WHEN I TOUCHED IT!"
Deep in the bowels of the structure, long dormant machinery hums to life!

It may be a trap, Galian!

Then you stay here and guard this exit! One of us must escape!!

These tunnels are endless! Maybe the ancients had no weapons after all!

Greetings, essence-bearer! I am Amalak, the keeper of this place!
WE HAVE WAITED AGES FOR YOU, THE POWERHOUSE AND I!

LISTEN! THIS PLANET HAS BEEN INVADED AND EVERYONE IS EITHER DEAD OR FACING SLAVERY! WE NEED WEAPONS TO FIGHT BACK WITH!

YOU POSSESS THE ESSENCE! THIS LENS IS ALL THE WEAPON YOU WILL NEED!

THIS LOOKS POWERFUL! HOW DOES IT WORK?

WHAT'S THE IDEA? I SHOULD...

MY BRAIN! IT'S ON FIRE! I -- I'M ---
SCOUT-5 TO MOTHER SHIP! WE HAVE LOCATED THE FUGITIVES!

THEY ARE TRAPPED IN AN ABANDONED STRUCTURE!

IMPOSSIBLE!! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!

REPEAT! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK....

SCOUT-5 -- COME IN, SCOUT-5!

IT'S NO USE! WE'VE LOST TRANSMISSION!

ALL SYSTEMS ARE JAMMED, SIR!

OPEN SHIELDS FOR OBSERVATION!

RED ALERT!

RED ALERT!

RED ALERT!

WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT THERE?
SCOUT-5 IS UNDER ATTACK!

ATTACK FROM WHAT? THERE ARE NO ATTACKING SHIPS!

THE ALIENS CAN ONLY WATCH WITH HORROR...

...AT THE DESTRUCTION OF THEIR SISTERSHIP BY AN UNSEEN ENEMY...

UNTIL...

...BARLY...

THIS PLANET IS SUPPOSED TO BE DEFENSELESS!
THE SUMMONING!

PRISONER OF EARTH, ANSWER MY CALL... CALLANDRIA RECLAIMS HER OWN...

YOUR EXILE HAS ENDED, DELIVER US FROM EVIL... CHANGELING... I SUMMON YOU HOME!
THE WIND WHIPS UP AND UNHOLY VAPORES REACH OUT, TRANSCENDING TIME AND SPACE - TOWARD THE PLANET EARTH.

IN A SMALL MID-WESTERN TOWN THE SEARCH IS CONCLUDED. ICY FINGERS OF MIST ENCIRCLE THE STARTLED BOY...

WHO SUDDENLY FADES VANISHING INTO THE NIGHT AIR LIKE A WHISPER...

VERTIGO Clouds his mind as he is sucked through time and space...

TO SUDDENLY REAPPEAR!

WELCOME TO CALLANDRIA. KEVIN PRENICE!

WHAT THE WHERE AM I ??

CALLANDRIA is not like your earth; magic, not science rules here!
I AM ABRAXIS, A SORCERER. I SUMMONED YOU!

MANY YEARS AGO, I BATTLED AND DEFEATED A POWERFUL WIZARD NAMED DEMAK-SARKIS, WHO SOUGHT TO ENSLAVE CALLANDRIA!

HE LEFT AN INFANT SON AND A PROPHECY, THAT HIS FIRST-BORN WOULD SUCCEED WHERE HE HAD FAILED!

I SENSED GREAT POWER IN THE BOY, RATHER THAN KILL HIM, I BANISHED THE CHILD TO ANOTHER WORLD, WHERE HIS MAGICAL POTENTIAL WOULD NEVER BE REALIZED!

THEN I TURNED MY ATTENTION TO CALLANDRIA ITSELF! BLIGHTED AND BURNED BY MAGICAL WARFARE... THE LAND HAD BEEN MORTALLY WOUNDED!

FOR SEVENTY YEARS I USED MAGIC AND MY OWN LIFE ENERGY TO SUSTAIN THE EARTH WHILE IT REGENERATED ITS STRENGTH. AT LONG LAST CALLANDRIA WAS ONCE AGAIN STRONG ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN LIFE. FEEBLE AND EXHAUSTED, I RETURNED HOME....
"There I learned of the rise of a powerful sorcerer from the barren north...

"A half-breed named Skragg—The bastard son of Demak-Sarkis..."

"His first born."

"He wages war from his father's castle. An army of demons and gorgons move at his command to enslave the world."

That's a really wild story... but what does it have to do with me?

"You were the infant that I banished to earth!"

You alone have the power to stand against Skragg!

"...His power grows daily, and I am too old and weary for war!"

"Me... but that's..."
MY UNDYING GRATITUDE
OLD MAN -- YOU'VE SAVED
ME THE TROUBLE OF
LOCATING THIS BROTHER
OF MINE...

I HAVE BEEN
WAITING A LONG
TIME TO KILL HIM!

BEGONE, DEMON -- I AM
STILL YOUR MASTER
AT SORCERY!

ME... A
DEMON?

-- I'LL GIVE
YOU DEMONS,
OLD MAN!
I HAVEN'T TASTED HUMAN FLESH IN MONTHS, HUMAN!

...YIKES!

I DON'T PLAN ON BEING ANYONE'S LUNCH, UGLY!

DEMONDIUM GEBBETH CORUNDUM HADASH!

BACK DEMON... I BANISH YOU BACK TO THE HELL PIT THAT SPAWNE D YOU!

IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, I'M COOKED!

DEMONDIUM GEBBETH CORUNDUM HADASH!

NOOOOOOOOO!

IT WORKS!!
Hah! So this whelp is your champion, old man! He has no knowledge of sorcery! Haha, ha, ha!

By exiling this youth and denying him his heritage and the development of his powers, you have condemned Callanaria and destroyed its champion! Haha, ha, ha!

His eyes… burning into me! Burning...

We have the same blood flowing through our veins… our father’s blood! That makes you too dangerous to let live!

Even though you have no training, I sense raw power of an incredible magnitude within you!

With proper training you could one day be a threat to me!

No!

That’s why you must die!

Fear and anger overwhelm the boy as violent spasms of emotion wrack his body! Suddenly, a white hot blast of magic erupts from his brain!
But there is more to sorcery than imitating gestures and repeating phrases...

You have much to learn!

Skragg will return soon! I will occupy him while you are transported to safety!

"You must locate Shann, my apprentice, and then flee! I will delay Skragg as long as possible! Shann will instruct you in the ways of sorcery, that you may stand against Skragg in battle. Learn quickly and well, Kevin Prentice, you are Callandria's only hope!"

Incredible! You broke his spell with only a gesture! Your potential is even greater than I foresaw!

To be continued