

DEATH HAWK

ADVENTURE

Number 3

\$1.95 U.S.

\$2.50 CAN

WARNI

UNAUTH
ENTRY



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PAINFUL MEMORY
NUMBER ONE:



PAINFUL MEMORY NUMBER TWO:

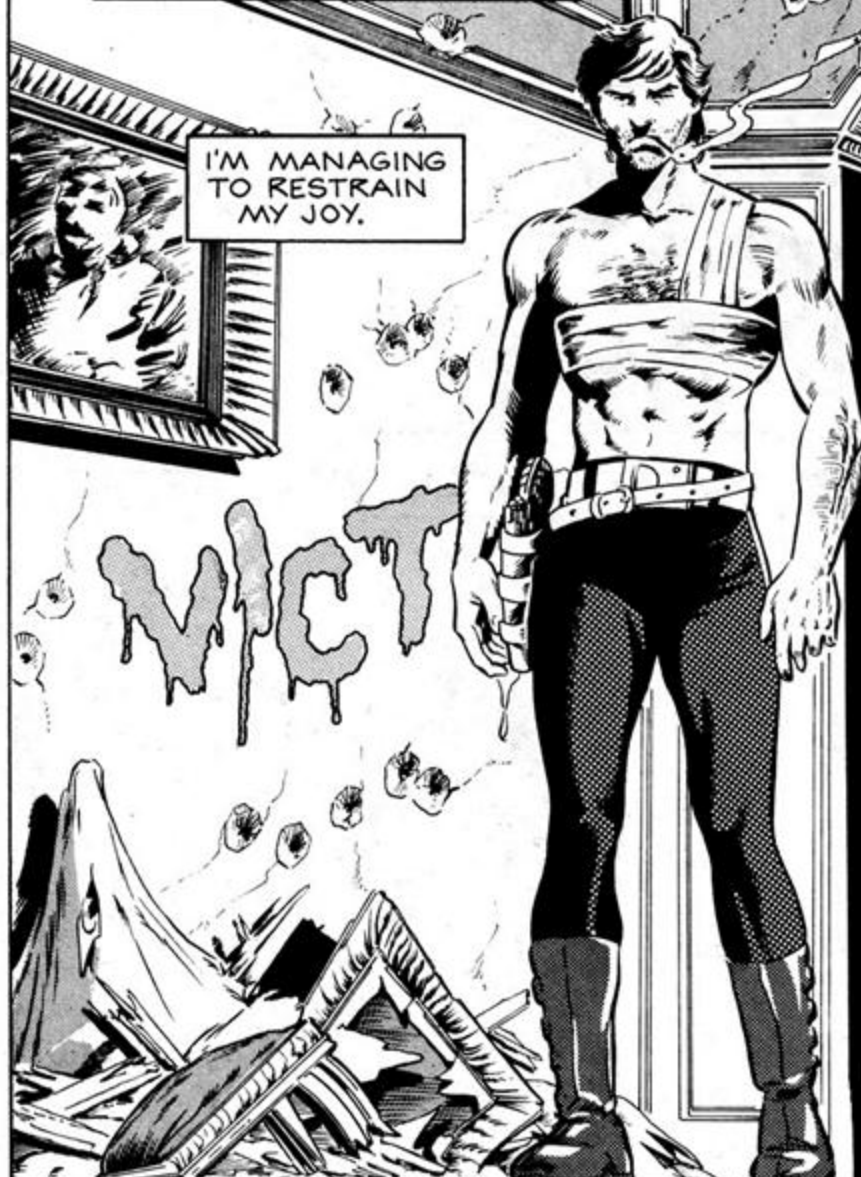


PAINFUL--AND EMBARRASSING--
MEMORY NUMBER THREE:

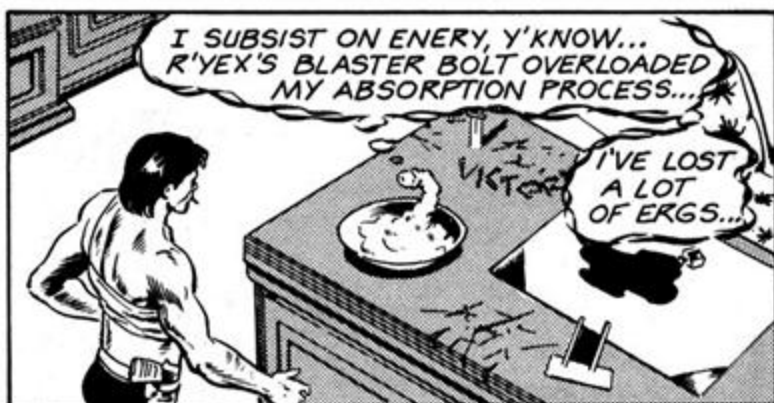
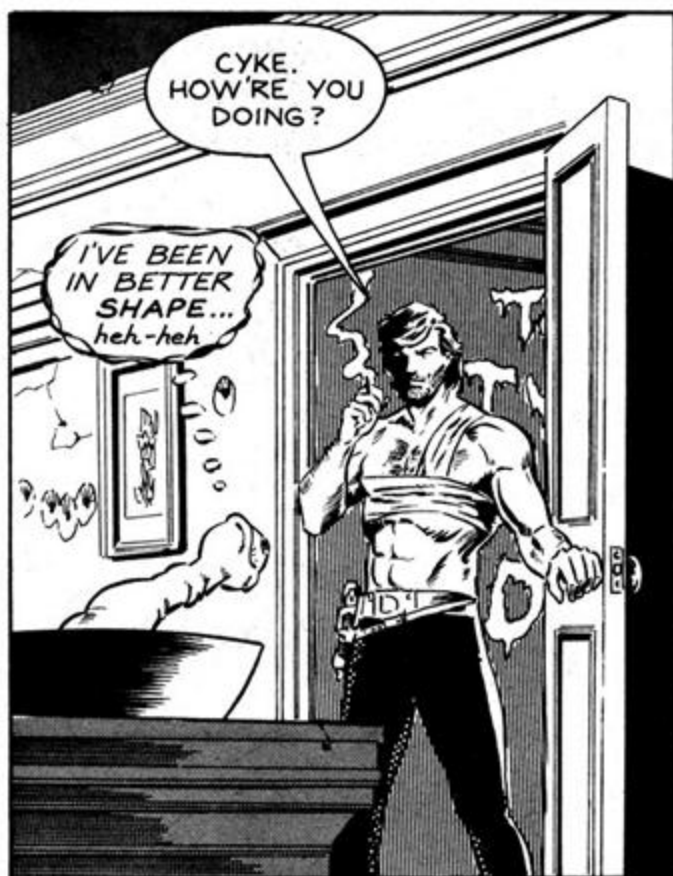


I WAS BROUGHT. I WAS
TREATED. NOW GOVERNOR
QUINTUS' MANSION IS
HOUSING A TWO-DAY-
OLD PARTY. I'M THE GUEST
OF HONOR.

I'M MANAGING
TO RESTRAIN
MY JOY.



DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND



NO. BUT WHAT
OTHER CHOICE
DO WE HAVE?

CYKE AND I SHARE A SYMBIOTIC
RELATIONSHIP. HIS CONTRIBUTIONS
ARE OBVIOUS. MINE ARE MORE
SUBTLE...



JAKOB, THE REBEL LEADER, HAS RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUND SUFFICIENTLY TO CONVENE A TACTICAL MEETING IN—WHERE ELSE?—QUINTUS' WINE CELLAR.



...I APPRECIATE BEING HAILED THE "HERO OF THE STRUGGLE," BUT I REALLY MUST GO.

AS YOU WISH, COMRADE--THOUGH I'D INTENDED TO APPOINT YOU CHIEF OF MY SECRET POLICE.



BUT, SO BE IT. WE'LL FIND YOU A SHIP.

I'LL RETURN SOON. CONTINUE THE STRATEGY MEETING, COMRADES!



...YOU REALIZE, COMRADE HAWK, THAT NEW DEMOSTHENES NEEDS ALL MILITARY SHIPS...

JUST IN CASE WE FACE A COUNTER-INSURRECTION...



I CAN'T HELP BUT REMEMBER ONE OF CYKE'S OLD TERRAN BROMIDES...

HOWEVER, WE DO HAVE A DECOMMISSIONED VESSEL THAT'LL SUIT YOUR NEEDS.

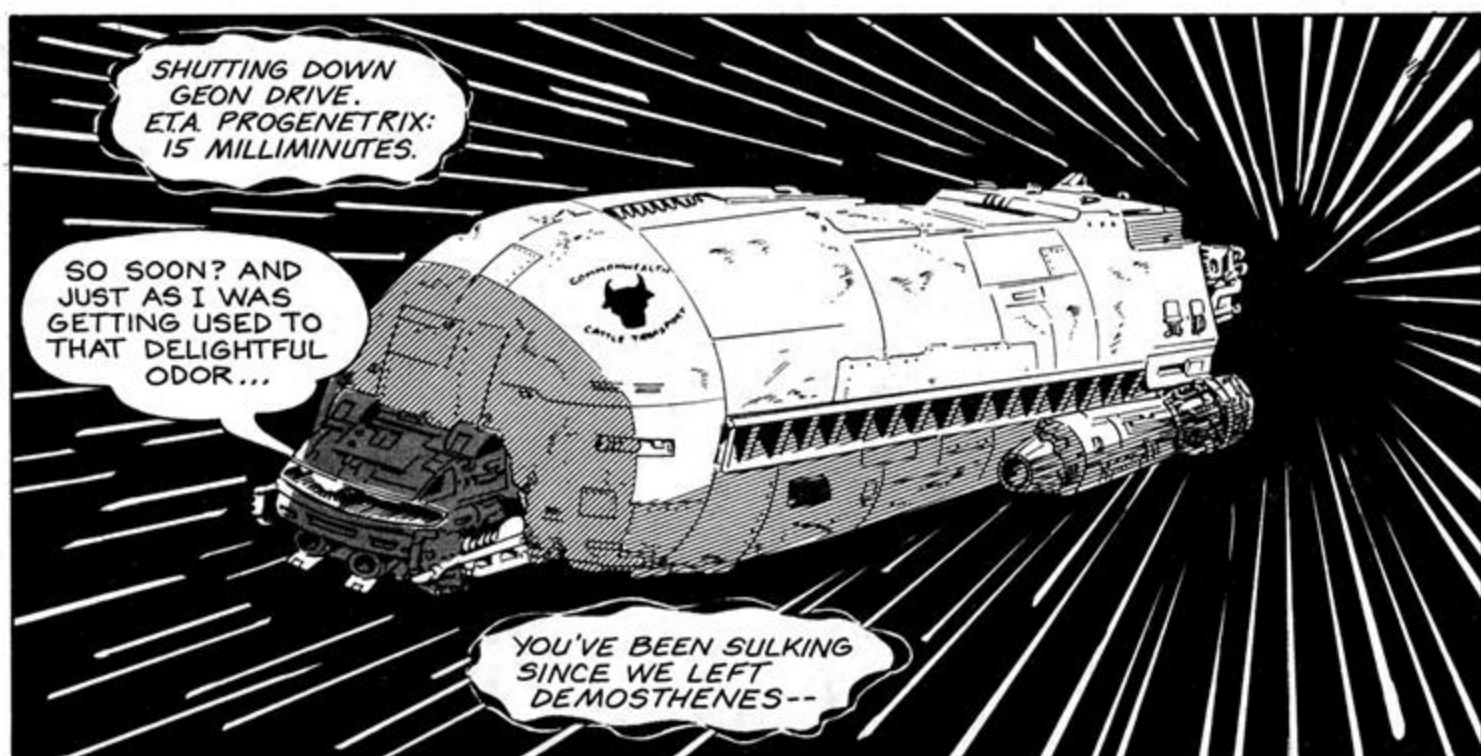
THAT ONE?!?

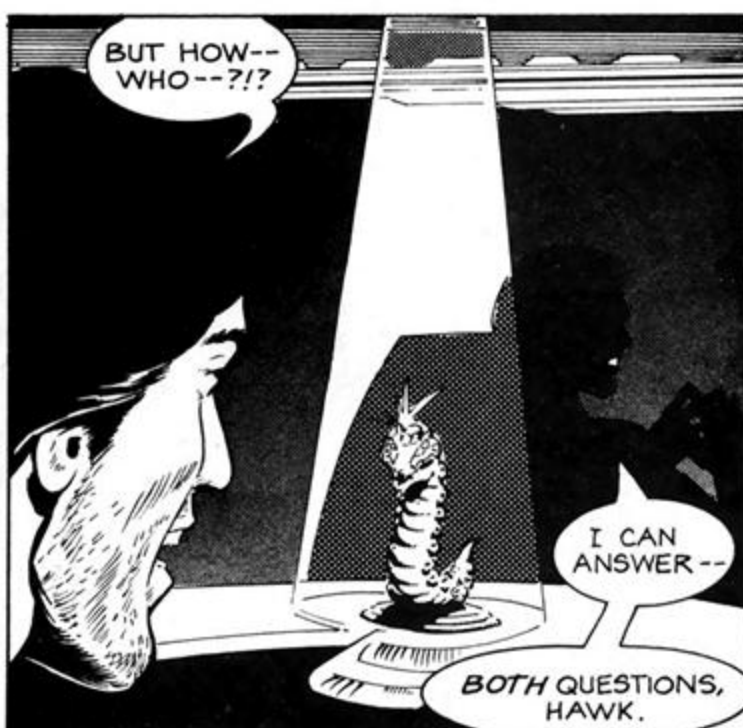


"MEET THE NEW BOSS-- SAME AS THE OLD BOSS."

YES... NO NEED TO THANK ME, COMRADE. IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO.

that's for sure.









AZURE HELL-LIGHT EXPLODES...

AND MULTI-
LEGGED TERROR
SCAMPERS UP
MY SPINE AND
DOWN AGAIN.

IT LASTS JUST
LONG ENOUGH
TO THOROUGHLY
UNNERVE
EVERYONE.

VANESSA-?

NOW THAT'S
SOMETHING YOU
DON'T SEE
EVERYDAY...

ATOMIC REVERSAL...
ELECTRONS CONVERTED
TO TRANSMITTABLE
ENERGY.

OOCH!

GET YOUR
MONKEY PAWS
OFF ME!

AH...
MS. BOUVIER..?

I JOINED THE HELIGSON
EXPEDITION TO RECOVER
A SKRIL ARTIFACT FOR
A CLIENT.

I DID SO--AND I
INTERACTED WITH IT
JUST LIKE *THIS* ONE.
EVIDENTLY, THE GEMS
ARE MEMORY CRYSTALS.

I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, CHANE--
BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY HARD
FACTS--JUST THEORIES AND
SPECULATION.

GEE, RIGHT
ON YOUR
OWIE, TOO...

I'LL LISTEN TO
THAT--FOR THE
MOMENT.

THEY PASS ON
DATA TO COM-
PATIBLE
RECEIVERS...
IN THIS CASE,
MY BRAIN.

THE DATA IS CHAOTIC, INCOMPLETE.
BUT I KNOW WHERE A *THIRD*
RELIC IS LOCATED.. A PLANET
KNOWN ON OLD CHARTS AS...
YITH.

CAPITAL! YOU THREE WILL EMBARK AS SOON AS POSSIBLE TO... YITH.

THE PEREGRINE IS SPACEWORTHY, IS IT NOT, MR. HAWK?

WHAT'S WITH THIS 'WETHREE' STUFF? I'D SOONER SHIP OUT WITH JOVIAN GASOGENES!

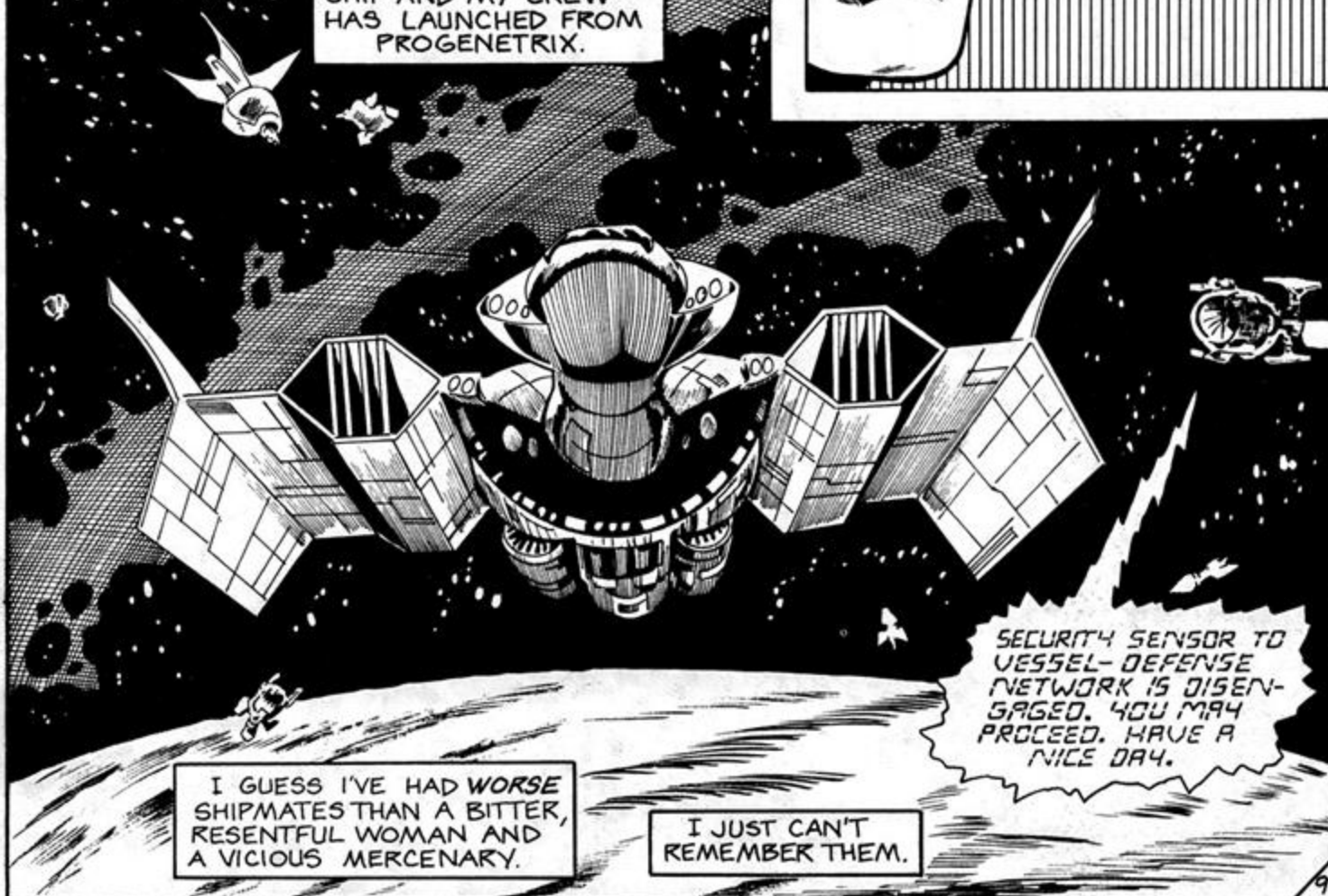


I THINK YOU'D SHARE YOUR SHIP WITH ANYONE — OR *THING* — I ASK... SINCE YOUR BANK ACCOUNT ON AMICUS WILL SHOW A SUBSTANTIAL DEPOSIT BY THE TIME YOU RETURN.

AM I CORRECT?

HE'S CORRECT.

WITHIN 12 HOURS, MY SHIP AND MY 'CREW' HAS LAUNCHED FROM PROGENETRIX.



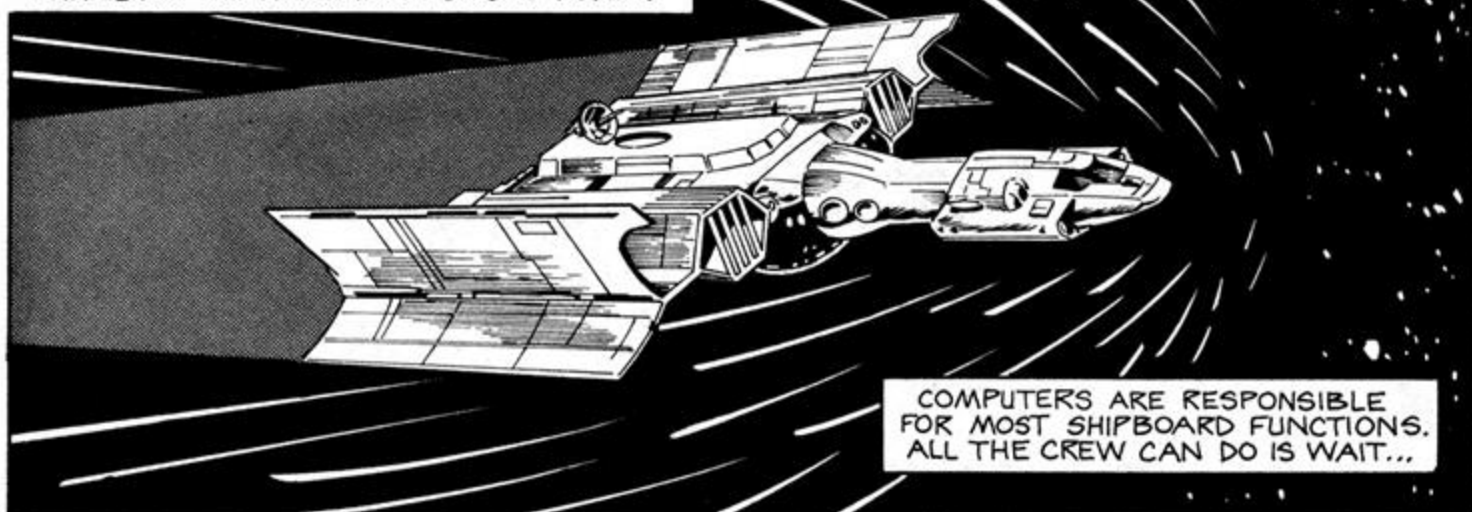
SECURITY SENSOR TO VESSEL-DEFENSE NETWORK IS DISENGAGED. YOU MAY PROCEED. HAVE A NICE DAY.

I GUESS I'VE HAD WORSE SHIPMATES THAN A BITTER, RESENTFUL WOMAN AND A VICIOUS MERCENARY.

I JUST CAN'T REMEMBER THEM.

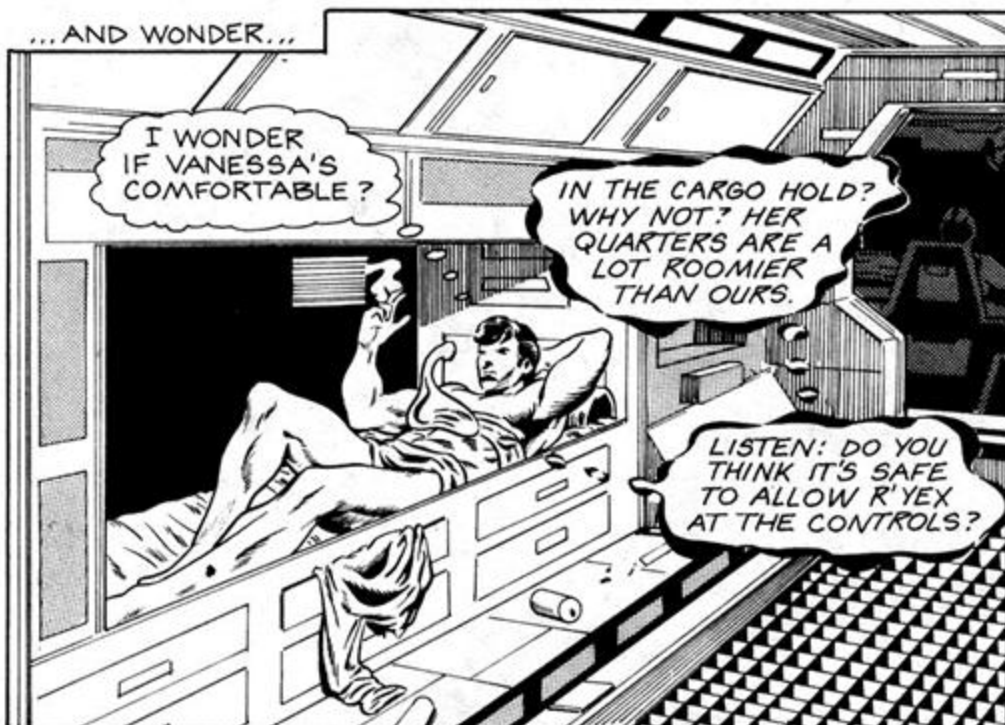


TRAVELLING THROUGH THE DISTORTED
STARFIELDS OF *SUPERSPACE* IS ABOUT AS
THRILLING AS WATCHING FUNGUS FORM.



COMPUTERS ARE RESPONSIBLE
FOR MOST SHIPBOARD FUNCTIONS.
ALL THE CREW CAN DO IS WAIT...

...AND WONDER...



I WONDER
IF VANESSA'S
COMFORTABLE?

IN THE CARGO HOLD?
WHY NOT? HER
QUARTERS ARE A
LOT ROOMIER
THAN OURS.

LISTEN: DO YOU
THINK IT'S SAFE
TO ALLOW R'YEX
AT THE CONTROLS?

HE'S ONLY MONITORING
THE SYSTEMS. SOMEONE
HAS TO DO IT.

BESIDES, WE'RE IN
SUPERSPACE. WHAT
CAN HE DO TO *US* THAT
WON'T HAPPEN TO HIM?



I TRIED PSI-SCANNING HIM.
HE'S CONSCIOUSLY SHIELDING
HIS THOUGHTS.



"GOOD THING. SCAN-
NING HIS PSYCHE
WOULD JUST MAKE
YOU NAUSEOUS."



IT'S NOT JUST THAT.
THE WORLD WE'RE GOING
TO -YITH- IS DISTURBINGLY
FAMILIAR. WE SHOULD
HAND THIS JOB BACK TO
CHANE.

"HE'S ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL MEN
IN THE COMMONWEALTH. I'M NOT ABOUT
TO CROSS HIM. JUST RELAX, AND THINK
ABOUT MY... ER, OUR... BANK ACCOUNT."

IN SIX DAYS WE REACH YITH...
IT LOOKS JUST LIKE IT SOUNDS...

A STEAMY,
PRIMORDIAL,
TANGLED GREEN
HELL...A DEVIL'S
PLAYGROUND.

BINARY STAR...WIDE
VARIETY OF FLORA AND
FAUNA...MEGALITHIC
STRUCTURES, BUT NO
INDUSTRIAL INDICATIONS.

WE'RE CLOSING
ON THE ARTIFACT.

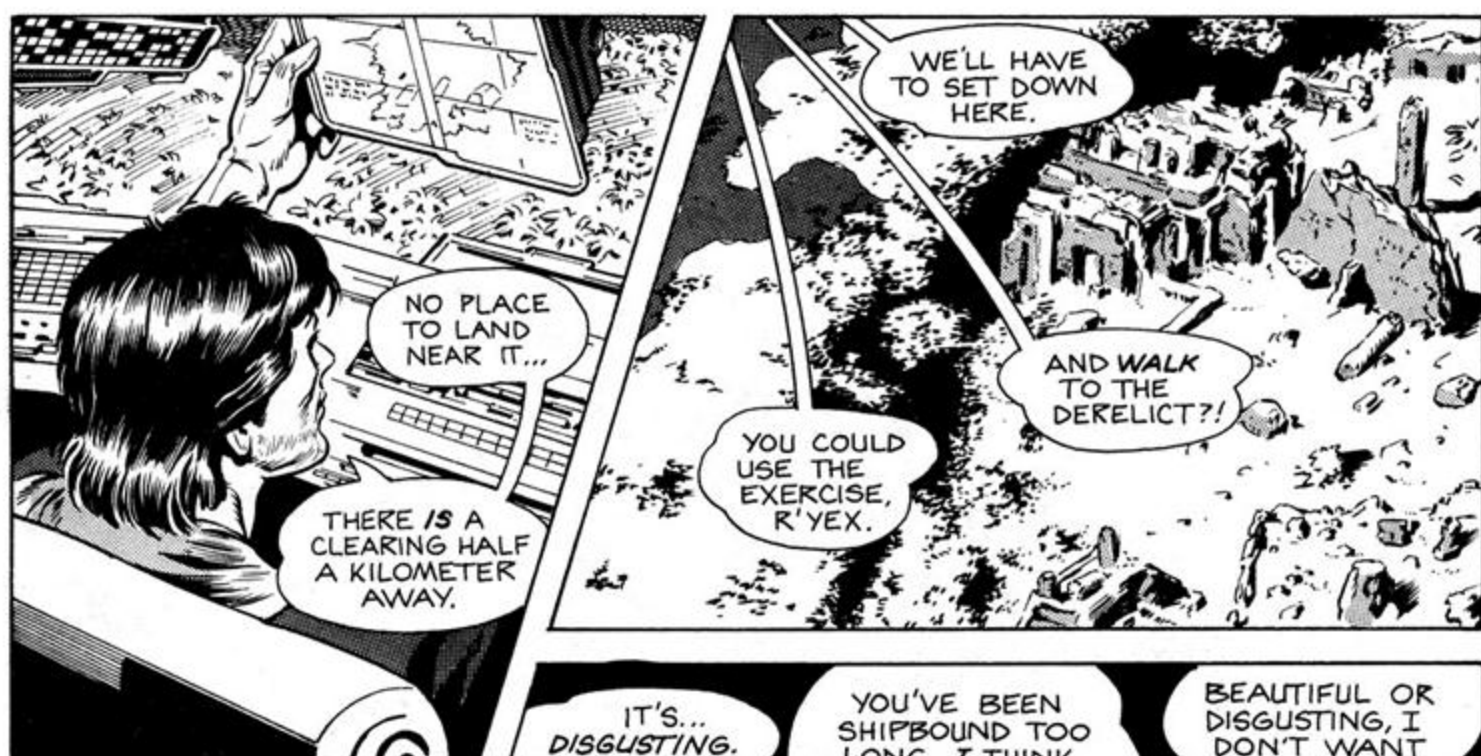
I SENSE IT.

LARGE METALLIC
MASS READING
BELOW.

A SHIP--OR THE
HULK OF ONE.
WHAT DO YOU
MAKE OF HER,
CYKE?

THE STYLE AND CONFIGURATION
IS UNRECOGNIZABLE...ALIEN.
OBVIOUSLY, IT'S BEEN HERE
FOR A LONG TIME.

THE ARTIFACT
IS INSIDE.



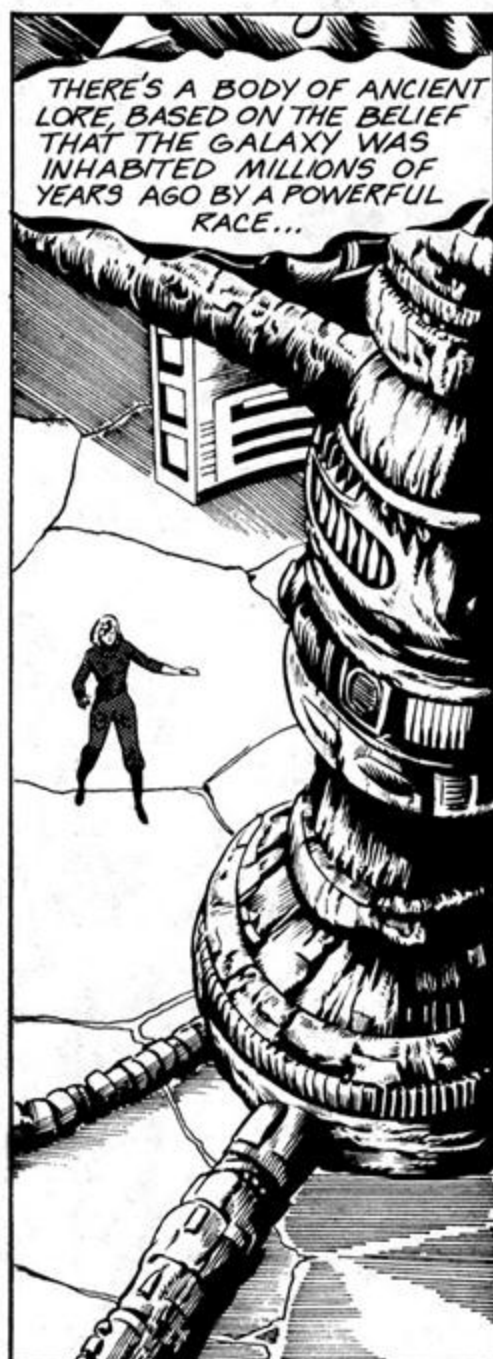
THE HATCH SIGNS OPEN... FRESH AIR, RICH WITH THE SCENT OF GROWING VEGETATION, WAFTS OVER US...



*SEE DH#1--ED.











I DON'T THINK ABOUT
THE NATIVES OR THEIR
POISONED DARTS.

I CONCENTRATE
ONLY ON
PUTTING
R'YEX IN
FRONT OF
MY GUN.

THEN I
GET
OUTSIDE
AND
LOOK UP.

YOU
SHOULD'VE
KNOWN.

AW,
SHUT UP.

CYKE IS RIGHT.
I *SHOULD'VE*
KNOWN.

NIPPON INTERSTELLAR
IS THE OLDEST COR-
PORATION IN THE
COMMONWEALTH.

THEY'RE NOT JUST A
BUSINESS, THEY'RE
AN INSTITUTION, A
WAY OF LIFE. AND
THEY OUTRIGHT
OWN MOST OF THE
CHARTED GALAXY.

THEIR PRIVATE ARMY OF
SAMURAI, THE *TIGERS OF
HEAVEN*, ARE THE BEST-
EQUIPPED, MOST EFFICIENT...

...AND MOST *FEARED*
SECURITY FORCE OF
ANY CORPORATION.

THEY'RE SHOOTING
AT ANYTHING THAT
ISN'T AN ARCTURAN.
THE NATIVES DON'T
HAVE A PRAYER.

AND MAYBE--
NEITHER
DO WE.

INCOMING
MAIL.



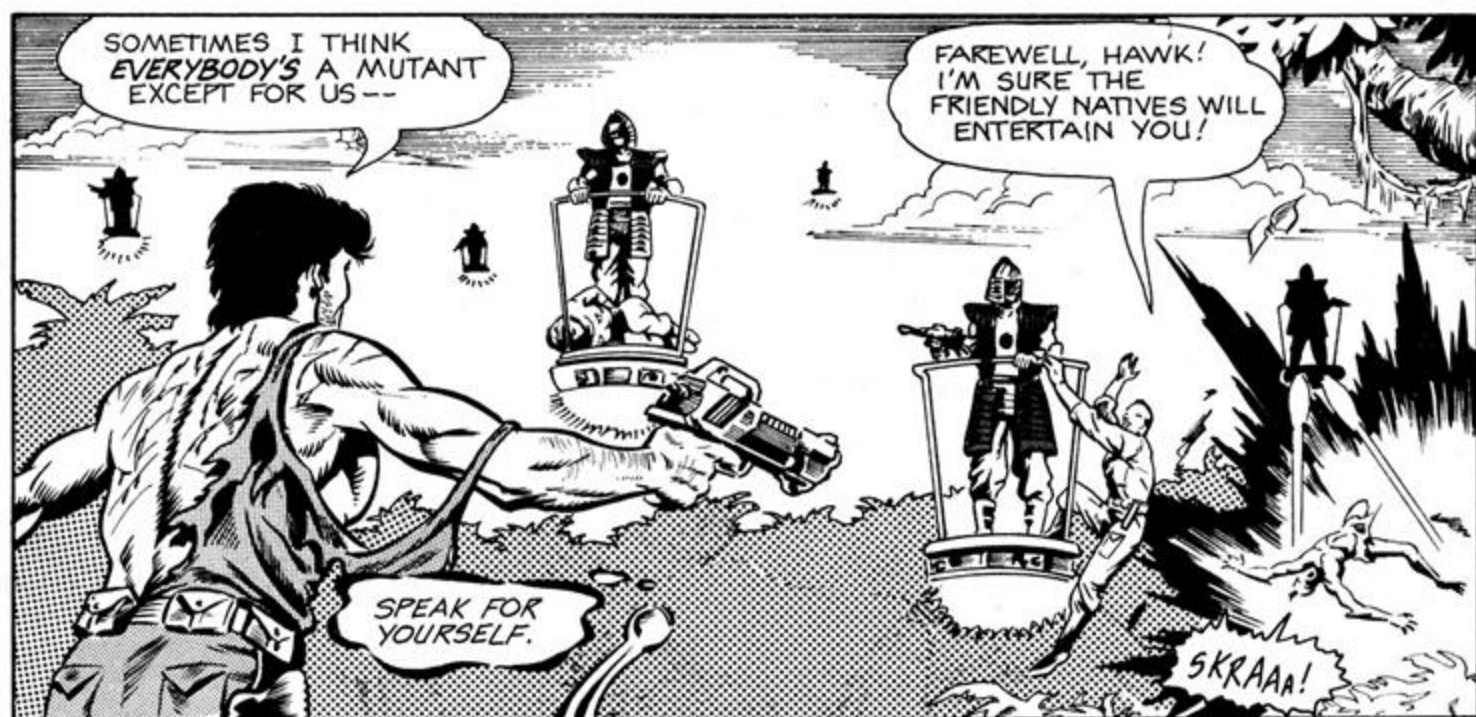
I DON'T ASK CYKE WHAT HE MEANS. I JUST OPEN UP ON THE GRAV-DISC'S MOST VULNERABLE POINT...

THE POWER PACK.



IT NEVER FAILS--THE MORE DANGER WE'RE IN, THE MORE CRYPTIC CYKE BECOMES.





THE GRAV-DISC IS EASY TO OPERATE: FOOT PEDALS CONTROL SPEED AND WEAPONS, THE BAR DETERMINES HEIGHT AND DIRECTION.

御命頂戴

VOOP

VOOP

NOW WE'LL TEST ITS MANEUVERABILITY.

KPOW

KPOW

VOOP

VOOP

AH... SO THAT'S A GAME OF CHICKEN!

くたばれ!

X-RUNG

VOOM

HA HA

HAHAHAHA*

YEAH! AND HE'S BEEN PLUCKED!

I BARELY HAVE TIME TO CATCH MY BREATH WHEN ONE OF THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE APPEARS...



AND I'M NOT TOO THRILLED BY HIS DESIRE TO INVOLVE ME IN A LOCAL PASTIME...

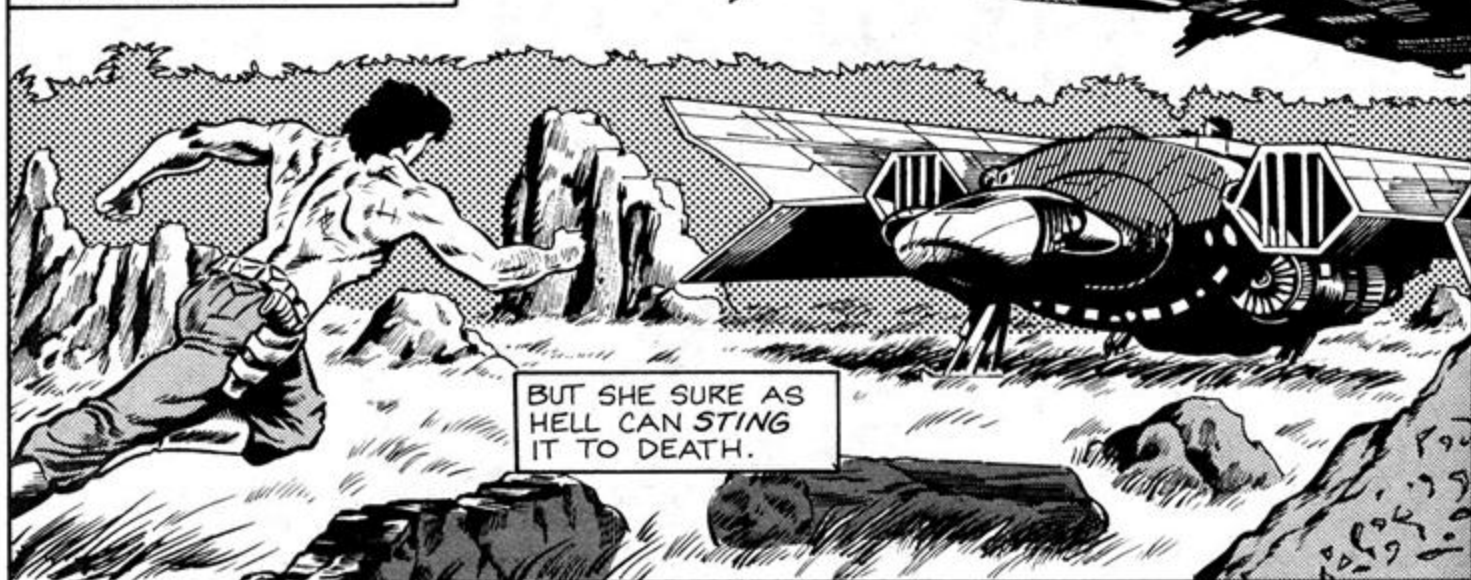


BY THE TIME I REACH THE LANDING SITE, VANESSA IS BEING WHISKED INTO THE BELLY OF THE BEAST.



I CAN HAVE THE PEREGRINE POWERED UP AND IN PURSUIT BEFORE R'YEX SLUGS DOWN HIS FIRST "WELCOME ABOARD" SAKE.

THE *PEREGRINE* MAY BE
50 YEARS OLD, AND
MAYBE SHE CAN'T CRUSH
A CLASS 10 EXECUTIVE
CRUISER-YACHT...



BUT SHE SURE AS
HELL CAN STING
IT TO DEATH.

WHAT THE--?!

OH, NO...
A PLASMA
BOMB!



YOU HAVEN'T
GOTTEN AWAY,
R'YEX!!

I'LL TRACK YOU
ACROSS THE GALAXY!
I'LL FOLLOW YOU
INTO NIPPON'S
BOARDROOMS!

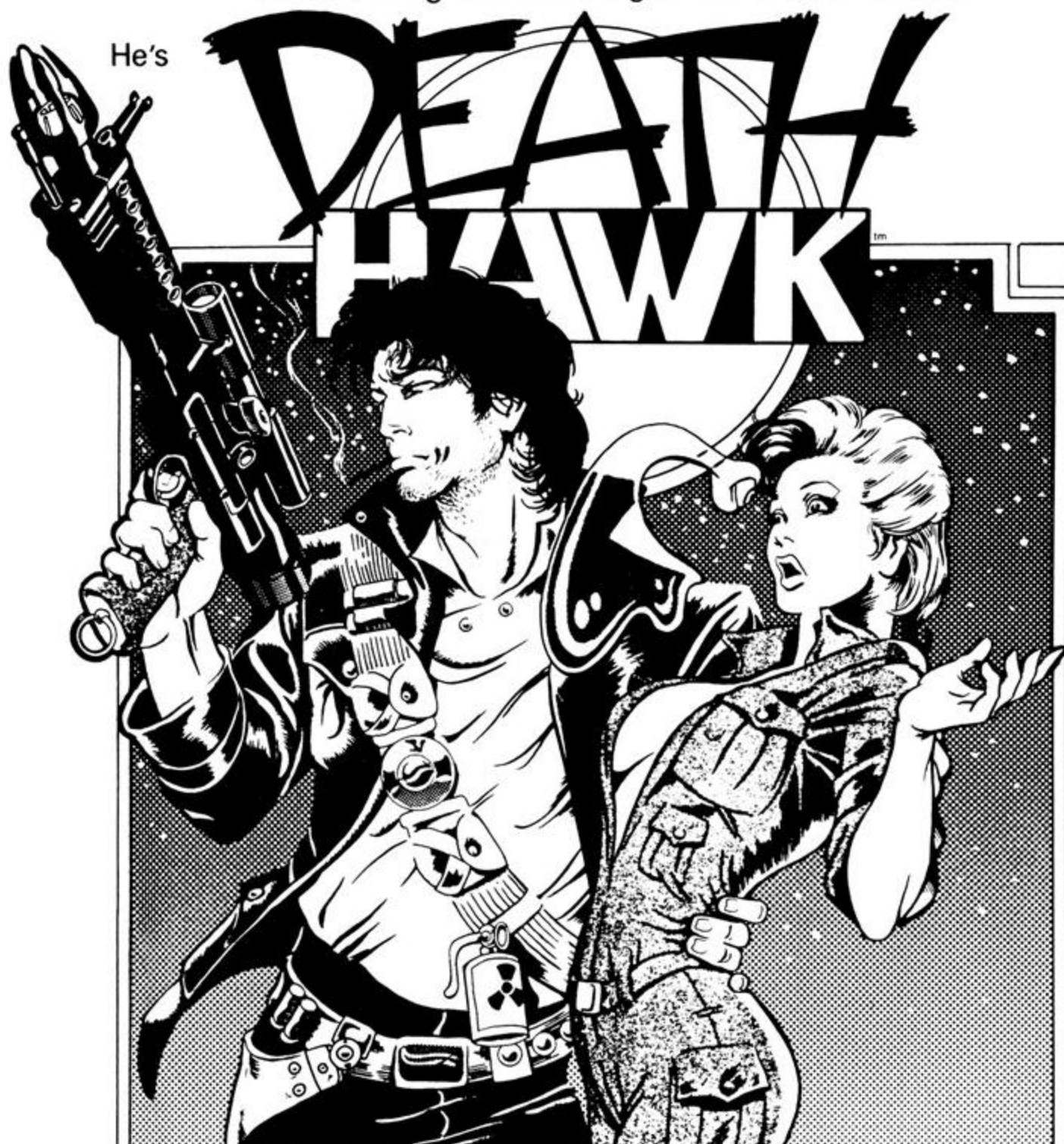
I'LL BE ON YOUR *HEELS*
UNTIL YOU FINALLY
UNDERSTAND *WHY*
I'M CALLED--
DEATH HAWK!!

Next:
Land of the
DEADLY
Sun



He's got a beautiful girl in one hand, a really BIG gun in the other,
and an intelligent blob of goo for a best friend.

He's



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