

ISSUE 6

★ THE NEW ★

MAR 2013



ALLIED FIGHTERS



HOME INVASION!

Part IV



★ THE NEW ★ ★ ALLIED FIGHTERS ★

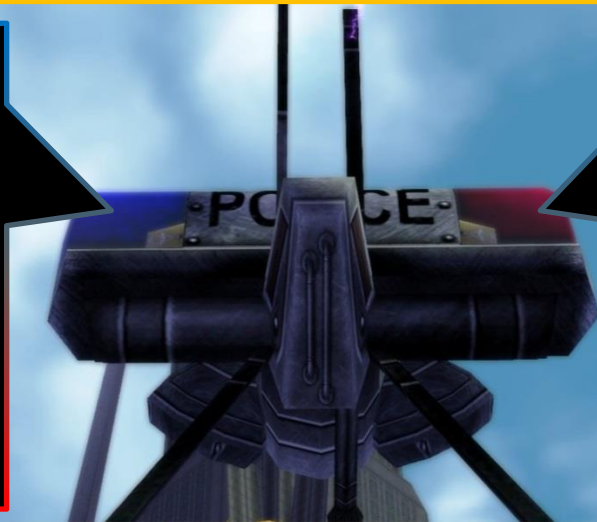
IN 1942, SHORTLY AFTER THE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR, AMERICA AND ITS ALLIES NEEDED VICTORIES IN BATTLES AND HEROES THROUGH WHICH CITIZENS AND TROOPS COULD RALLY TO. THE 'ALLIED FIGHTERS' WERE BANDED TOGETHER JUST FOR THIS PURPOSE. LED BY CAPTAIN INVADER, THESE LEGENDS OF WWII FOUGHT AGAINST THE POWERFUL FORCES OF THE AXIS FORCES AND WON VICTORY AFTER VICTORY. ON V-J DAY IN 1945, THE ALLIED FIGHTERS DISBANDED AND WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS. IT'S NOW THE 21ST CENTURY AND AN OLD THREAT HAS BECOME NEW. THE ALLIED FIGHTERS ARE NEEDED ONCE AGAIN, WITH THE 'NEW' MAJOR INVADER LEADING OLD AND NEW HEROES IN THE FIGHT TO SAVE EARTH FROM AN EVIL THAT WAS THOUGHT TO BE EXTINGUISHED AT THE END OF WWII.

HELLO AND WELCOME (CONTINUED)

ATHEYTA. ANOTHER ONE OF HUNDREDS OF VARIANT NAMES FOR ATHENA, GODDESS OF WISDOM, COURAGE, INSPIRATION, CIVILIZATION, LAW, JUSTICE, JUST WARFARE, MATHEMATICS, STRENGTH, STRATEGY, ARTS, CRAFTS AND SKILL. OF ALL OF THOSE TITLES, NONE ADDRESSES HER TENACITY FOR ARGUMENTS, OR WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SHE DOESN'T GET HER WAY. AS IT STANDS, THE CURRENT 'EMBODIMENT' OF 'ATHEYTA' ARGUES WITH A POLICE DRONE IN STEEL CANYON IN ORDER TO OBTAIN HER HERO REGISTRATION CARD TO JOIN A SUPER-GROUP.



PPD UNIT 2341: WORKING.
TRANSLATING REQUEST.
HARKEN: (VERB) LISTEN
ATTENTIVELY; GIVE
HEED; (ARCHAIC) TO
LISTEN TO; HEAR. (ALT
REF) TO PAY ATTENTION
OR LISTEN.
TRANSLATION: THIS UNIT
HAS HEARD THE
APPROACH OF SUBJECT:
ATHEYTA, HERO AND
GODDESS TO PRIMAL
EARTH. CONFIRMED.



CROSS-REFERENCING 'HERO',
'ATHEYTA', 'GODDESS' 'PRIMAL
EARTH'. PROCESSING...

ONE MATCH FOUND. ATHEYTA,
SELF-PROCLAIMED GODDESS
ATHENA. HERO STATUS:
INACTIVE. LAST RECORD: 15
AUGUST 1945. CORRELATION:
ALLIED FIGHTERS SUPERGROUP.

DO YOU WISH TO CONTINUE,
ATHEYTA, HERO AND GODDESS
TO PRIMAL EARTH?

*YES! I, ATHEYTA,
DEMAND YOU TO PROVIDE
ME REGISTRATION SO
THAT I MAY JOIN THIS
WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL
SUPER GROUP.*



CONDUCTING RECORDED VOICE VERIFICATION FROM
ARCHIVED FILES; DATE SET: 10 AUGUST 1944 TO NEW VOICE
RECORDING OF ATHEYTA. PLAYBACK/CORRELATION -
COMMENCING...FILE FOUND. PROCESSING...

VOICE VERIFICATION: 95%. VOICE VERIFICATION ACHIEVED.
DO YOU WISH TO PROVIDE A DNA SAMPLE AT THIS TIME?



*NONE SHALL
TASTE MY
BLOOD UNLESS
THROUGH FAIR
COMBAT!*

DNA SAMPLE: SUBJECT NON-COMPLIANT. 30-DAY REMINDER FORTHCOMING. HERO REGISTRATION PROCESS INITIATING BASED ON EXISTING ARCHIVED AUTHORIZATION BY PRESIDENT F.D. ROOSEVELT; ACTIVE STATUS AUTHORIZED UNDER INDEFINITE YET VERIFIABLE CONDITION. NO IDENTIFYING FINGERPRINT, EAR OR RETINAL IMAGES ON RECORD.

INITIATING DIGITAL FACIAL SCAN. REQUIREMENT: PLEASE REMOVE YOUR HELMET FOR THE REMAINDER OF THIS PROCEDURE.



DIGITAL FACIAL SCAN PAUSED.
PROCESSING...REDIRECTING
REQUEST.

REQUIREMENT: REMOVE YOUR HELMET
FOR DIGITAL FACIAL SCAN OR
REGISTRATION PROCESS CANNOT BE
CONFIRMED. PLEASE COMPLY.

*WOULD YOU ASK
THE STARS TO
SHINE BY DAY TO
AFFIRM THEIR
EXISTENCE TO
WHAT YOU KNOW TO
SEE BY A CLEAR
SUMMER'S NIGHT?*

*WOULD YOU ASK A
WARRIOR TO SET
DOWN ONE'S
SWORD IN BATTLE?
WOULD YOU ASK A
HUMMINGBIRD TO
REMOVE ITS
WINGS?*

*THEREIN, WHY DO YOU
ASK A GODDESS TO
ALTER HER STATE
WHEN WHAT YOU SEE
IS THAT WHICH YOU
ALREADY KNOW?*

ERROR. REASSESSMENT OF NON-COMPLIANCE PROTOCOLS.
AWAITING MAP OI-OI AUTHORITY.

PLEASE WAIT.

AUTHORIZATION: VERN-I
ALTERNATE AUTHORIZATION
CONFIRMED. PLEASE STAND STILL
FOR DIGITAL HEAD MAPPING.

SCANNING...

SCAN COMPLETE. ARCHIVED
PHOTOGRAPHIC FILE CROSS-
REFERENCE: 100%.

CORRELATING REGISTRATION...

REGISTRATION PROCESS: 90%
COMPLETE (EXCEPTION: DNA).

PROTOCOLS DICTATE RECEIPT OF
REGISTRATION CARD WITHOUT
100% COMPLETION REQUIRES
ISSUANCE AT REGISTRATION
CENTER IN ATLAS PARK CITY
HALL, RHODE ISLAND, USA.

DO YOU WISH TO MAKE AN
APPOINTMENT, ATHEYTA, HERO
AND GODDESS OF PRIMAL EARTH?

*IF I AM TO
UNDERSTAND YOUR
ROBOTIC GIBBERISH,
I ASSUME I MUST
SHOW MYSELF BEFORE
YOUR MASTER SCRIBE
TO GAIN THIS
'REGISTRATION'?*

AFFIRMATIVE. APPOINTMENTS ARE
AVAILABLE WITHIN TWO WEEKS.
WOULD YOU LIKE A MORNING OR
AFTERNOON APPOINTMENT?

*IF YOUR 'REGISTRATION' IS
COMPLETE, THEN NO APPOINTMENT
WILL BE NECESSARY. I SHALL TRAVEL
TO YOUR CITY HALL THIS MINUTE. NO
FURTHER DELAYS SHALL BE TOLERATED.*

ERROR. SCHEDULING SCRIPT
FAIL. VERN-I COORDINATE...

...DIDIDIDIDIDID...

REMOTE AUDIO OVERRIDE.

*HELLO? ATHEYTA, THIS
IS VERN FROM
REGISTRATION...*

...OUR SCHEDULE IS BOOKED FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS. WHAT DAY WOULD BE BEST AFTER THAT?



SCRIBE VERN! YOUR SCHEDULE IS MEANINGLESS TO ME. I SHALL DEPART NOW AND YOU SHALL HAVE MY DOCUMENT FOR ME, OR YOU SHALL FACE ME IN FAIR COMBAT!

...I SEE. YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE 'SPECIAL' HEROES, AREN'T YOU?

INDEED! THIS WORLD IS BLESSED BY THE GODS THEMSELVES FOR MY RETURN! PREPARE FOR MY ARRIVAL SCRIBE VERN! I SHALL AWAY NOW!

...E

...ERM...AH...

FRET NOT! YOU SHALL SOON MEET A GODDESS. YOUR CURRENT AWE IS EXPECTED. UNTIL WE MEET, SCRIBE VERN, MAY COLE PROTECT YOU!

...AH...

PPD UNIT 2341 AUDIO OVERRIDE
DISENGAGED. CURRENT UNIT
STATUS: ASYMPTOTIC ALGORITHM
LOOP... LOOP... IDIDIDIDIDIDI...

ATHEYTA PAYS NO MIND TO THE DRONE AS SHE WALKS TO THE ONLY MORTAL TRANSPORTATION SHE TRUSTS...

ATHEYTA PAYS NO MIND TO THE DRONE AS SHE WALKS TO THE ONLY MORTAL TRANSPORTATION SHE TRUSTS...

THE PARAGON
TRANSIT AUTHORITY.
PTA. SHE FONDLY
REMEMBERS TIMES
RIDING THE RAILED
COMMUTER CARS
THROUGHOUT THE
PARAGON CITY OF
OLD.

ALTHOUGH THIS TRANSIT
STATION IS NEWER, IT IS
ABOVE GROUND AND
UNSIGHTLY. PRAETORIA'S
IS UNDERGROUND, WHERE
IT SHOULD BE. SHE
PONDERES THAT THESE
PRIMALS STILL HAVE A LOT
TO LEARN FROM THE
MODERN WAYS OF
PRAETORIAN LIFE.



BUT AS SHE BEGINS THINKING BACK
TO PRAETORIA, AND HER HUSBAND,
EMPEROR COLE, SHE FEELS UNEASE;
THE SAME UNEASE THAT HAS PLAGUED
HER AT NEARLY EVERY ENCOUNTER
SINCE HER RETURN TO PRIMAL
EARTH.

COULD IT BE THOSE
RUTHLESS, EVIL TSOO
TRYING TO MIND
CONTROL HER? NO.
SHE'D FEEL THAT.
THIS...THIS
UNEASE...IT'S FLEETING.

EVERY TIME SHE GETS THIS
UNEASE, HER MIND REDIRECTS
HER ELSEWHERE...DODGING THE
ISSUE. IT REDIRECTS HER TO
THINK OF A HAPPY
THOUGHT...HER WEDDING DAY TO
EMPEROR COLE.



ATLAS PARK.



EVEN NOW, AS SHE TRIES TO RECALL HER LAST VISIT TO PARAGON CITY, HER THOUGHTS AGAIN GET REDIRECTED TO HER WEDDING DAY. CURIOUS. WHY IS THIS?

LOOKING OUT ACROSS THE MODERN SKYLINE OF ATLAS PARK, THOUGHTS OF NOVA PRAETORIA INTERRUPT HER MUSINGS...AS WELL AS HAPPY IMAGES OF HER WEDDING DAY...AGAIN.



HER THOUGHTS SUDDENLY BECOME ASSERTIVE. ATLAS PARK WILL SOON BE MADE PRAETORIAN. THEY WILL ALL BECOME PROUD, DISCIPLINED PRAETORIAN EMPIRICAL SUBJECTS.



WHETHER THEY WANT TO BE, OR NOT...



The Reckoning



AFTER MR. HAMILTON STRODE OFF TO FIX THE BASE'S MOTOR GENERATOR, THE THICK, STEELY, RUSTED DOORS OF THE BASE'S HANGAR BAY OPENED. AMIDST THE DARKENED MUSEUM OF THE ALLIED FIGHTER'S FLYERS, MAJOR INVADER'S VOICE ECHOED ACROSS THE ROOM. "HE'S ATOP FLYER #6. PLEASE HELP HIM". PLEASE. THIS IS NOT A WORD UTTERED BY THE MAJOR. EVER. ASIDE FROM A WEeping GIRL IN A RED, WHITE AND BLUE COSTUME KNEELING IN AN ARREST POSITION ONE PLANE OVER, THE DOCTOR ARRIVES AT #6 FLYER AND...

AH HELL.

MAJOR, WHY IS IT, EVERY TIME YOU 'MIX IT UP' WITH SOMEONE, I'M THE ONE PULLING THEM BACK FROM DEATH?

IT WAS...HE...**DAMMIT**
JUST #\$\$*%\$ **HELP**
HIM!!

I'M ON IT, MAJOR. RELAX.
OH, AND BY THE WAY, MR.
HAMILTON'S FINE,
THANK YOU FOR ASKING.

HE'S IN THE
WINGS WAITING
TO BEAT THE CRAP
OUT OF YOU.

<DOCTOR, WILL JACQUE BE OK?
HE IS SO STILL...PLEASE LET ME
SEE HIM! PLEASE?!?>*

<HE'S...HE'S IN GOOD HANDS.
JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE.
DON'T MAKE ME HAVE REASON
TO DO THE SAME TO YOU.>

**SPEAKING IN FRENCH.*

-FRANCOPHILE DEES

WELL I'LL BE A NEWFIE SLEYEN!
THE MAJOR'S STYMIED! WHAT THE
HELL DID THEY DO TO HIM?
THREATEN HIS STOCK OF 1950S
C-RATIONS?

...uHAnrgh...

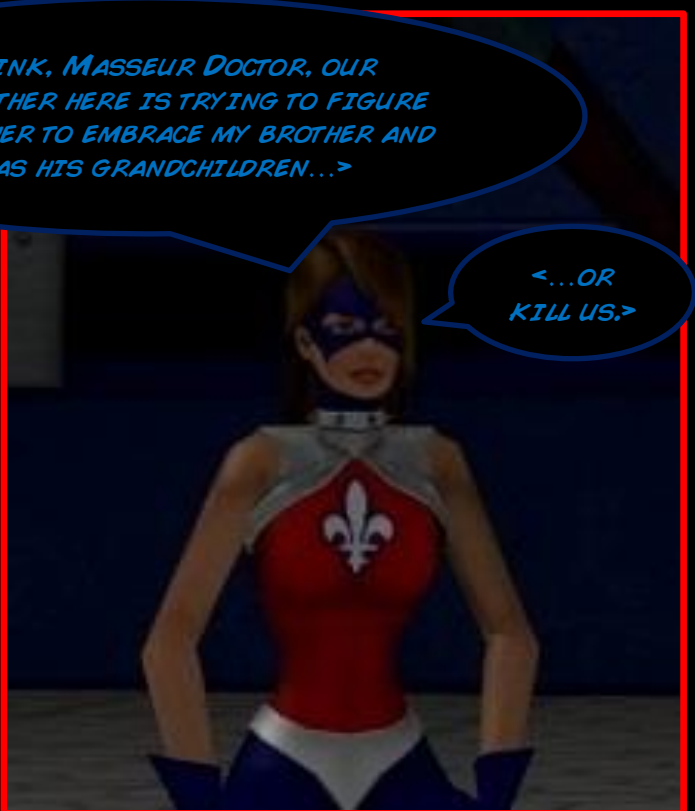
<HEY THERE. DON'T MOVE, EH?
I'M YOUR DOCTOR. I'VE HEALED
YOU, BUT YOU'RE STILL IN ROUGH
SHAPE. STAY SEATED, OK?>

...wHut...

SO, MAJOR? WHAT NOW? WE PLAY
"SHOOTS AND HEALS" WITH THESE
TWO ALL DAY, OR YOU GOING TO LET
ME WIN AND THEY DON'T SUFFER?



<I THINK, MASSEUR DOCTOR, OUR GRANDFATHER HERE IS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHETHER TO EMBRACE MY BROTHER AND ME AS HIS GRANDCHILDREN...>



WAIT. THE MAJOR DOESN'T HAVE ANY FAMILY. I MEAN...ALIVE...

...YOU'RE LYING, GIRL!



<YOU WANT TRUTH? HERE IS YOUR TRUTH! I AM SOPHIA GENEVIEVE DEMERS, AND THAT IS MY BROTHER, JACQUE JEANE. WE ARE TWIN CHILDREN TO FRANCESCA DEMERS AND GRANDCHILDREN TO ONE OF FRANCE'S GREATEST COLD WAR HEROES, MADAME LIBERTAD...AND THE AMERICAN HERO, JEANE BROWN... WHOM YOU CALL MAJOR INVADER. HOW IS THAT FOR TRUTH, DOCTOR?>

<HOLD ON! THE MAJOR WAS MARRIED TO CLARISSA...MRS. VINDICATOR... SINCE JUST AFTER WWII 'TIL THE DAY SHE DIED! HE COULDN'T...>

<...Our Grandmother...had an affair...with that... man...for decades!>

...MAJOR...?

<THIS IS A LETTER SHE GAVE TO US...ON HER DEATHBED. IT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED. HER. MSSR. JEANE BROWN, EVERYTHING! DID YOU KNOW SHE DIED, GRANDFATHER? DID YOU EVEN CARE TO SEE HER, EVEN ONE LAST TIME?>



...MAJOR...?

<You see, Doctor? He told no one! Not even you. I had dreamed the man Meme Sophia wrote of ...>



*<...would be the honorable hero she described. Instead, we are shot at from a coward's position and summarily ignored! **SPEAK, 'GRANDFATHER'!!** WHAT ARE WE TO YOU?!?>*



<OK, GUYS,
LET'S TAKE
THIS
SOMEWHERE
ELSE SO WE
CAN SIT
DOWN AND
SORT ALL OF
THIS OUT...>

<NO, DOCTOR,
I DON'T THINK
SO.>

< JACQUE...ARE
YOU BETTER
NOW? CAN YOU
WALK?>

OUT.



<IT SEEMS WE ARE
TRULY ALONE, THEN,
JACQUE. COME.
LET'S LEAVE. THERE'S
NOTHING FOR US
HERE NOW.>

OUT.

...MAJOR...?

*<I'D PRAYED FOR THIS DAY.
NOW, ALL I WANT TO DO IS
CRY. *SNIFF* GOODBYE,
"GRANDFATHER".>*

*<I AM INSULTED TO BE RELATED TO
YOU! WHO WOULD DO SUCH A THING
TO FAMILY? DO YOU HEAR ME?!?
YOU ARE NOT FAMILY!! YOU
ARE NOTHING TO US!!>*


*<PLEASE! BOTH OF
YOU...STAY, YOU'RE STILL
NOT 100%, JACQUE. I'D
ALSO LIKE TO HELP...>*

*<THANK YOU FOR
ALL YOU'VE DONE,
DOCTOR, BUT AS
YOU CAN SEE,
THERE IS NOTHING
FOR US HERE.> AU
REVOIR, DOCTOR.*

...MAJOR...?!?


ON FOREIGN SOIL (CONTINUED)

AS THE MAJOR CONTINUES HIS IMPRESSION OF MARCEL MARCEAU, A CERTAIN LITHUANIAN CONTINUES TO TAKE DOWN THE HORDES OF METEOR-SPAWNED ALIENS IN THE DECIMATED GALAXY CITY. ALL THAT IS LEFT IN THIS NEWBORN WARZONE ARE CAPTAIN LITHUANIA, ALIEN HORDES...AND DEATH.

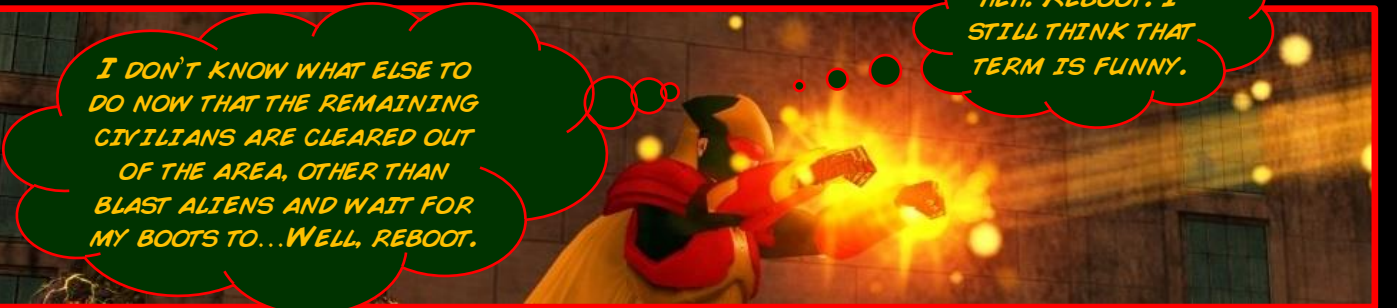
A superhero character with a red and yellow suit and a yellow cape stands in a city that has been destroyed by a meteor impact. The ground is covered in rubble and debris. In the background, there are damaged buildings and a large, glowing orange energy source. The character is looking towards the right, where a large, glowing orange energy source is visible.

DAMN! THAT LAST
BLAST SHUT DOWN MY
MAIN SYSTEMS FOR
OVER TEN SECONDS!
IN BATTLE, THAT'S AN
ETERNITY!

THANK GOD I'VE GOT
BACKUPS! ALL PRIMARY
SYSTEMS ARE NOW
REBOOTED...EXCEPT MY
ANTI-GRAY BOOTS...AGAIN.

The superhero character is shown from the side, facing a large, glowing orange energy source. He is holding a glowing orange energy source in his right hand. The background shows a city with damaged buildings and a large, glowing orange energy source.

AND IN THAT SHORT TIME I WASN'T 'SPLATTING'
ALIENS, A FEW DOZEN MORE SPAWNED!
THERE'S JUST TOO MANY OF THEM!

The superhero character is shown from the side, facing a large, glowing orange energy source. He is holding a glowing orange energy source in his right hand. The background shows a city with damaged buildings and a large, glowing orange energy source.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO
DO NOW THAT THE REMAINING
CIVILIANS ARE CLEARED OUT
OF THE AREA, OTHER THAN
BLAST ALIENS AND WAIT FOR
MY BOOTS TO...WELL, REBOOT.

HEH. REBOOT. I
STILL THINK THAT
TERM IS FUNNY.

ONCE THE CAPTAIN'S PRIMARY SYSTEMS SHOW 100% POWER, THE CAPTAIN STARTS ON A METEOR-SPAWNED ALIEN TURKEY SHOOT. ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE ALIENS 'POOMF' INTO DEBRIS FROM THE CAPTAIN'S GAUNTLET ENERGY BLASTERS. ACCORDING TO HIS COMPUTER'S HEADS-UP DISPLAY (HUD) IN HIS VISOR, HE'S ALREADY TAKEN OUT OVER 341 ALIENS...



342.



343.



344.



345.

WHEN CAPTAIN LITHUANIA CAME TO AMERICA YESTERDAY AT THE REQUEST OF MAJOR INVADER TO TRY-OUT FOR THE NEWLY REBOOTED...HEH...REBOOTED...ALLIED FIGHTERS SUPERGROUP...

...HE'D NEVER HAD THOUGHT HE'D INSTEAD BE TRYING TO STOP A METEOR ATTACK AND ZAPPING HUNDREDS OF ALIEN INVADERS.

HE'S ALREADY SEEN ENOUGH DEATH IN HIS LIFETIME. HE SAW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN NO ONE DOES ANYTHING TO HELP. INNOCENTS LOST. LOVED ONES. CHILDREN. ALL BECAUSE OTHERS WOULDN'T STOP AN ATROCITY. HE SWORE - NEVER AGAIN.

POOMF! NEVER.

346

AGAIN.









**SQUACK!* WHOA! THANKS
CAPTAIN! DIDN'T SEE THAT ONE
COMING UP ON ME!*

BOOMF!

*AS EVERYONE IS FOCUSED ON THE ALIENS-
AT-HAND, A DARK, YET DAMAGED SPIDERY
FIGURE HOVERS OUT FROM BEHIND THE
BUILDINGS.*

IT IS ARACHNOS.

*LEARN THE FOLLY OF
CROSSING ARACHNOS!
DIE, CAPTAIN
LITHUANIA!*

*THERE'S STILL TWO MORE
ALIENS ON THAT ROOF WITH
LONGBOW...AND ARACHNOS
IS BEARING DOWN ON ME! I
CAN'T SURVIVE A FULL BLAST
FROM THAT FLYER!*

*I HAVE TO HELP OUT
LONGBOW; THERE'S
SIMPLY NO CHOICE!*

*AH WELL, IT WAS A
GOOD LIFE WHILE
I LIVED IT!*

*"LIVING BY FAITH INCLUDES
THE CALL TO SOMETHING
GREATER THAN COWARDLY
SELF-PRESERVATION."
— J.R.R. TOLKIEN*

AS THE CAPTAIN SAYS
ONE LAST PRAYER...

WA-HOOO!

FWOOOSH!!
FWOOOSH!!
FWOOOSH!!
FWOOOSH!!
FWOOOSH!!

FWOOOSH!!
FWOOOSH!!
FWOOOSH!!

FWOOOSH!!
FWOOOSH!!
FWOOOSH!!
FWOOOSH!!
FWOOOSH!!

FWOOOSH!!
FWOOOSH!!
FWOOOSH!!



HEY, ARACHNOS!
MEET DEFEAT!!

F-BAM!

F-BAM!

F-BLAM!

F-BAM!

F-BAM!

F-BLAM!

...THE MIRACLE HE'D HOPED FOR HAPPENED. THE LONGBOW AGENT WILL LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY...

**CAPTAIN!!
MOVE!!**

**GET OUT
OF THERE!!**

...BUT TWO MIRACLES IN A DAY? RARER INDEED. THE RED WOLVES TOOK OUT THE FLYER, BUT IT SEEMS ARACHNOS, NOR FATE, IS DONE TRYING TO KILL CAPTAIN LITHUANIA.

CRASH!!

CAPTAIN!!!

CAPTAIN!!!

"IF WE ARE MARKED TO DIE, WE ARE ENOUGH TO DO OUR COUNTRY LOSS; AND IF TO LIVE, THE FEWER MEN, THE GREATER SHARE OF HONOR." -WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



INTERLUDE: FROM HELL'S HEARTH...



Rheinmetall Waffe Munitions Factory,
Harzgerode-Silberhütte, Germany.

*"The resolution to avoid an
evil is seldom framed till
the evil is so far advanced
as to make avoidance
impossible."*

-Thomas Hardy

<REPORT.>

<Mein Führer! Our raid
was successful! All
munitions and weapons
are being loaded for
transport now!>

<Mein Führer! All who
resisted...are dead.>

<Mein Führer! All
files and designs are
downloaded.>

<Mein Führer! All
classified equipment
retrieved.>

**Translated from German.
-Herr Deej*

<GOOD.>

<Prepare for
departure.>

<But before
we leave...>

<write upon their
walls...in the blood
of the dead...and the
remaining living...>

<Tell them
AXIS FORCE has
returned!
THE THIRD REICH
has returned!

But above all, tell
them...>

**BARON
BERLIN**
<has returned!>

...AND WITH THAT, SEVERAL
SCREAMS ARE HEARD IN THE
DISTANCE AS 'PAINT' FOR THE
WALLS IS COLLECTED...

NEXT ISSUE: "Home Invasion"
continues! Will the Major be
able to deal with the sins of his
past? Will Atheya get her hero
ID 'kill-free'? What happened to
Predominator? **SEE YOU IN 30!**



FIGHTIN' WORDS



By "Major DeeJ", Major DeeJ Universe Founder and Creator

So, what do you think? Is the Major truly at a loss of words, or is he finally feeling the effects of all those outdated C-Rations he's eaten? The twins' appearance and revelations are pretty astounding, but the big question is...did the Major know all this time about them, and if so, why didn't he confide in anyone, like Doctor Alleviation, or even his Grand Nephew, "Chaz" from the Pocket D Chalet (remember Issue #1)?

Also, we are now slowly starting to see the characters getting together...amicably or otherwise. There are still some plots that still have more story left for them. Suffice to say, when these characters get together, they're going to need one hell of a leader to make it all come together. With the Major in his current state, the question arises...is he the right man to lead? He's old, cantankerous, obnoxious and disliked. He's also a tactical genius and maybe the only man alive that can even try to stop Baron Berlin from his evil plot or plots.

Regardless, I'm hoping you are enjoying the New Allied Fighters issues. I'd love to get more comments from any and all. Contact us via the Major DeeJ Universe website or email address (below), Tweets, Facebook messages, message boards, or just let others know of us!

Until Baron Berlin gets contact lenses, Make yours the [Major DeeJ Universe](#)!

WANT TO CONTACT US? SEND AN EMAIL OR MESSAGE TO:

MAJORDEEJUNIVERSE@YAHOO.COM

