



FROM THE CREATOR OF "GUARDIANS OF THE DAWN SPOTLIGHT"



# TALES FROM PARAGON CITY

FEATURING...

*Qwa*

OKAY, I DID  
NOT DO THIS!

REASONABLY SURE  
ANYWAY...



*IN 1931, A MAN CALLING HIMSELF STATESMAN APPEARED IN THE STREETS OF PARAGON CITY. CLAIMING TO HAVE RELEASED HIS "INNER WILL", HE WAGED A ONE-MAN WAR ON CRIME AND INJUSTICE IN A CITY TORN APART BY DEPRESSION AND ORGANIZED CRIME. HIS CAUSE WAS SOON JOINED BY OTHERS, AND EVENTUALLY THE WHOLE CITY RALLIED BEHIND HIM AND HIS TEAM OF SUPERHEROES. DECADES LATER THOSE HEROES WOULD CONTINUE TO INSPIRE OTHERS TO JOIN IN THE FIGHT IN THEIR OWN UNIQUE WAYS AND MAKE HELP TO MAKE PARAGON CITY A SAFER PLACE TO BE FOR EVERYONE. THESE ARE THEIR STORIES...*

# TALES FROM PARAGON CITY

## ***"HERE COMES TROUBLE"*** ***- A CITY OF HEROES STORY BY DAVID 2***

SOME HEROES ARE BORN THROUGH TRAGEDY.

SOME ARE DRIVEN TO ACT FROM THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR.

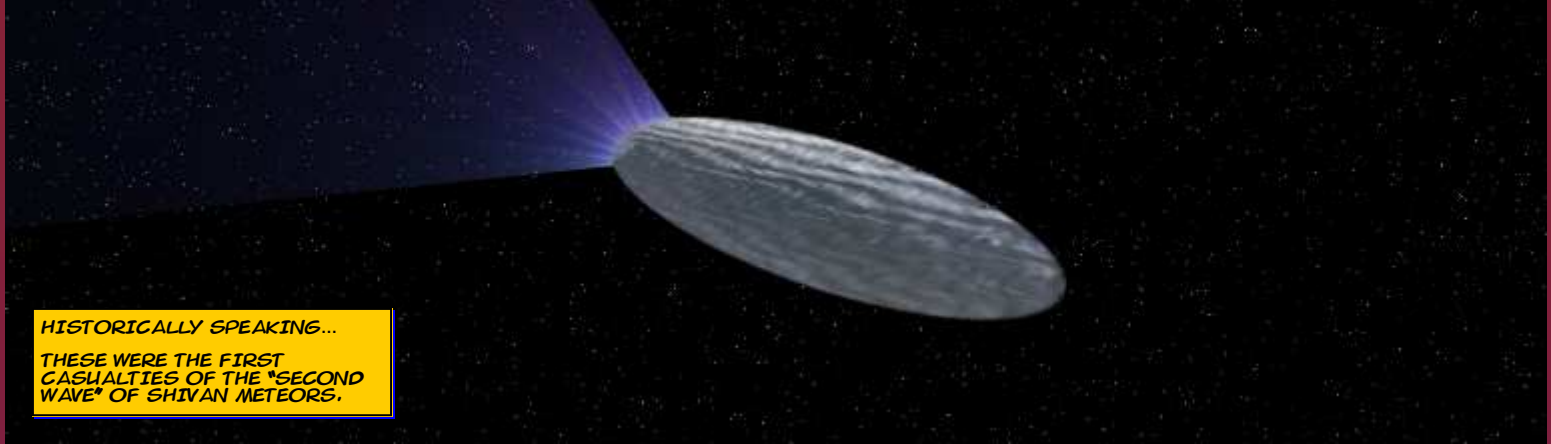
SOMETIMES, THOUGH, HEROISM IS CREATED THROUGH ACCIDENT. A TWIST OF FATE, A TURN OF THE SCREW, A COSMIC ROLL OF THE DICE AND HAVING IT COME UP SNAKE-EYES AT THE WORST POSSIBLE TIME.

SUCH IS THE CASE OF ONE ADVENTURER FROM THE STARS. A STRANGE YOUNG WOMAN FOR WHOM MISFORTUNE SEEMS TO BE HER LOT IN LIFE.

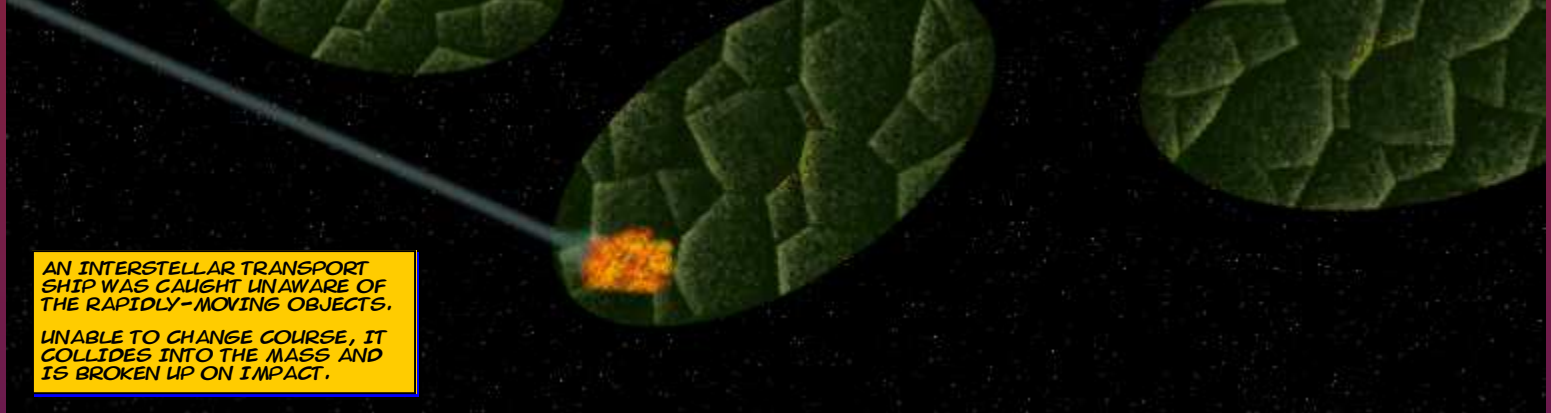
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HISTORICALLY SPEAKING...  
THESE WERE THE FIRST  
CASUALTIES OF THE "SECOND  
WAVE" OF SHIVAN METEORS.



AN INTERSTELLAR TRANSPORT  
SHIP WAS CAUGHT UNAWARE OF  
THE RAPIDLY-MOVING OBJECTS.  
UNABLE TO CHANGE COURSE, IT  
COLLIDES INTO THE MASS AND  
IS BROKEN UP ON IMPACT.



THE REMAINS OF THE SHIP ARE  
IMPALED ALONG THE SURFACE  
OF THE MASS AND DRAGGED  
ALONG TO ITS DESTINATION.  
THE THIRD PLANET IN THE SOL  
SYSTEM.

A PLANET KNOWN TO THE  
NATIVES AS "EARTH".



TERRESTRIAL DATE: SEPTEMBER 13, 2011

<OKS MXXX...  
ARE WE THERE?\*>

(\* TRANSLATED FROM  
UNIVERSAL INTER-SPEAK)

<WHY DID NOT  
ANYONE... ???>

<NO... NO... NO...  
NO... WE CRASHED,  
DID WE NOT?  
FAZAAK!!!>

<I WILL NOT TAKE  
THE BLAME FOR  
THIS! I WILL NOT!  
I DID NOT CAUSE  
THIS ONE!>

<I HAVE BEEN BLAMED FOR  
A LOT OF THINGS... BUT  
NOT EVEN A KOZUKAKA  
WOULD THINK I COULD BE  
BLAMED FOR THIS KIND  
OF DESTRUCTION.>





<A BIT COLD.  
IT DOES NOT HELP  
I AM WEARING  
NOTHING BUT MY  
UNDERSUIT.>



<SO-SA...  
I HAVE WORN  
FAR LESS  
BEFORE.>



<MAYBE THIS IS HOW WE  
WERE SUPPOSED TO BE SENT  
HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.  
DROPPED OFF, LEFT TO  
FEND FOR OURSELVES WITH  
NOTHING BUT WHAT IS ON  
OUR BACKS.>

<I SUPPOSE I HAD  
BETTER FIND OUT MORE  
ABOUT THIS STRANGE  
PLANET THAT I AM ON.  
AND STOP TALKING OUT LOUD  
TO NOBODY.>



THIS DAMAGE  
COULD NOT HAVE  
COME FROM THE  
TRANSPORT SHIP.

SOME OF THIS COMES  
FROM STRANGE  
STONE THAT DO NOT  
MATCH THE DEBRIS.

THERE ARE LOUD  
NOISES... SOME SORT  
OF ALARM. CRIES OF  
PAIN.

THERE ARE OTHER  
BEINGS HERE.

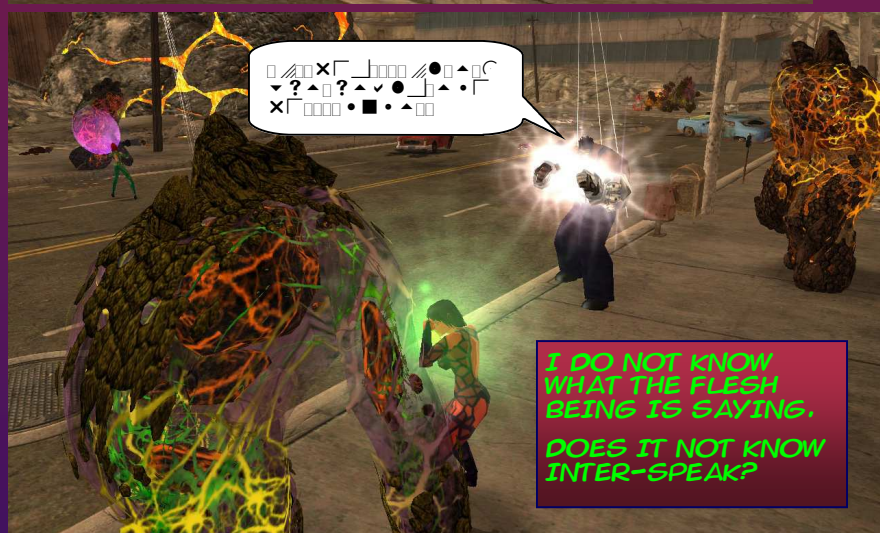


STRANGE BEINGS.  
FLESH BEINGS AND  
MOVING STONE.  
FLESH BEINGS IN  
UNIFORMS TOO.

ARE THESE CASTES, LIKE  
MY OWN PEOPLE?

THE ONE IN BLACK... IS  
THAT ONE THE OVERSEER  
CASTE? THE RULERS OF  
THE PLANET?







THESE CASTES  
ARE CONFUSING.  
BLACK AND RED  
OVERSEERS?



DID THE STONE  
BEINGS BRING ME  
INTO THE MIDDLE  
OF A CIVIL WAR?



I NEED TO  
KEEP MOVING.

MY ENERGY  
IS STILL  
TOO WEAK.  
I CANNOT  
EVEN FLY  
RIGHT NOW.



KEEP MOVING TO  
THE PLACE THE  
FLESH BEING  
GESTURED ME  
TO GO TO.



THIS ONE IS ALIVE.

ꠓꠓꠓꠓꠓ...

IT DRESSES STRANGELY.  
IT IS NOT AN OVERSEER  
LIKE THOSE I HAVE SEEN.

IT SPEAKS LIKE THE OTHER  
FLESH BEINGS.  
MAYBE IT IS LIKE ME, BUT  
HAS BEEN HERE TOO LONG  
TO REMEMBER INTER-SPEAK?



ꠓꠓꠓꠓꠓ...

<I DO NOT KNOW WHO  
YOU ARE AND I WISH I  
KNEW WHAT YOU WERE  
SAYING.  
IF THERE IS ANYTHING  
I CAN DO TO HELP YOU  
I WOULD GIVE-- >



<ERAAAASH!>







I FEEL WEAK... DRAINED, WHATEVER IT DID... HOWEVER HE DID IT... HE TOOK SOME OF MY OWN ENERGY SO HE COULD HEAL HIMSELF.



I WAS RIGHT.

THIS IS A CIVIL WAR BETWEEN OVERSEERS.

RED VERSUS BLACK, WITH SOME STRANGE BLUE MECHANICAL UNIT HELPING OUT THE RED OVERSEERS.



THE RED CASTE DRESS LIKE THEY ARE THE NEW OVERSEERS, REBELLING OVER THE OLD GUARD.



THE BLACK ONES LOOK LIKE THEY ARE THE OLD GUARD.

IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT THESE FLESH BEINGS ARE SAYING TO EACH OTHER SO I COULD BETTER UNDERSTAND WHY THEY ARE FIGHTING.



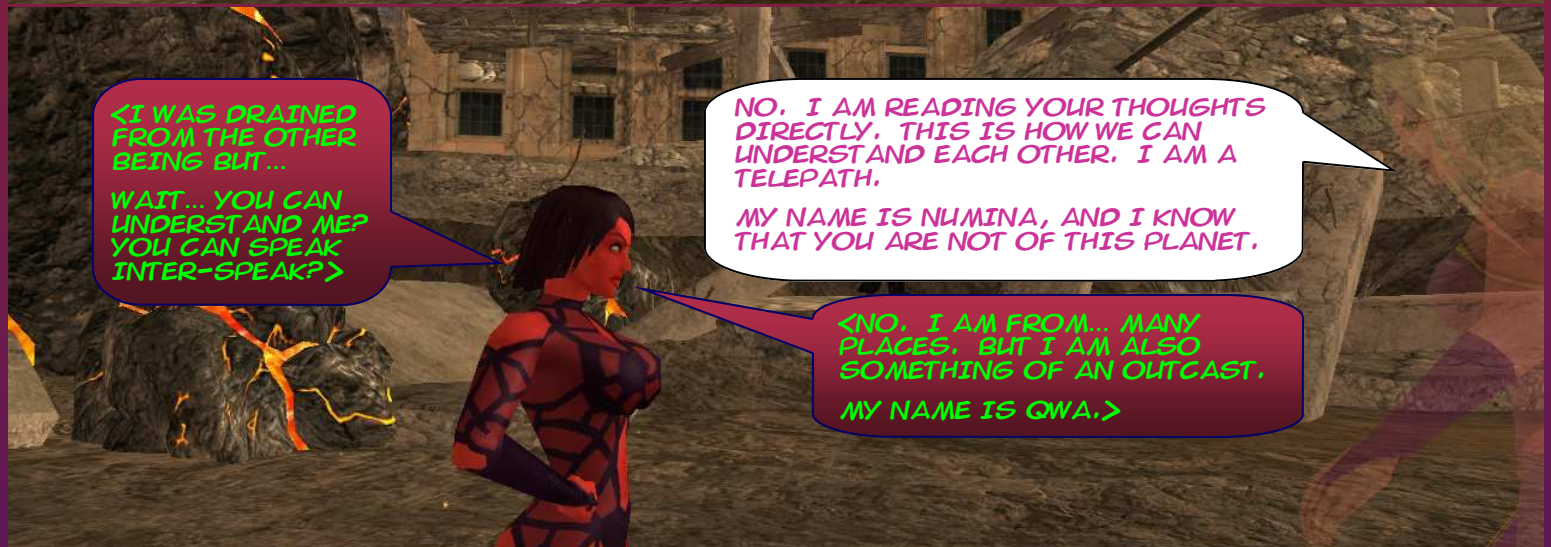


ARE YOU  
OKAY?  
ARE YOU  
INJURED?

FINALLY THEY SEESTURE  
ME TO SOME STRANGE  
TRANSPORT DEVICE.

OTHER FLESH BEINGS ARE  
HERE AS WELL. I THINK THEY  
ARE BEING RESCUED.

THE WOMAN TALKING TO  
ME IS STRANGE. SHE IS  
HERE BUT NOT HERE. SHE  
IS LIKE THE LEGENDARY  
WIND-WISPS.



<I WAS DRAINED  
FROM THE OTHER  
BEING BUT...  
WAIT... YOU CAN  
UNDERSTAND ME?  
YOU CAN SPEAK  
INTER-SPEAK?>

NO. I AM READING YOUR THOUGHTS  
DIRECTLY. THIS IS HOW WE CAN  
UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. I AM A  
TELEPATH.

MY NAME IS NUMINA, AND I KNOW  
THAT YOU ARE NOT OF THIS PLANET.

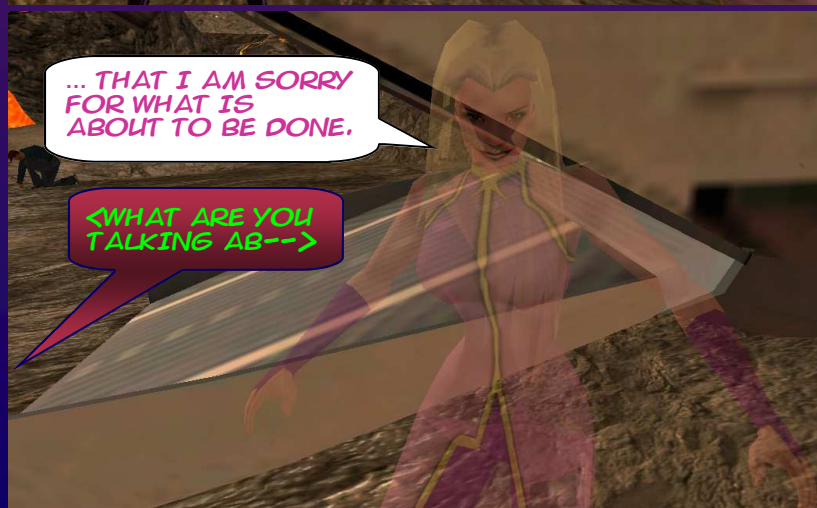
<NO. I AM FROM... MANY  
PLACES. BUT I AM ALSO  
SOMETHING OF AN OUTCAST.  
MY NAME IS QWA.>



<MY SHIP HAD  
CRASHED HERE  
WITH THE STONES.  
I DO NOT KNOW  
ALL THE DETAILS.>

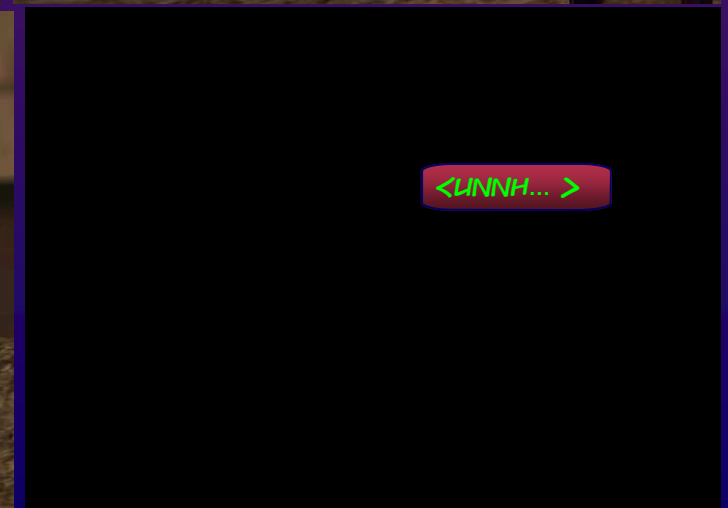


WELL I HOPE WE  
CAN HELP YOU  
WITH THAT... BUT  
BEFORE WE DO, I  
HAVE TO SAY...



... THAT I AM SORRY  
FOR WHAT IS  
ABOUT TO BE DONE.

<WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING AB-->



<UNNH... >





I AWAKE IN PRISON.

AGAIN!



I DON'T KNOW WHY EITHER. THE WOMAN, NUMINA, SHE ONLY SAID THAT SHE WAS "SORRY".



DID THEY FIND SOMEONE ELSE FROM THE SHIP?

DID THEY TELL THE FLESH BEINGS SOME LIE ABOUT ME?

NOBODY WILL TELL ME WHY I AM HERE.

I DID DISCOVER THAT I WAS WRONG ABOUT THE REAL OVERSEERS OF THIS WORLD.



THE REAL OVERSEERS DO NOT WEAR RED OR BLACK.

THEIR ARMOR IS PURPLE. I HEARD THEM REFER TO THEMSELVES AS "VAH-N-GURD".

WHATEVER NUMINA DID TO ME TO UNDERSTAND HER, SOMEHOW IT IS CAUSING ME TO UNDERSTAND THESE FLESH BEINGS MORE AND MORE.

THEIR WORDS ARE NOT JUST GIBBERISH TO ME ANYMORE.

YOU CHECK OUT THE ONE IN NINE?

OH YEAH, HOT ALIEN, IF YOU'RE INTO THAT SORT OF SICKO STUFF.



<GAH!  
AT LEAST TELL ME  
WHYYYYY!!>

SOMETIMES MY ANGER GETS THE BETTER OF ME.



I DO NOT KNOW HOW LONG I AM HERE.

THEY LEAVE UGLY SUBSTANCES FOR ME TO CONSUME AND DRINK. I BEGIN TO MEASURE MY TIME HERE BY THOSE ROUTINE SERVINGS.



THEN... AFTER UGLY SUBSTANCE  
NUMBER TWENTY-THREE...

**\*PSSSS\***

THE DOOR JUST...  
OPENS.

STRANGE.

IS THIS  
A TRAP?

WILL AN  
OVERSEER  
COME IN?

I HAVE HEARD  
SOME OF THE  
OVERSEERS  
WHEN THEY PASS  
BY MY CELL.

I DO NOT KNOW  
WHAT THEY SAY,  
BUT THEIR TONE  
SUGGESTS THEY  
DO NOT LIKE ME.

MAYBE THEY  
DECIDED TO  
JUST LET ME  
GO.

OVERSEERS DO  
NOT LIKE TO  
ADMIT BEING  
WRONG.

BUT THE ONE GOOD  
THING ABOUT BEING  
IN THAT CELL ALL  
THIS TIME IS THAT I  
HAVE RECOVERED MY  
ENERGY LEVELS.

I CAN FLY  
AGAIN!

NOW I AM GOING TO  
GET THE ANSWERS  
TO MY QUESTIONS  
OF WHERE I AM AND  
WHY THEY TREAT ME  
THIS WAY.

WHO IS  
THAT?

I WONDERED IF SOME  
OF THE OTHERS WERE  
LIKE ME... HELD HERE  
FOR NO GIVEN REASON.

FISH ON  
THE MOVE!

BUT I MADE THAT  
MISTAKE ONCE BEFORE  
IN MY LIFE. I AM NOT  
GOING TO DO IT AGAIN.

ESCAPE...  
JEALOUSY...  
SADNESS...





OUT IN THE  
OPEN, I CAN  
FIGHT THESE  
VAH-N-GURD  
OVERSEERS.



THEIR ENERGY BLADES  
DO NOT SCARE ME.



THEY ARE NO  
MATCH TO MY  
ENERGY PUNCHES.



THESE OVERSEERS HAVE  
NO ENERGY INSIDE  
THEM TO FIGHT.



THEY RELY ON THEIR  
ARMOR TO POWER  
THEM UP. IZIONZ!



ONE BY ONE,  
I TAKE THEIR  
BEST SHOTS...



AND GIVE  
THEM ONE  
BETTER.







**PSST WANNA READ SOME GREAT COMICS?**



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# COMICS



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A QUICK TRANSPORT LATER...

QWA. IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

<NULMINA... DID YOU KNOW THEY WERE GOING TO ARREST ME AND HOLD ME IN... WHEREVER THAT PLACE WAS?>

YES. AND I AM SORRY THEY DID THAT TO YOU. YOU DIDN'T DESERVE THAT.

<THEN I SUPPOSE THAT THIS...>  
LADY GREY AND I HAVE... HAVE...  
WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME NOW?

IT IS ONLY A TEMPORARY ALTERATION SO YOU CAN COMMUNICATE BETTER WITH LADY GREY.

"SIGH" OH, ALL RIGHT.

I PROMISE THAT AFTER THE MEETING, IF YOU WISH, I CAN REVERSE THE PROCESS.

LET US GET THIS DONE.

BY ALL THAT IS ZTHL...  
THESE EARTH BEINGS PRESUME TOO MUCH SOMETIMES!

MAYBE THERE ARE THINGS THAT I HAVE DONE IN THE PAST, BUT I CERTAINLY DID NOT DESERVE BEING PUT IN PRISON HERE, OR HAVING MY MIND ALTERED JUST SO I COULD SPEAK THEIR NATIVE LANGUAGE.





I AM INTRODUCED TO LADY GREY. SHE APPEARS YOUNG, BUT SHE HAS AN OLD TONE IN HER VOICE.

THE MAN IN THE BACKGROUND IS SERPENT DRUMMER. HE CLAIMS HE IS NOT THERE AS A BODYGUARD, BUT HIS POSTURE SAYS OTHERWISE.



MISS QWA... I WANT TO FORMALLY APOLOGIZE FOR INCARCERATING YOU WITHOUT JUST CAUSE.

NORMALLY WE DON'T TREAT VISITORS TO OUR PLANET THAT WAY.

HOWEVER, YOU DID ARRIVE HERE ALONG WITH A NEW VERSION OF CREATURES THAT WE REFER TO AS "SHIVANS", AND THEIR ARRIVAL DID CAUSE THE DESTRUCTION OF A SIGNIFICANT PART OF OUR CITY.

THE DECISION WAS MADE, ALBEIT A HASTY ONE, TO DETAIN YOU QUICKLY AND THEN TO ASSERT WHATEVER CONNECTION YOU HAD WITH THE SHIVANS AFTERWARD.



IF BY "SHIVANS" YOU MEAN THOSE STONE BEINGS, THEN I CAN HONESTLY SAY I HAVE NEVER SEEN OR HEARD OF THEM BEFORE I ARRIVED ON YOUR WORLD.



BUT YOUR BEHAVIOR AFTER YOUR DETENTION SUGGESTED THAT THIS WASN'T THE FIRST TIME THAT THIS SORT OF THING HAPPENED TO YOU.

YOU'VE BEEN IN PRISON BEFORE, HAVEN'T YOU?



YES BUT... "SASHI"

IT... WAS FOR NOTHING THAT I CONSCIOUSLY DID BUT...

IT... IT IS COMPLICATED.

WELL NOW IS THE TIME FOR YOU TO UN-COMPLICATE IT.

NUMINA WILL KNOW IF YOU ARE TELLING THE TRUTH, SO BE HONEST WITH US AND WE WILL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO HELP YOU.

VERY WELL. I WILL TELL YOU THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

MY HOME WORLD IS CALLED O'MONAIZ.

IT ENDURES BECAUSE OF A RIGOROUS HONOR-CASTE SYSTEM.

MY PEOPLE ARE NOT JUST BORN INTO VARIOUS CASTES... IN MY CASE, I WAS LITERALLY CREATED FOR ONE SUCH CASTE.



"I WAS CREATED TO BE A MEMBER OF THE PEACE-CASTE. IT IS A POSITION OF GREAT HONOR AND RESPECT."

"FROM THE MOMENT I WOULD OPEN MY EYES FOR THE FIRST TIME, I WOULD BE PLEDGED TO AN AMBASSADOR, TO LIVE WITH HIM AND TO EVENTUALLY BEAR HIS CHILDREN."

"YOU MEAN YOU WERE CREATED TO BE A CONCUBINE?"

"NUMINA, PLEASE. QWA IS TALKING ABOUT LONG-HELD CUSTOMS ON HER WORLD, NO DIFFERENT THAN SOME OF OUR OWN."

"UNFORTUNATELY, THERE WAS A... MISTAKE... IN MY CREATION. I WAS GIVEN A PEACE-CASTE BODY, BUT ALSO A WAR-CASTE'S ENERGY."

"WAR-CASTES ARE SOLDIERS, LITERALLY BORN INTO BATTLE. THEIR FIRST ACT IS TO DISPEL THE STORED ENERGY FROM WITHIN THEIR BODIES TO CLEAR AN ENEMY'S LINE."

"SO WHEN YOU WERE BORN YOU--"

"THE PEACE-CASTE IN ME FELL IN LOVE WITH THE AMBASSADOR I WAS PLEDGED TO. THEN THE WAR-CASTE IN ME VAPORIZED HIM."

"MY GOD... THAT'S... HORRIBLE."

"THIS LED TO A BRUTAL WAR OF HONOR THAT STILL EMBARRASSES MY PEOPLE TO THIS DAY."


"BECAUSE I DID NOT CONSCIOUSLY COMMIT THIS ACT, I COULD NOT BE BLAMED FOR IT. BUT I ALSO COULD NOT STAY WITH MY OWN PEOPLE, BECAUSE I BROUGHT SHAME TO MY WORLD"

"I BECAME AN OUTCAST, ALONG WITH THE SCIENTIST THAT MADE THE MISTAKE OF MY CREATION. HONOR FORCED HIM TO SERVE AS MY GUARDIAN UNTIL I WAS CONSIDERED OLD ENOUGH TO DECIDE MY OWN FATE."

"AND THAT WOULD BE...?"

"ON MY FIFTH STAR CYCLE."





I DO NOT KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SCIENTIST THAT RAISED ME. I HAD TO CALL HIM "SANT", WHICH ON MY WORLD MEANS "FAILURE".

HE TAUGHT ME TO READ AND TO SPEAK INTER-SPEAK, THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE OF STAR TRAVELERS. HE TOLD ME WHAT TO DO WHEN THE DAY CAME FOR ME TO LEAVE.

I WAS ASKED TO LEAVE TO GET FOOD. WHEN I RETURNED, HE WAS NOT THERE AND HIS BELONGINGS WERE MISSING.

I TOOK WHAT LITTLE THERE WAS LEFT AND I PROCEEDED TO THE STAR-PORTS TO GET WORK.

I HANDLED VARIOUS DUTIES ON DIFFERENT SHIPS AND WORLDS. BODYGUARD, MAINTENANCE, EVEN ONCE A FOR-HIRE WAR-CASTE.



BUT THEN I DISCOVERED THAT SOMETHING ELSE FOLLOWED ME EVERYWHERE I WENT.

WHEN I TRAVELLED TO WORLDS THAT KNEW OF THE D'MONAIZ, I FOUND THAT THEY WOULD REFER TO ME IN A NEGATIVE WAY.

MY NAME, QWA, WAS OUR ANCIENT WORD FOR "FORTUNE". IT WAS MEANT TO BE A POSITIVE REFERENCE FOR ANY CHILD.

TODAY, "QWA" MEANS "BAD FORTUNE" OR "TROUBLE" TO MY PEOPLE.



"I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO TRAVEL FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY.

PLACES THAT DID NOT KNOW ABOUT ME OR ABOUT MY PEOPLE."



"I TRIED TO KEEP MYSELF OUT OF TROUBLE. I DRESSED LOW-KEY, I WORKED LOW POSITIONS, I TRIED TO KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT."

"BUT TROUBLE ALWAYS SEEMED TO FIND ME."



"THE LAST PLANET I WAS ON HAD A STAR-PORT THAT SUPPLIED SHIPS GOING INTO THE DEEPEST PARTS OF KNOWN SPACE."

"I WORKED THERE FOR A WHOLE STAR CYCLE, HELPING TO LOAD AND UNLOAD SUPPLIES UNTIL I COULD CONVINCE A CAPTAIN TO BRING ME ON BOARD. IT IS HOW YOU SECURE PASSAGE IF YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BUY IT."

"THEN, TWO ROTATIONS BEFORE THE SHIP WAS READY TO LEAVE, I WAS TOLD BY THE PORT SUPERVISOR THAT THERE WAS NO WORK FOR ME AND THAT I COULD NOT BOARD THE SHIP."



"THE PORT SUPERVISOR SAID THAT I WAS A FUGITIVE."

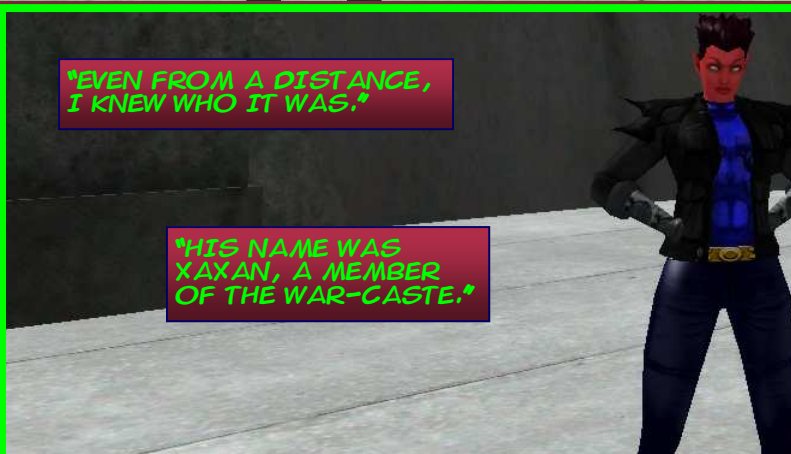


"ONLY SOMEONE FROM MY PLANET WOULD CONSIDER ME A FUGITIVE."



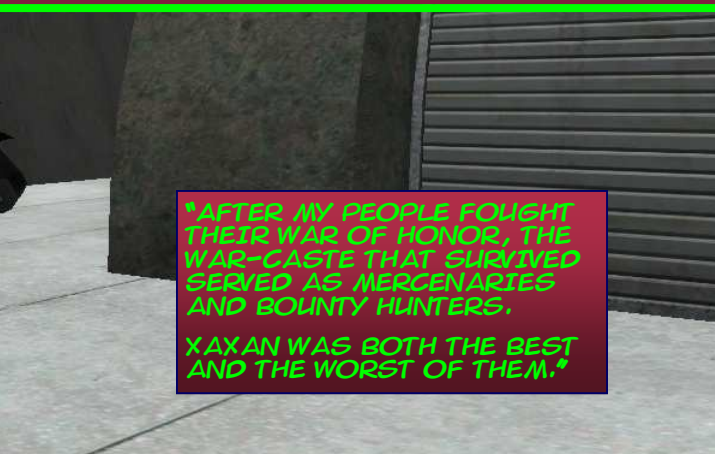
"EVEN FROM A DISTANCE, I KNEW WHO IT WAS."

"HIS NAME WAS XAXAN, A MEMBER OF THE WAR-CASTE."



"AFTER MY PEOPLE FOUGHT THEIR WAR OF HONOR, THE WAR-CASTE THAT SURVIVED SERVED AS MERCENARIES AND BOUNTY HUNTERS."

XAXAN WAS BOTH THE BEST AND THE WORST OF THEM."



<OWA THE ABOMINATION.

YOU HAVE DISHONORED OUR PEOPLE FOR FAR TOO LONG.>



<I AM NOT HERE TO CAUSE TROUBLE, XAXAN. I AM SIMPLY TRYING TO GO SOMEPLACE WHERE I WILL NOT CAUSE SHAME TO OUR PEOPLE.>



<AND YET EVERYWHERE YOU GO, YOU SERVE AS A CONTINUAL REMINDER OF OUR PEOPLE AND THE SHAME THAT WE BEAR OF YOUR EXISTENCE.>

<EVERY STAR CYCLE BRINGS MORE AND MORE RUMORS OF YOUR ACTIVITIES FROM OTHER WORLDS. YOU BRING SHAME TO US ALL BY YOUR PRESENCE!

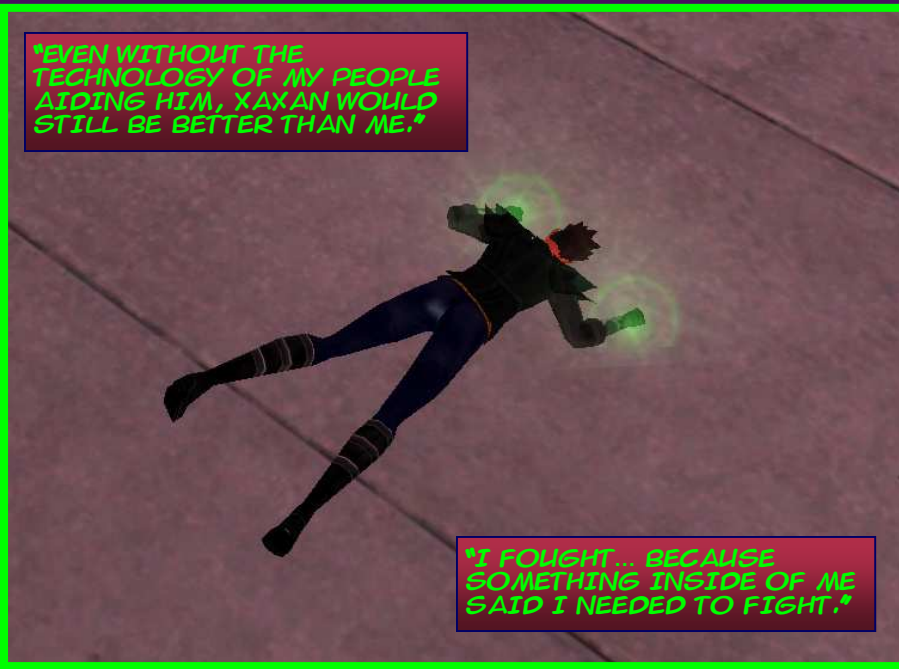
NO MORE! NO MORE WILL YOU DRAG OUR SHAME TO THOSE OTHER STARS!

I HAVE BEEN EMPOWERED BY OUR PEOPLE TO HAVE YOU TAKEN TO THE PENAL MOON, WHERE DEATH IS BUT A CERTAINTY. YOU WILL DIE PAINFULLY AND HORRIBLY AND THEN BE FORGOTTEN, AS YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN ALL THOSE CYCLES AGO.

ONLY THEN WILL WE HAVE HONOR.>









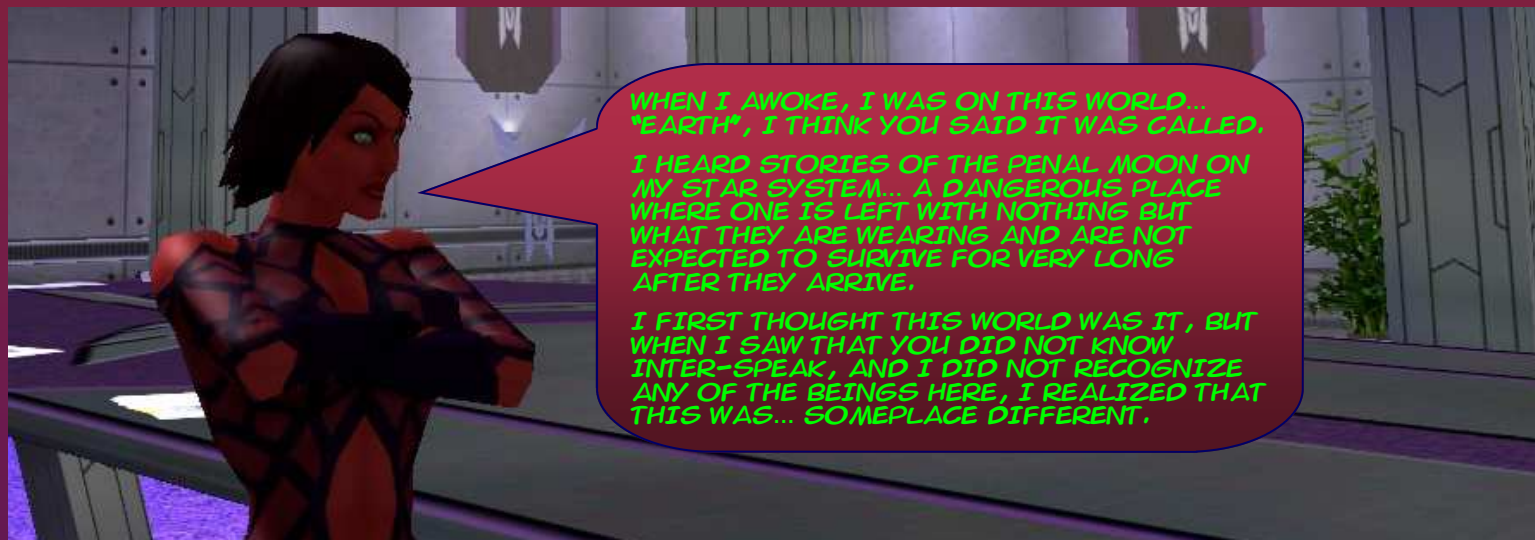


"THAT WAS ALL THAT I REMEMBERED OF THAT DAY, BUT I KNEW WHAT WOULD COME NEXT."




"I WAS STRIPPED AND THEN PUT IN A PRISON STASIS TUBE"

"THEN I WAS LOADED ONTO A TRANSPORT SHIP."




WHEN I AWOKE, I WAS ON THIS WORLD... "EARTH", I THINK YOU SAID IT WAS CALLED. I HEARD STORIES OF THE PENAL MOON ON MY STAR SYSTEM... A DANGEROUS PLACE WHERE ONE IS LEFT WITH NOTHING BUT WHAT THEY ARE WEARING AND ARE NOT EXPECTED TO SURVIVE FOR VERY LONG AFTER THEY ARRIVE.

I FIRST THOUGHT THIS WORLD WAS IT, BUT WHEN I SAW THAT YOU DID NOT KNOW INTER-SPEAK, AND I DID NOT RECOGNIZE ANY OF THE BEINGS HERE, I REALIZED THAT THIS WAS... SOMEPLACE DIFFERENT.




YES... WELL, UNFORTUNATELY, YOU MANAGED TO CATCH US AT OUR WORST THAT DAY.


OUR PEOPLE MANAGED TO FIND SOME WRECKAGE IMBEDDED WITH THE SHIVAN METEORS.



BUT WE COULD NOT KNOW FOR CERTAIN WHAT YOUR ROLE WAS IN THE MATTER UNTIL WE HAD A CHANCE TO SPEAK WITH YOU.



I CANNOT HELP BUT FEEL SORRY FOR WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH... AN OUTCAST... AND THROUGH NO FAULT OF YOUR OWN!



I HAVE BEEN TO ENOUGH WORLDS TO KNOW THAT THE WAYS OF MY PEOPLE ARE WRONG.

I WAS HOPING TO FIND SOMEPLACE WHERE I DID NOT HAVE TO EVENTUALLY EXPLAIN MYSELF TO THEM OR EXPLAIN WHY I AM DIFFERENT FROM MY PEOPLE. TO JUST BE... ME.






I DON'T THINK  
YOU CAN EVER  
GET AWAY FROM  
THE FIRST PART...

BUT MAYBE WE  
CAN HELP YOU  
WITH YOU JUST  
BEING YOU.

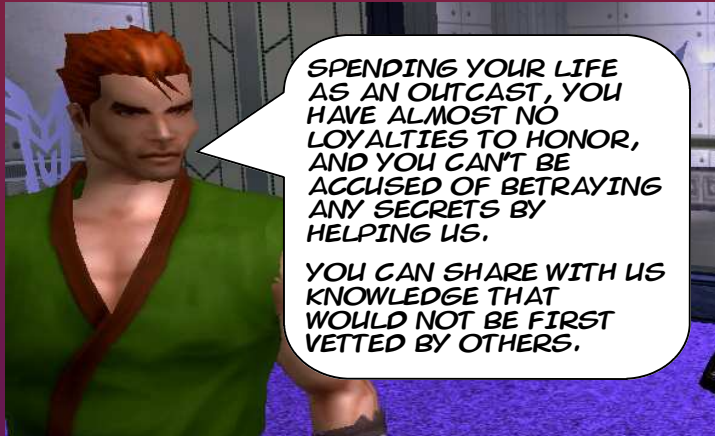
MISS GWA, IT'S CLEAR THAT  
YOU'RE BEING PERSECUTED  
BY YOUR PEOPLE. WE CAN  
OFFER SOME MEASURE OF  
PROTECTION FOR YOU.

BUT IN EXCHANGE, I WOULD  
LIKE TO PUT YOUR UNIQUE  
EXPERIENCES OF OTHER  
WORLDS TO USE.



WE ARE CURRENTLY RELYING ON  
A RACE CALLED THE KHELDIANS  
TO PROVIDE US WITH MOST OF  
THE INFORMATION OF THE  
WORLDS BEYOND OUR OWN.

I'M CERTAIN YOU WOULD  
UNDERSTAND WHY I WOULD  
PREFER TO HAVE A... SECOND  
PERSPECTIVE, WHICH YOU  
OBVIOUSLY CAN PROVIDE.



SPENDING YOUR LIFE  
AS AN OUTCAST, YOU  
HAVE ALMOST NO  
LOYALTIES TO HONOR,  
AND YOU CAN'T BE  
ACCUSED OF BETRAYING  
ANY SECRETS BY  
HELPING US.

YOU CAN SHARE WITH US  
KNOWLEDGE THAT  
WOULD NOT BE FIRST  
VETTED BY OTHERS.



IT SOUNDS SO... TEMPTING.

I STILL HAVE TO WONDER, THOUGH,  
IF THERE IS SOME KIND OF...  
TRICK... TO THIS OFFER.

SOME MEASURE OF SKEPTICISM  
SHOULD BE EXPECTED.

WE WILL ASK FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE,  
NOT ONLY CONCERNING THE  
SHIVANS, BUT ALSO CONCERNING  
THE RIVALS TO THE KHELDIANS, THE  
NICTUS, AS WELL AS A RACE YOU  
MAY HAVE NOT HEARD ABOUT KNOWN  
AS THE RIKTI.

SOMETIMES WE MAY REQUIRE  
YOUR KNOWLEDGE; IN OTHER  
INSTANCES, WE WILL ASK FOR  
YOUR STRENGTH, OR PERHAPS  
FOR YOUR... UNIQUE ALLURE.

I WILL PROMISE YOU,  
THOUGH, THAT AS LONG AS  
YOU ARE WILLING TO WORK  
WITH US, WE WILL MAKE SURE  
THAT YOU HAVE A PLACE THAT  
YOU CAN CALL HOME FOR AS  
LONG AS YOU WISH.



THEY TESTED MY  
STRENGTH...

THEY MEASURED  
HOW STRONG MY  
ENERGY IS.

... AGAINST  
MODELS OF  
THEIR WORST  
ENEMIES.

AND I MEASURED  
THEIR HATRED OF  
THIS... RIKTI.  
AND OF ALL  
OTHER "ALIENS".

"THE BROWN  
COW LEAPED  
OVER THE HILL."

DUH  
BROOON  
CAW LEP-  
DUHOVRRR  
DUHILL..

THEY GAVE ME  
ACCESS TO  
LEARNING  
DEVICES.

THE BROWWWN  
COWW LEEPED  
OVR THE HILL...

THIS  
"ENGLISH"  
IS VERY  
DIFFICULT  
TO LEARN.

<MY NAME IS QWA, AND I  
AM SPEAKING TO YOU IN  
THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE  
OF A THOUSAND WORLDS.  
DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?>

AND I GOT TO  
TALK WITH AN  
ACTUAL RIKTI.

OR, RATHER,  
TALK "TO" A  
RIKTI.

LANGUAGE... BIZARRE...  
WORDS... LINKNOWN...  
DISTURBED... VOLCANO...  
WOMAN... GIBBERISH...  
CANNOT... COMPREHEND.


LADY GREY WANTED TO SEE  
IF THEY UNDERSTOOD INTER-  
SPEAK, AND THIS ONE  
SUPPOSEDLY WAS HELPING  
THE EARTHERS, SO IF THERE  
WAS ANYONE THAT WOULD  
NOT LIE ABOUT KNOWING  
THIS LANGUAGE, THIS  
WOULD BE THE ONE.

INQUIRE...  
SUBJECT...  
COMPREHEND  
ENGLISH?  
BETTER...  
DISCUSS.

IT GAVE ME A...  
WHAT IS THE  
EARTHER WORD?

HEAD-  
ACHEP



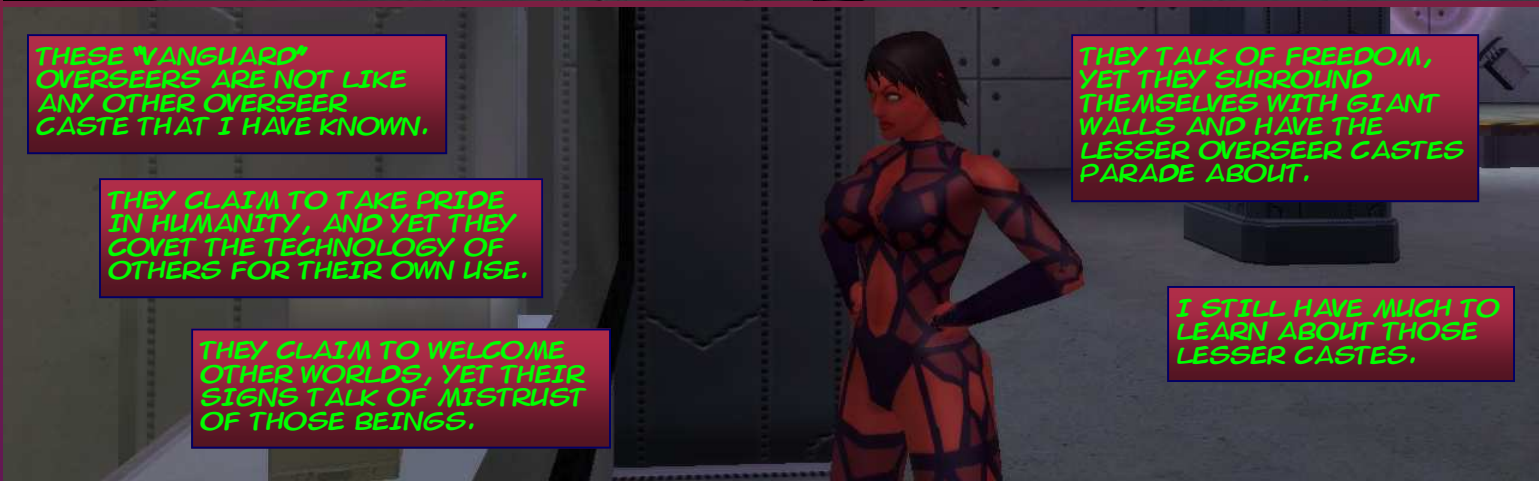


THERE WAS STILL MUCH THAT THEY DID NOT TRUST ME WITH, THOUGH.

THEY THOUGHT THEY WOULD KEEP THEIR FEAR OF "ALIENS" HIDDEN.

AND YET, FROM ALL OF THE FILES I HAVE STUDIED ABOUT THEIR HISTORY, I FOUND THAT THEY WERE "HELPED" BY KHELDIANS, NICTUS, AND OTHER ALIENS FOR WHOLE SYSTEM-CYCLES.

GRANTED IT WAS DONE QUIETLY, BUT IT WAS STILL DONE, AND MUCH OF THEIR CURRENT TECHNOLOGY IS BECAUSE OF SO-CALLED "ALIEN" ASSISTANCE.



THESE "VANGUARD" OVERSEERS ARE NOT LIKE ANY OTHER OVERSEER CASTE THAT I HAVE KNOWN.

THEY CLAIM TO TAKE PRIDE IN HUMANITY, AND YET THEY COVET THE TECHNOLOGY OF OTHERS FOR THEIR OWN USE.

THEY CLAIM TO WELCOME OTHER WORLDS, YET THEIR SIGNS TALK OF MISTRUST OF THOSE BEINGS.

THEY TALK OF FREEDOM, YET THEY SURROUND THEMSELVES WITH GIANT WALLS AND HAVE THE LESSER OVERSEER CASTES PARADE ABOUT.


I STILL HAVE MUCH TO LEARN ABOUT THOSE LESSER CASTES.



THEIR VISUAL ENTERTAINMENT ALSO IS VERY DISTURBING, ESPECIALLY THIS "RONA" PROGRAM. I DO NOT KNOW WHAT "JOURNALISM" IS SUPPOSED TO BE, BUT I HOPE IT IS NOT CONTAGIOUS.

IF I DID NOT HAVE THEIR LEARNING DEVICE AND HAD TO RELY ON THEIR VISUAL ENTERTAINMENT TO LEARN THIS "ENGLISH", THEN I WOULD END UP TALKING LIKE A KOZUKAKA.

AT LEAST THE SUB-LANGUAGE CALLED "FRENCH" SOUNDS LIKE THE LANGUAGE OF STAR-TRAVELERS, EVEN IF IT REMINDS ME OF THE CHIRPING OF LITTLE SHWORHONGERS.



FINAL EXAM QUESTION: YOU ARE IN KINGS ROW AND YOU SEE A DEAD BODY. WHO WOULD YOU REPORT IT TO AND WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

I WOULD FIND A CITY PO-LESE OFFICER AND SAY "OFFICER, I WANT TO REPORT A DEAD BODY."

CORRECT.

CONGRATULATIONS, QWA. YOU HAVE PASSED THE MINIMAL COMPREHENSION EXAMINATION.

NOW I KNOW ENOUGH OF THEIR LANGUAGE FOR ME TO BE ALLOWED OUTSIDE.



ATLAS PARK - PARAGON CITY, RI

OF THE VARIOUS CITIES, I  
CHOSE TO STAY WITH THE ONE  
WITH THE RED SUB-OVERSEERS.  
"PARAGON CITY" THEY CALL IT.

WHILE THE GIANT WALLS  
BOTHER ME, IT ALSO HAS  
MORE MODERN BUILDINGS  
AND EVEN PLANTS.

THAT OTHER PLACE, THE  
"ROGUE ISLES", REMINDED  
ME TOO MUCH LIKE A  
FILTHY KWAKOLE.

PLUS, I ENJOY  
WATCHING THEIR  
STAR RISE AT  
THE START OF  
THE ROTATION.

THE STAR-ENERGY  
FEELS GOOD ON MY  
SKIN, EVEN IF, AS  
THEY SAY, I CANNOT  
"GET A TAN."

I AM COMFORTABLE  
WITH THE TRADE-OFF.

APOLOGIES,  
MISS QWA...

... BUT I MUST REMIND YOU  
THAT YOU HAVE A TEN A.M.  
VIDEO CONFERENCE WITH  
PRESIDENT OBAMA.

ALTHOUGH MY  
PERSONAL ROBOT  
OVERSEER IS  
ALREADY VERY  
ANNOYING.

ANOTHER MORNING  
TALKING WITH... WHAT  
DO YOU CALL THEM...  
POLITICIANS?  
IT SEEMS LIKE A  
WASTE OF TIME.

NO DOUBT.  
IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED,  
YET AGAIN, THAT YOU  
WEAR SOMETHING LESS...  
REVEALING... FOR YOUR  
MEETING WITH HIM.





SO-SA... I  
WAGER YOU  
THIS...

NOT AGAIN...



IF YOU CAN  
CATCH ME,  
YOU CAN  
CHOOSE MY  
ATTIRE.

ERROR...  
TOO FAST...



I THOUGHT ABOUT CHANGING  
MY CLOTHES, WEARING  
SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST  
MY UNDERSUIT.

BUT THEN I HAVE WORN  
THIS LONG ENOUGH FOR  
ME TO BE COMFORTABLE  
WEARING JUST THIS MUCH.

BESIDES, I HAVE SEEN  
EARTHER FEMALES  
WEAR FAR LESS.

MAYBE, FOR ONCE, I  
CAN GET A BREAK  
HERE.

MAYBE THIS IS THE  
ONE PLACE WHERE I  
WILL NOT BE  
CONSIDERED TROUBLE.

MAYBE...

<BIO-ENERGY SIGNATURE  
CONFIRMED.

FUGITIVE IDENTIFICATION:  
QWA, ALIAS QWA THE  
ABOMINATION.>



<TRANSMIT LOCATION OF  
SIGNATURE TO TRACKER  
XAXAN FOR RETRIEVAL.>

END?



# THIS 2...

*Words of wisdom from writer and creator David 2.*

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## ***STRANGE VISITOR***

Imagine finding yourself on a strange planet, wearing nothing but your underwear. You don't know a single thing about the planet that you are on, but you find yourself in the middle of something big and violent and chaotic with the various life forms.

Do you think that in the short span of time that you are there that you can understand the native language, their social structures, and the event that is transpiring in front of you? And do so without somehow being blamed for it? Can you convince these other beings that you have never met before, that you didn't even know existed, that you weren't involved with the chaotic event?

This is the dilemma that our featured character, Qwa, had to face.

She arrives on Earth at the same time as Galaxy City was being destroyed by Shivan meteors. Shivan creatures are attacking people, including those that need to be rescued. And then on top of that, you have Arachnos agents from the Rogue Isles showing up to cause trouble.

By the way, City of Heroes players will recognize that scene as being part of the "Last Stand In Galaxy City" tutorial, where they explore their newly-created abilities in the field, as well as choosing whether they want to be a hero or a villain.

And here's this strange visitor that does not know the language, does not know who is who, does not know a single thing about the social hierarchies, and she is forced to rely on her own experience from other worlds to try to figure these things out and try not to get in trouble. Of course this doesn't last very long.

So what would a strange visitor conclude when he or she arrives on a strange world in the middle of a chaotic battle, with people in different-colored uniforms fighting both strange creatures and the other groups? Wouldn't that strange visitor presume that he or she stepped into a civil war that was being interrupted by these "rock beings"?

Remember, this is someone that doesn't know who the "Freedom Corps" or "Longbow" or "Arachnos" are or what they stand for. This person would not know who the colorfully-costumed individuals were or that they were superheroes, and there would be no way for him or her to know this immediately because they don't speak the language.

There is another aspect that is touched on briefly in this story and it's been a part of the City of Heroes lore since day one.

*Continues on next page...*



You'll notice that there is a reference to the xenophobic hypocrisy surrounding Paragon City. There are billboards that litter the city saying that "Earth is for humans" and telling people to be suspicious of anything that doesn't look human.

And yet for all of their disgust for anything "not human", they still have no qualms adapting non-human technology for their own purposes, such as medical teleporters, drones, and weapons. Perhaps the biggest example of their hypocrisy can be seen everywhere in Paragon City through those huge War Walls, which have never been torn down and have proven to not be able to do what they were intended to do in the first place, which was to keep the Rikti out.

This issue provides a very important lesson on practicing what we preach. We'd like to think that we represent the best of humanity. But if a strange visitor were to show up out of the blue and could only judge humanity over what they see being carried out, would they really come to that particular conclusion?

By the way, what do you think of our strange visitor?

Would you like to see more of Qwa's adventures on Earth?

Please let us know by going to the official website for the Tales of Paragon City. Your comments could very well lead to a new ongoing series featuring our rose-colored adventurer.

<http://BattlerockX.Blogspot.com>

## WHAT'S NEXT?



*We don't normally get to announce next issues, but we will have a special two-part story starting in the City of Comic Creators Compendium #6.*

*This will feature the previously untold story of a certain character made famous on YouTube, along with a special appearance by Sin Stalker of the Justice-Knights. Think you know who this mystery character is? You might be surprised!*

*Find out more about the Compendium by going to the City of Comic Creators website at <http://cohcomicindex.com>*



LIFE IS PRECIOUS; SOME SEE JOY IN EVERYTHING, WHILST OTHERS CANNOT AVOID THE HORROR

# THE LAST ENEMY



## GGRRRR : ISSUE 25

COMING SOON TO [WWW.COHCOMICINDEX.COM](http://WWW.COHCOMICINDEX.COM)