



FROM THE CREATOR OF "GUARDIANS OF THE DAWN SPOTLIGHT"



TALES FROM PRAETORIA

FEATURING...

MIDNIGHT PALADIN



CITY OF HEROES
GOING
ROGUE



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

"PRAETORIAN JUSTICE" - A CITY OF HEROES: GOING ROGUE STORY BY DAVID 2

IN THE WORLD THAT YOU KNOW, MARCUS COLE BECAME STATESMAN, EARTH'S GREATEST CHAMPION AND THE HERO OF PARAGON CITY.

BUT IN ANOTHER REALITY, COLE BECAME SOMETHING LESS THAN NOBLE. AND ONCE HE SAVED HUMANITY FROM A TERRIBLE EVIL, HE THEN RE-MADE A PORTION OF THAT WORLD IN HIS IMAGE.

AND JUST LIKE HIS COUNTERPART, THE PEOPLE OF THIS "NEW UTOPIA" FOLLOWED THE LEAD SET BY THEIR "SAVIOR".

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FROM THE BOOK
OF THE PRAETOR:

"AND MAN DECLARED HIMSELF THE MASTERS
OVER THE LAND, THE AIR, AND THE WATER
AND ALL THAT INHABITED ABOVE, UPON,
AND BELOW."

"HE MASTERED THE GENE AND THE ATOM
AND THE FUNDAMENTAL ELEMENTS OF
THE UNIVERSE ITSELF."

"AND MAN DECLARED
THESE ALL TO BE GOOD."

"AND THEN MAN TURNED TO THE
GODS OF OLD, THE MAKERS OF ALL
THAT CAME BEFORE HIM, AND MAN
DECLARED THEM TO BE OBSOLETE."

"MAN THEN REMADE HIMSELF
INTO THE GODS OF NEW TO
REPLACED THE GODS OF OLD."

"THE FIRST OF THESE GODS OF MEN
WAS MARCUS, WHO QUICKLY SLEW
HIS RIVAL AND DECLARED HIMSELF
THE KING OF GODS."

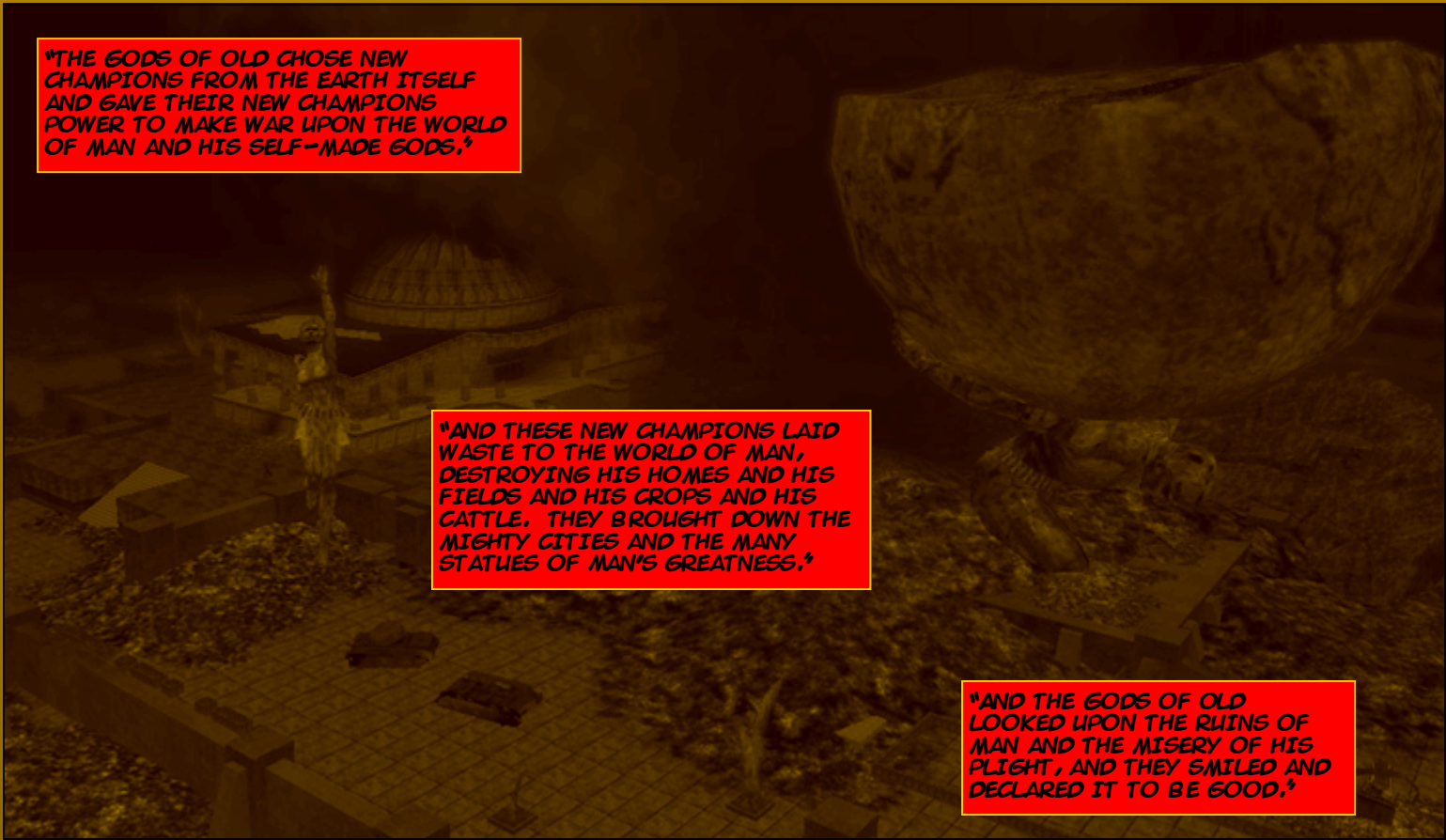
"THROUGH HIM CAME FORTH
OTHER GODS OF MEN, AND
THEY PLEDGED THEIR LOYALTY
TO THE KING OF GODS."

"THE KING OF GODS SAW
THIS AND HE DECLARED
IT TO BE GOOD."

"BUT THE GODS OF OLD WERE
BITTER AND VAIN. THEY
WOULD NOT STEP ASIDE FOR
THE GODS OF MAN."

"AND SO THEY REBELLED."






"THE GODS OF OLD CHOSE NEW CHAMPIONS FROM THE EARTH ITSELF AND GAVE THEIR NEW CHAMPIONS POWER TO MAKE WAR UPON THE WORLD OF MAN AND HIS SELF-MADE GODS."

"AND THESE NEW CHAMPIONS LAID WASTE TO THE WORLD OF MAN, DESTROYING HIS HOMES AND HIS FIELDS AND HIS CROPS AND HIS CATTLE, THEY BROUGHT DOWN THE MIGHTY CITIES AND THE MANY STATUES OF MAN'S GREATNESS."

"AND THE GODS OF OLD LOOKED UPON THE RUINS OF MAN AND THE MISERY OF HIS PLIGHT, AND THEY SMILED AND DECLARED IT TO BE GOOD."



"BUT MARCUS WOULD NOT BE DEFEATED, NOR WOULD HE ALLOW MAN TO BE DEFEATED BY THE GODS OF OLD."

"HE TAMED THE EARTH AND PURGED IT OF ITS CHAMPIONS, AND FROM THAT LAND, CREATED A HEAVEN IN HIS OWN IMAGE AND HE CALLED THAT LAND 'PRAETORIA'."

"HE THEN SUMMONED HIS FAITHFUL, THE LOYAL AND PURE, AND HE BROUGHT THEM TO THIS PLACE AND SAID TO THEM 'THIS IS YOUR HOME NOW. THE HOME OF THE NEW CHILDREN OF THE GODS OF MAN. BE FRUITFUL ON THIS LAND AND MULTIPLY.'"

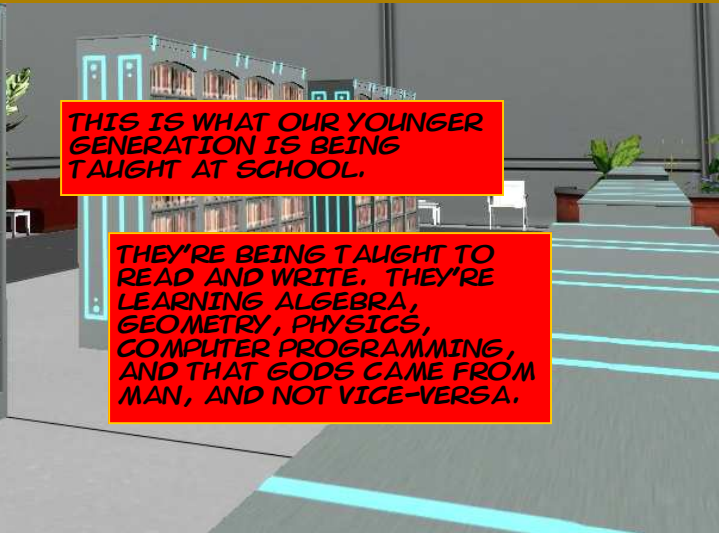
"AND THE KING OF GODS LOOKED UPON THIS NEW LAND AND THE HAPPINESS OF HIS PEOPLE AND HE DECLARED IT ALL TO BE GOOD."



THIS IS HOW OUR HISTORY
IS BEING RE-TOLD IN THE
"NEW GOLDEN AGE".

MANKIND'S DARKEST DAYS
TRANSFORMED INTO
SCRIPTURE FOR OUR CITY-
STATE'S NEW RELIGION.

"ALL HAIL OUR KING OF
GODS," IT CONTINUES,
"AND PRAISE HIS NAME
TO THE HEAVENS FOR
HIS CONTINUED GRACE
UPON US ALL."




THIS IS WHAT OUR YOUNGER
GENERATION IS BEING
TAUGHT AT SCHOOL.

THEY'RE BEING TAUGHT TO
READ AND WRITE. THEY'RE
LEARNING ALGEBRA,
GEOMETRY, PHYSICS,
COMPUTER PROGRAMMING,
AND THAT GODS CAME FROM
MAN, AND NOT VICE-VERSA.



I KNOW THIS
FICTION IS
A LIE.

BECAUSE I
WAS THERE.



I FOUGHT THE
DEVOURING EARTH
SIDE-BY-SIDE
WITH MARCUS.

THERE WAS NOTHING
AT ALL RELIGIOUS
ABOUT THE WAR.



I WAS THERE WHEN
THE LAST OF THE
OLD CITIES FELL.

EVEN THEN I REFUSED
TO GIVE UP. I
CONTINUED TO FIGHT
THE MONSTERS WITH
ALL THAT I HAD.

MARCUS ADMIRERD
THAT. HE EVEN
COMMENDED ME
FOR IT.



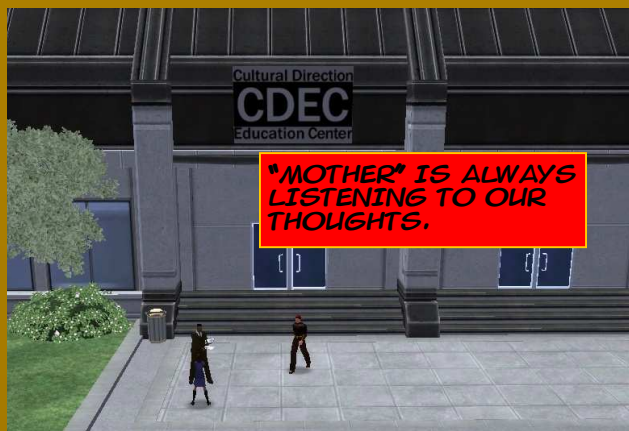
IT WAS A FIGHT
THAT COST ME
EVERYTHING THAT
I CHERISHED.

I LOST BOTH MY
PARENTS AND THE
WOMAN I LOVED
IN THE WAR.

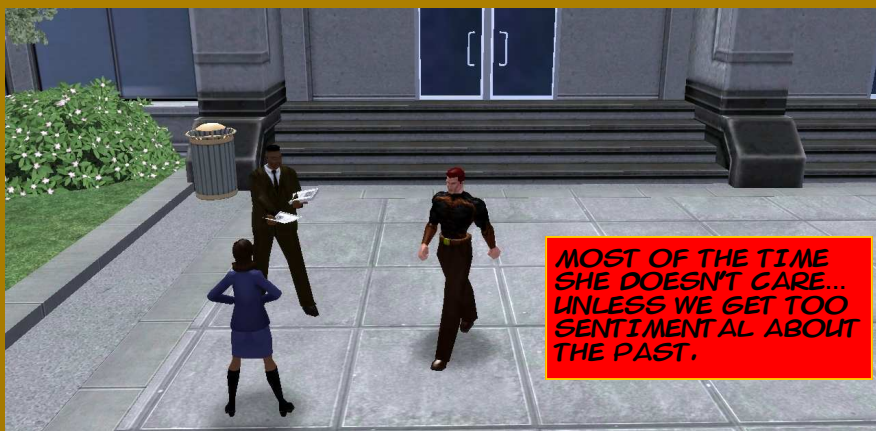
EVERYTHING THAT I
FOUGHT FOR WAS
GONE. EVERYTHING
THAT I LIVED FOR
DIED ALONG WITH
THEM IN THE WAR.

OF COURSE I HAVE
TO BE CAREFUL
ABOUT BEING TOO
SENTIMENTAL ABOUT
THOSE DARK DAYS.

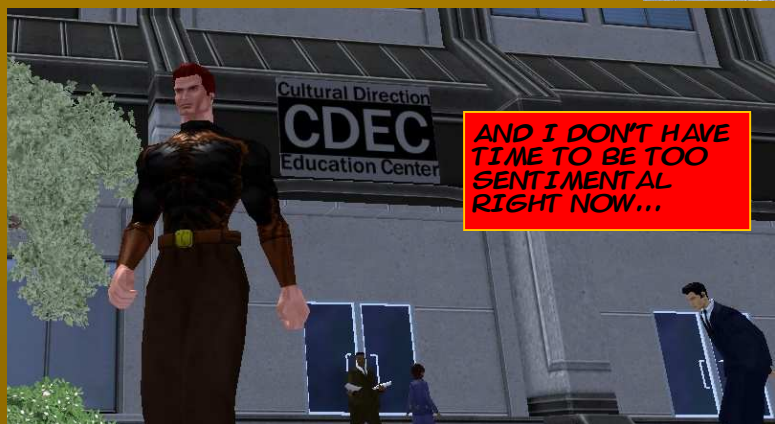
"MOTHER" IS
ALWAYS LISTENING.



"MOTHER" IS ALWAYS LISTENING TO OUR THOUGHTS.



MOST OF THE TIME SHE DOESN'T CARE... UNLESS WE GET TOO SENTIMENTAL ABOUT THE PAST.



AND I DON'T HAVE TIME TO BE TOO SENTIMENTAL RIGHT NOW...



NOT WHEN I STILL HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.



WHAT IS THAT THING SUPPOSED TO BE?



I MEAN, I KNOW IT'S CALLED A "MONUMENT OF IRON", BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY KIND OF MONUMENT THAT I'M FAMILIAR WITH.

IT'S NOT FROM THIS UNIVERSE.

IT'S FROM A DIMENSION CALLED THE "SHADOW SHARD".

IT WAS BELIEVED THIS ARTIFACT WOULD BLOCK TELEPATHS.



NOW WHY WOULD SOMEONE DO SOMETHING SO FOOLISH?

HOW WOULD "MOTHER" BE ABLE TO PROTECT THEM FROM DANGEROUS THOUGHTS?



THAT'S A QUESTION THAT I TRY NOT TO DWELL TOO MUCH TIME ON, MA'AM.

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME... I HAVE TO GO MEET WITH THE CURATOR.



MISTER DANE, THE SALE OF YOUR LATEST ARTIFACTS HAS BEEN CREDITED TO YOUR ACCOUNT AND YOUR EXPRESS CARD HAS BEEN PREPARED PER YOUR WISHES.



IT REALLY AMAZES ME HOW POPULAR THESE TRINKETS ARE...

I MEAN, THEY LOOK LIKE CHEAP CEREAL TOYS, BUT FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, PEOPLE ARE REALLY BUYING THEM.



I WOULD REALLY ENJOY MEETING WITH WHOEVER IS SUPPLYING YOU WITH THESE ITEMS AND MAYBE WORK OUT A DEAL DIRECTLY WITH THEM. YOU'D STILL GET A COMMISSION OF COURSE.



THANK YOU, BUT MY SOURCE DOES VALUE THEIR ANONYMITY.

I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND.

OH OF COURSE!



ALWAYS AN HONOR AND PRIVILEGE TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU, MISTER DANE.

OF COURSE HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHO IS SUPPLYING ME WITH THESE ITEMS.

THEY'RE NOT EXACTLY ITEMS THAT YOU'D FIND ON THIS PLANET.

AND IF CERTAIN OTHER PEOPLE FOUND OUT WHO HAS BEEN SUPPLYING ME WITH THEM, THAT PERSON WOULD NOT BE ALIVE FOR VERY LONG AFTERWARD.



OH MY...



HELLO GORGEOUS!

WHO IS THAT RUGGED
PIECE OF HEAVEN?

AND PLEASE TELL ME
THAT HE'S SINGLE!



HIM? OH, THAT'S
ROMAN DANE.

ROMAN DANE? YOU MEAN THE
FORMER HERO WARHORSE?
YOU KNOW HIM?

WE WENT OUT A FEW TIMES.
HE'S OKAY, BUT HE'S A LITTLE
TOO SULLEN FOR MY TASTES.

WOW... WHAT A WASTE.
THANKS FOR THE HEADS-UP.

YES, I HEAR THEIR
CONVERSATIONS.
I KNOW WHAT THEY
SAY ABOUT ME.



THEY SAY I'M TOO
WITHDRAWN. I'M
STILL MOURNING
THE LOSS OF MY
FIANCÉE.

THEY SAY I JUST NEED
TO FIND SOMEONE
NEW. MARRY THEM.
MAKE NEW CITIZENS.



THERE IS NOTHING
MORE THAT I WOULD
RATHER DO FOR
MYSELF AND FOR
THIS CITY-STATE.

BUT I HAVE TOO
MUCH TO DO.



I HAVE A GREATER
PURPOSE TO
FULFILL HERE.

IMPERIAL CITY IS BEAUTIFUL!

THIS WAS THE FIRST AREA
THAT WE HELPED MARCUS
CLEAR OF THE DEVOURING
EARTH.

IT REMAINS CLEAR
THANKS TO A SONIC
BARRIER OVER THE
WHOLE CITY-STATE.

BUT THAT BARRIER
HAS A DRAWBACK
TO IT THAT VERY
FEW PEOPLE KNOW.

MOTHER CANNOT
LISTEN IN WHEN
YOU'RE NEAR THE
BARRIER.

THAT MAKES IT
THE PERFECT
HIDING PLACE
FOR ANYONE THAT
WANTS TO REMAIN
ANONYMOUS.

THE LAKE AIR IS REFRESHING
TODAY, ROMAN DANE.

FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT I
SAW A FISH IN THE WATERS, BUT
IT TURNED OUT TO BE JUST A
MAN SWIMMING.

THERE ARE NO FISH IN THESE
WATERS, ACANTHA. THE
DEVOURING EARTH KILLED
THEM OFF YEARS AGO.

WE'VE TRIED TO CLONE A FEW,
LIKE WE DID THE SEAGULLS,
BUT WE ONLY ENDED UP
CREATING SQUID MONSTERS.

ACANTHA IS A WITCH.

THERE AREN'T TOO MANY LIKE
HER ON THE PLANET.

RUMOR HAS IT THEY SIDED
WITH HAMIDON AND THE
DEVOURING EARTH, SO
MARCUS ORDERED THEM ALL
TO BE EXECUTED ON SIGHT.

THE FACT THAT I EVEN
KNOW SHE IS HERE
COULD BE GROUNDS
FOR TREASON, NEVER
MIND THAT I HELPED
HER COME HERE AND
HAVE BEEN HELPING
HER STAY HIDDEN.



I'VE BROUGHT
YOU THE
MONEY FROM
THE SALE.

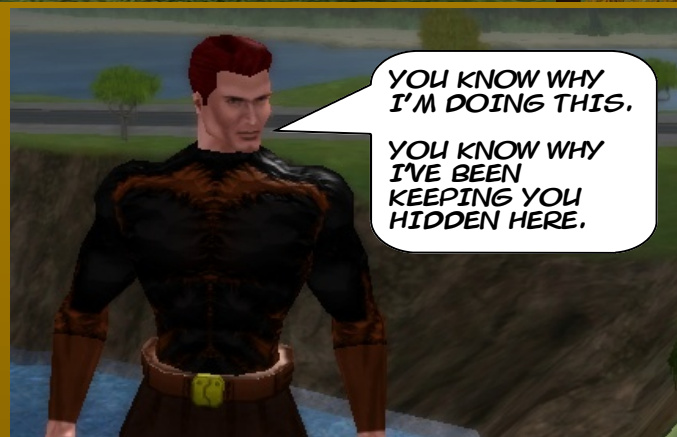
THANK YOU.



THEY ASKED
ABOUT YOU
AGAIN...
WANTED TO
MEET WITH
YOU AND DEAL
WITH YOU
DIRECTLY.



MY POOR KNIGHT.
YOU KNOW IF THEY
DISCOVER ME THAT
I WOULD BE KILLED.
AND YET YOU RISK
YOUR OWN LIFE TO
KEEP ME SAFE.



YOU KNOW WHY
I'M DOING THIS.

YOU KNOW WHY
I'VE BEEN
KEEPING YOU
HIDDEN HERE.



PLEASE! I BEG YOU...
PLEASE DO NOT KILL ME!

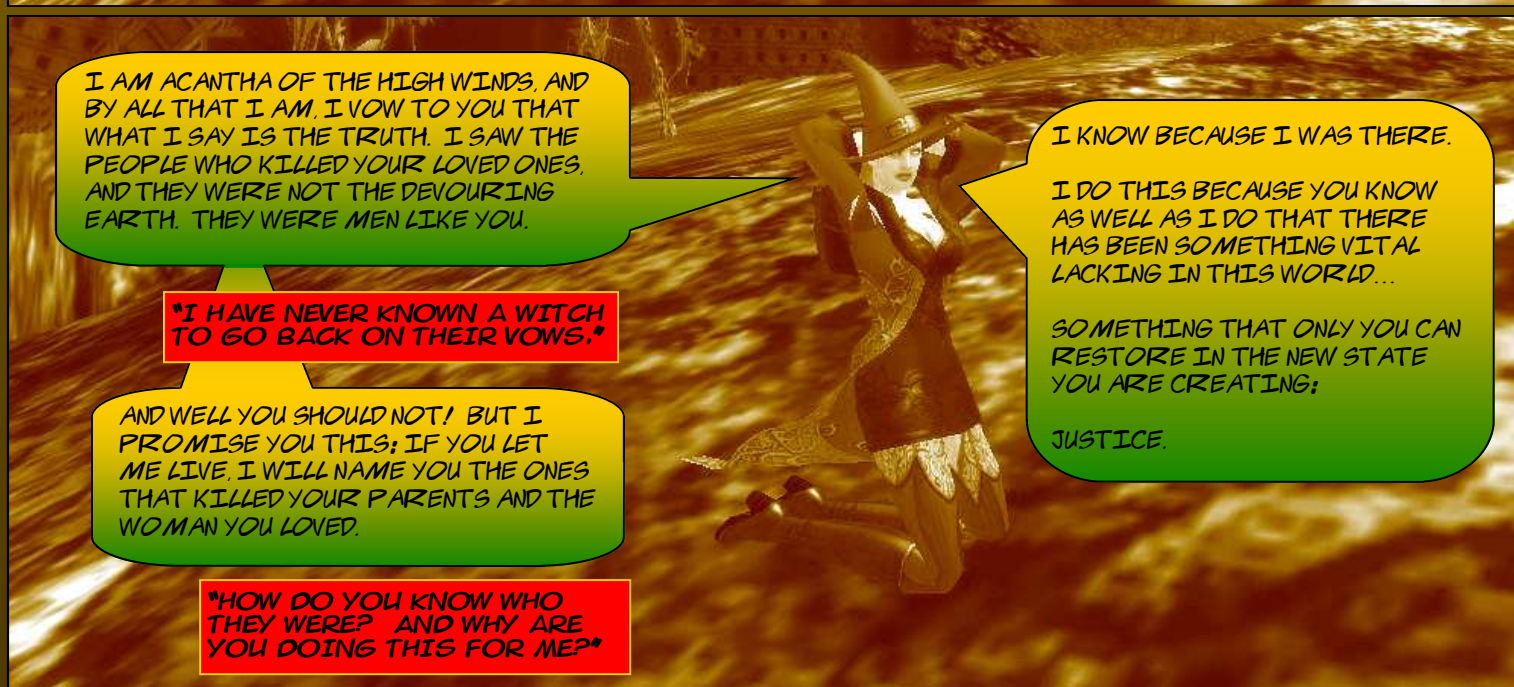
I WILL GIVE YOU ANYTHING
YOU DESIRE... ANYTHING!

THAT IS BEYOND EVEN MY POWER...

BUT I CAN TELL YOU WHO KILLED
THE ONES YOU LOVED! I SAW THE
ONES WHO MURDERED THEM!

"REALLY? WELL ALL I
WANT IS MY LOVED
ONES BACK! CAN YOU
GIVE ME THAT?"

"YOU'RE LYING! MARAUDER TOLD
ME THAT THEIR TRANSPORT WAS
ATTACKED BY YOUR FRIENDS! THE
DEVOURING EARTH KILLED THEM!"



I AM ACANTHA OF THE HIGH WINDS, AND
BY ALL THAT I AM, I VOW TO YOU THAT
WHAT I SAY IS THE TRUTH. I SAW THE
PEOPLE WHO KILLED YOUR LOVED ONES,
AND THEY WERE NOT THE DEVOURING
EARTH. THEY WERE MEN LIKE YOU.

"I HAVE NEVER KNOWN A WITCH
TO GO BACK ON THEIR VOWS."

AND WELL YOU SHOULD NOT! BUT I
PROMISE YOU THIS; IF YOU LET
ME LIVE, I WILL NAME YOU THE ONES
THAT KILLED YOUR PARENTS AND THE
WOMAN YOU LOVED.

I KNOW BECAUSE I WAS THERE.

I DO THIS BECAUSE YOU KNOW
AS WELL AS I DO THAT THERE
HAS BEEN SOMETHING VITAL
LACKING IN THIS WORLD...

SOMETHING THAT ONLY YOU CAN
RESTORE IN THE NEW STATE
YOU ARE CREATING;

JUSTICE.

"HOW DO YOU KNOW WHO
THEY WERE? AND WHY ARE
YOU DOING THIS FOR ME?"

JUSTICE.

A WORD CONSIDERED
OUTDATED ALONG WITH
TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

AND YET EVEN I CAN'T
HELP BUT ACCEPT THAT
EVEN A CITY-STATE LIKE
OURS CANNOT SURVIVE
WITHOUT JUSTICE.

SO... IT'S TIME
FOR YOU TO DO
YOUR PART OF
THE DEAL.

VERY WELL,
ROMAN DANE.

THE FIRST OF THE
MURDERERS CAN BE
FOUND AT THE FOOT OF
THIS HILL.

SEEK THE MAN NAMED
"CABOT".

LET JUSTICE
BE SERVED.

JUSTICE.

I HAVE TO REMIND
MYSELF THAT THIS
IS ABOUT JUSTICE
AND NOT REVENGE.

REVENGE IS
TOO EASY.
IT DOESN'T
RESOLVE
ANYTHING.

IT ONLY LEADS
TO MORE
VIOLENCE,
MORE CHAOS.

BECAUSE "MOTHER"
CANNOT HEAR US NEAR
THE BARRIER, THE
PRAETORIAN POLICE
HAVE TO KEEP IT CLEAR
OF "UNDESIRABLES".

SUPPOSEDLY FOR
"THEIR OWN GOOD",
OF COURSE.

BUT THEIR DEFINITION
OF "UNDESIRABLES" IS
VAGUE ENOUGH TO
INCLUDE ORDINARY
PEOPLE, CIVILIANS,
INNOCENTS.

THEIR ONLY "CRIME" CONSISTING
OF LOOKING FOR A NICE PLACE
TO GET A VIEW OF THE CITY.

ONCE UPON A TIME,
THEIR ACTIONS WOULD
BE CALLED CRIMINAL,
BACK WHEN MORE
"LIBERAL" THINKING
WAS IN VOGUE.

PLEASE, I WAS JUST
WALKING AND I NEEDED
TO TAKE A REST!

YOU'LL GET ALL THE
REST YOU NEED AT THE
TREATMENT CENTER!
YOU THERE! YOU!

UNIT 37 CALLING IN A
VAN FOR... LET'S CALL THIS
ONE A "VANDAL".

THAT WAS BEFORE THE
HAMIDON WARS.

NOW EVERYONE IS
CONSIDERED GUILTY
UNTIL INNOCENT, AND
THE GUILTY ARE GIVEN
NO QUARTER OR MERCY.

COME HERE AND
PRESENT YOUR
IDENTIFICATION!

THIS IS JUST
A PRELUDE
TO BEING
ARRESTED.

IS THERE A
PROBLEM,
OFFICERS?

YOUR
PROBLEM IS
EXISTENCE,
CITIZEN.

WHEN WE SAY
COME DOWN
HERE WE
DON'T MEAN
LEISURELY!

I CAN HEAR THE SURGE
OF ENERGY BUILD UP IN
HIS PULSE GLOVES.

ARE YOU
SURE YOU
WANT TO GO
DOWN THIS
ROUTE?

THINK REAL
HARD ABOUT IT
BEFORE YOU
RAISE THAT
PULSE GLOVE!

HE WANTS ME
TO FEAR HIM.
I GIVE HIM
NOTHING BUT
AN ICY GAZE.

STAND DOWN,
TROOPER.

YOU'RE FACING
WARHORSE.

YOU'D BE REAL
LUCKY IF HE
JUST LETS YOU
LIVE FOR YOUR
ARROGANCE.

BUT BEHIND EVERY
THUG-WITH-A-
BADGE THERE IS A
SUPERIOR JUST
WAITING TO TELL
HIM "HEEL".

... I'M... SORRY
FOR THE...
MISTAKE... SIR.



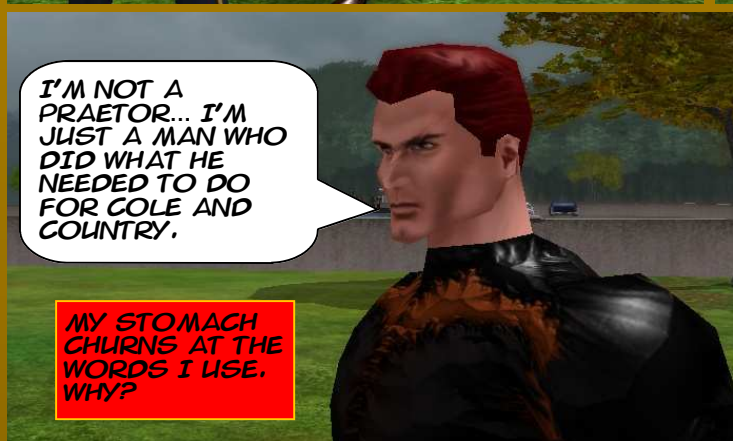
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SERGEANT?



ABBOT. CARSON ABBOT.

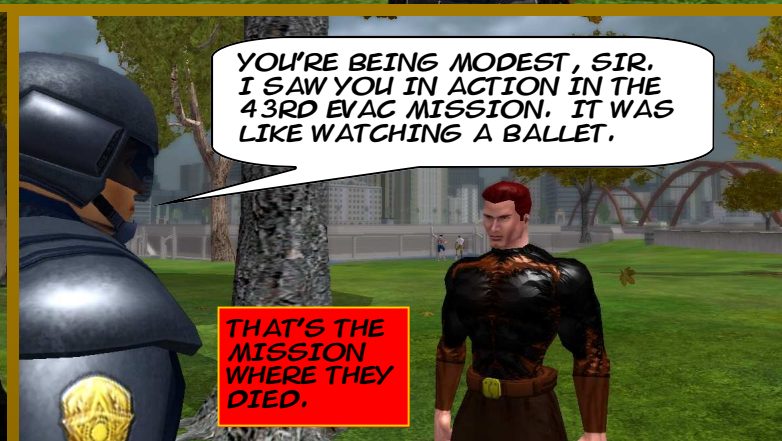
IT'S A REAL HONOR TO MEET YOU, PRAETOR DANE.

ABBOT. C-ABBOT. CABOT?



I'M NOT A PRAETOR... I'M JUST A MAN WHO DID WHAT HE NEEDED TO DO FOR COLE AND COUNTRY.

MY STOMACH CHURNS AT THE WORDS I USE. WHY?



YOU'RE BEING MODEST, SIR. I SAW YOU IN ACTION IN THE 43RD EVAC MISSION. IT WAS LIKE WATCHING A BALLET.

THAT'S THE MISSION WHERE THEY DIED.



MY HANDS ARE ITCHING FOR A GUN.

I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO... NOTHING MORE.

JUST LIKE YOU'RE DOING TODAY... AND NOTHING MORE.

I LET THE WORDS SETTLE IN... A THREAT AND A WARNING.



OF COURSE, PRA... I MEAN, MISTER DANE.

WE WON'T KEEP YOU ANY FURTHER.

BUT I NEED MORE THAN JUST A HUNCH. I NEED PROOF.



THE CITY IS BEAUTIFUL, BUT NOT EVERYTHING IN IT IS.

DURING THE BIG EVAC, IT WASN'T UNCOMMON TO HAVE CIVILIAN REFUGEES FORCIBLY REMOVED FROM TRANSPORTS AND REPLACED WITH CRIME LORDS.

THUS THE SYNDICATE WAS ABLE TO SURVIVE AND THRIVE HERE IN PRAETORIA, STRONG-ARMING THE WEAK AND CORRUPTING THE LAW.



I WATCH AS THEY WORK
THEIR GAME ON AN
INNOCENT WOMAN.

LIKE THE COPS, THE
SYNDICATE PREYS ON
THE INNOCENT FOR FUN.

SHE'S PROBABLY A
COMPANY WORKER...
DATA ENTRY OR
SECRETARY.

THEY'LL HASSLE HER
UNTIL THEY GET HER
TO GIVE UP HER
MERIT CARD.

NO MERIT CARD,
NO LIFE HERE.



EVERYTHING HERE IS ON
MERIT. FOOD, SHELTER,
TRANSPORTATION...

THE SYNDICATE DOESN'T
CARE, THOUGH. IT'S
JUST MONEY TO THEM.

THEY DON'T CARE IF
FAMILIES STARVE JUST
AS LONG AS THEY MAKE
THEIR QUOTA.

TWO MATCH COMPENSATOR
PISTOLS SLIDE INTO MY
HANDS. MY ACTIONS HAVE
TO BE FAST TO CATCH THEM
OFF-GUARD.



HEADS UP
GUYS, WE
HAVE A
VIGILANTE!

TOO LATE... THE
SPOTTER NOTICED
MY GUNS.



RUSH HIM

THIS IS GOING
TO GET UGLY.



BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM

THE SPOTTER
GOES DOWN IN
THE FIRST CLIP.

THERE IS NOTHING
ARTISTIC ABOUT
GUN-FIGHTING.

IT'S ABOUT SPEED
AND SURVIVAL.

THE FLASH OF THE
MATCH PISTOL
TRACER ROUNDS
IS BLINDING.

BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM



MY VISOR FILTERS OUT THE FLASH, MY HELMET FILTERS OUT THE NOISE.



A FURY VOLLEY KNOCKS BACK THE SECOND THUG.



NOOOO!

GIVING ME TIME TO PUT AN ARMOR-PIERCING ROUND IN THE THIRD THUG'S CHEST TO TAKE HIM DOWN FOR THE COUNT.



THE OTHER THUG RUNS OFF... BUT HE WON'T GO TOO FAR.

SONOFABI#CH...



THEY'RE GONNA ASK YOU WHO DID THIS TO YOU...

YOU TELL THEM MIDNIGHT PALADIN DID IT. GOT IT? MIDNIGHT PALADIN.

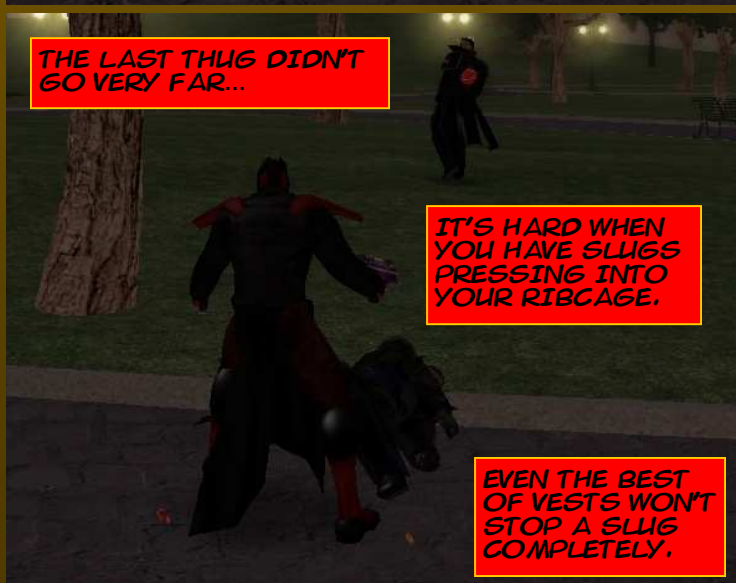
THESE SYNDICATE GUYS HAVE MEDICAL TELEPORTERS JUST LIKE THE HEROES DO.

THAT'S WHY IT'S HARD TO SHUT THEM DOWN.

BUT THIS WASN'T ABOUT MAKING ARRESTS OR KILLING THEM OFF... IT WAS TO GIVE THEM A MESSAGE.

AND NOW THIS SYNDICATE SCUM WILL DELIVER IT.

YER DEAD... YOU HEAR ME? YOU'RE... DEAD...



THE LAST THUG DIDN'T GO VERY FAR...

IT'S HARD WHEN YOU HAVE SLUGS PRESSING INTO YOUR RIBCAGE.

EVEN THE BEST OF VESTS WON'T STOP A SLUG COMPLETELY.



WHEN RUNNING DOESN'T HELP, THEN HE'S FORCED TO FINISH THE FIGHT.



TELL ME ABOUT CABOT.

UUNH!
GET STUFFED PIG!

BAM

CLOSE-RANGE BURST, WILL HURT HIM BAD BUT WON'T KILL HIM.



COUGH
SYNDICATE...
HACK... PROTECTS...
IT'S FRIENDS...

HACK... YOU CAN
KILL ME... BUT I
AIN'T SQUEALING
ABOUT ANYONE...

HE KNOWS SOMETHING.
HE WOULDN'T PLAY THE
TOUGH GUY IF HE DIDN'T.



WRONG
ANSWER,
PUNK.

POW



NEXT TIME I SEE
YOU, YOU BETTER
HAVE A BETTER
ANSWER FOR ME.

BAM



THEY'LL BE BACK IN A FEW
HOURS... BUT THEY'LL BE
TALKING ABOUT WHAT
HAPPENED TO THEM.

STILL NEED TO GET USED TO
THE NEW LOOK... THE ARMOR
IS DIFFERENT FROM MY OLD
WARHORSE OUTFIT. THE
JACKET CONCEALS THE
ARMOR JUST LIKE THE
HELMET CONCEALS MY
THOUGHTS FROM "MOTHER".

THE MATCH COMPENSATORS
WITH PROGRAMMABLE
AMMUNITION ARE A STEP
UP FROM MY OLD WAR-
CANNONS, BUT I STILL
NEED TO GET USED TO THEM
IN THE FIELD.



COME ON
GRAMPS.

STILL, THE NIGHT
IS YOUNG.



AND THERE ARE
PLENTY OF SCUM
TO PRACTICE ON.

BAM
BAM

DAWN IS STARTING TO
BREAK... CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE
BEEN AT THIS ALL NIGHT.

I COME ACROSS A RARE
SIGHT... POLICE ACTUALLY
ARRESTING SYNDICATE
GOONS. MUST BE SOME
SORT OF NEW QUOTA
SYSTEM THEY HAVE TO MEET.

DON'T CARE
WHO YOU
KNOW...
CABOT ISN'T
COMING TO
HELP YOU.

WHAT WAS
THIS ABOUT
CABOT?
HOW DO YOU
KNOW THAT
NAME?

JUST SOME
NAME THE
SYNDICATE
DROPS...

THEY THINK
IT'S A GET-
OUT-OF-
JAIL CARD
IN CASE
THEY GET
PINCHED.

HA! SO
MUCH YOU
KNOW, PIG!

TELL ME WHAT
YOU KNOW
ABOUT CABOT
AND I'LL LET
YOU LIVE...

HEY, THIS IS OUR
COLLAR! POWERS
DIVISION'S NOT
TAKING THIS ONE
FROM US!

GUN! GUN!
TAKE HIM DOWN!
TAKE HIM DOWN!

BAM

THERE USED TO BE A
LINE ONE DIDN'T CROSS
WHEN IT CAME TO COPS.

BUT THAT WAS
BEFORE PRAETORIA.

THE SYNDICATE HAVE GUNS.
THE COPS HAVE PULSE GLOVES.
EVERYONE IS ARMED.
EVERYONE STARTS FIRING.

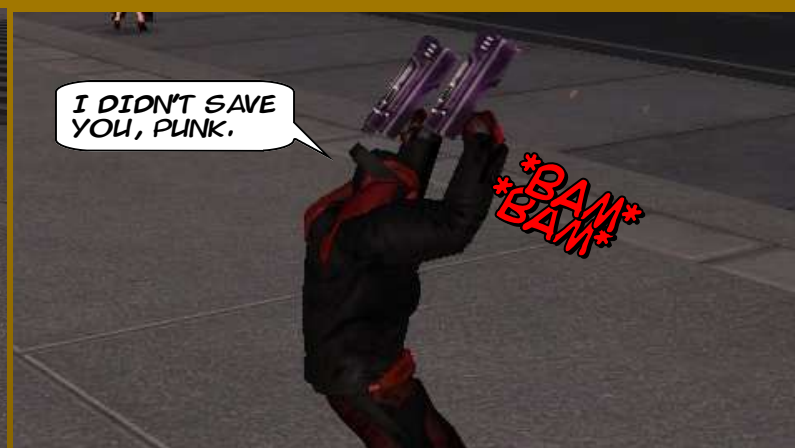
THE SYNDICATE GOONS START
FIRING ON THE COPS AS THE
COPS TRY TO RESTRAIN ME
FROM SHOOTING THE
SYNDICATE. IT'S A BITTER
TRIANGLE OF BULLETS AND
ENERGY PULSES, AND ONE
THAT THE POLICE ARE AT A
DISTINCT DISADVANTAGE.



THANKS FOR
THE SAVE,
CHUMP!



I DIDN'T SAVE
YOU, PUNK.



TALK, CABOT. WHO
IS HE?

TELL ME NOW AND I
WON'T PUT A HOLE
INTO YOUR MEDICAL
TELEPORT DEVICE.

IT WAS A BLUFF. PEOPLE KEEP
THOSE HIDDEN IN RANDOM
PLACES, AND YOU DON'T KNOW
WHERE THEY ARE UNTIL THEY
ARE ACTIVATED.



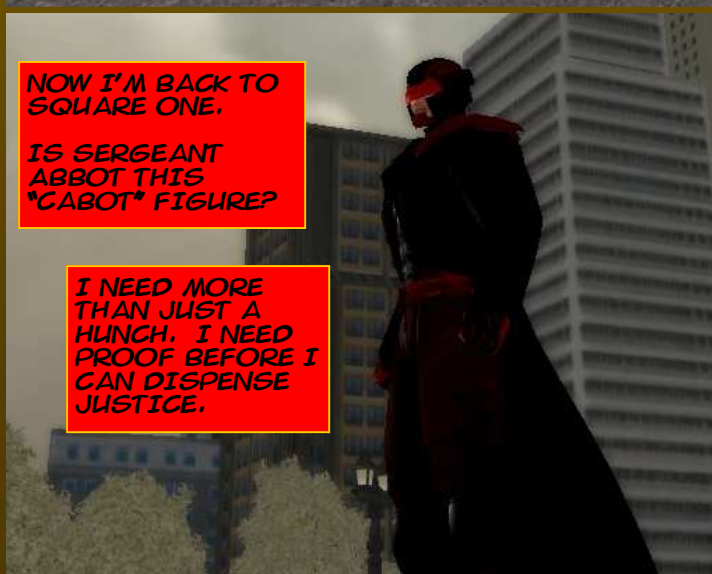
JUST A NAME...
COP... ANYTIME
WE GET PINCHED...
WE SAY CABOT...
AND HE MAKES IT
ALL... GO AWAY...

MY HELMET PICKS UP A
FLASH NEAR HIS BELT
BUCKLE. BEFORE I COULD
EVEN SQUEEZE A SHOT, THE
TELEPORTER SAVES HIM.

NOW I'M BACK TO
SQUARE ONE.

IS SERGEANT
ABBOT THIS
"CABOT" FIGURE?

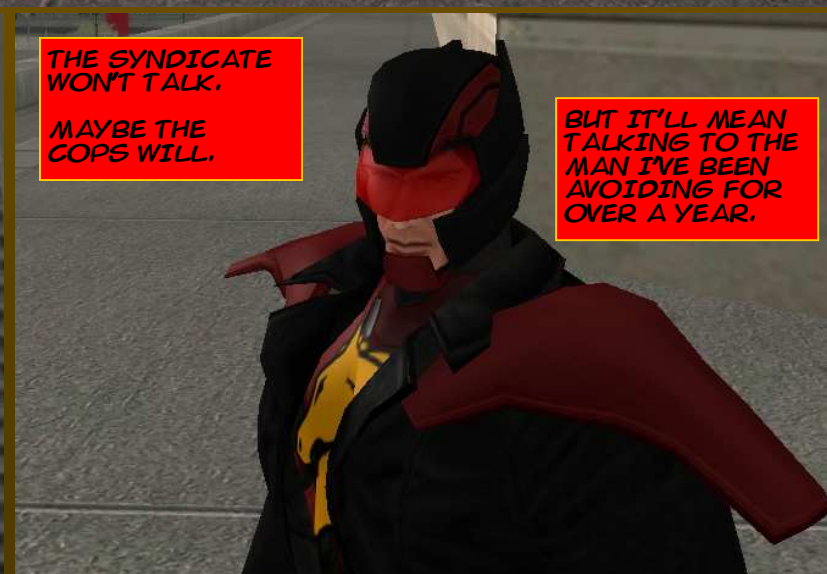
I NEED MORE
THAN JUST A
HUNCH. I NEED
PROOF BEFORE I
CAN DISPENSE
JUSTICE.



THE SYNDICATE
WON'T TALK.

MAYBE THE
COPS WILL.

BUT IT'LL MEAN
TALKING TO THE
MAN I'VE BEEN
AVOIDING FOR
OVER A YEAR.



MANAGED TO GET ONLY SIX HOURS OF SLEEP...

I'M SURPRISED I ONLY GOT THAT MUCH. AS WARHORSE, I USED TO SLEEP LIKE A LOG AFTER A FIREFIGHT.

THEN AGAIN, MAYBE I WAS JUST NERVOUS ABOUT SEEING HIM AGAIN.

INTERROGATOR RAY KANG CAN BE CALLED MANY THINGS HERE IN PRAETORIA.

THE RESISTANCE CALL HIM "KANG THE RUTHLESS". THE SYNDICATE CALL HIM "INCORRUPTIBLE." THE PRPD CALL HIM "SIR."

BUT ONCE UPON A TIME, I CALLED HIM "FRIEND".

AND ALMOST "FATHER-IN-LAW".

WE STOPPED TALKING AFTER THE FUNERAL.

HE NEVER SAID WHY, BUT NOW I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT THAT DAY THAN HE WOULD ADMIT TO.

ROMAN DANE CAN'T BRING HIMSELF TO TALK TO KANG...

SO THE MIDNIGHT PALADIN WILL HAVE TO WHEN IT'S DARK.

SO... THE RUMORS ARE TRUE. YOU DID FIND A NEW SET OF GUNS AND A NEW OUTFIT.

I SUPPOSE I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED... YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN READY FOR A FIGHT. THAT'S WHY YOU WERE CALLED "WARHORSE" IN THE FIRST PLACE.

CABOT. YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM. YOU KNOW WHAT HE DID.

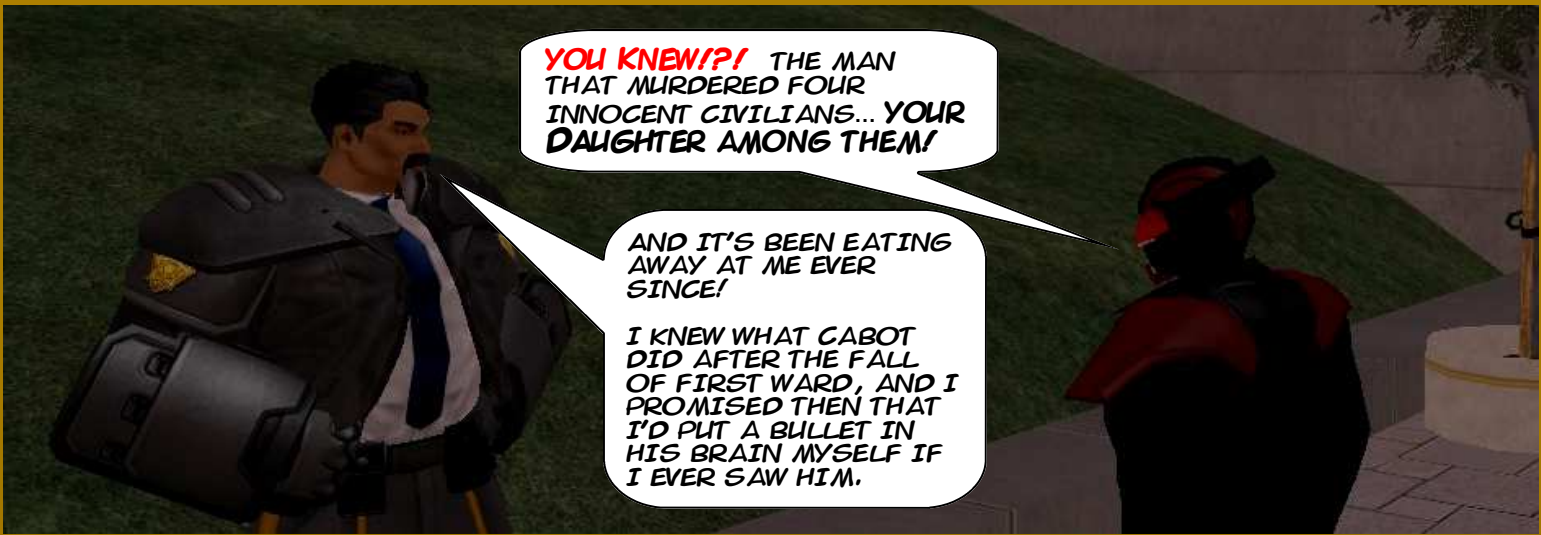
I'VE HEARD OF HIM. RUMORS MOSTLY.

COP ON THE SYNDICATE PAYROLL, MAKES ARRESTS AND EVIDENCE GO AWAY. WHAT ABOUT HIM?

CABOT WAS ONE OF THE COPS IN THE 43RD EVAC THAT PULLED OFF FOUR PEOPLE...

... AND THEN SHOT THEM.


... I KNOW.



YOU KNEW!?! THE MAN THAT MURDERED FOUR INNOCENT CIVILIANS... YOUR DAUGHTER AMONG THEM!


AND IT'S BEEN EATING AWAY AT ME EVER SINCE!

I KNEW WHAT CABOT DID AFTER THE FALL OF FIRST WARD, AND I PROMISED THEN THAT I'D PUT A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN MYSELF IF I EVER SAW HIM.




BUT YOU KNOW HOW THE BLUE LINE WORKS AROUND HERE.

THEY'D RATHER SEE A THOUSAND PEOPLE KILLED THAN TO LOSE ONE COP.



IN ALL HONESTY, THOUGH, I WAS WAITING FOR YOU TO DECIDE TO PICK UP YOUR GUNS AGAIN.

AS A MEMBER OF THE POWERS DIVISION, YOU CAN DO WHAT I CAN'T... AND GET AWAY WITH IT.



CABOT ISN'T THE ONLY COP THE SYNDICATE HAS IN THEIR BACK POCKET, BUT HE'S THE ONE THEY CAN DEPEND UPON THE MOST.

KILL HIM... NO MEDICAL RECOVERY... AND THE SYNDICATE WILL LOSE THEIR BEST MOLE.



AND YOU HAD TO KEEP THIS TO YOURSELF UNTIL I FELT... "READY" TO PICK UP A GUN?

YOU COULD HAVE COME TO ME SOONER WITH THIS. WHY DIDN'T YOU?



HE NEVER ANSWERED THAT QUESTION.

AND I PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE ACCEPTED IT IF HE DID HAVE ONE.

IT STILL DOESN'T PROVE MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT WHO CABOT REALLY IS. HE JUST CONFIRMED THAT HE KNEW ABOUT CABOT AND WHAT HE DID.

BY THE WAY, YOU MAY WANT TO CHECK THE LITTER BOX. IF THERE'S ANYONE WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING ILLEGAL, IT WILL BE HER.

THE "LITTER BOX"... OF COURSE.

STUDIO 55

STUDIO 55 IS
PRAETORIA'S
ONLY NIGHTCLUB.

WELCOME TO
STUDIO 55...

WE ASK THAT YOU
CHECK YOUR
WEAPONS AT THE
CLOAKROOM ON
THE LEFT...

WAITING LIST A
MILE LONG FOR
MOST PEOPLE.

UNLESS YOU'RE WITH THE
POWERS DIVISION... THEN
YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME.

THIS IS WHERE THE
CREAM OF THE CITY-
STATE GO TO PARTY.

I CAME HERE A
FEW TIMES
BEFORE... BUT
THAT WAS AS
ROMAN DANE,
GRIEVING HERO.

BUT THERE'S ANOTHER
PART OF THE CLUB THAT
MOST PEOPLE DON'T
HAVE ACCESS TO.

BECAUSE EVEN THE "NEW
RELIGION" OF COLE
FEELS THE NEED TO
HAVE ITS OWN SODOM
AND GOMORRAH.

THUS... THE
"LITTER BOX."

ALTHOUGH SHE ACTS
MORE LIKE SHE OWNS
THE CLUB THAN JUST
BEING A SQUATTER.

SO NAMED
BECAUSE OF THE
CLUB'S "MASCOT".

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH.
STATE YOUR
BUSINESS.

MEOWRR
... HUSH
PLAYTOY.

I WAS WONDERING
HOW LONG IT WOULD
TAKE BEFORE
PRAETORIA'S NEWEST
GUNSLINGER WOULD
BE COMING TO VISIT
WITH LITTLE OL' ME.

BOBCAT...
NEURON'S "PET".



CABOT.
WHO AND
WHERE WILL
I FIND HIM?



HMM... SO
PROFESSIONAL...
SO DETERMINED.

REMINDS ME SO
MUCH OF ANOTHER
HERO WHO WAS
ALL SCRATCH AND
NO CATNIP...



MEOWRRR...

VERY WELL... BE AT THE
DISTRICT FOUR
STATIONHOUSE AT
SHIFT CHANGE... ASK
FOR CHARLIE.



YOU BETTER BE
RIGHT ABOUT
THAT, BOBCAT.



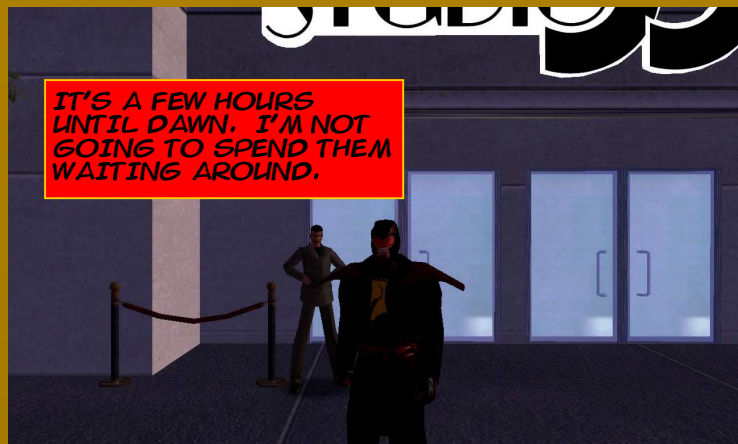
I DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL ABOUT HIM,
MISTRESS.

I COULD HAVE TAKEN HIM
EASILY. ALL YOU HAD
TO DO WAS GIVE ME THE
WORD.

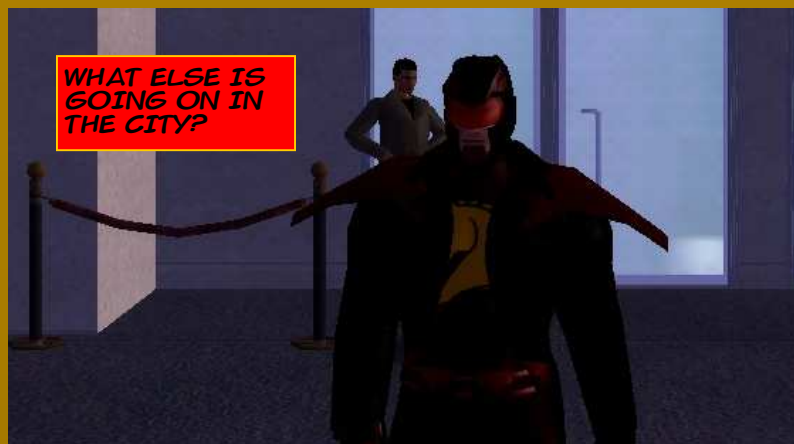
HUSH, MY LITTLE TOY.

HE'S NOT JUST ANOTHER
ONE OF COLE'S LITTLE
GLORY-SEEKING HEROES.

THAT ONE IS ON A
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT
CRUSADE.



IT'S A FEW HOURS UNTIL DAWN. I'M NOT GOING TO SPEND THEM WAITING AROUND.

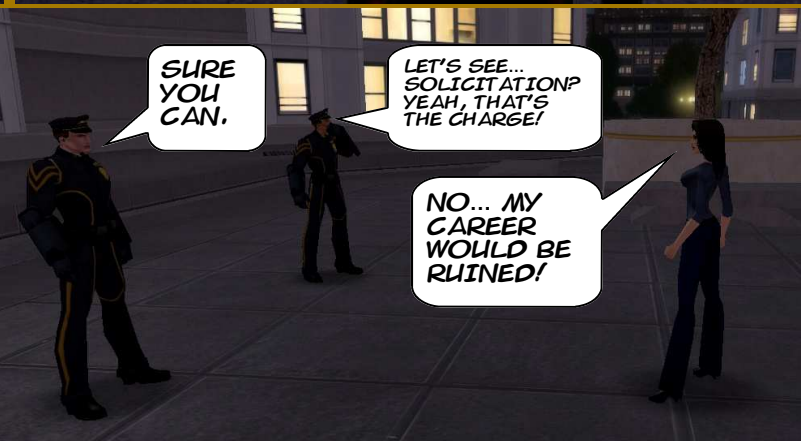


WHAT ELSE IS GOING ON IN THE CITY?



THIS LOOKS SUSPICIOUS.

PLEASE... I CAN'T... NOT LIKE THIS...



SURE YOU CAN.

LET'S SEE... SOLICITATION? YEAH, THAT'S THE CHARGE!

NO... MY CAREER WOULD BE RUINED!



WHAT'S GOING ON OFFICERS?

I DEPLOY MY TACTICAL DRONE.

IT WILL DOCUMENT WHAT I'VE SEEN SO FAR.



POLICE BUSINESS. JUST WALK AWAY.

I KNOW WHAT I'VE WALKED INTO.



IT'S NOT AN EASY CHOICE TO MAKE.

NOT AN OPTION HERE.

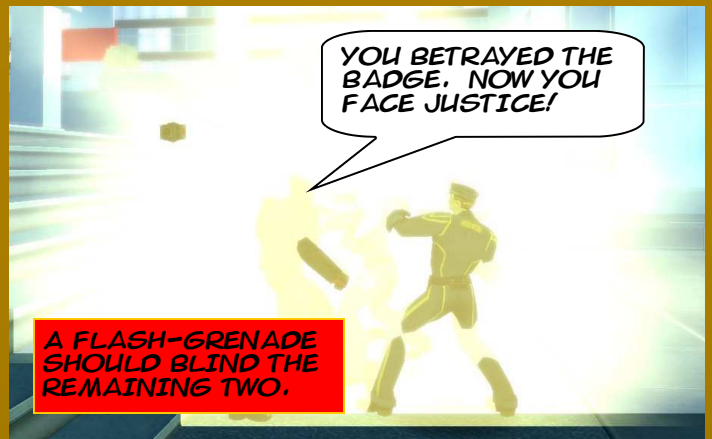
FRAG THE CAPE! FRAG HIM!

NOT ALL COPS ARE HONORABLE. SOME ARE LIKE "CABOT". THEY TAKE WHAT THEY WANT, WHEN THEY WANT. AND THEY DO SO WITH COMPLETE IMPUNITY.

IF I JUST LEFT HER WITH THEM, IT PROBABLY WOULD BE THE LAST TIME ANYONE WOULD EVER SEE HER ALIVE.



YOU MADE A BIG MISTAKE, HERO. NOBODY TAKES ON THE COPS AND LIVES!



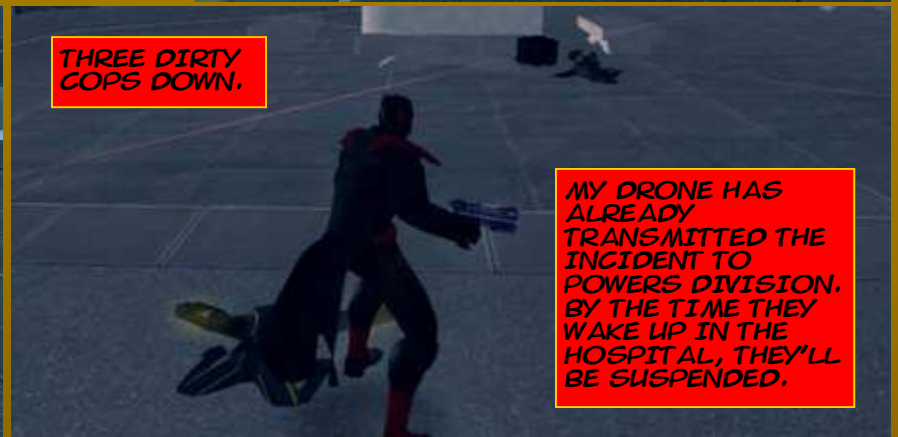
YOU BETRAYED THE BADGE. NOW YOU FACE JUSTICE!

A FLASH-GRENADE SHOULD BLIND THE REMAINING TWO.



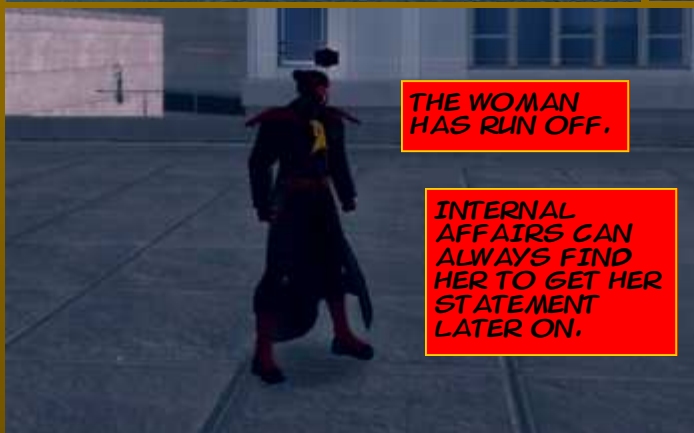
BAM

THE LAST ONE TRIES TO RUN.



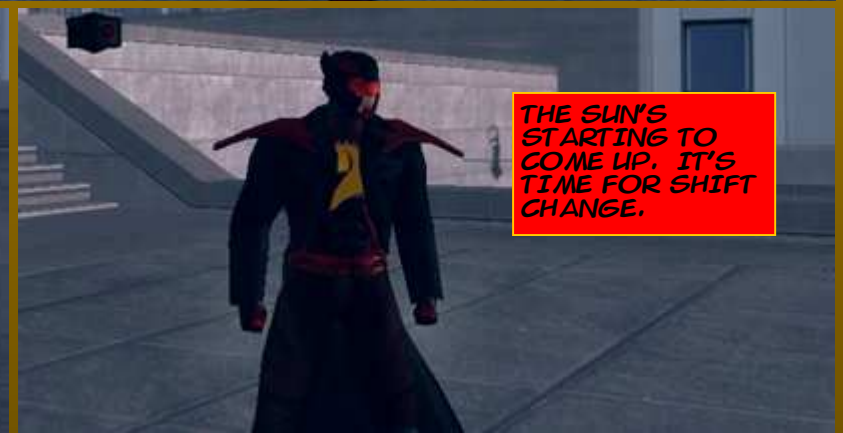
THREE DIRTY COPS DOWN.

MY DRONE HAS ALREADY TRANSMITTED THE INCIDENT TO POWERS DIVISION. BY THE TIME THEY WAKE UP IN THE HOSPITAL, THEY'LL BE SUSPENDED.



THE WOMAN HAS RUN OFF.

INTERNAL AFFAIRS CAN ALWAYS FIND HER TO GET HER STATEMENT LATER ON.



THE SUN'S STARTING TO COME UP. IT'S TIME FOR SHIFT CHANGE.



DISTRICT FOUR COVERS ALL OF IMPERIAL CITY.

OF COURSE, MOST OFFICERS RARELY STICK AROUND THE BUILDING OUTSIDE OF SHIFT CHANGE.

YOU'D HAVE BETTER LUCK FINDING THEM HANGING AROUND THE HOSPITAL, OR AROUND THE LOCAL COFFEE HOUSE.



DAY SHIFT OFFICERS...
GETTING READY TO
START THEIR DAY.



LOOKING
FOR CHARLIE.



SHOULD BE IN THE
PARKING LOT. HE
JUST FINISHED
HIS SHIFT.



CHARLIE? HE SHOULD
BE OUT IN A MINUTE.
WE BOTH PULLED A
DOUBLE-SHIFT SO
WE'RE PRETTY DRAINED.

CARSON ABBOT. I
REMEMBER HIM FROM
THE OTHER DAY.

I THOUGHT HE WAS "CABOT",
BUT IF HE'S THE ONE, WHY
WOULD BOBCAT POINT ME
TO SOMEONE ELSE?

WERE YOU BOTH
WORKING AT
TIBERIAN BLUFF
EARLIER THIS
WEEK BY THE
SONIC BARRIER?



NOT A PLACE I
WANT TO HANG
AROUND IN,
BUT, YEAH, WE
BOTH WERE
THERE.



ONE OF THE
OFFICERS AT
THE PARK.

ONE THAT I
DIDN'T TALK TO.



YOU KNOW, YOU LOOK A LITTLE FAMILIAR. HAVE I SEEN YOU ANYWHERE BEFORE?



CARSON... YOU DON'T WANT TO GET TOO CLOSE TO HIM!
I JUST HEARD THAT HE PUT THREE OF OURS IN THE HOSPITAL!



YOU'RE CHARLIE, RIGHT?

YOU'RE THE ONE I'M LOOKING FOR.

YEAH, I'M CHARLIE. OFFICER BARNES TO YOU.

AND YOU HAVE A LOT OF NERVE SHOWING YOUR FACE AROUND HERE, TURNING OVER THREE OF OURS TO INTERNAL AFFAIRS AFTER PUTTING THEM IN THE HOSPITAL.



BE THANKFUL THAT'S ALL I DID TO THEM. THEY MADE THE MISTAKE OF USING THEIR BADGES TO PREY ON AN INNOCENT WOMAN.

I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND HOW AND WHY WE DO WHAT WE DO... YOU GLORY HOUNDS ARE ALL ALIKE.

THEN LET'S TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE YOU WERE INVOLVED IN...



43RD EVAC... FOUR PEOPLE WERE PULLED FROM AN EVACUATION TRUCK AND KILLED. THE "BLAME" BEING PLACED ON DEVOURING EARTH.

BUT THERE WAS A WITNESS THAT SAW THE WHOLE THING AND SAYS THEY WERE MURDERED.

ONE OF THOSE KILLERS WAS NAMED "CABOT", SOMEONE THAT HAS BEEN MAKING A NAME FOR HIMSELF AS THE SYNDICATE'S FIXER IN THE POLICE FORCE.

AND THE WORD IS... "CABOT" IS YOU, OFFICER BARNES.



I KNEW WE SHOULD HAVE KILLED THAT FILTHY WITCH WHEN WE SAW HER THERE...



YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME EXCEPT A LOT OF TALK AND RUMORS.

SO YOU GOT ME... I'M "CABOT". I'M THE SYNDICATE'S FIXER. BUT EVEN IF YOU COULD FIND THE WITCH, SHE'D BE KILLED ON SIGHT IF YOU TRY TO BRING HER IN TO TESTIFY AGAINST ME.



CARSON, GET YOUR CLIFFS HERE... I THINK WE HAVE...

CARSON?

HE'S NOT HERE, CABOT.

HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN JUSTICE IS SERVED.



AND JUSTICE IS LONG OVERDUE FOR YOU, CABOT!

click-click



ENF!

*BAM!

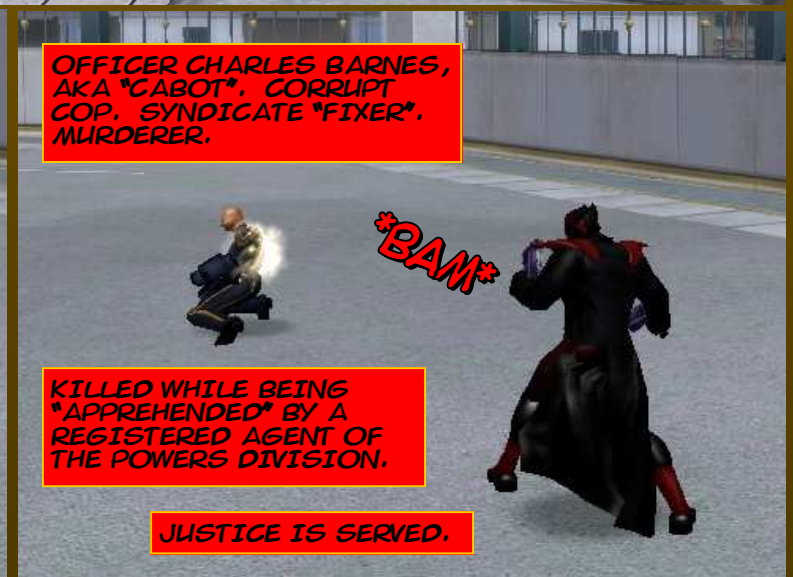
THE FIRST SHOT WAS AIMED AT HIS MEDICAL TELEPORT DEVICE IN HIS BADGE.



NO! WAIT! STOP!

BAM! BAM! BAM!

THAT MEANS THAT HE'S NOT COMING BACK, EVER.



*BAM!

OFFICER CHARLES BARNES, AKA "CABOT", CORRUPT COP, SYNDICATE "FIXER", MURDERER.

KILLED WHILE BEING "APPREHENDED" BY A REGISTERED AGENT OF THE POWERS DIVISION.

JUSTICE IS SERVED.

I EXPECTED THE AREA TO BE FULL OF COPS LOOKING TO AVENGE HIS DEATH.

INSTEAD, THE LOT REMAINS EMPTY.

NO DOUBT SERGEANT ABBOTT IS TELLING THE OTHERS ABOUT BARNES.

COPS DO PROTECT THEIR OWN...

BUT THEY ALSO PROTECT THE ONES THEY LOVE.

AND BARNES HAD KILLED VICTORIA KANG, THE DAUGHTER OF INTERROGATOR KANG, ONE OF THEIR OWN.

HE KILLED MY PARENTS AS WELL, BUT THOSE DIDN'T MATTER AS MUCH IN THE EYES OF THE POLICE.

KILLING A COP'S FAMILY IS JUST AS BAD AS KILLING THE COP HIMSELF.

I STILL HAVE TO FILE A REPORT ABOUT THIS.

AND MAKE SURE THAT I DON'T MENTION ACANTHIA AT ALL OR HOW I KNOW ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE 43RD EVAC.

IT'S LIKE A GREAT WEIGHT WAS LIFTED OFF MY SHOULDERS.

THE LOSS OF THOSE I LOVED... THE ONES THAT KEPT ME GOING DURING THE HAMIDON WARS... TO BE ABLE TO BRING ONE OF THEIR KILLERS TO JUSTICE... I ALMOST FEEL LIKE MY OLD SELF AGAIN.

ALMOST.

BUT CABOT DIDN'T DO IT BY HIMSELF. THE OTHER KILLERS ARE OUT THERE. THE ONES THAT HELPED HIM DO WHAT HE DID SO FOUR SYNDICATE BOSSSES COULD ESCAPE TO SAFETY.

THEY ALSO NEED TO BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.

THE WHIMPERS AND PLEAS FOR MERCY UP AHEAD GIVE ME REASON TO PAUSE.

MOTHER'S AGENTS, THE SEERS, ARE SURROUNDING SOMEONE THEY BELIEVE IS DANGEROUS.

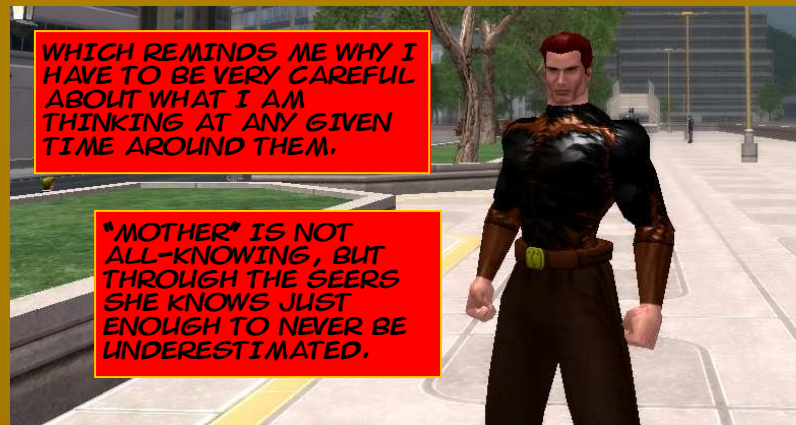
THEY SEE EVERYTHING *MOTHER* SEES. THEY ARE HER PSYCHIC EYES AND EARS IN PRAETORIA.

NO... PLEASE... LEAVE ME ALONE! GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

UNLIKE THE POLICE, THE SEERS ARE PURE. THEY DON'T REALLY HAVE MINDS ALL THEIR OWN, SO THEY CAN'T BE CORRUPTED.



I'M TOLD THE "AUDITING" IS VERY PAINFUL.



WHICH REMINDS ME WHY I HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT I AM THINKING AT ANY GIVEN TIME AROUND THEM.

"MOTHER" IS NOT ALL-KNOWING, BUT THROUGH THE SEERS SHE KNOWS JUST ENOUGH TO NEVER BE UNDERESTIMATED.



AROUND THE CORNER, I SEE EVEN MORE SIGNS OF THINGS BEING WRONG IN THE CITY.

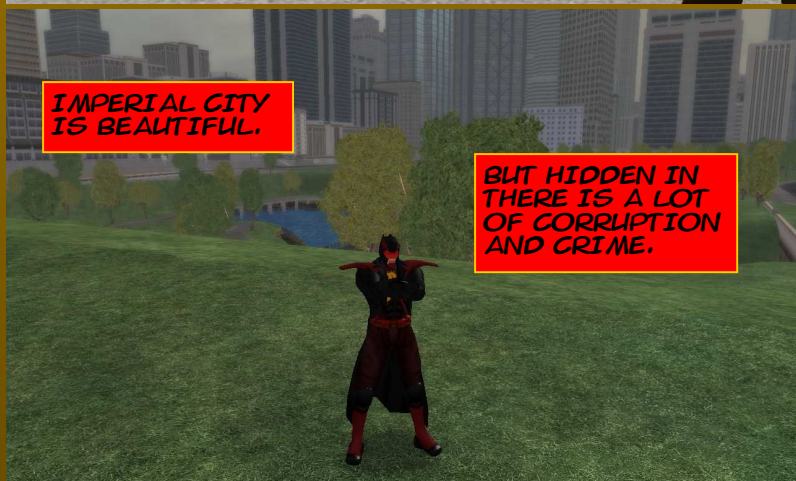
MORE COPS HASSLING ORDINARY CIVILIANS... SHAKING THEM DOWN.

I COULD BE OUT HERE ALL DAY AND NIGHT AND IT PROBABLY WOULDN'T MAKE A DENT, BUT SOMETHING STILL NEEDS TO BE DONE.

HEY, I THOUGHT YOU GUYS SAID HE WAS LOADED. THERE'S ONLY FIFTY MERITS ON HIS CARD.

MAYBE ACANTHA IS RIGHT.

MAYBE WHAT THIS CITY NEEDS IS A REAL SENSE OF JUSTICE INSTEAD OF JUST REVENGE.



IMPERIAL CITY IS BEAUTIFUL.

BUT HIDDEN IN THERE IS A LOT OF CORRUPTION AND CRIME.



MARCUS COLE SAVED HUMANITY.

WITH A LITTLE HELP OF HEROES LIKE MYSELF.

I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL FOR THAT.



BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT THE JOB IS FINISHED.

THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF WORK TO BE DONE IN THIS NEW CITY-STATE OF PRAETORIA.

WE'RE STILL BURDENED BY THE SINS OF THE OLD WORLD.

IT'S HIGH TIME THAT THIS NEW WORLD BE GIVEN SOMETHING IT SADLY LACKS.

LET JUSTICE BE SERVED.

END

THIS 2...

Words of wisdom from writer and creator David 2.

The Praetorian Invasion!

First there was “City of Heroes”... where budding heroes could become legends all their own.

Then there was “City of Villains”... where bad guys can become notorious.

Then on August 17, 2010, NCSoft and Paragon Studios released their latest expansion in the world of City of Heroes... “GOING ROGUE”. *(For the record, NCSoft developed and was using the title “Going Rogue” LONG BEFORE a certain politician from Alaska began using it as her political catchphrase.)*

Going Rogue took the concept of good versus evil to a whole new level by introducing people to a world where the heroes are not really heroic and the villains are not really evil.

The idea began with the universe previously known only as “*Upsilon Beta 9-6*”, where the “heroes” of that world were evil. Here, Statesman was Tyrant, Ms. Liberty was Dominatrix, Synapse was Neutron, Back Alley Brawler was Marauder, Positron was Anti-Matter, and Sister Psyche was Mother Mayhem. They were so much the visual opposites of the heroes of Paragon City that the only thing missing on them all were Van Dyke “Evil Spock” goatees.

But then the story behind “Tyrant” developed even further.

In the world that would later be called the Praetorian Universe, Marcus Cole returned from the Well of the Furies... but ONLY him. His longtime friend Stefan was killed prior to his return. During the Korean War, General MacArthur was given permission to use nuclear weapons against North Korea, causing China to retaliate and nuke Los Angeles. Millions were dead, and Cole was missing and presumed dead.

Because of that nuclear exchange, the Devouring Earth came to be decades earlier than their “Paragon” counterparts. The resulting wars with them devastated the planet.

Continues on next page...

When Cole returned, it was to a world that begged him for help, and he gave it to them. But that help came with a steep price.

The people eagerly accepted whatever conditions Cole demanded and then named him emperor. The heroes that followed him, the ones that were his trusted lieutenants, became his Praetors.

And then, as described in this issue, Cole rebuilt society in his image.

On the onset, Praetoria looks like a utopia. A clean city with automated Clockwork drones keeping everything beautiful.

But behind the glitter there's something dangerous lurking.

Maybe it's in the water. Everyone drinks "Enriche" water and it tastes better than any other beverage. Maybe it's something on the TV. There's only one channel for news, and some people talk about hearing strange noises. Maybe it's the newspaper, from the same company that provides the TV station, and the strange placements of words and paragraphs that almost try to spell something hidden.

Maybe it's the graffiti on the walls warning about their beloved emperor. The Clockwork drones labor endlessly to remove it, but it continues to show up. People disappear, but nobody knows who they are or what happens to them.



Alternate Cover to Issue #2

And of course the Seers are always around, always looking for "dangerous thoughts". Ready to "audit" people that dwell too much on certain ideas. And then there are the hidden projects, the strange facility to the south, and the ungodly noises coming from underground.

Yes, Praetoria is a beautiful city-state... but appearances can be deceiving. And amidst this urban "Garden of Eden" are plenty of snakes just waiting for you if you're not careful.

"There isn't a thought in this city
that I don't know about!"



CITY OF HEROES GOING ROGUE

goingrogue.cityofheroes.com

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