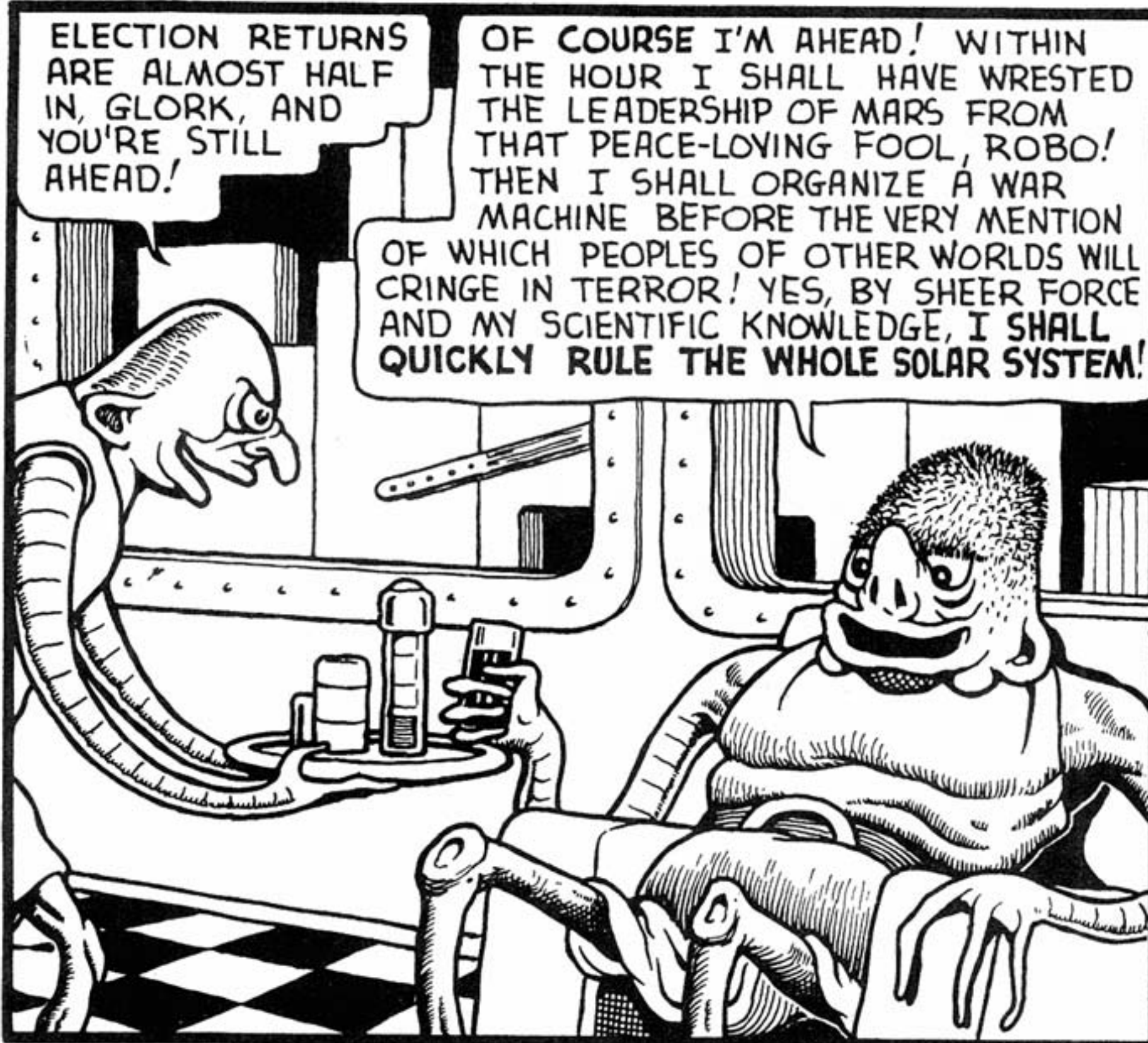


SPACEHAWK

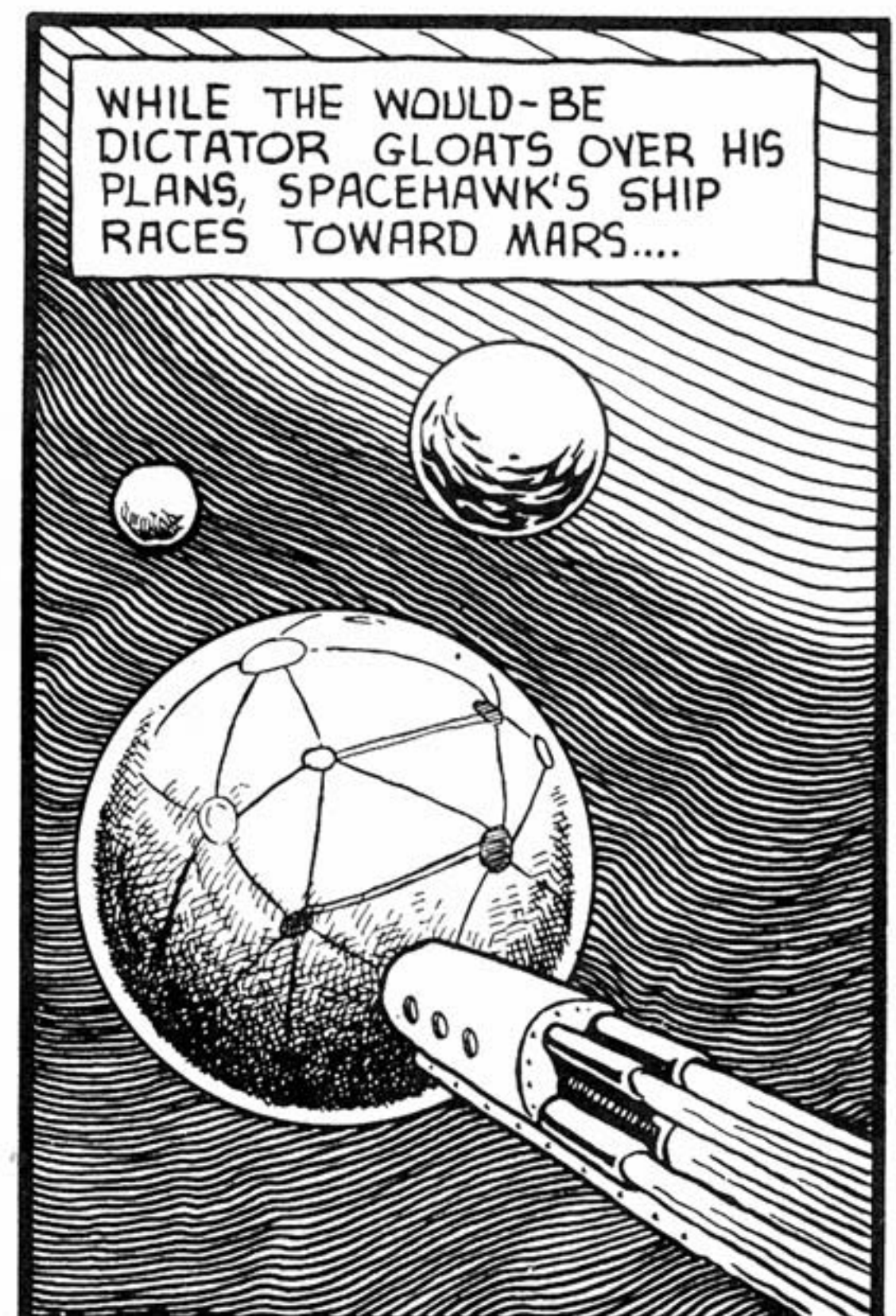
THE SUPERHUMAN ENEMY OF CRIME

by BASIL WOLVERTON



ELECTION RETURNS ARE ALMOST HALF IN, GLORK, AND YOU'RE STILL AHEAD!

OF COURSE I'M AHEAD! WITHIN THE HOUR I SHALL HAVE WRESTED THE LEADERSHIP OF MARS FROM THAT PEACE-LOVING FOOL, ROBO! THEN I SHALL ORGANIZE A WAR MACHINE BEFORE THE VERY MENTION OF WHICH PEOPLES OF OTHER WORLDS WILL CRINGE IN TERROR! YES, BY SHEER FORCE AND MY SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE, I SHALL QUICKLY RULE THE WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEM!



WHILE THE WOULD-BE DICTATOR GLOATS OVER HIS PLANS, SPACEHAWK'S SHIP RACES TOWARD MARS....



I MUST BE ON HAND WHEN THE MARTIAN ELECTION IS OVER! IF THE PEOPLE LET GLORK BULLY THEM INTO CHOOSING HIM FOR THEIR RULER, THEY'LL SOON FIND THEMSELVES IN PLENTY OF TROUBLE!

SPACEHAWK QUICKLY THINKS OF A NOVEL PLAN—A DISGUISE.

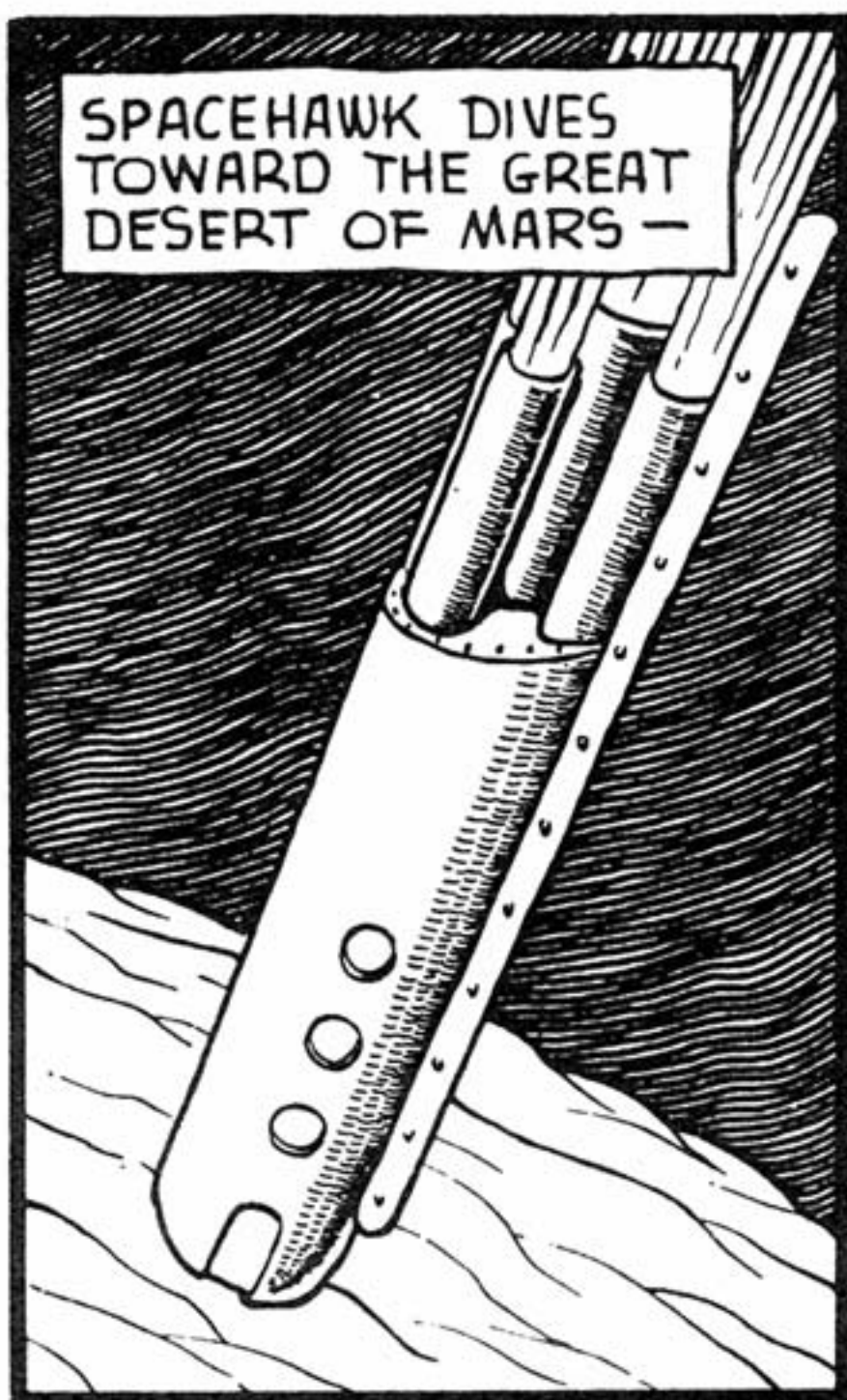


A LITTLE OF THIS SYNTHETIC FLESH ON THE RIGHT PLACES



—AND THE MARTIANS WILL THINK I'M ONE OF THEM!

SPACEHAWK'S APPEARANCE IS NOW MYSTERIOUSLY BAFFLING.



SPACEHAWK DIVES TOWARD THE GREAT DESERT OF MARS —



— AND LEAPS FROM HIS SHIP...



BY POTENT THOUGHT IMPULSES, HE COMMANDS HIS ROBOT PILOT TO TAKE THE CRAFT BACK UP INTO THE DARK STRATOSPHERE. THEN HE BOUNDS SWIFTLY TOWARD HULGO, THE MARTIAN CAPITAL.....

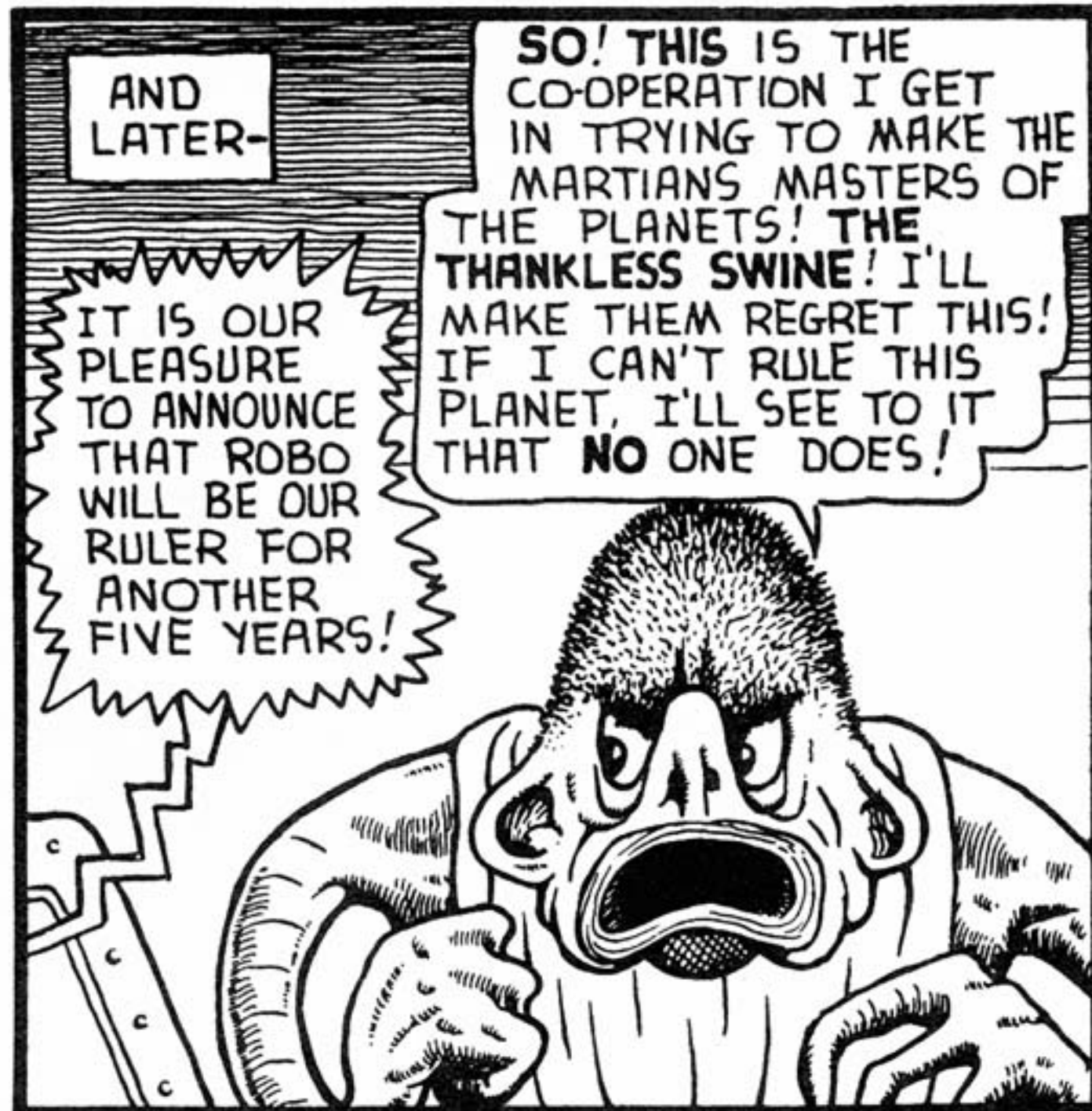


MEANWHILE—GLORK HEARS MORE ELECTION RESULTS.

— ROBO IS NOW LEADING BY MORE THAN 47 MILLION!



THAT'S UNBELIEVABLE! MY MEN HAVE THREATENED THE PEOPLE OF EVERY COMMUNITY! HOW DARE THEY VOTE FOR ROBO!



AND LATER—

IT IS OUR PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THAT ROBO WILL BE OUR RULER FOR ANOTHER FIVE YEARS!

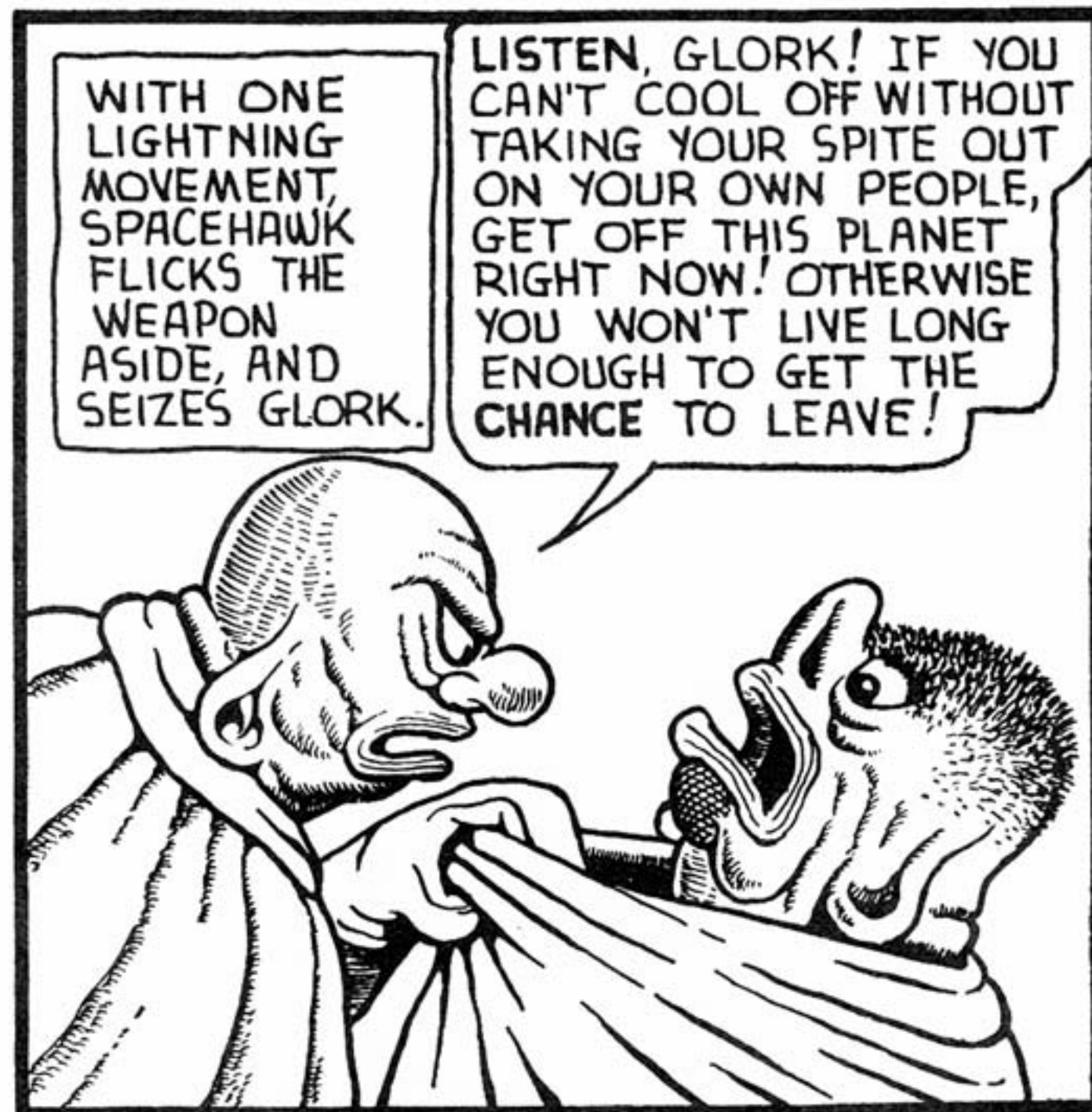
SO! THIS IS THE CO-OPERATION I GET IN TRYING TO MAKE THE MARTIANS MASTERS OF THE PLANETS! THE THANKLESS SWINE! I'LL MAKE THEM REGRET THIS! IF I CAN'T RULE THIS PLANET, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT NO ONE DOES!



JUST AS I THOUGHT, GLORK! YOU CAN'T TAKE A BEATING WITHOUT GETTING SORE!



WHAT! WHY YOU INSOLENT DOG! HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE? I'LL MURDER YOU, YOU — SAY-WHO ARE YOU?



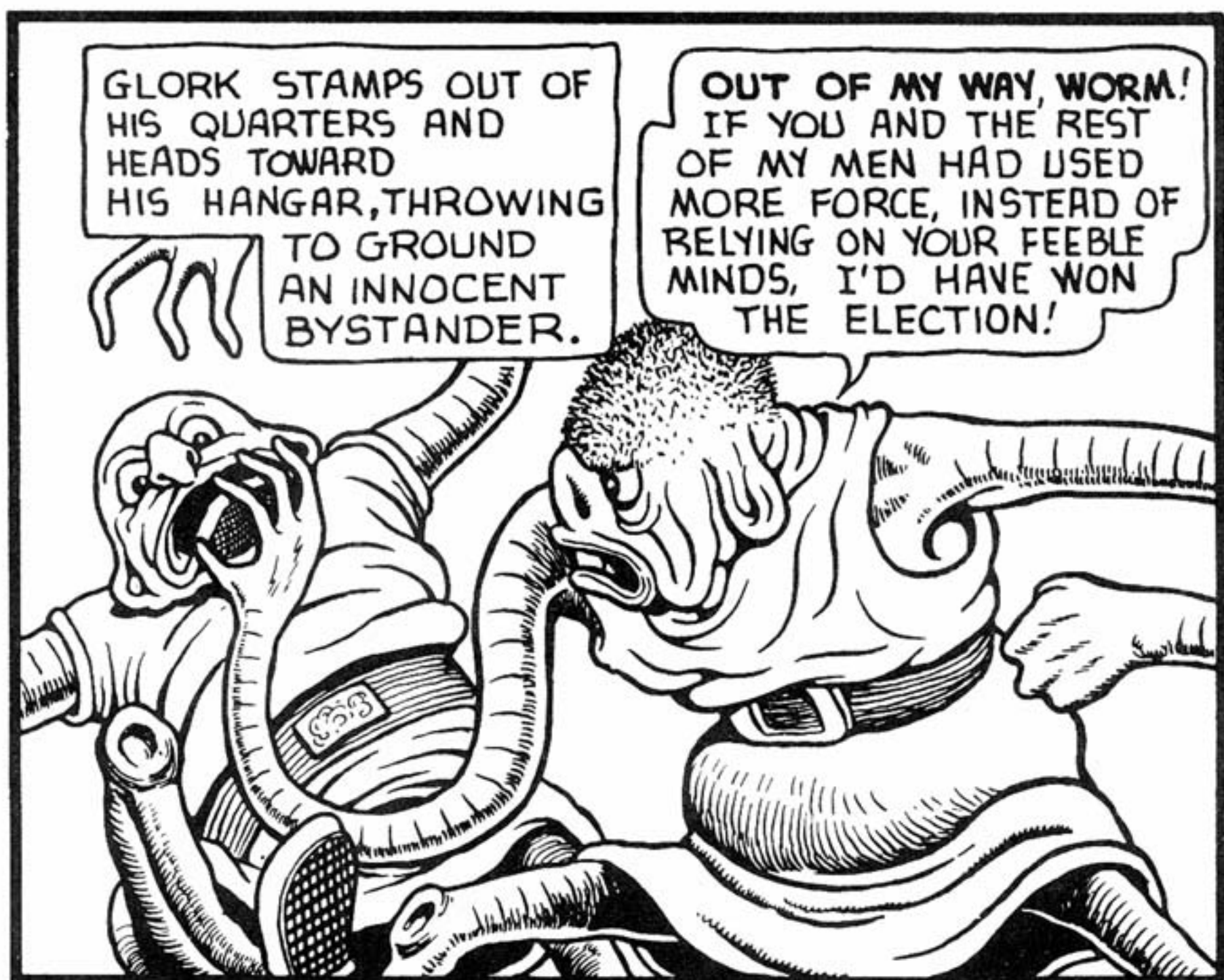
WITH ONE LIGHTNING MOVEMENT, SPACEHAWK FLICKS THE WEAPON ASIDE, AND SEIZES GLORK.

LISTEN, GLORK! IF YOU CAN'T COOL OFF WITHOUT TAKING YOUR SPITE OUT ON YOUR OWN PEOPLE, GET OFF THIS PLANET RIGHT NOW! OTHERWISE YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GET THE CHANCE TO LEAVE!



BY THE TIME GLORK RECOVERS FROM HIS SURPRISE, SPACEHAWK IS GONE.....

WHO DOES THAT MUSCLE-BOUND OAF THINK HE IS — ANOTHER SPACEHAWK? I'LL SHOW HIM THAT I, GLORK, CANNOT BE FRIGHTENED!

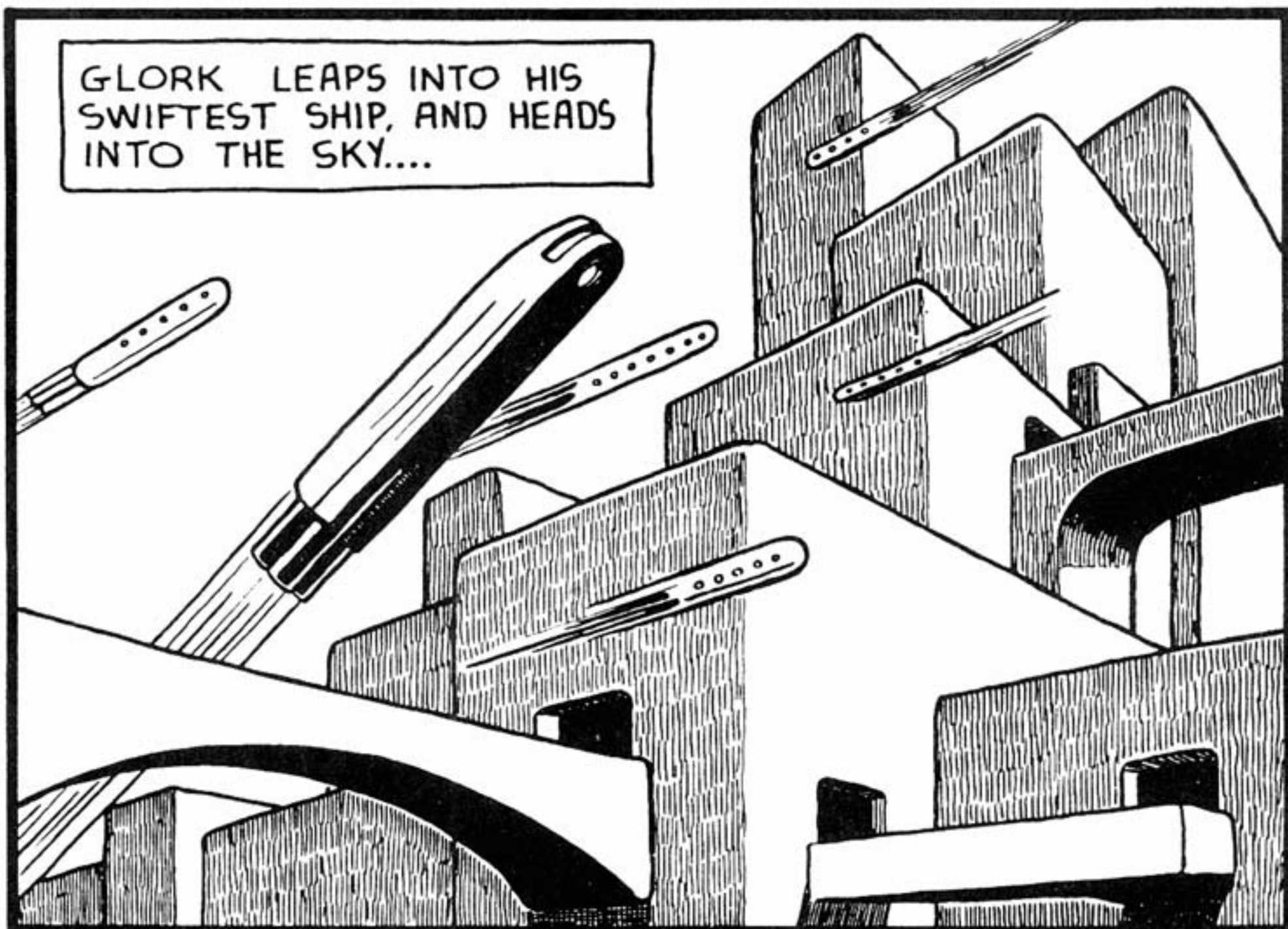


GLORK STAMPS OUT OF HIS QUARTERS AND HEADS TOWARD HIS HANGAR, THROWING TO GROUND AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

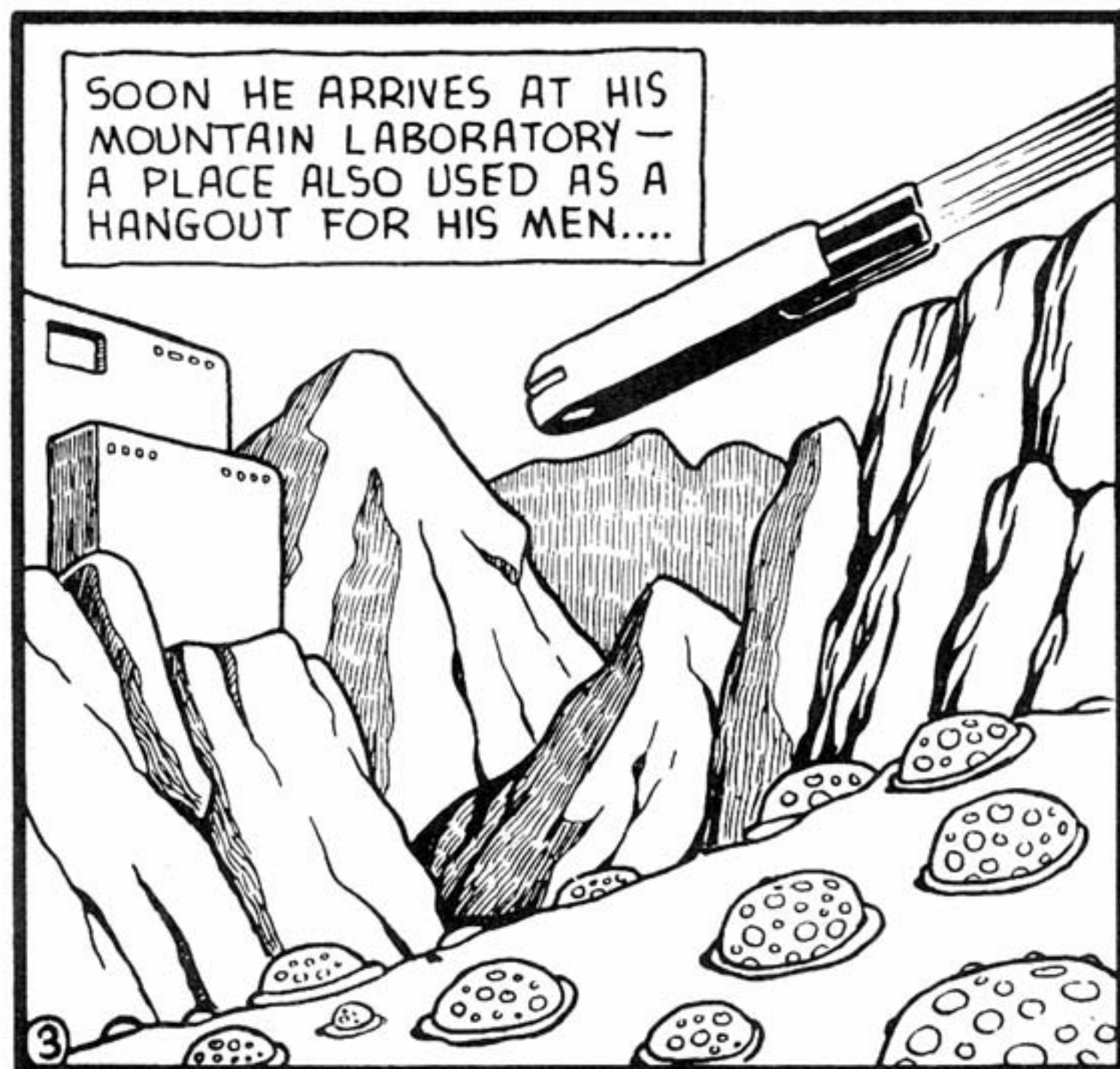
OUT OF MY WAY, WORM! IF YOU AND THE REST OF MY MEN HAD USED MORE FORCE, INSTEAD OF RELYING ON YOUR FEEBLE MINDS, I'D HAVE WON THE ELECTION!



I SWEAR THIS IS THE LAST TIME I TAKE ANY MORE OF THAT KIND OF TREATMENT FROM HIM!



GLORK LEAPS INTO HIS SWIFTEST SHIP, AND HEADS INTO THE SKY....



SOON HE ARRIVES AT HIS MOUNTAIN LABORATORY — A PLACE ALSO USED AS A HANGOUT FOR HIS MEN....



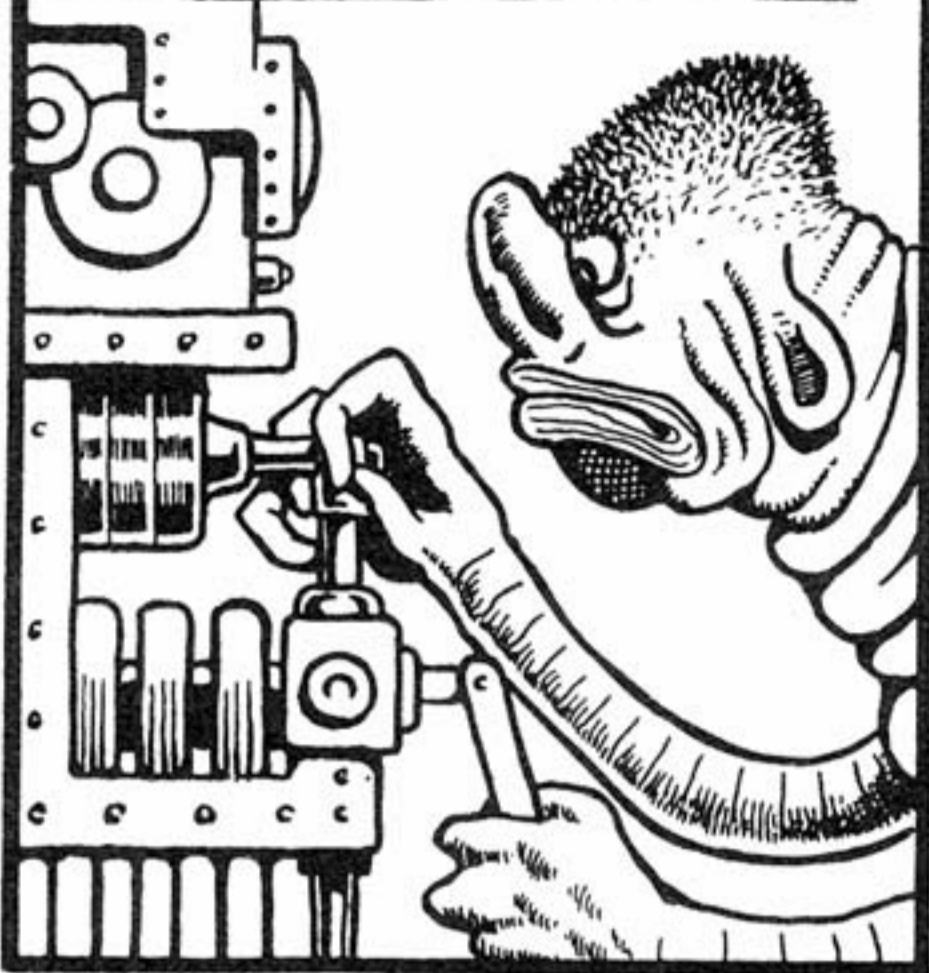
HERE COMES GLORK!

HE'LL BE PLENTY SORE BECAUSE OF LOSING THE ELECTION! WE'D BETTER STAY OUT OF HIS WAY!

WE WERE CRAZY TO THINK HE'D EVER WIN! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO SNATCHING PURSES!

HIS OWN MEN FEAR THE COMING OF GLORK!

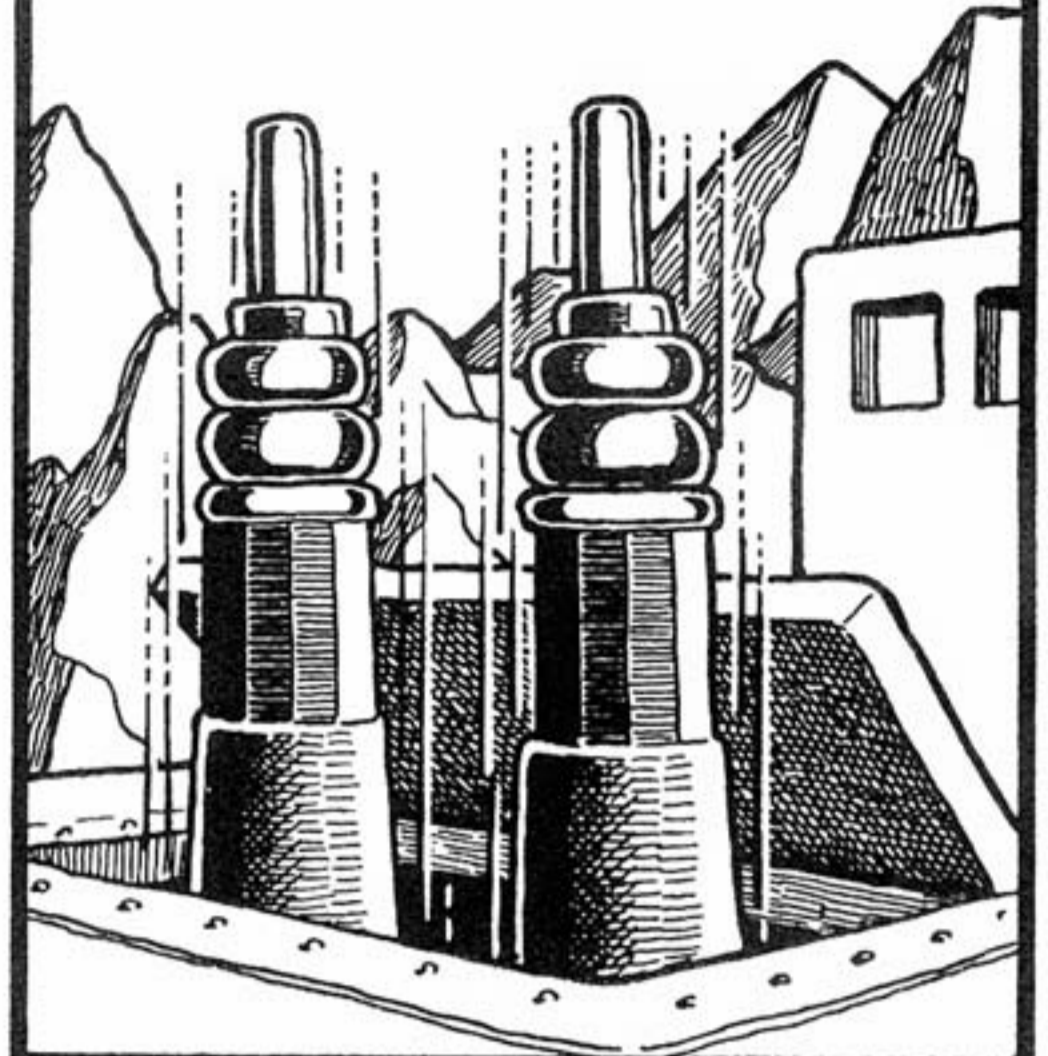
GLORK HURRIES TO ONE OF THE LABORATORY ROOMS, AND MAKES HASTY ADJUSTMENTS ON SOME OF HIS COMPLEX APPARATUS.....



FIVE YEARS I'VE SPENT DEVELOPING THIS ATTRACTOR MACHINE IN SECRET — PREPARING IT FOR THE TIME WHEN I'D USE IT TO CONQUER OTHER PLANETS! BUT **NOW** I'M GOING TO USE IT TO DESTROY THIS PLANET AND ITS MISERABLE, UNGRATEFUL INHABITANTS! JUST TO MAKE SURE THE MACHINE IS IN GOOD ORDER, I'LL USE IT ON THOSE TWO SHIPS ON THE HORIZON!



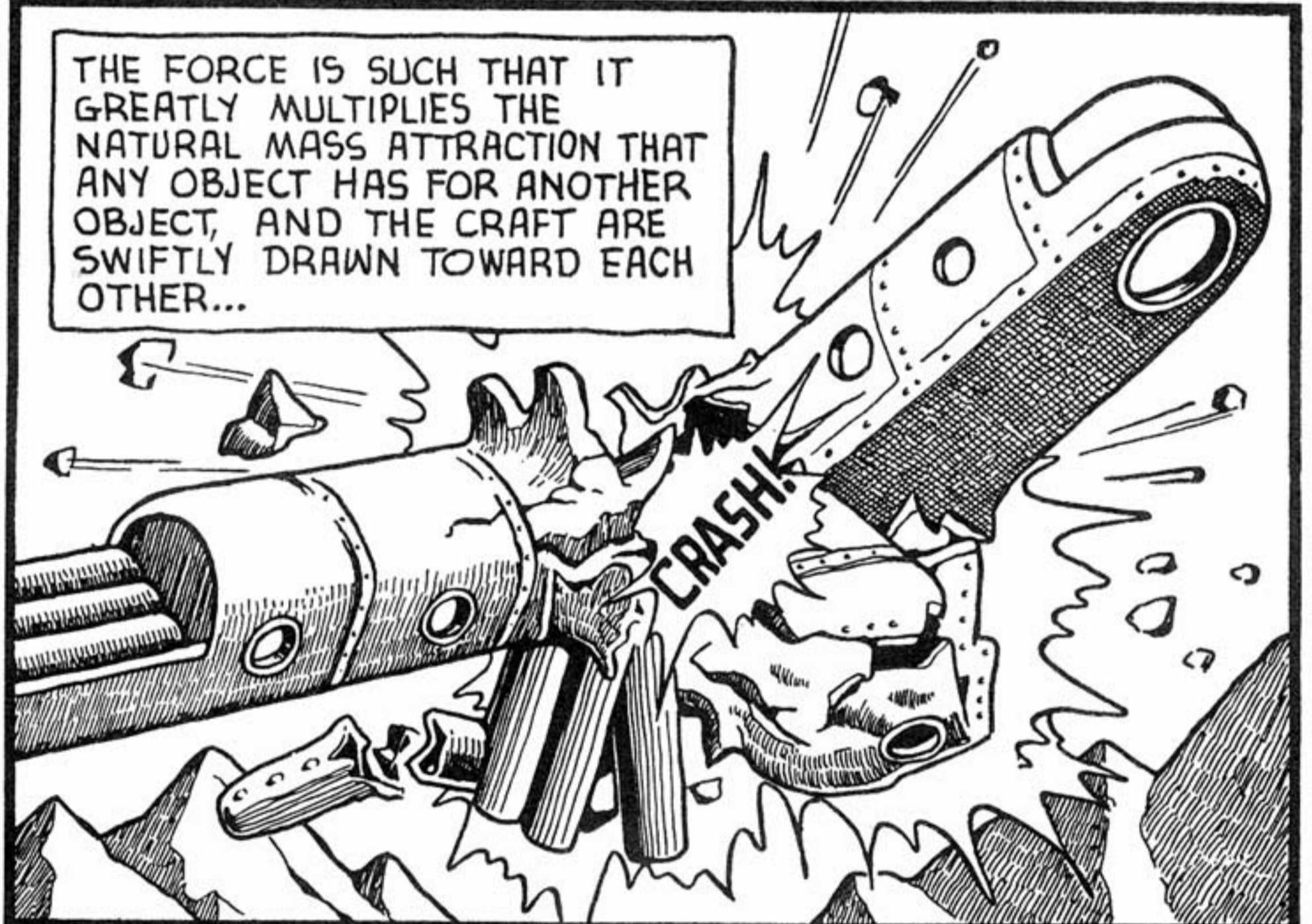
TWO METAL OBJECTS MOVE UP FROM THE TOP OF THE LABORATORY BUILDING....



EACH IS FOCUSED ON A DISTANT SHIP, AND INVISIBLE RAYS OF FORCE STREAM OUT FROM THEM...



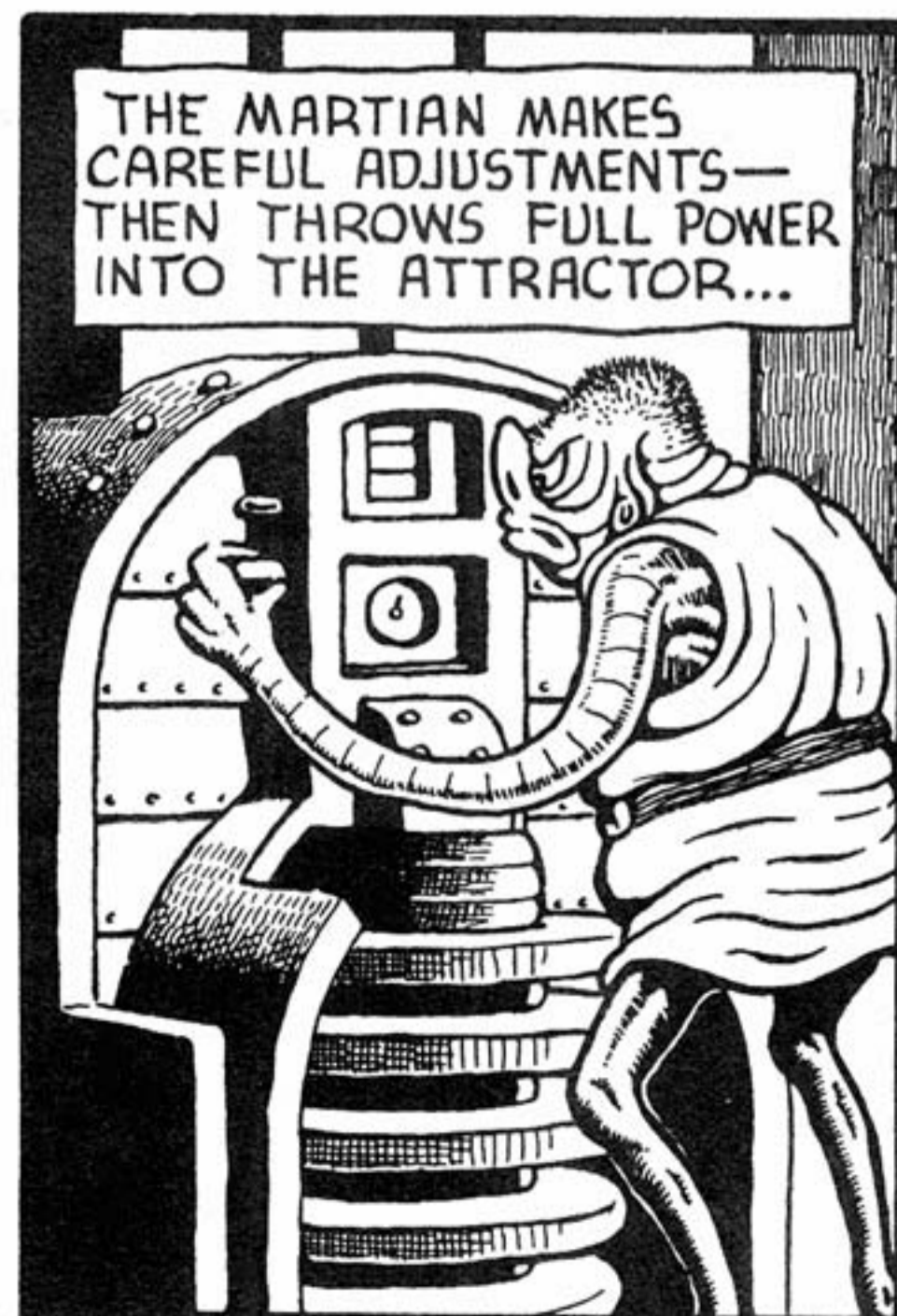
THE FORCE IS SUCH THAT IT GREATLY MULTIPLIES THE NATURAL MASS ATTRACTION THAT ANY OBJECT HAS FOR ANOTHER OBJECT, AND THE CRAFT ARE SWIFTLY DRAWN TOWARD EACH OTHER...



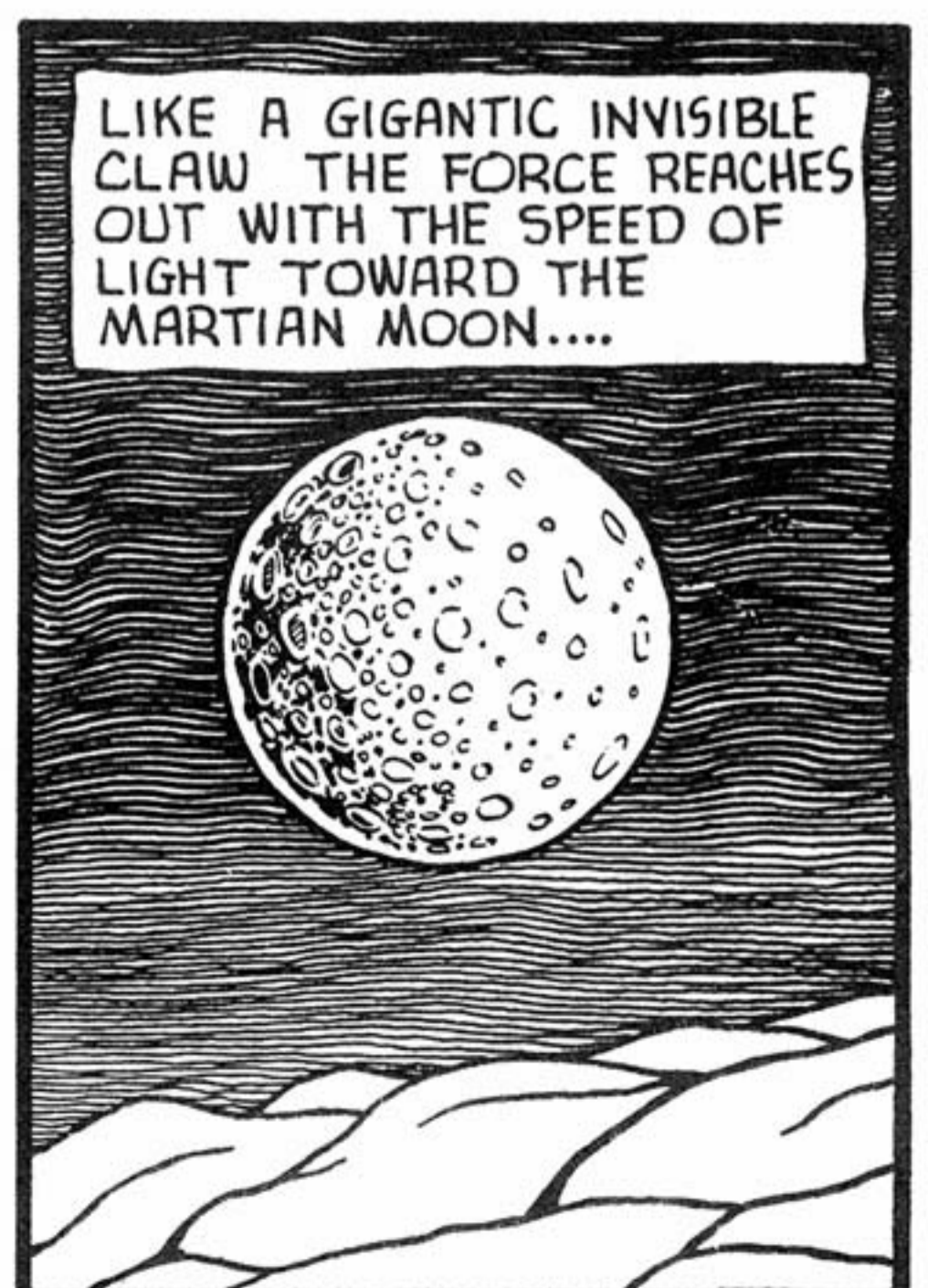
AHA! IT IS WORKING BEAUTIFULLY! NOW TO TRAIN ONE OF THE ATTRACTOR BEAMS ON YONDER MOUNTAINS, AND THE OTHER ON PHOBOS, ONE OF THE MARTIAN MOONS! THE MOON WILL BE PLUCKED OUT OF THE SKY, AND WHEN IT HITS MARS, EVERY ONE ON THE PLANET WILL PERISH — EXCEPT ME!

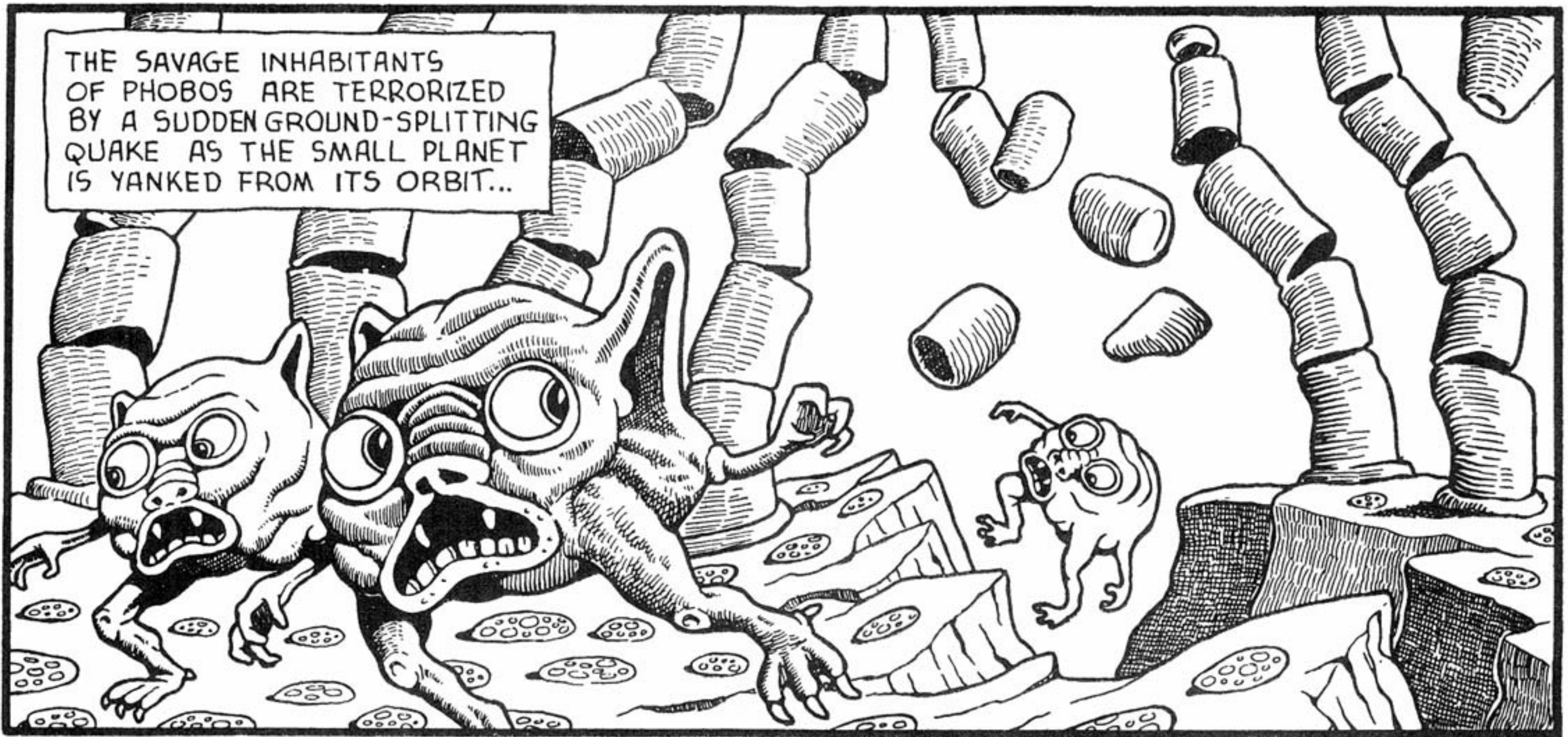


THE MARTIAN MAKES CAREFUL ADJUSTMENTS — THEN THROWS FULL POWER INTO THE ATTRACTOR...

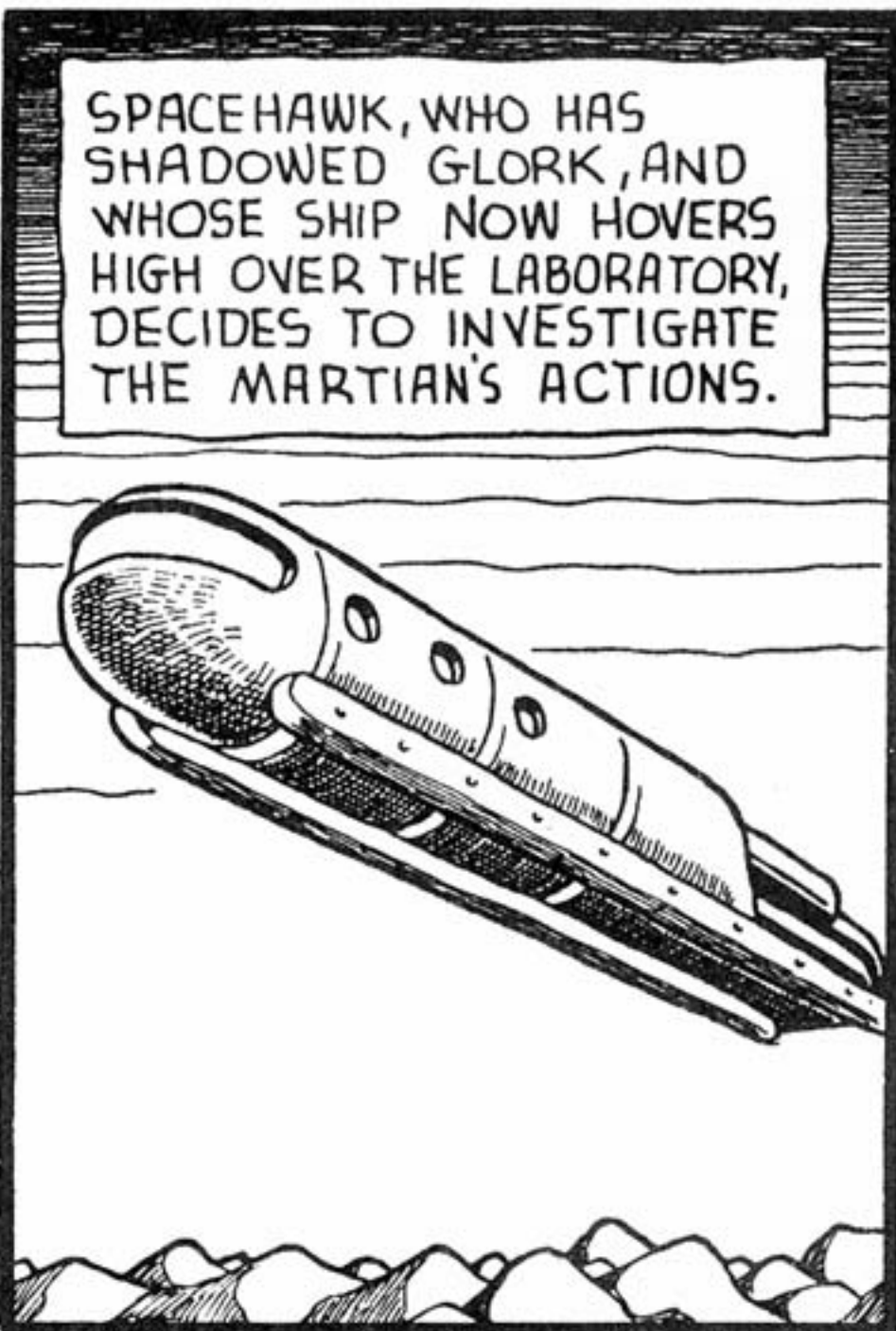


LIKE A GIGANTIC INVISIBLE CLAW THE FORCE REACHES OUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT TOWARD THE MARTIAN MOON....





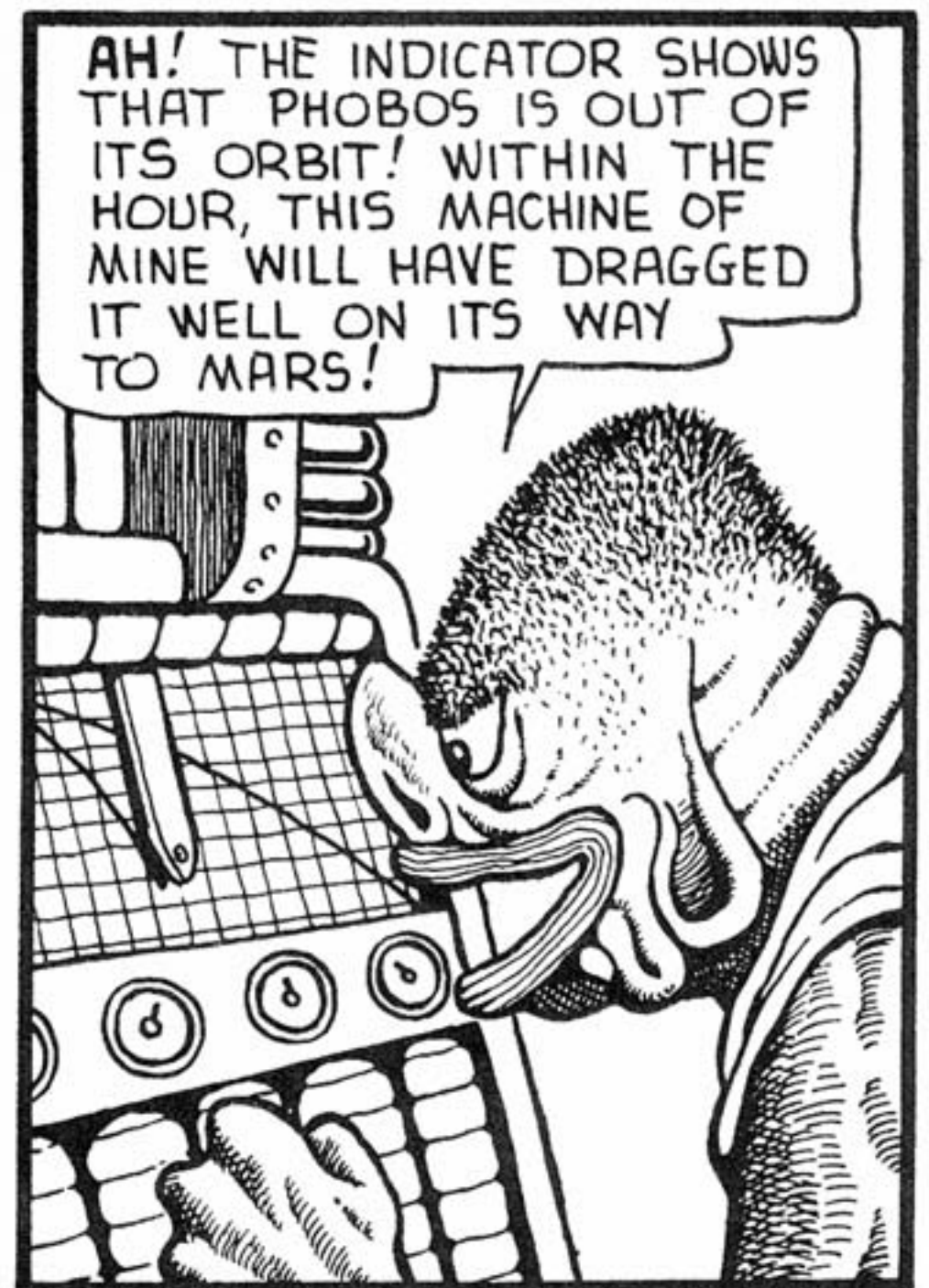
THE SAVAGE INHABITANTS OF PHOBOS ARE TERRORIZED BY A SUDDEN GROUND-SPLITTING QUAKE AS THE SMALL PLANET IS YANKED FROM ITS ORBIT...



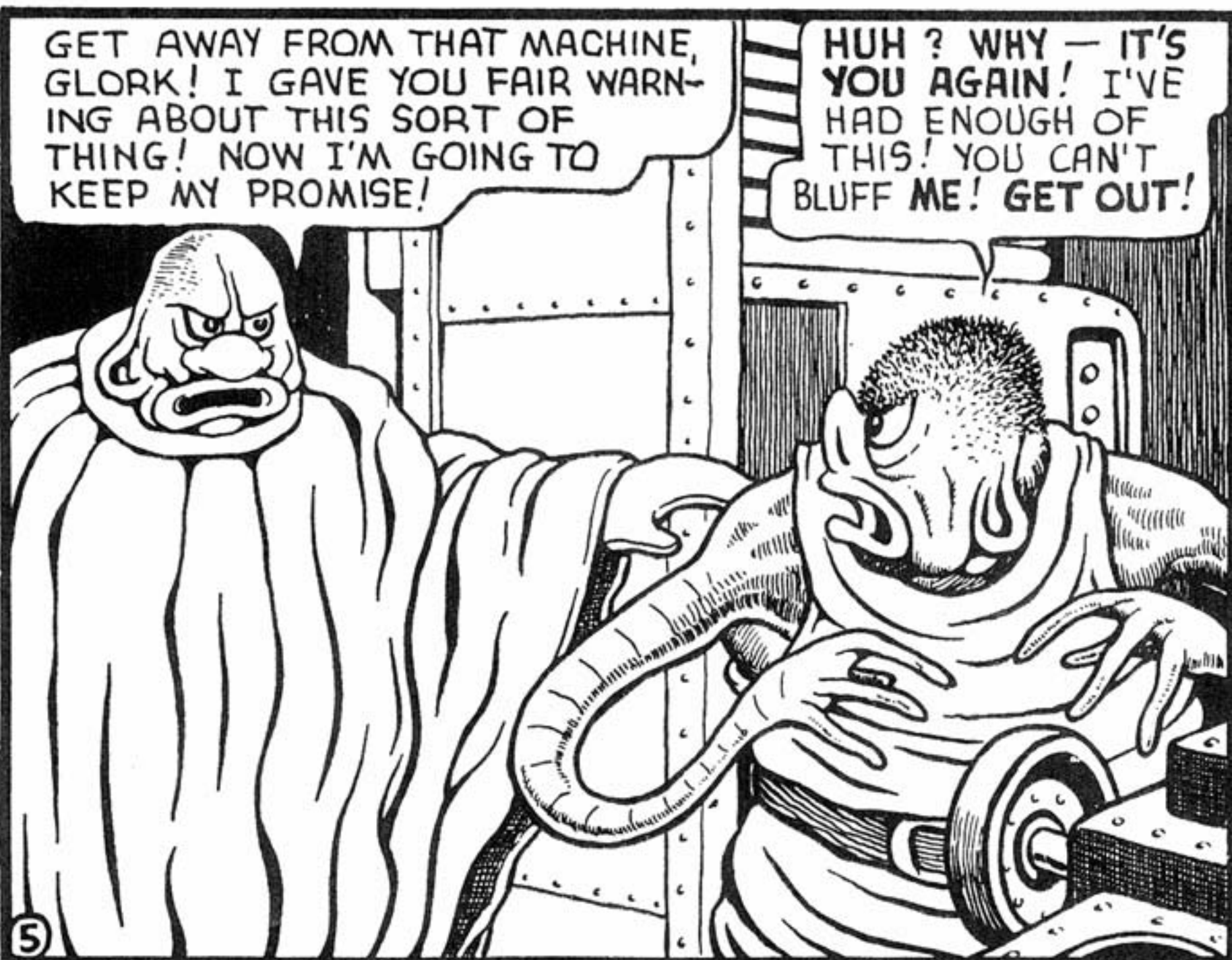
SPACEHAWK, WHO HAS SHADOWED GLOK, AND WHOSE SHIP NOW HOVERS HIGH OVER THE LABORATORY, DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE THE MARTIAN'S ACTIONS.



SWIFT AS A BULLET HE DESCENDS FROM THE STRATOSPHERE...



AH! THE INDICATOR SHOWS THAT PHOBOS IS OUT OF ITS ORBIT! WITHIN THE HOUR, THIS MACHINE OF MINE WILL HAVE DRAGGED IT WELL ON ITS WAY TO MARS!

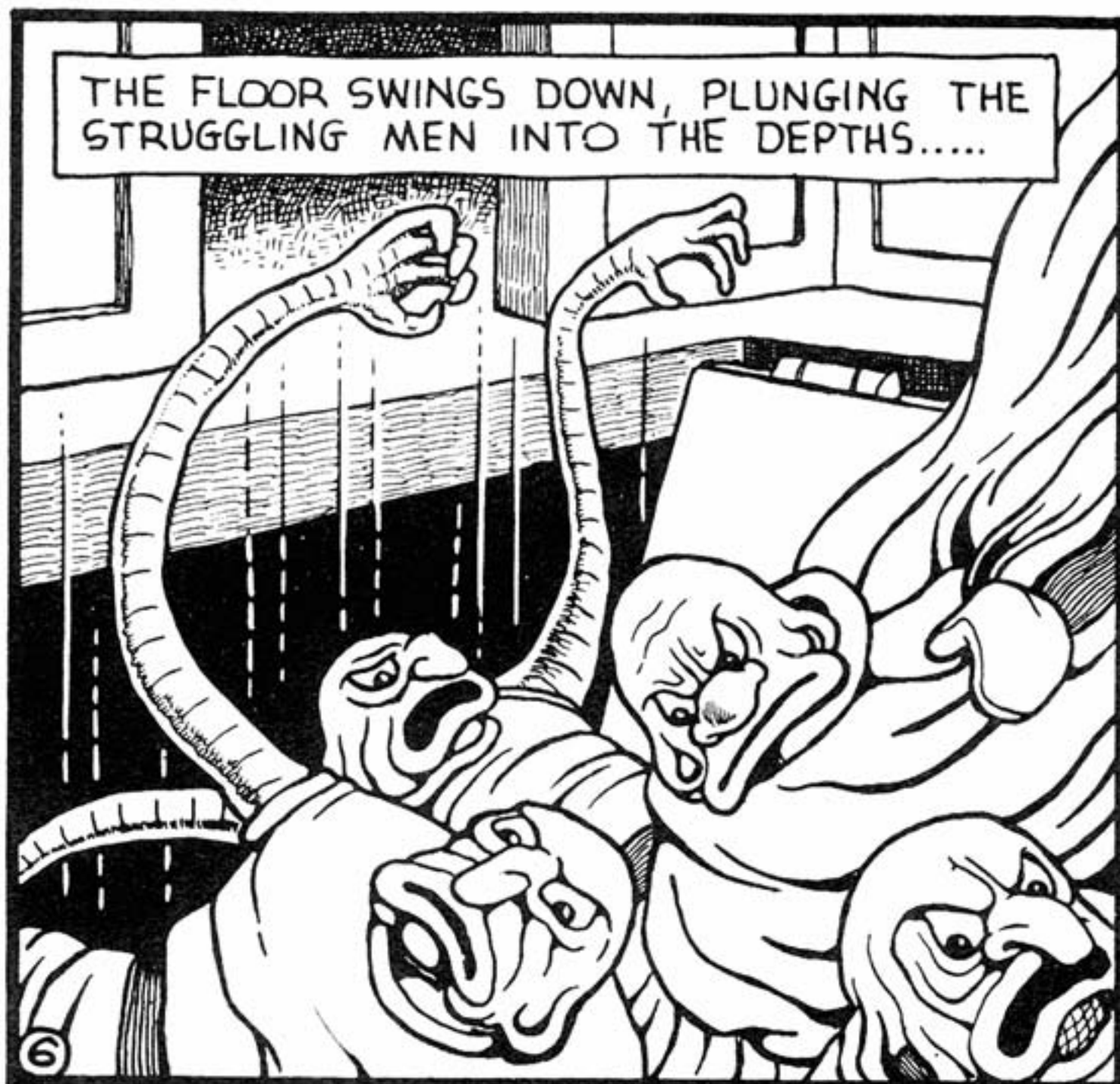
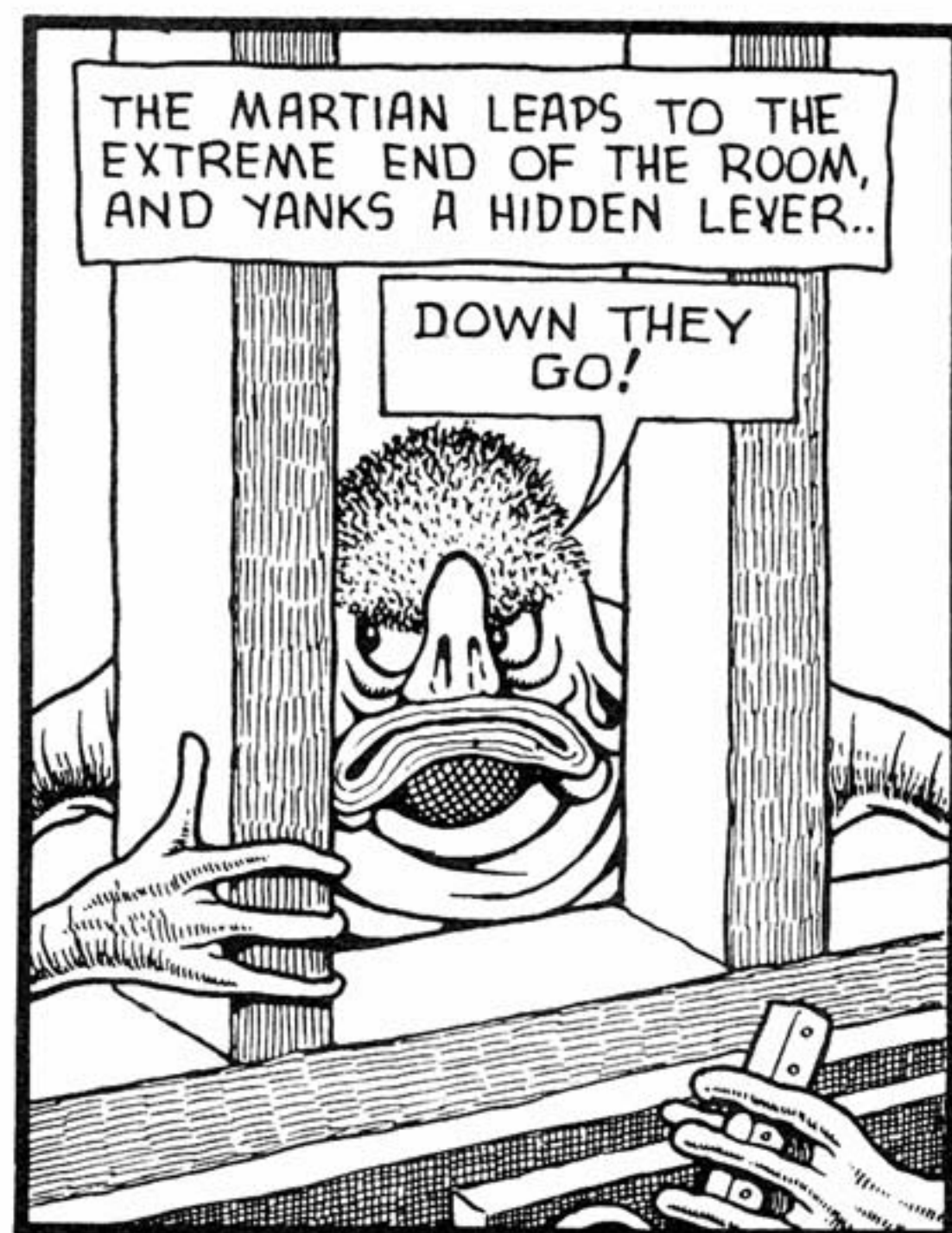
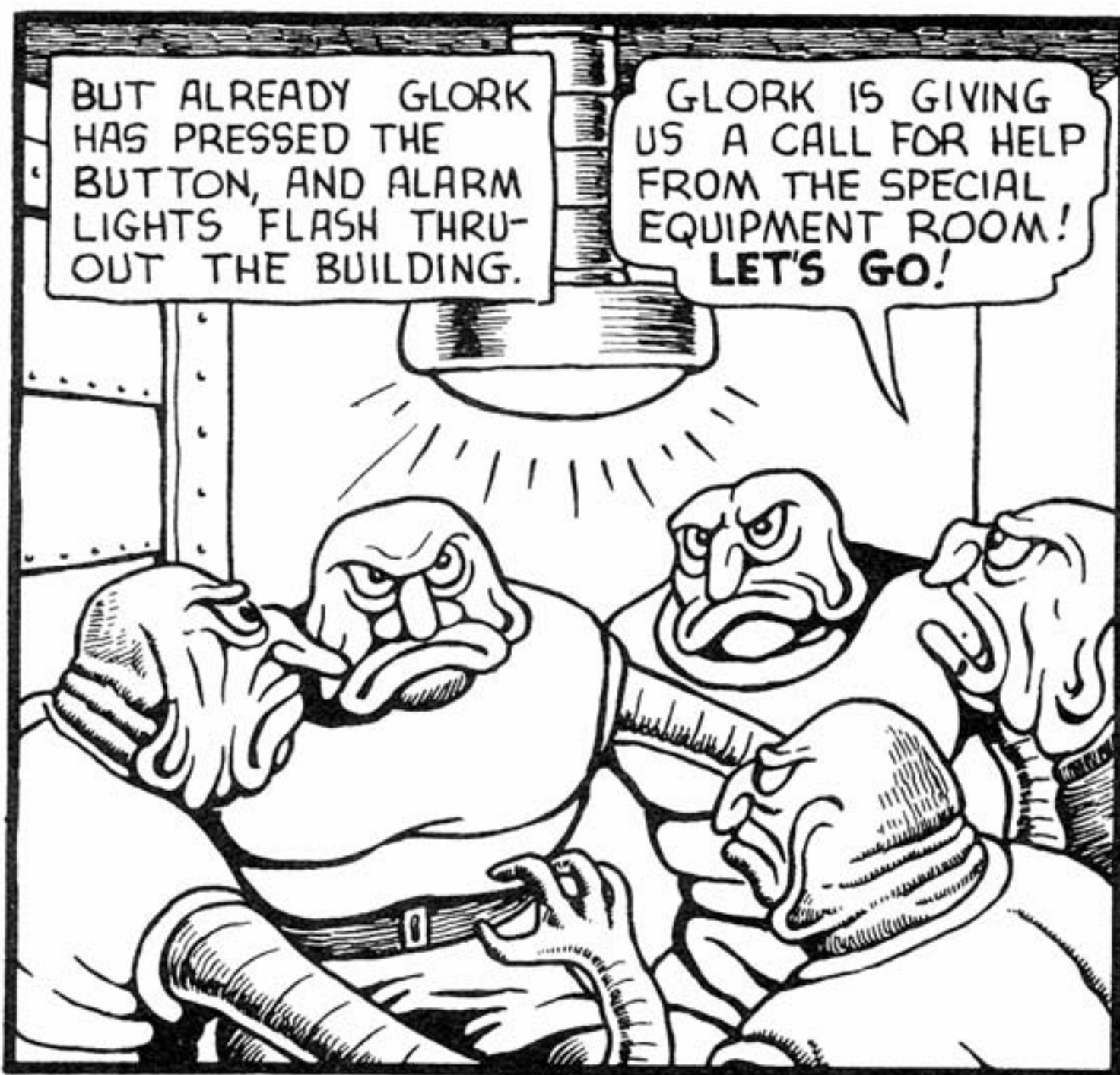


GET AWAY FROM THAT MACHINE, GLOK! I GAVE YOU FAIR WARNING ABOUT THIS SORT OF THING! NOW I'M GOING TO KEEP MY PROMISE!

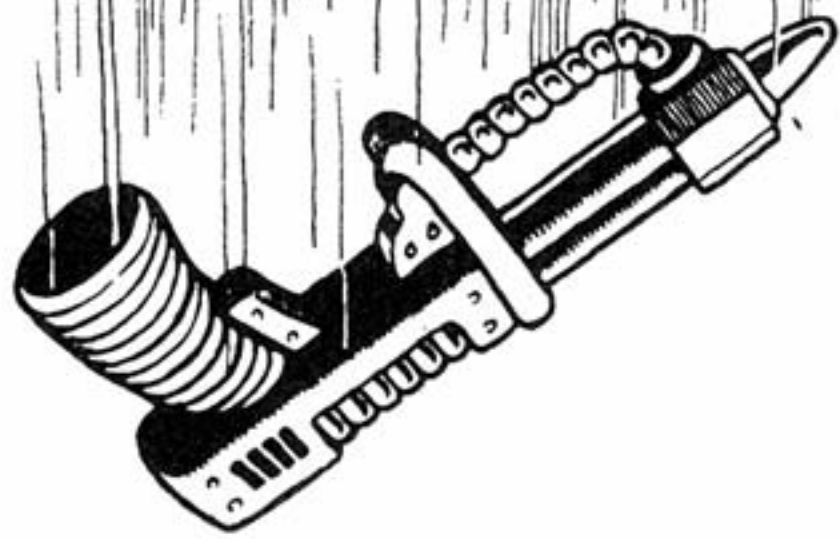
HUH? WHY — IT'S YOU AGAIN! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME! GET OUT!



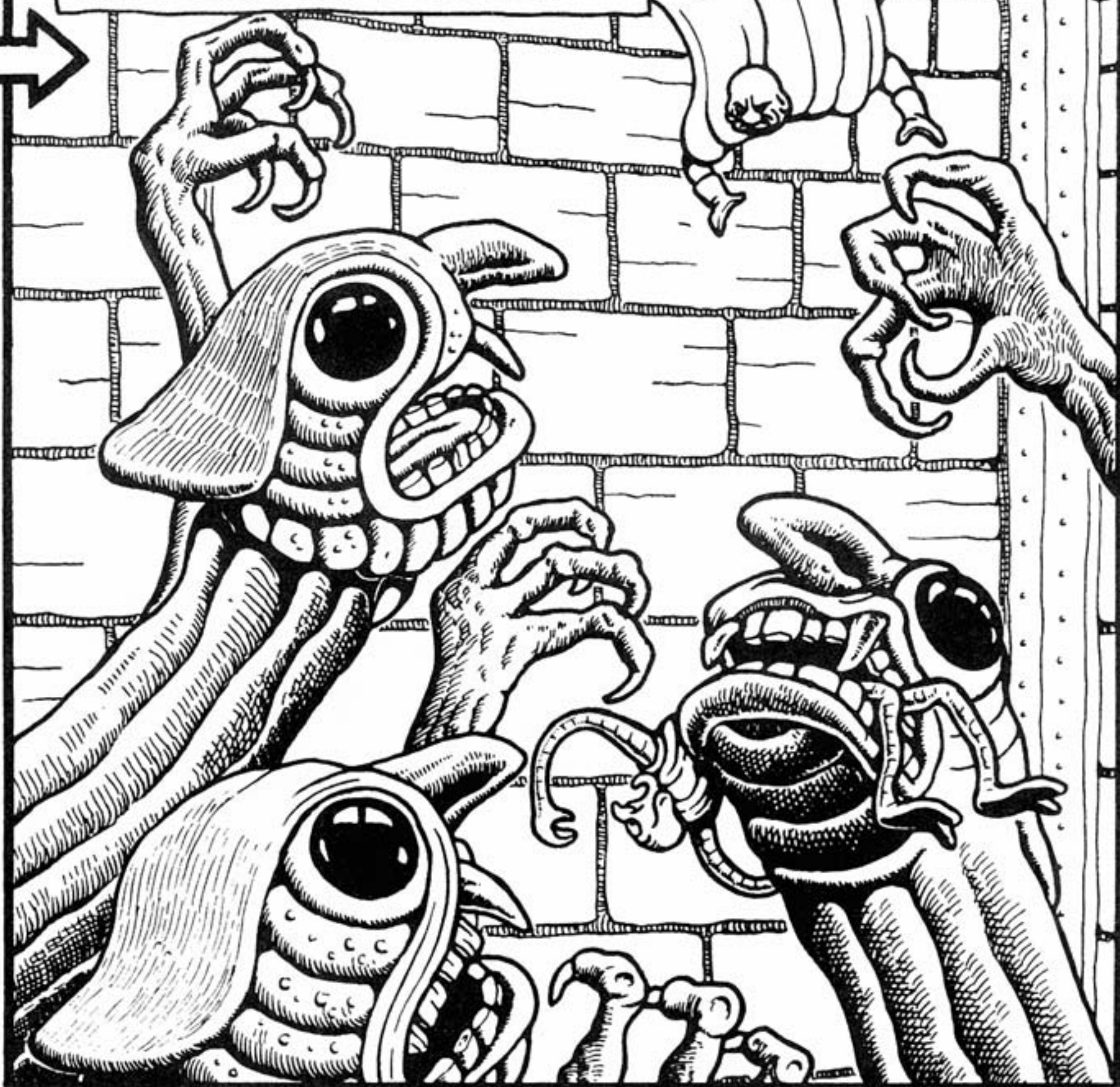
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THAT SIGNAL BUTTON, GLOK!



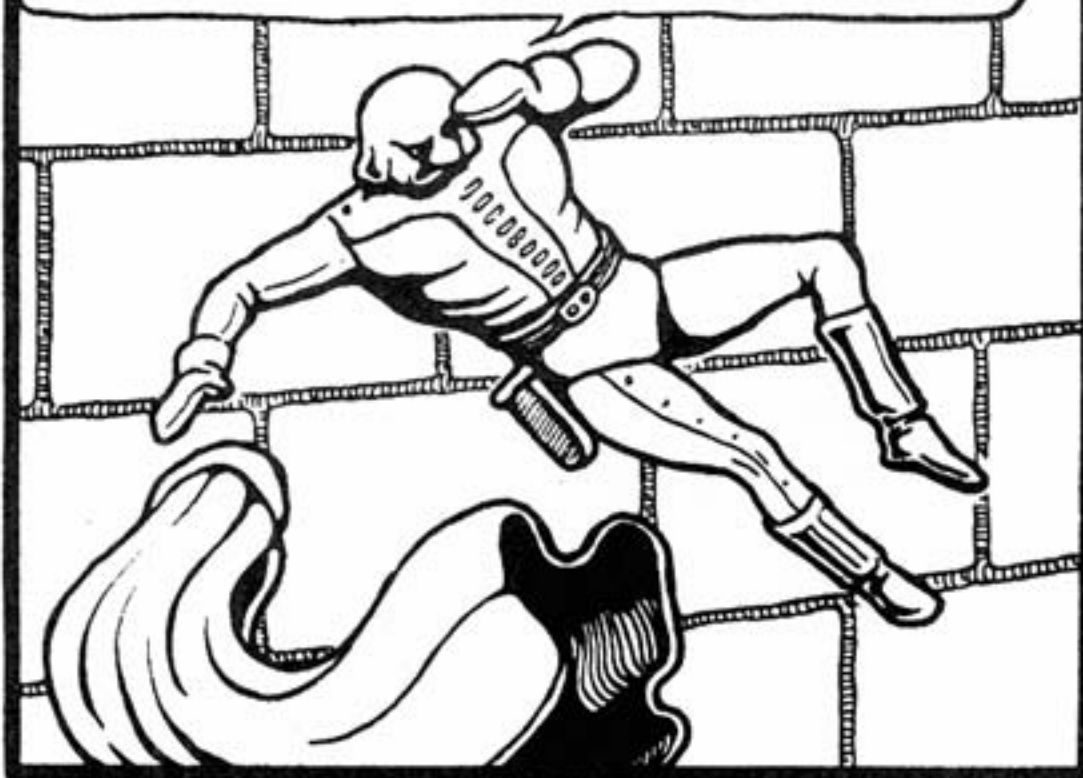
AS SPACEHAWK STRIKES THE UNDER SIDE OF THE TRAP DOOR, HIS GUN IS JARRED FROM ITS HOLSTER...



HE SWOOPS DOWN AFTER IT — BUT GLORK'S PIT CREATURES, SNARLING OVER THEIR HUMAN MEAL, KEEP HIM FROM RETRIEVING THE WEAPON....



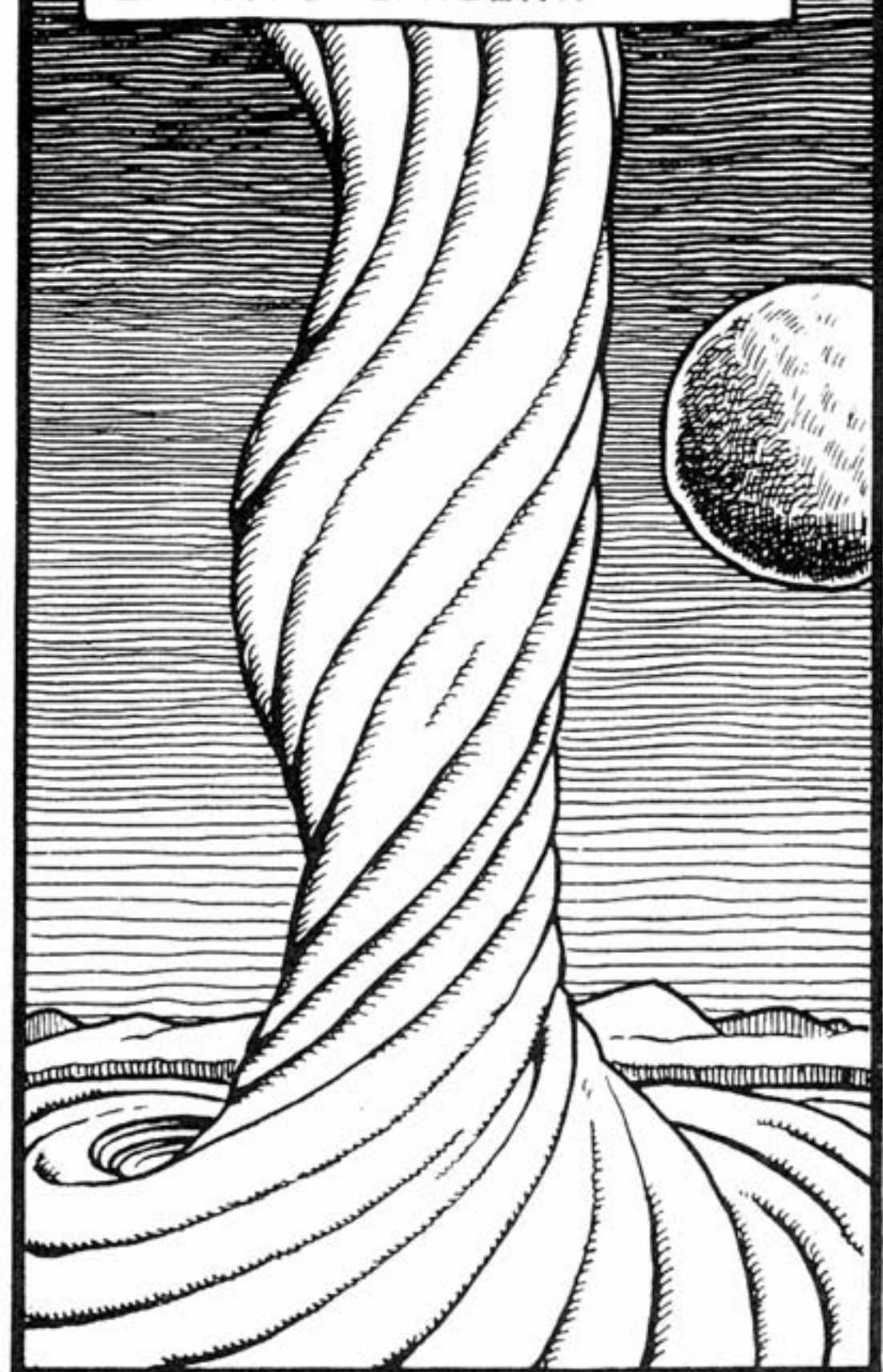
I DON'T LIKE TO BE RECOGNIZED, BECAUSE MY ENEMIES TRY ALL THE HARDER TO KILL ME — BUT THIS DISGUISE IS TOO UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE TOUGH JOB I'LL HAVE TEARING MY WAY OUT OF HERE!



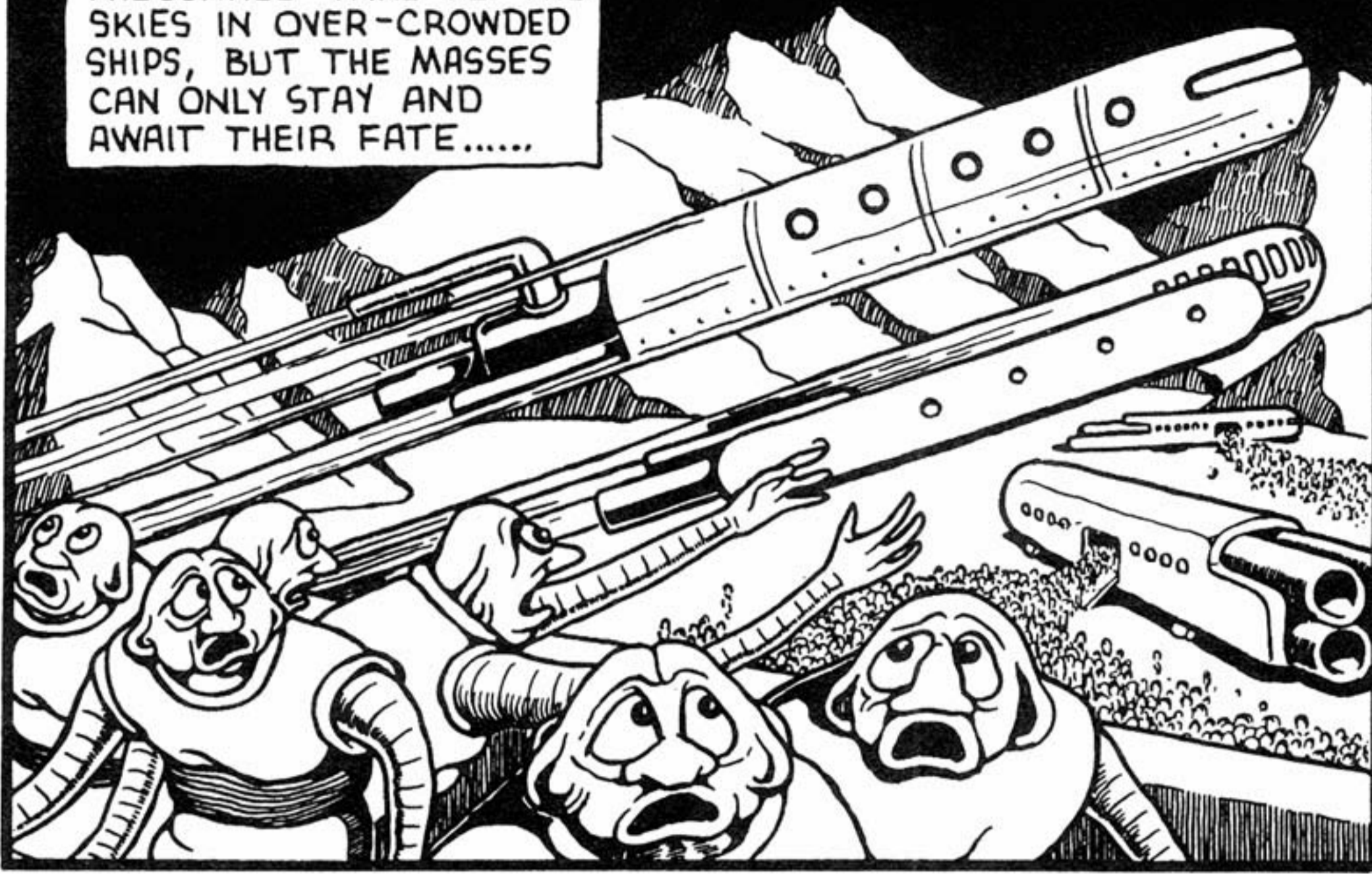
MEANWHILE, MOST OF THE PEOPLE OF MARS ARE TERROR-STRICKEN AS THEY SEE THE MOON LOOMING LARGER AND LARGER IN THE SKY....



THE TIDAL PULL BETWEEN THE TWO PLANETS BECOMES SO STRONG THAT A PART OF THE WATER IN MARS' LARGEST CANAL IS WHIPPED UP INTO SPACE....



THOUSANDS TAKE TO THE SKIES IN OVER-CROWDED SHIPS, BUT THE MASSES CAN ONLY STAY AND AWAIT THEIR FATE.....

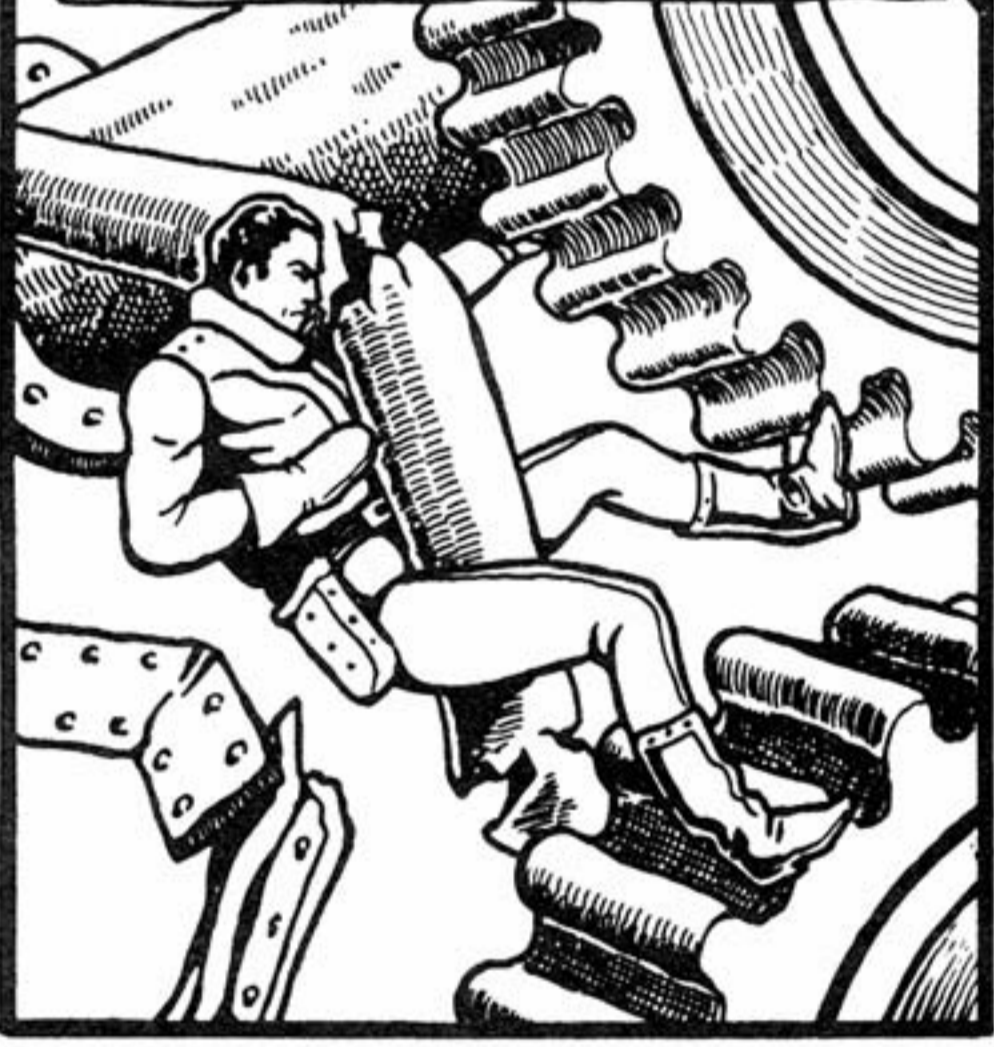


ONLY A LITTLE LONGER, AND MARS WILL BE A SHATTERED, BLOOD-SOAKED PLANET! I'D BETTER GET MY VALUABLES AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



GLORK PREPARES TO LEAVE AS HIS DESTRUCTION OF MARS CONTINUES.

BENEATH THE FLOOR, SPACEHAWK'S GREAT STRENGTH FINALLY ENABLES HIM TO TEAR OUT A PART OF THE TRAP DOOR MECHANISM...



THE FLOOR FALLS OPEN, AND SPACEHAWK CAUTIOUSLY ASCENDS INTO THE LABORATORY....



GONE! I HATE TO LET HIM ESCAPE, BUT I MUST REVERSE THE ATTRACTOR BEAM FORCE RIGHT AWAY!

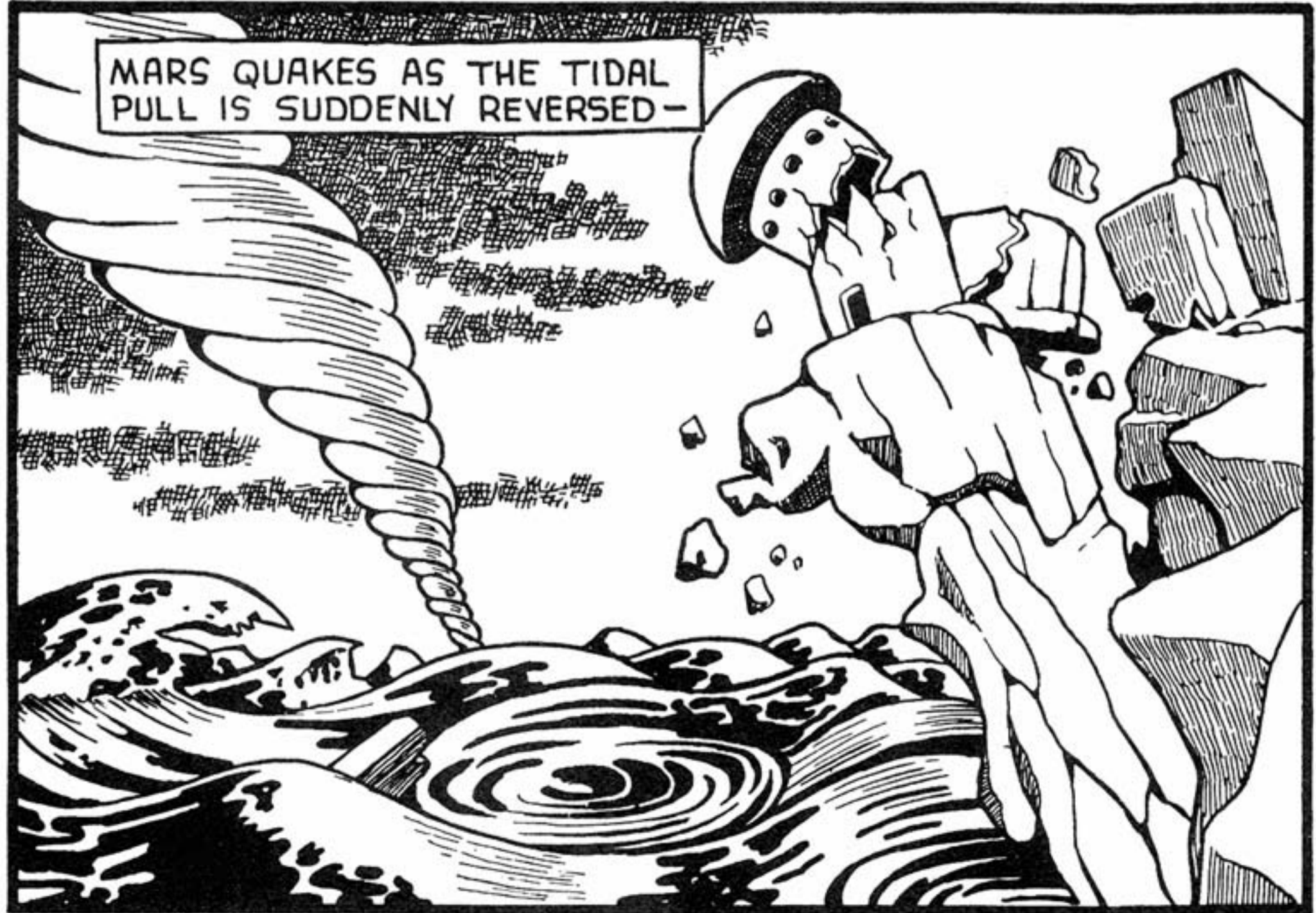


SPACEHAWK'S KEEN MIND QUICKLY ABSORBS THE PRINCIPLES OF THE MACHINE, AND HE SWIFTLY MAKES ADJUSTMENTS....

THERE! THAT SHOULD SOON SHOVE PHOBOS BACK INTO ITS ORBIT!



MARS QUAKES AS THE TIDAL PULL IS SUDDENLY REVERSED—



RETURNING TO TAKE ANOTHER LOAD OF VALUABLES TO HIS SHIP, GLOK IS AMAZED AT WHAT HE SEES....



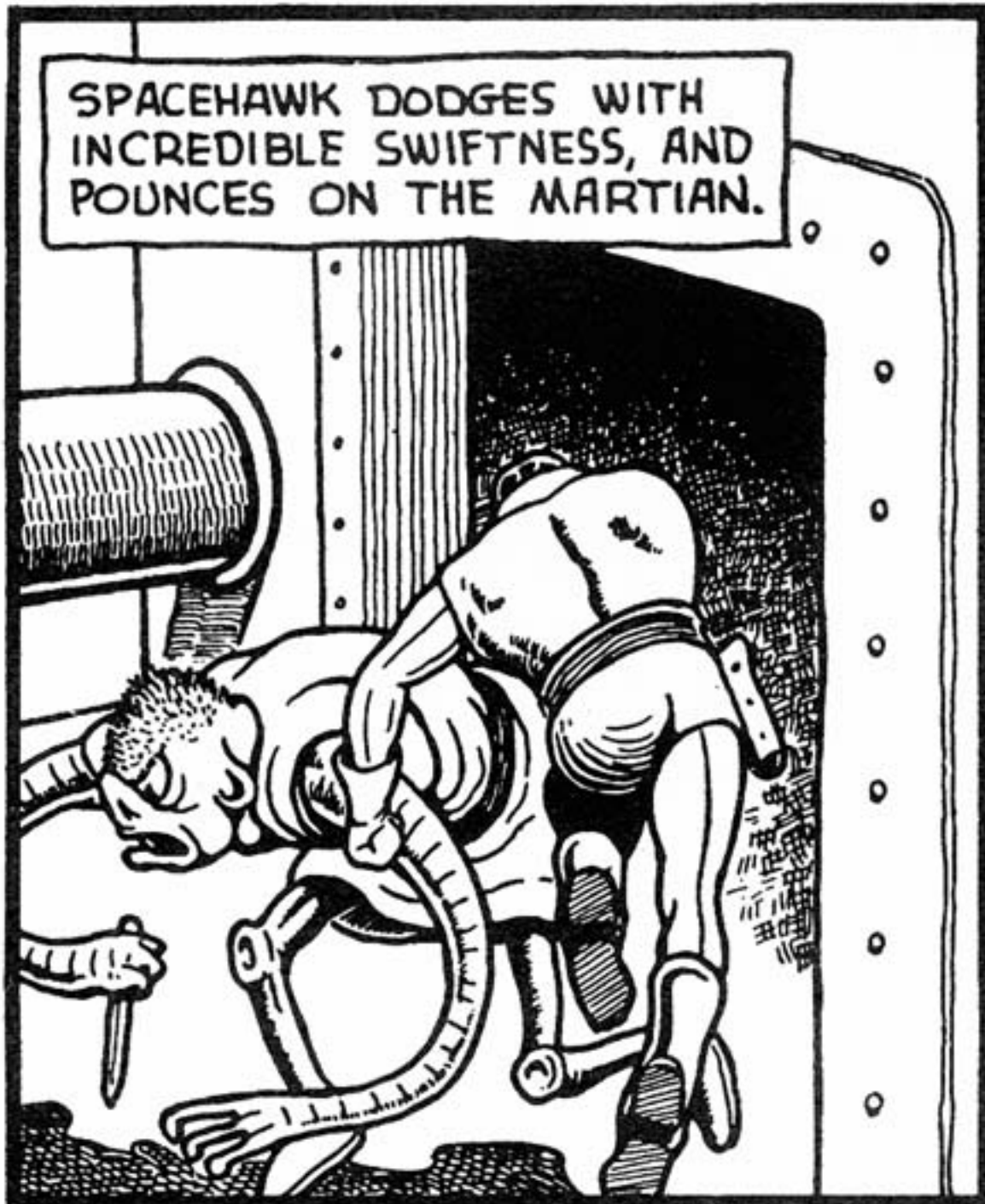
SPACEHAWK!
IT WAS YOU—
IN DISGUISE!



RIGHT! I'VE REVERSED YOUR ATTRACTOR'S POWER, GLOK! PHOBOS WILL SOON BE ON ITS WAY BACK, AND A FEW BILLION PEOPLE ARE GOING TO BE PRETTY ANGRY WHEN THEY FIND OUT WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED!



YOU MEDDLING SPY! THEY'LL NEVER FIND OUT THRU YOU! TRY TO ESCAPE THIS!



SPACEHAWK DODGES WITH INCREDIBLE SWIFTNES, AND POUNCES ON THE MARTIAN.



I SHOULDN'T WISH TO BE IN YOUR SHOES WHEN I DELIVER YOU TO THE MARTIAN COUNCIL!

NO! GIVE ME A CHANCE! THEY'D BURN ME ALIVE IN THE SULPHUR PITS!



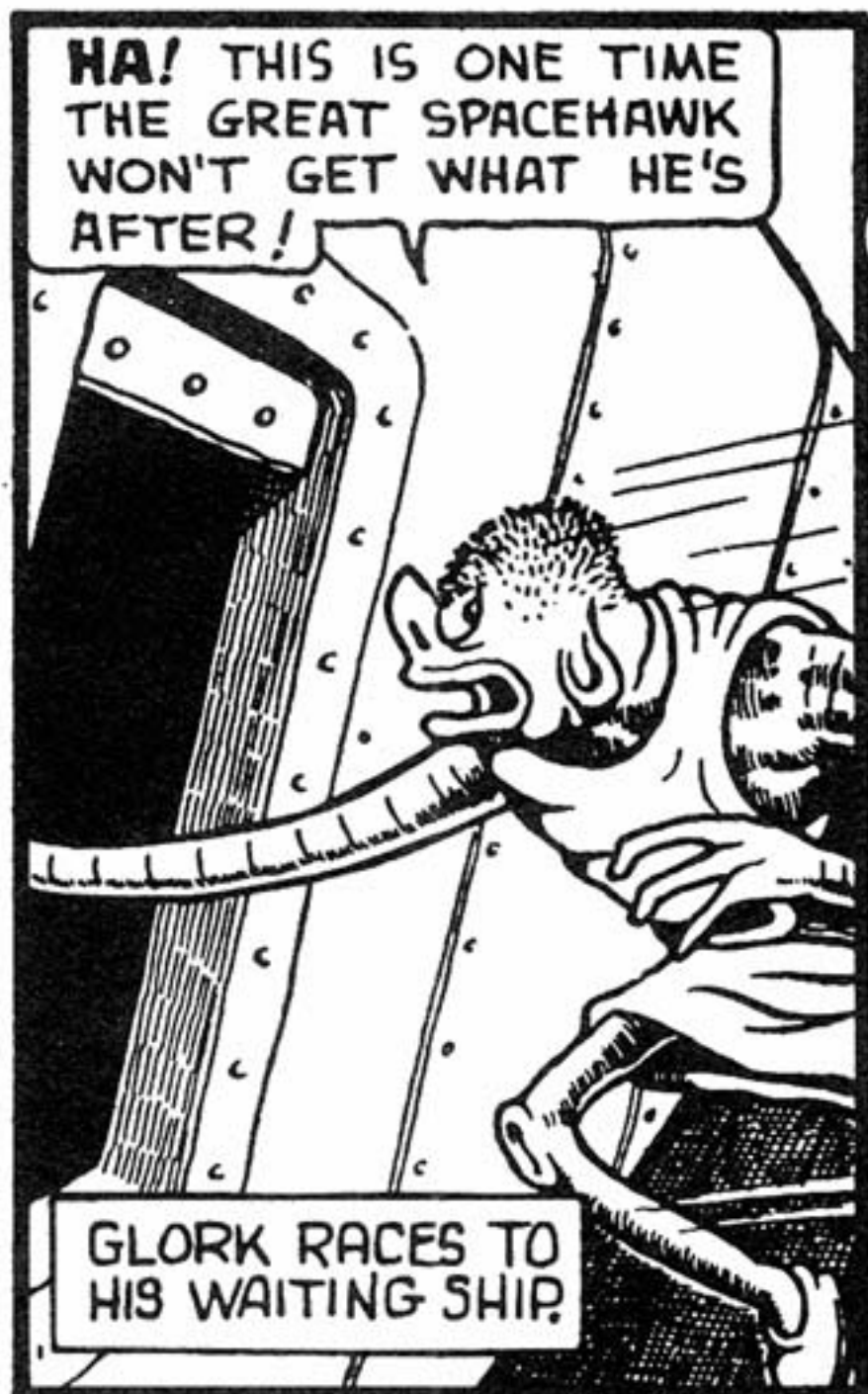
PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER TO CAST YOU LOOSE IN THE INSECT HILLS! THE VULTURE FLIES WOULD WORK ON YOU A LONG TIME BEFORE YOU'D DIE!

SPARE ME THAT DEATH! DON'T TAKE ME THERE!



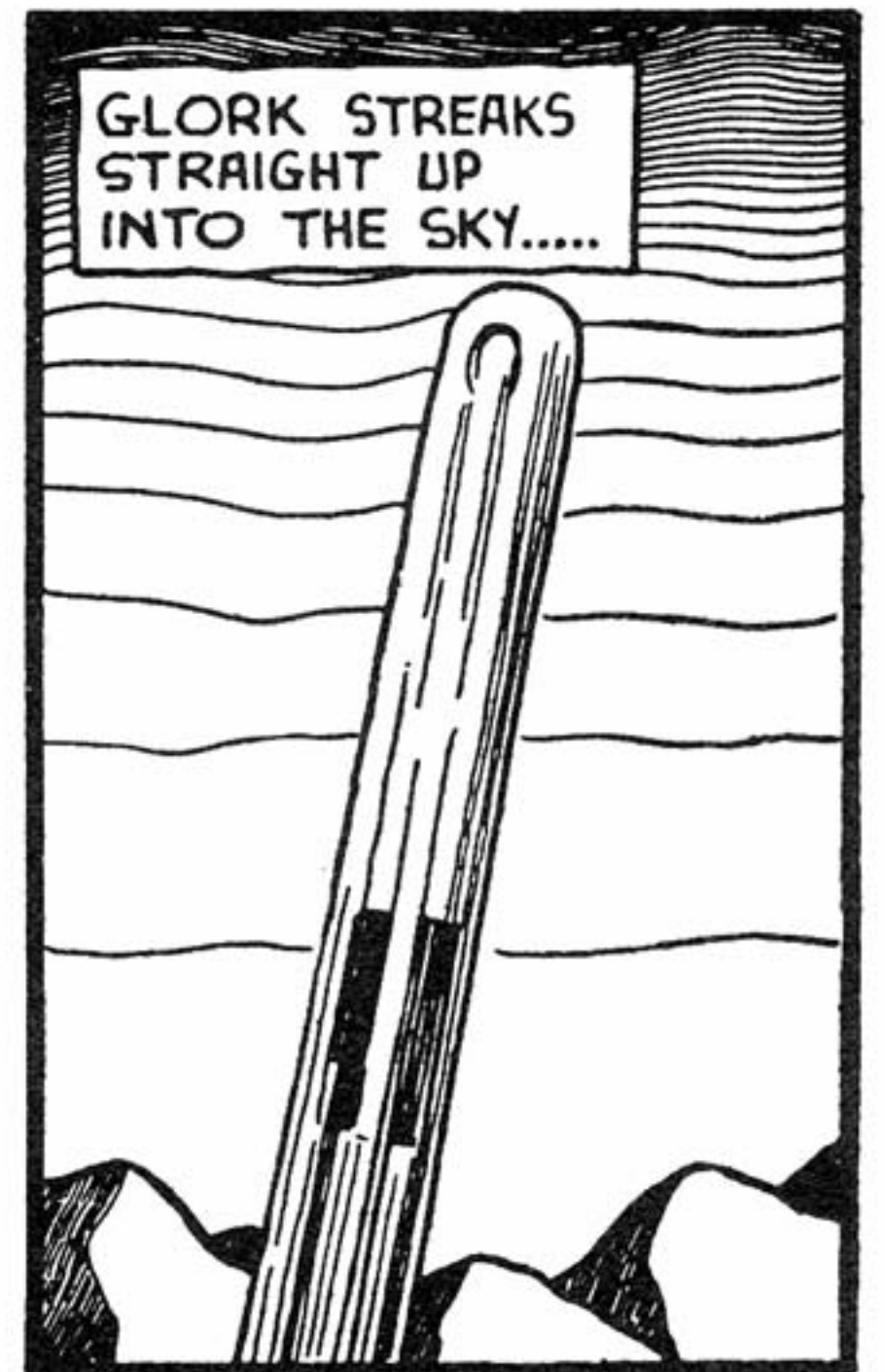
MAD WITH FEAR, THE MARTIAN TEARS HIMSELF LOOSE, AND STREAKS OUT THE DOOR....

RUN WHILE YOU CAN, YOU YELLOW RAT! YOU'RE NOT GOING FAR!



HA! THIS IS ONE TIME THE GREAT SPACEHAWK WON'T GET WHAT HE'S AFTER!

GLOK RACES TO HIS WAITING SHIP.



GLOK STREAKS STRAIGHT UP INTO THE SKY....

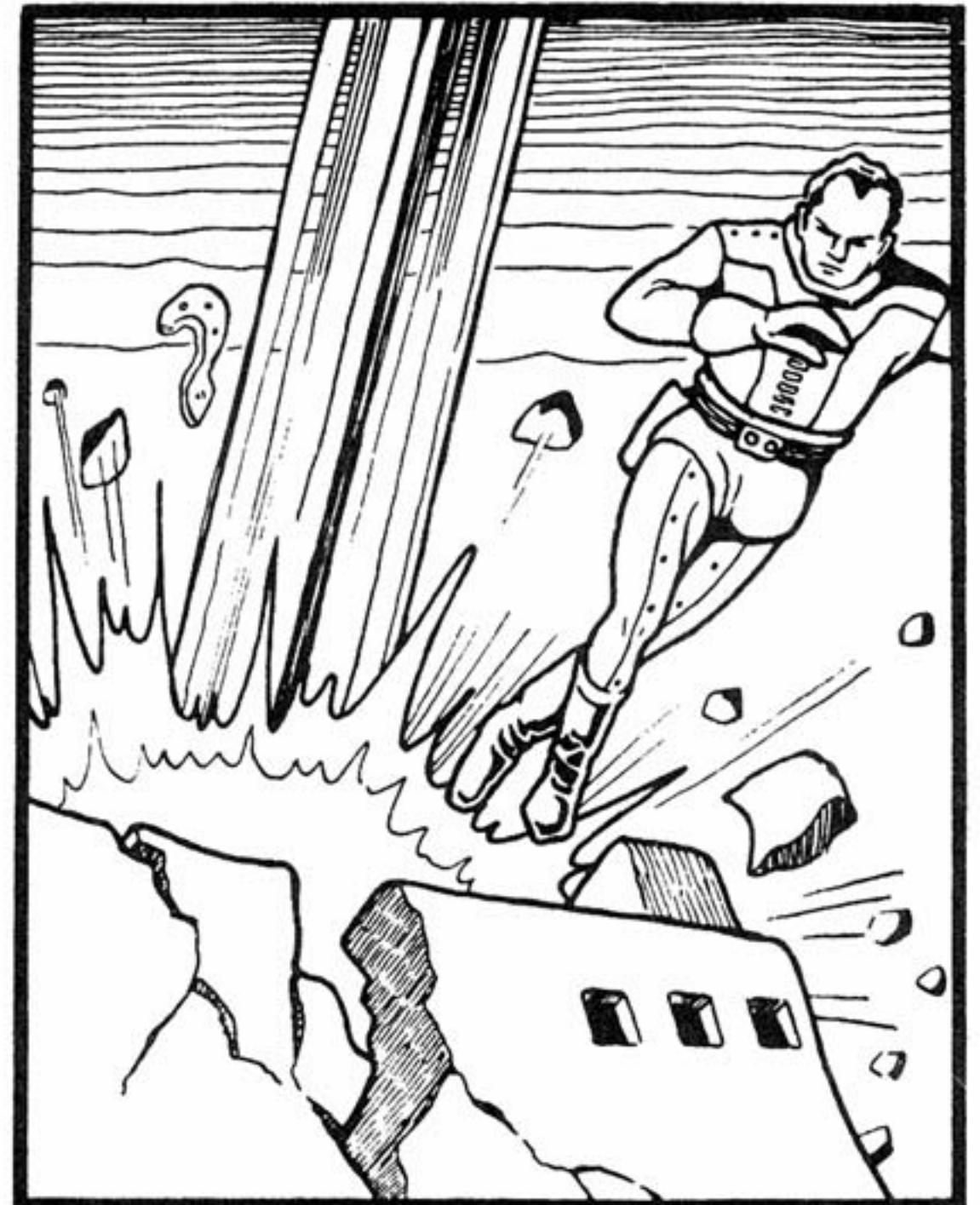
I'LL TURN THE ATTRACTOR POWER BACK TO ITS FORMER CONDITION, AND SWING THE HIGH RAY ON GLORK'S SHIP! THAT SHOULD DRAG HIM BACK!



SOMETHING'S THE MATTER! I'M HEADING BACK TOWARD GROUND!



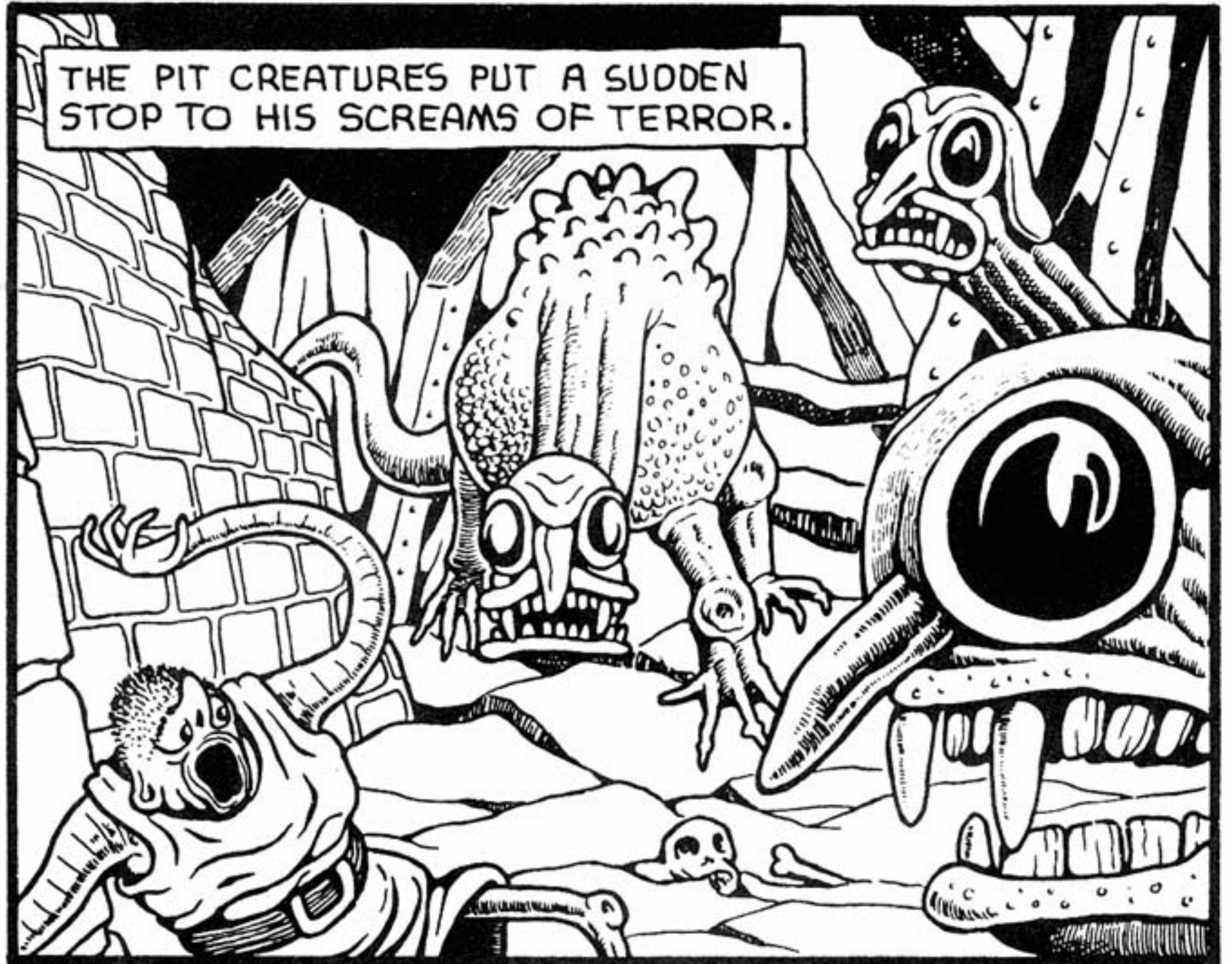
SPACEHAWK LEAPS FROM THE BUILDING, AND THE NEXT INSTANT THE MARTIAN'S SHIP PLOUGHS INTO THE LABORATORY.



THE CRAFT SPLITS OPEN, AND GLORK IS HURLED TO THE SLIMY FLOOR OF THE PIT BENEATH THE BUILDING....



THE PIT CREATURES PUT A SUDDEN STOP TO HIS SCREAMS OF TERROR.

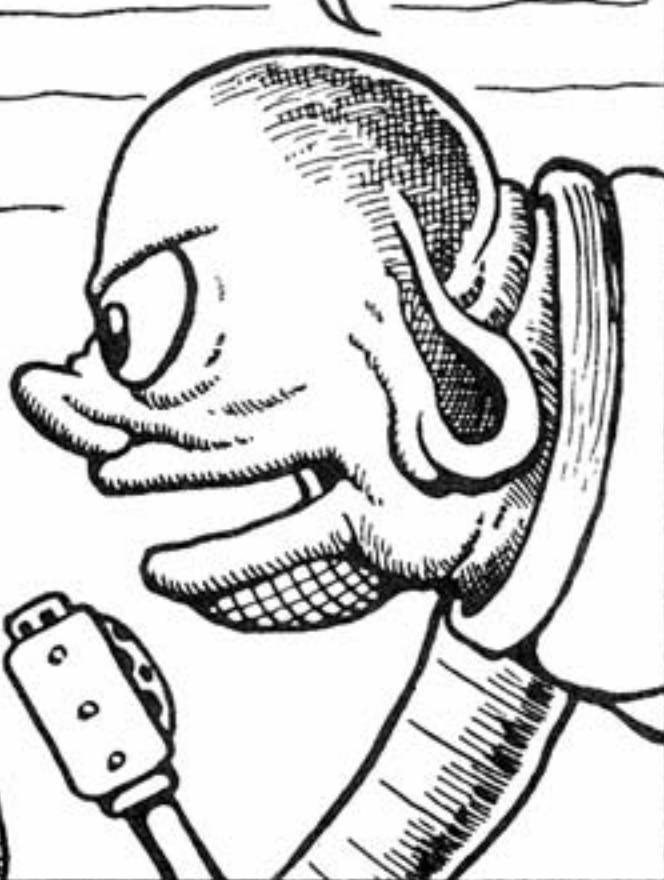


LATER, IN HIS PALACE, KING ROBO LISTENS TO SPACEHAWK AS HE EXPLAINS, BY TELSOR WAVE FROM HIS SHIP, ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED...

..... AND THAT'S THE STORY, KING ROBO! YOUR PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW THE REASON FOR THE NEAR CALAMITY. OTHERWISE THEY MIGHT FEAR IT AGAIN!



THE PEOPLE OF THIS PLANET OWE YOU THEIR LIVES, SPACEHAWK! I IMPLORE YOU TO RETURN TO MARS, THAT WE MAY AT LEAST THANK YOU!



SORRY, KING ROBO, BUT I MUST BE ON MY WAY! GOODBYE!

