

image
12 **TOP GUN**
30

CYBER FORCE



CYBER FORCE

CREATED BY
Marc Silvestri



MON, 10:48 A.M.,
MID-ATLANTIC RIDGE,
AZORES ISLAND
GROUP.

LOOKS LIKE
SOME KIND OF
SPACECRAFT.

DON'T GET
CARRIED AWAY,
ENSIGN.

SOMEBODY'S
DOWN **THERE,**
CAPTAIN.

WHAT?

LOOK!

STARBOARD
SIDE.

FLOATING?

YEAH, BUT
HE'S **GONE**
NOW.

IT WAS
KIND OF LIKE,
YOU KNOW,
A **GHOST.**

OH...
A **GHOST.**

WELL WHY
DIDN'T YOU
SAY SO?

HEY, ALL I
KNOW IS SOME
GUY CAME OUT
OF THAT **THING**
IN THE SAND.

ALL RIGHT,
KOWALSKI, WE'LL
TAKE A LOOK
AT IT...

...BUT I WANT
YOU ON **SHORE**
LEAVE SOON AS
WE GET BACK.

AYE-AYE,
SIR.

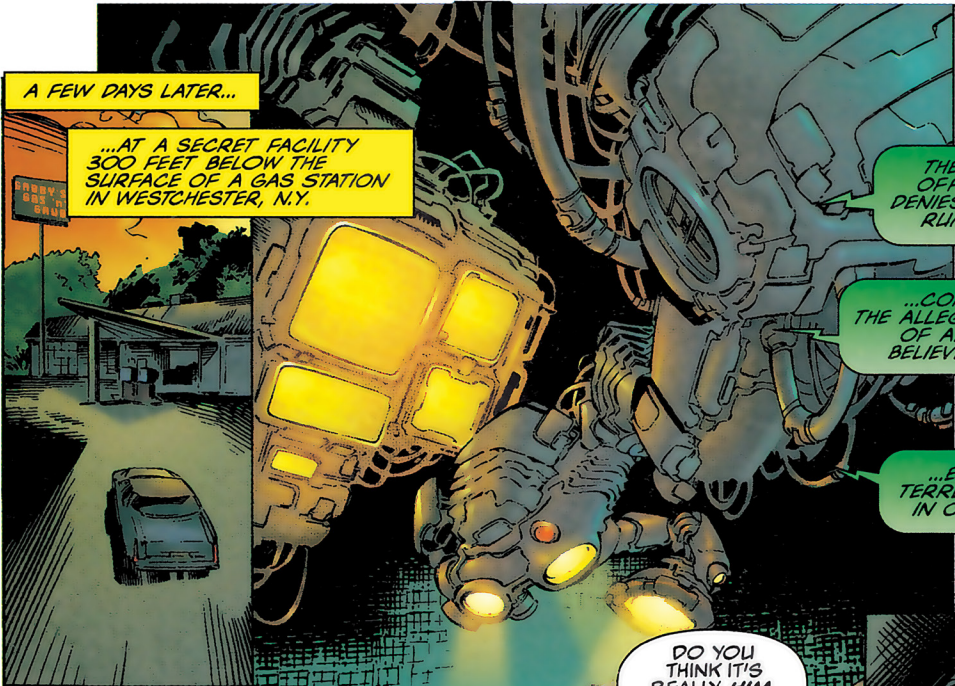
A FEW DAYS LATER...

...AT A SECRET FACILITY
300 FEET BELOW THE
SURFACE OF A GAS STATION
IN WESTCHESTER, N.Y.

THE NAVY
OFFICIALLY
DENIES RECENT
RUMORS...

...CONCERNING
THE ALLEGED SIGHTING
OF ARTIFACTS
BELIEVED TO BE...

...EXTRA-
TERRESTRIAL
IN ORIGIN.



DO YOU
THINK IT'S
REALLY HIM,
COMMANDER?

I DON'T
KNOW, **CYBLADE**.
SOUNDS LIKE IT
MIGHT BE.

STRANGE
AFTER ALL
THESE
YEARS.

NO STRANGER
THAN FINDING A
ROBOT FACTORY
IN THE **JUNGLES**
OF **GUATEMALA**.

WHAT WAS
IT THE **NATIVES**
USED TO CALL
THESE THINGS?



LAS
MAQUINAS
DE
MUERTE...

...**MACHINES**
OF DEATH.

THEY
GOT THAT
RIGHT.



MEANWHILE, IN THE CYBERNETICS LAB...

THAT SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THE SELF-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE.

ARE YOU SURE?

I SHOULD BE. I HELPED DESIGN THE CPU IN THIS THING.

LITTLE DID I KNOW CYBERDATA WOULD USE IT TO CREATE A RACE OF KILLER ROBOTS.

WE WERE ALL TAKEN IN BY CYBERDATA.

'TIL YOU GOT US OUT.

I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU, CHIP YOU AND YOUR FATHER.

HIS LOSS REMAINS MY DEEPEST REGRET.

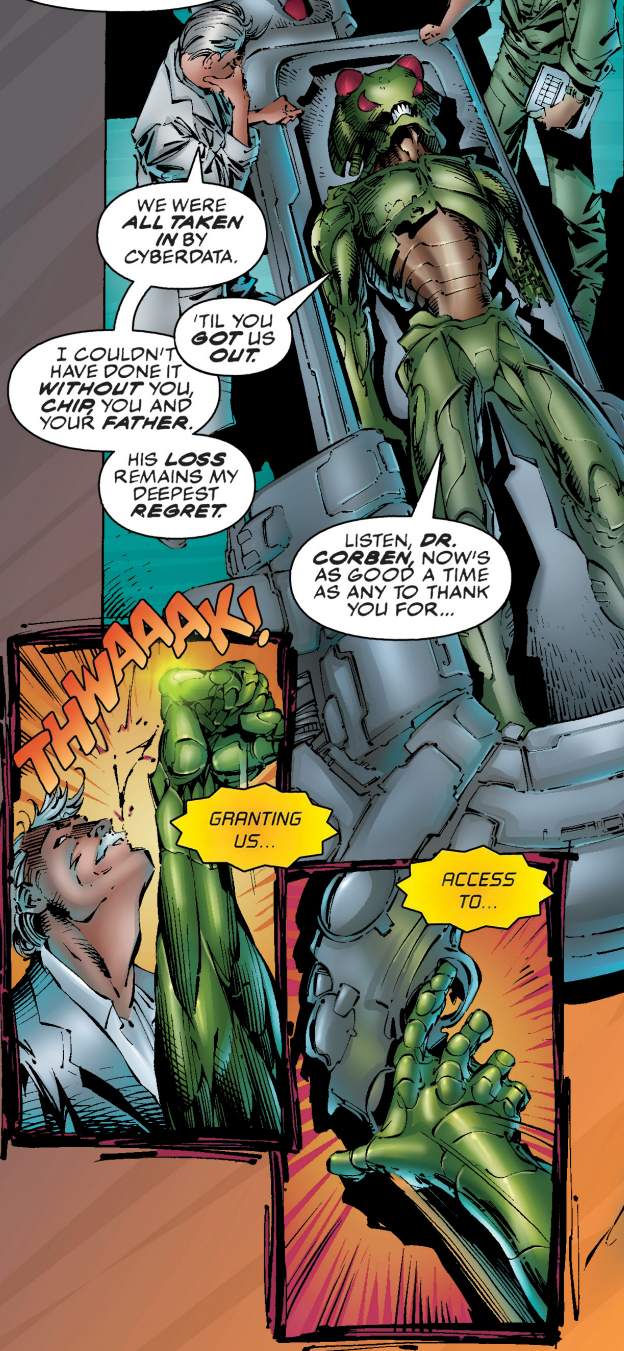
LISTEN, DR. CORBEN, NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO THANK YOU FOR...

...YOUR VERY FINE FACILITY.

THWAAAK!

GRANTING US...

ACCESS TO...





PEYING!

PEYANG!

PEYOKI
CHOKI!

WE HAVE
ONLY TO
ELIMINATE...



...ANY
POTENTIAL
THREAT TO
THISSS...



OPP...
ERRR...
A...

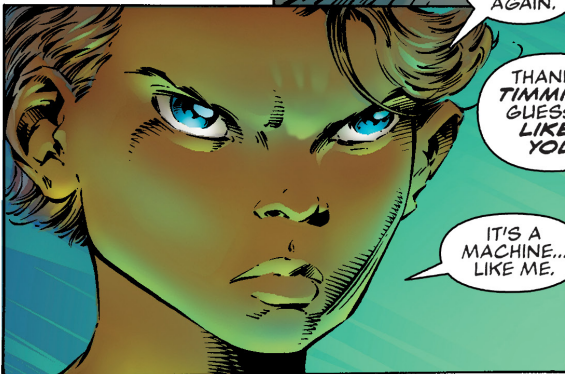


...TIDNNNN.

TIMMIE,
LOOK OUT!
IT'S...

...NOT GOING
TO HURT YOU,
CHIP.

MADE A
MISTAKE,
WON'T
MAKE IT
AGAIN.



THANKS,
TIMMIE. I
GUESS IT
LIKES
YOU.

IT'S A
MACHINE...
LIKE ME.



THURS., 2:45 A.M. NAVAL
AIR STATION OCEANA, VIRGINIA.

YOU **SURE**
ABOUT THIS,
VELOCITY?

READY
WHEN YOU
ARE,
MAJOR.

ALL RIGHT,
WE'RE TALKIN'
STANDARD ISSUE
ELECTRIFIED
FENCE, 15
FEET HIGH...

...VID CAMS,
SILENT ALARMS,
AND MOTION
SENSORS WHEN
YOU HIT THE
GROUND.

BY THE TIME
YOU GET TO THE
TARGET SITE,
YOU SHOULD HAVE
EVERY **GUY** IN
UNIFORM ON
YOUR TAIL.

SO WHAT
ARE WE
WAITING
FOR?

YOU
KNOW HOW
I **FEEL...**

...ABOUT
GUY'S...

...IN
UNIFORM.

THANKS
FOR THE LIFT,
RIPCLAW.

ANYTIME,
LITTLE ONE.

I WISH
IMPACT WERE HERE.
HE LIKES TO **WATCH**
ME GO OFF THE
HIGH DIVE AT
THE 'PLEX.

HE PRETENDS
NOT TO NOTICE,
BUT I'VE SEEN
HIM **SNEAK**
A PEEK.

ALL I'VE
GOTTA DO
NOW...

...IS **FIND**
SOME GUY
CALLED
IZON...

...WHO
LIVES IN A
CD ROM.

WHAT
A
LIFE!



SHE FEELS THE POWER
SLURGING THROUGH THE
HILT OF THE SWORD.

A VERY SPECIAL
SWORD FOR IT
CHANNELS THE
ENERGY.

ENERGY SHE GENERATES,
FOCUSED AND INTENSE.

ALWAYS IN CONTROL.

CONTROL GIVES
HER FREEDOM...

...FREEDOM TO
CUT LOOSE.

THURS., 9:54 A.M.,
SUBPLEX, HOLO-ACTIVE
"WAR ROOM!"

CYBLADE'S
REALLY GETTING
INTO THIS
"SWORD AND
SORCERY"
PROGRAM.

WAIT'LL
SHE SEES WHAT
I'VE GOT WAITING
FOR HER ON THE
NEXT LEVEL.

CHIP, IT'S
MATT. ARE YOU
ALONE?

YEAH, GO
AHEAD' DOC.
WHAT'S UP?

HAVE YOU
BEEN ABLE TO
TRACE WHO'S
BEEN TRYING
TO HACK INTO
THE
MAINFRAME?

CENTRAL
ROCKIES. SOME-
WHERE IN
COLORADO. THEN
WE LOST HIM.

YEAH, MAYBE
I SHOULD GIVE
HIM A CALL.

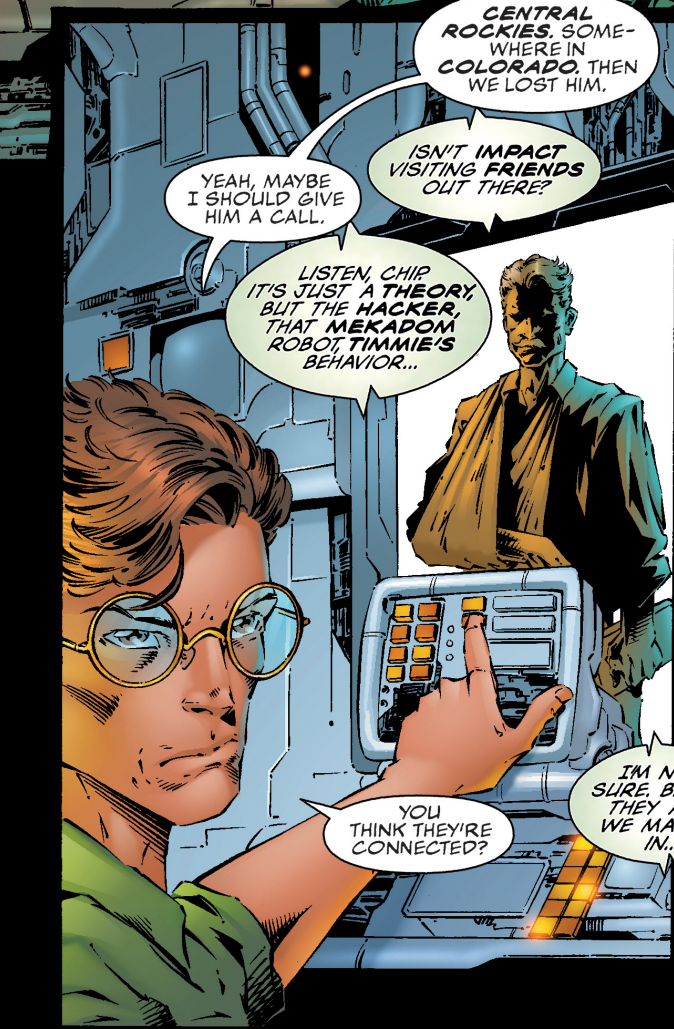
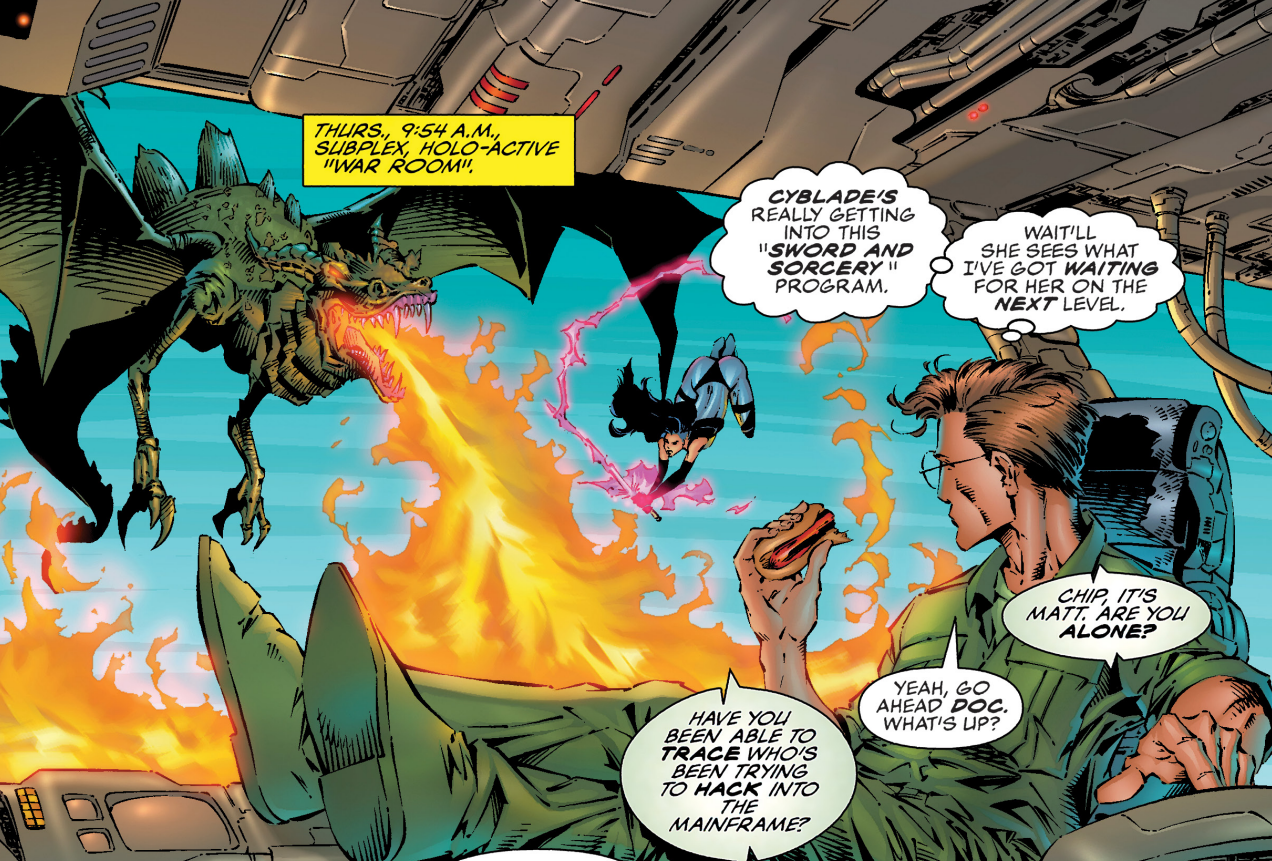
ISN'T IMPACT
VISITING FRIENDS
OUT THERE?

LISTEN, CHIP
IT'S JUST A THEORY,
BUT THE HACKER
THAT MEKADOM
ROBOT, TIMMIE'S
BEHAVIOR...

YOU
THINK THEY'RE
CONNECTED?

I'M NOT
SURE, BUT IF
THEY ARE,
WE MAY BE
IN...

...FOR THE
FIGHT OF
OUR LIVES.



THURS, 5:01 P.M.
SOMEWHERE IN THE
CENTRAL ROCKIES.

OH MAN!
THIS IS GREAT.
JUST WHAT I
NEEDED. THANKS,
GREG.

HEY, SAM
AND I HAVE BEEN
TRYING TO GET
YOU OUT HERE
FOR YEARS.

SAM?

SAM,
THIS IS MY
GOOD FRIEND,
BOOMER.

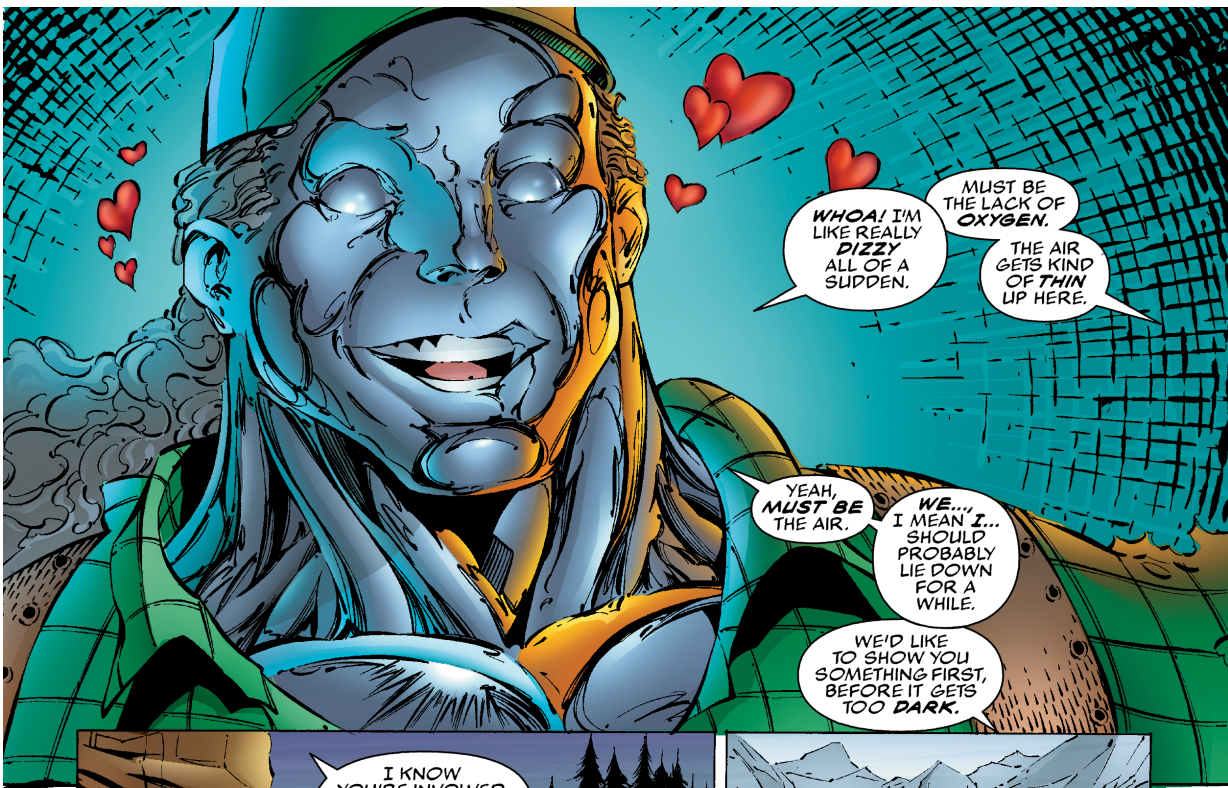
BOOMER,
THIS IS MY
SISTER
SAMANTHA.

HI
BOOMER.

COME
ON IN.

MY SISTER.
SHE'S WAITING
FOR
US AT THE CABIN.
SHE'S BEEN DYING
TO MEET YOU.





WHOAH! I'M LIKE REALLY DIZZY ALL OF A SUDDEN.

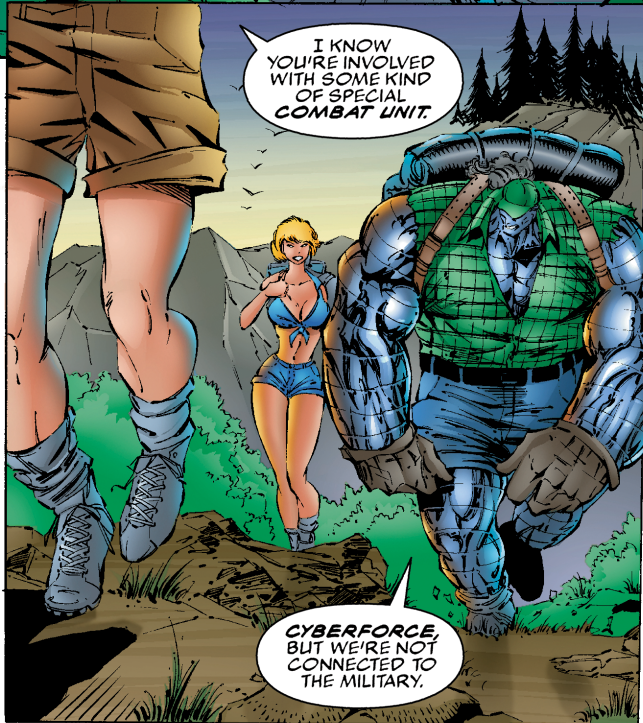
MUST BE THE LACK OF OXYGEN.

THE AIR GETS KIND OF THIN UP HERE.

YEAH, MUST BE THE AIR.

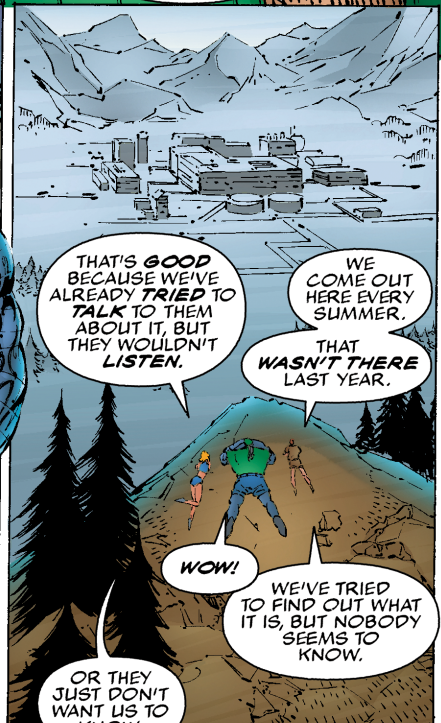
WE... I MEAN Z... SHOULD PROBABLY LIE DOWN FOR A WHILE.

WE'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING FIRST, BEFORE IT GETS TOO DARK.



I KNOW YOU'RE INVOLVED WITH SOME KIND OF SPECIAL COMBAT UNIT.

CYBERFORCE BUT WE'RE NOT CONNECTED TO THE MILITARY.



THAT'S GOOD BECAUSE WE'VE ALREADY TRIED TO TALK TO THEM ABOUT IT, BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN.

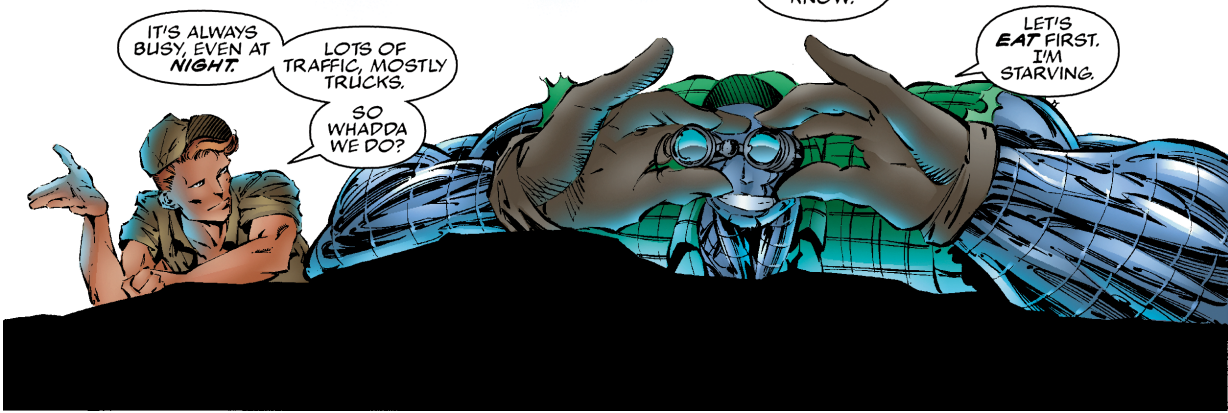
WE COME OUT HERE EVERY SUMMER.

THAT WASN'T THERE LAST YEAR.

WOW!

WE'VE TRIED TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS, BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW.

OR THEY JUST DON'T WANT US TO KNOW.



IT'S ALWAYS BUSY, EVEN AT NIGHT.

LOTS OF TRAFFIC, MOSTLY TRUCKS.

SO WHADDA WE DO?

LET'S EAT FIRST. I'M STARVING.



THURS., 5:39 P.M.,
SLIBPLEX LOUNGE.

MACHINE'S
DON'T NEED
TO DO THAT.

WHAT?

WHAT ALTAIRA
AND COMMANDER
ADAMS DID.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

EXCHANGE
BODILY
FLUIDS.

IT'S
CALLED
KISSING.

IT'S
DISGUSTING,
VERY
UNSANITARY.

**BEEP
BEEP**

CORBEN
HERE.

I JUST
GOT A CALL
FROM AN OLD
COLLEAGUE
OF MINE.

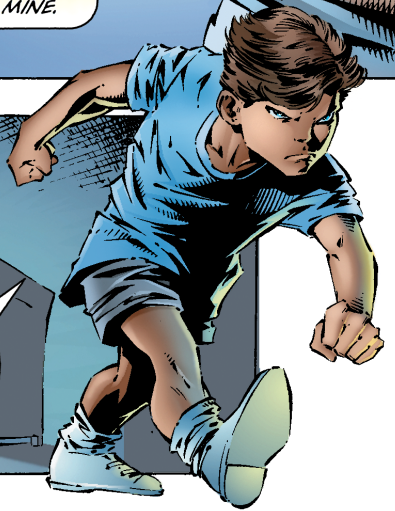
HE'S
LINCOWERED
SOMETHING VERY
UNUSUAL UNDER-
NEATH A CASTLE
IN THE NORTH
OF FRANCE.

I'VE GOT
TO STAY HERE.
CYBLADE WANTS
TO GO. WHAT
ABOUT YOU
AND TIMMIE?

NO
THANK
YOU.

I KNOW
ABOUT FRENCH
PEOPLE. THEY'RE
CONSTANTLY
EXCHANGING
BODILY
FLUIDS.

IT'S A
PRIME
DIRECTIVE
OVER THERE.







Cyblade's hypergenetic ability to generate "blades" of electromagnetic energy from her fingers has been both a blessing and a curse. It is this unique ability that originally set her life on a path filled with betrayal and despair. However, it is this same ability that eventually led her to become a member of CYBERFORCE, and fight for what she believes in.

At an early age, Cyblade was kidnapped by Cyberdata so that they could use her abilities to further their evil cause. As a result she lost everything: her family, her memories and her trust towards others.

It wasn't until Dr. Corben freed her mind from the control of Cyberdata that Cyblade was able to feel good about herself and others again. With CYBERFORCE as her family now, Cyblade has learned to trust again, and enjoys the company of her fellow teammates. Cyblade's life will not feel entirely complete, however, until she and the other members of CYBERFORCE eliminate the threat of Cyberdata completely.

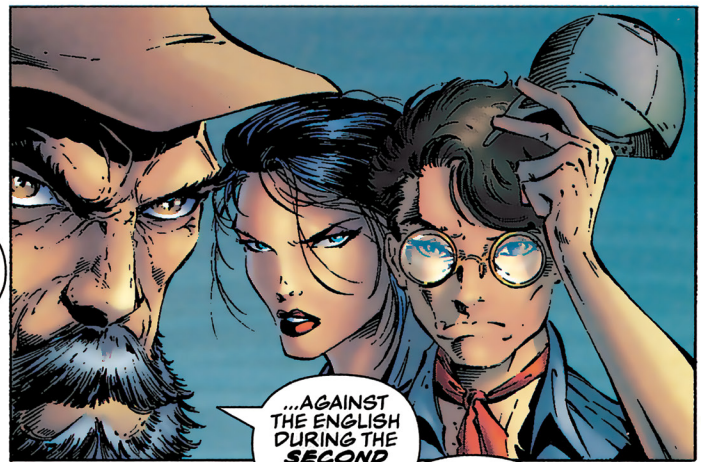
Dr. Corben
D-TRON^o

FRI, 3:42 PM,
A CASTLE IN THE
NORTH OF FRANCE.

I CAME
ACROSS AN OBSCURE
MANUSCRIPT WRITTEN
DURING THE REIGN OF
HENRY VI.

IT TELLS
OF A BRAVE
AND NOBLE
KNIGHT...

...WHO FOUGHT WITH
THE FRENCH
ROYAL
ARMY...



...AGAINST
THE ENGLISH
DURING THE
SECOND
INVASION.

WE ARE
STANDING IN A
CHapel BUILT
FOR PRIVATE
USE BY THE
NOBILITY.

IT WAS
COMMON PRACTICE
TO BURY THOSE
KNOWN FOR THEIR
CHIVALROUS
HONOR...

...BENEATH
A PLACE OF
WORSHIP



I
SPECIALIZE IN
MEDIEVAL
ARMOR...

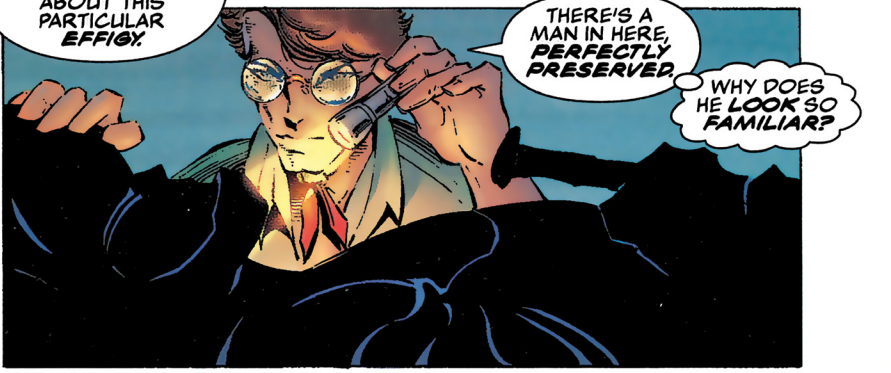
...BUT I'VE
NEVER SEEN
ANYTHING QUITE
LIKE THIS.

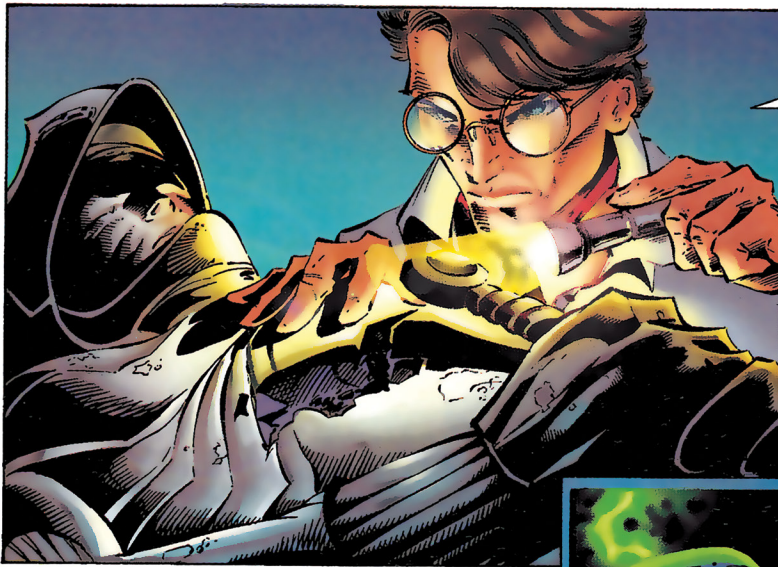
YOU'RE
WELCOME TO
TAKE A
CLOSER
LOOK.

I THINK
YOU'LL FIND THAT
THERE IS SOMETHING
RATHER UNIQUE
ABOUT THIS
PARTICULAR
EFFIGY.

THERE'S A
MAN IN HERE,
PERFECTLY
PRESERVED.

WHY DOES
HE LOOK SO
FAMILIAR?





WHY THIS
ISN'T A MAN
AT ALL.

IT'S
A...
ROBOT!

AND JUDGING
BY THE SIZE OF
THIS **HOLE** IN
HIS **CHEST**..

...I'D SAY
HE'S BEEN IN
BATTLE.

NOW YOU
KNOW WHY I
CALLED YOU
HERE, MR.
MCNALLY.

THE ARMOR
IS DEFINITELY FROM
THE **15TH CENTURY**,
BUT I CAN ASSURE
YOU THAT THE
INDIVIDUAL
INSIDE...IS **NOT**.



YOU ARE
ABSOLUTELY
CORRECT,
PROFESSOR.

?



NOW STAND
AWAY FROM THE
MACHINE.



MON DIEU!
CE SONT DES
HOMMES
MECANIQUES!



POOOOM!
EYAAAGH!



GET
BACK,
CHIP.

CHIP?

WHAT?

IS THAT REALLY YOU?

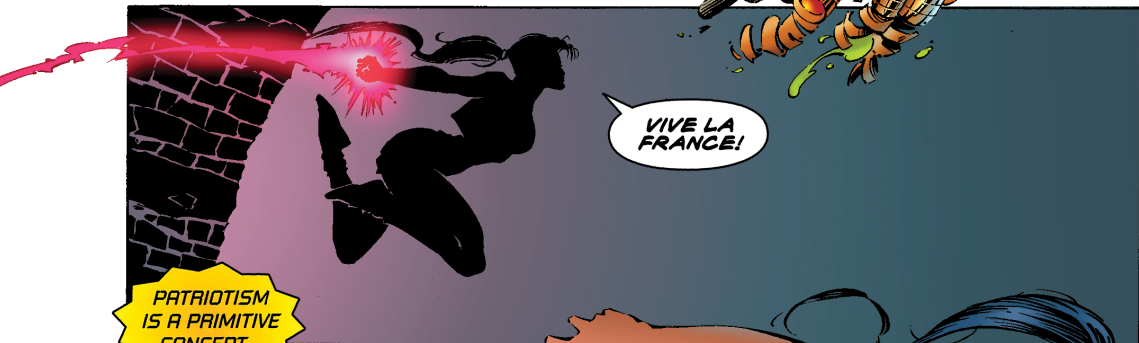
KRAKLZZZKT!

MY FORE-FATHERS FOUGHT TO DEFEND THIS LAND FROM INVADERS SUCH AS YOU.

I, DOMINIQUE THIEBAUT, HEREBY PLEDGE UNDYING LOYALTY TO THE COUNTRY OF MY FATHER'S BIRTH.

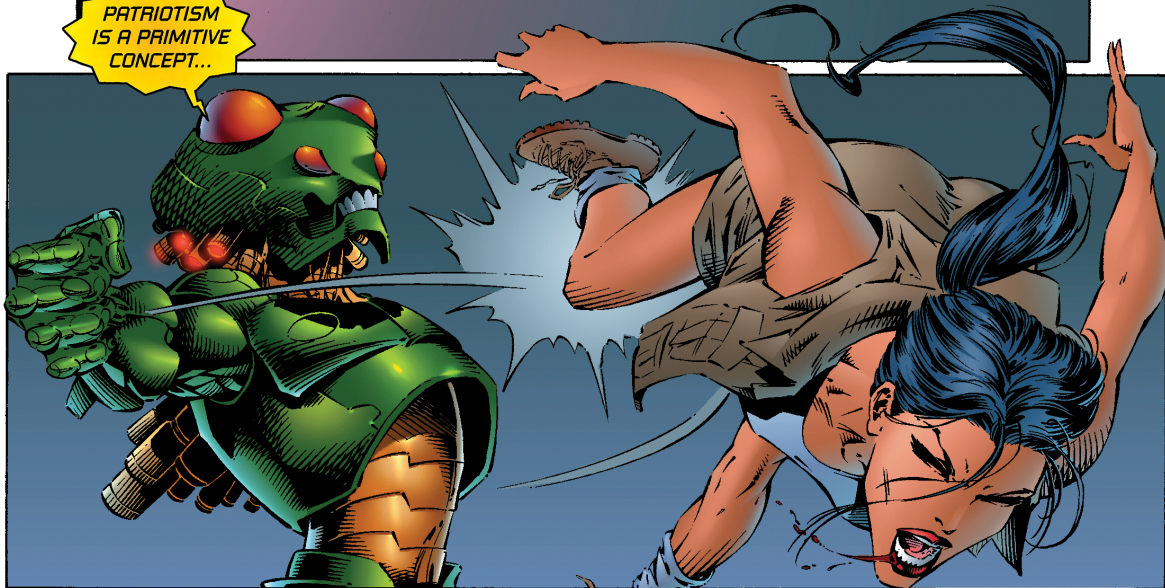
TIMMIE!?





VIVE LA FRANCE!

PATRIOTISM IS A PRIMITIVE CONCEPT...



...AS IS PROTEIN-BASED INTELLIGENCE.

OOOMPH!



THE MEKADOM WILL SEE TO IT THAT BOTH ARE ABOLISHED.



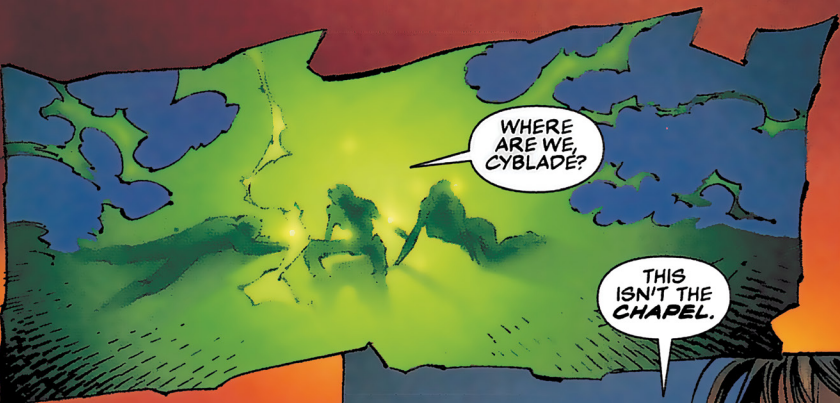
I DON'T
LIKE THE SOUND
OF THAT.

IT
DOESN'T
FEEL SO
GOOD
EITHER.

GETTING
LOUDER,
STRONGER...

THERE'S
SOMETHING
INSIDE THE
SARCOPHAGUS
PULLING US
INNNNN...





WHERE ARE WE, CYBLADE?

THIS ISN'T THE CHAPEL.



THE QUESTION IS NOT SO MUCH WHERE...



...AS WHEN.

TO BE CONTINUED..