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CYBER FORCE

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TRI
BAT
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CYBER FORCE

CREATED BY
Marc Silvestri



SAT, 2:00 A.M.,
A CASTLE IN THE
NORTH OF FRANCE.

THIS IS
WHERE THEY STOOD,
DR. CORBEN, THREE
OF THEM.

LARGE, WELL
OVER SIX FEET,
HUMANOID BUT
WITH HEADS THAT
LOOKED ALMOST
DEMONIC.

YOU CAN
SEE WHAT THEY
DID TO THAT
POOR
POLICEMAN.

AND THIS
HAPPENED WHILE
CHIP TRIED TO
REPAIR A 500
YEAR OLD
ROBOT?

YES, A
ROBOT HE SEEMED
FAMILIAR WITH--
CALLED IT
TIMMIE.

THIS IS
GETTING
STRANGER
BY THE
MINUTE.

TELL US
MORE ABOUT THE
SARCOPHAGUS,
DR. WELLINGTON.

IT MADE A
TERRIBLE NOISE;
THEN IT STARTED
TO GLOW.

THE FLOOR
OF THE CHAMBER
SEEMED TO
DISSOLVE. THEY
ALL FELL
THROUGH.

SECONDS
LATER, THE FLOOR
CAME BACK, BUT
THEY WERE
GONE.

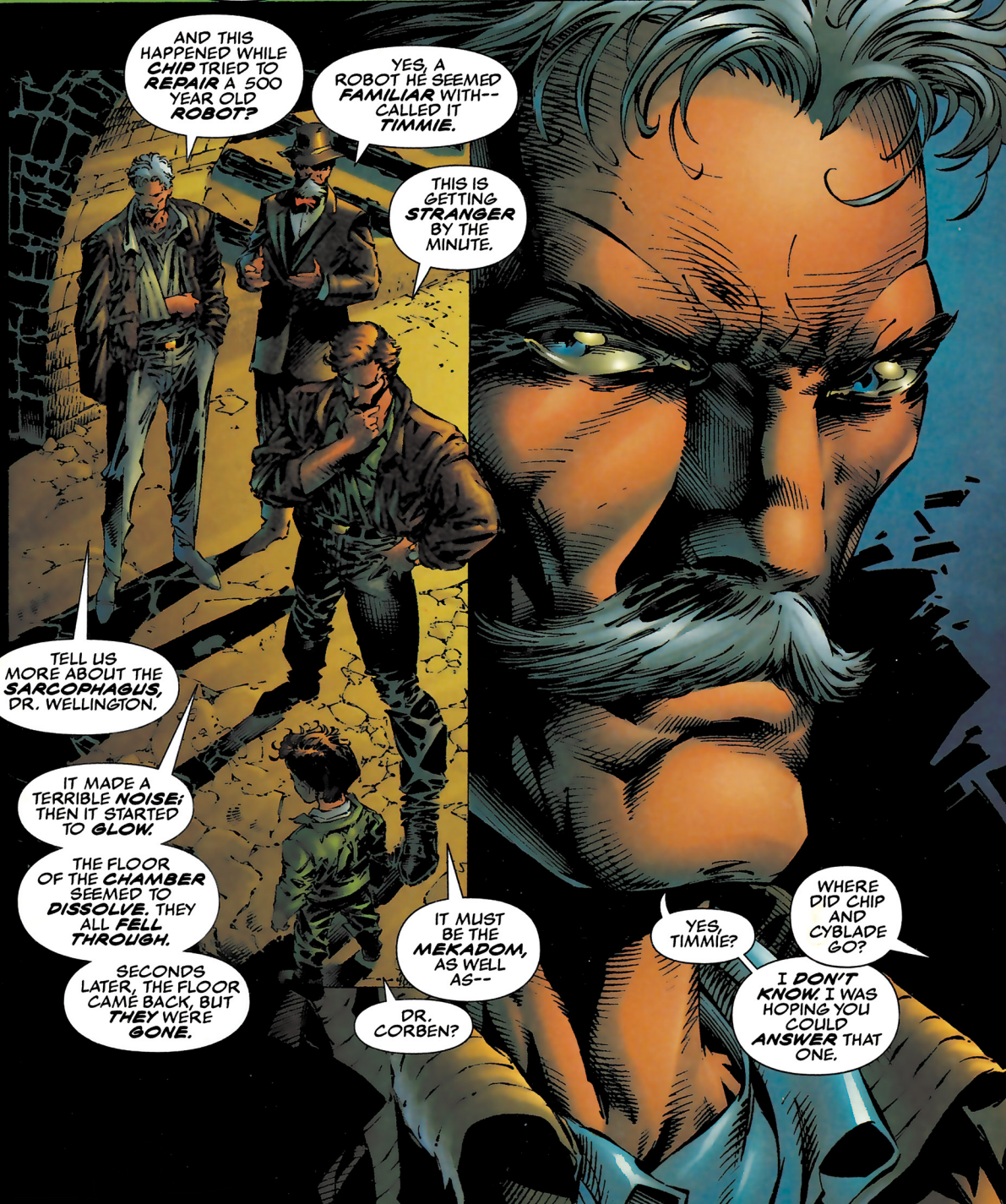
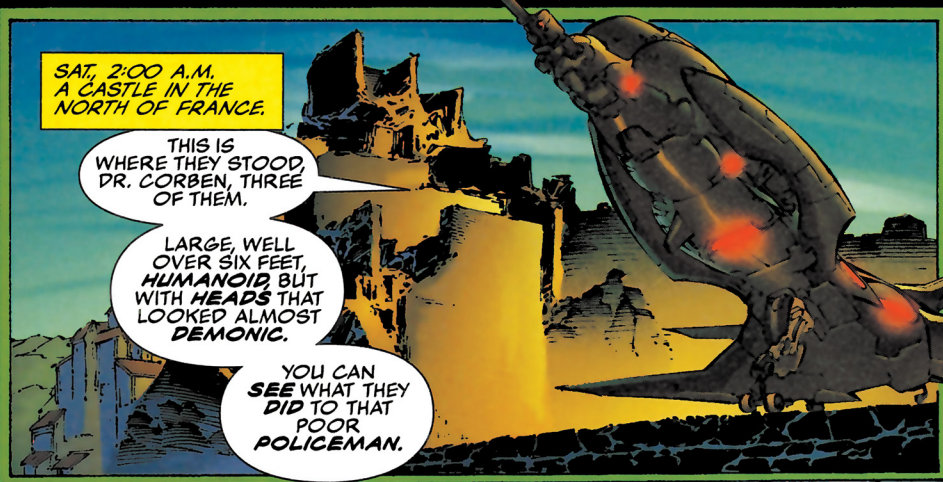
IT MUST BE
THE
MEKADOM,
AS WELL
AS--


DR.
CORBEN?

YES,
TIMMIE?

WHERE
DID CHIP
AND
CYBLADE
GO?

I DON'T
KNOW. I WAS
HOPING YOU
COULD
ANSWER THAT
ONE.





SHE'S STILL PRETTY DIZZY
FROM THE TRIP. TIME TRAVEL
CAN DO THAT TO YOU,
ESPECIALLY IF YOU AREN'T
EXPECTING IT.

SHE DOESN'T KNOW HOW
OR WHY, BUT IT DOESN'T
TAKE LONG FOR HER TO
FIGURE OUT WHEN.

A dramatic medieval battle scene. In the foreground, a knight in full plate armor, including a surcoat with a lion rampant, is mounted on a dark horse. He holds a sword aloft in his right hand. The background features a stone castle with several towers, some of which are engulfed in bright orange and yellow flames. A large wooden siege engine, possibly a catapult or ballista, is positioned in front of the castle. The sky is filled with dark, swirling clouds and streaks of fire. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, greys, and the intense oranges and yellows of the fire.

SLIGHTLY TAPERED
BLADE, LONG, STRAIGHT
QUILIONS, WHEEL-
SHAPED POMMEL...
DEFINITELY FRENCH.

FULL-BODY
ARMOR, MOSTLY
PLATE, LAMINATED
GAUNTLETS...HAS
TO BE AT LEAST
15TH CENTURY.

BRITISH LIONS,
FLEUR DE LIS,
ENGLISH INVADING
FRENCH SOIL...



WE'RE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR.

CLOSER TO THE END ACTUALLY, I'D SAY SOMEWHERE AROUND 1430.

THESE ARE FOUR-SIDED CHISEL-POINTED ARROWHEADS FROM ENGLISH LONGBOWS.

HER SLIT COMES EQUIPPED WITH VARIOUS SETTINGS. SHE HITS THE ONE MARKED "COMBAT!"

...AND DOMINIQUE THIEBAUT BECOMES THE CYBERNETICALLY-ENHANCED MUTANT KNOWN AS CYBLADE.



DOMINIQUE?

YES, CHIP?

THESE GUYS ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR ACCURACY.


I KNOW... TIME TO GET SERIOUS.

WHAT IN BLOODY BLAZES!



NOT A GOOD IDEA BRINGING MODERN TECHNOLOGY INTO THE PAST...

...BUT WE'LL MOST LIKELY GET KILLED OUT HERE IF I DON'T.



HE WAS NEVER THAT GOOD AT SPORTS, TOO THIN FOR FOOTBALL, TOO SHORT FOR BASKETBALL.

HE WASN'T TOO BAD WITH A BAT, THOUGH, SO HE'S OUT HERE SWINGING.

BUT HE'S UP AGAINST KNIGHTS IN SHINING ARMOR. THEY'VE BEEN DOING THIS ALL THEIR LIVES.

THEY'VE GOT THE EDGE...

...IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

ONE OF THE KNIGHTS, THE ONE WHO JUST WOKE UP FROM A 500 YEAR NAP...

...HEARS THE CRY, KNOWS THE VOICE, TURNS TO WATCH.

HE SEES AN OLD FRIEND, HIS BEST FRIEND, THE MAN WHO MADE HIM WHAT HE IS...

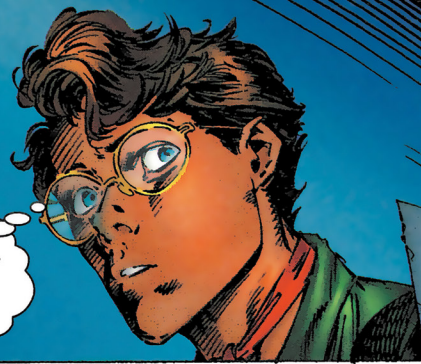
...THE TOTALLY INDEPENDENT MOBILE MACHINE INTELLIGENCE EXPERIMENT, AKA...

AAAHHH!

TIMMIE!
IS THAT REALLY YOU?

CHIP?

WHAT! DID SOMEBODY CALL ME? WAS THAT...



TIMMIE! THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE.

I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU.

AFTER WE GOT SEPARATED THEY CAPTURED ME AND TOOK THE TIME MACHINE.



THEY'RE HERE, TIM. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM SOMEHOW.

WE WILL.

I MANAGED TO ESCAPE, MADE MY WAY TO THE CASTLE, THEN THE ENGLISH CAME.

I NEVER GOT AS GOOD WITH A SWORD AS YOU DID.

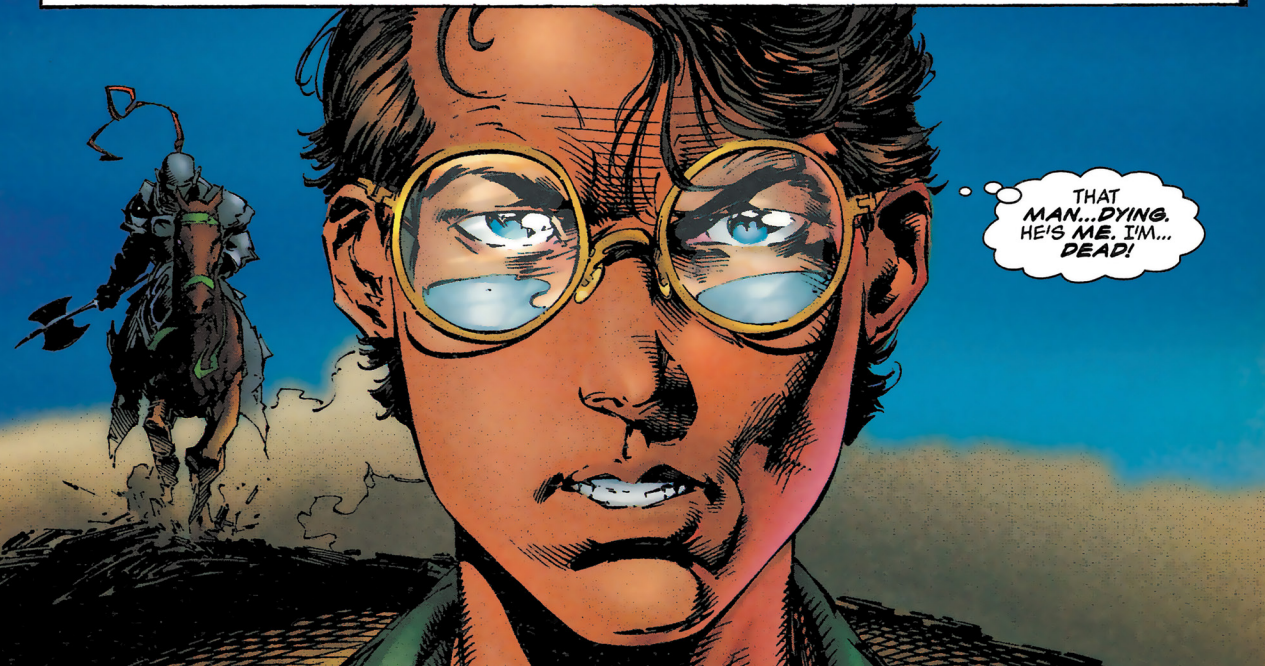


I'M SO GLAD I FOUND YOU, TIM. GLAD YOU'RE ALIVE.

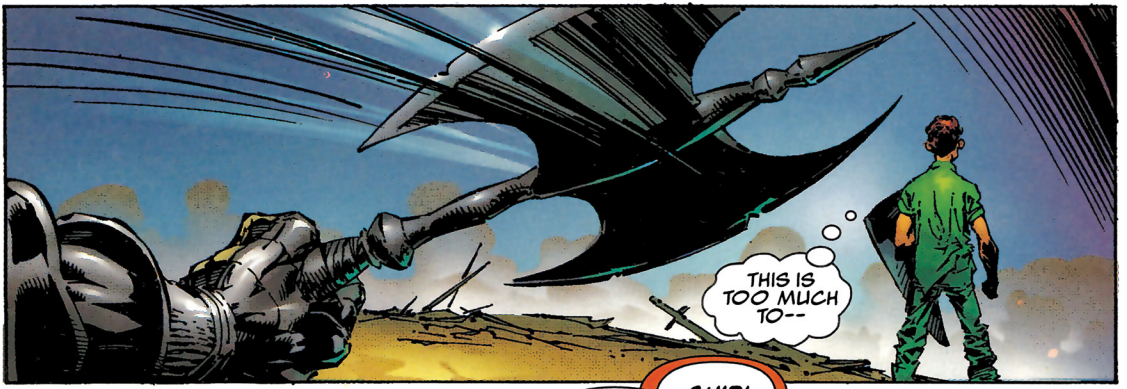
NOT EASY BEING HUMAN. WE'VE ALL GOT TO DIE. NOT LIKE MACHINES.



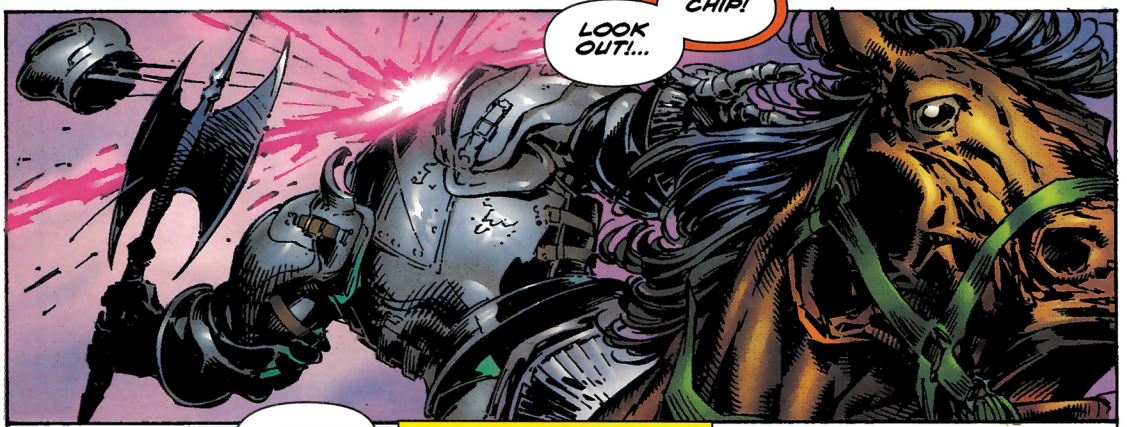
SEE HOW LUCKY YOU ARE?



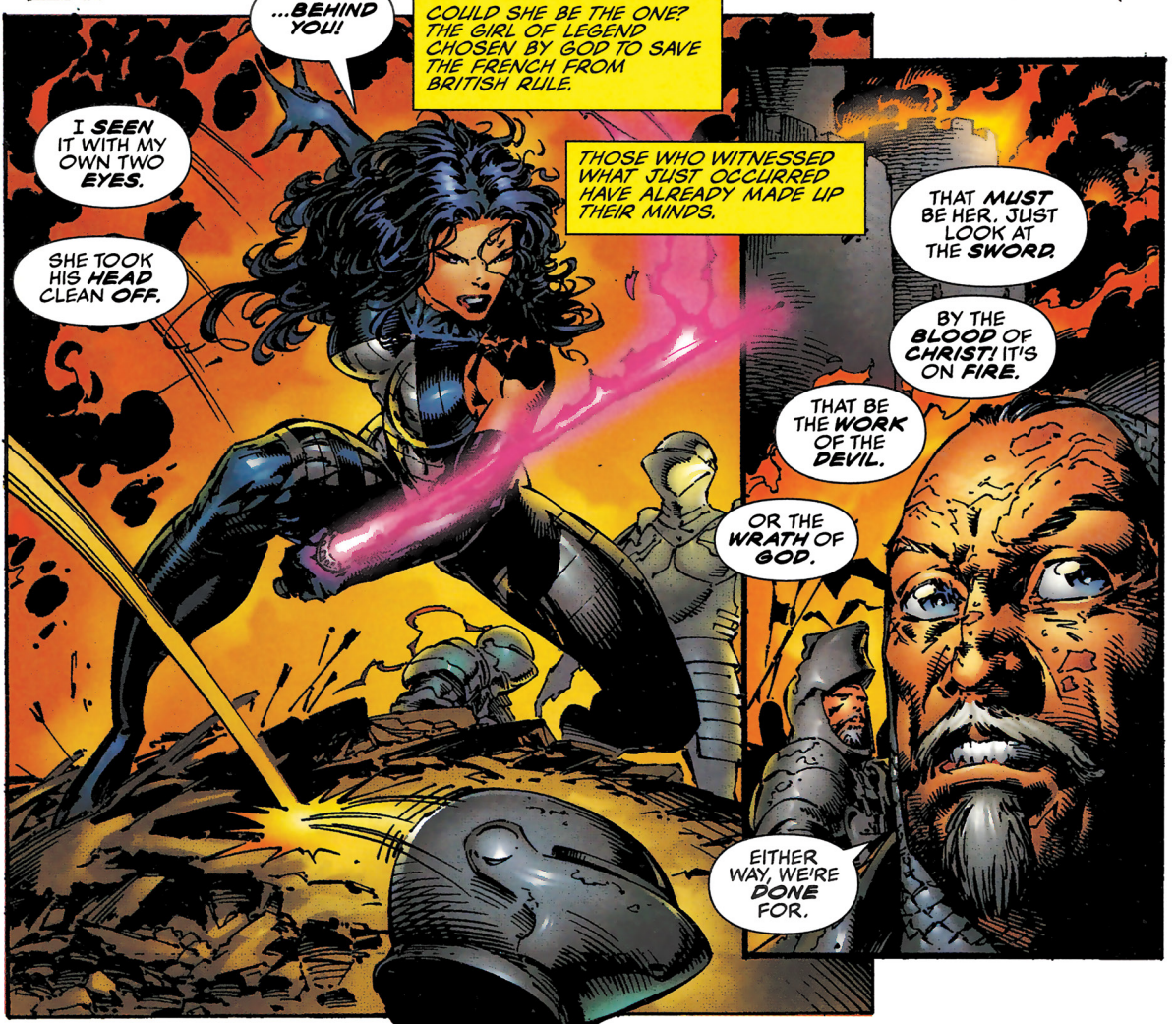
THAT MAN... DYING. HE'S ME. I'M... DEAD!



THIS IS TOO MUCH TO--



CHIP!
LOOK OUT!...



...BEHIND YOU!

COULD SHE BE THE ONE? THE GIRL OF LEGEND CHOSEN BY GOD TO SAVE THE FRENCH FROM BRITISH RULE.

I SEEN IT WITH MY OWN TWO EYES.

SHE TOOK HIS HEAD CLEAN OFF.

THOSE WHO WITNESSED WHAT JUST OCCURRED HAVE ALREADY MADE UP THEIR MINDS.

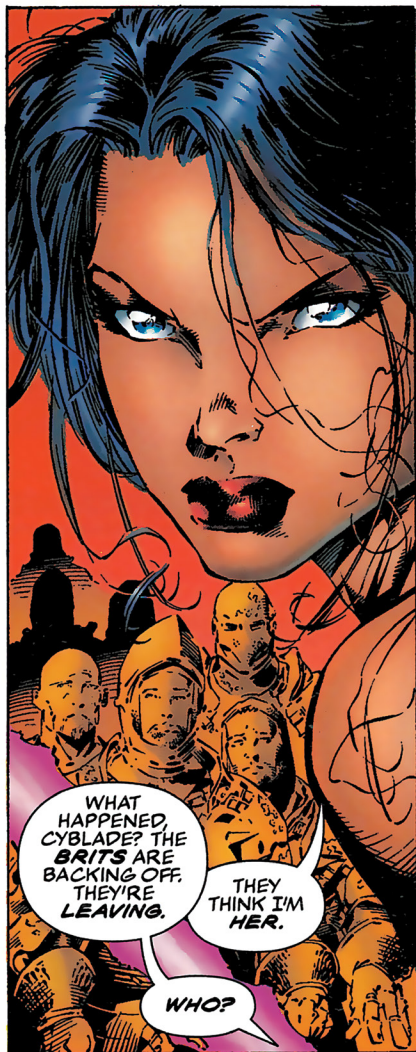
THAT MUST BE HER. JUST LOOK AT THE SWORD.

BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST! IT'S ON FIRE.

THAT BE THE WORK OF THE DEVIL.

OR THE WRATH OF GOD.

EITHER WAY, WE'RE DONE FOR.



WHAT HAPPENED, CYBLADE? THE BRITS ARE BACKING OFF, THEY'RE LEAVING.

THEY THINK I'M HER.

WHO?



C'EST ELLE.

GRACE A DIEU, LA VICTOIRE EST A NOUS.

JOAN OF ARC.

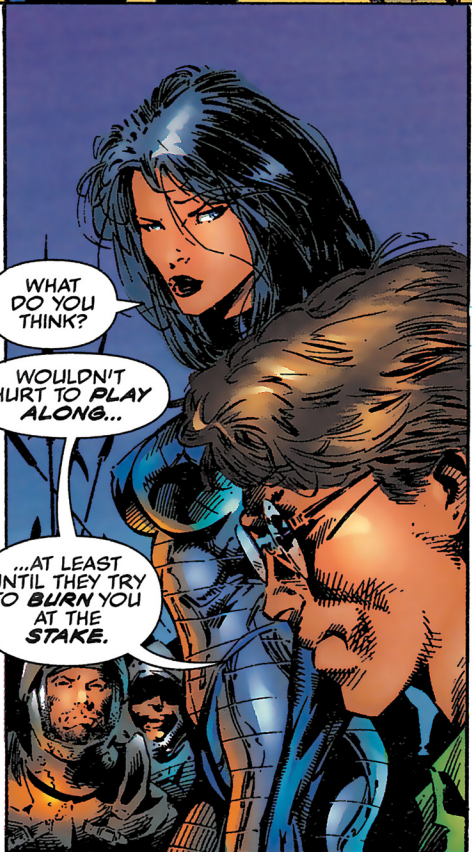


« IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU AT LAST, MADE-MOISELLE. »

« I AM HENRI BOUCHANT, DUKE OF POITIERS. »

« THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, GENEVIEVE. »

« WE ARE IN DEST AND AT YOUR SERVICE. »



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WOULDN'T HURT TO PLAY ALONG...

...AT LEAST UNTIL THEY TRY TO BURN YOU AT THE STAKE.

CENTRAL ROCKIES.



I'M GOING UP TO BED, NOW SIS, DON'T KEEP BOOMER UP TOO LATE, WE'VE GOT A BIG DAY AHEAD OF US TOMORROW.

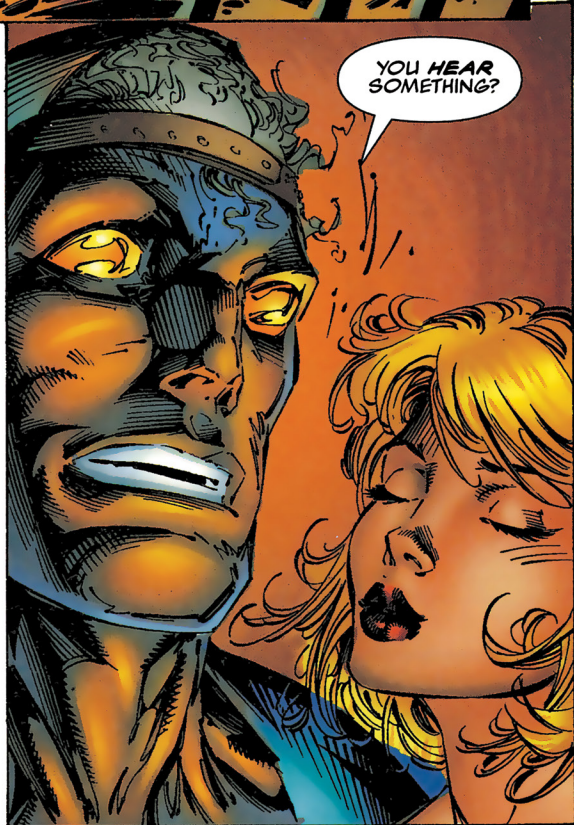
FUNNY DUDE.

SO WHERE WERE WE, BOOMER?



I REMEMBER, YOU WERE TELLING ME HOW METALLIC SKIN COULD STILL FEEL SO SOFT.

ARE YOUR LIPS SOFT AS WELL?



YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

KABOOOM!

ARE YOU
MAN OR
MACHINE?

BOTH.

THAT DOES
NOT COMPUTE.

THERE IS
NO DOUBT
ABOUT THE
OTHER.

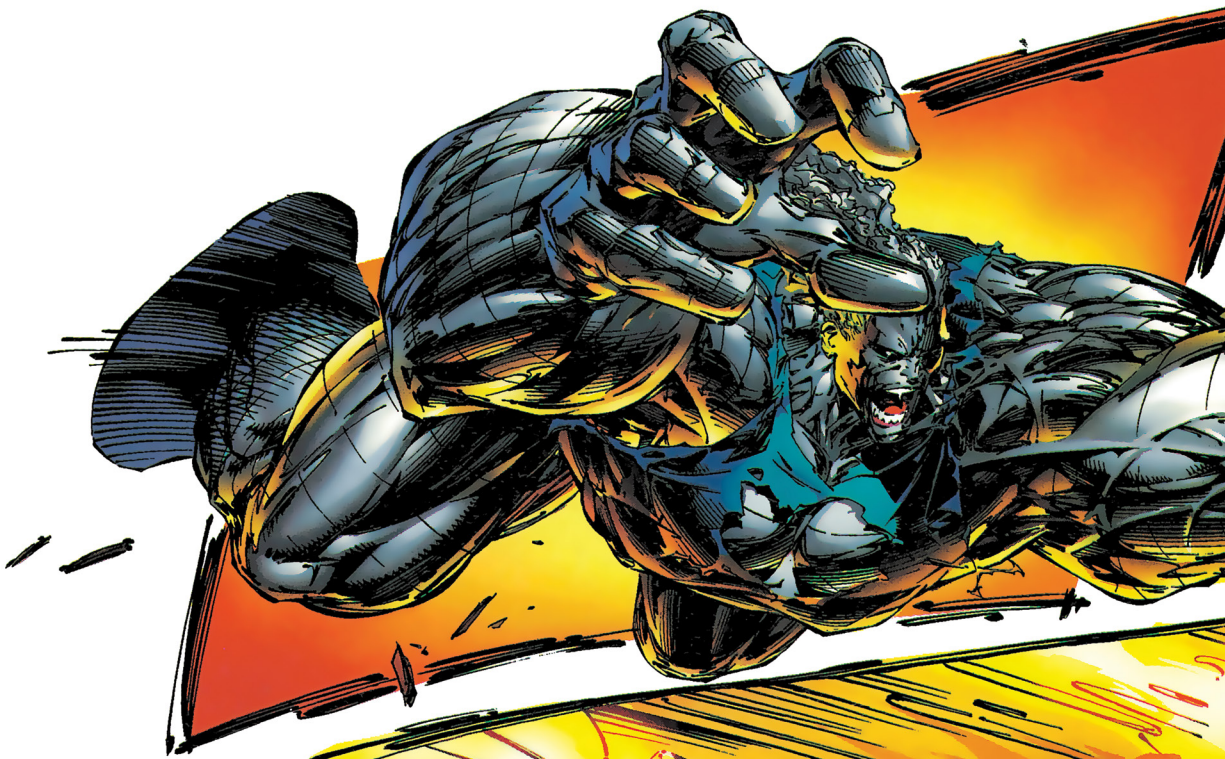


KACHING!

NOOOOOO!

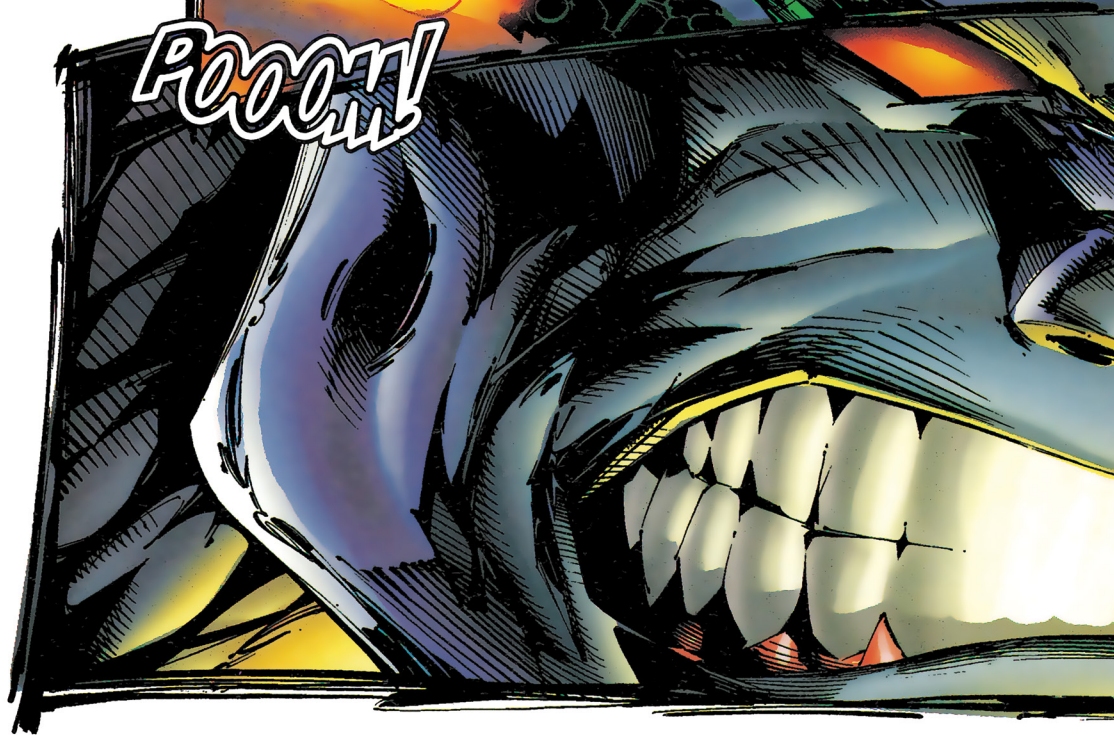
WHAT THE...!

FZZAP!



Poouu!

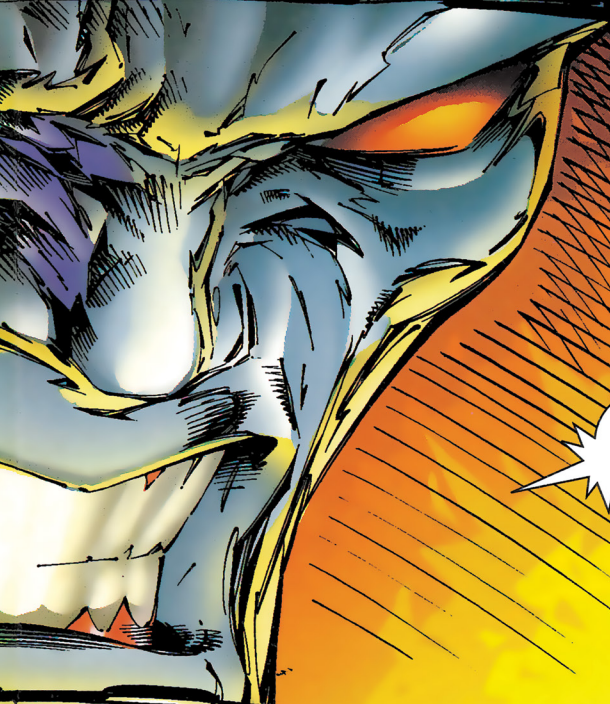
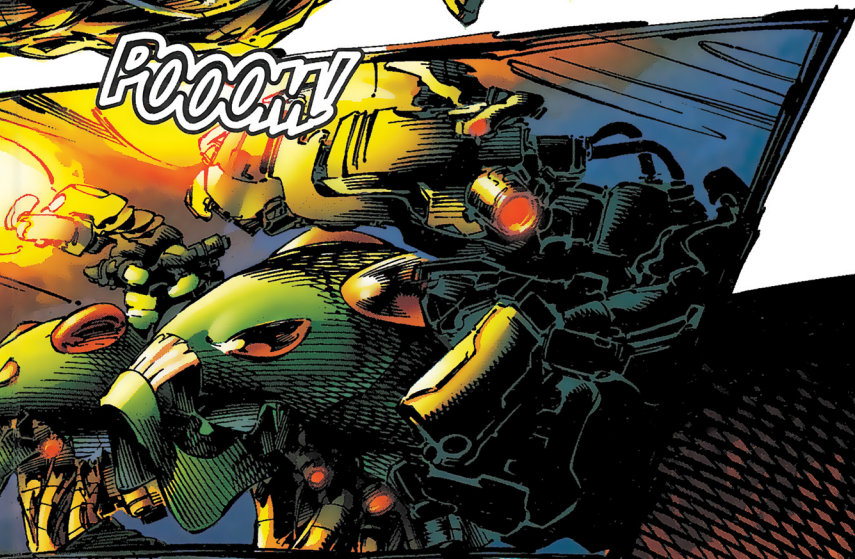
Poouu!



EYIAAA!



Poooo!



YOU
DUDES
ARE MEK-
MEAT!



BOOM!



BOOM!

KITJUNK!

KRUNCH!



CRUNCH
SQRUNCH
SQUEEEZE
THUMP
EEEK!

KRASH!

BASH!
POW!
WHAMMO!
SLAM!
SMASH!
OLCHI!
BIFI!

HEY,
WE REALLY
KICKED SOME
BOT BUTT,
EH GREG?

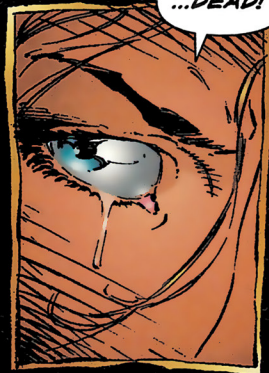


GREG?!

I THINK
HE'S...



...DEAD!



WESTCHESTER, N.Y.

GABBY'S
GAS 'N'
GRUB

IT'S
ALL MY
FAULT.

STOP
BLAMING
YOURSELF,
CARIN.

YEAH, HOW
COULD YOU HAVE
KNOWN THAT THEY
WERE GONNA
GET THERE
FIRST.

WHO WAS
GONNA GET
WHERE
FIRST?

OH HI,
DOC. DID YOU
FIND OUT
ANYTHING?

NOTHING YET,
BUT WELLINGTON'S
GOT A TEAM OF
EXPERTS WORKING
'ROUND THE
CLOCK.

HE'LL
LET US KNOW
IF SOMETHING
TURNS UP.

SO WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE DISK CONTAIN-
ING THE IZON
PROGRAM?

WELL...

IT WAS ALL
MY FAULT. I HAD
THE DISK IN MY
HANDS, AT LEAST
I THOUGHT IT
WAS THE
DISK.

DID HE
SAY WHAT
IT WAS
FOR?

A FRIEND
OF HIS GOT
HURT
PRETTY
BAD.

YOU COULDN'T
HAVE KNOWN IT WAS
NOT THE RIGHT DISK,
VELOCITY. IT APPEARS
THAT CYBERDATA GOT
THERE BEFORE WE
DID, DOCTOR.

IMPACT
JUST CALLED.
SAID HE
NEEDED SOME
HELP.

THERE MUST
HAVE BEEN A MIS-
UNDERSTANDING.
THEY STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND A
FEW THINGS.

CYBERDATA TECHNOLOGIES:
DEPARTMENT OF ARTIFICIAL
INTELLIGENCE.

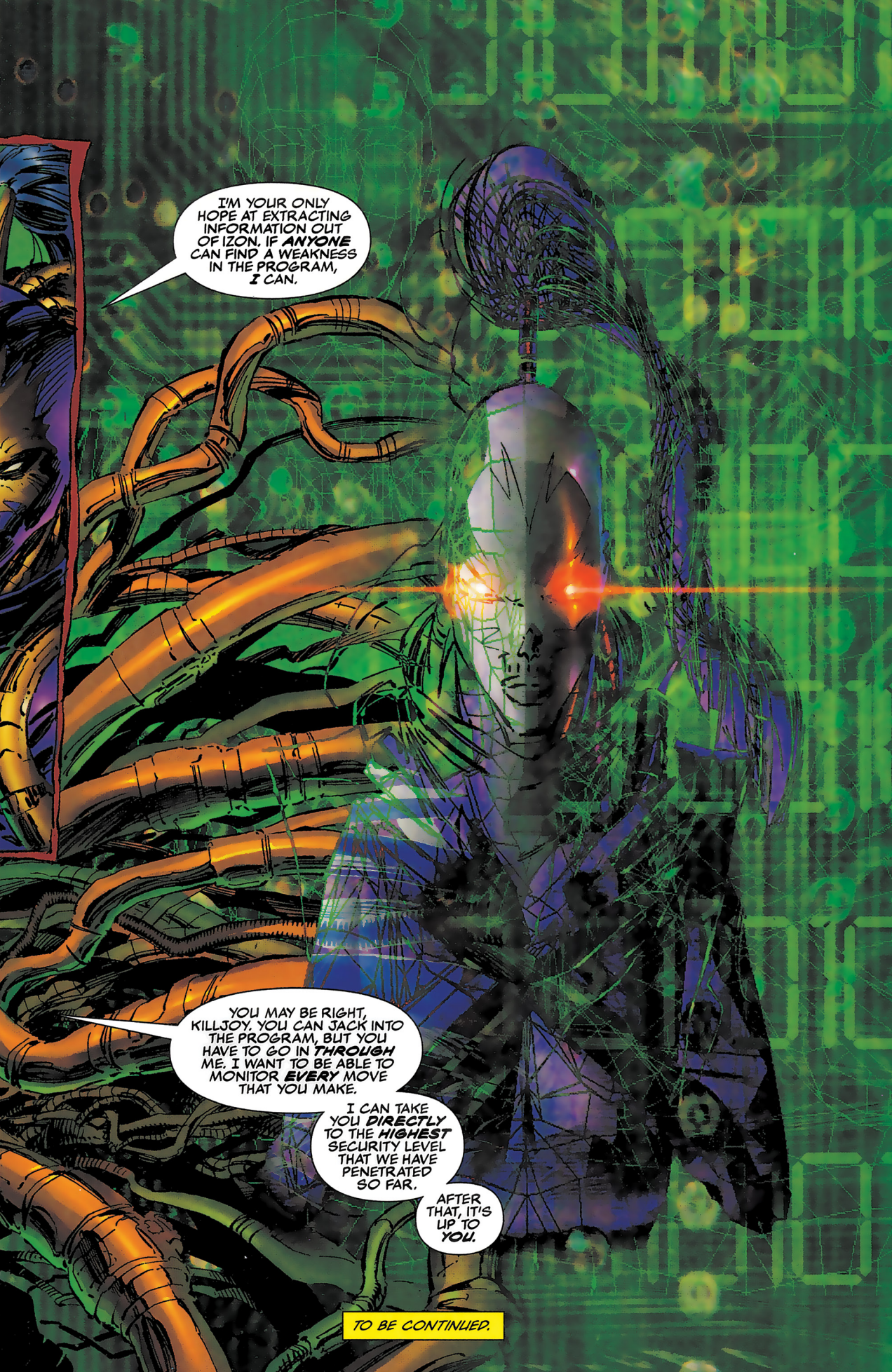
AS YOU CAN
SEE, MY ATTEMPTS AT
ACCESSING THE IZON
DISK HAVE NOT COME
WITHOUT THEIR
DISAPPOINTMENTS.
SO FAR, I AM THE
ONLY ONE TO HAVE
GOTTEN OUT OF THE
PROGRAM **ALIVE.**

I'VE BEEN SENDING
IN MY **BEST** HACKERS; TRYING
TO FIND A **VULNERABLE**
SPOT IN IZON'S MEMORY. THIS
LAST ONE GOT TWO HOURS
INTO HIS RUN BEFORE HE
WENT INTO NEURAL-
SYNAPTIC **SHOCK.**

I CAN'T
AFFORD TO HAVE
MY BEST S.H.O.C.
HAVE HER **BRAINS**
FRIED BY SOME
LETHAL SECURITY
PROGRAM.

THEY
JUST AREN'T
FAST ENOUGH,
ZADROK! I
WANT **IN!**





I'M YOUR ONLY HOPE AT EXTRACTING INFORMATION OUT OF IZON. IF ANYONE CAN FIND A WEAKNESS IN THE PROGRAM, I CAN.

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, KILLJOY. YOU CAN JACK INTO THE PROGRAM, BUT YOU HAVE TO GO IN *THROUGH* ME. I WANT TO BE ABLE TO MONITOR *EVERY* MOVE THAT YOU MAKE.

I CAN TAKE YOU *DIRECTLY* TO THE *HIGHEST* SECURITY LEVEL THAT WE HAVE PENETRATED SO FAR.

AFTER THAT, IT'S UP TO YOU.

TO BE CONTINUED.



DAVID WOHL
STORY

RANDY QUEEN
PENCILS

RANDY QUEEN
CHANCE WOLF
INKS

STEVE FIRCHOW
COLORS

CYBER
FORCE

NEW YORK CITY,
11:15 P.M.

HAMBURGERS • DINER • FRIES • MILKSHAKES

THEY SAY THIS IS
THE CITY THAT
NEVER SLEEPS...

YO, ERICA,
WHERE'S MY
COFFEE???
I GOTTA GET
BACK IN
THE CAB!

CALM
YOUR LIVER,
DENNIS—I
ONLY GOT
TWO
HANDS!

...A PERFECT PLACE TO BE IN
IF YOU'RE NIKKI FEIST, WHO
BELIEVES THAT THE BEST
STUDYING OCCURS AT LATE-
NIGHT DINERS, SURROUNDED
BY THE DIN OF THE NEVER-
ENDING STREAM OF CLIENTELE.

TONIGHT, THOUGH, NIKKI
WAS EXPECTING A STUDYING
PARTNER--FELLOW PART-
TIME STUDENT DOMINIQUE
THIEBAULT, AKA CYBLADE.

UNAWARE THAT HER DINNER
DATE IS CURRENTLY OVERSEAS
AND A THOUSAND YEARS IN
THE PAST, NIKKI WAITS...



...AS DOES ANOTHER SLEEPLESS
CITY DWELLER WHO HAS EVENING
PLANS OF HIS OWN.

HAMBURGERS • DINER • FRIES • MILKSHAKES

NO TIME
TO WASTE--
NEXT ONE
OUT IS FOR
MY QUEEN!





THANKS FOR THE JOE, ERICA-- I'M OUTTA HERE!

SURE THING, DENNIS. SEE YA TOMORROW.

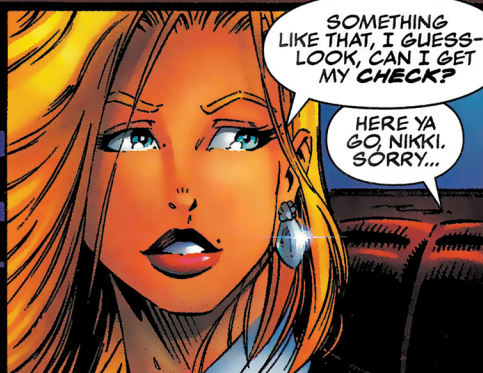
~sigh~ OH WELL...



THAT FRIEND OF YOURS STAND YOU UP AGAIN? SHE DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S MISSIN'...

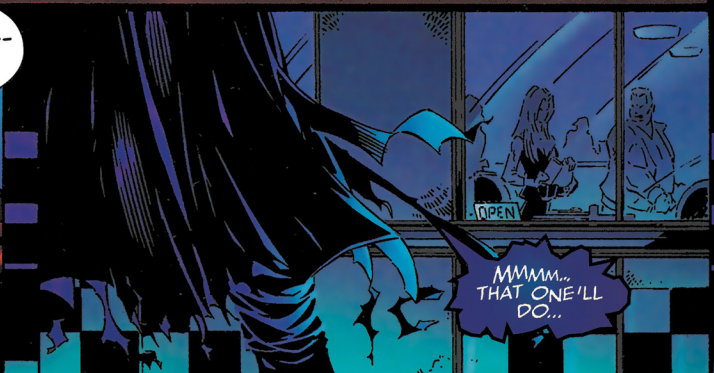
SHE-- I KNOW SHE KEEPS STRANGE HOURS...

WHAT IS SHE-- A PARAMEDIC OR SOMETHIN'?



SOMETHING LIKE THAT, I GUESS-- LOOK, CAN I GET MY CHECK?

HERE YA GO, NIKKI. SORRY...



MMMM... THAT ONE'LL DO...

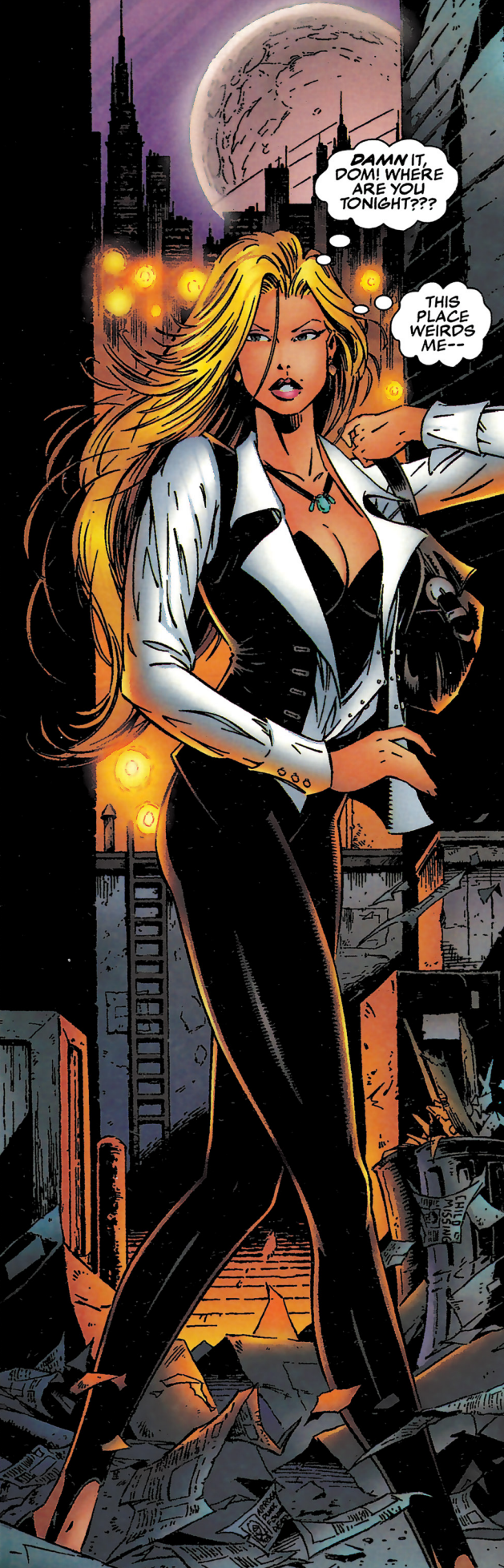


THE QUEEN LIKES HER MEN BIG...



AFTER YOU, M' LADY!

HHMM...

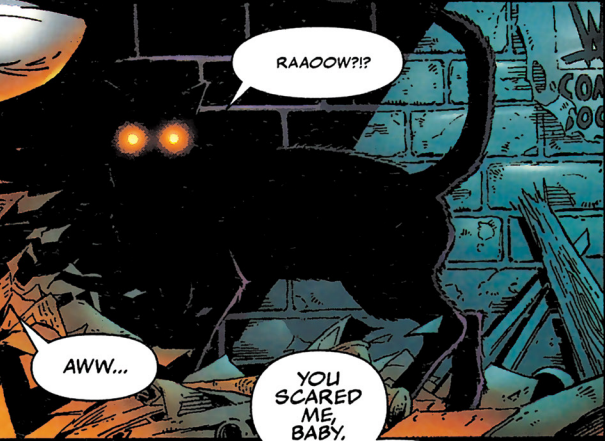


DAMN IT, DOM! WHERE ARE YOU TONIGHT???

THIS PLACE WEIRDS ME--



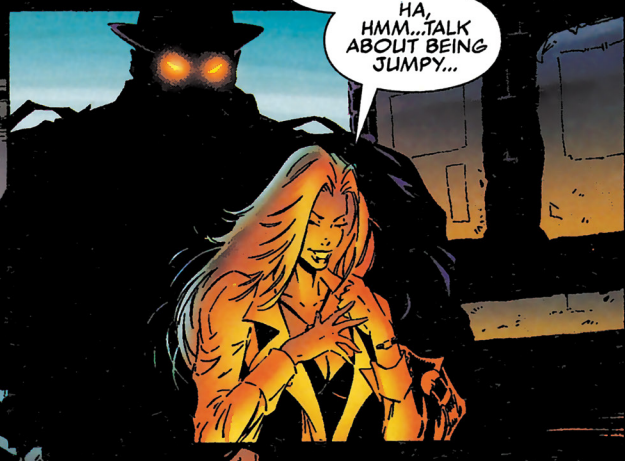
HUNH!



RAAOW?!

AWW...

YOU SCARED ME, BABY.



HA, HMM...TALK ABOUT BEING JUMPY...



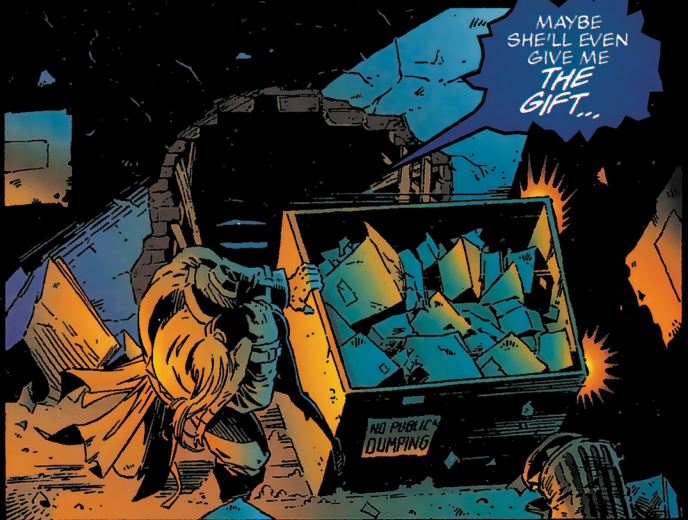
KRAAAK!



AAAAHHHH.
SHE'S A
PERFECT
START
FOR THE
NIGHT.



THE QUEEN'LL
SURELY GIVE ME
SOME OF HER
LEFTOVERS WHEN
I, ALONE, GIVE
HER ENOUGH TO
FEED ON.



MAYBE
SHE'LL EVEN
GIVE ME
THE
GIFT...



MAYBE
SHE'LL
MAKE ME
PURE!



AH, PRETTY LADY, YOU'LL LIKE YOUR NEW HOME DOWN HERE.

AND BY THE TIME YOU WAKE UP, THE *DISTILLATION* WILL BE OVER AND YOU'LL *BELONG!*

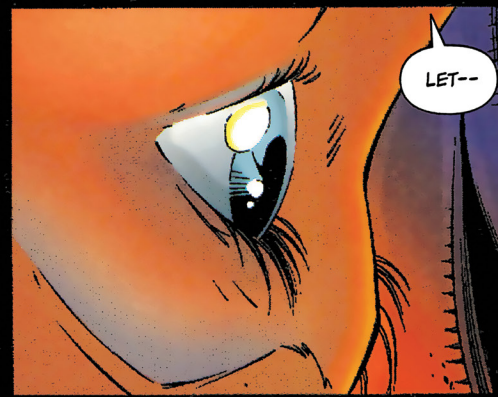
THEN, WHO KNOWS? MAYBE YOU'LL JOIN ME IN THE RANKS OF THE *ELECT!*



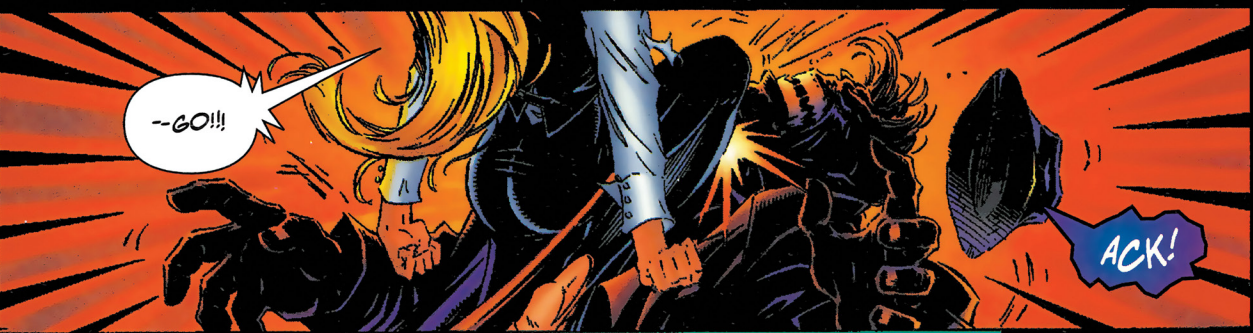
LINNGH...



WHU--?



LET--



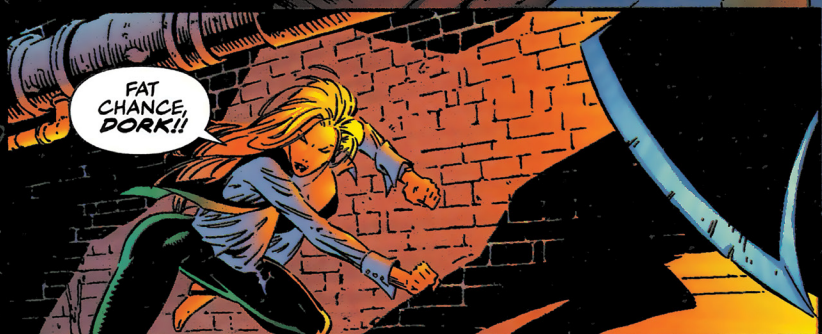
--GO!!!

ACK!

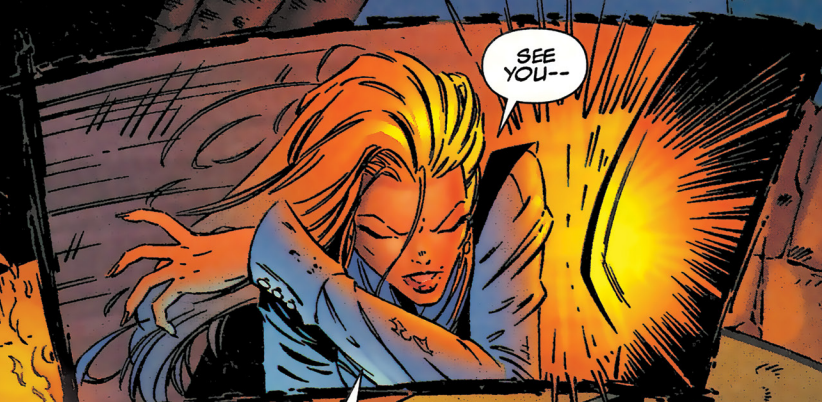


LINNGH...
w-WAIT...





FAT CHANCE, DORK!!



SEE YOU--



--LOULLPH...

OH MY GOD..

TO BE CONTINUED.