



MAJOR DEE UNIVERSE



FEB
2016

★ THE ★ ALLIED FIGHTERS

#1

*World War Two's
Legendary Team Begins
Anew In the 21st Century?*



PREMIERE
1st ISSUE!

...Or Does It?

★ THE ★ ALLIED FIGHTERS

In 1942, shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor, America and its allies needed heroes for its citizens and troops to rally for. The 'Allied Fighters' formed just for this purpose. Led by Captain John Brown, codenamed "Captain Invader", the Allied Fighters quickly became legends in their own right. The team's arch-nemesis during the war was Baron Berlin and his band of super-powered Nazi thugs known as Axis Force. At war's end, Baron Berlin and his Axis Force were believed to have been killed under Hitler's own orders. On August 15th, 1945, Imperial Japan surrendered and the war-weary Allied Fighters quickly disbanded.

Several decades later, the near centennial-aged "Major" Invader lives in pseudo-retirement; his old teammates dead, gone or missing. With nowhere to go, no one left to relate to and no purpose, the cantankerous John Brown contemplates his future...

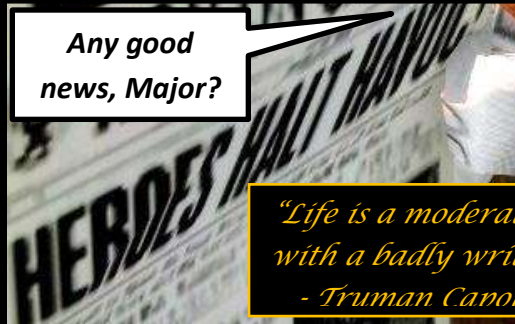


Chapter 1: The Kid, Retirement and The Bottle



A Ski Chalet near a remote Appalachian town in the United States, today.

Any good news, Major?



"Life is a moderately good play with a badly written third act."
- Truman Capote

GRUMBLE



Bad guys do something bad. People get hurt. Good guys fight the bad guys...

It's never good news... just more the same.

...Bad guys get hurt, stuff gets broken in the fight. Taxes go up. Heroes get blamed. Rinse. Repeat.

Speaking of suds, get me another beer.

It's only 9 o'clock in the morning. I'd consider getting you one if you'd, like...I don't know...maybe, NOT smoke in the non-smoking section?

Go to Hell. Beer. NOW.

Have you ever read up on the effects of second-hand smoke on others around you?

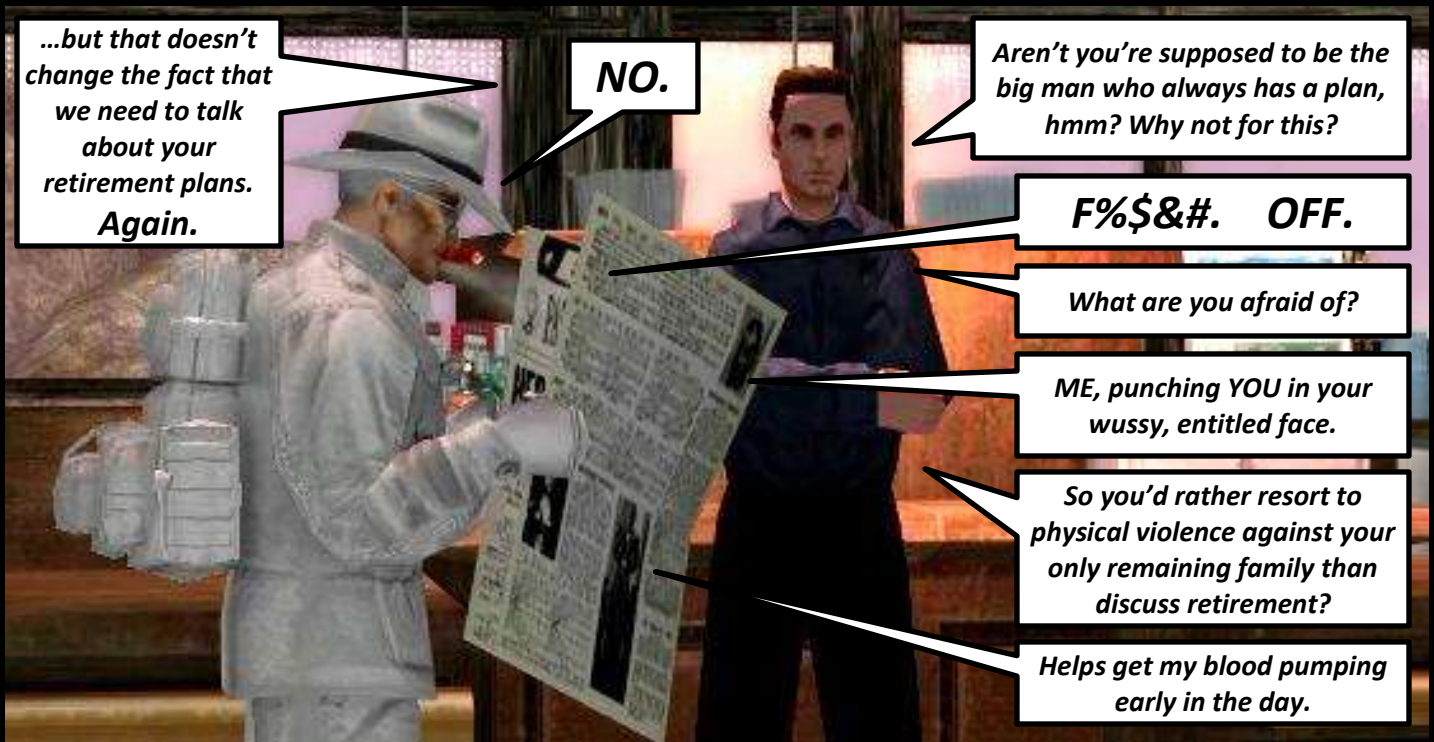
My Grandma smoked cigars 'til the day she died from lung cancer. Didn't affect me.

Have you ever thought about how it affects the last of us in our little family, like say... me?

Cough
Cough







...but that doesn't change the fact that we need to talk about your retirement plans. Again.

NO.

Aren't you're supposed to be the big man who always has a plan, hmm? Why not for this?

F%\$&#. OFF.

What are you afraid of?

ME, punching YOU in your wussy, entitled face.

So you'd rather resort to physical violence against your only remaining family than discuss retirement?

Helps get my blood pumping early in the day.



OK, since you don't want to discuss it, yet won't leave because we're the only place open at this time that has beer and liquor available, I'll just stand over here and recap our previous FIFTY conversations about your retirement while you pretend to read that newspaper, "Major".

First, you're over 90 years old...

I can still kick your ass six ways from Sunday with my hands tied behind my back while drinking that beer you're going to get me.

Second, not even your old job wants you. When was the last time they let you step into the 'office'? 1995?

Officially, September 23rd, 1995. Speaking of beer...

Son, you REALLY want me to shoot you, don't you?

Third, you're filthy rich. Why don't you go buy a remote island in the Pacific and live like a king?



I'm saving for a rainy day. BEER...

Fourth, HE isn't coming back. He hasn't been seen since 1945. You're like a Captain Ahab to this, like, Moby Dick character, Major.



Fifth...

Chaz...

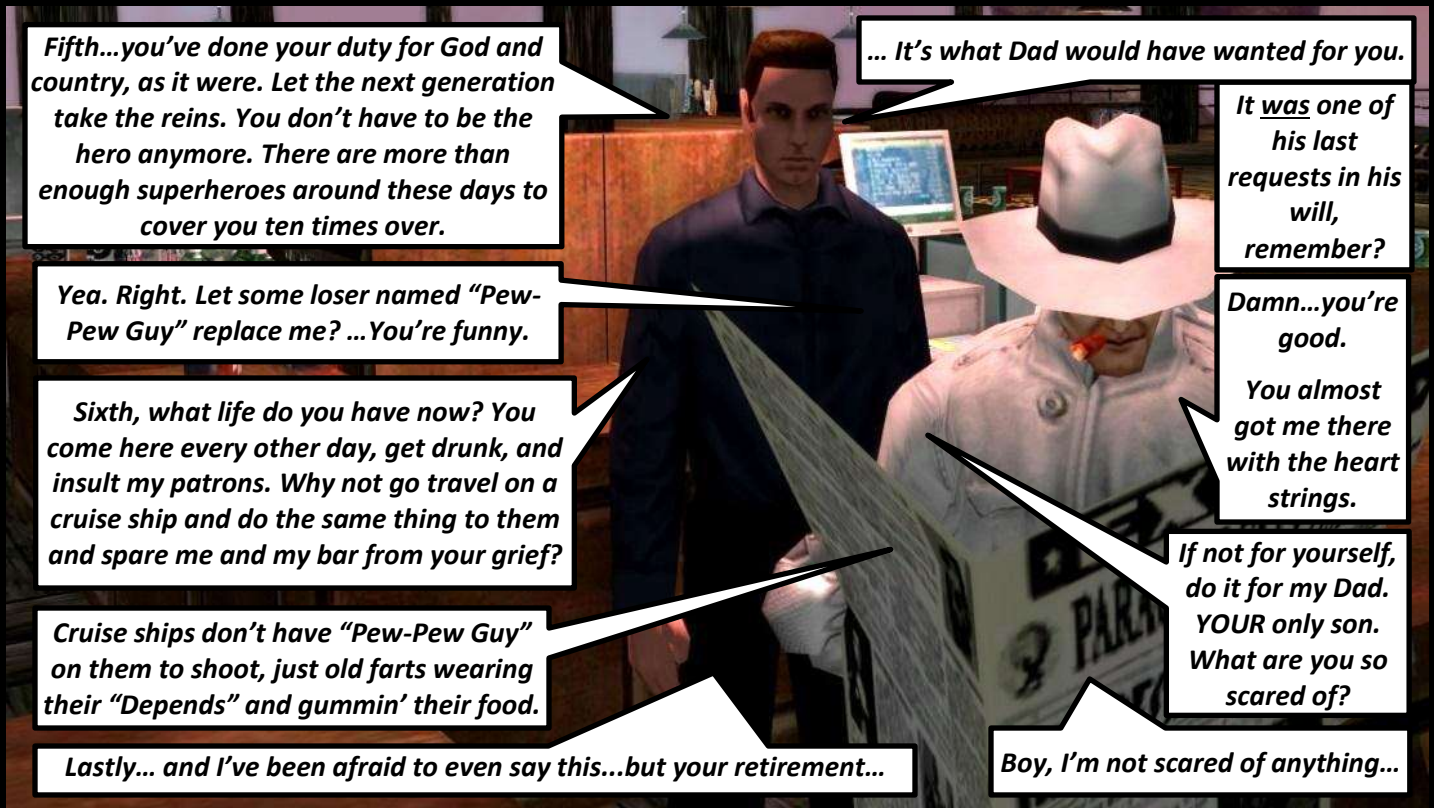
Yes...?

You've gone and done it.

Done what...?



Beer ain't gonna cut it now. Jack Daniels, and keep 'em coming.



CHOOSE...

CHOOSE...



...choose,
Captain...

Captain
Brown?

My God...

...It's Chlarisa.

I'd forgotten
how beautiful
she was.

C'mon, Brother
John! Shake a
leg! Let's get
swinging!

Time to
earn our
pay again!

Captain, who would
you rather recon
with, Kyle or me?

My apologies for our
delay, Captain. The
West Beach is clear.



Chlarisa AKA
Miss Vindicator



Manchurian
Murata

Hours before the Invasion of
Italy, September 2nd 1943

Ears on me,
everyone!

We've got less than 4
hours to sneak past two
Nazis divisions and get
5 miles behind enemy
lines to take out their
air support, otherwise,
thousands of good men
are going to die
needlessly. Assignments:

Me AKA
Captain Invader

Valor

Atheyta

Captain
Battleship

Team Alpha:
Manchurian Murata.
Brewster Buffalo.
Airacobra. Go back up
the west beach half a
click then converge
with Team Charlie on
the ridge!

Team Bravo: Miss
Vindicator, Kinetic
Avenger with me. K.A.
recon east beach. Miss
V, grab the radio and
we'll provide backup
for K.A.!

Team Charlie: Atheyta. Captain
Battleship. Valor. Battleship, take
point! Valor, you're air cover!
Head to the ridge! GO!!

What we didn't know at the time was that
Monty gave us bad intel for our beach landing...

...the Italians mined the beach the night before...

Back in a
flash, brother
of mine!

Kyle Brown AKA Kinetic
Avenger AKA my
younger brother

Kyle...Wait! There's
something...

MINEFIELD!!

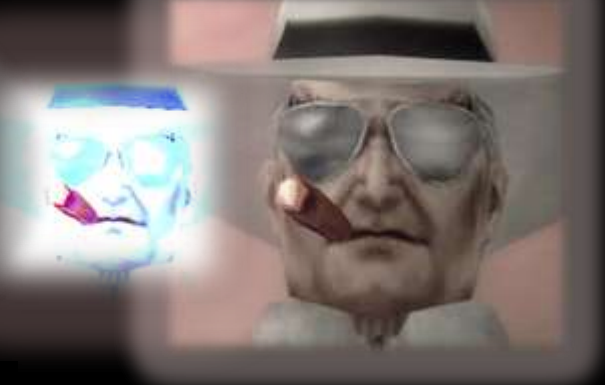
...and my brother Kyle
paid the ultimate price.



I never saw him again.



A piece of me died that day.



I've never been the same since then.

Damn you.
Don't you get it, kid? If I retire, I'm going to keel over in my bean soup out of sheer boredom in a week.



Chaz, you're all I have left.
I need to think on this...
...maybe over a few drinks.

You don't need the alcohol to find the answer. You're a fighter. You won't die unless **YOU** give up. There's **NO** reason you can't enjoy your retirement. You just don't want to let your old life go.



You know, it might help if you went to talk to Grandma about this. It's been over 10 years. She might help you with your choice.



You've got a day to decide, Major.



Longer than that and I'm gone for good.

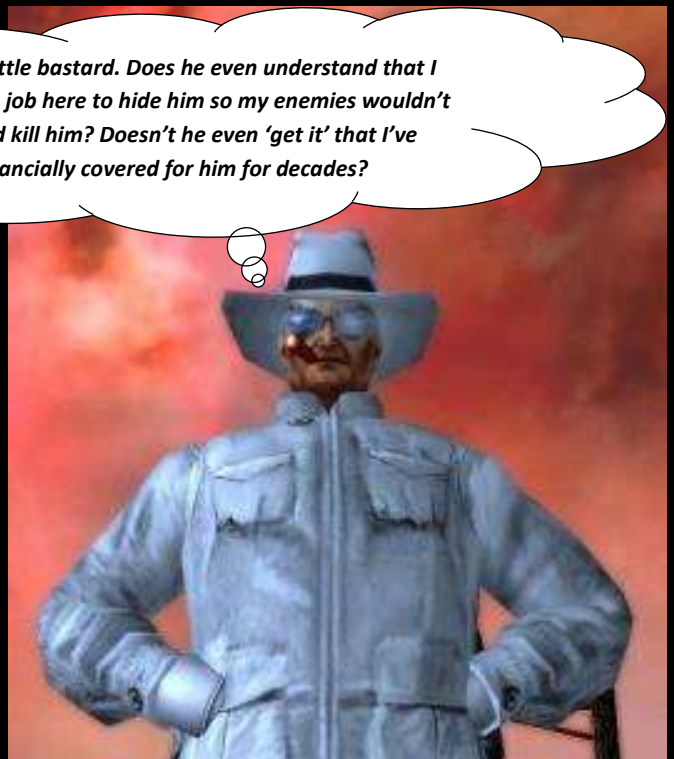




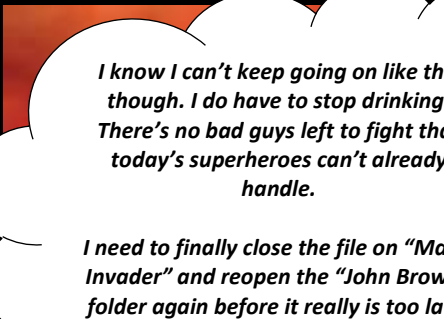
*"Go see Grandma".
Hrumph.*



I swear that grandson of mine is either very stupid...or damn smart.



Entitled little bastard. Does he even understand that I got him his job here to hide him so my enemies wouldn't find and kill him? Doesn't he even 'get it' that I've financially covered for him for decades?



I know I can't keep going on like this though. I do have to stop drinking. There's no bad guys left to fight that today's superheroes can't already handle.

I need to finally close the file on "Major Invader" and reopen the "John Brown" folder again before it really is too late.



Before I do that, I have to see her again. It's been too long and I know talking with her will get my head straight about all this.



I could drive down the mountain in that damn POS foreign rental car...OR...I could ski down this old slope and see if I still got it.



Heh. I'm still wearing my old CIA retractable transparent plexi-ski boots!



OK, Slope, just like I used to say to all my old enemies:

I'm invading your space.



"Every creature is better alive than dead, ..."

"...men and moose and pine trees..."



"...and he who understands it aright will rather preserve its life ..."

*"...than destroy it."
- Henry David Thoreau*



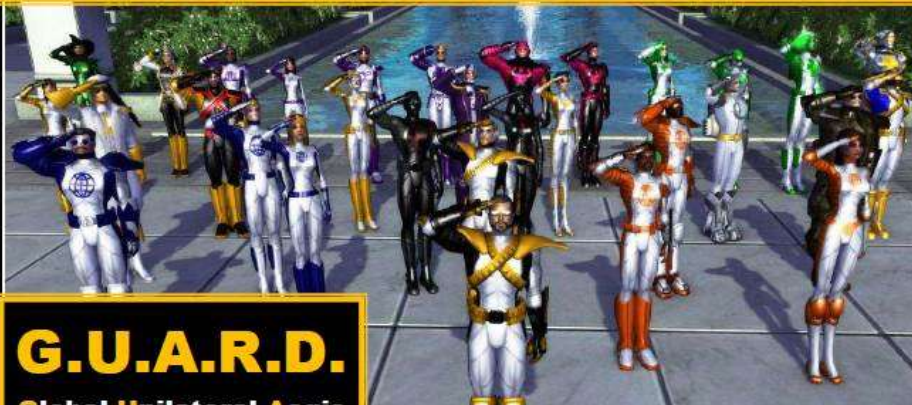
★ *End of Chapter 1* ★

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Chapter 2: The French Connection



The Demer Mansion, Paris, France. The owner, Madame Angelina Demers, just celebrated her 95th birthday. Once a hero in the French Resistance known as "Madame Libertad" during World War II, she eventually became a French spy during the Cold War. Today, she is wealthy, retired Grande Dame of French Society. Although she never married, in 1997, she adopted two babies – twins. Since then, she's raised the twins as her two heirs. An hour ago, Madame Demer recalled the twins from college regarding an immediate, dire family emergency...

<This is inconceivable!>*

<Of course we didn't approve that transaction!>

*Translated from French.
-Francophile DeeJ

<What do you mean all her assets at the bank have been legally transferred?? Where?? WHERE!!? There are protocols... Of course she didn't...>

<What do you mean she was there in person?? She has been here in residence ALL DAY!! She's never left the manor!! We have security videos proving... ...what...INADMISSABLE?!>

<And what of her...NO!! Her liquid assets too!! What do you mean the manor was sold off this morning?!? This is completely illegal!!>

<NO!! The twins did NOT sign over their inheritance to charities!! They're right here! I've already asked them!>

<Do you have any idea what you've done? Your bank just committed grand larceny!>

<What do you mean the police are on their way? We're to be DETAINED??>

<Hello?? He hung up!>



<This confirms what I told you an hour ago. There is a plot to destroy you and it has top ties in the government.>



<This is illegal!! This is outrageous!! We need to call your friend, that famous French Lawyer....>

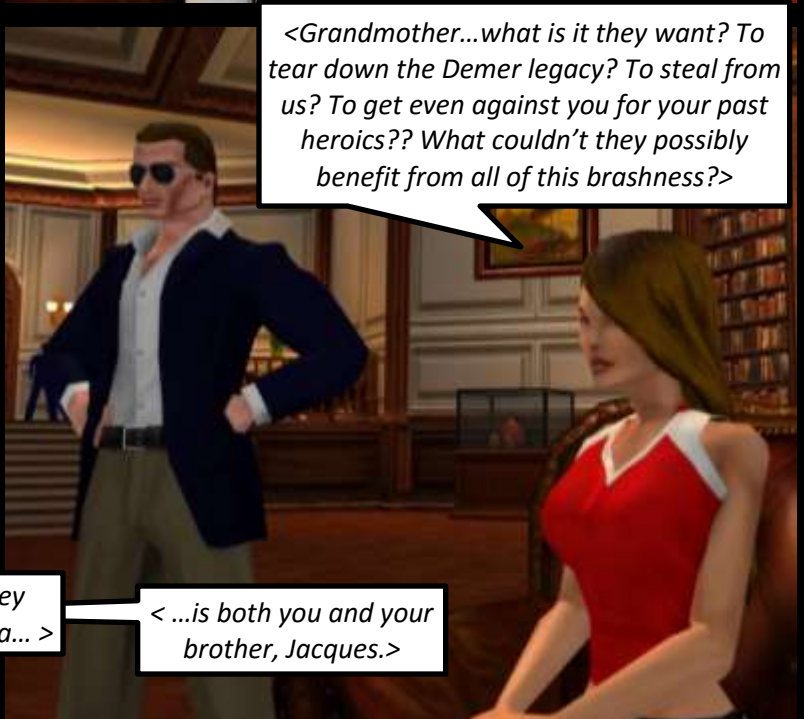


<No.>

<Madame, Jacques is correct. Getting the lawyers involved would expose this conspiracy against us to the media. Whatever shadow operation this is part of, any light shone on it would weaken or destroy it. I beg you reconsider this.>



<No.>



<Grandmother...what is it they want? To tear down the Demer legacy? To steal from us? To get even against you for your past heroics?? What couldn't they possibly benefit from all of this brashness?>



<What they want, Sophia... >

<...is both you and your brother, Jacques.>

<They want to take your powers...and when they are done with you, they will kill you both.>



<We will not let them!! Combined Sophia and I are a match for anyone! Anything! We would turn their brains into...>



<Who is "they"? Why haven't we heard about these people before? I know we've trained in secret with you with our powers since we were little, but who would even know of our powers, yet most of all, dare to threaten you, a master spy and hero of France, with your extensive, widespread power and influence?>



<"They" are irrelevant. "They" will not get to you because I've already initiated contingencies to prevent such machinations from happening.>



<And what are these contingencies? More armed guards around the house? The automated defenses on the property? Your secret tram under the house to the river?>

<That...and much more. These men here will take you two to the United States where you will be protected by a trusted...associate of old.>



<THE HELL WE WILL!! We are not leaving you alone here with these...these...**jackals** to pick off the bones of our family! We are both staying and we'll fight them to our last breath to protect this family!>



<Jacque is right! I'm sure there are other ways to win against this conspiracy, but if they intend to do us and you harm, then they will soon discover their ignorant mistake!>

<Madame, I've contacted our personnel. They are all standing by, ready to implement any actions or protocols at your command.>



<Thank you, Phillipe.>

<Madame, as your family advisor, I recommend we contact INTERPOL or the CIA and take the fight to whoever is behind all of this!>

< Agreed! In the meantime, we hold up here and fight anyone who dares trespass!>

<Meme, what does Phillipe mean by 'protocols'?>

<I'm afraid this situation is beyond our control or speed of response. Our goal is the twins' protection. As such, we have only one choice available:>



<Implement the **Scorched Earth Protocols**. Start Phase One of the protocols now, Phillipe.>

<Very well, Madame. Gentlemen, if you please.>

<Even though the money in the banks is gone, the safe houses have the contingency backup cash for the staff.>

<They'll be properly compensated for their efforts accordingly once this is all done.>

<Madame Demer...Angelica...what are you DOING?? This is way too extreme a measure! This will destroy...!>

<ARMAND. I am fully aware of what I've set in motion. My decision stands because there is no other logical choice. The twins, and you, Armand, must live to carry on my legacy and eventually uncover and destroy those responsible for this effrontery.>

<...and at my gaming table, they shall always lose.>

<The die is cast...>



<Meme... "Scorched Earth"...is it what I think it means? Burn all you own before the enemy takes it from you?



<It does, indeed, my princess. These men are going to escort you to the underground tram to the river. Once clear of Paris, they will give you all the information you need to survive from this day forward.



<If that is the case, then you are, of course, coming with us, Meme? Yes?>

<No, I'm afraid not, my prince. This...is my home. It is where I will make my stand. I shall buy you three enough time to escape...to fight another day, God willing. My day...my time...is done.>



<Madame Demer, all are in position for Phase 1 and 2. As per protocol, we are ready to extract the twins and Armand.>

<I'm not leaving you, Angelica. We've been together for too many years for me to abandon you now. You stay, I stay.>



<Meme, as the man of this household, your safety is my responsibility. If you don't go, then neither can I.>

<We fight as one, Meme. Together, we are stronger.>

<You have no idea how proud I am to hear those words from each of you. You would sacrifice yourselves in order to save another. I could not ask for better children, or a true friend such as you, Armand. But...>



<...I'm going to have to insist on this. There is too much at stake here. It is time the three of you learn the truth. Once revealed, I doubt you will look at me again with anything but disdain and contempt from that day forth.



<Meme, what are you talking about..?>





<...and most importantly, my beautiful twins, the true extent of your powers. Take care of my children, Armand.>



I hated using what's left of my mental powers, but they gave me no choice. They'll be out for hours. Phillipe, status?>



<The extraction team will carry them to the tram and have them out of France in less than 15 minutes. Pierre has the satchel with all of the family's formal paperwork and the note to give to Armand and the twins once they awaken in Boston. >



<Men, I expect you to care for my charges as if they were your own family. Good journey to you all.>

<Phillipe, My last orders to you are to ensure the manor is quickly and properly evacuated. Once all are clear, remotely implement Phase 2 and host the arrangements for the staff's severance packages.>



<But, Madame... what about you?>



<Phillipe, I have built my ship and steered her into an iceberg of my own design. As any good Captain would do, once my passengers and crew are safe, I am expected to go down with the ship.>

< I intend not to disappoint. My fate lies within the ship I captain.>

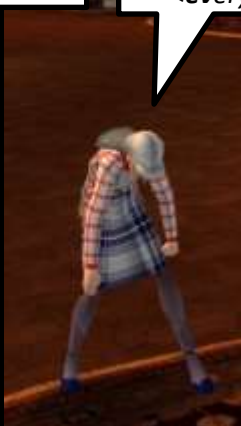


<Understood. Before I go, Madame, is there any way I can change your mind about Phase 2? Everything will be lost!>

<No, Phillipe. My orders stand:>



<BURN IT.>



<BURN>...uhn...
<every>....

...<every>... UGH...
...<thing>...uhh...





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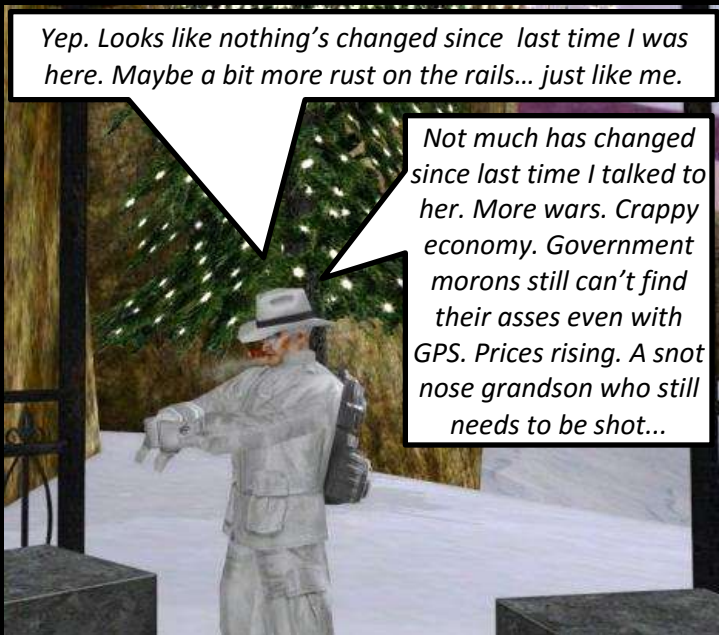
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A dozen meters below a ski ramp in the Appalachians, the legendary World War II hero and rusty skier, Major Invader, awakens from what should have been a fatal fall. Luckily, the soft snow cushioned his fall.





Yep. Looks like nothing's changed since last time I was here. Maybe a bit more rust on the rails... just like me.

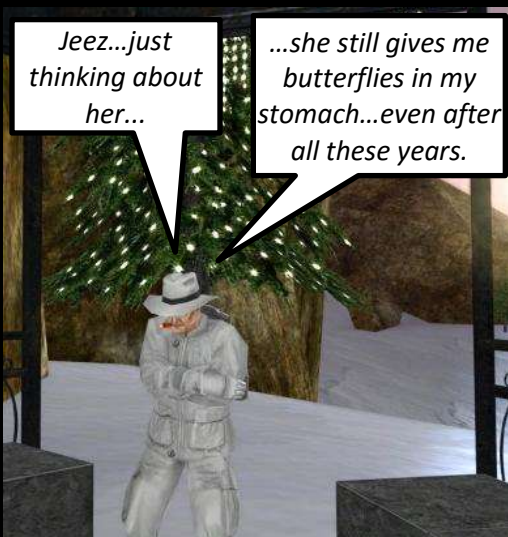
Not much has changed since last time I talked to her. More wars. Crappy economy. Government morons still can't find their asses even with GPS. Prices rising. A snot nose grandson who still needs to be shot...



Look at that. My stogie's out. Can't let a good cigar go to waste. Where's my lighter...ah, here we go.

puff
puff
puff

There. That's better.



Jeez...just thinking about her...

...she still gives me butterflies in my stomach...even after all these years.



Gotta open with how much I miss her. Yea, then tell her I should have been by more often to check in on her.

Then I gotta tell her that I'm on the wagon again, this time for good. Then there's that whole retirement thing...



Retirement. Even the word sounds terminal. **BANG!** Welcome to retirement. **BLAM!** Want some more retirement, Major? **BOOM! BOOSH!!**



I know what she'll say, though. She'll say "It's time". Then I'll say, 'time is relative'. Then she'd smile at me and say, 'then you already know the answer to your question, silly man'...

And she'd be right.

RING
RING
RING

Hrmph?

RING
RING
RING



Hello?? Yes... That's affirmative. Access code: Alpha Foxtrot Alpha One. Hold for the Secretary of Defense?? What? He forget which end of the gun to hold?

Hello, Mr. Secretary. Ya, I'm still alive. Don't get mushy on me. Now what's all so important to have to call...



Hold on, sir...bad reception here. Please repeat that, again.



Is this confirmed? Are you sure it's not some copy-cat... Yes, sir. I understand. Roger that. I have your official authorization to initiate Alpha Foxtrot protocols? Understood, sir.



Yea, I'm on my way in now.



He's back.

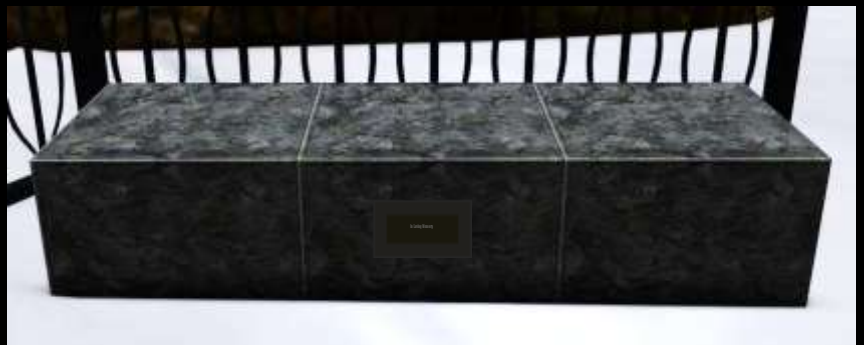


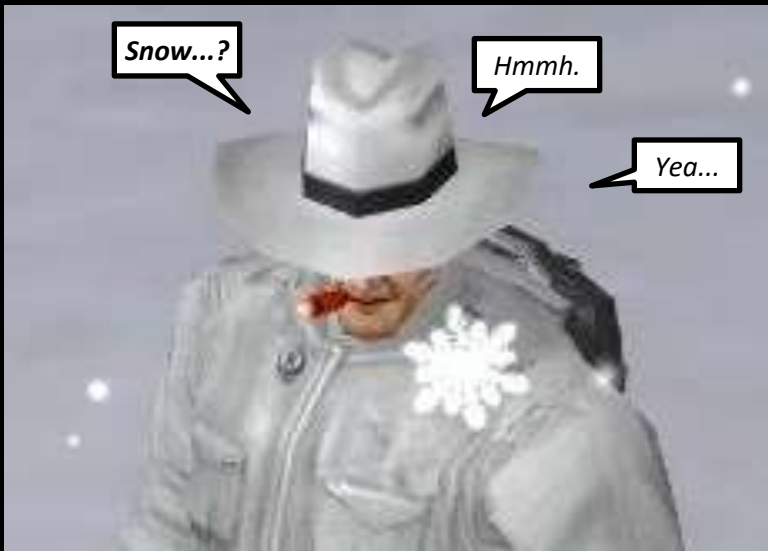


In Loving Memory
 Adam "Director 2" Brown
 1946-1995
 Vietnam War Veteran ♦ Loving Husband ♦ Loving Father
 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear
 can reach our loved one sleeping here



In Loving Memory
 Chlarisa "Miss Vindicator" Brown
 1927-1995
 WWII Veteran ♦ Loving Wife ♦ Loving Mother
 "To the world you may have just been a hero,
 but to all of us you were the world."





NEXT ISSUE:

It looks like "HE" is back, but who is this "HE" and what does it bode for Major Invader? Who or what is stalking the Demer twins? What lies in Boston for the twins and Armand?? Check out our next issue to see who the Alpha Foxtrot protocols bring to the team next!



FIGHTIN' WORDS



By Don "Deej" Finger, Creator of the Allied Fighters

Welcome to the first issue of the 2nd attempt at the Allied Fighters. Wait, what's that? What do you mean "2nd attempt"? I'm glad you asked! Four years ago, this same month, a fleeting, non-profit business known as Major DeeJ Universe Comics was created, and along with it, their comic-line's premiere series and issue, "The New Allied Fighters". The comic was my first attempt EVER at creating comics electronically. As such, I used screenshots from the online superhero MMORPG game, City of Heroes, created initially by Cryptic Studios, to display on comic panels. It was quite easy to create the screenshots with an active game like this. In fact, it was so easy, that I melded the City of Heroes characters and storylines into my own character storylines, merging their origins and using the game's maps, locations, NPCs and common villains as a platform to tell the tales of the New Allied Fighters. For NINE issues I was able to do so with my thousands of screenshots I'd created as storyboards.

And then it happened.

City of Heroes last owner, NC Soft, shutdown the game and its servers. I no longer had access to my art pallet that was City of Heroes. Being a lousy artist and having no funds to pay for one (nonetheless find the time and effort) on a non-profit comic such as the New Allied Fighters was, well, the series came to a screeching halt. Although I still had thousands of images to still tell tales of the characters in the New Allied Fighters, sadly, I had no way to edit them effectively. It was only a matter of time that I'd run out of screenshots and leave the readers with a further dwindling quality. Thus, after issue 9, the New Allied Fighters and Major DeeJ Universe Comics came to a close. Try as I might, other games were tested for see if they'd be viable for creating the costumes of my characters and the cityscapes needed to tell the stories, but none met the quality environment and character creator that City of Heroes had.

Jump forward to a year or so ago.

Titan Networks created ICON from the ashes of City of Heroes. Although the game was shutdown, the client content of the game was capable of being utilized to provide access to the character creator and the game's maps. As such, I was back in business, but not completely. ICON wouldn't allow for powers or power visualization to be used by the characters, thus severely limiting the special effects and unique traits of the characters (all except for a few handfuls of manually accessible codes that could be typed in to operate a fraction of emotes, poses and power simulations). As such, I was still uncomfortable with the quality. Over the last year, however, I spent time perfecting the trade; working camera angles, using whatever tools Titan Networks was able to unlock each time they updated ICON.

Today, MAJOR DEEJ COMICS is the new line created by the (currently) non-profit MAJOR DEEJ PUBLISHING, and with it, a month ago, the new comic-line's premiere issue, MAJOR DEEJ UNIVERSE: ORIGINS #1, was published. This month, ALLIED FIGHTERS #1 will become the 2nd series in the new Major DeeJ Comics line.

What is different in this series than the Major DeeJ Universe Comics' "New Allied Fighters" series from 4 years ago? Well, in THIS series, the City of Heroes aspect will only be seen as the cityscape and background for the screenshots I now create for the series. I use the ICON (and now PARAGON CHAT) program to recreate my Allied Fighters characters, support characters and villains just as I once did. I have taken out the merged origin stories between my characters and the City of Heroes characters and instead am now telling the character stories as if they were now and always had been in the Major DeeJ Universe. That, unto itself, created a huge amount of rewrites on character origins, visuals and the series storylines. Even the character, Valor, was rewritten from his previous character's name and story under that of "The Predominator". Why change the name? Simple! The original characters was (in the 1970s) called "Dominator", but when I created the character in the CoH game, that name was already being used, so I called him "Predominator" (only name close enough I was allowed to use). When I started rewriting this series, my youngest son sneered at the "Predominator" name and told me he needed a new name. Hours later, and after several copyright name searches online, we found the name Valor (relatively) open for business (yea, DC's Mon-El, but he's not using the Valor name anymore!). Anyway, I mixed some old images with many new screenshots and updated content and formats, and TA-DA! Our first new issue of the Allied Fighters, but this time, as told COMPLETELY in the Major DeeJ Universe.

Keep watching for more magic!

-Don "Major DeeJ"

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