



I am Carter Hall.
I am Hawkman.

I'm an archaeologist. A scholar and preservationist of history. More than that, I am history.

I've reincarnated across time, stretching back to the dawn of man.

I ruled as an ancient Egyptian prince. Battled as a medieval knight. Dueled as an Old West gunhand.

Yet lately, I'm plagued by the thought that the subject I know the least about is myself. That pieces of my history are missing.

There remains only one truth that I know to be certain--

--I am made to soar.

AWAKENING Part One What's Past Is Prologue

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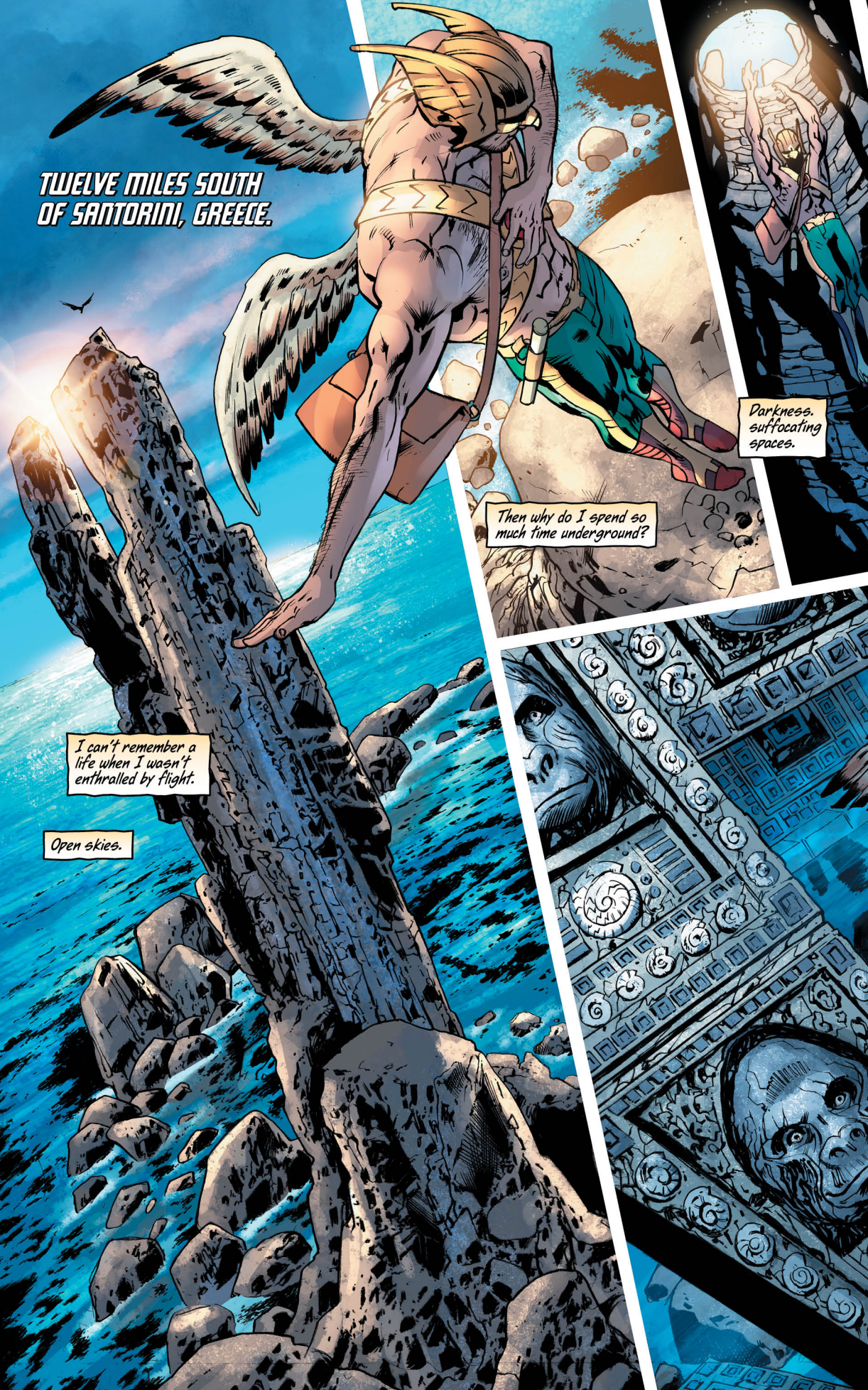
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**TWELVE MILES SOUTH
OF SANTORINI, GREECE.**

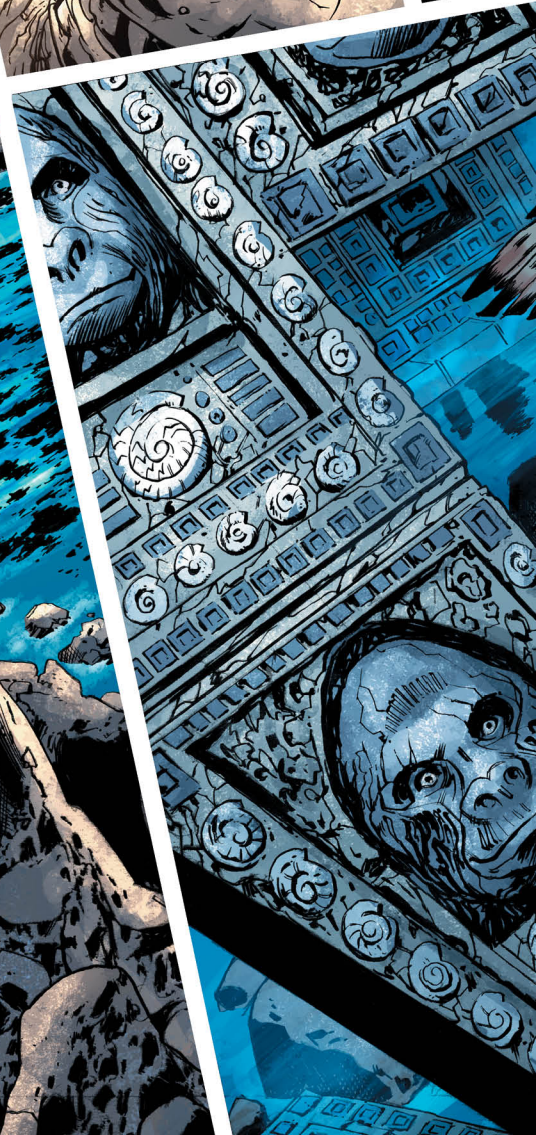


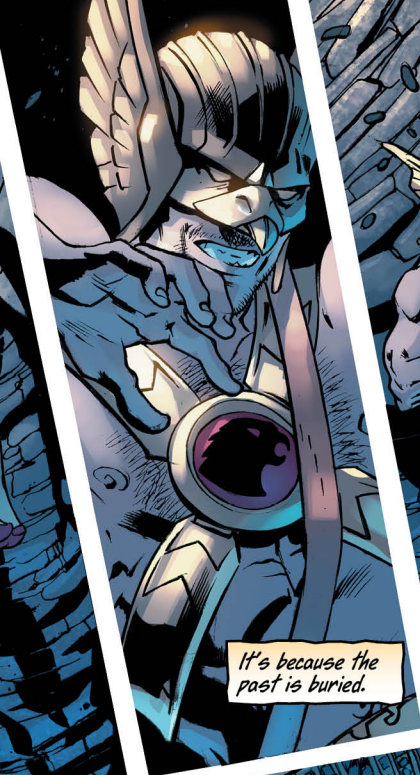
*I can't remember a
life when I wasn't
enthralled by flight.*

Open skies.

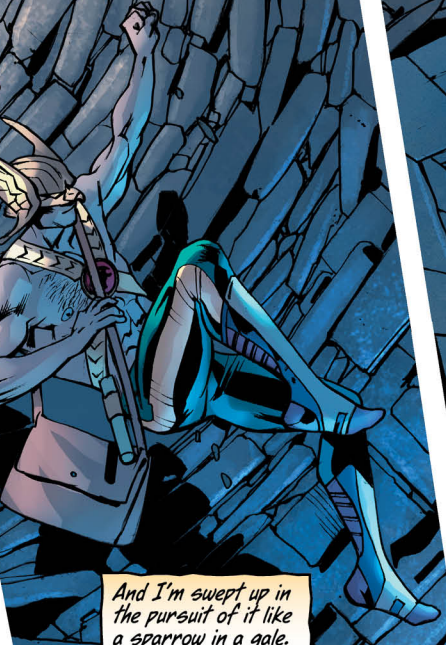
*Then why do I spend so
much time underground?*

*Darkness.
suffocating
spaces.*





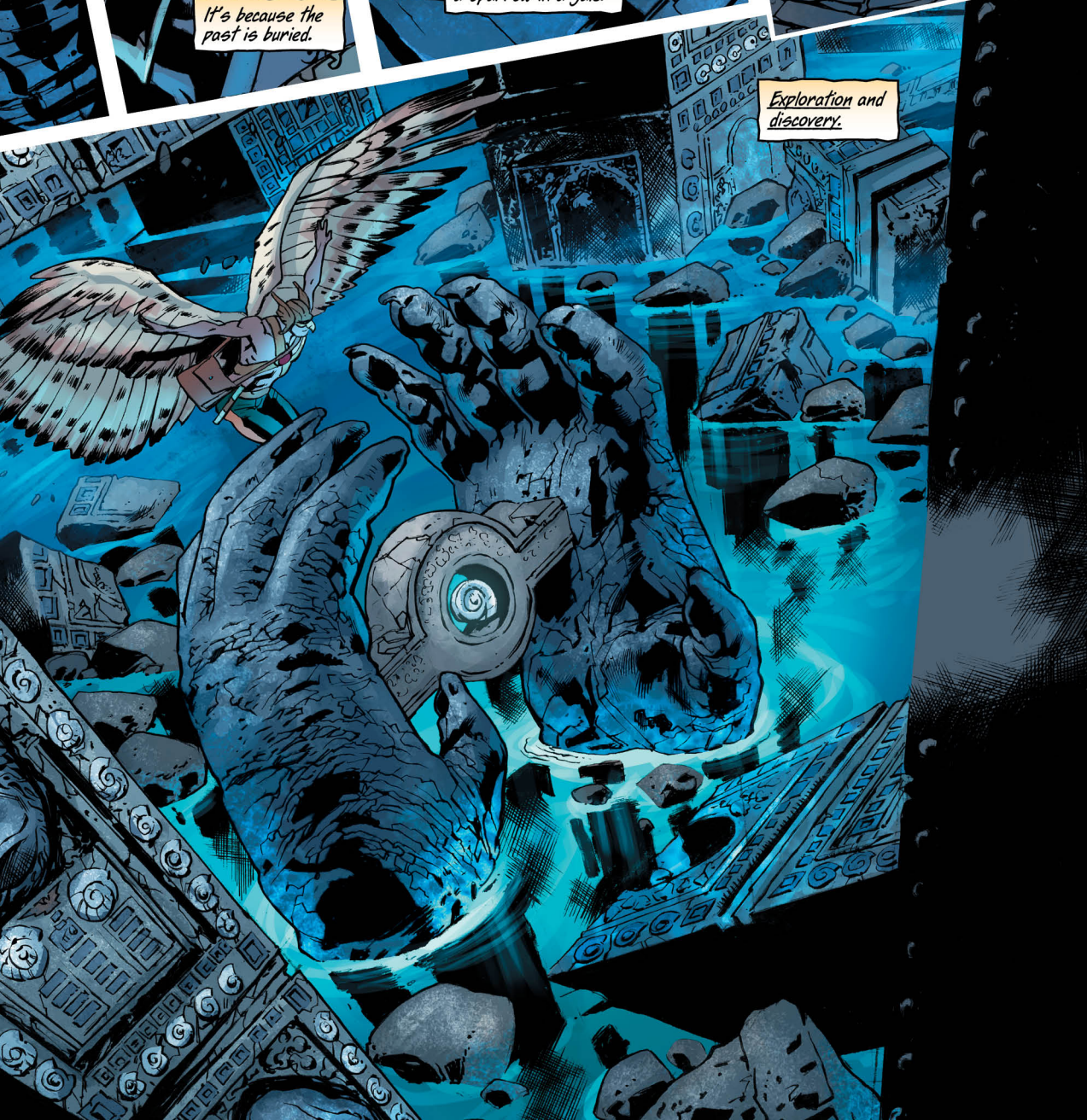
It's because the past is buried.



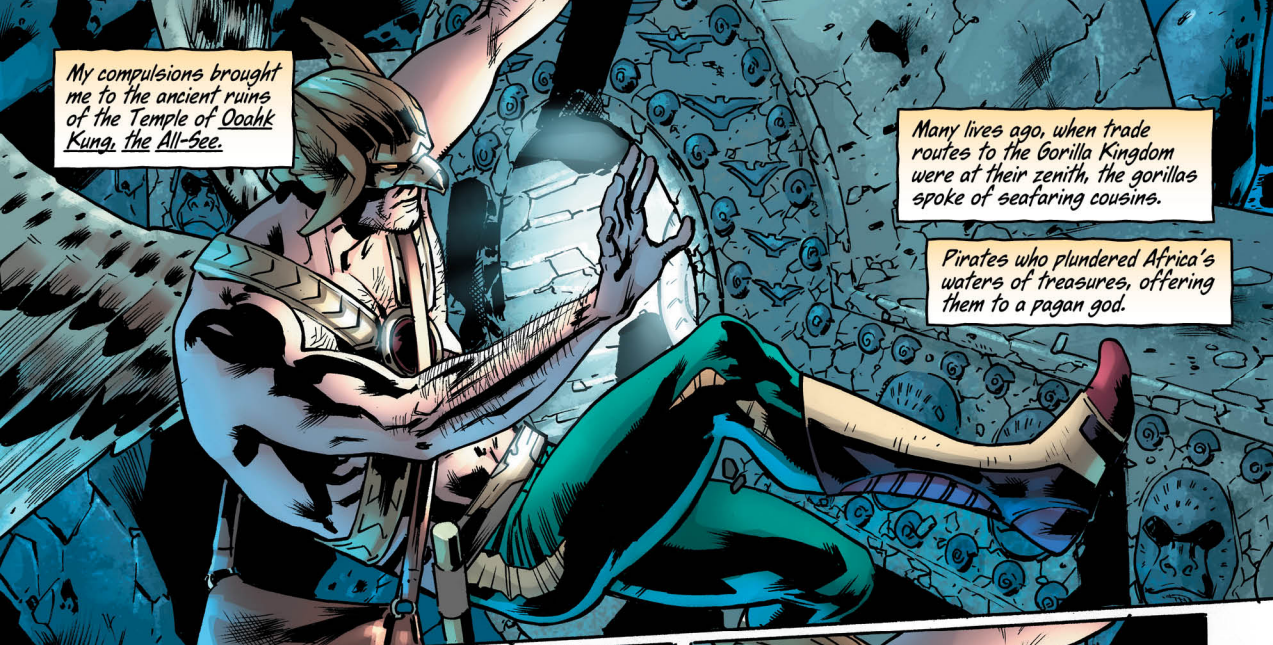
And I'm swept up in the pursuit of it like a sparrow in a gale.



Driven by the twin compulsions of my existence.



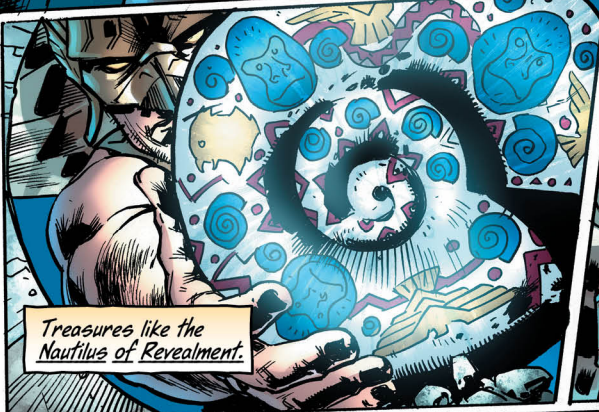
Exploration and discovery.



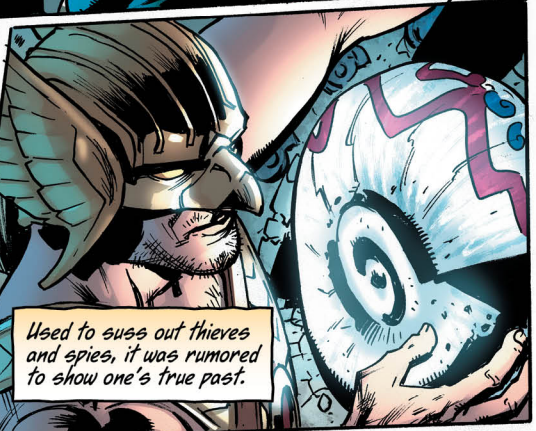
My compulsions brought me to the ancient ruins of the Temple of Ooahk Kung, the All-See.

Many lives ago, when trade routes to the Gorilla Kingdom were at their zenith, the gorillas spoke of seafaring cousins.

Pirates who plundered Africa's waters of treasures, offering them to a pagan god.



Treasures like the Nautilus of Revelation.

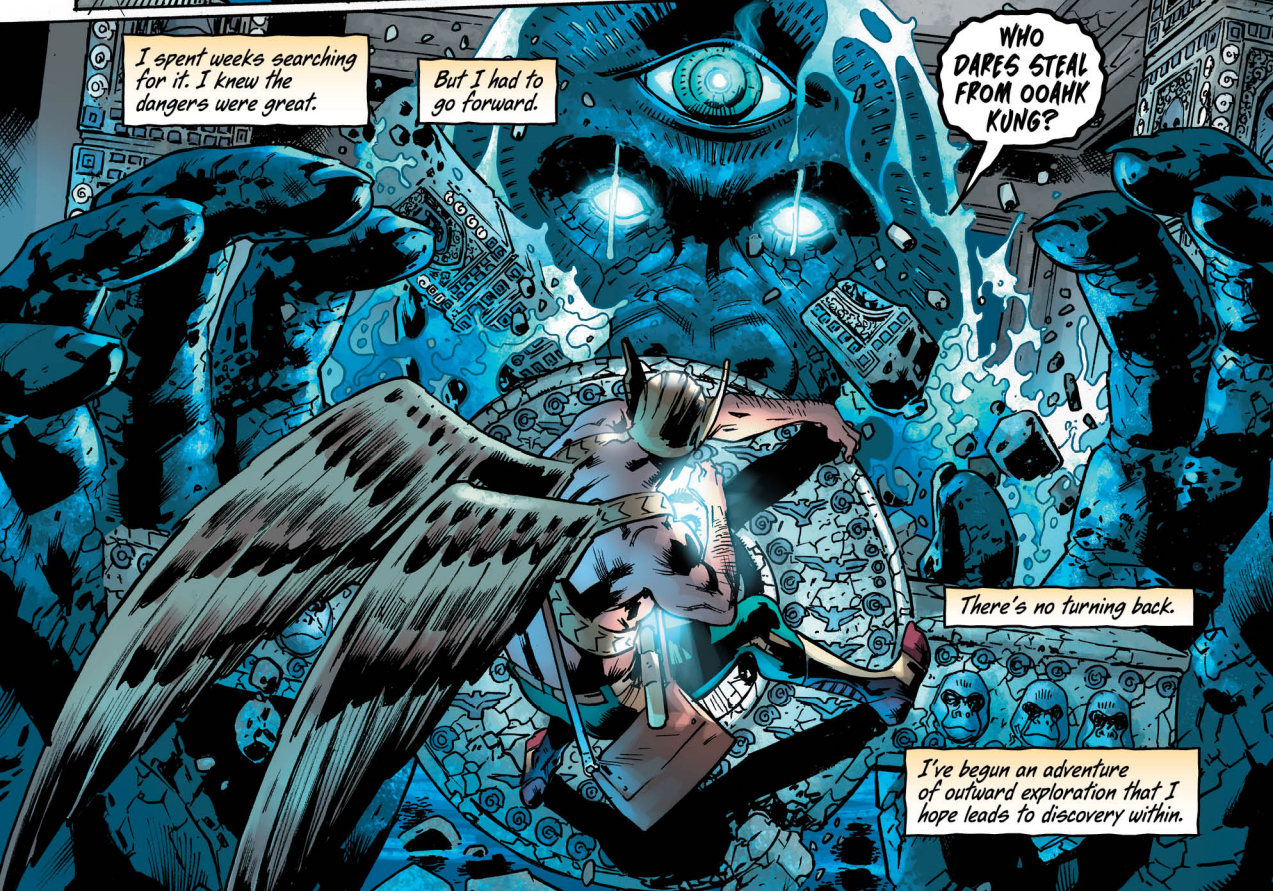


Used to suss out thieves and spies, it was rumored to show one's true past.

I spent weeks searching for it. I knew the dangers were great.

But I had to go forward.

WHO DARES STEAL FROM OOAHK KUNG?



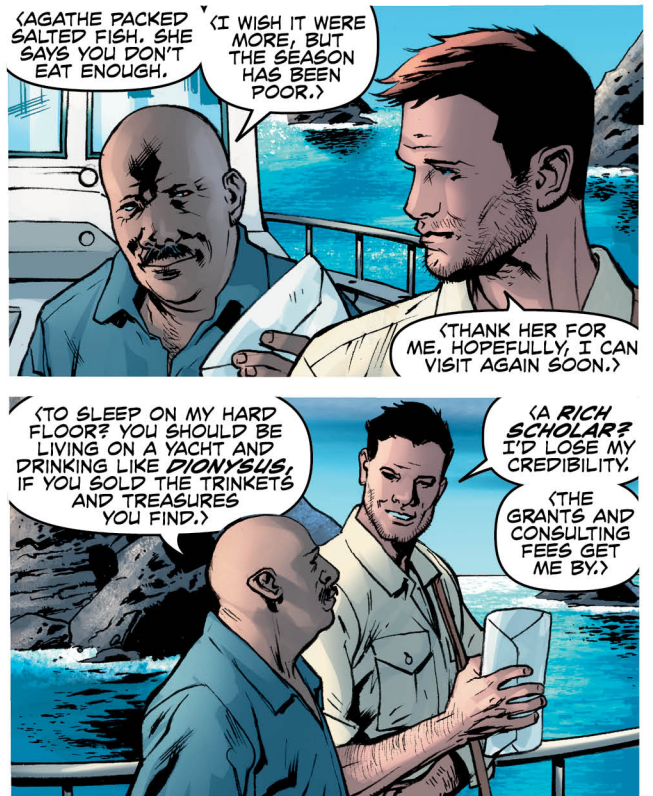
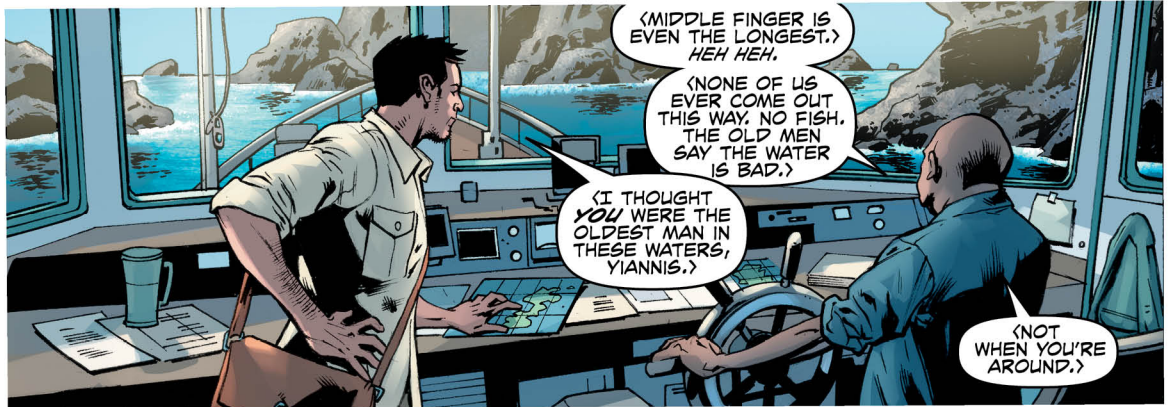
There's no turning back.

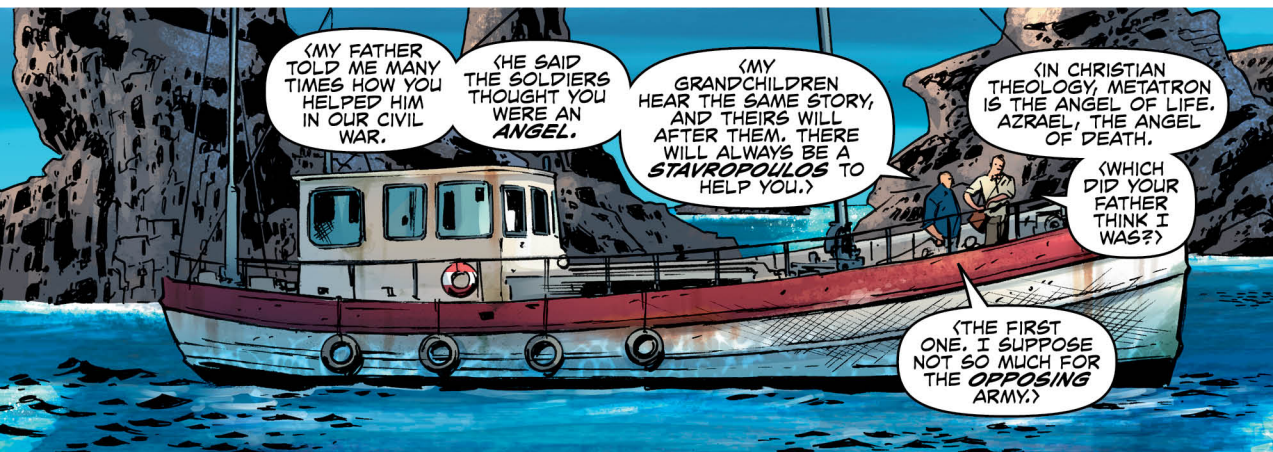
I've begun an adventure of outward exploration that I hope leads to discovery within.

BEFORE.

⟨THERE'S WHAT'S DESCRIBED IN YOUR OLD PARCHMENTS, CARTER. FISHERMEN AROUND HERE CALL IT "APE'S PAW."⟩*

*TRANSLATED FROM GREEK. --MARIE





<MY FATHER TOLD ME MANY TIMES HOW YOU HELPED HIM IN OUR CIVIL WAR.>

<HE SAID THE SOLDIERS THOUGHT YOU WERE AN ANGEL.>

<MY GRANDCHILDREN HEAR THE SAME STORY, AND THEIRS WILL AFTER THEM. THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A STAVROPOLLOS TO HELP YOU.>

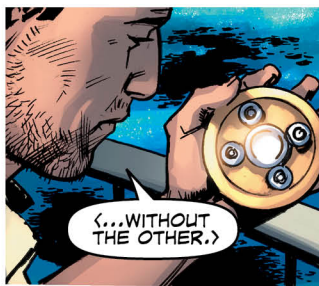
<IN CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY, METATRON IS THE ANGEL OF LIFE. AZRAEL, THE ANGEL OF DEATH.>

<WHICH DID YOUR FATHER THINK I WAS??>

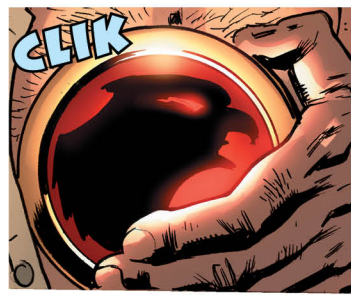
<THE FIRST ONE. I SUPPOSE NOT SO MUCH FOR THE OPPOSING ARMY.>



<IF THERE'S A LESSON ALL THE LIVING AND DYING HAS TAUGHT ME, IT'S THAT THERE CAN NEVER BE ONE...>



<...WITHOUT THE OTHER.>



CLIK



ÁNGELOS.

<LOVE TO AGATHE AND THE FAMILY, YIANNIS.>

