

I DIDN'T JOIN THE INTERSTELLAR PROGRAM SO THERE'D BE A STATUE OF ME IN A PARK ONE DAY.

I JOINED BECAUSE I WANTED TO MAKE A BETTER **TOMORROW**.

TURNS OUT THERE ARE MORE **OLD-FASHIONED** WAYS OF FIGHTING FOR MANKIND'S FUTURE.

TEN SECS AGO, ARTIFICIALS CALLING THEMSELVES **THE STARK** GARKED OUR JUMPSHIP.

NOT CONTENT WITH ORCHESTRATING THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR **PEACE SUMMIT** EFFORTS AT THE **HIDEAWAY PARLIAMENT**, THE STARK SIMPLY WANT US DEAD.

I REACH OUT WITH MY PSIONICS...

TEN CENTURIES OF SILENCE. NO **WONDER** MY MIND LEARNED TO TALK TO ITSELF.

THERE'S MARTINEX. OKAY, ONE STILL ALIVE, BIG-GRAT FOR THAT, DEI.

THERE'S STARHAWK. SHE'S INTACT, TOO.
I THINK CHARLIE, YONDU AND GEENA SLAMMED OUT IN A LIFE-POD JUST BEFORE THE HULL FAILED.



WE'LL LOCATE THEM LATER. THE STARK ARE SWARMING INTO THE WRECK, HUNTING FOR SURVIVORS.

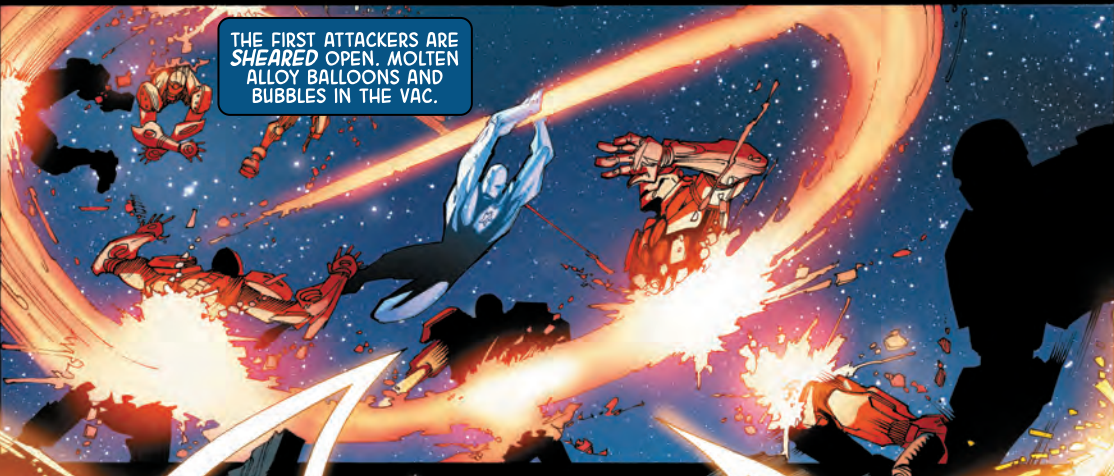
I SEE THEM COMING. THE NAME THEY USE, THE LOOK OF THEM, IT CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE, EVEN AFTER THIS LONG.

MART?

HAWK?

ZEE-GEE COMBAT, TACTIC SIX-ONE-ONE.

BIO-ENGINEERED PLUTONIAN ORGANICS SUPERHEAT A DRIFTING MAINSPAR.



THE FIRST ATTACKERS ARE SHEARED OPEN. MOLTEN ALLOY BALLOONS AND BUBBLES IN THE VAC.



COSMOLOGICAL MYSTERIES THAT SCARE ME EVEN WHEN STARHAWK EXPLAINS THEM IN WHISPERS UNMAKE THE NEXT WAVE.

WRECKAGE FIELD.
VICINITY OF DENEK. 3014 A.D.

PSIONICALLY-PROPELLED
BLUNT FORCE DEALS
WITH THE THIRD.

ALL OF IT HAPPENS
IN THE CRUSHING
SILENCE.

I FEEL THE
QUESTION IN
HAWK'S MIND.





YES.
TACTIC SIX-
ONE-ONE.

SIX-ONE-ONE. "IN THE EVENT
OF VEHICULAR DESTRUCTION,
REGROUP AND STORM THE
ATTACKING VESSEL."