



GALATEA POWERS



02
2025

LEONA'S STORY



PLUS:
Part 6 of
Task Force Twilight

T+ FOR TEENS PLUS

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She was created, not born, on another world.

The genetic product of that world's greatest hero and greatest villain, she represented the next generation of heroes and protectors.

Then a would-be god destroyed her whole universe.

She was saved and ended up in the City of Heroes, where she has spent her new life continuing the cause of defending the world from those that would destroy it.

She is...

GALATEA POWERS

"WHO IS DAWNENDER?"

- A CITY OF HEROES STORY BY DAVID 2

For years she was a dark secret.

She was a part of Galatea Powers that was kept hidden from the world, from her friends, and even from herself.

Now Leona Powers is not only alive, but living her own life and determined to destroy her "twin" Galatea and everything and everyone that Galatea cherishes.

But who is she really? Who is the woman who now calls herself "Dawnender"?

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"DO I REALLY HAVE TO SAY IT?"

"IT'S PRETTY MUCH STANDARD
TO ESTABLISH WHO YOU ARE."

"IT SOUNDS TOO MUCH LIKE ONE
OF THOSE THIRD-RATE TV SHOWS
ABOUT SUPERHEROES."

"MAYBE, BUT IT HELPS ME UNDERSTAND
HOW YOU SEE YOURSELF."

"YOU SHOULD ALREADY HAVE MY STORY
IN YOUR FILE."

"I HAVE A WRITTEN HISTORY, AND
QUITE FRANKLY IT'S FULL OF HOLES.
I NEED YOU TO TELL ME YOUR STORY
TO FILL THOSE HOLES IN."

"YOU CAN START ANY TIME."

"FINE..."

ATOP THE CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS OF ALLIANT LLC

PARAGON CITY, RI, USA - PEREZ PARK (HAZARD ZONE)

"MY NAME IS LEONA POWERS."

"I WAS CREATED, NOT BORN, ON ANOTHER EARTH. ONE WHERE PEOPLE GOT POWERS THROUGH EXTRADIMENSIONAL DEBRIS."

"MY FATHER, THE MAN WHO CREATED ME, WAS THE SMARTEST MAN IN HUMAN HISTORY."

"HE WAS THE ONE THAT TAUGHT EINSTEIN HOW TO HARNESS THE POWER OF THE ATOM. HE WAS THE ONE THAT CURED POLIO SO ROOSEVELT COULD LIVE THROUGH HIS FOURTH TERM."

"IT SOUNDS LIKE HE WAS A GREAT MAN."

"THE WORLD HATED HIM."

"THEY BRANDED HIM A VILLAIN WHEN IT WAS REVEALED THAT HIS INTELLIGENCE WAS NOT NORMAL."

"HE SPENT DECADES IN HIDING, BEING CHASED BY HIS OWN BROTHER AND BY THE OTHER HEROES OF OUR WORLD."

(* SEE "GUARDIANS OF THE DAWN SPOTLIGHT" #19 FOR DETAILS.)

"MY FATHER CREATED ME USING GENETIC MATERIAL FROM HIMSELF AND OTHERS LIKE US"

"MY FIRST MEMORIES WERE OF SEEING MY 'COUSIN' AS HE OPENED THE GESTATION CHAMBER I WAS CREATED IN."

"HE CALLED IT A 'SURVIVAL POD'. HA!"

"I WAS FOUR YEARS OLD AT THE TIME, AND I COULD ALREADY WALK, COMMUNICATE CLEARLY, READ, AND EVEN WRITE. ALL PER MY FATHER'S DESIGN."

 Dawnender
(LEONA POWERS)

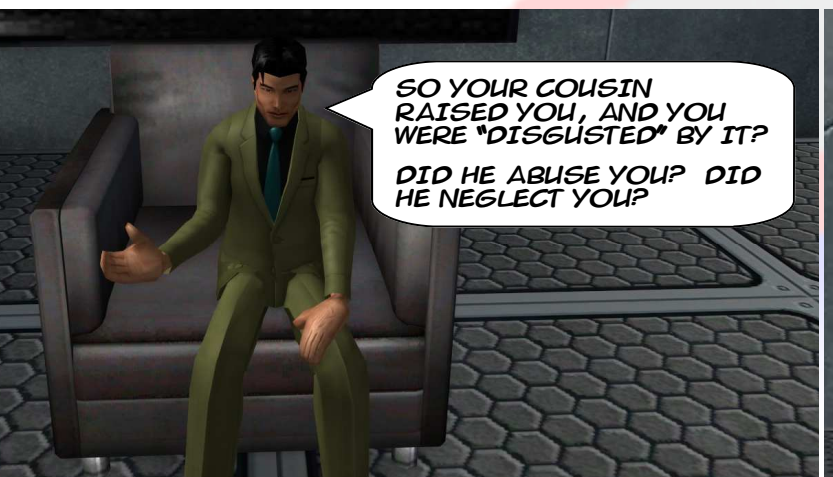
"I SPENT MY FIRST SEVEN YEARS WITH MY 'COUSIN', MUCH TO MY DISGUST."



WHY DID YOUR
COUSIN RAISE
YOU?
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOUR FATHER?



HE WAS PUT
IN PRISON
FOR KILLING
HIS BROTHER.
AND... FOR A
FEW OTHER
CRIMES.



SO YOUR COUSIN
RAISED YOU, AND YOU
WERE "DISGUSTED" BY IT?
DID HE ABUSE YOU? DID
HE NEGLECT YOU?



QUITE THE OPPOSITE.
HE LOVED ME. HE
TREATED ME AS IF I
WAS HIS DAUGHTER,
EVEN THOUGH I
CLEARLY WASN'T.



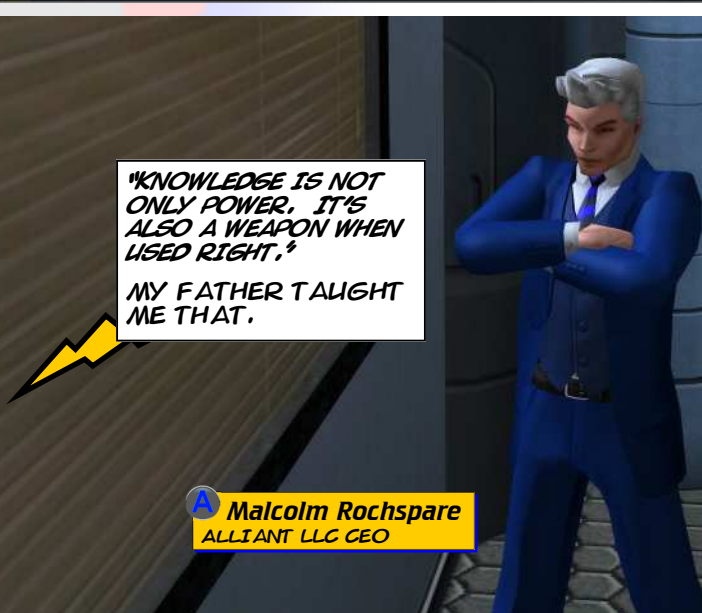
BUT HE AND MY "DONOR
MOTHER" WERE INTELLECTUAL
INFERIORS, TRYING TO
RAISE A CHILD THAT WAS
ALREADY SMARTER THAN
THEY COULD EVER BE.
AND THEY CALLED HIM "THE
ICON"... FEH!



AND WHO IS THIS
"ICON" YOU ARE
TALKING ABOUT?
WHAT IS HIS NAME?



THAT LITTLE
KNOWLEDGE IS
SOMETHING
THAT I NEED TO
KEEP TO MYSELF
FOR NOW.



"KNOWLEDGE IS NOT
ONLY POWER. IT'S
ALSO A WEAPON WHEN
USED RIGHT."
MY FATHER TAUGHT
ME THAT.

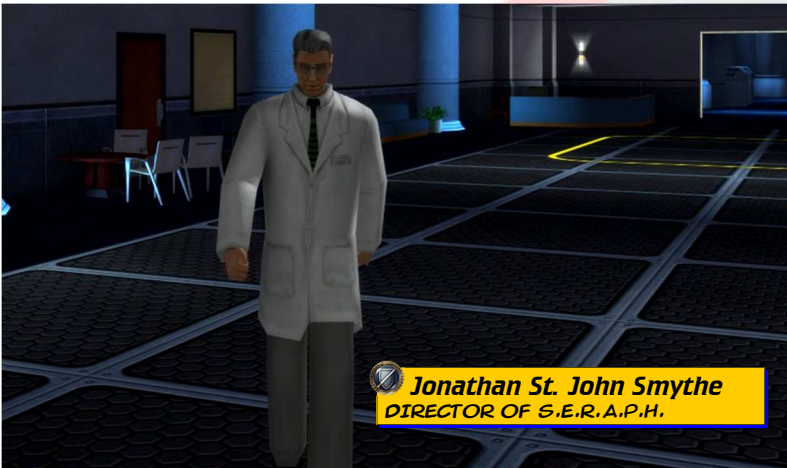
Malcolm Rochspare
ALLIANT LLC CEO

S.E.R.A.P.H.
Scientific Experimentation
Research and Application
to Paranormal Humans

"AT ANY GIVEN TIME, THE S.E.R.A.P.H. OFFICE CAN HANDLE BETWEEN FIFTEEN AND TWENTY ACTIVE PROJECTS RANGING FROM QUALITY OF LIFE ACCESSORIES TO OUTER SPACE EXPLORATION OF THE PRIMAL ORIGINS OF ALL SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES"

"WHILE THE ADMINISTRATIVE DUTIES OF THE GOVERNMENT'S SCIENTIFIC AGENCY ARE HANDLED AT CITY HALL, THE MAJORITY OF ITS PROJECTS ARE IMPLEMENTED IN STEEL CANYON."

- FROM THE "WELCOME TO PARAGON CITY" HANDBOOK FOR NEW HEROES.



Jonathan St. John Smythe
DIRECTOR OF S.E.R.A.P.H.

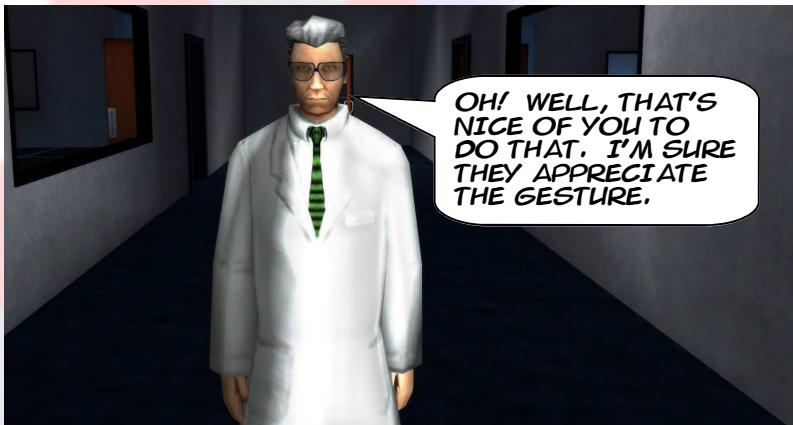


MISS KARL?
ARE YOU HERE?

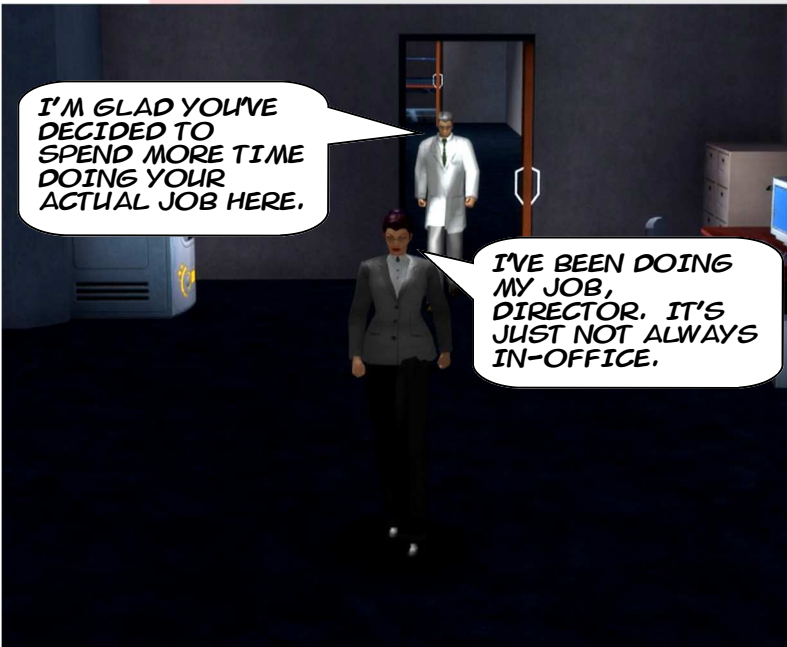


DIRECTOR!
SORRY, I WAS JUST CHECKING THE BREAK ROOM. I BROUGHT THE STAFF DONUTS AND COFFEE.

Faith Karl
AKA GALATEA POWERS

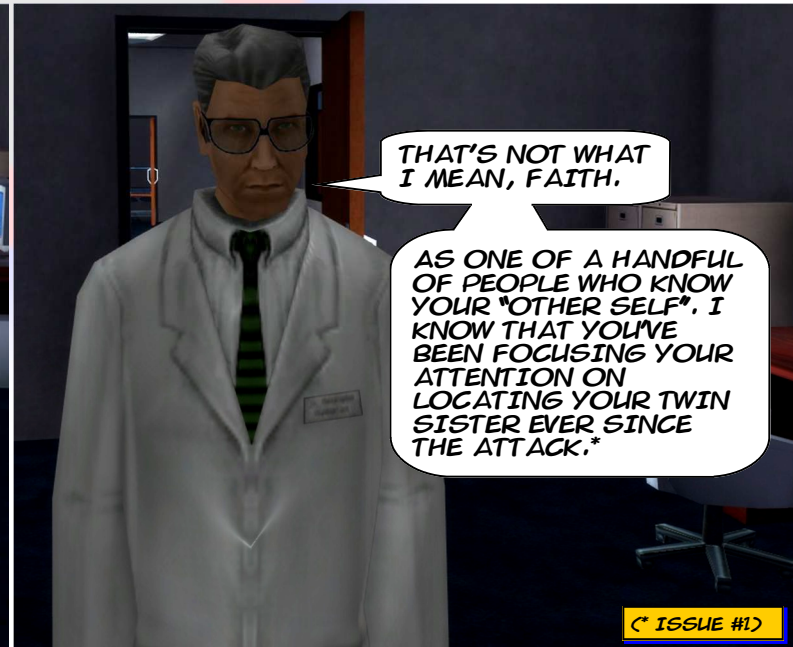


OH! WELL, THAT'S NICE OF YOU TO DO THAT. I'M SURE THEY APPRECIATE THE GESTURE.




I'M GLAD YOU'VE DECIDED TO SPEND MORE TIME DOING YOUR ACTUAL JOB HERE.

I'VE BEEN DOING MY JOB, DIRECTOR. IT'S JUST NOT ALWAYS IN-OFFICE.




THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN, FAITH.

AS ONE OF A HANDFUL OF PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOUR "OTHER SELF", I KNOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN FOCUSING YOUR ATTENTION ON LOCATING YOUR TWIN SISTER EVER SINCE THE ATTACK.*




I WON'T DENY THAT GALATEA HAS BEEN ACTIVE OF LATE, BUT I ASSURE YOU THAT I HAVE SPENT PLENTY OF TIME WORKING ON PROJECT PROMETHEUS TO FINISH GETTING THE STATION RUNNING.

AZURIA ISN'T THE ONLY ONE AT CITY HALL WHO PRETENDS TO BE ABSENT-MINDED.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING SINCE THE ATTACK.

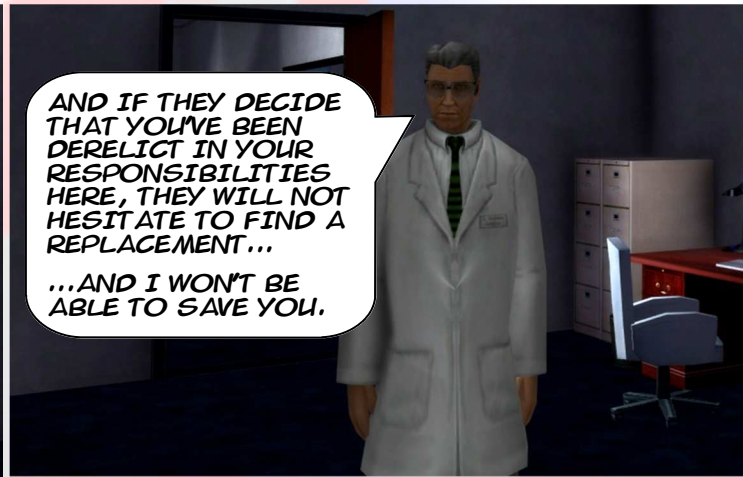


I'VE HAD MY CONCERNS ABOUT YOU SERVING IN A DUAL CAPACITY AS TERRESTRIAL MANAGER HERE AND AS TECHNICAL ADVISOR AS YOUR "OTHER SELF".


WELL I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT WILL BE STOPPING.
I'VE LINED UP A NEW TECHNICAL ADVISOR FOR THE STATION.



THAT'S GOOD TO HEAR.
BECAUSE THE GOVERNING BOARD HAS ALSO NOTICED YOUR ABSENCES, EVEN IF THEY DO NOT KNOW THE REASON WHY.



AND IF THEY DECIDE THAT YOU'VE BEEN DERELICT IN YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES HERE, THEY WILL NOT HESITATE TO FIND A REPLACEMENT...
...AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO SAVE YOU.



RIGHT NOW, THIS PROJECT NEEDS FAITH KARL MORE THAN IT NEEDS GALATEA POWERS.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

DULY NOTED, DIRECTOR SMYTHE.
YOU'LL BE SEEING A LOT MORE OF ME HERE IN THE FUTURE.



I SPENT MUCH OF MY CHILDHOOD HIDDEN.



UNIVERSE XHT-57, YEAR: 1993

"WE HAD A COMPOUND ON TOP OF MOUNT WASHINGTON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE."

"WE HAD TO LIVE UP THERE BECAUSE THE FAMILY'S HERO IDENTITIES WERE MADE PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE AFTER THE MCCARTHY HEARINGS."



I HAD MY OWN BEDROOM. A CANOPY BED, TOYS, DOLLS, MUSIC, TV, EVERYTHING A GIRL COULD WANT. I DIDN'T CARE FOR THEM. I GOT RID OF THE TOYS AND DOLLS WHEN I GOT OLDER.



"I DEVELOPED MY OWN POWERS AT AGE EIGHT."

"The Icon" (KENT POWERS)



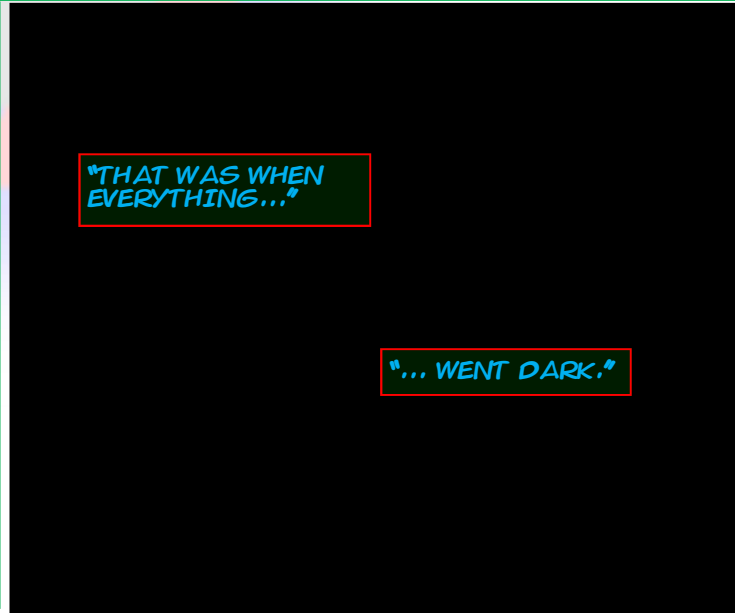
"I HAD MY OWN COSTUME."

"I WAS HELPING WITH MISSIONS."



"THEN I TURNED THIRTEEN."

"I WAS ON A MISSION WITH 'THE ICON', AND THAT WAS WHEN IT HAPPENED."



"THAT WAS WHEN EVERYTHING..."

"... WENT DARK."

PROMETHEUS STATION, EARTH ORBIT



INCOMING COMMUNICATION.

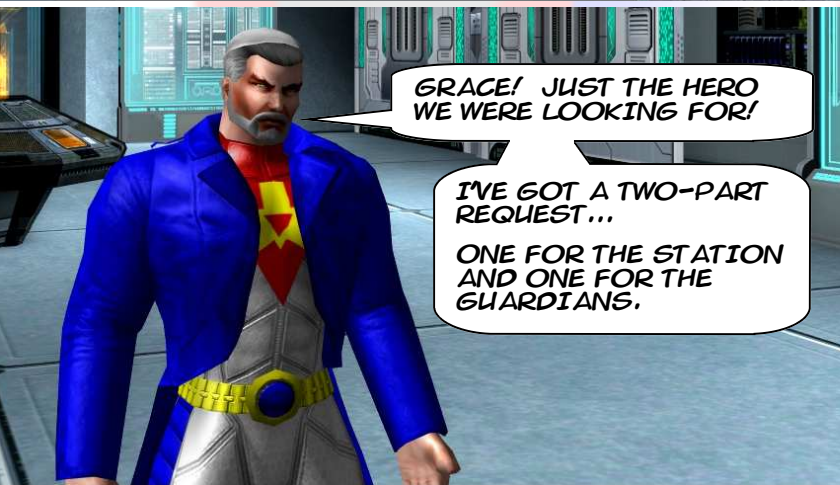


THANK YOU ATHENA.
THIS IS PROMETHEUS
STATION.

Icon Powers
(KENT PODERES)



KENT.
I'M TOLD YOU'VE
BEEN LOOKING
FOR ME.



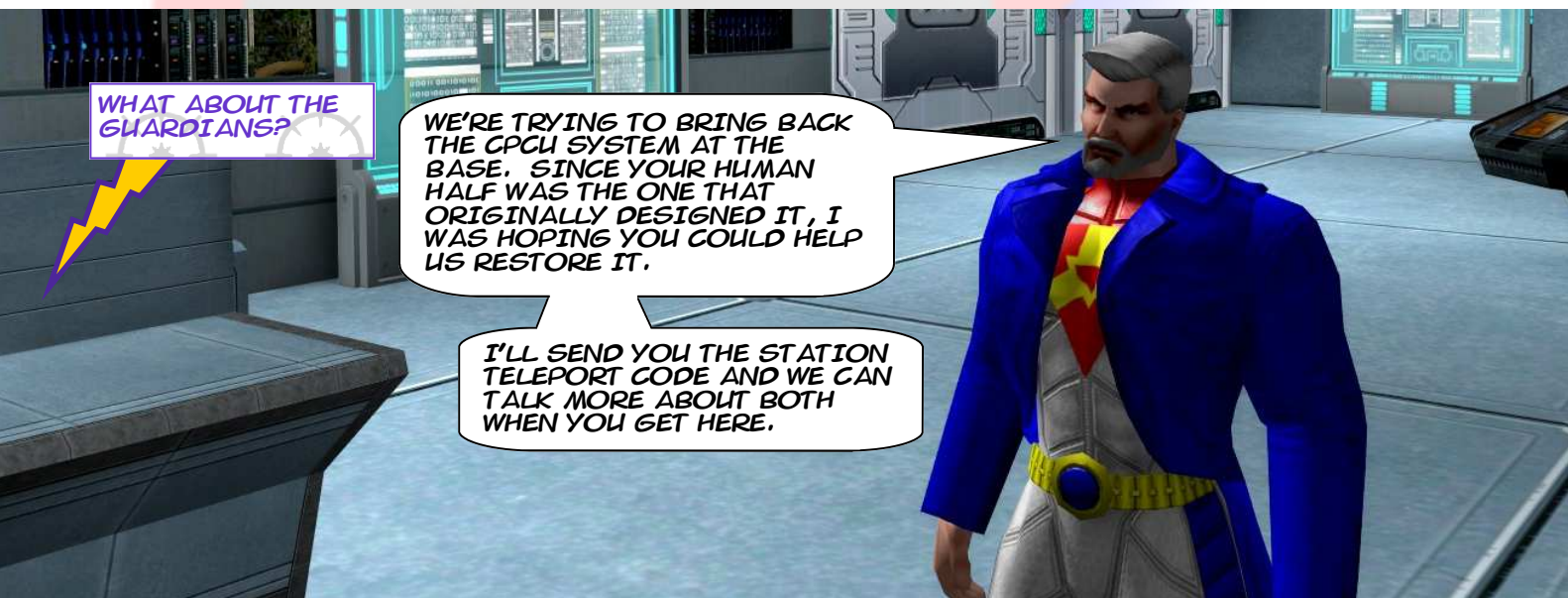
GRACE! JUST THE HERO
WE WERE LOOKING FOR!

I'VE GOT A TWO-PART
REQUEST...
ONE FOR THE STATION
AND ONE FOR THE
GUARDIANS.



I WAS WONDERING
WHEN YOU AND
'TAYA WOULD BE
REACHING OUT TO
ME ABOUT
PROMETHEUS.
COSMIC POWER
AND ALL...

Grace Fellows
AKA DAYBRIGHT



WHAT ABOUT THE
GUARDIANS?

WE'RE TRYING TO BRING BACK
THE CPCI SYSTEM AT THE
BASE. SINCE YOUR HUMAN
HALF WAS THE ONE THAT
ORIGINALLY DESIGNED IT, I
WAS HOPING YOU COULD HELP
US RESTORE IT.

I'LL SEND YOU THE STATION
TELEPORT CODE AND WE CAN
TALK MORE ABOUT BOTH
WHEN YOU GET HERE.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY EVERYTHING 'WENT DARK'?"

"I MEAN I WOULD HEAR MY FATHER'S VOICE IN MY HEAD, AND THEN...NOTHING."

"I WOULD GET FLASHES, IMAGES OF ME DOING THINGS, I'D BE AWARE OF DOING SOMETHING, AND THEN NOTHING."



"AT ONE POINT I REMEMBER 'THE ICON' TALKING WITH AN ALIEN NAMED PHOTONIS ABOUT ME."

"I REMEMBER BEING IN A STASIS CHAMBER, UNABLE TO MOVE."

"THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT MY FATHER'S GENETICS AND ABOUT OVERRIDING MY FATHER'S WORKS."



"I SAW HIM DO SOMETHING TO A DEVICE.."

"AND THEN EVERYTHING WENT DARK AGAIN."

"FROM THAT POINT ON I'D GET SNIPPETS."

"FRAGMENTS OF ME DOING THING."

"OF ME BEING A DIFFERENT PERSON."

"WEARING A DIFFERENT OUTFIT."



"DECADES OF EXISTENCE LIVING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S BODY."

"MY UNIVERSE DIED AND I FOUND MYSELF HERE."

"IT WAS ONLY WHEN I WORE A CERTAIN OUTFIT THAT I BEGAN TO FEEL MYSELF COMING BACK."

"THAT WAS WHEN I STARTED TO PLAN MY LIBERATION."





THANK YOU ATHENA.
KENT, ARE YOU THERE?



LOUD AND CLEAR,
FAITH.
I HAVE SOME
GOOD NEWS.
THE FIRST IS THAT
YOU HAVE YOUR
NEW TECHNICAL
ADVISOR.



...
WELL... I'M SURE
GALATEA WOULD
APPRECIATE THAT.
WHAT'S THE OTHER
GOOD NEWS?



"THE TORCH" HAS
BEEN SET UP AND
IS READY FOR
TRIAL RUNS.



THAT'S... THAT'S
GOOD TOO.
I WAS HOPING FOR
SOMETHING ELSE.



WE'RE STILL
LOOKING FOR HER,
FAITH.
IT JUST TAKES
TIME, BUT WE WILL
FIND LEONA.



IN THE MEANTIME, "THE TORCH"
IS READY FOR GALATEA POWERS
TO TRY OUT.

UNDERSTOOD, KENT.
I'LL BE SURE TO LET
GALATEA KNOW.
SHE'LL PROBABLY BE
THERE LATER TODAY.
S.E.R.A.P.H. S-C OUT.



SO WHEN YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT YOUR "LIBERATION", WAS THAT METAPHORICAL?



I MEANT LITERAL LIBERATION. FREEING MYSELF OF THAT LIE THAT I WAS SMOTHERED INSIDE.



"THE ICON" HAD NO IDEA WHAT HE AND THE LIE HAD DONE WHEN THEY CREATED THAT "STEALTH SUIT." A SUIT THAT WOULD TAP INTO HER GENETICS AND BRING ME BACK UP TO THE SURFACE.

WITH MY HYPER-INTELLIGENCE, IT WAS CHILD'S PLAY FOR ME TO PIECE TOGETHER WHAT THEY HAD DONE TO ME, SMOTHERING ME IN OTHER GENETIC MATERIAL, CREATING A SOFTER, BLONDER, BUSTIER PARODY. A JOKE PATTERNED AFTER MY AUNT; A NORMAL WOMAN WHO SPENT HER WHOLE LIFE RAISING CHILDREN LIKE A BROOD MARE.

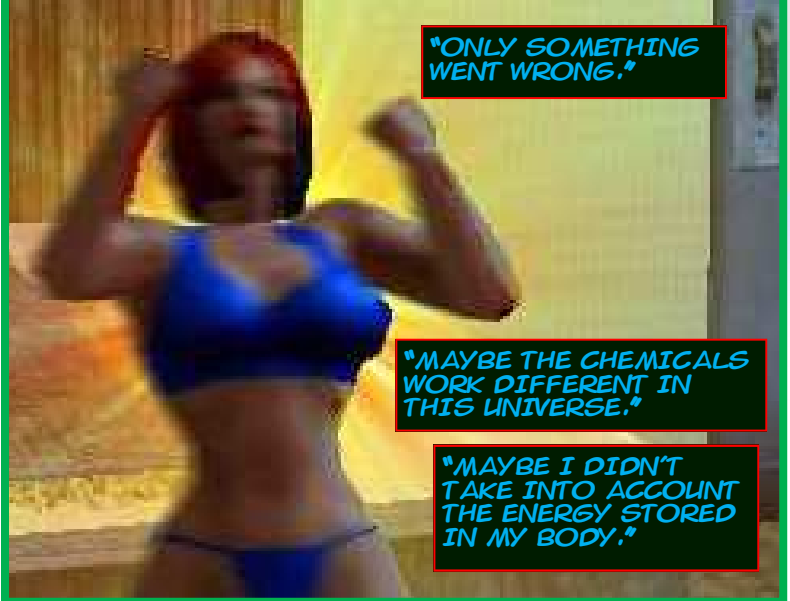


"WHILE SHE SLEPT, I TOOK OVER."

"I WOULD PUT ON THE STEALTH SUIT SO I COULD MOVE ABOUT IN THE CITY."



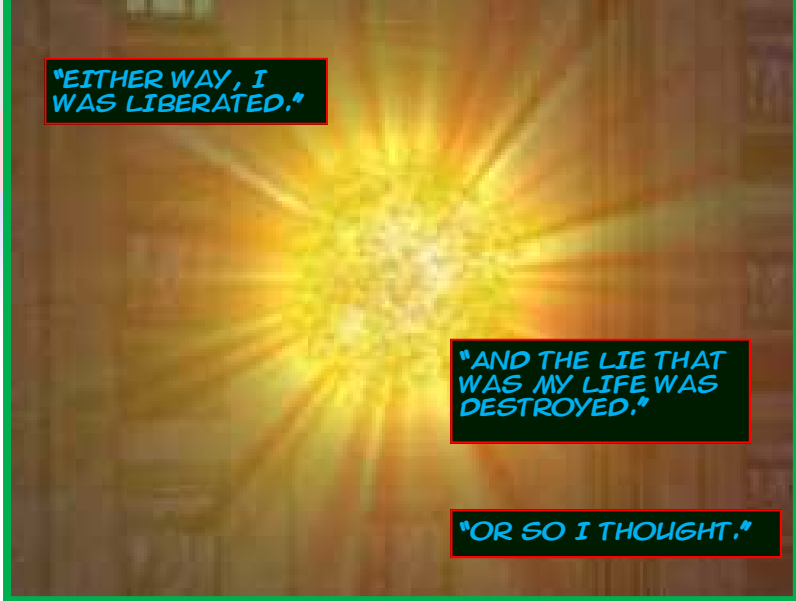
"GETTING THE CHEMICALS NEEDED TO BURN THE LIE OUT OF MY BODY."



"ONLY SOMETHING WENT WRONG."

"MAYBE THE CHEMICALS WORK DIFFERENT IN THIS UNIVERSE."

"MAYBE I DIDN'T TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THE ENERGY STORED IN MY BODY."



"EITHER WAY, I WAS LIBERATED."

"AND THE LIE THAT WAS MY LIFE WAS DESTROYED."

"OR SO I THOUGHT."

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That is what I tell my people to do every single day.

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It's about finding out what the story is, and then telling it to the public.

That is what the public is looking for, and that is why we are the number one media service in Paragon City.

Because we get the story when others don't.

K.C. Emerson
PNN General Manager

PNN
Paragon News Network

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WITH CHEESE

HEROIC SODA

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MEDALIONS

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You can choose to be “just a hero”.
Or you can choose to be something more.



Paragon City University


Steel Canyon Founders Falls
Croatoa



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"THE EXPLOSION DIDN'T BURN THE LIE OUT OF ME. IT SPLIT US INTO TWO WOMEN."



"YOUR SISTER, GALATEA POWERS."

"THE LIE. NOT MY SISTER."

"SHE WAS STILL ALIVE."



"I FOUGHT HER WITH ALL THE RAGE AND HATRED IN MY BODY. WITH EVERY OUNCE OF DISGUST THAT I EVER HAD ABOUT HER AND ABOUT THE LIE THAT WAS MY ADULT LIFE."

"BUT I WAS WEAK. I WAS FIGHTING EVERYONE ALL DAY. I WAS FIGHTING HEROES AND DEMIGODS AND EVEN A FORMER STARCHILD!"

"AND SHE WAS FRESH. RENEWED. INVIGORATED."



"OF COURSE SHE WON."

"AND THEN MY WORLD WENT DARK... AGAIN."

ROCINANTE GROUP, PEREZ PARK



"BUT THANKFULLY I HAD ALLIES."

"THE ENEMY OF MY ENEMY IS MY ALLY, AS THE OLD SAYING GOES. AND, IN THIS CASE, GALATEA'S ENEMIES BECAME MY ALLIES."

"THEY WERE THE ONES THAT HELPED ME MODIFY MY OUTFIT. THEY ALSO FITTED IT WITH A MEDICAL TELEPORT DEVICE."

"I KNEW ONCE I LOST, I WOULD BE TELEPORTED AWAY."

"THAT WAS THE LAST THING I REMEMBER."



SO YOUR SIST-- I MEAN "THE LIE"... WON... AND YOU WERE TELEPORTED AWAY. WHAT THEN?



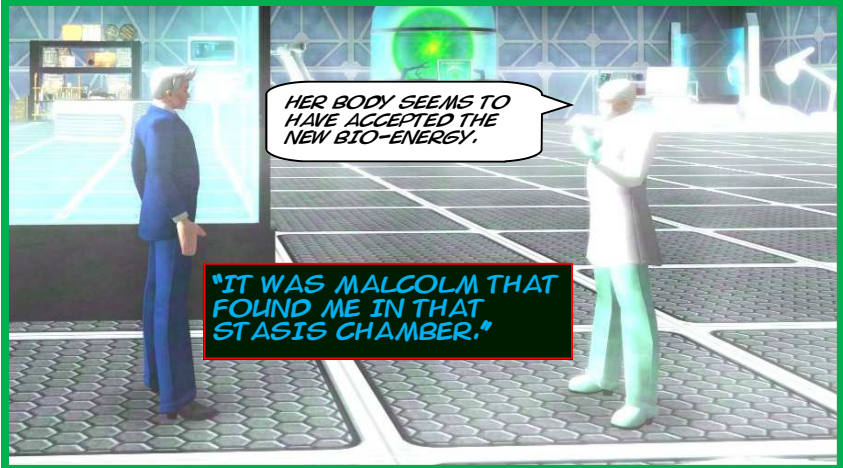
THEN MY WORLD WAS DARK... AGAIN.



MALCOLM TOLD ME THAT THE ROCINANTE GROUP KEPT ME IN STASIS. THEY SAID THEY WERE "CONCERNED" BECAUSE OF MY FATHER'S GENETIC MODIFICATIONS.

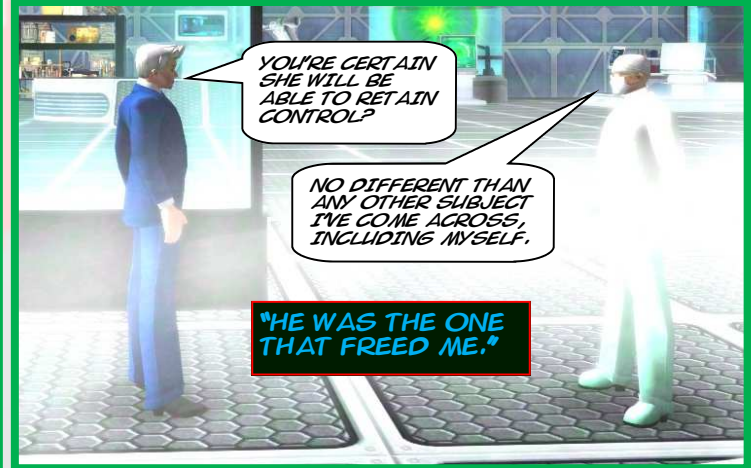


MY FATHER WAS A HYPER-GENIUS! HIS MODIFICATIONS ALLOWED ME TO TAP INTO HIS MIND AND HIS EXPERIENCES AND TO SEE THE WORLD AS HE DID. AND EVERYONE SAW THAT AS A THREAT.



HER BODY SEEMS TO HAVE ACCEPTED THE NEW BIO-ENERGY.

"IT WAS MALCOLM THAT FOUND ME IN THAT STASIS CHAMBER."



YOU'RE CERTAIN SHE WILL BE ABLE TO RETAIN CONTROL?

NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY OTHER SUBJECT I'VE COME ACROSS, INCLUDING MYSELF.

"HE WAS THE ONE THAT FREED ME."



I IMAGINE THAT YOU'RE GRATEFUL FOR THAT.

GRATEFUL? GRATITUDE IS FOR LESSER PEOPLE, DOCTOR. MALCOLM MERELY FREED ME SO I CAN FINISH WHAT I SET OUT TO DO.



HE HAS GIVEN ME THE MEANS TO FIND THE LIE THAT IS GALATEA POWERS AND TO WIPE HER OUT OF EXISTENCE ONCE AND FOR ALL.

LATER THAT DAY...



SOP WHAT DO YOU THINK?

HONESTLY?
I LOVE IT!

I SEE YOU PICKED UP A FEW TIPS FROM THE JUSTICE-KNIGHTS AS WELL AS THE RIKTI.

Galatea Powers
(FAITH KARL)

Daybright
(GRACE FELLOWS)

ICON HAD TO RETURN TO EARTH. SOMETHING TO DO WITH MEETING WITH SOME VANGUARD PEOPLE.
BUT I'VE BEEN GOING OVER THE DETAILS OF THE TORCH AND THINGS LOOK PRETTY SOLID.

GREAT!
LET'S GET THIS STARTED!

AS FOR LEONA...
THE DATA THAT ATHENA HAD ON YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH HER* IS CONFUSING.
PEOPLE DON'T JUST SPONTANEOUSLY GET KHELDIAN HYBRID POWERS.
THEY HAVE TO BE BONDED TO A SYMBIOTE.

ATHENA DOESN'T MAKE MISTAKES.
AND LEONA'S ENERGY PUNCHES WERE SIMILAR TO THE KIND YOU THROW AT ME WHEN WE SPAR.
ONLY YOU DON'T TRY TO KILL ME WHEN WE SPAR...
...OR I HOPE YOU DON'T.

← LAST ISSUE



HERE WE ARE...

TOP OF THE WORLD...
OR, IN THIS CASE, THE STATION.



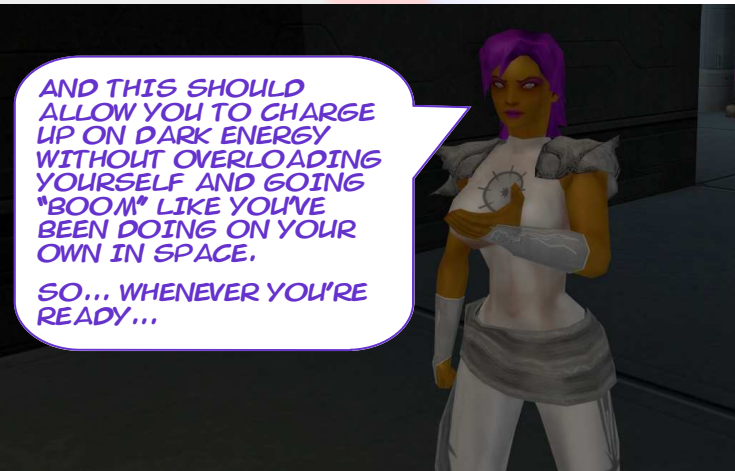
THERE'S ENOUGH STORED ENERGY OUTSIDE THAT ROOM TO NUKE A COUNTRY.



THE TORCH HAS ONLY BEEN COLLECTING THE TRACES OF DARK ENERGY THAT ARE NOT FILTERED OUT BY THE HELIOSPHERE.

THE REST OF THE ENERGY GOES TO THE SOLAR COLLECTORS IN THE MULTI-REACTOR ROOM.

THAT ENERGY CAN NUKE A COUNTRY.



AND THIS SHOULD ALLOW YOU TO CHARGE UP ON DARK ENERGY WITHOUT OVERLOADING YOURSELF AND GOING "BOOM" LIKE YOU'VE BEEN DOING ON YOUR OWN IN SPACE.

SO... WHENEVER YOU'RE READY...



DARK ENERGY CHARGING HAS COMMENCED.



OH YEAH... I CAN FEEL IT.

DEFINITELY FEEL THE ENERGY BUILDING.



MEANWHILE...

WELL,
DOCTOR?

I WOULD NORMALLY
ADVISE YOU ABOUT
DOCTOR-PATIENT
CONFIDENTIALITY...

BUT YOU DIDN'T
RESCUE ME FROM
THE ROGUE ISLES
FOR MY ETHICS.

QUITE SO. SO LET'S
SKIP THE DISCLAIMERS
AND JUST TELL ME WHAT
YOUR OPINION IS OF
LEONA POWERS.

IN MY OPINION, YOU'RE
DEALING WITH A QUANTUM
TIME-BOMB WITH A CAPE.

"THIS IS
SOMEONE WITH
NO REAL SENSE
OF SELF."

"EMOTIONALLY
SHE'S STILL A
THIRTEEN-YEAR
-OLD GIRL."

"SHE'S HAD NO
ADOLESCENCE, NO
YOUNG ADULTHOOD.
SHE'S HAD NO
FRIENDS, NO
RELATIONSHIPS."

"WHAT MEMORIES SHE DOES
HAVE OF THOSE YEARS ARE AS
SOMEONE ELSE. SOMEONE
WHO TOOK OVER HER LIFE."

"SHE BLAMES HER SISTER...
GALATEA POWERS... AND
HONESTLY I CAN'T FAULT
HER FOR THAT."

"BUT, GIVEN THE FEW DETAILS
PROVIDED OF HER ORIGINS, I
KNOW HER THAT SO-CALLED
'CREATOR FATHER' IS THE ONE
THAT IS REALLY RESPONSIBLE
FOR HER SITUATION."

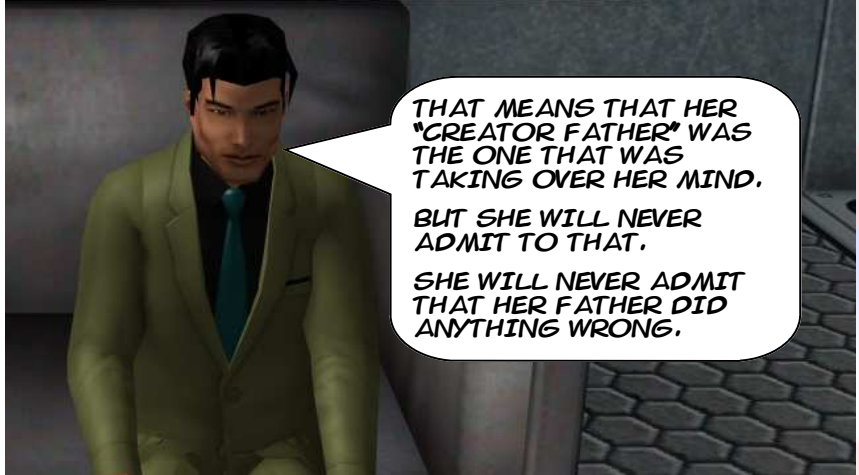


HOW SO?

HIS GENE-
ENCODED
MEMORIES AND
THOUGHTS.



"BEFORE THINGS
WENT DARK' WHEN
SHE WAS THIRTEEN,
SHE SAID SHE
HEARD HER FATHER."



THAT MEANS THAT HER
"CREATOR FATHER" WAS
THE ONE THAT WAS
TAKING OVER HER MIND.
BUT SHE WILL NEVER
ADMIT TO THAT.

SHE WILL NEVER ADMIT
THAT HER FATHER DID
ANYTHING WRONG.



"FROM WHAT I
UNDERSTAND, HER
CREATOR-FATHER WAS
SOMETHING OF A
MACHIAVELLIAN HYPER-
GENIUS WITH A
DISDAIN FOR WOMEN."



"A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL
BEING CONTROLLED BY THE
MINDSET AND PHILOSOPHY OF
A SOCIOPATHIC MISOGYNIST."

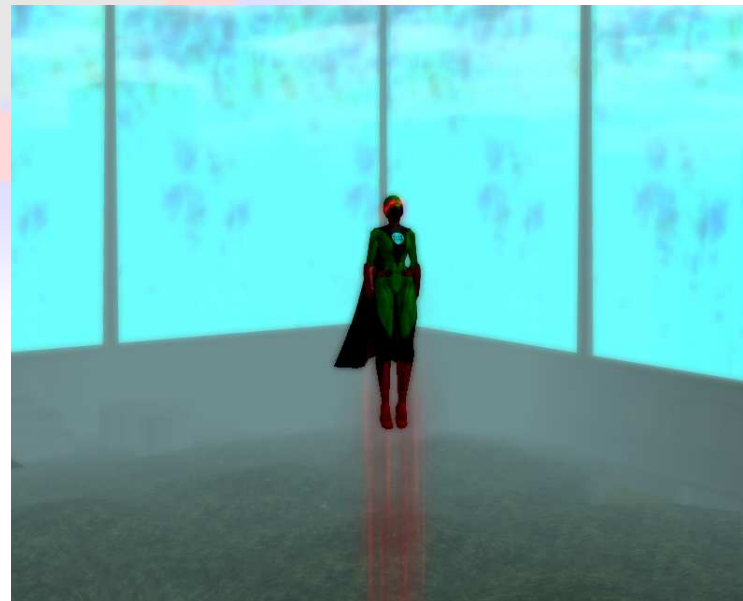
"A YOUNG WOMAN BEING
CONDITIONED TO HATE
WOMEN!"

"AND NOW PUT THAT
SAME MINDSET IN THE
BODY OF A WOMAN WITH
THE POWER TO DESTROY
WHOLE CIVILIZATIONS."



LEONA POWERS HAS
MORE THAN POWER.
SHE HAS A RAGE THAT
COULD CONSUME
EVERYTHING AROUND
HER IF IT IS NOT
CONTAINED.

THEN FOR ALL OUR
SAKES, DOCTOR, IT
WOULD BEHOOVE
YOU TO MAKE SURE
THAT HER RAGE BE
CONTAINED.





THAT'S WHERE THE SURGE WAS DETECTED.

PEREZ PARK.



HAZARD ZONE.

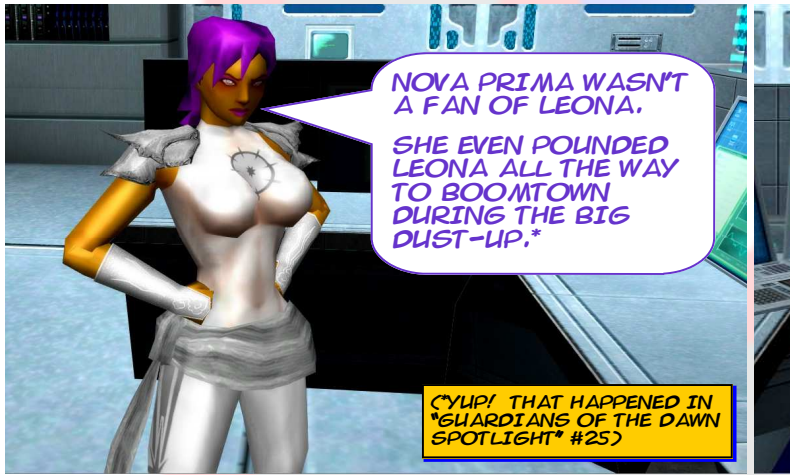
ONLY GANGS AND HYDRA CREATURES LIVE THERE...



...AND A FEW CORPORATE ENTITIES THAT TOOK OVER THE OUTLYING BUILDINGS FOR THEIR OWN SHADY OPERATIONS. ENTITIES LIKE THE ROCINANTE GROUP.



YOU DON'T THINK LORD GEDDY IS SHELTERING LEONA DO YOU?



NOVA PRIMA WASN'T A FAN OF LEONA. SHE EVEN POUNDED LEONA ALL THE WAY TO BOOMTOWN DURING THE BIG DUST-UP.*

(*YUP! THAT HAPPENED IN "GUARDIANS OF THE DAWN SPOTLIGHT" #25)



LORD GEDDY HAS BEEN PLAYING IT SAFE SINCE HIS ASCENSION IN THE BILDERBURG ALLIANCE.* HE WOULDN'T RISK A CONFRONTATION BY HELPING LEONA TO DESTROY THE GUARDIANS.

(* "GUARDIANS OF THE DAWN GRADUATION" #3)



WELL, THAT CINCHES IT FOR ME, TAYA. NO MORE ASCENDED POLICE RECRUITS. I'M HERE FOR YOU FULL-TIME NOW.



THANKS GRACE. I'LL SET UP SYSTEM ACCESS FOR YOU WHEN I GET BACK TO THE OFFICE. THEN WE CAN WORK ON FINDING LEONA.



I'M COMING FOR YOU, FAKE. YOU AND KENT AND THE REST.



I DON'T CARE WHAT IT TAKES, I DON'T CARE WHAT I HAVE TO BECOME TO DO IT. I'LL BURN YOU ALL, I PROMISE.

Next: What is Leona becoming?

T4 FOR TEENS PLUS

TASK FORCE

'TWILIGHT'



Issue 06
2026



"MY NAME IS
CASSANDRA DARE!"



TASK FORCE TWILIGHT

RECAP:

It's 2017, a new president is in Washington, and the rift between Paragon City police and the heroes has become a chasm.

Police Chief Morton Clayton, a long supporter of heroes, is missing and the department is being run by Deputy Chief Thomas Wield. Wield has been behind the wave of abusive cops that have taken over the department and have been harassing registered heroes. He brings back the Blue Dog Squad, the abusive gang of officers originally run out of town by the Libertarian Avenger and the late Jimmy Hellfighter. Wield cuts off all hero access to the department's arrest teleport system, forcing heroes to either stop arresting criminals or otherwise physically take them to jail themselves.

When Jason Knight, formerly known as MidKnight X, took down Wield's chief lieutenant – Bill "Cade" McCade – and his brutal enforcer Lawdog, Wield retaliated by bringing in a meta-villain called Despair. Despair tracked down Knight and captured him. He then brutally murdered a bailed-out Lawdog and framed Knight for it. Knight seemingly took his own life rather than be blamed for the murder.

Cardinal Syn, Knight's sidekick and apprentice, is told of Knight's death by Sin Stalker. Following Knight's last message, Syn uses his notes to assemble a special task force of heroes: KDave, Elite Ice Queen, Ally Kazam, Streetangel, Artema, and Hard Justice. Together they go after the Blue Dogs. Syn is also contacted by a Warshade hybrid named Sundown, who was revealed to be one of the former officers that helped bring down the original Blue Dogs.

When McCade discovers Streetangel is one of the task force members, he targets her specifically and forces her to reveal Cardinal Syn's secret identity. Meanwhile, the director of the new United States Hero Authority, an ally of Wield, is approached by the corrupt attorney and known ambulance-chaser Chris Jenkins with information about KDave.

The police take Cassandra Dare (a.k.a. Cardinal Syn) into custody. Hard Justice goes into hiding after attacking abusive cops in broad daylight. And in the Kings Row lair previously used by Jason Knight, a medical teleport pad activates.





Issue 6: “My Name Is Cassandra Dare”

In an unknown location, a woman in her late twenties sat in a wooden chair behind a heavy metal table. Her blond hair was cut short, and she wore a maroon button-down shirt with beige slacks. On the other side of the table is a balding man wearing a blue police windbreaker and mirrored sunglasses.

“My name is Cassandra Dare. I live at 313 Axelrod Drive in Skyway City. I am a financial advisor for Triumph Financial, formerly M.C. Louis Investments. I live alone. My parents are dead.”

Those are the only words she has said ever since she was brought to this unknown location.

“Miss Dare,” said the officer politely, “we know who you are. We know that you’re the vigilante Cardinal Syn. We just need to know who the rest of your vigilante friends are.”

She sighed and repeated “My name is Cassandra Dare. I live at 313 Axelrod Drive in Skyway City. I am a financial advisor for Triumph Financial, formerly M.C. Louis Investments. I live alone. My parents are dead.”

“Yes,” the officer said, getting frustrated, “we know all this. Now tell us who the others are.”

“My name is Cassandra Dare. I live at 313 Axelrod Drive in Skyway City. I am a financial advisor for Triumph Financial, formerly M.C. Louis Investments. I live alone. My parents are dead.”

Meanwhile, in the streets of the Steel Canyon district, Phil Ski approaches the local branch of the Scientific Experimentation Research and Application to Paranormal Humans division, otherwise known as S.E.R.A.P.H., a joint city and federal scientific organization. He had recently been transferred to the Steel Canyon branch from Atlas Park at the request of Faith Karl, the civilian guise of Galatea Powers. Up until today, he was using his leave time and spending his nights helping with the Task Force as the muscle-bound hero KDave.

But now that time has been used up and today would be his first day at work.

He was excited to start work in the Steel Canyon facility, where he had heard they were working on a new project involving space. But, more importantly, it gives him a chance to work with his teammates.

As he rounded the corner, though, his face turned to dread as he could see four uniformed officers standing at the S.E.R.A.P.H. entrance.

“Phillip Ski,” said one of the officers, “we need you to come with us. We have some questions for you to answer.”

It wasn’t a question. It was a command.

Phil evaluated his options. If he was in his hero mode, as the large-and-in-charge “meat mountain”, he could easily say no and give the officers the thrashing they deserve.

But he wasn’t KDave right now. He was Phil Ski, a mild-mannered skinny “norm”. And his special serum injection pen was in a leather case in his pants pocket. If he tried to fish it out, they’d be on him in no time. If he ran, they’d catch him quickly.

He simply stood there, his hands up and away from him as they took him into custody.

The Founders Falls district was always known for wealth and power. Before the First Rikti War, the ultra-rich would park their yachts on the docks and live in the adjacent ultra-expensive condominiums.

Then came the Rikti and the war walls that carved up the districts. While the district was no longer considered “The Venice of Rhode Island”, it was still the home for many residents with power and authority, as well as home to the city’s judicial center.

In University Avenue just west of the college, a strange figure made his way up one of the condominiums. He was bald with ivory-white skin, wearing a cowboy duster jacket, a dark button-down shirt and jeans, with a police badge clipped to his belt. He approached the door marked 43C and rang the doorbell.

A woman in her forties opened the door slightly. She had silver hair and a worried look on her face.

“Good morning, ma’am,” he began politely, his voice giving a slight otherworldly echo. “Are you Silver Clayton?”

“Yes,” she said hesitantly. “And you are...?”

He pulled the badge from his belt and showed it to her. “My name is Sundown. I’m a special deputy from Oklahoma City. I had previously worked with Jimmy Hellfighter. I was hoping to speak with Chief Clayton.”

“My husband is away,” she said quickly. “At a conference.”



But then her face softened. The reference to the late Jimmy Hellfighter, a family friend and respected hero, gave her a reason to believe that this was someone she could trust.

She leaned in closer, her voice getting softer. “That’s... that’s what I’m supposed to say. But it’s been two years since I last saw him. I don’t know where he really is.”

Sundown leaned in closer. “Have you been in contact with him?”

Silver’s eyes dropped. “I get... calls. They claim to be from him, but they don’t sound like him.” She then looks around. “They’re watching me. They claim to do it for my protection, but...”

Sundown put the badge back on his belt. “I’ll bring him home, ma’am. No matter what it takes, I will bring him back to you.”

Silver smiled. “Thank you,” she said. Then she softly closed the door.

Sundown turned back toward the stairwell, knowing a set of eyes were keenly watching him from the doorway.

He calmly walked to the elevator and waited for the car to arrive, glancing towards the stairwell at the eyes watching him. As he got into the car, he heard a voice from the stairwell.

“He’s on his way. Stop him on the second floor.”

When the elevator bell chimed on the second floor, two officers wearing Blue Dog helmets waited for the door to open.

But the elevator car was empty. A faint whiff of ozone was in the air.

“Where did he go?” asked one of the officers, his voice muffled and distorted by the helmet.

“Right behind you,” came the otherworldly voice from behind.

The two officers spun around, their hands gripping tightly on their PR-24 batons, preparing to strike. But they would never have the chance.

Sundown put a hand on each of the shoulders of the officers. As he did, they felt their life force drain from them. They collapsed in a heap in front of the elevator doors, their batons dropping from their hands.

He reached down and removed the helmets of each of the officers. They were still alive, but they both had shocked and drained looks on their faces.

“That should help you breathe until you can recover,” he said sternly. “Next time, don’t ever try to sneak up on a Warshade Kheldian. Be thankful I’m one of the good ones.”

Then Sundown looked at the Blue Dog helmet on the floor.

“You are disgracing the badges you wear every time you put those helmets on,” he said with disgust. Then, with a swirl of dark miasma, Sundown teleported away.

“My name is Cassandra Dare. I live at 313 Axelrod Drive in Skyway City. I am a financial advisor for Triumph Financial, formerly M.C. Louis Investments. I live alone. My parents are dead.”

At the broadcast and corporate headquarters of the Paragon News Network in Steel Canyon, General Manager Keneth “K.C.” Emerson is standing at his desk as he talks on the phone with one of his best reporters.

April Ramirez had just sent an interview she finished in Founders Falls with a young man known as the “Mystery Messenger”. It was a sad story of a mutant with speed who wasn’t a registered hero but simply wore a mask to complete the image of a fast courier. He had been making a delivery when the police stopped him and beat him so badly that he ended up at the Harvey Medical Center with multiple broken bones.

“I’m sorry April,” he said into the phone, “but I have to put a hold on this story.”

“What?” came the reply over the line. “K.C., it’s a good story! It’s a clean story. And it’s not in Kings Row!”

“And it still can’t air,” he said. “Not right now.”

“K.C., what the police did to this man... he’s not even a hero! He’s just a civilian wearing a costume trying to do his job!”

“It doesn’t matter,” he said. “I have orders from up top to put it on hold.”

“Why? Because it’s the police?”

“No,” K.C. replied. “Because it’s from up top. And when you get the call from up top, you don’t question it. Now, you did good, you’re still getting paid, but right now I need you to find something else out there to cover. Something that we can air.”



He disconnected the call. He didn’t want to tell her that the call actually came from the director of the United States Hero Authority, and it was to kill any story that would be critical of law enforcement. He just knew that he had to make sure the full weight of the federal government and the city police wouldn’t come down on the press.

Somewhere else in Steel Canyon, Martin Keys woke up in the middle of a burned-out building.

He’s been in hiding ever since he took on a whole team of police officers as Hard Justice. His cybernetic reflexes and armored outfit had given him the upper hand against them, but now he’s a wanted man.

He told himself that he still did the right thing. That the cops were brutalizing an innocent citizen and joking about doing the same to heroes at night, and that he had to step in. But it didn't matter. The police knew who he was now. He was operating in the open.

Now his name was going to be plastered in the media. The police would go after him for daring to stand up against them.

He had stopped by the local Icon tailor store, where he once worked. He knew where they had kept all the discarded outfits and accessories before being sent out to be destroyed. He was fortunate to find a duffel bag that would store his outfit and mask. Then he found an oversized shirt that would cover up his cybernetic arms.

As far as anyone was concerned, he was just another homeless guy, sleeping in a building that had just been torched by the Hellion street gang. That lasted the night. Now he needed to get back to the Task Force, but he didn't know how.

His Hero ID as a member of the Guardians of the Dawn was disabled. He had "resigned" from them already along with the rest of the Task Force members to protect the group. He knows if he comes near the rail stations or any of the zone entrances, the robotic police sentries would flag him and teleport him right to jail.

He started to move towards the door, but a figure's hand reached out to him.

He spun around quickly, ready to attack.

Then he smiled.

"My name is Cassandra Dare. I live at 313 Axelrod Drive in Skyway City. I am a financial advisor for Triumph Financial, formerly M.C. Louis Investments. I live alone. My parents are dead."

That was the only thing that Deputy Chief Wield could hear from the closed-circuit camera feed being piped into his office. The same line from Cassandra Dare over and over again.

On the other side of his desk, two officers stood at ease. Their crisp white dress shirts stood out in a sea of black and blues.

"That's all she keeps saying," Commander Jack Yindell said. "We've tried everything--"

"Obviously you haven't," Wield said interrupting him, "otherwise she would have confessed already. The whole reason why she's in the black site is so you can do whatever it takes to get her to talk. So do it already! Now, what about this... Phil Ski? Where is his confession?"

"We..." Yindell started to say. "We couldn't move him to the black site."

Wield's eyes narrowed. "Why... not?"

“Because as soon as we took him into custody we started getting calls,” said the other officer. “Too many people were demanding his release.”

“Then lose those calls,” Wield said.

“We can’t,” Yindell said. “They’re from Loche and Key!”

Wield’s face soured. Loche and Key were legendary attorneys for the superhero community. The very mention of their names would often result in cases being dismissed and charges dropped.

Still, Wield was undeterred. “Lose them anyway. And move him to the black site. I want them both singing like parakeets!”

As the two officers left, Wield looked back down at the monitor on his desk. The statement made by Cassandra Dare going on and on like a mantra.

“My name is Cassandra Dare. I live at 313 Axelrod Drive in Skyway City. I am a financial advisor for Triumph Financial, formerly M.C. Louis Investments. I live alone. My parents are dead.”

At the Steel Canyon station house, a police interrogator continued his interview with Phil Ski.

The interviewer laid out paperwork on the desk as Phil sat there with a smile on his face.

“Look,” he said, “we know that you’re KDave. Your identity was outed by Chris Jenkins after he filed that lawsuit against you. It’s all a matter of court record. We know you have a history of aggressive and violent behavior.”

He then laid out crime scene photos of Lawdog’s brutalized body.

“We know that when you’re all juiced up that you’re seven feet tall and have a shoe size of... what... twenty? We can easily match your boot prints to the caved-in skull.”

Phil didn’t look down at the photos. He didn’t want to see the gory images of the disgraced officer.

“Look at them!” said the interviewer sternly as he tapped at the photos. “Look! At! Them!”

Phil glanced down, trying hard not to see the pictures themselves.

“We can put you at the scene,” the interviewer said. “Hell, we can put your size-twenty boots on what’s left of his skull! But we don’t really want you. We want your buddy. We want Jason Knight. We want you to tell us that he put you up to it.”

Phil glanced back up to the interviewer.

“You tell us that, and we’ll get the D.A.’s office to go easy on you.”

Phil snickered. He knew the truth. He knew the District Attorney would never go along with that deal, because the District Attorney was actually his boss and the true leader of the Guardians of the Dawn.

Just then the door opened. Commander Yindell walked in.

“Get up,” Yindell said. “We’re taking you...”

“Excuse me!” came a voice from behind them.

It was from an older gentleman wearing a brown suit and holding a briefcase.

“I’m William Key,” he said, handing his business card to Yindell. “I’m the senior partner of Loche and Key, and my office is representing Phillip Ski.”

Phil’s face brightened.

“Now I hope you have informed my client of his rights,” Key continued. “Otherwise, you’re looking at a serious and costly lawsuit against your department.”

“Mister Ski is not under arrest at this time,” Yindell said arrogantly. “We just... needed to ask him some questions.”

The elder attorney looked down at the table. “Really? Because from what I see, it looks more like an interrogation than an interview. And it’s one that is now over with. So unless you are planning on charging my client right here and now, he’s walking out of here with me.”

Minutes later, Phil Ski and William Key left the stationhouse.

“Thank you,” Phil said with gratitude.

“Yeah, well you can thank your teammate Furia Powers for this,” Key said sourly. “We don’t normally do favors for our case developers, but we made an exception for her this time.”

They continued to walk away from the stationhouse, and away from the gazes of the officers in the area.

“For the time being,” Key continued, “I’m advising you as your attorney to refrain from any hero-related activities. That includes whatever task force you’re currently in that’s getting you in so much trouble.”

“But Cardinal Syn...”

“No ‘buts’” Key interrupted. “These cops, they’re on to you now. And I can’t defend you if you keep doing stuff that will get you arrested. You understand?”

Phil’s face soured. “Yeah, I guess.”

“Put that super-steroid stuff in your locker,” Key said, “and focus on your day job at S.E.R.A.P.H. KDave is on vacation until this mess is over with.”

“My name is Cassandra Dare. I live at 313 Axelrod Drive in Skyway City. I am a financial advisor for

Triumph Financial, formerly M.C. Louis Investments. I live alone. My parents are dead.”



At the Architect Entertainment building in Kings Row, just down the hill from Police Headquarters, the lights were still on, but nobody was supposed to be inside. The facility was supposed to be in the middle of a prolonged shutdown. In truth, the reactor was still active and the connected networks were still online. Because, in the never-mentioned thirteenth floor of the building, the Knight’s Lair, base of the late Jason Knight, was still active.

That simple fact surprised Grace Fellows. This was the second time that she came to the lair since Jason Knight’s death, this time using the sewer access instead of through the rooftop stairwell.

As the access door to the thirteenth floor closed, she could hear someone inside the Lair.

Her heart raced. She was in her all-human form, but she could always transform into the Peacebringer Redeemer Daybright. But doing so could trip any police sensors pointed at the building looking for extra energy. She found out about that previously, when she first learned that Jason had died.

No, she had to stay human.

As she got closer, she could see a figure working on one of the consoles. It was larger than a woman, so it couldn’t be Cardinal Syn.

“Jason?” she said softly.

The figure wearing a black pullover with black slacks turned around. His brown hair and van dyke goatee stood out.

It wasn’t Jason Knight. It was District Attorney Alex Wentworth.

“Alex!” she said with a startle. “What are you doing here?”

Alex gave a sharp cough. “You startled me,” he said, his voice slightly hoarse. “I was just running a diagnostic on Sentry.”

Grace knew that Alex had every reason to be in the building. He was one of the co-founders of Architect Entertainment along with Doctor Aeon and Crey Industries. It was a partnership that was kept in trust by Jason under his civilian guise as Drake Grey. With Jason dead, Alex would have to step up as partner again.

“What are you doing here?” he asked her.

“I couldn’t...” she started to say. “I can’t just... let it go.”

“It’s not easy,” Alex said in a tone that was eerily familiar to her. “We’ve lost so many people.”

“I should have helped him. Maybe he wouldn’t be...”

Alex started to walk up to her but then stopped. “You couldn’t. Even if you knew, you wouldn’t have been able to help him.”

She looked at him. There was something... familiar... about him. Something that was not like Alex.

“Look,” he finally said, “I need to start shutting this facility down. We can talk later, okay?”

“Yes...” she said softly. “I’d... I’d like that.”

He watched her leave.

Two minutes later, “Manual entry secured,” the automated system Sentry announced.

“Thank you,” said “Alex” as he started to pull at the fake mask.

“My name is Cassandra Dare. I live at 313 Axelrod Drive in Skyway City. I am a financial advisor for Triumph Financial, formerly M.C. Louis Investments. I live alone. My parents are dead.”

At one of the buildings near the War Walls that outline the Kings Row district, Katie Manning, otherwise known as the vigilante Streetangel, stands near the edge of the roof. Her eyes are closed and her mouth moves in near whispers.

Suddenly she backs away from the edge and starts shivering and shaking.

Artema, the blond second-generation superhero from Greece, made a soft landing on the rooftop.

“There you are!” she said as she started to approach the hooded vigilante.

But Streetangel didn’t respond. She simply stood there, shivering.

Artema moved in closer. “Hey, hey Streetangel, are you okay?”

Just then another figure came out of the shadows. She had blue hair and was wearing a two-tone black-and-white outfit.

“It’s okay,” said Ally Kazam, the task force’s mystical telepath. “She’s... going through some things.”

“Well I don’t know what the hell is going on,” Artema said with a tone of pure annoyance as she turned to face Ally. “The Task Force base is empty. KDave is out. Hard Justice is M.I.A. Elite Ice Queen is still doing research, and I haven’t seen anyone other than you two.”

She turned back to Streetangel, who was still shivering.

“Are you... are you sure she’s okay? It looks like she’s having a seizure.”

Ally reached out and put a hand on Streetangel’s arm. For a moment, Ally also began to shiver as she mouthed something. Then she let go and turned to Artema.

“She’ll be okay,” Ally said. “But I need you to stand by. We’ll need everyone when we call.”

Artema backed away. “Right... okay... weirdest task force ever!”

Ally watched as the Greek heroine headed back to the rail station. Then she turned to Streetangel as her whispers got louder.

“My name is Cassandra Dare. I live at 313 Axelrod Drive in Skyway City. I am a financial advisor for Triumph Financial, formerly M.C. Louis Investments. I live alone. My parents are dead.”

Meanwhile at the police black site, Cassandra Dare is reciting the same mantra over and over again.

“My name is Cassandra Dare. I live at 313 Axelrod Drive in Skyway City. I am a financial advisor for Triumph Financial, formerly M.C. Louis Investments. I live alone. My parents are dead.”

Next Issue: “Line Too Far”

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The Perils Of Hazard Life

Picture a city where everything you do is at your own peril.

No police, no fire department, no rescue units, no heroes that will come to save you if something were to happen. You can get assaulted, robbed, even killed, and nobody will do anything about it. Your death would never be avenged. Everything that goes on in that area is considered legal because there are no laws governing that area.

Living there means you may or may not have basic services. Your building may or may not be structurally sound. It may collapse. It may catch fire. It may be contaminated by hazard materials. It may be an incubator for strange monstrous creatures, or the hideout for wanted criminals, or a refuge for half-alien hybrids.

While there are roads, no sane driver would ever want to drive there. There's no guarantee that the roads are even safe to drive on. So no taxi service, no rail service, and even the superhero Taxibot service would refuse a fare. The only ways in or out are through controlled security entryways, or through a group teleport system if one is configured for it.

Working there means no safety or employment regulations. You are there completely at the will of your employer. If you are lucky, they will pay for your security, or even provide living quarters for you. Otherwise, your commute will require you to walk through security gates and past dangerous street gangs.

This is the life of hazard zones.

And we're not talking about life in the Rogue Isles or First Ward in the Praetorian Universe. This is inside Paragon City, the so-called "City of Heroes".

After the First Rikti War, Paragon City was divided into many zones through extremely large war walls. Some of these zones were cut off because the areas were completely destroyed, like Baumton (aka "Boomtown"), White Plains (now the Rikti War Zone), Woodvale (aka "Eden"), and, as of 2012, Galaxy City.

But some areas that were devastated and initially condemned were later allowed to resume some operations, most notably in the outskirts near the War Walls, where the ground and many of the surrounding buildings were still functional.

City officials allowed this because space was considered a premium after the First Rikti War, where much of the surrounding areas were devastated. Even though new zones like Kallisti Wharf have since opened, and other areas like Atlas Park have been rebuilt

Continues on next page...

and reconstructed, these Hazard Zones continue to operate as lawless islands amidst heroes, super-soldiers, and international security forces.

Each zone brings their own unique dangers in addition to the rampant gang activity. Perez Park has a monster infestation of Rikti-based Hydra creatures, including the legendary Kracken. The Hollows have mutated Trolls as well as frequent aftershocks. Boomtown is infested with robotic Clockwork drones as well as the giant robot Babbage. Faultline and Siren's Call face threats from Arachnos. And Crey's Folly is so contaminated that even heroes have to sign a waiver before entering.

There have long been talks of staging reclamations of these zones, to restore order and rebuild the devastated areas. However, city officials have balked at the costs needed for each zone to be cleaned and rebuilt to the same standards that now exist in Kallisti Wharf. In short, it's cheaper for the city to come up with new working zones than to restore the ones currently devastated and abandoned.

So, for the time being, private companies have been allowed to operate in those hazard zones, taking on all the responsibilities of safety and security of being there with virtually no liability. They are literal lawless pockets in a city built on order and control.

NEXT ISSUE:



DAWNENDER CONTINUES HER HUNT OF EVERYONE CLOSE TO GALATEA POWERS.

WHO WILL SHE TARGET NEXT?

AND DAYBRIGHT DISCOVERS SOMETHING HIDDEN ONBOARD PROMETHEUS STATION THAT ALARMS HER.

PLUS: PART 7 OF "TASK FORCE TWILIGHT"



"The check is in the mail..."

"But I don't have a mailbox anymore!"

At Baumton Insurance, we understand that the last thing you need to hear is the slow grind of a bureaucrat keeping you from your needed settlement money.

Whether it is the Rikti, Nemesis, or Arachnos, you don't deserve to be victimized twice for a service you've already paid into.

We know from experience how painful it is to be denied the funds you need to rebuild your life. In fact, we remind ourselves every day with a photo of our former home office.

That's why we will bend over backward to make sure you get everything you deserve as soon as possible, not when some bureaucrat decides is "appropriate".

Because once upon a time, we were the ones that were told that "the check is in the mail."

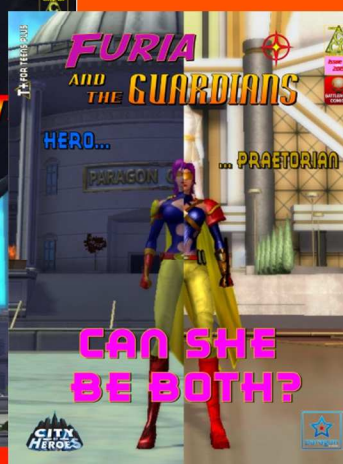
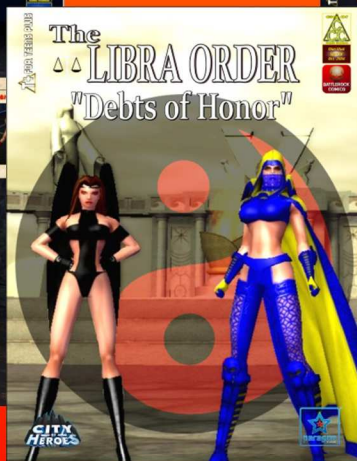
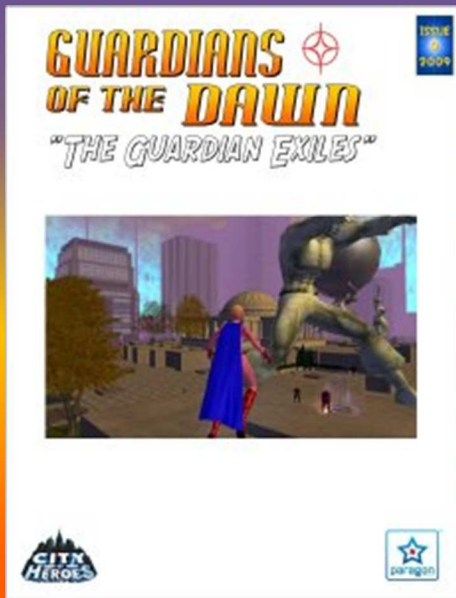
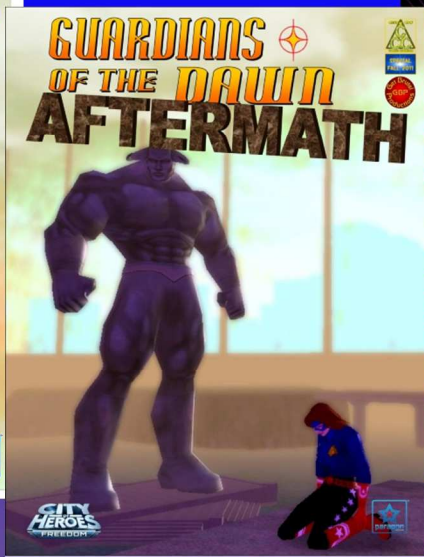
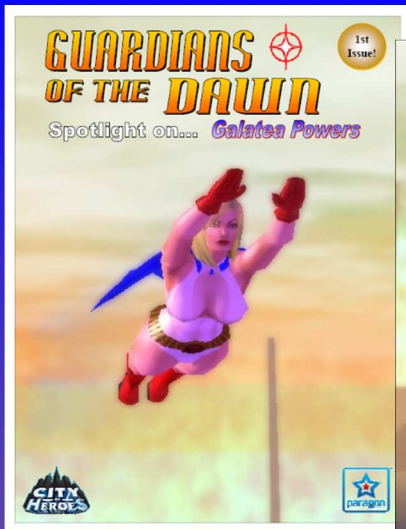


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