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TALES OF HONOR™

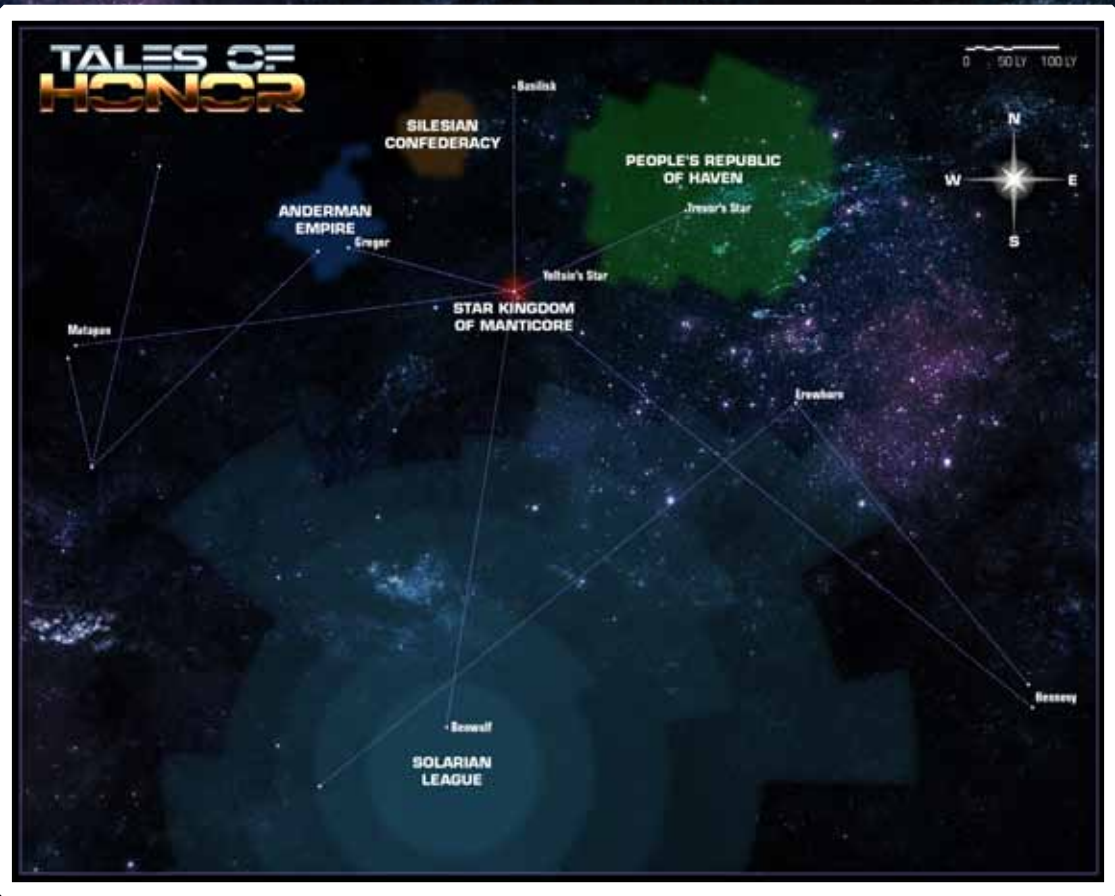


"ON BASILISK STATION"

MATT HAWKINS • JUNG-GEUN YOON • LINDA SEJIC

www.topcow.com

TALES OF HONOR



"ON BASILISK STATION"

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Hi —

Since this is the first issue of Tales of Honor, I thought I'd write a little something about how exciting this entire project is for the author of the novels upon which it's based. This is only the first stage of a cross-media project. Evergreen Studios intends to produce the graphic novels, mobile games, and cinematic release movies, and this is the very beginning of that process, the starting point. We invite comments as it evolves, grows, and changes, and we hope you'll come along for the entire trip.

About twenty years ago, my publisher, Baen Books, asked me to propose the concept for a series of science fiction novels, and I did, but neither Jim Baen nor I anticipated what that proposal was going to launch. No author can predict a series will take off the way the novels about Honor Harrington did; he can only be thankful after the fact for the many, many fans which made it happen.

When I began thinking about the series which eventually became the Honorverse, I was building on a lifelong interest in history — diplomatic and military, especially naval — and on my fascination with the themes of personal responsibility, integrity, and the willingness to sacrifice for the things in which one believes. In addition, I've always been attracted to strong, competent people, including the many strong, competent women I've known, and the fact that Honor Harrington is exactly the sort of woman who embodies those qualities of character, integrity, obligation, and sacrifice also allowed me to play with gender roles, which was icing on the cake from my perspective. And, of course, if the books turned out to be rousing good novels with lots of action, so much the better!

And thus the Honorverse was born all those years ago. I confess that I didn't expect to still be writing novels, both as solo works and as collaborations, in the same series twenty years later. I think that longevity is a testimony to the life the characters in the books have taken on in the hearts and minds of their fans, and I think those themes of responsibility-taking and sacrifice have resonated very strongly with my readers over the years. It's been a privilege to be the creator of stories which have generated such strong loyalty among their readers, and I've spent so much time in the Star Kingdom of Manticore, the People's Republic of Haven, the Silesian Confederacy, and on a planet named Grayson over the last two decades that they've taken on a life and a texture for me which is far deeper than I ever expected and which I have tried to share with my readers.

Now Honor and I are moving into entirely new media, and I feel confident Evergreen and Top Cow will introduce Honor and her friends — and enemies — to an even larger audience, with a few new, exciting wrinkles of their own as my literary creations are given a strong graphic look and the characters are brought to life on the screen.

I really like the art of Jung-Geun Yoon who brings a stunning, painterly style to portraying all of the Honorverse's complexity, and Matt Hawkins has done a remarkable job of staying faithful to the original story and the science while adding his own unique perspective to it. I don't think that should surprise anyone, given Matt's works like Think Tank and Aphrodite IX, both of which explore stories with real grounding in scientific fact in thoughtful, yet highly entertaining ways. In the case of Tales of Honor, his decision to create a story in which Honor reflects on her past creates a focused perspective on these characters and stories which should be exciting for new readers while offering longstanding fans fresh insights into stories they may have read long ago.

For those of you who are first-time visitors to the Honorverse, I think this is a very good introduction to it. The characters, the star nations, the politics, and the conflicts which drive the novels are fully represented here. I hope you'll enjoy your visit, and that you'll be a repeat offender and join us in future issues as they, too, are released.

For those of you who are longtime fans of the Honorverse, and who will inevitably encounter aspects of Tales of Honor, which don't mesh smoothly with your vision of the books, I invite you to look at them from a different, possibly expanded perspective. By their very nature, comic books are highly collaborative works. The artist, the writer, and (in this case) the original author all have to combine their efforts into the final product, and along the way that opens the opportunity for fresh viewpoints and angles. The real trick in adapting an existing story to a new format is to find ways to make it stronger without sacrificing the critical elements — especially the characters — which made the original work. While some of the characters may not look exactly the way I've always visualized them, they are all the people they were in the original novels, and I'm very, very happy with the outcome so far.

So you're invited to join us for a brand new ride though the Honorverse. We're excited about all the new stuff we've got to show you . . . and we won't be brokenhearted if you have a good time along the way.

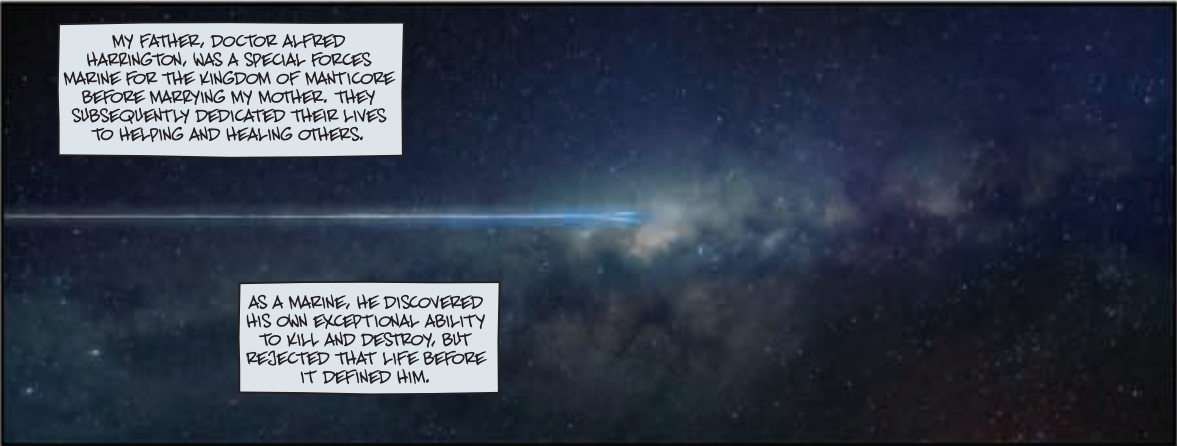
Thanks,
David Weber, Creator of the Honorverse

In the year 2130, a colony ship left Old Earth with the mission of interstellar colonization, launching the largest diaspora in the history of mankind. A new calendar system was born that year with 1 PD commemorating the “post-diaspora” era.

Sublight colonization allowed like-minded individuals to populate and govern new Star Nations however they deemed appropriate. Theocracies, monarchies, communist states, democracies and fringe groups all flourished. Initially a source of great peace, technological advances in transit speed and further expansion shrunk the distances between star systems, bringing about an inevitable clash of ideologies.


One of these Star Nations, The People’s Republic of Haven, is on the surface a democracy, but in practicality a central party controlled dictatorship. Wasted economically by its welfare state, Haven embraced an expansionist policy of military conquest to sustain its bloated system.

Conquering system after system, Haven finally set its sights on the Star Kingdom of Manticore, home to our hero Honor Harrington...



MY FATHER, DOCTOR ALFRED HARRINGTON, WAS A SPECIAL FORCES MARINE FOR THE KINGDOM OF MANTICORE BEFORE MARRYING MY MOTHER. THEY SUBSEQUENTLY DEDICATED THEIR LIVES TO HELPING AND HEALING OTHERS.

AS A MARINE, HE DISCOVERED HIS OWN EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY TO KILL AND DESTROY, BUT REJECTED THAT LIFE BEFORE IT DEFINED HIM.



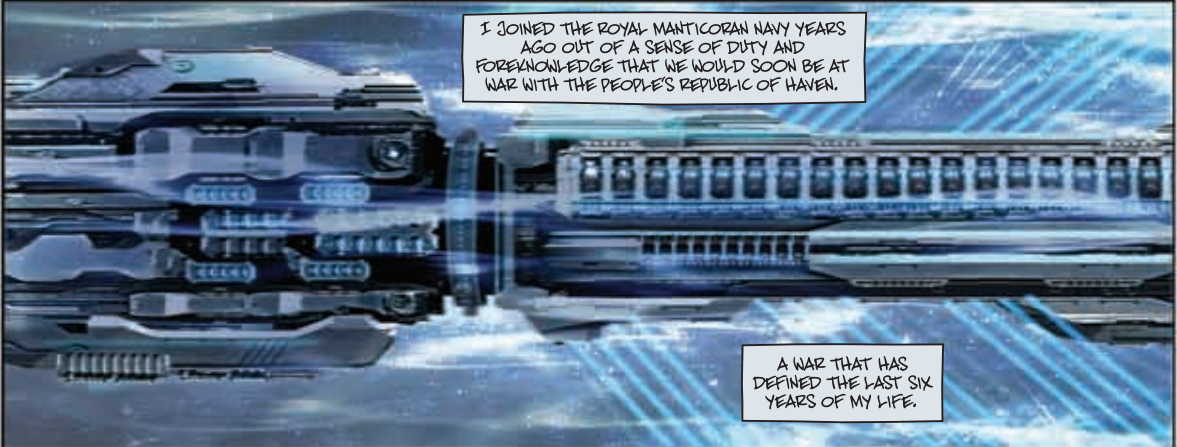
I AM MY FATHER'S DAUGHTER, BUT MY MILITARY CAREER WON'T END AS PEACEFULLY.

MY OFFICERS AND I ARE PRISONERS OF WAR ABOARD THE HAVENITE BATTLECRUISER *TEDES*, APPROACHING THE *CERBERUS* SYSTEM, BOUND FOR A PRISON PLANET CALLED *HADES*.



SOMEONE HAD A BIT OF FUN WITH NAMES FROM OLD EARTH MYTHOLOGY.

I'D LAUGH IF I WEREN'T ON MY WAY TO BE EXECUTED.



I JOINED THE ROYAL MANTICORAN NAVY YEARS AGO OUT OF A SENSE OF DUTY AND FOREKNOWLEDGE THAT WE WOULD SOON BE AT WAR WITH THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF HAVEN.

A WAR THAT HAS DEFINED THE LAST SIX YEARS OF MY LIFE.

CALL IT ALTRUISM OR THE BRAVADO OF YOUTH, BUT I WANTED TO DO MY PART. I STILL DO...WITH WHAT LITTLE TIME I MAY HAVE LEFT.

I'M PAST THE POINT OF CARING WHAT THEY DO TO ME. MY REAL CONCERN IS FOR MY CREW AND MY TREC CAT NIMITZ, ALSO IMPRISONED ON BOARD THIS SHIP.

SO THE GREAT COMMODORE HONOR HARRINGTON...I EXPECTED MORE.



THIS WOMAN, *CORDELIA RANSOM*, IS THE HAVENITE SECRETARY OF PUBLIC INFORMATION; ONE OF THE THREE MOST POWERFUL PEOPLE IN THEIR POST-COUP GOVERNMENT.

DISAPPOINTING, REALLY.

IT'S ALWAYS AMAZED ME HOW MANY IN OUR FLEET ARE TERRIFIED OF YOU, LIKE YOU'RE SOME DEMIGOD ALWAYS OVERCOMING INSURMOUNTABLE ODDS AND DEFYING DEATH.

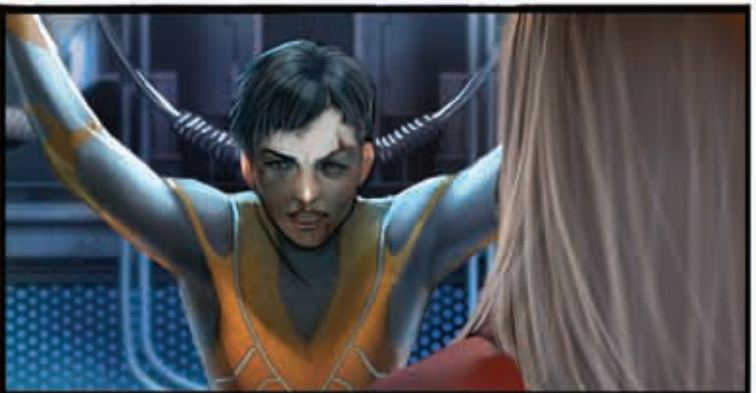


SPINNING LIES INTO TRUTHS, SHE'S A PROPAGANDIST OF THE WORST KIND. HER ZEALOTRY IS ALL THE MORE FRIGHTENING BECAUSE SHE REALLY BELIEVES IN IT.



STILL NOTHING TO SAY?

WHEN YOUR NECK SNAPS IN THE GALLONS, THEY'LL SEE YOU'RE MERELY HUMAN AFTER ALL.



THIS CELL WAS DESIGNED TO BREAK PEOPLE WITH ITS NEVER-CHANGING ENVIRONMENT. HOW LONG I'VE HUNG HERE, I REALLY DON'T KNOW.

MY SOLACE HAS BEEN SILENCE, REVEALING NOTHING TO ANY OF THEM, DESPITE THEIR MOCKING TORMENTS AND HUMILIATIONS, GIVES ME A SMALL FEELING OF CONTROL.

IN A FEW DAYS, YOU'LL BE BEGGING FOR YOUR LIFE IN FRONT OF A CAMERA. TRILLIONS OF PEOPLE ON HUNDREDS OF WORLDS WILL SEE IT...A SPECTACLE TO BEHOLD.

YOUR DESPICABLE ACTIONS AT BASILISK SIX YEARS AGO AREN'T IN DISPUTE. YOU VIOLATED INTERSTELLAR LAW WHEN YOU PURSUED THE LEGALLY DEPARTING FREIGHTER SIRIUS AND FIRED ON IT UNTIL IT WAS UTTERLY DESTROYED.

THOUSANDS ABOARD THAT UNARMED MERCHANT SHIP WERE MURDERED BY YOUR WARMONGERING.

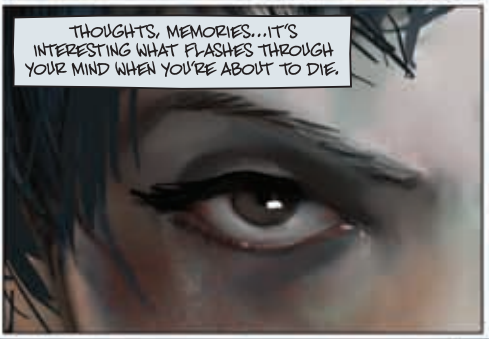
NEITHER YOU, NOR YOUR GOVERNMENT PROVIDED A DEFENSE AT YOUR TRIAL. YOUR GUILT IS UNCONTESTED AND LEGALLY RECOGNIZED UNDER INTERSTELLAR LAW.



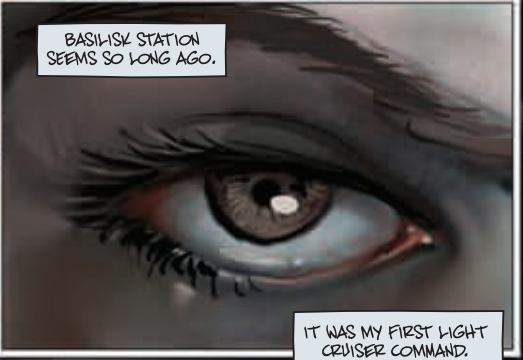
SERGEANT BERGREN, SEE TO THE PRISONER. MAKE SURE SHE SURVIVES LONG ENOUGH TO BE EXECUTED PROPERLY.



THE CONSTANT PAIN AND ISOLATION HAVE MADE IT DIFFICULT TO FOCUS.



THOUGHTS, MEMORIES...IT'S INTERESTING WHAT FLASHES THROUGH YOUR MIND WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO DIE.



BASILISK STATION SEEMS SO LONG AGO.

IT WAS MY FIRST LIGHT CRUISER COMMAND.

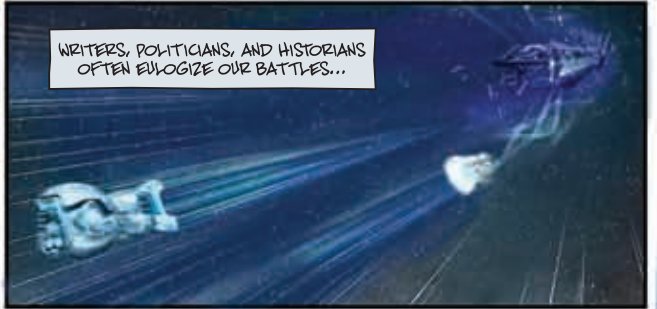
**HMS FEARLESS
BASILISK SYSTEM**



COMMANDING A SHIP IN THE ROYAL
MANTICORAN NAVY MEANS MAKING
DECISIONS THAT END PEOPLES' LIVES.



WRITERS, POLITICIANS, AND HISTORIANS
OFTEN EULOGIZE OUR BATTLES...



...BUT INCINERATION OR EXPLOSIVE
DECOMPRESSION IN THE INFINITE VASTNESS
OF SPACE DOES NOT RESEMBLE THE
ROMANTICIZED FICTION PORTRAYED.



MISSILES TIPPED WITH CONTACT FUSION,
OR BOMB-PUMPED LASER WARHEADS,
ROCKETED HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF
KILOMETERS AT EACH OTHER ACROSS A
LONELY, VACUOUS DIVIDE.

I NEVER QUESTION MYSELF IN THE CHAOTIC FRENZY OF BATTLE.

YOU CAN'T. NOT WHEN YOU HAVE SPLIT-SECONDS TO MAKE THE DECISIONS YOU HAVE TO MAKE.

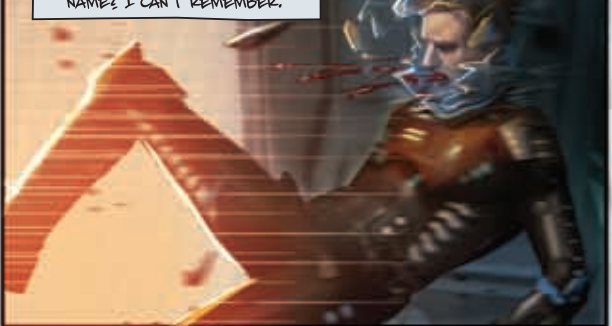


REFLECTING ON THOSE DECISIONS YEARS LATER, AND REMEMBERING THOSE WHO DIED AS A RESULT... THAT BLURS THE CLARITY.

DID I MAKE THE RIGHT CHOICES?

SO MANY BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN HAVE DIED UNDER MY COMMAND.

MEN LIKE CHIEF PETTY OFFICER BRAUN. GOD... WHAT WAS HIS FIRST NAME? I CAN'T REMEMBER.



BASHISK STATION WAS A TRIUMPH AND A DISASTER, BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF.

I SHOULD START AT THE BEGINNING...



MY FIRST RECOLLECTION OF HMS FEARLESS WAS THE CREW'S REACTION TO NIMITZ, MY TRECACAT, WHEN I BOARDED TO ASSUME COMMAND.

PETS ARE NOT ALLOWED ON NAVAL VESSELS, BUT TRECACATS AREN'T PETS. THEY'RE FROM MY HOMETOWN SPHINX AND WILL, ON RARE OCCASION, FORM A SYMBIOTIC, EMPATHIC RELATIONSHIP WITH A HUMAN.

PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD?

PERMISSION GRANTED. WELCOME ABOARD, MA'AM. I'M LIEUTENANT COMMANDER MCKEON, THE XO.

THE HUMAN-TRECACAT BOND IS AN "UNTIL DEATH DO YOU PART," CONNECTION. THE PARTNERS CAN'T BE SEPARATED, SO THE ADMIRALTY'S MADE SPECIAL DISPENSATION FOR ITS PERSONNEL WITH 'CATS.

MAY I ESCORT YOU TO THE BRIDGE, MA'AM?

THANK YOU, COMMANDER.

SOME PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WHAT TRECACATS ARE, AND EVEN THOSE THAT DO OFTEN DON'T KNOW HOW TO ACT AROUND THEM.

HER HIGHNESS BROUGHT A PET?

SHUT UP.

TRECACATS CAN SENSE THE EMOTIONS OF HUMANS, AND AFTER SO MANY YEARS TOGETHER, I CAN ALMOST ALWAYS TELL WHAT NIMITZ IS SENSING.

KNOWING WHAT OTHERS THINK OF YOU CAN BE BOTH A BLESSING AND CURSE.

IT'S HOW I KNEW MCKEON, MY EXECUTIVE OFFICER AND SECOND IN COMMAND, HAD A PROBLEM WITH ME, AND THAT THE CREW WAS ON EDGE.

WALKING ONTO THE BRIDGE THAT FIRST TIME WAS EXHILARATING, BUT I CONCEALED MY EXCITEMENT, OF COURSE, WITH THE PROFESSIONAL DEMEANOR EXPECTED OF ME.

I WAS A QUEEN'S OFFICER AFTER ALL.

AND I HAD ACQUIRED THAT RANK WITHOUT THE PATRONAGE USUALLY ASSOCIATED WITH PROMOTION. LACKING THE BLOOD OF ARISTOCRACY MEANT I HAD TO WORK HARDER, TO BE BETTER THAN MY PEERS TO ACHIEVE THE SAME RECOGNITION.



THE FORMALITY OF READING THE ORDERS MIGHT SEEM A BIT MUCH, BUT IT HAS GREAT SIGNIFICANCE. IN THAT MOMENT FEARLESS BECAME MY SHIP, THESE PEOPLE MY CREW, AND THEIR LIVES MY RESPONSIBILITY.

THE CREW SEEMED NERVOUS ABOUT THE MASSIVE RECONSTRUCTION UNDERWAY ON THE SHIP.

MR. EXEC, WHEN I RECEIVED MY COMMAND APPOINTMENT, I WAS TOLD FEARLESS WAS RECEIVING A MINOR REFIT.

BUT THIS ALL SEEMS FAR FROM MINOR.

I'M AFRAID WE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, MA'AM. WE COULD HAVE HANDLED THE ENERGY TORPEDOES WITH SOFTWARE CHANGES, BUT THE GRAY LANCE IS BASICALLY AN ENGINEERING SYSTEM.

TYING IT INTO FIRE CONTROL REQUIRES DIRECT HARDWARE LINKS TO THE MAIN TACTICAL SYSTEM.

GRAY LANCE?

YES, MA'AM. DIDN'T ANYONE MENTION THAT TO YOU?

NO, THEY DIDN'T. HOW MUCH BROADSIDE ARMAMENT DID IT COST US?

ALL FOUR GRASER MOUNTS, AND THE ENERGY TORPEDOES REPLACED ALL BUT TWO MISSILE TUBES. THAT LEAVES US THE THIRTY-CENTIMETER LASER MOUNTS, TWO IN EACH BROADSIDE, PLUS THE MISSILE LAUNCHERS.

AFTER REFIT, WE'LL HAVE THE GRAY LANCE AS WELL AS FOURTEEN TORPEDO GENERATORS. THE CHASE ARMAMENT WILL REMAIN UNCHANGED: TWO MISSILE TUBES AND THE SIXTY-CENTIMETER SPINAL LASER.

I'D FALLEN INTO THE CLUTCHES OF AN ADMIRAL WE CALLED HORRIBLE HEMPHILL. SHE WAS OBSESSED WITH REPLACING TRIED-AND-TRUE WEAPON SYSTEMS WITH NEW TECHNOLOGIES. MANY OF THE OLDER, TRADITIONAL ADMIRALS WERE BITTERLY OPPOSED. SINCE THE NEW WEAPONS WEREN'T BATTLE TESTED AND "WHY CHANGE WHAT WORKS?"

THE GRAY LANCE WAS AN EXTREMELY POWERFUL WEAPON DESIGNED TO TAKE DOWN A SHIP'S PROTECTIVE ENERGY SIDEWALLS WITH ONE SHOT. THE PROBLEM WITH IT WAS ITS INCREDIBLY LIMITED RANGE. MOUNTING IT ON A LIGHT CRUISER LIKE HMS FEARLESS WAS RECKLESS, SINCE SUCH A SMALL SHIP WOULDN'T SURVIVE THE BARRAGE OF INCOMING MISSILES TO GET WITHIN THE GRAY LANCE'S REQUIRED RANGE.

HEPHAESTUS SPACE STATION ORBITING MANTICORE

ADMIRALS D'ORVILLE AND HEMPHILL PRACTICED REGULAR LIVE WAR GAMES IN PREPARATION FOR WHAT WE ALL KNEW WAS INEVITABLE WAR WITH HAVEN.

HMS FEARLESS AND HER CREW WERE A TEST CASE FOR HEMPHILL'S NEW WEAPON IN THIS LATEST ROUND. ALTHOUGH I KNEW WE'D BEEN DEALT A FAILING HAND, I WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT. I NEVER COULD BACK DOWN FROM A CHALLENGE.

I DEVELOPED A STRATEGY AND GOT HER STAFF TO SIGN OFF ON IT.

WE'RE GOING TO DETACH FROM ADMIRAL HEMPHILL'S SCOUTS AND CUT OUR IMPELLER DRIVE, THEN COAST ON INERTIA WHILE THEY FALL BACK ON HER MAIN WALL OF BATTLE.

WHEN THE SCOUTS FALL BACK, THEY SHOULD DRAW ADMIRAL D'ORVILLE'S FLEET INTO A PURSUIT WHICH WILL BRING HIM WITHIN POINT-BLANK RANGE OF OUR POSITION, HOPEFULLY WITHOUT HIS EVER NOTICING US.

SUPER DREADNOUGHT HMS KING ROGER
DISTANCE 525,210 KM

THEIR SHIPS SHOULD GO STRAIGHT FOR OUR MAIN SHIP WALL, IGNORING THE DETACHED SQUADRON TO PRESS THEIR NUMERICAL ADVANTAGE.

WE'LL BE TARGETING ADMIRAL D'ORVILLE'S FLAGSHIP WITH OUR IMPELLERS DOWN. HIS SENSORS PROBABLY WON'T SEE US AT ALL WHILE WE COAST RIGHT INTO GRAY LANCE RANGE.

OUR RELATIVE INERTIA INDEED CARRIED US ALONG THE PREDETERMINED VECTOR. A SHIP THAT'S "DARK" WITHOUT A DISCERNABLE ENERGY SIGNATURE CAN'T BE PICKED UP BY SENSORS UNTIL THEY'RE CLOSE. ALTHOUGH CLOSE IN SPACE IS A RELATIVE TERM, FOR US IT WAS WITHIN THE RANGE OF THE GRAY LANCE.



THIS WOULD NORMALLY BE A ONE-WAY STRATEGY, SINCE ONCE REVEALED THE ENEMY WOULD DESTROY THE SHIP WITH EASE, BUT TRADING A LIGHT CRUISER FOR A SUPERDREADNOUGHT WOULD BE CONSIDERED AN ACCEPTABLE LOSS.



"ACCEPTABLE LOSSES" ARE EASY TO STOMACH IN A WAR GAME WHEN REAL WEAPONS AREN'T BEING USED, AND PEOPLE AREN'T ACTUALLY DYING.



THE REAL BUSINESS OF TRADING SHIP AND CASUALTY COUNTS IS A FAR DIFFERENT BEAST.

THE GRAY LANCE PERFORMED AS ADVERTISED. IT RIPPED DOWN THEIR SIDEWALL WITH ONE SHOT.

CH-CHOOM

THE FOLLOWING BARRAGE OF SHORT-RANGE ENERGY TORPEDOES FINISHED THE JOB.

THE CAPITAL COMMAND SHIP OF D'ORVILLE'S FLEET WAS TAKEN OUT OF THE GAME.

THE LIVE SIMULATIONS USE REAL ORDNANCE, ALBEIT SEVERELY UNDERSTRENGTH. THE COMPUTERS ADJUST TO SHUT THE SHIP DOWN WHEN "DESTROYED".

THERE WAS SO MUCH CONFUSION ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THEIR FLAGSHIP THAT THE REST OF THE FLEET HESITATED TO FIRE ON US, AND WE WERE ABLE TO ESCAPE UNDAUNTED.

BRING UP OUR WEDGE AND HELM--EXECUTE SIERRA FIVE, FULL MILITARY POWER.

WITH PLEASURE, MA'AM.

THEY SAW US THEN, BUT WE BROKE AWAY ON A COURSE WHICH KEPT OUR IMPELLER WEDGE BETWEEN US AND THEM, AND NO WEAPON CAN PENETRATE A WEDGE. WE'D DONE THE IMPOSSIBLE, AND FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, WE WERE THE TALK OF THE FLEET.

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OUR ELATION WAS SHORT LIVED, HOWEVER. D'ORVILLE'S TASK FORCE WANTED REVENGE FOR ITS FLAGSHIP'S HUMILIATING DEFEAT. THEY SYSTEMATICALLY SOUGHT US OUT AND ANNIHILATED US FROM DISTANCES BEYOND FEARLESS'S RANGE.

WE WERE DESTROYED EVERY TIME IN THE NEXT FOURTEEN GAMES. ONLY TWICE WE TOOK ANOTHER SHIP WITH US.

OUR REPEATED DESTRUCTION CAUSED CREW MORALE TO PLUMMET, AND EVEN WITHOUT NIMITZ'S EMPATHIC BOND, I KNEW THE CREW HELD ME ACCOUNTABLE.



THE WIDELY HELD BELIEF WAS THAT I SHOWED OFF TOO MUCH FOR GOING AFTER THE FLAGSHIP IN THAT FIRST EXERCISE.

ADMIRAL HEMPHILL KNEW IT WASN'T MY FAULT, BUT HER NEW WEAPON BEING SO EASILY DISMISSED WAS A BLOW TO HER AGENDA. SHE NEEDED TO BLAME SOMEONE, AND HEAVEN FORBID SHE POINT TO HERSELF.

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, STINKERZ? YOU KNOW WORKING OUT HELPS ME THINK.




WE WERE PUNISHED IN THE WORST WAY IMAGINABLE -- SWEEP UNDER THE RUG AS AN EMBARRASSMENT TO ADMIRAL HEMPHILL.

WE RECEIVED ORDERS TASKING US FOR DUTY ON BASILISK STATION.



BASHISK STATION WAS THE KINGDOM OF MANTICORE'S DUTY PLATFORM, PROTECTING THE WORMHOLE NEAR THE PLANET MEDUSA IN THE BASHISK SYSTEM.





IT WAS FAR FROM THE CENTER OF MANTICORAN POLITICS, AND DESPITE THE SUBSEQUENT TAX REVENUE IT GENERATED FROM THE MASSIVE CIVILIAN AND MERCHANT TRAFFIC THROUGH THE WORMHOLE, IT WAS CONSIDERED A LIABILITY BACK THEN.

THE BASILISK SYSTEM PICKET WASN'T A DUTY STATION -- IT WAS EXILE, OBLIVION.

IT HAD BECOME THE ROYAL MANTICORAN NAVY'S PURGATORY, WHERE CAREERS WENT TO DIE, A LAST STEP BEFORE BEING DRUMMED OUT OF ACTIVE SERVICE AND PUT ON HALF PAY IN A DISGRACED FORCED RETIREMENT.

MEDUSA WAS INHABITED BY BRONZE AGE NATIVES WE CALLED STILTIES.



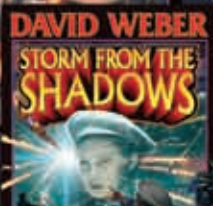
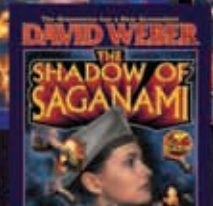
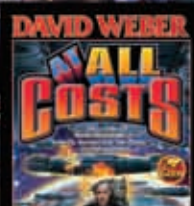
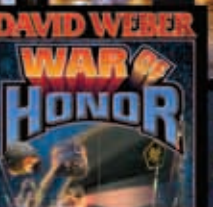
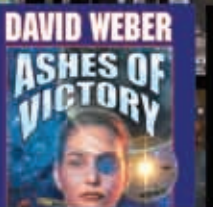
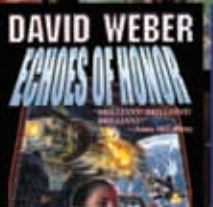
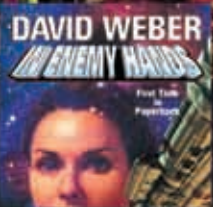
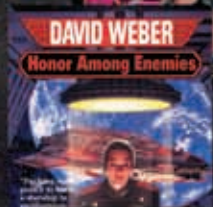
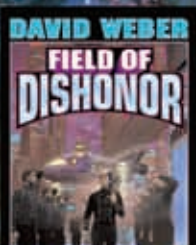
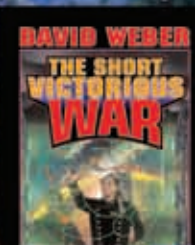
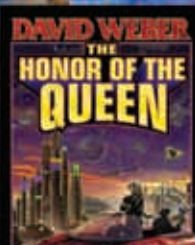
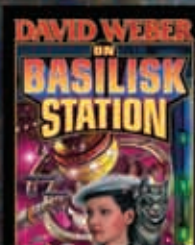
THEY WERE PEACEFUL UNTIL GIVEN NEW WEAPONS TECHNOLOGY AND GOADED INTO INSURRECTION BY A HAVEN PLOT. IT WAS ULTIMATELY THE FIRST SALVO IN THIS LONG, ONGOING WAR.

SO MUCH DEATH.

BUT I GET AHEAD OF MYSELF.

WANT MORE HONOR?

THERE IS A WHOLE UNIVERSE WAITING FOR YOU!



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Proud Publisher of the Honorverse Books and
New York Times Best-Selling Author DAVID WEBER

PLANET MEDUSA ORBIT

WHEN WE FIRST ARRIVED IN SYSTEM, I WAS AMAZED AT HOW SLOWLY ANYONE SIGNALLED US. INITIALLY I THOUGHT INCOMPETENCE, BUT LATER REALIZED IT WAS BOTH THAT AND AN INTENTIONAL SIGHT.

WE ARE INSTRUCTED TO PROCEED TO MEDUSA ORBIT TO RENDEZVOUS WITH THE PICKET'S SENIOR OFFICER ABOARD HMS WARLOCK, MA'AM.



PUNCH UP WARLOCK, PLEASE, TACTICAL. LET'S FIND OUT WHO OUR SENIOR OFFICER IS.

HERE IT IS, MA'AM. HMS WARLOCK, CA TWO-SEVEN-SEVEN, THREE HUNDRED K-TONS. SHE'S A STAR KNIGHT-CLASS. CAPTAIN LORD PAVEL YOUNG COMMANDING.

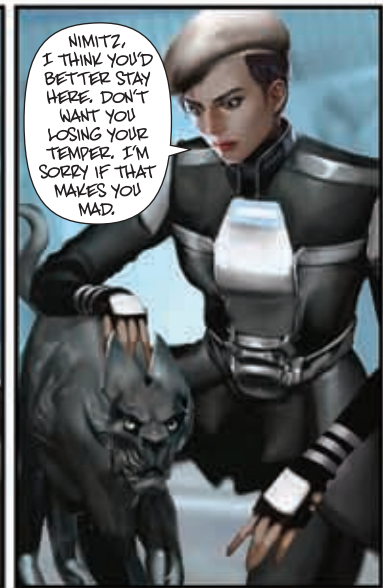
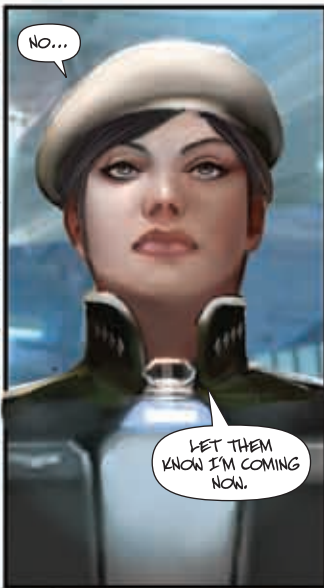



IS THERE A PROBLEM?

NO...

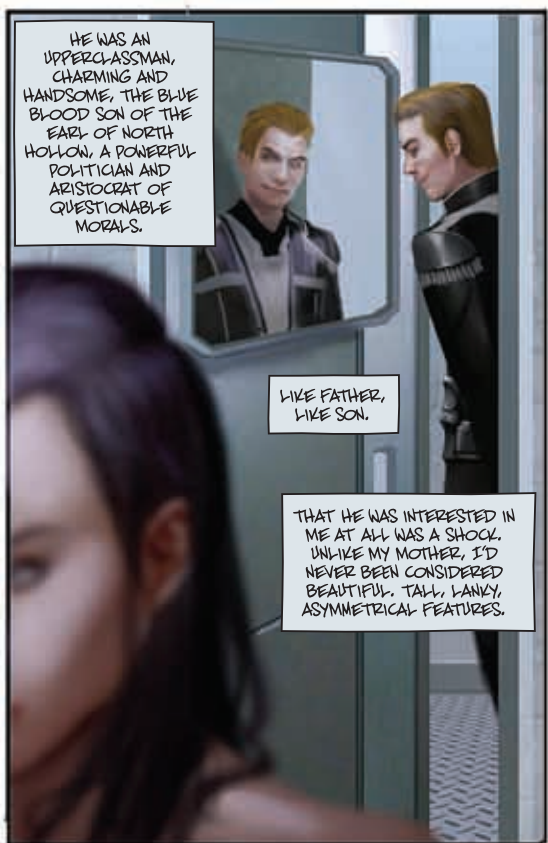
LET THEM KNOW I'M COMING NOW.

NIMITZ, I THINK YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE. DON'T WANT YOU LOSING YOUR TEMPER. I'M SORRY IF THAT MAKES YOU MAD.





OVER TWENTY YEARS AGO, WHILE I WAS AT THE ROYAL MANTICORAN NAVAL ACADEMY ON SAGANAMI ISLAND, PAVEL YOUNG TRIED TO ASSAULT ME.



HE WAS AN UPPERCLASSMAN, CHARMING AND HANDSOME, THE BLUE BLOOD SON OF THE EARL OF NORTH HOLLOW, A POWERFUL POLITICIAN AND ARISTOCRAT OF QUESTIONABLE MORALS.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

THAT HE WAS INTERESTED IN ME AT ALL WAS A SHOCK. UNLIKE MY MOTHER, I'D NEVER BEEN CONSIDERED BEAUTIFUL. TALL, LANKY, ASYMMETRICAL FEATURES.



IT'S YOUR LUCKY DAY, PEEBE.




I'VE SELECTED YOU FOR SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT.

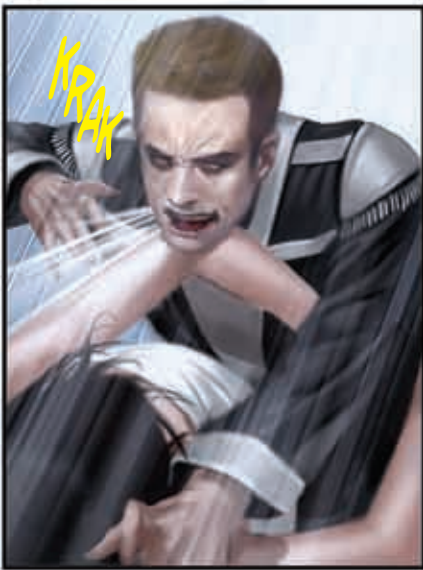


YOU CAN BRAG ABOUT THIS TO ALL YOUR FRIENDS.

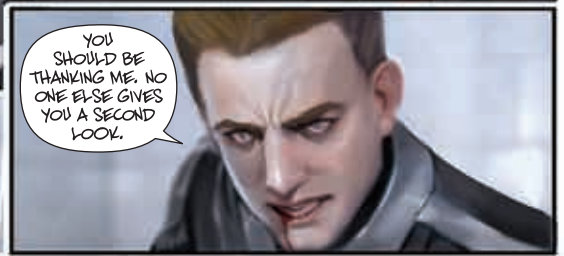
NO! STOP THIS.



NO? WHY WOULD YOU SAY NO TO ME?



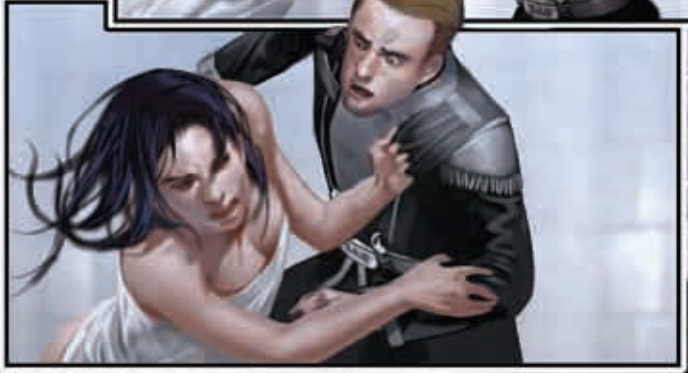
YOU HIT ME?
YOU BITCH!



YOU SHOULD BE THANKING ME. NO ONE ELSE GIVES YOU A SECOND LOOK.

IF HE HAD DONE EVEN FIVE MINUTES OF RESEARCH ON ME, HE'D HAVE KNOWN I WAS ALREADY ON THE ACADEMY COUP DE VITESSE MARTIAL ARTS TEAM.


BUT HE WAS ONLY INTERESTED IN SEX; NOT ME, MY ABILITIES, OR ANYTHING ABOUT ME.



I NEVER REPORTED HIM FOR THE ATTEMPTED RAPE. I REGRET NOT DOING SO TO THIS DAY. I WAS SCARED, SHOCKED, AND DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WOULD BELIEVE ME.



I DIDN'T JUST STOP HIM. I PUNISHED HIM FOR IT. I PUT HIM IN THE INFIRMARY FOR THREE DAYS. AND PAVEL YOUNG WASN'T THE TYPE TO FORGIVE AND FORGET.



ARISTOCRATIC SCUM LIKE HIM MAKE ME SICK. THEY THINK THEIR WEALTH AND CONNECTIONS WILL LET THEM GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING. THE SAD THING IS, SOMETIMES THAT'S TRUE.


HOW YOUNG GOT BANISHED TO BASIHSK STATION AS WELL I NEVER FOUND OUT, BUT IT DIDN'T SURPRISE ME. HE WAS LAZY AND INCOMPETENT, TWO TRAITS THAT DON'T SUIT A COMMANDING OFFICER OF A QUEEN'S SHIP.

I HADN'T SEEN YOUNG IN PERSON SINCE THE ACADEMY. BOARDING THE HMS WARLOCK, I KNEW I HAD TO KEEP MY COOL.



PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD, SIR?

PERMISSION GRANTED, COMMANDER HARRINGTON. PAUL TANKERSLEY, WARLOCK'S EXEC.




THAT WAS HOW I FIRST MET PAUL. I CAN'T THINK ABOUT THAT NOW. ONE PAINFUL MEMORY AT A TIME IS ENOUGH.

IF YOU'LL ACCOMPANY ME, COMMANDER, THE CAPTAIN IS WAITING IN BRIEFING ONE.

LEAD ON.

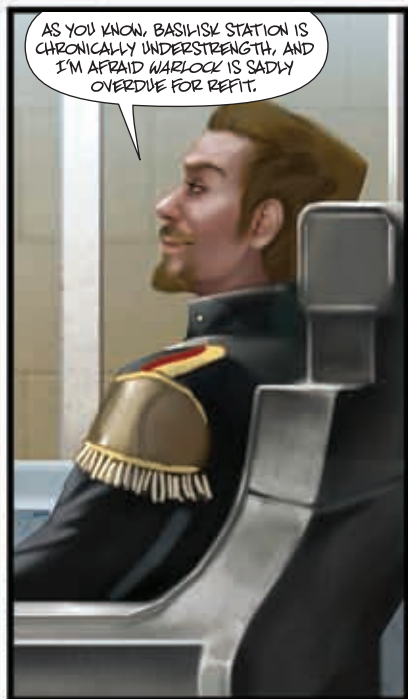
AND THERE HE WAS. STILL DRESSED IMPECCABLY, ALTHOUGH NOT ACCORDING TO MILITARY REGULATION.



MEN LIKE HIM ALWAYS FEEL THEY CAN BEND THE RULES TO SUIT THEIR WISHES. SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE.



COMMANDER, I'M RELIEVED TO SEE YOUR SHIP. WE'VE BEEN EVEN MORE SHORTHANDED THAN USUAL SINCE IMPLACABLE LEFT.



AS YOU KNOW, BASILISK STATION IS CHRONICALLY UNDERSTRENGTH, AND I'M AFRAID WARLOCK IS SADLY OVERDUE FOR REFIT.



IN FACT, THIS IS A LIST OF OUR MOST URGENTLY REQUIRED REPAIRS. THAT'S WHY I'M SO PLEASSED TO SEE YOU, COMMANDER.

YOUR PRESENCE WILL PERMIT ME TO RETURN WARLOCK TO MANTICORE FOR THE YARD ATTENTION SHE NEEDS SO BADLY.



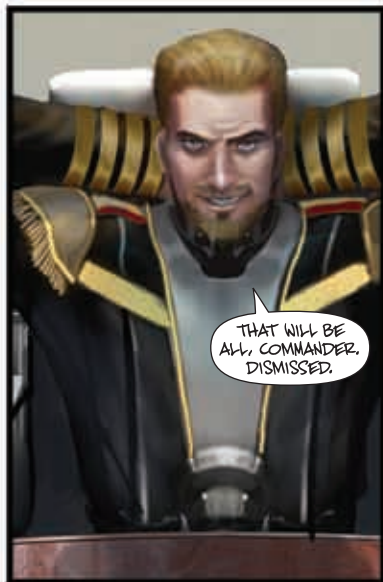
UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCE AND IN VIEW OF THE EXTENSIVE NATURE OF OUR NEEDS, I FEEL IT WOULD BE INADVISABLE TO ASK COMMANDER TANKERSLEY TO ASSUME RESPONSIBILITY FOR WARLOCK'S REFIT.



THEREFORE, COMMANDER HARRINGTON, I WILL BE ACCOMPANYING WARLOCK BACK TO MANTICORE TO SUPERVISE HER REFIT IN PERSON.

I WILL, OF COURSE, RETURN AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. I REALIZE MY ABSENCE WILL BE... INCONVENIENT FOR YOU, AND I WILL MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO KEEP IT AS BRIEF AS POSSIBLE.

HOWEVER, I ESTIMATE THAT THE NECESSARY MAINTENANCE AND REPAIRS WILL CONSUME AT LEAST TWO MONTHS. DURING THAT TIME, YOU WILL BE SENIOR OFFICER HERE IN BASILISK. YOUR ORDERS ARE ON THE CHIP.



THAT WILL BE ALL, COMMANDER. DISMISSED.

LEAVING ME SENIOR OFFICER WITH JUST FEARLESS TO PICKET THE ENTIRE SYSTEM WAS A GUARANTEE OF FAILURE TO EXECUTE THE NAVY'S STANDING ORDERS. PAYBACK FOR WHAT HAPPENED BACK AT SAGANAMI ISLAND. HE WAS SETTING ME UP TO FAIL.

THE PAST, EVEN WITH ITS DARK SPOTS IS PREFERABLE TO THIS PRESENT. MY MEMORIES WERE INTERRUPTED BY THE HAVENITE DOCTOR RETURNING TO TORTURE ME.

YOU WANT ME TO HOLD HER, DOCTOR WADE?

NO SERGEANT BERGREN, I THINK I CAN HANDLE THIS. THANK YOU.

I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO DEACTIVATE YOUR CYBERNETIC PARTS. I REALIZE THIS WILL NOT BE COMFORTABLE FOR YOU.

FOR THAT I'M SORRY. I WISH YOUR COMFORT WERE HIGH ON OUR LIST...

...BUT IT'S NOT.

ZZZZRRRR
ZZZZRRRR

TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT ISSUE

TALES OF HONOR

#2



SCIENCE CLASS – TALES OF HONOR EDITION

Welcome to *Tales of Honor* #1! I'm very proud of this book you hold in your hands (or view on your tablet). You've probably figured out by this point that this comic book is based on the long-running series of *Honor Harrington* novels written by David Weber, collectively called the Honorverse. The first one, *On Basilisk Station*, is available for free download on Kindle and on Ibooks, and is a fantastic read. I recommend you all go download it.

Kindle: <http://goo.gl/klmjWS>

For those of you already familiar with the *Honor Harrington* novels, you'll recognize that this comic story actually starts in the 7th novel, *In Enemy Hands*. It then jumps back to *On Basilisk Station*, but doesn't follow that in a linear fashion. This is by design, and something the fine folk at Evergreen Studios, David Weber, and I all agreed upon before this all got started. So you understand, the intent is to tell her recollections of events while under duress, which allows me a bit of latitude to adapt the story into a comic book format.

I should talk about Evergreen Studios for a minute. They're the company behind the recent *Walking with Dinosaurs* film, and they are developing the Honorverse into a series of films. They've been great to work with, and without them this comic would not exist.

<http://www.tales-of-honor.com>

The first five issues of this series will tell the core story of *On Basilisk Station*, and then we'll move on to *The Honor of the Queen* with the next five. We'll continue to slowly leak out the story from *In Enemy Hands* until we get to it, and can do an arc specifically on that as well.

Write in your questions, thoughts, and commentary to fanmail@topcow.com and I'll answer some of that here. We also have an active community on our web site with message boards that will include a new section specifically for *Tales of Honor*.

Our site is: <http://www.topcow.com/>

The following few pages show some behind-the-scenes development materials and designs, in addition to some extra info on the series and other media for *Tales of Honor*. Thanks for giving this book a shot. I hope you enjoy it.

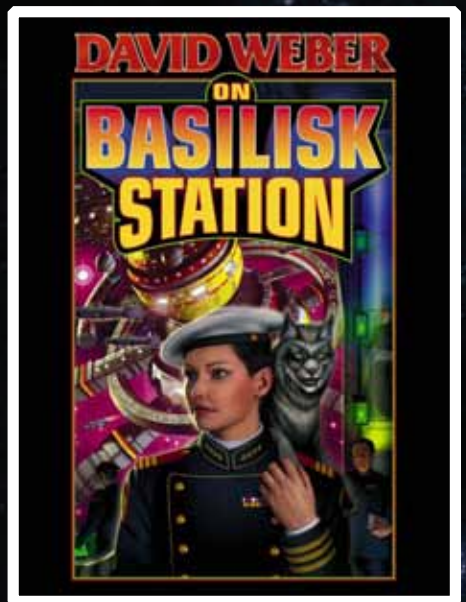
Carpe Diem!

Matt Hawkins

Please pester me on any of my feeds:

@topcowmatt

<https://www.facebook.com/Selfloathingnarcissist>



HONOR HARRINGTON DESIGN PROCESS



EARLY NIMITZ DESIGN BY BLUR STUDIO

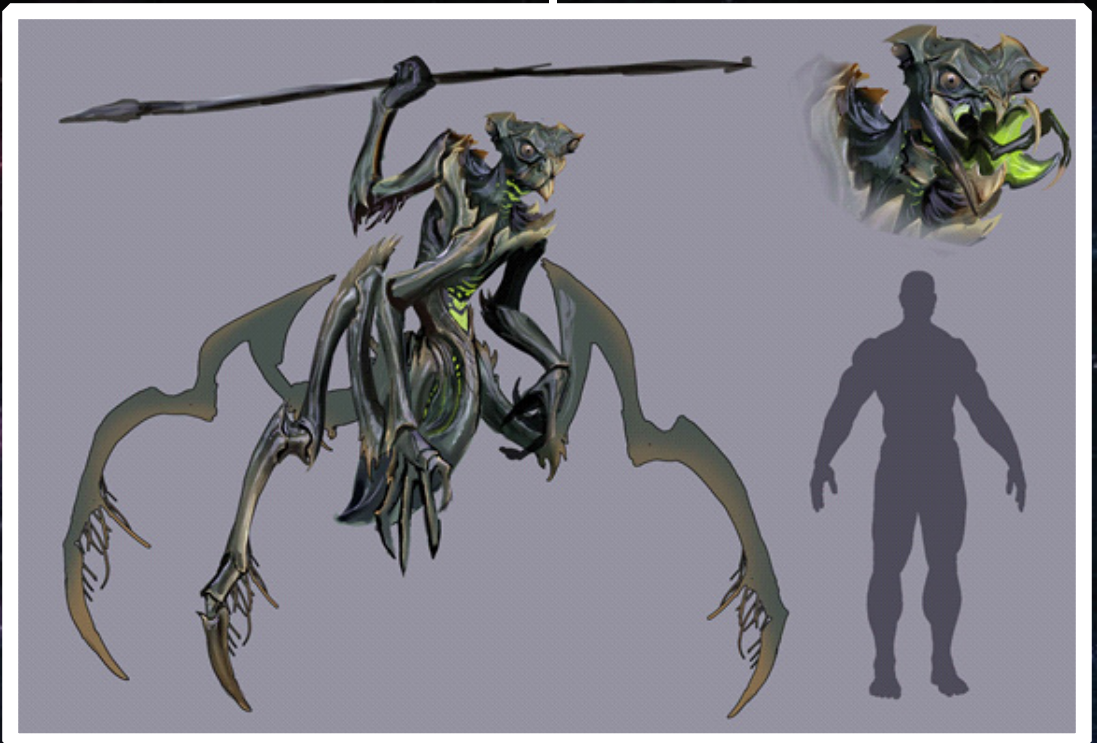


EVERGREEN

TREE CAT EXPLORATIONS 10-15-13

BLUR STUDIO

STILTIE DESIGN BY STJEPAN SEJIC



HMS FEARLESS DESIGN



HMS FEARLESS
Manticore-Courageous-class Light Cruiser
Grav Lance and Energy Torpedos
(389 meters)



5.



HEPHAESTUS SPACE STATION DESIGN



HEPHAESTUS
SPACE STATION
CONCEPT W.I.P.



HOW SHIPS WORK IN THE HONORVERSE

“Gravity sidewalls were the first and primary line of defense for every warship. The impeller drive created a pair of stressed gravity bands above and below a ship—a wedge, open at both ends, though the forward edge was far deeper than the after one—capable in theory of instant acceleration to light speed. Of course, that kind of acceleration would turn any crew to gory goo...

...Even with modern inertial compensators, the best acceleration any warship could pull under impeller was well under six hundred gravities, but it had been a tremendous step forward. And not simply in terms of propulsion; even today no known weapon could penetrate the main drive bands of a military-grade impeller wedge, which meant simply powering its impellers protected a ship against any fire from above or below.

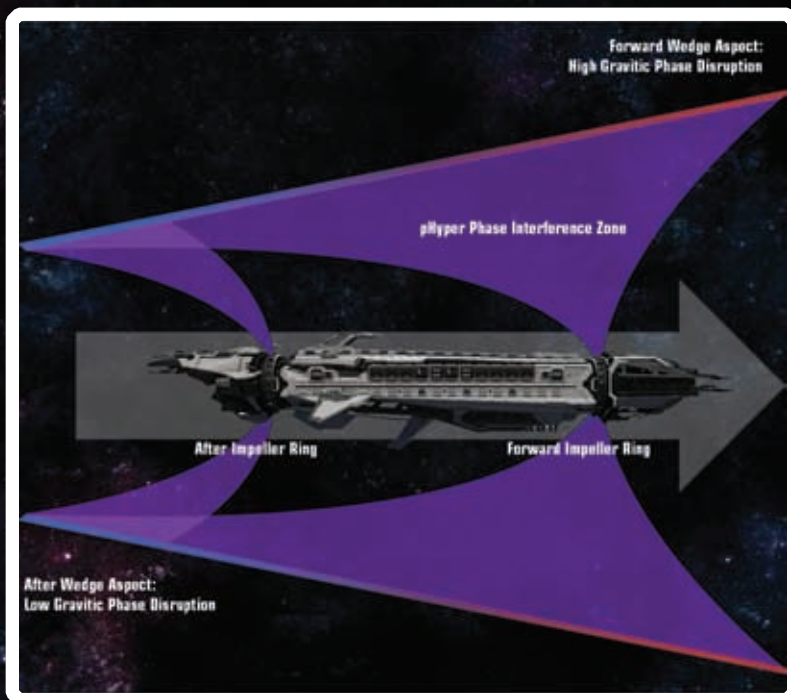
But that had left the sides of the impeller wedge, for they, too, were open—until someone invented the gravity sidewall and extended protection to its flanks. The bow and stern aspects still couldn't be closed, even by a sidewall, and the most powerful sidewall ever generated was far weaker than a drive band.

Sidewalls could be penetrated, particularly by missiles fitted with penetration aids, but it took a powerful energy weapon at very short range (relatively speaking) to pierce them with any effect, and that limited beams to a range of no more than four hundred thousand kilometers.

It also meant that deep-space battles had a nasty tendency to end in tactical draws, however important they might be strategically. When one fleet realized it was in trouble, it simply turned its ships up on their sides, presenting only the impenetrable aspects of its individual units' impeller wedges, while it endeavored to break off the action.

The only counter was a resolute pursuit, but that, in turn, exposed the unguarded frontal arcs of the pursuers' wedges, inviting raking fire straight down their throats as they attempted to close. Cruiser actions were more often fought to the finish, but engagements between capital ships all too often had the formalism of some intricate dance in which both sides knew all the steps.”

Excerpt from *On Basilisk Station* by David Weber



SHE SLEPT THROUGH
THE END OF THE WORLD



CAN SHE SURVIVE
WHAT'S LEFT?

APHRODITE

IX

MATT HAWKINS | STJEPAN SEJIC

ONGOING MONTHLY

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