



#4 • \$2.99

TALES OF HONOR



"ON BASILISK STATION"

MATT HAWKINS • SANG-IL JEONG • LINDA SEJIC

www.topcow.com



#4 • \$2.99

TALES OF HONOR



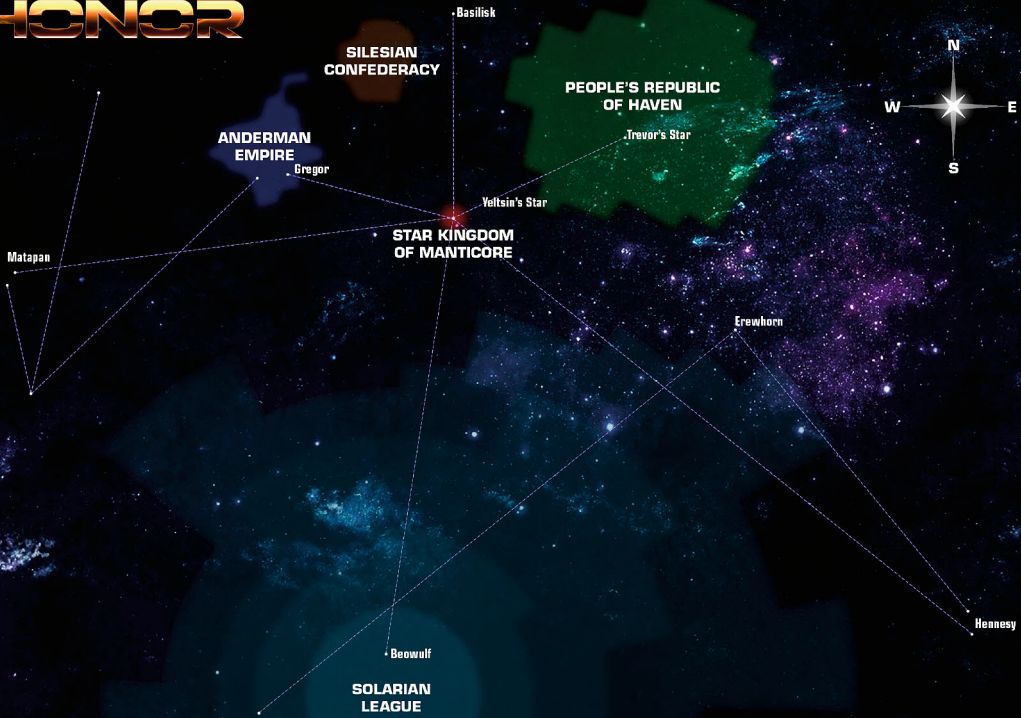
"ON BASILISK STATION"

MATT HAWKINS • SANG-IL JEONG • LINDA SEJIC

www.topcow.com

TALES OF HONOR

0 50 LY 100 LY



"ON BASILISK STATION"

MATT HAWKINS WRITER

SANG-IL JEONG ARTIST

TROY PETERI LETTERER

BETSY GONIA EDITOR

Special Thanks to **Linda Sejic** for Art Assists

Based on the novels written and created by **David Weber**.

Cover A **Sang-Il Jeong** • Cover B **Linda Sejic**



For Top Cow Productions, Inc.

Marc Silvestri - CEO • Matt Hawkins - President and COO • Betsy Gonia - Managing Editor

Elena Salcedo - Operations Manager • Ryan Cady - Editorial Assistant • Vincent Valentine - Production Assistant

WWW.TOPCOW.COM



IMAGE COMICS, INC.
 Robert Kirkman - Chief Operating Officer
 Erik Larson - Chief Financial Officer
 Todd McFarlane - President
 Marc Silvestri - Chief Executive Officer
 Jim Valentino - Vice-President
 Eric Stephenson - Publisher
 Ron Richards - Director of Business Development
 Jennifer de Guzman - Director of Trade Book Sales
 Kat Salazar - Director of PR & Marketing
 Jeremy Sullivan - Director of Digital Sales
 Emily Savitski - Sales Assistant
 Bramwyn Bigglestone - Senior Accounts Manager
 Jessica Ambroz - Administrative Assistant
 Tyler Shaulina - Events Coordinator
 David Brothers - Content Manager
 Jonathan Chant - Production Manager
 Drew Gill - Art Director
 Meredith Wallace - Print Manager
 Monica Garcia - Senior Production Artist
 Jenna Savage - Production Artist
 Addison Duke - Production Artist
 Tricia Ramos - Production Assistant
IMAGECOMICS.COM

TALES OF HONOR. VOLUME ONE, ISSUE FOUR. AUGUST 2014.


Published by Image Comics Inc. Office of Publication: 2001 Center St., Sixth Floor, Berkeley, CA 94704. Tales of Honor© 2014 Fearless Productions, LLC. All rights reserved. "Tales of Honor," Tales of Honor logos, and the likenesses of all featured characters (human or otherwise) featured herein are copyrights of Fearless Productions, LLC. Image Comics and the Image Comics logo are trademarks of Image Comics Inc. The characters, events, and stories in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Fearless Productions, LLC. Printed in the United States. For information regarding the CPSIA on this printed material call: 203-595-3636 and provide reference RICH-570776.

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.

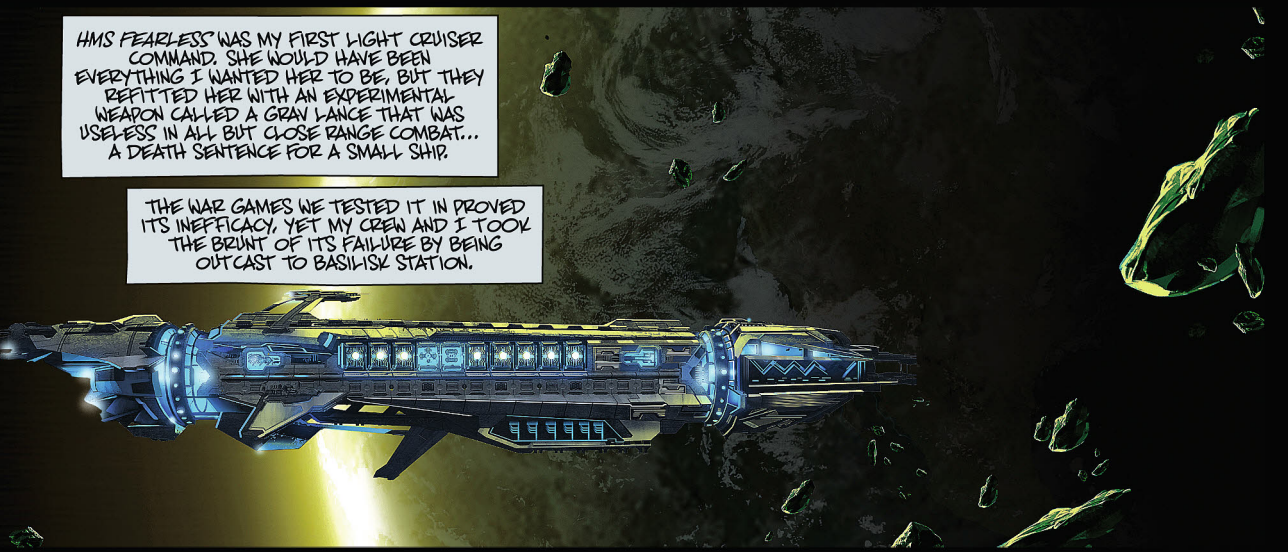
One of these Star Nations, The People’s Republic of Haven, is on the surface a democracy, but in practicality a central party controlled dictatorship. Wasted economically by its welfare state, Haven embraced an expansionist policy of military conquest to sustain its bloated system.

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



AS A PRISONER ABOARD THE HAVENITE VESSEL PMS TEPEZ, I'VE BEEN CONFINED HERE FOR WEEKS WITH LITTLE INTERACTION FROM ANYONE, SAVE THE PETTY TORMENTS OF MY GUARDS AND THE SMUG INTERROGATIONS OF THEIR SECRETARY OF PUBLIC INFORMATION, CORDELIA RANSOM.

TRIED IN ABSENTIA IN A SHAM TRIAL, I WAS FOUND GUILTY BY A HAVEN COURT FOR MY ACTIONS AT BASILISK STATION TEN YEARS AGO AND SENTENCED TO EXECUTION. IN THIS SENSORY DEPRIVED STATE, MY MIND CONTINUES TO DRIFT OVER THE EVENTS THAT GOT ME HERE.




HMS FEARLESS WAS MY FIRST LIGHT CRUISER COMMAND. SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN EVERYTHING I WANTED HER TO BE, BUT THEY REFITTED HER WITH AN EXPERIMENTAL WEAPON CALLED A GRAY LANCE THAT WAS USELESS IN ALL BUT CLOSE RANGE COMBAT... A DEATH SENTENCE FOR A SMALL SHIP.

THE WAR GAMES WE TESTED IT IN PROVED ITS INEFFECTACY, YET MY CREW AND I TOOK THE BRUNT OF ITS FAILURE BY BEING OUTCAST TO BASILISK STATION.



DESPITE THE STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF THE TERMINUS IT PROTECTED, BASILISK STATION WAS WHERE THE NAVY SENT ITS SCREEN UPS, AND THAT, COMBINED WITH BEING PERPETUALLY UNDERSTAFFED, MADE IT DIFFICULT TO POLICE.



OUR ENFORCEMENT RUFFLED SOME FEATHERS IN THE MERCHANT CARTELS THAT WERE USING BASILISK AS A TRANSIT POINT TO SMUGGLE CONTRABAND, BUT OUR EFFORTS UNCOVERED SOMETHING FAR MORE INSIDIOUS, A MYSTERY INVOLVING THE INDIGENOUS MEDUSAN POPULATION WE CALLED THE STILTIES.

SOMEONE WAS ARMING THEM WITH FLINTLOCK RIFLES AND PROVIDING THEM WITH MASS QUANTITIES OF THE HALLUCINOGENIC DRUG MEKOKA.

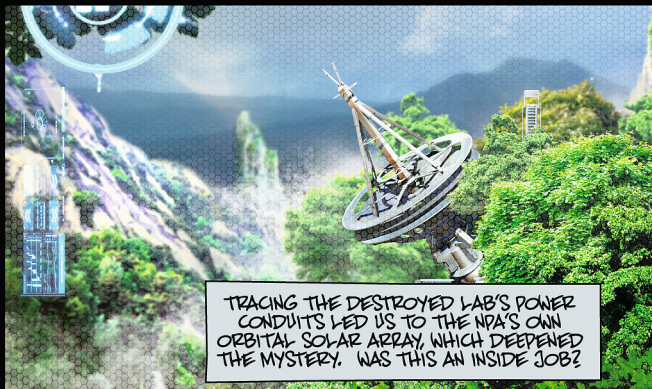
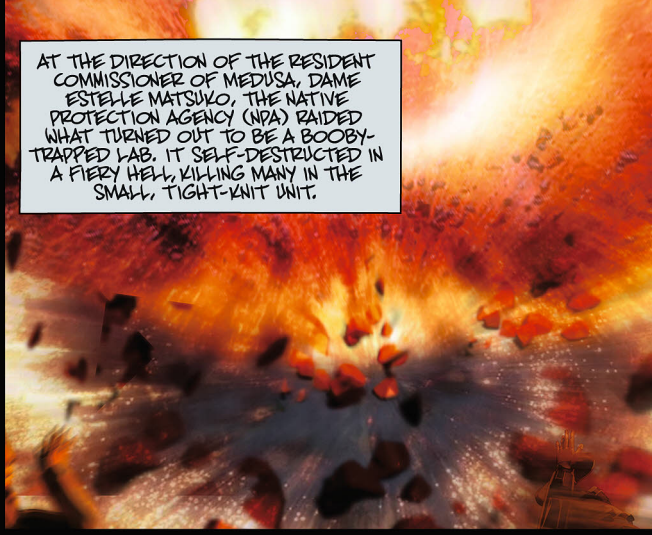
WE WERE THE FIRST TO EVEN TRY TO IMPOSE THE COMMERCE REGULATIONS SINCE MANTICORE HAD ANNEXED THE REGION.



IF IT WAS OFF-WORLDER INFLUENCE AS WE SURMISED, WHY NOT GIVE THEM MODERN WEAPONS? WHAT WAS THE POINT OF THE DRUGS? WE SUSPECTED THE REPUBLIC OF HAVEN, BUT HAD NO PROOF.

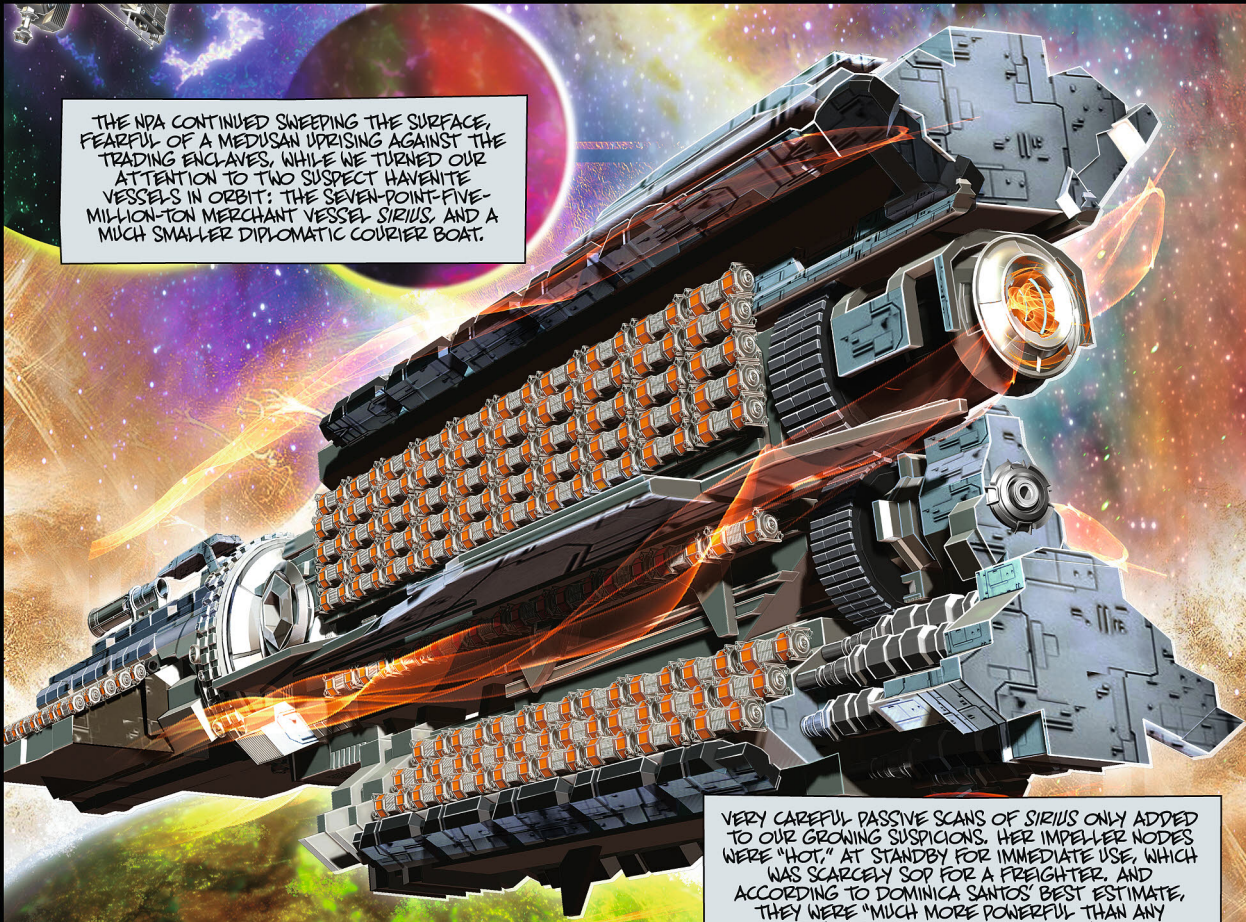
OUR INVESTIGATION FOUND A LAB IN THE REMOTE MOSSYBACK RIDGE AREA OF THE OUTBACK WHERE THEY WERE MASS-PRODUCING AN ENHANCED VERSION OF MEKOHA.

AT THE DIRECTION OF THE RESIDENT COMMISSIONER OF MEDUSA, DAME ESTELLE MATSUKO, THE NATIVE PROTECTION AGENCY (NPA) RAIDED WHAT TURNED OUT TO BE A BOOBY-TRAPPED LAB. IT SELF-DESTRUCTED IN A FIERY HELL, KILLING MANY IN THE SMALL, TIGHT-KNIT UNIT.



TRACING THE DESTROYED LAB'S POWER CONDUITS LED US TO THE NPA'S OWN ORBITAL SOLAR ARRAY, WHICH DEEPEINED THE MYSTERY. WAS THIS AN INSIDE JOB?

THE NPA CONTINUED SWEEPING THE SURFACE, FEARFUL OF A MEDUSAN UPRISING AGAINST THE TRADING ENCLAVES, WHILE WE TURNED OUR ATTENTION TO TWO SUSPECT HAVENITE VESSELS IN ORBIT: THE SEVEN-POINT-FIVE-MILLION-TON MERCHANT VESSEL SIRIUS, AND A MUCH SMALLER DIPLOMATIC COURIER BOAT.



VERY CAREFUL PASSIVE SCANS OF SIRIUS ONLY ADDED TO OUR GROWING SUSPICIONS. HER IMPELLER NODES WERE "HOT," AT STANDBY FOR IMMEDIATE USE, WHICH WAS SCARCELY SOP FOR A FREIGHTER, AND ACCORDING TO DOMINICA SANTOS' BEST ESTIMATE, THEY WERE "MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY MERCHANT VESSEL NORMALLY REQUIRED."

WHILE I ALWAYS MAINTAINED A PROFESSIONAL POSTURE IN THE GLARE OF EVERYDAY SERVICE, INSIDE I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT EVERY MEMBER OF MY CREW WAS PART OF MY FAMILY.

MILITARY PERSONNEL SHARE A SPECIAL BOND, ESPECIALLY WHEN FORGED IN ACTION.

ALL WHO SERVE I RESPECT WITH THE HIGHEST REGARD, BUT THE MEN AND WOMEN ABOARD FEARLESS WITH ME AT BASILISK STATION HELD A SPECIAL PLACE IN MY HEART.

MEN LIKE PETTY OFFICER HORACE HARKNESS.

HARKNESS WAS A CHARACTER...BRASH, SOMEWHAT UNDISCIPLINED, A BIT OF A TROUBLEMAKER, AND COMPLETELY INCAPABLE OF PASSING AN OPPORTUNITY TO FIGHT WITH OFF-DUTY MARINES.

HE TOOK SERIOUSLY HIS RESPONSIBILITY TO CONTINUE THE TIME WORN RIVALRY BETWEEN THE NAVY AND THE MARINES.

YOU'RE GONNA EAT THOSE WORDS, JARHEAD!







NOT SO TOUGH NOW, ARE YA MARINE?



HORACE, ENOUGH! YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO SPEND ANY MORE TIME IN THE BRIG.



THESE MAGGOTS WON'T PRESS CHARGES.

NO, BUT I MIGHT.

I'M NOT SURE HE EVER REMEMBERED WHAT HE FOUGHT ABOUT. IT WAS JUST WHO HE WAS, A LITTLE ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES, BUT ONE OF THE BEST.

HE AND ENSIGN SCOTTY TREMAINE FORGED A TIGHT BOND WORKING TOGETHER. THIS UNLIKELY PAIR COMPLEMENTED EACH OTHER WELL, AND BECAME AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN AS "BALL AND CHAIN."

TREMAINE WAS THE "CHAIN" OF COURSE, TRYING TO KEEP HORACE IN LINE -- AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE JOB. MY YOUNGEST OFFICER AT THE TIME, HE WAS WHIP SMART AND DID THINGS BY THE BOOK.

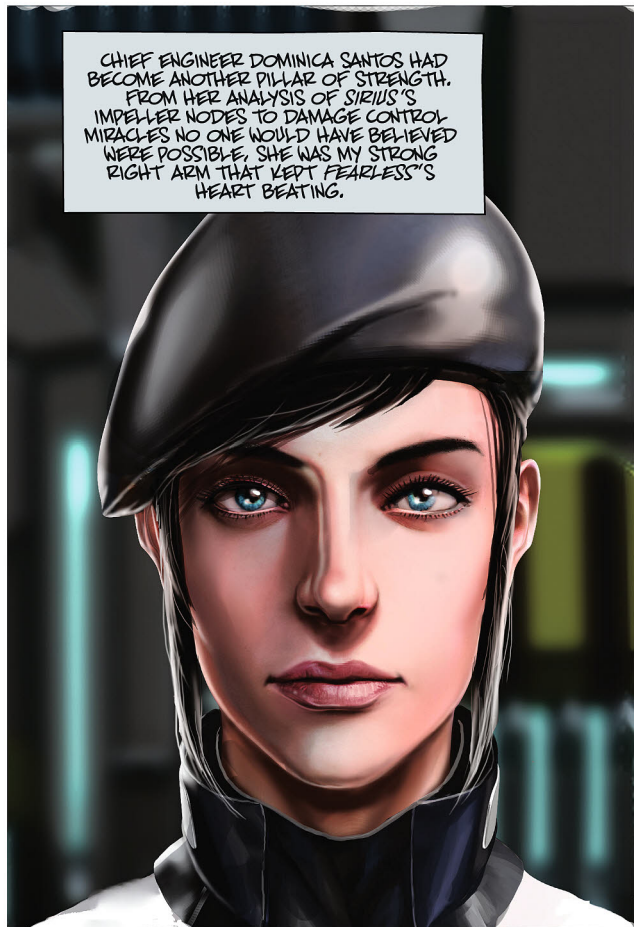
DESPITE THEIR DIFFERENCES, OR MAYBE BECAUSE OF THEM, HE AND HARNESSEY BECAME A LEGENDARY AND INSEPARABLE TEAM.



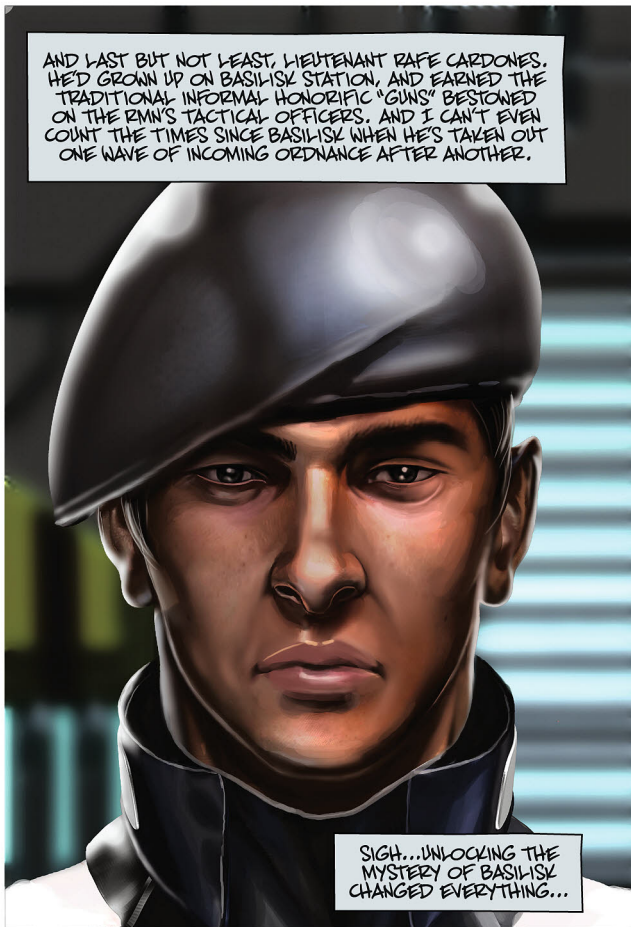
AFTER THE HAUPTMAN AFFAIR, MY EXECUTIVE OFFICER, LIEUTENANT COMMANDER ALISTAIR MCKEON, FINALLY BECAME THE XO I NEEDED, AND OVER TIME ONE OF MY MOST TRUSTED FRIENDS AND ADVISORS.



CHIEF ENGINEER DOMINICA SANTOS HAD BECOME ANOTHER PILLAR OF STRENGTH. FROM HER ANALYSIS OF SIRIUS'S IMPELLER NODES TO DAMAGE CONTROL MIRACLES NO ONE WOULD HAVE BELIEVED WERE POSSIBLE, SHE WAS MY STRONG RIGHT ARM THAT KEPT FEARLESS'S HEART BEATING.



AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, LIEUTENANT RAFF CARDONES. HE'D GROWN UP ON BASILISK STATION, AND EARNED THE TRADITIONAL INFORMAL HONORIFIC "GUNS" BESTOWED ON THE RMN'S TACTICAL OFFICERS. AND I CAN'T EVEN COUNT THE TIMES SINCE BASILISK WHEN HE'S TAKEN OUT ONE WAVE OF INCOMING ORDNANCE AFTER ANOTHER.



SIGH...UNLOCKING THE MYSTERY OF BASILISK CHANGED EVERYTHING...




CAPTAIN'S PRIORITY SIGNAL FROM LIEUTENANT STROMBOLI, MA'AM.

PUT HIM THROUGH.



WHAT IS IT, LIEUTENANT?

WE INTERCEPTED A TRANSMISSION FROM A NPA SKIMMER. SHE WAS UNDER FIRE FROM STILITES AND GOING DOWN. TRANSMISSION ENDED BEFORE WE COULD FIX THEIR LOCATION.



AND I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S CONNECTED OR NOT, BUT THAT FEEDS FREIGHTER, THE SIRIUS, JUST STARTED TO MOVE OUT OF ORBIT, AND SHE SURE DIDN'T CLEAR IT WITH US.



SUDDENLY EVERYTHING MADE SENSE TO ME.



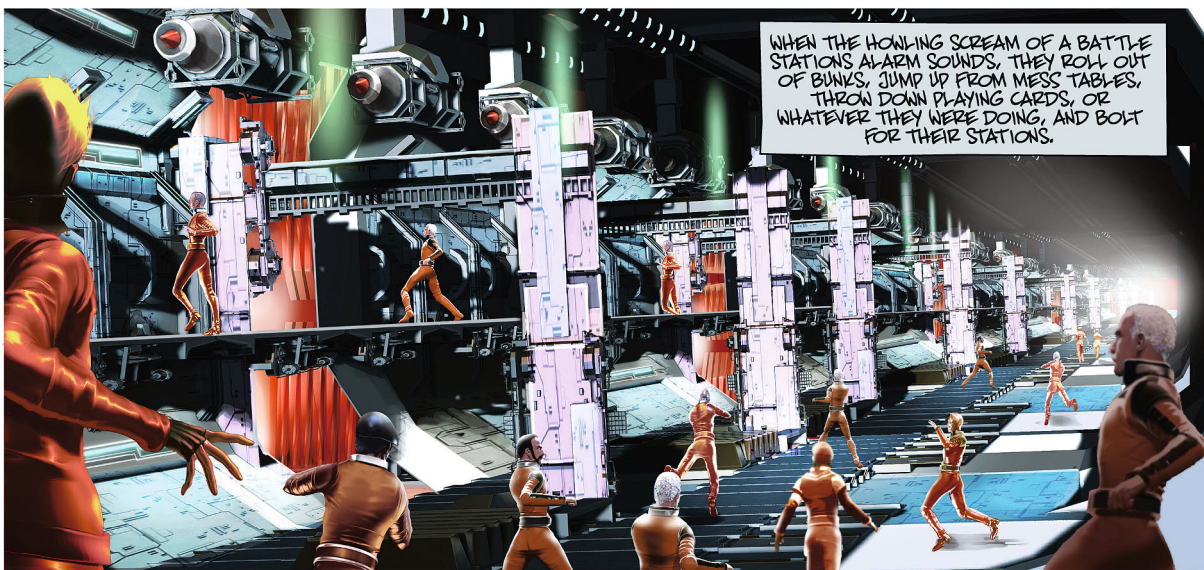
ALL HANDS, BATTLE STATIONS.



BRING THE IMPELLER DRIVE UP NOW, LIEUTENANT.



MILITARY PERSONNEL ARE TRAINED TO BE PREPARED FOR COMBAT ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE.



WHEN THE HOWLING SCREAM OF A BATTLE STATIONS ALARM SOUNDS, THEY ROLL OUT OF BUNKS, JUMP UP FROM MESS TABLES, THROW DOWN PLAYING CARDS, OR WHATEVER THEY WERE DOING, AND BOLT FOR THEIR STATIONS.



ENGINEERING



OKAY, STINKER, HIT THE BOX.



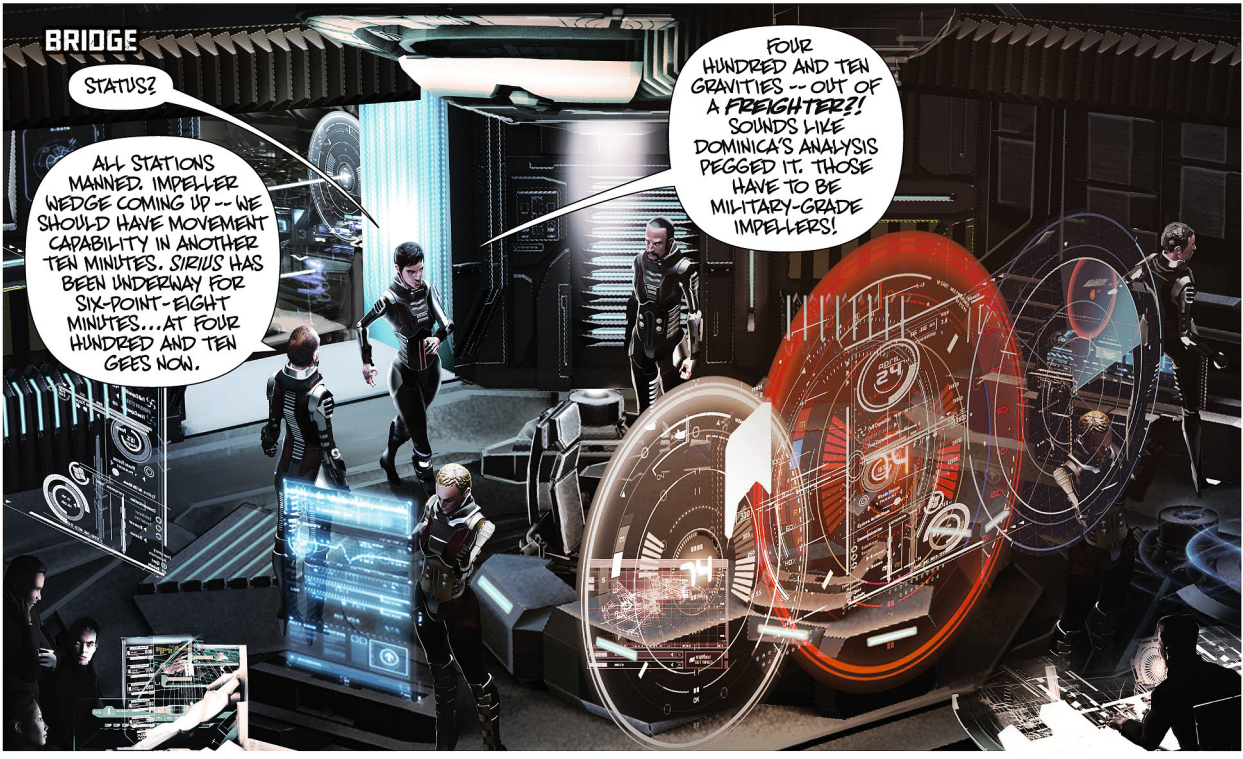
I SPENT A SMALL FORTUNE BUILDING A CUSTOM LIFE SUPPORT MODULE WITH THE SAME SEARCH AND RESCUE BEACON WE HAD IN OUR VAC SUITS FOR NIMITZ.

BRIDGE

STATUS?

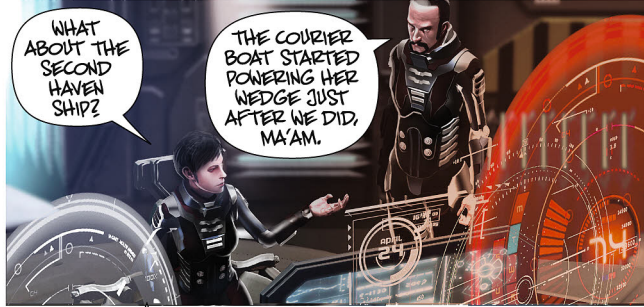
ALL STATIONS MANNED. IMPELLER WEDGE COMING UP -- WE SHOULD HAVE MOVEMENT CAPABILITY IN ANOTHER TEN MINUTES. SIRIUS HAS BEEN UNDERWAY FOR SIX-POINT-EIGHT MINUTES... AT FOUR HUNDRED AND TEN GEES NOW.

FOUR HUNDRED AND TEN GRAVITIES -- OUT OF A FREIGHTER?! SOUNDS LIKE DOMINICA'S ANALYSIS PEGGED IT. THOSE HAVE TO BE MILITARY-GRADE IMPELLERS!



WHAT ABOUT THE SECOND HAVEN SHIP?

THE COURIER BOAT STARTED POWERING HER WEDGE JUST AFTER WE DID, MA'AM.



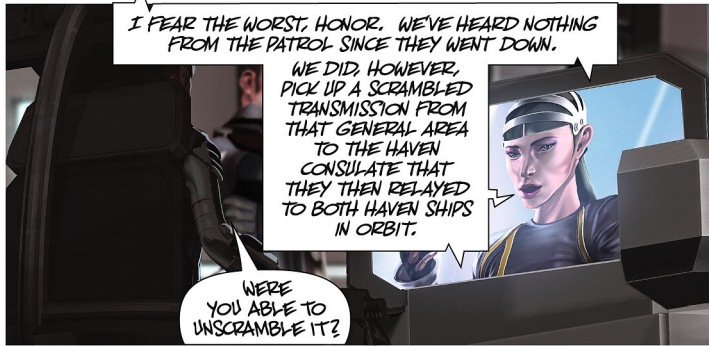
UNDERSTOOD. GET ME A LINK TO RESIDENT COMMISSIONER MATSUO.



I FEAR THE WORST, HONOR. WE'VE HEARD NOTHING FROM THE PATROL SINCE THEY WENT DOWN.

WE DID, HOWEVER, PICK UP A SCRAMBLED TRANSMISSION FROM THAT GENERAL AREA TO THE HAVEN CONSULATE THAT THEY THEN RELAYED TO BOTH HAVEN SHIPS IN ORBIT.

WERE YOU ABLE TO UNSCRAMBLE IT?



DIDN'T HAVE TO. IT WASN'T EVEN ENCRYPTED -- WHOEVER SENT IT WAS SO PANICKED THEY SENT IT IN THE CLEAR. LET ME PLAY IT FOR YOU.



ODYSSEUS! IT'S ODYSSEUS NOW, DAMN IT! THE FRIGGING SHAMAN'S LOST HIS MIND! THEY'RE BOILING UP OUT OF THE CAVES, AND I CAN'T HOLD THEM! THE HOPPED-UP BASTARDS ARE KICKING OFF RIGHT NOW!

DON'T WORRY, DAME ESTELLE, WE'RE ON IT. I'M DROPPING MY MARINES TO HELP YOU. WE'RE GOING TO STOP THE HAVEN SHIPS.

GOOD LUCK, HONOR.





THE MARINES ARE AWAY AND HEADING PLANETSIDE, CAPTAIN.

HOW LONG FOR IMPELLER, EXEC?

COMING UP NOW, BUT THE COURIER BOAT'S STARTING TO BRING HER WEDGE UP TOO, SKIPPER!



WE WON'T BE ABLE TO PURSUE BOTH.

THAT'S UNFORTUNATE.


RELAY THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE TO FLEET HQ. MESSAGE BEGINS: AUTHENTICATION CODE LIMA-MIKE-ECHO-NINER-SEVEN-ONE. CASE ZULU. I SAY AGAIN, ZULU, ZULU, ZULU. MESSAGE ENDS.



WE'LL BE GOING IN PURSUIT OF SIRIUS. MR. MCKEON.



IT'S IMPERATIVE WE STOP HER FROM LEAVING THE SYSTEM.




ZULU WAS A NAVAL CODE NEVER SENT IN DRILLS, NOT EVEN IN THE MOST INTENSE OR REALISTIC FLEET MANEUVERS. CASE ZULU HAD ONE MEANING, AND ONE ONLY: INVASION IMMINENT.

UNFORTUNATELY, GIVEN TRANSMISSION SPEEDS, THE MANTICORAN ADMIRALTY WOULD NOT RECEIVE MY MESSAGE UNTIL THE ACTION WAS OVER. NO BACK UP WAS FORTHCOMING. WE WERE ON OUR OWN.

HAVEN HAD TWO VESSELS IN PLAY. THE MERCHANT VESSEL, SIRIUS WAS ALREADY ACCELERATING OUT OF SYSTEM HEADING TOWARD THE TELLERMAN WAVE, A PATH THAT LED DIRECTLY TO HAVEN'S STAR SYSTEM.

THE SECOND, THE COURIER BOAT, HAD OBVIOUSLY BEEN CAUGHT BY SURPRISE. SHE WAS JUST ACTIVATING HER IMPELLER WEDGE, BUT ONCE IT WAS FULLY ESTABLISHED, SHE COULD HEAD IN AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT DIRECTION. THIS POSED A PROBLEM, AS WE COULDN'T LET EITHER SHIP LEAVE THE SYSTEM.

AT THIS POINT WE WERE NOT AT WAR, AND ALTHOUGH I WAS CONFIDENT A HAVEN INVASION OF THE BASILISK SYSTEM WAS IMMINENT, I COULD NOT SIMPLY FIRE ON AND DESTROY AN UNARMED, DIPLOMATIC COURIER BOAT.



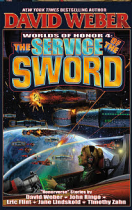
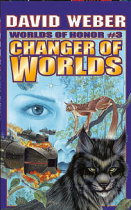
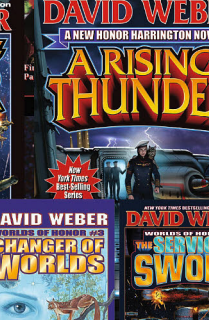
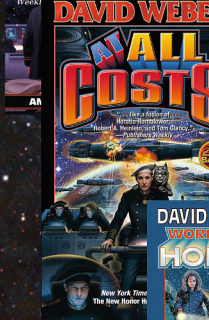
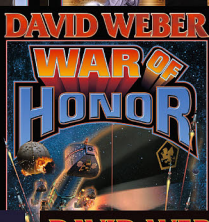
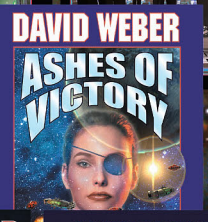
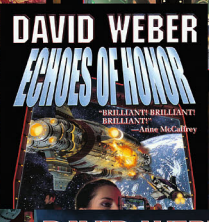
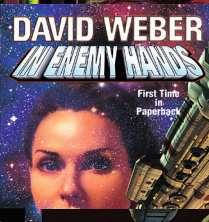
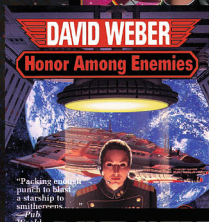
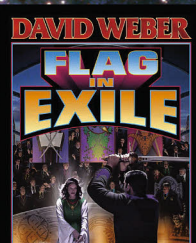
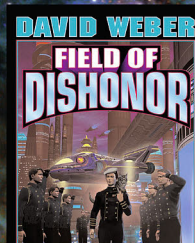
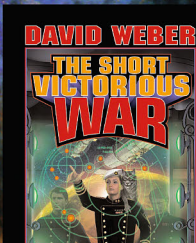
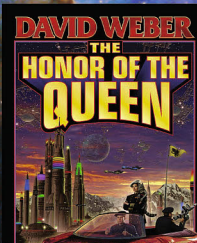
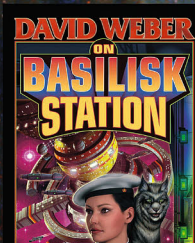
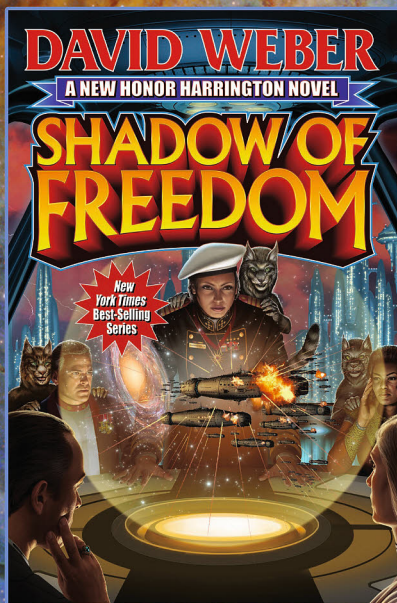
WITHOUT THE LUXURY OF TIME OR ASSISTANCE, I GAMBLLED BY PUSHING A NEAR COLLISION COURSE WITH THE COURIER, DRIVING OUR IMPELLER WEDGE INTO HER MUCH SMALLER ONE WHILE IT WAS STILL COMING ON LINE, TAKING HER OUT OF THE GAME.

THIS WAS A SPLIT SECOND DECISION THAT WOULD BE DEBATED AT THE ACADEMY ON SAGANAMI ISLAND FOR YEARS. IT WAS DANGEROUS, BECAUSE IF THE COURIER DID GET HER WEDGE COMPLETELY ACTIVATED BEFORE OURS STRUCK IT, BOTH SHIPS WOULD ALMOST CERTAINLY HAVE VAPORIZED.

IT WAS ALSO A CLEAR VIOLATION OF INTERSTELLAR LAWS, BUT THAT WAS A PROBLEM FOR DIPLOMATS. I HAD TO STOP THAT SHIP.

WANT MORE HONOR?

THERE IS A WHOLE UNIVERSE WAITING FOR YOU!



For free sample chapters and more, visit www.baen.com
Proud Publisher of the Honorverse Books and
New York Times Best-Selling Author DAVID WEBER



INVASION, CAPTAIN? CAN YOU CLUE ME IN HERE?

SOMEBODY OUT HERE, ALHAIK, PROBABLY WITHIN ONLY A FEW HOURS' HYPER FLIGHT, THERE'S A HAVENTITE BATTLE SQUADRON.

MAYBE EVEN A FULL TASK FORCE.

SIRIUS HAD A FIFTEEN-MINUTE HEAD-START. SHE WAS ALREADY A MILLION AND A HALF KILOMETERS DOWNRANGE, AND DESPITE OUR SPEED ADVANTAGE, IT WOULD TAKE US OVER AN HOUR TO BRING HER INTO MISSILE RANGE. WORSE, SHE'D CROSS THE HYPER LIMIT AND ESCAPE INTO HYPER SPACE BARELY NINETY MINUTES AFTER THAT.

SIRIUS IS HEADED FOR A RENDEZVOUS WITH THEM. AFTER WHICH THEY'LL INVADE THE SYSTEM.

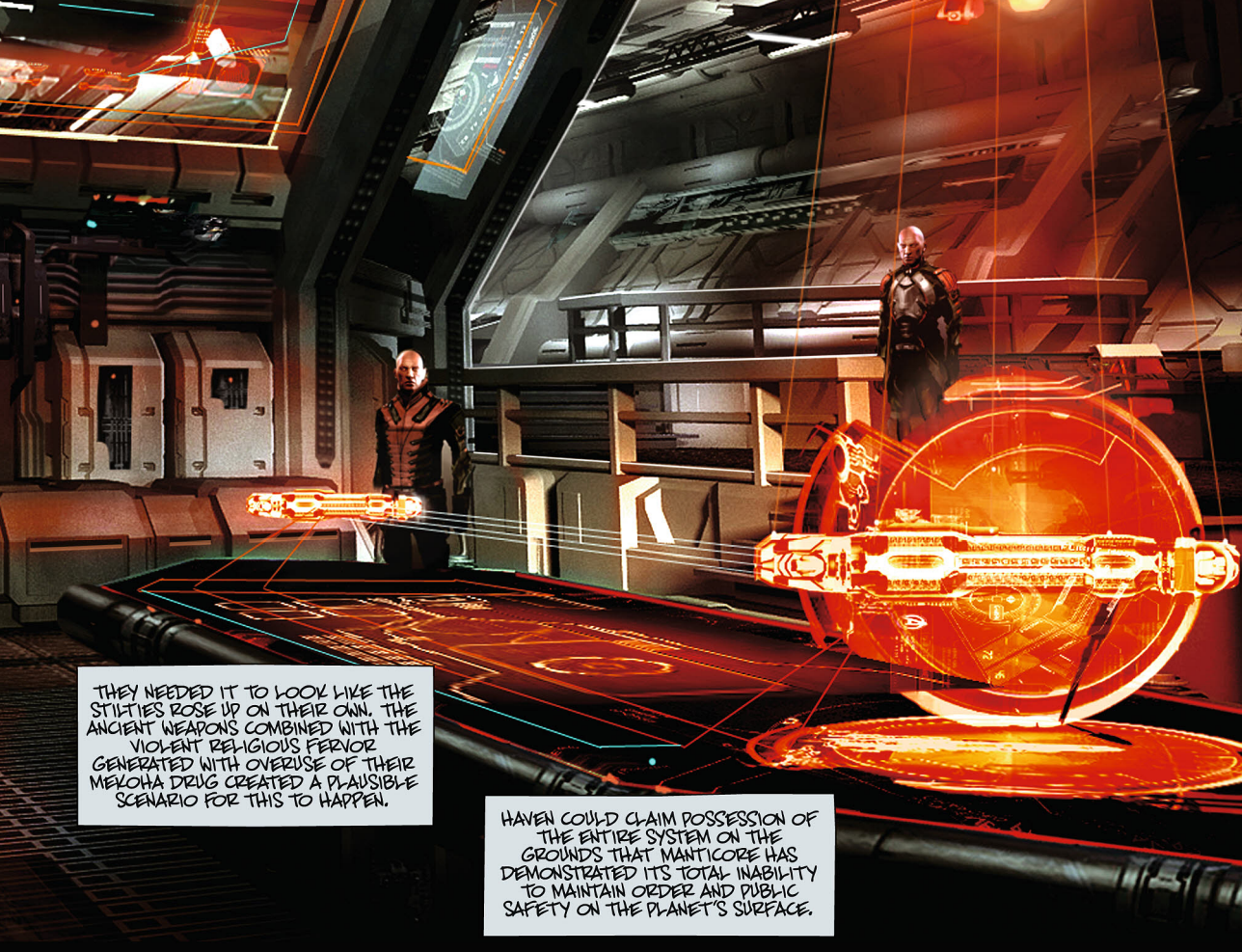
BRIDGE OF Q-SHIP SIRIUS

SIRIUS'S SUDDEN DEPARTURE WAS THE LAST PIECE OF THE PUZZLE. I UNDERSTOOD IT ALL NOW. THE DRUGS AND GUNS ON THE PLANET WERE INTENDED TO PRODUCE A NATIVE ATTACK ON THE OFF-WORLDER TRADING ENCLAVES, AND SIRIUS HAD BEEN THE SUPPORT SHIP FOR THAT PART OF THE OPERATION.

THE ATTACK WAS MEANT TO COME AS A COMPLETE SURPRISE, AND PRODUCE A BLOODBATH AS THE MEDUSANS SLAUGHTERED OFF-WORLDER'S RIGHT AND LEFT.

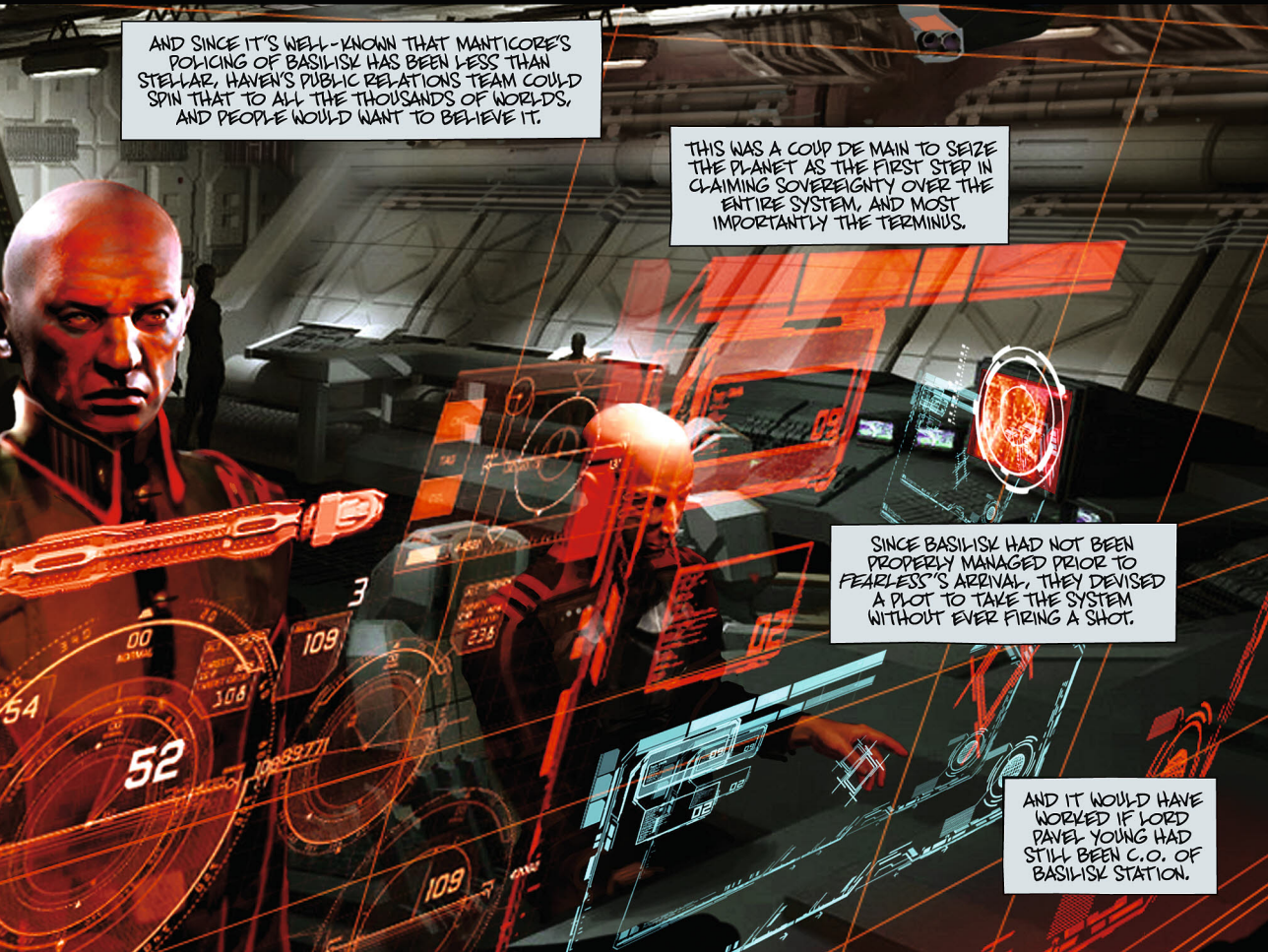
SIRIUS'S CAPTAIN COGLIN IS "FLEEING IN PANIC" FROM THIS NATIVE INSURRECTION. THEY'LL RUN INTO A HAVEN SQUADRON, AND HE'LL SPILL HIS STORY TO THE HAVENITE COMMANDER. HORRIFIED AND OVERCOME WITH A SENSE OF URGENCY AND THE NEED TO SAVE OFF-WORLDER LIVES, THIS COMMANDER WILL IMMEDIATELY PROCEED TO MEDUSA WITH HIS ENTIRE FORCE TO PUT DOWN THE NATIVE UPRISING.





THEY NEEDED IT TO LOOK LIKE THE STILTIES ROSE UP ON THEIR OWN. THE ANCIENT WEAPONS COMBINED WITH THE VIOLENT RELIGIOUS FERVOR GENERATED WITH OVERUSE OF THEIR MELOHA DRUG CREATED A PLAUSIBLE SCENARIO FOR THIS TO HAPPEN.

HAVEN COULD CLAIM POSSESSION OF THE ENTIRE SYSTEM ON THE GROUNDS THAT MANTICORE HAS DEMONSTRATED ITS TOTAL INABILITY TO MAINTAIN ORDER AND PUBLIC SAFETY ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE.



AND SINCE IT'S WELL-KNOWN THAT MANTICORE'S POLICING OF BASILISK HAS BEEN LESS THAN STELLAR, HAVEN'S PUBLIC RELATIONS TEAM COULD SPIN THAT TO ALL THE THOUSANDS OF WORLDS, AND PEOPLE WOULD WANT TO BELIEVE IT.

THIS WAS A COUP DE MAIN TO SEIZE THE PLANET AS THE FIRST STEP IN CLAIMING SOVEREIGNTY OVER THE ENTIRE SYSTEM, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY THE TERMINUS.

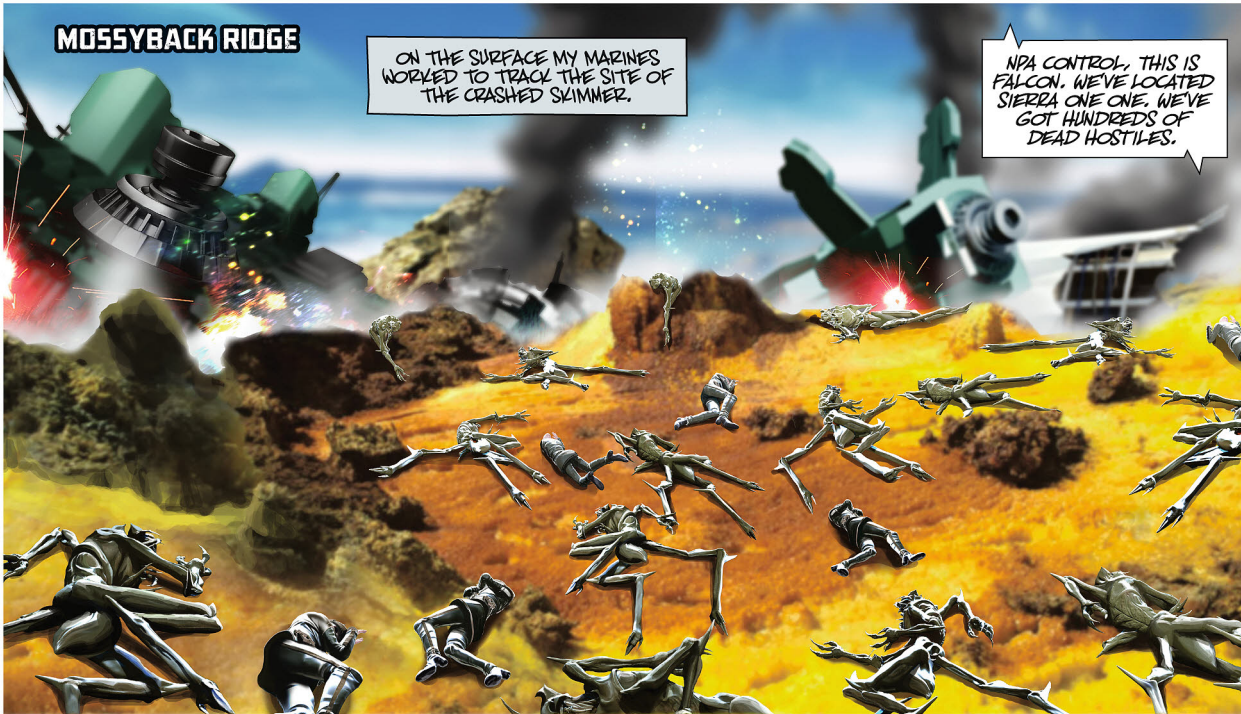
SINCE BASILISK HAD NOT BEEN PROPERLY MANAGED PRIOR TO FEARLESS'S ARRIVAL, THEY DEVISED A PLOT TO TAKE THE SYSTEM WITHOUT EVER FIRING A SHOT.

AND IT WOULD HAVE WORKED IF LORD PAVEL YOUNG HAD STILL BEEN C.O. OF BASILISK STATION.

MOSSYBACK RIDGE

ON THE SURFACE MY MARINES WORKED TO TRACK THE SITE OF THE CRASHED SKIMMER.

NPA CONTROL, THIS IS FALCON. WE'VE LOCATED SIERRA ONE ONE, WE'VE GOT HUNDREDS OF DEAD HOSTILES.



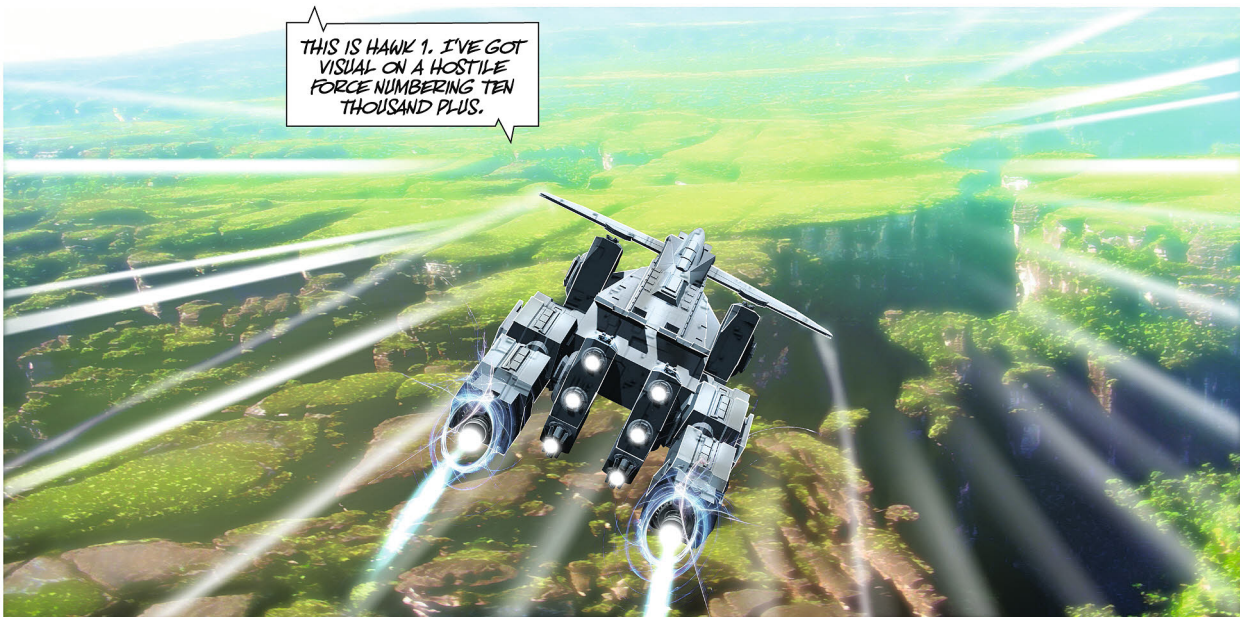
THE CREW HAD PUT UP A FIGHT, BUT THE STILTIES HAD SLAIN THEM ALL, DISMEMBERING THEIR BODIES AND SPREADING THEM AROUND IN A CRAZED FUROR.

HOSTILE FORCE IS MOVING SOUTH. THEY ARE NOT ATTEMPTING TO CONCEAL THEIR MOVEMENTS.





THIS IS HAWK 1. I'VE GOT
VISUAL ON A HOSTILE
FORCE NUMBERING TEN
THOUSAND PLUS.



CURRENT POSITION IS SOUTH
OF THE THREE FORKS RIVER,
THIRTY MINUTES ETA TO
CLOSEST ENCLAVE.




A large group of insect-like alien warriors, possibly the Stilties mentioned in the text, are gathered in a lush, green forest. They have a metallic, segmented appearance with prominent red eyes. Many are holding advanced, futuristic firearms. In the background, a waterfall cascades down a rocky ledge, surrounded by dense foliage and trees. The scene is set in a natural, outdoor environment with a misty or overcast sky.

THE STILTIES WERE HOPPED UP ON MEKOHA, AND THEIR SHAMANS HAD WHIPPED THEM INTO A RELIGIOUS FUROR.

IN THIS MAD FRENZY, THEY WERE KILLING EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH.

THE FLINTLOCKS THEY'D BEEN GIVEN WERE INTENDED TO KILL UNARMED MERCHANTS AND TRADERS FROM DOZENS OF STAR NATIONS IN THE PLANETARY ENCLAVES.

THE BULLETS WOULD EASILY KILL AN UNARMORED HUMAN, BUT THEY WERE USELESS AGAINST BATTLE ARMOR.



NO DOUBT THAT WAS ALSO BY DESIGN.
AFTER ALL, WHEN THEY ARRIVED TO
"RESCUE" THE PLANET, THEY'D WANT TO
BE ABLE TO PUT DOWN THE INSURRECTION
QUICKLY AND WITHOUT ANY CASUALTIES
OF THEIR OWN.

THEY JUST HADN'T EXPECTED
US TO UNCOVER THE RUSE
AND ENGAGE FIRST.





WEAPONS FREE. HOLD THE RIDGE.

IT WASN'T A SLAUGHTER, IT WAS WORSE THAN THAT. THE MEDUSANS HAD NEVER HEARD OF DISPERSION. THEY WERE PACKED SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER, CROWDED INTO A SINGLE, HUGE TARGET. ANYTHING THAT MISSED ONE OF THEM WAS BOUND TO HIT ANOTHER.

THEY CONTINUED TO SURGE HEADLONG INTO THE WAITING FIRE, TOO BLINDED BY THEIR DRUG-ADDLED RELIGIOUS FERVOR TO SURRENDER.



ANY SANE OPPONENT WOULD HAVE BROKEN AND RAN, BUT THE STILTIES DIDN'T. THEY WERE A LIVING WAVE, WILLING TO TAKE ANY LOSSES TO REACH THEIR FOES. THEY SURGED OVER THEIR OWN DEAD AND DYING, SNARMING EVER HIGHER UP THE SIDES OF THE VALLEY.



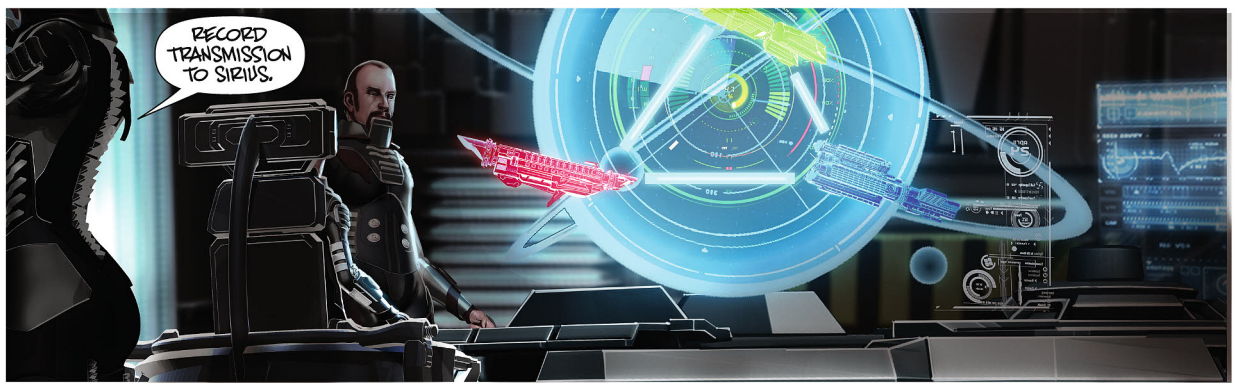
AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN...UNTIL THE DEAD LAY FIVE AND SIX DEEP AND THERE WAS NO LIVING THING IN ALL THE BLASTED NIGHTMARE OF THAT VALLEY OF DEATH.



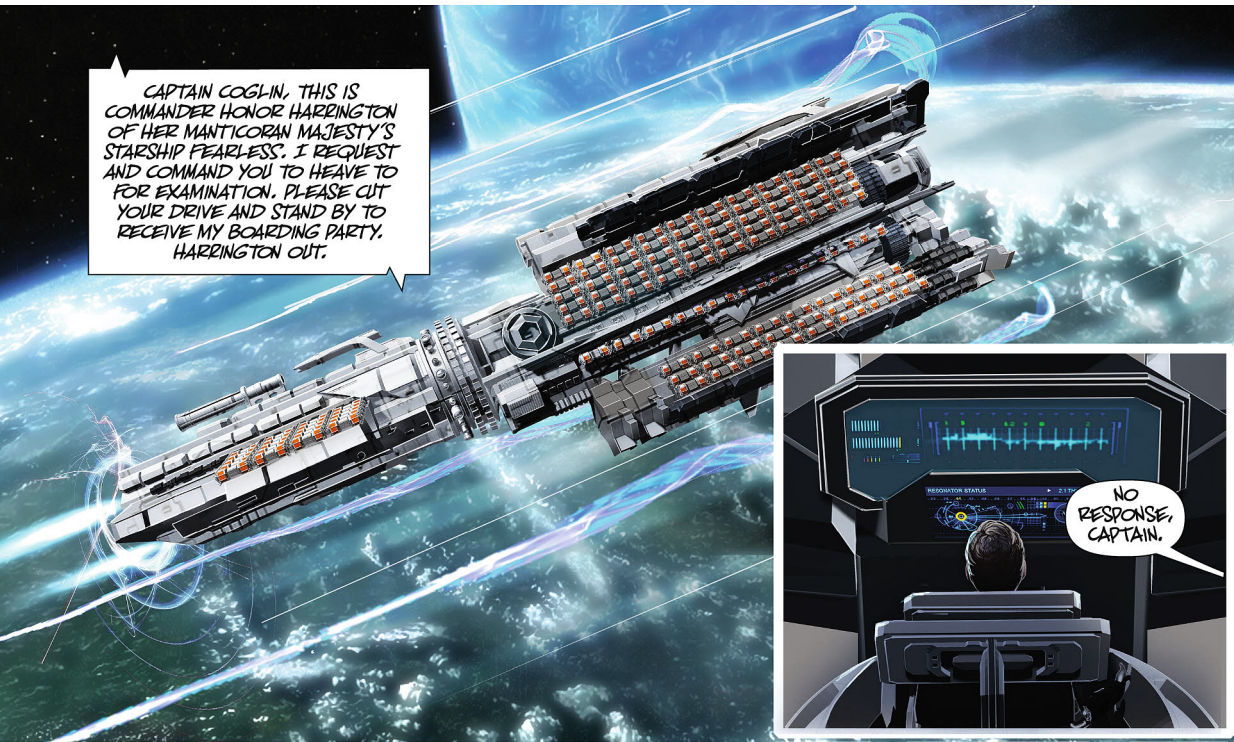


COMING UP ON FIFTY-SIX MINUTES, CAPTAIN. VELOCITIES WILL MATCH AT ONE-SEVEN-ONE-ZERO-SIX KPS IN THIRTY-TWO SECONDS.

THANK YOU, MR. MOLEON.



RECORD TRANSMISSION TO SIRIUS.

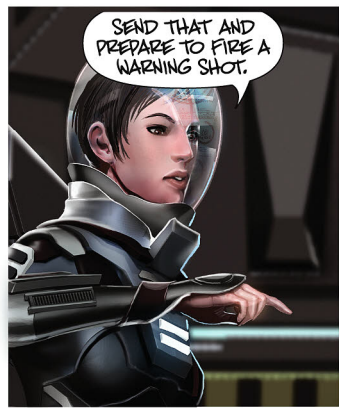


CAPTAIN COGLIN, THIS IS COMMANDER HONOR HARRINGTON OF HER MANTICORAN MAJESTY'S STARSHIP FEARLESS. I REQUEST AND COMMAND YOU TO HEAVE TO FOR EXAMINATION. PLEASE CUT YOUR DRIVE AND STAND BY TO RECEIVE MY BOARDING PARTY. HARRINGTON OUT.

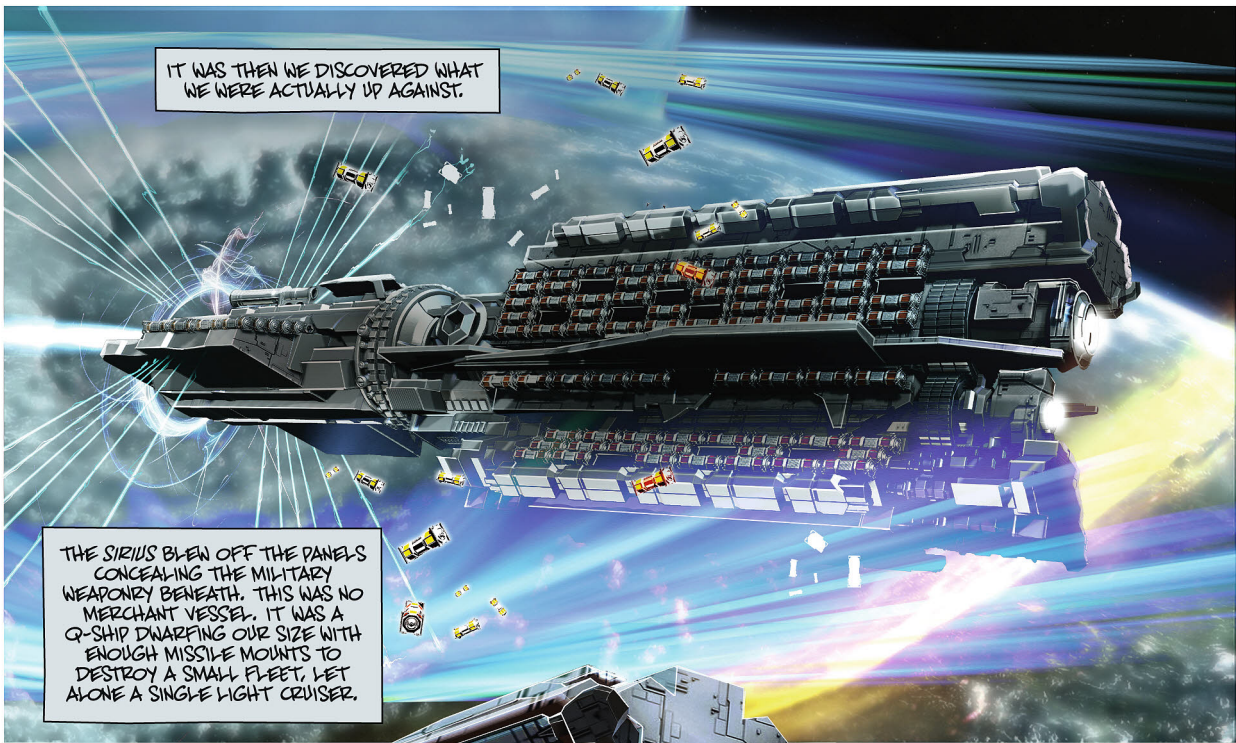
NO RESPONSE, CAPTAIN.



NEW TRANSMISSION.
CAPTAIN COGLIN, IF YOU REFUSE
TO HEAVE TO, I WILL HAVE NO OPTION
BUT TO FIRE INTO YOUR SHIP. I REPEAT.
YOU ARE REQUESTED AND REQUIRED
TO CUT YOUR DRIVE IMMEDIATELY.



SEND THAT AND
PREPARE TO FIRE A
WARNING SHOT.

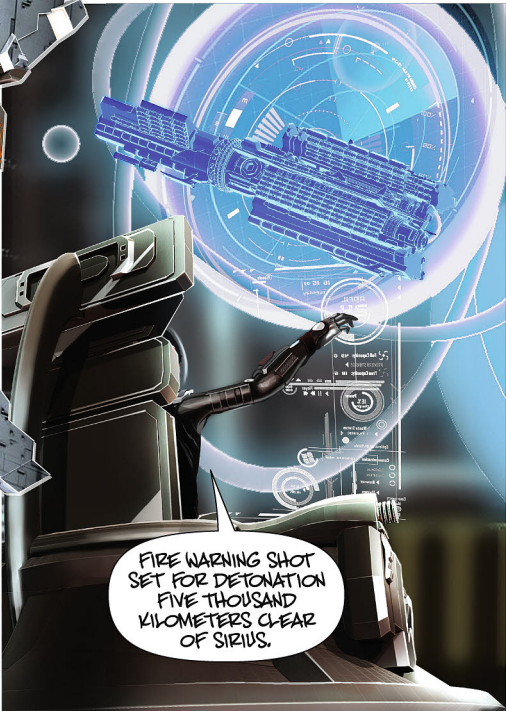


IT WAS THEN WE DISCOVERED WHAT
WE WERE ACTUALLY UP AGAINST.

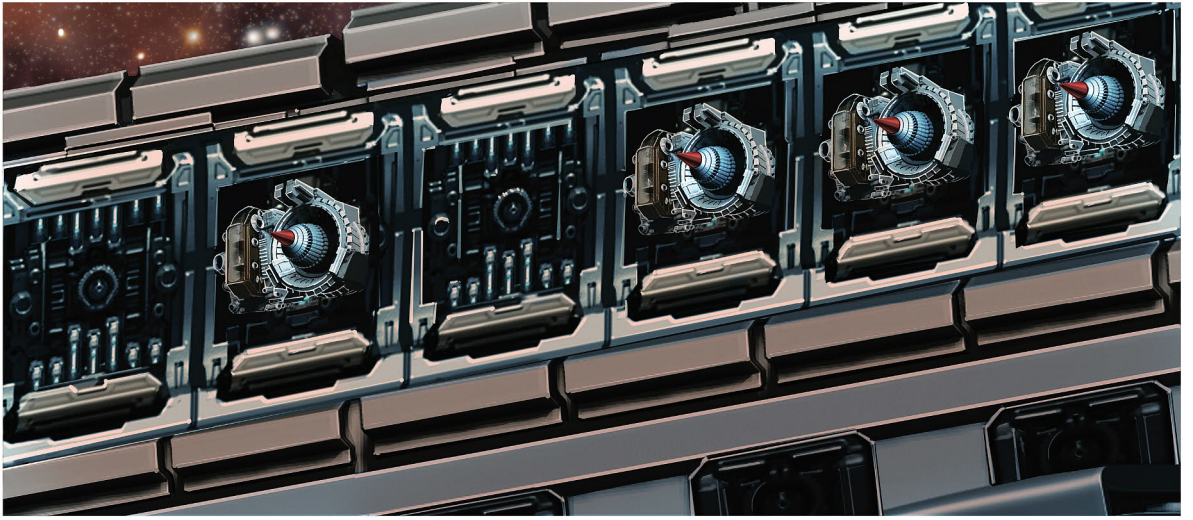
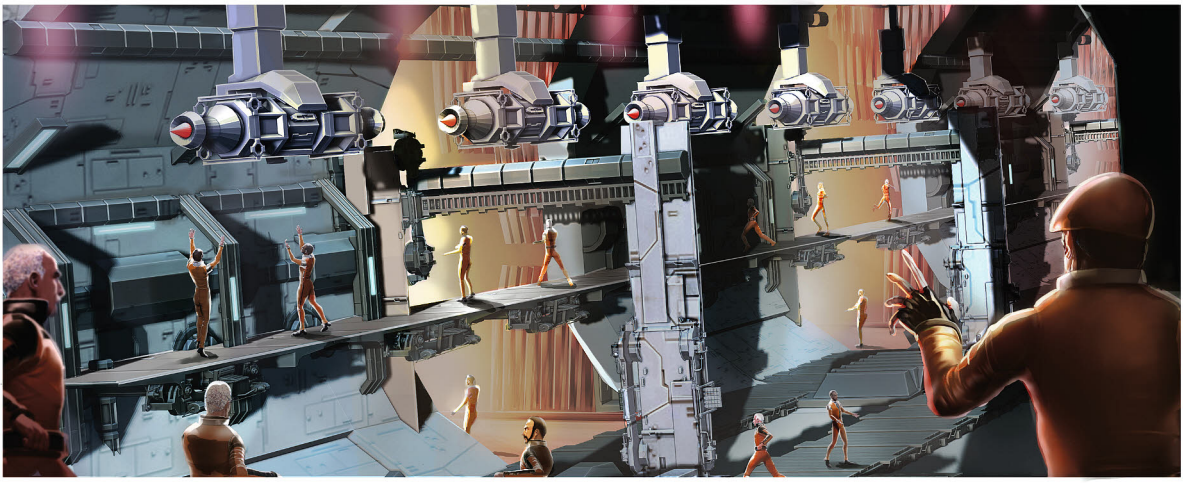
THE SIRIUS BLEW OFF THE PANELS
CONCEALING THE MILITARY
WEAPONRY BENEATH. THIS WAS NO
MERCHANT VESSEL. IT WAS A
Q-SHIP DWARFING OUR SIZE WITH
ENOUGH MISSILE MOUNTS TO
DESTROY A SMALL FLEET, LET
ALONE A SINGLE LIGHT CRUISER.



WE WERE OUTGUNNED, BUT IF
SHE ESCAPED I WAS CONVINCED
MANTICORE WOULD LOSE
BASILISK SYSTEM, AND I
COULDN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.



FIRE WARNING SHOT
SET FOR DETONATION
FIVE THOUSAND
KILOMETERS CLEAR
OF SIRIUS.



TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT ISSUE

TALES OF HONOR

#5



SCIENCE CLASS

Thanks for reading this issue! As always, if you liked it please recommend it to your friends; it would be greatly appreciated. Publishing is hard work and there are a lot of books competing for attention, nothing works better than word of mouth. This issue sees the beginning of our climax, on the planet with the Stilty insurrection, and in space with Honor chasing down the Q-ship *Sirius*. One thing that is pivotal to this universe is the concept of inertia.

INERTIA ●

This is the reason I fell in love with the Honorverse. Every other Sci-Fi epic uses pseudo-science to overlook this. *Star Trek* has “inertial dampeners.”

Inertia is (from Wikipedia) “the resistance of any physical object to any change in its state of motion, including changes to its speed and direction. It is the tendency of objects to keep moving in a straight line at constant velocity.”

In plain speak, you can't just turn on a dime. So if you're flying in a ship at insane speeds, it would take time for you to turn and you would continue along the original direction until you countered it going the other way. If you were flying in a straight line north (I'm using directions as an easy example; I'm aware there are no cardinal directions in space) then turned west using your engine to fly that westward direction, you'd actually fly in a north-northwest direction in a curve until you eventually would be flying northwest/west. These videos demonstrate that curve.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8zsE3mpZ6Hw>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T1ux9D7-O38>

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Inertia>



There's only one Science Class page this issue from all the story and art. We'll see you next month in the climactic conclusion!

Carpe Diem!

Matt Hawkins

@topcowmatt

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

TALES OF HONOR

THE SECRET FLEET

Lead your crew through a series of heart-stopping battles across the outer reaches of space as you uncover the truth behind the Secret Fleet and find your way home to the Star Kingdom of Manticore.



Upgrade your ship, weapons, systems, and crew as you fight dangerous enemies and evil empires in the first FREE TO PLAY game set in David Weber's military science fiction Honorverse.



Visit www.Tales-of-Honor.com



Available on the
App Store



ANDROID APP ON
Google play

IMAGECOMICS.COM



RATED **T+** / TEEN PLUS CVR A

www.topcow.com

TALES OF HONOR

THE SECRET FLEET

Lead your crew through a series of heart-stopping battles across the outer reaches of space as you uncover the truth behind the Secret Fleet and find your way home to the Star Kingdom of Manticore.



Upgrade your ship, weapons, systems, and crew as you fight dangerous enemies and evil empires in the first FREE TO PLAY game set in David Weber's military science fiction Honorverse.



Visit www.Tales-of-Honor.com



Available on the
App Store



ANDROID APP ON
Google play

IMAGECOMICS.COM



www.topcow.com