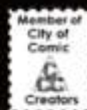




MAR
2016
#2

MAJOR DEEJ UNIVERSE ORIGINS



*His One Decision Can Either
CREATE a New Universe...*



*...or
DESTROY
Time
Itself!*

THE ORIGIN OF MAJOR DEEJ!

MAJOR DEEJ UNIVERSE ORIGINS

<http://www.majordeejuniverse.com>

The Major Deej Universe is what it is due to one unique anomaly amidst the millions of parallel universes and divergent timelines: Major Deej. No other timeline or universe has a "Major Deej"...except this one. A time-travelling sect known as the "Order of Chronos" from this universe's 28th Century have discovered that Major Deej is a critical if not sole factor in the prevention of the destruction of all time as they know it.

How does "Major Deej" factor into all of this? How shall a man of humble origins become the focus of saving time as we know it? Read on and discover the origins of time's potential savior...

The Major Deej Universe proudly presents

THE ORIGIN OF MAJOR DEEJ

Brooklyn, New York
City, circa early 1990s.



"Once you make a decision, the universe conspires to make it happen."

- Ralph Waldo Emerson



CHOICES. Everyone makes them. Like deciding if I wanted curly fries with my burger, or maybe riding my bike here instead of taking the subway. Even choosing to come here and shoot hoops instead of hanging out at Tim's house listening to his parents argue for the millionth time.



CHOICES. Dad says the choices I make every day can make me...or break me. He also says I shouldn't hang out with those kids down the block because they always get into trouble and I don't need that. Instead he wants me to stay home and study.



CHOICES...



Everyone I know who goes home and studies gets beat up at school.

The problem is if I study more, how am I going to get better at basketball if I can't play with the older kids on the corner? I'm the best basketball player in school right now.



I wish Dad would listen to me more about it. Mom doesn't even understand.

Argh. Schoolwork. Homework. I really hate it. It's boring. Basketball is more fun. If I get good enough at it, I could make millions...IF I'm that good...IF I don't get hurt in-season...



Mom's a nurse, Dad's a fireman. They both worked hard to get their jobs. Gotta admit, they're both smart. They made enough for us to go to Disney for an entire week last year.

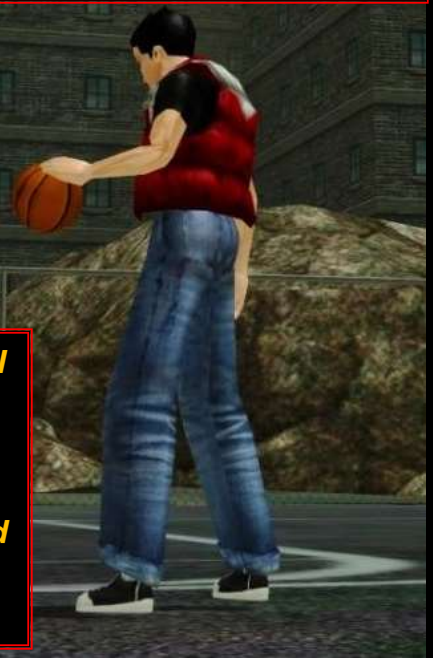
Choices.

Wait.

I got it.

I got an idea.

I make the basket, I choose basketball for life; if I miss, I get smart and study like Mom and Dad want me to...for life...



This is it.

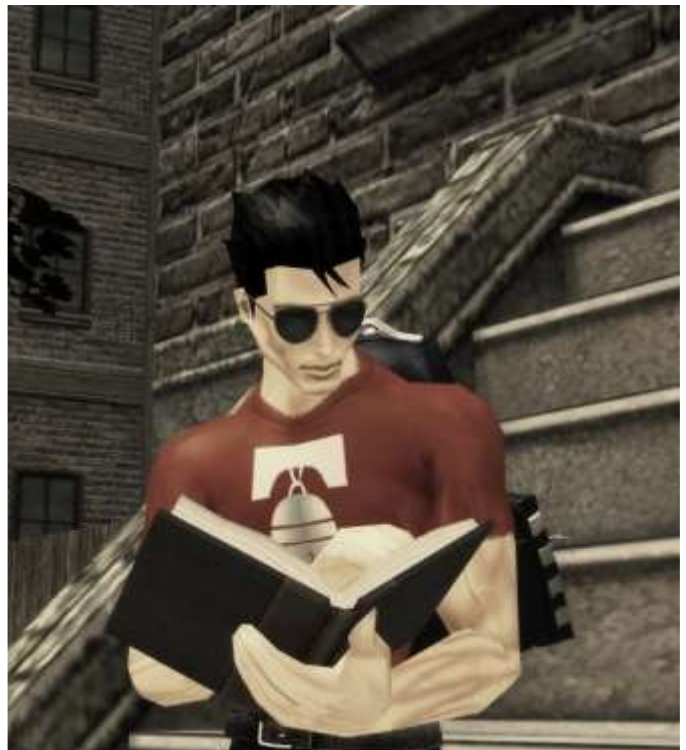
The rest of my life in this one shot.



Did the ball go in...or not? What cosmic, destiny-altering, fickle future transpired for this 11 year-old boy who lived in Brooklyn, New York? Was it a life of basketball or books?



Interestingly enough, it was both...and neither. You see, that day, young David Jason Yorke, at that moment, across countless other timelines and dimensions, DID make a choice, however the choice he made HERE, in this universe, will have a profound impact on the infinity of time itself.



You're probably thinking, "Sure. Time itself. Riiight...and I'm the Easter Bunny, eh? Well, if my calculations are correct, in a certain timeline...yes; you once dressed as an Easter bunny..."



...but I digress. We're here because of David's unique choice. A choice that allowed him to be athletic, smart and a morally good man, all with a heart of gold and a will of steel; a man who served in the U.S. Army for four tours before returning to his Brooklyn hometown as a policeman.



And thus starts our story. Not in his teen years or young adult life. No. HERE. This is where things begin to change. Shhh. It's time to see history unfold for the man soon to be called "Major DeeJ"...



Baker-7...

Go for Baker-7...

Captain wants you 10-2*. NOW.

10-4,
Dispatch. He
saw why?**

**He's gone
10-50***. I
ain't asking
him.**

***Return to Command
-Dispatcher DeeJ**

****Affirmative or OK.**

*****Disorderly person
or group and/or noise.**




**Think it's
about the list?**

**That's
affirmative,
Baker-7.
Your 10-83*.**

***Out of Service at Post.
-Dispatcher DeeJ again**




**Ah, well. It's time to finally get
this over with, I guess.**



I knew this day would come. Four years on the force. I've been treated like a leper since day one in this precinct while others have slithered into Sergeant and Detective ranks.

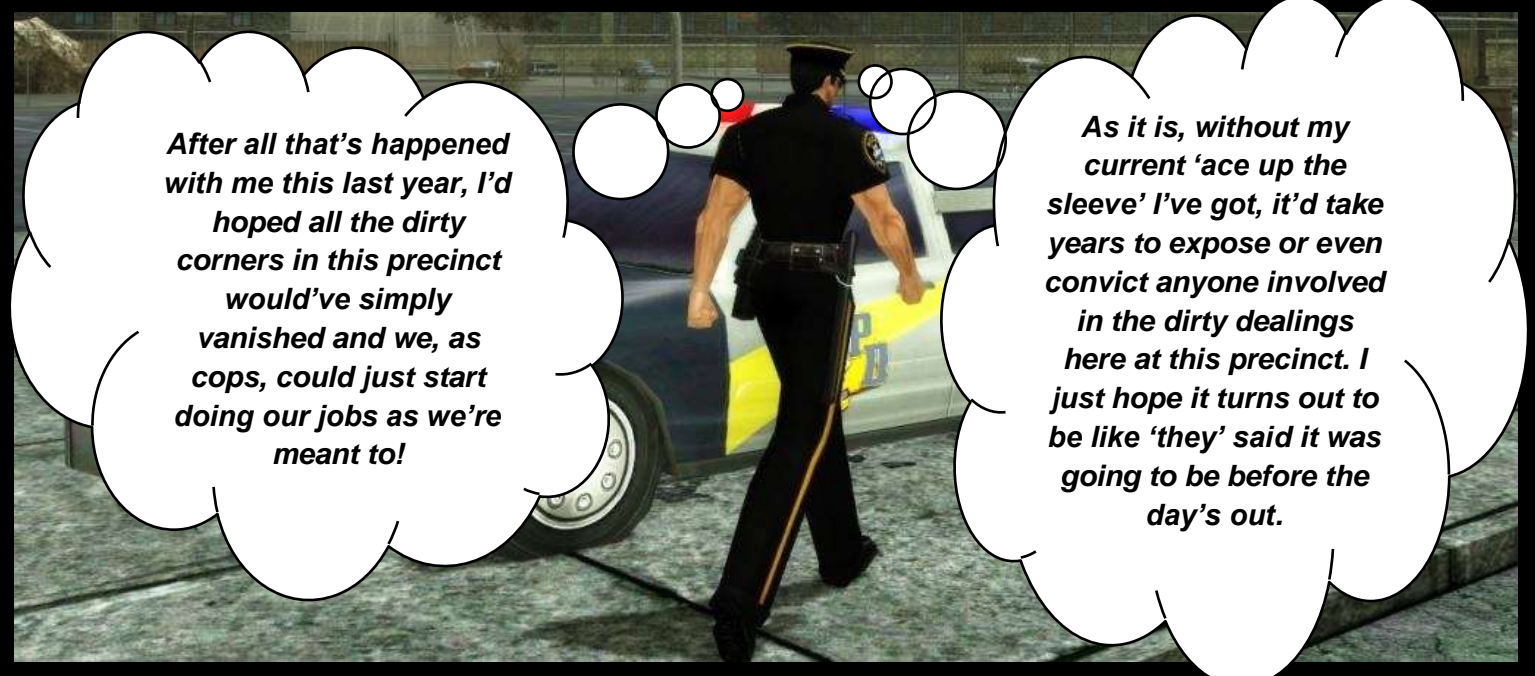
I really liked the idea of being a detective. I've already done over 18 months of time working as one. Even though I aced the tests and exceeded the criteria, I was held back and lied to that I'd failed my exams...by my own Captain, Captain Irons!



What's sad is that I left the military as an Army Captain after the Soltan Empire's Invasion of Earth, and here I am, now, relegated to being a street patrolman.*

I love doing this job, but I know I can use my skills and training to be a far more effective detective instead of being a patrolman!

***See about in
MDU: Origins #1!
-Historical Dee**



After all that's happened with me this last year, I'd hoped all the dirty corners in this precinct would've simply vanished and we, as cops, could just start doing our jobs as we're meant to!

As it is, without my current 'ace up the sleeve' I've got, it'd take years to expose or even convict anyone involved in the dirty dealings here at this precinct. I just hope it turns out to be like 'they' said it was going to be before the day's out.

I just have to get through today and I'll be able to start doing what I've wanted to do since I joined the police force...



...a chance to do right for people.



At the Police Precinct Parking Lot...

**RING
RING
RING**

Hello? SIS!! Hey, you haven't called in what...a week?

Yea. Just about to go in now. The list? Haven't seen it yet. Yea, hope so.

Yea, I don't think anyone here in the precinct is ready for what's about to happen here.

Yep, he's probably gonna want to ream me pretty good. Yea...size of a telephone pole, sure. Anyway, Sis...



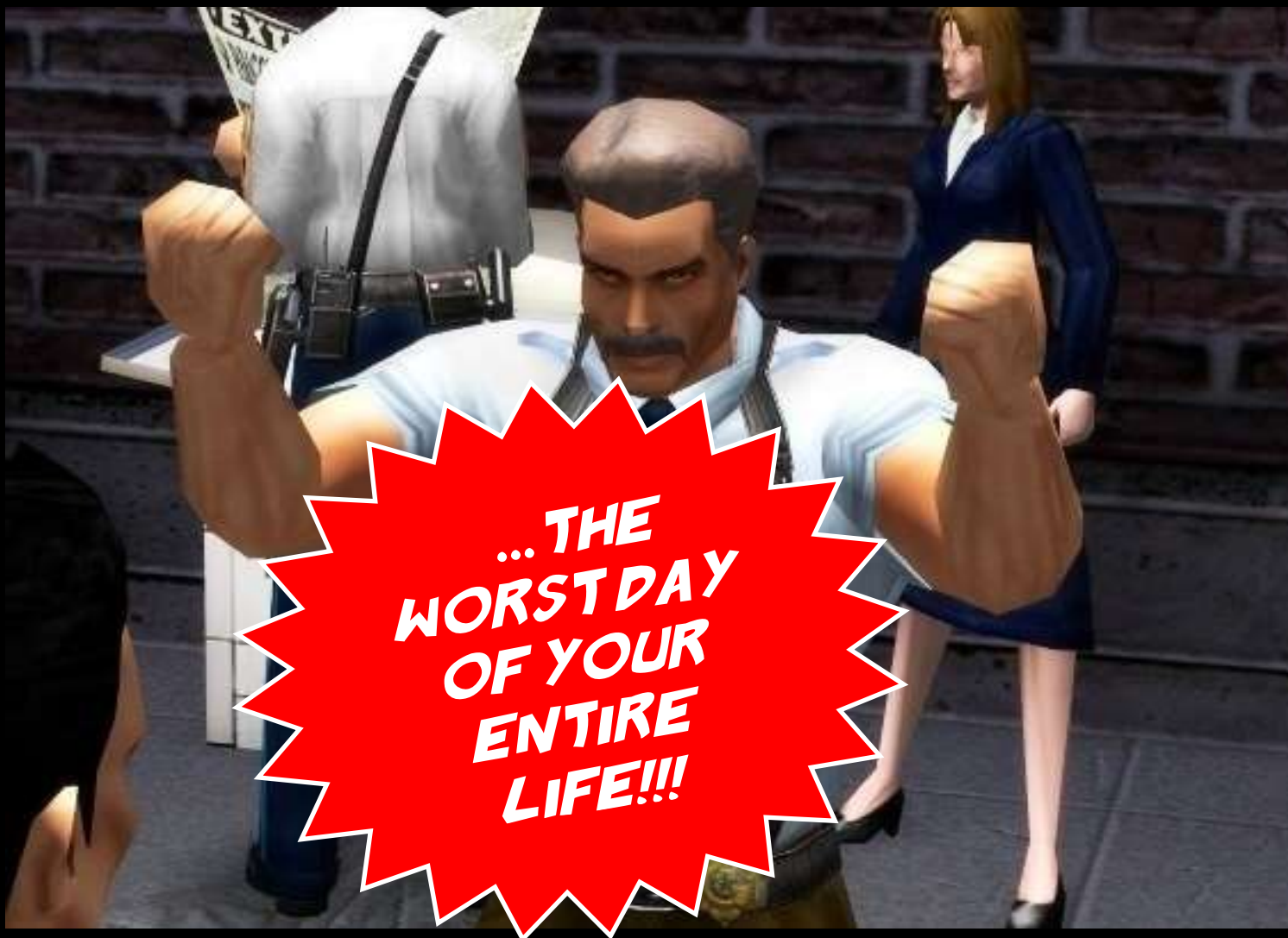
...I gotta get back to work. We doing dinner at mom and dad's tonight? 6pm? I'll be there.

Tell our little brother he needs to get there before dessert this time or he can start building me a new condo. Ha! Ya. Thanks.

Love ya, sis. Yep. Bye.

SIGH. David Yorke, today is going to be...

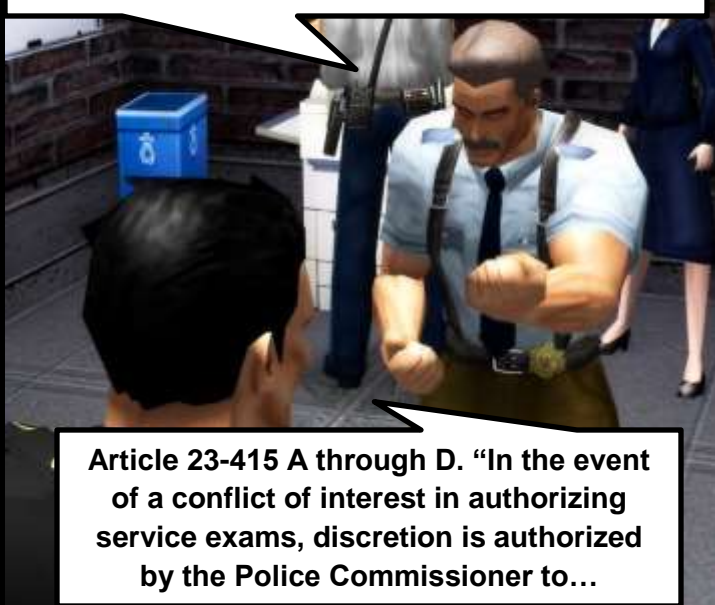




DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'VE DONE!?! YOU'VE MADE ME LOOK LIKE A @*% IDIOT!!! YOU WENT BEHIND MY BACK AND TOOK THAT DETECTIVE'S TEST!!**



I SHOULD JUST TAKE YOU OUT BACK BEHIND THE STATION AND...!!!





**YOU WENT
TO...THE POLICE
COMMISSIONER!?!**

...approve select individuals to have their exams granted and proctored at a compatible location and/or precinct once a thorough review of the requestors' service record is conducted and acknowledged barring no detriments.



**...THE POLICE
COMMISSIONER!?!**

Actually, he asked ME personally why I hadn't been promoted yet. When I told him 'our' story, he personally saw to it that not only did I get to retake the exam, but that I was to lead one of his special task forces without you knowing about it.



...WHAT THE *\$%@ ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT??

SO...looking at the crumpled paper on the floor, looks like both Gonzales and I passed our exams for Detective. AGAIN. So, how about it, Captain? Can I get you to award me Detective 3rd Class as a going away present before I have IA arrest you?

**I.A.!?!...OF ALL
THE
UNMITIGATED
AUDACITY...!!**

What?? AUDACITY? I didn't want to spoil IA's list-worthy surprise, but you see, Major Crimes ran into me last year and had a lot of questions about you. How's your little cocaine scam doing? Your three prostitutes on the precinct payroll? The 75 'lost' assault rifles from evidence that found their way to the Crimewave Cartel out west? The cemetery 'plots'?

**WHEN I'M DONE
WITH YOU, YOU'RE
GOING TO WISH...**

What? To transfer me?? Yep. Here's the papers! Already filled out by the Commissioner. Funny thing too; IA, or Internal Affairs, since we're being formal, has had a record on you that nearly takes up five folders.

As such, your reign of corruption in this precinct is over and I'm here to finish it.

See that man in the loud Hawaiian shirt behind you? Well, He's the IA mole placed in the precinct for the last several months. He's been monitoring you the whole time.

So, with that, since I'm the only ranking officer in this precinct NOT about to be arrested, I'm going to have to ask for your gun and shield.

Thank you.
NOW the man in the loud shirt can arrest you.

With that done, it's time to go on my last day's patrol here at the precinct. I'm sure I'll be seeing you from the witness stand as 'Detective' Sergeant Yorke the next time we meet, 'Captain'.



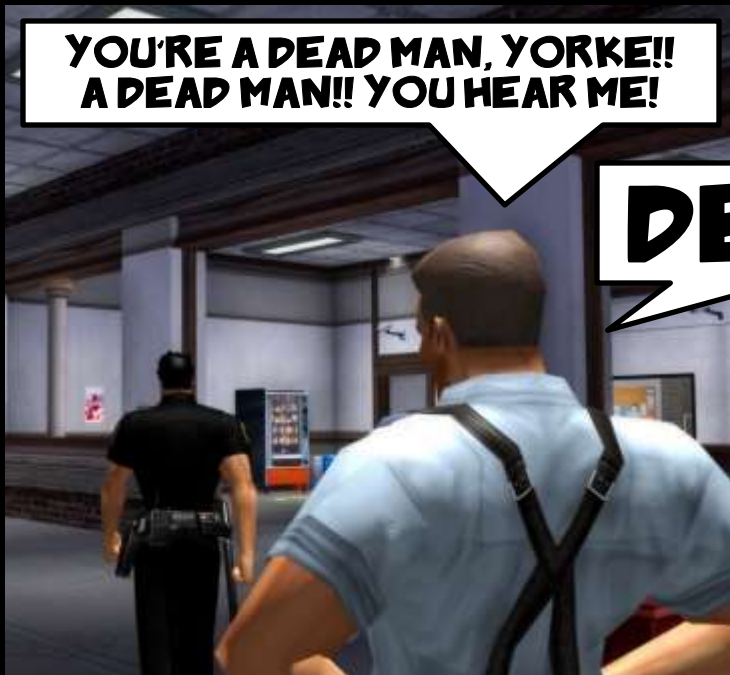
He's all yours, Everett. Read him his rights.

Okay, Captain Irons, you have the right to...



**YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, YORKE!!
A DEAD MAN!! YOU HEAR ME!**

DEAD!!!



...right to attorney. If you do not have one...



It's finally done.

*After over a year,
it's finally over.
Now I can get on
with actually
helping people
again.*



THE GAME IS GONE...



...BUT THE STORIES GO ON!

MMOCOMICINDEX.COM

THE NEW HOME FOR THE CITY OF COMIC CREATORS

I hated grandstanding back there, but after all the frustration with this precinct, it actually felt kinda good.



All I know is, wherever I'm transferred to next, it can't be as bad as what I've seen here.



The courts are going to have a hell of a time sorting out the rat's nest of crimes all these dirty cops did.



HEH. NOW the rest of IA shows up! Took them long enough to get here.

I swear...it almost seems like they kept their distance in case the Captain decided to go postal on me...





Anyway...mind on the job. It's time to do my last patrol in this neighborhood.

If word gets out on the street what just happened here, crime's gonna skyrocket real quick.

I need to get out there and let everyone know we're still on the job.

RING
RING
RING

Hello? Hey Mark! Yep. It's done, just like IA said it would go down.

You out patrolling now?

Yah. I'm heading out now to do the same. Hey, you got a minute? I wanted to talk to you one last time before you get to be the new seniority in the precinct.

Yep. I'll meet you at the usual spot. See you in 10.

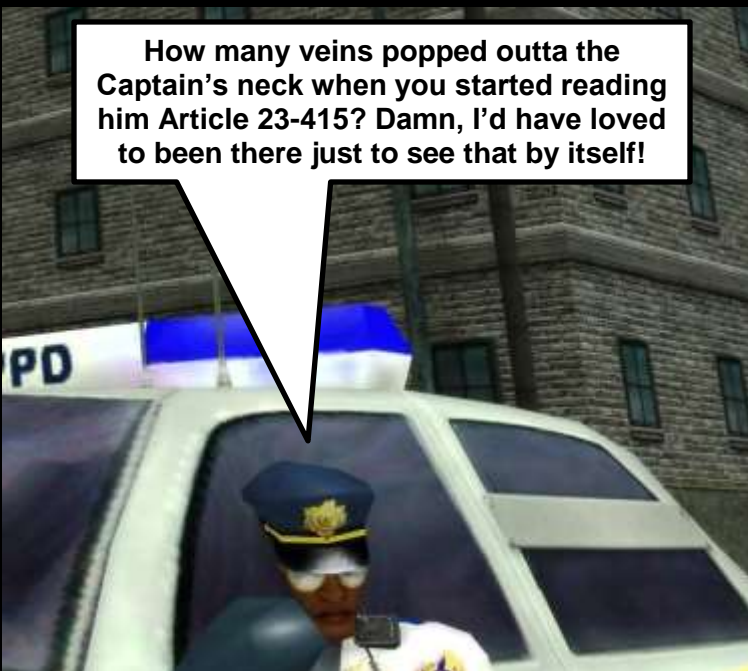
Yep.

Hasta.





So, Dave. I gotta ask...



How many veins popped outta the Captain's neck when you started reading him Article 23-415? Damn, I'd have loved to been there just to see that by itself!



I have to admit, it felt good bringing down his little corrupt empire he'd built up at the precinct.

Mark, I can't thank you enough for what you did. Without your testimony to IA, I'd have sounded like I had a beef with the Captain and nothing would've been done about him at all.



It was the RIGHT thing to do. I'm just sad it took me this long to...

All units: Shots fired. Officers down in response to a 10-34 in progress behind the Ratson building at Fifth and Collins. Respond.

This is Baker 1-3, on my way.

Meet you there, Mark! This is Baker-7 en-route!

A minute later behind the Ratson Building...

Yep, that's Chavez' car, Dave. He was helping a detective from the 1-1 doing a door-to-door about a theft ring. Calling it in now.

Central, Baker-7 and 1-3 on scene. Baker 3's car is on scene. No sign of gunmen at the moment.

10-4. All units, Level 2 response enroute to scene. ETA, five minutes.

Aww, man. Dave, I see them. They're not moving. I can't tell from here if they're even alive.



Central this is Baker 7. I have visual of two officers down. I'm going in to check on their condition, over.



Central, belay that! Baker 7, you stay put until the response team arrives. I've got a bad feeling about this.



HEY!!! YOU COPS OUTSIDE!! YOU COME EVEN CLOSE TO THIS BUILDING AND WE'LL BLOW YOU AWAY TOO!!



Central, this is Baker 1-3, confirmed that gunmen are holed up inside the Reston Building. Gunmen threatened to shoot anyone approaching the building, over.



Copy, Baker 1-3. All units responding, proceed with caution.



Central, this is Baker 7. Attempting to talk down the gunmen.



YOU!! INSIDE!! THIS IS THE POLICE! TOSS OUT YOUR WEAPONS AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS OVER YOUR HEADS NOW AND NO ONE ELSE NEEDS TO GET HURT!!

WE'RE HERE TO MAKE SURE NO ONE ELSE GETS HURT, INCLUDING YOU! SO COME OUT PEACEFULLY AND LET'S WORK OUT WHAT HAPPENED HERE!

WHAT HAPPENED HERE!?! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENED HERE!! YOU STICK YOUR HEAD UP, I'LL DO THE SAME TO YOU I DID TO THEM!!

HERE'S THE DEAL! YOU PULL BACK AND KEEP ALL OF YOUR TRIGGER-HAPPY FRIENDS AWAY FROM US FOR THE NEXT HOUR, AND WE'LL 'THINK' ABOUT TURNING OURSELVES IN!

UNDERSTOOD, BUT WE NEED ASSURANCES FIRST! IS THERE ANYONE INSIDE THERE THAT WANTS TO LEAVE? WE'D LIKE TO GET THEM OUT FIRST!

YOU GET THAT, A\$\$#0C%?

WHO THE HELL ARE *YOU*?! WHERE'S CAPTAIN IRONS?? I WANT TO TALK TO HIM! **NOW!!**
HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE HERE FOR THIS!!

CAPTAIN IRONS ISN'T AVAILABLE RIGHT NOW!
IT'S JUST YOU AND ME!

GET HIM OUT HERE NOW OR I START SHOOTING SOME UNLUCKY TENANTS IN HERE!

HOW ABOUT A TRADE? ME FOR THE HOSTAGES?? THEN WE CAN TALK WITHOUT YELLING BACK AND FORTH!
HOW ABOUT IT?

**SCREW YOU!! THIS ISN'T...THIS WASN'T PART OF THE PLAN!
GET IRONS HERE NOW OR WE START TOSSING OUT DEAD
BODIES...OR WORSE!!**



Baker 7, this is Able-4. On your 2.
Standing by, over.

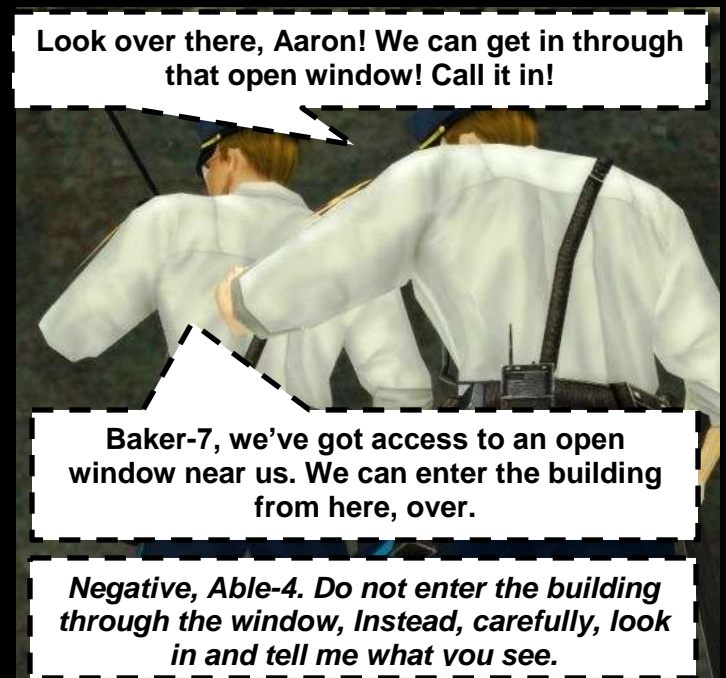


*Roger Able-4. Do not proceed.
We have a hostage situation.*

Baker-7, we're in position as needed.
We have the east alley covered, over.



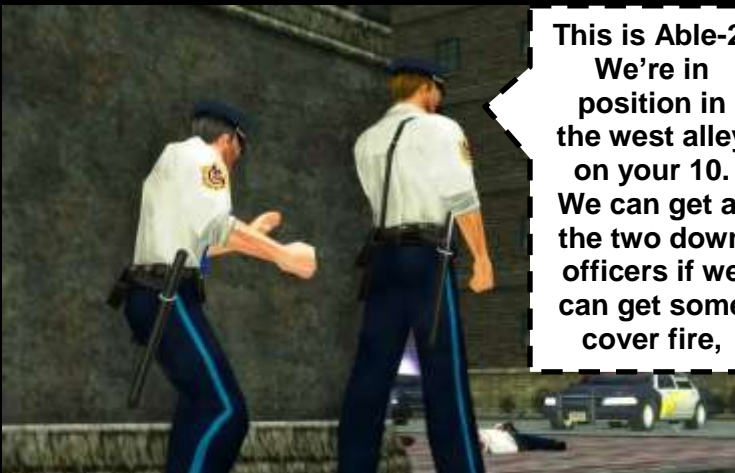
Look over there, Aaron! We can get in through
that open window! Call it in!



Baker-7, we've got access to an open
window near us. We can enter the building
from here, over.

*Negative, Able-4. Do not enter the building
through the window, Instead, carefully, look
in and tell me what you see.*

This is Able-2.
We're in
position in
the west alley
on your 10.
We can get at
the two down
officers if we
can get some
cover fire,



*This is Baker-7,
standby, Able-2.
Let's get the lay of
the land first. over.*



Copy that,
Baker-7.

Aaron I can't see
through all the crates
stacked up in there.



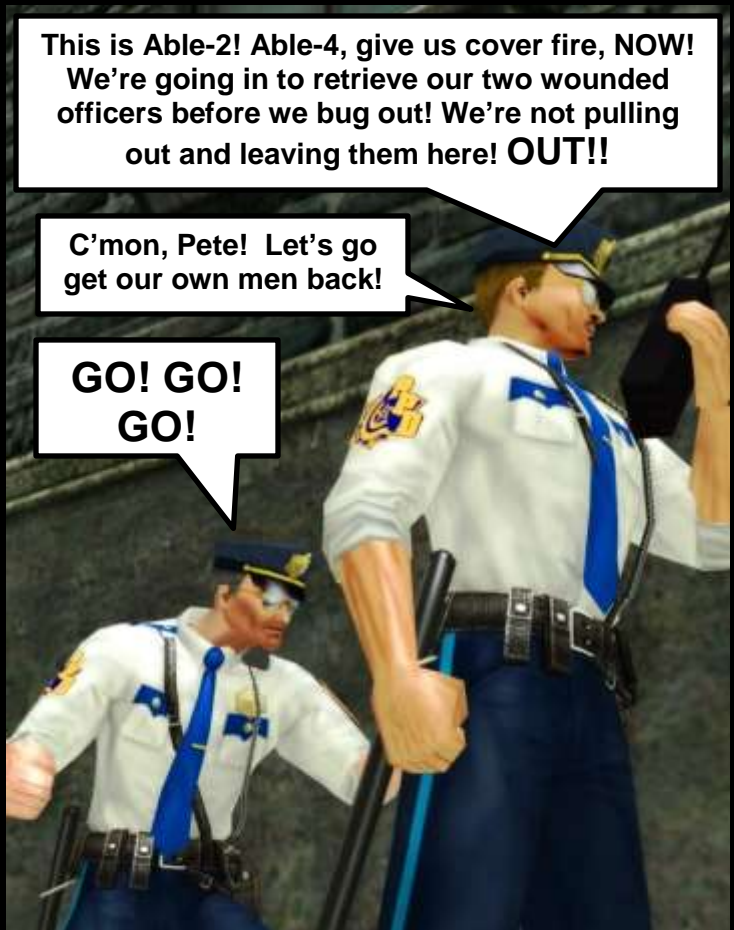


Well, look around the sides of the crates then!

OK, By the way, what does 'thermobaric' mean? It was written all over the crates...

Oh my God...

...BAKER-7! ALL UNITS!! THIS IS ABLE-4!! PULL BACK FROM THE BUILDING!! WE'VE GOT MILITARY-GRADE MUNITIONS INSIDE!! REPEAT! MILITARY-GRADE MUNITIONS!



This is Able-2! Able-4, give us cover fire, NOW! We're going in to retrieve our two wounded officers before we bug out! We're not pulling out and leaving them here! OUT!!

C'mon, Pete! Let's go get our own men back!

GO! GO! GO!



DAMN!!! They're going to be seen by the gunmen!



Gotta get out there and save...



FWA-

BOOOOM!!!



КА-
ВОООШ!!





*Baker-7, this is
Central, come in,
over.*

*Baker-7, come
in, over...*

*Any units on
the scene,
come in, over.*

Able-2?

Able-4?

Baker 1-3?

Anyone...?

ADVERTISEMENTS



YOU'RE NOT SUPER
UNTIL YOU PUT ON
THE CAPE
WWW.THECAPERADIO.COM

But it wouldn't hurt to put on some clothes too...

www.TheCapeRadio.com

Player-Run Online Radio



I COMMAND
YOU TO:
DONATE
valianceonline.com/donate

VALIANCE

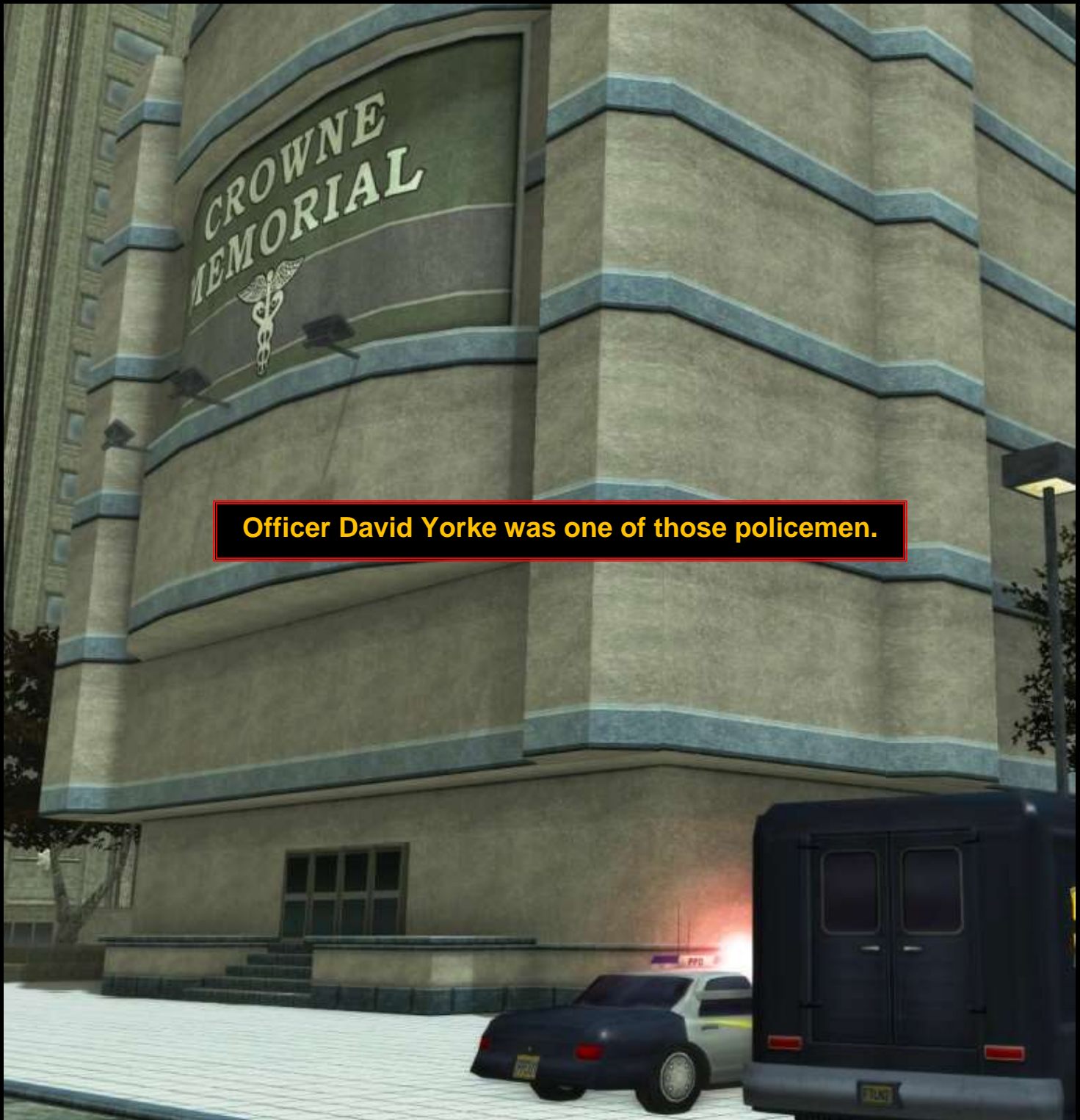
CITY OF TITANS



[HTTP://CITYOFTITANS.COM](http://cityoftitans.com)

It took seven fire crews tens of thousands of gallons of water and fourteen hours of intensive firefighting to finally contain the Ratson Building fire, along with the loss of five additional surrounding buildings. All that remains of the buildings are smoldering ruin and melted steel building frames.

All in all, twenty five people were killed in the explosion, not counting the five firemen who died fighting the fire and the ten dead policemen on the scene.



Officer David Yorke was one of those policemen.

Newly promoted Detective 3rd Class David Yorke was pronounced dead on arrival (DOA) at Crowne Memorial when he arrived by ambulance twenty minutes after the explosion occurred...

...but death didn't seem to stop David Yorke. that day.

Not that day.

Crowne Memorial Hospital. A full day after the devastating explosion...

What do you mean 'he's better' now? I was informed he was dead!

Commissioner, I'm only relaying what the doctors said. Yorke arrived DOA...and...

...and...?

Well, according to the doctors over there, "he got better".

Bull! One doesn't get 'better' hours after being dead. YOU!! DOCTOR!! What's going on with my man there?!

I'm not a doctor. I'm the hospital administrator and I need you all to leave...

Like Hell! I'm the Police Commissioner, man! I go where I want to go! Now tell me what the status is of Officer Yorke there!

Commissioner....

SIGH

Look...I wish I could understand what's happening myself, but when my own doctors can't understand what's happening, how am I going to explain it any better?

Well tell me something, man! His family is STILL in the waiting room after an entire DAY, confused as hell after being told he was dead and hours later, alive again! What kind of hospital are you running here, man?!

Doctor, you care to tell him?

I've never seen anything like this. As he was being taken to the morgue, he began breathing again.



We brought him back here, and looked at him again. He was definitely alive...and improving. The trauma he came in with...no one could have survived that...but... somehow...he...well...got better.

His chest wounds were healing. His hands mended.

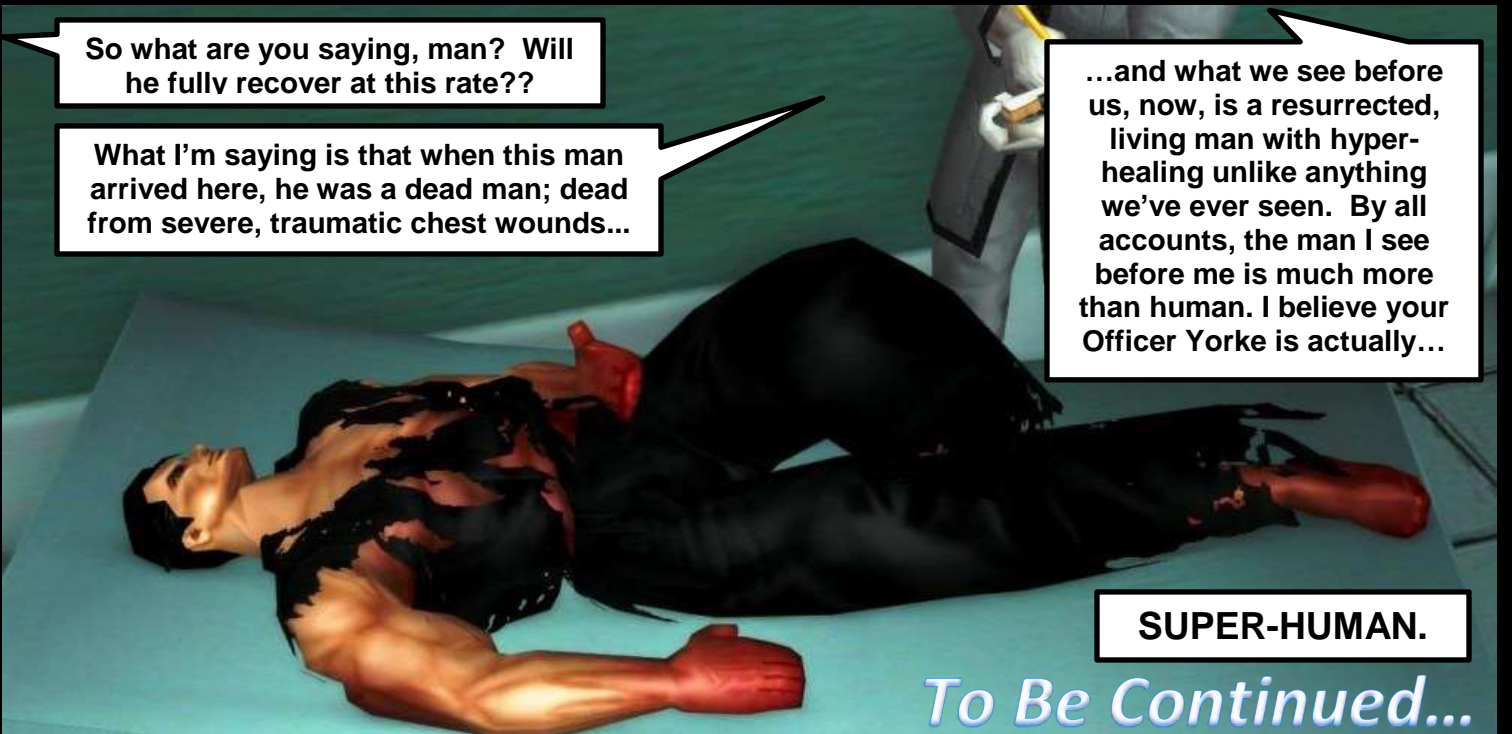


He came off the ventilator 14 hours ago. The only reason he's still in his burnt uniform is that his body's healing seems to be 'pushing' out the burnt threads all on its own.

So what are you saying, man? Will he fully recover at this rate??

What I'm saying is that when this man arrived here, he was a dead man; dead from severe, traumatic chest wounds...

...and what we see before us, now, is a resurrected, living man with hyper-healing unlike anything we've ever seen. By all accounts, the man I see before me is much more than human. I believe your Officer Yorke is actually...



SUPER-HUMAN.

To Be Continued...

Next Issue:

Will our 'super-human' Officer Yorke be good enough be able to start his new Detective job at his new precinct on Monday or will other people start to claim Yorke for 'other' needs? How does the Reston Building explosion fit into all this and what does it have to do with ex-Captain Irons? How about the bigger question...DID Dee's basketball actually go in?? Part II: SOON!!

ADVERTISEMENTS

- Tired of endless job applications, being told you're not 'quite what they need'?
- Want a steady job with excellent health, dental and education benefits?
- Like travelling to exotic locales? Want to see the world up close and personnel?
- Interested in meeting *exciting* and *dynamic* people from all across the globe?
- Want to be part of something **BIGGER** than retail? **BIGGER** than the military? **BIGGER** than your own national government? **OF COURSE YOU DO!** It's time to go **G.U.A.R.D.!**



G.U.A.R.D.

**Global Unilateral Aegis
Response Directive!**

*Go **BIG** with
G.U.A.R.D.!*

Contact your local G.U.A.R.D.
Recruiter today or call us now at
555-GOGUARD!



G.U.A.R.D. Headquarters,
Boston, Massachusetts



This advertisement paid for by GUARD and the Major DeeJ
Universe network! <http://www.majordeejuniverse.com>

MAJOR DEEJ UNIVERSE

ORIGINS

MDU "ORIGIN"AL COMMENTS

Major DeeJ. He was my first character I made when, back in December 2006, I started playing the Massive-Multiplayer Online Role Playing Game (MMORPG) "City of Heroes". I had no idea what I was doing with the game. My two boys mentioned that it might be a game I'd like to play, since I was a bit of a superhero buff. It was a Christmas present from my boys, I was surprised that it cost \$15 dollars a month to have a subscription to in order to play though. Who would DARE charge such a rate for a simple game? Highway robbery! No way could this game be good enough to drain me of 15 dollars from my thin family budget every month! As it was, the game came with a free first month, so I decided to give it a whirl. I didn't want to recreate (in this game) any of the characters I'd previously created in my youth, since I didn't think the game was worthy enough. My first day, in the game's character creator, I came up with a brand new superhero I'd never used before. After creating what I thought was a pretty cool costume, I named him "Major DeeJ" and entered the game for the first time. **I was spellbound.** Never had I experienced so wondrous and engaging of a game as this one. Within days, it quickly became my most favorite game of all time, as did my character, Major DeeJ.

Today, the game is long gone, but Major DeeJ, the character, continues on to this day! Part II coming soon!!

- Don "Major DeeJ" Finger, MDU Creator



MAJOR DEEJ COMICS

Check out the latest issues of Major DeeJ Comics with **"The Allied Fighters" Issue #1!**



Introducing Major Invader, a near-centennial aged World War II hero and ex-CIA black ops man is finally ready to pack it in and start his retirement. As with any MDU story, things don't go the Major's way!

Also introducing the Demers twins, Sophie and Jacques. Their grandmother is an aged, yet rich celebrity Grande Dame of French society, so how is it that overnight they've lost EVERYTHING?!?

Check out this phenomenal first issue and the story of the decade!

<http://www.majordeejuniverse.com/thealliedfighters.htm>