



# KOBRA

THE LINE OF  
**DC**  
SUPER-STARS

**TWIN BROTHERS--**  
ONE GOOD--  
ONE EVIL!

25¢  
NO. 1  
MAR.  
32419

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# KOBRA



MY  
TWIN  
BROTHER  
IS BURN-  
ING HIS  
HAND--

--AND I  
FEEL THE  
**PAIN!**

**AARH!**

IN THE  
NAME OF  
**KOBRA--**  
HE MUST  
**DIE!**

**1<sup>st</sup>**  
DC  
ISSUE

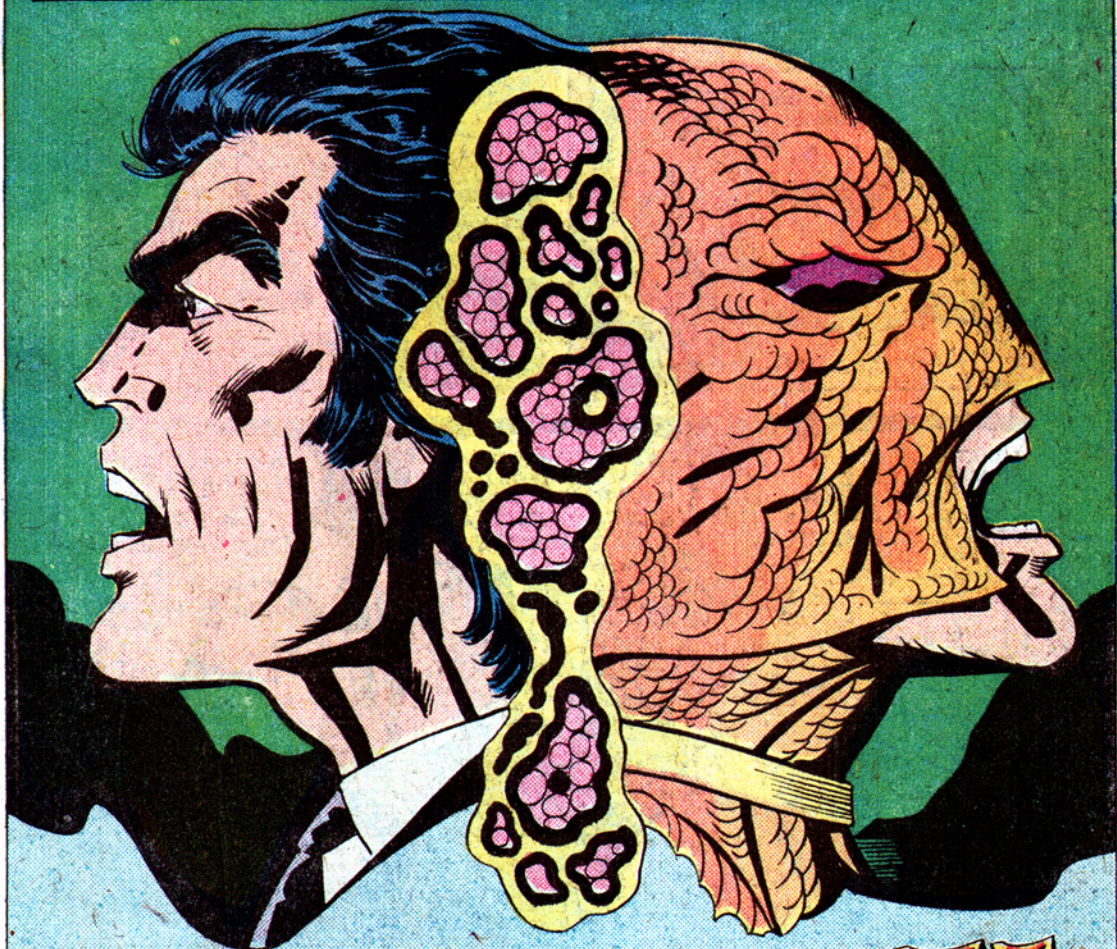
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BOB CHUA



**THE SERPENT: ETCHED IN MAN'S MEMORY AS AN AWESOME SYMBOL OF EVIL--EVER SINCE EVE FIRST TASTED THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT! BROTHERS: SIBLING RIVALRY STRAINING THE SLENDER THREAD OF THEIR FRATERNAL LOVE--EVER SINCE CAIN SLEW ABEL!**

**NOW--THE MOST FRIGHTENING--AND DEADLY--CHAPTER IN THE LONG HISTORY OF MANKIND--AS THE WORLD'S MOST HORRIBLE EVIL COILS BETWEEN TWO BROTHERS -- FIGHTING AN ALMOST UNBREAKABLE BOND!**



**EACH MAN IS FORCED TO BE HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER--EACH WISHES DESPERATELY TO BE HIS BROTHER'S--KILLER!**

**THEY CANNOT BOTH SURVIVE THE DEADLY...**

# FANGS of the **KOBRA!**

Presented by:  
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**JACK KIRBY & STEVE SHERMAN**

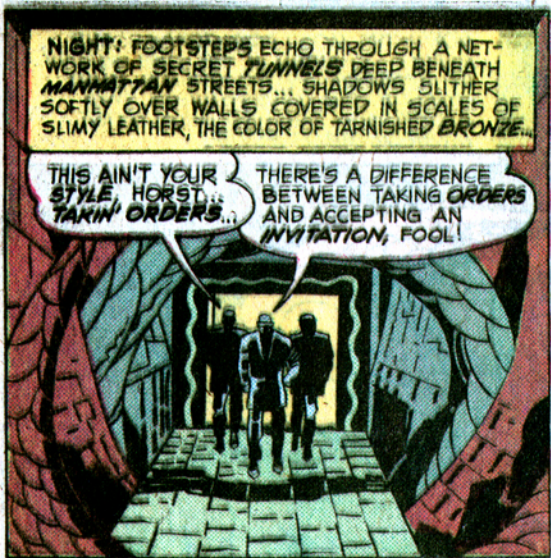
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NIGHT: FOOTSTEPS ECHO THROUGH A NETWORK OF SECRET TUNNELS DEEP BENEATH MANHATTAN STREETS... SHADOWS SLITHER SOFTLY OVER WALLS COVERED IN SCALES OF SLIMY LEATHER, THE COLOR OF TARNISHED BRONZE...

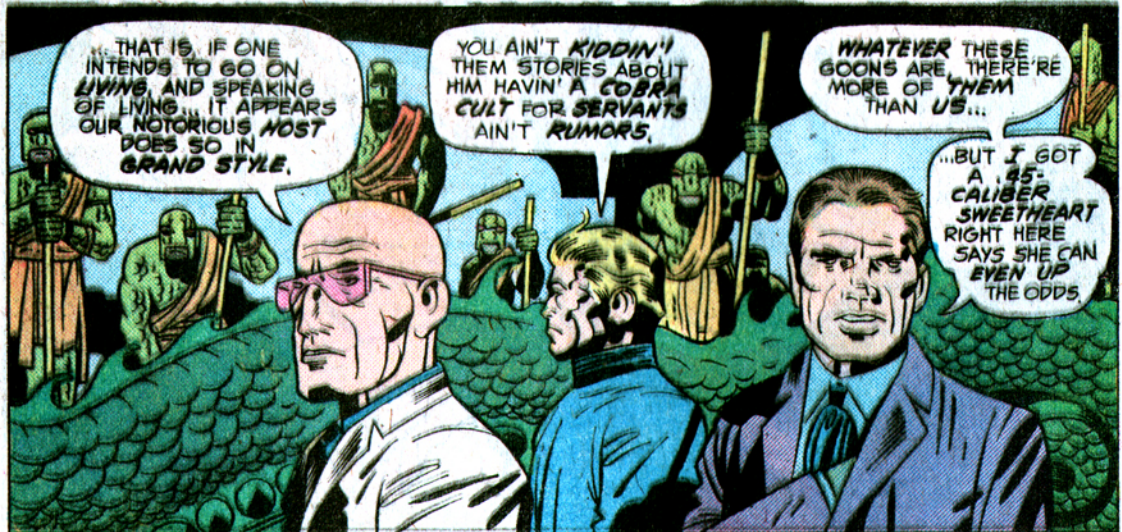
THIS AIN'T YOUR STYLE, HORST... TAKIN' ORDERS...

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TAKING ORDERS AND ACCEPTING AN INVITATION, FOOL!



THE WORD IS OUT AMONG OUR... AH... ASSOCIATES:

WHEN KOBRA "INVITES" ONE ACCEPTS...

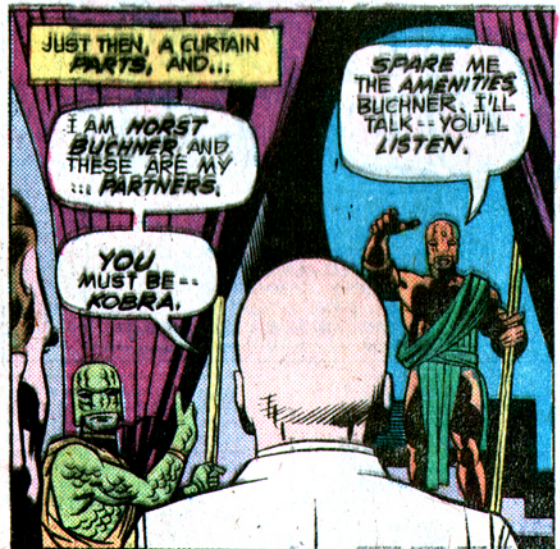


... THAT IS, IF ONE INTENDS TO GO ON LIVING, AND SPEAKING OF LIVING... IT APPEARS OUR NOTORIOUS HOST DOES SO IN GRAND STYLE.

YOU AIN'T KIDDIN'! THEM STORIES ABOUT HIM HAVIN' A COBRA CULT FOR SERVANTS AIN'T RUMORS.

WHATEVER THESE GOONS ARE, THERE'RE MORE OF THEM THAN US...

...BUT I GOT A .45-CALIBER SWEETHEART RIGHT HERE SAYS SHE CAN EVEN UP THE ODDS.



JUST THEN, A CURTAIN PARTS, AND...

I AM HORST BUCHNER AND THESE ARE MY PARTNERS.

YOU MUST BE -- KOBRA.

SPARE ME THE AMENITIES BUCHNER, I'LL TALK -- YOU'LL LISTEN.

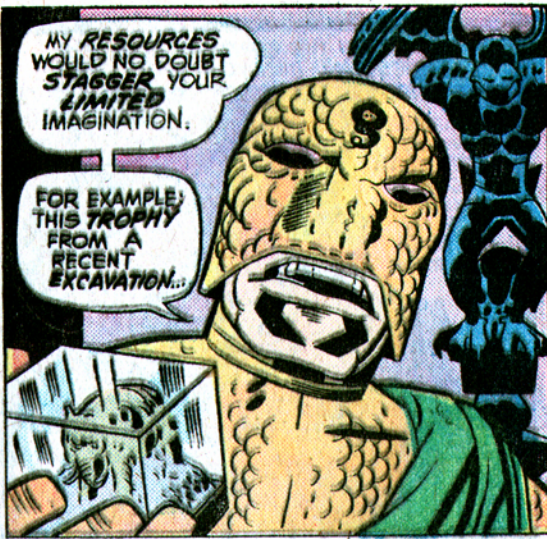


YOU REALIZE YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE HERE, BUCHNER --? YOUR MINOR TALENTS ARE NOT VITAL TO KOBRA.

BUT NEVER THE- LESS I SHALL EXPLOIT THEM ... IF ONLY TO KEEP THOSE WHO WOULD OPPOSE ME -- GUESSING! I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU, BUCHNER.

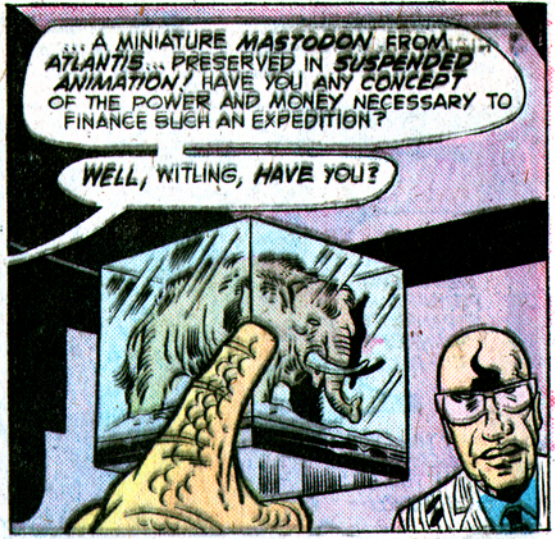
IT WILL AMUSE ME.





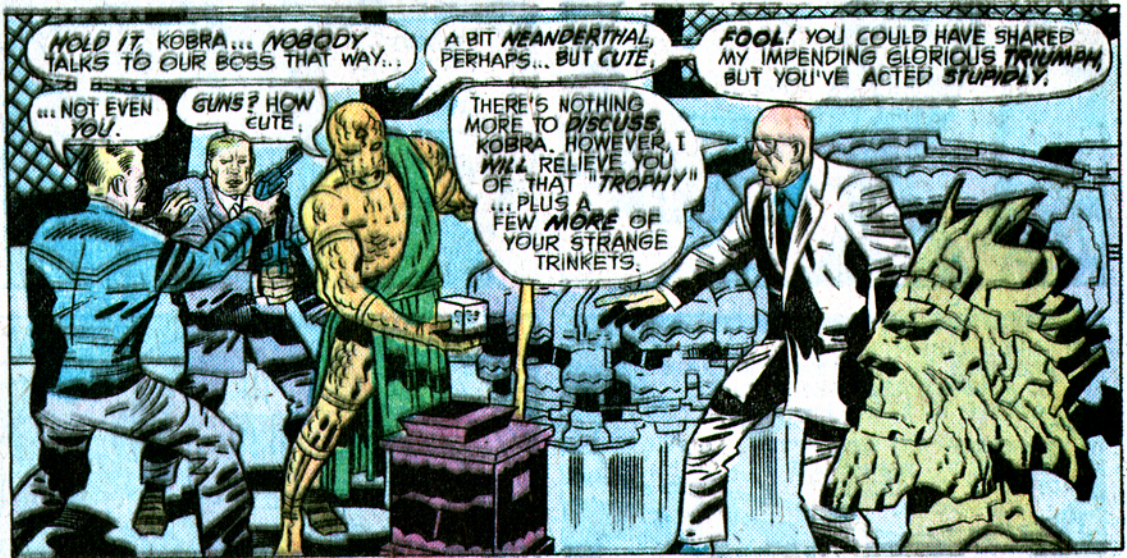
MY *RESOURCES* WOULD NO DOUBT *STAGGER* YOUR *LIMITED* IMAGINATION.

FOR EXAMPLE; THIS *TROPHY* FROM A RECENT *EXCAVATION*...



... A *MINIATURE MASTODON* FROM *ATLANTIS*... PRESERVED IN *SUSPENDED ANIMATION*? HAVE YOU ANY *CONCEPT* OF THE *POWER* AND *MONEY* NECESSARY TO *FINANCE* SUCH AN *EXPEDITION*?

WELL, WITLING, HAVE YOU?



*HOLD IT, KOBRA*... *NOBODY* TALKS TO OUR *BOSS* THAT WAY...

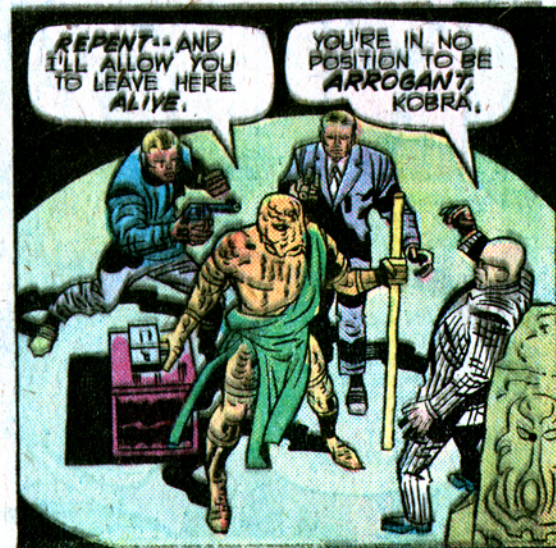
A BIT *NEANDERTHAL*, PERHAPS... BUT *CUTE*.

*FOOL!* YOU COULD HAVE SHARED MY *IMPENDING GLORIOUS TRIUMPH*, BUT YOU'VE ACTED *STUPIDLY*.

... NOT EVEN YOU.

*GUNS? HOW CUTE.*

THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO *DISCUSS*, KOBRA. HOWEVER, I *WILL* RELIEVE YOU OF THAT *"TROPHY"* ... PLUS A FEW MORE OF YOUR *STRANGE TRINKETS*.



*REPENT*... AND I'LL ALLOW YOU TO LEAVE HERE *ALIVE*.

YOU'RE IN NO POSITION TO BE *ARROGANT*, KOBRA.

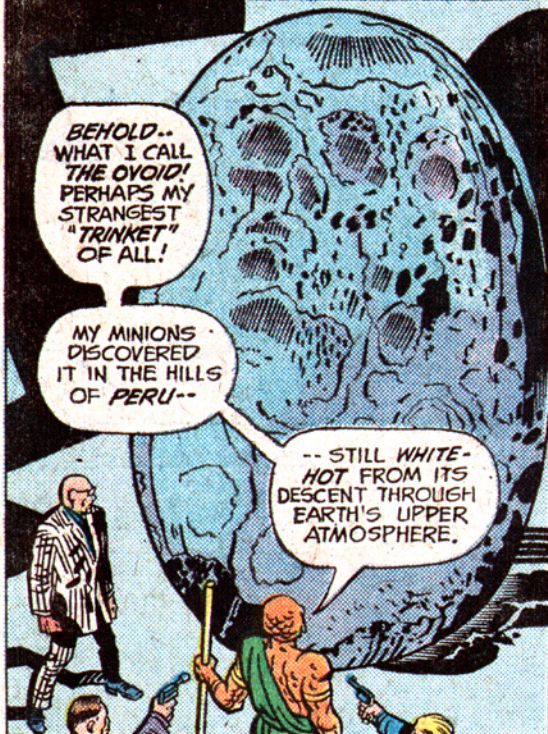


*ARROGANT?* HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME OF *ARROGANCE*?

I SEE YOU'VE YET TO LEARN *WHO* YOU'RE DEALING WITH. *COME*, THEN -- I'VE SOMETHING TO *SHOW* YOU.



SMILING, KOBRA LEADS THE GANG INTO A VAST CHAMBER SHIMMERING WITH EERIE BLUE LIGHT...

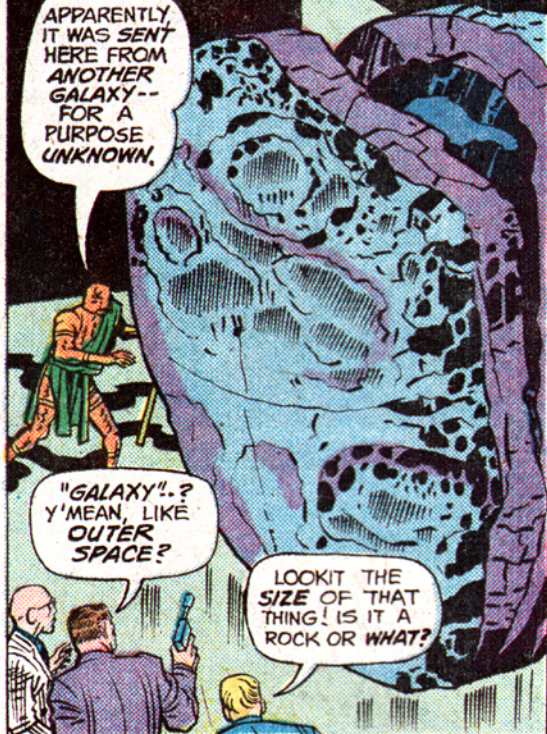


BEHOLD.. WHAT I CALL THE OVOID! PERHAPS MY STRANGEST "TRINKET" OF ALL!

MY MINIONS DISCOVERED IT IN THE HILLS OF PERU--

-- STILL WHITE-HOT FROM ITS DESCENT THROUGH EARTH'S UPPER ATMOSPHERE.

A TOUCH OF THE REPTILIAN ROGUE'S FINGERTIPS... AND THE OVOID SPLITS OPEN...



APPARENTLY, IT WAS SENT HERE FROM ANOTHER GALAXY-- FOR A PURPOSE UNKNOWN.

"GALAXY"..? Y'MEAN, LIKE OUTER SPACE?

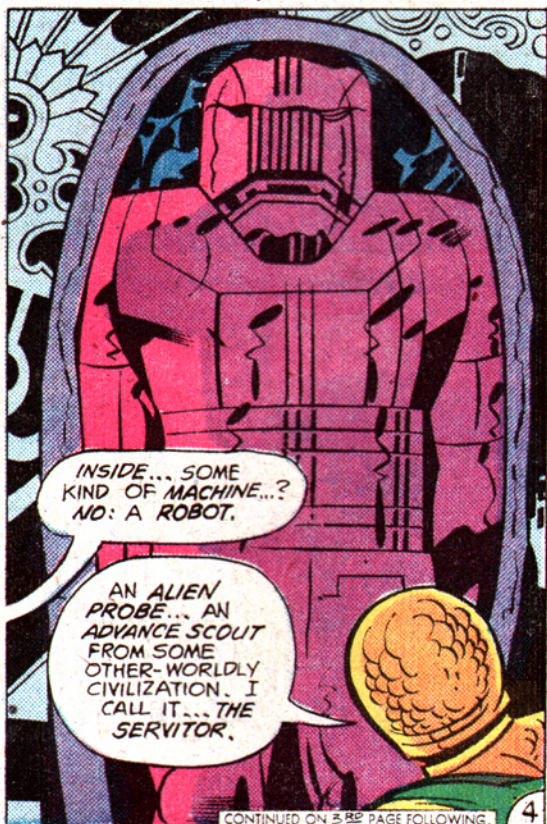
LOOKIT THE SIZE OF THAT THING! IS IT A ROCK OR WHAT?



AHH, BUCHNER, BUCHNER. YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY BE INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE.

OTHERWISE, YOU WOULDN'T TOLERATE THE YAMMERING OF YOUR TROGLODYTIC BUFFOONS.

OH MY GOD.

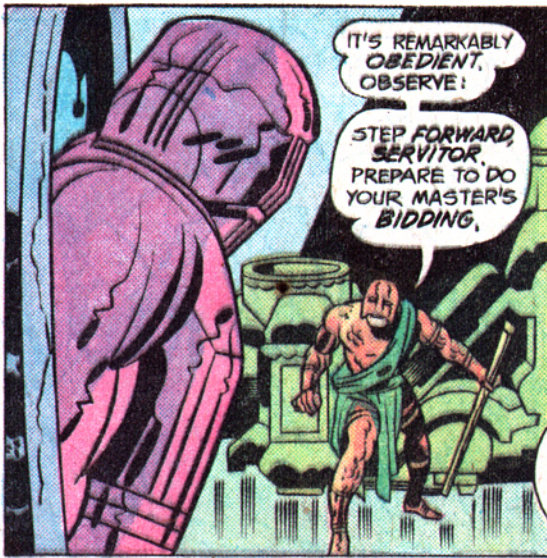


INSIDE... SOME KIND OF MACHINE...? NO: A ROBOT.

AN ALIEN PROBE... AN ADVANCE SCOUT FROM SOME OTHER-WORLDLY CIVILIZATION. I CALL IT... THE SERVITOR.

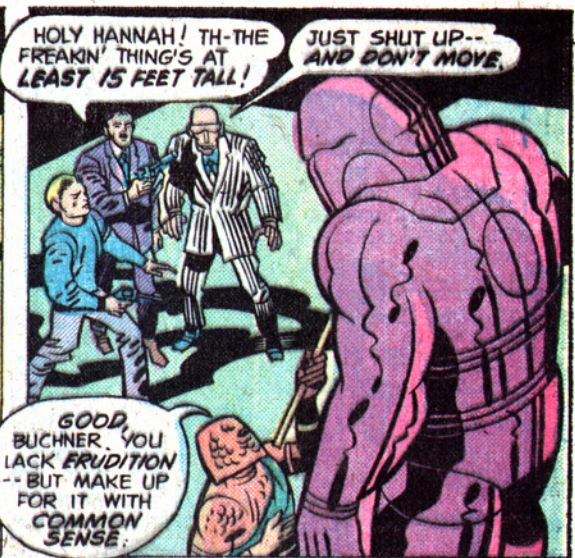
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IT'S REMARKABLY OBEIDENT, OBSERVE!

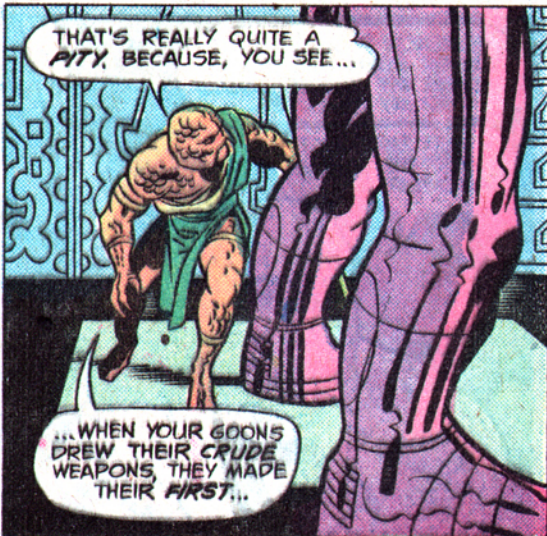
STEP FORWARD, SERVITOR, PREPARE TO DO YOUR MASTER'S BIDDING.



HOLY HANNAH! TH-THE FREAKIN' THING'S AT LEAST 15 FEET TALL!

JUST SHUT UP-- AND DON'T MOVE.

GOOD, BUCHNER, YOU LACK ERUDITION -- BUT MAKE UP FOR IT WITH COMMON SENSE.



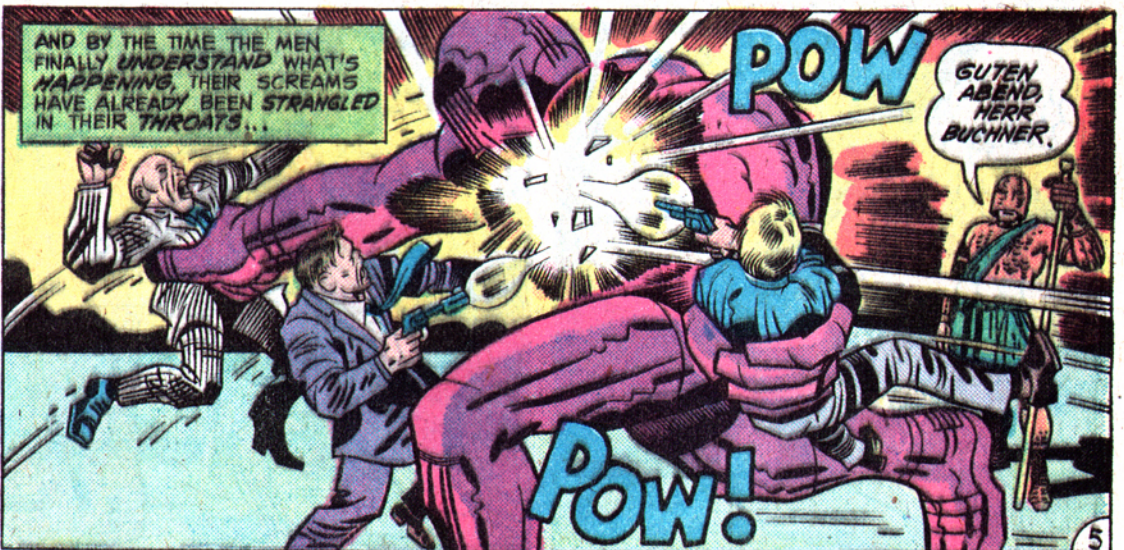
THAT'S REALLY QUITE A FITY, BECAUSE, YOU SEE...

...WHEN YOUR GOONS DREW THEIR CRUDE WEAPONS, THEY MADE THEIR FIRST...



...AND LAST... MISTAKE.

SERVITOR: DESTROY THEM!



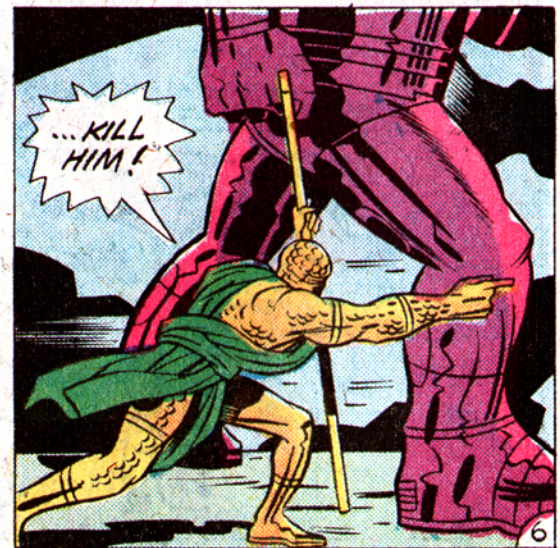
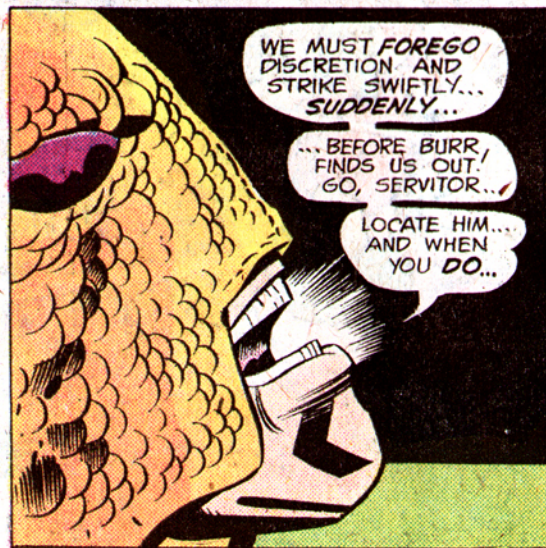
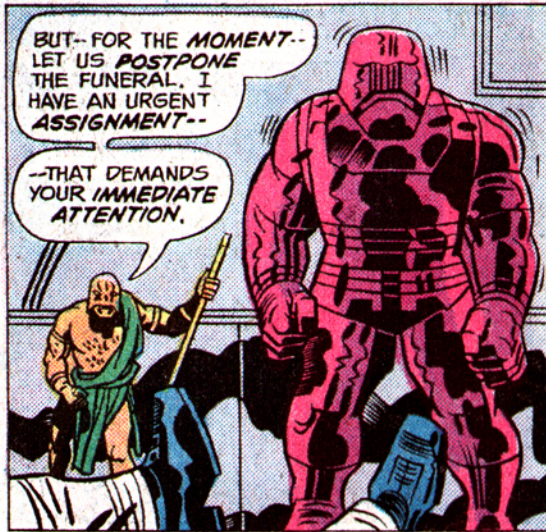
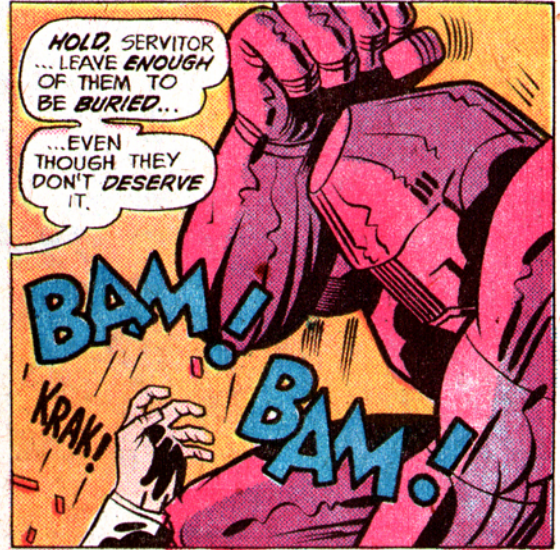
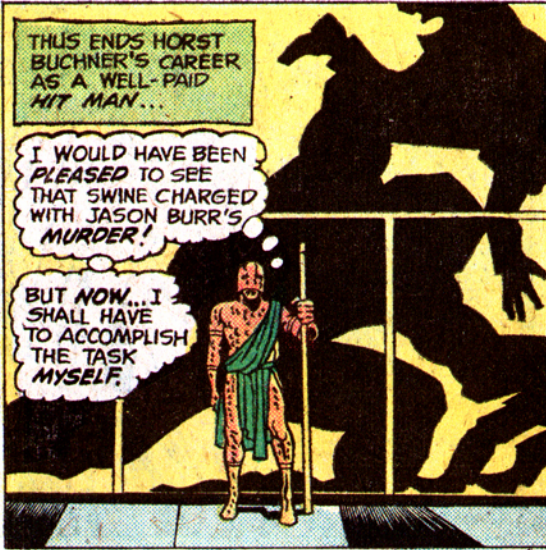
AND BY THE TIME THE MEN FINALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENING, THEIR SCREAMS HAVE ALREADY BEEN STRANGLLED IN THEIR THROATS...

POW

GUTEN ABEND, HERR BUCHNER.

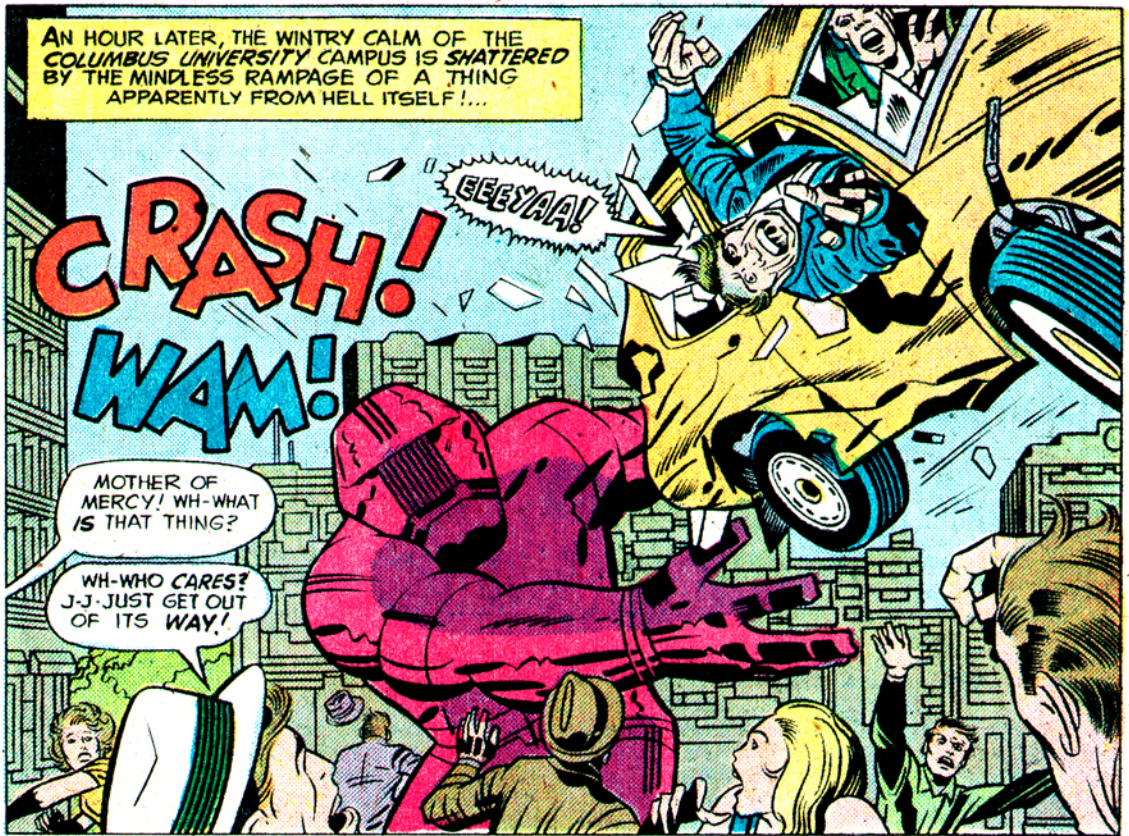
POW!



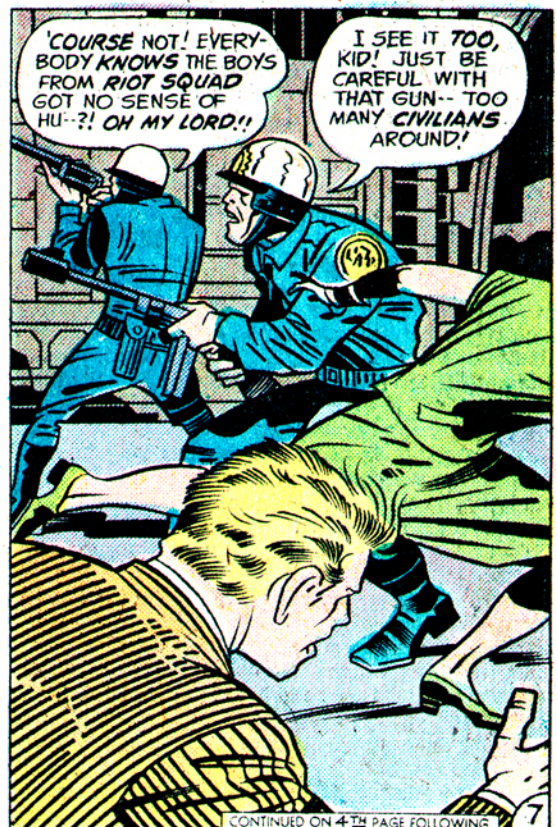
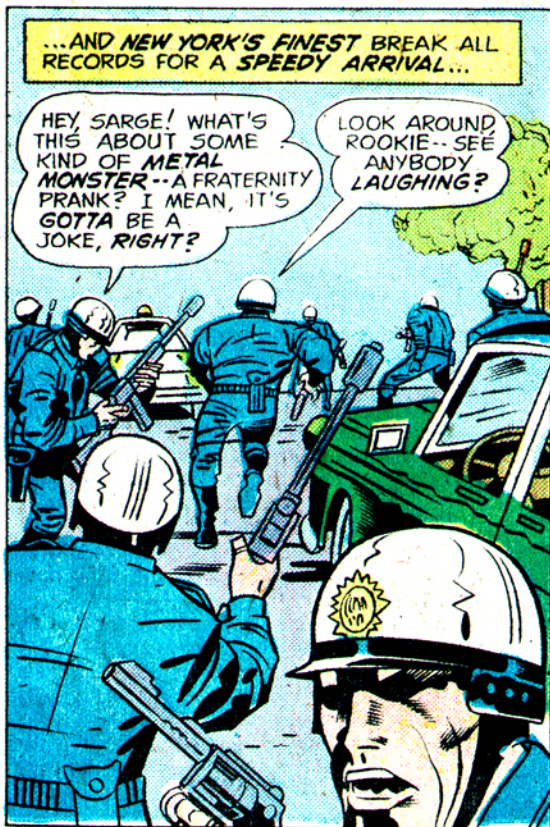




AN HOUR LATER, THE WINTRY CALM OF THE COLUMBUS UNIVERSITY CAMPUS IS SHATTERED BY THE MINDLESS RAMPAGE OF A THING APPARENTLY FROM HELL ITSELF !...

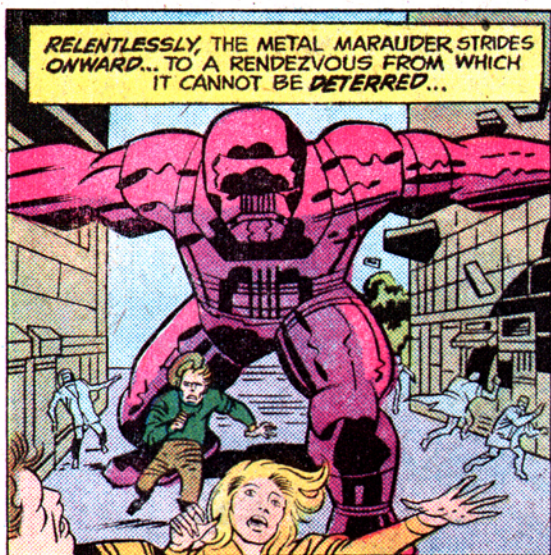


...AND NEW YORK'S FINEST BREAK ALL RECORDS FOR A SPEEDY ARRIVAL...

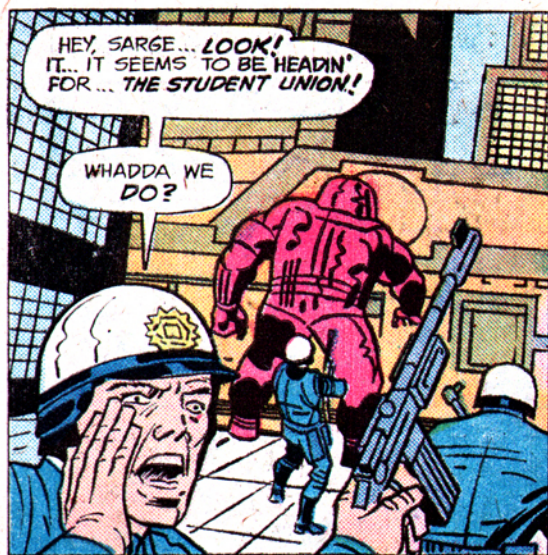


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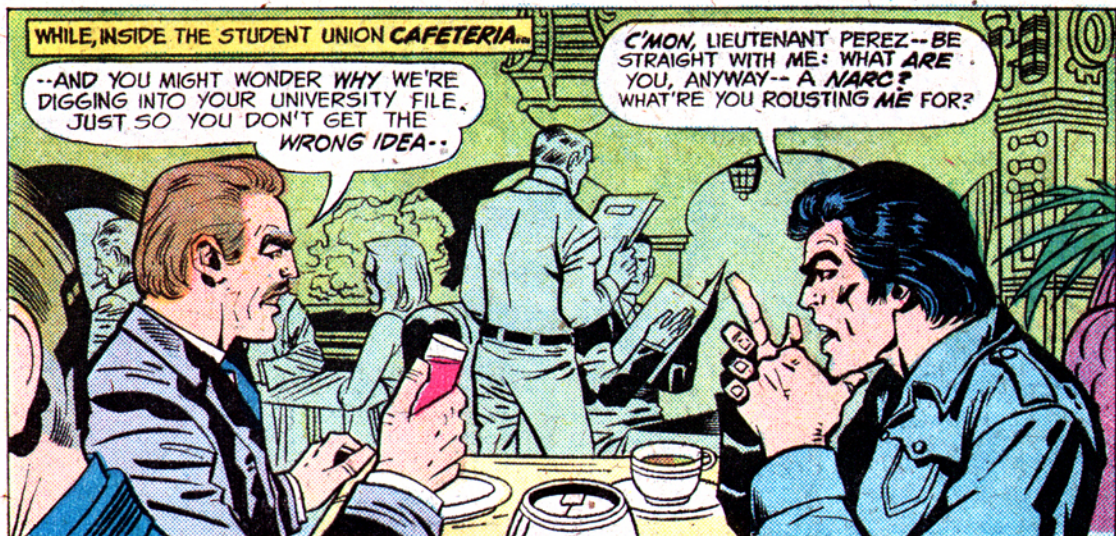


RELENTLESSLY, THE METAL MARAUDER STRIDES ONWARD... TO A RENDEZVOUS FROM WHICH IT CANNOT BE DETERRED...



HEY, SARGE... LOOK! IT... IT SEEMS TO BE HEADIN' FOR... THE STUDENT UNION!

WHADDA WE DO?



WHILE, INSIDE THE STUDENT UNION CAFETERIA...

--AND YOU MIGHT WONDER WHY WE'RE DIGGING INTO YOUR UNIVERSITY FILE, JUST SO YOU DON'T GET THE WRONG IDEA--

C'MON, LIEUTENANT PEREZ-- BE STRAIGHT WITH ME: WHAT ARE YOU, ANYWAY-- A NARC? WHAT'RE YOU ROUSTING ME FOR?



I'M NOT INTO ANY OF THAT STUFF. I GET OFF ON LIFE... CAN YOU DIG IT?

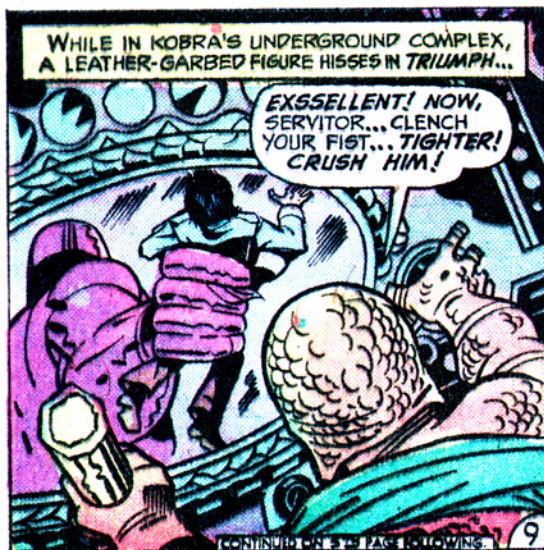
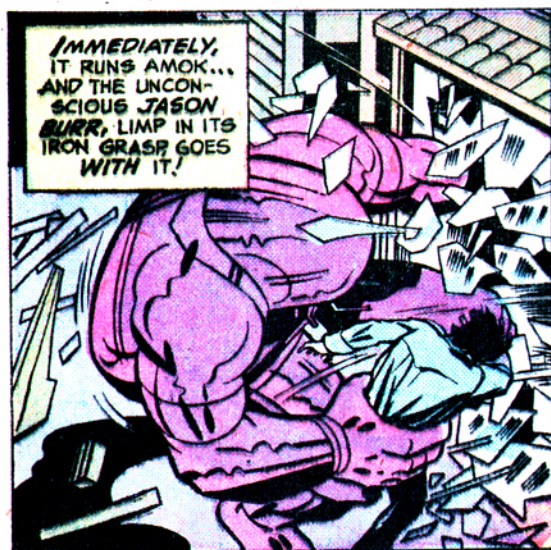
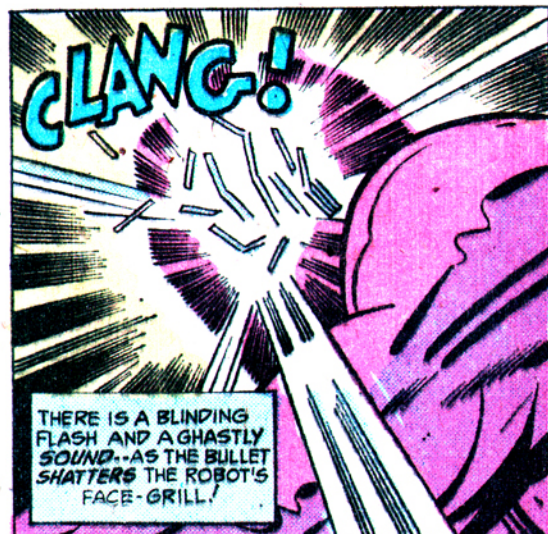
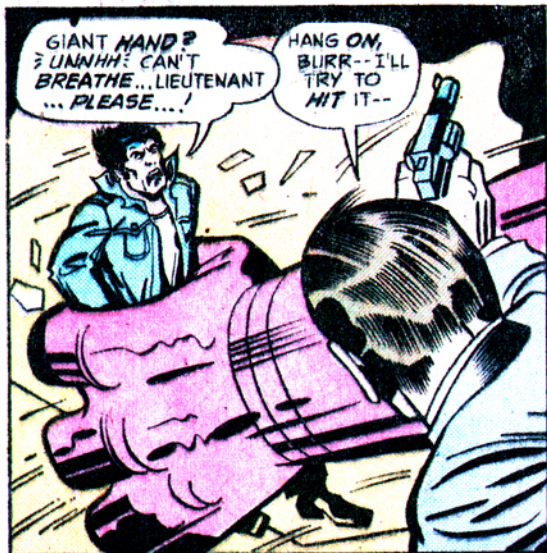
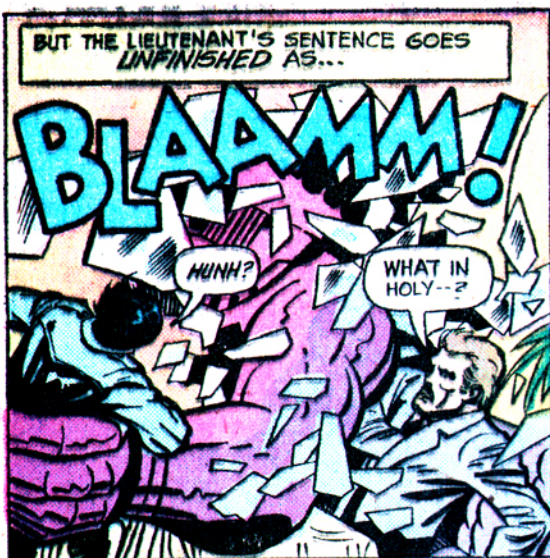
I UNDERSTAND, MR. BURR, BUT I'M NOT WHAT YOU THINK...



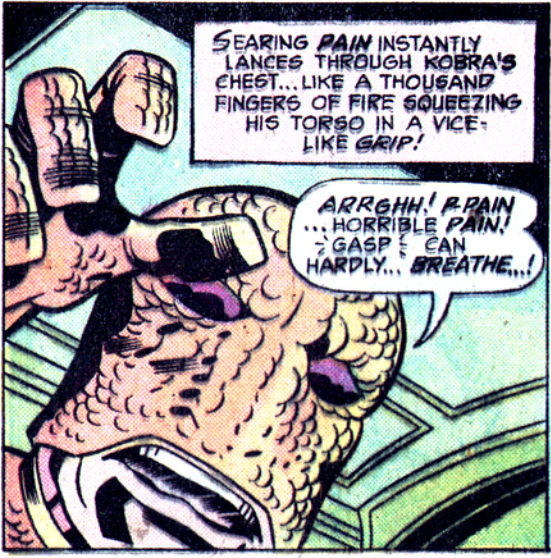
...I'M WITH THE N.Y.P.D.'S SPECIAL WEAPONS AND TACTICS FORCE. WE'RE PREPARING TO MOVE AGAINST A VERY ELUSIVE CRIMINAL...

...AND... UH... WE NEED YOUR HELP. I'LL EXPLAIN: WE'VE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT YOU...



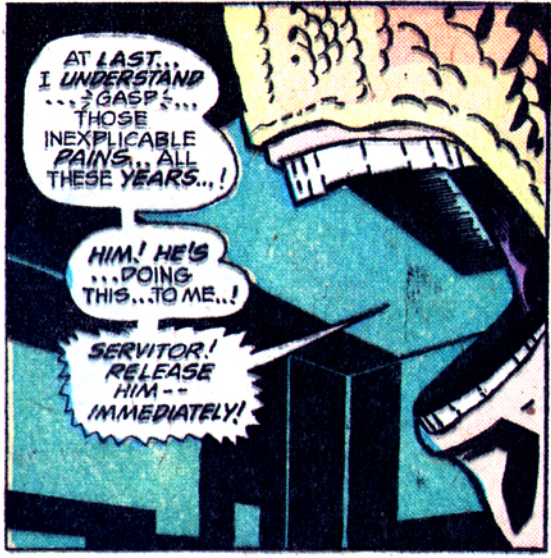






SEARING PAIN INSTANTLY LANCES THROUGH KOBRA'S CHEST... LIKE A THOUSAND FINGERS OF FIRE SQUEEZING HIS TORSO IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP!

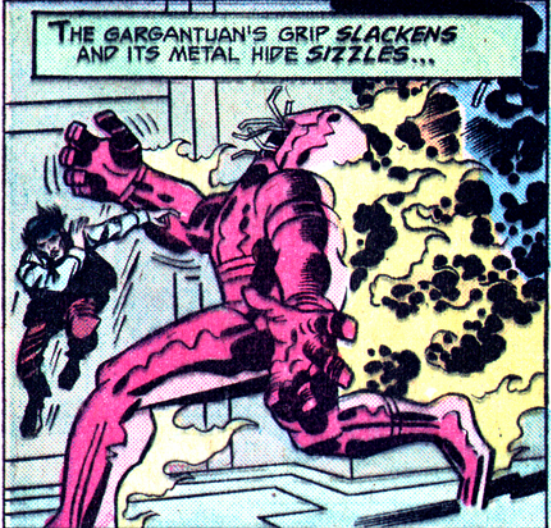
ARRGHH! P-PAIN... HORRIBLE PAIN! GASP CAN HARDLY... BREATHE...!



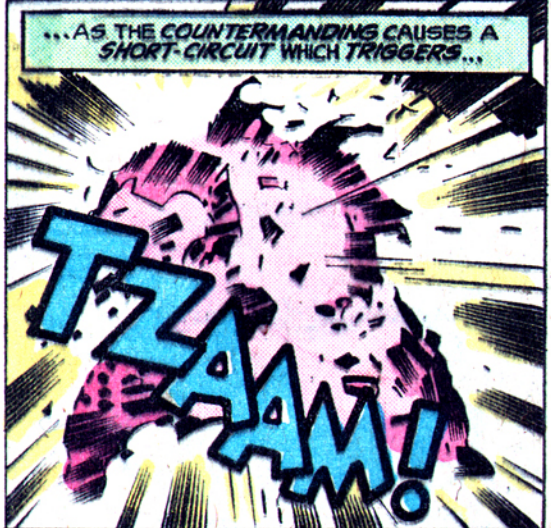
AT LAST... I UNDERSTAND... GASP... THOSE INEXPLICABLE PAINS... ALL THESE YEARS...!

HIM! HE'S... DOING THIS... TO ME...!

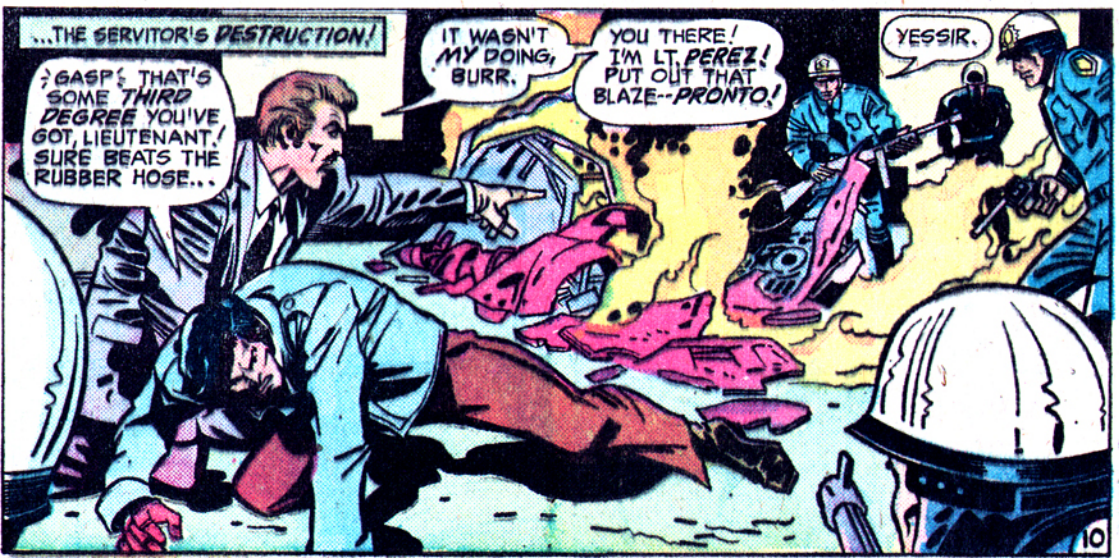
SERVITOR! RELEASE HIM-- IMMEDIATELY!



THE GARGTANTUAN'S GRIP SLACKENS AND ITS METAL HIDE SIZZLES...



...AS THE COUNTERMANDING CAUSES A SHORT-CIRCUIT WHICH TRIGGERS...



...THE SERVITOR'S DESTRUCTION!

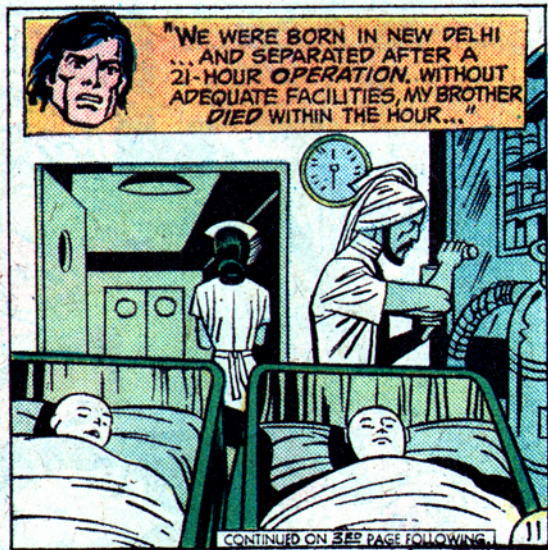
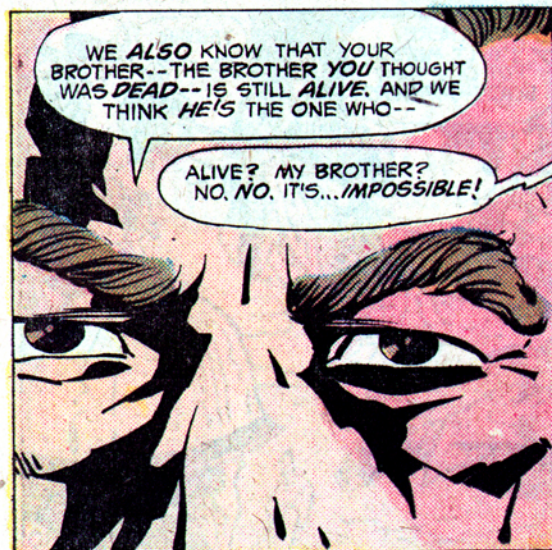
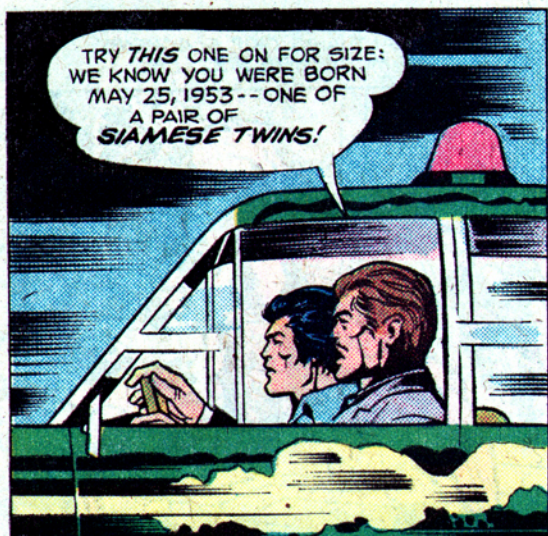
GASP THAT'S SOME THIRD DEGREE YOU'VE GOT, LIEUTENANT! SURE BEATS THE RUBBER HOSE...

IT WASN'T MY DOING, BURR.

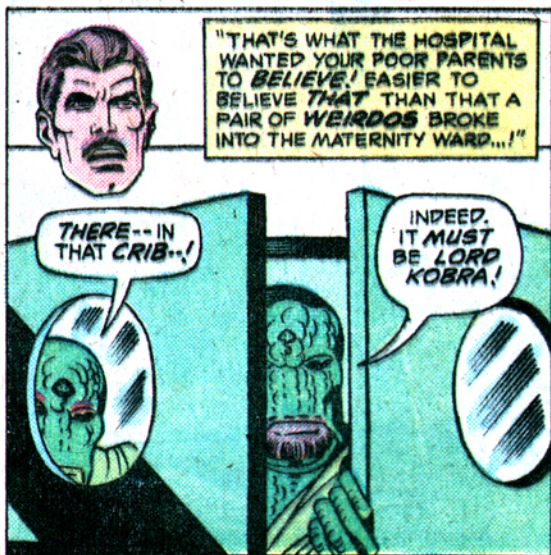
YOU THERE! I'M LT. PEREZ! PUT OUT THAT BLAZE--PRONTO!

YESSIR.





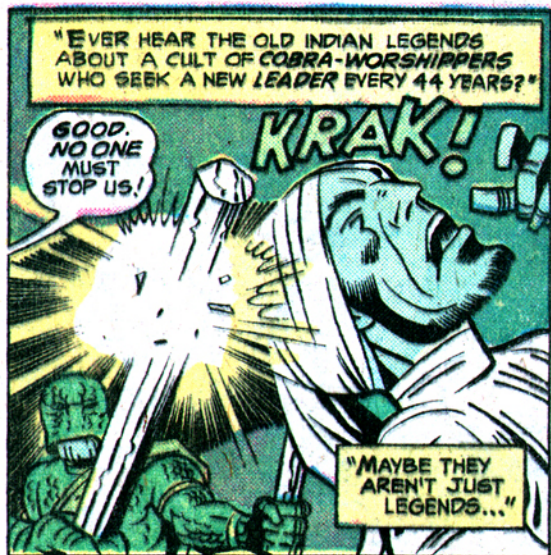




"THAT'S WHAT THE HOSPITAL WANTED YOUR POOR PARENTS TO BELIEVE! EASIER TO BELIEVE THAT THAN THAT A PAIR OF WEIRDOS BROKE INTO THE MATERNITY WARD..."

THERE-- IN THAT CRIB--!

INDEED. IT MUST BE LORD KOBRA!

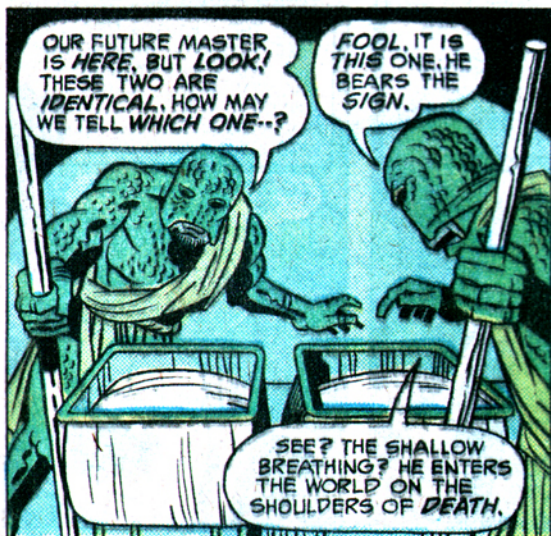


"EVER HEAR THE OLD INDIAN LEGENDS ABOUT A CULT OF COBRA-WORSHIPPERS WHO SEEK A NEW LEADER EVERY 44 YEARS?"

GOOD. NO ONE MUST STOP US!

KRAK!!!

"MAYBE THEY AREN'T JUST LEGENDS..."



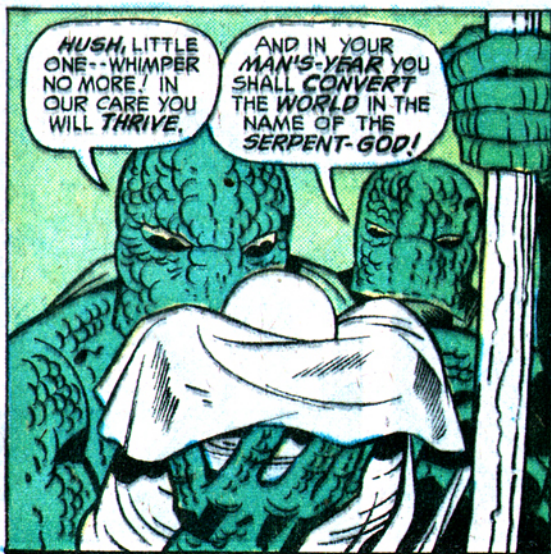
OUR FUTURE MASTER IS HERE, BUT LOOK! THESE TWO ARE IDENTICAL. HOW MAY WE TELL WHICH ONE--?

FOOL. IT IS THIS ONE. HE BEARS THE SIGN.

SEE? THE SHALLOW BREATHING? HE ENTERS THE WORLD ON THE SHOULDERS OF DEATH.

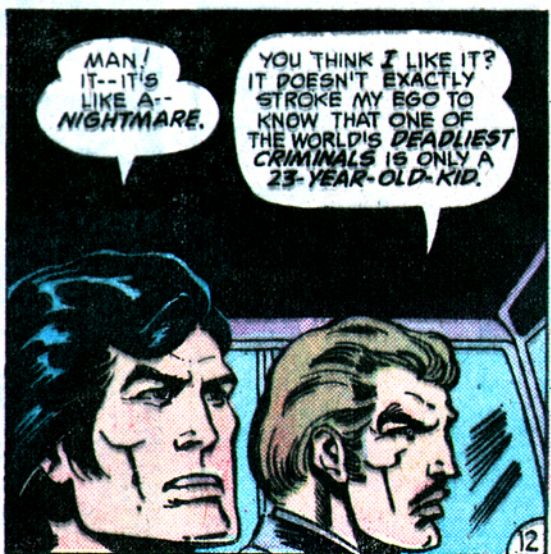


AND YET THE STRUGGLE TO LIVE CONTINUES! ONLY SUCH A ONE-- WHO SHALL FIGHT TO WORK HIS WILL UPON THE WORLD --CAN LEAD US. SO IT IS WRITTEN.



HUSH, LITTLE ONE-- WHIMPER NO MORE! IN OUR CARE YOU WILL THRIVE.

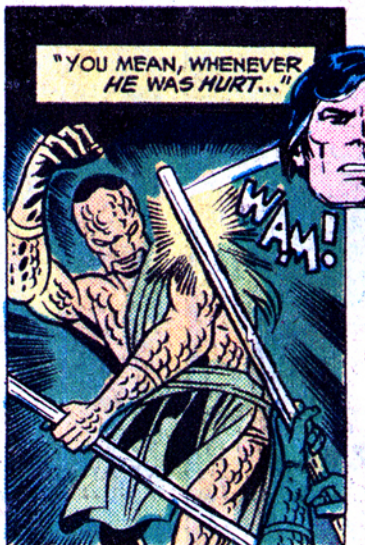
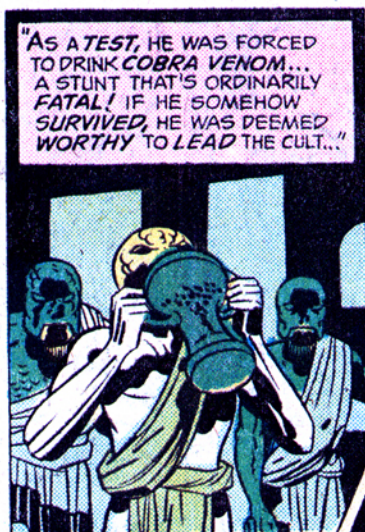
AND IN YOUR MAN'S-YEAR YOU SHALL CONVERT THE WORLD IN THE NAME OF THE SERPENT-GOD!



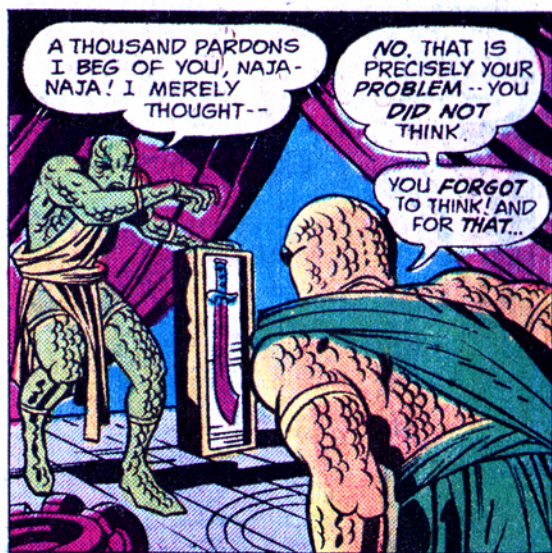
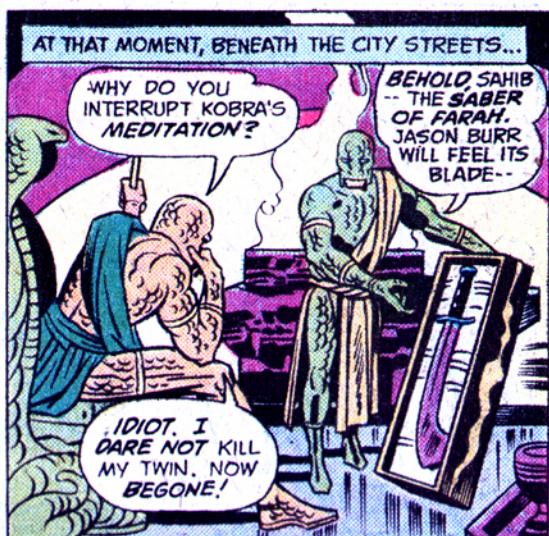
MAN! IT--IT'S LIKE A-- NIGHTMARE.

YOU THINK I LIKE IT? IT DOESN'T EXACTLY STROKE MY EGO TO KNOW THAT ONE OF THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST CRIMINALS IS ONLY A 23-YEAR-OLD-KID.

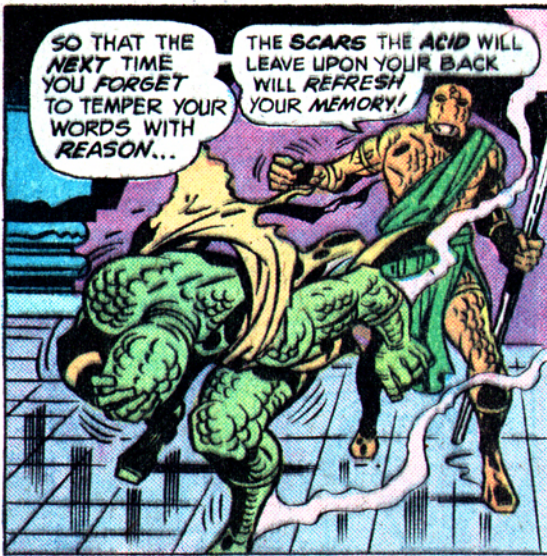






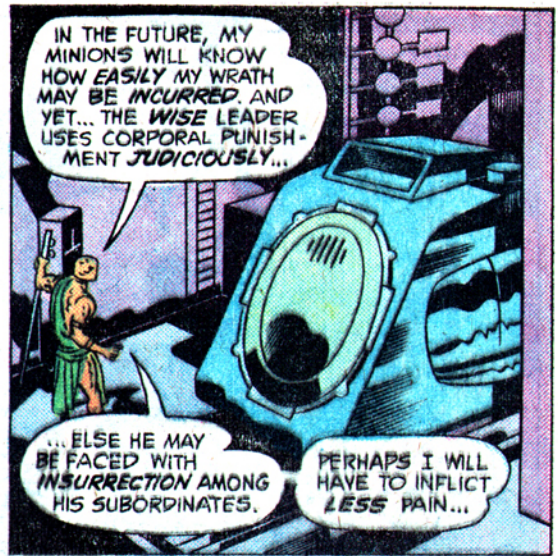






SO THAT THE NEXT TIME YOU FORGET TO TEMPER YOUR WORDS WITH REASON...

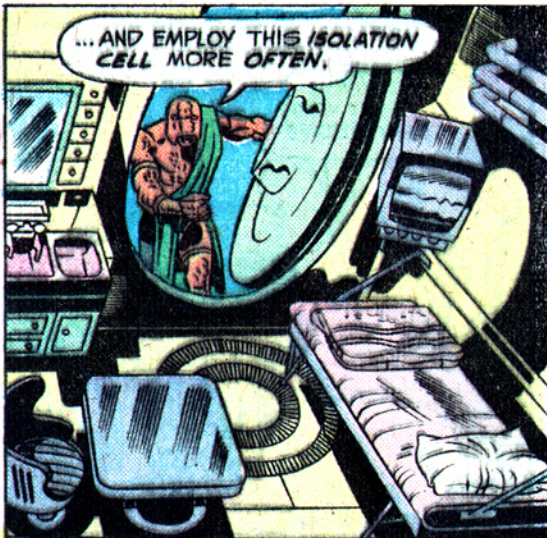
THE SCARS THE ACID WILL LEAVE UPON YOUR BACK WILL REFRESH YOUR MEMORY!



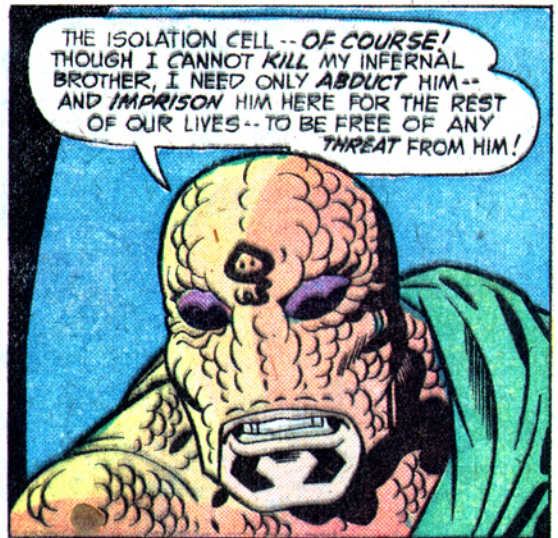
IN THE FUTURE, MY MINIONS WILL KNOW HOW EASILY MY WRATH MAY BE INCURRED. AND YET... THE WISE LEADER USES CORPORAL PUNISHMENT JUDICIOUSLY...

... ELSE HE MAY BE FACED WITH INSURRECTION AMONG HIS SUBORDINATES.

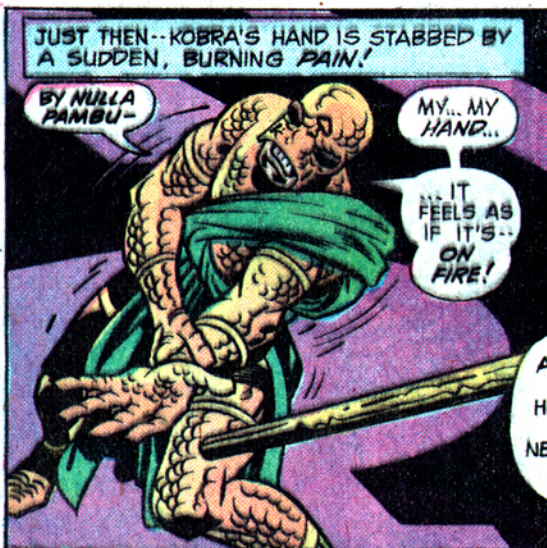
PERHAPS I WILL HAVE TO INFLICT LESS PAIN...



... AND EMPLOY THIS ISOLATION CELL MORE OFTEN.



THE ISOLATION CELL -- OF COURSE! THOUGH I CANNOT KILL MY INFERNAL BROTHER, I NEED ONLY ABDUCT HIM -- AND IMPRISON HIM HERE FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES -- TO BE FREE OF ANY THREAT FROM HIM!



JUST THEN -- KOBRA'S HAND IS STABBED BY A SUDDEN, BURNING PAIN!

BY NULLA PAMBU --

MY... MY HAND...

... IT FEELS AS IF IT'S -- ON FIRE!

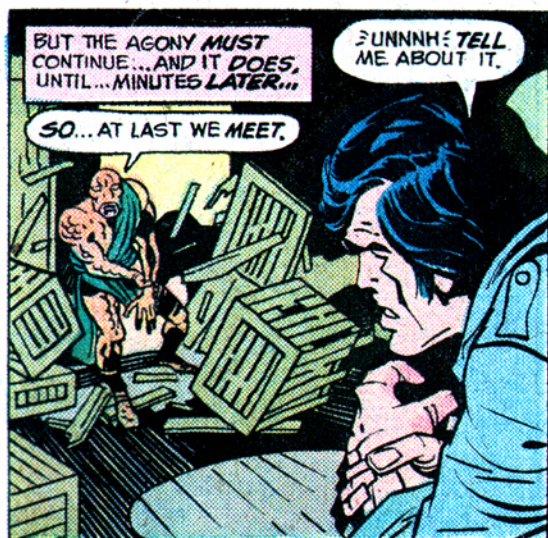
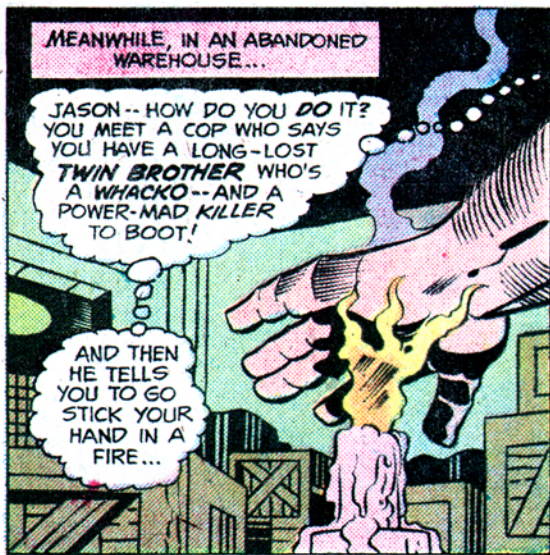


HIM -- IT'S HIM AGAIN: BURR! HE'S DOING THIS TO ME -- DELIBERATELY!

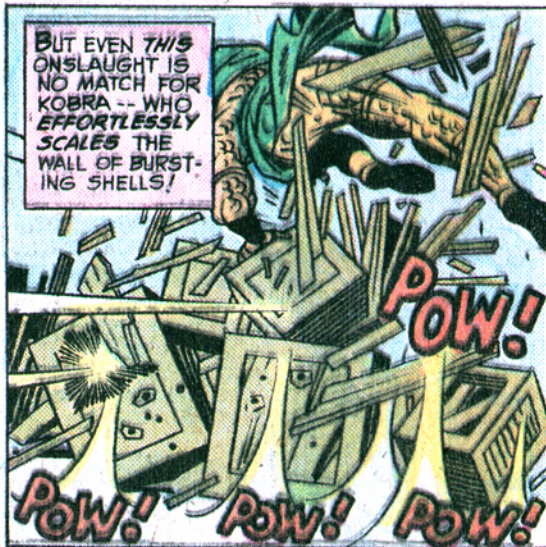
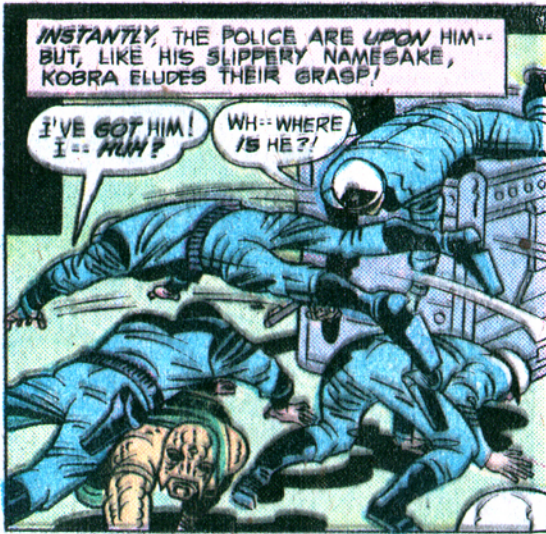
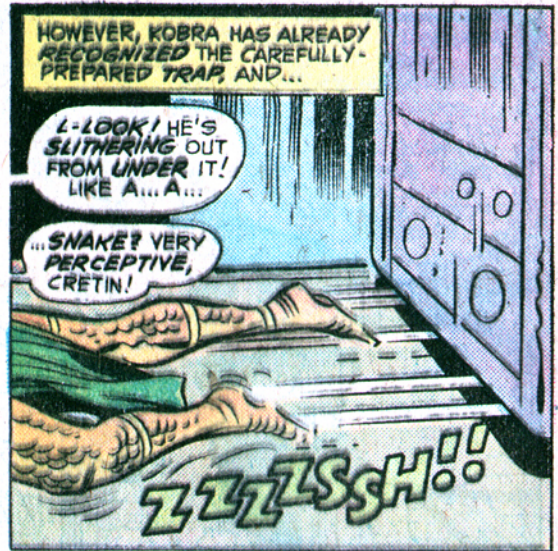
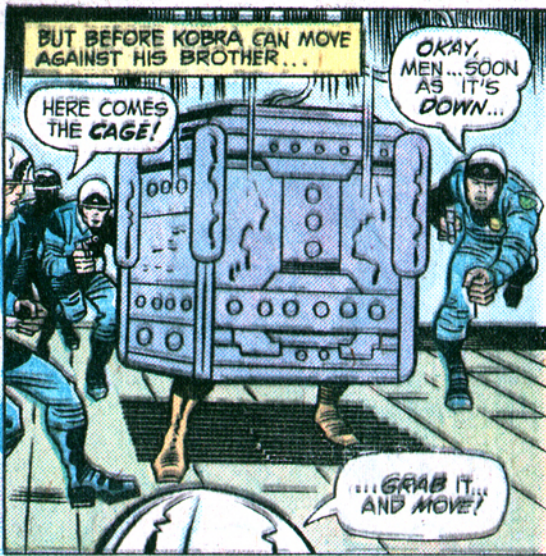
WHY, I KNOW NOT! BUT OF THIS I AM CERTAIN: I WILL TRACK HIM DOWN -- AND FOLLOW THE PAIN, AS ITS INTENSITY INCREASES, TO ITS SOURCE!

AND WHEN I DO, HE'LL WISH WE'D NEVER BEEN BORN!













... AND THE HELL WITH WHAT HAPPENS TO ME... RIGHT?

STAY OUT OF THIS! GO BACK TO TRASHING BUILDINGS--OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU COLLEGE PUNKS DO THESE DAYS!

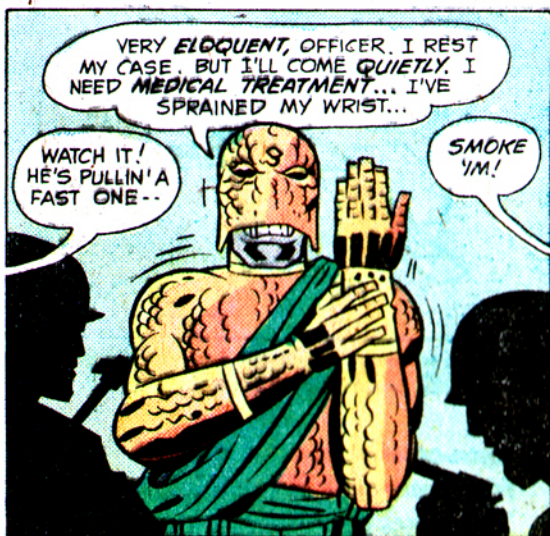
SURROUND HIM!



IT SEEMS WE'RE AT IMPASSE HERE. I'D OFFER TO NEGOTIATE, BUT...

CAN THE FANCY CHATTER, CREEP--JUST FREEZE!

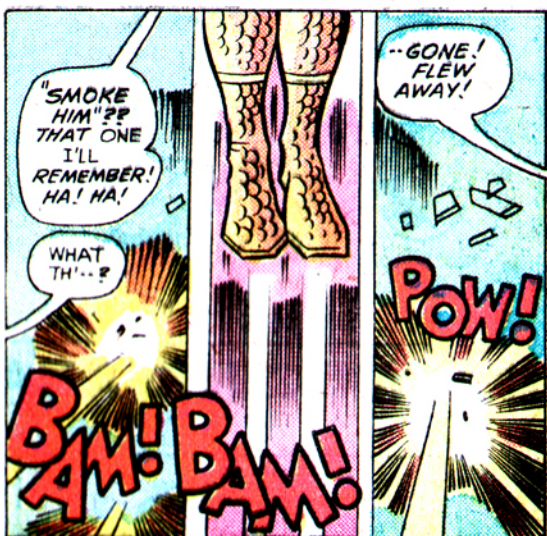
...IT'D BE LIKE ATTEMPTING TO EXPLAIN QUANTUM THEORY TO A FIRE HYDRANT.



VERY ELOQUENT, OFFICER. I REST MY CASE. BUT I'LL COME QUIETLY. I NEED MEDICAL TREATMENT... I'VE SPRAINED MY WRIST...

WATCH IT! HE'S PULLIN' A FAST ONE--

SMOKE 'EM!



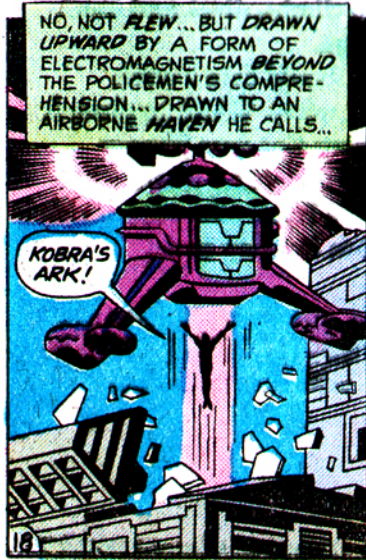
"SMOKE HIM"?? THAT ONE I'LL REMEMBER! HA! HA!

--GONE! FLEW AWAY!

WHAT TH...?

BAM! BAM!

POW!



NO, NOT FLEW... BUT DRAWN UPWARD BY A FORM OF ELECTROMAGNETISM BEYOND THE POLICEMEN'S COMPREHENSION... DRAWN TO AN AIRBORNE HAVEN HE CALLS...

KOBRA'S ARK!



APPARENTLY, MY SILLY SIBLING-- AND THAT LOUSY POLICE DETECTIVE --ARE IN EARNEST. THEY SEEK TO DESTROY ME.

THEY'LL SOON LEARN JUST HOW SADLY MISTAKEN THEY ARE.



WHILE FAR BELOW...

HE'S GONE. YOU'RE SAFE NOW, KID. HAPPY?

SURE. I JUST LEARNED I HAVE A TWIN BROTHER--HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME--AND HE'S A MANIAC, YEAH, I'M ECSTATIC.

NEXT: CODE NAME: GEMINI!

ON SALE THE THIRD WEEK IN JANUARY.





Sometimes the genesis of a magazine is pretty clear-cut: an idea, and then the execution of the idea by the team listed in the credits box on page one. But once in a while, it gets a little more confusing, and as this issue's monster of a credits corner seems to hint, this was one of those times.

**KOBRA** started his career in the mind of publisher Carmine Infantino, who tossed editor Jack Kirby the concept of doing a modern day version of the Corsican brothers—but placing them on opposite sides of the law. Slowly the idea was fleshed out between them, and the twins grew to full characters. Then Jack turned to his assistant Steve Sherman, and they worked out the original plot and script.

The usual art processes followed: Jack did the pencilling, and D. Bruce Berry added lettering and inking. Then the mag arrived at the DC offices... shortly before Jack's resignation (and totally unconnected with it, naturally).

With Jack gone, the mag had to be taken over by a different editor if future issues were to be produced. The matter was debated for a while (the issue before you was meanwhile scheduled for three different **FIRST ISSUE SPECIALS**, and finally for its own mag), and at last was thrown into Conway's Corner as a bi-monthly title.

At this point, we had to begin all over again. As soon as new writer Martin Pasko took a look at the first issue, he started talking about all the things he wanted to set up in it, all the nice bits of copy he could add, and in general quickly convinced us a new dialogue job was well worthwhile.

Along with this, we decided to modify the characters a bit—giving Jason Burr a more youthful appearance, and adjusting Perez along with him. To make these corrections, we called on Pablo Marcos, who will take over the inking on **KOBRA** beginning with #2.

Having done all this, with the assistance of letterer Ben Oda and the production department, we finally had a finished **KOBRA** #1 in our hands—except for the cover, which Jack had not had the opportunity to complete. So we turned to crack cover

artist Joe Kubert, and here we are... finished at last.

Except that this is only the beginning of the **KOBRA** saga. The second issue will set the tone for what's to come, and with Martin Pasko painstakingly plotting out the past life of both **KOBRA** and Jason Burr in sufficient detail to fill a novel, you know how real the characters are going to be.

Naturally our new art team will also debut next time around, as Chic Stone (who is also replacing Jack on **KAMANDI**) takes on the pencilling, and the aforementioned Pablo Marcos gets to use his inky brush on the entire job. And with all that excitement coming up, no matter how much you enjoyed this issue, you're sure to get twice as much out of the next one!

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To close out this column, here's a couple of coming comics from Conway's Corner that you might want to pick up on:

**PLASTIC MAN** returns to his own magazine with #11 (Feb./Mar.) and faces the incredible "Hamsters of Doom" in a Steve Skeates-Ramona Fradon-Tenny Henson tale.

**Code Name: Assassin** debuts in the current **FIRST ISSUE SPECIAL** and he's one of the new characters to really watch—his different powers and motivation make him one of the truly novel heroes of 1975!

And in the neighboring office of editor Joe Orlando, action fans are gathering to wait for **KARATE KID** #1 as the Legion's martial arts master takes off on his own, courtesy of Paul Levitz, Ric Estrada and Joe Staton.

If that isn't enough for you, tune in here two months from now, and meanwhile send your cards and letters commenting on this issue to: **THE SNAKE PIT**, National Periodical Publications, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019.