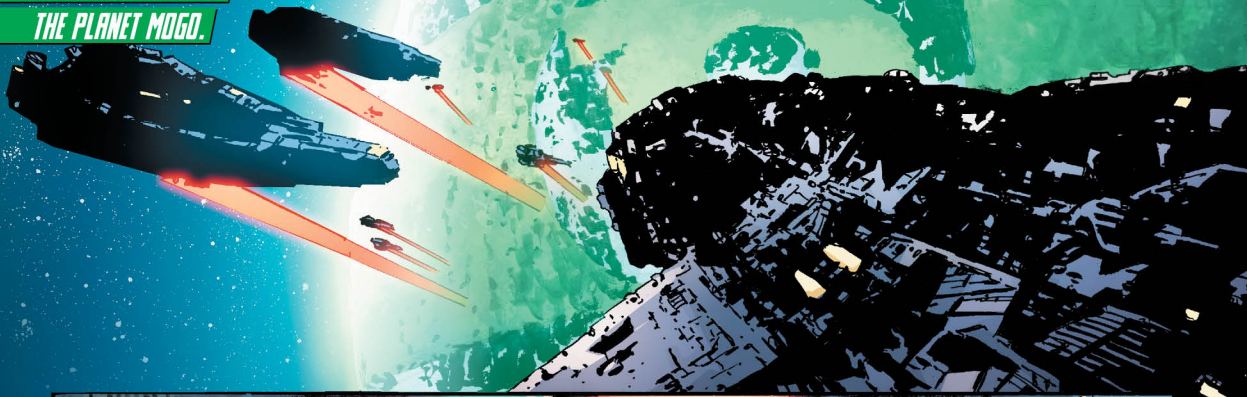


SPACE SECTOR ZERO.  
THE PLANET MOGO.



I BLEW IT.



EVERYTHING THAT'S  
HAPPENED, FROM THE COLLAPSE  
OF THE CORPS...



...TO THE RELEASE  
OF A HOMICIDAL MANIAC,  
IS MY FAULT.



I HAVE TO MAKE  
THINGS RIGHT.



MAKE UP FOR THE  
MESS I MADE.



BEFORE  
HANK HENSHAW  
CONSOLIDATES  
POWER AND--

OH.



I'M TOO LATE.



THIS MISERABLE DUNG HEAP OF A WORLD IS **MINE...**

...AS IS THE **GREEN LANTERN CORPS.**

I'D FORGOTTEN HOW SWEET THE TASTE OF TOTAL AND COMPLETE VICTORY CAN BE.







# EVIL'S MIGHT

**PART SEVEN**  
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I'M COMING FOR YOU, HENSHAW.

JORDAN WON'T BE ALONE, POOZER.

KILOWOG IS RIGHT.

WE'LL GET OUT. AND WHEN WE DO...



SPARE ME, CRUZ.

YOU'RE POWERLESS SO LONG AS I CONTROL YOUR RINGS!



THE CHANCES OF ME RELINQUISHING THAT CONTROL...

...ARE LESS THAN ZERO.



YOU--NGH-- GET CONTROL OF OUR RINGS WHEN WE RECHARGE THEM.

I HAVEN'T.

WHICH MEANS...





YOU TRULY BELIEVE YOU CAN PIERCE THAT SHIELD?

EON?



NEVER, M'LORD.

NOT SO LONG AS WE CAN STRENGTHEN IT WHERE NECESSARY.



I SAY WE LET THE EARTHER OUT!



WE'LL PAY HIM BACK FOR WHAT HE DID TO US!



IT'S HIS FAULT THAT WE SPENT YEARS IN EXILE!



THEIR PAIN IS EVIDENT, JORDAN. THE RAVAGERS WERE STRANDED ON A BARREN WORLD, DYING, UNTIL I BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER.

IN EXCHANGE FOR FOLLOWING ME, I PROMISED THEM THIS WORLD-- MOGO!

THE SPOILS OF A SENTIENT PLANET WILL BE **MAGNIFICENT!**

EVERYTHING YOU ARE--THIS SILLY LITTLE WORLD, YOUR POWER BATTERY, RINGS, COMRADES AND QUAIN TITTLE RULERS...

