

**SPACE SECTOR ZERO.**

**THE CENTER OF OUR COSMOS.**

**THE REMAINS OF THE PLANET OA.**

**FOR EONS UNKNOWN, SECTOR ZERO WAS HOME TO THE GUARDIANS OF THE UNIVERSE AND THE CENTRAL PRECINCT OF THE INTERGALACTIC POLICE FORCE, THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS.**

**SKRRRKKOW**

**SKRRRKKOW**

**SKRRRKKOW**

**SKRRRKKOW**

NOW IT IS UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE  
SUPREME FORCE OF ORDER IN THE UNIVERSE,

THE **SINESTRO**  
**CORPS.**

SKRRRKKON

SKRRRKKON

SKRRRKKON

SKRRRKKON

SKRRRKKON



A comic book panel showing Sinestro and Lyssa on a balcony. Sinestro is on the right, looking towards the left with a serious expression. Lyssa is on the left, looking towards the right. They are both wearing black robes with gold accents. The background shows a cityscape under a sunset sky with a bright sun and clouds. The balcony has a metal railing.

WARWORLD  
HAS REACHED ITS  
DESTINATION, MY  
LORD SINESTRO.

ALL CREATION IS  
YOURS TO COMMAND.  
IT IS AS THE BOOK OF  
PARALLAX  
FORETOLD.


"WARWORLD."  
A CURIOUS MONIKER,  
LYSSA.

"WAR" IMPLIES  
THERE IS STILL AN  
ADVERSARY WHO OPPOSES  
US. IT SUGGESTS THE  
FAINTEST GLIMMER OF A  
POSSIBILITY THEY MIGHT  
PREVAIL.

NOTHING  
COULD BE  
FARTHER  
FROM THE  
TRUTH.

A close-up of Sinestro's face, focusing on his eyes. His eyes are yellow with black pupils and red veins. He has a slight, smug smile on his face.

THE  
WAR IS  
WON.



NOT WITH  
A BANG, BUT  
A WHIMPER. WHO  
WOULD HAVE  
THOUGHT IT  
POSSIBLE?

AND STILL NO  
SIGN OF OUR VAUNTED  
PREDECESSORS.

PERHAPS  
THE GREEN  
LANTERNS FLED.  
AN ACKNOWLEDG-  
MENT OF YOUR  
MAGNIFICENCE,  
MY LORD.

WHETHER  
THEY ABANDONED  
THEIR POST AS THE  
UNIVERSE'S POLICE  
FORCE OR WERE  
DRIVEN FROM IT, IT  
MATTERS NOT. EITHER  
IS PROOF OF THEIR  
INADEQUACY.

THE BATTLES.  
THE BLOODSHED.  
ALL ALONG, WE  
HAD MERELY TO TUG  
ON THE HEARTS AND  
MINDS, AND THE  
UNIVERSE INVITED  
US IN.

IF  
I WEREN'T SO  
WEARY, I WOULD  
CHUCKLE.

THE TRIALS  
THAT WON YOU  
THE UNIVERSE HAVE  
DIMINISHED YOU,  
MY LORD. I WILL  
HELP YOU--

I'LL NOT BE  
CODDLED.

SAY FAREWELL  
TO THIS STOOPED  
KORUGARIAN, LYSSA.  
HE WILL BE ENTOMBED  
IN THE SEPULCHRE  
OF HISTORY--

ALONGSIDE THE BONES OF  
THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS."

SPACE SECTOR 563.

A DEAD WORLD.



MY NAME IS HAL JORDAN.  
I WAS THE GREEN LANTERN  
OF SPACE SECTOR 2814.

THAT'S THE SECTOR FOR  
EARTH. COAST CITY, MY HOME.  
A LONG WAY FROM HERE.

I'M MARTIN AND JESSICA'S  
SON. JIM'S BROTHER. UNCLE  
TO HOWARD AND JANE.

MY NAME IS HAL JORDAN.  
I WAS THE GREEN LANTERN  
OF SPACE SECTOR 2814.

I REPEAT THESE  
THINGS BECAUSE I HAVE  
TO REMEMBER.

IF I DON'T, I'LL LOSE MYSELF  
TO THE WILLPOWER THAT  
GOT ME CHOSEN TO WEAR  
THE RING OF A LANTERN.

A full-page illustration of Hal Jordan in his Green Lantern uniform. He is shown from the waist up, looking forward with a determined expression. His right hand is raised, with a bright green energy construct of a cityscape appearing to form around it. The background is a dark space filled with green energy streaks and a faint grid pattern. The overall color palette is dominated by various shades of green and yellow-green.

MY NAME IS  
HAL JORDAN.  
I WAS THE  
GREEN LANTERN  
OF SPACE  
SECTOR 2814.

I'M  
CHANGING.

# FORGED

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