

\*CORPS LEADER  
JOHN STEWART'S LOG.  
RECORD NEW ENTRY.

SPACE SECTOR ZERO.  
THE SENTIENT PLANET MOGO.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE  
INTERGALACTIC POLICE  
FORCE KNOWN AS THE  
**GREEN LANTERN**  
**CORPS.**

"THE **DARKSTARS**  
HAVE INVADDED MOGO.

"THEY WANT TO **EXECUTE** EVERY  
PRISONER IN THE SCIENCCELLS, BUT  
KILOWOG WON'T SURRENDER."

"DARKSTAR LAW  
METES OUT ONLY ONE  
FORM OF JUSTICE--  
FINAL JUSTICE.

"DEATH.

GIVE 'EM  
ALL YOU GOT,  
LANTERNS!

"I'VE ORDERED  
THE CORPS  
TO SHOW THE  
UNIVERSE  
THAT THERE'S  
A BETTER WAY.

"OR DIE  
TRYING."

SPACE SECTOR 0001.

ABOVE THE DARKSTAR CENTRAL COMMAND PLANET.

"TO ACHIEVE VICTORY,  
WE ENLISTED THE AID  
OF OTHERS. SOME,  
FORMER ADVERSARIES."

WE GOTTA  
FIND A WAY  
TO HIT THESE  
CHUMPS!

"THE DARKSTARS'  
COMBAT CAPABILITIES  
LEFT US NO CHOICE.  
TACTICAL TELEPORTATION  
MAKES THEM NEARLY  
IMPOSSIBLE TO HIT--

"--AND GRANTS THEM  
A CONSTANT ELEMENT  
OF SURPRISE."

RRRAGH!

"I'VE ASKED A LOT  
OF THE CORPS."



THEY'RE  
WILLING TO GIVE  
EVERYTHING.

EVERY *PIECE*  
OF ME WANTS TO  
FIGHT ALONGSIDE  
THEM.

BUT...ALL  
I CAN DO IS  
WATCH.

I'VE DEVISED  
A **TWO-PRONGED** BATTLE  
PLAN THAT WILL GIVE US  
THE FAINTEST HOPE OF  
VICTORY.

IF THIS  
RECORDING IS MY  
FINAL LOG ENTRY,  
I WANT THE PEOPLE OF  
THE UNIVERSE TO KNOW  
THAT WE DIED *FIGHTING*  
FOR THEM.

WE'RE **GREEN  
LANTERNS**. FAINT  
HOPE IS OUR  
**COMFORT ZONE**.

**TIMING** WILL BE  
ESSENTIAL.

IF I MISS  
OUR CHANCE, THE  
BATTLE, THE CORPS,  
AND THE UNIVERSE  
WILL BE **LOST**.

LIKE SO  
MANY OF MY  
PLANS--

—IT BEGINS WITH  
HAL JORDAN.

INSIDE THE DARKSTAR BASE.



THIS IS  
THE DARKSTARS'  
NERVE CENTER,  
HAMMOND.

THIS SYSTEM  
IS SAPPING THE  
PSIONIC POWERS OF  
THE CONTROLLERS SO  
THE DARKSTARS CAN  
COMMUNICATE AND  
FIGHT IN SYNC.

WE  
NEED TO  
KNOCK THIS  
OFFLINE.

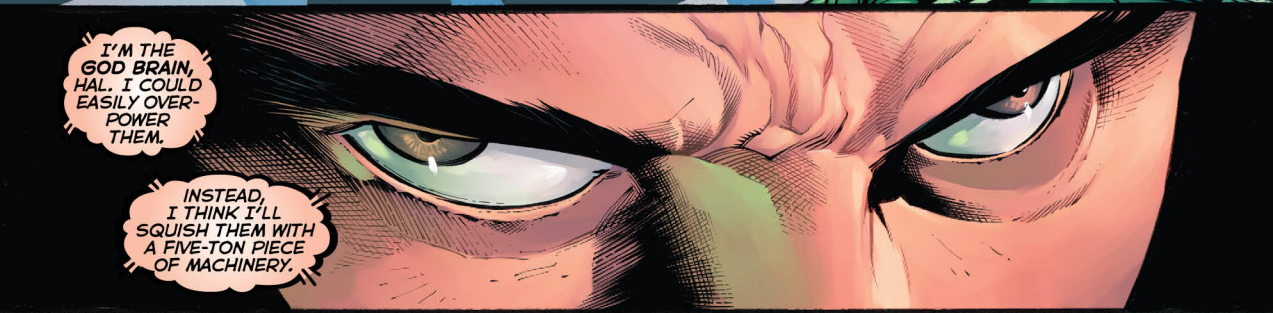
OKAY,  
HAL.

FAIR WARNING:  
IT WON'T BE EASY.  
THE CONTROLLERS  
ARE SOME OF THE  
MOST POWERFUL  
MINDS THE CORPS  
HAS EVER  
ENCOUNTERED.

YOU CAN EXPECT  
A STORM OF PSIONIC  
RESISTANCE.

I'M THE  
GOD BRAIN,  
HAL. I COULD  
EASILY OVER-  
POWER  
THEM.

INSTEAD,  
I THINK I'LL  
SQUISH THEM WITH  
A FIVE-TON PIECE  
OF MACHINERY.



HAMMOND!

JOHN  
GAVE THE  
ORDER!

NO  
KILLING!

OH,  
RIGHT.

WHAT'S  
YOUR GREAT  
IDEA?

WHY DO  
YOU THINK  
I WENT TO  
YOU FOR  
HELP?

I TOOK  
A FLIER THAT  
YOUR MENTAL  
ABILITIES CAN  
OVERRIDE  
THEIRS.

I KNOW  
IT'S A BIG ASK.  
ONE CONTROLLER  
IS A HANDFUL, AND  
THIS IS ALL  
SEVEN. LINKED  
TOGETHER.

CAN YOU  
HANDLE IT?

IS THAT  
ALL?

KRRUNNCH

DONE.

WHAT  
NOW?

HAMMOND,  
YOU'RE REALLY  
STARTING TO  
FREAK ME  
OUT.