

R THE AIR ON THIS
PLANET IS THICK
AS OJ WITH PULP.

AND I HATE
OJ WITH PULP.

I AM LOST...

...BUT I REMAIN
ONE STEP AHEAD
OF MY PREY.

THE SPEED.

THE CUNNING.

THE PURE
PERSISTENCE.

A NORMAL MAN
WOULD BE
CRIPPLED BY
EXHAUSTION.

BUT I AM
RELENTLESS.

I AM THE
NIGHT.

I AM--

ROBIN!

...WOULD YOU PLEASE STOP HUNTING THE FRUIT!

I NEED TO STAY VIGILANT, SUPERBOY, AND THAT MEANS CONSTANT TRAINING!

WE GET IT, YOU'RE VERRRRY SCARY. BUT I'M TRYING TO FIND US SOME DINNER, YA NUT!

FLING

SHUNK

Supersons in

TOMORROW NEVER

SOMETIMES

DIES

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THE SON OF SUPERMAN AND THE SON OF BATMAN HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED BY A CREW OF ALIEN KIDS OBSESSED WITH EARTH'S VILLAINS. SUPERBOY AND ROBIN MUST FIGHT THEIR WAY BACK HOME OR BE LOST IN SPACE FOREVER!



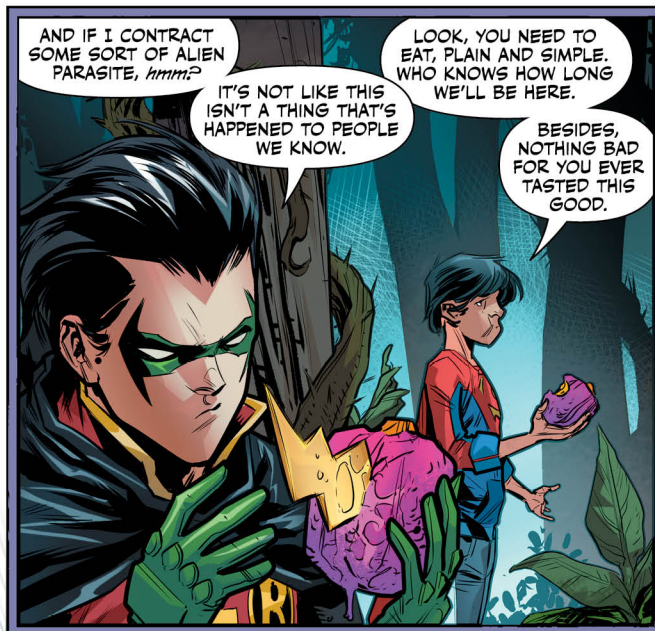
US?

I'M NOT CONVINCED THIS PLANET'S FOOD IS EDIBLE. YOU'RE FEEDING ON AN ENTIRELY FOREIGN ECOSYSTEM.

Shlurp---
YER CRAZY--
I FEEL--
Shlurp---
GREAT!

YES, BUT YOU POSSESS A HALF-ALIEN PHYSIOLOGY.

SHUT UP AND JUST TRY IT, IT'S DELICIOUS.



AND IF I CONTRACT SOME SORT OF ALIEN PARASITE, *hmm?*

IT'S NOT LIKE THIS ISN'T A THING THAT'S HAPPENED TO PEOPLE WE KNOW.

LOOK, YOU NEED TO EAT, PLAIN AND SIMPLE. WHO KNOWS HOW LONG WE'LL BE HERE.

BESIDES, NOTHING BAD FOR YOU EVER TASTED THIS GOOD.



MY MOTHER TRAINED ME TO GO *WEEKS* WITHOUT EATING, SO I THINK I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES.



WE HAVEN'T EVEN SEEN ANOTHER LIVING CREAT--

HUKKA!

SNAG!

HEY!

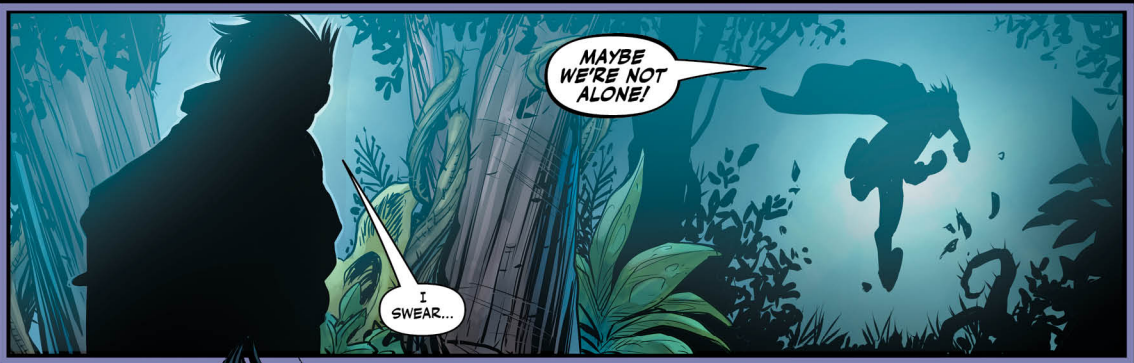


HUKKA!
HUKKA!



COME ON--
THERE MAY BE
MORE!

YEAH, WAITING TO
DEVOUR THE FOOL LED
INTO THEIR TRAP.



MAYBE
WE'RE NOT
ALONE!

I
SWEAR...



...THIS KID'S
MORE HYPER
THAN A PUPPY ON
A SQUIRREL
FARM.



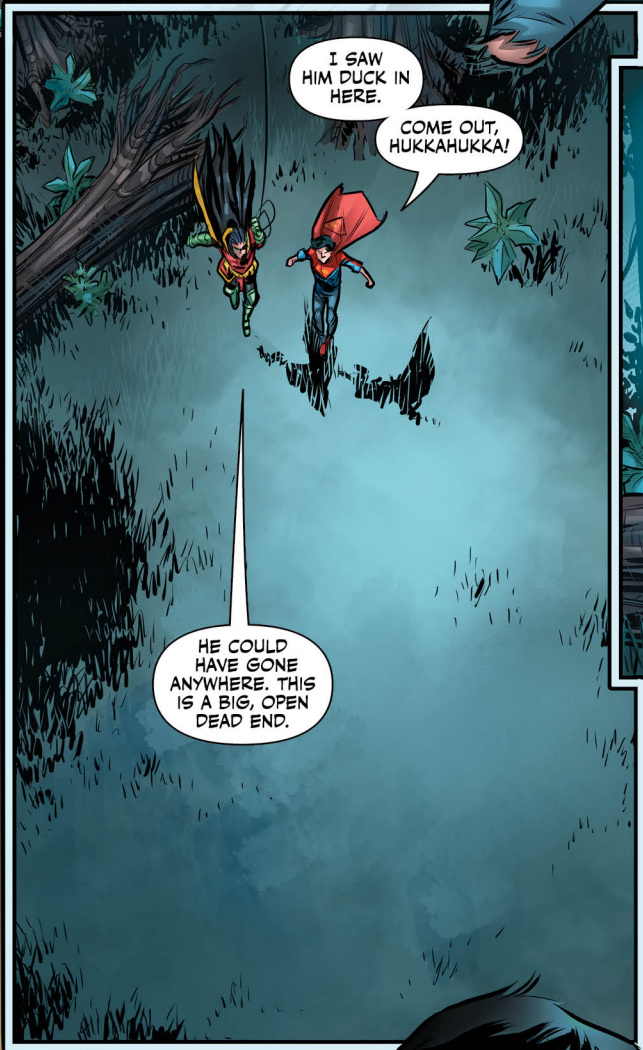
HEY--
WHERE
YA GOING,
LITTLE
BUDDY?

HUKKA!
HUKKA!
HUKKA!



ARE WE SERIOUSLY GOING TO TAKE TIME CHASING A RODENT?

YOUR DAD DRESSES LIKE A RAT WITH WINGS. ISN'T THAT PRETTY MUCH YOUR JOB DESCRIPTION?



I SAW HIM DUCK IN HERE.

COME OUT, HUKKAHUKKA!

HE COULD HAVE GONE ANYWHERE. THIS IS A BIG, OPEN DEAD END.



C'MON, D. USE THOSE DETECTIVE TRACKING SKILLS.

CAN'T YOU, LIKE, LOOK AT THE WAY THE *WEEDS* BEND AND SEE WHICH WAY HE RAN?

THAT'S NOT HOW TRACKING WORKS!



WHY DID I LET YOU DRAG ME OUT HERE?

WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO THAT MACHINE IN THE PLANET'S CORE AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND A WAY TO SEND A MESSAGE.



MAYBE THERE'S A GREEN LANTERN ON PATROL OR SOMETHING.

HUKKA!

HUKKA!

HE'S THIS WAY!