



OAN INTELLIGENCE EXTRA-JURISDICTIONAL FILE ARCHIVE
THE CITY ENDURING: THREAT ASSESSMENT
TRANSLATION: ENGLISH
UPDATE: IN PROGRESS
STATUS: DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS ESTABLISHED WARNING:
GREEN LANTERN PRESENCE PERMITTED BY REQUEST ONLY

THREE SPECIES IN MODIFIED POST-SCARCITY
MICRODEMOCRACY. TERRITORY ENCOMPASSES HOME SYSTEM
PLUS SEVERAL DOZEN ADJACENT SYSTEMS AND ROGUE
PLANETS BEING ROBOTICALLY MINED. FTL-CAPABLE.
RECENT HISTORY CHARACTERIZED BY RAPID PROGRESS
TOWARD COMPLETE CONTROL OVER TIME, SPACE, MATTER,
AND REALITY.

RECENT HISTORY ALSO CHARACTERIZED BY EXTREME
AGGRESSION IN RESPONSE TO PRESUMED OR ANTICIPATED
PROVOCATIONS. (SEE ALSO: GENOCIDES, BURNOVER.)
SOCIOLOGICALLY UNSTABLE. SIGNIFICANT CAUTION
RECOMMENDED DURING INTERACTIONS WITH LOCAL
POPULATION.

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"Not everything that is faced
can be changed, but nothing can be
changed until it is faced."

—James Baldwin

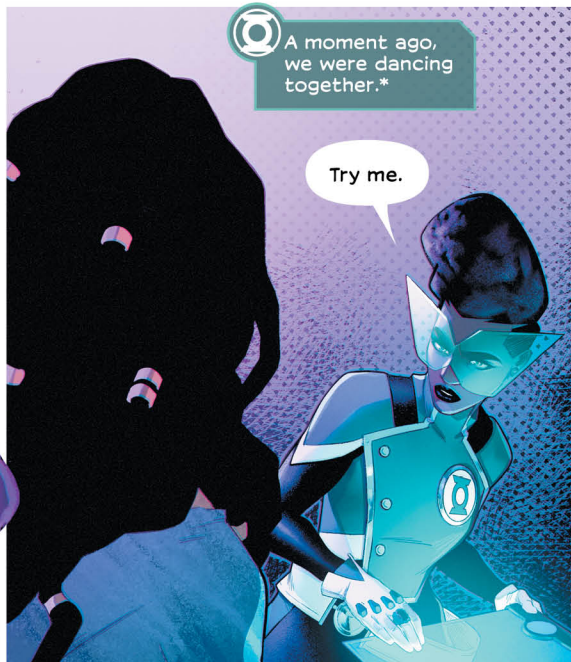


There are things you don't understand about me, Jo. About *us*.



A moment ago, we were dancing together.*

Try me.



*last issue

I knew *Councilor Marth* seemed different. Too relaxed. Too *human*.

Do you play?

Play?




"Civil War"?

A tolerable translation.



I'd rather play. "How long have you been breaking the law you brought me here to enforce?"






Since infancy.
Like my parents,
and theirs. Like the
rest of the Council
and all their
kin.

Like you,
Jo. Yes? So
why are *you*
afraid?



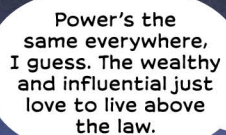
These people
are nothing
like me.



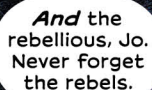
I imagine you have
such games on your
planet. Games that
tell a story?



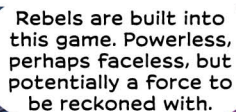
A story
of *power*, in
particular.



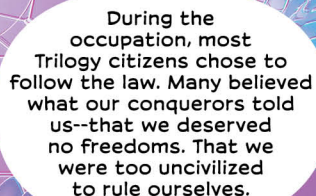
Power's the same everywhere, I guess. The wealthy and influential just love to live above the law.



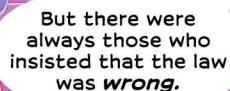
And the rebellious, Jo. Never forget the rebels.



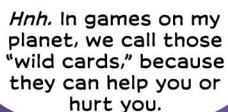
Rebels are built into this game. Powerless, perhaps faceless, but potentially a force to be reckoned with.



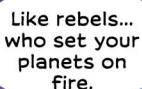
During the occupation, most Trilogy citizens chose to follow the law. Many believed what our conquerors told us--that we deserved no freedoms. That we were too uncivilized to rule ourselves.



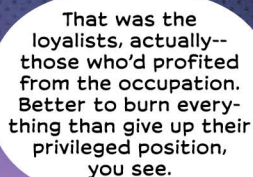
But there were always those who insisted that the law was **wrong**.



Hnh. In games on my planet, we call those "wild cards," because they can help you or hurt you.



Like rebels... who set your planets on fire.



That was the loyalists, actually--those who'd profited from the occupation. Better to burn everything than give up their privileged position, you see.



But point taken.



I almost never look *up* anymore. Only when I'm... emotional.

The night sky of our lost home-world. The platform is programmed to display this at least once per revolution.

We work so hard to remember what we lost. But memory is meaningless--*worse* than meaningless--without emotion.



Worse? How?

Now we have no regret. Without that, how can we learn from our suffering?



Ah, Jo. I had hoped you of all people--

≈sigh≈

Never mind.

