



SSKK!

RRRK!



SINESTRO HAS FOLLOWERS?



THEN THEY CAN DIE LIKE HIM.

NO!

MERCY!



MERCEEEEE!

SPACE SECTOR 2814.

IN ORBIT ABOVE EARTH.

FORMERLY THE LEADER OF THE INTERGALACTIC POLICE FORCE KNOWN AS THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS, HAL JORDAN IS NOW HUNTED BY COPS AND CRIMINALS ALIKE. BUT NOT EVEN A RENEGADE CAN RESIST

THE COMFORTS OF HOME

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WE
CAME ALL THIS
WAY FOR THAT,
JORDAN?

ABOARD THE CLASS III LIGHT CRUISER
THAT WOULD RATHER BE FLYING SOLO, DARLENE.

IT LOOKS
SO...

BEAUTIFUL.

SERENE.

BORING.
NO STAR YACHTS
TO STEAL? NO
CARGO CRUISERS
TO HIJACK?

WHAT DO
YOU HUMANS
DO FOR
FUN?

THERE'S ALL
THE PROOF I NEED
THAT YOU SHOULDN'T
BE ALLOWED ANYWHERE
NEAR MY HOME,
TRAPPER.

EVERY PLANET LOOKS
THE SAME TO ME. IT'S
ALL JUST...*DATA*.



THEN YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW YOU AREN'T STAYING IN ORBIT, DARLENE. NONE OF YOU ARE.

I NEED TO LOOK IN ON MY KID BROTHER AND HIS FAMILY. LOW PROFILE. THINGS LIKE SPACESHIPS TEND TO DRAW ATTENTION AROUND HERE.



VIRGO, YOU'RE IN CHARGE WHILE I'M GONE.

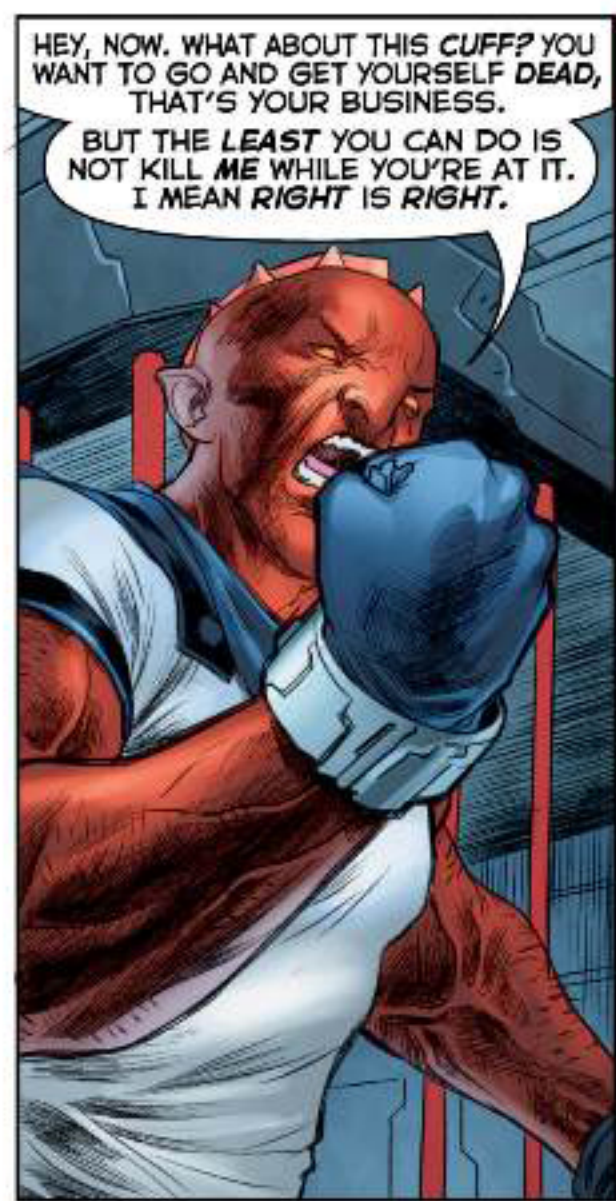
I'D PREFER TO VENTURE WITH YOU. WHEN LAST YOU WENT OFF ON YOUR OWN, YOU NEARLY DIDN'T SURVIVE.

WE CAN BE OF USE TO YOU. EVEN TRAPPER. POTENTIALLY.



ALIENS TEND TO DRAW ATTENTION AROUND HERE, TOO. ESPECIALLY ONES AS UGLY AS HIM.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I'LL BE FINE.



HEY, NOW. WHAT ABOUT THIS CUFF? YOU WANT TO GO AND GET YOURSELF DEAD, THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS.

BUT THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS NOT KILL ME WHILE YOU'RE AT IT. I MEAN RIGHT IS RIGHT.



IT'S A FAIR POINT.

CLIK

