



THIS IS
CORPS LEADER
JOHN STEWART OF
CENTRAL BATTERY
COMMAND.

GREEN
LANTERNS
OF SECTOR
2814.


YOU WERE
ASSIGNED TO
EVACUATE THE
PLANET MOL.
WHAT IS YOUR
CURRENT
SITUATION?

HI,
SIR...



THIS IS
JESSICA CRUZ
REPORTING.

THE CURRENT
SITUATION IS THAT
THE SUPERNOVA IS
STILL GETTING
BIGGER AND MEANER
AND REDDER.



THE
MOLITES ARE
REFUSING TO
COOPERATE ON
A RELIGIOUS BASIS
BECAUSE, IF YOU'LL
EXCUSE THE
EDITORIALIZING,
THEY'RE
STUBBORN LITTLE
SALAMANDER
HEADS.



HHH.

MEANWHILE, SIMON HAD TO RUSH OFF TO ASSIST THE UNGARAN LIFEBOAT, SO I'M FOUR MILES BENEATH THE SURFACE OF A ROCK BALL THAT'S BEING TORN INTO BITE-SIZED PIECES BY EXTREME HEAT AND GRAVITY ALL BY MYSELF.



DON'T WORRY THOUGH. I'M HOLDING IT ALL TOGETHER.

"TO BE HONEST, I FIND IT KINDA COMFORTING."

WORK PART TWO RELEASE

WRITER: TIM SEELEY
ARTIST: RONAN CLIQUET
COLORIST: HI-FI
LETTERER: DAVE SHARPE
COVER: MIKE MCKONE AND DINEI RIBEIRO
VARIANT COVER: BRANDON PETERSON
ASSISTANT EDITOR: ANDREW MARINO
EDITOR: MIKE COTTON
GROUP EDITOR: EDDIE BERGANZA



"I'M PRETTY USED TO EVERYTHING FALLING APART."

THE LOVELY STUMP CAFE.
PORTLAND, OREGON.
YESTERDAY.



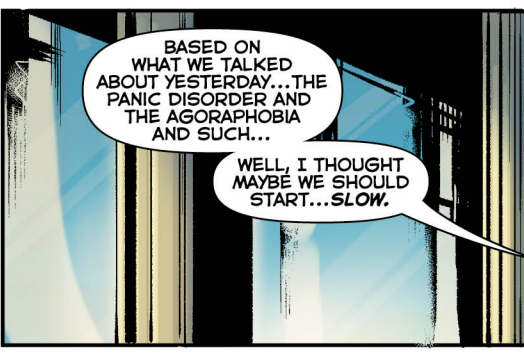
WELCOME BACK, MS. CRUZ.



THANKS SO MUCH. I CAN'T WAIT TO GET STARTED!

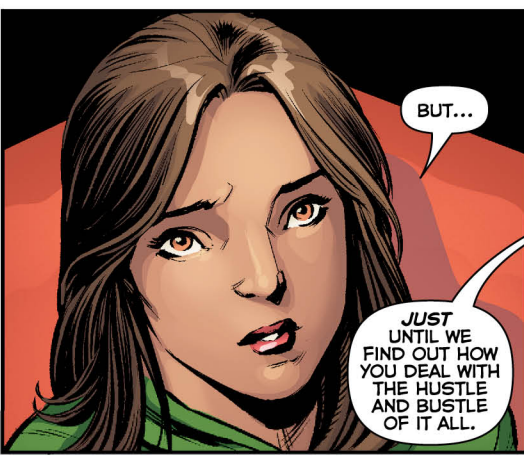
I THINK WAITING TABLES AND BEING OUT AMONG PEOPLE AGAIN WILL BE REALLY GOOD FOR ME.

HM. YEAH. SO...ABOUT THAT.



BASED ON WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT YESTERDAY...THE PANIC DISORDER AND THE AGORAPHOBIA AND SUCH...

WELL, I THOUGHT MAYBE WE SHOULD START...SLOW.



BUT...

JUST UNTIL WE FIND OUT HOW YOU DEAL WITH THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF IT ALL.



I'M SURE IT'LL ALL BE JUST FINE. UNTIL THEN THOUGH...

YOU START THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW.

IN THE KITCHEN.

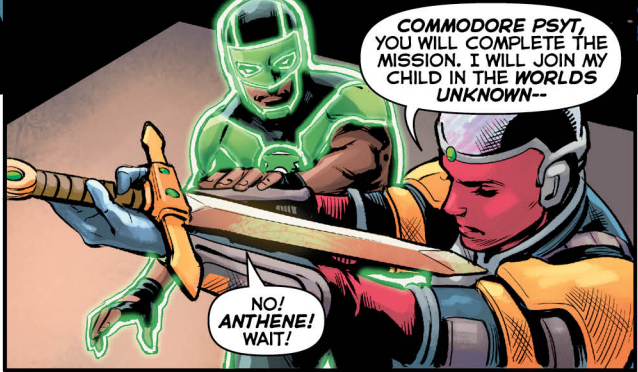


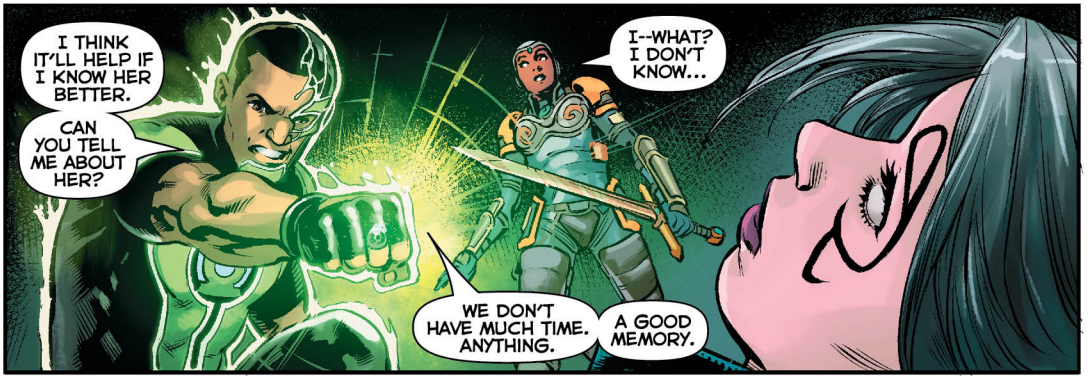
YES. THE COLEPTERIC BLADE GLOWS IN THE PRESENCE OF LIFE, AND ITS DULL LIGHT INDICATES THAT MY CHILD'S DWINDLES.

I REQUESTED SHE ACCOMPANY ME ON THIS MISSION.

I ISSUED THE ORDER TO ADVANCE.

I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR HER DEATH.





I THINK IT'LL HELP IF I KNOW HER BETTER.

CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT HER?

I--WHAT? I DON'T KNOW...

WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. ANYTHING.

A GOOD MEMORY.



YES. THE SHORE. THE SHORE OF GULBRAY IN THE ARMIN POTH WAR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN A NAVAL ASSAULT, BUT IN THE WAKE OF THE TSUNAMIS, IT HAD BECOME LITTLE MORE THAN A TOUR OF AN ATROCITY.



>HNK<

I SAW HER THERE, LYING IN A PUDDLE, SO COVERED IN MUD THAT I COULDN'T EVEN TELL THAT SHE WAS A GULBRADIAN CHIMERA.



SHE WAS CRYING. HER WORLD WAS WATER AND PAIN AND DEATH.

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. I WAS A SOLDIER. I WAS SENT THERE TO KILL HER PEOPLE FOR INSURRECTION.

THEN SHE PUT HER LITTLE EAR NEXT TO MY HEART.



SHE STOPPED CRYING, AND SHE JUST LISTENED TO THE QUICKENING RHYTHM. SHE JUST LISTENED TO THE MUSIC.

IN THAT MOMENT, I BECAME A MOTHER.

THOOON



>HNK< GH. COFF COFF.

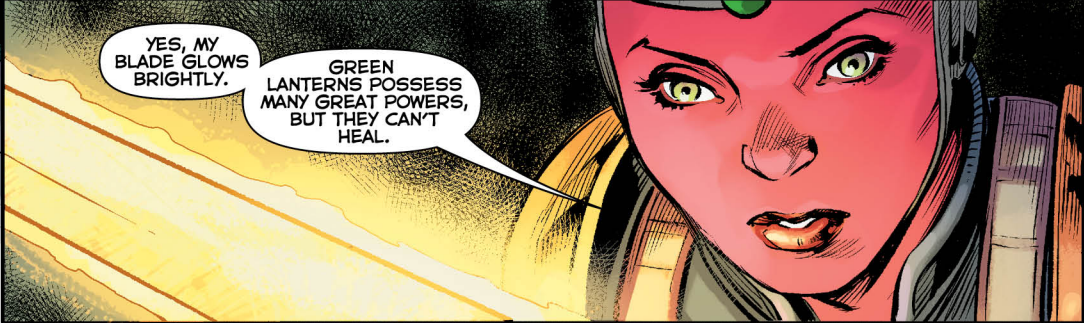
LISETH...



BE STILL, MY CHILD. BE STILL AND LISTEN TO MY HEART.

MOTHER?

THE INJURIES ARE... GONE.



YES, MY BLADE GLOWS BRIGHTLY.

GREEN LANTERNS POSSESS MANY GREAT POWERS, BUT THEY CAN'T HEAL.



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DO THAT, SIMON BAZ.

YEAH, I'M DIFFERENT.

WHY?

I DUNNO. I TRIED NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT TOO MUCH.



SOMETIMES I FIGURE MAYBE I'M SPECIAL.

BUT MOSTLY I THINK MAYBE IT'S THE RING TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR ALL THE PAIN I'VE CAUSED.

COME ON.