

HOLD ON,
EVERYONE!
HOLD ON!

OH GOD.
OH GOD.
OH GOD--

THE BOOM ROOM IS MIS-JUMPING.
WE DIDN'T PLOT A PRECISE COURSE.
IT'S SHAKING ITSELF APART. OH GOD.
I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN PULL US OUT.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.



OTHER
THAN SAY--

I TOLD YOU
THIS WOULD
HAPPEN!

IS RIGHT NOW
REALLY THE TIME
TO SAY, "I TOLD
YOU SO"--
--YAAAAHHH!

GARFIELD!



NOTHING'S WORKING.
EVERYTHING'S TUMBLING.
CONTROLS ARE
LOCKED UP. COME ON.

COME ON! GIVE ME
QUANTUM STABILIZERS!
GIVE ME SOMETHING!

GOTTA DUMP DRIVE
POWER AND TRY TO
REENTER MATERIAL
SPACE BEFORE--

GNUUHHHH!



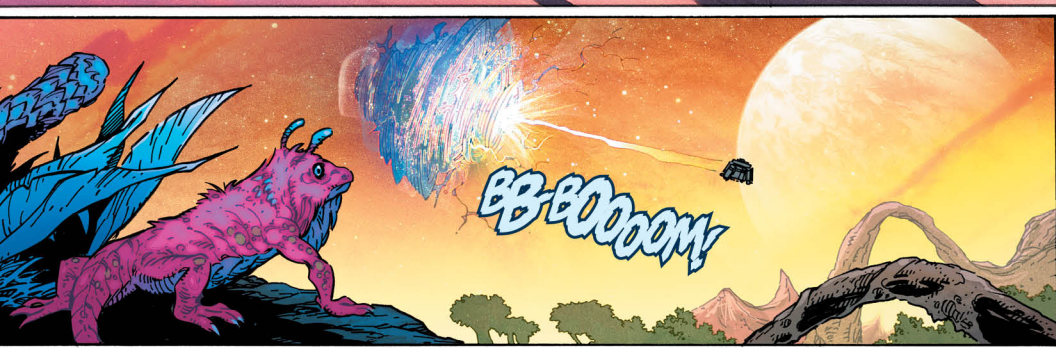
SKRRRTZZZ!



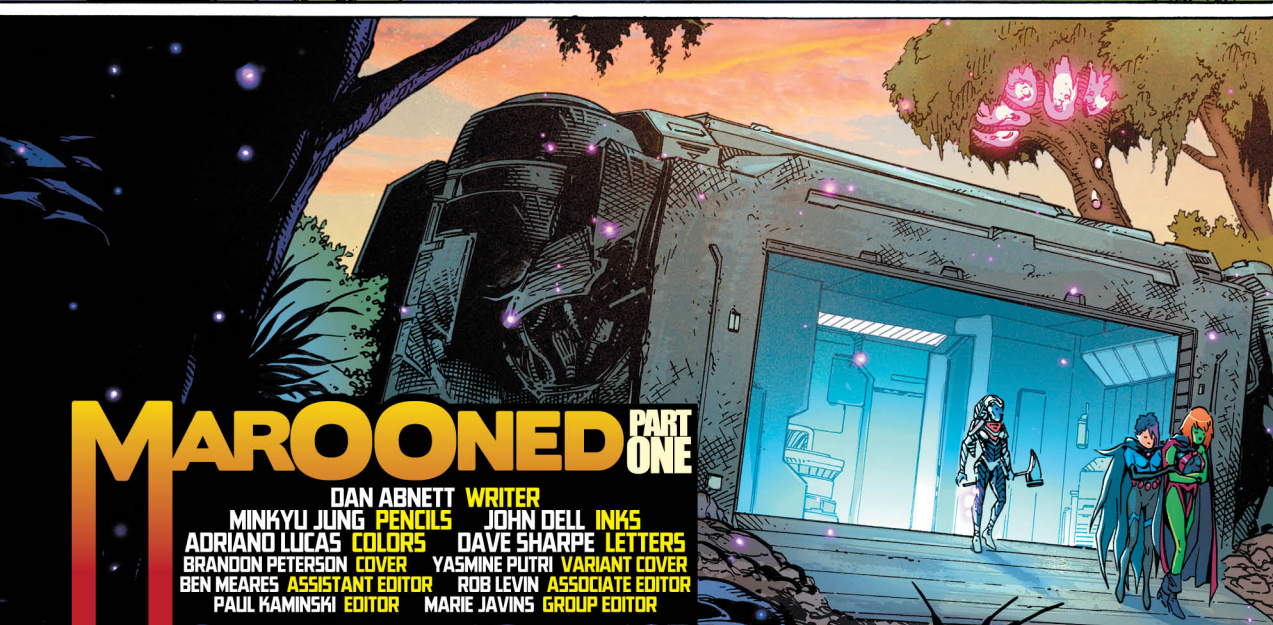
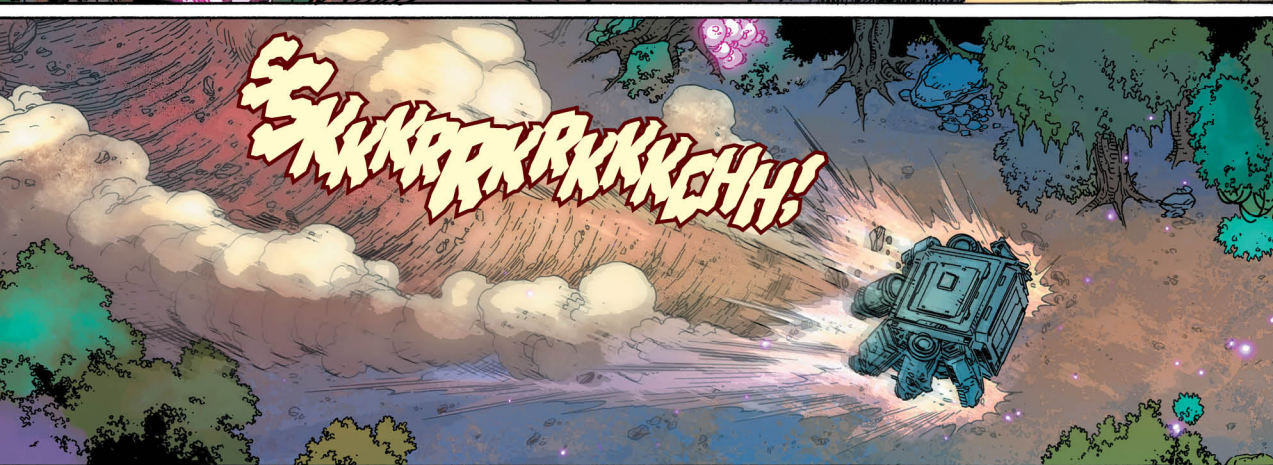
DONNA!

HOLD
TIGHT, RAVEN!
I THINK
WE'RE--

OH, THIS IS
GOING TO SUCK.

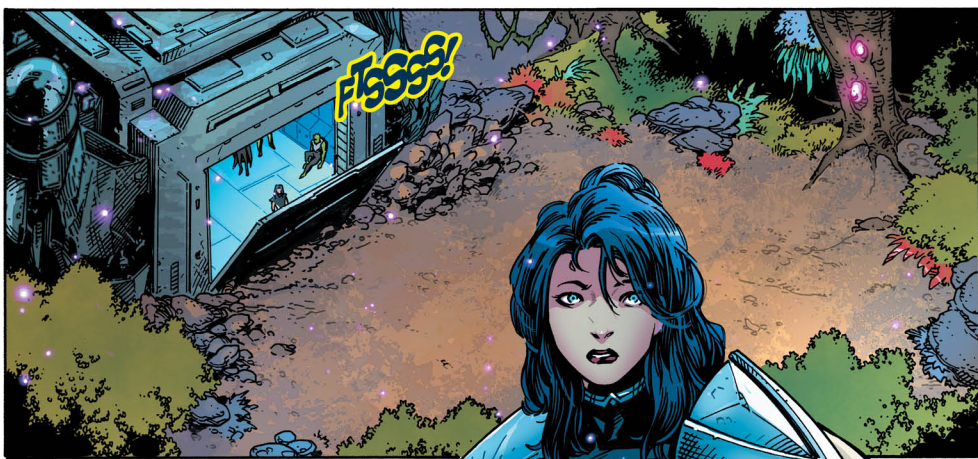


THH-WWO



MAROONED PART ONE

DAN ABNETT WRITER
MINKYU JUNG PENCILS JOHN DELL INKS
ADRIANO LUCAS COLORS DAVE SHARPE LETTERS
BRANDON PETERSON COVER YASMINE PUTRI VARIANT COVER
BEN MEARES ASSISTANT EDITOR ROB LEVIN ASSOCIATE EDITOR
PAUL HAMINSKI EDITOR MARIE JAVINS GROUP EDITOR

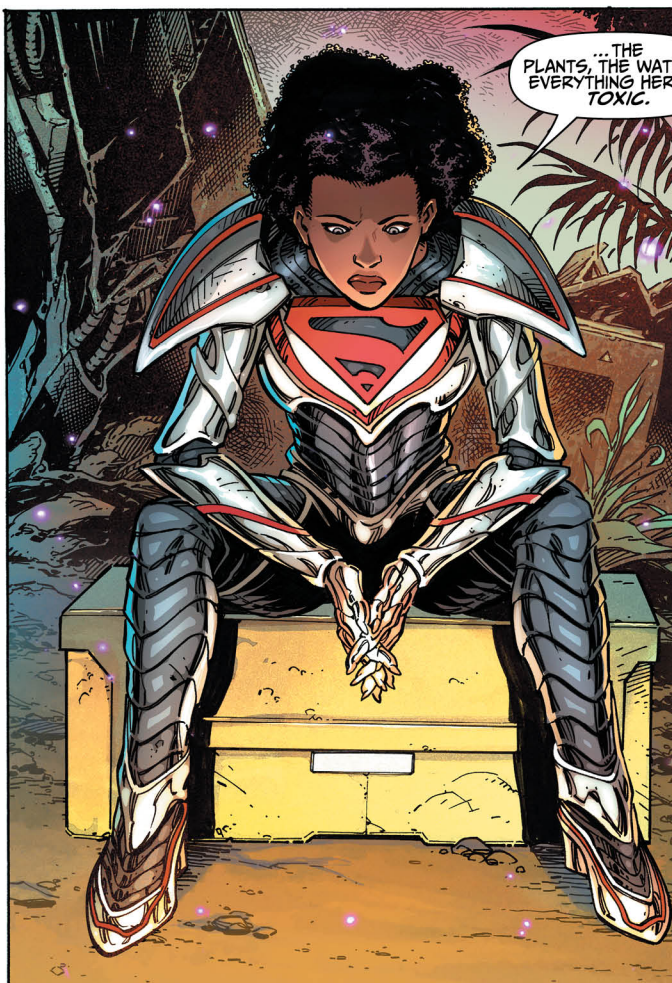


"OKAY... SO, WE LEFT THE HALL OF JUSTICE IN SUCH A CRAZY HURRY, WE DIDN'T LOAD UP ANY FOOD OR WATER OR, WELL... ANYTHING."

"AND THERE'S NOTHING HERE. ACCORDING TO MY ARMOR'S SENSORS, THERE ARE VERY FEW MAJOR LIFE-FORMS. NOTHING BIG ENOUGH TO MAKE A MEAL OUT OF US, WHICH IS GOOD..."

"... BUT ALSO NOTHING BIG ENOUGH FOR US TO MAKE A MEAL OUT OF. BUT THAT'S A MOOT POINT ANYWAY..."

"THE TEAM BARELY ESCAPED THE EVENTS OF 'DROWNED EARTH' LAST ISSUE. --PAUL



...THE PLANTS, THE WATER... EVERYTHING HERE IS TOXIC.

WHICH MEANS WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE STARVE.

BUT THE NAVIGATION SYSTEM'S FRIED, SO WE DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE.

COMMS ARE DOWN, SO WE CAN'T CALL FOR HELP.

THE DISTRESS BEACON DOESN'T HAVE INTERSTELLAR RANGE, AND EVEN IF IT DID, IT'S BROKEN.

THE BOOM DRIVE IS SHOT AND I DON'T KNOW IF IT CAN BE REPAIRED.

THE BOOM ROOM WASN'T DESIGNED FOR EXTRAGLOBAL JUMPS.

WE WERE SO... SO DESPERATE TO ESCAPE THAT OCEAN LORD FREAK, I TRIGGERED THE BOOM JUMP WITHOUT CALCULATING THE EXACT COORDINATES...

...AND WE'VE BEEN THROWN THROUGH THE INTERSTITIAL BLEED AND WE COULD BE LITERALLY ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE.



AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT.



ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, WE'RE NOT DEAD.

THAT'S A PRETTY LOW BAR FOR A BRIGHT SIDE.

DONNA, THAT DATA WE SCOOPED FROM THE OCEAN LORD'S SHIP IS VITAL TO THE SALVATION OF EARTH.

WE HAVE TO GET HOME AND DELIVER IT TO THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OR--

I HAVE A HUNCH THEY'LL HAVE TO *MANAGE* WITHOUT US.



HEY, MY UNCLE IS BACK THERE. THE ENTIRE *PLANET* COULD BE DESTROYED FOR ALL WE--

I'M SORRY, WAS I THE ONE DRIVING THE SHIP?

WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BE SUCH A--

--Y'KNOW WHAT? FORGET IT.

I'M GOING TO TRY AND FIX THE EMERGENCY BEACON. MAKE SOME REPAIRS.



DO SOMETHING USEFUL.

THERE IS A PRACTICAL WAY OF DETERMINING OUR PRESENT LOCATION. A VISUAL FIX.

EARTH MAY BE-- COMPARATIVELY-- CLOSE, IN WHICH CASE I COULD CARRY US AND THE BOOM ROOM BACK--

I SAW THE HIT YOU TOOK IN THE BOOM ROOM, MISS M.

YOU'RE NOT CARRYING ANYTHING.

