

SEATTLE DOCKS

I KNEW I  
COULD COUNT  
ON YOU.

RIGHT?  
THAT'S WHY THE  
NEXT THING YOU'RE  
GOING TO SAY IS,  
"YOU DESERVE A  
RAISE, HENRY."

GET ME  
THE REST OF  
THE ENCRYPTED  
DATA AND WE'LL  
TALK.

I NEED TO  
KNOW NOT ONLY  
WHO'S RESPONSIBLE  
FOR AUCTIONING OFF SEATTLE'S  
HOMELESS,\* BUT WHO'S  
BUYING THEM. WE'VE  
INTERRUPTED A FOOD  
CHAIN AND I WANT THE  
TOP PREDATOR.

\*SEE  
GREEN  
ARROW:  
REBIRTH

GOD  
FORGIVE  
ME.

THAT WOULD  
BE SO MUCH EASIER  
THAN IMPOSSIBLE, OLLIE.  
IF YOU HADN'T SHOT AN  
ARROW THROUGH THE  
HARD DRIVE OF THEIR  
COMPUTER.

WE'VE GOT  
ENOUGH FOR NOW, SO IT  
LOOKS LIKE THE SUPERVISOR,  
EZRA WARREN, EXCUSES  
THE NIGHT SHIFT...

SLURM

...IN ORDER  
TO MAKE ROOM  
FOR OUR  
FRIENDS.

SLURM SLURM

THE  
UNDERGROUND  
MEN.

THERE'S  
SOMETHING ABOUT  
THE FOG IN THIS CITY.  
IT MAKES PEOPLE  
THINK THAT THEY'RE  
INVISIBLE...

...THAT  
THEY CAN GET  
AWAY WITH  
ANYTHING.



BUT YOU  
CAN'T HIDE  
FROM *GREEN*  
ARROW.

AND  
*BLACK*  
CANARY.



TWANG



CHAK

# THE END

STORY  
**BENJAMIN  
PERCY**

ART AND  
COLOR  
**OTTO  
SCHMIDT**

LETTERING **NATE PIEKOS** OF **BLAMBOT®**  
COVER **JUAN FERREYRA**  
VARIANT COVER **NEAL ADAMS** AND  
**KEVIN NOWLAN** WITH **DAVE McCAIG**  
GROUP EDITOR **BRIAN CUNNINGHAM**  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR **HARVEY RICHARDS**  
EDITOR **ANDY KHOURI**

YOU KEEP TALKING LIKE THAT, ARROW, AND THE SEATTLE TOURISM BUREAU WILL NEVER HIRE YOU AS A SPOKESMAN.

AS FOR ME, I KIND OF LIKE IT HERE ON PUGET SOUND...



...IT'S THE PERFECT BACKDROP FOR PUTTING MY FISHNETS TO USE.

JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW I GO THE EXTRA MILE...



THOK

OLLIE?



...DESPITE BEING OVERWORKED AND UNDERPAID, I'VE HACKED THE PORT'S SURVEILLANCE CAMS.

AND I'M AFRAID YOU'VE GOT MORE BADDIES HEADED YOUR WAY. HEADS UP, EYES EAST.



GOOD  
THING I BROUGHT  
REINFORCEMENTS.

WE'VE BEEN  
AMBUSHED!

SO YOU  
CREEPERS SELL WOMEN  
AND CHILDREN ON THE BLACK  
MARKET? AS IF THEY WERE  
HUMAN-SHAPED PACKAGES,  
SOMETHING PRICE-TAGGED  
ON A SHELF?

TRY TO  
OBJECTIFY ME  
AND YOU'LL  
BLEED.

BECAUSE  
I'M A  
WEAPON.

PLING

ANOTHER  
CHILD FOR THE  
HARVEST.

LOWER THE  
ARROW OR THIS  
ONE DIES.

CAN  
YOU GIVE  
ME A  
SECOND  
TO THINK  
ABOUT  
THAT?

THERE  
YOU GO, ARROW  
LOWERED, AS  
REQUESTED.

CHOK



I FAILED  
CALCULUS...



...BUT I ACED  
GEOMETRY.

CHOK



HOW'D  
YOU DO,  
EMI?

I WAS RAISED BY  
A **SUPER-VILLAIN**  
AND MY MOM IS A  
**NINJA**. HOW DO  
YOU **THINK** I  
DID?



DOESN'T  
YOUR **BIG  
BROTHER** GET  
ANY CREDIT FOR  
ANY BEING SUCH  
A BADASS?

THAT  
PRIVILEGED  
KNOW-IT-ALL? I  
THINK HE'D PREFER  
IT IF I HUNG UP  
MY BOW AND  
WORSHIPPED MY  
TEXTBOOKS ALL  
DAY.



MAYBE HE  
JUST LIKES THE  
IDEA OF YOU LIVING  
LONG ENOUGH TO  
REALIZE YOUR  
POTENTIAL AS A  
CRAZY OLD CAT  
LADY.



WAIT...  
THAT SOUND...  
I CAN **FEEL** IT  
MORE THAN  
HEAR IT...