


I DON'T NEED ALL OF THIS DRAMA IN MY LIFE.


I MEAN, LOOK AT THAT! HOW DOES ONE FIGHT THAT?



WE'RE GONNA NEED A REALLY TALL LADDER AN' A MEGAPHONE. ALSO LIME JUICE, ICE AN' TEQUILA IF POSSIBLE. MARGARITAS ARE AN IMPERATIVE FOR THIS KINDA THING.



HE SUMMONED THE HARVESTER OF SORROW! VARTOX IS TOO YOUNG AND HANDSOME TO DIE.



I WAS GONNA RECAP, BUT IT SEEMS I'VE WET MYSELF AND AM NO LONGER IN THE MOOD.

IT'S PRETTY MUCH POINTLESS TO REHASH THE PAST WHEN YOU HAVE NO FUTURE.

WHO
SUMMONS THE
HARVESTER OF
SORROW?

Harley Quinn & Power Girl!

BIGHEAD SPACE-GOD

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NO
NEED TO
SHOUT.

THIS GUY
DID!

WHAT?



**I CAN'T HEAR A THING
YOU'RE SAYING.**





OH, FOR RAO'S SAKE!

THIS GUY! HERE, CATCH!

HE'S GOT NO HANDS...

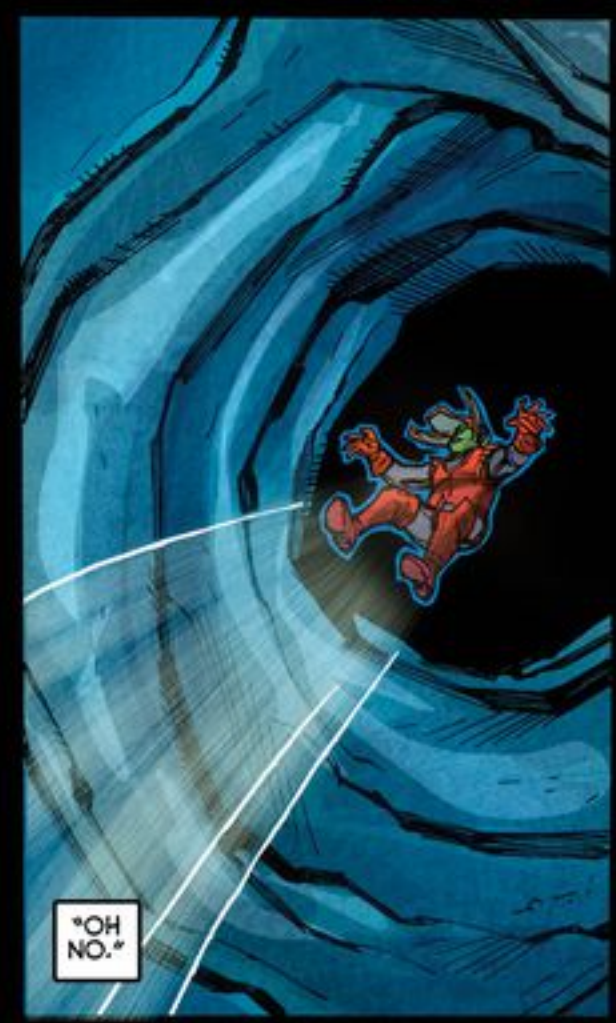


"WELL, MAYBE SEEING WHO SUMMONED HIM WILL DO THE TRICK."

"IS IT ME OR IS THAT HEAD FARTHER AWAY THAN WE THINK IT IS?"



I CAN'T SEE HIM ANYMORE. CAN YA SEE HIM WITH YER SUPER VISION?



"OH NO."



YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

WHAT? TELL ME! DON'T LEAVE ME HANGIN'!

THAT THING NEEDS A SERIOUS ASTRINGENT.



VARTOX DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.

HIS PORES ARE MAMMOTH AND ONE OF THEM JUST SWALLOWED THE BAD GUY.

THAT'S GONNA BE ONE BIG SPACE ZIT.

IMAGINE POPPIN' THAT?

PLEASE STOP YOUR NOISE.