


I FEEL LIKE THE
COMA VICTIM WHO
SNAPS OPEN HIS
EYES AND ASKS,
"WHERE AM I,
WHEN AM I,
WHO AM I?"

I'VE ONLY
GOT GUESSES,
NO ANSWERS.



TWO DAYS HAVE PASSED
SINCE I WASHED UP HERE,
ON AN ISLAND THAT MUST
BE A SATELLITE OF THE
ALEUTIANS, WHERE THE
FIRST MEN CROSSED
THE BERING SEA.

A PLACE OF TRANSITION,
IN-BETWEENNESS.



WITHOUT SEATTLE,
I'M NOWHERE.

WITHOUT DINAH,
AND EMI, AND
DIGGLE, I'M
NO ONE.



OLIVER
QUEEN
IS DEAD...

HORRRR RRARRR

TOOAAAAARRR

...BUT CAN *GREEN*
ARROW SURVIVE
WITHOUT HIM?

ISLAND *of* SCARS

PART ONE

BENJAMIN PERCY STORY OTTO SCHMIDT ART, COLOR AND COVER NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT® LETTERING

NEAL ADAMS WITH JEREMY COX VARIANT COVER BRIAN CUNNINGHAM GROUP EDITOR

HARVEY RICHARDS ASSOCIATE EDITOR ANDY KHOURI EDITOR



HOORRRRRR


SOMETIMES I PLAY A GAME WITH EMI. IT'S CALLED "BRIGHT SIDE." I USE IT TO FIGHT HER CONSTANT COMPLAINING.

I GIVE HER AN UGLY SITUATION AND SHE GIVES ME THE BRIGHT SIDE.


YOU'VE GOT THE FLU? YOU GET TO BINGE-WATCH YOUR FAVORITE TV SHOW.



KRAK



SOMEONE POINTS OUT THE SALAD STUCK BETWEEN YOUR TEETH? YOU GET A HEALTHY SNACK.



I'M TRYING. I REALLY AM. BUT...



KRUNKK



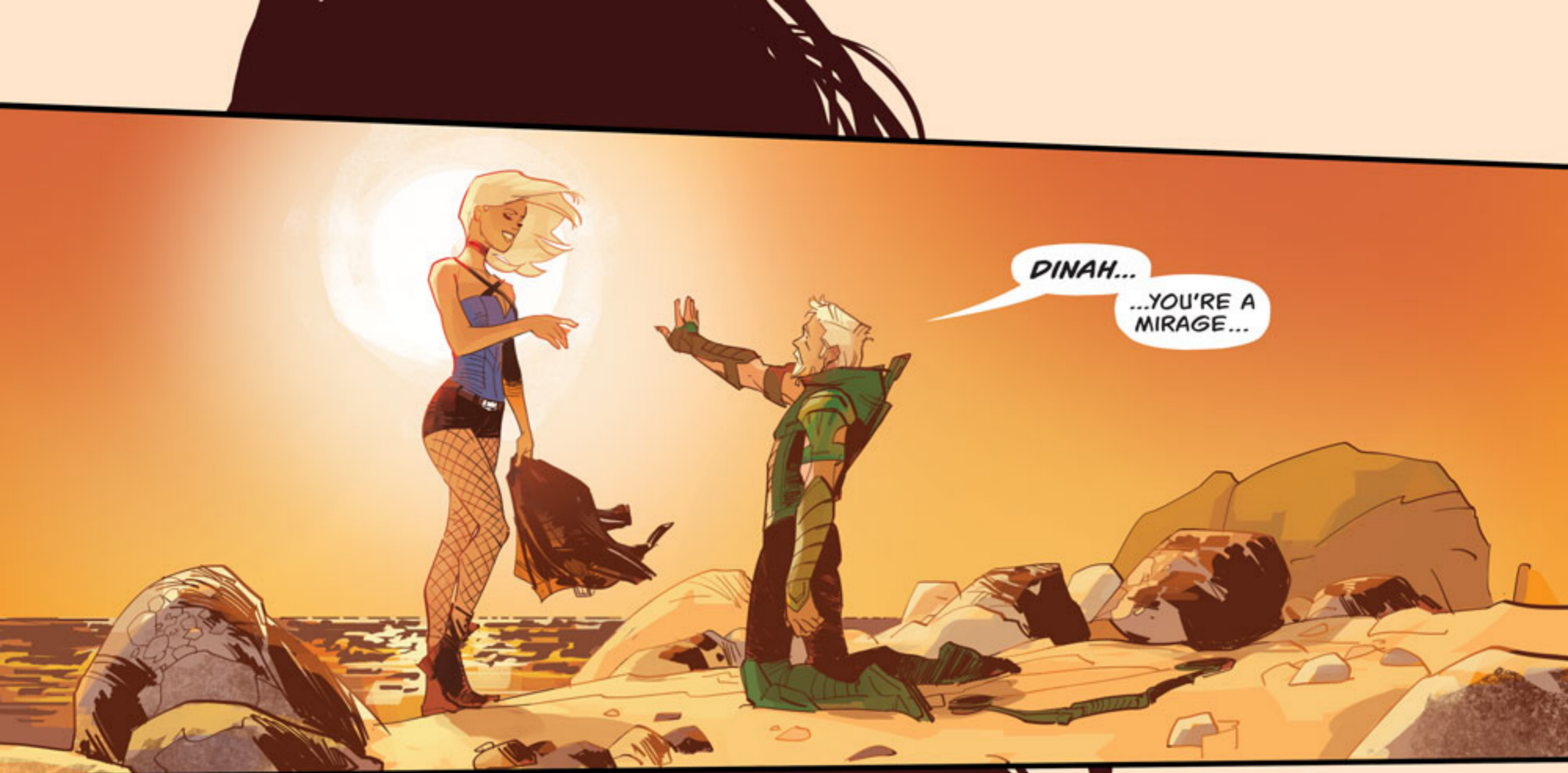
THERE'S NO DAMN BRIGHT SIDE TO ANY OF THIS!



HEY, OLLIE...

...I'LL BE
YOUR BRIGHT
SIDE.





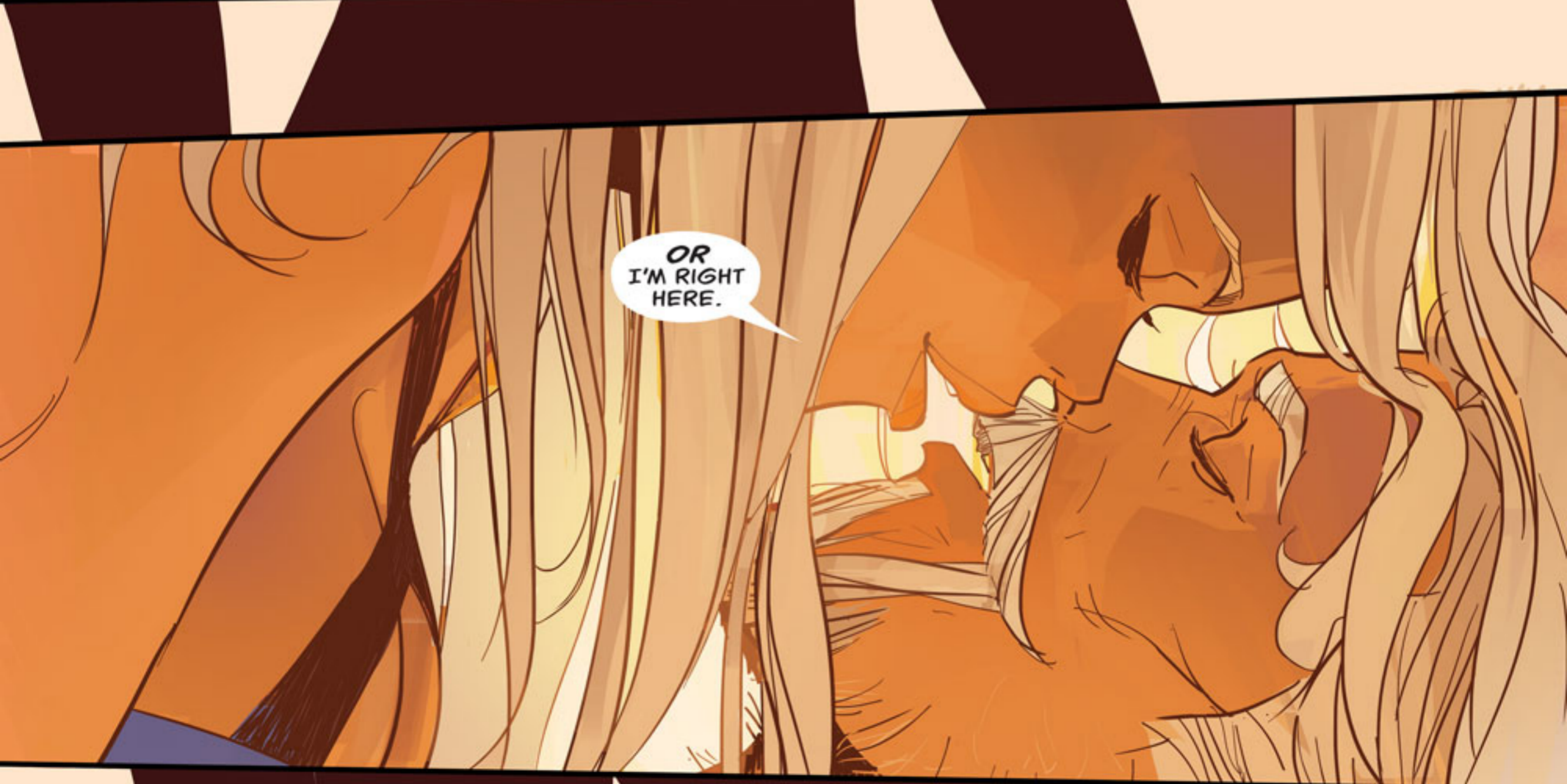
DINAH...

...YOU'RE A
MIRAGE...



...OR
THIS... IS
HEAVEN.

OR A
DREAM.
OR...



OR
I'M RIGHT
HERE.