

SCAR ISLAND.
NORTH PACIFIC
OCEAN.

DINAH FOUND
TWO BULLET
CASINGS.

AND I
FOUND
DIGGLE'S
TRACKS.

BUT INSTEAD
OF **BLOOD**,
THERE WAS **OIL**.



FOR SOMEONE WHO CAN SHATTER A WINDOW WITH A SCREAM, YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD AT BEING QUIET.

YOU KNOW WHO ELSE ISN'T BAD AT BEING QUIET? A CERTAIN GOATEED LOUDMOUTH.



IT FEELS LIKE A PERFECT PARTNERSHIP...

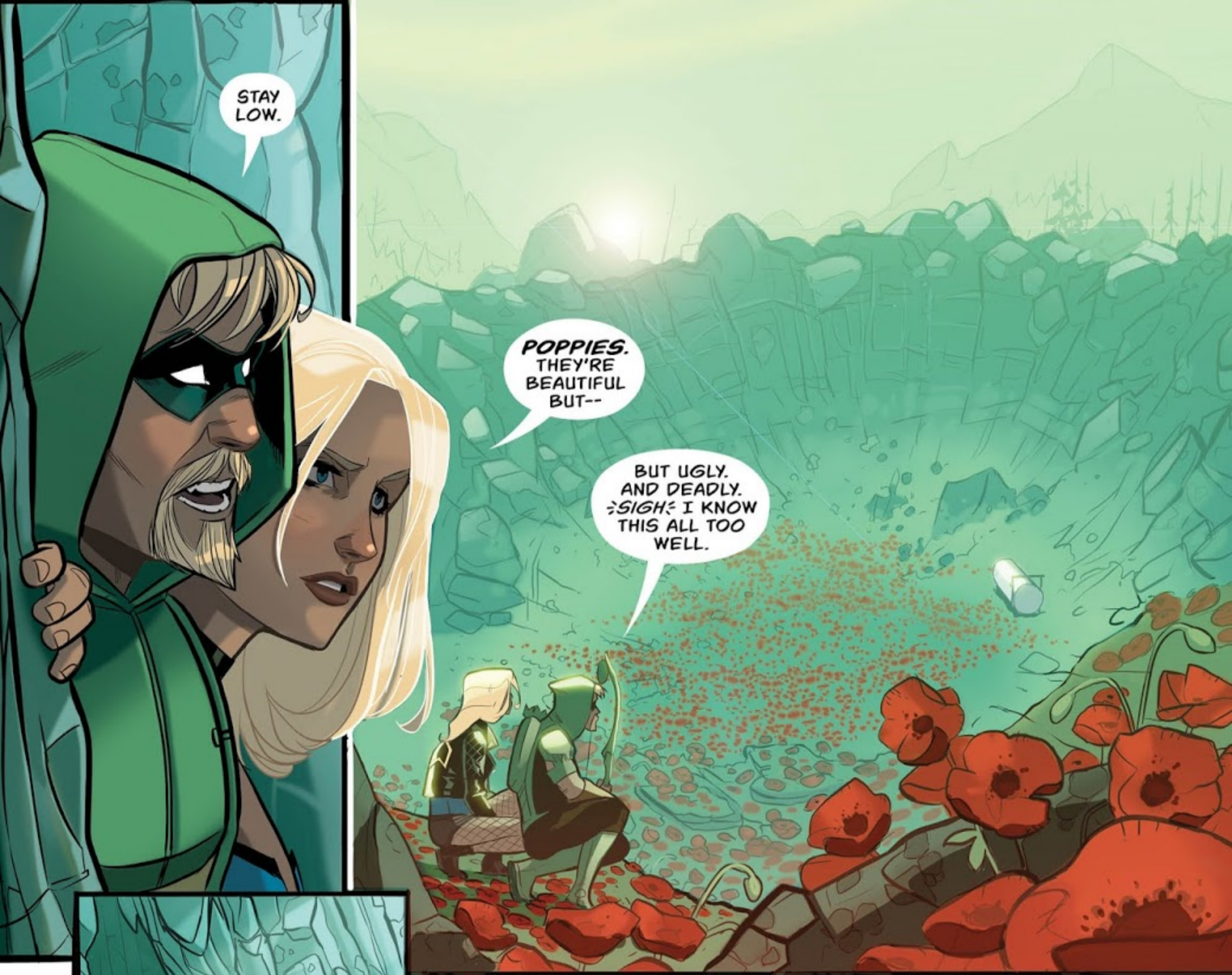


...LIKE WE'RE ONE PERSON, MOVING AND BREATHING AND TRACKING TOGETHER.



BUT THE TRACKS DON'T GO THIS WAY...

THIS MIGHT BE WORTH THE DETOUR.



STAY LOW.

POPPIES. THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL BUT--

BUT UGLY. AND DEADLY. ~~SIGH~~ I KNOW THIS ALL TOO WELL.



WE'RE IN EVEN MORE TROUBLE THAN I THOUGHT.



T-KLIK

CLAK

KLIK



T
W
A
N
G

轰
炸

SNAP



WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!

CLASSIC WHITE GUY. SHOOT FIRST, ASK QUESTIONS LATER.



TREATING ME LIKE I'M THE INVADER.

WHO THE HELL AM I? MY NAME IS *ATA*, AND THIS IS *MY* ISLAND. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?



I'M SORRY. I'M *GREEN ARROW*. THIS IS *BLACK CANARY*. WE'RE STRANDED HERE AND OUR FRIEND HAS GONE MISSING.

WHEN WE STUMBLED ONTO THIS OPIUM CROP, I EXPECTED A GUARD WITH AN ASSAULT RIFLE.



IT'S A COMPOUND FRACTURE. WE NEED TO ACT ON THIS. HE'S GOING TO LOSE HIS LEG OR BLEED OUT.



LET'S GET HIM TO THE BEACH. WE'LL CLEAN HIM OFF, SET AND SWADDLE THE WOUND, AND ARRANGE SOME KIND OF CAST.

I WANT TO SAVE MY LEG. AND YOU WANT TO GET OFF THE ISLAND ALIVE?

THEN SHUT UP WITH YOUR HALF-ASSED PLANS AND DO AS I SAY.