

SPACE SECTOR ZERO.

THE SENTIENT
PLANET MOGO.

CENTRAL PRECINCT OF
THE INTERGALACTIC POLICE
FORCE KNOWN AS THE
GREEN LANTERN CORPS.

EARS ON,
EVERYONE.

SORANIK
AND I REVIEWED
YOUR SERVICE
RECORDS AND
SELECTED TEN
TEAMS.

ONE GREEN
LANTERN PAIRED
WITH ONE
YELLOW.

EACH TEAM
WILL USE SPACE
CABBIE'S INFORMATION
TO TRACK DOWN
ROGUE MEMBERS OF THE SINESTRO
CORPS.

ASSUMING
THE INFORMATION
IS GOOD.

GOOD AS
GOOD GETS,
MISS S.



WE UNDERSTAND
THIS IS AN ATYPICAL
SITUATION.

THE GREEN
LANTERN CORPS
AND THE SINESTRO
CORPS SPENT TOO
LONG BEATING THE
SPIT OUT OF EACH
OTHER.

NOW
WE'RE ASKING
YOU TO BE
PARTNERS.

BUT JOHN
AND I DISCUSSED
YOUR STRENGTHS
AND PERSONALITIES
TO MAKE THE
TRANSITION AS
SMOOTH AS
POSSIBLE.

WE'RE
ASKING YOU
TO TRUST
US.

CANDY-
COATING THIS PILL
AIN'T GONNA MAKE
IT GO DOWN ANY
EASIER.

GET TO
THE BAD
NEWS.





I LIKE THE ENTHUSIASM, KILOWOG.

THAT'S WHY WE PUT YOU WITH SUBJECT 82. HE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH EXPERIENCE, SO SHOW HIM THE ROPES.

WON'T BE THE FIRST NEWBIE I'VE TRAINED, STEWART.

WHICH "HAND" DO I SHAKE?

HE CAN'T FORM SPEECH. THE GENETIC EXPERIMENTS THAT CREATED HIM LEFT HIM WITH A CEPHALOPOD LARYNX.

YOUR TARGET IS SETAG RETSS.

KILOWOG, TAKE HIM DOWN IF HE'S ON LAND. IF HE GOES UNDERWATER, THAT'S WHEN 82 COMES IN.



TOMAR-TU, YOU'RE GOING AFTER ROMAT-RU.

GLADLY.

YOU KNOW HOW TO THINK LIKE A XUDARIAN, BUT ROMAT IS THE UNIVERSE'S MOST PROLIFIC SERIAL KILLER.

FANTAS-M'S VIOLENT CRIMINAL PAST WILL HELP YOUR TEAM THINK LIKE A MURDERER.

I'M GRATEFUL FOR ANY CHANCE TO MAKE RESTITUTION ON MY VICTIMS' BEHALF.



GUY, YOU'RE WITH RAYNUNN.

HIS HEART GROWS AS BIG AS THE REST OF HIM.

WE'RE HOPING SOME OF THAT EASY CHARM WILL RUB OFF ON YOU.



GUY?

RING, LOCATE LANTERN GARDNER.

RING 2814.3 IS IN LANTERN GARDNER'S QUARTERS.

CURRENT WHEREABOUTS OF LANTERN GARDNER: UNKNOWN.

PERFECT.

"SOMEBODY
FIND GARDNER!"

KROOINK

SPACE SECTOR 1974.

THE PLANET HEEP.

A WORLD FEW LAW-ABIDING
TRAVELERS CARE ABOUT.

SPILL,
SCUMMER.

MY
KNUCKLES
ARE GETTING
TIRED OF
ASKING.

YOU CAN'T
MAKE ME
SAY WHERE
HE IS!

HE'LL...
HE'LL EAT
ME!



AW, DON'T MUD YOUR SHORTS.

YOU GOT NO REASON TO WORRY ABOUT ME.

BUT I DITCHED ON MY BOSS TO COME HERE.



"MY PAL CABBIE WAS EVEN GOOD ENOUGH TO TOSS ME THE KEYS TO HIS SPACESHIP."

THANKS FOR THE LOANER!
GUY



GARDNER, YOU ASS--



SO I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL I GET WHAT I WANT.

I TOLD YOU WHO I'M HERE FOR.

GET WORD TO HIM THAT I'LL BE IN FULL VIEW OF BABY JESUS AND EVERYONE ELSE WHO'S WATCHING.

LONGER HE WAITS, MORE SCARED HE'LL LOOK.

SEE, I DON'T NEED TO FIND HIM.



HE'S GONNA COME RUNNING.

SPACE SECTOR 3172.

A DYING
WORLD.

A WORLD
WITHOUT HOPE.

KYLE!
THIS PLACE
ISN'T LOOKING
GOOD!

LET'S
FIND WHAT
WE CAME FOR
AND GET
GONE!

THE
MOUNTAIN, HAL!
HEAD FOR THE
MOUNTAIN!

HAL!

CAN
YOU HEAR
ME?

WHAT'S
YOUR
LOCATION,
KYLE?

HAL!
=RRRK=

THERE'S
A MOUNTAIN,
KYLE!

I SEE
SOMETHING AT
THE TOP!