

I LOVE IT HERE.

BUT HERE DOESN'T LOVE ME BACK.

IT'S CRUCIAL TO REMEMBER THE BASIC CRUELTY OF THE FREESCAPE, WICKED LISTENERS, AND TO REMEMBER THAT UNABASHED GIVES-NO-DAMNS ATTITUDE VIS-A-VIS YOU AND ME IS A BLESSING, NOT A CURSE.

THE FREQUENCY

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COVER BY DUSTIN NGUYEN

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AFTER ALL, IF COMFORT APPEALED TO YOU AT ALL, YOU'D BE STANDING IN A UNIFORM SURROUNDED BY ADVERTISEMENTS, TELLING SOMEONE ELSE IN IDENTICAL DIGGS THAT LEX LOVES THEM.

AND YOU'D MEAN IT. NOT JUST BECAUSE YOU WERE BRAINWASHED...

...BUT BECAUSE TO LEX LUTHOR, LOVE MEANS CONTROL.

THAT'S WHY YOU CHOSE ANOTHER WAY. RAN. REPROGRAMMED. RODE OUT. OR YOU SURVIVED THE DARK AGE ON YOUR OWN, LIKE YOURS TRULY, IN WHICH CASE YOU HAVE MY RESPECT AND MOSTLY-- LET'S BE HONEST-- MY PITY.

EITHER WAY, YOU'RE LIVING THIS FREESCAPE LIFE NOW. AND OUT HERE, LEX DOESN'T LOVE YOU. NOTHING DOES, EXCEPT YOURSELF AND WHATEVER PACK YOU CAN FIND. AND BY YOU, PRETTY EARDRUMS, I OF COURSE MEAN ME.

'CUZ YOU KNOW ME. I THRIVE ON THIS PLACE. THE DESOLATE REMINDER. THE ECHOES OF THE PAST. HISTORY, STORIES, ALL BURIED IN SANDS TOO ENDLESS TO IMAGINE.

WORDS THAT TELL US ABOUT THE CITIES OF OUR PARENTS. BOOKS THAT SHOW THE WONDER OF A BETTER WORLD. SONGS THAT LET US HEAR OUR GRANDPARENTS' WORDS. JUST WAITING. PATIENT. QUIET. STILL.

THE WORLD ISN'T OVER, MY WICKEDS.



IT'S JUST BEEN FORGOTTEN.

HERE'S VENUS OF THE HALF SHELL, A PRETTY BAD PUNK SONG FROM AN EVEN WORSE BAND.

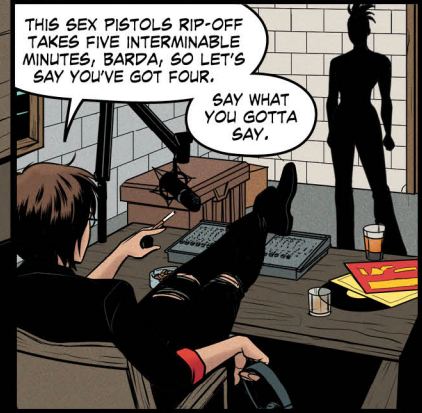


BUT WHAT CAN I SAY? WHEN IT'S THE ONLY LP YOU'VE FOUND ALL YEAR, IT'S JUST MAGIC.



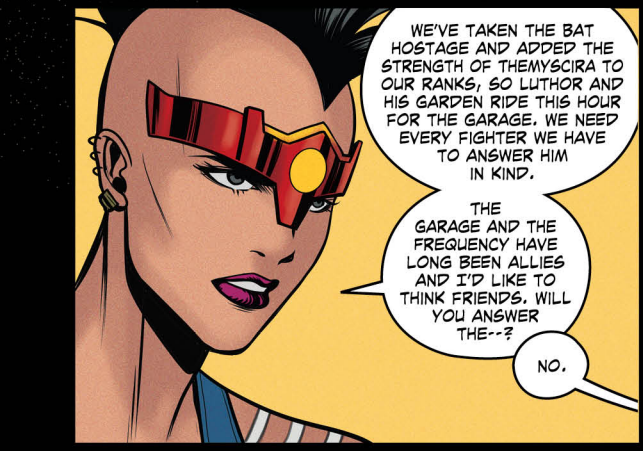
THIS IS LOIS LANE AND YOU'RE ON THE FREQUENCY.

STAY STRONG. STAY MEAN. STAY FREE.



THIS SEX PISTOLS RIP-OFF TAKES FIVE INTERMINABLE MINUTES, BARDA, SO LET'S SAY YOU'VE GOT FOUR.

SAY WHAT YOU GOTTA SAY.



WE'VE TAKEN THE BAT HOSTAGE AND ADDED THE STRENGTH OF THEMYSCIRA TO OUR RANKS, SO LUTHOR AND HIS GARDEN RIDE THIS HOUR FOR THE GARAGE. WE NEED EVERY FIGHTER WE HAVE TO ANSWER HIM IN KIND.

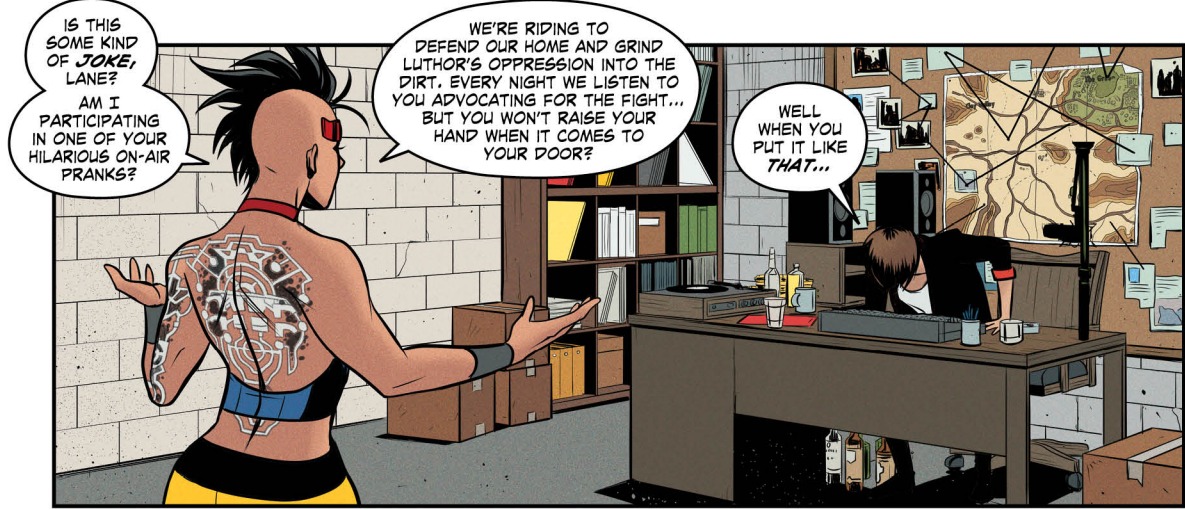
THE GARAGE AND THE FREQUENCY HAVE LONG BEEN ALLIES AND I'D LIKE TO THINK FRIENDS. WILL YOU ANSWER THE--?

NO.



IS THAT IT? VERY COOL.

SEE YOU ON THE FLIP, BIG B.



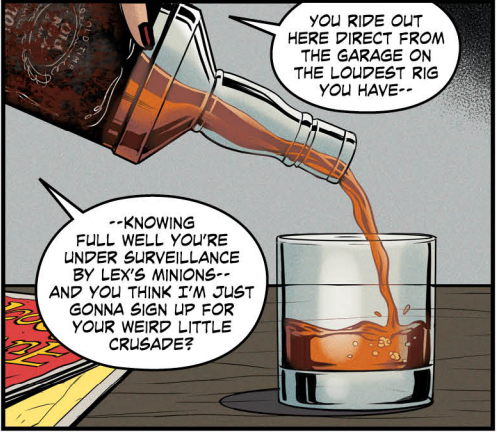
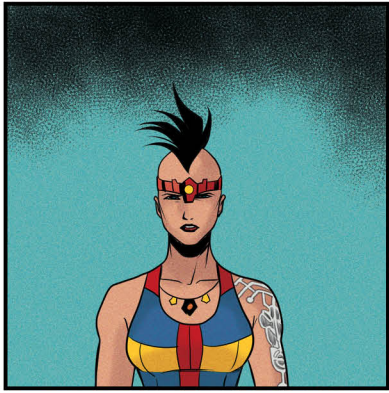
IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE, LANE?
AM I PARTICIPATING IN ONE OF YOUR HILARIOUS ON-AIR PRANKS?

WE'RE RIDING TO DEFEND OUR HOME AND GRIND LUTHOR'S OPPRESSION INTO THE DIRT. EVERY NIGHT WE LISTEN TO YOU ADVOCATING FOR THE FIGHT... BUT YOU WON'T RAISE YOUR HAND WHEN IT COMES TO YOUR DOOR?

WELL WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT...

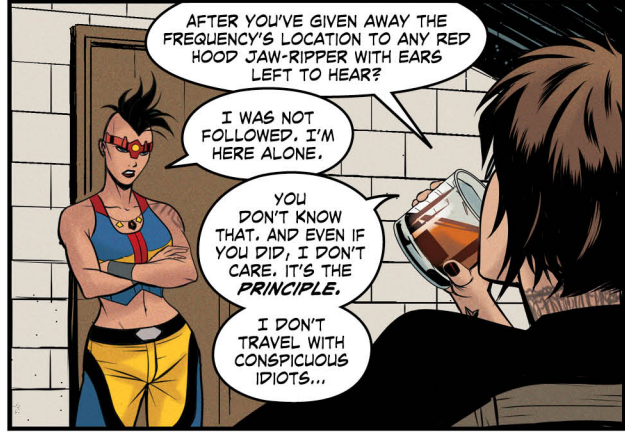


SCREW THE HELL OFF.



YOU RIDE OUT HERE DIRECT FROM THE GARAGE ON THE LOUDEST RIG YOU HAVE--

--KNOWING FULL WELL YOU'RE UNDER SURVEILLANCE BY LEX'S MINIONS-- AND YOU THINK I'M JUST GONNA SIGN UP FOR YOUR WEIRD LITTLE CRUSADE?



AFTER YOU'VE GIVEN AWAY THE FREQUENCY'S LOCATION TO ANY RED HOOD JAW-RIPPER WITH EARS LEFT TO HEAR?

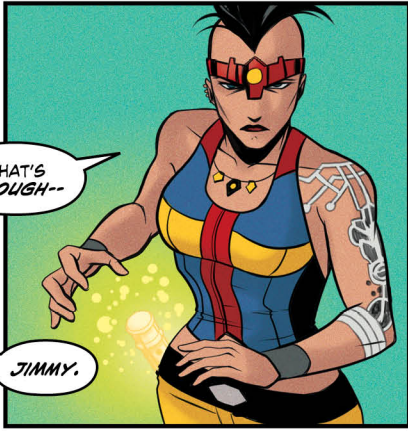
I WAS NOT FOLLOWED. I'M HERE ALONE.

YOU DON'T KNOW THAT. AND EVEN IF YOU DID, I DON'T CARE. IT'S THE PRINCIPLE.

I DON'T TRAVEL WITH CONSPICUOUS IDIOTS...



...AND I DON'T RIDE WITH ALIENS.



THAT'S ENOUGH--

JIMMY.



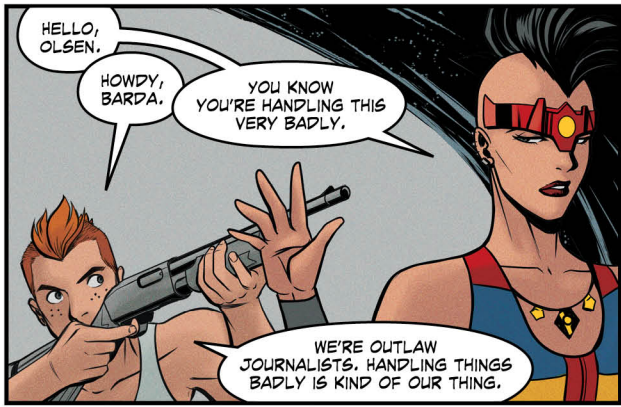
KLICK-KLACK

SORRY, BARDA, BUT YOU KNOW THE DRILL...



NO WEAPONS IN THE NEWSROOM. EXCEPT, UH, THIS ONE.

OBVIOUSLY.

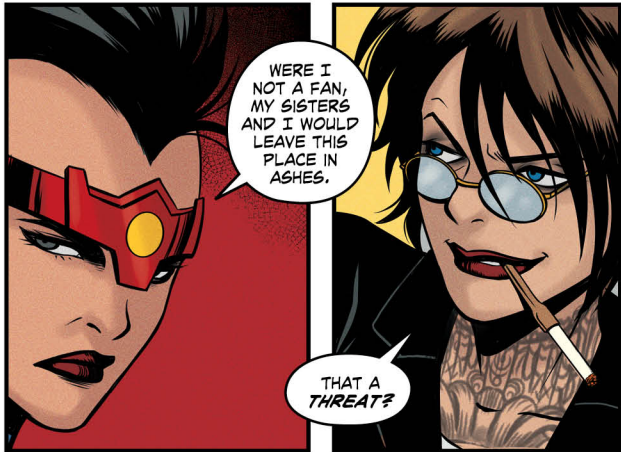


HELLO, OLSEN.

HOWDY, BARDA.

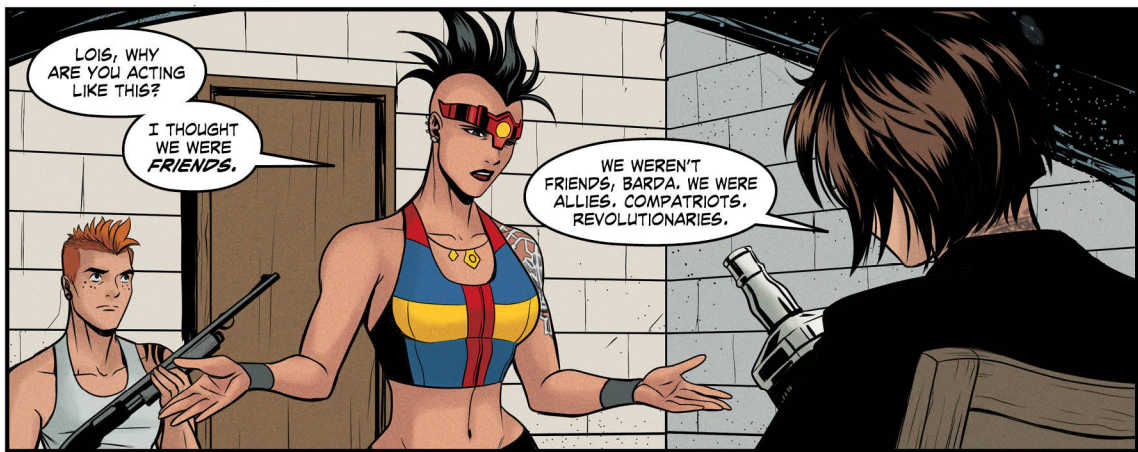
YOU KNOW YOU'RE HANDLING THIS VERY BADLY.

WE'RE OUTLAW JOURNALISTS. HANDLING THINGS BADLY IS KIND OF OUR THING.



WERE I NOT A FAN, MY SISTERS AND I WOULD LEAVE THIS PLACE IN ASHES.

THAT A THREAT?



LOIS, WHY ARE YOU ACTING LIKE THIS?

I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS.

WE WEREN'T FRIENDS, BARDA. WE WERE ALLIES. COMPATRIOTS. REVOLUTIONARIES.



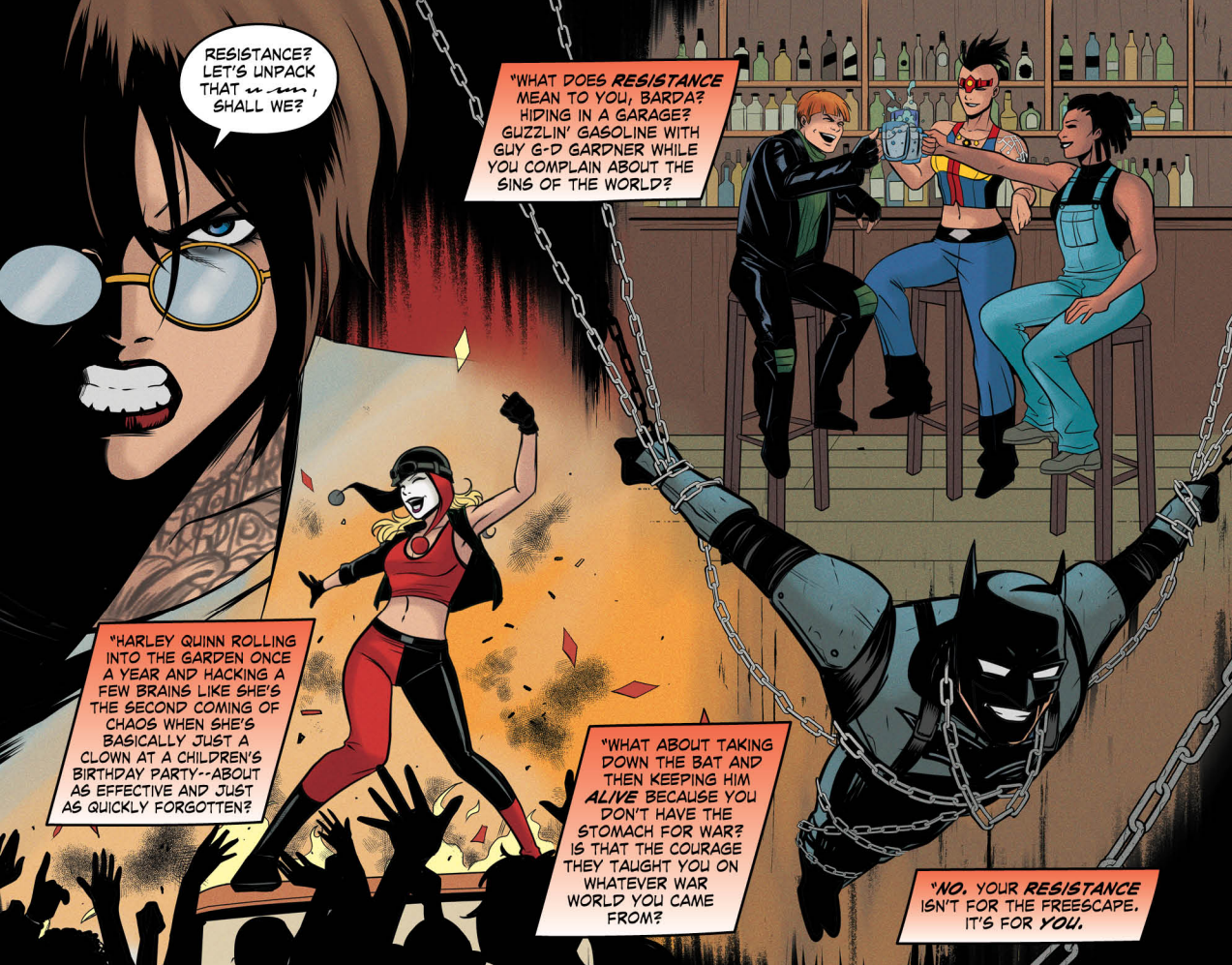
AND THEN YOU AND YOUR SISTERS DECIDED TO START PLAYING SMALL BALL ON BIKES.



WE'RE THE RESISTANCE.



OH, YOU ARE KILLING ME, MOHAWK!



RESISTANCE?
LET'S UNPACK
THAT *in a way*,
SHALL WE?

"WHAT DOES *RESISTANCE*
MEAN TO YOU, BARDA?
HIDING IN A GARAGE?
GUZZLIN' GASOLINE WITH
GUY G-D GARDNER WHILE
YOU COMPLAIN ABOUT THE
SINS OF THE WORLD?"

"HARLEY QUINN ROLLING
INTO THE GARDEN ONCE
A YEAR AND HACKING A
FEW BRAINS LIKE SHE'S
THE SECOND COMING OF
CHAOS WHEN SHE'S
BASICALLY JUST A
CLOWN AT A CHILDREN'S
BIRTHDAY PARTY--ABOUT
AS EFFECTIVE AND JUST
AS QUICKLY FORGOTTEN?"

"WHAT ABOUT TAKING
DOWN THE BAT AND
THEN KEEPING HIM
ALIVE BECAUSE YOU
DON'T HAVE THE
STOMACH FOR WAR?
IS THAT THE COURAGE
THEY TAUGHT YOU ON
WHATEVER WAR
WORLD YOU CAME
FROM?"

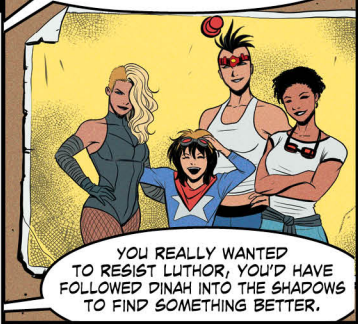
"*NO*. YOUR *RESISTANCE*
ISN'T FOR THE FREESCAPE.
IT'S FOR *YOU*."

IT'S A WORD YOU TELL YOURSELVES TO
FEEL BETTER ABOUT THE FACT THAT ALL
YOU CAN DO AGAINST FASCISM IS SHOUT
"NO" REALLY LOUD, EVEN AS THE MACHINE
CRUSHES YOU UNDERFOOT.

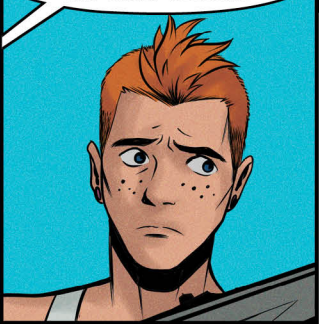
YOU'D STOP PLAYING SMALL BALL
AND YOU'D SMASH HIS WALLS, EVEN
IF IT TOOK YOUR LIFE, UNTIL THAT
PLACE WAS RUBBLE AND A BETTER
WAY COULD BE BORN.

EVEN IF ALL YOU DID WAS MAKE A
DENT, THAT *DENT* WOULD MEAN MORE
THAN A YEAR OF KICKING UP DUST ON
MOTORBIKES, FEEDING YOURSELVES
A STORY ABOUT HOW YOU'RE
REVOLUTIONARIES.

WHAT'S STOPPING
YOU, BARDA? NOTHING
BUT YOU.



YOU REALLY WANTED
TO RESIST LUTHOR, YOU'D HAVE
FOLLOWED DINAH INTO THE SHADOWS
TO FIND SOMETHING BETTER.



THAT'S WHY
THEY CALL IT
THE FREESCAPE.
'CUZ YOU'RE FREE
TO BE WHOEVER
YOU TRULY
ARE.



AND WHILE
I THOUGHT,
TRULY I DID,
THAT MAYBE
YOU AND THE
GARAGE WERE
SOMETHING
BETTER...

...I SEE
NOW WHO
YOU TRULY
ARE.

WHO
YOU'VE
ALWAYS
BEEN.



RELICS.