

YOU HAVE
TEN SECONDS
TO PUT DOWN MY
AXE AND **EXPLAIN**
YOURSELF,
BIZARRO.

IT'S NOT
WHAT IT
LOOKS
LIKE.

SEVEN.



LADY ARTEMIS, PLEASE.

I KNOW THE OPTICS ARE BAD--BUT YOU'VE KNOWN ME MY ENTIRE LIFE.

WHICH IS ADMITTEDLY NOT A LOT OF TIME.

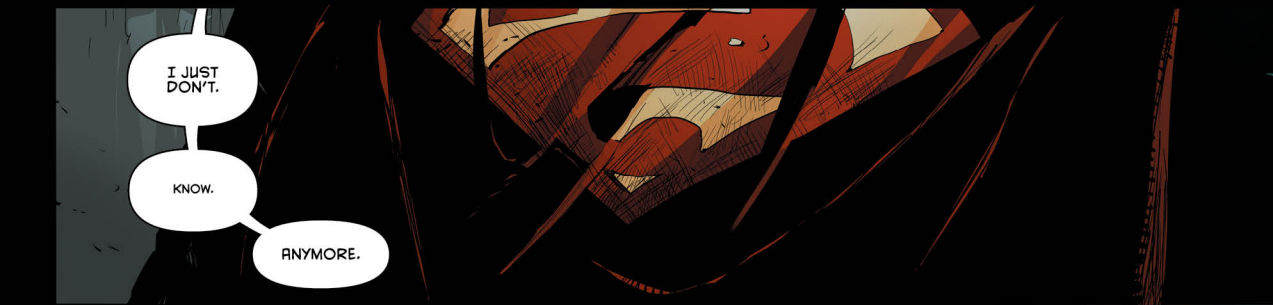
BUT I'M ASKING YOU TO TRUST ME.



SOMETHING THAT INCREASES YOUR MENTAL CAPACITY EACH TIME YOU USE IT.

OR *ABUSE* IT, APPARENTLY.

EXPLAIN TO ME HOW THESE "OPTICS" ARE NOT A POINT OF CONCERN.



I JUST DON'T.

KNOW.

ANYMORE.

OPTICS?

THERE'S A
SECRET CHAMBER
UNDER YOUR
BEDROOM *FILLED*
TO OVERFLOWING
WITH LIQUID
KRYPTONITE.



I
UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU...

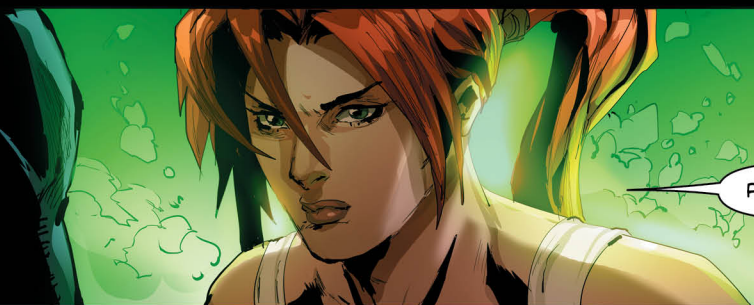
I GET
HOW IT
LOOKS
IF...

I...

I
JUST.



ARE YOU...?





ARTEMIS,
PLEASE.

I...DON'T
KNOW WHAT
I'M SUPPOSED
TO DO ANY-
MORE.

WHAT I'M
SUPPOSED
TO FEEL.

TO
THINK.

BY RAO--
I BARELY
REMEMBER
HOW TO
THINK.



I CAN'T
GO BACK
THERE.

I CAN'T
GO TO THAT
DARK AND
LONELY PLACE
IN MY MIND.

PLEASE...
HELP ME?



PLEASE...

OF
COURSE,
MY FRIEND.

ANYTHING.

