

NATIONAL CITY.

"TRAVELING THROUGH DOWNTOWN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT? IT SEEMS LIKE AN UNNECESSARY *RISK*, DIRECTOR BONES."

"YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, MOKKARI. WITH OUR *IMAGE INDUCERS*, THE PUBLIC SEES AN *ORDINARY* CAR..."



...AND NOT AN *INDESTRUCTIBLE* MILITARY TRANSPORT.

BESIDES, GETTING TO *THE BLADE* AND DEALING WITH VERITAS CAN'T EXACTLY WAIT.

WHEN I FOUND THE EVIDENCE THAT SHE WAS SELLING D.E.O. SECRETS, I THOUGHT OUR PLANS MAY HAVE BEEN--



WHAT THE--?!

CLASH

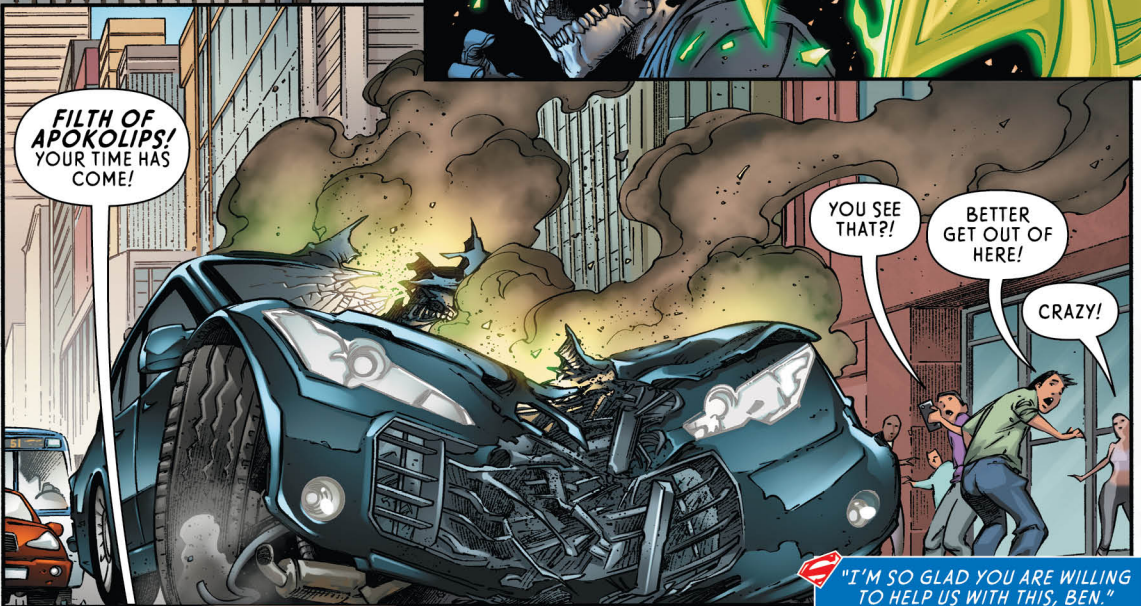


**FILTH OF APOKOLIPS!
YOUR TIME HAS COME!**

YOU SEE THAT?!

BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

CRAZY!



"I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE WILLING TO HELP US WITH THIS, BEN."

BEN RUBEL'S APARTMENT.

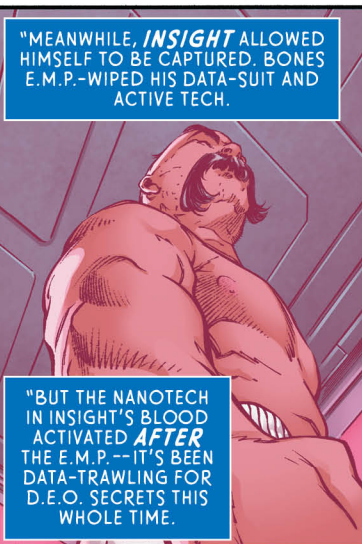
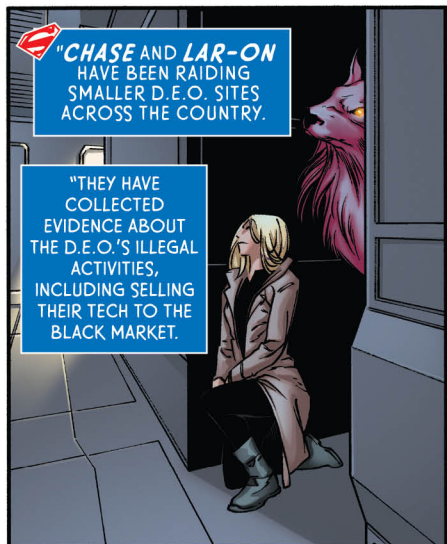
WELL, I HOPE YOU SAW THE ARTICLE. YOU CAN THANK **LEE SERRANO** FOR THAT, BUT I'M *IN*.

WHAT'S OUR CURRENT STATUS, SUPERGIRL?

HALF THE TEAM IS ALREADY MOVING ON THE D.E.O. HEADQUARTERS.

SHAY VERITAS WAS HELPING US GATHER INTEL. SHE DISCOVERED MOKKARI HAD **BETRAYED** BONES. BUT HE DISCOVERED **HER**, TOO.

WE NEED TO RESCUE HER, **AND** ENACT OUR ORIGINAL PLAN TO LIBERATE THE D.E.O. FROM MOKKARI AT THE **SAME TIME**.



SO BASICALLY, I'M THE KEY TO MAKING SURE THE WORLD KNOWS WHAT THE D.E.O. HAS REALLY BEEN UP TO.

NO PRESSURE...



**THE BLADE.
LOCAL D.E.O.* HEADQUARTERS.**

WATCH THE
COUNTDOWN,
SHAY VERITAS.
WATCH IT **VERY**
CLOSELY.

WHEN IT
REACHES ZERO,
THE **PSYCHO-
REDACTOR**
ACTIVATES.

THESE
MEMORIES
OF PAIN YOU
SEE?

THEY'LL
BE **BURNED**
INTO YOUR
BRAIN.

YOU CAN'T...
I KNOW THEY'RE
NOT REAL...

YOU MAY
WORRY FOR YOUR
BELOVED CAMERON
CHASE NOW... BUT VERY
SOON YOU WON'T EVEN
REMEMBER
HER.


IF YOU
THINK I COULD
FORGET
CHASE...

*DEPARTMENT OF EXTRANORMAL
OPERATIONS --JESS

"...YOU KNOW
NOTHING."

SUPERCURL,
THIS IS CHASE.
LAR-ON AND I
ARE IN
POSITION.

HOLD ON,
SHAY. I'M
COMING FOR
YOU.



I AM **TURID GOLDENAXE**,
THE **VIKING JUDGE**
REBORN! MY WORD
WAS LAW FOR
CENTURIES...



...AND IT
WILL BE SO
AGAIN!

RUN,
YOU
IDIOT!



OH, I DON'T THINK SO,
DIRECTOR.

SHE NEEDS
EASY PREY.



AGH!



LOOK AT YOU. DISHONOR. WEAKNESS.
I **TOLD** NEON...

...**NOTHING** HAS
CHANGED.

WAIT, I CAN HEAR... I KNOW THAT HEARTBEAT. AND I CAN SMELL THE SWEAT... **CYANIDE.**

IT'S **DIRECTOR BONES.** AND HE'S IN TROUBLE.

SO? NOT TO SOUND HEARTLESS, BUT HE *IS* THE BAD GUY HERE.

AND FROM WHAT YOU TOLD ME, THIS PLAN HAS BEEN IN THE WORKS FOR **MONTHS.**

SAVING LIVES ALWAYS COMES FIRST, BEN.

CHASE, LAR-ON, THE PLAN HAS CHANGED...

"...WE STRIKE NOW!"

YOU CANNOT **RUN.** YOU CANNOT **HIDE** YOUR CRIMES.

BRIGHT MARSHALL, MY AXE UNFLINCHING, SHOWS ME YOUR MISDEEDS... AND YOU, **BONES,** HAVE SO **MANY** TO OWN.

NO...

YOU **MANIPULATE.** YOU **RATIONALIZE.** YOU DESTROY **EVERYTHING** YOU TOUCH...

...IT IS ONLY **FITTING** YOU TOUCH **NOTHING** EVER AGAIN.

WHAT?

WOOSH