

**BOSTON.
NOW.**



ROBERT
OTSEGO.

WHO...
ARE YOU
PEOPLE?



MY NAME IS
MARINA--

MARINA
LUCAS FROM
SPYRAL? HE TALKED
ABOUT YOU, THE
UNDERSTUDY.

MIDNIGHTER
TOLD YOU WHAT HE
DOES? GOOD TO SEE
HE'S LEARNED FROM HIS
MISTAKES. MARINA IS
HIS HANDLER, MISTER
OTSEGO. I'M DIRECTOR
BERTINELLI, HIS
BOSS.



"BOSS?" HE SAID
THOSE WORDS
WITH HIS OWN
MOUTH?

YOU'RE IN *SHOCK*,
ROBERT.

WHAT
HAPPENED?

YOU
PUT YOURSELF
BETWEEN A
VIGILANTE AND A
SUPERHUMAN
HIT SQUAD.

I
HOPE YOU
HAD A GOOD
REASON.



YOU KNOW THE
REASON. WHERE IS
MIDNIGHTER?

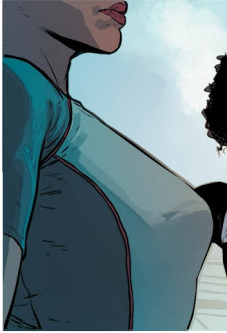




MIDNIGHTER WAS M.I.A BEFORE WE WERE ON SITE. LOOKS LIKE YOU PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, FOR AN ARTIST.



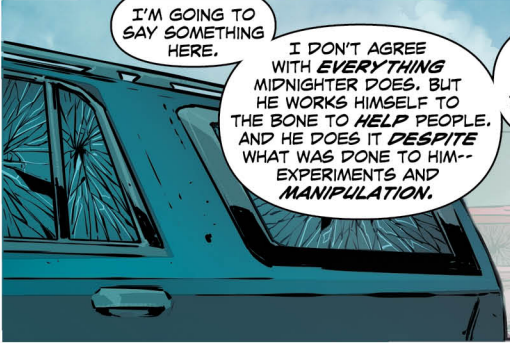
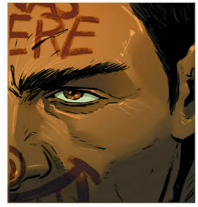
IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY? HE'S GONE!



HE'D BE WAY **LESS** GONE IF HE HAD WORKED **WITH** ME, INSTEAD OF IN **SPITE** OF ME.

MIDNIGHTER **REFUSED** THE NANOTECH VIRUS WE USE TO TRACK OTHER SPYRAL AGENTS. WE'RE **LOOKING** FOR HIM. BUT WE HAVE TO DO IT THE OLD FASHIONED WAY.

DON'T WORRY. HE'S A **BIG** BOY. HE'LL--



I'M GOING TO SAY SOMETHING HERE.

I DON'T AGREE WITH **EVERYTHING** MIDNIGHTER DOES, BUT HE WORKS HIMSELF TO THE BONE TO **HELP** PEOPLE. AND HE DOES IT **DESPITE** WHAT WAS DONE TO HIM-- EXPERIMENTS AND **MANIPULATION**.

YOU **KNOW** THAT, AND YOU HANG HIM OUT TO DRY TO PROVE A POINT? YOU'RE **STILL** MANIPULATING HIM.



IF I WERE **YOU**, I'D FIND HIM **BEFORE** HE DECIDES YOU'RE PART OF THE PROBLEM.

MIDNIGHTER

STEVE ORLANDO **WRITER** HUGO PETRUS (PGS. 1-10) & ACO (PGS. 11-20) **ART**
 ROMULO FAJARDO, JR. **COLORS** TOM NAPOLITANO **LETTERS** ACO & ROMULO FAJARDO, JR. **COVER**
 BRITTANY HOLZHERR **ASST. EDITOR** CHRIS CONROY & ALEX ANTOINE **EDITORS**
 MARK DOYLE **GROUP EDITOR**

THE ARCTIC. BAFFIN ISLAND. TASK FORCE X BLACK SITE.



SO SHOULD I GO FIRST, AMANDA?

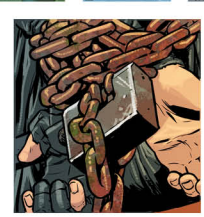
OR DO YOU WANT TO?



IT'S MIZ WALLER TO YOU.

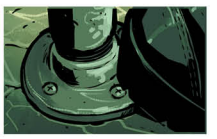
CALL ME AMANDA AGAIN AND YOU'LL BE PICKING YOUR TEETH OUT OF YOUR NASAL CAVITY.

HERE'S WHAT IT IS...



I TOOK YOUR TOY, YOU SNUCK INTO MY HOUSE AND BROKE IT. I HAD PLANS FOR THE PERDITION PISTOL. THAT'S WHAT I DO. USE BAD THINGS TO HELP GOOD PEOPLE.

THAT BRINGS US HERE, WHERE I DECIDE HOW TO USE YOU.





HOW ABOUT A CLAY PIGEON?

LAWTON. IF YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN YOUR MOUTH, DON'T EMBARRASS YOURSELF.

YOU KIDDING? GLIY'S A JOKE! HIS OWN CREW LEFT HIM IN THE COLD. HE'S A BUNCH OF ONE-LINERS IN A THRIFT STORE DUSTER!

YOU THINK YOU'RE SOMETHING? THINK YOU'RE HARD?



DID YOU NOT HEAR ME, LAWTON? OUTSIDE.

...AFTER YOU, MIZ WALLER.





LET'S GET SOMETHING *STRAIGHT*, DEADSHOT. YOU DON'T RAISE YOUR VOICE, YOU DON'T TAKE A *PISS* WITHOUT MY SAY-SO.

SO IT GOES WITHOUT *SAYING* YOU DON'T POP OFF UNLESS I *TELL* YOU TO. YOU'VE GOT A JOB TO DO, AND IT'S *NOT* MEASURING DICKS. *DON'T* WASTE MY TIME.



JUST TELL ME *ONE* THING.

AFTERTHOUGHT, THIS NEW *FIXER* OF YOURS, GETS A MISSION ALL TO HIMSELF WHILE I GET TO TAKE THE SPIRIT SQUAD TO RELOCATE *BENDIX*.

WHY DO I FEEL LIKE THE *B-TEAM*?

HENRY BENDIX IS THE MOST IMPORTANT MILITARY SCIENTIST SINCE THE *GARDENER*. MIDNIGHTER'S HIT ON THE CROW'S NEST COMPROMISED BENDIX'S LOCATION. HIS *UNIFIED* PROJECT REQUIRES KRYPTONIAN DNA, SOMETHING *INCREDIBLY* RARE, BUT NOT *IMPOSSIBLE* TO FIND, NOW THAT SUPERMAN BLEEDS.



AND *AFTERTHOUGHT ALONE* HAS A HIGHER SUCCESS RATE THAN YOUR *ENTIRE* TEAM.



YOU *ARE* THE *B-TEAM*, SON.



NOW GET TO WORK.