

SPACE SECTOR 2813.

THE THIRD MOON OF THE PLANET WAIN.

A CRIMINAL HAVEN WHERE SOMEONE PICKS YOUR POISON FOR YOU.

WHERE THE LAW WOULD RATHER LEAVE BAD ENOUGH ALONE.

UNTIL SOMETHING HAPPENS, AND THEY JUST CAN'T IGNORE IT ANY LONGER.

LANTERNS!
SCATTER!

TO THE
WARRENS!



BEFORE.

DAMN.

GET THE
SWAG OFF THE
STREETS!

WHERE DID
EVERYONE--?



THE
WARRENS!
HOW DO I GET
UNDER?!

LOOKING
TO SCURRY,
FRIEND?



TELL ME,
SCUMMER!



NICE
GLOVE.



I KNOW
WHO YOU
ARE.



YOU'D
DO BETTER
FORGETTING.



I NEVER
FORGET A MARK.
IF I GET BORED--
AND THERE'S MONEY
IN IT--I'LL LOOK
YOU UP.

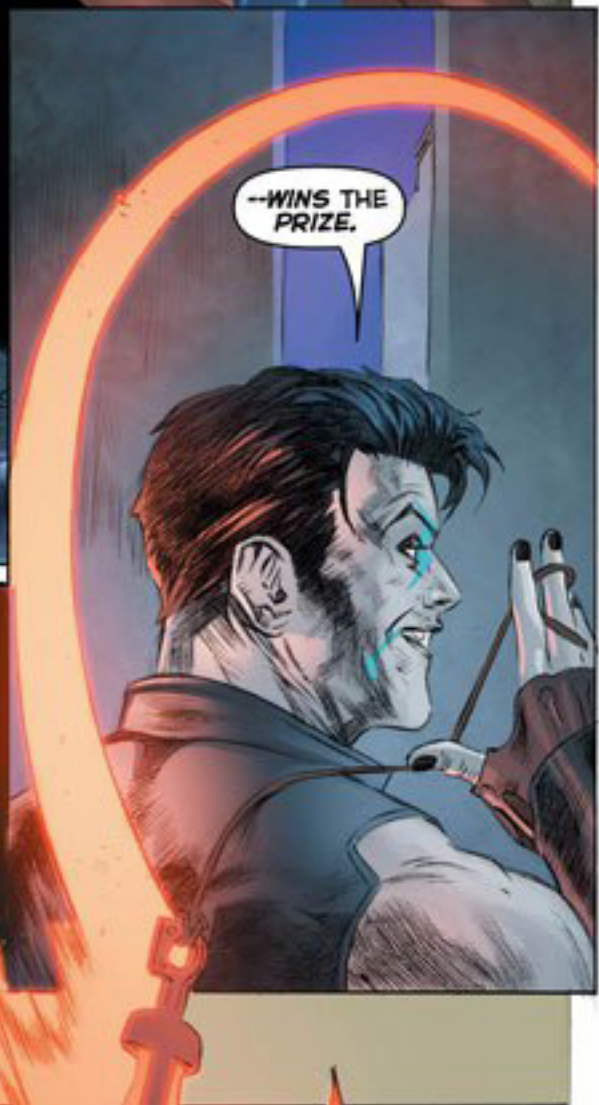
MEANTIME,
WELCOME TO
HOW THE
OTHER HALF
SURVIVES.



...YOU KNOW
A BETTER PLACE
TO GET OUT OF
SIGHT?

ME?
HIDE?

ANY COP
LUCKY ENOUGH
TO SEE ME--



--WINS THE
PRIZE.



SHUURRRRRRR









THE
RUNNING
IS FINISHED,
JORDAN.

YOU
ARE UNDER
ARREST.

FORMERLY THE LEADER OF THE INTERGALACTIC POLICE FORCE KNOWN AS THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS, HAL JORDAN IS NOW HUNTED BY COPS AND CRIMINALS ALIKE. IN A UNIVERSE OF RIGHT AND WRONG, BLACK AND WHITE, THE DEVIL IS

IN THE GRAY

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