



SLEEP IS GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT.



EXHAUSTED AS I AM, I CAN'T LET THIS STAND.

BASIC BECKY CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO IMPRISON MORE PEOPLE FOR CRIMES THEY HAVEN'T EVEN COMMITTED YET. SHE CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO DESTROY MORE FAMILIES, MORE LIVES...



THIS IS NOW AN "AT ALL COSTS" KIND OF SITUATION.

I WILL STOP HER. I WILL PUT AN END TO PREDICTIVE IN-JUSTICE.



EVEN IF IT MEANS BETRAYING THE ONE PERSON I ADMIRE MOST ON THIS EARTH.

Later that morning,
Just outside of town.

Look at me,
planning a
big heist!



I sure am
thinking
about a bunch of
questionable
things!

Like possibly
vaporizing
this lot of
old cars!



Thinking
thinking
think--



BOOM!



OOF!

Hijinx, I'm
hereby detaining
you for the next
twenty-five minutes,
until the threat
posed by the crime
you *would* have
committed has
passed.

Get
off me,
Judge Dredd
Barbie!





You think you're so funny--

Hey! **Bigfoot!** This is your cue!



Let Hijinx go. You're gonna have to deal with *me* instead.

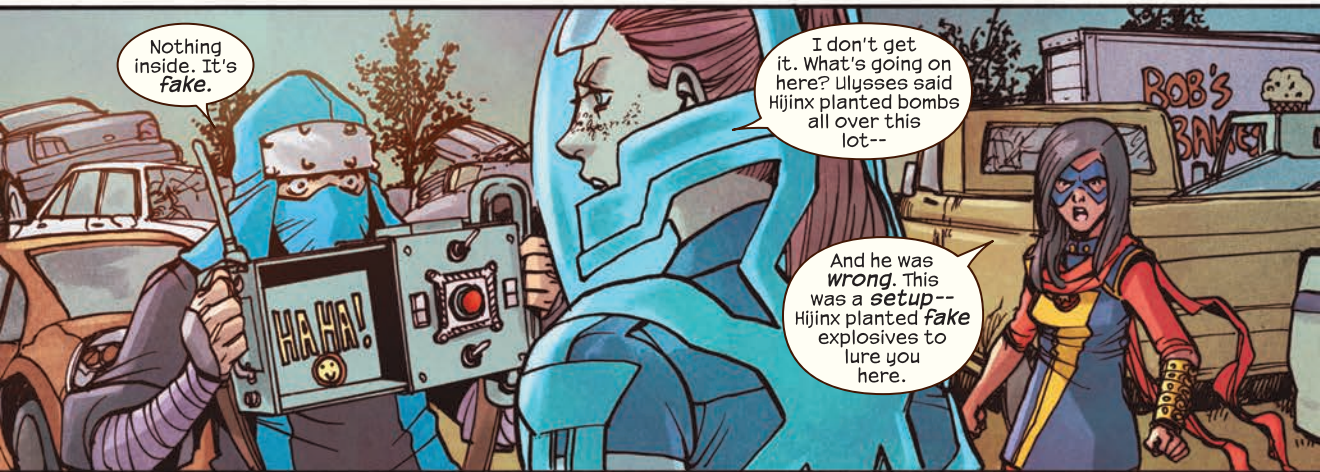


Well, well, well. A wild *Ms. Marvel* appears.

Freeing criminals instead of locking them up is becoming a *habit*, I see.

Not *this* time.

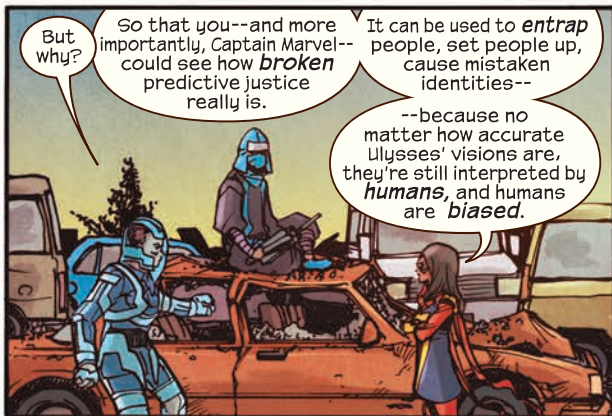
Hijinx, show her the *detonator*.



Nothing inside. It's *fake*.

I don't get it. What's going on here? Ulysses said Hijinx planted bombs all over this lot--

And he was *wrong*. This was a *setup*-- Hijinx planted *fake* explosives to lure you here.



But why?

So that you--and more importantly, Captain Marvel-- could see how *broken* predictive justice really is.

It can be used to *entrap* people, set people up, cause mistaken identities--

--because no matter how accurate Ulysses' visions are, they're still interpreted by *humans*, and humans are *biased*.



Cute. Very cute. Did you read that in an *anthropology* textbook?

You wanna know what *I* see going on here?

I see Jersey City's homegrown hero turning *traitor*.



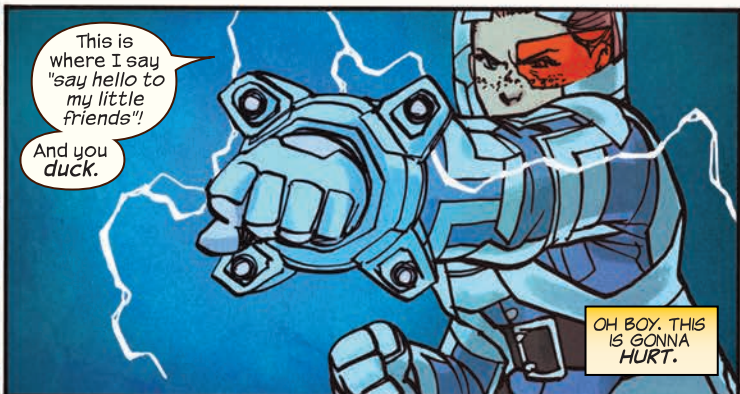
BOOM!



You--you *liar!* We agreed there'd be *no violence!* That was the whole *point!*

Sorry. I had to blow up *one* thing. Otherwise it wouldn't have been *convincing*. You know how psychics are with their *time paradoxes*--

You see? You *think* you're in control of this. But you're not.



This is where I say "say hello to my little friends!"
And you *duck*.

OH BOY. THIS IS GONNA *HURT*.