

LEAVE.  
I AM BUSY.





YOUR FATHER REQUESTS YOUR PRESENCE.



WE'RE GOING TO EARTH.



EARTH?

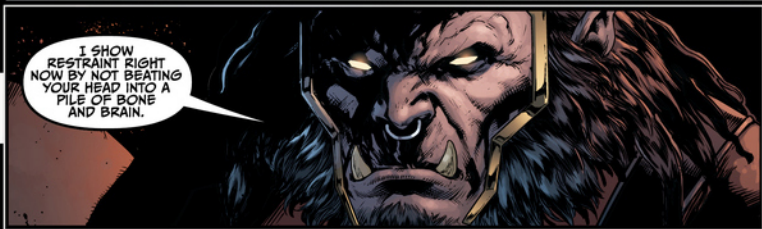
FATHER SUMMONS ME FOR BATTLE?

YES, BUT YOU WILL FOLLOW THE WAR PLANS THIS TIME.

YOU'VE KILLED TOO MANY OF OUR OWN SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY WERE IN YOUR PATH.

THAT IS ON THEM, STEPPENWOLF.

YOU NEED TO LEARN RESTRAINT.

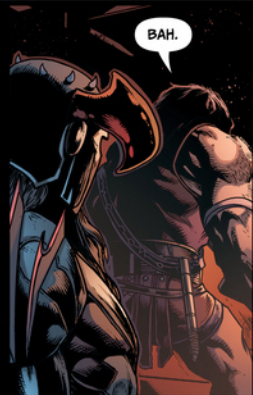


I SHOW RESTRAINT RIGHT NOW BY NOT BEATING YOUR HEAD INTO A PILE OF BONE AND BRAIN.



YOUR FATHER WANTS GRAIL AND HER MOTHER ALIVE. YOUR SISTER IS AT STAKE. HE COMMANDS YOU OBEY.

FOR DARKSEID.



BAH.



FOR KALIBAK.

# THE ROCK OF ETERNITY.

## THE HIDDEN FORTRESS OF SHAZAM.

WE'VE LEARNED DARKSEID IS RETURNING TO EARTH, BUT THERE'S ANOTHER MONSTER ALREADY HERE.

WHO IS THE ANTI-MONITOR?

...

I ASK AGAIN... WHO IS THE ANTI-MONITOR?

PING

IT'S THE ONLY THING MY MOBIUS CHAIR DOESN'T KNOW.

YOUR MOBIUS CHAIR?

IT BELONGS TO ME NOW, JORDAN. IT'S MINE.

I AM DIANA, DAUGHTER OF THE AMAZONS.

AND DESPITE MY OWN FATHER BEING A GOD-- OR MAYBE BECAUSE OF IT-- I'VE NEVER TRUSTED THEM.

DC COMICS™ PROUDLY PRESENTS:

# THE JUSTICE LEAGUE

# DARKSEID WAR

## CHAPTER THREE: TAKEN

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SUPERMAN created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster. By special arrangement with the Jerry Siegel family. THE NEW GODS created by Jack Kirby.

YOU NEED TO GET OFF THAT CHAIR BEFORE IT DOES ANY PERMANENT DAMAGE.

GET OFF IT, LANTERN? IT'S INFORMATION WE COULDN'T GET ANY OTHER WAY.

IT'S MAINLINING INTO YOUR BRAIN, BATMAN. THAT'S NOT GOOD, WHATEVER KIND OF INFORMATION YOU'RE RECEIVING, MY RING SHOULD BE ABLE TO ACCESS THE CHAIR'S DATABASE--

THE RING'S LIMITED STORAGE CAPABILITIES AREN'T COMPATIBLE WITH MY CHAIR.

I APPRECIATE YOUR CONCERN, I DO, BUT I'VE HAD MORE EXPERIENCE WITH DARKSEID AND APOKOLIPS THAN MOST OF YOU.

BUT NOT WHILE HOOKED UP TO ANY ALIEN TECH.

WHEN MY DAD FIRST PLUGGED ME INTO A MOTHER BOX, I GOT A GLIMPSE OF APOKOLIPS THAT ALMOST DROVE ME MAD.

IF ANY ONE OF US CAN TAKE ON THAT CHAIR IT'S YOU, BATMAN. BUT MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T RISK IT.

HE KEEPS FLOATING HIGHER ABOVE US.

DO I, COLONEL TREVOR?

BATMAN, COME DOWN AND TALK--

I CAN HANDLE THIS, DIANA.

I CAN.

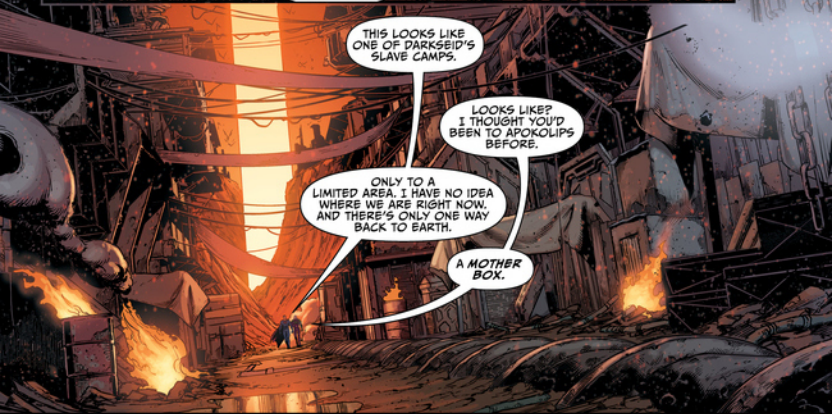
"I SUPPOSE YOU WANT A THANK-YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE?"



NOT ESPECIALLY, LUTHOR, NO.

MY ARMOR'S MEDICAL MODE WOULD'VE KICKED IN ANYWAY.

I'M SURE IT WOULD HAVE. NEXT TIME I'LL REFRAIN FROM TRYING TO HELP.



THIS LOOKS LIKE ONE OF DARKSEID'S SLAVE CAMPS.

LOOKS LIKE? I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN TO APOKOLIPS BEFORE.

ONLY TO A LIMITED AREA. I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE WE ARE RIGHT NOW, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY BACK TO EARTH.

A MOTHER BOX.

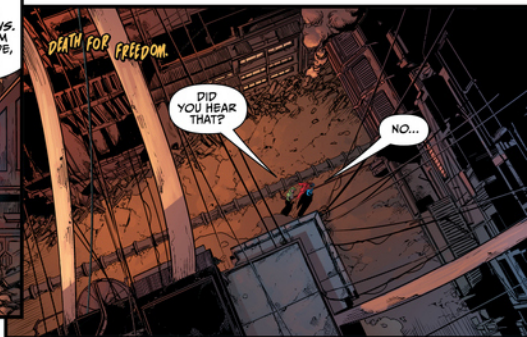


I'M BETTING THE SLAVE MASTER OF THIS CAMP HAS ONE, WE NEED TO FIND HIM...

...BUT MY X-RAY VISION ISN'T WORKING. THERE MUST BE LEAD IN THE AIR.



I'M DETECTING HIGH LEVELS OF EXOGENOUS TOXINS. CADMIUM, POLONIUM, AND MERCURIC OXIDE, BUT VERY LITTLE LEAD.



DID YOU HEAR THAT?

NO...