

The Throne of Atlantis.



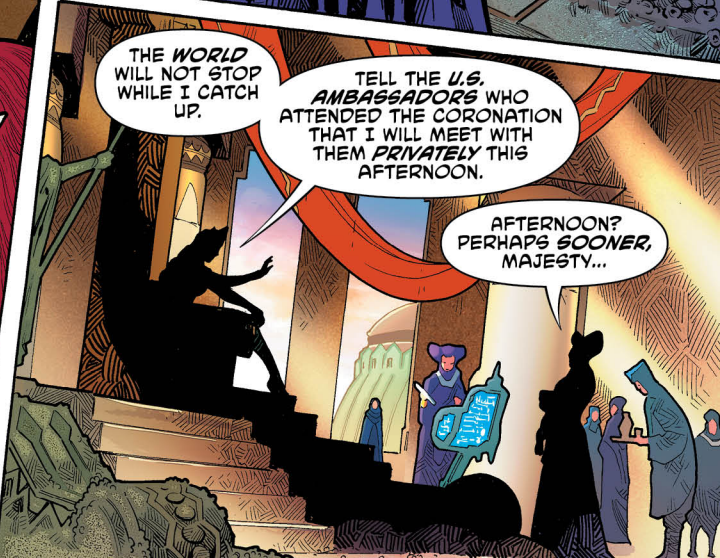
SO...
...I AM
QUEEN.
THIS
IS WHAT
IT FEELS
LIKE.

THE
CORONATION WAS
MAGNIFICENT, YOUR
MAJESTY.



THE FULL...
SIGNIFICANCE
IS STILL SINKING
IN, CETEA. I DON'T
KNOW WHERE
TO BEGIN.

PERHAPS
A DAY OR TWO
OF REFLECTION
BEFORE
YOU--



THE WORLD
WILL NOT STOP
WHILE I CATCH
UP.

TELL THE U.S.
AMBASSADORS WHO
ATTENDED THE CORONATION
THAT I WILL MEET WITH
THEM PRIVATELY THIS
AFTERNOON.

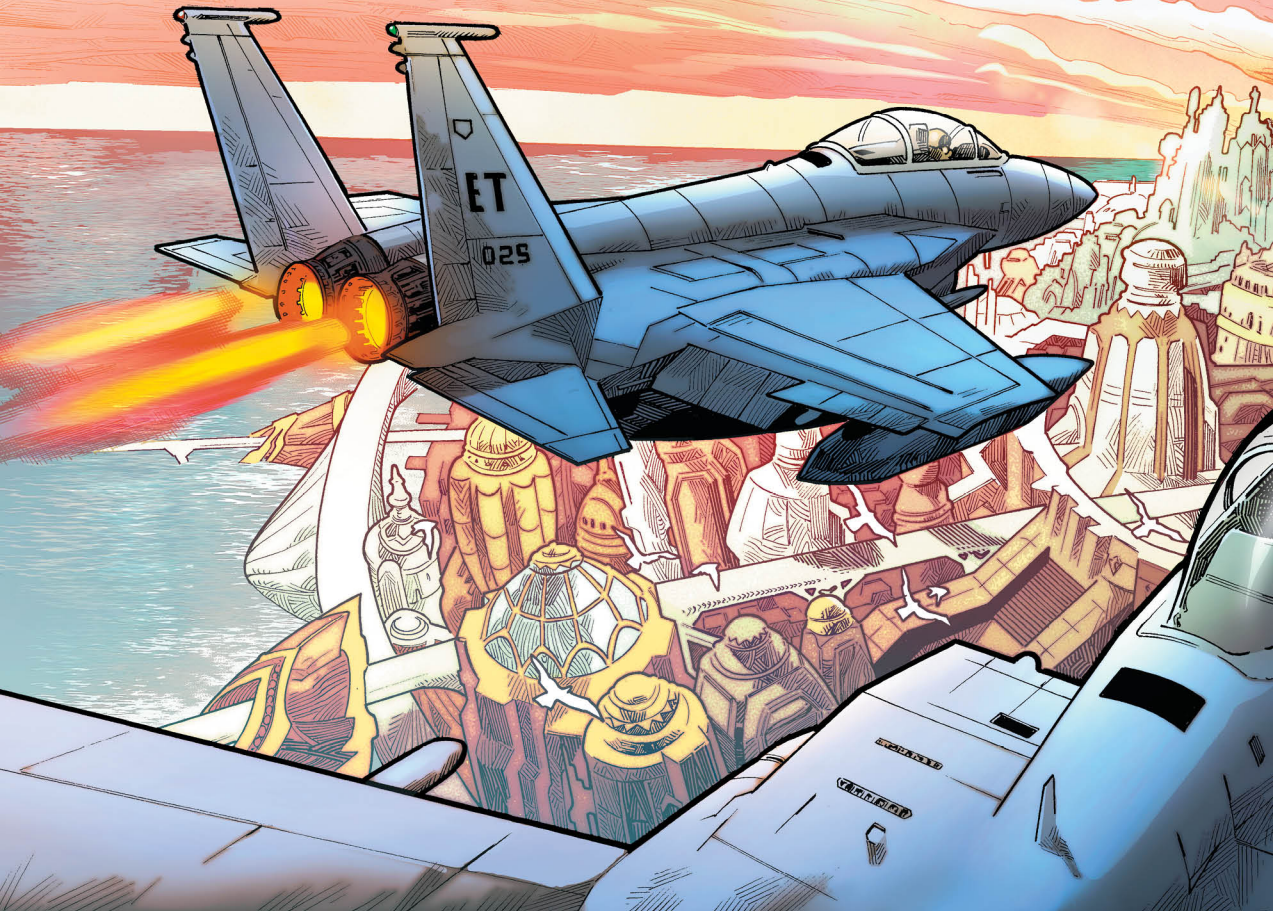
AFTERNOON?
PERHAPS SOONER,
MAJESTY...

"...GIVEN THE RECENT AND DRASTIC CHANGE IN OUR NATION'S SITUATION.

Atlantis, Risen.

"WE ARE AN EVIDENT AND **VISIBLE** THREAT TO THE SURFACE WORLD, AND WE MUST HASTEN TO ENSURE THIS DOES **NOT** PROVOKE THEM INTO **UNWISE** RESPONSE.

"**ALREADY** THEY PATROL AND SURVEY, AND PREPARE THEIR MILITARY."



MY FIRST ACTS AS QUEEN MUST BE FOR **ATLANTIS**.

MANY CITIZENS WERE **HARMED** IN THE TUMULT THAT BROUGHT OUR NATION TO THE SURFACE.

AND LET US NOT FORGET THOSE WOUNDED IN THE WAR AGAINST **CORUM RATH**.

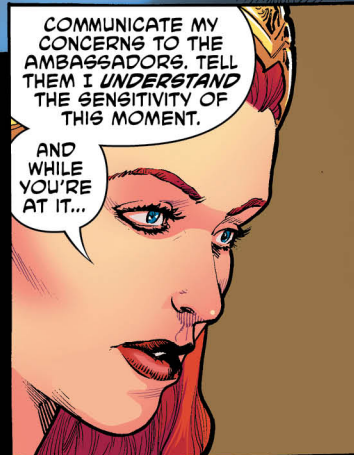
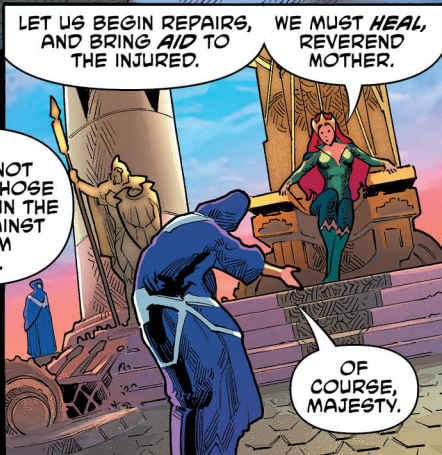
LET US BEGIN REPAIRS, AND BRING **AID** TO THE INJURED.

WE MUST **HEAL**, REVEREND MOTHER.

COMMUNICATE MY CONCERNS TO THE AMBASSADORS. TELL THEM I **UNDERSTAND** THE SENSITIVITY OF THIS MOMENT.

AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT...

OF COURSE, MAJESTY.





SINK ATLANTIS!

PART TWO

STORY: DAN ABNETT AND ROB WILLIAMS SCRIPT: ABNETT
PENCILS: JOE BENNETT INKS: VICENTE CIFUENTES COLORS: ADRIANO LUCAS
LETTERS: STEVE WANDS COVER: RAFA SANDOVAL AND IVAN PLASCENCIA
VARIANT COVER: JOSHUA MIDDLETON ASSISTANT EDITOR: ANDREA SHEA
EDITORS: ALEH ANTONE AND KATIE KUBERT
GROUP EDITOR: BRIAN CUNNINGHAM

"...PLEASE FIND OUT WHERE
THE HELL ARTHUR IS."

ARE
YOU BUSY,
MURK?

Security Watch Station,
Atlantis.



YOU DON'T
LOOK BUSY.

JUST STANDING
VIGIL. MASS CROWDS
CELEBRATING QUEEN MERA'S
CORONATION IN THE STREET,
AND TOO MANY DRY-MOUTH
DIGNITARIES AROUND
FOR MY LIKING.

DEFENSE OF
THE REALM IS
MY JOB...

...EVEN IF I'M
NOT FIT TO DO
IT IN PERSON, I
CAN CALL THE
SHOTS.

AT LEAST
YOU'RE ALIVE,
MURK.

AYE...
"THANKS"
TO YOU.

YOU SHOULD
HAVE LEFT ME
AND KILLED RATH
THERE AND
THEN.*

*IN ISSUE #37!
--ALEX

I HEAR
YOU STILL
LET HIM GO
IN THE
END.

WHAT
WAS LEFT
OF HIM. HE'S
GONE. THAT'S
ALL THAT
MATTERS.

AND I
DON'T HAVE TO
EXPLAIN MYSELF
TO YOU, I DIDN'T
COME FOR A CHAT.

YOU HAVE
EYES EVERYWHERE.
HOW CLOSE ARE THE
AMERICAN FORCES
GETTING?

THEY'RE NOT HAPPY.
SUBMARINES OFF THE
COAST. WARPLANES PASSING
OVERHEAD ON REGULAR
CIRCUITS.

THEY'RE
MASSING A FLEET
TASK FORCE IN THE
MID-ATLANTIC.

THE
SCIENCE ELDERS
CONFIRM WE ARE
TARGET-LOCKED
BY THEIR ORBITAL
WEAPON
SYSTEMS.

EXACTLY WHAT YOU'D
EXPECT WHEN AN ANCIENT
ENEMY APPEARS ON
YOUR DOORSTEP.

YOUR DOING, I
UNDERSTAND?

A RELIC
OF BATMAN'S
METAL-MAGIC THAT
CAME BACK TO
HAUNT ME.*

*IN DARK
NIGHTS:
METAL!



HAUNT *ALL* OF US. YOU'VE MADE US BLOODY DRY-MOUTHS!

OR MAYBE *THAT'S* WHAT YOU WANTED ALL ALONG?

NO. I JUST...



GOD KNOWS *WHAT* I WANTED. NOT *THIS*.



MURK, THE AMERICAN SHOW OF FORCE IS JUST *THAT*. A *SHOW*.

THEY'RE NOT GOING TO STRIKE *OPENLY*. NOT WITH THE WORLD WATCHING.

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THEY WON'T BE *PREEMPTIVE*.



COVERT? SOMETHING *DIRTY*?

THEY'VE DONE IT *BEFORE*. BLACK OPS. SURGICAL STRIKES.

I WANT TO KNOW *EVERYTHING* YOU SEE. *ANY* HINT OF AN INFILTRATION.



AND MERA CAN'T KNOW OR SHE'LL BE DUTY-BOUND TO RESPOND *OFFICIALLY*.

SO WHO WILL--?

ME. I WILL.

TRUST ME, THE LESS MERA KNOWS...



"...THE BETTER."

THIS? *THIS* IS HOW WE SINK ATLANTIS AND BRING *PEACE* TO THE WORLD?