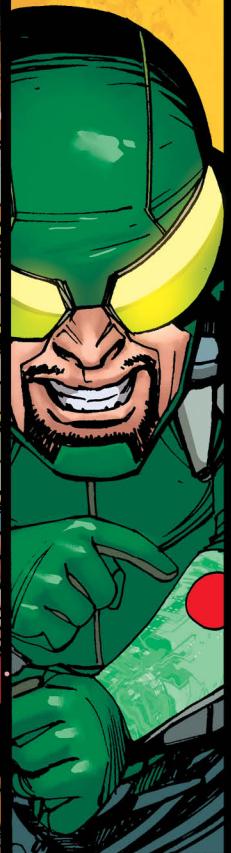
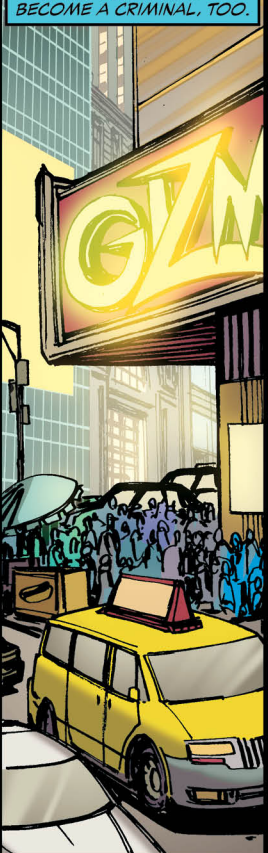


CHECK IT: OUR NEXT TARGET'S THIS GUY NAMED GIZMO.

A.K.A. MIKRON O'JENEUS. NAME LIKE THAT. I'D BECOME A CRIMINAL, TOO.

GUESS HE USED TO ROLL WITH SOME GROUP CALLED THE FEARSOME FIVE.

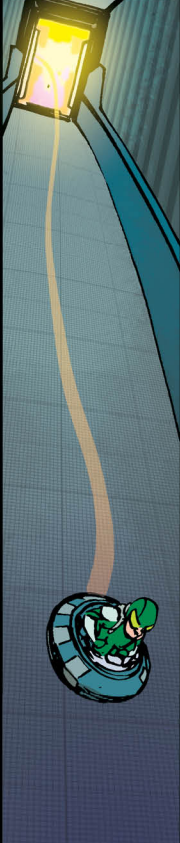
BUT ROBIN SAYS IT'S ALL BULL.



'CEPT NOW HE'S REFORMED. OWNS A TOY STORE RIGHT IN TIMES SQUARE.

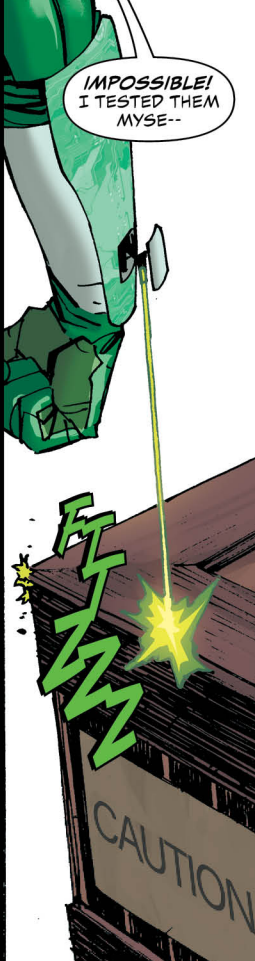
THE COMPANY'S A FRONT FOR HIS ILLEGAL WEAPONS OPERATION...

...JUST LIKE ON TV. SO COOL, RIGHT?!



WHAT IS THIS?

RETURNED SHIPMENT. THE BUYER SAYS THE WEAPONS WERE DEFECTIVE?



IMPOSSIBLE! I TESTED THEM MYSE--

CAUTION

AND THAT'S WHERE WE COME IN.

I'M BILLY WU, THE DASHING BLOND IN THE SICK SUPER SUIT. MY TEAMMATES CALL ME ROUNDHOUSE.

AND WE'RE THE FRIGGIN'

TEEN TITANS

THANKS, GIZMO! IT WAS GETTING REAL RIPE IN THERE.

SAYS THE GUY WHO NEVER TAKES HIS ARMOR OFF.

IT'S HARD GETTING IN AND OUT OF THIS THING!

TRY WEARING A BRA EVERY DAY.

BOTH OF YOU SHUT UP AND HIT SOMETHING.

FUL-TILT BOOGIE!

ADAM GLASS
writer

BERNARD CHANG
artist

MARCELO MAIOLA
colorist

ROB LEIGH
letterer

ANDREA SHEA
assistant editor

ALEX ANTONE
editor

CHANG & WIL QUINTANA
cover

ALEX GARNER
variant cover

BRIAN CUNNINGHAM
group editor

THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK!

THAT'S CRUSH. THE MOST BADASS GIRL I'VE EVER MET.

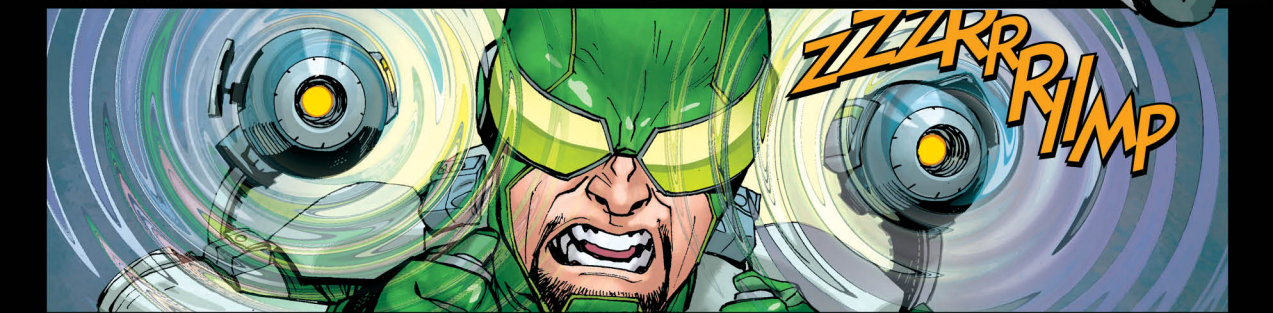
WE'VE ALREADY GOT THIS MOVE WHERE SHE THROWS ME INTO STUFF.

TRUST ME, IT'S TIGHT.

VIPP VIPP VIPP



ZZZRRR RIIIMP



FZZZZZ

OOF!

THAT WAS EPIC.

YEOW! HAD TO HURT, THOUGH.





THIS IS MY MAIN MAN, KID FLASH. I OWE HIM EVERYTHING.

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE.

WAIT!



HE SAW ME ON VIEWTUBE AND GOT ME A SPOT ON THE TEAM.

"WAIT" AIN'T IN MY VOCAB, GIRL.



TELL ME YOU'RE RECORDING, ROUNDHOUSE.

NO BUENO, I KEEP MELTING MY CELL PHONES. DIDN'T WANNA DO THE SAME TO YOURS.

I KNOW, I'M FULL OF CONTRADICTIONS.

MY THERAPIST THINKS IT'S A DEFENSE MECHANIS--

YOU BUILT YOUR OWN SUPERARMOR, BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP A PHONE FROM MELTING?!



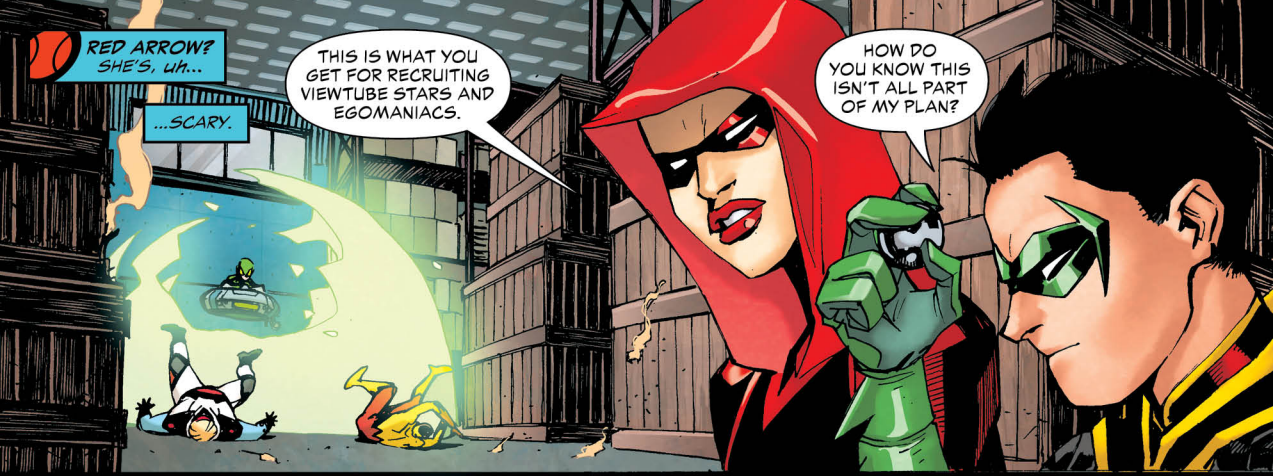
UNFI!

--OOFI!

THUNK

PRETTY SURE WE'RE GONNA BE BFFS 4EVER.

I CAN JUST FEEL IT, Y'KNOW?

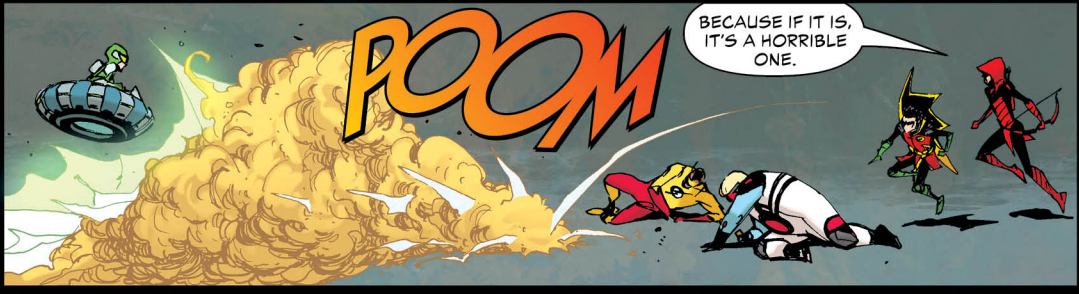


RED ARROW?
SHE'S, uh...

...SCARY.

THIS IS WHAT YOU
GET FOR RECRUITING
VIEWTUBE STARS AND
EGOMANIACS.

HOW DO
YOU KNOW THIS
ISN'T ALL PART
OF MY PLAN?

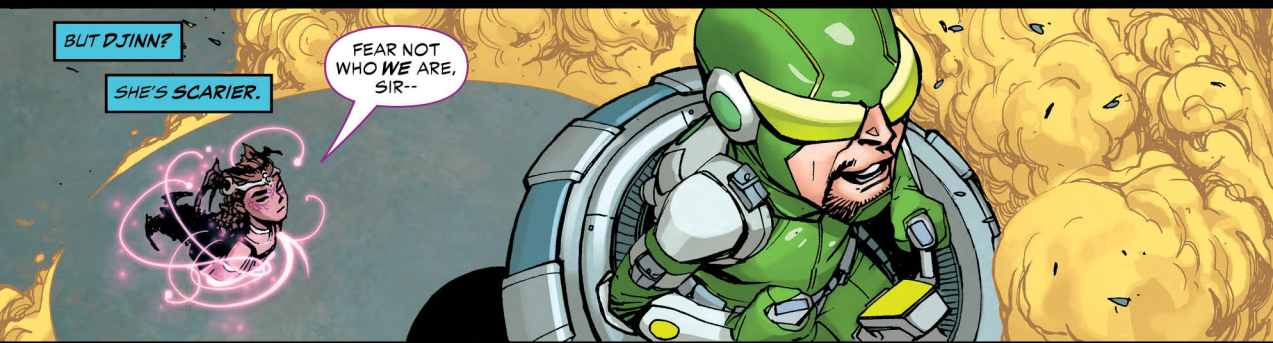


POOM

BECAUSE IF IT IS,
IT'S A HORRIBLE
ONE.



WHO
THE HELL ARE
YOU KIDS?



BUT DJINN?

SHE'S SCARIER.

FEAR NOT
WHO WE ARE,
SIR--



--BUT
RATHER WHAT
YOU FEAR.



WHAT
THE--
NO...
NO!!



I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE
HUMAN FEAR OF BUGS.

GET 'EM
OFF ME!
GET--

SUCH
CHARMING
CREATURES.
SUCH TINY
FACES...



THWUNK

HRK!



SEE? IT ALL WORKED OUT.

LUCK IS NOT A STRATEGY WE SHOULD RELY ON.

RELAAXX. WE BEAT THE GUY, DIDN'T WE?

BARELY. WE'VE GOT TO BE MORE PREPARED.

WE'RE HEROES. WE'RE ALWAYS PREPARED.

MAYBE AS INDIVIDUALS, BUT NOT AS A TEAM. WE NEED MORE TRAINING TOGETHER. WE'RE SLOPPY.

RED ARROW'S RIGHT. WE'VE HAD NO TIME TO GEL.

AND WHEN WE'RE TRACKING AN ELUSIVE SUPERCriminal LIKE **THE OTHER**, WE HAVE TO BE ON OUR GAME.*

Y'ALL TAKE THIS STUFF SO SERIOUSLY, JEEZ.

NO BLOOD, NO FOUL, RIGHT?

*THE OTHER IS A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE WHO ROBIN BELIEVES IS ORGANIZING COSTUMED CRIMINALS. --A/ex