

TO USE A BOW AND
ARROW REQUIRES
PATIENCE AND
DISCIPLINE.

THE
GUN SHOULD
TELL YOU I'VE
RUN OUT OF
PATIENCE.

TAKE ME TO
FELICITY.



YOU REALLY
HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT IS GOING
ON, DO YOU?



WHUMP



I HAVE A
PRETTY GOOD
IDEA.

WHAT'S
"GOING ON"
IS ME ASKING
FOR THE LAST
TIME.

WHERE. IS.
FELICITY?



FIRST
THINGS
FIRST.





SORRY. STOPPED TO PICK UP A FRIEND.

HELLO, OLIVER.

YOU KNEW HE STILL HAD ONE BULLET LEFT IN THE CHAMBER, RIGHT?

LET'S MOVE. HOGUE WILL HAVE REINFORCEMENTS INSIDE.



HELENA, AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE IN PRISON?

TEMPORARY FURLOUGH COURTESY OF LYLA MICHAELS.

YOUR LATEST PROJECT--THAT WOULD BE ROY--BRIEFED ME.

YOU'RE BOTH ASSUMING A LOT, ASKING ME TO HELP YOU RESCUE YOUR NEW GIRLFRIEND.



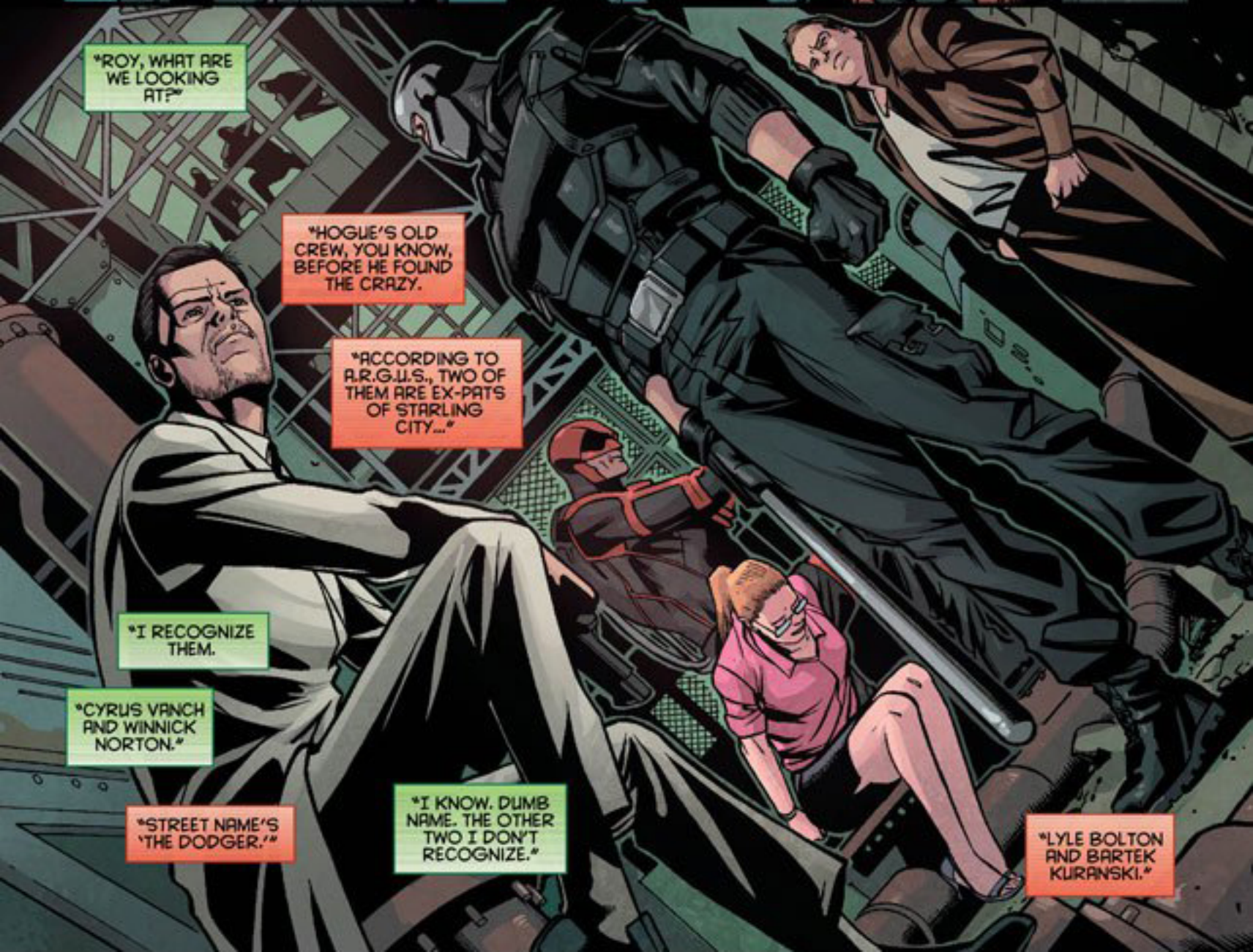
SHE'S NOT MY GIRLFRIEND.

SHE'S NOT HIS GIRLFRIEND.



BUT SHE'S SOMEONE I CARE ABOUT. LIKE I CARE ABOUT YOU.

... THEN LET'S GET HER BACK.



ROY, WHAT ARE WE LOOKING AT?

*HOGUE'S OLD CREW, YOU KNOW, BEFORE HE FOUND THE CRAZY.

ACCORDING TO A.R.G.U.S., TWO OF THEM ARE EX-PATS OF STARLING CITY...

*I RECOGNIZE THEM.

CYRUS VANCH AND WINNICK NORTON.

STREET NAME'S 'THE DODGER.'

I KNOW. DUMB NAME. THE OTHER TWO I DON'T RECOGNIZE.

LYLE BOLTON AND BARTEK KURANSKI.



WHAT'S THE PLAY?

FOUR BOLTS, FOUR BODIES WORKS FOR ME.

THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW. I DON'T KILL ANYMORE.

REALLY? I'M PRETTY SURE IF THE COUNT WAS STILL ALIVE HE'D HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT.

LET ME GUESS: HE THREATENED THE BOTTLE BLONDE DOWN THERE.

THAT WAS...
...DIFFERENT.

IT WAS HER OR HIM.
I CHOOSE HER.

MAYBE AFTER WE SAVE HER SHE CAN TELL ME WHAT THAT FEEL'S LIKE.



YOU LOOK FAMILIAR. HAVE WE MET?

OKAY, EVEN IF I *WASN'T* TIED TO A CHAIR, THAT WOULD BE THE WORLD'S *WORST* PICKUP LINE.

TWO YEAR'S AGO. I GAVE YOU A NECKLACE.

YOU PUT AN EXPLOSIVE COLLAR AROUND MY NECK.



I *KNEW* WE'D MET.

STOW IT.

HOGUE'S *LATE*. SOMETHING'S WRONG.



HE'S NOT ANSWERING HIS CELL.

IT'S THE ARROW.

SHUT UP.

NO, I'M SERIOUS.



I'VE BEEN AT THIS HERO THING A LITTLE WHILE AND I'VE GOT, LIKE, A SIXTH SENSE FOR WHEN THINGS ARE ABOUT TO GO SOUTH FOR THE BAD GUYS.

THE "BAD GUYS" THAT WOULD BE, WELL, *YOU* GUYS.

HOGUE TOLD US TO KEEP YOU ALIVE.

DIDN'T SAY *ANYTHING* 'BOUT KEEPING YOU *INTACT*.



REMEMBER HOW I TOLD YOU THE ARROW WOULD TAKE YOU DOWN FIRST? PUT ONE RIGHT IN YOUR KNEECAP?

I FORGOT TO MENTION...

...*AFTER* THAT, I'M GOING TO KICK YOU IN THE JUNK AS HARD AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE.



YOU'VE GOT A SMART TONGUE ON YOU.



BOYS... CUT IT OUT.



