



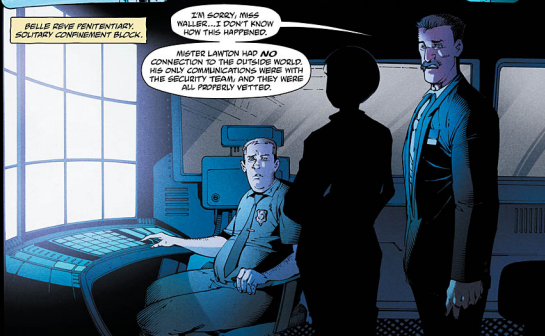
BELLE REVE PENITENTIARY,
SOLITARY CONFINEMENT BLOCK.



WHERE
THE HELL
IS HE?!

I'M SORRY, MISS
WALLER... I DON'T KNOW
HOW THIS HAPPENED.

MISTER LAWTON HAD **NO**
CONNECTION TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.
HIS ONLY COMMUNICATIONS WERE WITH
THE SECURITY TEAM, AND THEY WERE
ALL PROPERLY VETTED.



YOU'RE TELLING
ME HE HAD **NO**
HELP?

NO, MA'AM. HE
DID NOT.

THEN
SOMEBODY
SCREWED
UP.



YES, MA'AM.

ROLL THE
DAMN VIDEOS.
THREE TIMES
SPEED...





"STOP. HE'S TALKING TO SOMEONE..."

"PLAY BACK WITH AUDIO."

"HEY BOSS, I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU FOR TWO DAYS, THE CRAPPER IS ALL STOPPED UP."



"SUCKS FOR YOU."

"SOME-THING'S GOTTA BE DONE."

"CALL A PLUMBER."

"SURE THING, LET ME BORROW YOUR CELL PHONE."



"FOR WHAT? AIN'T NO RADIO OR CELL SIGNALS ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE--"

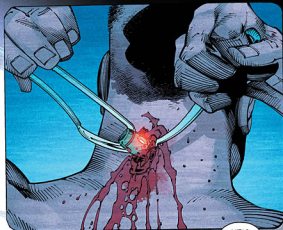
"YOU TOLD HIM HE WAS UNDERGROUND."



"IS THAT A SCALPEL?"

"SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS CRAFTED FROM SILVERWARE... THAT WAS LEFT IN HIS CELL."





HE'S CUTTING OUT THE BOMB.

HOW IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?

HE DOESN'T MISS.



THOOM



WHAT HAPPENED?

HE BRASED THE TAPES SO WE CAN'T SEE WHERE HE WENT.

HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR, THOUGH. HE'S PROBABLY PASSED OUT SOMEWHERE FROM BLOOD LOSS... RIGHT?



BRADSHAW, WE FOUND GILES. HE WAS KNOCKED OUT COLD.

This may not
be the best idea
I have ever had...

KATANA *in*
Call her...
Nale

MIKE W. BARR *writer*
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CARY NORD *cover artist*
JESSICA CHEN *assistant editor*
KRISTY QUINN *editor*
Katana created by **Mike W. Barr** and **Jim Aparo**

...but it may be our last chance
to bring Kobra to justice!



FIVE MINUTES AGO--ABOARD KOBRA'S AIRBORNE ARK.

W-WHAT IS THIS, MY LORD KOBRA?

THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF MY LIFE, DR. JACE...

...AN ENERGY MANIFESTATION SOME OF MY JUNIOR OFFICERS WHIMSICALLY CALL AN "AURAKLE."

RELEASE US...

"IT WAS DISCOVERED WHEN I MONITORED THE COLLISION OF GRAVITATIONAL WAVES FROM COLLIDING BLACK HOLES. I FOUND IT WHEN IT MIGRATED TO THIS SPACE...

"...AND CAPTURED IT, MASKING MY EFFORTS TO KIDNAP YOU WITH AN INVASION OF THIS PISSANT LAND.

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL CREATURE; CURIOUS, INTELLIGENT AND POWERFUL.

MY FIRST THOUGHT, OF COURSE--

WAS TO LEARN ITS NATURE? TO SEEK OUT ITS ORIGIN?





HAIL, NAJA-NAJA! YOUR ENEMIES ATTEMPTED TO BOARD THIS VESSEL JUST MOMENTS AGO, USING A USURPED CODE--

AND?



"...AND WE DESTROYED THEM, MY LORD! THEY WILL NO LONGER DEFY YOU!"



AND YOU DECLARED THE ARK TO ACCOMPLISH THIS?

WELL... OF COURSE, MY LORD, BUT--



ALL TANKS, THIS IS PRINCE BRION! COMMENCE FIRING! NOW!





COMMENCE AERIAL BOMBARDMENT!



MY LORD! WHAT TRANSPIRES?

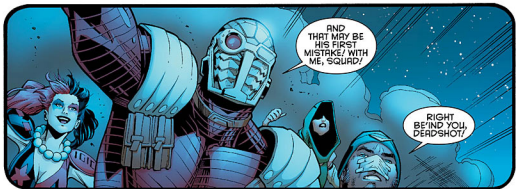
TO MAIN COMMAND, EVE--
LEST WE ARE UNDONE!

WHA
WAAAA
WAAAA



WOW, ENCHANTRESS,
THAT WAS WEIRD--?

I SIMPLY PROJECTED OUR
IMAGES, HARLEY QUINN!
KOBRA THINKS US
DESTROYED...



AND THAT MAY BE
HIS FIRST
MISTAKE! WITH
ME, SQUAD!

RIGHT
BE'IND YOU,
DEADSHOT!



I ASSUME
COMMAND,
OFFICER!

EVE--
RELIEVE HER
OF HER
POST!

NAJA-
NAJA, NO!
I TRIED---



SHE HAS
BEEN RELIEVED,
MY LOVE!

HRRKkkkk--