



RETURN THE BOY!

THUD

WHUG!

RETURN THE BOY, YOU WORTHLESS ANIMAL!

NOTHING REQUIRES YOU. YOU MAKE OUR EXISTENCE UGLY WITH YOUR PRESENCE. GIVE ME THE BOY OR YOUR LIFE IS FORFEIT.

PURE POETRY, OLD FRIEND.



UH...

BUT HE WON'T TELL YOU IF YOU SMASH HIS BRAINS IN.

ORION...

HE HAS BRAINS?

THIS... "THING..." TOOK AWAY A BOY... A CHILD THAT WAS IN MY CHARGE. IF I MUST, I'LL BEAT IT OUT...



ON THE OTHER HAND...

WE HAVE FIVE FINGERS.

HUH...? NOT FUNNY.

I CAN BRING YOU TO YOUR SON.

S-STAY STILL.

HE'S NOT... ...YOU CAN?

YES, I CAN.

GOOD. ORION, I NEED YOU TO...

LET'S SEE HOW
THIS MONSTER DEALS
WITH OBLIVION!

AHHH-GH!

THAT WILL
LAST QUITE A
LONG TIME.

HUGGL!

CHONG

YOU HAVE
A WAY WITH
THESE SORTS
OF THINGS,
ORION.

SUBTLE...BUT
EFFECTIVE.

SUN of NEW GODS

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NEW GODS CREATED BY JACK KIRBY
SPECIAL THANKS TO KRISTINE STONE



SHALL WE GO AND FIND THAT BOY OF YOURS NOW?

ORION...

...HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY KNOW WHERE MY...WHERE RAFI IS KEPT?

I AM...TO MY SHAME... AND AS YOU KNOW, THE SON OF DARKSEID.

AS SUCH...AND AGAIN, TO MY SHAME...I AM PRIVY TO MANY OF THE SECRETS OF FOUL APOKOLIPS.



HERE, IN SPITE OF MYSELF... PEOPLE...HOLD ME IN... HONOR.

LITTLE, OF IMPORTANCE, IS KEPT FROM ME.



THE BOY...IS IMPORTANT TO ME, ORION. CAN YOU...REALLY?



OF COURSE. LET ME PUT MY "FACE" BACK ON. A SECOND ONLY.

THERE IS ONE QUESTION.

THE BOY... OR THE LAUNCH?



WHAT LAUNCH IS THAT?

JUST UP AHEAD. UP TO NOW... FROM A HIDDEN LOCATION.



AH.
THERE!

WHAT
IS IT?

THEY SAY IT'S
A MOTE.

A MOTE...
FROM
WHAT?



A RED SUN
MOTE... I'M
TOLD.

WH...
FROM WHO?