



**RUN!**

**GRRRAARRR**

THE MOST INCREDIBLE  
THING HAS HAPPENED.

**HEY!**

MR.  
TERRIFIC, CAN  
WE PLEASE LEAVE  
PLASTIC MAN  
BEHIND AS A  
DECOY?

NOT  
THIS TIME,  
METAMORPHO.

WELL, TWO THINGS  
ACTUALLY, BUT I DON'T  
WANT TO GET AHEAD  
OF MYSELF.

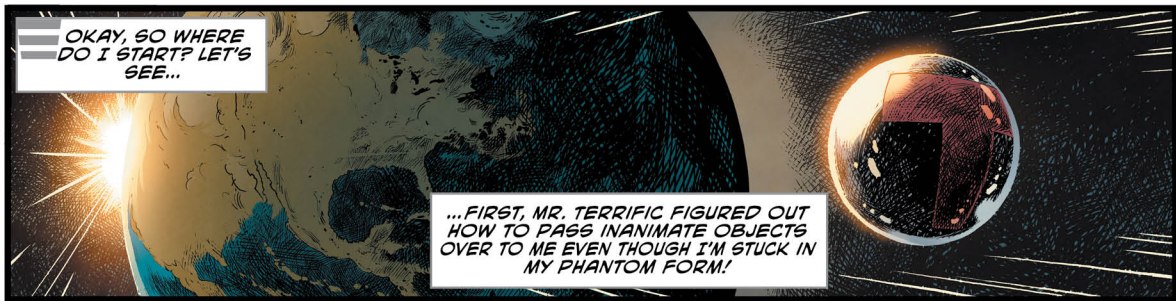
**THE GIRL FROM BGZTL!**

**DOC SHANER  
& JEFF LEMIRE  
STORYTELLERS**

NATHAN FAIRBAIRN COLORS TOM NAPOLITANO LETTERS  
COVER BY DOC SHANER ANDREW MARINO ASSISTANT EDITOR  
PAUL KAMINSKI EDITOR MARIE JAVINS GROUP EDITOR

LET'S GO  
BACK A BIT...

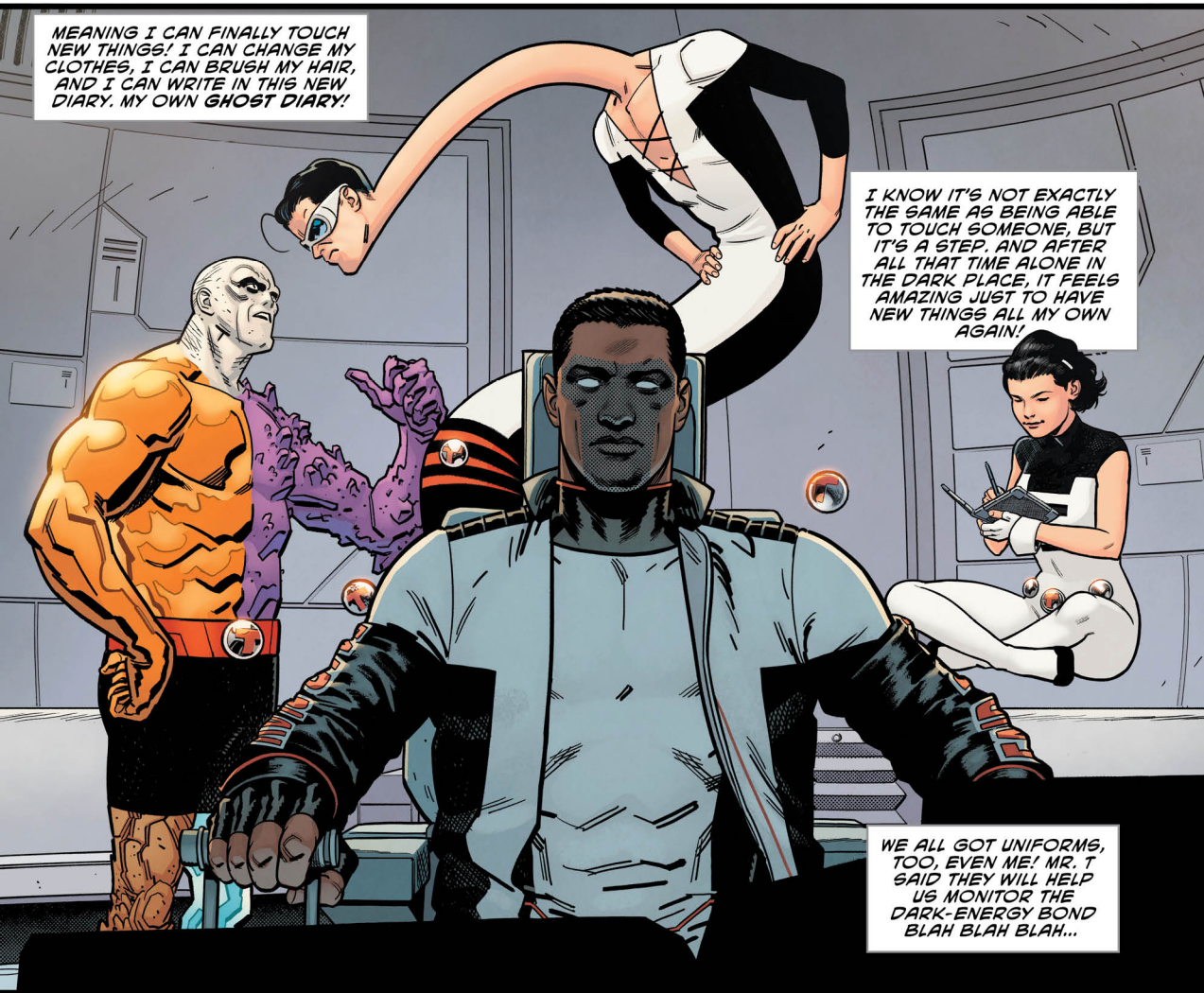




OKAY, SO WHERE DO I START? LET'S SEE...

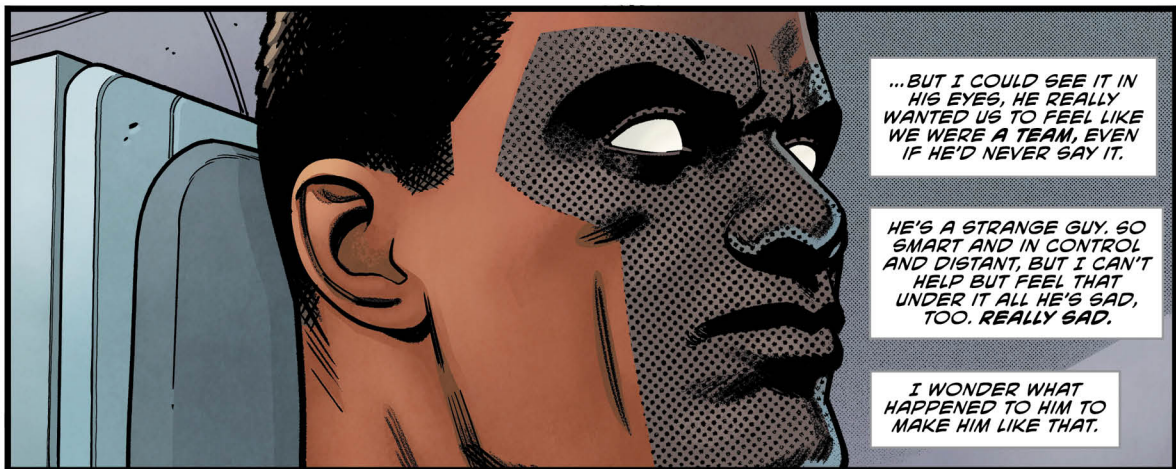
...FIRST, MR. TERRIFIC FIGURED OUT HOW TO PASS INANIMATE OBJECTS OVER TO ME EVEN THOUGH I'M STUCK IN MY PHANTOM FORM!

MEANING I CAN FINALLY TOUCH NEW THINGS! I CAN CHANGE MY CLOTHES, I CAN BRUSH MY HAIR, AND I CAN WRITE IN THIS NEW DIARY. MY OWN GHOST DIARY!



I KNOW IT'S NOT EXACTLY THE SAME AS BEING ABLE TO TOUCH SOMEONE, BUT IT'S A STEP. AND AFTER ALL THAT TIME ALONE IN THE DARK PLACE, IT FEELS AMAZING JUST TO HAVE NEW THINGS ALL MY OWN AGAIN!

WE ALL GOT UNIFORMS, TOO, EVEN ME! MR. T SAID THEY WILL HELP US MONITOR THE DARK-ENERGY BOND BLAH BLAH BLAH...



...BUT I COULD SEE IT IN HIS EYES, HE REALLY WANTED US TO FEEL LIKE WE WERE A TEAM, EVEN IF HE'D NEVER SAY IT.

HE'S A STRANGE GUY, SO SMART AND IN CONTROL AND DISTANT, BUT I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL THAT UNDER IT ALL HE'S SAD, TOO. REALLY SAD.

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM TO MAKE HIM LIKE THAT.





ANYWAY, NOW FOR THE SECOND INCREDIBLE THING...I'M GOING HOME!

I WAS HANGING OUT IN THE MANSION WITH PLASTIC MAN AND REXAMORPHO (THAT'S WHAT I CALL HIM WHEN I'M TEASING HIM, HE PRETENDS TO HATE IT, BUT I CAN TELL HE LIKES IT) AND THEY WERE BICKERING (AS USUAL), AND THEN THERE WAS THIS FLASH OF GREEN LIGHT AND...THERE HE WAS! GREEN LANTERN (TOO COOL!).\*

\*WHOM TERRIFIC SAID HE WOULD CALL LAST ISSUE!  
--PAUL



ANYWAY, MR. T HAD ASKED GREEN LANTERN TO GO TO MY HOME PLANET OF BGZTL AND TELL MY MOM AND DAD THAT I WAS STILL ALIVE! AND NOW MR. TERRIFIC HAS AGREED TO TAKE ME TO BGZTL TO SEE THEM!

THE WAR-WHEEL ATTACK MUST HAVE RATTLED MR. T MORE THAN I THOUGHT. THE TRIP TO BGZTL, THE NEW UNIFORMS...I THINK HE CAN FINALLY SEE THAT IF WE'RE TO FIND A CURE FOR OURSELVES, WE NEED TO AT LEAST TRY TO WORK TOGETHER.

AND SO HERE WE ARE, TRAVELING THROUGH SPACE ON A ROAD TRIP BACK HOME!



IF WE'RE FLYING ALL THE WAY TO ANOTHER PLANET, I WANT THE OTHER COCKPIT SEAT, RUBBER HEAD. JUST TURN YOURSELF INTO A CHAIR OR SOMETHING!

I'LL ROCK-PAPER-SCISSORS YOU FOR IT?



2SIGH: FINE. ONE...TWO... THREE...



...THIS IS GOING TO TAKE A WHILE, ISN'T IT?



