



SURRENDER, SGT. ROCK! WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED!



YOU COULD BRING THE WHOLE NAZI ARMY, YOU STILL WOULDN'T BE A MATCH FOR ME!



P-KOW!  
P-KOW!

 **SUICIDE SLUM.**  
**METROPOLIS.**  
**THEN. @**



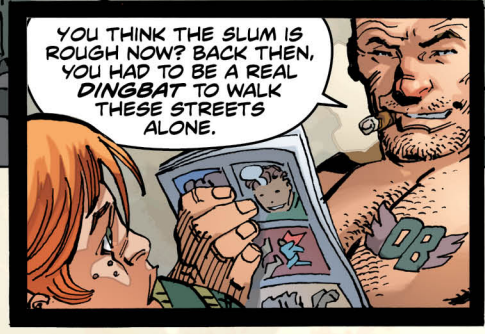
AAAAH!  
I'M DEAD!

GLAD YER HAVIN' FUN,  
CHAMP.

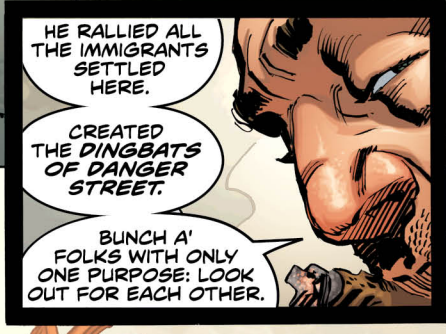
BUT ROCK  
HAD ALL A' EASY  
COMPANY AT  
HIS BACK.

HE COULDN'T  
A' WON ANY OF  
THOSE BATTLES  
ON HIS OWN.

COUPLA  
HUNNERD YEARS  
AGO, YER GREAT-  
GRANDPA LEARNED  
THAT LESSON THE  
HARD WAY.



YOU THINK THE SLUM IS  
ROUGH NOW? BACK THEN,  
YOU HAD TO BE A REAL  
DINGBAT TO WALK  
THESE STREETS  
ALONE.



HE RALLIED ALL  
THE IMMIGRANTS  
SETTLED  
HERE.

CREATED  
THE DINGBATS  
OF DANGER  
STREET.

BUNCH A'  
FOLKS WITH ONLY  
ONE PURPOSE: LOOK  
OUT FOR EACH OTHER.

AN' THAT'S  
WHAT YOUR  
TATTOO  
MEANS?



WE GOT TWO  
FAMILIES IN THIS  
WORLD, SON. THE ONE  
YER BORN INTO, AN'  
THE ONE YOU  
CHOOSE.

THE  
SECOND ONE'S  
WAY MORE  
IMPORTANT.

DINGBATS  
GET THIS INK  
TO REMIND  
OURSELVES...



"...LONG'S YOU GOT FAMILY, YOU'RE NEVER ALONE."

YOU HAVE TO TRUST US! THAT MAN WAS AN IMPOSTOR!

I DON'T CARE WHO HE WAS. YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM!

HEH.

SOMETHING FUNNY, GINGER?

 **CHALLENGERS MOUNTAIN.**  
**NOW.**

OTHER'N TRYNA CONVINCE US YOU'RE TRUSTWORTHY?

PLUGGIN' A GUY IN THE BACK'S SHADY AS HELL.

SHADY?!

IF AQUAMAN HADN'T SENT A PRIORITY SIGNAL TO THE MOUNTAIN, ME AND MY BOYS WOULD STILL BE IN STASIS.

LEAVING YOU TO PLAY PRETEND WITH THIS SWINDLER.

IT'S OBVIOUS WE'RE OVERWHELMED...

LET'S ALL FALL BACK A SECOND AND--

WE'RE THE REAL CHALLENGERS, KID. I DON'T KNOW ANY OTHER WAY TO BREAK IT TO YOU.

THAT POINDEXTER BLEEDING OUT ON THE GROUND SURE AS HADES AIN'T PROF.

THE REAL PROF IS THIS POINTY-HEADED DWEEB STANDING RIGHT BEHIND ME!

WE'RE ALL IN THE DARK, BUT AT LEAST I'M SMART ENOUGH TO ADMIT IT.

SO ARE YOU GONNA LISTEN UP OR AM I GONNA HAVE TO KNOCK YOU ALL OVER CREATION?

HEH. NOW THAT'S FUNNY.









GET OFF HIM!

HOT-HEADED APE.

CAN IT, ROCKY!

THIS ISN'T HOW WE DO THINGS!

HAHAHA!



MOSES, WHAT'RE YOU--



I GO TO STUPID LENGTHS TO GET ANSWERS.



I DO NOT CARE WHERE THEY COME FROM.

IF YOU HAVE THEM, FINE. I'LL PLAY ALONG.

MUMBLES?

HOT DAMN, MAN!



BUT NOT UNTIL YOU GET OFF MY...MY FRIEND.





HOOO-  
EEE!

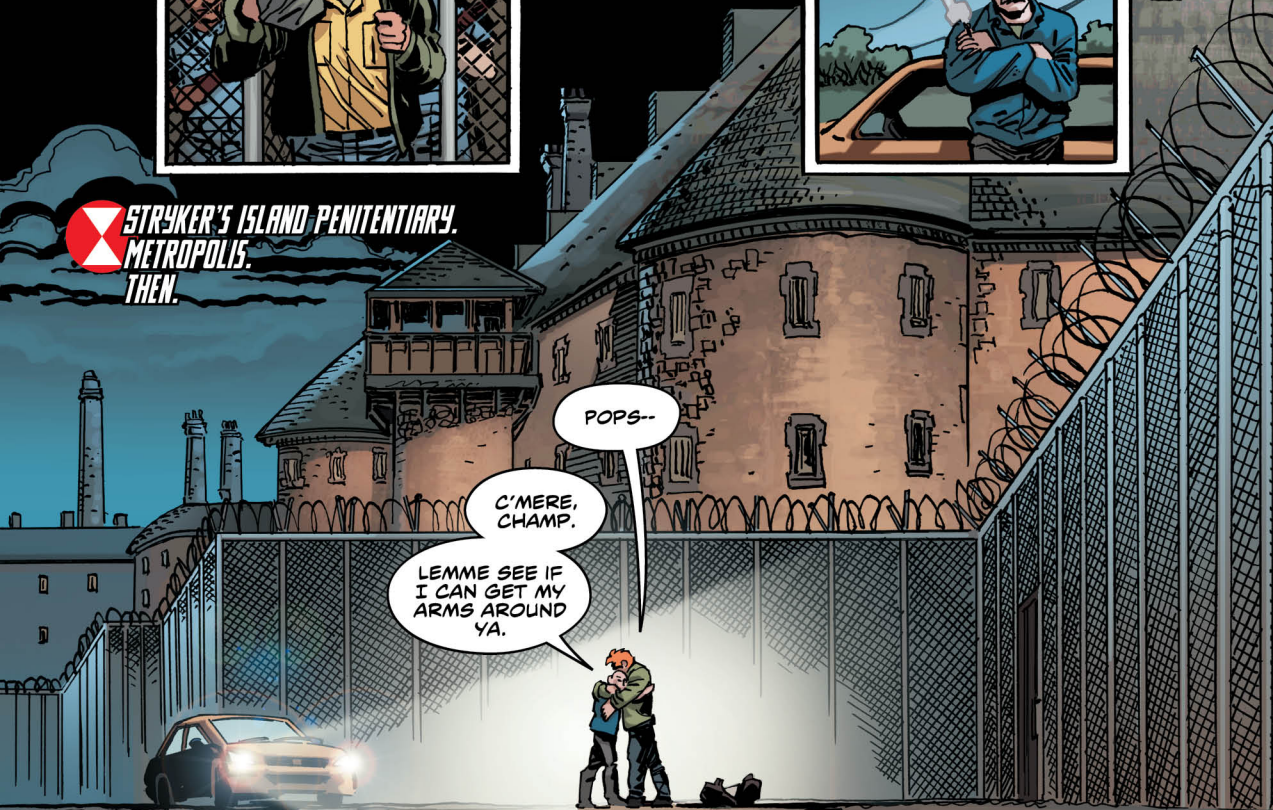
NO  
WONDER  
THEY LET  
YOU OUT  
EARLY...



...THEY HAD  
TO GIVE THE  
OTHER INMATES  
A CHANCE TO  
EAT.



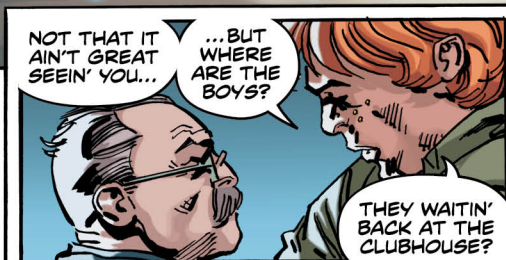
**STRYKER'S ISLAND PENITENTIARY.**  
**METROPOLIS.**  
**THEN.**



POPS--

C'MERE,  
CHAMP.

LEMME SEE IF  
I CAN GET MY  
ARMS AROUND  
YA.



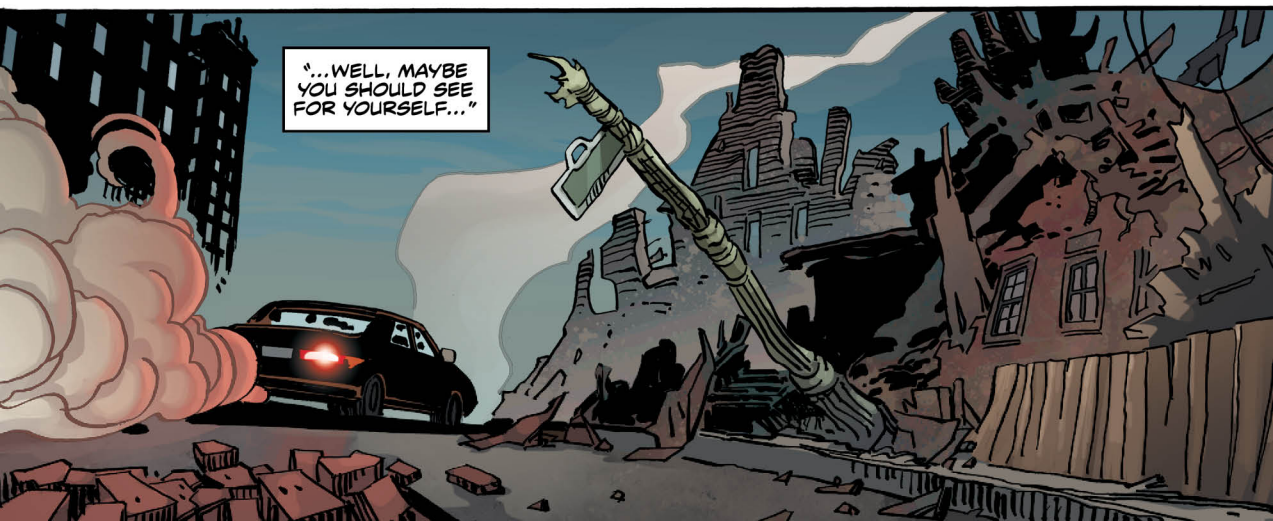
NOT THAT IT  
AIN'T GREAT  
SEEN' YOU...

...BUT  
WHERE  
ARE THE  
BOYS?

THEY WAITIN'  
BACK AT THE  
CLUBHOUSE?

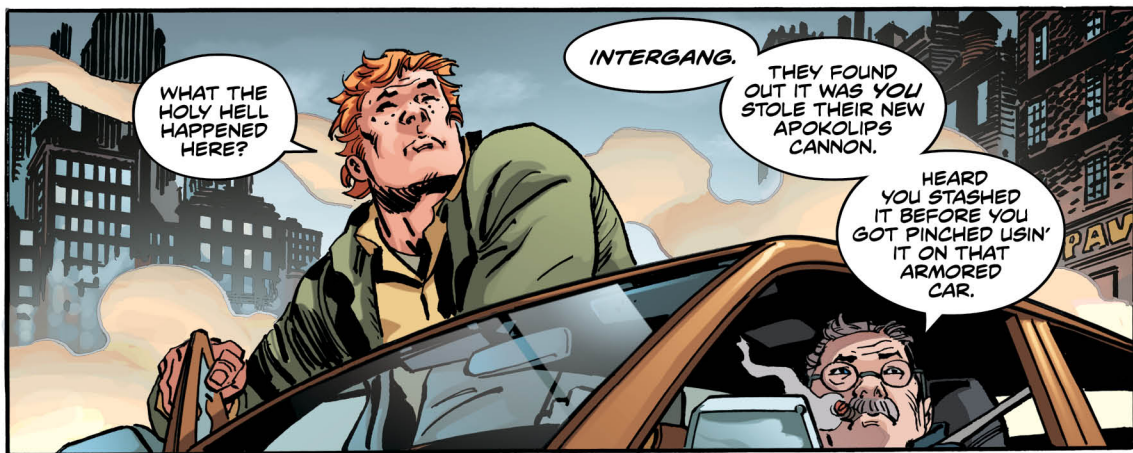


I--I  
DIDN'T WANNA  
SAY NOTHIN'  
WHILE YOU  
WAS INSIDE,  
BUT...



"...WELL, MAYBE  
YOU SHOULD SEE  
FOR YOURSELF..."





WHAT THE HOLY HELL HAPPENED HERE?

INTERGANG.

THEY FOUND OUT IT WAS YOU WHO STOLE THEIR NEW APOKOLIPS CANNON.

HEARD YOU STASHED IT BEFORE YOU GOT PINCHED USIN' IT ON THAT ARMORED CAR.

"THEY ROUNDED UP THE REST OF THE DINGBATS. WHEN THEY DIDN'T GET THE ANSWERS THEY WAS LOOKING FOR...THEY ASKED **HARDER.**"

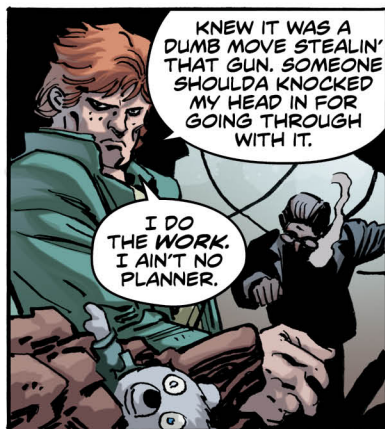


THEY...THEY DIDN'T KNOW...I NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO TELL THEM WHERE I HID IT.

\*SON, I DON'T THINK IT WOULD HAVE MATTERED IF THEY DID.



\*THOSE INTERGANG BOYS WERE LOOKING TO SEND A MESSAGE."



KNEW IT WAS A DUMB MOVE STEALIN' THAT GUN. SOMEONE SHOULD'VE KNOCKED MY HEAD IN FOR GOING THROUGH WITH IT.

I DO THE WORK. I AIN'T NO PLANNER.

"GOOD LOOKS... NON-FAT... BANANAS..."



"...THEY ALL DIED MESSY 'CUZ OF ME."



SON, THIS ISN'T A LITTLE LEAGUE TEAM. THEY KNEW THE SCORE WHEN THEY JOINED--

DON'T MATTER. I WAS SUPPOSED TO SHIELD THEM.



I SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE!

KROOM!



DON'T TALK STUPID.

YOU HAD BEEN HERE, YOU'D BE ON A COLD SLAB RIGHT NEXT TO THEM. NO MAYBES ABOUT IT.

FACE IT, SON, WE'RE THE LAST OF THE DINGBATS.