

SIX NAUTICAL MILES
NORTHWEST OF ATLANTIS.

Stealth deployment of
United States Spec Ops
"Aquamarines" begins ++

Bio-monitoring
shows optimal on
all engineered traits
and hybridization
++

SHARK
UP. STAGE
TWO COMBAT
MODE.

Combat team led
by Major Rhonda
Ricoch USMC ++

Mission parameters:
INFIL Atlantis zone.
Execute immediate
prejudicial removal of
the enemy head-of-
state Arthur Curry, a.k.a.
"Aquaman" ++

Specialist
Marcel Ollie--
STONE

Specialist
Gary Kaleho--
LION

Sergeant
Dean Teye--
ORCA

Specialist
Cory Wilks--
BARRACUDA

Sergeant
Adrian Ballard--
OCTO

LET'S
DO IT.

Major
Rhonda Ricoch--
GREAT WHITE





Estimated time to strike: 10 minutes.

THAT'S MY FATHER. MIKE STUBBS.

COMMANDER MICHAEL PATRICK STUBBS, U.S. NAVY, RETIRED.



I'M SORRY, JOANNA--

HOW DID HE DIE, SIR?



DURING MY EFFORT TO CAPTURE YOUR FATHER AND HIS CREW, THERE WAS SOME KIND OF SIGNAL...

ELDER ROWA?

AS FAR AS I CAN DISCERN, MY LORD, A RADIO PULSE TRIGGERED PELLETS OF FAST-GROWING CORAL THAT HAD BEEN SURGICALLY IMPLANTED IN THE CRANIUMS OF THESE MEN.



THE PELLETS GREW AT A HYPER-ACCELERATED RATE.

THE RESULTS WERE PHYSICALLY CATASTROPHIC.



PRESUMABLY AN AUTO-DESTRUCT SYSTEM SO THAT N.E.M.O. ENSURES NONE OF ITS AGENTS ARE TAKEN ALIVE.

I WANT A MORE DETAILED ANALYSIS, PLEASE.

AND I WOULD DEARLY LOVE TO KNOW WHO IS IN COMMAND OF OUR ENEMY.

YES, MY LORD.



MURK? LOOK AFTER JO.

OH, I-I'M FINE--

DO I HAVE TO? CONSOLATION IS MORE LADY MERA'S AREA OF--



I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE LADY MERA IS RIGHT NOW.

COMFORT THIS BRAVE YOUNG WOMAN. SHE'S JUST LOST HER FATHER.



HNH.



WELL, HRRM...

LIFE... IT CAN BE BRUTAL...

YOU'RE A TOWER OF STRENGTH.



Aquamarines acquiring entry point. Estimated time to strike: 6 minutes ++



MISTRESS CARCHARODOR! I WAS GLAD TO HEAR YOU HAD SURVIVED THE LOSS OF THE SEAGRAVE.

SOME OF US MANAGED TO EJECT IN LIFE-PODS.

MY KING, I HEARD YOU HAD SUMMONED THE WAR LEADERS--

YOU'RE HURT, CARCHARODOR. TAKE YOURSELF TO MEDICAL.



I HAVE LOST MY WARSHIP AND HALF MY CREW. I HAVE NOT LOST MY WILL TO FIGHT!

ATLANTIS IS WOUNDED. CITIZENS ARE DEAD. I WILL TAKE THIS WAR TO THE SURFACE-BORN AMERICAN SCUM AND--

I NEED YOU WHOLE, MISTRESS CARCHARODOR.

REPORT TO MEDICAL AND HAVE THEM TREAT YOUR INJURIES.

THEN YOU MAY SERVE ME AGAIN.



YES, MY KING.



Ingress achieved. Arming XM90 "Narwhal" assault weapons systems ++



I GATHER THE ENEMY AGENTS ARE DEAD, MY LORD.

THEY ARE, HIGH LORD NEOL.

THEN WE HAVE NOTHING TO SHOW! NO PROOF TO DELIVER TO THE AMERICANS--



WE'LL FIND OTHER PROOF, ELDER KOAH.

PAH!

I RECKON THERE AIN'T EVEN NO "N.E.M.O." AT ALL!



FOR ONCE, I AGREE WITH JUROK BYSS...

AHA! I MAY BE KEEPER O' THE MONSTERS, BUT I TALK SENSE!

THE EVIDENCE FOR THIS THIRD PARTY, THIS N.E.M.O., IS FLIMSY, MY KING.

I FEAR YOU ARE CHASING A GHOST.

AND EVEN IF N.E.M.O. IS REAL, WE HAVE NO IDEA WHO LEADS IT.



AMERICA IS OUR ADVERSARY. NO MORE APPEASEMENT! NO MORE EFFORTS TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE SURFACE BORN!

THEY WILL NEVER SHOW KINSHIP TO US--

HEAR HEAR! WHAT IS NEEDED IS A STRONG LEADER WHO--

"STRONG LEADER"? DO YOU ALL QUESTION MY ABILITY AS KING?

DO YOU?



MY LORD KING, I DIDN'T MEAN--

MY LORD...