





NOBODY MOVE,
UNDER ORDER OF CHIEF
MAGISTRATE HIDALGO
TAMORA. IN CASE YOU
DON'T KNOW, I'M THE
LAW HERE.





ZEN!
STOP!

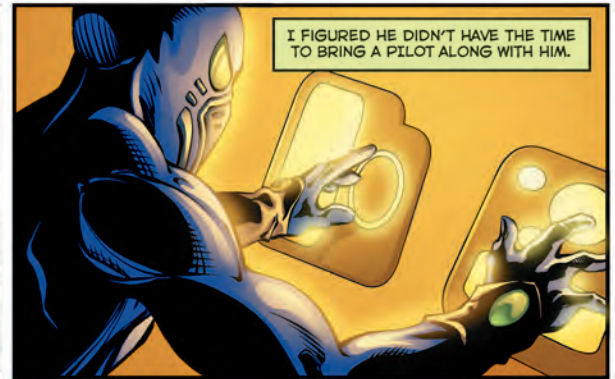
SORRY,
TAMORA—YOU'VE
ALREADY SCREWED
EVERYTHING UP.



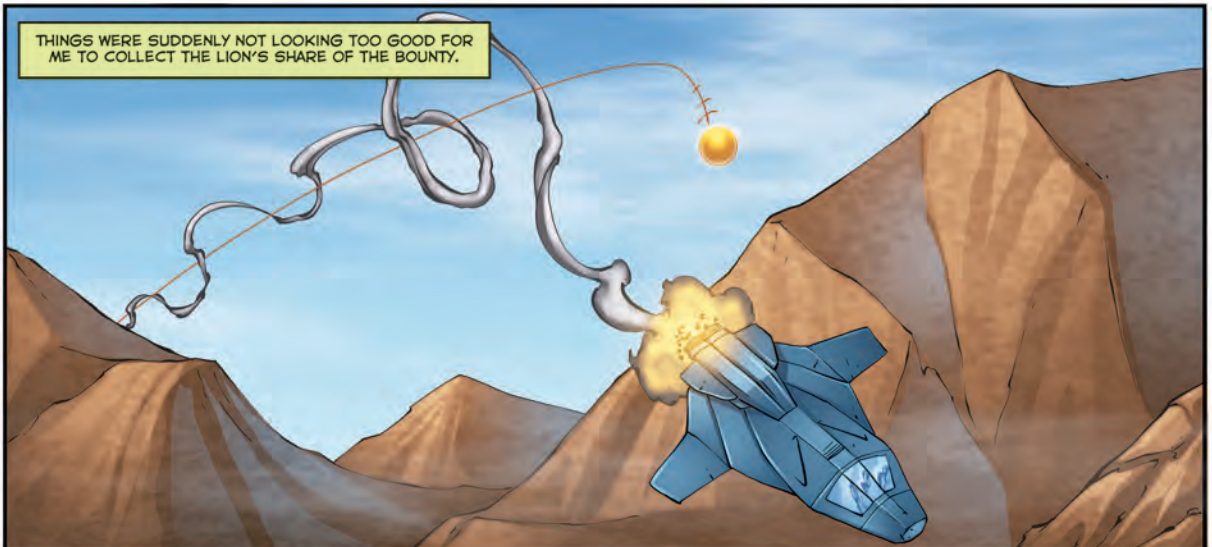
LET'S GO,
POD.



PALOMAR'S ESCAPE VEHICLE IS
SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL.



I FIGURED HE DIDN'T HAVE THE TIME
TO BRING A PILOT ALONG WITH HIM.



THINGS WERE SUDDENLY NOT LOOKING TOO GOOD FOR
ME TO COLLECT THE LION'S SHARE OF THE BOUNTY.



IN YOU GO, BLUESKIN.

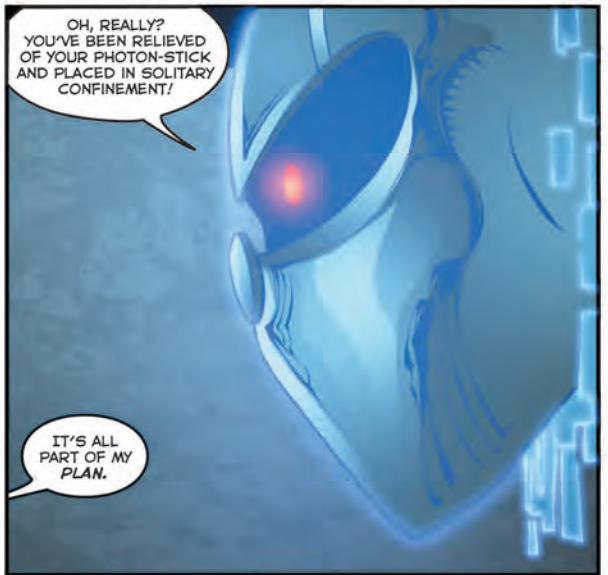


SLAM



IT WOULD APPEAR AS IF YOU REQUIRE MY ASSISTANCE.

EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL.



OH, REALLY? YOU'VE BEEN RELIEVED OF YOUR PHOTON-STICK AND PLACED IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!

IT'S ALL PART OF MY PLAN.



AND WHAT TYPE OF PLAN COULD THIS POSSIBLY BE?

A PLAN IN PROGRESS. I'VE GOT A HUNCH ABOUT WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON HERE, AND I WANT TO FOLLOW IT UP.



A HUNCH. YOU HAVE A FEELING OR GUESS ABOUT SOMETHING.

PRECISELY. I'LL CONTACT YOU WHEN I NEED YOU. BUT RIGHT NOW...







NICE MOVES, ZEN.
MAKES ME FEEL GOOD
TO KNOW WE'RE MEMBERS
OF THE SAME
PROFESSION.

YOU'RE A
BOUNTY-HUNTER?

NAME'S
LEETA.