

SPACE SECTOR ZERO.

THE SENTIENT PLANET MOGO.

FORTIFIED HEADQUARTERS
OF THE INTERGALACTIC
POLICE FORCE KNOWN AS THE
**GREEN LANTERN
CORPS.**

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW
WHAT HAPPENED,
SOMAR-LE. TELL US
EVERYTHING.

I...

I...

NOBODY
BREAKS INTO
OUR HOUSE
AND SNATCHES
UP OUR
DWARVES.

NOBODY.

GUY GARDNER.
LEADS WITH HIS FISTS.

HAL JORDAN.
GOES WITH HIS GUT.

WHO
TOOK THE
GUARDIANS
OF THE
UNIVERSE?

JOHN STEWART.
TRUSTS HIS BRAIN.

TWILIGHT OF THE GUARDIANS WITNESS

PART TWO

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LIGHTEN UP, GUYS.

HAVEN'T ANY OF YOU BEEN AROUND A KID BEFORE?

LET ME TRY.

**KYLE RAYNER
FOLLOWS HIS HEART.**



DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW, SOMAR-LE?

I-- GUESS SO...

HERE WE GO. GET HER SOME CRAYOLAS. WE'LL PUT OUT AN APB ON SCRIBBLING THE CLOWN.



I LIKE TO DRAW, TOO.

YOU KNOW WHAT ALWAYS MAKES ME MAD? HOW COME WHEN I SEE SOMETHING IN MY MIND, I CAN'T MAKE MY HAND DRAW IT THE SAME?

THAT'S THE NEAT THING ABOUT OUR RINGS. THEY CAN DRAW ANYTHING YOU THINK OF.



YOU JUST HAVE TO WILL IT.



THE PEOPLE WHO TOOK GANTHET AND SAYD. CAN YOU PICTURE THEM IN YOUR MIND?

YES.

IF YOU DRAW THEM FOR US, IT'LL HELP US FIND OUR FRIENDS.

THINK YOU CAN DO THAT?



I'LL TRY.

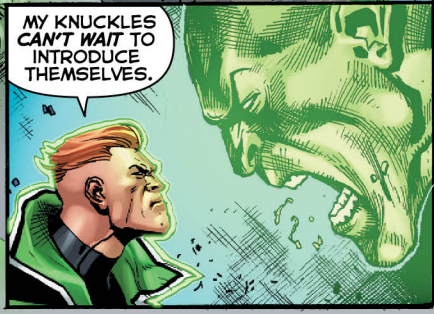
I WANT TO HELP.



NICE WORK.

THAT'S THEM. THAT'S WHO I SAW.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW? KID'S GOT CHOPS.



MY KNUCKLES CAN'T WAIT TO INTRODUCE THEMSELVES.



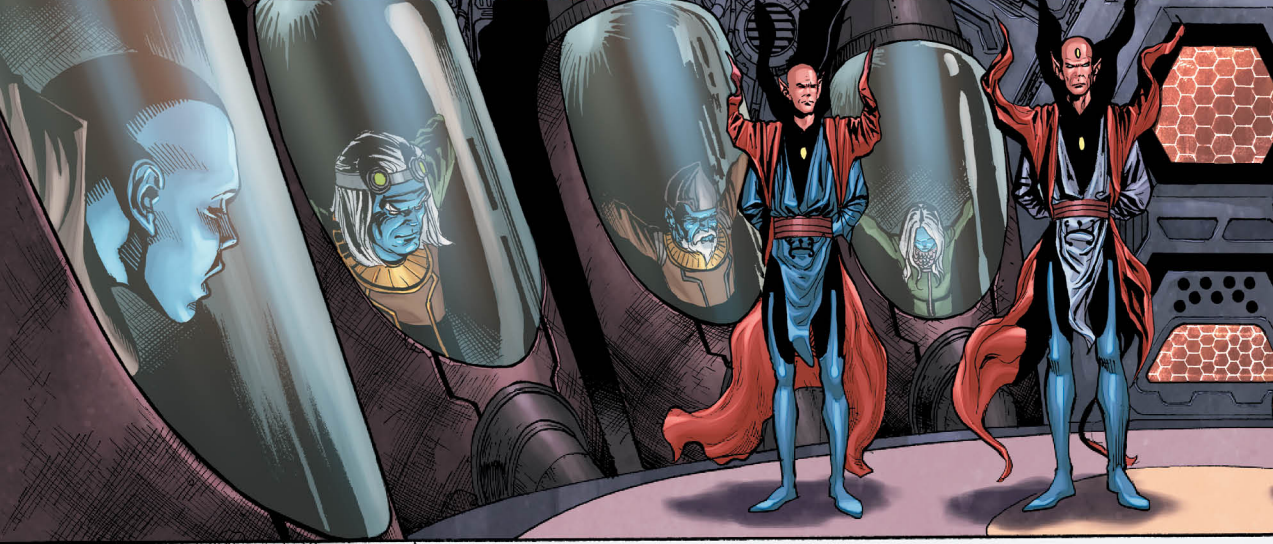
JOHN, DOES THIS MEAN...

IT'S THE CORPS' OLDEST ENEMY.

"THE CONTROLLERS
ARE ALIVE."

AAAGH!

YARRGH!

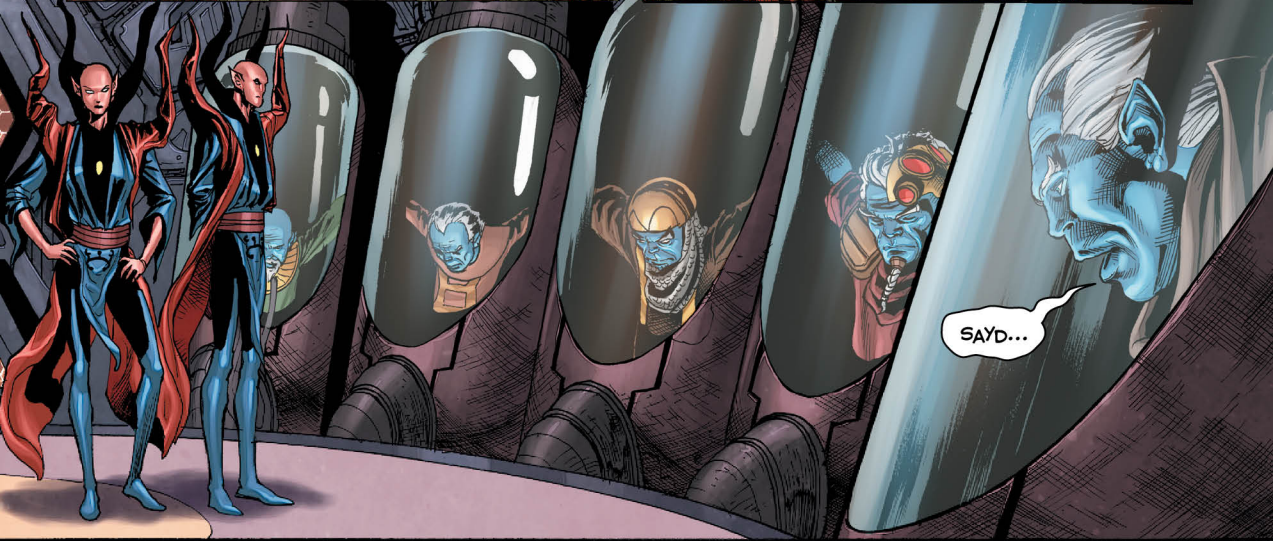
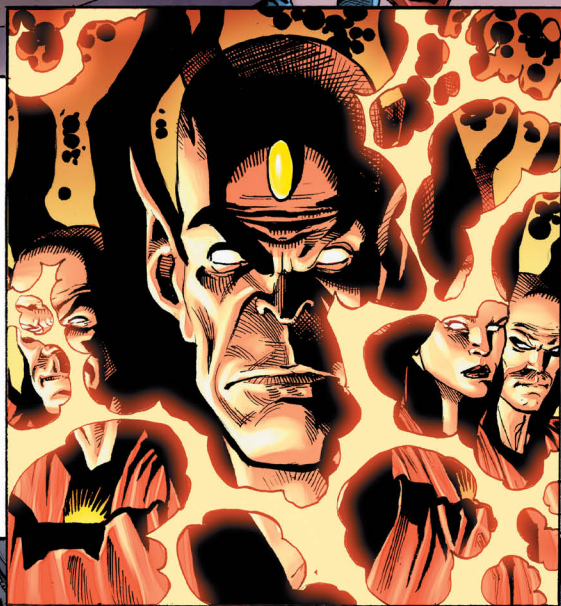


SPACE SECTOR: UNKNOWN.

PLANET: UNKNOWN.

HNAAA!

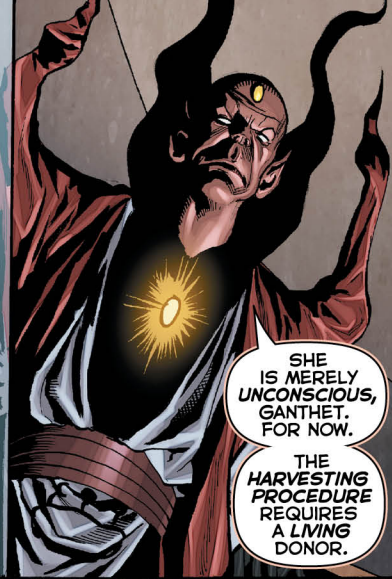
YARRGH!





MY WIFE...

...WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?



SHE IS MERELY UNCONSCIOUS, GANTHET. FOR NOW.

THE HARVESTING PROCEDURE REQUIRES A LIVING DONOR.



GURION, YEKOP... ALL THE TEMPLAR GUARDIANS...

WHY HAVE YOU DONE THIS?!

EVEN RAMI, THE OLD IMPRUDENT. AS WITH THE TEMPLARS, HIS NOMADIC HABITS MADE HIM DIFFICULT TO LOCATE.



YET WE SUCCEEDED. AT LAST, ALL OF OUR KIND ARE TOGETHER.



WE ARE NOT YOUR KIND, KELLIC. YOU BROKE AWAY FROM THE GUARDIANS EONS AGO.

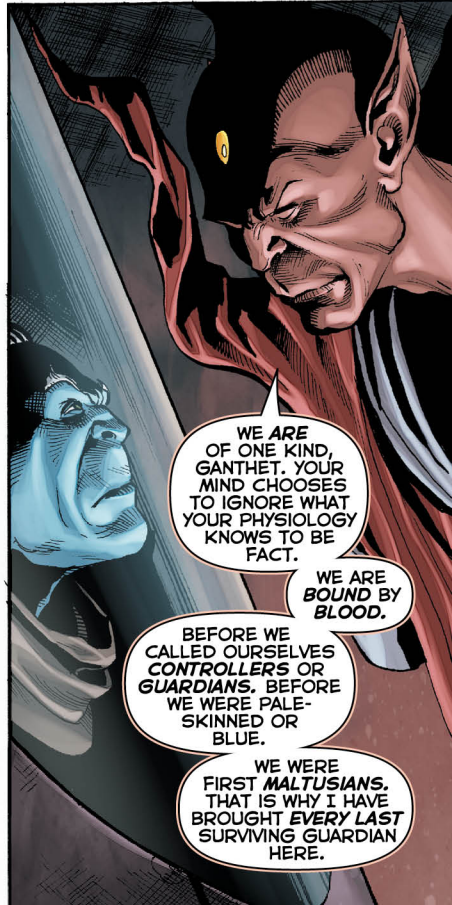
THE CONTROLLERS CHOSE THEIR OWN PATH. A PATH THAT HAS LED TO DEPTHS AND PERVERSIONS SUCH AS THIS.



FALSEHOOD! IT WAS THE GUARDIANS WHO STRAYED!

BE SILENT, QUADDO. ANCIENT QUARRELS ARE OF NO IMPORTANCE.

THIS IS NOT ABOUT OUR DIFFERENCES. IT IS ABOUT THAT WHICH WE SHARE.



WE ARE OF ONE KIND, GANTHET. YOUR MIND CHOOSES TO IGNORE WHAT YOUR PHYSIOLOGY KNOWS TO BE FACT.

WE ARE BOUND BY BLOOD.

BEFORE WE CALLED OURSELVES CONTROLLERS OR GUARDIANS. BEFORE WE WERE PALE-SKINNED OR BLUE.

WE WERE FIRST MALTUSIANS. THAT IS WHY I HAVE BROUGHT EVERY LAST SURVIVING GUARDIAN HERE.