PORTLAND, OREGON.
I TRY TO MAKE MYSELF AVAILABLE TO ALL OF MY EMPLOYEES HERE AT THE LOVELY STUMP CAFÉ.
YOU WANTED TO TALK TO ME, JESSICA?
YEP. YESSIR. YESINDEEDEE, MORT.
SEE, I REALLY APPRECIATE YOU GIVING ME A JOB.
ESPECIALLY WITH THOSE, Y'KNOW, GAPS IN MY RÉSUMÉ.
YOU HAVE TO BE PRETTY UNDERSTANDING TO HIRE A COOK WHO SPENT FOUR YEARS EATING CANNED STEW AND SQUIRRELS.
Heh. -AHEM-
UM, ANYWAY, I THINK THESE PAST FEW WEEKS IN THE KITCHEN HAVE SHOWN THAT I'M CAPABLE OF DEALING WITH WHATEVER'S THROWN AT ME.
I CAN HANDLE STRESS.
I THINK I'M READY TO MOVE OUT INTO THE DINING ROOM.
I WANT TO BE A WAITRESS, MORT.
I WANT TO WORK WITH THE CUSTOMERS, NO MATTER HOW DEMANDING AND--
DELIVER IT UNTO ME NOW! I WILL ACCEPT NO MEAGER SUBSTITUTES!
KLANG
NO! I DO NOT WANT YOUR OFFENSIVE VITTLES, SOFT WOMAN THING! I REQUIRE TO SEE THE GREEN LANTERN OF EARTH!
-SIGH-
SHOW YOURSELF, YOU VIRIDIAN NINNY, OR THE ONLY MEAL THESE PATRONS WILL EAT THIS DAY WILL BE MY FIST!
I'M...I'M SORRY. THAT'S FOR ME.
COME! FACE THE MALODOROUS MIND AND MERCILESS MIGHT--

--OF BOLPHUNGA THE UNRELENTING!
BOLPHUNGA, SON OF BOFF, WHO AFTER SEEDING ME, CUT OFF HIS OWN WEEZAND, KNOWING HE WOULD NEVER ACHIEVE THE PERFECTION OF HIS FIRST SON!
BOLPHUNGA, AT WHOSE NAME THE PLANETS QUAKE AND THE STARS EXTINGUISH THEMSELVES IN HOPES OF HIDING FROM HIS TERRIFYING GAZE!
BOLPHUNGA, WHO--
OH. MY. GOD!
"OH, BOLPHUNGA WHERE ART THOU?" PART ONE
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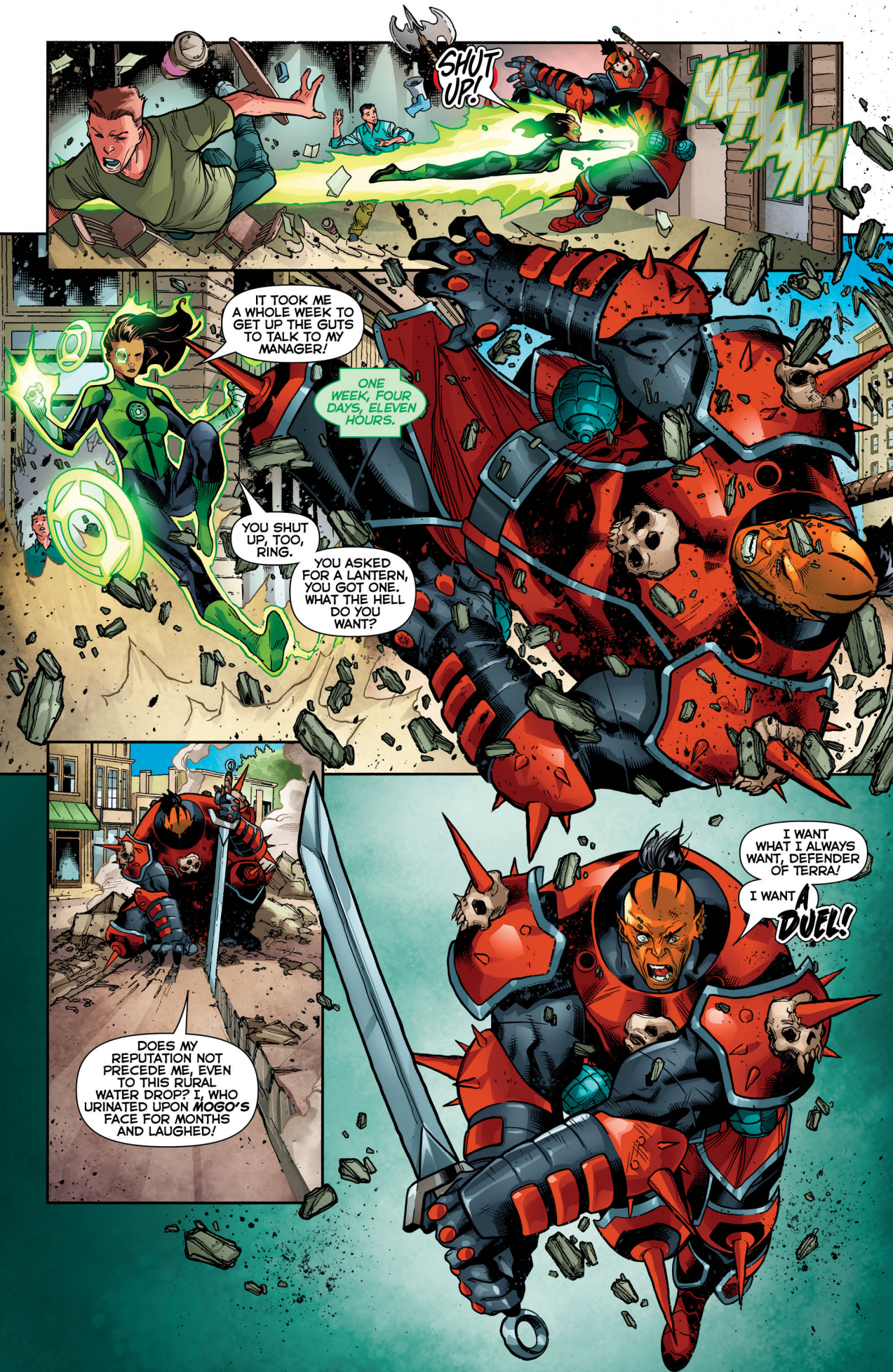
SHUT UP!
WHAM
IT TOOK ME A WHOLE WEEK TO GET UP THE GUTS TO TALK TO MY MANAGER!
ONE WEEK, FOUR DAYS, ELEVEN HOURS.
YOU SHUT UP, TOO, RING.
YOU ASKED FOR A LANTERN, YOU GOT ONE. WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?
I WANT WHAT I ALWAYS WANT, DEFENDER OF TERRA!
I WANT A DUEL!
DOES MY REPUTATION NOT PRECEDE ME, EVEN TO THIS RURAL WATER DROP? I, WHO URINATED UPON MOGO'S FACE FOR MONTHS AND LAUGHED!

FOR IS IT NOT THROUGH VICTORY AGAINST OTHER CHAMPIONS THAT BOLPHUNGA'S NAME IS KNOWN FROM ONE EDGE OF THE COSMOS TO THE OTHER?!
KATHANG
I MOLDED TOFU INTO HUNDREDS OF LITTLE CHICKEN WINGS EVERY DAY WITHOUT A COMPLAINT AND YOU *RUINED* MY CHANCES OF ESCAPING THE KITCHEN--
--FOR *BRAGGING RIGHTS?!*
WHUF!
SLAP
DO YOU EVEN KNOW HOW UNAPPETIZING "VEGAN CHEEZE" IS AT FIVE IN THE MORNING?!
KOOOM
YOU HAVE FARED ADMIRABLY IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT, LADY LANTERN! TRULY A CHALLENGE ON THE LEVEL OF *JOMBUS THE CHURT!*
BUT, NOW BOLPHUNGA UNLEASHES HIS BYSTANDER-ENDANGERING
SKULL-HOLER!
HAHAHA!
YOU WILL SURELY NEED TO CALL UPON YOUR PARTNER TO CONTAIN THE MAYHEM!
CHOOM
CHOOM
CHOOM

SECTOR 2814 PRIORITY ALERT.
BAWOOP BAWOOP
HEY.
HEY, YOUR RING IS... RINGING.
AW MAN. IT'S LATE. SO HARD TO TELL WHAT TIME IT IS HERE.
BACKUP REQUESTED. RENDEZVOUS WITH JESSICA CRUZ. COORDINATES SENT.
Y'KNOW, I USUALLY DON'T MEET WOMEN THIS WAY, BUT A *DATING APP* FOR SUPERHEROES TOTALLY MADE SOME THINGS *A LOT* EASIER.
LIKE THE WHOLE "DO I REVEAL I'M SECRETLY A *SPACE COP?*" THING.
I HAVE TO GO TO WORK, BUT WE SHOULD DO THIS AGAIN SOME TIME, *VERONIKA.*
LET'S STICK TO THE *CAPE NAMES,* GREEN LANTERN.