

SO, THAT'S IT. I'M **SURROUNDED** BY HOODS. HAVEN'T SEEN THAT MUCH RED SINCE THE **QUINZEL RIOTS**. I'M THE DEFINITION OF DEAD MEAT.

AND THIS ONE AT THE HEAD OF THE PACK, HE'S GAINING ON ME WITH EYES READY TO KILL. IT'S JASON TODD--YOU KNOW, THE LIFER? THE KID RAISED IN THE GANG?

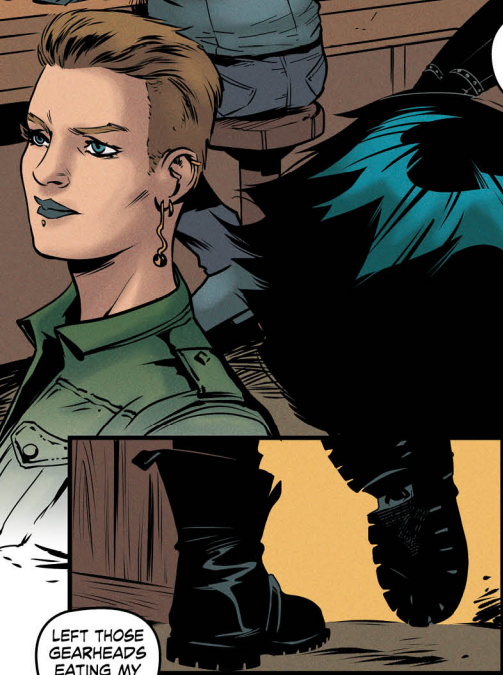
YEAH, WE'VE MET. HE'S CUTE.

I'M CUTE. HE'S THE KIND OF SCUM WHO THINKS THE WORD **SCUM** IS A COMPLIMENT. BUT HE CAN RIDE.

SO YOU KNOW WHAT I DO?

NO, BUT I HAVE THIS SNEAKY FEELING YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME.

I RIDE **BETTER**. OUTRIDE EVERY HOG THOSE DOUCHEBAGS EVER CHOPPED.

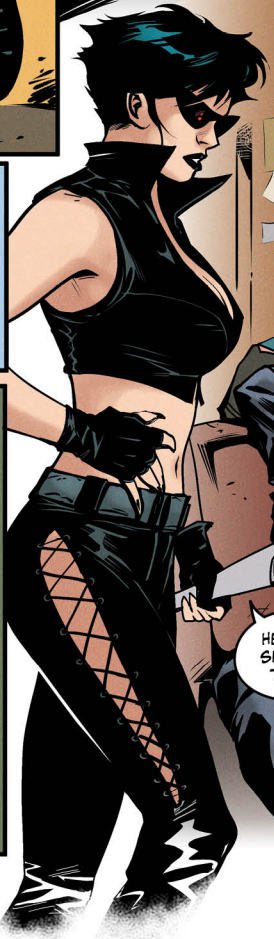


LEFT THOSE GEARHEADS EATING MY DUST.



ROBIN.

WE NEED TO TALK.



YOU KNOW IT'S **NIGHTWING**.

THOUGHT IT WAS DICK.

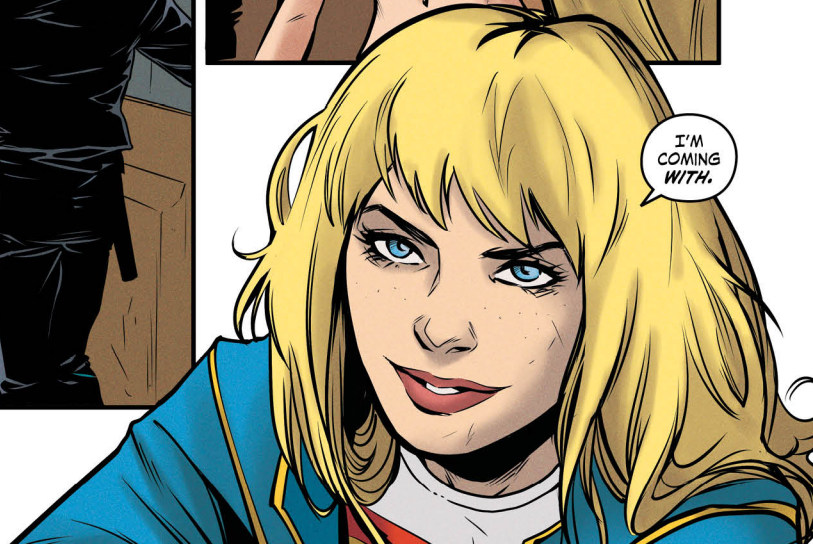
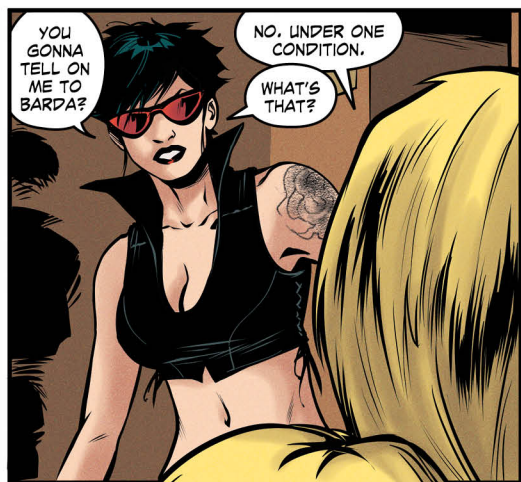
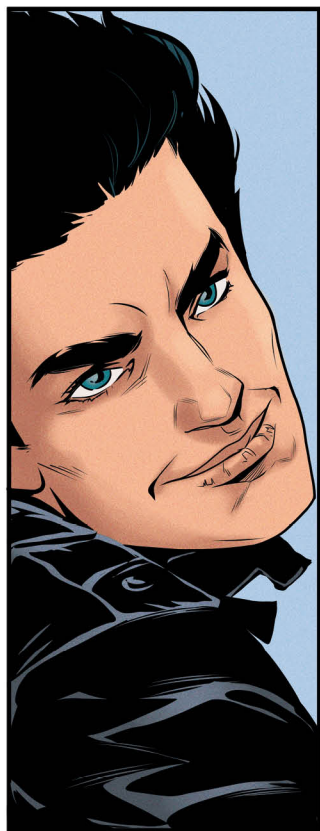
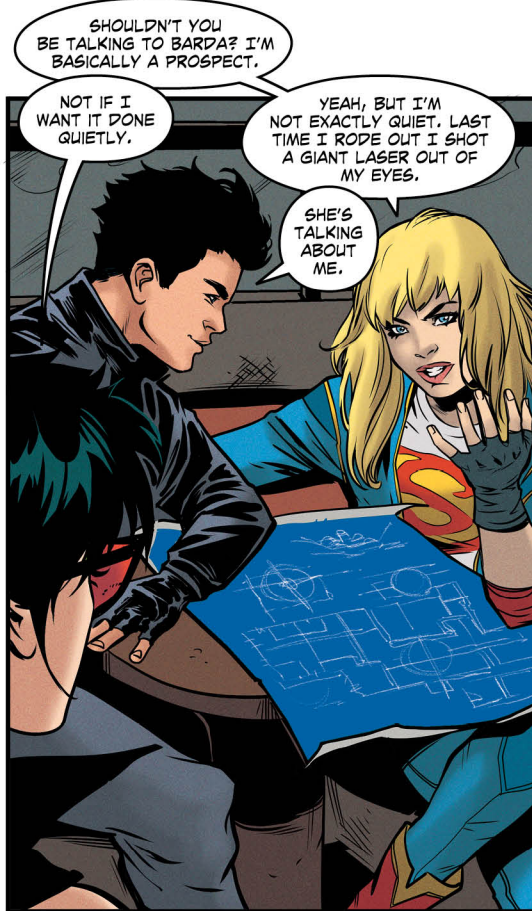
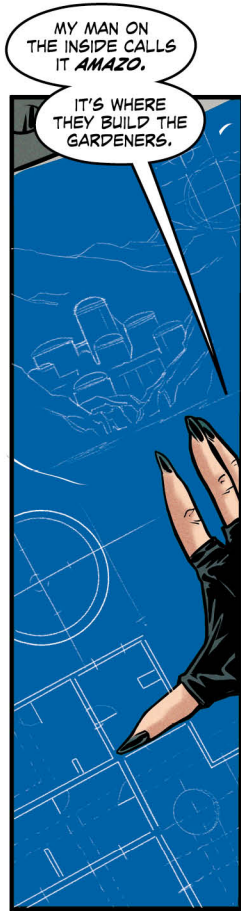
ONLY TO FRIENDS.

WHICH WE ARE NOT.

HEY, KID. SHUT THE TRAPS.



TIME FOR THE **ADULTS** TO TALK.



CAT'S PAWS

WHERE'D YOU GET A BIKE LIKE THAT?

STOLE IT FROM MY OLD BOSS. POINTY EARS. LONG COAT. NOT BIG ON SMILING.

YOU KNOW THE BAT?

JOB NOW. MEMORY LANE LATER. WE'RE COMING UP ON THE COORDINATES.

THEN RIDDLE ME THIS, CATFISH...

WHERE IS IT?

'CUZ ALL I SEE IS A MOUNTAIN.



OH, IT'S HERE.



IT'S JUST HIDING.



I COULD PUNCH THROUGH THE BARRIER.

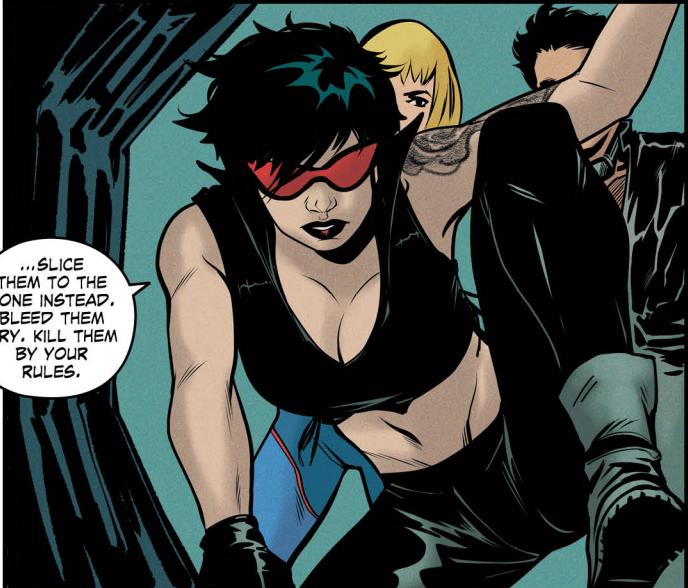


AND BLOW OUR COVER, LOSE THE SURPRISE, GET US KILLED. NO THANKS, L'I'L BARDA.

KARA GORDON, MEET *SUBTLETY*. REMEMBER, IF THEY'RE EXPECTING A PUNCH...



...SLICE THEM TO THE BONE INSTEAD. BLEED THEM DRY. KILL THEM BY YOUR RULES.



YEAH. SOMETIMES SHE SCARES ME, TOO.



JUNCTION ROOM IS UP AHEAD. WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SHUT DOWN SECURITY FROM THERE.

THIS PLACE IS ON ITS OWN SYSTEMS. BLACK BOX. HASN'T UPDATED IN YEARS.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?



WEIRD. MY OLD BIOMETRICS STILL WORK. I THOUGHT THE LEXES STRIPPED THEM DOWN YEARS AGO.



GUYS.

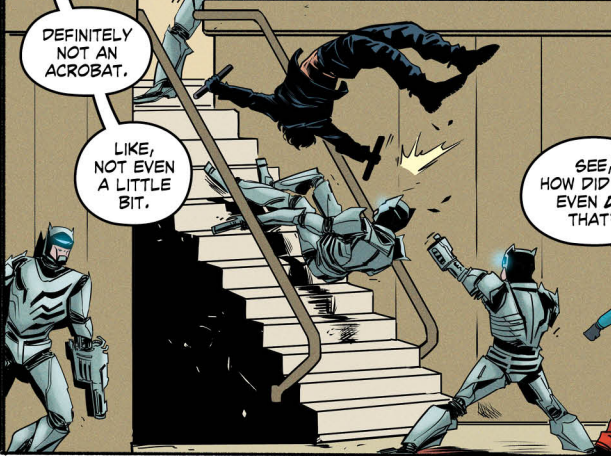
OKAY.

QUIEK

DEFINITELY NOT AN ACROBAT.

LIKE, NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT.

SEE, HOW DID YOU EVEN DO THAT?



WITH STYLE.

HEADS UP, THERE'S A HELL OF A LOCK DOWN HERE.

LONG WAY DOWN...

LASER HALLWAY. HOW CLICHÉ. WHAT'S NEXT, THE FLOOR IS LAVA? A ROOM FILLED WITH SHARKS?

LOCKS. THIS IS THE SECURITY CHECKPOINT.



THEN BREAK DOWN THE DAMN DOOR--IT'S A SHOOTING GALLERY IN HERE!

IT'S JUST A TURRET GUN. KEEP IT TOGETHER.

AAAAAAND DONE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU NEED MY RETINAL SCAN? I JUST GAVE YOU MY RETINAL SCAN!

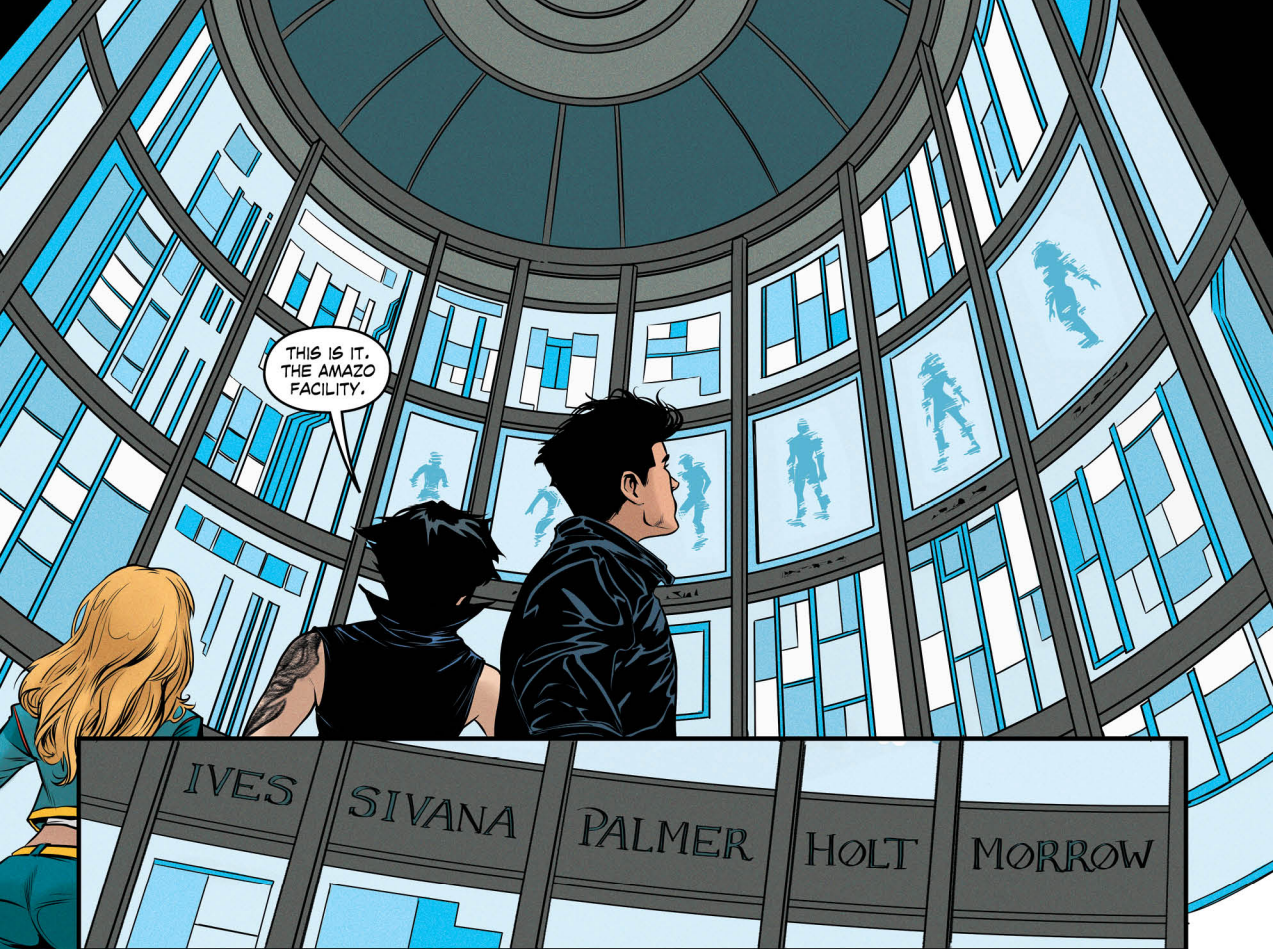
HURRY, PLEASE!

YEAH, HOLD ON, IT JUST NEEDS A FINGERPRINT AAAAAAAND...



DONE.

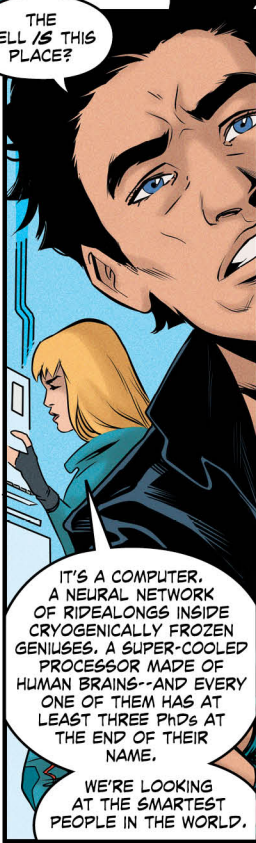




THIS IS IT. THE AMAZO FACILITY.

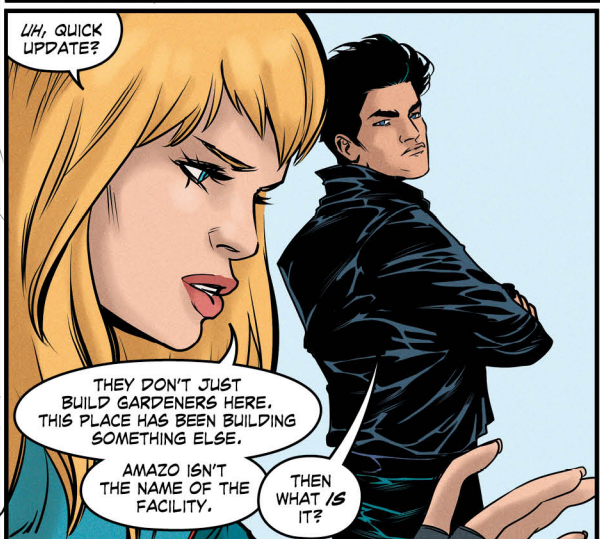


THE HELL *IS* THIS PLACE?



OH, LEX.

YOU NEVER DID LIKE COMPETITION.



LOIS, QUICK UPDATE?

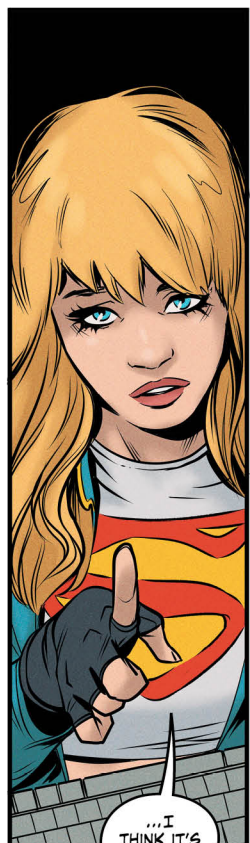
IT'S A COMPUTER. A NEURAL NETWORK OF RIDEALONGS INSIDE CRYOGENICALLY FROZEN GENIUSES. A SUPER-COOLED PROCESSOR MADE OF HUMAN BRAINS--AND EVERY ONE OF THEM HAS AT LEAST THREE PhDs AT THE END OF THEIR NAME.

WE'RE LOOKING AT THE SMARTEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.

THEY DON'T JUST BUILD GARDENERS HERE. THIS PLACE HAS BEEN BUILDING SOMETHING ELSE.

AMAZO ISN'T THE NAME OF THE FACILITY.

THEN WHAT *IS* IT?



...I THINK IT'S THAT.