



**Tales of the Green Lantern Corps Special: Facets**  
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*Tales of the Green Lantern Corps*

Issue 1: "Facets"

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Sector 3598. Desolate. Dark. An age away from any source of heat or light, the temperature at night is well below freezing, and the sky... the skies are black, always black, the many worlds hidden in darkness... The few planets in the system are cold and blanketed in snow, water sources covered in mile thick layers of ice.... Any normal man would be dead in minutes, but luckily, this man's special little ring provides him with enough heat, sustenance and reasons to live to get any man through the nights. Jar Kell is a Green Lantern, posted on the furthest reaches of the galaxy, far from his own home world of Karlavia Vex. The Corps is his life, his family, the only thing that gives him any pleasure in his own morbid existence. His ring tingles, buzzes and a light flashes up. Jar is instantly alert, and looks down at the construct in front of him, hovering above his fist. The construct is of his mentor, his very being a soul imprinted forever on the ring. The hard energy construct looks up and smiles.

{Incoming.

*What?*

A massive concussive blast hits the spot he's sitting in, catching him completely by surprise, throwing him miles across the snowy terrain, each impact across the frosty floor shaking him to the core. Jar finally comes to a stop and shakes his head, then looks up at where the blast came from. "Damn! Who the hell is this?" He points his ring at the source of the blast, and a beam of light shoots up and hits the gargantuan ship in the higher atmosphere, illuminating it for the Lantern's eyes.

{Identified.

*What is it then? Come on ring...*

{Patience, Jar: That voice... Like a metallic recording of his old mentor whispered directly into his ear... It's scary how much personality is left on the ring after the former bearer dies... {Pirate cruiser. Former Bolovaxian craft. Fitted with concussive lasers. Trackers. Continue?

*I get the picture. Why are they here then? Any information on that?*

{Scanning computer logs There's a pause as the ring searches through the enemy ships main computer. These are the times the CPU takes over and the soul imprint vanishes and at this very moment, Jar feels relieved. {They wish to use this planet's core as fuel for their fleet The outer shell of the planet may be a sub zero environment, but the planet that Jar had chosen to guard the sector from had a powerful core... Not molten as such, but a fusion reactor of energy that had been here since the dawn of time. Whenever he examined the strange properties of the core his ring shorted out for seconds, the energy levels so extreme, so... So yellow... That his ring could not handle it... After many other attempts, and many other below freezing experiences as his ring cut out... He gave up, and felt content enough to leave the mystery. He'd filed a report on it anyway, so it was known. It was out there in the corps.

"Fleet?" Jar looks up and sees specks in the distance. His own natural eyesight is instantly amplified by his ring, and after his eyes fuzz in a green blur, he sees hundreds more of the ships, each modified, each a dangerous craft to any in the sector. This planet is inhabited by hordes of primitive people, thousands of years away from any of their peoples becoming viable for Green Lantern membership... And if his ring is telling him what he thinks it's telling him... They wouldn't live after they steal the strangely powerful core... Jar shoots up, flies up to the ship and speaks.

"Stop!" They don't listen, instead they fire barrage after barrage at the defender of their target, who is pummeled back into space, again and again as the shots attempt to rip through his protective aura. Jar smile slightly.

*Should've listened. Idiots.*

He points the ring, channels his thoughts, his will power, and then lets loose with a blast of emerald power that drains the energy out of the pirate battle ship. "By order of the Green Lantern Corps, you are ordered to cease hostile action against this planet!" His voice is carried through the vacuum of space, into every speaker of the cruiser, and he can hear the captain react to his warning.

"Damn! Lantern, you shouldn't have intervened on our business! You'll pay..."

"That's what they all say. Let me help your friends move on out of my sector." His ring makes a clicking noise in Jar's head, and tears in reality, sucking the fleet into a wormhole. "You can find them just outside of this sector. The Green Lantern of 3597 has been informed, don't try anything there and don't come back. Or I'll send you somewhere nasty." He smiles as the ship fires its newly restored engines, and heads out of range.

"'You'll pay...' That's what they all say." He laughs and lies down on the snow, his ring blanketing him in warmth. "Next threat, come on over." He cracks his knuckles and takes a nap.

A small yellow impish being sits in another dimension, waiting, plotting and wishing. His eyes flicker open and he sees through time and space. He sees Jar Kell laughing, and the being smiles from his eternal prison on the edge of existence. *<Arrogant. Fearless. Powerful. I like him. Who is he? Jar Kell. Green Lantern. A Lantern? Ooh... That would make it o-so much better. You think? Yes. Of course I do. Why would you suggest otherwise? I don't know. What should we do? Corrupt? No. Not now. Not during the terrible problem his people face right now. It wouldn't be fair... Fair? We live outside of reality and rules, there is no need to think of fairness... True. But no. I say we twist him. His body. His weapon... To our liking. You agree? How can I not? Let's play...>* He clicks his fingers and lets his soul leave his ethereal prison, and his yellow being smiles as he swoops down to his prey, stroking the Lantern's white hair with devilish ghostly talons.

“Ow. What was that?” Jar jerks up, his ring throbbing. “Want to share something with me?”

{Unknown presence. Scanning. The ring shoots a beam of light up, and then whizzes around Jar, until it settles back into the jewel on his ring.  
{Unknown presence detected but now gone. No trace.

“Where’d it go?!” Jar calms himself and realizes he’s talking to a piece of jewelry on his finger. He resumes telepathy. Where’d it go?!

{No idea. Eurgh. That sarcastic tone that his old father figure often used once again comes back to haunt him. He hated it then and he hates it even more now.

*Oh, because that helps loads. What can we do?*

{Suggest full diagnostic of ring. Suggesting fault?

*Damn. Inform Oa. We’ll need a replacement while we go in.*

{Doing so. Duh.

Jar lifts himself up and brushes the snow off his uniform.

“Damn! We need that planet... The power readings being emitted... Wow. That would have set us up for the rest of our lives... But, ok. I have a plan... We cover ourselves in those yellow mites that fester in the kitchen on top of the synthesizer! Then just beat him up!” The captain smiles his grubby smile, his purple skin stretching to accommodate his teeth. “What do you think?”

Reggie, the fourth in command stands up and coughs. “Captain... No offense... It sounds stupid.”

“Offense taken! Just because you say ‘no offense’ doesn’t mean I won’t take loads of offense! Idiot!” He laughs and pulls his knife, throws it at his fourth’s bulbous head and watches as the man spits blood and bile. “Any objections to our plan?” None of the crew react. “Great! I’m going to go to my quarters to get ready. Someone collect all the mites and crush ‘em into a paste! Dent. Rushash. Do it!”

Jar runs his fingers through his white hair and scratches his stubble covered chin. He looks at his ring, then at the sky in front of him, thinking of what to do next... He doesn’t doubt his ring... He doesn’t think there’s anything wrong with it... What was that anyway? What could appear and disappear so quickly? Without any trace? The Corps have seen better days... With the constant threat of LEGION... With the death of so many Lanterns... Better days indeed... He thinks back to the legends of the Corps, before the times of recorded fact, could anything from the past... from before his tenure... Could anything like that be responsible?

{Yes.

*What? What the? Ring? What do you think?*

{Access denied. Try again later.

*What. The. Hells.*

{Agamemno

*What? Agamenmeno?*

“...Back to the legends of the Corps, before the times of recorded fact, could anything from the past... from before his tenure... Could anything like that be responsible?”

*I said... Thought that... You’re listening to my inner monologue?* Jar smiles slightly, amused by his own observation.

{The ring is linked to your soul. So everything is open to us. And the

answer is yes.

*Agan... Agamemno?*

<So close...> the yellow imp stares through his prison and once again feels his consciousness drift out of its container. It drifts across space until it reaches its destination, just off a small blue and green bauble called... Urath...He extends his being, and cuts through space, cutting off the Central Battery link from the ring. <And yet... So far...> The direct stream of information from the planet of Oa is cut.

{Link to historical files terminated. Retroactive self scan. Computing.

With that the ring cuts off all power and Jar feels the icy winds of the planets cut through him.

*What? POWER UP! Oh hells... Come on!*

He wills the ring to shield up, to work again but it is silent, a dull piece of emerald jewelry covering his thin finger.

Well... This just sucks... Jar Kell feels his skin harden, his pores close as his body reacts to its new environment... He's relied too long on his ring, forgot his natural survival abilities. Give it time. His body will adjust... If he doesn't die beforehand...

*<We can help you, help you get revenge. Help you kill, kill, kill the evil blue skinned Lantern...>*

"Who said that?" Captain spins round, hitting his head, trying to figure out the new voices in his head. He's heard them before, whispering, talking... Driving him to do naughty, naughty things... But this was new... Bold, cold. Adventurous... He listens harder.

*<Soul searching for better ways... Soul swapping for better days... Oh wow... We rhymed... But it works...Works for us, would work for you... Once more unto the breach, once more until... Damn...that wasn't going to be as cool...>*

“Who is this?” Sounds old. Wise. Ancient. But younger than it could be, rebellious... “How can you make whatever work for me?”

*<Come with us. We'll get you the Lantern... A small price you shall have to pay... But it would be worth it... What do you think? >*

“Let me tell my crew-”

*<NO! >* The voice explodes in his head, his eyes bulge and his ear pop.  
*<Do as we ask of you or we'll reduce you to a husk. A soulless dreg in this infinite abyss of possibilities. Your decision?>*

“Gar... I'll do as ye wish...” With that, Captain vanishes, reappears on the edge of a snowy cliff, on the below freezing planet right beside his new adversary, Jar Kell. “YOU!”

Jar spins round, and sees the mammoth pirate standing beside him, ready to leap, ready to attack...

*Hells! It gets worse!*

Kell rolls back as the Captain dives for his throat, throwing them both into the cold snow, but it does nothing to prevent the pirate's hands grip around his neck tight. “Gkk! How did- Akk” Kell feels his skin go harder, trying to prevent his windpipe from being crushed. It doesn't work, but he can get one leg free, and enough room to jam the limb up the villain's chest, pushing himself away from the Captain, give him seconds to recover. Not enough... The Captain draws his knife, grabs the weakened Lanterns head and then- “Die! Die!”

*<No. Not die...>*

An explosion echoes through the snowy planet, light filling the dark sky, a smoldering crater around the two men. The Captain suddenly drops the powerless Lantern, and staggers back, terror and fear etched across

his face. The Green Lantern jerks up, hands round neck, feeling his body knit back together. "Gar... Wow..."

"What... What's going on?" The Captain staggers back even more, ever closer to the edge of the cliff. "I'm... You... And you... Me?"

"The voices... They told me... Ha!" Jar raises his hand, points the ring. Atomize! Nothing. Destroy! Nothing at all. Kill? The ring is still, silent, not working. The Captain sees his chance, and leaps for the Lantern.

"Give me back my-"

"No chance!" Jar puts all his weight in a mighty punch, sending the confused Captain staggering, and with a good combination of blows, one after the other-

The Captain falls. Not to the ground mind. Eventually he will- after the fall off the edge of the cliff ends and the snowy ground below reaches him. Jar Kell is trapped in another mans body. And The Captain... Has access to the greatest tool in the universe... A smile forms on the blue Lantern's lips.

*<That was a tres fun distraction. Fun, fun, fun for the whole family... Captain? What do you think? >* Jar walks forward stroking his bloodied and broken fist. "Fantastico... Why isn't my new piece of jewelry working? Why isn't it healing my wounds?"

*<It's not connected right now. Give it time. Have this. >* A massive yellow flash fills the area, and a small lantern appears, glowing emerald green. *<Recharge every 24 hours. Be careful. Don't get caught... Be nice. >*

"Are you leaving me? What about him... In my... Body..?"

*<Forget about him. He's no threat to you now. >*

The ring comes back online, and it releases a small hiss of noise unlike anything The Captain has heard before.

{Agamemno

“What was that?”

*<The ring is a-ok. It's working. Ignore the name. Forget the name. No consequence. Of no consequence. >*“Ok. What shall I do?”

*<Have fun. I'll be around. I'm everything, you know... I'm the universe. I'm infinity. I'm entropy. I'm the beginning of the end... Or was that the end of the beginning? I don't know. I forget sometimes. I'll ask around. >*“What's an Agamen...nemo?”

Pain shoots through The Captains soul. He looks down, sees that his new body... This 'Jar Kell's' body... Shaking, convulsing... White, unkempt hair flowing across his face, stubble covering his lower jaw. Lean muscle covered arms and legs having trouble supporting his aching, pained wracked body.

*<WHAT DID I... WHAT DID WE SAY? DEFY US... DEFY ME AGAIN AND YOU'LL BE DEAD! DEAD! WORSE THAN DEAD... >*

“I... Ow... I'm sorry master... Sir... Dude...”

*<Good space-pirate-in-the-body-of-a-space-cop... Good...>*

*In the centre of the universe lies a grand planet, with barren seas and plains of sands... But also the grandest city you'll ever see, home of two of the most epic wonders of the modern universe. The Citadel, home of the Guardians of the Universe, and near by, a massive monument to justice, to order... The Central Power Battery of the Green Lantern Corps! The planet's name? Oa...*

*“Tomar Re.” The voice is loud, demanding authority... But wise, patient... “We have need of you in the Citadel. Proceed there.”*

*Tomar Re is a strange looking creature, with a large beak like mouth and a strange finned Mohawk streaking across his head. He is one of the best Green*

*Lanterns in the Corp... Second to maybe... Well... Sinestro was better. The best even... Before he succumbed to...before he succumbed to the dreaded LEGION virus... Ok then, second to Kilowog. That's what he'll say. He's modest. He's pretty good though...A little too modest...*

*"Master Ganthet." He sticks his ringed fist up in the air and bows at the small blue creature. "What do you wish of me?"*

*"Jar Kell of Sector3598 has requested a full diagnostic of his ring. It seems its playing tricks on him." Ganthet smiles broadly. "I would like you to take over patrolling his sector for a while, just until the ring is fully checked over. Won't be long. Is that alright?"*

*"Whatever you ask of me, Master Ganthet. When shall I leave?" Tomar raises his head, and looks at the Guardian.*

*"As soon as thank you." Ganthet looks around. "I am not allowing him to leave the planetoid he is on at the moment though... It would be dangerous for him to fly into space just for the protective aura the ring offers to simply vanish. Once you arrive, send him here via your own ring. Be careful mind... We do not know what could be wrong... For all our knowledge... For all our power... LEGION could have reached the outer fringes of the universe, picking off the more isolated Lanterns!" His face grows stern, serious. "I pray not!"*

*"I shall send myself there as soon as I leave the chamber!" Tomar nods and leaves.*

*"Good luck"*

*Jar stirs. His every movement, his every breath an aching eternity.*

*He looks down, sees a body not his own. Hells. It wasn't a dream. Hells! He tries to move but is met by a burning pain in his head. Ok then. He mentally goes through his problems.*

- *Stuck in a criminal's body.*

- *Paralyzed*
- *STUCK IN A CRIMINAL'S BODY!*
- *Someone's got a ring. His ring. A criminal deviant has got his ring!*

*He hears a large crack and the feeling floods back to his body. Healing factor. Snap! This body has its ups! Hmm... Think, think, think... The ring can't kill... It can maim! Oh hell... And someone's on the way to relieve him and they could be in grave danger... HELLS! He needs to climb that mountain, get up there and warn whoever comes... He looks up, and sees the size of the task at hand. Oh frig.*

"Got me a ring... Got me a ring!" The Captain is ecstatic. Suddenly his ring tingles, buzzes and a light flashes up. He's instantly alert, and looks down at the construct in front of him, hovering above his fist. The construct is familiar... Oh hell... It's of this body... A small green hologram of this body!

*What's going on?*

The hard energy construct looks up and smiles.

{You shouldn't be here

"Wha-?"

{You aren't brave. You aren't fearless. You're just a cowardly little child in the body of a true man.

"Liar! Lyin' little punk!" The Captain slams the ring to the ground, punching it again and again in the snow. He lifts it up and sees the image laughing.

{That won't work. I'm in you now. I'm in your head. I've got my claws firmly in there and I won't let go. You messed with the wrong Green Lantern.

A bright green light fills the sky and a man flies down. "Jar?" Not a man... No... Beaked face and with large bright eyes and a small mask covering them. "It's me! Tomar! I'm here to take over for a while whilst you go in for the diagnostic."

{Chance seized.

A blast of light fills the air and pushes Tomar back up into the sky. "Jar?! What are you doing?"

"Err... Eh... It's not me..." That sounded so dumb.

{TOMAR RE. The ring powers up again and a massive construct fills the air. (3. 5. 8. 1. 2. Incursion!

*From the Book Of Oa:*

*35812: Persons a) and Persons b) forcefully/voluntarily swap for the lack of a better terms 'souls'. As seen in the case of Presidential Ambassador and the terrorist leader know as El Iniquity*

"Jar? A 35812? Damn'd!" Tomar flies up and looks down at the Captain. "What have you done with Jar Kell?" He points his ring down at the man on the ground.

"I... Um... Am Jar Kell?"

"Lies!" Tomar fires up the ring, shoots blast after blast at the imposter, each beam of energy sapping the will power of his enemy. "Take off the ring and give up now. By order of the Guardians of Oa!"

"Suck on it!" The Captain channels all his malignant mind power into the ring and a ray of energy shoots out, catching Tomar totally un-awares, he plummets down off the edge of the cliff, towards his certain doom. The Captain laughs and then collapses to the ground, his fist smoldering from the misuse of the ring. "Frig!"

"Captain? Captain? Are you there?" Dent quietly clicks the intercom off and overrides the door lock. The Captain is gone! Vanished from his private chambers, whisked away from his many husbands... Dent closes the door and leans against it, black beads of sweat dripping down his pale green face. "Frig! What the hell are gonna' do? What could've happened?" He thinks things through, thinks about the day's events and

then comes to an epiphany. The obvious answer. "That damn frellin' Lantern!" Only one thing to do. Go ahead with the plan. And what a plan it is!

"Hells. Hells. Hells." Jar feels his new body ache with every step upwards... The pain seems to enhance his senses... He feels his mind open and then some. "What the? Tomar?!" The bird like Green Lantern plummets from the sky, and at the speed he's at... And the total lack of consciousness he's showing- He isn't going to live as far as meeting up with the ground he's about to experience so... Jar thrusts out his arm, catches his falling comrade and pulls him close, preventing further harm coming to him.

Still breathing. That's a plus. What could've done this to Tomar Re? I mean come on... It's TOMAR RE! Greatest Green Lantern I ever met... Oh... Second to that purple creep Sinestro... But I liked his moustache, so that made up for his arrogant creepiness... Anyway...

"Tomar. Tomar. Tomar. Tomar." He says his bird like comrades name four times, gently nudging him awake.

"Whuh?" Tomar stirs suddenly, pushes himself out of his savior's arms with a mighty green hand and then looks at him with curious eyes. "Who are you?"

"You might not believe this, Tomar... It's me Jar... You remember? We worked together on that Khundian/ Rannian melee?"

"I remember working with a blue skinned, white haired Green Lantern... Not some purple monstrosity... But then again... I wasn't expecting to be attacked by that very same man two minutes ago..." He looks Jar up and down. "What's with this new get up?"

"Long story... Can it wait? I want to get that guy and get my damn body back." Jar smiles, his purple skin stretching to accommodate his massive teeth. "Shall we?"

“What do you propose, Kell?” Tomar nods his head, and they talk tactics.

*<What happened? We vanish to find out our name for a couple of moments and you're hand is on green fire! How does that work, Captain? How. Does. That. Work? >*“It was another Green Lantern! And this little hologram won't go away!” He points to the small vision of Jar Kell emitted from the ring.

{Agamemno.

*<Oh that's it. That's my name. Thanks little guy. >*

“Agamemno! I heard that name before... The first being! Are you the first being?” The Captain jumps up and down, ecstatic about his discovery.

*<You said the name. >* Thunder racks the sky, a light rain beating down on the snow below. The temperature of the planet increases immensely, and the snow begins to melt.

“Tomar!” Jar looks up, worry etched across his features. “The rain!”

“Yes?” Tomar looks up, and creates a green umbrella to prevent them getting wet. “Is that ok?”

“It's not rain! It's the snow! It's-” What was supposed to come out as ‘melting’ came out as a scream, as water crashes down on the two, pushing the shield down on top of them, crushing them at the base of the mountain. The green dissipates and then... Silence, as the two men have the air dragged out of them by the cold onslaught of melted ice.

*<We... I should kill you! But... Oh wait. >* Agamemno vanishes. His presence is gone and The Captain is left alone, alive, at least for the moment.

“Sir? Where'd you go?” The Captain spins around and is met with an almighty blow, his uniform ripping beneath the force of the blast. “Ow! That... Them be my ships! Why didn't you warn me, stupid ring? Like you warned the last guy?”

{“Suck on it!” That was... The ring... It’s quoting him now? The Captain shakes his head and tries to fly, but the ring won’t let him. He’s grounded, and as soon as he looks back up he’s met by barrage upon barrage of concussive blasts beating down on him. {“I... Um... Am Jar Kell?” You say you are him so prove it. The ring flickers power, spurts green energy and then once again silence, apart from the mocking gestures of the construct. {Fight.

“What? No! No! You can’t do this to me! You can’t let me be...” The barrage of canon fire stops all of a sudden, the green aura around him strengthens and then a light appears in front of him. Teleportation... A flicker of light and a flicker of yellow, as fifteen large men leap on him, covered from head to toe in crushed yellow kitchen mites.

*Oh, snap.*

“De-” Dent lays into him, beating him with a mite covered pylon, “De-” The aura of the ring prevents the body getting damaged, but the pain is real. Every agonizing blow causing The Captain more and more hurt.

“Get the ring off him! Then we’ve got him!” The four largest, Khunds by the name of Barry, dive on his ringed hand, wrench up his arm and pull so hard on it that the green aura does nothing to prevent the arm from breaking. “We’ve got his arm! We’ve- Whoa” The aura flickers off and then they realise they’ve just pulled off his entire arm. Barry and Barry wince, but then lay into him, beating him until, at last- Dead. Brains spilt across the wet snow, power disappointing into the atmosphere.

Trapped. Trapped under ice... Jar stirs then cringes. “To- Tomar...” He flinches as he feels his every fiber being torn apart. “I... Oh Hells... Tomar, you feather brained frig! WAKE UP!” Tomar stirs, pointing his ring hand up and clearing the snow trapping the pair, then passes out again, only to jerk up and look around. “What did you call me?”

“I... Argh... I had... Have to...” Jar collapses and feels his soul be wretched out of this foreign body, then he feels a gentle tug up, his ethereal being being pulled up toward the heavens.

*Not time... Not my time...*

All of a sudden another force grabs him, jerks him down, down to his own body. The fourteen men watch as the still warm corpse knits its self back together, the bloody arm being pulled out of Barry's grasp and being knitted back onto the lifeless remains by some unseen green hand.

Below, next to Tomar, the opposite happens to The Captain. His head bursts suddenly, brain matter and blood spilling across the snow, his arm tears off with an almighty crunch and bruises and cuts appear all over him. Tomar looks around, senses the commotion elsewhere and flies up, flies to the top of the mountain, to witness the events unfolding there.

Suddenly the body of Jar Kell explodes with green energy, the ring shoots back to his hand, and a beam of light shoots through the ghost like Jar. He feels himself be pulled into his body, his own, comfortable body. Then it's finished, over. No more light, no more fireworks, just Jar, in his torn uniform. Lying there, lifeless. "Kell?" Tomar shoots a beam of light at the pirates, trapping them in an emerald box. "Frig... FRIG! Wake up you idiot..." Kell coughs emerald blood and looks around. "Well. That's a new experience." He looks down at his ring, and a construct shoots out of it, smiling, his tiny ringed fist giving him a thumb up.

{Well done.

"Tomar... That's me..." He points at the ragged, gaunt shape protruding out his ring. "It was... You know... My mentor before..." He shakes his head and rubs his blood-covered hair.

"You left your body. The ring must've assumed that you weren't coming back. Used your soul imprint. This is interesting though, like nothing I've seen before. Unique I must say." Tomar smiles and looks at the temporary prison he had formed. "Hells! They just walked through it! Covered in some kind of yellow..." Jar stands up, replaces his tattered uniform with something new and different, and then quietly says. "I'll deal with this."

### **Days Later. Epilogue:**

*<That didn't work. It was a flawed plan. Never was going to succeed at it. But I know my boundaries now. The prison won't hold me. The Guardians of the Universe... Presumptuous name. Pretend they're all seeing but they can't see what's right in front of them. >*

Jar Kell sits in the Central Battery chamber, his ring tingling and his foot tapping the floor. Ganthet has been discussing his situation for the past hour with the other Guardians, discussing what could've caused this entire fiasco.

The Guardian's chamber opens, and Ganthet floats out.

"Jar. You've been through a lot this past week or so. First to loose your body like that... I mean come on... Ouch." Ganthet smiles. "And the tests we put you through... Just to check there was no residual personality left in that head of yours. Sorry about that." He nods his head, knowingly. "And we understand that you want to get back to your sector again. I understand that. But..." Jar shakes his head. "We're pulling you from active duty. Your sector will be reassigned. And you will be stationed here."

Jar looks up, curious. "What do you mean? I understand you pulling my assignment; I would understand if you sent me home even, but to be stationed here? What does that entail?"

Ganthet nods his head. "Of course, you will have to head back to Kar-lavia Vex for compulsory leave. But when you return you will be only answerable to me. You are a great Lantern, and I think I can trust you. Can I trust you, Jar?"

"Yes, Master Ganthet."

"Good. Go home. Say hello to your sister for me." Ganthet nods and floats away, leaving Jar to stare at the floor.

{Agamemno.

*<Ganthet! Ohh... I hate his impish self. He did this to me... Imprisoned me here... He will be the first to pay when I unleash my full power...>*

{Agamemno.

{Is coming.

*The End?*

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Batman: Crooked Smiles

Batman #10 (2006)

Batman: Apokolips History X.

(Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative Part 3)

Detective Comics #10 (2006)

Detective Comics: Duel.

(Crisis: The Apokolips Imperative Part 12)

Batman #11 (2006)

Batman: From the Pit, Part 1 (of 2).

Batman #12 (2006)

Batman: From the Pit, Finale.

Batman #13 (2006)

Batman: Too Many Santas Will Kill You.

The Question Quarterly #1 (2006)

The Question Quarterly: The Death of Vic Sage, Part 1.

Action Comics #17 (2007)

Action Comics: The Linear Man Is Our Only Hope.

Action Comics #18 (2007)

Action Comics: Doomsdays, Part 1 (of 3): The Tide

Action Comics #13 (2007)

Action Comics: Convergence, Part 1 (of 2): The Thing That Should Not Be...

Action Comics #14 (2007)

Action Comics: Convergence, Part 2 (of 2): With Teeth!

Action Comics #19 (2007)

Action Comics: Doomsdays, Part 2 (of 3): Shadow On the Sun

Action Comics Annual #2 (2007)

Action Comics: Doomsdays, Part 3 (of 3): Burein Sukuracchi.

DC2 Special #2: World's Finest (2007)

DC2 Special: World's Finest.

Batman #14 (2007)

Batman: Instinct.

Batman #15 (2007)

Batman: Masks, Part 1 (of 4).

Batman #17 (2007)

Batman: Hizzoner, The Joker!

Nightwing #26 (2008)

Nightwing: Boy Hostage.

Nightwing is in deep when a confrontation with an old foe goes awry, and he ends up more than six feet under inside a metal casket in New York harbor!

Action Comics #28 (2008)

Action Comics: Family is Like...

Superman returns home to find his cousin Kara confused and bewildered, and she's not the only one! Lois and Clark a couple? Who is the NEW Clark Kent? Plus another family member finds Superman, and it's not a happy reunion!

Action Comics #29 (2008)

Action Comics: Sons & Daughters of Krypton.

After the shocking final moments of last issue, Superman faces the challenge of a lifetime, and a foe he never thought he'd meet in combat?

It's Father Vs Son across the world, as Jor-El battles his son for his subjugation of the Planet Earth...! You can probably guess Lex Luthor has had a hand in this!

Action Comics #47 (2010)

Action Comics: Heart Of Kryptonite, Soul On Fire.



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