

# STAR TREK® GREEN LANTERN™

THE SPECTRUM WAR

JOHNSON  
HERNANDEZ  
SANCHEZ







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# IDW®



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eISBN: 9781623029173

DIGITAL

STAR TREK created by Gene Roddenberry.

Special thanks to Risa Kessler and John Van Citters of CBS Consumer Products for their invaluable assistance.

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STAR TREK/GREEN LANTERN: THE SPECTRUM WAR. MARCH 2016.  
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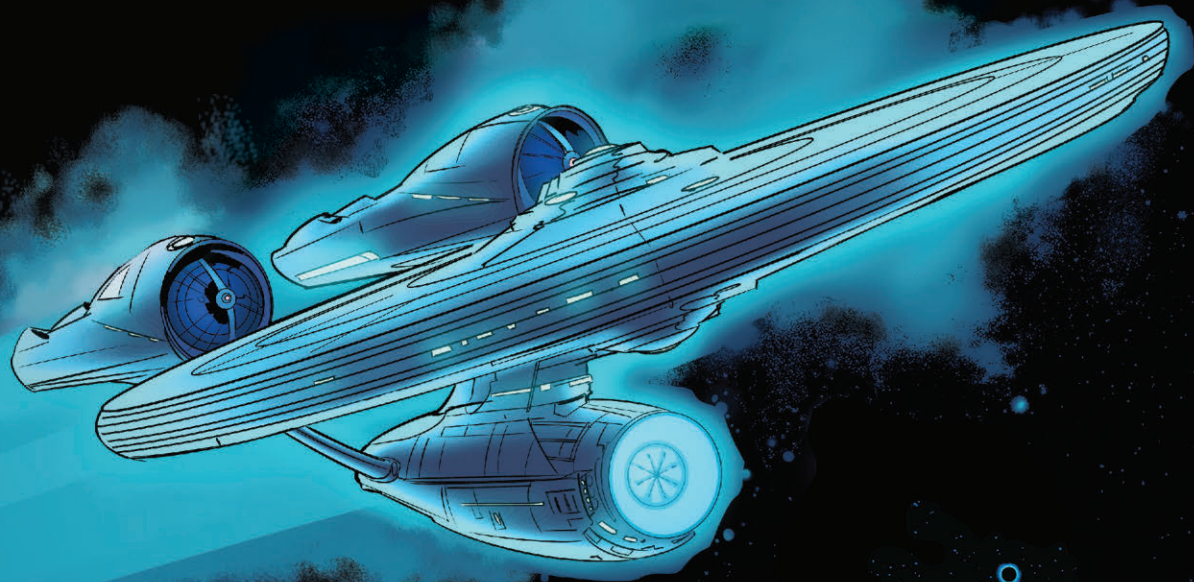
Originally published as STAR TREK/GREEN LANTERN issues #1-6.

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# STAR TREK® GREEN LANTERN™

THE SPECTRUM WAR

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"RUN,  
LITTLE MAN."

THE PLANET MOGO.

BEFORE.

"YOUR RINGS  
FOLLOW LIKE OBEDIENT  
SERVANTS."

"BUT THEY  
CANNOT SAVE YOU,  
GANTHET."

"MOGO, THE  
LAST GREEN  
LANTERN, IS  
DEAD."

"A FITTING  
LOCATION FOR  
YOUR DEMISE,  
DON'T YOU  
THINK?"

"YOUR FELLOW  
GUARDIANS ARE  
NOW ASHES BLOWING  
ACROSS THE  
COSMOS."

"GIVE  
ME THE LAST  
RINGS. WATCH  
ME EXTINGUISH  
THEIR LIGHT  
FOREVER."







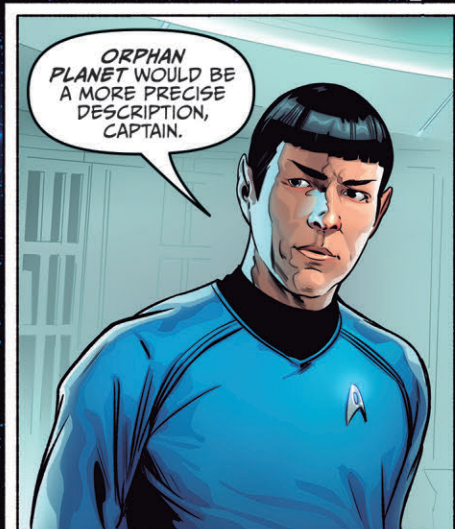
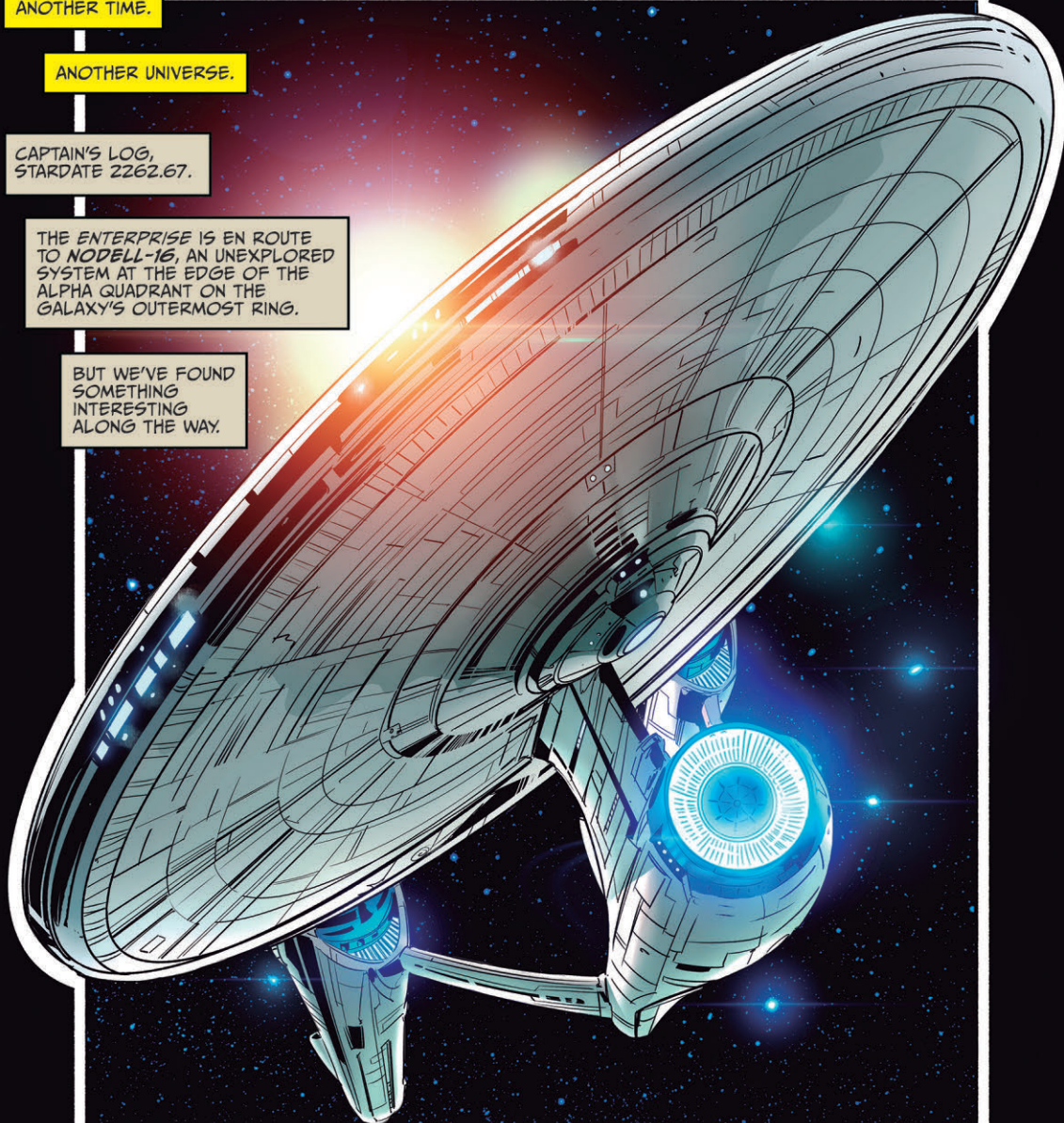
ANOTHER TIME.

ANOTHER UNIVERSE.

CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 2262.67.

THE *ENTERPRISE* IS EN ROUTE  
TO *NODELL-16*, AN UNEXPLORED  
SYSTEM AT THE EDGE OF THE  
ALPHA QUADRANT ON THE  
GALAXY'S OUTERMOST RING.

BUT WE'VE FOUND  
SOMETHING  
INTERESTING  
ALONG THE WAY.








"OR ROGUE PLANET, IF YOU PREFER. A WORLD THAT WAS NEVER TRAPPED BY THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF A STAR."

"THIS ONE HAS NO DISCERNABLE ATMOSPHERE, AND THERE IS NO INDICATION OF ORGANIC LIFE."



BUT WE HAVE DETECTED **SOMETHING** ON THE SURFACE. ORBITAL SCANS ARE INCONCLUSIVE. I RECOMMEND THAT AN AWAY TEAM BE DISPATCHED TO INVESTIGATE.

EXCELLENT IDEA. THANKS FOR VOLUNTEERING.

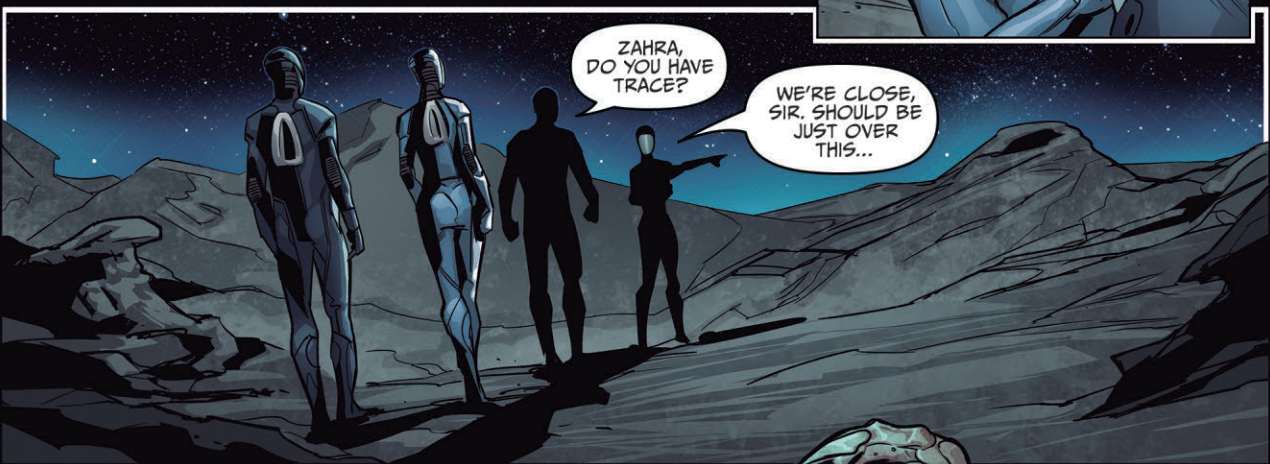
MR. SULU! PARK US IN GEOSYNCHRONOUS ORBIT OVER THE LOCATION. YOU HAVE THE CONN.

AYE, SIR!



IS IT WISE...









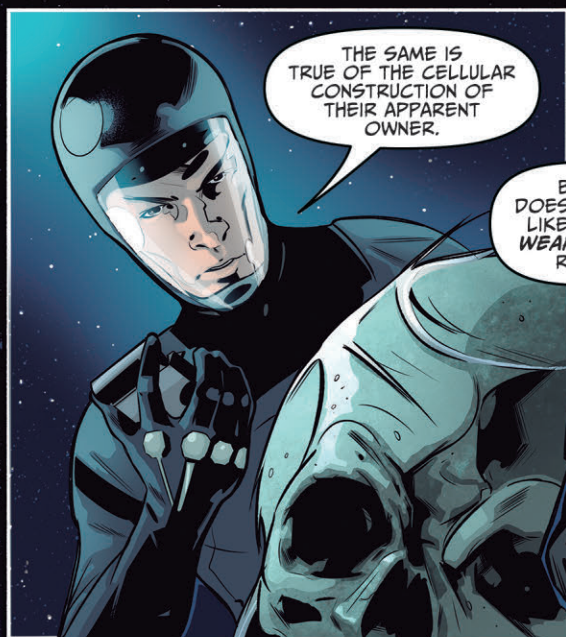
IT WOULD  
APPEAR THERE IS  
ORGANIC LIFE HERE  
AFTER ALL.

WAS  
ORGANIC  
LIFE...



THESE  
LOOK LIKE...  
RINGS?

WHATEVER  
THEY'RE MADE  
OF, THE SCANS  
HAVE NEVER  
SEEN ANYTHING  
LIKE IT.

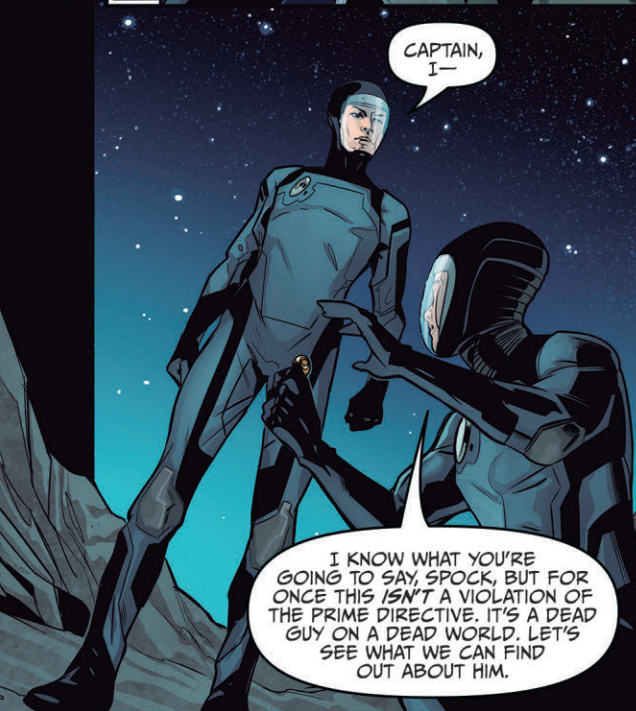


THE SAME IS  
TRUE OF THE CELLULAR  
CONSTRUCTION OF  
THEIR APPARENT  
OWNER.

BUT IT  
DOESN'T LOOK  
LIKE HE WAS  
WEARING THE  
RINGS.



LET'S BRING  
THEM UP TO THE SHIP  
FOR COMPREHENSIVE  
SCANS. THE BODY  
TOO.



CAPTAIN,  
I—

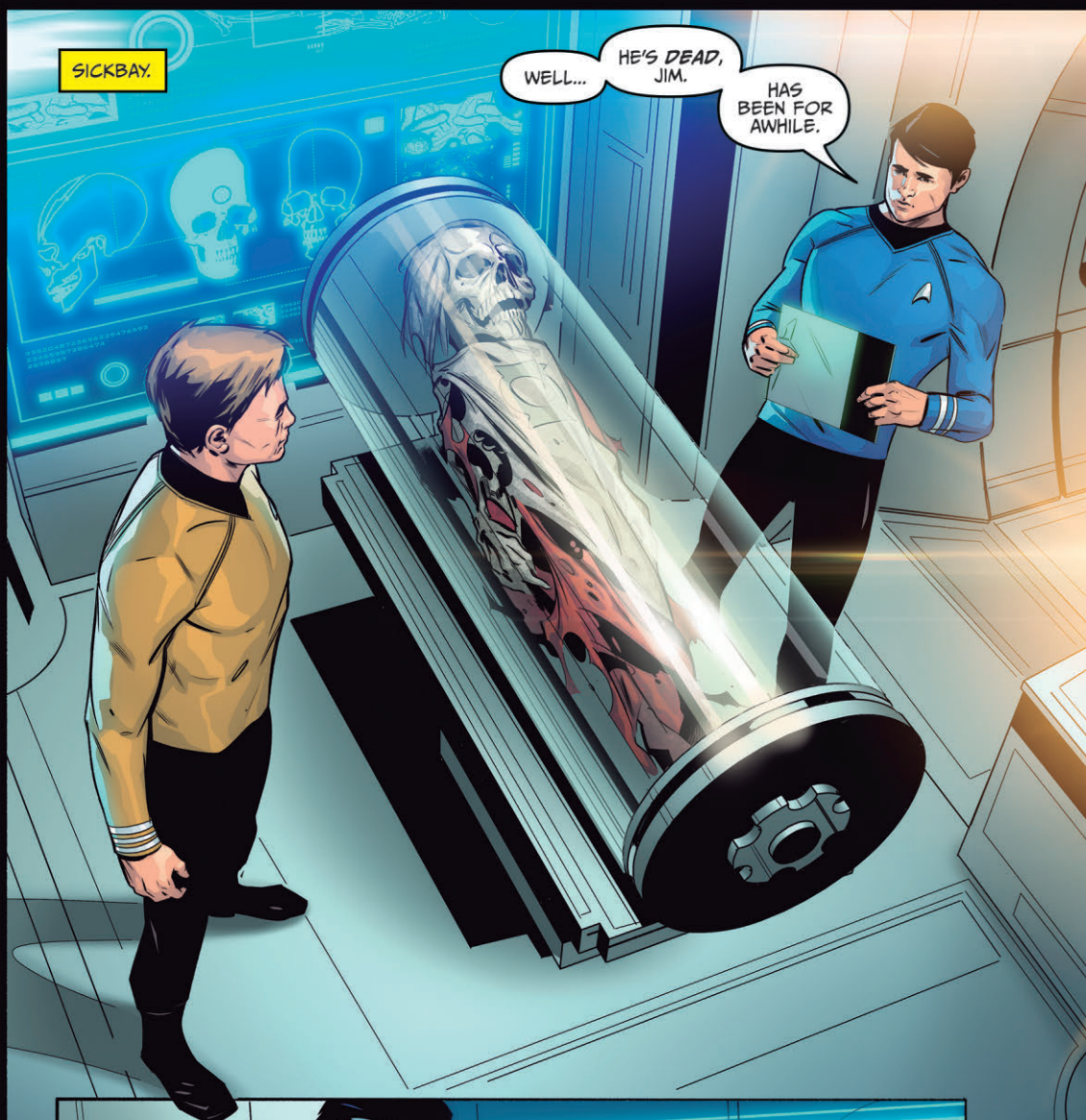
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
GOING TO SAY, SPOCK, BUT FOR  
ONCE THIS *ISN'T* A VIOLATION OF  
THE PRIME DIRECTIVE. IT'S A DEAD  
GUY ON A DEAD WORLD. LET'S  
SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND  
OUT ABOUT HIM.



AS I WAS  
ABOUT TO SAY,  
CAPTAIN...

I  
CONCUR.





SICKBAY.

WELL... HE'S DEAD, JIM.

HAS BEEN FOR AWHILE.



THE *GOOD* NEWS IS THAT IT APPEARS YOU'VE DISCOVERED A NEW SPECIES.

THE STASIS FIELD WILL KEEP HIS SKELETON INTACT WHILE WE STUDY HIM. OUR XENO-BIOLOGISTS ARE ALREADY CLIMBING OVER THEMSELVES TO GET FIRST CRACK.



MR. SCOTT, WHAT ABOUT THOSE RINGS? FOUND ANYTHING?

YES, SIR! QUITE EXCITING! COME AND HAVE A LOOK!



ENGINEERING.

EACH OF THE  
ARTIFACTS POSSESS  
A VARIATION OF THE SAME  
COMPLEX NANO-STRUCTURE.  
ABSOLUTELY *BREATHAKING*  
DESIGN!

AS BEST AS I CAN  
DEDUCE, THEY'RE ALL  
MEANT TO BE SOME  
KIND OF *ENERGY*  
CONDUIT!

WHAT KIND  
OF ENERGY,  
SCOTTY?

=HRRMP=

STILL WORKING  
ON THAT, CAPTAIN. I'D  
LIKE TO TRY BATHING  
THEM IN A *TACHYON*  
FIELD TO SEE IF THAT  
HAS ANY EFFECT  
ON THEM.

WITH YOUR  
PERMISSION,  
OF COURSE.

PERMISSION  
GRANTED.

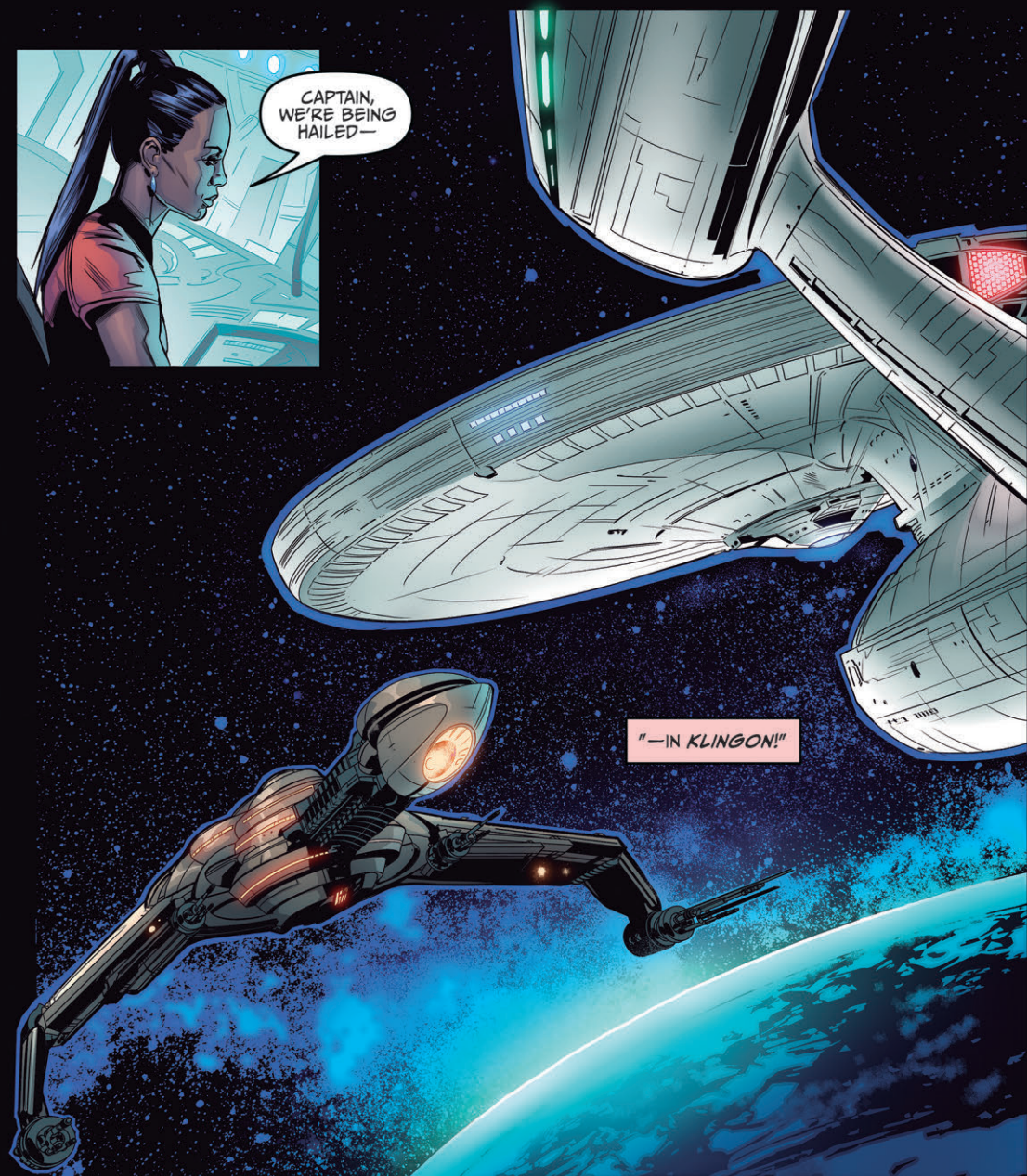
BUT KEEP A  
CLOSE EYE ON THEM,  
SCOTTY. WE STILL  
DON'T KNOW WHAT  
WE'RE DEALING  
WITH.

UNDERSTOOD,  
CAPTAIN.





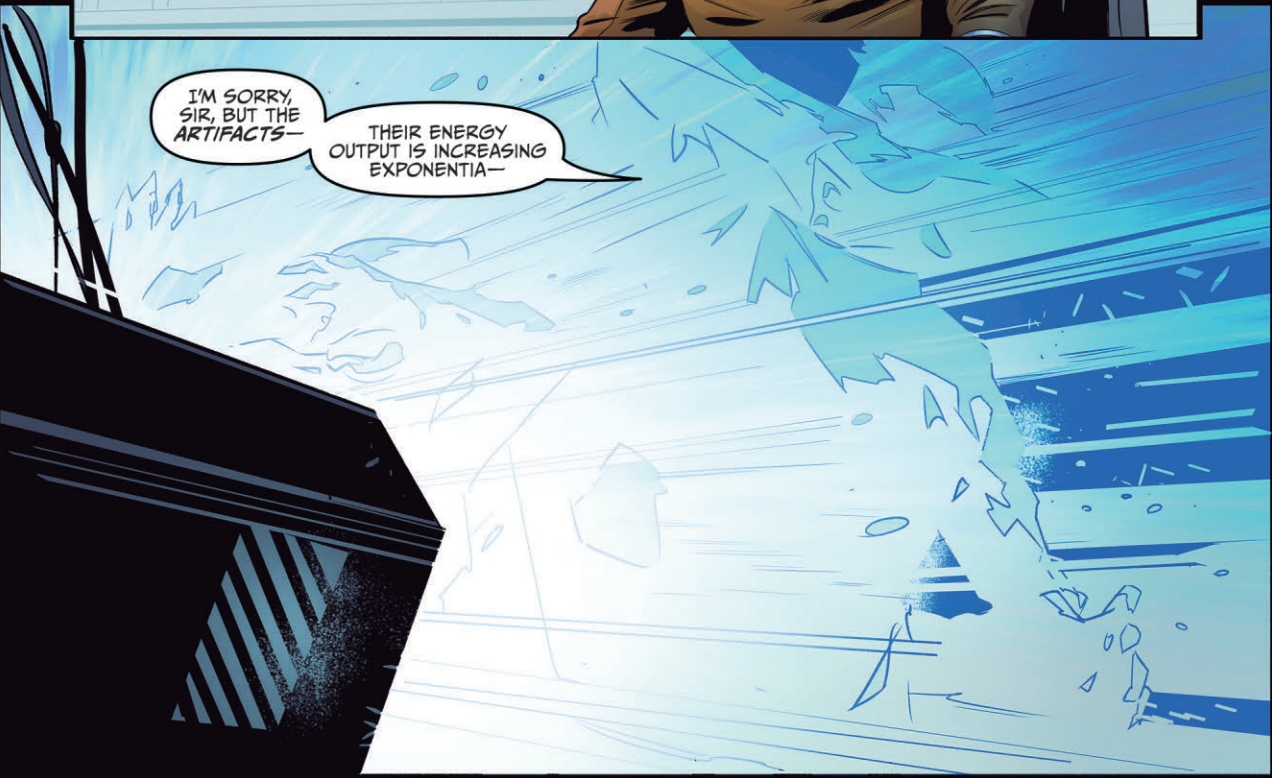








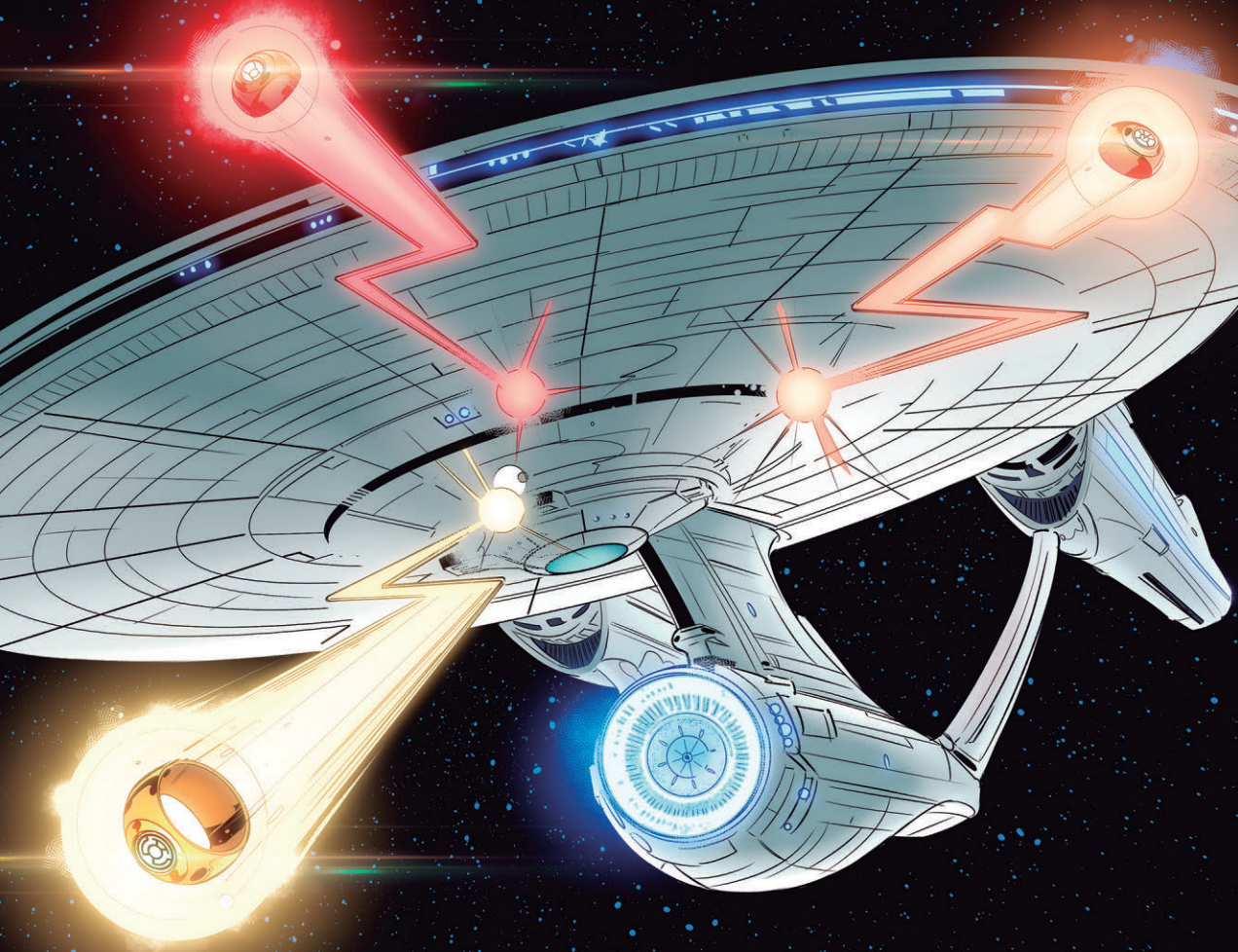




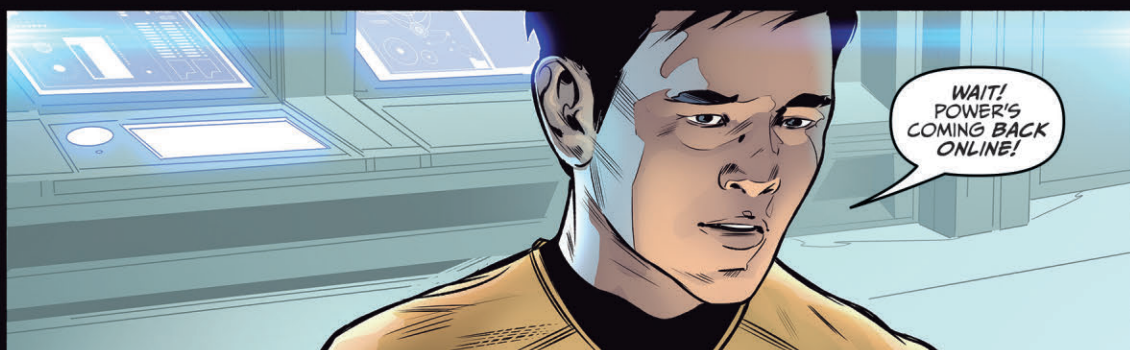














"SHIELDS AT FULL STRENGTH!"



BUT—  
IF THESE  
READINGS ARE  
RIGHT—



"THE POWER'S COMING  
FROM OUTSIDE THE SHIP!"



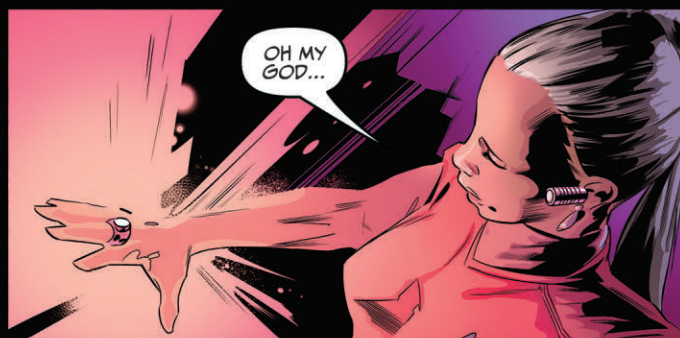














"—A MOST UNUSUAL *HUMAN*."

NICE SHIP.

WHY IS  
MY FRIEND'S  
*SKELETON*  
ONBOARD?













"FEAR IS POWER."

—ANCIENT KLINGON PROVERB.



EVERY TIME A YELLOW RING  
FINDS A NEW BEARER, I *FEEL* IT.

HIJA!

LIKE A SHOCK TO  
THE FINGER. QUICK,  
MOSTLY PAINLESS.

BUT UNPLEASANT.

VIQ HOS!

I CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THIS  
NEW GUY RIGHT NOW, THOUGH.

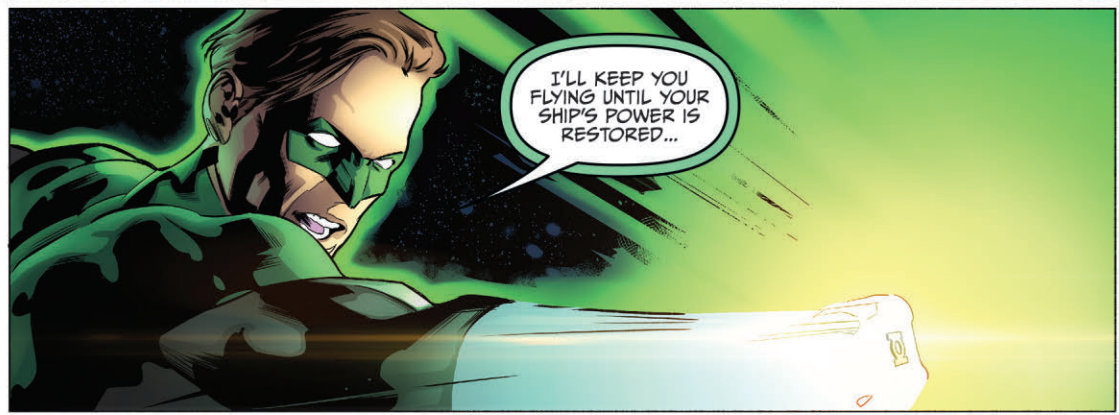




I'VE GOT MY  
HANDS FULL.

NODELL-16.

AN UNCHARTED SYSTEM AT THE  
EDGE OF THE ALPHA QUADRANT.





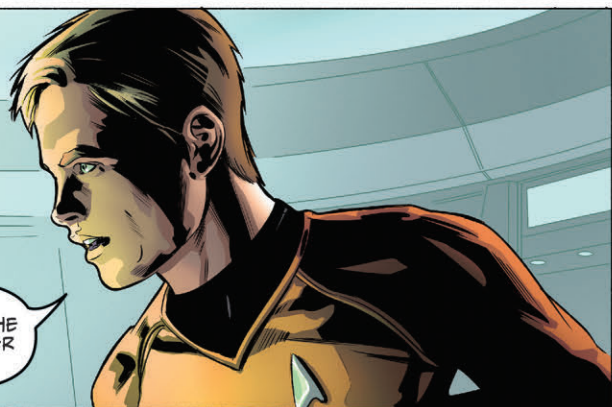


...BUT I'VE  
ALREADY SCANNED  
YOU WITH MY RING. I  
KNOW YOU'VE GOT MY  
FRIEND'S SKELETON  
ON BOARD.

I WANT  
ANSWERS.

...SCANNED  
WITH HIS  
WHAT?

LOOK, I  
APPRECIATE THE  
HELP, WHOEVER  
YOU ARE—







I'VE GOT  
MY HANDS  
FULL.

WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
TO ME?!

KEPTIN,  
I FEEL—

—WERY, WERY  
STRANGE!







"ANYTHING I CAN *IMAGINE*!"



BLUE.  
INDIGO.

MUCH BETTER THAN  
A YELLOW SHOCK.

NEW RING-BEARERS  
ON THAT SHIP.

LOOKS LIKE  
YOU'VE FOUND A  
NEW POWER  
SOURCE.

SO IF YOU'LL  
EXCUSE ME—





"—I'LL HANDLE WHAT I'M  
GUESSING IS NOT A FRIENDLY."

BEHOLD  
THE REBIRTH OF  
MUGTOVOR!

THE GREAT  
PREDATOR OF  
ANCIENT GO'NOS  
GIVEN GLORIOUS  
NEW LIFE!



I SAW **THREE** RINGS  
LEAVE THE SHIP.

THE **YELLOW** RING  
OBVIOUSLY CHOSE  
CAPTAIN **EYE**  
PATCH HERE.

BUT WHERE DID  
THE **RED** AND  
**ORANGE** GO?





THE BETA QUADRANT.  
THE TAU LACERTAE SYSTEM.

THE PLANET GORNAR.

"LOOK AT THAT PATHETIC  
OLD MAN."



MY FATHER,  
THE HEGEMON.

STILL CLINGING  
TO A THRONE THAT  
SHOULD HAVE BEEN  
MINE A THOUSAND  
CYCLES AGO.

YOU DO REALIZE  
YOU ARE WISHING  
YOUR FATHER WERE  
DEAD, DON'T YOU,  
GLOCON?

OF COURSE, GARRON.  
AS DOES EVERY OTHER  
GORN SWORN TO OBEY THE  
COMMANDS THAT LEAK  
FROM HIS ENFEEBLED  
BRAIN.

IT IS PAST TIME  
I TOOK MATTERS  
INTO MY OWN  
CLAWS.

AND WHAT WOULD  
YOUR MOTHER SAY?  
AND YOUR YOUNGER  
BROOD-MATES?

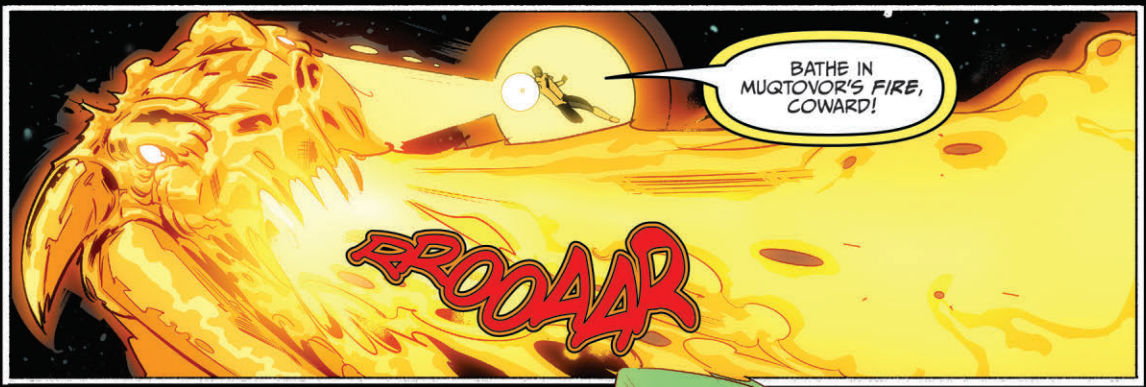
I HAVE NO  
LOVE FOR MY  
FAMILY, YOU KNOW  
THAT. DEBAUCHED  
SYCOPHANTS, ALL  
OF THEM.

AS SOON AS  
I'M IN POWER, I'M  
FEEDING THEM TO THE  
HIKLISS IN THE ROYAL  
KENNELS.



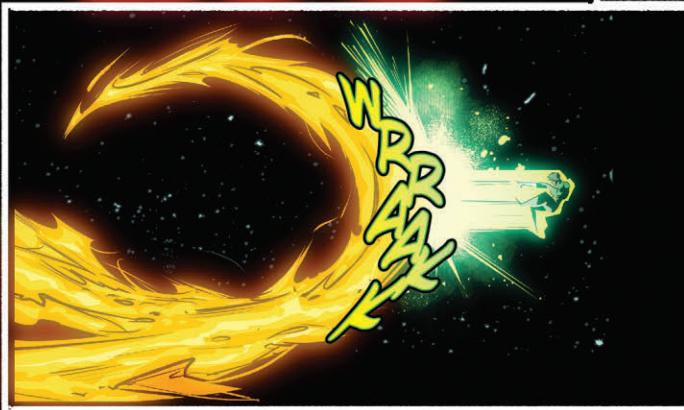
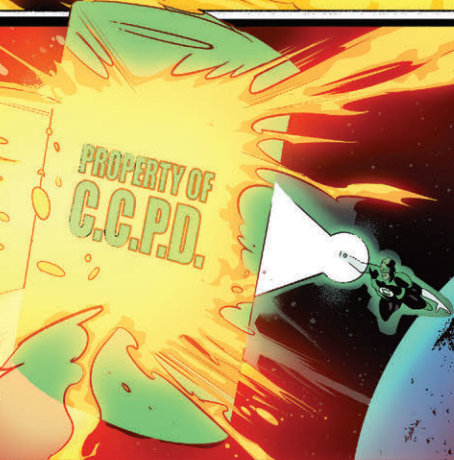




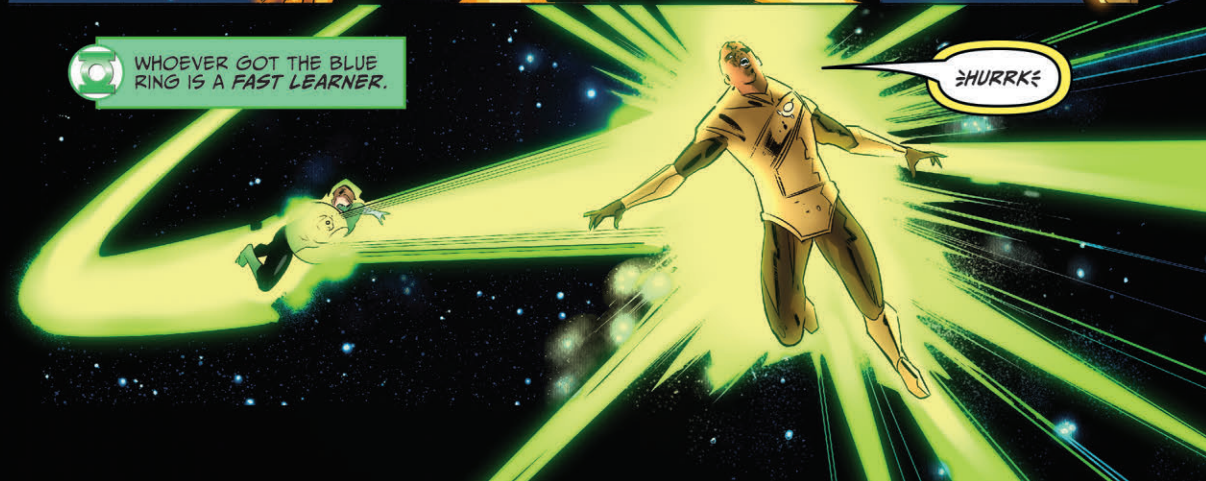
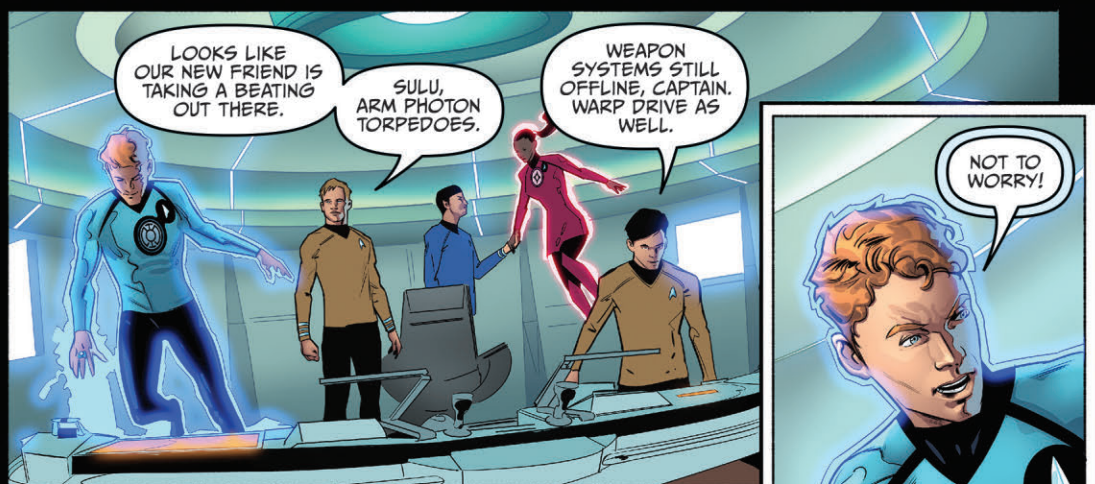


 FELT ANOTHER SHOCK.

THE RED RING'S FOUND A HOME.













SECTOR Z-6.

THE PLANET ROMULUS.

"EXPANSION MEANS *SURVIVAL*."

FOR TOO LONG WE HAVE BEEN CONTENT TO HIDE WITHIN OUR BORDERS, CHASTENED BY ACCUSATIONS THAT WE WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF VULCAN.

MEANWHILE, COMPETING CIVILIZATIONS HAVE CONTINUED TO INCREASE THEIR INFLUENCE ACROSS THE GALAXY AT OUR EXPENSE.


WE ALL KNOW THAT THE MISSIONS OF "EXPLORATION" CARRIED OUT BY THE FEDERATION'S FLEET ARE JUST COVER FOR EXPANDING THEIR OWN REGION OF CONTROL.

THE LONGER WE WAIT TO RESUME OUR OWN TERRITORIAL EXPANSION, THE FEWER SYSTEMS WILL BE LEFT FOR US TO EXPLOIT.

"EXPLOIT," PRAETOR DECIUS?


THE WORD LACKS THE NECESSARY... NOBILITY AS BEFITS OUR PROUD EMPIRE.





NOBILITY DOESN'T  
CARVE OUT DILITHIUM MINES,  
SENATOR. IT DOESN'T HARNESS  
ENERGY FROM SOLAR ARRAYS  
OR HARVEST CROPS FROM  
AGRICULTURAL COLONIES.

EACH OF THEM  
NECESSARY FOR THE  
GROWTH OF THE EMPIRE.  
EACH OF THEM A FORM  
OF EXPLOITATION.



IF THIS AUGUST BODY  
IS UNPREPARED TO GRANT  
ME THE POWERS NECESSARY  
TO ENSURE THE SECURITY  
AND PROSPERITY OF THE  
EMPIRE, THEN I WILL  
BE FORCED TO—



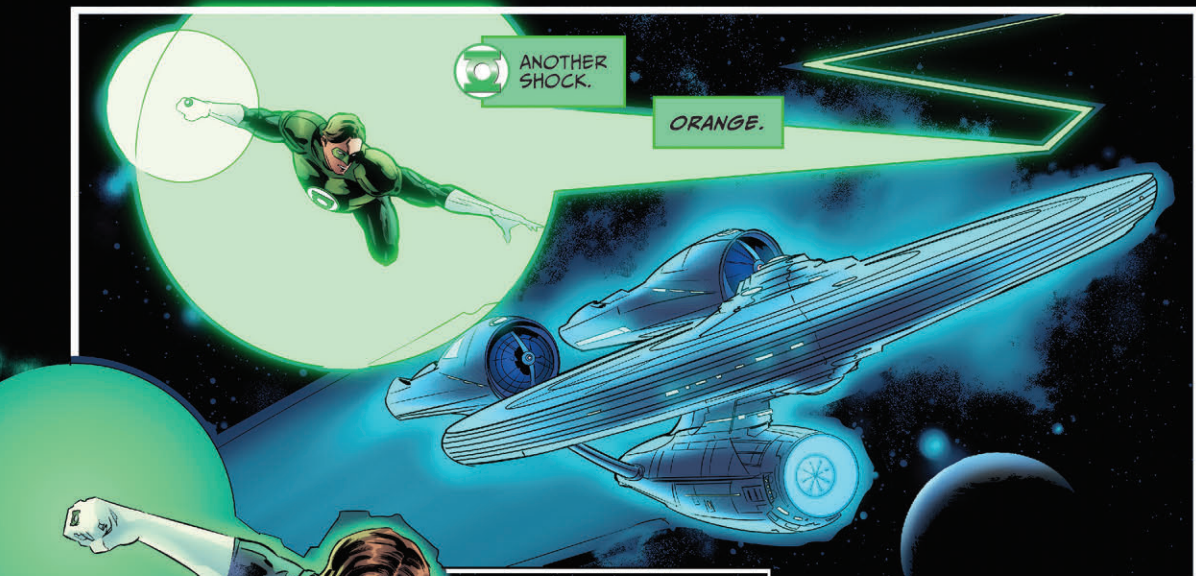
FWASSH

DECIUS OF  
ROMULUS.

YOU ARE  
CHOSEN.









I'M HAL JORDAN.  
GREEN LANTERN OF  
SPACE SECTOR  
2814.

BASED ON YOUR  
HULL MARKINGS, I'M  
GUESSING WE HAIL  
FROM THE SAME  
CORNER OF THE  
GALAXY.

WHAT IS THIS,  
SOME KIND OF  
SECRET NASA  
SHIP?

NASA?

I'M CAPTAIN JAMES  
T. KIRK. YOU'RE ON THE  
FEDERATION STARSHIP  
ENTERPRISE.

STARFLEET.

WHAT'S  
A "GREEN  
LANTERN"?

FASCINATING.







WHAT'S  
"STARFLEET"?

MORE TO THE  
POINT, WHY DO YOU  
HAVE *GANTHET'S*  
SKELETON  
ONBOARD?



YOU  
KNOW  
HIM?

WE FOUND HIM ALONE  
ON A ROCK WITH NOTHING  
BUT THOSE RINGS BESIDE  
HIM. THE *RINGS* THAT JUST  
WREKED HAVOC ON  
MY SHIP.



SPEAKING  
OF WHICH—

SCOTTY!  
SCOTTY, DO  
YOU COPY?



HE'S  
FINE, JIM. I  
TOOK CARE  
OF HIM.

BONES?!

NOW...

...CAN  
SOMEBODY  
PLEASE WAKE  
ME UP FROM MY  
NIGHTMARE?





QO'NOS.

THE KLINGON  
HOMEWORLD.

COUNCILORS!

I BRING  
YOU GOOD  
TIDINGS!

BOOM

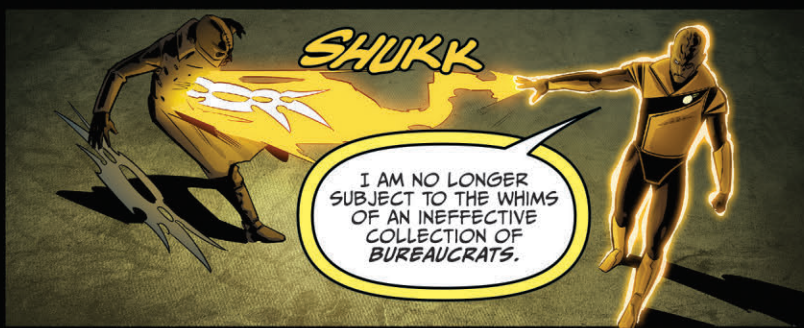
GENERAL  
CHANG?!

WHAT IS  
THE MEANING  
OF THIS?!

THE MEANING,  
COUNCILOR, IS IN  
THE MEANS.

SHUK





I AM NO LONGER  
SUBJECT TO THE WHIMS  
OF AN INEFFECTIVE  
COLLECTION OF  
BUREAUCRATS.



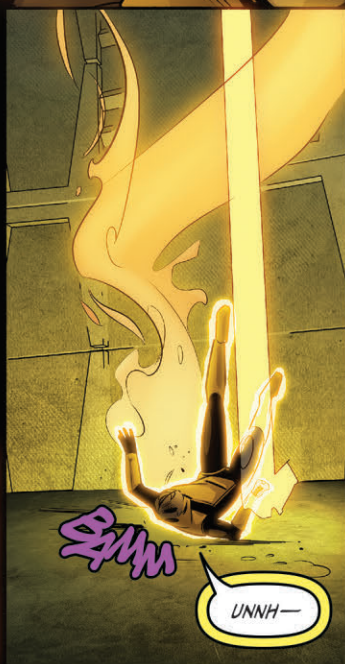
YOU ARE ALL  
DISMISSED.



FINALLY THE  
FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE  
IS IN THE CONTROL OF  
SOMEONE WORTHY OF  
THE RESPONSIBILITY.



NO MORE  
COUNCILS.  
NO MORE  
DEBATE.  
ONLY  
MY—



UNNH—



MY  
THRONE OF  
LIGHT—  
WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO IT?!



I DID.

YOU CERTAINLY  
SEEM TO THRIVE  
ON INSTILLING FEAR,  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
THAT.

BUT AS  
LONG AS YOU'RE  
WEARING THAT  
RING ON YOUR  
FINGER...

...SINESTRO  
WILL BE GIVING  
THE ORDERS.







Elsa  
2015



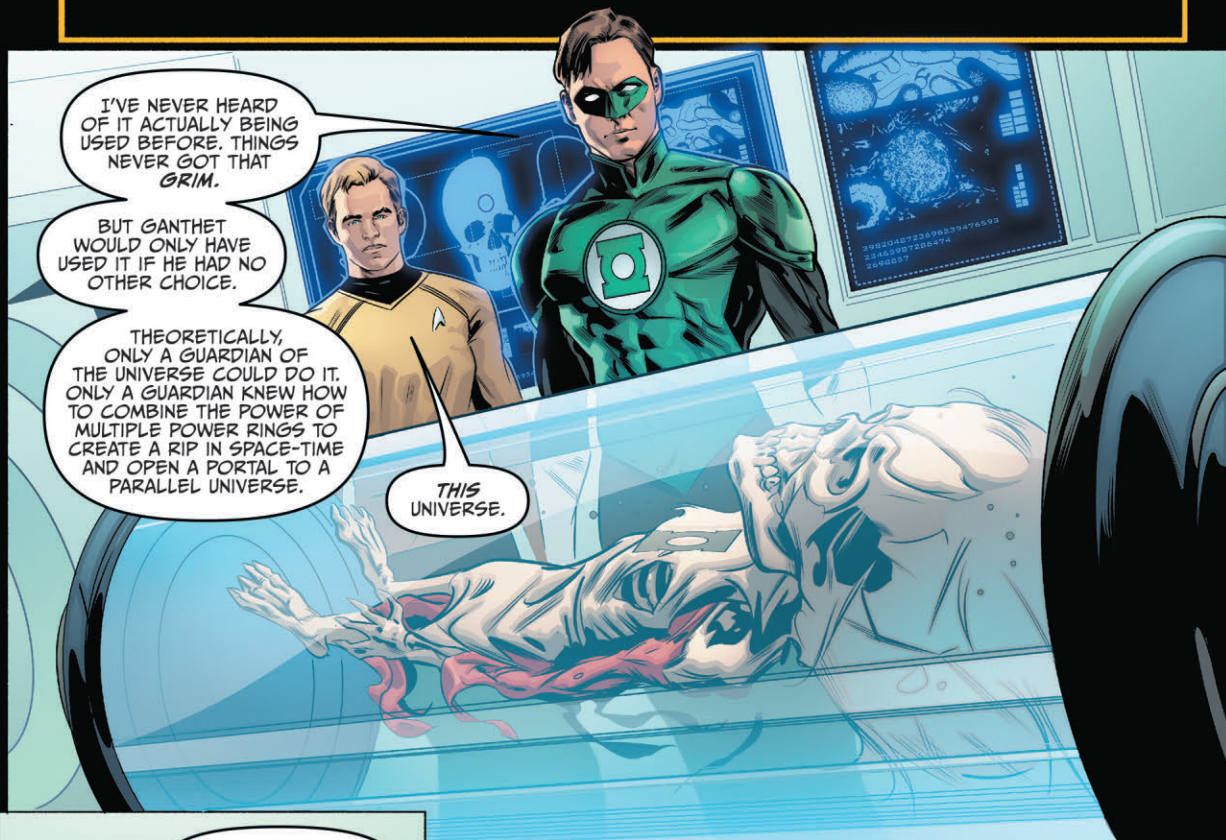






"IT'S CALLED THE  
LAST LIGHT.

"AN ESCAPE PLAN FOR THE  
END OF THE UNIVERSE."



I'VE NEVER HEARD  
OF IT ACTUALLY BEING  
USED BEFORE. THINGS  
NEVER GOT THAT  
*GRIM*.

BUT GANTHET  
WOULD ONLY HAVE  
USED IT IF HE HAD NO  
OTHER CHOICE.

THEORETICALLY,  
ONLY A GUARDIAN OF  
THE UNIVERSE COULD DO IT.  
ONLY A GUARDIAN KNEW HOW  
TO COMBINE THE POWER OF  
MULTIPLE POWER RINGS TO  
CREATE A RIP IN SPACE-TIME  
AND OPEN A PORTAL TO A  
PARALLEL UNIVERSE.

THIS  
UNIVERSE.

THEORETICALLY,  
THE LAST LIGHT PULLS  
EVERY SURVIVING  
LANTERN WITH IT.

BUT THE EFFORT  
WAS OBVIOUSLY TOO  
MUCH FOR GANTHET TO  
BEAR. HE SACRIFICED  
HIMSELF TO SAVE THE  
REST OF US.

BUT WHAT  
ABOUT *YOUR*  
UNIVERSE?

HOW DID  
IT *END*?







"NOT HOW.  
WHO."

"HE CALLS HIMSELF...  
CALLED HIMSELF,  
PAST TENSE, I HOPE..."

"NEKRON."

"LESS A PERSON THAN  
A PERSONIFICATION OF  
DEATH ITSELF."

"HE RAISED ARMIES OF THE DEAD ON  
EVERY WORLD IN THE COSMOS, WIPING  
OUT EVERY LAST LIVING THING."





"HE'D TRIED IT BEFORE.  
WE BEAT HIM.

"BUT THIS TIME NEKRON REALIZED  
THAT HE HAD AN ADVANTAGE OVER  
US THAT WE COULD NEVER MATCH.  
SHEER NUMBERS.

"ONE SIMPLE, CRUEL FACT. THERE  
WILL ALWAYS BE MORE DEAD THAN  
HE CAN RAISE THAN THERE ARE  
THE LIVING WHO CAN FIGHT BACK.



"WE ALL KNEW  
IT WAS A LOST  
CAUSE.



"BUT WE KEPT FIGHTING  
TO THE END.



"AND THEN, IN THE  
FINAL MOMENTS...

"IT WAS LIKE GANTHET  
WAS WITH US.

"EVERYTHING WENT  
BRIGHT..."







GORNAR.

**RAGE!**

IT GIVES ME  
STRENGTH I HAVE  
NEVER FELT  
BEFORE!

IT GIVES ME  
POWER THAT  
CANNOT BE  
EQUALED!



AND IT SPELLS THE  
END OF YOUR PITIFUL  
LIFE, FATHER! THE GORNAR  
HEGEMONY BELONGS  
TO ME NOW!

G-GLOCON...  
HHKK... PLEASE...

YOU WASTE  
YOUR LAST WORDS  
BEGGING?

HOW  
VERY LIKE  
YOU.

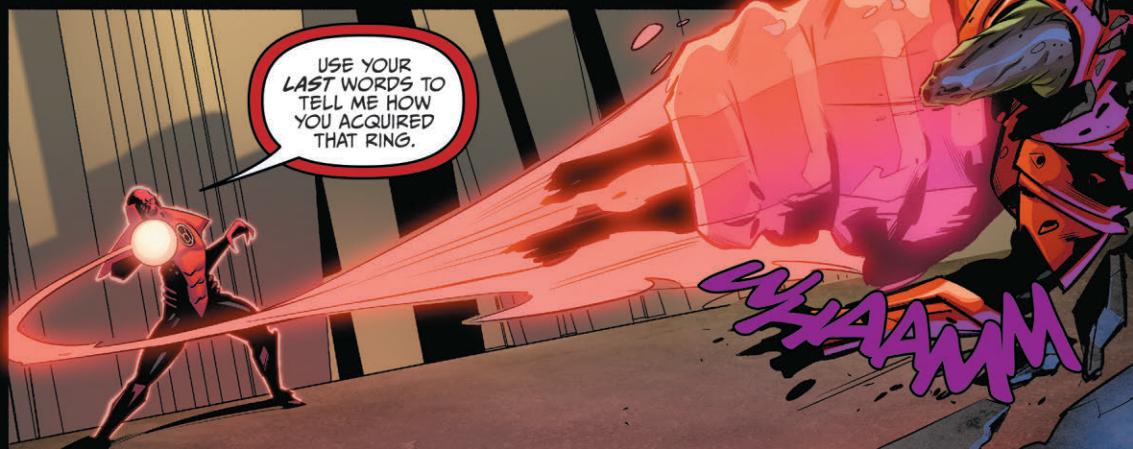


DESTINY  
SMILES ON ME  
IN THE GUISE OF  
THIS STRANGE  
WEAPON.

SOON THE  
ENTIRE GALAXY  
WILL KNEEL  
BEFORE ME.



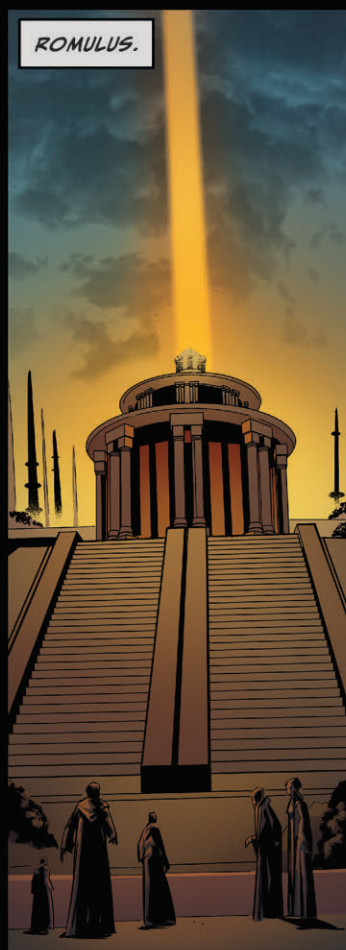












ROMULUS.



WHAT A GLORIOUS DAY FOR THE EMPIRE!

DECIUS!  
WH-WHAT IS HAPPENING?!



IT WOULD APPEAR  
A CHANGE IN THE  
BALANCE OF POWER  
IS UNDERWAY,  
SENATOR VRAX.

POWER NOW  
CONCENTRATED ON  
THE HAND OF THE  
EMPIRE'S MOST  
LOYAL SON!



STAND DOWN,  
DECIUS!

WHATEVER IT IS  
THAT POSSESSES  
YOU IS DRIVING  
YOU MAD!



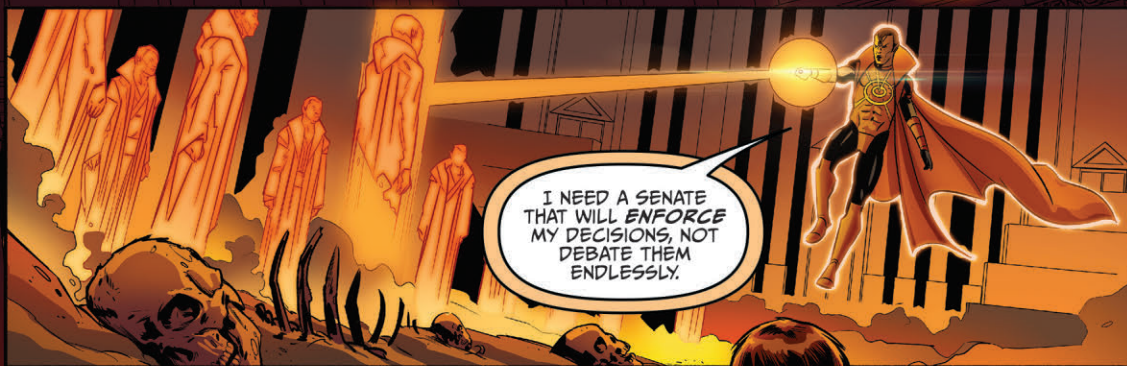


POSSESSED,  
SENATOR CRETAK?  
YES, I SUPPOSE.

POSSESSED  
BY THE CERTAINTY  
OF WHAT I MUST  
DO NOW.

THERE IS  
NO TIME FOR  
DEBATE.

SHIRAAK



I NEED A SENATE  
THAT WILL **ENFORCE**  
MY DECISIONS, NOT  
DEBATE THEM  
ENDLESSLY.

EVEN IF I  
NEED TO **CREATE**  
THAT SENATE  
MYSELF.





TODAY IS THE  
FIRST DAY OF THE  
NEW ROMULAN  
EMPIRE!

UNDER MY  
LEADERSHIP, WE WILL  
THROW OFF THE SHACKLES  
THAT HAVE THWARTED  
OUR AMBITIONS!

WE WILL EMBARK  
ON A GLORIOUS NEW  
FUTURE OF CONQUEST  
AND EXPANSION!



CONQUEST, AS IN  
TAKING THINGS THAT  
DON'T BELONG  
TO YOU.



I LIKE  
THE WAY YOU  
THINK.

BUT YOUR  
PLANS WILL BE  
FOR NAUGHT IF YOU  
DON'T HAVE ONE  
OF THESE.



KRONOS.

I AM NOT  
IMPRESSED.

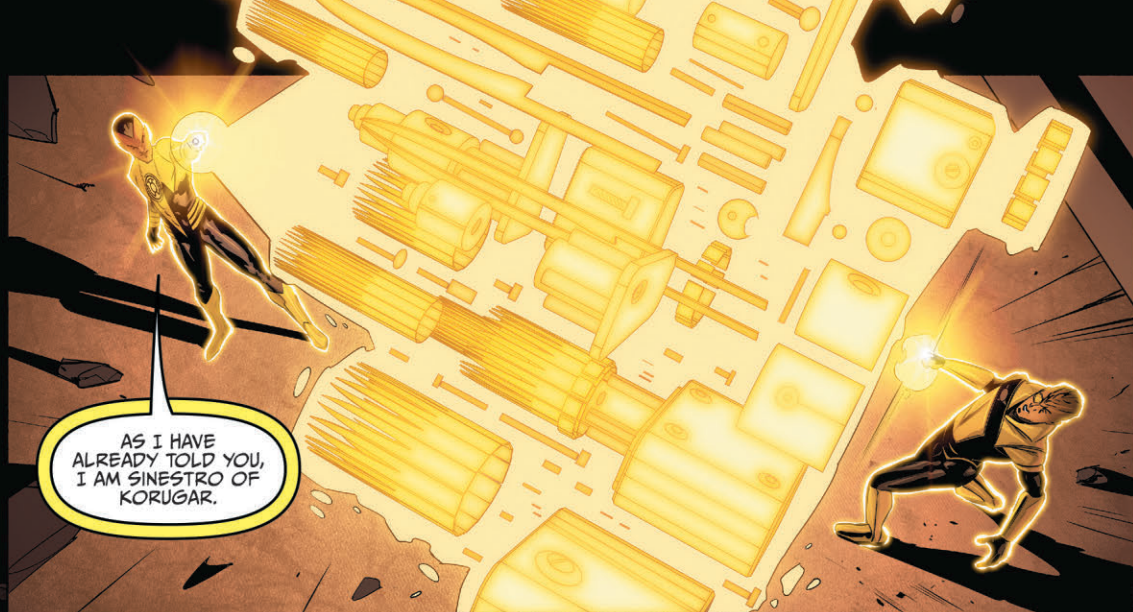
POW

CHOW

I AM EMPEROR  
CHANG, RULER OF  
THE KLINGON  
RACE!

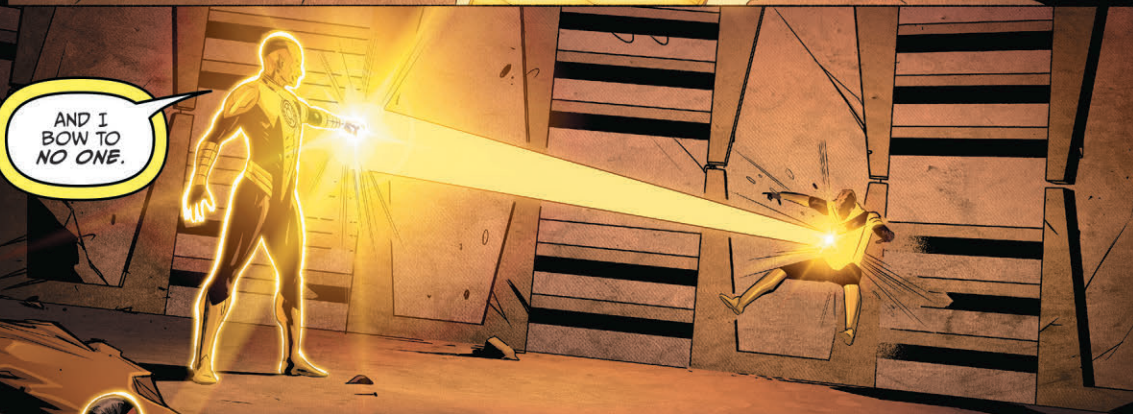
BOW BEFORE  
ME, STRANGER, OR  
BE DESTROYED!





AS I HAVE  
ALREADY TOLD YOU,  
I AM SINESTRO OF  
KORUGAR.

AND I  
BOW TO  
NO ONE.



WE CAN  
CONTINUE THIS  
DANCE FOR AS LONG  
AS YOU WISH, BUT  
EVENTUALLY YOUR  
MIGHTY IMPERIAL MIND  
WILL REALIZE THAT THE  
NEWFOUND POWER  
COURSING THROUGH YOU  
IS BUT A DROP IN THE  
OCEAN OF MY OWN  
ABILITIES.



YOU...

YOU KNOW  
WHERE THESE  
RING-WEAPONS  
COME FROM?

INDEED.  
SOMEWHERE VERY  
FAR FROM  
HERE.



MY RING  
HAS ANALYZED  
THE COMPUTER  
RECORDS OF  
YOUR WORLD.

IT APPEARS I  
HAVE ARRIVED IN A  
REALITY *PARALLEL* TO  
MY OWN, WITH NO  
RECORD OF MY—OR  
MY BRETHREN—  
HAVING EVER  
EXISTED.





I CAN ONLY SURMISE THAT GANTHET ATTEMPTED TO INVOKE *LAST LIGHT* IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE THOSE OF US HE COULD.

YOU SPEAK IN *RIDDLES*, STRANGER!

ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT I NOW HAVE THE POWER TO *DESTROY* ALL THOSE WHO DEFY THE KLINGON EMPIRE!

*ORDER* WILL FINALLY BE RESTORED TO THE GALAXY, THANKS TO ME!

I MUST REMEMBER TO THANK HIM AFTER I HUNT HIM DOWN.

*ORDER?*

SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE SON OF THE *SINESTRO CORPS*.

VERY WELL. I WILL HELP YOU IN YOUR CAUSE, CHANG OF KLINGON.

BUT WHEN THE TIME COMES, AND IN THE MANNER OF MY CHOOSING...

YOU WILL *REPAY* ME IN KIND.



DEEP IN THE  
ALPHA QUADRANT.

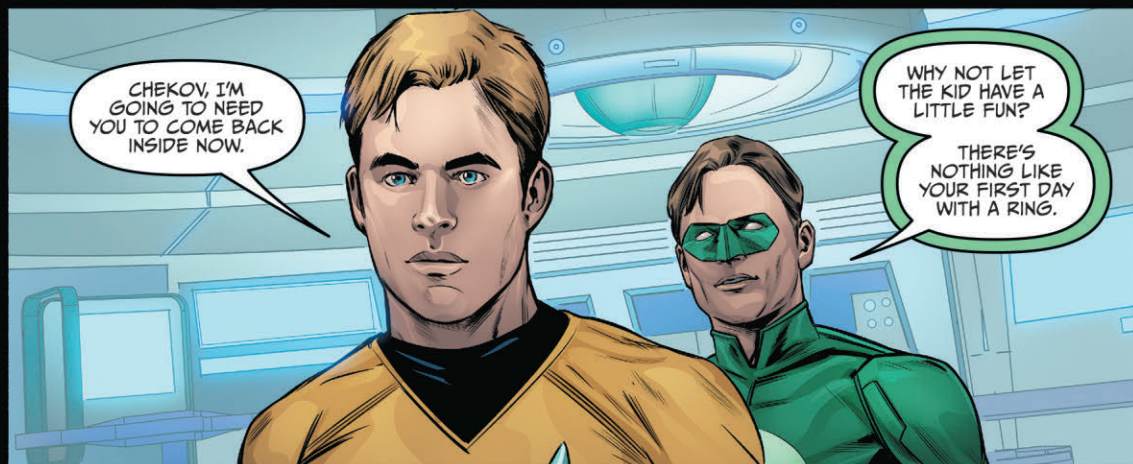
WHOO-HOOOO!



CHEKOV, I'M  
GOING TO NEED  
YOU TO COME BACK  
INSIDE NOW.

WHY NOT LET  
THE KID HAVE A  
LITTLE FUN?

THERE'S  
NOTHING LIKE  
YOUR FIRST DAY  
WITH A RING.



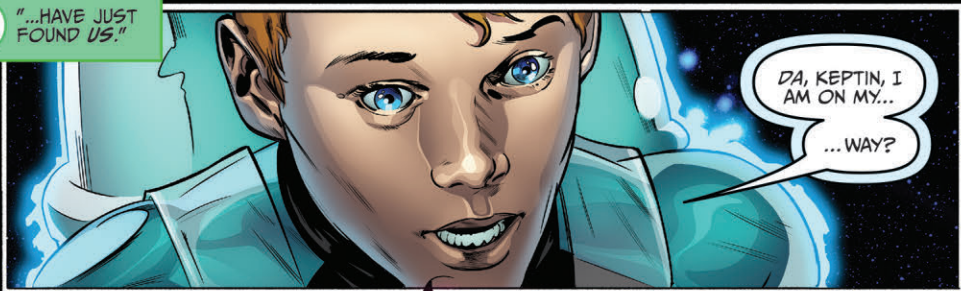








"...HAVE JUST  
FOUND US."



DA, KEPTIN, I  
AM ON MY...

...WAY?

I DON'T KNOW  
WHO YOU ARE, BUT  
YOU'RE A BLUE LANTERN,  
WHICH MEANS I CAN  
TRUST YOU.

PLEASE...

HELP US!





THE BORDER OF THE ALPHA  
AND DELTA QUADRANTS.

THE FEDERATION STARSHIP  
U.S.S. CONSTELLATION.

STATUS,  
MS. LIN?

U.S.S. CONSTELLATION  
NCC-1017

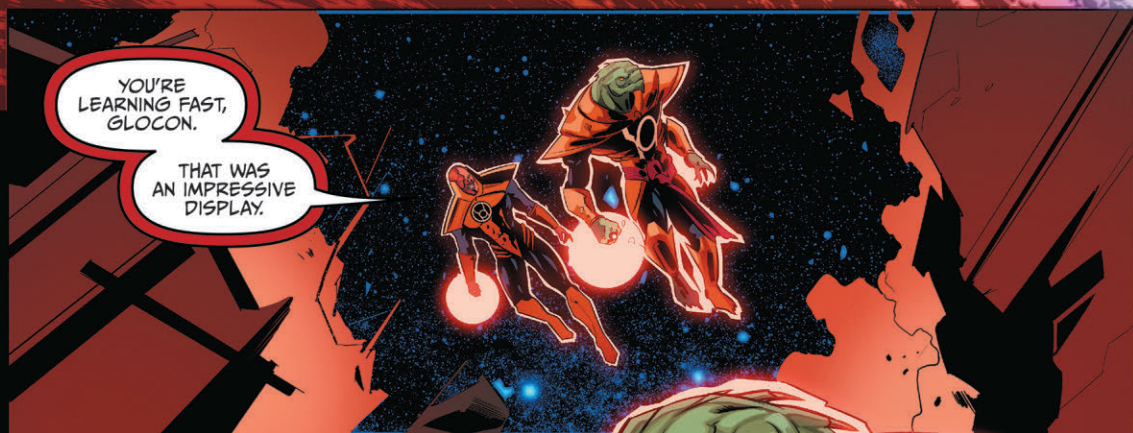
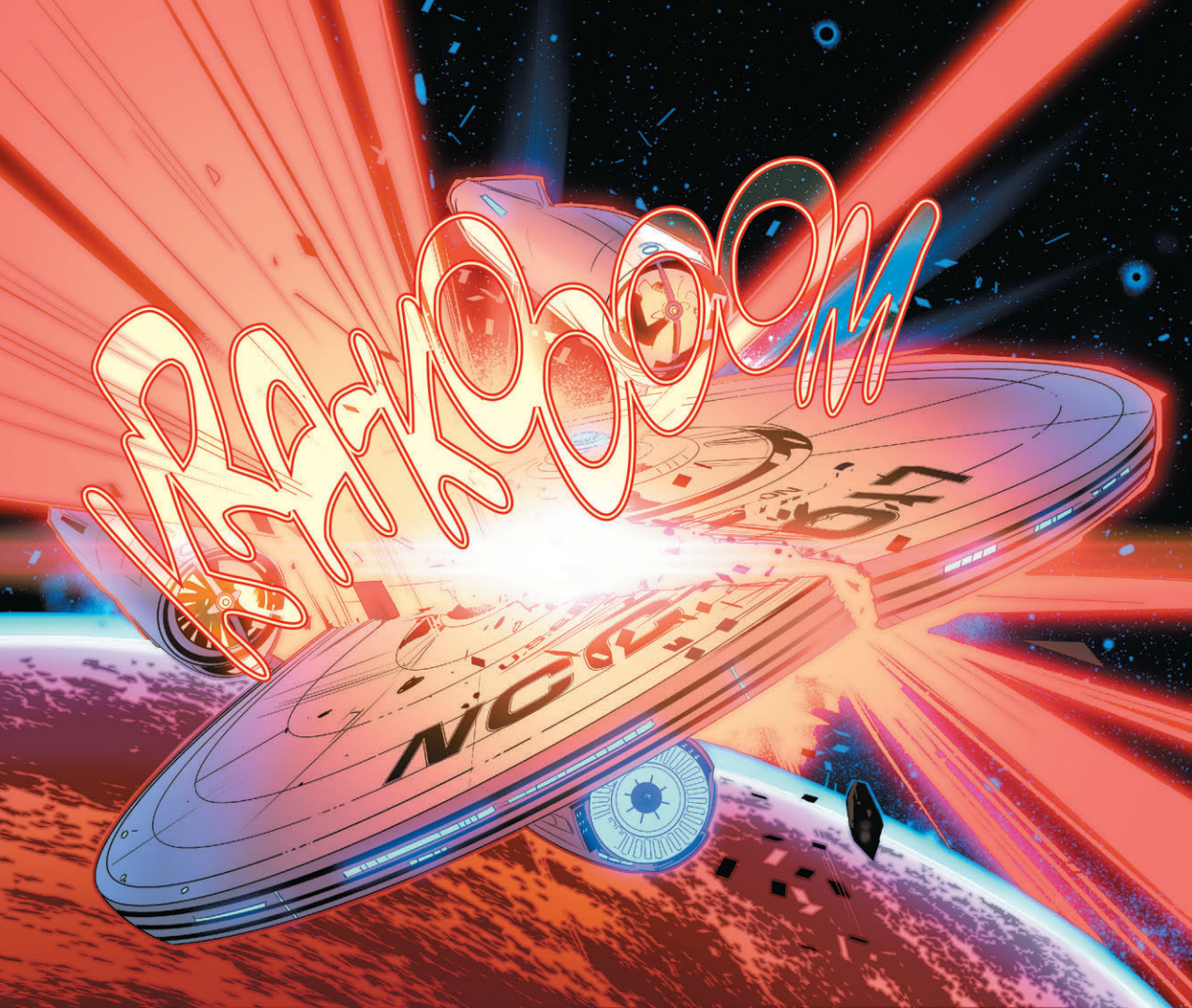
ALL SYSTEMS  
OPTIMAL, COMMODORE  
DEKKER. WE SHOULD  
BE ARRIVING IN—



KABOO!

NCC-1017











ACROSS THE ALPHA QUADRANT.

AT THE FORMER LOCATION  
OF THE VULCAN HOMEWORLD.

**RISE.**













"DEATH IS A CONSTANT  
IN EVERY UNIVERSE.

"AND NEKRON...

"...NEKRON *IS* DEATH.

"INEVITABLE.

"UNSTOPPABLE.

"A THREAT SO POWERFUL THAT EVEN  
ENEMIES BECAME ALLIES TO STOP IT.

"BUT WE COULD  
NOT PREVAIL.

"OUR UNIVERSE  
WAS AT AN END.

"GANTHET DID WHAT HE COULD  
TO SAVE THE LAST OF THE  
LIVING, BUT IN DOING SO..."





...I FEAR HE HAS ONLY DOOMED THIS UNIVERSE AS WELL.



HOW? THE **LAST LIGHT** THAT GANTHET INVOKED IS ONLY MEANT FOR RING-WIELDERS POWERED BY THE EMOTIONAL SPECTRUM.

NEKRON IS THE EXACT **OPPOSITE** OF THAT. HE'S DARKNESS, DECAY...

**PURE ENTROPY.**

THEORETICALLY, ENTROPY IS AN INTRINSIC PART OF EVERY UNIVERSE.

IF MS. SAPPHIRE IS CORRECT, AND THIS... **NEKRON**... IS A MANIFESTATION OF ENTROPY, HE WOULD MOST LIKELY EXIST IN SOME FORM IN EVERY POSSIBLE UNIVERSE.



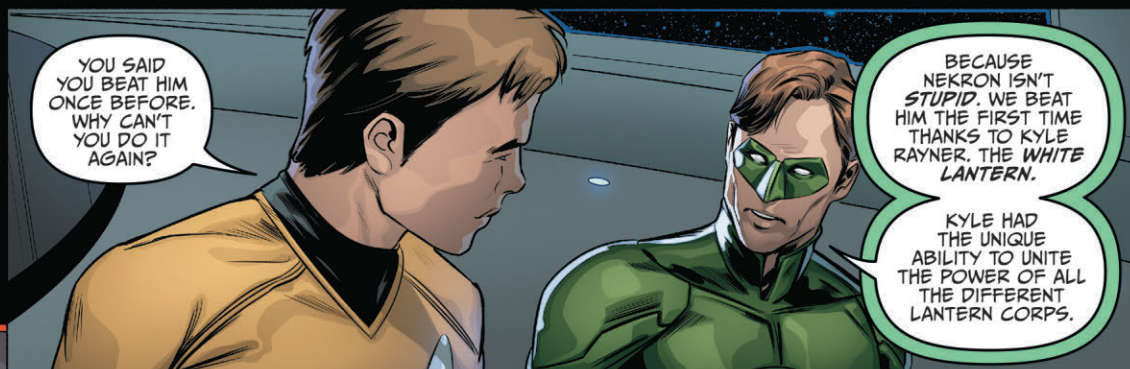




MY  
HANDSOME  
FRIEND IS  
CORRECT.

BUT  
NEKRON  
DOES NOT  
CHANGE AS HE  
MOVES BETWEEN  
REALITIES. HE  
IS THE SAME  
ELEMENTAL  
FORCE. ALWAYS  
SEEKING TO  
SNUFF OUT  
THE LIGHT.

"HANDSOME  
FRIEND...?"



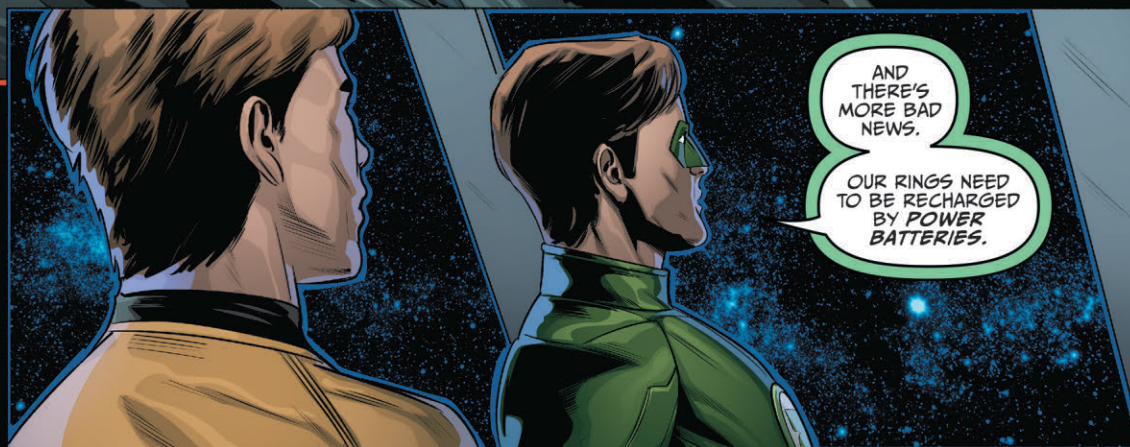
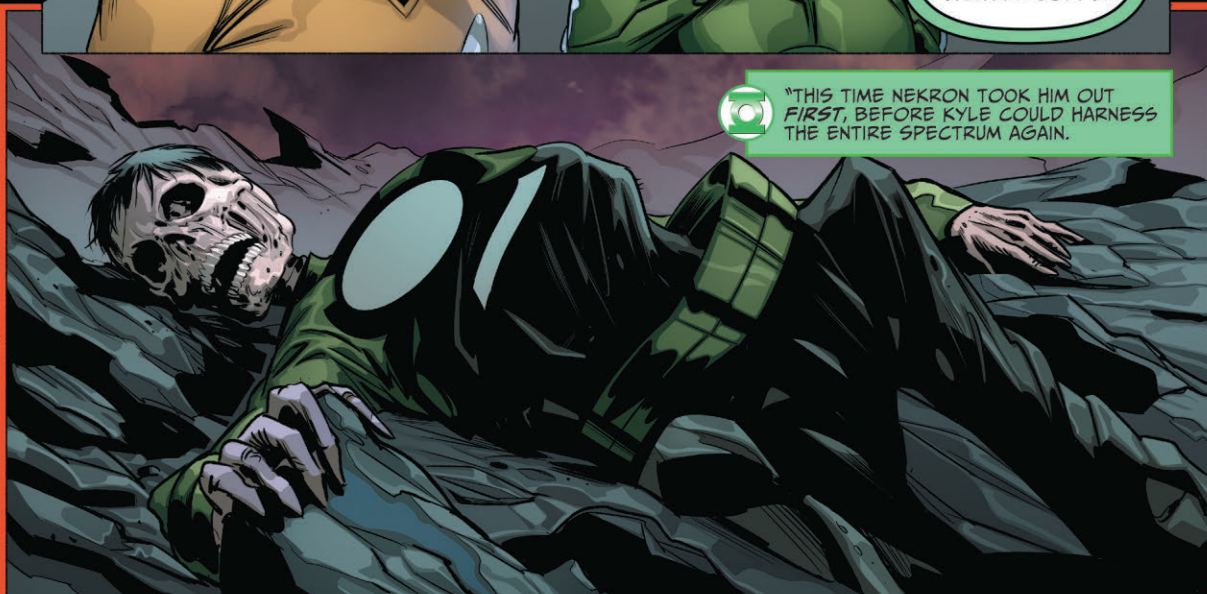
YOU SAID  
YOU BEAT HIM  
ONCE BEFORE.  
WHY CAN'T  
YOU DO IT  
AGAIN?

BECAUSE  
NEKRON ISN'T  
*STUPID*. WE BEAT  
HIM THE FIRST TIME  
THANKS TO KYLE  
RAYNER, THE *WHITE*  
LANTERN.

KYLE HAD  
THE UNIQUE  
ABILITY TO UNITE  
THE POWER OF ALL  
THE DIFFERENT  
LANTERN CORPS.



"THIS TIME NEKRON TOOK HIM OUT  
*FIRST*, BEFORE KYLE COULD HARNESS  
THE ENTIRE SPECTRUM AGAIN.



AND  
THERE'S  
MORE BAD  
NEWS.

OUR RINGS NEED  
TO BE RECHARGED  
BY *POWER*  
BATTERIES.





"NEKRON DESTROYED THEM ALL."



"IF YOUR SHIP'S DOCTOR CAN SAVE SAINT WALKER, THERE'S A CHANCE HIS BLUE RING CAN KEEP THE REST OF OURS CHARGED."



BUT WITHOUT THE BATTERIES, THERE'S NO WAY NEW RINGS CAN BE MADE, WHICH MEANS NO NEW LANTERNS OF ANY COLOR.

WHICH MEANS NO REINFORCEMENTS BEYOND THOSE OF US WHO WERE SAVED BY GANTHET'S LAST LIGHT.



IF WE COULDN'T STOP NEKRON WITH THE COMBINED MIGHT OF ALL THE CORPS, THE ODDS ARE EVEN LOWER NOW.



A NO-WIN SCENARIO, JORDAN?

YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT SHIP.










YOU  
MEAN YOUR  
ORANGE LIGHT  
CONSTRUCTS?

NICE WORK, BUT  
NOTHING ORANGE  
EXISTS THAT DOESN'T  
ANSWER TO ME.



NOW...  
DECIUS, WAS  
IT?

GO BACK  
TO THAT PART  
WHERE YOU TALKED  
ABOUT TERRITORIAL  
EXPANSION AND  
ACCUMULATION OF  
RESOURCES.



IT IS THE  
DESTINY OF  
THE ROMULAN  
EMPIRE!

FOR TOO LONG  
WE HAVE STAGNATED  
IN A DETENTE WITH  
THE FEDERATION!

OOH, I HATE  
STAGNATING.

TELL ME, DOES  
THIS "FEDERATION"  
HAVE ANYTHING I  
WOULD WANT?



"SCOTTY, IS THERE ANYTHING  
I CAN GET YOU?"

TOMATO  
SOUP? HOT  
CHOCOLATE?

THIS IS  
QUITE AN APPETIZING  
HALLUCINATION I'M  
HAVING, DR. MCCOY, BUT  
I'M FINE FOR NOW,  
THANK YOU.

ALTHOUGH I  
MUST SAY, YOU  
CERTAINLY SEEM  
**HAPPIER** NOW  
THAT YOU'RE SO  
COLORFUL. I DON'T  
THINK I'VE SEEN YOU  
SCOWL ONCE  
TODAY!

GUESS I JUST  
FEEL A LITTLE MORE...  
**COMPASSIONATE** RIGHT  
NOW. YOU SURE YOU  
DON'T WANT A COOKIE  
OR ANYTHING?

NO, I'M  
QUITE BUSY  
WITH A NEW  
PROJECT.

STUDYING  
SCHEMATICS I'VE  
MANAGED  
TO SCAN...

...OF  
SOMETHING  
THAT WOULD BE  
FASCINATING TO  
REPLICATE.









TRY TO  
KEEP UP.



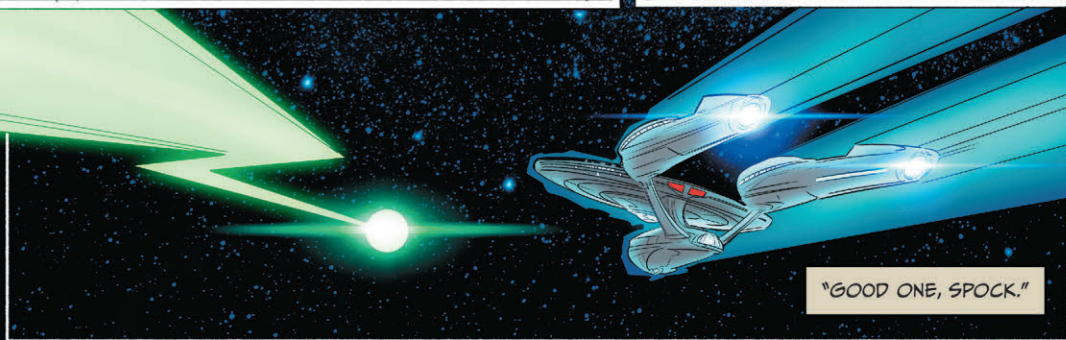
DOES THAT  
GUY EVER THINK  
BEFORE HE  
ACTS?

A QUESTION  
WITH WHICH I  
AM ENTIRELY  
FAMILIAR,  
CAPTAIN.




WHAT DO  
YOU—?

OH.



"GOOD ONE, SPOCK."





STARBASE TWELVE.

THE GAMMA  
400 SYSTEM.

I WANT IT  
CRIPPLED BUT NOT  
DESTROYED!

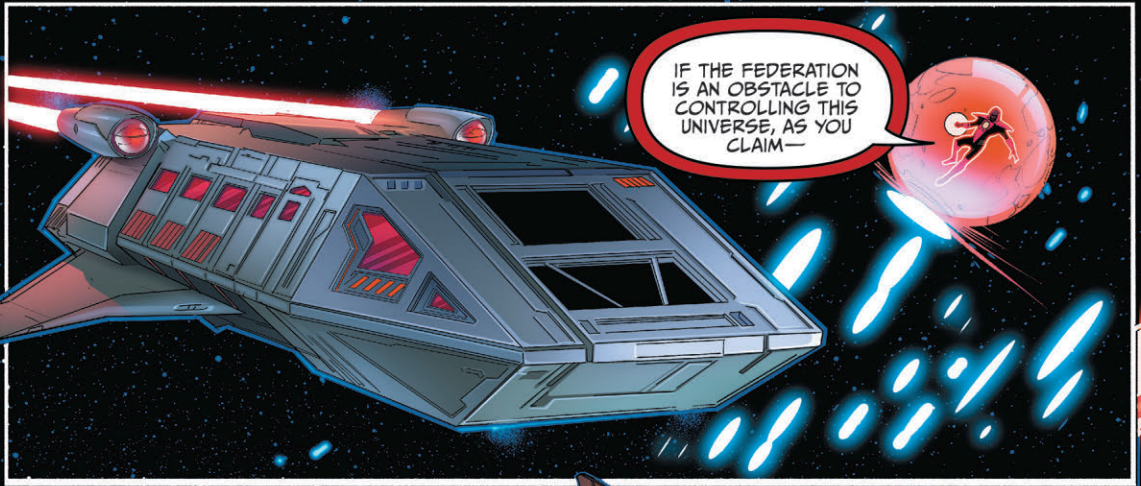
LET THEIR CRIES  
FOR HELP DRAW THE  
FEDERATION FLEET  
TO US!



I ATTACK TO  
FEED MY RAGE,  
GLOCON.

NOT  
TO PLEASE  
GORN.





IF THE FEDERATION  
IS AN OBSTACLE TO  
CONTROLLING THIS  
UNIVERSE, AS YOU  
CLAIM—

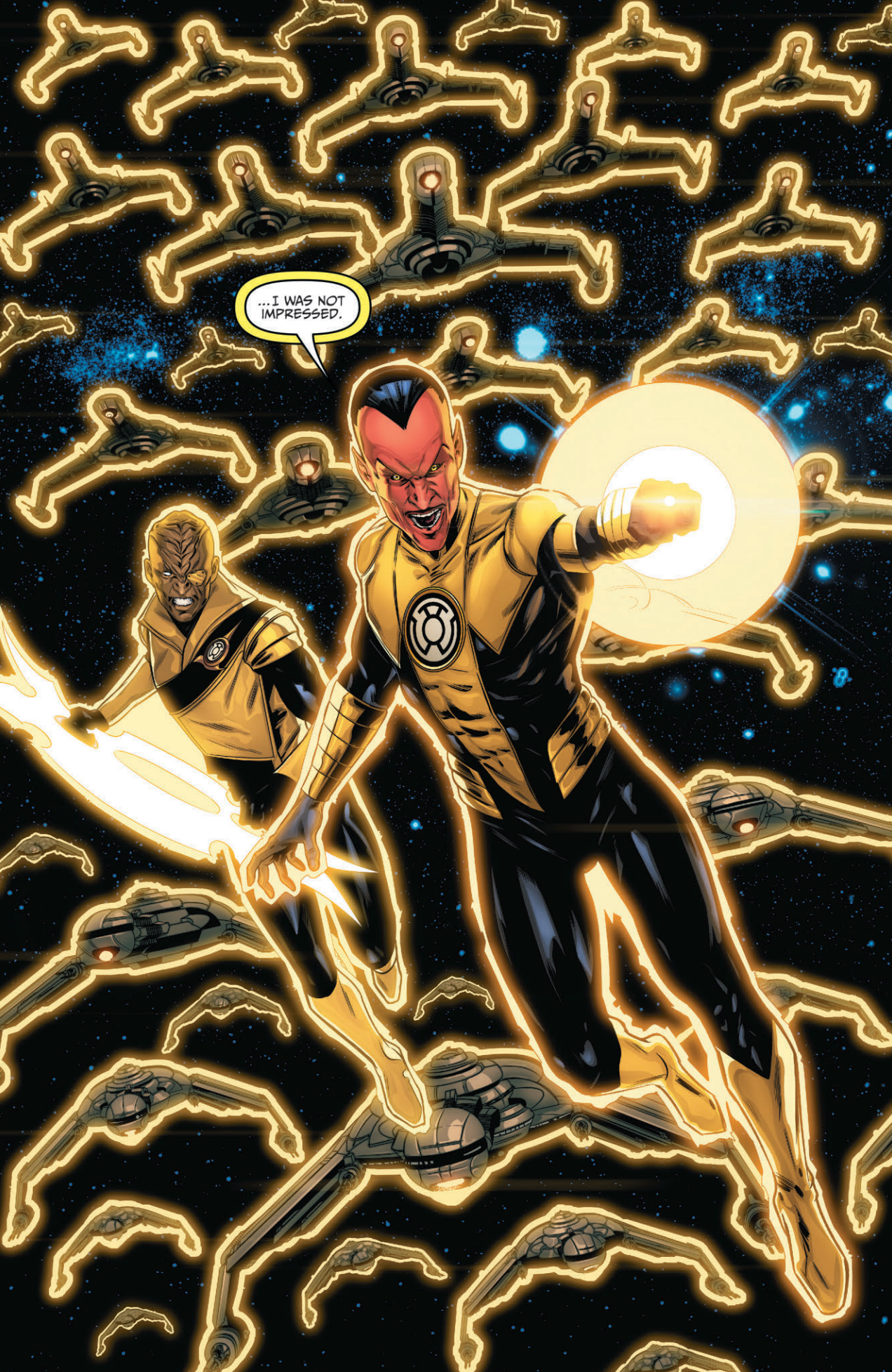


—THEN IT  
SHALL FEEL THE  
FULL WRATH OF  
ATROCITUS!



I'VE SEEN YOUR  
FULL WRATH BEFORE,  
MONSTER...









ALL SHIPS—  
—OPEN  
FIRE!



MY  
SHIELD—!



TWO MISTAKES  
YOU'VE MADE,  
SINESTRO. FIRST,  
THINKING YOU CAN  
HARM ME—

THE SECOND,  
THINKING YOU CAN  
POWER AN ENTIRE  
ARMADA WITH  
ONE RING.



HAVE YOU  
FORGOTTEN WHO  
I AM ALREADY,  
ATROCITUS?



I  
HAVEN'T.  
  
I WISH I  
COULD SAY IT'S  
GOOD TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN—



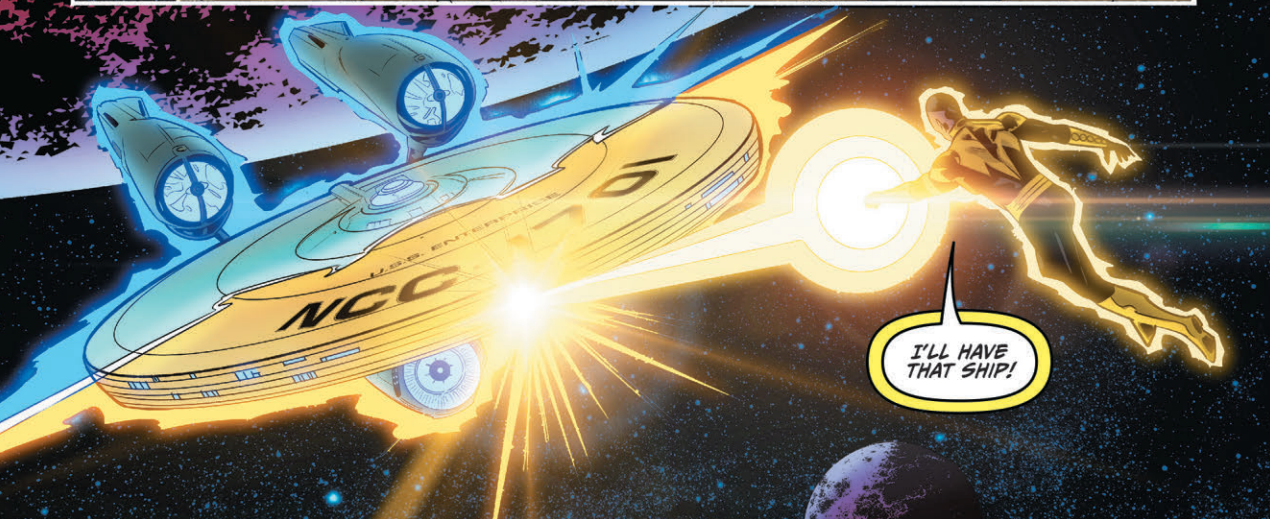
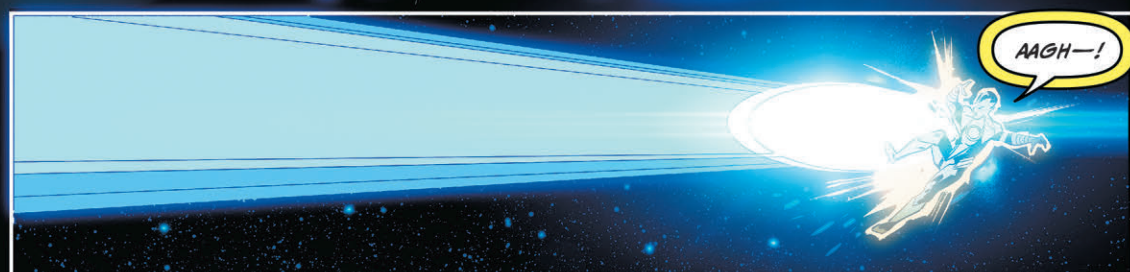
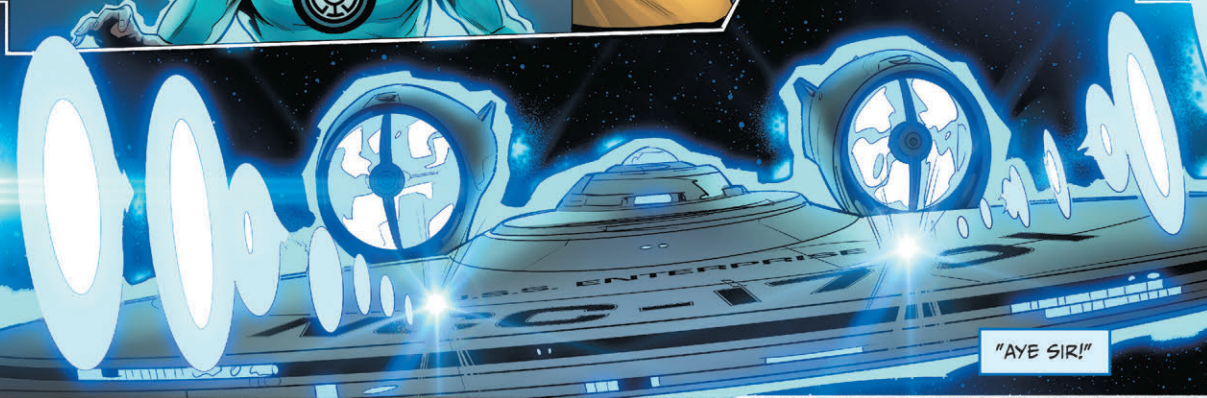


...BUT I  
KNOW YOU  
TOO WELL!











"AND IN RETURN I'LL SHOW  
YOU YOUR *WORST FEARS*."

"A SHIP AND ITS CREW  
DESTROYED THANKS  
TO YOUR *PRIDE*."

"THANKS TO YOUR  
*CARELESSNESS*."

"THANKS TO YOUR  
*IGNORANCE*."

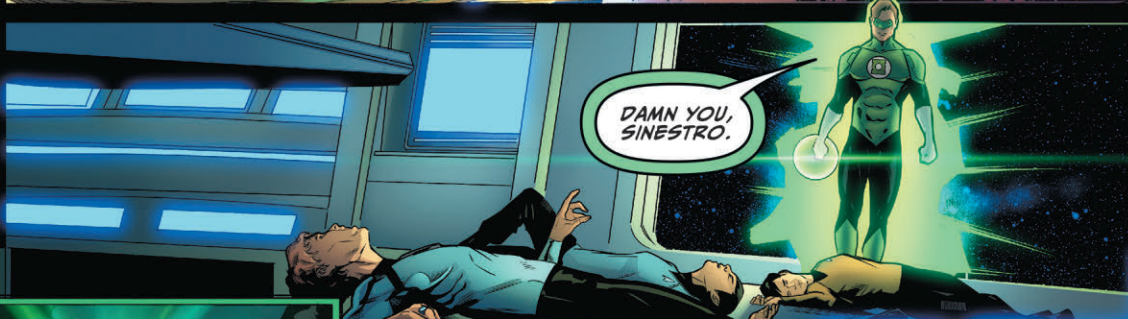
"THANKS TO YOUR  
*MISTAKES*."

"THANKS TO YOUR  
*INEPTITUDE*."

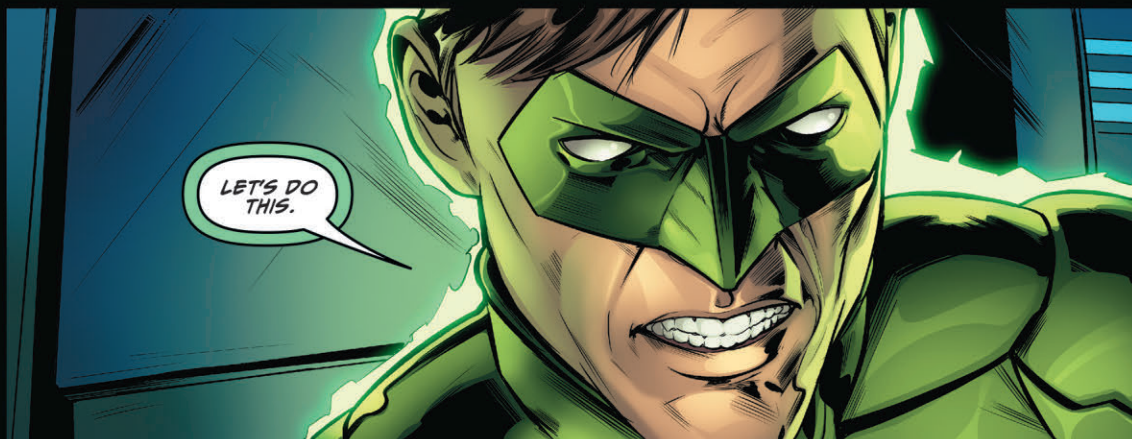
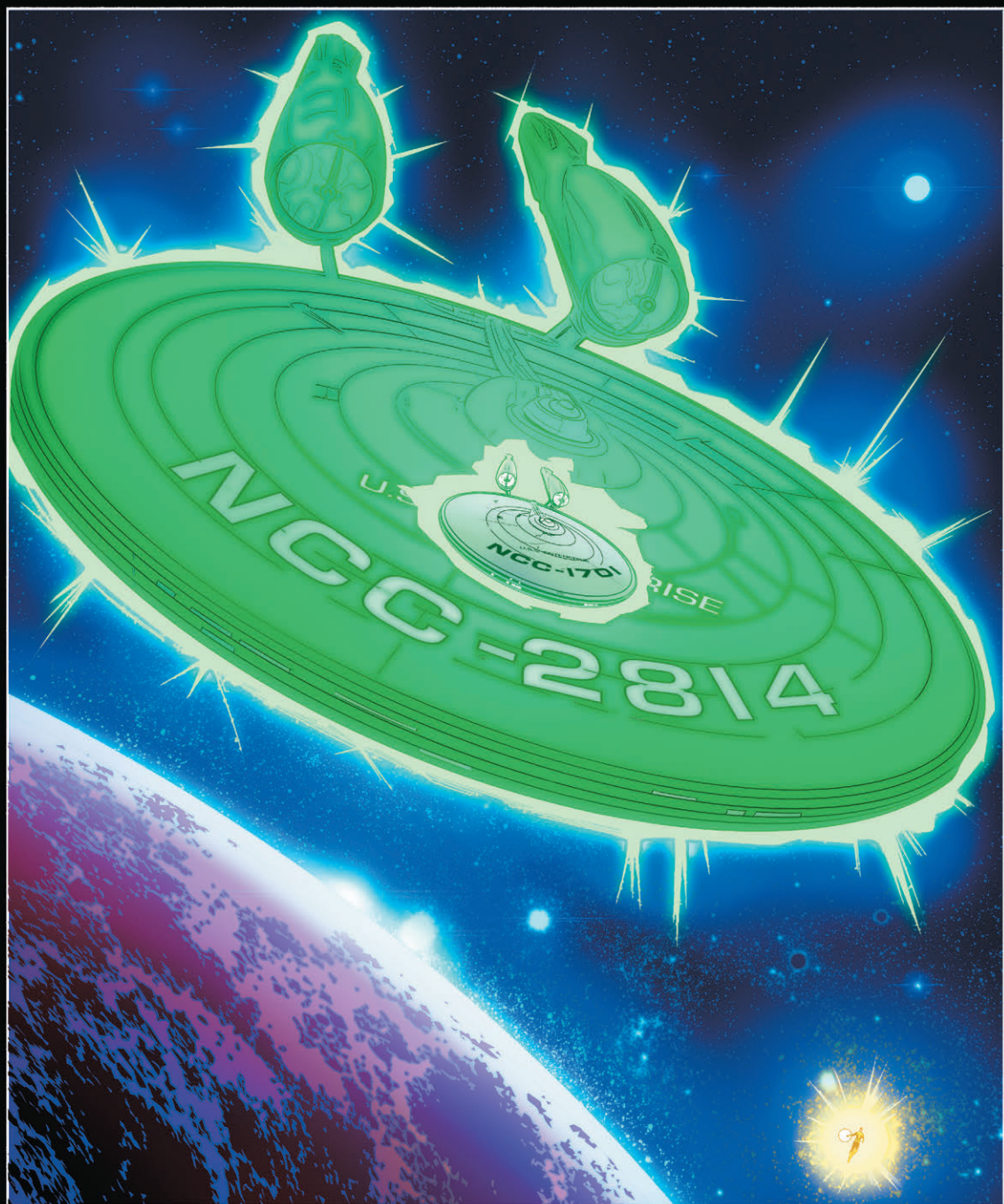
"THANKS TO YOUR  
*LOGIC*."













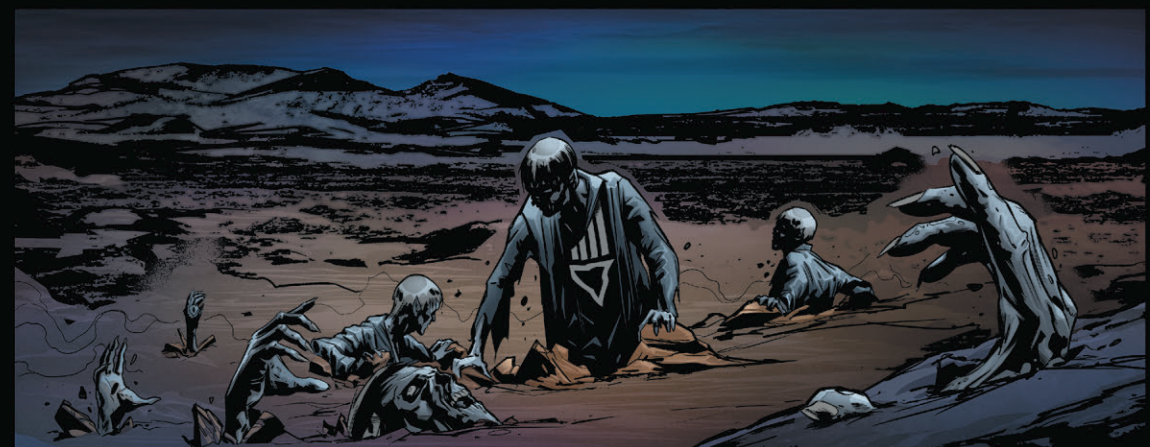
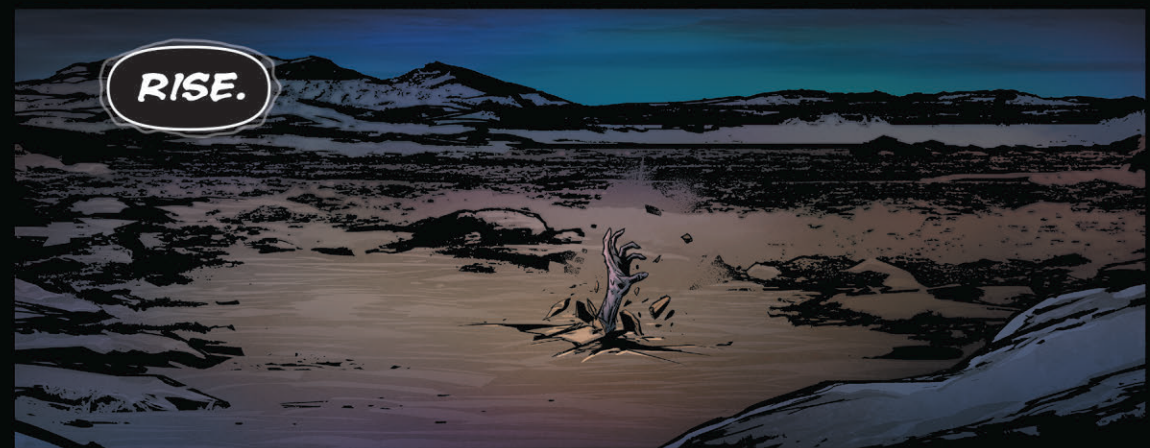
FORTY-SEVEN LIGHT  
YEARS AWAY.



FORMER LOCATION OF THE  
VULCAN HOMEWORLD.



**RISE.**











Williams 2015-24



THIS IS  
STARFLEET  
COMMAND CALLING  
ALL SHIPS.

PRIORITY ONE  
TRANSMISSION.

WE HAVE ENGAGED  
KLINGON, GORN, AND  
NOW ROMULAN ATTACKERS  
AT STARBASE SAVITSKAYA.  
MORE REINFORCEMENTS  
EN ROUTE.

SURVIVORS REPORT  
INDIVIDUALS POSSESSING  
UNKNOWN ENERGY WEAPONS  
ABLE TO PENETRATE  
STARFLEET SHIELDS.

WE HAVE LOST  
CONTACT WITH THE  
ENTERPRISE.

ALL SHIPS IN ALL  
SECTORS MAINTAIN RED  
ALERT UNTIL THE THREAT  
IS NEUTRALIZED.

THIS IS THE  
ENTERPRISE.  
WE'RE STILL IN  
ONE PIECE—

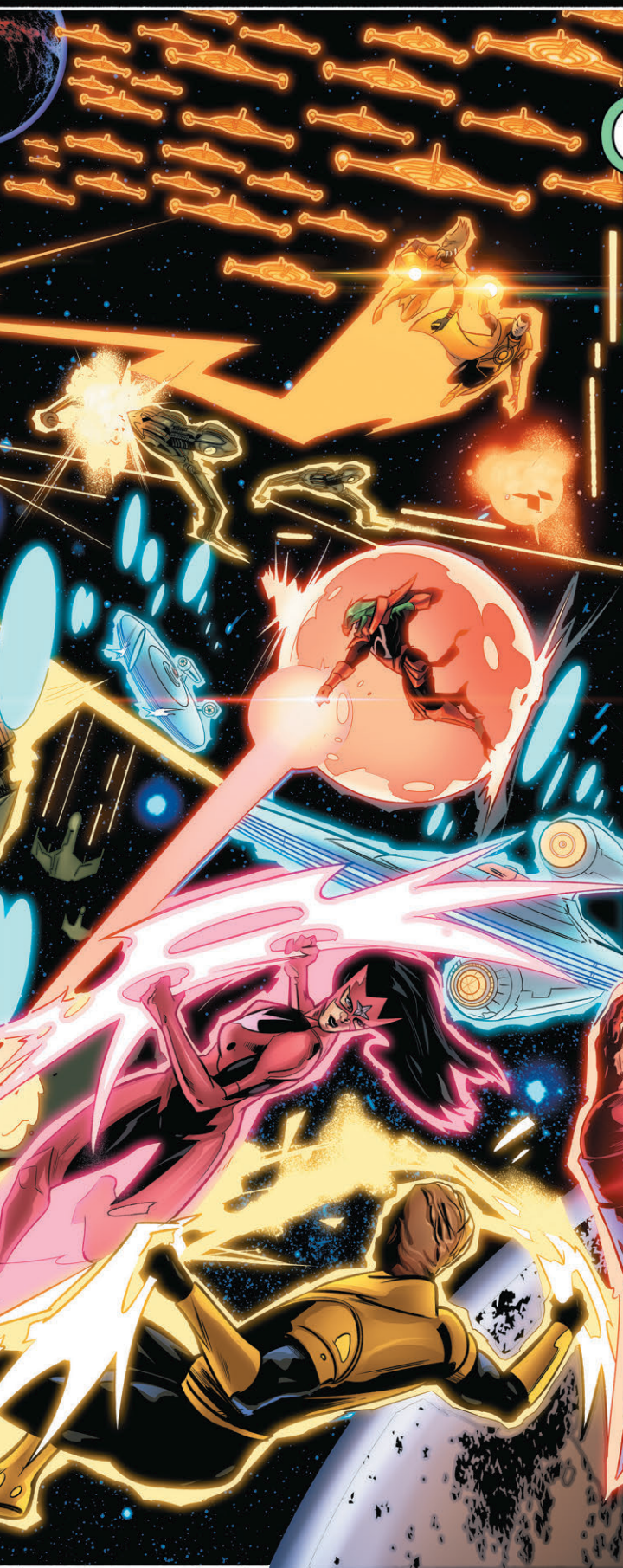




"—BUT THOSE REINFORCEMENTS  
MIGHT WANT TO HURRY UP."











WHAT  
HAPPENED—?!

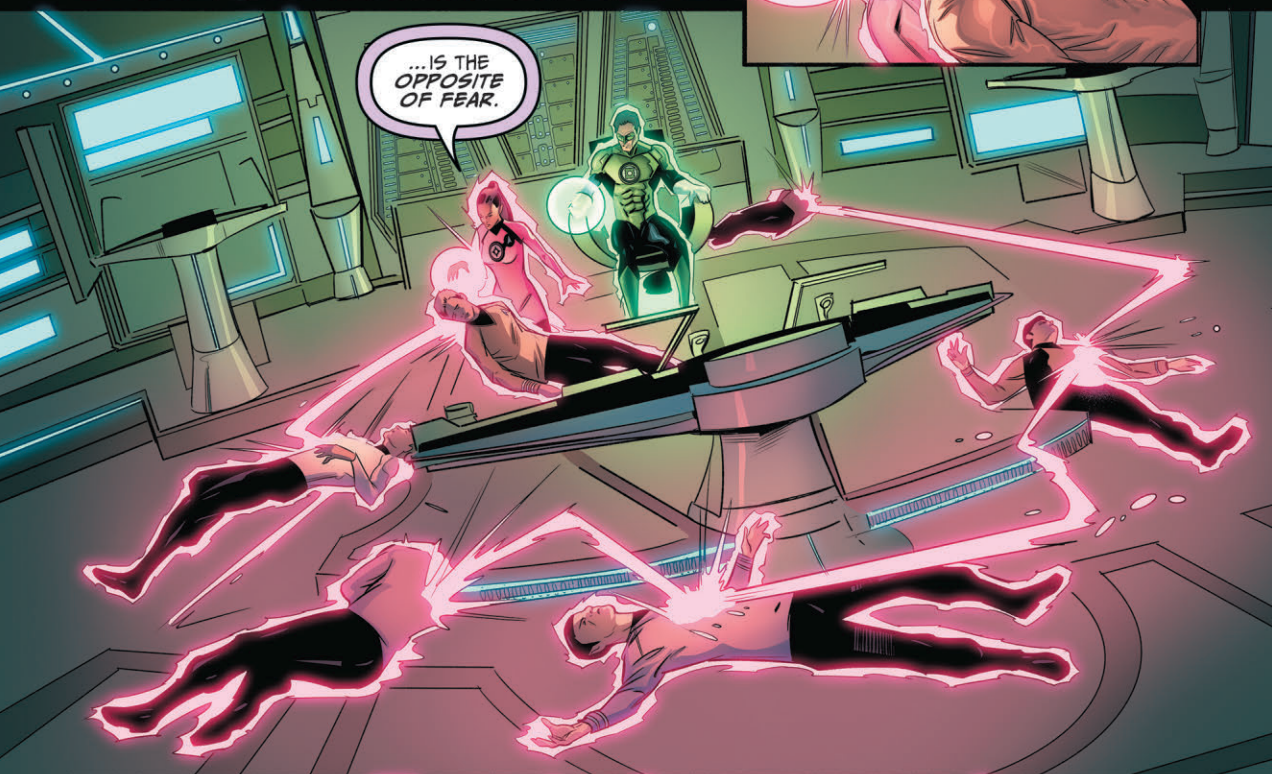
*SINESTRO.*  
THE UGLY GUY IN  
YELLOW OUT  
THERE.



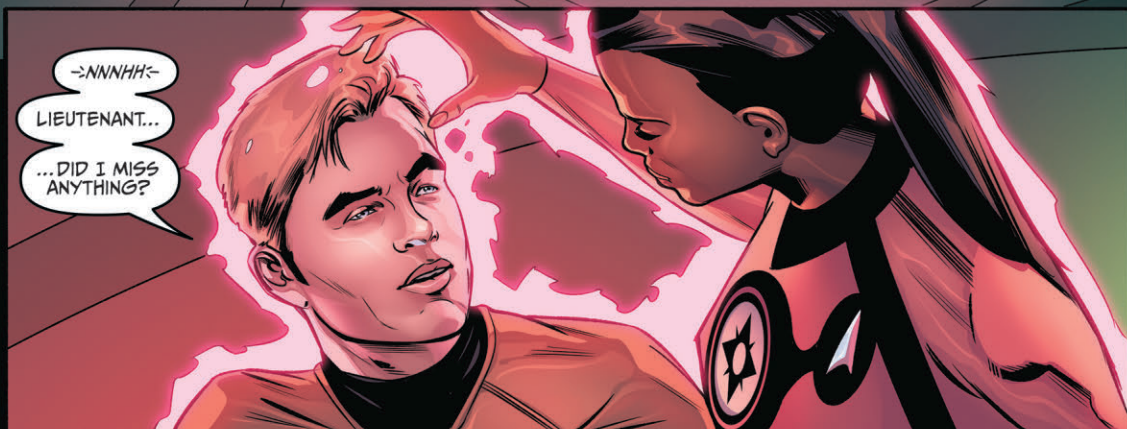
FEAR IS HIS  
THING. HE USED IT  
TO KNOCK OUT  
YOUR CREW—

I KNOW. I  
CAN *SENSE*  
IT.

AND I CAN  
SENSE THAT THIS  
NEW POWER I  
HAVE...



...IS THE  
OPPOSITE  
OF FEAR.



—NNNNH—

LIEUTENANT...

...DID I MISS  
ANYTHING?





AN OLD ENEMY OF MINE—**LARFLEEZE**—HAS TEAMED UP WITH SOMETHING CALLED "ROMULANS"?

AN OLD ENEMY OF *OURS*.

JORDAN, IF YOU DON'T MIND...



OH, RIGHT.

COMFORTABLE CHAIR.

I KNOW. NOW LET'S CLEAN UP THAT MESS OUTSIDE.



AGREED.

BUT I NEED YOUR RING-BEARERS WITH ME. SINESTRO'S THE BIGGEST THREAT. THE MORE HELP THE BETTER.



UHURA, CHEKOV, FOLLOW JORDAN'S LEAD. THE *ENTERPRISE* WILL FOCUS ON THE ENEMY SHIPS.

THOSE SHIPS **LARFLEEZE** BROUGHT WITH HIM ARE **ORANGE-LIGHT CONSTRUCTS**. BUT NO LESS POWERFUL THAN A REAL FLEET.



ROMULANS DON'T SCARE ME.

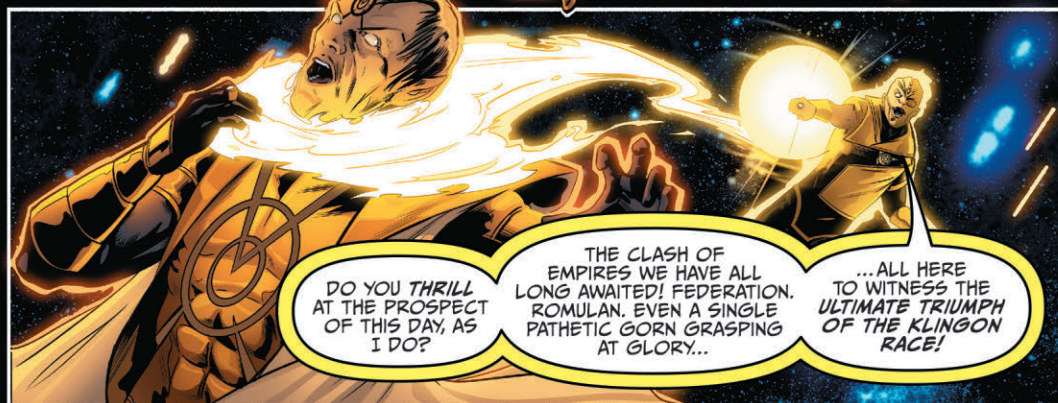
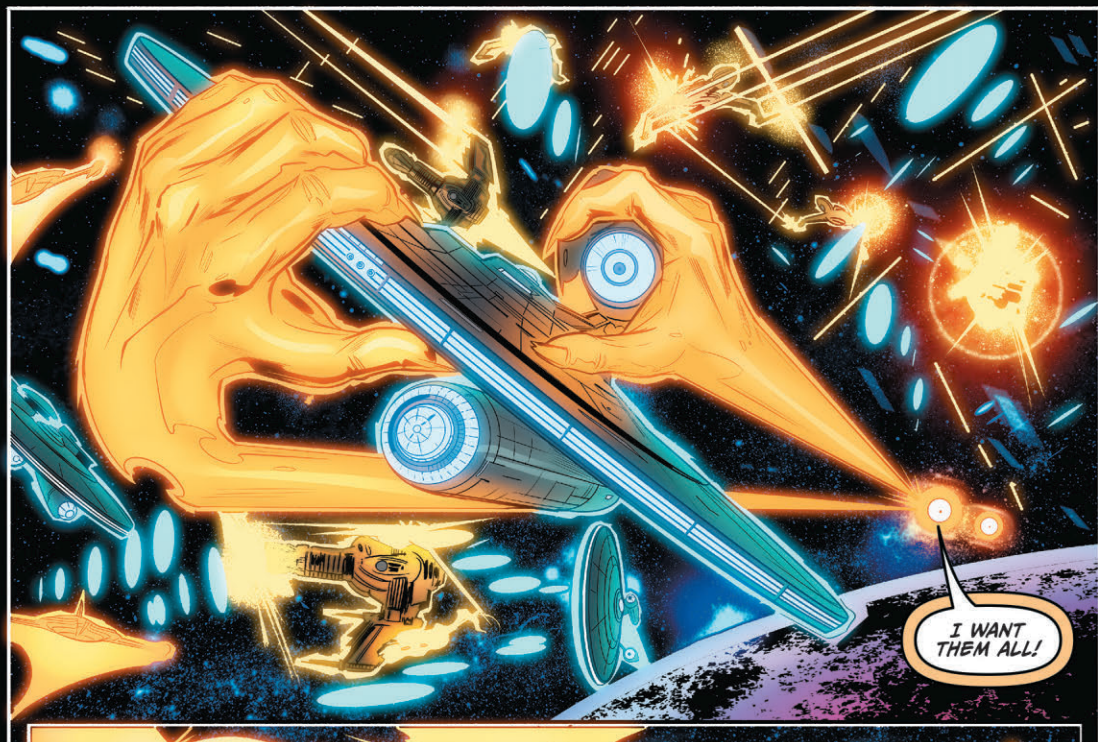
BONES, WHAT'S YOUR STATUS?



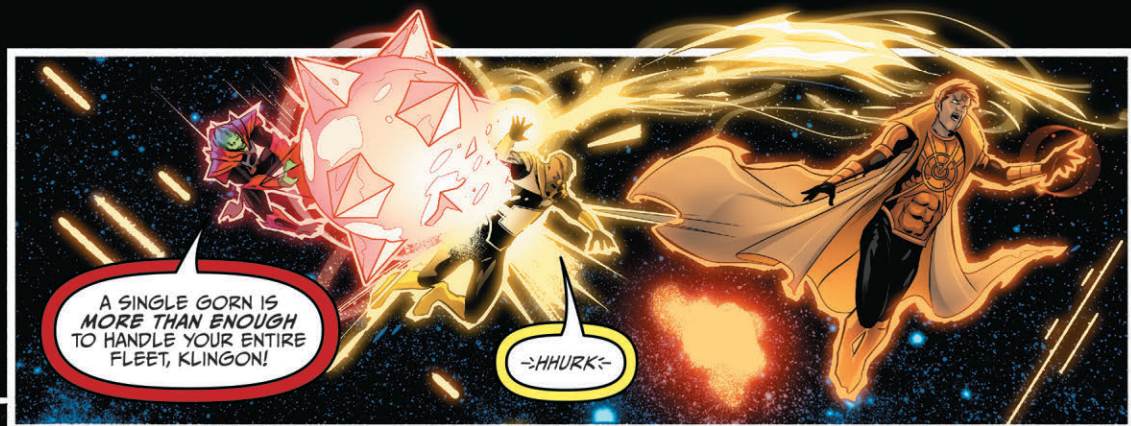
STILL **PURPLE**, JIM.

AND DOING MY **DAMNEDEST** TO KEEP OUR NEW **BLUE** FRIEND FROM SLIPPING AWAY!



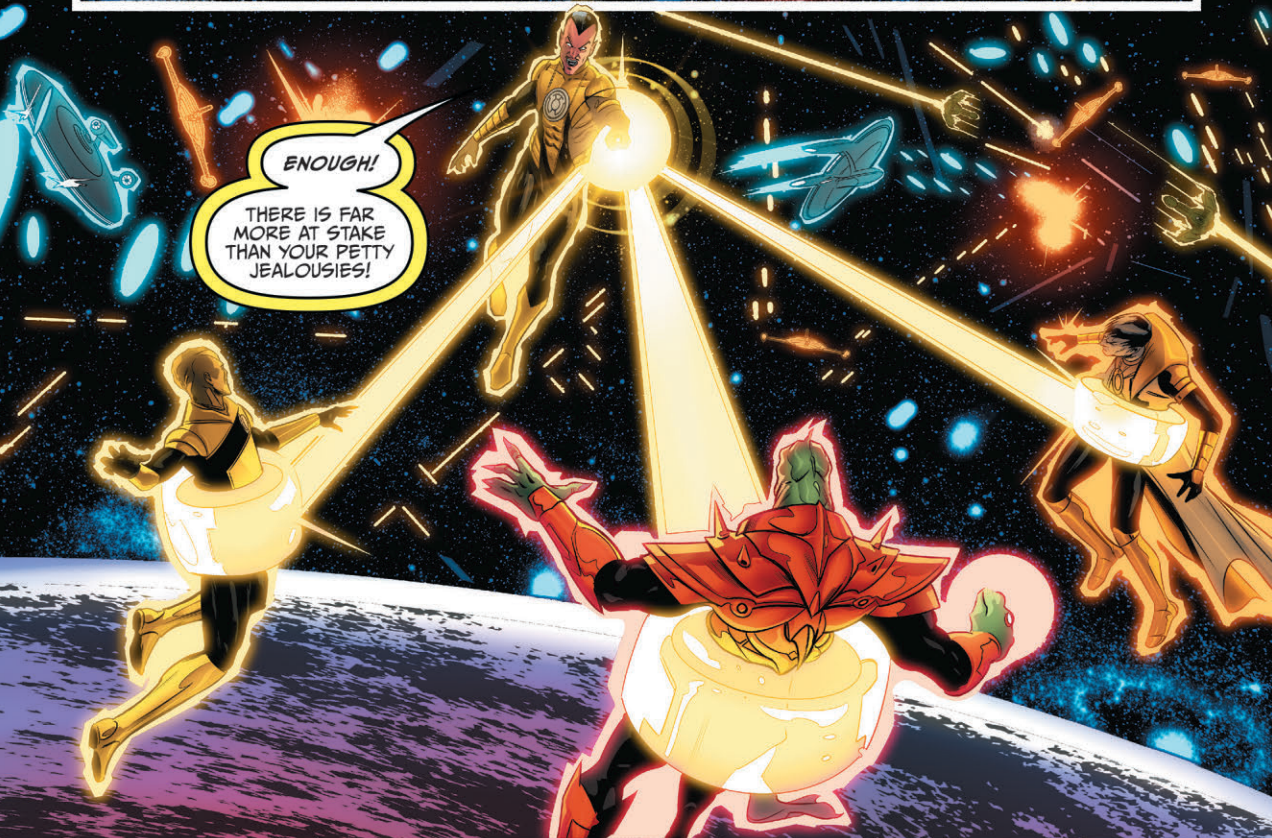






A SINGLE GORN IS  
MORE THAN ENOUGH  
TO HANDLE YOUR ENTIRE  
FLEET, KLINGON!

-HHURK-



ENOUGH!

THERE IS FAR  
MORE AT STAKE  
THAN YOUR PETTY  
JEALOUSIES!



LARFLEEZE!  
ATROCITUS!

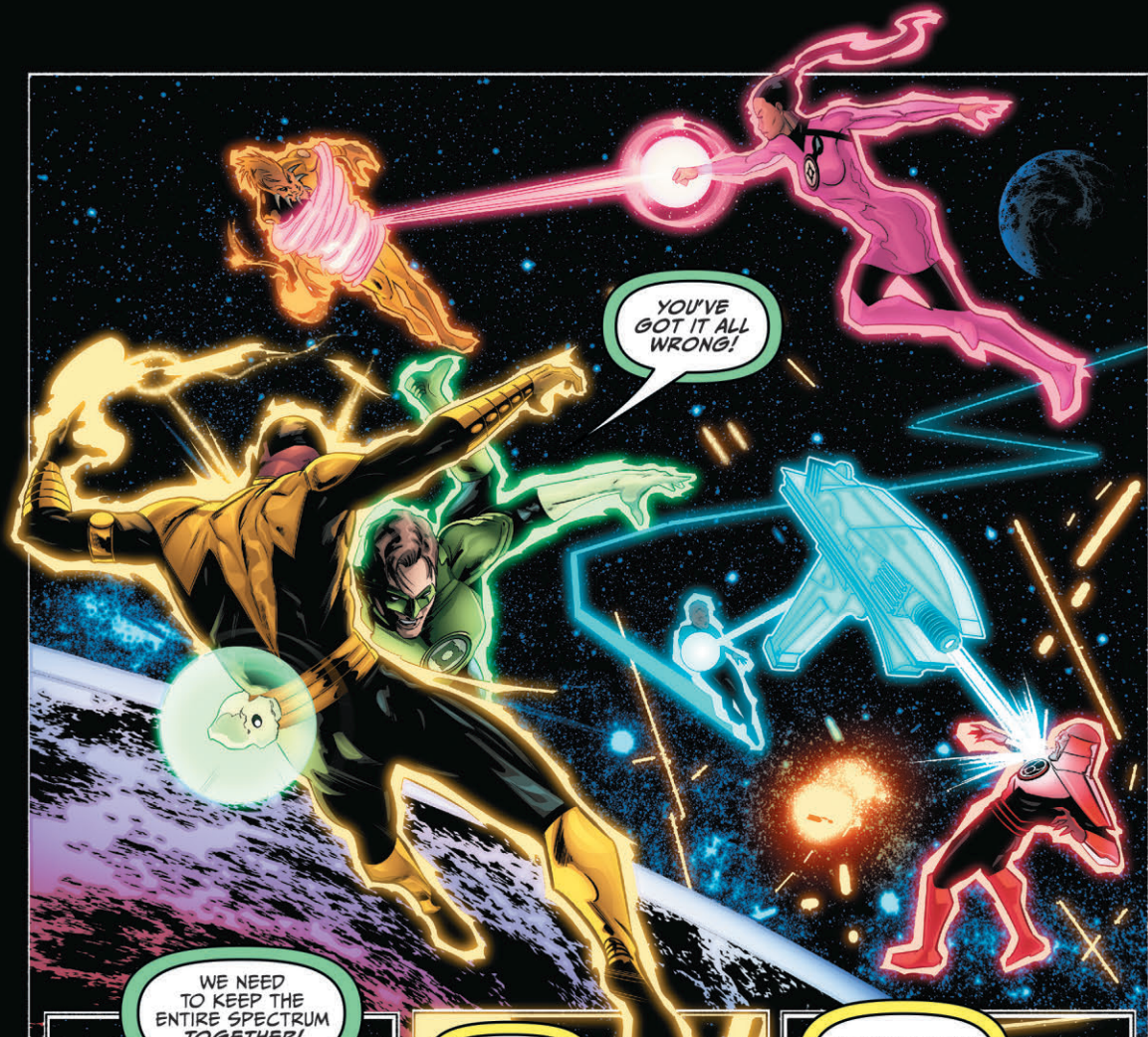
WE MUST USE OUR  
COMBINED MIGHT TO  
END JORDAN ONCE  
AND FOR ALL.

THERE WILL BE  
PLENTY OF TIME FOR  
US—AND OUR NEWFOUND  
PROXIES—TO FIGHT  
EACH OTHER LATER.



AAAGH!





YOU'VE  
GOT IT ALL  
WRONG!

WE NEED  
TO KEEP THE  
ENTIRE SPECTRUM  
TOGETHER!

WE'RE NOT  
THE ONLY ONES  
WHO MADE IT TO  
THIS UNIVERSE!

NEKRON  
FOLLOWED  
US!

NEKRON?

YOU THINK  
I FEAR HIM?

I WILL  
FINALLY END  
HIM MYSELF!

WHAT USE WAS  
OUR ALLIANCE  
BEFORE?

COMBINING  
THE POWERS OF  
THE SPECTRUM ONLY  
MADE EACH OF US  
WEAKER!







AND NOW  
YOU ALLY  
YOURSELF WITH  
CHILDREN.

... WITH  
HUMANS  
UNWORTHY  
OF A RING.

I WILL NOT LET  
YOUR WEAKNESS  
DESTROY US  
ALL!

HERE WE  
GO AGAIN.

ARRIVING  
JUST IN TIME...







"STARFLEET COMMAND, THIS IS CAPTAIN KIRK ONBOARD THE ENTERPRISE."

"OUR WEAPONS ARE INEFFECTIVE AGAINST THESE FORCE FIELDS."

ALL SURVIVORS ON THE STARBASE HAVE BEEN EVACUATED. I RECOMMEND WE WITHDRAW AND REGROUP.

AGREED, CAPTAIN.

LET OUR OPPOSITION BEAT EACH OTHER UP WHILE WE ASSESS THE SITUATION.

ALL SHIPS SET A COURSE TO RENDEZVOUS AT STARBASE SCOBEE.

CAPTAIN, LONG-RANGE SENSORS HAVE PICKED UP A MOST UNUSUAL ANOMALY.

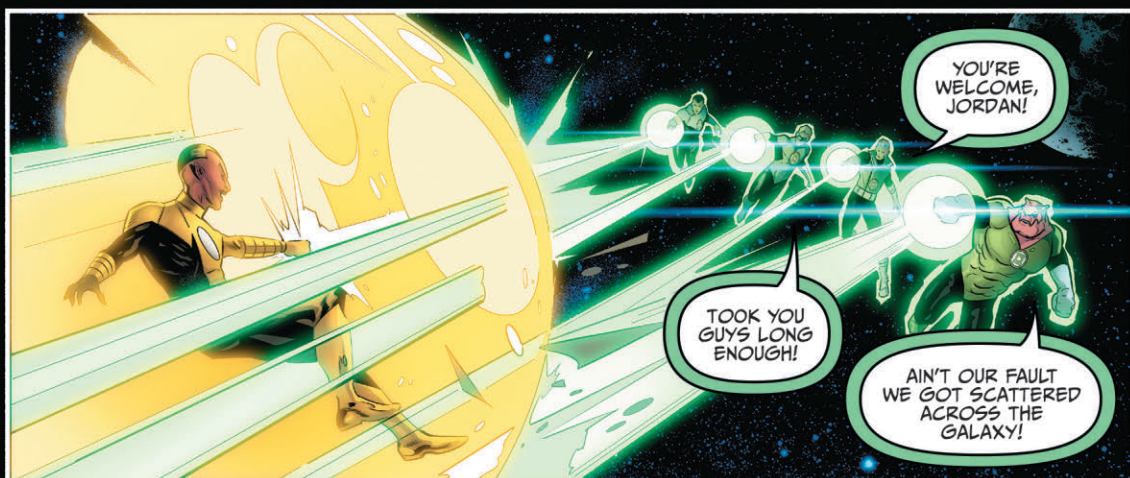
IT'S WHAT'S AT SHORT-RANGE THAT CONCERNS ME RIGHT NOW, SPOCK.

UNDERSTANDABLE, CAPTAIN.

BUT OUR LONG-RANGE SENSORS INDICATE THAT THE PLANET VULCAN HAS...

...RETURNED.





YOU'RE WELCOME, JORDAN!

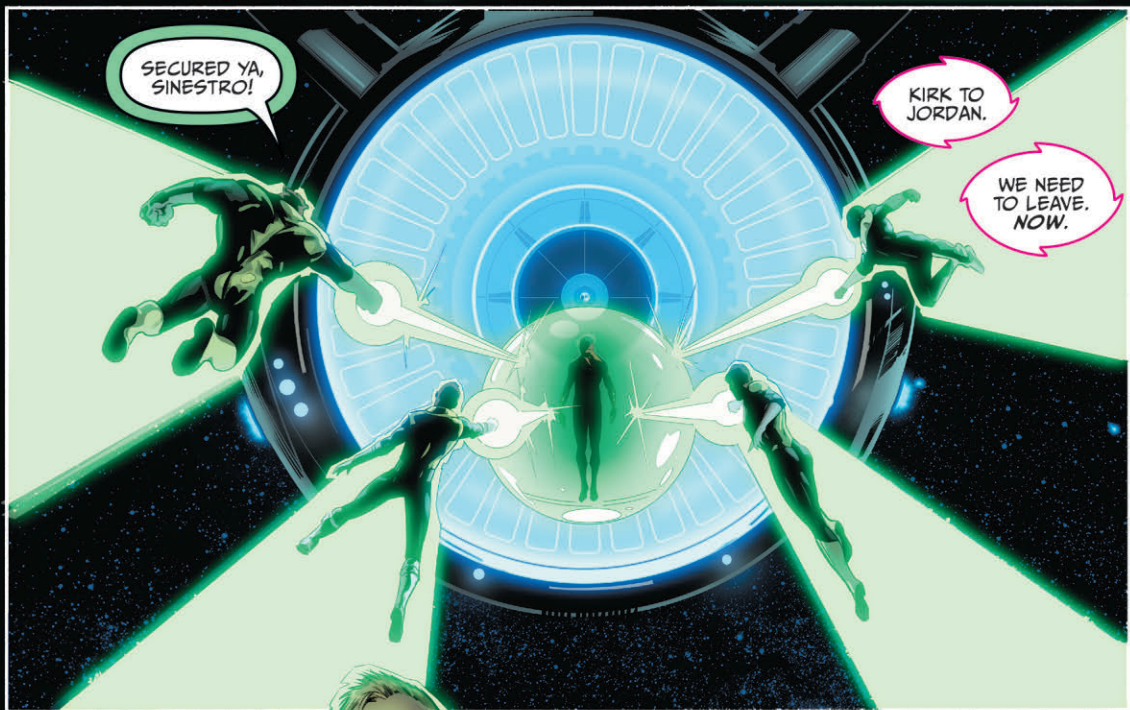
TOOK YOU GUYS LONG ENOUGH!

AIN'T OUR FAULT WE GOT SCATTERED ACROSS THE GALAXY!



I'M GUESSING GANTHET USED THE LAST LIGHT. WE'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF OUR UNIVERSE.

LOOKS LIKE IT, OLD FRIEND. BUT WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO SAVE THIS UNIVERSE.



SECURED YA, SINESTRO!

KIRK TO JORDAN.

WE NEED TO LEAVE. NOW.



WHAT AN UGLY-LOOKIN' SHIP!

TAKE IT EASY, GARDNER. THEY'RE FRIENDLY.





HAL, OUR ALLIES  
ARE INJURED. I MUST  
RETURN THEM TO  
THEIR SHIP.



WHAT ABOUT  
OUR ENEMIES  
HERE?

LET THEM FIGHT IT  
OUT FOR NOW. IF WHAT  
YOU'VE TOLD ME ABOUT  
**NEKRON** IS TRUE, HE'S  
THE **PRIORITY**...



...AND I THINK  
WE'VE FOUND  
HIM.



I'M NOT  
INCLINED TO  
LEAVE **SINESTRO**  
HERE WITHOUT  
**SUPERVISION**.

YOU NEED  
ME IF YOU'RE  
GOING TO HAVE ANY  
CHANCE AGAINST  
**NEKRON**.



OUR  
RECKONING  
WILL JUST HAVE  
TO WAIT.





"YOUR BRIG ISN'T GOING TO HOLD HIM IF HE WANTS TO GET OUT."

"I SUSPECT THE ONLY REASON HE'S PLAYING ALONG IS BECAUSE HE WANTS TO FIND OUT IF YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT NEKRON AND THIS PLANET..."

...VULCAN, WAS IT?

I'VE SEEN NEKRON RESURRECT PEOPLE, BUT AN ENTIRE PLANET?

WHICH BUTTON MAKES IT GO FASTER?

IT DOES SOUND ILLOGICAL. BUT YOU HAVE ALREADY WARNED US THAT THIS "NEKRON" IS NOT TO BE UNDERESTIMATED.

COMMANDER SPOCK IS BRAVELY OMITTING THE FACT THAT VULCAN IS THE PLANET OF HIS BIRTH. A PLANET WHOSE DESTRUCTION WE BOTH WITNESSED FIRSTHAND.

THIS IS PERSONAL FOR US.

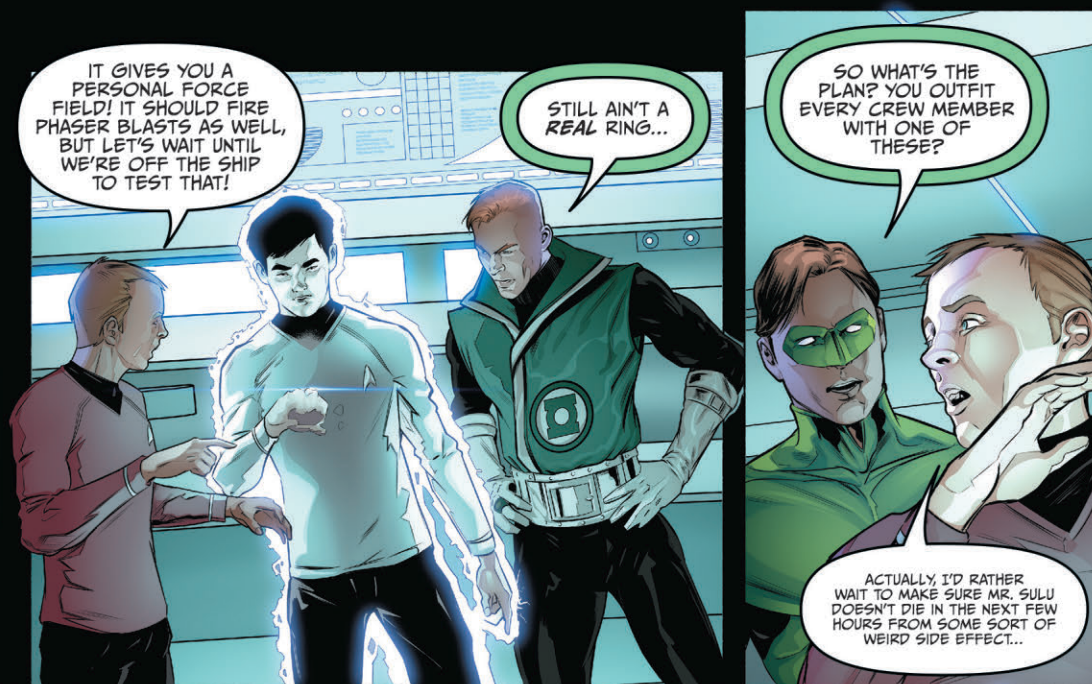








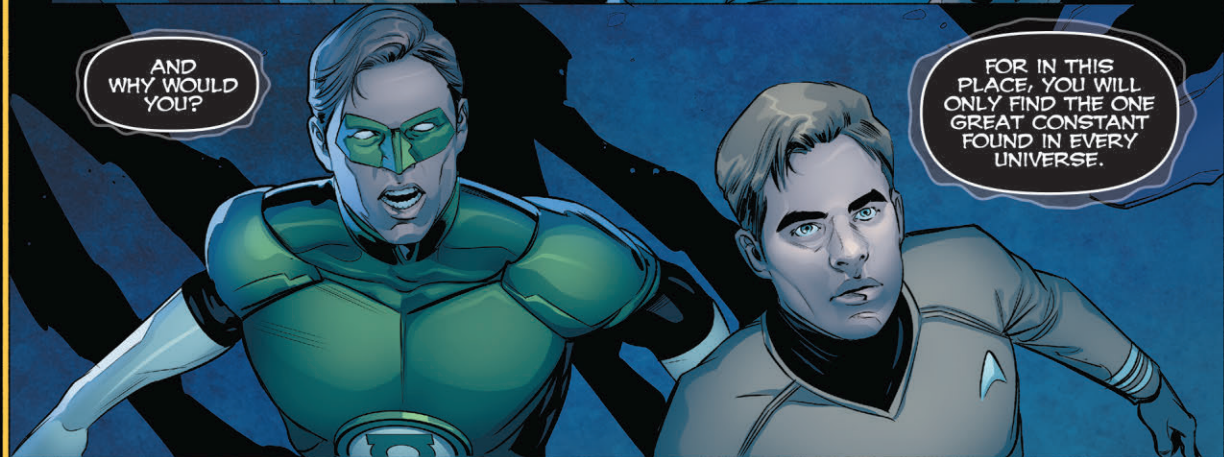














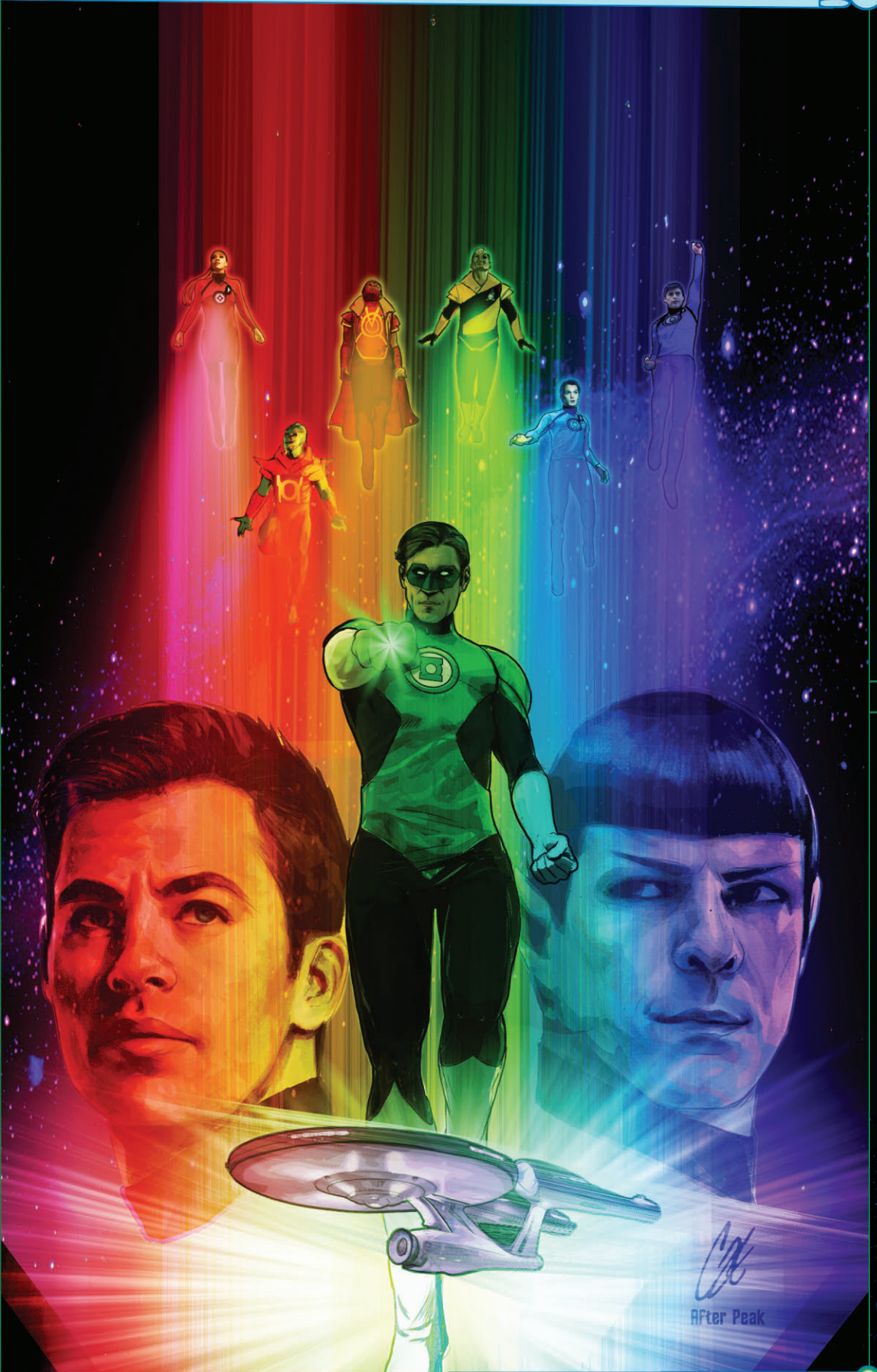
DEATH.











After Peak



OH,  
SPOCK...

MY DEAR  
SON...

... HOW  
I'VE MISSED  
YOU.

YOU  
ARE NOT MY  
MOTHER.

YOU ARE A  
REANIMATED  
CORPSE.



HOW CAN  
YOU SAY SUCH  
A THING?

THIS IS  
FOR THE  
BEST.



THIS IS  
LOGICAL.

NO...





"NOTHING ABOUT  
THIS IS LOGICAL."

WHY  
RESIST?

WHY  
SPEND YOUR  
FINAL MOMENTS  
IN USELESS  
STRUGGLE?

THERE IS  
NOWHERE YOU  
CAN GO.

NO OTHER  
WORLDS. NO OTHER  
REALITIES.

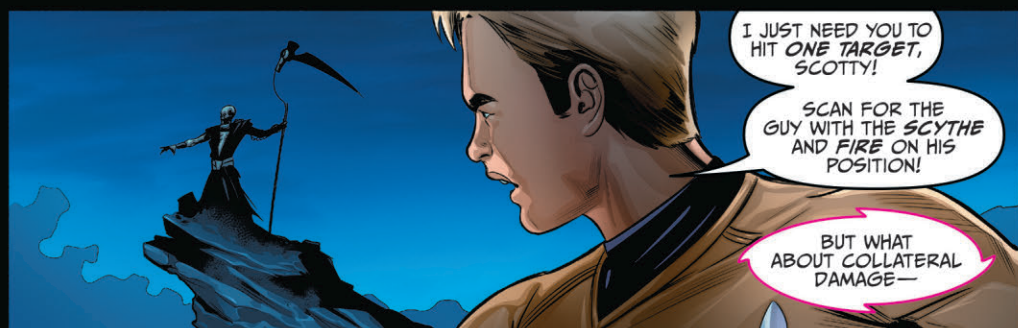
HERE, ON  
THIS DEAD  
PLANET, YOUR  
LIVES WILL  
END.



















GREAT SHOT,  
SCOTTY! YOU  
VAPORIZED  
HIM!

DON'T BE  
SO SURE.



NEKRON'S MORE  
THAN JUST DECAYED  
FLESH AND BONE. HE'S  
A MANIFESTATION OF  
DARK ENERGY.

HE WON'T BE  
SO EASY—

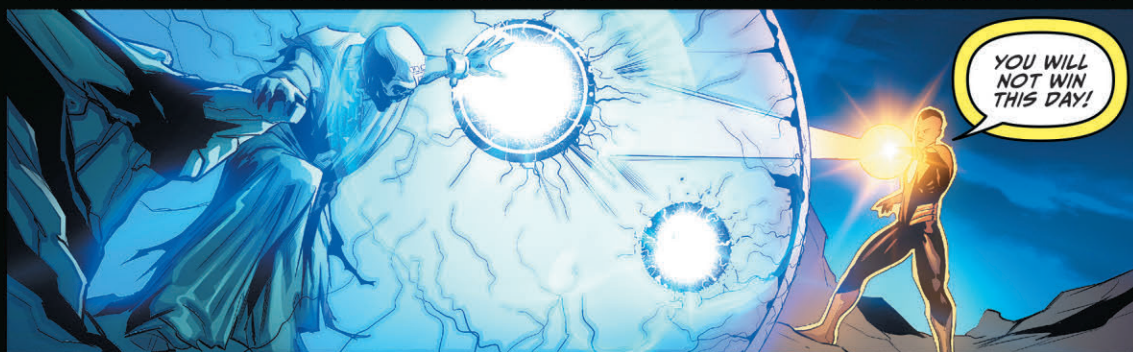
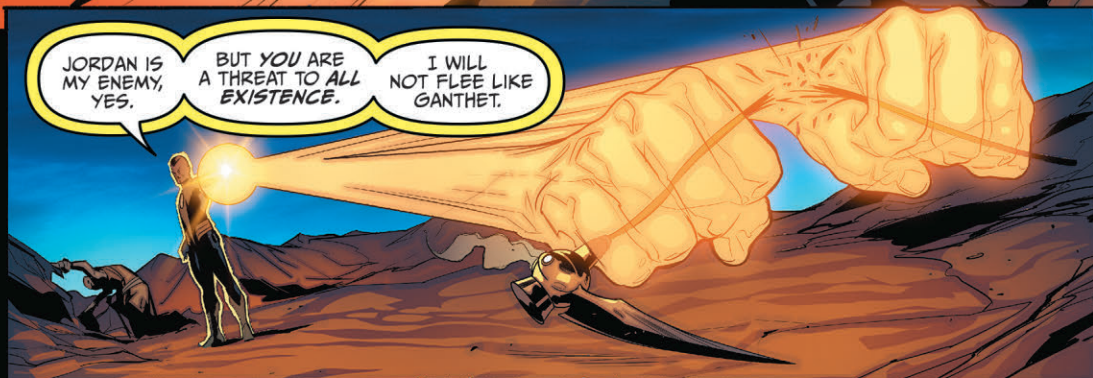
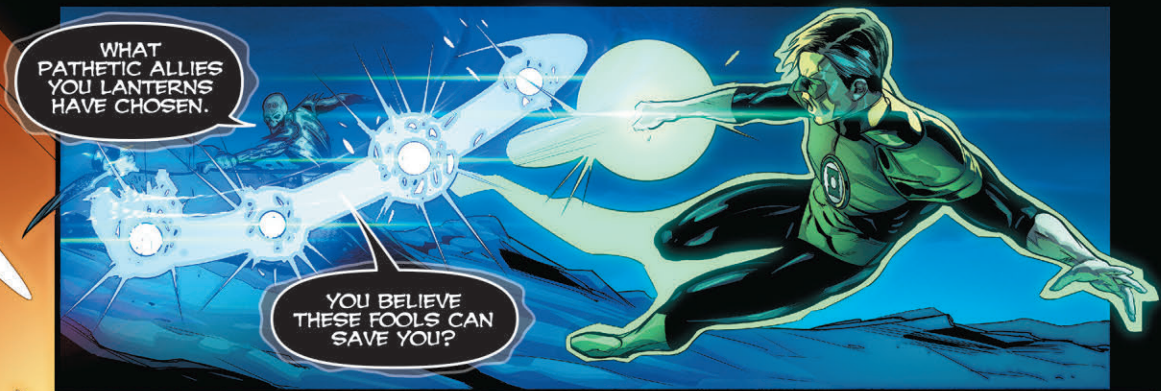


—TO  
DESTROY!













SINESTRO'S  
ON *OUR* SIDE  
NOW?

HE'S ONLY EVER  
ON HIS *OWN* SIDE. IT  
JUST HAPPENS TO ALIGN  
WITH OURS NOW.



JIM, I HATE  
TO SOUND LIKE  
SPOCK—

—BUT **SIMPLE**  
**LOGIC** SAYS WE  
CAN'T OUTLAST  
THESE THINGS!



YOU SAID THE  
ONLY ONE WHO COULD  
STOP NEKRON WAS A **WHITE**  
**LANTERN**! SOMEONE WHO CAN  
**COMBINE** THE POWERS OF  
THE SPECTRUM!

IF SINESTRO CAN  
HELP US—AND IF WE  
GET OUR HANDS ON  
ORANGE AND RED  
RINGS—



THAT WILL  
NOT BE ENOUGH.  
WE HAVE TRIED  
BEFORE, AND  
FAILED.

ONLY THE  
**LIFE ENTITY** IS  
POWERFUL ENOUGH  
TO DEFEAT **DEATH**  
**ITSELF**!



"WHEN A SINGLE BEARER WEARS THE RINGS OF EVERY COLOR, ONLY THEN IS THE ENTITY UNLEASHED!"

ONLY WHEN THE RINGS CHOOSE A BEARER STRONG ENOUGH TO HARNESS THE ENTIRE SPECTRUM OF EMOTION!

"...ENTIRE SPECTRUM OF EMOTION...?"

BONES!

GIVE YOUR RING TO SPOCK!

WHAT? WHY?!

JUST TRUST ME!

FINE.

JUST REMEMBER THAT IT *CHOSE* ME FIRST.









MOST  
CURIOUS...



THE RINGS ARE  
COMMUNICATING  
WITH EACH  
OTHER!

THEY HAVE  
FOUND THEIR  
COMMON BEARER. THE  
ONE WHO CAN WIELD  
THEIR COMBINED  
MIGHT!



THESE ARE  
THREE OF THE  
RINGS THAT GANTHET  
SAVED. THE ONES HE  
USED TO INVOKE THE  
LAST LIGHT.

BUT WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
OTHERS?



LIGHT-YEARS AWAY.

THE KLINGON  
EMPIRE WILL RISE  
TRIUMPHANT!

YOU PERSIST IN  
FOLLY, CHANG—

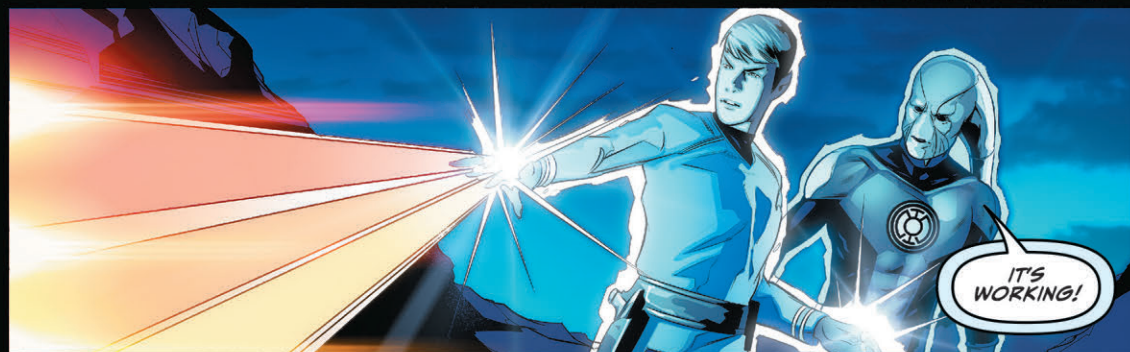
MY  
RING—!

WHAT—

NO!  
NOT NOW—!













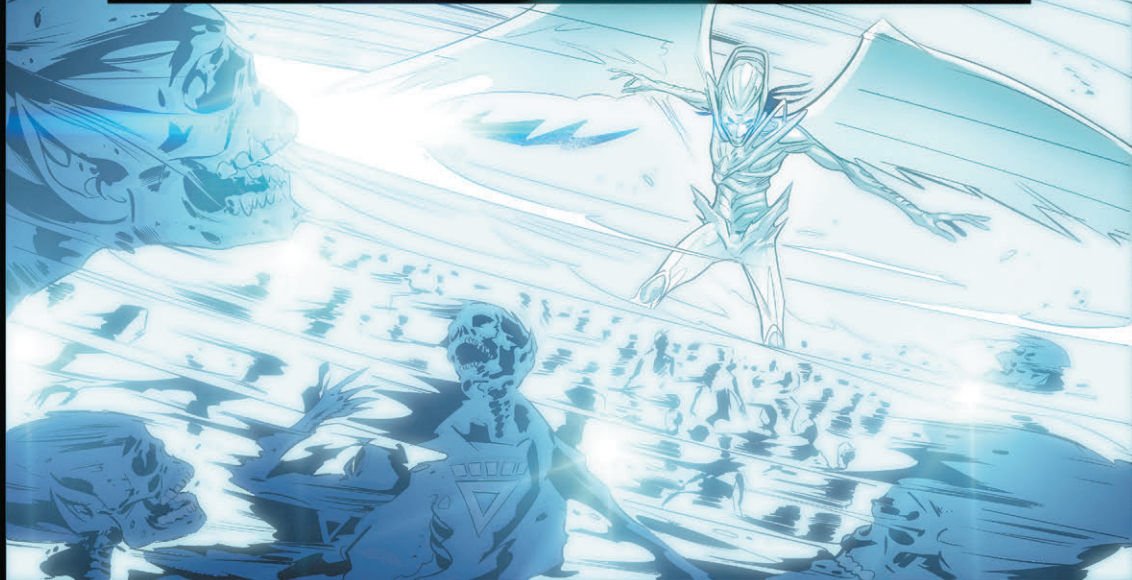






SPOCK?

I AM UNHARMED,  
CAPTAIN. BUT IT WOULD  
BE WISE FOR US TO  
DEPART THIS PLACE  
IMMEDIATELY.







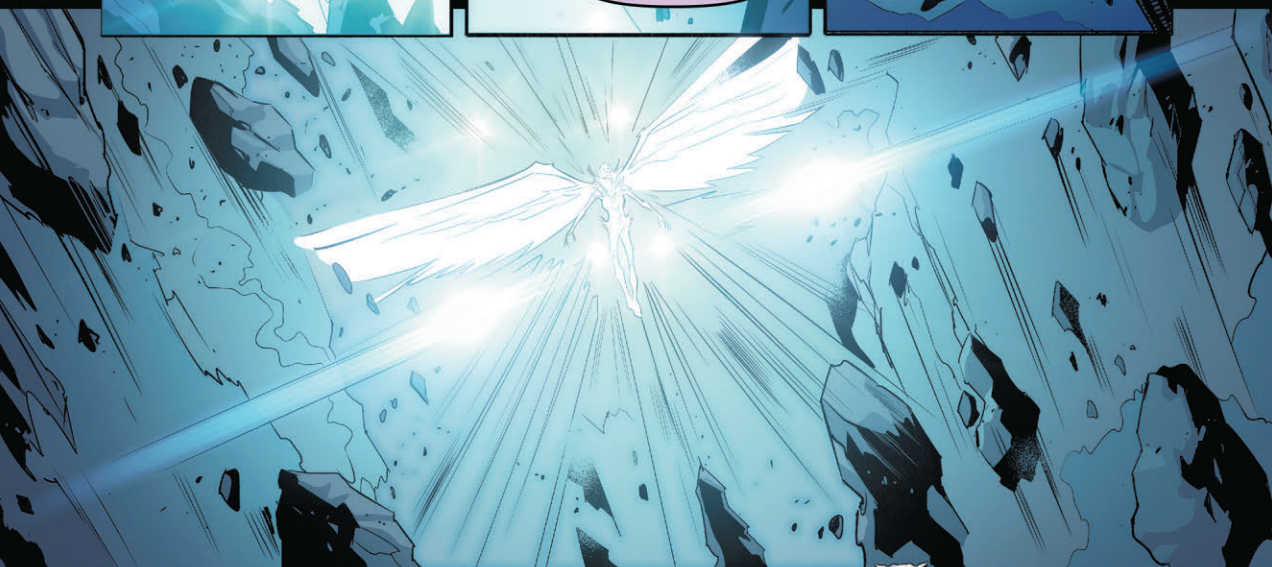
WHAT'S IT DOING?

THE ENTITY IS CLEANSING EVERY TRACE OF NEKRON'S POWER.

INCLUDING THIS PLANET.



SCOTTY, LOCK ONTO OUR POSITIONS! GET US OUT OF HERE!





CAPTAIN'S LOG,  
STARDATE 2262.247.

WE WATCHED  
VULCAN DIE.

AGAIN.





BUT THE UNIVERSE *LIVES*.

WE HAVE RETURNED TO EARTH FOR REPAIRS AND DEBRIEFING.

SEVERAL OF OUR NEW FRIENDS HAVE CHOSEN TO REMAIN ONBOARD WITH US AS WE PREPARE TO RESUME OUR MISSION.

THE OTHERS HAVE CHOSEN TO EXPLORE A WORLD, AND A UNIVERSE, NOTICEABLY DIFFERENT FROM THE ONE THEY LEFT BEHIND.

THE GREATEST THREAT IS OVER. BUT OTHERS REMAIN.

WE FOUND THE REMAINS OF THE KLINGON, GORN, AND ROMULAN RING-BEARERS. THEY WERE NO DOUBT LEFT HELPLESS WHEN THEIR RINGS TRANSFERRED TO SPOCK.

WITH THE LEADERSHIP OF THEIR EMPIRES IN DOUBT, THE FEDERATION MUST REMAIN VIGILANT IN AN UNSTABLE GALAXY.

ATROCITUS AND LARFLEEZE HAVE DISAPPEARED...

...AS HAS *SINESTRO*.





WE'LL BE READY.

SCOTTY HAS ALREADY CONVINCED STARFLEET TO APPROVE NEW RING-BASED PHASERS AND PERSONAL FORCE-FIELDS.



BONES, MEANWHILE, WON'T LET ME FORGET...

I'M NOT SAYING YOU'RE **UNWORTHY**. I JUST THINK IT'S INTERESTING THAT **NONE** OF THE RINGS PICKED YOU.

WHAT WOULD I DO WITH A RED RING? OR ORANGE?



DEFINITELY NOT YELLOW. YOU DON'T SCARE ANYBODY.

I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT...

YOU MIGHT LOOK GOOD IN VIOLET.



I DO NOT BELIEVE YOUR NATURE CAN BE SUMMARIZED BY ONLY ONE COLOR.

AW, SPOCK. THAT'S KIND OF YOU TO SAY.



I SIMPLY MEAN THAT SUMMARIZING ANYONE'S NATURE BY ASSIGNING THEM A SINGLE COLOR IS FUNDAMENTALLY ILLOGICAL.



WELL, THANKS ANYWAY.

ENTERPRISE, THIS IS SPACEDOCK CONTROL. YOU ARE CLEARED FOR DEPARTURE.

ACKNOWLEDGED.

CAPTAIN JORDAN, IF YOU'LL LEAD THE WAY.

MY PLEASURE, CAPTAIN KIRK.





MY NAME IS  
HAL JORDAN.

I AM THE  
GREEN LANTERN  
ASSIGNED TO  
SPACE SECTOR  
2814.

HERE, IN THIS  
NEW REALITY,  
MY MISSION  
CONTINUES.

I AM SWORN TO  
PROTECT STRANGE  
NEW WORLDS. NEW LIFE.  
NEW CIVILIZATIONS

TO BOLDLY  
GO...

BY  
LANTERN'S  
LIGHT...

WHERE NO  
ONE HAS GONE  
BEFORE!

THE END!



# ART GALLERY



























































































GARRY  
BROWN  
DOUG  
GARBAR



"This series sure knows how to scratch that fanboy crossover itch."—*IGN*

"Two diverse science-fiction universes collide, and not everything returns to 'normal' when it's over!" —*Major Spoilers*



THE CREW OF THE *U.S.S. ENTERPRISE* MEETS THE GREEN LANTERN CORPS  
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AN ALL-NEW ADVENTURE THAT SPANS THE COSMOS!  
KIRK AND SPOCK MAKE A MOST UNUSUAL DISCOVERY ON A LOST WORLD...  
IGNITING EVENTS THAT WILL CHANGE THE FATE OF EMPIRES!  
WRITTEN BY **MIKE JOHNSON** WITH ART BY **ANGEL HERNANDEZ**.