



RON
MARZ

RICK
LEONARDI

MIKE
PERKINS



GREEN LANTERN

V E R S U S

A L L I E N S



2 of 4

\$2.99 US
\$4.50 CAN





GREEN LANTERN

VERSUS

A L I E N S™

writer

RON MARZ

penciller

RICK LEONARDI

inker

MIKE PERKINS

colorist

DAVID STEWART

letterer

STEVE DUTRO

cover artist

WAYNE TURNER

designer

DARY HOCKETT

assistant editors

**TIM ERYN-GORE &
FRANK BERRIOS**

editors

**PHIL AMARA &
BOB SCHRECK**

publisher

MIKE RICHARDSON

Special thanks to **DEBBIE OLSHAN** at Fox
and **NEELA WEBER** at DC Comics

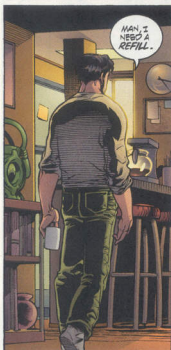
Green Lantern™ vs. Aliens™ #2, October 2000. Green Lantern™ vs. Aliens™ Copyright © 2000 DC Comics, Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation, and Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. Green Lantern™ and all related characters, their distinctive likenesses, and related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. Aliens™ is trademark of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222. Dark Horse Comics® and the Dark Horse logo are trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc., registered in various countries and countries. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events, institutions, or locales, without name intent, is coincidental. PRINTED IN CANADA

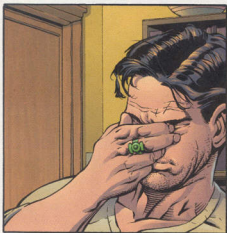
Find a comics shop in your area. Call 1-888-266-4226.

ALIEN INVASION

TERRO
FROM
OUTE
SPA









WELL.
MAKE
YOURSELVES
AT HOME..

THESE
ARE THE
COMPANIONS
WHO HAVE
JOURNEYED
HERE WITH
ME.



...BRIK...



...ASH...



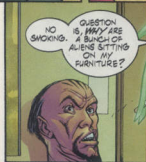
...M'HWAHNA...



...AND
SALAAK.



AND
APPARENTLY
EVERYONE
KNOWS
WHO I AM OR
YOU WOULDN'T
BE SITTING ON
MY FURNITURE.



NO
SMOKING.
QUESTION
IS, WHY ARE
A BUNCH OF
ALIENS SITTING
ON MY
FURNITURE?





ONCE
WE WERE ALL
MEMBERS OF
THE GREEN
LANTERN
CORPS...

...OR WERE
TO HAVE
BEEN A
MEMBER.



I WAS TO BE THE NEXT
XUDARIAN TO INHERIT THE
GREEN LANTERN MANTLE.
BUT THE CORPS WAS
DESTROYED BEFORE
MY OPPORTUNITY.



THE
WHOLE THING
WITH HAL JORDAN
GOING OVER THE
EDGE, I KNOW.
THAT'S HOW I
WOUND UP WITH
MY RING.

STILL
DOESN'T EXPLAIN
WHY YOU'RE HERE,
OR HOW YOU EVEN
FOUND ME. NOT
LIKE I'VE GOT A
SABOT FRONT.



WE KNOW OF YOU,
OF COURSE.
SALAARK ARRANGED
FOR TRANSPORT
TO EARTH AND THEN
TRACED YOUR
RING'S ACTIVITY.

WE'VE
COME TO
ASK YOUR
HELP.



A COLLIAN
TRANSPORT VESSEL
HAS CRASHED
ON THE PLANET
MOGO. MOGO
WAS--

A WHOLE
PLANET THAT
WAS A GREEN
LANTERN. I WAS THERE
ONCE.



THERE
IS MORE.

MOGO IS NOW
HOME TO AN
INFESTATION OF AN
ALIEN LIFE FORM,
DEPOSITED THERE
A TIME AGO BY
HAL JORDAN,
MYSELF AND
OTHER MEMBERS
OF THE CORPS...

...BECAUSE WE
BELIEVED THEY WOULD
POSE NO THREAT ON
AN UNINHABITED
WORLD SUCH AS
MOGO. THE CREATURES
ARE LITTERLY SAVAGE.
THE SHIP'S CREW IS
IN DEADLY
DANGER...





...TO
CHARGE
MY
RING.

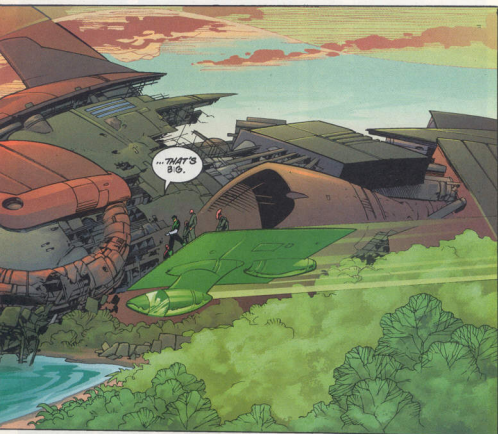
SO...
...TELL
ME ABOUT
THESE
ALIENS...





IT'S AN
ORE TRANSPORT,
RUNNING EMPTY.
THERE WAS AN
EXPLOSION IN
THE DRIVE
ENGINES...







DARK
AS A TOMB
DOWN
HERE.

THOUGH
MAYBE THAT'S
NOT THE CHEERiest
metaphor to
USE RIGHT
NOW.



SPOOKY.

WHY
DON'T YOU GUYS
HANG HERE FOR A
WHILE AND I'LL POKE
AROUND TO SEE
IF THERE ARE ANY
SURVIVORS.

I AM
THE ONE
WITH THE
POWER RING,
RIGHT?



INDEED, YOU
ARE THE ONE
WITH THE
RING...



...BUT WE ALL TOOK
OATHS WHEN WE BECAME
GREEN LANTERNS. OUR
RINGS MAY BE GONE,
BUT OUR OATHS DID NOT
DISAPPEAR. WE STILL
HAVE A DUTY.

I NOTICE
YOU DO NOT
EVEN HAVE
AN OATH.



HEY, FORGIVE ME
FOR NOT PLAYING BY
YOUR RULES. I DIDN'T
PICK THE RING, IT
PICKED ME.

LET'S NOT
FORGET YOU'RE
THE ONES WHO
CAME TO ME
FOR HELP.



And perhaps
that was a
mistake.

WHAT?
WHAT
DID YOU
SAY?



LOOK, I'M
SORRY THINGS
AREN'T LIKE THEY
USED TO BE! I'M
SORRY THERE'S NOT
A BUNCH OF YOU
RUNNING AROUND
DRESSED UP IN GREEN
LANTERN COSTUMES
RIGHTING COSMIC
WRONGS.

SEEMS TO ME THIS IS
ALL ABOUT YOU GUYS
SCREWING UP A FEW
YEARS BACK AND YOU
WANT ME TO BE HEAD
JANITOR AND CLEAN
UP YOUR MESS.
FINE...



BUT
I CAN'T DO
ANYTHING ABOUT
IT, SO SPARE
ME THE
ATTITUDE!

...JUST
STAY OUT OF
MY WAY WHILE
I DO IT.



FAR
ENOUGH.

Oop.







THEY
USED
TO BE.

NOW...



...YOU CAN
HAVE THIS **BACK**
IF YOU PROMISE
TO PLAY NICE
AND TELL ME
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE.



MY NAME
IS **CROWE**. I'M
FIRST OFFICER ON
THE **SIGNET DAWN**,
CREW OF THIRTY-
EIGHT OUT OF **COLL**
SPACEPORT. WE WERE
A LONG-RANGE
TRANSPORT TO THE
MINING WORLDS.

WE
DEVELOPED A
CRACK IN A DRIVE-
ENGINE SEAL AND THERE
WAS AN EXPLOSION.
THERE WAS NO CHOICE
BUT TO PUT DOWN,
AND THIS PLANET
WAS OUR ONLY
OPTION.



WE BELLED
IN AND MANAGED
TO KEEP THE SHIP IN
ONE PIECE, MORE
OR LESS. ONLY A
FEW CASUALTIES.
WE COUNTED
OURSELVES
LUCKY...

...UNTIL
THE ALIENS
CAME.



THEY
CARRIED OFF
MY CREW
EVERY LAST
LIVING ONE
OF THEM.



AND YOU?
WHY DIDN'T
THEY TAKE
YOU?

THEY
DIDN'T WANT
ME FOR SOME
REASON.



I
INTEND TO
GET MY CREW
BACK, HOWEVER
MANY OF THEM
ARE STILL
ALIVE.



SOLO?

LONG STORY,
BUT THERE'S SOME
GREEN LANTERN
RESPONSIBILITY FOR
THOSE ALIENS BEING
HERE IN THE FIRST
PLACE. YOU MIND
SOME COMPANY?





SUIT YOURSELF.



ALL OF US, OKAY?

AGREED.



HEY, DON'T GET TOO FAR AHEAD.

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WHERE YOU'RE GOING...



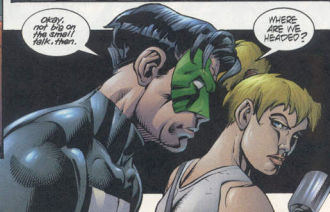
"...ESPECIALLY WITH THIS THING ROLLED OVER LIKE A BEACHED WHALE."



I SHOULD INTRODUCE MYSELF PROPERLY. MY NAME'S KYLE. KYLE RAYNER.

SO... JUST GROWE, IS THAT SHORT FOR ANYTHING?

NO.

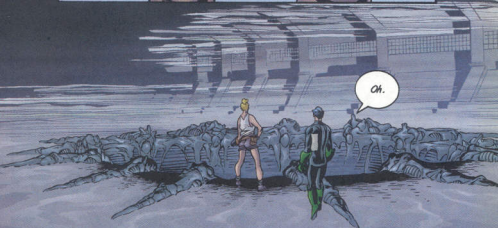


Okay, not big on the small talk, then.

WHERE ARE WE HEADED?



DOWN THERE.



OH.



HOW DEEP DOES IT GO?

DEEP ENOUGH. THIS IS HOW THEY GAINED ACCESS TO THE SHIP, TUNNELED THEIR WAY RIGHT INTO...



pip



THEY'RE HERE.





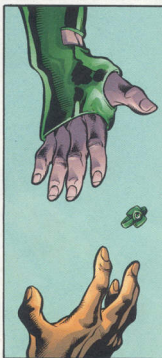
THINGS
ARE
FAST...

...BUT
NOT QUITE
SPEEDING
BULLET
TERRITORY.











CONTINUED...