



BLACKEST NIGHT

TALES OF THE CORPS

1

FIRST ISSUE OF THREE SEP '09



JOHNS
TOMASI
ORDWAY
MORALES
SAMNEE
MAHNKE



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WHAT LARFLEEZE WANTS, HIS CORPS HELPS BRING HIM!

YOU ARE NOT REALLY HERE, ARE YOU, LARFLEEZE? YOU ARE BUT A CONSTRUCT LIKE YOUR CORPS.



GIVE ME YOUR RING, BLUE LANTERN!

IT WON'T WORK FOR YOU, CREATURE. YOU ARE A GLUTTON, NOT A BELIEVER.

I AM TOO! I BELIEVE IN ME.

THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO LIFE THAN ONE'S SELF.

BAH! ONLY THOSE WHO AREN'T WORTH ANYTHING SUBSCRIBE TO PHILOSOPHICAL INVALIDITIES LIKE THAT! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A PAUPER BEFORE A BEARER OF THE LIGHT! YOU MUST HAVE HAD NOTHING!



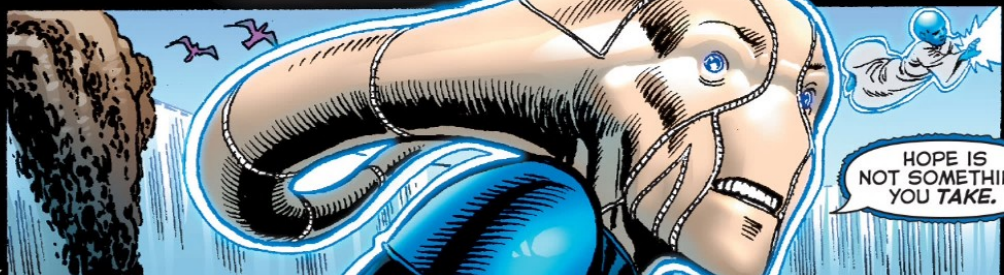
I HAD MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER DREAM OF. I HAD HOPE.

I WILL ALWAYS HAVE HOPE.

HOPE? WHAT GOOD IS SOMETHING YOU CAN'T HOLD IN YOUR HANDS? WHAT GOOD IS SOMETHING YOU CAN'T SEE AND FEEL AND TASTE?

AND WORSE YET, WHAT GOOD IS SOMETHING YOU CAN'T OWN?

THE ONLY VALUE HOPE HAS IS WHEN IT'S LIGHT WITHIN THAT RING! WHEN I TAKE IT!



HOPE IS NOT SOMETHING YOU TAKE.

"HOPE IS SOMETHING YOU SHARE."

TALES OF THE BLUE LANTERN: SAINT WALKER

SPACE SECTOR I.

ASTONIA.

Our world was ending.

WRITER: GEOFF JOHNS

ART: JERRY ORDWAY

COLOR: HI-FI

COVER: ED BENES, ROB HUNTER & NEI RUFFINO

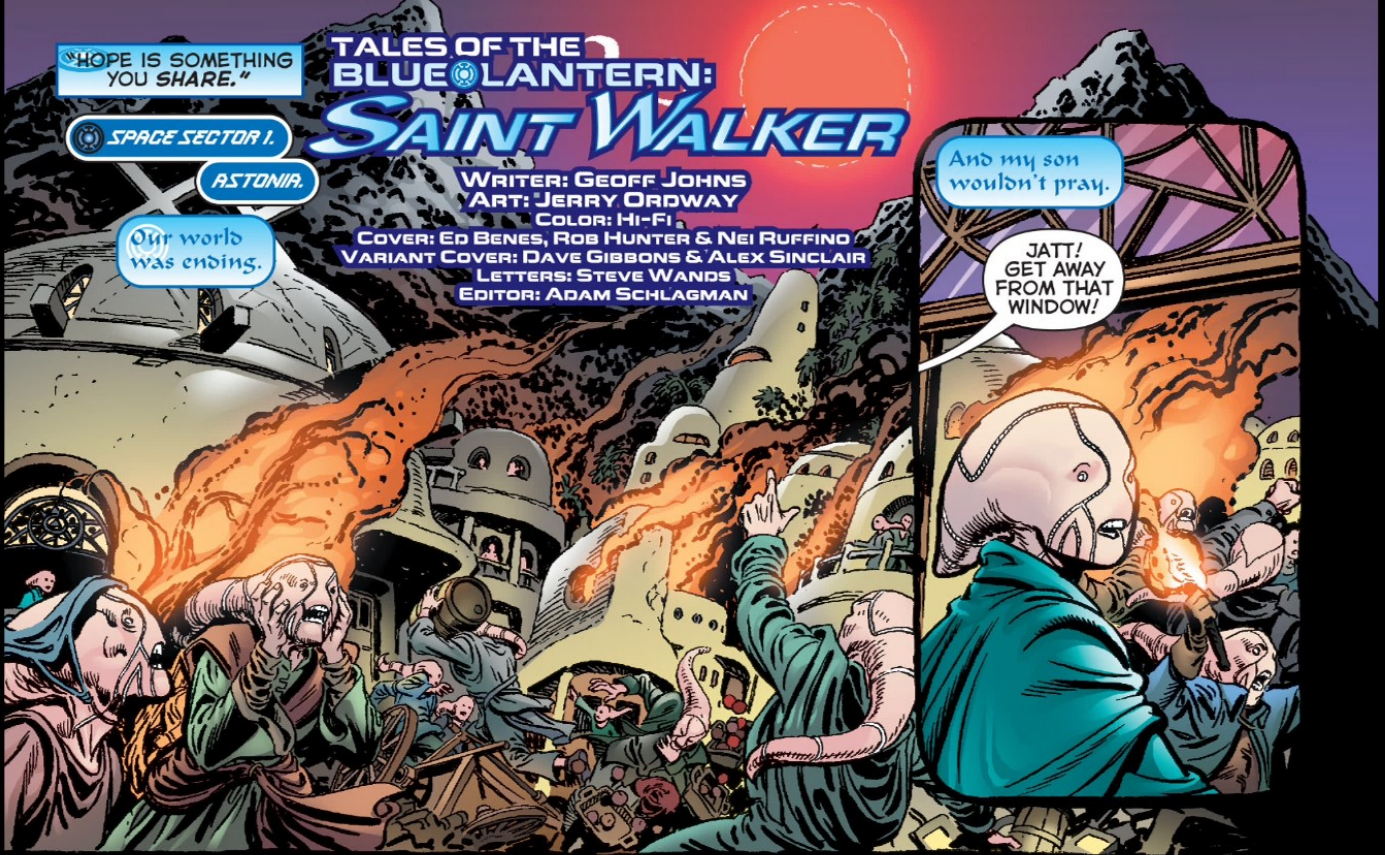
VARIANT COVER: DAVE GIBBONS & ALEX SINCLAIR

LETTERS: STEVE WANDS

EDITOR: ADAM SCHLAGMAN

And my son wouldn't pray.

JATT! GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW!



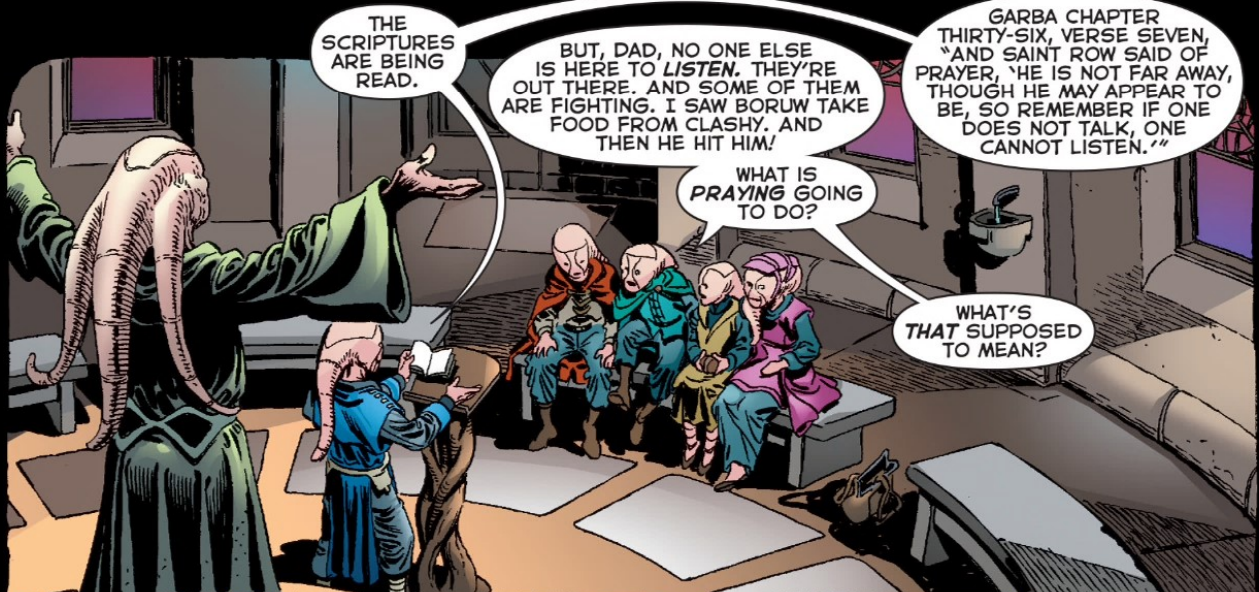
THE SCRIPTURES ARE BEING READ.

BUT, DAD, NO ONE ELSE IS HERE TO LISTEN. THEY'RE OUT THERE. AND SOME OF THEM ARE FIGHTING. I SAW BORUW TAKE FOOD FROM CLASHY. AND THEN HE HIT HIM!

GARBA CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX, VERSE SEVEN, "AND SAINT ROW SAID OF PRAYER, 'HE IS NOT FAR AWAY, THOUGH HE MAY APPEAR TO BE, SO REMEMBER IF ONE DOES NOT TALK, ONE CANNOT LISTEN.'"

WHAT IS PRAYING GOING TO DO?

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

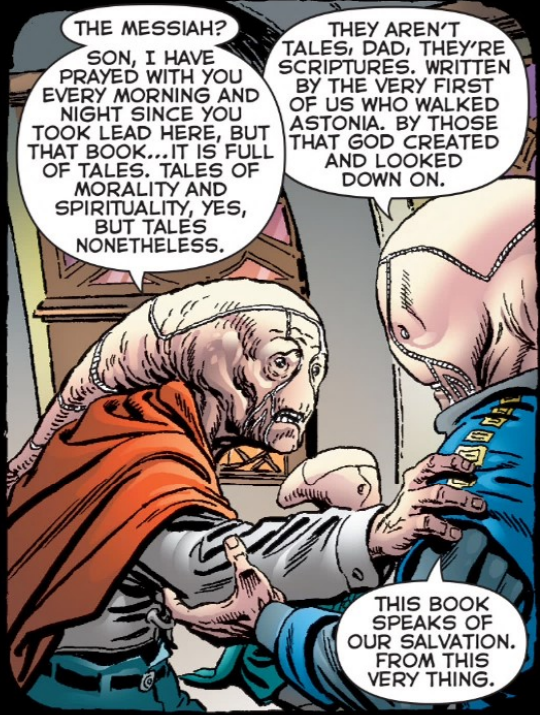


WE HAVE TO GO, QUANTA.

GO? GO WHERE, WALKER?

TO FIND THE MESSIAH.

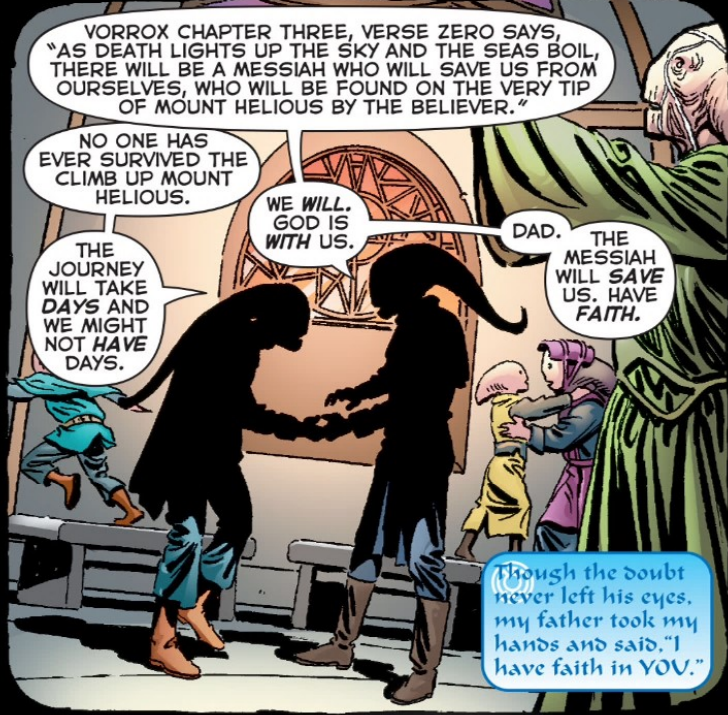




THE MESSIAH?
SON, I HAVE PRAYED WITH YOU EVERY MORNING AND NIGHT SINCE YOU TOOK LEAD HERE, BUT THAT BOOK...IT IS FULL OF TALES. TALES OF MORALITY AND SPIRITUALITY, YES, BUT TALES NONETHELESS.

THEY AREN'T TALES, DAD, THEY'RE SCRIPTURES. WRITTEN BY THE VERY FIRST OF US WHO WALKED ASTONIA. BY THOSE THAT GOD CREATED AND LOOKED DOWN ON.

THIS BOOK SPEAKS OF OUR SALVATION. FROM THIS VERY THING.



VORROX CHAPTER THREE, VERSE ZERO SAYS, "AS DEATH LIGHTS UP THE SKY AND THE SEAS BOIL, THERE WILL BE A MESSIAH WHO WILL SAVE US FROM OURSELVES, WHO WILL BE FOUND ON THE VERY TIP OF MOUNT HELIOUS BY THE BELIEVER."

NO ONE HAS EVER SURVIVED THE CLIMB UP MOUNT HELIOUS.

WE WILL. GOD IS WITH US.

DAD. THE MESSIAH WILL SAVE US. HAVE FAITH.

THE JOURNEY WILL TAKE DAYS AND WE MIGHT NOT HAVE DAYS.

Though the doubt never left his eyes, my father took my hands and said, "I have faith in YOU."

Under different circumstances, I hope I would've realized how much that meant.



KRAKSHHH

They set the temple on fire. I heard one of them yell blasphemous slurs in defiance as we escaped the smoke. I paid them no heed. I never had.



And so even as the heat of the sun started to scorch our world, my family and I made our way towards the distant point of Mount Helious.



YOU KNOW THIS ONE, JATT? TARGON CHAPTER ONE, VERSE ONE?

I DON'T REMEMBER.

IT'S TOO HOT TO REMEMBER.

I knew we would be saved.

In two days' time, the terrain changed.
The path nearly vanished.

I had hoped the higher
we climbed, the cooler
the air would become.
But it only grew hotter.

LOOK
AT THAT,
DAD!



IT DOESN'T LOOK
SO BAD FROM UP
HERE.

NO. IT
DOESN'T.

IS THAT WHY
HE DOESN'T
HELP US?

WHO?

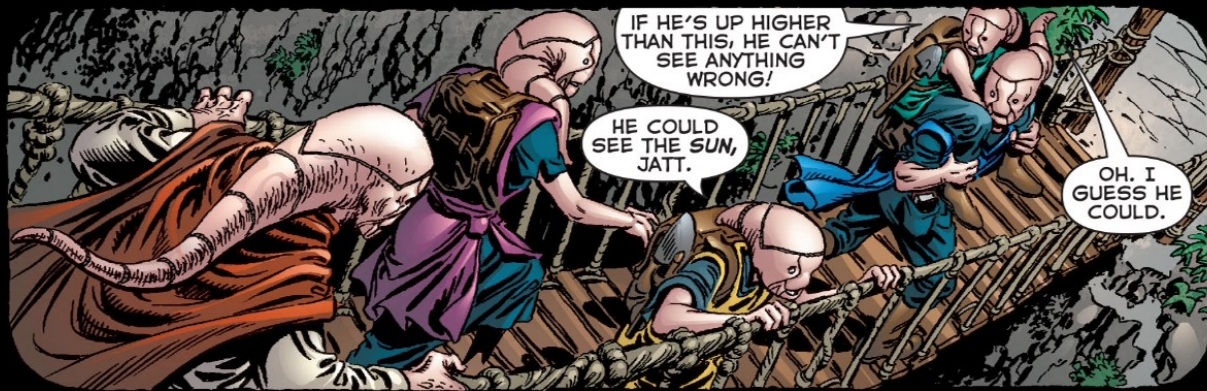
GOD.



IF HE'S UP HIGHER
THAN THIS, HE CAN'T
SEE ANYTHING
WRONG!

HE COULD
SEE THE SUN,
JATT.

OH. I
GUESS HE
COULD.



THINK OF
IT AS GOD'S
TEST, JATT. IN THE
FACE OF THE END,
HE WATCHES WHAT
WE DO.

BUT WHAT
IF THIS IS THE
END, DAD?
WHAT HAPPENS
THEN?

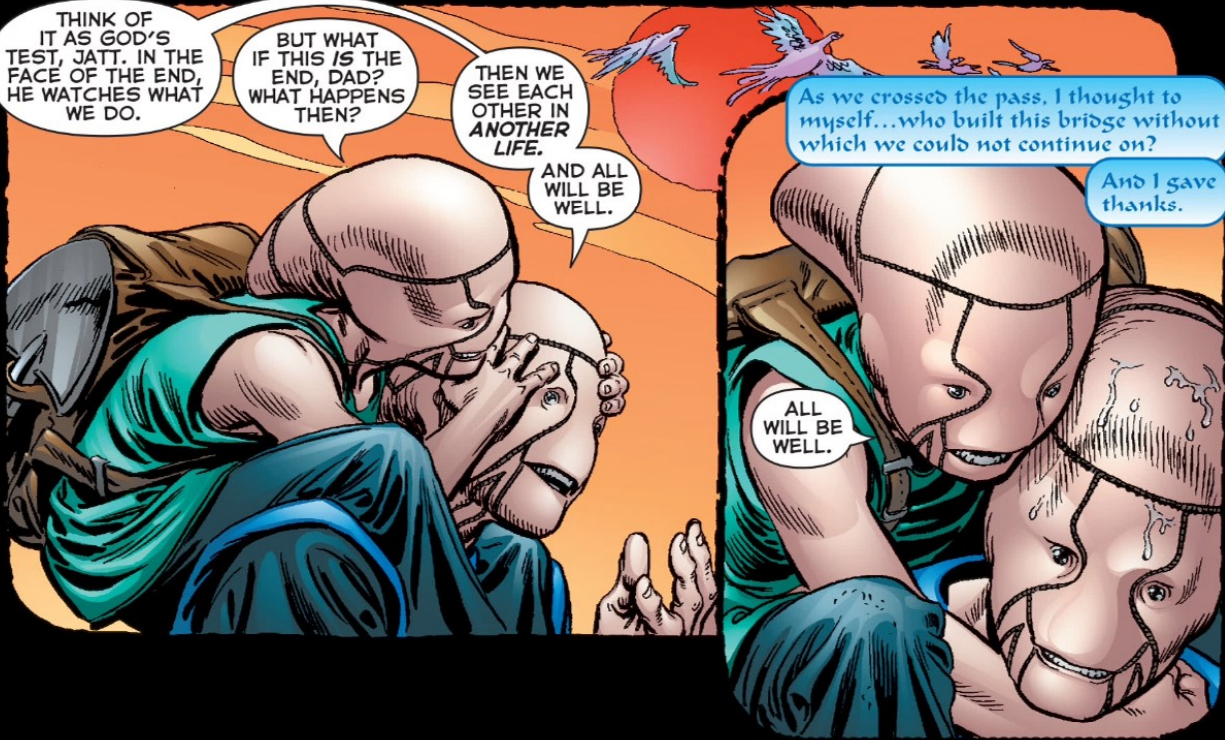
THEN WE
SEE EACH
OTHER IN
ANOTHER
LIFE.

AND ALL
WILL BE
WELL.

As we crossed the pass, I thought to
myself...who built this bridge without
which we could not continue on?

And I gave
thanks.

ALL
WILL BE
WELL.



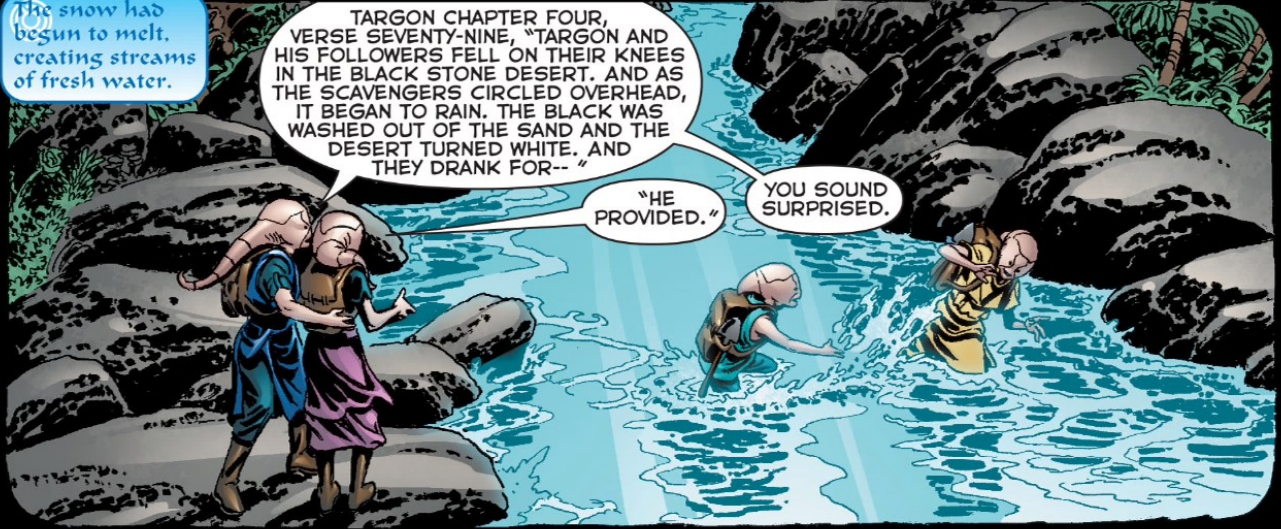


The snow had begun to melt, creating streams of fresh water.

TARGON CHAPTER FOUR, VERSE SEVENTY-NINE, "TARGON AND HIS FOLLOWERS FELL ON THEIR KNEES IN THE BLACK STONE DESERT. AND AS THE SCAVENGERS CIRCLED OVERHEAD, IT BEGAN TO RAIN. THE BLACK WAS WASHED OUT OF THE SAND AND THE DESERT TURNED WHITE. AND THEY DRANK FOR--"

"HE PROVIDED."

YOU SOUND SURPRISED.

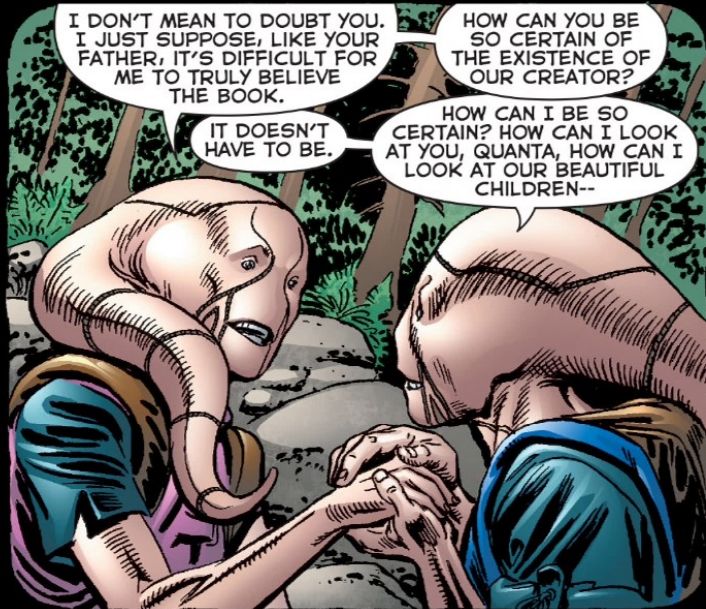


I DON'T MEAN TO DOUBT YOU. I JUST SUPPOSE, LIKE YOUR FATHER, IT'S DIFFICULT FOR ME TO TRULY BELIEVE THE BOOK.

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE.

HOW CAN YOU BE SO CERTAIN OF THE EXISTENCE OF OUR CREATOR?

HOW CAN I BE SO CERTAIN? HOW CAN I LOOK AT YOU, QUANTA, HOW CAN I LOOK AT OUR BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN--



--AND NOT BELIEVE IN MIRACLES?



WALKER? WHAT IS IT?
THE SUN?



But it wasn't the sun.

It was what the sun was doing to Atonia.



The ice on Mount Helious was still melting. This stream was but a leak.

And the dam had broken.



My wife and daughter drowned.



And my son and I climbed.



Without food for days, we were both weak from hunger.

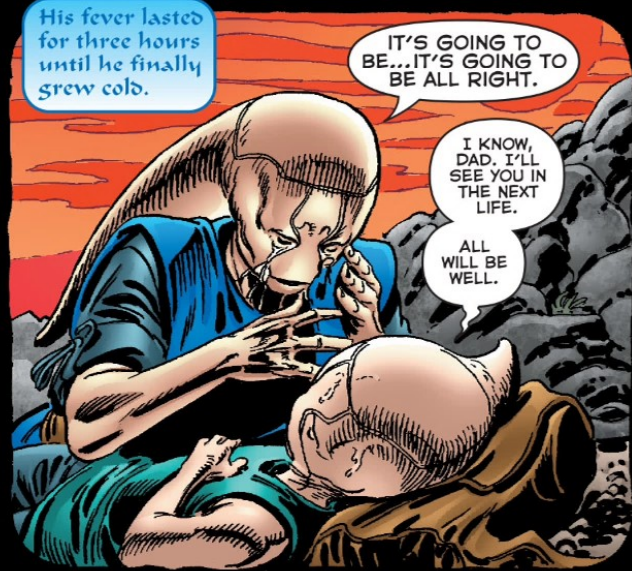


DAD! LOOK! HE'S PROVIDED!

JATT, WAIT--!

Jatt had no idea how poisonous it was.

His fever lasted for three hours until he finally grew cold.



IT'S GOING TO BE...IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

I KNOW, DAD. I'LL SEE YOU IN THE NEXT LIFE.

ALL WILL BE WELL.



ALL WILL BE WELL.

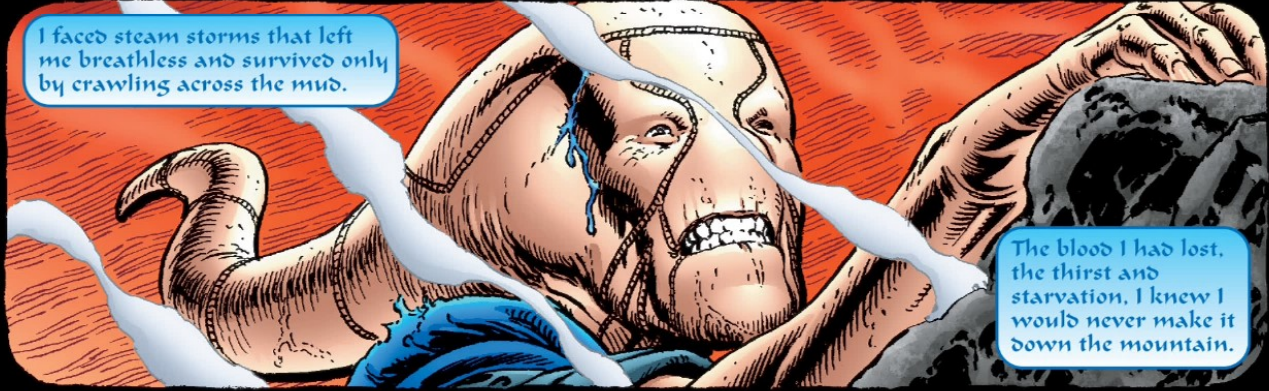
There is nothing else to say about that day.

The sun grew hotter and the heat evaporated all of the water on Mount Helious.



There were no more tears to shed.

I faced steam storms that left me breathless and survived only by crawling across the mud.



The blood I had lost, the thirst and starvation, I knew I would never make it down the mountain.



Still I climbed. And still I prayed. Alone.

But as I approached the summit on the ninth day, I knew my prayers would soon be answered.

Atop Mount Helious.

THE MESSIAH.

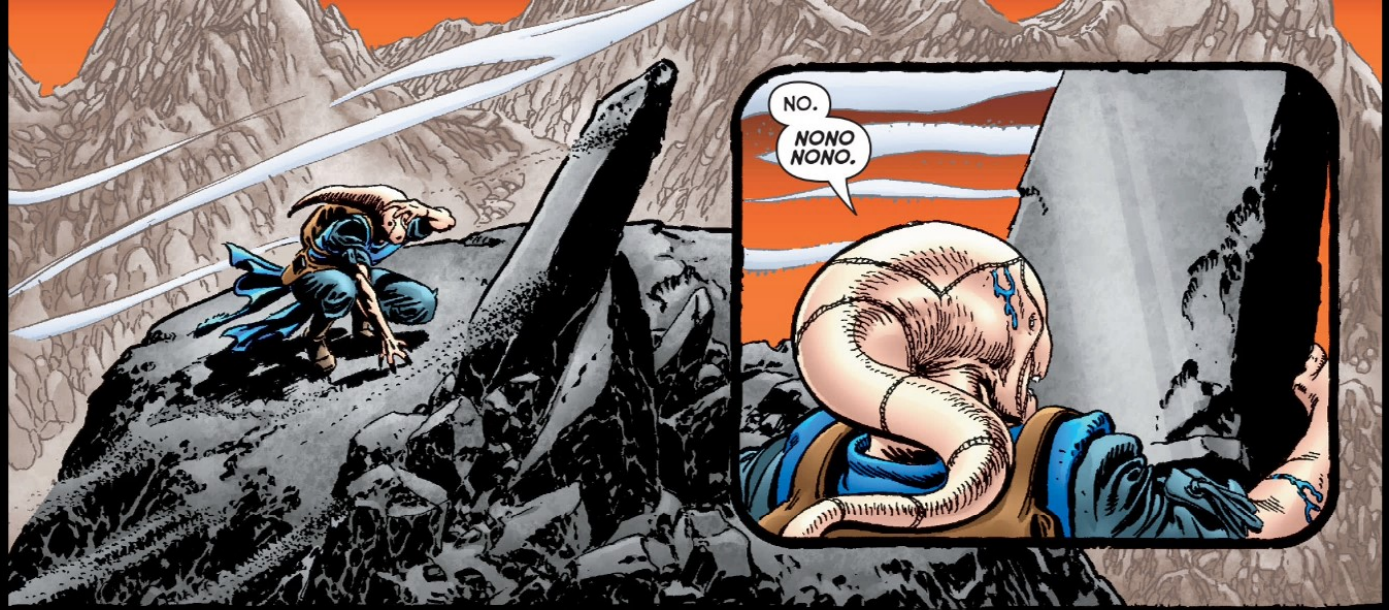
ALL WILL--KFF-- ALL WILL BE WELL.

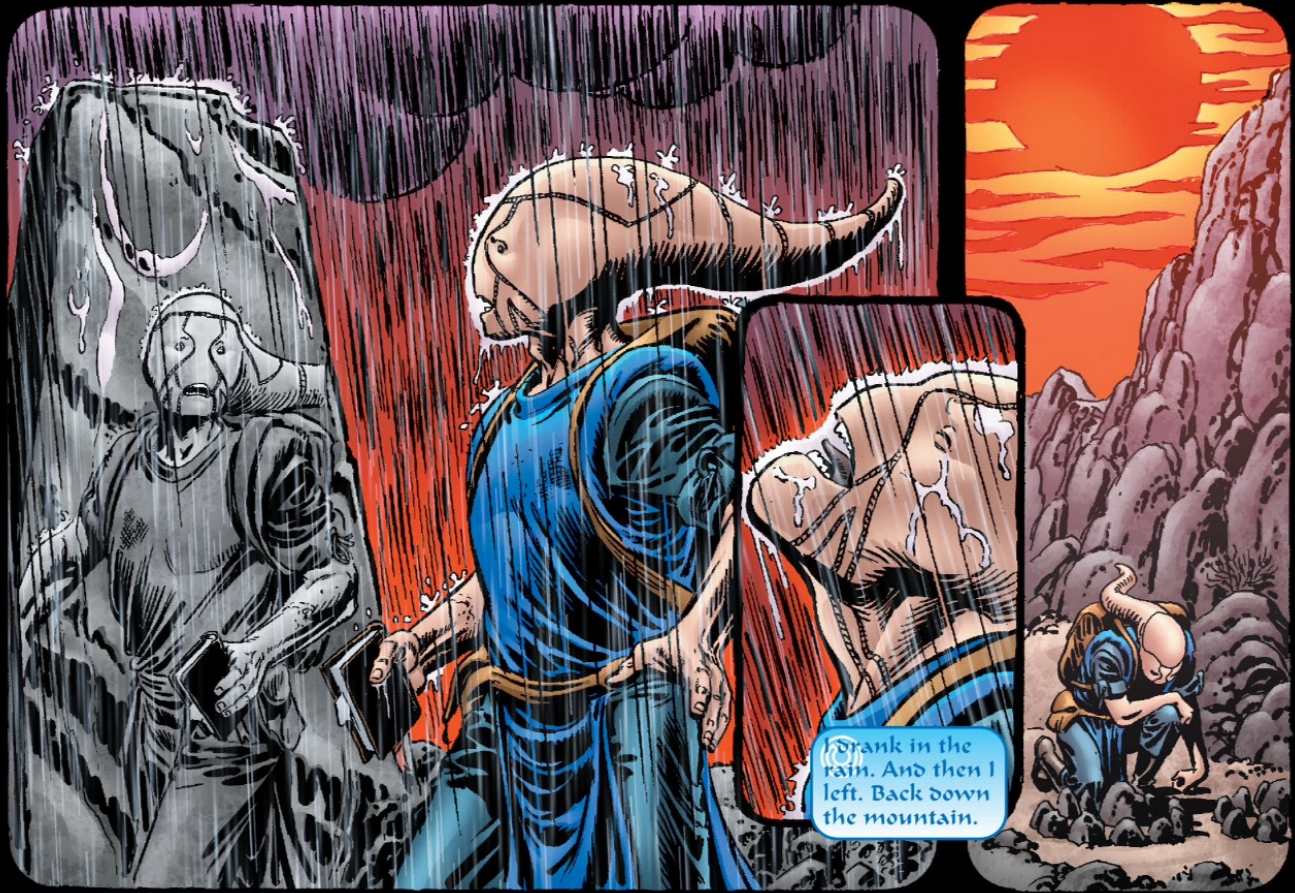


NFFF.

NNGG.

My faith was about to be validated.





Drank in the rain. And then I left. Back down the mountain.

Back down to my people.



I had gained but one thing to offer them as the riots continued. What God had given ME.

REFLECTION.

I spoke until someone listened.

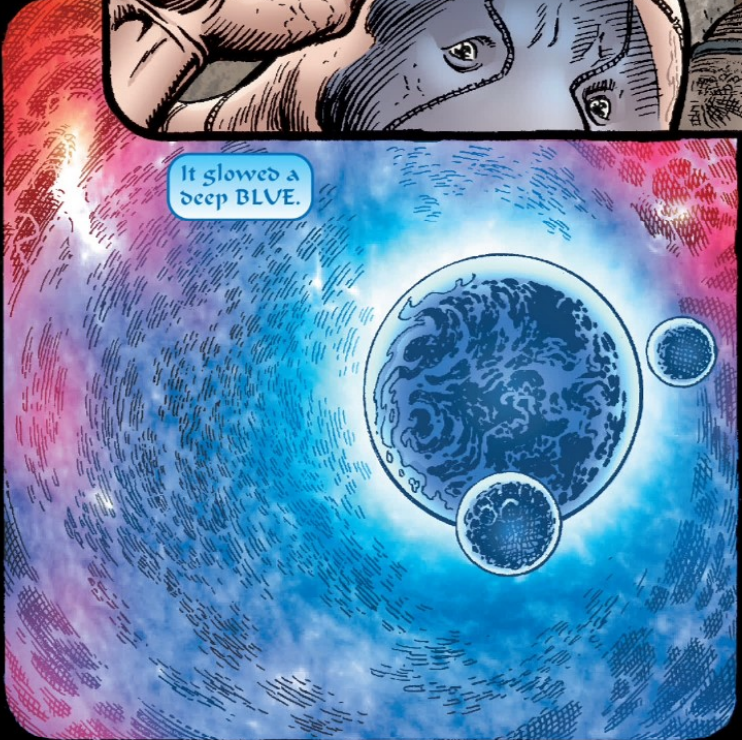
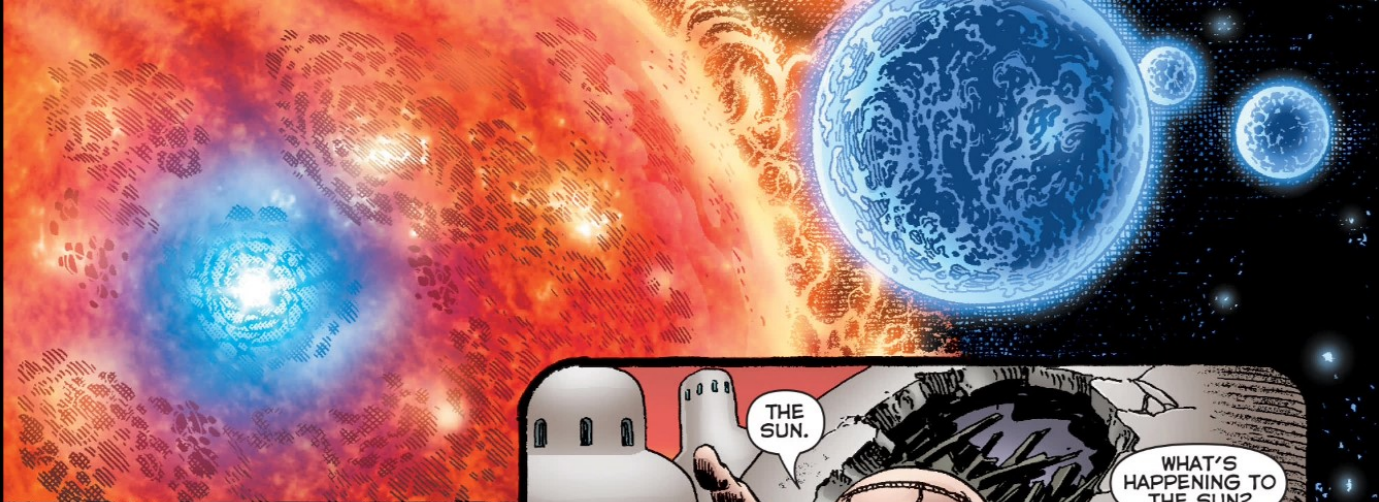


I kept speaking, through the night and the day and the next night.

Garba Chapter Three, Verse One-Hundred-Thirteen, "Live life every day as if it were the first and the last for they are both a celebration. And when you face the end, face it together."



And we did.





BRO'DEE WALKER OF ASTONIA.

YOU HAVE THE ABILITY TO INSTILL GREAT HOPE.

WE'LL SEE YOU IN THE NEXT LIFE, DAD.

ALL WILL BE WELL.

At night here on Odym, I look to the sky and I see the blue star that my family revolves around. I see the blue stars scattered across the universe that the Blue Lanterns have given new life to.



EEE!
EEE!
MINE!

YOU ARE MINE!

And I know, even as we face this hungry beast and his Corps, he may take our lives here today--



--but he will never take everything.

ALL WILL BE WELL.

END.



BLUE LANTERN CORPS

EMOTION: Hope

HOMEWORLD: Odym

SAINT WALKER

GANTHET

SAYD

BROTHER WARTH

SISTER SERCY

BROTHER HYIN

HISTORY: After being banished from the Guardians of the Universe for embracing emotions, Ganthet and Sayd ventured to the sacred garden world of Odym where they established their faith-driven Corps of blue light. Although there are but a handful of Blue Lanterns, their ranks consist of some of the most holy and righteous beings in the universe.

POWERS: The blue ring creates constructs that soothe its target based on that target's hopes. Blue Lanterns are also able to de-age dying suns into young, vibrant blue stars that shine in the night sky as a symbol for all to see. Like other power rings, theirs provide flight, force fields and communication. The blue ring charges a green ring and de-charges a yellow.

WEAKNESSES: Without a Green Lantern in close proximity, a Blue Lantern's ring will only allow limited flight and protection from the vacuum of space.

*Writer: Geoff Johns
Pencils: Doug Mahnke
Inks: Tom Nguyen
Color: Neil Ruffino*

THE DEAD PLANET OF DEBSTRAM IV.

MANY YEARS AGO.



KLAK
KLAK
KLAK



AND THERE HE GOES.

EVERY FEW MONTHS--
WITHOUT A WORD TO ME
OR MY SISTER...

DISAPPEARS FOR WEEKS AS
HIS MOOD GROWS DARK--LIKE
HE NEEDS TO SEQUESTER
HIMSELF AWAY FROM US.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE
GOES, I'VE NEVER ASKED HIM
AND HE'S NEVER TOLD ME.



I WANT TO CALL
OUT TO HIM.

"TAKE ME WITH YOU, FATHER--
ON YOUR ADVENTURE--ON YOUR
SELF-IMPOSED JOURNEY--I
CAN HELP, I'M STRONG, I'M
SMART, WHATEVER IT IS YOU
WOULD NEED ME TO DO--I
COULD BE AT YOUR SIDE."

BUT LIKE SO MANY
TIMES BEFORE, THE
WORDS NEVER COME.



INSTEAD, I AM LEFT HERE TO MY OWN DEVICES...

WHICH, I HAVE TO ADMIT, I DON'T MIND SOMETIMES.

THE EPIC BATTLES AND GLORY THESE CLOTHES HAVE SEEN I CAN ONLY IMAGINE.



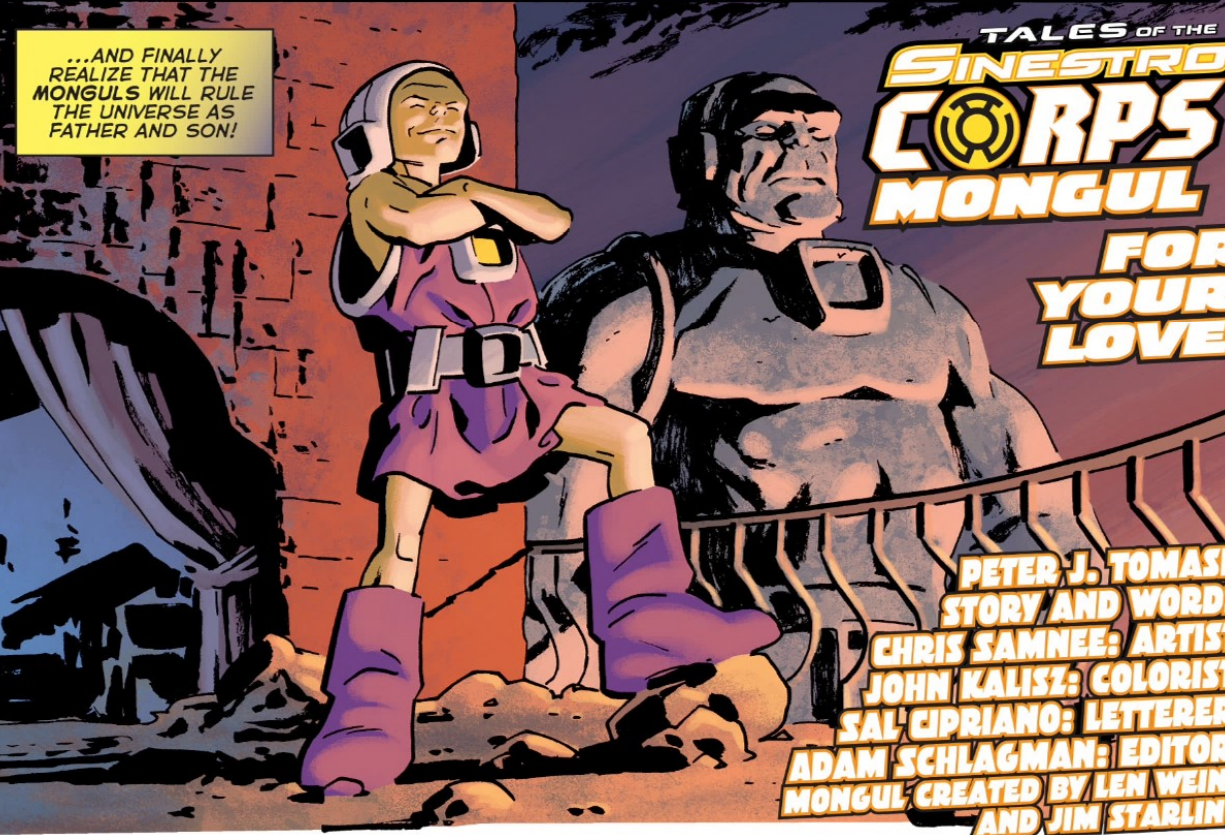
MY FATHER THE MASTER STRATEGIST--ALWAYS SEVERAL STEPS AHEAD OF THE VILLAINS HE BESTED.



AND IF FIREPOWER WAS NEEDED TO WIN THE DAY, THEN THAT WASN'T A PROBLEM FOR MY FATHER EITHER.



THERE WILL COME A TIME SOON WHEN WORLDS WILL HEAR MY FOOTSTEPS THUNDERING ACROSS THE COSMOS...



...AND FINALLY REALIZE THAT THE MONGULS WILL RULE THE UNIVERSE AS FATHER AND SON!

TALES OF THE SINESTRO CORPS MONGUL

FOR YOUR LOVE

PETER J. TOMASI: STORY AND WORDS
CHRIS SAMNEE: ARTIST
JOHN KALISZ: COLORIST
SAL CIPRIANO: LETTERER
ADAM SCHLAGMAN: EDITOR
MONGUL CREATED BY LEN WEIN AND JIM STARLIN

AS I ALWAYS DO
AFTER FATHER LEAVES
US, I PREPARE FOR A
JOURNEY OF MY OWN.

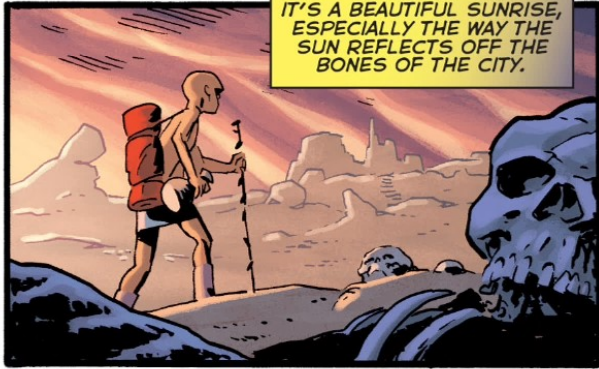


ASKING MY SISTER TO
COME ALONG NEVER
CROSSES MY MIND.

SHE IS IN BED--
SLEEPING HER LIFE AWAY
AS SHE USUALLY DOES.

I STARE AT HER
USELESS FACE AND FIND
MYSELF THINKING...

...I WISH I WERE
AN ONLY CHILD.



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL SUNRISE,
ESPECIALLY THE WAY THE
SUN REFLECTS OFF THE
BONES OF THE CITY.



MY FIRST STOP ON THE
JOURNEY IS THE MEDIA CENTER
WHERE NIGHTLY NEWSCASTS
OF MY FATHER'S VICTORIES
WERE TRANSMITTED.



I NEVER GET TIRED OF
WATCHING THESE DIGIS.

I'M SURE THE CITIZENS OF DEBSTAM IV
COULD ONLY MARVEL AT MY FATHER'S
DEEDS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS AGAINST
THESE EVIL BEINGS HE CAME AGAINST
OVER THE COURSE OF HIS TRAVELS.

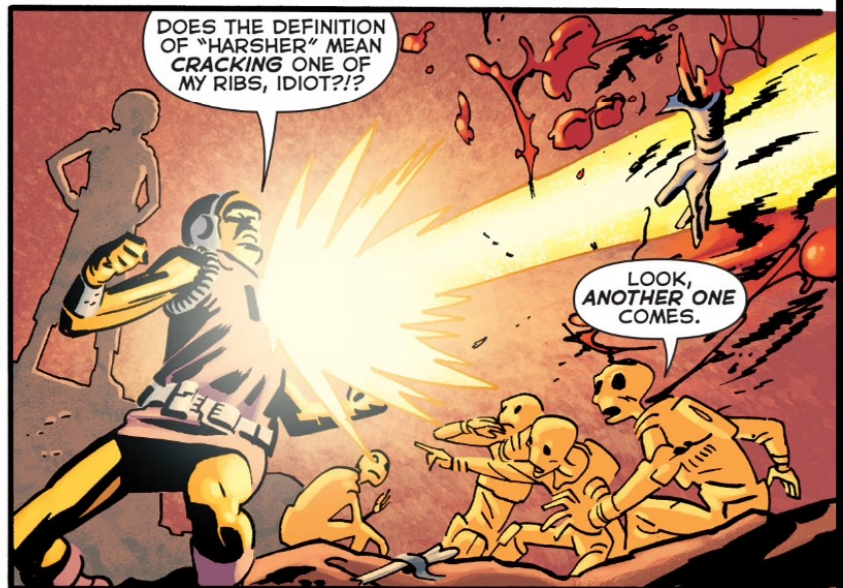


I'M SURE THEY WERE
INCREDIBLY PROUD AND
HONORED TO HAVE HIM
AS THEIR RULER.



HOW COULD
THEY NOT?







WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!?

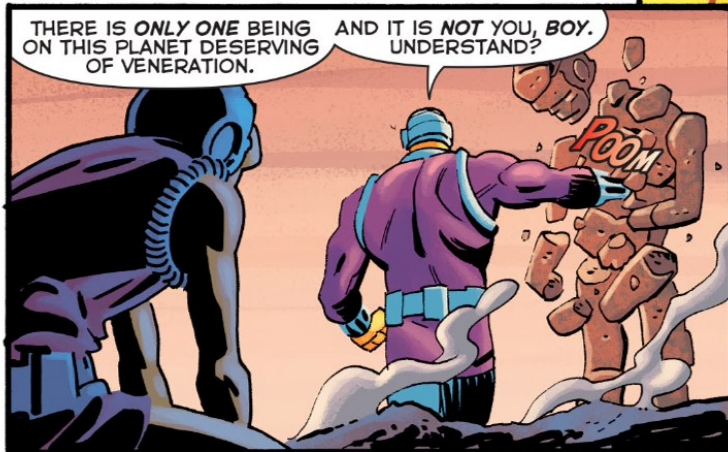
HELLO, FATHER, GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK.

DO THESE ALIEN FOOLS HAVE A SHIP WE CAN UTILIZE?



THEIR SHIP WAS DESTROYED AND NOW THEY'RE SLAVES WHO SERVE AND WORSHIP ME AT ALL TI--

NOW THEY'RE ORGANIC GARBAGE. THEY SERVE NOBODY.



THERE IS ONLY ONE BEING ON THIS PLANET DESERVING OF VENERATION.

AND IT IS NOT YOU, BOY. UNDERSTAND?

POOM



UNDERSTOOD, FATHER.



SUNS WILL SOON SHUDDER AT MY COMING.

AND ONE DAY, THE STARS WILL RUN RED.

I AM CONTENT.

FOR NOW.

END.



SINESTRO CORPS

EMOTION: Fear

HOMEWORLD: Qward

TEKIK

LOW

SLUSHH

ARKILLO

SINESTRO

MURA THE MELTING MAN

BEDOUIAN

ROMAT-RU

LYSSA DRAK

MARSH

TRI-EYE

KRYB

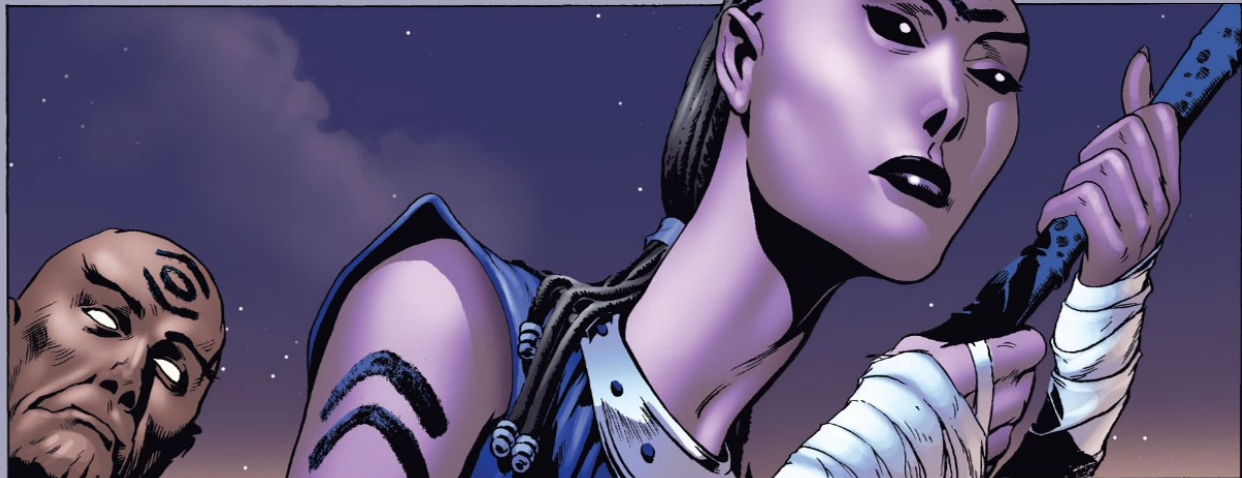
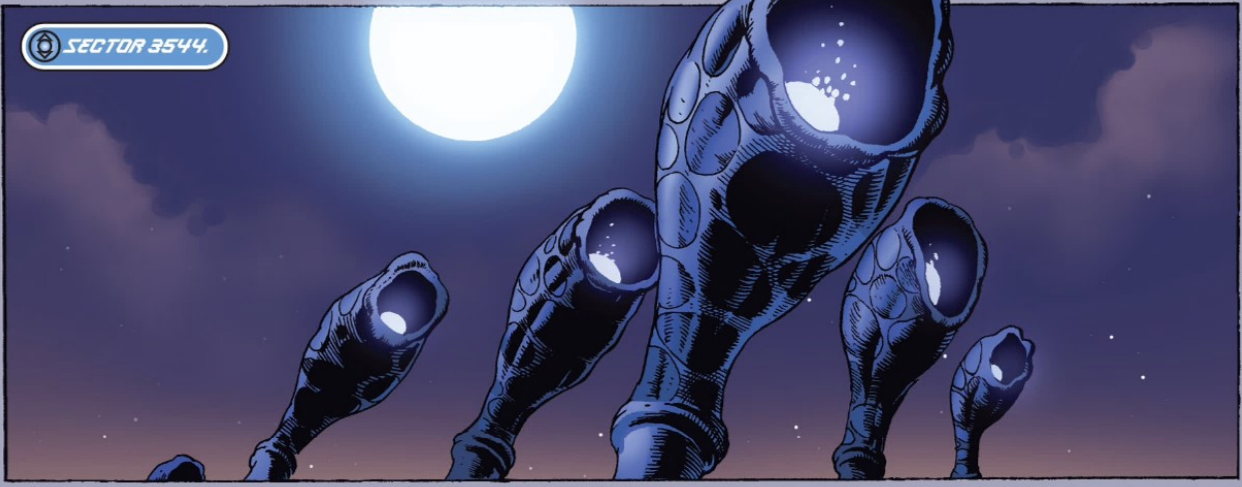
KARU-SIL

HISTORY: Sinestro was once considered the greatest Green Lantern of them all. After he was discharged and sentenced to the Antimatter Universe for abusing his power, Sinestro learned of a yellow light of terror that was being mined on Qward. Since then, Sinestro has drafted thousands of the most horrific, psychotic and sadistic beings in the universe to share his golden power and burn all who oppose it.

WEAKNESSES: The transmission and power of one of Sinestro's rings can be greatly disrupted by the presence of a Blue Lantern. Additionally, the yellow rings have the same recharging limitations as the other Lanterns.

POWERS: Like the green rings, the yellow are capable of creating constructs in the form of whatever its bearer can imagine, no matter how demented. The power rings also provide flight, force fields and communication.

Writer:
Geoff Johns
Pencils:
Doug Mahnke
Inks:
Christian Alamy
Color:
RANDY MAYOR

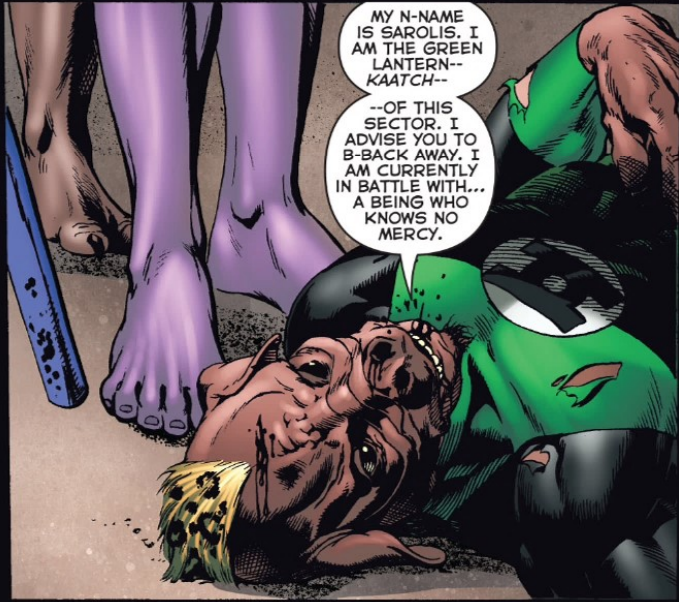




NOK.

TALES OF THE INDIGO TRIBE

WRITER: GEOFF JOHNS
ART: RAGS MORALES
COLOR: NEI RUFFINO LETTERS: STEVE WANDS
EDITOR: ADAM SCHLAGMAN



MY N-NAME IS SAROLIS. I AM THE GREEN LANTERN--KAATCH--

--OF THIS SECTOR. I ADVISE YOU TO B-BACK AWAY. I AM CURRENTLY IN BATTLE WITH... A BEING WHO KNOWS NO MERCY.



NAK KLOK LOK?

KLEK KLEK NEE NOK.
NOK LOK.

RING. TRANSLATE.

UNABLE TO TRANSLATE. LANGUAGE NOT RECOGNIZED.

YOU'RE PROGRAMMED WITH EVERY--KRRFF--LANGUAGE IN THE UNIVERSE. WHAT--KRRFF--ARE THEY SAYING?

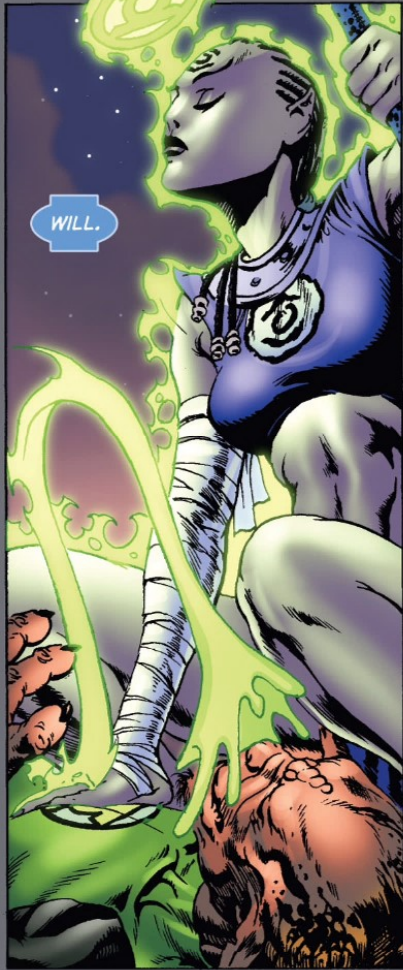


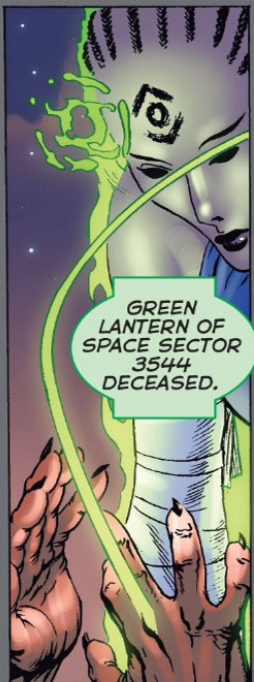
NEK.



UNABLE TO TRANSLATE. LANGUAGE NOT RECOGNIZED.







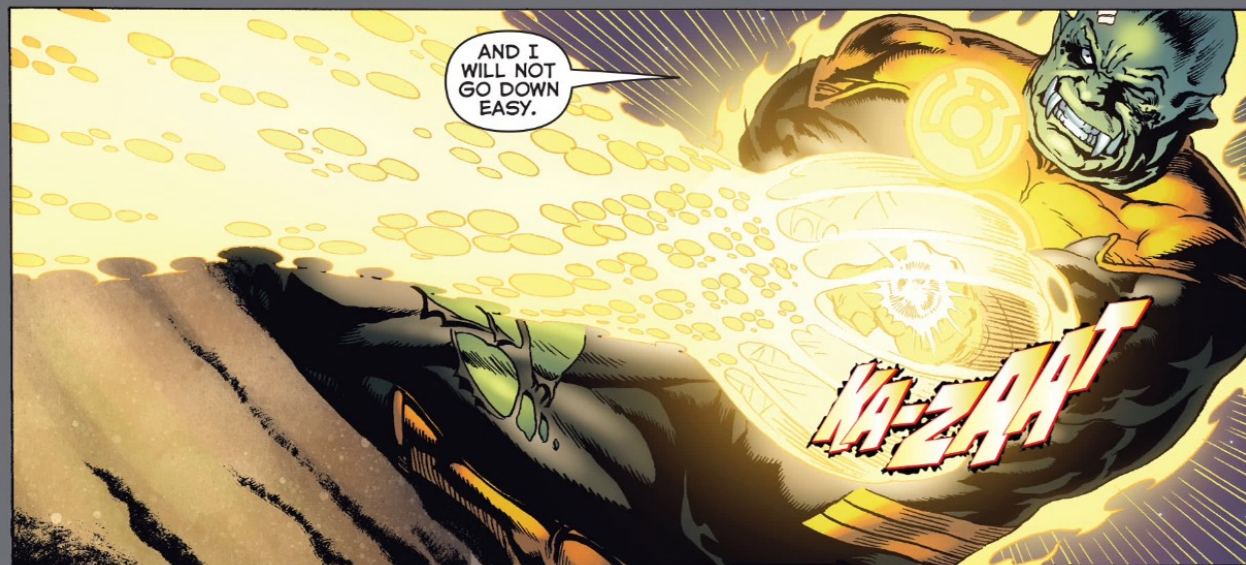
GREEN LANTERN OF SPACE SECTOR 3544 DECEASED.



SCANNING SPACE SECTOR 3544 FOR REPLACEMENT SENTIENT INITIATED.



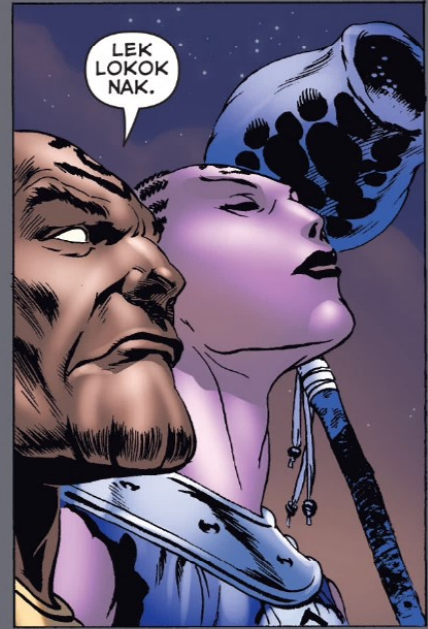
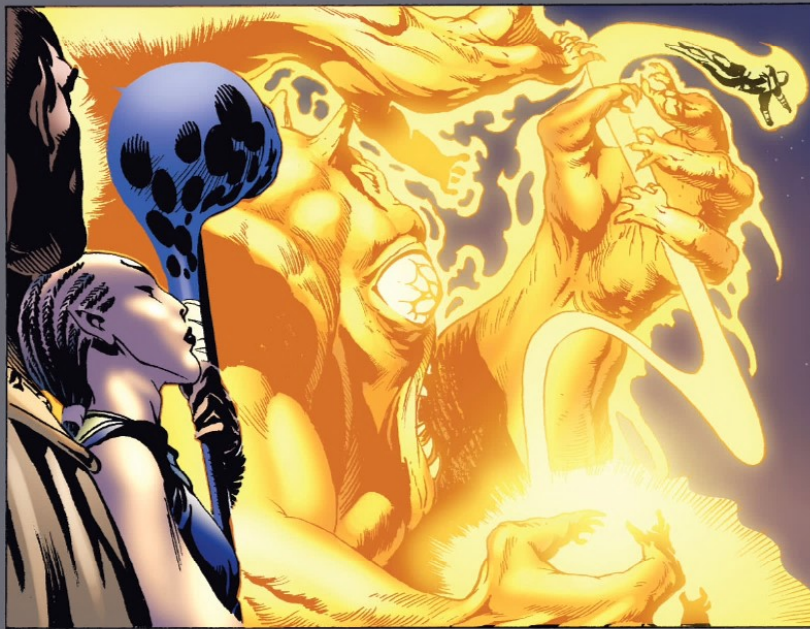
I AM NOT A GREEN LANTERN. I AM A SOLDIER OF SINESTRO!



AND I WILL NOT GO DOWN EASY.



FEAR.



END.



INDIGO TRIBE

EMOTION: Compassion

HOMEWORLD: Unknown

MUNK

INDIGO-1

HISTORY: The universe has yet to discover the existence of the Indigo Tribe.

POWERS: Unknown

WEAKNESSES: Unknown

*Writer: Geoff Johns
Pencils: Doug Mahnke
Inks: Tom Nguyen
Color: Neil Ruffino*

GREEN LANTERN CORPS

EMOTION: Willpower

HOMEWORLD: Oa



POWERS: Wielding the emerald light from the emotional spectrum, the Green Lanterns are capable of creating constructs in the shape of whatever they imagine. The power rings also provide flight, force fields, communication and access to the nearly infinite knowledge held within the Book of Oa.

HISTORY: Billions of years ago, the self-appointed Guardians of the Universe recruited thousands of sentient beings from across the cosmos to join their intergalactic police force known as the Green Lantern Corps. Possessing the ability to overcome great fear, the Green Lanterns patrol their respective space sectors with courage, honor and dedication.

WEAKNESSES: New recruits often have difficulty using their rings against yellow, or fear, and even veterans can be vulnerable to the golden light if they give in to terror. Like all Lanterns, Green Lanterns must recharge their rings from their power batteries before the cooled emerald power contained in them is depleted, roughly the equivalent of twenty-four Earth hours.

Writer: Geoff Johns Penciler: Doug Mahle
Inker: Christian Alamy Color: Randy Meyers