



Aquaman #15
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Published: 2009

Categorie(s): Fiction, Fan Fiction

Tag(s): Comics DC2 Aquaman Atlantis Aqualad "Ocean Master"

Aquaman

Issue #15: "A Promise Kept"

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"Atlantis is a threat."

The room became silent at these words. Whispers began to bounce through the air but then quieted down as the man in the largest seat stood up tall.

"And what source do you have to back up your claim, Mortimer?" the man questioned sternly.

Peter Mortimer, a scientist specializing in aquatic military weapons, stood surrounded by a room full of high-ranked military generals and politicians. He scratched his balding head but refused to be intimidated.

"Consider the amount of advanced technology Atlantis has, ranging from how the city of Poseidonis can sustain a constant supply of oxygen that deep in the water, to the fact that their buildings are not crushed by the undersea pressure. That technology, along with the strength each Atlantean has underwater, means that we would be defenseless if we were ever attacked by them!" Mortimer protested.

More mutters filled the room.

"You fail to see though, Professor Mortimer, that there will never be an attack from Atlantis as long as Aquaman is in charge," another general said.

"But can we be sure that Aquaman will remain on the throne forever? What if he is killed and someone far worse takes charge? We can't risk it, we... "

"Professor, we understand what you are saying but once again you neglect the fact that Atlantis is under King Orin's control. He has proven many times that he is worthy as an ally," the Secretary of Defense announced.

"But... " Peter Mortimer began, starting to protest, but was hushed by the Secretary.

"There is nothing to worry about, I assure you."

Mortimer felt like a laughing stock, being talked at rather than in a conversation, and treated as if he was inferior.

These morons don't know what they are getting themselves into...

"Out of curiosity, Professor, what were you going to propose to us?" a short admiral wondered.

Everyone's eyes fixed on Mortimer as he stood tall, refusing to be put to rest. His voice would be heard.

"Atlantis must be destroyed."

The domes of Poseidonis shone brightly like jewels of the deep. Jets of water flowed through the levels of the city weaving into a beautiful web. In the center dome containing the palace of the king, two great men of Atlantis discussed the future of the kingdom.

"There have been more and more cases where this Ocean Master has been mentioned... I'm beginning to worry." King Orin sighed through his neatly-trimmed golden beard.

Orm Marius, his half-brother and head of his Royal Guard, stood beside him, his dark hair neatly-combed and his face tightened with thought and concern.

"Now is not the time to worry about such things, brother," Orm said.

"Orin." Both of the men turned around to find Mera, beautiful with her long fiery red hair.

"Yes, my queen?" said Orin.

With her entrance, Orin's worries seemed to vanish into thin air. Orm looked from his half-brother to Mera and coughed sarcastically.

"I think it best I leave you two alone," Orm said politely.

Orm bowed to the two of them and then quietly stepped out of the throne room. Orin watched his brother leave and then glanced back at his wife. She was so beautiful, he couldn't believe that he was married to this gorgeous maiden of the sea. It had never quite sunk in to him. He stepped up close to her and gave her a gentle kiss and then held her in his arms, staring into her eyes.

"Orin, you said you wanted to talk to me about something... and that it was urgent." Mera broke the romantic moment.

"Yes. Mera, there's something I've wanted to share with you for a very long time."

"What is it?" She grew concerned at the tone of his voice.

"Come on. I'll show you."

"Haven't seen you around much lately," Tula greeted Garth, entering Poseidonis.

"I've been busy."

Javen and Tula were walking on the sides of Garth in the entrance way to Poseidonis. Tula looked him over for a minute, realizing that he appeared exhausted, his suit torn up in a few spots and his face pale and tired.

"Are you okay?" she persisted.

"I'm fine." Garth seemed to be keeping his answers short and to the point.

"Well, we've been hearing rumors of you helping out a group of people from the surface world," said Javen. "Some guy with a bow, and two brothers... Crow and Seagull or something... "

"Hawk and Dove." He avoided Tula's curious stare, while a bit irritated by Javen's disgust of the surface world. "And yeah, I've been helping them."

"We've been hoping you'd want to come with us out to the coral reefs a mile or two outside the city tonight. Tramm will be there and... " Tula started.

"Look, Tula. I appreciate the offer but I'm sorry. I don't think I can go," Garth answered.

Tula lowered her gaze to the floor and Javen watched his sister with concern. A frown appeared on Garth's face.

"Maybe next time."

Garth guiltily left Tula and Javen there, knowing that Tula had been a bit hurt but not knowing what to do about it. Tula watched him walk off and held her hands together tightly, embarrassed by her anxiousness around Garth... but it wasn't like she could help it.

The lighthouse was perched along the rocky shore, rising high and overlooking the beautiful ocean in the distance that seemed to span an endless length. A little ways from the large lighthouse, a small cottage sat peacefully silhouetted against the tropical environment that surrounded it. Its white paint had been peeled off in places from age but its simple beauty still remained.

Hands held tightly together, Orin and Mera appeared on the shore, dripping wet. Orin stared at his former home with love and memories in his eyes. Mera glanced at him for a moment and hid her smile at her husband's expression. He was like a kid in a candy store.

"So, my love... what do you think?" Orin smiled brightly.

"It's wonderful, Orin," she replied.

Orin looked feverishly around the area, trying to find if anything had changed but mostly everything was just as he remembered. Mera held his hand tightly as he guided her along the beach.

"Over there on those rocks was where my father... " Orin caught a quick look that Mera gave him but continued to speak, "It was where my father taught me how to fish. I hated fishing though and he kind of gave up on it after seeing my distaste." Orin looked over at the rocks, remembering his dad trying to show him how to tie the bait to the hook.

"Tom Curry was a good man wasn't he?" Mera asked curiously.

"Yes. A great man. A great father."

There was a momentary silence, the two lovers entranced, looking out at the ocean stretching far out into the distance.

"Are you sure Atlantis will be safe while we're gone?" Mera wondered.

"I left Vulko and Orm in charge. It's in good hands."

The throne of Poseidonis. The position of absolute power and authority over the kingdom. Whoever sat there, surrounded by its greatness, would rule all unchallenged.

Orm Marius stood quietly in front of the throne, staring at it intently, his long cape draped around him, hanging low towards the ground. His

hand traced the edges of the chair's armrest. It was made of solid gold and so smooth.

Orm examined the throne with intrigue and fascination. His face was bright with excitement and he bit his lip with anticipation; his usually stern yet gentle expression shifted for a moment but only a moment. A strange expression that he rarely showed to anyone else. A look of envy.

"Orm?" Orm quickly turned around, taking a step back from the throne, his face returning to its normal militaristic self.

Vulko entered the throne room and looked at Orm suspiciously.

"Yes, Vulko?" Orm said pleasantly.

"What are you doing in here?" Vulko questioned. The elderly Altantean glanced around the room for anything curious.

"Just thinking. The throne room has always been something of a safe haven for me. A place to clear my thoughts," Orm answered.

"The king and queen should be returning soon. Shall I inform you when they arrive?" Vulko said.

Orm remained silent for a moment, his mind wandering elsewhere but then he caught the old man's eyes. "Yes, please do."

Orin and Mera sat on the beach peacefully staring out at the setting sun. Mera couldn't remember the last time she had felt so happy in her life. She felt like everything was perfect, cuddling up to her husband and king and planting a kiss on his lips, still wishing he would shave the beard, but it was a small price to pay.

Orin held her securely in his arms, the sun setting close to the ocean.

"It's so beautiful." His eyes brightened at the sight of the now-glowing orange sea.

There was a romantic silence as if everything else in the world was gone, and there were no more worries at all, when Mera spoke.

"Orin, I'm worried about Garth."

"Why? Has something happened?"

"No, but I'm afraid the connection you both shared once is slowly evaporating. You two barely speak beyond a 'we have work to do' or 'hello'. Did something happen between you two I should know about?"

Realization struck Orin like a bullet. "I guess we've both been busy lately. I... I'll have a talk with him," Orin said.

"Good."

"Now, my queen. We should be heading back before it gets too dark." Orin stood up.

"You're right, Atlantean!" A sharp blade sliced across Orin, through his scale mail, drawing blood from his chest.

Orin looked at a large spear that was pinned into the sandy ground and he turned around, with Mera next to him. Five Oceanics strolled up to the land from the shallow water, spears, flails, and axes in hands, their scaly skin soaked and their shady eyes fixed on Orin.

"What do you want?" Orin roared defensively.

"Your corpse!"

The Oceanics sprinted towards the king and queen, weapons raised high.

"I don't get why Garth didn't want to come with us," Javen whined, floating on his back.

"He probably has his reasons. He's been really busy lately," Tula said.

Tramm sat on a rock, tinkering with a small holo projector he had found on the ground on their way to the coral reefs. Koryak, the youngest of the group, swam around happily chasing clownfish through the reef.

"Come on, Tula! He ditched us, that's what he did! He's too busy hanging out with those surface dweller jerks to care about us!" Javen said insistently to his sister.

Tula sighed at her brother's impatience, not wanting to believe that Garth had found newer and better friends.

"What have you got there, Lagoon Boy?" Javen asked Tramm, who ignored him and continued to fool around with the holo projector, tapping it repeatedly with his grayish green fingers.

One of the Oceanics leapt onto Orin's body, tackling him, arms wrapped around his stomach. They fell to the ground, the assailant on top of Aquaman, swatting him with punches with his sharp scaly hand. Orin was hit hard in face, the Oceanic's razor-sharp claw slicing him in the face; a bleeding cut appeared on the king's face.

"This is way too easy!" the Oceanic said gleefully.

The Oceanic swung his fist again, but this time Orin's hand intercepted it, blocking it.

"The first shot was free." The Oceanic's eyes widened while Orin's own fist collided into the attacker's jaw, knocking out a whole row of teeth. The Oceanic collapsed onto the sandy ground, unconscious.

Orin got to his feet, wiped off some of the blood from his cheek and looked at the large cut going across his chest. It could have been worse, but it ruined his outfit.

Two of the Oceanics stepped forward, one wielding a spear and the other clutching a flail. Aquaman stared them down, coldly.

"Get him!"

The one with the spear struck first, lunging forward, only to have Orin dodge the jab. Aquaman grabbed the part of the handle just beneath the blade and swung, tossing the Oceanic loose of the other end of the weapon. Orin barely had a moment to think due to the other's flail swinging an inch in front of his face. Orin jumped backward and threw the spear with great force into the Oceanic's chest, killing him instantly.

Two of the Oceanics remained.

"I've got him," the one with the axe said.

The Oceanic approached the king anxiously with a grin pasted onto his animalistic face. Aquaman waited patiently for the arrogant assassin but his gaze fell to the other Oceanic who ran towards Mera a sword held in his hand.

"Mera!" The axe bore down on Orin slicing him in the shoulder and knocking him onto his side, into the sand, but he continued his attempts to warn his wife. "Mera! Look out!"

Mera turned in time to see a sword glide just above her head as she dived to the ground. Orin panicked, kicking off of the ground and into the Oceanic's body, the two warriors rolling down the shore into the shallow water. Orin grabbed the Oceanic's head and slammed it into the muddy ground, knocking him unconscious.

"Mera!" Orin roared again, turning his attention away from his opponent and to his wife who was running on the shoreline away from the remaining Oceanic.

Mera tripped on a shell and the Oceanic loomed above her, the cutlass in his hand raised high. Orin jumped into the deeper water. He then darted through the water as fast as he could towards the shore like a shooting star cutting through the sky. His mind was focused on one objective and that was saving his love. With all of the energy he had remaining in his

body, the legendary Aquaman propelled himself out of the water at great velocity and into the air.

"Atlantean scum!" The sword began to lower with great speed but as it did, a loud splash sounded through the area.

The Oceanic turned to find Aquaman rocketing through the air towards him like a bullet. The King of Poseidonis tackled the Oceanic, hitting the sword away and pinning him to the ground.

Mera looked at her husband with worry etched into her face, as dark red blood dripped from his orange shirt and blond beard. His eyes were filled with anger over the attempted murder of his wife.

"Who sent you!?" Orin demanded, gripping the Oceanic's neck harder.

"I... I can't tell you!"

Aquaman tightened his grip even more, so that the Oceanic began to choke. Mera had never seen her husband so upset and rage-filled. His eyes were nearing tears but he was determined to achieve his goal.

"ANSWER ME!"

"Okay!! It was Ocean Master!"

Confusion flashed in Orin's heart. He had heard more and more rumors lately about this Ocean Master but still knew nothing about him.

"Who is he?" Orin said forcefully.

"I don't know!! He wears a mask!" the Oceanic pleaded.

Orin's knuckles slammed into the creature's face.

"THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH!"

"... Mercy!" The Oceanic spat in a frenzy.

"Mercy? You attempt to kill my wife and you expect me to grant you

mercy!?" Orin raised his fist again.

Mera put her hand on Orin's shoulder gently. Aquaman looked up at her and saw that she had great worry in her eyes. He lowered his arm, beginning to calm down.

"He doesn't know, my love. There is no need for more violence."

Orin thought hard for a moment at his wife's words, looking from his bloody hands to the terror in the Oceanic's face. Then, slowly but surely, his grip loosened. He dropped the Oceanic onto his back and stood up next to Mera, staring blankly at the ground. He had come so close to killing someone out of anger. That was something he had sworn he would never do...

The Oceanic got up cautiously, looking into Orin's face as if the king was a pathetic fool. He hurried into the water and swam out of sight into the depths of the ocean. Orin watched him retreat, regretfully thinking of what a mistake that could be. Everything began to blur and then went black, the king crumbling to his knees.

Garth stood quietly, looking out at the fish through the dome surrounding the section of the city he was in. They were so peaceful and happy-go-lucky, in the midst of their schools. Garth envied their innocence and unawareness. None of the hardships that plagued his life would ever enter theirs. None of the persecution or distrust that most Atlanteans felt towards him would ever worry those creatures. His dark eyes wandered, to the city of Tritonis, looming on the other side of an enormous trench. Its majestic beauty still impressed him to this day.

"Garth!" Vulko's voice rang from a transmitter on his belt.

Garth pulled out the transmitter and a small holographic image of the elderly Atlantean appeared.

"What is it, Vulko?" Garth asked, noticing the uneasiness in Vulko's face.

"It's King Orin! Come to the throne room immediately!" Vulko said frantically.

Garth ran to a current of water flowing upward that streamed out of the dome he was in and to the dome of Poseidonis that contained the King's citadel. He leapt into the running water that carried him quickly to the largest dome, where the citadel was. Garth dropped out of the current and landed on the hard floor. He scanned the area to find many citizens of the city in a mob being held back by Royal Guards.

"What is it? What's going on?" Garth shoved through the crowd.

"There's an emergency. You may pass," one of the guards told him.

Garth hurried into the citadel and made his way into the throne room to find Orin standing with one of his arms hanging around the back of Vulko's neck for support; his orange scale mail torn open and a long bloody cut imprinted across nearly the length of his chest.

"Orin? What happened!?" Garth approached the throne.

"He was attacked. By Oceanics. We are unsure of the seriousness of his wounds but the healers are on their way," Vulko said.

Orin's eyes fixed on Garth and a weakened smile crept across his bearded face.

"I'll be fine. It'll take a lot more than a strike force of Oceanics to keep me down," Orin said confidently.

Garth nodded but remained silent. Things had been a little disconnected with Orin lately; they barely had time to speak to each other let alone remain close friends.

"Okay. Just let me know if you need anything." Garth bowed and walked towards the exit of the room.

"Garth," Orin called.

Surprised, Garth stopped at the doorway and listened closely.

"How about we go visit the Laurentian Abyss sometime soon?" Orin suggested.

Garth was taken aback by his offer. "Sounds good." Garth grinned, happy to have the man who he considered to be a father back.

Garth exited the room and Orin gave a glance at Mera who beamed at him proudly. Vulko coughed awkwardly.

"Wait a minute. Where's Orm?" Orin said, concerned.

"He left on business shortly before you returned. I'm sure he'll be back soon."

Peter Mortimer sat at his computer in his lab, typing away at the keyboard tiredly. A dark wet suit was laid out on a metal table, in front of his computer, with machines scanning the length of it. Images of the materials made in the suit appeared on Mortimer's computer screen. He scratched his balding head while reading the data.

"Mortimer," a voice said from behind him.

Peter turned around to see his boss, Andrew Bergeron, standing with his arms folded behind him.

"I hear that you've been getting into repeated arguments with our superiors over what our motives are," Bergeron said coldly.

"Arguments? They were more like small debates, sir."

"You do know that Project Scavenger is for the betterment of deep-sea diving, not waging war with Atlantis, correct?" Bergeron scowled.

"I understand, sir. I was just thinking that the suits could also have military applications if need be," Mortimer said defensively.

"I will determine that. Understand? You are on this team because you have a vast knowledge of undersea technology but you can be replaced. I suggest you watch your steps more carefully next time." Bergeron gave a grudging nod and then swept around to exit the lab.

Mortimer glared at the man as he left.

"These suits should not be wasted... "

"You failed?"

The Oceanic bowed on one knee before a shadowy-shaped silhouette, against the darkness of the ruins that had once been a great temple.

"Yes, my lord," the Oceanic said, embarrassed by his defeat.

The Ocean Master stared down on him, his face hidden behind the mask that Black Manta had fetched for him long ago. A staff, with a strange circular design on the end of it, was clutched tightly in his hand, and his cloak was draped around him.

"This is your final failure, Fyyv," Ocean Master hissed menacingly.

"Please, my lord! Give me another chance!"

Two Oceanics crept out of the shadows and grabbed Fyyv, dragging him away from Ocean Master, his screams fading away with every inch.

"As we told you before, Orin is too important to our plans to kill." A beautiful young woman with long platinum blonde hair appeared behind Ocean Master.

"I understand. It is simply reconnaissance. We must study his skills carefully," Ocean Master said to the woman who had once been his mother, Mergannys.

"Orm Marius, your role as the Supreme One was successful. You

managed to return my brother and I, the Prophets of the Dark God, to this world. I thank you for that, but now it is up to you. We will watch over your choices and decisions but we will only be your guides. It's your responsibility to bring forth the Dark Ages again," the woman explained.

"I don't think that will be a problem."

Ocean Master walked to the edge of the cliff he was on with the woman. He looked over the edge of the cliff to find a most impressive sight.

Hundreds of Oceanics were lined up in long rows, their scaly bodies covered in armor and carrying swords, axes, and all other manner of weapons. They roared up at him impatiently and full of anticipation. Their thirst for revenge on those who thought them inferior unquenched, their bloodlust unmatched, and their berserk rage unchallenged. They were ready for war.

His army nearly assembled, Ocean Master turned back to his former mother; the feeling that triumph was near filled his thoughts, a sick grin painted on his face.

"I have everything under control."

To Be Continued...

If you enjoyed this story, you can find more tales of your favorite DC heroes at DC2 Universe.

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From the same author on Feedbooks

Ultimate Green Arrow #1 (2008)

Ultimate Green Arrow: The Archer, Part 1 (of 2).

A modern reinvention of the Emerald Archer as young playboy Oliver Queen is caught in the middle of a conspiracy against his father's company, the results of which may cause great change in the youthful man's lifestyle. It's GA as you've never seen him before!

Ultimate Green Arrow #2 (2008)

Ultimate Green Arrow: The Archer, Part 2 (of 2).

Oliver and Roy must contend with nature. Trapped on a deserted island with no way out and, for all they know, thousands of miles from human life, the pair of friends must learn the skills they'll need to survive. Meanwhile, Arthur King begins to spread his power throughout Star City and has a surprise meeting with a certain bald billionaire...

Rogues Gallery #12 (2008)

Rogues Gallery: Bizarro, Part 3 (of 3).

Rogues Gallery #11 (2008)

Rogues Gallery: Bizarro, Part 2 (of 3).

Aquaman #16 (2009)

Aquaman: Crimson Tides, Part 1.

A series of bloody attacks by a new threat calling himself The Shark worries the people of Poseidonis and their king. Fearing the worst, Aquaman and his brother Orm must venture on a journey to a place no Atlantean would dream of going. They better hurry as The Shark's next murder is nearing!

Aquaman #17 (2009)

Aquaman: Crimson Tides, Part 2

Aquaman and Orm journey towards the domain of King Shark, in search of answers to the recent murders. Little do they know that the real threat still waits at Poseidonis, ready to spill more blood. Plus: Garth reveals his secret!

Aquaman #18 (2009)

Aquaman: Revelations, Part One.

An old enemy returns as a new one emerges! A mysterious swordsman arrives and his first target: Aquaman. Also: the secret of the Ocean Master's identity REVEALED! Don't miss the beginnings of the countdown to KING'S REIGN, the undersea epic coming this summer!

Aquaman #19 (2009)

Aquaman: Revelations, Part 2

The Ocean Master's identity now revealed and the deadly swordsman Thanatos at his side, Aquaman must make one of the toughest decisions of his life. Tension ramps up as the can't miss event, KING'S REIGN, is on the horizon!

Aquaman #20 (2009)

Aquaman: Wealth and Value.

He has had a long troubled history with creatures of the deep. He has known and hated Aquaman for years. He is the only man from either the seas or the surface to ever successfully raid Poseidonis.

He is Black Manta.

And he has found his next target...

Don't miss the final step before this summer's epic undersea event KING'S REIGN!

Aquaman #21 (2009)

Aquaman: King's Reign, Chapter 1: The Uprising.

Twenty issues of undersea action and adventure have all been leading to this boiling point. An epic event that will shake the world's oceans forever! Jam packed with just about every hero and villain the seas have to offer!

Who will reign?

Aquaman #22 (2009)

Aquaman: King's Reign, Chapter Two: The Siege.

This is it! War has arrived on Aquaman's doorstep and it's up to him and Aqualad to defend Poseidonis from Ocean Master's forces. This is when you know what really hits the fan, ladies and gentlemen, and the oceans will never be the same again!

Aquaman #23 (2009)

Aquaman: King's Reign, Chapter 3: The Tyrant.

The king has fallen and the usurper rises! Ocean Master and his minions have taken over Poseidonis, taking control of the under-sea world as a result. With Aquaman nowhere to be found, the people of Poseidonis must protect themselves from the new government. Meanwhile, Peter Mortimer, developer of the Scavenger suits, finally gets to prove just how worthwhile his inventions are!

Action Comics #41 (2009)

Action Comics: Times Are Changing

With the arrival of Superboy, Superman's had his hands full. But things become even more complicated when a new reporter shows up at the Daily Planet, Lex continues one of his old plans, and did we mention Parasite attacks?

A new era for both the Man and the Teen of Steel begins!

Action Comics #43 (2009)

Action Comics: Ring of Fire, Part 2 (of 4)

Superman and Det. Maggie Sawyer try to track down Pete Ross but the situation has become even worse now that Pete's wife and Clark's childhood love, Lana Lang, has also been kidnapped!

Meanwhile, Lex Luthor confronts Morgan Edge who has quite a startling secret!

Action Comics #42 (2009)

Action Comics: Ring of Fire, Part 1 (of 3).

It's training day as Superman tries to show Conner the ropes and how to use his powers. Meanwhile, trouble is brewing in Metropolis that involves The Man of Steel's old friend Pete Ross. And if that isn't all, Lois finally gets her chance to interview the man who should be dead...Morgan Edge!

Action Comics #46 (2009)

Action Comics: Toy Soldiers, Part 2.

Action Comics #44 (2009)

Action Comics: Ring of Fire, Part 3.

Tyler McKnight has struck a chord in the Man of Steel, possibly gravely injuring Maggie Sawyer. He must be stopped before his vendetta is complete. But it may take the help of the young Super-boy to stop him!

Aquaman #24 (2009)

Aquaman: King's Reign, Chapter 4: The Ashes.

With Aquaman gone and Ocean Master holding Poseidonis in an iron grip, all hopes seems lost. But deep within the home of an old enemy, a small shred of hope emerges from the depths of the ocean....

Action Comics #45 (2009)

Action Comics: Toy Soldiers, Part One.

Winslow Schott is dead, killed by one of his own creations who has taken the Toyman name. But this new menace isn't the only one in Metropolis with an arsenal of dastardly toys. Another has also taken up the identity of Toyman and he will soon realize...there isn't room in the city for two of them!

Rogues Gallery #18 (2009)

Rogues Gallery: King Shark.

Travel into the mind of King Shark, ruler of a tribe of shark-men located in the depths of the oceans. Witness his first ever encounter with a much younger, less experienced Aquaman. Also guest starring The Shark!

Aquaman #25 (2010)

Aquaman: King's Reign, Conclusion: The Monarch.

The time has come for the epic conclusion of "King's Reign", the Aquaman event that has shaken all seven seas to the core! This is the big one, folks! Aquaman finally confronts Ocean Master to decide who is truly fit to sit on the throne. Plus, Aqualad finally unleashes his magic when he must contend with the witch Mer-ganys! King vs. Usurper! Sorcerer vs. Witch! Atlanteans vs. Oceanics, and much much more! You can't miss this jaw-dropping ending where 3/4 of the world will never be the same again!

Aquaman #26 (2010)

Aquaman: Adrift, Part 1.

Aquaman #27 (2010)
Aquaman: Adrift, Part 2.

The Flash #37 (2010)
The Flash: Game Plan.

Saying that times have been rough lately is an understatement. Recently, I've been put to the test on both my skills as a protector of the world along with my strength as a human being. I've been being stretched like a rubber band at the breaking point and it doesn't seem like it's going to loosen anytime soon. My name is Barry Allen. Though just about everyone on the planet knows me by my other name now-- The Flash, the Fastest Man Alive. And today-- the rubber band snaps.

The Flash #39 (2010)
The Flash: No Rest for the Kind.

It seems like a beautifully peaceful day for Barry Allen, now known to the entire world as The Flash. Though when you're the Fastest Man Alive, a regular day of shopping with the wife could turn into a violent struggle for your life when Doctor Alchemy shows up out of nowhere! Plus, the ghost of the Pied Piper?

The Flash #38 (2010)
The Flash: Trick of the Lens

He ruined Barry Allen's life. He outed The Flash's secret identity during one of the most horrifying events in recent history for the Scarlet Speedster, and now - he wants ol' Flasher's help? The Trickster really must be insane if he thinks it's going to go down without a hitch!

The Flash #40 (2011)
The Flash: When Hell Freezes Over.

In this double-sized issue of the Flash...wait...the Flash isn't in this issue? In this return to the series, the Rogues are visited by an old friend, an act that launches them into a hopeless mission to rescue their comrade, the Trickster, from Iron Heights. To do this, they'll have to break into a place they've had loads of experience breaking out of...Iron Heights. When things begin to take an unexpected

turn, though, the Rogues may not get out of the prison in one piece!



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