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THE NEW 52!

# REKIL!

# GREEN LANTERN



TAN'S  
SINCE

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LONG AGO.

the existence before ours.

A WONDROUS  
DISPLAY.

DAZZLING LIGHT  
OF EVERY HUE CAST  
AGAINST THE BLACK,  
UNBLEMISHED  
CANVAS OF SPACE.

FROM A DISTANCE, YOU  
MIGHT INTERPRET THE  
BURSTS AND STREAKS  
AS PART OF SOME  
COSMIC CELEBRATION.

OR THE DELICATE  
BALLET OF FRISM  
BEETLES PIROWETTING  
BENEATH THE OCEANS  
OF EVENDON PRIME.

YOU WOULD NEVER  
IMAGINE THAT WHAT YOU  
WERE WITNESSING--



—WAS  
DEATH.







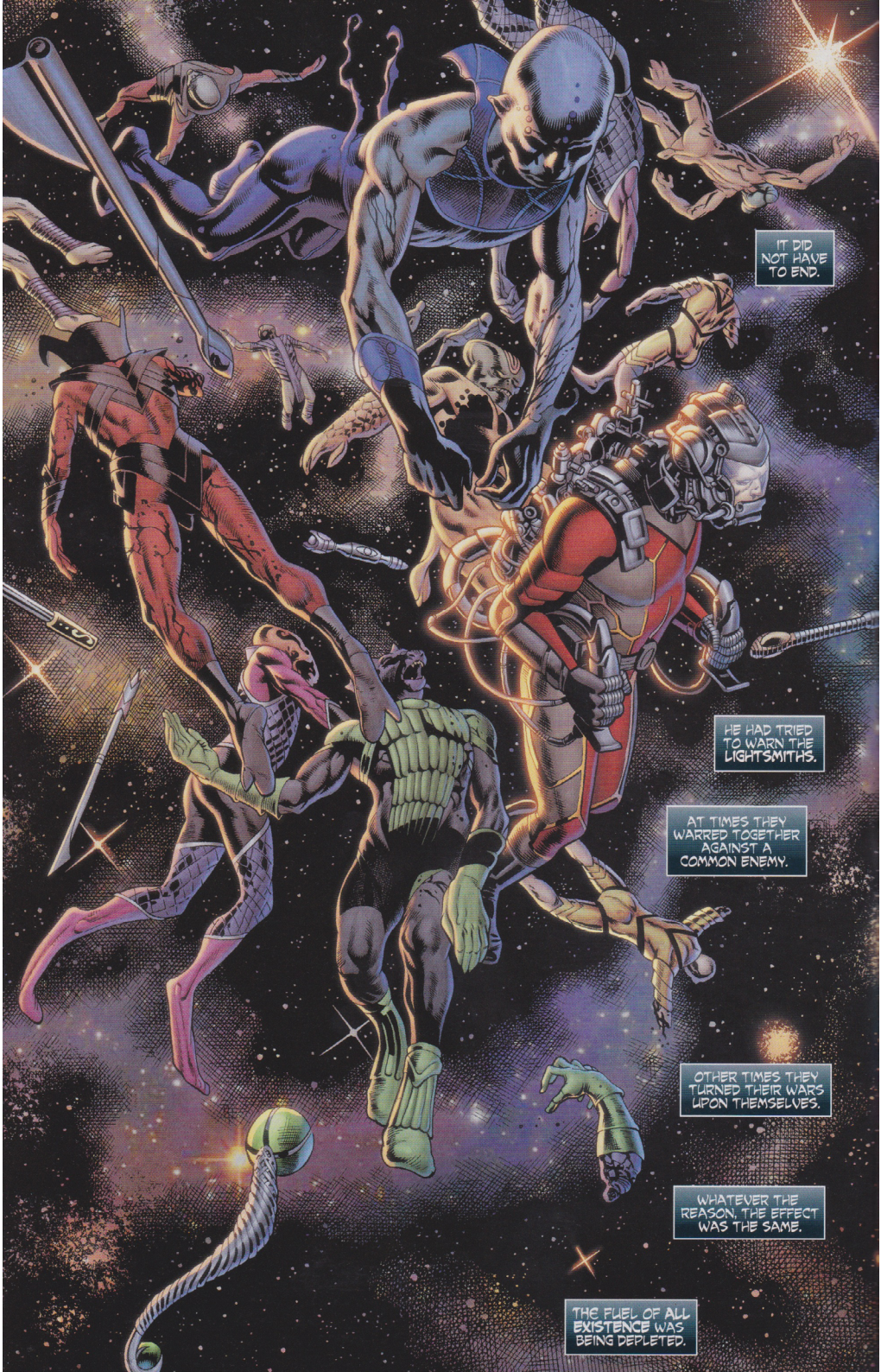
DC COMICS  
**UNLEASHED**

**Reik** IN **FALL**  
OF THE  
**LIGHTSMITHS**

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IT DID NOT HAVE TO END.

HE HAD TRIED TO WARN THE LIGHTSMITHS.


AT TIMES THEY WARRD TOGETHER AGAINST A COMMON ENEMY.

OTHER TIMES THEY TURNED THEIR WARS UPON THEMSELVES.

WHATEVER THE REASON, THE EFFECT WAS THE SAME.

THE FUEL OF ALL EXISTENCE WAS BEING DEPLETED.





THE LIGHTSMITHS NEVER  
AGREED WHICH WERE  
THE FIRST TO HARNESS  
THE POWER OF THE  
EMOTIONAL SPECTRUM.

IT MATTERED NOT WHO  
STARTED IT. WHAT  
MATTERED WAS THAT THE  
HARNESSING HAD BEGUN.

USING ENORMOUS  
CONVERTERS,  
THE LIGHTSMITHS ABSORBED  
THE EMOTIONAL ENERGY  
OF THE UNIVERSE AND  
TRANSFORMED IT INTO  
POWER.

POWER CHANNLED  
THROUGH THEIR WEAPONS  
AND RENDERED INTO THE  
SEVEN VISIBLE LIGHTS.



THE RED  
LIGHT OF  
FURY.

THE ORANGE  
LIGHT OF  
GLUTTONY.

THE VIOLET  
LIGHT OF  
PASSION.

THE GREEN  
LIGHT OF  
RESOLVE.

THE YELLOW  
LIGHT OF  
TERROR.

THE INDIGO  
LIGHT OF  
EMPATHY.

THE BLUE  
LIGHT OF  
FAITH.





IN THE LIGHTSMITHS' HANDS, THE WEAPONS PERFORMED UNBELIEVABLE FEATS.

BLUE HEALED, INDIGO TRAVELED UNFATHOMABLE DISTANCES IN A BINK.

RED GRANTED IMMORTALITY, REPLACING THE WELDER'S BEATING HEART WITH LIGHT ITSELF.

OTHERS SHAPED THE LIGHT INTO SOLID CONSTRUCTS LIMITED ONLY BY THE WELDER'S IMAGINATION.

ENTIRE CIVILIZATIONS WERE BUILT NOT WITH WOOD OR STONE OR ALLOY, BUT WITH LIGHT.

FOR ALL OF THIS, HE BELIEVED THERE WAS A COST.



HE CALLED THE LIGHTSMITHS  
TOGETHER ON NEUTRAL GROUND,  
AND THEY CAME. SUCH WAS THE  
DEPTH OF THEIR RESPECT  
FOR HIS SCIENTIFIC ACUMEN.

HE EXPLAINED THE LIGHT THEY  
WIELDED SO WANTONLY WAS  
A RESOURCE, AND NO MATTER  
HOW INFINITE IT SEEMED, IT  
ORIGINATED FROM SOMEPLACE,  
AS ALL RESOURCES MUST.

AND THE RESERVOIR  
COULD BE EMPTIED.  
WHAT THEN?

FOR THE LIGHT WASN'T  
MERELY A DISTILLATION  
OF EMOTION INTO ENERGY,  
AS THEY HAD LONG BELIEVED,  
IT WAS THE ESSENCE OF  
EXISTENCE ITSELF.

WAS NOT GRAVITY  
SIMPLY ONE OBJECT'S  
PASSION TO BE NEAR  
ANOTHER?

DID NOT EVEN THE BASEST  
LIFE FORMS PERSEVERE  
BECAUSE OF EMOTION?

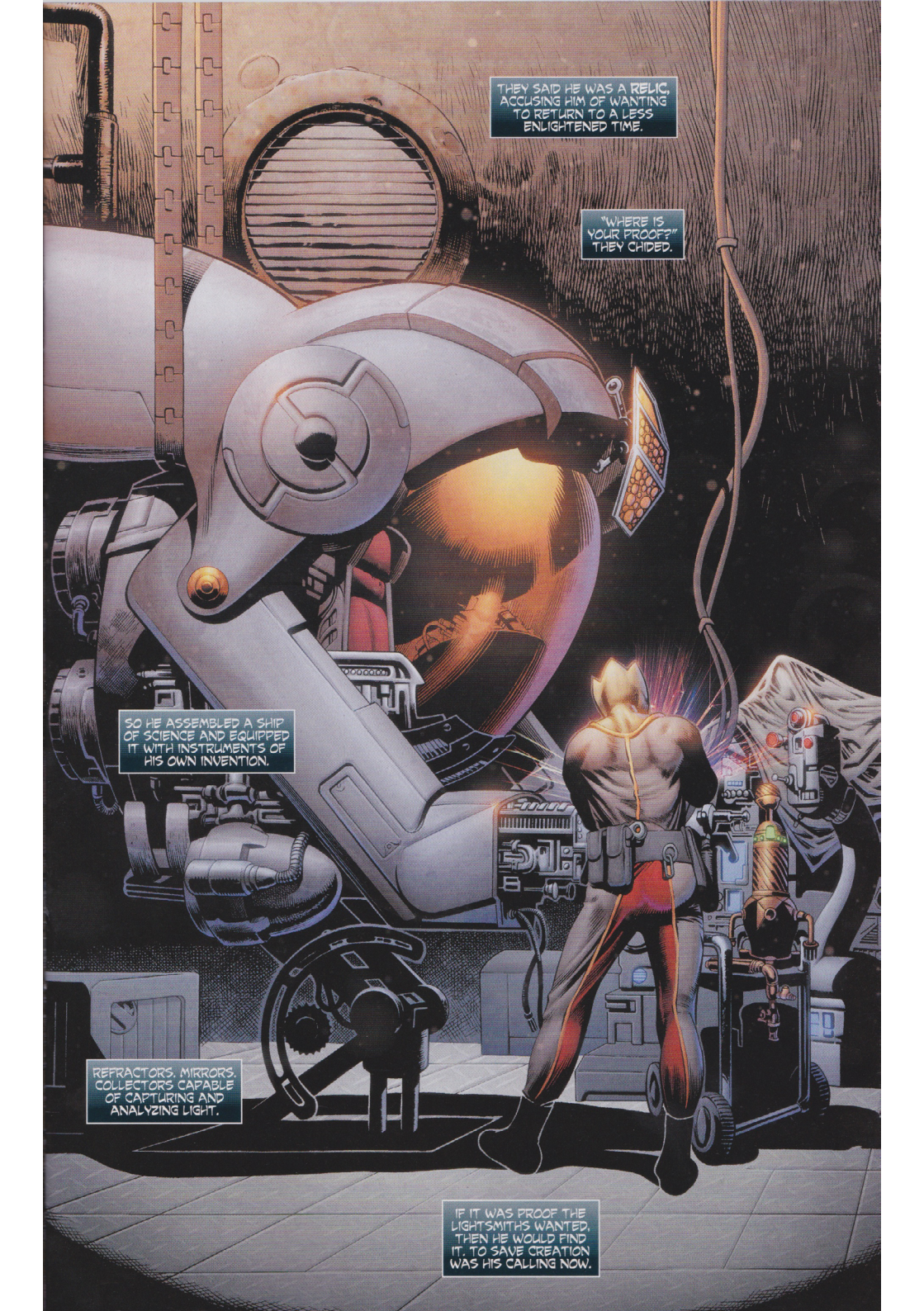
DESIRE FOR WHAT THEY  
HAD, TERROR OF LOSING  
IT, FURY TOWARD THE  
GLUTTONY OF OTHERS  
WHO SOUGHT TO TAKE IT.

WASN'T SURVIVAL  
NOTHING MORE THAN  
A VAST EXERCISE  
OF RESOLVE?

THE UNIVERSE COULD  
NOT BE ROBBED OF  
SUCH THINGS WITHOUT  
A GREAT COST  
TO BE PAID BY ALL.

NO ONE  
LISTENED.





THEY SAID HE WAS A RELIC,  
ACCUSING HIM OF WANTING  
TO RETURN TO A LESS  
ENLIGHTENED TIME.


"WHERE IS  
YOUR PROOF?"  
THEY CHIDED.

SO HE ASSEMBLED A SHIP  
OF SCIENCE AND EQUIPPED  
IT WITH INSTRUMENTS OF  
HIS OWN INVENTION.

REFRACTORS, MIRRORS,  
COLLECTORS CAPABLE  
OF CAPTURING AND  
ANALYZING LIGHT.

IF IT WAS PROOF THE  
LIGHTSMITHS WANTED,  
THEN HE WOULD FIND  
IT. TO SAVE CREATION  
WAS HIS CALLING NOW.





HE TRAVELED THE UNIVERSE,  
SEARCHING EVERY PLANET AND  
SYSTEM FOR THE RESERVOIR.

HIS ODYSSEY TOOK HIM  
TO THE FAR-FLUNG EDGE  
OF SPACE, WHERE HE  
DISCOVERED A VAST  
WALL THAT ENCIROLED  
THE UNIVERSE AND COULD  
NOT BE TRAVERSED.

ANYTHING THAT TOUCHED  
THE WALL BECAME  
IRREVERSIBLY FUSED TO IT.  
HE COULD GO NO FARTHER.

WITH NOWHERE LEFT TO SEARCH,  
EVEN HE BEGAN TO DOUBT  
THE RESERVOIR'S EXISTENCE.

IF ONLY THAT DOUBT  
HAD PROVED CORRECT...





THE LIGHTSMITHS CALLED  
THE EVENT "THE DIMMING."

IT BEGAN ON THE PLANET  
ANYLIND, PARADISE OF  
THE BLUE LIGHTSMITHS.

FOR BONS THEIR CONVERTER  
HAD DISTILLED FAITH INTO  
AZURE LIGHT, ENABLING THEM  
TO SPREAD THEIR TEACHINGS  
AMONG THE GALAXIES.

NOW, THE  
CONVERTER  
WAS DARK.

THAT WAS WHEN THE  
ONE THEY CALLED "RELIC"  
KNEW HE HAD BEEN CORRECT  
ALL ALONG, AND THAT  
ALL WAS LOST.

THE LIFELESS CONVERTER  
INSPIRED A MOMENT OF  
PAUSE AMONG LIGHTSMITHS  
OF EVERY COLOR—





-THEN IT GAVE RISE TO  
THE FIERCEST WAR OF ALL.

A WAR OVER DWINDLING LIGHT  
THAT SWELLED WITH THE  
DIMMING OF EACH CONVERTER.

RED FLURY.  
EXTINGUISHED.

INDIGO EMPATHY.  
EXTINGUISHED.

YELLOW TERROR.  
EXTINGUISHED.

VIOLET PASSION.  
EXTINGUISHED.

ORANGE GLUTTONY.  
EXTINGUISHED.

AND--FINALLY--  
GREEN RESOLVE.  
EXTINGUISHED.

ALL  
EXTINGUISHED.

THE LIGHTSMITHS  
HAD MOCKED HIS  
THEORY ABOUT  
THE RESERVOIR.

IN THE END,  
THEY PROVED  
THE RESERVOIR'S  
EXISTENCE BY  
EXHAUSTING IT.



BY THEN IT WAS TOO LATE.

HE LOOKED AT THE LAST LIGHTSMITH, WATCHING AS THE FINAL SPARKS OF THE EMOTIONAL SPECTRUM--

--THE LAST GASPS OF A UNIVERSE IN ITS DEATH THROES--

--FADED FROM ITS WEAPON.

WE COULD HAVE STOPPED THIS, YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED.

I SHOULD HAVE MADE YOU ALL LISTEN.





HE WAITED FOR THE  
END TO CONSUME HIM.





THE GREAT, IMPASSABLE  
WALL AT THE EDGE OF THE  
UNIVERSE CRUMBLLED.

FROM BEYOND  
POURED OUT  
DARKNESS.

EMPTINESS.

ALL CREATION  
COLLAPSED  
TOWARD THE VOID.

HAD HE FOUND THE LOCATION  
OF THE RESERVOIR HE HAD SO  
LONG SOUGHT? WAS THE WALL  
A BARRIER BEYOND WHICH STOOD  
THE SOURCE OF ALL EXISTENCE?

FOREVER A SCIENTIST,  
WHAT ELSE COULD HE DO  
BUT PASS THROUGH?

IF THIS WAS HIS FINAL  
MOMENT, THEN HE WOULD  
FILL IT WITH DISCOVERY.






IT SEEMED TO LAST  
AN ETERNITY.

ONE BY ONE, HIS EVERY  
MOLECULE AND ATOM WERE  
PULLED APART, A COMPLETE  
UNMAKING OF THE MATTER FROM  
WHICH HE WAS WROUGHT.

IT WAS TERRIBLE AND  
EXCRUCIATING AND  
BEAUTIFUL ALL AT ONCE.

HE THOUGHT, "THIS IS  
HOW IT FEELS WHEN  
EVERYTHING DIES."





THEN THE  
UNEXPECTED  
HAPPENED.

HE WAS RE-FORMED AS  
PART OF A NEW EXISTENCE.

REORGANIZED.

REMADE.

NO LONGER A RELIC  
IN NAME ONLY, BUT BY  
DEFINITION AS WELL.

THE ONLY SURVIVING  
ARTIFACT FROM A VERSION  
OF CREATION THAT WOULD  
NEVER BE KNOWN AGAIN.



BILLIONS OF YEARS PASSED.

HE BECAME SOMETHING A SCIENTIFIC MIND SUCH AS HIS COULD ONLY DREAM OF ENCOUNTERING: THE EMBODIMENT OF AN EXTINCT AGE.

BUT THE TRANSFORMATION LEFT HIM INERT, ISOLATED WITHIN AN ANOMALY IN SPACE-TIME.

A DISCOVERY FOR THE BEINGS OF THIS NEW UNIVERSE TO DECIPHER.



INQUISITIVE BEINGS.

BEINGS IN AWE OF THE VAST UNIVERSE THEY WERE ONLY BEGINNING TO EXPLORE.

BEINGS DRIVEN BY CURIOSITY TO ASK QUESTIONS AND SEEK ANSWERS.

CURIOSITY, THE ENGINEER OF PROGRESS...





...AND  
DESTRUCTION.

SENSING THE PRESENCE  
OF A LIGHTSMITH, RELIC  
STIRRED WITHIN THE  
ANOMALY.

HE HAD TRIED TO REASON  
WITH THE LIGHTSMITHS OF  
HIS UNIVERSE, TO CONVINCE  
THEM THROUGH  
SCIENCE AND DEBATE.

BUT THEY  
UNDERSTOOD ONLY  
VIOLENCE.

SO WITH VIOLENCE HE  
WOULD TAKE HIS ARGUMENT  
TO THE LIGHTSMITHS OF THIS  
NEW UNIVERSE, AND HE WOULD  
NOT STOP UNTIL EVERY LAST  
ONE OF THEM WAS SNUFFED  
OUT.

HE WOULD END THEIR  
CYCLE OF DECAY AND  
RESCUE CREATION FROM THE  
WANTONNESS OF THOSE  
WHO WOULD DESTROY IT.  
IT WAS HIS CALLING.

WITH THOSE  
THOUGHTS--



--RELIC  
WOKE.



NEXT: FOLLOW  
**RELIC** IN  
**GREEN LANTERN #24**,  
THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF THE  
5-PART COSMIC EVENT  
**"LIGHTS OUT"!**