

<I DON'T SEE ANYTHING. PERHAPS THE SAUDIS' EQUIPMENT IS TOO SENSITIVE AND WE ARE WAITING AT THE BORDER FOR A PELICAN.>*

*TRANSLATED FROM ARABIC.

<EH, WHATEVER KEEPS THE BOSSES OFF OUR BACKS--WAIT... MY RADAR IS ACTING UP.>

<MINE TOO. THE DIGITAL READOUT IS BLURRED... ALMOST LIKE-->

<--A SPIRAL?>

MATRON, YOU'VE JUST ENTERED JORDANIAN AIRSPACE--

YES, DIRECTOR MINOS, AS EVIDENCED BY THE ROYAL AIRFORCE PILOTS OUTSIDE MY WINDOW WHO WON'T REMEMBER THAT I JUST BLEW BY THEM AT THREE HUNDRED KNOTS.

SIN BY SILENCE

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WELL, NO NEED TO GET SNIPPY.

YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE ME, SIR.

I'VE BEEN FLYING FOR HOURS AFTER FIGHTING A ZOMBIE WHALE, AND DISCOVERING THAT THE FIST OF CAIN INTENDS TO UNLEASH A "MADNESS-BOMB" IN TEL-AVIV.

NOT TO MENTION THAT MY PARTNER MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED. TAKEN TOGETHER, THESE EVENTS MAY HAVE AFFECTED MY USUALLY PLEASANT DEMEANOR.

OF HIGHEST IMPORTANCE IS THAT YOU RETRIEVE THE BRAIN FROM THE FIST OF CAIN AND KEEP IT OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE ISRAELI MILITARY.

AND SINCE THE ISRAELI POLICE FORCE IS A WING OF ITS MILITARY, I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND THE IMPORTANCE OF NOT INVOLVING THE AUTHORITIES.

BUT REST ASSURED THAT DRs. NETZ AND ASHEMORE ARE SEARCHING FOR YOUNG AGENT 37 NOW.

MY NANOTRACKERS ARE STATE-OF-THE-ART. WE WILL FIND THEM, CLINGING TO YOUNG HERR GRAYSON'S BEAUTIFULLY SCULPTED BODY, WHETHER HE IS ALIVE OR DEAD.

DICK GRAYSON IS NOT DEAD. IF HE IS, I WILL KILL HIM.

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, THE NANOTRACKERS AREN'T SHOWING. PERHAPS THEY ARE DEACTIVATED, BLOCKED OR OUT OF RANGE.

BUT IT LOOKS LIKE AGENT 37'S HYPNOS IMPLANT IS ONLINE.



Ah, I HARDLY EVER REGRET GIVING YOU ASYLUM, DR. ASHEMORE.

WELL, I'M NOT GETTING ANY COORDINATES BUT I DO HAVE ACCESS TO THE MEMORY AND VISUAL FILES...

GIVE ME A FULL DOWNLOAD OF THE LAST FIVE MINUTES OF HYPNOS RECORDINGS. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT DICK SEES.

YOU DO KNOW THAT IT'S QUITE DANGEROUS TO THE NEURAL NETWORK ESPECIALLY WHILE OPERATING HEAVY MACHINERY--

NOW, DR. ASHEMORE.

DOWNLOAD
COMPLETE.

Hhh. I SEE A--
A LONG HALLWAY.
GREEN LIGHTS. BLACK
WALLS. METALLIC
SURFACE. ORGANIC
SHAPES.

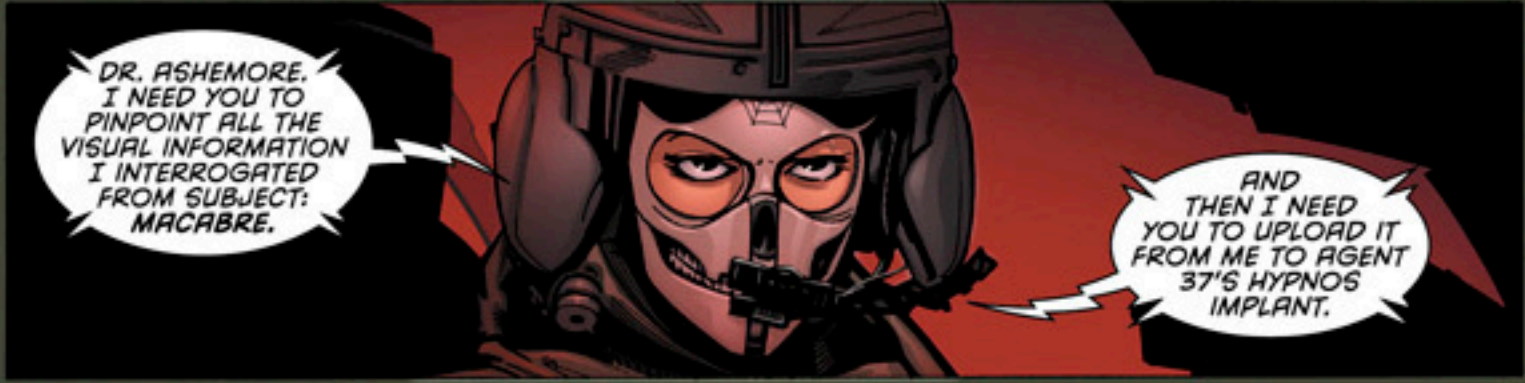
*AND THERE. BEHIND A
WINDOW. IN ANOTHER
ROOM. IT'S AGENT 37.
HE'S HURT. BUT HE'S
ALIVE.

*AND HE'S
PISSED OFF.

*HE'S A PRISONER.
TRAPPED BEHIND GLASS
FOR OBSERVATION LIKE...
LIKE AN ANIMAL.

*SOMEONE...SOMEONE
ELSE IS USING AGENT
37'S HYPNOS IMPLANT.
I SEE HIS HAND...I SEE--

MIDNIGHTER.




DR. ASHEMORE,
I NEED YOU TO
PINPOINT ALL THE
VISUAL INFORMATION
I INTERROGATED
FROM SUBJECT:
MACABRE.

AND
THEN I NEED
YOU TO UPLOAD IT
FROM ME TO AGENT
37'S HYPNOS
IMPLANT.



SIR, MIDNIGHTER
IS AN ENEMY
AGENT--




WHO WORKED WITH
MATRON AND AGENT 37
IN THE *EMPTY QUARTER*.
HE IS AN ANGRY, BRUTAL,
AND RESENTFUL MAN... BUT
HE IS ALSO A MAN OF
DUTY. DO IT.




THE FIST OF CAIN
INTENDS TO PROVE
PEACE IS IMPOSSIBLE
BY STOMPING UPON
IT'S FACE WHILE THE
WORLD WATCHES.

IF MATRON
CAN'T STOP THEM,
MIDNIGHTER MAY BE
TEL-AVIV'S BEST
HOPE.



"HE MAY BE DICK
GRAYSON'S ONLY
HOPE."




THEY'RE GOING
TO MAKE GOOD
PEOPLE KILL EACH
OTHER, MAN! YOU
HAVE TO LISTEN
TO ME!





HE
CAN'T
HEAR
YOU.



DAMN
IT!



AND EVEN
IF HE COULD, HE
WOULDN'T BELIEVE
YOU. TO HIM, I
REPRESENT CARE
AND AFFECTION.
EFFECTIVELY, I AM
HIS ADOPTIVE
MOTHER. HE
LOVES ME AS
I LOVE HIM.



WHILE YOU,
DICK GRAYSON,
REPRESENT LIES AND
TREACHERY. THE
LOSS OF IDEALS. THE
DESIRE FOR POWER
AT THE COST OF
INNOCENCE.