

"WHAT TIME IS IT?"

...LORD IS MY SHEPHERD;  
I SHALL NOT WANT...

...HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN  
IN GREEN PASTURES;  
HE LEADETH ME  
BESIDE THE STILL  
WATERS...

...MAY HER SOUL AND THE SOULS  
OF ALL THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED  
THROUGH THE MERCY OF GOD  
REST IN PEACE...



...MERCY  
MY ASS...

...I HATE  
FUNERALS. I MEAN,  
WHAT TIME IS IT, SERGEANT  
ROOK? WE'VE BEEN SITTING  
AROUND LISTENING TO THIS  
ALL AFTERNOON...

OF ALL PEOPLE,  
DETECTIVE CORRIGAN,  
I'D THINK YOU'D BE IN  
FAVOR OF RELIGIOUS  
CEREMONY.

HOLD ON  
A SECOND.  
NOBODY  
LEAVE.

WHAT WE  
SHOULD BE DOING IS  
GETTING A DRINK.

RAISING A  
GLASS TO SISTER  
JUSTINE. THAT'S A  
CEREMONY.

REALLY?

NOT NOW.  
WE'VE GOT A  
CASE.

DRAKE,  
CORRIGAN--POWERS  
CORPORATION,  
CENTRAL GOTHAM  
OFFICE...

"... SOMETHING IN  
THE DESIGN LABS."

LIEUTENANT.  
SOMEBODY  
CALLED US?

NORMALLY  
WE JUST GO  
OUT AND FIND  
STUFF.

YEAH... I JUST...  
I'M FLASHING ON  
SOMETHING. A  
WHITE CLOCK?

WAIT.

WAIT, WE  
GOTTA GET  
SOMETHING OUT  
IN THE OPEN  
FIRST.





THAT...  
GHOST THING  
THAT CAME OUT OF  
CORRIGAN HERE.  
**THE SPECTRE.**

IT SAID IT  
WAS GOING TO  
KILL US *ALL*, AND I  
THINK IT ALMOST DID.  
I MEAN WHAT *WAS*  
THAT?

SHOULD  
WE BE  
**WORRIED?**



THE  
SPECTRE IS WHAT HE  
*SAYS* HE IS, OKAY? DIVINE  
JUDGMENT. DESTROYER OF  
SINNERS. REMEMBER THE  
STORY OF *SODOM AND  
GOMORRAH?*

THAT  
WAS ALMOST  
GOTHAM  
CITY LAST  
FRIDAY.



I DON'T  
HAVE ANY  
**CONTROL**  
OVER  
HIM.

ALL I CAN  
DO IS FIGURE OUT  
WHAT'S GOING TO SET  
HIM OFF AND TRY AND *FIX*  
THE PROBLEM BEFORE  
HE STARTS WIPING  
PEOPLE OUT.

SO YOU'RE  
CARRYING A  
**NUKE.** LEAVE  
TOWN.



CAN'T. I TRY TO, I'LL  
WAKE UP RIGHT BACK  
*HERE.*

OR  
WHEREVER ELSE  
HE WANTS ME. YOU  
THINK I HAVEN'T  
*TRIED?*

WELL HOW DOES  
THE SPECTRE FEEL  
ABOUT THE POWERS  
CORPORATION?



IT'S A WRETCHED HIVE  
OF SCUM AND VILLAINY,  
I DON'T KNOW.

SERGEANT  
ROOK, MAYBE THIS  
IS A CONVERSATION  
YOU SHOULDN'T  
BE HEARING.

YOU  
THINK THIS  
IS SOMETHING  
INTERNAL  
AFFAIRS  
SHOULDN'T  
KNOW?





I *KNEW* ABOUT THE SPECTRE WHEN THIS UNIT CAME TOGETHER.

BUT YOU, DRAKE--YOU'VE GOT SOME KIND OF POWER, TOO. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT *YOU* ARE.

YES, WE DO.



FINE, WHILE WE'RE IN THE OPEN.

DETECTIVE DRAKE, YOU HAVE FAERIE BLOOD. YOU'RE WHAT'S CALLED A *BAIN SIDHE*-- A HARBINGER OF DEATH. YOU KNOW THE STORIES.

GHOSTLY LADY, RAISES A CROOKED FINGER TO POINT, SCREAMS, TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER YOU'RE DEAD?



THAT'S YOU. THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE.

YOU PROBABLY GOT SWAPPED OUT AS A *BABY*.

...NO, THAT'S CRAZY...



ASK YOURSELF IF THE SCREAM BRINGS THE *DEATH*, OR THE DEATH BRINGS THE *SCREAM*.

NOBODY KNOWS. BUT ONCE YOU LET THAT SCREAM OUT...

... SOMEBODY HAS TO DIE.

HOW... HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS?



FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES.

THE QUESTION IS: DO WE *FREAK OUT* ABOUT ALL THIS? GO OUR SEPARATE *WAYS*?

OR DOES LIEUTENANT WEAVER GIVE US THE DETAILS ON THIS POWERS CORP THING SO WE CAN GET BACK TO *WORK*?



I'VE GOT ANOTHER QUESTION:

WHERE'S *DR. TARR*?