

OBŌKEYOKAI VILLAGE,
TOHUSHIMA PREFECTURE.

«DON'T
LEAVE
ME.»*

*TRANSLATED FROM JAPANESE.
--ALEX AND DAVE

SHE'S
WORRIED
ABOUT IT
BEING TOO
DARK.

«IT'LL FIND
ME IN THE
DARK.»

SO BLACK
LIGHTNING
CAN SPEAK
JAPANESE?

NO, BUT
I KNOW
KIDS.

HOW DO I SAY
"EVERYTHING IS
GOING TO BE
OKAY"?

«HE MADE YOU
A CANDLE. IT
WON'T GO
OUT.»

«EVERY-
THING IS
GOING TO BE
OKAY.»

«STAY IN
THE LIGHT.»

«AND, MARKO, NO
MATTER WHAT YOU
HEAR....»

«...DON'T OPEN
THIS DOOR.»

DO YOU
ACTUALLY THINK
IT'S A DEMON,
KATANA?

HAI. CHILDREN
ARE BEING HUNTED.
BEFORE THEY ARE LOST.
THE CHILDREN DREAM OF
THE KUCHISAKE-ONNA.
THE DEMON MOTHER.
PERHAPS THE DEMON
ISN'T REAL.

BUT THE
LOST CHILDREN ARE.
MARIKO'S PARENTS ARE
SCARED OF WHAT MAY
COME FOR THEIR
DAUGHTER.

I
PROMISED
I WOULD
PROTECT
HER.

I FIGURED
FOR A JOB LIKE
THIS YOU WOULD
CALL JOHN
CONSTANTINE.

JOHN
CONSTANTINE
SHOULD NEVER
BE NEAR ANYONE
INNOCENT. AND
YOU'RE A
TEACHER.

I
IMAGINED YOU
WOULD UNDER-
STAND.

BLACK LIGHTNING AND KATANA IN "MERCY KILLING"

BRYAN HILL WRITER
DEXTER SOY ARTIST
VERONICA GANDINI COLORS
CARLOS M. MANGUAL LETTERS

I UNDERSTAND
WHAT I SAW IN
THAT KID'S
EYES.

SO NOW
WHAT DO
WE DO?

THIS IS THE **THIRD**
DAY OF NIGHT-
MARES. THE
KUCHISAKE-ONNA
ALWAYS COMES ON
THE THIRD DAY.
AND IT WILL
FIND US.

IF THIS
FRIGHTENS
YOU AND YOU
WISH TO LEAVE,
I UNDERSTAND.

I GET IT. WE'RE
UP AGAINST A BIG
OOGA-BOOGA.

YOU CAN
STOP WARNING
ME NOW.

...
I'LL
CHECK THE
PERIMETER.

HAPPY
HALLOWEEN.

TELL ME...

RRRRMMBLLL

(SHE'S
HERE.)

PLEASE...
TELL ME...

WELL,
THIS IS WAAAAAY
MORE TERRIFYING
THAN I THOUGHT IT
WOULD BE.

AND
I THOUGHT IT
WOULD BE PRETTY
AWFUL.

...DO YOU
THINK I'M
PRETTY?

NOT
REALLY,
NO.

BUT
SINCE YOU
SPEAK
ENGLISH.

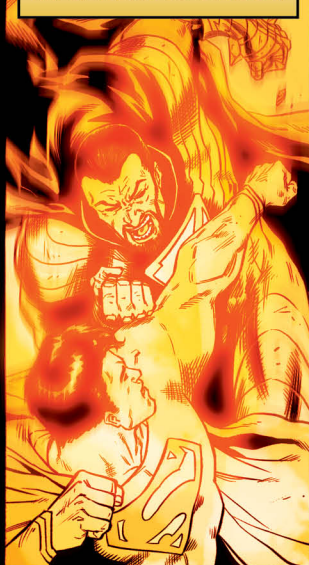
I'M
GONNA HAVE
TO TELL YOU
TO LEAVE.

YEARS AGO. METROPOLIS.

ONCE, THERE WAS AN INVULNERABLE MAN.



FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET.
IMPERVIOUS TO DANGER.



THE GREATEST THREATS TO
FACE HIS
ADOPTED PLANET
DEMANDED ONLY
THE SMALLEST
WISPS OF HIS
ATTENTION.



AND SO THE INVULNERABLE MAN,
IN HIS WAKING HOURS,
WAS FEARLESS.

BUT HIS NIGHTS
WERE FULL OF
UNKNOWN TERRORS.



THE MAN WHOSE ENTIRE BODY WAS
WEAPONIZED--HIS STRENGTH, HIS
VISION, EVEN HIS BREATH--COULDN'T
STAY THE NIGHT'S UNWELCOME GHOSTS.



SUPERMAN IN:

STRANGE VISITOR

MAGS VISAGGIO WRITER
MINKYU JUNG ARTIST
JORDIE BELLAIRE COLORS
JOSH REED LETTERS



THERE IS ALWAYS THE
DANGER THAT HE WILL
AWAKEN A MOMENT
TOO LATE.



WHEN CRUEL
HANDS HAVE DONE
THEIR WORK.



UNABLE TO MOVE.

UNABLE TO SPEAK.

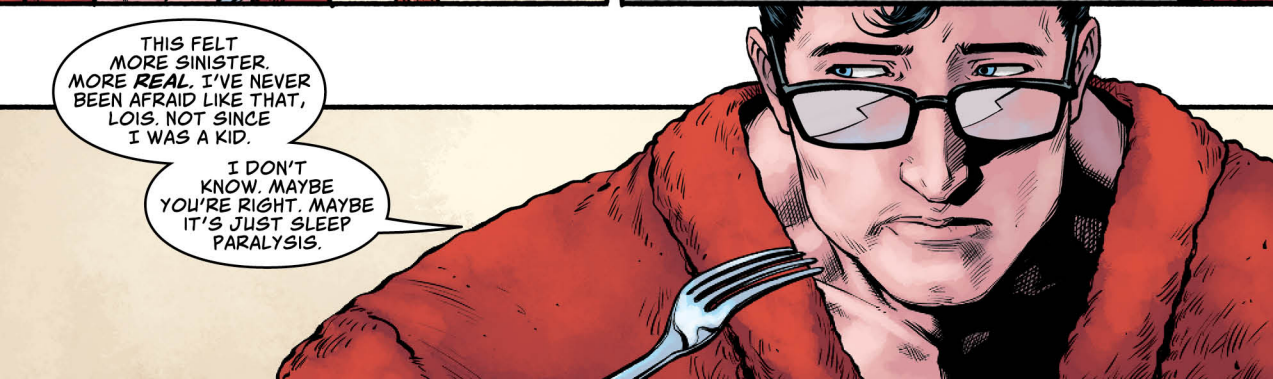
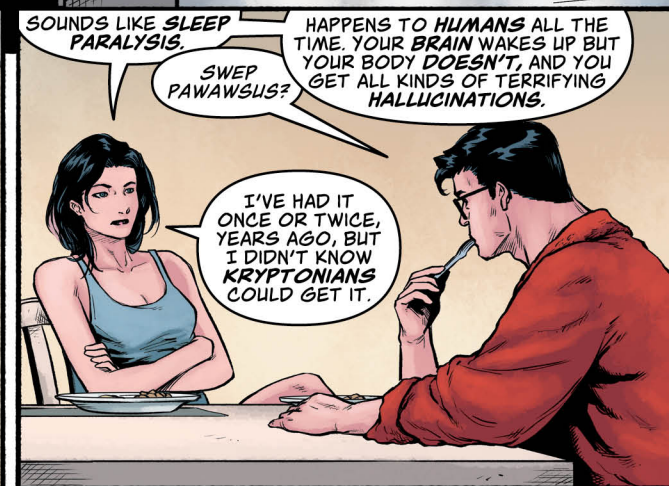
THE MAN WHO COULD
DO EVERYTHING...



...WOULD BE
IMPOTENT TO DO
ANYTHING.



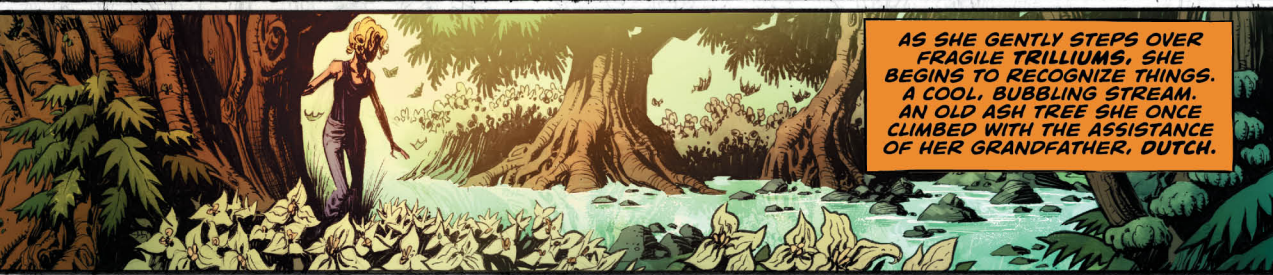
"YOU'RE
UP EARLY."





ERIN WAGNER AWAKENS IN A VERDANT FOREST, CONFUSED AND LOST.

THE SCENT OF NEW BLOOMS AND FRESH RAIN IN THE AIR WOULD INDICATE EARLY SPRING. THERE SHOULD BE CHIRPING BIRDS, AND FLITTING, BUZZING INSECTS, BUT THERE ARE NONE.



AS SHE GENTLY STEPS OVER FRAGILE TRILLIUMS, SHE BEGINS TO RECOGNIZE THINGS. A COOL, BUBBLING STREAM. AN OLD ASH TREE SHE ONCE CLIMBED WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF HER GRANDFATHER, DUTCH.



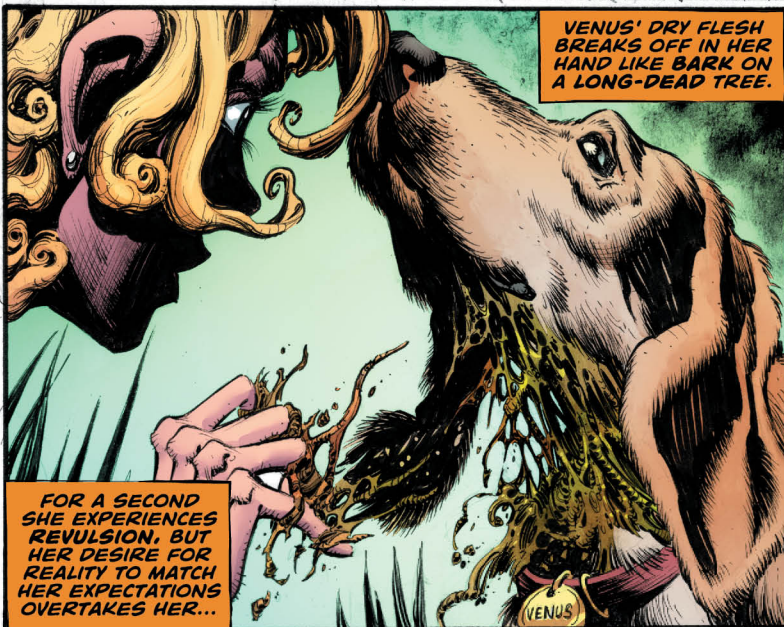
A COPSE OF RYE GRASS HER DOG, VENUS, LIKED TO FROLIC IN.

WOOF WOOF



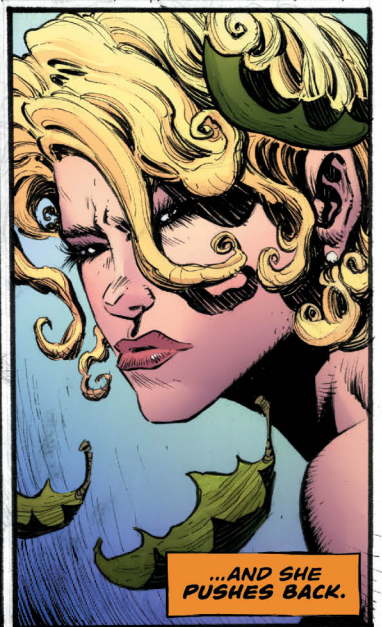
SHE GREETES THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF HER FAMILIAR FRIEND, AFFECTIONATELY STROKING THE LOOSE SKIN BENEATH HER CHIN. SHE EXPECTS TO FEEL WARM, COARSE HAIR. A QUICKENED PULSE.

BUT THERE IS NONE.



VENUS' DRY FLESH BREAKS OFF IN HER HAND LIKE BARK ON A LONG-DEAD TREE.

FOR A SECOND SHE EXPERIENCES REVULSION, BUT HER DESIRE FOR REALITY TO MATCH HER EXPECTATIONS OVERTAKES HER...



...AND SHE PUSHES BACK.

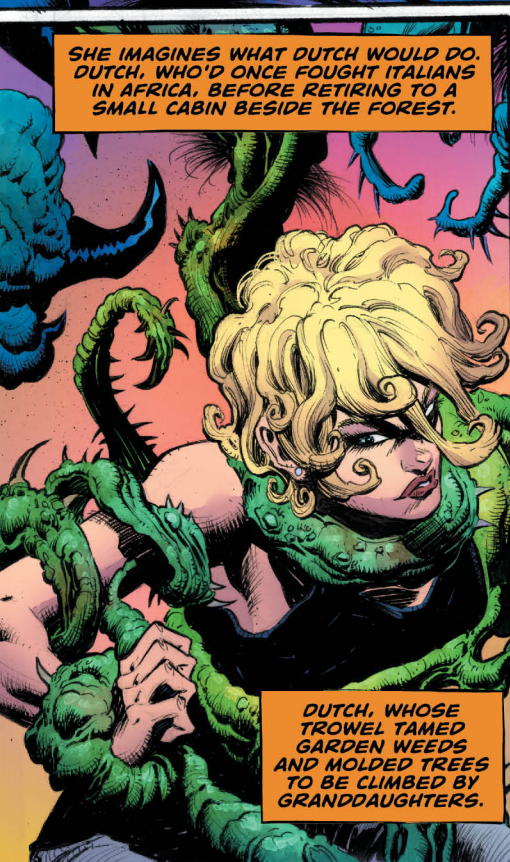


HEMOGLOBIN FLOWS IN PLACE
OF CHLOROPHYLL. PORES
REPLACE STOMATA. COARSE
HAIR REPLACES TRICHOMES.

THE FRESH, GREEN
SCENT OF TORN PLANT
FLESH GIVES WAY TO
HOT, HEAVY BREATH.



THE COPSE OF GRASSES,
OUTRAGED AND OFFENDED,
LASHES AT HER FLESH. THE OLD
ASH TREE, BETRAYED, ATTEMPTS
TO BATTER HER WITH THE
BRANCHES SHE ONCE CLUNG TO
WITH SWEATY, PINK HANDS.



SHE IMAGINES WHAT DUTCH WOULD DO.
DUTCH, WHO'D ONCE FOUGHT ITALIANS
IN AFRICA, BEFORE RETIRING TO A
SMALL CABIN BESIDE THE FOREST.

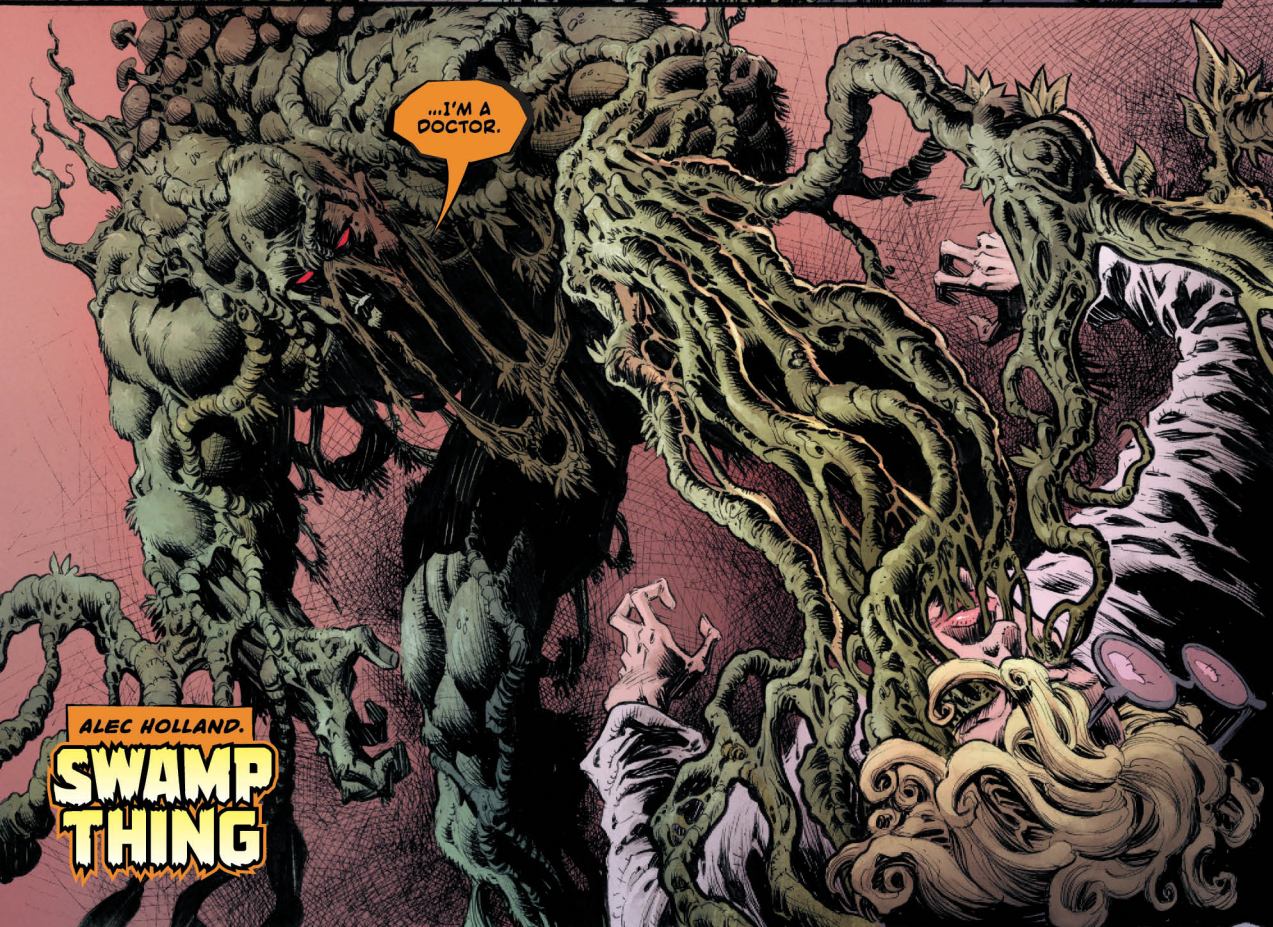


DUTCH, WHO WAS
ALWAYS THERE WHEN
SHE WAS CONFUSED
AND LOST.

LET'S
HAMMER THESE
PLANTS FLATTER'N
SICILY.

DUTCH, WHOSE
TROWEL TAMED
GARDEN WEEDS
AND MOLDED TREES
TO BE CLIMBED BY
GRANDDAUGHTERS.

"DR. WAGNER?"



GREECE.

"THEY'VE
DISAPPEARED."

"IT STARTED
WHEN THE FOG
ROLLED IN.

"THE SINGING
DRAWS THEM IN
THE NIGHT.

"WE FIND TRACES,
BUT THEY NEVER
COME BACK..."

...MY HUSBAND,
DEMITRIUS, HAS
BEEN DISTRACTED
FOR MONTHS.

ALWAYS
WANDERING TO
THE SHORE, GAZING
OUT AT THE
WATER.

"LAST WEEK, HE SAID HE HEARD
SOMETHING, COMING FROM THE
SOUTH. WENT OUT TO CHECK. I
HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE."

MY BROTHER, EZIO, HAS
BEEN GONE FOR A MONTH.
DISAPPEARED BEFORE
DAWN ONE MORNING.

HIS WIFE
DIED LAST YEAR.
HE WOULD NEVER
LEAVE HIS CHILDREN
WITHOUT A PARENT...

"STAVROS HAD BEEN
HEARING SINGING BY
THE SEA. AT FIRST
HE HATED IT, BUT
THEN..."

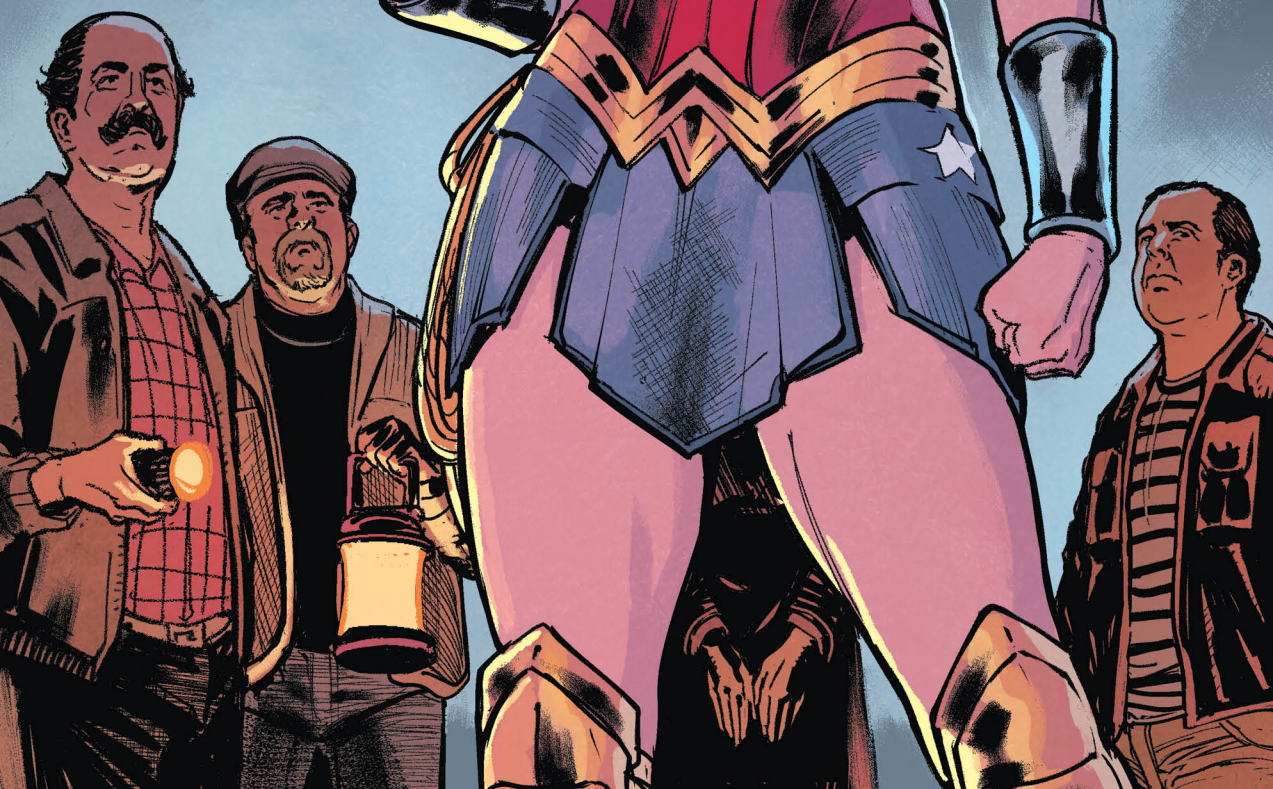
PLEASE...
I HAVEN'T SEEN
STAVROS IN THREE
DAYS.

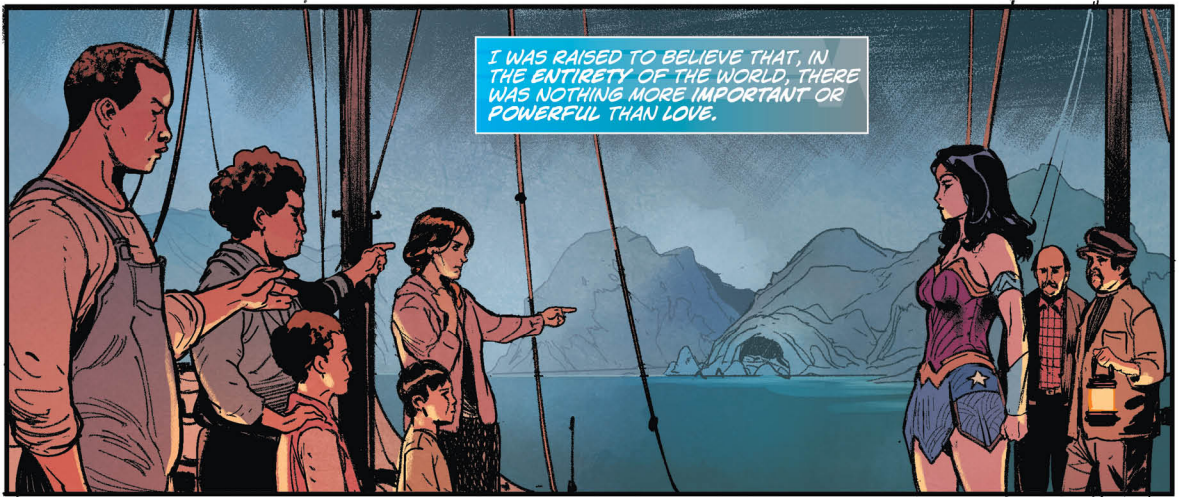
YOU
HAVE CALLED
FOR AID, AND I
HAVE HEARD
YOU.

I WILL
FIND WHO IS
RESPONSIBLE.
THIS WILL NOT
BE ALLOWED
TO HAPPEN
AGAIN.

WONDER WOMAN IN
"SIREN
SONG"

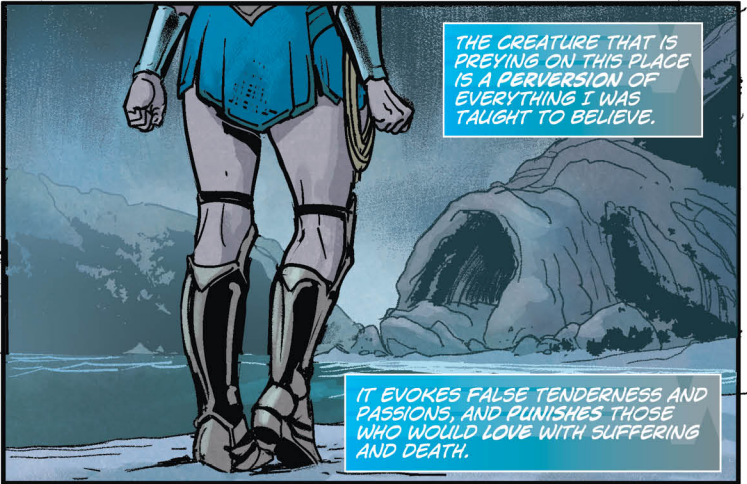
VITA AYALA WRITER
VICTOR IBÁÑEZ ARTIST
MATTHEW WILSON COLORS
CLAYTON COWLES LETTERS





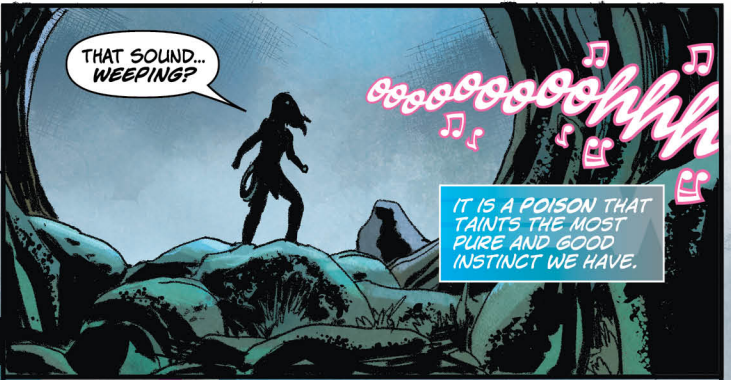
I WAS RAISED TO BELIEVE THAT, IN THE ENTIRETY OF THE WORLD, THERE WAS NOTHING MORE IMPORTANT OR POWERFUL THAN LOVE.

EVEN AS I TRAINED WITH MY SWORD AND SHIELD, I WAS TAUGHT FRIENDSHIP, AFFECTION, COMPASSION—I WAS TAUGHT EMPATHY.



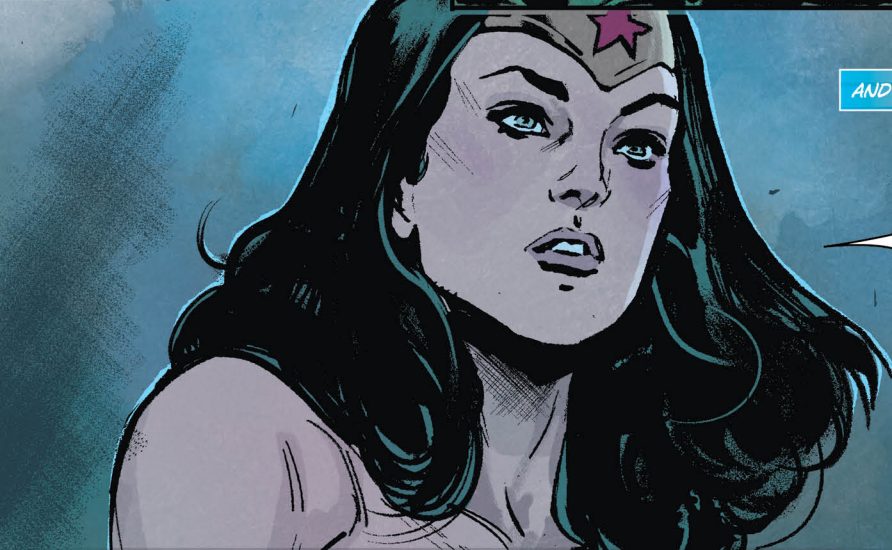
THE CREATURE THAT IS PREYING ON THIS PLACE IS A PERVERSION OF EVERYTHING I WAS TAUGHT TO BELIEVE.

IT EVOKES FALSE TENDERNESS AND PASSIONS, AND PUNISHES THOSE WHO WOULD LOVE WITH SUFFERING AND DEATH.



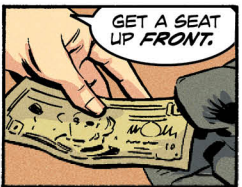
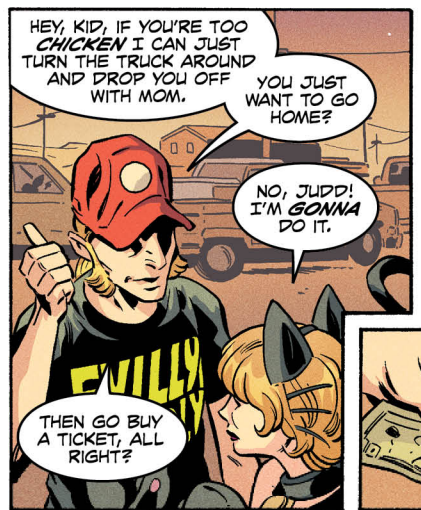
THAT SOUND...
WEEPING?

IT IS A POISON THAT TAINTS THE MOST PURE AND GOOD INSTINCT WE HAVE.



AND YET...

SWEET
APHRODITE,
IT SOUNDS SO...
BEAUTIFUL.





AN HOUR EARLIER.

