

Manhattan, 1935  
Just before dawn...





WEARINESS.

MY PREY ARE  
TINY AND THEY  
ARE WEAK, BUT  
THEY ARE  
ENDLESS.

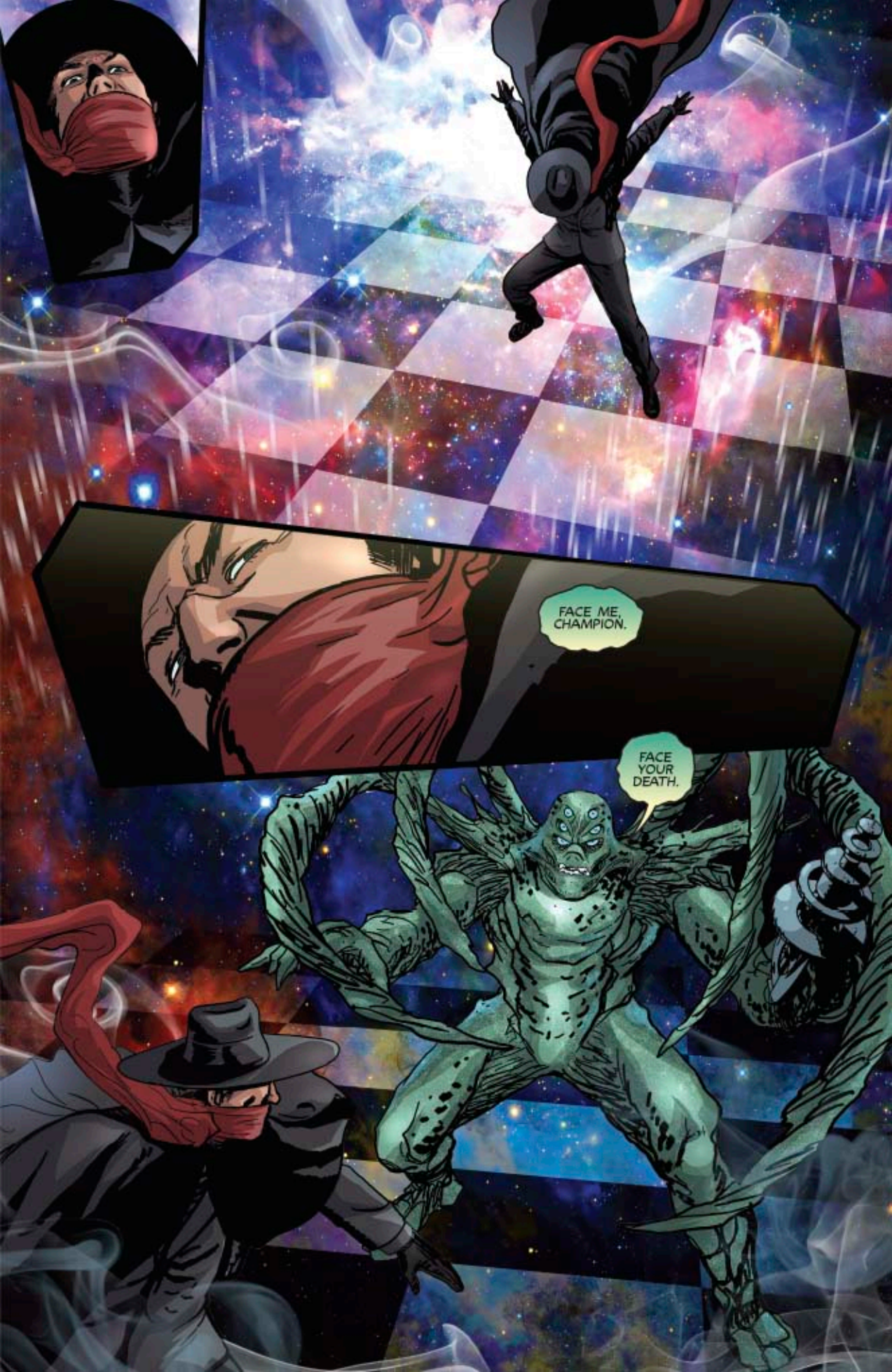
HERE, IN MY  
SANCTUM, I  
REFOCUS MY  
ENERGY...

...AND EVER  
GROW IN  
STRENGTH.

# ALTERED STATES: THE SHADOW OUT OF TIME







FACE ME,  
CHAMPION.

FACE  
YOUR  
DEATH.