



HE CAN'T HEAR YOU, DUDE.



HOLY [REDACTED]!
IS HE...?





THAT'S HARD TO WATCH.

CARRIE, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT HE MIGHT NOT BE...

I MEAN THE FOOTAGE IS SHAKY.

AND WHAT HE IS IS GONE.



BUT WE'RE NOT.



DO YOU EVER DOUBT YOURSELF?

ME?...



I REALLY CAN'T FIND THE TIME TO.

VERY FUNNY, FLASH.

BATGIRL,
LISTEN. IT
DOESN'T MATTER
HOW FAST I AM, HOW
FAST I RUN, I KNOW
LIFE ITSELF IS
FASTER.

BEST
WE CAN DO
IS **ACCEPT**
THAT, AND TRY
AND KEEP
UP.

FLASH, IF
YOUR INTENTION
IS TO MAKE
THIS **EASIER**
ON ME--



--BRUCE NEVER
COULD COME TO
TERMS WITH
DEATH.

WHY SHOULD
ANYONE?
DEATH IS THE **END**
OF THE RACE--IT'S
THE **FINISH LINE.**

"Huh. NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT
IT THAT WAY, CARRIE. DEATH IS
NOTHING WE RUN TOWARDS,
IT'S WHAT WE RUN **FROM.**

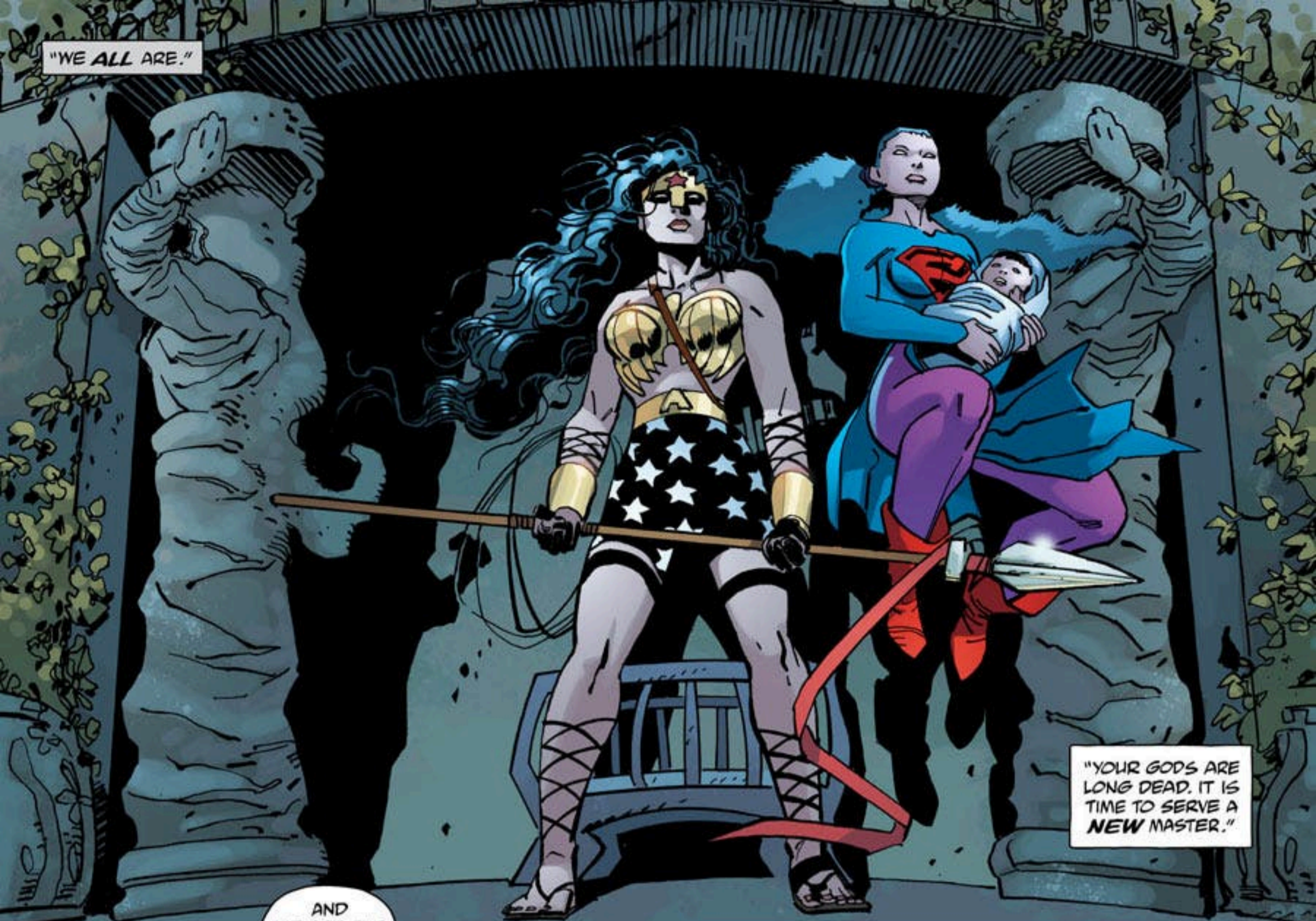
OR I DO,
ANYWAY. YOUR
MILEAGE
MAY VARY.

MINE,
TOO.

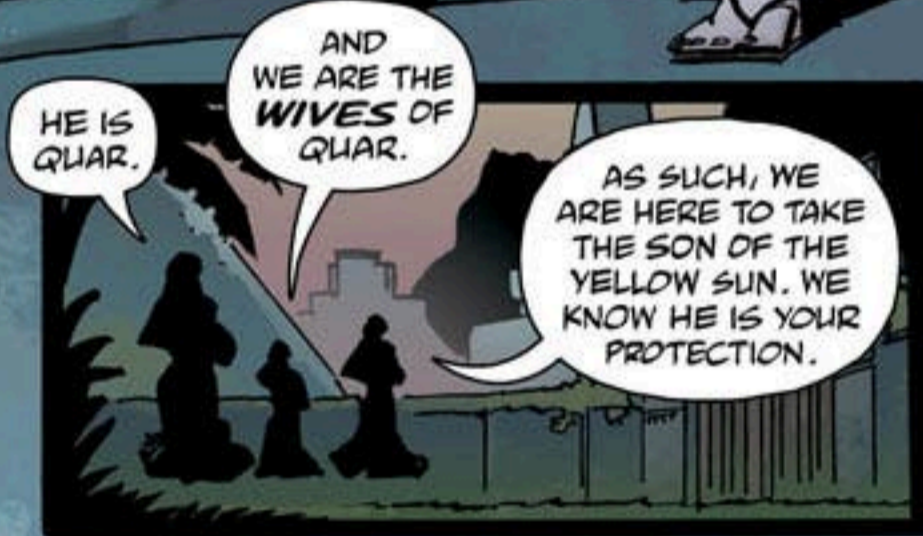
CAN I GET A BRIEFING?



"WE ALL ARE."



"YOUR GODS ARE LONG DEAD. IT IS TIME TO SERVE A **NEW MASTER.**"



HE IS QUAR.

AND WE ARE THE **WIVES OF QUAR.**

AS SUCH, WE ARE HERE TO TAKE THE SON OF THE YELLOW SUN. WE KNOW HE IS YOUR PROTECTION.



WE HAVE DISCUSSED THIS WITH OUR MASTER, AND HE HAS ALLOWED US MERCY TO BESTOW.



"GIVE US THE CHILD, AND YOU SHALL BE SPARED."



WHAT SAY YOU--

