



GOTTA TELL YOU, I WAS EXPECTING A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN THE FEEBLE FIGHT YOU PUT UP, PROFESSOR.



I SHOULD'VE TAKEN YOUR ADVANCED AGE MORE SERIOUSLY, ANTICIPATED YOUR SLOW REFLEXES, CALCIFIED BONES, UNDER-DEVELOPED MUSCLES.

FORTUNATELY FOR YOU, IT'S YOUR LEGENDARY MIND I'M AFTER WHICH EXPLAINS WHY YOUR STILL FUNCTIONING IN ANY CAPACITY.

IN SHORT, I'M GOING TO RIP THE BRAIN OUT OF YOUR SKULL AND USE IT TO OPERATE THE BEHEMOTH I'VE CONSTRUCTED,



THAT'S QUITE A MOUTH YOU'VE GOT THERE. FEELS LIKE I SHOULD SCRUB THE FILTH OUT, TEACH YOU PROPER MANNERS.



THAT'D BE A FUN TRICK!

SMACK



HAVE IT YOUR WAY THEN.

# PROFESSOR NIGHT,

THE DEAN OF DARKNESS, CHAMPION OF STAR CITY, UNSEEN BY THE PUBLIC IN RECENT YEARS, HE SPENDS HIS RETIREMENT DEEP INSIDE THE HALLS OF NIGHT, THE SUBTERRANEAN LAIR FROM WHICH HE WAGED HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIME.

A FOUNDING MEMBER OF THE ALLIED SUPERMEN OF AMERICA, HE COUNTS FELLOW TITANS OF JUSTICE, SUPREME, GLORY, AND ROMAN AMONG HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS. HE HAS SAVED THE WORLD COUNTLESS TIMES IN HIS CAREER AS CRIME FIGHTER.

HE SUFFERS FROM A SEVERE CASE OF PORPHYRIA'S COMPLAINT, A MALADY THAT MAKES HIM LESS EFFECTIVE DURING THE DAY BUT MORE ALERT, ATHLETIC AND POWERFUL AT NIGHT. HE AVOIDS DAYLIGHT AND THE LIMITS IT PUTS ON HIS ABILITIES.

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH. WHERE IS TWILIGHT?





THAT'S THE TICKET YOU CAME TO PUNCH ISN'T IT? YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE I'M KEEPING THE "GIRL MARVEL"?

THINGS WILL GO MUCH EASIER ON YOU IF YOU GIVE ME WHAT I WANT.



YOU DIDN'T THINK THIS CHAIR WOULD LIMIT MY MOBILITY, DID YOU?

UNGH!

**CRACK!**



YOU'RE A RUDE LITTLE GIRL, I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO WASTE ANY MORE OF MY TIME.

**SMACK!**



THE IDEA THAT YOU EVER HAD THE UPPER HAND IN THIS EXCHANGE SPEAKS TO THE SEVERITY OF YOUR DELUSIONS.

**THONK!**