

**A FEW HUNDRED FEET BENEATH  
14TH STREET AND AVENUE C,  
NEW YORK CITY.**

THIS  
ISN'T REAL.  
THIS ISN'T REAL.  
THIS ISN'T  
REAL...

**PATRICK KOWALSKI AKA RELOAD  
REMEMBERS THE MINE LIKE IT  
WAS YESTERDAY.**

HE REMEMBERS WHAT IT FELT LIKE  
WHEN THE COAL DUST GOT UNDER HIS  
NAILS, IN HIS EYES...THE WAY IT WOULD  
CATCH AT THE BACK OF HIS THROAT.

HE REMEMBERS THE WAY  
THE COAL HAD STAINED HIS  
FATHER'S HANDS AND FACE,  
UP UNTIL HIS 56TH BIRTHDAY  
WHEN THE COUGH GOT  
TOO BAD.

HE REMEMBERS THE FIRST  
TIME HE CLOSED HIS EYES  
IN THOSE TUNNELS, AND  
PICTURED HIS SKIN BACK  
WHEN IT FELT CLEAN.  
HIS FIRST RELOAD.

THE OTHERS WOULD POKE  
FUN, CALL HIM "PRETTY BOY."  
PATRICK DIDN'T CARE. HE  
WASN'T GOING TO DIE FOR  
ANOTHER MAN TO MAKE A  
DOLLAR. HE WASN'T GOING  
TO DIE UNLESS THERE WAS  
A DAMN GOOD REASON.

YEARS LATER, ON A BLOOD-  
SOAKED PATH IN THE DENSE  
CAMBODIAN JUNGLE, A MAN  
OLDER THAN CIVILIZATION  
OFFERED HIM A CHANCE  
TO LIVE FOREVER.

PATRICK  
DIDN'T NEED  
TO BE ASKED  
TWICE.



THE SIEGE -- EST. 476 C.E.

REALM OF CONQUEST.  
FIRST HOUSE OF THE IMMORTALS.  
ONE MILE ABOVE NEW YORK.



NO,  
MA'AM.

"THEY CALL HER **TIMBER**.  
RECRUITED FROM THE  
MENOMINEE NATION IN THE  
FIRST HALF OF THE 19TH  
CENTURY, WHERE SHE HAD  
BECOME A KIND OF **FOLK  
HERO** TO THE NATIVE  
POPULATION.

"HER IMPURITY  
ALLOWS HER TO  
MANIPULATE HER  
SIZE AND DENSITY  
AT WILL.



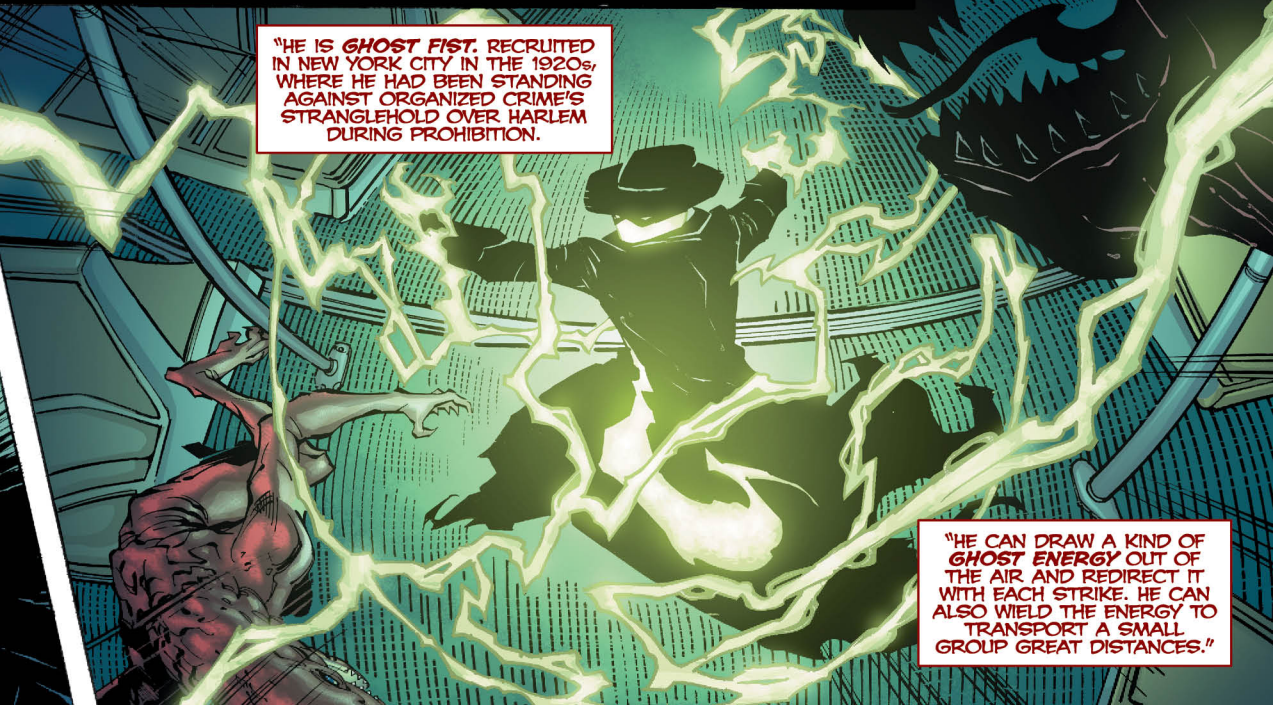


SO...  
THESE ARE THE  
REMNANTS OF MY  
BROTHER'S FOLLY...  
THE LAST OF THE  
IMMORTAL  
MEN...

TELL ME,  
HUNT. OUT OF THE  
HUNDREDS AT HIS  
DISPOSAL, WOULD  
YOU HAVE PICKED  
THESE FOUR?



HOW CURIOUS.  
TELL ME WHAT  
WE KNOW.



"HE IS **GHOST FIST**. RECRUITED  
IN NEW YORK CITY IN THE 1920s,  
WHERE HE HAD BEEN STANDING  
AGAINST ORGANIZED CRIME'S  
STRANGLEHOLD OVER HARLEM  
DURING PROHIBITION.

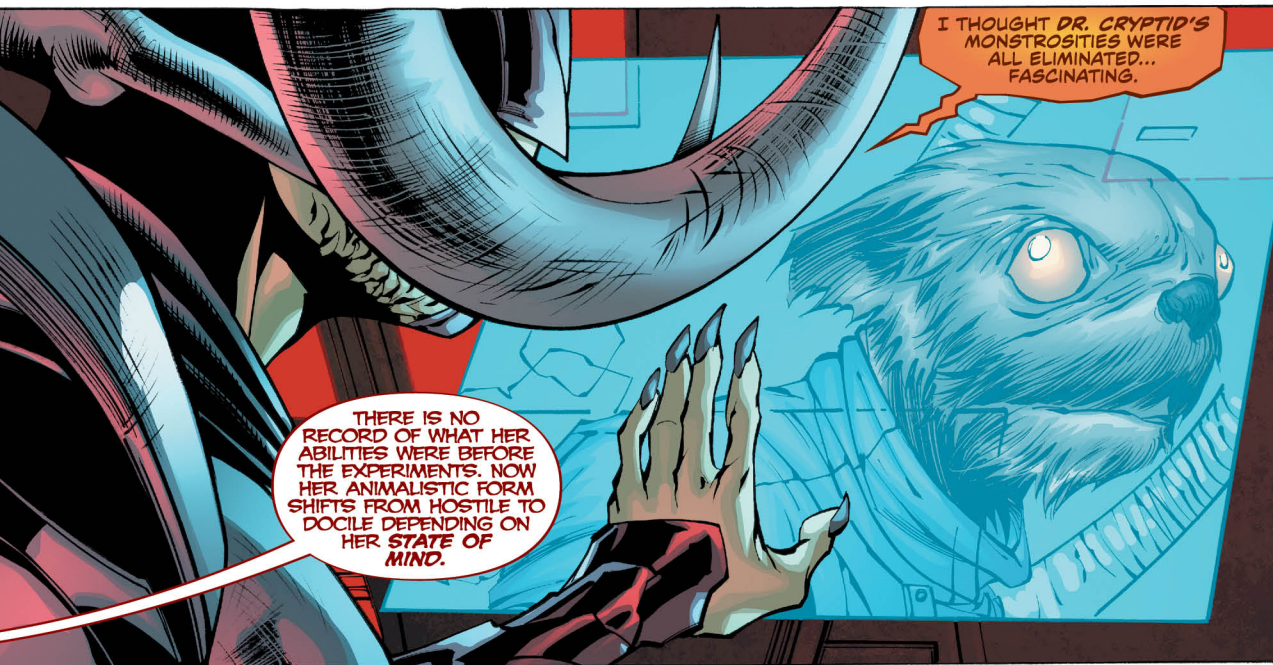
"HE CAN DRAW A KIND OF  
**GHOST ENERGY** OUT OF  
THE AIR AND REDIRECT IT  
WITH EACH STRIKE. HE CAN  
ALSO WIELD THE ENERGY TO  
TRANSPORT A SMALL  
GROUP GREAT DISTANCES."





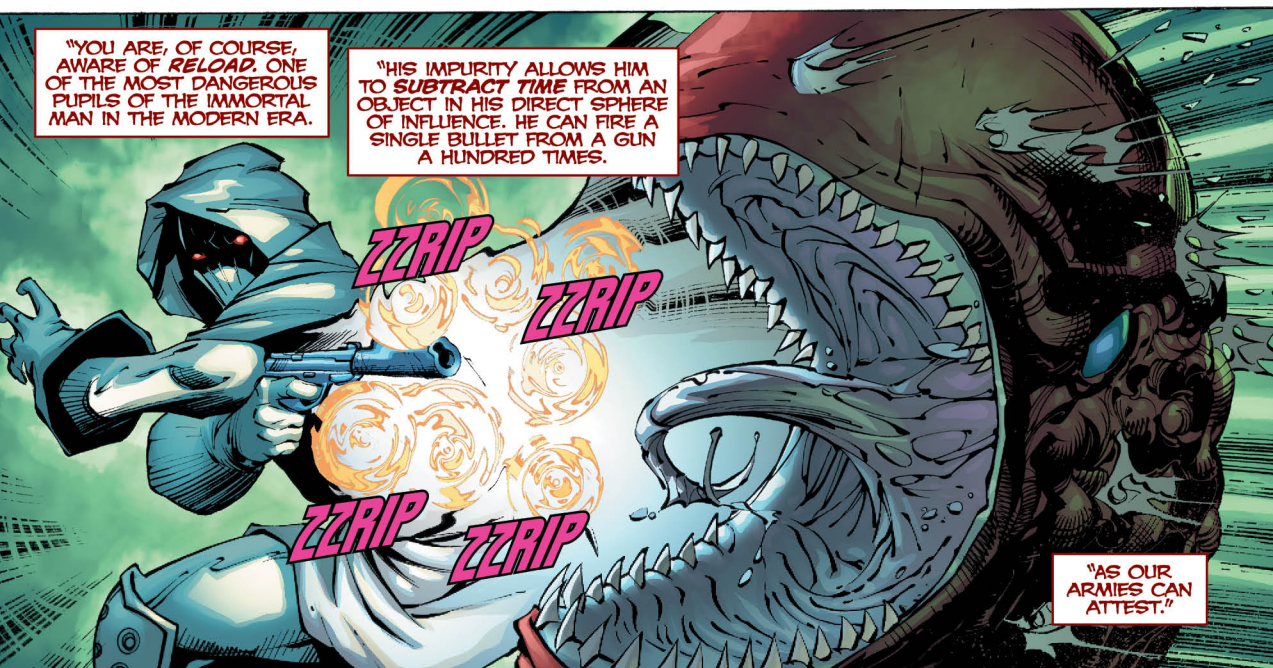
"THIS CREATURE IS CALLED **STRAY**."

"A SUBJECT OF THE OTOMO-ITO SYNDICATE'S BLOOD-RESEARCH TRIALS IN THE 1990s."



I THOUGHT DR. CRYPTID'S MONSTROSITIES WERE ALL ELIMINATED... FASCINATING.

THERE IS NO RECORD OF WHAT HER ABILITIES WERE BEFORE THE EXPERIMENTS. NOW HER ANIMALISTIC FORM SHIFTS FROM HOSTILE TO DOCILE DEPENDING ON HER **STATE OF MIND**.



"YOU ARE, OF COURSE, AWARE OF **RELOAD**. ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS PUPILS OF THE IMMORTAL MAN IN THE MODERN ERA.

"HIS IMPURITY ALLOWS HIM TO **SUBTRACT TIME** FROM AN OBJECT IN HIS DIRECT SPHERE OF INFLUENCE. HE CAN FIRE A SINGLE BULLET FROM A GUN A HUNDRED TIMES.

"AS OUR ARMIES CAN ATTEST."





HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN, HUNT? SINCE THE TWO OF YOU THOUGHT OF YOURSELVES AS BROTHERS?

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS, MA'AM.

YOU ARE ALL SUCH CHILDREN.



THE IMMORTAL MAN HAD SOLDIERS WHO HAD LIVED AND FOUGHT FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS. WHY WOULD HE STAKE EVERYTHING ON THE OFFSPRING OF THE LAST TWO CENTURIES?

ALL IN PURSUIT OF A TEENAGE BOY?



"MY BROTHER IS PLAYING SOME UNKNOWN GAME. IT IS IMPERATIVE WE BEAT HIM AT IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE."

I SWEAR, THIS KID BETTER ##\$@ RAINBOWS FOR ALL HE'S PUTTING US THROUGH.

WE'RE NOT DONE YET, TIMBER. THOSE HATE SPHERES MEAN THE SIEGE HAS COME TO NEW YORK CITY.

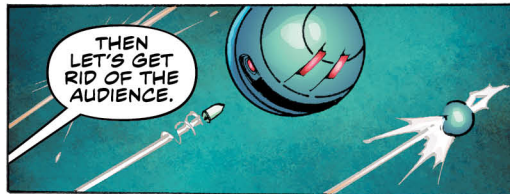
GOD HELP US.

YOU ALL REALIZE WE'VE LOST THE BOY--ANY BRIGHT IDEAS, RELOAD?

HELL. LONG AS THE SHRIMP'S STILL ALIVE, I STILL CALL THIS A WIN. STRAY. DO YOUR THING.

SNIFF SNIFF...

CAN SMELL HIM.



THEN LET'S GET RID OF THE AUDIENCE.



HE'S RUNNING.



SO WE'VE GOTTA RUN, TOO.

BEST KEEP UP.