

IN THE SKY ABOVE NEW YORK,  
A THUNDEROUS, SWIRLING  
WORMHOLE INTENSIFIES AROUND  
A VORTEX OF TIME GONE WILD...

...WHILE IN THE CITY BELOW,  
IT YET REMAINS 1939...FOR  
THE TIME BEING...

IT'S RICHARD'S  
HOMING DEVICE!  
HE'S MOVING  
FAST...MUST BE IN  
A CAR...HEADING  
SOUTH IN  
NEW JERSEY.

WE'LL  
TAKE MY CAR!  
IT'S FAST...  
VERY FAST!

THERE'S MY  
HEADQUARTERS  
UP AHEAD IN THE  
EMPIRE STATE  
BUILDING.

HOW...  
COINCIDENTAL.

COINCIDENTAL?

MY SANCTUM  
IS ALSO WITHIN  
THAT BUILDING.

REALLY?  
LITTLE GETS BY ME,  
AND I'VE NEVER  
SEEN A TRACE OF  
YOUR SANCTUM.

AND YOU  
NEVER WILL.

BAM!  
BAM!





MARGO, MAN  
THE SANCTUM. RE-  
ESTABLISH CONTACT  
WITH *EVERY* AGENT.  
AND CHECK ON *PAT*  
SAVAGE. THE WOMAN  
IS AN ASSET.

A HELL OF  
AN ASSET!

SURPRISED  
YOU NOTICED.

ARE YOU  
TWO TALKING  
ABOUT MY  
COUSIN?!

SHE WAS OF  
SOME *HELP*  
TO ME AND  
BENSON.

WELL,  
THANKS FOR  
SHARING.

IT'S SO  
FULFILLING  
BEING YOUR  
"PARTNER."

I'M PH...

...IN A PARKING  
GARAGE THAT  
HAS BUT *THREE*  
LEVELS.

CLEVER? YES.  
UNIQUE? NO.

LET'S HOPE  
RICHARD'S ON  
THE TRAIL OF  
SUNLIGHT AND  
MOCQUINO!

IF SUNLIGHT  
UNLOCKED THE  
UGM, IT TAKES  
ABOUT *SIX*  
HOURS TO FULLY  
POWER UP.

WE LITERALLY  
HAVE A *TIME*  
BOMB TICKING!  
RICHARD  
WON'T LET  
US DOWN!

SO YOU  
HOPE.

THIS IS NO  
LONGER ABOUT  
THE FATE OF HIS  
FAMILY, SAVAGE,  
BUT RATHER, THE  
FATE OF THE  
WORLD.



DEAL, NEW JERSEY...  
SUMMER HOME TO THE  
RICH, THE POWERFUL,  
AND THE CORRUPT...

WIND-WHIPPED WAVES PUMMEL  
CRAGGY JETTIES MERCILESSLY...  
THE EARTHLY EFFECTS OF A  
MAELSTROM CHURNING IN  
THE NIGHT ABOVE...

MY TRACKER  
SHOWS  
MOVEMENT.

THAT  
MAN MUST BE  
RICHARD IN  
DISGUISE!

*BOM! BOM!*

IF *SUNLIGHT*  
AND *MOCQUINO*  
ARE INSIDE, HE'LL  
NEED *HELP*.

I CAN MUSTER A  
PSYCHIC *SHIELD* TO  
MINIMIZE DETECTION  
BY THE *VOODOO*  
MASTER.

THEN  
LET'S GO!

BENSON!

RELAX,  
RICHARD.

ARE  
*SUNLIGHT* AND  
*MOCQUINO* IN  
THERE?


THEY SHOULD  
BE...ALONG WITH  
EVERY ASSASSIN  
*MOCQUINO*  
PLANTED ON MY  
AIRPLANE!

WHA--P!



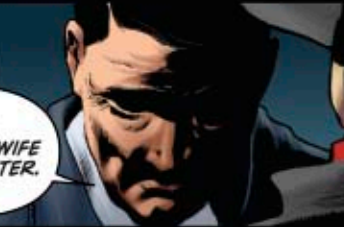


WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
UQMP?



THAT'S *SUNLIGHT'S*  
THING. *THIS* RENDEZVOUS IS  
ONLY ABOUT *ERNST ROBESON*  
SELLING THE *NAZIS* MY FILE  
ON YOUR *ATOMIC BOMB*  
PROJECT.

*MOCQUINO'S*  
IN ON IT WITH HIM.



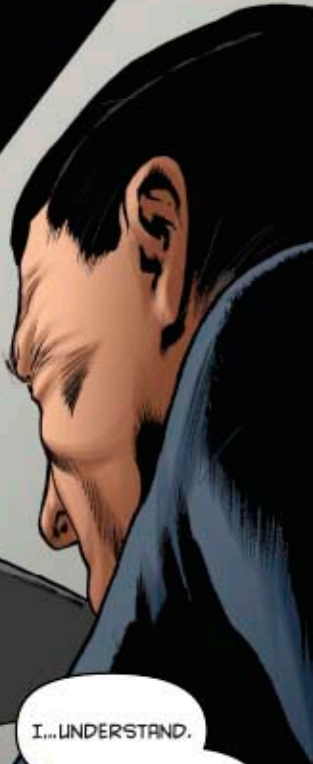
AND, DOC...  
SHADOW...

...THEY  
DID KILL MY WIFE  
AND DAUGHTER.  
I-I--

*BENSON!* LISTEN  
CAREFULLY TO ME...



WE *CANNOT*  
PERMIT YOUR  
THIRST FOR  
VENGEANCE TO  
*INTERFERE* WITH  
OUR MISSION!



IF *HITLER* CONTROLS  
*ATOMIC BOMBS* OR IF  
*SUNLIGHT* CONTROLS  
TIME, WE AND *ALL* WE  
KNOW ARE *DUST!*

I...UNDERSTAND.

I'LL INFILTRATE  
THEM AS *THIS*  
CONSPIRATOR,  
LESTER  
GIBSON.



YOU *WON'T*  
SEE ME, BUT  
I'LL BE *NEAR*.

MY ENTRANCE  
*WON'T* BE AS  
SUBTLE AS EITHER  
OF YOURS!





DOES *ANYONE*  
KNOW *ANYTHING*  
ABOUT THE  
LAY-OUT HERE?

WHO  
OWNS THIS  
MANSION?

NO  
CLUE.

CRANSTON.

LAMONT  
CRANSTON.

IT FIGURES...  
THE SHADOW  
KNOWS.

IT'S A  
TANGLED WEB  
WE WEAVE...  
ISN'T IT?

WISH ME  
LUCK!

THERE'S  
NO SUCH  
THING.

KNOWING  
THAT MAY  
SAVE YOUR  
LIFE.