

MERCENARY MARC SPECTOR DIED IN EGYPT UNDER A STATUE OF THE MOON GOD KHONSHU. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ANCIENT DEITY, MARC RETURNED TO LIFE AND TOOK ON KHONSHU'S ASPECT TO FIGHT CRIME FOR HIS OWN REDEMPTION. HE WENT COMPLETELY INSANE AND DISAPPEARED FOR A TIME, BUT RETURNED TO PROTECT THOSE WHO TRAVEL BY NIGHT. AT LEAST HE THINKS THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED...



## WELCOME TO NEW EGYPT: PART 3 OF 5

MARC SPECTOR DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE. SOMETIMES HE SEES HIS SURROUNDINGS AS A NIGHTMARISH MENTAL HOSPITAL, BEING RUN BY ABUSIVE STAFF WHO CLAIM THAT HIS LIFE AS MOON KNIGHT IS MERELY A DELUSION. BUT SOMETIMES MARC SEES THE ASYLUM AS A TRICK BY AMMUT, SERVANT OF THE GOD SETH, TO HOLD THE FIST OF KHONSHU CAPTIVE. TOGETHER WITH CRAWLEY AND FRENCHIE, WHO SHARE MARC'S VISION OF THE ASYLUM, MARC MOUNTS AN ESCAPE, BRINGING FELLOW PATIENTS GENA AND MARLENE. BUT JUST AS THEY REACH THEIR ESCAPE ROUTE IN THE NEW YORK SUBWAY, THE TRAINS AT THE STATION DISCHARGE THEIR PASSENGERS: MUMMIES.

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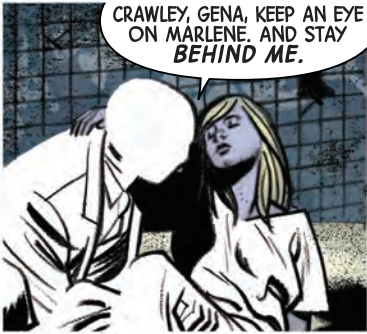
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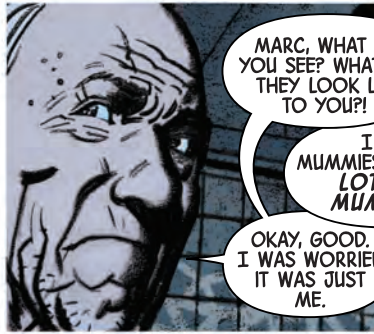


ZIT ALORS!  
WE ARE  
CAUGHT!

NOT YET,  
FRENCHIE...



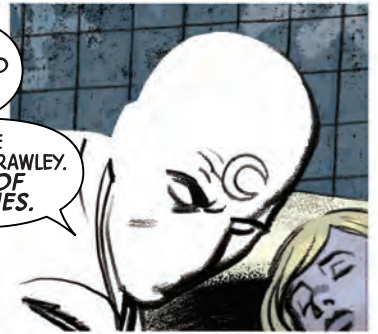
CRAWLEY, GENA, KEEP AN EYE  
ON MARLENE, AND STAY  
BEHIND ME.



MARC, WHAT DO  
YOU SEE? WHAT DO  
THEY LOOK LIKE  
TO YOU?!

I SEE  
MUMMIES, CRAWLEY.  
LOTS OF  
MUMMIES.

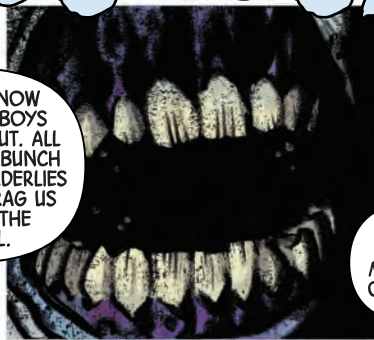
OKAY, GOOD.  
I WAS WORRIED  
IT WAS JUST  
ME.



**GRRRRROOOOAAAARR**



I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU BOYS  
ARE ON ABOUT. ALL  
I SEE ARE A BUNCH  
OF NASTY ORDERLIES  
COME TO DRAG US  
BACK TO THE  
HOSPITAL.



WELL,  
GENA,  
MUMMIES  
OR NOT...

...THEY  
DESERVE TO GET  
PUNCHED!



GRRKK!



I HEAR THAT,  
HONEY, AND I AIN'T  
ABOUT TO SIT BACK  
AND WATCH YOU HAVE  
ALL THE FUN.

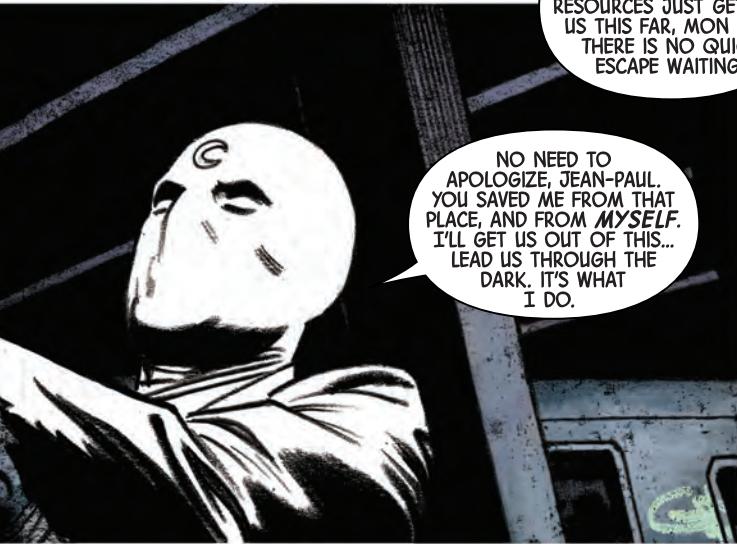




FRENCHIE, PLEASE TELL ME YOU HAD AN ESCAPE PLAN? THE MOON COPTER, PERHAPS?



I AM SORRY, MARC. I AM AFRAID I USED ALL OF MY RESOURCES JUST GETTING US THIS FAR, MON AMI. THERE IS NO QUICK ESCAPE WAITING.



NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE, JEAN-PAUL. YOU SAVED ME FROM THAT PLACE, AND FROM *MYSELF*. I'LL GET US OUT OF THIS... LEAD US THROUGH THE DARK. IT'S WHAT I DO.



CRAWLEY, CRAWLEY, CRAWLEY...



→GASPI!←





I EXPECT THIS SORT OF BEHAVIOR FROM MARC, BUT YOU KNOW BETTER, MR. CRAWLEY.

HE KNOWS BETTER, BILLY.

SURE DOES, BOBBY.

D-DR. EMMET?!



THAT IS NOT DR. EMMET, CRAWLEY! IT'S AMMUT, THE SOUL EATER!

TSK. MARC, ARE WE STILL STUCK ON THAT? AND WHERE DID YOU FIND THAT OUTFIT? I THOUGHT WE HAD ALL OF THOSE **BURNED** AFTER YOUR LAST ESCAPE ATTEMPT.

NOW STOP ALL OF THIS NONSENSE AND COME WITH US. WE'LL GET YOU HELP, MARC. STOP FIGHTING.

