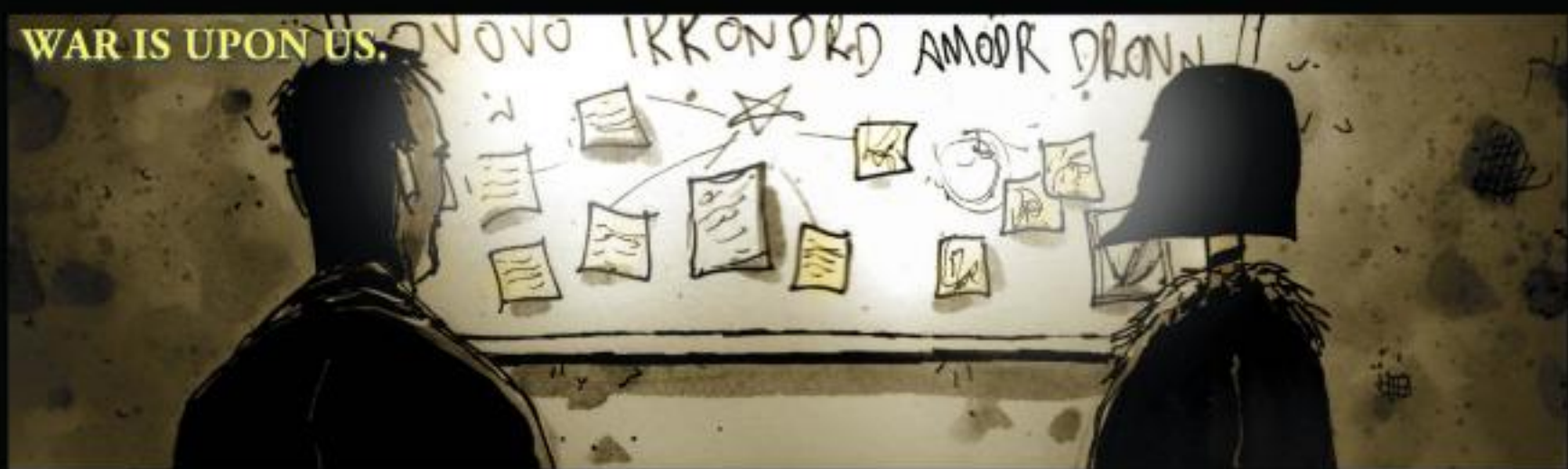




IT NEVER STOPS.



WAR IS UPON US.



IT'S TAKING ITS TOLL...



...IT WILL CHANGE US ALL.

CHAPTER FOUR:

WE FIGHT WHAT WE BECOME

Ray Fawkes Writer
Ben Templesmith Artist

Saida Temofonte Letters
Ben Templesmith Cover
Dave Wielgosz Asst. Editor
Rachel Gluckstern Editor
Mark Doyle Group Editor

"BOTTOMS UP.

"FRIDAY NIGHT IN GOTHAM CITY. COULD BE YOUR LAST. WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN? WHO KNOWS?"

"EVERYONE'S LOOKING TO LET OFF A LITTLE *STEAM*, AND MAN, DO I EVER KNOW THE *FEELING*."

"WORK HARD, *PLAY HARD*, AM I RIGHT? IT'S NORMAL. IT'S WHAT *ADULTS* DO."

"WHO AM I TO JUDGE? LET 'EM GET *RIPPED*. LET 'EM START SCREECHING AND FLAILING AROUND. MAYBE THEY *NEED* IT."

"IT'S NOT A PROBLEM. AM I RIGHT?"

THE BLUE MOON



"YEAH, 'COURSE I AM."



"'COURSE I AM."



"IT'S NORMAL."

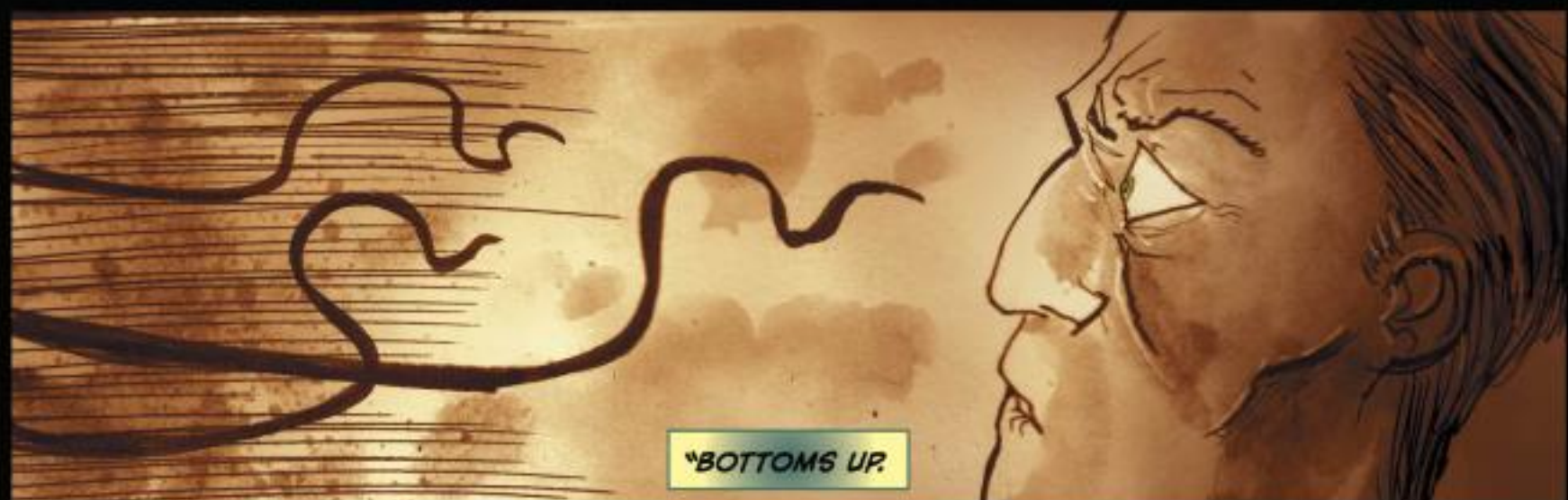
"BOTTOMS UP.."





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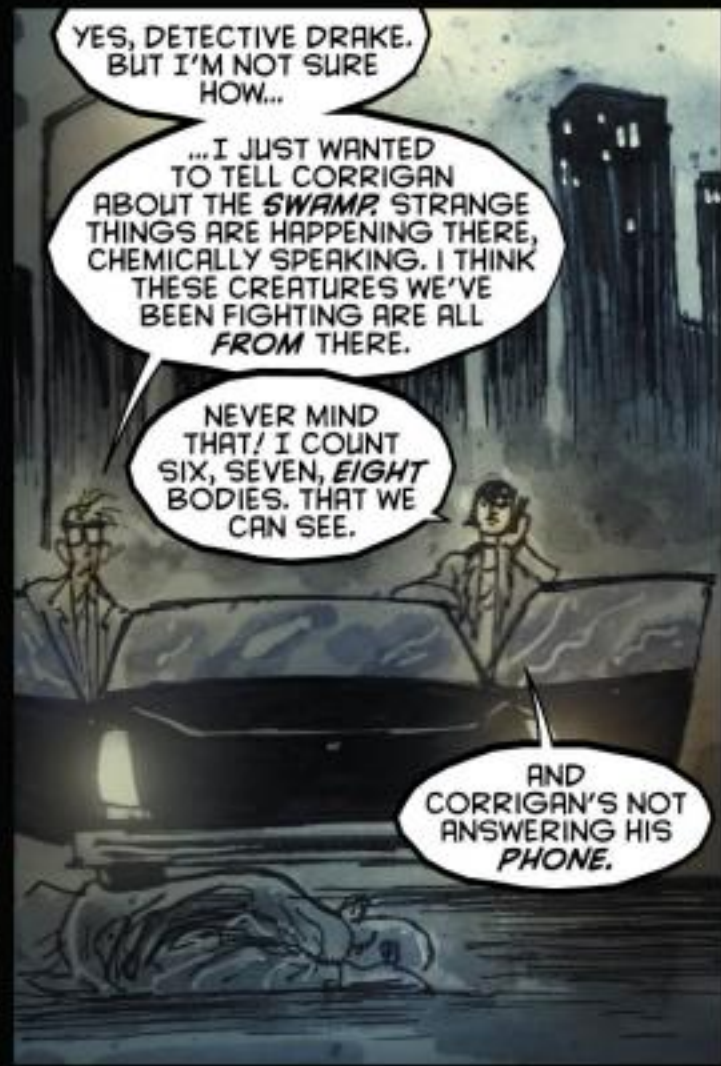
"BOTTOMS UP."



WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?



YOU SEEING THIS?
THEY'RE ALL DEAD!



YES, DETECTIVE DRAKE. BUT I'M NOT SURE HOW...

...I JUST WANTED TO TELL CORRIGAN ABOUT THE SWAMP. STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING THERE, CHEMICALLY SPEAKING. I THINK THESE CREATURES WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING ARE ALL FROM THERE.

NEVER MIND THAT! I COUNT SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT BODIES. THAT WE CAN SEE.

AND CORRIGAN'S NOT ANSWERING HIS PHONE.



HMM. A PALE, BLUISH CAST TO THE SKIN.

SMELLS OF ALCOHOL.

YEAH, GREAT.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, DR. TARR? DO I CALL IT IN, OR IS THIS ONE OF OURS?



EITHER WAY. IT'S INTERESTING.

THERE'S SOME KIND OF PARASITE... IT LOOKS LIKE A LEECH, BUT THERE'S A DISTINCTIVE ODOR...



HMM. WHAT'S THIS?