

ONE MINUTE I'M IN THE EGYPTIAN CONSULATE IN NEW YORK, THE NEXT I'M HERE—WHEREVER THE HECK HERE IS. EVERYTHING EVEN LOOKS DIFFERENT, ALMOST LIKE REFLECTIONS IN A FUNHOUSE MIRROR.

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST*

EVERYTHING SINCE I PUT THIS HELMET ON FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN ONE SURREAL TRIP. MAYBE IT'S TIME I WOKE UP?

*WITH APOLOGIES TO PERRY WHITE.



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DEEP BREATH. THIS ISN'T ANY STRANGER THAN THE DUAT, AND YOU GOT OUT OF THERE ALIVE, EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE DEAD. YOU CAN DO THIS.

YOU JUST DON'T KNOW HOW...*YET*.



WHERE AM I, NABU? WHEN AM I?



TIME AND DISTANCE ARE BUT ILLUSIONS, KHALID. DO NOT LET THAT BIND YOU.



IT'S NOT EINSTEINIAN LOGIC THAT'S BINDING ME, NABU, BUT THESE GHOSTS ARE READY TO KILL ME...

...UNLESS THE TRICK I USED AT THE CONSULATE WILL BLOW THEM AWAY.

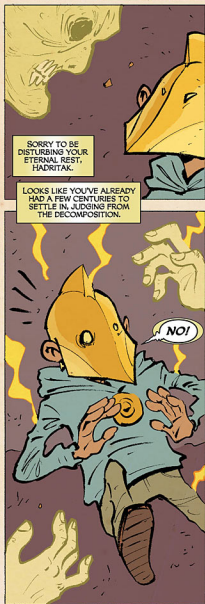
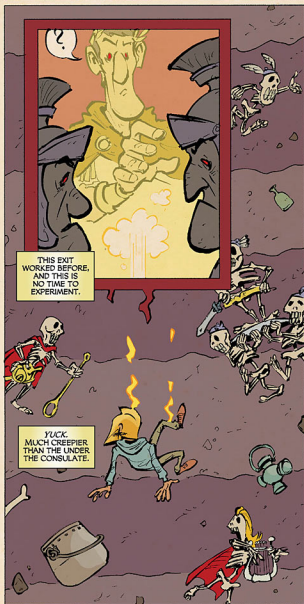
CURIOUS... IT GLOWS?



AH...A MAGICIAN'S TRICK?!



PRETTY, BUT NOT POWERFUL.





I DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD FOLLOW ME HERE. GUESS YOU'RE THE BETTER CLASS OF GHOSTS.

THE INTRUDER SPEAKS NONSENSE AGAIN.



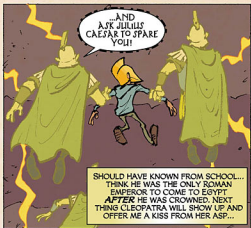
LET CAESAR DECIDE IF ITS WORDS HAVE MEANING. WE NEED ONLY DO AS WE ARE BID.

WHICH CAESAR ARE WE TALKING ABOUT? I'D RATHER NOT SHOW UP IN THE MIDDLE OF ONE OF CALIGULA'S PARTIES... MAYBE I GOT LUCKY AND THAT'S AUGUSTUS? HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ONE OF THE KINDLIER ONES...



IT SPEAKS MADNESS AGAIN.

COME, PLEAD FOR YOUR LIFE, MAGICIAN...



...AND ASK JULIUS CAESAR TO SPARE YOU!

SHOULD HAVE KNOWN FROM SCHOOL... THINK HE WAS THE ONLY ROMAN EMPEROR TO COME TO EGYPT **AFTER** HE WAS CROWNED. NEXT THING CLEOPATRA WILL SHOW UP AND OFFER ME A KISS FROM HER ASP...



...HATE TO DIE PISSING OFF SHAYA THAT WAY.

NO MORE TRICKS, MAGICIAN?

IT WILL BE MANY LIFETIMES BEFORE YOUR POWERS EQUAL MINE, OR EVEN THAT OF MY CENTURIONS.

MEN HAVE BEEN CONSULTING MY NAME FOR MILLENNIA, SINCE MY DAYS AMONG THE LIVING, EACH ENHANCING MY GREATNESS.

THE ROMANS DECLARED ME A GOD UPON MY UNTIMELY DEATH, AND WHO ARE YOU TO DEFY A GOD?

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT... BUT THIS ISN'T THE MOMENT TO ARGUE.

MOST PECULIAR. A WARRIOR'S HELMET, OF A FASHION EVOKING MY NEAR-FORGOTTEN TROJAN ANCESTORS, BUT THE BODY OF A BOY.

TOO TENDER FOR BATTLE, AND NO TIME TO HAVE LEARNED TRUE WIZARDRY.

WHAT ARE YOU LAD, AND HOW DO YOU COME TO THIS FORBIDDEN PLACE?

NO MATTER, IT IS ENOUGH THAT YOU ARE HERE.

FOR THAT, YOU MUST DIE.

NABU-- I NEED ANOTHER WAY OUT--NOW!

IF I DIE--AGAIN-- I'M REALLY GOING TO KILL YOU.

⟨WAIT!⟩