

CHAPTER
THREE

IN TIR NA NÓG

TIR NA NÓG.

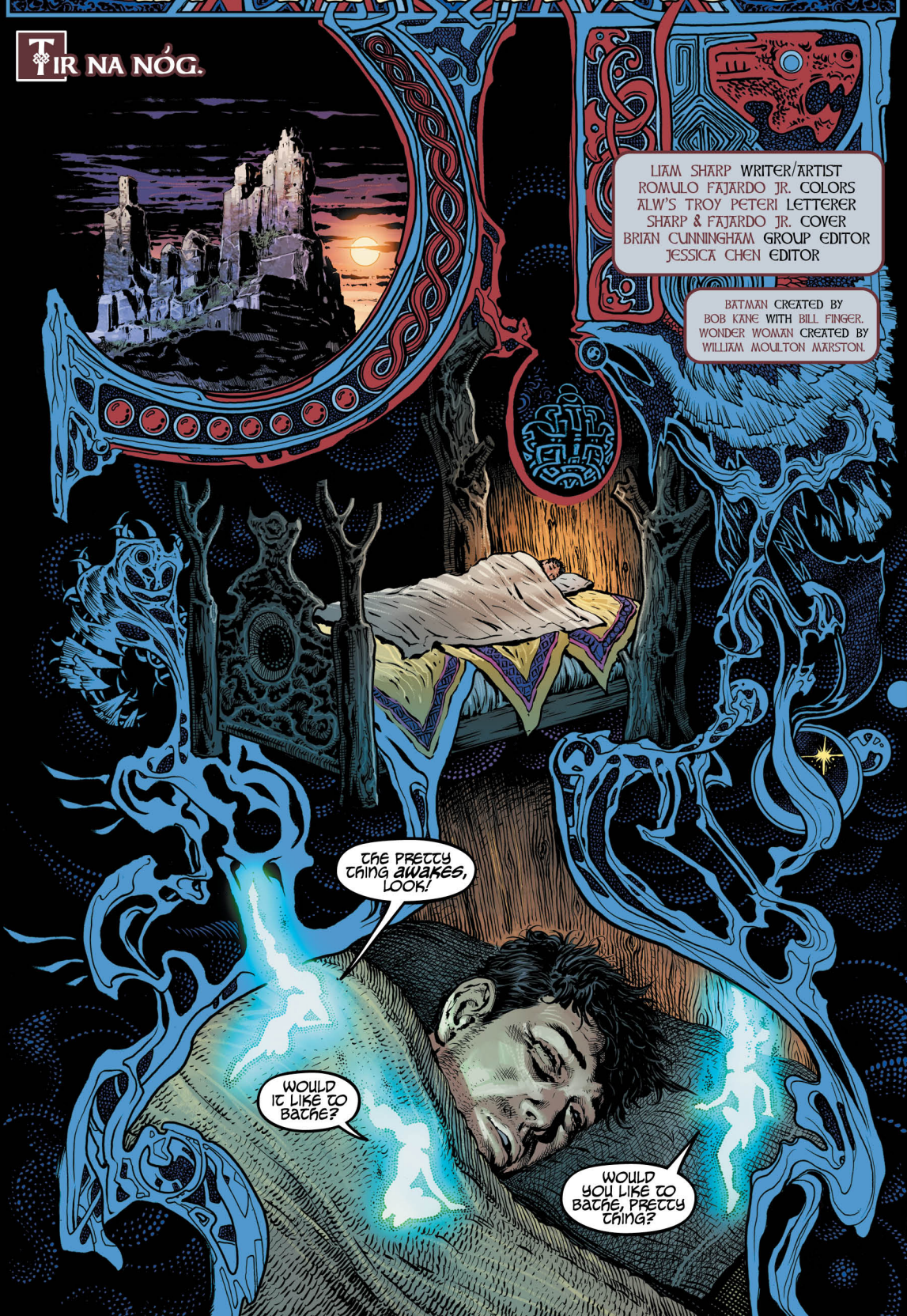
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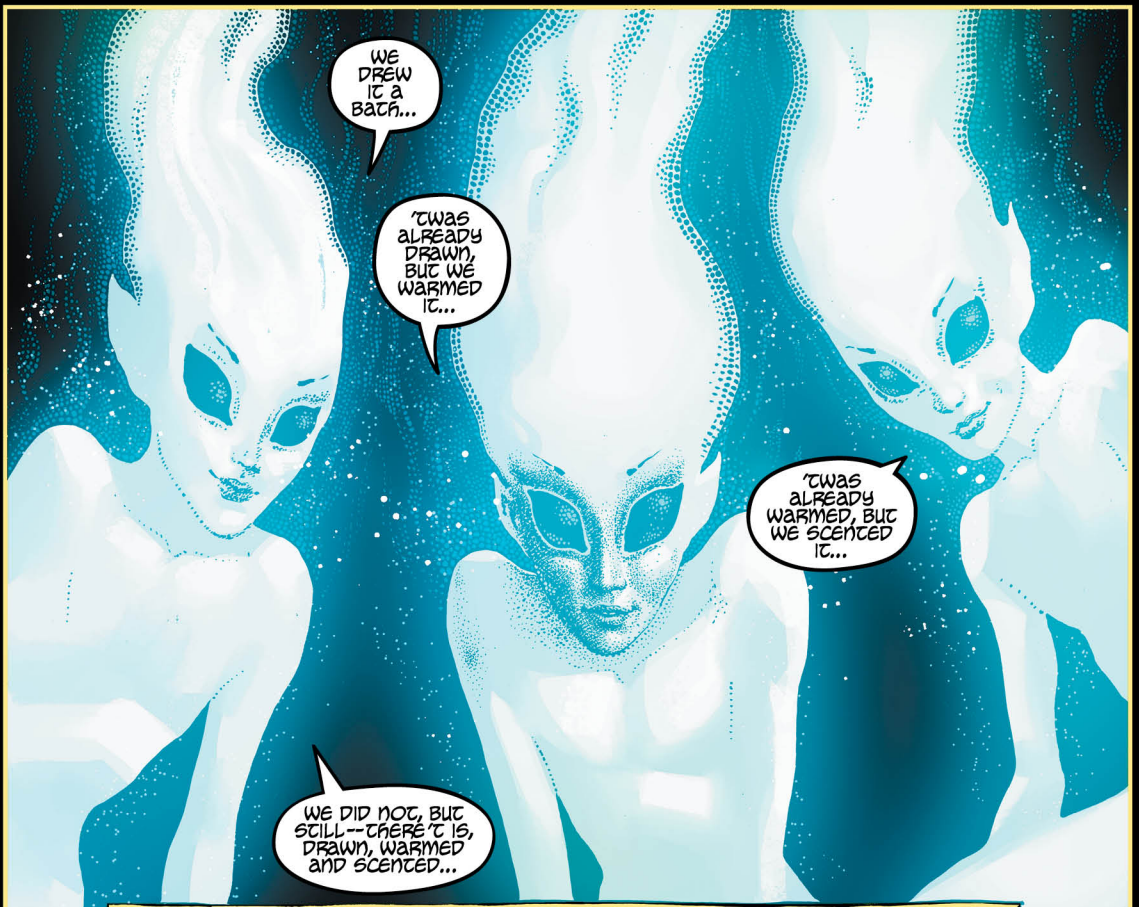
BATMAN CREATED BY
BOB KANE WITH BILL FINGER.
WONDER WOMAN CREATED BY
WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON.

THE PRETTY
THING AWAKES,
LOOK!

WOULD
IT LIKE TO
BACHE?

WOULD
YOU LIKE TO
BACHE, PRETTY
THING?





WE DREW IT A BATH...

'T WAS ALREADY DRAWN, BUT WE WARMED IT...

'T WAS ALREADY WARMED, BUT WE SCENCED IT...

WE DID NOT, BUT STILL-- THERE 'T IS, DRAWN, WARMED AND SCENCED...

THANK YOU KINDLY, BUT AWAY NOW, GIRLS! I NEED A MOMENT-- TO CLEAR MY HEAD...

DOES IT THINK WE'RE GIRLS?



WELL, WHO SAID WE WERE GIRLS, NOW?

I NEVER SAID NOthin'...

THE VERY NOTION!

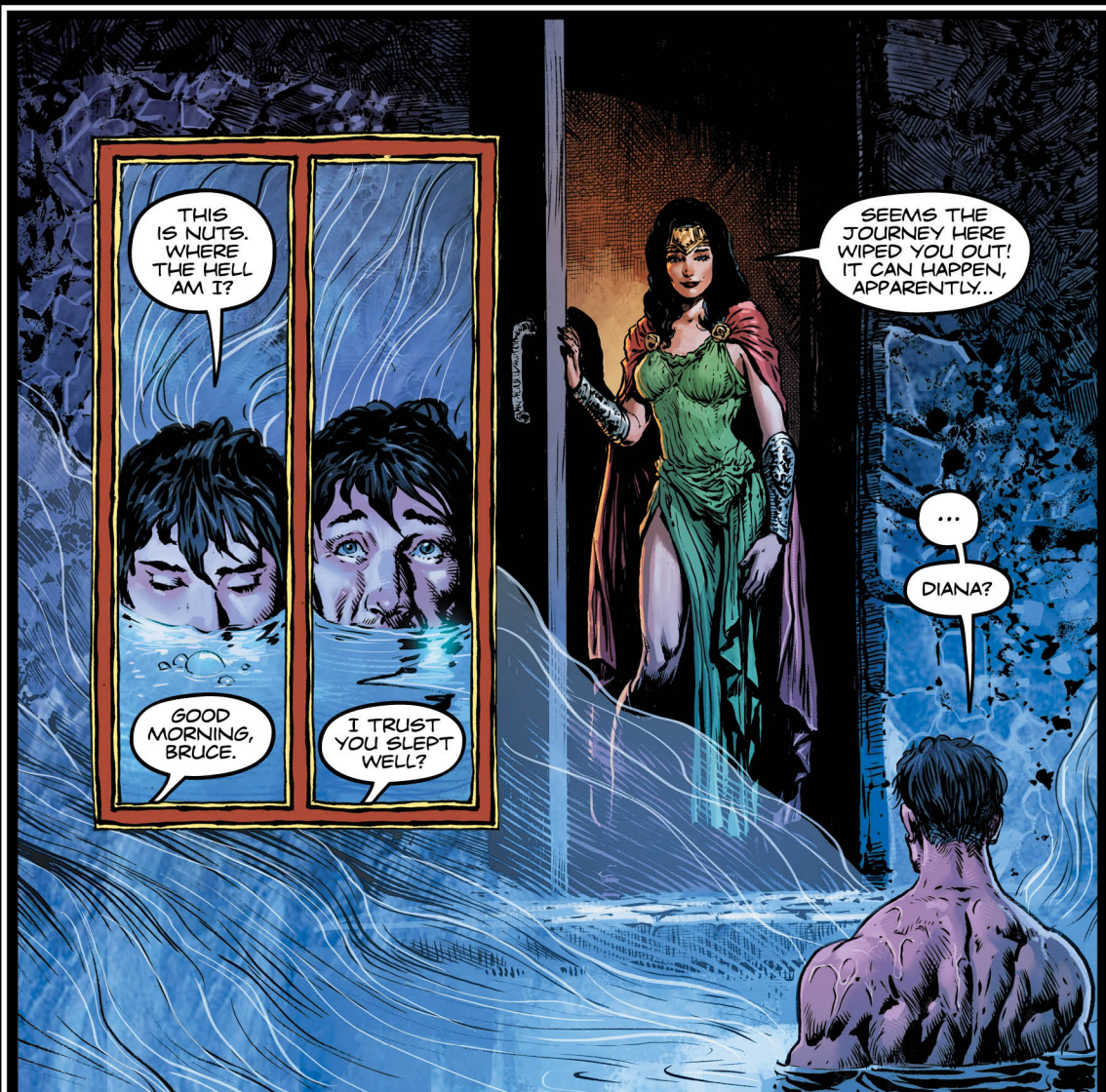
PLEASE-- I BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS! I MEANT NO OFFENSE. HONESTLY, I'M STRUGGLING TO REMEMBER MY OWN NAME, OR EVEN WHERE I AM...



DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD ABOUT IT...

IT'S ALL CONFUSED, BLESS IT...

PRETTY THINGS LIKE THAT SHOULDN'T BE WASTING THEIR TIME *THINKING* ABOUT THINGS, NOW SHOULD THEY?



THIS IS NUTS. WHERE THE HELL AM I?

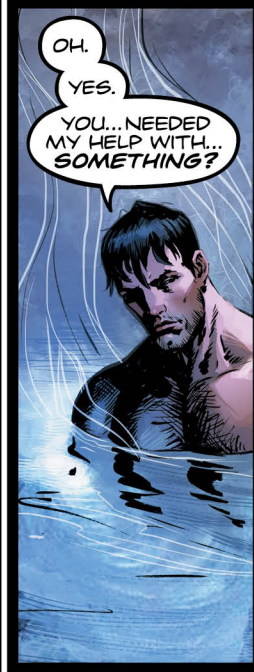
GOOD MORNING, BRUCE.

I TRUST YOU SLEPT WELL?

SEEMS THE JOURNEY HERE WIPED YOU OUT! IT CAN HAPPEN, APPARENTLY...

...

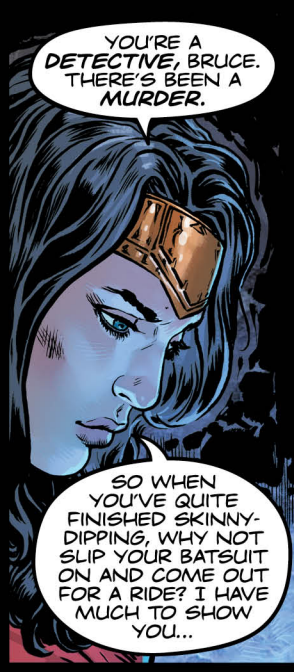
DIANA?



OH.

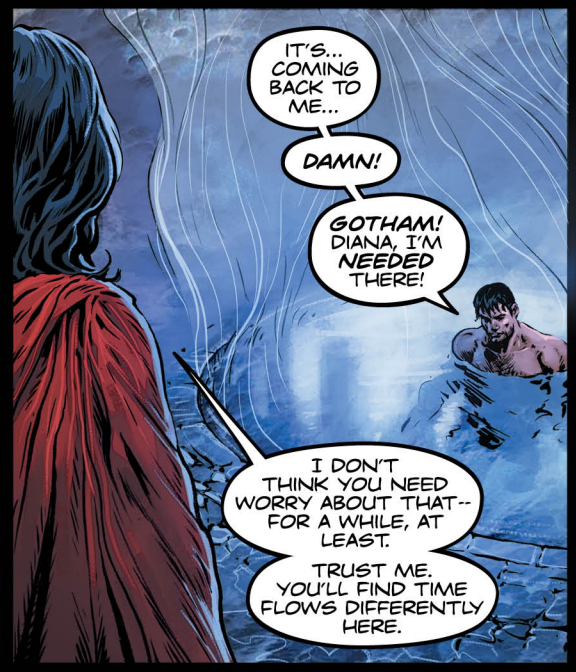
YES.

YOU...NEEDED MY HELP WITH... SOMETHING?



YOU'RE A DETECTIVE, BRUCE. THERE'S BEEN A MURDER.

SO WHEN YOU'VE QUITE FINISHED SKINNY-DIPPING, WHY NOT SLIP YOUR BATSUIT ON AND COME OUT FOR A RIDE? I HAVE MUCH TO SHOW YOU...



IT'S... COMING BACK TO ME...

DAMN!

GOTHAM! DIANA, I'M NEEDED THERE!

I DON'T THINK YOU NEED WORRY ABOUT THAT-- FOR A WHILE, AT LEAST.

TRUST ME. YOU'LL FIND TIME FLOWS DIFFERENTLY HERE.

And so, as I understand it, you and the Dark Knight ventured out to better know fair TIR NA NOG, and attempt to solve the "murder."

So far SO BRAVE, SO BOLD...

ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?



IT IS, CERTAINLY.

BUT IT FEELS... SAD.

QUIET TOO. THEY'RE HIDING FROM US...





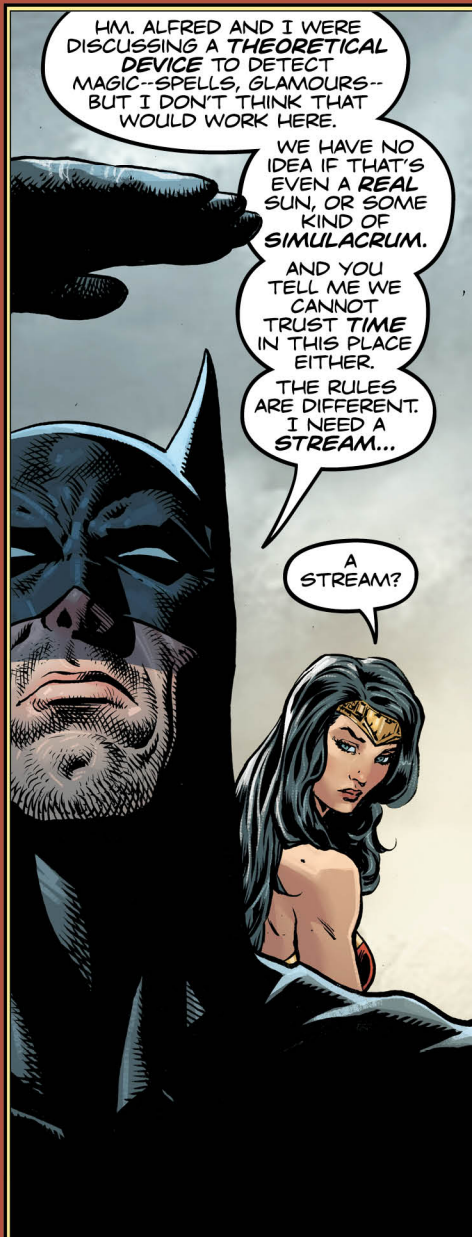
CERNUNNOS SAID THEY CHOSE TO COME HERE TO TIR NA NÓG, THAT THEY WERE SLOWLY FORGOTTEN AND LOST THEIR POWER...

...THAT THEY ARE NOW TRAPPED HERE, FOREVER.

BUT HE ALSO SAID THEY SWORE AN OATH TO REMAIN. THERE HAS BEEN MUCH UNREST SINCE THEN, AS YOU CAN SEE...



THE FOMORIANS AND THE DÉ DANANN ARE NATURAL ENEMIES. PEACE, BETWEEN THEM, HAS NEVER BEEN EASY.



HM. ALFRED AND I WERE DISCUSSING A THEORETICAL DEVICE TO DETECT MAGIC--SPELLS, GLAMOURS-- BUT I DON'T THINK THAT WOULD WORK HERE.

WE HAVE NO IDEA IF THAT'S EVEN A REAL SUN, OR SOME KIND OF SIMULACRUM.

AND YOU TELL ME WE CANNOT TRUST TIME IN THIS PLACE EITHER.

THE RULES ARE DIFFERENT. I NEED A STREAM...

A STREAM?