

WE ARE PAST THE BREAKING POINT.

BATTLE HAS BROKEN LOOSE.

MILLIONS WILL DIE TONIGHT...

...IF WE ARE NOT STRONG.

CHAPTER FIVE:

JUDGMENT ON GOTHAM

IT'S TOO LATE. WE'RE DONE FOR.
I MEAN, NOBODY *KNOWS* IT YET.

LOOK, I'M NOT SO GREAT WITH WORDS.
NEVER WAS. SO I'M GOING TO LAY IT
OUT. THE PALE GUY UP THERE, BIG AS A
BATTLESHIP? THAT'S *THE SPECTRE*.

HE'S CRASHED INTO A MONSTER
JUST AS HUGE, A BEAST BUILT
FROM THE REMAINS OF *GENOCIDE*.
THE SPECTRE IS NOT A SUPERHERO.
HE'S NOT HERE TO *PROTECT* US.

HE'S GOD
JUDGMENT. WHEN
HE COMES OUT MAN-
SIZED, NOTHING
SINFUL SURVIVES
WITHIN *FIFTY YARDS*.

I'VE NEVER
SEEN HIM THIS
BIG BEFORE.
YOU GET WHERE
I'M GOING
WITH THIS?

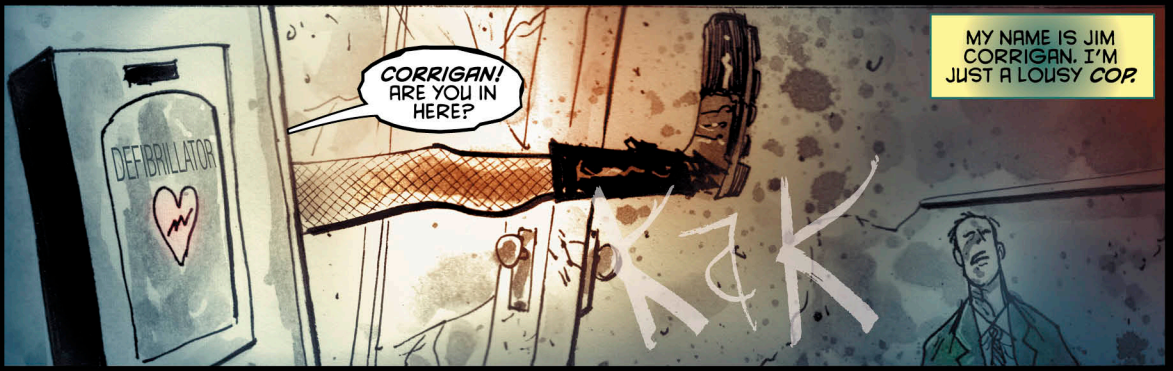
THAT *THING*
WANTS HIM TO SEE
GOTHAM CITY *PAY*. OF
COURSE THE SPECTRE
UNDERSTANDS.

HE
UNDERSTANDS
EVERYTHING.

AND RIGHT NOW,
HE'S HOLDING IT AT BAY
WHILE HE DECIDES...

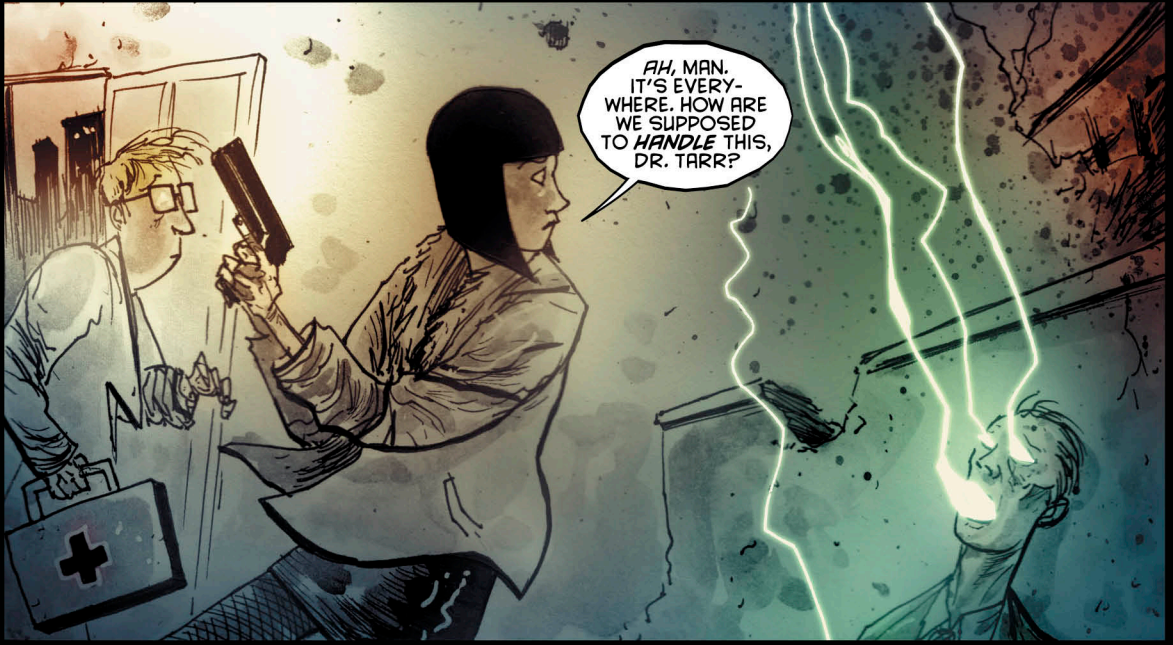
...WHETHER HE
AGREES WITH IT.

WHILE HE DECIDES
WHETHER WE *ALL*
LIVE OR *DIE*.



CORRIGAN!
ARE YOU IN
HERE?

MY NAME IS JIM
CORRIGAN. I'M
JUST A LOUSY COP



AH, MAN.
IT'S EVERY-
WHERE. HOW ARE
WE SUPPOSED
TO HANDLE THIS,
DR. TARR?



JIM. CAN
YOU HEAR ME?
IT'S WEIRD,
THIS STUFF, IT'S
LIKE...

...IT'S NOT
ATTACKING
YOU. IT'S
COMING OUT
OF YOU.



FIRST RULE
OF UNKNOWN
SUBSTANCES,
DETECTIVE
DRAKE.

DON'T
TOUCH THEM,
YES?

SERGEANT
ROOK'S PULSE
IS VERY WEAK,
IT'S--



--IT'S
STOPPED!
JUST
NOW!

QUICKLY!
WE HAVEN'T A
MOMENT TO
LOSE!

