

RAPTOR AIR.
OUTSIDE ISTANBUL, TURKEY.

YOU SEEK WISDOM, YES, YES.

CAN WE SKIP THE YODA BIT, DOC? WE'RE ON A SCHEDULE.

THE *BOOK OF WISDOM*. SUCH A MINOR INVENTION IN A LONG CAREER, WHICH HAS SEEN ME CURE DEATH, AGING AND LACTOSE INTOLERANCE.

YET ONE THAT HAS AROUSED SO MUCH INTEREST, AND BROUGHT POOR OLD DR. LEVITICUS SO MUCH TROUBLE, YES, YES.

YOU SEE, MANY YEARS AGO, I DEvised A PROCESS TO JOLT THE TEMPORARILY DEPARTED BACK FROM OBLIVION, USING A SIMPLE ALLOY: *ELECTRUM*.

THE TALONS' SUCCESS LED TO A COMMISSION TO DEVISE A LEDGER THAT MECHANICALLY STORED INFORMATION ETCHED IN THE LABYRINTHINE PATTERNS ON A COIN.

ELECTRUM WAS USED TO MAKE THE FIRST MONEY. FOR THE OWLS, THE IDEA OF LUCRE BUYING IMMORTALITY WAS DIFFICULT TO RESIST.

IN RETURN, I TRUST YOU NICE BOYS WILL HELP ME FIND SOMEWHERE SAFE TO AVOID THE REACH OF THE OWLS. AND THE LAW. PREFERABLY WARM AND WITH A NICE VIEW.

LIKE A VINYL MUSIC RECORD, BUT WITHOUT ALL THE CATERWALLING AND PINING FOR RUNAROUND SUES.

NOW, THOSE UNGRATEFUL BOURGEOIS BIRD BOYS WANT POOR DR. LEVITICUS DEAD. WELL, *DEADER*.

Hm. MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO COME WITH ME, YOUNG MAN.

BACK YOU GO, BUNNY.

SO, I'VE BUILT YOU A COPY OF THE BOOK. ALL YOU NEED IS THE COINS.

THANK YOU, MA'AM.





"YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU COULD USE A HOLIDAY."

WELCOME TO PARADISE, RAPTOR AND NIGHTWING.



WELCOME TO PARLIAMENT GROVE.

HERE, THE OWLS HAVE FINALLY GATHERED TO CELEBRATE THE BIRTH OF OUR NEW NATION.

BENEATH THE GROVE IS WHERE WE HONOR THE HISTORY OF THIS ISLAND IN THE FORM OF A LABYRINTH...

NEW NATIONS NEED THEIR SYMBOLS. THEIR GODS.



THEIR BLOOD SACRIFICES.

THESE PERSANTS ARE LUCKY, REALLY. IN DEATH THEY'LL SERVE A GREATER PURPOSE THAN THEY DID IN LIFE.



AS DO ALL WHO HAVE GIVEN UP THEIR NAME FOR THE GLORY OF THE PARLIAMENT.



THE FESTIVITIES BEGIN IN THE MORNING.

IN THE MEANTIME PLEASE, DRINK, EAT AND INDULGE. YOU'RE FREE OF THE MASK OF MORAL OBLIGATIONS HERE, AND AFFLUENCE IS THE ONLY LAW.

UNLEASH THE BEAST WITHIN YOU.



WHAT KIND OF LABYRINTH WOULD IT BE WITHOUT A MONSTER?

A labyrinth. That's what this has always been for the Parliament of Owls.



Threatening Robin. Stealing my name. Teaming me with Raptor.

All of it a twisted maze where every choice leads me deeper into the darkness...

Until I finally hit a dead end.

I'VE PLAYED THIS YOUR WAY, MAN. I'VE MADE SACRIFICES. SHORT TERM.

That was my test.

BUT I'M DONE PLAYING THE LONG GAME. WE DO THIS TONIGHT.

Like trusting Raptor. Going against what I was taught.

This is his.

YEAH. YOUR INSTINCTS ARE RIGHT...



"WE DO THIS TONIGHT."

NOK
NOK

ORATOR!
OPEN UP!



NEED I MENTION HOW IMPORTANT TOMORROW IS--

WE'RE SORRY, BUT WE THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW...

SEE, WE WERE LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO, uh...BROKER A MERGER.

"WE WERE MAKING OUR WAY DOWN TO THE LABYRINTH AND WE SAW THE NEW TALONS. THE *PRETTY BOY* AND THE *UNSHAVEN ONE*."



"EVEN WITH AS MUCH WINE AS I'VE HAD, I'M PRETTY SURE I SAW THEM LET THE RATS OUT OF THEIR CAGE, ORATOR."



"HE MEANS THE DIRTY POOR PEOPLE."

"IT'S JUST SUCH A NICE, EXPENSIVE LABYRINTH, AND IT'D BE A SHAME NOT TO HAVE ANYONE TO DIE IN IT."

"DID YOU TELL ANYONE ELSE?"

WE DIDN'T KNOW WHO ELSE TO GO TO. EVERYONE HAS THESE DAMN UNCOMFORTABLE MASKS ON AND...

GOOD.

