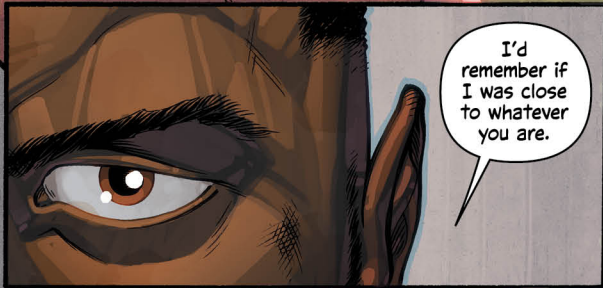




Why'd you pick me?



At the time, host... you were closest.




I'd remember if I was close to whatever you are.



Closest to DEATH.
Do you remember that?

MICHAEL CRAY - CHAPTER ELEVEN

writer **BRYAN HILL** penciller **N. STEVEN HARRIS** inker **DEXTER VINES** flashback artist **NELSON BLAKE II**
colorist **ROSS CAMPBELL** letterer **SIMON BOWLAND**
cover **DENYS COWAN, BILL SIENKIEWICZ** and **STEVE BUCCELLATO**
associate editor **ROB LEVIN** group editor **MARIE JAVINS** based on a story by **WARREN ELLIS** MICHAEL CRAY created by **JIM LEE** and **BRANDON CHOI**



"You were wounded.
Dying. Just another
man shot in the desert.

"Disposable
soldier.

"They called it a miracle
when you started breathing.
It wasn't a miracle, because
I'm not a god. It was me.

"It's been entertaining
seeing this world through
your eyes. But now it's
time to change it.

"Yes, change it
for the better.

"I could be on a
thousand worlds,
in a thousand
minds. My world
has long passed.
So I float.

"Or I did.

"And then I
found little Michael,
choking on his own
blood. I've made
myself comfortable
ever since.

"So let us get
back to the
matter at hand.

"It is time we
killed something
again.

"Be the way
I change
your world."



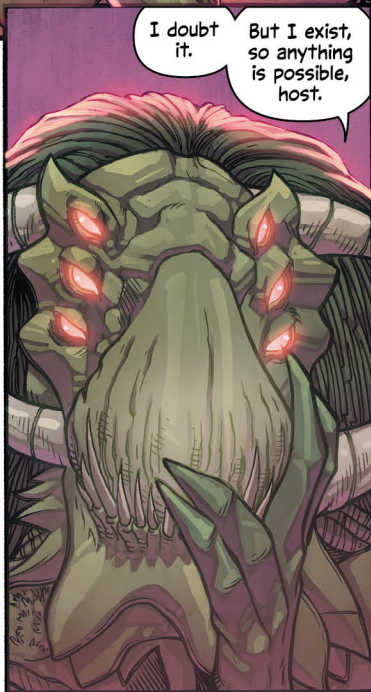
It is a good idea to kill Diana Prince and John Constantine.

John Constantine, in particular. He irritates me.



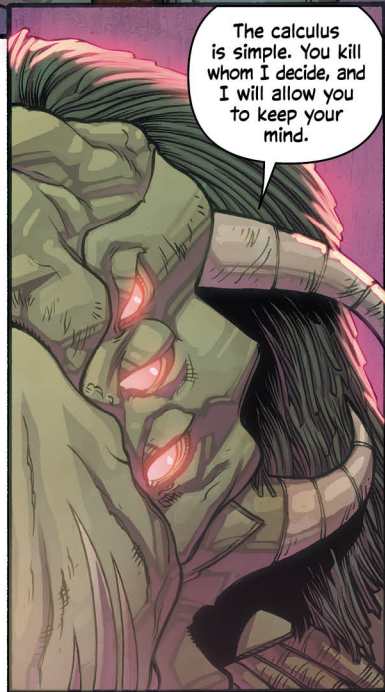
Can he do what Diana wants him to do?

Bring ancient gods to Earth with an energy portal?

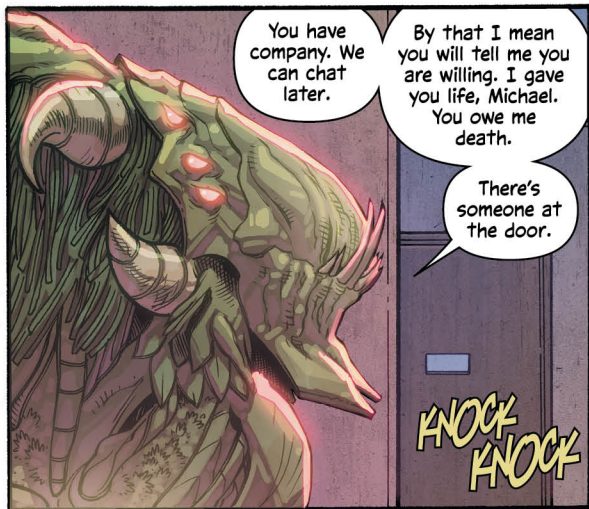


I doubt it.

But I exist, so anything is possible, host.



The calculus is simple. You kill whom I decide, and I will allow you to keep your mind.



You have company. We can chat later.

By that I mean you will tell me you are willing. I gave you life, Michael. You owe me death.

There's someone at the door.

**KNOCK
KNOCK**



I said
you owed
me a life.

This one
will do.

Shoot,
host.

If it makes it more
tolerable, you can
tell yourself I made
you do it.



I made
you do it.

DO IT.

