

I tracked Gentleman Ghost to his hideout in the ruins of an abandoned castle north of London.

**YOU CAPS
ARE NO MATCH FOR
THE SPECTER OF
SKULDUGGERY!**

**HA HA
HA WAHA!**

*Unexpectedly, I was
aided by another man.
I'm uncertain if
he's friend or foe.*

*His name is
Richard Swift.*

*He calls
himself
The Shade.*

DARKNESS WITHIN: OLD GHOSTS

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HAWKMAN
created by
GARDNER FOX

LONDON.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

1948.

The Shade describes himself as a thief like Gentleman Ghost.

Yet he has a certain charm and etiquette. I believe there's more to the man than pure villainy.

He wields terrible power over shadows themselves.

But when given the chance to rend Gentleman Ghost's phantasmic form--

N-NO!

YAAAAIIIGH!

--Swift blanched and showed mercy.

The killing stroke wasn't in his heart. As though his power is terrible even to him.

I believe Swift might be...good.

Or at least he could be, if someone guides him toward a proper path.

A CALL TO MEET AT NOON?

YOU WOULDN'T BE AIMING TO CHASE THE SHADOWS AWAY, WOULD YOU NOW, MR. HALL?

ONLY HOPING TO RID THE CHILL OF THAT DANK AND DREARY CASTLE.

PLEASE, CALL ME CARTER.

AND YOU MAY CALL ME RICHARD. WE SHOULD AT LEAST BE ON FIRST NAMES BEFORE THE BOBBIES JOIN US.

THAT IS WHAT THIS IS ABOUT? WITH THE GHOST OF JIM CRADDOCK CHASED OFF, I'VE OUTLIVED MY USEFULNESS TO YOU. OFF TO JAIL I GO.

THAT ISN'T HOW I OPERATE, RICHARD. IF IT WERE, I WOULDN'T HAVE REVEALED MY **IDENTITY**. AND I WOULD'VE CLAPPED YOU IN **IRONS** MYSELF, NO POLICE ASSISTANCE REQUIRED.

I BELIEVE I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY IT.
I GIVE UP, THEN. WHY AM I HERE, CARTER?

I WANTED TO SAY THANK YOU. A **MEMENTO** OF OUR ADVENTURE.

...FOR ME?

A CANE IS NO MERE BAUBLE. I PUT A **GREAT DEAL** OF THOUGHT INTO MY ACCOUTREMENTS.

THIS ONE SEEMS BETTER SUITED TO A **SKYBOUND HERO** SUCH AS YOURSELF. NOT SOMEONE OF MY... **PARKER PURSUITS**.

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE AS **DARK** AS YOU LET ON. YOU HELPED ME STOP GENTLEMAN GHOST.

TSK. CRADDOCK LABELING HIMSELF A GENTLEMAN DOESN'T MAKE IT SO. A THIEF WHO STEALS EVEN FROM OTHER THIEVES? IT'S **INDECENT**. HE'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE DIPPING INTO MY COFFERS AGAIN.

ANYWAY, OLD EDWARD'S PAINTING SHOULD BE AVAILABLE TO THE **PUBLIC**.

I MUST REFUSE YOUR GIFT. WHAT WOULD THE **VILLAINS** AT MY SOCIAL CLUB SAY?

THE GIFT IS GIVEN.

WE DON'T HAVE TO BE WHO WE ARE, RICHARD.

I'M A MAN OF THE PAST--OF **MANY** PASTS--SO I SPEAK WITH SOME AUTHORITY ON THIS. NO MATTER HOW DARK OUR HISTORY, WE CAN ALWAYS CHART A COURSE TO A **BRIGHTER** FUTURE.

WHEN YOU DO, YOU'LL FIND ME THERE TO WELCOME YOU.

TO NEW FRIENDS.

ACQUAINTANCES. YOU PAINT A PRETTY PORTRAIT, BUT LET'S NOT RUSH INTO THINGS.

YOU'LL COME AROUND, RICHARD. I HAVE FAITH IN YOU.

"WE BOTH HAVE
A BRIGHTER
FUTURE AHEAD."

**THE SHADOWLANDS.
THE DARK MIRROR
OF OUR OWN
DIMENSION.
NOW.**

