

CATCH-UP: Two ritual murders, and now the case has taken on a new, horrifying dimension, with the explosive destruction of Detective Nadira Hasan's home and murder of her boyfriend. Can Hasan and her partner, Billy O'Connor find the killer before he spills more...

BROOKLYN

CHAPTER
7

SHE'S SHAKING AS I HOLD HER-- THE MOST UNSHAKABLE WOMAN COP IN THE PRECINCT, BUT WHO WOULDN'T LOSE IT SEEING THIS? HER GUY BEING HAULED TO THE MORGUE, HER APARTMENT BLOWN TO RUBBLE.

NATIONAL GRID'S CHECKING THE GAS LINE TO SEE WHY IT BLEW. WASTE OF TIME. THERE'S NO RITUAL KNIFE, NO LEY LINE TRAIL LEADING HERE, BUT WE *KNOW* IT'S HIM...OUR KILLER DID THIS.

WE'RE GONNA FRY THIS BASTARD.


Farrouk...

IF YOU HADN'T COME OVER TO SEE MY WALL OF CLUES, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN YOU, TOO.

ONLY THING YOU CAN DO FOR FARROUK NOW IS NAIL THIS SICKO. AND WE WILL.

PAUL LEVITZ &
TIM HAMILTON
STORYTELLERS

ADAM O. PRUETT
LETTERER



YOU HAVE SACRIFICED YOUR LIFE,
AND THE LIFE OF YOUR PEOPLE,
TO HELP PROTECT THAT GIRL.

I WOULD SACRIFICE A GREAT
DEAL MORE TO REPAY THE
DEBT I OWE THE EMPEROR!

AS HONORABLE AS THAT IS,
I AM SORRY TO INFORM YOU
YOUR EFFORTS ARE IN VAIN.

CHAPTER 10

END OF MILES

WORDS & LETTERS: RICH WOODALL

PENCILS & INKS: CRAIG ROUSSEAU

COMRADE CHROMA: NATE LOVETT

WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF 3015 A.D...

Monster Men

M-MAX
THE
MONSTER
MAKER!!

THE RAT
WHO TRAPPED ME
IN SUSPENDED
ANIMATION 1,000
YEARS AGO?
ALIVE?
HOW?

Chapter
3
THE ONCE AND FUTURE MR. MONSTER

REALLY, DR. STEARN,
BUILDING AN IMMORTAL BODY
WAS CHILD'S PLAY FOR ME...
THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER MADE
A FOOL OUT OF MR.
MONSTER!

SMART
GUY, HUH?

WELL I'VE
MET LOTS OF
SMART
GUYS LIKE
YOU...

The next match had moved to the room above Clyde Fans, a used appliance joint on level 13. I borrowed enough money from my mother again to meet the stake. With the good doctor's handiwork on display it might be possible to run the table.

The usual gang of suspects was in attendance, of course. And they assumed their old friend Oliver was the same tell-ridden gadfly they'd always known.



How wrong they were.

I'M OUT.

ME TOO. SOMETHIN'S FISHY...

I DON'T GET IT, R.C.... WHAT GIVES WITH SUTTON?



YEAH... YOU'RE A WHOLE LOT LESS CHATTY THAN USUAL, OLLIE.

SORE THROAT.

Of course the painful internal scars on my larynx helped.

DEAN MOTTER
MISTER

