

LIVERPOOL.
EARTH-2.

WE HAVE
IGNITION,
YEAH?

THAT'S WHAT
THEY USED TO
SAY.

I LOVED ROCKETS WHEN I
WAS A WEE LAD. REMEMBER
READING ABOUT THE STAGES,
ABOUT HOW THE HUGE, HEAVY
ENGINES WOULD LIGHT, AND
BURN, AND THEN FALL AWAY...

SENDING THE
ASTRONAUTS
OFF INTO THE
SKY. THOUGHT I
MIGHT BE ONE
SOME DAY. AN
ASTRONAUT, I
MEAN...

...AND HERE I AM IN
ANOTHER BLOODY
UNIVERSE.

AND IT'S DYING, AND I'VE SET THE
SPELLS THAT WILL GET US OUT OF
HERE. ME, AND...AND THIS WORLD'S
VERSION OF ME, AND ALL OF HIS
LOVED ONES...MY LOVED ONES,
ONLY THEY'RE ALIVE HERE.

COBBLED TOGETHER A
SPELL THAT WILL TAKE
US ALL HOME, IF IT
WORKS. STAGE ONE:

WHO
SUMMONED
DR. FATE?

PROTECTOR
OF THE ANCIENTS!
CONJURER OF THE GODS!
I COME TO LEND YOU
AID IN THIS TIME OF
GREAT NEED!

OH,
GOOD...

...THE
CONJURER OF
THE GODS IS
HERE.

IF HE'S
HERE, NO DOUBT
THE WHOLE CITY'S
SAVED. LET'S LOOK
OUTSIDE AND SEE,
YEAH?

"OH DEAR. DOCTOR
I THINK THERE ARE
PEOPLE OUT THERE
WHO NEED MORE
HELP THAN WE DO."

BURN! THE STAGE

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I CAN SEE WHAT YOU ARE, FATE.

DRESS IT UP ANY WAY YOU LIKE, YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER GREEDY IMP IN A BOTTLE, USING PEOPLE TO GET WHAT YOU WANT FOR YOURSELF.

WHO'S THAT UNDER THE HELMET, YEAH? WHAT'S HE GET OUT OF THIS?



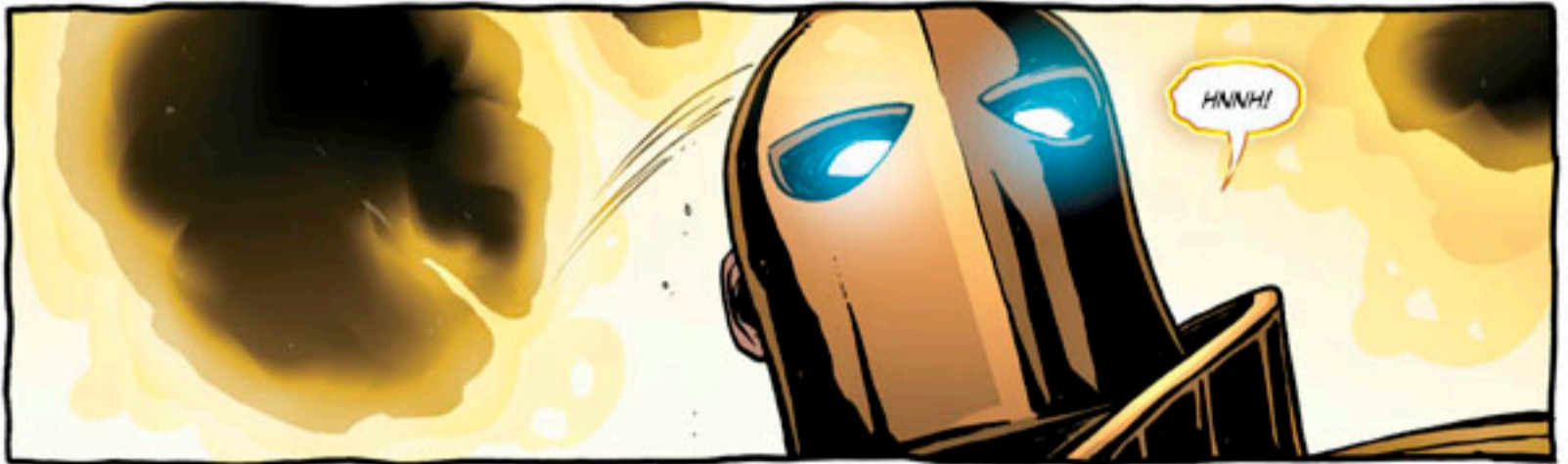
CHRIST, JOHN.

YOU TALK TO ALL THE WONDERS LIKE THIS? WHAT IF HE CAN HELP US?

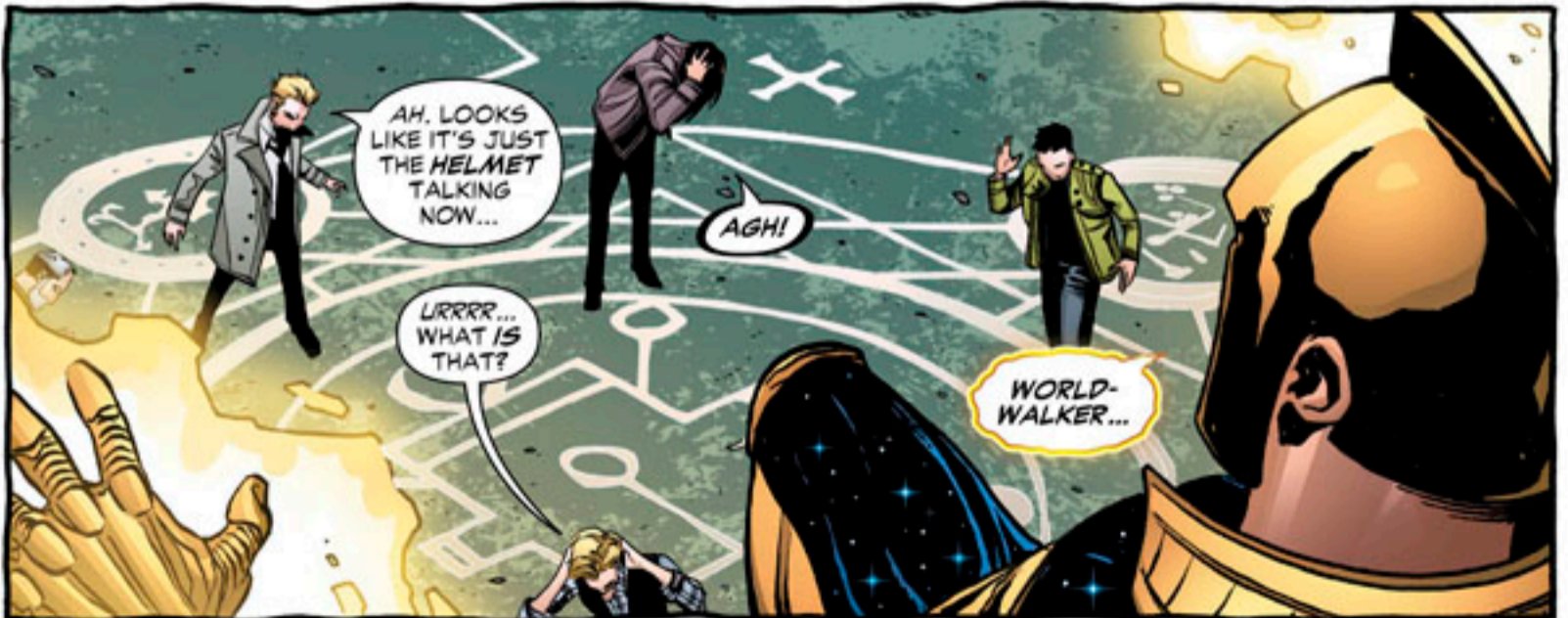


WAIT, CHAS, HE WARNED US, DIDN'T HE?

ABOUT MAGIC USERS. MAYBE WE SHOULD TRUST JOHN HERE.



HNNH!



AH, LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST THE HELMET TALKING NOW...

AGH!

LRRRR... WHAT IS THAT?

WORLD-WALKER...



IF YOU ARE CASTING AN ESCAPE FROM THIS PLANET, I SUGGEST YOU DO IT NOW...

...AND STEEL YOURSELVES...

"THE DEATH-DEALERS OF APOKOLIPS ARE HERE."



GETTING CLOSER!
IT...IT SOUNDS LIKE
THE BOMBINGS.
IN THE WAR...WE'D
HIDE IN THE
SHELTERS...

STEADY,
DAD.

OPEN
THE PATH NOW,
WORLDWALKER.
WE ARE UNDER
SIEGE...



JOHN, YOU SAID
YOU'D TAKE US
BACK TO YOUR
WORLD.

WHAT
ARE WE
WAITING
FOR?

IN A
MOMENT,
GLV. IN A
MOMENT.

EVERY-
THING NEEDS
TO BE RIGHT.
IT'S VERY
COMPLICATED,
THIS.



VERY DANGEROUS. I
HAVE TO CONCENTRATE.
TO PUT EVERYTHING IN
ITS RIGHT PLACE...

FIGURE
OUT ALL THE
STAGES.



HEH...

YOU EVER
WONDER WHAT
YOU'D DO IF YOU
MET YOURSELF?
I ALWAYS SAID I'D
PROBABLY SHAG
THE HANDSOME
BASTARD...





AND THEY ARM FOR THE BATTLE, CASTING SUSPICIOUS GLANCES MY WAY. THEY KNOW I'M DODGING THE QUESTION.

...BECAUSE THE TRUTH IS, I CAN'T WORK THE ESCAPE SIGIL WHILE BOTH ME AND OTHER JOHN ARE HERE. OUR SOULS ARE DIVIDED, AND THE MAGIC WILL BE DISRUPTED.

I CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE WAY TO FIX THAT. AND I'M AGONIZING OVER IT. I NEED TIME. I HAVE TO CHOOSE...



...HE DIES, OR I DO.

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO FIGHT. THE WARDS WE'VE LAID DOWN ARE SHIELDING US FROM DETECTION.

THE BASTARDS WILL PASS US BY...

NO.



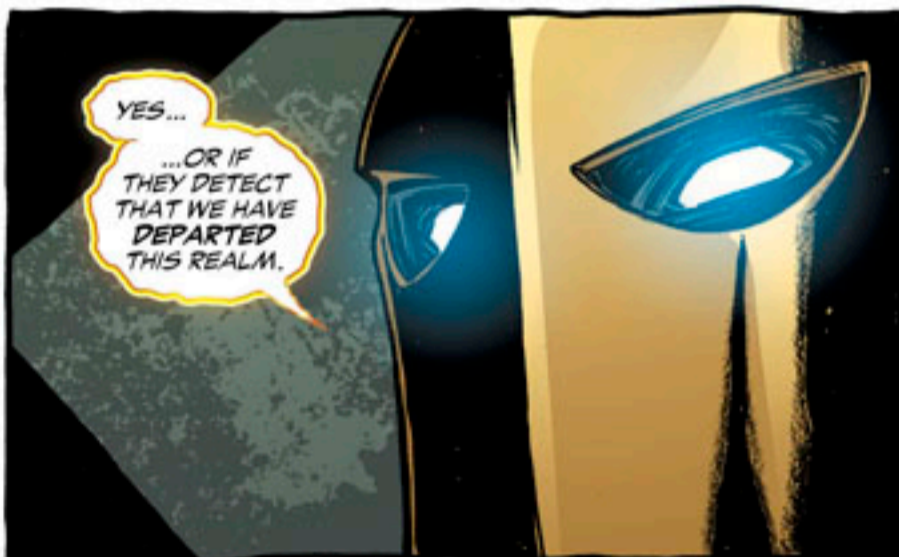
APOKOLIPS WILL FIND YOU, WORLD-WALKER.

ONCE DARKSEID BENDS HIS THOUGHTS TO YOU, NO ESCAPE IS PERMITTED.



THEY WILL RAZE THE CITY IN THEIR SEARCH.

AND IF THEY FIND HIM? WILL THEY STOP THE ATTACK?

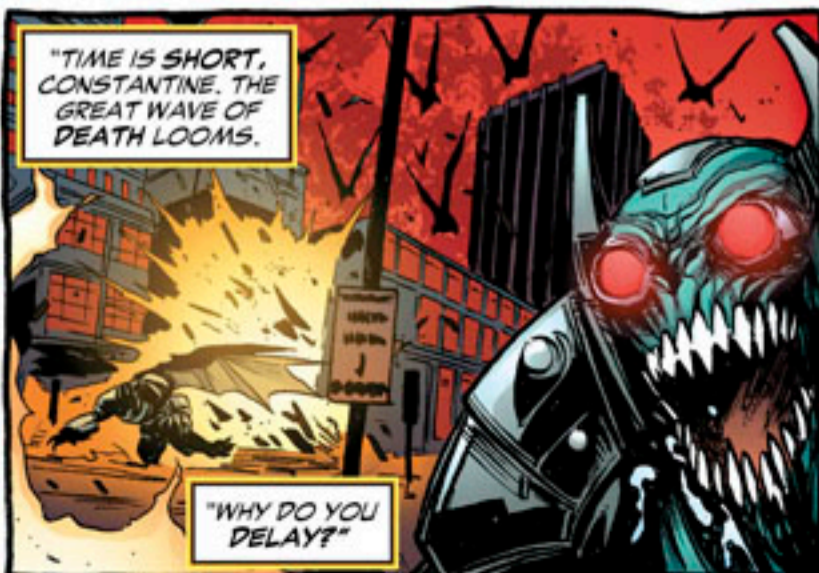


YES...
...OR IF THEY DETECT THAT WE HAVE DEPARTED THIS REALM.



NO THEY BLOODY WELL WON'T!

WHY ARE YOU LYING TO THEM?



"TIME IS SHORT, CONSTANTINE. THE GREAT WAVE OF DEATH LOOMS.

"WHY DO YOU DELAY?"