

THE HOUSE OF STRANGERS.
MEETING PLACE
OF THE ENCLAVE.

L.M.

REALITY SEEMS TA BE MELTING, IN CASE ANYONE'S WONDERING.

YES.

OUR PLACE OF POWER IS DISAPPEARING.

AS WILL WE, SOON ENOUGH, DEADMAN.

YOU AREN'T LYING, STRANGER.

THAT KID DRAINED US BONE DRY, DIDN'T EVEN BREAK A SWEAT.

TURNED CHEETAH, HERE, INTO A CITIZEN, DIDN'T EVEN BLINK.

EVEN HERE, I CAN FEEL IT. SHE'S SIPHONING OFF OUR LIFE FORCE.

LOOK AT MY HANDS, BROTHER.

NOT A NICE LOOK, EVEN FOR A DEAD MAN.

WE CAN'T ASSAULT HER DIRECTLY.

PROXIMITY ONLY GIVES HER ACCESS TO OUR WEAPONS.

AND SHE'S ALREADY FAR TOO POWERFUL.

YEAH, WELL, WE'D BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING AND SOON.

BECAUSE SOME OF US...?

...SEEM TO
BE RUNNING
OUT OF
TIME.

the dark
gods
they're
coming for
everyone



BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN. NEAR ATLANTIS.



Ah. This ain't gonna go well for anybody, that's my guess.



Oh. Hello.

Yes, I see you.

Hey there! Lookin' good, good-lookin'!

Look! Our new super-creepy Atlantean Friends made us this swell pressure bubble.



See, these guys? I love 'em to death. My team, right?

But they got no vision.

We're sent to destroy these posts, the Alabaster Columns.

To save our friend. Black Alice.



Only thing is, if we succeed, if we get that gold star...

Then the monsters what've been trying to eat us all get to come home for dinner.

And the menu is mostly everything nuggets.



And that'd be bad, right? So why are they fighting so hard for it?

I don't know, I'm just a puppet.

I ain't really such a bad guy, to be honest. It's the girl who makes me do all them bad things--

FERDIE. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?



WHO WERE YOU TALKING TO, DARLING?

No one, babycheeks.

Just the minnows and plankton and whatnot!

THE WHITE GATE, THE BLACK SUN

writer: GAIL SIMONE artist: TOM DERENICK
colors: JASON WRIGHT letters: TRAVIS LANHAM
cover: DALE EAGLESHAM with WRIGHT
asst. editor: DAVID PIÑA group editor: JIM CHADWICK

*"Just the wet
spectators for the
end of the world!"*

