




GOTHAM CITY IS CURSED.



POISONED BY SHADOW.



IT CAN'T POSSIBLY SURVIVE...



...WITHOUT PROTECTION.

CHAPTER ONE:

WE DO NOT SLEEP

Ray Fawkes Writer
Ben Templesmith Artist

Dezi Sienty Letters
Ben Templesmith Cover

Andrea Sorrentino Variant Cover
w/**Marcelo Maiolo**

Dave Wielgosz Asst. Editor
Rachel Gluckstern Editor
Mark Doyle Group Editor



GOD
ALMIGHTY.

ONLY IN
GOTHAM.



SERGEANT
ROOK?

GLAD TO
MEET YOU. I'M
LIEUTENANT
WEAVER,
I--

THIS IS
A JOKE,
RIGHT?

NO JOKE,
SERGEANT.

WELCOME
TO PRECINCT
THIRTEEN. HOME
OF THE GCPD
DETAILED CASE
TASK FORCE.

HEH, YOU
PROBABLY
HEARD THEM
CALL US THE
*MIDNIGHT
SHIFT*.

I'VE BEEN
STUCK HERE
FOR *MONTHS*.
THANK GOD
THEY FINALLY
SENT
SOMEONE
AROUND.

YEAH.
LISTEN...

...I'M *INTERNAL
AFFAIRS*, WEAVER.

I KNOW
COMMISSIONER
GORDON PUT THIS PLACE
TOGETHER... SOME KIND
OF PERSONAL PROJECT.
SET A DISCRETIONARY
BUDGET ASIDE
FOR YOU.

NOBODY AT
CENTRAL SEEMS TO
KNOW WHAT THE HELL A
"DETAILED CASE" *IS*.

YOU GOT TWO OFFICERS
AND TWO *CONSULTANTS*
ON PAYROLL, RIGHT?

YOUR NUMBERS--YOU'VE
NEVER LOGGED A *SINGLE*
ARREST. NOT ONE. YOUR CASE
REPORTS DON'T MAKE ANY
KIND OF SENSE.

I HEAR
RUMORS
ABOUT WEIRDO
SUPERNATURAL
INVESTIGATIONS,
CRAZY STUFF.
SMELLS LIKE
*ACCOUNTING
FRAUD* TO ME.

I'M
GOING TO
ASK YOU
THIS OUT-
RIGHT:

"WHAT EXACTLY IS IT YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE DO?"



WELL, UH... IT'S WHAT YOU'VE HEARD. WE'RE THE GUYS WHO HANDLE THE STRANGE STUFF.

MAYBE I BETTER INTRODUCE YOU TO THE CREW. THESE ARE THE TWO CONSULTANTS YOU MENTIONED.

LIEUTENANT, THIS IS JUST A FORMALITY. I'M HERE TO VISIT WITH YOU FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, GATHER INFO FOR MY REPORT.

THEN I'M GOING TO SHUT YOU DOWN.



DOCTOR SZANDOR TARR. FORENSICS.

YES. A PLEASURE.

AND THIS IS SISTER JUSTINE. EXPERT, UH... IN THESE THINGS...

HELLO.



WHAT'S THIS SUPPOSED TO BE?

YES. THIS IS THE CRIME ALLEY STRANGLER. OR, WOULD YOU SAY, HIS REMAINS?

DETECTIVE CORRIGAN BROUGHT HIM IN.

WHERE IS CORRIGAN?

"I--I BELIEVE HE SAID HE'S OUT DOING *LEGWORK*, LIEUTENANT. WORKING UP SOME NEW CASES."

CORRIGAN.

YOU'RE VERY FORMAL TONIGHT.

I DON'T KNOW WHY I CAN'T SEND YOU THESE FILES DIGITALLY.

ELECTRONICS REACT POORLY TO MY TOUCH. SPIRIT IMAGES GET BURNED INTO THE SCREEN--IT'S ALL PRETTY DISTURBING, YOU KNOW.

LET ME SEE THOSE.

THE ULTRASOUND SHOWS A SMALL *GEM* BURIED IN HIS HEART. WHICH, BY THE WAY, IS NEARLY *INTACT* IN THERE.

INTERESTING, YES? I MUST *EXTRACT* IT WHILE MINIMIZING DAMAGE TO THE BODY.

YOU'RE SAYING THIS WAS A *PERSON*?

YES! AND NOW--PURE *SALT*.

LIKE LOT'S WIFE, SISTER JUSTINE SAYS! ARE YOU A *RELIGIOUS* MAN, SERGEANT ROOK?



EDA KURI?

clik!



GOTHAM CITY LIMITS



IN AKKA DIRASK?

OKAY, SWEETIE.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE OKAY.



I KNEW SOMEONE LIKE YOU WOULD COME BY SOONER OR LATER.

SOMEONE WHO'D TRY TO APPLY THE *RULES* TO US.

RULES, DETECTIVE? WE'RE *POLICE*.

I'M THIS CLOSE TO CITING YOU ALL FOR MISAPPROPRIATION OF FUNDS AND RECOMMENDING *PSYCHIATRIC* EVALUATION.

I KNOW WHAT YOU *THINK* YOU'RE DOING--



SLAUGHTER SWAMP STATE PARK

SERVING AND PROTECTING, SERGEANT.

WHEN NOBODY ELSE *CAN*. WHEN NOBODY ELSE KNOWS *HOW*.