



ANDREW...

The lowest point beneath Gotham.

WHA--
WHAT? DON'T...
TOUCH ME...

YOU POOR
LITTLE KING...THIS
IS **GOTHAM'S TOMB**,
WHERE THE CITY'S
ORIGINAL SEED
OF EVIL WAS
PLANTED.

DO
YOU **TRULY**
THINK WE'D BE
DOWN HERE FOR
SOMETHING AS
MUNDANE...

...AS A
TOUCH?

NYARGK!

SLEEK

THIS
HOLY DAGGER
CONCENTRATES
THE EVIL IT
COMMITTS.

AS I
DRIFTED BEYOND
FLESH, I HEARD A **BLUE**
VOICE SAY THAT WHAT
HAPPENS HERE, IN THE
METaverse...

...IS **REFLECTED**
OUT ACROSS THE
MULTIVERSE.

IT'LL TAKE A
MAGIC ACT TO
SAVE REALITY,
ANDREW...

...**FUELED**
BY **GOTHAM'S**
HONEST
BLOOD.

"YOU **DRANK** OF MY VEINS.
NOW **I** CONTROL YOUR BODY..."

SMASH

"YOU SHOULD'VE LISTENED
TO FRANKENSTEIN."

Minutes before.

GOTHAM CITY MONSTERS

CHAPTER 3

STEVE ORLANDO WRITER AMANCAY NAHUEL PAN ARTIST
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PHILIP TAN & JAY DAVID RAMOS COVER
DAVE WIELGOSZ EDITOR JAMIE S. RICH GROUP EDITOR

I DID
MY TIME, DID IT
OVER AND OVER.
LIVED THROUGH THE
SUICIDE SQUAD,
GOT MY
PARDON.

IT WAS
JUST A PIECE OF
PAPER. PEOPLE SAW
WHAT THEY WANTED
TO SEE...UNTIL I
DEAD-ENDED IN
TUSK'S HOTEL.

HE'D BEEN
THROUGH IT HIMSELF.
FIRST TIME I HAD
A BED THAT DIDN'T
COME WITH A CATCH.
SOME GROUND TO
KEEP MY FEET
ON.

NOW YOU'RE
SAYIN' TUSK'S DEAD
BECAUSE SOME OLD
SCREW THINKS HIS
LIFE WAS WORTH
MORE THAN MY
FRIEND'S?

THAN
OURS?
THAT AIN'T
GONNA
STAND.

SO...



"...WHICH ONE A' YOU'S
GONNA POINT ME TOWARD
MELMOTH?"



MELMOTH LAST WOVE
HIS MAGIC AGAINST HIS
FORMER QUEEN, WHOSE
AIMS WERE DARKER
STILL.

THROUGH THE WORK
OF SEVEN DISPARATE
CHAMPIONS, HIS QUEEN
WAS DEFEATED, WITHOUT
PAYING MELMOTH'S
DEVIL'S PRICE.



HOW DO
YOU KNOW **SO**
MUCH ABOUT
THIS PIECE A'
GARBAGE?



BECAUSE, OF
NO CHOICE OF
MY OWN...

...HIS
PUTRID BLOOD
BROUGHT ME
TO LIFE.



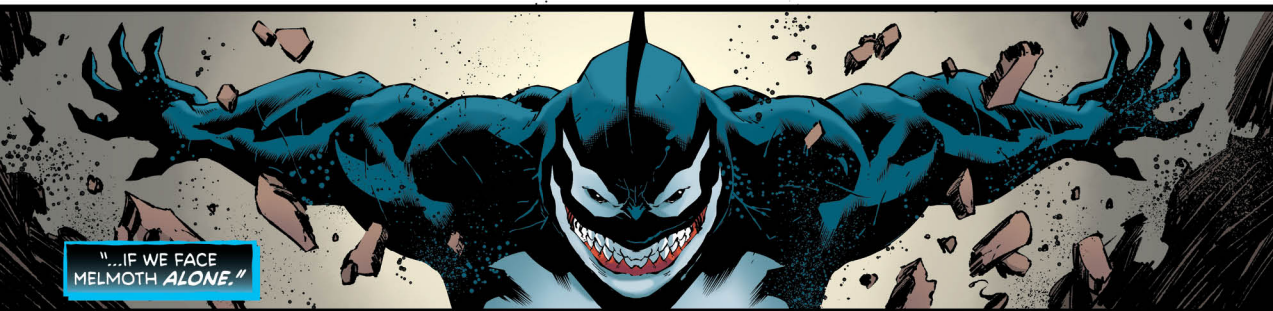
THAT'S
SUPPOSED TO
MAKE US **TRUST**
YOU?

DON'T
GIVE ME THAT
ATLANTIS CRAP,
YOU--

MY
CREATOR WAS
MAD, NOT STUPID.
HE STERILIZED
MELMOTH'S TAIN'T
WITH ATLANTEAN
IRON.

ENOUGH.
I **TOO** KNOW
MELMOTH, THROUGH
THE MEMORIES OF ALL
WHO DIED WITHIN
MY THEATER
WALLS...

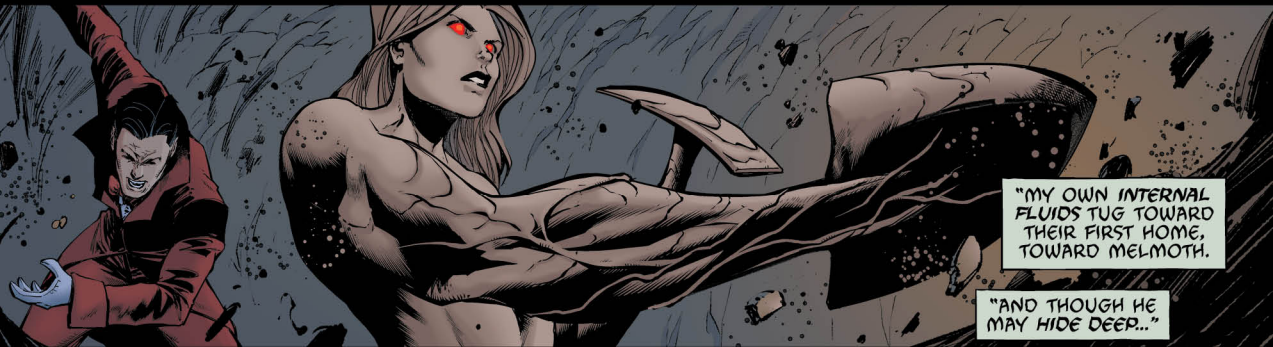
...I **TRUST** OUR
SHARED HUNGER FOR
REVENGE, WAYLON.
BUT **NONE** OF US
WILL **FIND** IT...





"...THE BLOOD WILL
SHOW US THE WAY."

DON'T
LET THEM
ESCAPE!!!



"MY OWN INTERNAL
FLUIDS TUG TOWARD
THEIR FIRST HOME,
TOWARD MELMOTH."

"AND THOUGH HE
MAY HIDE DEEP..."



FILTHY
BEASTS!

THAT **BOOK**
IS **BEYOND** YOUR
UNDERSTANDING!



"...MY INSURGENT
BLOOD IS NOT THE
ONLY COMPASS AT
MY DISPOSAL."



ENOUGH
OF THIS!

YOU **CANNOT**
FLEE FOREVER, YOU
WALNUT-BRAINED
HERETICS!