

THERE ARE ABOUT 20,000 BODIES INTERRED BENEATH WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK. PAUPERS, MOSTLY. SOME PROSTITUTES AND THIEVES.

AN ARMY OF THE OUTCAST DEAD.

I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH LONGER WE CAN KEEP THIS UP, ROSE...

THEY'RE BREAKING THROUGH THE WARDS!

Prologue.

THE HOUSE OF SECRETS.
DEAN'S RESIDENCE.

THE MALEVOLENCE IS GETTING STRONGER.

NNH!

HOLY MOSES! IT WAS JUST A DREAM...

NO NEED TO BLASPHEME, ROSE.



ERIC...
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE?

ME?
WHY, I'VE
KILLED THEM
ALL...

"...YOU KNOW IT HAD TO BE DONE, ROSE. YOU'VE SEEN WHAT HAPPENS. IF WE WAIT FOR THE MALEVOLENCE TO EMERGE, IT WILL BE TOO LATE TO STOP IT."

NNH!

OH GOD.

ANOTHER DREAM...

NOT *JUST* A DREAM, ROSE. A WARNING.

WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME. BUT I KNOW A WAY TO SNIFF OUT WHICH OF THE FIVE STUDENTS IS THE BUDDING EVIL.

BECAUSE WHEN THINGS GET TOUGH, THAT'S WHEN YOU TAKE CONTROL?

WE HAVE DIFFERENT STRENGTHS. YOU FAVOR A MORE NUANCED, EMPATHIC APPROACH. I'M WILLING TO TAKE A HARDER LINE.

MAYBE THAT WAS TRUE ONCE. BUT YOU DIED, RICHARD. YOU DON'T REMEMBER IT, BUT I *DO*. AND I HAD TO FIND THE STRENGTH IN MYSELF...

...BUT GO AHEAD. TAKE OVER FOR NOW AND TRY YOUR IDEA OUT...AS LONG AS YOU PROMISE NOT TO HARM ANY OF THEM.

I PROMISE.

**DEWELL
BAREBONES HOUSE.
THE KILLSIN
CREEDENCE
ROOM.**

PLEASE, MR. E... I'M SO SORRY, JUST DON'T KILL ME.

THIS IS AN EXAM, ZATANNA, NOT AN EXECUTION. TRY AGAIN.

Chapter One: Magick 101

NEPO LATROP!

I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR. I WAS SO SURE THAT IF I WORE MY COSTUME IT WOULD WORK.

I'M REALLY TRYING MY BEST.

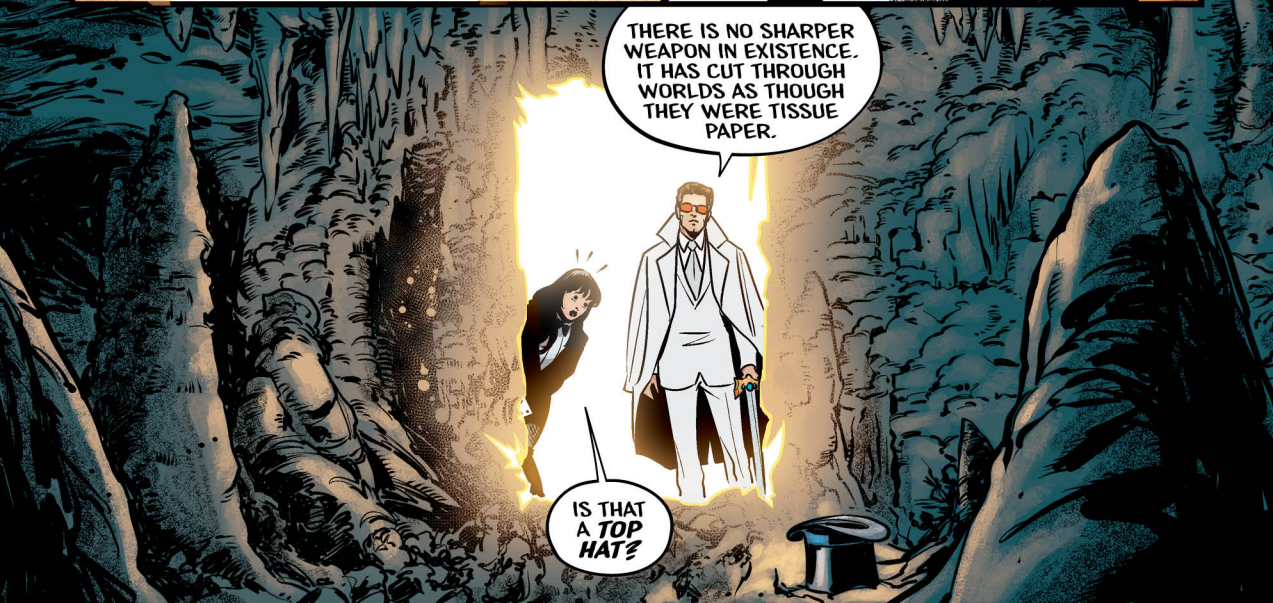
ARE YOU, REALLY?!

THIS SWORD IS CALLED DURENDAL.

ITS HILT CONTAINS ST. PETER'S TOOTH, THE BLOOD OF ST. BASIL AND A HAIR FROM THE HEAD OF ST. DENIS...

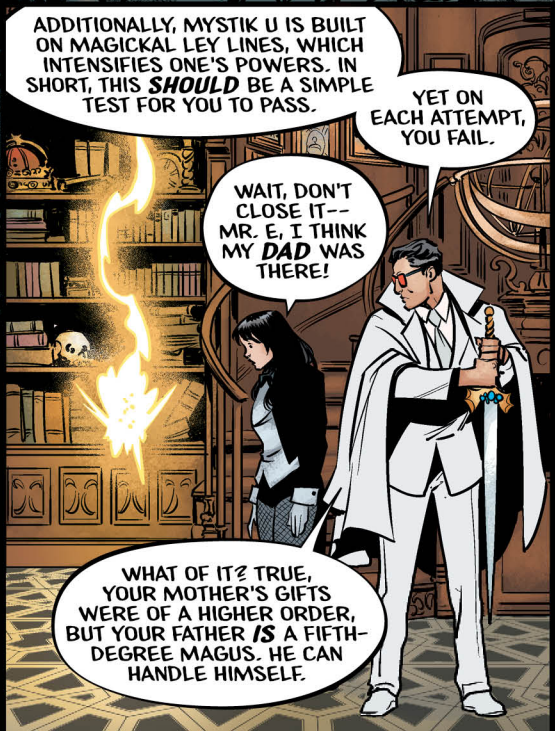


...WHICH PREACHED REPENTANCE EVEN AFTER IT WAS **SEVERED** FROM HIS BODY.



THERE IS NO SHARPER WEAPON IN EXISTENCE. IT HAS CUT THROUGH WORLDS AS THOUGH THEY WERE TISSUE PAPER.

IS THAT A **TOP HAT?**

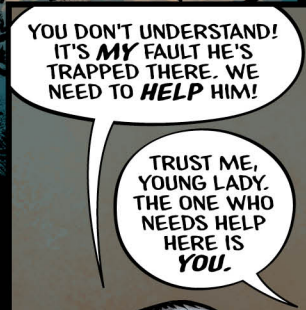


ADDITIONALLY, MYSTIK U IS BUILT ON MAGICCAL LEY LINES, WHICH INTENSIFIES ONE'S POWERS. IN SHORT, THIS **SHOULD** BE A SIMPLE TEST FOR YOU TO PASS.

YET ON EACH ATTEMPT, YOU FAIL.

WAIT, DON'T CLOSE IT-- MR. E, I THINK MY **DAD** WAS THERE!

WHAT OF IT? TRUE, YOUR MOTHER'S GIFTS WERE OF A HIGHER ORDER, BUT YOUR FATHER **IS** A FIFTH-DEGREE MAGUS. HE CAN HANDLE HIMSELF.



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT'S **MY** FAULT HE'S TRAPPED THERE. WE NEED TO **HELP** HIM!

TRUST ME, YOUNG LADY. THE ONE WHO NEEDS HELP HERE IS **YOU**.