

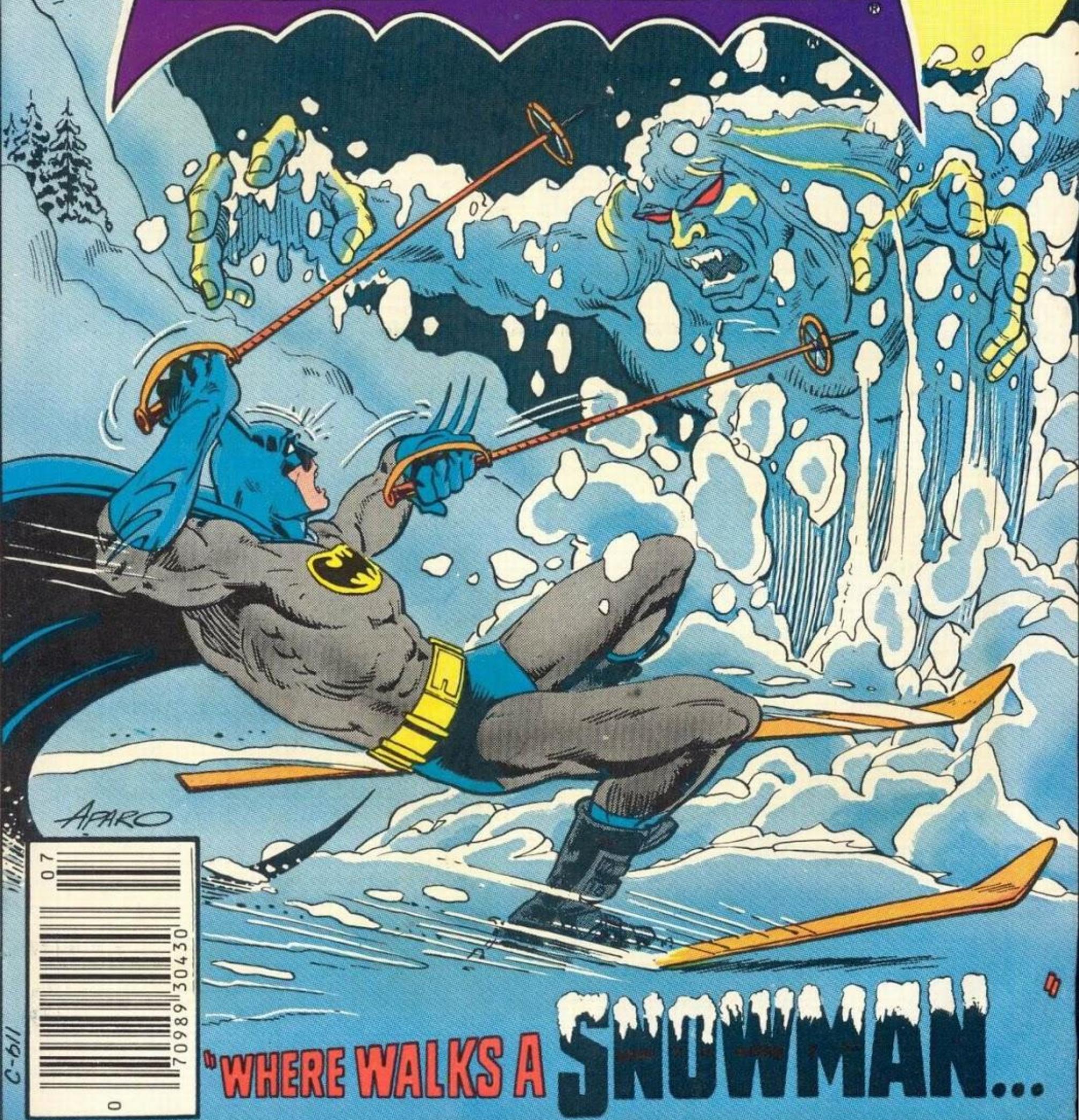


EXTRA! ROBIN the teen wonder
in "MURDER IN THE MIDWAY"

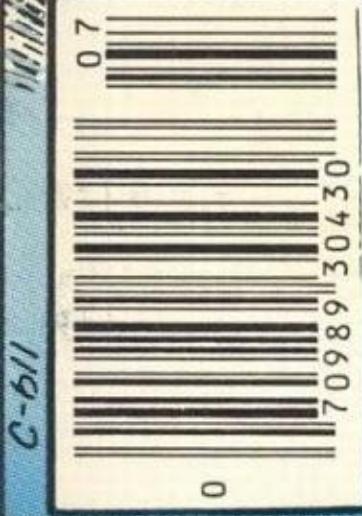
50¢
ALL NEW!
NO. 337
JULY

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AA
AUTHORITY

BATMAN



"WHERE WALKS A SNOWMAN..."



A TYPICAL EVENING IN GOTHAM CITY.

UNDER A SKY HEAVY WITH THE THREAT OF SNOW, THE CITY SPARKLES...



...AND NOWHERE DOES IT SPARKLE MORE BRIGHTLY THAN HERE ON GOTHAM AVENUE, WHERE, DURING THE DAYLIGHT HOURS, THE RICH AND NEAR-RICH THRONG TO GAWK AND SPEND.

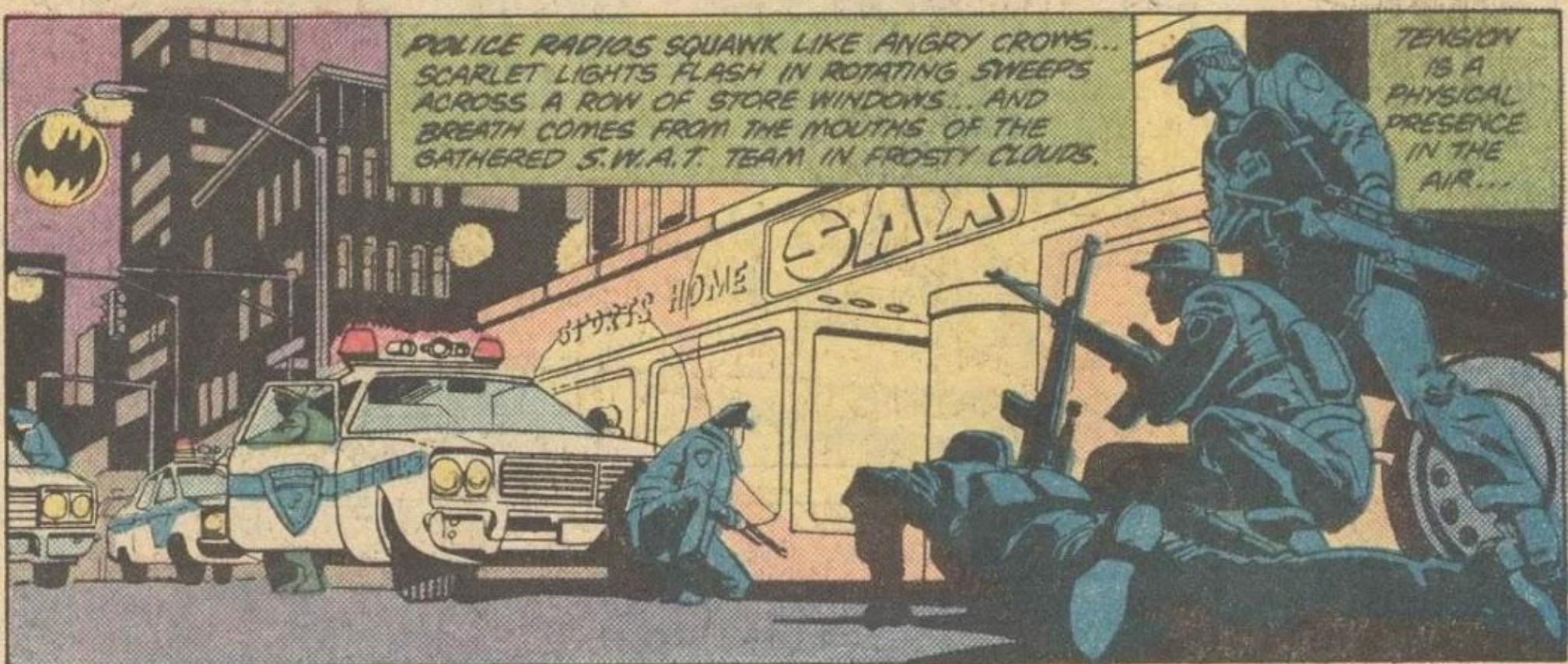


AT NIGHT, HOWEVER, THE AVENUE SEES A DIFFERENT KIND OF CLIENTELE, WHO IN TURN ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF GOTHAM'S FINEST.



POLICE RADIOS SQUAWK LIKE ANGRY CROWS. SCARLET LIGHTS FLASH IN ROTATING SWEEPS ACROSS A ROW OF STORE WINDOWS... AND BREATH COMES FROM THE MOUTHS OF THE GATHERED S.W.A.T. TEAM IN FROSTY CLOUDS.

TENSION IS A PHYSICAL PRESENCE IN THE AIR...



BUT NO ONE MOVES TO RELIEVE THE TENSION THEY ALL FEEL, LEAST OF ALL COMMISSIONER JAMES GORDON...

...WHOSE EYES SEEM LOCKED ON A STRANGE SEARCHLIGHT PROBING THE CLOUDY NIGHT SKY.

AT LAST, GORDON SIGHES...

WE CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER.
SERGEANT, TELL YOUR MEN TO--EH? THAT SHADOW...

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Jenette Kahn, Publisher
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BAT MAN

CREATED BY
BOB KANE

WHERE WALKS A SNOWMAN

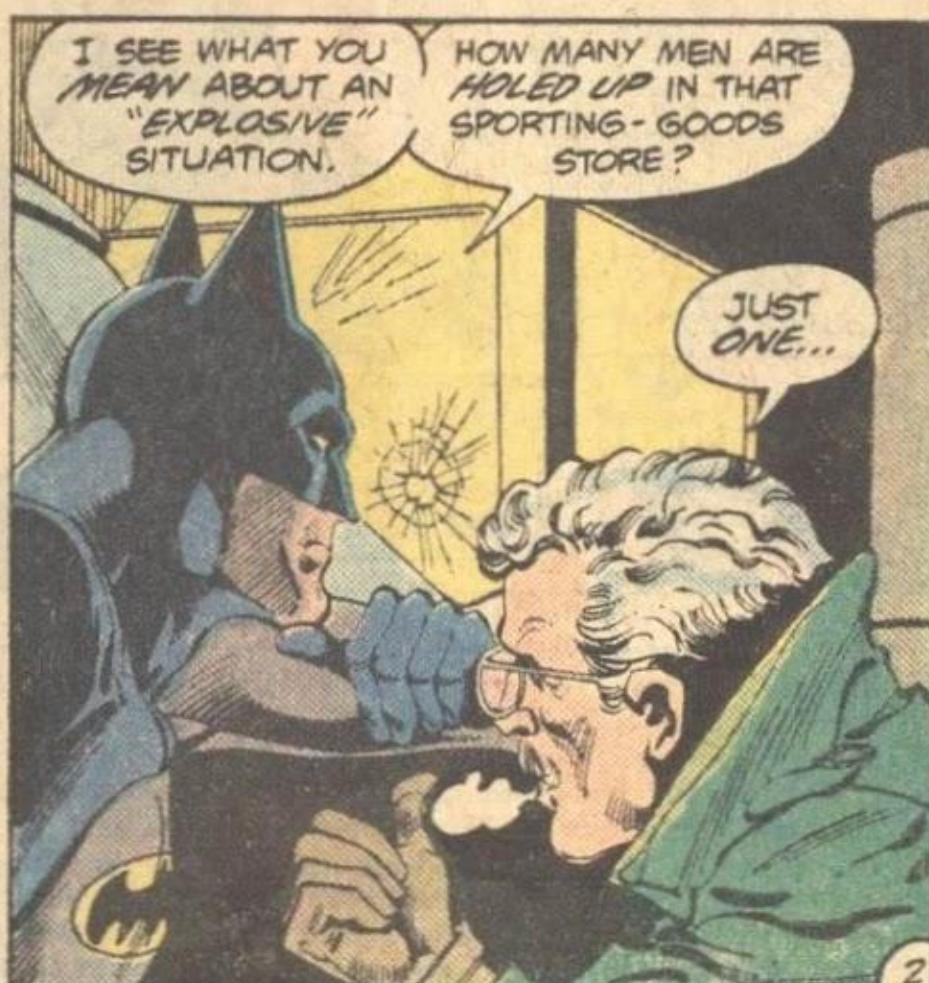
IN A WORD,
BATMAN--
EXPLOSIVE!

I CAME
AS SOON AS
I SAW THE
BAT-SIGNAL,
COMMISSIONER.

WHAT'S THE
SITUATION?

GERRY CONWAY ROY THOMAS JOSE GARCIA-LOPEZ
script plot assist pencils
STEVE MITCHELL inks

JOHN COSTANZA letters DICK GIORDANO
ADRIENNE ROY colors editor



MY MEN HAVE HIM PIN-POINTED IN THEIR IMAGE-INTENSIFIER 'SCOPES.

THE THING OF IT IS, HE'S GOT AN ARSENAL IN THERE...

...HUNTING RIFLES... TARGET PISTOLS... TONS OF AMMUNITION.

HE COULD HOLD OUT FOREVER.

I CAN'T ALLOW AN ALL-OUT ASSAULT...

...WHICH IS WHY I CALLED YOU.

I WAS HOPING YOU MIGHT--

GONE!

I WISH HE WOULDN'T DO THAT.

SIXTY SECONDS LATER, INSIDE THE SPRAWLING SPORTING-GOODS EMPORIUM...

YOU'RE OUT THERE! I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE!

I WON'T LET YOU DO TO ME WHAT YOU DID TO JACKIE!

WHAT HAPPENED TO JACKIE, PUNK?

HUH? W-WHO--?

B-BATMAN!

YOU'RE ON H-HIS SIDE!

W-WON'T LET YOU TAKE ME TO HIM!



BUT I DON'T NEED A G-GUN...

NOT WHEN I'VE GOT THIS!

WHO ARE YOU AFRAID OF, PUNK?

EMPTY!

HIM! I SAW HIM -- SAW WHAT HE DID TO JACKIE!





JACKIE, I KNOW IT'S COLD OUT...

...BUT IT AIN'T THAT COLD!

AND LOOK--THERE'S ICE ALL OVER THE FLOOR IN THERE!

"JACKIE JUST GRUNTED AND RAN ON AHEAD, WHILE I LOOKED FOR THE FUSE BOX, FIGURING TO GET SOME LIGHT.

"THAT'S WHEN I HEARD JACKIE SCREAM--

"--AND WHAT I SAW WHEN I STEPPED OUT INTO THE STORE MADE ME WANT TO SCREAM TOO...

GAARGK

"SOMETHING KEPT ME QUIET--BUT NOTHING COULD KEEP ME FROM SEEING WHAT THAT SNOWMAN DID TO JACKIE...

"AFTER A SECOND, JACKIE DIDN'T MOVE ANYMORE--

"--AND THE SNOWMAN FINISHED GRABBING THE CASH FROM THE REGISTER DRAWERS...

"THAT'S WHEN I HEARD NOISES OUTSIDE, SIRENS AND VOICES.

"I GOT SCARED-- THINKING YOU COPS WERE HELPING HIM...

"I GUESS I WENT KINDA CRAZY. BUT YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN WHAT THAT SNOWMAN DID TO JACKIE..."



...THAT'S WHY I TRAVEL AROUND THE WORLD, MY DEARS.

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEWHERE FOR A MAN TO SKI... NOVEMBER IN THE ALPS, DECEMBER AT BIG BEAR, JANUARY IN STOWE...

I JUST NOTICED...



...KLAUS KRISTIN'S SHOES ARE COVERED WITH SLUSH.



THAT WOULDN'T BE UNUSUAL EVEN AFTER A LIGHT SNOWFALL LIKE THIS MORNING'S... BUT THE STREETS HAVE BEEN CLEAR FOR HOURS!

ALFRED, WHEN DID MR. KRISTIN ARRIVE?



JUST A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE YOU, SIR.

IT HAS TO BE A COINCIDENCE. KLAUS KRISTIN IS A WORLD-RENNED SKIER, WINNER OF THREE OLYMPIC MEDALS, THE NEW JEAN-PAUL KELLY!

I MAY FIND THE MAN AN OBNOXIOUS BORE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE'S A MONSTER!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR HOST.

THE LADIES AND I WERE JUST DISCUSSING THE SLOPES, WAYNE.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE RUN? ASPEN? SUGARLOAF?



I'M AFRAID I DON'T GO IN FOR SPORTS, KLAUS.

PITY.

A MAN COMES TRULY ALIVE ON A DOWNHILL RUN... BUT I SUPPOSE A MAN LIKE YOU WOULD PREFER THE JOYS OF AN URBAN NIGHTCLUB TO THE CARESS OF WINTER WIND ACROSS YOUR FACE.

NOW, IF YOU LADIES WOULD CARE TO JOIN ME--



--I KNOW A RESTAURANT THAT SERVES THE MOST EXQUISITE ROAST LAMB...

PLASTIC MAN

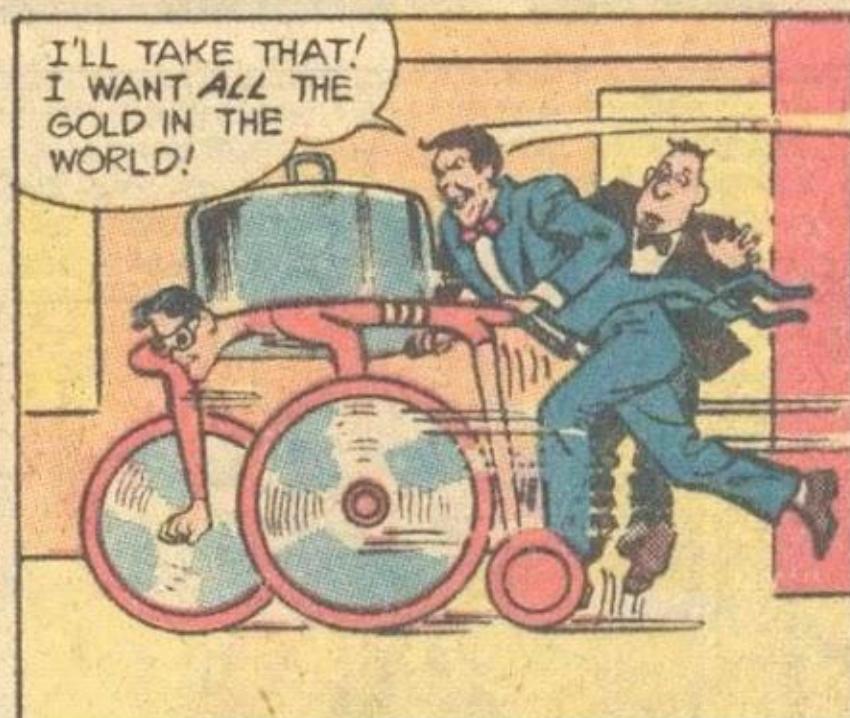
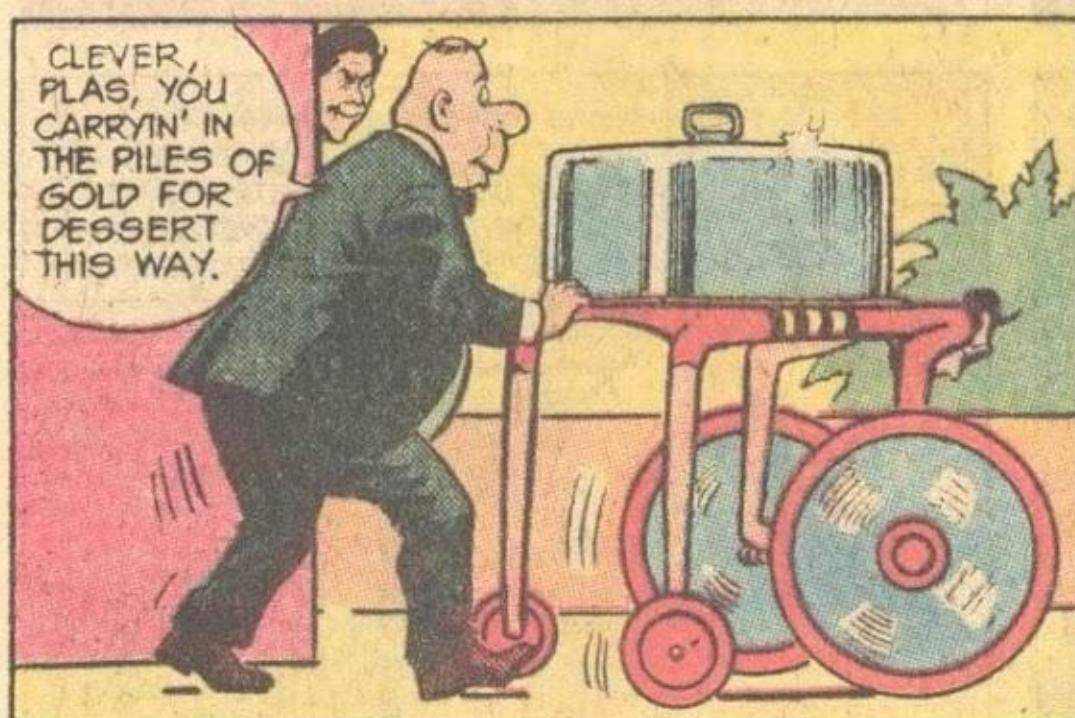
TM

IN GOLD FOR DESSERT



YEAH, PLAS, THEY'RE GIVING AWAY PILES OF GOLD FOR DESSERT! SOON'S THE WORD GETS OUT, THERE'LL BE LOTS OF GREEDY CHARACTERS AROUND.

AND YOU WANT ONE PLASTIC MAN AROUND AS PROTECTION? OKAY, PAL.



GOTHAM'S ROOSEVELT CENTER,
THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...

...SLOWING TRAFFIC AND MUFFLING STREET
NOISE, FROSTING THE SHOULDERS OF PRIVILEGED
AND POOR ALIKE...

ALL MORNING AND MOST
OF THE AFTERNOON, SNOW
HAS WHITENED THE URBAN
LANDSCAPE...

...ALTERING A CITY'S
MOOD FROM WORLD-
WEARINESS TO
CHILDLIKE GLEE.

NOW, AS THE
STREETLAMPS
BLINK ON AND EVEN
THE SKATERS
HEAD FOR HOME...

...A PEACEFUL HUSH FALLS
OVER THE SHUTTERED SHOPS OF
THE ROOSEVELT CENTER PROMEN-
ADE, AS ONE BY ONE THE STORE-
KEEPERS DEPART FOR THE DAY...

...UNTIL ONLY A
SMILING SNOWMAN
REMAINS, GRINNING
IN A CORNER OF
THE RINK.

THEN...

...THE REALITY BEHIND THE
SMILE IS AT LAST REVEALED.

CHUNKS OF ICE AND SNOW
FALL AWAY LIKE SCALES FROM
A SNAKE...

Shroom

...AND A MOMENT
LATER, UNBURDENED,
THE BIZARRE APPARITION
MOVES IN UNEARTHLY
SILENCE TOWARD ITS
GOAL...

ARCTIC COLD FLOWS FROM THE CREATURE'S FINGERTIPS, CAUSING BRITTLE GLASS TO SPLINTER UNDER THE SUDDEN SHOCK OF FALLING TEMPERATURE...

CHINKLE

NEXT, WITH A TOUCH, THE SNOWMAN ICES AN ALARM BEFORE IT CAN SOUND.

WHERE HIS FINGERS BRUSH, THE TEMPERATURE DROPS TO ABSOLUTE ZERO.

OKAY, BUDDY, PUT THOSE BACK WHERE YOU FOUND 'EM--

THE WATCHMAN'S NAME IS MICHAEL HAMMOCK. HE IS TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD. THIS WAS HIS FIRST NIGHT ON THE JOB.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, IN A HOTEL ROOM OVERLOOKING MID-ISLAND PARK...

KLAUS KRISTIN'S OBSESSION WITH SKIING IS NO POSE...

...NOT IF ALL THIS GEAR IN HIS ROOM IS ANY INDICATION. I CAME HERE TO TEST A HUNCH, TO FIND ANSWERS... BUT ALL I HAVE ARE MORE QUESTIONS.

WHY WOULD KRISTIN TEAR A PAGE FROM THIS SKI DIRECTORY?

AND PERHAPS EVEN STRANGER--WHERE ARE ALL HIS CLOTHES?

EVEN THIS SUIT-CASE IS EMPTY.

HM. BUT NOT QUITE. THIS DIARY...

ONE SUIT... SEVERAL SKI OUTFITS... AND NOTHING ELSE?

HIS RESPONSE IS IMMEDIATE AND AUTOMATIC.

HE CAN NO MORE IGNORE TROUBLE THAN THE REST OF THE HUMAN RACE CAN AVOID BREATHING.

LOOKS LIKE ROBBERY.

JEWELRY STORE WINDOW SMASHED, JEWELS MISSING--

--AND A MAN DEAD.

HE WAS KILLED THE SAME WAY AS THAT THIEF LAST NIGHT.

SHRIEK SHRIEK SHRIEK
COMING FROM THE SIRENS! MIDTOWN AREA!

I'LL EXAMINE THIS DIARY LATER.



THAT NIGHT, AFTER
A STAKEOUT AT
KRISTIN'S HOTEL
ROOM HAS PROVEN
FRUITLESS...

SO YOU
BELIEVE MR.
KRISTIN HAS,
AH, "SKIPPED
TOWN," SIR?

I DO, ALFRED. AND I
BELIEVE I'LL FIND THE
REASON WHY IN THIS
DIARY. IT WAS WRITTEN
BY KRISTIN'S
MOTHER, KATRINA
KRISTIN...

"DECEMBER
18, 1954:

"TODAY, I ARRIVED WITH THE OTHERS
IN THIS UNITED NATIONS EXPEDITION
ON THE NORTHERN SLOPES OF THE
HIMALAYAS..."

"...AND AFTER ESTABLISHING
OUR BASE CAMP, WE BEGAN OUR
TREK WEST ALONG THE GLACIER. WE
WILL STUDY THE FLORA OF THIS REGION
TO BETTER UNDERSTAND OUR PLANET'S ECOLOGY."

"DECEMBER
20, 1954:

"DISASTER!
I ALMOST
DIED IN A
FALL THIS
MORNING..."

"...AND
AFTERWARD,
I LOST ALL
CONTACT
WITH THE
REST OF
THE EXPEDI-
TION.

"HOW I SURVIVED
THE NEXT FEW
HOURS, I SHALL
NEVER KNOW."

"EVENTUALLY, I FOUND MY
WAY TO THIS CAVE, WHERE
I NOW WRITE THESE WORDS."

"I CANNOT
BUILD A
FIRE..."

"...AND SO I SHALL SURELY
DIE BY MORNING."

"DECEMBER
21, 1954:

"A MIRACLE
HAS SAVED
ME! LAST
NIGHT, WHILE
I LAY EX-
HAUSTED
AND WEAK..."

"... SOMEONE CARRIED ME
FROM THE CAVE ENTRANCE
INTO A LARGER CHAMBER AT THE
REAR, WHERE MY RESCUER BUILT
A SMALL FIRE..."

"... AND FED
ME FROM
THE CANNED
RATIONS IN
MY BACKPACK.

"IT IS AN
EFFORT
TO WRITE.
I MUST
SLEEP."

"IN THE MORNING, I
WILL TRY TO THANK
HIM..."

"DECEMBER 22 (OR 23?),
1954:

"I SLEPT A
DAY AND A
NIGHT OR
POSSIBLY
TWO
NIGHTS.

"I DO NOT KNOW WHAT
DREW ME TO HIM...

"IT WAS DARK
WHEN I WOKE,
FEELING STRONG
AGAIN.

"MY SAVIOR WAS A
SILHOUETTE
AGAINST THE FIRE.

"PERHAPS IT
WAS MY SENSE
OF GRATITUDE,
OR HIS
STRENGTH...

"... BUT WHATEVER
IT WAS, IT WAS
MORE THAN I
COULD RESIST.

"I WRITE THESE
WORDS IN THE DIM
MORNING LIGHT.

"SOON, I WILL RETURN
TO HIS ARMS AND, FOR
THE FIRST TIME, SEE THE
FACE OF THE MAN WHO
SAVED ME AND TO WHOM
I HAVE GIVEN MYSELF..."

"THE WORD WAS 'YETI,'
WHICH IS, OF COURSE,
THE TIBETAN NATIVE'S
NAME FOR THAT MYTHICAL
CREATURE OF THE
HIMALAYAN PEAKS...

"KATRINA DIED NINE
MONTHS LATER, GIVING
BIRTH TO HER ONLY
CHILD. WE NAMED THE
BOY KLAUS AND MY
WIFE AND I WILL
CHERISH HIM...

"MAY 8, 1954:

"MY SISTER KATRINA NEVER
MADE ANOTHER ENTRY IN
HER DIARY.

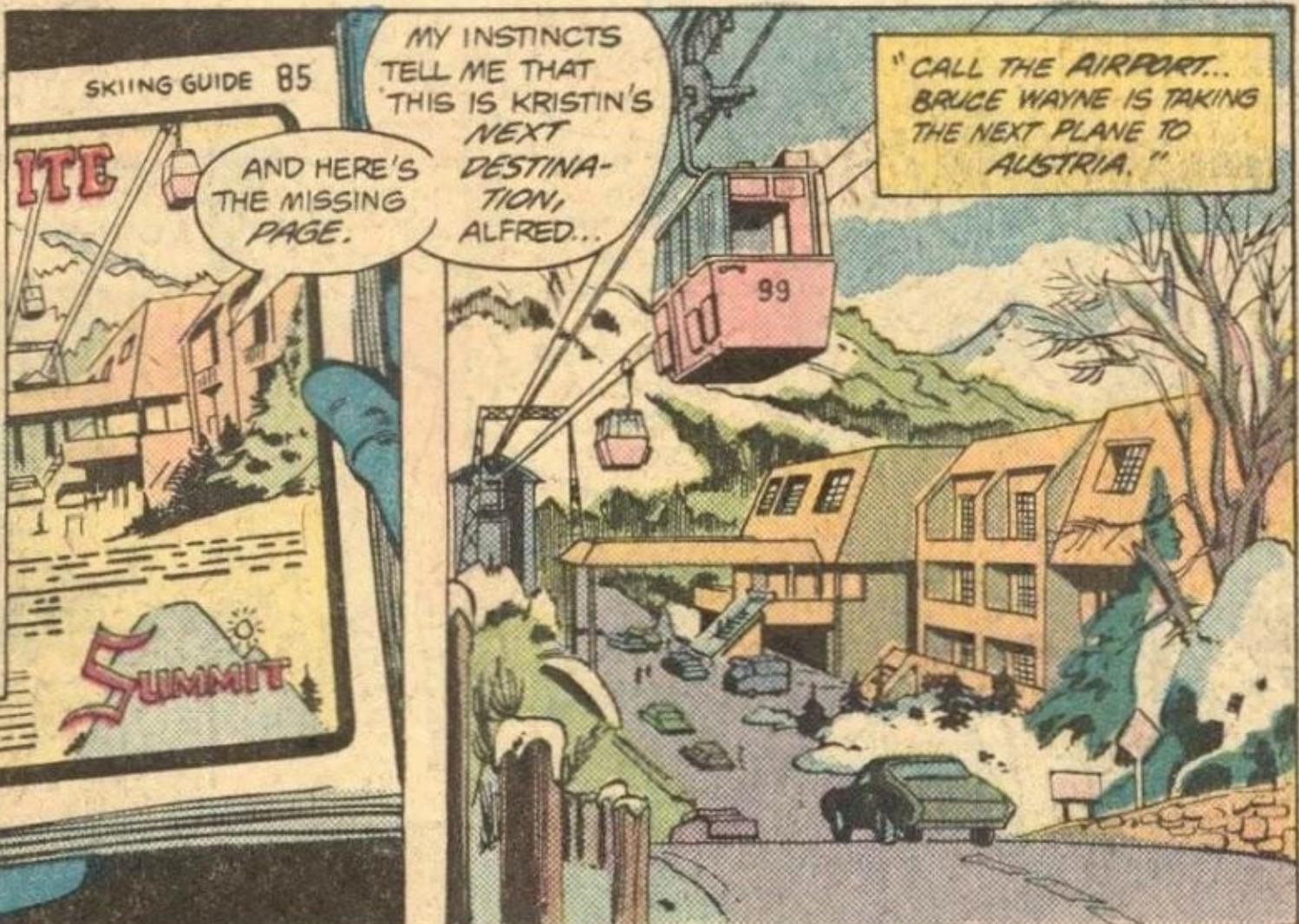
"WHEN SHE WAS FOUND,
TWO WEEKS AFTER HER
DISAPPEARANCE, SHE
WAS A RAVING LUNATIC,
UNABLE TO SPEAK CO-
HERENTLY, EXCEPT FOR
ONE WORD ENDLESSLY
REPEATED:

"... THE ABOMINABLE
SNOWMAN.

"... AS A LIVING
MEMORY OF MY
DEAR SISTER,
KATRINA
KRISTIN.

KRISTIN

ALFRED...
DO YOU THINK
IT'S POSSIBLE--? 13



MIDNIGHT.

I'M TAKING A RISK MEETING KRISTIN ALONE.

I DIDN'T WANT TO CALL THE AUTHORITIES BECAUSE KRISTIN SEEMS TO ME A TORMENTED MAN... A PERPETUAL OUTSIDER.

HE'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR HIS CRIMES, BUT STILL, COMPASSION DEMANDS--

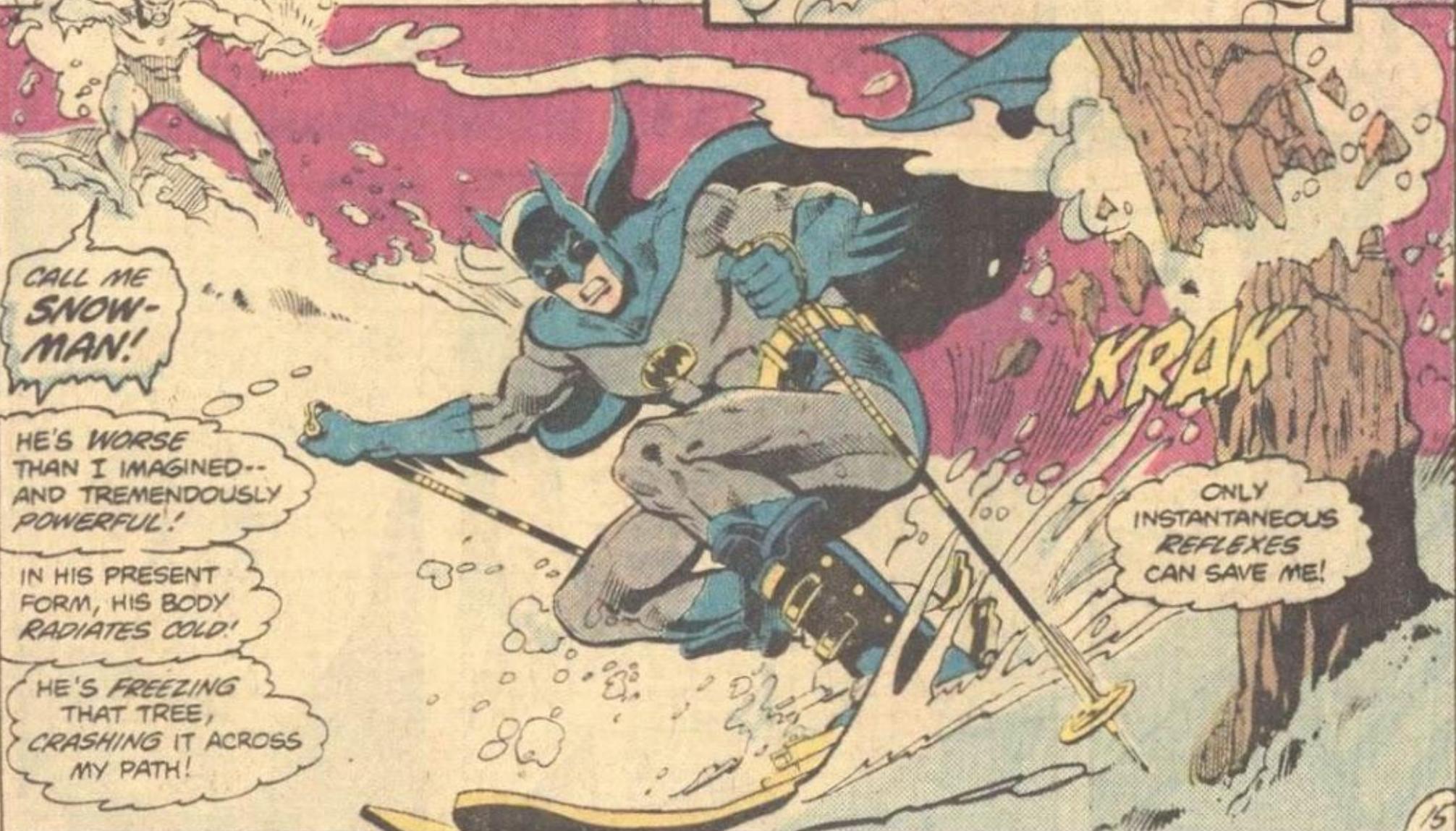
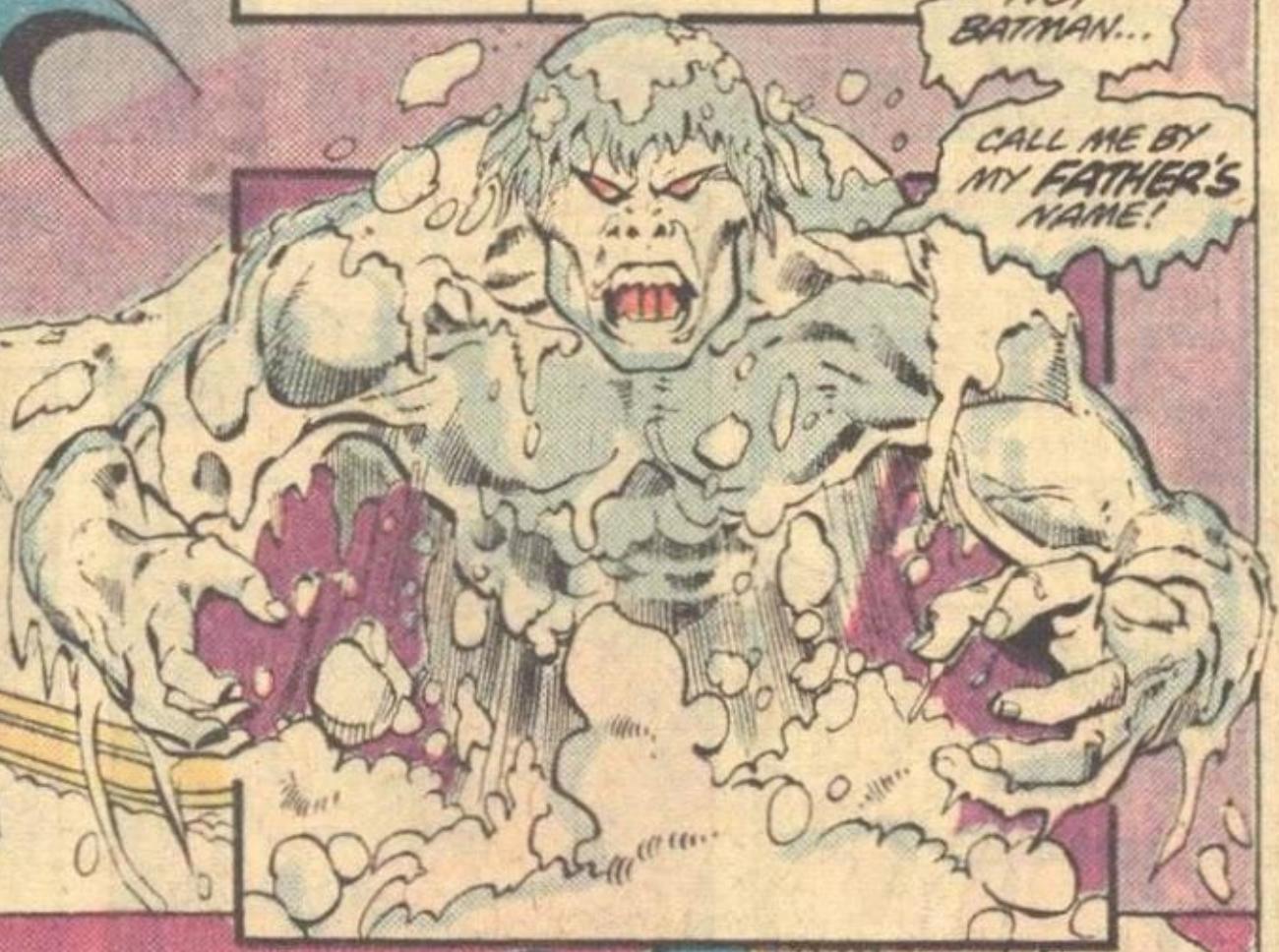
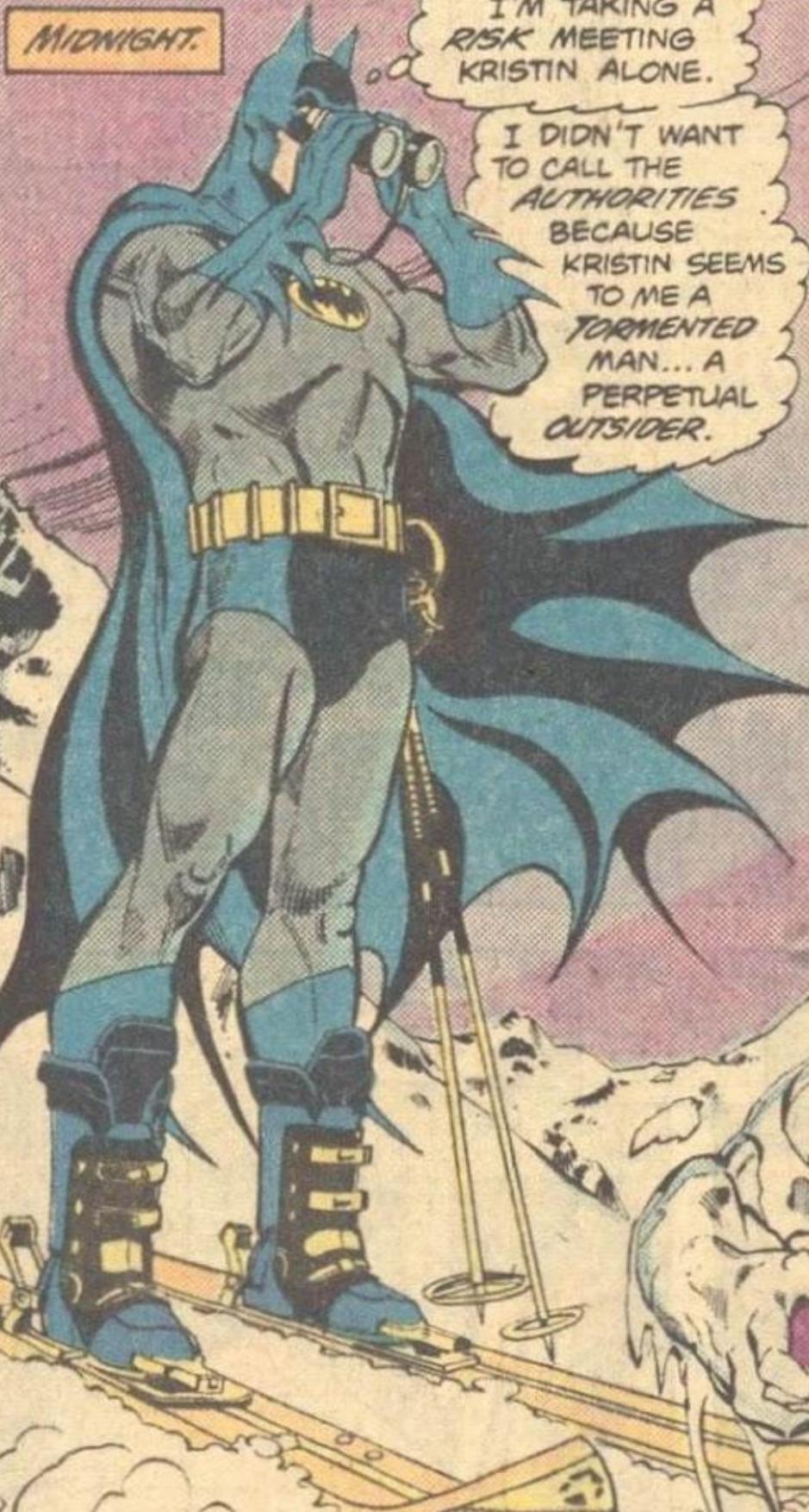
IF I CAN REACH HIM SOMEHOW...

...PERHAPS I CAN HELP HIM.

KRISTIN!

NO, BATMAN...

CALL ME BY MY FATHER'S NAME!



CALL ME SNOW-MAN!

HE'S WORSE THAN I IMAGINED-- AND TREMENDOUSLY POWERFUL!

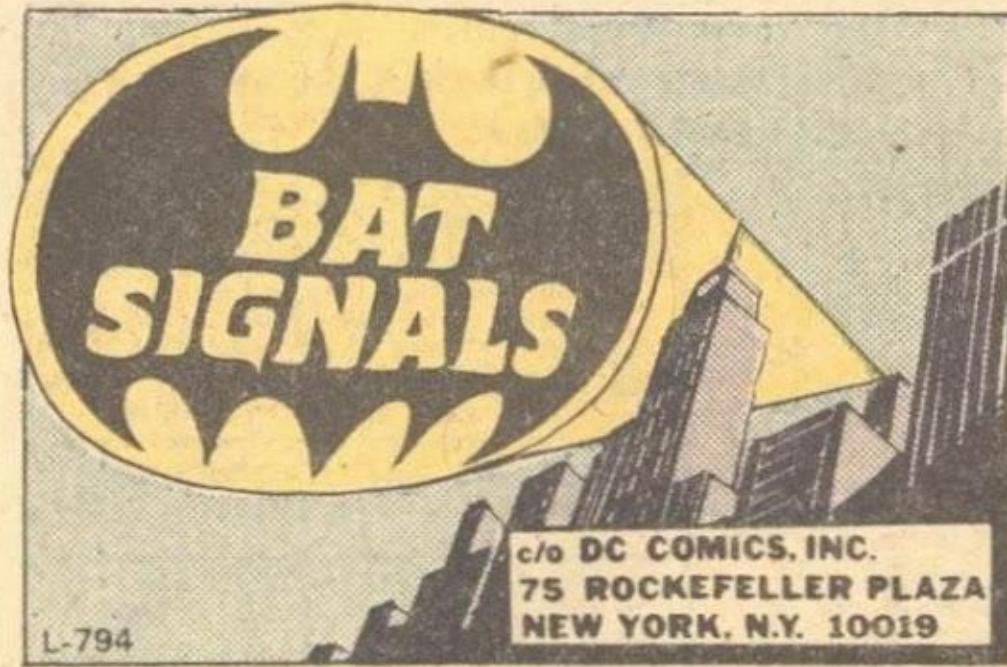
IN HIS PRESENT FORM, HIS BODY RADIATES COLD!

HE'S FREEZING THAT TREE, CRASHING IT ACROSS MY PATH!

ONLY INSTANTANEOUS REFLEXES CAN SAVE ME!







L-794

Dear Paul:

Re: Batman #332.

Being the same age as Robin, I can understand his anger and frustration toward Batman. He's fighting so hard to be understood, and if Batman won't listen to him, then what's poor Robin to do? Team up with Catwoman, that's what! I enjoyed seeing them together, and I think they'll make an excellent team. I've always preferred Catwoman over any of Batman's woman friends, so I'd like to see her in this mag as often as possible. And please, whatever you do Paul, please keep her reformed!

And Talia: Obviously she was in cohorts with Falstaff, and when he failed she killed him. True, she also saved Batman's life in the process, but there's more to Talia than Batman suspects.

I hate to say this, but I was disappointed to see that Caroline had been forced into helping Falstaff, rather than helping him of her own free will. Blackmail plots just don't sit well with me. Incidentally, did you know that Falstaff has been wearing the same outfit, eating the same leg of mutton and drinking from the same tankard of beer since we first saw him in Batman #317?

Sincerely,
Alicia Wu
Cupertino, CA

The team-up of Robin and Catwoman is, of course, temporary. Future issues will show Batman and Robin recognizing their differences...if not totally resolving them. Yes, we noticed Falstaff wearing the same outfit, eating the same leg of mutton and drinking from the same tankard of beer...Comic book characters tend to be creatures of habit. (Besides, you might not have recognized him with a Big Mac, Coke and designer jeans.)

Dear Editor,

Obviously, "The Lazarus Affair" alludes to some menace from Batman's past, who has been miraculously resurrected from the dead.

Ergo, when one casts his thoughts back to 1940 and compares those 12 foot monster men in Batman #1 with the Mutates in Batman #332, who could the Master be but the late Professor Hugo Strange?

How warm am I, Paul?

Yours truly,
Jeffrey Lowndes
Scranton, Pa.

COLD! And my name is Dick.

Dear Paul,

I figure I'd better write now, because when and if the Lazarus Affair ends, there'll be too much confusion in the aftermath for a lone letter hack to keep his head above water.

"Fallout", the first part of the "Affair", has gotten me quite interested. Gregorian Falstaff made an interesting menace this time around, and it was a pleasure to see him exterminated (who says letter hacks aren't sadistic?) as he's been bouncing around, annoying me for quite some time now.

I hear that Len Wein had this story all plotted out beforehand, and now Marv Wolfman is carrying it through.

Very well. I may not have the respect my fellow fans have for Wolfman, but this is a democracy. I'll just have to see it through.

Played right, this could be the biggest story since the Bat-Murderer series, or the David Reed Bat-Murdered series. Played right. So, keep on your toes, don't pull it out too long, don't end it too quickly. And above all, Marv, if you feel the duldrums of typewriter-key monotony setting in, LEAVE THE DESK. REPEAT: LEAVE THE DESK. Return when you are again interested. Nothing makes quite so dull a story as a bored author.

Just two more shots before I scamper off like a hit-and-run driver. I can't stand the way Don Newton draws Talia. He's one of my favorite artists, but the picture of Talia on page eight of "Cat's Paw" (a nice follow-up to "Fallout", I might add) was absolutely awful. But he did such a nice job on the Catwoman, I forgive him. (Ain't that nice of me?)

Speaking of Talia, if you put her big daddy behind all this (as I'm sure Ra's baby is still alive), I'll send you a mail bomb. No joke. (Well, yes, maybe a joke. If I did that, in my other identity, MCINTOSH, I'd have to stop the bomb and arrest myself.) But just don't do it. Merci. Or, as the French say, "Thanks, loads".

"McIntosh" Mark Amundsen
Staten Island, NY

Please! No Mail bombs! My new job presents enough dangers. As you no doubt have discovered by now, Talia's father, Ra's Al Ghul was "behind all this". But I found that rather enjoyable...and I had absolutely nothing to do with the production of "The Lazarus Affair" (Nor did Len Wein, incidentally). I'm speaking as a reader, like you. Different strokes...

Dear Editor:

It's been a long time since I was genuinely excited and delighted with a comic book. But BATMAN #332 melted this old cynic's heart. The highest compliment I can pay you is to say that I may burst with impatience waiting for #333.

It was inevitable that the Batman's two great loves—Catwoman and Talia—would finally confront one another. And this was one time when the anticipation did not exceed the actual event. "Fallout," the first installment of "The Lazarus Affair" was a dynamo of energy, intertwining storylines and curiosity-piquing mysteries. I had no idea that the Gregory Falstaff plot which has been building for over a year now, would be resolved so rapidly. Granted, whoever has been bankrolling that obese ogre, whoever the real mastermind is behind the attempted takeover of Wayne Industries is still free. But Falstaff and his right-hand man Krugerrand are dead. Caroline Crown turned out to be a "good guy" after all and her daughter has been safely returned. You accomplished a lot in twenty-five pages, which is good, because you introduced a whole lot of new questions to be pondered over the next thirty days. What is Talia really up to? What and where is Infinity Island, and who is the wicked genius running it? Will the Batman/Robin rift ever be mended? Which woman will truly capture the Batman's heart? As far as the last question goes, my money's on The Catwoman.

And speaking of The Feline Fury, the back-up story—Catwoman's first solo adventure ever—well, if anything, it surpassed the lead tale in quality and excitement. What a powerhouse! Wonder Woman, Supergirl, Batgirl—hang your heads. Let Selina Kyle show you how it's really done. She possesses that same 'creature of the night' aura that inspires dread in the Batman's quarry. The opening pages of "Cat's Paw" demonstrated this eloquently. That scene wherein Catwoman daintily extended one claw-er, fingernail, to draw blood from a two-bit hood was too creepy for words! Things got even better when she dispatched Krugerrand, the self-proclaimed master of all the fighting arts, in a matter of seconds. Only the story's final panel was a bit unsettling. Talia may be fooling or manipulating Selina temporarily; but the Catwoman has been in the business far longer than that upstart Daughter of the Demon, and I'm confident she'll eventually defeat Talia with ease.

Scott Gibson
Evergreen, CO 80439

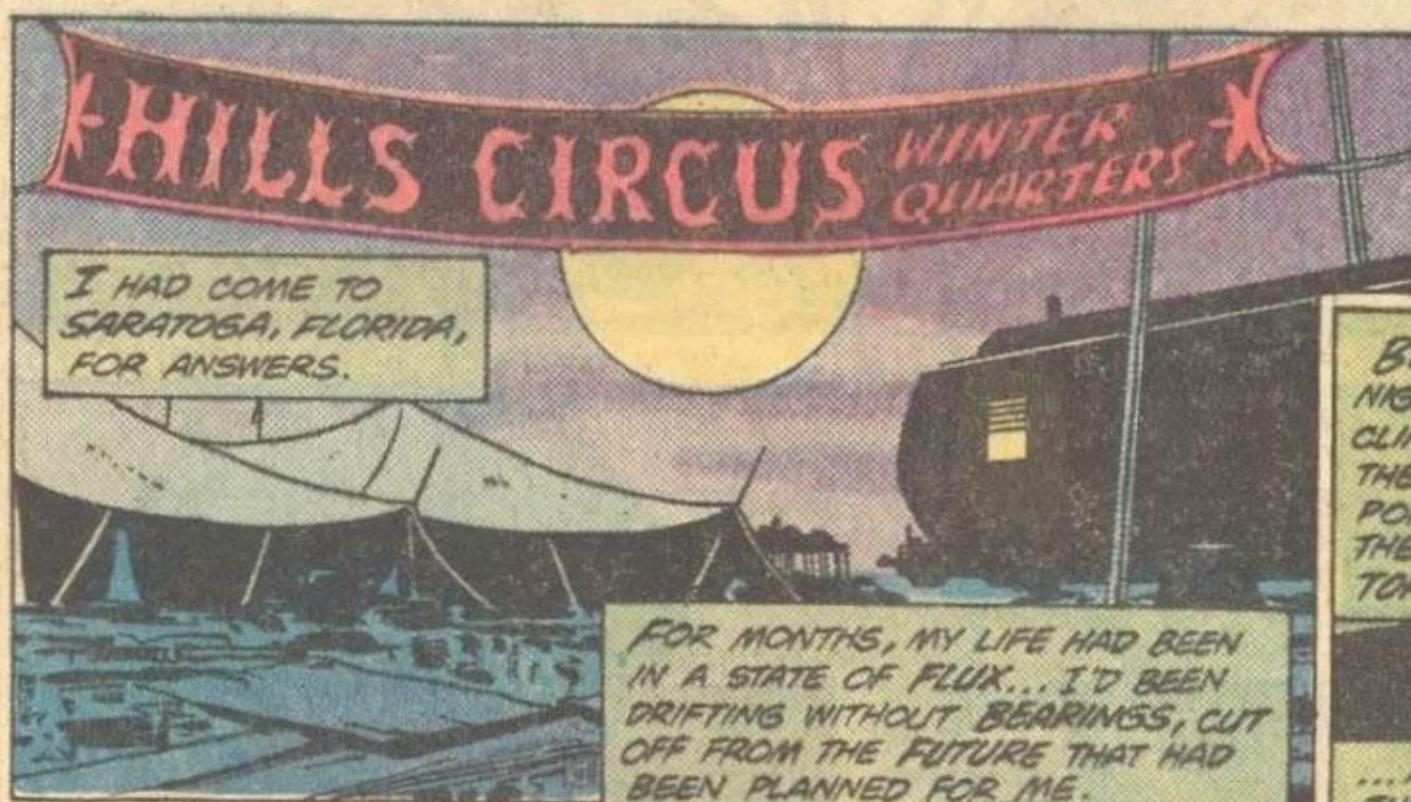
We couldn't have said it better ourselves, Scott. Thank you and good afternoon.

ROBIN

THE TEEN WONDER®

MURDER ON THE

MIDWAY



FOR MONTHS, MY LIFE HAD BEEN IN A STATE OF FLUX... I'D BEEN DRIFTING WITHOUT BEARING, CUT OFF FROM THE FUTURE THAT HAD BEEN PLANNED FOR ME.

GERRY CONWAY
writer
DON NEWTON & LARRY MAHLSTEDT
artist
COSTANZA ADRIENNE ROY
letterer • colorist
DICK GIORDANO, editor

BUT THAT NIGHT, AS I CLIMBED TO THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE BIG TOP...
... AVOIDING THE GAZE OF THE POLICE GUARD POSTED BELOW...

... MY PERSONAL PROBLEMS AS DICK GRAYSON WERE THE FURTHEST THING FROM MY MIND.

I TOOK UP A POST HIDDEN FROM SIGHT, LOOKING DOWN INTO THE TENT.

I WAS THERE TO CATCH A MURDERER.

AFTER A WHILE, MY LEGS BEGAN TO CRAMP, BUT I WAS USED TO THAT SORT OF THING, FROM YEARS AS THE JUNIOR HALF OF WHAT THE PRESS CALLED "THE DYNAMIC DUO."

THOSE YEARS WITH BATMAN HAD TAUGHT ME A FEW TRICKS, AT LEAST.

WORKING A CRAMP FROM YOUR CALF IS A LOT EASIER THAN BREAKING FREE FROM SOMEONE ELSE'S EXPECTATIONS.

I SAW A MOVEMENT IN THE CENTER RING, BELOW.

SILENTLY, I SLIPPED DOWN THE GUY WIRES TOWARD THE SAME PLATFORM I'D AUDITIONED ON EARLIER THAT DAY.

SOMEONE WAS DOWN THERE, BUT IT WAS TOO DARK FOR ME TO TELL WHO IT WAS, OR WHAT HE WAS DOING.

AS I WAITED FOR A CLUE TO MOVE, I THOUGHT BACK TO THAT MORNING, WHEN IT ALL BEGAN...

SO THIS IS HILL'S CIRCUS.

FUNNY, BUT IT SEEMS A WHOLE LOT SMALLER THAN I IMAGINED IT WOULD BE WHEN I READ WALDO'S LETTER.

HILL'S



'COURSE, IT'S IN WINTER QUARTERS AND HALF THE TROOP MUST BE OFF WORKING OTHER JOBS...

...BUT STILL, IT'S KIND OF A LET DOWN.

NO ONE WAS AT THE GATE, SO I WANDERED INSIDE AND, RIGHT OFF, I MET THE ROUSTABOUT WALDO HAD TOLD ME ABOUT...

...THE ONE EVERYBODY CALLED "TINY..."

THIS PLACE MAY BE SMALLER THAN THE CIRCUSES I PLAYED WITH MOM AND DAD WHEN I WAS A KID--

--BUT THE WORK IS STILL THE SAME.

HI. NEED A HAND?

UH... DID MISS LOURNA SEND YOU HERE?

NOPE.

MY NAME'S DICK GRAYSON. I'M A FRIEND OF WALDO FLYNN, ONE OF YOUR CLOWNS.

HE WROTE TO TELL ME YOUR SHOW IS LOOKING FOR AERIALISTS.

YEAH?

YOU EVER HEAR'A CLEVE BRAND?

WE ALREADY GOT AN AERI-AERO-- WE ALREADY GOT ONE.

UMPH.

YOU MEAN CLEVELAND BRAND...

THE NEW DEAD-MAN?

UH... YEAH, RIGHT.

CLEVE'S THE BEST BAR MAN THERE IS.

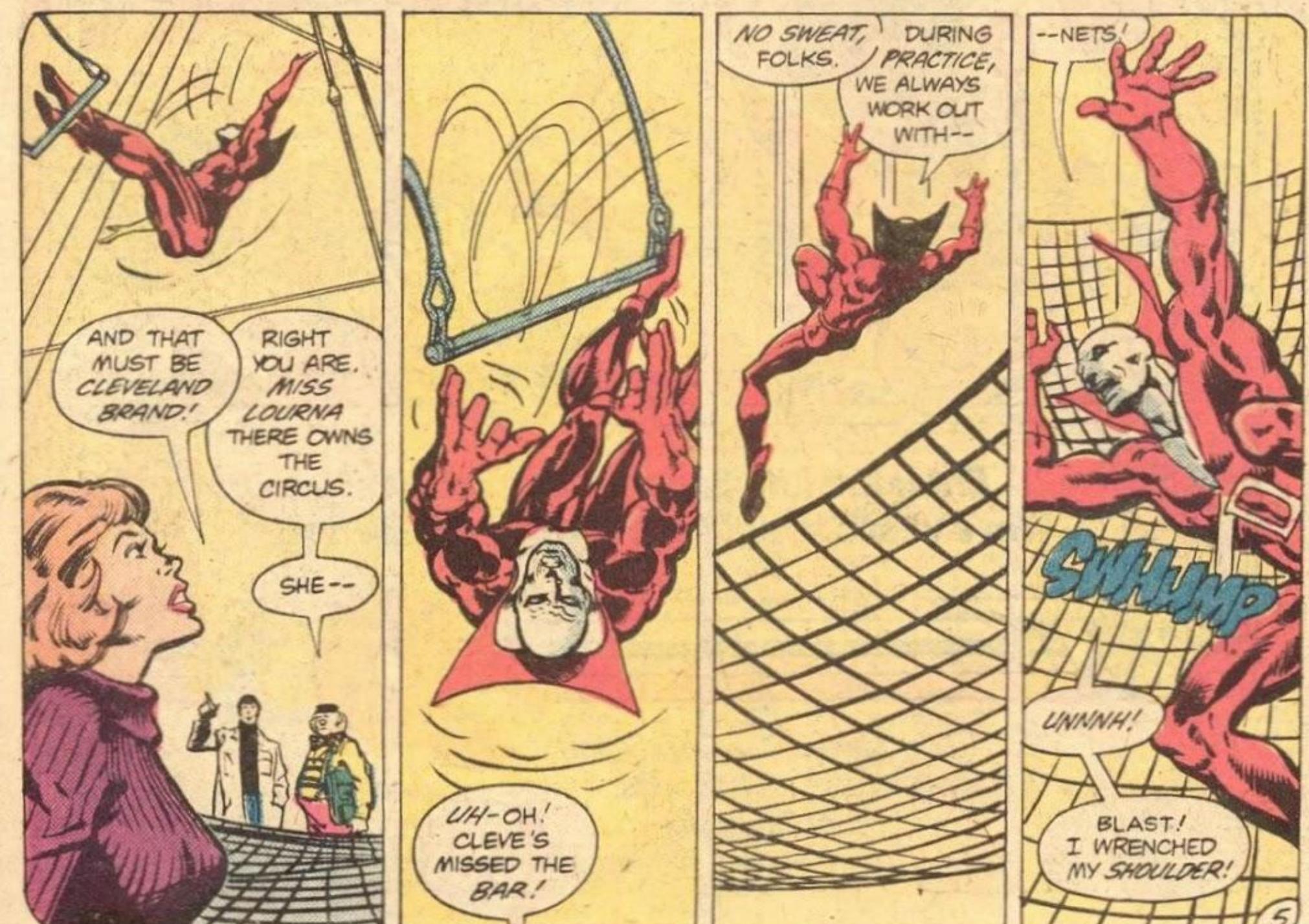
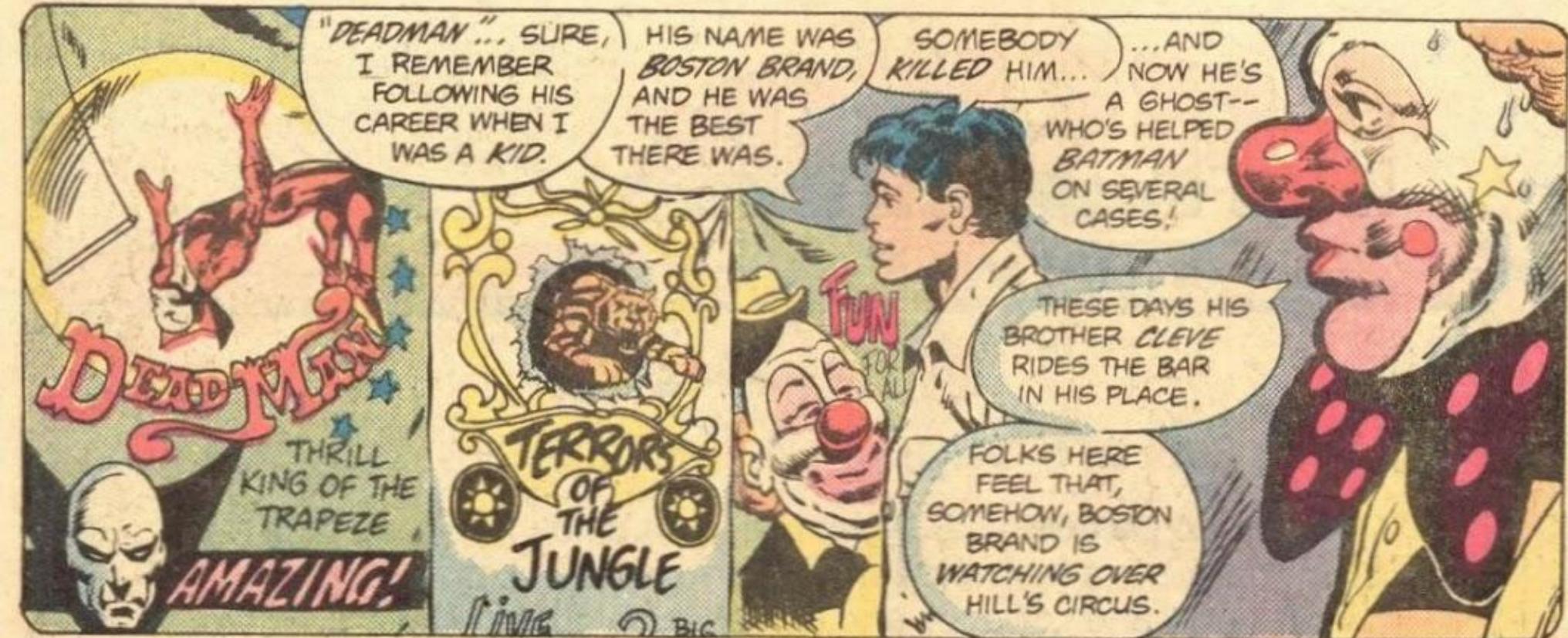
WELL, I'M ALWAYS WILLING TO TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

I GREW UP AROUND CIRCUSES.

UH-HUH.

TALKATIVE TYPE, AREN'T YOU?







YOU CAN'T CUT OFF
YOUR REFLEXES.

MY REFLEXES HAD
ME SWINGING
TOWARD THE EXIT
BEFORE I KNEW
WHAT I WAS DOING.

EXIT

TAKE CARE
OF JONES!

I'LL
CATCH THE
SHOOTER!

I APPRECIATE THE SENTIMENT,
BUT I'D ALREADY GONE TOO FAR
TO BACK AWAY.

I SAW A SHADOW
IN THE TUNNEL TO
THE OUTSIDE AND
HIT IT WITH EVERY-
THING I HAD.

SMOKING
GUN AND ALL,
HUH, PAL?

THUD!

LET'S SEE
YOU EXPLAIN--
WHAT?

OH MY
GOD.

WALDO!

KID,
DON'T!

GUYS WITH
GUNS KILL
PEOPLE!

YEAH--BUT WHAT
HAPPENED?

WALDO COULDN'T
HAVE SHOT
JO-JO...

TELL THAT
TO THE
CORONER,
SONNY.

HOWEVER IT
HAPPENED, JONES
IS DEAD--



--AND YOUR BUDDY WALDO IS TAILOR-MADE TO TAKE THE RAP.

ONCE WE FIND THE BULLET AND MATCH IT TO THE GUN YOU FOUND IN WALDO'S HAND, WE'LL HAVE ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED.

WE'VE GOT BOTH ENTRY AND EXIT WOUNDS.

LOOKS LIKE THE SLUG PASSED RIGHT THROUGH HIM.

I'M PUTTING A COUPLE OF MY BOYS ON GUARD AROUND THE TENT TONIGHT.

NAMELY, THAT MY LONG-SHOT BET HAD PAID OFF... AND SOMEONE HAD COME TO CLAIM THE BULLET THAT KILLED JO-JO JONES.

WE'LL COME BACK AND SEARCH TOMORROW, WHEN IT STOPS RAINING.

BUT SOMEONE ELSE MIGHT COME LOOKING FOR THAT BULLET TONIGHT.

AND I'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM!

THE MEMORIES FADED AND I WAS LEFT WITH THE REALITY OF THE MOMENT:

AND THAT'S BY CONFRONTATION!

ALL RIGHT, MISTER, TURN AROUND! LET'S SEE WHAT A MURDERER LOOKS LIKE THESE DAYS!

WH-WHO...?

IF I'M RIGHT, THAT'S THE REAL KILLER!

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT...

I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

LOURNA HILL-- YOU'RE THE MURDERER?

(NEED WE SAY IT? TO BE CONTINUED!)