



I AM SUICIDE

DC UNIVERSE
REBIRTH

12

BATMAN

KING
JANÍN
PETRUS
CHUNG



DC Comics Presents

Selina. I am not one to write.

However, I was informed this morning that you are to be moved from Blackgate to Arkham. The authorities at the prison say that you have become problematic. Violent.

BATMAN.

I AM WITH HIM NOW. PSYCHO-PIRATE.

THE ONE YOU...NEED TO SAVE SOMEONE. WHO NEEDS TO BE SAVED.

IN MY THRONE ROOM. AT THE CENTER OF THE PRISON.

AND SO. I INVITE YOU. COME.

TAKE HIM FROM ME.

Visiting you in Arkham, in your current state, would undoubtedly be unproductive.

We would not talk. We would fight.

And it's not time to fight. It's time to acknowledge what we are.

I AM SUICIDE PART FOUR

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Mother and Father. They would have laughed.

To see me all dressed up.

The Bat-Man.

They would've laughed and laughed.

But once in a while.

If they saw something--something particularly ridiculous--

My father was classically dignified, my mother classically kind. They were not people who laughed often.

The world was a burden to them. A burden they bore with dignity and kindness.

When I remember them, I remember them laughing.

Do you think
I don't know?

A grown man. Dressed as an animal. Sitting on a gargoyle. Waiting for crime to come.



And they should laugh.
Good and hard.



Everyone should.
It's funny. The whole world should laugh.



And when it comes,
he's just going to punch
crime in the face.



And if that grown man just punches
crime hard enough, then that'll just
make everything all right.

It's funny.



No. Way up there.
Looking over us.
Trying to save us.
That's that kid.



That's just the mask
under the mask.



That's that little rich kid whose
mommy and daddy got shot.
And instead of mourning them
properly, he got on his knees
and made a vow.



"I swear by the spirits of my parents to avenge
their deaths by spending the rest of my life warring
on all criminals."

A kid and
a vow.

The ears and the belt and the
batwings and the Batmobile
and the gargoyle and the roof and
the leather and the armor.

How sad.

How stupid.

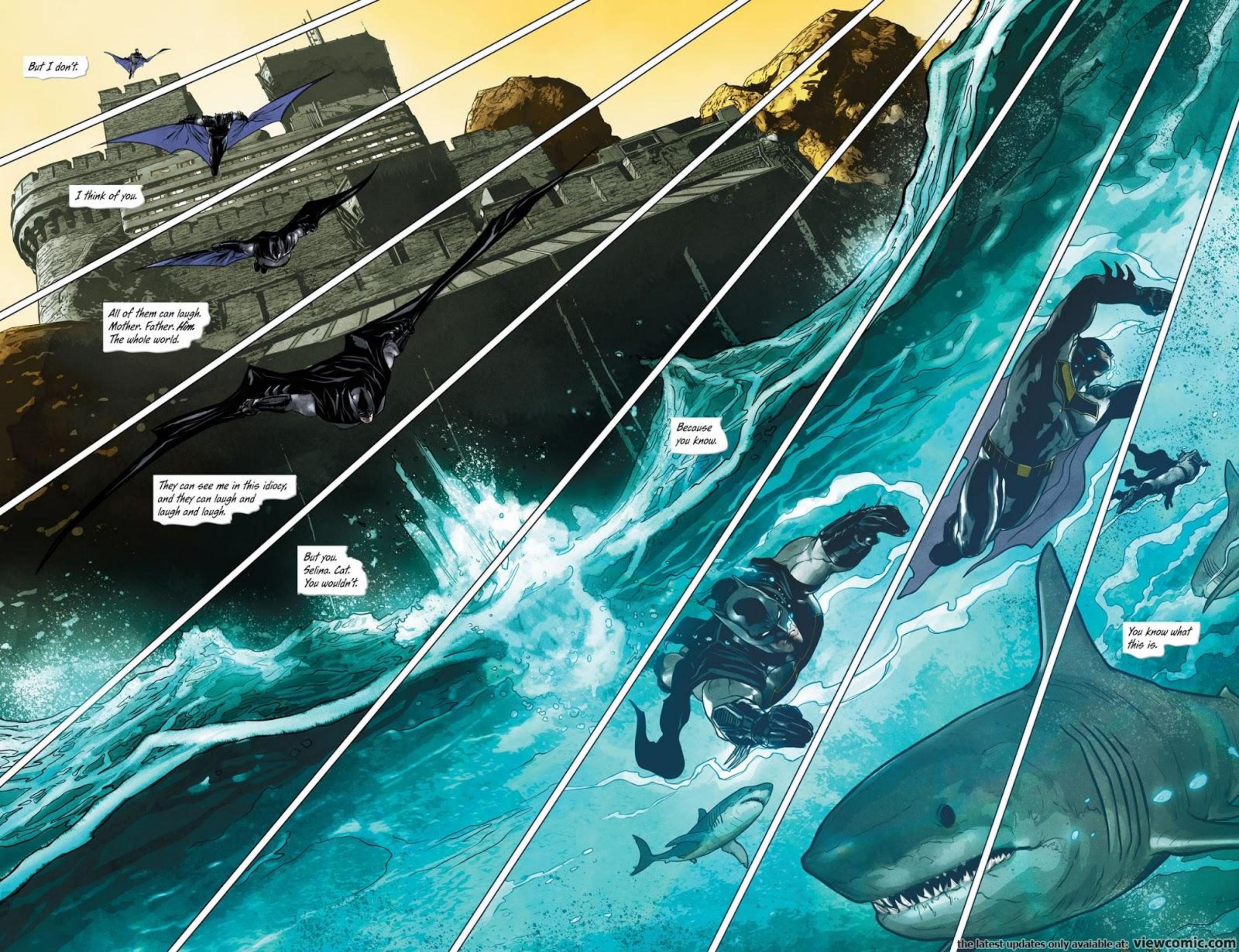
How immature.

How hilarious.

How hilarious
all of it is.

I want to
laugh, too.

Do you know how much
I want to laugh?



But I don't.

I think of you.

All of them can laugh.
Mother. Father. Him.
The whole world.

They can see me in this idiocy,
and they can laugh and
laugh and laugh.

But you.
Selina. Cat.
You wouldn't.

Because
you know.

You know what
this is.

After the alley and the gun.
And the pearls.
What use was I?

After the blood on
her hand, what use was a
little rich kid whose mommy
and daddy got shot?

I was pain.

That's all
I was.

Everything else, every chance
given to me, every promise
I'd made, all of it was pain.

And what use is pain?
What use is being
just pain?

It's not dignified.

It's not kind.

And if it's not dignified
and it's not kind, then maybe
it's not worth anything.

Maybe it's
better off as
nothing.

Gone.

Dead.

I was ten.

I got one of my father's
razor blades, and I got
down on my knees.

I put the metal on my wrist.
The edge scratching cold.
The blood on my hand.
And I looked up.
To Mother and Father.

I told them I was sorry.
I was so sorry.

I was on my knees in Gotham.
And I was praying, pushing my
hands together now, the blood
and the blade warm
between them.

I prayed.

I was alone.

Like everyone else. Like
everyone in Gotham,
I saw everyone in
Gotham, all of us.

We're all on our knees, our hands
together, the blood and the blade
warm between them.

We pray.

And no one answers.

I saw.

And I
understood.

Finally.

Kindness.
Dignity.

I let the razor fall, and I understood,
it was done, I'd done it, I'd surrendered.
My life was no longer my life,
and I whispered—

"I swear by the spirits of my parents
to avenge their deaths by spending the
rest of my life warring on all criminals."



So that's what it is.

The ears.
The belt.
The gargoyle.

It's not funny.

It's the choice of a boy.
The choice to die.

I am Batman.

I am suicide.



And you, Cat.

You know.



Because if you've made that choice,
you can see it in another.
You can see it in me.
I can see it in you.



So you're right.
When we kiss.
The pain goes away.



Because, for a moment,
we share our deaths.



And, for a moment,
we don't die alone.

You say you killed
237 people.

You say you did
it out of vengeance.
For the orphanage.
You say you did it
out of mercy. For the
next orphanage.

And I say you're
a fraud.

I say you're me.
You're like me.
You're dead.

And the dead know that
death is a choice. And they
don't take that choice
from anyone.

I locked you up
because I had to.
Because you told a lie
and I couldn't find
the truth.

But I need you
to know.

As you become
problematic. Violent.

Someday. Soon. I'm
going to free you.

Because
I have to.

Because you told a lie,
and I took a vow.

And I will
always find
the truth.

YOU HAVE
BEEN...BETRAYED.
YOU HAVE BEEN
DEFEATED.

And when we're free, Cat,
we'll put on our masks.

And together, finally,
we'll laugh and laugh
and laugh.

BUT...

...WHAT
NEXT,
BATMAN?

NEXT: THE LAST STAND OF BATMAN!

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