



# UNDERWORLD

UNLEASHED

525

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APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMIC BOOK  
COUNCIL  
SA2

# BATMAN



LIL KEL  
+  
BIG J

MOENCH  
JONES  
BEATTY

DIRECT SALES



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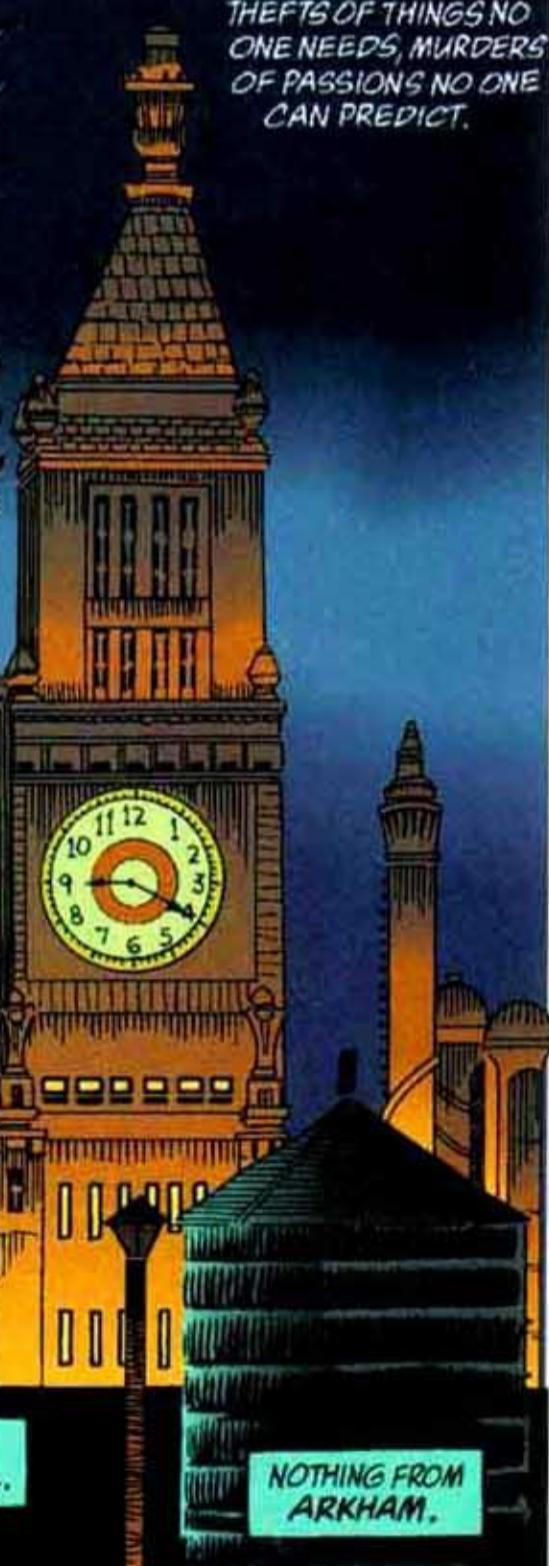


# FROZEN ASSETS

NO MOON,  
NO SHADOWS.

NOTHING BUT DARKNESS  
HIDING THE THOUSAND  
SMALL SINS OF A NIGHT  
IN GOTHAM.

A HOT NIGHT FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR,  
BUT A NORMAL ONE OF CASUAL CRIMES  
AND MOMENTARY MADNESSES--LIES  
THAT HARM ONLY THE LIAR,  
THEFTS OF THINGS NO  
ONE NEEDS, MURDERS  
OF PASSIONS NO ONE  
CAN PREDICT.



THE SAME THOUSAND SINS OF  
ANY NORMAL NIGHT, ANONYMOUS  
EVIL I CAN NEVER STOP.

A HOT NIGHT, BUT  
NOTHING FROM HELL.

NOTHING FROM  
ARKHAM.

DOUG KELLEY & JOHN  
MOENCH JONES & BEATTY  
WRITER ARTISTS

GREG TODD ANDROID JORDAN B. DENNIS BATMAN  
WRIGHT KLEIN IMAGES GORFINKEL O'NEIL CREATED BY  
COLORIST LETTERER SEPARATIONS ASSOC. EDITOR EDITOR BOB KANE



SCARECROW HAS BEEN RECAPTURED.



KILLER CROC HAS FOUND PEACE IN THE SWAMP.



BLACK MASK IS STILL HIDDEN.

AND HELL IS SECURE.

NO ONE ELSE HAS ESCAPED.



BUT NOTHING FROM HELL.



NOTHING FROM ARKHAM...



WITH LUCK, I'LL PREVENT OR PUNISH ONE OR TWO OF THE NIGHT'S SMALL CRIMES.

A PUNK OR A THUG OR A SPOUSE PUSHED TOO FAR.



I THINK.

WE ALL HAVE ONE OF THESE INSIDE OUR HEADS...

...A SYMBOL OF DEATH WITHOUT WHICH WE CANNOT LIVE.



AND IF WE USE WHAT'S INSIDE THAT WHICH IS INSIDE OUR HEADS... EVENTUALLY WE WILL LIVE TO CONQUER DEATH.

TP TP

"EVENTUALLY," HOWEVER, COULD PROVE TO BE A LONG TIME--IN WHICH MANY WILL DIE BEFORE ITS DAYS ARE PASSED.

SO WHAT TO DO IN THE MEANTIME?

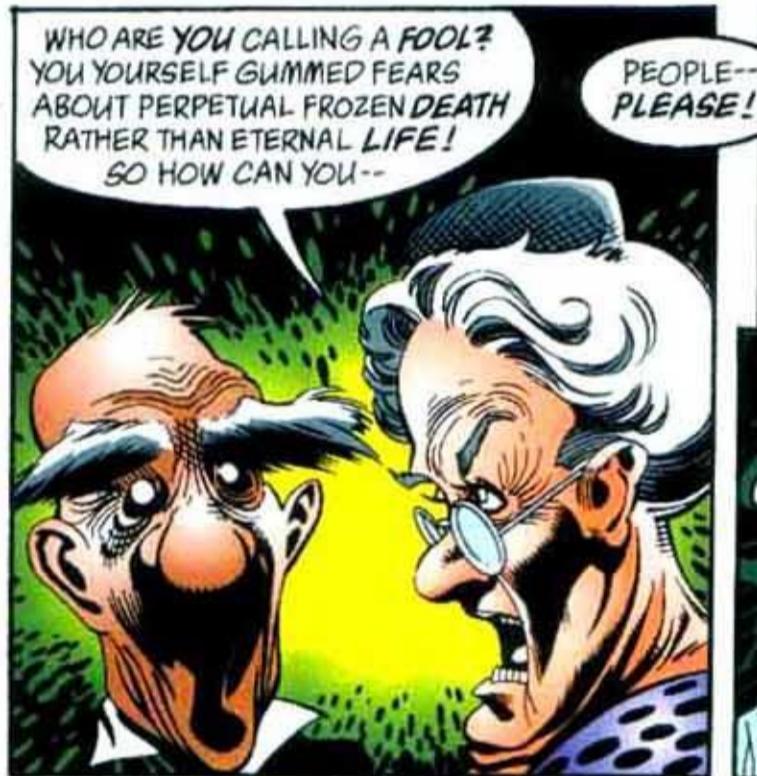
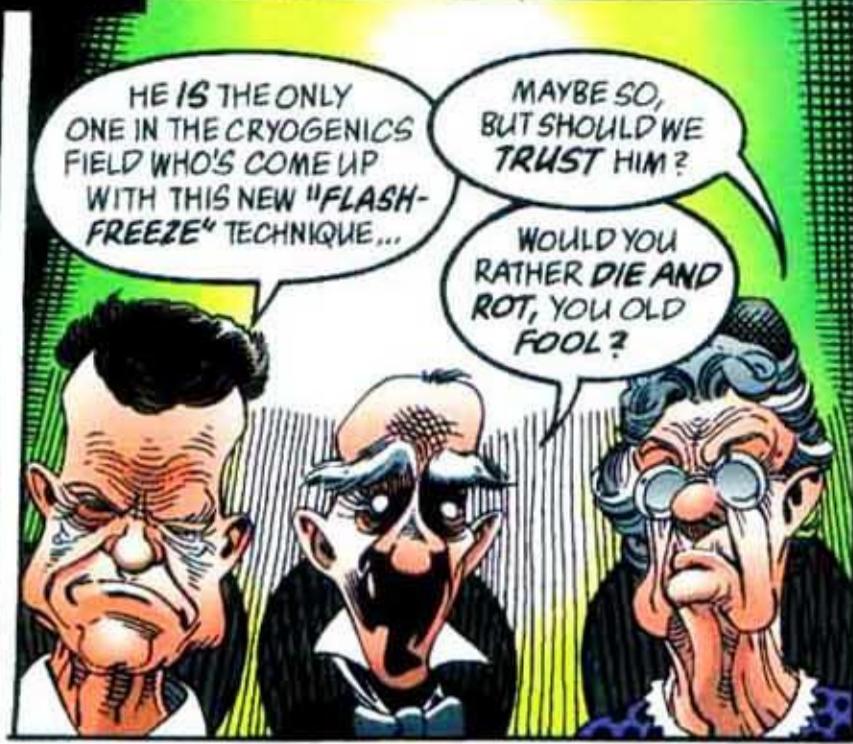


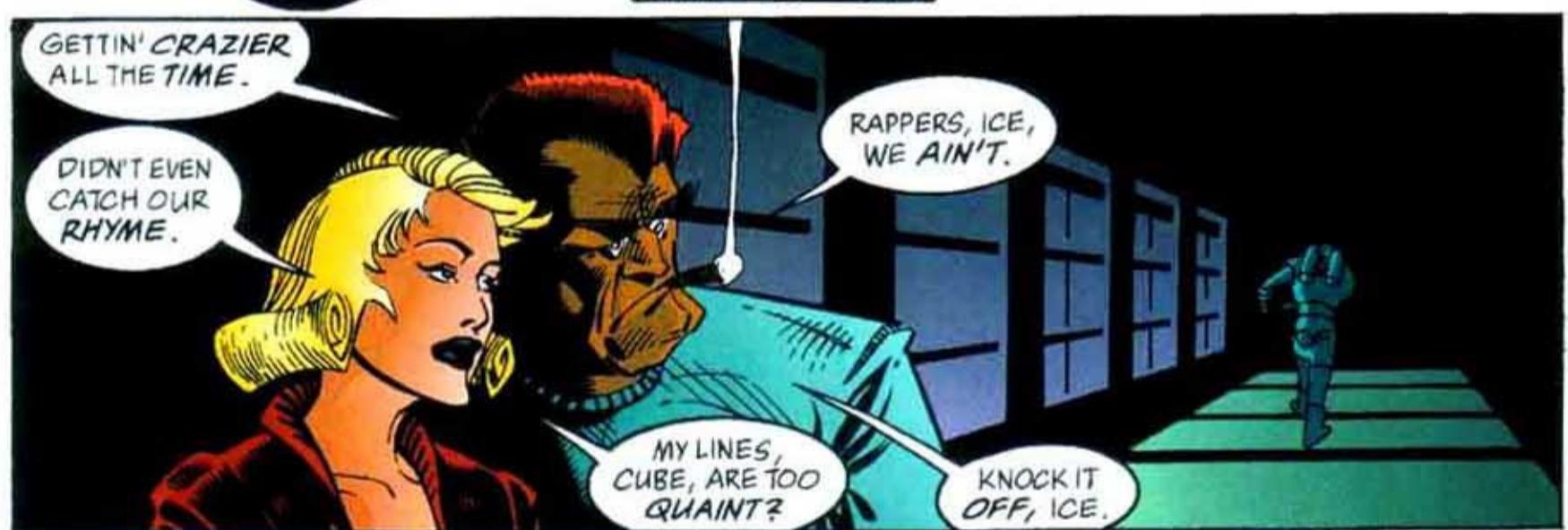
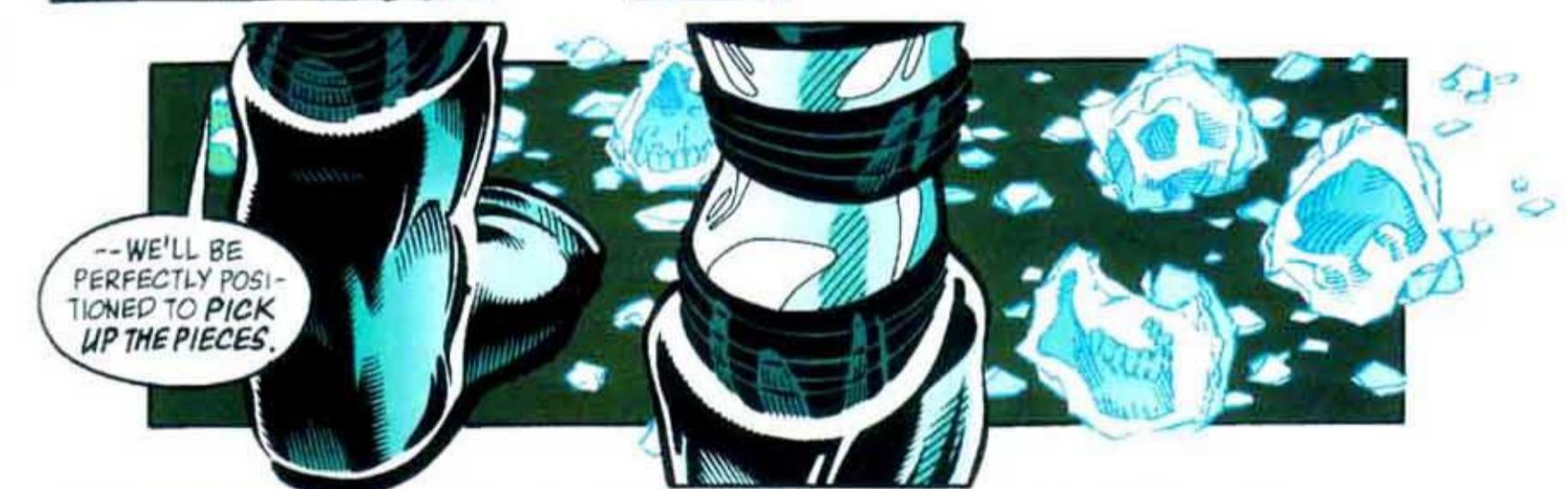
USE THE IDEAS AND TECHNOLOGY ALREADY IN PLACE, OF COURSE...



...BY WAITING OUT--  
IN A COLD SLEEP OF PEACEFUL  
PRESERVATION--ALL THE DAYS  
UNTIL DEATH'S CONQUEST,  
UNTIL FUTURE SCIENCE  
ERADICATES DISEASE  
AND REVERSES AGING.











THE NEXT NIGHT:

THEY ALL REFUSED?  
EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM  
REJECTED MY OFFER?

TURNED IT DOWN COLD.

MAYBE  
'CAUSE THEY'RE  
OLD?

WE'LL FREEZE THEM  
ANYWAY--ALL OF THEM--  
STARTING TONIGHT!

BUT WITHOUT THEIR  
SIGNATURES ASSIGNING POWER  
OF ATTORNEY TO THE CRYONICS  
SCAM, HOW DOES THAT DO  
US ANY GOOD?

OR GET US OUT  
OF THIS HOOD?

WE'LL  
FORGE THE  
SIGNATURES!

GOTTA BE  
NOTARIZED BY A  
THIRD PARTY  
WHO--

THEN WE  
FORGET THEIR  
ASSETS--

--AND ICE THEM ON  
PRINCIPLE--

ZHZHT

--AS A WARM-UP  
FOR GOTHAM'S NEW  
ICE AGE!

CHEESH

HE'S GONE, ALL RIGHT.

YOU WANNA  
ARGUE HIM ON A  
HOT NIGHT?

NO, WE'LL  
GO ALONG FOR  
THE RIDE--RIP  
OFF WHATEVER  
WE CAN.

BUT WHEN  
THE VAN'S FULL,  
WE'RE GONE.

WITH NEW CRIMES  
OF OUR OWN TO  
SPAWN.

THREE HOURS LATER:

SECOND ONE  
LIKE THIS TONIGHT--  
ANOTHER MURDER-  
ROBBERY.

YEAH, BUT NO ORDINARY  
MUR--HEY, WHAT'S THE DEAL  
WITH BULLOCK?

YOU ALL RIGHT,  
HARVEY?

FIRST MURDER  
SINCE MY LAST DATE,  
HARDBACK... JUST  
REMINDED O'SOMEONE  
IS ALL...NURSE NAMED  
CHARLOTTE.

SHE LOVED THE  
BEATLES...AND THE  
CONNERY BONDS...

GIVEN HALF A  
CHANCE...SHE  
MIGHT'VE EVEN  
LOVED ME.

TWO CIRCLES--ONE  
BIG, ONE  
LITTLE.

MAYBE SOME  
KIND OF CALLING  
CARD?

SO WHY DO  
SOME OF 'EM  
FEEL THEY  
GOTTA LEAVE  
A CALLIN'  
CARD?

EVERY CRIMINAL  
LEAVES HIS MARK ON  
A SCENE, WHETHER  
FROM HABIT OR  
EGO.

BUT ONLY THE UNUSUAL  
ONES TAKE THE TROUBLE TO  
DESIGN A TRADEMARK.

UNUSUAL? YOU MEAN WEIRD--  
AND WHY DO WE ALWAYS GOTTA  
GET THE WEIRD ONES?

BECAUSE, PEOPLE, WE ARE ATTACHED TO THE MAJOR CRIMES UNIT OF THIS CITY...

...AND THERE IS NO CITY WEIRDER THAN GOTHAM.

TWO CIRCLES--  
LARGE AND SMALL.

ZERO DEGREES--  
ABSOLUTE ZERO.

I WAS  
WRONG.

THERE IS ANOTHER ONE  
FROM ARKHAM...

MR. FREEZE.

...AND A HOT NIGHT HAS FROZEN OVER.

HE FIRST CALLED HIMSELF MR. ZERO WHEN A LAB EXPERIMENT BATHED HIM IN LIQUID COOLANT--

--RESULTING IN A CONDITION THAT WOULD PROVE FATAL WERE HIS BODY NOT KEPT PERPETUALLY COLD IN A TEMPERATURE-REGULATING ENVIRONMENT SUIT.

TENDING TOWARD CRIMINAL INSANITY TO BEGIN WITH, THE LAB ACCIDENT FULLY TIPPED HIS MIND INTO MADNESS...

AND IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, HE'S THE COLDEST KILLER OF THEM ALL.

MYSELF, SIR, I'VE ALWAYS FOUND IT RATHER CHILLY DOWN HERE IN THE CAVE.

HOT COCOA OR COLD LEMONADE?

ADE, ALF.

GOT IT-- AND THE REASON WE HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT MR. FREEZE'S ESCAPE IS BECAUSE IT NEVER HAPPENED...

HE WAS RELEASED FOLLOWING A "POSITIVE PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW."

MUST'VE BEEN ONE COOL CUSTOMER DURING HIS EVALUATION TO FOOL--

NO QUIPS, ROBIN-- WE DON'T HAVE THE TIME TO WASTE.

HIGH VAULTED "CEILINGS," SO TO SPEAK...

PERPETUALLY DRAFTY...

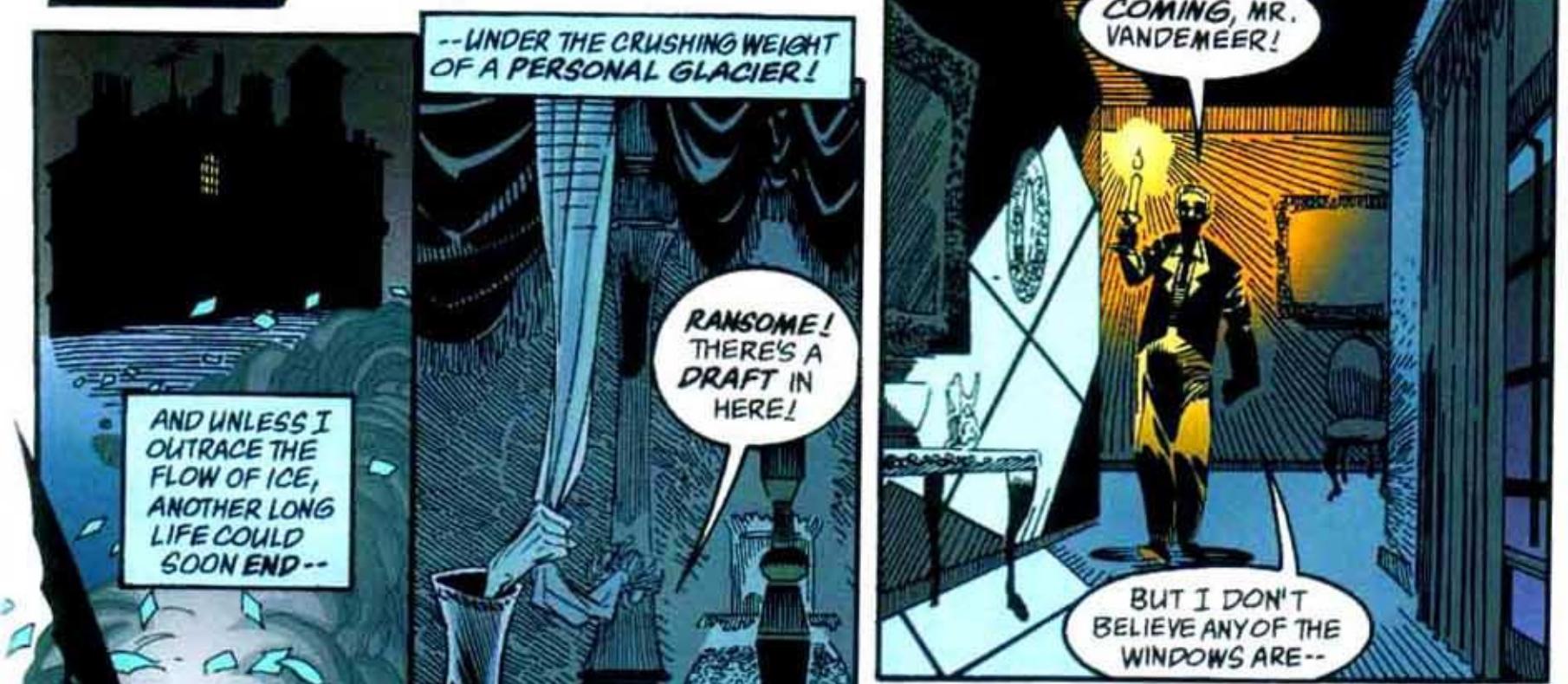
INVADE THE POLICE COMPUTER LOG-- NOW.

OKAY, OKAY, TAKE IT EASY.  
IT ISN'T EASY, ROBIN, AND IT ISN'T FUN.

IT'S LIFE AND DEATH.

ALL RIGHT.







JUST LIKE THE OTHER TWO MANSIONS,  
ICE--CRAMMED WITH QUITE A HAUL.

MORE THAN PLENTY,  
CUBE, FOR YOU AND  
ME TO HAVE A REAL  
BALL.

HEY, EITHER YOU ICE THEM  
RHYMES, BABE, OR I'M  
GONNA COMMIT--

MERE  
THEFT...

...WHEN I'M  
LOOKING FOR  
MURDER.

IT'S THE  
BAT, ICE--!

YOU GOT  
IT, CUBE, CUZ  
NO ONE MESSES  
WITH OUR BIG  
SCO--

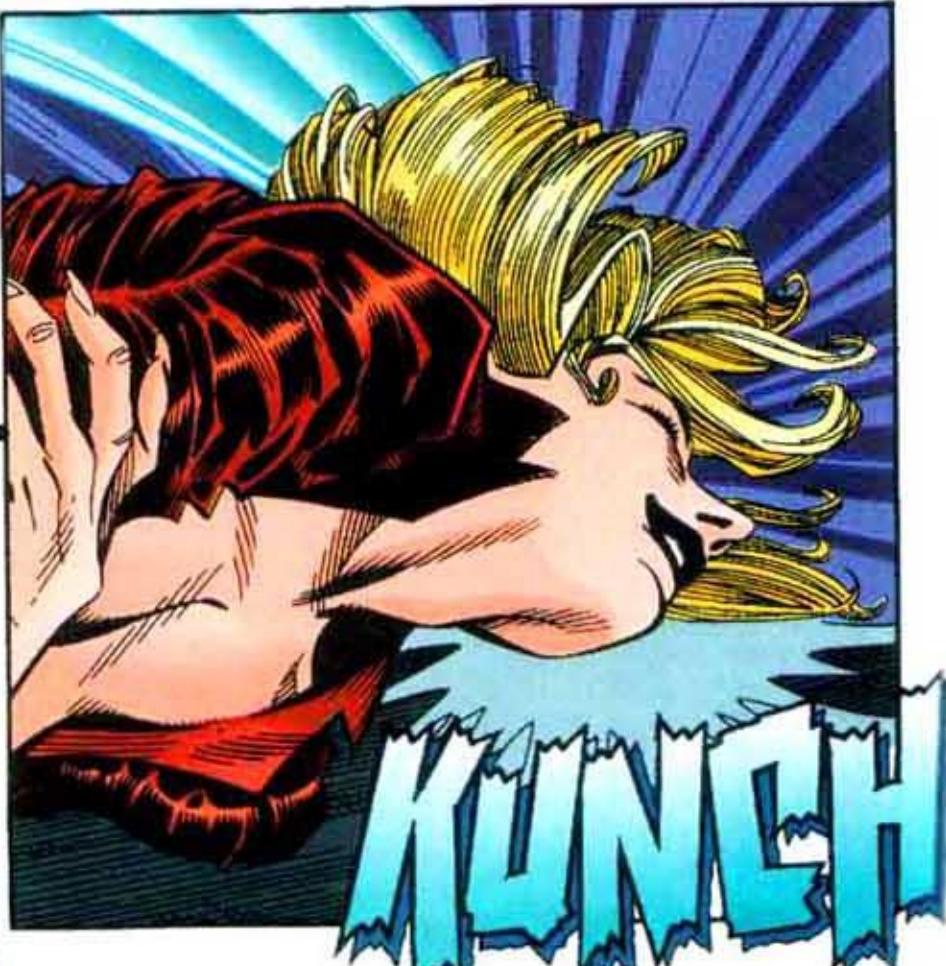
GIVE HIM  
WHAT HE'S  
LOOKIN'  
FOR!

KAKT

HWUFF!

SHUMP





NOTHING BUT HIS  
DIRTY-WORKERS.

STILL GOT TO  
FIND FREEZE  
HIMSELF.

THE  
BUTLER?

H-HELP!

MR. VANDEMEER'S  
IN D-DANGER! YOU  
MUST--

COOL  
IT!

K-K-K

ZHZHT

YOU...  
AGAIN.

IT NEVER TAKES YOU  
LONG, DOES IT?

THREE LIVES  
IS FAR TOO  
LONG.

FOUR LIVES,  
BATMAN, COUNTING  
THAT FLASH-  
FROZEN VALET  
DOWN THERE --  
ALL MURDERED  
IN VERY COLD  
BLOOD...

DOES HE MEAN VANDEMEER'S  
ALREADY DEAD TOO?

AND  
YOU  
MAKE  
FIVE!

MISSED--BUT NOT BY MUCH.

GONE--BACK UP THE STAIRS.

HIS FREEZE DEVICE USES LIQUID NITROGEN TO SOLIDIFY THE AIR'S MOISTURE.

NO REAL PROTECTION AGAINST IT OTHER THAN THE MOST BASIC.

BUT A SHIELD WON'T DO MUCH GOOD IF--

FORECAST...

HEAD-SIZED HAIL.

KUH-KLUINK TUNK KUH-KLUINK

I'VE FAILED.

TOO LATE TO PREVENT COLD KILLINGS.

NOW, ALL I CAN DO IS STOP THE KILLER BEFORE--

ZHZHZHZHT

HIS DEVICE AGAIN--BUT WHO OR WHAT IS HE FREEZING NOW?

THE ENTIRE  
HALLWAY--  
AND THE DOOR  
BEYOND--  
SEALED WITH  
ICE.

IN MY BELT...

TUNNEL BLOWN THROUGH  
THE ICE--BUT THE DOOR'S  
LOCKED.

GOT TO SMASH  
MY WAY INTO--

VANDEMEER'S  
BEDROOM--  
THE SCENE OF  
THE CRIME.

TIK TIK TIK

...A BOMB.

BAOUUM

KABRATCH

HE'S CORNERED--BUT  
STILL FULL OF FIGHT.

A SHIELD WITHOUT  
ARMOR, BATMAN...

...SPELLS  
DOOM FOR  
A DARK  
KNIGHT.



BLOCKED MOST OF IT,  
BUT NOW THE SHIELD'S  
FROZEN SOLID...

...FUSED  
TO MY  
ARM.

MY SUIT HAS  
SOME IN-  
SULATION...

...BUT IT WON'T  
HOLD THE COLD  
FOR LONG.



DANGER OF NERVE  
AND CIRCULATORY  
DAMAGE.

WEIGHT OF THE ICE  
THROWING MY  
BALANCE OFF.

GOT TO...

**BRACKY**

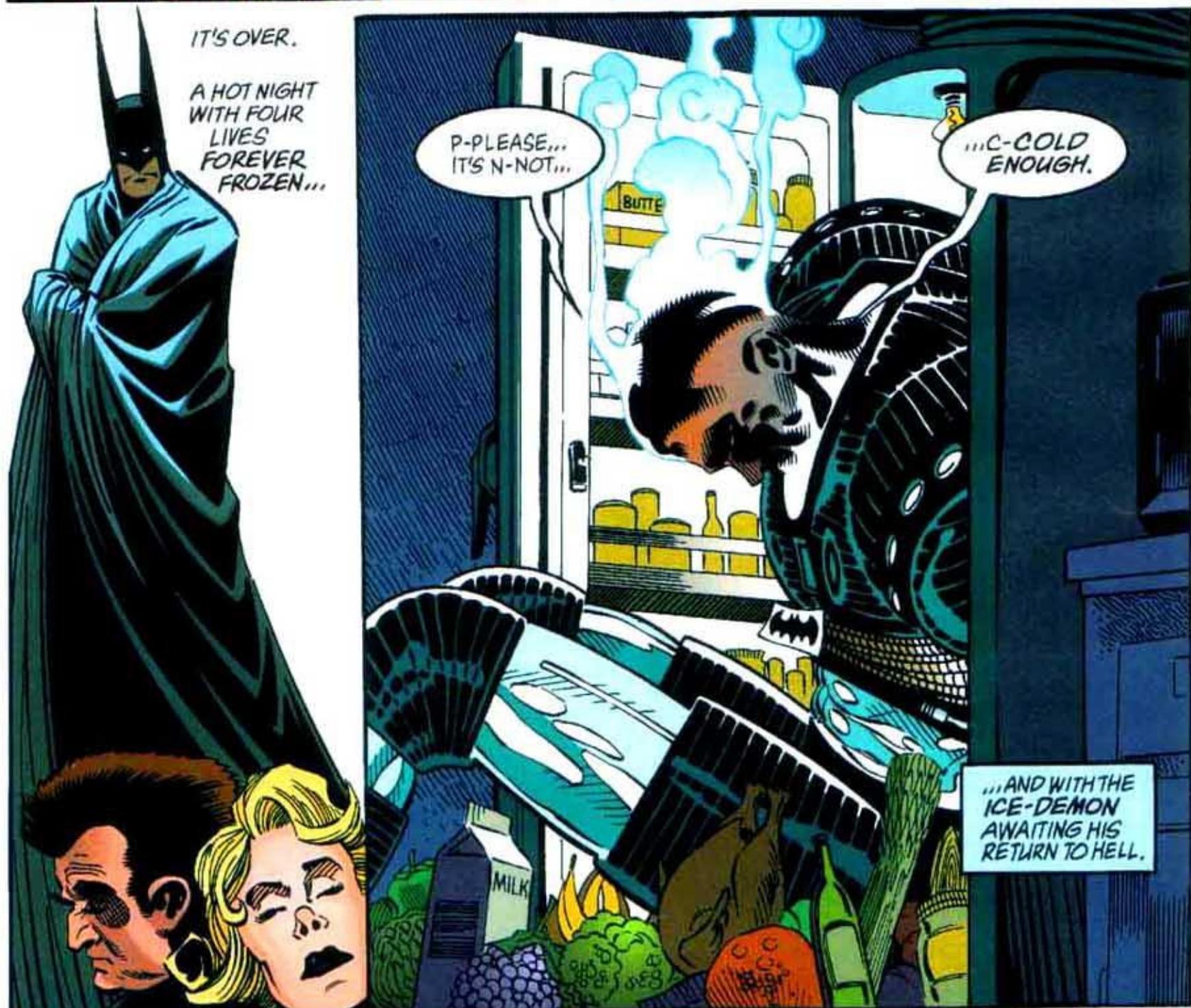
--SHATTER  
THE ICE--

THE COOLANT--  
ESCAPING!

--AND HIS  
HELMET.

HE'S FALLING INTO THE  
FIREPLACE-- FLAMES  
RADICALLY REVERSING  
HIS TEMPERATURE...





NEXT: ALFRED, ROBIN, AND THE ISSUE: NON-STOP ACTION OF--

**CONSTANT WHITEWATER**