



WINICK  
MAHNKE  
NGUYEN

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BY THE  
COMICS  
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# BATMAN®

"ALL  
THEY  
DO IS  
WATCH  
US  
KILL!"

WAYNE  
MANOR.

When I see the mail carrier, which is not often, he always makes the same joke.

"It'd be faster if you drove."

He is correct.  
It would be.

The mail drop is in a pillar on the main gate. A good quarter mile from the house.

But I am not so decrepit that the walk pains me, and frankly...

...I *like* the walk. I am reminded of, as the saying goes, simpler times.

At a time when I still called him "Master Bruce," he and I would take this walk.

CONVERSION BY  
**WILDSTORM**

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It was after his parents' death, and it was one of the few activities that seemed to lift the spirits of this troubled boy.

We, meaning he and I, had stumbled upon the hobby of collecting first edition books.



Admittedly, not a common pastime for a young lad, but Bruce was anything but common.



He seemed less attracted to the *actual* acquisition of something *original* than he was to the act of searching for it.

Nonetheless, it seemed to stir up some of the excitement he used to exude before the tragedy.



A book store in Kensington would authenticate our finds.

We waited with great anticipation for the books' arrival in the store's small blue shipping boxes.





# All they do is watch us kill Part 1

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HE HITS US HARD, HE HITS US DIRTY. HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DEAL WITH A GUY WHO WON'T DEAL?

HE'S GOTTA DIE.

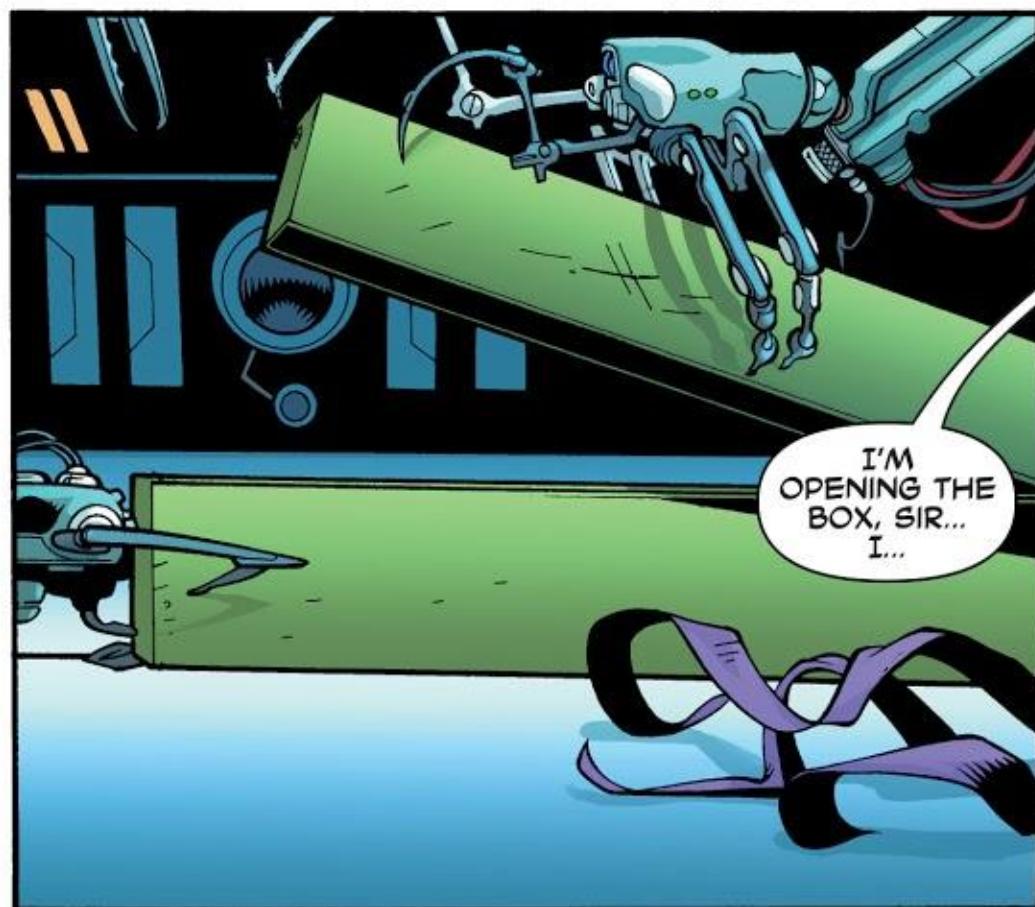
YEAH, BUT THAT'S THE THING, HE'S A DAMN COCKROACH, MAN. HE JUST WON'T DIE.



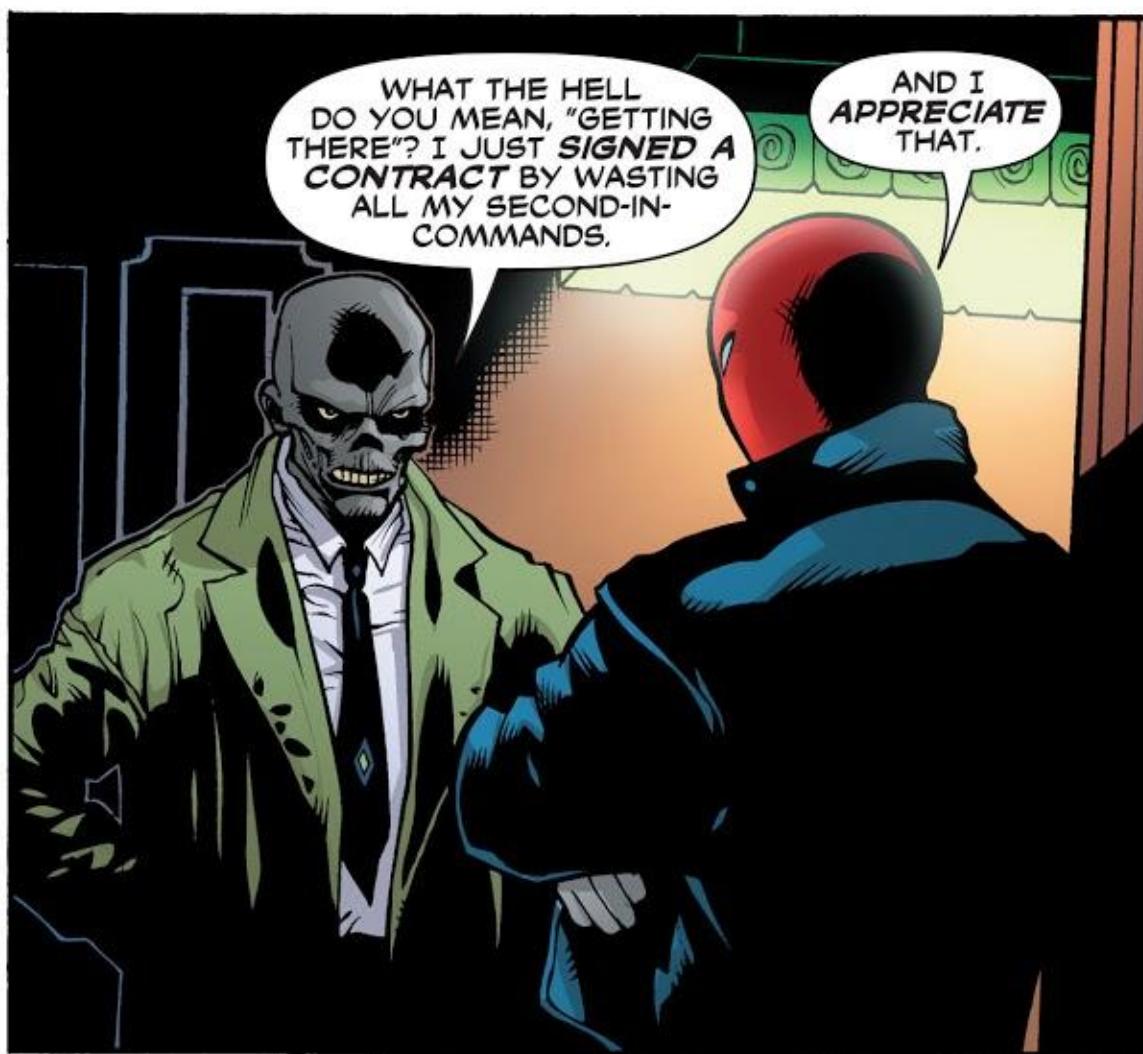


**CRACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK!**









"AND IF I BROUGHT YOU IN, I'D LOSE TRUST. AND I'D NEVER GET ANOTHER HONEST DAY OUT THEM AGAIN"-- SUCH AS IT IS.

BUT YOU HAD A WAY AROUND IT.















BECAUSE I  
GUESS THAT'S  
WHAT IT COMES  
DOWN TO...  
SACRIFICE.

YOU JUST  
WANT TO RUN  
GOTHAM... JUST KEEP  
GOTHAM... BUT YOU  
NEVER WILL. YOU  
DON'T UNDERSTAND  
HER.

YOU'VE  
GOT TO BE  
WILLING TO  
DESTROY THIS  
PLACE TO  
MAKE HER  
YOURS.

BROTHER... I AM READY TO  
TORCH THIS HELL HOLE  
INTO ASH... TO KILL EVERY  
SAD MOUTH BREATHER WHO  
WAS EVER DUMB ENOUGH  
TO LIVE HERE...

...AND I'M  
READY TO GO  
DOWN WITH  
THE SHIP.



AND BETWEEN  
THE TWO OF US, LITTLE  
MAN...WE BOTH KNOW  
I'M THE ONE WHO'S  
NOT AFRAID TO DIE.



I  
WOULDN'T  
BET ON  
THAT.



I'M HERE.  
CONTINUE TO  
RUN THE SCANS  
FOR DNA MATCH.  
I WON'T TRUST  
MY EYES ON  
THIS.

YES,  
SIR.

I miss the days when something  
as simple as a book could bring  
Sir some pleasure. Those days  
are very much in the past.



When Mr. Wayne lost  
Jason, a dark pall fell  
over our house unlike  
any since he was a boy.

The  
parallels  
were too  
apparent.

Again he was gripped with the same guilt...the same shame.

But for Bruce it was the differences between these two tragedies that cut him.

HURK!



In the case of his mother and father, he was but a boy, helpless and forced to watch his life ripped from him.



With Jason, he was a champion, a skilled warrior with more abilities than maybe any normal living man.



He had every means at his disposal to rescue Jason from death...



...but he failed to arrive in time.

YOU'RE  
RIGHT...IT WAS  
ALL ABOUT  
SACRIFICE.

TO BE CONTINUED