



NEIL GAIMAN • ANDY KUBERT

BATMAN®

686
APR
2009

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AO
AUTHORITY

with
**SCOTT
WILLIAMS**
and
**ALEX
SINCLAIR**



WHATEVER HAPPENED
TO THE CAPED CRUSADER? 1 of 2



NEIL GAIMAN • ANDY KUBERT

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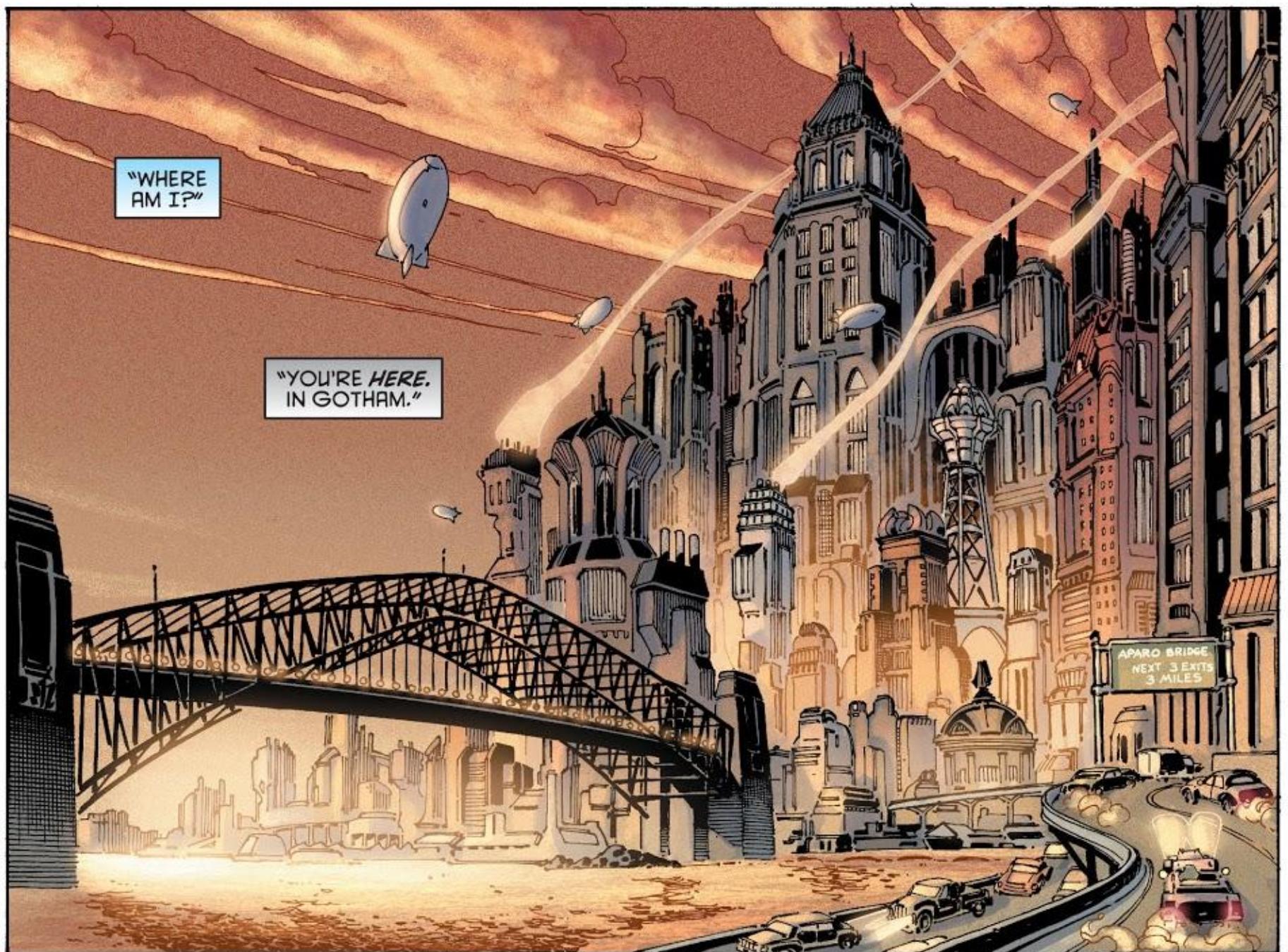
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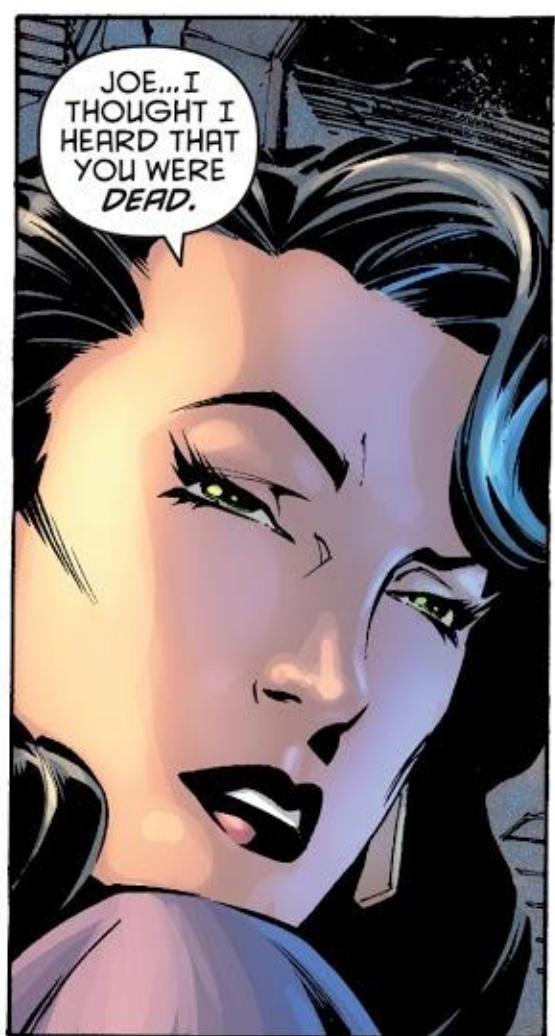
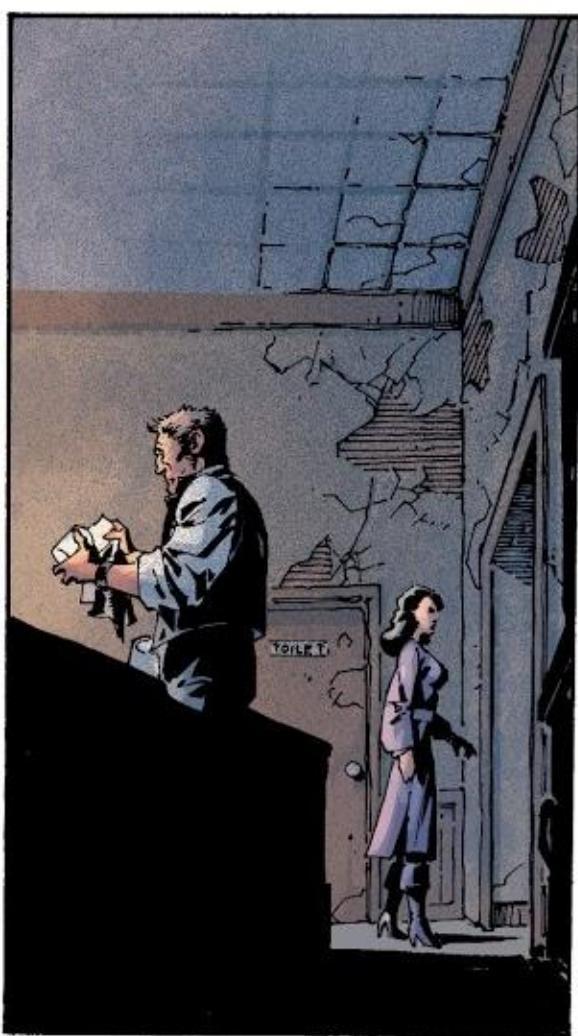


WHATEVER HAPPENED
TO THE CAPED CRUSADER? 1
of 2









"THAT MAN.
THAT'S JOE CHILL."

"SHHH."

"BUT SHE'S RIGHT.
HE IS DEAD."

AH. MISS KYLE.
YOU'LL BE ON
THE LEFT-HAND
SIDE OF THE
ROOM.

THANK
YOU,
ALFRED.

AND PLEASE,
HELP YOURSELF
TO FOOD.
THERE'S PIE.

I'M NOT
HUNGRY.

WOULD
YOU LIKE
TO--

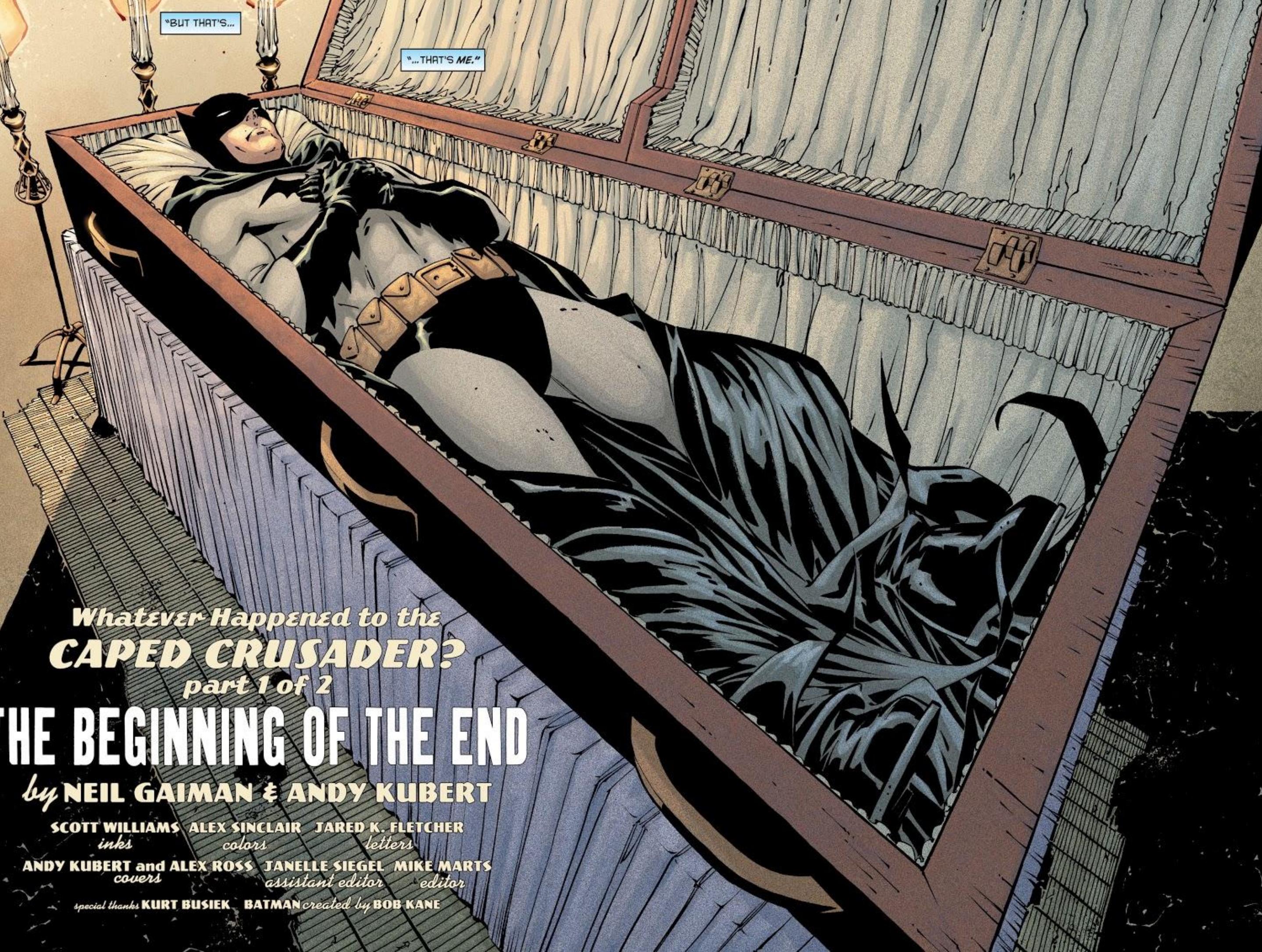
ASSURE
MYSELF THAT
HE'S REALLY
DEAD?

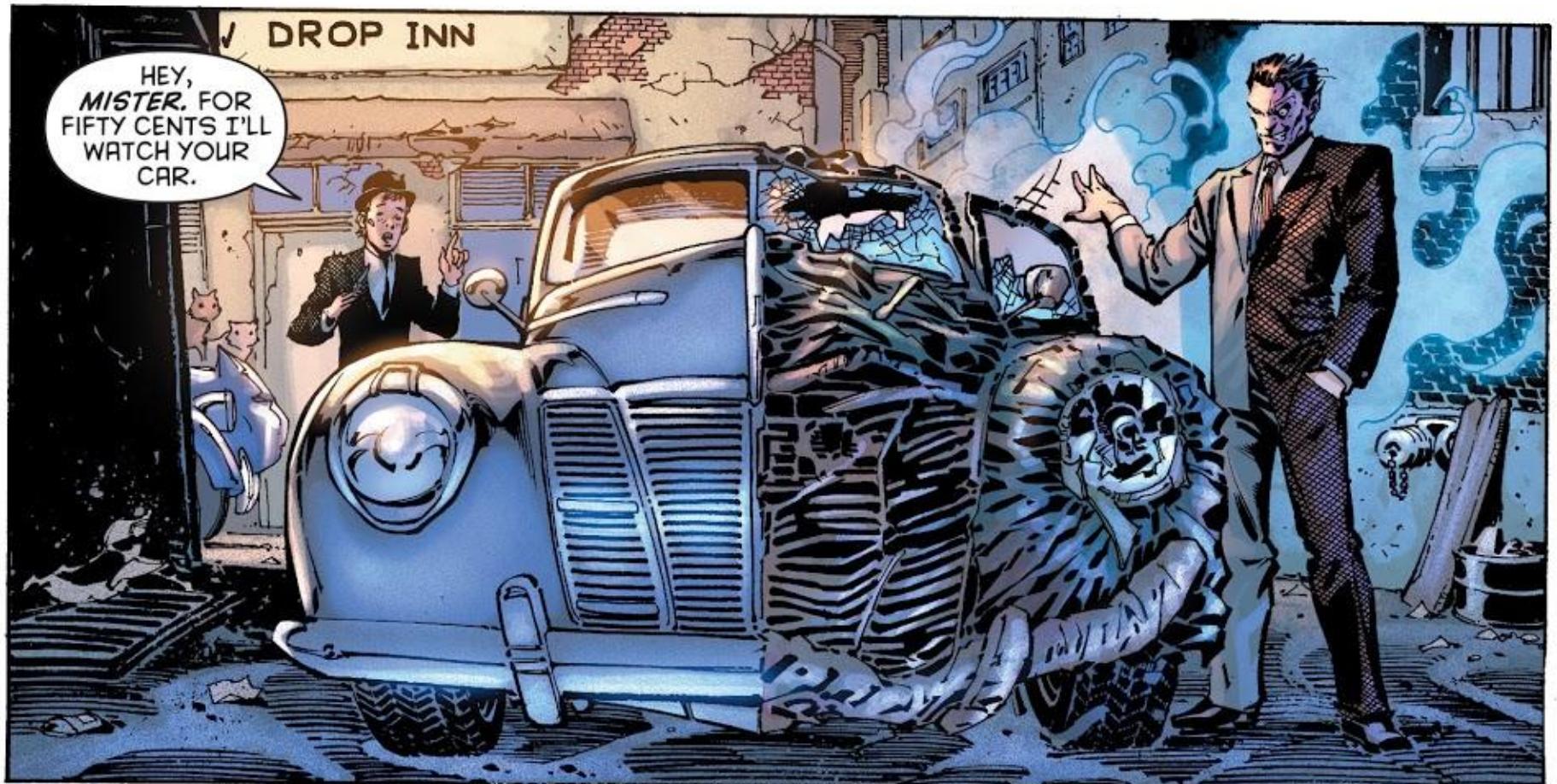
THAT
WASN'T
WHAT I WAS
GOING
TO SAY,
MISS.

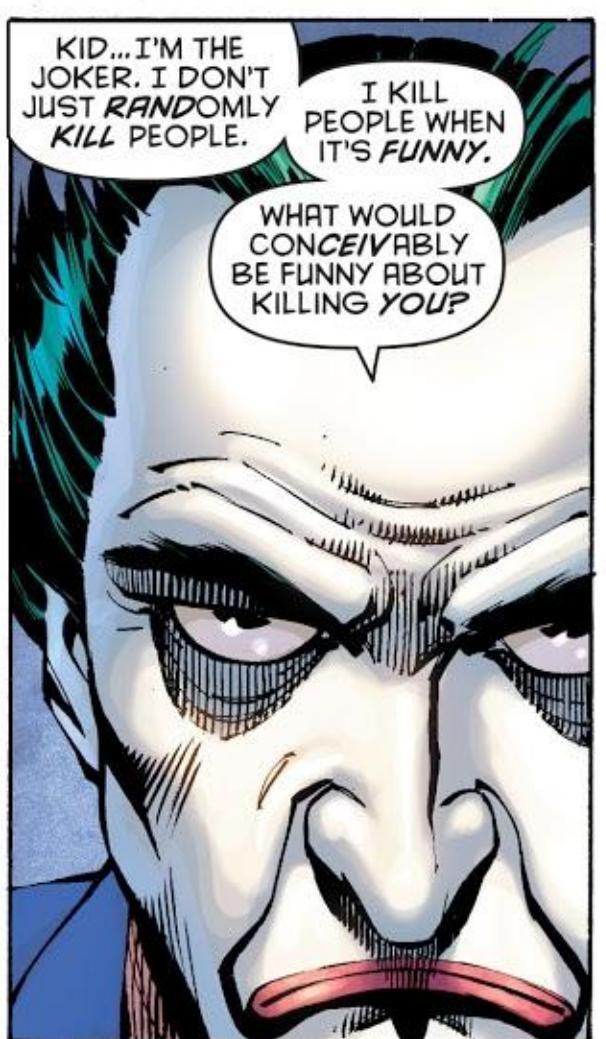
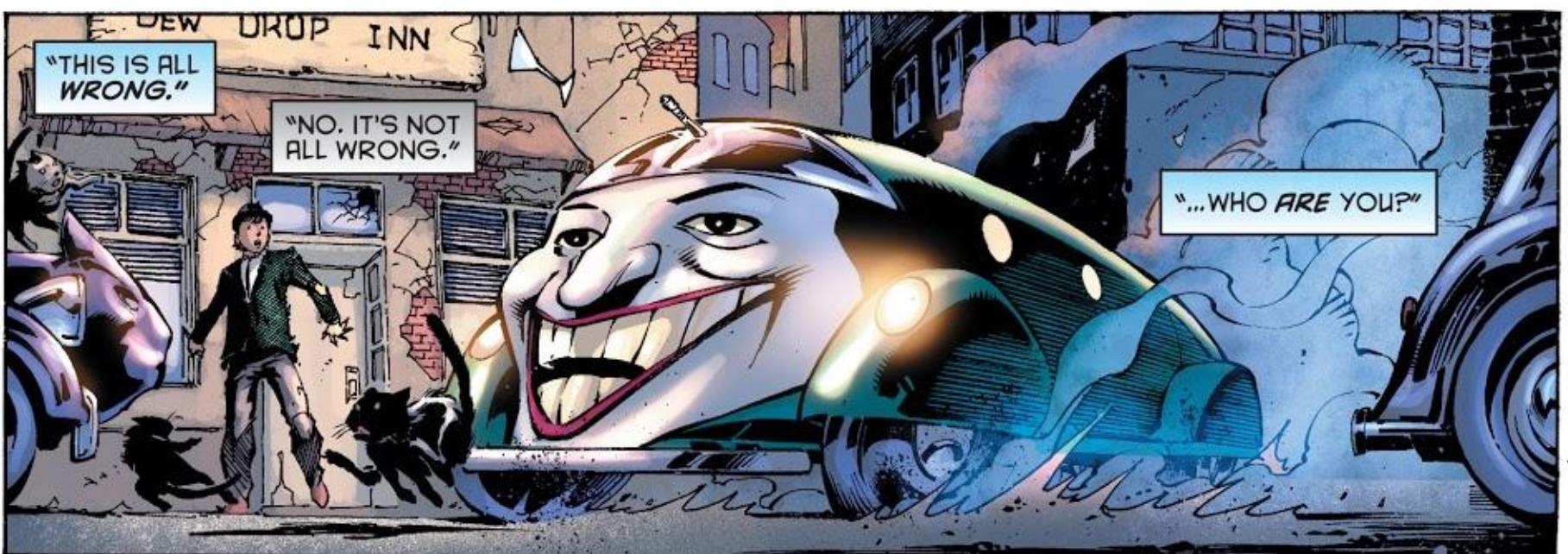
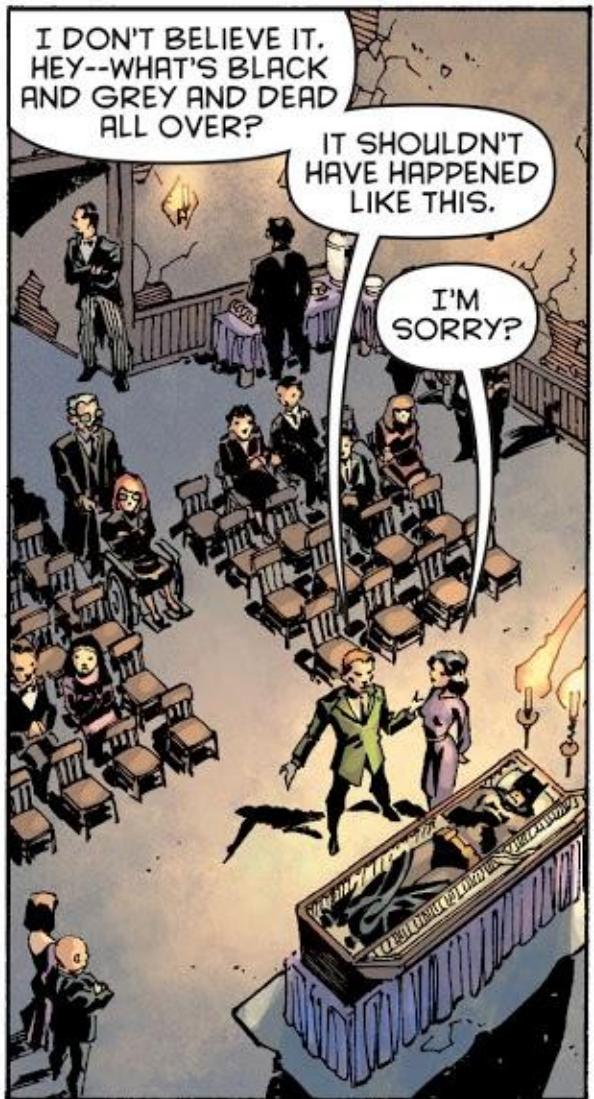
I'LL CRY, ALFRED.
SMUDGE MY MAKE-
UP, DISGRACE
MYSELF.

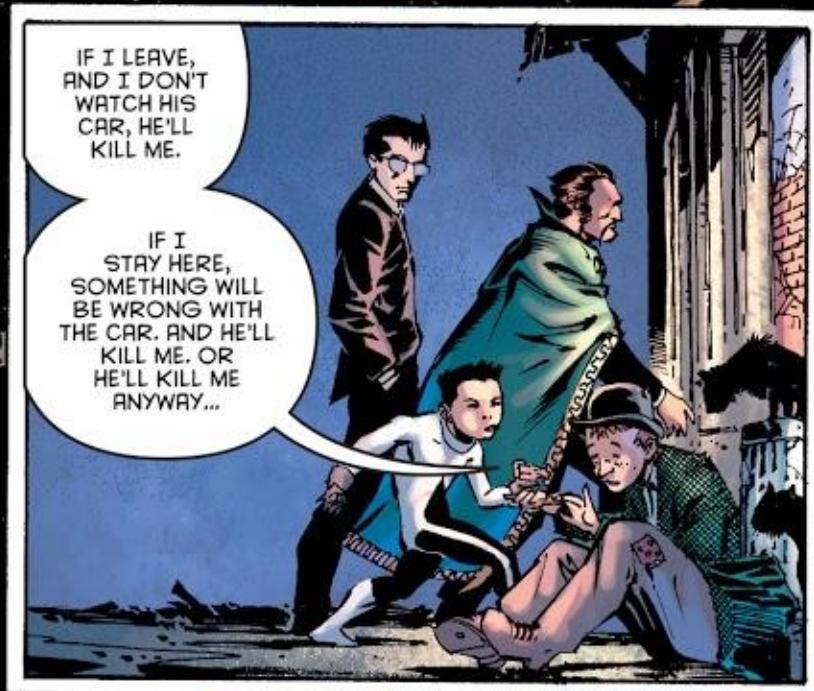
HE ALWAYS
THOUGHT VERY
HIGHLY OF YOU, MISS.
HE TOLD ME ONCE THAT
IF ONLY THINGS HAD
BEEN DIFFERENT...

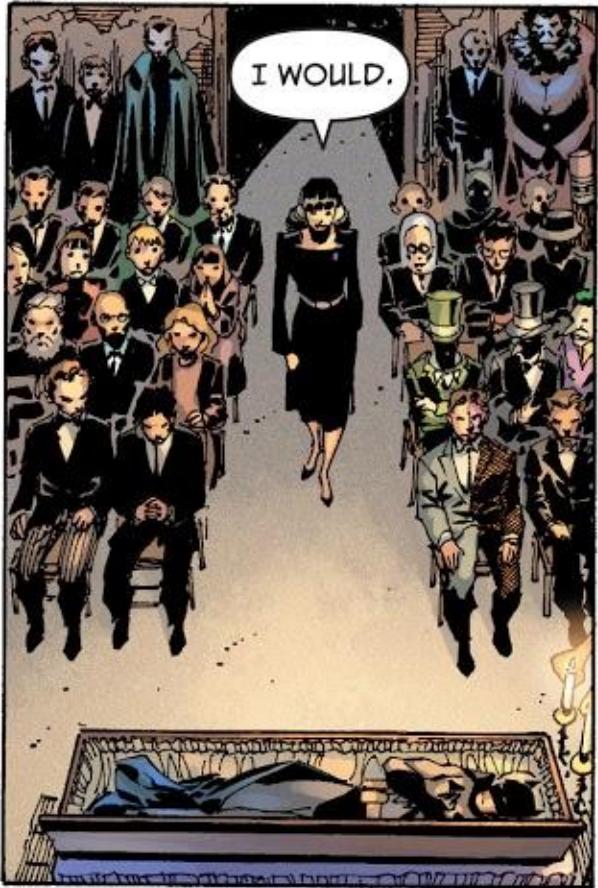
WELL,
THINGS ARE
CERTAINLY
DIFFERENT
NOW.







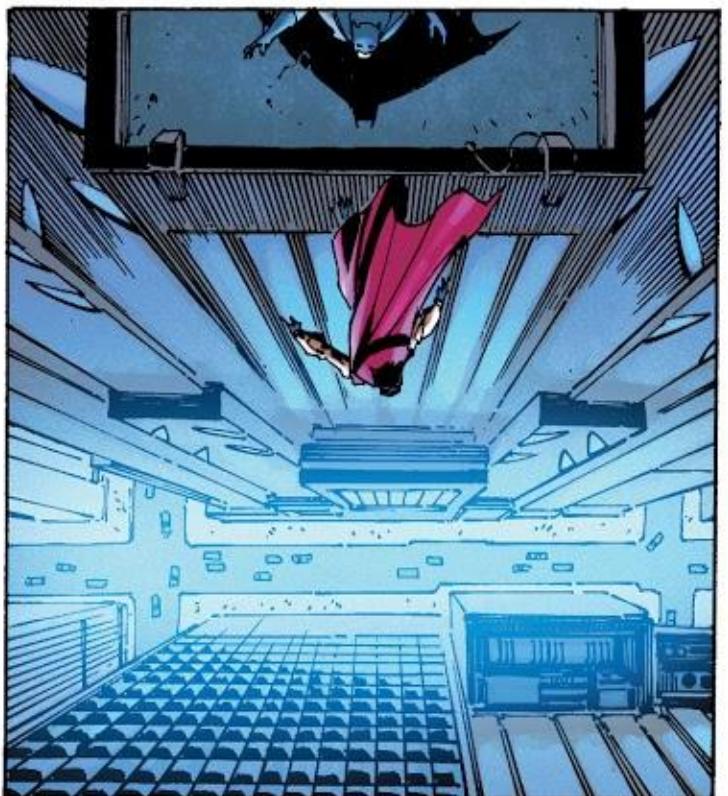
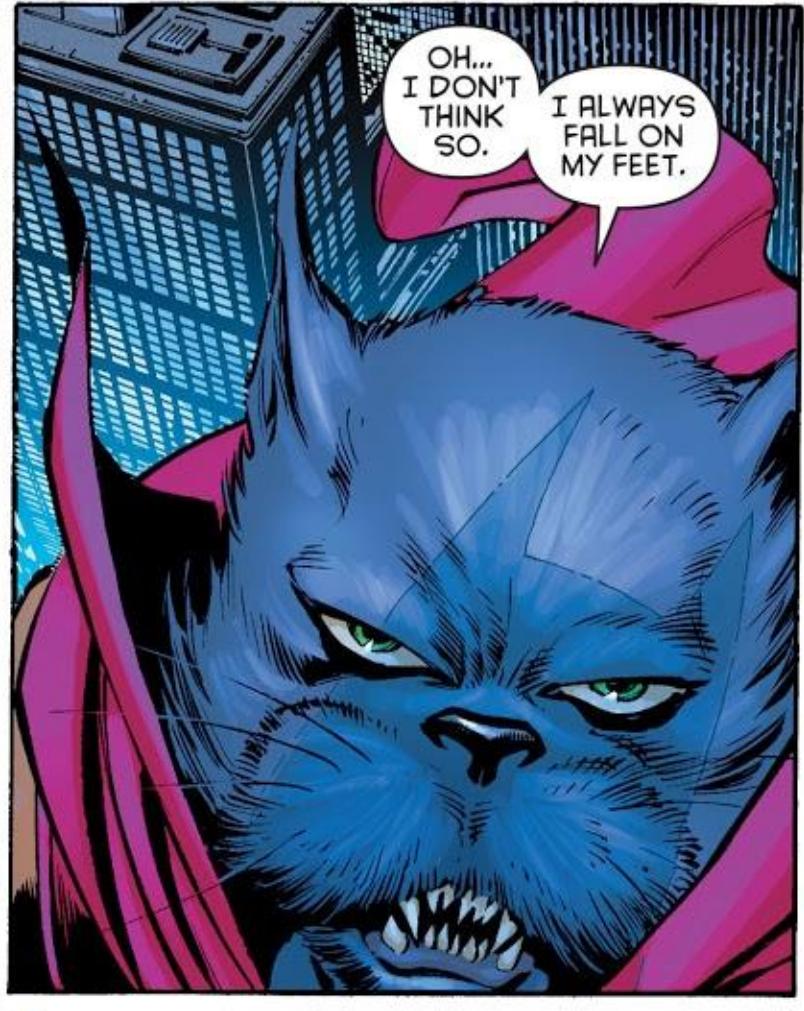




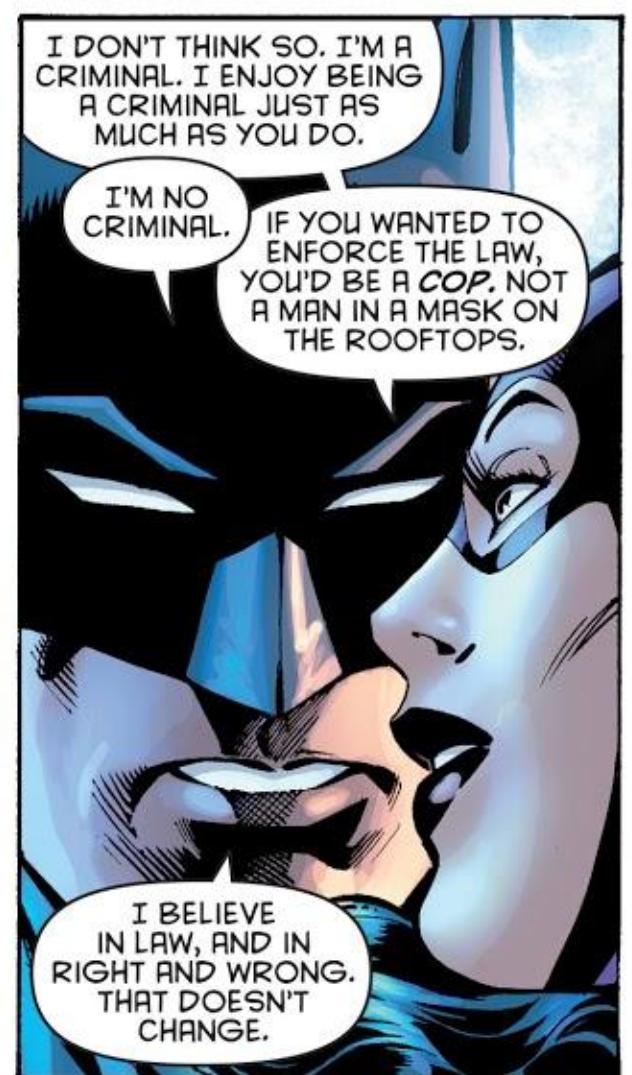
THE CAT-WOMAN'S TALE

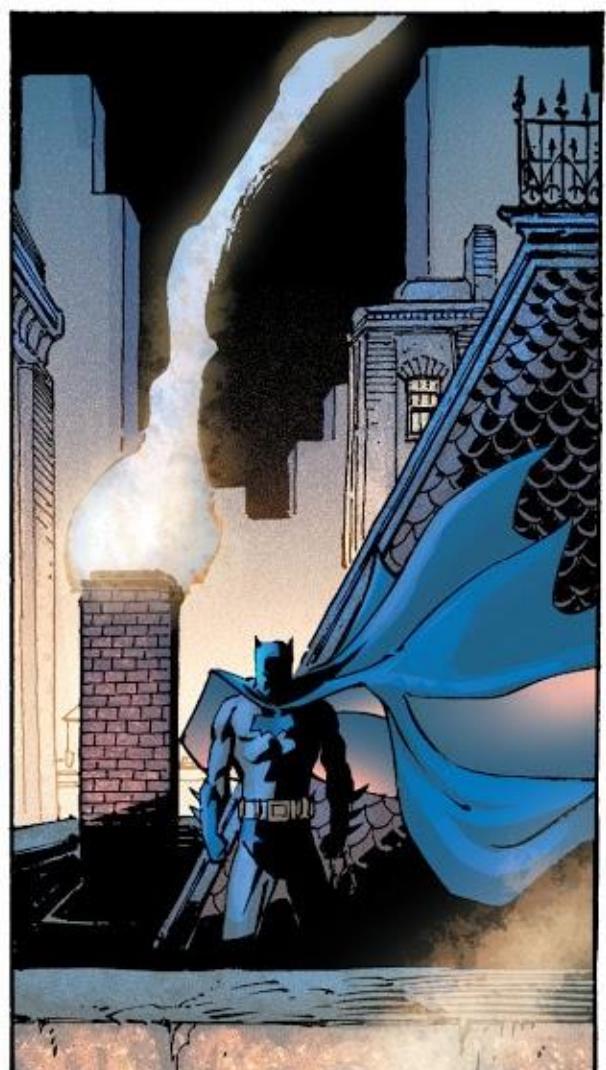
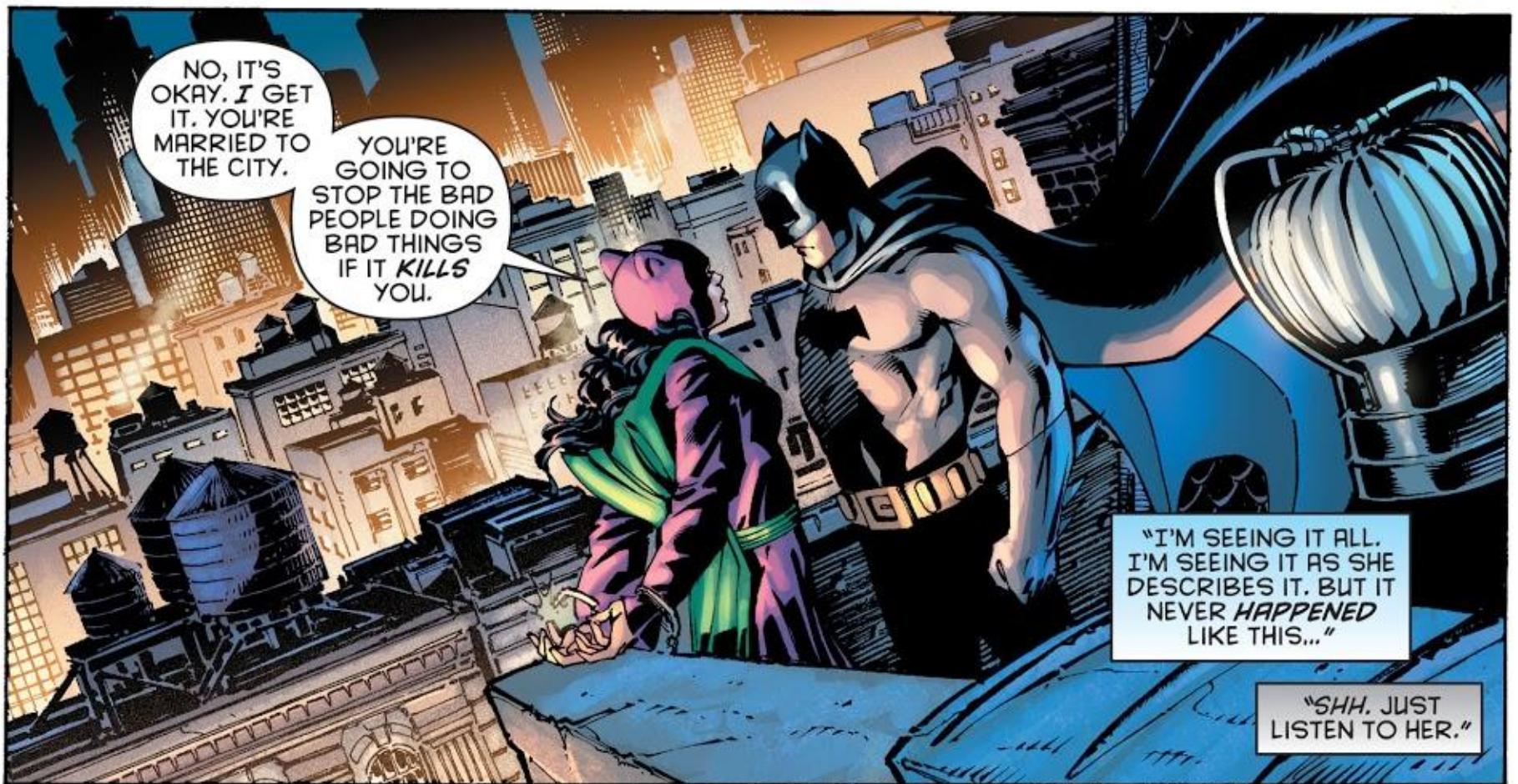
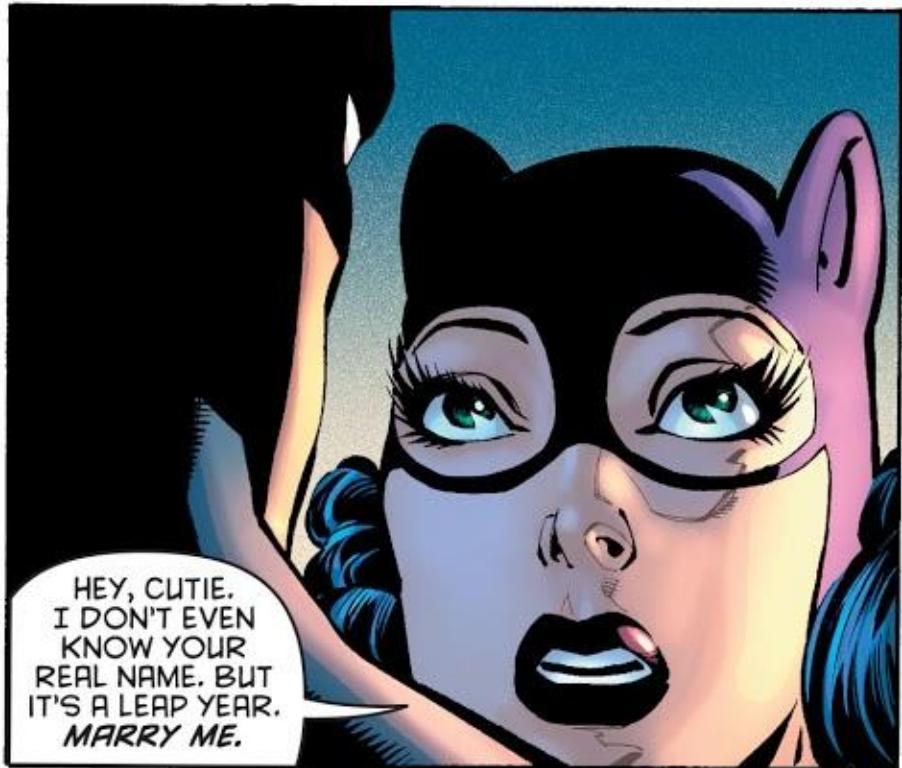


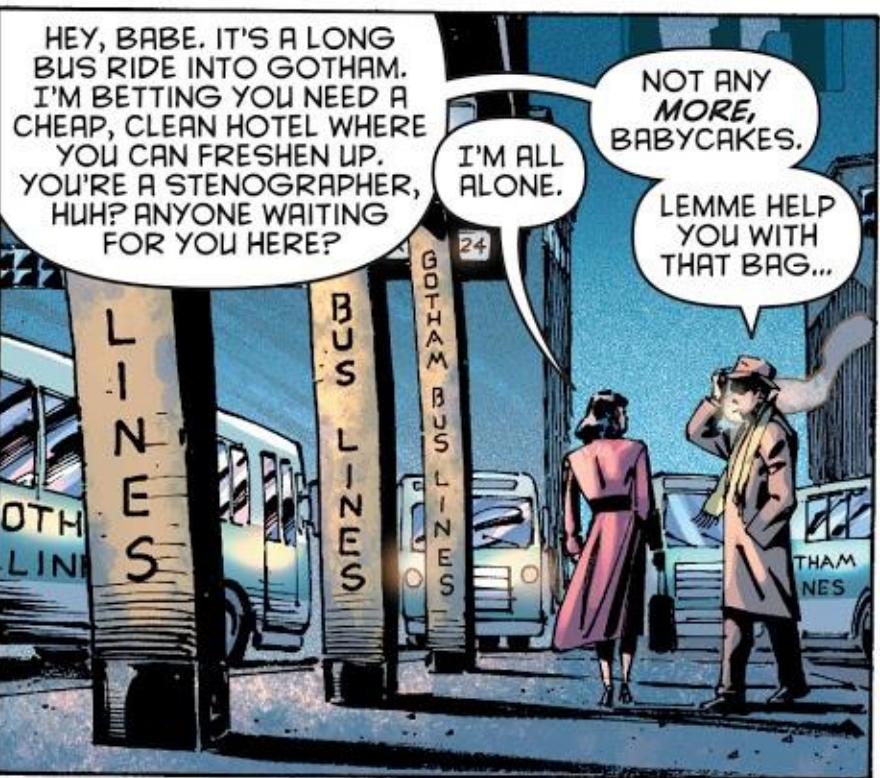


















NO. YOU
CAME HERE
BECAUSE
YOU LOVE
ME.

AND I
LET YOU
DIE BECAUSE
I LOVE
YOU.

YOU COULD
GET ME TO A
HOSPITAL... CALL
A DOCTOR...
IT'S... NOT
TOO LATE...

IT WAS
ALWAYS
TOO LATE.

SO
MUCH TO
DO...

"I THOUGHT...
I THOUGHT I
WAS GOING
TO END IT ALL,
AFTERWARDS."

BUT I
DIDN'T.
I CAME
HERE...

AND THAT'S
ALL.



"NO, IT WAS YOUR
DEATH. OR AT LEAST,
IT WAS BATMAN'S."

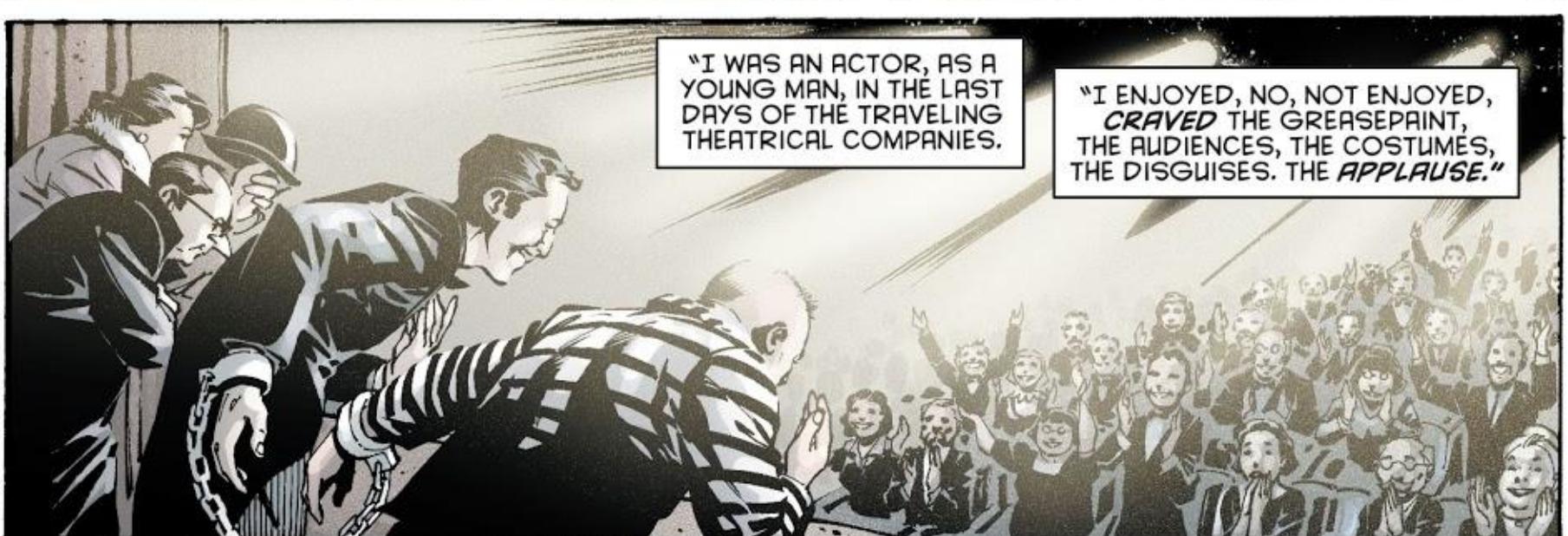
I THOUGHT
PERHAPS
I COULD
TALK ABOUT
THE DEAR
DEPARTED...

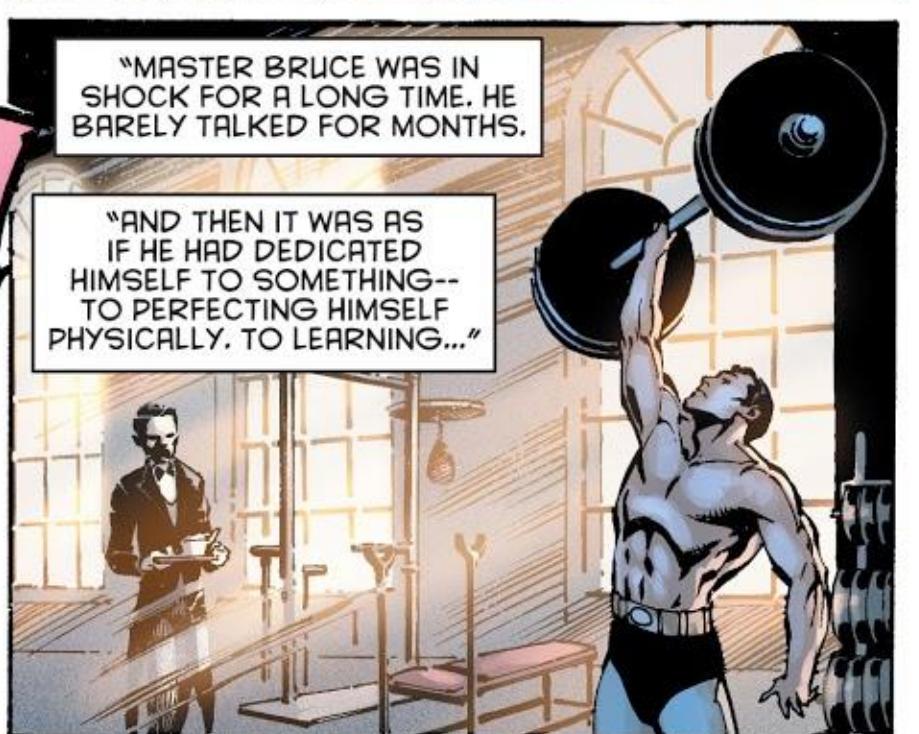
THE GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN'S TALE

YOU ARE
ALL SUSPECTS...
BUT NONE OF
YOU COMMITTED
THE CRIME...

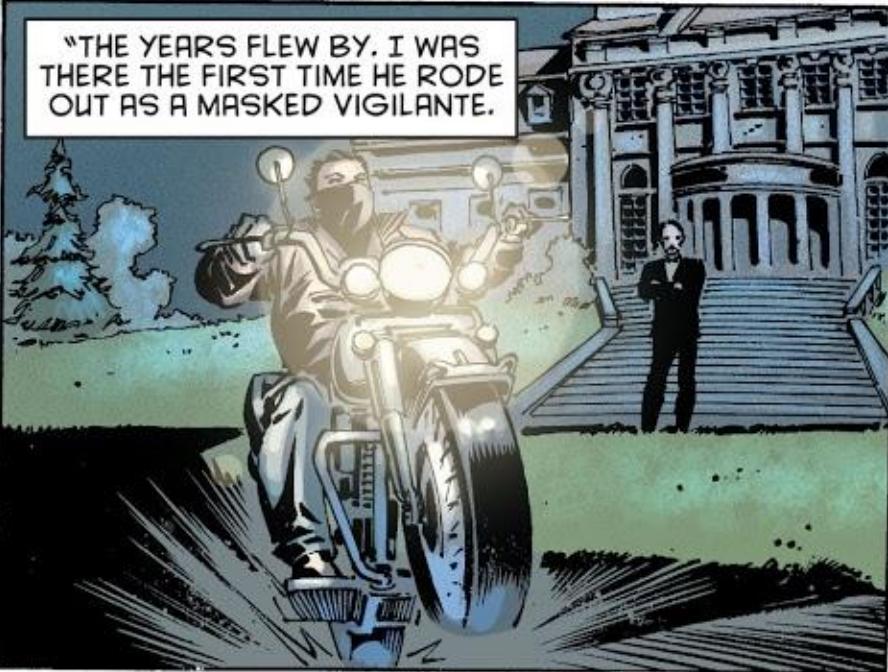
FOR
YOU SEE--
THE BUTLER
DID IT!

BLAST YOU!
I NEARLY GOT
AWAY WITH IT!
BUT YOU'LL
NEVER LIVE TO
TELL THE
TALE!

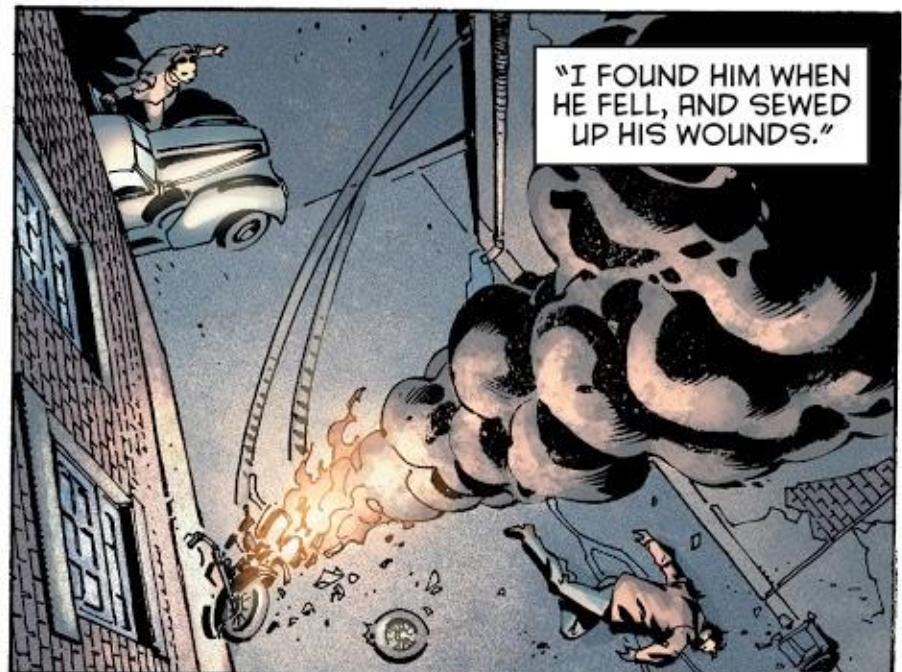




"THE YEARS FLEW BY. I WAS THERE THE FIRST TIME HE RODE OUT AS A MASKED VIGILANTE."



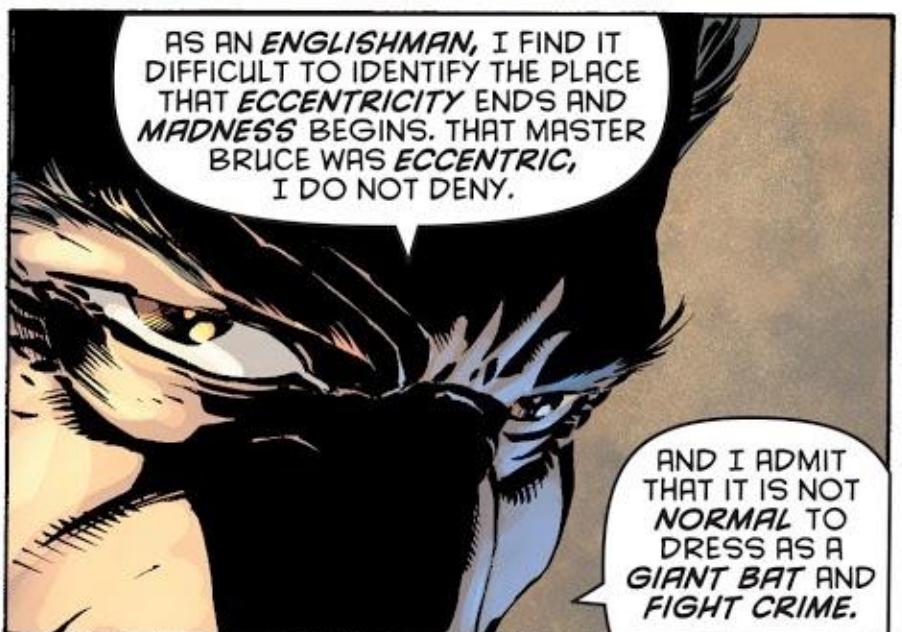
"I FOUND HIM WHEN HE FELL, AND SEwed UP HIS WOUNDS."



AND THEN HE BEGAN DRESSING AS A BAT...



AS AN ENGLISHMAN, I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO IDENTIFY THE PLACE THAT ECCENTRICITY ENDS AND MADNESS BEGINS. THAT MASTER BRUCE WAS ECCENTRIC, I DO NOT DENY.



AND I ADMIT THAT IT IS NOT NORMAL TO DRESS AS A GIANT BAT AND FIGHT CRIME.

"BUT DOING IT MADE HIM HAPPIER THAN I HAD SEEN HIM IN A LONG, LONG TIME."

"THE BLACK MOODS THAT HAD STARTED WHEN HIS PARENTS WERE KILLED RECEDDED."



"HE SMILED, SOMETIMES."

"AND THEN THE SMILE BEGAN TO FADE. HE STILL WENT OUT AT NIGHT. SOMETIMES HE FOUND CRIMINALS IN THE ACT OF COMMITTING CRIMES, AND STOPPED THEM."

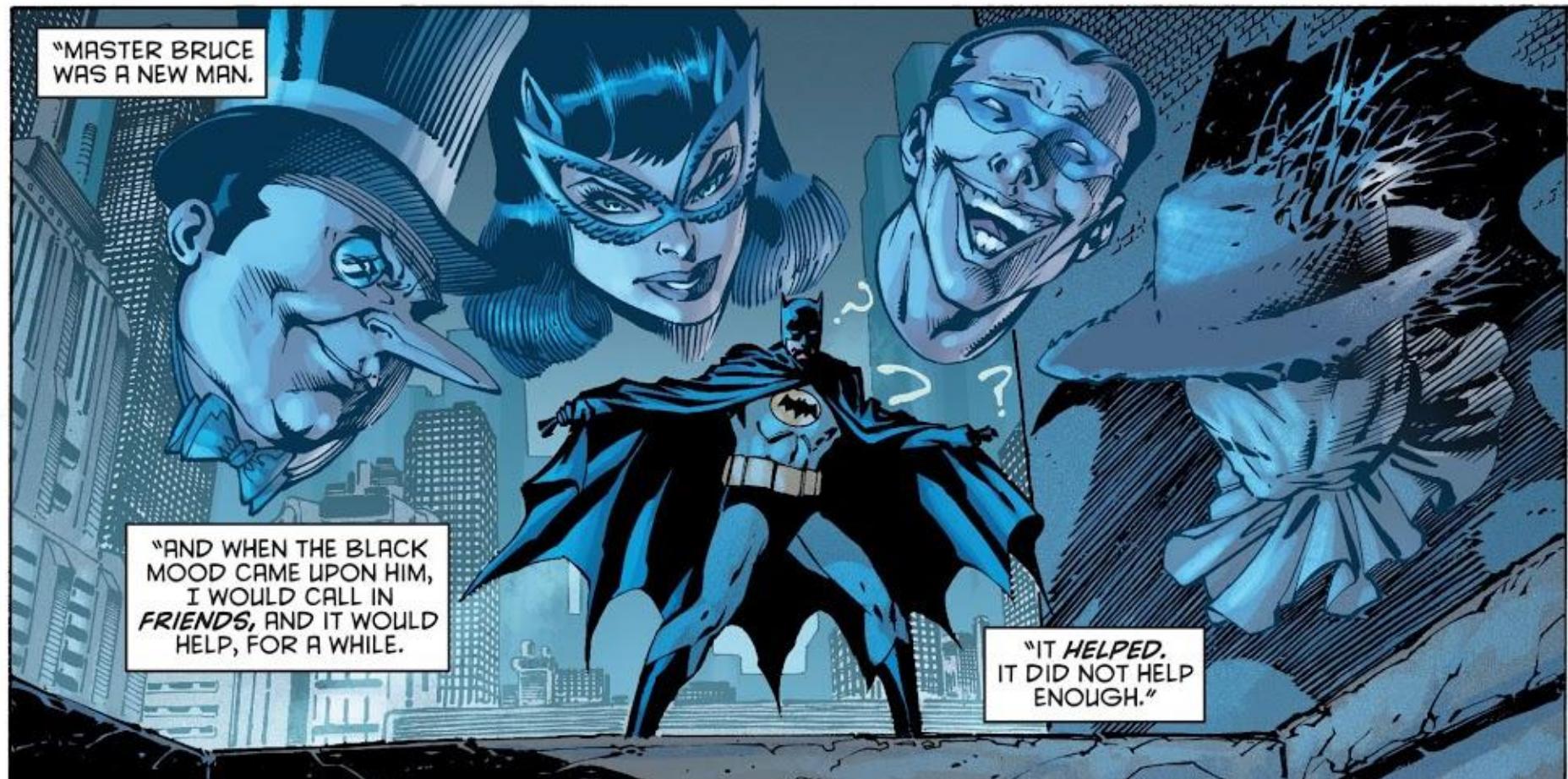
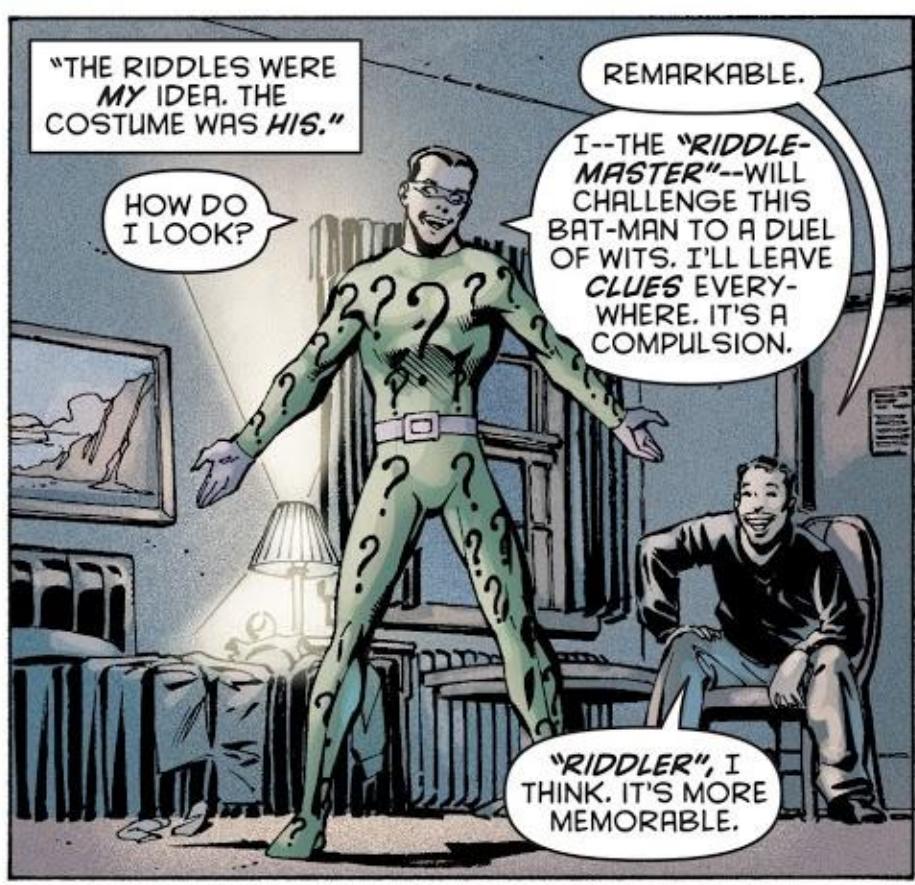
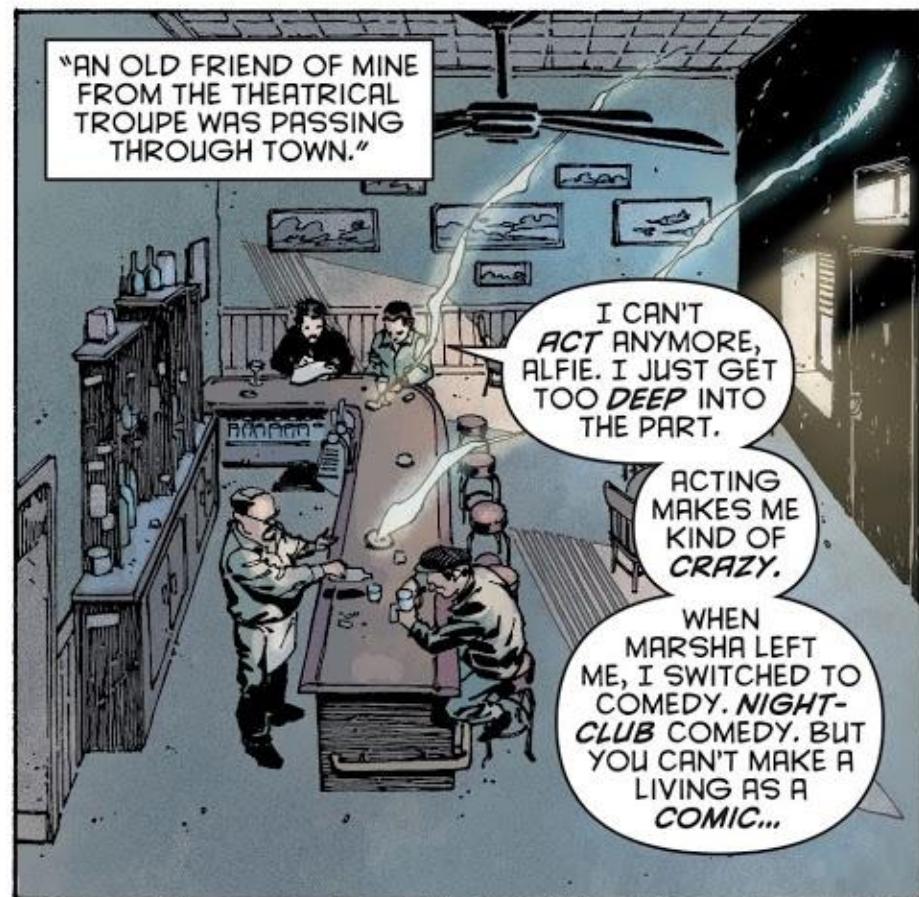
"MOSTLY, HE DID NOT."



"HE WAS MOVING AWAY FROM ME, AWAY FROM THE WORLD, AND THE BLACK MOOD WAS TAKING OVER."

"DID I DO RIGHT? I BELIEVED SO AT THE TIME."





"WHAT MASTER BRUCE NEEDED
WAS A MOBY DICK FOR HIS AHAB,
A MORIARTY TO HIS HOLMES."

"AND SO, REGRETFULLY,
I DID WHAT NEEDED
TO BE DONE."



"WHITE GREASEPAINT."



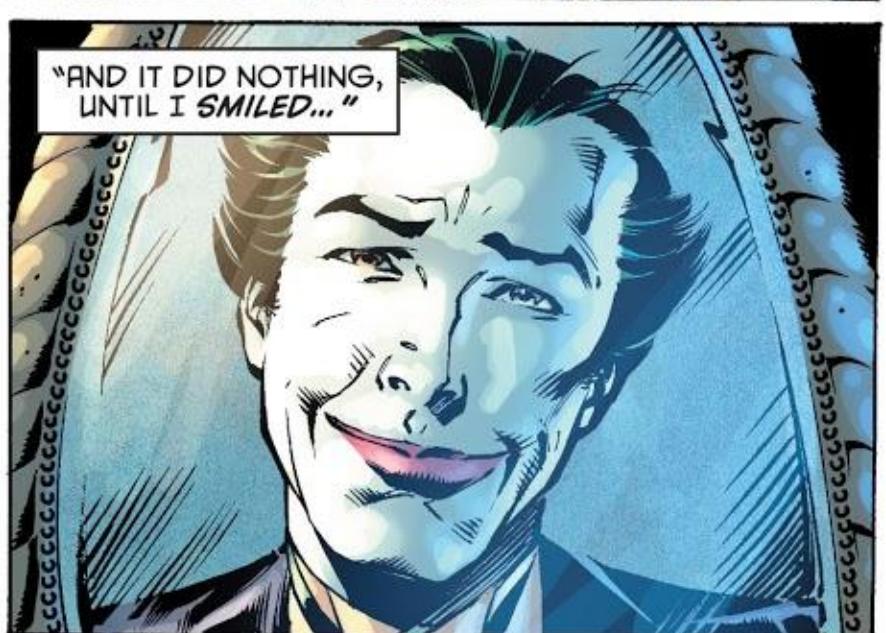
"RED LIPSTICK."



"A PURPLE SUIT.
A GREEN WIG."



"AND IT DID NOTHING,
UNTIL I SMILED..."



"THOSE WERE THE GLORY DAYS."

"MASTER BRUCE CAME OUT OF HIS SHELL."

"THE GAME CONTINUED-- ONCE OR TWICE A MONTH WAS ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM INTERESTED AND AWAKE AND ALIVE."

"BUT NOTHING GOOD LASTS FOREVER."

"AND, EVEN IN HIS FOLLY, HE WAS A REMARKABLE DETECTIVE."

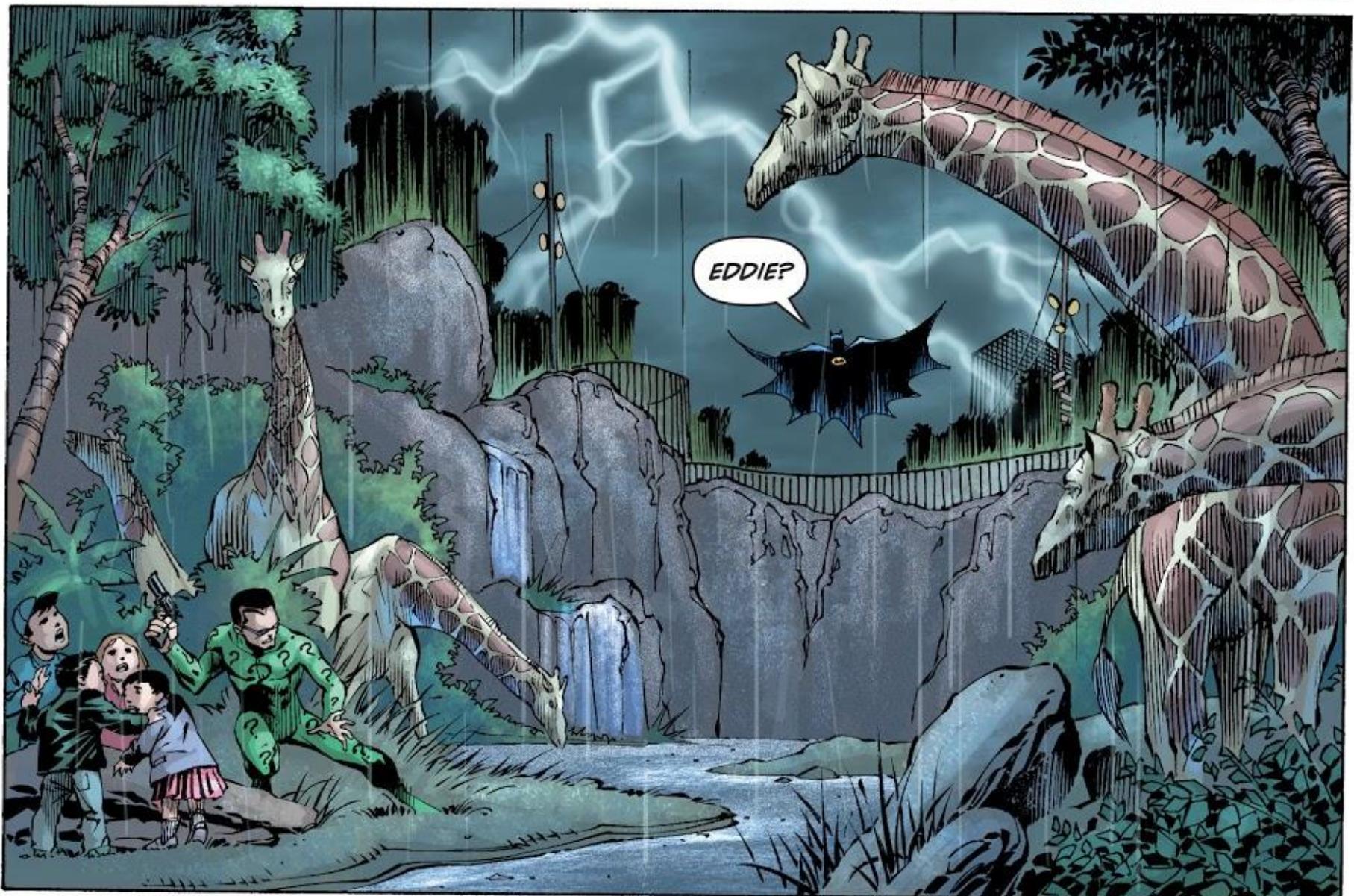
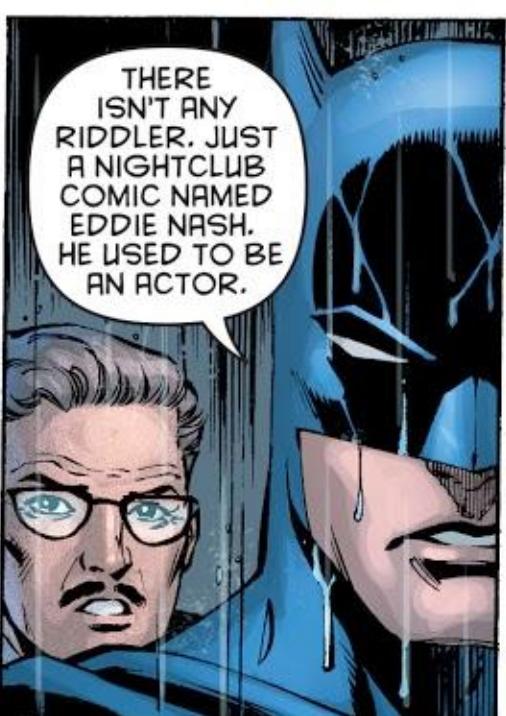
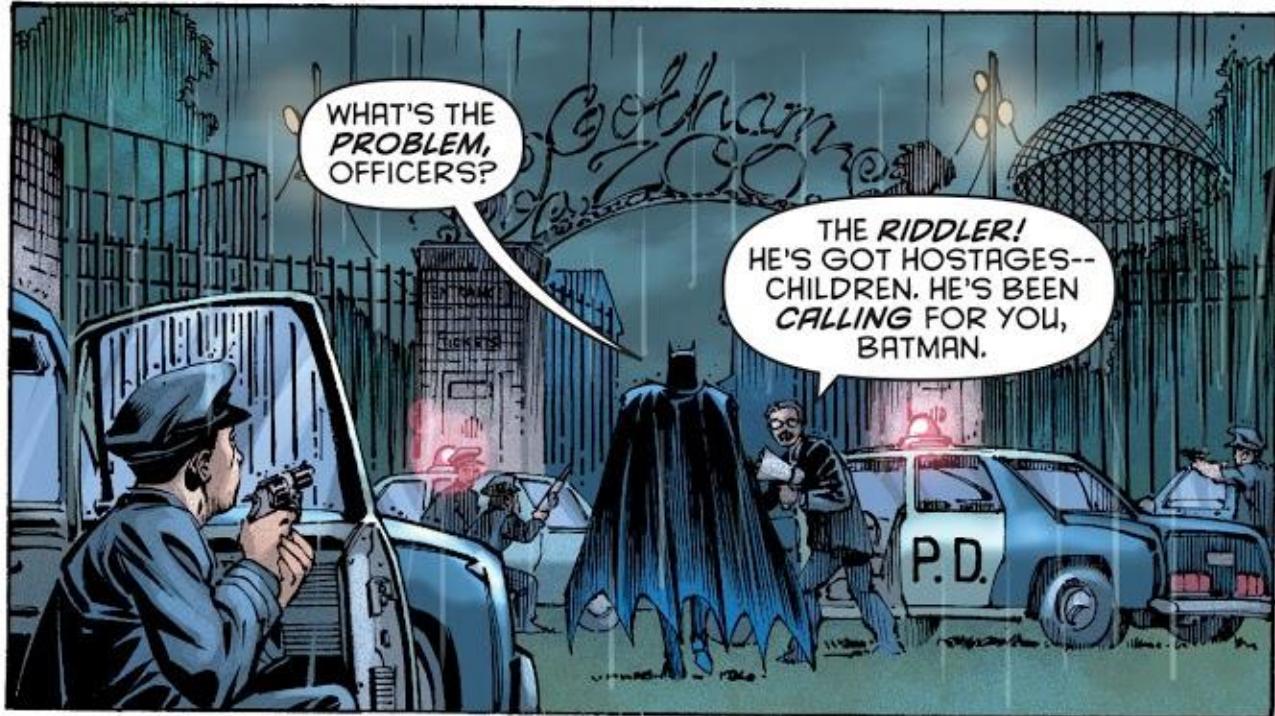
YOU RANG, SIR?

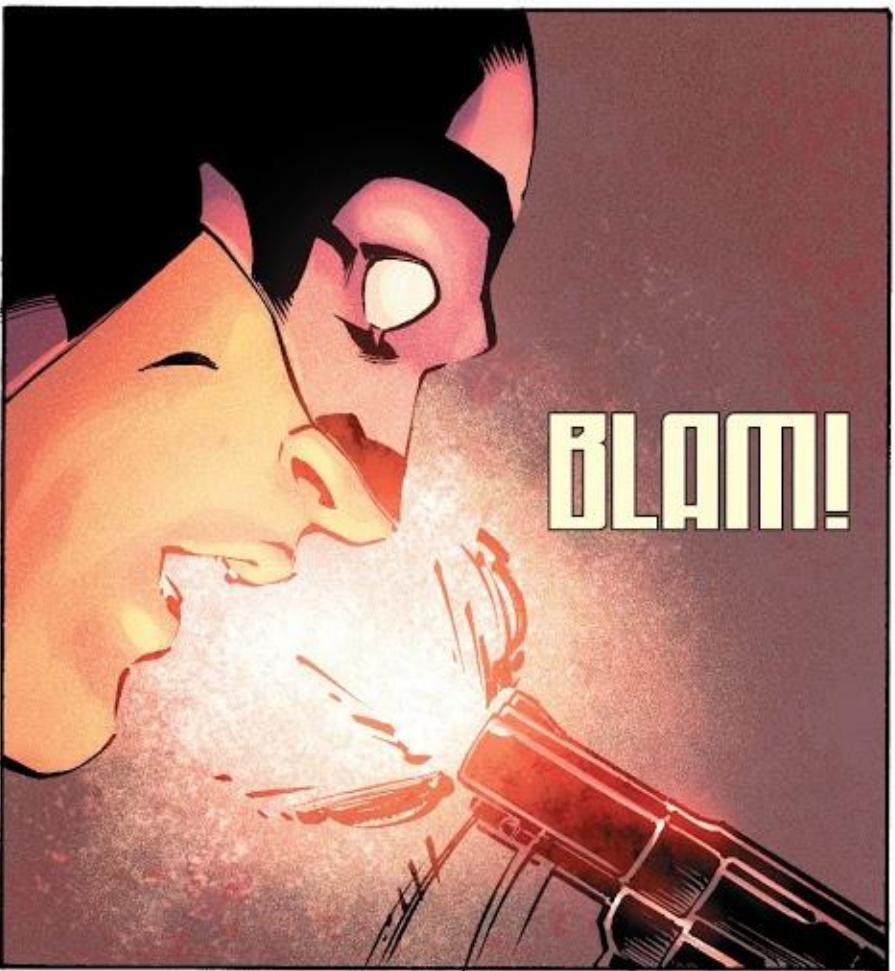
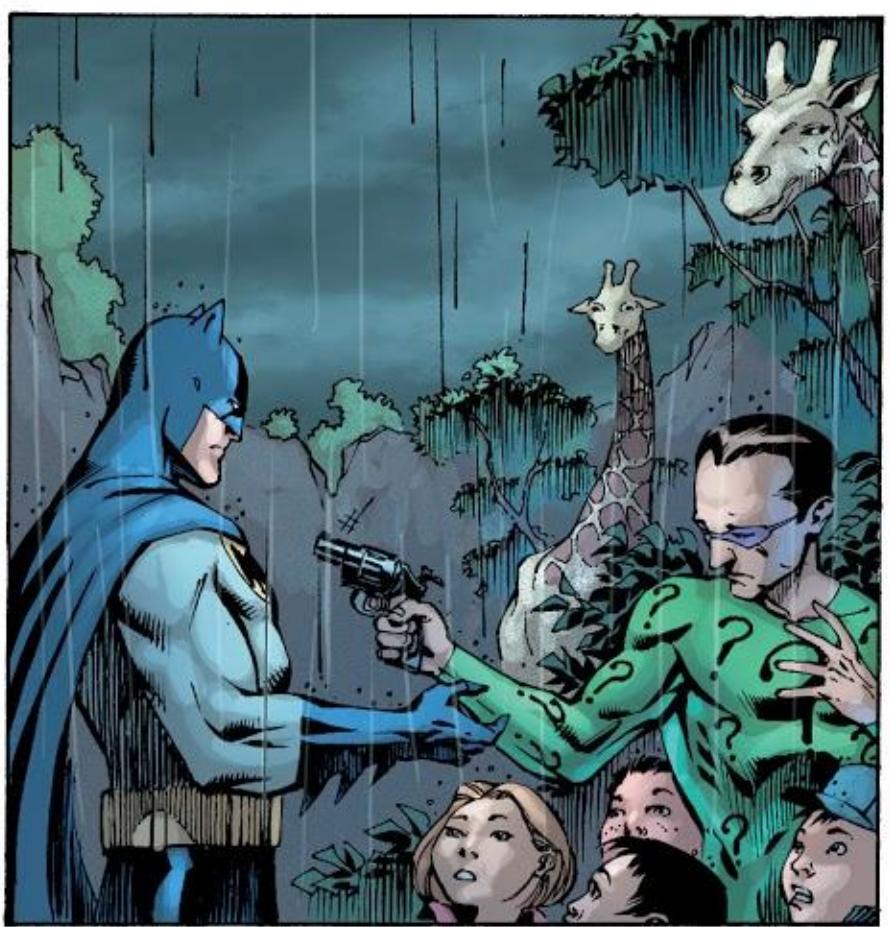
YES,
ALFRED. I WAS
HOPING YOU
COULD EXPLAIN
THESE...?

HALLOWEEN,
SIR. I PLANNED
TO GO TRICK OR
TREATING...













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