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BATMAN

JUNGLE
JEOPARDY!



Beginning: A three-part saga of
exotic adventure and moonlit
mystery, starring--

BATMAN

CREATED BY

BOB
KANE

®

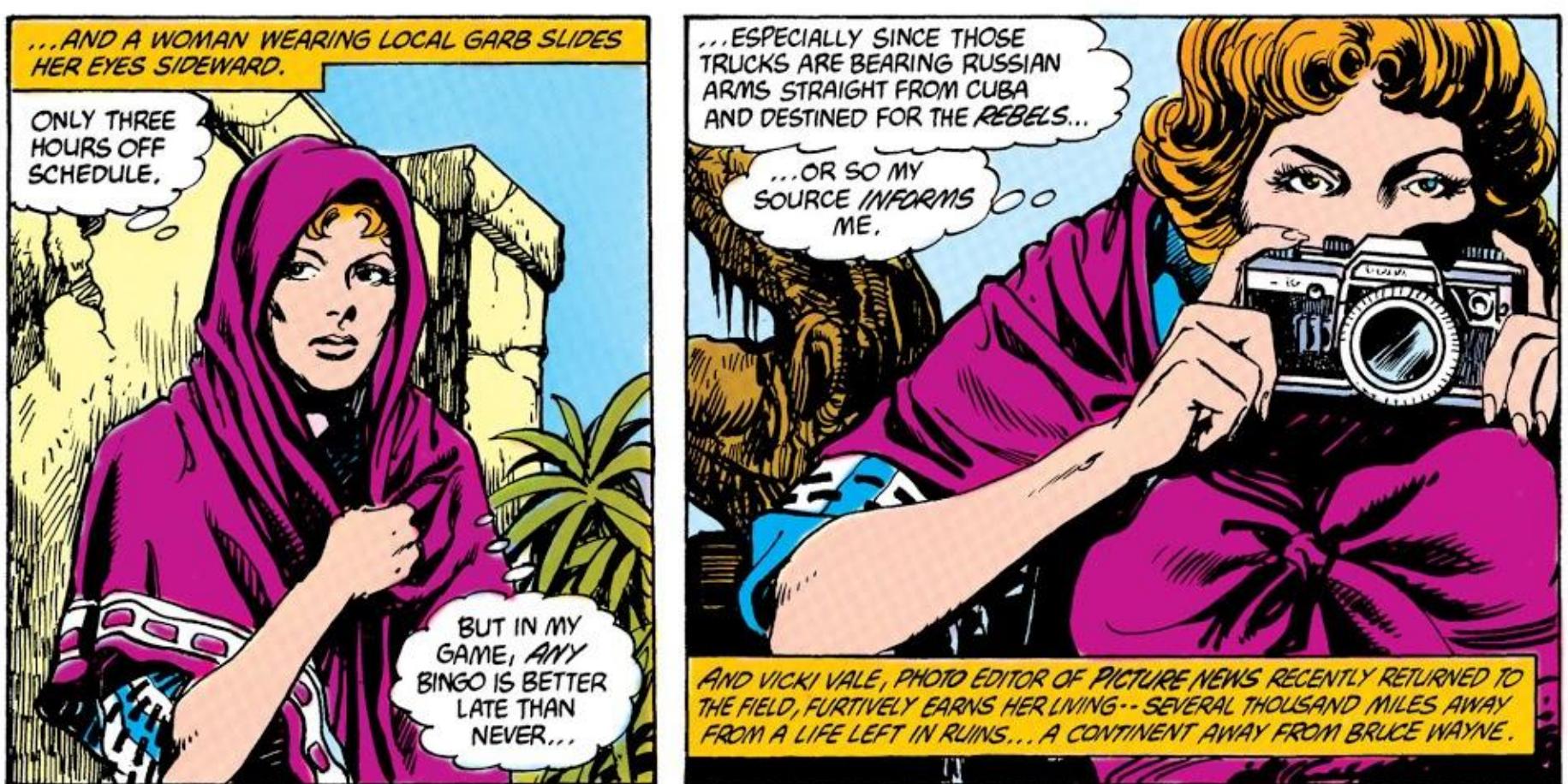
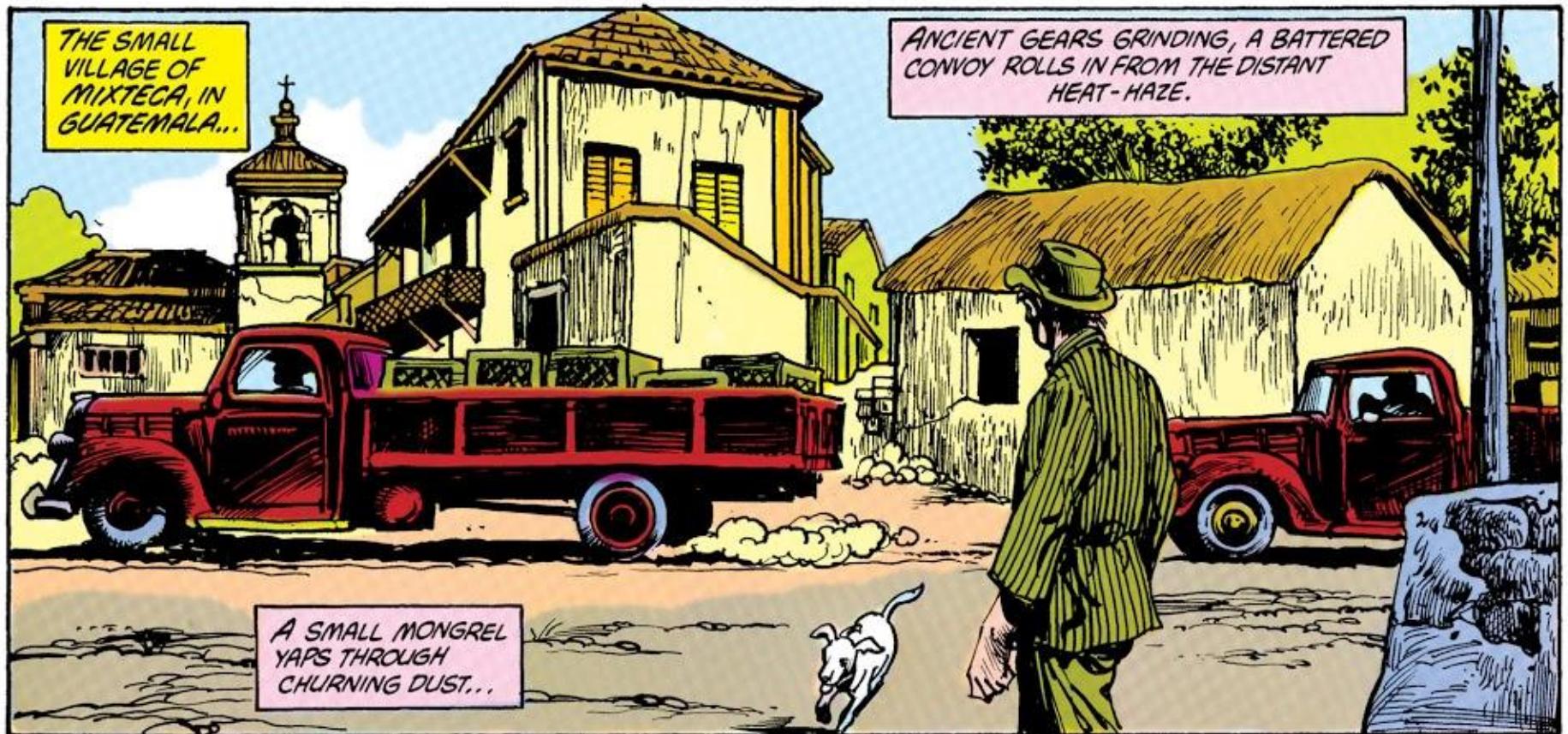


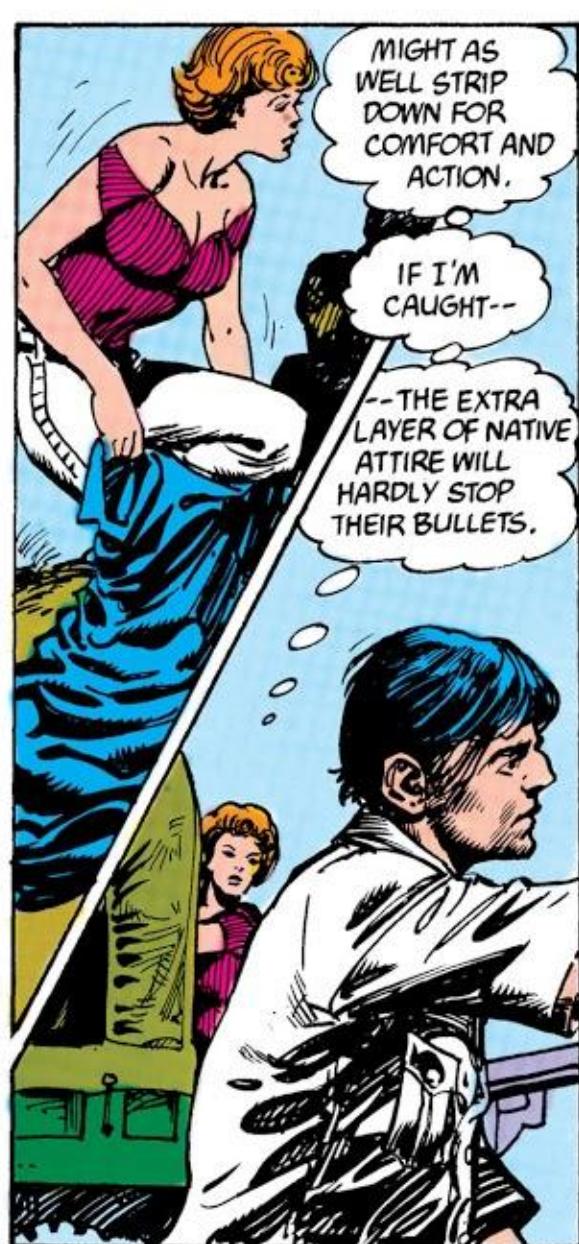
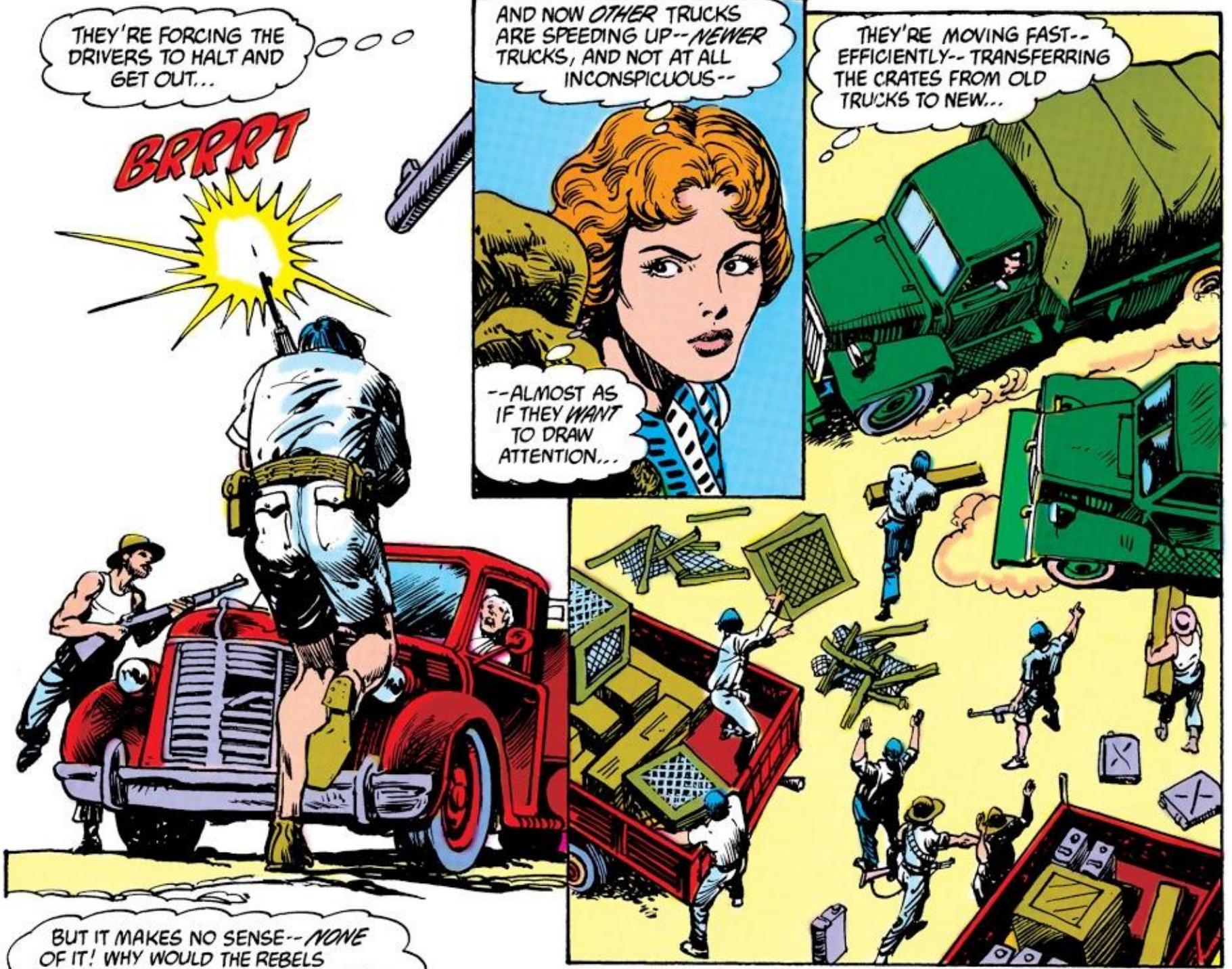
RUINS

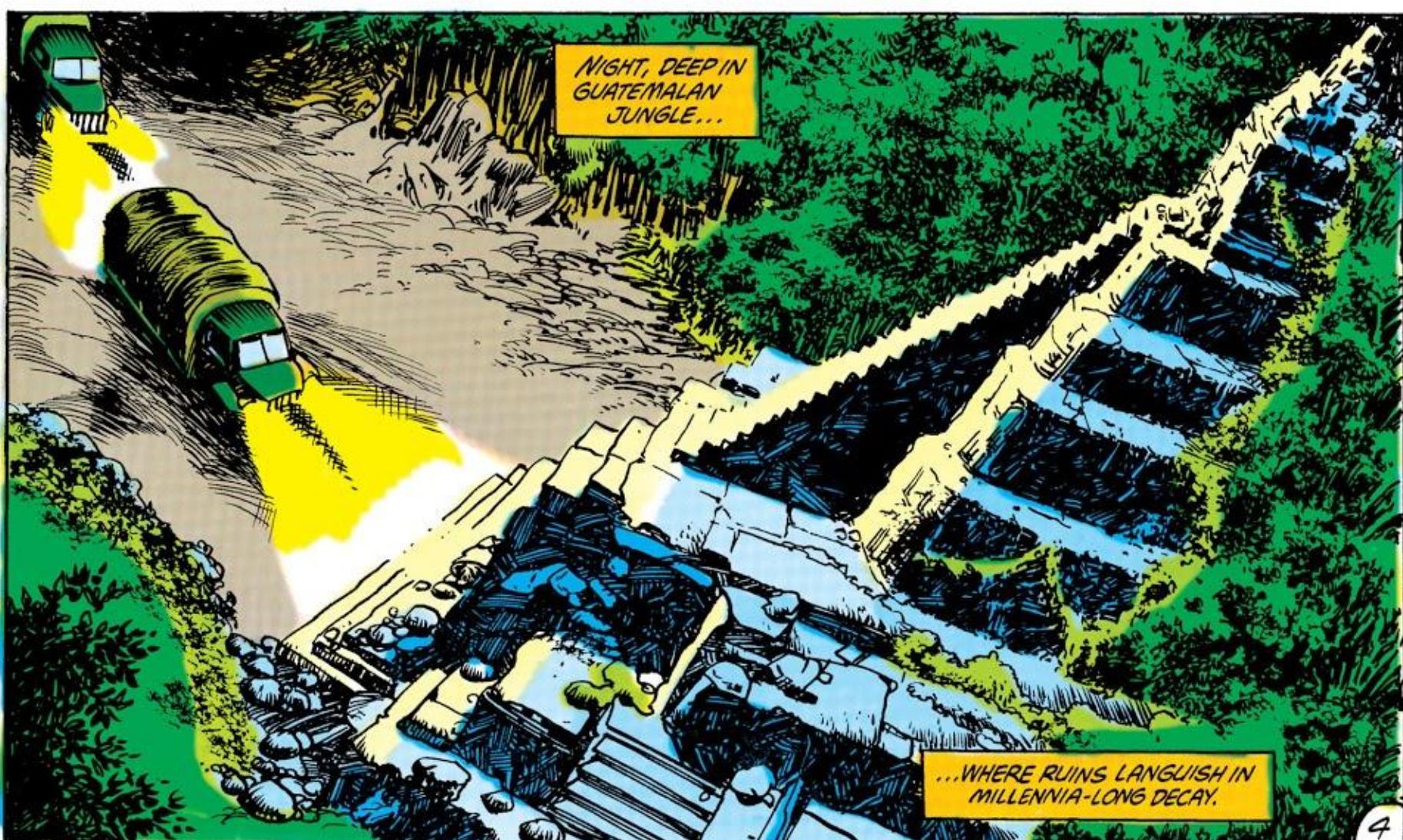
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DOUG MOENCH • DON NEWTON • ALFREDO ALCALA • JOHN COSTANZA • ADRIENNE ROY
WRITER ARTIST INKER LETTERER COLORIST

LEN WEIN
EDITOR







THE CONVOY RUMBLES STRAIGHT FOR THE MAIN PYRAMID, AND THEN--

WHAT THE--?!

THE TRUCKS ARE GOING INSIDE!



THE FLOOR-- IT'S SWIVELLING DOWN INTO A RAMP!

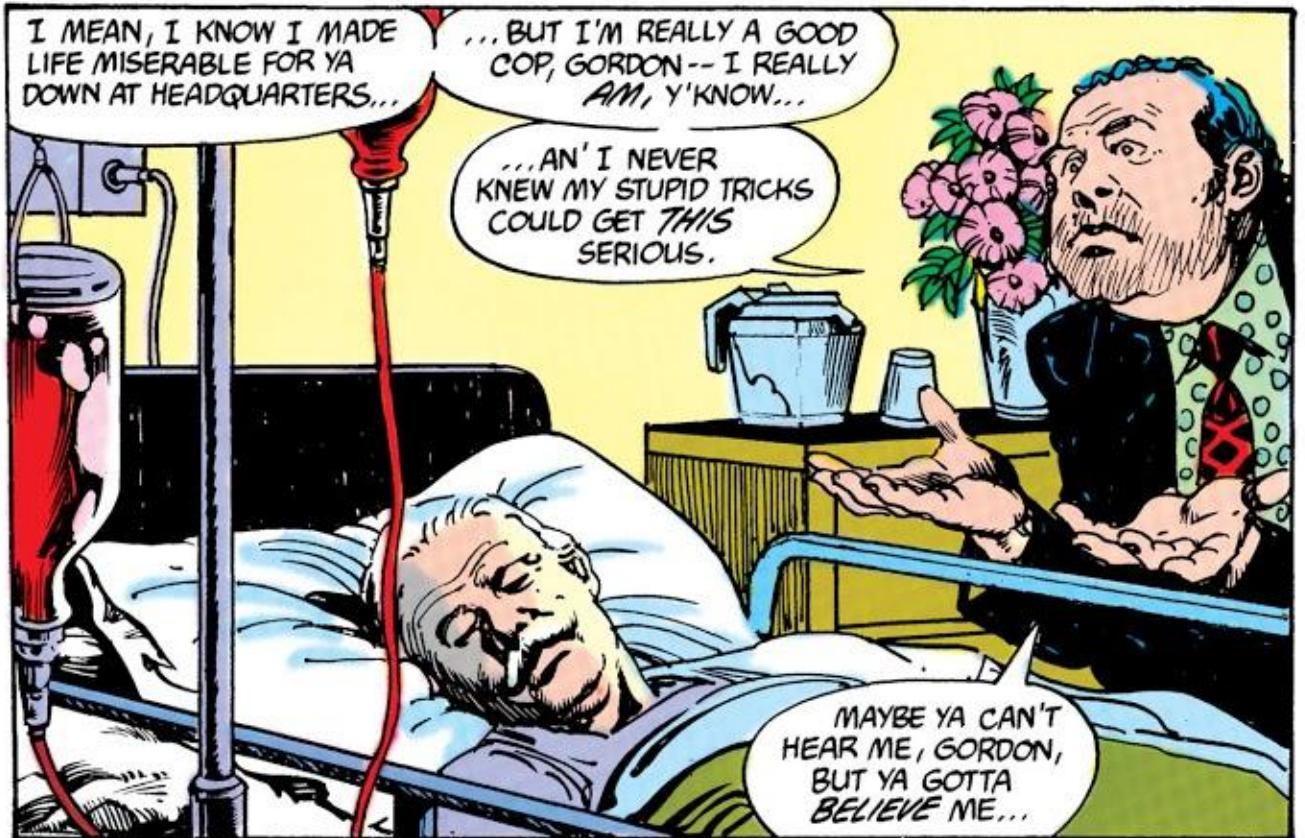
AND NOW THE RAMP IS RISING BACK UP...

IF ONLY I'D BROUGHT INFRA-RED EQUIPMENT...

I DON'T BELIEVE IT-- AN HONEST-TO-DIME-NOVEL SECRET HIDEOUT-- UNDER ANCIENT MAYAN RUINS!

NO WAY TO SNAP ANY SHOTS IN THIS--





DEEP UNDER A MAYAN PYRAMID IN DANK GLOOM, A VIDEO CAMERA WHIRS...

VICKI VALE MUGS AT IT SOME THREE TIMES PER MINUTE.

ALL I'D HAVE TO DO IS ESCAPE AND DROP IT INTO THE FIRST CONVENIENT JUNGLE MAILBOX.

WELL, WELL, WELL... VICKI VALE, IS IT NOT? AND WHERE THERE'S A VICKI VALE, THERE IS SOON A BATMAN TO FOLLOW.

I THINK IT'S TIME PREPARATIONS WERE MADE...

SOME SEARCH THEY MADE--DIDN'T EVEN TAKE THE PAPER AND PEN FROM MY POCKETS.

NOW IF I CAN ONLY SCRIBBLE A NOTE WITHOUT BEING SEEN BY THAT VID-CAM...

WHATEVER YOU SAY, EL JEFE.

INDEED. AFTER ALL, TAKING OVER AN ENTIRE COUNTRY IS NO MEAN FEAT-- EVEN FOR ME--AND WE WOULDN'T WANT IT SPOILED, WOULD WE?

NO, EL JEFE. WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

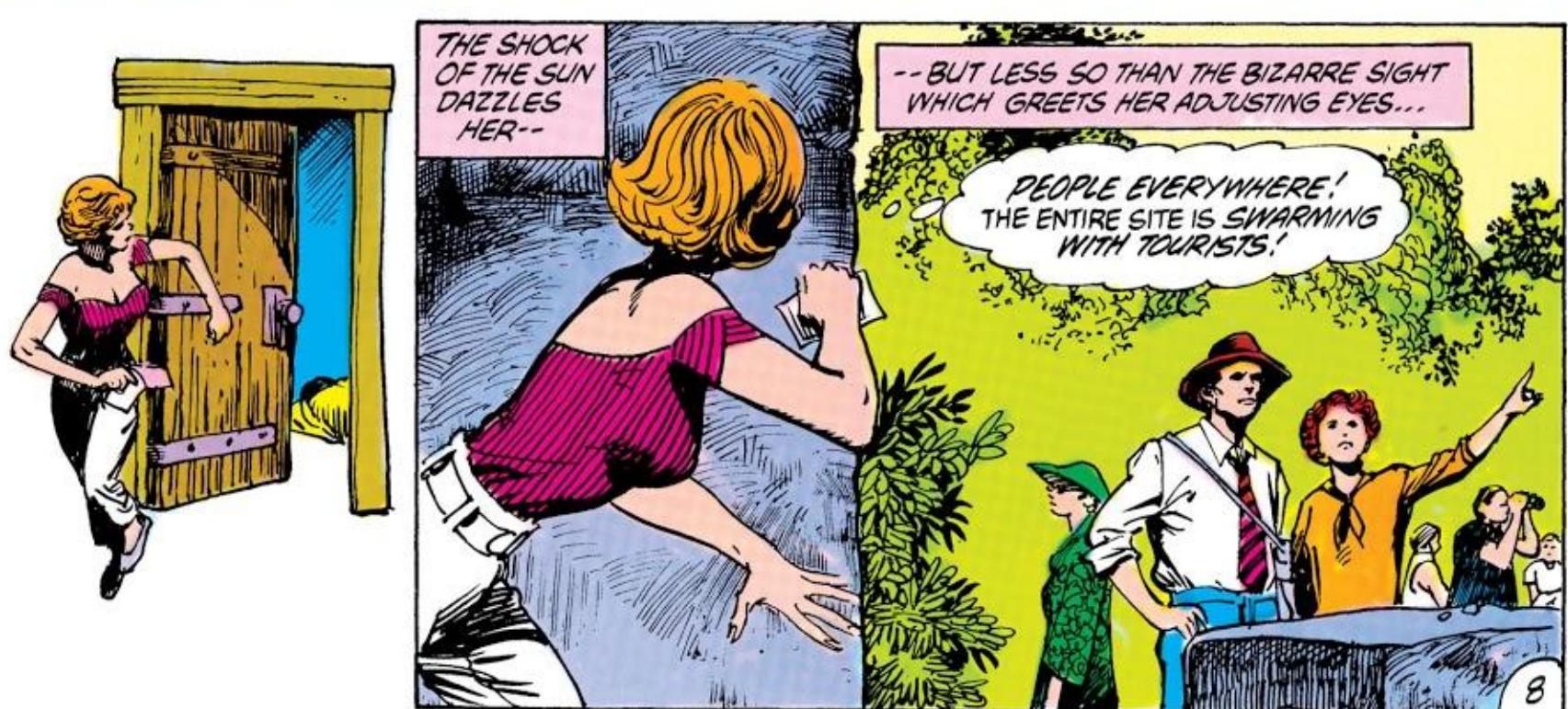
EVERYTHING.

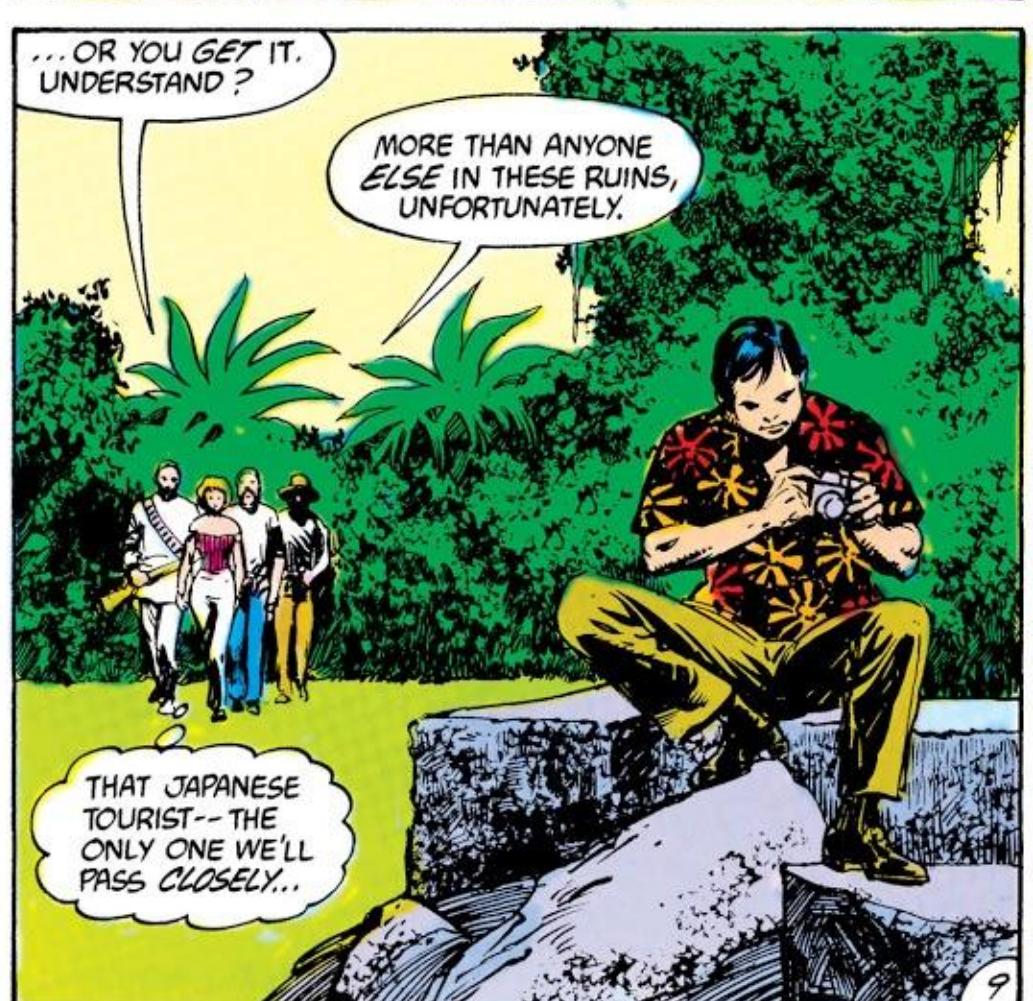
SO FAR, SO GOOD, I GUESS.

...SAID THE NONCHALANT CORRESPONDENT, HOPING NO POINTS ARE AWARDED FOR NEATNESS.

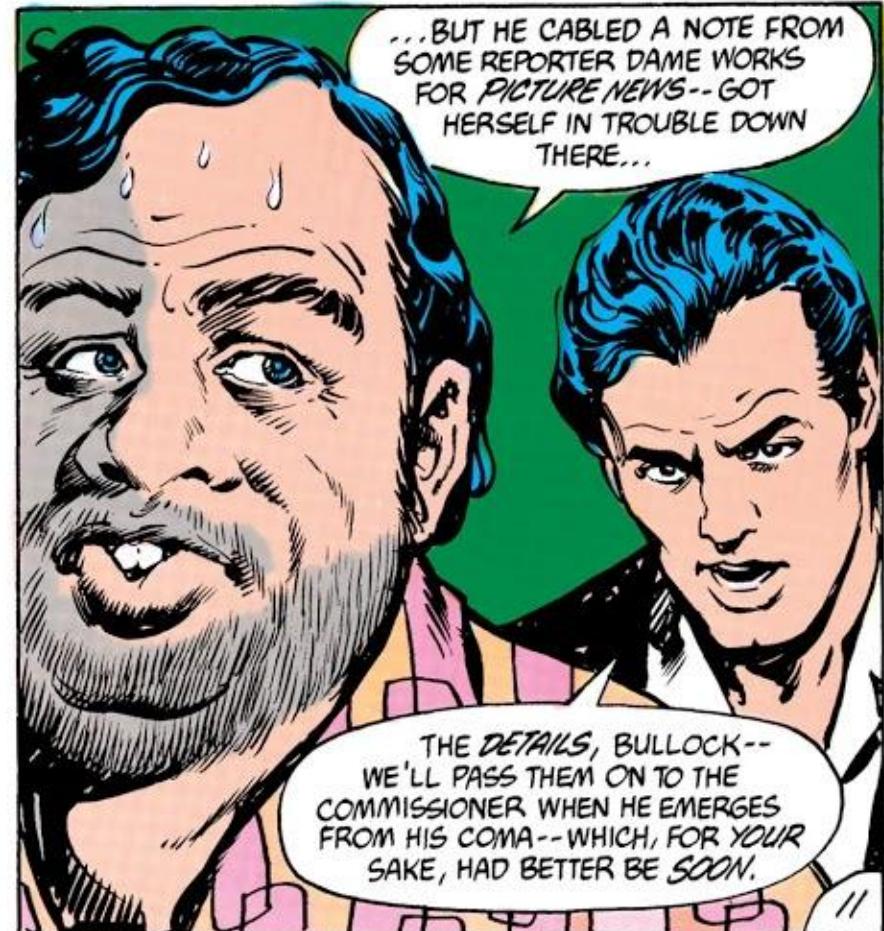
LOOK, MA, NO EYES-- IT'S ALL IN THE FINGERS AND WRIST...

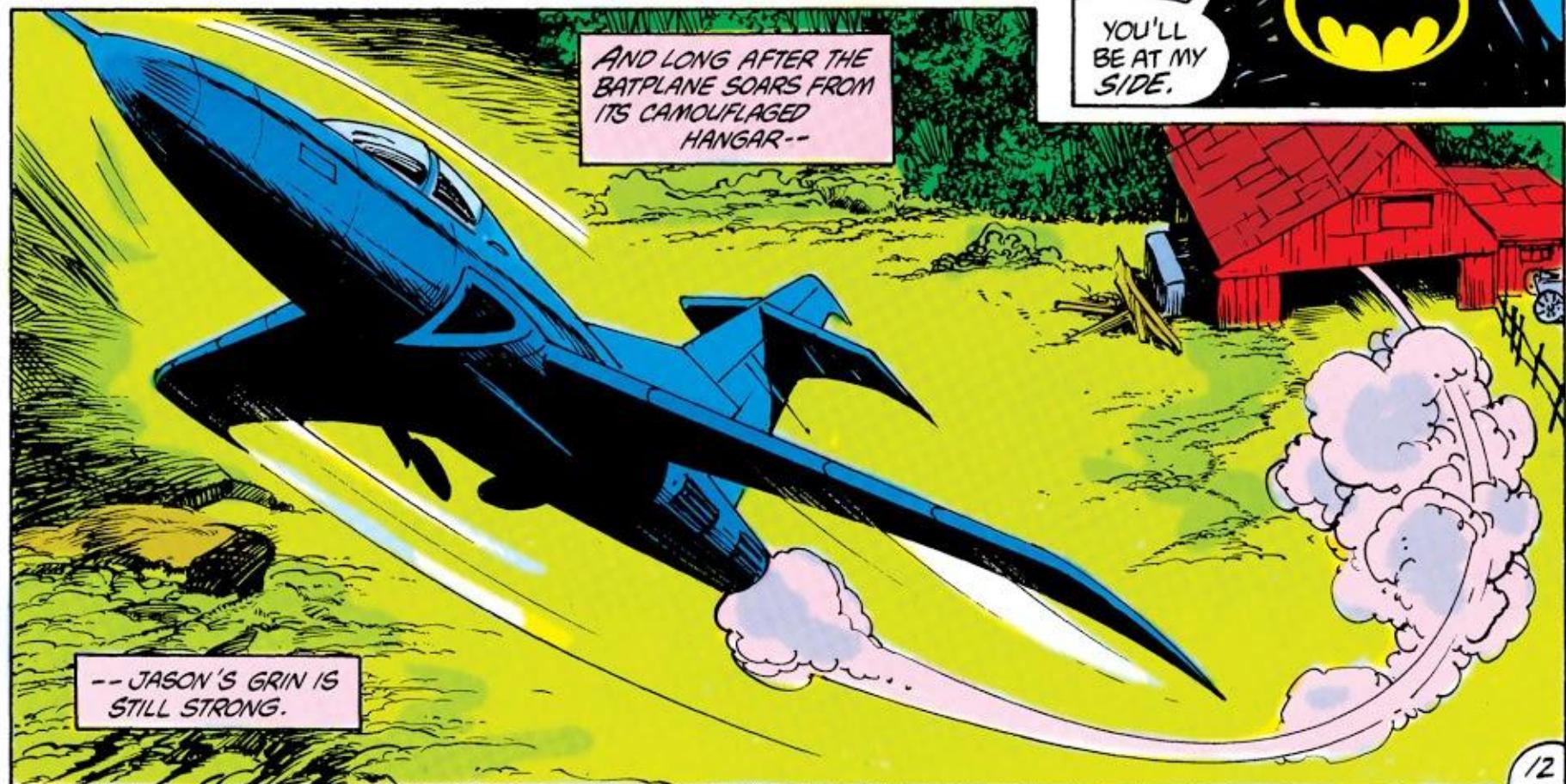
AND DONE--ONE EXERCISE IN FUTILITY, MERELY TO BREAK THE Tedium.











FIVE HOURS LATER...

IT'S EASY
TO FORGET--

VICKI'S NOTE
SAID THE RUINS
WERE SOME
FORTY OR
FIFTY MILES
SOUTH OF
MIXTECA--

--WHICH MATCHES
THE RUINS OF
ZYANYA, FIFTY-
THREE MILES
SOUTH...

...AND THIS CLEARING IS THE
CLOSEST POSSIBLE LANDING SITE,
THREE MILES FROM THE RUINS.

TOO TIGHT FOR
COMFORT--NOW LET'S
SEE ABOUT SURVIVAL...

--BUT SOME
OF THE WORLD IS
STILL UNTouched
BY TIME OR
PROGRESS...

HE MAKES IT.

BETTER LEAVE THE ENGINES
RUNNING UNTIL I CAN SCAN
FOR TROUBLE...

I MAY HAVE TO
TAKE OFF FAST AND
SIMPLY PARACHUTE
IN.

BUT EVEN AS HE VAULTS FROM THE COCKPIT...

SPOTLIGHTS--
PINPOINTING ME!

AND THE LIGHT
IS FOLLOWED BY--

AUTOMATIC FIRE! SHOULD'VE
KNOWN THERE'D BE A RECEPTION
LIKE THIS--THE CLEARING IS THE
ONLY SORE THUMB IN HUNDREDS
OF SQUARE MILES OF JUNGLE...

WHOEVER'S
HOLDING VICKI
WOULD BE INSANE
NOT TO COVER IT!

BRRRT

HE DIVES
UNDER THE
PLANE.



HE MOVES SWIFTLY THROUGH THE NIGHT JUNGLE, PAUSING WELL BEYOND THE CONFUSED MACHINEGUNNERS...

THEY'LL REGROUP AND BE AFTER ME SOON ENOUGH...

...MAKING THE NEXT THREE MILES INTERESTING, IF NOTHING ELSE.

WAIT A MINUTE -- I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THE TRAIL UP AHEAD...

AS I THOUGHT-- THE DISTURBED SOIL HID A MINE.

AND SO HE LEAVES THE TRAIL FOR SAFER IF LESS BEATEN TERRAIN...

...HIS THOUGHTS NOW GROWING INTROSPECTIVE...

STRANGE HOW MY NIGHT'S GOAL IS A PERFECT METAPHOR FOR BRUCE WAYNE'S PERSONAL LIFE-- BOTH ARE IN RUINS.

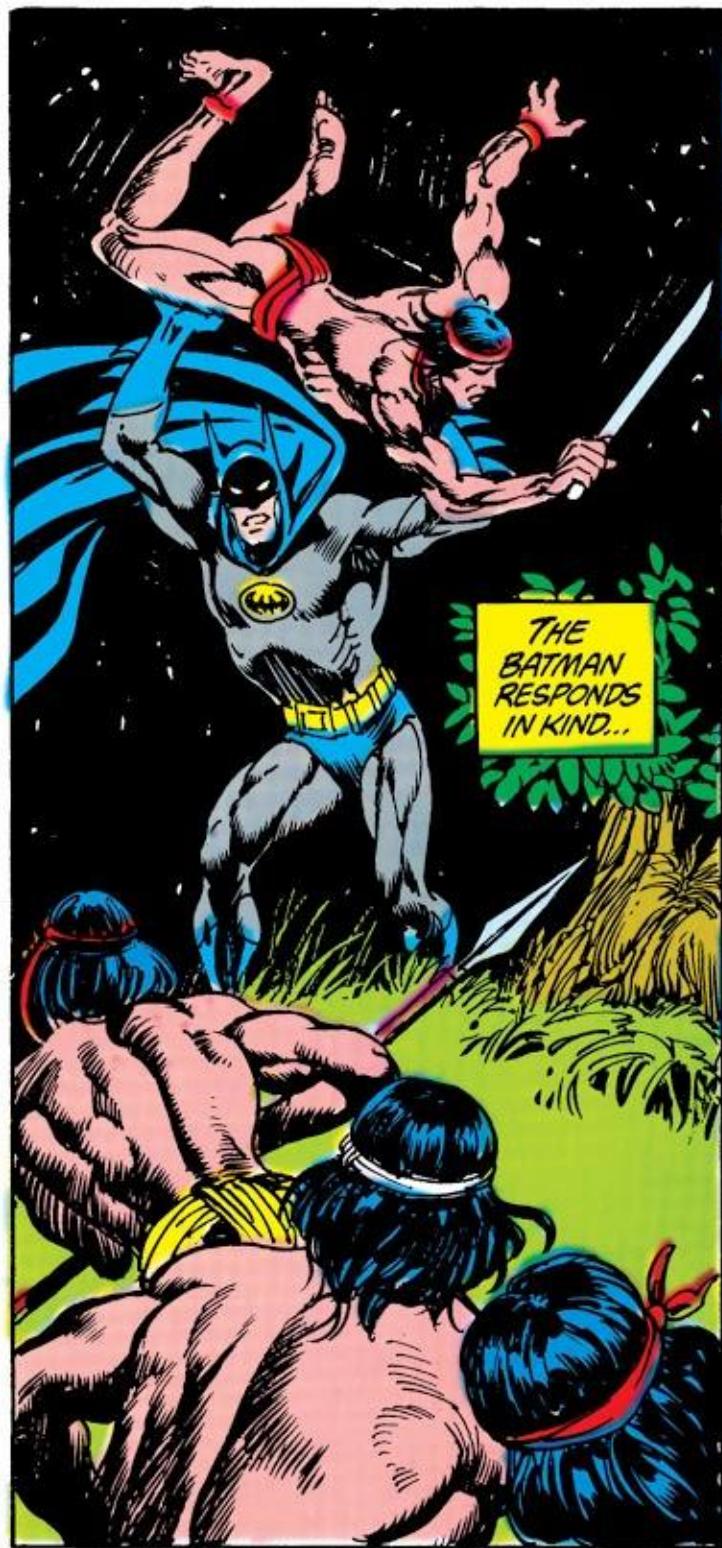
I FINALLY MANAGED TO GET JASON BACK-- BUT I WAS SO BUSY DOING THAT, I LOST TRACK OF VICKI...

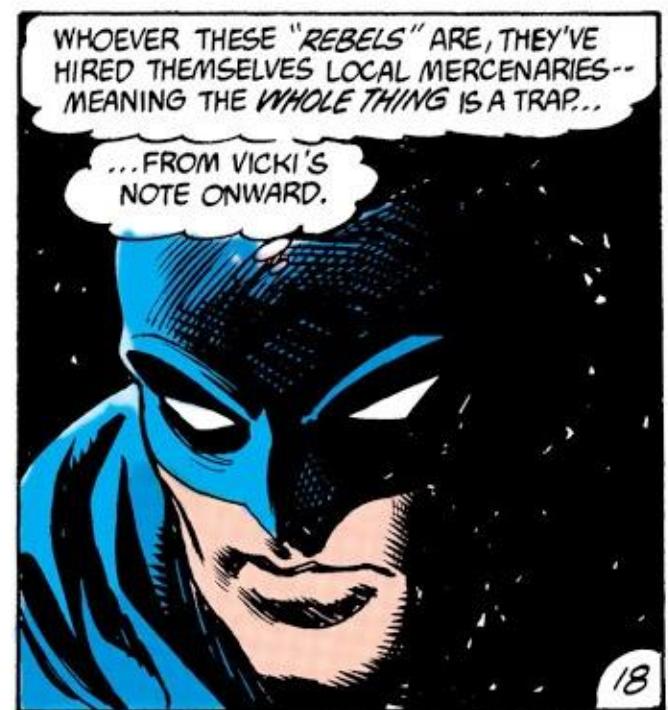
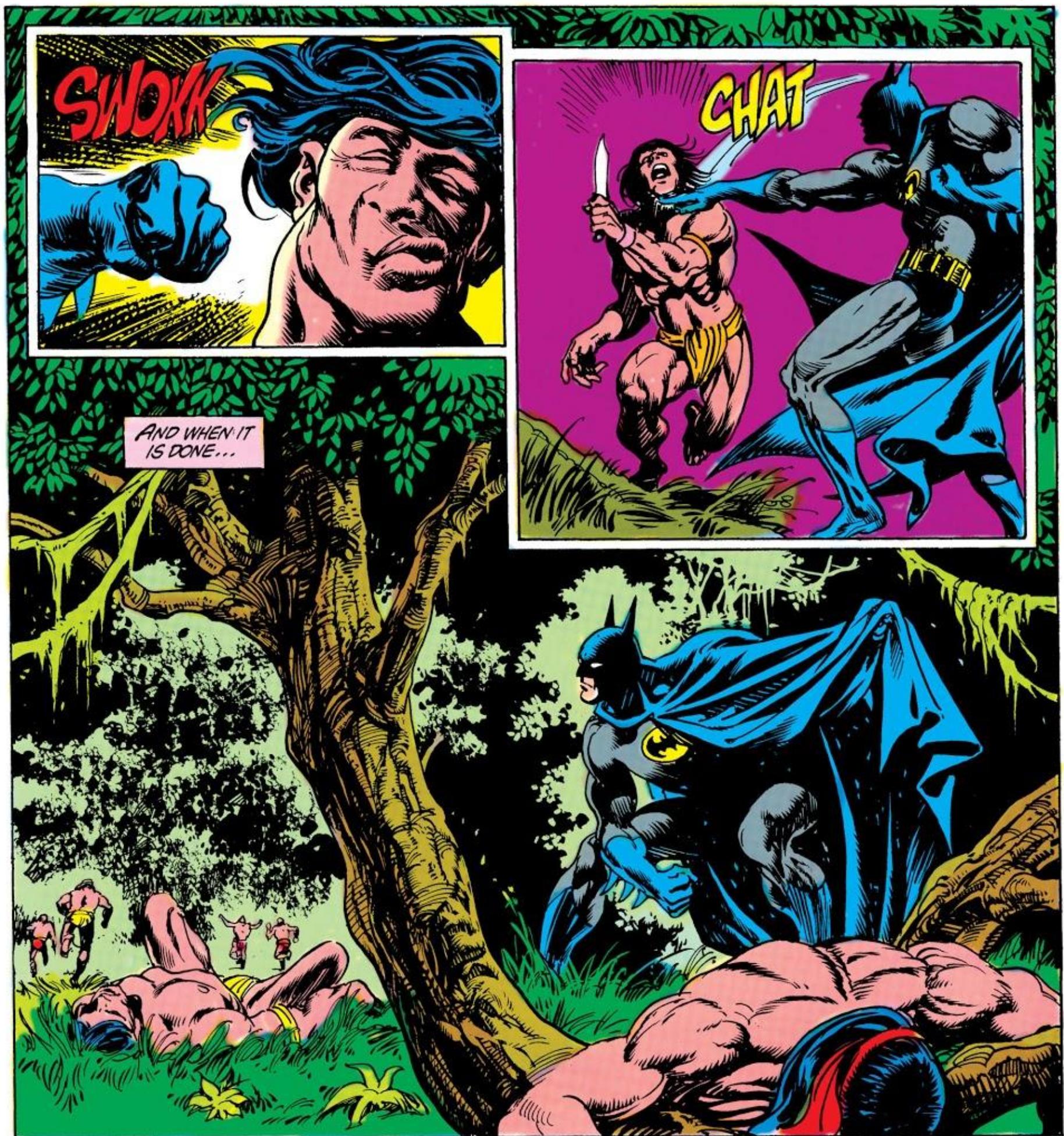
STILL, I'LL BE DAMNED IF THE LOSS WILL BE--

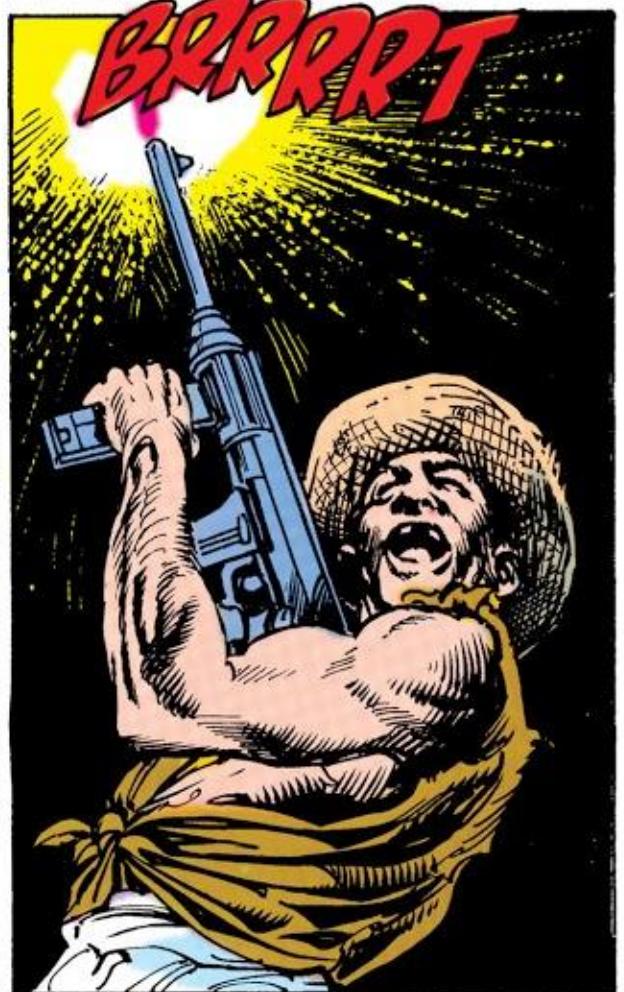
--PERMANENT.

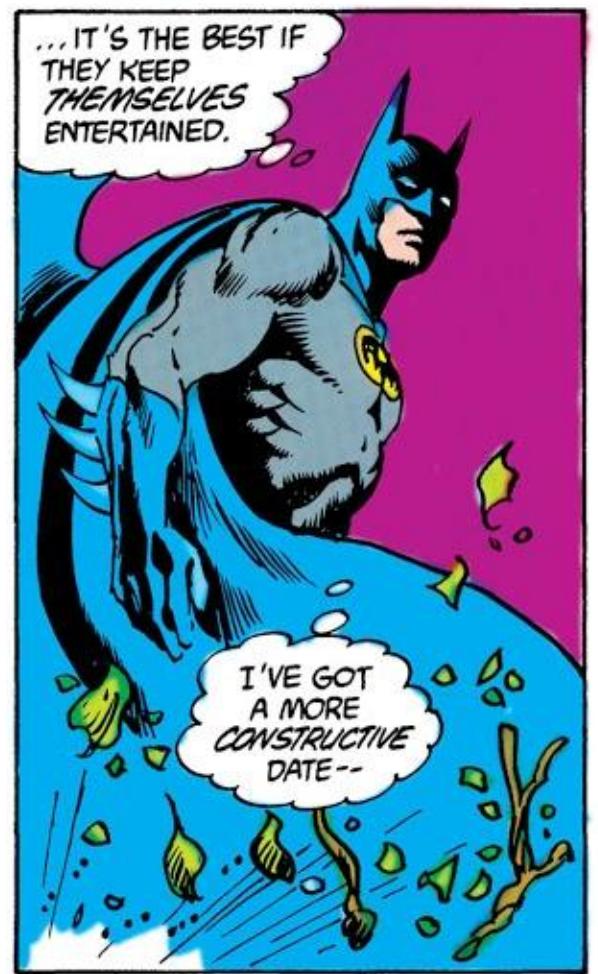
A DART!

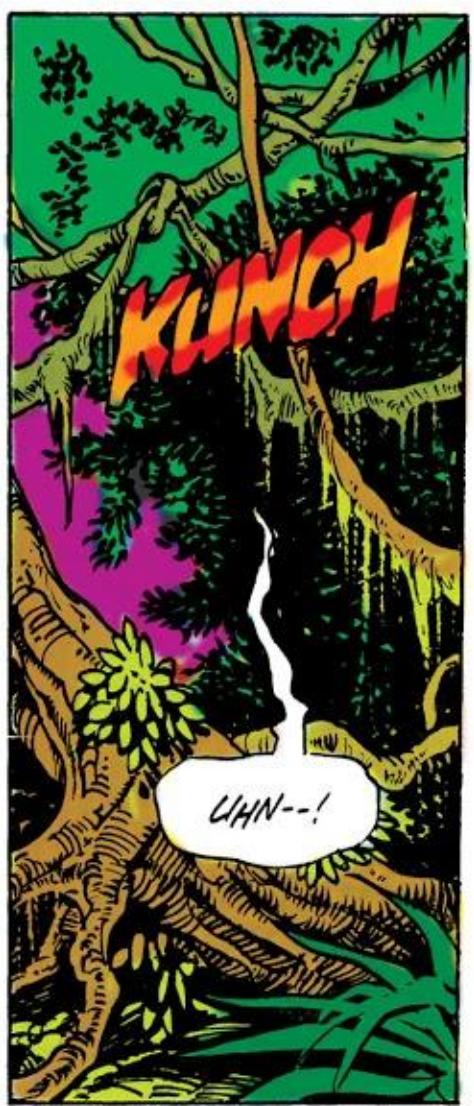
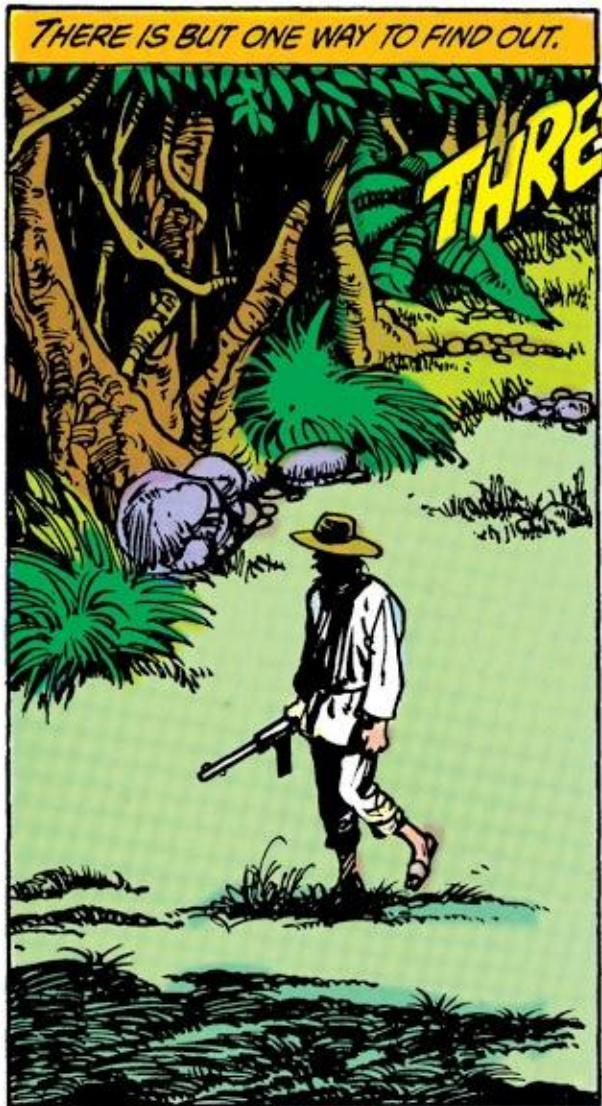


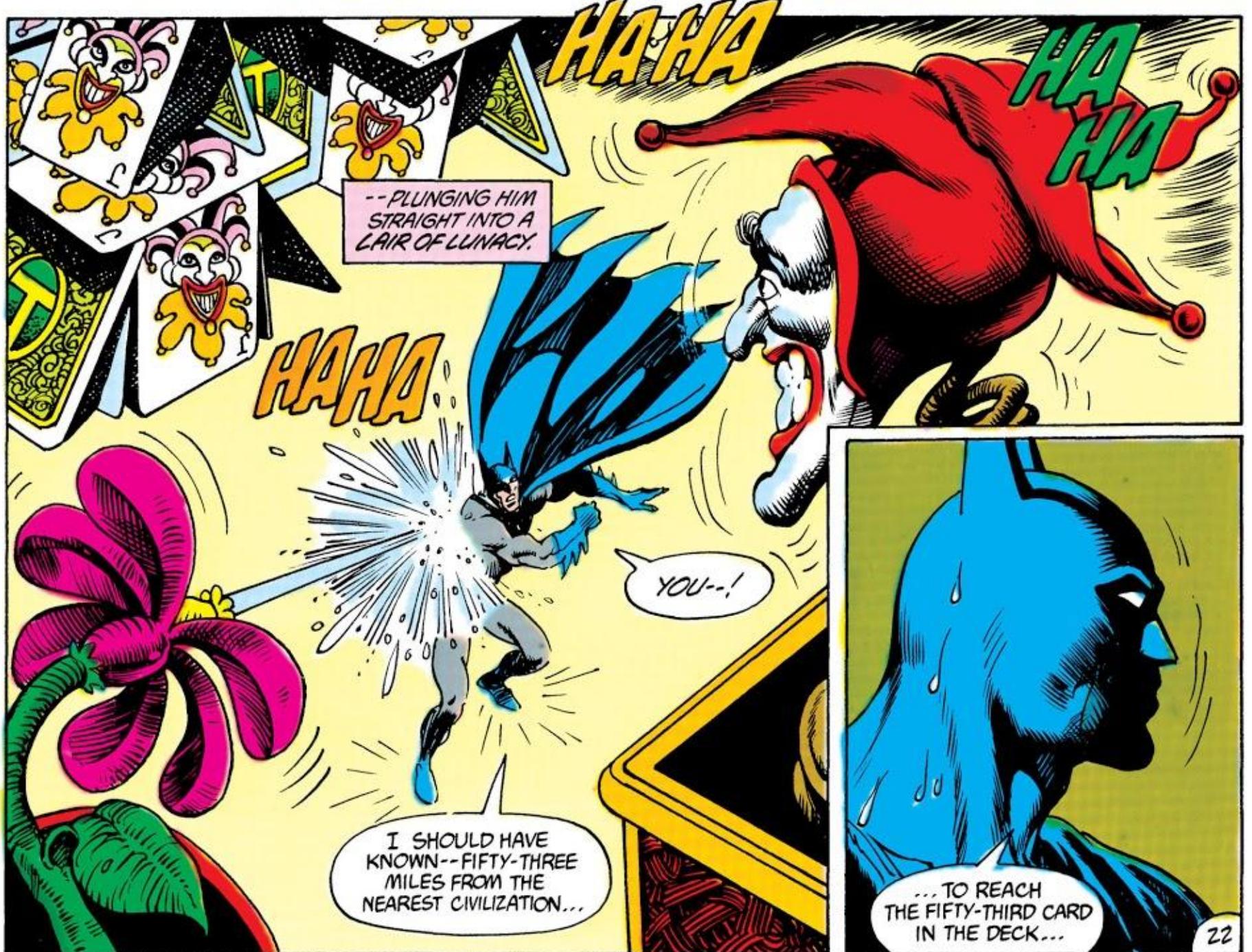
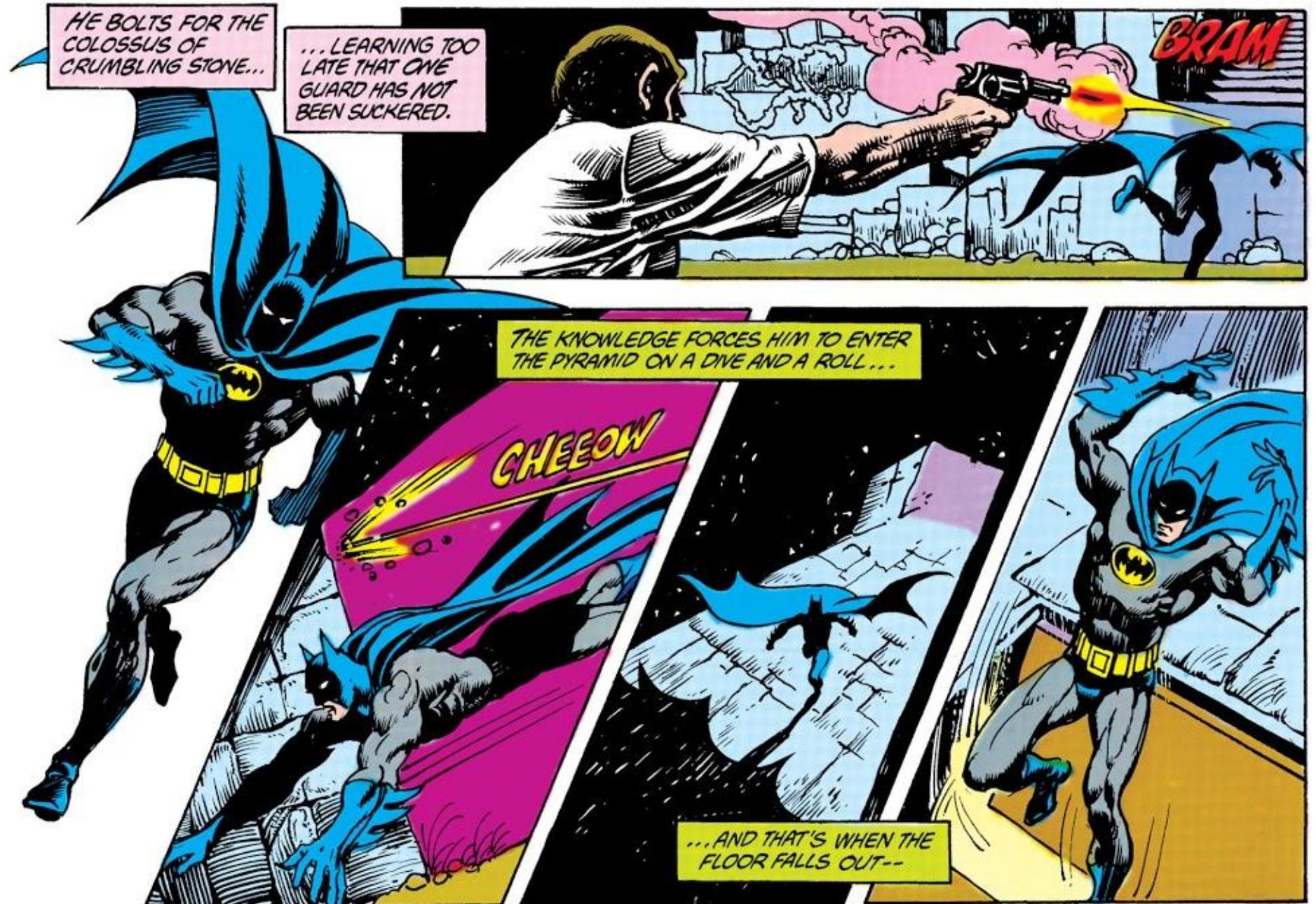












THE JOKER!

WELCOME, BATMAN-- WELCOME TO MY DELIGHTFULLY DIZZY DOMAIN.

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO SEE ME TAKE OVER THE ENTIRE COUNTRY - FROM GOVERNMENT MILITIA AND DISGRUNTLED REBELS ALIKE!

EITHER THAT, OR YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO DIE.

I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND YET...

AND THE BIZARRE JOKER-CAVE ECHOES WITH MAD LAUGHTER.

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DETECTIVE: "LAUGH, KILLER, LAUGH"-- AND CONCLUDED IN NEXT MONTH'S BATMAN: "THE JOKER IS WILD!"



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