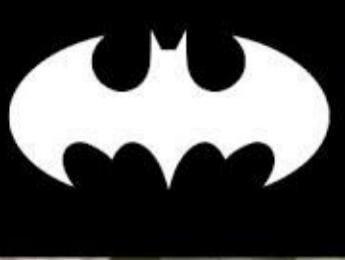




UNIVERSE

50

RATED T TEEN
DCCOMICS.COM



KING
JANIN
CHUNG

THE WEDDING

BATMAN

EXTRA-SIZED
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE!



You are Cordially Invited...

THE BIGGEST STORIES.
THE BIGGEST VILLAINS.
THE BIGGEST SURPRISES.

SUPERMAN

#1

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BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • IVAN REIS

MONTHLY BEGINNING IN
JULY





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JIM LEE
ILLUSTRATION
INC.

BATMAN 50 KING • JANÍN • CHUNG

KITE
MAN!

WHY DON'T
WE JUST DO IT
TONIGHT?

POW

FINGER TOWER.

OKAY.

WHERE
AND
WHEN?

OR.
RATHER.
THAT'S
PURRFECT.

HELL
YEAH...

Cat.



Bar,



PORKY'S.



ARKHAM ASYLUM.



We met on
a boat.

You called
yourself the
Cat.

You were stealing jewelry.
Dressed as an old woman.

You were
so good.

You had a plan.
You executed it.

But there was a
hesitation to you, an
empathy for the victim.

It slowed
you.

And because it
slowed you, I
stopped you.

Another crime
foiled.

Another cowardly and
suspicious criminal
caught.

Another normal,
forgettable day
as Batman.

Then I saw
your eyes.

We met on
the street.

You were
playing hero.

Trying to save Holly. Really,
trying to save everyone.

Striking out with power,
but without finesse.

Or grace.

A bat in flight, screaming,
hoping the scare is enough.

You were making a
damn fool of yourself.

I jumped in, tried to stop you
from hurting anyone.

From getting hurt. And we fought.

And you were another
man asserting your will.

Trying to lord over a world
you didn't understand.

I'd known a thousand
like you, I'd know a
thousand more.

But then, I saw
your eyes.

OFF ROBINSON BLVD.

YOU CAN'T
WIN. DON'T
YOU KNOW MY
BROTHER...

YOUR
SUIT IS PRESSED
AND LAID OUT,
SIR.

THANK
YOU,
ALFRED.

SO, SO
STRONG, AND
HE WILL...

POW

I
SHOULD
BE HOME
SHORTLY.

...HIT YOU
AND HIT YOU
AND HIT YOU
UNTIL....

UNDER ARKHAM ASYLUM.

...IS ALMOST HERE. I MAY BE WEAK BUT HE'S...

THIS IS ALWAYS THE PROBLEM WITH ESCAPING FROM ARKHAM.

NO MATTER WHAT ROUTE YOU TAKE...

POW

...THERE'S ALWAYS A CROWD.

...YOU ARE VERY NICELY DEAD.

...HIT YOU AND HIT YOU AND HIT YOU AND HIT YOU AND HIT YOU AND...

I trained to be a detective, to turn details into stories.

A person comes into a room.

I see the dust under the nail, the black stain on the leg, the scratch under the eyebrow.

I make a story.

The dust: hastily digging, but cleaned up thoroughly; the stain: far from the Gotham pits; the scratch: a woman's nail, fighting.

I see the man. I see the murder.

By the time I'd captured you, I knew you.

Where you'd been. What you'd done. Who you were.

Like everyone else, you were a mystery solved.

You called yourself Cat, you had green eyes, of course.

But then...

When you looked at me...when I really saw you...

Your eyes. They're not what they should be.

I read people. Men. Women.
I have to. Had to.

I learned, through the only
way you can learn in the
alleys of Gotham.

Trial and some
damn horrible
error.

The key?

The eyes.

Look there and you see
the secret intention,
the need, the next
move.

And you know how to move, how
to run, how to claw, how to hurt.

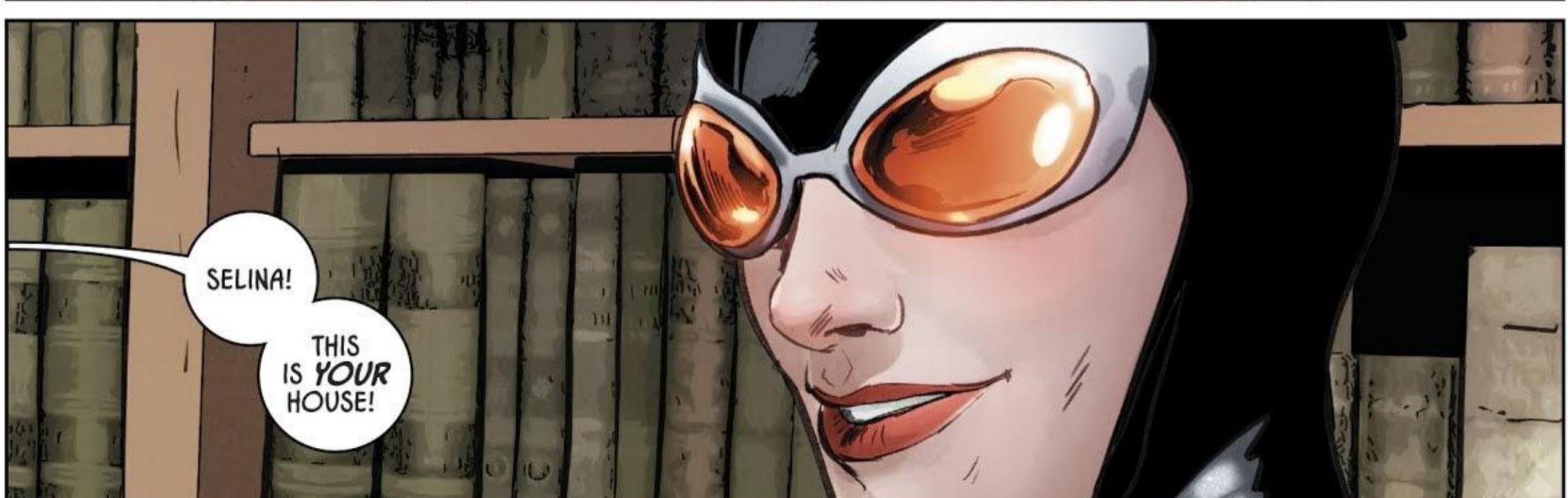
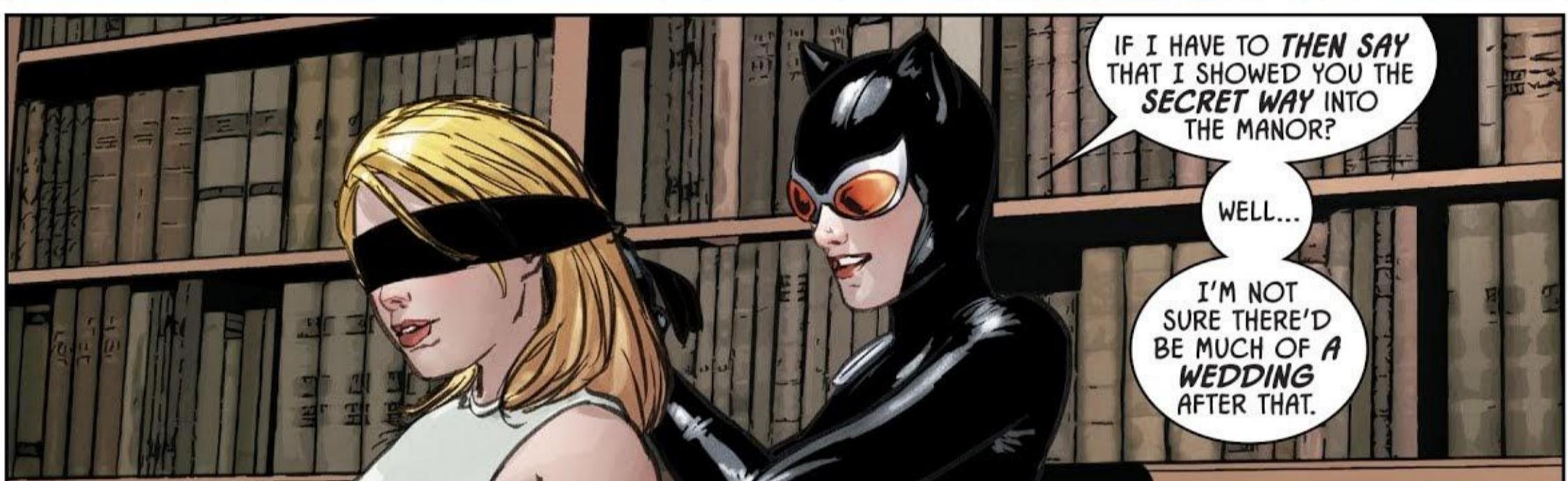
I looked into your eyes and I saw
everything about you. I knew you.

The hero. With his big blue
hero eyes. You were easy.

But then...

Your eyes. They're not
what they should be.

WAYNE MANOR.
THE WEST WING.



WAYNE MANOR.
THE EAST WING.



They're blue.

Or they start as blue.
Their origin is in them.

The pure blue of an
unouched sky.

But then, inside the
blue, sudden sparks
of yellow.

One, then another,
then dozens. Swirling
into each other.

Touching, I
mean, touching
each other.

And when they touch:
purple, orange, red.
Flames.

All of it from
afar, it comes to
rest as green.

But up close, you see that there's no
rest there. It's a war of colors.

No, not a
war.

A dance.

TONY
MOREY
18

Blue eyes are
never blue.

A speck of white
or yellow. A hint
of green.

There's always
a flaw here
and there.

White. Slivers
of white.

Like snow falling,
showing the cold
of it all.

It's the flaws that
come with life. Boys,
girls have pure blue
eyes.

But men,
heroes...

That's the blue of truth, justice,
and the American way.

Blue trying
to be blue,
but failing.

Discovering itself
shattered, dying.

When I looked at you
then, when I look at
you now.

I search for the flaws.
They must be there.
They have to be.

I look.

And I find
only blue.



THE ENGLEHART
BEDROOM.





THE CONWAY
BEDROOM.



I fight with my eyes covered.

White slits in a black mask.

These criminals, strangers, all the people I have to...

Help.

I don't want them to see me.

My eyes.

I want them to see the bat, not the man.

I want to be the bat, not the man.

But you, when you're out there, swinging through Gotham.

In all your costumes.

I could always see your eyes.

I let them see
my eyes.

I dare them
to look.

As I surprise them, kick
them, steal from them.

As I prove I am their master.
No one is my master.

I want them to know me.

To look right at the cat
Gotham tried to put down.

And understand
that she's still here.

Whatever you do,
she'll always be here.

But you, those blues.

All those years on
all those rooftops.

I never saw
your eyes.

FOX HALL.

BAT?
WE
SHOULDN'T...

HI.

HELLO.

YOU
LOOK...

CAT?



I know why you let them look.

They glance,
see the green.

Then you surprise them.
Probably kick them. Maybe
steal from them.

You leave, and they
have their story
about you.

They tell all their
friends. The whole
world knows.

The cat that couldn't
be put down.

That won't ever
be put down.

It's all in those
eyes to them.
Cat eyes.

They're all detectives;
they think they know
something deep.

Profound.

But they don't
know a damn
thing, do they?



Those little white slits
tell them everything.

Here is a man
it's impossible to
understand.

A man of pure anger.

A bat.

An animal.



The Dark Knight. The
Caped Crusader. The World's
Greatest Detective.

A man whose power is: he's
the best he can be at
everything anyone can be.

He's not like us. He's
better than us.

That scares them, yes, but
it also comforts them.

And because he's better than
us, he will always be there.

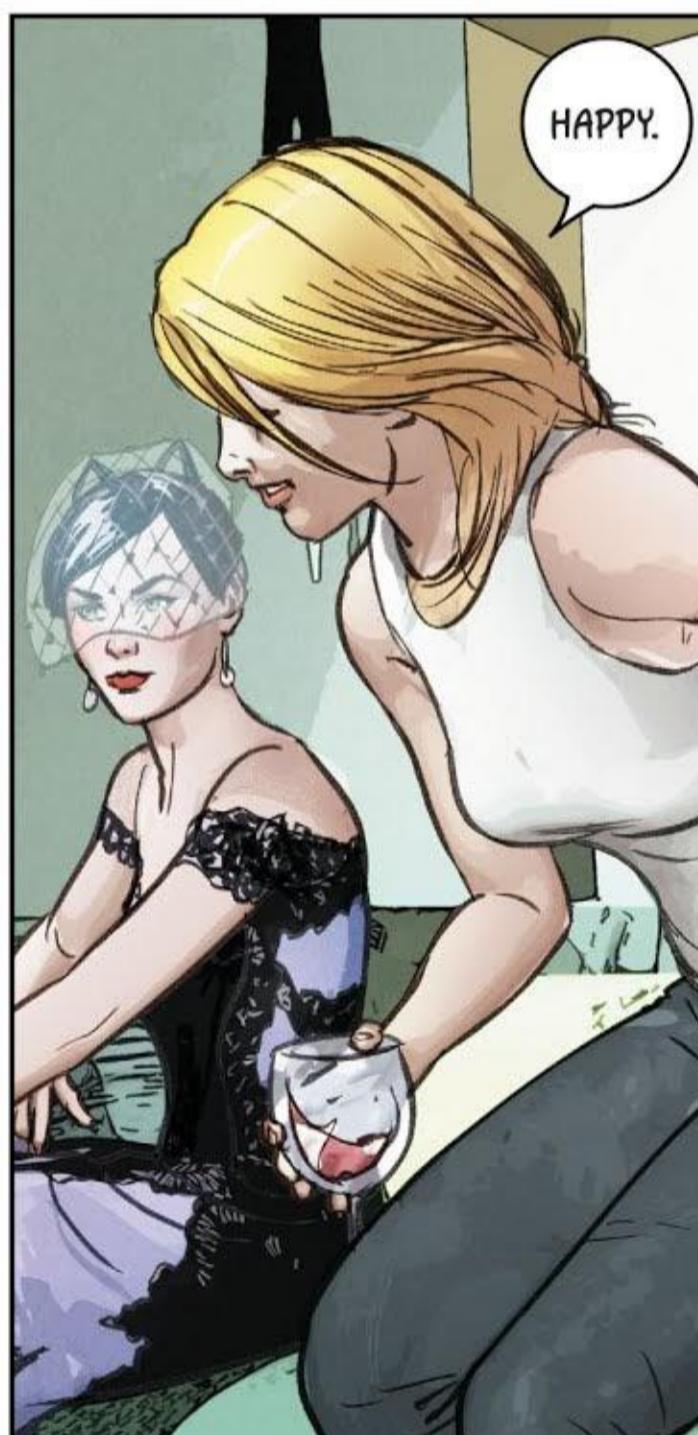
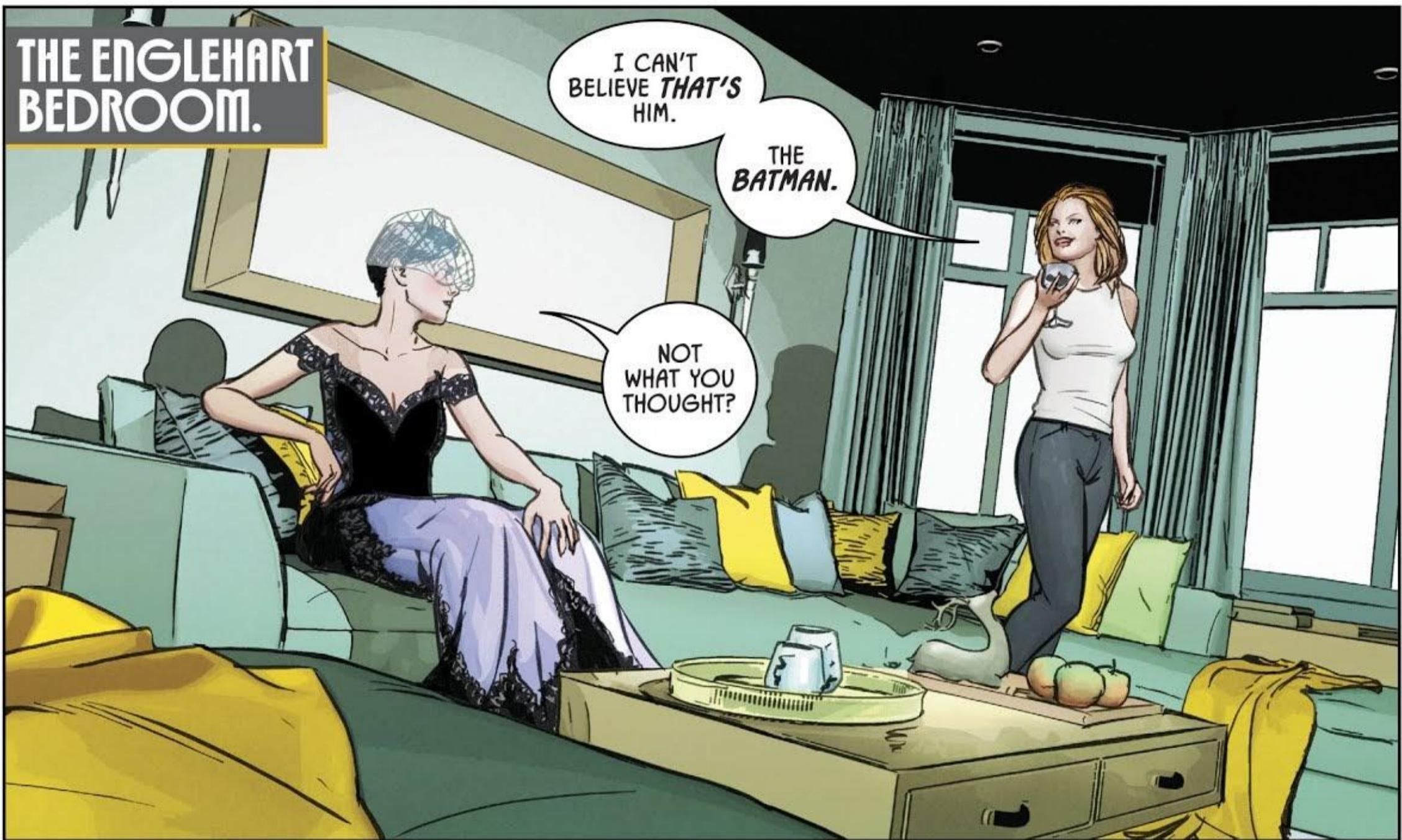
As each night returns, so
shall the bat.

Forever.

And forever we
shall be saved.

Pope • Villarrubia

THE ENGLEHART BEDROOM.



THE CONWAY BEDROOM.



Your eyes are
not one thing.

They change, they move,
they ascend, they fall.

The details in them, they
defy anything I can do as
a detective.

I can't make them
into a story.

Just like I can't make
you into a story.

You're not the cat, you're not
Selina, you're not the little girl
in the alleys.

You're not someone who
can be figured out.

Or solved.

And you never
will be.

You hide your eyes because
they reveal you fully.

There's nothing in the blue, beneath
the blue, on the blue.

Because there you are.

Not the flawed hero.

But the boy
in pain.

The boy longing
not to be alone.

The plea of: please,
someone help me.

Just be there. Be
here with me.

And no one comes, and you
head out into the night.

Not despite that longing,
but because of it.

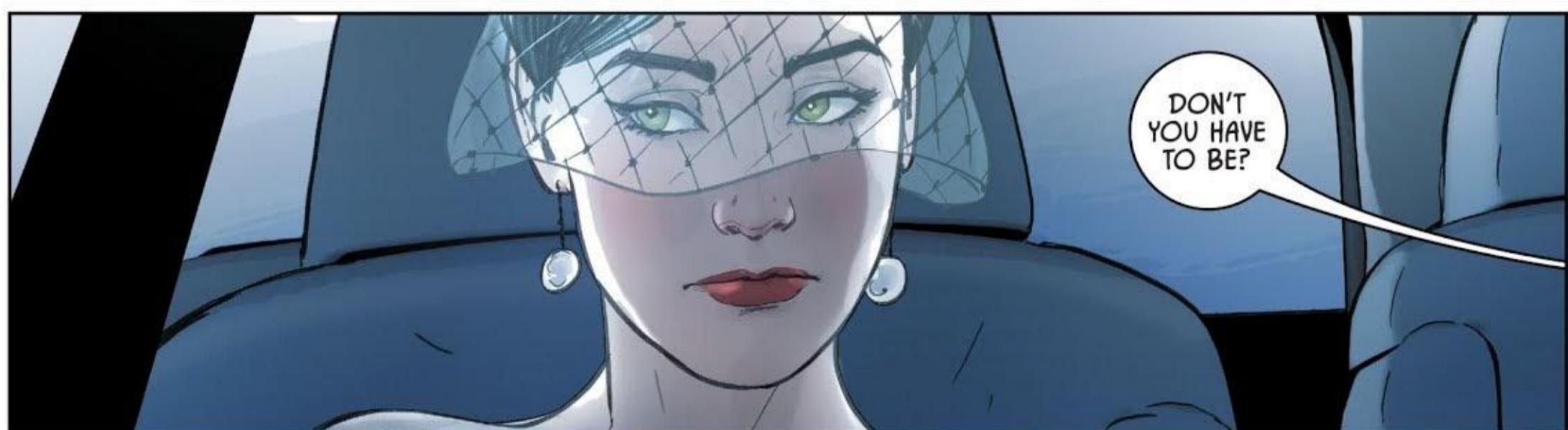
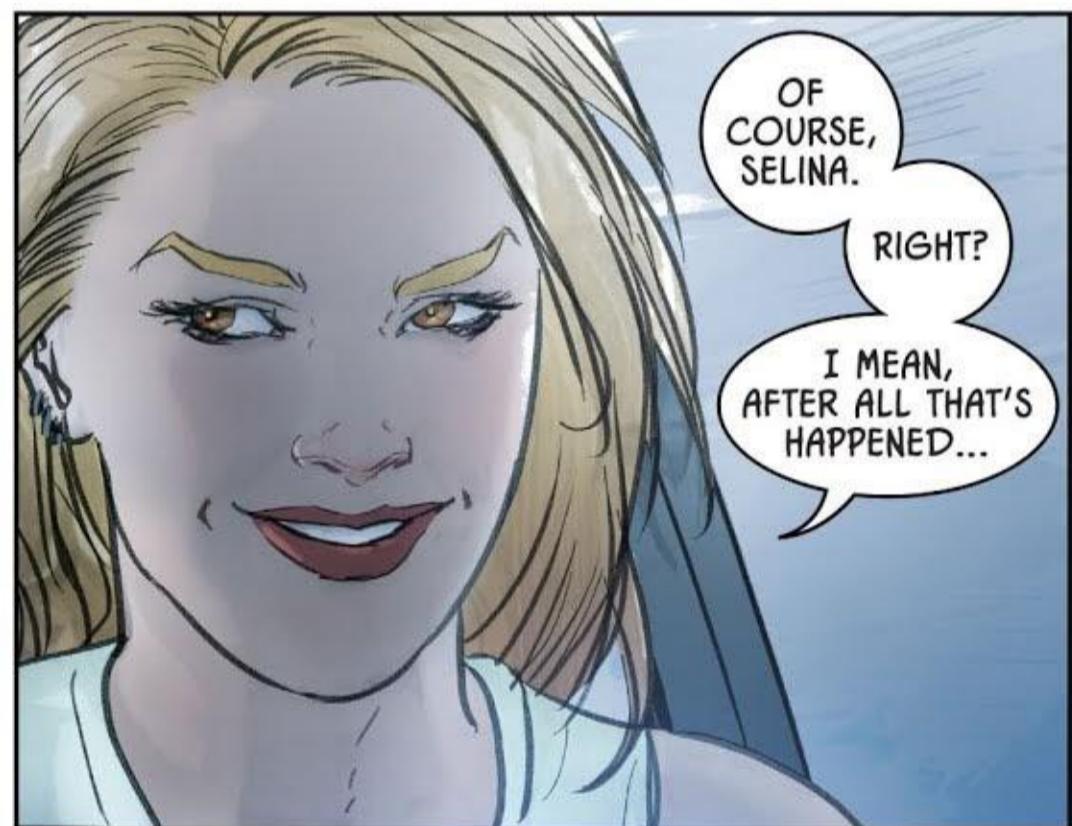
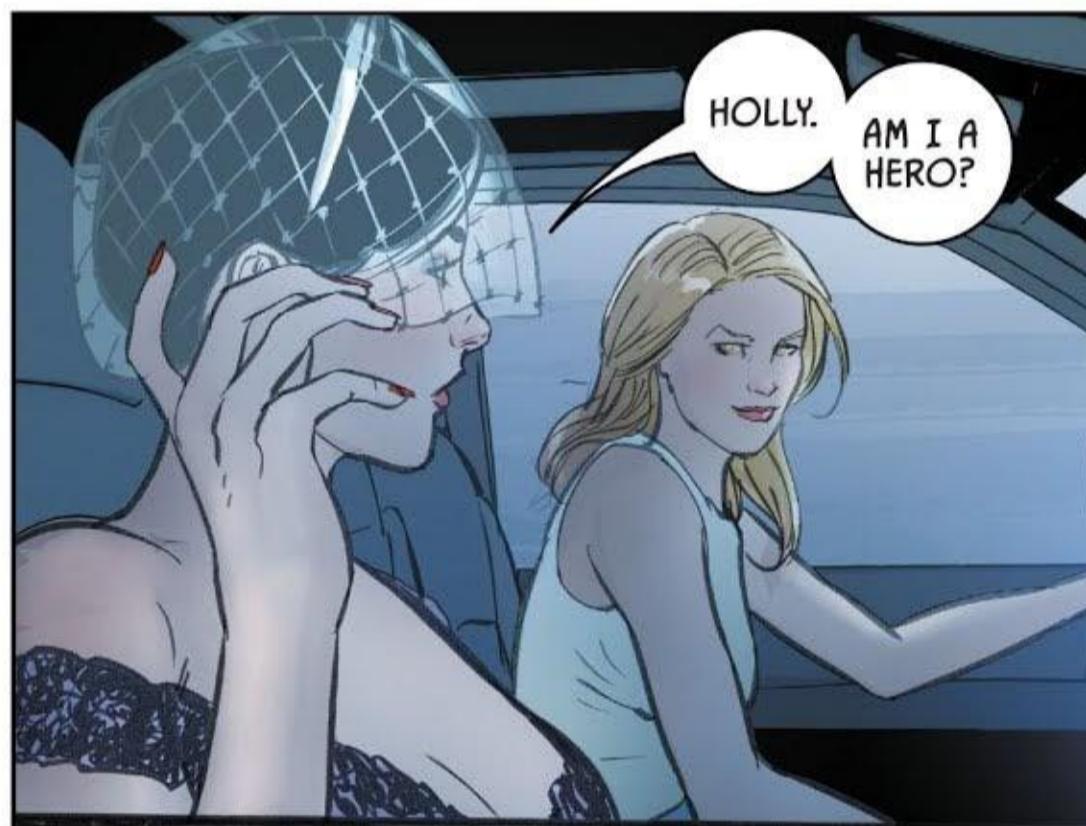
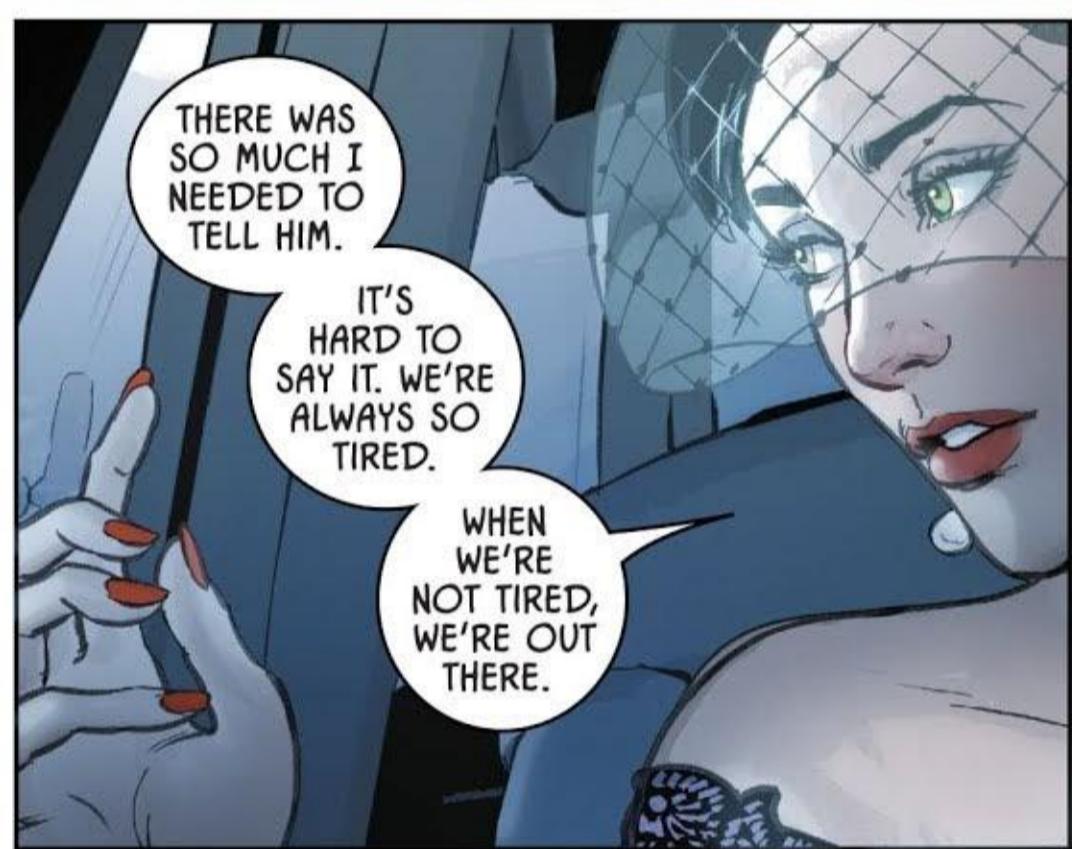
You fight for this city. You save the
city. This world. This everything.

That's your power, Bruce.
More than anything else.

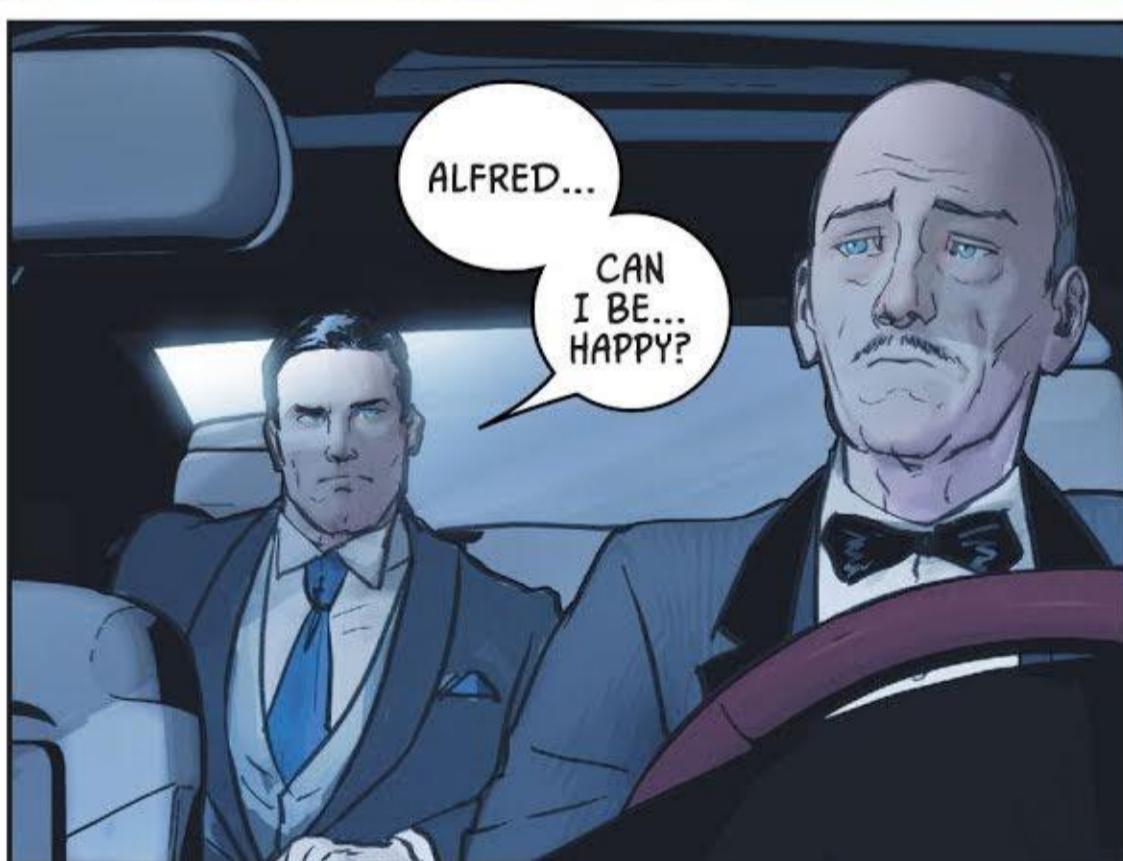
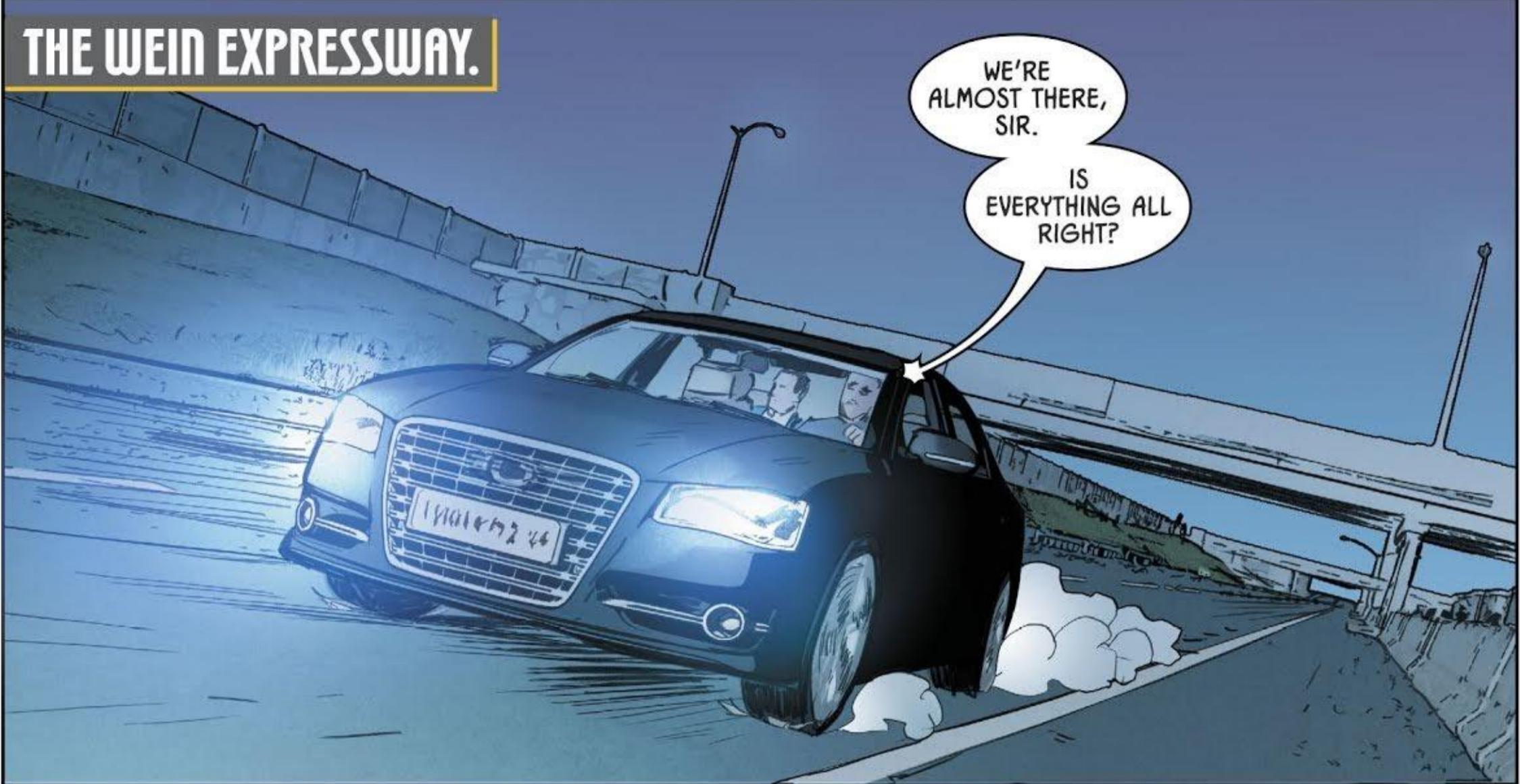
You look upon the
world with the
eyes of a child.

Your blue is pure.
And perfect. And
desolate.

O'NEIL AVE.



THE WEIRD EXPRESSWAY.



What you show me, what
your eyes show me.

Something I never understood.
At least since the pearls.

There are mysteries
that can't be solved.

And that makes
me look at myself.

To think that, maybe,
I can't be solved.

I can be more than a boy
whose parents are dead.

Who spends his life warring on
crime because of that death.

I can move beyond that trap, that
simplification, that suicide.

That pain.

Maybe I can be
someone undefined.

I can be the man who
looks into your eyes.

Who sees
beyond the
green.

The man who knows
you, who will always try
to know you better.

The man who
loves you.

Who will always try
to love you better.

You are still a child, Bruce. A hurt child.

These past months, the desert, the boy. Superman, Wonder Woman, Ivy.

But what you do with that hurt...

I saw the hero it made you.

And then...as if to prove what I saw...

Booster. A world in horror because you're content.

Joker. Knowing if you were settled you couldn't stop him.

You are an engine that turns pain into hope.



If we're happy...and we could be so happy...

If I help that lonely boy, with the lonely eyes.

I kill that engine. I kill Batman. I kill the person who saves everyone.

And how can I do that? How can I love you so much and look in your eyes.

Into that endless blue. That gorgeous blue. That blue that calls me.

Knowing...

To save the world, heroes make sacrifices.

That's the lesson of every story.

I wish I could give my life, but I can't, I have to give more.

My sacrifice is my love.

It's you.

KANE PLAZA.



FINGER
TOWER.

IF WE
WAIT ANOTHER
HOUR...

...I'M GONNA
NEED ANOTHER
DRINK.

OR
FOUR.



Love always,

FINCH





With all my love,

Bat



Capullo
18
+fco

Cat



Weeks

WEEKS

ARKHAM ASYLUM.



W

The Wedding of
Batman & Catwoman

July 4, 2018

Writer
TOM KING

Colorist
JUNE CHUNG

Variant Cover
JIM LEE, SCOTT WILLIAMS &
ALEX SINCLAIR

Art & Cover
MIKEL JANÍN

Letterer
CLAYTON COWLES

Variant Cover
ARTHUR ADAMS &
ALEJANDRO SANCHEZ

S P E C I A L G U E S T S

In order of appearance...

JOSÉ LUIS GARCIA-LOPEZ & TRISH MULVIHILL
BECKY CLOONAN

JASON FABOK & BRAD ANDERSON
FRANK MILLER & ALEX SINCLAIR
LEE BERMEJO

NEAL ADAMS & HI-FI
TONY S. DANIEL & TOMEU MOREY
AMANDA CONNER & PAUL MOUNTS

RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE
ANDY KUBERT & ALEX SINCLAIR
TIM SALE & JOSÉ VILLARRUBIA
PAUL POPE & JOSÉ VILLARRUBIA

MITCH GERADS

CLAY MANN & JORDIE BELLAIRE
TY TEMPLETON & KEIREN SMITH
JOËLLE JONES & JORDIE BELLAIRE
DAVID FINCH & JORDIE BELLAIRE
JIM LEE, SCOTT WILLIAMS, & ALEX SINCLAIR
GREG CAPULLO & FCO PLASCENCIA

LEE WEEKS

Associate Editor
BRITTANY HOLZHERR || Editor
JAMIE S. RICH

BATMAN created by
Bob Kane with Bill Finger.
SUPERMAN created by
Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster.
By special arrangement with
the Jerry Siegel Family.

THE CORRUPTION OF
THE CENTRAL POWER
BATTERY!

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GREEN LANTERNS

EVIL'S NIGHT

WRITTEN BY
ILLUSTRATED BY

DAN JURGEN
MIKE PERKINS

THE NEW CREATIVE TEAM STARTS IN #50

JULY 2018



BREAKING DOWN A PAGE

Joëlle Jones takes us inside her creative process for a page from CATWOMAN #1!



1 JOËLLE JONES ON HER SCRIPT PROCESS:

"Since I write for myself to draw, I tend to plot in broader strokes, focusing on the specific scenes, how many beats each one needs, and the emotional space the story requires. I use the book map so I can look at each page turn and know where my reveals are. In this case, I knew I wanted to showcase the truth of our new villain, and that she should have the whole page to herself."

2 JOËLLE JONES ON PENCILS:

"Much of the finer details are ironed out when I do layouts and then pencils. That's where a lot of the real writing is for me. Most of the female villains at DC are really sexy, so I wanted my bad guy to be someone who was really grotesque, who had ruined herself with surgery and drugs."

3 JOËLLE JONES ON INKING:

"All the pacing here was really dictated by the details. I wanted to show her take herself apart piece by piece. Inking is where I dig into the nitty-gritty and go in heavy on the detail." ■

CHECK OUT
CATWOMAN
#1
ON SALE NOW!



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The Last Kryptonian-DCP

