



UNIVERSE

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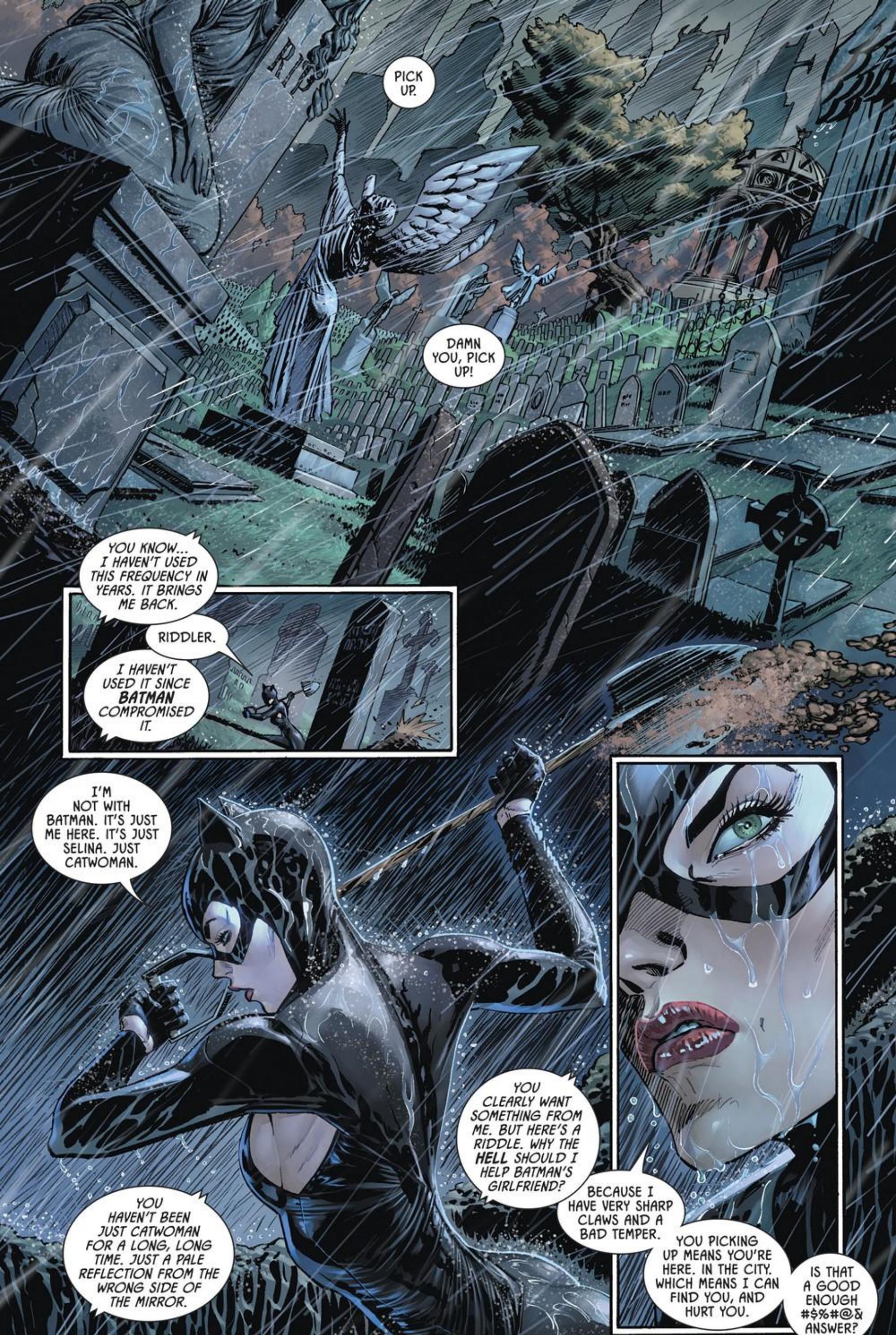
BATMAN



TYNION IV
MARCH
MOREY

SWORDS CROSSED
ASSASSINS BLEED!

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ASK WHAT
YOU'RE GOING
TO ASK.

EDDIE. I NEED TO KNOW,
IS THIS THE REAL DEAL,
OR SOME KIND OF
TRICK?

BECAUSE THIS
WAS SUPPOSED TO
BE **OVER**. WE TOOK
CARE OF THIS PROBLEM
YEARS AGO. WE
BURIED IT OUT HERE IN
THE POTTER'S FIELD
AND PUT IT OUT OF
OUR MINDS.

YOU
HAVEN'T TOLD
HIM, HAVE
YOU?

THAT'S NONE OF
YOUR BUSINESS.

NOW THAT
SOUNDS LIKE THE
CATWOMAN I MISS. THE ONE
WHO WOULD WRAP A WHIP
AROUND MY NECK EVERY TIME
I SAID A CROSS WORD.

TELL ME
WHAT YOU
KNOW.

WHAT'S
IN IT FOR
ME?

BATMAN KNOWS
YOU'RE WATCHING THE
CITY. HE KNOWS WHERE
YOU ARE, AND THAT YOUR
CODE IS IN EVERY TRAFFIC
CAMERA AND CELL TOWER.
HE'S COMPILING A CASE TO
PUT YOU IN BLACKGATE,
NOT BEHIND ARKHAM'S
REVOLVING
DOORS.

YOU'RE
LYING.

YOU KNOW
I'M NOT LYING.
YOUR EGO IS JUST
STUNG THAT YOU
DIDN'T KNOW **HE**
KNEW. NOW TELL
ME, DAMMIT.

THE PENGUIN
BELIEVES, AND HE'S
ACTING ACCORDINGLY.
TRYING TO CLEAN UP THE
MESS BEFORE IT GETS
TOO BIG.

BUT WHO
WOULD YOU
PUT MONEY ON IN A
HEAD-TO-HEAD MATCH?
THE PENGUIN OR
DEATHSTROKE?



I DON'T CARE WHAT THE PENGUIN THINKS, EDDIE. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK.

I THINK THAT A FEW PATROLMEN JUST FOUND BURNED CORPSES IN AMUSEMENT MILE. THEY WERE WEARING PLASTIC CLOWN MASKS.



I THINK THAT WE WEREN'T ALONE WHEN THE DESIGNER APPROACHED US ABOUT COMMITTING THE PERFECT CRIME. THERE WAS A FOURTH CONSPIRATOR.

ONE WHO USUALLY HAS A FEW CARDS HIDDEN UP HIS SLEEVES.



RIDDLE ME THIS, CATWOMAN. DO YOU OR YOUR BOYFRIEND KNOW WHERE THE JOKER IS?

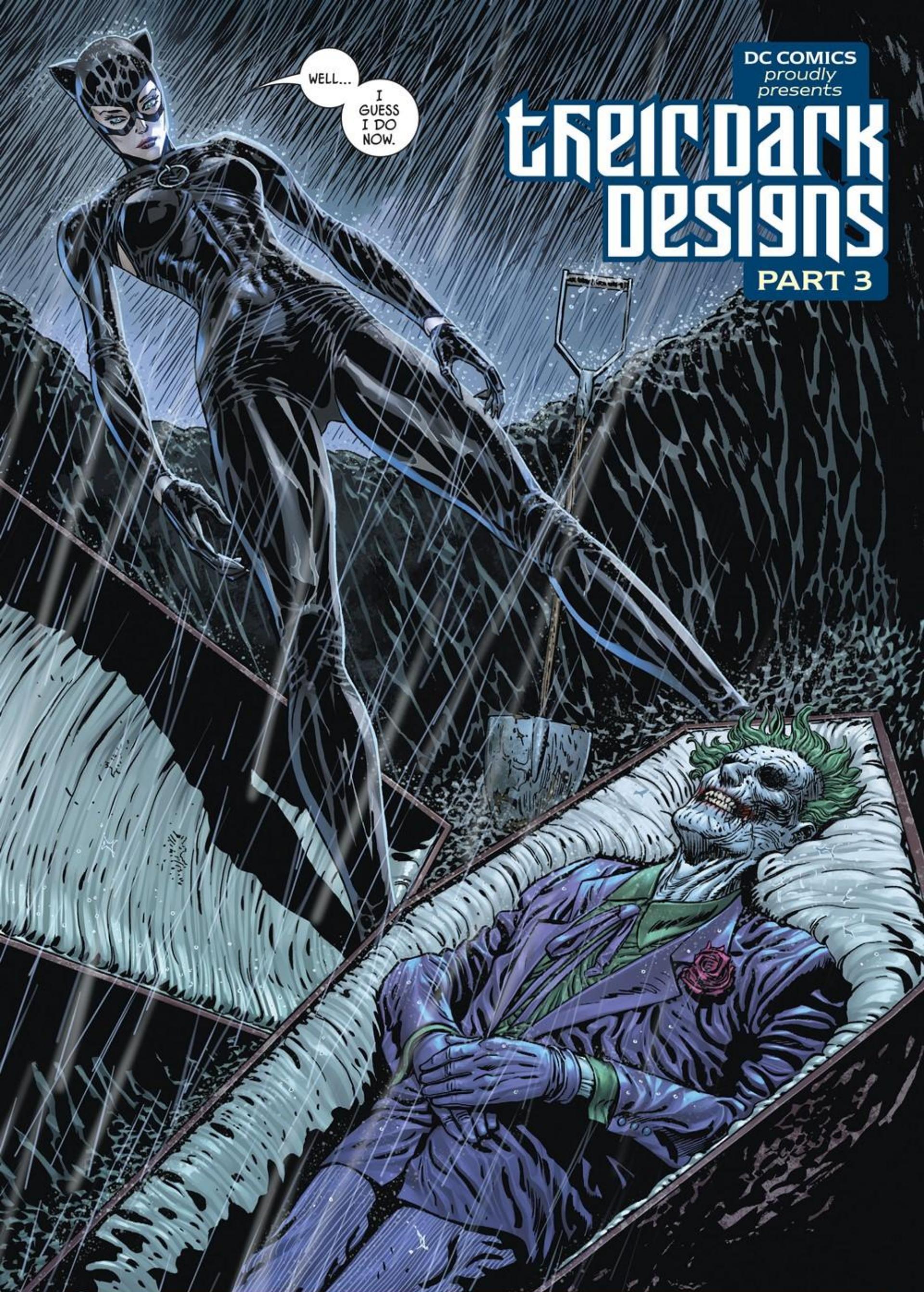
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THE DARK DESIGNS

PART 3

WELL...

I
GUESS
I DO
NOW.

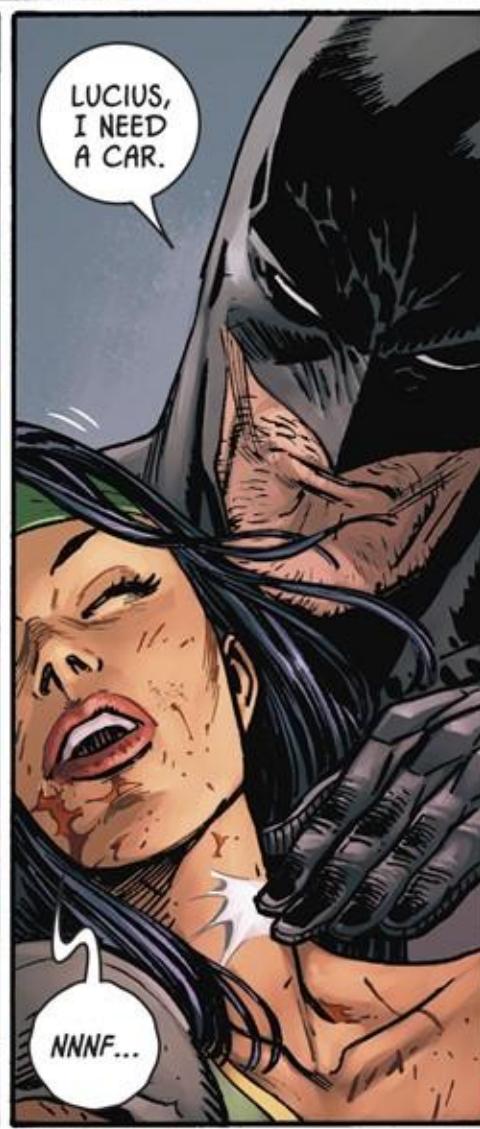


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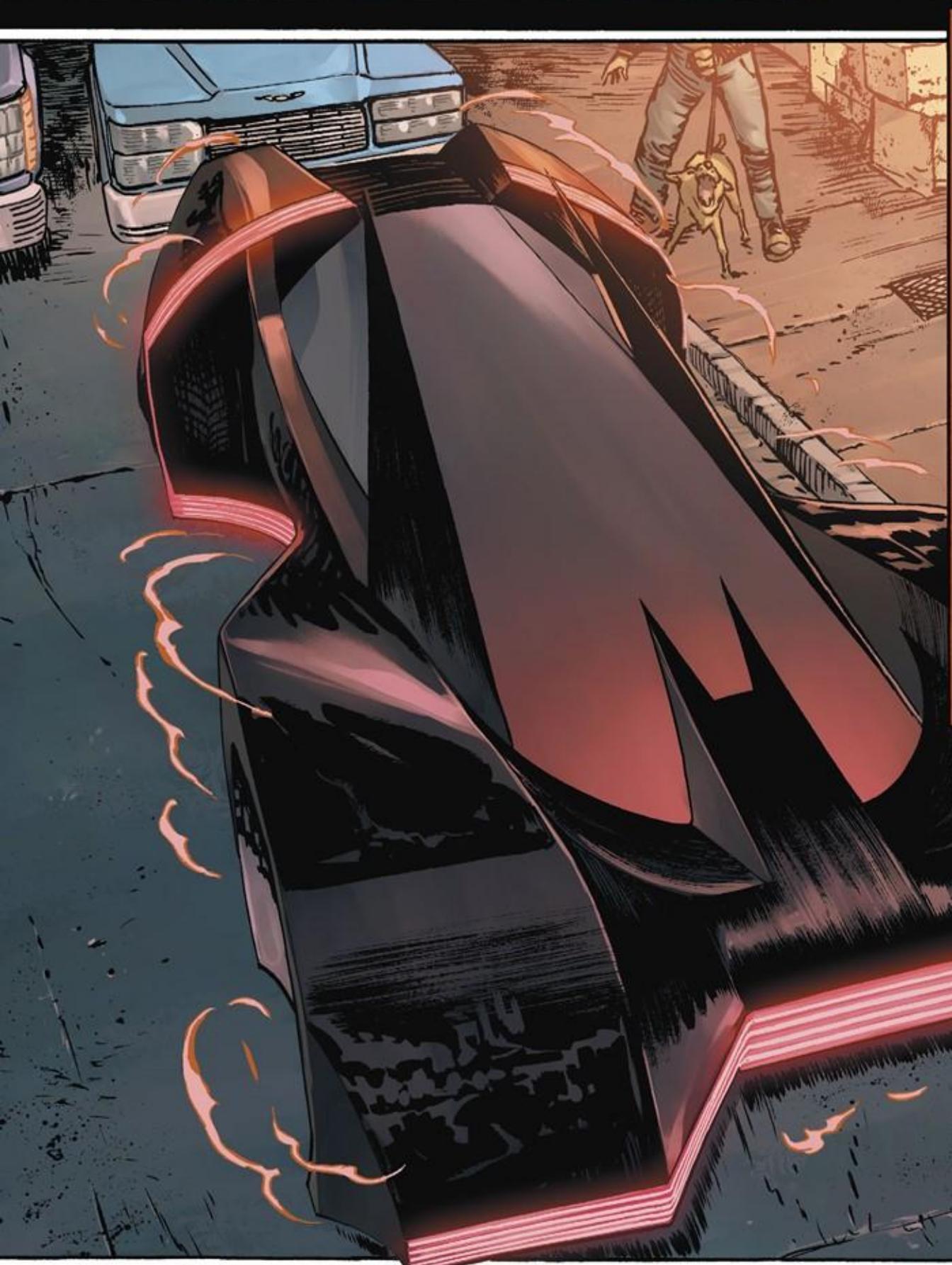
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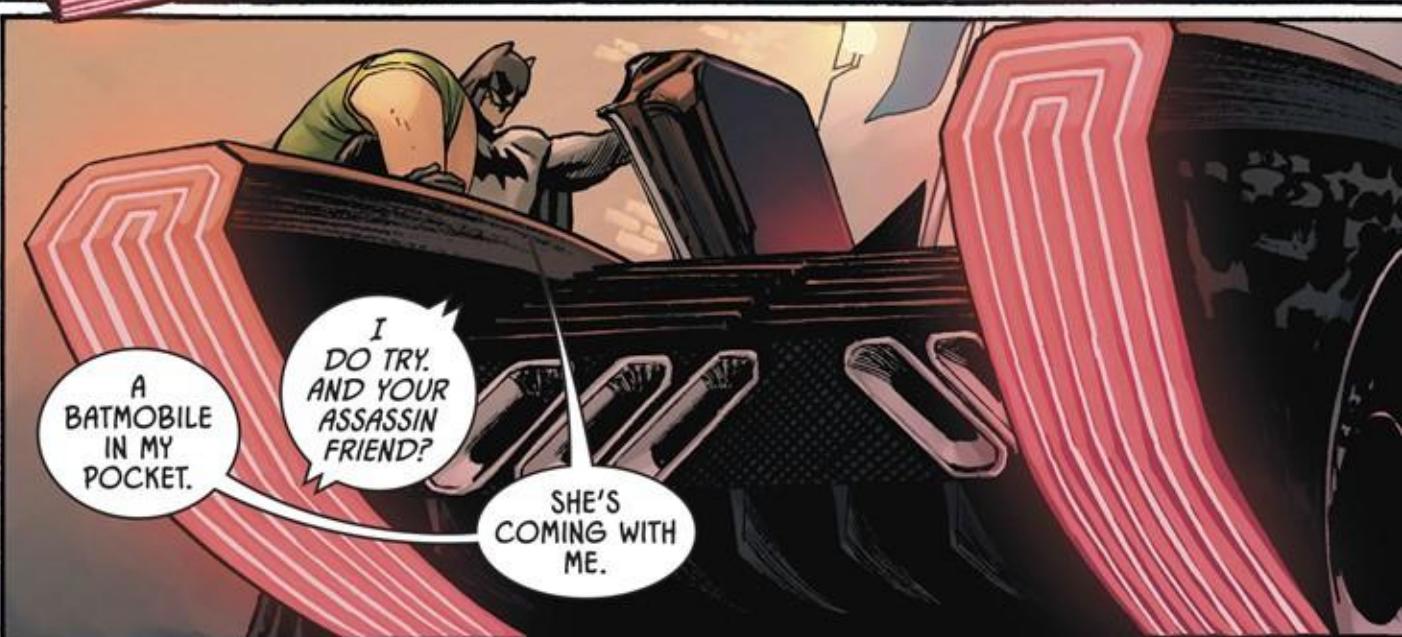


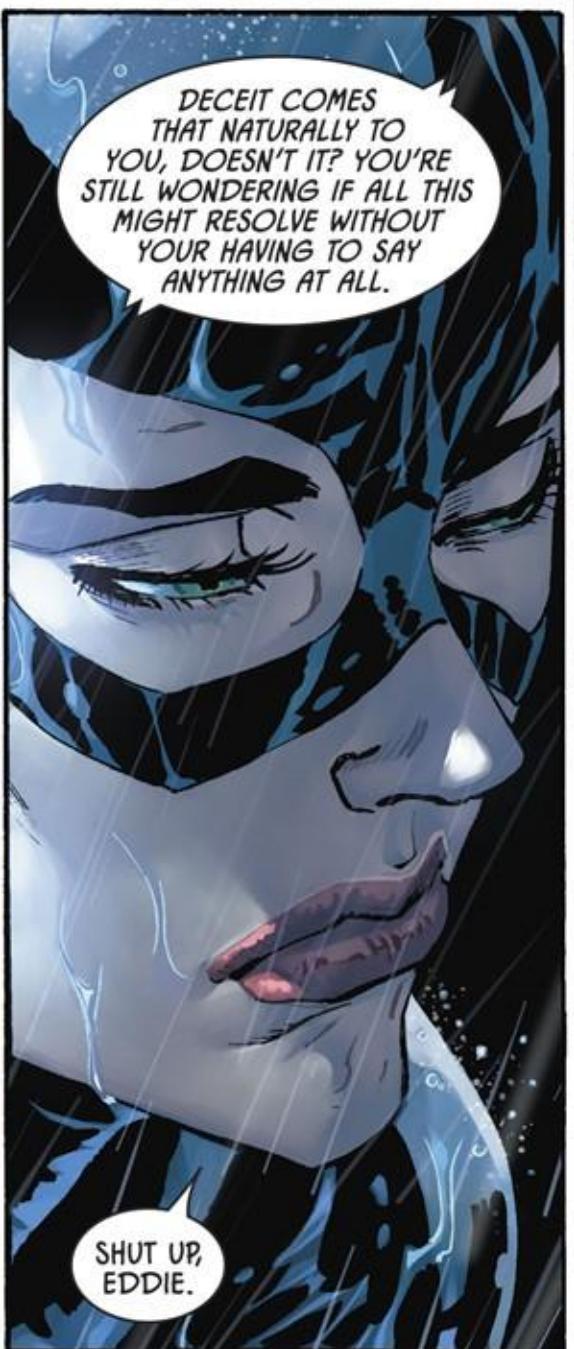


...AND
CREATE A
HOLO-INTERFACE
THAT MASKS THE
TRUE IMAGE OF
THE CAR.



IT'S MINE, ACTUALLY. CALL IT A RENTAL. I ASSURE YOU THAT YOU'LL BE PAYING FOR IT, MR. WAYNE.





BRAAHH!

DAMN IT.

DAMN IT ALL TO HELL.

CATWOMAN
TO BATMAN.
DO YOU
READ ME?

THERE'S
SOMETHING I
NEED TO TELL
YOU **NOW**. THERE'S
SOMETHING YOU
NEED TO
KNOW.

HEEEE
CAN'T HEEEEEAR
YOU.

WHO?



HEY, KITTY
KITTY...

NO...



YOU
WEREN'T
GOING TO
BREAK THE
DEAL, WERE
YOU?

YOU
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENS IF YOU
TATTLE.



WHACK



YOU
KNOW WHAT THE
DESIGNER WILL
DO TO YOU.



YOU'RE
DEAD. THIS
IS SOME KIND
OF TRICK!



DEATH WAS
BORING, DEAR. IT
WAS A GOOD REST
FOR A WHILE, BUT ONE
MISSES THE THRILL
OF THE CHASE.

YOU TOOK
ME DOWN BEFORE
I COULD SET MY
MASTERPIECE IN MOTION.
A PERFECT CRIME THAT
WOULD MAKE ME
LIVE FOREVER.



AND NOW
IT'S TIME FOR YOU
TO PAY FOR YOUR
TRANSGRESSION.

THIS IS PETTY, BUT I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH MONEY YOU ALL HAVE JUST LOST ME.

PAYING OFF ENOUGH OFFICERS TO GET INTO THE NEW POLICE BUILDING, LET ALONE INTO OUR CELL?

WAUGH!

NORMALLY IT'S ENOUGH JUST TO KNOW THAT I COULD DO IT, IN A PINCH, BUT YOU ACTUALLY DO IT, IT CREATES INVESTIGATIONS. IT MEANS KEEPING PEOPLE QUIET. IT MEANS INTIMIDATION AND MURDER.

MOSTLY, IT'S MESSY. AND I ABHOR A MESS.

HOW THE HELL...

MY FAVORITE FEATURE OF THAT DELIGHTFUL NEW HOLDING CELL IS ONE THAT RAPIDLY REMOVES ALL OXYGEN FROM THE ROOM. YOU ALL WENT DOWN PRETTY QUICK.

THE OFFICERS WHO I PAID OFF TO LET ME IN THE BUILDING HELPED PUT YOU IN THE VAN, AND THEN I BROUGHT YOU HERE.

I BELIEVE MR. FREEZE USED IT AS A BASE FOR A WHILE BUT IT KEEPS MEAT FROM GOING RANCID, AND IT ALLOWS ME TO KEEP MY FRIENDS IN COMFORT IN TRYING TIMES.

I AM A BUSINESSMAN, AND SO ARE YOU.

SO NOW WE'LL MAKE A DEAL, AND WE'LL END THIS, OR I'LL KILL YOU. IT'S REALLY THAT SIMPLE.

FOR THE THREE OF YOU, I'LL PAY DOUBLE YOUR RATE FOR YOU TO LEAVE GOTHAM. WE'LL THROW A NONCOMPETE IN THERE. YOU DON'T COME BACK FOR ONE CALENDAR YEAR, AT MINIMUM.

YOU, SLADE... PRESENT A LARGER PROBLEM. NAME YOUR PRICE.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD MY PRICE.

IF YOU WANTED TO LIVE, YOU SHOULD HAVE KILLED ME.

SPAK

DEATHSTROKE... DO YOU HEAR THAT? IT'S SOME KIND OF CAR...



YOU REALIZE THE
CAR HAS NONE OF THE
ARMOR OF A USUAL
BATMOBILE.

BILL
ME.







ANY MOVE
AND THE
BIRDMAN
DIES.

MERLYN.
CHECK THE
CAR.

I HAVE
CHESHIRE.

GOOD.

WHAT'S
THE POINT
OF ALL THIS,
SLADE?

YOU'RE THE
DETECTIVE. YOU
TELL ME.

YOU
WOULDN'T
DARE...YOU
WOULDN'T...





DON'T
STRUGGLE.
YOU KNOW HOW
THIS STORY
ENDS.

THE HELL
I DO!

RAAAAH!

THERE'S
NO USE RUNNING,
CATWOMAN. YOU'VE
DUG YOUR OWN
GRAVE...

I DUNNO.
LOOKS PRETTY
FULL TO ME.

WHAT
THE HELL ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

OH,
HONEY...



NEXT: THERE WILL BE BLOOD!