



LOEB · LEE · WILLIAMS

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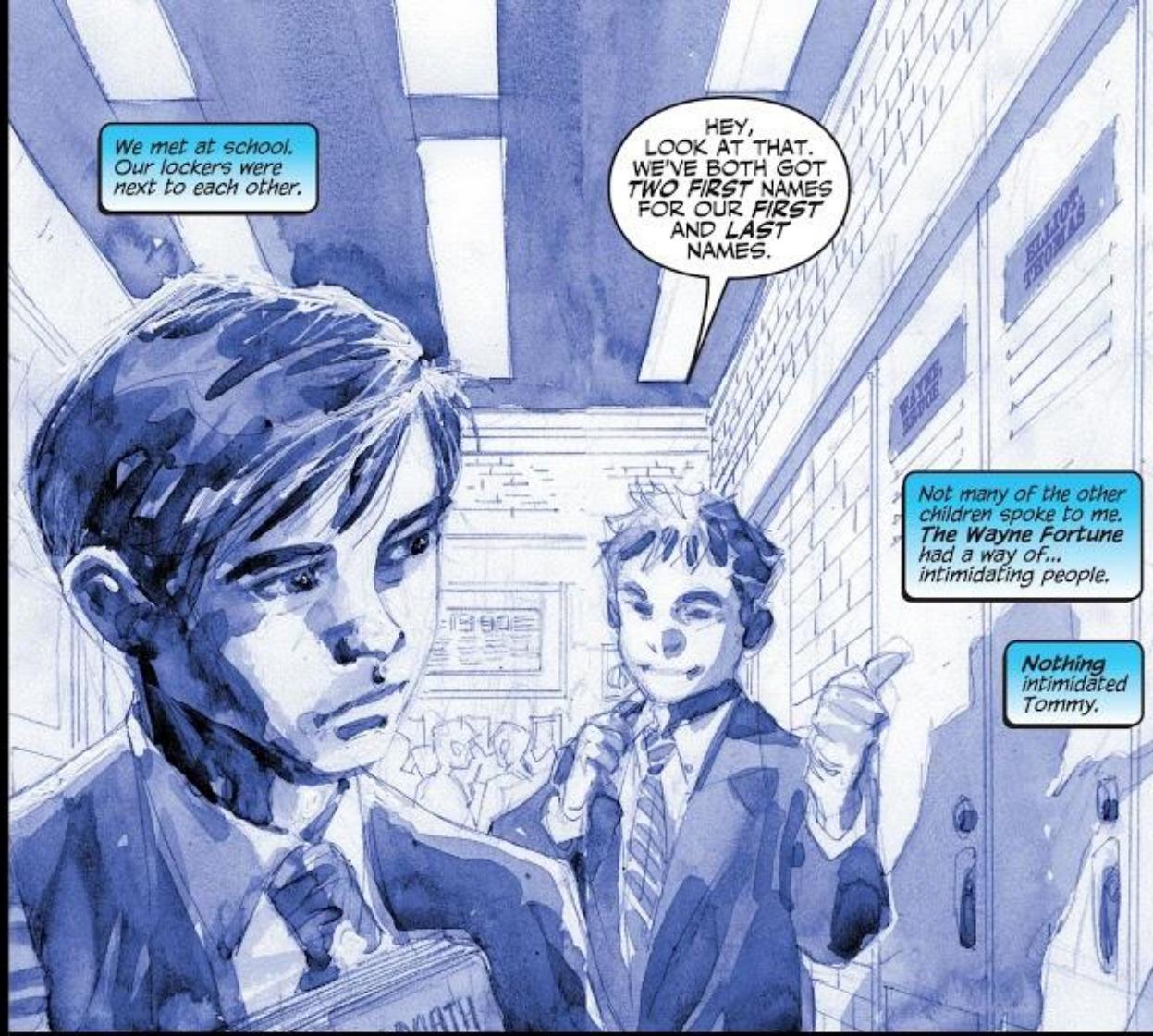
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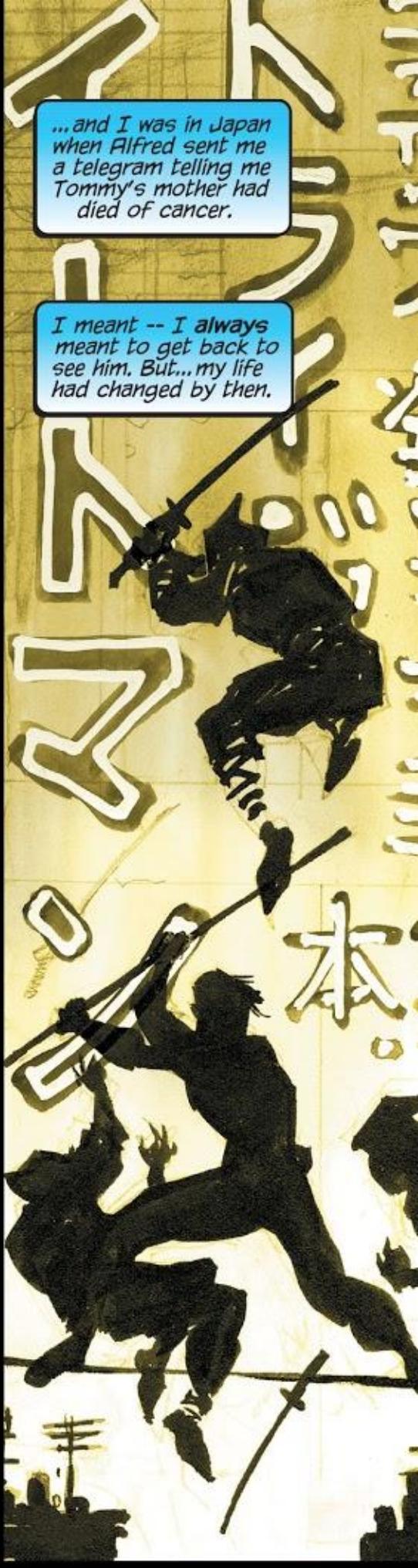
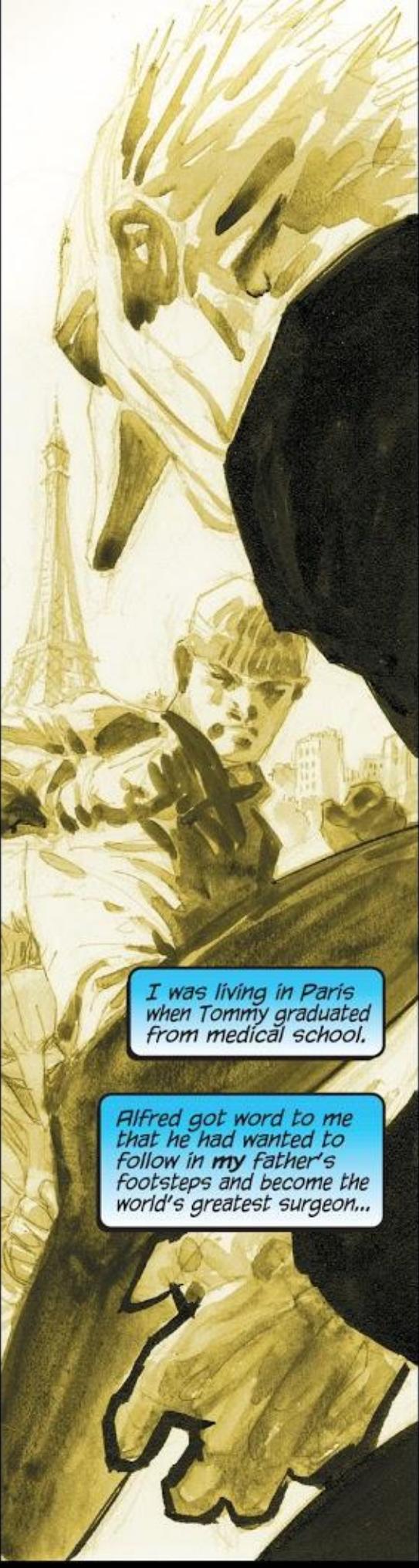
BATMAN



LOEB · LEE · WILLIAMS







BATMAN

Chapter Eight **THE DEAD**

I have been to too many funerals.

SLEEP WELL, TOMMY...

Teph LOEB writes

Tim LEE pencils

THOMAS ELLIOT
in memoriam

Scott WILLIAMS inks
Richard STARKINGS letters
Alex SINCLAIR colors

Bob SCHRECK edits
Michael WRIGHT associate edits
special thanks to Mark CHIARELLO

I made a promise on the grave of my parents to rid this city of the evil that took their lives. By day, I am Bruce Wayne, billionaire philanthropist. At night, criminals, a cowardly and superstitious lot, call me...

BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

The cave.

I have been awake
for fifty-six hours.

Subject analysis,
Elliot, Thomas.
Cause of death,
heart failure due
to rupture of the
aortic valve and
left ventricle.

Ballistic report indicates
the bullet was fired from
a 9mm Glock, standard
issue Gotham City
Police Department firearm.

Subject's blood
flooded into
the lungs --

-- Joker, identity unknown --
charged with the murder,
being held at Arkham Asylum
for observation.

-- Cause of death,
heart failure due
to rupture of the
aortic valve --

-- Joker,
identity
unknown --

As with everything,
the answer lies
somewhere in
the details...

-- analysis,
Elliot, Thomas.
Cause of death,
heart failure due
to rupture --

BRUCE...?

HELLO?
I'VE BEEN
TALKING TO
YOU FOR
ABOUT TEN
MINUTES.

I HAVE BEEN
LISTENING.

-- Joker,
identity
unknown --

DO YOU THINK
YOU COULD TURN
THAT THING OFF
FOR A COUPLE OF
MINUTES SO WE
CAN TALK --

-- WHICH
REQUIRES YOU
DOING MORE THAN
LISTENING?

COMPUTER,
"AUDIO AND
VISUAL OFF."

-- Gotham City
Police Depart--
Audio and visual
OFF.

YOU'VE GOT
TWO MINUTES,
DICK.

AND WHILE
I APPRECIATE
YOUR CONCERN
FOR MY WELL-
BEING --

IT'S NOT
JUST ME. ALFRED.
BARBARA. TIM --

GIVEN THAT
I'VE LOST A FRIEND --
A GOOD FRIEND --
EVEN THOUGH WE
HADN'T SEEN EACH
OTHER FOR A LONG
TIME --

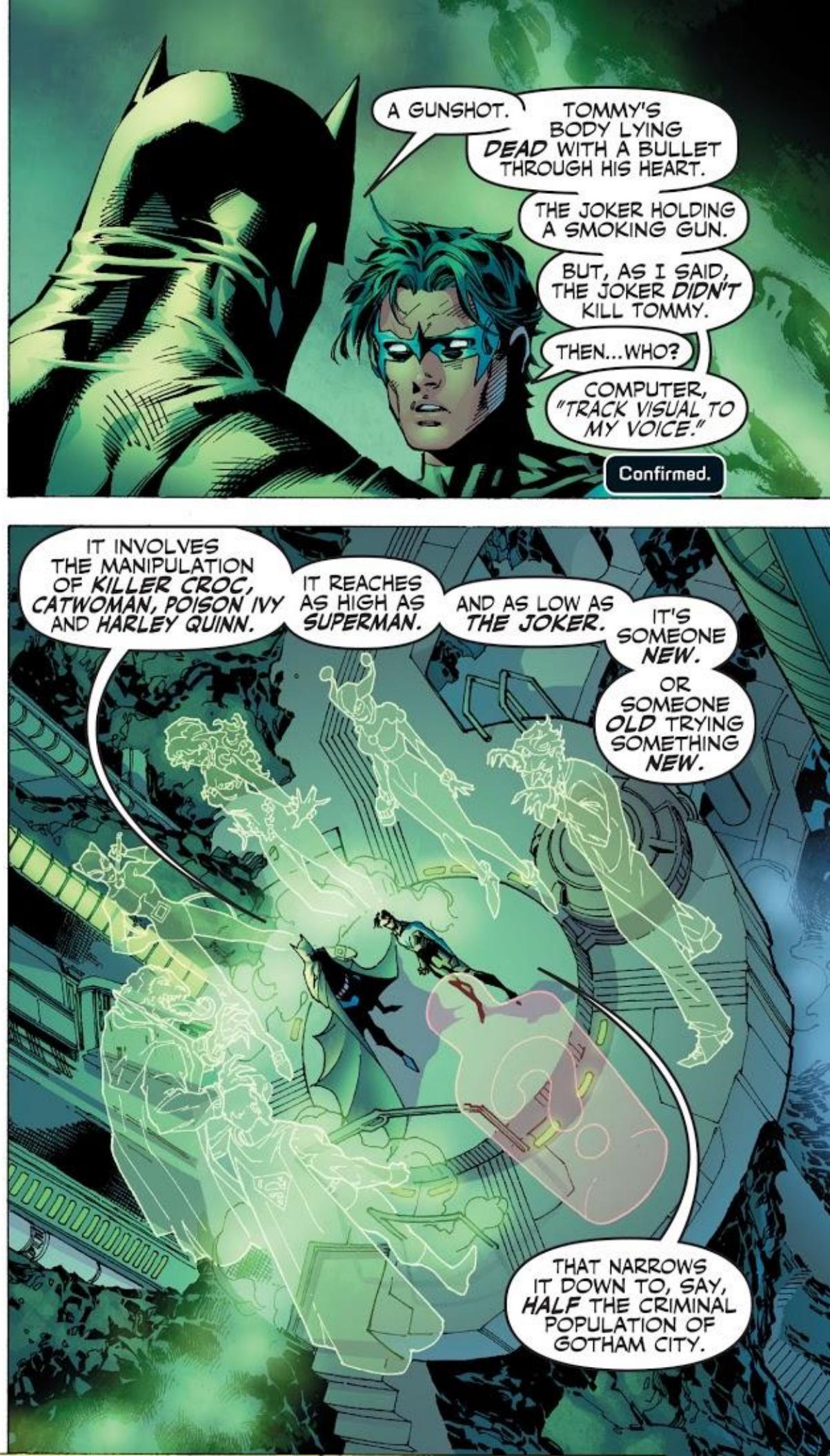
-- HEY, GIVEN
YOUR USUAL GRIM
AND MOODY SELF,
YOU'RE BEING A **BOX**
OF CHOCOLATES.

BUT, YOU
CAUGHT THE
BAD GUY.

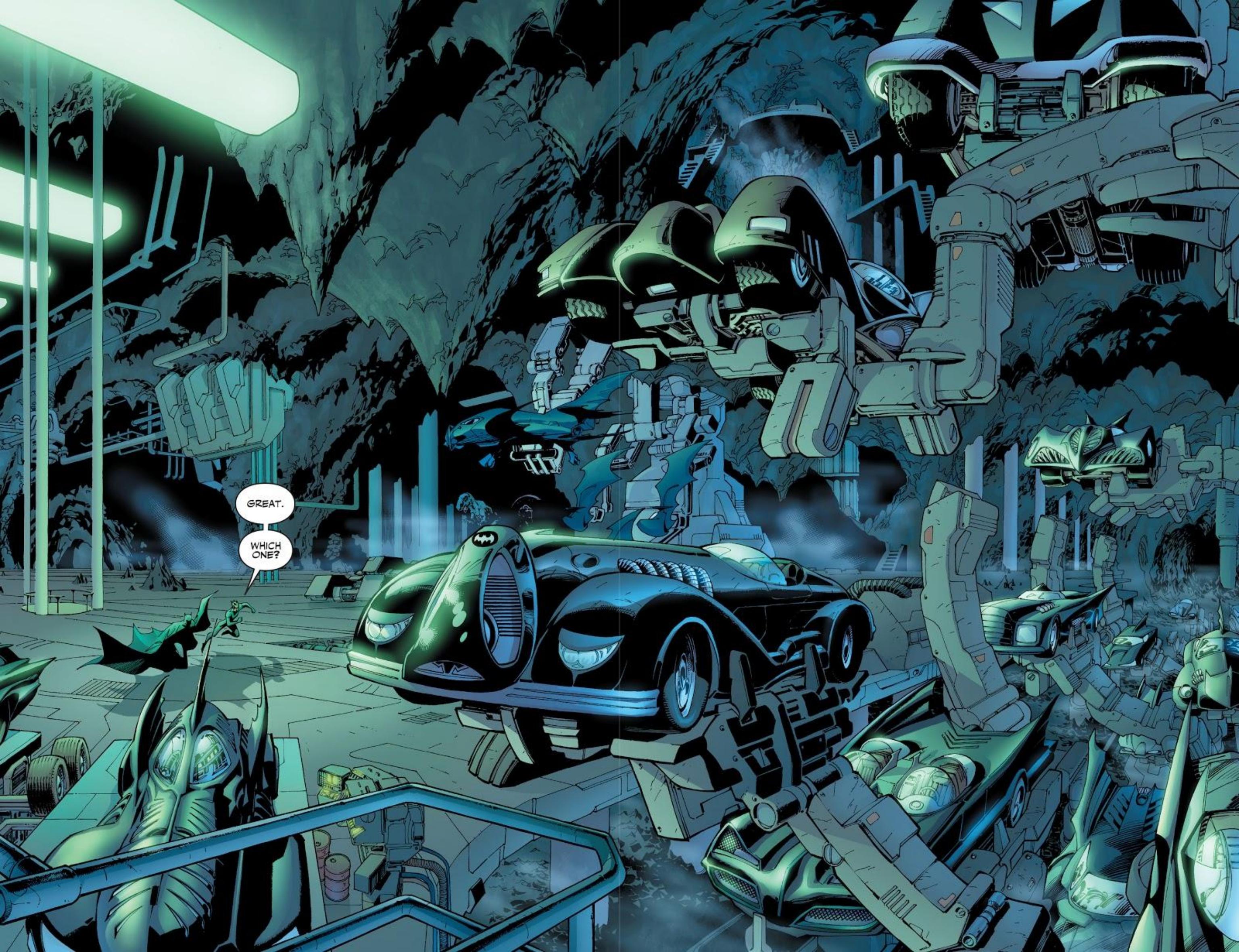
THE JOKER'S
BACK IN ARKHAM
FOR LIKE THE
SEVENTY-NINTH
TIME --

-- WHERE MAYBE
WE CAN HOLD ONTO
HIM FOR MORE THAN
AN HOUR AND A HALF
THIS TIME...

THE JOKER
DIDN'T KILL
TOMMY.

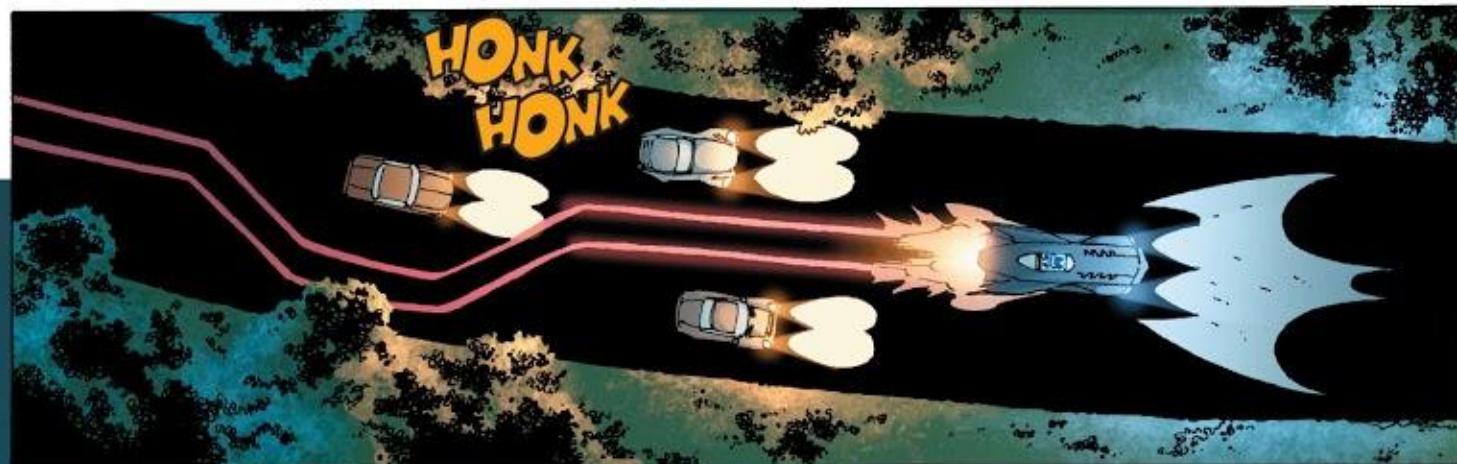
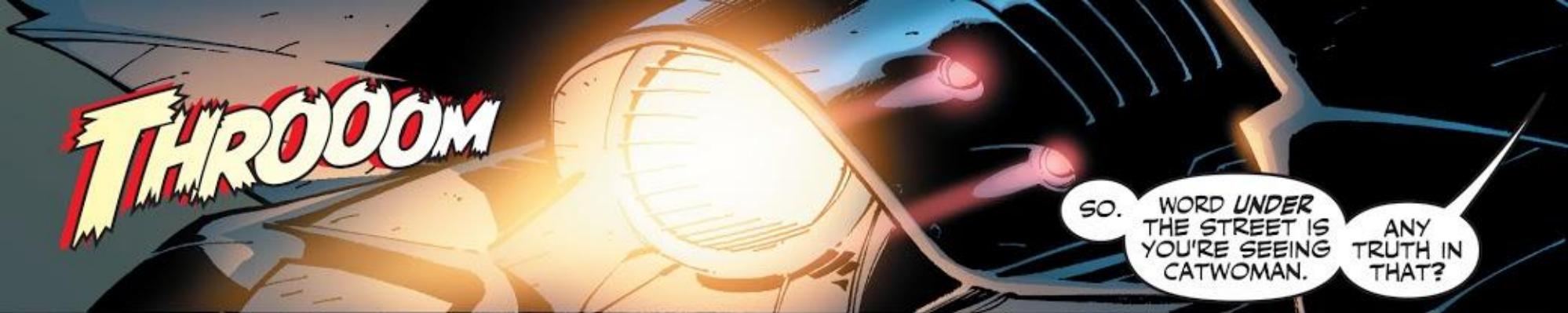






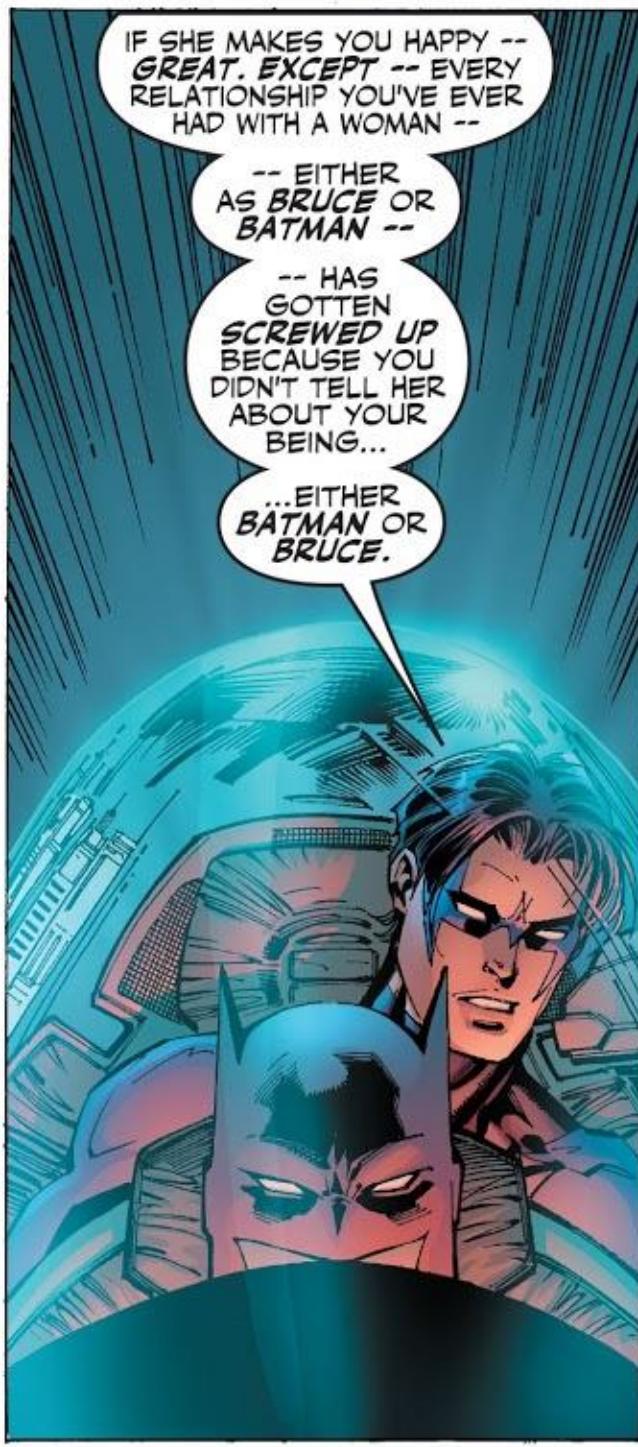
GREAT.

WHICH
ONE?

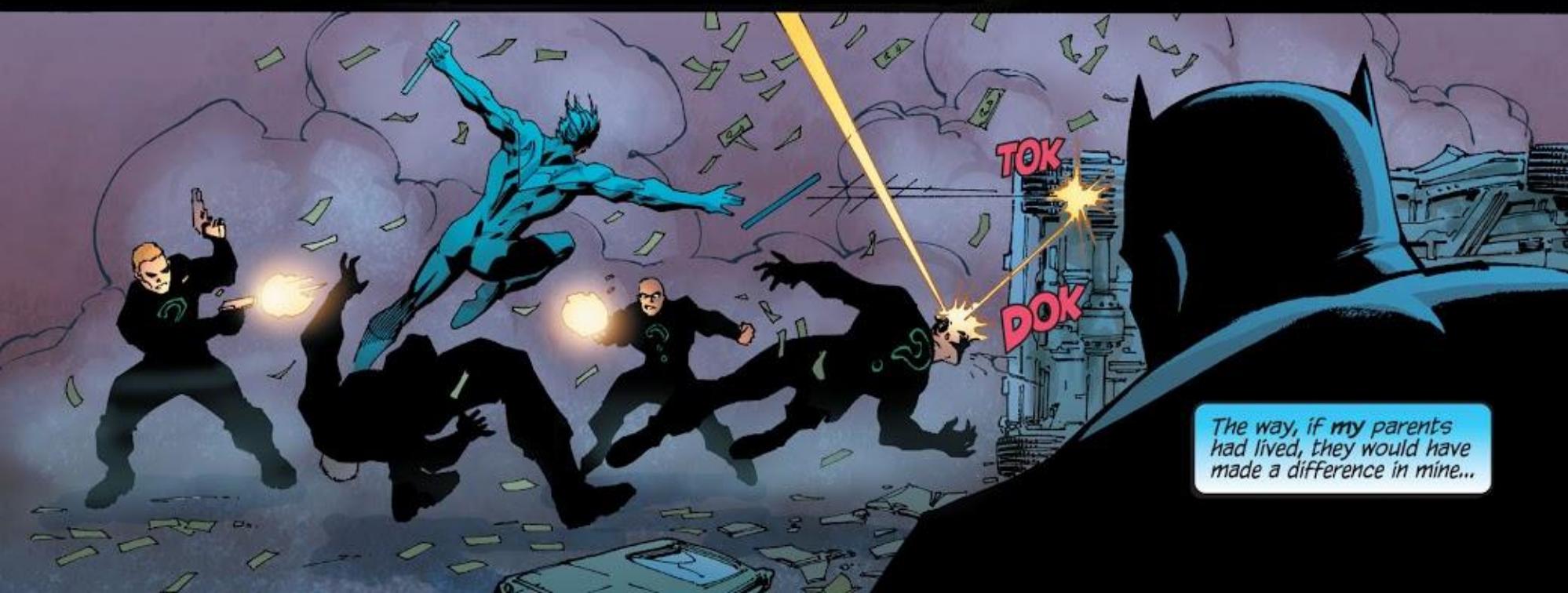


Dick always spoke to me without fear. No matter what else has happened to us through the years --

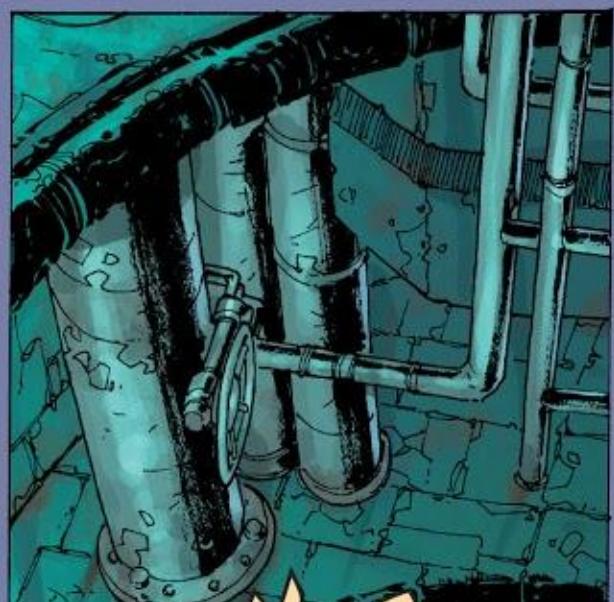
-- he has earned that right.













I think about Edward Nigma and the life he has had as The Riddler.

Where once his obsessive need to leave riddles as clues would confound me...



...everything about him has become routine.

A SOLID GOLD GARBAGE TRUCK...



I half-expected him to have retired by now.



Someone has taken the time to infiltrate the lives of Poison Ivy, Killer Croc, Harley Quinn...

...even The Joker.

And yet, The Riddler has apparently been ignored.

An armored car robbery -- even with eleven million in cash -- is exactly the sort of crime The Riddler has always taken on.

And the riddle, by his standards, was amateurish...

Why was he ignored? Was he somehow undeserving?

Activating ultraviolet.

NEED ANY HELP WITH THAT?

NO. I'VE GOT IT.

Or... knowingly or otherwise... was he himself intended to be the riddle?

ANYTHING?

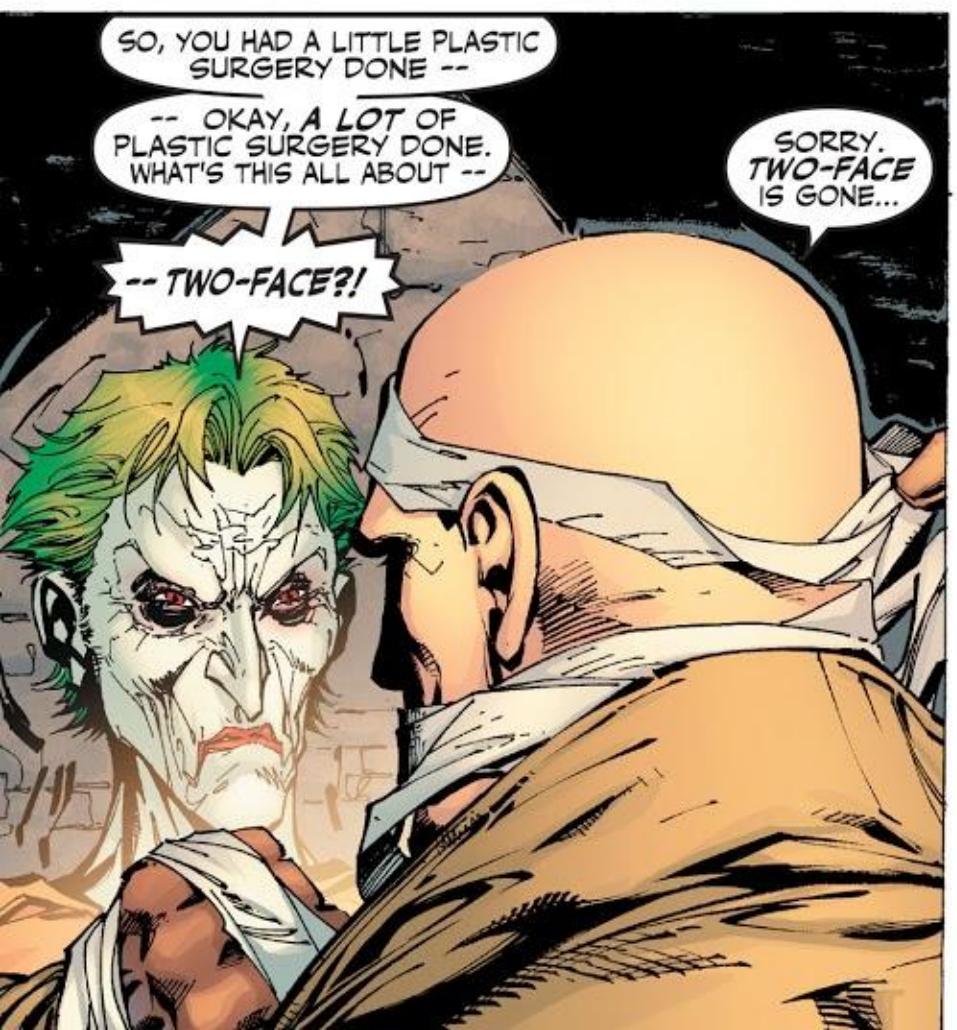
MAYBE. I'VE SEEN THIS SUBSTANCE BEFORE.

ASH.

FROM THE LAZARUS PIT...

As with everything, the answer lies somewhere in the details...







to be continued