



DC
COMICS™

23.2

THE NEW 52!

Riddler #1

March
13

RATED T
TEEN

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DCCOMICS.COM



ARKHAM ASYLUM.
FOUR YEARS AGO.



GOTHAM CITY.
NOW.



What am I?

"Advancing every other moment, in between reverse. Leave me to my own device, I get direct and worse."

What am I?



"My servants cannot leave me, in all they number five. They bring me everything I want, and I keep them alive."

What am I?



"I'm sorry that I woke today, because I've lost my right. I'll sit here in the corner now, and mumble at my plight."

Ha. What am I?



"I can't quite see the reason now, but I do what I must do. I shriek and squeak and flap about in order to find you."

What am I?



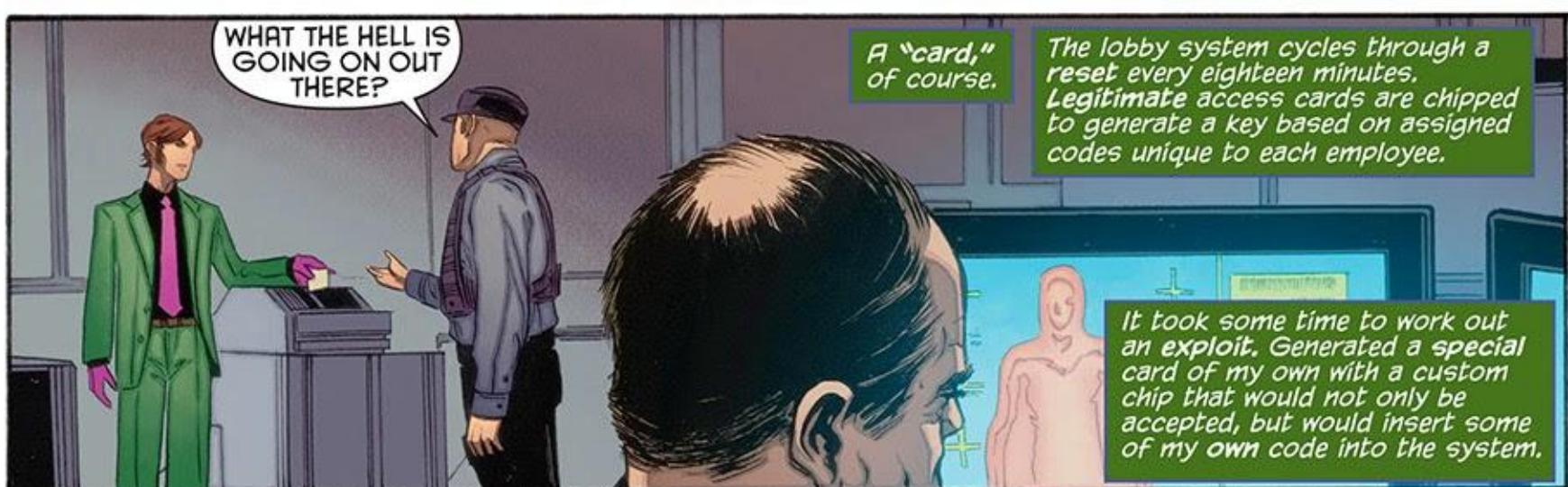
WAYNE ENTERPRISES.

...TIME TO
PLAY.

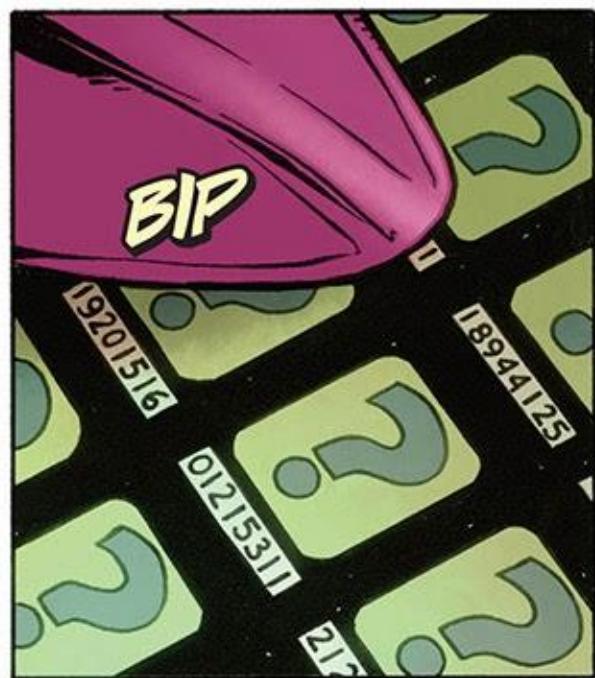
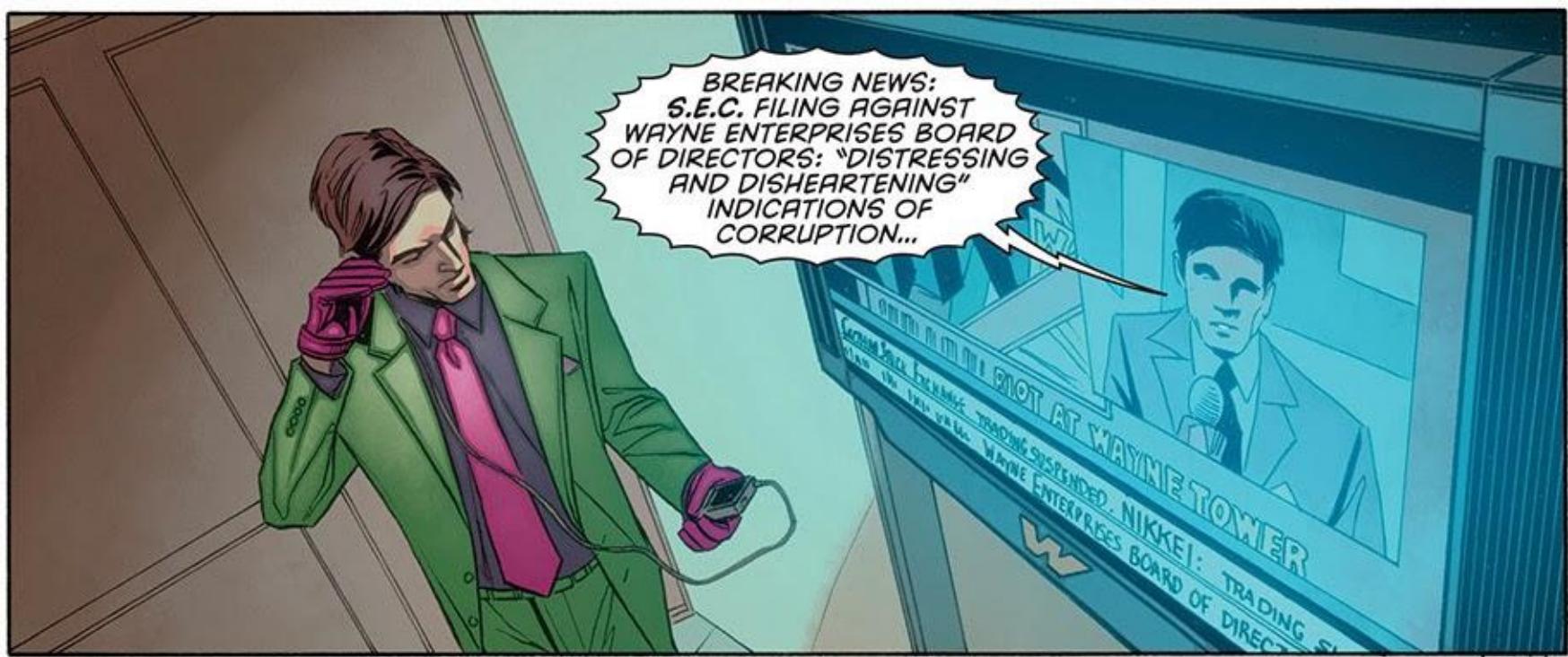
Did you know Wayne Enterprises Tower is the most secure building in Gotham City? I've seen the schematics. Very challenging.

It locks up tighter than any bank or police armory in the city. Even tighter than the secret LexCorp biolab down by the waterfront. I wonder why that is? Can you guess?

The flash-mob I arranged is gathering out front, coming to protest a misconduct scandal on the Wayne Charitable board. The mob is seeded with my people...







...when they realize who's playing.

YOU GONNA TELL ME THAT PEOPLE ARE RIOTING OVER AN S.E.C. FILING? NO, THAT'S NOT RIGHT. ANYBODY ELSE GET A FUNNY SMELL OFF THAT ALONE?

AND NOW, WHAT, WE GOT THREE BANKS OF EXPRESS ELEVATORS SHUT DOWN ALL BY THEMSELVES, ALL AT THE SAME INSTANT?

ANYWHERE ELSE, I MIGHT BUY IT. BUT WAYNE INSISTED ON INDEPENDENT, REDUNDANT SYSTEMS ON EVERY SINGLE ELEVATOR CAR, GOD KNOWS WHY. MAYBE WHEN HE GETS HOME FROM HIS LATEST SKI TRIP OR WHEREVER HE IS, WE CAN ASK HIM.

IT JUST HAPPENED ALL AT ONCE, MR. LESLEY!

THERE'S MORE... BLACKOUTS ON THE IN-BUILDING SECURITY COMS, A CRASH IN THE LOBBY'S FACIAL RECOGNITION ALERT SYSTEM, SOME KIND OF INTERFERENCE ON OUR WIRELESS NETWORK...

FAULT REPORT IN CLIMATE CONTROL OVER HERE... AND OUT-BOUND PHONE CALLS SEEM TO BE ROUTING BACK INTO THE BUILDING...

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK--

--DAMMIT. LOBBY ACCESS IS SUPPOSED TO LOCK AUTOMATICALLY WHEN THE RECOGNITION SYSTEM GOES DOWN. LET ME GUESS-- THAT FAILED, TOO.

SCROLL BACK THE CAMERAS IN THE LOBBY. GIVE ME THE LAST FIFTEEN MINUTES.

YES, SIR.

THERE. YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME.

I WANT THE ENTIRE TOWER ON ALERT. NOW. THAT'S EDWARD NYGMA.

WHO?

...NG EVERY OTHER
NT, IN BETWEEN
SE. LEAVE ME TO
I DEVICE, I GET
T AND WORSE.

I'M SORRY THAT I
WOKE TODAY, BECAUSE
I'VE LOST MY RIGHT. I'LL
SIT HERE IN THE CORNER
NOW, AND Mumble
AT MY PLIGHT.

THE RIDDLE.

THIS WORLD
IS OURS.
? THIS WORLD
IS OURS.
? THIS WORLD
IS OURS.

I CAN'T QUITE SEE THE
REASON NOW, BUT I DO WH.
MUST DO. I SHRIEK AND
SQUEAK AND FLAP ABOUT
ORDER TO FIND YOU.

MY SERVANTS
CANNOT LEAVE ME, IN
ALL, THEY NUMBER FIVE.
THEY BRING ME EVERY-
THING I WANT, AND I
KEEP THEM ALIVE.

THIS
WORLD
IS OURS.

*It wasn't so very long ago, the last time I was here. But it feels like a lifetime.**

They'll be switching the systems to secure control about now. Communications and emergency egress will be the priority.

**IT HAPPENED IN ZERO YEAR, SEE BATMAN #21. --MIKE*

*NYGMA.
HOLD IT RIGHT
THERE.*

*"ADVANCING EVERY OTHER
MOMENT, IN BETWEEN
REVERSE. LEAVE ME
TO MY OWN DEVICE,
I GET DIRECT AND
WORSE."*

*WHAT
AM I?*

*WHAT?
KEEP YOUR
HANDS UP.*

*YOU'RE NOT
EVEN GOING TO TRY
TO ANSWER ME, ARE
YOU? YOU DON'T THINK
IT'D HELP TO KNOW WHAT
I'M ABOUT TO DO
TO YOU?*

*WELL, YOU
CAN'T WIN IF
YOU DON'T
PLAY.*

*I SAID
KEEP YOUR
**HANDS
UP!***

*STAY
WHERE YOU
ARE!*

*AND
WHAT IF I
DON'T?*

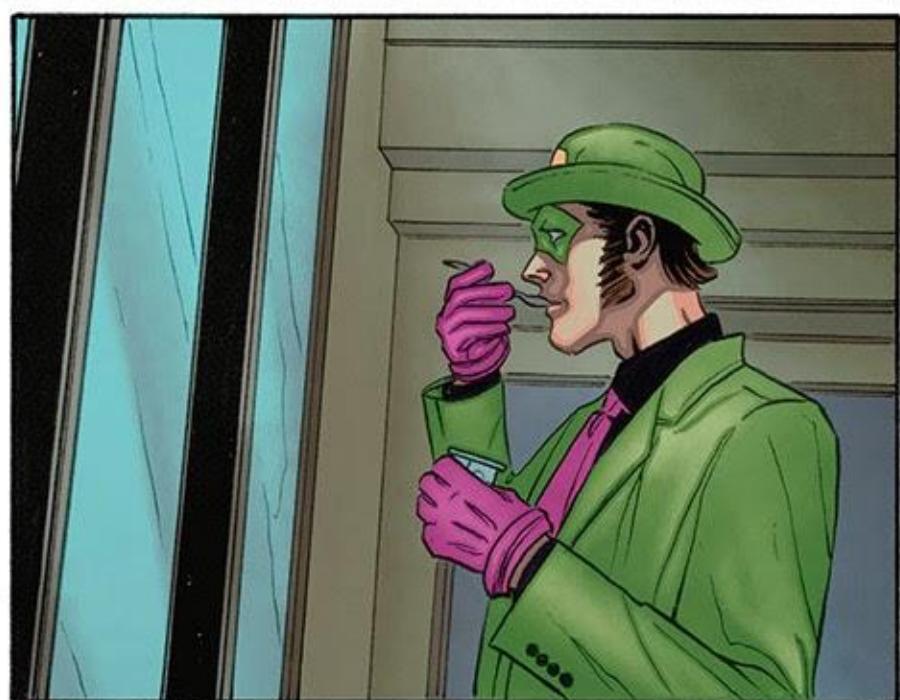
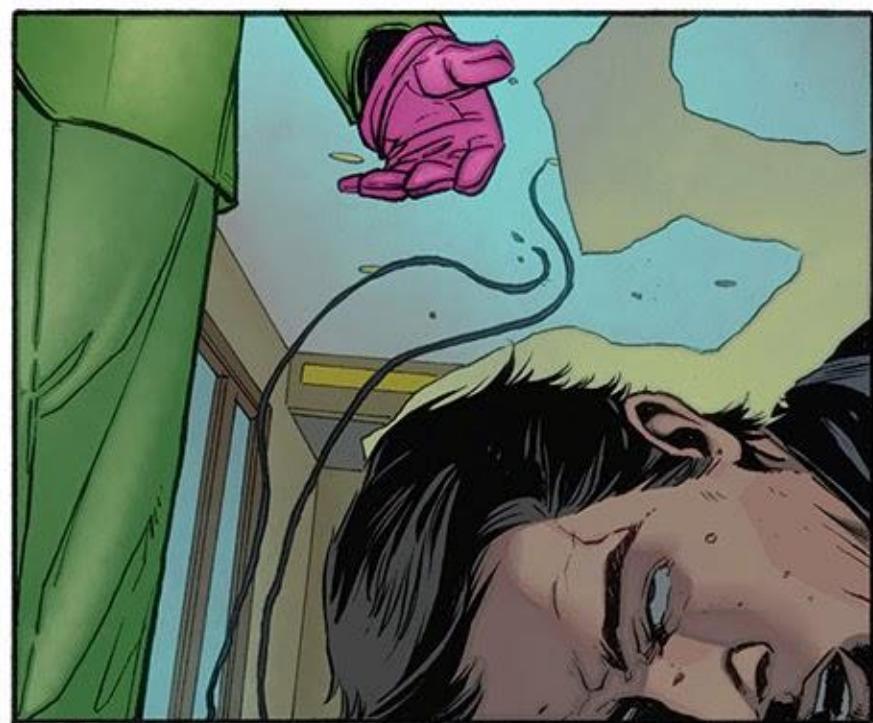


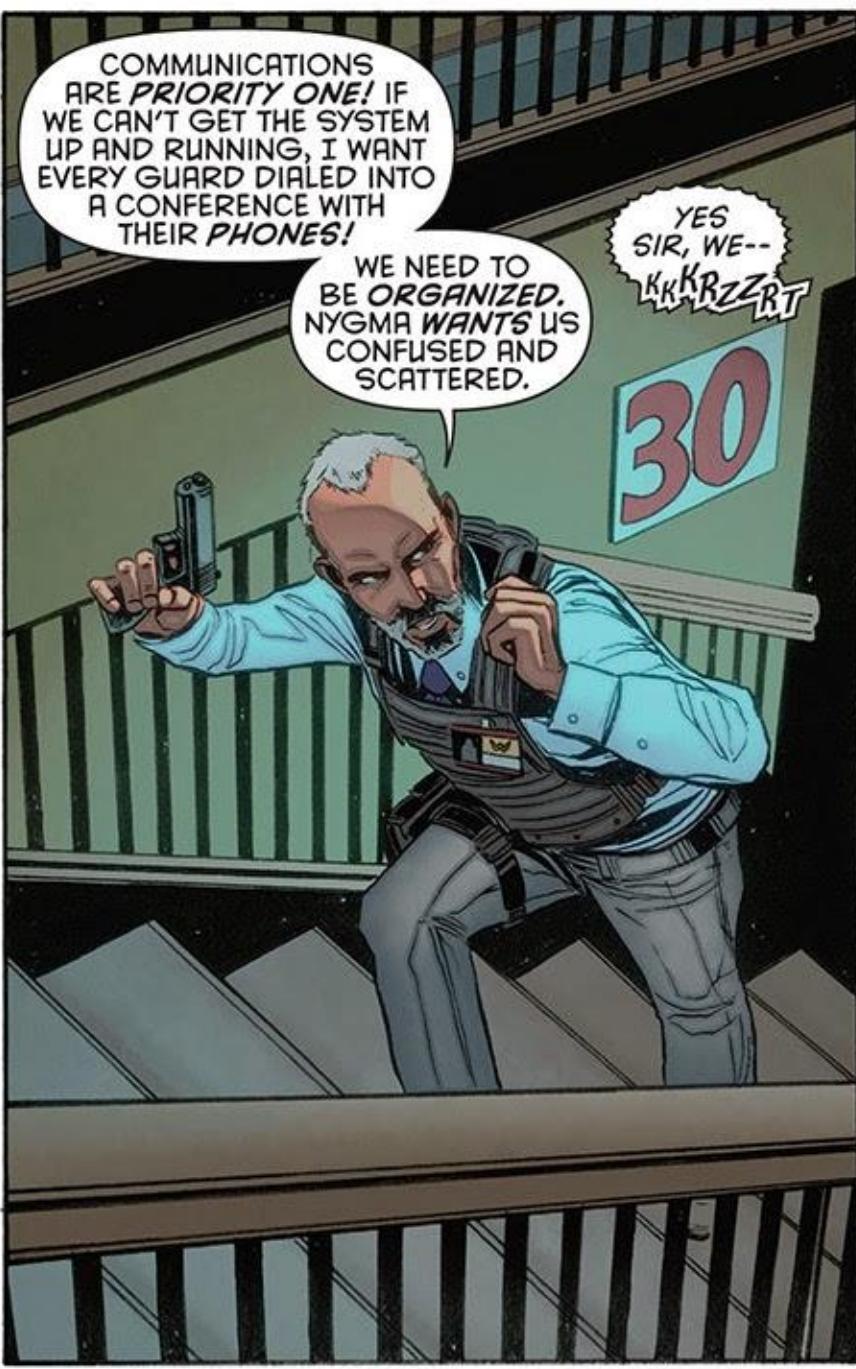


"ELECTRICITY".

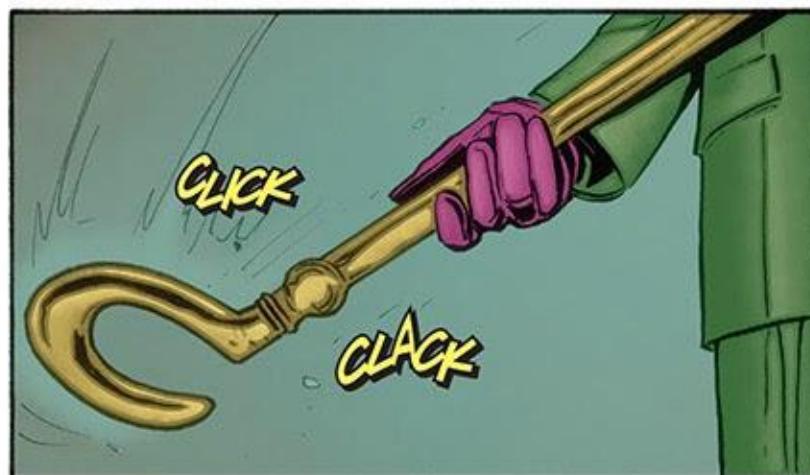
THE
ANSWER IS
ELECTRICITY, YOU
MORON.







"...PLAYING
YOUR
GAMES."





EXECUTIVE ELEVATOR.



HYA!

WHOK

CELEBRITY CRIMINAL. I'VE SEEN YOU IN THE TABLOIDS. YOU DON'T SCARE US.

I DIDN'T TAKE SEVENTEEN YEARS OF SELF-DEFENSE CLASSES FOR NOTHING.

YOU. DO. NOT. TOUCH. ME.

YOU DO NOT TOUCH ME!

CRACK

FUNCTIONARY!

IMBECILE!

AARRAUU-



Upward. Never mind the momentary distraction. These things are bound to happen.

It's not as if I didn't plan for them. But that woman put my riddles out of order.

Breathe in. Picture a field of smooth black felt.

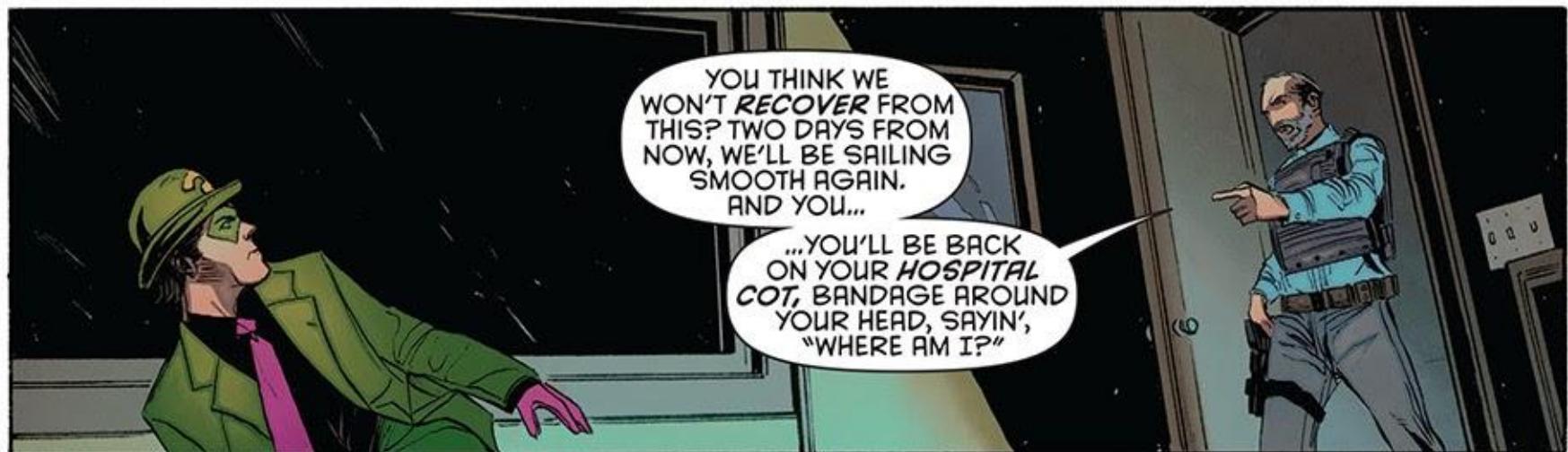
Breathe out. Not a spot of lint or dirt. Perfect.

Perfect.

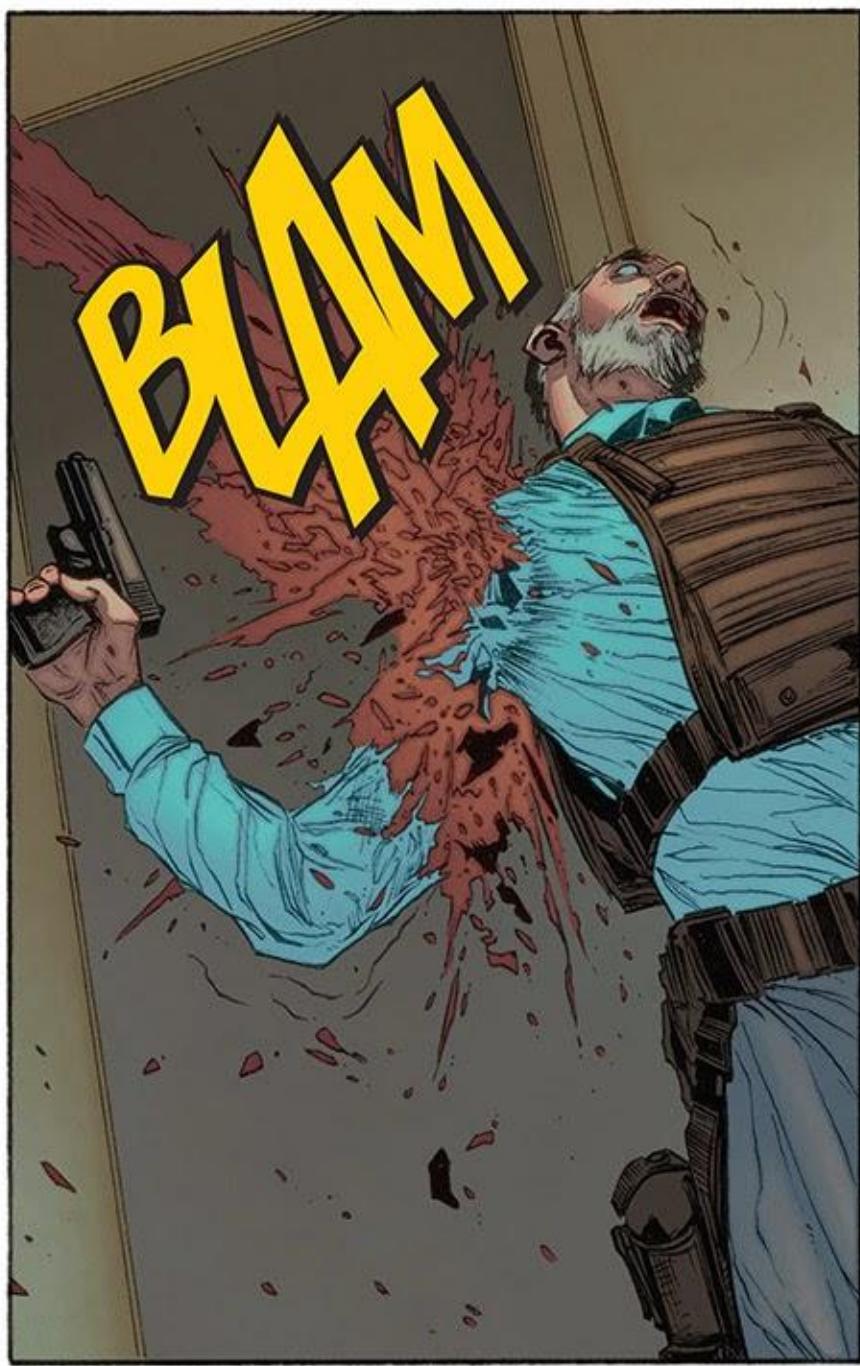
There was a time in my life where nothing upset me like this. Where I didn't need my meditation exercises.

I remember how happy I was. It's so strange to think of it, now. The insults meant nothing.

HEY,
PSYCHO.









There's just
one thing I
really want.

And that's to face the only
opponent worthy of my
best efforts. To be tested
and to prevail.

They say the
Batman's dead
and gone.

Somehow, I doubt it. Somehow,
I imagine I'll be seeing him
again. And to be honest, I'm
just killing time until I do.



DC COMICS

UNLEASHES

THE RIDDLERTM

SOLITAIRE

STORY BY SCOTT SNYDER & RAY FAWKES WRITTEN BY RAY FAWKES ARTIST JEREMY HAUN
COLORIST JOHN RAUSCH LETTERER TAYLOR ESPOSITO COVER GUILLEM MARCH
ASSOCIATE EDITOR KATIE KUBERT GROUP EDITOR MIKE MARTS
BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

TO BE CONTINUED IN
**BATMAN #25:
ZERO
YEAR**