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COMICS™

16

SCOTT  
**SNYDER**  
GREG  
**CAPULLO**  
JONATHAN  
**GLAPION**

DEATH OF THE FAMILY

# BATMAN

THE NEW 52!

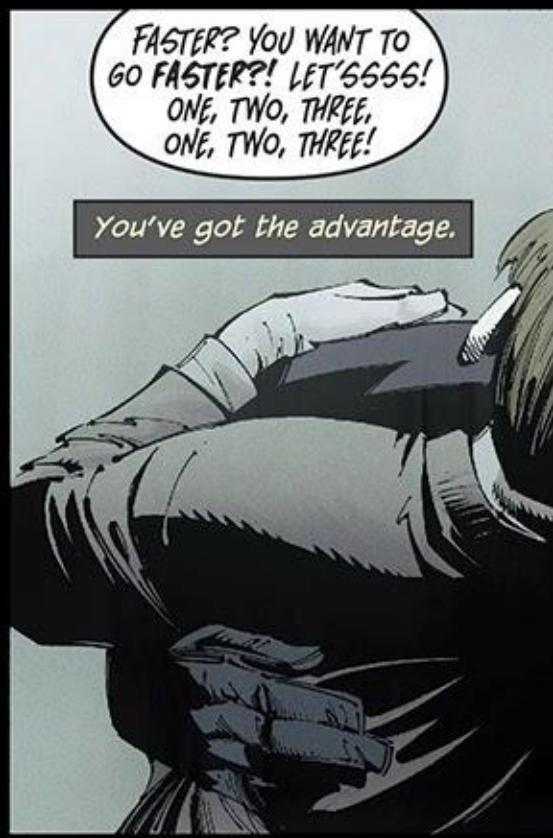
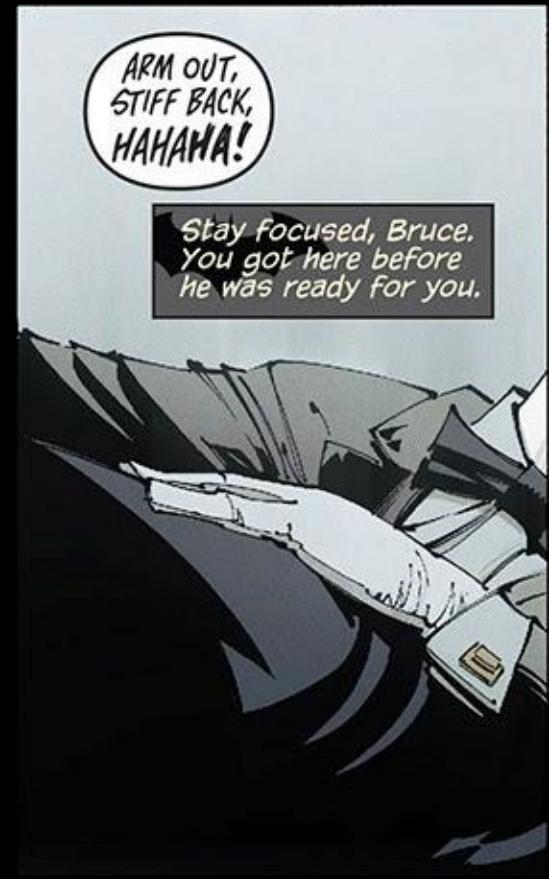


Capullo  
12  
+fco

MAR 2013

RATED T TEEN

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DC COMICS presents BATMAN in

# DEATH OF THE FAMILY

## CASTLE OF CARDS



...AND THEY  
DANCE TO WELCOME  
YOU HOME! HOME TO  
ARKHAM ASYLUM!

SCOTT SNYDER writer

GREG CAPULLO penciller

JONATHAN GLAPION inker



HELP US...  
PLEASE.

WE'VE BEEN  
DANCING FOR  
DAYS.

The men in the cells.  
I know them all,  
their histories.

Ronnell. Peters. The guards  
with no families. The ones  
no one would miss past  
a few simple excuses.

The glass is super  
grade polycarbonate.  
I could shatter it,  
but the embedded  
steel netting would  
keep them caged.

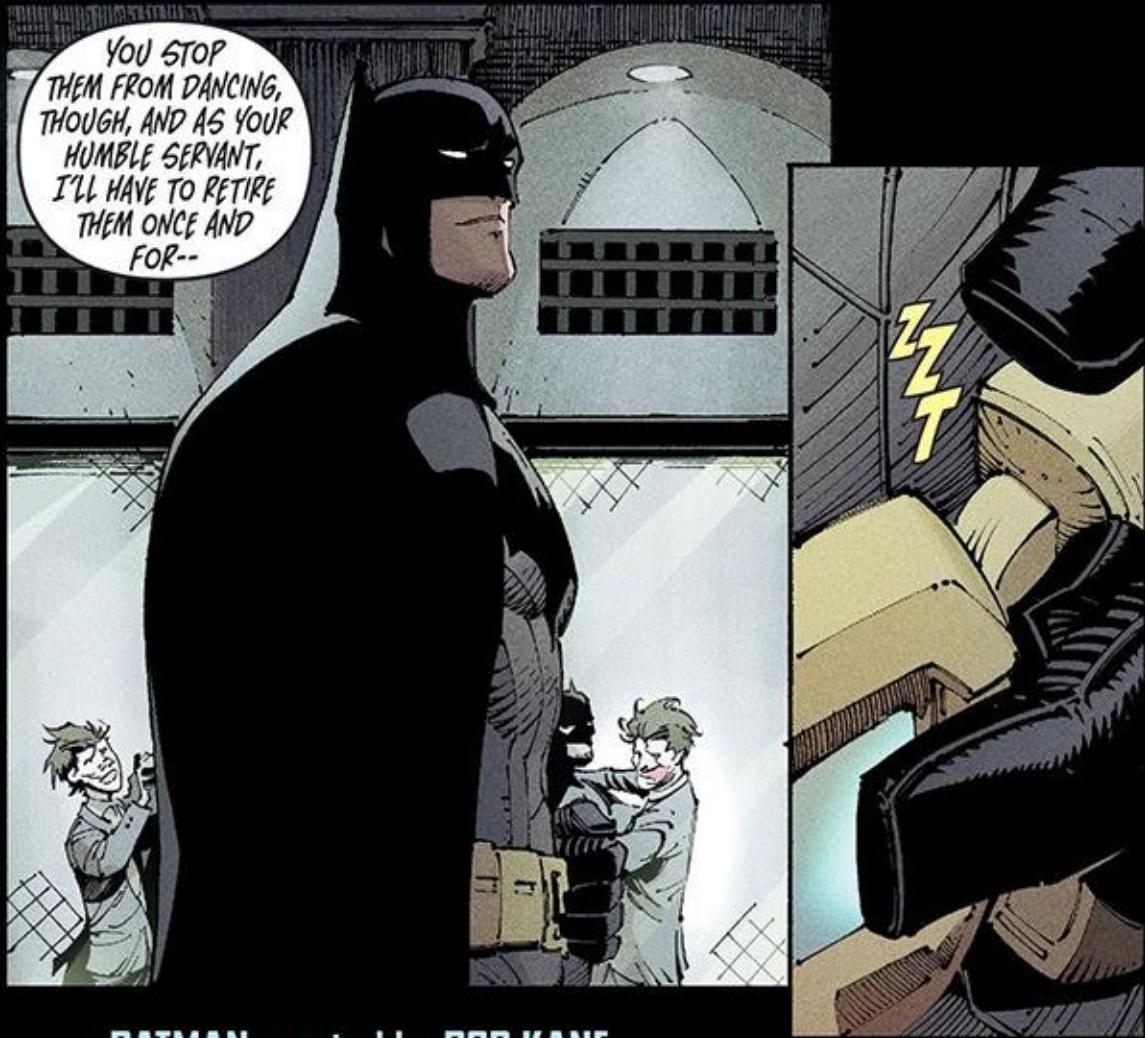
FCO PLASCENCIA colorist



He's running current into the  
water on the floor. Push of  
a button could kill them all.

THAT'S RIGHT,  
BATSSS! THEY DANCE  
FOR YOU! THE WHOLE  
PLACE, IT'S ALIVE, ALIVE!  
WITH LOVE FOR YOU,  
THAT IS!

RICHARD STARKINGS  
and COMICRAFT'S  
JIMMY BETANCOURT  
lettering



BATMAN created by BOB KANE

THE EMERGENCY POWER SYSTEM IS SAFEGUARDED AGAINST CHARGES LIKE THAT.



KATIE KUBERT asst. editor  
MIKE MARTS editor



CAPULLO & PLASCENCIA cover

ALEX GARNER variant cover

"...WHERE ON EARTH HAVE YOU SNUCK OFF TO?"

He's somewhere close.

Could be the control room, but more likely, Jeremiah Arkham's personal quarters--designed as a second command center.

Quicker to go up the elevator shaft, but too easy to get trapped in there. Stick to the softer passageways, Bruce, the administrative hive behind the walls, where he might not have eyes.

*It's the longer route, but you'll keep the advantage, you'll get the jump on him. Just stay ahead...*

WHAT IN...





...WITH YOUR  
ROYAL KNIGHTS,  
OF COURSE! THE  
INMATES!

YOUR GALAHADS  
AND GAWAINS AND  
GOONS, OH MY!

I'VE GIVEN  
THEM THEIR ARMOR  
AND SWORDS, AND  
NOW THEY BURN TO  
MAKE YOU STRONG,  
BATSSS!

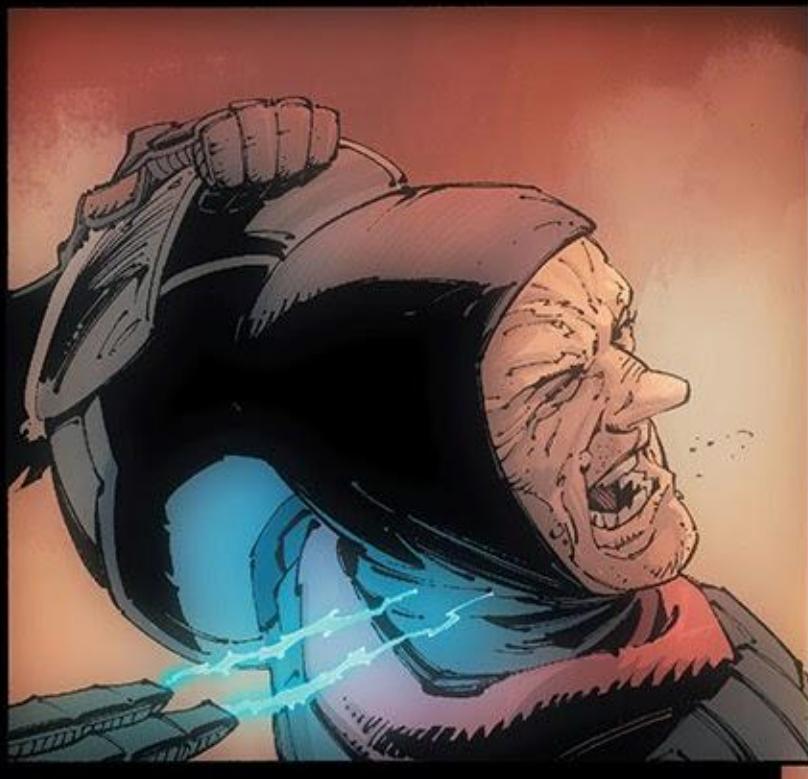
COME ON,  
THEN.

COME  
ON!

YOU  
HEARD HIM!  
CHARGE!

GET  
HIM!

BASH  
HIS HEAD  
IN!





BRAVO!



BRAVO,  
BATSSS! I'LL  
ADMIT, I'M  
IMRESSED!



A ROYAL  
TAPESTRY!

MY  
GOD...

A TRIBUTE FROM  
YOUR FAITHFUL! WITH A LITTLE  
HELP FROM THE DOLLMAKER, OF  
COURSE. AND MY, DOES HE ENJOY  
HIS WORK. I THOUGHT DEAD  
WOULD BE BETTER, BUT HE PUT  
TUBES IN THE STOMACHS,  
AND VOILA!



HAIL THE BAT KING HAIL THE BAT KING...

Don't listen to them--or him, Bruce.  
Don't see any of it.

Just go--get to him before he's ready! Get to him!

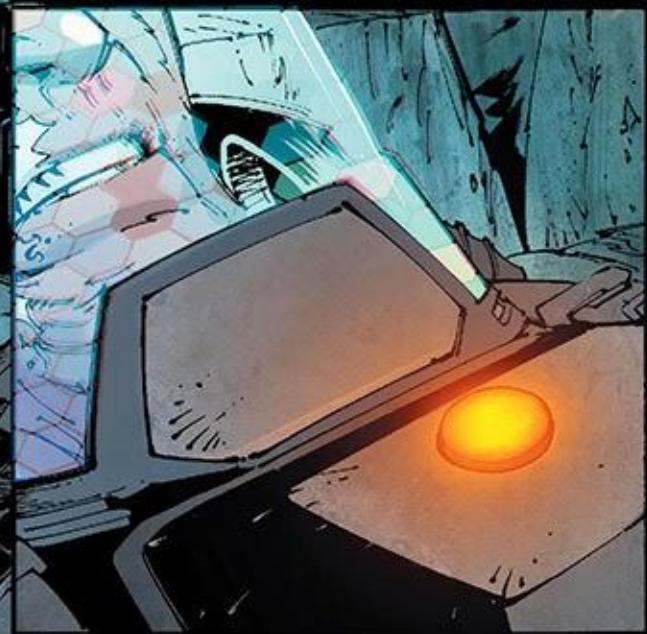
Jeremiah's quarters, they're just ahead. Whatever Joker has planned, he didn't have the time he wanted.

DIE, BATMAN!



GETTING CLOSE, NOW, BATS! YOU'VE REACHED THE INNER CIRCLE! WHERE YOUR REAL FAMILY RESIDES!

YOUR GROUNDSKEEPER, WHOSE ONLY WISH IS TO DRESS YOUR LANDS IN ICE, IN BLOOMS OF WHITE DEATH...



THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, BATMAN!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!  
I THOUGHT WE WERE--  
AAAGH!

YOUR ROYAL  
PLAYER, A THEATRICAL  
GENIUS, CAPABLE OF ANY  
ROLE THAT MIGHT SPEAK  
TO YOU--YOUR DARKEST  
FEARS!

ALL  
RIGHT, YOUR  
HIGHNESS...

...LET'S  
RUMBL

LET'S NOT FORGET  
YOUR PHYSICIAN, WHO  
KEEPES YOUR SUBJECTS  
STRONG AND HEALTHY  
IN THEIR TERROR!

A TINCTURE  
FOR YOU, MY  
LORD!

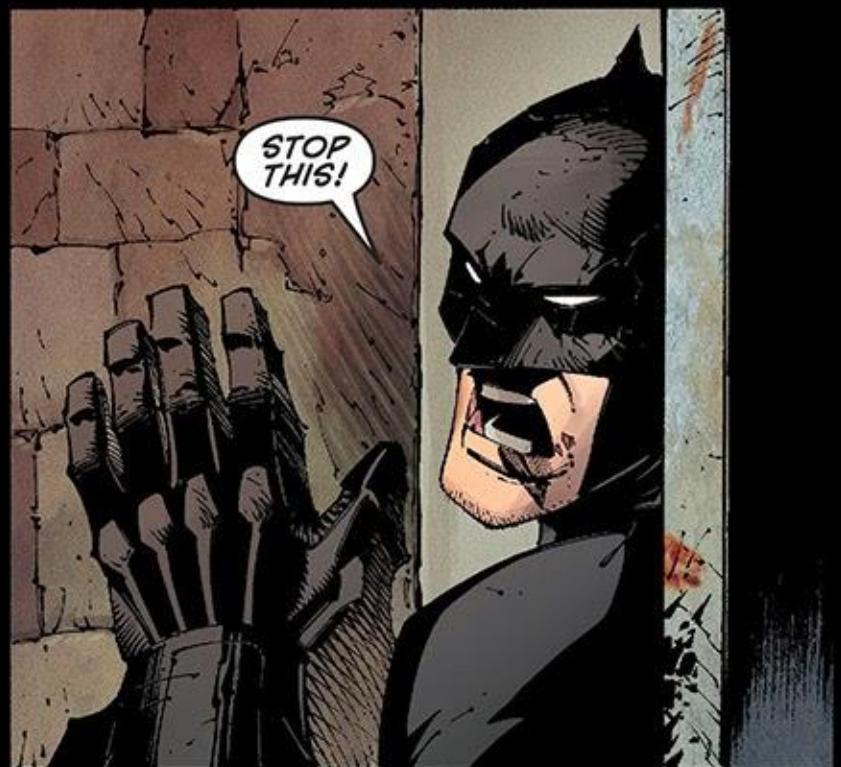


YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT A MOMENT OUTSIDE THE DOOR, I'M AFRAID! WE'RE NOT QUITE READY FOR YOU YET!





WELCOME  
TO YOUR THRONE  
ROOM, BATSSS!  
WHERE  
THE MAGIC  
HAPPENS!







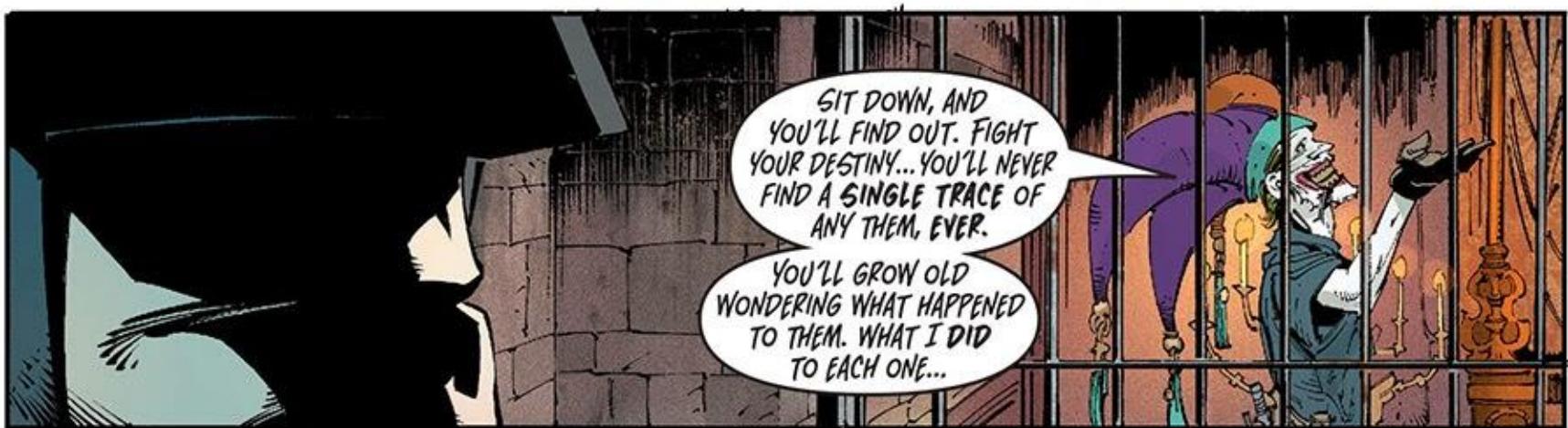
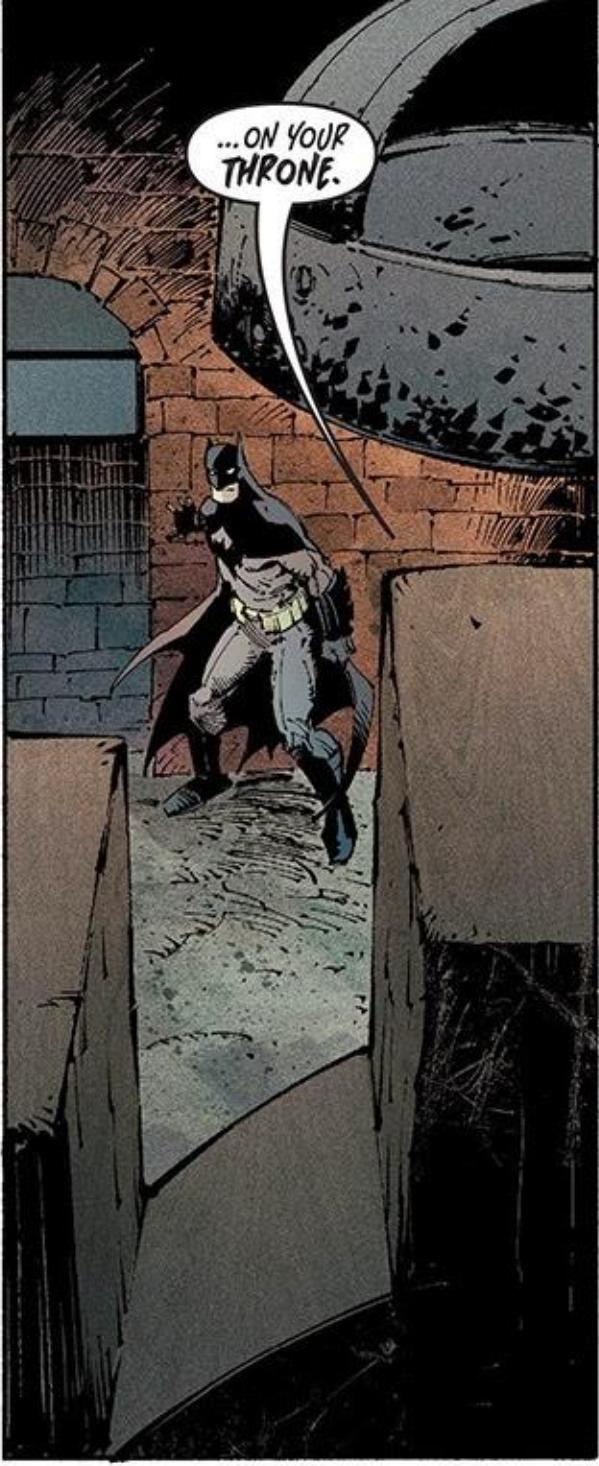




AND THAT'S  
THE POINT, BATS.  
THE PROCLAMATION  
I MADE TO YOU.

BE AS FAST AND  
SMART AS YOU WANT.  
BUT SO LONG AS THEY  
LIVE, YOU'LL ALWAYS,  
ALWAYS LOSE.

NOW, THAT LEAVES  
YOU WITH ONLY ONE THING  
LEFT TO DO...AND THAT IS,  
TO ACCEPT YOUR TRUE ROLE.  
TO EMBRACE IT. AND, IN  
DOING SO, TO TAKE YOUR  
RIGHTFUL PLACE...





NEXT: THE GRAND FINALE!

# JUDGMENT

SCOTT SNYDER & JAMES TYNION IV

WRITERS

DAVID BARON

COLORS

KATIE KUBERT

ASSISTANT EDITOR

JOCK

ARTWORK

TAYLOR ESPOSITO

LETTERS

MIKE MARTS

EDITOR

IS HE  
DEAD?

I DON'T  
CARE ABOUT THE  
PROBABILITIES...  
I JUST WANT TO  
GET THE HELL OUT  
OF HERE BEFORE  
THE POLICE  
ARRIVE.

I FIND  
THAT HIGHLY  
IMPROBABLE,  
DENT.

COULDN'T  
AGREE MORE,  
PENGUIN.

SO,  
LET'S MAKE  
IT A BIT MORE  
ABSOLUTE.

HEADS, WE  
SHOOT BATMAN  
IN THE COWL. TAILS,  
WE SHOOT HIM IN  
THE GUT.

TUT TUT,  
HARVEY!



TUT TUT,  
HARVEY!



...I GUESS  
YOU'RE GOING  
NOWHERE!  
**HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!**

**CLANG**

JOKER! I DON'T  
BELONG IN THIS  
MADHOUSE!

RIDDLE,  
FIND US A  
WAY OUT NOW  
AND THERE'S  
TWENTY-  
THOUSAND  
DOLLARS IN IT  
FOR YOU.

CASH,  
GOLD, DIGITAL,  
NAME YOUR  
CURRENCY.

WELL...

EDDIE?

...UNFF...

WHOOPS! GUESS I HID SOME TEENY  
TINY TRANQS IN THAT LOVELY GREEN  
JACKET I BROUGHT HIM. Y'KNOW,  
JUST IN CASE I NEEDED TO BUY  
MYSELF A LITTLE TIME.

BUT ANYWAYS!  
THE KING AND I HAVE TO  
GET MOVING. WE'VE GOT DINNER  
RESERVATIONS WITH THE WHOLE  
FAMILY. CAN'T BE LATE FOR THAT!

DON'T WANT  
TO MAKE A BAD  
IMPRESSION.

NO.  
YOU'RE NOT  
GOING ANY-  
WHERE.

I'M SICK OF YOUR ACT, CLOWN. YOU DON'T HAVE ANY SPECIAL CLAIM TO HIM. WE'VE ALL BEEN AT THIS FOR YEARS.

OPEN THESE DAMN BARS, AND WE'LL FOLLOW. AS LONG AS THE BAT DIES, WE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT. WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO SEE THIS THROUGH.



MY NAME IS TWO-FACE.

HAH! THE RIGHT? OH, THAT'S RICH, HARVEY... THAT REALLY IS. HEHEHEHEHE... I'M CRACKING UP ALL OVER.

DO YOU REALIZE HOW PATHETIC YOU SOUND? "OH PLEASE, MR. JOKER. PLEASE LET ME HELP KILL THE BAT-MAN, MR. JOKER... IT'S MY RIGHT."

YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I CHOSE YOU TO PLAY THE JUDGE IN MY LITTLE TABLEAU? IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE NOTHING, HARVEY.



HUSH NOW, HAAAAARVEY. YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE. ALL IT TOOK WAS A LITTLE ACID TO THE FACE, AND EVERYTHING YOU STOOD FOR GOT THROWN OUT THE WINDOW!

AND IT TURNS OUT YOU WERE JUST WAITING FOR THE CHANCE TO PRETEND TO BE ONE OF THE GANGSTERS YOU USED TO LOCK AWAY!

SHUT UP, JOKER...



AND HECK, IN THIS CITY? THAT BRAND OF JUSTICE IS PERFECT! THE KIND OF JUSTICE THAT'S MEANINGLESS.

WHERE ONE SIDE OF THE COIN IS JUST AS GOOD AS THE OTHER. WHERE THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT OR WRONG.



SHUT THE HELL UP!

BUT DON'T GET ME WRONG, HAAARVEY. NONE OF US RESPECT YOU. WE JUST TOLERATE YOU. SO YOU WANT TO PULL THAT TRIGGER? GO ON. I DARE YA. JUST ONE LITTLE THING

TO KEEP IN MIND...

I GAVE YOU THAT SUIT. I GAVE YOU THAT GUN. YOU ALREADY KNOW I BOOBY-TRAPPED POOR OLD EDDIE, CAN YOU REALLY BE SURE THAT I DIDN'T SEE THIS COMING, TOO?



OR MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, IT'LL SHOOT A BULLET STRAIGHT THROUGH MY HEAD. YOU CAN SHOOT THEM ALL, TOO. PRETEND YOU'VE HAD A CHANGE OF HEART. BE ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS AGAIN.

WHAT DO YOU THINK? LOTTA OPTIONS THERE. HOPE YOUR LITTLE COIN HAS ENOUGH SIDES.



HAHAHA  
HAHAHA  
HAHAHA!



ARE YOU  
TWO FINISHED?  
GOOD.

I KNOW THIS  
SOUNDS RIDICULOUS,  
BUT YOU HAVE TO LISTEN  
TO REASON, JOKER. LET  
ME OUT AND I COULD GIVE  
YOU MILLIONS. I COULD  
GIVE IT TO YOU  
TONIGHT.

WHAT  
WOULD I DO WITH  
ALL THAT MONEY? NO...  
NO... I THINK I'LL KEEP  
THINGS ACCORDING  
TO PLAN.

BUT HOWZ  
ABOUT THIS FOR YOUR  
TROUBLE--A LITTLE  
TASTE OF WHAT'S TO  
COME...



BE WARNED,  
THOUGH, IT MIGHT  
NOT SIT WELL WITH YOU.  
I CAN'T IMAGINE IT'LL GO  
OVER WELL WITH THE  
BAT-BABIES,  
EITHER.

OH  
LORD...

YOU  
HAVE TO BE  
JOKING.

DO I? IT'S IN  
THE NAME, I SUPPOSE...  
BUT THAT'S THE WHOLE THING  
WITH A JOKE. YOU HAVE  
TO PLAY WITH THEIR  
EXPECTATIONS.

BUT  
ANYWAYS...

...TIME FOR  
DINNER.

TO BE CONCLUDED...