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TOO LATE...

ALL NEW! MORE PAGES!
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NO. 342 DEC.

APPROVED
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COMICS
CODE
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AUTHORITY

BATMAN

MAN-BAT
IS BACK!



... AND
HE'S GOING
TO
**GET
YOU!**

MORE
NEW
PAGES
FROM THE
NEW





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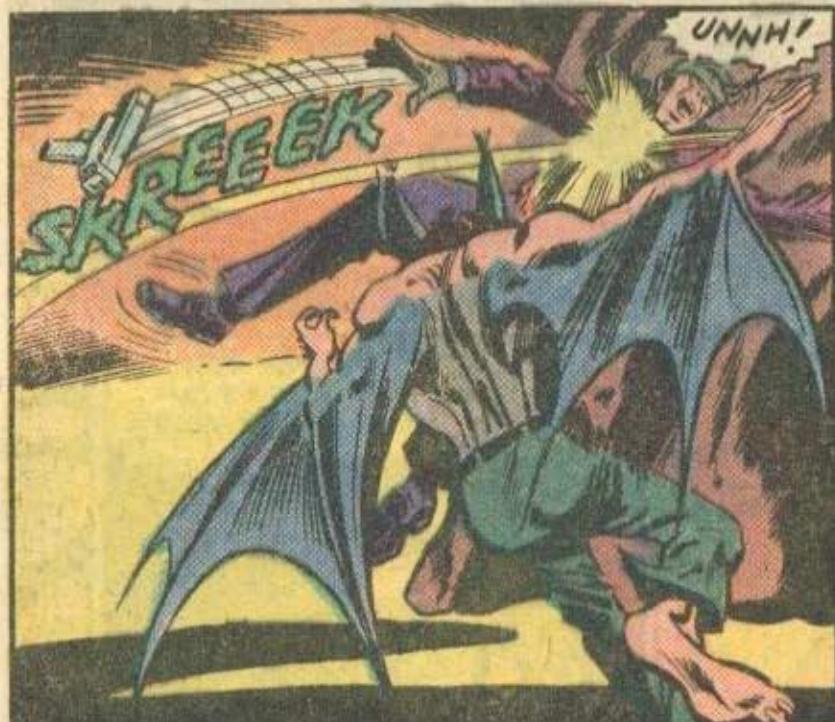
A Warner Communications Company

BUT THEN, AS SHOCK RECEDES
LIKE A WAVE, RECOGNITION
COMES...

WHAT AM I SAYING? TRYING
THAT'S NO GHOST-- TO KILL
IT'S THE MAN-
BAT! THE
BATMAN?

THIS SONAR
GUN LED
ME TO THE
SECRET
STAIRWAY
DOWN TO
THIS CAVE...

BUT I'VE
GOT A
BETTER USE
FOR IT
NOW!



THIRTEEN'S
SONAR
GUN--!

THIS COULD BE THE
KEY TO SURVIVAL--
FOR BOTH OF US!

BUT IF THIS "GUN"
WORKS THE WAY I
THINK IT DOES -- USING
ULTRA-HIGH FREQUENCY
SONAR PULSES -- I
CAN USE IT AS A
WEAPON --

-- AGAINST
LANGSTROM'S
SOUND-
SENSITIVE
EARS!

SKREEK! HEAD
HURTS! YOU HURT ME,
BATMAN!
SKREEK!

MUST--
SKREEK!--

--GET AWAY!
SKREEEK!

CLANG

LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL, THE
CREATURE WHO WAS ONCE A
SCIENTIST NAMED KIRK LANG-
STROM FLEES FROM LIGHT TO
SHADOW...

... AND HIS
CRIES OF
PAIN, ECHOING
THROUGH THE
BATCAVE, ARE
ENOUGH TO
REND A HEART OF STONE ...

KIRK SOUNDED TOTALLY
INHUMAN -- WAILING
LIKE A LOST SOUL!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT.
I THOUGHT HE WAS IN
CONTROL OF HIS MAN-
BAT SELF... THAT HE'D
BECOME A KIND OF
SUPER-HERO!

WHAT COULD
HAVE MADE HIM
SEEK REFUGE
HERE IN THE OLD
BATCAVE UNDER
WAYNE MANOR?
WHAT'S CHANGED
HIM?

NO TIME FOR ALL THAT NOW...
THIRTEEN NEEDS HELP...!

GROAAN

OUTSIDE THE DARKENED MANSION...

WE'LL GIVE DR. THIRTEEN AND THE BATMAN FIVE MORE MINUTES. MS. CRUM --AND THEN I'M SENDING MY MEN IN.

TO PROTECT THEM FROM "GHOSTS," COMMISSIONER GORDON?

PLEASE BE SERIOUS.

WAYNE MANOR IS UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE GOTHAM HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AND AS THEIR REPRESENTATIVE, I'VE PERMITTED THIS SILLY "GHOST HUNT" PURELY OUT OF RESPECT FOR THE GOTHAM POLICE DEPARTMENT.

CALL A DOCTOR.

THIRTEEN'S BEEN INJURED.



GOTHAM HOSPITAL, LIKE ALL INNER-CITY HOSPITALS HAS SEEN ITS SHARE OF MUGGING VICTIMS AND BAT-BIT BABIES...

...BUT UNTIL TONIGHT, IT'S NEVER TREATED ANYONE FOR A MAN-BAT ATTACK...

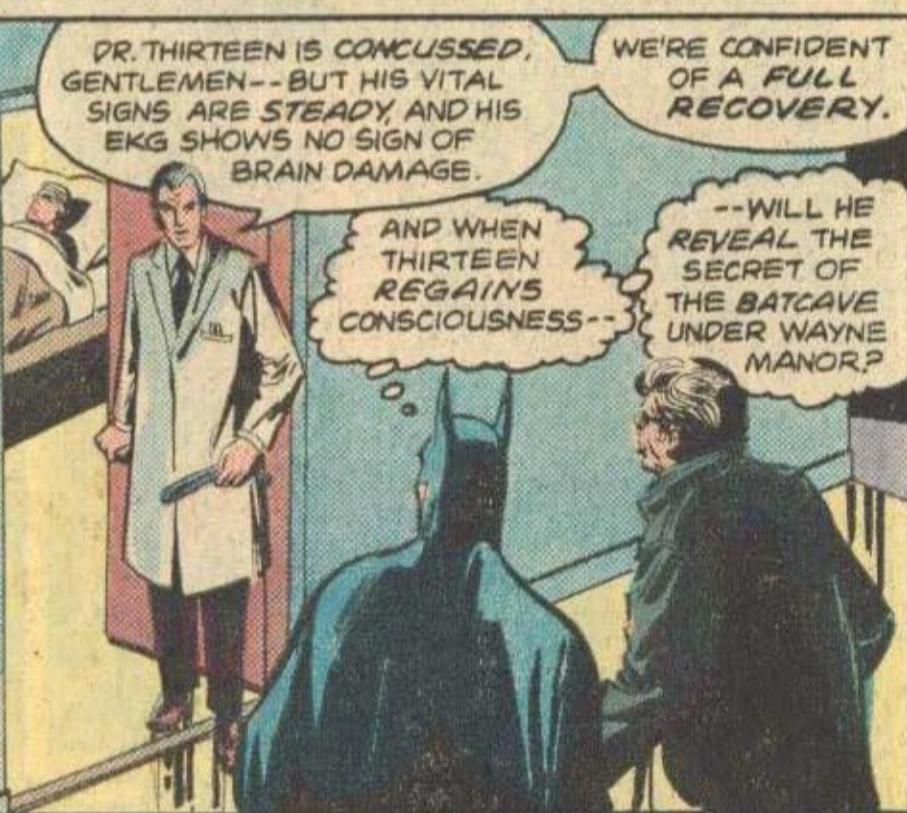


DR. THIRTEEN IS CONCUSSIONED, GENTLEMEN--BUT HIS VITAL SIGNS ARE STEADY, AND HIS EKG SHOWS NO SIGN OF BRAIN DAMAGE.

WE'RE CONFIDENT OF A FULL RECOVERY.

AND WHEN THIRTEEN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS--

--WILL HE REVEAL THE SECRET OF THE BATCAVE UNDER WAYNE MANOR?



THANK HEAVENS THIRTEEN'S A BRAVE MAN--IF A LITTLE TOO DOGMATIC FOR MY TASTE.

WHAT HAPPENED AT WAYNE MANOR, BATMAN?

IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU, COMMISSIONER--

--I'D RATHER NOT SAY.



WHAT THE--!

IT'S NOT "ALL RIGHT WITH ME," YOU BLASTED CAPED MENACE!

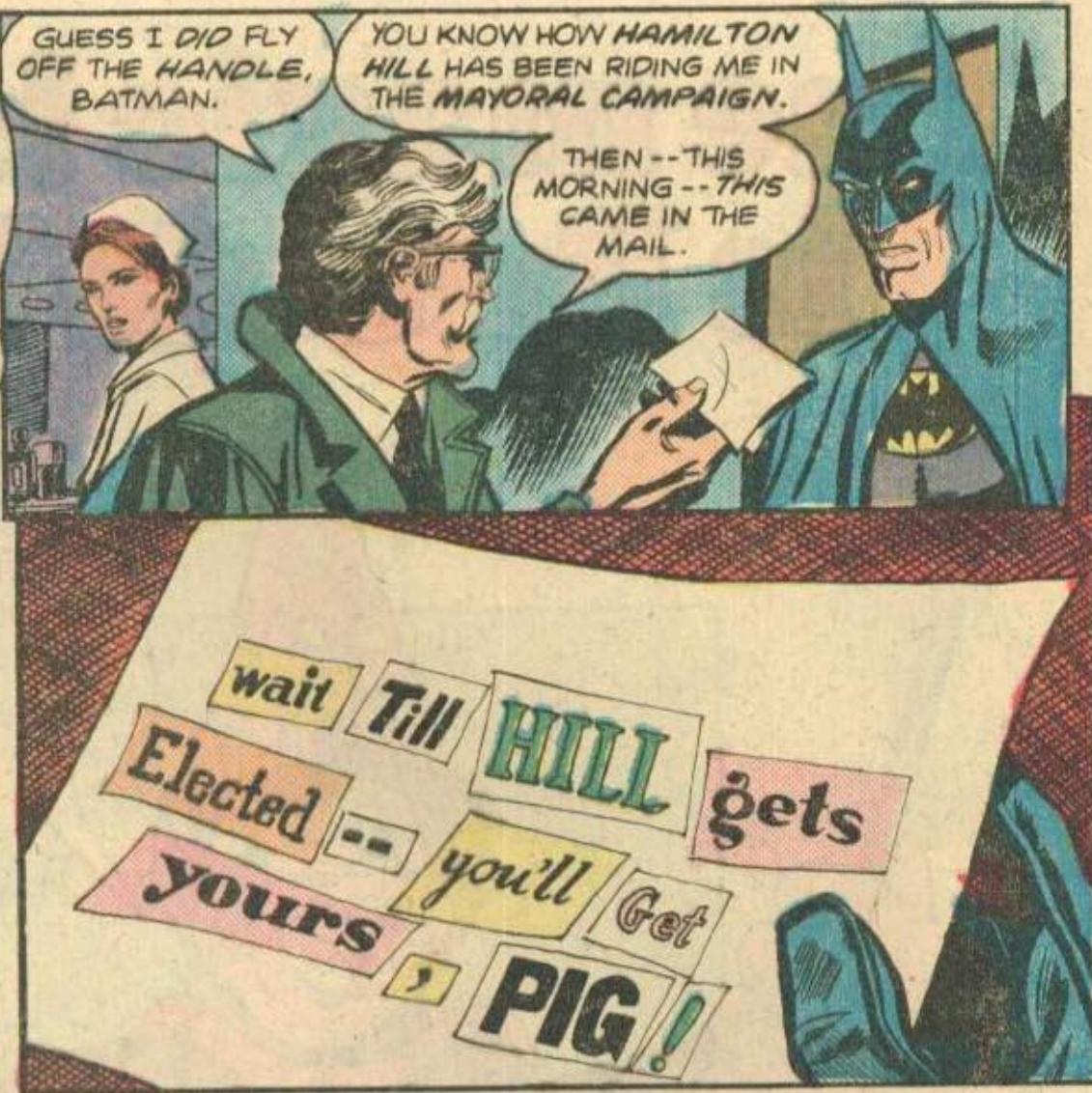
FIRST BRUCE WAYNE WON'T COOPERATE WITH MY INVESTIGATION--

--AND NOW YOU HOLD BACK!

I WON'T STAND FOR IT, DO YOU HEAR?

?





*LAST ISSUE: -- DICK.



THE WAYNE FOUNDATION.
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

: YAWN! :

SORRY, LUCIUS...
I WAS UP LATE
LAST NIGHT.
: YAWN! :

YOU WERE
SAYING--?

IT'S THE BANK,
MR. WAYNE.
THEY'VE CALLED A
MEETING OF THE
FOUNDATION
BOARD OF DIRECTORS
FOR FRIDAY
MORNING.

I'M NOT SURE,
BRUCE, I SPOKE TO
THE HEAD OF THEIR
TRUST DEPART-
MENT--

--AND HE
MENTIONED
SOME KIND OF
CLAIM ON
FOUNDATION
ASSETS BY A
WOMAN NAMED
PENELOPE
IVY.



SHE'S CARRYING THROUGH
ON HER THREAT TO CLEAN
OUT THE ASSETS OF THE
WAYNE FOUNDATION!

HAVE TO TELL
LUCIUS WHAT'S
HAPPENED--MAKE
PLANS TO STOP
HER--!



BRUCE, YOU WORRY
ME. COMING IN HERE
EXHAUSTED EVERY
MORNING... NOW, THIS
ASTHMA THING...
YOU'RE KILLING
YOURSELF!

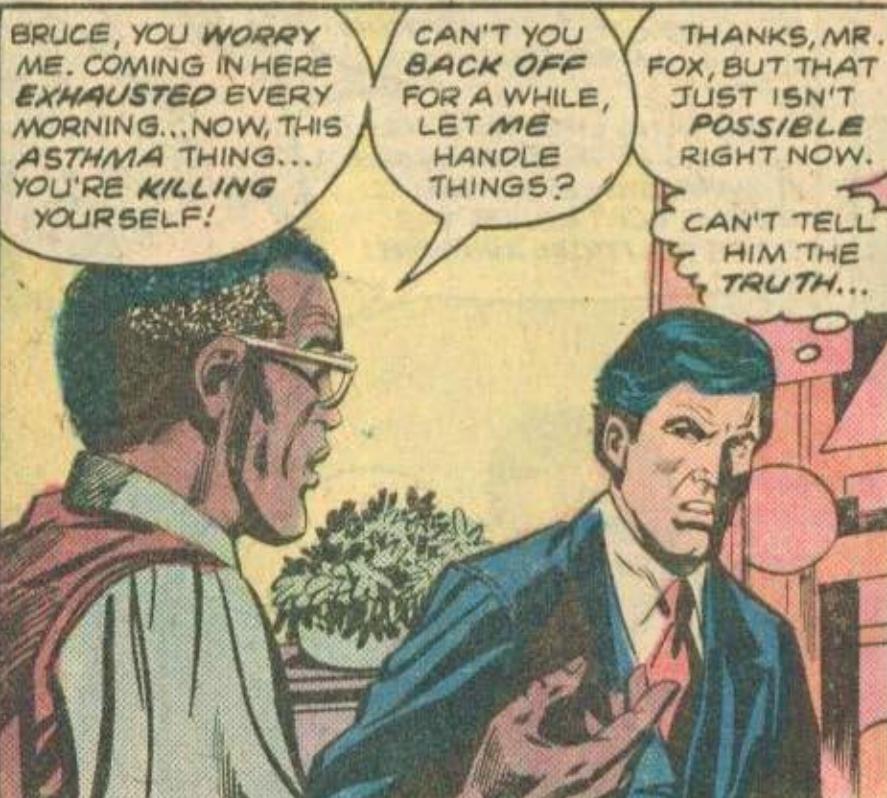
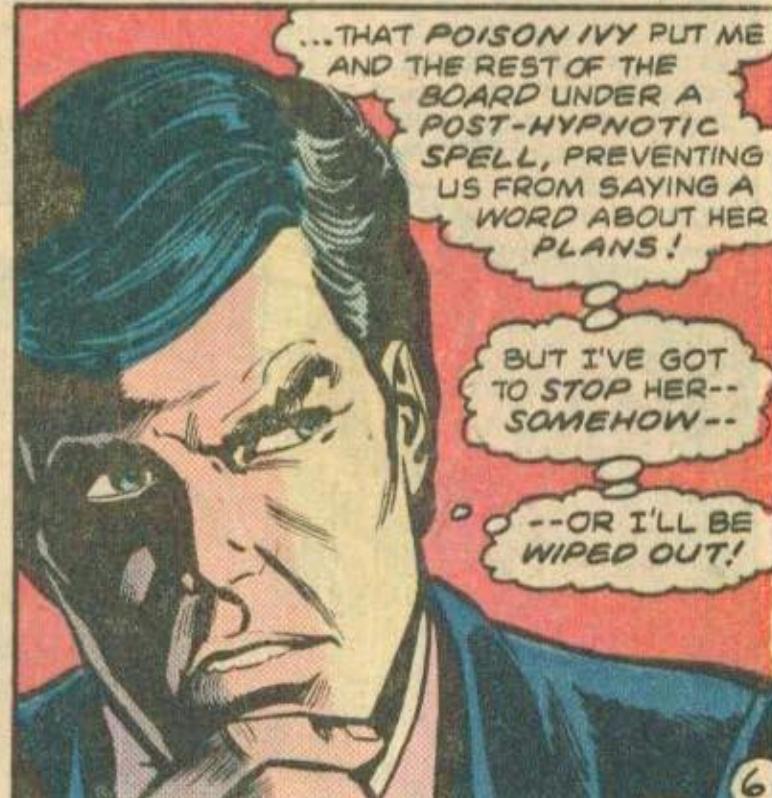
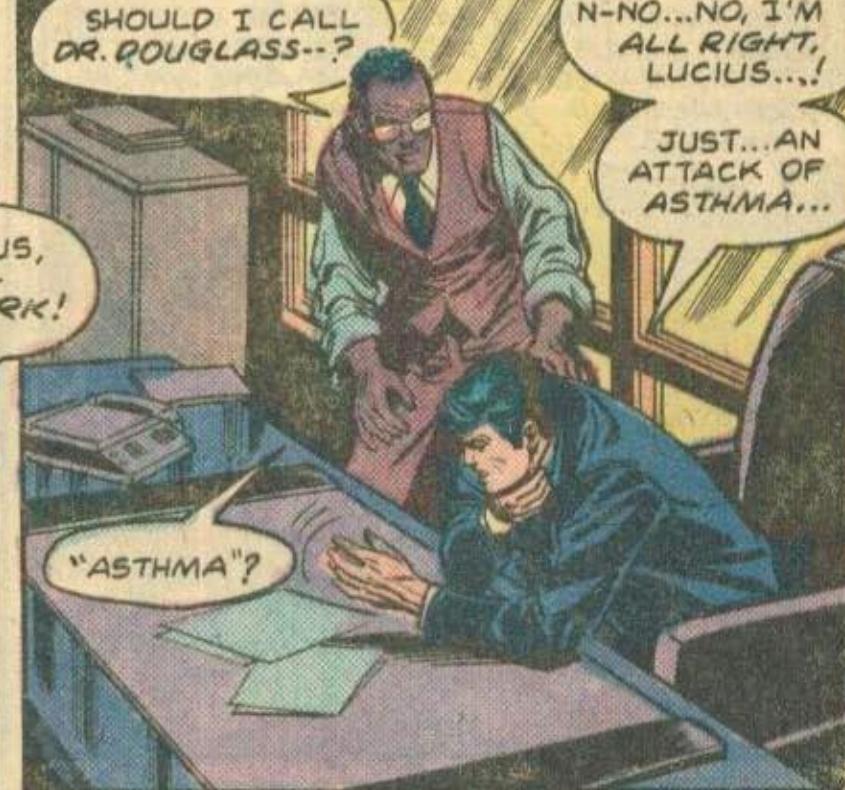
CAN'T YOU
BACK OFF
FOR A WHILE,
LET ME
HANDLE
THINGS?

THANKS, MR.
FOX, BUT THAT
JUST ISN'T
POSSIBLE
RIGHT NOW.

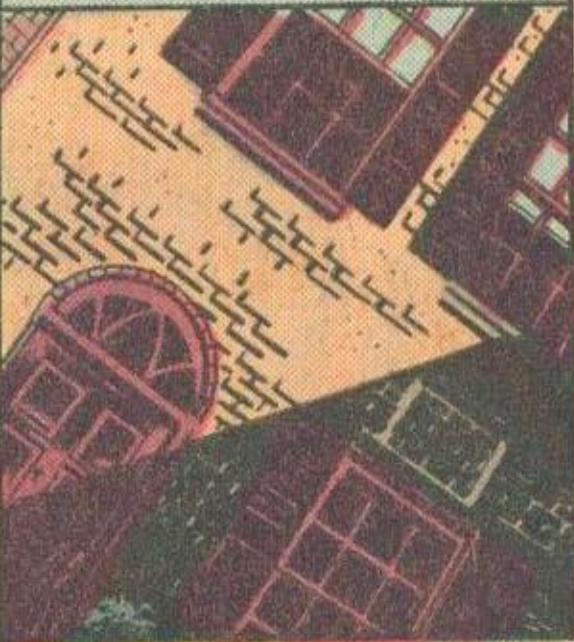
CAN'T TELL
HIM THE
TRUTH...

GOOD GOSH
--POISON
IVY!

--AND HE
MENTIONED
SOME KIND OF
CLAIM ON
FOUNDATION
ASSETS BY A
WOMAN NAMED
PENELOPE
IVY.



IT'S A MODEST BROWNSTONE IN A QUIET RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD; UNTIL RECENTLY, IT WAS HOME FOR THE CHIEF OF SURGERY AT GOTHAM HOSPITAL...



THREE WEEKS AGO, THE SURGEON MOVED WEST, AND THE HOUSE WAS SOLD.

THE BUYER, IT SEEMS, WAS THE GOTHAM "TOBACCONIST'S CLUB."

THE CURRENT TENANT IS THE CLUB'S FOUNDER, A MAN EVERYONE CALLS--

--"BOSS," BREAKFAST AND THE MORNING PAPER.



THANKS, SON. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD IT FEELS NOT TO BE EATING HOSPITAL FOOD ANYMORE.

THAT'S MAYBE THE WORST THING ABOUT THE MONTHS I SPENT UP AT ARKHAM ASYLUM...ALL THAT LOUSY FO--



"BOSS" RUPERT THORNE, ONCE THE KINGPIN OF GOTHAM CITY POLITICS, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE CITY COUNCIL UNTIL HIS FORCED "RETIREMENT" SOME MONTHS AGO...

"BOSS" RUPERT THORNE--IS A VERY ANGRY MAN:

DAMNATION!

HARRISON HILL LEADS IN EARLY POLLS



THIS SAYS HILL HAS A TWO-POINT LEAD OVER ARTHUR REEVES!

SOMETHING LIKE THIS COULD RUIN ALL MY PLANS --MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO REGAIN CONTROL OF THIS CITY'S POLITICAL MACHINE!

YOU WANT ME TO PHONE MANNING, BOSS?

DO THAT...



TELL HIM I WANT TO SEE REEVES HERE FRIDAY MORNING--FOR A LITTLE POLITICAL POW-WOW!

I WANT TO MAKE SURE THE RIGHT MAN WINS THIS ELECTION--

MY MAN!

SCOWLING, RUPERT THORNE GLANCES AT HIS REFLECTION, SEARCHING IT FOR SIGNS OF WEAKNESS...

...AND SEEING SOMETHING OTHER THAN WHAT HE'D FOR...

HUGO STRANGE!

CAN'T BE-- YOU'RE NO GHOST-- YOU'RE JUST AN ILLUSION-- SOMETHING I DREAMED WHILE I WAS-- SICK!

BUT ALL THAT'S IN THE PAST! I'M WELL NOW!

HOW CAN YOU STILL BE HAUNTING ME?

YOU'RE DEAD--

I KNOW BECAUSE I KILLED YOU!

RUPERT THORNE IS NOT A WEAK MAN.

WEAK MEN DON'T BECOME THE BOSSSES OF BIG-CITY MACHINES.

YET, THERE WAS ONE MOMENT IN HIS LIFE WHEN WEAKNESS CLAIMED HIM--

--AND BECAUSE OF THAT MOMENT, HE ALMOST LOST HIS MIND.

NEVER AGAIN WILL HE LET THE WEAKNESS TAKE HIM.

THIS TIME, HE'LL MASTER HIS DREAMS -- AND HIS NIGHTMARES --

-- AND RUN THE RACE TO ITS END!

"CRIME ALLEY" USED TO BE ONE OF GOTHAM CITY'S MOST EXCLUSIVE DISTRICTS... BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO, BEFORE THE AFTER-THEATER SHOOTING OF A PROMINANT SOCIALITE DOCTOR AND HIS WIFE BEGAN THE NEIGHBORHOOD'S LONG DECLINE...

BRUCE WAYNE FEELS ODD, COMING HERE IN DAYLIGHT.

HE IS MORE ACCUSTOMED TO PATROLLING THESE STREETS BY NIGHT--

--AS THE BATMAN.

BUT THIS IS WHERE HIS INVESTIGATIONS HAVE LED HIM, TO THIS ADDRESS THAT IS AS FAR FROM THE GOTHAM MUSEUM--AS THE CRATERED MOON IS FROM THE EARTH...

HORRIBLE.

HOW COULD KIRK AND FRANCINE HAVE ENDED UP HERE?

HAS TO BE A MISTAKE!

BUT IT'S NO MISTAKE; A KNOCK ON A PAINT-PEELED DOOR BRINGS THE SOUND OF HESITANT FOOTSTEPS ON THE OTHER SIDE, AND BRUCE FINDS HIMSELF FACE-TO-FACE WITH...

FRANCINE LANGSTROM! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER?

MRS. LANGSTROM-- I'M HERE ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND KIRK...

KIRK--?

WHERE IS HE?

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM?

ANSWER ME, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE...

...ANSWER ME...

MRS. LANGSTROM, I CAN'T ANSWER YOU -- I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOUR HUSBAND IS.

I WAS HOPING YOU COULD TELL ME.

I WANT TO HELP HIM...

I WONDER IF ANYONE CAN.

MOMMY... I HEARD NOISES...

IS DADDY HOME?

NO, BECCA. THIS MAN IS A FRIEND.

THAT'S RIGHT, REBECCA.

MY NAME IS BRUCE WAYNE.

BRUCE WAYNE--
OF THE WAYNE
FOUNDATION?
YOU FINANCE
MEDICAL RE-
SEARCH--SO
MAYBE YOU CAN
HELP KIRK!

I THINK
HE'S BEEN ILL,
TERRIBLY ILL
ALL THESE
YEARS--SINCE
THAT NIGHT AT
THE GOTHAM
MUSEUM OF
NATURAL
HISTORY...

"...WHEN HIS STUDY OF
NOCTURNAL MAMMALS
PRODUCED AN EXPERIMENTAL
BAT-GLAND EXTRACT..."



"HE WANTED TO
GAIN A BAT'S
SONAR..."

"...BUT HE
ACHIEVED FAR
MORE--HE BE-
CAME A MONSTER,
HALF-MAN...
HALF-BAT!"

"THE CHANGE ALMOST DROVE HIM INSANE...
GRADUALLY, HE WAS LOSING TOUCH WITH
HIS OWN HUMANITY, BECOMING MORE AND
MORE BATLIKE..."

"THANK GOD,
THE BAT-
MAN BECAME
INVOLVED--"



"...DEVELOPING AN
ANTIDOTE FOR THE
BAT-GLAND EXTRACT
THAT HAD DAMAGED
KIRK'S BODY--"

"...AND BRINGING
IT IN TIME TO SAVE
BOTH OF US FROM
THAT AWFUL
INHUMAN FATE. *



*ABRIDGED VERSION OF THE EVENTS IN
DET. COMICS #400, 402, 407. -- DK.

FOR A WHILE, EVERY-
THING SEEMED TO
GO WELL.

WE WERE MARRIED. FINALLY,
AND WE MOVED TO CHICAGO,
WHERE KIRK CONTINUED
HIS STUDIES...

"...AND WHERE, EVENTUALLY,
WE BROUGHT REBECCA
INTO OUR LIVES."

"KIRK LEARNED HOW TO
CONTROL HIS MAN-BAT
TRANSFORMATION --"

--AND SO HE FUL-
ILLED A DREAM,
MODELING HIMSELF
AFTER BATMAN AS
A CRIME-FIGHTER."

"BECCA'S BIRTH GAVE
MEANING TO ALL WE'D
BEEN THROUGH; SHE
WAS A FUTURE WE
COULD TOUCH AND LOVE
... SHE WAS HOPE."

"BUT
THEN--"

--THE
TROUBLES BE-
GAN. REBECCA
BECAME
DEATHLY ILL."

"HE DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT
BECCA... HE THOUGHT THE
SERONAL THAT REBECCA
NEEDED HAD BEEN CONTAM-
INATED, POISONED..."

...AND EVEN AFTER REBECCA WAS
CURED, THROUGH SUPERMAN'S
HELP, KIRK REMAINED OBSESSED
BY WHAT HE CALLED THE
BATMAN'S BETRAYAL.*

"AND THE BATMAN
DESTROYED THE ONLY
KNOWN CURE FOR
HER DISEASE."

"...BUT KIRK
DIDN'T CARE:
HE CALLED THE
BATMAN A
MURDERER..."

FROM
WORSHIPPING
THE BAT-
MAN --

--KIRK
TURNED TO
HATING
HIM.

#FROM B&B #165 AND
DC PRESENTS #35.--DICK

IT AFFECTED HIS WORK... HIS INCOME... WE LOST OUR APARTMENT, OUR CAR...

...AND IN SOME STRANGE WAY, KIRK SEEMED TO LOSE HIS SOUL.

"THEN, ONE NIGHT A WEEK AGO, IT HAPPENED..."



HEAD'S ACHING... NEVER HURT THIS BAD... SINCE THE FIRST TIME!

DARLING?

SKREEK!
THE CHANGE...
SKREEK!



THE CHANGE--
SKREEK!--IS OUT
OF CONTROL!

KIRK, FOR
HEAVEN'S
SAKE--

--TAKE THE
ANTIDOTE BAT-
MAN DEVELOPED
FOR YOU!

I HATE
BATMAN!

BATMAN?
SKREEK!



"HE'D NEVER HIT ME BEFORE--NEVER!"

"FROM A SWEET, GIVING MAN, HE'D CHANGED IN--
TO--A MONSTER!"

SKREEK



--AND I HAVEN'T
SEEN HIM SINCE.

IT'S BEEN YEARS
SINCE HE REMAINED
THIS LONG AS
MAN-BAT!

SO AM I,
FRANCINE.
SO AM
I.

I'M AFRAID FOR
HIM, MR. WAYNE
...SO TERRIBLY
AFRAID!



EVEN WITH A FULL MOON PEERING DOWN ON GOTHAM AND ITS SUBURBS...

...AND DARKER STILL IS THE SHADOWED BATCAVE BENEATH THE WAYNE FOUNDATION BUILDING, JOINED TO BRUCE WAYNE'S PENTHOUSE BY A SECRET ELEVATOR THAT, THIS NIGHT, HAS TWO PASSENGERS...

...THE NIGHT IS DARK...

STAY HERE, TONIGHT, ALFRED.

I WANT YOU NEAR THE COMMUNICATOR -- IN CASE I NEED YOU.

I'VE PACKED THE EQUIPMENT YOU SPECIFIED, SIR.

BUT YOU SEEM WORRIED.

"WORRIED" ISN'T THE WORD FOR WHAT I FEEL, OLD FRIEND.

I STILL HAVE THE ANTI-DOTE I PREPARED FOR KIRK WHEN FIRST WE MET... I JUST PRAY I'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO USE IT.

GOOD NIGHT, SIR. GOOD HUNTING--

--AND GOOD LUCK.

OUTSIDE GOTHAM, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY WHERE WAYNE MANOR STANDS AS A REMINDER OF A MORE OPULENT ERA --

--A LINE OF HILLS RISE TO JOIN A RANGE THAT PLUNGES TOWARD GOTHAM, LIKE A DAGGER FROM THE NORTH.

IT IS TO THESE HILLS THAT THE BATMAN COMES TONIGHT.

FOR HERE LIES THE RUBBLE-CHOKED SECRET ENTRANCE TO THE OLD BATCAVE... AND BEYOND, FURTHER ALONG THE HILLSIDE, A CREVICE OPENING UPON THE LARGER CAVE-STRUCTURE OF WHICH THE BATCAVE IS BUT A PART...

AS A BOY, BEFORE HIS PARENTS' MURDER, BRUCE WAYNE PLAYED IN THESE HILLS, AND EXPLORED THESE CAVES...

COMING HERE IS LIKE STEPPING BACK INTO A MEMORY.

MOST OF THESE CAVES
ARE UNFAMILIAR TO
ME -- EVEN AS A BOY,
I RARELY WENT
FARTHER THAN A
FEW HUNDRED
YARDS --



--ABOUT AS FAR
AS YOU CAN WANDER
ON A FAIR-SIZED BALL
OF TWINE.

WHEN I WAS CREATING
THE **BATCAVE** -- AND
LATER, WHEN I EXPLORED
AND SEALED OFF THE
PASSAGES CONNECTED
TO IT --

-- I BEGAN TO REALIZE
JUST HOW DEEPLY INTO
THE HILLS THESE OLD
CAVERNS RUN.

BUT I NEVER
HAD THE TIME OR
INCLINATION TO
PROBE THEM
PROPERLY.



OBVIOUSLY,
THAT WAS A
MISTAKE.

SKREEK
SKREEK
SKREEK
-- LIKE THESE BATS
-- DESCENDANTS OF THE
BAT THAT STARTLED ME
ONE EVENING, AND GAVE
ME A NAMESAKE --



HE COULD COME
SHRIEKING OUT
OF THE DARKNESS
-- AT ANY MOMENT --

-- AND IF HE
STRUCK AT ME
WHILE I WAS
LEAPING A
CREVISE, LIKE
THIS --



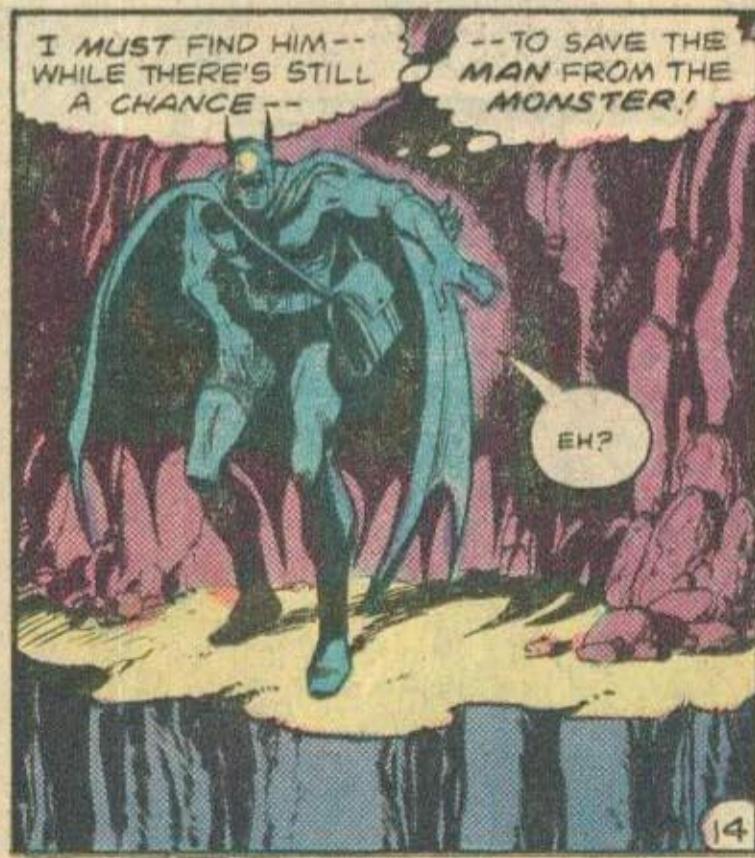
-- I'D HAVE NO
DEFENSE !

STILL, WHAT
OTHER CHOICE DO
I HAVE BUT TO GO
PROBING INTO
EVERY DARK
CORNER ?

I MUST FIND HIM --
WHILE THERE'S STILL
A CHANCE --

-- TO SAVE THE
MAN FROM THE
MONSTER !

EH?



GREAT SCOTT!

EVEN HUSHED, HIS VOICE ECHOES.

AS BRIGHT AS IT IS, HIS LIGHT CAN ONLY SUGGEST SHADOWS AT THE FARTHEST REACHES OF THE CATHEDRAL-SIZED CHAMBER...

THAT STREAM MUST BE A SUBTERRANEAN TRIBUTARY TO THE GOTHAM RIVER!

NEVER KNEW THERE WAS ANYTHING LIKE THIS SO CLOSE TO THE BATCAVE!

ALMOST SEEMS LIKE A DREAM--

A RUSTLING LIKE DRY LEAVES BRUSHED BY A BREEZE.

...SHADOWS, AND A SENSE OF SPACE THAT ONLY REMINDS HIM HOW DEEP BENEATH THE EARTH HE'S COME.

HE TURNS--

--AND IN THE SUDDEN LIGHT, MAN-BAT SCREAMS!

LANGSTROM!

SKREEK!
BATMAN--I
HATE YOU!

BECAUSE
OF YOU, MY
DAUGHTER
IS DEAD?

SKREEK!

AND I'M--
A MONSTER!
SKREEK!

HE DOESN'T
REMEMBER REBECCA
WAS CURED--AND BLAMES
ME FOR HER "DEATH"?

GRABBING
MY LIGHT--!

THE
DARKNESS
IS WHERE I
LIVE NOW,
BATMAN--

SKREEK

SEE HOW
YOU LIKE IT!
SKREEK!

BLACKNESS CLOSES
ABOUT THEM LIKE
A FIST.

--BUT HE CAN
RETURN IT:

HATED TO DO
THIS--LANGSTROM IS
AN ILL MAN, NOT A
CRIMINAL!

HE NEEDS
TREATMENT,
THERAPY--A
HAND OFFERED
TO HELP--

SMASH!

BLINDED, THE
BATMAN
CANNOT
DODGE A
SUDDEN
BLOW FROM
THE
SHADOWS--

WHAM!

UNHF!

--NOT
ONE
RAISED
TO
ATTACK!

THEY GRUNT, TRADING BLOWS THAT WOULD STAGGER A MUHAMMAD ALI.

CLAWED FINGERS TEAR AT THE CAPE MAN'S EYES, AND HE BARELY PULLS AWAY.

--UNTIL, WITH STRENGTH STEELED BY EQUAL PARTS OF COMPASSION AND DETERMINATION--

--THE BATMAN LASHES OUT--

SKREEK
SKREEK

ONCE, TWICE, HE THROWS THE MAN-BAT OFF, AND EACH TIME, THE TORMENTED CREATURE RETURNS SHRIEKING IN PAIN AND RAGE--

SKREEK

--AND THE MAN-BAT GOES DOWN!

HE'S ONLY STUNNED.

BETTER GET THIS ANTIDOTE INTO HIM FAST--

--BEFORE HE RECOVERS AND TRIES TO KILL ME!

THERE!

THIS FORMULA TAKES ONLY A FEW SECONDS TO WORK--!

SHOULD BE SHOWING RESULTS ANY MOMENT N--



BREAKING SURFACE
IN WATER AS COLD AS
AN ARCTIC SEA, HE
HEARS A CRY FROM
ABOVE, A CRY NOT OF
RAGE, NOR OF PAIN...



... RATHER, A CRY OF ANGUISH
TORN FROM A SOUL RENT BEYOND
HOPE.



IT CHILLS HIM MORE
THAN ANY RIVER EVER
COULD.

PHYSICAL CHILLS CAN BE
CURED BY STEAMING
SHOWERS AND HOT
COFFEE--

--BUT HOW DO
YOU CURE A
CHILL OF THE
HEART?



...SO THAT
YOU'LL KNOW--
THE FUTURE
STILL LIVES--

--AND YOU
STILL HAVE
HOPE!

THE END... FOR NOW!

Next:
IN DETECTIVE 509 - THE CAT-MAN!
AND IN BATMAN 343,
GENE COLAN returns with
"HIS NAME IS DAGGER!"

I WOKE WITH THE WORLD'S
WORST HEADACHE
SLAMMING AT MY SKULL.

EVEN
THOUGH I
KNEW
IT WAS
CRAZY, I
COULD
HAVE
SWORN
I WAS
UPSIDE
DOWN!

I WAS.

AND IT WAS
WORSE THAN
CRAZY...

5-7719

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ROBIN.

HAL

WITH BLOOD RUSHING INTO MY HEAD...
MAKING MY EARS ROAR, AND MY PULSE
POUND HEAVY BEHIND MY EYES... I COULD
BARELY MAKE OUT THE FACES OF THE
HOODED CREEPS AROUND ME, IN THE
FIRELIGHT...

HE STOLE MY
HOOD AND CLOAK
--TRIED TO SNEAK
UP ON THE COVEN!

LUCKY YOU
CAUGHT UP WITH
HIM -- BEFORE
THE SACRIFICE.

NOW WE'LL BE
ABLE TO SEND
TWO YOUTHS TO
BA'AL ZEBUB!

EVERYTHIN'S
GOING TO WORK
OUT JUST FINE!

THE MAN WITH THE
SCAR--SHARKEY!

SURE, I REMEMBERED
SHARKEY. HE PRETENDED
TO BE NOTHING BUT A DUMB
"GOOD-OLE-BOY"... BUT HE'D
TURNED OUT TO BE MUCH
MORE...

I GLANCED
ABOUT THE
CLEARING--
UNTIL I SAW
THE GIRL...

SHE WAS SCHEDULED TO BE
TONIGHT'S "SACRIFICE"... SOME
POOR KID, HITCHHIKING, PICKED
UP BY THE WRONG PEOPLE...

SHE LOOKED LIKE A
GHOST... SO FRIGHTENED,
OR SO DRUGGED, SHE DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON.

BUT I KNEW... THAT'S
WHY I WAS HERE. I'D
TRIED TO STOP IT, AND
FAILED.



IT DID!

YEEOW!

IMPACT--
KNOCKING THE ROPES
LOOSE AROUND MY
WRISTS!

ANOTHER SECOND TO
USE THE ESCAPE ARTIST
SKILL THE BATMAN
TAUGHT ME--

KRASH!

--AND I'M
FREE!

K-KEEP
BACK!

I STILL
HAVE THE
BLADE
--THE
GIRL--!



THAT SHARKEY KNEW
HOW TO HATE, I'LL
GIVE HIM THAT.

WHILE HE WAS GIVING
ME A LIFT IN HIS
TRUCK, HE TALKED
NOTHING BUT HATE...
HATE FOR OUTSIDERS,
HATE FOR ANYONE WHO
WAS DIFFERENT.

I COULD HAVE FELT SORRY FOR HIM: I COULD HAVE, IF I HADN'T
SEEN WHAT HIS COVEN HAD DONE TO THIS GIRL...

I SAVE MY PITY FOR
THE VICTIMS, NOT THE
VICTIMIZERS.

IN THAT, BATMAN AND I
ARE PRETTY MUCH ALIKE.

HAVE YOU
FOUND
THEM?

N-NO, MASTER...
BUT THEIR TRAIL
HEADS THIS WAY.

MASTER, YOUR
ARM--SHOULDN'T
IT BE TENDED
TO--?



I CAN
LOOK AFTER
MYSELF.

YOU FIND
THOSE SNOT-NOSED
LITTLE PUNKS--

...I SAW SOMETHING
MOVE, OUT THERE,
OFF THE PATH!

THE BOY'S
CAPE!

I SEE
IT TOO...!

TIED
TO THIS
LIMB?

--OR
TAKE THEIR
PLACE!

BUT
THAT
MEANS--



