

60c
U.K. 20p
ALL NEW!
MORE PAGES!
NO. 341
NOV.

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE

AUTHORITY

BATMAN

A TERRIFYING SCREAM ECHOES THROUGH THE DESERTED HALLS...

...AND THE DARKNIGHT DETECTIVE WHIRLS TO FACE...

"THE GHOST of WAYNE MANOR"

MORE NEW PAGES FROM THE NEW



APPROVED



ORPHANED AS A CHILD WHEN HIS PARENTS WERE MURDERED BEFORE HIS EYES, **BATMAN** HAS TRAINED HIMSELF TO WAGE RELENTLESS WAR AGAINST CRIME AS THE DREAD AVENGER OF THE NIGHT...

BAT-MAN

CREATED BY 

IT WAS DARK AND STORMY NIGHT...

YEEEEEOWWWWW



T-T-THAT'S
THE LAST
TIME I DO
ANYTHING ON
A DARE!

I DON'T CARE WHAT
THE GANG SAYS, I AIN'T
GOING BACK IN THAT
HOUSE!

IT'S
HAUNTED!

WAYNE MANSION
UNDER
MANAGEMENT OF
SOUTHERN
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

I'M WITH
YOU,
STYMIE!

YEAH!

IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT, A PERFECT NIGHT FOR...

THE GHOST OF WAYNE MANSION

GERRY CONWAY
writer

* IRV NOVICK + FRANK McLAUGHLIN
artists

* BEN ODA - letterer
ADRIENNE ROY - colorist

* DICK GIORDANO
editor

BATMAN, (USPS 045-340), Vol. 42, No. 341, November, 1981. Published monthly by DC COMICS INC., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. and Additional Mailing Offices. Copyright © 1981 by DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to, nor as part of any advertising literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Advertising Representative, Sanford Schwarz & Co., 355 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. (212) 391-1400.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.: DC COMICS INC., P.O. Box 1308-F, Fort Lee, N.J. 07024. Annual subscription rate \$7.20. Outside U.S.A. \$8.20.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to DC COMICS INC., P.O. Box 1308-F, Fort Lee, N.J. 07024.

Jenette Kahn, President and Publisher
Joe Orlando, Vice President, Editorial Director
Dick Giordano, Editor
Dave Manak, Associate Editor
Karen Berger, Editorial Coordinator
Jack Adler, Vice President-Production Director
Bob Rozakis, Production Manager
Paul Levitz, Manager of Business Affairs
Arthur Getowitz, Treasurer



© Warner Communications Company

LET ONE'A THE OTHER
KIDS SPEND A NIGHT IN
THERE, IF THEY'RE SO
TOUGH!

I SURE
AIN'T--

SKREEEK



STYMIE,
LOOK OUT!

YOU'RE
RUNNING RIGHT
INTO THE ROAD!

THERE'S
A CAR--



D-DO-DON'T
HURT ME...
PLEASE...

HURT
YOU...?



SON, IT'S LUCKY
YOU WEREN'T
KILLED, RUNNING
OUT IN FRONT
OF ME LIKE
THAT!

SAY, ISN'T IT
A LITTLE
LATE FOR
YOU KIDS TO
BE OUT?

YOUR FOLKS
MUST BE
WORRIED
ABOUT YOU...!

WHERE'VE
YOU
BEEN?
AND WHY
WERE
YOU
ACTING
SO CRAZY-
SCARED?

WE-WE WERE IN THE
HOUSE... THE BIG OLD
WAYNE HOUSE... ON A
BET WITH SOME FRIENDS!

B-BUT THE...
THE GHOST...

IT SOUNDS
DUMB TALKIN'
ABOUT IT NOW--

A GHOST, EH? UP IN THE
OLD WAYNE MANOR?

WELL, SON, AS SOON
AS I GET YOU HOME,
I'LL SEE ABOUT THAT...





ELSEWHERE IN GOTHAM CITY THIS MORNING, A CAR DRAWS UP BEFORE A TOWNHOUSE ON THE EXCLUSIVE EAST SIDE...

--AND A BURLY MAN STRIDES WITH WEIGHTY CONFIDENCE TO A DOOR THAT OPENS AT HIS TOUCH...



"...EVERY MEMBER OF THE TOBACCOONIST'S CLUB HAS INVESTED HEAVILY IN THAT NUCLEAR PLANT--WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET IT FAIL!"

CLICK!

MY GOD, THAT'S MY VOICE!

IT'S ALL OUR VOICES!

"MARKO, YOU MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS--BUY OFF THE INSPECTORS!"

"NO PROBLEM. WE'RE ALL AGREED, THEN?"

"IT'S UNANIMOUS!"

THE POWER PLANT WAS A DISASTER!

IF THIS TAPE GETS OUT, WE'LL BE RUINED!

WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH, SIR. IT SEEMS YOU'RE STILL--THE "BOSS" OF GOTHAM CITY!

W-WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?

GENTLEMEN, I'M A POLITICIAN. ALWAYS HAVE BEEN, ALWAYS WILL BE.

UNFORTUNATELY, BECAUSE OF MY STAY IN ARKHAM--AND THE EVENTS THAT LED TO MY COMMITMENT--I CAN NO LONGER RUN FOR OFFICE.

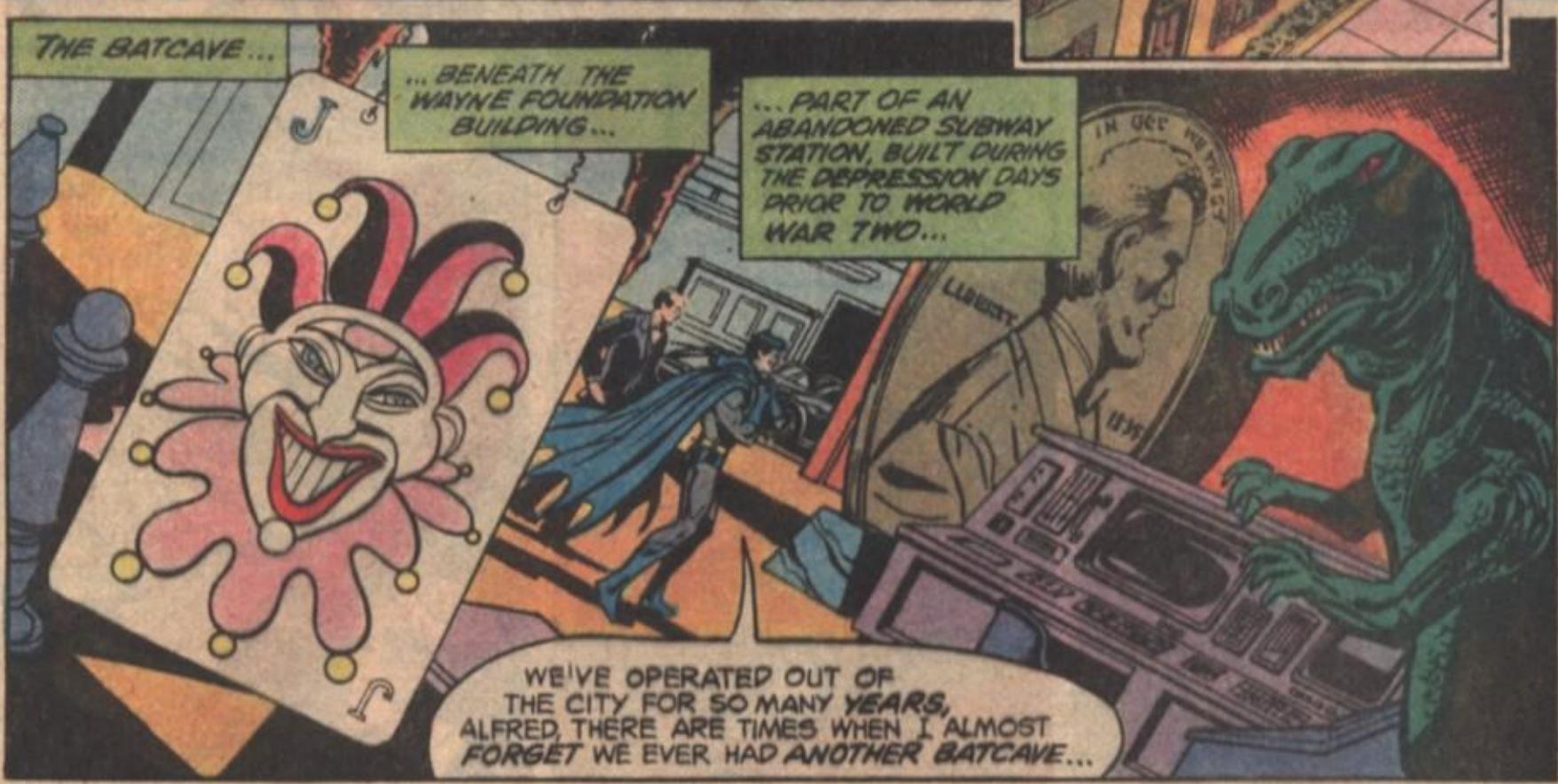
THAT SUITS ME FINE, BECAUSE I BELIEVE THE BEST POLITICIAN IS THE MAN WHO MOVES BEHIND THE SCENES.

WE HAVE A CAMPAIGN FOR MAYOR GOING ON RIGHT NOW.

I'VE TAKEN AN INTEREST.

COUNCILMAN ARTHUR REEVES... AND BUSINESSMAN HAMILTON HILL.

WE'RE GOING TO SEE THAT THE RIGHT MAN WINS!



THE COMPUTER AUTOMATICALLY UP-DATES ITS VISUAL REPRESENTATIONS TO INCLUDE CURRENT INFORMATION --

--SO IF ONE OF THESE ENTRANCES TO THE BATCAVE IS UNSEALED--

THIS COMPUTER MAP WILL REVEAL IT.

THE BATMOBILE EXIT RAMP IS SEALED... SO IS THE LIBRARY ELEVATOR...

...BUT I STILL HAVE A NAGGING SENSE THAT-- ALFRED, LOOK!

BATMOBILE
ENTRANCE & EXIT RAMP

ELEVATOR

LIBRARY

ELEVATOR

STAIRWAY TO
GRANDFATHER CLOCK

THE DOOR TO THE
GRANDFATHER CLOCK IN THE
MAIN HALL--
IT'S OPEN!

THAT'S WHAT MY SUBCONSCIOUS HAS BEEN TRYING TO WARN ME ABOUT.

HOW COULD IT HAVE HAPPENED, SIR?

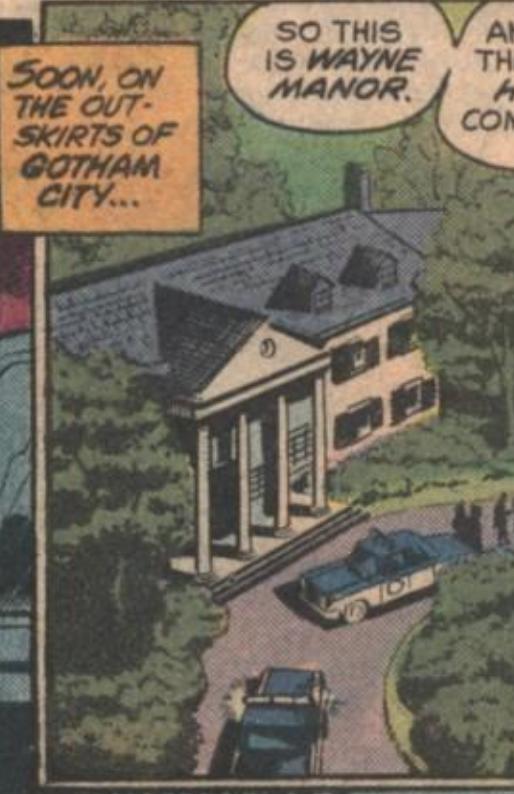
ANY NUMBER OF WAYS, ALFRED.

ALL OF THEM BOIL DOWN TO ONE THING-- CARELESSNESS!

IT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS, ALFRED.

I'VE GOT TO STOP GORDON FROM SEARCHING WAYNE MANOR--

--ANY WAY I CAN!



SOON, ON THE OUT-SKIRTS OF GOTHAM CITY...

SO THIS IS WAYNE MANOR.

AND YOU THINK IT'S HAUNTED, COMMISSIONER?

I WAS HOPEFUL YOU'D BE ABLE TO TELL US THAT, DR. THIRTEEN.

YOU'RE THE MAN THEY CALL THE GHOST BREAKER, NOT I.

GHOSTS, GENTLEMEN? ARE YOU SERIOUS?

APPARENTLY COMMISSIONER GORDON IS DEADLY SERIOUS, MISS CRUM.



AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GOTHAM HISTORICAL SOCIETY--

--I INSIST ON AN EXPLANATION!

I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT I KNOW.
MISS CRUM.

"FOR SEVERAL
DAYS, THERE
HAVE BEEN
REPORTS OF
STRANGE
LIGHTS OVER
WAYNE
MANOR...
WEIRD MOANS
AND CRIES..."

"TWO DAYS AGO, A CHEAP
HOOD NAMED ARCHIE HARPER
TURNED HIMSELF OVER TO A
LOCAL PRECINCT, AFTER
TRYING TO HIDE IN WAYNE
MANOR OVERNIGHT..."

"LAST NIGHT,
SOME NEIGHBOR-
HOOD KIDS
BROKE INTO THE
MANSION ON A
DARE... AND
LEFT SCREAMING..."

"ONE OF OUR
PATROLMEN PICKED
THEM UP BROUGHT
THEM HOME AND
THEN RETURNED TO
THE MANOR TO SEE
WHAT HAD FRIGHTENED
THEM..."

"HE SAID A GHOST
HAD DRIVEN HIM OUT!
SOMETHING DARK--
SHRIEKING -- AND
INHUMAN!"

"HE SAYS HE SAW
A PAIR OF GLOWING
RED EYES IN THE
DARKNESS."

"THIS MAN IS
A FOURTEEN-
YEAR VETERAN
OF THE FORCE..."

"... BUT LAST NIGHT,
HE DID PANIC, FIRING
SIX ROUNDS INTO
THE SHADOWS..."

"... AND RUNNING FROM
THAT HOUSE AS THOUGH
SATAN HIMSELF WERE
CLIMBING UP HIS TAIL."

"... AND THAT
KIND OF MAN
DOESN'T
PANIC..."



...SO WE KNOW THAT
NONE OF MS. CRUM'S
PEOPLE ARE INVOLVED.

JUST HOW DO
YOU PLAN TO
PROCEED?

FIRST, WE
HAVE TO
FIND OUR
"GHOST."

FAILING
THAT--

--WE NEED TO
SURVEY EVERY
SQUARE INCH OF
THIS MANSION.

IF OUR "GHOST" IS
ACTUALLY A MAN
IN HIDING, WE WANT
TO KNOW WHERE
HE'S HIDING.

THIS SONAR-
PULSE GUN WILL
LET ME PROBE
THE WALLS OF
THIS OLD BUILDING,
LOOKING FOR
HOLLOW SPACES.

"SONAR"?

IT ACTS LIKE
NAVY SONAR,
COMMISSIONER...

...AND THAT'S
WHAT I WAS
AFRAID OF.
THAT GUN
WILL SEND
OUT SOUND
PULSES IN
AN ULTRA-
HIGH FREQUENCY,
AND THE "ECHO"
THEY PRODUCE--

--WILL PINPOINT
THE ENTRANCE
TO THE BATCAVE!

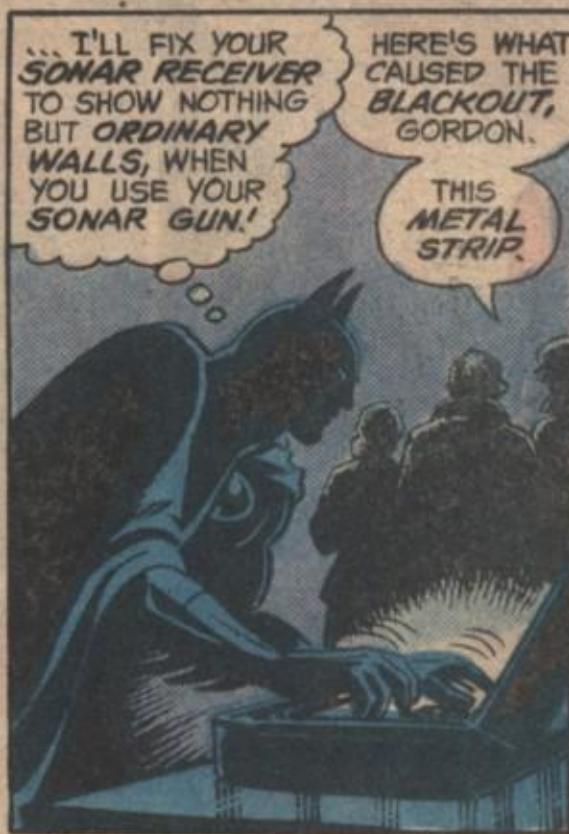
I'VE GOT TO
SABOTAGE
THIRTEEN'S
EQUIPMENT. NEED
A DIVERSION...
AH -- THAT
ELECTRICAL
SOCKET!

--INSERTED
BETWEEN THE
PLUG AND THE
SOCKET, SHOULD
PRODUCE A
SUDDEN--

--SHORT
CIRCUIT!

A THIN
METAL
STRIP FROM
MY UTILITY
BELT--

ZZZZZTT





I MADE A POOR JUDGMENT CALL HERE TONIGHT!

WHEN I FIRST HEARD ABOUT THIS SUPPOSED "GHOST" -- I THOUGHT IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MOLE, WHO HID IN THE BATCAVE A FEW WEEKS AGO! *

WHO--?

THE BATMAN?

OBVIOUSLY, THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT CASE--!

DIDN'T SEE THAT RAILING-- LOST MY GRIP ON THE BATROPE!

HE'S SPENT HIS LIFE TRAINING FOR MOMENTS LIKE THESE.

*LAST ISSUE. -- DICK.

ONLY SHADOWS UP HERE... AND THAT WEIRD CRY, FADING AWAY DOWN THE UPSTAIRS HALL!

MIND TELLING US WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE, BATMAN?

SECONDS LATER--

YOU WERE RIGHT, COMMISSIONER!

IT IS THE BATMAN!

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?

HE'S YOUR "GHOST," COMMISSIONER... NOTHING BUT A CAPE AND COSTUMED FRAUD!

NOW I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE "GHOST" OF WAYNE MANOR!

YOU DON'T KNOW ME,
DOCTOR THIRTEEN, SO I'M
GOING TO CHARGE THAT
REMARK TO YOUR IGNORANCE,
AND FORGET IT.

BRUCE WAYNE
ASKED ME TO
JOIN YOU HERE,
COMMISSIONER.

HE
UNDERSTANDS.

HMMPH.
I'M AFRAID
I WAS A LITTLE
RUDE WITH
WAYNE THIS
MORNING--

YOU'VE BEEN
UNDER PRESSURE
BECAUSE OF THE
MAYORAL CAMPAIGN,
AND THE THINGS
THAT HAMILTON
HILL HAS BEEN
SAYING ABOUT
YOUR DEPARTMENT.

STILL, THAT'S NOT THE
ISSUE.

WITH YOUR PERMISSION,
COMMISSIONER, I'D LIKE
THE CHANCE TO SEARCH
WAYNE MANOR MYSELF--
ALONE.

GORDON, YOU CAN'T--

WE CAME HERE TO
GET SOME ANSWERS.

IT DOESN'T
MATTER TO ME
WHO FINDS
THOSE
ANSWERS.

BATMAN,
YOU'VE GOT
ONE HOUR.
USE IT.

THANK
YOU,
JIM.

I MAY NOT
NEED AN HOUR.
THE UPSTAIRS
HALL HAS A
BACK
STAIRCASE...

WHICH LEADS TO
THIS ROOM.

THIS IS
WHAT I
THOUGHT
I'D FIND.

THE OLD
GRANDFATHER
CLOCK-- LEFT
AJAR.

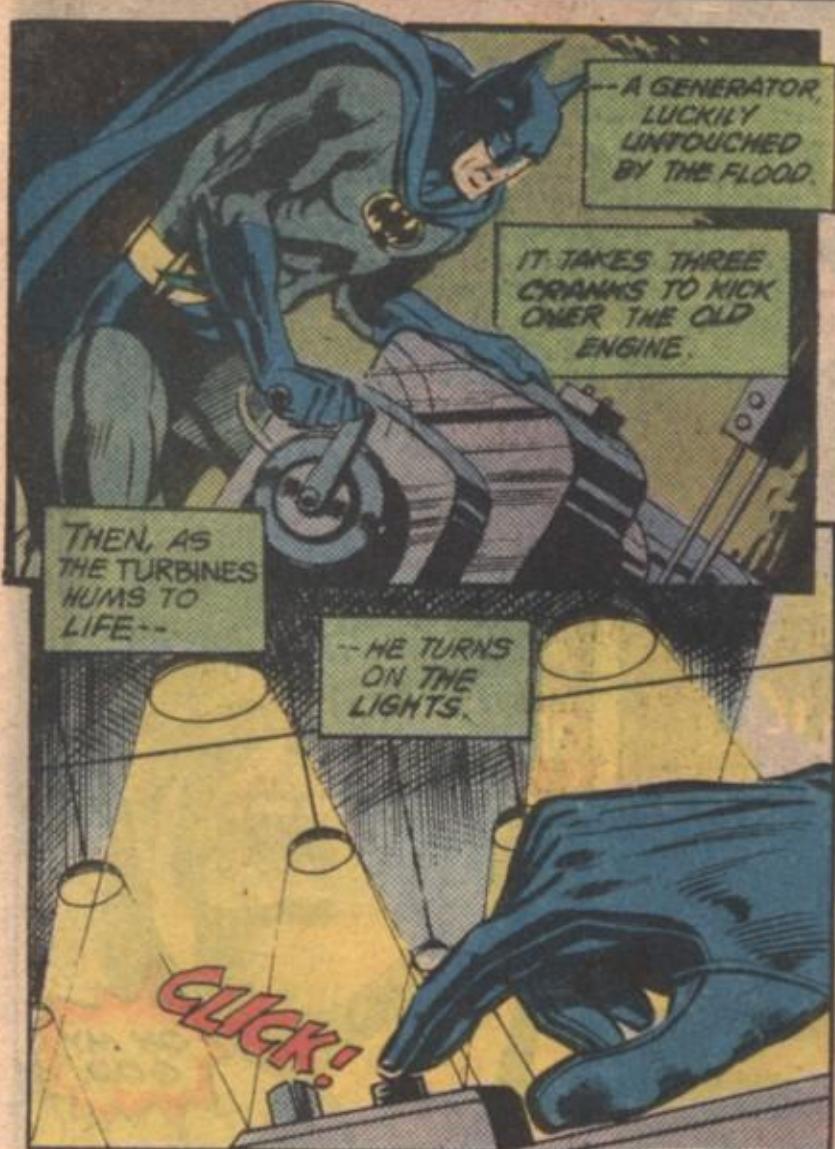
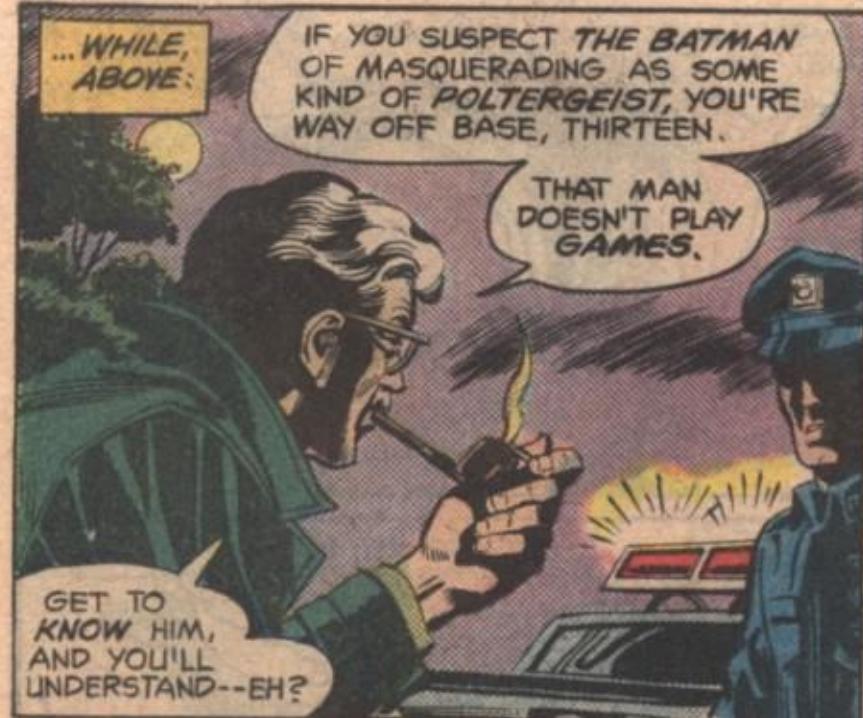
I BLAMED MYSELF FOR
LEAVING IT OPEN AFTER
FIGHTING THE MOLE.

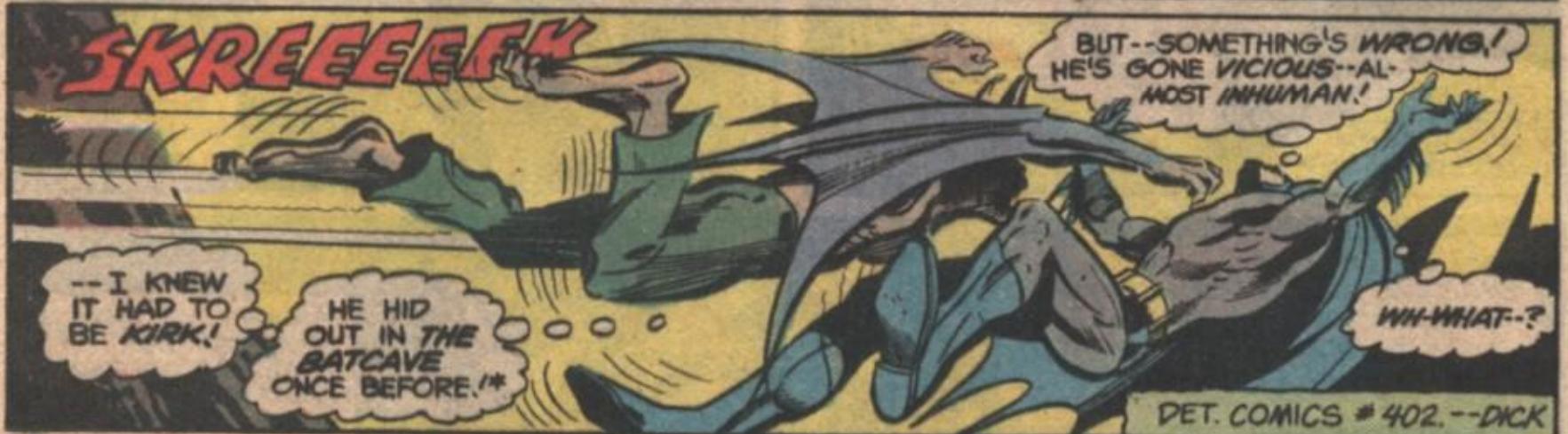
FOR THE SECOND TIME IN
AS MANY MONTHS, HE
DESCENDS INTO FAMILIAR
DARKNESS.

NOW I'M
NOT SO
SURE I
DID.

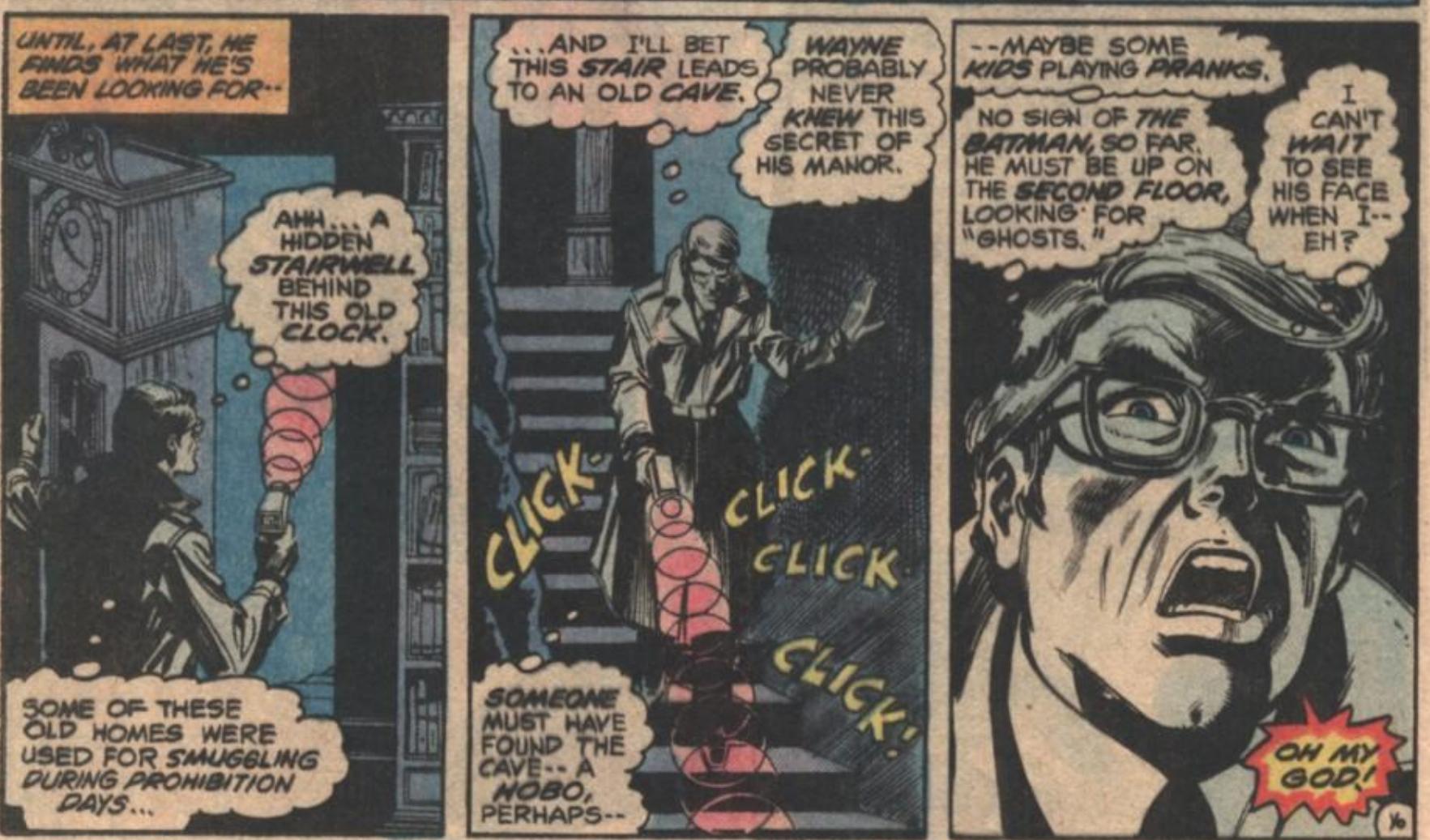
HIS FOOTSTEPS
ECHO AGAINST
THE CAVE'S
NARROW WALLS.

HE WONDERS WHAT
WAITS BELOW...





DET. COMICS # 402. --DICK



DR. TERENCE THIRTEEN IS A NOTED AUTHORITY ON THE SUPPOSED-SUPERNATURAL, A DEBUNKER OF DEMONS, AN EXPOSER OF THE ETHEREAL, A BREAKER OF "GHOSTS"...

SKREEK
SKREEK

HE BELIEVES ONLY IN HARD FACTS, AND THE EVIDENCE OF HIS FIVE SENSES.

HE HAS A READY EXPLANATION FOR ANY APPARENTLY "SUPRA-NORMAL" PHENOMENA.

SKREEEK



STARING AT THE SCENE BEFORE HIM... HEARING THE HIGH-PITCHED, BAT-LIKE CRY OF THE THING CLUTCHING THE DARKNIGHT DETECTIVE, DR. TERRENCE THIRTEEN CONFRONTS THE INEXPLICABLE --

--AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, IS LEFT SPEECHLESS...

17

NEXT ISSUE:

MAN OR MAN-BAT?

MURDER WILL OUT



A "JUST A MOMENT MYSTERY" BY ROBIN SNYDER (writer), ADRIAN GONZALES (artist), JOHN COSTANZA (letterer), ADRIENNE ROY (colorist) and DICK GIORDANO (editor).

...JUST THE WAY WE FOUND THINGS, BATMAN.
MY OFFICER IS DOWN-STAIRS TALKING TO THE GUESTS.



"RONALD SAWYER, HUSBAND OF THE DECEASED. QUITE A PLAYBOY!"

TED RESTON, MRS. SAWYER'S UNCLE VISITING FROM IDAHO.

PETER, SAWYER'S SON, WHO FLEW OUT FROM SCHOOL FOR HIS MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

"...AND BENTLEY, THE BUTLER. BEEN WITH THE FAMILY FOR NEARLY 30 YEARS. NERVOUS SORT."

REALLY, COMMISSIONER.
MUST YOU TURN THIS TRAGEDY INTO A CIRCUS BY ALLOWING THIS... THIS VIGILANTE TO--

SEE HERE,
SAWYER. BATMAN IS A MEMBER OF MY FORCE. NOW, IF YOU'D RATHER GIVE YOUR STATEMENT DOWN AT THE STATION...

OH, ALL RIGHT.
AS I SAID, I
LEFT LUCILLE AT
5 SHARP. SHE WAS
GOING TO BATHE
AND DRESS AND
COME DOWN
LATER.

I CALLED HER
ON THE IN-HOUSE
PHONE AT 6:10
TO SEE WHAT
WAS KEEPING
HER. SHE SAID
SHE WAS FINISH-
ING AN ENTRY
IN HER DIARY,
WOULD DRESS
AND BE DOWN
DIRECTLY.

BY 6:30 I
BECAME WORRIED
AND WENT UP. THE DOOR
WAS LOCKED, PETER
AND I BROKE IT IN
AND FOUND... AND
FOUND...

PETER? WELL, YEAH, THAT'S
ABOUT IT. BUT DON'T
LOOK AT ME. WELL,
I HADN'T LEFT THE
LIVING ROOM SINCE
MOTHER WENT UP AT
4:30. ASK RESTON,
WHY DONCHA? HE'S
THE ONE WHO FOUND
THE LOCKED DOOR!

KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE THERE,
PETER! AND DON'T LIE! YOU
WENT OUT TO BRING THE CAR
AROUND AT 6:15. I SAW
YOU FROM THE KITCHEN
WINDOW WHEN I WENT
AFTER SOME TEA.

AND
YES,
I DID GO
UP, AT 6:25.
THE DOOR
WAS LOCKED.

AND
WHERE WERE
YOU BETWEEN
6:10 AND
6:30, BENTLY?
OH PLEASE, SIR!
I JUST STEPPED
INTO THE HALLWAY
FOR A BIT TO CALL AHEAD TO CONFIRM RESERVATIONS. IT'S HER BIRTHDAY, DON'T YOU KNOW, AND THEY WERE GOING OUT TO CELEBRATE.

THE DOOR AND WINDOW
WERE LOCKED FROM INSIDE?
YOU TOUCHED NOTHING?

NOTHING!

WELL, WE
DIDN'T EVEN
ENTER THE
ROOM!

HE'S LYING,
COMMISSIONER!
BOOK HIM!

JUST A
MOMENT!
WHO'S
LYING?
THE
WORLD'S
GREATEST
DETECTIVE
NOTICED A
FLAW IN
ONE MAN'S
STATEMENT?
DID YOU
CATCH IT

INCREDIBLE!
HE CONFESSED
ON THE SPOT.
GIVE, BATMAN!

CRIME IS SIMPLE, JIM. THIS ELECTION MUST BE RATTLING YOU OR YOU WOULD HAVE CAUGHT THE SLIP! SAWYER MURDERED HIS WIFE AT 5:00!

HE CLAIMED HE TALKED TO HIS WIFE A 6:10 AND SAID SHE WAS WRITING IN HER DIARY. YET, WHEN THE DOOR WAS OPENED, THE LIGHTS WERE OFF! ERGO: SHE MUST HAVE BEEN AT THE DESK EARLIER. NO ONE WOULD BE WRITING IN THE DARK!



THE
MOON
GLARED
DOWN
ON THE
SHADOWER
VIRGINIA
COUNTRY-
SIDE LIKE
A HUGE
BLUE-
WHITE
EYE...

...AND I FELT WEIRD, ALMOST AS
THOUGH IT WERE WATCHING ME, AS
I CROUCHED IN THE BRANCHES OF
A SEARED OLD TREE.

MY HEART FELT
HEAVY AS A
LEAD WEIGHT; I
WAS HORRIFIED
BY WHAT I'D
SEEN THAT NIGHT...

...BUT HORROR WOULDN'T
STOP ME FROM DOING
WHAT I HAD TO DO:

BACK IN GOTHAM
CITY, THEY CALL ME--

ROBIN

BUT IF I WAS
CAUGHT IN THESE
HILLS, BY THIS
HOODED GUY'S
FRIENDS -- THE
ONLY THING I'D
BE CALLED IS
DEAD!

"NIGHT OF THE COVEN"

GERRY CONWAY * TREVOR VON EDEN * MIKE DECARLO
WRITER ARTISTS

BEN ODA - LETTERER
CARL GAFFORD - COLORIST
DICK GIORDANO - EDITOR

THAT WAS
QUICK! DIDN'T
EXPECT HIM GO
DOWN THIS
EASY!

HARD TO BELIEVE
THAT LESS THAN
TWELVE HOURS
AGO, I WAS AMONG
FRIENDS BACK AT
THE HILL CIRCUS
IN SARATOGA--

--AND NOW I'M
GETTING READY
TO SNEAK UP ON A
COVEN OF
WITCHES!

DICKIE-BOY,
YOU SURE DO
MOVE IN
STRANGE
CIRCLES!

WELL, BETTER GET
THIS GUY OUT OF
HIS OUTFIT BEFORE
SOMEONE PASSES
BY AND SEES--

WHA-AT?

KRAK!

UNNNH!

MUSCLES TRAINED
FOR STREET-
FIGHTING ACTED
IN INSTANT
REFLEX--

--AND BEFORE EVEN
I KNEW WHAT WAS
HAPPENING --

--I'D TURNED
MY RECOIL
INTO A
RETREAT,
AND MY
RETREAT--

--INTO AN
ATTACK!

AND THIS
TIME, STAY
DOWN!

KPOW

HE DID.

DRAGGING HIM INTO
THE HIGH GRASS, I
STRIPPED HIM OF HIS
HOOD AND ROBE.

HE DIDN'T LOOK LIKE
MUCH -- WITHOUT THE
OUTFIT, HE WAS JUST
ANOTHER DIRT
FARMER.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY
HE AND HIS FRIENDS
STARTED THIS DEADLY
GAME: TO MAKE THEM-
SELVES SPECIAL.

CRICKETS IN THE
SURROUNDING
BRUSH SEEMED
TO MOCK ME WITH
INSECT LAUGHTER.

DREAM
SWEET DREAMS,
BEAUTIFUL!

IN A WAY I
COULD ALMOST
SYMPATHIZE...

AFTER ALL, THAT'S WHY I LEFT GOTHAM, MONTHS AGO...

...TO FIND OUT WHAT MADE ME SPECIAL, APART FROM BEING THE BATMAN'S COLORFULLY-CLAD SIDEKICK.

BUT ON SECOND THOUGHT--

--THOSE CREEPS ARE JUST PLAIN CRAZY!

I THINK THEY'RE ACTUALLY GETTING READY TO KILL THAT GIRL!

THIS IS EVEN WORSE THAN I EXPECTED!

BA'AL ZEBUB, GOD OF FLIES! BA'AL ZEBUL, LORD OF THE LOFTY DWELLING! BEELZEBUB, CHIEF LIEUTENANT OF SATAN AMONG THE FALLEN ANGELS --

--ACCEPT THIS SACRIFICE, MADE IN YOUR UNHOLY NAME!

INTERCEDE WITH THE DARK ONE, OUR LORD AND MASTER!

LEND US THE POWER TO CRAVE -- TO SMASH OUR ENEMIES!

THAT'S SHARKEY DOWN THERE IN THE CENTER, HOLDING THE KNIFE!

I HAD A BAD FEELING ABOUT HIM FROM THE FIRST...

"STARTING JUST AFTER I SAID GOOD-BYE TO SOME PEOPLE WHO'D COME TO MEAN A WHOLE LOT TO ME..."

REMEMBER, DICK
--IF YOU EVER DECIDE TO MAKE A CAREER IN THE CIRCUS, THIS IS YOUR HOME.

LORNA SPEAKS FOR ALL OF US, DICK.

BELIEVE IT, KIDD.

YOU AND ROBIN CLEARED ME AN' MELANIE HERE OF MURDER--

--AND WHEN SHE AN' I GET HITCHED, I WANT BOTH OF YOU TO BE BEST MAN!

NICE KNOWIN' YA, GRAYSON.

YOU'RE ALMOST AS GOOD ON THE TRAPEZE AS MY BROTHER BOSTON WAS.

THANKS... LORNA... MELANIE... WALDO... TINY... CLEVE....!

THESE PAST FEW MONTHS--HAVE BEEN ABOUT THE BEST TIME OF MY LIFE.

BUT I'VE GOT UNSETTLED BUSINESS BACK IN GOTHAM.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, DICK...

WE'RE GONNA MISS YOU...

"LEAVING WASN'T EASY. I LOVED THOSE PEOPLE.

"I'D BEEN BORN AROUND CIRCUS FOLK... SPENT MY CHILDHOOD BREATHING SAWDUST..."

"...BUT IT WAS TIME TO PUT AWAY THE THINGS OF MY CHILDHOOD, TO RETURN TO THE LIFE I'D LEFT BEHIND IN GOTHAM...

GOT ROOM FOR A PASSENGER?

ONLY GOIN' AS FAR AS VIR'GINNY.

THAT'LL BE GREAT!

THEN HOP ABOARD, BOY.

NAME'S SHARKEY. WHAT'S YOU'N'S?

DICK
GRAYSON
--FROM
GOTHAM
CITY.

TALK ABOUT YOUR
ODD-LOOKING
CHARACTERS--!

IT'S NOT JUST HIS APPEARANCE
--SOMETHING ABOUT THIS "GOOD
OLD BOY" GIVES ME A
CHILL.

GOTHAM, EH?
HEAR THAT'S A
REAL WILD
PLACE.

ASK ME, THAT'S
TH' TROUBLE
WITH AMERICA--
--TOO MANY
CITY-FOLK,
NOT ENOUGH
GOOD COUNTRY
BOYS.

COUNTRY'S
THE
HEARTLAND
...YESSIR....

"SHARKEY BENT MY EAR FOR THE
BETTER PART OF TWO HOURS, BUT
AFTER A WHILE, I REALIZED HE WAS
TESTING ME, SOMEHOW, WATCHING HOW
I REACTED TO WHAT HE WAS SAYING...

"I MUST HAVE
FLUNKED THE TEST
BECAUSE AFTER A
WHILE HE SHUT UP..

OH,
BROTHER!

"...AND DIDN'T
SAY ANOTHER
WORD, EVEN
WHEN WE
STOPPED FOR
DINNER.

I DON'T KNOW
WHICH IS WORSE
-- SHARKEY'S
SPEECHES OR
HIS SILENCE.

THE WAY
HE KEEPS
EYEING
ME. I
WONDER
WHAT--
HUH?

MANNY'S DINER

HIS
HAND!

PULLING
HIS
SLEEVE
DOWN--TO
HIDE THAT
TATTOO?

HMM...

"BACK ON THE ROAD AGAIN,
SHARKEY WAS THE ORIGINAL
STONE MAN, SILENT AS A
STATUE UNTIL WE ENTERED
JEFFERSON COUNTY,
VIRGINIA...

HERE'S
WHERE I
TURN OFF,
BOY.

THANKS FOR
THE LIFT.

BUT IF YOU
THINK YOU'VE
SEEN THE LAST
OF ME, FRIEND...

...GUESS AGAIN.

YOU BOTHER
ME, SHARKEY.
THAT DEVIL-
TATTOO YOU
WANTED TO
HIDE MAKES
ME REAL
NERVOUS.

SO IF YOU
DON'T
MIND...

VVAARRUUM

I THINK
I'LL TAG ALONG
JUST A LITTLE
LONGER.

"NIGHT LAPED
THE SIDES OF
THE TRUCK LIKE
A DARK SEA..."

BDUMP BDUMP

"PRETTY SOON, WE CAME TO
A CLEARING, UP IN THE HILLS
SOMEWHERE. I KNEW I'D HAVE
A HARD TIME FINDING MY
WAY BACK..."

"...BUT WHAT I
SAW NEXT DROVE
ALL THOSE WORRIES
RIGHT OUT OF MY
MIND."

SHARKEY--
DRESSED IN A HOOD
AND ROBE?

IS THAT WHAT
THIS IS ALL ABOUT,
SOME KIND OF
KLAN MEETING?

"... AND WHEN
SHARKEY LEFT
THE MAIN HIGHWAY
FOR A ROCKY
SIDE ROAD, IT
WAS ALL I COULD
DO TO HANG ON
THROUGH THE
BUMPING..."

"THEN I HEARD VOICES,
SHARKEY'S AND AN-
OTHER MAN'S... AND
SHARKEY DIDN'T SOUND
LIKE A 'GOOD OLE
BOY' ANYMORE..."

DICK GRAYSON'S
DONE
ENOUGH...

...NOW IT'S
ROBIN'S TURN.

"SHARKEY
WASN'T
THE ONLY
ONE WHO
COULD
SWITCH
CLOTHES
IN THE
DARK."

EVERYTHING'S
READY?
YOU'VE FOUND
A GIRL FOR
THE
SACRIFICE?

A HITCH-
HIKER
--FROM
OUT
WEST
SOME-
WHERE.

"SACRIFICE?"

THE COVEN
WAITS FOR YOU,
MASTER.

I SHALL STAND
GUARD -- TILL THE
WITCHING
BEGINS.

"I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY
EARS, BUT I KNEW WHAT
I HAD TO DO..."

...SO I
FOUND A
TREE IN THE
SECOND MAN'S
PATH, AND
JUMPED HIM
WHEN HE
PASSED BY.

BUT I
CAN'T
JUMP A
WHOLE
"COVEN."

OR CAN
I? THERE'S
A CHANCE...

THAT'S WHEN
ALL MY CHANCES
RAN OUT.

WHAM!

UNNNH!!

A FIST
HIT ME
FROM
BEHIND...

...AND FOR WHAT
SEEMED LIKE FOREVER,
ALL I KNEW WAS
DARKNESS...!"

TO BE CONTINUED!