

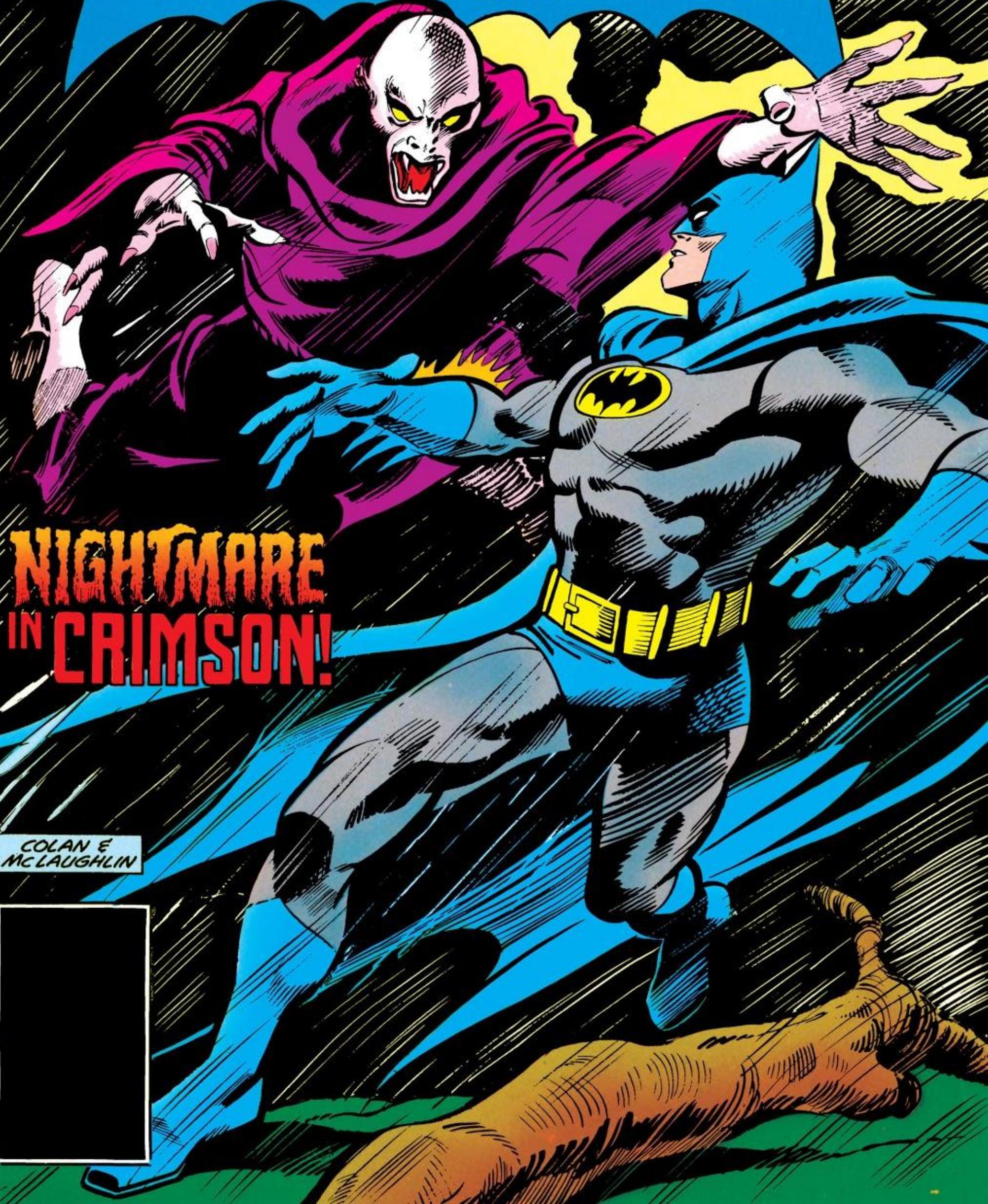


ALL NEW!
60¢

NO. 350
AUG.

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
 AUTHORITY

BATMAN



COLAN E.
MC LAUGHLIN

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

BAT-MAN

CREATED BY

BOB
KANE

RUNNING, HIS HEART POUNDING AND STRAINING AS NEVER BEFORE... HIS MIND NUMB WITH HORROR AND FEAR...

HE'S HAUNTED, BY THE SCREAM OF A DYING WOLF FROM HIS CHILDHOOD DAYS... AND THE IMPOSSIBLE ECHO HE HEARD YESTERDAY.

HE'S HAUNTED, BY THINGS HE DARES NOT PUT A NAME TO... AND THE KNOWLEDGE THAT IF HE HAD THE COURAGE, HE COULD.

HE IS DICK GRAYSON, FAMED AS ROBIN THE TEEN WONDER, ROBIN THE AMAZING ACROBAT, ROBIN THE FEARLESS CRIMEFIGHTER...

...AND TONIGHT HE IS JUSTLY AFRAID.

J-8128

NIGHTMARE IN CRIMSON

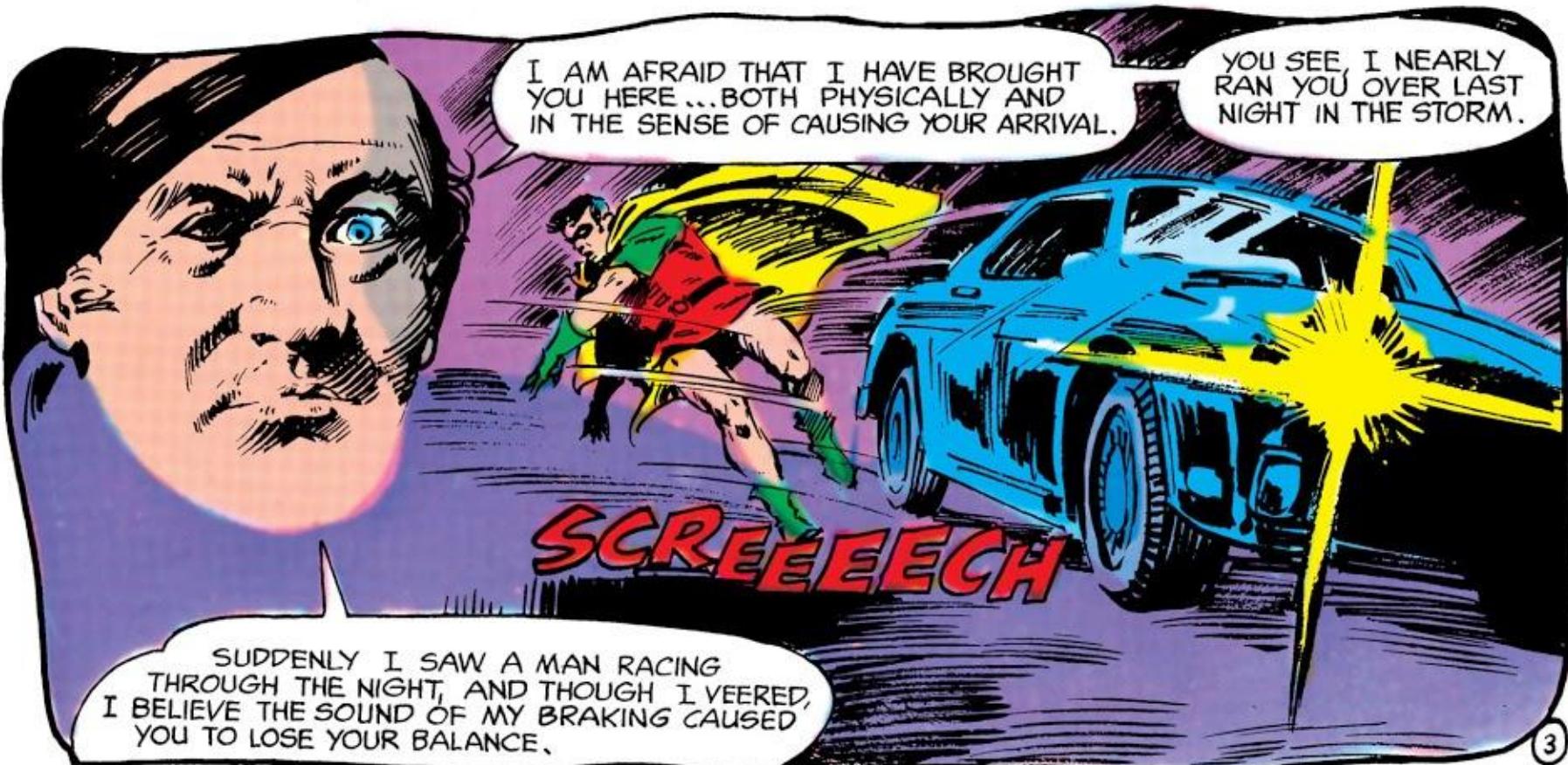
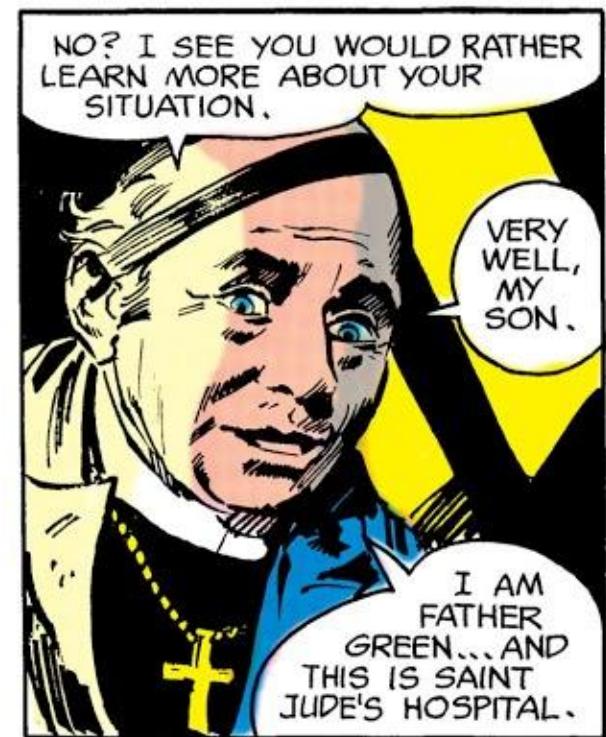
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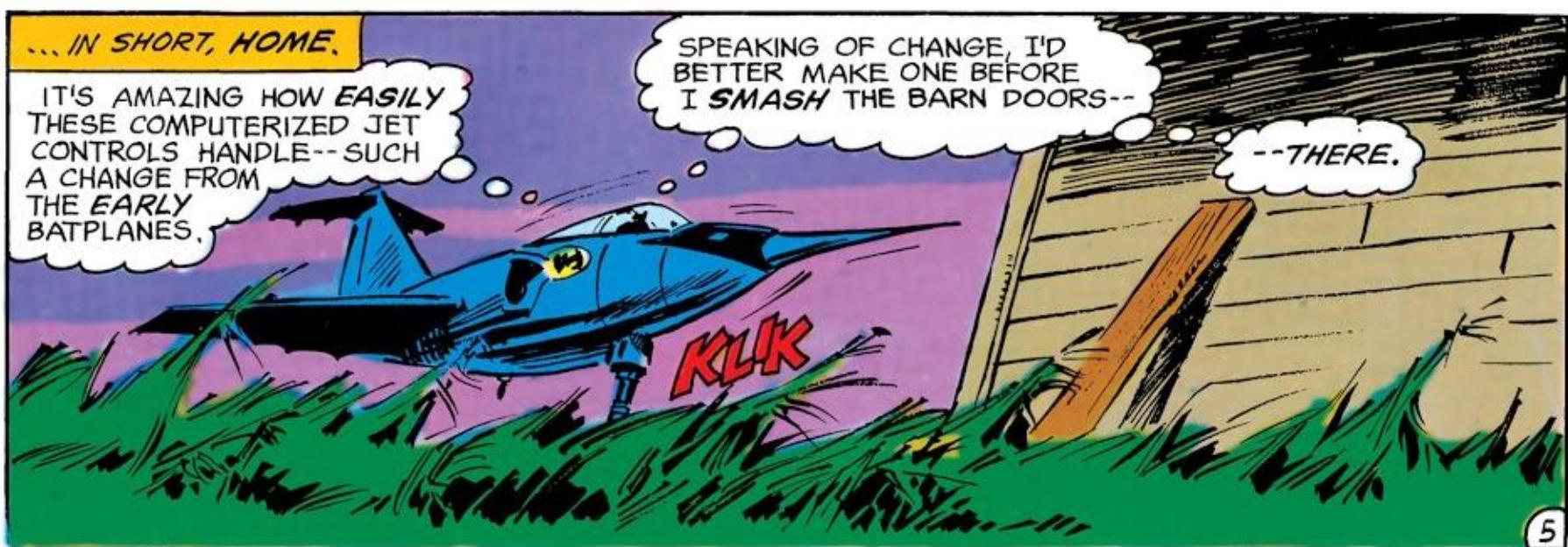
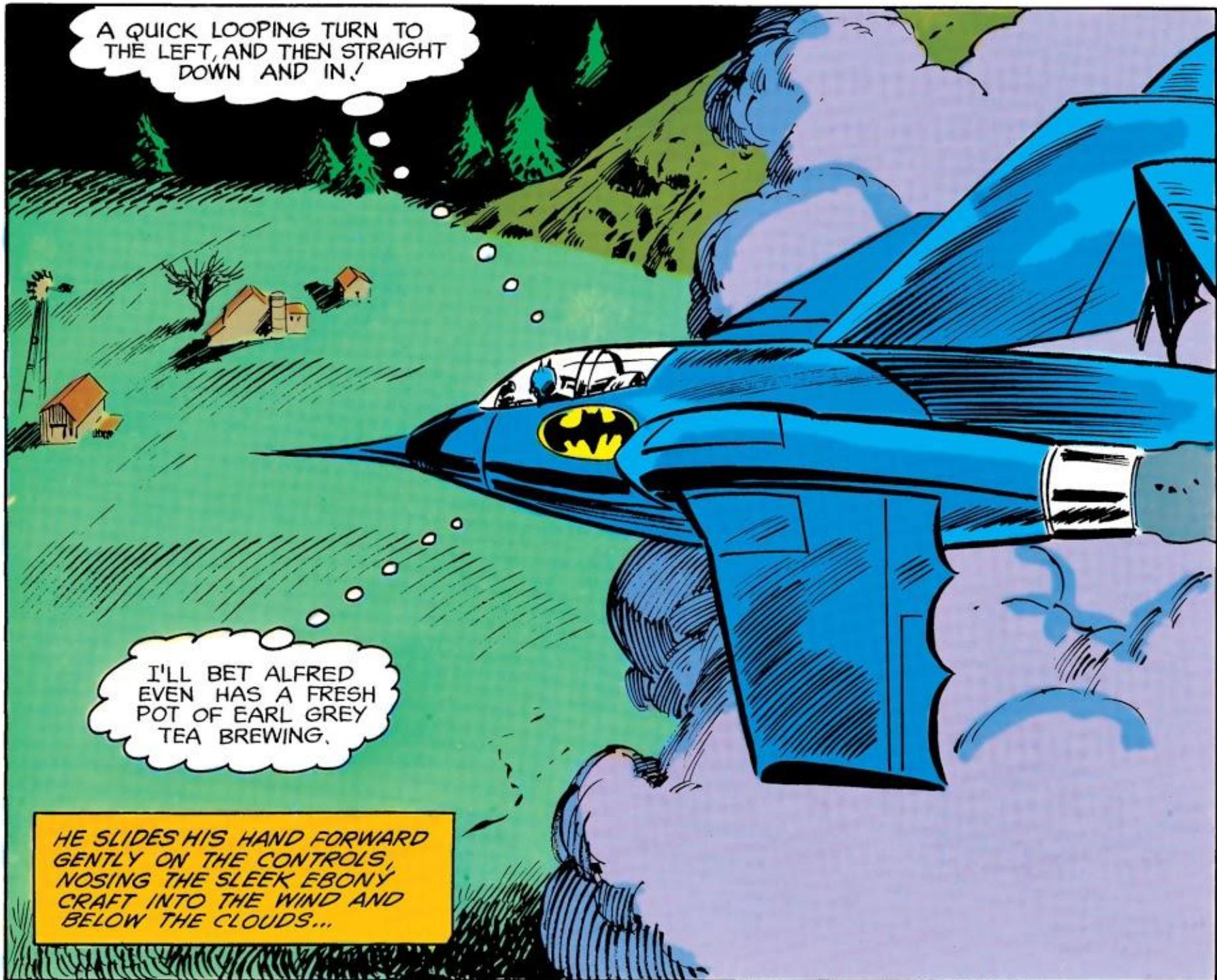
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ADRIENNE ROY - COLORIST

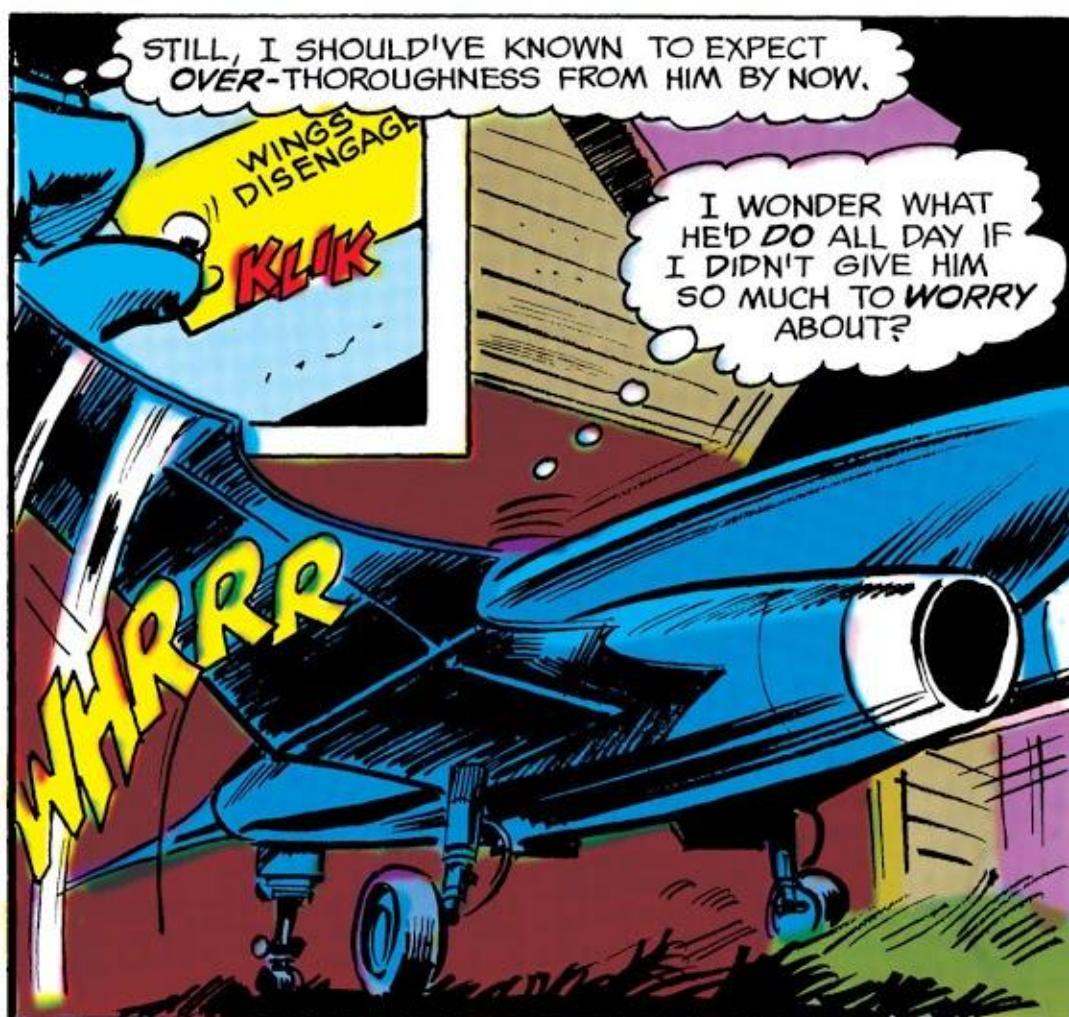
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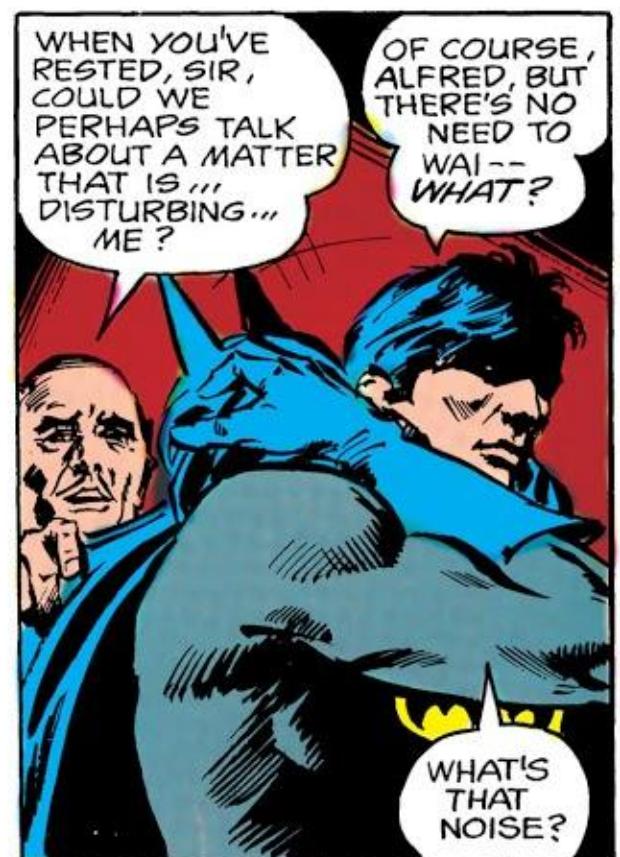




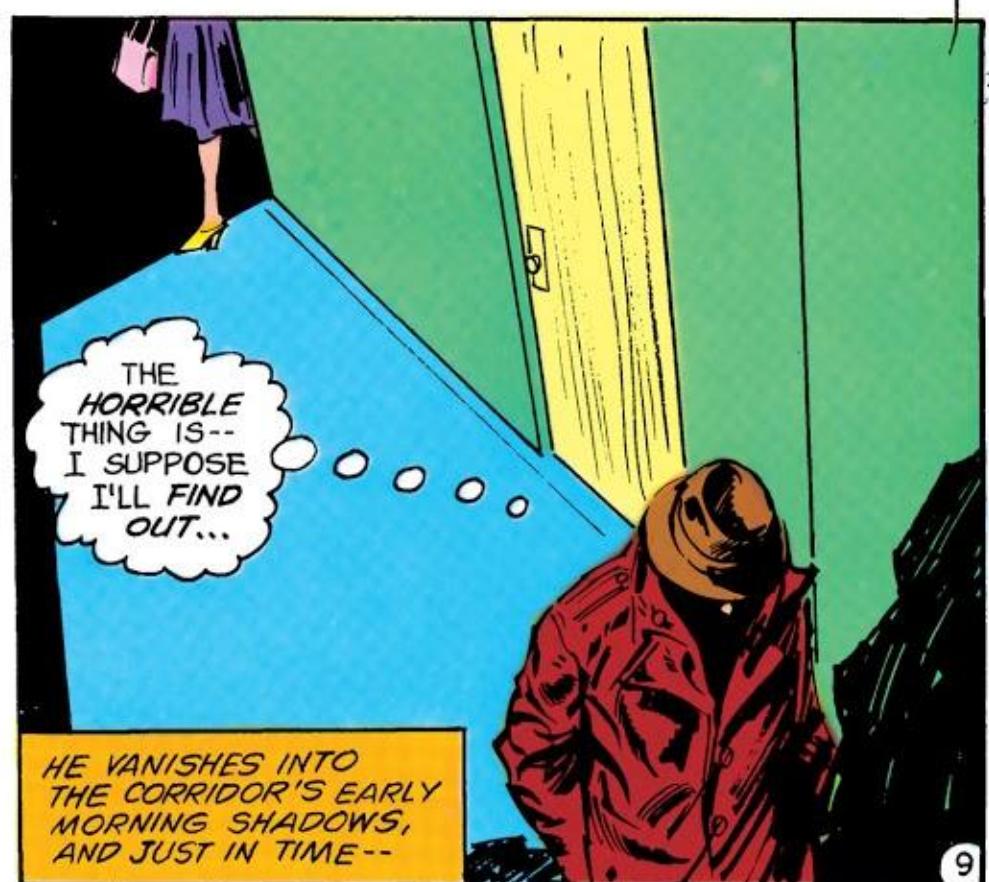
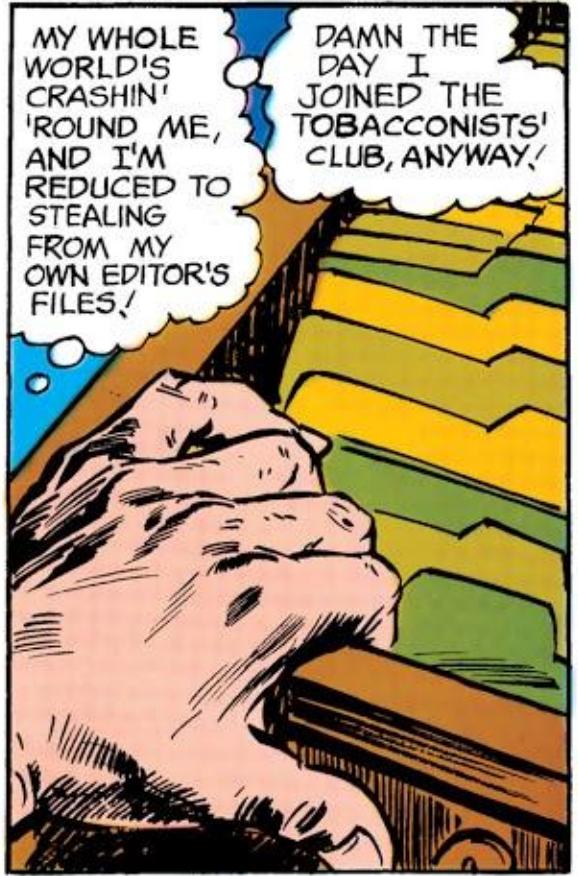


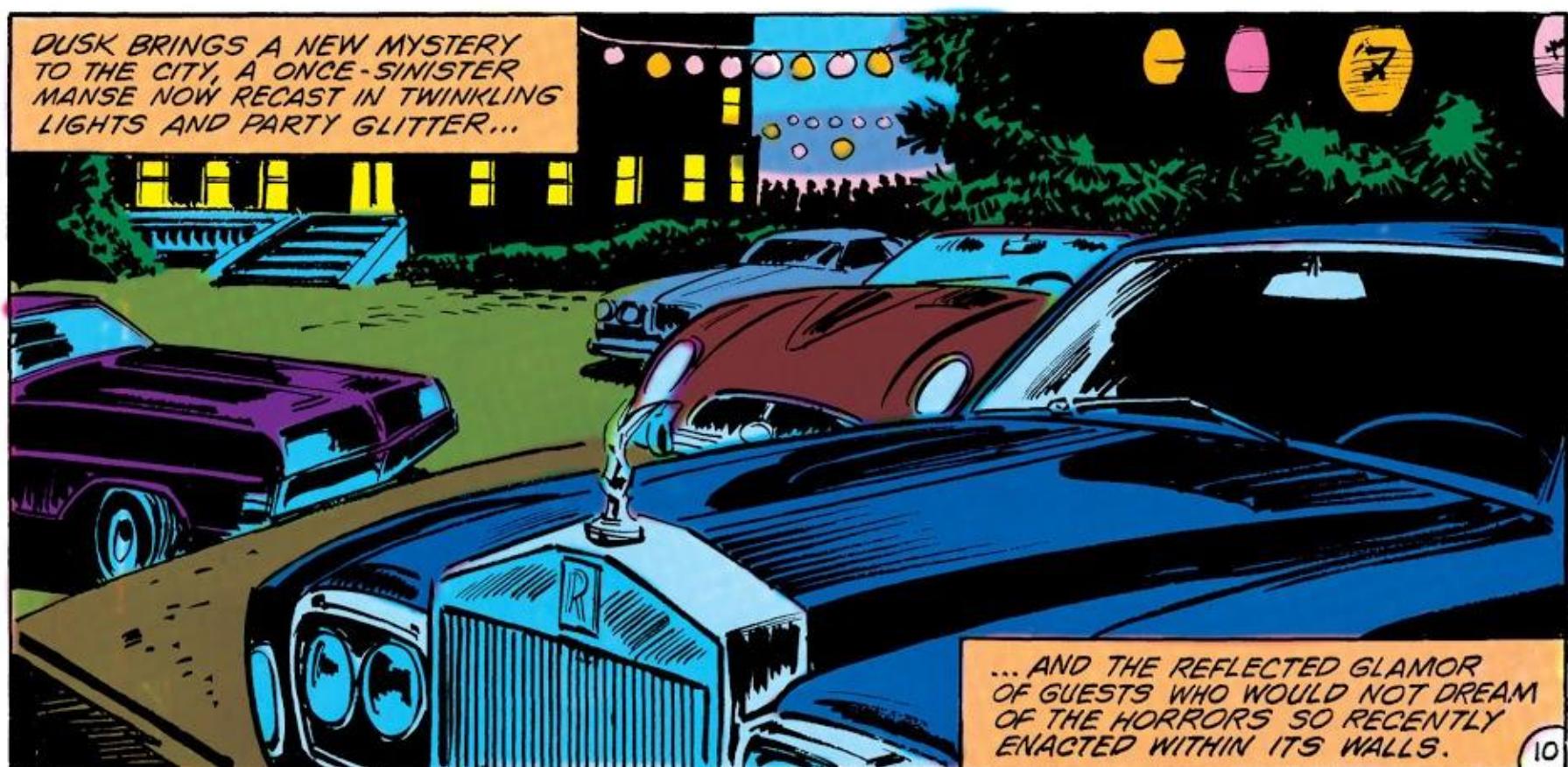
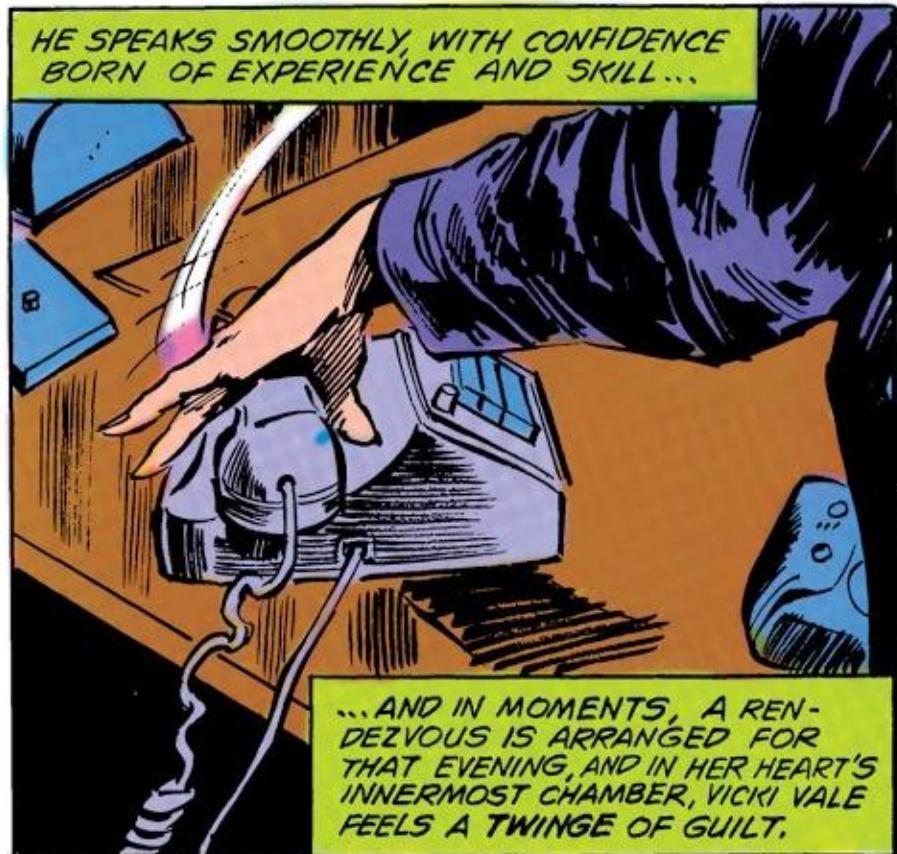


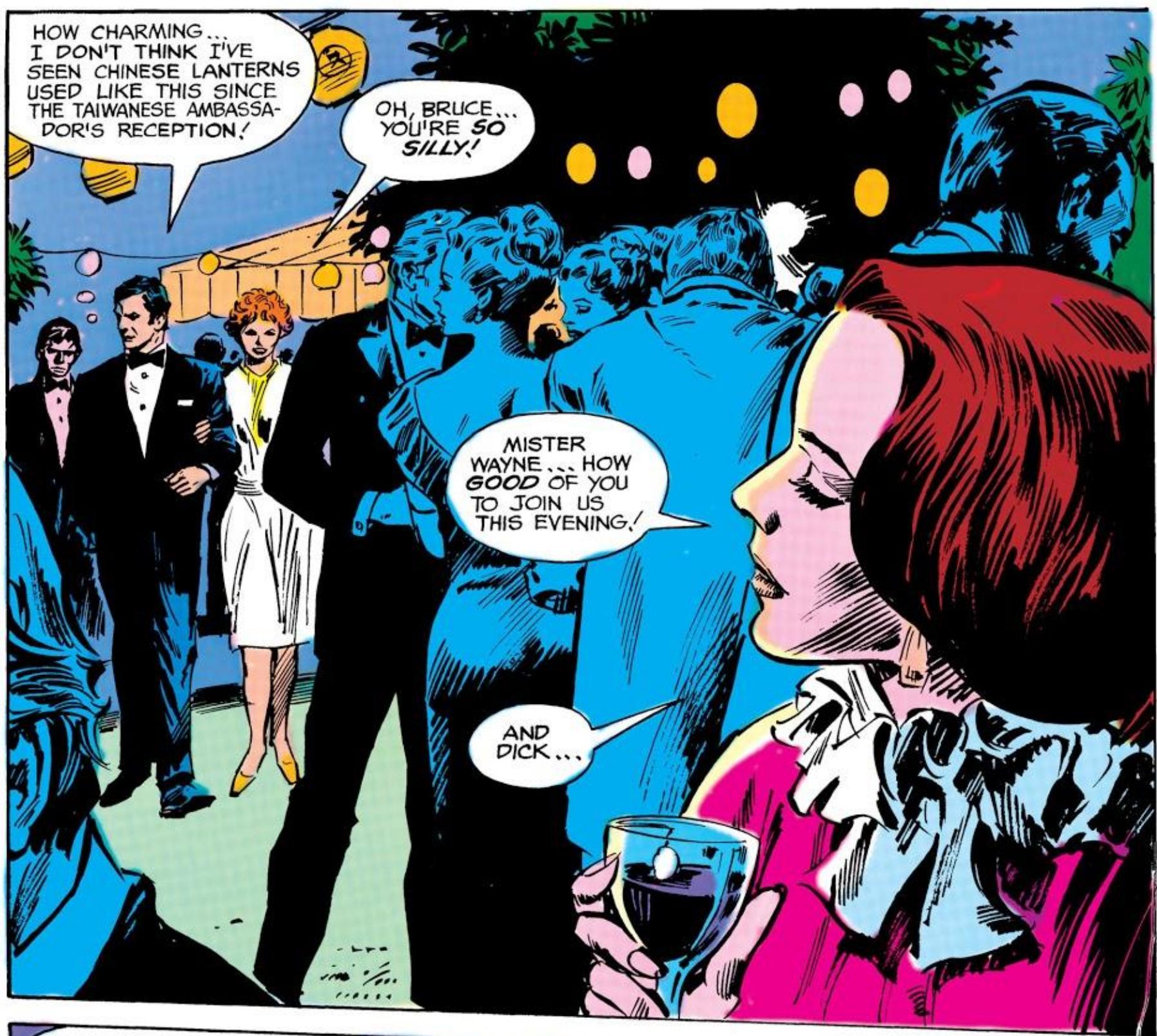


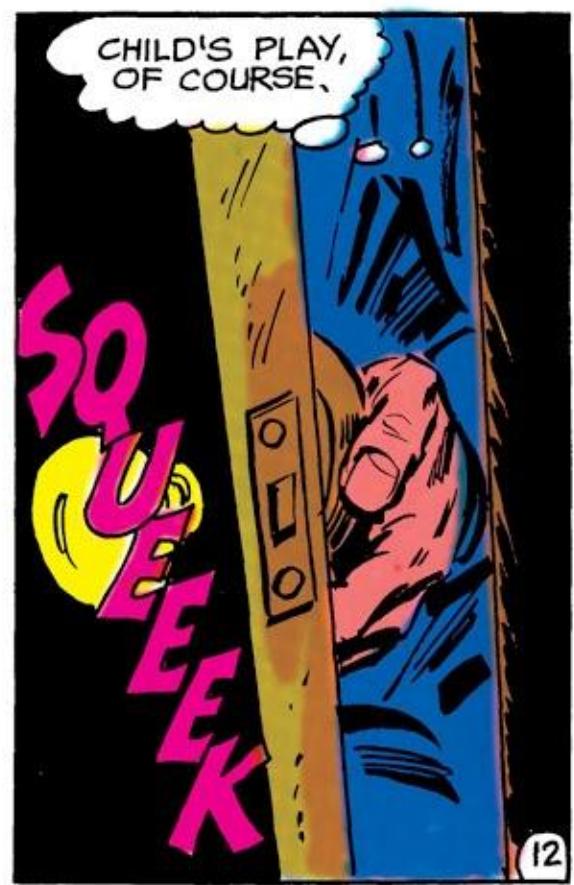




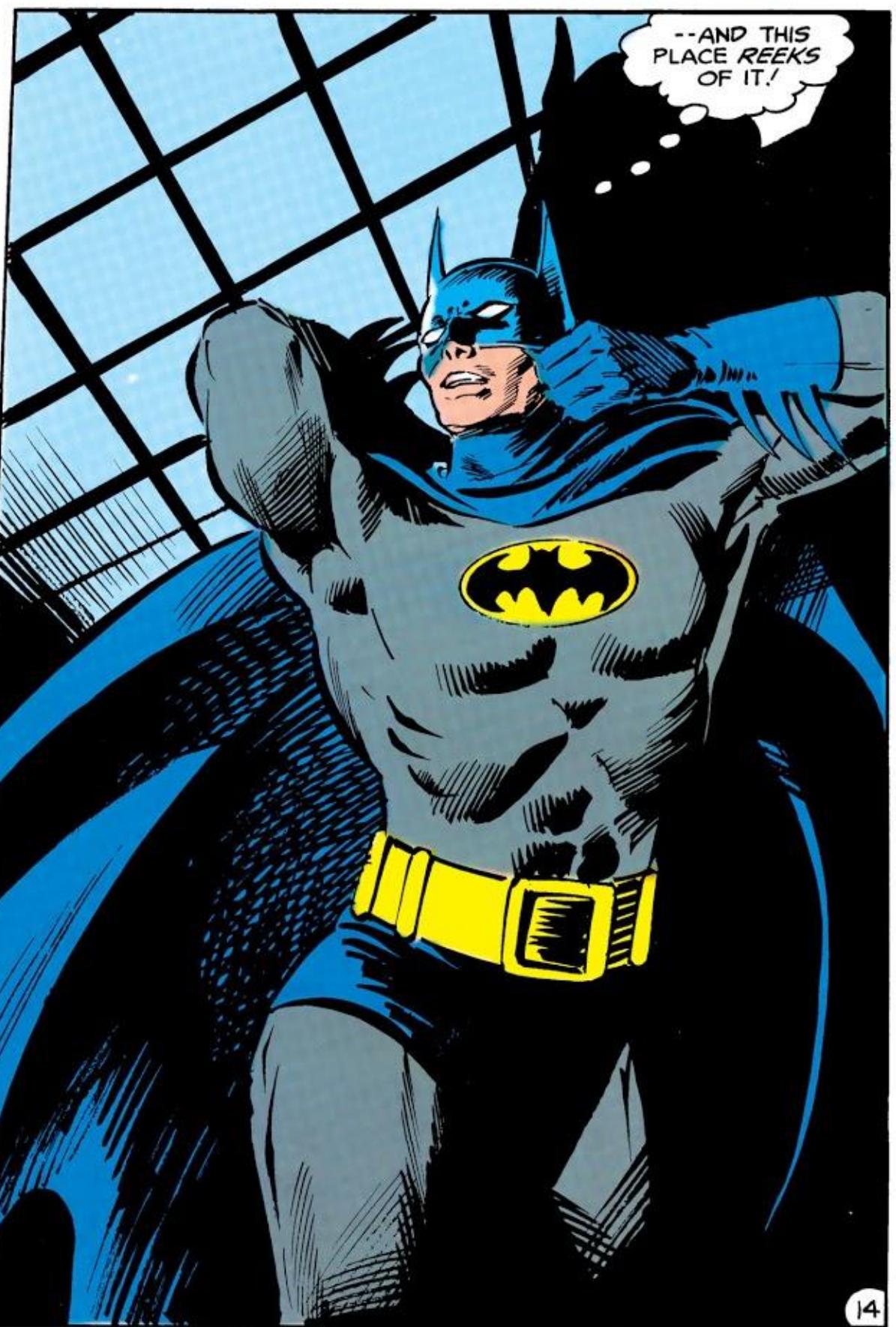












HE THROWS THE WINDOWS OPEN WITH A GESTURE, SWEEPING THROUGH THEM BEFORE HEADS CAN EVEN TURN TO SEARCH OUT THE MUSTY CREAKING'S SOURCE.



HIS MOTION IS LIKE A WAVE, POUNDING THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR IRRESISTIBLY SEARCHING ITS SHORE...



FOR AN INSTANT HE IS FRAMED BY THE MOON-GLOW, A SILHOUETTE OF A CREATURE UNLIKE ANY OTHER ON THE EARTH.

WERE THERE ANY WHO SAW HIS FORM, THEY MAY JUSTIFIABLY BE AFRAID...



MY LORD--
THE BATMAN!



*BUT IF THE BATMAN'S APPEARANCE HAS
AROUSED AT LEAST ONE PERSON'S CURIOSITY...*



--AND SUDDENLY, LAUGHTER AS WELL...





...AND THE BATMAN FEELS THE ICY
TOUCH OF A DOOM HE HAS NEVER
KNOWN BEFORE...

EYYOOOWW!

MY
THROAT!

GET OFF ME--
YOU LUNATIC--!

THUD



WHAT YOU'RE
PRETENDING TO
BE ISN'T REAL--

--IT ISN'T--MY
GOD...

...BLOOD...



VERY GOOD,
DICK. YOU
DID THAT
WELL,

TH-THANK
...YOU...
DALA.

NOoooo

D-DICK?

CONTINUED...IN DETECTIVE
COMICS #517!



"THOSE LIPS, THOSE EYES"

HAZY, GOLDEN LIGHT POURS THROUGH A FILTHY CRACKED WINDOW, SPREADING ITS BUTTERY GLOW ACROSS THE FORM OF THE CURVACIOUS YOUNG WOMAN NAMED SELINA KYLE, ALIAS THE CATWOMAN. SHE SPRAWLS ACROSS THE HOTEL BED; PALE SMOOTH SKIN CONTRASTING VIVIDLY WITH THE GRIMY SHEETS...

OUTSIDE IN THE EARLY MORNING LIGHT LIES A SMOKY, DECADENT SCENARIO OF BACK STREETS AND ALLEYWAYS, GARBAGE CANS AND LITTER, FLOP HOUSES AND BARS...

INSIDE, IN THE DEEP-SHADOWED INTERIOR OF THE PAINT-PEELING ROOM, LIE ONLY NAUSEA AND QUESTIONS... AND MEMORIES THAT WON'T COME...

M-M-M (GROAN)
... MY HEAD...

... FEEL LIKE
I'VE BEEN THROUGH
A MEATGRINDER...

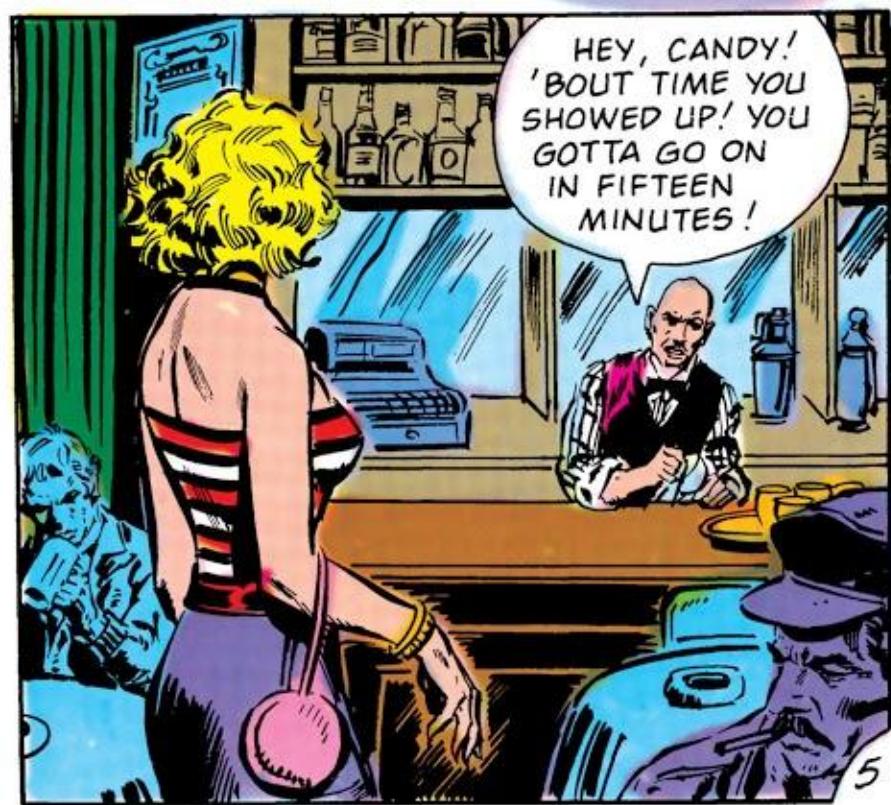
W-WHAT HAPPENED
LAST NIGHT?... (GROAN)
CAN'T REMEMBER...
C-CAN'T THINK
STRAIGHT...

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COLORIST: ZIUKO
EDITOR: DICK GIORDANO















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