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# PATRIOTIC JUNGLE



C-542

ONCE THE VERY EXEMPLAR OF COSMOPOLITAN LUXURY, THE AREA OF GOTHAM NOW KNOWN AS "CRIME ALLEY" HAS BEEN SWALLOWED BY SLUMS.

FEAR AND DESPAIR SUPPLANT THE FORMER AMBIANCE OF CONVIVIAL AND FASHIONABLE PROSPERITY, AND THE SHADOWS CAST BY ONCE-ELEGANT TOWNHOUSES NOW SEEM DEEPER, MORE ENFOLDING...

HERE AND THERE, HOWEVER, TESTAMENTS TO A DIFFERENT TIME STILL STAND--STATELY GOTHIC MANSIONS, FALLEN INTO WRETCHED DECAY.

THICK IVY GROWS UNCHECKED ON THE PAINT-PEELING WALLS, AND ONCE EVERY WEEK, BUT ALWAYS UNPREDICTABLY, THE HOUSE SEEKS TO SIGH.

THIS IS ONE OF THEM.

ITS NEGLECTED GROUNDS NOW A WILD TANGLE OF BRIARS AND WEEDS, THE SPRAWLING EDIFICE ITSELF, ALL SAGGING AND STARK, PASSES FOR THE PERFECT HAUNTED HOUSE.

AND YET... ONE CURIOUS FEATURE PUTS A LIE TO THE REST; BRAND-NEW BARS COVER THE WINDOWS, AND NEW DOORS WITH NEW LOCKS FIRMLY SEAL ALL PORTALS OF ENTRY.

THE HOUSE, YOU SEE, HAS RECENTLY BEEN PURCHASED, AND IS NOW THE HOME OF--

# THE GREEN GHOSTS OF GOTHAM

DOUG MOENCH • DON NEWTON & ALFREDO ALCALA • JOHN COSTANZA • ADRIENNE ROY • LEN WEIN  
WRITER ARTISTS LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR

A PORTION OF THE ROOF HAS BEEN CONVERTED TO A MAMMOTH SKYLIGHT.

AT 3:09 A.M. OF A LATE AUGUST TUESDAY, THE SKYLIGHT SLIDES BACK ON WELL-OILED AUTOMATED TRACKS...

...OFFERING UP TO THE DARK SKIES A STRANGE PURPLE CLOUD.

DISPERSED OVER GOTHAM BY THE NIGHT BREEZE, THE CLOUD IS ACTUALLY A CONCENTRATION OF TRACHEOPHYTE SPORES--THE "SEEDS" OF A GENETICALLY HYBRIDIZED VASCULAR PLANT-FORM.

IN ALL OF HISTORY, NO SPORES QUITE LIKE THESE HAVE EVER BEFORE TRAVERSED THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE...

FINALLY, THEY BEGIN TO DROP...

INTO GOTHAM PARK...

...BACKYARDS...

...ABANDONED SLUM LOTS...

...STORM DRAINS...

...AND EVEN INTO GOTHAM RIVER.

OF THE SIX MILLION SPORES RELEASED TO THE WHIMS OF WIND AND FATE, ONLY FIFTEEN WILL REACH FRUITION.

THANK GOD.

IN WARMTH  
AND LIGHT,  
DAY DAWNS...

AND, AS ON EVERY  
DAY, GOTHAM RIVER  
PLAYS HOST TO A  
PROCESS CALLED  
"PHOTOSYNTHESIS."  
THE TERM LITERALLY  
MEANS: "PUTTING  
TOGETHER BY LIGHT-  
ENERGY."

CARBON DIOXIDE, MINERALS,  
AND SUNLIGHT ARE ABSORBED BY ALGAE  
TO PRODUCE OXYGEN AND MORE  
ALGAE.

THIS IS  
GOOD.

WERE THE PROCESS OF PHOTOSYNTHESIS TO BE  
SOMEHOW HALTED, THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE ENTIRE  
WORLD WOULD BE DEVOID OF OXYGEN AND ALMOST  
ALL LIFE ON EARTH WOULD BE ERADICATED WITHIN  
BUT A FEW YEARS.

HUMANS WOULD BE  
AMONG THE FIRST TO GO.

TODAY, THE PHOTOSYNTHESIS  
OCCURRING WITHIN THIS  
PARTICULAR CLUMP OF ALGAE  
IS PROGRESSING AT A RATE  
MORE THAN 1000 TIMES  
FASTER THAN NORMAL...

... AND THE ALGAE ITSELF  
BEGINS TO ASSUME A  
DISTURBING FORM.

AT ITS HEART IS ONE  
OF THE FIFTEEN SPORES  
FLOURISHING TOWARD  
SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

THIS IS  
BAD.

IT IS NOW SEVEN NIGHTS AFTER THE ADVENT OF THE PURPLE CLOUD--  
A NIGHT DESTINED FOR BEGINNINGS...

WELL, WHAT DO YOU  
THINK, BRUCE? IT MAY  
NOT BE THE CLASSIC ROBIN'S  
COSTUME IS, BUT NOT BAD  
FOR SOMETHING PUT  
TOGETHER FROM OLD  
CIRCUS OUTFITS, EH?

PERHAPS A BIT TOO  
CHEERY FOR OUR LINE OF WORK,  
JASON, BUT IT'LL DO.

WHAT LINE OF  
WORK? GOTHAM'S  
BEEN AS PEACEFUL  
AS THE GRAVE FOR  
THE LAST TWO  
WEEKS.

WHICH IS WHY, IN THE ABSENCE  
OF AN ACTIVE CASE, YOUR TRIAL  
RUN AS MY NEW PARTNER IS  
GOING TO BE A NORMAL NIGHT  
OF PATROL.

HEY, I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING,  
BATMAN-- I'M A CRIMEFIGHTER  
WITHOUT A NAME!

CALL ME  
ISHMAEL.

WITH ANY LUCK,  
AND BEFORE THE  
NIGHT'S OUT, YOU'LL  
BE CALLED  
WORSE.

TOGETHER,  
THEY  
EXIT THE  
BATCAVE.

GOTHAM RIVER: A  
TUGBOAT CASTS OFF...

STINKIN' HAWSER--IT  
ALWAYS FALLS IN THE  
DRINK...

...AND NOW  
THE LOUSY  
THING'S  
STUCK.

CAN'T BE  
CAUGHT  
ON NOTHIN'...

...BUT IT ALMOST  
FEELS LIKE  
SOMETHIN'S PULLIN'  
ON--



THREE MILES INLAND, A YOUNG GUY TRIES TO MAKE TIME WITH A GIRL WHO'S GOT PLENTY BUT WHO PLAYS COY ANYWAY...

WHY YOU WANT TO KISS ME?

'CAUSE YOU MAKE ALL THE BLOOD RISE STRAIGHT TO MY LIPS, BABY.

WELL... ALL RIGHT... BUT JUST ONE KISS, AND THEN--

EE  
EE  
EE  
EE

WHAT THE--?!

WHAT, INDEED?

THE SECOND OF FIFTEEN, IT LUMBERS FROM THE VACANT LOT, LEAVING BEHIND A HOLE OF FRESHLY RUPTURED EARTH...



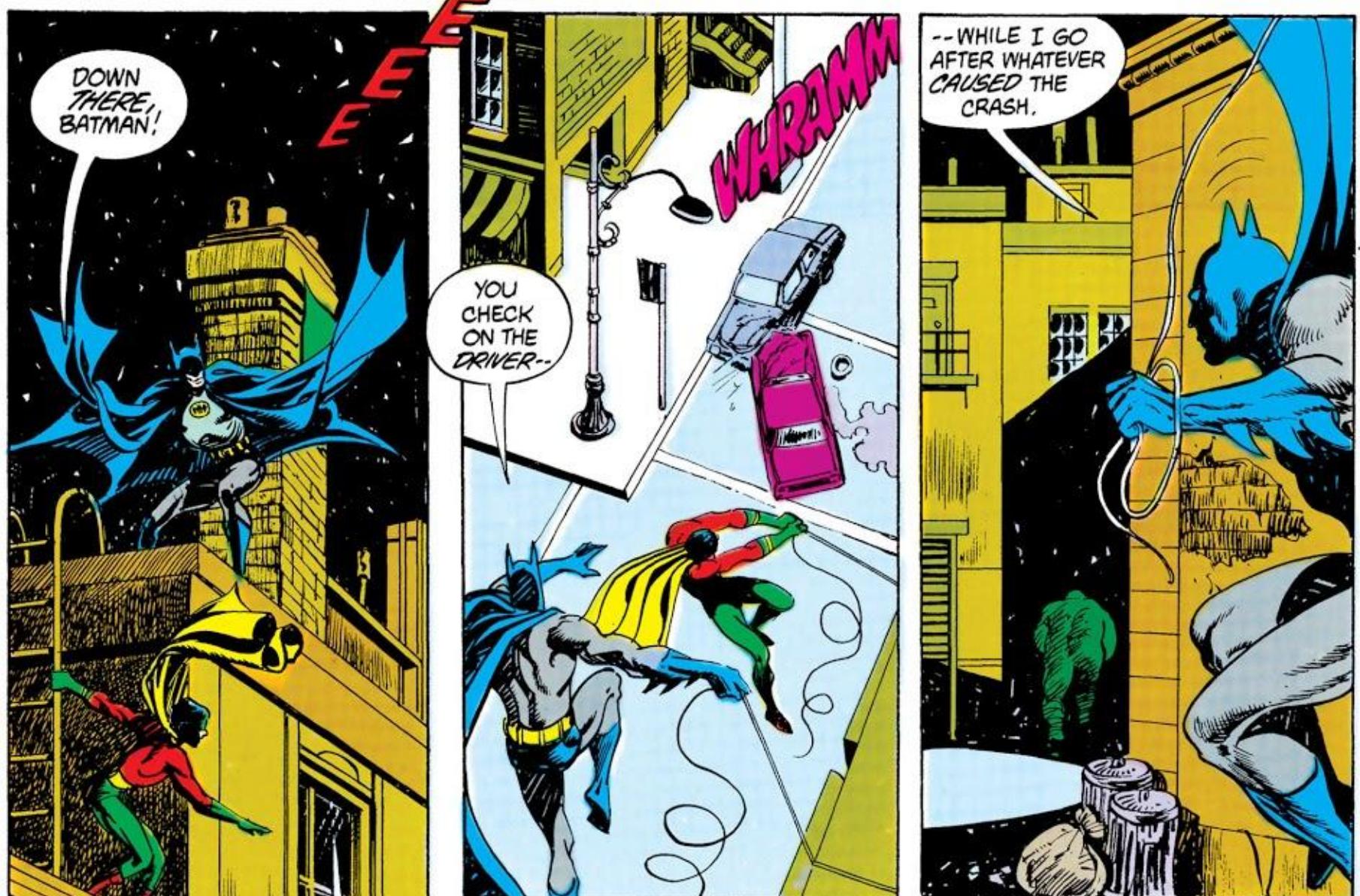
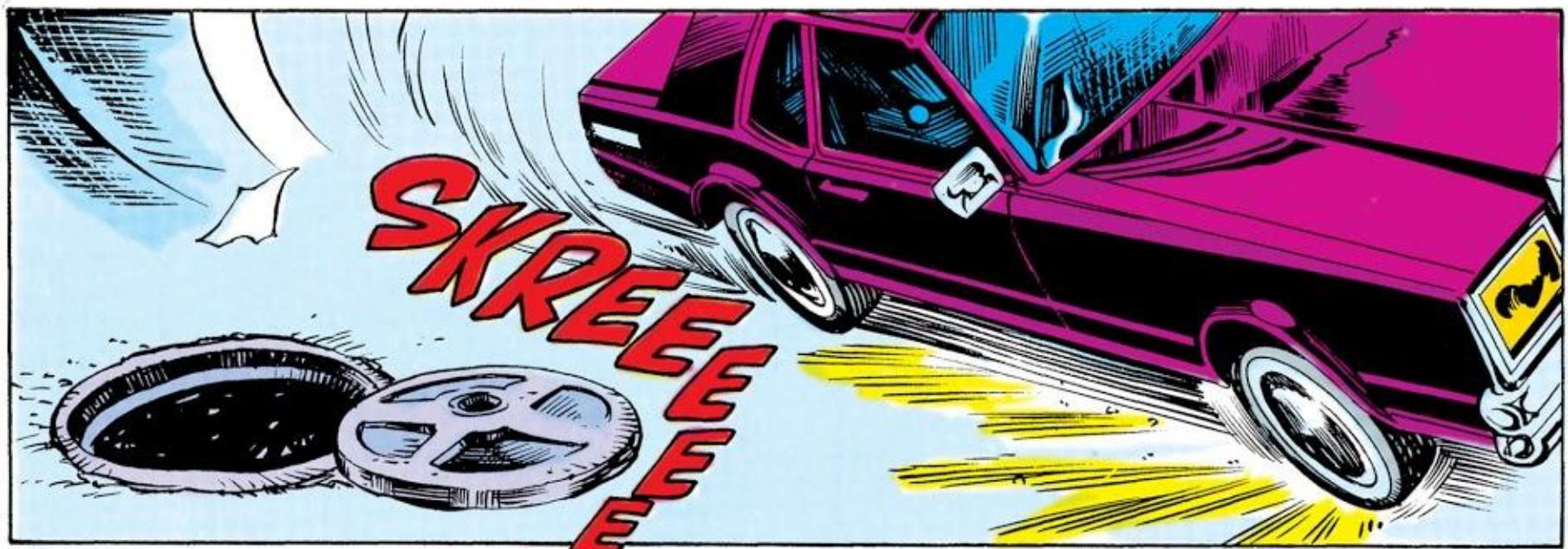
...AND EVEN AS, SIXTEEN BLOCKS SOUTH--

--THE FOURTH OF FIFTEEN--

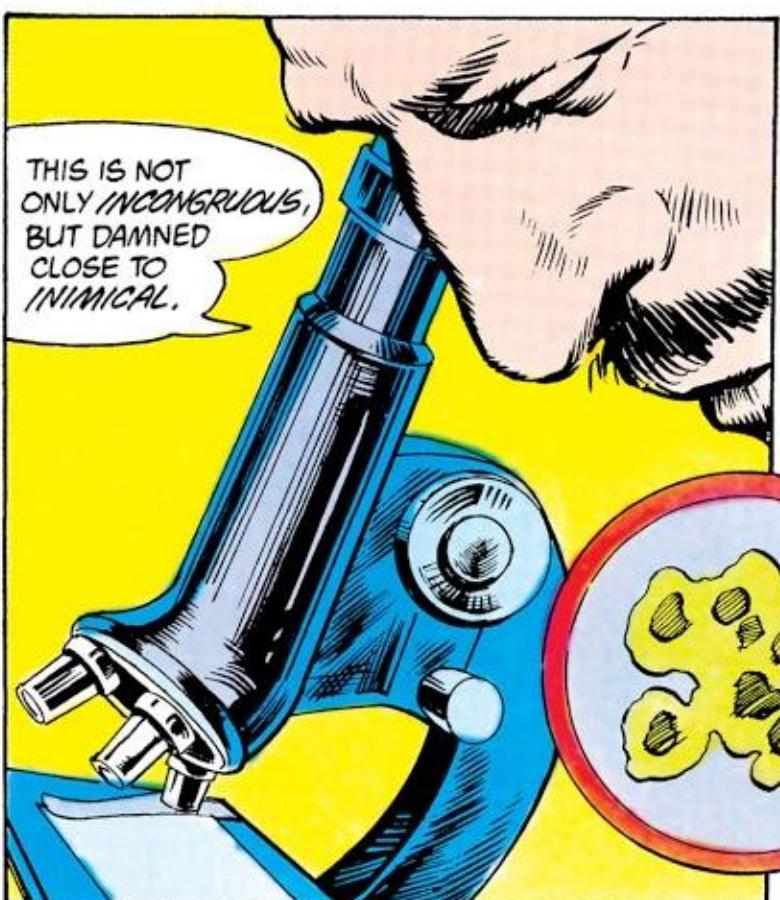
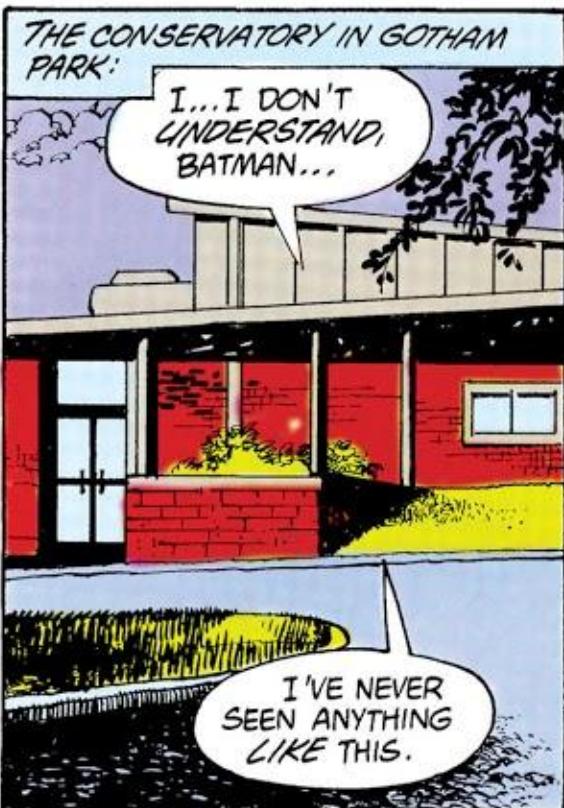
--IS ABRUPTLY SPOTLIGHTED BY HEADLIGHTS' GLARE.

HOTE

Jed Elam





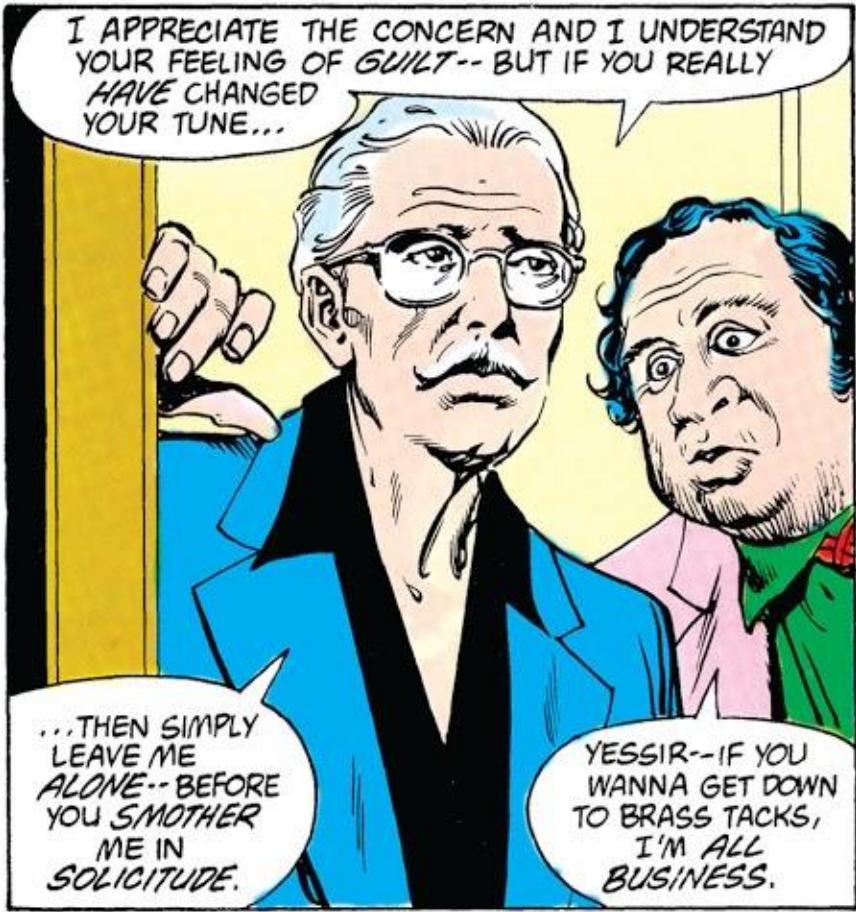






THE WAYNE FOUNDATION:









...QUESTING ULTIMATELY FOR FOREHEADS RELIEVED OF FURROWS...

...AND GLOWING AT THE END OF THAT QUEST.

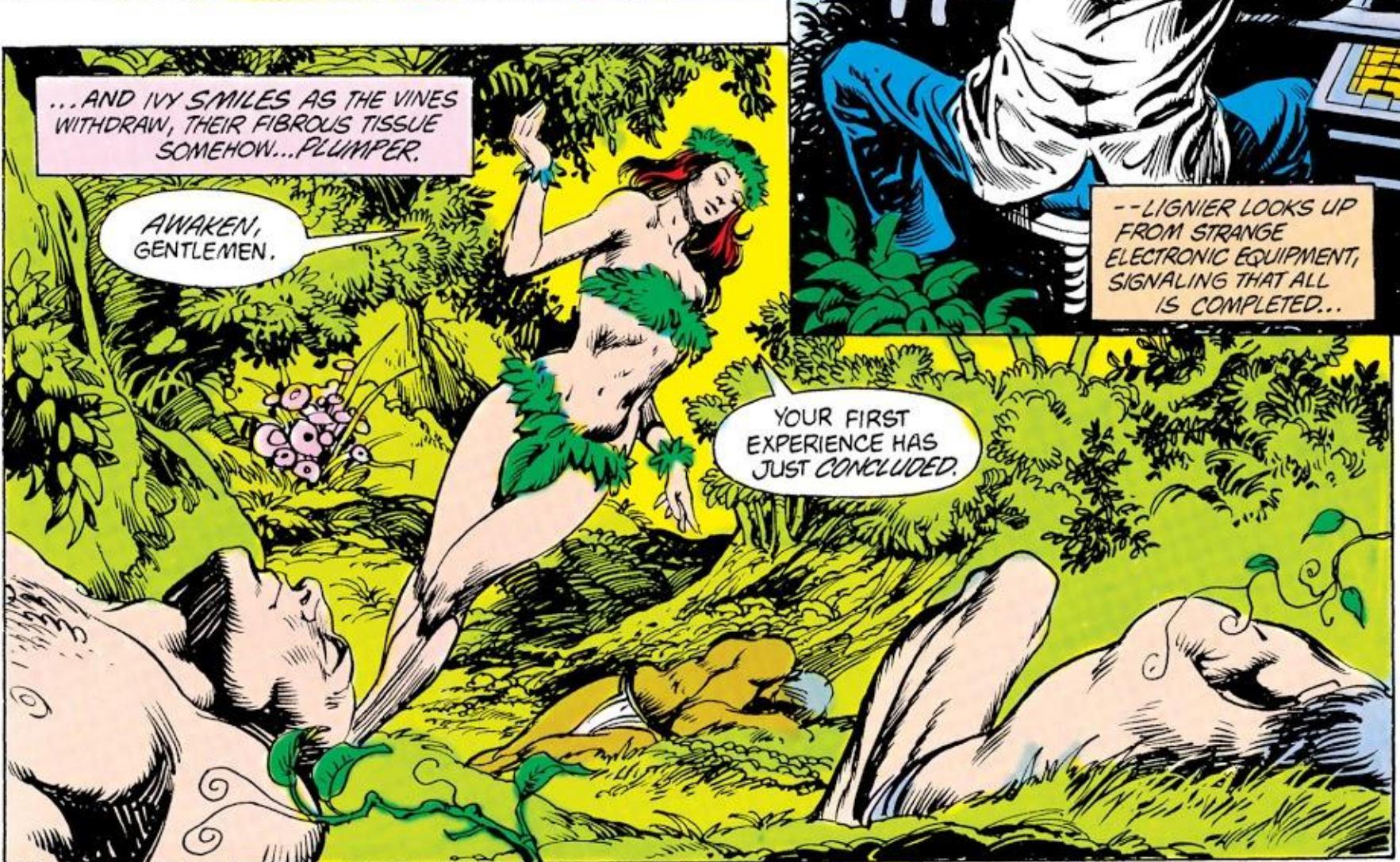


OFF IN AN ALCOVE, WHERE A HUTCH OF DELICATE CHINA ONCE STOOD--



...AND IVY SMILES AS THE VINES WITHDRAW, THEIR FIBROUS TISSUE SOMEHOW...PLUMPER.

AWAKEN, GENTLEMEN.



--LIGNIER LOOKS UP FROM STRANGE ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT, SIGNALING THAT ALL IS COMPLETED...

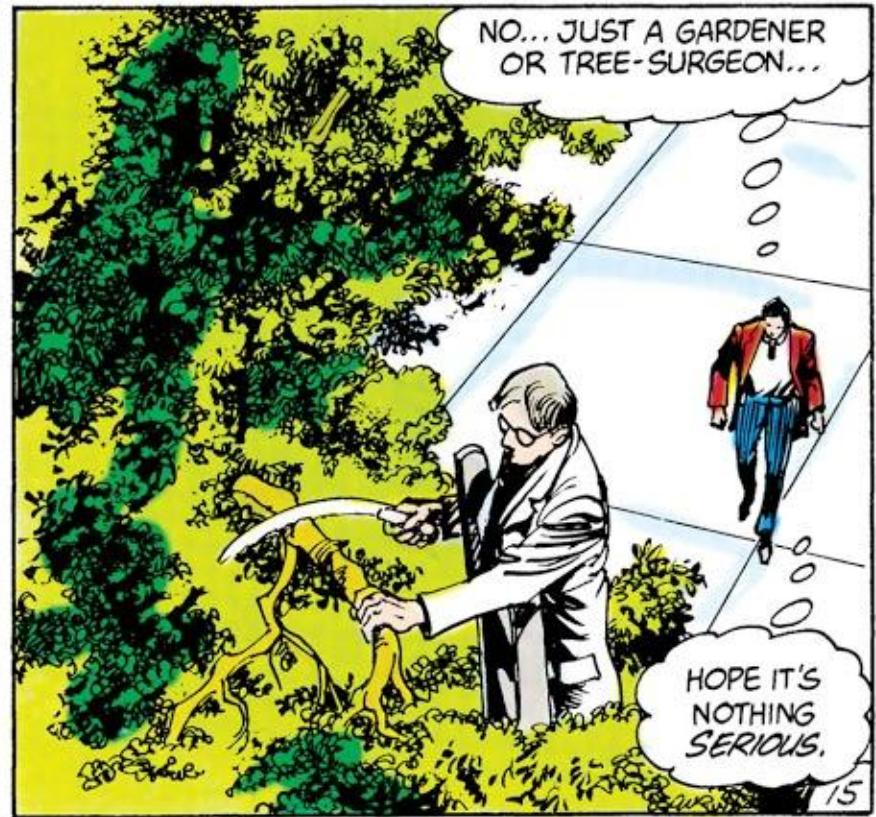
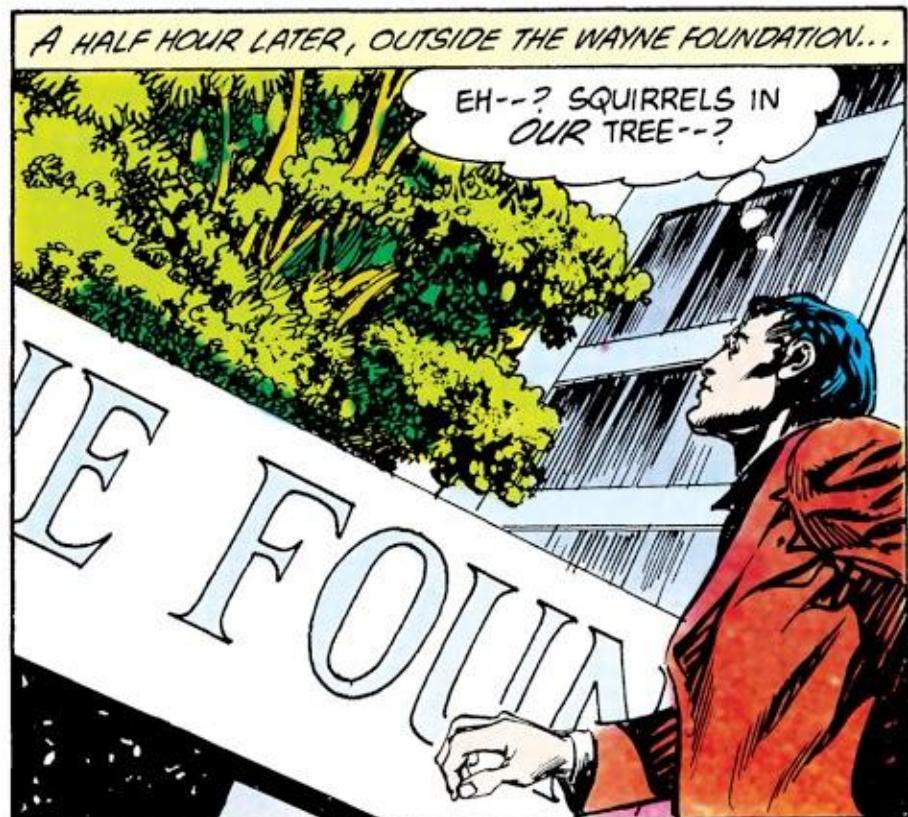
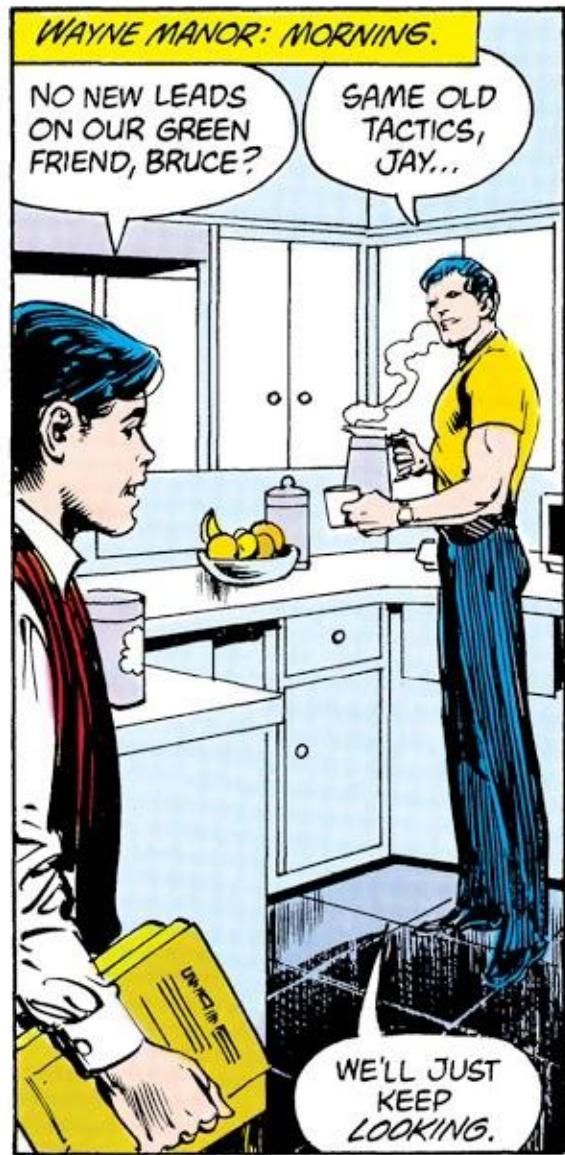
YOUR FIRST EXPERIENCE HAS JUST CONCLUDED.

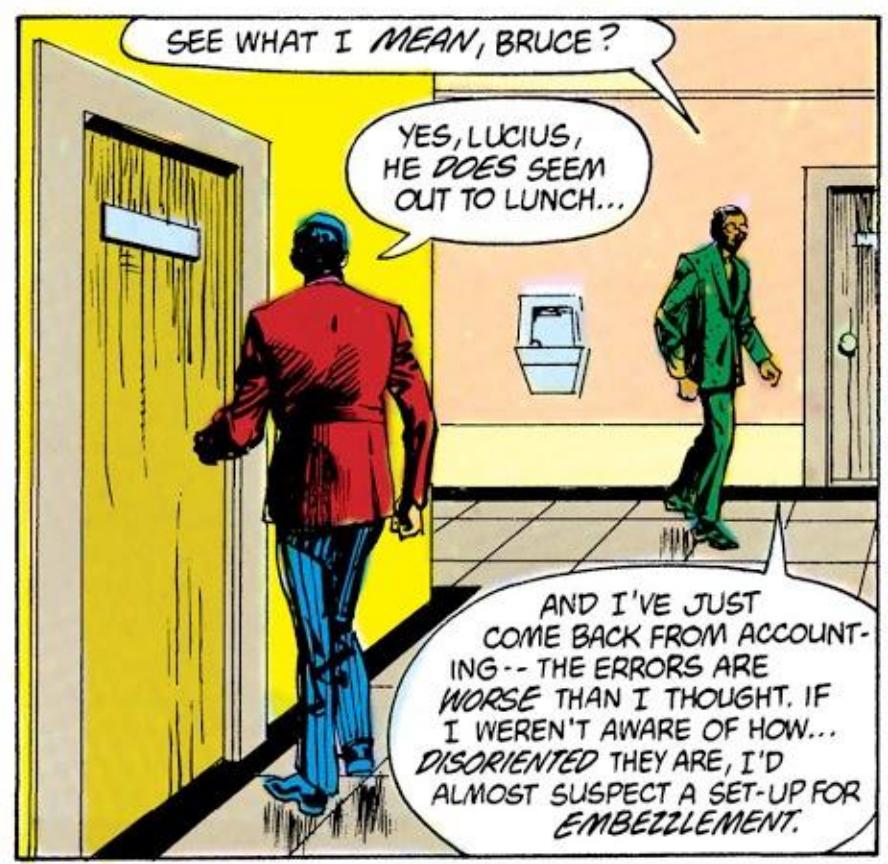
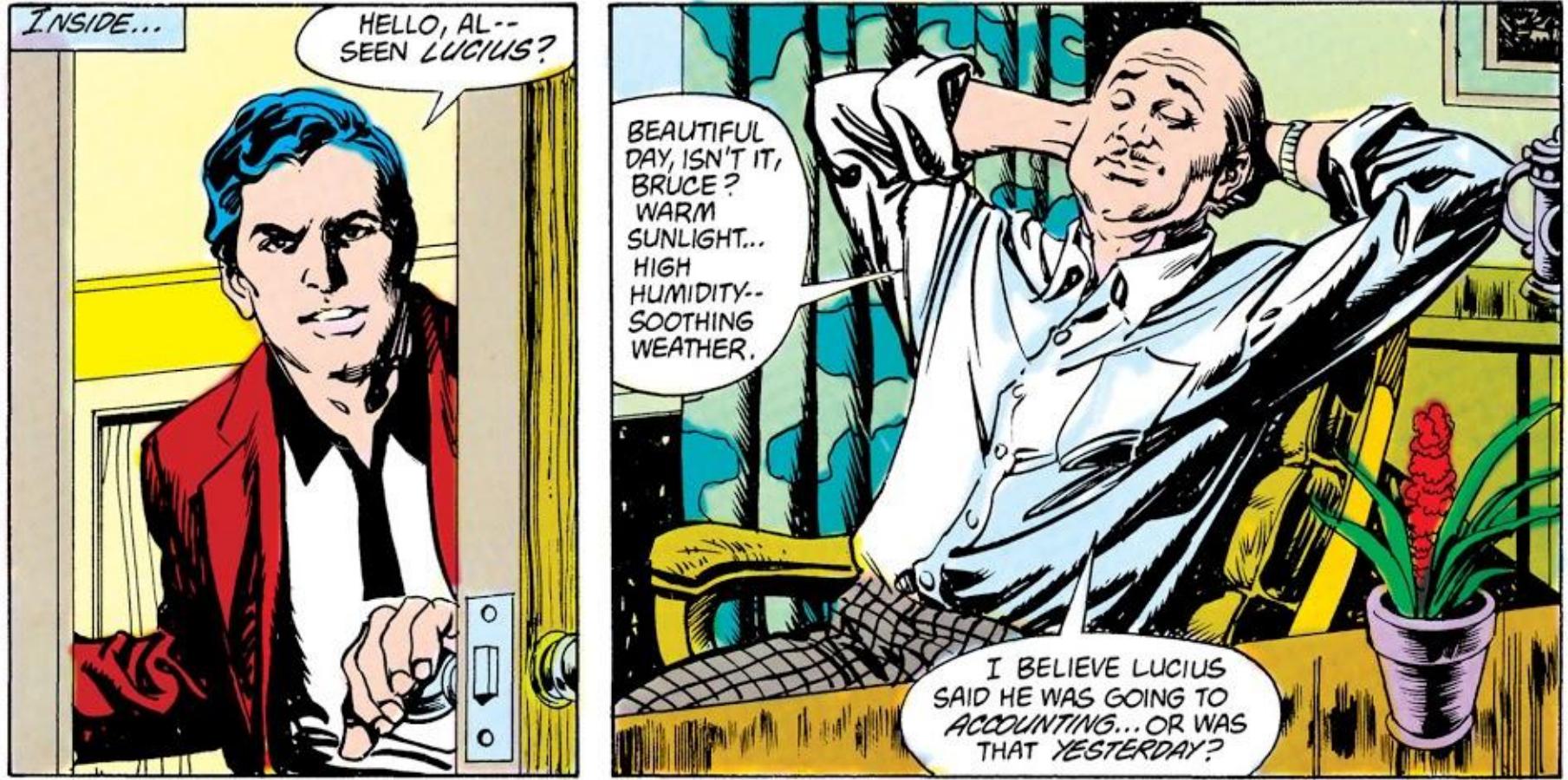
TEN MINUTES LATER, AT THE FRONT DOOR...

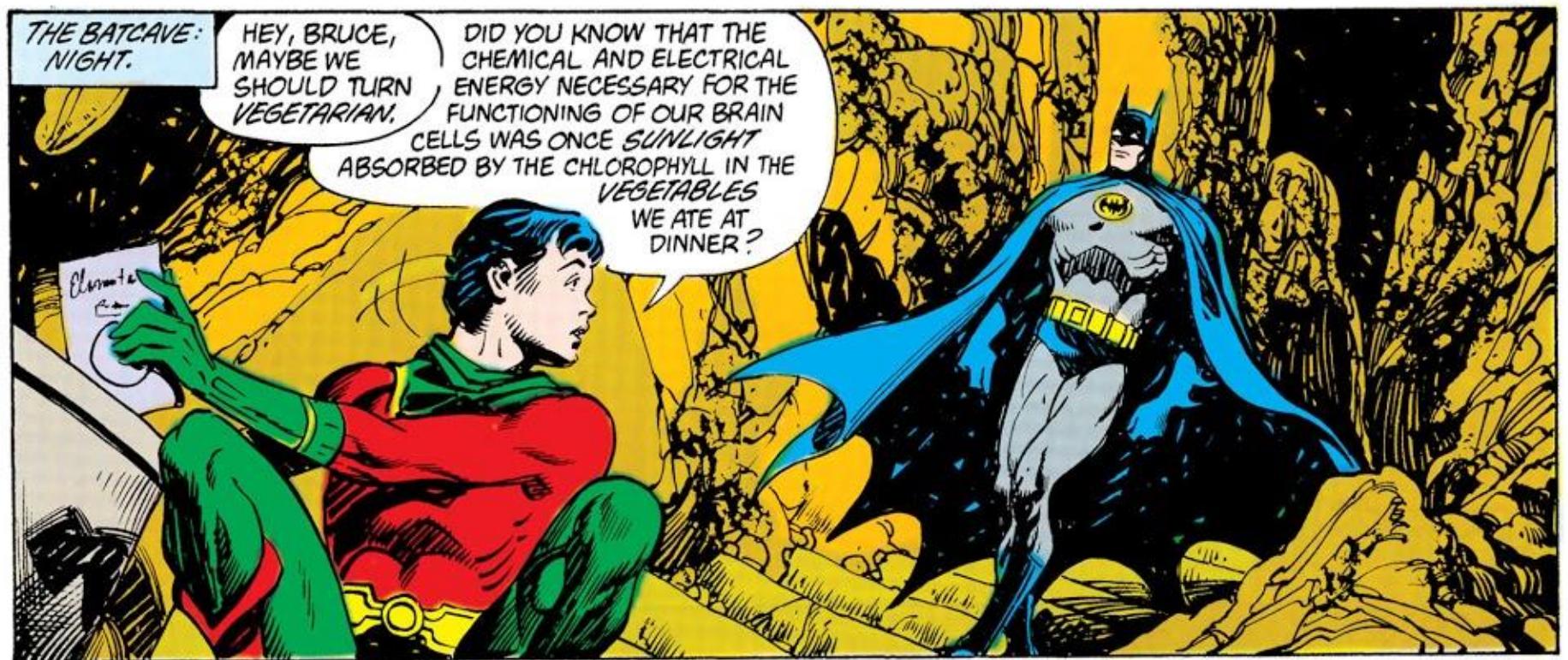
I ASSURE YOU, MS. IVY, IT WAS INDEED A TONIC, AND I'M VERY MUCH LOOKING FORWARD TO OUR NEXT SESSION.

AS AM I, SIR--AND NOW, IF YOU WILL ACCEPT YOUR OWN LITTLE PIECE OF EDEN...?

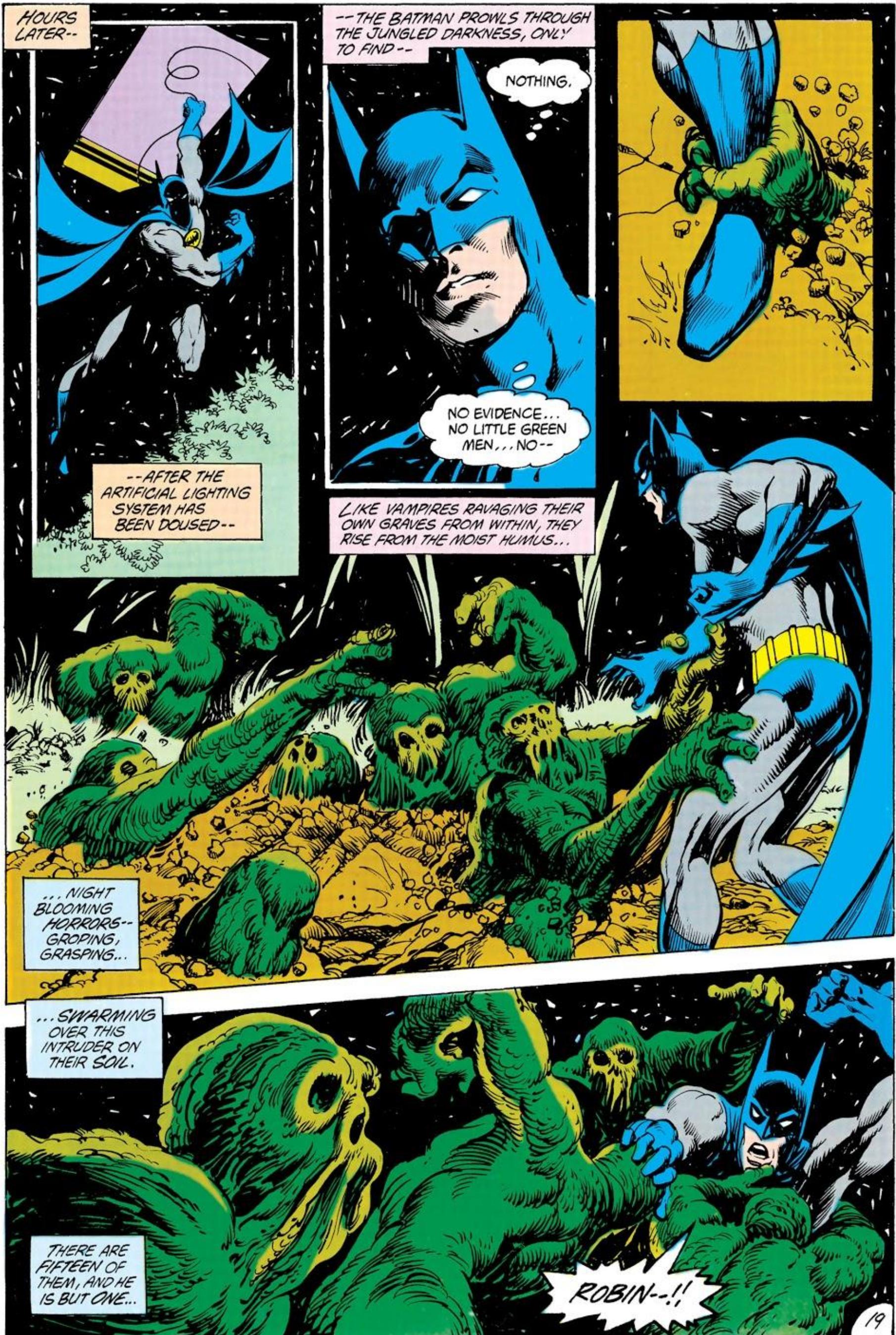


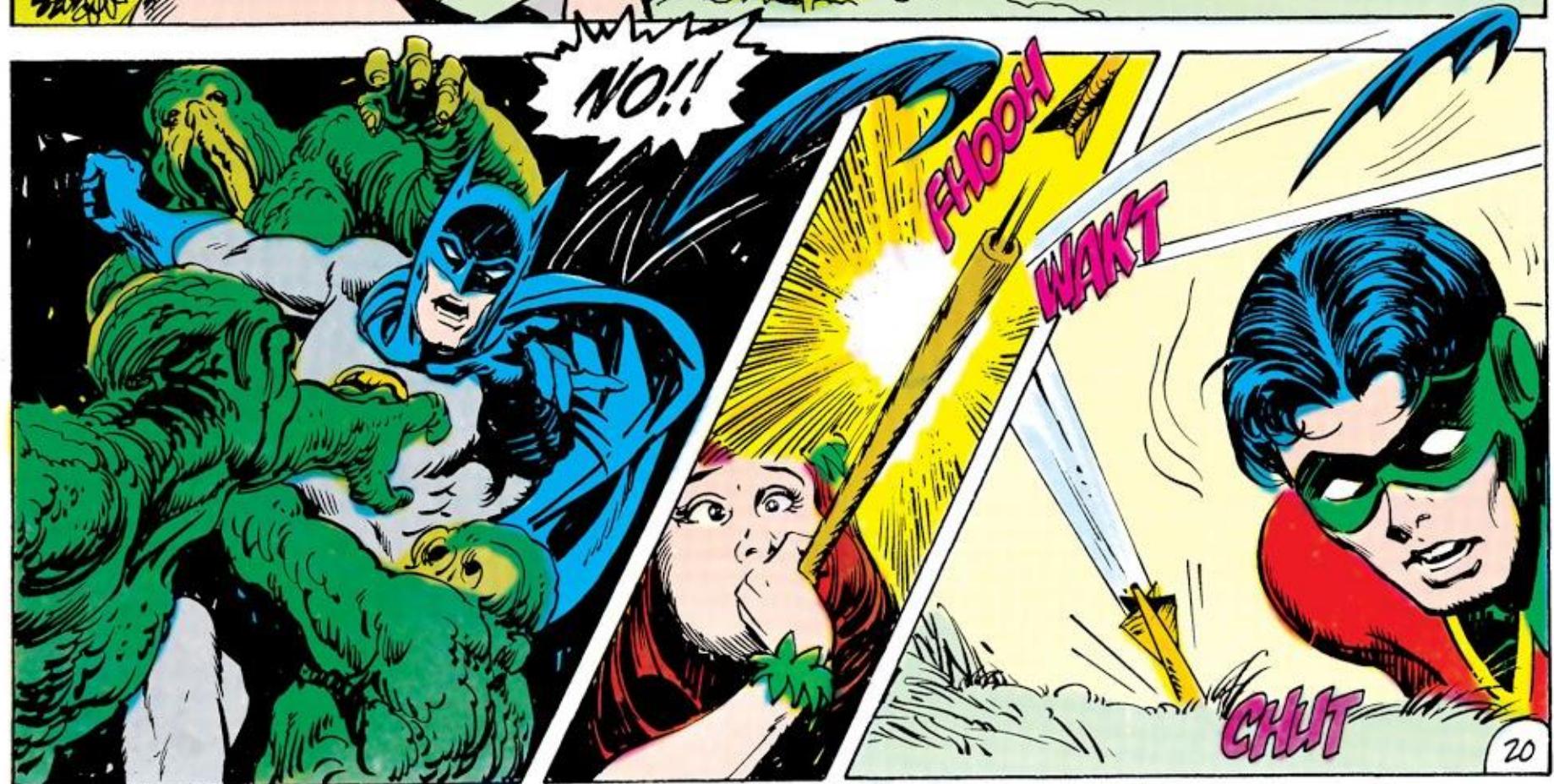


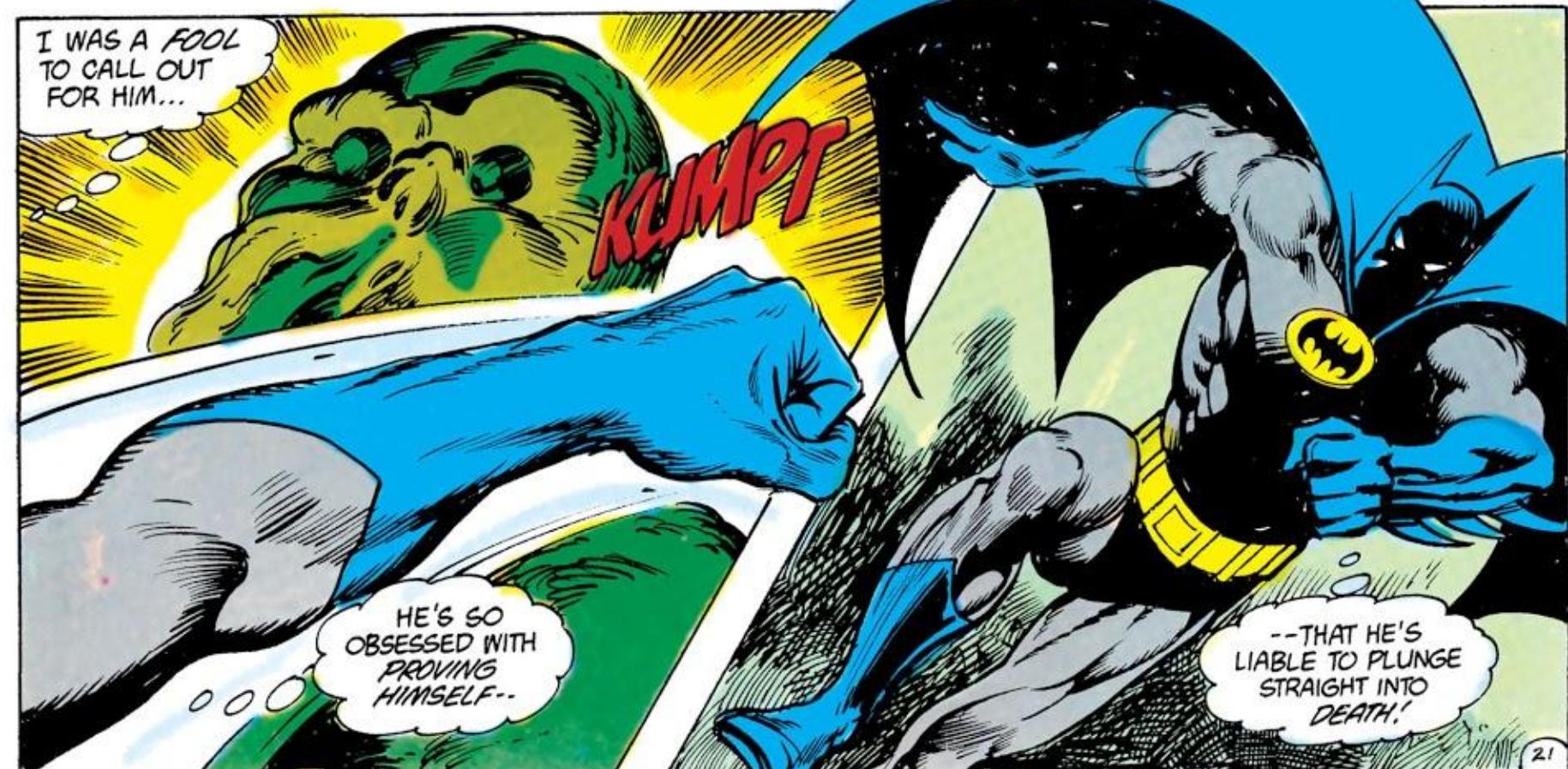




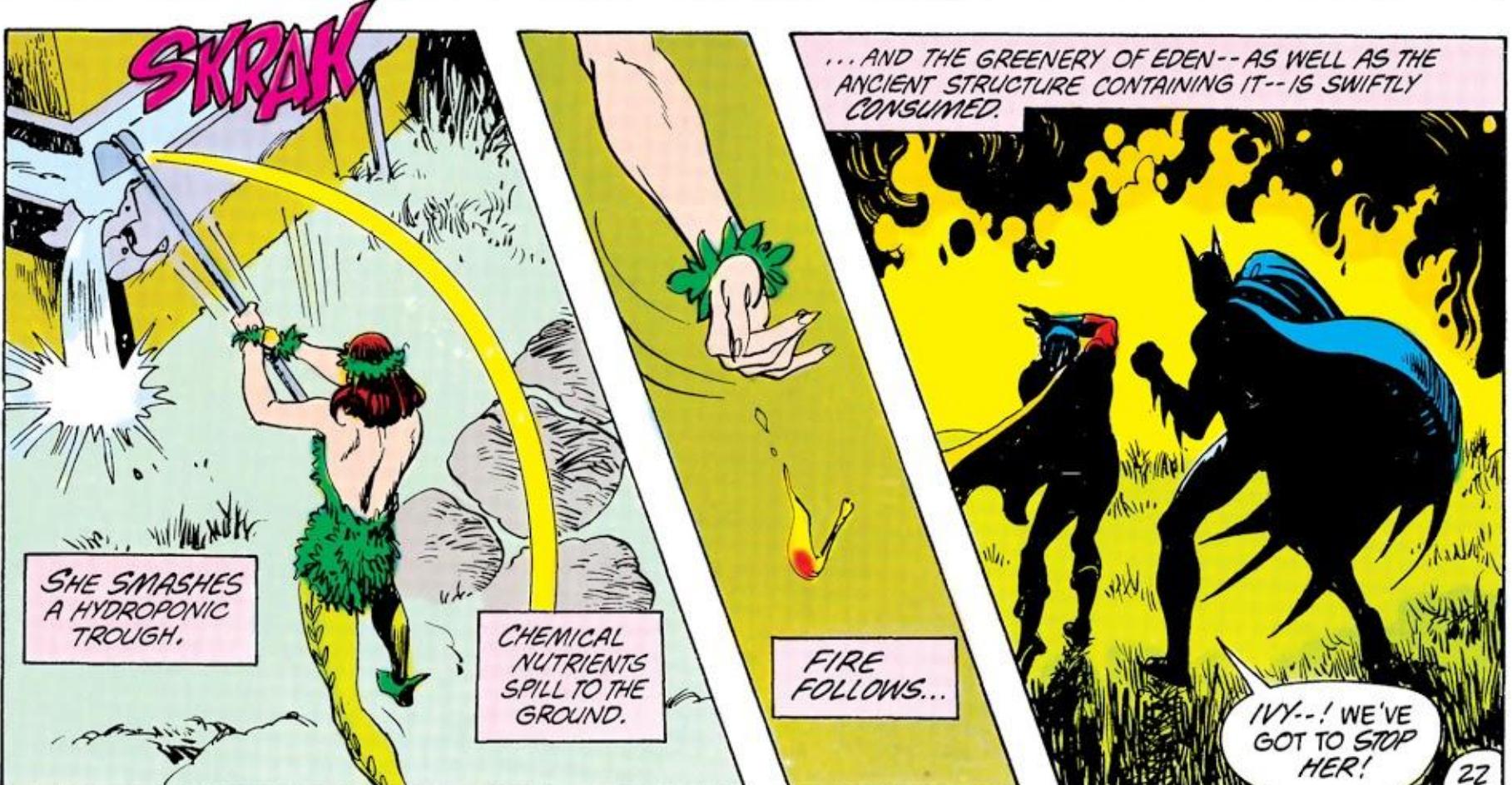








NO DOUBT THAT DART WAS  
POISONED-- WHICH MEANS IF  
IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT  
BATARANG...







**novus**  
Distributions