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BATMAN™



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SUPERHEAVY

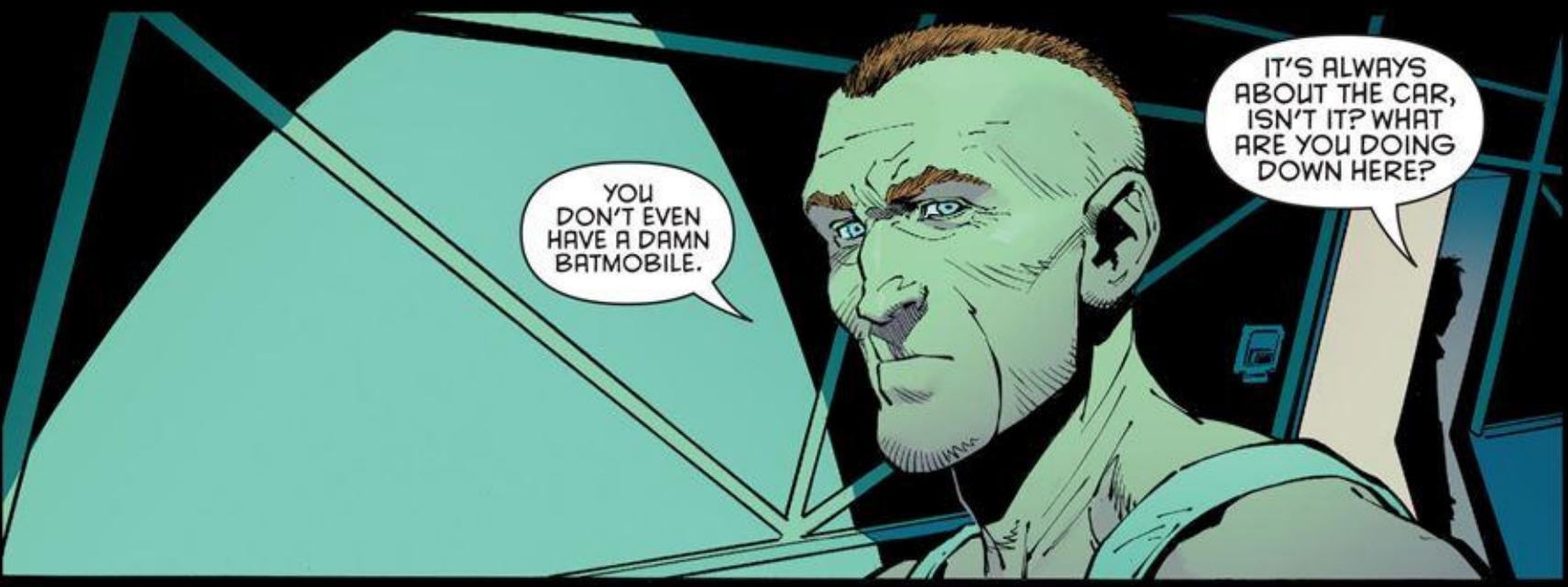
PART TWO

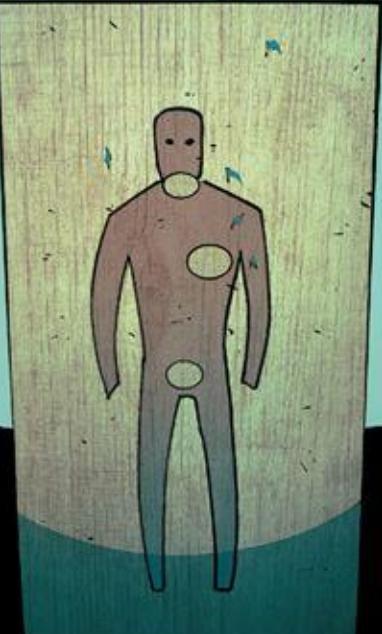
I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYONE SAYS. THIS IS BATMAN. THAT'S JUST TRUTH.

THAT THING? YOU CAN PUMP OUT AS MANY TOYS AS YOU LIKE, BUT uh-uh. NO. I MEAN, COME ON, HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A DAMN BATMOBILE!



SCOTT SNYDER WRITER GREG CAPULLO PENCILS
DANNY MIKI INKS FCO PLASCENCIA COLORS STEVE WANDS LETTERS
CAPULLO, MIKI, PLASCENCIA COVER
DAN HIPP TEEN TITANS GO! Variant Cover
REBECCA TAYLOR ASSOCIATE EDITOR MARK DOYLE EDITOR
BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE





AW. ARE THOSE LITTLE HORNS? YOU ROCKSTAR.

BARBARA DREW THEM ON, FOR INSPIRATION.

CUTE. BUT I WASN'T ASKING ABOUT THE SMOKING. I WAS ASKING WHETHER YOU'RE ALL RIGHT WITH WHAT YOU FOUND OUT AT THE MORGUE.

...



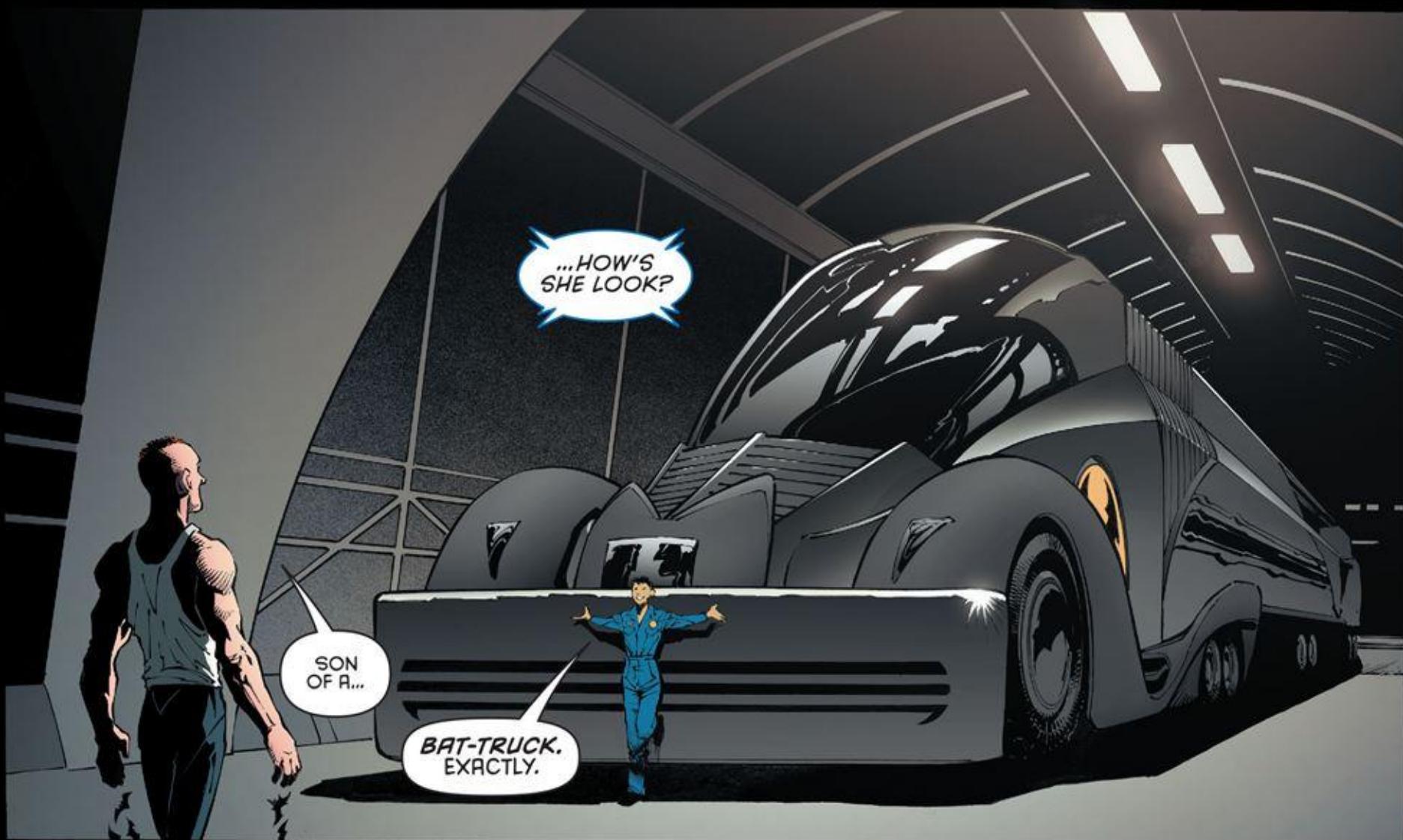
OKAY THEN.

HEY, DARYL?! DO ME A FAVOR? TURN ON THE LIGHTS DOWN HERE AND SHOW JIM HIS BATMOBILE.

SURE THING...

KWIK







It'll never stop being strange, will it? Seeing the city from above. Seeing the whole.

Before this, every day, every moment, your job was about seeing it from the street.

But now, here you are on the highest gargoyle of all, staring it in the face, and feeling it staring back, challenging you.

And the city is hurting right now. You can see the gashes. Deep ones, left by the Joker.



Especially here.
In the Narrows.

It's Gotham's poorest neighborhood. Made up of nearly a dozen diverse communities. It's been let down over and over by the mechanisms put in place to protect it.

Under-protected.
Under-represented.
It's been burned so many times, you can practically feel the embers everywhere.

Without help from the city, it establishes its own forms of protection and justice. From community groups to gangs. All independent.

Like the old Batman.

And here you are, an extension of the very system that's failed them so many times, but a system you've believed in and fought for your whole life...here you are, coming along, telling them to believe in you.

You're going to have to prove yourself to them, Batman. You're going to have to rebuild all that lost trust. Brick by--



AH, YOU
KNOW HIM,
SUSPECTED ON
MULTIPLE COUNTS
OF MURDER,
EXTORTION,
ROBBERY.

HE'S A
LEADER OF
THE NARROWS'
DIVISION OF THE
TRIADS, THE
CHINESE
MAFIA.

HIS GANG
IS KNOWN AS THE
"DEVIL PIGS." THE
SUB-DERMAL HORNS
ARE THE SIGNATURE.
USUALLY MEMBERS
HAVE THREE.

HE USED
TO HAVE THREE.

I REMOVED
THE THIRD
ONE LAST
TIME WE
MET.

Come on. Get him down fast, Jim. Intel says
already twenty likely dead, buried in the rubble.
You're here to prove you can keep these people
safe. So fifty-five thousand volts should...

ZZZTT

...do absolutely
nothing.

DARYL? WHAT
THE HELL IS GOING ON
WITH OUR FRIEND HERE?
HE'S A STREET BOSS.
WHY'S HE JUSTICE
LEAGUE ALL OF A
SUDDEN?

I DON'T KNOW.
IT DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE...HE SEEMS TO
BE ABLE TO TAP INTO
AND MANIPULATE
THE MOLECULAR
STRUCTURE OF
SILICATE.

HE'S USING
SOMETHING TO
CONVERT HIS
BODY'S POWER
INTO A KIND OF
MAGNETISM
FOR IT.

SILICATE.
LIKE IN
BRICK.



IT'S FOUND
IN NEARLY ALL
BUILDING MATERIALS.
BRICKS, STONE,
TAR...

WHAT ARE
YOU SAYING,
DAMMIT!?

HE'S SAYING
HE CAN USE
THE CITY ITSELF
AS A
WEAPON...

...TO MAKE
ANYTHING HE
WANTS TO KILL
YOU.

YOU'RE DEAD, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T BE. WHY ARE YOU DEAD?

THERE YOU ARE.

I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU WITHOUT A TEN-FOOT ROBOT GROWING OUT OF YOUR ASS. I ASSUME IT'S CHARGING?

MORE LIKE IN AIRPLANE MODE, COMMISSIONER SAWYER. BUT PRECIOUS PRECIOUS. I BROUGHT HIM IN ALIVE. WHAT DID HIM IN?

DEATH BY MAGIC BEANS, APPARENTLY. TAKE A LOOK.

WE FOUND IT SEWN INTO HIS ANKLE, JUST ABOVE THE RIGHT HEEL.

IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF... SEED.

THE "SEED" LOOKS ORGANIC, BUT IT'S ACTUALLY VERY HIGH-TECH. A SUPER-LEAD SHELL AROUND A TINY RADIOACTIVE REACTOR.

AND IT KILLED HIM HOW?

HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO BOOKING AND THE THING'S SHELL DISSOLVED. IT STARTED GIVING OFF MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF RADIATION.

SO YOU'RE SAYING WHOEVER GAVE IT TO HIM TURNED IT ON HIGH AND COOKED HIM BEFORE HE COULD TALK?

HE DIED IN SECONDS...

...JUST LIKE THE OTHERS.

ALL FOUND DEAD OF RADIATION POISONING IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS. CORONER DISCOVERED ONE OF THESE "SEEDS" IN EACH OF THEM.

THING IS, EACH SEED GAVE ITS HOST A UNIQUE WAY OF ENHANCING AND CHANNELING HIS OR HER BODY'S OWN ENERGY. ELECTRICAL. THERMAL. PHYSICAL. EACH PERSON GOT HIS OR HER OWN SPECIAL ABILITIES.

AN ARMS DEALER WHO SELLS POWERS?

THESE TWO, THE SEEDS FOUND IN THEM WEREN'T FUNCTIONAL. THEY KILLED THEM PRETTY MUCH RIGHT AWAY.

THE SEEDS IN THESE TWO GENTLEMEN, HOWEVER, HAD UTILITY. MEANING...WHOEVER MAKES THESE THINGS, THE FIRST COUPLE WERE LIKELY JUST EXPERIMENTS.

SO HE'S PERFECTING HIS CRAFT.

AND HE'S GIVING THESE THINGS TO SOME VERY BAD PEOPLE. EACH OF HIS CLIENTS WAS A HIGH-LEVEL CRIME BOSS IN THE NARROWS. DIFFERENT COMMUNITIES. DIFFERENT GANGS. ALL GOING TO HIM.

YOU HAVE TAM CANACOO OF THE GREEN LINE FOURS. FATEFUL EDIE FATIANO FROM--

I KNOW HER. I KNOW ALL OF THEM.

I WAS THE ONE WHO TOOK EACH OF THEM DOWN. THEY WERE MY COLLARS.

THIS LAST YEAR'S BEEN SO CRAZY, I DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE MOST OF THEM WERE BACK ON THE STREETS.

SO IT'S PERSONAL.

WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE YOUR VERY FIRST SUPER-VILLAIN, JIM.

THANKS FOR THE HELP, COMMISSIONER. KEEP ME POSTED IF ANYTHING ELSE COMES UP.

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T DO THAT.

WHAT?

LOOK, I KNOW IN GOTHAM THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN A BATMAN STANDING WITH A COMMISSIONER ON A ROOFTOP SOMEWHERE, TALKING IN SECRET, BUT NOT AFTER TODAY.

POWERS CORP AND THE CITY WANT GCPD TAKING LEAD ON THIS, JIM. WHEN WE'RE READY TO MOVE IN ON HIM, WE'LL CALL YOU. YOU CAN COLLAR HIM AND TAKE A BOW.

BUT, MAGGIE...

LISTEN TO ME. YOU'RE BATMAN. BUT A DEPUTIZED BATMAN. STATE MONEY. STATE BOSSSES. YOU'RE OFFICIAL. AND "OFFICIAL" MEANS RULES. YOU DON'T FOLLOW THOSE RULES, THEY'LL SHUT YOU DOWN HARD. THAT I KNOW.

AND IF I DO?

Sigh— I DON'T KNOW, JIM. BATMAN'S ALWAYS BEEN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE FOR ME. AND HERE YOU ARE...IF YOU'RE ASKING ME IF I THINK IT COULD WORK? HONESTLY, I'D SAY GET OUT NOW.

THAT'S WHAT YOU CAME HERE TO TELL ME, ISN'T IT?

NO ONE WOULD THINK LESS OF YOU.

I HAVE TO GO.

ALL RIGHT. WELL, AT LEAST I KNOW YOU WON'T DISAPPEAR ON ME, RIGHT?

DIGITAL CAMOUFLAGE.

TOUCHE. WELL, FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH...

"...WATCH YOUR BACK OUT THERE."

Think, dammit!
Think. Find his
weakness.

He's a devil pig in a
house of brick. Not
hay. Not sticks. You
can't blow it down.

But wait... Doesn't somebody
get cooked at the end of
that story...?

DARYL!
THERMAL!
NOW!

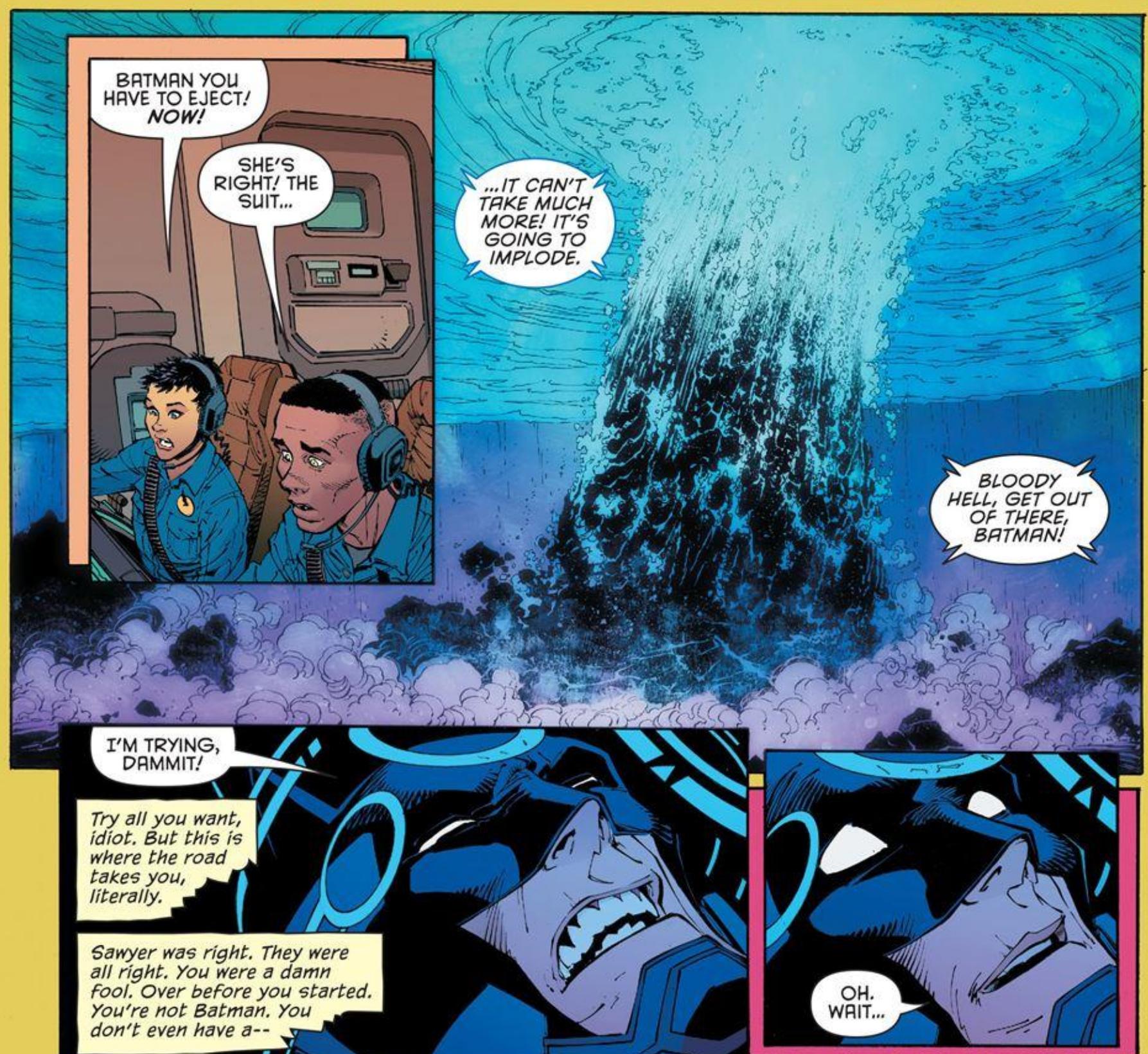
Well, well. Look at
this. Locked in your
own house...

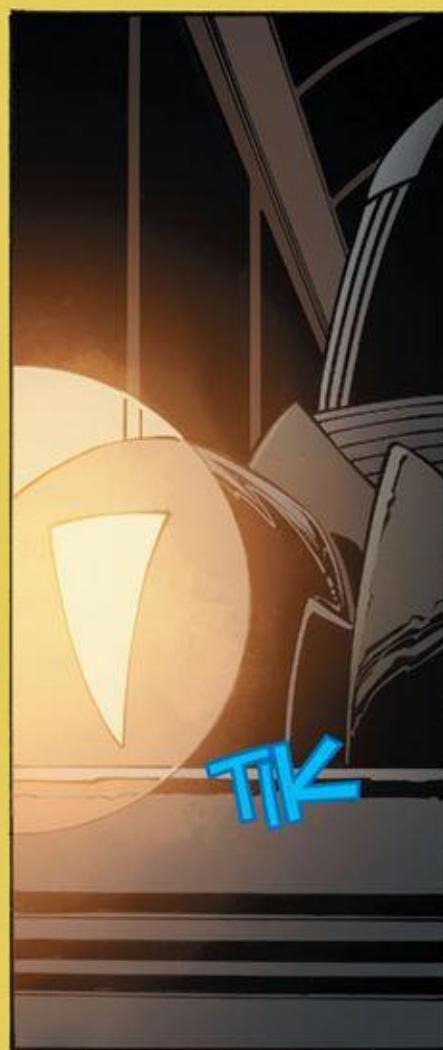
GEE GEE
HEUNG...

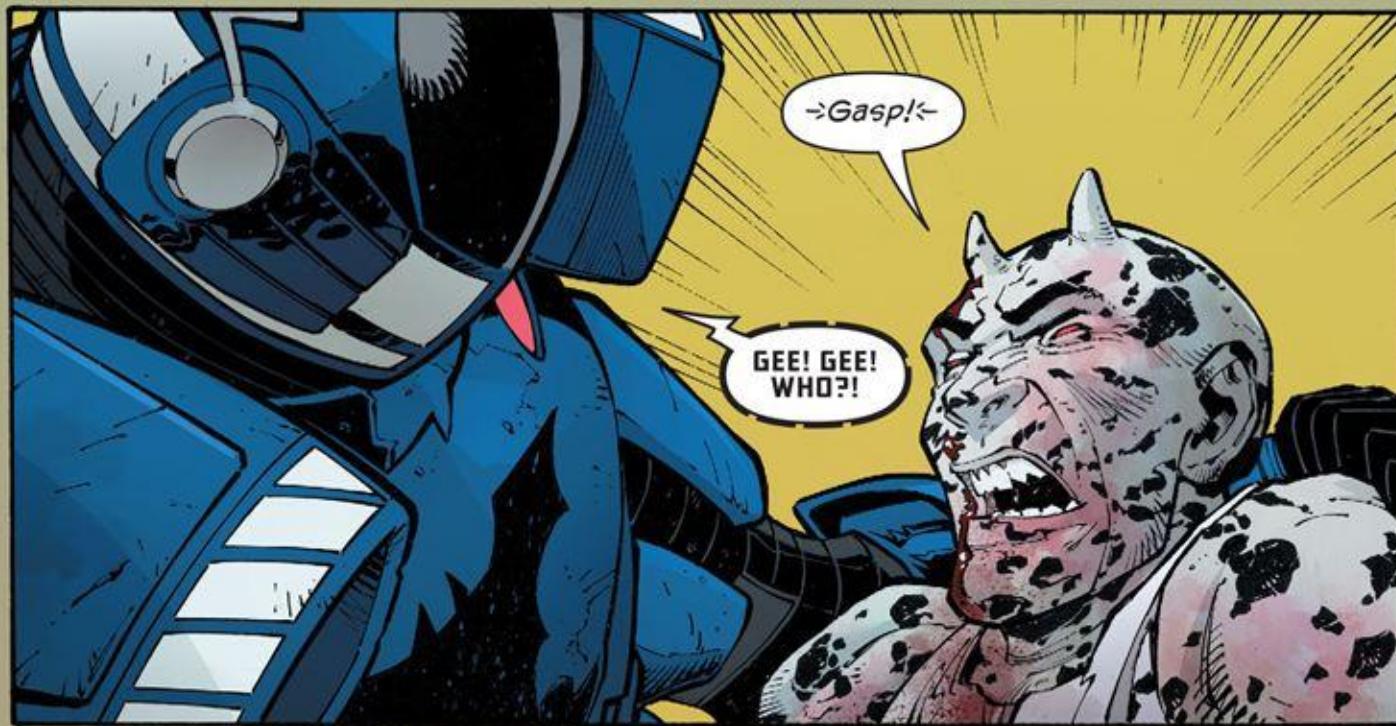
...GET
READY TO
HAVE ONE LESS
HORN.

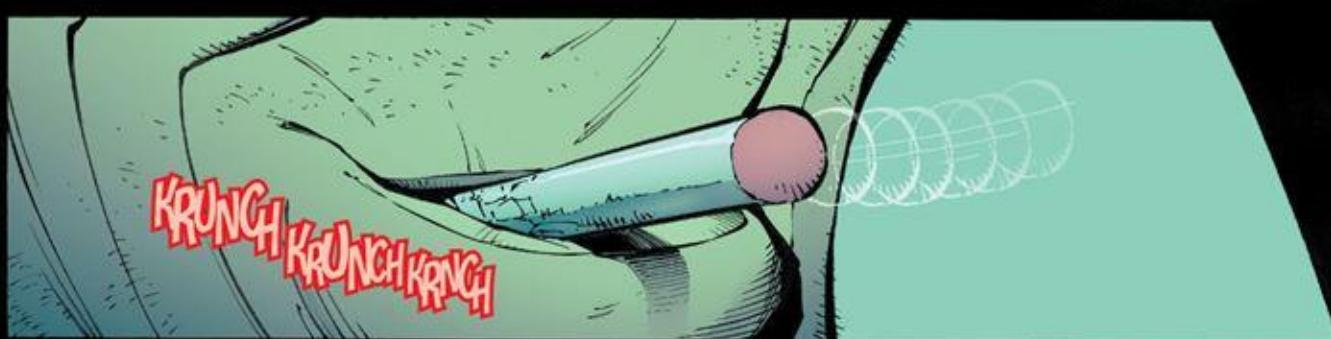
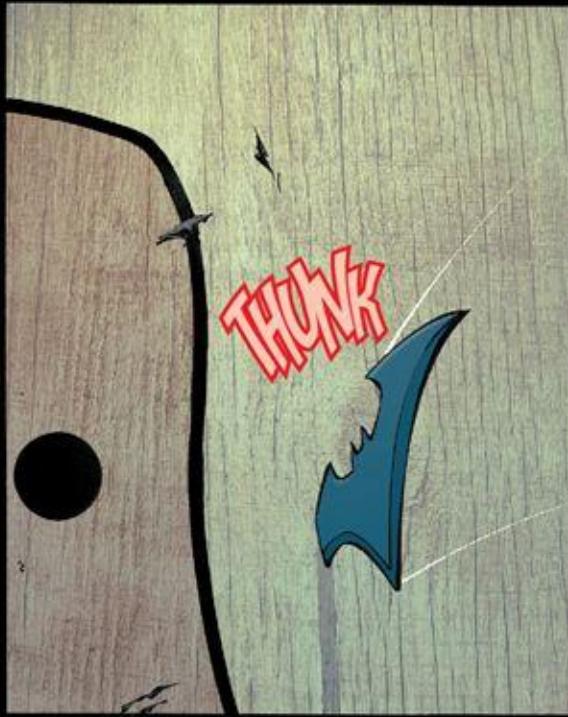
IMPACT
NEEDED TO
SHATTER THIS
THING?

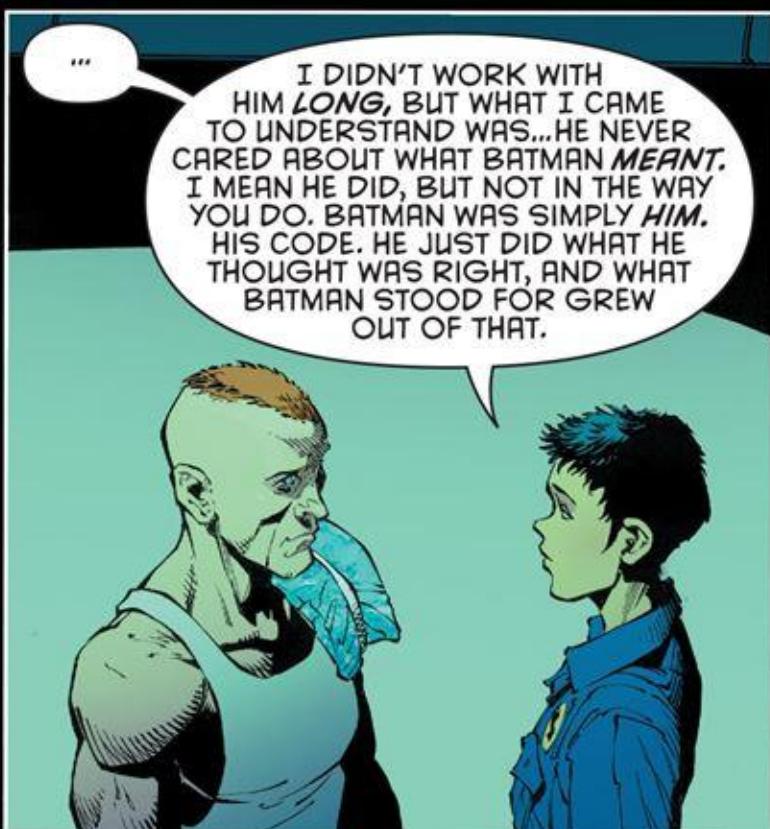
TWELVE
THOUSAND
POUNDS. BUT
BATMAN, HURRY,
HE'S PULLING FROM
THE STREET! THE
MICA IS--











STOP TRYING TO WIN ME OVER, KID. I DON'T CARE WHO HE TOOK DOWN, HOW HE TOOK THEM DOWN, WHAT CANCER HE CURED, THAT'S NOT BATMAN. I'M JUST WAITING FOR THE OLD ONE TO COME BACK.

HE'S NOT COMING BACK. HE'S A DECOMPOSING CORPSE SOMEWHERE. JUST ASK THE ONE PERSON HERE WHO REALLY KNEW HIM...

ASK DUKE.

MISTER DUKE THOMAS. YOU KNEW THE OLD BATMAN. HE'S GONE FOR GOOD, RIGHT?

EVERYTHING GOOD HERE?

YEAH. SURE. WHATEVER. EVERYTHING'S JUST RIGHT AS RAIN...

...MR. WAYNE.

CALL ME BRUCE, DUKE. I KEEP ASKING.

SORRY, "BRUCE."

