



DC
COMICS™

21

SCOTT
SNYDER

GREG
CAPULLO

DANNY
MIKI

THE NEW 52!

BATMAN

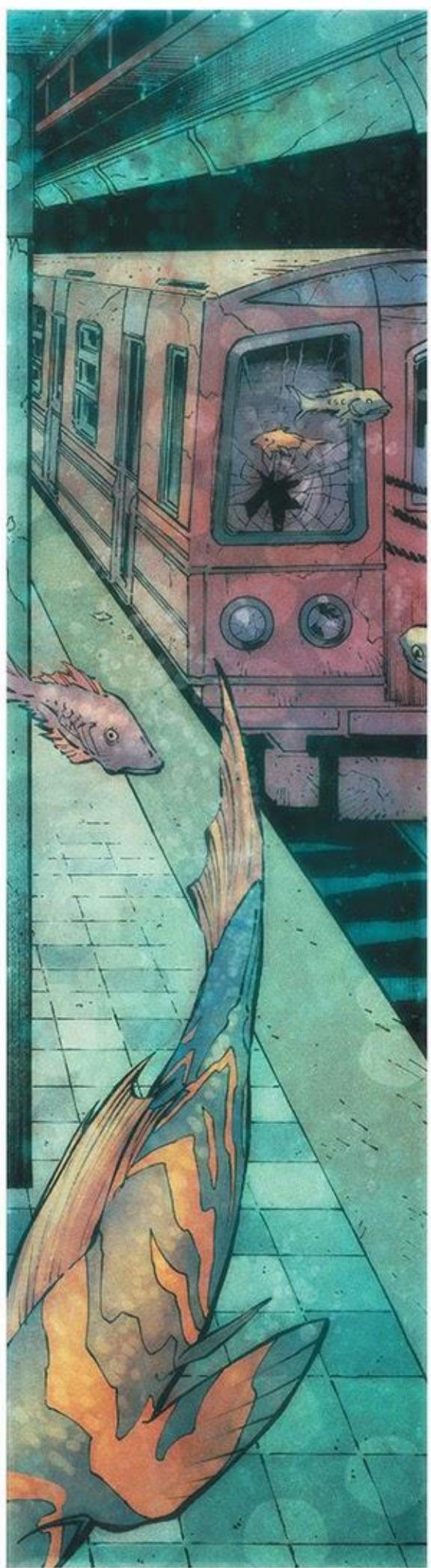
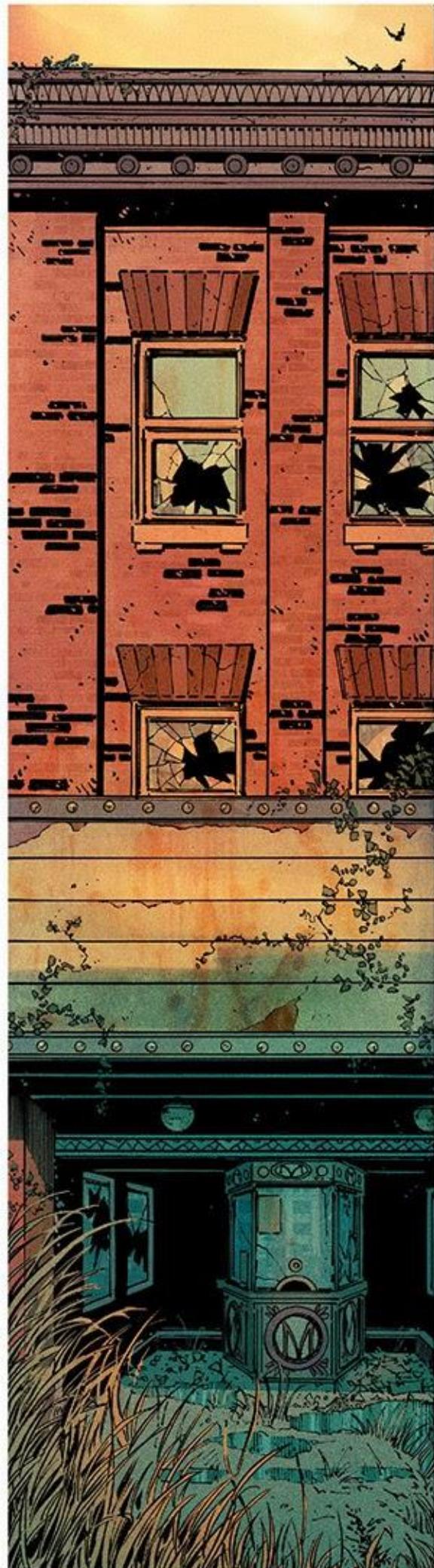
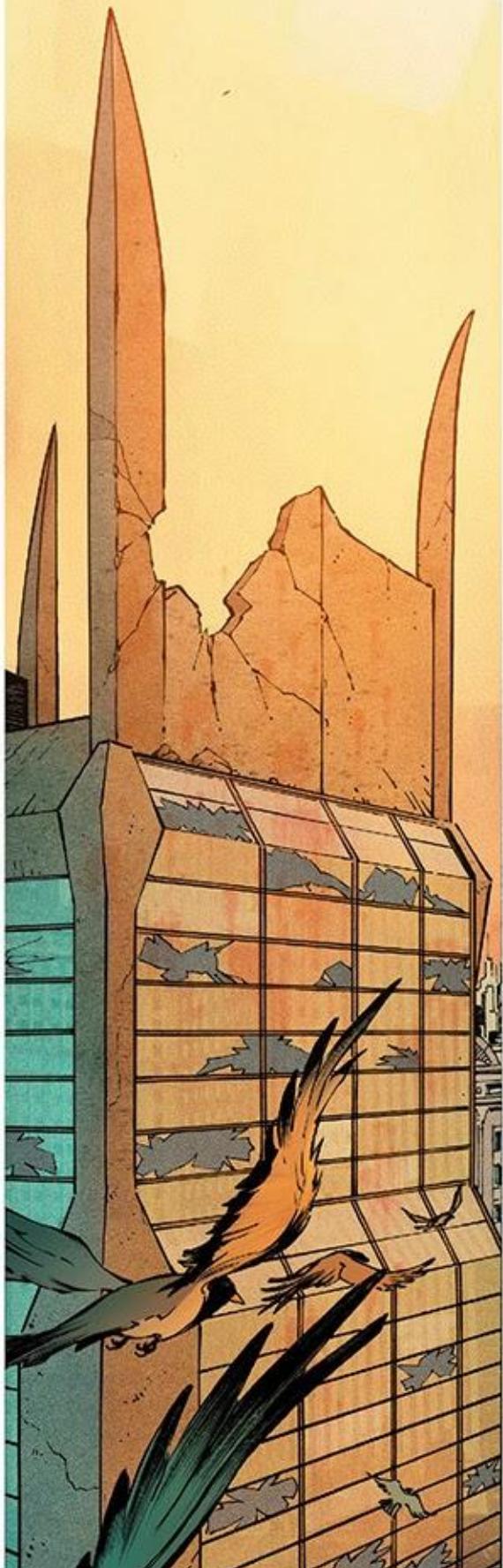
ZERO
YEAR

AUG 2013

RATED T TEEN

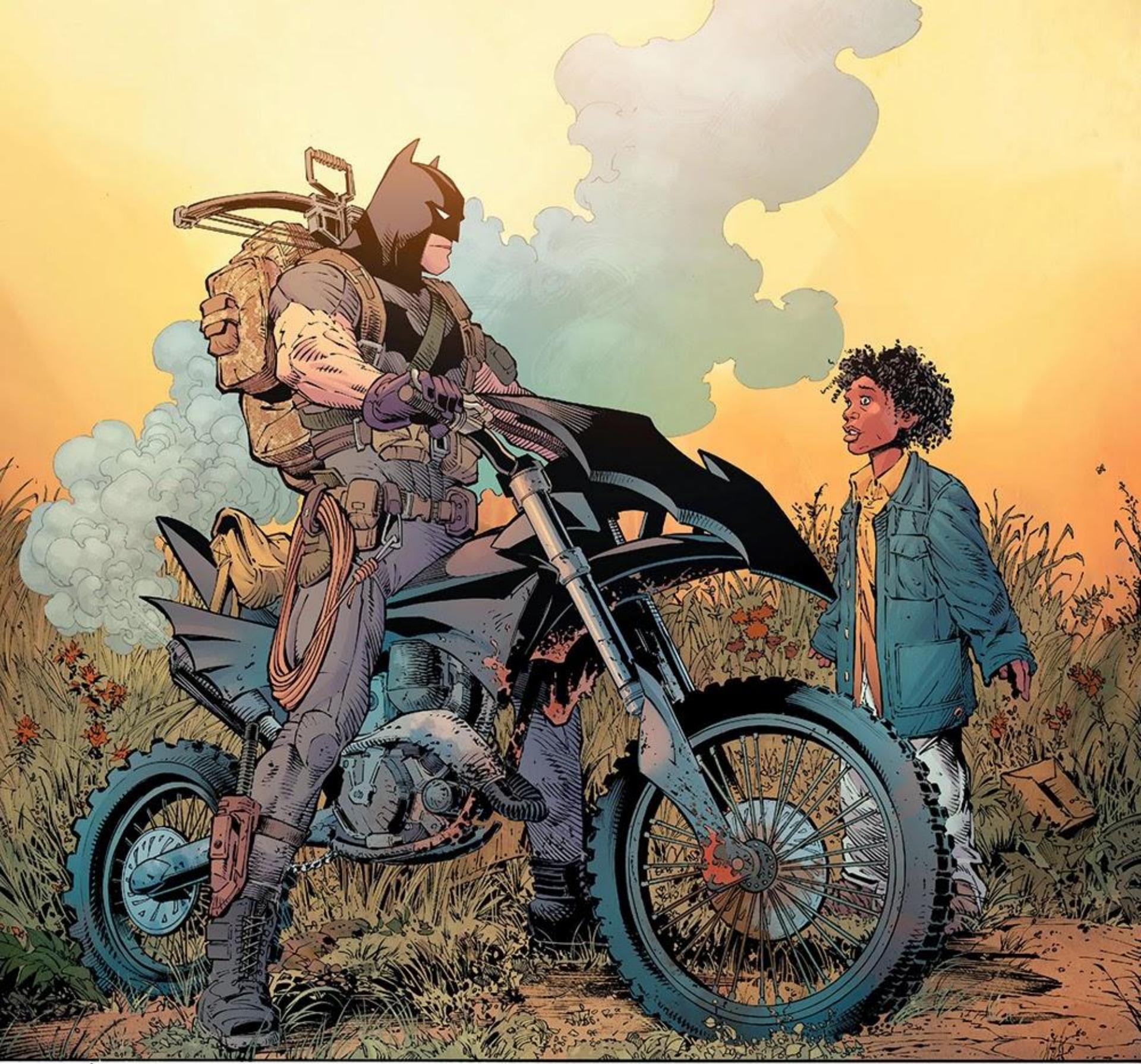
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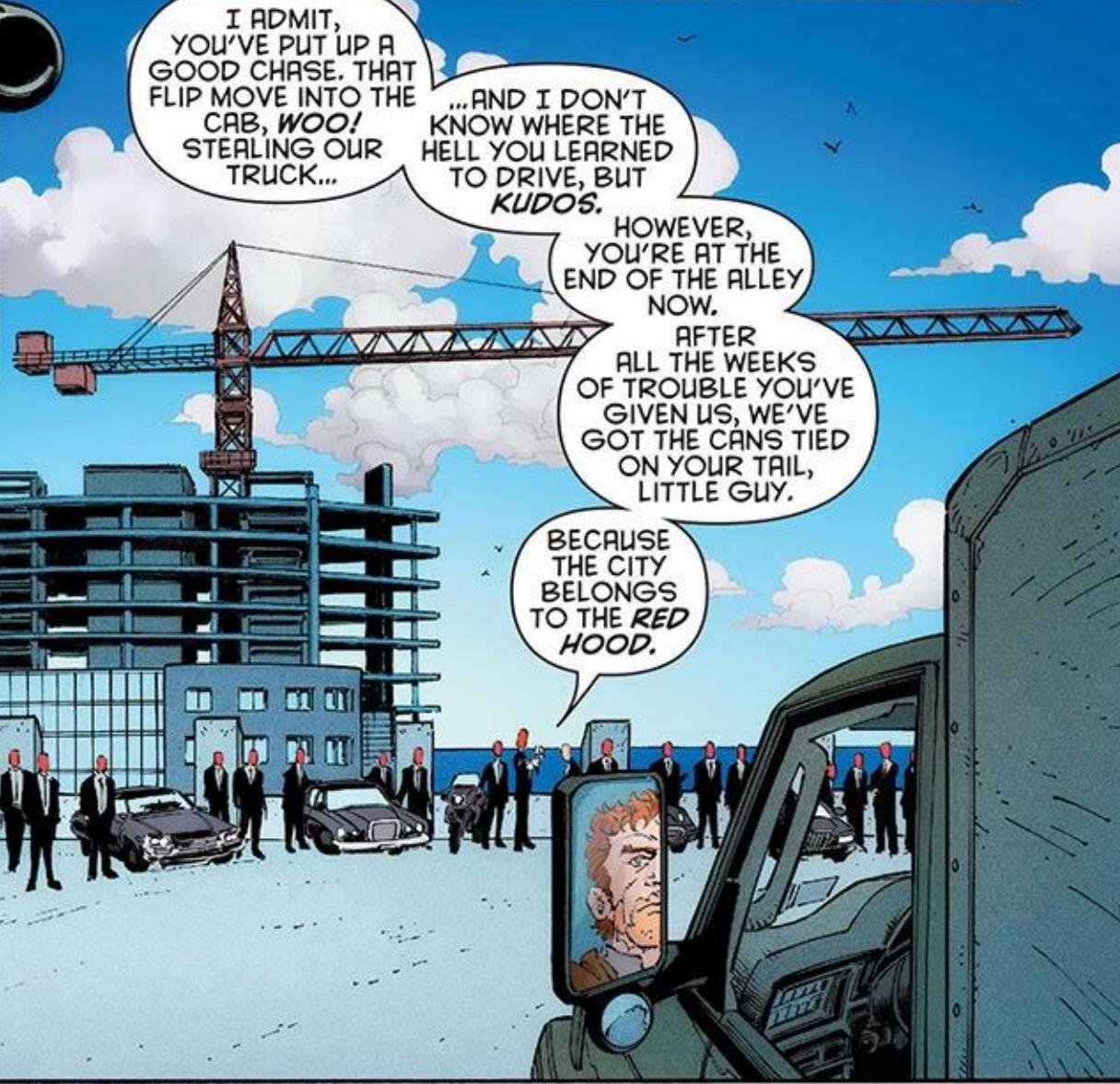
Gotham City,
SIX YEARS AGO...





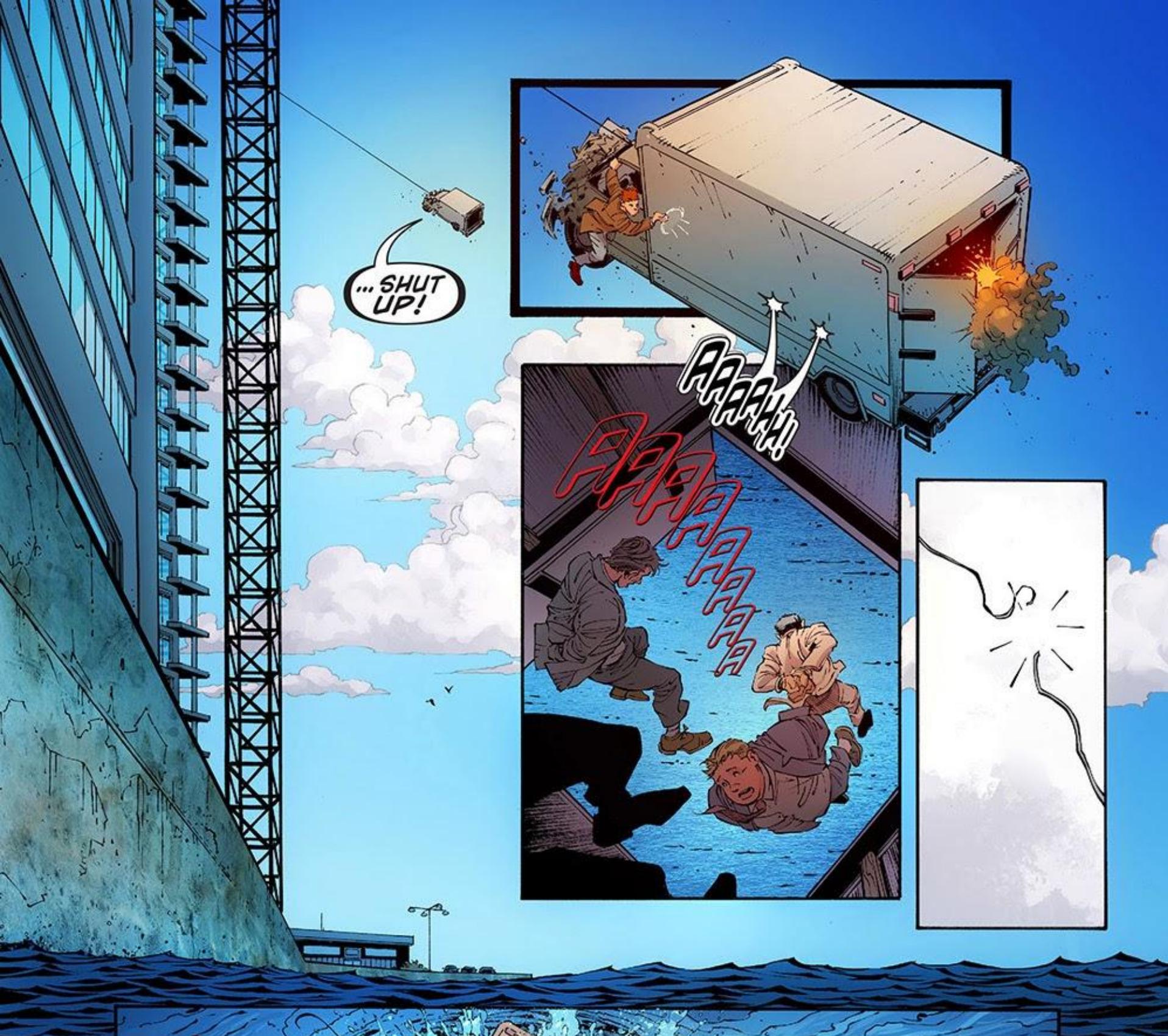




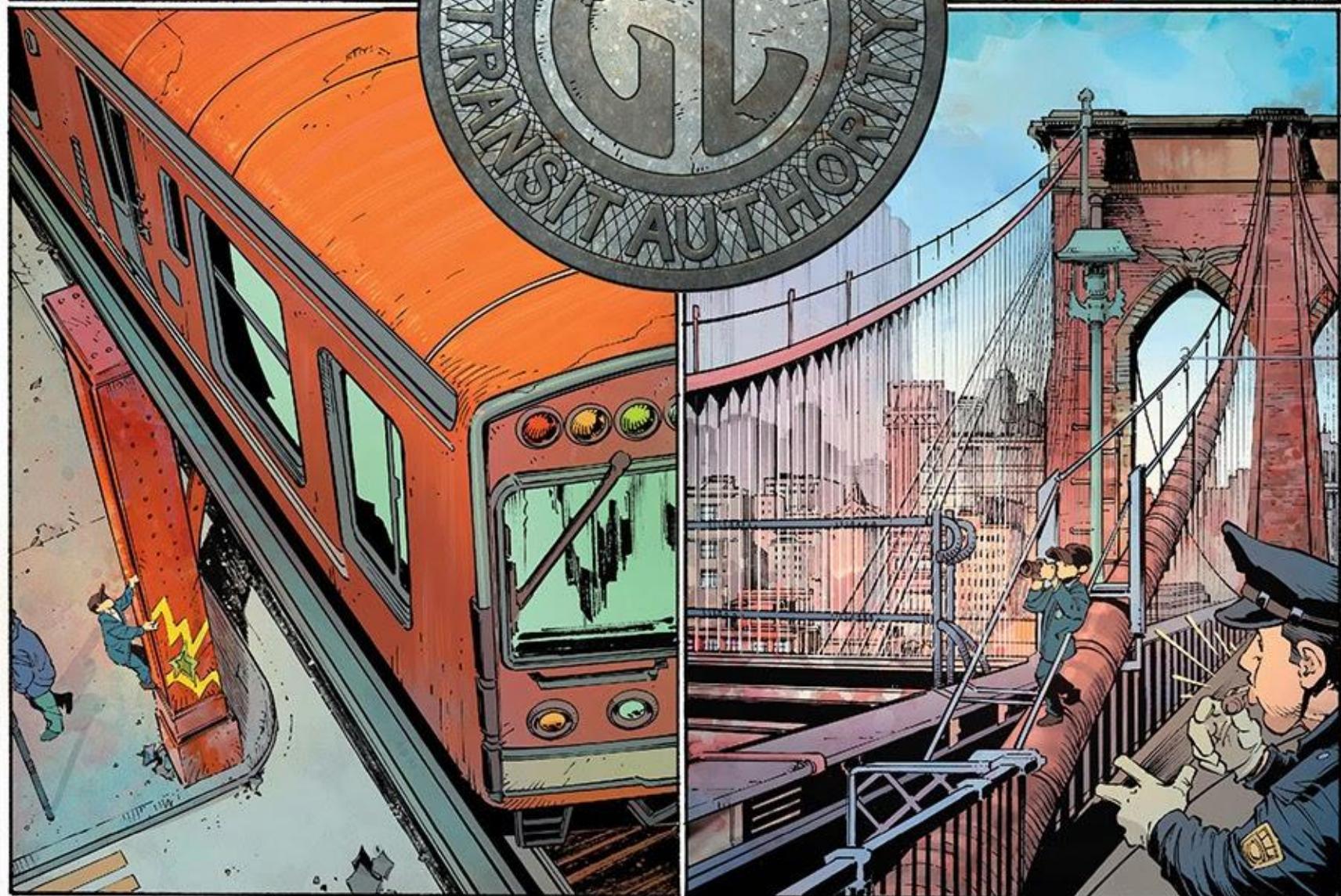


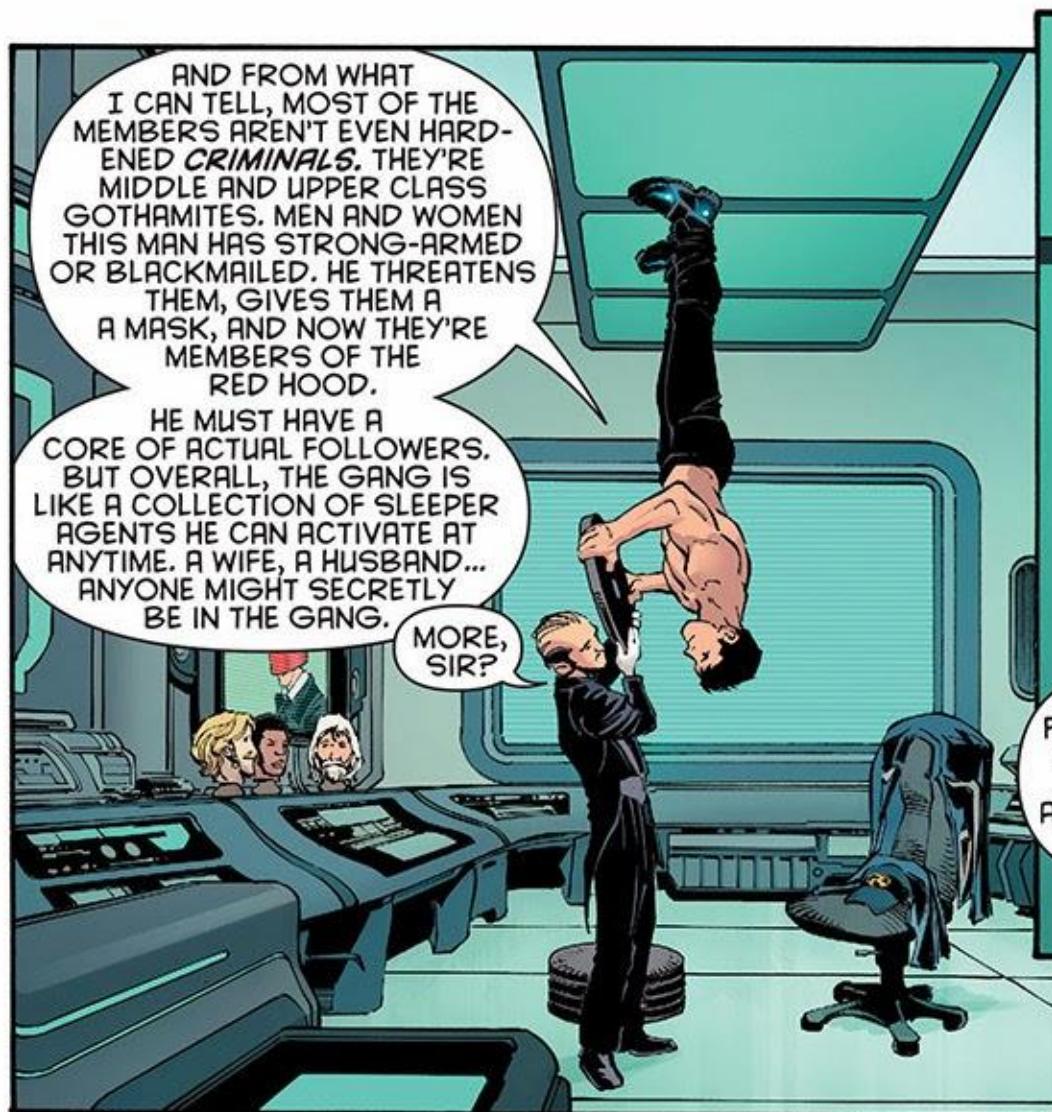






WHAT DO YOU LOVE ABOUT THE CITY, BRUCE?
WHAT DO YOU LOVE ABOUT THE CITY, BRUCE?
WHAT DO YOU LOVE ABOUT THE CITY, BRUCE?





SPEAKING OF THINGS HIDDEN, MASTER BRUCE... FORGIVE ME, BUT ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU CONSIDER LETTING THE CITY KNOW BRUCE WAYNE HAS RETURNED?

UNH, TO GOTHAM? I GET THAT YOU DON'T APPROVE, ALFRED, BUT BRUCE WAYNE IS LEGALLY DEAD, AND THAT'S HOW HE'S GOING TO STAY.

MASTER BRUCE--

CLANG CLANG

ALFRED, JUST CALL ME BRUCE, WILL YOU? PLEASE? HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO ASK?

AS MANY AS YOU'D LIKE, SIR, BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T.

WHEN YOU FIRST ASKED ME TO JOIN YOU IN THIS MADNESS OF YOURS, THE TRUTH IS, I DID SO TO HAVE YOUR EAR, TO TALK SOME SENSE INTO YOU.

WELL, THIS IS GUERRILLA WARFARE. I'M MORE EFFECTIVE LIKE THIS. THIS GANG, IT'S GROWING FASTER THAN ANYONE KNOWS. I CAN STOP IT.

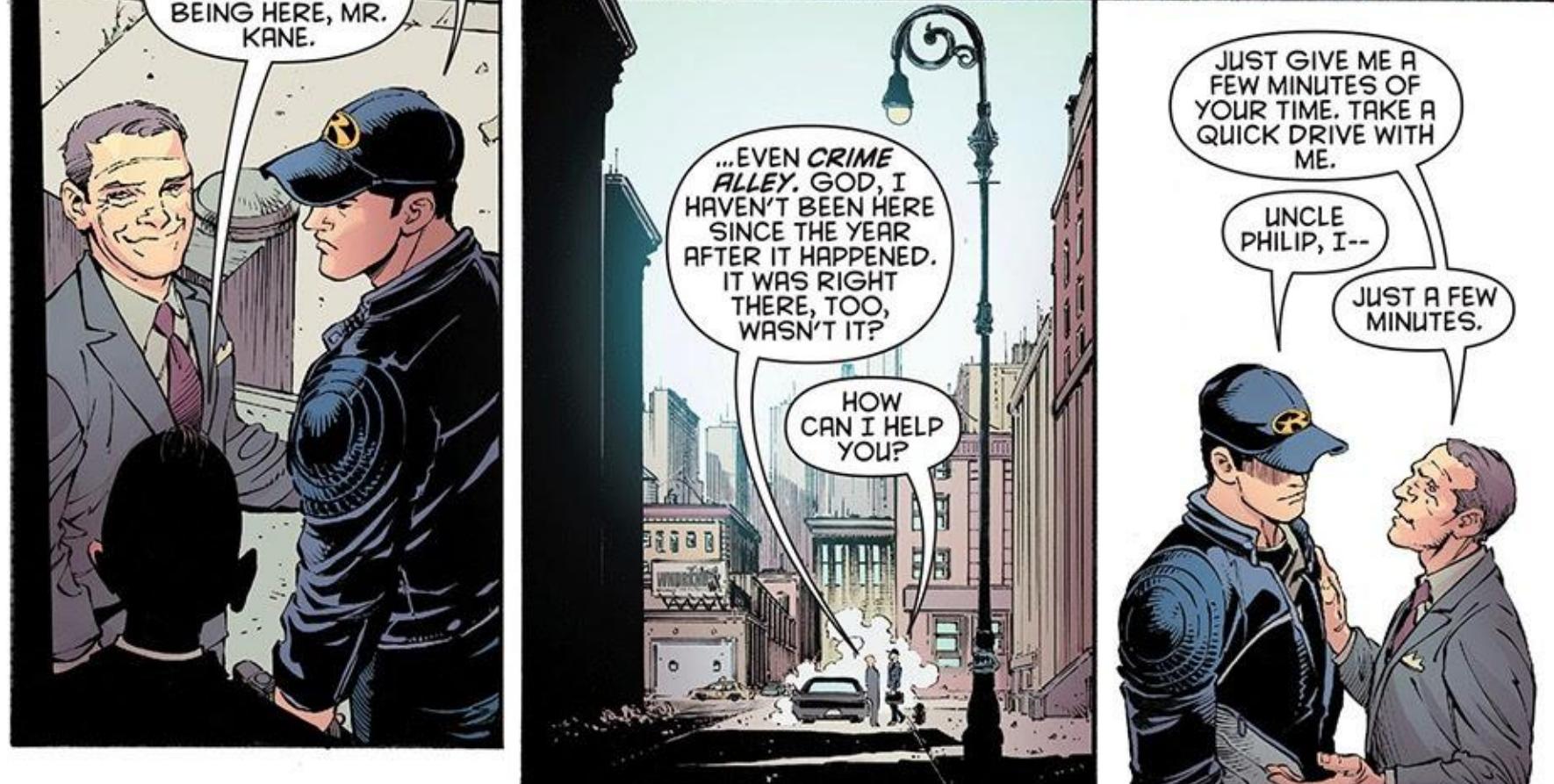
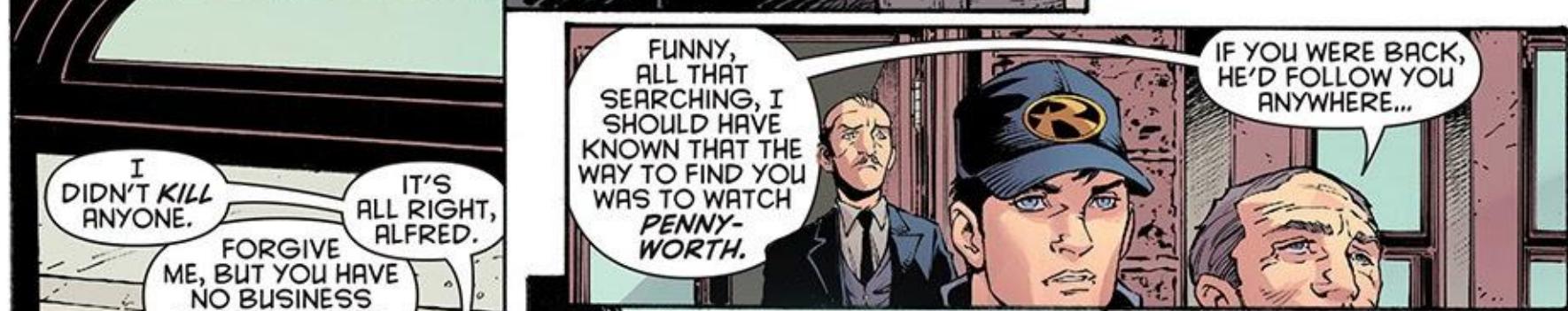
I JUST CAN'T BE DISTRACTED BY BRUCE WAYNE RIGHT NOW.

IT'S STRANGE. FOR YEARS I WAITED FOR SOME WORD OF YOU, MASTER BRUCE. EVERY DAY, I WAITED, BELIEVING YOU WERE STILL ALIVE, AND WHEN YOU SHOWED UP, OUT OF THE BLUE, SIX WEEKS AGO, I WAS FILLED WITH SUCH... JOY.

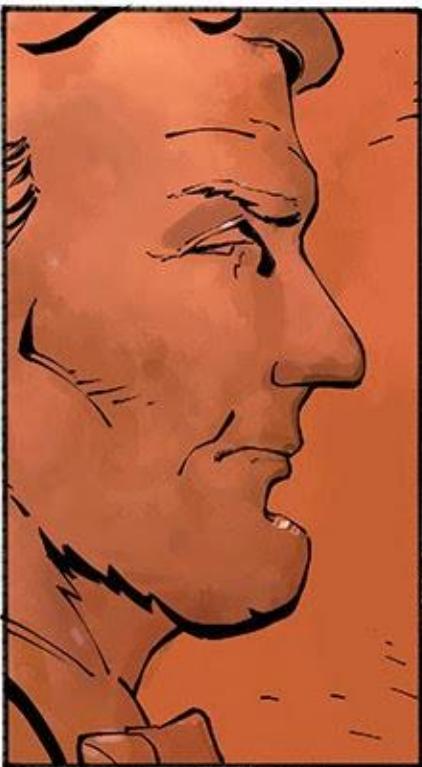
I WAS TRAVELING, ALFRED. TRAINING. FOR THIS. AND I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT IT MEANS TO HAVE YOU BY MY SIDE HERE.

BUT I'M NOT BRINGING BRUCE WAYNE BACK TO LIFE.

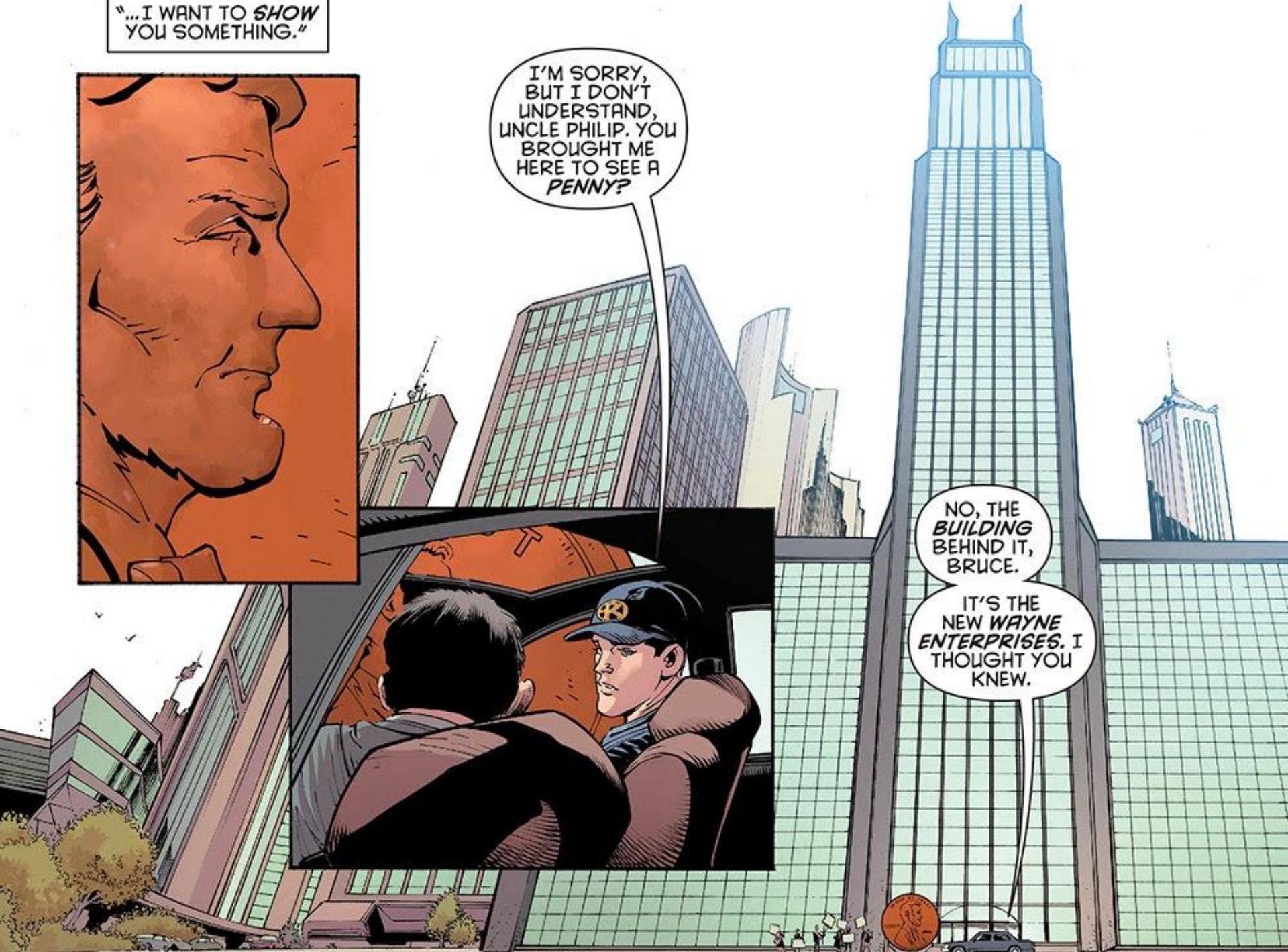




"...I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING."



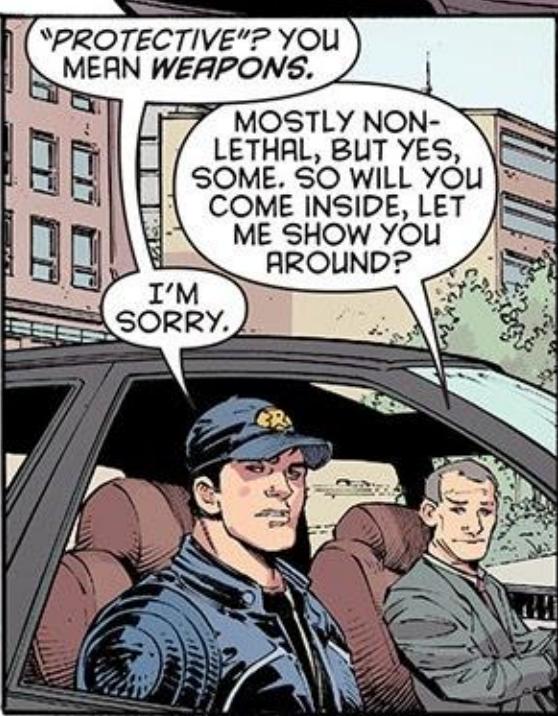
I'M SORRY, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, UNCLE PHILIP. YOU BROUGHT ME HERE TO SEE A PENNY?



I'VE SEEN PICTURES...BUT I HAVEN'T ACTUALLY SEEN THE PLACE SINCE COMING BACK.

WE'VE BEEN DOING SOME INCREDIBLE WORK THESE LAST FEW YEARS. WE FINALLY MERGED THE FAMILIES, YOU KNOW. KANE CHEMICAL IS NOW PART OF WAYNE INDUSTRIES.

THE RESEARCH WE'RE DOING, FROM TISSUE GROWTH TO SONIC DETERRENTS... WE'VE BECOME A LEADER IN PROTECTIVE TECHNOLOGY.



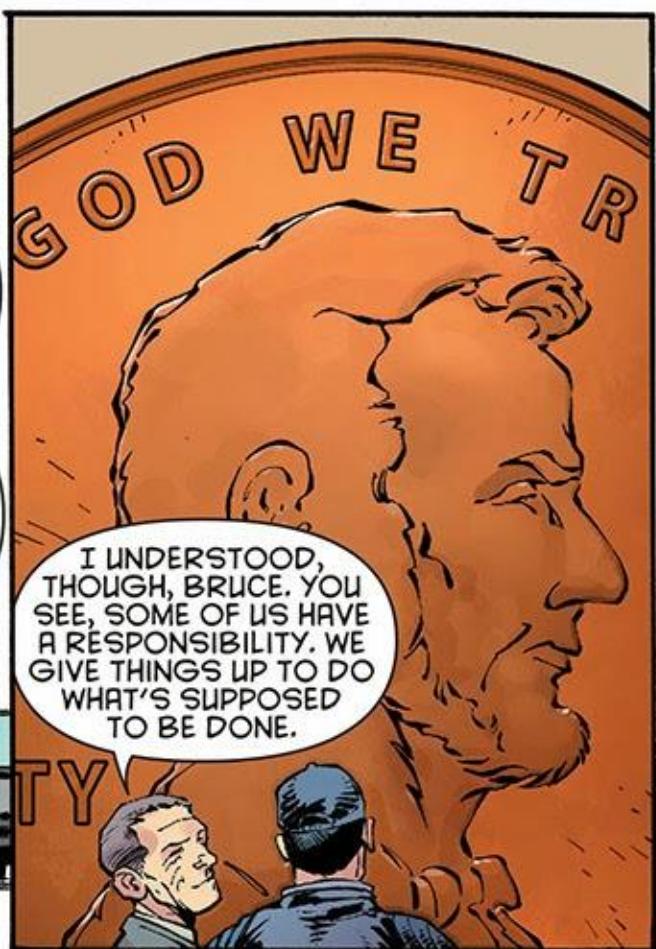
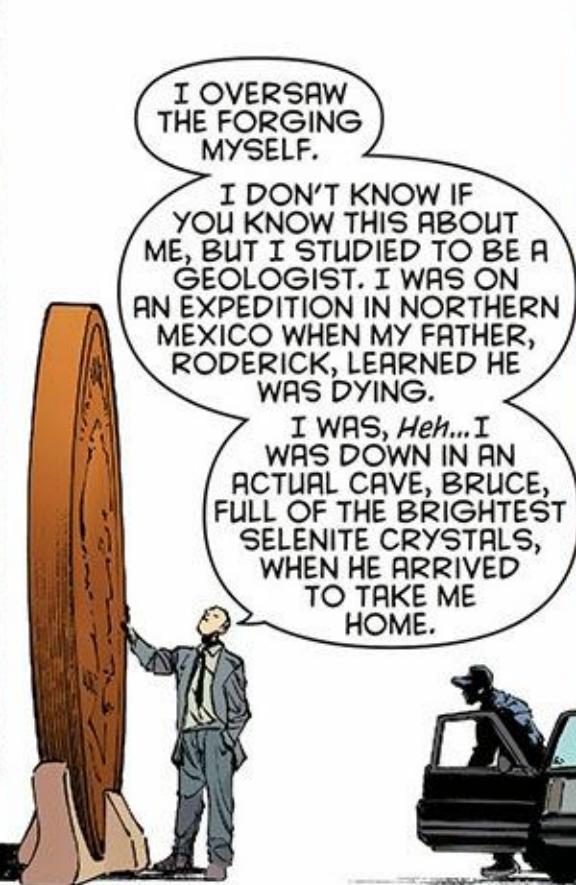
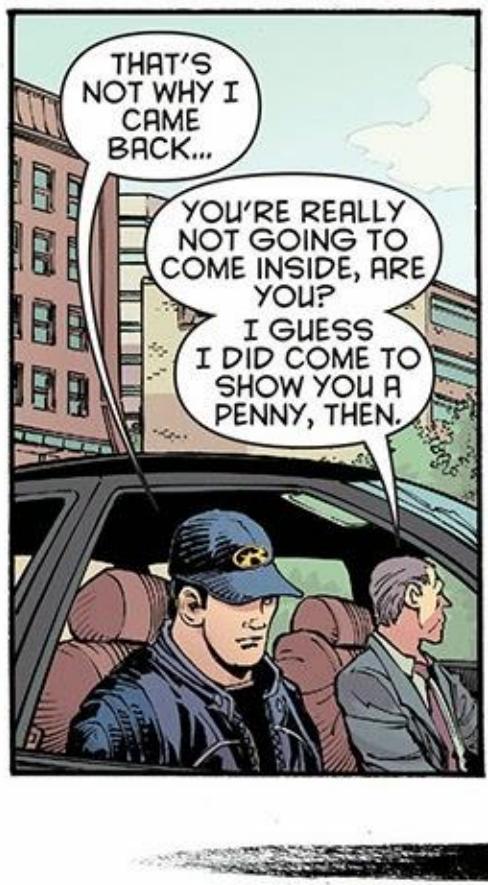
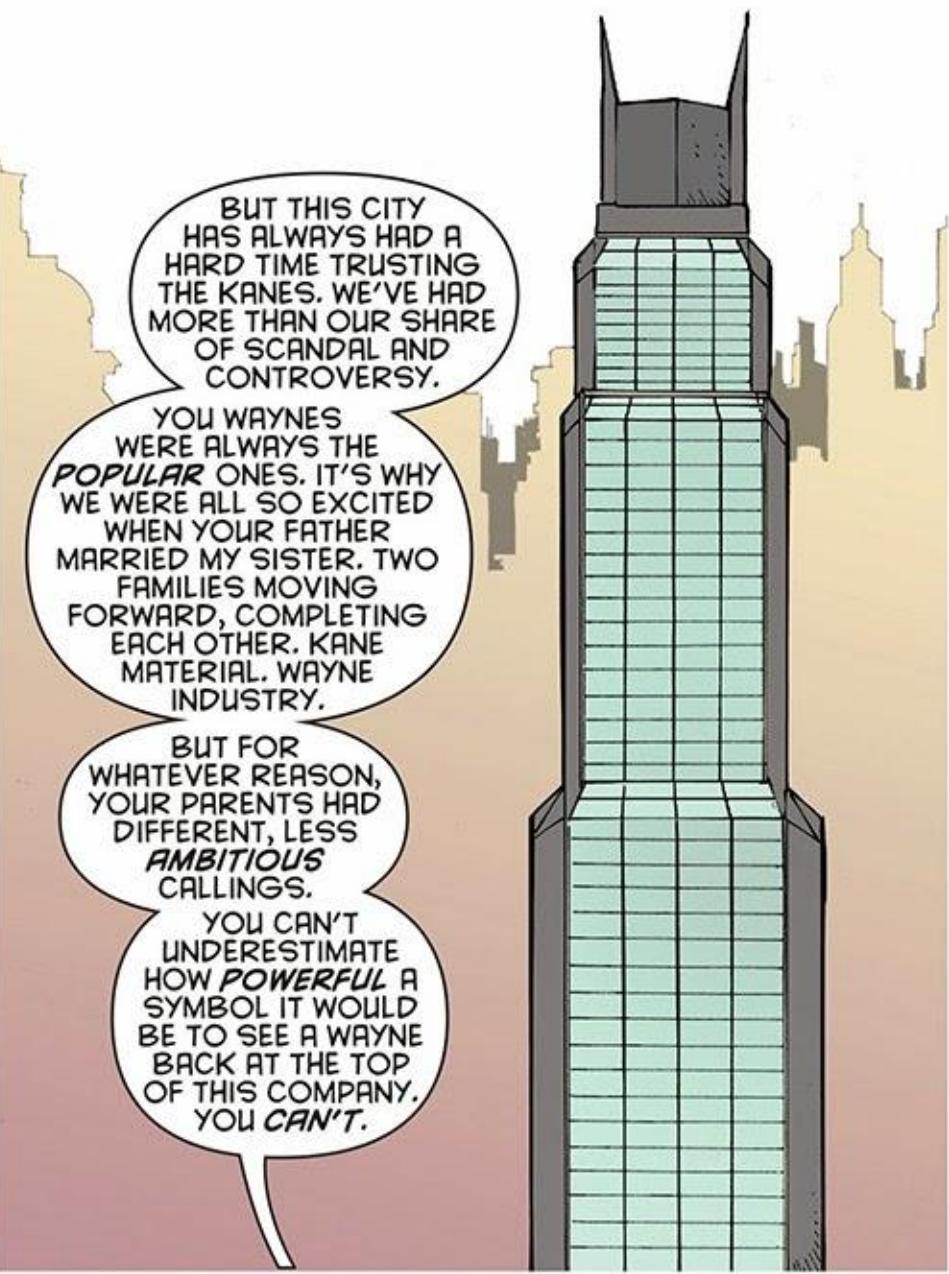
YOU DON'T APPROVE OF WHAT I'VE DONE WITH THE COMPANY?

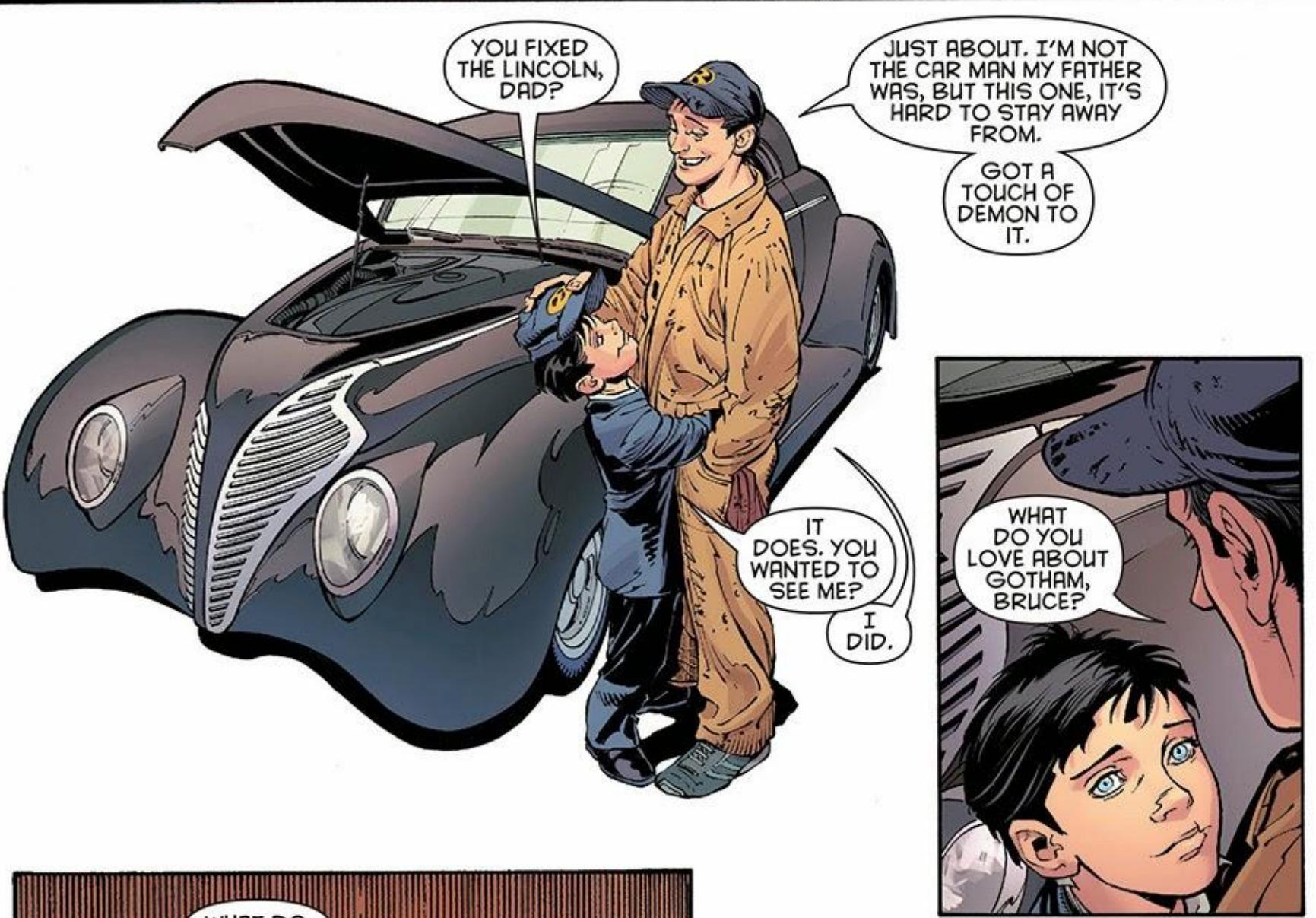


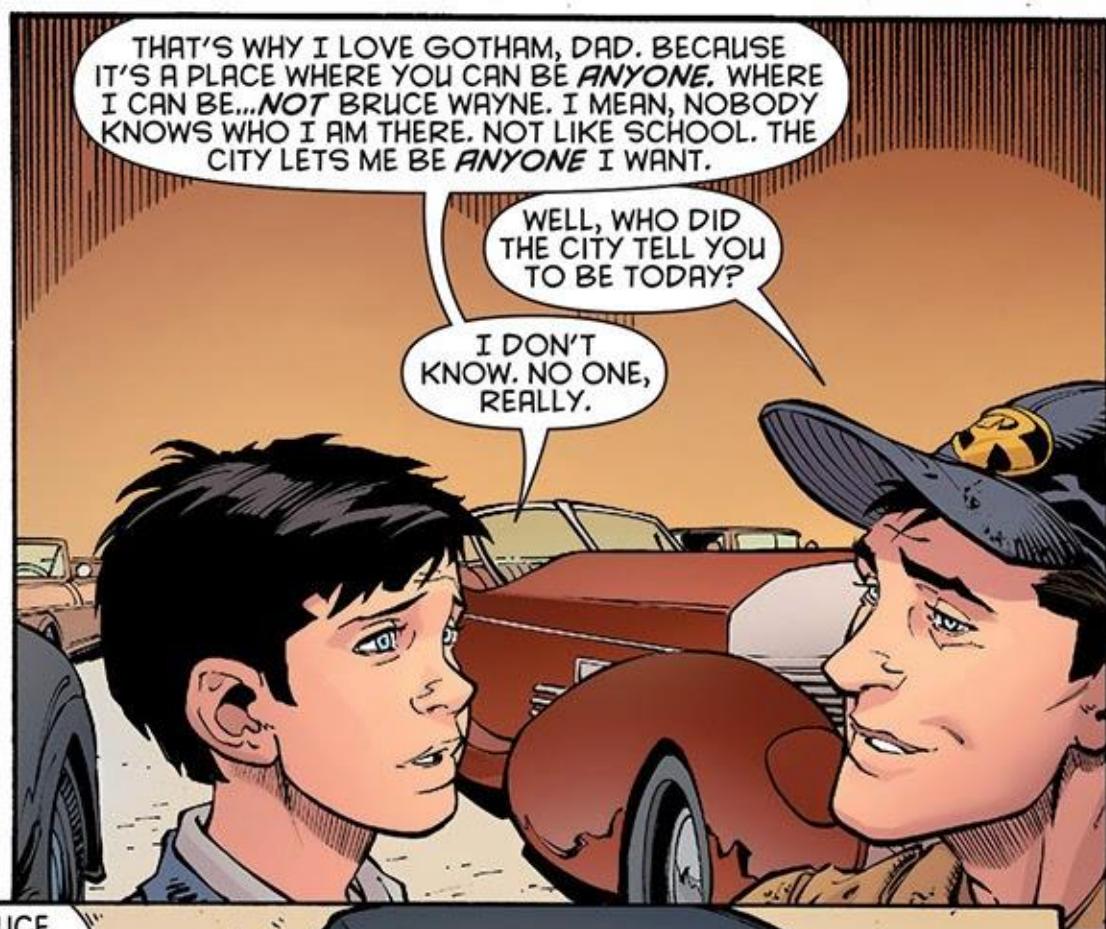
UNCLE PHILIP, NO OFFENSE, BUT WE DON'T KNOW EACH OTHER. YOU TOOK ME TO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY ONCE, THE WEEK AFTER MY PARENTS DIED. WE LOOKED AT DINOSAURS.

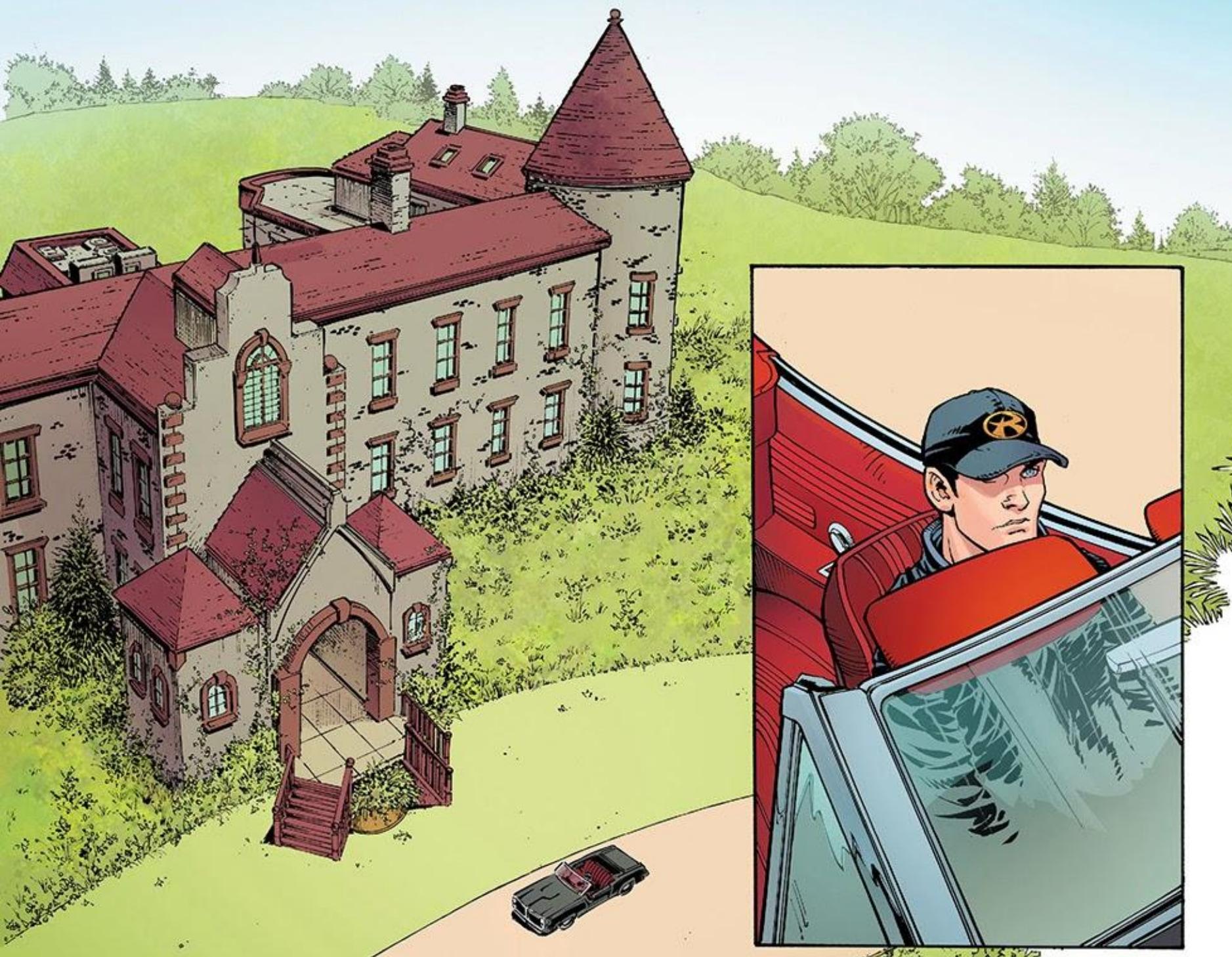
IT WAS A GOOD DAY. THE COMPANY? THAT'S YOUR BUSINESS.











...HE'S GOT
SOME CHIP ON HIS
SHOULDER.

I HATE TO
SAY I TOLD
YOU SO.

OH, I KNOW
YOU DO.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHY
YOU'RE BEING SO
BITING, PHILIP.

IT'S CALLED
SARCASM.

PRECISELY.
FROM THE GREEK,
"*SARKASMOS*,"
MEANING, TO RIP,
TO TEAR THE
FLESH. BITE.

AND YOU SIT UP
HERE IN THIS...CAT'S
CRADLE...I MEAN, TELL
ME THE TRUTH, DOES
ANY OF THIS EVEN
MEAN ANYTHING?
OR ARE YOU
JUST--

PLEASE DON'T
TOUCH, PHILIP. THE
ALGORITHM IS SPATIAL.
YOUR TOUCHING IT,
WELL...IT *DISTURBS*
THINGS.

YOU
KNOW WHAT
DISTURBS
THINGS?

WELL THEN,
PERHAPS I'M BEING
BITING BECAUSE I
HIRED YOU AS MY TOP
STRATEGIST *DESPITE*
WHAT COULD ONLY
BE CALLED A
QUESTIONABLE
PAST.

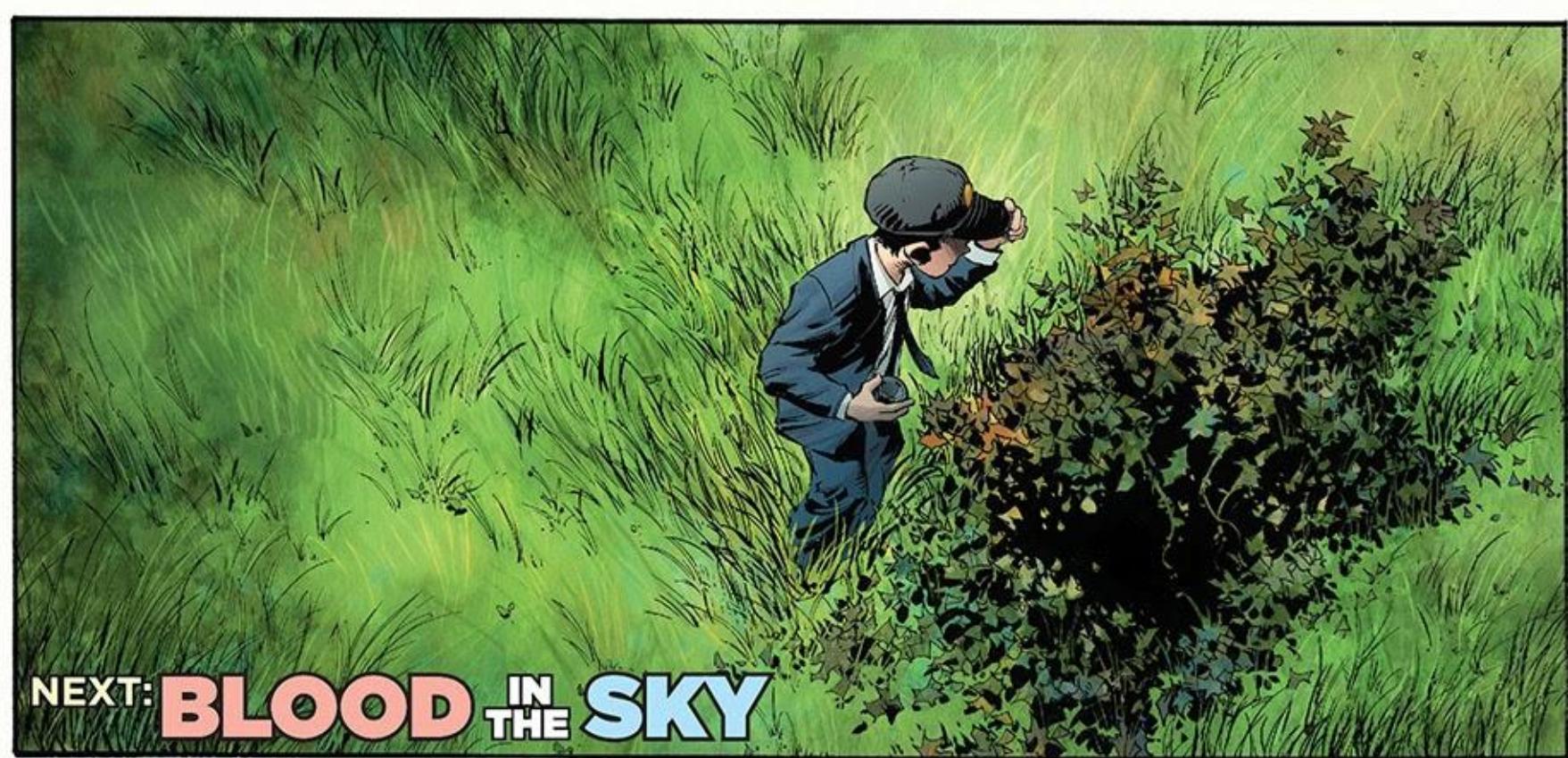
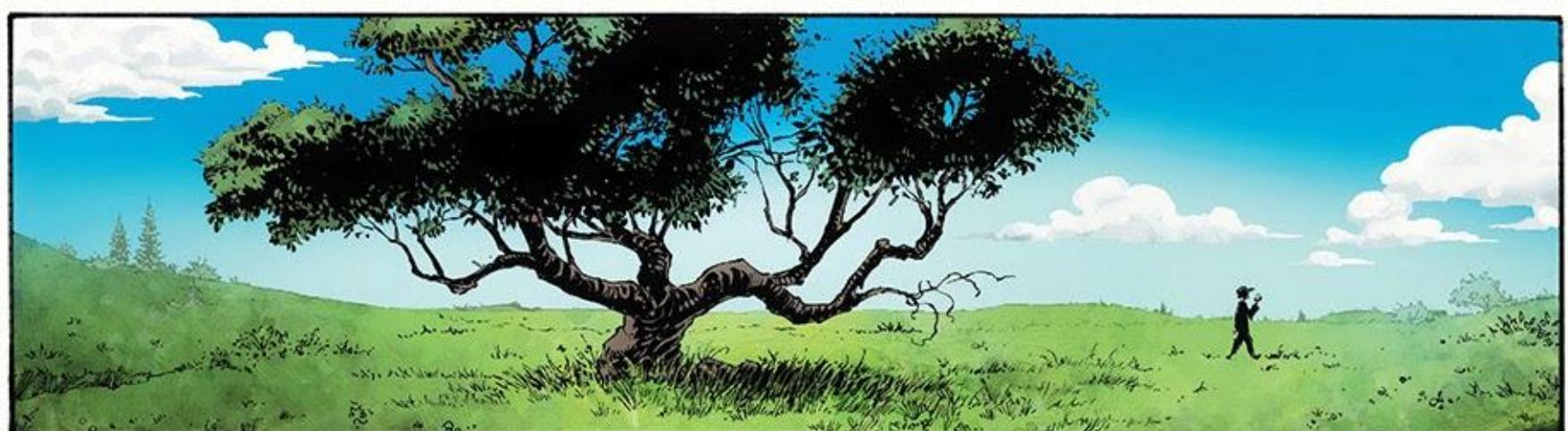
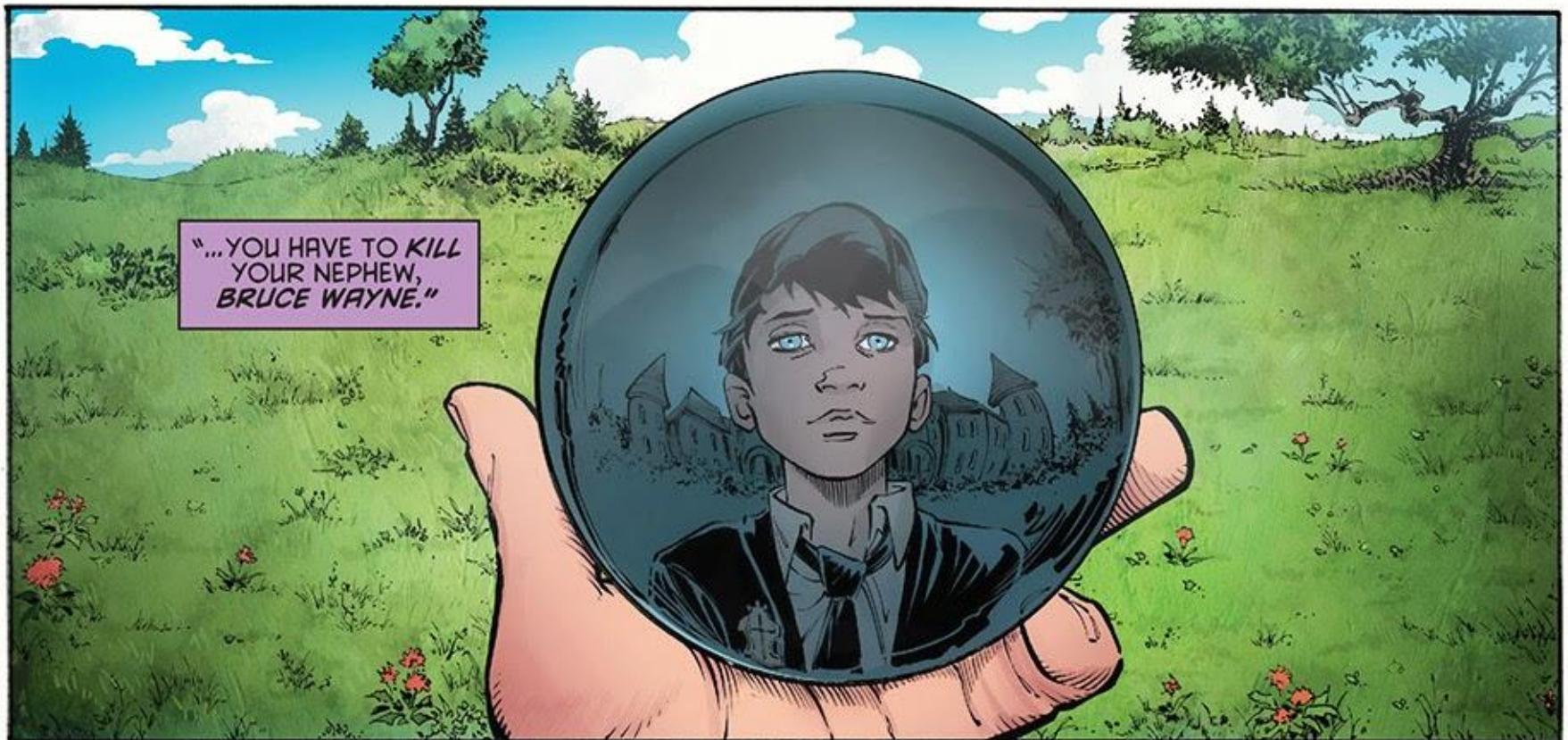
AND YES, YOU'VE
HELPED ME TAKE THIS
COMPANY TO NEW
HEIGHTS. BUT WE'VE
STALLIED IS THE ISSUE.

A PUBLIC
IMAGE PROBLEM.
THIS DAMN CITY *HATES*
US FOR BUILDING WHAT
WE BUILD HERE. THE RED
HOOD GANG IS HELL
BENT ON STEALING
FROM US. NO MATTER
HOW I TOUGHEN
SECURITY.

SO WHAT DO
WE DO, OH WISE
ONE? WHAT'S THE
ANSWER TO THE
MYSTERY?

DAMMIT,
ANSWER ME
WHEN I'M
TALKING TO
YOU.





THE CARS
WE PRACTICED
WITH WERE--

DULL
AND PLAIN, I
KNOW! GRAY
PIGEONS!

I WAS
GOING TO SAY
INCONSPICUOUS!
BUT THIS
MONSTER...

...ALL THE TRICKS YOU'VE
TAUGHT ME OVER THE LAST
SIX WEEKS! COLOR COVER,
CROWD DUCKING. HOW DO
YOU EXPECT ME TO LOSE
THEM IN THIS
THING?

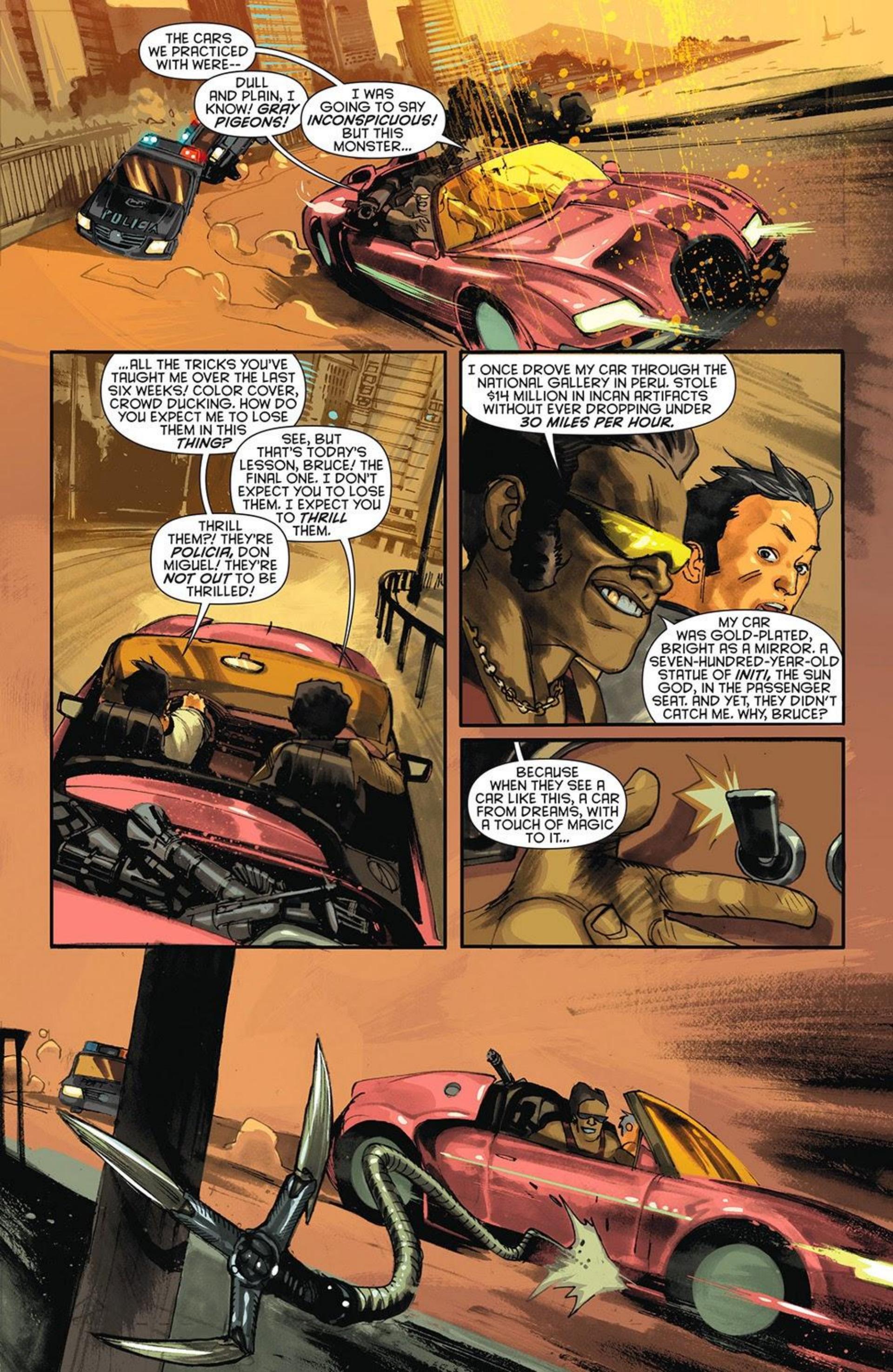
SEE, BUT
THAT'S TODAY'S
LESSON, BRUCE! THE
FINAL ONE. I DON'T
EXPECT YOU TO LOSE
THEM. I EXPECT YOU
TO THRILL
THEM.

THRILL
THEM?! THEY'RE
POLICIA, DON
MIGUEL! THEY'RE
NOT OUT TO BE
THRILLED!

I ONCE DROVE MY CAR THROUGH THE
NATIONAL GALLERY IN PERU. STOLE
\$14 MILLION IN INCAN ARTIFACTS
WITHOUT EVER DROPPING UNDER
30 MILES PER HOUR.

MY CAR
WAS GOLD-PLATED,
BRIGHT AS A MIRROR. A
SEVEN-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD
STATUE OF *IN/ITI*, THE SUN
GOD, IN THE PASSENGER
SEAT. AND YET, THEY DIDN'T
CATCH ME. WHY, BRUCE?

BECAUSE
WHEN THEY SEE A
CAR LIKE THIS, A CAR
FROM DREAMS, WITH
A TOUCH OF MAGIC
TO IT...





WHAT THE--BOY,
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THAT WEAPON IS WORTH 1.6
MILLION DOLLARS! THIS IS NOT
WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TAUGHT.
YOU ARE BREAKING
THE RULES!

I'M
MORE OF AN
IMPROVISER,
MIGUEL.

SLOW
DOWN! YOU'LL
KILL US
BOTH!

NO. I
WON'T.

AVE MARIA,
CHEIA DE GRAÇA,
O SENHOR É
CONVOSCO...





NO! I'VE NEVER BEEN
TRAPPED IN MY LIFE! YOU
IDIOT SCHOOLBOY! I
KNEW I SHOULD HAVE
REFUSED YOU! BUT
I WAS--





NEXT: DEATHMATCH IN THE DESERT!