



693
JAN
2010

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
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TONY DANIEL
SANDU FLOREA

BATMAN



GOTHAM CITY...

We caught these *False Faces* three miles from their home base in Devil's Square.

CHUK

THUNK

And this time totally by chance.

They'd robbed the receiving room at St. Michael's Hospital in the Pullman district--just where Robin and I happened to be--

--examining the fresh bodies of a few of their buddies in the morgue.

THUNK

They didn't get far.

BEHIND YOU, ROBIN.

POW

POW

POW

YOU WERE
RIGHT--THEIR
MINDS ARE
MUSH. BRAIN-
WASHED.

TOO BAD
THERE AREN'T
MORE OF THESE
DEADHEADS.
I LIKE THE
PRACTICE.

CRACK

LIFE AFTER DEATH PART 2 CHARADES



WRITTEN & DRAWN BY
TONY S. DANIEL INKS
SANDU FLOREA

COLOR **IAN HANNIN** LETTERS **JARED K. FLETCHER** COVER **TONY S. DANIEL** ASST. EDITOR **JANELLE SIEGEL** EDITOR **MIKE MARTS**
BATMAN CREATED BY **BOB KANE**

CONVERSION BY
WILDSTORM

WAYNE TOWER...

-AHEM-

-HRM-UHM-UM- SIR?

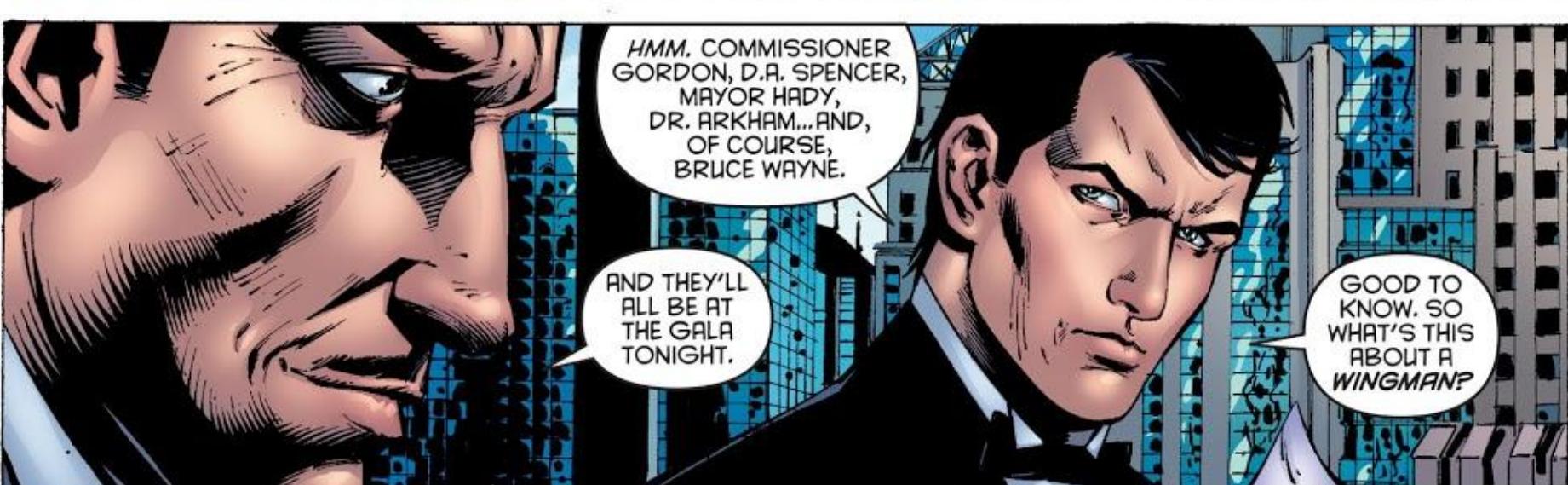
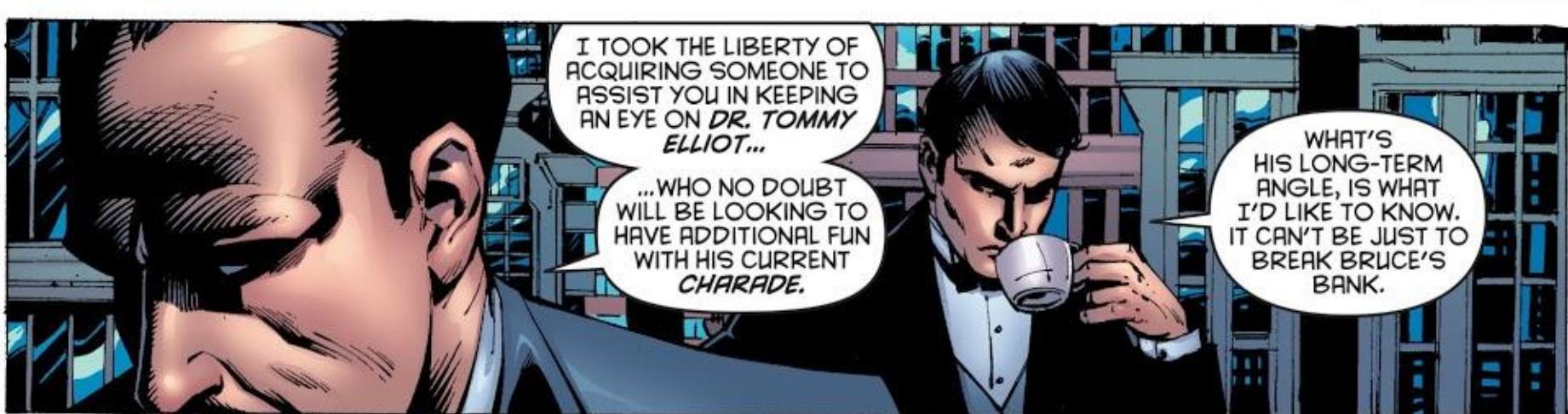
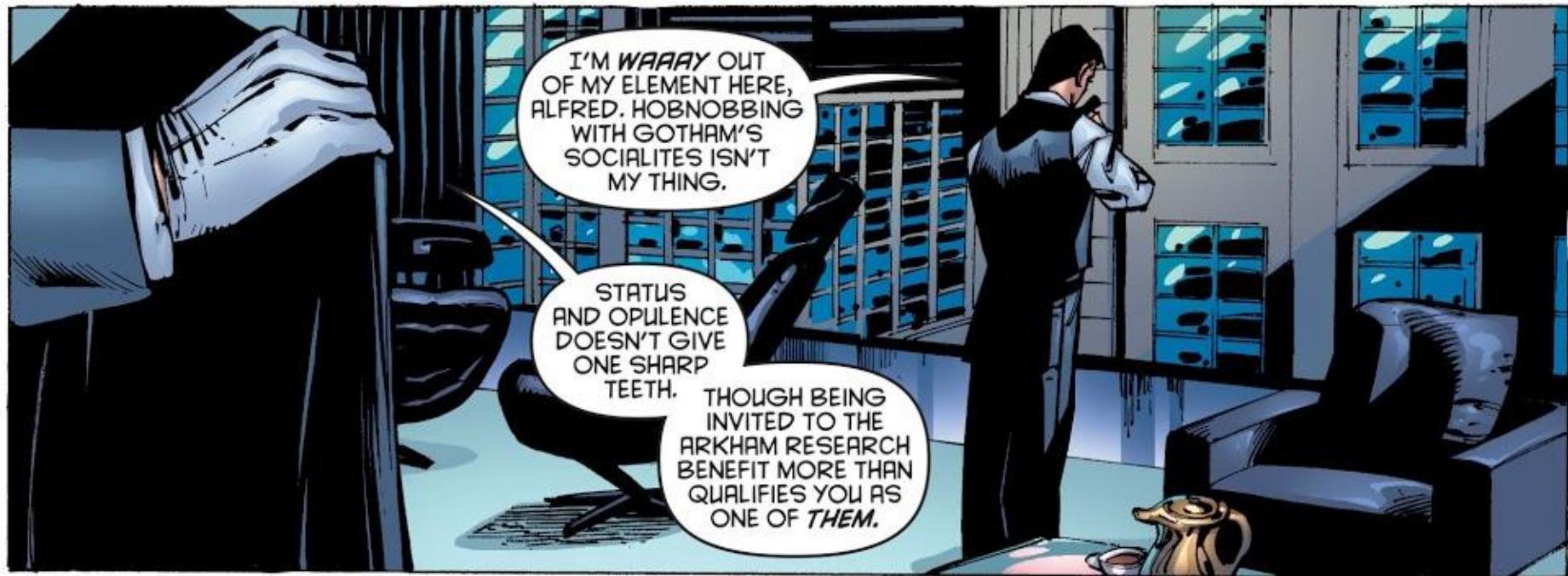
RRGG,
ALFRED?

GOOD
AFTERNOON,
MASTER RICHARD.
AS REQUESTED,
YOUR 5PM WAKE-
UP CALL.

AND YOU LOOK IT,
IF YOU'LL EXCUSE
MY FRANKNESS.

BUT I AM HERE TO
FIX THAT, AND FIX IT I
SHALL. A LITTLE MAKE-UP
AND A BIT OF CAFFEINE
SHOULD GO A
LONG WAY.

-HRAGHH-
FEEL LIKE I
SLEPT UNDER
A PILE OF
BRICKS.





YOU'VE BEEN RELYING ON YOUR UNDERLINGS TOO MUCH.

YOU TRUSTED ME TO WEAR THE MASK... WHY DOUBT ME NOW?

BECAUSE NOW WE ARE ON THE DEFENSIVE—UNLIKE OUR USUAL POSITION OF STRENGTH.

IN A GAME OF CHESS, ONE MUST SOMETIMES SACRIFICE A QUEEN OR BISHOP IF HE WISHES TO CHECKMATE HIS OPPONENTS. TONIGHT'S MOVE IS ONE THAT WILL ALLOW MY NEXT MOVE TO BE A CRIPPLING ONE.

THERE WON'T BE MANY MOVES LEFT IF YOU FAIL.

I HAVEN'T FAILED YET.

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN. WE'LL CATCH UP SOON.

LIKewise, MR. MAYOR.

COMMISSIONER, D.A. SPENCER, NICE TO SEE YOU HERE.

AFTER WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH THESE LAST FEW MONTHS, A GOOD PARTY IS WELL IN ORDER.

ENJOY. WE HAVE MUCH TO TALK ABOUT LATER.

A sea of diamonds and furs. They could've cancelled this shindig and put the money towards Arkham's New Asylum.

It's a wonder these events aren't targeted by thieves more often.

They rebuilt the Asylum quickly. "New and improved," they promise.

We'll see how improved it really is when they start transferring the big boys back from Blackgate Prison.

"Bruce Wayne" funded a large portion of the Asylum's new research wing. Money well spent, if it weren't really coming from Tommy Elliot.

And speaking of "wings"...

...here's mine, Helena Bertinelli, a.k.a. The Huntress.

PRETTY SWANKY, HUH?

THE PARTY? I SUPPOSE.

I MEANT THE DRESS. AND THANKS FOR GOING TO THE TROUBLE OF BUYING IT. OR IS IT ALFRED I SHOULD BE THANKING?

I THOUGHT WE WEREN'T GOING TO DRAW ATTENTION TO OURSELVES...

TRUST ME, WITH THIS CROWD--ANYTHING OFF THE RACK IS DRAWING ATTENTION.

SO WHERE'S OUR OLD FRIEND "BRUCE"?

OVER MY LEFT SHOULDER. TEN YARDS, TALKING TO THE GENE-CORE DOCTORS. THAT'S DOCTOR SINGH TOMMY IS TALKING TO-- THEIR FOUNDER.

I'VE READ ABOUT HIM. HE SOMEHOW GOT THE FDA TO APPROVE HIS THERAPY FOR CLINICAL TRIALS IN ARKHAM.

IT'S ALL ABOUT THE BENJAMINS.

YOUR NEW
RESEARCH WING
HAS ME INTRIGUED, DR.
SINGH. PARTICULARLY
THE RADIO-WAVE
TECHNOLOGY THAT'S
SUPPOSED TO ZAP
AWAY MENTAL
ILLNESS.

WHAT'S IT
CALLED AGAIN--?
AH, YES. MENTAL
DISTORTION
THERAPY...

I'D BE HAPPY
TO PROVIDE YOU
WITH A PRIVATE
TOUR OF
GEN-CORE--

MY, MY,
MR. WAYNE...

...YOUR PHILANTHROPIC
SPENDING WILL LEAVE
LITTLE FOR YOUR
FUTURE.

WE'RE
ATTEMPTING
TO HAVE A
CONVERSATION
HERE,
RIDDLE.

IT'S EDWARD NIGMA,
PRIVATE EYE TO YOU,
WAYNE. AND I'M
JUST WONDERING
IF YOU'LL HAVE
ANYTHING LEFT--

--FOR
WHEN YOU
FINALLY SETTLE
DOWN AND
SPAWN YOUR
OWN LITTLE
RUGRATS?

WHAT
BUSINESS
IS IT OF
YOURS?

IT'S NONE OF
MY BUSINESS.
NONE THAT I CAN
RECALL WITH
ACCURACY,
ANYWAY.

THEN ASK
ME WHEN YOU
REMEMBER.

WHAT'S
RIDDLE
TALKING
ABOUT?

BABIES?



KISS ME,
DANGIT.

HELEN--
MPHH!

MR. WAYNE,
PLEASE--YOUR
GENEROSITY HAS
BEEN MORE THAN
ENOUGH.

BUT I
CAN DO SO
MUCH *MORE*,
JEREMIAH.

WE'RE ON
THE GOTHAM
SHIELD COMMITTEE
TOGETHER. I JUST
WANT TO HELP IN
EVERY WAY
POSSIBLE...

YOU'VE BEEN VERY HANDS-ON WITH
ARKHAM'S NEW *SECURITY* MEASURES...
WITHOUT YOU, THE ASYLUM WOULDN'T
BE AHEAD OF SCHEDULE. I AM
ETERNALLY GRATEFUL, BUT--

LISTEN--
I JUST LIKE
TO SEE HOW
MY MONEY
IS BEING
INVESTED.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM,
MR. WAYNE--THIS ISN'T
AN INVESTMENT.
IT'S A DONATION.

PLEASE
EXCUSE
ME.







TEN MINUTES LATER...

WEEOOO
WEEOOO

-AGK-
RR-MPH--

TWISTER
OF TRUTHS...
DASTARDLY DEFINER
OF DEFINITION... KING
OF CONTRADICTION...
GRANDMASTER OF
RIDDLES...

...I'M
BAAAACK!
HEH
HEH.

HELENA, YOU
COULD HAVE BEEN
KILLED... THIS IS MY
FAULT. I SHOULD
HAVE SPOTTED THAT
THE SURVEILLANCE
SYSTEMS WERE
TAMPERED WITH
EARLIER.

BARBARA,
I'M FINE. I'VE
RECEIVED WORSE
BURNS FROM
A TANNING
BED.

THE RIDDLER
MADE IT OUT
ALIVE, BUT I'M
NOT SO SURE
ABOUT THE
INTRUDER.

IF SHE MADE
IT OUT, SHE'S
PROBABLY LONG
GONE. CHECK THE
STREETS JUST
TO BE SURE.

ON IT.

PLUG IN TO THE
POLICE RADIO, O.
BULLOCK'S RILED
UP ABOUT
SOMETHING.

ALREADY DONE.
PIER ONE. GOTHAM
HARBOR. MULTIPLE
HOMICIDES.

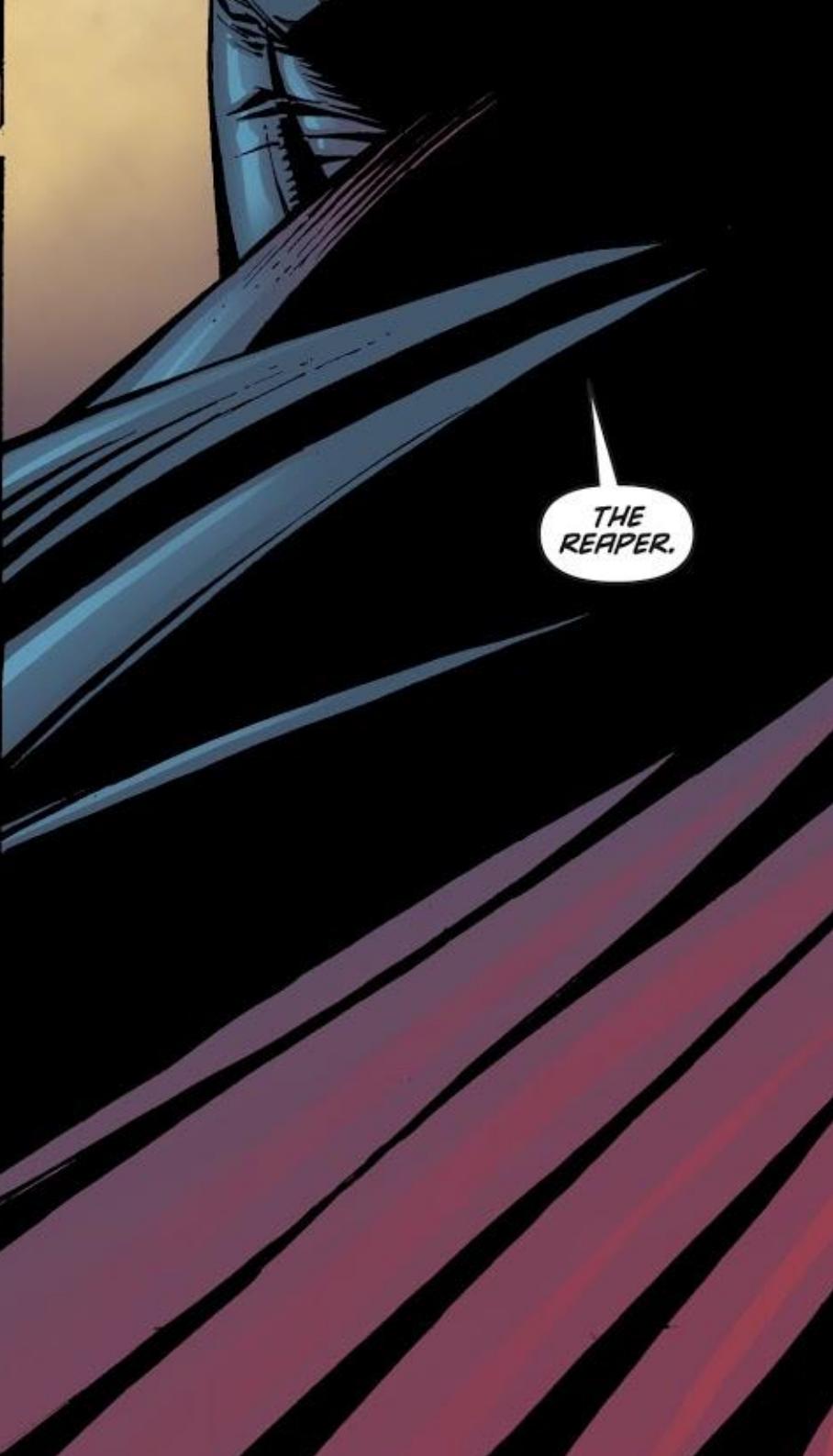
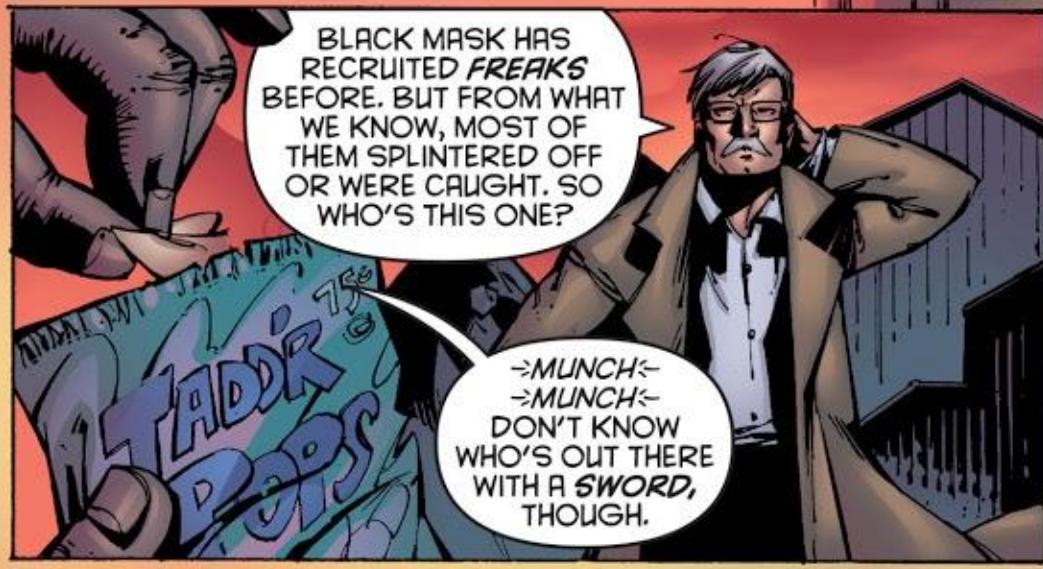
BETTER GET
GOING. KEEP
ME LINKED IN.

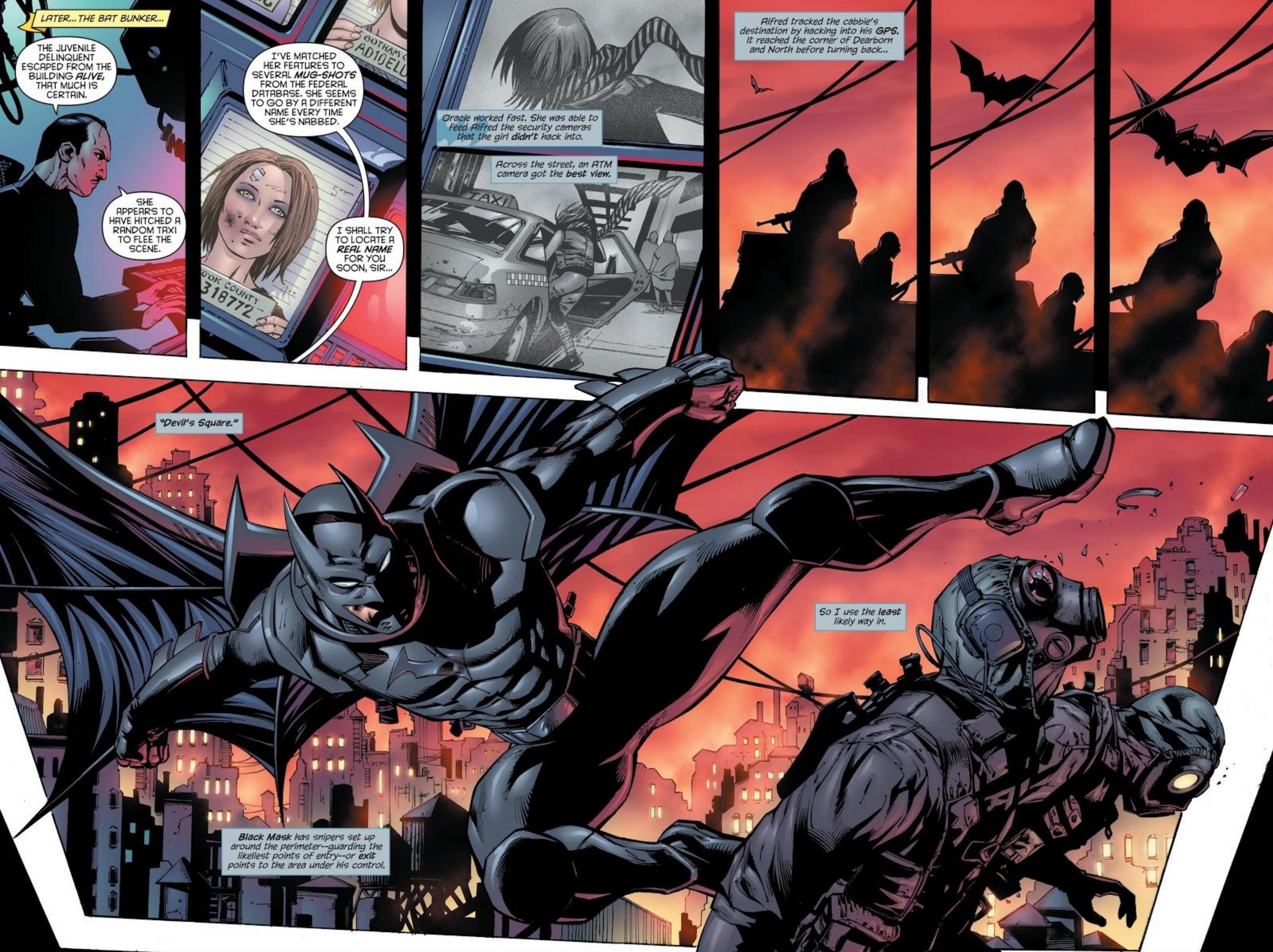
GOTHAM HARBOR...

WELL, THE OTHER SHOE HAS DROPPED.

AND EVERY OTHER BODY PART. MUST'VE BEEN SOME BONFIRE, HUH? THERE'S LIKE, FIFTEEN--SIXTEEN BODIES IN THAT HEAP.







I have an hour and a half of darkness left.

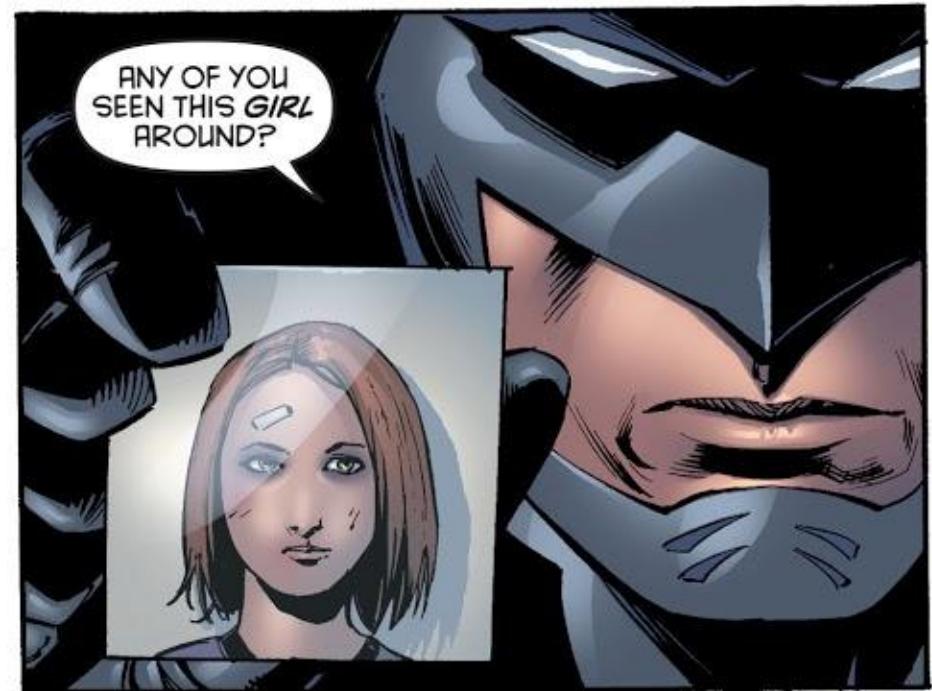
That's all I need to get started.

I take out three more False Faces in a four-block radius.

I make sure there's no one to sound any alarms—no one lurking in the shadows with a gun.

Black Mask has waged war on Gotham. A war I'm forced to fight the old-fashioned way...

HEY.





Nooo!

UHNNN...

 TO BE CONTINUED...



novus
Distributions