



MILLENNIUM™ WEEK 2

BATMAN® THE NEW ADVENTURES

415
JAN. 88



BY
STARLIN,
APARO &
DE CARLO



MILLENNIUM

TM

I'VE KNOWN COMMISSIONER JIM GORDON FOR MORE YEARS THAN I'D CARE TO ADMIT.

DURING THAT TIME, A FRIENDSHIP HAS GROWN THAT I THOUGHT WAS AS SOLID AS A ROCK.

I WOULD HAVE TRUSTED MY LIFE TO THE MAN.

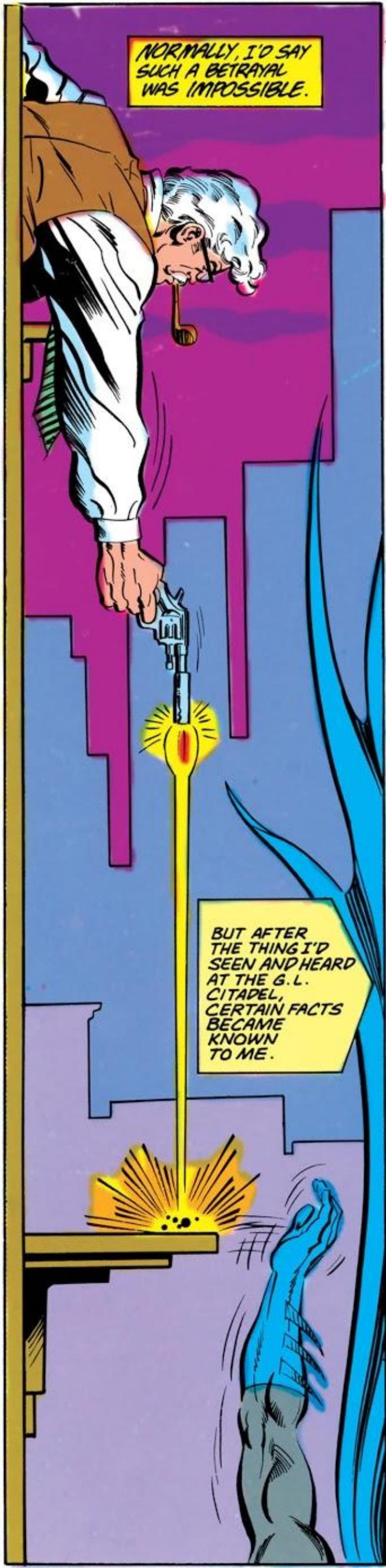
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THAT'S WHY I WAS SO SURPRISED WHEN HE PISTOL WHIPPED ME AND PUSHED ME THROUGH THE WINDOW OF HIS OFFICE.

6-3305

READ THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF **MILLENNIUM** BEFORE READING THIS STORY



FOR SOME REASON, THE MAN-HUNTERS CONSIDER AN UPCOMING COSMIC EVENT, CALLED THE MILLENNIUM, A THREAT TO THEIR EXISTENCE.



IT SEEMS THAT A GUARDIAN NAMED HERUPA AND A ZAMARON CALLED NADIA HAVE COME TO EARTH TO HERALD THIS MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.

THEY'VE CHOSEN TEN PEOPLE TO TAKE PART IN THIS GRAND EVENT.*



THE WAY I UNDERSTAND IT, THE MANHUNTERS PLAN TO HOLD SWAY OVER THESE TEN HUMANS TO STOP THE MILLENNIUM FROM HAPPENING.



THEY ALSO HAVE A PLAN TO KEEP US SO-CALLED SUPER-HEROES FROM INTERFERING WITH THEIR SINISTER PLOT.

SOME OF MY CONTEMPORARIES HAVE INFORMED ME THAT THEY'VE BEEN CONTACTED BY MANHUNTERS IN HUMAN FORM.

THESE BEINGS HAVE THREATENED TO REVEAL THE HEROES' SECRET IDENTITIES TO THE WORLD IF THEY DOESN'T LOOK THE OTHER WAY ON THIS MATTER.

WHEN THIS HASN'T WORKED, THE MANHUNTERS HAVE TRIED MURDER.

GORDON'S OBVIOUSLY MY MANHUNTER.





TANNERSVILLE,
25 MILES NORTH
OF GOTHAM CITY.

I've finally tracked
him down.

NOW THEY'LL
ALL PAY!

JONATHAN CRANE, A.K.A.
the SCARECROW, broke
out of Arkham Asylum
two days ago. Batman
gave me the job of
finding him.

Wasn't hard to do.
The goof headed
right back to his
OLD HIDE-OUT.

O'Bats made it quite
clear that this was
strictly a LOCATE and
CALL IN assignment.
The Scarecrow's TOO
DANGEROUS for me
to handle on my own.

BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK
SO MENACING from
here, just kind of
PATHETIC.

THE TROUBLE WITH THESE
VILLAIN TYPES IS THAT
THEY'RE SO FOCUSED
INTO THEIR MANIA, THAT
THEY MISS THE BIG
PICTURE.

FROM WHAT I SEE IN THEIR
FILES, THEY USUALLY HAVE
SOME DARK, TWISTED
INCIDENT IN THEIR BACK-
GROUNDS THAT MAKE
THEM THE WAY THEY ARE.

I COULD ALMOST FEEL
SORRY FOR THESE POOR
SLOBS, IF THEY WEREN'T
SO DANGEROUS.

THE
CONTENTS OF
THIS CANISTER
WILL MAKE ME
THE KING OF
GOTHAM!

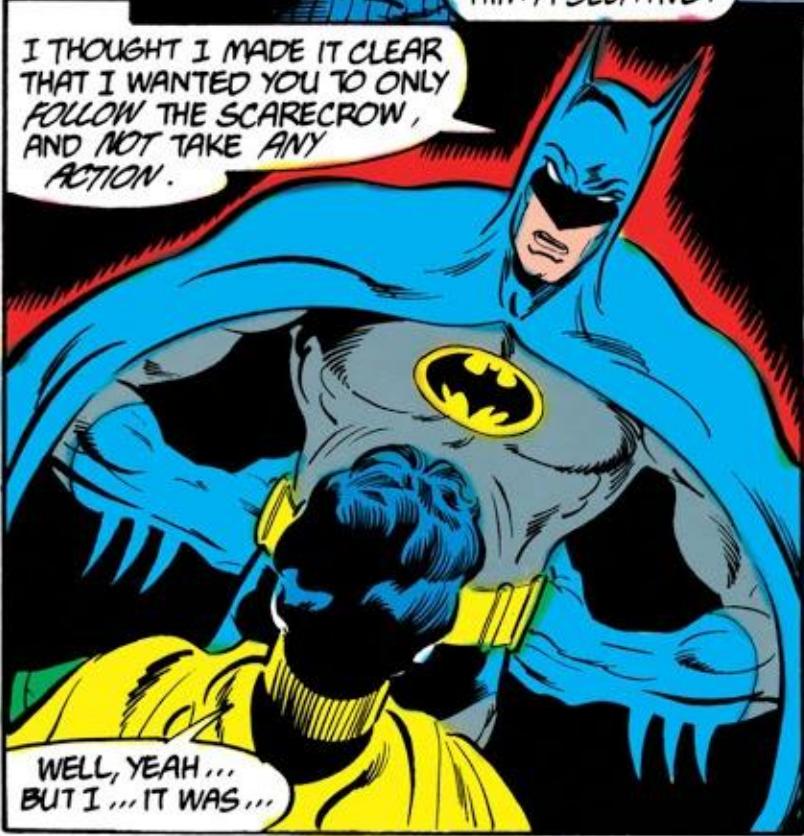
I'VE NEVER
MIXED SUCH A SUPER-
CONCENTRATED BATCH
OF MY FEAR-GAS.

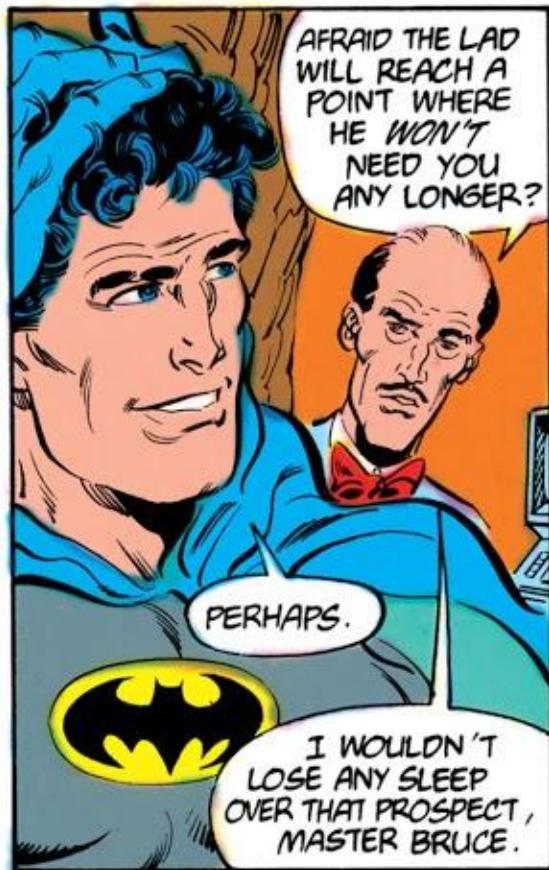
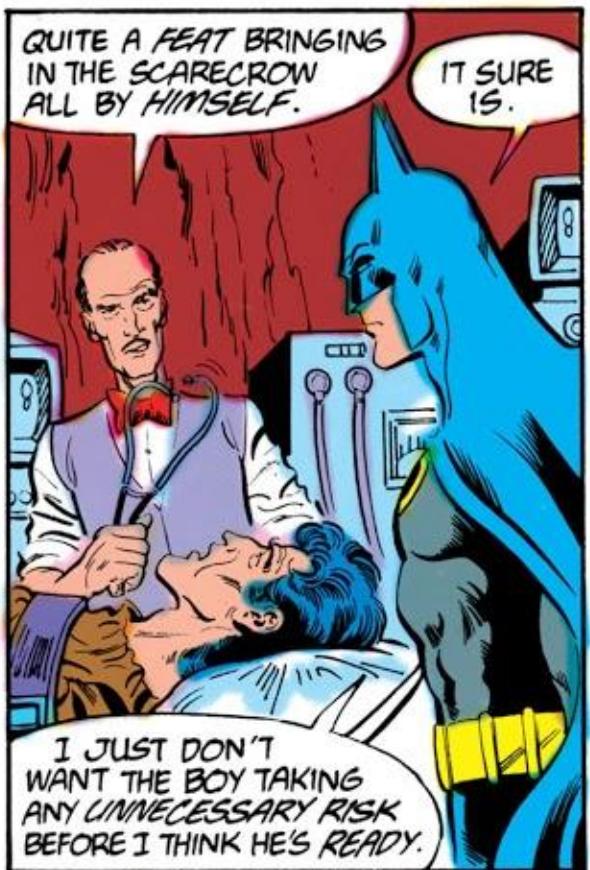
ONCE I'VE FILLED
SIX OF THESE CANISTERS,
I'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO
GAS ALL GOTHAM CITY.

IMAGINE... AN
ENTIRE CITY IN THE
THROES OF UNEXPLAINABLE
BONE-CHILLING TERROR.

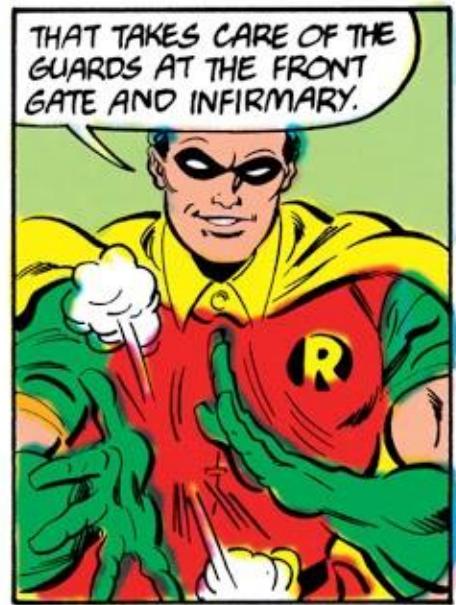






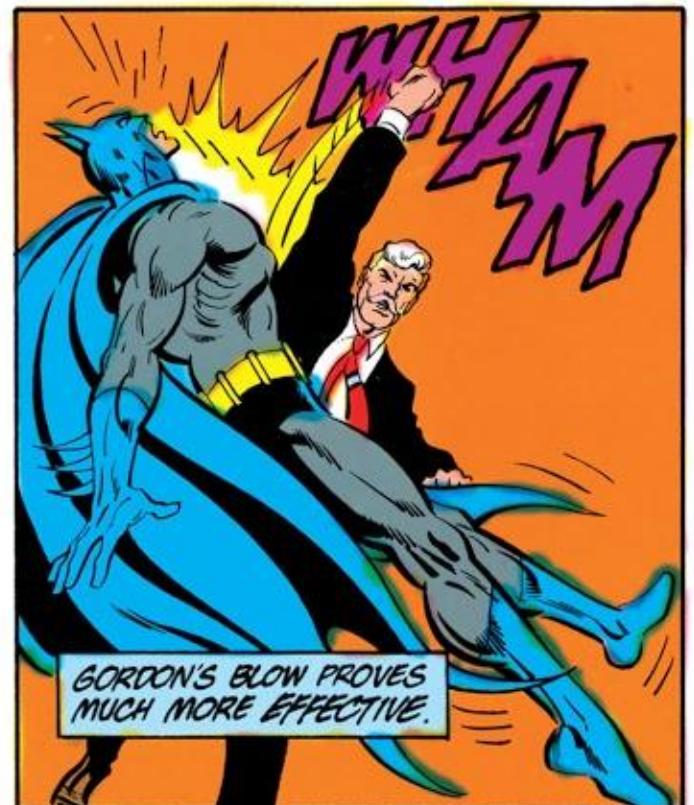
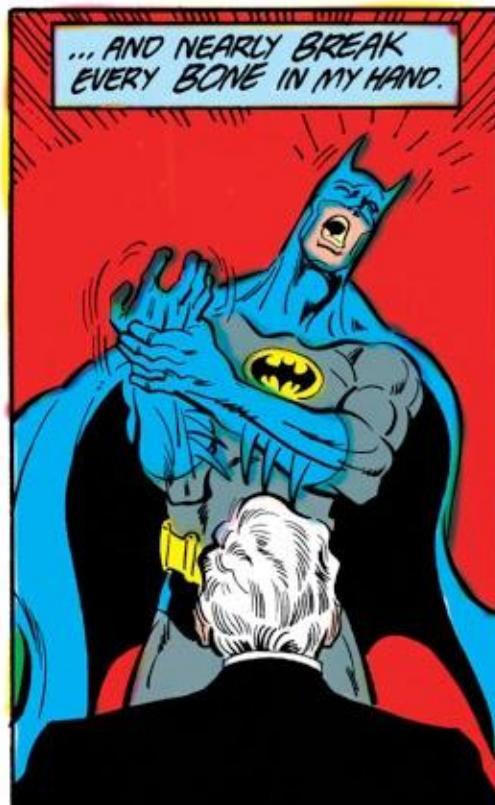


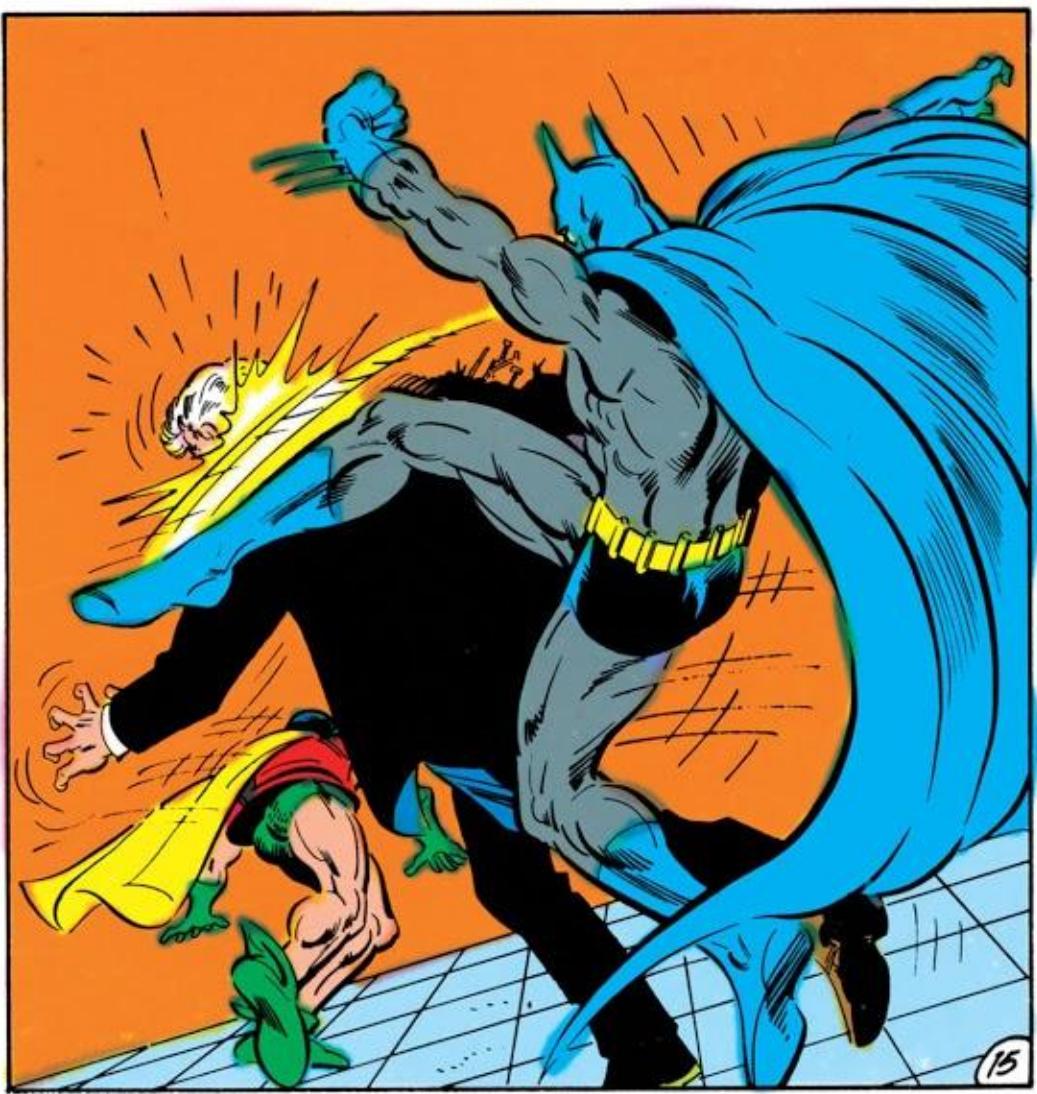


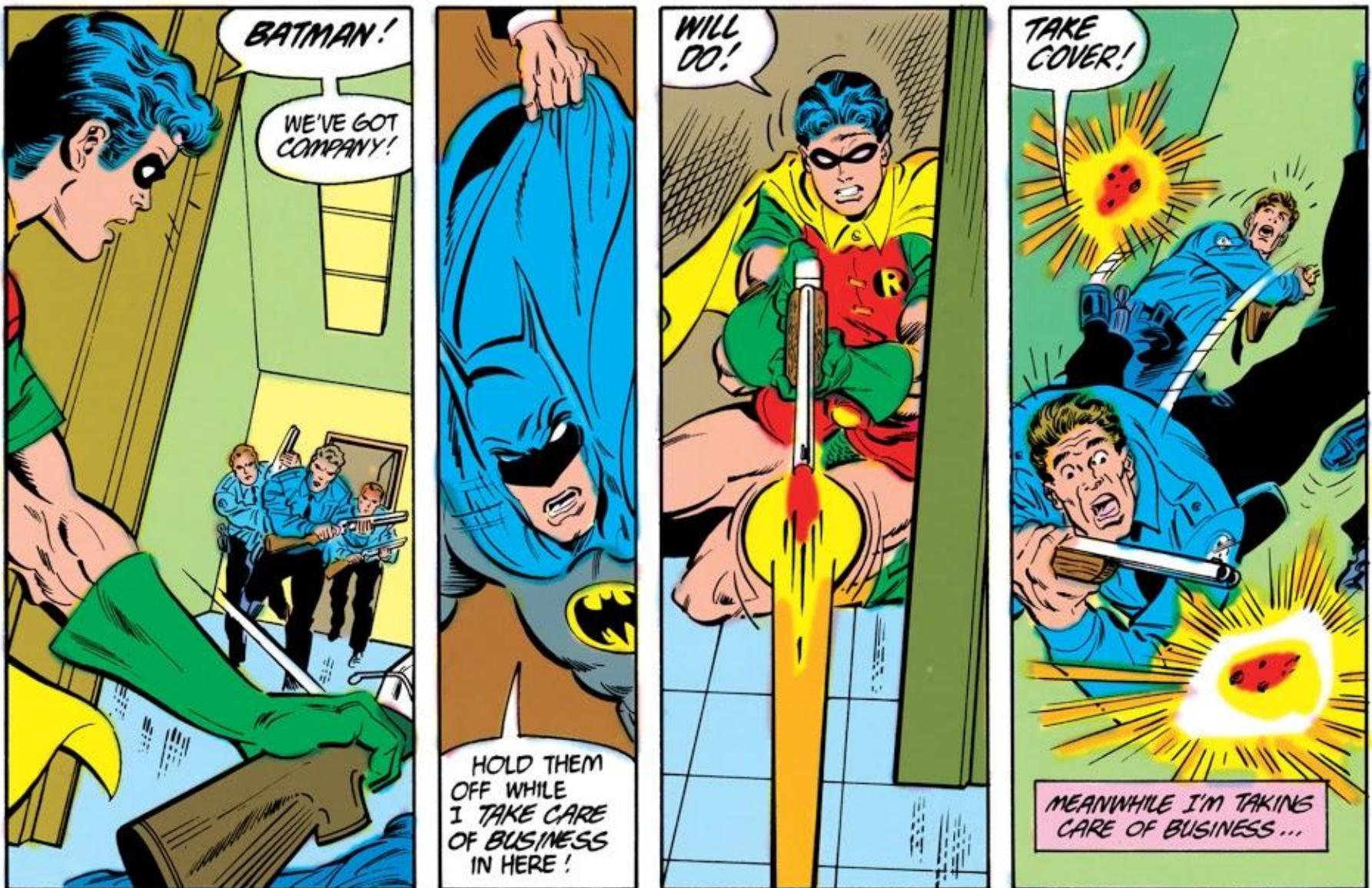


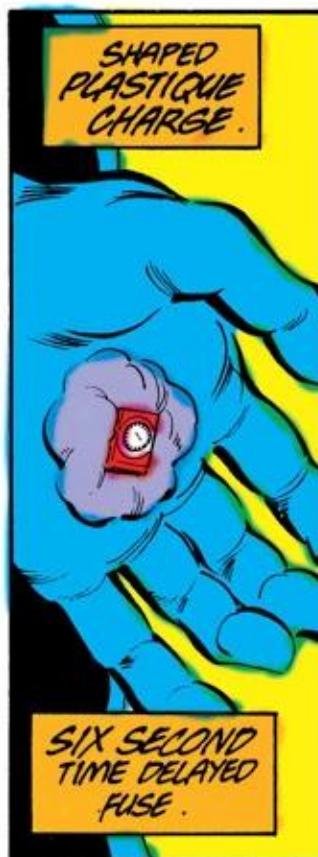




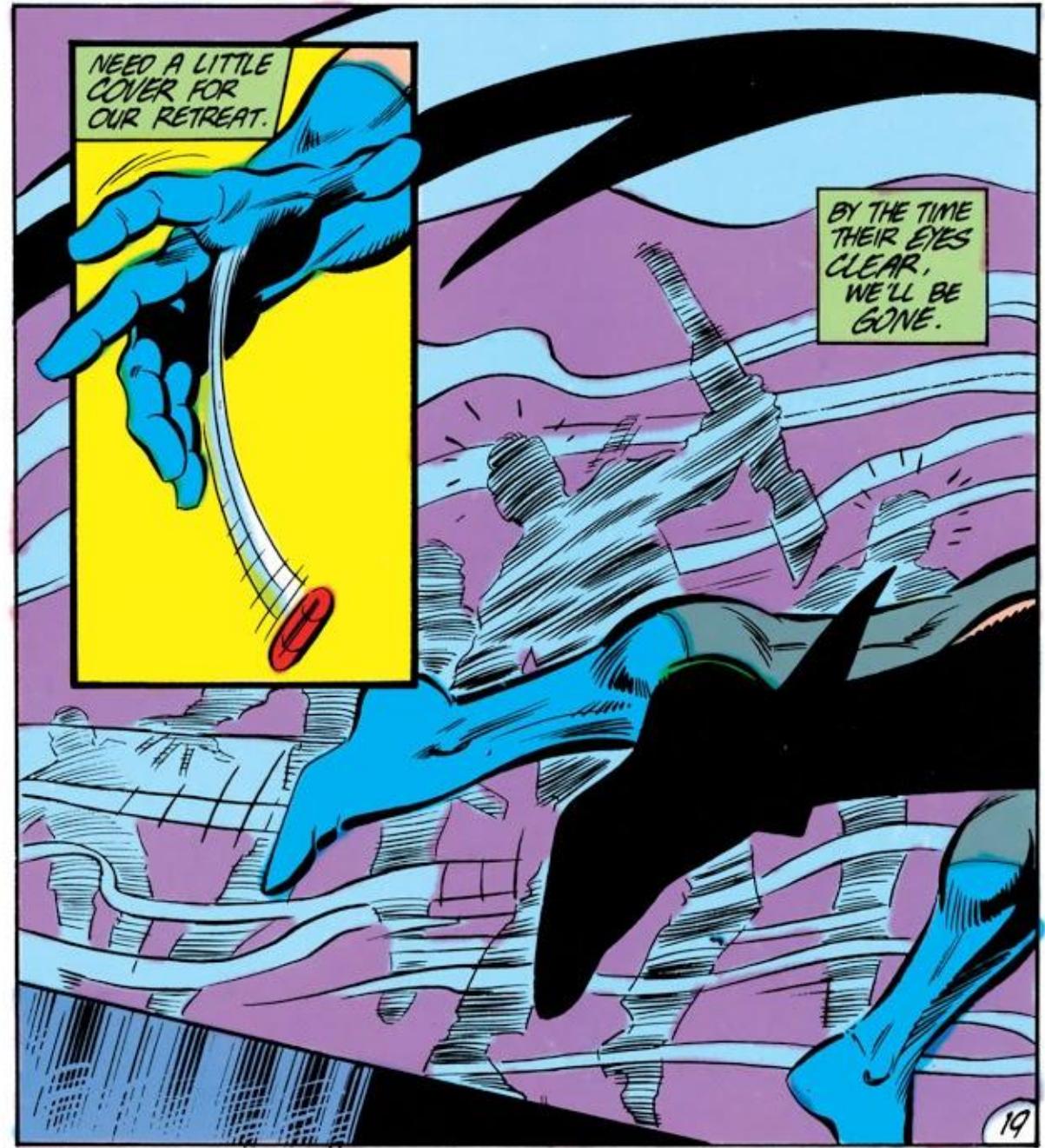
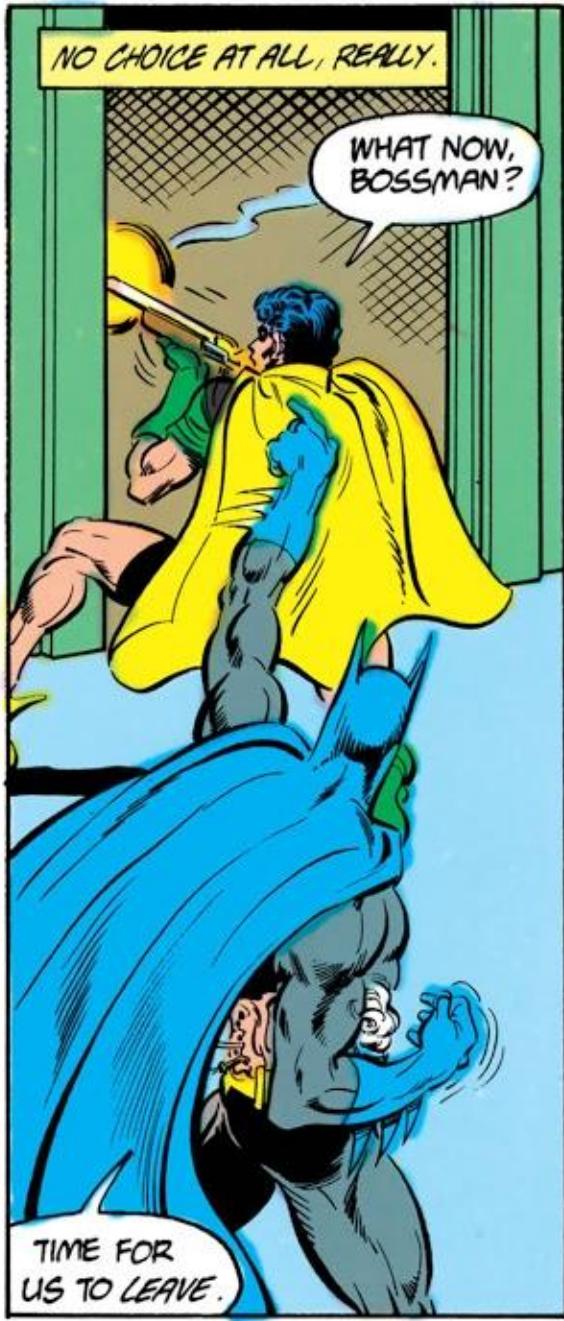












AND DOWN THE HALL, THE FLORONIC MAN SITS, AWAITING FREEDOM.

A FREEDOM THAT IS NOT TO COME...

...JUST YET.

ALFRED'S WAITING FOR US AT THE ASYLUM ENTRANCE, JUST AS PLANNED.

ON OUR WAY OUT, WE CUT ARKHAM'S TELEPHONE LINES SO THAT OUR ESCAPE WON'T BE HINDERED BY ANY ROAD BLOCKS.

WHERE TO, SIR?

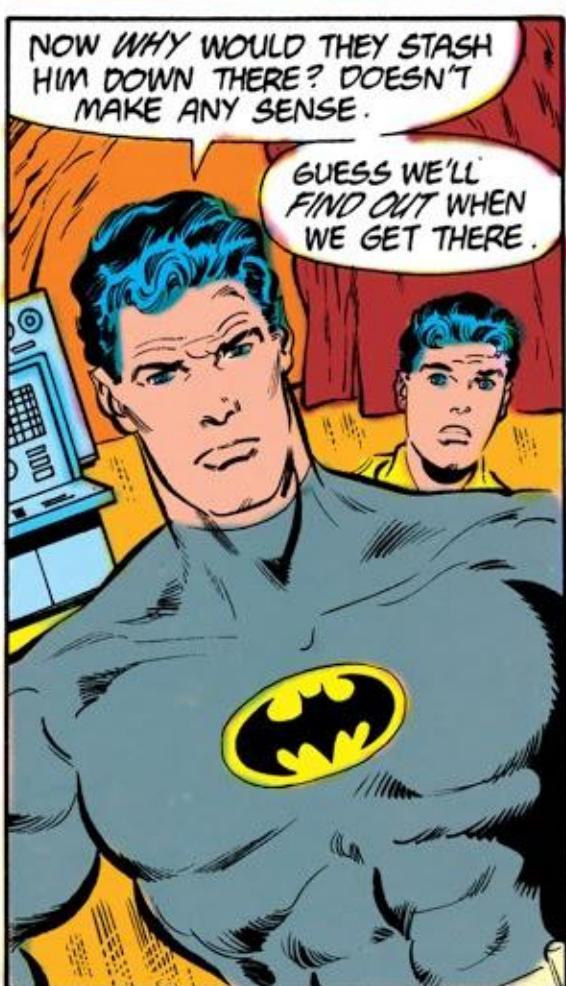
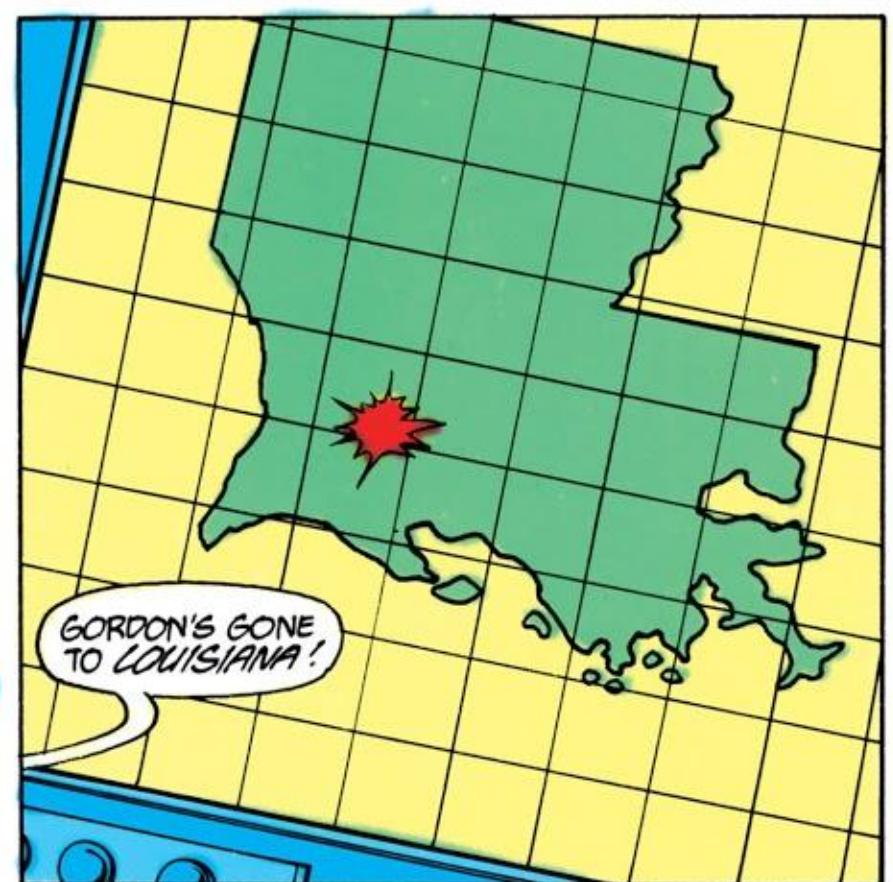
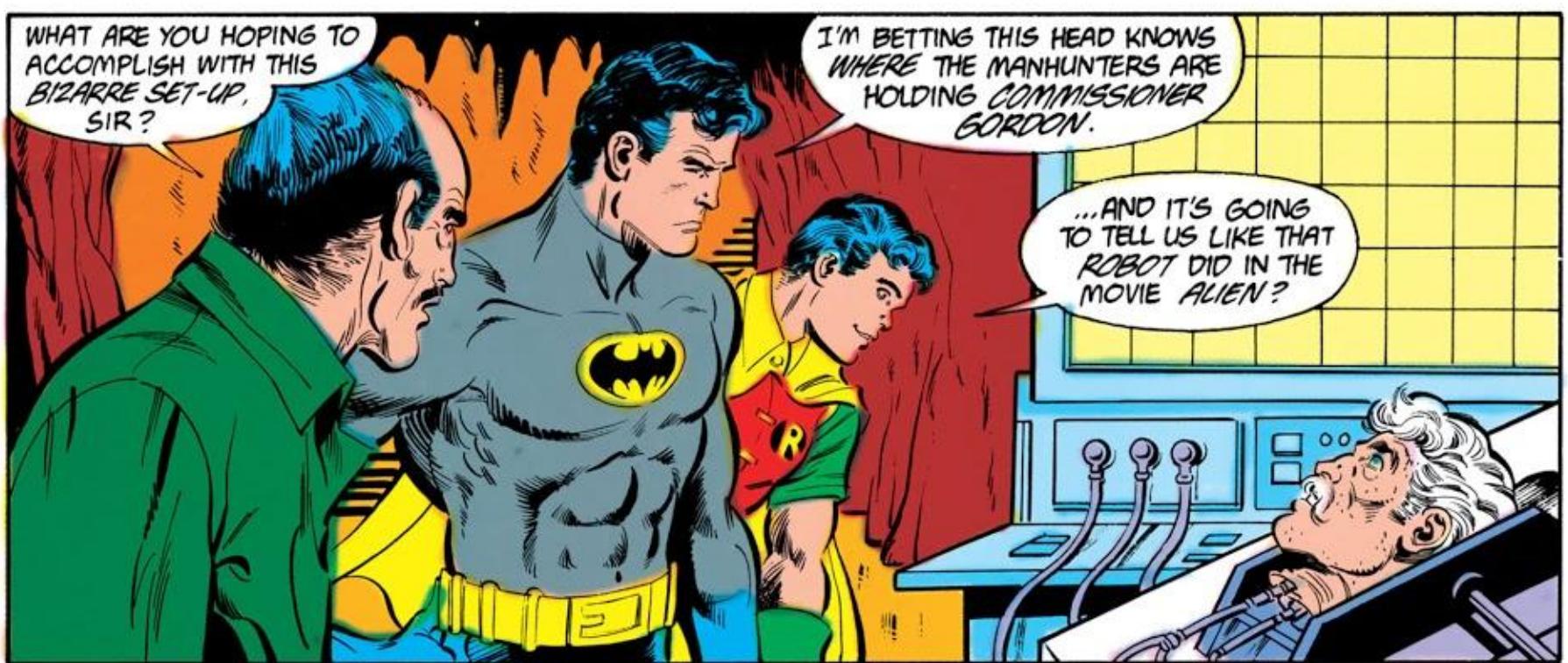
HOME.

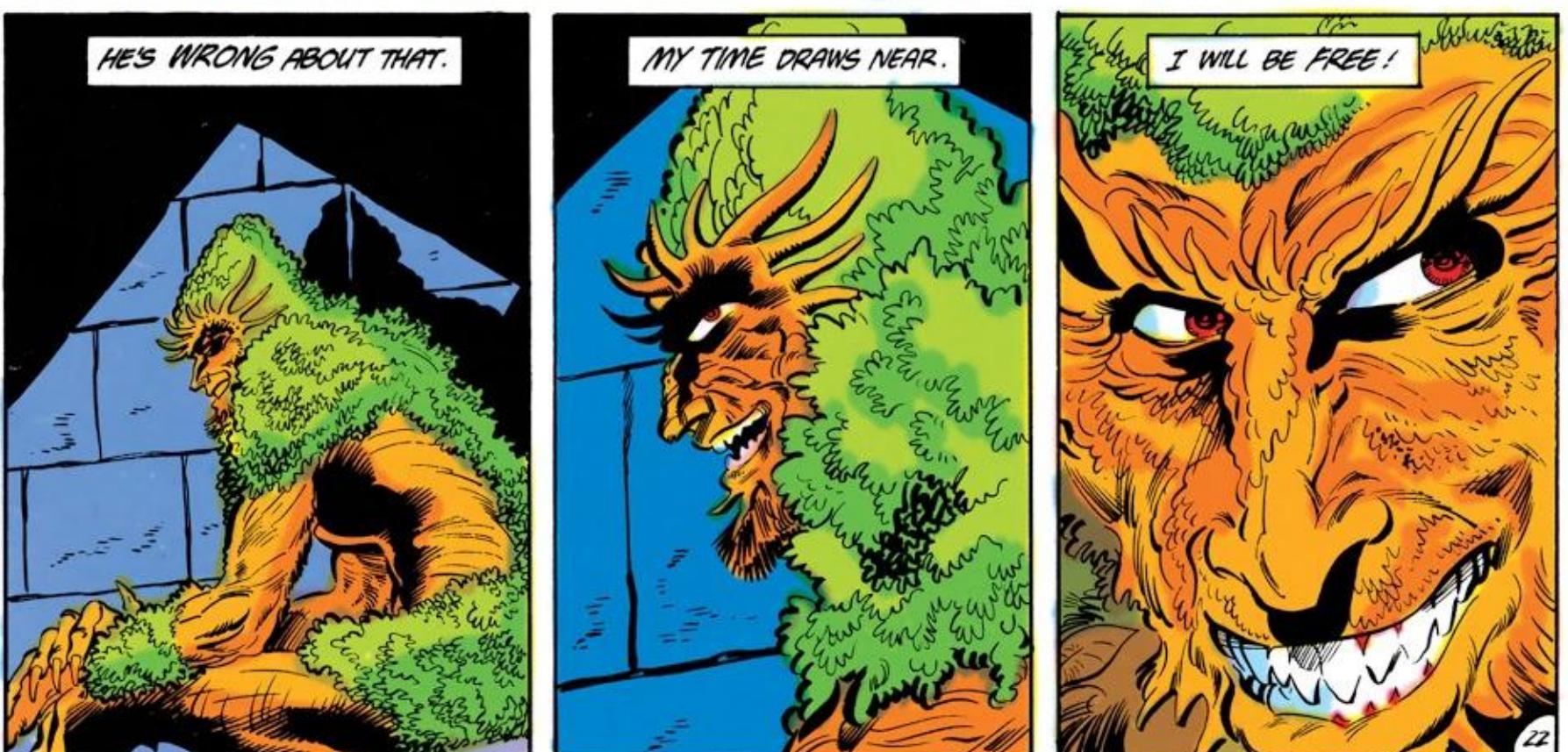
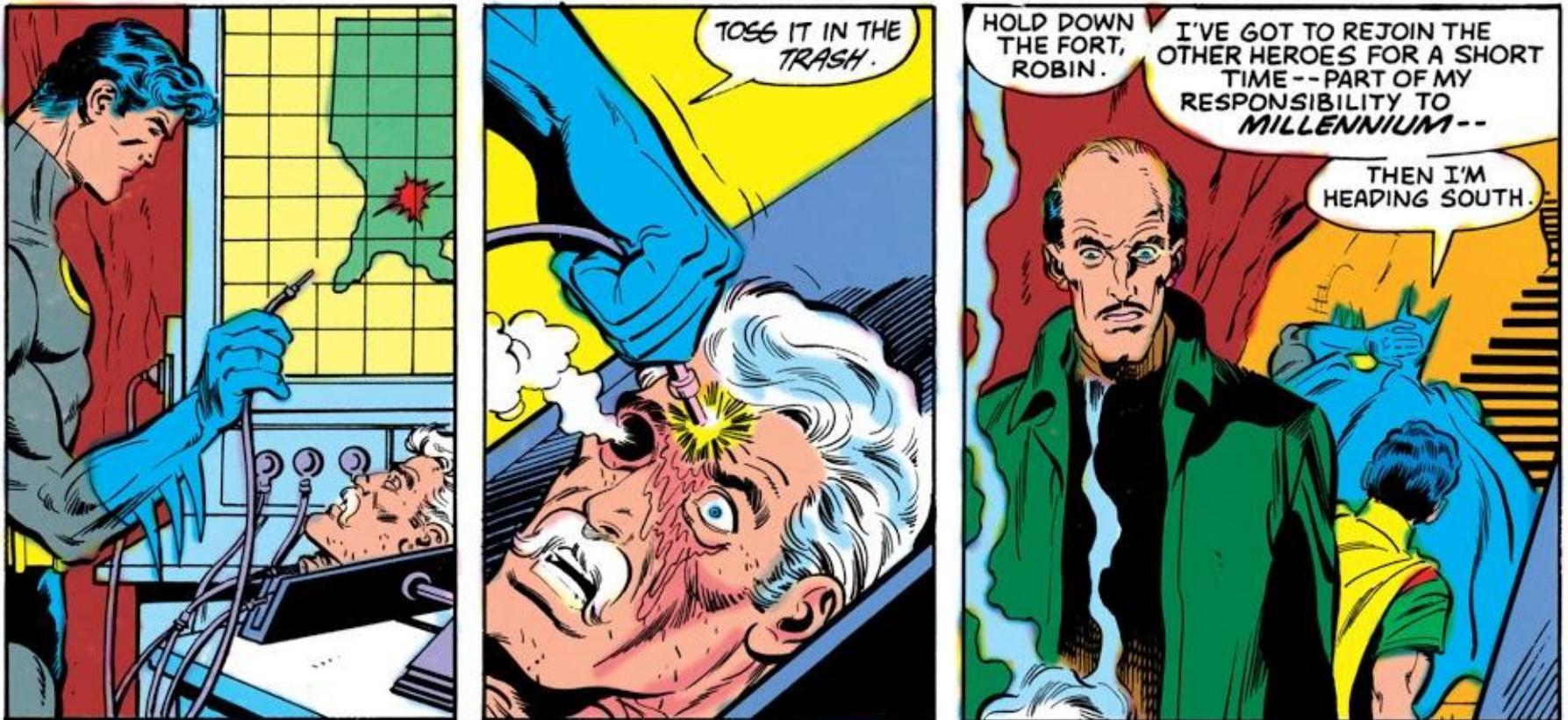
WAYNE MANOR.

HOME, THE PLACE YOU REST YOUR CAPE AND COWL.

THERE ISN'T A COMPUTER IN ALL GOTHAM CITY THAT CAN MATCH THE SET-UP I HAVE DOWN IN THE BATCAVE.

BUT THE ALIEN TECHNOLOGY IS BAFFLING. IT TAKES ALL MY KNOW-HOW AND TWO GRUELING HOURS OF WORK TO TAP INTO THE ANDROID'S MEMORY BANKS.





THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES IN THE PAGES OF...
MILLENNIUM #3 AND **DETECTIVE #582!** BE THERE!



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