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BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
A  
UTHORITY

# BATMAN



T.S.  
DANIEL  
09





# LIFE AFTER DEATH PART 3 FRACTURED PIECES

WHERE IS SHE, PENGUIN?

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY  
**TONY S. DANIEL**

INKS

**SANDU FLOREA**

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BATMAN CREATED BY **BOB KANE**



DON'T WORRY,  
MR. COBLEPOT--  
I'LL SHOW THIS  
INTRUDER THE DOOR--  
BY HIS CUTE  
LITTLE EARS.

Lark, the chauffeur--  
hiding in the shower.  
When did he start  
using her again?



Not the same Lark.  
This one is bigger.  
Can't break her grip--

--so I have to  
play dirty.



AFTER  
YOU,  
MADAM.

KRASH



With his security out, Penguin talks. It's just a matter of believing what comes out of that jagged little hole he calls a mouth.

HER NAME IS  
-KOFF- -KOFF-  
KITRINA--A  
STREET URCHIN  
EARNING HERSELF  
SOME CRUMBS.

AND SHE'S  
PROBABLY  
LONG  
GONE.

WHERE?

THE KID SAYS SHE  
LEFT FOR FAMILY  
MATTERS--IF SHE  
MADE IT PAST THE  
SNIPERS.

BUT SHE'S  
GOOD AT  
THAT. LET ME  
TELL YOU.

WHAT WAS  
SHE DOING  
FOR YOU?

OH, THIS  
AND THAT,  
HWAK WAK--  
NOTHING  
BIG.

ANYTHING  
BIG ENOUGH  
TO UPSET  
THE BLACK  
MASK?

YOU'VE SEEN  
THE VIEW OUTSIDE  
MY WINDOW, BATMAN.  
I CAN'T WIPE MY  
TAIL-FEATHERS  
WITHOUT THE  
BLACK MASK  
KNOWING IT.

GOTHAM CITY CHILDREN'S  
MEMORIAL HOSPITAL...

While one youth is running  
amok in Gotham, another  
clings to his young life...

...courtesy of the bullet  
lodged into his spine from a  
sniper's high-powered rifle.

He bravely spoke to me when  
his friends cautioned him  
not to. He didn't heed their  
advice. But I should have.

It doesn't make  
sense. The sniper  
had a clear shot.

I was  
the threat.  
Not this kid.

The doctors call him  
"Baby D". The name  
I heard his friends say.

And when he's fully  
recovered, I'm going to  
put him on his feet.

Find a mentor for him.  
A job. A college fund will  
be set up and paid for...

I'll see to it he gets a **second**  
**chance** to live better.

With better opportunities, not  
like the ones that led him to  
the slums of Devil's Square.

I'll see to it...no matter  
what the cost.

DEVIL'S SQUARE.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

AND YOU FAILED TO STOP IT? IDIOT! SOMEONE HAS JUST RENDERED US A BLOW WHICH WE MAY NOT RECOVER FROM!

WE ARE CORNERED BY THE MILITARY. OUR RANKS ARE BEING GUNNED-DOWN BY COMMON MOBSTERS WHO ARE DISRUPTING OUR RESOURCES...

...OUR ONCE STRONG ARMY OF ASYLUM ESCAPEES WITHERS AWAY IN SUBTERRANEAN CAGES BECAUSE WE CAN'T MEDICATE THEM OUT OF THEIR PSYCHOPATHIC STUPORS!

THE WIRE SAYS A YOUNG GIRL IS BELIEVED RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LAB BOMBING. HOW CAN THIS BE? WE HAVE NO YOUNG GIRLS IN OUR EMPLOY.

IT'S APPARENT SOMEONE WITH THE INSIDE TRACK MOVED IN AND SPIRITED AWAY THE VERY SPECIMENS WE WERE TRYING TO DESTROY. HOW COULD THIS HAVE HAPPENED?

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT COMING, MASK. I DID.

I'D SAY THE "BLOW WHICH WE MAY NOT RECOVER FROM" HAS ALREADY BEEN DEALT!

INGRATE! I RESCUED YOU FROM THE BRINK OF INSANITY. THIS IS HOW YOU SHOW--

I AM NO LESS INSANE NOW THAN I WAS THEN! DAMN YOU TO HELL!

BEFORE YOU HOIST MY LOVER INTO THE ABYSS--A JOURNEY WHICH YOU WOULD SOON JOIN--I'VE STUMBLED ACROSS A BIT OF INFORMATION...

...PERSUDED FROM THE MOUTHS OF STREET URCHINS BY DR. DEATH.

YOU NEED LOOK NO FURTHER FOR YOUR JUDAS... SEEMS THE PENGUIN EMPLOYED THE LITTLE THIEF.

HER NAME IS KITRINA FALCONE.

CRIME ALLEY...

A great evil lurks  
in Gotham City.

Evil which I have not  
seen since the days of  
the Great Sho'ah.

There are many here  
who need to be  
brought to swift and  
merciless justice.

...those who will grind  
you up like rotted meat.

The sadists will  
never be allowed to  
have the last laugh.

This I swear  
to you.

ARKHAM ASYLUM,  
TWO DAYS LATER.

THE GENE-CORE WING.

--SO YOU SEE, THE FOREBRAIN, WHICH IS THE LARGEST PART OF THE BRAIN, CONSISTS PRIMARILY OF THE CEREBRUM. WHICH, OF COURSE, IS DIVIDED INTO TWO HALVES--

--BUT THE AMYGDALA IS WHERE WE'VE FOUND WE CAN MANIPULATE WITH THE PROPER RADIO WAVE CONDUCTORS.

A DISTORTED AMYGDALA IS LINKED TO MOST MENTAL ILLNESSES. SCHIZOPHRENIA, ANXIETY DISORDERS, BIPOLARISM, ET CETERA.

DR. SINGH BELIEVES THIS COULD BE A PERMANENT ANSWER TO MENTAL ILLNESS, MR. WAYNE.

I SEE A WIN FOR EVERYONE EXCEPT THE MENTAL HEALTH INDUSTRY. THE PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANIES WOULD SURE LIKE TO SEE THIS KEPT BURIED.

INTERESTING. DO YOU BELIEVE SOMEONE IN THE HEALTH INDUSTRY WAS BEHIND LAST NIGHT'S BOMBING?

I'M JUST SAYING, ALL THE MORE REASON TO HAVE GENE-CORE'S LABS BASED INSIDE ARKHAM.

'NIGHT, DR. SINGH.

GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN. I'LL SEE YOU ALL BRIGHT AND EARLY FOR PRELIMINARY ELECTRODE TESTING.

THIS PLACE IS A FORTRESS. I HOPE YOUR NEW SECURITY MEASURES ARE ENOUGH TO KEEP THE BIG DOGS LOCKED UP THIS TIME, DR. ARKHAM.

ding

CRASH

THE ELEVATOR--QUICK!

DEAR GOD!

CALL AN AMBULANCE--RIGHT AWAY!

GOTHAM CITY  
POLICE HQ.

Gordon calls me downtown to inform me of the accident that took place at Arkham Asylum.

SO WE'RE BOTH ON THE SAME PAGE.

...BUT I WOULDN'T BE HERE IF YOU THOUGHT IT WAS JUST AN ACCIDENT.

THE CONSTRUCTION FIRM ASSURES ME THE ELEVATOR WAS IN PROPER WORKING ORDER...EVEN THOUGH IT HADN'T PASSED INSPECTION BY THE CITY YET.

HOW MANY DEAD?

FOUR.  
ALL WERE PARTNERS AT GENE-CORE.

ACCIDENTS DO HAPPEN.  
ESPECIALLY ON CONSTRUCTION SITES...

beep  
beep  
beep



IT SEEMS THE HYDRAULIC JACKS WERE THE CULPRIT. BUT THEY'LL NEED TIME FOR A FULL INVESTIGATION.

WITNESSES?



DR. SINGH, THE ONLY SURVIVING GENE-CORE PARTNER, ALONG WITH DR. ARKHAM, AND OF ALL PEOPLE, BRUCE WAYNE.



SOMETHING STRIKES YOU AS ODD?



IF IT'S DR. SINGH BEING THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF GENE-CORE, THEN WE'RE ON THE SAME PAGE AGAIN.



LET'S NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS BEFORE WE HAVE ALL THE FACTS.



*First the destruction of Gene-Core's laboratory--and now the deaths of all but one of its founding members.*

*The facts are out there, and so is the one person I suspect has the answers.*

THE MAPS,  
KITRINA. THE ONES  
WITH EVERY STRONG  
POINT, WEAK POINT AND  
TUNNEL WITHIN DEVIL'S  
SQUARE. WHERE  
ARE THEY?

STOLEN.  
I TOLD YOU  
A THOUSAND  
TIMES.

THEN THEY HAD  
YOUR HELP. THEY  
WERE LOCKED  
AWAY IN MY SAFE  
ALONG WITH YOUR  
MOTHER'S  
CHERISHED  
JEWELRY.

NEWSFLASH--  
I'M THE ONE WHO  
MADE THOSE MAPS  
FOR YOU. IF I WANTED  
TO SCREW YOU OVER,  
I WOULD'VE JUST  
SOLD THEM OFF  
TO THE HIGHEST  
BIDDER, YOU  
POSER.

WHICH IS WHAT  
YOU PROBABLY  
DID. JUST WHO IS  
IT YOU'RE DOUBLE-  
CROSSIN'  
ME FOR?

YOU CAN  
SHUT HER UP NOW.  
I HAVE WHAT I NEED  
**MEMORIZED**. ENOUGH  
TO HAVE THE EDGE  
OVER THE BLACK  
MASK, ANYWAY.

LET'S SEE THE  
LITTLE HOUDINI  
ESCAPE OUT  
OF THAT!

KRUNK

THE TWO OF  
YOU WAIT HERE  
AND MAKE SURE  
SHE DON'T  
GET OUT.

RAISE IT  
UP IN TWO,  
THREE HOURS.  
YOU GET THE  
DRIFT.



LATER...

THE BAT-BUNKER  
BENEATH WAYNE TOWER.

THIS IS  
STUPID, PENNYWORTH.  
NO MATTER HOW MANY  
TIMES I TEST THESE  
DRUGS, THEY COME  
OUT THE *SAME*.

WHAT, MAY  
I ASK, IS SO  
STUPID?

OKAY, THE FIRST PILL  
BATMAN FOUND IN THE  
WOODS *LOOKS* LIKE A  
MASS-PRODUCED  
BRAND LABEL JOB...  
BUT IT'S NOT.

NOTHING  
LIKE IT EXISTS.  
NOTHING *LEGAL*,  
ANYWAY.

I STILL FAIL TO SEE  
WHAT YOU FIND SO  
STUPID, MASTER  
DAMIAN.

THE INGREDIENTS IN THE ANTI-  
PSYCHOTICS WE SNOOKERED  
FROM THOSE FALSE FACES  
*MATCH EXACTLY* WITH  
WHAT'S IN THE  
MYSTERY PILL.

YOU  
DON'T SEE IT,  
EITHER...

I AWAIT  
ENLIGHTENMENT.

THE MYSTERY  
PILL IS A MISH-MASH  
OF ALL THE SAME ANTI-  
PSYCHOTICS. A  
*CURE-ALL* PILL.

BLACK MASK IS  
*MEDICATING* THE  
LOONIES HE BROKE  
OUT OF ARKHAM. IT'S  
SO PLAIN. AND SO  
STUPID THAT *DICK*  
DIDN'T DISCOVER  
IT FIRST.

GOOD  
WORK,  
SIR.

ENOUGH  
SCHOOL  
LESSONS.  
I WANT TO  
HAVE SOME  
FUN.

PLAY WITH  
THIS FIRST,  
DAMIAN. THEN  
MAYBE YOU CAN  
COME OUT  
AND PLAY.

RIGHT.

SO AM I  
SOLVING ALL OF  
YOUR DEADENDS,  
OR JUST THE ONES  
THAT BORE YOU?

I FIGURED  
OUT THE MATCHING  
FORMULA IN THE  
MYSTERY PILL  
YESTERDAY  
MORNING.

BUT THE  
GASMASKS  
NEED A SET OF  
FRESH EYES.

I REFUSE TO BELIEVE THE  
MASKS ARE CLEAN... THAT  
THEY'RE JUST ORNAMENTAL.  
BUT I'VE RUN TESTS AND  
SO FAR--NIL.

FINE.  
WHATEVER.

Damian's proving to be a  
pretty good sleuth lately.  
I'd like to think it's my  
influence rubbing off, but  
then there's the old adage  
of the "apple not falling  
far from the tree."

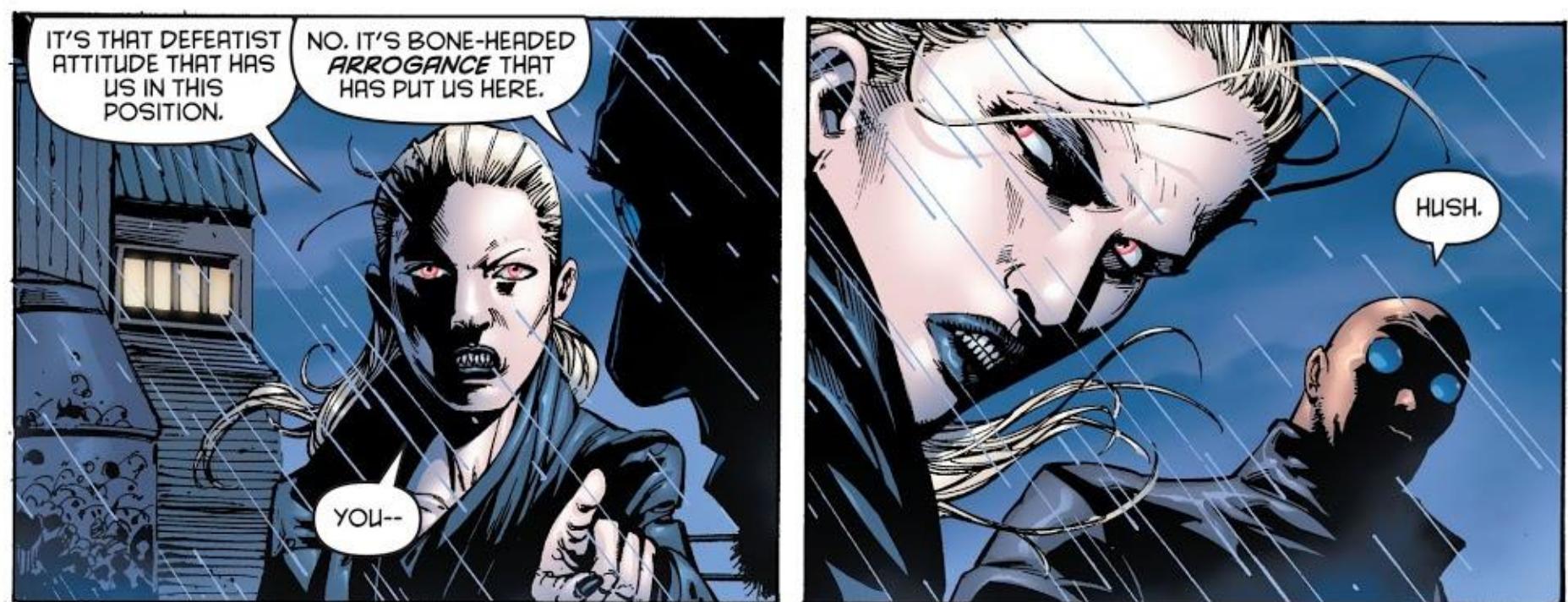
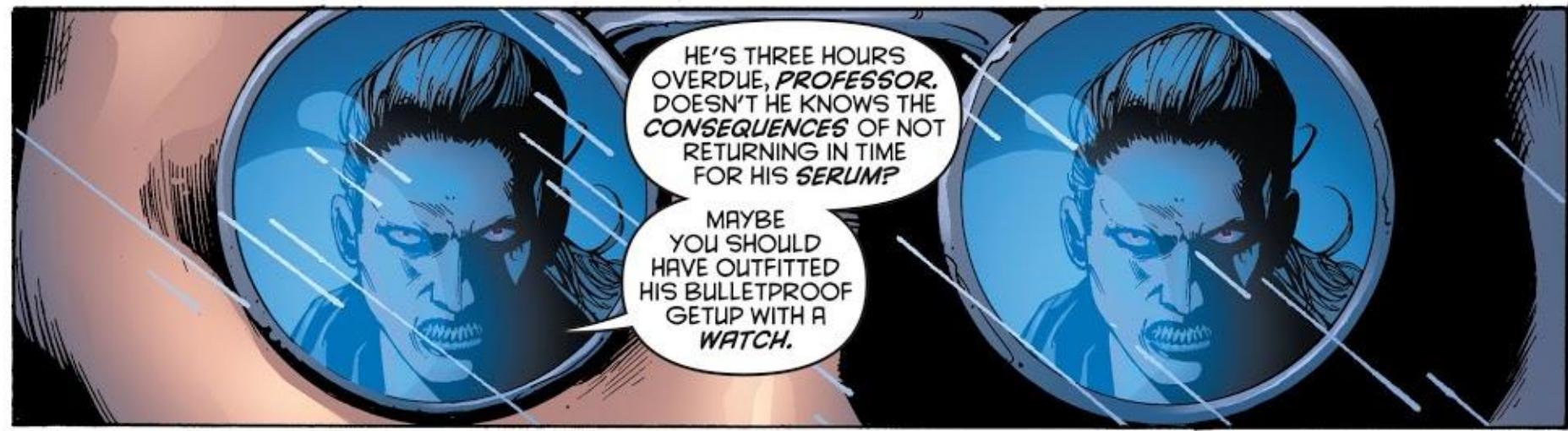
I contact Barbara--Oracle--  
for what she's found out about  
Gene-Core. She refuses to let me  
see her face...Helena's kiss  
bothered her more than she let on.

Her intel connects the dots  
that reveal the bigger picture--

--Gene-Core was developing  
anti-virals against biological  
weapon samples seized  
by Homeland Security  
a few years back.

And the alleged mastermind behind  
the cache of bio-weapons is none  
other than our old friend--

--Professor Hugo Strange.



YOUR PALE SKIN  
AND HAIR-- HAVE  
WE MET BEFORE,  
DOCTOR?

IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO  
WHEN YOU WERE NEARLY  
**MURDERED** BY BATMAN.  
WHEN YOUR BRAIN-DEAD  
BODY WAS FROZEN  
PER YOUR WILL.

I WAS  
BARELY A CHILD  
THEN.

YES.  
A CHILD.

I THINK I'M  
CONFUSING  
YOU.

MY  
YOUTH WAS  
STOLEN.

BUT NOT  
BY YOU. NO.  
NOT YOU.

PROFESSOR  
STRANGE...WHAT'S  
ALL THIS ABOUT?

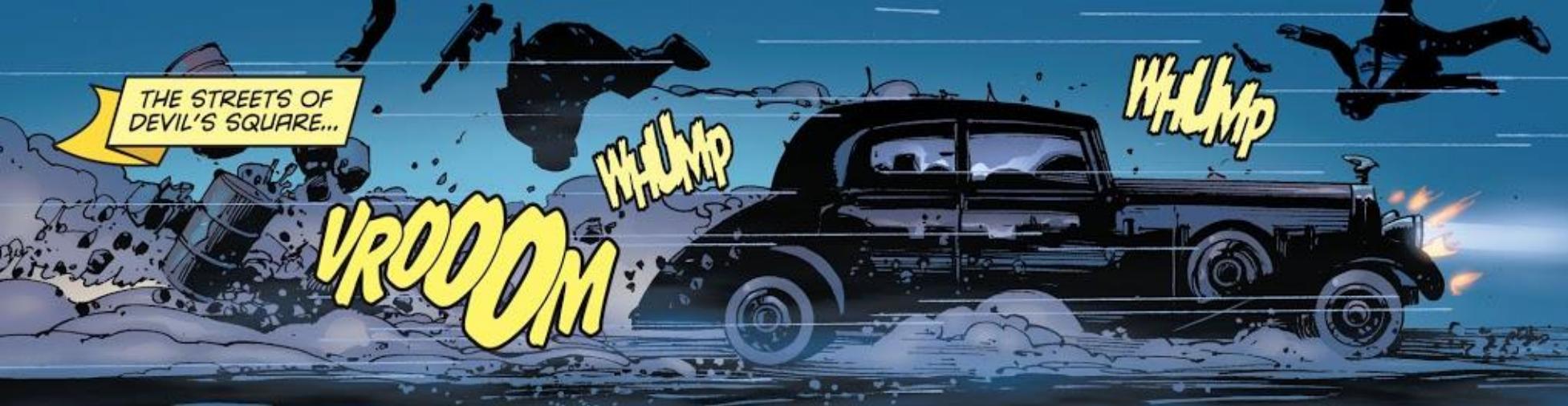
HE'S ILL, AND IN  
DESPERATE NEED OF THE  
NUTRITION WE PROVIDE TO  
SUSTAIN HIS MENTAL AND  
PHYSICAL HEALTH.

SHALL I,  
PROFESSOR?

THERE WE ARE.  
**DR. DEATH** TO SAVE  
THE DAY. DON'T JUST  
STAND THERE LOOKING  
**GOTH**. GIVE THE MAN  
WHAT HE NEEDS.

THIS IS WHAT  
**TEAMWORK** IS ALL  
ABOUT. NOW LET'S  
HUNKER DOWN BEFORE  
THOSE NASTY SPY  
DRONES COME CIRCLING BACK.







It worries me if Barbara is upset with Helena... or with me. After all Babs and I have been through, there's no doubt that feelings still exist...

It was a while ago that Helena and I made a brief... excursion off the path of friendship--and into something more. It was over before it ever began--but for Barbara, the damage was done.

Helena and I have since been the greatest of allies--and friends.

WORD ON THE STREET IS PENGUIN'S TOAST. SOMETHING HE DID SET BLACK MASK OFF AND HE'S ON THE RUN.

MIGHT EVEN BE DEAD ACCORDING TO MY SOURCES.

HE'LL RESURFACE-- HE ALWAYS DOES.

AND SPEAKING OF RESURFACING...

...EDWARD NIGMA HASN'T YET. I STAKED OUT HIS OFFICE, BUT THERE'S BEEN NO SIGN OF HIM.

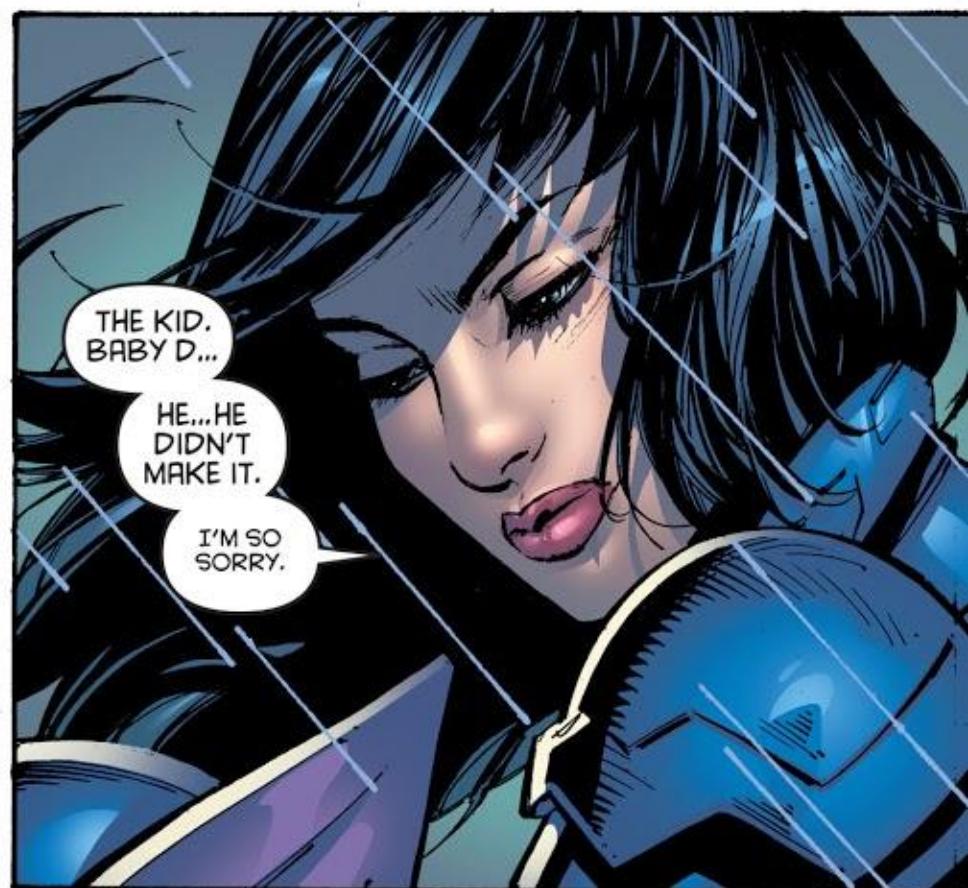
I BELIEVE HE WAS TRAILING THE GIRL. THAT MEANS HE KNEW SOMETHING WAS GOING DOWN BEFOREHAND.

SOMEONE HIRED THE RIDDLER TO BE AT THAT PARTY.

ORACLE WAS ABLE TO PULL UP AN IMAGE TAKEN BY AN ATM ACROSS THE STREET FROM DR. SINGH'S CONDO.

IT'S A WEEK OLD AND GRAINY--BUT WE THINK IT'S HER.

AGREED. I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU, BY THE WAY...





 TO BE CONTINUED...



**novus**  
Distributions