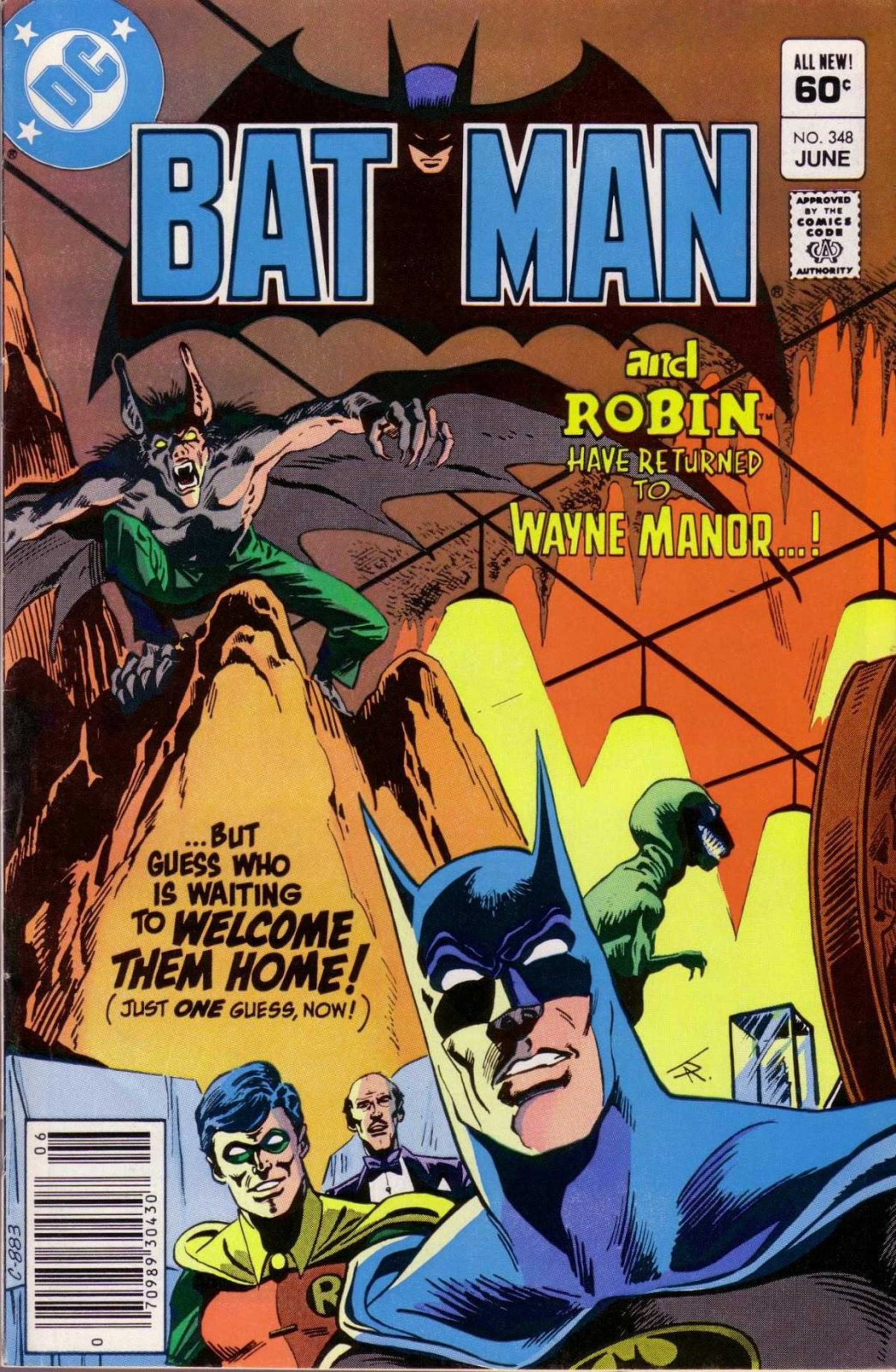
DC
BAT MAN
ALL NEW!
60¢
NO. 348
JUNE
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
and ROBIN™ HAVE RETURNED TO WAYNE MANOR...!
...BUT GUESS WHO IS WAITING TO WELCOME THEM HOME!
(JUST ONE GUESS, NOW!)
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DOING MY BEST, BRUCE!

HOW'D YOU MANAGE TO GET THIS THING DOWN UNDER THE WAYNE BUILDING IN THE FIRST PLACE?

DON'T ASK

AS THE MAN SAID, "IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME!

WAIT-- I'M LOSING IT!

WATCH OUT!

WHOOUF!

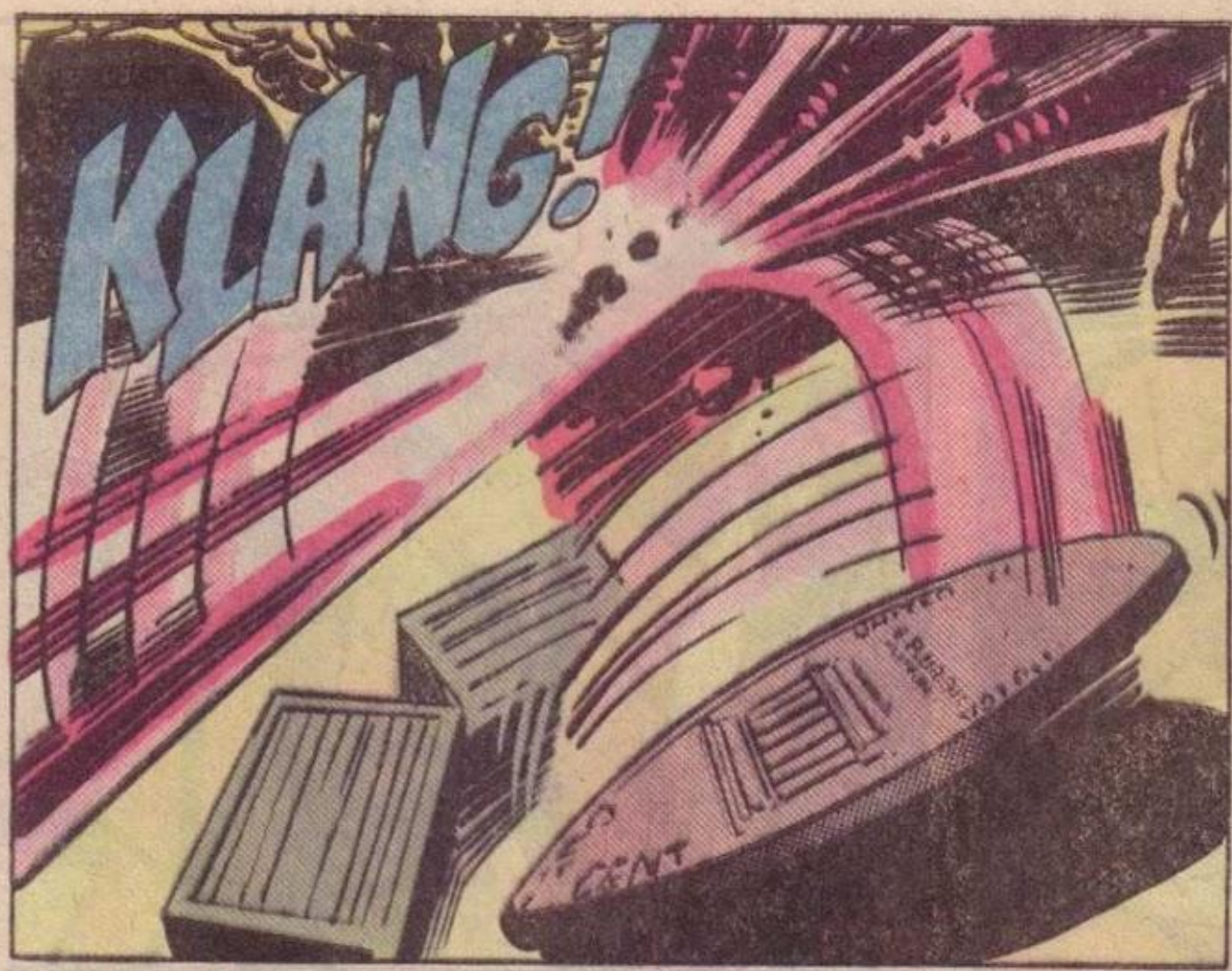
COULDN'T HOLD IT--IT'S SPINNING FREE!

ALFRED, GET OUT OF ITS WAY!

THE PENNY'S HEADING ACROSS THE BATCAVE-- AWAY FROM THE CRIME COMPUTER! IT'S GOING TO--

SWIT SWIT

SWIT

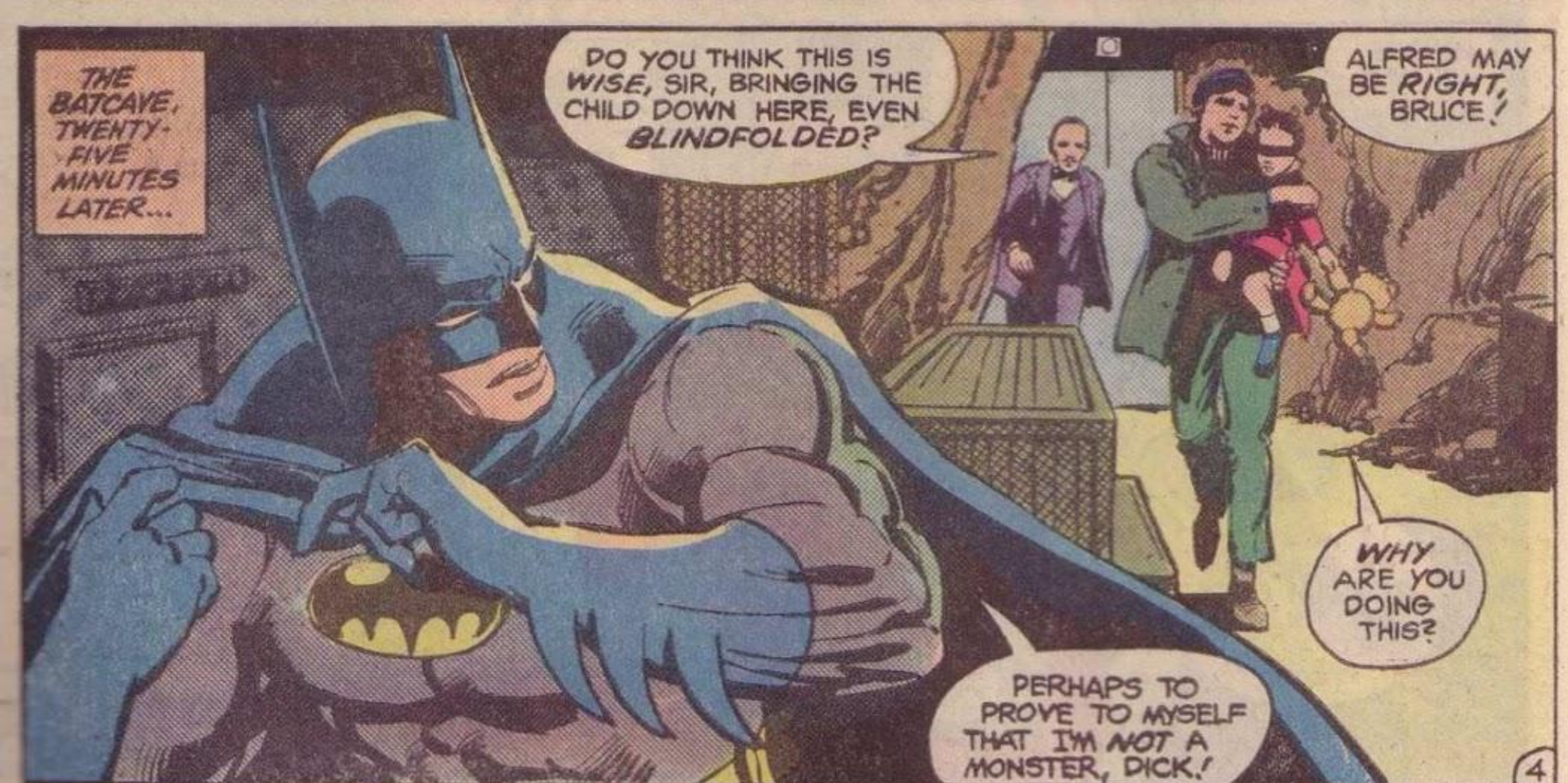

KLANG!

WHAT AN IMAGE!
WE'RE OFF TO A FINE START AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD!
THREE GROWN MEN-- TERRIFIED BY A RUNAWAY PENNY!
HAHAHA
THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE, DICK--

BUZZZ
YOUR PARDON, SIR-- THAT'S THE FRONT DOOR BELL, UPSTAIRS.
APPARENTLY WE HAVE A VISITOR.

A BALEFUL MOON STARES DOWN UPON THE SHADOWED GROUNDS OF WAYNE MANOR, AND IN THE MOON-LIGHT, TWO WAN FIGURES CONFRONT THE MAN NAMED ALFRED ALMOST ACCUSINGLY...
YES, MADAM?
MAY I ASK WHO YOU WISH TO--
WAYNE MANOR

WHERE IS HE?
WHERE'S MR. HIGH-AND-MIGHTY BRUCE WAYNE?
I WENT TO HIS PLACE IN GOTHAM CITY-- THEY TOLD ME HE'D MOVED HERE.
IS HE AFRAID TO FACE ME?
HAS HE FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME AND MY CHILD?
MADAM, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE--
WAIT! YOU CAN'T-- I HAVE TO ANNOUNCE--



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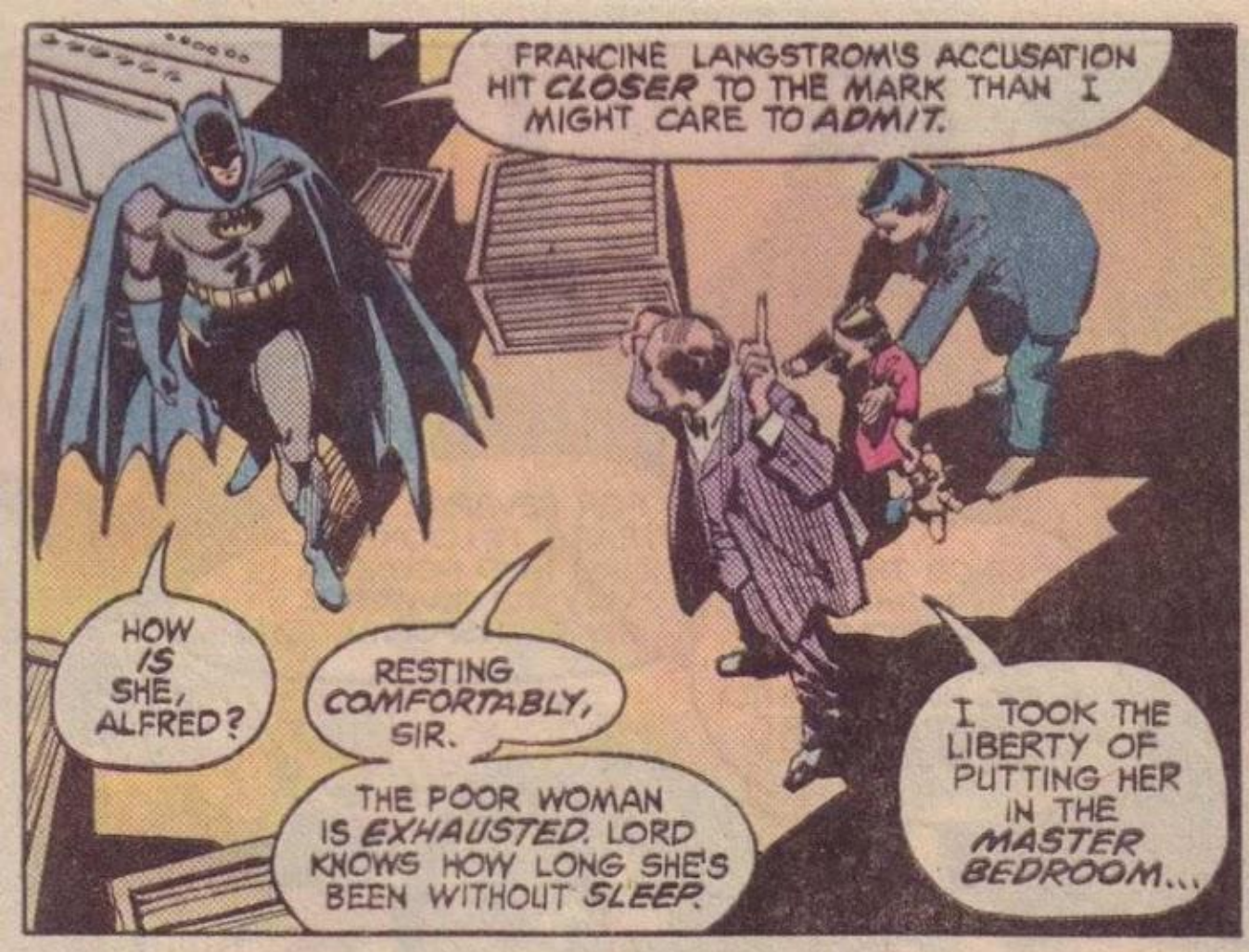
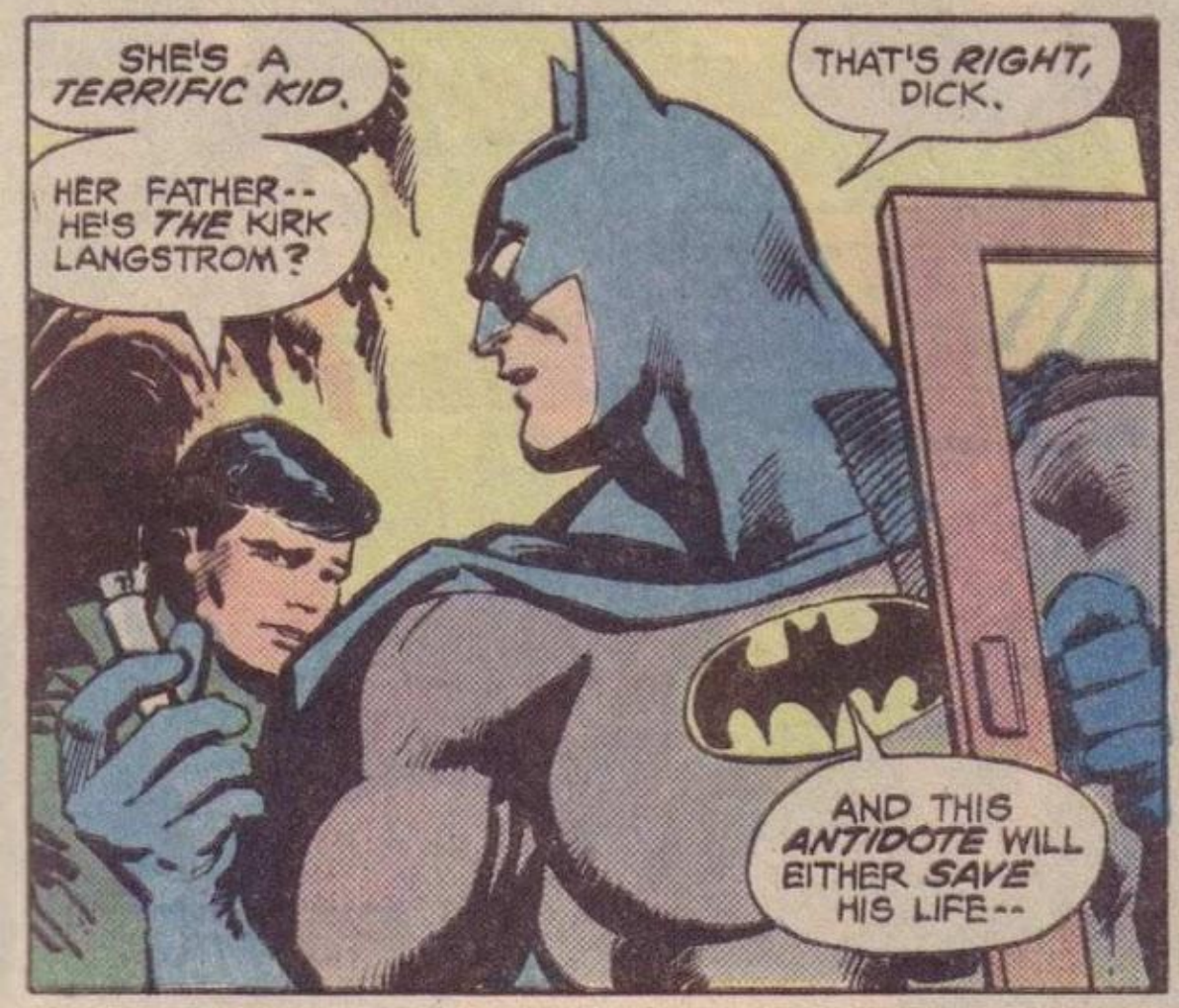

FRANCINE LANGSTROM'S ACCUSATION HIT CLOSER TO THE MARK THAN I MIGHT CARE TO ADMIT.
HOW IS SHE, ALFRED?
RESTING COMFORTABLY, SIR.
THE POOR WOMAN IS EXHAUSTED. LORD KNOWS HOW LONG SHE'S BEEN WITHOUT SLEEP.
I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF PUTTING HER IN THE MASTER BEDROOM...

"... AND WHEN I LEFT, SHE WAS, AH, 'DEAD TO THE WORLD,' SO TO SPEAK..."

YOU'RE THE BAT-MAN!
I SAW YOU ON TV!
GOOD!
HELLO, REBECCA. DO YOU KNOW ME?
ARE YOU AFRAID OF ME?
NOOO... I DON'T THINK SO.


SHE'S A TERRIFIC KID.
THAT'S RIGHT, DICK.
HER FATHER-- HE'S THE KIRK LANGSTROM?
AND THIS ANTIDOTE WILL EITHER SAVE HIS LIFE--

--OR KILL HIM!

KIRK LANGSTROM... THE MAN-BAT!
HE'S ALWAYS WALKED A FINE LINE BETWEEN SANITY AND MADNESS--
--SINCE THE FIRST NIGHT HE USED A BAT-GLAND EXTRACT TO TRANSFORM HIMSELF INTO A CREATURE PART MAN, PART BAT!*
FOR SEVERAL YEARS, IT LOOKED LIKE HE'D FOUND A WAY TO CONTROL HIS TRANSFORMATIONS--
--EVEN BECOMING A KIND OF HERO, MODELING HIMSELF AFTER ME.
"BUT THEN, A FEW MONTHS AGO, THE CONTROL STARTED TO SLIP AWAY.
"FIRST, HIS DAUGHTER REBECCA BECAME DEATHLY ILL--AND IN A TWISTED WAY, HE BLAMED ME FOR HER ILLNESS.
"HIS LIFE FELL APART--HE COULDN'T HOLD A JOB--AND FINALLY, ONE NIGHT, HE ACCIDENTALLY OVERDOSED HIMSELF...
"...AND THE RESULTING TRANSFORMATION PUSHED HIM OVER THE BRINK INTO INSANITY.
"HE HAUNTED WAYNE MANOR, HAVING FOUND HIS WAY INTO THE BATCAVE. WE FOUGHT.
"...AND I TRIED TO SAVE HIM WITH THE SAME ANTIDOTE I'D USED THE FIRST TIME WE MET, YEARS AGO.
"UNFORTUNATELY, THE OVERDOSE HAD POISONED HIS SYSTEM SO BADLY, THE ANTIDOTE HAD NO EFFECT--"
*DETECTIVE 400--DG.

"--AND HE ESCAPED, HIDING SOMEWHERE IN THE CAVE SYSTEM THAT HONEYCOMBS THESE OLD HILLS.

"AS BRUCE WAYNE, I PROMISED FRANCINE I'D FIND A CURE...

"... BUT THE ONLY CURE IS AN OVERDOSE OF ANTIDOTE, AND AS I SAID, THAT MIGHT KILL HIM."

WELL...

NO ONE SAID THIS JOB WAS EASY!

THOSE LENSES YOU SLIPPED UNDER YOUR MASK--

INFRA-RED?

WITH THEM, I CAN SEE ALMOST AS WELL AS HE CAN HEAR.

THEY'RE INSURANCE--

--JUST LIKE REBECCA.

I NEED TO CONVINCE LANGSTROM SHE DIDN'T DIE OF HER ILLNESS.

HER PRESENCE MIGHT SAVE LANGSTROM'S LIFE.

GOOD LUCK.

BOTH OF YOU.

WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE, THE BATMAN STEPS INTO SHADOW AND IS GONE.

HIS FOOT-STEPS ECHO SOFTLY, THEN FADE TO SILENCE AS HE TURNS DOWN A SIDE-TUNNEL.

IN THE RESULTING HUSH, ANOTHER SOUND SUDDENLY IS HEARD FROM ABOVE... THE LEATHERY RUSTLE OF HUGE WINGS...

...FOLLOWED BY AN INHUMAN SHRIEK, AND A DARTING FIGURE LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL!

SKEEEEEK

MY WORD--!

MAN-BAT!

HE WAS HIDING *HERE* ALL THE TIME!

THAT'S THE ROUTE *THE BATMAN* TOOK, SIR!

QUICKLY, THE *COMMUNICATOR*-- WE MUST *WARN* HIM OF THE DANGER COMING FROM *BEHIND*--!

NO *GOOD*, ALFRED!

NOT EVEN THE *STRONGEST* RADIO SIGNAL CAN PENETRATE *SOLID ROCK*!

SKEEEEEK

AND EVEN IF I *WENT IN* AFTER HIM, HOW COULD I *FIND* HIM?

IT'S LIKE A *MAZE*-- *MILES* OF IT!

FOR GOOD OR BAD, *THE BATMAN* IS ON HIS OWN.

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

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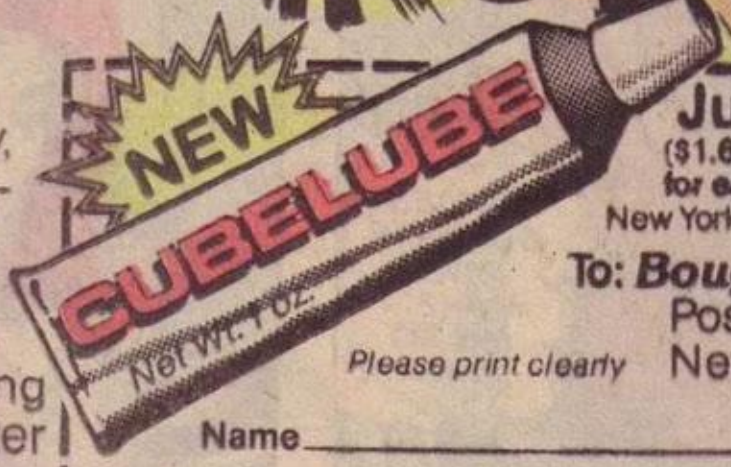

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AND WHAT OF THOSE OTHERS WHOSE LIVES ARE INTERTWINED WITH THAT OF THE BATMAN?

WHERE ARE THEY TONIGHT, AS HE RISKS HIS LIFE TO SAVE A MAN WHO WANTS HIM DEAD?

DAD.

YOU'VE BEEN STANDING OUT HERE LOOKING AT THE RIVER FOR ALMOST AN HOUR.

WHY DON'T YOU COME HOME?

BARBARA.

HOME, NOW THERE'S AN INTERESTING WORD.

I HAD A HOME, ONCE, BEFORE YOUR MOTHER DIED.

THEN, FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS, POLICE HEADQUARTERS WAS HOME.

MAYOR HAMILTON HILL TOOK THAT ALL AWAY FROM ME, WHEN HE FORCED MY RESIGNATION.

I DON'T HAVE A HOME, ANYMORE.

JAMES GORDON, YOU MAKE ME SO MAD--!

YOU'RE BEHAVING LIKE A LOST OLD MAN!

I'VE GOT TO PUSH YOU OUT OF YOUR FUNK--!

AND FOR THAT, I'LL NEED A LITTLE HELP...

JASON BARD
INVESTIGATIO

Phone:
555-0983

(MORE ON EX-COMMISSIONER JAMES GORDON IN DETECTIVE #515.)

ELSEWHERE, TONIGHT...

PICTURE NEWS EDITOR

RUN THAT BY ME AGAIN, VICKI...

YOU SAY YOU HAVE PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOF OF THE BATMAN'S REAL IDENTITY--

--BUT YOU WON'T GIVE ME THE PICTURES FOR PUBLICATION?

I'LL TRY TO STAY CALM.

I WON'T SUCCEED, BUT I'LL TRY.

MORTON, IT'S LIKE THIS:

I PROMISED A FRIEND HE'D HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVE ME WRONG...

...AND AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE CAUSED THE LAST TIME SOMEONE HAD "PROOF" OF THE BATMAN'S SECRET IDENTITY,* I WANT TO BE 100% SURE THAT I'M RIGHT.

*THAT WAS MAYORAL CANDIDATE ARTHUR REEVES, IN BATMAN #344.-- DG.

DON'T PUSH ME ON THIS, MORTON.

YOU MADE ME YOUR PHOTO EDITOR BECAUSE YOU TRUST MY JUDGEMENT.

SO TRUST ME.

;SIGH.; WHY DO MY PEOPLE ALWAYS GIVE ME SUCH TSURIS?

MORTON DEAL FROWNS AS THE DOOR SWINGS SHUT BEHIND THE DEPARTING VICKI VALE. THEN...

SIR? I MAY HAVE SOMETHING THAT'LL INTEREST YOU...

TALK ON, DEAR BOY!

"BOSS" THORNE IS ALWAYS INTERESTED IN HEARING FROM ONE OF HIS OLD PROTÉGÉS...!

MOMENTS LATER...

INTRIGUING.

A FEW MONTHS AGO, I TRICKED REEVES INTO DESTROYING HIS CANDIDACY WITH A SET OF PHONY BATMAN PHOTOS.

WOULDN'T IT BE IRONIC IF I NOW PUT MY HANDS ON THE REAL THING?

HAHAHA

"BOSS" RUPERT THORNE WAS ONCE THE MOST POWERFUL SECRET MOVER IN GOTHAM CITY POLITICS.

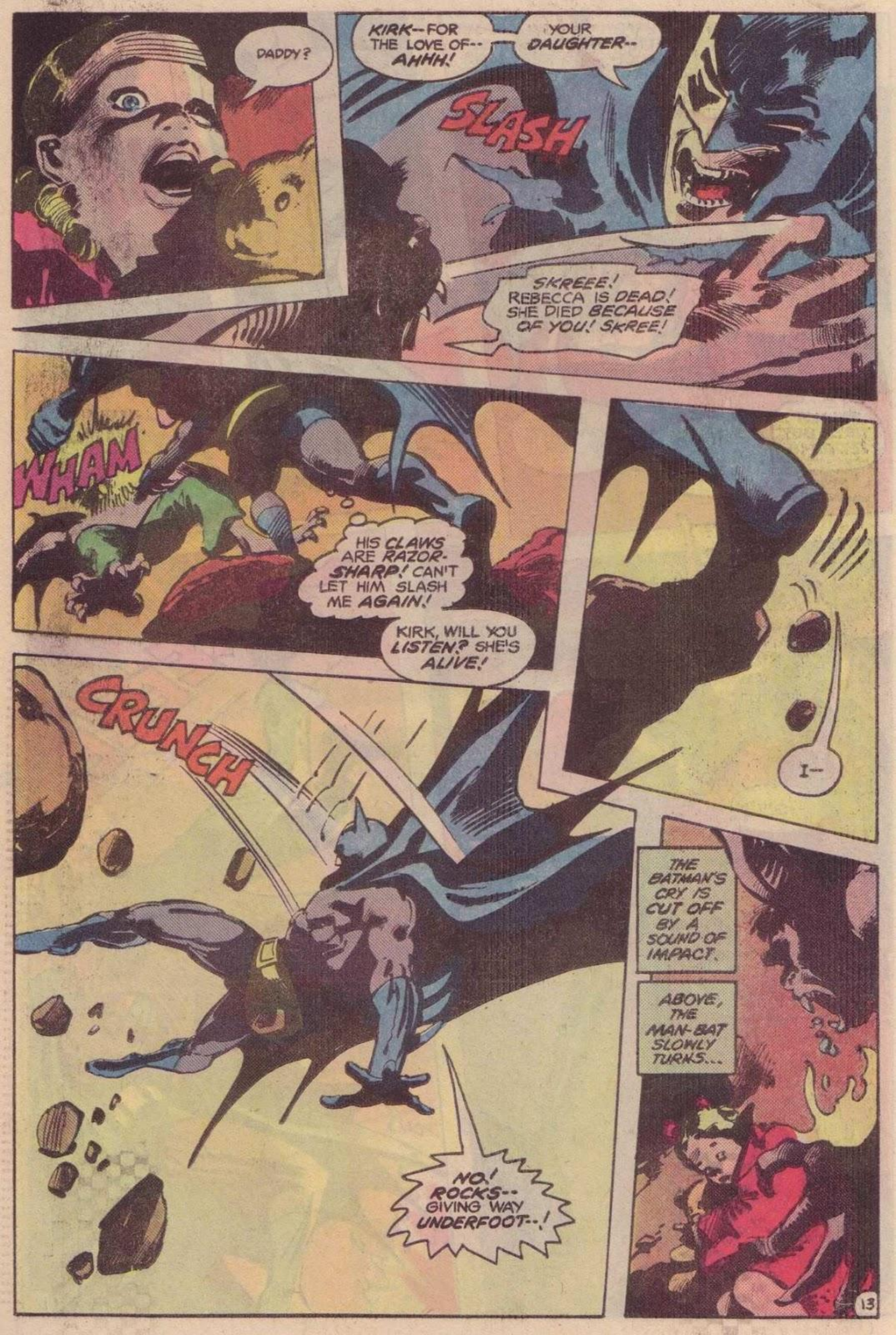
HE IS WELL ON HIS WAY TO RECLAIMING THAT TITLE, THOUGH NO ONE KNOWS IT BUT A HANDFUL OF FRIGHTENED MEN...

RETURN NOW, TO THE CAVERNS BEYOND THE BATCAVE, WHERE AN EERIE PHOSPHOR LUMINESCENCE CASTS GHOSTLY SHADOWS ON MOSSY EARTHERN WALLS.

WATCH NOW, AS ONE SUCH SHADOW MOVES...

...AND BECOMES THE BATMAN!

THERE'S NO POINT IN GOING ANY FURTHER.
WE'VE COVERED MILES OF TUNNEL, WITH NO SIGN OF LANGSTROM ANYWHERE.
HOW ARE YOU FEELING, REBECCA? TIRED?
I'M NOT TIRED, BUT TEDDY IS.
ARE WE GOING TO SEE MY DADDY?
NOT TONIGHT, BECCA.
WE'LL REST HERE A FEW MOMENTS, THEN HEAD BACK.
LET ME GET A FIRE STARTED, WITH THIS DRY MOSS, SO WE CAN--
--SEE.
MY GOD... LANGSTROM!
SKREEEE
12


DADDY?
KIRK--FOR THE LOVE OF-- AHHH!
YOUR DAUGHTER--
SLASH
SKREEE! REBECCA IS DEAD! SHE DIED BECAUSE OF YOU! SKREE!
WHAM
HIS CLAWS ARE RAZOR-SHARP! CAN'T LET HIM SLASH ME AGAIN!
KIRK, WILL YOU LISTEN? SHE'S ALIVE!
I--
CRUNCH
NO! ROCKS-- GIVING WAY UNDERFOOT--!
THE BATMAN'S CRY IS CUT OFF BY A SOUND OF IMPACT.
ABOVE, THE MAN-BAT SLOWLY TURNS...

A MINUTE PASSES.
TWO.
THEN...

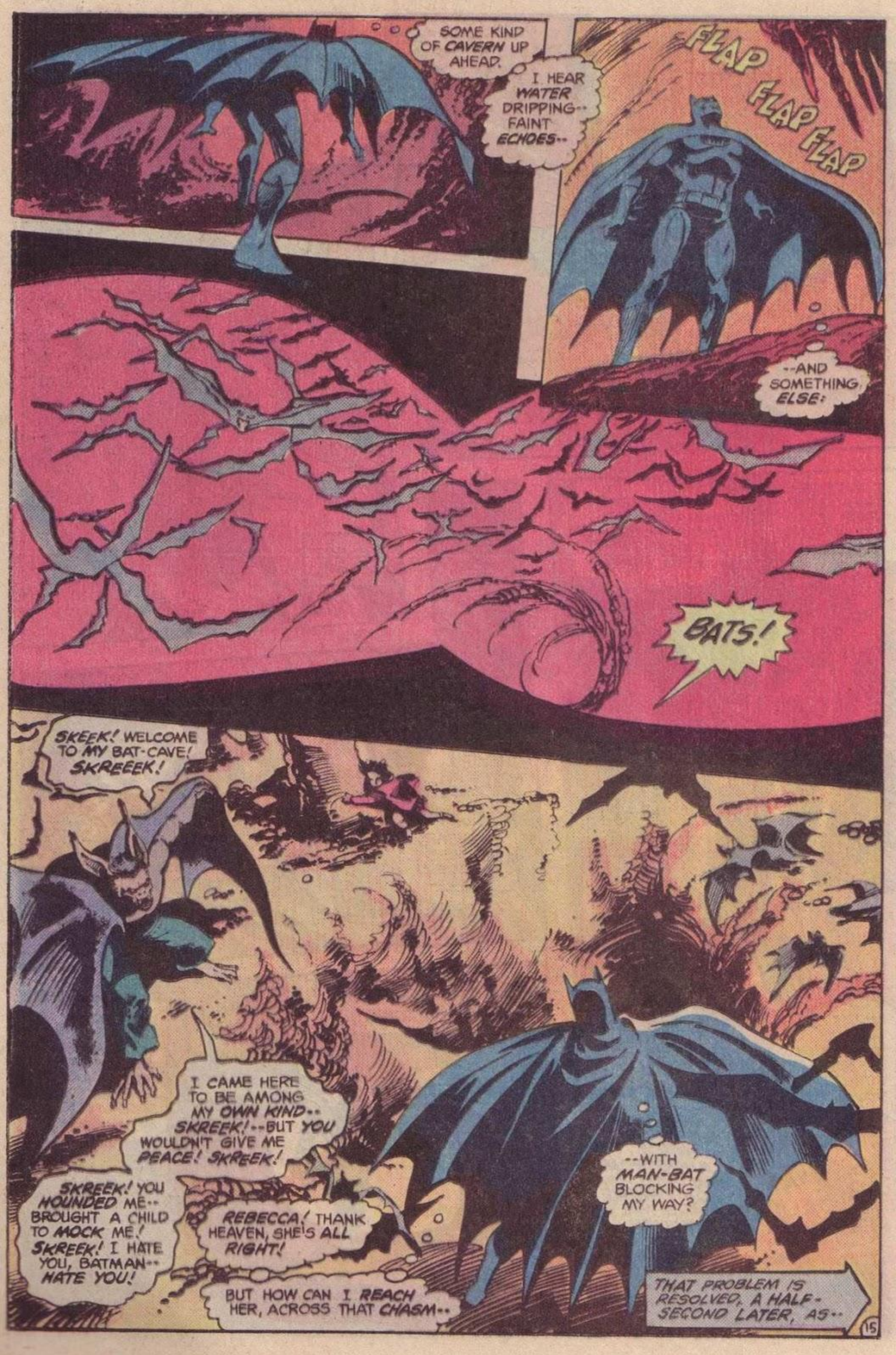
HE DRAWS HIMSELF UP LIKE A DROWNED MAN RISING FROM THE SEA.

HE IS BATTERED, LIMPING...
...BUT ALIVE.

I HATE TO THINK HOW FAR I WOULD HAVE FALLEN--
--IF I HADN'T MANAGED TO CATCH MYSELF ON A LEDGE TWENTY FEET DOWN.
WHAT WAS I THINKING OF, BRINGING REBECCA DOWN HERE?
DELUDING MYSELF THAT KIRK LANGSTROM WAS STILL ALIVE, SOMEWHERE INSIDE THAT MONSTER--!

THEY'RE NOWHERE AROUND.
I SWEAR, IF HE'S HARMED HER--
EEEEEEEEE
REBECCA!

HE LEAVES THE FIRELIGHT, AGAIN BECOMING ONE WITH THE SHADOWS.
HIS EYES ADJUST QUICKLY TO THE INFRA-RED IMAGES NOW VISIBLE THROUGH THE SPECIAL LENSES IN HIS MASK...


SOME KIND OF CAVERN UP AHEAD.
I HEAR WATER DRIPPING-- FAINT ECHOES--
FLAP FLAP FLAP
--AND SOMETHING ELSE:
BATS!
SKEEK! WELCOME TO MY BAT-CAVE! SKREEEK!
I CAME HERE TO BE AMONG MY OWN KIND-- SKREEK!--BUT YOU WOULDN'T GIVE ME PEACE! SKREEK!
SKREEK! YOU HOUNDED ME-- BROUGHT A CHILD TO MOCK ME! SKREEK! I HATE YOU, BATMAN-- HATE YOU!
REBECCA! THANK HEAVEN, SHE'S ALL RIGHT!
BUT HOW CAN I REACH HER, ACROSS THAT CHASM--
--WITH MAN-BAT BLOCKING MY WAY?
THAT PROBLEM IS RESOLVED, A HALF-SECOND LATER, AS--
15

HATE YOU! HATE YOU!
SKREEEEK
THE BATARANG AND BATROPE ARE WAITING IN HIS HAND; FLINGING THEM GAINS HIM AN INSTANT--
SKREEK
AN INSTANT, AND NO MORE!
THUNK
UNNH!
BLINDED BY PAIN, THE BATMAN HEARS HIS OPPONENT STRUGGLING WITH THE ROPE THAT BINDS HIM.
INSTINCTIVELY, HE GRABS FOR THE ROPE'S END AND FEELS HIMSELF BORNE UPWARD--
--PAST A TERRIFIED CHILD--
--INTO EMPTY SPACE, ABOVE A BLACK ABYSS.
WHOOM!
THE BATARANG IS LODGED IN A CREVICE OVERHEAD!
IF IT CAN JUST SUPPORT MY WEIGHT LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO DO--
THIS!
16

CONCLUDED ON 3rd PAGE FOLLOWING

NEXT (IN DETECTIVE COMICS #515) "THE ACADEMY OF CRIME!"

Dear Dick,

About "A Dagger So Deadly..." I simply find it impossible to believe that Bruce Wayne is going to lose his fortune to Poison Ivy. He is much too witty to succumb to that! He'll certainly find a way to put an end to her mad scheme.

As for the mysterious man with the cigar, sitting in the shadows, handing Arthur Reeves the proof of Batman's secret identity: I'll make a wild guess about who he is. Two-Face!

Lise Leveillee, 3405 Grand Blvd. #3, Montreal, Que.

"Witty"?

You were correct in assuming Bruce would find a way to outwit Poison Ivy but wrong about the mystery man's identity. One out of two ain't bad!

"Witty"?!

* * * * *

Dear Dick,

'Re: 343; this new villain that you have introduced is a good one but he deserved more than one issue.

I like the idea of the ongoing sub-plots. The Ivy sequence is ingenious and just goes to show that chess-like moves can be just as common with criminals as with heroes. I'll be watching to see how Bruce gets out of this mess. As for the mayoral race, my vote goes to Reeves. I'll guess that the man in the shadows will turn on Reeves and attempt his murder. Batman will intervene and save a semi-grateful new mayor's life. Batman's existence will then be justified in Reeves' mind.

Ted Saverio Naczek

Since more votes went to Hill (despite yours for Reeves) the rest of your conclusions can't be correct. I hope you'll enjoy **our** *version of what happens as much as we enjoyed your version.*

* * * * *

Dear Dick,

Ok, you've managed to get Gene Colan back at DC and on BATMAN; now, all you've got to do is manage to get Gene's partner, Tom Palmer, and you'll make everybody happy.

As an inker yourself, you must realize how well the two men complement themselves.

Terry Fallat, Ottawa, Ont.

I sure do! And although Tom Palmer's services are not available to us, I do **not** *feel that Klaus is "next" best. As an editor* **and** *an inker...I* **love** *Klaus' inking!*

* * * * *

Dear Dick,

"A Dagger So Deadly..." was pretty good but the previous issue was great. Why? Because of the appearance of Man-Bat! I hope he gets well soon.

Wesley Allisin, Box 149, Blue Diamond, NE

You and his wife are both rooting for an early recovery, Wesley. And when it happens, (soon!) you'll hear about it just moments after Rebecca does.

* * * * *

Dear Dick,

Never have been a fan of yours, really. I did like the O'Neil/Adams GREEN LANTERN and the earlier work that Jack Kirby did for DC, but couldn't read much else. Now, upon recently returning to funnybooks after a five year lapse, I've been pleasantly surprised by a number of your latest efforts.

Your company appears to be making a commitment to improvement. Gerry Conway hasn't produced better work in years than in the two January Batman titles. Colan is such a fluid and superbly graceful, expressive artist that he provokes Gerry to transcend his typical product. The sense of command and characterization he learned is returning.

You've got promising beginnings in BATMAN, DETECTIVE COMICS, ARAK, NEW TEEN TITANS, PHANTOM ZONE, WONDER WOMAN and CAPTAIN CARROT. Although you'll have to work hard to make any improvement in the Superman titles, I wouldn't be surprised, or displeased, to see DC resurrect a dreadfully depressed medium.

Michael Macrone, Brown University Box 3320, Providence, RI.

..."Funnybooks"?

Anyway, thanks for your kind words, Michael. I think Gerry Conway feels as I do... that the **only** *way to edit/write/draw comics well is to write/edit/draw comics that you yourself would like to read! I edit the Batman titles for* **me** *to read, Gerry writes them for* **himself**... *If* **you** *enjoy what* **we** *enjoy, we've got a convert!*

..."Funnybooks"?!

* * * * *

Dear Dick,

After seeing issue 343, I have an urgent request to make: Give this book back to Irv Novick! I'm spoiled for his beautiful rendition of Batman.

Chas. Brown, 39 Stockton, Brentwood, NY

First, Charles, note the comments of Michael Macrone earlier and know that the majority of your fellow readers are overwhelmingly in support of the transition to Gene Colan.

Now realize how we and others felt when similar transitions in artistic teams occurred. Recall the disappointment when Neal Adams left the GREEN LANTERN/GREEN ARROW series...when Marshall Rogers left BATMAN, when Joe Kubert gave up SGT. ROCK (and the Hawkman strip), Bernie Wrightson left SWAMP THING and numerous other artists moved along to other super strips.

Similar sentiments were felt for retiring writers in our field. Nothing is static! Life **is** *flux!*

Our admiration for Irv is immense and we, too, had mixed feelings about his move to the Superman titles. We've been through it before when he left the Flash and Captain Storm strips. But he's doing such a fine job with his new assignment, it is hard to feel any loss. And if Gene moves along, eventually, we think you'll be just as concerned.

* * * * *

Dear Dick,

No. 343 re-affirmed my faith: Under the new team, BATMAN is reaching the potential I always knew was there in such an excellent character.

Gene is turning out his best artwork ever and Gerry has proven that he can inject interesting characterization into the Darknight Detective.

And all of the little (and complex) touches that have emerged: Batman's little joke on the final page, the pressures on Bruce of leading two lives, Batman's concern for fellow motorists and, of course, the heated race for mayor of Gotham.

Cheers to you, Dick, and Gerry, Gene, Klaus, John and Adrienne!

Doc, 48 Burrows Dr, Sheffield 5, South Yorkshire, S57JQ, England

And cheers to you, Doc, and the rest of our growing Bat-audience. Thank you and good afternoon.—DG

THE CATWOMAN

"THE MAN, THE BULLET, THE CAT"

PART I

FATE...

AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER IT TOUCHES US ALL...

ON THIS COOL AUTUMN NIGHT IT REACHES DOWN OUT OF THE VOID AND EMBRACES THE WOMAN NAMED SELINA KYLE...

...THEN LETS GO FOR A MOMENT...

...THEN EMBRACES HER AGAIN...

AGH! BLASTED WIND! MY HAT!

KAREN, NO!

I'LL GET IT, LADY!

MY GOD! ONLY SECONDS TO SAVE HER!

SCRIPT: BRUCE JONES
ART: TREVOR VON EEDEN & PABLO MARCOS
LETTERING: BEN ODA
COLORIST: TOM ZIUKO
EDITOR: DICK GIORDANO

EEEEE

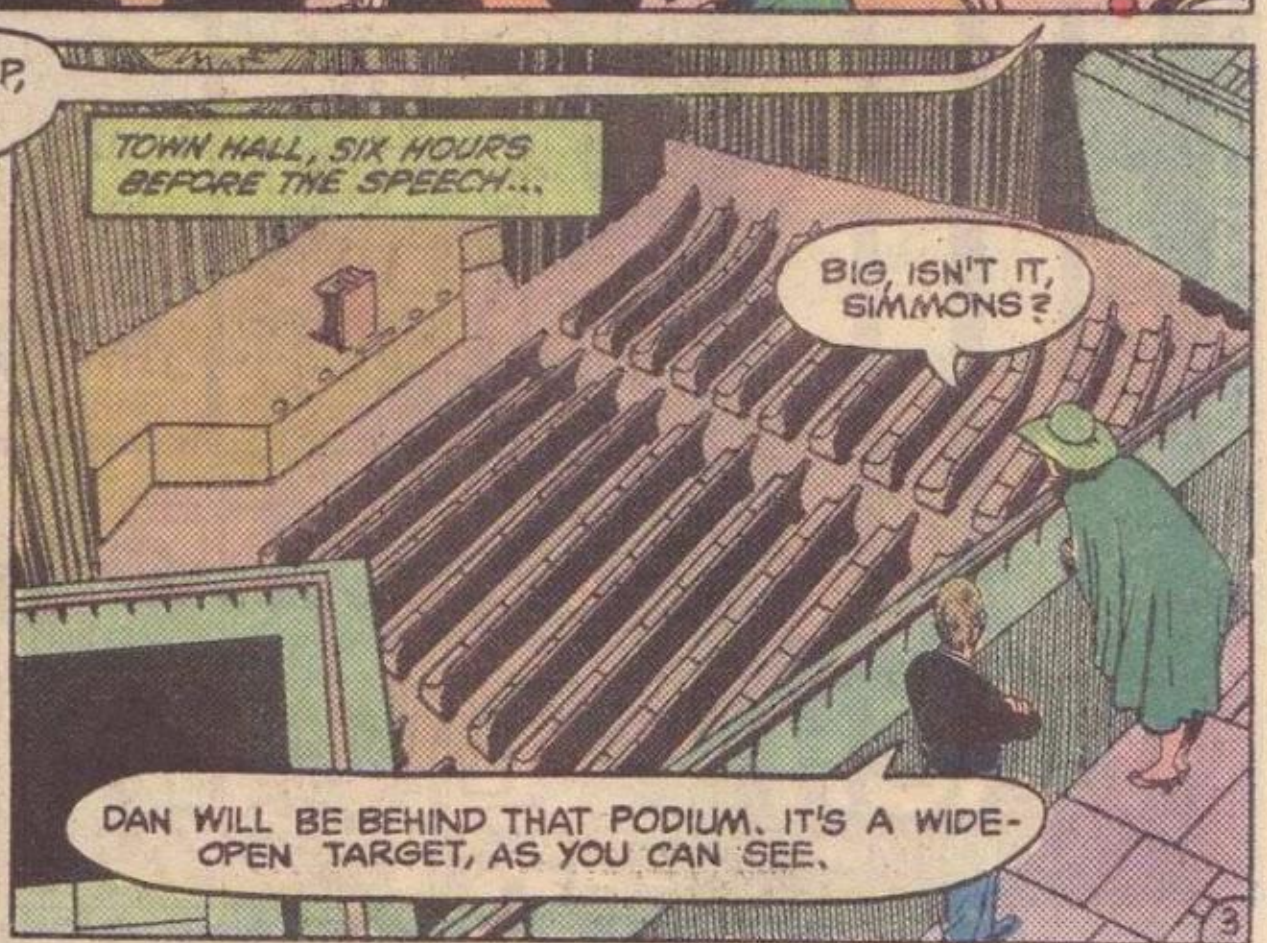
I'M A BIG FAN OF YOURS, CATWO--UH, MISS KYLE...
OH? DO ALL UNION LEADERS KEEP UP WITH US SUPER-FOLK?
THIS ONE DOES. HOW IS THE BATMAN, BY THE WAY?
DAN, IF WE'RE GOING TO HAVE THAT DRINK...

WELL, WHEREVER THE BATMAN IS, I HOPE HE DIDN'T SEE ME IN ACTION TONIGHT! I CERTAINLY WASN'T ANY HELP IN SAVING THAT LITTLE GIRL!
EVERYBODY TRIPS UP SOMETIME. HOW ABOUT JOINING US FOR A DRINK, MISS KYLE?
WELL, I...
PLEASE DO, MISS KYLE...

"...WITHDRAW FROM THE RACE OR YOU WILL NEVER FINISH YOUR SPEECH!"
M-M, PRETTY NOTE. WHO SENT IT?
WHO KNOWS? I'M SCHEDULED TO GIVE THAT SPEECH AT THE TOWN HALL TONIGHT. IT'LL BE TELEVISED AND COULD DECIDE THE ELECTION.
BUT YOU'RE A LITTLE NERVOUS...

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SIGN ON AS MY PERSONAL BODYGUARD, CATWO--SELINA--Y'KNOW, SORTA COVER MY RIGHT FLANK. I'LL PAY YOU WELL.
THANKS, BUT I DON'T WORK FOR HIRE.
CONSIDER IT A FAVOR, THEN... I MEAN, IT WAS YOUR HAT THERE IN THE STREET...
IS THAT HOW HE WINS ELECTIONS, MRS. BROWN, BY PLAYING ON THE PUBLIC'S GUILT?

WE WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR HELP, MISS KYLE. DAN'S LIFE MAY BE IN REAL DANGER!
OKAY... AS A FAVOR, THEN... JUST THIS ONCE!
HA-HA! I'LL DRINK TO THAT!


TOWN HALL, SIX HOURS BEFORE THE SPEECH...
BIG, ISN'T IT, SIMMONS?
DAN WILL BE BEHIND THAT PODIUM. IT'S A WIDE-OPEN TARGET, AS YOU CAN SEE.

LOOK, IF WE CAN BUILD A SHELTERED BOOTH IN FRONT OF THE PODIUM AND PLACE A MIRROR BEHIND IT SO THAT MR. BROWN CAN STAND INSIDE THE BOOTH TO DELIVER HIS SPEECH, IT'LL *LOOK* AS IF HE'S STANDING BEHIND THE PODIUM...

... BUT IN FACT WILL ONLY BE *REFLECTION* THAT'S SEEN BY THE AUDIENCE--IF SOMEONE SHOOTS, THEY'LL ONLY HIT THE MIRROR. YOU LIKE IT, SIMMONS?

FINE. NOW IF WE CAN CONVINCE DAN...

I DUNNO... I'M SLIPPING A LITTLE IN THE POLLS... IF THE VOTERS THINK I'M AFRAID...

LET THEM THINK WHAT THEY WANT! YOU'LL BE ALIVE, AT LEAST.

IT'S A BRILLIANT CONCEPT, MISS KYLE. YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL, DAN.

YOUR SPEECH STARTS AT SEVEN, MR. BROWN. I'LL BE BACK HERE AT SIX TO ESCORT YOU TO THE AUDITORIUM...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM, MRS. BROWN, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT HE'S TAKEN CARE OF.

SHE'S RIGHT, DAN.!

OKAY, LET'S GIVE IT A SHOT...OOPS...

THAT'S NOT FUNNY, DANIEL BROWN.!

SEE YOU FOLKS AT SIX.!

HAMBURGER HAVEN, TWO HOURS BEFORE THE SPEECH...

I'D BETTER EAT UP AND GET OVER TO THE HOTEL, IF I--

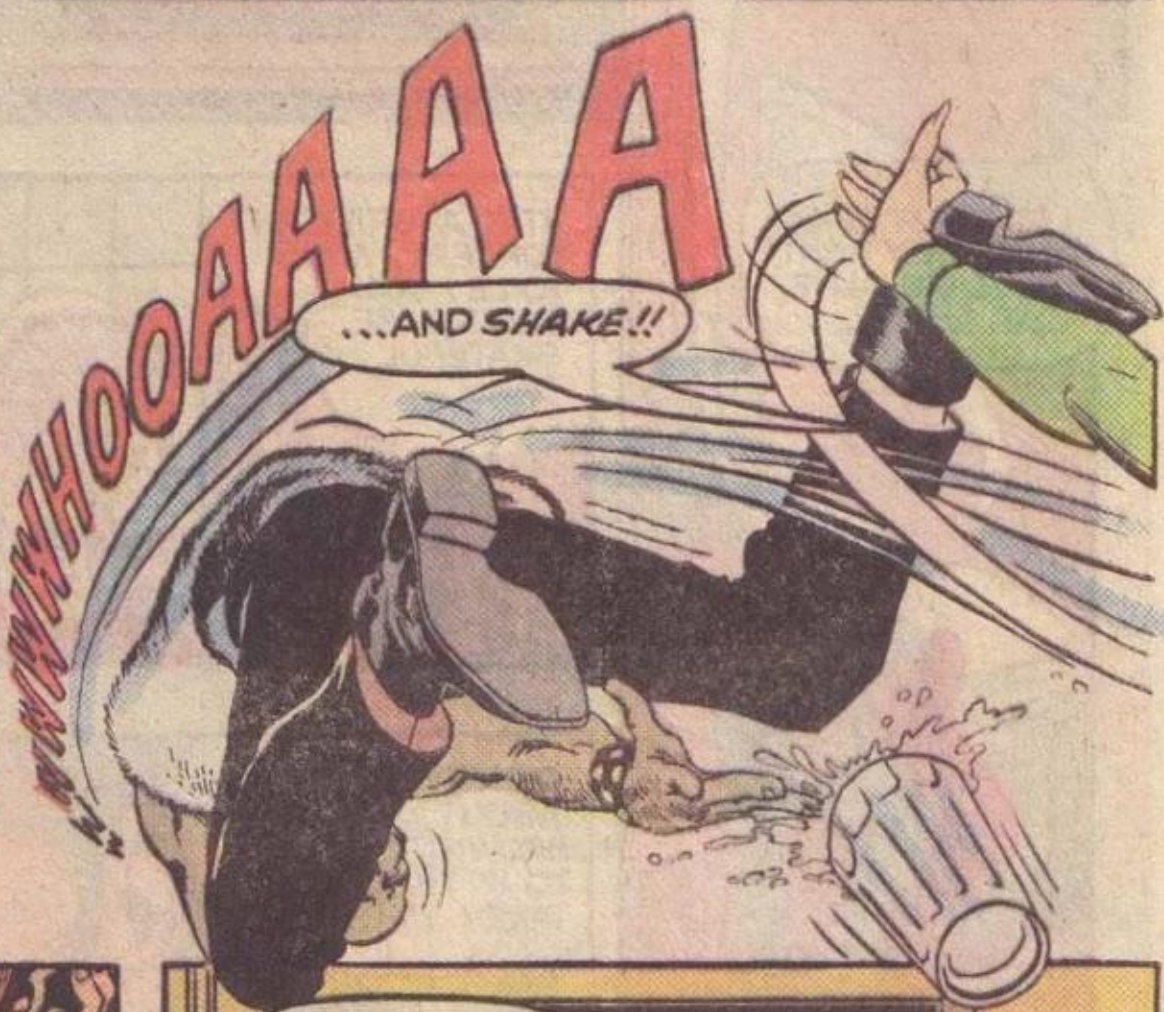
I SAID NO MUSTARD, YA DUMB BROAD! YA DEAF?

I-I'M SORRY, SIR, CAN I CHANGE IT FOR YOU?
YEAH! LET'S START BY CHANGIN' YER FACE!
HA HA HA

AN' ANOTHER THING-- THIS HERE'S MILK! I SAID I WANTED A MILK SHAKE!
HA HA

WELL, THAT'S EASILY REMEDIED...
HUH? WHO'RE YOU?

...WE JUST PUT YOUR PADDY-PAW ON TOP OF THE GLASS LIKE THIS...


WHOOOAAAA
...AND SHAKE!!

GET HER!
NAW... HOLD UP... LET 'ER GO...

...FOR NOW...

HIGHWAY 101, ONE HOUR BEFORE THE SPEECH...
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT... THOSE CLOWNS ARE GOING TO MAKE ME LATE FOR MY APPOINTMENT WITH BROWN...

IN SECONDS, THE GANG OF VENGEFUL TOUGHS SURROUNDS SELINA'S CAR...
YAH-HOO! DRIVE HER OFF THE ROAD!
EE-HAH!
KER-WUMP!
GET HER, SID!
HEY! HEY, THERE AIN'T NOBODY IN HERE!
PULL HER OUT!
WHAT THE--
WHILE BACK AT THE HOTEL...
IT'S TEN MINUTES TO SEVEN! WELL, WE CAN'T WAIT FOR SELINA ANY LONGER... LET'S GO!
I'LL GET THE CAR!
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, BOYS?
CATWOMAN!
MISS KYLE HAD AN APPOINTMENT, BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR YOUR COMPLAINTS...
SHE'S CHAINED OUR BIKES TOGETHER!
OOPS! NOW LOOK WHAT I'VE GONE AND DONE!
OUR BIKES! NOOOOO!
SCRAMBLE!
6

TO BE CONTINUED...