



CAN'T HELP SINGIN' THEM "BONEYARD BLUES"

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
A

539 | FEB 97

MOENCH
JONES
BEATTY

BATMAN



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BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

CAN'T SEE THE MOON,
CAN'T FEEL THE SUN,
WEIGHT OF THE WORLD
MORE THAN A TON...

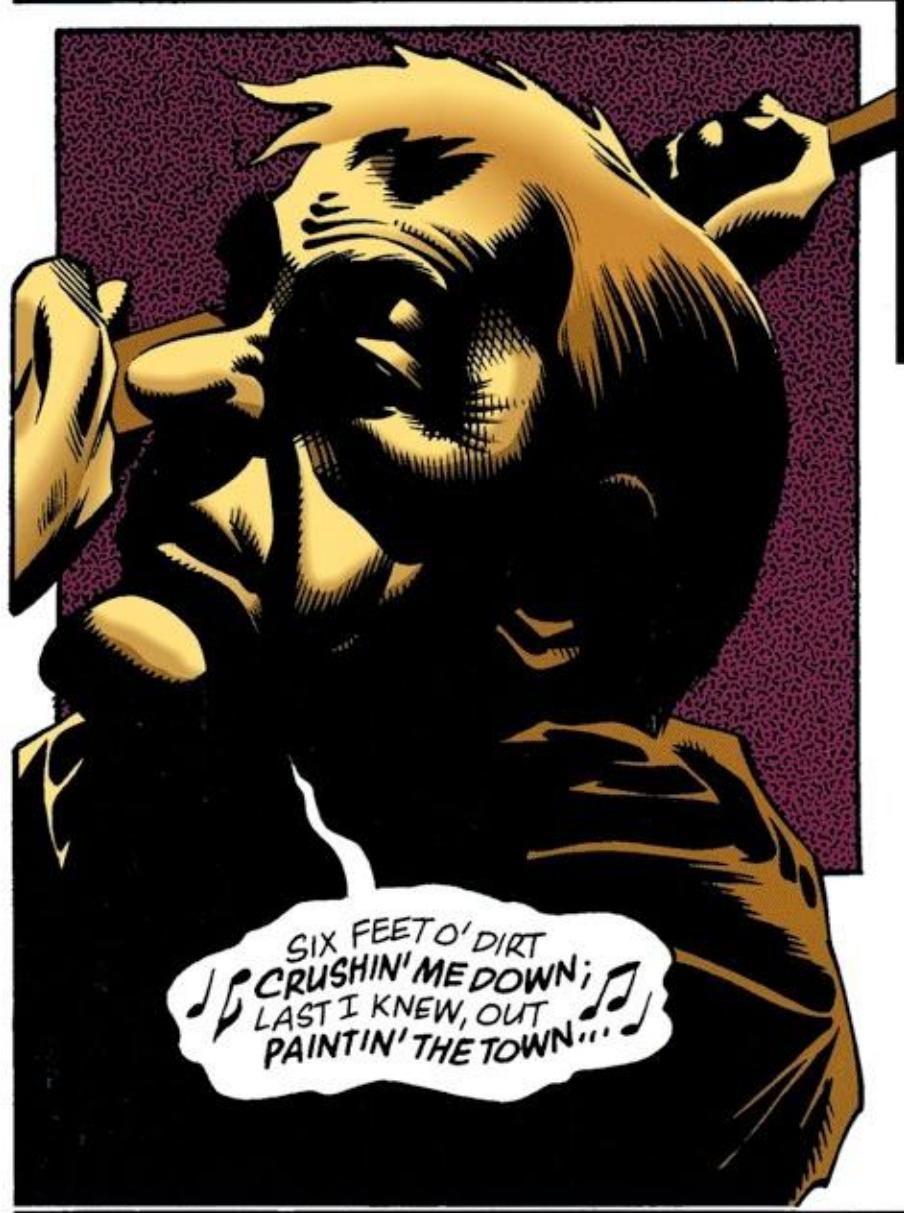
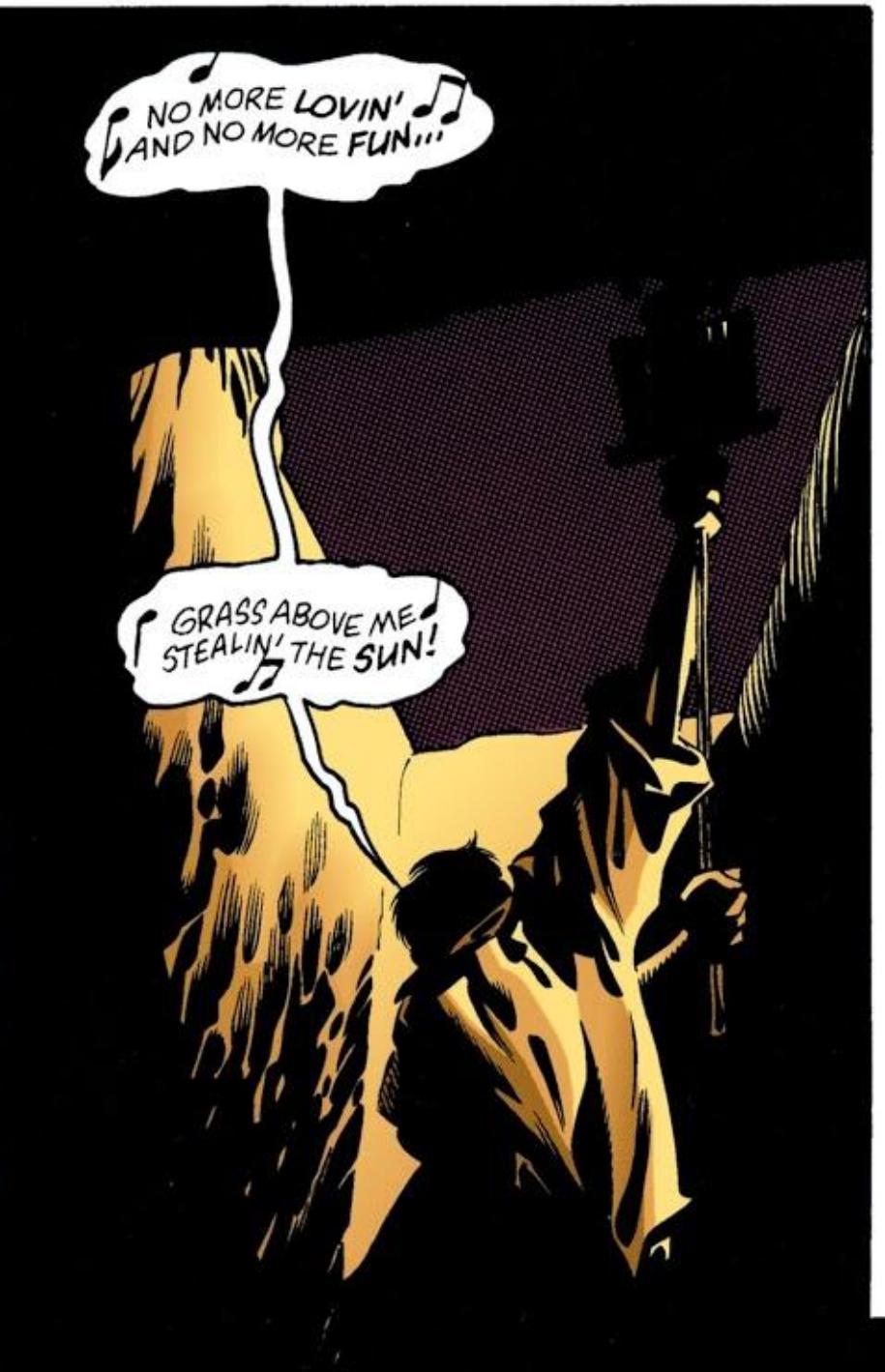
NOTHIN' TO SAVE ME,
NOT EVEN A GUN;
LOST THE BIG FIGHT,
REAPER DONE WON...

LIVIN' MY LIFE BOUGHT
NOTHIN' BUT DEATH;
DEEP IN THIS HOLE,
SPENT MY LAST BREATH...

NOW I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TO LOSE;
NO MORE CROSSROADS, NOTHIN' TO
CHOOSE! ^ #
YEAH I'M ALL DONE PAYIN' MY DUES;
HOWLIN' THEM SKINLESS--

DM · KJ · JB · 21

BONEYARD BLUES



AIN'T NO MORE LIVIN'
LEFT TO USE;
TRAPPED IN THEM WHITE
WORM-BELLY BLUES!

KREEEE-EEE-EEK

PERFECT-- NOT AN
OUNCE OF MEAT TO
DEAL WITH.

AND
HELLO
AGAIN.

YES,
AGAIN.

YOU MET ME AND
MY DADDY LONG AGO,
WHEN I WAS JUST A CHILD
--BUT OF COURSE THAT
WAS ONLY AFTER YOU
COULD KNOW IT.

YOU WERE UGLY
THEN, REEKING OF
FRESH DEATH.

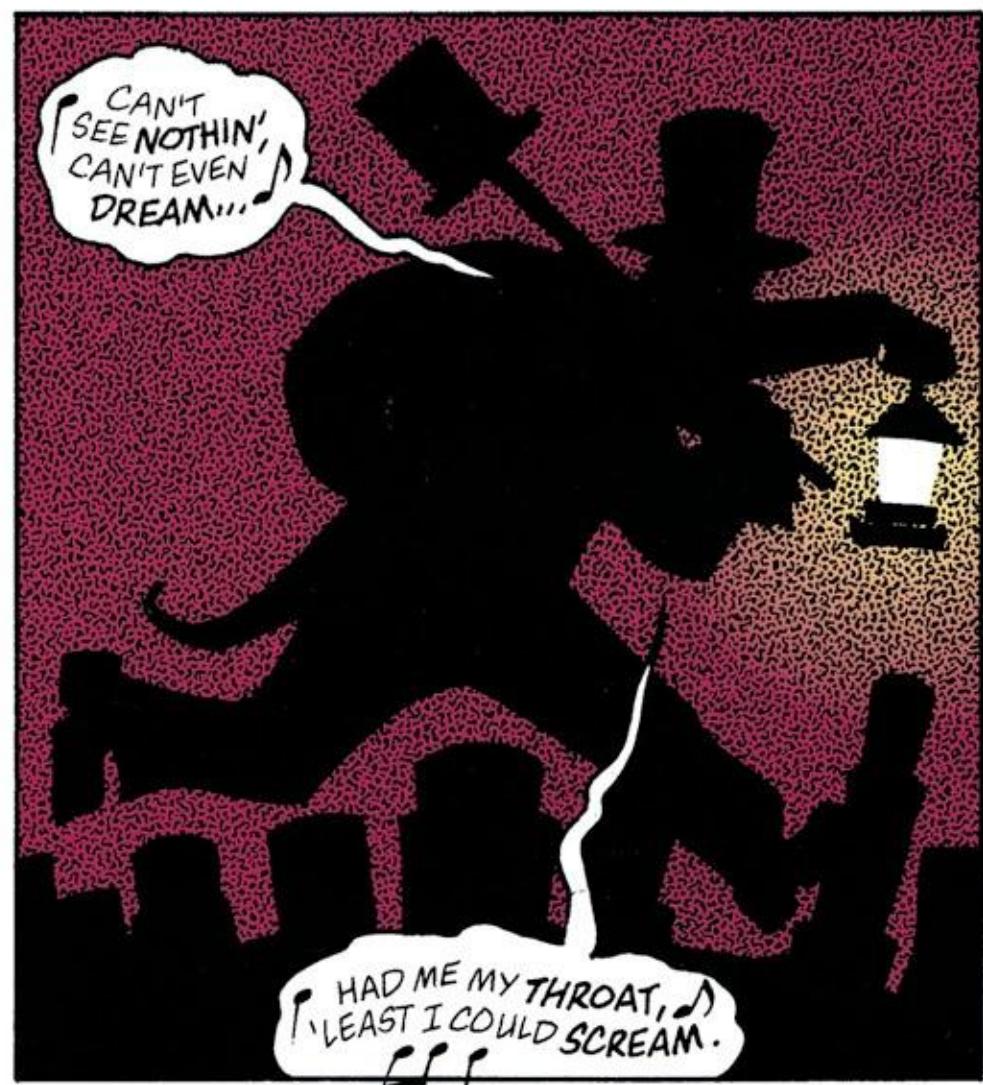
BUT NOW, REDUCED
TO YOUR ESSENTIALS,
YOU'VE ACHIEVED A KIND
OF MINIMAL, PRISTINE
BEAUTY.

AND
WITH MY
HELP--

--YOU CAN BECOME AN
IMMORTAL MASTERPIECE.

YOU
HEAR ME,
BONES?

YOU'RE FREE NOW--
AND YOU CAN LEAVE
ALL THE SINGING
TO ME...



POLICE HQ, TWO DAYS LATER:

MR. AND MRS. ZANE? I'M SERGEANT MACKENZIE BOCK--MAJOR CRIMES.

WE ALREADY HAVE THE CEMETERY'S REPORT, SO I'M AWARE OF WHAT HAPPENED...

YES, BUT WILL YOU DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT?

SIR?

I MEAN, GRAVE-ROBBING IS AGAINST THE LAW?

A FELONY, MR. ZANE, AND WE'LL DO EVERYTHING IN OUR POWER TO APPREHEND THE CRIMINAL.

DO I HAVE YOUR PERMISSION TO TAPE OUR INTERVIEW?

IF... IF IT'LL HELP.

THANK YOU, MRS. ZANE.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 2:37 PM.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. AND MRS. SIMON ZANE--GRAVESITE DESECRATION.

NOW THEN, MRS. ZANE, THE CEMETERY SAYS THIS OCCURRED TWO NIGHTS AGO?

AT THE EARLIEST, SGT. BOCK...

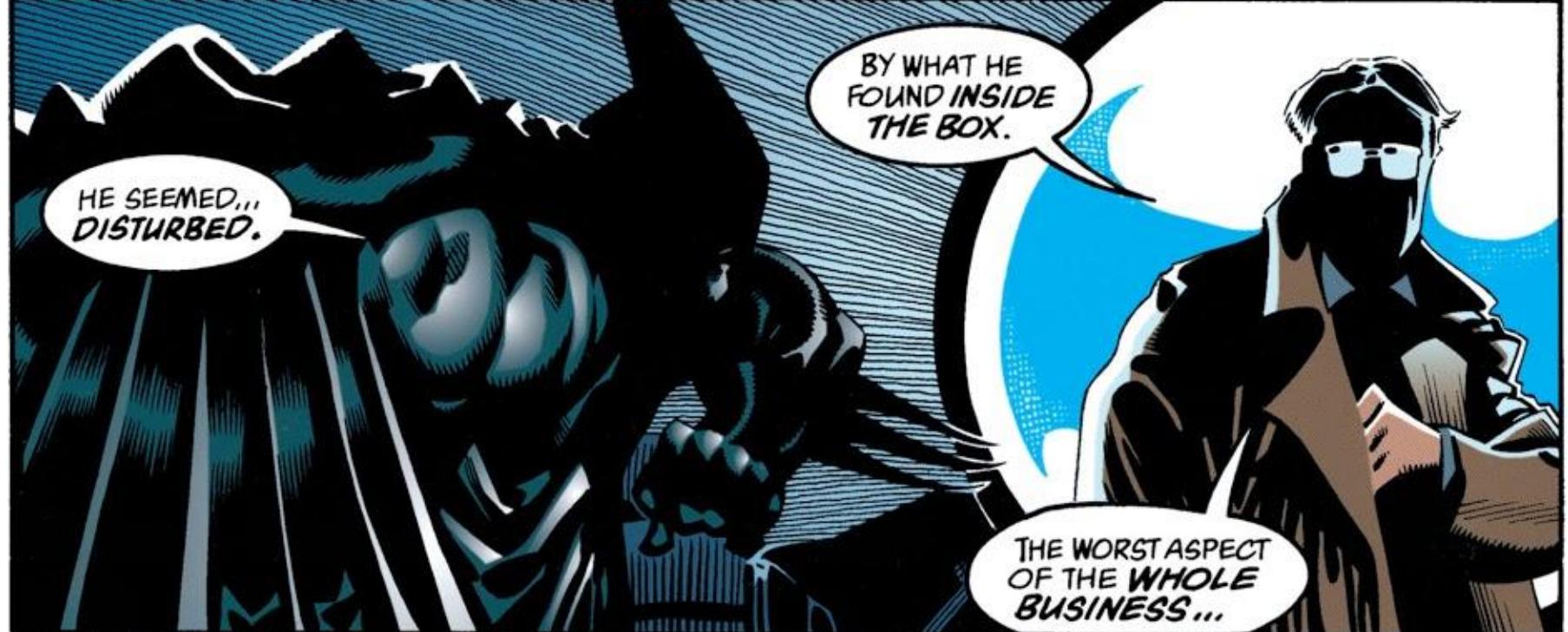
YOU SEE, WHEN WE VISITED GRANDFATHER'S GRAVE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, EVERYTHING WAS NORMAL.

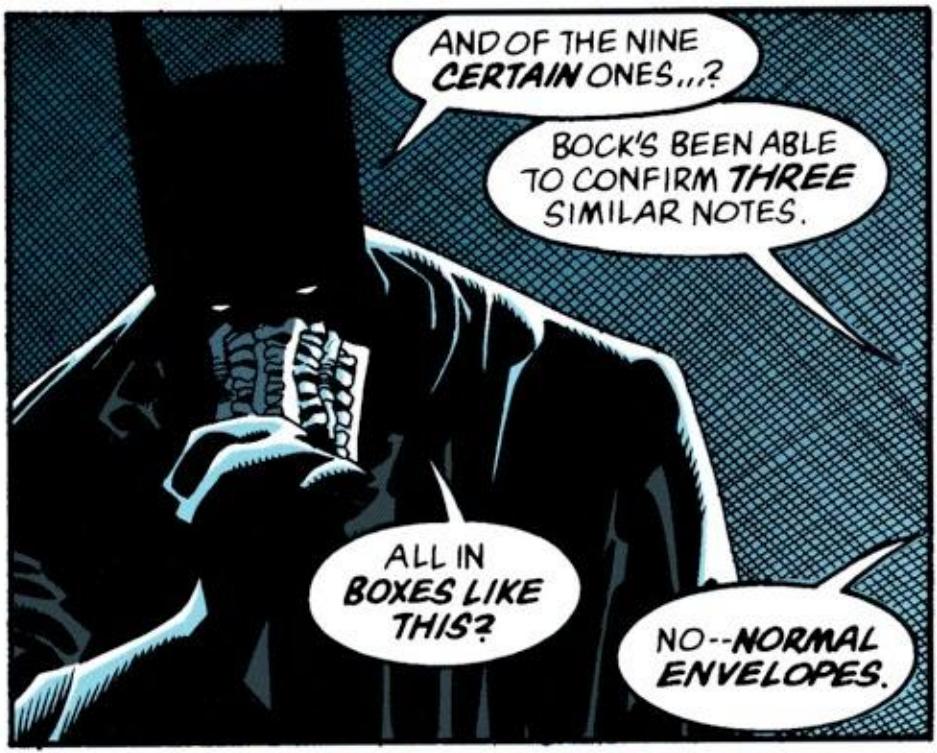
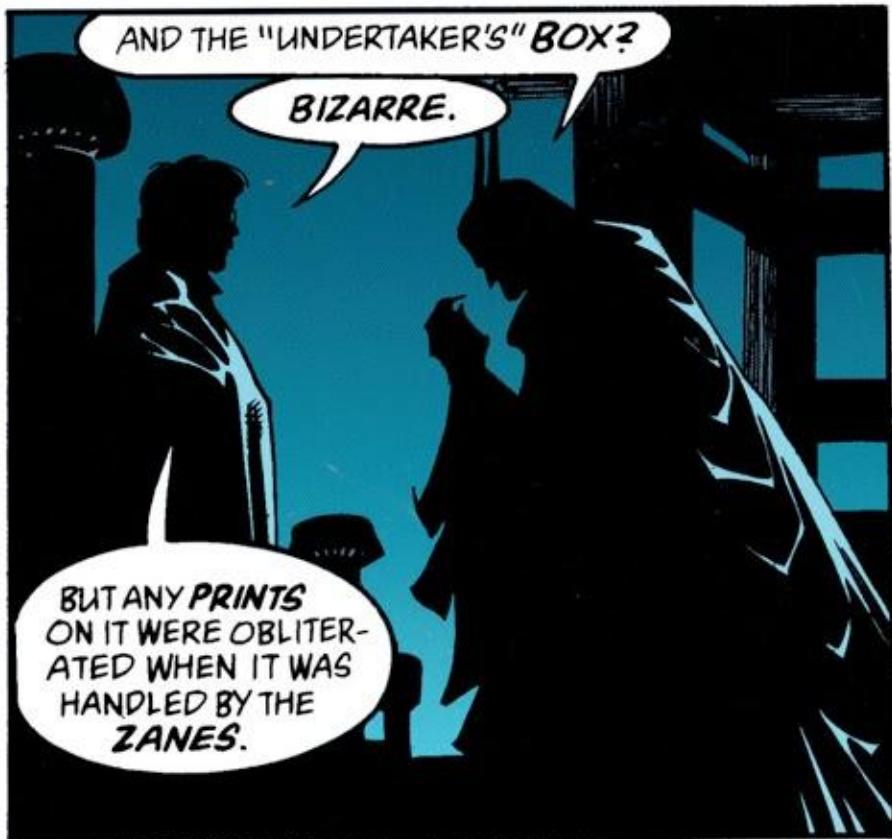
ARE YOU AWARE OF ANYONE... WITH A GRUDGE?

WH-WHAT...WHAT KIND OF QUESTION IS THAT? THE POOR MAN'S BEEN DEAD FOR THIRTY YEARS.

I'M SORRY, MRS. ZANE.

IT'S A QUESTION I'M REQUIRED TO ASK.







NO?

THIS ISN'T THE WAY YOU TAUGHT ME?

NOT ENOUGH RESPECT FOR YOUR CLIENTS?

WELL, TOUGH AGAIN!

YOU MADE YOUR LIVING FROM THEIR DEATHS!

AND NOW THAT YOU'RE GONE-- MOST OF YOU, ANY-WAY--YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR RETURNING TO MY FIRST LOVE!

BOTTOM LINE, DAD, WE BOTH CHOSE WISE PURSUITS--WITH NO SHORTAGE OF WORKING MATERIALS.

BUT ME, I GET EXTRA POINTS FOR RECYCLING!

GOOD GLUE, ITS BOND SUSCEPTIBLE ONLY TO HIGH HEAT.

NORMALLY, A MYSTERY'S PIECES MUST BE PUT TOGETHER ...

BUT IN THIS CASE, THE PIECES MUST COME APART.

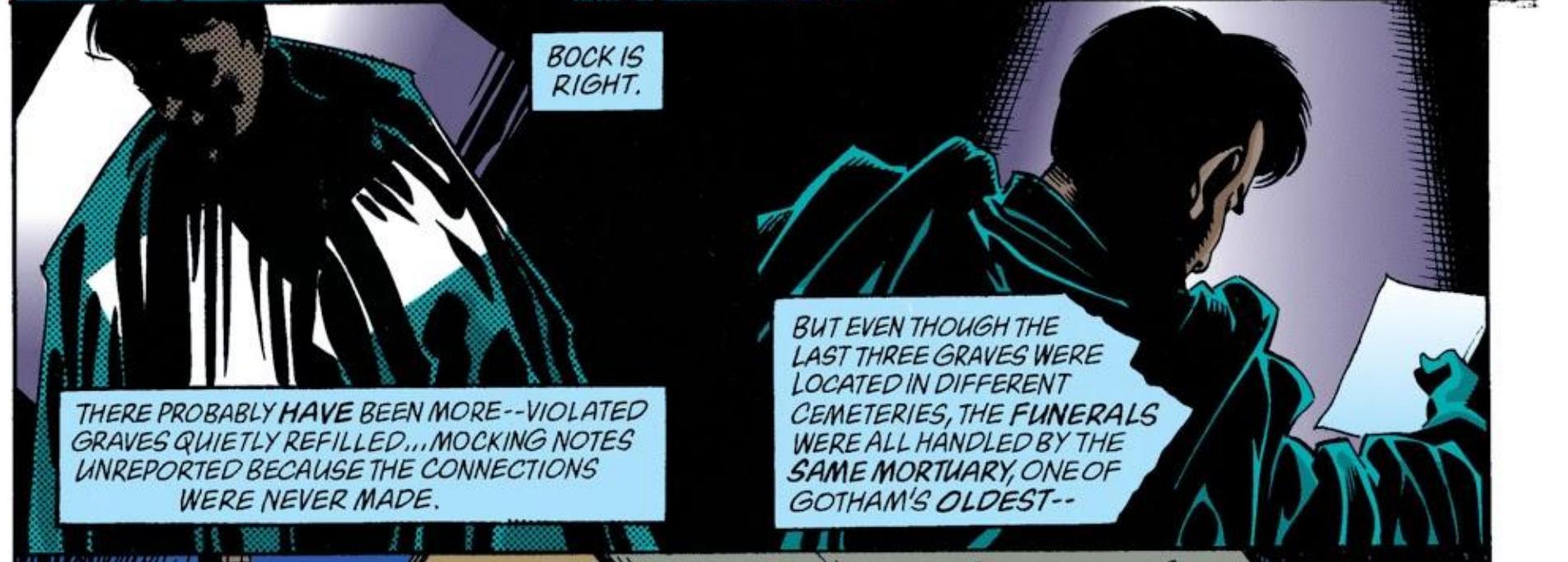
SPKT

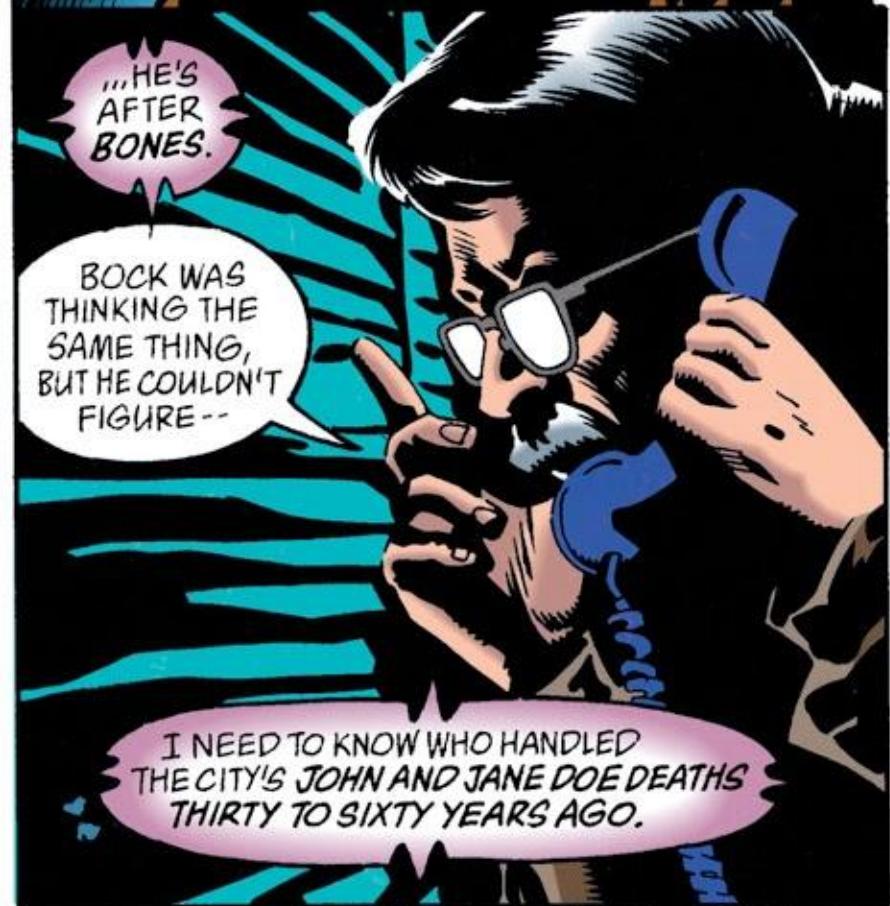
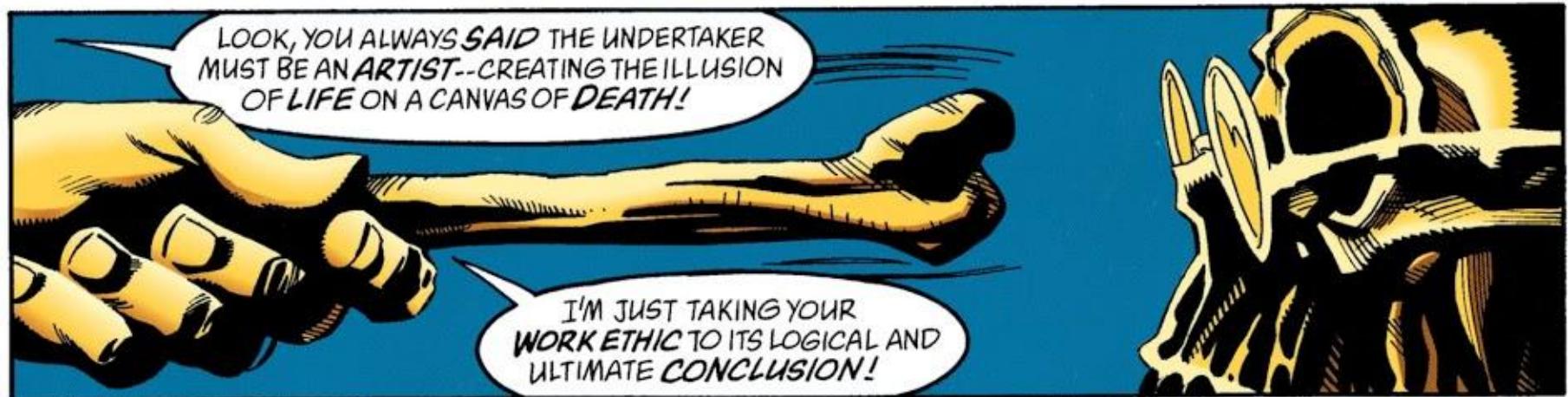
BONES.

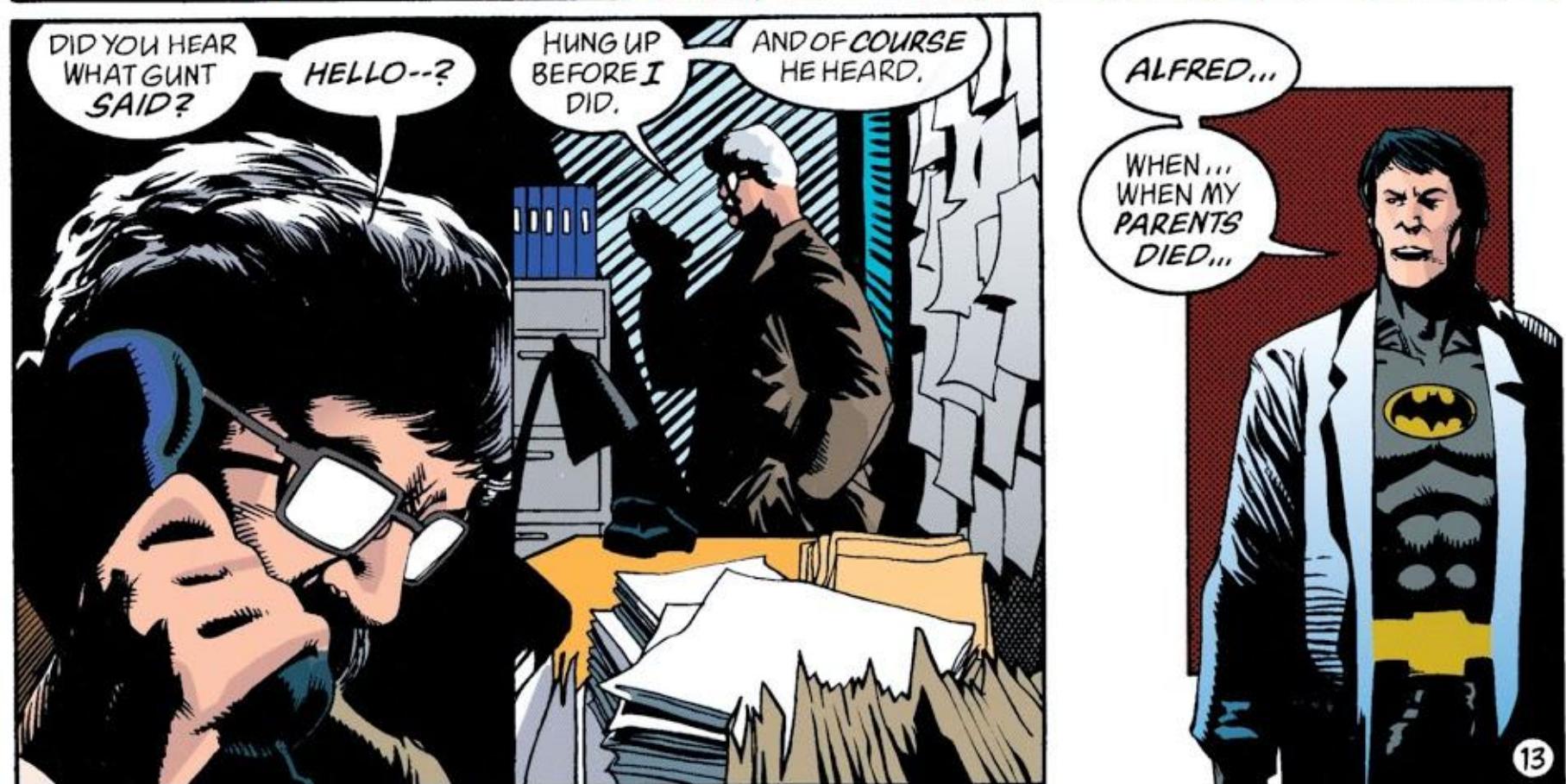
A GRAVEROBBER'S THANK-YOU NOTE IN A BOX OF BONES.

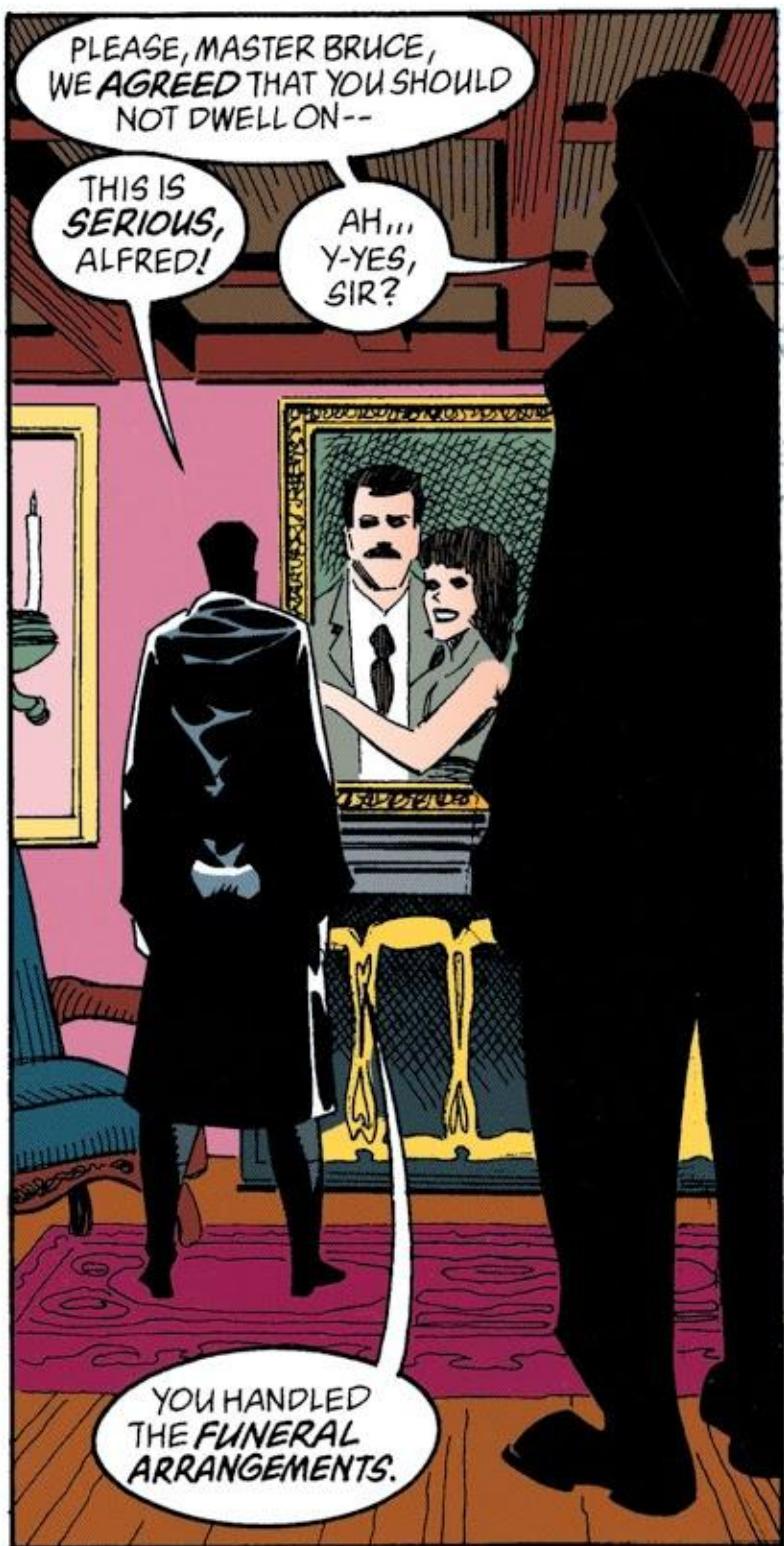
...THE BONES TAKEN, NO DOUBT, FROM THE ROBBED GRAVE.













OSTINE AND SON.

FUNERAL PARLOR--HEARSE AND ALL.

THE NAME SIGNED TO HIS
HIDEOUS THANK-YOU NOTES--
"THE UNDERTAKER"--IS
LITERAL.

...PETER OSTINE LIVES AND WORKS
HERE, IN THE COMPANY OF DEATH.

FRESH DEATH,
AWAITING THE
GRAVE...

...AND OLD DEATH TOO,
RIPPED FROM THE GROUND.

HE IS AN UNDERTAKER--A
MORTICIAN--AND LIKE HIS
FATHER AND GRANDFATHER
BEFORE HIM...

THIS LEDGER--A LOG OF
"CLIENTS" PREPARED
FOR INTERMENT...WITH
DETAILED MEASURE-
MENTS OF EACH LIMB
FROM JOINT TO JOINT...

...OVERALL SPINES,
INDIVIDUAL VERTE-
BRAE...EVEN THE
RIBS, FINGERS,
TOES...

IT'S A CATALOGUE OF ITEMIZED
BONES--FROM WHICH OSTINE IS
CHOOSING...CHECKING OFF
SELECTIONS BASED ON SIZE.

AND THOUGH THE
ENTRIES FOR
THOMAS AND
MARTHA WAYNE
ARE NOT
MARKED...
TOO MANY
OTHERS
ARE.



SKUKRATEH

YES...THIS IS IT...
A SUBTERRANEAN
STUDIO OF INSANITY.

THE UNDERTAKER'S
REAL UNDERTAKING...
HIS TRUE WORK.

PETER OSTINE IS...
AN "ARTIST!"

A MAD GENIUS CREATING
BRITTLE SCULPTURES IN
A MEDIUM OF DEATH...
SKELETAL STATUARY...
CONSTRUCTS OF BONE.

STOLEN
BONES.

BUT WHERE IS HE? OUT
ROBBING ANOTHER
GRAVE? OR--

NO!!

I CAN'T
STAND IT HERE,
DAD!

I WON'T LET
YOU SUFFOCATE
ME IN YOUR
DEATH!

HE'S HERE--
HIDING IN THAT
"MOULD."

I WON'T
LET YOU BURY
ME ALIVE!

PETER OSTINE--THE
UNDERTAKER.

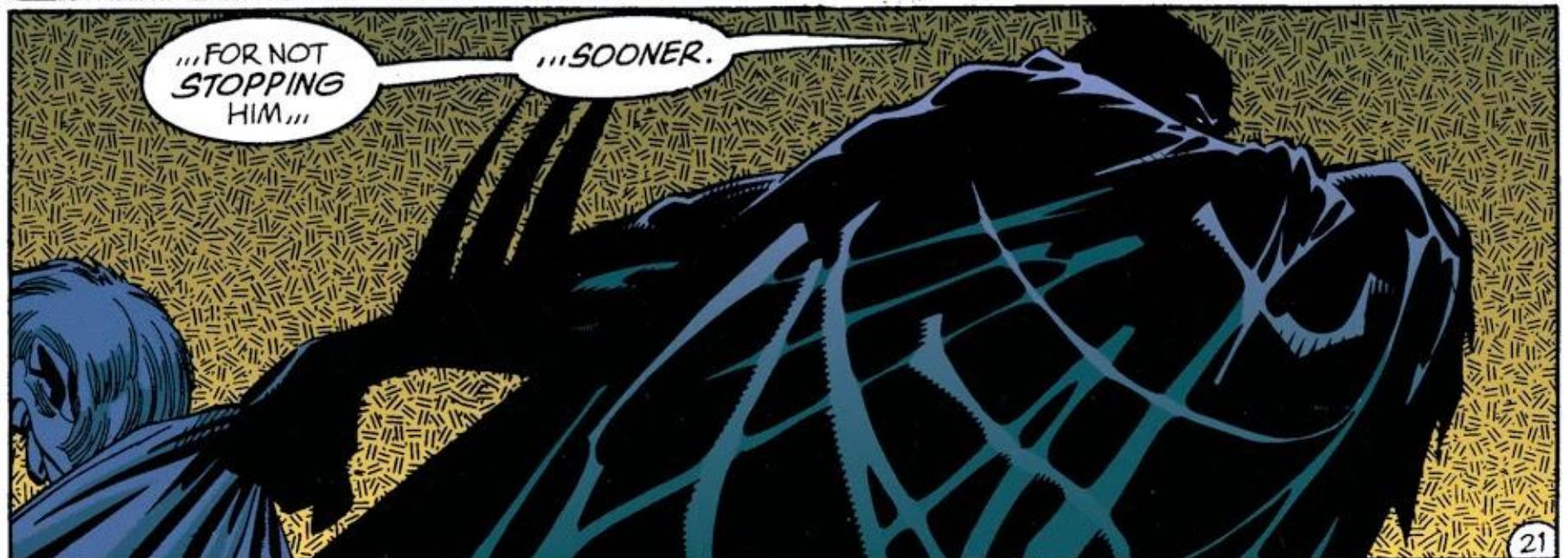
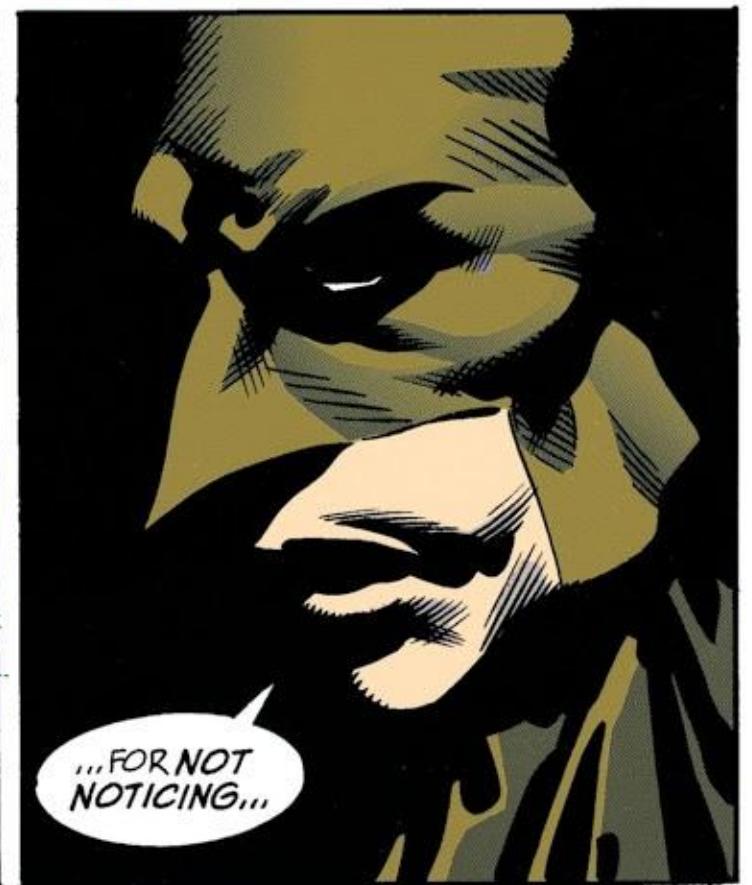
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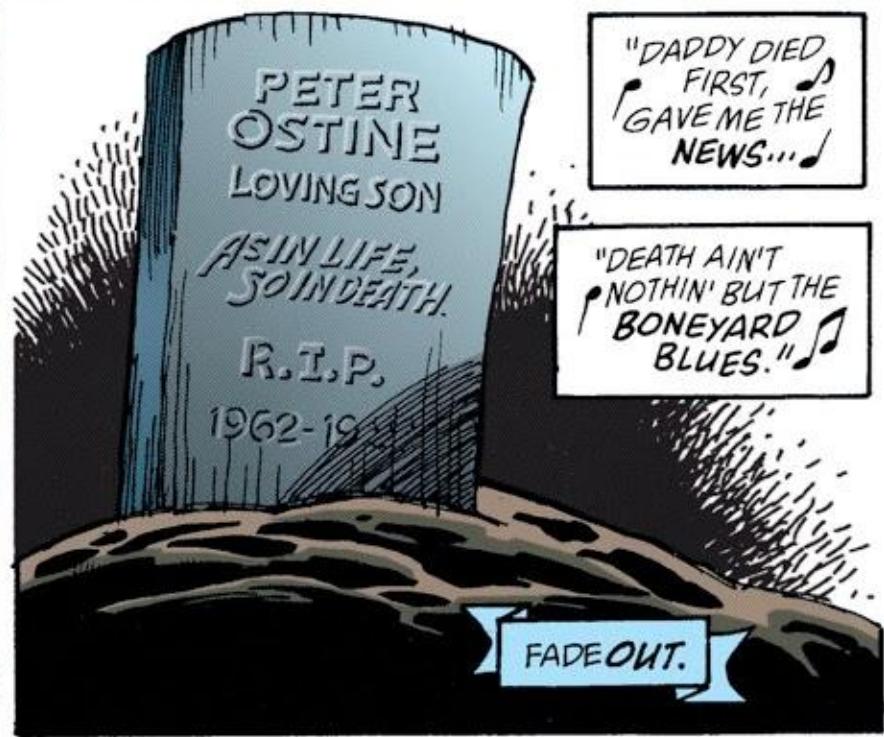
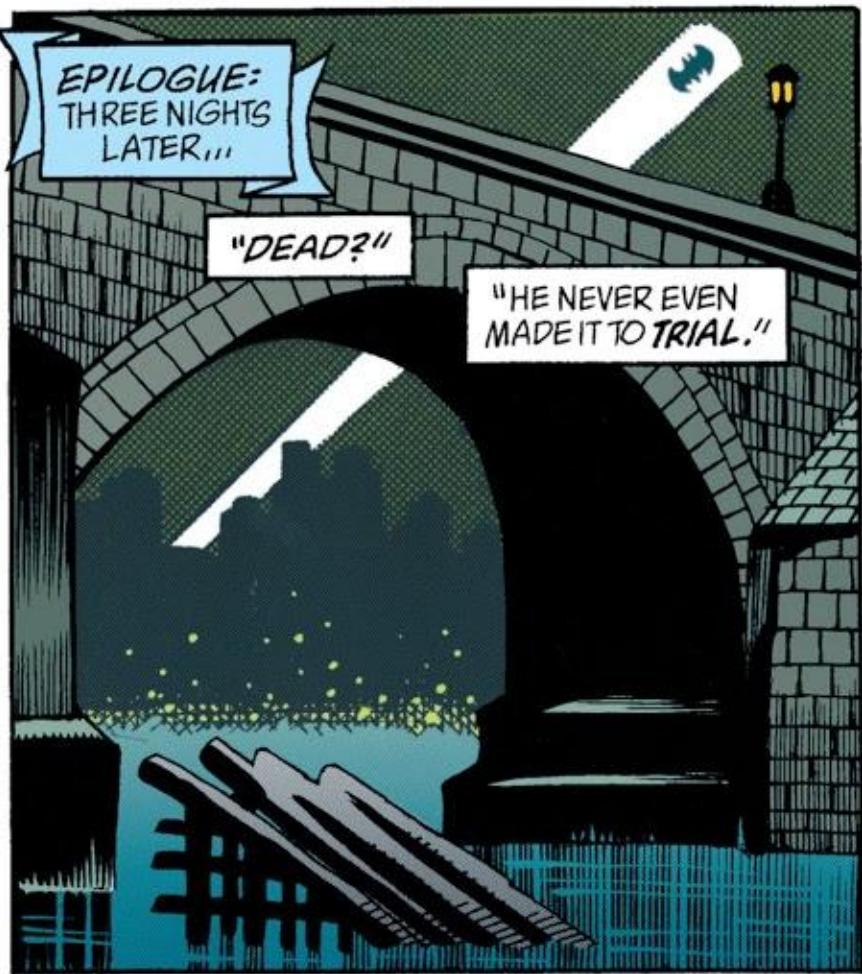
YOUR DEATH IS
CHOKING ME, DAD--
SMOTHERING ME
IN DARKNESS!

SWFFF

HE'S BERSERK--INSANE--BLIND TO
REALITY, SEEING ONLY HIS FATHER...









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