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BATMAN



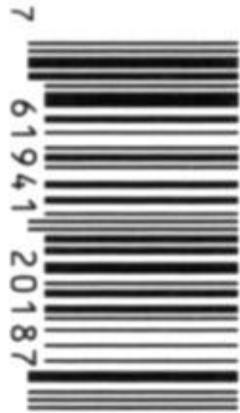
ALSO
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NIGHTRUNNER™

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FIVE DAYS
AGO...



When Bruce Wayne contacted me, I jumped on the first flight out. A couple of weeks in Paris is exactly what I need right now.

IF I can deal with being out in public...

SNACKS,
BEVERAGES.
WHAT CAN I
GET YOU?

I'LL TAKE A
COFFEE. BLACK.
NO SUGAR.

Okay, here it comes. She turns her head and...

Yeah,
there it
is...

OKAY,
MA'AM,
ONE C--

H-HERE
YOU GO.
ONE BLACK
COFFEE.

THANKS.

Good recovery.
A real professional.

Y-YOU'RE
WELCOME.

I guess I'll get used to this eventually.

A-AND
MS. MONTOYA, IS
YOUR VISIT...FOR
BUSINESS OR
PLEASURE?

PLEASURE.
I HOPE.

I had to get
a new
passport...

*...the old
photograph didn't
do me justice.*

ALL THE RAGE

PART TWO OF TWO



DAVID HINE writer AGUSTIN PADILLA artwork 1-14
ANDRES GUINALDO with LORENZO RUGGIERO and WALDEN WONG pencils and inks 15-30
TONY AVIÑA colorist KEN LOPEZ letterer
STANLEY "ARTGERM" LAU cover
JANELLE SIEGEL & HARVEY RICHARDS associate editors
MIKE MARTS editor
BATMAN created by BOB KANE

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Batman set up a rendezvous on the roof of the Sacré-coeur Basilica in Montmartre.

Under other circumstances, in different company, this would be my ideal romantic setting.

THAT'S QUITE A VIEW...

...THOUGH I HAVE TO SAY THE SMOKE SPOILS IT A LITTLE

THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE.

WE WANT YOU TO INFILTRATE A GROUP CALLED LE PORTAIL D'OR.

WE THINK THEY MAY BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDERS THAT LED TO THE RIOTS.

YOU'LL EXCUSE MY SAYING SO, BUT... TWO BATMEN!

THIS IS FREAKING ME OUT A LITTLE.

YOU'RE THE ORIGINAL, RIGHT?
YOU'RE A LITTLE... BULKIER. DEFINITELY OLDER.

AND YOU... YOU NEVER DID GET THE VOICE RIGHT. IT'S LACKING THE GRIT, Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

THAT ELEMENT OF WORLD WEARINESS.

I'LL WORK ON THAT.

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SO, THIS GOLDEN PORTAL... WHAT IS IT? SOME KIND OF RELIGION? A CULT?

They tell me what they know. This group is controlling people to use as suicide assassins to kill politically sensitive individuals from the right and left, provoking the riots that are tearing Paris apart.

WE NEED SOMEONE ON THE INSIDE--

OF THIS SINISTER, BRAINWASHING GROUP OF PROBABLE TERRORISTS, WHO TURN THEIR FOLLOWERS INTO SUICIDE KILLERS?

YES.

AND YOU THOUGHT OF ME...

YOU SHOULD KNOW. SOMETHING...HAPPENED TO ME.

I HAD A RUN-IN WITH VANDAL SAVAGE.

HE LEFT ME WITH A SOUVENIR.*

SAVAGE?

THE MARK
ISN'T A
PROBLEM.

IT COULD ACTUALLY
WORK TO OUR ADVANTAGE.
THIS CULT IS KNOWN TO BE
SYMPATHETIC TO
OUTSIDERS.

"THEIR LEADER
IS A WOMAN
CALLED
KORRIGAN.
SHE'S NAMED
AFTER A
MYTHICAL
CREATURE
FROM FRENCH
BRETON
FOLKLORE.

"Isn't a problem!" Should I be
mad at him for his insensitivity,
or give him kudos for not
making a big deal of it?

"A KIND OF SIREN
WHO APPEARS AT
NIGHT AS A BEAUTIFUL
CREATURE WITH PALE
SKIN AND RED EYES."

"THIS CREATURE HAS THE ABILITY TO
MESMERIZE HER VICTIMS. THOSE
WHO FALL UNDER HER SPELL BECOME
HER SLAVES...OR HER LOVERS."

OPEN YOUR
HEART TO ME,
RENEE. REVEAL
YOUR TROUBLES
TO ME.

"BUT THE KORRIGAN IS A HARSH MISTRESS.
LIKE THE PRAYING MANTIS, SHE KILLS HER
LOVERS WHEN SHE'S DONE WITH THEM."

I WILL
WASH THEM
AWAY.

"YOU'RE MORE QUALIFIED THAN ANYONE I KNOW TO RESIST HER, RENEE. YOUR TRAINING IN *NANDA PARBAT* TAUGHT YOU ABSOLUTE CONTROL OVER YOUR OWN MIND."

TELL ME EVERYTHING. KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU.

This is not going to be easy... I've never heard a voice like Korrigan's. It echoes inside my head, and every echo is a different voice.

TRUST ME
TRUST ME

I hear Elicia... Dariah... Kate... my mother...

TRUST ME
TRUST ME

...every woman I ever loved or cared for.

Batman was wrong. I don't need to resist her. That isn't the way.

I have to tell her the truth...

...but not the whole truth.

I--I'M NOT WHO I SAY I AM.
I LIE.
ALL THE TIME.

IT DOESN'T MATTER. I FORGIVE YOU.

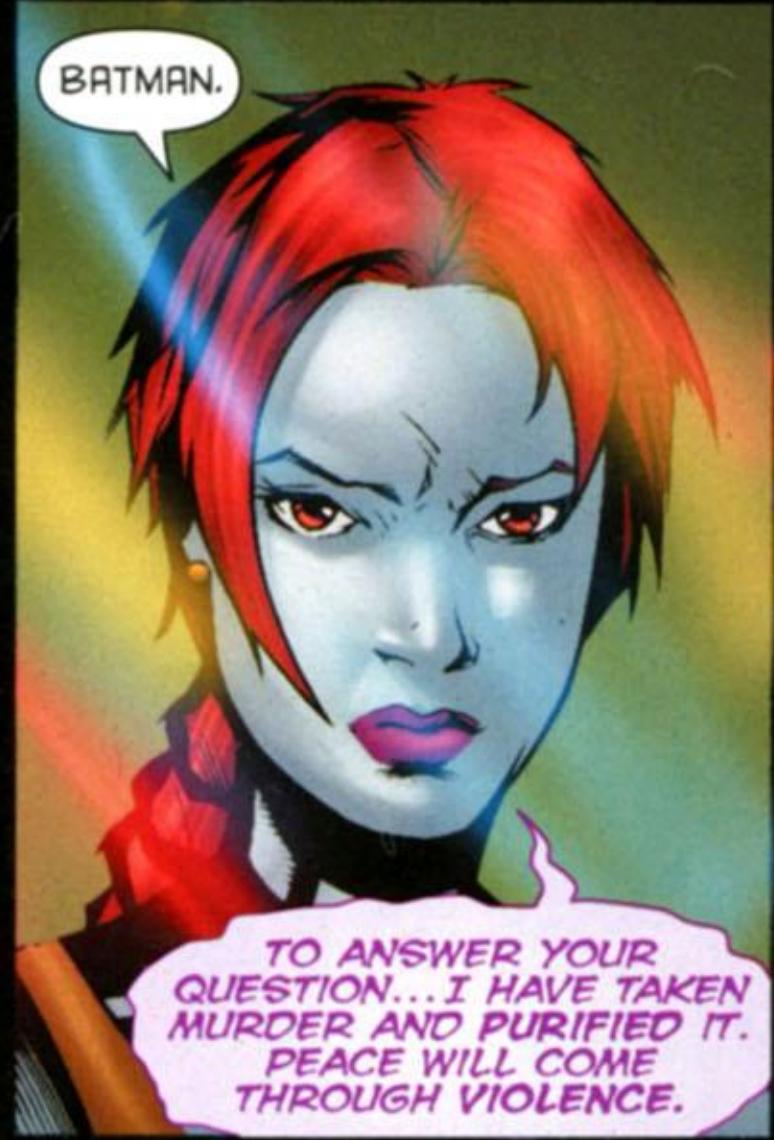
I AM THE QUESTION.

WHAT QUESTION?

I WEAR A MASK.

TO HIDE YOUR SCAR?

IT IS NOT MINE.
THE MAN WHO PASSED IT TO ME BELIEVED IT WAS THE MARK OF CAIN.



"THE KORRIGAN IS
SAID TO HAVE
FORESIGHT... TO SEE
THE FUTURE..."

PEACE WILL
RETURN TO THE
EARTH, BUT FIRST
A TIME OF TERRIBLE
VIOLENCE WILL
DESCEND UPON
HUMANITY. THIS
MUST HAPPEN.

MANKIND
MUST PASS
THROUGH THIS
FIRE, AND IT'S
MY TASK TO
KINDLE THE
FLAMES.

I HAVE TO
LEAVE YOU FOR
A WHILE. WHEN I
RETURN WE'LL
TALK ABOUT
BATMAN...

...AND
HOW YOU WILL
KILL HIM.

"...AND IT'S SAID
SHE HAS THE
POWER TO
SHAPE-SHIFT..."

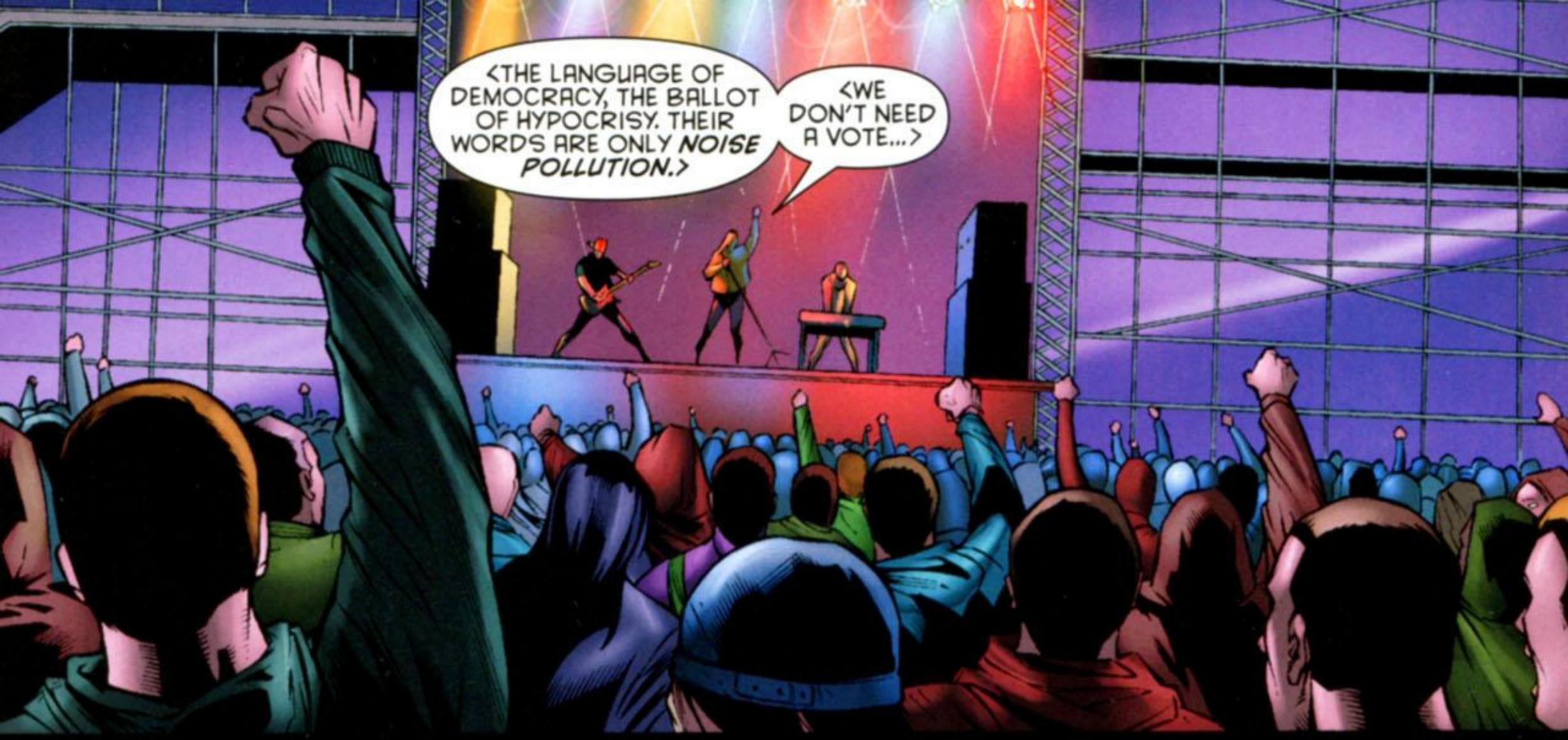
GRRRRRR

"...TO TAKE ON
THE FORM OF A
BEAST..."

GRRRAARRGGGH







I wanted to be a hero. Instead I led the Batmen away from Leni Urbana, left her unprotected.

<I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU. YOU WASTED OUR TIME, SO YOU BETTER PRAY NOTHING HAPPENED TO LENI WHILE WE WERE GONE...>

I should go home. Throw this damned costume in the trash.

Like hell...

I'm
NIGHTRUNNER

I run.

I don't run away.









LAST NIGHT WAS A MESS.

LOOK AT THIS FOOTAGE...

...BATMAN HITTING A COP.

THAT OFFICER WAS OUT OF CONTROL. HE WAS ATTACKING NIGHTRUNNER.

AND WHO IS HE EXACTLY?

HE'S WITH US.

LAST NIGHT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE.

LENI URBANA IS ALIVE, AND SHE'S CALLING FOR PEACE ON THE STREETS UNTIL THE ASSASSINATIONS ARE STOPPED.

THE ZOMBIE ASSASSINATIONS. THAT'S WHAT MEDIA AROUND THE WORLD ARE CALLING THEM.

AND THE "ZOMBIES" AS USUAL, AREN'T TALKING.

WE KNOW WHO SENT THEM.

YOU HAVE NO EVIDENCE AGAINST KORRIGAN OR THE GOLDEN PORTAL.

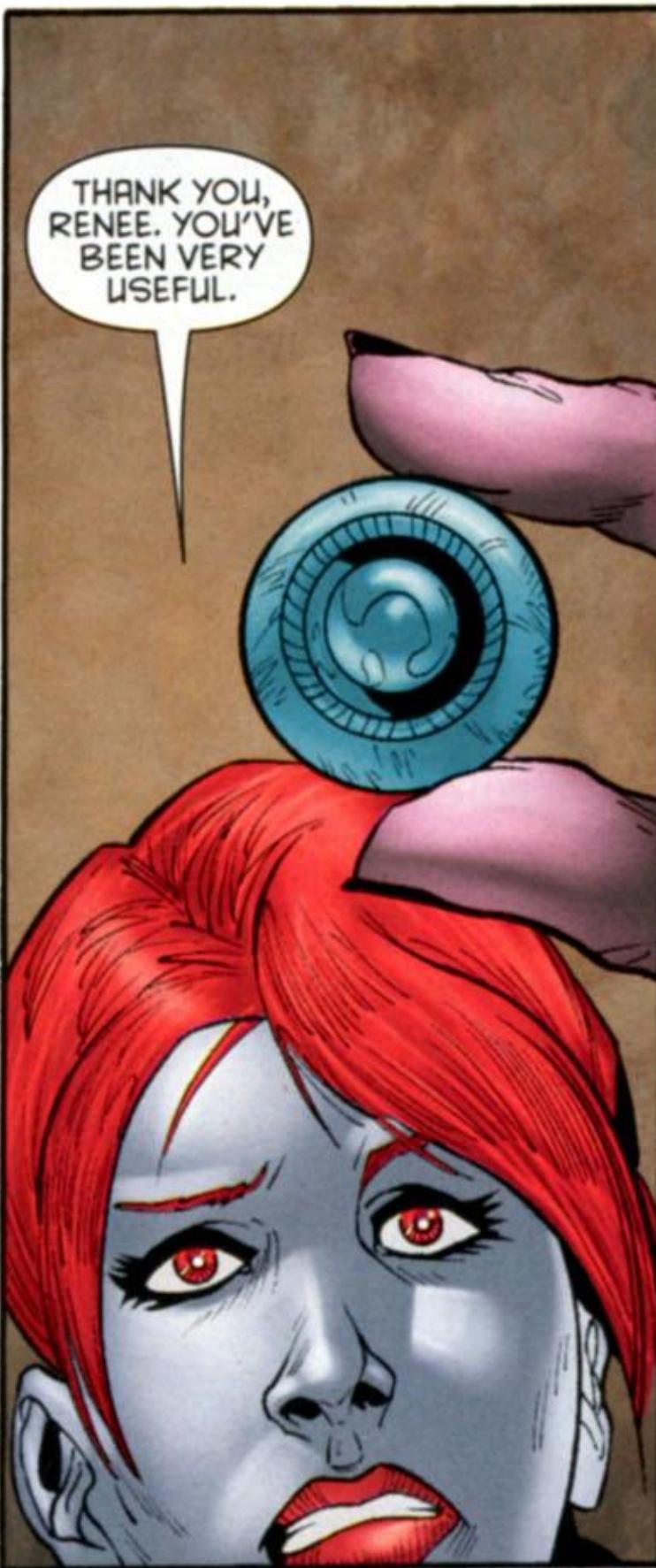
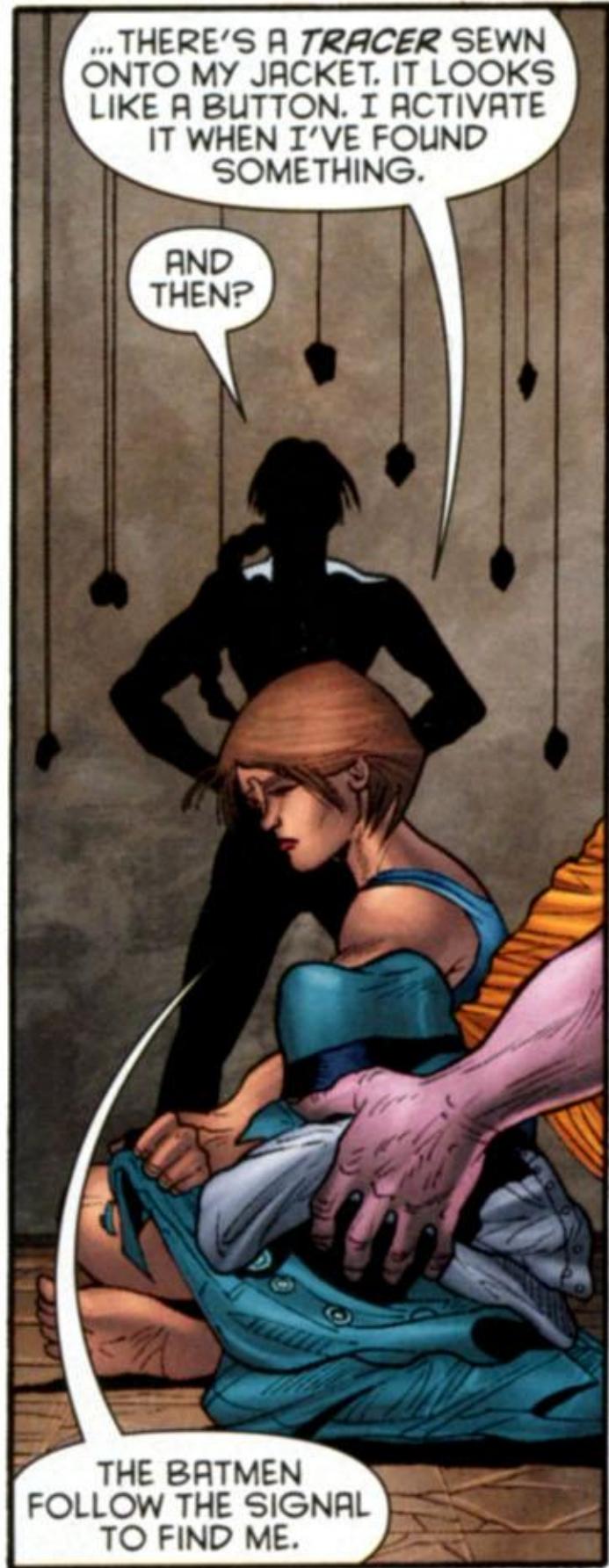
THIS IS NOT AN ORDINARY TERRORIST GROUP. THEY DON'T HAVE WEAPONS CACHES OR EXPLOSIVES.

YOU RAID THEIR HEADQUARTERS AND YOU'LL FIND NOTHING.

THAT'S MY POINT. YOU HAVE NOTHING.

NOT QUITE.

I DO HAVE SOMEONE ON THE INSIDE.







"YOU'RE *ALL*
STRONGER THAN
YOU KNOW."



"AND WHEN THE SITUATION
DEMANDS IT, THAT STRENGTH WILL
BE THERE FOR YOU TO CALL ON."



It's been a while since I had this kind of out-of-body experience.



In Nanda Parbat. My final lesson from Richard Dragon.

"A PART OF YOUR LIFE FORCE BECOMES ONE WITH THE UNIVERSAL CHI."

IT'S POSSIBLE TO ENTER A STATE OF MEDITATION SO DEEP THAT YOUR PERSONAL CHI SEPARATES FROM YOUR BODY.

"THE TRICK IS KNOWING HOW TO COME BACK."



"YOU NEED A LINK-- SOMETHING THAT TIES YOU TO YOUR PHYSICAL BODY."



"A SINGLE WORD CAN ACT AS A TALISMAN IF IT HAS ENOUGH SIGNIFICANCE, ENOUGH POWER."

HE MURDERED CRIS...HE MURDERED MY PARTNER.

Say the name.

Whatever made her choose that name, it's got to be more than coincidence.

EVERYTHING IS LINKED. THE LIFE FORCE OF THE UNIVERSE UNITES EVERYTHING. WHAT SOME CALL COINCIDENCE, SYNCHRONICITY...

"...I CALL FATE."

MY NAME IS RENEE MONToya.

CAND I AM KORRIGAN.

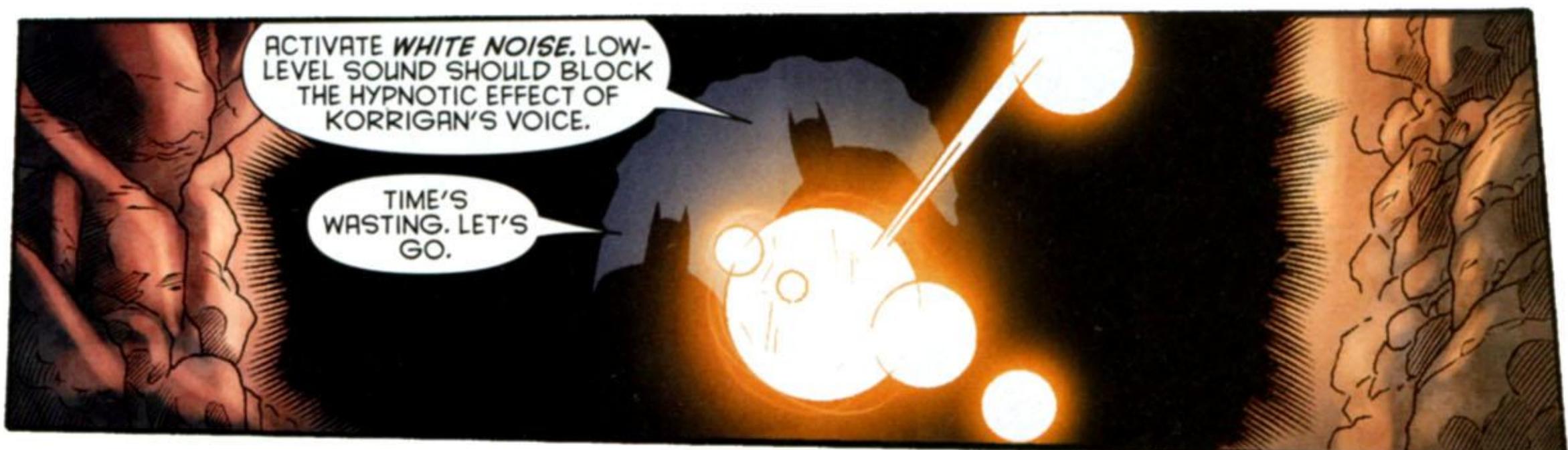
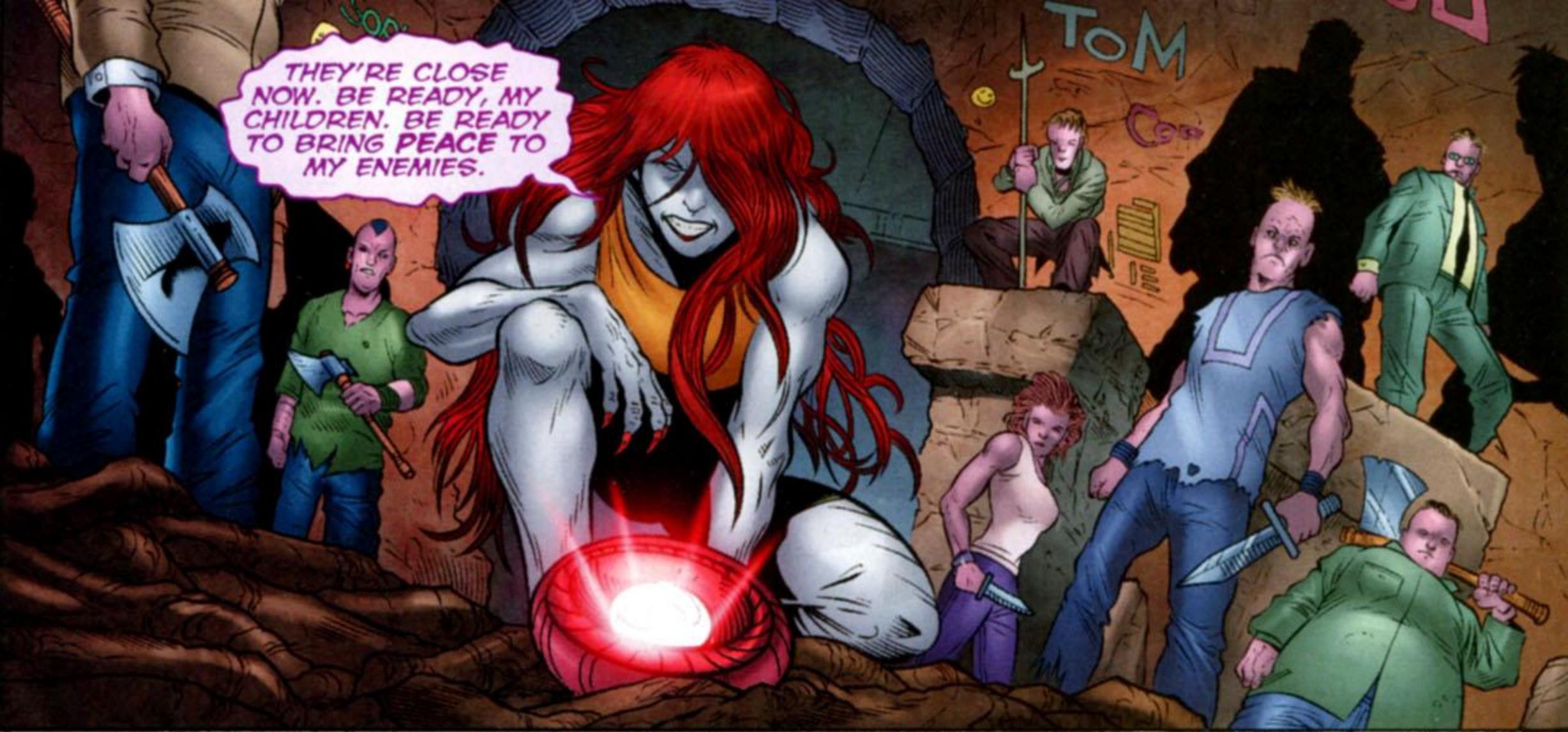
Say the name.

He's unfinished business. He killed my partner and he got away with it.

SAY THE NAME!

CORRIGAN.







LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING *NASTY* STUCK ON
YOU, KORRIGAN.

LET ME
GET THAT FOR
YOU.



BETTER
LATE--
UNNNFF

MAKE THEM STOP!
YOU HEAR ME?

TELL
THEM TO STOP
FIGHTING!

JOIN ME...
STAND AT
THE SIDE OF
KORRIGAN...





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"THE BLACK GARDEN... THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE PERFECT PLACE FOR KORRIGAN. SHE TOLD ME THAT SHE WASN'T EVEN HUMAN."

SHE BELIEVED SHE WAS PART OF AN ANCIENT RACE THAT RULED THE EARTH IN PERFECT PEACE. HUMAN BEINGS DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF CONFLICT BECAUSE THE KORRIGANS HAD SAPPED THEIR WILL.

"SHE CALLED IT LOVE, BUT IT SOUNDS MORE LIKE SLAVERY."

"SHE BELIEVES THE KORRIGAN RACE STILL EXISTS, HIDDEN DEEP IN UNDERGROUND TUNNELS."

<DO YOU HEAR THEM? SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH.>

<THEY'RE COMING BACK. THEY'LL BE HERE SOON, AND THEN YOU'LL ALL KNOW OUR LOVE.>

THE OFFICE OF HENRI LAFAYETTE, HEAD OF THE POLICE NATIONALE.

GOOD MORNING, MR. WAYNE.

I SUPPOSE YOU ALREADY KNOW WHY I ASKED YOU TO COME HERE.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE CALLED ME THIS MORNING...

HMMPH. WELL, YOU'VE GOT YOUR FRANCHISE. THE PRESIDENT HAS INSTRUCTED ME TO APPROVE WHOEVER YOU RECOMMEND AS YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

ACTUALLY, I DO HAVE SOMEONE IN MIND...



THE END

Gotham City does not speak in complete sentences. She speaks in fragments. Even single words. Regardless of this, to me, her meanings are clear.

Gotham City never stammers. She speaks brashly. Boldly.

OPEN
24
HOURS

I GOT THE MONEY! LET'S GET GONE!

She grunts like a beast and sings as a chorus of ten million souls. I hear her voice. Each of her inhabitants. Every one of her streets. Above. And below. I hear.

Sometimes her words are mysterious. At other times, her meanings are evident.

Paul Tobin writer
Ramon Bachs penciller
Mick Gray inker
Trish Mulvihill colorist
John J. Hill letterer
Janelle Siegel editor
Mike Marts Batman group editor



Gotham speaks to me of the worst of her inhabitants.

STOP
OR--

UNNHH!

WHINNIT



And Gotham speaks, with pride, of the very best.

GOING
HOME,
LESLIE?

OFF
TO CHECK IN
WITH A PATIENT.
SEE HOW HE'S
DOING.

Leaving, Leslie
Thompson thinks of
her free clinic's past
patients. The ones
she cannot forget.



AND,
NEXT TIME, TURN
THE LAWNMOWER
OFF BEFORE YOU
TRY TO FIX IT.

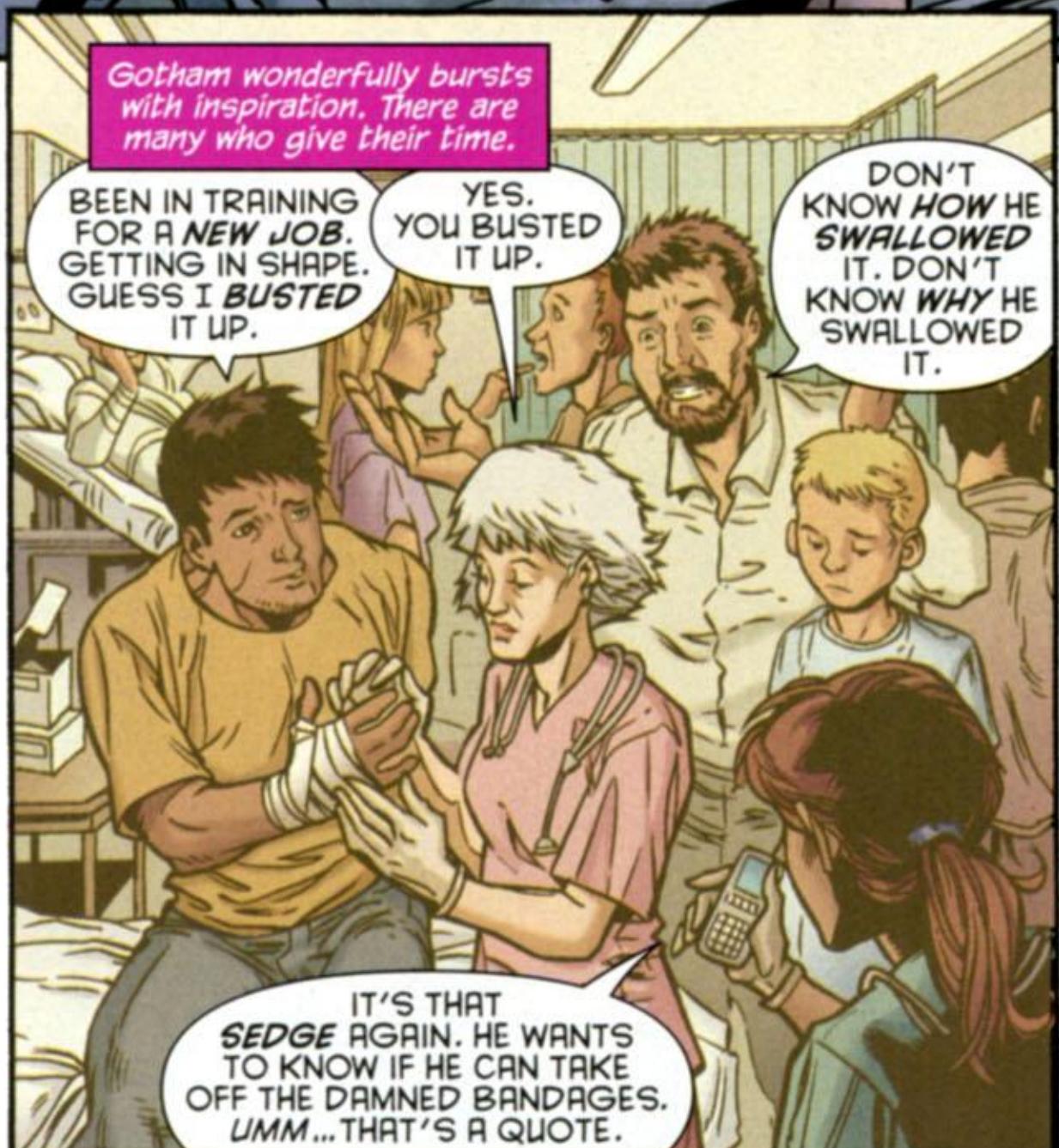
WILL
DO, LESLIE.
WILL DO.





I was once asked, with the way I can see the city and know its past and its present, why I did not help those in need. It was a good question.

I realized then that I'd been listening to the city, but not hearing.





I hear the cat's voice with my ears, but in another way as well. I hear it as I hear Gotham. The streets. The sewers. The buildings.







NICE JOB,
ROOKIE. LOOKS
LIKE YOU GET YOUR
FIRST ARREST ON
THE FORCE!

GET
OFF ME! GET
OFF ME!

This city
speaks not only
with words.

Throughout her long history, Gotham
has often spoken with screams, and
sobs, and cries of outrage.

YOU CAN'T
TAKE ME AWAY!
YOU CAN'T! I'M
BETTER THAN YOU!
I'M BETTER!

But Gotham speaks in
other, much better ways,
such as contented sighs or
a companionable silence.

YOU OKAY,
LESLIE?

I'M FINE, BEN. SEEMS LIKE I'M
VERY LUCKY YOU GOT THIS
NEW JOB OF YOURS.

BUT...
YOUR HAND...
WHEN YOU
PUNCHED HIM...
IS IT...?

MY HAND'S
GOOD. IT'S BEEN
FINE EVER SINCE THAT
DAY YOU FIXED IT UP.
JAW'S A LITTLE LOOSE
NOW, THOUGH,
FEELS LIKE.

Tonight,
Gotham City
speaks with
a smile.

This, because
Leslie did not
venture out
into Gotham's
streets to see
one who failed,
but rather...
one who did
not.

End

LATER.

NIGHTRUNNER

"WHEN I CAME TO PARIS, I HEARD STORIES OF A MAN WHO DANCED ABOVE THE CITY, WHO MOVED WITH SUCH GRACE THAT MANY WONDERED IF HE WAS A MAN AT ALL."

KYLE HIGGINS writer
TREVOR McCARTHY artist
ANDRE SZYMANOWICZ colors
TRAVIS LANHAM letters
JANELLE SIEGEL & HARVEY RICHARDS assoc. editors
MIKE MARTS editor

"THE NIGHT RUNNER OF CLICHY-SOUS-BOIS."

"AND AFTER THE LAST FEW WEEKS..."

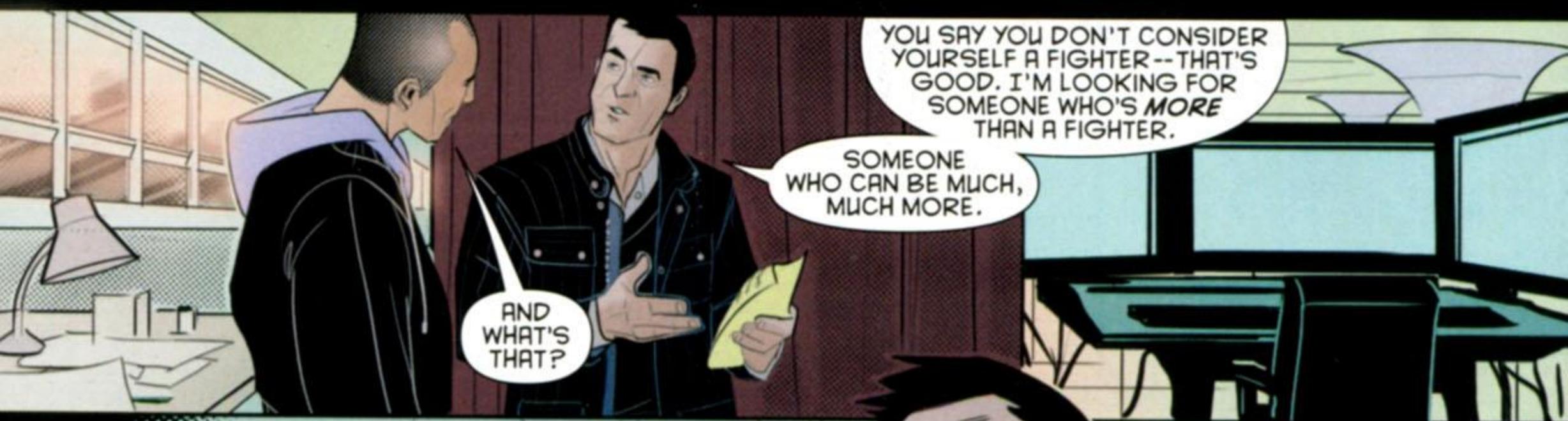
"THAT'S IMPRESSIVE."

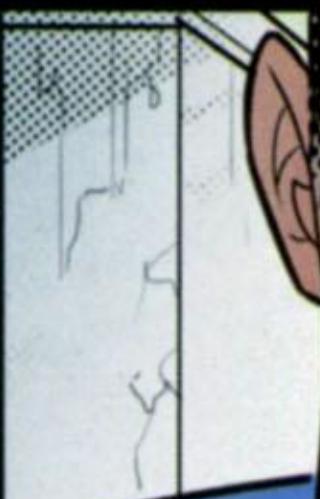
"YOU HAD THEM LOOKING TO THE SKY INSTEAD OF THE GROUND, BILAL."

...I BELIEVE THAT'S SOMETHING PARIS COULD USE MORE OF.

After the police locked Korrigan away, Bruce Wayne asked to speak to me personally. About an opportunity.

I wasn't sure what he meant.





The next several weeks are a blur.

I leave the only home I know and the only family I have.

My mother tells me again that she's proud of me--that getting a job from Mr. Wayne is a sign.

She thinks I'm being rewarded for the way I've lived, the way I've stayed out of the streets. Away from the fighting.

I can't tell her otherwise.

I move into the "living quarters," two floors above the training area.

Whoa.

"Adequate" is one way to describe them.

A few days in and Bruce has to head for Tokyo.

He says he's leaving me in good hands.

AHEM.

OH...

We train for ten hours a day, covering everything from weapons and tactical strategies to martial arts.

I may not want to be a fighter, but that doesn't mean I won't be able to fight.

...RIGHT...

STAY CENTERED, BILAL.

He says my speed is my strength. My agility.

This Batman's faster than the other one--much more fluid. Makes sense for him to be the one training me.

IT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING ABLE TO RUN...

We're built the same way.

Our big focus is on movement, though. Balance.

...AND BEING ABLE TO FLY.

I spend days poring over architectural details of Paris, from the high-rises in Clichy-sous-Bois to the cathedrals downtown.

A few weeks later and Batman brings me to see Lafayette, the commander of the Police Nationale in Paris.

Lafayette says he wants to meet Mr. Wayne's "French Savior."

That's before he realizes it's me.

YOU ARE THE ONE FROM CLICHY-SOUS-BOIS? THE FREE RUNNER?

YES.

AND THIS IS WHO MR. WAYNE INSISTS UPON?

WE WOULDN'T BE STANDING HERE OTHERWISE.

IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME TO BE FRANK FOR A MOMENT, GENTLEMEN, I MUST STRONGLY OBJECT TO MR. ASSELAH'S INVOLVEMENT IN THIS ALREADY... PRECARIOUS SITUATION.

IS THAT SO?

THE ETHNIC TENSIONS IN THIS CITY ARE TUMULTUOUS AT BEST.

I THINK WE CAN ALL ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THE ADDITION OF THIS AMERICAN... "POLICE COMPANY" IS A POWDER KEG IN THE MAKING.

MR. ASSELAH'S INVOLVEMENT POTENTIALLY CREATES THE FIRST BLAST OF A CIVIL WAR.

I'M SORRY-- I SIMPLY CANNOT ALLOW THAT.

NEITHER CAN I, MONSIEUR.

THAT'S WHY WE'RE USING THIS.

AND IF I UNDERSTAND CORRECTLY...

...I DON'T BELIEVE YOU HAVE MUCH SAY IN THE MATTER.

JUST REMEMBER, MR. ASSELAH-- THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS "NEUTRAL" IN PARIS.

Batman leaves
For Gotham a few
days later, and I
start "work."

But any
progress is
slow.

People don't know
what to think about
"Batman in Paris."

In a city divided,
no one is sure who
I'm Fighting for.

It's a
problem.

A riot in
Clichy-sous-Bois
only makes things
worse.

I slip in before the police
even mount a front, to try
to keep anyone else from
getting killed.

But I
miscalculate.

SNAP

ARGHHH!



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Lafayette may be right, after all.

In a place so divided, is what we're trying to do even possible?

I THOUGHT THE PHYSICAL PART WOULD BE THE HARDEST.

BUT IT'S
NOT, IS IT?

THEY'RE
RIOTING BECAUSE
OF WHAT THEY THINK
YOU ARE.

A SYMBOL
IS A SYMBOL AS
LONG AS PEOPLE
RECOGNIZE IT.

THEY'RE
RIOTING BECAUSE
OF ME. BECAUSE
OF WHAT I AM.

NO.

YOU'RE
FINE.

BUT IT'S UP TO YOU
TO SHOW THEM WHAT
IT MEANS. THAT TAKES
PATIENCE.

IT'S ONLY
NOW HAPPENING
IN GOTHAM.

AND WHAT IF
THEY DON'T SEE
THINGS DIFFERENTLY?
WHAT IF THEY DON'T
WANT TO?

A stylized illustration of a man in a brown tunic and cap, shouting with his mouth wide open. A sword is held to his neck from behind. In the background, there's a silhouette of a city skyline under a bright orange sky.

三

IT TAKES
TIME

BUT I
WOULDN'T BE
SO QUICK TO
GIVE UP ON
THEM.



THE END

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

FROM ALL OF US
AT DC COMICS
AND LARFLEEZE...

...EVEN THOUGH
HE DOESN'T
WANT TO SHARE!



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GREEN
GREN
EEN
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DCP

