



JEPH LOEB JIM LEE S. WILLIAMS  
IN THE MOUTH OF MADNESS!

610 FEB 2003

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
A  
AUTHORITY

# BATMAN



His name is  
Killer Croc.

GO TO  
HELL.

He is being held here  
in Arkham Asylum  
for "observation."

WHAT DID  
YOU WANT THE  
TEN MILLION  
FOR?

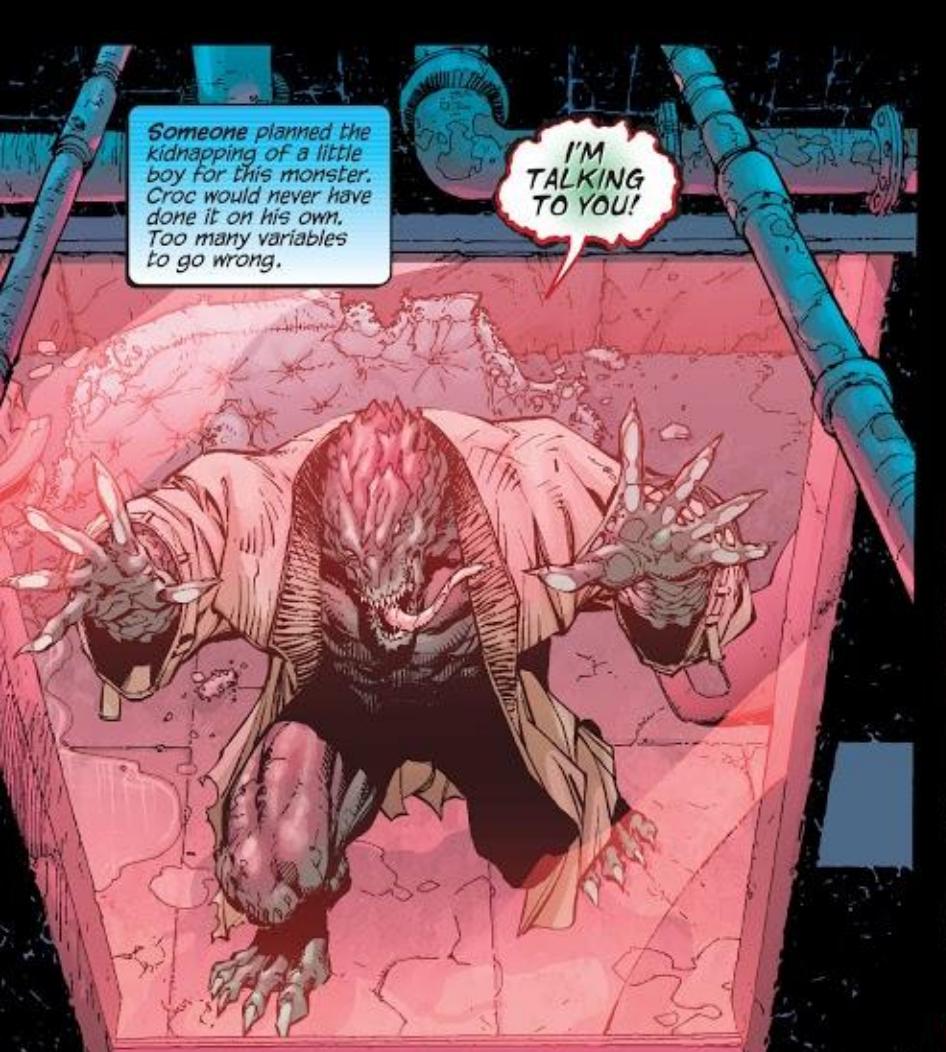
Something has  
happened to him.  
He is mutating...  
losing even more  
of his humanity.

LET  
ME OUT AND  
I'LL SHOW  
YOU.

WE'RE  
DONE.

DON'T  
TURN YOUR  
BACK ON  
ME.

Soon, whatever knowledge he has  
of the crime will be lost within  
the corridors of his mind.





I made a promise on the grave of my parents to rid this city of the evil that took their lives. By day, I am Bruce Wayne, billionaire philanthropist. At night, criminals, a cowardly and superstitious lot, call me...

# BATMAN

CREATED BY  
**BOB KANE**

# PUSH

## Chapter Three **THE BEAST**

Leaving me to send a monster to catch a monster.

GET BACK OR I'LL GUT HIM!

Jeph  
**LOEB**  
writes

Tim  
**LEE**  
pencils

Scott  
**WILLIAMS**  
inks  
Richard  
**STARKINGS**  
letters  
Alex  
**SINCLAIR**  
colors  
Bob  
**SCHRECK**  
edits  
Morgan  
**DONTANVILLE**  
assistant edits  
special thanks to  
Mark  
**CHIARELLO**







Wayne Manor.  
What was once  
my father's house  
is now mine.

Along with all  
the memories  
that it holds.

ORACLE?

I'M HERE. EVEN OFF  
A PARTIAL PLATE, PHILADELPHIA  
D.M.V. SHOWS THE OWNER TO BE  
DR. THOMAS ELLIOT.

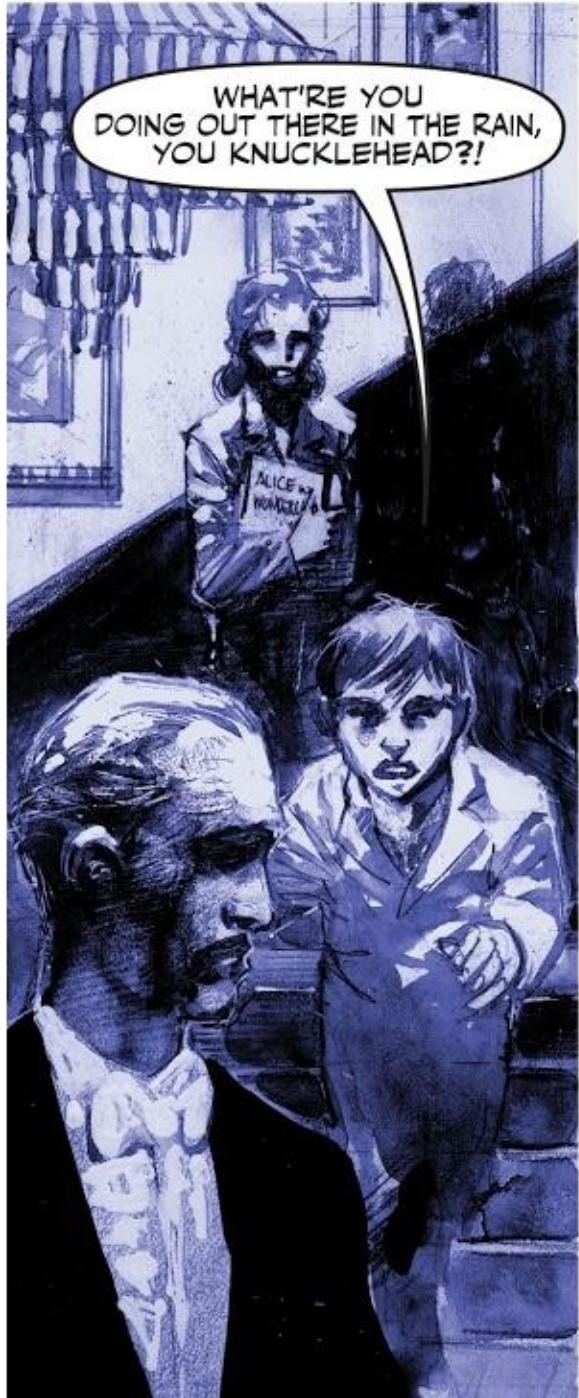
THAT'S...  
UNEXPECTED.



I...I APOLOGIZE, SIR,  
FOR THE INFORMALITY. YOU ARE  
"DOCTOR THOMAS ELLIOT"  
THESE DAYS, AREN'T YOU?







Gotham City Hospital.  
My Father was Head of  
Trauma Surgery back then.

Hospitals are awful  
places at night.

Especially  
for children...

MY DAD IS  
IN THERE, TOMMY.  
NOTHING BAD  
IS GOING TO  
HAPPEN.

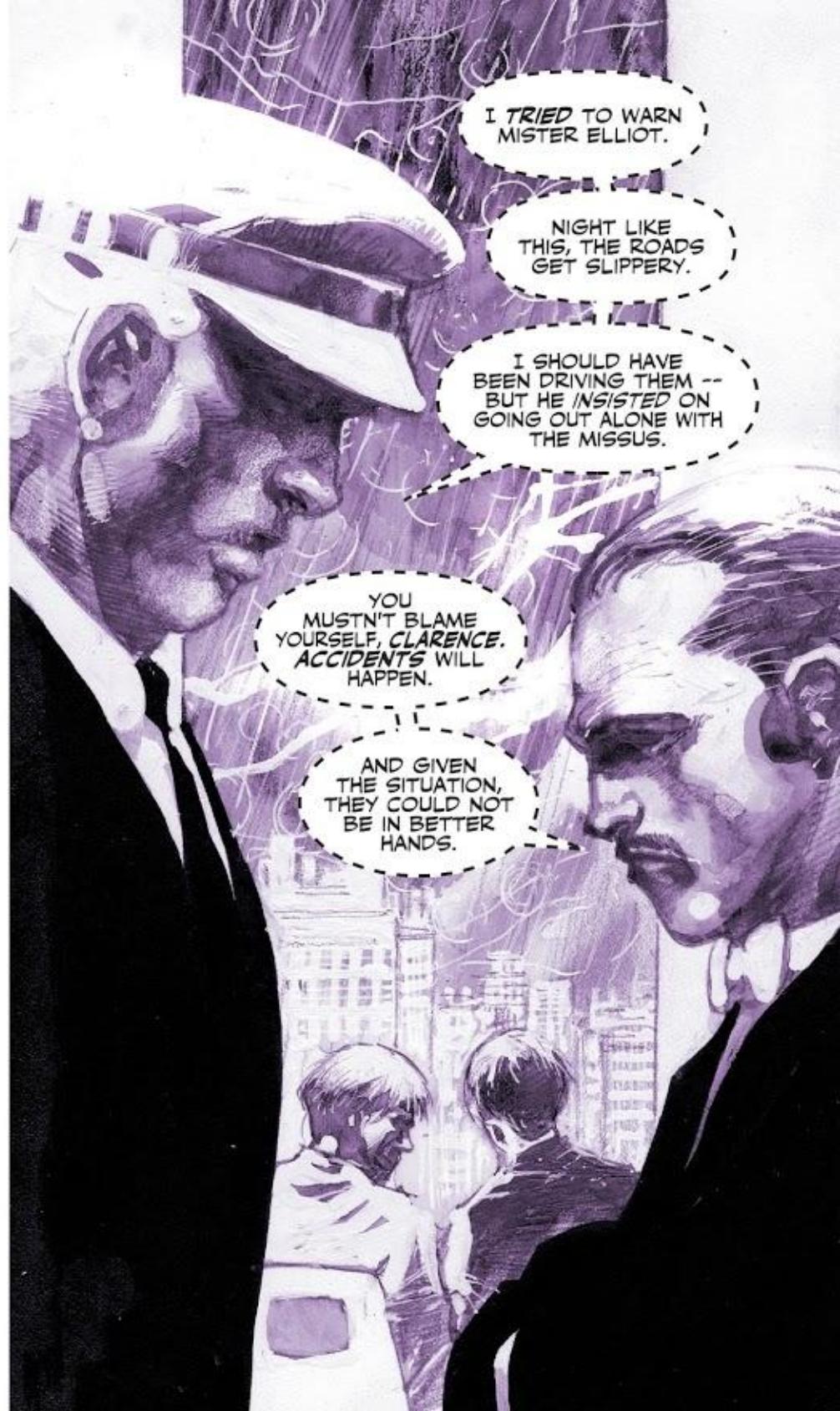
I TRIED TO WARN  
MISTER ELLIOT.

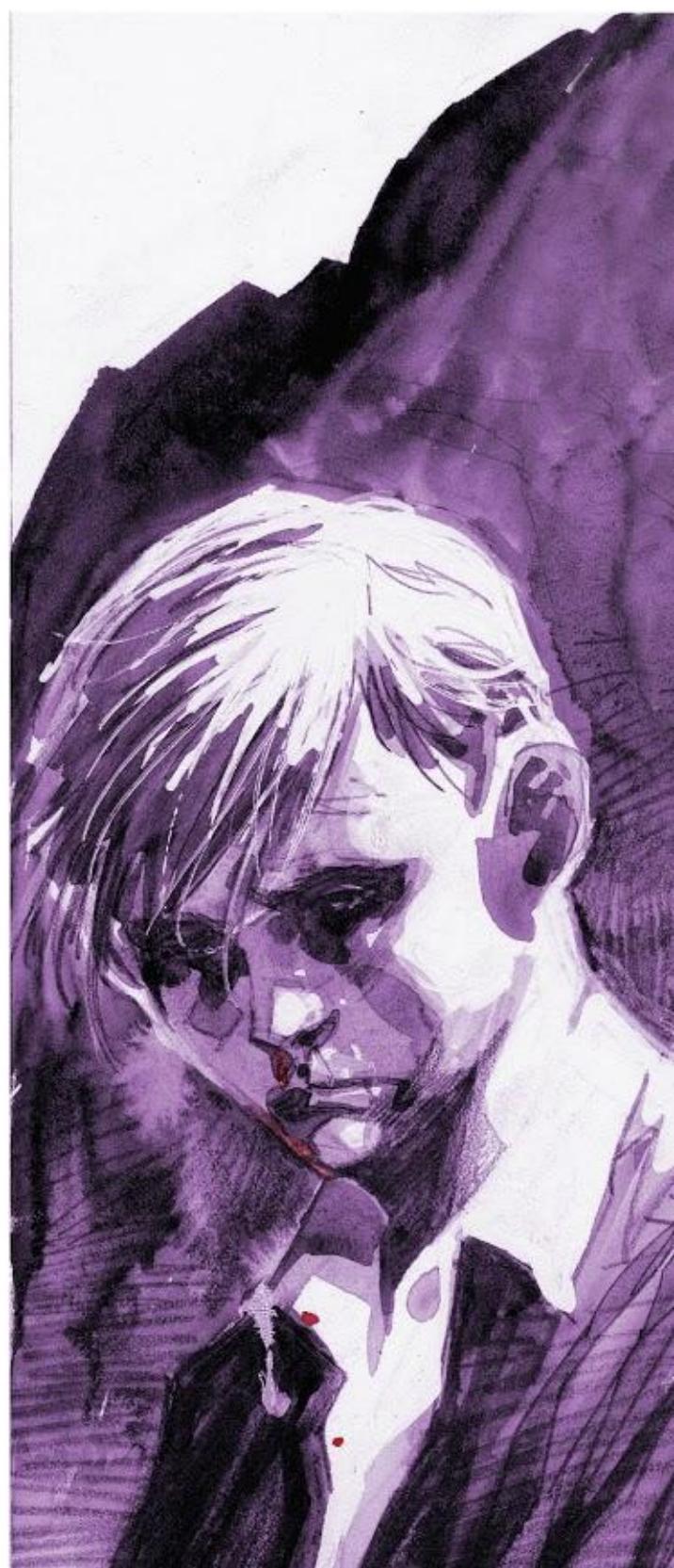
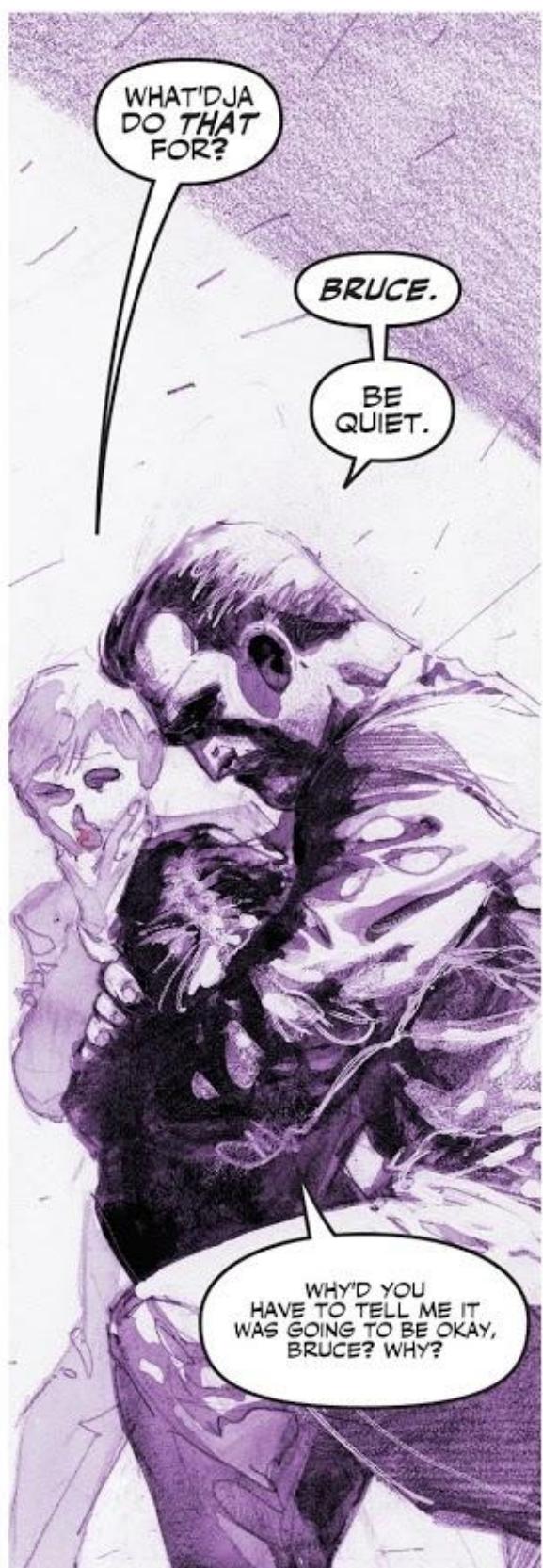
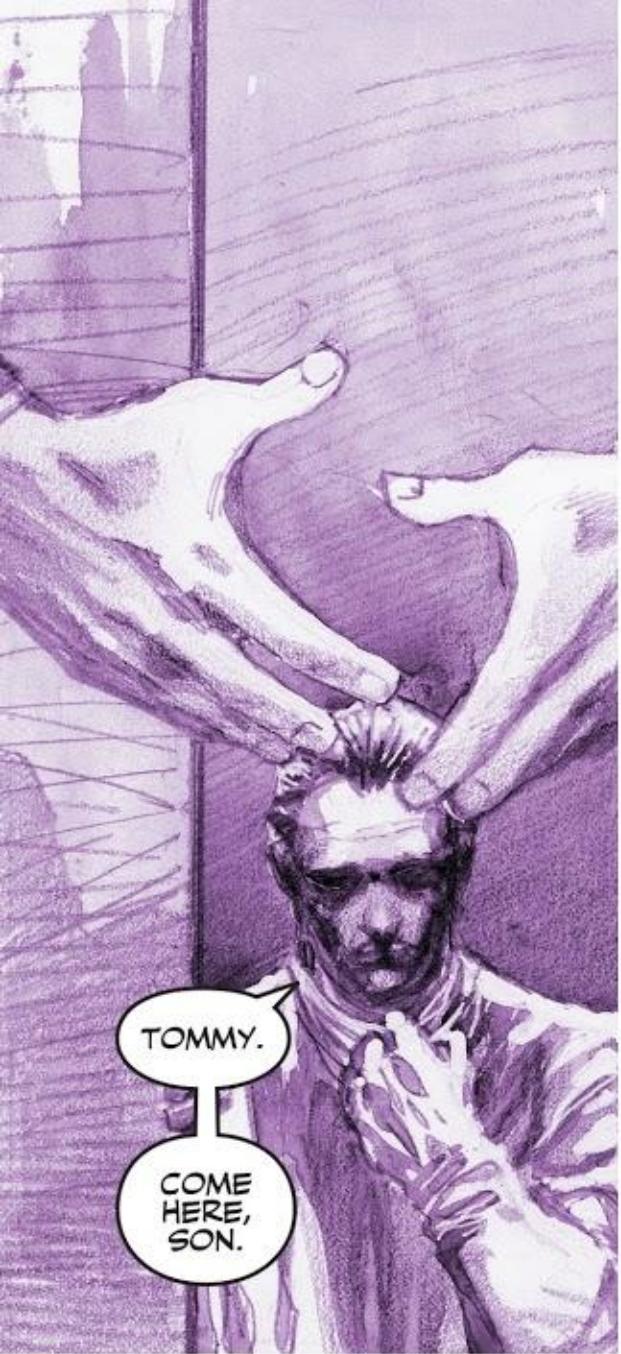
NIGHT LIKE  
THIS, THE ROADS  
GET SLIPPERY.

I SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN DRIVING THEM --  
BUT HE INSISTED ON  
GOING OUT ALONE WITH  
THE MISSUS.

YOU  
MUSTN'T BLAME  
YOURSELF, CLARENCE.  
ACCIDENTS WILL  
HAPPEN.

AND GIVEN  
THE SITUATION,  
THEY COULD NOT  
BE IN BETTER  
HANDS.





Almost midnight.

Croc has been on the move all night, using the sewers to crisscross the city.

HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU THAT HE'S LEADING YOU ON A WILD-GOOSE -- OR CROCODILE CHASE?

A homing device the size of a hat pin was jammed between his fifth and sixth vertebrae the night he was taken to Arkham.

Oracle has been tracking his signal.

HE WANTS THAT MONEY, ORACLE.

HE WILL EITHER LEAD US TO IT --

-- OR TO THE PERSON WHO ARRANGED THIS ENTIRE --

VZIP  
PTOOM

BATMAN...?

**BERKSCH**

**RSKEEE**

**DUSSHK**

**BATMAN!**

I'M NOT  
GETTING --  
CAN YOU HEAR  
ME?

**THRHOOCHEE**

ANSWER ME,  
DAMMIT!

**ORACLE.**

ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT? WHAT THE  
HELL IS GOING ON  
OUT THERE?

ORACLE.  
WHATEVER YOU  
DO -- DO NOT  
LOSE THE HOMING  
SIGNAL ON  
CROC.

YOU  
DIDN'T ANSWER MY  
QUESTIONS --

JUST DON'T  
LOSE THAT  
SIGNAL!

...



The Batmobile's outfitted with Kevlar-reinforced tires filled with petroleum jelly.

It is the sort of tire they use in a Presidential arcade or an armored car.

A blowout is next to impossible.



Someone went to a lot of trouble to get me to lose track of Croc.

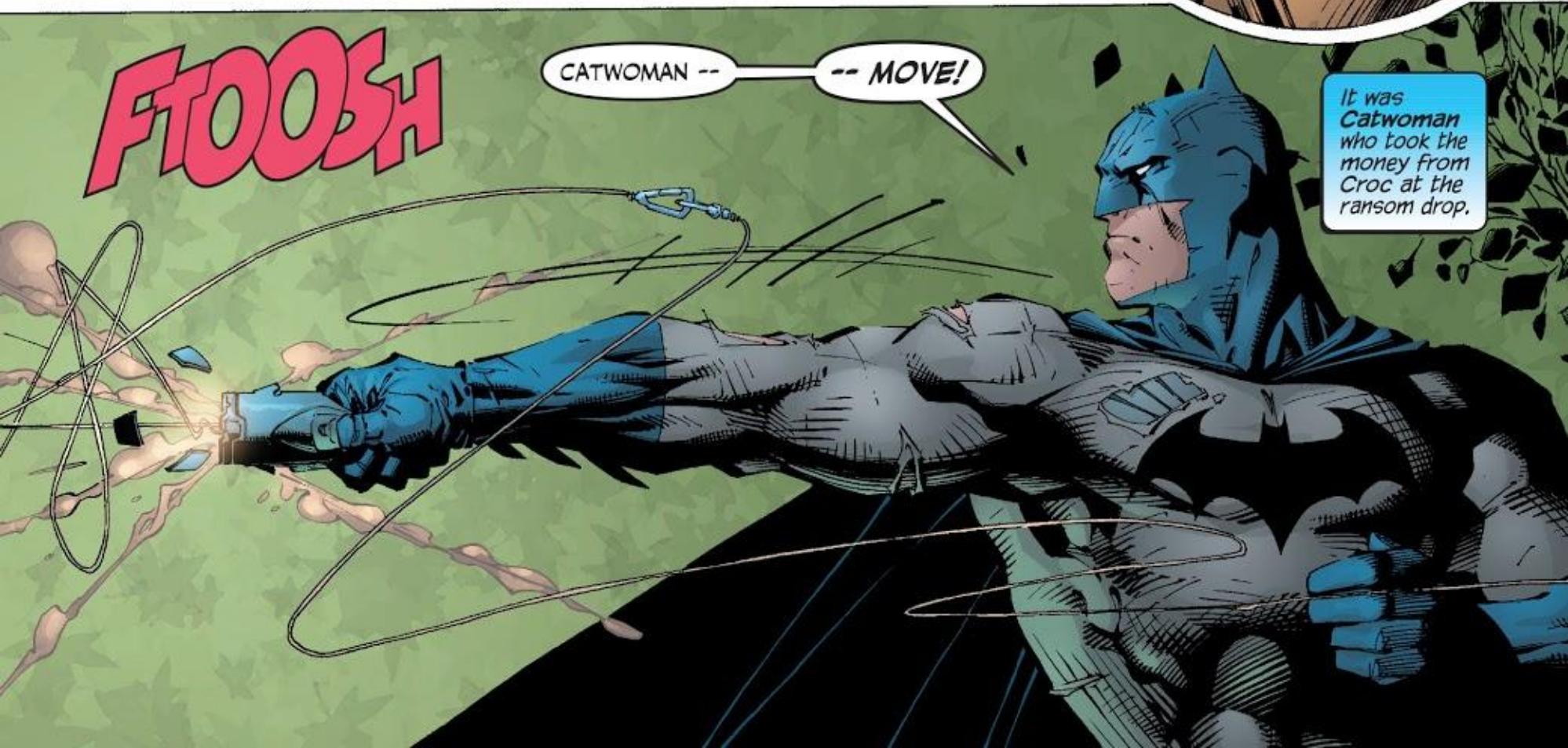


HELLO, KITTY.



They are going to be disappointed.







**WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP**

KILLER  
CROC! THIS IS  
THE F.B.I.!

STAY WHERE  
YOU ARE AND PUT YOUR  
HANDS IN THE AIR!

IDIOTS...

LIAR!  
I KNEW I  
COULDN'T  
TRUST YOU!

I'LL  
KILL YOU  
FOR THIS!

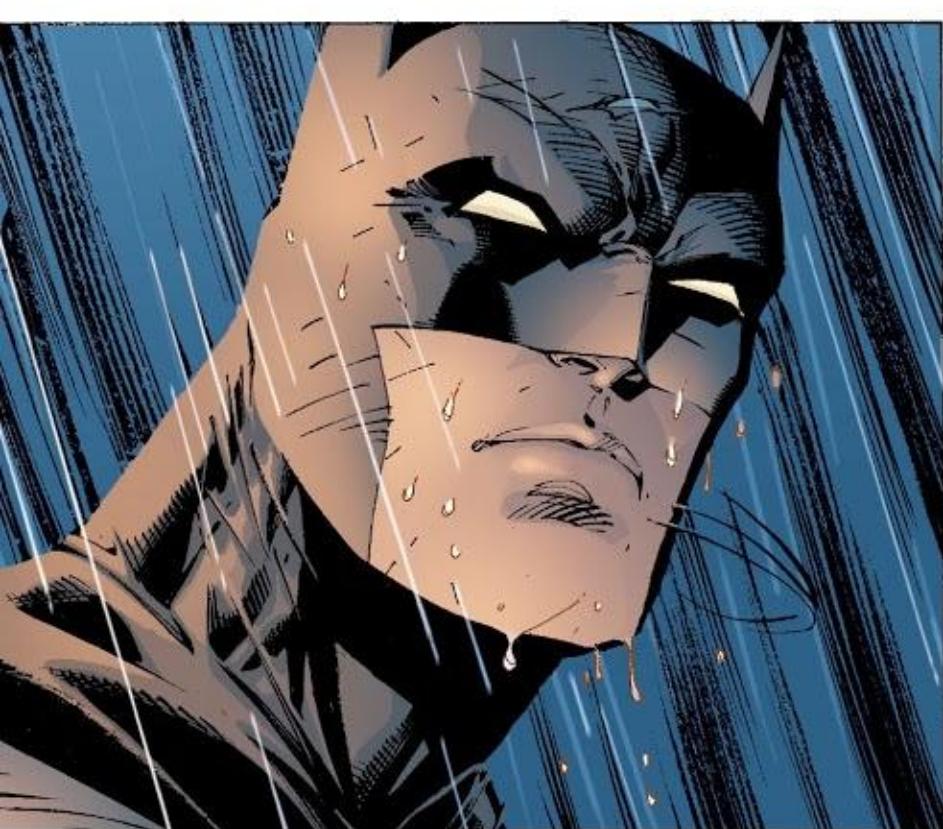
CROC!  
WE CAN  
STILL --

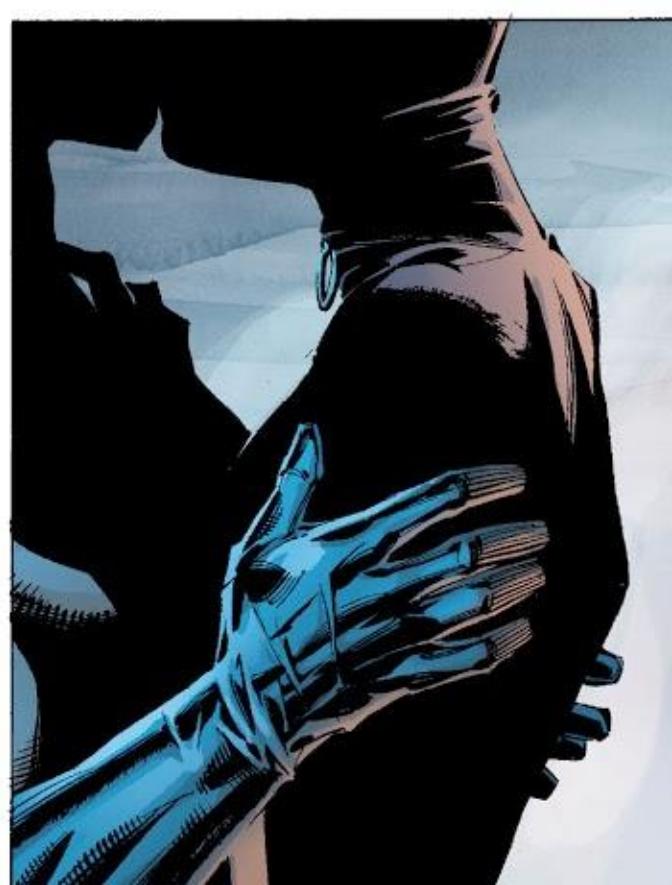
DAMMIT.

BAM

**BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA**

I'LL  
KILL ALL  
OF YOU!







Criminals, by nature,  
are a cowardly and  
superstitious lot.

To instill fear into their  
hearts I became a bat.  
A monster in the night.

And in doing so,  
have I become the  
very thing that all  
monsters become...

...Alone...?

next:  
**Metropolis**