



BATMAN

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
CDA
AUTHORITY

425
NOV 88



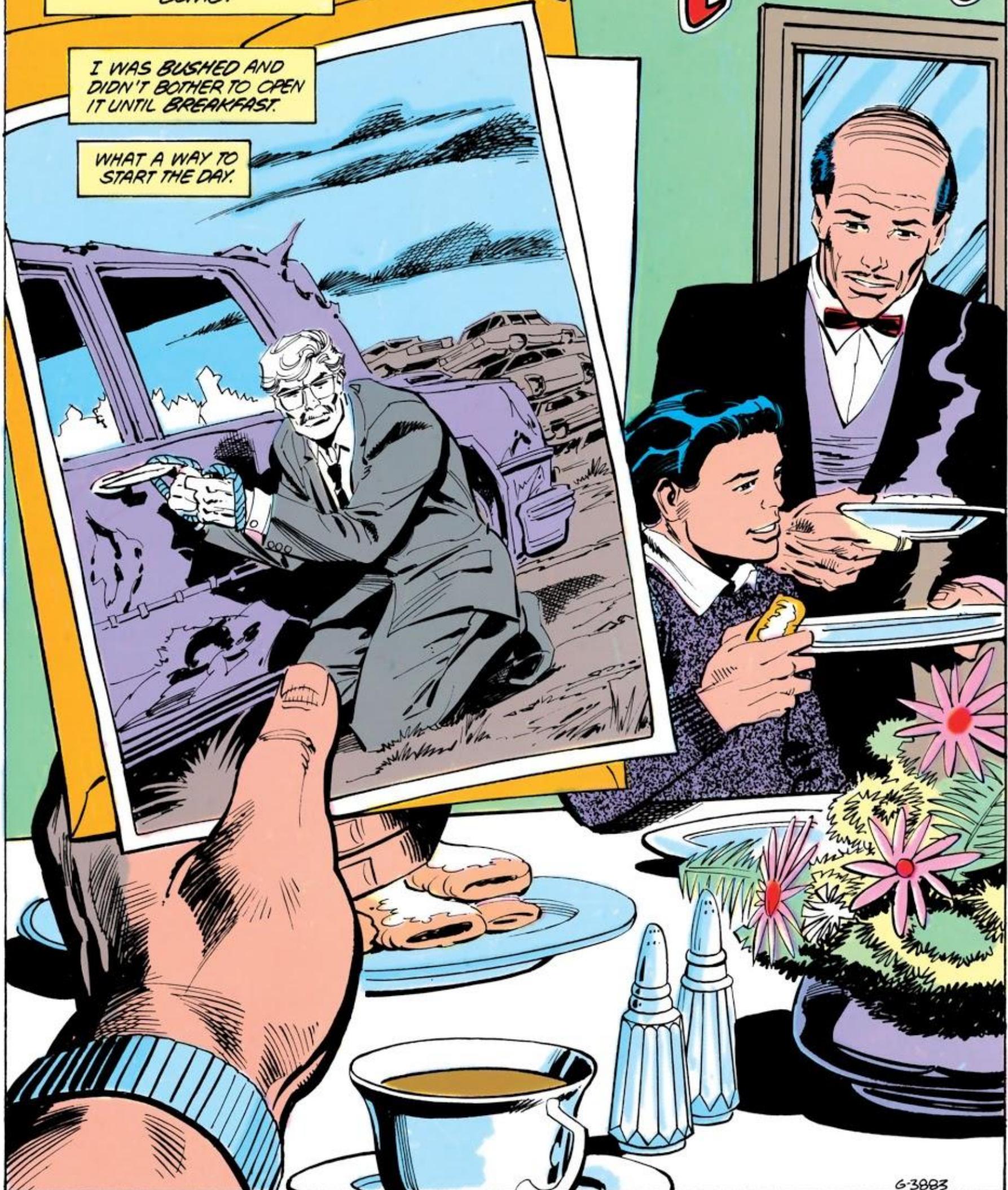
I PICKED UP THE ENVELOPE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS LAST NIGHT. IT WAS ADDRESSED FOR MY EYES ONLY.

SO I X-RAYED IT, TO MAKE SURE IT WASN'T A LETTER BOMB.

I WAS BUSHED AND DIDN'T BOther TO OPEN IT UNTIL BREAKFAST.

WHAT A WAY TO START THE DAY.

Consequences



THERE'S A LETTER ACCOMPANYING THE PHOTO.

Batman - Come without police or Gordon will die. Bring the boy with you - a Bereaved Father.

ALFRED, COULD YOU BRING ME THE PHONE?

OF COURSE.



THIS IS BATMAN.
IS JIM HOME?

OUT OF TOWN
ON BUSINESS,
EH?

NO, IT'S NOT
IMPORTANT. I'LL
CATCH HIM LATER.



WHAT'S UP,
BRUCE?

SO HE WANTS ME TO
BRING JASON ALONG...

IT'S NOT HARD TO
FIGURE OUT WHO
THE BEREAVED
FATHER IS.

FELIPE GARZONAS
WAS A LITTLE PUNK
WITH A TASTE FOR
COCAINE AND ABUSING
WOMEN.

JASON AND I MET HIM
SHORTLY AFTER HE'D HAD
HIS WAY WITH A YOUNG
MODEL, ONE GLORIA
STANSON.



TURNED OUT THE LAW
COULDN'T TOUCH HIM
BECAUSE OF HIS DIP-
LOMATIC IMMUNITY.

HIS FATHER WAS
BOGATAGO'S AMBASS-
ADOR TO THE U.S.A.



KNOWING FELIPE WAS
GOING TO TAKE
ANOTHER CRACK AT HER,
GLORIA STANSON OPTED
FOR A FOOLISH AND VERY
PERMANENT WAY
OUT.

THIS SET JASON OFF.
HE JUST COULDN'T
DEAL WITH THE INJUS-
TICE OF THE SITUATION.

I KNEW HE'D BE HEADING
FOR FELIPE'S APARTMENT
AND PRAYED I'D CATCH
UP WITH HIM IN TIME.



I WASN'T.

FELIPE TOOK A TWENTY
STORY NOSE DIVE ONTO
FIFTH AVENUE.



I FOUND ROBIN ON FELIPE'S
BALCONY, COOLLY STARING
OVER THE PARAPET.

WHEN I DEMANDED
TO KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED...



I GUESS I
SPOOKED HIM.
HE
SLIPPED.



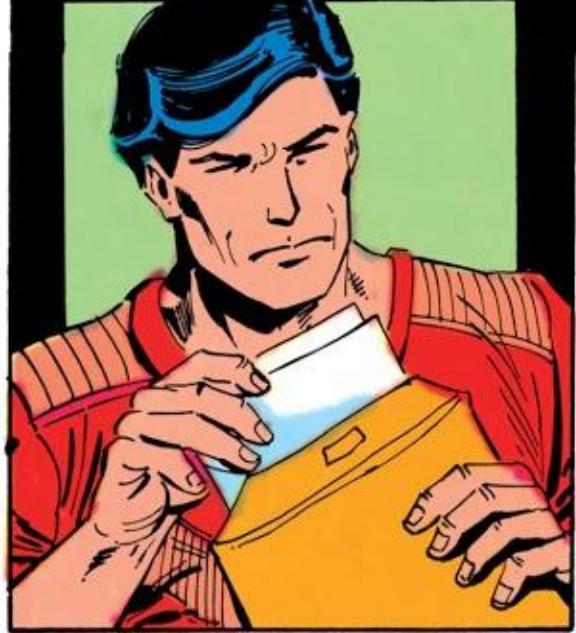
I DIDN'T PRESS THE MATTER. HOW
COULD I CONTINUE ON WITH
JASON AS MY PARTNER?

FELIPE'S DEATH
WAS REPORTED AS
AN ACCIDENT
AND THE AUTHOR-
ITIES ACCEPTED IT
AS SUCH.



BUT IT LOOKS LIKE FELIPE'S FATHER, JOSE GARZONAS, DIDN'T BUY THIS VERDICT.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN SOMETHING LIKE THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN.



JOSE ALIGMENTS HIS INCOME AS A DIPLOMAT BY THE LARGE SCALE SMUGGLING OF COCAINE INTO THIS COUNTRY.

SUCH A MAN DOESN'T TAKE THE DEATH OF HIS SON LIGHTLY.



IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS WHY HE WANTS ME TO BRING JASON ALONG.



WHICH IS WHY I'LL HANDLE THIS CASE ALONE.

BETTER HURRY, JASON. YOU'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL.

ON MY WAY. SEE YOU TONIGHT?

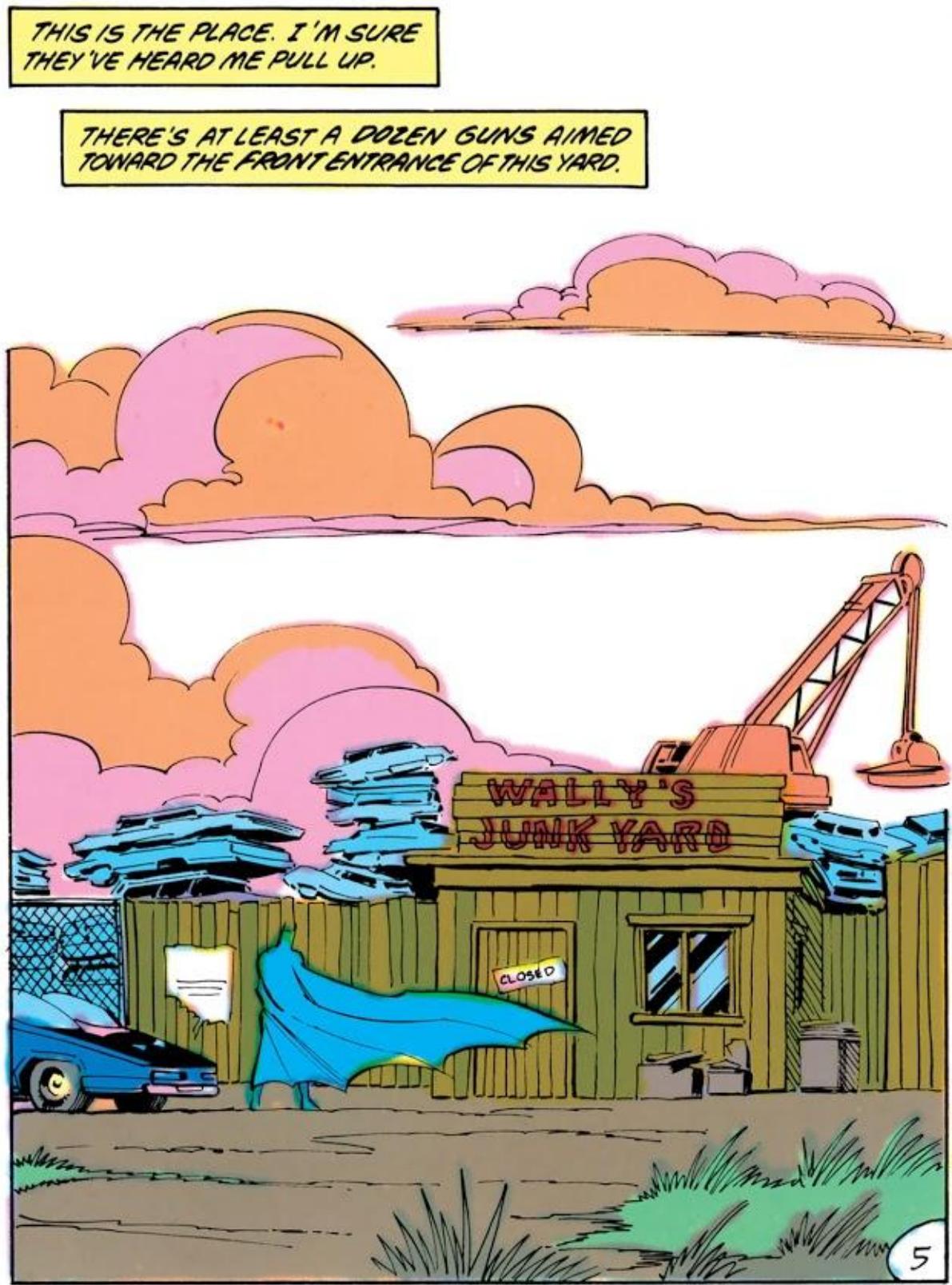
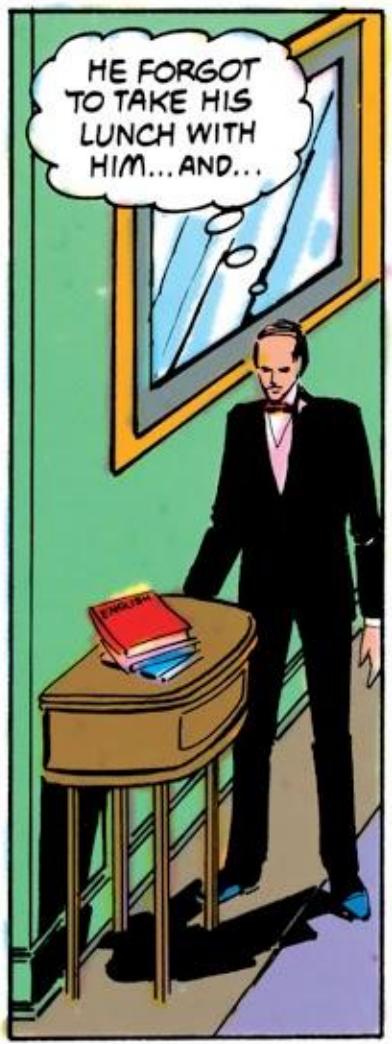
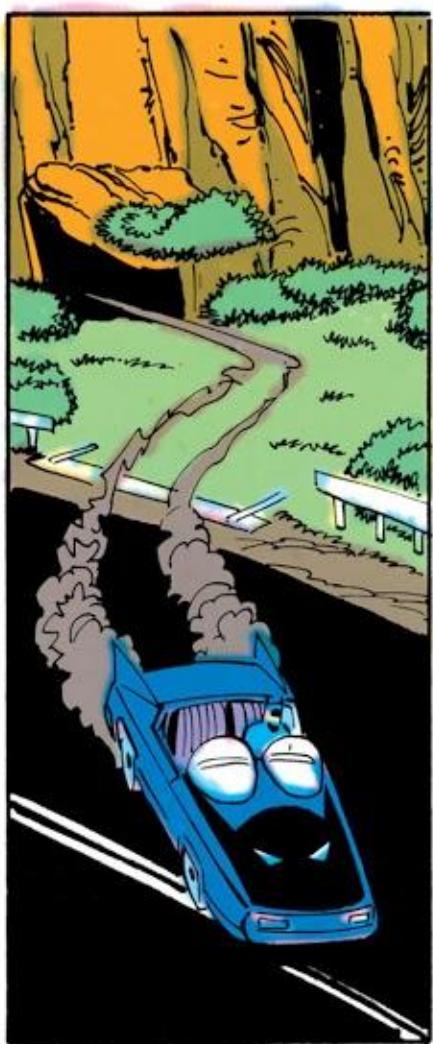
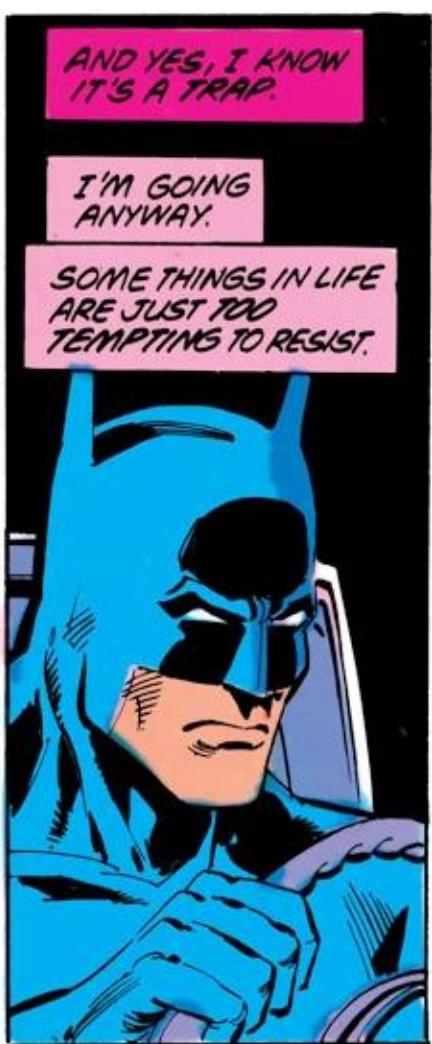


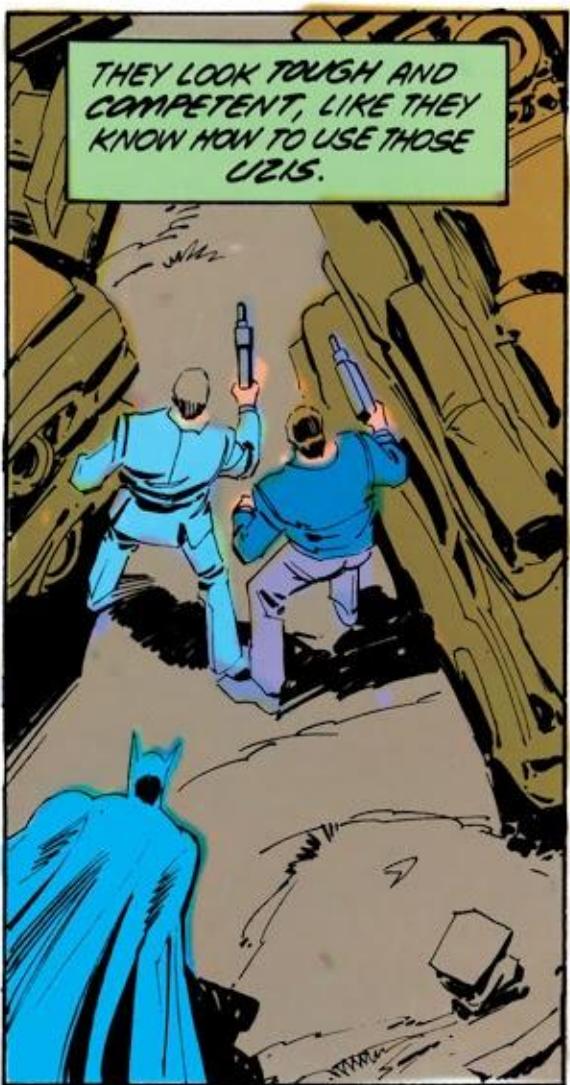
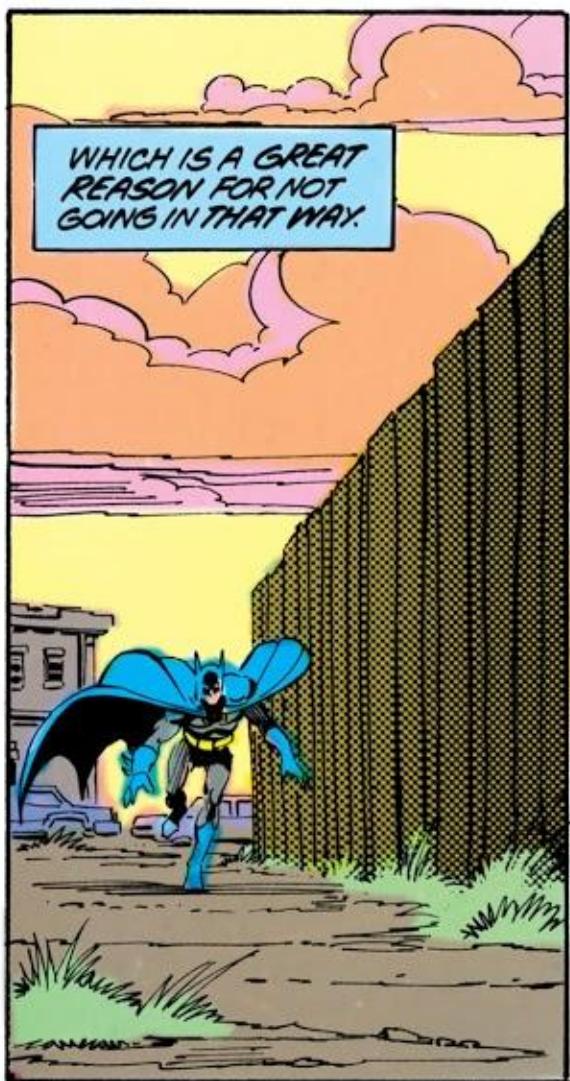
SURE.

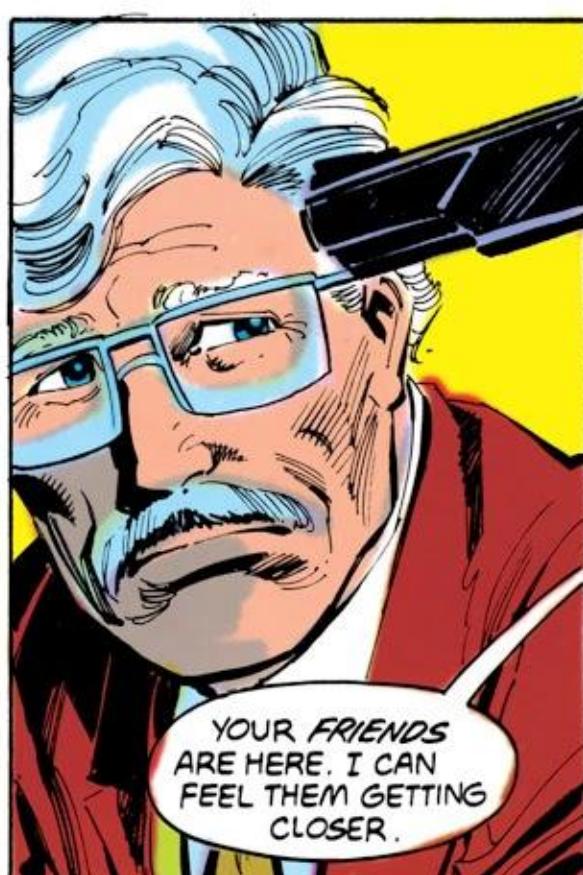
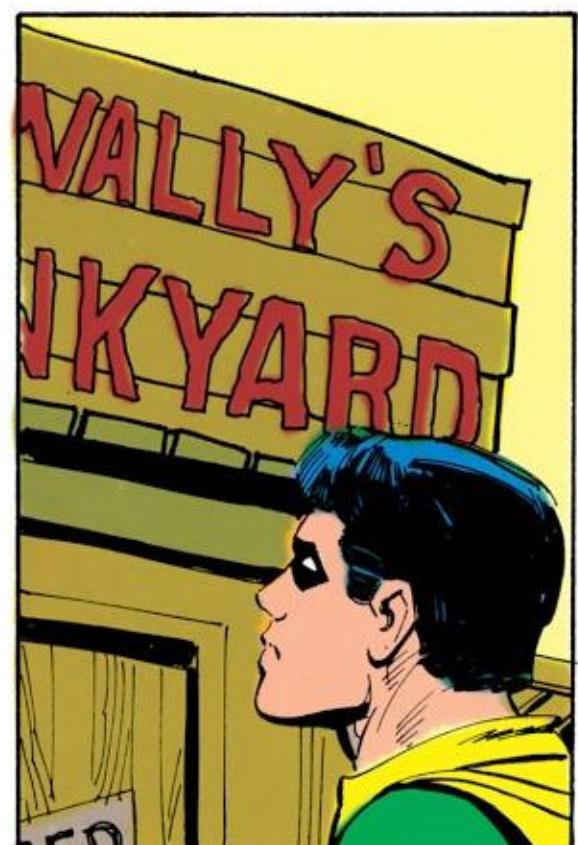
OF COURSE I RECOGNIZE THE JUNK YARD IN THE PHOTO.

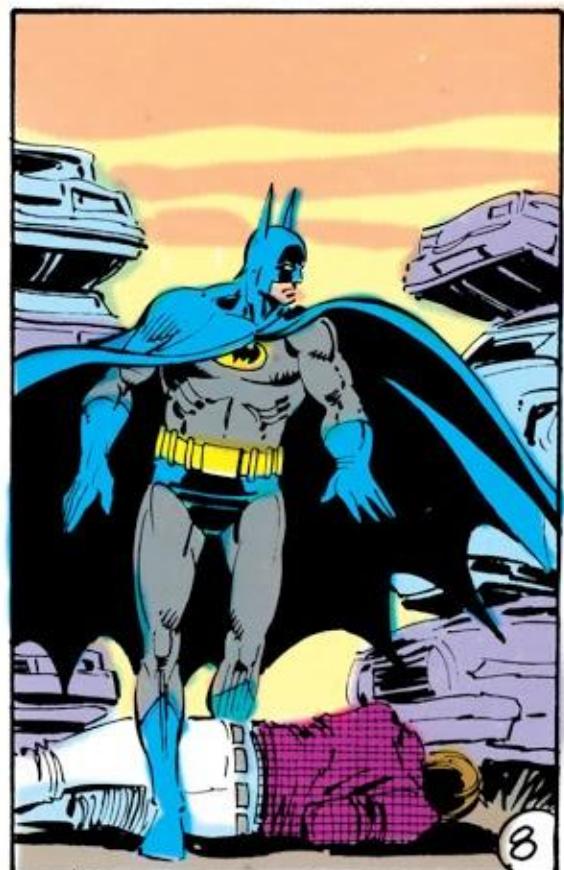
I WAS MEANT TO.

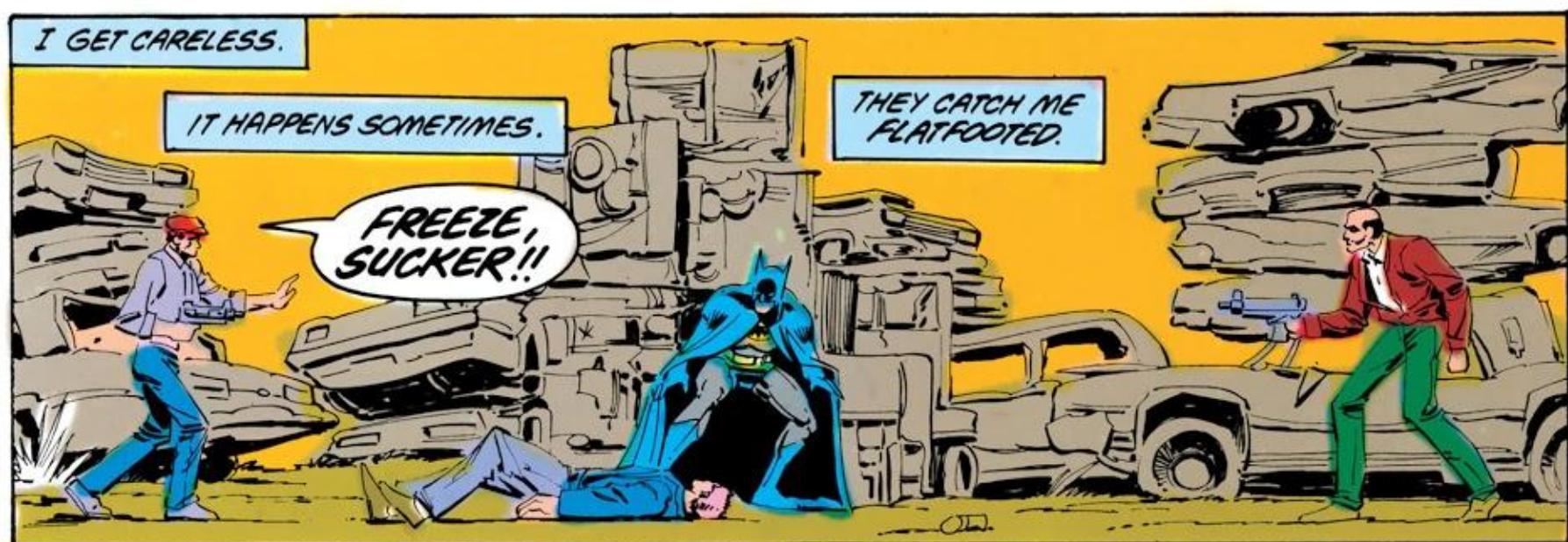


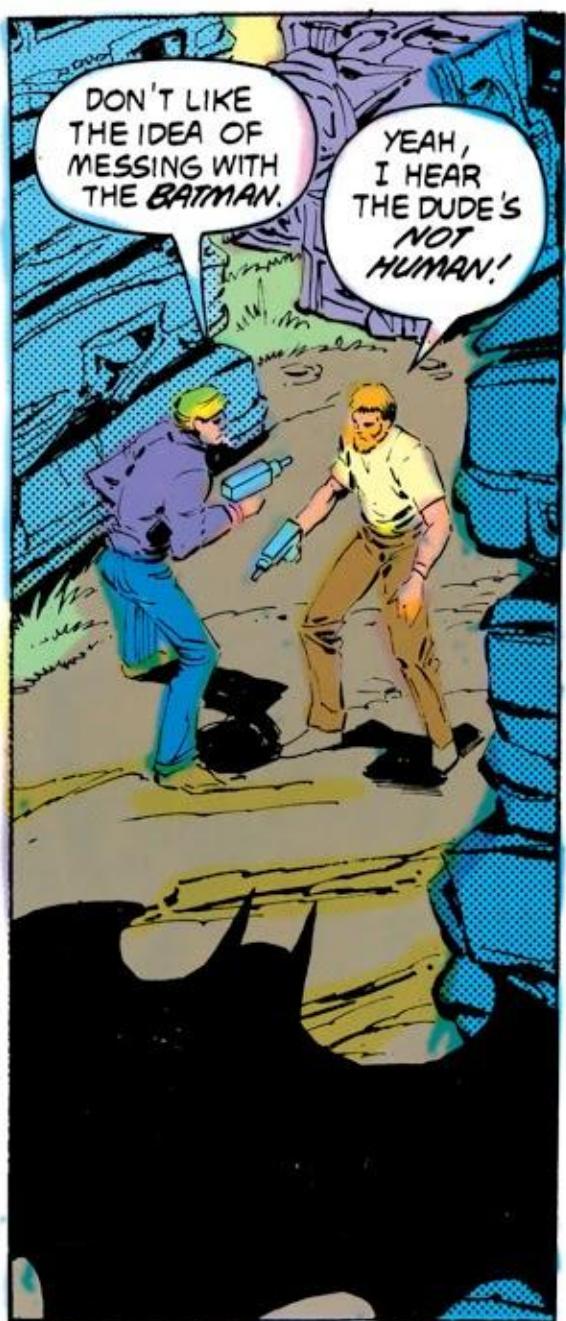
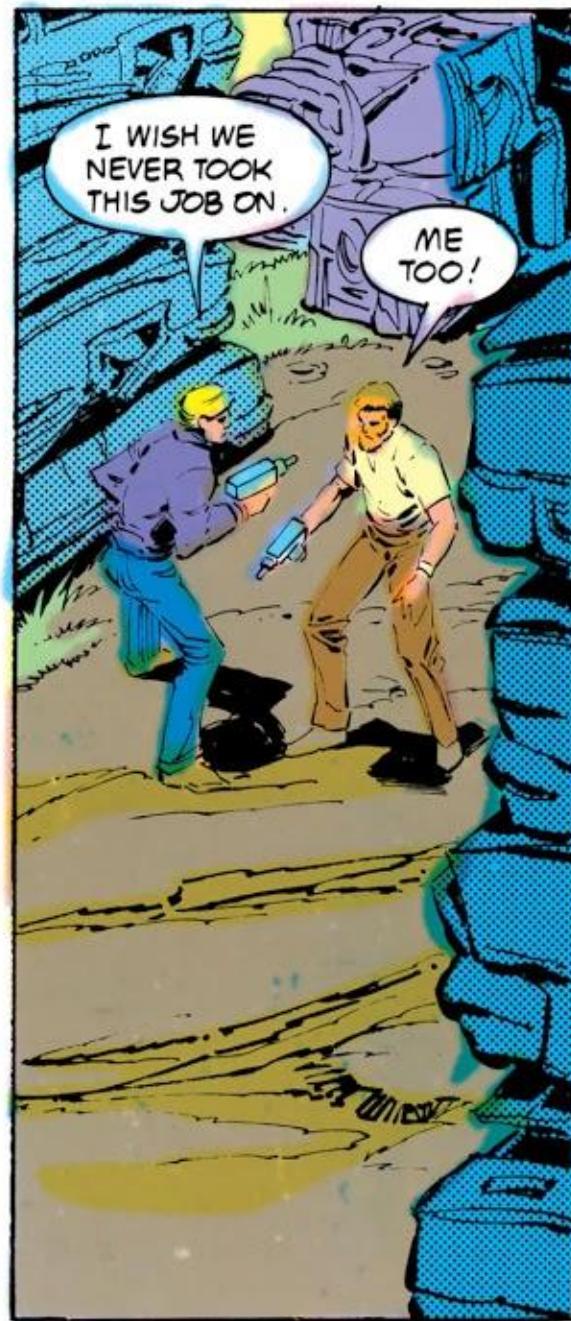
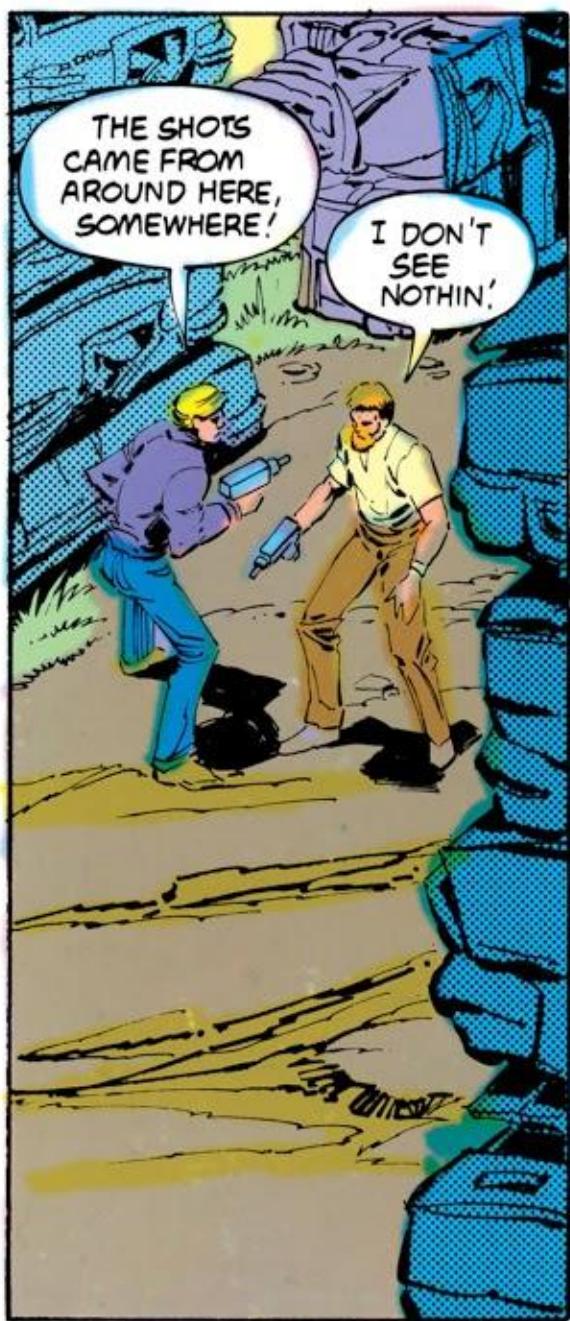












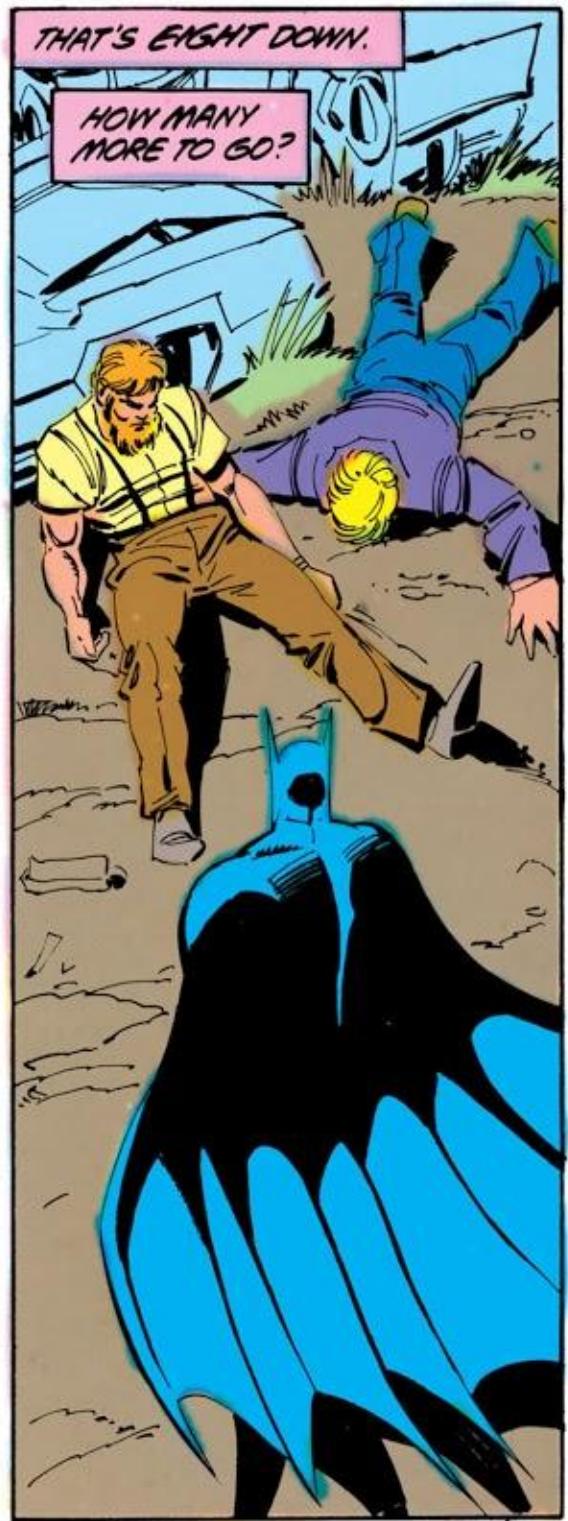
I DO A CLEAN JOB
ON THESE TWO.

THEY'RE OUT OF THE GAME
EVEN BEFORE THEY REALIZE
I'M ON THEM.



THAT'S EIGHT DOWN.

HOW MANY
MORE TO GO?



WITH HIS COKE MONEY,
GARZONAS COULD HAVE A SMALL
ARMY HIDDEN IN THIS JUNK YARD.

BUT I GUESS IT DOESN'T
REALLY MATTER.



I'VE GOT TO GO ON AND FREE
GORDON.

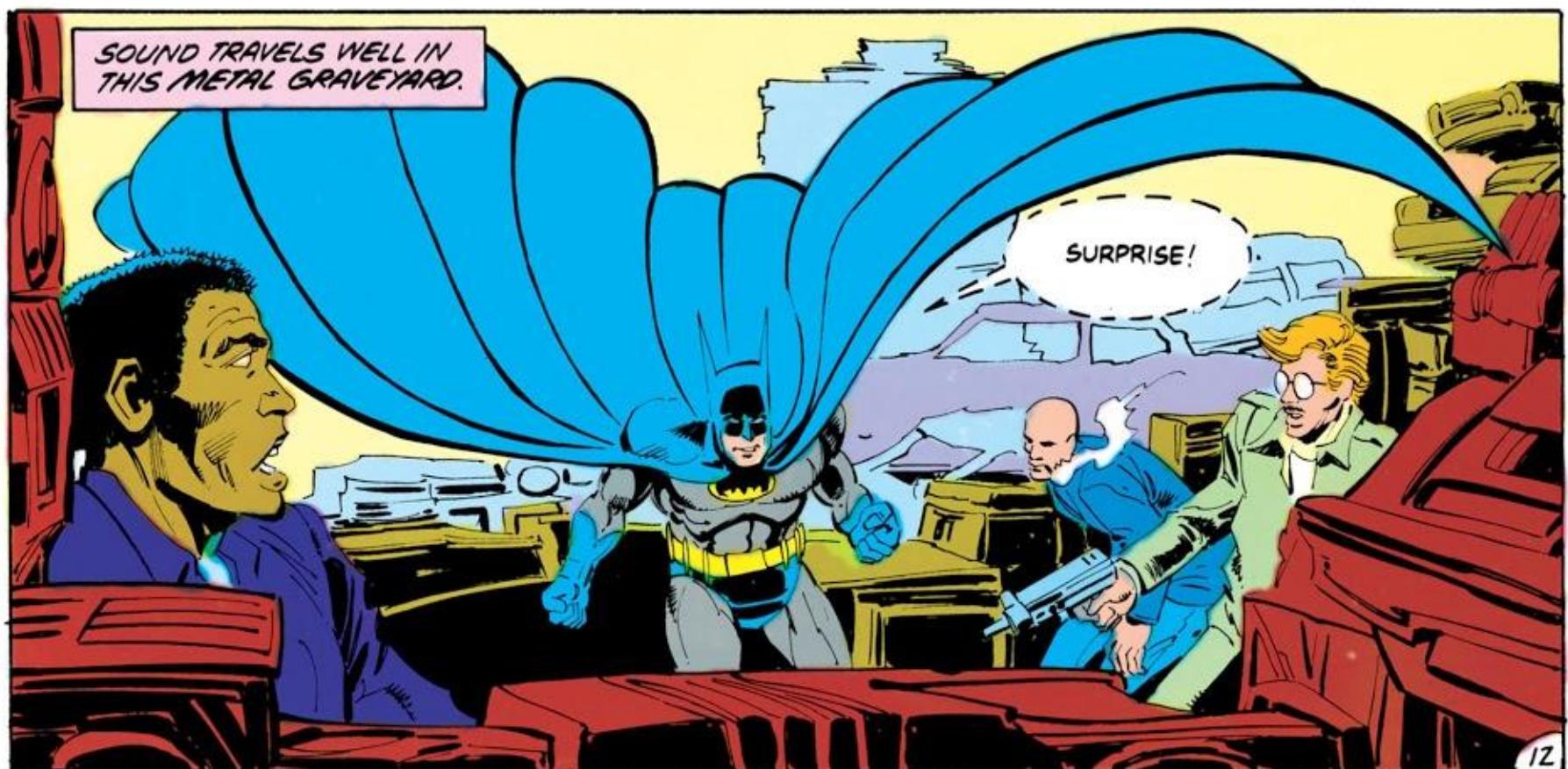
IF I DON'T, MY
OLDEST FRIEND
IS DEAD.

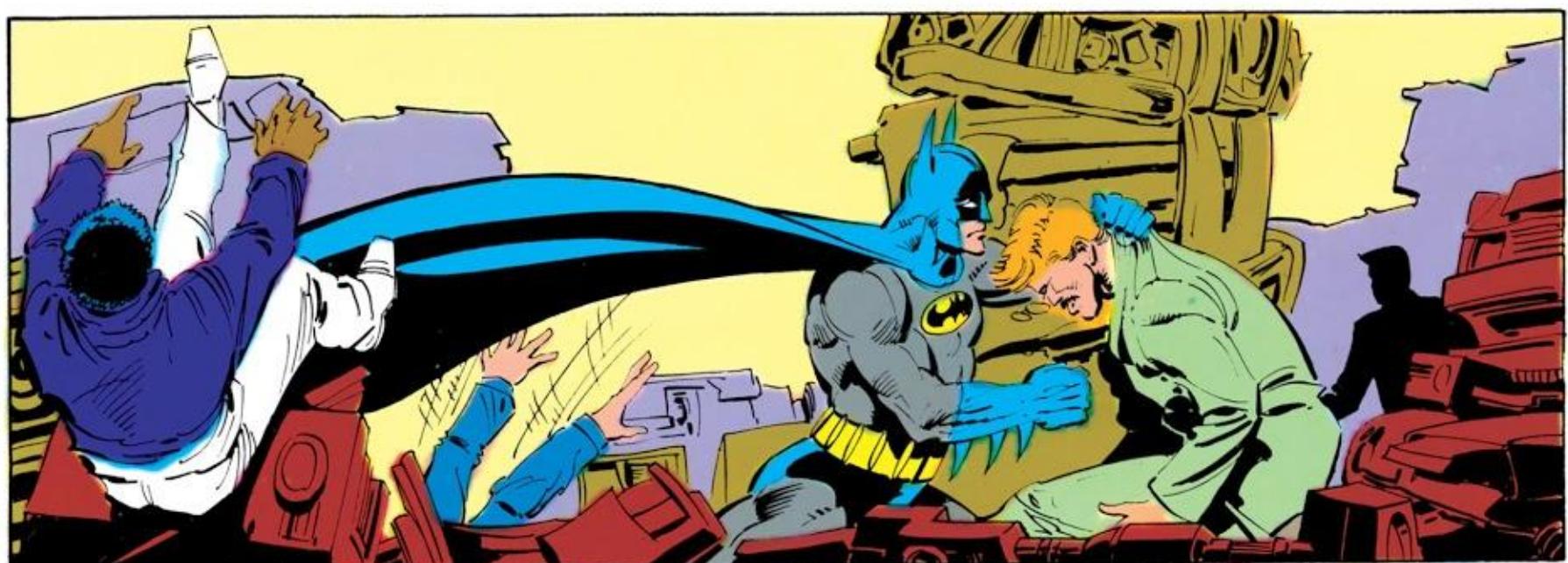


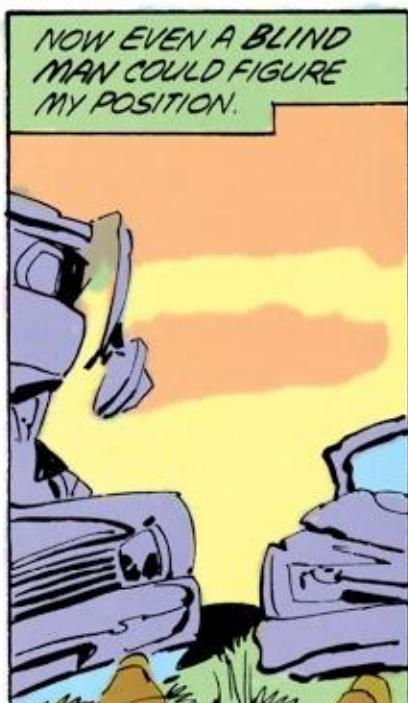
HOLD
ON, JIM.

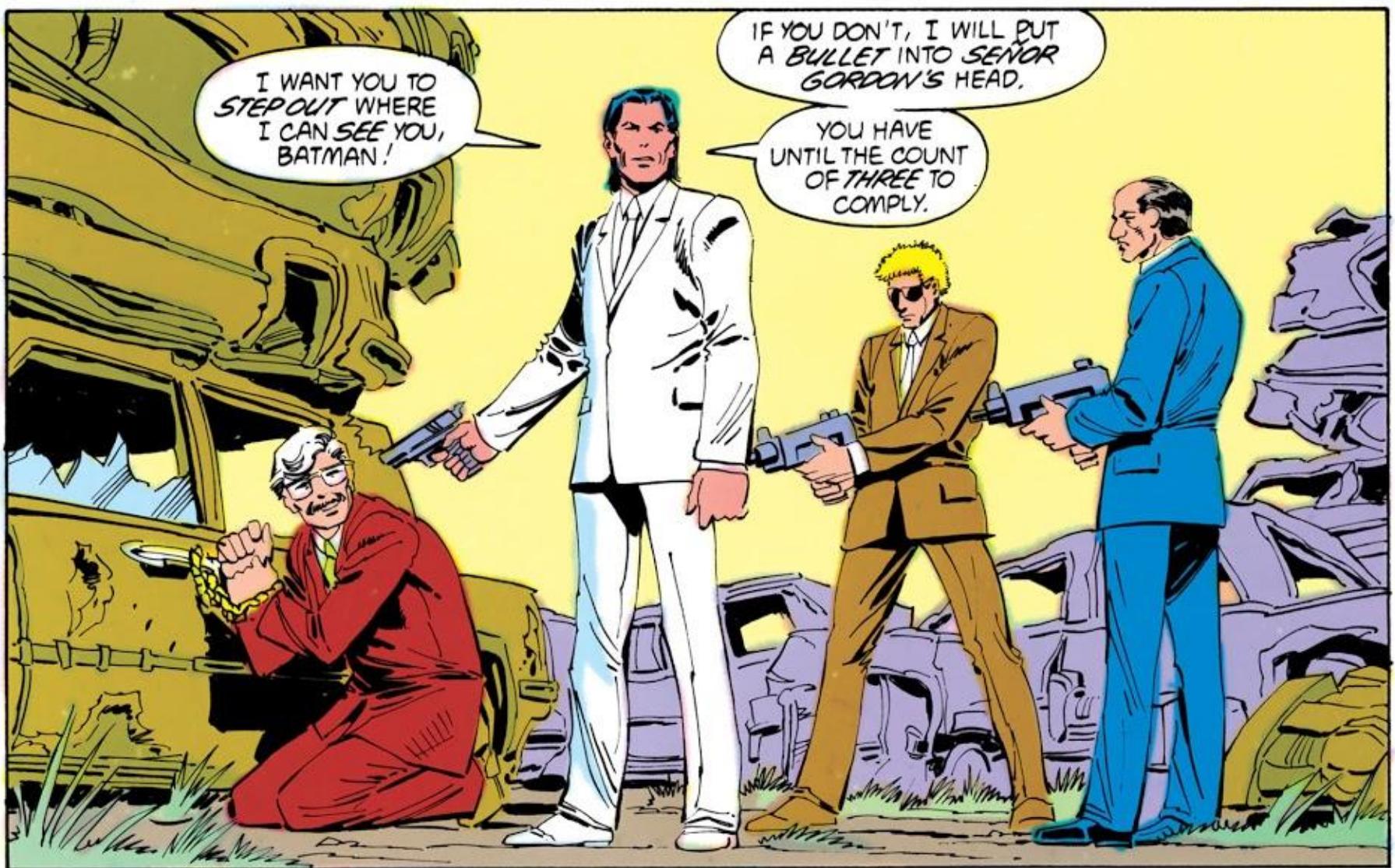
I'M
COMING.

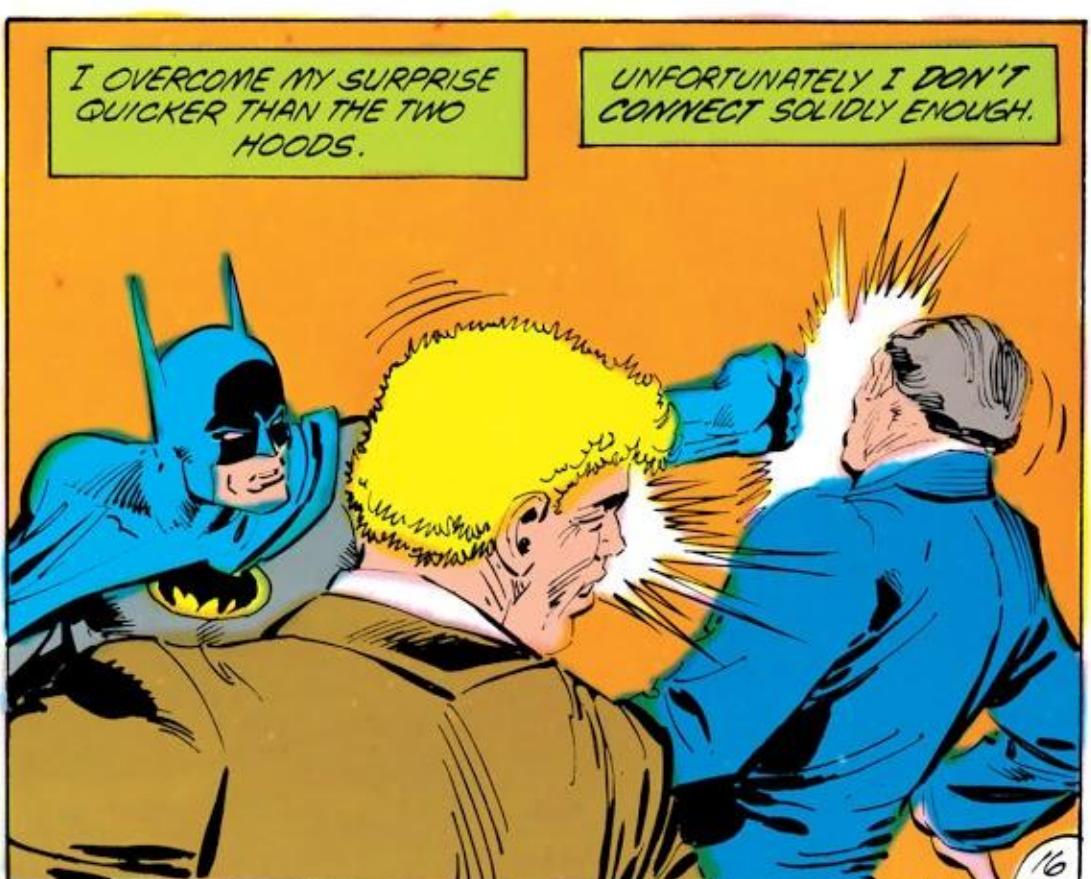
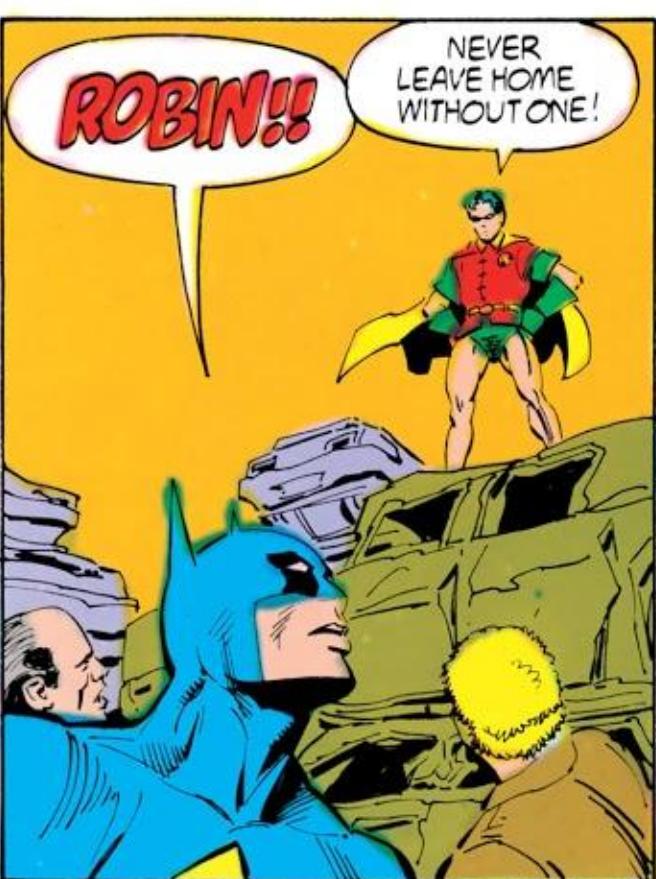




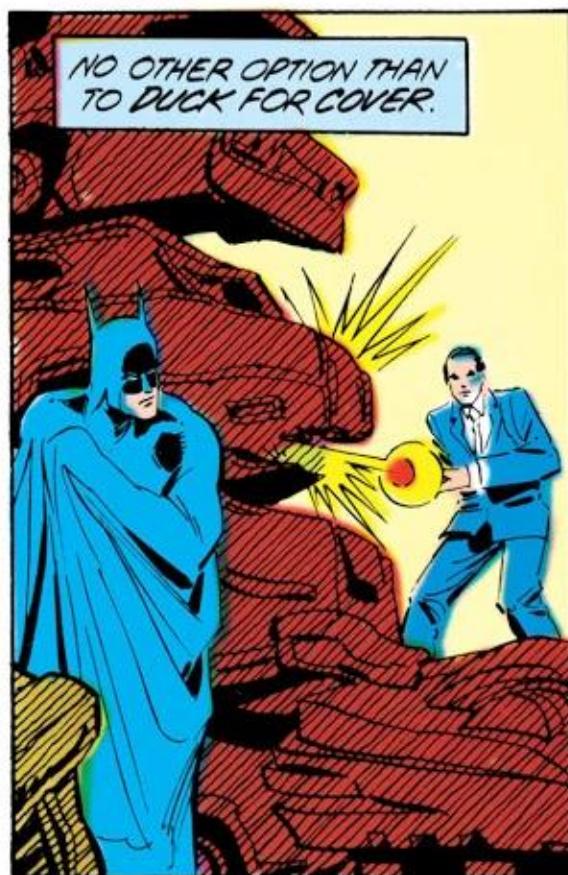
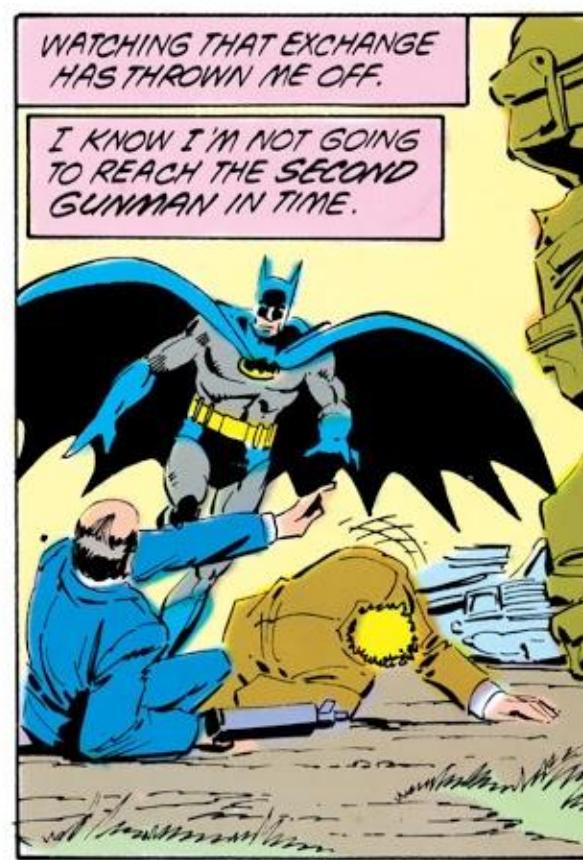












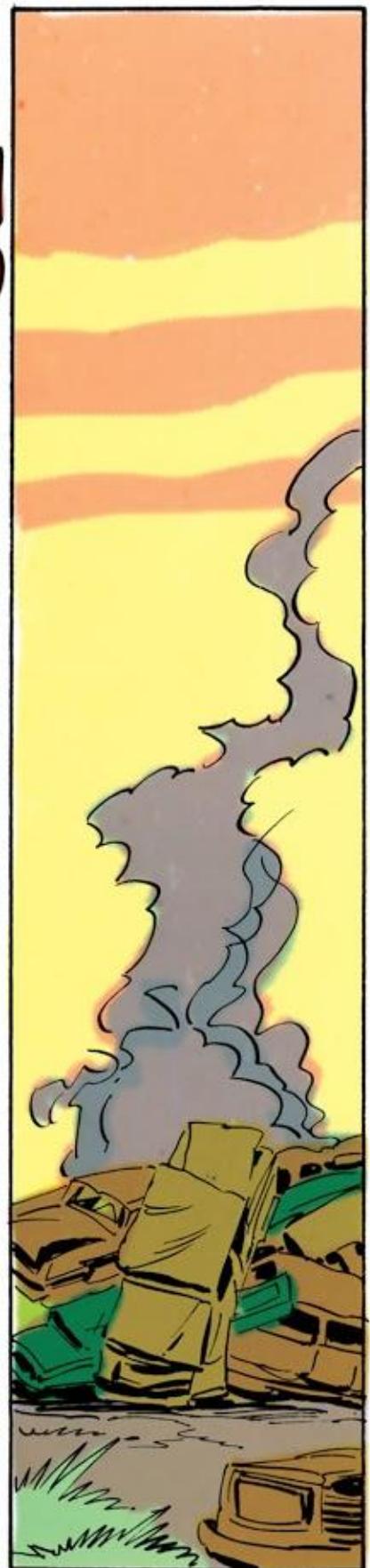


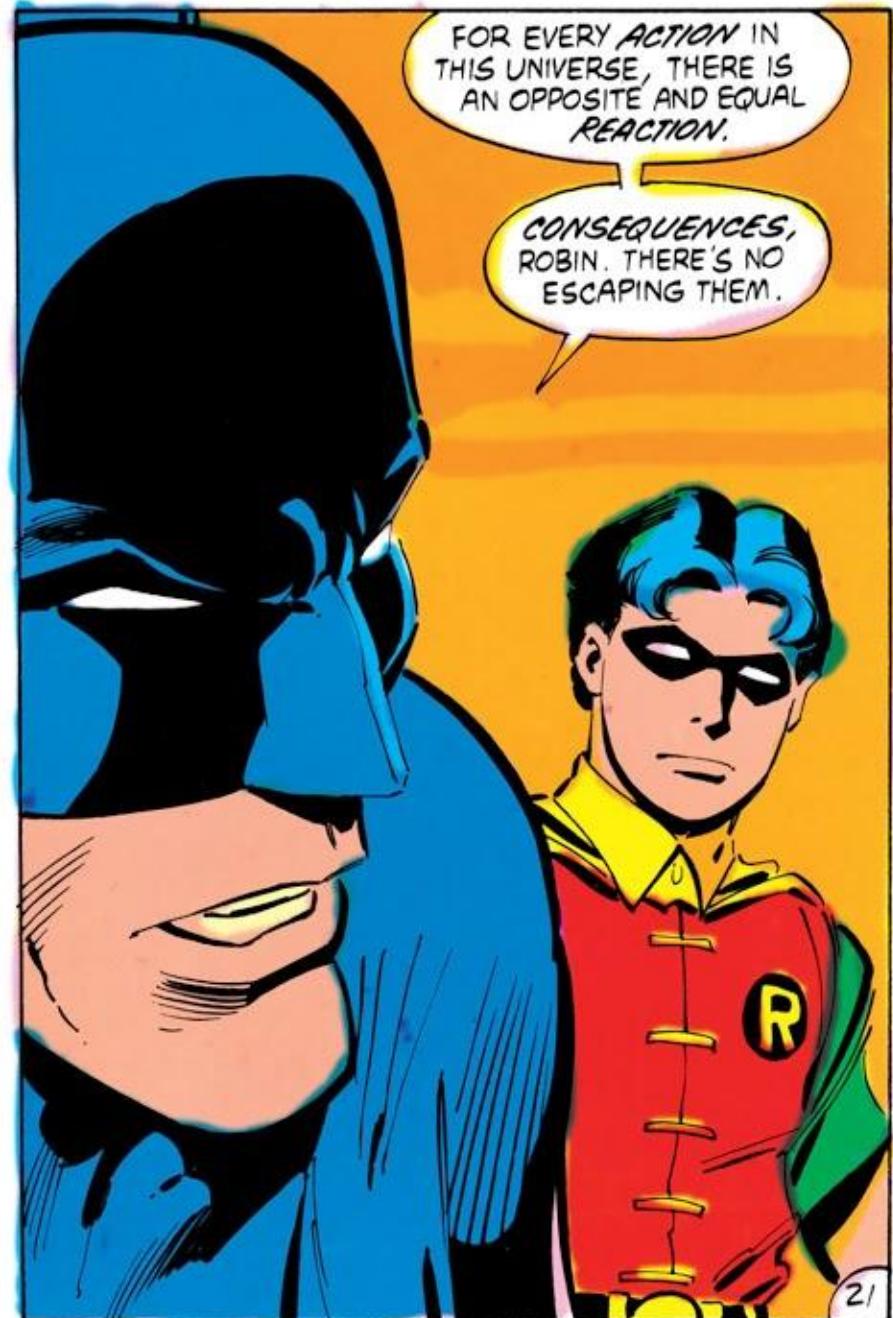
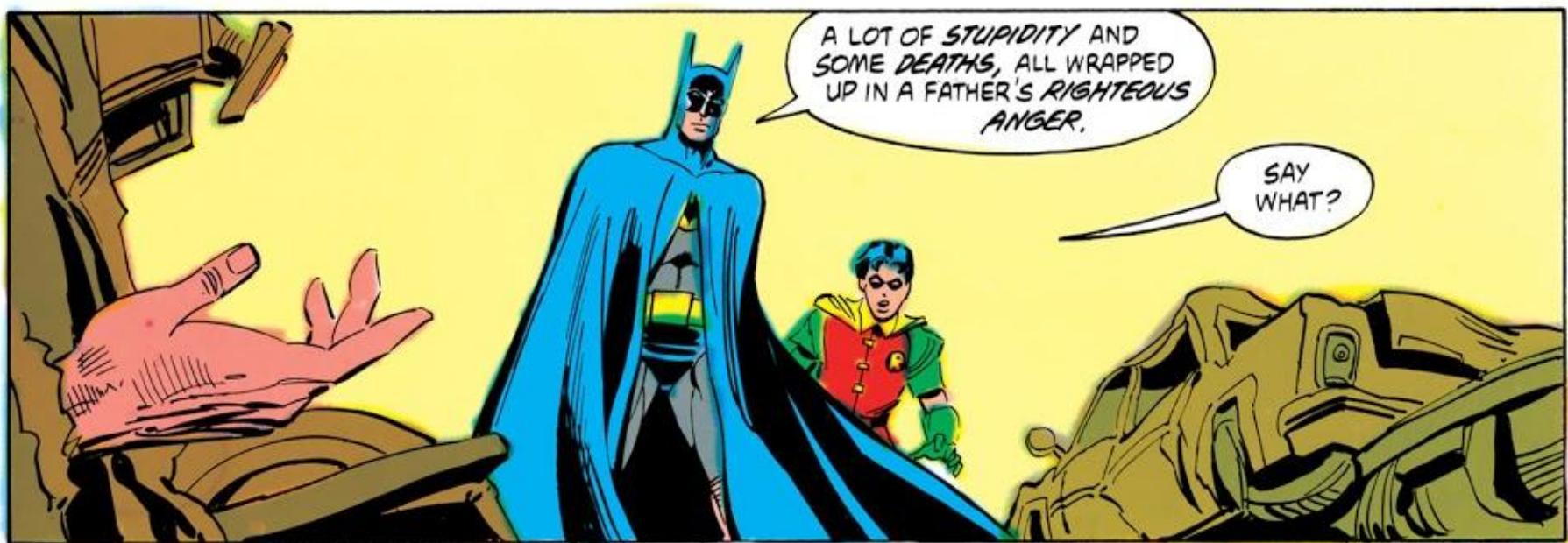
ALL GARZONAS WOULD HAVE HAD TO DO IS STEP BACK AND PICK ME OFF WHEN I LANDED.

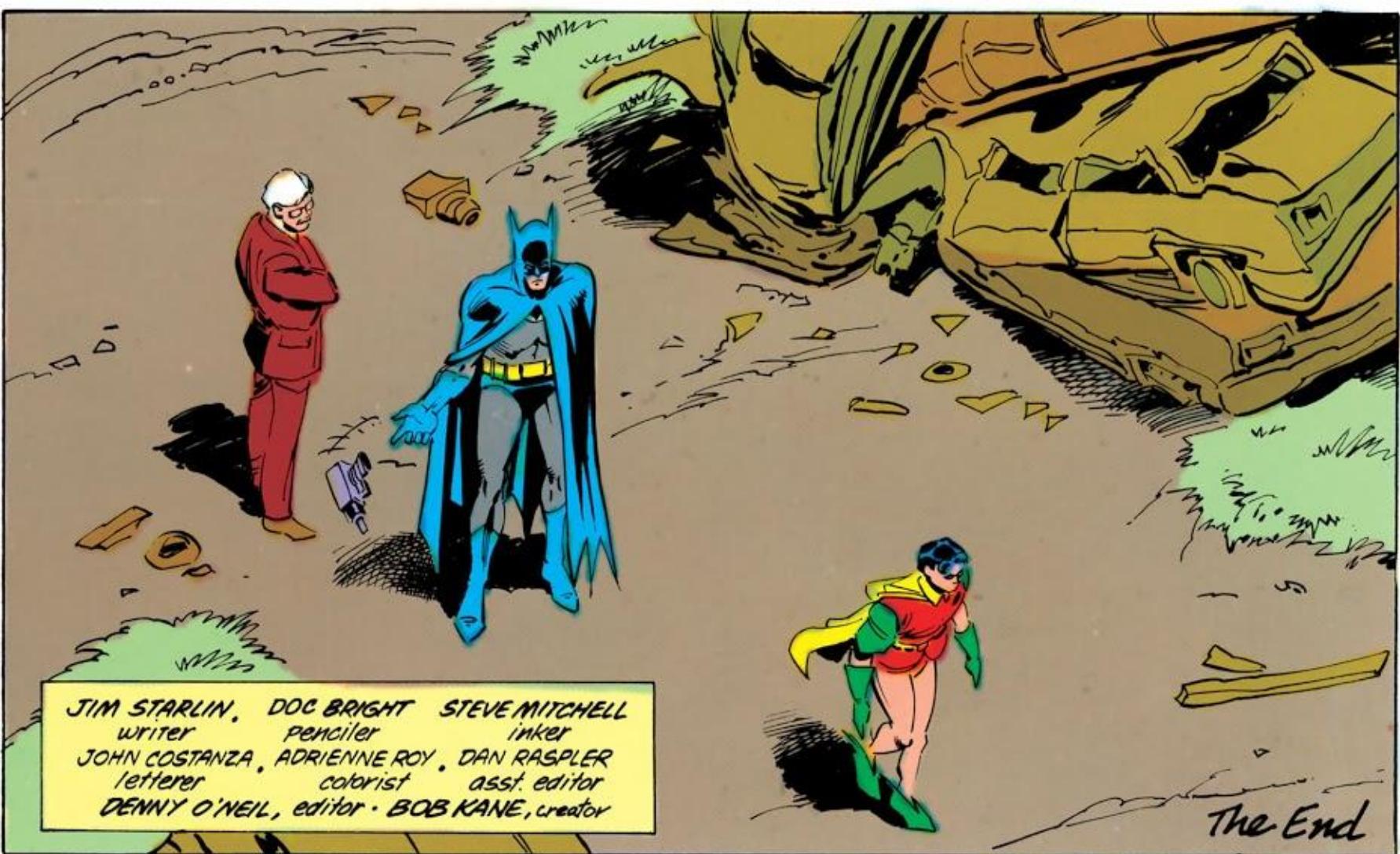
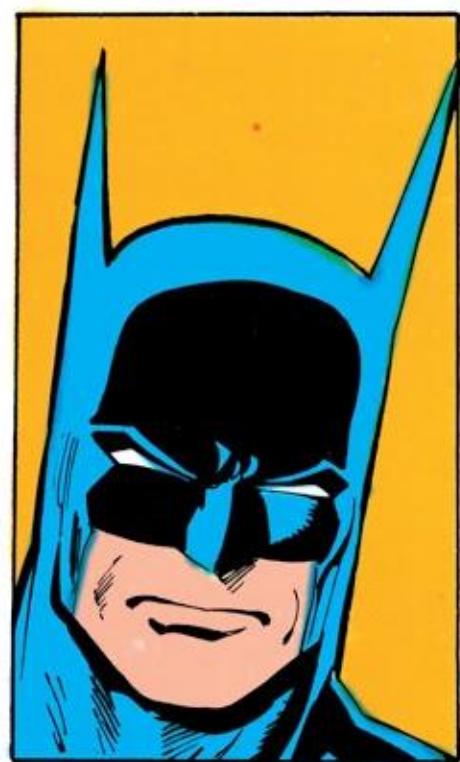
BUT I GUESS HIS THIRST FOR VENGEANCE BLINDS HIM TO THE DANGER.



HE CONTINUES TO BLAST AWAY AT ME, EVEN WITH THE SCRAP IRON TOWER OF BABEL CRASHING DOWN ON HIM.









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