



BATMAN

ALL NEW!
60¢
U.K. 20p
MORE PAGES!
NO. 344
FEB.

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
C.C.
AUTHORITY

THE
STORY
YOU'VE
BEEN
WAITING
FOR!

"MONSTER
MY
SWEET!"

Joe Kubert

C-109

A
FULL-LENGTH
EPIC TALE!

A 27-PAGE EPIC TALE OF THE

BATMAN

THE PLACE: THE BATCAVE, UNDER THE WAYNE BUILDING IN MIDTOWN GOTHAM CITY!

THE TIME: NEAR DAWN, TWENTY-FOUR HOURS BEFORE ELECTION DAY, 1981!

"MONSTER, MY SWEET!"

I HEARD THE NEWS ON THE RADIO WHILE I MADE YOU BREAKFAST, SIR.

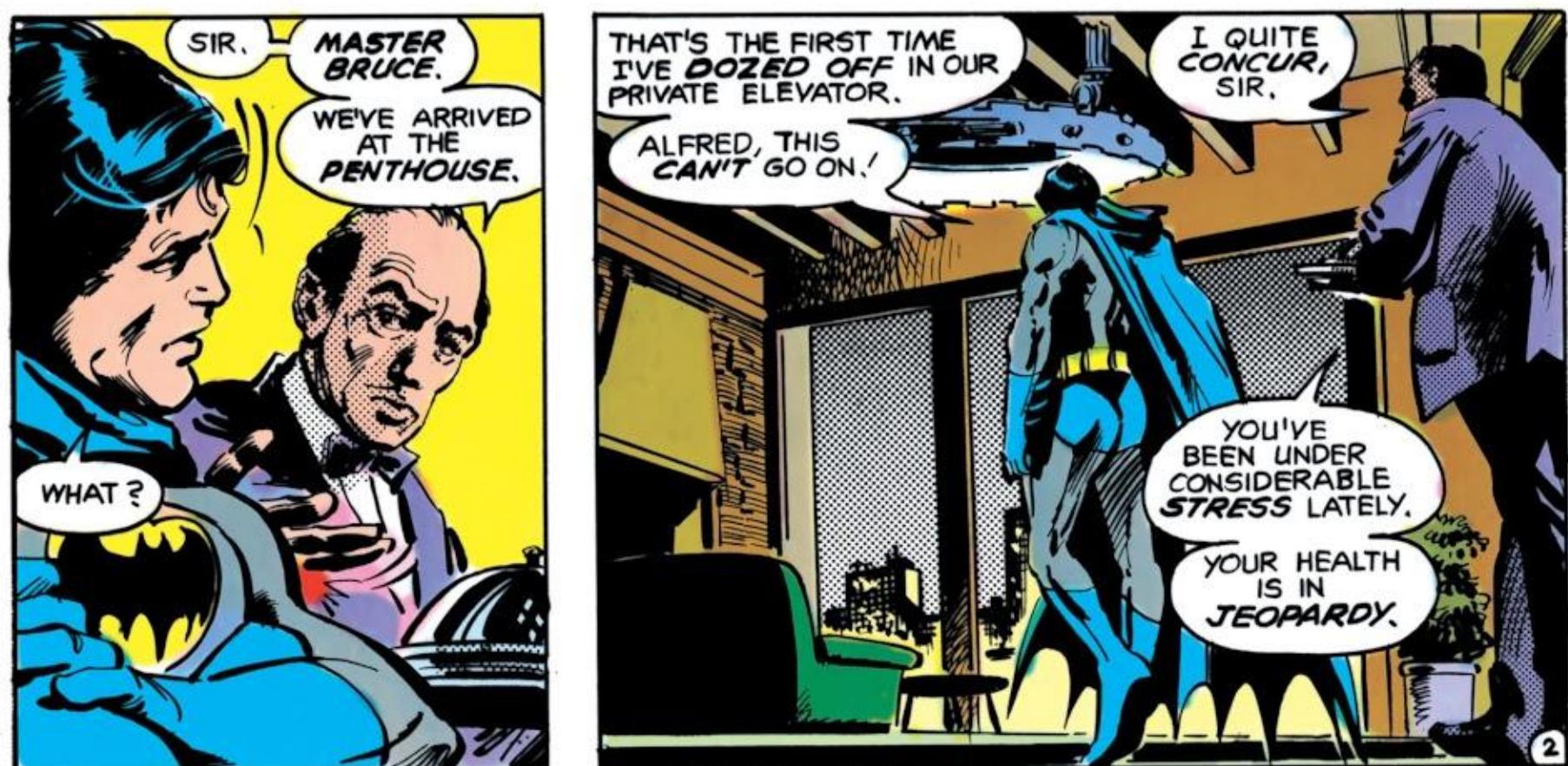
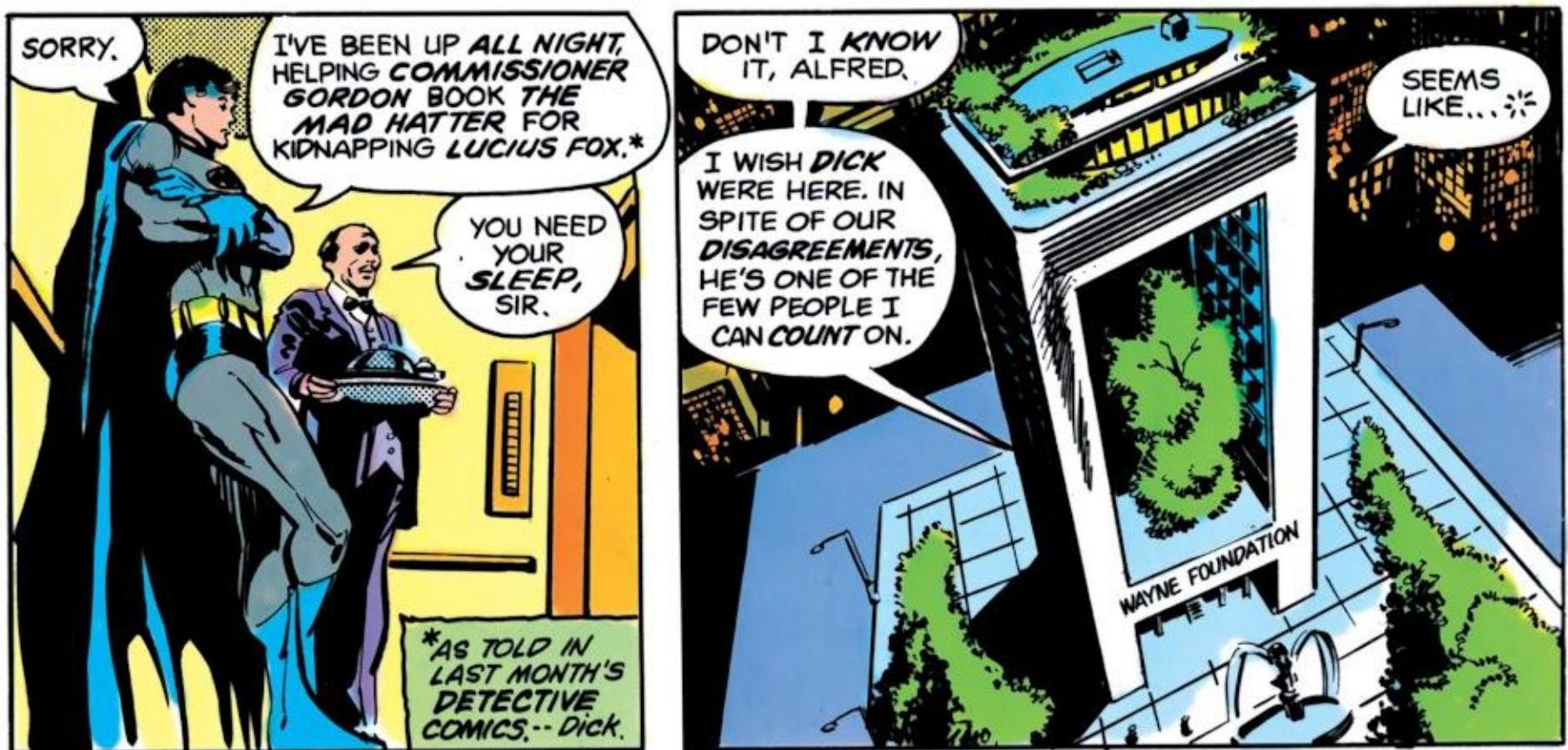
IS IT TRUE? DOES COUNCILMAN REEVES KNOW YOUR SECRET IDENTITY?

IF HE DOES, ALFRED, IT'S NOTHING SHORT OF CATASTROPHE!

J-7743

GERRY CONWAY • GENE COLAN + KLAUS JANSON
WRITER ARTISTS

BEN ODA LETTERER
ADRIENNE ROY • GIORDANO COLORIST
EDITOR



AND NOT JUST MY
HEALTH, OLD FRIEND.

POISON IVY IS
THREATENING TO
WIPE OUT THE
WAYNE FOUNDATION -- AND
TODAY'S THE DAY OF
RECKONING.

I WISH I
COULD TALK
TO YOU ABOUT
IT --

--BUT A
POST-HYPNOTIC
SPELL PREVENTS
ME FROM SAYING
A WORD!

IN HIS MIND'S EYE, HE IMAGINES HER GLOATING, HER LIPS CURVED IN THAT EVIL YET SOMEHOW CHARMING GRIN...

HIS IMAGINATION IS
NOT FAR FROM THE
TRUTH, FOR AT THAT
MOMENT, IN A ROOFTOP GREENHOUSE ACROSS TOWN...

RIGHT
NOW I
FEEL LIKE
THE
LONELIEST
MAN IN THE
WORLD!

WHAT'S THE
IDEA, IVY?

HOWCUM YOU CALLED
THIS MEETIN' -- AND
WHY WERE YOU SO
SURE WE'D COME?

"BIG JACK"
JOHNSON.

YOU'RE ONE OF
GOTHAM'S MOST
POWERFUL GANG
BOSSES.

HUH?

YOU'LL ANSWER
TO ME.

OR RATHER,
YOU WERE.

AFTER TODAY,
YOU'LL ANSWER
TO A NEW
"BOSS."

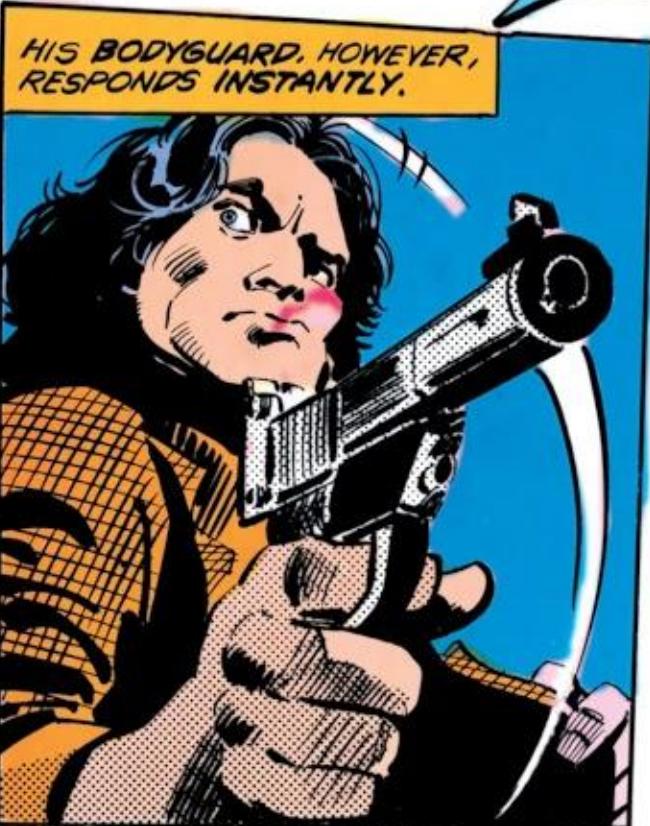
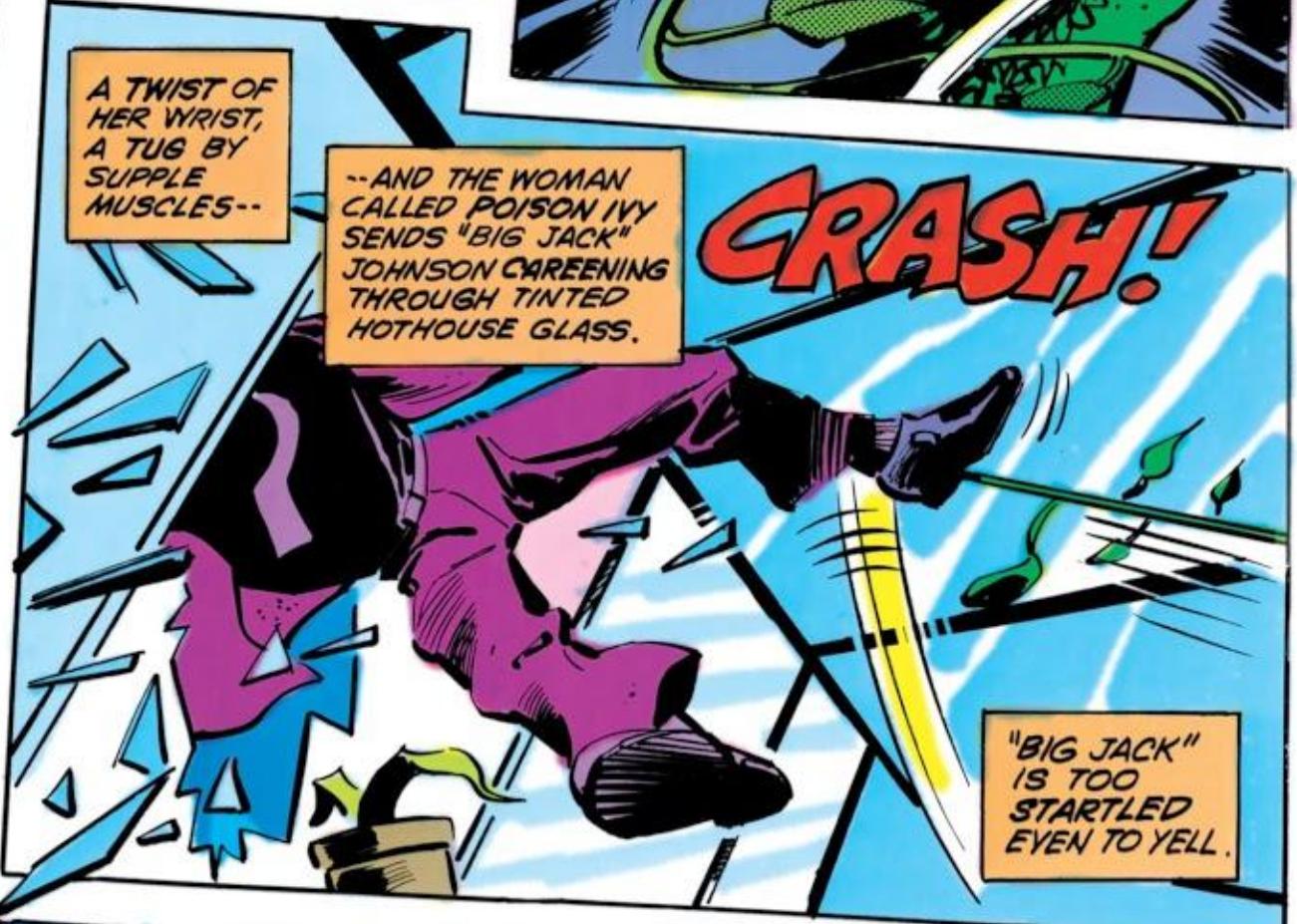
LADY, ALL THIS
HUMIDITY--
IT'S ROTTED
YOUR
BRAIN!

WHY SHOULD
I ANSWER
TO YOU?

BECAUSE MONEY
TALKS IN THIS WORLD,
BIG JACK.

AND BY NOON TODAY,
POISON IVY WILL
SPEAK WITH A VERY
LOUD VOICE, INDEED!

NUTS!





MID-MORNING, ON THE STEPS OF GOTHAM CITY HALL...

OLIVIA ORTEGA
FOR SPOTLIGHT NEWS.

COUNCILMAN REEVES, CAN YOU GIVE US MORE DETAILS ON LAST NIGHT'S STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT?

FOR ONE THING, WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR INFORMATION--

--AND HOW CERTAIN ARE YOU THAT IT'S ACCURATE?

I'M AS CERTAIN AS I NEED TO BE, MISS ORTEGA.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE ATTEND MY PRESS CONFERENCE TONIGHT--

--WHEN I'LL REVEAL THE BATMAN FOR THE CRIMINAL HE IS!

MORE QUESTIONS FOLLOW, AS OTHER REPORTERS SURGE FORWARD, BUT ARTHUR REEVES REMAINS EVASIVE, FINALLY EXCUSING HIMSELF TO JOIN A FROWNING COMMISSIONER GORDON INSIDE THE CITY HALL LOBBY...

YOU DON'T APPROVE, DO YOU, GORDON?

YOU THINK I'M MAKING POLITICAL HAY OUT OF THE BATMAN'S REPUTATION.

THOSE ARE YOUR WORDS, COUNCILMAN, NOT MINE.

BUT IF YOU WANT MY OPINION--

--I THINK YOUR CAMPAIGN IS A DISGRACE.

AH, BUT YOU'RE ASSUMING I DON'T MEAN WHAT I SAY.

THE BATMAN IS INDEED A MENACE TO GOTHAM, COMMISSIONER--

--AND THESE PHOTOS WILL ESTABLISH THAT WITHOUT A DOUBT.

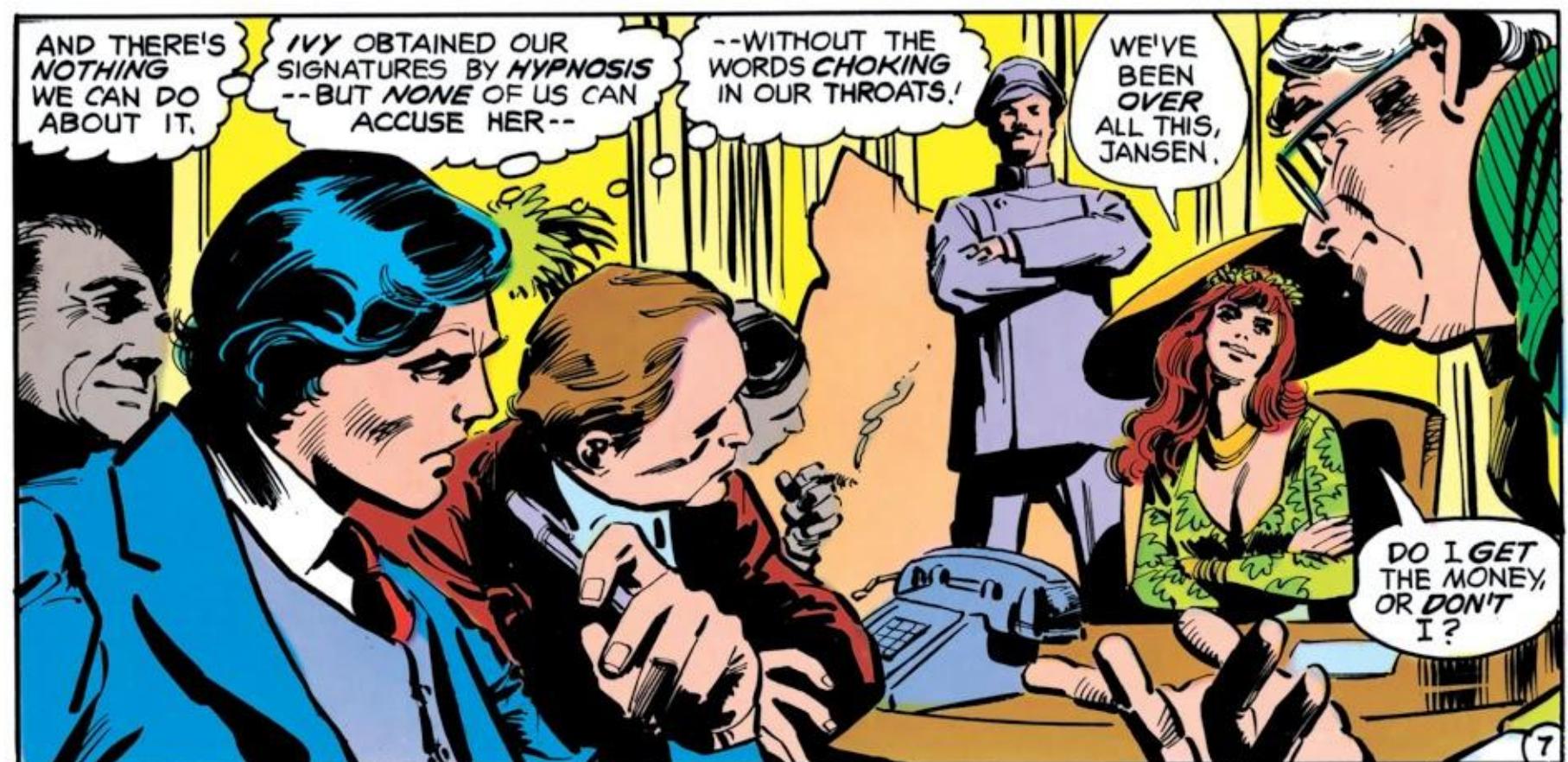
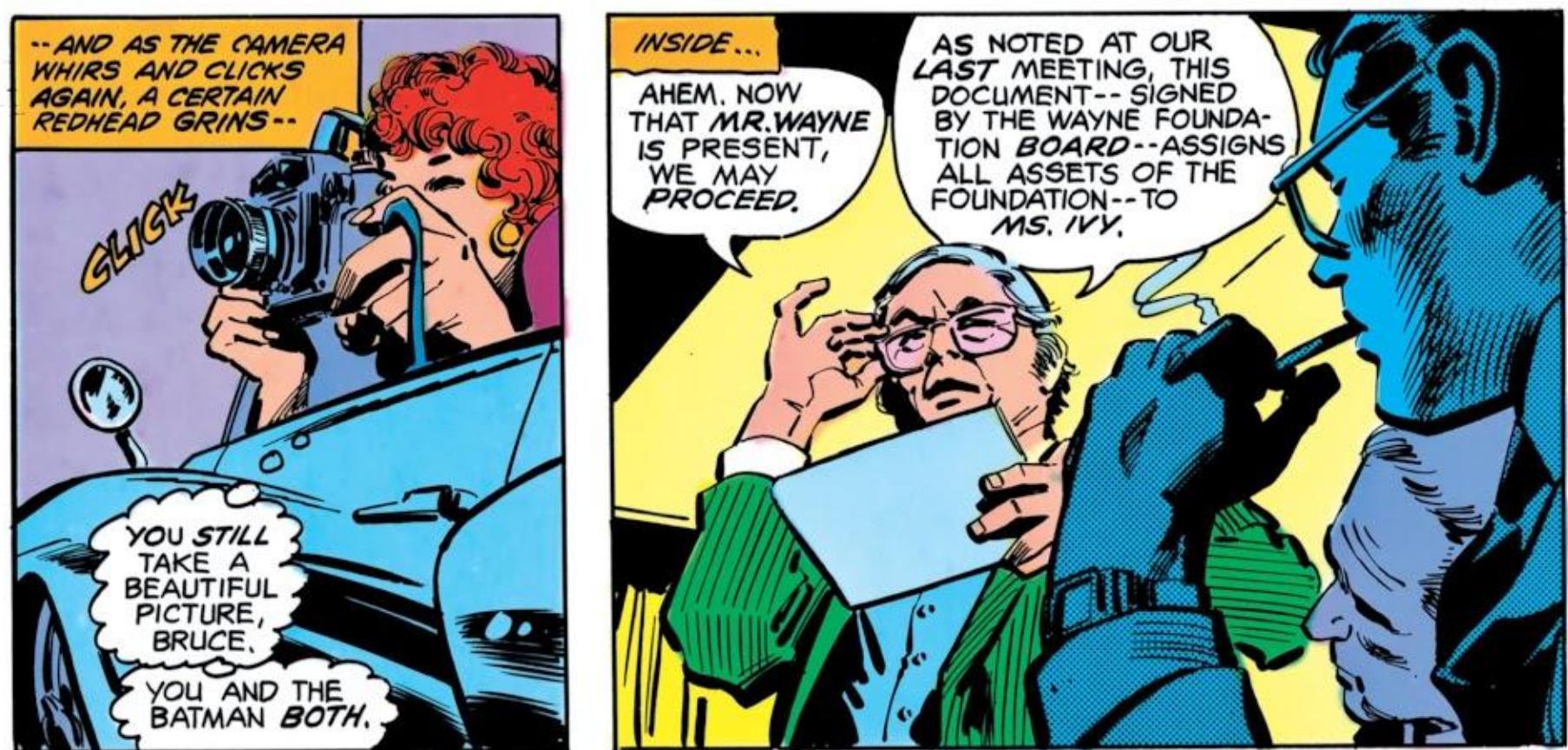
MY OPPONENT, HAMILTON HILL, IS HITTING YOU ALMOST AS HARD AS I'M HITTING THE BATMAN.

SUPPORT ME IN THIS ELECTION, AND I'LL GUARANTEE YOUR JOB FOR AS LONG AS I'M MAYOR.

THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE WE HAVE TO DISCUSS, GORDON, YOU.

HRRMPH. WE'LL SEE.

COUNCILMAN--





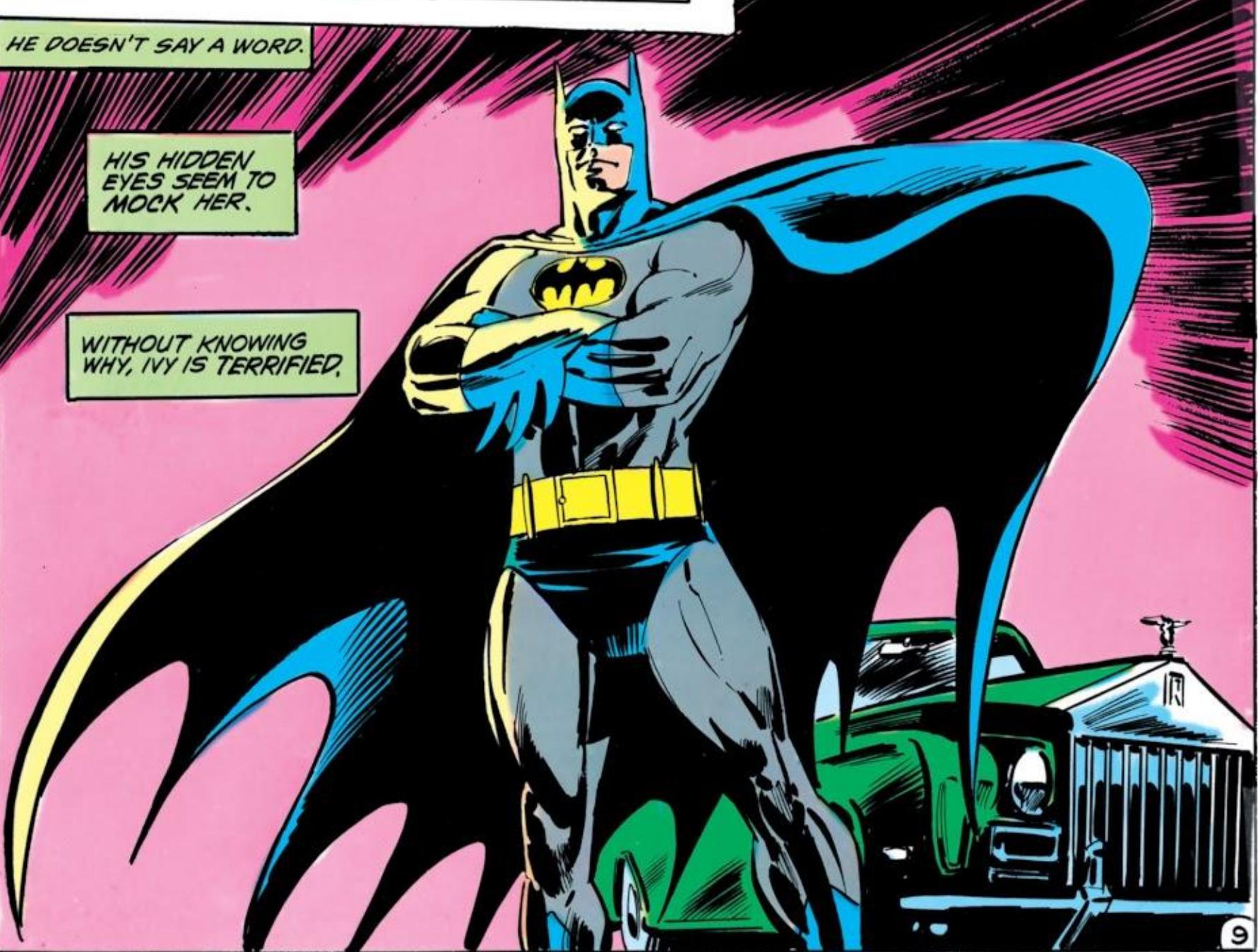
IF IT'S TRUE THAT PEOPLE CAN GLOW WITH PLEASURE,
POISON IVY IS POSITIVELY INCANDESCENT.

AS SHE LEAVES GOTHAM NATIONAL BANK, CARRYING IN HER PURSE A CHECK FOR MORE MONEY THAN THE GNP OF PORTUGAL, HER STRIDE IS QUICK, BOLD, AND DETERMINED.

SHE OWNS THE WORLD.

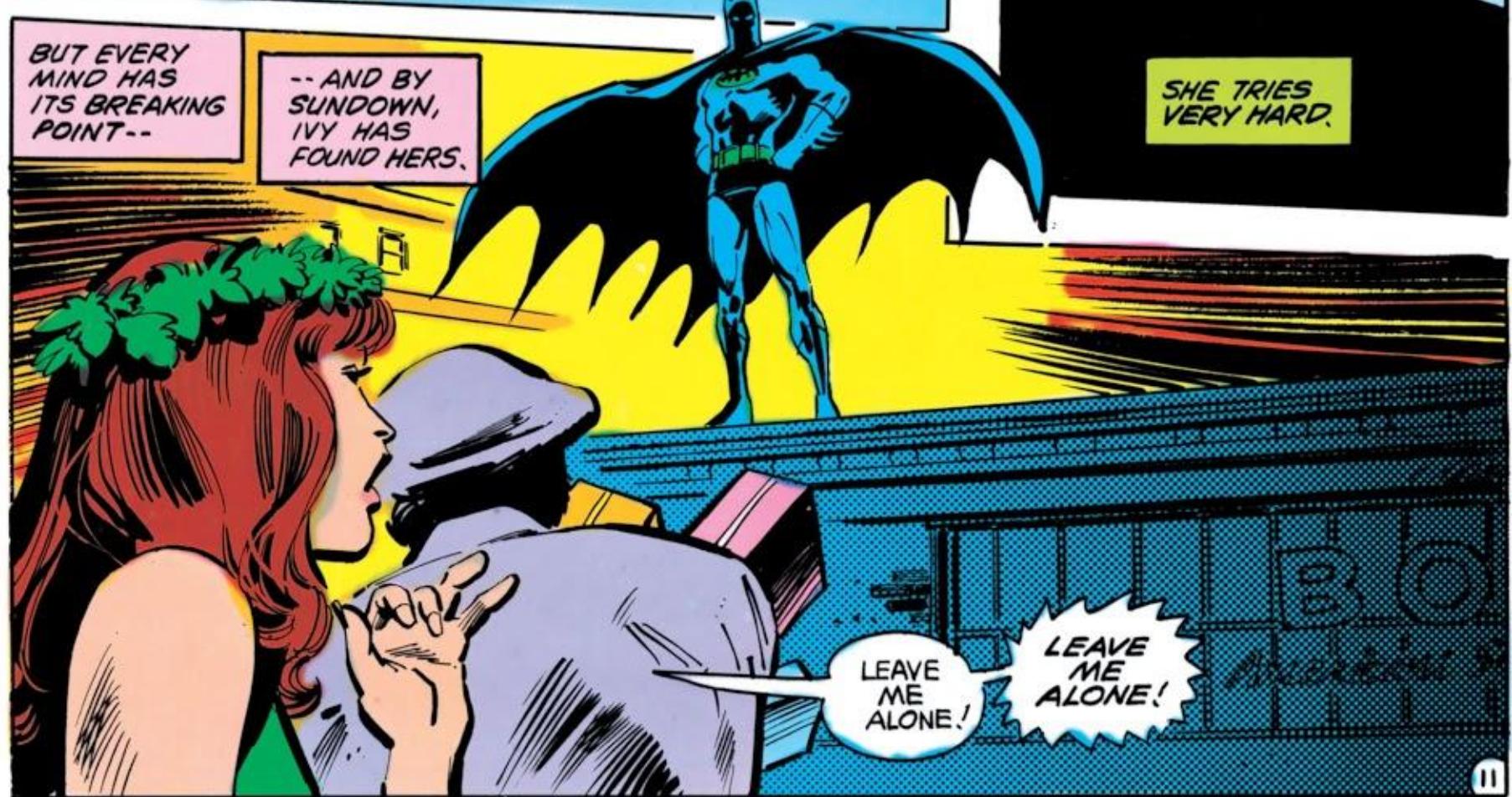
THEN AGAIN, MAYBE SHE'S ONLY RENTING IT...

LIKE A CLOUD ACROSS THE SUN, A SHADOW FALLS OVER HER... BRINGING WITH IT A CHILL, A COLD BREEZE LIKE BREATH FROM A GRAVE.



CONTINUED ON 2nd PAGE FOLLOWING.









GOTHAM RIVER
DRIVE, THIRTY
MINUTES LATER:

RUSH HOUR IS LONG PAST, AND THE SIX LANES
OF PRE-WAR HIGHWAY REACHING FROM THE
BATTERY TO THE NORTH SHORE ARE MORE
OR LESS DESERTED...

MORE OR
LESS.

SAY
WHAT?

WHO THAT DUDE IN
THAT BIG OLD ROLLS
THINK HE IS, PASSIN'
MY SASSY SILVER
SEVILLE?

GINNA
TEACH
HIM A
LESSON!

REEVES IS ABOUT
TO START HIS PRESS
CONFERENCE AT
CITY HALL!

TALKING
WITH
LUCIUS, I
LOST TRACK
OF THE TIME!



ANYWAY, IT'LL GIVE
ME A CHANCE TO
TRY OUT A NEW
GADGET I'VE
DEVELOPED--!

EH?

HEY,
SUCKER--
EAT MY
DUST!

OF ALL THE--THIS
CHARACTER WANTS
TO RACE ME!

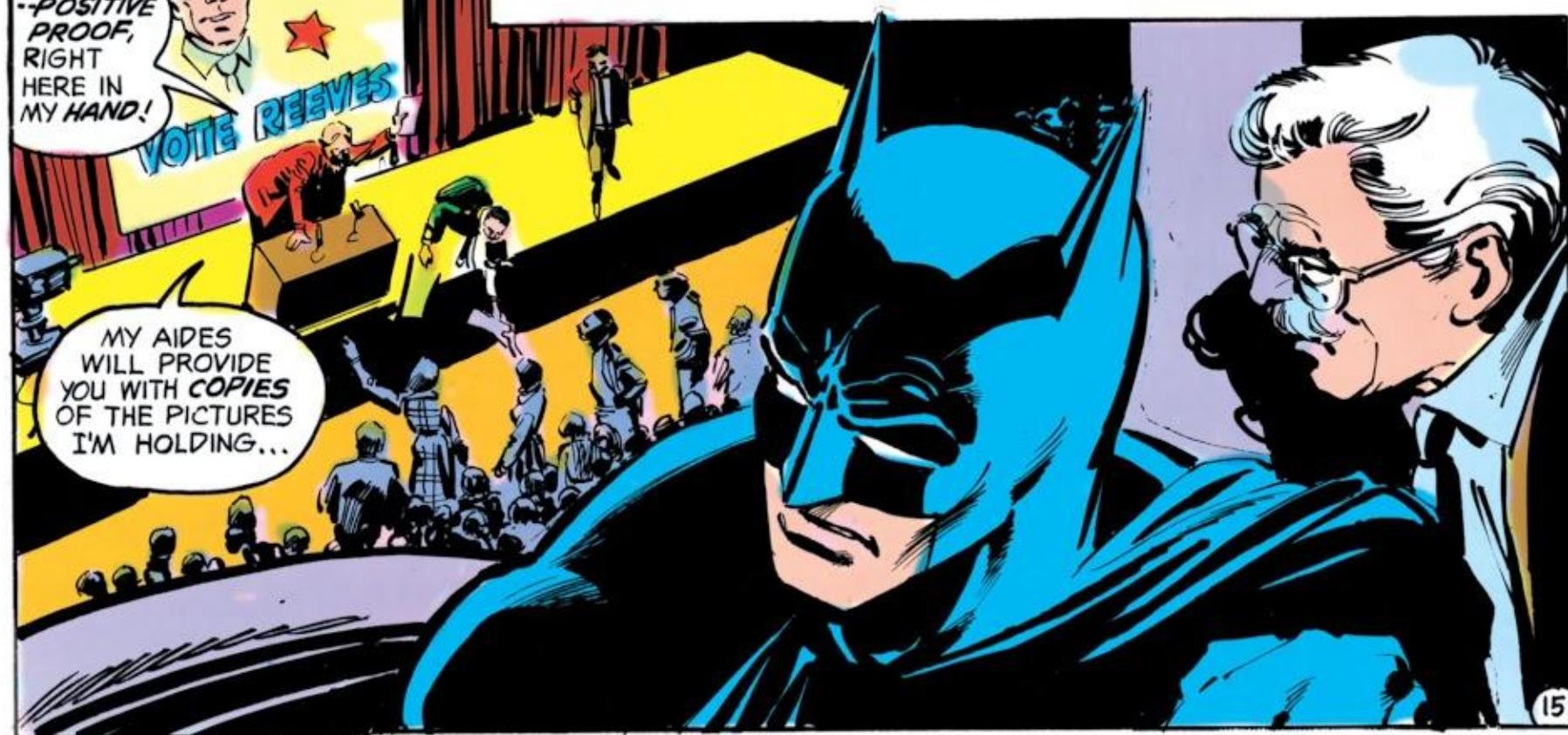
HE'S ABOUT TO
RECEIVE THE
SHOCK OF HIS
LIFE!

HUH?
THAT DON'
SOUND LIKE
NO ROLLS
ENGINE!

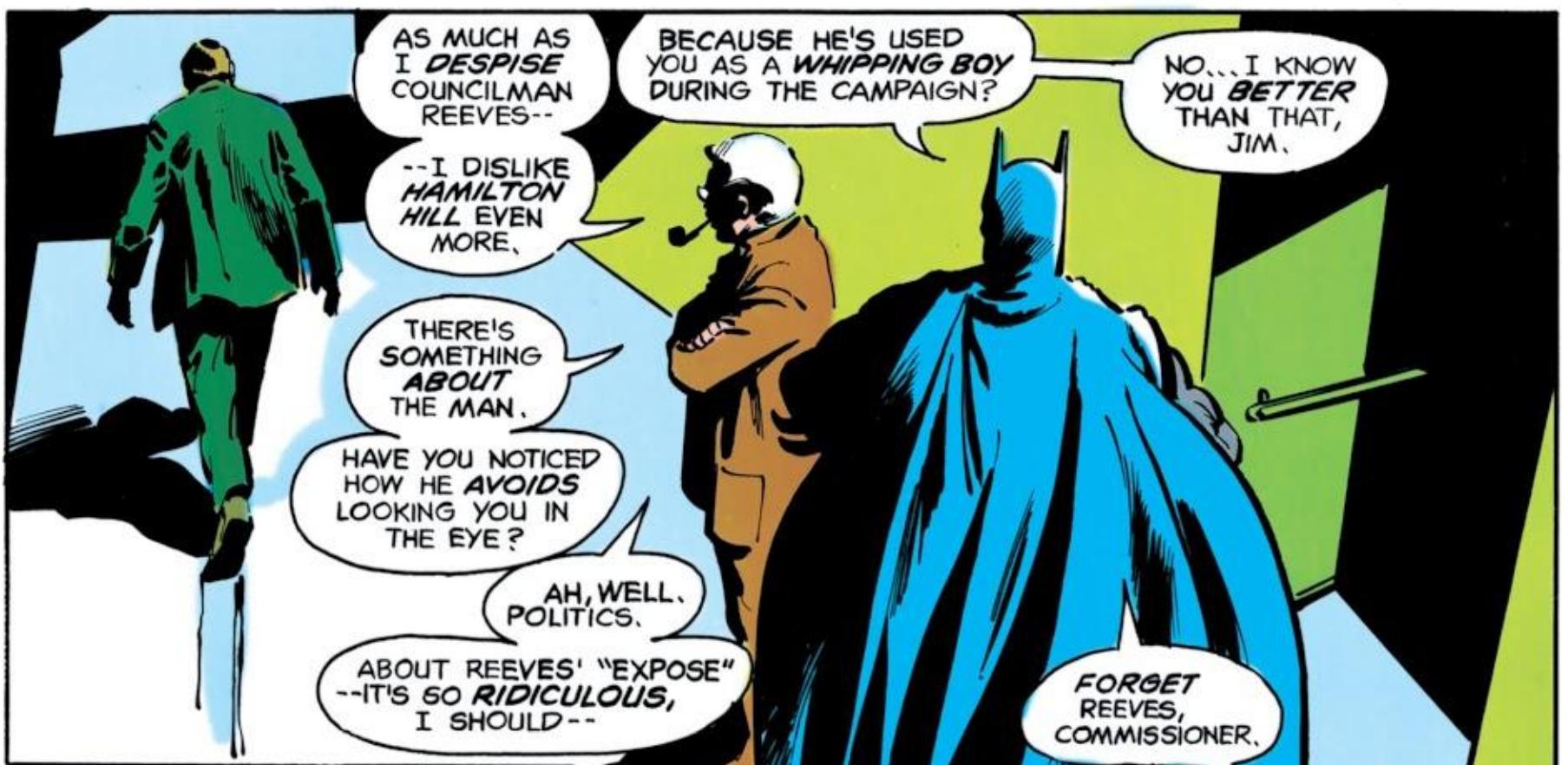
SO DARK
IN THIS
TUNNEL,
CAN'T SEE--
BUT SOMETHIN'
TELLS ME
I BEEN--

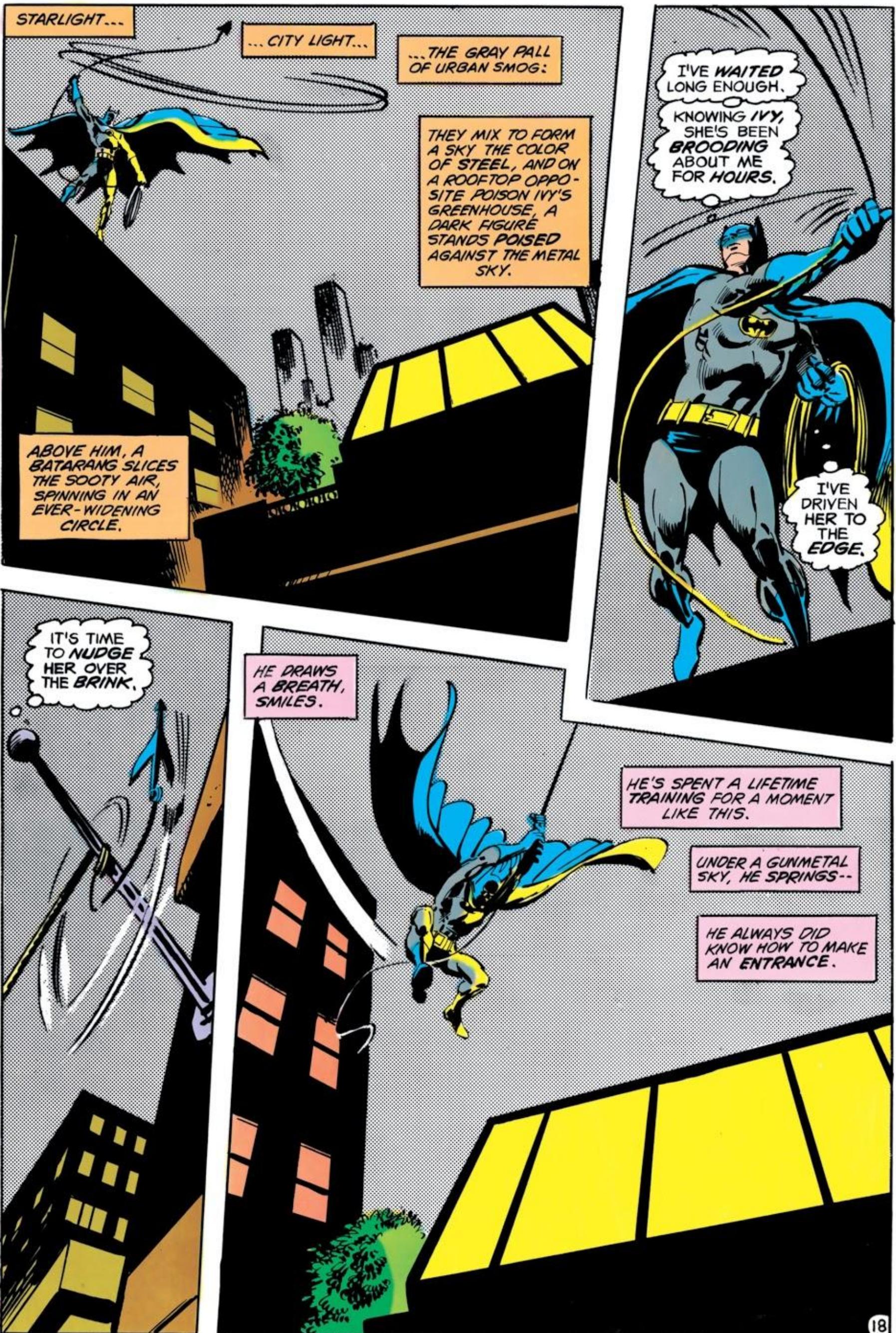
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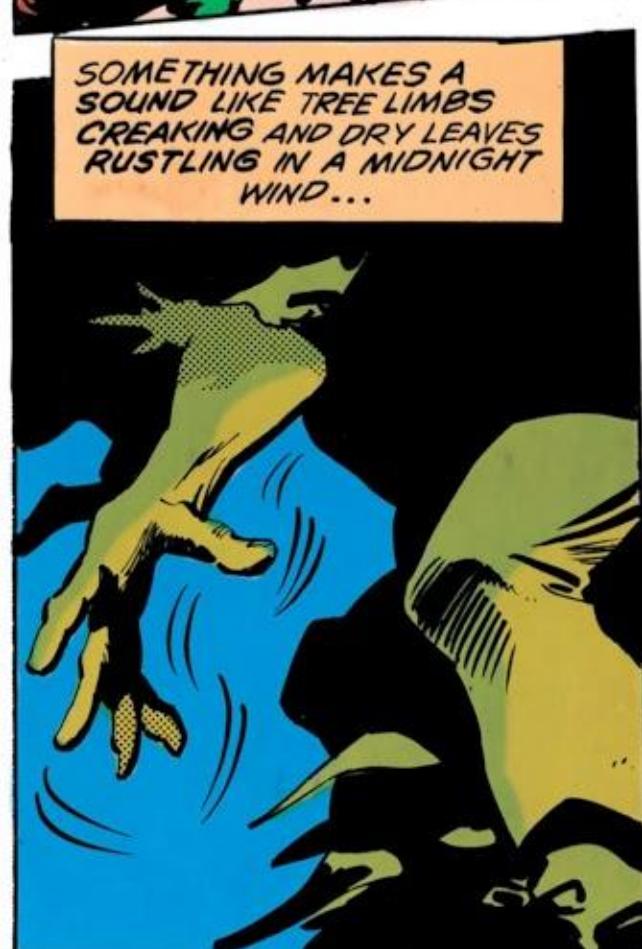












THE CREATURE'S VOICE IS HUMAN, BARELY HUMAN, BUT IT SEEMS TO ECHO FROM A GREAT DISTANCE THROBBING WITH ANGUISH AND PAIN.

KNOTTED ARMS,
LIKE OAKEN LIMBS
LIFT INTO THE
LIGHT.

LEAVES SPROUTING
FROM CRACKED,
DRYING FLESH
WHISPER WITH
A LIFE OF THEIR
OWN.

THE BATMAN CATCHES
HIS BREATH, SHAKEN;
WHATEVER HE EXPECTED,
HE COULD NEVER HAVE
EXPECTED THIS...

IVY, FOR
THE LOVE OF
GOD--

WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?

I'VE
MADE A
MONSTER,
BATMAN--



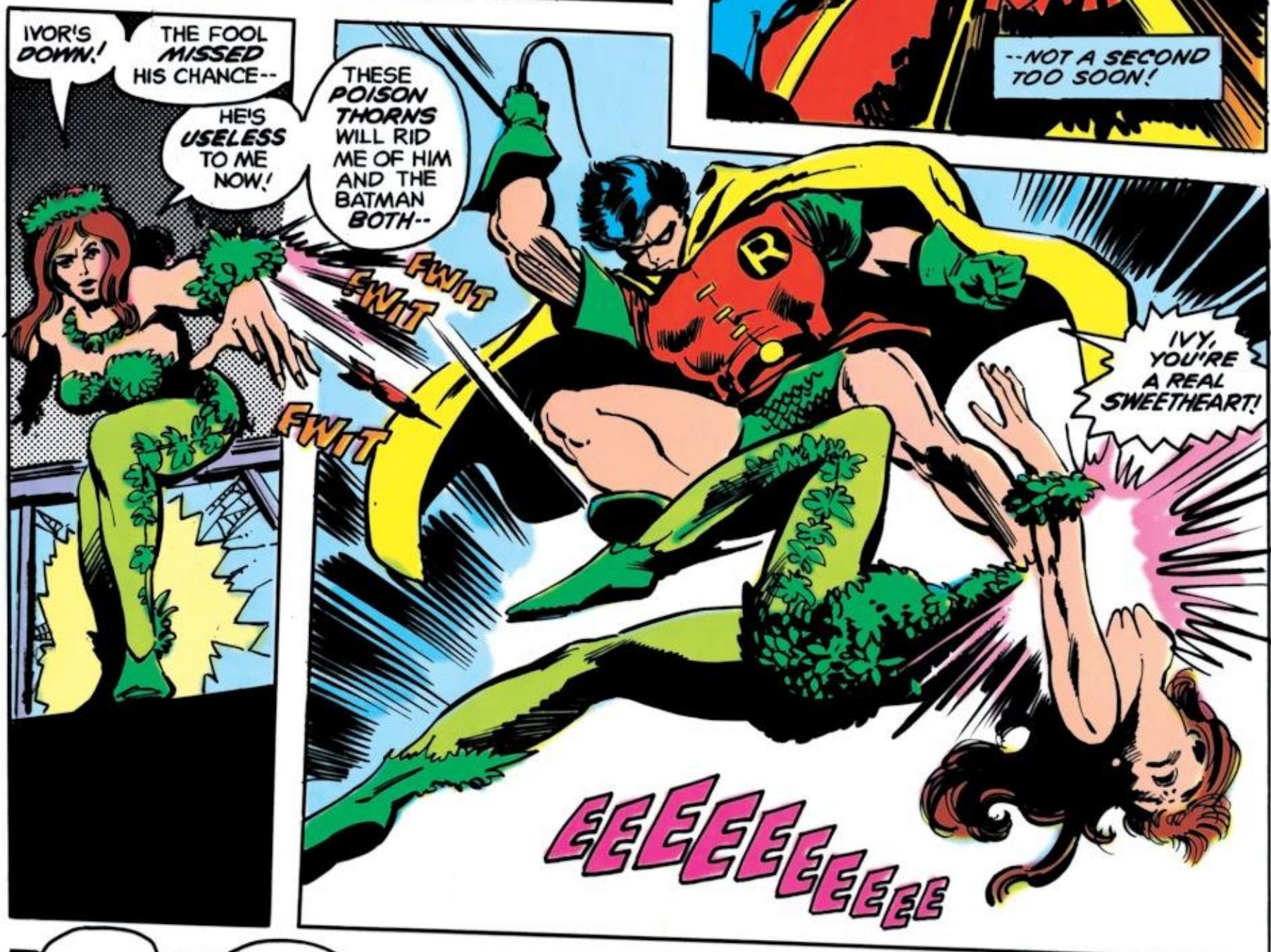


AND, AS THE DARKNIGHT DETECTIVE GRACES HIMSELF FOR THE FINAL ROUND--

--ELSEWHERE IN GOTHAM CITY, TV REPORTER OLIVIA ORTEGA HURRIES TO COMPLETE HER SCRIPT FOR SPOTLIGHT NEWS' ELECTION EVE SPECIAL...

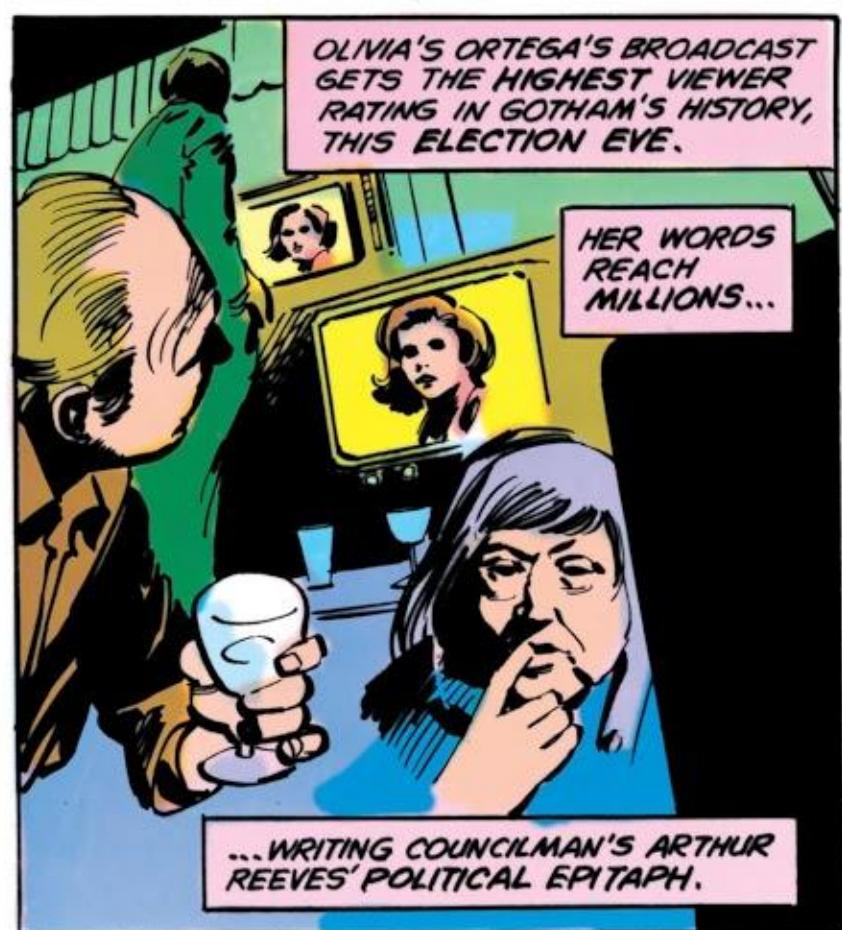
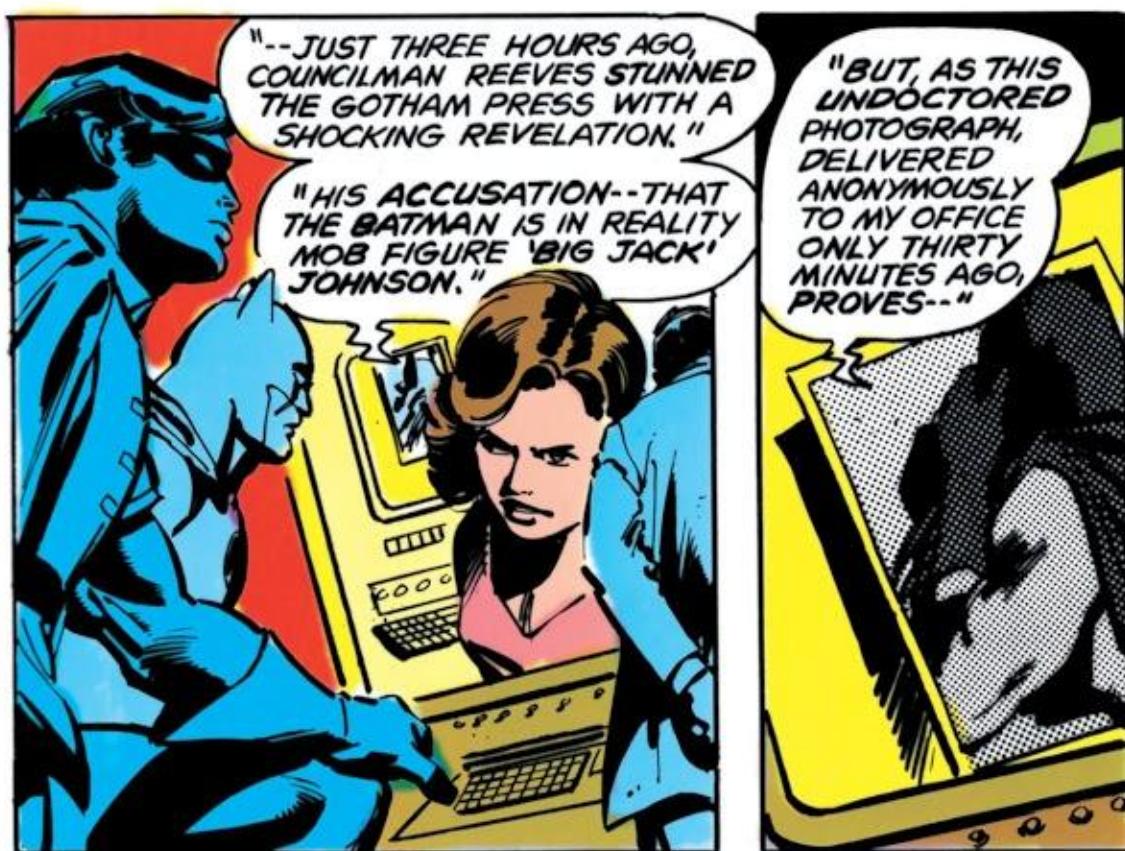
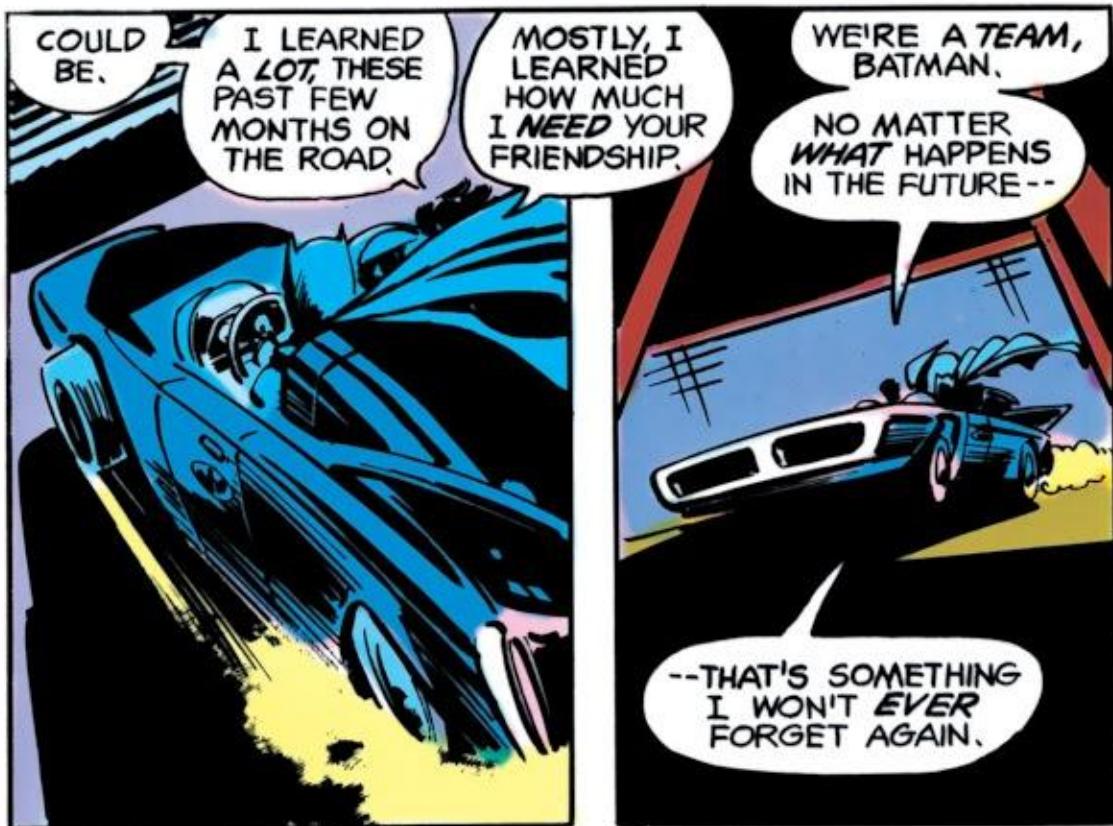














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