



DC
COMICS™

THE NEW 52!

19

BATMAN

**BRUCE WAYNE'S
GREATEST
FOE...**



SCOTT
SNYDER
GREG
CAPULLO
DANNY
MIKI

RATED T TEEN

DCCOMICS.COM

JUN 2013

GOTHAM NATIONAL BANK. NOW.

EVERYONE JUST
STAY IN POSITION!
WE KNOW HE'S ARMED,
WE KNOW HE'S
DANGEROUS!

I'M HERE, HARV.
TELL ME IT'S
NOT REALLY
HIM.

THE
LABWORK
WAS FAST-
TRACKED.

AND?

NINETY-NINE POINT
NOT-A-SNOWBALL'S-
CHANCE-IN-HELL-IT'S-
NOT-HIM PERCENT.
GIVE OR TAKE.

DAMN.
HOW IS THIS
POSSIBLE?
WHAT'S THE
STATUS
INSIDE?

"HE'S TAKEN DOWN AT LEAST THREE GUARDS.
NO WORD ON THE HOSTAGES YET.
BUT HE MEANS BUSINESS, I'LL TELL
YOU TH--HANG ON! HERE HE COMES!"

THAT'S RIGHT...HERE I
COME! AND I HAVE A DEAR
FRIEND WITH ME!

I SEE THAT. WELL,
THIS IS COMMISSIONER
JIM GORDON! AND
COINCIDENTALLY, I HAVE
FRIENDS WITH ME,
TOO!

AND LET ME
ASSURE YOU THAT
THERE IS NO WAY OUT
OF THIS SITUATION,
UNLESS MY FRIENDS
START LIKING YOU A
LITTLE BETTER!

SO WHY DON'T
WE ALL JUST CALM
DOWN AND START A
CONVERSATION...

...BRUCE WAYNE!

DC COMICS presents BATMAN in

NOWHERE MAN

SCOTT SNYDER WRITER

GREG CAPULLO PENCILLER

DANNY MIKI INKER

ECO PLASCENCIA COLORIST

COMICRAFT Letters

CAPULLO & PLASCENCIA COVER

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BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

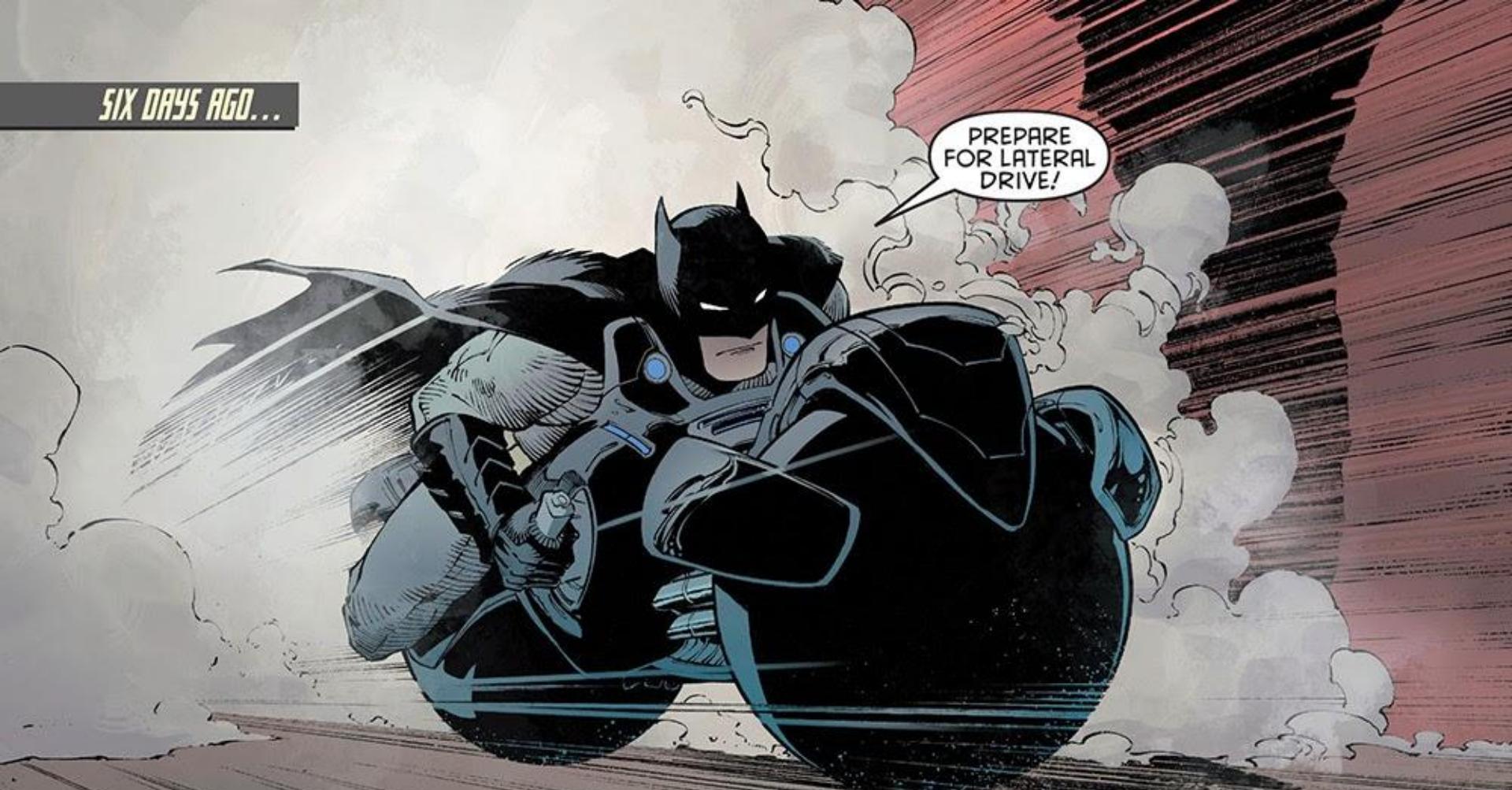






SIX DAYS AGO...

PREPARE
FOR LATERAL
DRIVE!



WHAM

COULD THAT
BE THE BATMAN
KNOCKING?

WELL,
COME ON
IN!

PLEASE, DARK
KNIGHT, STOP AND
SMELL THE *ROSES*.
BREATHE IN, BREATHE
OUT. DONE?
GOOD.

NOW
IT'S TIME
TO DIE.



GO ON AND KILL ME, REAPER.
BUT THIS TRUCK WILL NEVER
REACH THAT SERVICE.

BUT IT'S SO MUCH
MORE THAN A TRUCK, BATMAN!
IT'S A LETTER, YOU SEE.

IN VICTORIAN TIMES,
EVERY FLOWER HAD *SECRET
SIGNIFICANCE*. THE CODED LANGUAGE
OF FLORIOGRAPHY! A YELLOW
CARNATION MEANT DISAPPOINTMENT,
A MARIGOLD MEANT SUDDEN
PAIN AND SUFFERING.

NOW!

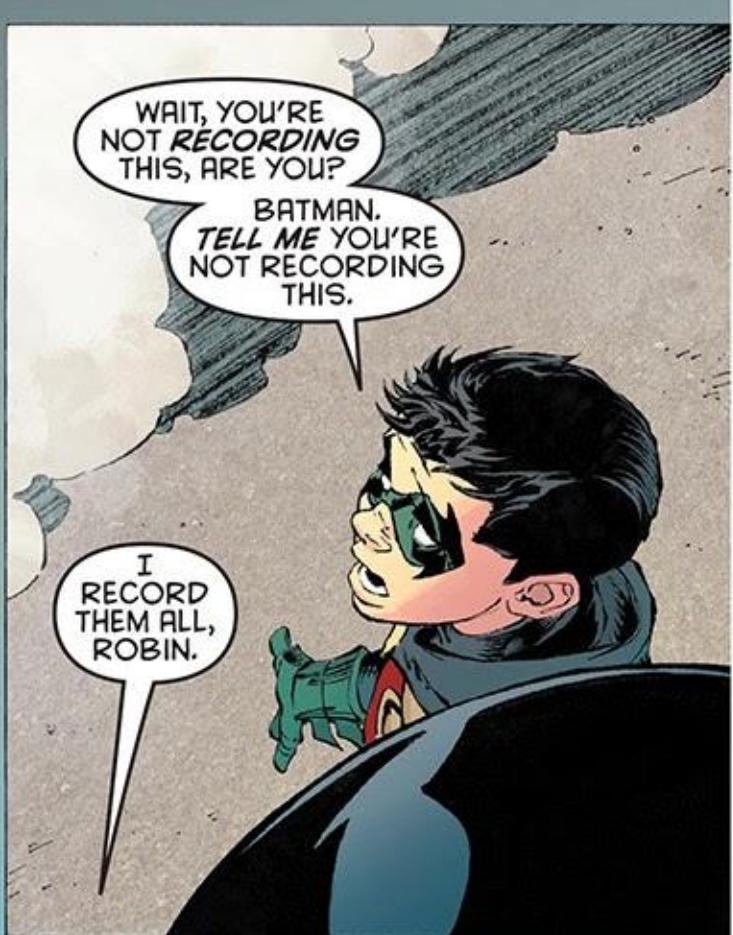
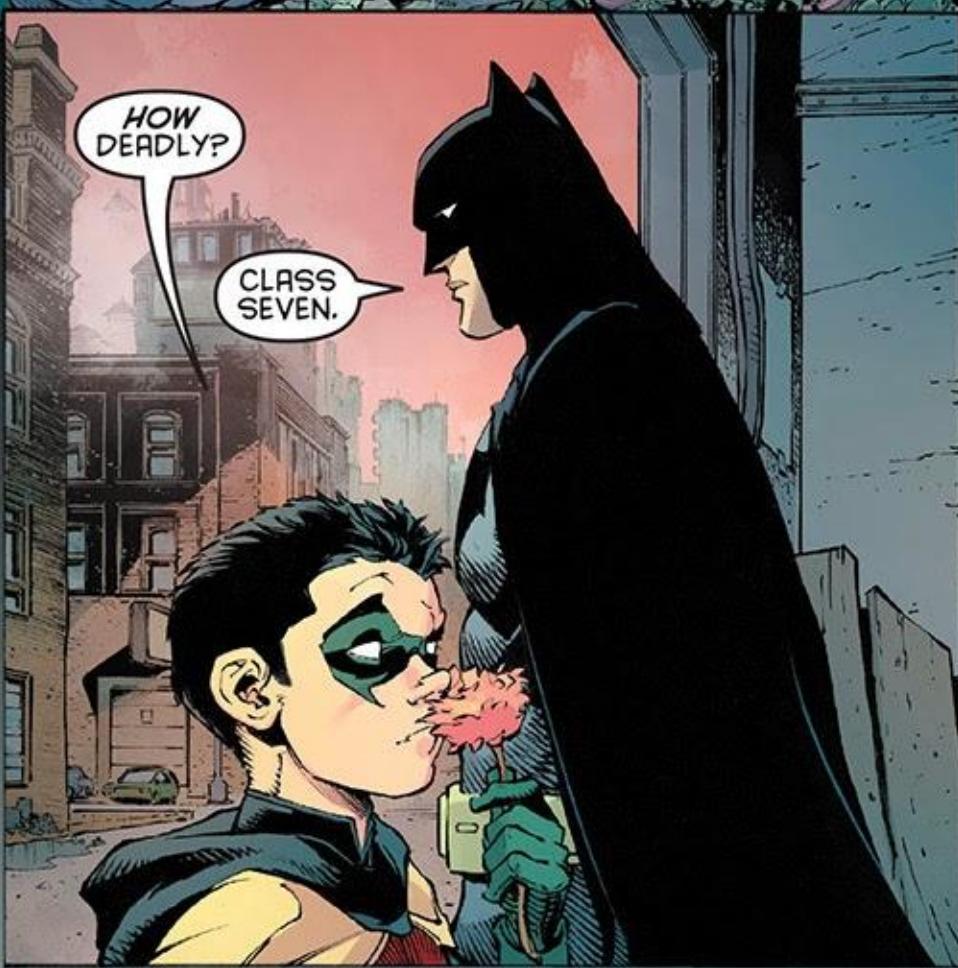
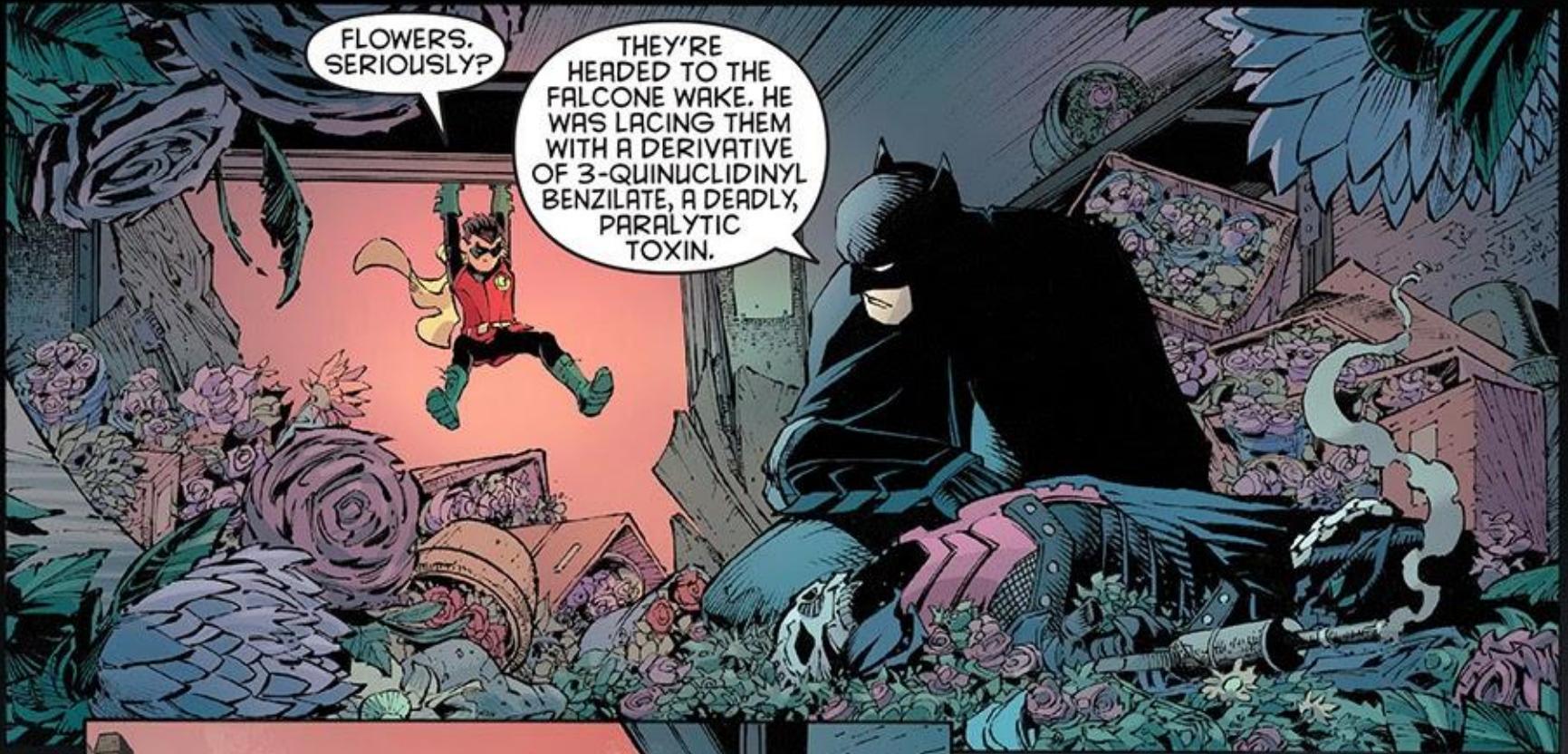


SCREEE

AAAAHH!

HERE'S
YOUR
MARIGOLD,
THEN.





"MASTER
BRUCE?"

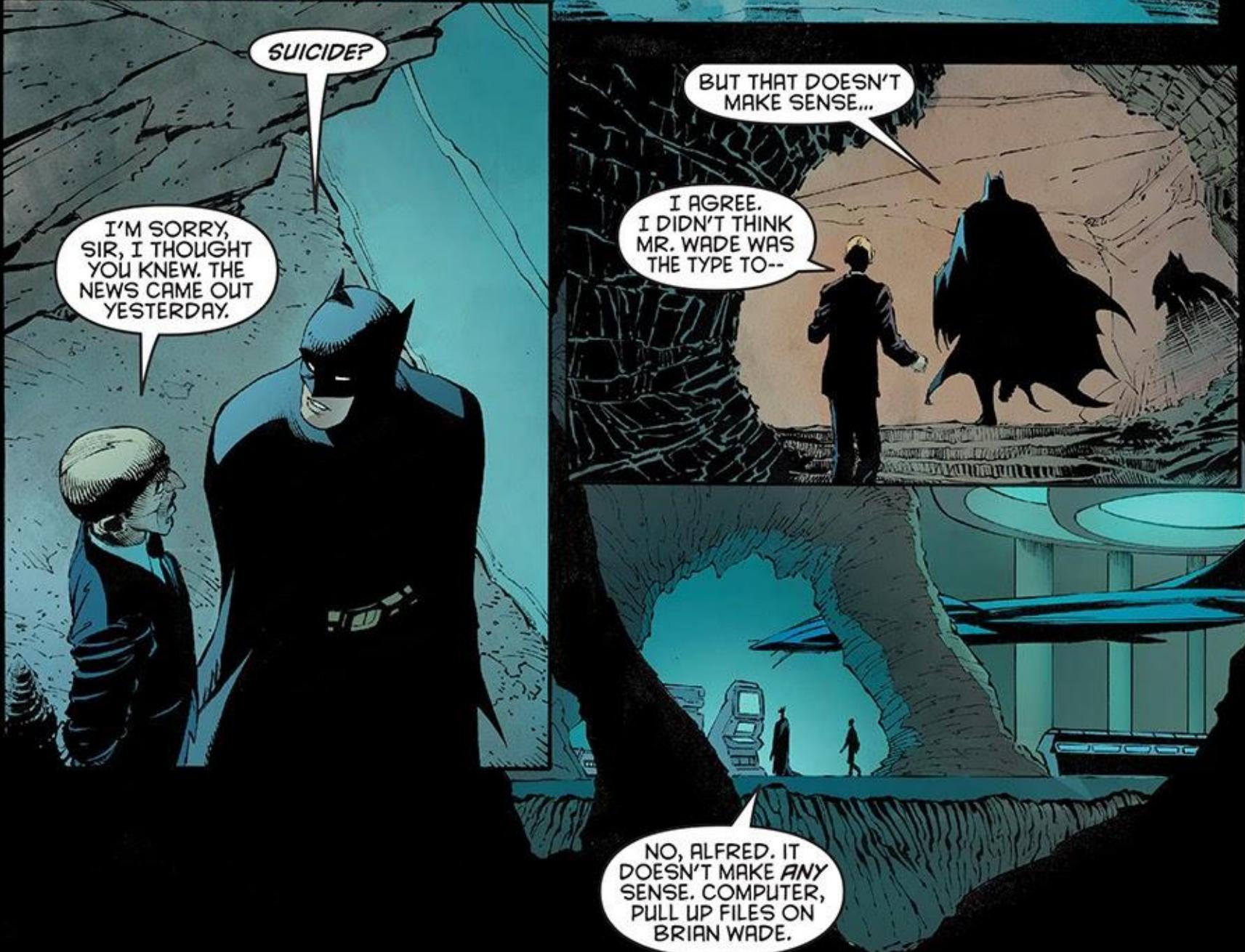
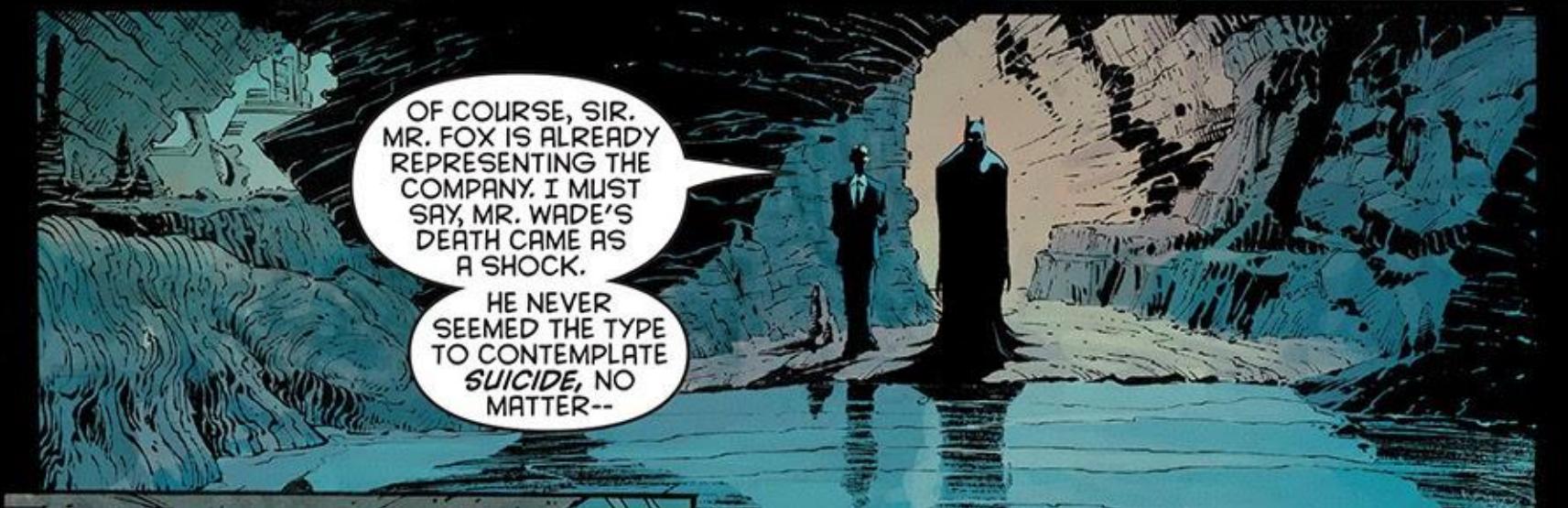
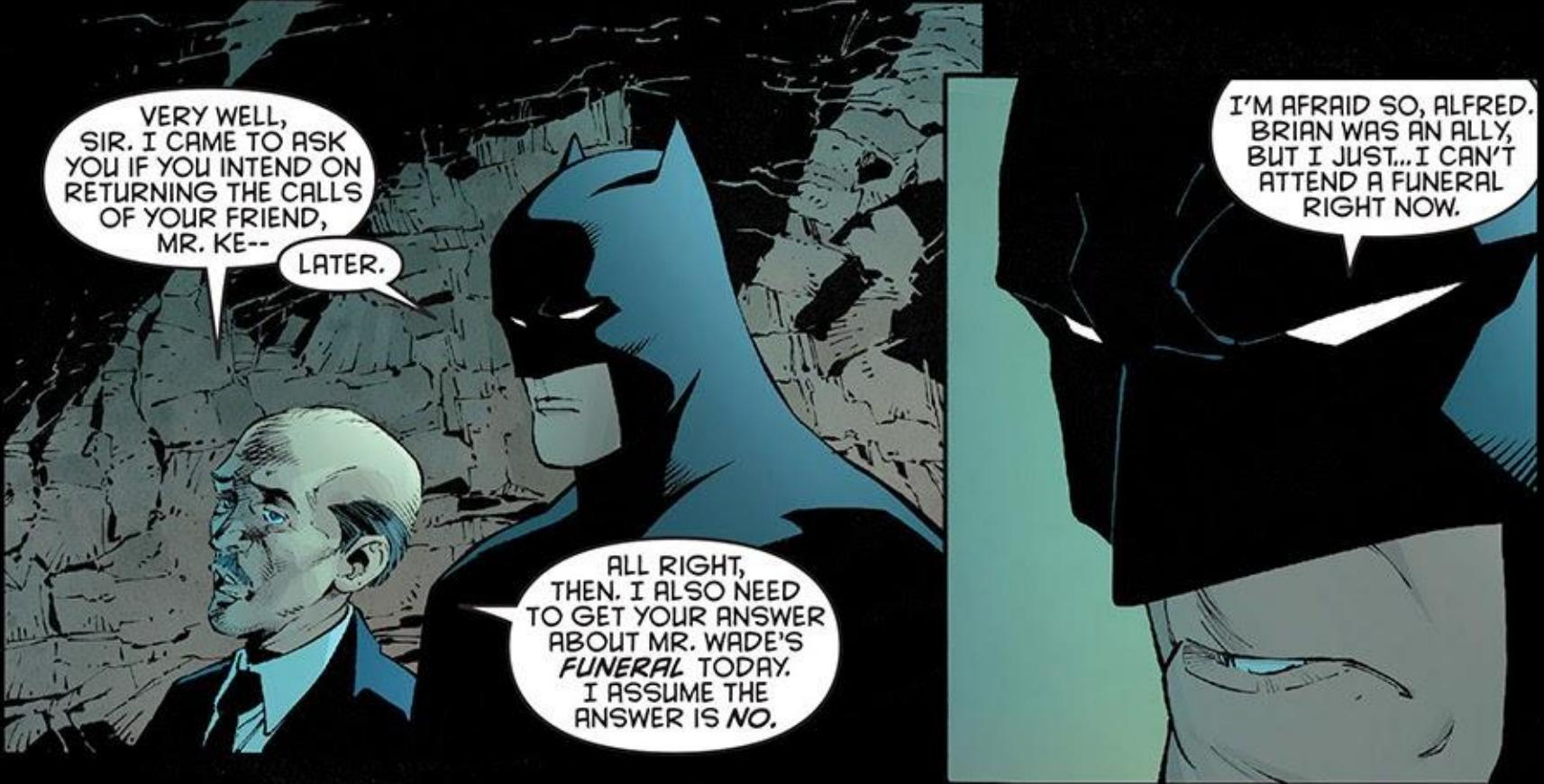
MASTER BRUCE,
I'M AFRAID IT'S NEARLY
NOON. YOU'VE BEEN
DOWN HERE LOOKING
AT COWL ARCHIVES
FOR--

I WAS JUST
FINISHING, ALFRED.
I'LL BE UP IN A
MOMENT.

MASTER
BRUCE, I...
BETWEEN WHAT JOKER
HAS--
DON'T
SAY HIS
NAME.

...ALL RIGHT
THEN, IT'S JUST
THAT WHEN MASTER
JASON DIED, I
WATCHED YOU LOSE
YOURSELF LIKE THIS,
LITTLE BY LITTLE.
I WATCHED YOU
SLIP AWAY AND BECOME--
ENOUGH.





Name: Brian Wade Age: 42. Height: 6'2". Weight: 312 lbs.

BRIAN WADE HAD NO REASON TO KILL HIMSELF. HE HAD MYELODYSPLASTIC SYNDROME. HE WAS DYING.

NO, I WASN'T FINISHED. HE WAS DYING, ALFRED. BUT THEN HE STARTED SEEING A SPECIALIST IN PARIS. DR. MILTON ZARET.

ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO, WADE UNDERWENT A BONE MARROW TRANSPLANT.

THE LAST MEDICAL RECORDS I SAW, HE WAS IN RECOVERY. ALL OF THIS HE KEPT SECRET. DIDN'T WANT HIS FRIENDS TO KNOW, NOR HIS INVESTORS.

WELL, FORGIVE ME FOR SAYING, BUT ALL THE MORE REASON HE MIGHT--

RECOVERY? I ADMIT, IT IS STRANGE.

COMPUTER, PULL UP ANY POLICE FILES ON BRIAN WADE.

PULL FROM ACTIVE INVESTIGATIONS, NOT PUBLIC RECORDS.

WELL, I'LL BE...

Investigation Pending...
Charge Imminent. Murder 1. Victim
Talbot Tate, Scott Alberts.

I KNOW THOSE NAMES. THEY'RE PENGUIN'S MEN.

THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM LOOKS DRAUNTING. DNA AT THE SCENE, FINGERPRINTS, FOOTAGE VERIFIED BY THREE HUNDRED POINT FACIAL RECOGNITION... MY WORD.

WE'LL SEE.



MURKIN

I TAKE IT YOU STILL WON'T BE GOING TO THE FUNERAL, SIR?

NO...

"...I'LL PAY MY RESPECTS LATER."

Brian Wade. The principal architect at Wade Design, the firm I used to help design many of the new buildings that went up as part of my Gotham Initiative last year.

I picked Wade because I liked him. I was struck by his love of the city, the good and the bad. In fact...

...Wade's buildings were known for the ways they often celebrated their own brightest day-lit points, and darkest nighttime ones.

The brightest spots, Wade liked to say, were for gatherings.

The darkest, for personal reflection.

I'm looking for travel records. The FAA still allows private jets to keep records undisclosed. But records of the flights themselves have to be kept in case they're ever formally requested, or subpoenaed.

I already checked Wade's plane. Found nothing.

Here, though... seems Wade wasn't actually in town the week the murders occ--



YOU
SHOULDN'T
BE HERE,
BATMAN!



I IMAGINE
I COULD SAY
THE SAME
ABOUT YOU,
WADE.



YEAH, WELL,
RUMORS OF MY
DEATH WERE
GREATLY--



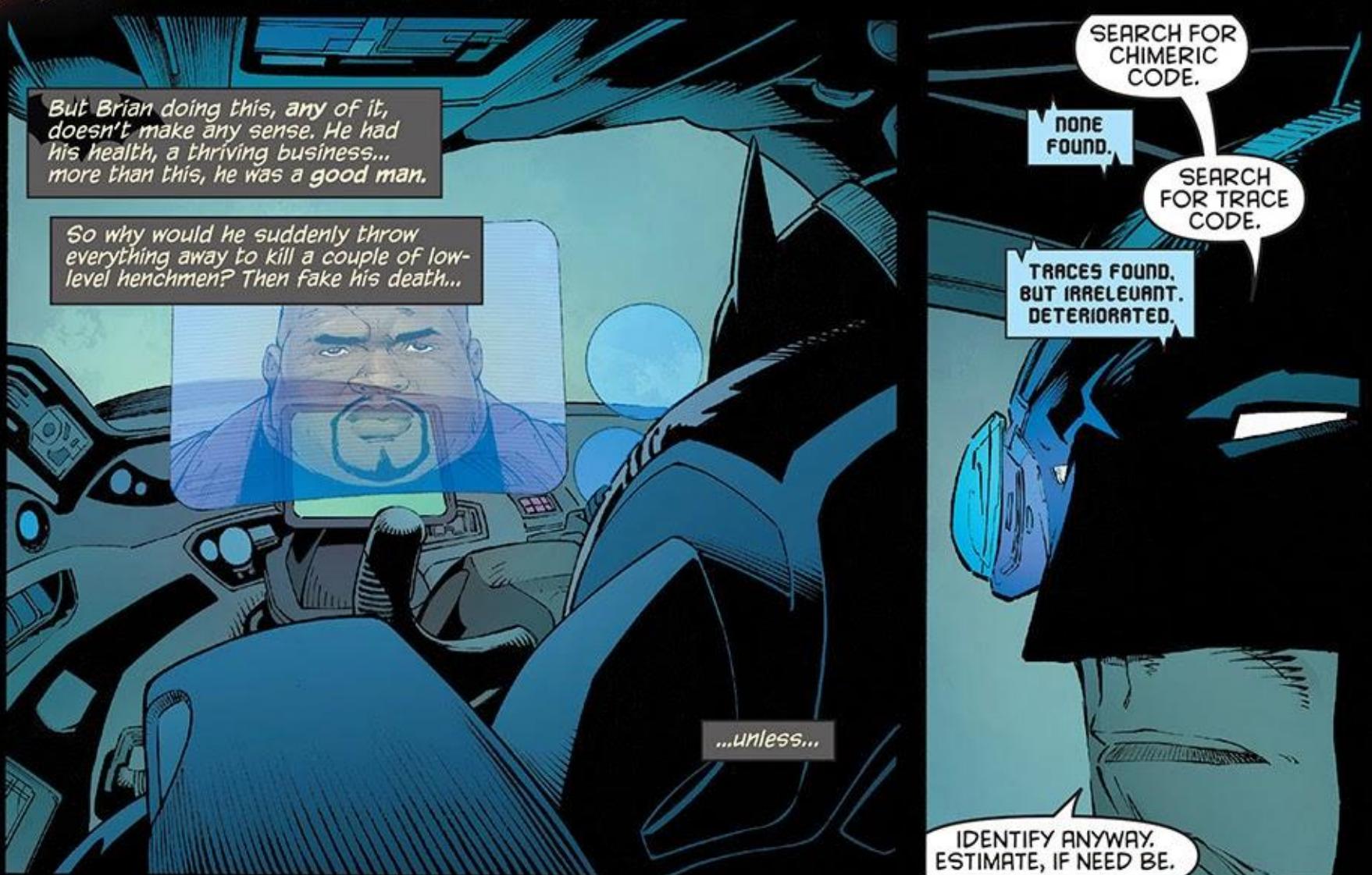
...AGH!





No Facial Matches





...AS BASIL HARLO.
ALSO KNOWN AS...



CLAYFACE.

So it's finally happened.

I suspected it might, but I'd hoped I was wrong.

Years ago, a failing actor named Basil Karlo made a deal he shouldn't have, and allowed himself to be infected by a kind of mystical clay.

The clay changed his cells, leaving him with the ability to shape-shift, to mimic anyone he chose.

But until now, that's all he's been. A mimic.

Practically every culture in history has stories about people like Clayface--shape-shifters. There are thousands of examples, from the *Rakshasa* to the *kumiho*.

Norse folklore tells of warriors named *berserkers*, who changed into wolves or bears.

More recently, the Navajo told legends of *skinwalkers*, men and women who could change their flesh, and only be killed with bullets dipped in white ash.

Many of these stories tell of how the shape-shifter slowly loses himself or herself in the act of transforming, becoming less and less human with every transformation.

Almost as though the shapeshifting was the result of some strain of parasitic, genetic infection--something absorbed that then ate away its host's DNA over time.

But every time I fought Clayface, I've sampled his DNA. And Karlo's code always seemed to hold.

Until now, that is.







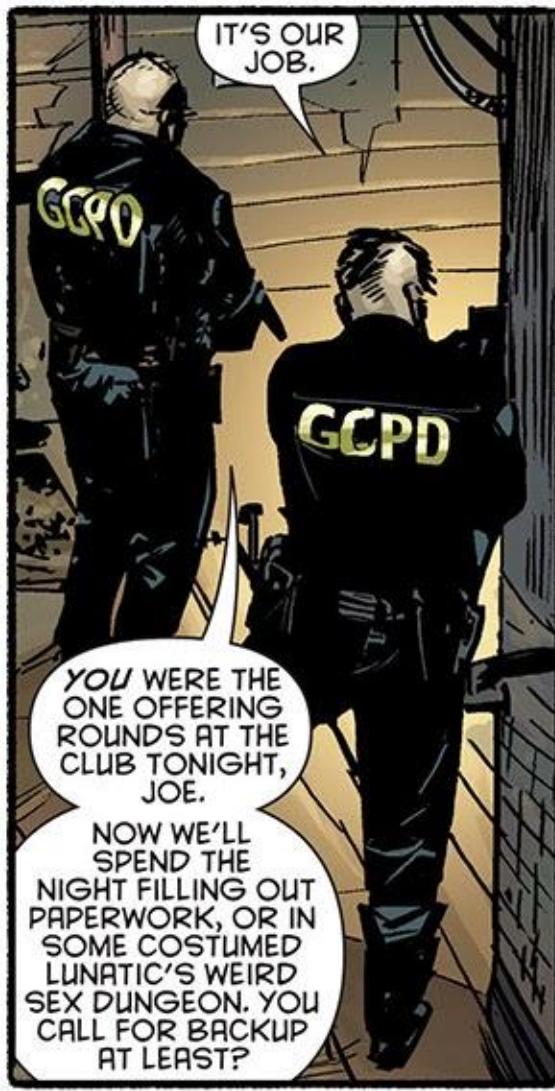
ACK!

SHHH, BRUCIE.
I'M NOT HERE
FOR YOUR MONEY...

...WE'RE
TWINS NOW,
DON'T YOU
SEE?

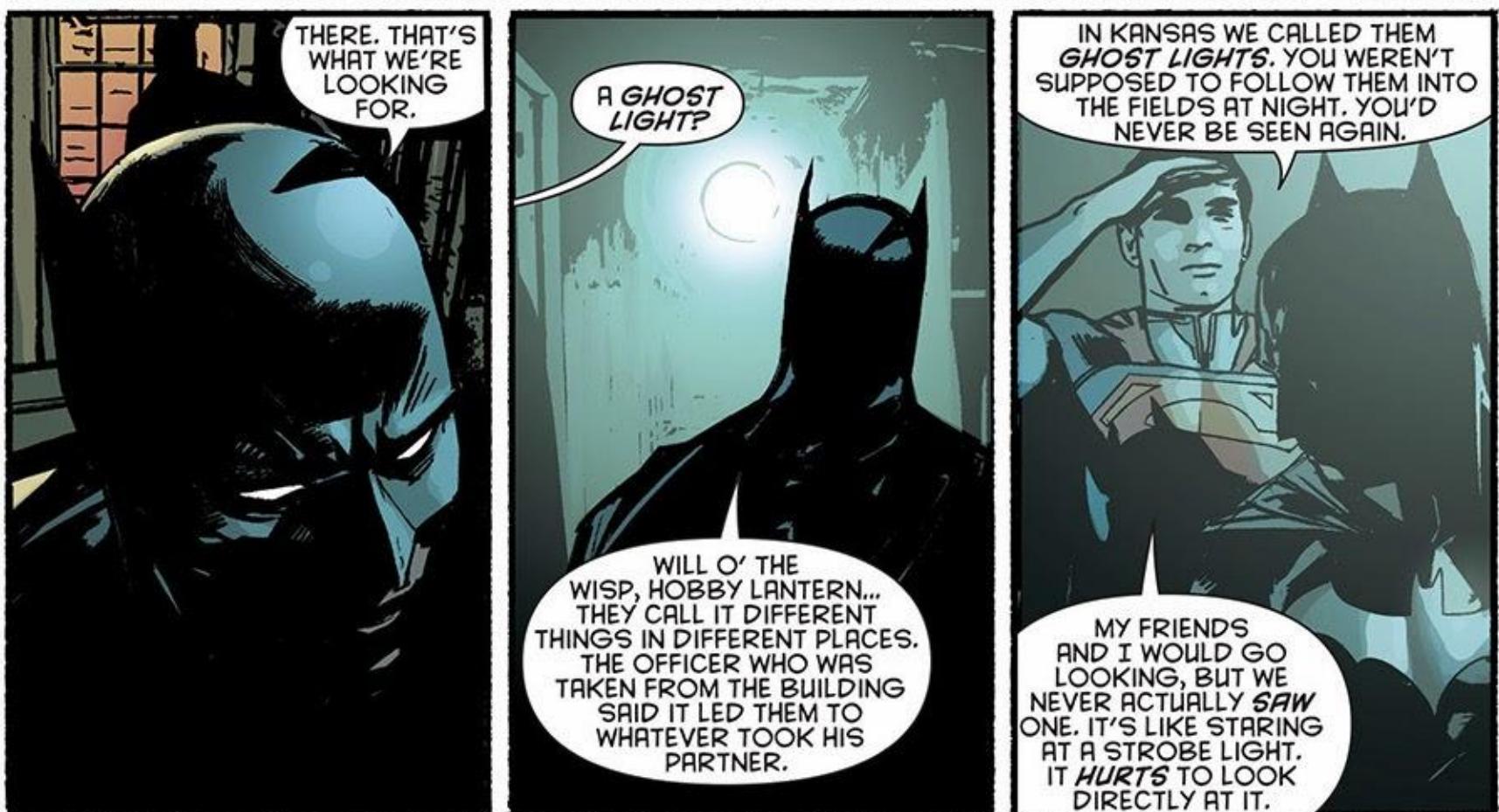
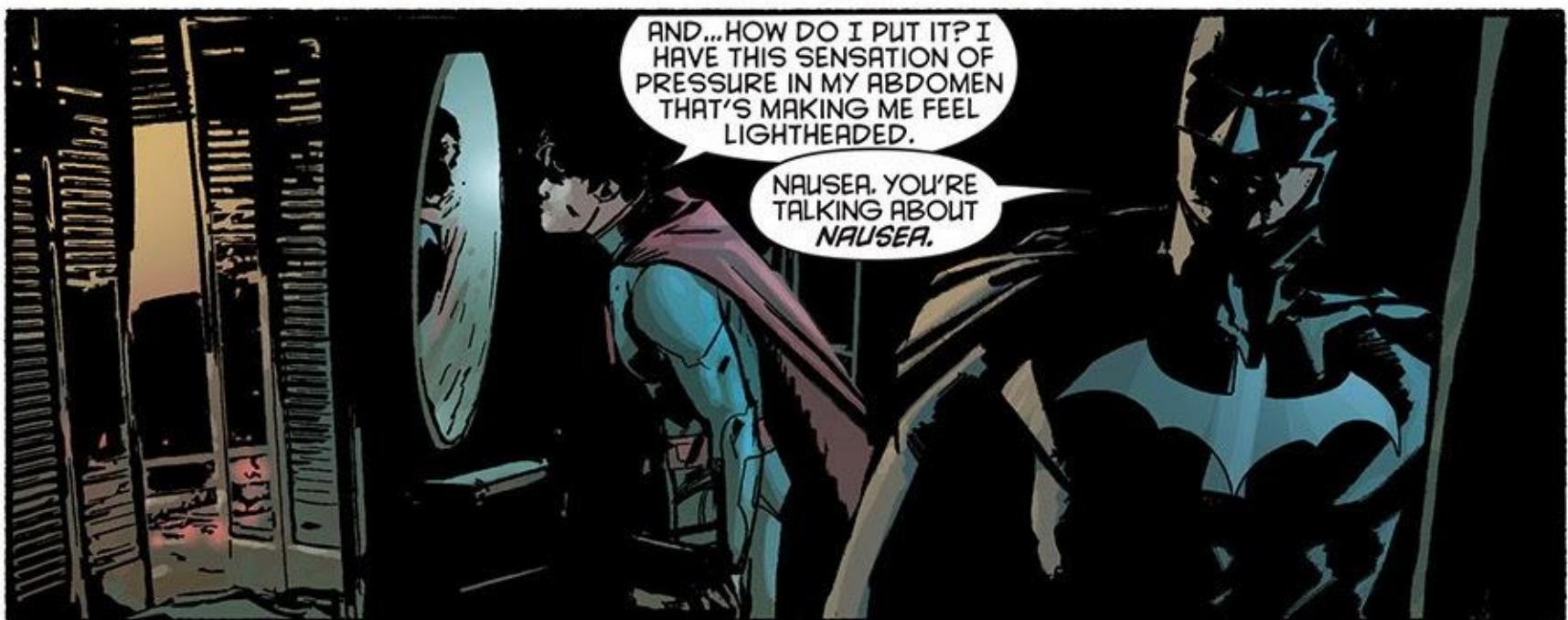
AND TODAY,
BROTHER, YOU'RE
GOING TO HELP ME
END BATMAN ONCE
AND FOR ALL!

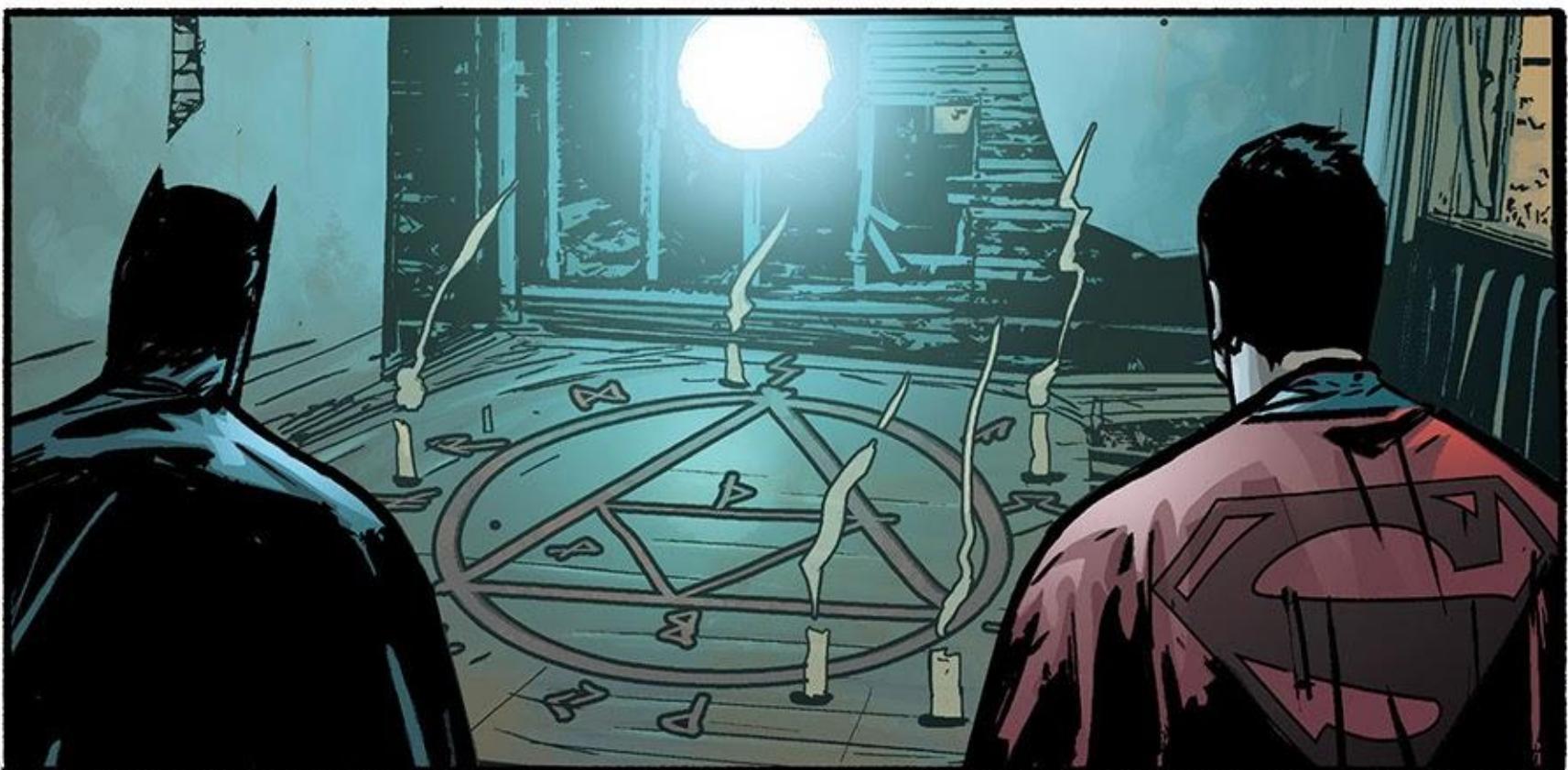
NEXT: THE WRATH OF CLAYFACE

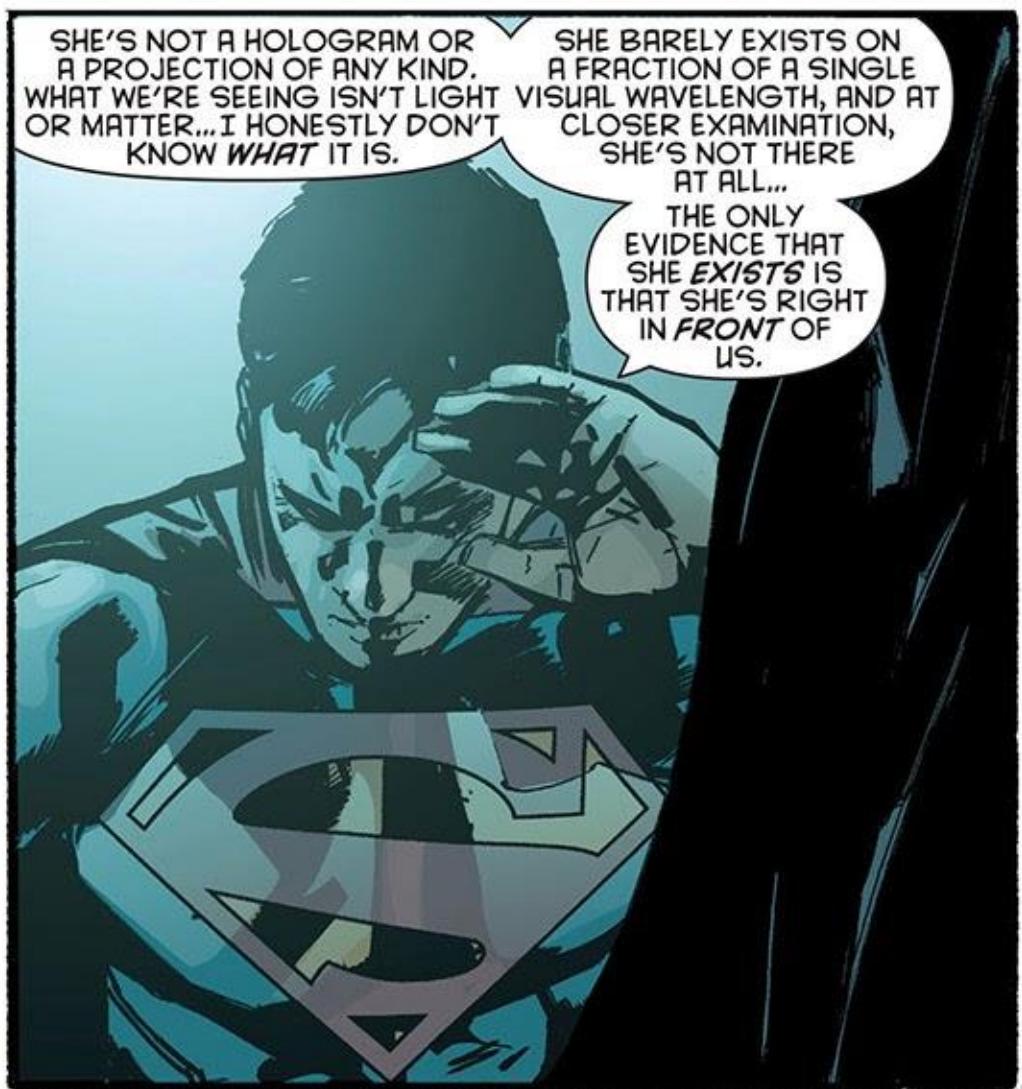


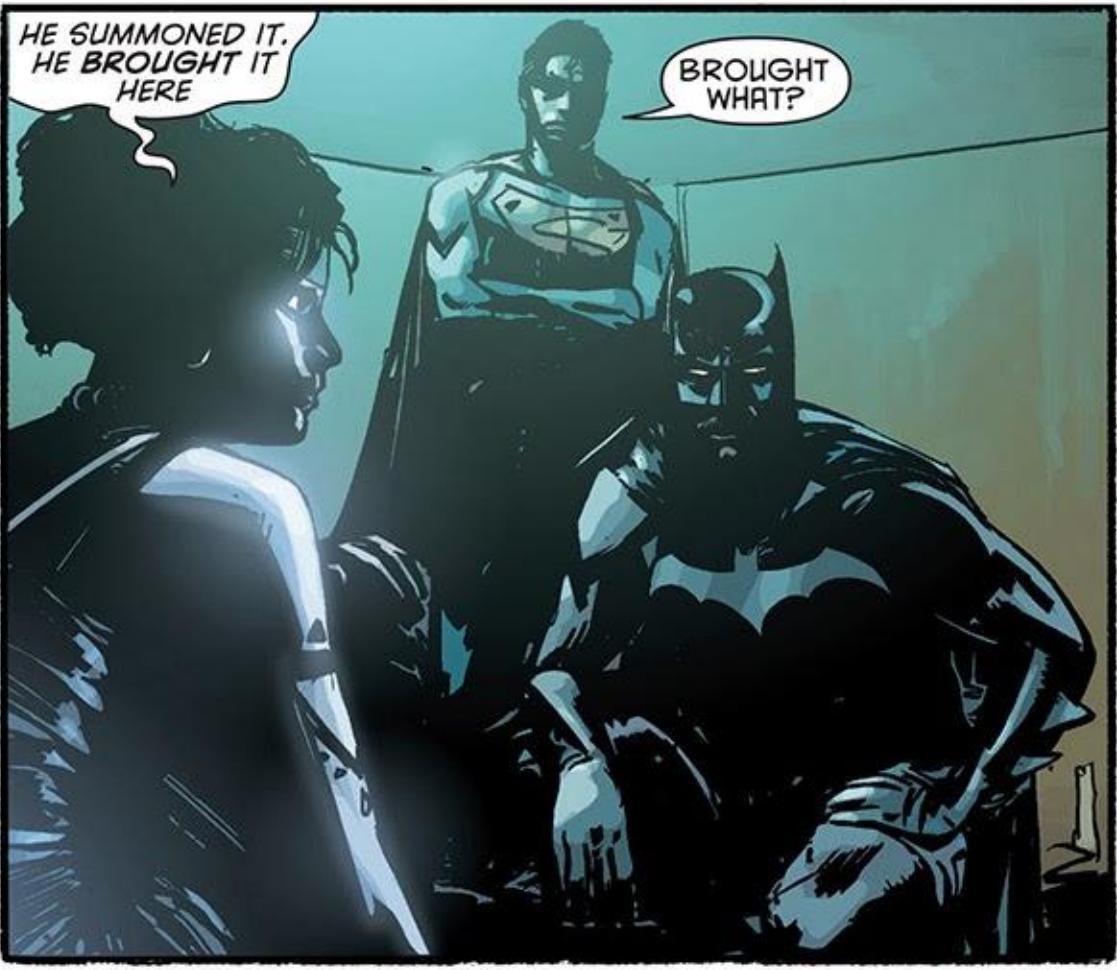












THE WILL O'
THE WISP.

GHST LIGTHS

PART 1 OF 2

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