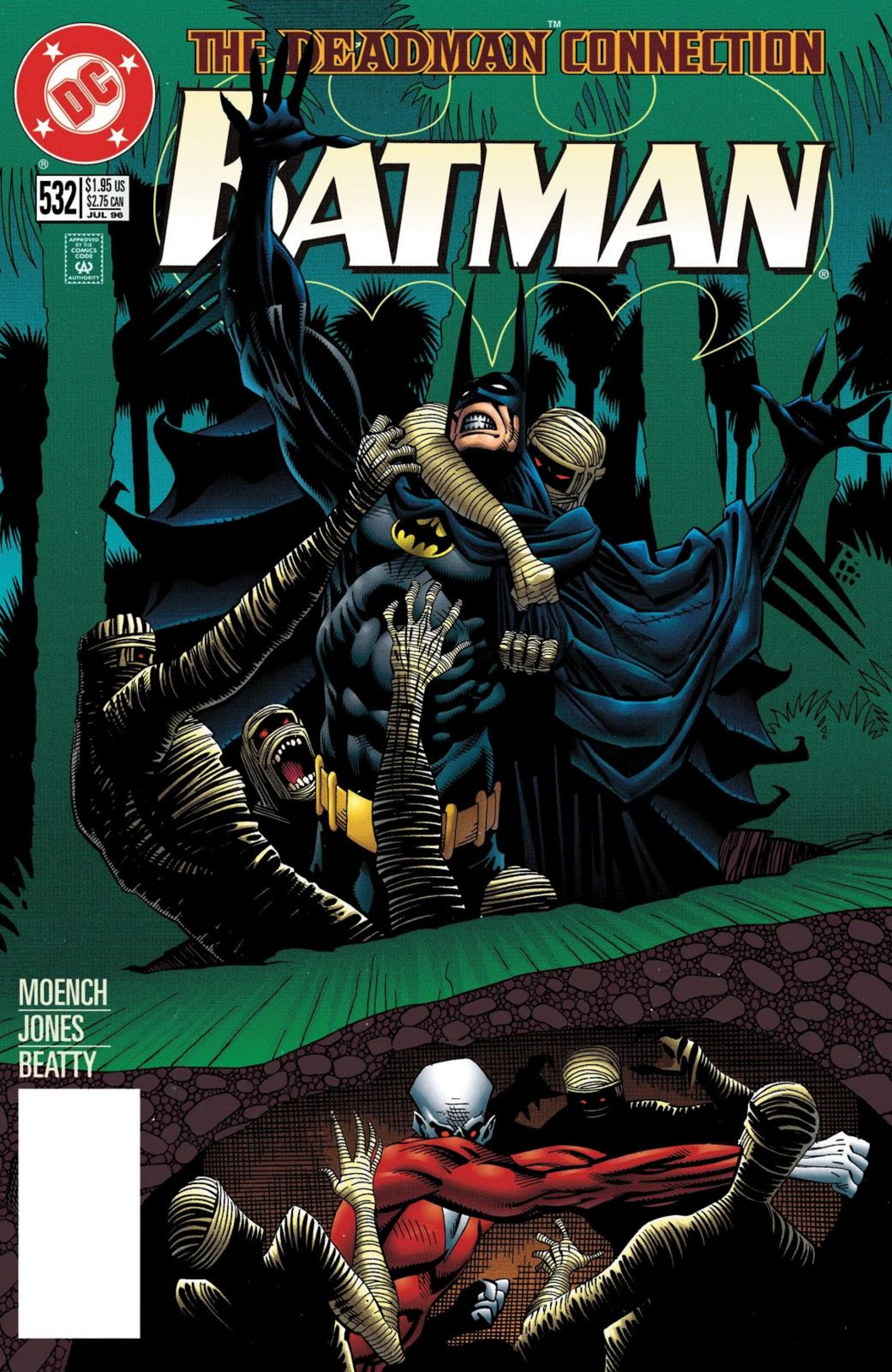
THE DEADMAN™ CONNECTION
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MOENCH
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THE SPIRIT THIEVES
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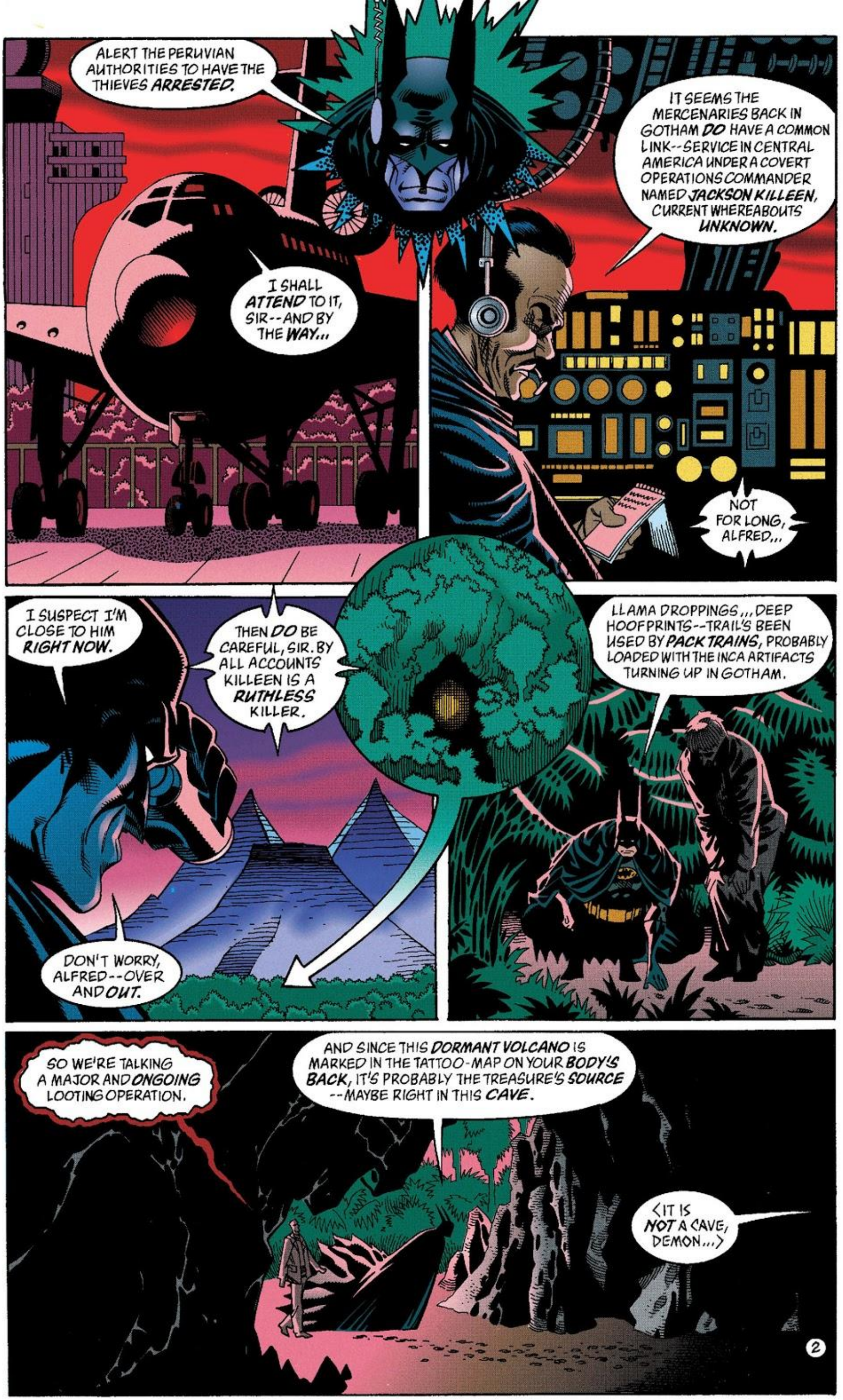
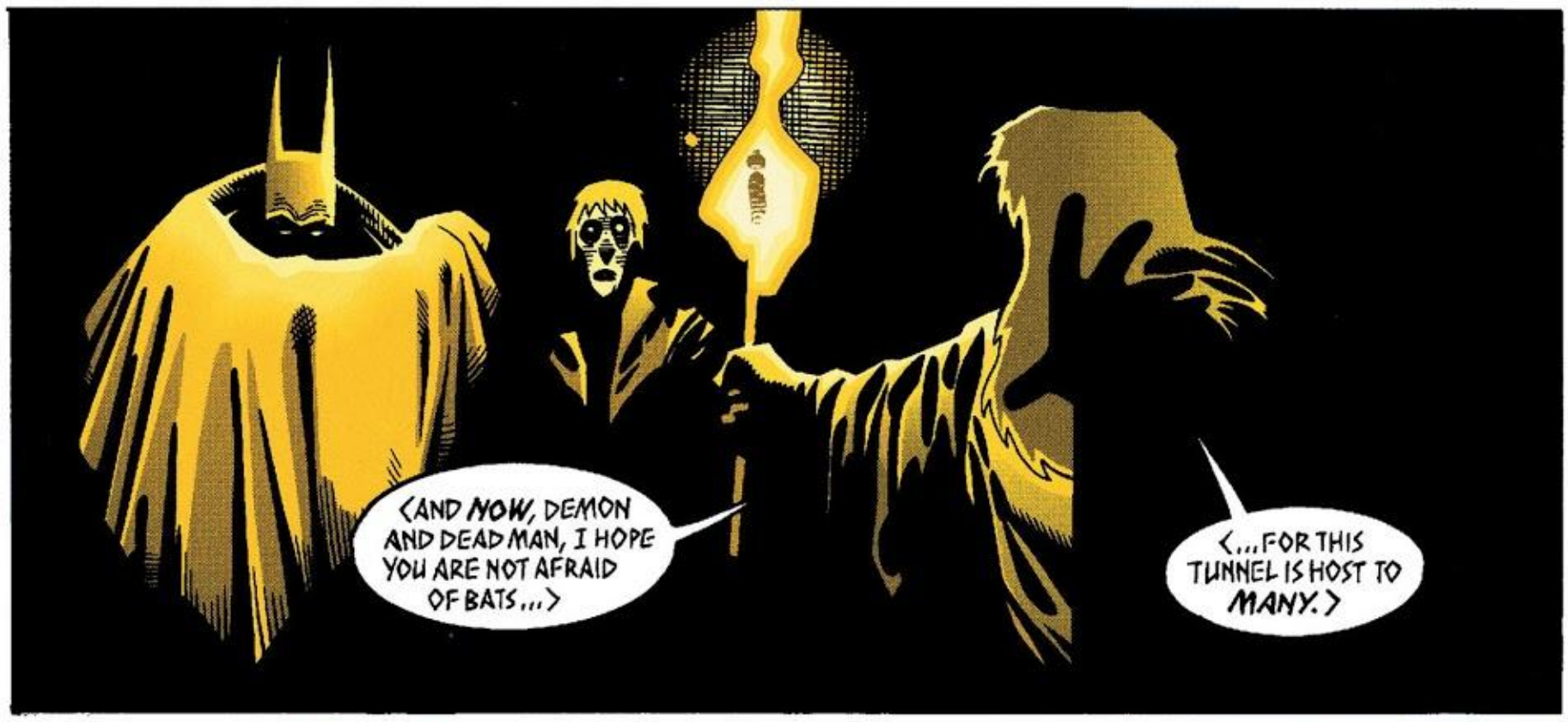
ANDROID IMAGES SEPARATIONS
TODD KLEIN LETTERER
JORDAN B. GORFINKEL ASSOCIATE EDITOR
DENNIS O'NEIL EDITOR
BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE
MAN, THAT BODY'S COLD.
ALFRED, DO YOU READ ME?
LOUDLY AND CLEARLY, SIR.
WE JUST RAN INTO SEVERAL OF THE SAME MERCENARY TYPES--
--PROBABLY ON THEIR WAY TO CUZCO WITH MORE OF THE LOOTED INCA SILVER AND GOLD...
DM·KJ·JB·16


ALERT THE PERUVIAN AUTHORITIES TO HAVE THE THIEVES ARRESTED.
I SHALL ATTEND TO IT, SIR--AND BY THE WAY...
IT SEEMS THE MERCENARIES BACK IN GOTHAM DO HAVE A COMMON LINK--SERVICE IN CENTRAL AMERICA UNDER A COVERT OPERATIONS COMMANDER NAMED JACKSON KILLEEN, CURRENT WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN.
NOT FOR LONG, ALFRED...
I SUSPECT I'M CLOSE TO HIM RIGHT NOW.
THEN DO BE CAREFUL, SIR. BY ALL ACCOUNTS KILLEEN IS A RUTHLESS KILLER.
DON'T WORRY, ALFRED--OVER AND OUT.
LLAMA DROPPINGS... DEEP HOOFPRINTS--TRAIL'S BEEN USED BY PACK TRAINS, PROBABLY LOADED WITH THE INCA ARTIFACTS TURNING UP IN GOTHAM.
SO WE'RE TALKING A MAJOR AND ONGOING LOOTING OPERATION.
AND SINCE THIS DORMANT VOLCANO IS MARKED IN THE TATTOO-MAP ON YOUR BODY'S BACK, IT'S PROBABLY THE TREASURE'S SOURCE --MAYBE RIGHT IN THIS CAVE.
<IT IS NOT A CAVE, DEMON...>
2

IT IS A TUNNEL.
CHIMU-- BUT...
I WAS HALFWAY HOME BEFORE DECIDING YOU REQUIRED FURTHER GUIDANCE.
HALFWAY HOME? AND HE STILL GOT HERE BEFORE WE--
I KNOW SHORTCUTS.
UNLIKE THE BONE FLUTE YOU GAVE ME, CHIMU, MY GIFT WILL WHISTLE ONLY WHEN IT FLIES.
BUT TELL ME... CAN I PRODUCE SOUNDS FROM THIS GIFT?
FLIES? MUST I KEEP IT ON A TETHER, THEN?
IT WILL FLY, CHIMU, ONLY IF YOU THROW IT.
NOW, YOU MENTIONED FURTHER GUIDANCE ...
YES, BUT I LIED.
ANYONE REACHING THIS POINT REQUIRES NO FURTHER GUIDANCE.
WHAT I ACTUALLY DECIDED YOU REQUIRED WAS FURTHER TRUTH.
WHEN YOU ASKED ME IF THERE WAS ANY SIGNIFICANCE TO THIS HOLLOW MOUNTAIN, I PLAYED DUMB--
--NEGLECTING TO REVEAL THAT IT FORMS THE BOWL IN WHICH THE LOST CITY OF AMARU HAS LAIN HIDDEN FOR THE LAST 400 YEARS--
--SINCE THE FILTHY-BUT-VERY-TOUGH CONQUISTADORS LOOTED AND LEVELED ALL OUR OTHER CITIES.
LOST... CITY?
WHOSE INHABITANTS, DEAD MAN, DO NOT WELCOME VISITORS--UNDERSTANDABLY, I THINK, EVER SINCE PIZARRO MADE A POOR GUEST.

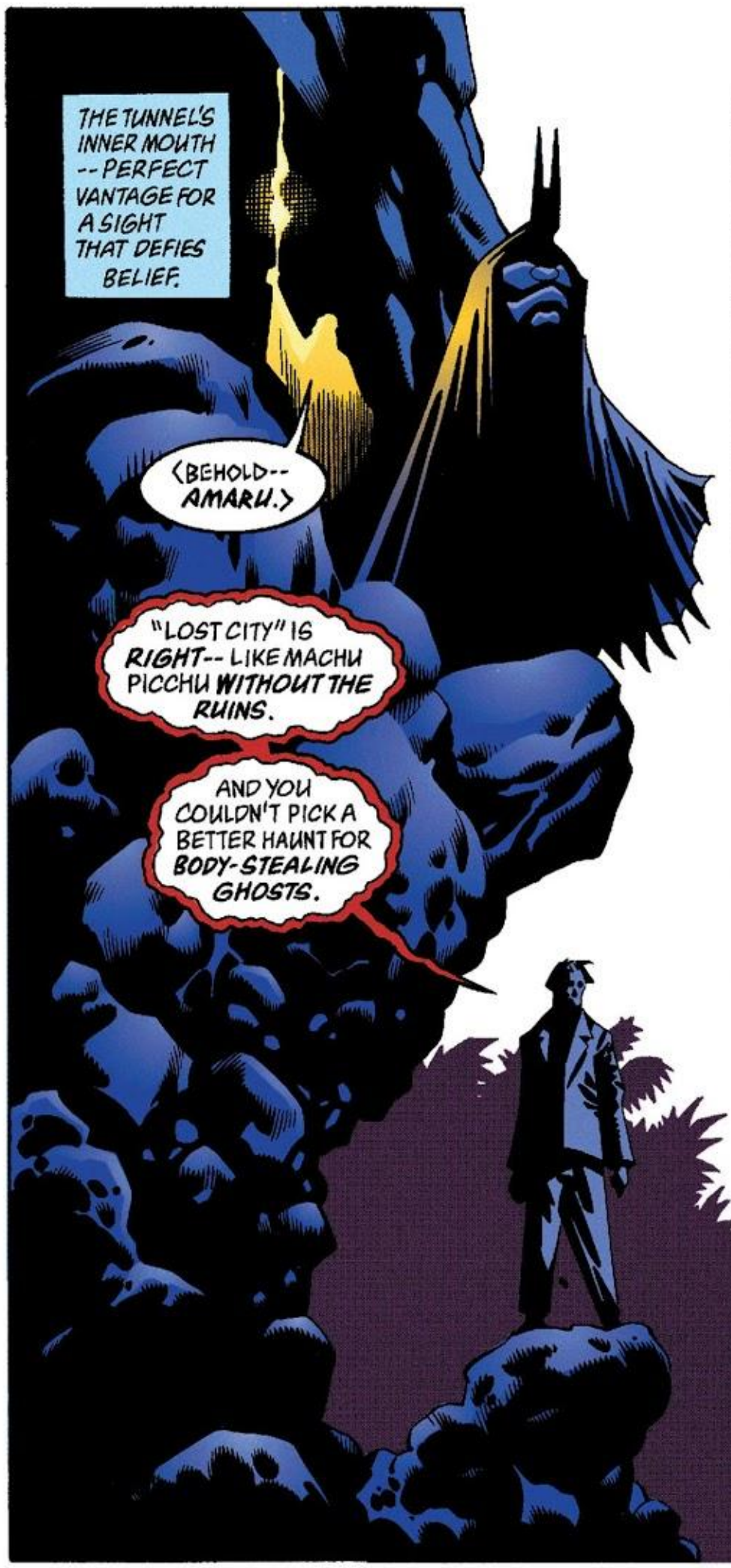

<AND NOW, DEMON AND DEAD MAN, I HOPE YOU ARE NOT AFRAID OF BATS...>
<...FOR THIS TUNNEL IS HOST TO MANY.>

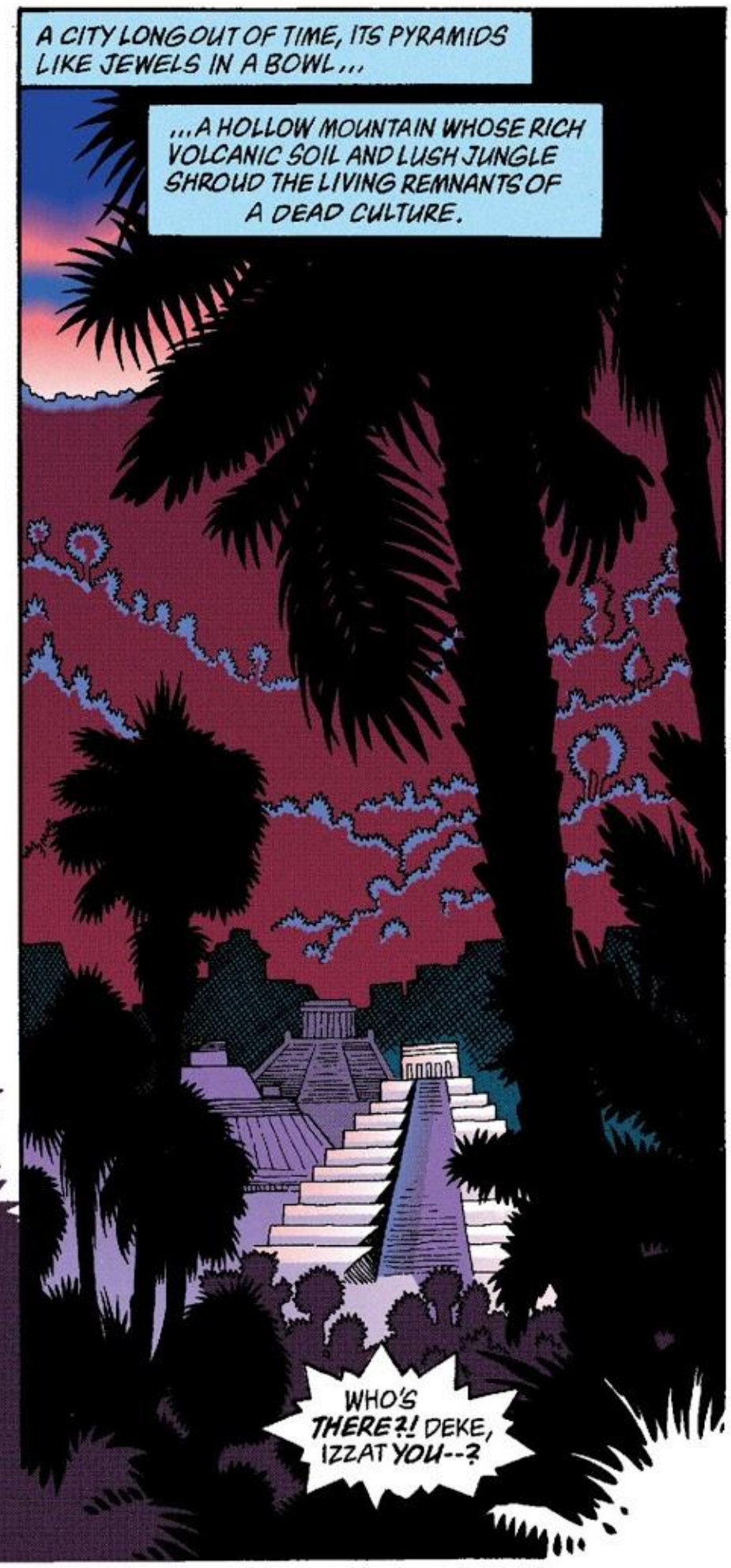
<CHIMU, YOU'RE SAYING INCAS HAVE LIVED IN THIS LOST CITY OF AMARU FOR-->
<FOR MANY GENERATIONS, DEMON, ADHERING TO THE OLD WAYS IN SECRECY-->
<--EVER SINCE ITS FOUNDERS FLED THE FALL OF VILCABAMBA WITH A GREAT HOARD OF TREASURE...>

"<...IN SILVER AND GOLD.>"
THIRTY OR FORTY MORE PACK TRAINS, TURKE, AND THIS TREASURE PYRAMID OUGHTTA BE STRIPPED BARE.

THEN WE WASTE ALL WITNESSES AND SLIP OFF TO RETIREMENT-- EX-SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE WITH THE EMPHASIS ON FORTUNE.
SPEAKIN' OF PACK TRAINS, KILLEEN, WE AIN'T HAD RADIO CONTACT FROM THE LAST ONE--COULD BE SOMETHIN' HAPPENED TO 'EM.

COULD ALSO BE THEY'RE RIPPING US OFF, TURKE--BUT POST TWO MEN ON WATCH UP AT THE TUNNEL JUST IN CASE.
RIGHT.


THE TUNNEL'S INNER MOUTH -- PERFECT VANTAGE FOR A SIGHT THAT DEFIES BELIEF.
<BEHOLD-- AMARU.>
"LOST CITY" IS RIGHT-- LIKE MACHU PICCHU WITHOUT THE RUINS.
AND YOU COULDN'T PICK A BETTER HAUNT FOR BODY-STEALING GHOSTS.


A CITY LONG OUT OF TIME, ITS PYRAMIDS LIKE JEWELS IN A BOWL...
...A HOLLOW MOUNTAIN WHOSE RICH VOLCANIC SOIL AND LUSH JUNGLE SHROUD THE LIVING REMNANTS OF A DEAD CULTURE.
WHO'S THERE?! DEKE, IZZAT YOU--?

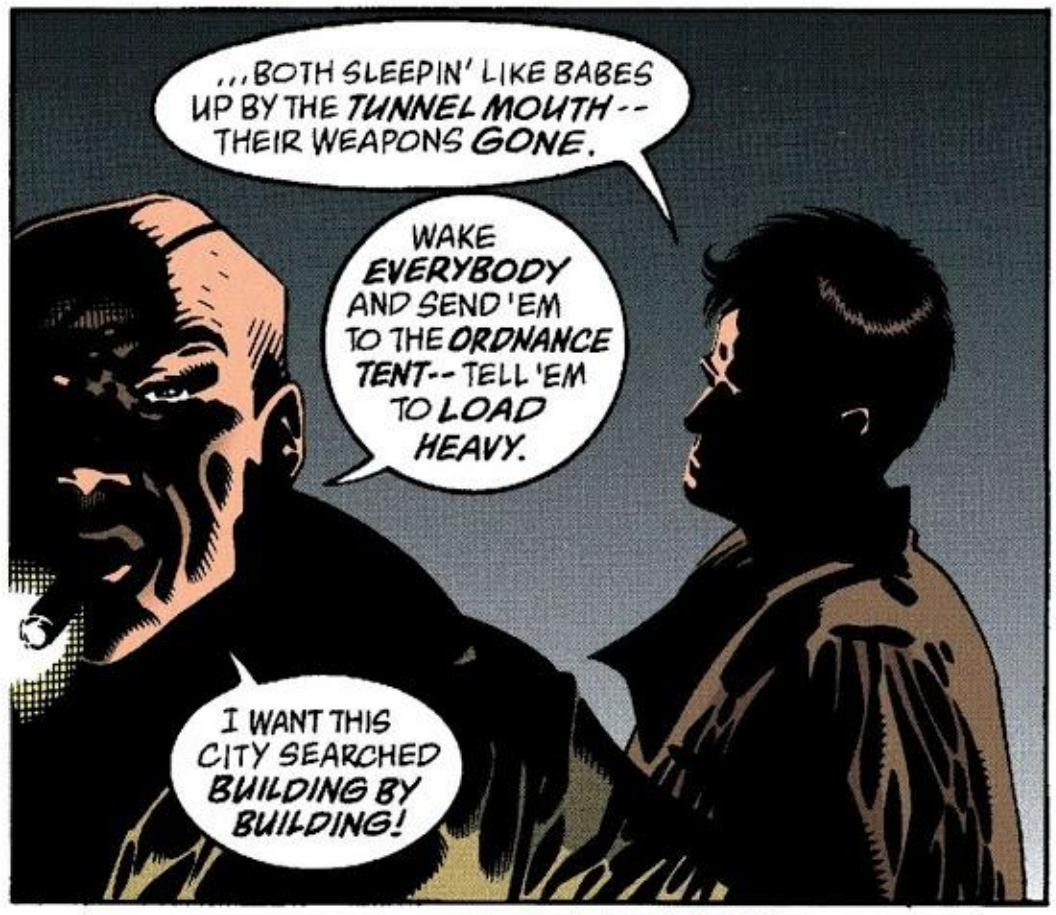
<GET DOWN, CHIMU!>
TOO LATE, PAL--THE OLD-TIMER'S ALREADY GONE.
THEN BRACE YOURSELF, BRAND-- YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN FROM HERE.
HEY, DON'T FRET ABOUT THIS BODY-- FEW MORE HOLES CAN'T HURT IT.

WHO THE--?
NEVER MIND!
JUST WASTE 'EM!
GO, BATS, GO-- WHILE MY BORROWED BODY DISTRACTS 'EM!
BAM! BAM!
GOT THAT GUY, BUT THERE WERE TWO!
WHERE'S THE OTHER--
--WUHN!
FTAK
BULL'S-EYE, BABE--BUT STILL ONE TO GO...
6

HUH? WHAT HAP--
AOWW!
KUMP
THRAK
NIFTY MOVES, PAL...
...BUT IT'S TIME TO SPLIT UP.
YOU NAIL THE MORTALS, I'LL HANDLE THE GHOSTS-- AND MAYBE THE TWAIN SHALL MEET.
GET UP TO THE TUNNEL AND SEE WHAT ALL THAT RACKET'S ABOUT.
IF THOSE IDIOTS ARE POTSHOTTING MONKEYS AGAIN, TELL 'EM TO KNOCK IT OFF.
AND IF IT AIN'T JUST TARGET PRACTICE, KILLEEN?
THEN STAY ALIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ME ABOUT IT.
HO HO HO.

MORONS AIN'T LEARNED NOTHIN' SINCE EL SALVADOR.
MR. JACKSON KILLEEN, I PRESUME. BUT WHO NAPALMED YOUR FACE, MORTAL?
MONKEY SHOOTS-- FEH!
DORMANT VOLCANO-- PERFECT HIDING PLACE, BETTER PRISON.
NO EASY WAY OUT--NOTHING BUT THE TUNNEL.
BUT WHY IS THE CITY SO DESERTED AND--
<PSST!-- OVER HERE, DEMON!>
OF COURSE.
<YOU SPEAK INCA DIALECT, CHIMU?>
«BE NOT AFRAID --HE IS JUST A MAN, NOT A DEMON.»
<OF COURSE, DEMON...>
<DID YOU THINK I WAS CHINESE?>
<ASK THEM... IF THEY ARE FREED, WILL THEY JOIN ME IN FREEING THEIR CITY?>
<I HAVE ASKED-- AND THEY HAVE AGREED.>
<THEIR LEADER--ALSO NAMED AMARU, LIKE THE CITY--BELIEVES THE OCCUPIERS ARE GODS, BUT THESE ARE YOUNG MEN WHO DISAGREE.>
<THEY ARE INCA WARRIORS, AND THEY WILL FIGHT WITH YOU AGAINST ANYONE...>
8

"<...EVEN THE UGLY ONE WHOM AMARU HAS MISTAKEN FOR VIRACOCHA, THE CREATOR.>"
THEY'RE WHAT?
UNCONSCIOUS BUT ALIVE, KILLEEN...


...BOTH SLEEPIN' LIKE BABES UP BY THE TUNNEL MOUTH -- THEIR WEAPONS GONE.
WAKE EVERYBODY AND SEND 'EM TO THE ORDNANCE TENT-- TELL 'EM TO LOAD HEAVY.
I WANT THIS CITY SEARCHED BUILDING BY BUILDING!

<I WANT TO SEARCH THAT TENT, CHIMU.>
<TELL THE INCAS TO HIDE AND WAIT FOR ME RIGHT OVER THERE.>
NOW YOU HAVE.

ARMED GUARD-- PROBABLY THE WEAPONS CACHE.
SEEN ANY BATS TONIGHT ?
HUH--?

HNOKK
SOMETHING TO DREAM ABOUT.

WEAPONS AND EXPLOSIVES.
GOOD.
XPLOSIVES
DANGEROUS
COME ON-- TURKE SAID TO ARM OURSELVES FAST! LOCK AND LOAD DOUBLE-TIME!
YOU DON'T GOTTA CONVINCE ME! I FEEL NAKED WITHOUT--
BA-WHOOOM!
THE WEAPONS TENT--!
NOW WHERE'S CHIMU?
GONE AGAIN?
?
NEVER MIND...
<JUST STAY HERE AND KEEP HIDING UNTIL I FIND THE ENEMY.>
THEY HAVEN'T UNDERSTOOD A WORD --ENGLISH OR SPANISH...

BODY LANGUAGE WILL HAVE TO DO.
STAY!
BRAKAKAKAK
--ALL OF THE WEAPONS.
WITH LUCK I'VE DESTROYED ALL THE EXPLOSIVES AND MOST OF THEIR AMMUNITION, BUT HARDLY--
CHYEW
THE GUARDS WERE ALREADY ARMED --GOT TO LEAD THEM AWAY FROM THE INCAS, UP THE BOWL OF THE VOLCANO...
SPAK
UP THERE-- HEADIN' FOR THE TUNNEL!
STOP HIM!
TRAPPED--UNLESS I USE THE TUNNEL, AND THEN I'D NEVER GET BACK IN.
NEED SOMETHING TO CONFUSE THEM--A SMOKE-PELLET FROM MY BELT OR...
NO--SOMETHING BETTER THAN THAT...

THE GIFT...
...OF A BONE FLUTE.
SHREEEEEEE
WHAAA--?!
AND CHIMU WAS RIGHT.
TO THE EARS OF BATS--

--THE FLUTE'S SHRILL TONES ARE **EXTREMELY** DISTURBING.

YAHHH!

HALLLP!

EEYAAAHH!

<TIME GROWS **SHORT**, SPIRITS OF THE DEAD, AND I IMPLORE YOU TO SEE THE CITY'S INVADERS FOR WHAT THEY **ARE!**>

<NOT GODS, BUT MERE **MEN**, AND MEN WHO-->

BINGO-- A GUY AND HIS **GHOSTS**.

<EH? WHAT IS YOUR **BUSINESS** HERE, STRANGE SPIRIT?>

<YOU CAN **SEE** ME?>

<I AM A **HIGH PRIEST**.>

<I COMMUNE WITH **ALL** SPIRITS.>

<EVEN IN SPANISH--SO **YOU'RE** THE ONE SENDING GHOSTS TO POSSESS GOTHAM BODIES,,, THE **ANSWER** TO THE **MISSING TIME MYSTERY**.>

<I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR ONE SPIRIT POSSESSING TWO DIFFERENT BODIES IN A **FARAWAY CITY**, YES-->

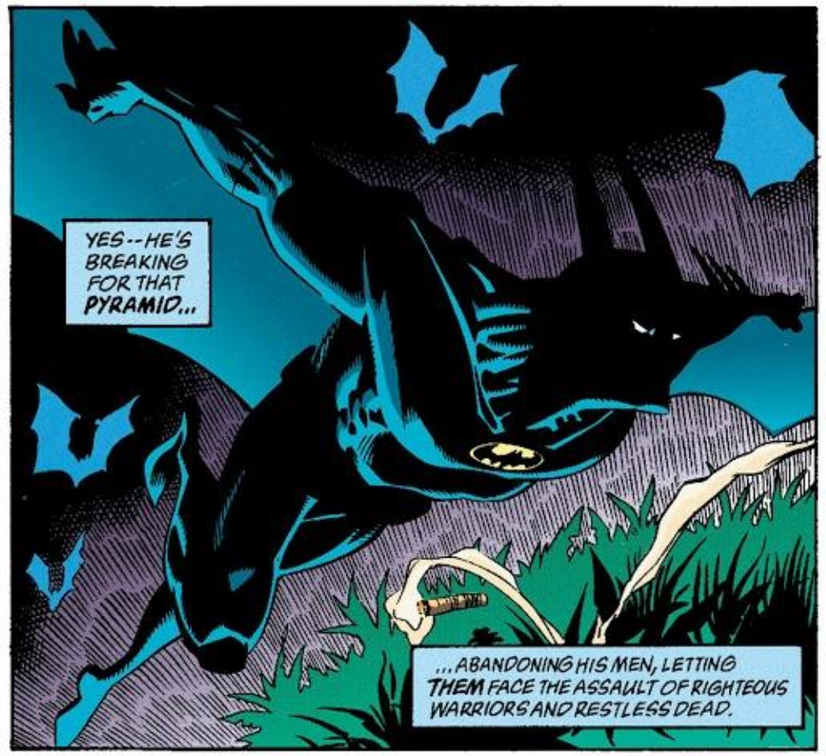
<--BY CONVINCING THE SPIRIT THAT THOSE BODIES BELONGED TO **MEN OF EVIL**.>

<SO WHY NOT STRIKE CLOSER TO HOME? JUST MAKE YOUR GHOSTS POSSESS KILLEEN AND HIS THUGS-- END OF PROBLEM.>
<THEY REFUSE.>
<LIKE AMARU, THE SPIRITS MISTAKE THE INVADERS FOR GODS, AND A GOD'S SACRED BODY MAY NOT BE POSSESSED.>
<SAY WHAT?>
<OKAY, BUT THE WHOLE POINT OF THE INCA CULT OF THE MUMMY IS TO PRESERVE A BODY SO THAT ITS SPIRIT MAY WALK AGAIN TO MEET THE GODS IN THE NEXT WORLD...>
<SO CAN'T YOU AT LEAST CONVINCE YOUR GHOSTS TO POSSESS THEIR OWN MUMMIFIED BODIES AND CONFRONT KILLEEN IF NOT OPPOSE HIM?
<YES--THIS MUCH THE SPIRITS WOULD DO.>
"<THEN BETWEEN YOUR BODY-THIEF GHOSTS, THEIR MUMMIES, AND ME-->
"<--WE JUST MIGHT SCARE THE BEJABBERS OUTTA THOSE OLLIE NORTH REJECTS OUT THERE.>"

STILL A FEW WEAPONS, SO WE'D OVERWHELM THEM ONLY WITH BLOODSHED.
NEED SOME ELEMENT OF SURPRISE BEFORE--
PSSST!
THIS POOR BODY'S GETTIN' SOME WORKOUT, HUH?
BUT LISTEN--ME AND THE SHAMAN-PRIEST JUST FIGURED A WAY TO HELP YOUR UPRISING...
WHAT SHAMAN-PRIEST, BRAND?
LATER.
JUST KEEP YOUR EYES ON THOSE TOWERS.
YOU'LL KNOW WHEN TO SPRING THE TRAP.
WHAT TRAP?
TOO LATE, BABE.
I'M ALREADY GONE.
BOMBS AWAY, GHOSTS--TIME TO STEAL YOUR OWN BODIES...
...OTHERWISE KNOWN AS DOWN THE HATCH AND HOME TO MUMMY!
SEARCHED EVERY BUILDING, KILLEEN--NO OUTSIDERS ANYWHERE...
...BUT SOMEBODY DID FREE ALL THOSE YOUNG BUCKS WE TIED UP.
THEN THAT LEAVES NOTHING BUT THE JUNGLE AND THESE STONE TOWERS, TURKE...
TRANSLATOR!
15

WHAT'S IN THESE THINGS?
AMARU SAYS THEY ARE FUNERARY TOWERS, MR. KILLEEN, FOR THE BODIES OF THE DEAD.
YEAH?
THEY'RE ALSO PERFECT HIDING PLACES FOR WHO-EVER'S SNEAKIN' AROUND BLOWIN' UP MY ORDNANCE, FREEIN' INCAS, AND PICKIN' OFF MY MEN ONE BY ONE...
EVEN WITH A LIGHT, TURKE, IT'S SO DARK DOWN HERE I CAN'T SEE A--
--THING?
<VIRACOCHA... YOU HAVE COME AT LAST...>
<...TO USHER US... INTO THE NEXT WORLD...>
WHAAA--?!
<ARISE, SPIRITS OF THE DEAD!>
N-N-NO...!
<GREET THE "GODS"-- AND SEE THEM FOR WHAT THEY ARE!>
BRAND'S SIGNAL-- THE ANCIENT MUMMIES OF AMARU, SOMEHOW ANIMATED...

...RISING FROM DARKNESS AND DEATH.
NOW!
CHIMU'S BONE FLUTE HAS SERVED ITS PURPOSE.
NOW IT IS TIME FOR A SMOKE-PELLET.
PHOOM
IT'S WORKING.
BLINDED BY THE SMOKE, TRAPPED BETWEEN LIVING INCAS AND DEAD MUMMIES, THE OUTNUMBERED MERCENARIES ARE CONFUSED AND HELPLESS...
BUT THE LEADER--WITH THE EYEPATCH--HE'S SLIPPING AWAY.
JACKSON KILLEEN, NO DOUBT, EITHER FLEEING OR BOLTING FOR A LAST GRAB OF TREASURE...
PROBABLY BOTH.


YES--HE'S BREAKING FOR THAT PYRAMID...
...ABANDONING HIS MEN, LETTING THEM FACE THE ASSAULT OF RIGHTEOUS WARRIORS AND RESTLESS DEAD.

WHY DO THE GODS FEAR AND REJECT US?
BECAUSE YOUR PRIEST IS RIGHT--THEY'RE NOT GODS...
THEY'RE NOTHING BUT CORRUPT MEN--AND WITHOUT THEIR WEAPONS, THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST YOUR DESCENDANTS!
BWOKK

HOW MUCH TREASURE, KILLEEN--?
WHO--?!
BAM BAM
KLIK
EMPTY CLIP.

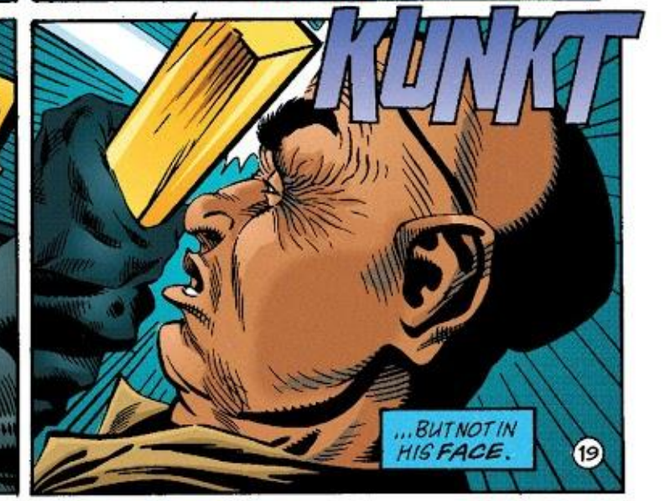
HOW MUCH CAN YOU CARRY?
HOW MUCH CAN YOU LOOT?
MAYBE ALL I NEED--

--IS THIS!
SWUDT
DIDN'T EXPECT... INGOT...
DAZED...GLITTERING SPARKS...SILVER AND GOLD...

GOT TO... BUY TIME...
CHUP
...CLEAR MY HEAD...
18

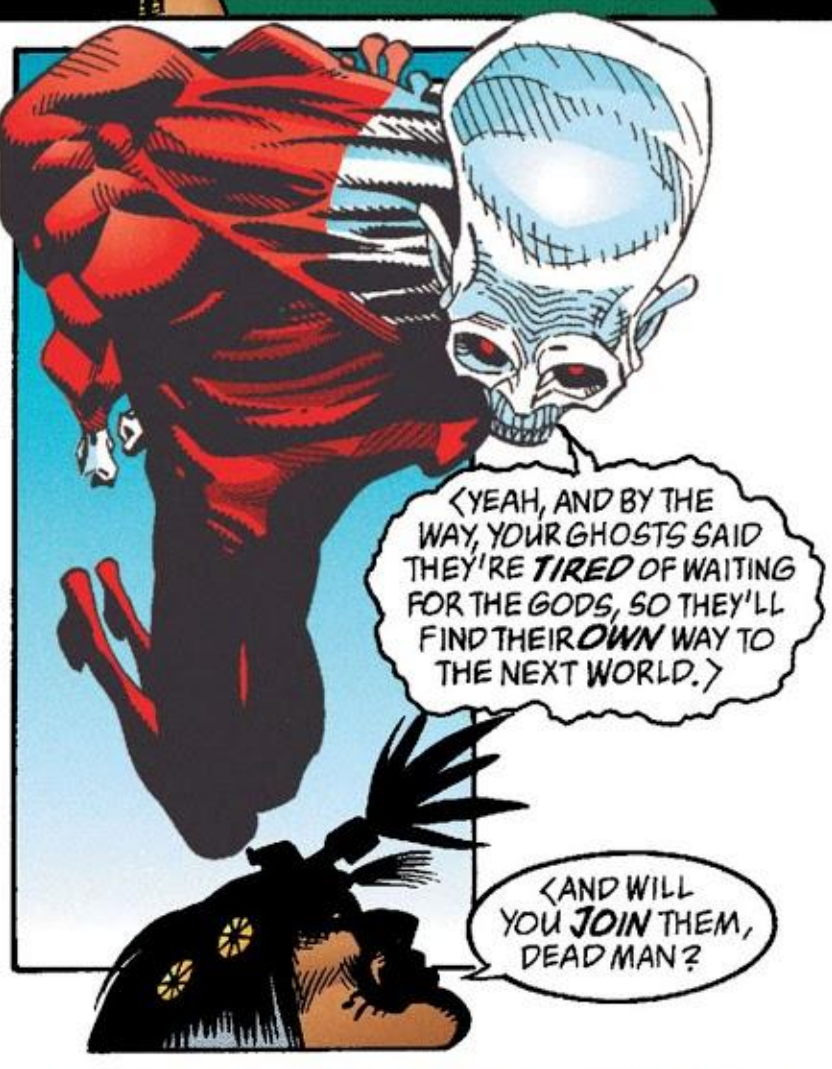
...BEFORE THE NEXT SWING.
CHFT

KILLEEN DID EXPECT THE INGOT...
SHUMP


KUNKT
...BUT NOT IN HIS FACE.
19

IT'S OVER-- THE UPRISING CREAMED US...

...ALL THANKS TO THAT LOUSY PRIEST--BUT WHY IS HE LOOKING UP--TALKIN' TO EMPTY AIR?
<SCORE ONE FOR US, MORTAL.>
<AND FOR THE MUMMIES, DEAD MAN.>

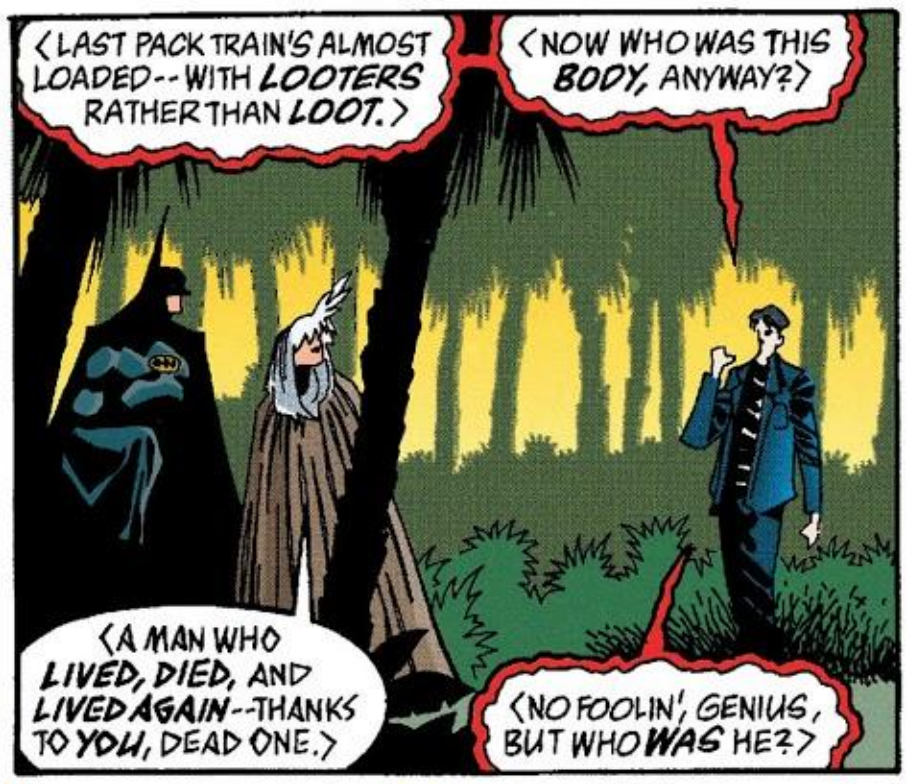

<YEAH, AND BY THE WAY, YOUR GHOSTS SAID THEY'RE TIRED OF WAITING FOR THE GODS, SO THEY'LL FIND THEIR OWN WAY TO THE NEXT WORLD.>
<AND WILL YOU JOIN THEM, DEAD MAN?

<WISH I COULD, PAL, BUT I'M STUCK HERE FOR-->
<LOOK OUT--BEHIND YOU!>

FLUSHSH

WAKT

NHN--WHISTLE IT DOES, JUST AS THE NIGHT-DEMON CLAIMED... BUT ONLY UNTIL IT WHACKS.
I TRUST MY GIFT TO YOU, NIGHT-DEMON, WAS AS USEFUL AS YOURS TO ME?
CHIMU--?
IF YOU SAW THE BATS, PRIEST CHIMU, YOU KNOW IT WAS.
AND SMALL WONDER YOU TOOK ME FOR A DEMON--SINCE SHAMANS ARE CONVINCED SUCH BEINGS EXIST.
AS DO GODS, ALTHOUGH OUR LEADER AMARU WAS BLINDED BY A FALSE VISION OF VIRACOCHA.
RELIGION CAN DO THIS, EVEN TO THE BEST OF MEN...
BETTER GET BACK IN THE BODY SO I CAN TALK TO BATS... NOT THAT MR. X'S VOCAL CORDS WILL LAST MUCH LONGER.
SO YOU SENT THE DEAD ON A MISSION TO SAVE THE LIVING--ALL THE WAY TO GOTHAM.
YES--HOPING THE SPIRIT WOULD ATTRACT A TRUE GOD TO OUR HIDDEN CITY.
AND YOU VENTURED OUT OF THIS CITY TO AWAIT THE "GOD'S" ARRIVAL... MEANING THOSE LLAMAS WERE NOT YOURS.
THEY WERE WILD, SIMPLY ENJOYING THE SOUNDS OF A BONE FLUTE--ONCE MINE, NOW YOURS.
AND WHEN I APPROACHED YOU...
I KNEW YOU HAD BEEN DRAWN BY THE SPIRIT, BUT I FEARED IT HAD GONE ASTRAY, ATTRACTING DEMON RATHER THAN GOD.
IT SEEMS YOU MAY BE BOTH.
ENJOY THE FLUTE, DEMON-GOD, WITH OUR GRATITUDE.


〈LAST PACK TRAIN'S ALMOST LOADED--WITH LOOTERS RATHER THAN LOOT.〉
〈NOW WHO WAS THIS BODY, ANYWAY?〉
〈A MAN WHO LIVED, DIED, AND LIVED AGAIN--THANKS TO YOU, DEAD ONE.〉
〈NO FOOLIN', GENIUS, BUT WHO WAS HE?〉

〈AN ALLY TO THE UGLY ONE, WHO SOUGHT PROFIT FROM THE SWEAT OF THE SUN AND THE TEARS OF THE MOON--STOLEN GOLD AND SILVER--AND INTO WHOM I THEREFORE SENT A SPIRIT.〉

〈SPEAKIN' OF WHICH, KNOCK OFF THE BODY-STEALING JOYRIDES, HUH?〉
〈NOW THAT THE THREAT TO THIS CITY HAS PASSED, THE MEMORY OF YOUR CONFUSED WORDS HAS ALREADY CLOUDED.〉
〈MAY YOUR STENCH FARE WELL, DEAD MAN.〉

FEH--TALKIN' TO THAT OLD GINK IS LIKE SWIMMIN' THROUGH GLUE.
MORE LIKE BREATHING, BRAND --THROUGH BONE.
BUT YOUR PLANS FOR THAT BODY?

WALK IT HOME AND LET IT REST IN PEACE, BAD GUY OR NOT--AND FEEL RELIEF THAT HE WASN'T A GOOD GUY.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? GONNA TELL THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS ABOUT THIS LOST CITY?
LIKE YOU, BRAND, ARCHAEOLOGISTS STUDY THE DEAD--

--BUT CHIMU'S PEOPLE ARE STILL ALIVE...
...AND THE LIVING, AS YOU KEEP POINTING OUT, DESERVE PRIVACY.
AMEN, PAL--AMEN.
DEAD END

EMPIRE
McFARLANE