



DC
COMICS™

10

THE NEW 52!

BATMAN



SCOTT
SNYDER
GREG
CAPULLO
JONATHAN
GLAPION

AUG 2012

RATED T TEEN

Capullo
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+fco

DCCOMICS.COM

What you're looking at is
the most expensive private
residence in Gotham City.

Valued at fifty-eight million
dollars, the complex takes
up the top three floors of
the famous Powers Hotel
and is occupied by the
Powers family patriarch,
Joseph, and his wife, Maria.

The place was built during the
Depression, as a fortress
against the masses. It has its
own wooden gymnasium,
pool, bowling alley...it even has
a Zeppelin moor on the balcony.

Protected by both hotel
and private guards, armed
with encrypted wireless
security, it has never seen
a visitor not employed, or
invited, by the Powers Family.

Until tonight.

DEAR GOD...

SECURITY!

I SAID
SECURITY!
HELP ME,
I'M--

DC COMICS
presents
BATMAN in

ASSAULT on the COURT

GOING
DOWN?

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YOUR SCARE TACTICS WORKED, SIR. SHE'S DIALING HER HUSBAND NOW.

TELL ME YOU CAN TRACK THE CALL, ALFRED.

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE CAN. THOUGH HIS LINE IS BASICALLY IMPENETRABLY CODED, WE'RE NOW ABLE TO "PIGGYBACK" ON HERS TO LOCATE HIS PHONE.

AND THE TALONS?

I MOVED THEM INTO THE COLD STORAGE LABORATORY, SIR...

...THEY SEEM TO HAVE RETREATED INTO SOME KIND OF PRESERVATORY STASIS.

GOOD.

TELL ME WHEN YOU HAVE A LOCK ON MR. POWERS.





Henri Ducard, the great detective, once told me that there's a feeling you get on a case sometimes...

Earlier tonight, when Lincoln March gave me his short list of names, I felt it. I saw Joseph Powers' name on the list and I knew.

Not just because he was responsible for the founding of the Gotham Aviary, for its exceptional collection of rare owls. Not because his finances seem skewed. But because I felt it in my gut, that remembering.

And now, here, I feel it again...

...a feeling that comes when the pieces suddenly fit into place and the answer you've been looking for all that time begins to appear.

The feeling, Ducard said, is like "a remembering." Not so much a discovery of something new, as a remembering of what you knew all along. Something right in front of you.

That feeling is the best indicator you have your answer, said Ducard.

...outside this building.

I came to Harbor House when I was a boy. I was looking for the Court of Owls.

That time I found nothing.

Not tonight.



Tonight, the Court goes down. Once and for all.



No more hiding. No more plotting from the shadows.



Tonight their story ends. Their little song will be forgotten. Their name vanishes from Gotham's history.

They know it, too. Rushing to meet here in the middle of the night.

The report from Alfred is that many of the assassination attempts tonight were stopped. Most of the Court's Talons are down.



And now I have them cornered.



No security, no traps...nothing can keep me from them.

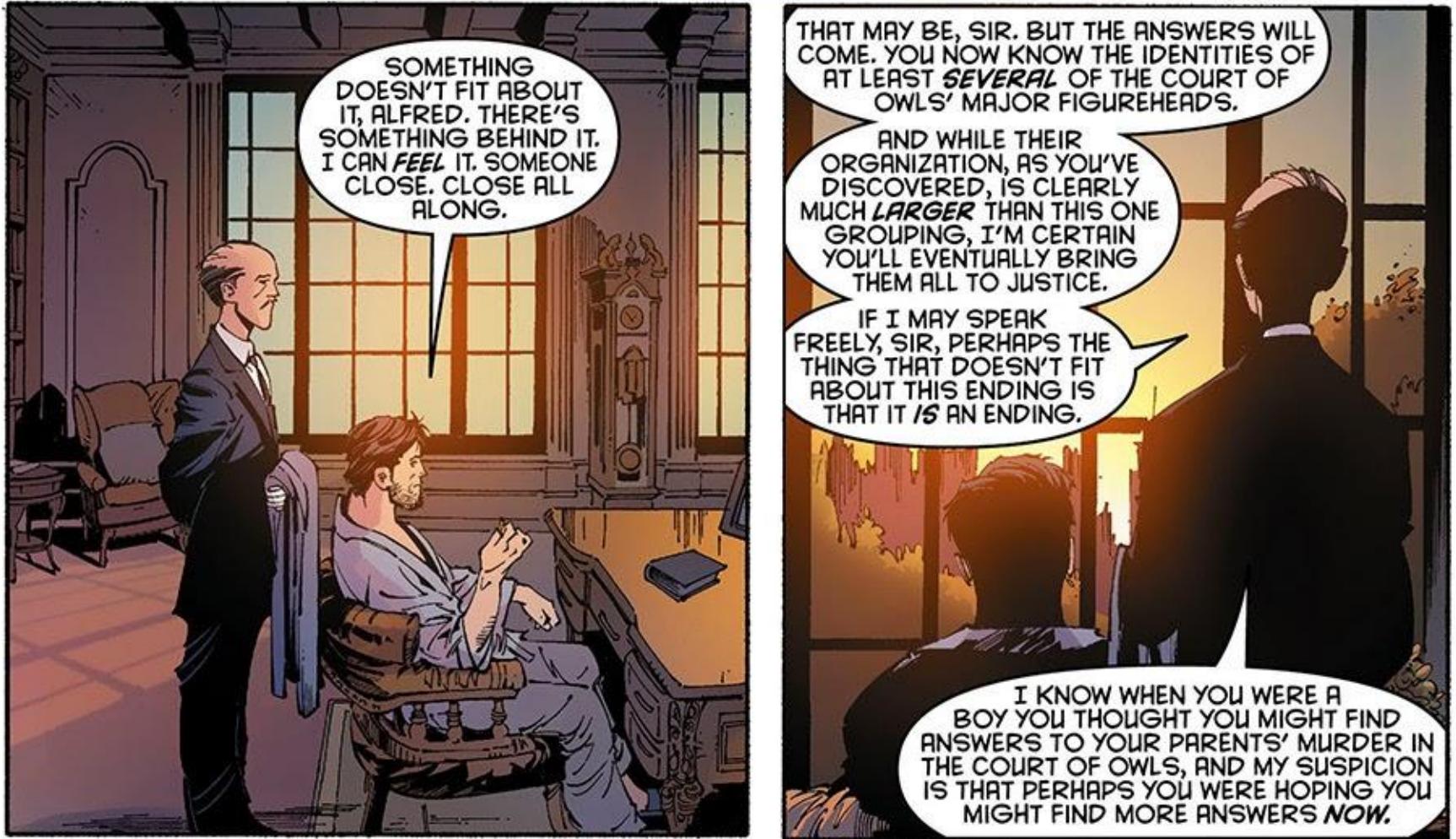
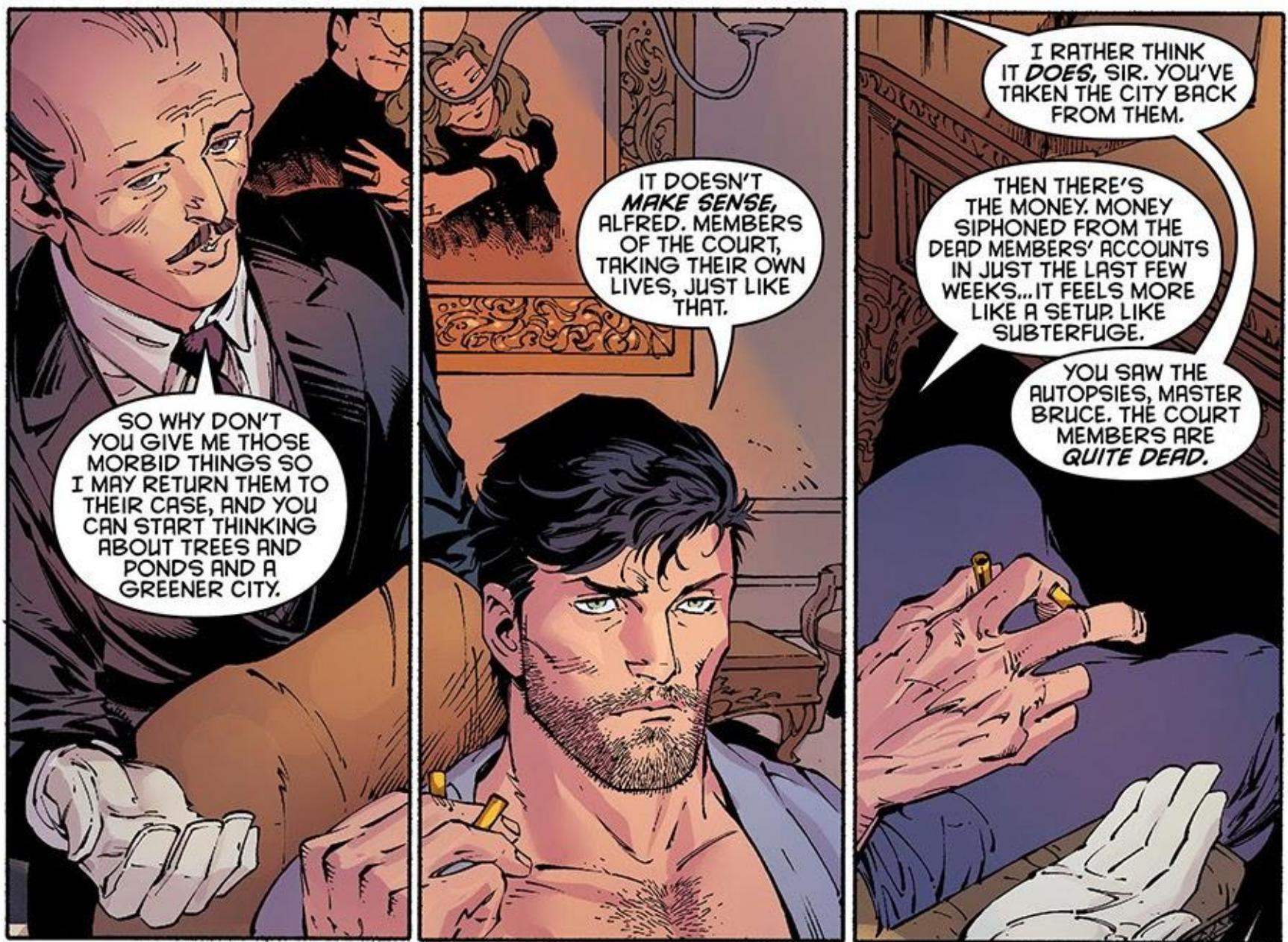
Not tonight.

Not...









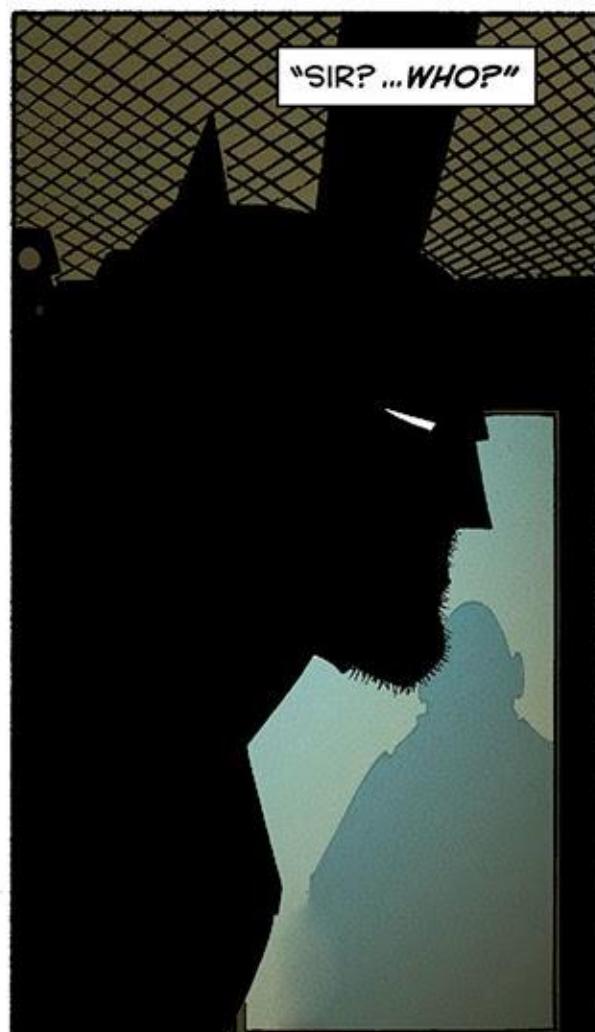


"AFTER WHO,
MASTER BRUCE?"



"SIR? ... WHO?"

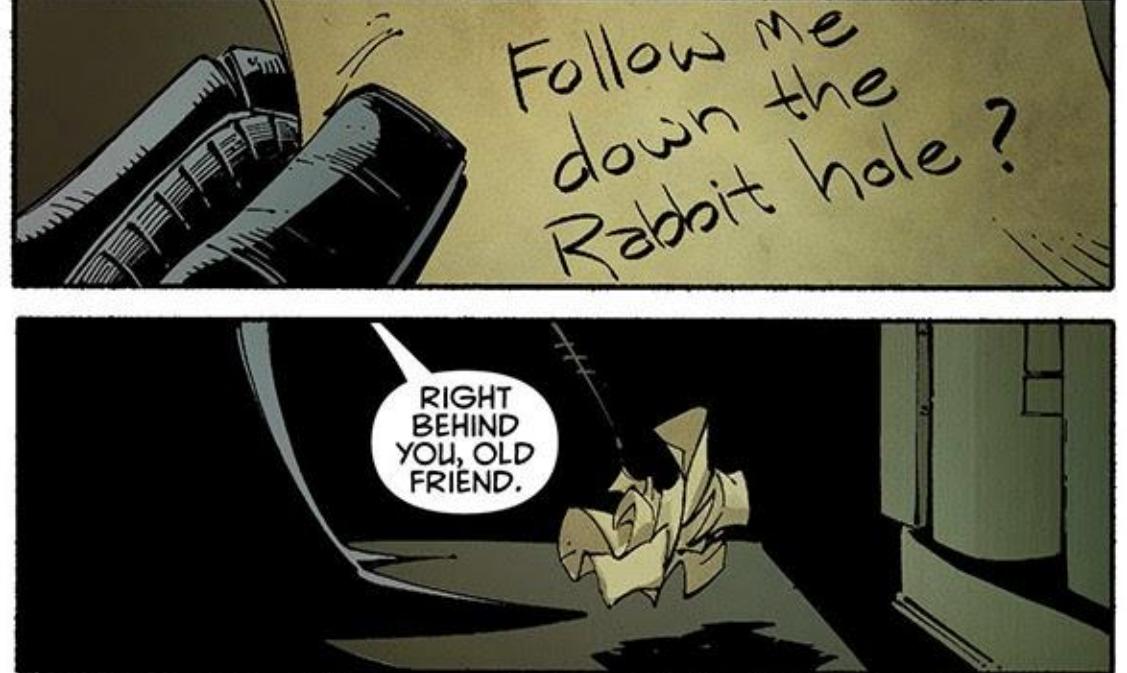
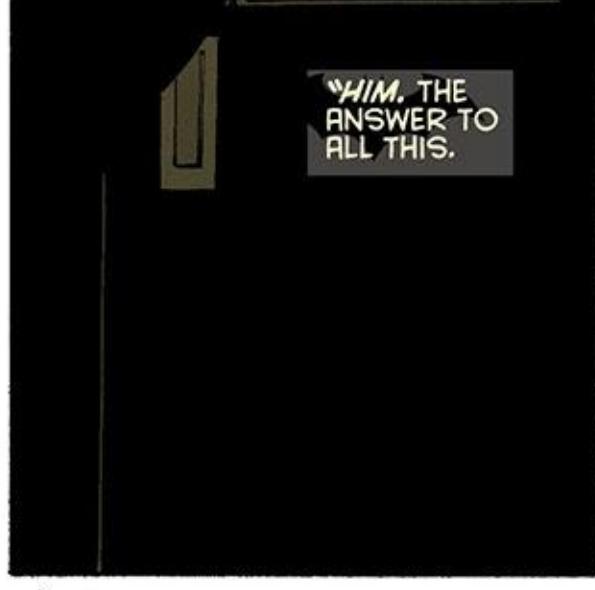
"THE ONE BEHIND IT.
THE ONE I FORGOT."



"HIM. THE
ANSWER TO
ALL THIS."

Follow me
down the
Rabbit hole?

RIGHT
BEHIND
YOU, OLD
FRIEND.



Sinkholes are tricky things.
They can form in more places
than most people think.

In cities, they form particularly
quickly, often exacerbated by leaky
pipes and overly heavy structures.

Gotham has a sinkhole.
Just one. It's the only one
in Kane County, in fact.

And it sits
beneath
this place.

The Willowwood
Home for Children.

Years ago, it was Gotham's
satellite hospital for children
suffering from mental illness
and neurological disorders.



It operated until eighteen years ago, when a sinkhole swallowed the orderlies' quarters.

In the days that followed the catastrophe, the truth about Willowwood became clear.



The abuses the children had been subjected to. The neglect. Children. Alone, naked, rotting in their filth. Left to starve.

Now, it sits abandoned, and children dare each other to spend the night inside.



They say the sadness of the lost children caused the sinkhole. They say the place is haunted by their spirits.



Tonight, I almost believe it...after all, I'm here to catch a dead man.



I'M HERE.







MY THEORY?
YOU WERE AN
INMATE HERE AT
ONE TIME.

GOOD.
SO TELL
ME HOW YOU
YOU DEDUCED
THAT.

SNIP

MEN LIKE
YOU--CRIMINALS--
ALWAYS LEAVE CLUES
BEHIND.

NOT BECAUSE
YOU'RE SLOPPY,
BUT BECAUSE YOU'RE
EGOTISTICAL. YOU
LIKE TO TAUNT YOUR
PURSUERS.

SO THE SINKHOLE. THE
STORY YOU TOLD ME
WHEN I VISITED YOU IN
THE HOSPITAL, AFTER WE
WERE ATTACKED AT OLD
WAYNE TOWER. YOU WERE
DARING ME TO LOOK
DEEPER INTO
YOU.

YOU KNEW
THE RECORDS
THE COURT OF
OWLS CREATED
WERE TOO GOOD
TO PENETRATE,
BUT EVEN SO,
YOU LEFT
A CLUE.

A
TRUTH INSIDE
THE LIE.

A TRUTH INSIDE THE LIE.
EXACTLY, JUST LIKE WITH
YOU. LIKE WHEN I SAW
YOU FIGHT THAT TALON
DURING OUR FIRST
MEETING. YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE
AN EASY HIT.

THE COURT
SAID I COULD
BE THERE TO WATCH.
AND WHEN I SAW WHAT YOU
WERE...THE BATMAN...THAT'S
WHEN I KNEW WHAT I HAD
TO DO. WHAT I NEEDED
TO BECOME.

BUT I SAW
WHO THEY WERE, TOO--
THE COURT. THEY SAID THE
TALON ATTACKED ME BY
ACCIDENT, THAT HE MADE
A MISTAKE, BUT I SAW THE
TRUTH IN THAT LIE, TOO.

SO WHO
AM I, BRUCE? GO
ON. I WAS AN INMATE
HERE AS A CHILD AND
THE COURT TOOK
ME IN...WHY?

NO! BECAUSE OF WHO I
ALREADY WAS! WHO
I AM...

YOU'RE MAKING
ME ANGRY, AVOIDING
THE QUESTION, BRUCE.
BUT IF YOU WON'T ANSWER
IT, ANSWER THIS: HOW?
WHAT TIPPED YOU OFF?
WHAT SENT YOU TO
THE MORGUE?

BECAUSE YOU WERE
SOMEONE WITH NOTHING,
SOMEONE THEY COULD
PROP UP AND CONTROL,
SOMEONE THEY COULD CREATE
FROM SCRATCH. THEIR OWN
CANDIDATE. LINCOLN MARCH.

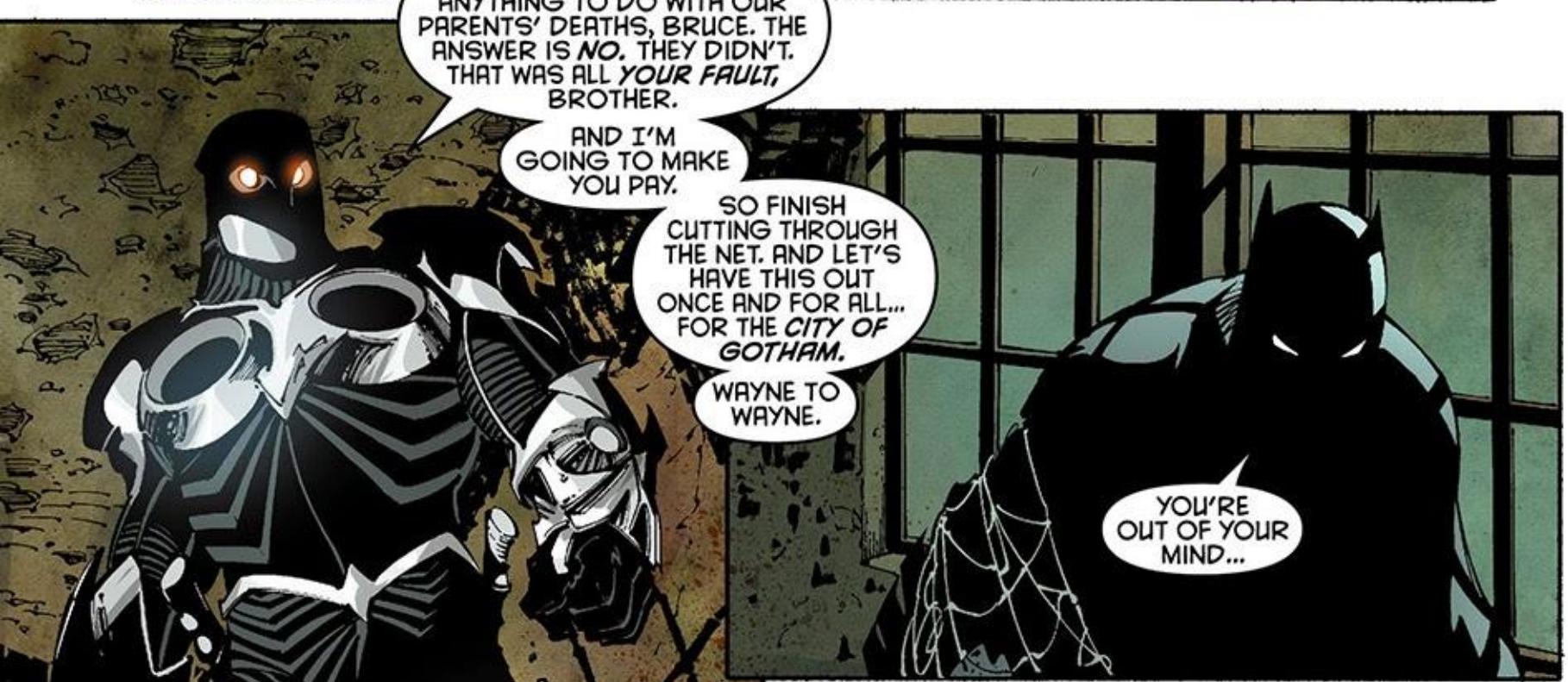
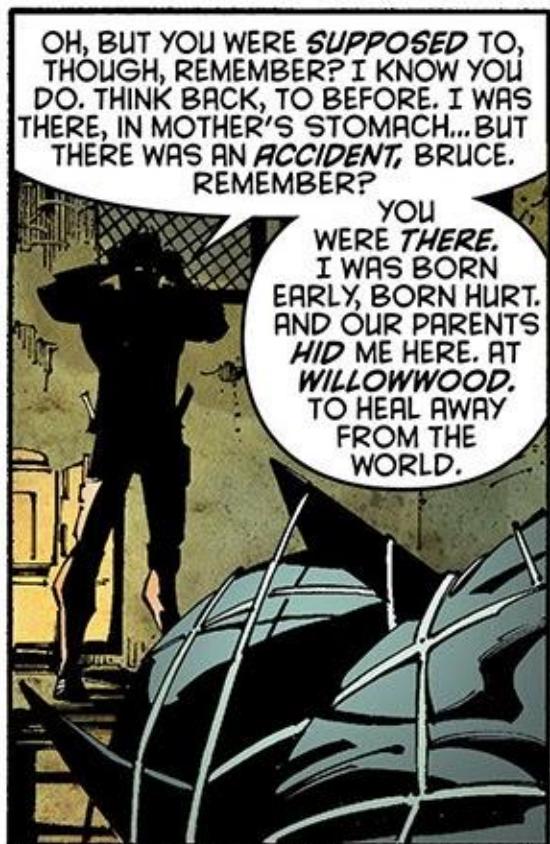
SAY
IT!

...

SAY
IT!

...





OWL
TO
BAT!

NEXT: THE CONCLUSION!

The hour is late, my boy...my Alfred.

If I do not escape soon, I fear I will never leave these wretched grounds.



Death's shadow draws closer with every passing moment.



...not only upon the Lady Martha and Master Thomas...

...but the very legacy
of the Wayne Family.

You see, Martha had resolved
herself to the creation of
a new school for Gotham's
underprivileged, its
forgotten children.

She believed that
through this school,
she could shape the
city into something
brighter for young
Master Bruce...

...and for her second
child, who was nearly
due to be born.

I spent my days caring
for Bruce as his mother
tended to her plans and
to her pregnancy.

Even at three years old, Bruce
was an exceptional child.
Smart and kind...I knew you
would love him one day as I do.

But now, none of that
will come to pass.

"JARVIS, CAN YOU
COME IN HERE
FOR A MOMENT?"

YES,
MADAM?

GATHER UP BRUCE AND
GET HIM READY FOR
BED. I'LL BE UP JUST
AFTER THIS CALL.

I'M SORRY, MR.
MAYOR, I--NO--I BEG
YOUR PARDON, SIR!
THESE MEN SAID THEY
REPRESENTED THE CITY.
WHO THE HELL ELSE
WOULD I THINK--

YOU DON'T
APPRECIATE MY
TONE?!

THESE MEN
THREATENED MY
UNBORN CHILD! IF THEY
CALL AGAIN, I PROMISE
THAT THE LAWYERS OF
BOTH THE KANE AND
WAYNE FAMILIES WILL
COME DOWN ON YOU
SO FAST YOUR HEAD
WILL SPIN.

HOW DOES
THAT SOUND
TO YOU?

RUN UP TO
YOUR ROOM,
NOW, MASTER
BRUCE.

SLAM

JUST LET
THEM TRY TO
STOP ME.

In a city like Gotham,
there will always be
those who stand firmly
against progress.

My entire life, I had
heard rumors, rhymes,
and deadly superstitions
of such figures.

SMASH

My father even told me once
never to push a Wayne towards
greatness. Happiness is a
more worthy goal.

And far
less deadly.

I never took the
admonition seriously,
until the day I received
that fateful call.





Martha's hope and purity of spirit pushed me to agree. But I knew, in my heart, I should have insisted that we stay home.

I had my suspicions, now, as to what figures haunted the Waynes.

The Owl in the window had sealed my dread.

I could hear that silly rhyme growing louder in the back of my head, the closer we got to the school grounds.

The closer we got to that damned intersection...

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF WAYNE PART 2 OF 3

...on the corner of Lincoln and March.

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TO BE CONCLUDED!

2012