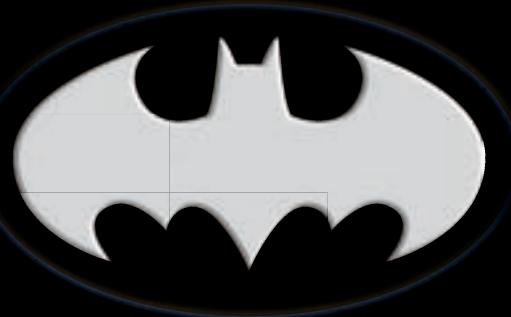


THE
BATMAN
FILES



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The Batman Files

It's hard to be the Batman when you're dead. I recently learned this firsthand when the entire world believed I had died at the hands of an other-dimensional god named Darkseid. And while I thought I had prepared for any contingency, it seemed I hadn't planned for my own death as well as I should have.

Simply put, Batman and Robin can't be allowed to fade into obscurity. Gotham needs us too much for us to allow that to happen. It needs someone to keep its dark half in check, someone to fight for the impossible. When I "died," Dick Grayson, the original Robin, took up my mantle and cause. It was what I'd hoped, and maybe, a bit arrogantly, had assumed he would do. But despite all that, I left him unprepared. I left him without the proper tools needed to take my place. To completely become the Batman.

That's what this book is for. This is a chronicle of my life, from my parents' death to my recent mission of taking the idea of Batman to a global level. Collected within these covers are excerpts from my private journals and crime files, highlighting my most important cases—my greatest victories as well as my worst defeats. This book is my life's work, and should serve as equal parts instruction manual and cautionary tale.

*Because Batman cannot die.
We can't let him.*

*Bruce Wayne
From the Batcave below Wayne Manor
Bristol County, Gotham City*



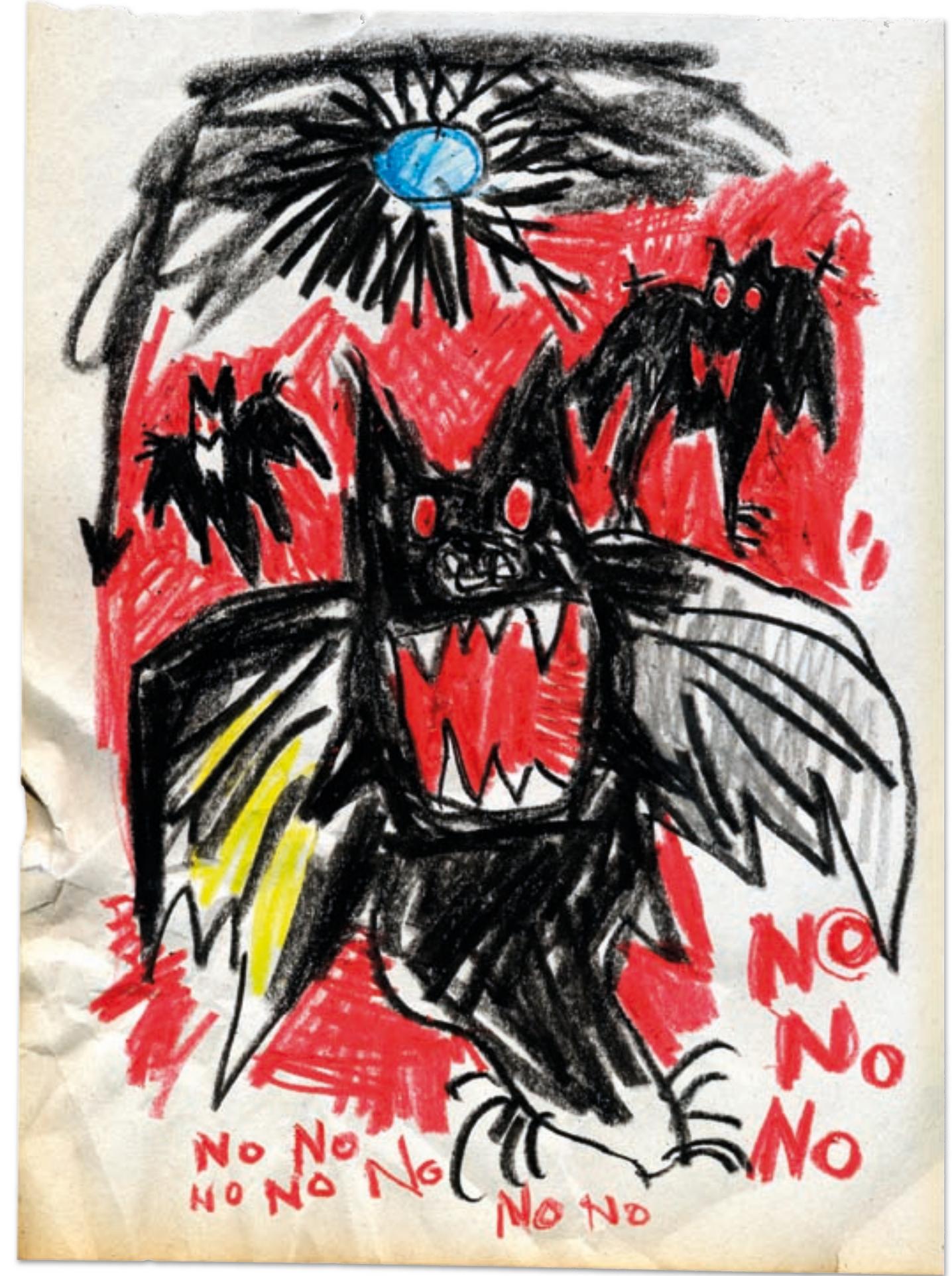
The first day of my life.



When I was a boy, I fell through a sinkhole in the yard and got my first glimpse of the caverns beneath Wayne Manor. I wasn't physically hurt, but what I saw down there stayed with me for life.



Early moments with my family.



After I fell in the cave, I was obviously traumatized. My mother decided it would be a good idea to sit me down and have me draw what I experienced. This was the result.



Alfred Pennyworth and Leslie Thompkins. They did their best to raise me after my parents' death. I owe them more than they'll ever know.



My parents' final resting place in Crown Hill Cemetery.

October 17

I'm careful when I open the window. My new roommate, Harvey Dent, is snoring not two feet away, and I don't want to wake him. He murmurs something in his sleep, like he's having a conversation with himself. It's not the first time I've seen him do that, so it doesn't really take me by surprise. He turns over on his side away from me, and I head out the window. I'll be back before he gets up for his first class in the morning.

Harvey's nice and all, but I'm not sure we have much in common. His world seems pretty perfect. He's got the friends, the girl, and from what he says, the ideal family life at home. But he's gone out of his way to be nice to me. Could be because of my family's money, but I don't think so. I really think he's just genuinely a nice guy. I don't have time for friends, but if I did, he'd be a good place to start.

Our room is on the fourth floor, so the drop to the grass below isn't really an option. I open my backpack and take out the grappling hook I bought from a dealer overseas. It's sturdy enough and gets the job done. But it'd be nice to have something with an automatic recoil. Something that takes the work out of the climb for me.

Thankfully, it's only two stories this time. My feet hit the rooftop, and I give myself a moment to look out at the campus. Gotham Preparatory School for Boys. On the quiet end of Bristol County. Quiet and secure. So unfortunately, the grounds are a bit too well lit for my purposes tonight. I look over to the East Wall, and the forest beyond. And then I look across the rooftop to the fire escape on the far end of the building.

Four minutes later and I'm in the woods. The plan is to start off with an hour of running. After that, I'll probably work on my katas and maybe try a bit of meditation and observation. There's a clear, full moon shining through the trees, so the forest is a bit brighter than I'd hoped it would be. But the light's not really an issue until I hear a twig snap on the ground behind me.

I duck behind a tree as quickly as I can. I can hear voices about four yards away. I can't make out the words, so I take a chance and peak low, above the grass line. I recognize the guard, Tom

Valente, but not the redheaded woman with him. Maybe a teacher, or someone from the bursar's office? It doesn't really matter, I guess. What matters is that I get back to my dorm room unseen. Being caught with a bag full of combat gear doesn't really go hand in hand with Bruce Wayne's image.

The voices come closer, so I get to my feet, and begin to back away from the tree. I make it about a foot and a half before I accidentally crunch a few dry leaves under my foot. And that's just enough. Valente switches back to security mode, and his flashlight is shining on the tree next to me within seconds. I hear him shouting as I make a run for it. There isn't any time for stealth, I just have to trust that the cigarettes Valente smokes out in front of the library building twice an hour will give me the advantage.

I make it back to the East Wall, hearing Valente behind me the whole way. As far as I can tell, he's not close enough to ID me, so at least I have that going for me. I make it over the wall and land in the shadows next to the dorm. From the sound of it, Valente decides not to attempt the climb, and heads towards the side gate near the Elliot Building. It gives me just enough time to make it back up the fire escape and over the rooftop's ledge before he's back on the campus grounds. I'm out of breath, but it looks like Bruce Wayne won't have to answer any uncomfortable questions in the morning.

I've been here less than a month, and already this isn't working. I need an outlet, and obviously a lot more training. I'm going to have to start traveling, but I need to somehow balance my trips with the impression of a normal life.

As I crawl back through my dorm window, I hear Harvey stirring in his sleep. I shove my bag under my bed, and close the window. For a brief minute or two, I can't help but think about Harvey's life and how nice it must be to just be a normal fourteen-year-old kid in prep school. But then I think of how my meditation techniques really need some work, and of how I could use a couple hours concentrating on my breathing control. So I sit on my bed and close my eyes, and try to ignore his snoring.



June 27

I'm leaving Gotham City today.

When I was a boy, I made a promise. I swore on the freshly dug graves of my parents that I would somehow avenge their deaths. I remember kneeling there in the rain, my knees sinking into the mud. I remember looking up at the sky and screaming. I was just a child, making the impossible promise of a child. Yet here I am, about to board an 8:15 to Okinawa, my first stop of many on my way to keeping that vow.

There's a part of me... and I'll admit it's a large part... there's a part of me that thinks I'm crazy. That what I'm doing is completely irrational. I'm leaving my friends, Alfred... everyone and everything I know behind, for who knows how long this time, all for an impossible dream. No matter what I do, Gotham City will never change. No matter how hard I train, no matter what I teach my body to accomplish, I still won't be able to fix this place. I'm only one man, and hardly even that.

But there's no other option. I can't go back to my life at school, marry the girl of my dreams and settle down on my father's money. I can't just sit by and do nothing. Not while Gotham continues to rot from the inside out. Not while other children lose their families out there.

I've been pushing myself practically my entire life. Training with the finest local teachers money can buy. Taking monthlong sabbaticals from school to study with some of the most isolated experts in the country. But until today, I haven't committed myself fully to the goal. I haven't gotten on a plane not to return until I'm ready to do what needs to be done. To do what I swore to them I would. Instead I've been stalling. I've been putting it off.

I still miss them. I think about them every single day.

I'm pretty sure that I always will.

I still miss them, and I made them an impossible promise.

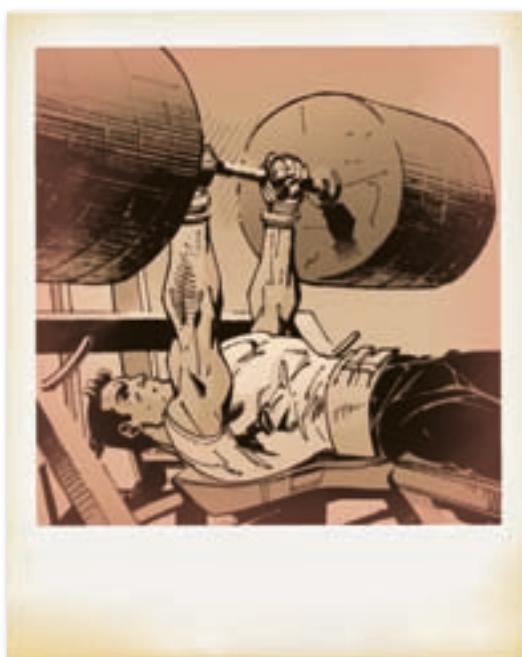
So I'm leaving Gotham City today.



Security camera still of Dan Mallory, a private detective with a penchant for shadows that "Frank Nixon" trained with in Chicago.



Leaving Gotham City to continue my training.



Part of an extensive work-out routine I picked up in my time in Washington D.C. from a pair of trainers named Christian and Jessica Fox.



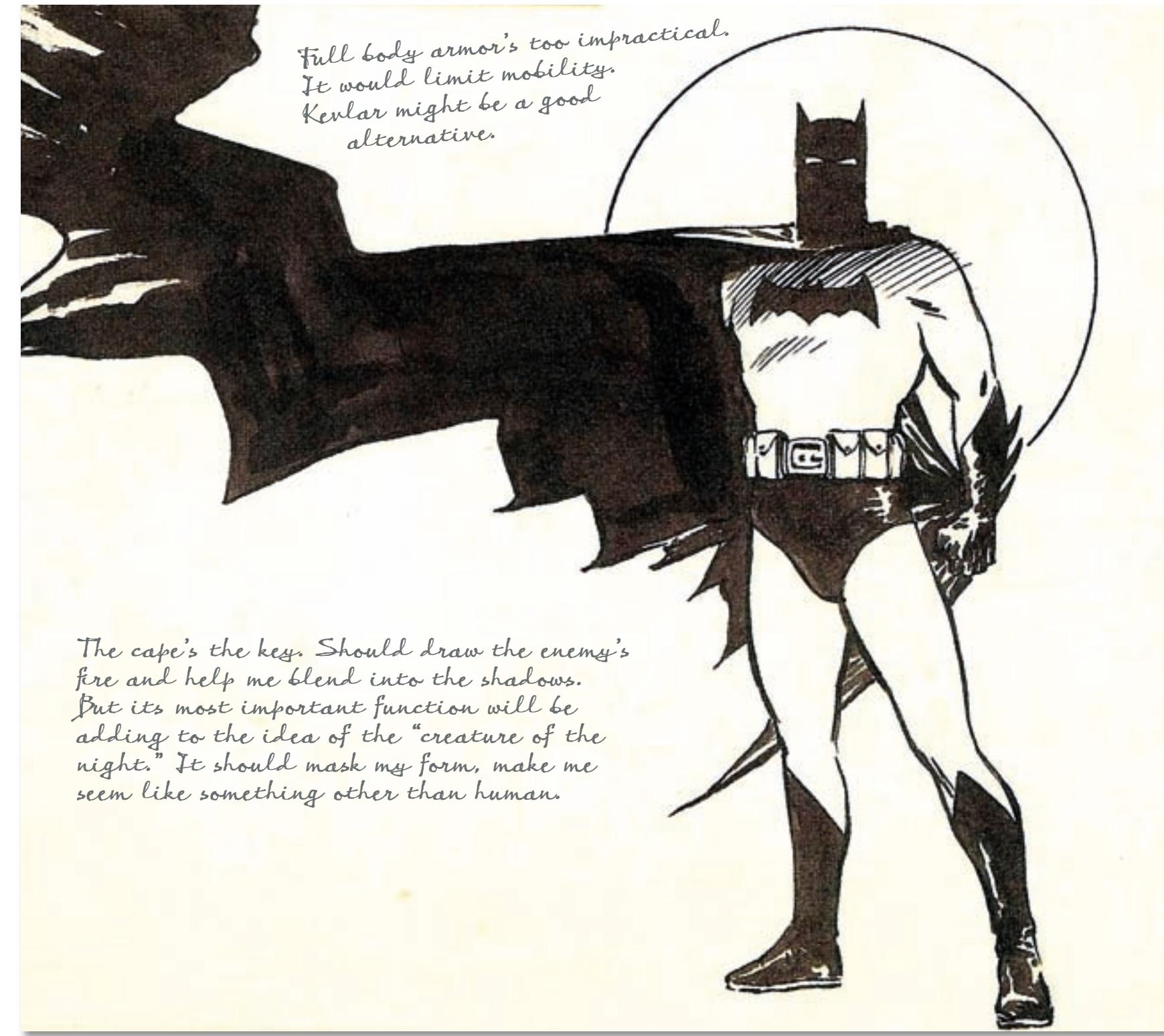
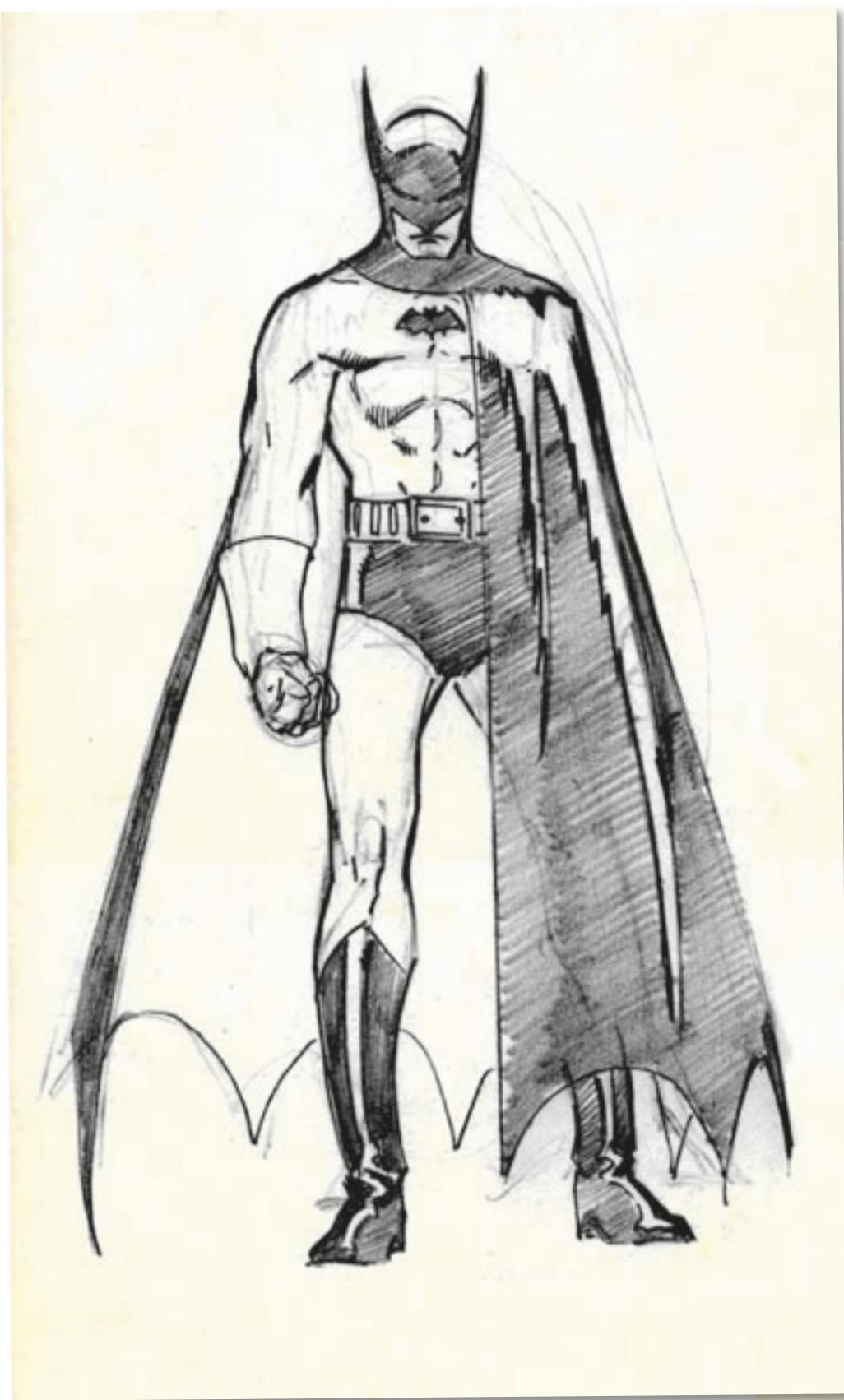
Pictures from my time in the Tanggula Shan Mountains near the border of China and Tibet. My three months there studying Taoism from Shao-La was invaluable.



A photo shot by a villager of me paying a visit to the Xinjiang province in West China. This ransacked town was called Waiguo. I brought its tormentor to justice.



My earliest designs for the Batman





My heart is simply aflutter at the opportunity, sir.

If all else fails in your campaign against crime, perhaps you might consider showing the ne'er-do-wells of Gotham the recent expenditure reports from your R&D branch. The figure alone would instill terror into even the most hardened of criminals.

- A

NOTES

Alfred,

Sorry the material is proving difficult to work with, but I think we're on the right track. The Kevlar's straight from Wayne Enterprises' R&D lab.

It's a state-of-the-art light-weight weave that's actually harder to penetrate than the industry standard, which is why you're having difficulty making alterations to it. But I'm assuming you'd rather be stitching up the cape than my hide. Of course on days like today, I might be wrong about that...

Otherwise, I think it's about ready. One minor detail: maybe make the "ears" longer? Could help with the intimidation factor, and later down the road, we can always add radio antennae and a satellite link in the extra interior space they create. I'd also like to get around to adding night-vision to the lenses, and maybe an infrared setting as well, but I think I'm several years away from developing anything manageable right now. Might get the WayneTech team working on something like that, though. Tell them it's for a private security firm or something.

I'm sure you can think up a believable explanation.

- Bruce

TRAINING SCHEDULE
For the week of 2/20-2/26

SUNDAY 2/20

MORNING
30 minute jog
30 minute meditation

EVENING
clean and jerk lifts – 3 reps/8 sets. 262 lbs.
5 sets metabolic conditioning:
1/4 mile run
21 kettlebell swings
12 pull-ups
30 minutes flexibility
30 minutes sparring

MONDAY 2/21

MORNING
30 minute jog
30 minutes traditional kata (focus on Japanese forms)

EVENING
5 sets 20 foot rope climb
30 minutes gymnastic rings (work on muscle ups in particular)
high box jumps—12 reps/8 sets
crunches—50 reps/5 sets
30 minutes heavy bag
30 minutes flexibility
30 minutes target practice

TUESDAY 2/22

MORNING
30 minute jog
30 minutes yoga

EVENING
1/2 mile swim
heavy dead lift—5 reps/7 sets. 620 lbs.
lighter dead lift—30 reps. 310 lbs.
30 minutes sparring

WEDNESDAY 2/23

OFF DAY

MORNING
20-mile run—last week's time was 4:50 per mile.
Need to better that time by a half a minute.

EVENING
skill training only
30 minutes target practice
30 minutes flexibility
30 minutes upper body basics
30 minutes lower body basics
30 minutes observation
30 minutes meditation
30 minutes holds and pressure points

THURSDAY 2/24

MORNING
30 minute jog
30 minutes traditional kata
(focus on Okinawan forms)

EVENING
squats—5 reps/10 sets. 525 lbs.
1 hour bouldering
30 minutes flexibility
crunches—50 reps/5 sets

30 minutes target practice
30 minutes heavy bag

FRIDAY 2/25

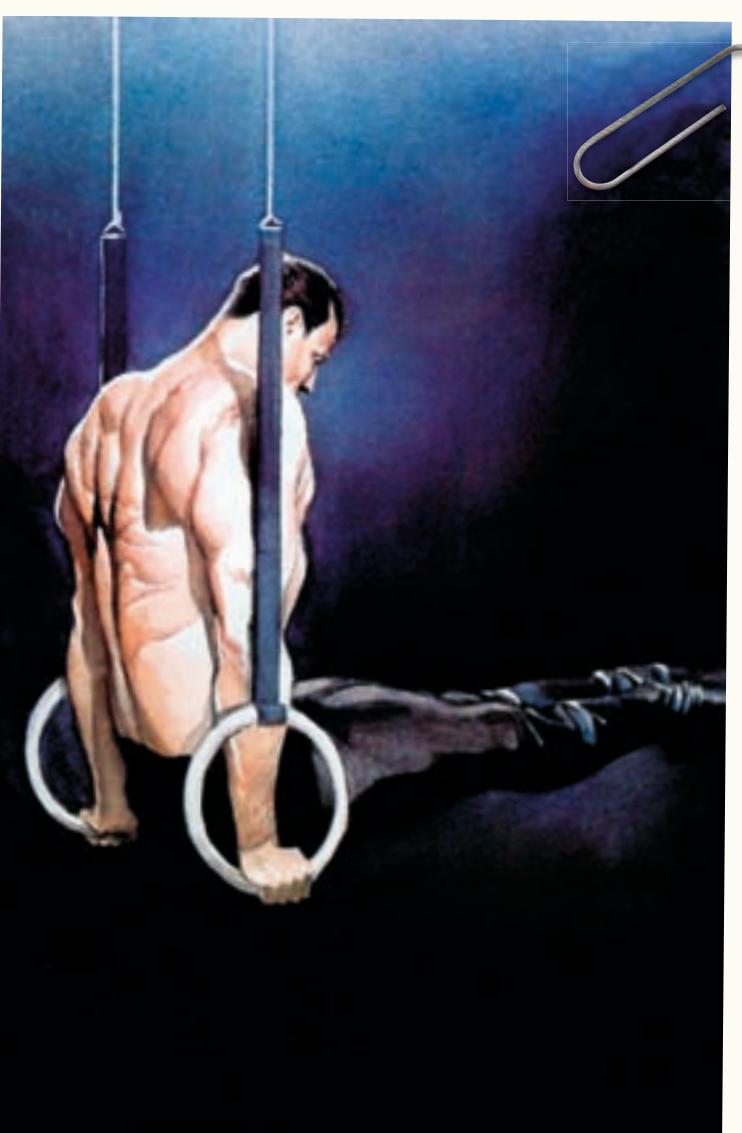
MORNING
30 minute jog
30 minute meditation

EVENING
clean and jerk lifts—3 reps/8 sets. 262 lbs.
5 sets metabolic conditioning:
1/4 mile run
21 kettlebell swings
12 pull-ups
30 minutes flexibility
30 minutes sparring

SATURDAY 2/26

MORNING
30 minute jog
30 minutes yoga

EVENING
crunches—50 reps/5 sets
squats—5 reps/10 sets. 525 lbs.
push-ups—50 reps/5 sets
30 minutes monkey bars
30 minute pommel horse
30 minutes heavy bag
1/4 mile swim



In an effort to inspire the all-important Dark Knight to take time out of his busy schedule and actually consume a reasonable amount of sustenance, I have taken the liberty of composing a menu for today's scheduled meals. It is my high hope that these elegantly prepared courses will not share the fate of their predecessors: resting cold and untouched on a computer console.
- A

YNE MANOR

TUESDAY'S MENU

Breakfast

six poached eggs laid over artichoke bottoms with a sage pesto sauce
thinly sliced baked ham
mixed organic fresh fruit bowl
freshly squeezed orange juice
organic, grass-fed milk
4 grams branched-chain amino acid
2 grams fish oil

Lunch

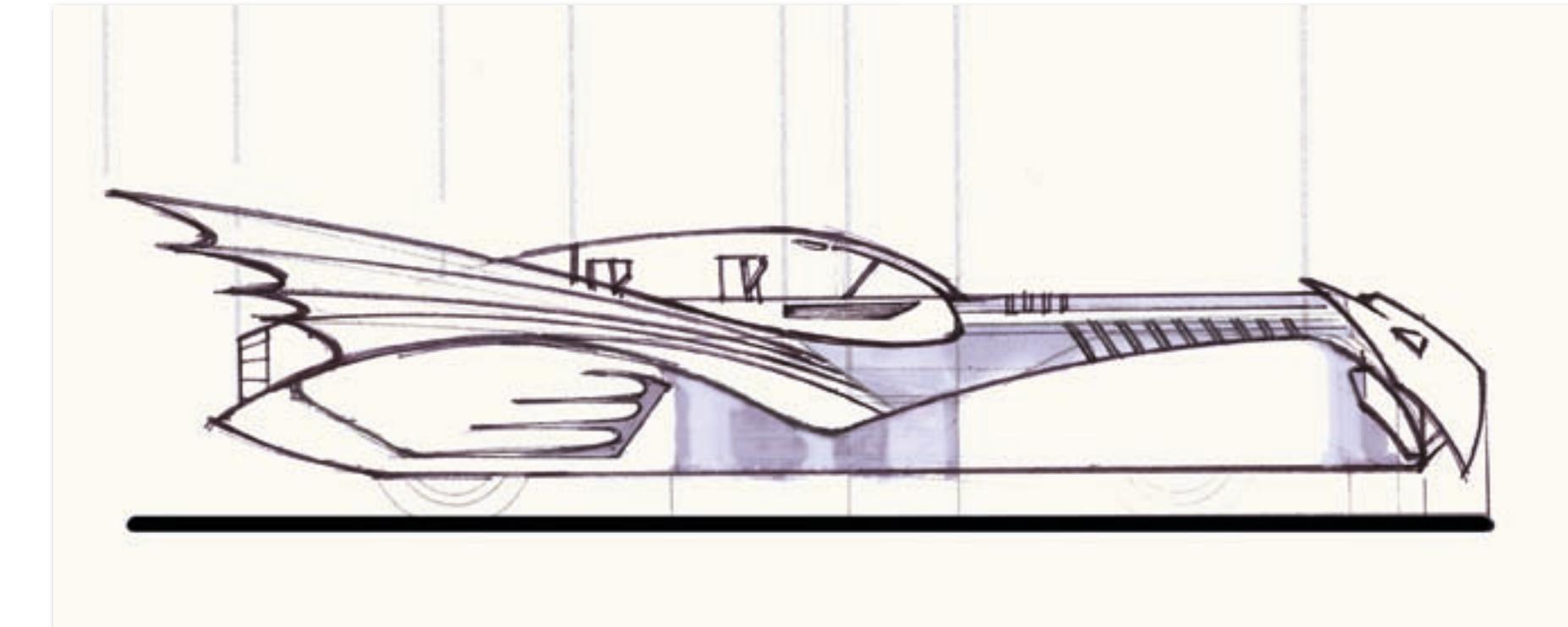
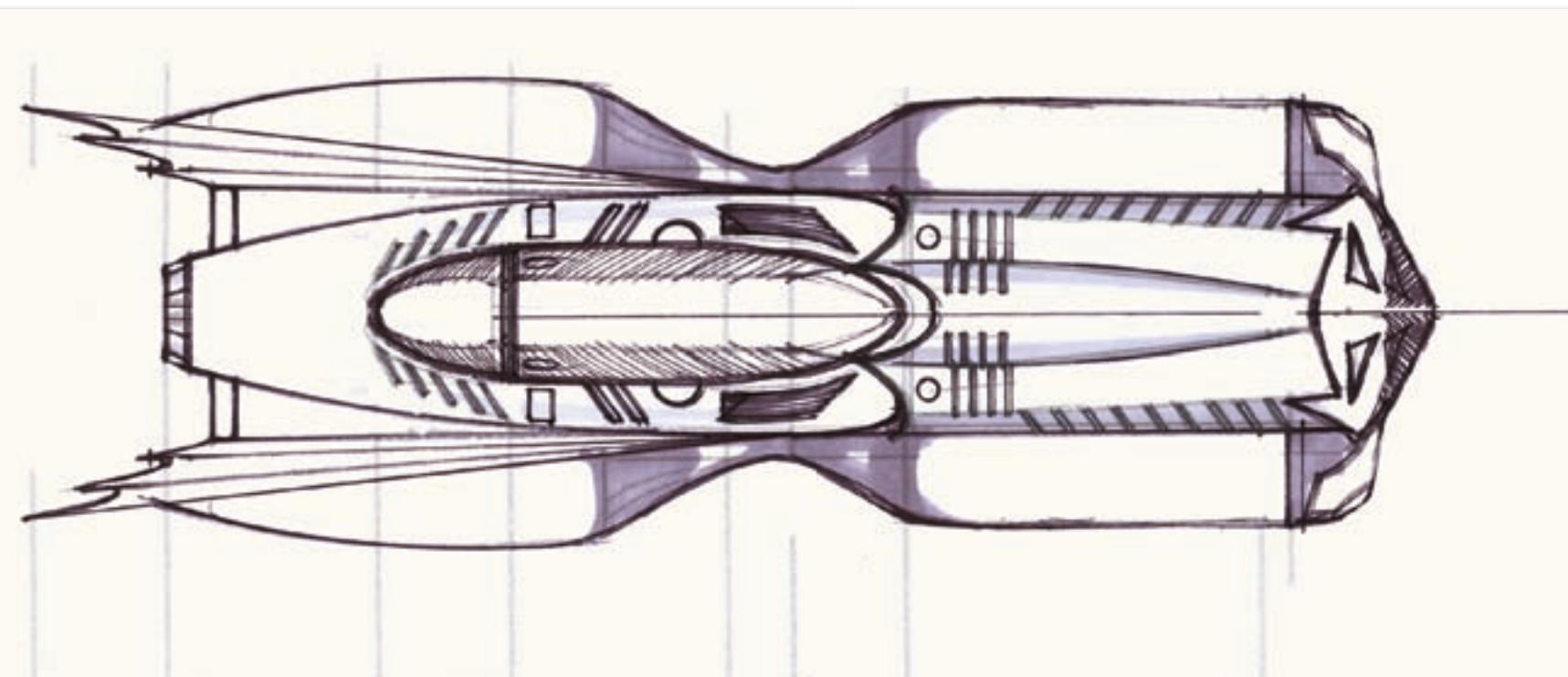
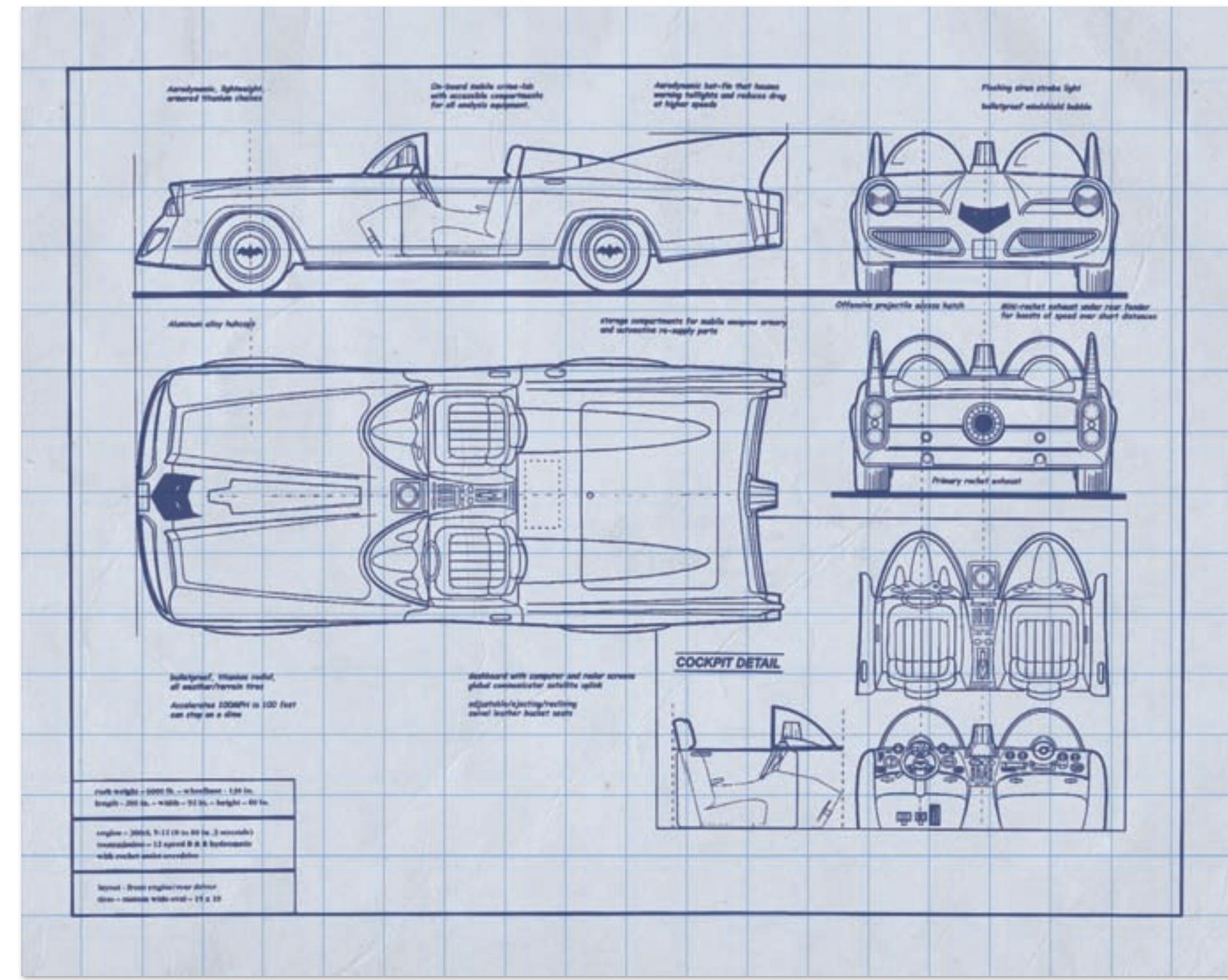
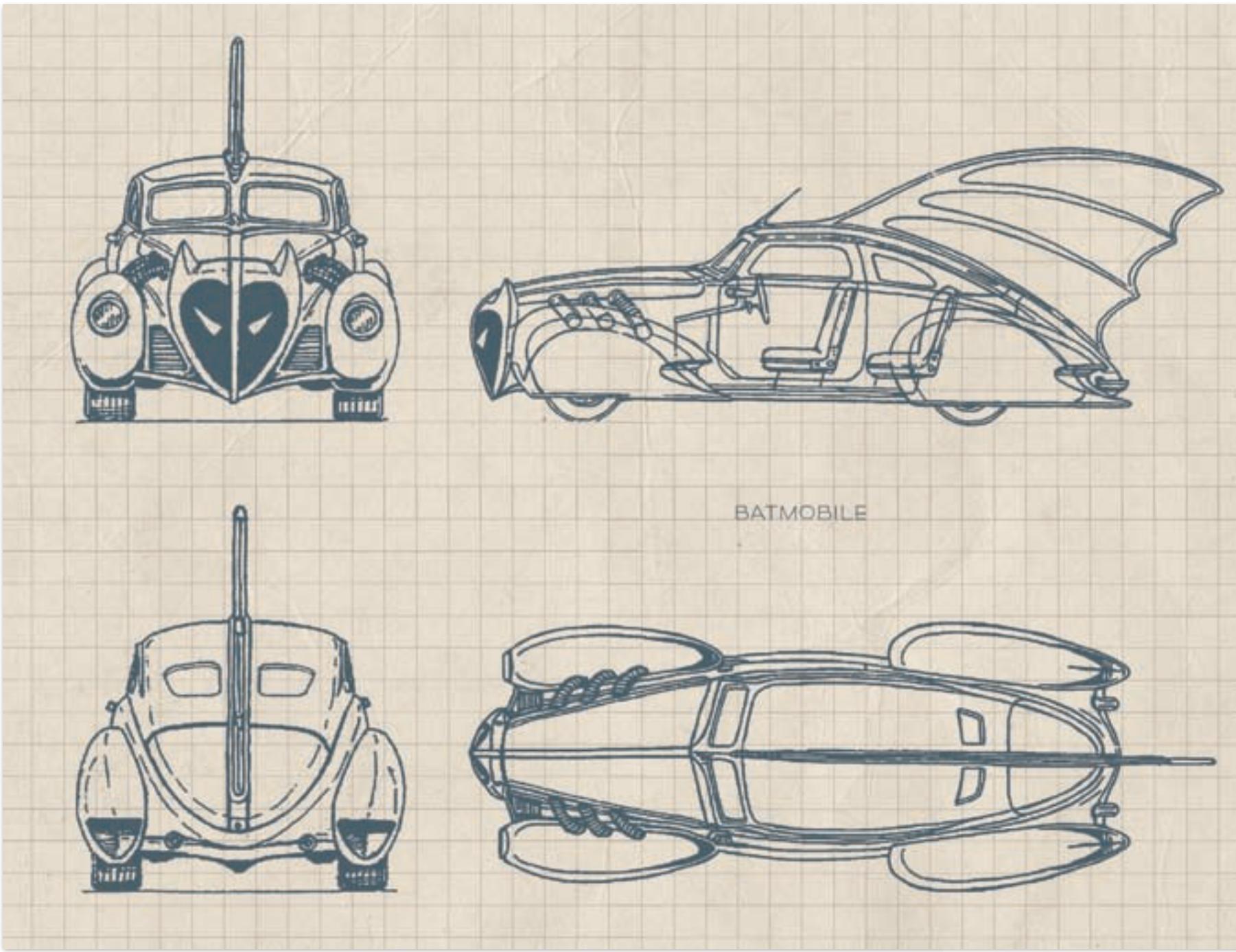
local salmon with a ginger glaze
organic asparagus with lemon garlic dusting
Asian yam soup with diced onions
2 grams fish oil

Dinner

grass-fed local sirloin steak
bed of organic spinach and piquillo peppers
oven-baked golden herb potato
2 grams fish oil



The Batmobile is a constant work in progress. Just like the Batman, it needs to adapt with the times and keep one step ahead of the rest of the world.



Gotham City Police Department

INCIDENT SUPPLEMENT #WR 9005-1

Report Entered: 11/09 13:52:50

STATEMENT FORM FOR WITNESS:

Name: Steve Flack
Address: 49 Kane Street
Date: 11/8

Reference To: Mad Hatter Theft
Case Number: 004912

Narrative:

Earlier tonight - I was on the phone at my station at the front desk of the Yacht Club when three guys came in thru the front door. I guess my back was to them, so I didn't check for IDs or anything. When I hung up with my ~~work~~ work related call, I only saw the last guy walk through the door heading to the lounge. He was a little guy - and had on this real tall Hat. He kinda looked like the Hatter guy from that Alice in Wonderland movie.

Anyways, I don't remember seeing him in the club before, so I'm about to go find out which member he's worth when all of a sudden - there's gunshots from the other room. I mean it sounded like gunshots at least. I didn't see them.

So I call the cops and then I just kind of wait around a bit. I don't want to go in there and get shot or anything. Finally, this lady photographer girl that was there taking pictures of the club for some magazine, I don't remember the name of it, she comes out saying that the dude in the hat stole the Lewis Cup - which is the club's trophy, and the thing is worth a ton of money cause it is only really for display. Then the lady says the guy went out back and he stole one of the owner's yachts. I guess he escaped on it or whatever. That thing was expensive too. So from then on, I just waited with her until you guys got here. I never saw the guy in the hat again or anything like that. Guess he got away.

Witness Signature:

Steve Flack

Officer's Signature:

McGenigle



FILE NAME	MAD HATTER	NAME	JERVIS TETCH
HEIGHT	5' 8"	WEIGHT	149 lbs.
EYE COLOR	BLUE	HAIR COLOR	RED
KNOWN ALIASES	NONE	BASE OF OPERATIONS	GOTHAM CITY
OCCUPATION	PROFESSIONAL CRIMINAL		

KNOWN ASSOCIATES
[HATMAN \(MAD HATTER II\)](#), [THE PENGUIN](#), [BLACK MASK](#), [ELLA LITTLETON](#)

GROUP AFFILIATIONS
[THE SOCIETY](#), [THE SECRET SIX](#), [THE WONDERLAND GANG](#)

RELATED CASE FILES
[The Scoop of the Century](#), [Madness](#), [Knightfall](#), [Unknowing](#), [Unresolved](#), [Six Degrees of Devastation](#)

NOTES

When I really start to look at the madmen and women I've come into conflict with over the years, a disturbing pattern emerges. Most were victims of ridicule at an early age, and were shy, bookish types before the world pushed them over the edge. Jervis Tetch's situation isn't much different.

Although there may have been earlier instances, Jervis's first known crime occurred years ago, before he adopted the identity of the Mad Hatter. While living in a boarding house on the lower east side that was owned by a woman named Ella Littleton, Tetch befriended her young daughter Connie, who was a junior high student at the time. Often ridiculed by his peers for his appearance even into his adulthood, Tetch lived a quiet life of isolation, probably due to his self image never fully developing. Identifying more with children than adults, Tetch became a regular acquaintance of Connie's, often helping her with her school projects.

As Connie grew older, she began seeing a young man named Mark Rabin, despite her mother forbidding their relationship. When Connie accidentally became pregnant, she lied to her overbearing mother, telling her that she was assaulted by a member of her high school's baseball team. Blinely taking her daughter's word as truth, Ella Littleton conspired with Jervis, and convinced him to "defend Connie's honor" by blowing up the boy's locker room while the team was occupying it. Only two team members survived, and twelve young boys lost their lives.

Severely unbalanced, and yet a genius when it comes to the world of computer science, Tetch developed an extremely sophisticated method of mind control that he operates with the use of a hat straight out Sir John Tenniel's illustrations of the Mad Hatter from Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" novels. By planting a card, tag, or headband somewhere on his intended victim's head (usually in the form of some sort of hat), Tetch is able to sap each victim's will, and control his or her actions and even speech, although his victim often appears to be in a trance-like state. Exactly why Tetch chose to pattern himself after the Mad Hatter of children's literature, or why he seems obsessed with girls or women that fit the fictional Alice's body type is still a mystery. But whatever the cause, the Hatter has an unhealthy attachment to little girls, which is perhaps his most frightening quality.

When he first made his debut in his costumed persona, Tetch's crimes were as erratic as his scattered mind. His exploits ranged from mundane robberies to elaborate kidnappings. But perhaps even more bizarre was the fact that when Tetch fell off the grid for a while, an impersonator took his place. Trading in Tetch's sophisticated mind control in favor of hat-themed crimes revolving around gimmickry, this second Mad Hatter, or [Hatman](#) as he's called today, quickly lost his title when the real Tetch was made aware of his activities. In fact, Jervis was so

(CONTINUED)

Unearthed from the depths of the Batcave by Matthew K. Manning, *The Batman Files* begins with Wayne's childhood drawings and continues along a time line of significant events in Batman's life. Complete and authentic in every way possible, all of Batman's friends and foes—from Poison Ivy, Catwoman, the Riddler, and Penguin, to the Joker, Batgirl, Mr. Freeze, and, of course, Robin—appear throughout the dossier to provide a framework of the Caped Crusader's entire career.

- From childhood drawings and family photos to exercise regimens and weapons schematics, this book shares the private details that could only come from Batman himself.
- Batman prepared this journal to pass along to his heir; it was discovered by Matt Manning, who made it public.
- The dark, sleek, and enigmatic packaging offers top quality for gift buyers and authenticity for hard-core fans.
- The *Batman Files* was created in conjunction with DC Comics; accuracy and credibility are guaranteed.
- Elaborate details and never-before-seen information about Batman's secret life from his childhood to the present make this a must-have for any Batman fan and a collector's dream.

Matthew K. Manning is a comic book writer, historian, and fan. Over the course of his career, he's written comics or books starring Batman, Superman, Iron Man, Wolverine, Spider-Man, the Incredible Hulk, the Legion of Super-Heroes, the Justice League, and even Bugs Bunny. Some of his more recent works include DK Publishing's *DC Comics Year by Year: A Visual Chronicle* and Running Press's *The Batman Vault*. He is currently writing a six-issue miniseries for DC Comics. He lives in Connecticut with his wife and daughter.

- National media
- Cross-promotion with DC Comics Web site
- Online and social media marketing campaign

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