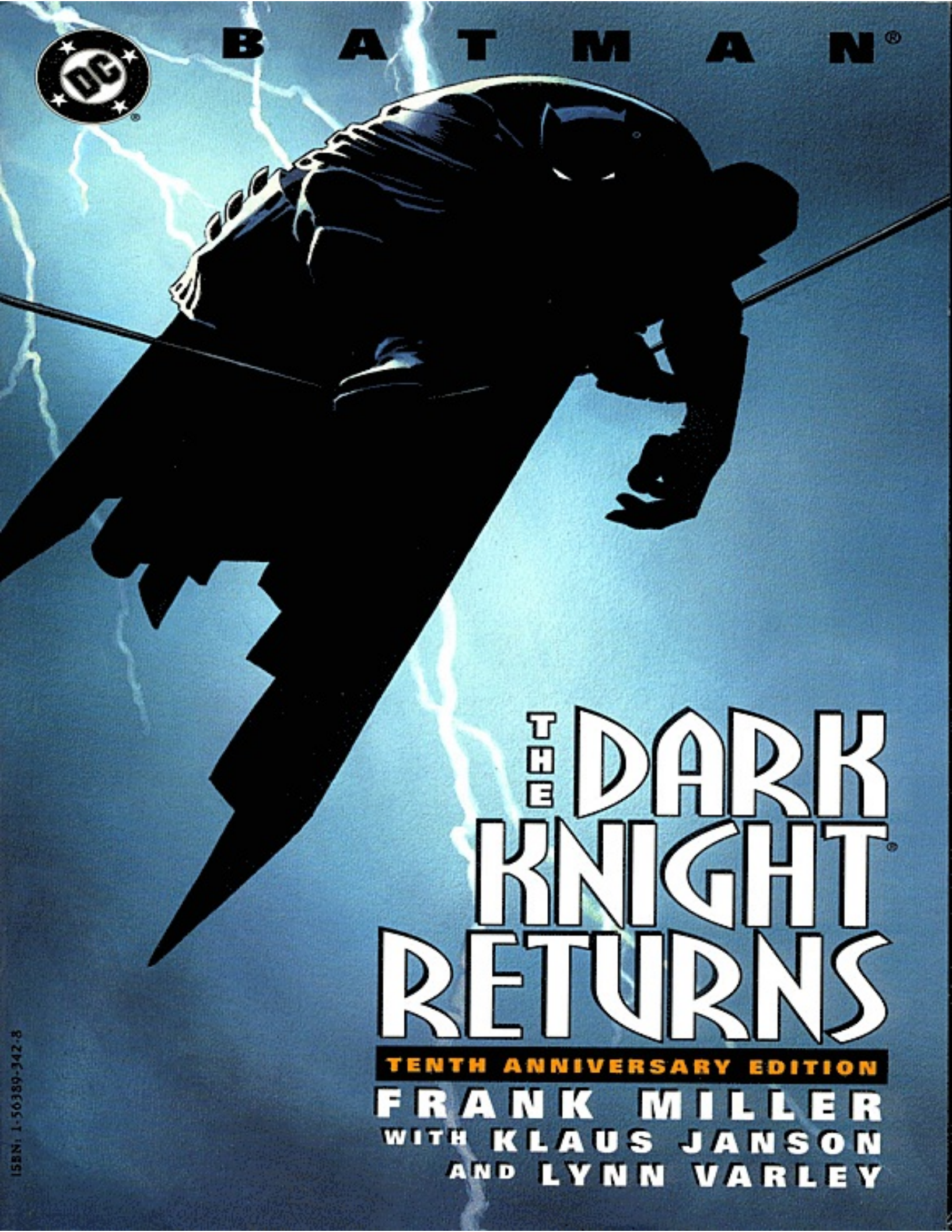
BATMAN®
THE DARK KNIGHT® RETURNS
TENTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION
FRANK MILLER
WITH KLAUS JANSON
AND LYNN VARLEY
ISBN: 1-56389-342-8

THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS

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BATMAN: THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS
TENTH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

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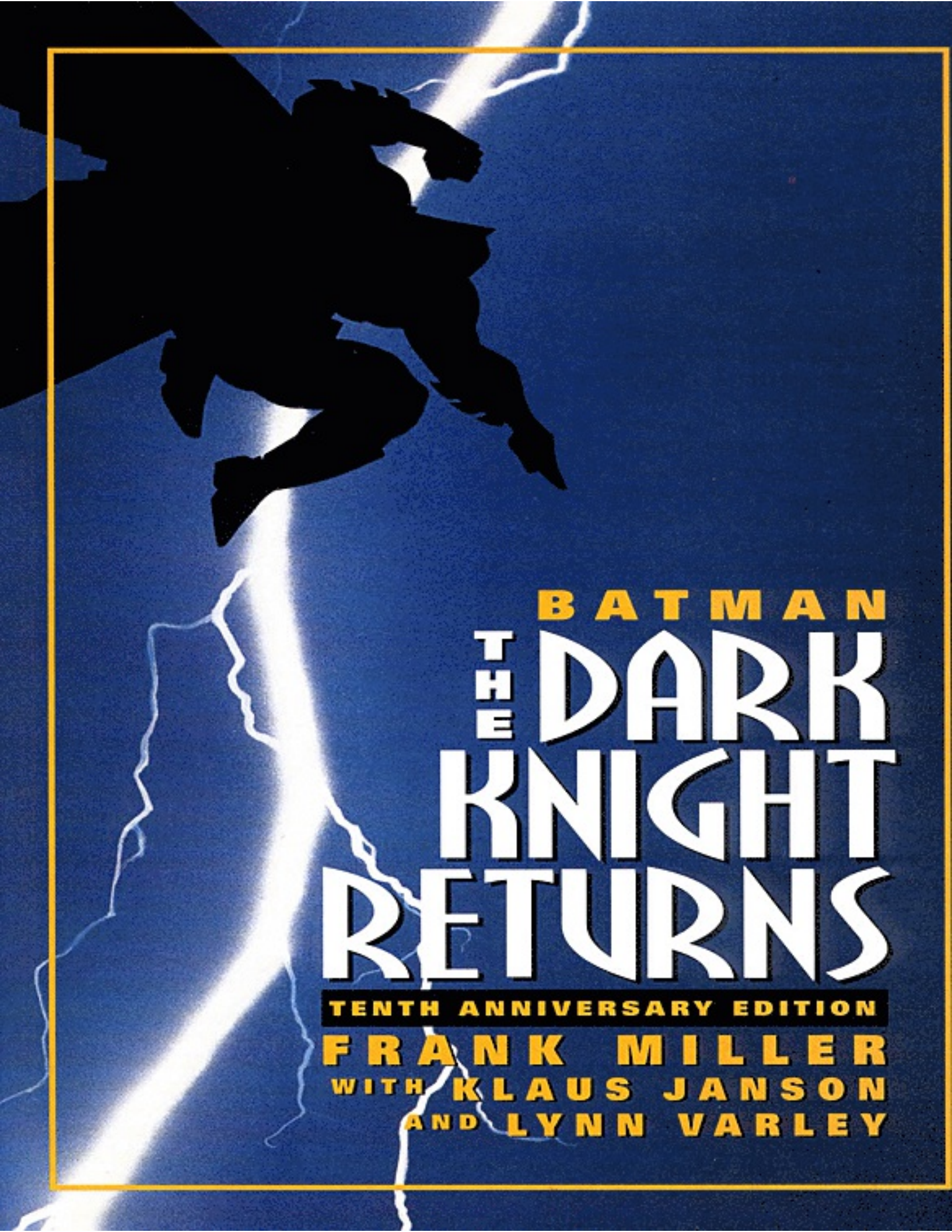
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DARK KNIGHT DAYS

BY FRANK MILLER

16 SEPTEMBER 1996

1963. (OR IS IT '64? THE EXACT YEAR IS UNCERTAIN. BUT THE MEMORY IS VIVID.) A department store in Vermont. I'm 6 (or 7) years old. I come across an 80-page Giant comic starring Batman. I open it. I look it over. I fall in.

I wish I'd kept a diary. But who could've known? Nobody, that's who.

Well, maybe Dick Giordano. Maybe Dick had some idea where all this might take us. He was editor-in-chief of DC Comics at the time, and he'd been pushing this Batman thing for many a month. Whether Dick saw what might come of it or not, he was relentless. He was fixated.

1984. In any number of restaurants and hotel bars. Many times. Dick Giordano says sure, Batman's sales are flat. But look at what happens any time somebody conducts one of those reader surveys in the fanzines. Batman's just about everybody's favorite character. The time is more than ripe for a high-profile, all-out relaunch of the old war horse.

But that was just it. That was exactly what came to bother me about Batman. He wasn't old, damn him. Despite nearly fifty years of continuous publication, there he was, unwrinkled, handsome, perpetually twenty-nine. Never a kink in that tree-trunk neck. Never a moment fretting the possibility that his athletic prowess would ever fade. Perpetually young, younger than Magic Johnson or Michael Jordan. Impervious to time itself.

1985. My apartment in New York City. A sudden realization, and not a pleasant one. My thirtieth birthday is right around the corner. I'm poised to turn one year older than Batman.

I've come to accept, in recent years, that Spider-Man is younger than my little brother, but Batman? Batman? My favorite childhood hero? That lantern-jawed, ever-wise father figure? I'm actually gonna be older than Batman?

This was intolerable. Something had to be done.

Later that same year. On board an airplane headed for Texas. Dick Giordano and I sip white wine and talk. Enthusiastically, if clumsily, I lay out to him the collection of ideas I've got for this Batman thing he's wanted me to do. The central notion is to simply move Batman through time, and chronicle his last case. Move him through time, and, just by happenstance, make him once again much older than I am.

I fire a barrage of scenes at Dick. He urges me on. It's a raw, rambling narrative I hit him with, not yet a story at all, a mixed bag of cool things Batman will do and say that winds up with an ending that could never work — and even, should it work, is one DC would never publish.

At this stage, THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS is, to use the technical term, a mess. But it's a very enthusiastic mess. I'm red-hot to get started. And a good editor knows

when to let the process begin. Dick gives it a thumbs-up, no doubt praying he'll be able to keep me from doing too much damage.

Putting the team together was the easiest part. Your basic no-brainer. A piece of cake. When it came to working with other artists, I'd already been lucky as a fool, twice over.

My longtime partner Klaus Janson had brought a crackling energy and verve to my pencil art on Marvel Comics' Daredevil. By the time we'd finished our Daredevil run, Klaus had taken on the lion's share of the drawing, so much so that he took over as sole artist when I left the title. The question was whether he'd want to collaborate again. More luck: he did.

After leaving Daredevil, I went to work on my first comics novel, RONIN, published by DC Comics. Painter Lynn Varley joined me, and, chapter by chapter, set a brand-new standard of excellence in comic-book color. Lynn actually redefined the very role of color on the comic-book page, bringing such mood and temperature and draftsmanship to my linework that the black-and-white was plainly incomplete without her artistry. Even the story itself was a colder, unfinished thing before she took her brush to it. For color artists to come, Lynn raised the bar to the stratosphere.

A less visible member of the RONIN team was Bob Rozakis, DC production boss, who stayed up as late as we did during grueling press checks and solved countless unforeseen problems. This was an ambitious project and a wildly transitional time, and new challenges hit almost hourly. Bob's contribution was quiet, but crucial. With him on the job, we knew we could set our sights high.

Also crucial to the final look and feel of any book is the expertise of the art director. From the late Neal Pozner to Richard Bruning and onward, DC's made sure to have somebody awfully good in that position. As this edition should demonstrate, that's a practice DC continues to this day.

1977. DC President Jenette Kahn's apartment. A party. Curious to look over Jenette's collection of mystery novels, I run into an affable, witty fellow, writer Mike W. Barr. Almost instantly, a friendship begins. It doesn't take long before we find ourselves talking about Batman. Ideas fly back and forth. They will continue to fly just about every time Mike and I chat, for all the years to come.

1979. The editorial offices of Marvel Comics. "That's a Batman idea," says writer and then-editor Jo Duffy, responding to a scene I want to write into Daredevil. It's hardly the first time she's had to say that. Ever encouraging and expert in her suggestions, Jo is editor, colleague, consultant and friend. Of course, over the years to come, she has a lot to say about Batman.

Nothing is created in a vacuum, and brother! is that true when you're messing with a character who's loved by generations. Ideas flutter like muses through party chatter and dinner conversations and breaks in dime-ante poker games.

Leave us say if I were to try to list every other writer out there who had something to offer about Batman, there wouldn't be room in this volume for the story you're about to read.

It was a roller coaster ride, making DARK KNIGHT was, with lurching ups and downs, countless regrettable arguments and welcome surprises. Sometimes pulling it all together, I felt less like an author than a circus ringmaster. There was so much in the air, so many of those fluttering muses.

And there was Batman himself. He was the real boss. As he was quick to assert, Batman has a personality and purpose all his own, a definable core. He's neither petty nor petulant. He's no whiner; there's not a trace of self-pity in his soul. He's smart. He's noble. And most important, he's big. His passions are grand. Even his unhappiness is not depressing, but a brooding, Wagnerian torment. And his triumphs are Olympian.

He insists.

Then, paradoxically, all the goofy stuff, the on-the-face-of-it preposterous stuff, nudges its way back in. The Batcave just isn't complete without that fifty-foot penny. When Commissioner Gordon wants to summon his favorite outlaw, he doesn't do it discreetly, like anybody with a lick of sense would. Nah. He lights up the whole sky with the Bat Signal. Given a hundred more pages of DARK KNIGHT to write and draw, I might well have brought giant typewriters and the Bat-Mite into the mix.

I'd never intended to use Robin. But then, one day, I pictured a little bundle of bright colors leaping over buildings, dwarfed by a gray-and-black giant...and there she was. Robin.

Not that my version sprang into my head full-blown.

1985. At 30,000 feet. I talk to cartoonist John Byrne about Batman. John talks to me about Robin. "Robin must be a girl," he says. He mentions a drawing by Love & Rockets artist Jaime Hernandez of a female Robin. To prove his point, John provides me with a pencil sketch of his own.

But it took Lynn Varley to give Carrie Keane Kelley her true voice. It's no exaggeration at all to say that Lynn edited and co-wrote Robin's, and the other youngsters', dialogue. This is only one paltry example of what Lynn brought to DARK KNIGHT, even beyond her palette and brush. As much as this book is mine, it is hers.

Colleagues, friends, and those fluttering muses. They were all quite generous.

I got to scratch a whopper of an itch. With one hell of a lot of help, I got to send a gift back in time to that kid in Vermont who opened a Batman comic and fell in, never entirely to emerge.

DEDICATED TO

WILL JUNGKUNTZ

1955-1985

BOOK ONE

THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS

I'VE GOT THE HOME STRETCH ALL TO MYSELF WHEN THE READINGS STOP MAKING SENSE. I SWITCH TO MANUAL--

BRUCE, THIS IS CAROL. YOU'RE GOING TOO FAST!

THEN THE FRONT END LURCHES, ALL WRONG. I KNOW WHAT'S COMING.

...BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

--BUT THE COMPUTER CROSSES ITS OWN CIRCUITS AND REFUSES TO LET GO. I COAX IT.

IT ISN'T PROGRAMMED TO-- BRUCE!

I'VE GOT JUST UNDER TWO SECONDS TO SHUT THIS MESS DOWN AND FORFEIT THE RACE.

THE NOSE DIGS UP A CHUNK OF MACADAM. I LOOK AT IT--

...SPECTACULAR FINISH TO THE NEUMAN ELIMINATION, AS THE FERRIS GOOD PINWHEELED ACROSS THE FINISH LINE, A FLAMING COFFIN FOR BRUCE WAYNE...

BRUCE, YOU SON OF A SKRIKK

THE ENGINE, ANGRY, ARGUES THE POINT WITH ME. THE FINISH LINE IS **CLOSE**, IT ROARS. TOO CLOSE.

--THEN STRAIGHT INTO THE EYE OF THE SUN.

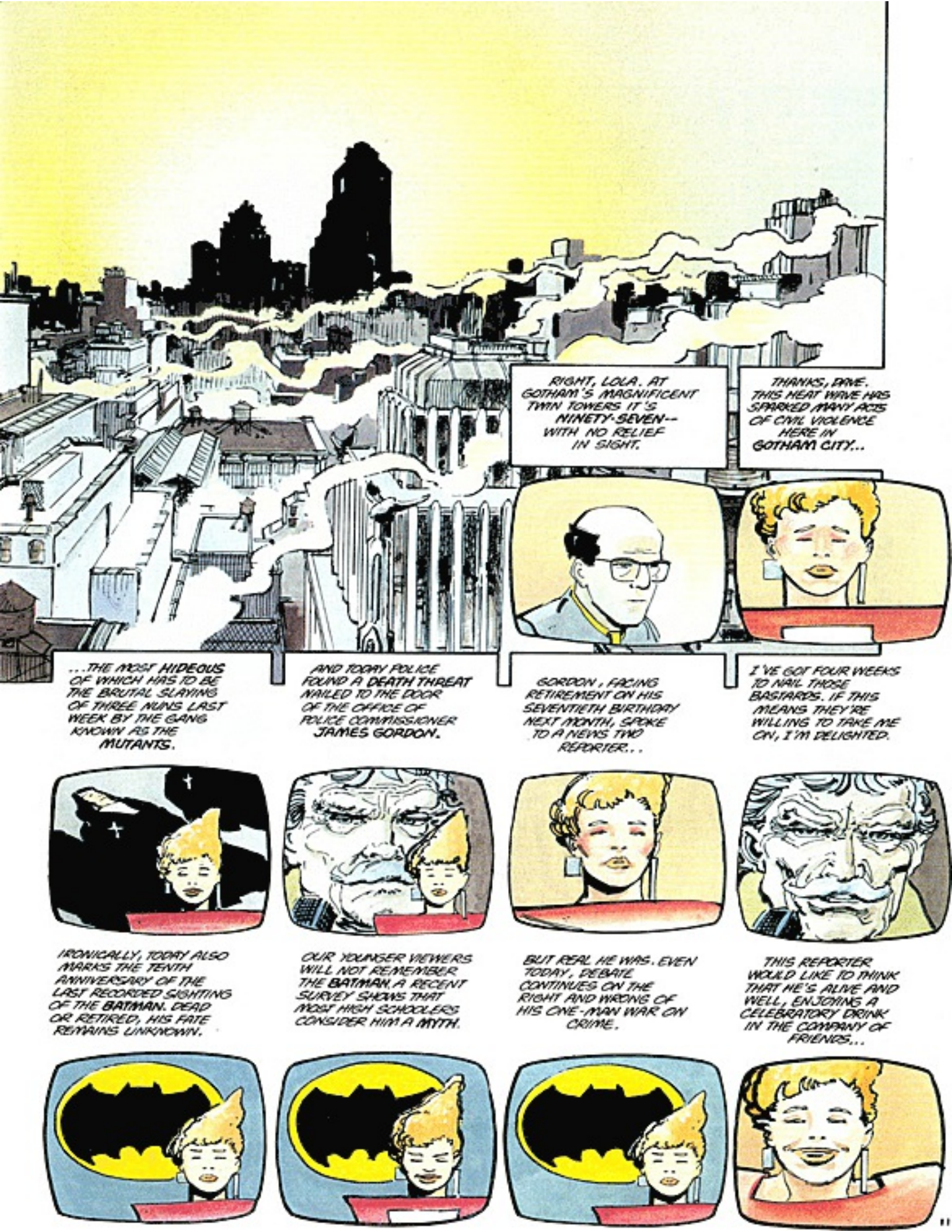
...OR SO EVERYONE THOUGHT. TURNS OUT THE MILLIONAIRE BAILED OUT AT THE LAST SECOND. SUFFERED ONLY SUPERFICIAL BURNS. LOLA?

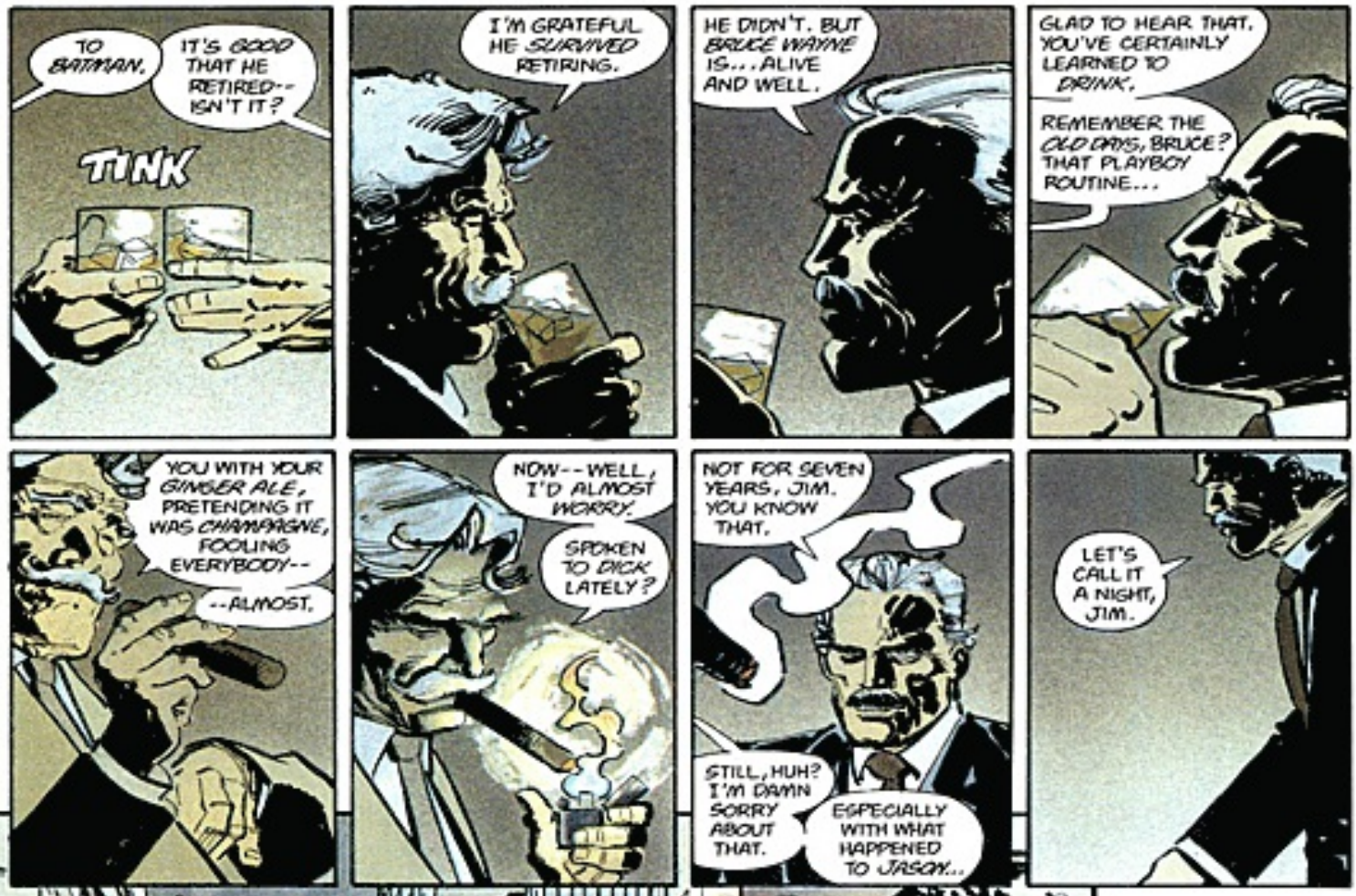
IT SHOVES HOT NEEDLES IN MY FACE AND TRIES TO MAKE ME BLIND. I'M IN CHARGE NOW AND I LIKE IT.

THE LEFT FRONT TIRE DECIDES TO TURN ALL ON ITS OWN. I LAUGH AT IT AND JERK THE STEERING WHEEL TO THE RIGHT.

THIS WOULD BE A **GOOD** DEATH...

THANKS, BILL. I'M SURPRISED ANYONE CAN EVEN **THINK** OF SPORTS IN **THIS** WEATHER. RIGHT, DAVE?


RIGHT, LOLA. AT GOTHAM'S MAGNIFICENT TWIN TOWERS IT'S NINETY-SEVEN-- WITH NO RELIEF IN SIGHT.
THANKS, DAVE. THIS HEAT WAVE HAS SPARKED MANY ACTS OF CIVIL VIOLENCE HERE IN GOTHAM CITY...
...THE MOST HIDEOUS OF WHICH HAS TO BE THE BRUTAL SLAYING OF THREE NUNS LAST WEEK BY THE GANG KNOWN AS THE MUTANTS.
AND TODAY POLICE FOUND A DEATH THREAT NAILED TO THE DOOR OF THE OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER JAMES GORDON.
GORDON, FACING RETIREMENT ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY NEXT MONTH, SPOKE TO A NEWS TWO REPORTER...
I'VE GOT FOUR WEEKS TO NAIL THOSE BASTARDS. IF THIS MEANS THEY'RE WILLING TO TAKE ME ON, I'M DELIGHTED.
IRONICALLY, TODAY ALSO MARKS THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LAST RECORDED SIGHTING OF THE BATMAN. DEAD OR RETIRED, HIS FATE REMAINS UNKNOWN.
OUR YOUNGER VIEWERS WILL NOT REMEMBER THE BATMAN. A RECENT SURVEY SHOWS THAT MOST HIGH SCHOOLERS CONSIDER HIM A MYTH.
BUT REAL HE WAS. EVEN TODAY, DEBATE CONTINUES ON THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF HIS ONE-MAN WAR ON CRIME.
THIS REPORTER WOULD LIKE TO THINK THAT HE'S ALIVE AND WELL, ENJOYING A CELEBRATORY DRINK IN THE COMPANY OF FRIENDS...



AS WE PART, JIM SQUEEZES MY SHOULDER AND GRINS. "YOU JUST NEED A WOMAN," HE SAYS.

...WHILE IN MY GUT THE CREATURE WRITHES AND SNARLS AND TELLS ME WHAT I NEED...

I LEAVE MY CAR IN THE LOT. I CAN'T STAND TO BE INSIDE ANYTHING RIGHT NOW. I WALK THE STREETS OF THIS CITY I'M LEARNING TO HATE, THE CITY THAT'S GIVEN UP, LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD SEEMS TO HAVE.

I'M A ZOMBIE. A FLYING DUTCHMAN. A DEAD MAN, TEN YEARS DEAD..

I'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING. AT LEAST, I'LL FEEL IT LESS...
IT'S THE NIGHT--WHEN THE CITY'S SMELLS CALL OUT TO HIM, THOUGH I LIE BETWEEN SILK SHEETS IN A MILLION-DOLLAR MANSION MILES AWAY...
...WHEN A POLICE SIREN WAKES ME, AND, FOR A MOMENT, I FORGET THAT IT'S ALL OVER...
BUT BATMAN WAS A YOUNG MAN. IF IT WAS REVENGE HE WAS AFTER, HE'S TAKEN IT. IT'S BEEN FORTY YEARS SINCE HE WAS BORN...
...BORN HERE.
ONCE AGAIN, HE'S BROUGHT ME BACK-- TO SHOW ME HOW LITTLE IT HAS CHANGED. IT'S OLDER, DIRTIER, BUT--
--IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED YESTERDAY.
IT COULD BE HAPPENING RIGHT NOW.
THEY COULD BE LYING AT YOUR FEET, TWITCHING, BLEEDING...
...AND THE MAN WHO STOLE ALL SENSE FROM YOUR LIFE, HE COULD BE STANDING...
...RIGHT OVER THERE...
HE SEES US--
GET AROUND BEHIND HIM--
COME ON, HONEY, SLICE AND DICE--
--I DON'T KNOW, MAN. HE'S AWFUL BIG--
IT IS HIM, IT IS. AND WE KNOW SO MANY WAYS TO HURT HIM...
SO MANY LOVELY WAYS TO PUNISH HIM...
NO, IT'S NOT HIM.
SLICE AND DICE, WE GOT A QUOTA--
SO MANY...
I DON'T KNOW, MAN, LOOK AT HIM. HE'S INTO IT--

NOT HIM. HE FLINCHED WHEN HE PULLED THE TRIGGER. HE WAS SICK AND GUILTY OVER WHAT HE DID.

CAN'T DO MURDERS WHEN THEY'RE INTO IT--

ALL HE WANTED WAS MONEY. I WAS HAVE ENOUGH TO THINK HIM THE LOWEST SORT OF MAN.

LET'S HIT THE ARCADE, MAN--

THESE--THESE ARE HIS CHILDREN. A PURER BREED...

--ALWAYS A GOOD TIME AT THE ARCADE--

...AND THIS WORLD IS THEIRS.

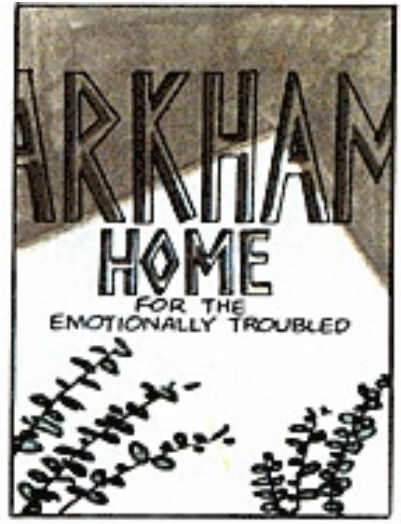
...BUTCHERY OF EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. THE MUTANT ORGANIZATION IS BELIEVED TO HAVE COMMITTED THIS ATROCITY FOR MONEY THE FAMILY HAD...

...SOMETHING UNDER TWELVE DOLLARS. THIS IS CONSIDERED A DRUG-RELATED CRIME AT PRESENT, BUT SURELY THIS NEAT WAVE IS A FACTOR. RIGHT, DOC?

ABSOLUTELY, BILL. ROUGH MONTH IN THE BIG TOWN. RIGHT NOW THE MERCURY IS CLIMBING TO AN UNSEASONAL ONE HUNDRED AND THREE...

...AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO GET WORSE BEFORE IT GETS BETTER...

THIS JUST IN-- A DEAD CAT HAS BEEN FOUND STAPLED TO THE DOOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST THE REDEEMER... THE MUTANT GANG IS SUSPECTED...


ARKHAM
HOME
FOR THE EMOTIONALLY TROUBLED

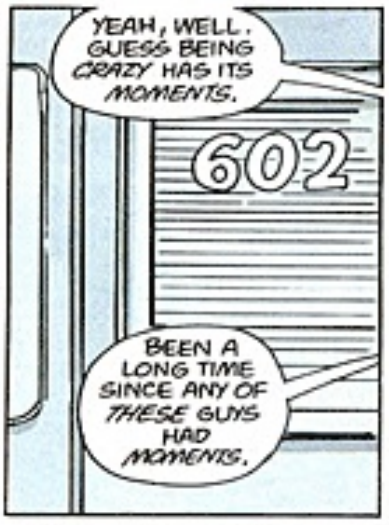
INTENSIVE
TREATMENT
WARD
NINETY-NINE DEGREES AND THE AIR CONDITIONER BLOWS...
NO VISITORS

WATER'S OUT IN MY BUILDING, TOO. COULDN'T EVEN TAKE A SHOWER THIS MORNING.
YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE MOST ABOUT THE HEAT?

IT'S THE WAY YOUR UNDERWEAR STICKS TO--
SHUT UP.
601

YEAH, WELL. YOU DON'T SEE HIM SWEATING.
JUST LOOK AT HIM.

YOU LOOK AT HIM.
HE MAKES ME SICK.


YEAH, WELL. GUESS BEING CRAZY HAS ITS MOMENTS.
602
BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE ANY OF THESE GUYS HAD MOMENTS.

WHEN I CAME HERE, THEY SAID--
-- I COULD NEVER BE CURED.

WE KNOW WHAT THEY SAID, HARVEY. BUT THAT'S HISTORY. SURGICAL PROCEDURES HAVE IMPROVED--

--AS HAVE PSYCHIATRIC. YOU'RE FIT TO RETURN TO SOCIETY-- NO MATTER WHAT OUR SEPTUAGENARIAN POLICE COMMISSIONER SAYS.

MAYBE GORDON ...
... IS RIGHT ABOUT ME.

NONSENSE. GORDON'S JUST GONE SENILE.
DR. WILLING ISN'T QUALIFIED TO JUDGE THAT--
-- BUT I CONCUR.

THANK YOU, DR. WOLPER. AND NOW, HARVEY DENT--
--MEET HARVEY DENT.

OH, MY GOD..

WHAT CAN I SAY?
...THANK YOU, TOM. A NEW LIFE BEGINS TODAY FOR HARVEY DENT.
DENT, A FORMER DISTRICT ATTORNEY, BECAME OBSESSED WITH THE NUMBER TWO WHEN HALF HIS FACE WAS SCARRED BY ACID.
DENT BELIEVED HIS DISFIGURATION REVEALED A HIDDEN, EVIL SIDE TO HIS NATURE. HE ADOPTED AS HIS PERSONAL SYMBOL A DOLLAR COIN...
...ONE SIDE OF WHICH WAS DEFACED, TO REPRESENT THE WARRING SIDES OF HIS SPLIT-PERSONALITY. A FLIP OF THE COIN COULD MEAN LIFE OR DEATH FOR HIS VICTIMS.
DENT'S CRIMES WERE BRILLIANTLY PATHOLOGICAL, THE MOST HORRENDOUS OF WHICH WAS HIS LAST--
--THE KIDNAPPING AND RANSOMING OF SIAMESE TWINS, ONE OF WHOM HE ATTEMPTED TO MURDER EVEN AFTER THE RANSOM WAS PAID.
HE WAS APPREHENDED IN THE ACT BY GOTHAM'S FAMOUS VIGILANTE, THE BATMAN, AND COMMITTED TO ARKHAM ASYLUM TWELVE YEARS AGO.
FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS DENT HAS BEEN TREATED BY DR. BARTHOLOMEW WOLPER FOR HIS PSYCHOSIS...
...WHILE NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING PLASTIC SURGEON DR. HERBERT WILLING DEDICATED HIMSELF TO RESTORING THE FACE OF HARVEY DENT.
SPEAKING TODAY, BOTH DOCTORS WERE JUBILANT.
HARVEY'S READY TO LOOK AT THE WORLD AND SAY, "HEY--I'M OKAY."
AND HE LOOKS GREAT.
DENT READ A BRIEF STATEMENT TO THE MEDIA...
I DO NOT ASK GOTHAM CITY TO FORGIVE MY CRIMES. I MUST EARN THAT, BY DEDICATING MYSELF TO PUBLIC SERVICE.
FOR ME, THIS IS THE END OF A LONG NIGHT-MARE... AND THE FIRST STEP ON THE LONG ROAD TO ABSOLUTION.

NEXT, DENT DREW FOND APPLAUSE BY PRODUCING A NEWLY-MINTED **DOLLAR COIN.**

IT WAS, OF COURSE, UNMARRED.

BUT POLICE COMMISSIONER JAMES GORDON'S REACTION TO DENT'S RELEASE WAS NOT ENTHUSIASTIC...

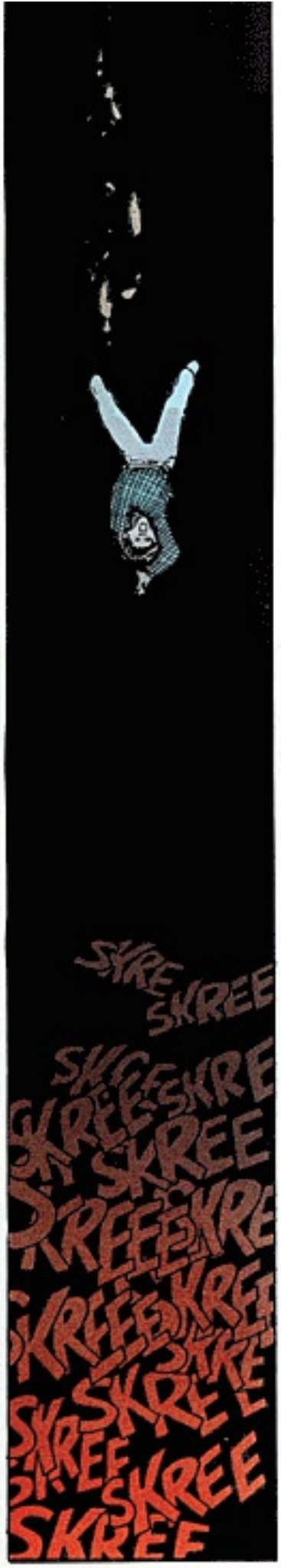
NO, I AM NOT SATISFIED. DR. WOLPER'S REPORT SEEMS OVERLY **OPTIMISTIC**-- NOT TO MENTION **SLOPPY.**

WHILE MILLIONAIRE **BRUCE WAYNE**, WHO SPONSORED DENT'S TREATMENT, HAD THIS TO SAY...

GORDON'S REMARKS SEEM OVERLY **PESSIMISTIC**-- NOT TO MENTION **RUDE.**

THE COMMISSIONER IS AN EXCELLENT **COP**-- BUT, I THINK, A **POOR** JUDGE OF CHARACTER. WE MUST **BELIEVE** IN HARVEY DENT.

WE MUST BELIEVE THAT OUR PRIVATE DEMONS CAN BE DEFEATED...


SKREE
SKREE
SKREE

...HUGE, EMPTY, SILENT AS A CHURCH, WAITING, AS THE BAT WAS WAITING.

AND NOW THE COBWEBS GROW AND THE DUST THICKENS IN HERE AS IT DOES IN ME--

--AND HE LAUGHS AT ME, CURSES ME. CALLS ME A FOOL. HE FILLS MY SLEEP, HE TRICKS ME. BRINGS ME HERE WHEN THE NIGHT IS LONG AND MY WILL IS WEAK. ME STRUGGLES RELENTLESSLY, HATEFULLY, TO BE FREE--

I WILL NOT LET HIM. I GAVE MY WORD.

FOR JASON.

NEVER.

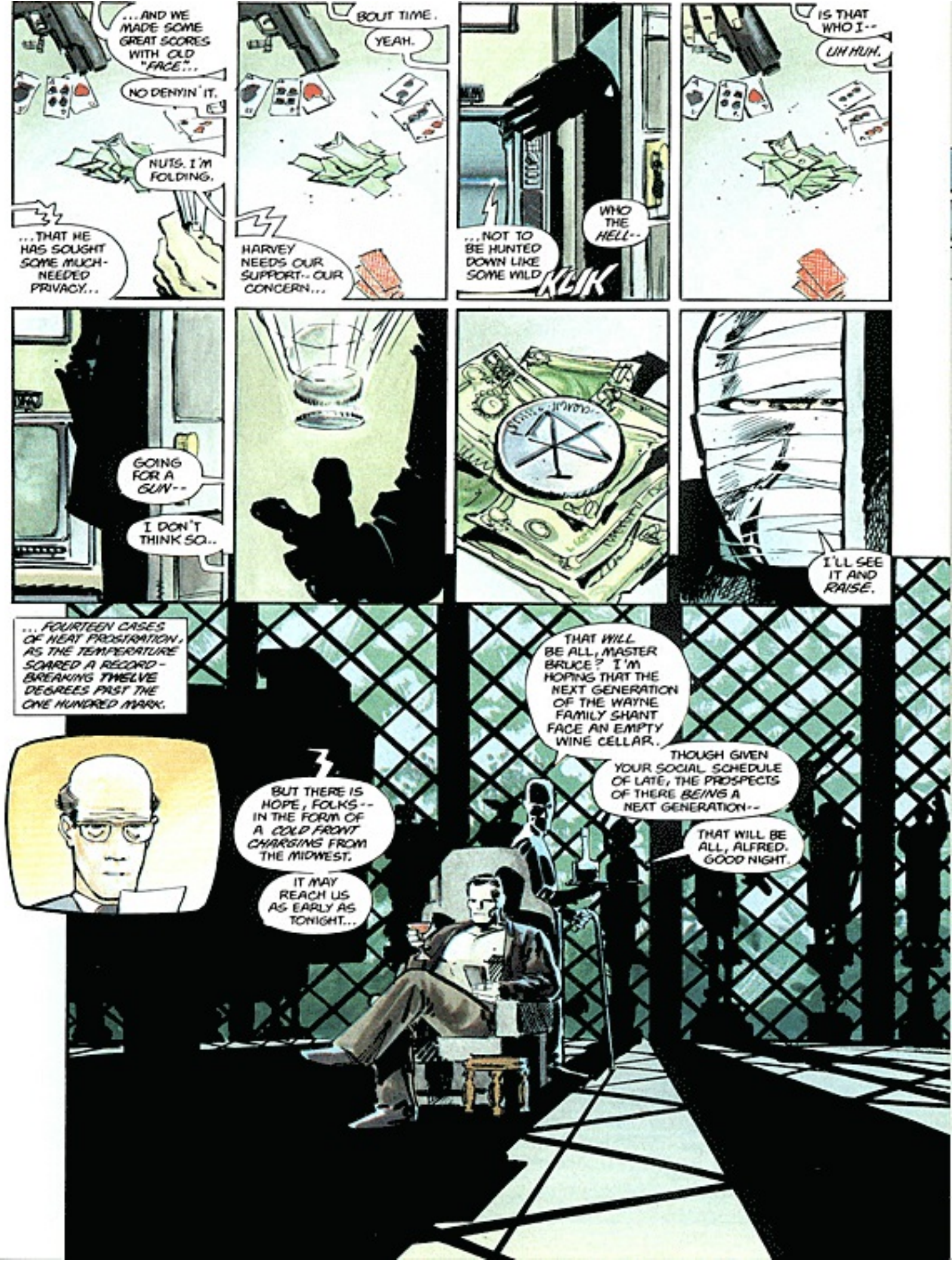
NEVER AGAIN.

FOR ME, THIS IS THE END OF A LONG NIGHTMARE... AND THE FIRST STEP ON THE LONG ROAD TO ABSOLUTION.

...THOSE WERE THE LAST WORDS SPOKEN IN PUBLIC BY HARVEY DENT BEFORE HIS DISAPPEARANCE THIS MORNING.

WHILE POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON ISSUED AN ALL POINTS BULLETIN FOR DENT, ONE VOICE WAS RAISED IN PROTEST...

...THAT OF DR. BARTHOLOMEW WOLPER, DENT'S PSYCHIATRIST...


...AND WE MADE SOME GREAT SCORES WITH OLD "FACE"...
NO DENYIN' IT.
NUTS. I'M FOLDING.
...THAT HE HAS SOUGHT SOME MUCH-NEEDED PRIVACY...
BOUT TIME.
YEAH.
HARVEY NEEDS OUR SUPPORT-- OUR CONCERN...
...NOT TO BE HUNTED DOWN LIKE SOME WILD
WHO THE HELL--
KLIK
IS THAT WHO I--
UH HUH.
GOING FOR A GUN--
I DON'T THINK SO..
I'LL SEE IT AND RAISE.
...FOURTEEN CASES OF HEAT PROSTRATION, AS THE TEMPERATURE SOARED A RECORD-BREAKING TWELVE DEGREES PAST THE ONE HUNDRED MARK.
BUT THERE IS HOPE, FOLKS-- IN THE FORM OF A COLD FRONT CHARGING FROM THE MIDWEST.
IT MAY REACH US AS EARLY AS TONIGHT...
THAT WILL BE ALL, MASTER BRUCE? I'M HOPING THAT THE NEXT GENERATION OF THE WAYNE FAMILY SHANT FACE AN EMPTY WINE CELLAR.
THOUGH GIVEN YOUR SOCIAL SCHEDULE OF LATE, THE PROSPECTS OF THERE BEING A NEXT GENERATION--
THAT WILL BE ALL, ALFRED. GOOD NIGHT.

TONIGHT'S PRESENTATION OF HOLLYWOOD'S FINEST...
...TYRONE POWER IN "THE MARK OF ZORRO"...
ZORRO. I SHOULD HAVE CHECKED THE LISTINGS. I SHOULD TURN IT OFF-- RIGHT THIS SECOND--
--JUST A MOVIE. THAT'S ALL IT IS. NO HARM IN WATCHING A MOVIE...
YOU LOVED IT SO MUCH...YOU JUMPED AND DANCED LIKE A FOOL...YOU REMEMBER...
ZORRO
...YOU REMEMBER THAT NIGHT--

...CHILDREN WERE LAST SEEN WITH TWO YOUNG MEN...

...WHO WERE DRESSED IN THE DISTINCTIVE COSTUME OF THE MUTANT GANG...

ANYONE WITH ANY INFORMATION REGARDING THE CHILDREN IS URGED TO CALL THE CRISIS HOTLINE...

KLIK

--FOUR KILLED IN A SENSELESS ATTACK ON--

KLIK

--SUBWAY DEATHS REACHED AN ALL-TIME HIGH THIS--

KLIK

--RAPE AND MUTILATION OF...

KLIK

--HERE'S DAVE WITH SOME GOOD NEWS, DAVE?

RIGHT, LOLA. RIGHT AS RAIN. THE HEAT'S FINALLY GOING TO BREAK--

--BUT WE'RE IN FOR A WHOPPER OF A KLIK

THE TIME HAS COME.

YOU KNOW IT IN YOUR SOUL.

FOR I AM YOUR SOUL...

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME...

YOU ARE PUNY, YOU ARE SMALL--

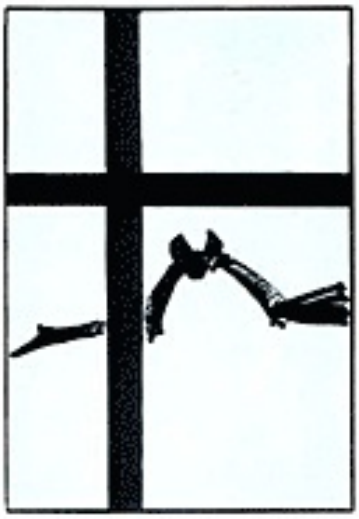
YOU ARE NOTHING--A HOLLOW SHELL, A RUSTY TRAP THAT CANNOT HOLD ME--

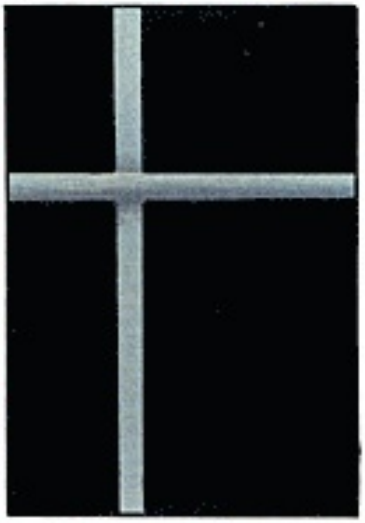
SMOLDERING, I BURN YOU-- BURNING YOU, I FLARE, HOT AND BRIGHT AND FIERCE AND BEAUTIFUL--

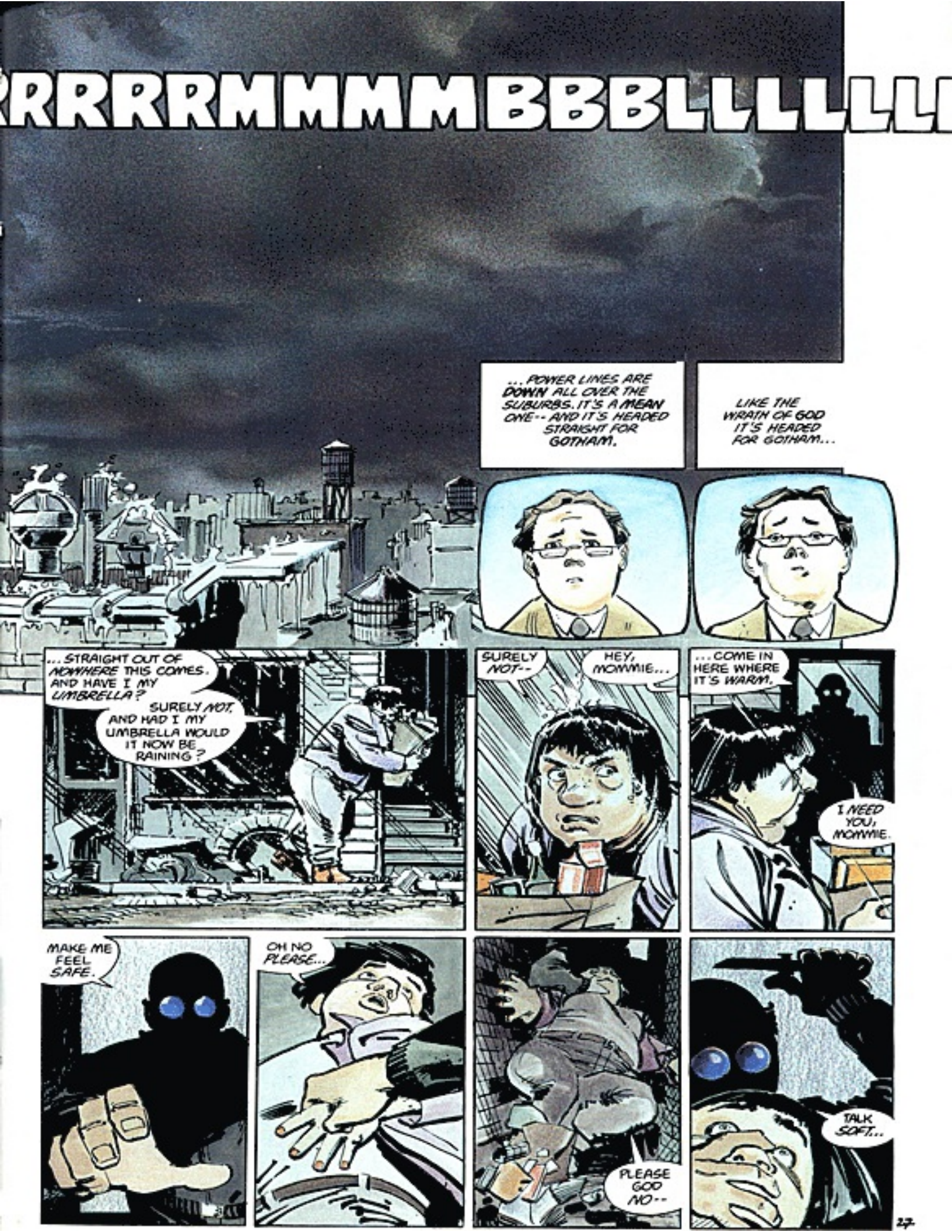
YOU CANNOT STOP ME--NOT WITH WINE OR VOWS OR THE WEIGHT OF AGE--

YOU CANNOT STOP ME BUT STILL YOU TRY-- STILL YOU RUN--

YOU TRY TO DROWN ME OUT...

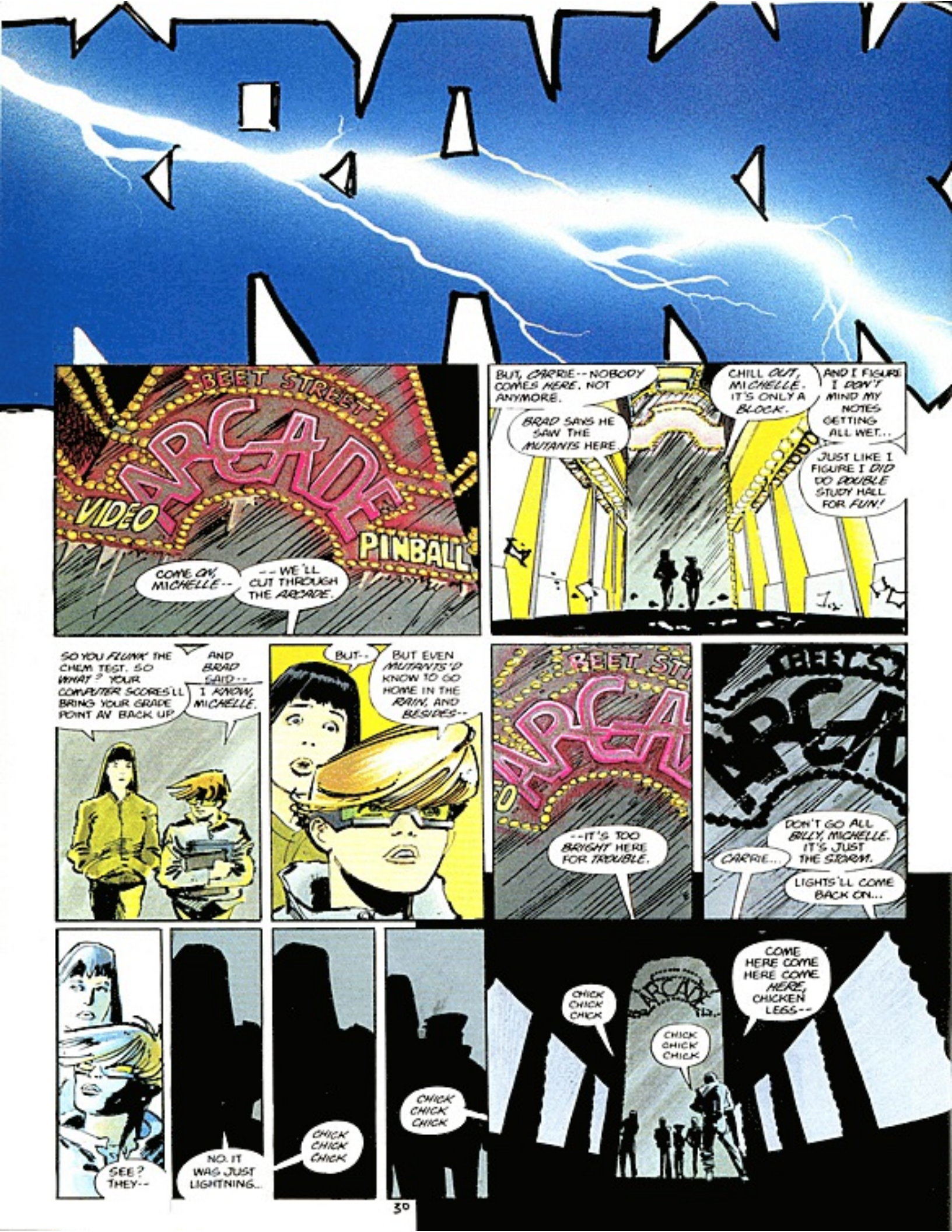


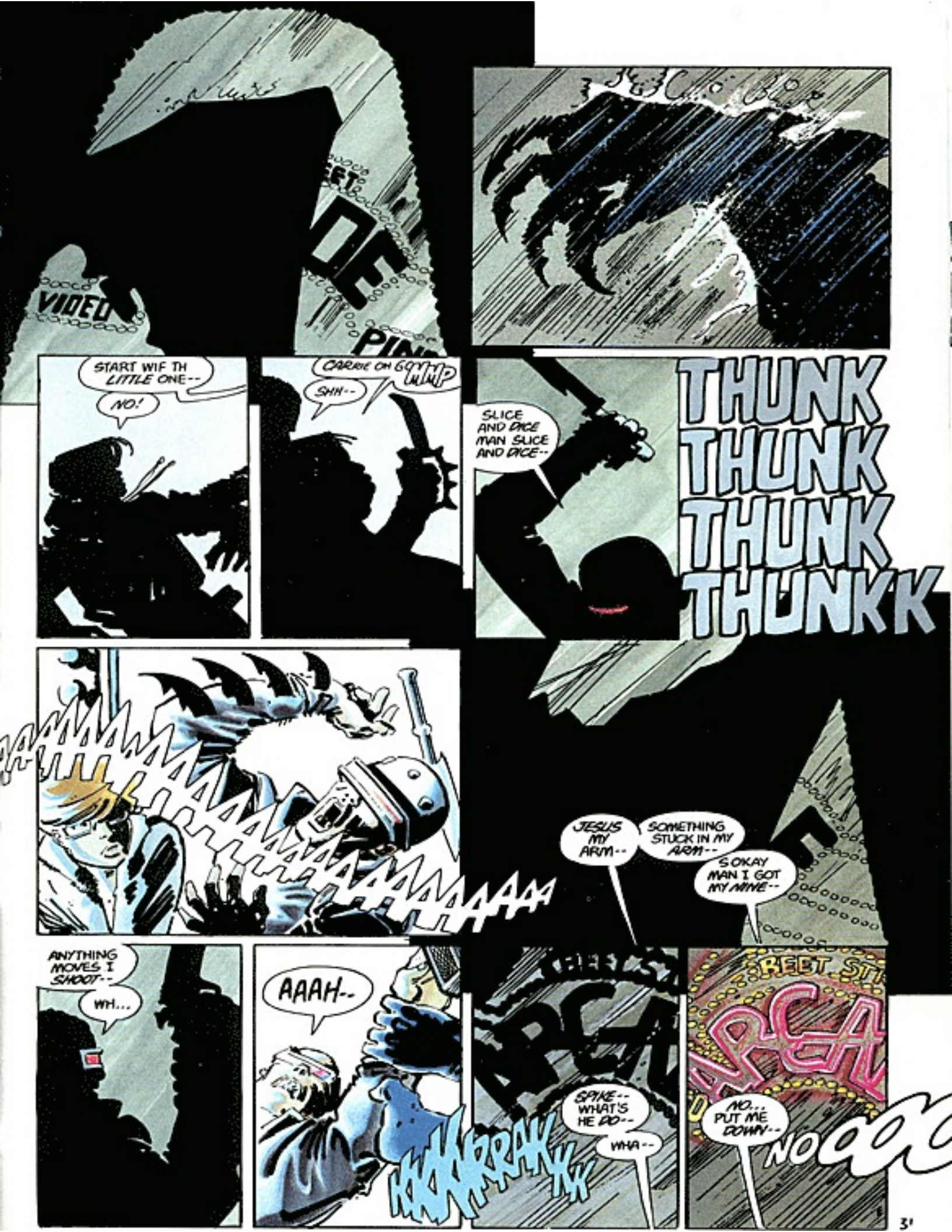



RRRRRMMMMMBBBLLLLLLL
...POWER LINES ARE DOWN ALL OVER THE SUBURBS. IT'S A MEAN ONE-- AND IT'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR GOTHAM.
LIKE THE WRATH OF GOD IT'S HEADED FOR GOTHAM...
...STRAIGHT OUT OF NOWHERE THIS COMES. AND HAVE I MY UMBRELLA?
SURELY NOT. AND HAD I MY UMBRELLA WOULD IT NOW BE RAINING?
SURELY NOT--
HEY, MOMMIE...
...COME IN HERE WHERE IT'S WARM.
I NEED YOU, MOMMIE.
MAKE ME FEEL SAFE.
OH NO PLEASE...
PLEASE GOD NO--
TALK SOFT...

KRE SSS SHTH
AAA--
KRE SSS HTH
RRMBL
KKKKRRAKKKK
GET YOU UGLY ASS IN THERE, BITCH. WE TAKIN A RIDE.
MAN, I
YOU PAININ ME, JOANNIE.
YOU MESSIN WIF MY LIVELIHOOD.
NOT MY FACE, SILK... PLEASE...
AAAAH--
LOOKIT YOU, JOANNIE. YOU WENT AN GREW ANOTHER MOSTAYL.
HEY, MAN--TAKE IT SOMEPLACE ELSE. I DON'T NEED THE GRIEF.
SHUT YOU HAIRY FACE AN DRIVE.
YEAH. ALL RIGHT. JUST MAKE IT QUICK.

YOU LEF US ONE UN-PLEASED CUSTOMUH BACK THERE, JOANNIE...
LISSEN, SILK--
CHAP CHAP
...DOG EAT DOG WORLD...
...THAT BASTARD WANTED ME TO AAAA...
YOU SMILE A LITTLE WIDER NOW, JOANNIE...
GNAR GNAR GNAR
?...JUST HAD THIS BABY TUNED...
WHUMP
WHAT THE...
EASE UP BACK THERE, MAN. I'M STILL PAYIN FOR THESE WHEELS.
DON STICK US. THAT WAS ON TH ROOF.
THE ROOF?
THAS RIGHT. TH ROOF. AN IF IS SOMEONE MESSIN WIF ME...
SKRAKKK
GNAA GNAA
WHOKK
GNAA GNAA GNAA
OH MAN OH MAN START ALREADY...
GNAA GNAA GNNN KLUNK


BEET STREET
VIDEO
ARCADE
PINBALL
COME ON, MICHELLE--
--WE'LL CUT THROUGH THE ARCADE.
BUT, CARRIE--NOBODY COMES HERE. NOT ANYMORE.
BRAD SAYS HE SAW THE MUTANTS HERE.
CHILL OUT, MICHELLE. IT'S ONLY A BLOCK.
AND I FIGURE I DON'T MIND MY NOTES GETTING ALL WET...
JUST LIKE I FIGURE I DID DO DOUBLE STUDY HALL FOR FUN!
SO YOU FLUNK THE CHEM TEST. SO WHAT? YOUR COMPUTER SCORES'LL BRING YOUR GRADE POINT AV BACK UP.
AND BRAD SAID--
I KNOW, MICHELLE.
BUT--
BUT EVEN MUTANTS'D KNOW TO GO HOME IN THE RAIN, AND BESIDES--
--IT'S TOO BRIGHT HERE FOR TROUBLE.
DON'T GO ALL BILLY, MICHELLE. IT'S JUST THE STORM.
CARRIE...
LIGHTS'LL COME BACK ON...
SEE? THEY--
NO. IT WAS JUST LIGHTNING...
CHICK CHICK CHICK
CHICK CHICK CHICK
CHICK CHICK CHICK
CHICK CHICK CHICK
COME HERE COME HERE COME HERE, CHICKEN LEGS--

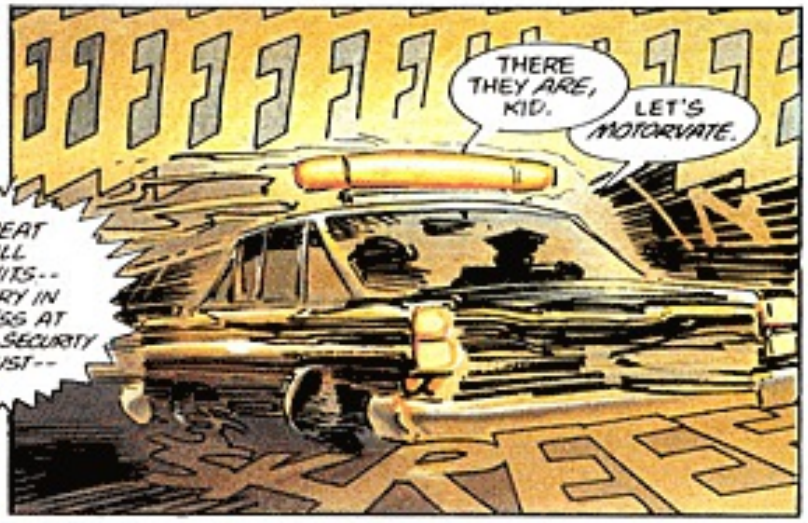

VIDEO
START WIF TH LITTLE ONE--
NO!
CARRIE ON GOT WIMP
SHH--
SLICE AND DICE MAN SLICE AND DICE--
THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNKK
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
JESUS MY ARM--
SOMETHING STUCK IN MY ARM--
SOKAY MAN I GOT MY NINE--
ANYTHING MOVES I SHOOT--
WH...
AAAH--
KKKKRAKK
SPIKE-- WHAT'S HE DO--
WHA--
NO... PUT ME DOWN--
NOOOO

...BREAKTHROUGH IN HAIR REPLACEMENT TECHNIQUES, AND THAT'S THE-- EXCUSE ME...

I'VE JUST BEEN HANDED THIS BULLETIN-- A LARGE, **BAT-LIKE** CREATURE HAS BEEN SIGHTED ON GOTHAM'S SOUTH SIDE.

IT IS SAID TO HAVE ATTACKED AND SERIOUSLY INJURED THREE **CAT-BURGLARS** WHO HAVE PLAGUED THAT NEIGHBORHOOD

YOU DON'T SUPPOSE...



THIS JUST IN-- TWO YOUNG CHILDREN WHO DISAPPEARED THIS MORNING HAVE BEEN FOUND UNHARMED IN A RIVERSIDE WAREHOUSE.

AN ANONYMOUS TIP LED POLICE TO THE WAREHOUSE, WHERE THEY FOUND THE CHILDREN WITH SIX MEMBERS OF THE **MUTANT** GANG.

ALL SIX ARE SUFFERING FROM MULTIPLE CUTS, CONTUSIONS, AND BROKEN BONES. THEY WERE RUSHED TO GOTHAM GENERAL HOSPITAL.

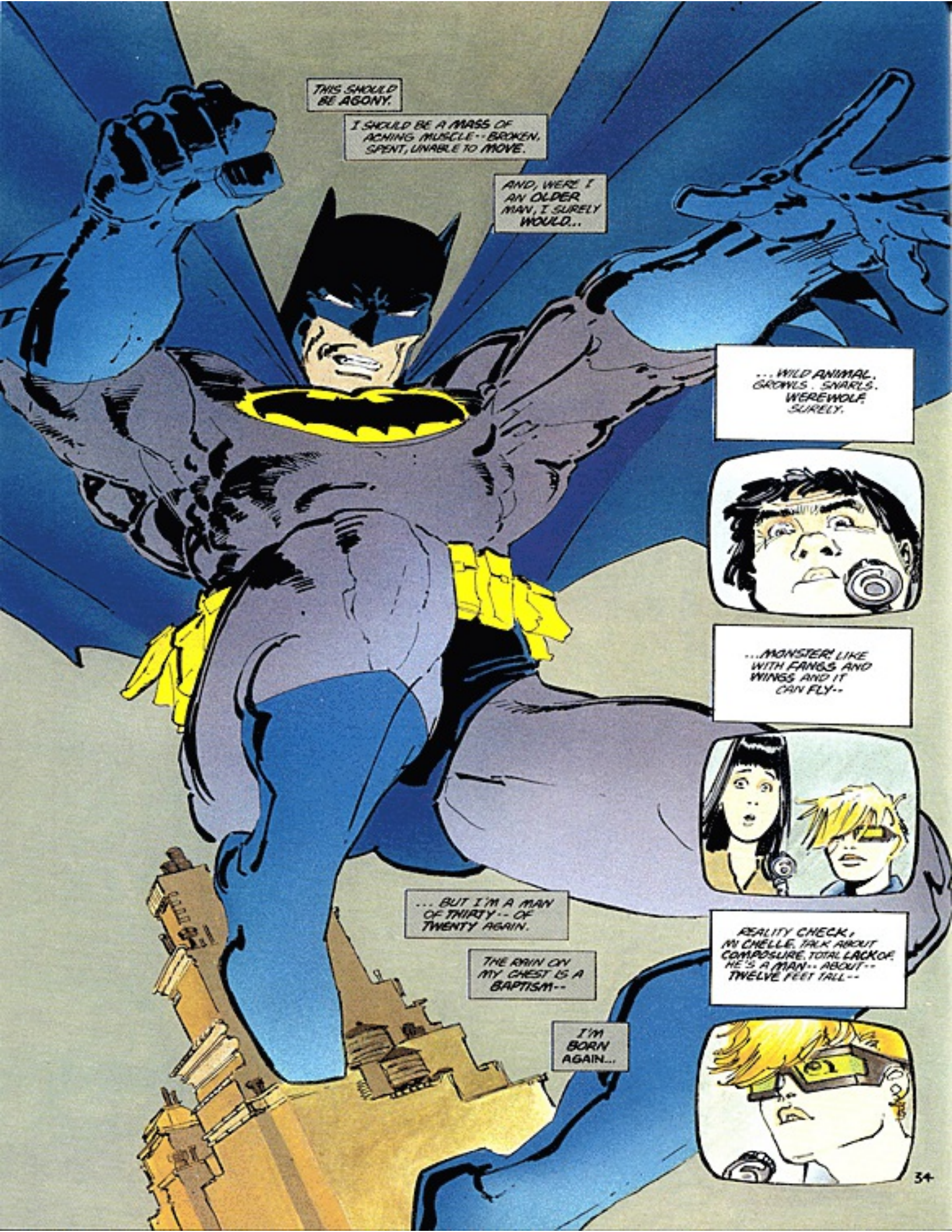
THE CHILDREN DESCRIBED AN ATTACK ON THE GANG MEMBERS BY A HUGE MAN DRESSED LIKE **DRACULA**...

THAT JALOPY-- IT PULLED AWAY FROM THE BANK AT THE SAME--
HELL WITH THAT. THE CUSTOM JOB'S GOT TO BE OUR BABY...
SKREE
POKITA POKITA POKITA

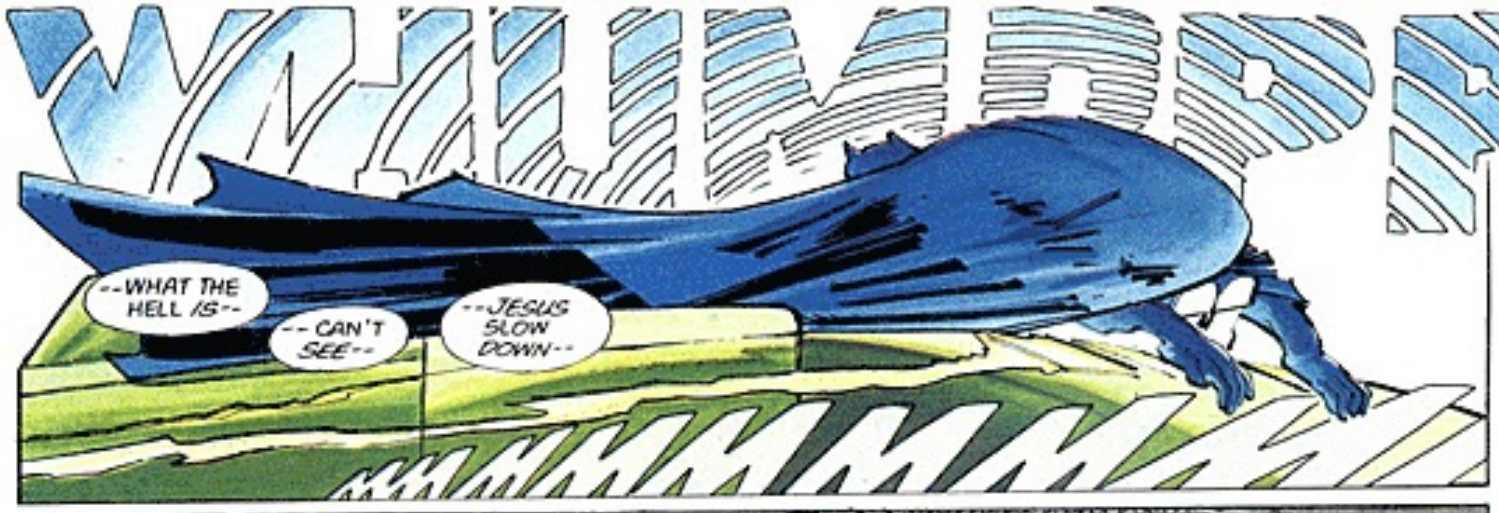
POLICE PHONE LINES ARE JAMMED WITH CITIZENS DESCRIBING WHAT SEEMS TO BE A SIEGE ON GOTHAM'S UNDERWORLD...
...BY THE BATMAN.
ALTHOUGH SEVERAL RESCUED VICTIMS-TO-BE HAVE DESCRIBED THE VIGILANTE TO NEWS TWELVE REPORTERS...
...COMMISSIONER JAMES GORDON HAS DECLINED TO COMMENT ON WHETHER OR NOT THIS MIGHT MEAN THE RETURN OF THE BATMAN...

GORDON'LL HAVE OUR HEADS IF WE LOSE THEM...
BRMM-- THAT SUCKER CAN MOVE!
HEY, WHAT'S THAT?
WHAT'S WHAT? I CAN'T--
UP AHEAD-- IT'S-- SOMETHING WEIRD...
KID--THIS AIN'T THE TIME--
BUT IT'S--
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! WHAT IS--

HOLY...
...BATTERED, WOUNDED CRIMINALS ARE BEING FOUND BY POLICE -- WHILE WITNESSES' DESCRIPTIONS ARE CONFUSED AND CONFLICTING...
YOU'RE SLOWING DOWN!
HEH. YEAH.
WE'RE IN FOR A SHOW, KID.
...MOST DESCRIPTIONS SEEM TO MATCH THE METHOD AND APPEARANCE OF THE BATMAN-- OR AT LEAST THE IMPRESSION HE WAS KNOWN TO MAKE...


THIS SHOULD BE AGONY.
I SHOULD BE A MASS OF ACHING MUSCLE -- BROKEN, SPENT, UNABLE TO MOVE.
AND, WERE I AN OLDER MAN, I SURELY WOULD...
... WILD ANIMAL. GROWLS. SNARLS. WEREWOLF. SURELY.
... MONSTER! LIKE WITH FANGS AND WINGS AND IT CAN FLY--
REALITY CHECK, MICHELLE. TALK ABOUT COMPOSURE. TOTAL LACK OF. HE'S A MAN -- ABOUT -- TWELVE FEET TALL --
... BUT I'M A MAN OF THIRTY -- OF TWENTY AGAIN.
THE RAIN ON MY CHEST IS A BAPTISM--
I'M BORN AGAIN...

I SMELL THEIR FEAR--AND IT IS SWEET.

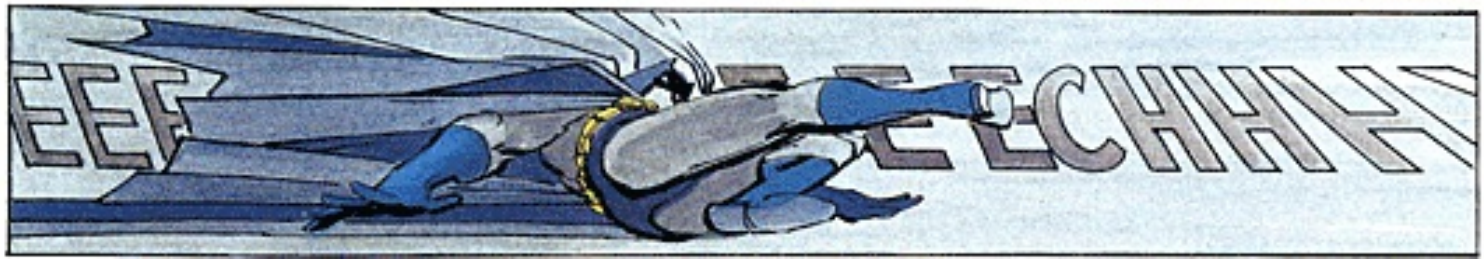

--WHAT THE HELL IS--
--CAN'T SEE--
--JESUS SLOW DOWN--

--STOP THE CAR--
--BUT WHAT IS THAT--
--IT'LL GET US--

--HIT THE BRAKES--
SSSSKKREEEE

EECH
SSKREEEEEEEEEE

EEEEEEEECHHHSSKREEE


EEE
ECHHH

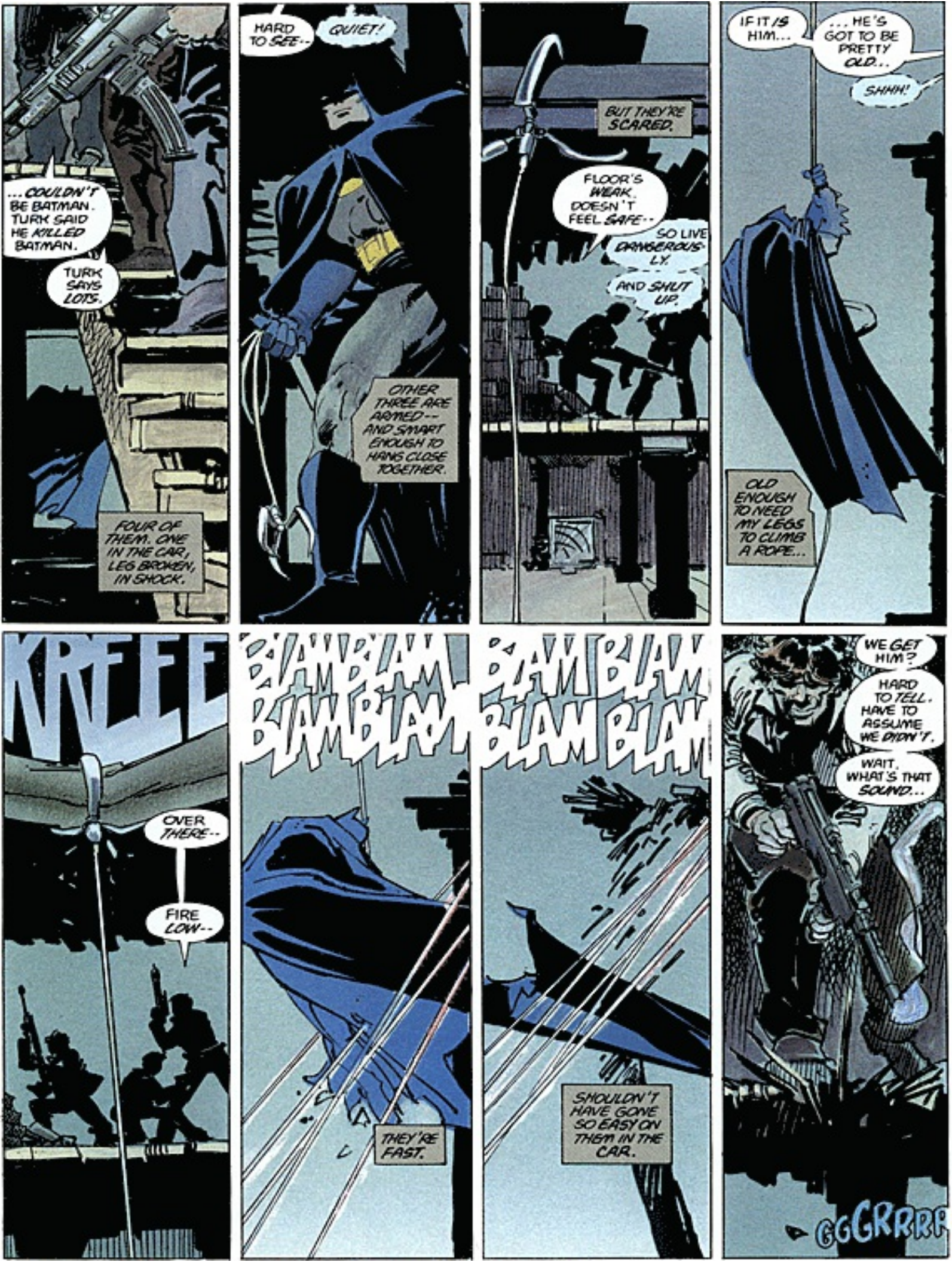
OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD
MURRAY'S LEG--
LEAVE HIM! THAT WAS BATMAN!
BATMAN?
SOON TO BE BUILT

SCREECH
HOLY...
I NEVER THOUGHT HE WAS REAL...

THESE MEN ARE MINE!

...YOU HEARD THE MAN.

YOU CRAZY? I'M GOING IN!
KID, YOU DON'T WANT TO GET IN HIS WAY--
KID!--


...COULDN'T BE BATMAN. TURK SAID HE KILLED BATMAN.
TURK SAYS LOTS.
FOUR OF THEM. ONE IN THE CAR, LEG BROKEN, IN SHOCK.
HARD TO SEE--
QUIET!
OTHER THREE ARE ARMED-- AND SMART ENOUGH TO HANG CLOSE TOGETHER.
BUT THEY'RE SCARED.
FLOOR'S WEAK. DOESN'T FEEL SAFE--
SO LIVE DANGEROUSLY.
AND SHUT UP.
IF IT IS HIM...
...HE'S GOT TO BE PRETTY OLD...
SHHH!
OLD ENOUGH TO NEED MY LEGS TO CLIMB A ROPE...
KREEE
OVER THERE--
FIRE LOW--
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
THEY'RE FAST.
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE SO EASY ON THEM IN THE CAR.
WE GET HIM?
HARD TO TELL. HAVE TO ASSUME WE DIDN'T.
WAIT. WHAT'S THAT SOUND...
GGGRRRR

...HE NEVER USED TO MAKE SOUNDS ...
I DON'T LIKE THIS.
YOU GOT A SPARE CLIP?
GRRRRRRR

GET YOUR OWN GOD DAMN CLIP. HEY THERE'S THAT COP CAR--
SKREEK

KLIK KLIK KLIK
WELCOME TO HELL.
S

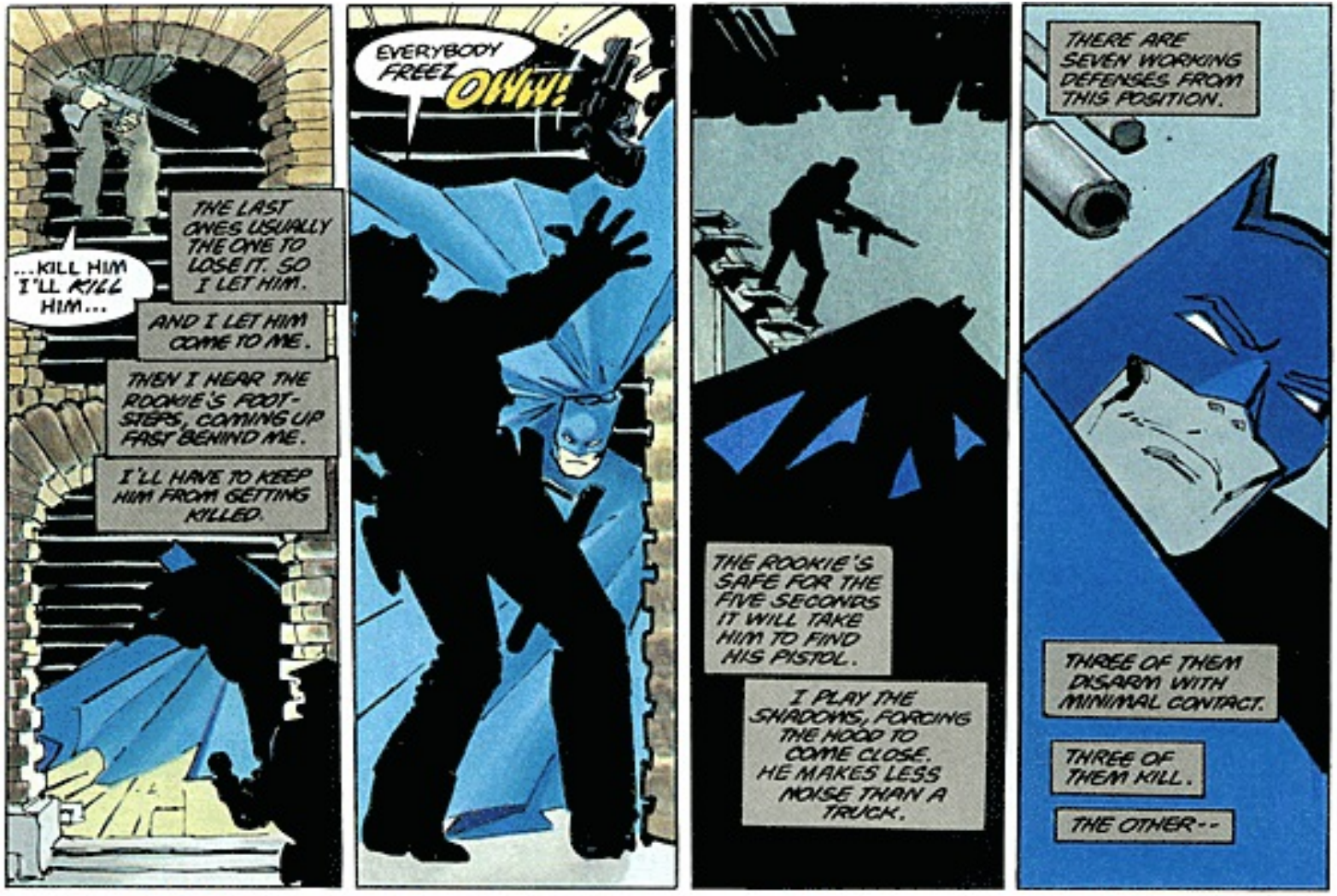
AAAA
KRAK

YOU MIGHT HIT MACKIE--
MIGHT.
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

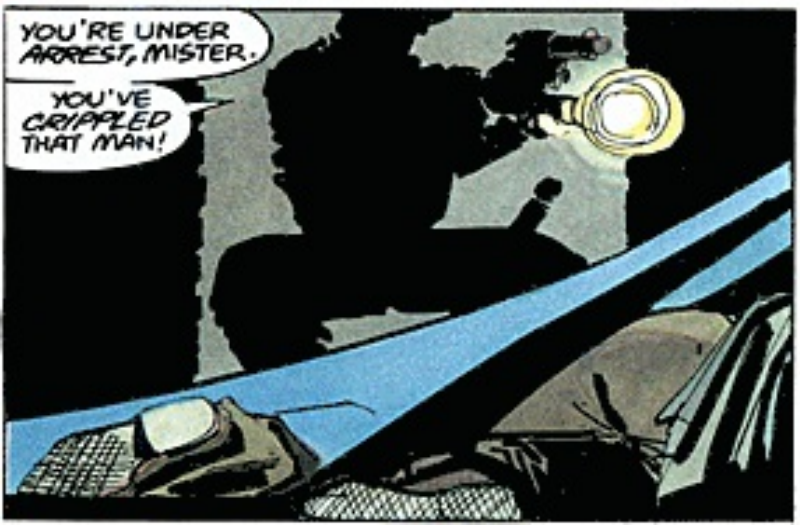
DID YOU?
MACKIE? YEAH.

BUT I DON'T SEE--
HKKK

NO


...KILL HIM I'LL KILL HIM...
THE LAST ONES USUALLY THE ONE TO LOSE IT. SO I LET HIM.
AND I LET HIM COME TO ME.
THEN I HEAR THE ROOKIE'S FOOTSTEPS, COMING UP FAST BEHIND ME.
I'LL HAVE TO KEEP HIM FROM GETTING KILLED.
EVERYBODY FREEZ
OWW!
THE ROOKIE'S SAFE FOR THE FIVE SECONDS IT WILL TAKE HIM TO FIND HIS PISTOL.
I PLAY THE SHADOWS, FORCING THE HOOD TO COME CLOSE. HE MAKES LESS NOISE THAN A TRUCK.
THERE ARE SEVEN WORKING DEFENSES FROM THIS POSITION.
THREE OF THEM DISARM WITH MINIMAL CONTACT.
THREE OF THEM KILL.
THE OTHER--

--HURTS.
KRAK


YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, MISTER.
YOU'VE CRIPPLED THAT MAN!

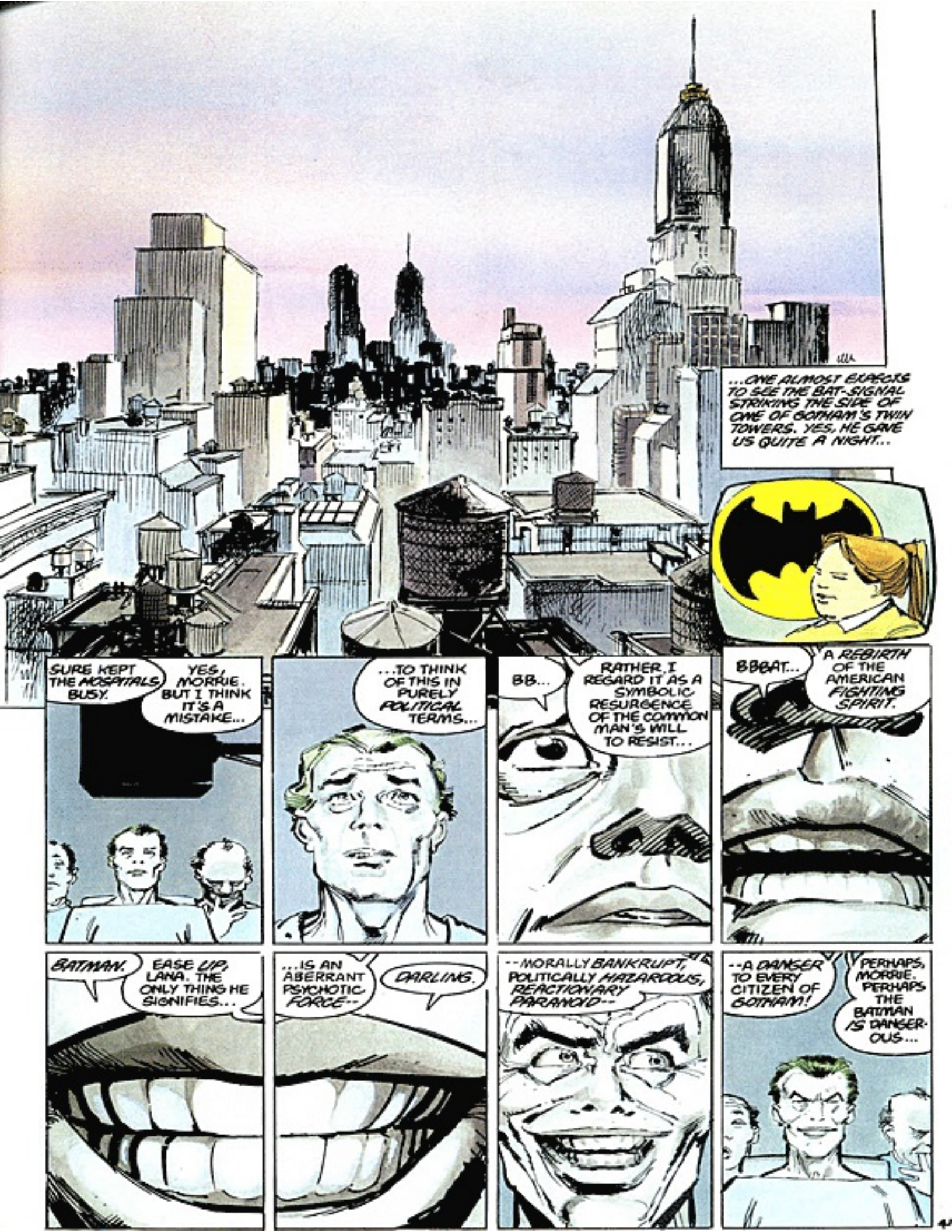
HE'S YOUNG. HE'LL PROBABLY WALK AGAIN.
BUT HE'LL STAY SCARED-- WON'T YOU, PUNK?
JESUS SWEET JESUS...

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT.
CIGARETTES, NO WONDER YOU'RE SO SLOW...
OH CHRIST I CAN'T STAND IT...
I MEAN IT, MAN--GET AWAY FROM HIM--
I'LL SHOOT--
DON'T TRY IT, KID. HE'S BEING PATIENT WITH YOU AS IT IS.
NICE TO HAVE YOU BACK, BATS.

GO TO THEIR CAR, KID. FETCH THE PAYROLL.
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS...
IT ISN'T IN THE CAR. IT'S NOWHERE AROUND HERE.
PILLS. NO END TO YOUR BAD HABITS...
PPPLEASE...
Y'KNOW, BATS--I SAW YOU ONCE--BACK WHEN I WAS WORKING THE EAST END.
I WAS A ROOKIE--LIKE SHAMUCK FACE HERE.
IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.
AT THE BANK--WAS THERE A SECOND CAR?

CAR? YEAH. AN OLD JALOPY. DIDN'T THINK--
YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO.
ANYWAY, IT WAS A RAINY NIGHT, JUST LIKE THIS. I WAS WALKIN' MY BEAT--
--I MEAN, I WAS JUST A KID BACK THEN...
...AND I SAW THIS GUY DRAW A GUN ON--
TELL GORDON WE HAVE TO TALK.

SURE THING, BATS. BUT HOW'S HE SPOSED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH--
OH, YEAH! NOW I REMEMBER...


...ONE ALMOST EXPECTS TO SEE THE BAT-SIGNAL STRIKING THE SIDE OF ONE OF GOTHAM'S TWIN TOWERS. YES, HE GAVE US QUITE A NIGHT...
SURE KEPT THE HOSPITALS BUSY.
YES, MORRIE. BUT I THINK IT'S A MISTAKE...
...TO THINK OF THIS IN PURELY POLITICAL TERMS...
BB...
RATHER, I REGARD IT AS A SYMBOLIC RESURGENCE OF THE COMMON MAN'S WILL TO RESIST...
BBBAT...
A REBIRTH OF THE AMERICAN FIGHTING SPIRIT.
BATMAN.
EASE UP, LANA. THE ONLY THING HE SIGNIFIES...
...IS AN ABERRANT PSYCHOTIC FORCE--
DARLING.
--MORALLY BANKRUPT, POLITICALLY HAZARDOUS, REACTIONARY PARANOID--
--A DANGER TO EVERY CITIZEN OF GOTHAM!
PERHAPS, MORRIE. PERHAPS THE BATMAN IS DANGEROUS...

...BUT HE'S HARDLY AS DANGEROUS AS HIS ENEMIES, IS HE? TAKE HARVEY DENT, JUST TO PICK A NAME...

THAT'S CUTE, LANA. BUT HARDLY APROPOS. AND HARDLY FAIR TO AS TROUBLED A SOUL AS HARVEY DENT'S.

HE CERTAINLY IS TROUBLE FOR HIS VICTIMS.

WAS, LANA. WAS. IF HARVEY DENT IS RETURNING TO CRIME -- AND PLEASE NOTE THAT I SAID IF -- IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING THAT HE'S NOT IN CONTROL OF HIMSELF.

AND BATMAN IS?

CERTAINLY. HE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT HE'S DOING. HIS KIND OF SOCIAL FASCIST ALWAYS DOES.

THEN WHY DO YOU CALL HIM PSYCHOTIC? BECAUSE YOU LIKE TO USE THAT WORD FOR ANY MOTIVE THAT'S TOO BIG FOR YOUR LITTLE MIND? BECAUSE HE FIGHTS CRIME INSTEAD OF PERPETRATING IT?

YOU DON'T CALL EXCESSIVE FORCE A CRIME? HOW ABOUT ASSAULT, FAT LADY? OR BREAKING AND ENTERING? HUH? TRY RECKLESS EN

DING

SORRY, MORRIE, BUT WE'RE OUT OF TIME -- THOUGH I'M SURE THIS DEBATE IS FAR FROM OVER. FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO CAME IN LATE, TODAY'S POINT VERSUS POINT...

...WAS CONCERNED WITH LAST NIGHT'S ATTACK ON DOZENS OF INDIVIDUALS WHO MAY HAVE BEEN CRIMINALS BY A PARTY OR PARTIES WHO MAY HAVE BEEN THE BATMAN.

ALSO OF CONCERN IS THIS MORNING'S ANNOUNCEMENT BY POLICE MEDIA RELATIONS DIRECTOR LOUIS GALLAGHER THAT A DEFACED DOLLAR COIN, WAS FOUND ON ONE OF THE SUSPECTS...

...IN LAST NIGHT'S PAYROLL ROBBERY. THOSE WHO REMEMBER THE CRIMES OF HARVEY DENT WILL RECOGNIZE THIS AS HIS TRADEMARK.

YOU STILL HERE?
MY CLIENT HAS YET TO BE CHARGED, COMMISSIONER. AND WITH GOOD REASON.

LET'S WE DROP THIS, HM?
YOUR CLIENT HAS BEEN IN AND OUT OF PRISON SINCE HE LEARNED TO WALK.

YOUR CLIENT FLED THE SCENE OF A FELONY AND FIRED ON POLICEMEN WITH AN ILLEGAL WEAPON.
WHERE'D I PUT THOSE CIGARS, MERKEL?

TOP DRAWER.
NO LOOT, NO ROBBERY, COMMISSIONER. HE HAS NOT BEEN IDENTIFIED AS HAVING FIRED UPON YOUR MEN.
AND AS FOR THE WEAPON--

DAMN THINGS'LL KILL ME...
--BATMAN PUT IT THERE DURING A CRIMINAL ASSAULT THAT LEFT TWO MEN IN DEEP SHOCK--

--ANOTHER IN A BODY CAST--
--AND MY CLIENT WITH A SHATTERED FEMUR. HIS PHYSICAL AND EMOTIONAL TRAUMA--
MATCHES, MERKEL.

VEST POCKET.
--SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO CONSTRAIN YOU TO HUNT DOWN THAT LUNATIC AND CEASE THIS HARASSMENT OF HIS VICTIMS.

CAN YOU HEAR ME, COMMISSIONER?
DRAW UP RELEASE PAPERS FOR FEMUR HERE, MERKEL.

NOT UNTIL HE IS INSURED OF PROTECTION--
YOU HEARD ME, MERKEL.

AAAHH!
EASY, ALFRED. EASY.
IF IT'S SUICIDE YOU'RE AFTER, MASTER BRUCE...

...I HAVE THE RECIPE FOR AN OLD FAMILY POTION.
IT'S SLOW IN WORKING, AND QUITE PAINFUL. YOU'D LIKE IT.
DRINK

WAYNE INFIRMARY.
YES, SIR. JUST A MOMENT, SIR.

IT'S GORDON, SIR.
SHALL I SAY YOU'RE INCAPACITATED?

HELLO, COMMISSIONER?
NO, I'M JUST FINE...
HMF

...HE'LL JUST HAVE TO WEAR IT WET...
THAT IS INTERESTING.
RELEASING HIM NOW, ARE YOU?

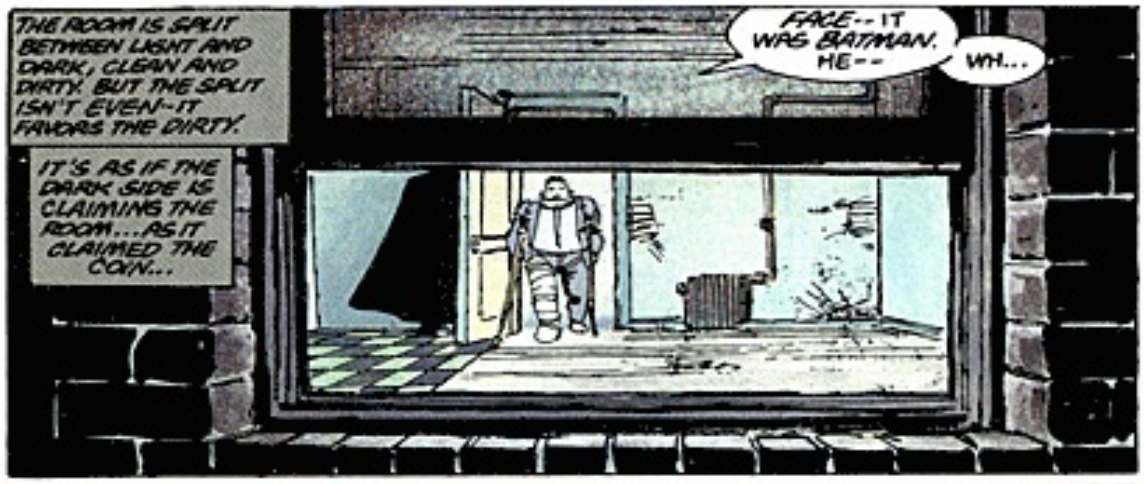
YOU KNOW, SIR, THAT THERE IS A PRECEDENT FOR WHEELCHAIR DETECTIVES...
SHUT UP, ALFRED.

WE WILL KILL THE OLD MAN GORDON. HIS WOMEN WILL WEEP FOR HIM. WE WILL CHOP HIM. WE WILL GRIND HIM. WE WILL BATHE IN HIS BLOOD.

I MYSELF WILL KILL THE FOOL BATMAN. I WILL RIP THE MEAT FROM HIS BONES AND SUCK THEM DRY. I WILL EAT HIS HEART AND DRAG HIS BODY THROUGH THE STREET.

DON'T CALL US A GANG. DON'T CALL US CRIMINALS. WE ARE THE LAW. WE ARE THE FUTURE. GOTHAM CITY BELONGS TO THE MUTANTS. SOON THE WORLD WILL BE OURS.

WITH THAT VIDEOTAPED MESSAGE, THE MUTANT LEADER -- WHOSE NAME AND FACE REMAIN A SECRET -- HAS DECLARED WAR ON THE CITY OF GOTHAM... AND ON ITS MOST FAMOUS CHAMPION...



BATMAN? YEAH, I THINK HE'S A-OKAY. HE'S KICKING JUST THE RIGHT BUTTS -- BUTTS THE COPS AIN'T KICKING, THAT'S FOR SURE. HOPE HE GOES AFTER THE HOMOS NEXT.

MAKES ME SICK. WE MUST TREAT THE SOCIALLY MIS-ORIENTED WITH REHABILITATIVE METHODS. WE MUST PATIENTLY REASON THEIR-- EXCUSE ME--? NO, I'D NEVER LIVE IN THE CITY...

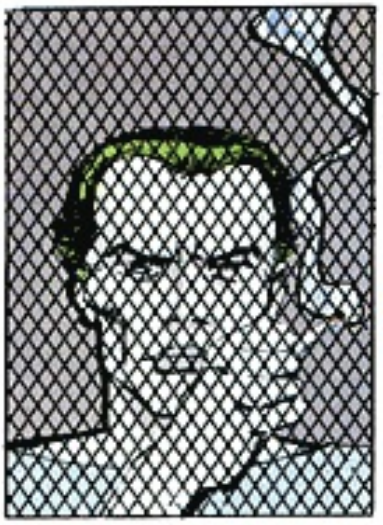
"TWICE AS BIG AS YOU CAN IMAGINE" --THAT'S ALL HE HAD TO SAY?
THAT'S ALL HE KNEW, JIM.
BUT TOMORROW IS THE SECOND-- AND A TUESDAY--
--SO IT'S JUST A MATTER OF FIGURING OUT WHAT HE'S AFTER.
THE PAYROLL ROBBERY WAS COMMITTED TO SPONSOR IT.
SPONSOR IT? THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
TWO HELICOPTERS WERE STOLEN TODAY. ONE, A STATE-OF-THE-ART MILITARY FIGHTER-- THE OTHER, AN OLD ARMY SURPLUS JOB. THAT'S GOT TO BE DENT'S WORK.
WITH THAT PAYROLL HE COULD HAVE BOUGHT THEM.
THEN IT'S GOING TO BE A CRIME BY AIR-- USING SOMETHING ELSE MORE COSTLY.
HE'S NOT CAREFUL, WHOEVER HE IS.
YOU STILL DON'T THINK IT'S DENT?
I HOPE NOT. HARVEY WRESTLED LONG AND HARD WITH HIS OTHER SIDE. TO HAVE IT DEVOUR HIM NOW...
BUT IF IT IS...
IF IT'S HARVEY, WE'LL CATCH HIM... THE TRICK WILL BE TO KEEP HIM ALIVE. HE'S POSSESSED, JIM. OUT OF CONTROL.
I THINK HE WANTS TO DIE.
WE ARE TALKING ABOUT HARVEY DENT...
IT SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT TO FIND HIS TARGET. ACCESSIBLE BY HELICOPTER AND TWICE AS BIG AS...
...TWICE AS BIG...

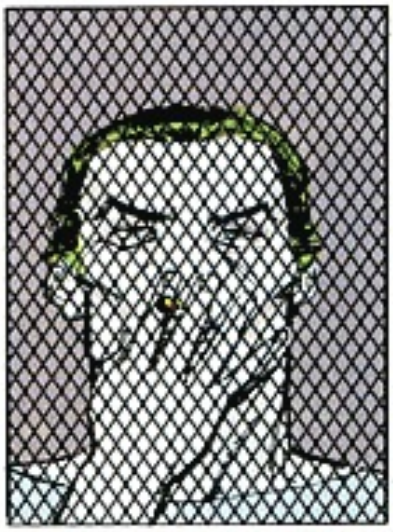
YES, MERV. I AM CONVINCED OF HARVEY'S INNOCENCE. ABSOLUTELY. HOWEVER, I WON'T GO SO FAR AS TO SAY I'M SURE HE HASN'T RETURNED TO CRIME.

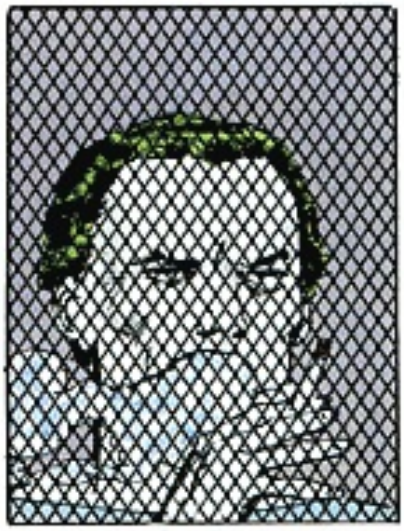
I KNOW THAT SOUNDS CONFUSING. THESE THINGS OFTEN DO TO THE LAYMAN. BUT I'LL TRY TO EXPLAIN WITHOUT GETTING OVERLY TECHNICAL. YOU SEE, IT ALL GETS DOWN TO THIS BATMAN FELLOW.

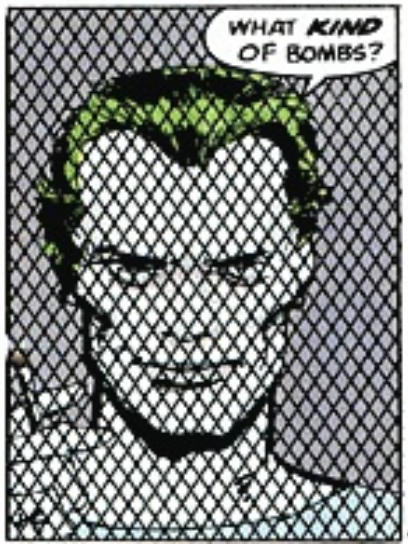
BATMAN'S PSYCHOTIC SUBLIMATIVE / PSYCHO-EROTIC BEHAVIOR PATTERN IS LIKE A NET. WEAK-EGOED NEUROTICS, LIKE HARVEY, ARE DRAWN INTO CORRESPONDING INTERSTICING PATTERNS.

YOU MIGHT SAY BATMAN COMMITS THE CRIMES... USING HIS SO-CALLED VILLAINS AS NARCISSISTIC PROXIES...









ONE MORE TIME I CHECK MY UTILITY BELT.

NERVE GAS AMPULES. FREEZING COMPOUND. CABLE. GRAPPLING HOOKS. STETHOSCOPE. PAIN KILLERS.

NONE OF IT'S GONE ANYWHERE IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES.

I SHIFT MY LEGS TO KEEP THEM FROM CRAMPING AND WATCH NIGHT SETTLE LIKE A CLOSE FIRE ON THE CITY OF GOTHAM.

THEN I HEAR IT.

HUP WHUPWHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUPWHUP WH

DENT--OR WHOEVER--IS SURE TO BE IN THE NEWER COPTER. I'M HOPING HE'LL LAND ON THE TOWER I PICKED...

BUT I'M NOT COUNTING ON IT.

POKITAPOKITAP

THEY SPLIT. THE ARMY SURPLUS JOB SETTLES DOWN, SPUTTERING LIKE A CRANKY OLD MAN BEHIND ME.

I PICKED THE WRONG ROOF.

OKITAPOKITAPO

GOOD THING I BROUGHT THE GUN.

THE NEW ONE COMES IN LOW, A GLEAMING METAL DRAGONFLY.

I'LL HAVE TO BUY ONE OF THOSE...

WHUP WHU

...BROADCAST LIVE FROM GOTHAM'S TWIN TOWERS, IT'S NEWS TWO...

GOOD EVENING. I'M LOLA CHONG. TONIGHT WE'RE PLEASED TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL REPORT...