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APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# BATMAN



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Jason Todd is dead.  
The Joker killed him years ago.



However, it is not impossible  
for the dead to come back to life.


I KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING.  
YOU'RE  
THINKING ABOUT  
WHEN I DIED.

HOW  
THERE'S BLOOD  
ON YOUR HANDS  
BECAUSE YOU  
COULDN'T GET  
THERE IN TIME TO  
STOP THE JOKER  
FROM KILLING  
ME.



Superman died.  
Green Arrow died.

And they are alive today.



Jason was buried here.  
The grave is empty.  
His corpse is gone.

KEEPING SILENT.  
GATHERING YOUR  
THOUGHTS. HOPING  
TO RATTLE YOUR  
OPPONENT.

I'LL  
MAKE IT  
SIMPLE FOR  
YOU.

YOU'VE  
GOT TO GET  
TO ME --

--BEFORE  
I SLIT THIS  
PRETENDER'S  
THROAT.

TELL ME,  
BATMAN.  
YOU LET ONE  
ROBIN DIE.

WANT  
TO GO FOR  
TWO?



TAKE HIM.

NO!

*Ra's al Ghul has something he calls a "Lazarus Pit."*

*The pit has certain... properties... that can restore life to the dead.*



*According to Ra's--who could be lying--someone took advantage of one of the pit's healing energies.*

CATWOMAN.

I TOLD YOU TO STAY WITH THE HUNTRESS.



COULDN'T LET SOMEONE ELSE CLIP THE LITTLE BIRD'S WINGS.

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED.





*As with most things,  
using the Lazarus Pit  
comes at a price.*

*Upon emergence from the pit,  
madness fuels the survivor.*



*I DON'T.  
BUT IF SOMETHING  
HAPPENED TO YOU,  
HE'D BE HELL  
TO LIVE WITH...*



*You enter dead.  
You come out insane.*



The terrible irony is that  
when Jason died...

DID YOU  
THINK YOU COULD  
TAKE ME WITH  
ONE PUNCH?

**BDFF**

...in the madness of grief...

THIS WAS  
ALWAYS OUR  
PROBLEM.

**WUP**

...I actually considered ...

YOU  
SAW ME AS  
SECOND-  
RATE.

**DOK**

...putting Jason in  
a Lazarus Pit myself.

NOT BEING  
ABLE TO BE AS  
GOOD AS THE  
"OTHER" ROBIN!

**THWAK**

*I made a promise on the grave of my parents to rid this city of the evil that took their lives. By day, I am Bruce Wayne, billionaire philanthropist. At night, criminal, a cowardly and superstitious lot, call me...*

# BATMAN

CREATED BY

**BOB KANE**

## Chapter Eleven THE GAME

**HOW COULD YOU LET ME DIE?**

*I would have done anything to save Jason's life.*

*Teph  
LOEB  
writes*

*Jim  
LEE  
pencils*

*Scott  
WILLIAMS  
inks  
Richard  
STARKINGS  
letters  
Alex  
SINCLAIR  
colors  
Bob  
SCHRECK  
edits  
Michael  
WRIGHT  
associate editor  
special thanks to  
Mark  
CHIARELLO*



C'MON!  
FIGHT  
ME!

But I came to my senses in time.

The trauma to the boy's head  
was so severe, even if the Pit  
could revive him --

-- there was  
no guarantee  
he would be capable  
of rational thought.



YOU OWE  
ME THAT.

SHOW ME  
SOME  
RESPECT--

-- SO  
I CAN WIN  
THIS GAME,  
BATMAN.



YOU'D BE  
AMAZED BY  
THE NUMBER OF  
PEOPLE WHO  
WANTED TO  
PLAY.

WHO WERE  
WILLING TO RISK  
IT ALL FOR A  
TASTE OF --

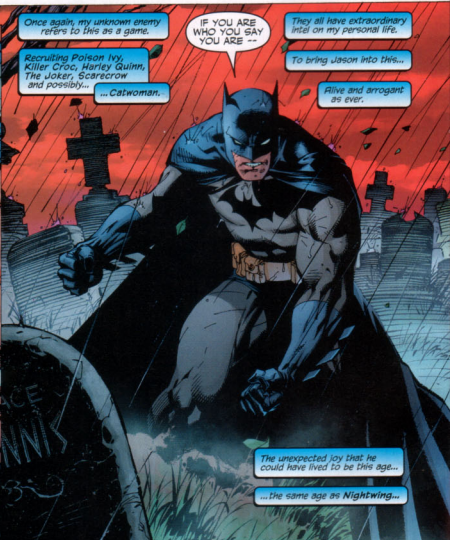
**KLX**



**CHUK**

-- REVENGE --  
**AARGH!**





-- TO  
KILL YOU.  
IT'S  
GAME  
OVER.

Once again, my unknown enemy  
refers to this as a game.

Recruiting Poison Ivy,  
Killer Croc, Harley Quinn,  
The Joker, Scarecrow  
and possibly...

... Catwoman.

IF YOU ARE  
WHO YOU SAY  
YOU ARE --

They all have extraordinary  
intel on my personal life.

To bring Jason into this...

Alive and arrogant  
as ever.

The unexpected joy that he  
could have lived to be this age...

...the same age as Nightwing...





His coordination. His speed.  
The acrobatics.



It's all... too familiar.



YOU HAVE TO  
LET HIM DO THIS  
ALONE.

TAKE  
YOUR  
HAND  
OFF OF  
ME.

I DON'T "HAVE"  
TO DO ANYTHING.  
PARTICULARLY WHEN  
IT COMES FROM  
YOU.

JUST  
LISTEN  
TO ME--  
PLEASE. THE ENTIRE  
TIME I'VE BEEN  
ROBIN --

-- EVERY LESSON  
-- EVERY MOVE THAT  
BATMAN HAS TAUGHT  
ME -- -- IS

INTENDED  
TO KEEP WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
JASON FROM  
HAPPENING TO ME.



NO MATTER  
WHAT HE SAYS,  
JASON'S DEATH  
STILL HAUNTS  
HIM.

WHY ELSE  
WOULD HE KEEP  
JASON'S COSTUME  
SO PROMINENTLY  
IN THE CAVE?

THEN YOU  
SHOULD KNOW  
BETTER THAN  
ANYONE, KID--

-- WHAT HE'S  
LIKE WHEN HE'S  
ANGRY.

ASK YOURSELF,  
BOY WONDER --

-- WHAT'S  
HE GOING TO DO  
IF HE FINDS OUT THAT  
IT'S NOT JASON TODD  
COME BACK TO  
HAUNT HIM?





Bottom line...  
Jason was never  
this good.



I HAVE  
TO ADMIT,  
I'M A LITTLE  
DISAPPOINTED.

I MEAN,  
I KNOW YOU  
WERE DISTRACTED  
BY GETTING  
A LITTLE ACTION  
WITH CATWOMAN.

THEN,  
THE DEATH OF  
TOMMY ELLIOT  
REALLY PUSHED  
YOUR BUTTONS.

THAK



CHOK

CHOK



GOING AFTER  
THE JOKER--  
RA'S AL GHUL--

--EVERYBODY  
BUT THE RIGHT  
SOMEBODY.



C'MON,  
BATMAN --  
IT WAS RIGHT  
IN FRONT OF YOU  
THE ENTIRE TIME.

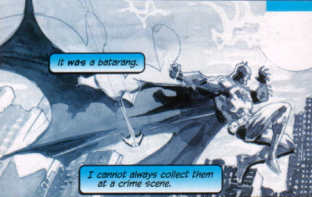
JUST LIKE  
THE PURLOINED  
LETTER--  
EDGAR ALLAN POE'S  
STORY --

THE  
VERY FIRST  
DETECTIVE  
STORY.

REMEMBER?  
SOMEONE CUT YOUR  
BATLINE?



The Purloined Letter--  
when the answer  
is in plain sight.



It was a batarang.

I cannot always collect them  
at a crime scene.

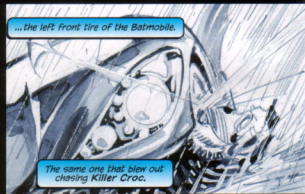


It was by design that  
I landed in Crime Alley.



Where we first met.

Where Jason was stealing...



...the left front tire of the Batmobile.

The same one that blew out  
chasing Killer Croc.



PUTTING  
ALL THE CLUES  
TOGETHER,  
HUH?

CAN'T SAY  
I DIDN'T GIVE  
YOU A SPORTING  
CHANCE.



YOU  
MAY HAVE  
A LOT OF  
FACTS.

PERSONAL  
HISTORY  
ANECDOTES.

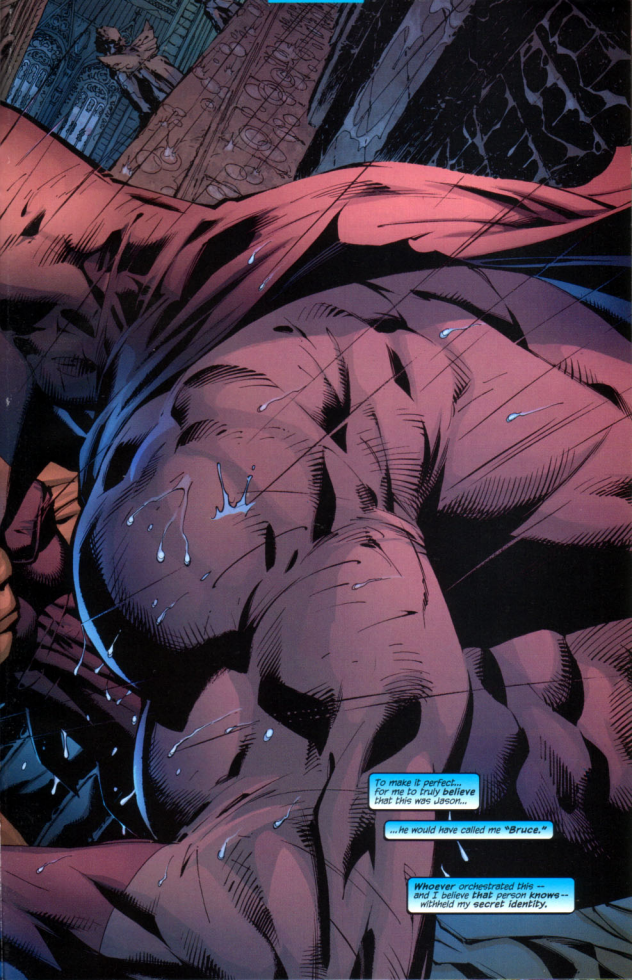
YOU MAY  
EVEN HAVE SET UP  
ALL THOSE INCIDENTS  
TO ECHO WHAT  
HAPPENED IN THE  
PAST.

BUT...



YOU ARE NOT  
THE ROBIN WHO  
DIED.





To make it perfect...  
For me to truly believe  
that this was Jason...

...he would have called me "Bruce."

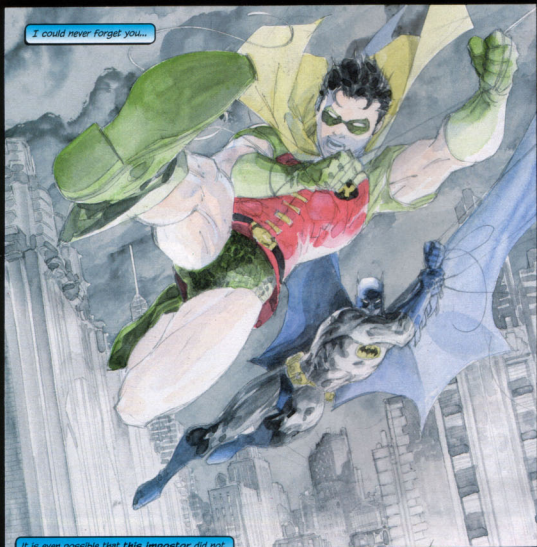
Whoever orchestrated this --  
and I believe that person knows--  
withheld my secret identity.





EVEN  
IN THE END...  
JASON KNEW HOW  
MUCH I LOVED  
HIM.

*I could never forget you...*



*It is even possible that this impostor did not  
know that Jason Todd was Robin.*

*He could have been told to put on  
a costume and come to this open grave.  
Given what to say... up to a point.*

*He never referred to  
himself as "Jason"...  
and I never called  
him that either.*

CLAY.

WHEN  
DID YOU  
KNOW?







THAT IT  
WASN'T  
JASON?

I DIDN'T AT FIRST.  
THE CLUES LED ME  
TO BELIEVE THAT  
A LAZARUS PIT HAD BEEN  
USED AND JASON *COULD*  
HAVE BEEN BROUGHT  
BACK TO LIFE.

BUT,  
ON THE GROUND...  
IN THE MUD.

CLAY.



IT WAS  
CLAYFACE  
MIMICKING  
THE ROLE.

BUT... WHY MAKE  
JASON OLDER?  
A CORPSE DOESN'T  
AGE.



TO HIDE THE FLAWS.  
THEY COULDN'T BE SURE  
EXACTLY HOW JASON'S VOICE  
SOUNDED OR HOW HE MOVED  
AND FOUGHT --

-- HE'D BEEN  
DEAD TOO LONG --

-- BUT  
CLAYFACE COULD  
MIMIC NIGHTWING.  
THAT'S WHY HIS  
ACROBATICS SEEMED  
SO FAMILIAR.

AND  
COPYING  
ME --?

-- WOULD  
HAVE BEEN  
JUST THAT. IF  
THE ILLUSION WAS  
GOING TO WORK,  
I HAD TO BE  
UNSURE.



YOUR  
MOVEMENTS  
ARE TOO  
RECENT --  
TOO VIBRANT  
IN MY MIND.

I AM KIND  
OF UNIQUE,  
AREN'T I?

YOUR  
NECK...?



I'LL NEED  
STITCHES.  
BUT CATWOMAN  
GOT THE BLEEDING  
STOPPED.

SHE PROBABLY  
SAVED MY LIFE,  
YOU KNOW.

GO TO THE CAVE.  
HAVE ALFRED TEND  
TO YOUR WOUND.

THEN GET TO  
WORK ON THAT  
COSTUME.

SEE IF THERE'S  
ANYTHING ON IT OTHER  
THAN CLAY THAT WILL HELP  
US FIND OUT WHO IS  
BEHIND ALL THIS.



HUNTRESS  
IS GONE.  
SHE TOOK  
MY -- YOUR --  
MOTORCYCLE.

I THOUGHT  
THAT SLEEPING  
JUICE YOU HAD  
ME STICK HER  
WITH WOULD  
KEEP HER  
OUT.

SHE'S  
BETTER  
THAN YOU  
THINK.

BETTER  
THAN  
EVERYONE  
THINKS.  
INCLUDING  
HERSELF.



IN HER RANTING,  
IT SOUNDED LIKE SHE  
MADE A DEAL WITH  
SOMEONE WHO  
BETRAYED HER.

YES,  
AND SHE MAY  
HAVE BETRAYED  
ME --

-- BUT WE  
CAN'T BE  
CERTAIN  
BECAUSE...

I KNOW.

I DIDN'T  
STAY WITH  
HER.

I DON'T  
LIKE TAKING  
ORDERS FROM  
YOU.



AND I DON'T LIKE BEING  
FOLLOWED. IF YOU  
DON'T TRUST ME...



I TRUST  
YOU.

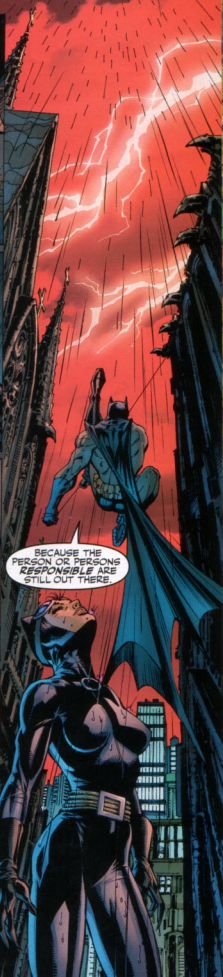


FOR WHAT  
IT'S WORTH.

I'M  
GLAD IT  
WASN'T  
JASON.

I'M NOT.

OH...?



BECAUSE THE  
PERSON OR PERSONS  
RESPONSIBLE ARE  
STILL OUT THERE.



Coming here --  
to Oracle's Clock Tower  
is closer than the Cave.

Catwoman will keep  
Jonathan Crane --  
Scarecrow bound  
until the police arrive.

Clayface could be anywhere --  
mixed with the water and the mud,  
the clay could travel down  
into the ground and re-form on  
the other side of Gotham.



I NEED TO FIND  
HUNTRESS.

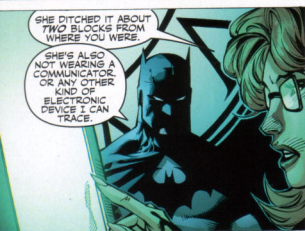
--EEP--

DID MY  
DAD EVER GET  
USED TO YOUR  
SUDDEN  
APPEARING  
ACT?



SHE  
IS RIDING  
ONE OF THE  
BATBIKES.

WAS.



SHE DITCHED IT ABOUT  
TWO BLOCKS FROM  
WHERE YOU WERE.

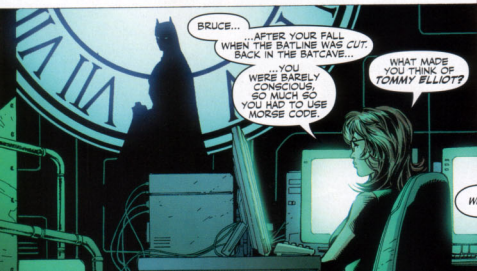
SHE'S ALSO  
NOT WEARING A  
COMMUNICATOR.  
OR ANY OTHER  
KIND OF  
ELECTRONIC  
DEVICE I CAN  
TRACE.



LET ME  
KNOW WHEN YOU  
FIND HER.

SHE'S A  
LOOSE END...

...AND  
WHOEVER IT IS  
WE'RE DEALING  
WITH ISN'T GOING  
TO LET HER  
STAY OUT THERE  
FOR LONG.



BRUCE...

...AFTER YOUR FALL  
WHEN THE BATLINE WAS CUT.  
BACK IN THE BATCAVE...

...YOU  
WERE BARELY  
CONSCIOUS,  
SO MUCH SO  
YOU HAD TO USE  
MORSE CODE.

WHAT MADE  
YOU THINK OF  
TOMMY ELLIOT?

WHY?







HE WAS  
THE BEST SURGEON  
IN THE COUNTRY.

AS GOOD,  
IF NOT BETTER,  
THAN MY FATHER.  
AND A  
CHILDHOOD FRIEND  
WHO IS NOW DEAD  
BECAUSE HE CAME BACK  
INTO MY LIFE.

THIS GOES  
BEYOND  
"CURIOUS."

YOU ASKED ME  
TO LOOK INTO THAT  
ELECTRONIC RELAY  
YOU FOUND HIDDEN  
UNDERNEATH YOUR  
COMPUTER IN  
THE CAVE.

AT FIRST  
I THOUGHT IT WAS  
A LISTENING DEVICE --  
STANDARD C.I.A. OP  
KIND OF STUFF.

TURNS OUT IT  
WAS MADE TO LOOK  
LIKE THAT.

THE DESIGN WORK  
WAS FLAWLESS.

ANY IDEA  
WHOSE WORK  
IT IS?

I THINK I DO.  
I THINK YOU DO  
TOO OR YOU  
WOULDN'T HAVE  
ASKED ME.

I ROUTED THE  
DEVICE THROUGH  
THIS COMPUTER.

CLK  
ENTER

...AND  
LOOK WHAT  
IT CAN DO...





It takes a few nights,  
but Oracle manages  
to arrange a meeting.

She has redirected the traffic.  
The Gotham City Bridge  
will be closed until six a.m.

It will not take that long  
for this to end.



I DIDN'T  
THINK YOU  
WOULD  
COME.  
THAT  
SORT OF THING  
REQUIRES  
COURAGE.



WHY?

WHY  
BETRAY  
ME?

I WOULD  
HAVE GIVEN YOU  
ANYTHING  
YOU NEEDED.

I HAD  
GIVEN YOU  
ANYTHING YOU  
NEEDED.  
A HOME.  
A PURPOSE.



WHAT  
THIRTY PIECES  
OF SILVER WAS  
PROMISED TO  
YOU?



HAROLD.

HAPPINESS.

*When I first met Harold he was all alone. Friendless. Homeless. But gifted when it came to the repair of machines and electronics.*

*For a long time he worked in The Cave. Access to the cars, the computers. Always silent... in many ways, as alone as when I found him.*



YOU CAN...  
SPEAK.

*Through the years, I used all my resources to find a way to repair Harold's body.*

*But... medical science is not like crime. There is not always an answer.*



THIS WAS  
SOMETHING  
FOR ME.  
YOU HAD  
GIVEN ME SO  
MUCH.



I DIDN'T  
WANT TO ASK  
FOR ANYTHING  
MORE.



HE SAID  
HE COULD  
HEAL ME.

MAKE IT SO I  
WASN'T MUTE.  
SO I COULD  
STAND UP LIKE  
A MAN.



I THOUGHT  
THAT EVEN IF I HAD  
BEEN TRICKED...

YOU ARE  
MY HERO.

YOU WOULD  
ALWAYS WIN...

FORGIVE  
ME...

HAROLD...  
I CAN FORGIVE  
YOU...



HE KNEW  
WHO YOU WERE  
WITHOUT THE  
MASK.

HE KNEW  
ABOUT THE CAVE  
AND WHAT MY JOB  
WAS.

ALL HE ASKED  
WAS THAT I ADD  
THE CIRCUIT RELAY  
TO THE COMPUTER.  
I BUILT IT TO HIS  
SPECIFICATIONS,  
BUT I MADE SURE IT  
COULDN'T HURT  
YOU.

WHO  
APPROACHED  
YOU?

IT WAS --

THE DESIRE  
TO BE HAPPY  
CAN BE VERY  
POWERFUL WHEN  
EXPLOITED.

**BLAM**

**BLAM**





WHAT IS  
A FRIEND?

A SINGLE SOUL  
DWELLING IN TWO  
BODIES...

*To Be*  
**CONCLUDED!**