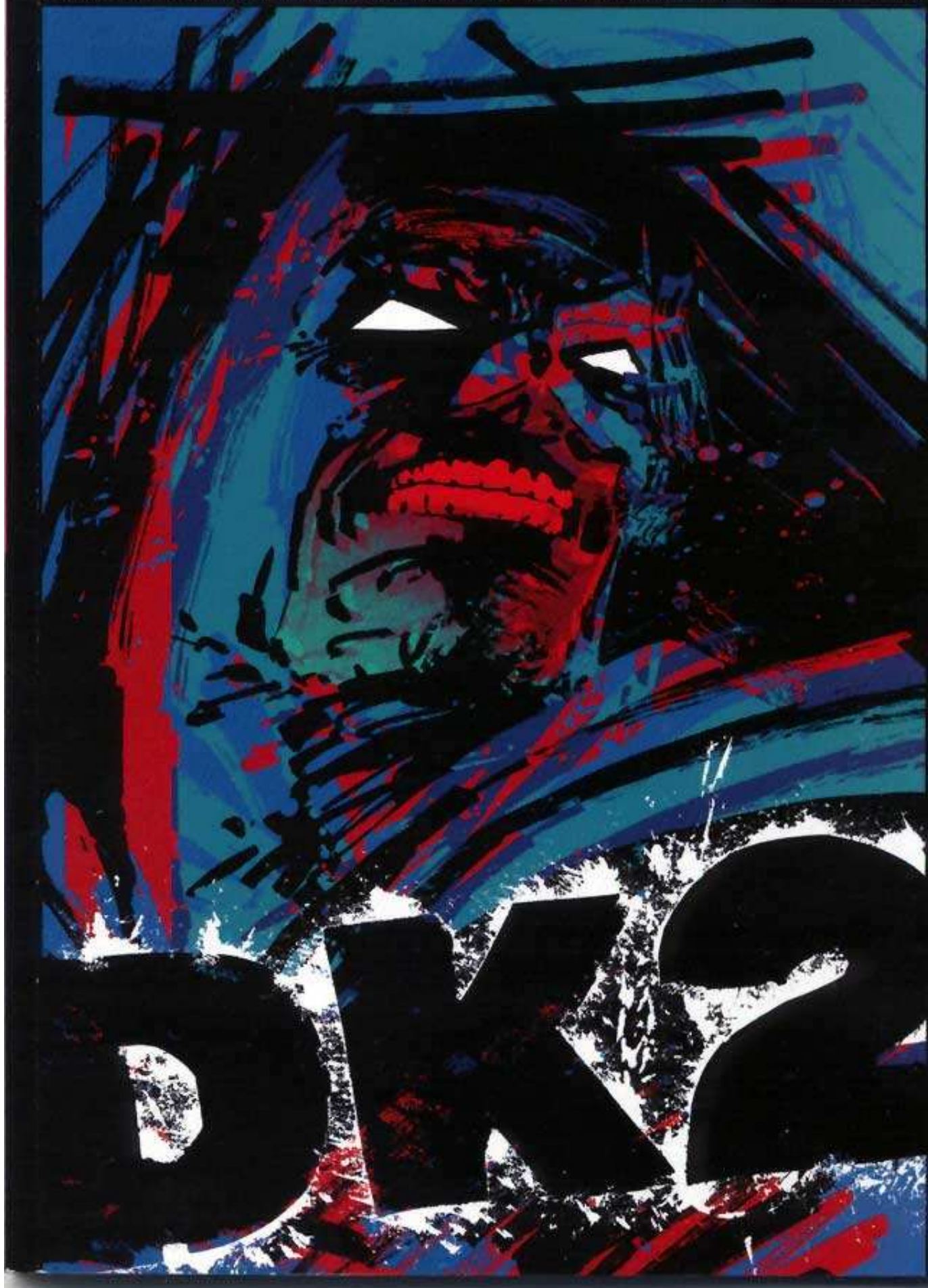
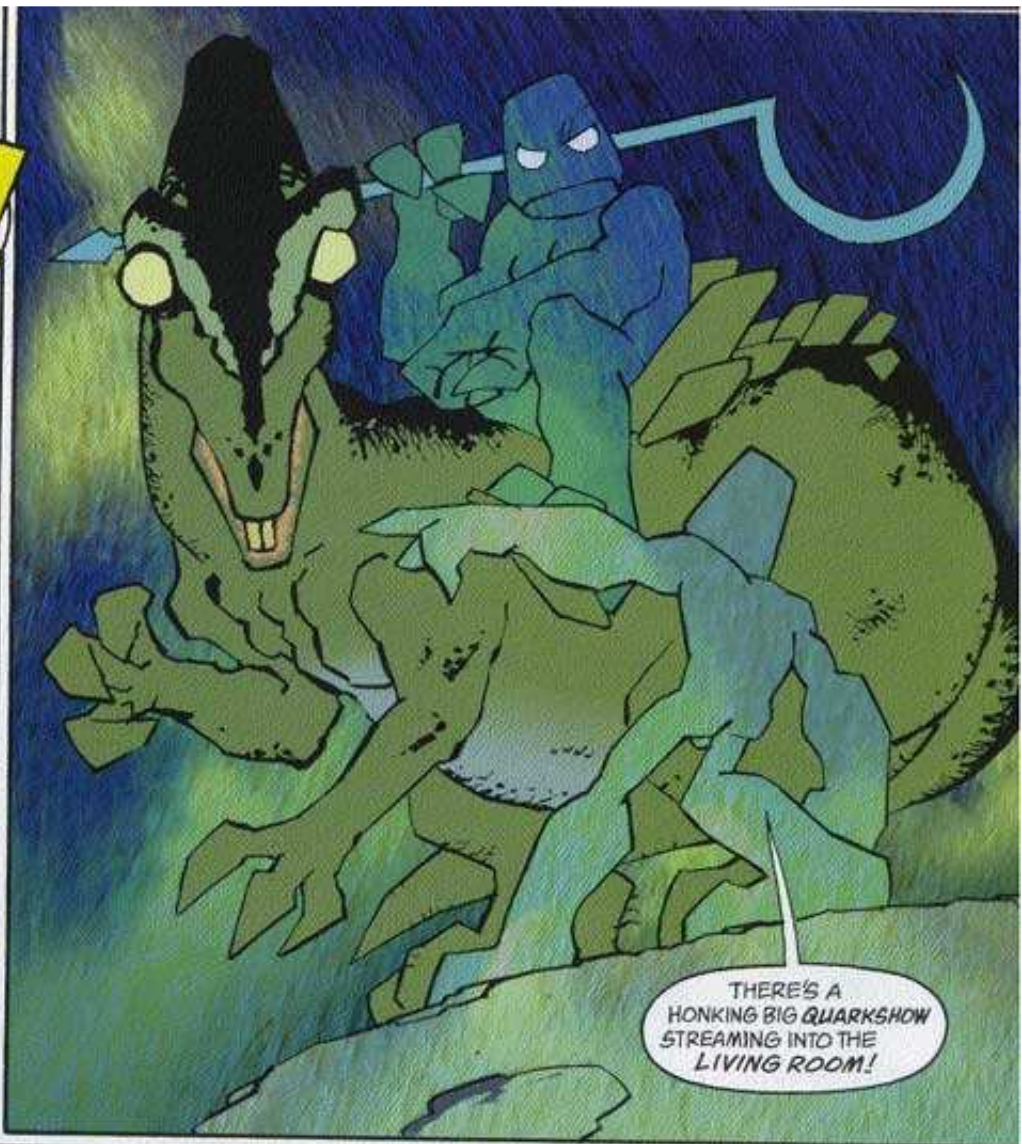


FRANK MILLER LYNN VARLEY
THE DARK KNIGHT STRIKES AGAIN



DAD!



THERE'S A
HONKING BIG QUARKSHOW
STREAMING INTO THE
LIVING ROOM!

WELL, THEN.
LET'S HAVE A LOOK
AT IT.

WHO DO
YOU S'POSE IT
IS, DAD?

HIS NAME'S
BRUCE.

IT HAS TO
BE BRUCE. I
DIDN'T GIVE
ANYBODY
ELSE MY
ADDRESS.



CHECK IT
OUT, OLD BUDDY.
YOU'VE MISSED
A LOT.

IT'S CHAOS
DOWN HERE! THE
CROWD'S GONE
WILD!

THE HEROES
ARE EVERYWHERE!
EVERYWHERE!



YOU
HEARD
THE MAN!
GIVE 'EM
HELL!



GIVE 'EM
HELL!

STAY IN YOUR
HOMES. THIS IS AN
ORDER.



GIVE
'EM HELL,
BOYS...



GIVE 'EM
HELL!

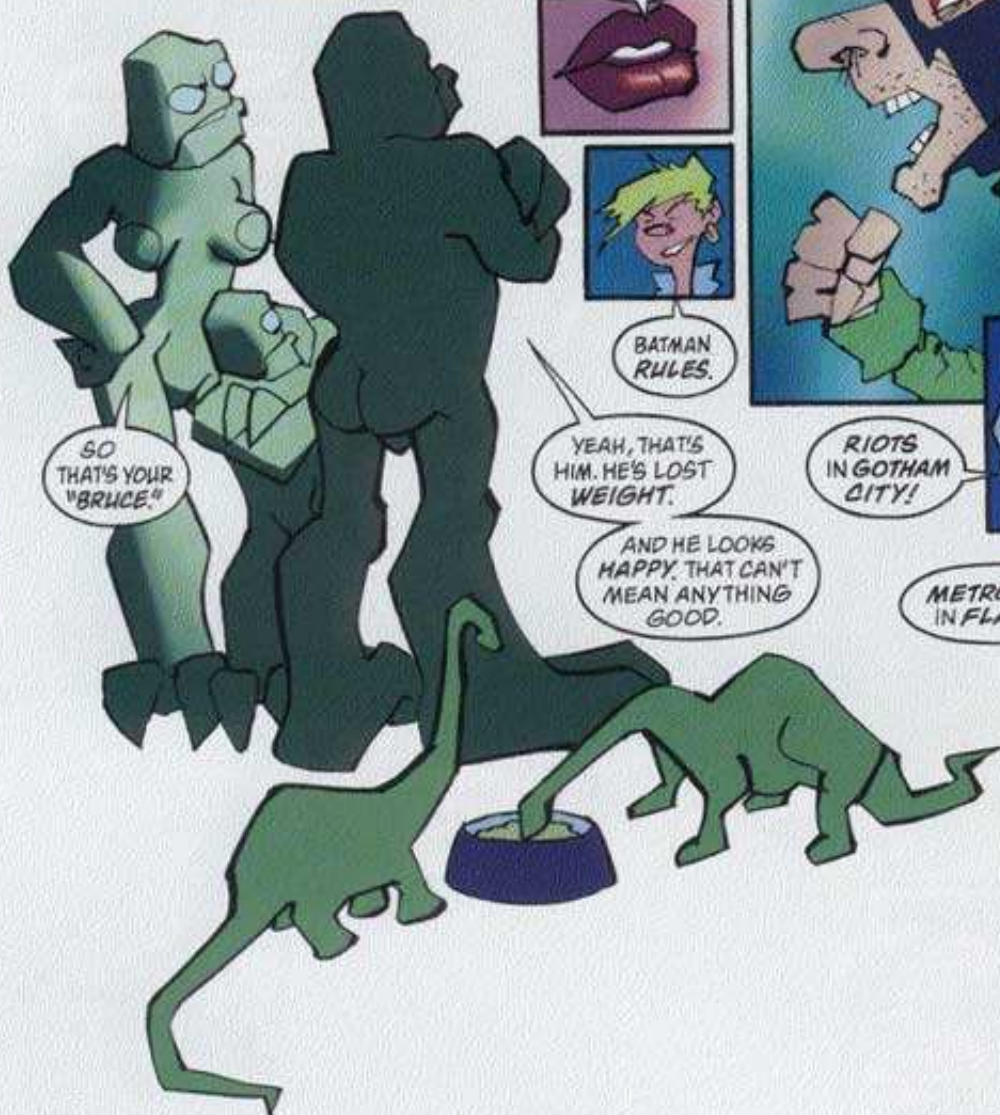


THE
WHOLE
WORLD'S
GONE
NUTS!

BATMAN
RULES.



SO
THAT'S YOUR
"BRUCE."



YEAH, THAT'S
HIM. HE'S LOST
WEIGHT.

AND HE LOOKS
HAPPY. THAT CAN'T
MEAN ANYTHING
GOOD.

RIOTS
IN GOTHAM
CITY!

METROPOLIS
IN FLAMES!



THEY
BLOWED UP
CAPTAIN
MARBLES!

HE'S NOT
FINISHED!
HE CAN'T
BE!

I CAN'T
SEE!

JUST WHEN WE
NEED THEM *MOST*--
THE HEROES
RETURN!

THIS IS THE WORLD
YOU TURNED YOUR BACK
ON, PAL. THESE ARE THE
PEOPLE YOU
ABANDONED.

WATCH.
LEARN.

AND
MAKE YOUR
CHOICE.

THEY
CAME
BACK!

WE'VE
GOT A
CHANCE!

...UH,
SWEETHEART,
I...

OF COURSE
YOU HAVE TO
GO, DARLING.
YOU WERE
BORN
THERE.

I'LL BE BACK
AS SOON AS
I CAN.

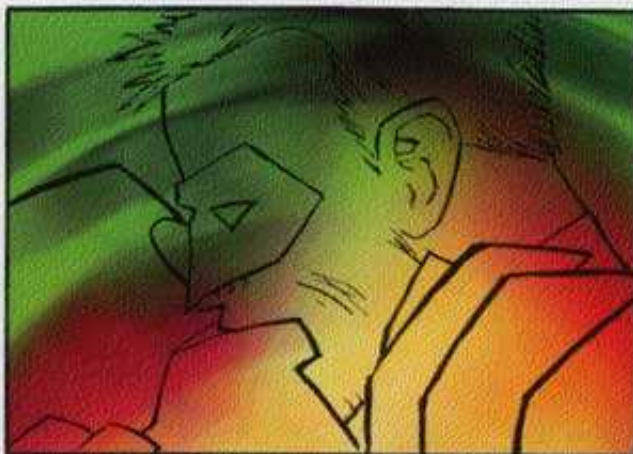
TURN
OFF YOUR
EYES.



HE USED
TO NEED
A RING.

HE USED
TO NEED A
LANTERN.

NOW HE
IS ONE.



HE IS PURE
WILL. SHEER
POWER.

HAL
JORDAN.

GREEN
LANTERN.



EARTH.

METROPOLIS.

THE CITY OF
DREAMS.

HOLD ON. I'LL FETCH
CLARK. WE'LL GET YOU
CLEAR. THEN YOU CAN TURN
INTO BATSON FOR AWHILE.
THAT'LL BUY YOU
TIME.

DIANA.

QUEEN OF
THE AMAZONS.

WONDER
WOMAN.

>KHEFF<

I SURE APPRECIATE THE **THOUGHT**, MA'AM, BUT I DON'T HAVE TIME TO **BUY**. WENT AND CAUGHT MYSELF ONE HIT TOO MANY. I'M ALL BUT GONE.

BESIDES, I NEVER TURNED INTO BILLY. A LOT OF PEOPLE GOT THAT WRONG. WHAT **HAPPENED** WAS, ME AND BILLY, WE **SWITCHED** PLACES. AND HE WAS NEVER IN THE BEST OF HEALTH.

HE DIED EIGHT YEARS AGO. SO I'M GOING ON A ONE-WAY TRIP.

A CREATURE OF **MAGIC**.

CAPTAIN MARVEL.

"ONE-WAY TRIP"? ...WHERE DO YOU GO?

WHERE...

...WHERE'S A **WISH** GO?

WHERE'S A **DREAM** GO WHEN YOU WAKE UP AND YOU CAN'T REMEMBER IT?

NOWHERE.



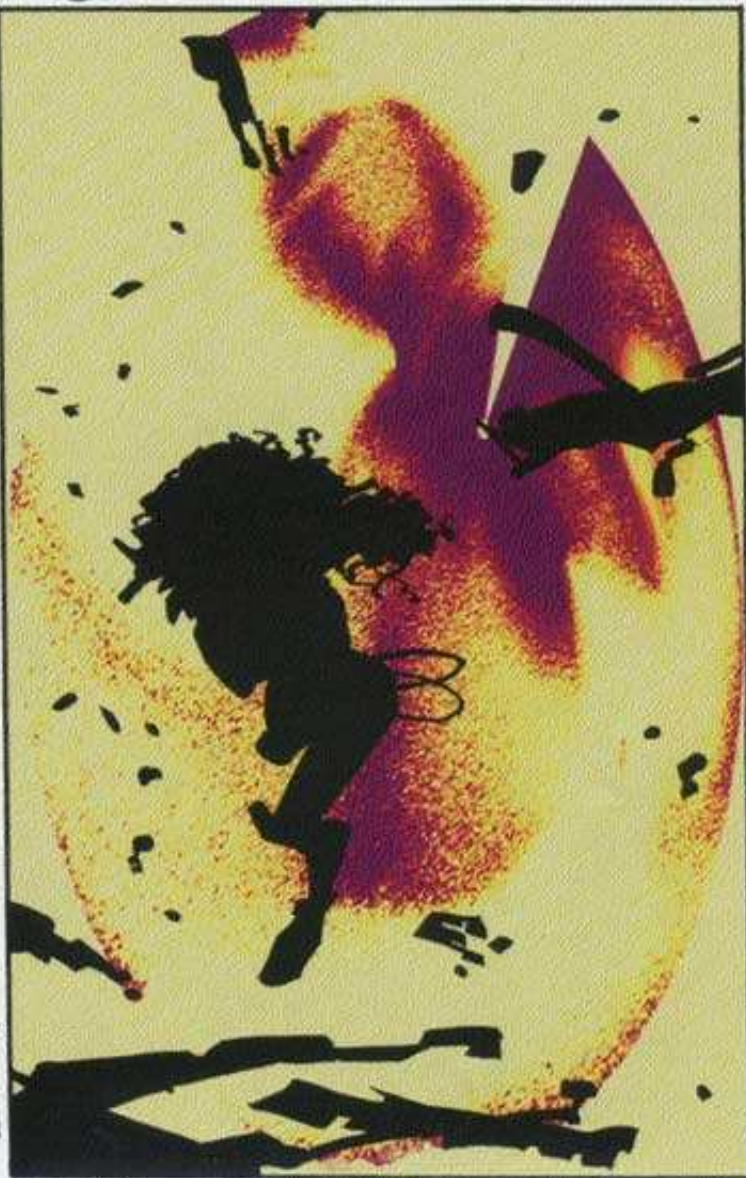
GIVE
EVERYBODY
MY BEST.

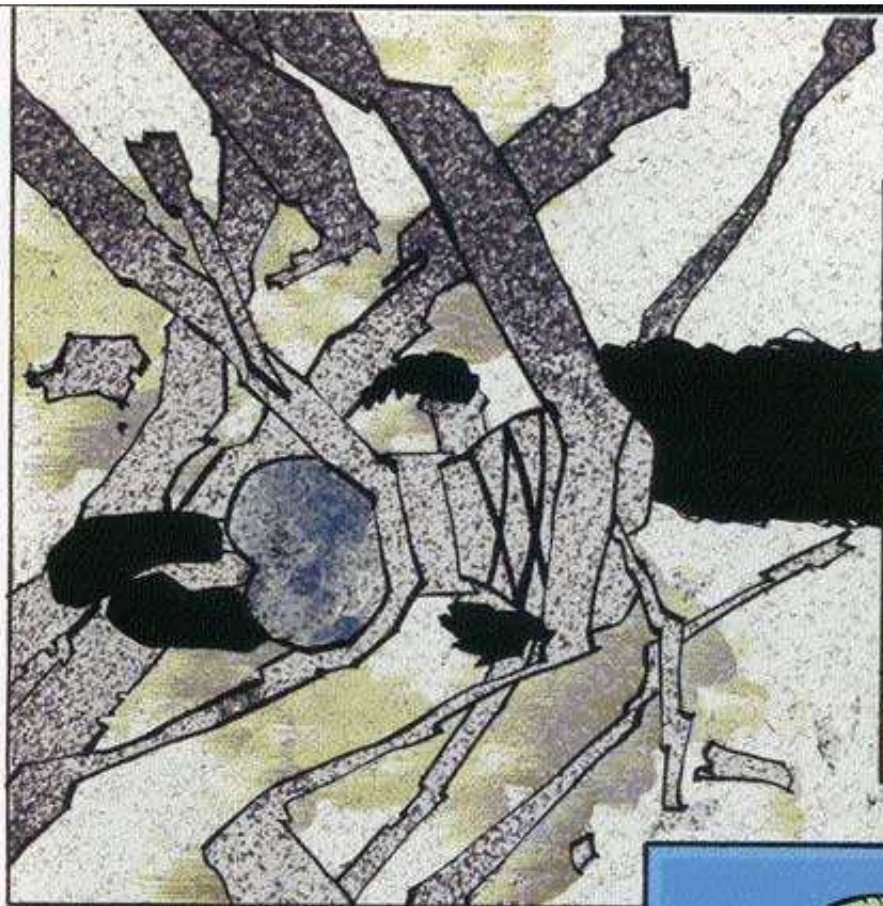
IT'S
BEEN NICE...
EXISTING.

SAY
THE WORD,
WARRIOR!

GO OUT
WITH A LION'S
ROAR!







AN EERIE QUIET ENSHROUDS THE SHATTERED SKYLINE OF METROPOLIS-- EVEN AS THE STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY ARE ROCKED BY GUN-FIRE-- AND CRIES FOR FREEDOM! TAMMY?



YOU'RE RIGHT LIKE ALWAYS, FRAN! THE OUTLAWED SUPERCHIX CONCERT HAS BUSTED WIDE OPEN! WE'RE TALKING MAJORLY MAJOR CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE-- AREN'T WE, MARLEEN?



I HOPE YOU REALIZE THIS IS ALL ABOUT ME.

I'M, LIKE, SO WITH YOU, TAMMER. THIS IS TOTALLY MAJORLY MAJOR. WE'RE TALKING YOUTH POWER. WE'RE TALKING GIRL POWER. WE'RE TALKING TIGHTS POWER. OVER TO YOU, FLOOZ!

YAA!

MARR, IF THIS IS TREASON, THEN TREASON ROCKS!

HE'S NUTS!

CLOEY-- YOU'RE ALL OVER THE SUPERCHIX! AND WE'RE GETTING DEEP AND MEANINGFUL SNIFF THAT THERE'S TROUBLE IN PARADISE! OR AM I TOTALLY WRONG?



WRONG
YOU AREN'T,
FLOOZ! CHECK
THIS OUT:

WE JUST WANT TO THANK
ALL OUR FANS FOR
LEAVING US SO DEEPLY
GRATIFIED.

SO VERY
DEEPLY.



I'D HOPE WE'VE GOT MORE
TO SAY THAN THAT. WE'RE LOOK-
ING AT A SEISMIC CULTURAL
SHIFT, HERE, WITH PROFOUND
POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES.

THAT'S WHY
EVERYBODY'S
WEARING THE
TIGHTS ALL
OF A SUDDEN.
IT'S IN THE
ZEITGEIST.



WHAT'S A
ZEITGEIST?
IT SOUNDS LIKE
A DISEASE?



GOD,
YOU ARE SO
IGNORANT.



AND YOU ARE SO TOTALLY
A TOTAL BITCH?

AND I'M, LIKE,
SO TOTALLY OUT OF
THIS GROUP?

OHMYGOD!!!
A SUPERCHIX MELT-
DOWN!!! IT'S A TOTAL
TRAGEDY!!! BUT YOU
COULDN'T EVEN HEAR
ABOUT IT WITH ALL THE
NOISE AND SHOOTING
AND STUFF!!! AND BE-
SIDES WHICH, THERE
WAS ONLY ONE GUY
ANYBODY WANTED
TO HEAR FROM!!!

BATMAN!!!
BRUCE WAYNE!!!
THE ACTUALLY
LITERALLY
SERIOUSLY REAL
BATMAN!!!

AND DID
HE EVER KNOW
JUST WHAT TO
SAY!!!

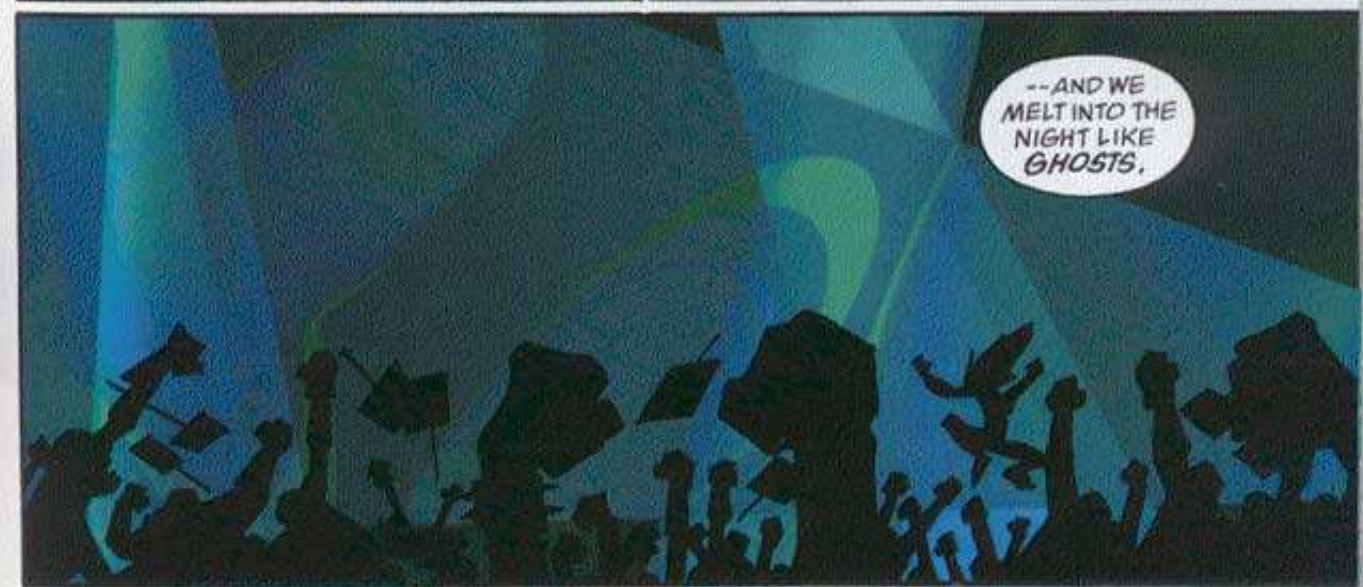




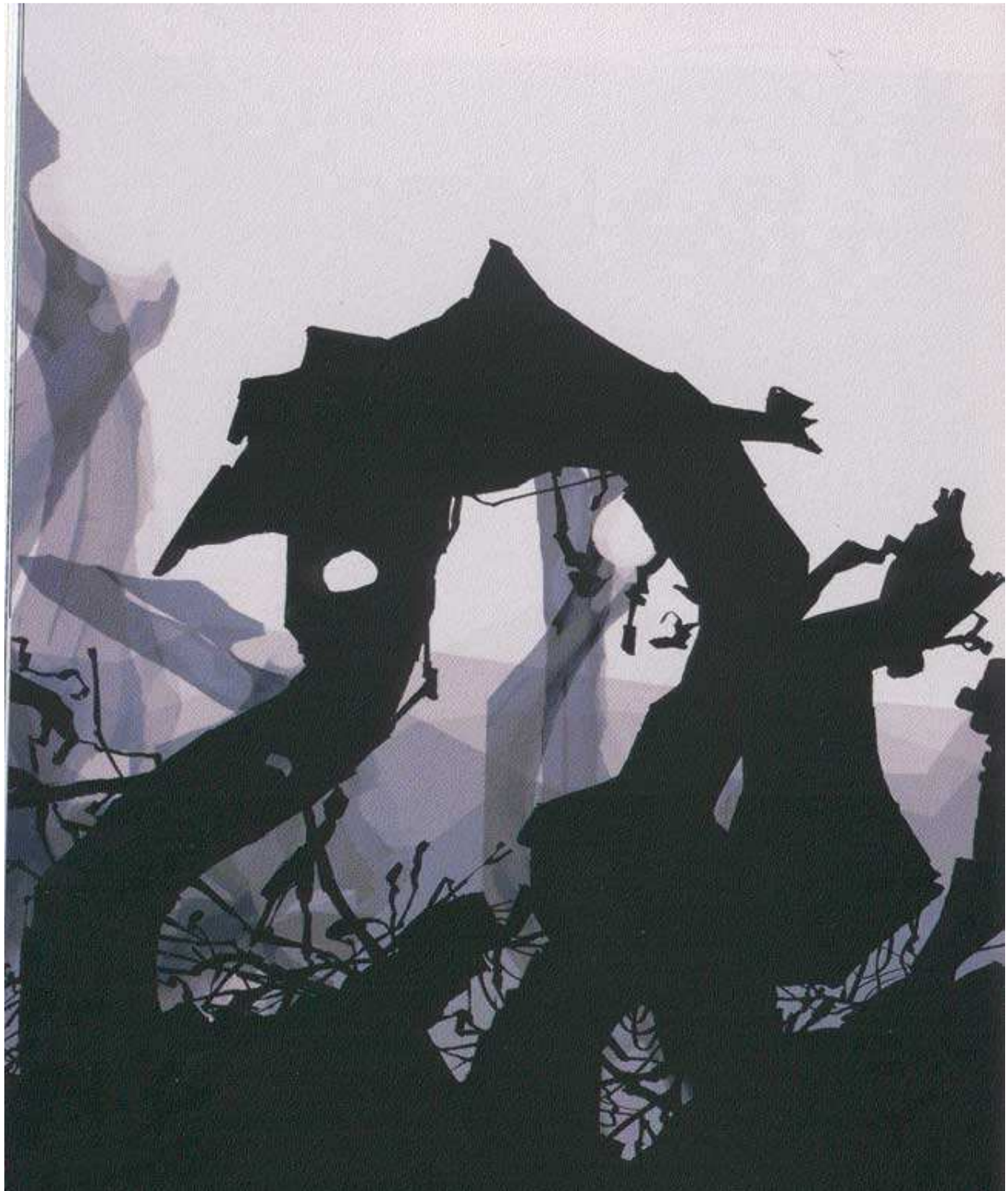
WE AREN'T
HERE TO *RULE*.
WE AREN'T HERE TO
BRING *CHAOS* OR
ANARCHY. WE'RE
HERE TO *END*
THE REIGN OF
CRIMINALS.



LUTHOR. *BRAINIAC*.
THIS IS ONLY THE *BEGIN-*
NING. TYRANTS, YOUR DAYS
ARE *NUMBERED*. YOU CAN'T
FIGHT US--AND YOU CAN'T
FIND US. WE STRIKE
LIKE *LIGHTNING*--



--AND WE
MELT INTO THE
NIGHT LIKE
GHOSTS.



METROPOLIS.

THE CITY OF
DREAMS.

TWO WEEKS
LATER.

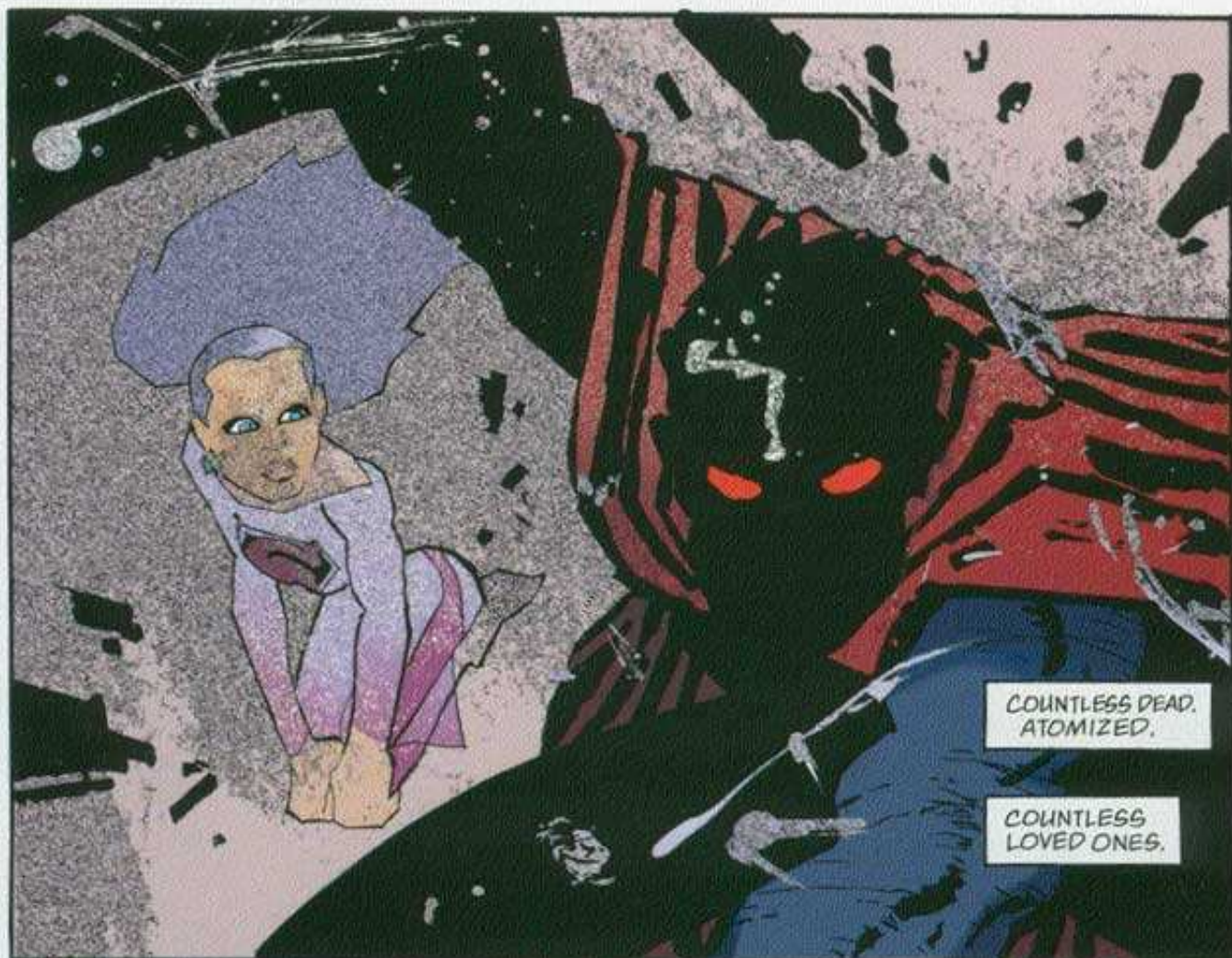


THERE'S
NOBODY
LEFT TO
RESCUE.



THERE ARE
COUNTLESS
DEAD.

BUT FEW
CORPSES.



COUNTLESS DEAD.
ATOMIZED.

COUNTLESS
LOVED ONES.



INCLUDING
PERRY.

AND JAMES.







BE WISE,
MY LOVE.

BE BRAVE.

LARA IS
EVERYTHING.

SHE'S
EVERYTHING.





THOSE PEOPLE
IN METROPOLIS
SHOULD JUST GET
OVER IT. THE REST
OF THE COUNTRY'S
MOVED ON.

...YES, I
AM FROM SAN
FRANCISCO.
WHY DO YOU
ASK?

RESPONSIBLE MINDS
MUST CONSIDER THE LAW
OF INVERTED CAUSALITY.
SUPERMAN'S RETURN MAY
WELL HAVE COUNTER-INTU-
TIVELY INSTIGATED THE
TRAGIC ATTACK.

WHAT
A LOAD OF
CRAP!

SUPES
SAVED OUR
BUTTS!

SO DID
SUPER-
GIRL!

I AM
BRUCE
WAYNE.

I AM
BRUCE
WAYNE.

SEX.

I'VE GOT SO MANY THINGS
I WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT. MOM
KEEPS SAYING WHEN I HAVE ALL THESE
QUESTIONS ABOUT BEING KRYPTONIAN THAT
YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN ANSWER
THEM AND I'VE GOT SO MANY QUESTIONS
I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START AND I
GUESS I'M IN A HURRY TO ASK THEM ALL
AT ONCE AND I WAS WONDERING IF
THERE'S ANYTHING YOU COULD
TELL ME ABOUT SEX.

SO
HOW ABOUT
SEX?

EXCUSE ME?

SUPERGIRL?!
I AM SO THERE!!

I AM
BRUCE
WAYNE.

NEVER
WITH TERRANS.
THEY'RE
FRAGILE.



FRAGILE.
PUNY. STUPID.
THESE HUMANS--
THEY DON'T KNOW
THEIR PLACE.

YOU'RE
VERY YOUNG.
YOU DON'T KNOW
THE POISON
THOSE WORDS
CONTAIN.



YOU
SOUND LIKE
MOM.

YOUR
MOTHER
IS WISE.
WE DON'T COMMAND
THIS WORLD, LARA.
WE SHARE IT. AT
OUR BEST, WE
SERVE IT.



WHY?

THE HUMANS
JUST MAKE A MESS
OF THINGS. LOOK AT
THEM. WHEN THEY
AREN'T KILLING THEIR
PLANET, THEY'RE
KILLING EACH
OTHER.

FOR THEIR
OWN SAKE--WHY
DON'T WE JUST
TAKE OVER AND
RUN THINGS?

AND DO WHAT?
MAKE THEM ALL
SLAVES?

THAT'S WHAT
THE BAD GUYS
DO.

YOU'RE USING
CIRCULAR LOGIC--
LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO,
CLARK. WORKING BACK-
WARD FROM A DUMBASS
CONCLUSION. REPEATING
WHATEVER MA AND PA TOLD
YOU WITHOUT GIVING IT
A DAMN THOUGHT.

DO YOU REMEMBER
WHEN I TOLD YOU I WAS
DONE TALKING?

ARRRRR!

I LIED.

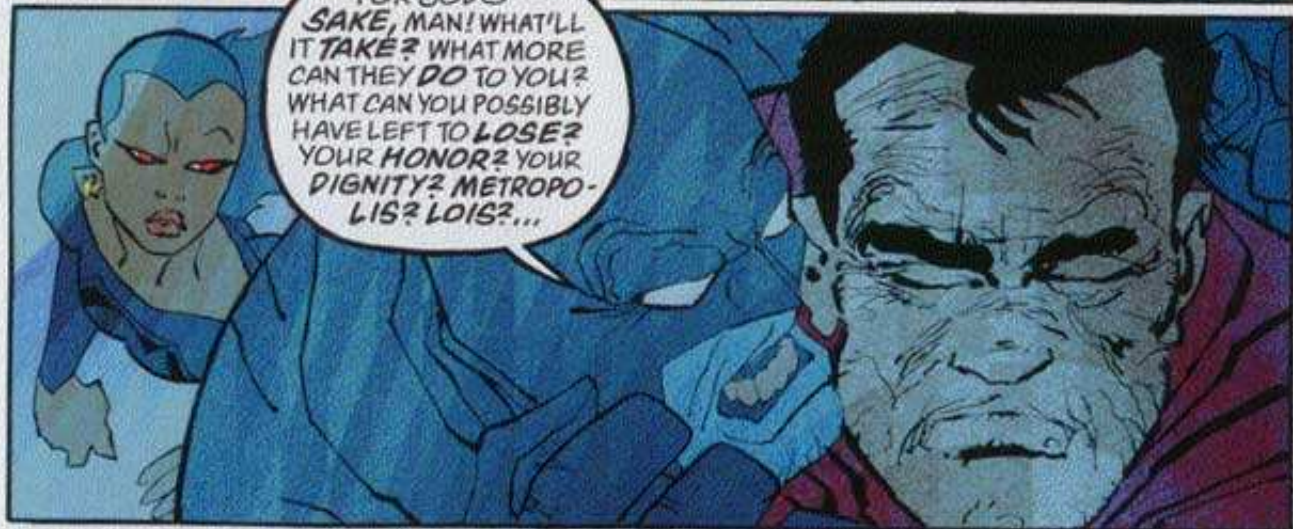
I HAD PALMER LEAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING BEHIND WHEN HE DID THE HOKEY-POKEY AROUND YOUR INNER EAR. THAT'S WHY YOU CAN SEE ME AND HEAR ME, RIGHT NOW. DON'T ASK HOW IT WORKS. YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. YOU'RE NOT SMART ENOUGH.

I WASN'T CERTAIN I WAS GOING TO USE MY LITTLE SOMETHING-- NOT UNTIL I SAW ONE OF YOUR BOSSES BRING DOWN THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING AND HALF OF DOWN-TOWN METROPOLIS.

GET THE HELL AWAY FROM ME.



FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN! WHAT'LL IT TAKE? WHAT MORE CAN THEY DO TO YOU? WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY HAVE LEFT TO LOSE? YOUR HONOR? YOUR DIGNITY? METROPOLIS? LOIS?...



...KANDOR. IT'S KANDOR.





YEAH. THEY
STOLE HER WHEN
THEY DESTROYED MY
FORTRESS. THEY'RE
HOLDING HER
HOSTAGE.

WELL, THEN,
WE'LL JUST HAVE
TO STEAL HER
BACK.

KANDOR. TEN
MILLION KRYPTONIANS,
AT LAST COUNT. IT'LL BE
A BITCH IF WE SCREW
THIS UP.



GOOD THING
WE WON'T.

LET'S GET
THIS MUCH STRAIGHT,
CLARK. FROM HERE ON OUT,
WE DON'T DEBATE A DAMN
THING. WE DON'T DISCUSS A
DAMN THING. YOU TELL ME
WHAT I WANT TO KNOW AND
YOU DO WHAT I TELL
YOU TO DO.

FROM
HERE ON OUT,
YOU WORK
FOR ME.



THE SAME GOES
FOR YOU, YOUNG
LADY. YOU WORK
FOR ME.

HOW
DARE
YOU?!

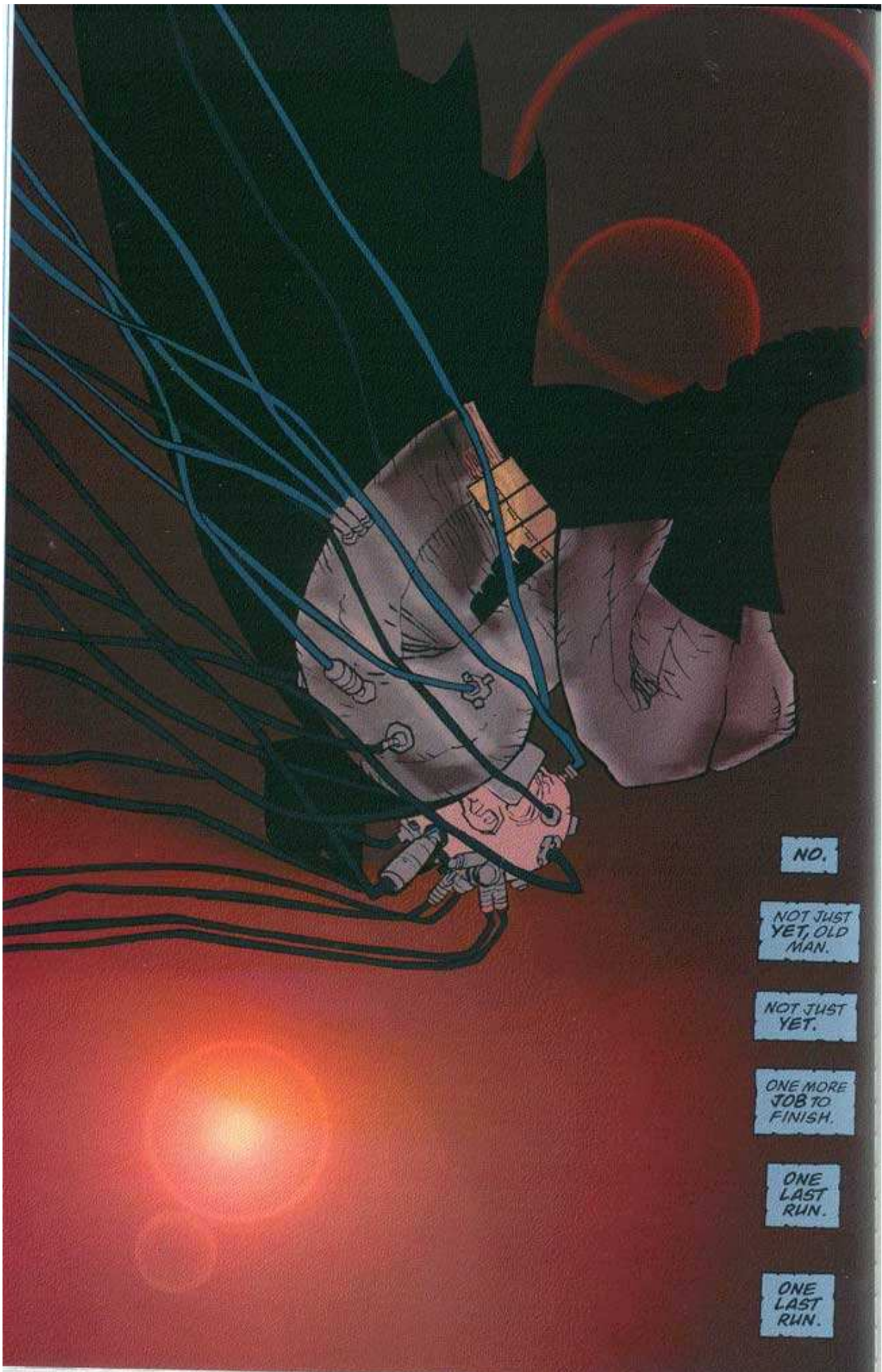
YOU'RE *NOTHING*
BUT *HUMAN FLESH* AND
HUMAN BONE. I COULD
HUNT YOU DOWN IN A
SECOND--ERASE YOU
AT MY *WHIM*!

YOU CAN'T SPEAK
TO *ME* LIKE THAT--
AND YOU SURE AS HELL
CAN'T SPEAK TO MY
FATHER LIKE
THAT!

YES. HE
CAN. HE'S OUR
ONLY HOPE.

THE
BASTARD.
HE'S OUR ONLY
HOPE.





NO.

NOT JUST
YET, OLD
MAN.

NOT JUST
YET.

ONE MORE
JOB TO
FINISH.

ONE
LAST
RUN.

ONE
LAST
RUN.



DUDES. HERE'S THE SHIT. YOU KNOW THAT MIDVALE ORPHANAGE? THAT ONE WITH ALL THE ELECTRIC FENCES AND ARMED GUARDS AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT CANNONS AND SHIT? TOAST, DUDES.

BUT FIRST WE GOT THE LATEST SHIT ON THE SUPERCHIX. DUDE?



DUDE. THE BABES TRIED TO GET THEIR SHIT TOGETHER SO THEY WON'T LET THEIR FANS DOWN AND GO BROKE AND SHIT. LOST CAUSE, DUDE?

WELL, THANKS FOR BITING MY HEAD OFF! ARE YOU LIKE TOTALLY MENSTRUAL OR SOMETHING?

I'M SIMPLY SUGGESTING THAT IT'S INCUMBENT UPON US TO PUT OUR SUDDEN NOTORIETY TO BETTER PURPOSE THAN SHAKING OUR BUTTS.

AM I MISSING SOMETHING, OR ARE WE IN THE MIDST OF A POLITICAL CRISIS OF GLOBAL PROPORTION?

GOD, I'M SO LIKE "I DON'T CARE"?



DUDE. LOOKS LIKE THEY CAUGHT BATCHICK ON THE RAG AND SHIT. CHECK IT OUT.



WHEW! WHAT A BUNCH OF FIRECRACKERS, THOSE SUPERCHIX! TOO HOT TO HANDLE!

AND, BROTHER, ARE THEIR FANS UPSET OR WHAT? CANDLE-LIGHT VIGILS NATION-WIDE! SCATTERED HUNGER STRIKES! BURTON?

THANKS, JENNA. NOW BACK TO THE MAXIMUM SECURITY MIDVALE ORPHANAGE-- STILL REELING FROM A PARAMILITARY ATTACK!

OUR OWN CHIP TAKASHIMAYA IS ON THE SCENE. CHIP?





IT WAS LIKE **WORLD WAR FOUR**, BURTON! THE **TERRORISTS** STRUCK LIKE A **BOLT** OUT OF THE **BLUE**-- WITH A **KILLER** COMBINATION OF **NERVE GAS**, **SONICS**, AND **EXPLOSIVES**!

THEY HIT FAST AND THEY HIT HARD!



HEALTH ENFORCEMENT TROOPS BARELY KNEW WHAT HIT THEM!



WHOA! OVER THERE! ANOTHER EXPLOSION!



THE ORPHANS-- THEY'RE RIOTING! IT'S OPEN REBELLION!

THE FENCES ARE COMING DOWN! RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES! IT'S A FULL-SCALE BREAKOUT!

OUR CHILDREN! OUR CHILDREN!

CHILDREN! DOZENS OF THEM! LAUGHING! CHEERING! WHY ARE THEY CHEERING?



THIS IS IT, YOU RUNNING-
DOG LACKEYS! THE PEOPLE
ARE FINDING THEIR VOICE, YOU
MULTINATIONAL-CONGLOMERATE
SONS OF BITCHES!



YOU CAN'T FIGHT
COLLECTIVISM WITH COL-
LECTIVISM, YOU MARXIST
TWIT!



OH, YEAH? HOW'S ABOUT
WE TAKE THIS LITTLE DISCUSSION
OUT BACK, MR. LET'S-PRIVATIZE-
THE-FIRE-DEPARTMENT?



--FIRST IN THE
DOZENS, THEN BY THE
HUNDREDS, THEY FLED
THE ORPHANAGE--THESE
SAD, MISSHAPEN THINGS,
THESE CREATURES WE
COULD SCARCELY CALL
CHILDREN--

WHAT THE
HECK WAS
GOING ON IN
THAT
PLACE?



THEY POKES
NEEDLES IN US!
AND THEY STUCKS
WIRES IN OUR
HEADS! ALLA
TIME!



MIDVALE
DIRECTOR DICK
WILSON FLATLY
DENIED RUMORS
OF GENETIC
MANIPULA-
TION...



THE WORMHOLE'S
RIGHT WHERE I
LEFT IT.

NO REASON TO
TAKE THE LOCAL.

BRUCE, YOU
BEGGED ME NOT
TO LEAVE, YOU
SAID WE COULD
WIN.

NOW WE'LL
FIND OUT.



HOW STRANGE
THAT IT WOULD
BE YOU, THE
MEAN ONE.
THE CRUEL
ONE, THE ONE
WITH THE
DARKEST SOUL.

HOW STRANGE
THAT YOU, OF
ALL OF US,
WOULD PROVE
TO BE THE
MOST HOPE-
FUL.



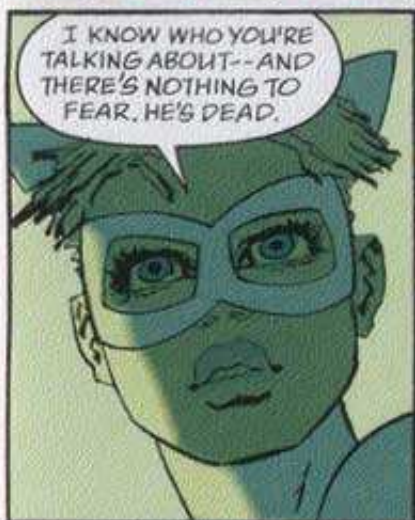
GOTHAM CITY.



IT'S OKAY.
YOU CAN COME ON
IN, CARRIE.







TWO WEEKS AGO, IN
GOTHAM'S CATACOMBS.

AS WE MADE OUR
WAY HOME FROM
THE CONCERT.

THAT JOKER THING
KNOCKED THE SNOT
OUT OF OLIVER
BEFORE I KNEW IT.

KID
SIDEKICKS.
YOU MAKE ME
SICK.

I'LL
MAKE YOU
WORSE THAN
SICK.

HE WAS
CLOSING
IN.

IT WAS HIM
OR ME.



SO I KILLED HIM.

OLIVER SAID HE'D
DONE THE MONSTER
IN WITH AN INCEN-
DIARY.

AND OLIVER DOESN'T
MISS. NOT EVER.

SO IF THIS THING
WASN'T DEAD--
HE WAS TOUGH.

SO I KILLED HIM.

I TOOK HIM APART.

PIECE BY PIECE.



I USED
THERMITE.



I USED
ACID.

I USED C4.

I TOOK HIM
APART.

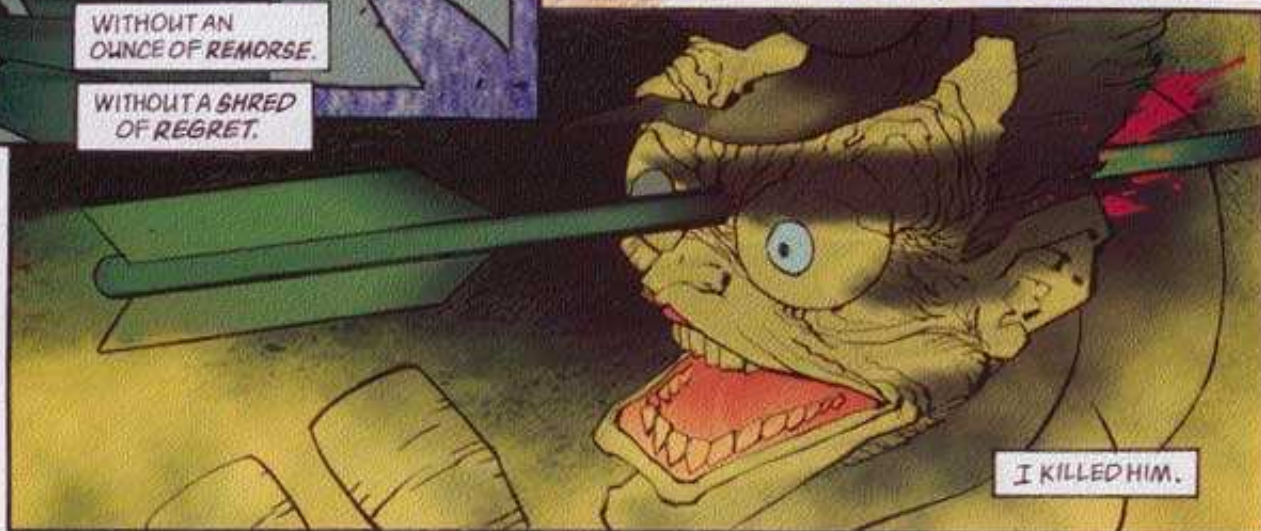
PIECE BY PIECE.



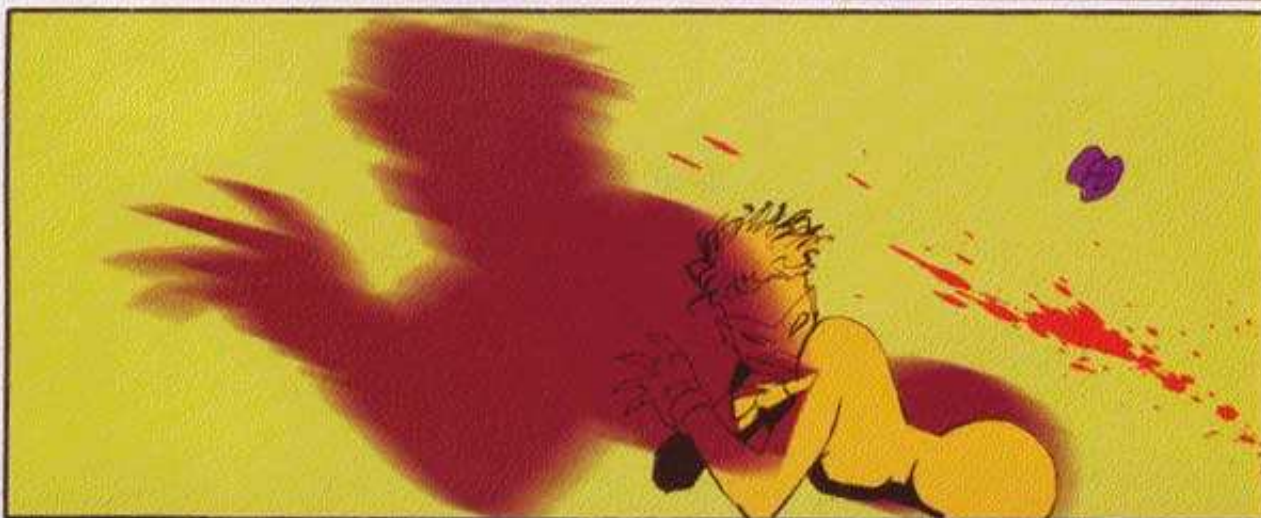
WITHOUT
A MOMENT'S
DOUBT.

WITHOUT AN
OUNCE OF REMORSE.

WITHOUT A SHRED
OF REGRET.



I KILLED HIM.



I KILLED
HIM.

HE'S DEAD.



HE'S GOT
TO BE
DEAD.





LARA, YOU
ARE RIGHT.

THIS TIME
IS OURS.

THE POWER
IS OURS.

THE POWER
HAS ALWAYS
BEEN OURS.

SIBERIA.

BRAINIAC.
CONQUEROR OF
WORLDS.

I
SUBMIT
TO YOU.

SPARE
KANDOR--
AND I AM
YOURS.

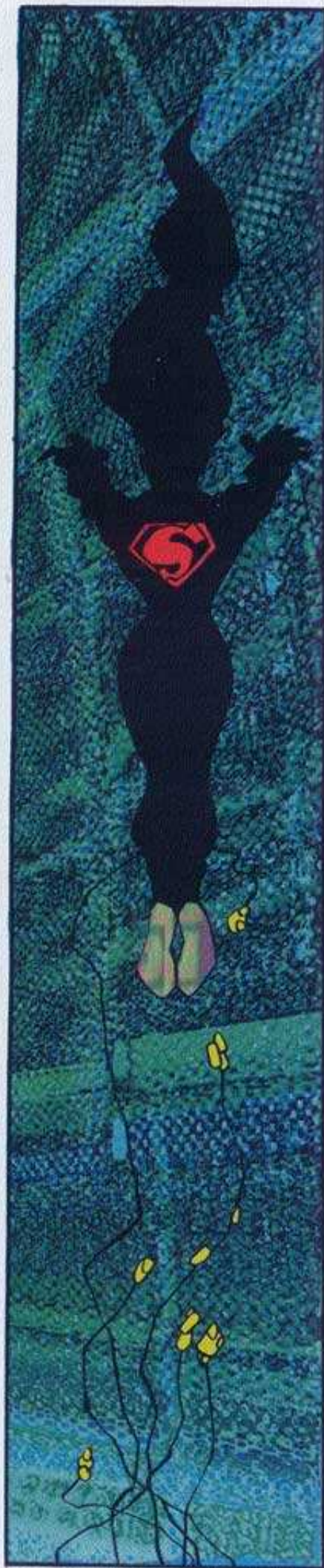
BODY AND
SOUL.

VERY
GOOD.

JOIN ME,
LARA.

BE MINE.

BODY AND
SOUL.



LOVELY, LOVELY,...
BUT A SKOSH MORE
WILLFUL THAN OLD
POPPY, HM?

I'M SURE YOUR WORD IS
AS GOOD AS GOLD, BUT I CAN'T
TAKE ANY CHANCES. YOU'RE A
MOODY LITTLE THING.

RELAX, RELAX.
IT'LL BE EASIER
ONCE I GET THE
NANOBOTS IN
YOU.

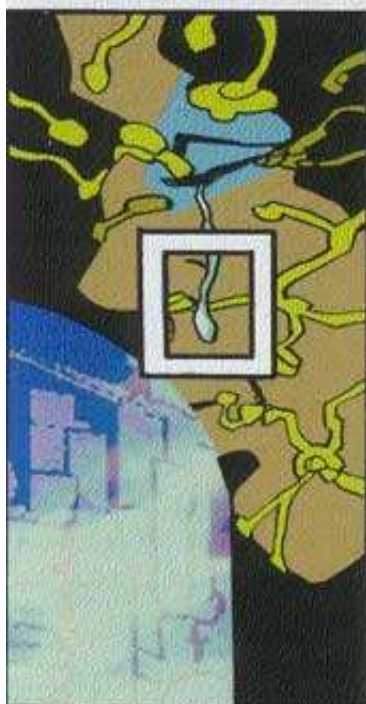
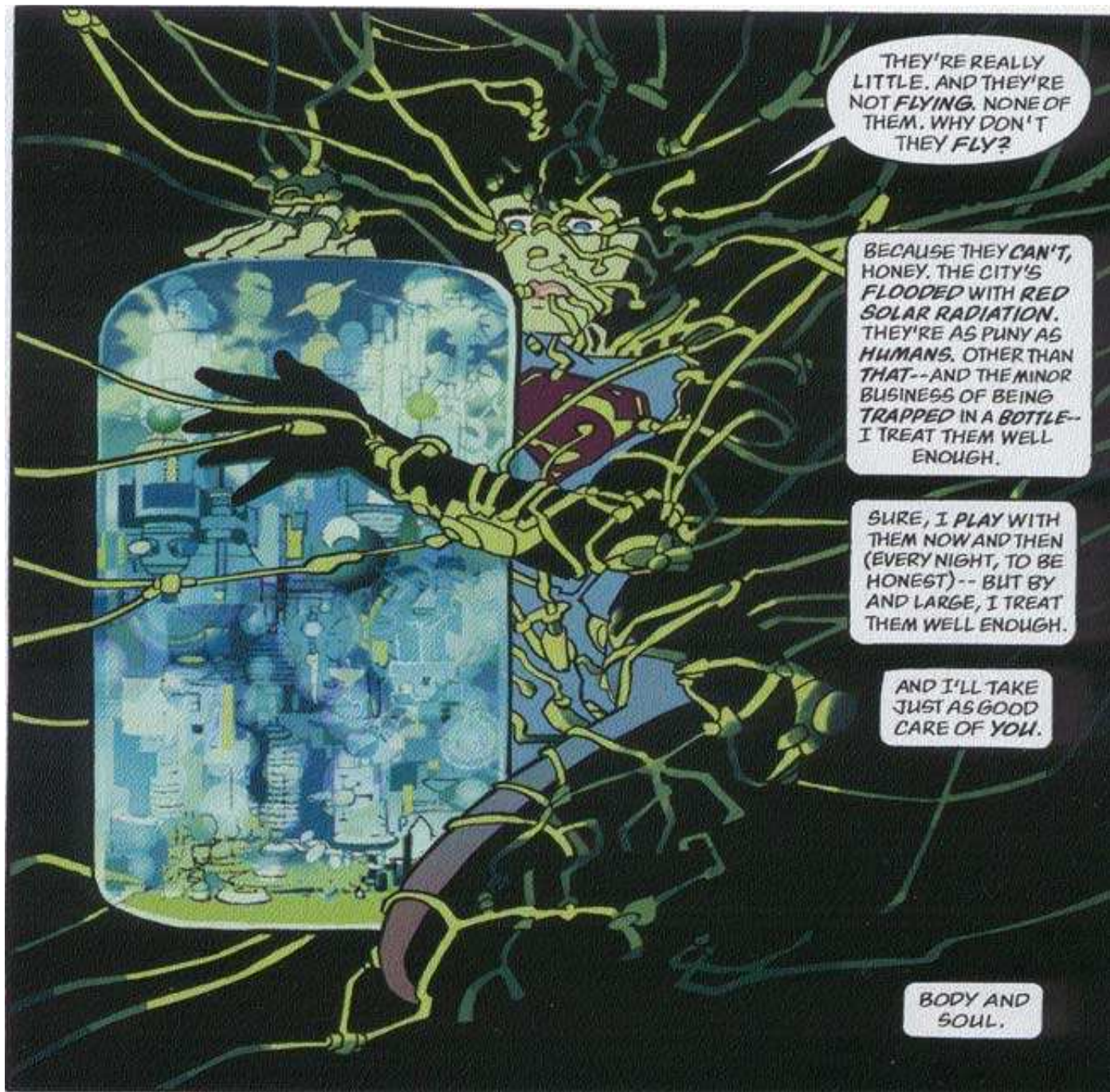
YOU'RE GONNA LOVE
THE LITTLE FELLAS. THEY'LL
BE THE BEST FRIENDS YOU
EVER HAD. THEY WORK THE
PAIN AND PLEASURE
CENTERS. OBEY MY EVERY
COMMAND AND YOU'LL
KNOW NIRVANA. ETERNAL
BLISS.

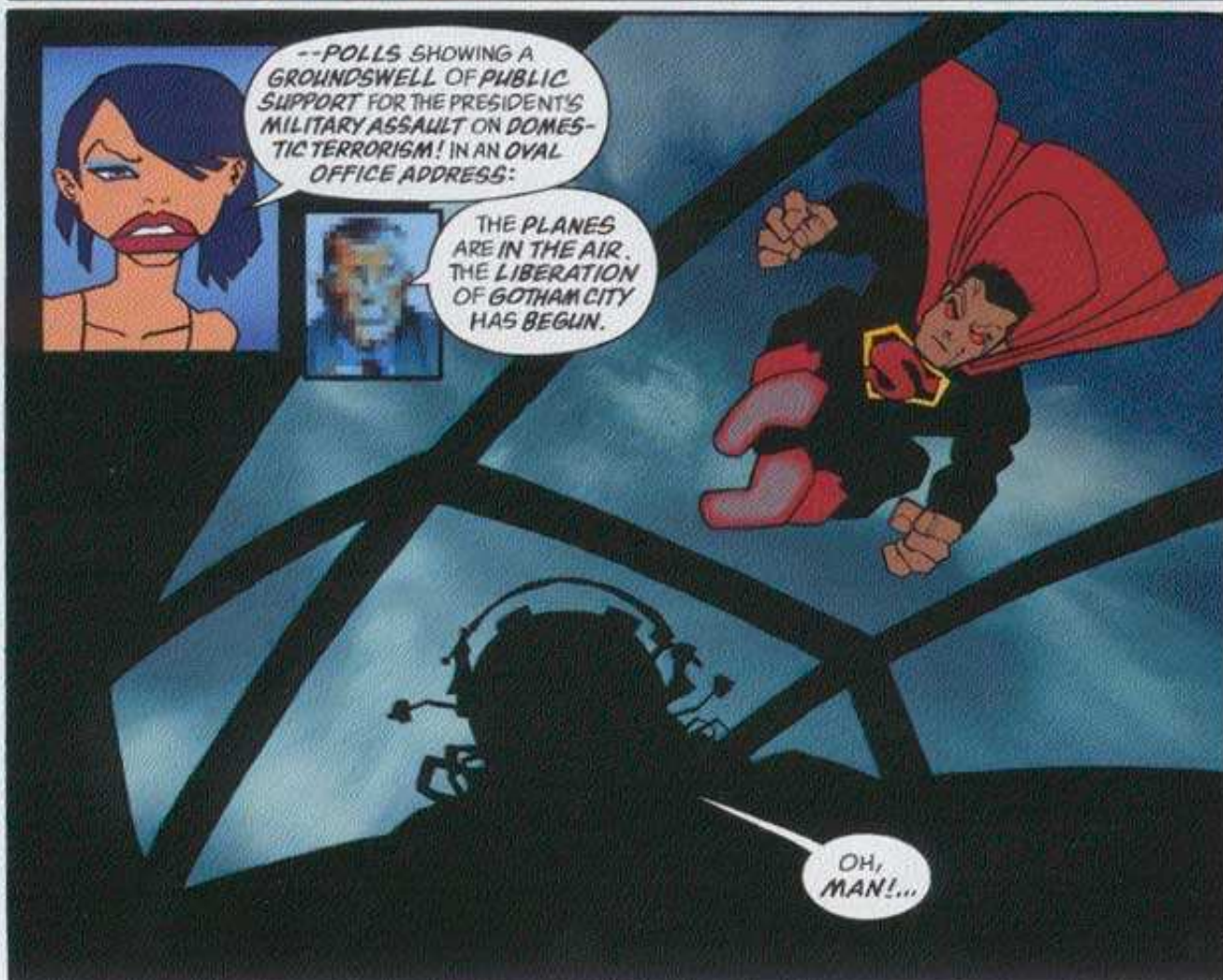
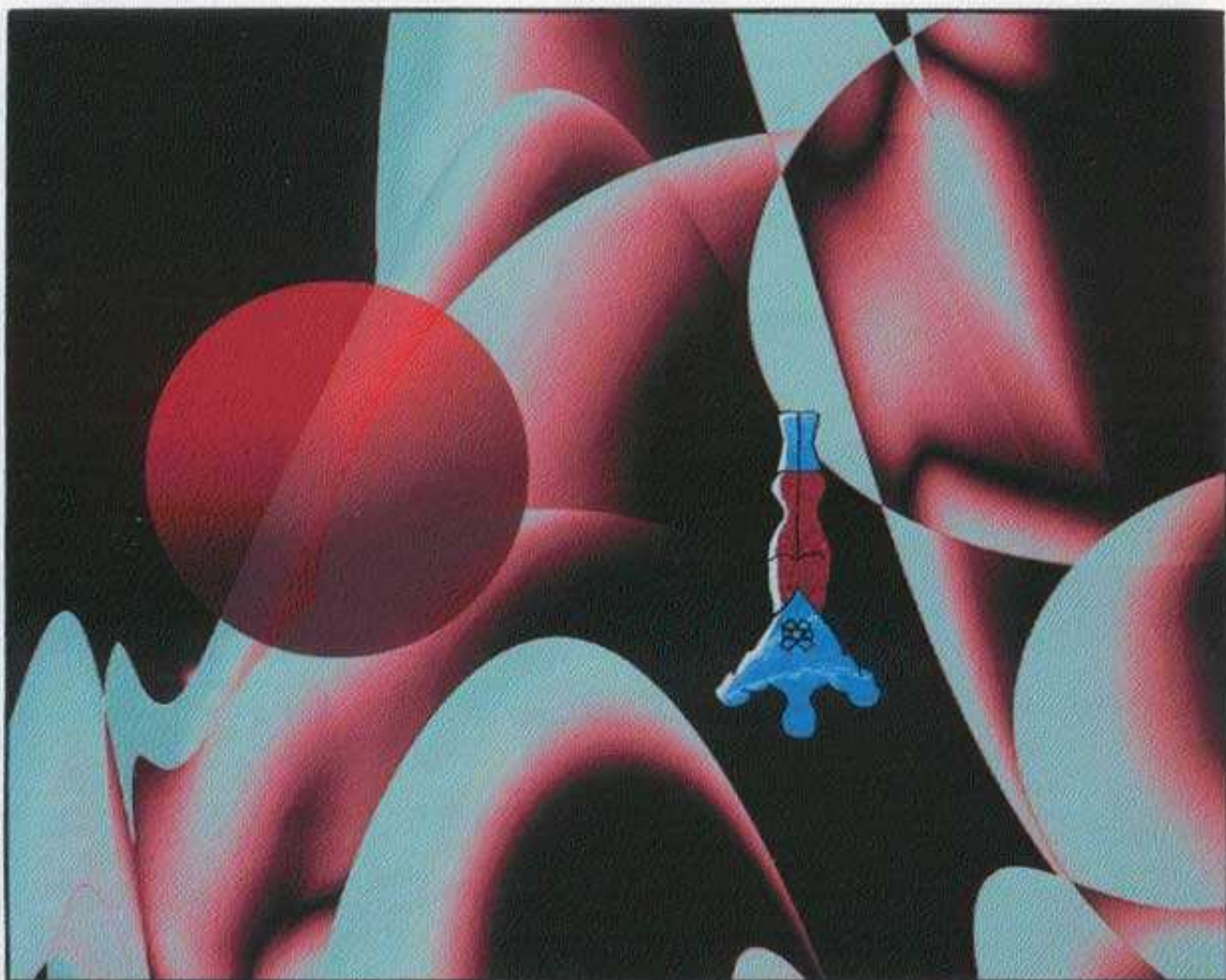
AND SHOULD
I DISOBEY YOU,
MASTER?

HELL. FOR
YOU, AND FOR
KANDOR.

KANDOR.
LET ME SEE
HER.

LET ME
TOUCH
HER.







DAMN.
THIS IS
GETTING
GOOD
TO ME.

HAH!

THIS IS ONE **WHALE** OF A LOT
BETTER THAN HAVING **KENT** BAWL
HIS EYES OUT ONE MORE TIME!
THAT MAN IS **TEDIOUS**, LET ME
TELL YOU! I **BREAK** HIM AND
I **BREAK** HIM, AND STILL HE
TAKES IT! IT STOPS BEING
FUN AFTER A WHILE!
BUT YOU...

...YOU, YOU **ARROGANT**
RABBLE-ROUSER. YOU **SELF-**
RIGHTEOUS PRICK. THIS IS
PERFECT. THIS IS **GODDAMN**
CHRISTMAS! YOU PICKED
THE **PERFECT** DAY TO
BLUNDER INTO MY
HANDS!

THEY CAUGHT ME TRYING A CLUMSY BREAK-IN. I DIDN'T PUT UP MUCH OF A FIGHT.

I'M UTTERLY HELPLESS.

AT HIS MERCY.

REALLY.

THE PERFECT DAY? HOW SO? ENLIGHTEN ME, LEX.

I GET TO SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE.

I GET TO SEE YOU WATCH THE DAY THAT YOU MADE POSSIBLE.



ME? HOW SO?



...SORRY. I MISSED THAT. YOU WERE SAYING?



YOU FORCED OUR HAND. THE WAY THINGS WERE, OUR HOLD ON POWER WAS MORE TENUOUS THAN IT APPEARED. NOW WE'VE GOT ALL THE EXCUSE WE NEED TO DO WHAT WE SHOULD'VE DONE AT THE GET-GO!

MA. PA.
YOU WERE *WRONG*.

I WILL ALWAYS
CHERISH YOUR
MEMORY-- BUT
YOU WERE *WRONG*.

I WILL ALWAYS
CHERISH THIS
PLANET AND ITS
CREATURES--
BUT YOU WERE
WRONG.

I AM NOT *ONE*
OF THEM.

OH,
MAN!...

I AM NOT
HUMAN.





IT TOOK MY OWN
DAUGHTER AND
MY DARKEST
RIVAL-- MY
DESPISED
OPPONENT--
TO TEACH
ME--

I AM NOT
HUMAN.

AND I AM NO
MAN'S SERVANT.
I AM NO MAN'S
SLAVE.

I WILL NOT BE
RULED BY THE
LAWS OF MEN.



JESUS!
WHAT'S GOTTEN
INTO HIM?

I AM
NO MAN.

I AM
SUPERMAN.



MANHATTAN.

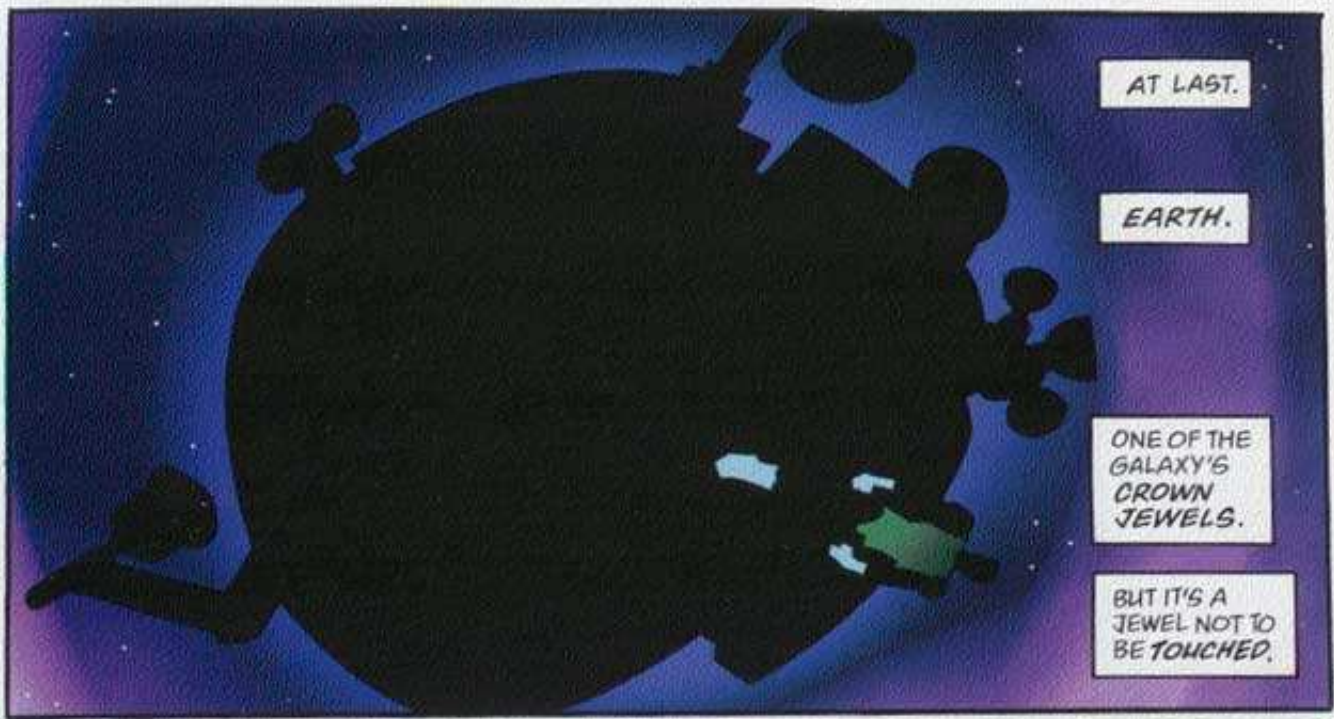
JUST OFF
CHRISTOPHER
STREET.

WE CAN
STILL SQUEEZE
INTO THE TIGHTS.
WHAT DO YOU SAY,
PARTNER? READY
FOR ACTION?
IT'S ALL THE
RAGE.

BUT,
HAANK! BACK
THEN, ALL WE DID
WAS ARGUE!

THE HAWK
AND THE DOVE.

DON'T
ASK.



AT LAST.

EARTH.

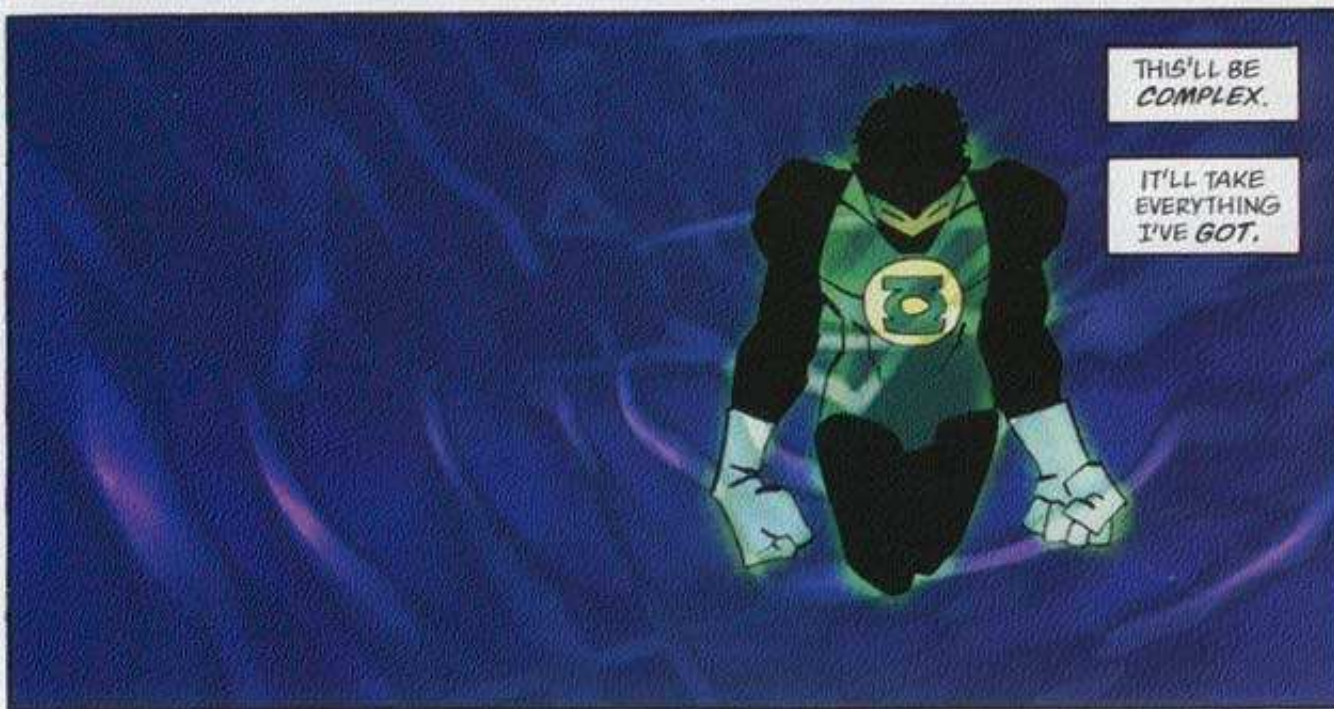
ONE OF THE
GALAXY'S
CROWN
JEWELS.

BUT IT'S A
JEWEL NOT TO
BE TOUCHED.



NO. SPACE
TRAVELERS
STEER CLEAR
OF EARTH, FOR
ALL ITS RESOURCES,
ALL ITS BEAUTY.

IT'S ONLY SENSIBLE
TO AVOID CONTACT
WITH A SPECIES
THAT POINTS
WEAPONS AT ITS
OWN TERRITORY.



THIS'LL BE
COMPLEX.

IT'LL TAKE
EVERYTHING
I'VE GOT.

SOMEWHERE
ON EARTH.

THE FALSE
NIGHT
FALLS.

THE
SLAUGHTER
BEGINS.



THE MONSTER
ENJOYS ITS
SPORT.

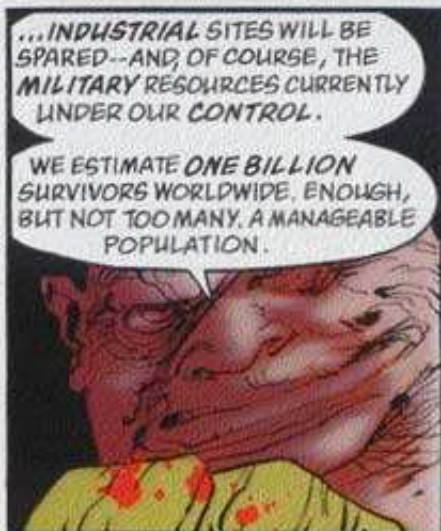


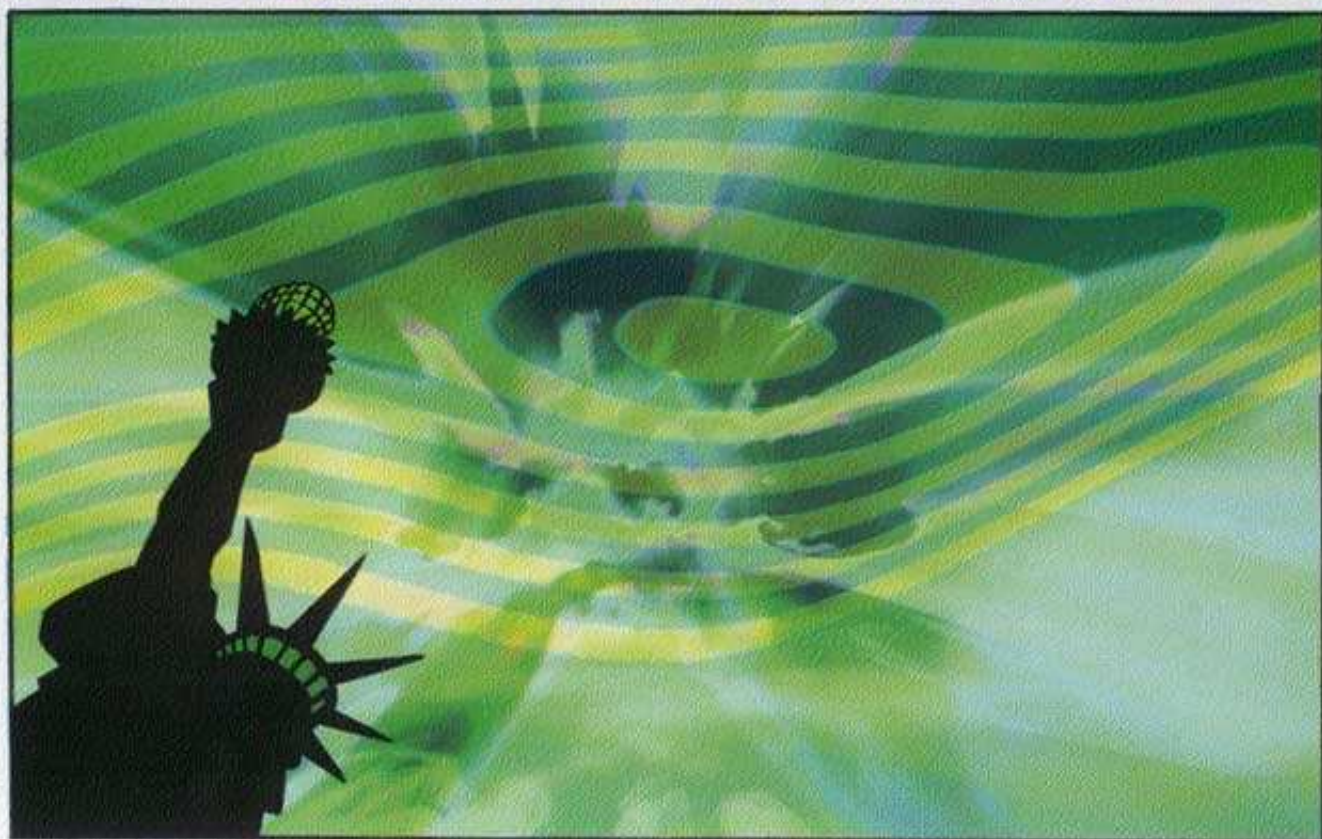
IT CORNERS
ZORN
KARA-LA.

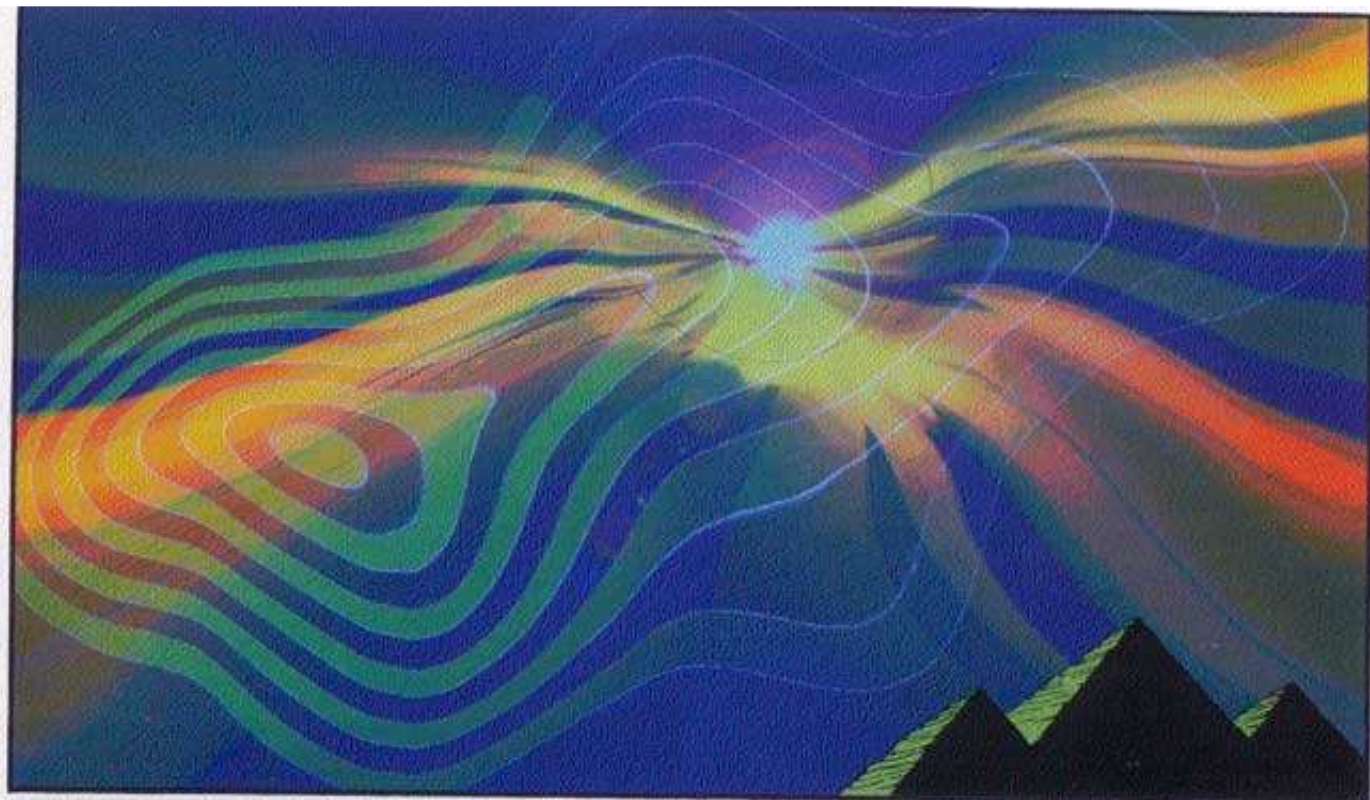
SHE IS
DOOMED.











LAWD, LAWD, LAWD IT'S A WRATHA GOD,
LAWD, LAWD, IT'S A HUNKA HUNKA WRATHA
GOD, LAWD, LAWD... GIT ON BOARD
THUH GLORY BOAT...

VISA AND
MASTERCARD
ACCEPTED,
LAWD, LAWD...

THE KING IS HERE!

I NO SAY IT A
RAPTURE, IT NO BE
IT A RAPTURE!

JIHAD!

AAAAHH,
SHADDUP...

UH,
HOUSTON?
WE'VE LOST,
LIKE...
EARTH?

ITS SOURCE AND NATURE
REMAIN MYSTERIES. YET
THE SHEER SCALE AND
COMPLEXITY OF THE
PHENOMENON SUGGEST
INTELLIGENT DESIGN.
IT WOULD SEEM TO BE OF
EXTRATERRESTRIAL
ORIGIN--

AND IT CAN DO WHAT-
EVER IT WANTS TO US.
WE'RE HELPLESS. AN
ENERGY MATRIX HAS
SUCKED BACK PLANET
EARTH LIKE IT WAS
AN OYSTER.

THE GULF STREAM
HAS REVERSED
COURSE. THE ELECTRO-
MAGNETIC FIELD HAS
GONE ALL SPASTIC. OUR
SATELLITES ARE ACTING
LIKE THEY'RE ON DRUGS.
IT'S EVERYWHERE--
AND IT CAN DO
ANYTHING!

IT'S
EVERY-
WHERE!

RUN
WHERE?
IT'S EVERY-
WHERE!

RUN!

--AND IT WOULD
SEEM TO KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT IT'S
DOING.

**A PROMINENT
SCIENTIST**

ANOTHER PROMINENT SCIENTIST



WOW! AND THAT'S A WAY SERIOUSLY REAL SCIENTIST TALKING! THIS STORY IS TOTALLY RUTHLESS--AND THAT ENERGY FIELD THING IS TOTALLY RUTHLESSLY SERIOUSLY GLOBAL!

WHAT'S THE SNIFF OVER THERE AT THE PENTAGON, JO LAYNE?



I COULD PEE, BERNAYZE! YOU KNOW THAT GENERAL GUY? THE REALLY OLD ONE WITH ALL THOSE MEDALS ALL OVER HIM WHO TELLS THE PRESIDENT WHO TO BOMB? HE'S, LIKE, LOOKING STRAIGHT AT US AND HE'S, LIKE, TOTALLY "I DON'T KNOW"?

IS THAT AN ICE-DOLICHE, OR WHAT, CONNORRA?



YOU ARE SO SPOT ON, JO LAYNE! THIS WHOLE PHENOM THING IS DEEPLY RUTHLESSLY RUTHLESS! I AM SO ALL OVER THIS!

HERE'S CLYTEMNESTRA WITH THE DISH FROM GOTHAM! CLYT?



NUNNER, THE SHIT JUST WON'T STOP HITTING THE FAN, DOWN HERE! YOU CAN BARELY SEE THAT PHENOM THING FOR ALL THE SMOKE AND FIRES AND HELICOP-SIONS AND EXPLO-SHIT! IT'S RUTH-LESS!

IT'S LIKE THE END OF THE GODDAMN WORLD!



YES, HOUSTON. WE'RE FINE. WE'RE ALL JUST FINE, BUT THOSE SPACE CAN-NONS OF OURS?

NOT EVEN TOAST. THEY'RE GONE.



BRUCE, YOU
WERE RIGHT.

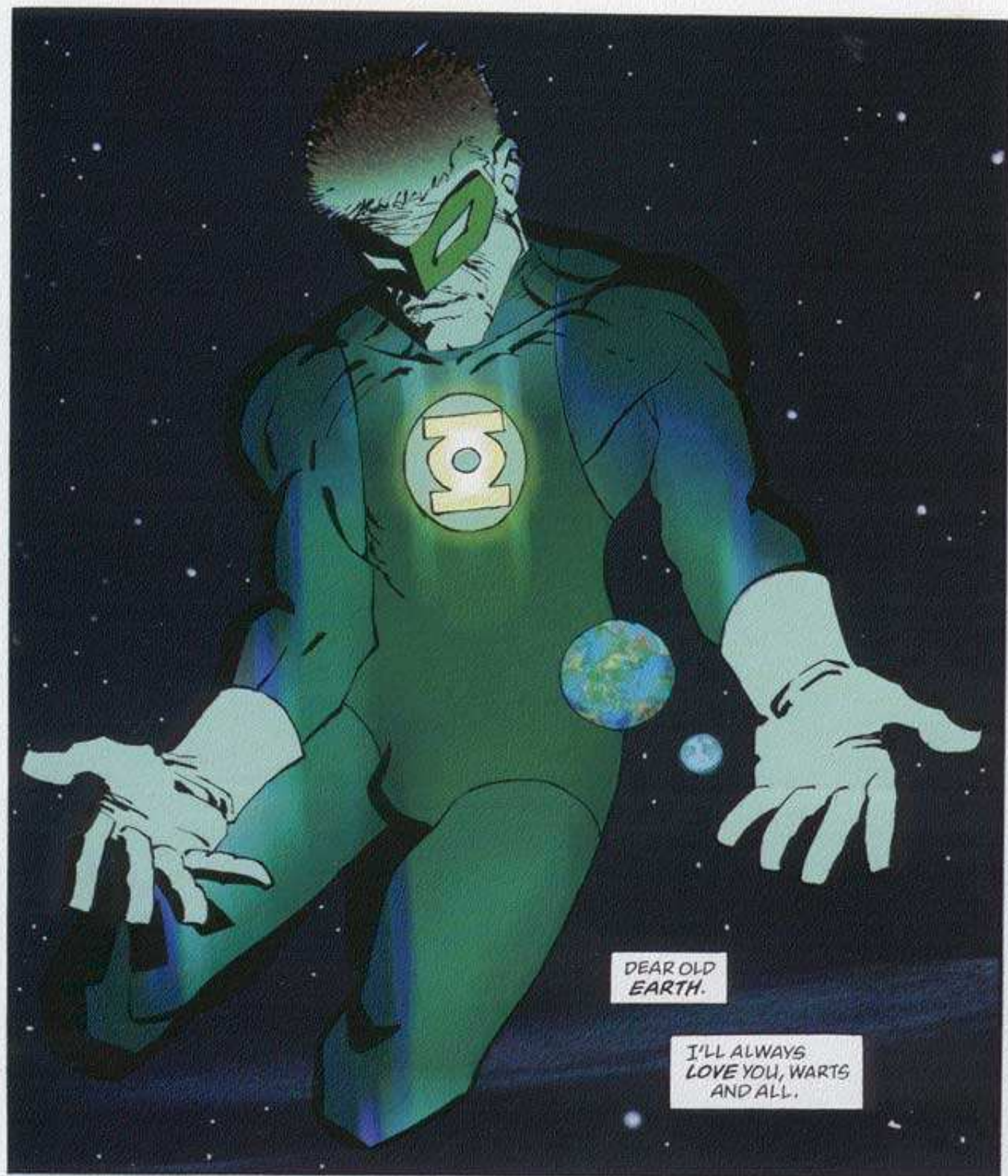
WHEN YOU
LAUGHED IN
OUR FACES,
ALL THOSE
YEARS AGO--
WHEN YOU
CALLED THE
REST OF US A
PACK OF FOOLS
--YOU WERE
RIGHT.

OF COURSE
WE'RE CRIMINALS.

WE'VE ALWAYS
BEEN CRIMINALS.

ON THIS PLANET
WE HAVE TO BE
CRIMINALS.





DEAR OLD
EARTH.

I'LL ALWAYS
LOVE YOU, WARTS
AND ALL.



IT'D BE A
KICK TO
STICK
AROUND
AWHILE--

--BUT I'M
DUE BACK
HOME.



IT WAS YOU. YOU
PLANNED THIS. YOU
KNEW HE WAS COM-
ING. YOU KNEW WHAT
HE COULD DO.
YOU KNEW.

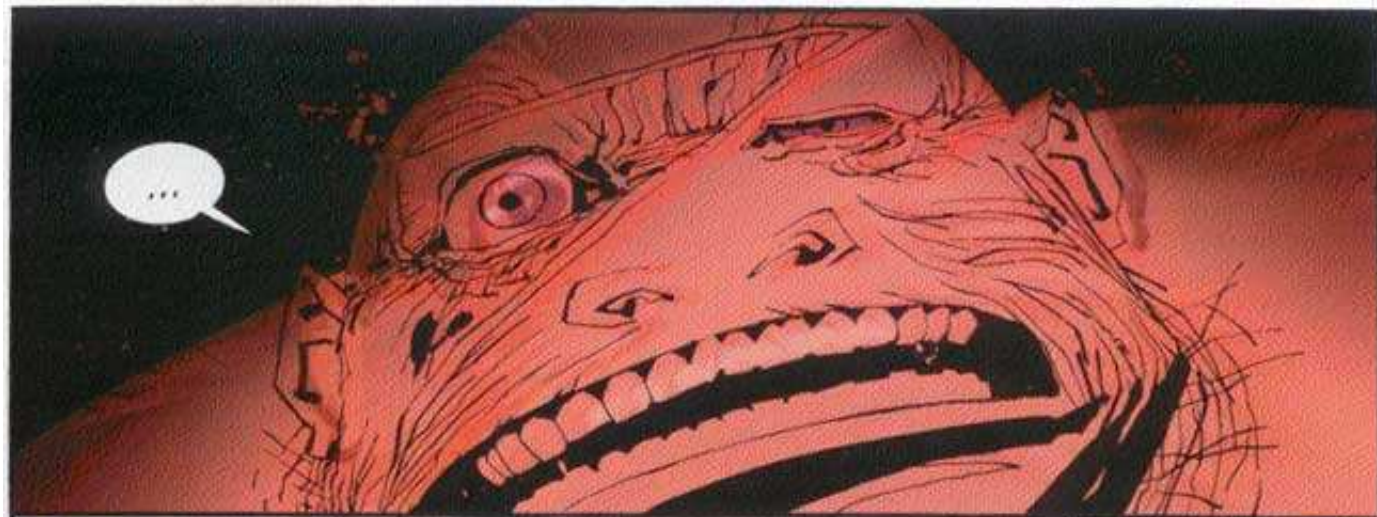


BUT YOU SAT THERE. YOU
LET YOURSELF GET CAUGHT
AND SAT THERE AND TOOK
IT. I PUNCHED YOU AND
PUNCHED YOU, AND YOU
SAT THERE AND
TOOK IT.

WHY?







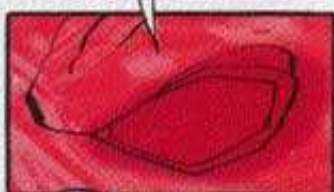


FROM HERE--
IN YOUR SOFT BELLY--
I WILL DESTROY
YOU.

YOU
ARE ABOUT
TO DIE.

CAN YOU FEEL
IT, BRAINIAC? I WARMED
MYSELF UP-- AND YOUR
NANOBOTS DIED, YOU'RE
NEXT.

MY
TRAP IS
SPRUNG.



BY
FIRE--

--YOU
ARE ABOUT
TO DIE.



WHY, YOU
TREACHEROUS
LITTLE TART.

AM I SURPRISED?
NO, NO, NOT TERRIBLY.
BUT OFFENDED,
SURELY. AND UNIM-
PRESSED.

UNIMPRESSED,
YOU'RE A BUNGLER.
AS THICK AS YOUR
FATHER. NOT SO
QUICK ON THE
UPTAKE.

YOU THINK YOU CAN
KILL ME? WITH YOUR
PALTRY HEAT VISION?
YOU'LL SCARCELY
DAMAGE ME.

IT WOULD
TAKE TEN OF
YOU TO CAUSE
ME HARM.

TEN
OF ME. OH,
MY.

WHEREVER
WILL I FIND
TEN LIKE ME?





FREEDOM.
OUR BONDS ARE
SHATTERED.

OUR SPIRITS
SOAR.

SO DO
WE.



PROFESSOR
PALMER. I AM AVA
DEL KIMDA. I WANT
YOU INSIDE ME.


EXCUSE
ME?

I AM TO CONTAIN
YOU. YOU ARE VULNERA-
BLE--AND THINGS ARE
ABOUT TO GET VERY
HOT.

RIGHT.
RIGHT. GOOD
PLAN.

DON'T
BLINK.






--OUR FIRE--
FROM ALL OUR
MILLIONS--

--WE CHANNEL IT
TO OUR BLESSED,
HYBRID SISTER--

--AND POWER-BORN,
SHE HOLDS IT--SHE
HARNESSES IT--



--AND GIVES IT
SWEET RELEASE.

AND HELL
COMES TO
EARTH.

AND THE
MONSTER
SCREAMS.

AND OUR VOICES RISE
IN JUBILATION.

AND HELL
COMES TO
EARTH.

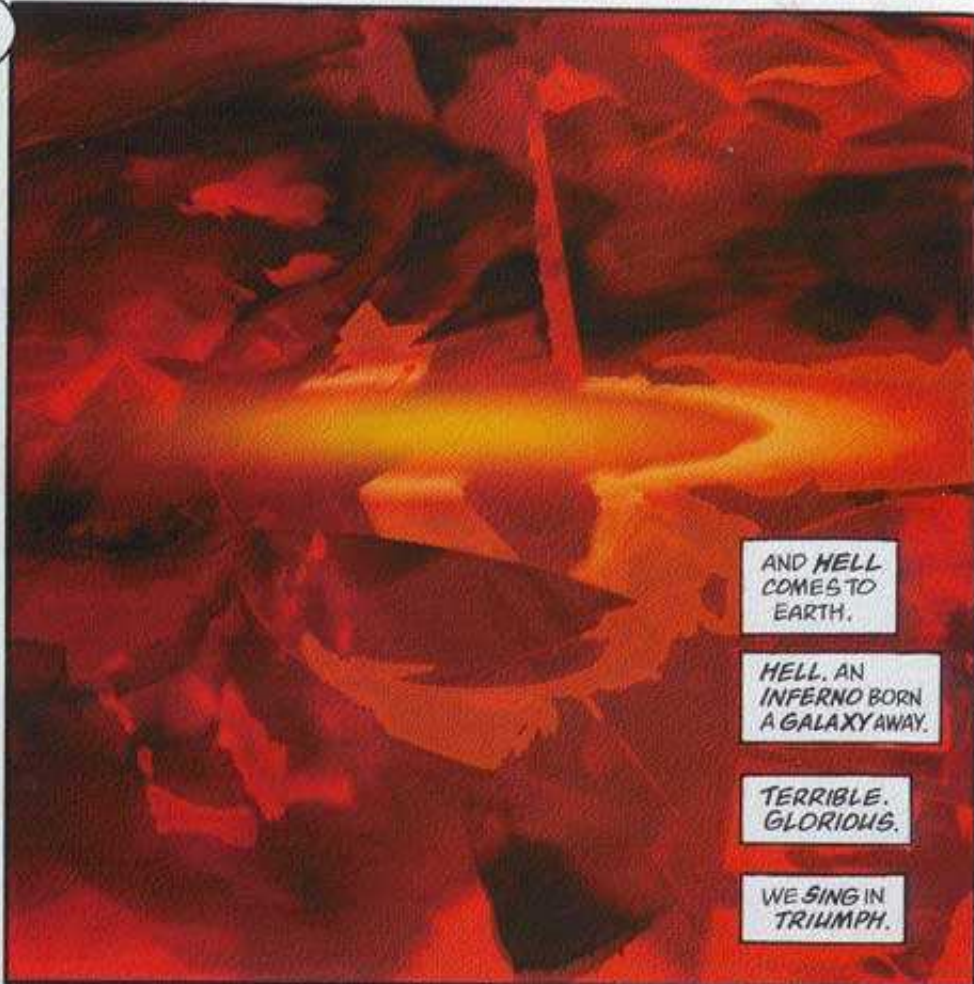




I CHANGED THE ABORT
CODE THE NIGHT I FIRED
YOU, DICK GRAYSON.



YOU WERE
ALWAYS SO DAMN
SMART.



AND HELL
COMES TO
EARTH.

HELL. AN
INFERNO BORN
A GALAXY AWAY.

TERRIBLE.
GLORIOUS.

WE SING IN
TRIUMPH.



THE BEAST IS
VANQUISHED.
ANNIHILATED.

OUR SAVIOR
SLEEPS.



REPEAT. DESTRUCT
SEQUENCE EN-
GAGED. EVACUATE
ALL PERSONNEL.
REPEAT. EVACUATE.

YEAH! WHEN I
FIRED YOUR SORRY
BUTT. FOR INCOM-
PETENCE. FOR
COWARDICE. YOU
COULDN'T CUT THE
MUSTARD, BUNKY.

AND DID YOU BAWL
LIKE A BABY OR WHAT? YOU
WERE PATHETIC, DICKSTER.
YOU WERE ALWAYS PATHETIC.
YOU'RE STILL PATHETIC.

AND NOW
YOU'RE PATHETIC
AND JUST PLAIN
WEIRD-
LOOKING.

I'LL RIP YOUR HEART
OUT AND SHOVE IT DOWN YOUR
THROAT, BRUCE. AND YOU'LL
THANK ME FOR IT, AFTER YOU
SEE WHAT I DO TO YOUR LITTLE
PIECE OF JAILBAIT
HERE.

YOU
DON'T KNOW WHAT I
CAN DO. YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT I'VE BECOME.

SURE I DO. BACK
BEFORE I HAD THEM KILLED,
YOUR BOSSES TURNED YOU INTO
A GODDAMN FREAK.



I UNDERWENT
RADICAL GENE
THERAPY. I
CAN'T DIE.

AW, SURE YOU
CAN, BOBBIN.



YOU'RE SENILE. THAT
CAN'T HAPPEN. I
GROW BACK.

NOT IF THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT
TO GROW BACK,
DONDI.



WHAT, YOU GOT YOURSELF
A DISINTEGRATOR RAY
GUN?

NAW. BUT I GOT
THE NEXT BEST
THING, BUTTON.

ALFRED!
DROP
HIM!



YES, SIR.
RIGHT
AWAY, SIR.

WHOOPS!
YOU'VE GONE ALL
SLOW, BOY.

HAPPY
LANDINGS!

YAAA



AAAAAA

RALPH!
NOW!



ON IT,
MAN!



COME ON, SWEETIE. LET'S GET YOU OUT OF HERE.



I NEVER TOLD YOU HOW THE DESTRUCT SEQUENCE WORKS, DID I, PEACH? THE CAVE GOES DOWN A LOT DEEPER THAN YOU'D EXPECT, MILES DOWN, AND AT THE BOTTOM?

A VOLCANO. AN UNDERGROUND VOLCANO.

TONS OF MOLTEN LAVA, BURIED DEEP, HELD DOWN BY BEDROCK--UNTIL THE EXPLOSIVES I PLANTED THERE WENT UP.

LAVA. AN OCEAN OF IT. RISING FAST. COMING YOUR WAY, BLOSSOM. YOU'LL BE ATOMIZED.

FEEL THE HEAT YET, PLUM?

MY PETS DO.

I'VE ALWAYS HATED YOUR FILTHY BATS!



DAMN YOU AND YOUR HOLOGRAMS!

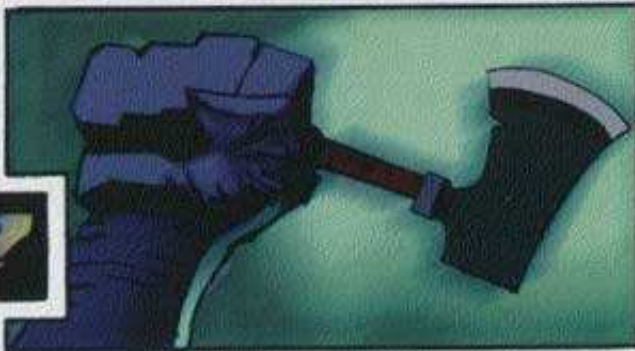
FACE ME LIKE A MAN!



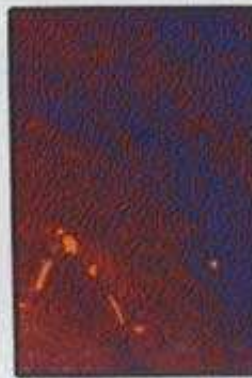
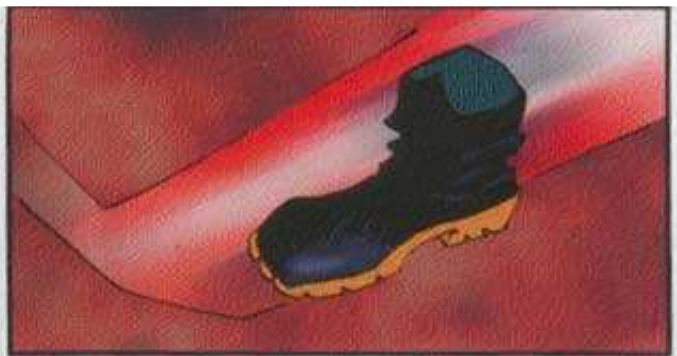
OKAY.



HOOF!







I'M JUST TELLING
YOU FOLKS WE'VE
GOT NO IDEA WHAT
THE HECK IS GOING
ON OUT THERE--
BUT WE'VE GOT
EVERYTHING
UNDER
CONTROL.

NOW WHAT
THE HECK ARE
YOU ALL FINDING
SO GOSH-DARNED
FUNNY?

THE HEROES HAVE
LEFT US BREATHLESS--
PANTING--EXHAUSTED--
DEPLETED--SPENT--DRENCHED
WITH SWEAT AND GASPING
IN THE AFTERGLOW...

...YET SOME-
HOW EAGER--
DESPERATE
FOR MORE...

DOES EVERY METAPHOR
YOU USE HAVE TO BE SEXUAL?
WE COULD BE WITNESS TO A
PROFOUND CHANGE IN HUMAN
HISTORY, HERE! THIS IS
TOTALLY MILLENNIAL!

THESE HEROES
OFFER US A FRESH
START--TOWARD A
BETTER WORLD!
A BRIGHTER
TOMORROW!

GOD, THAT
IS SO SILVER
AGE?

**JOIN
THE
FIRST CHURCH
OF THE
LAST SON
OF THE
LOST PLANET
KRYPTON!**



**YOU'LL BELIEVE
A MAN CAN FLY**

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE WILL NOT RULE OUT THE OPTION OF THE DEATH PENALTY IN THE DISPOSITION OF THESE SELF-PROCLAIMED "HEROES" WITH THEIR BULGING CROTCHES AND THEIR CONSPICUOUSLY AMPLE BREASTS AND THEIR FIRM, YOUTHFUL, ROUNDED BUTTOCKS.

AND THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE HAS NOT GIVEN ANYONE IN THIS ROOM PERMISSION TO INDULGE IN UNSOLICITED AND INAPPROPRIATE LAUGHTER.



THE ATTORNEY GENERAL SPOKE WITH CHARACTERISTIC PUNGENCY. I CAN ONLY CONCUR. HEROES, MY FOOT, THESE ARE TERRORISTS. AND THEY ARE BUFFOONS-- BRIGHTLY PAINTED TOTEMS TO A VULGARIAN CULTURE.



MAN, YOU JUST DON'T GET IT! THIS AIN'T SHOWBIZ! THIS IS REVOLUTION!

WE'VE GOT VEINS IN OUR TEETH! WE'RE STOKED! WE'RE STORMING THE HALLS OF POWER! WE'RE BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE! WE'RE BRINGING POWER TO THE PEOPLE! YEAH!



WHICH PEOPLE, MARXIST? POVERTY IS NO BADGE OF VIRTUE--AND MOB RULE IS THE SUREST ROUTE TO NAKED DICTATORSHIP!



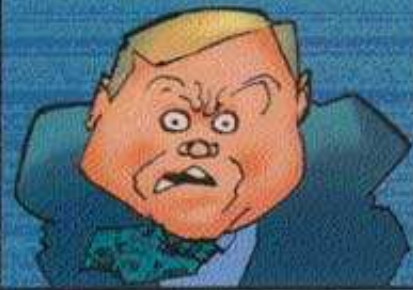
WHAT PART OF "BLOW ME" DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND, MR. ATLAS-SHRUGGED-- IS THE WORD OF GOD?



I'M NO AYN RANDER! SHE DIDN'T GO NEARLY FAR ENOUGH!



SHUT UP! THIS IS MY GODDAMN SHOW!



HMF! VULGARIANS. THE LOT OF YOU.



SO YOU BELIEVE YOUR GUY CAN WALK ON WATER AND RISE FROM THE GRAVE--



--AND YOU'RE CALLING US NUTS?

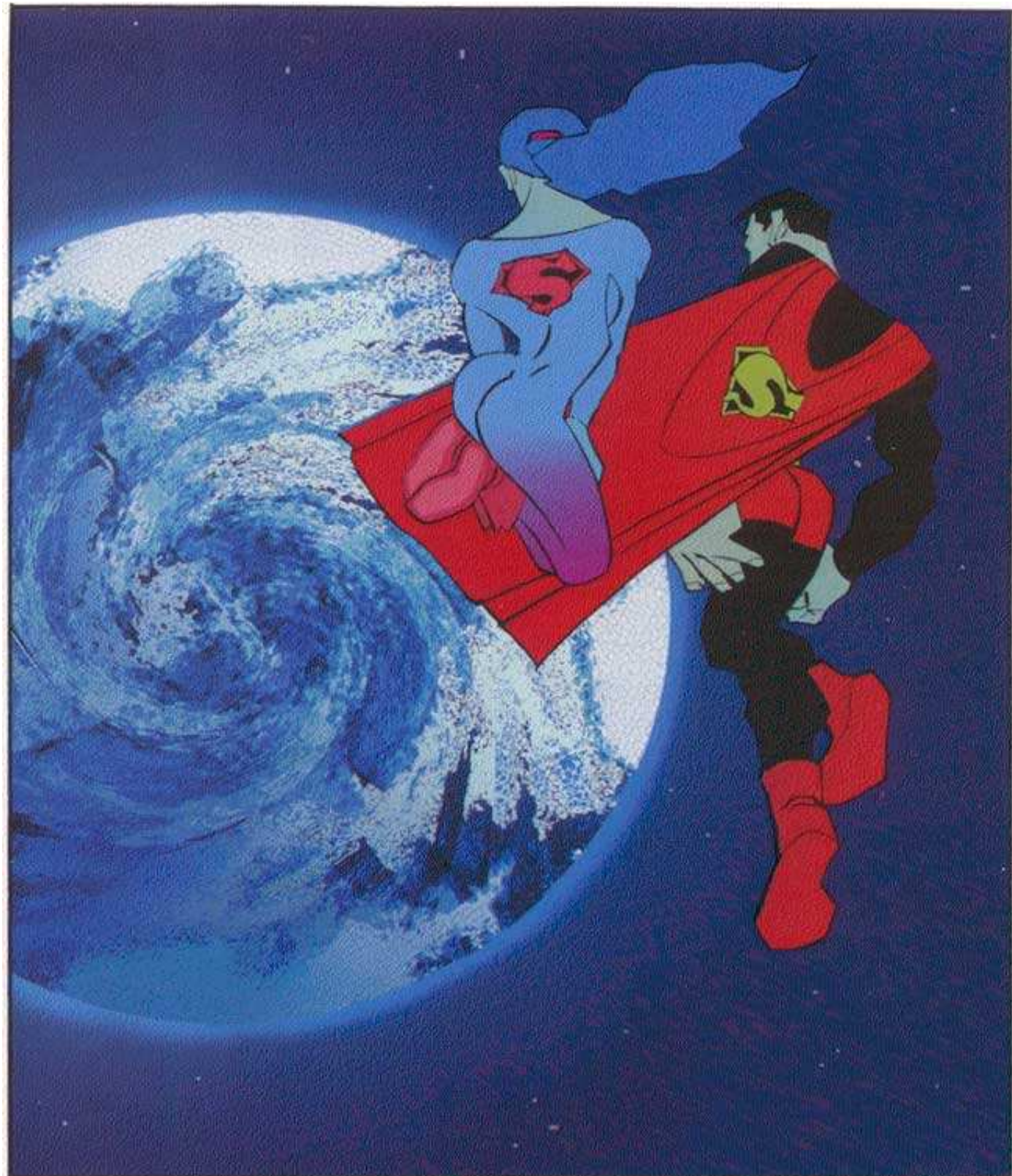


PUT YOUR HAND IN THE HAND OF THE MAN WITH HEAT VISION.



LET US PRAY.





THE PAINKILLERS I
FED HER KICK IN.
CARRIE ALMOST PULLS
OFF A SMILE. THE
SPLIT LIP MAKES IT
LOOK STUPID.

SEEING HER SAVAGED
LIKE THIS, I FEEL MY
STOMACH GO COLD AGAIN.
MY HANDS SHAKE. I
DON'T THINK SHE
NOTICES.

YOU WERE RIGHT
ABOUT ONE THING,
DICK GRAYSON.

I LOVE HER.

SHE'S STABLE. SHE'LL BE
ALL RIGHT. STURDY AS EVER.

AND, AS EVER, THERE'S
NO SHUTTING HER
UP...



YOU'RE LOSING
ALL YOUR STUFF.
YOU'RE BLOWING IT
ALL UP.

IT'S
NOTHING. IT'S
JUNK.

A ROBOT
TYRANNOSAUR,
FOR GOODNESS
SAKE.

WELL, YEAH, AND
THAT GIANT PENNY
WAS PRETTY
BOGUE.

BUT IT'S
YOUR HISTORY.
YOUR WHOLE
HISTORY.

SOUVENIRS,
DARLING. NOTHING BUT
SOUVENIRS.



I WAS
SENTIMENTAL--
BACK WHEN I WAS
OLD.

After fifteen years, the long wait for the sequel to **The Dark Knight Returns** is over! **Frank Miller and Lynn Varley** — the multi-award-winning team responsible for the original series — have united once again to set an astonishing new standard in comic book entertainment.

In the three years that have passed since the Batman apparently died, a brave new world has arisen where peace and harmony reign across the globe. But this "perfect" society has a deadly flaw, and the salvation of all humanity rests upon the fabled hero as **The Dark Knight Strikes Again!**

FRANK MILLER LYNN VARLEY

Issue number: 3 of 3

DIRECT SALES



00311



7 61941 22781 8
\$7.95 USA \$13.25 CAN ISBN 1-56389-872-1

dccomics.com

