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Cover Art by **Frank Miller** Cover Color by **Lynn Varley** Publication Design by **Louis Prandi**









IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS SINCE,  
IN THE EYES OF THOSE WHO LIVE  
ABOVE, I DIED.

I'VE BEEN VERY  
PATIENT.

I'VE TRAINED MY STUDENTS  
AND HONED MY SKILLS.

I'VE WAITED.

I'VE WAITED--AND WATCHED  
THE WORLD GO RIGHT STRAIGHT  
TO HELL...

THE DOW JONES  
SOARS PAST 50,000!  
AFTER THIS:

YOU  
WANT  
IT...



JUST  
LISTEN TO  
THAT SON  
OF A  
BITCH!



THE STATE OF THE UNION  
IS **STRONG**--STRONGER THAN  
IT HAS EVER BEEN. TRULY,  
THESE ARE THE **BEST** OF  
TIMES.



CAREFUL  
THERE,  
OLSEN.

--CURFEW  
VIOLATIONS  
**PLUMMET** NATION-  
WIDE--



SURE IT'S  
STRONG! LIKE AN  
IRON FIST!



YOU  
**MUST** HAVE  
IT...



BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS RISE IN A STANDING OVATION FOR PRESIDENT RICKARD...

THANK YOU. THANK YOU. YOU'RE TOO KIND.

NOW, IT'S TAKEN SOME DOING--

YEAH, SOME DOING. LIKE REPEALING THE BILL OF RIGHTS!

OLSEN--WE HAVE SPONSORS TO THINK ABOUT.

--BUT WE HAVE ARRIVED. WE ARE AT PEACE--

YOU CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT...

AND YOU CAN HAVE IT...

OF COURSE WE'RE AT PEACE!

WE'VE KILLED JUST ABOUT EVERYBODY WHO DISAGREES WITH US!

--OUR CHILDREN LIVE IN A WORLD FREE OF CRIME--

OUR CHILDREN LIVE IN A DAMN POLICE STATE!

--WE ARE PROSPEROUS BEYOND THE DREAMS OF PREVIOUS GENERATIONS--

WE'RE WELL-PAID SLAVES!

WHO WILL STOP THIS?

YOU CAN HAVE IT. ANY TIME. DAY OR NIGHT...

MY PATIENCE IS AT ITS END.

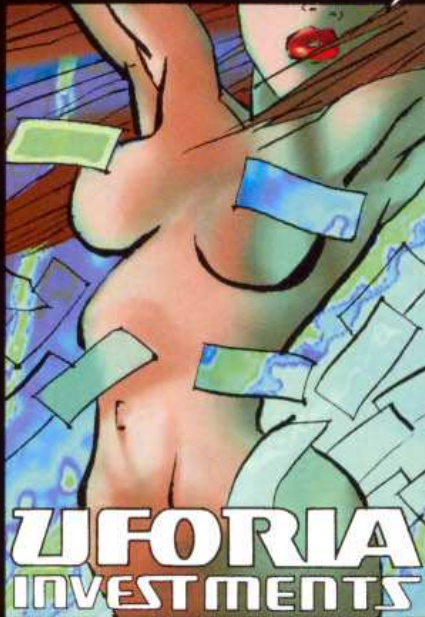
THE TIME HAS COME.



IT'S *SAFE*.  
IT'S *LEGAL*. IT'S  
THE *ULTIMATE*  
HIGH...



...SO LET US  
*SERVICE* YOU. WE'LL  
NEVER LET YOUR STOCKS  
GO FLACCID.



**ZUFORIA**  
INVESTMENTS



MAYBE YOU'VE ALL  
FORGOTTEN, OUT THERE,  
MAYBE YOU THINK THEY  
WERE *URBAN LEGENDS*--  
OR JUST *COSTUMED*  
CLOWNS--

--BUT THERE WERE *MEN*  
AND *WOMEN* WITH AMAZING  
*ABILITIES*--AND UNBRIDLED  
*COURAGE*--WHO BATTLED  
TYRANNY AND DEFEATED  
IT AT EVERY *TURN*!



WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO THEM?  
WHERE ARE  
THEY?

WHERE  
ARE OUR  
HEROES?



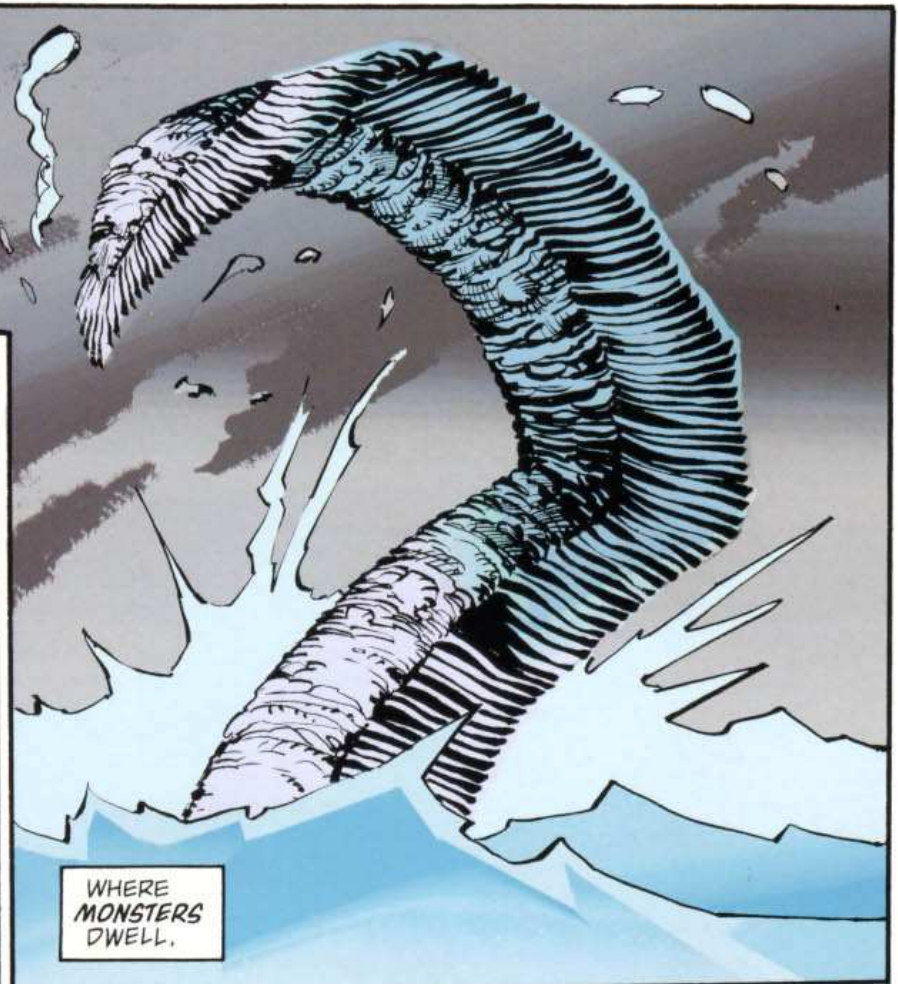
SOMEWHERE  
ON EARTH.

SOMEWHERE  
COLD.

ENDLESSLY  
COLD.



WHERE  
MONSTERS  
DWELL.



WHERE MAN  
IS PREY.

ONE MAN--  
ALONE--



--SAVAGE, HIS  
HUMANITY ALL  
BUT FORGOTTEN--

A WARRIOR  
BORN.





HE HASN'T *EATEN*  
IN *DAYS*.

HE DOESN'T EVEN  
BOTHER TO *COOK*  
IT.

HE IS *BEYOND*  
SHAME. *BEYOND*  
*HOPE*.

ONLY *DARKNESS* AND *COLD* AND  
THE *SEA* AND ITS *BEASTS*.

THE *SEA*, STRETCHING OUT OF  
SIGHT IN EVERY *DIRECTION*.  
THE *ENDLESS*, *ANGRY SEA*.

IT'S LIKE HE'S THE ONLY  
MAN IN THE *WORLD*.

IT'S ENOUGH TO  
DRIVE A MAN *MAD*.

HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN HERE, IN  
HELL? HOW LONG? *YEARS*?

THERE'S NO WAY TO *TELL*.

THERE'S NO *DAYTIME*.  
NO *SUN*.

NOT EVEN  
A *MOON*.

HNNH?...

FROM THE *SKY*--LIKE  
THE *GLARE* OF SOME  
WRATHFUL *GOD*--  
PROBING--  
SEARCHING--

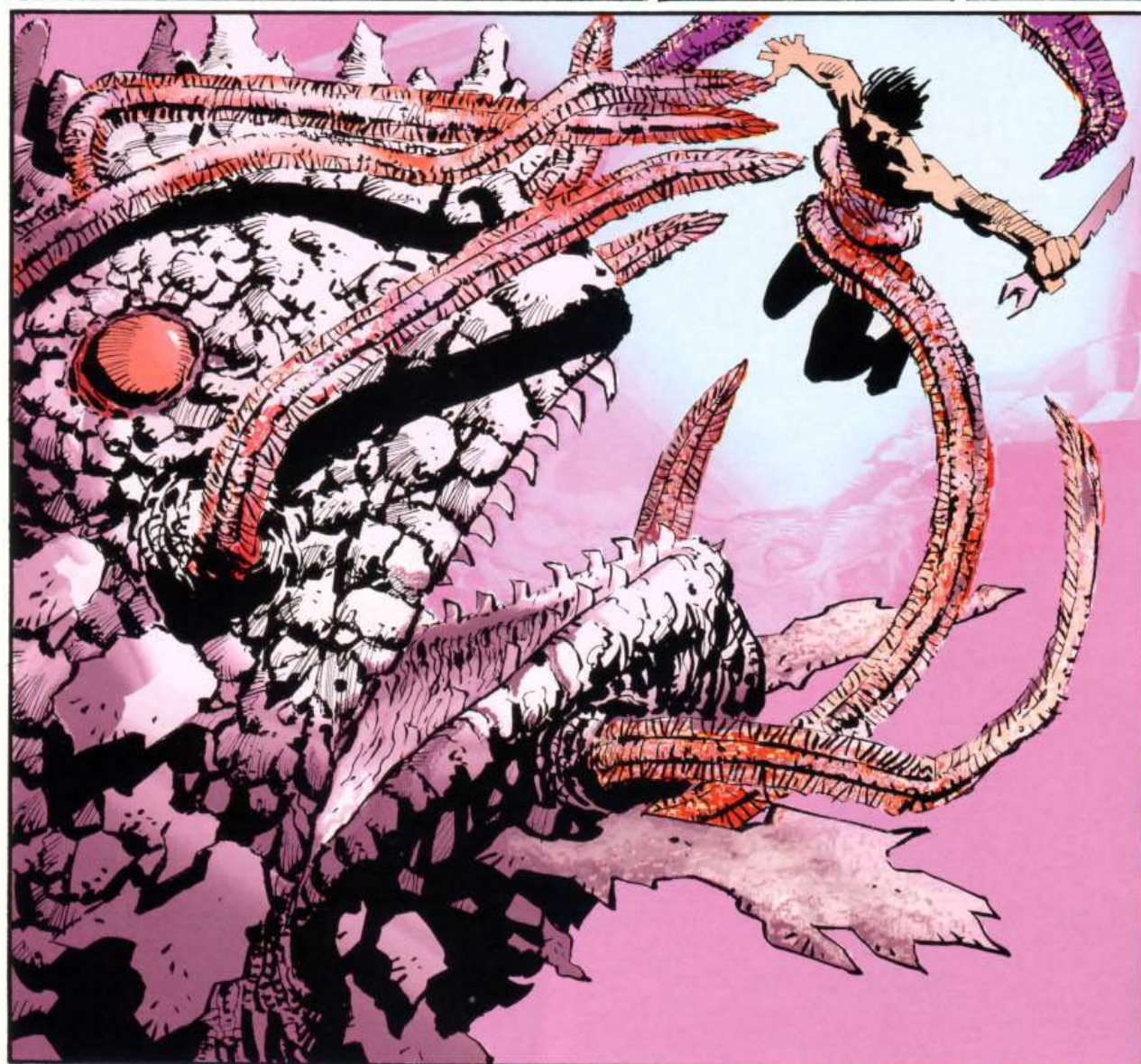
--LIGHT!

MAYBE HE  
HAS GONE  
MAD.

BUT HE  
HAS TO  
KNOW.

HE HAS  
TO KNOW.









HE IS  
UNAFRAID.



HE'S FACED FOES  
LARGER THAN  
HIMSELF BEFORE.

MUCH  
LARGER.

HE'S BATTLED  
BEHEMOTHS AND  
LEVIATHANS.

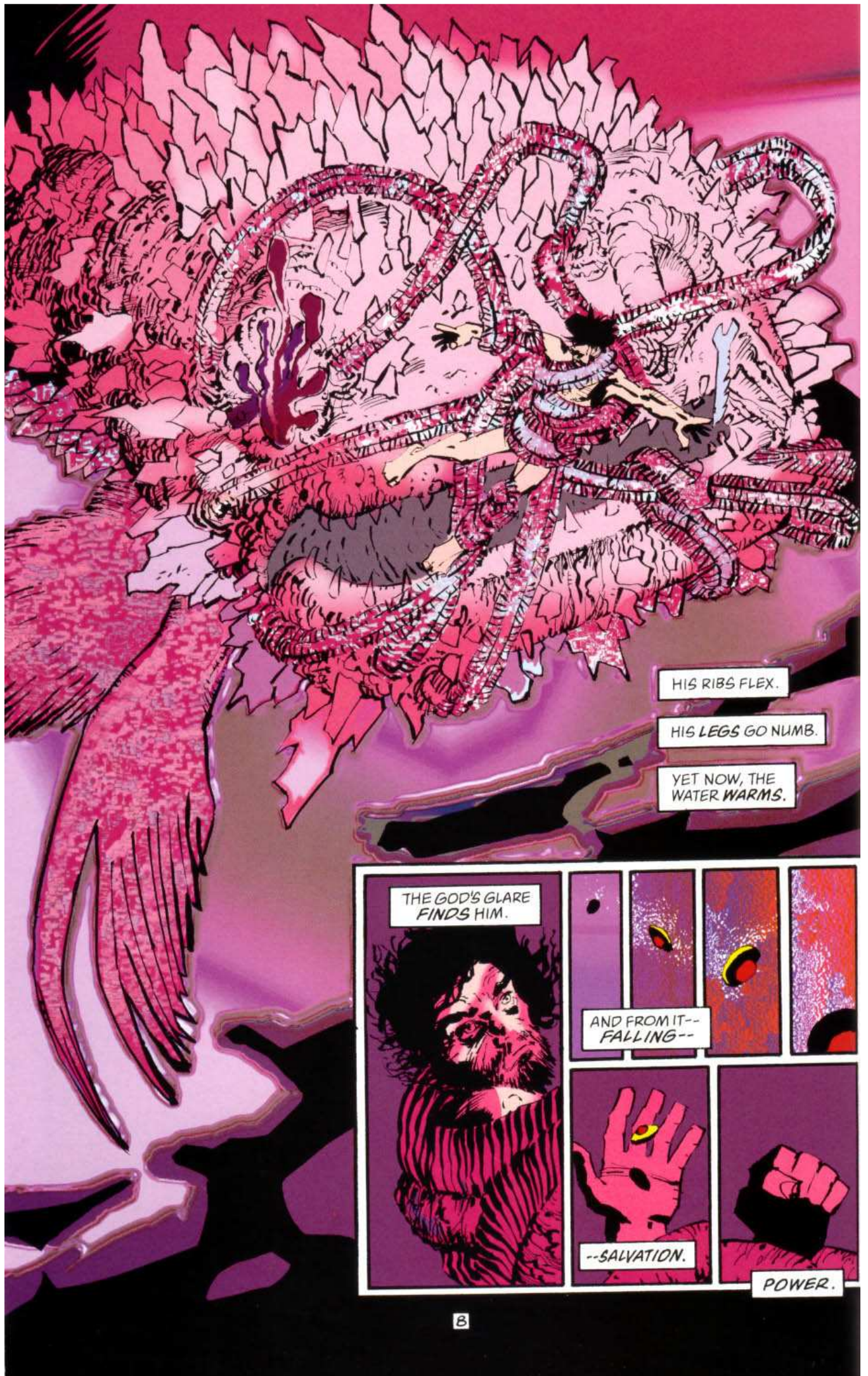


A THOUSAND TIMES.

AND, SHOULD THIS  
THING BE THE DEATH  
OF HIM--

--IT WILL SURELY  
REMEMBER HIM.





HIS RIBS FLEX.

HIS LEGS GO NUMB.

YET NOW, THE  
WATER *WARMS*.

THE GOD'S GLARE  
FINDS HIM.

AND FROM IT--  
FALLING--

--SALVATION.

POWER.



POWER. THE STRENGTH  
OF A TITAN.

NO AIR LEFT.  
NO TIME TO  
SWIM TO THE  
SURFACE.

BUT HE  
DOESN'T  
NEED TO  
SWIM.



HE SIMPLY  
STANDS.

RISING TO  
THE SKY--

--HE  
BREATHES  
DEEP OF  
FREEDOM.

AND STILL  
HE RISES, A  
COLOSSUS...











AND WHO WOULD YOU BE, SWEETHEART?

CAROLINE KEENE KELLEY, SIR.

BRUCE SENT ME.

THAT'D BE JUST LIKE OLD BATS. SENDING IN A KID.

I'M HARDLY A CHILD, PROFESSOR. I'M SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

ALERT. SECURITY BREACH ON LEVEL EIGHTY-SIX.  
ALERT. SECURITY BREACH ON LEVEL EIGHTY-SIX.  
PRIORITY ALPHA. SHOOT TO KILL.  
ALERT. SECURITY BREACH ON LEVEL EIGHTY-SIX.  
PRIORITY ALPHA. SHOOT TO KILL.

OH, SHIT! THIS WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN!  
GET REALLY SMALL! RIGHT NOW!

WHOA!



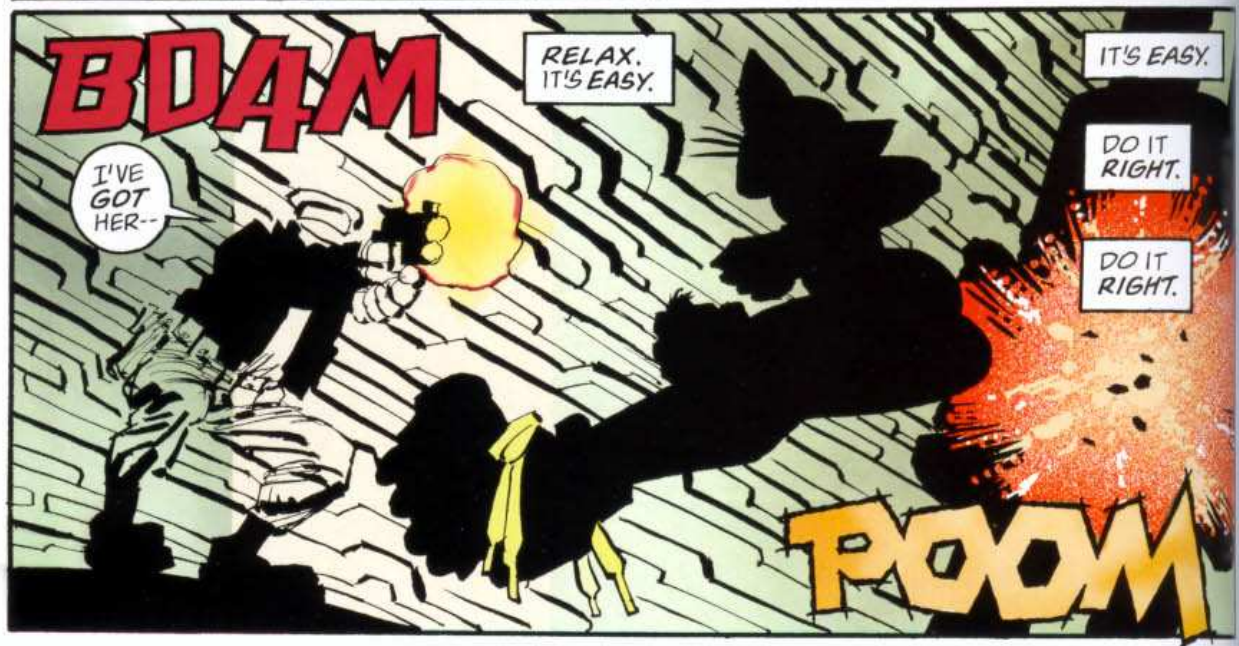
















BRING HIM  
DOWN.

KEEP HIM  
DOWN.



SLICK WORK,  
KITTEN.

--BUT  
WE **STILL**  
DON'T HAVE  
THE JOINT  
TO OUR-  
SELVES.

I'M WELL AWARE  
OF THAT, SIR. EVERY-  
THING'S UNDER  
CONTROL.

GET  
SMALLER. A  
LOT SMALLER. LIKE  
AN ASPIRIN PILL.  
NOW!



YOU  
LITTLE  
BITCH--  
YOU'RE  
TOAST!

CHUCKS!  
BUTTFIRST  
IT!

PEEL!

WHAT'S  
WITH THAT  
OUTFIT?

WHO  
CARES?  
BLOW HER  
IN HALF!

YOUNG  
ENOUGH TO BE  
MY DAUGHTER...





RELAX.  
IT'S EASY.

LIKE FALLING  
OFF A LOG.

OR THE  
TOP OF  
A SKY-  
SCRAPER.

TWEETY!  
BILLY IN CLOSE!  
ACE THE CLOAK!

CHUCKS!  
SUCK BACK THE  
WHEELS!

SPANG

SPANG

SPANG



WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING,  
KID?

AW,  
NO...

I'M NOT LIKING  
THIS ANY MORE  
THAN YOU ARE,  
PROFESSOR--

--BUT I NEED  
BOTH MY HANDS.



LIKE I COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN THE  
BIG LIGHTBULB TO GET MYSELF A  
POCKET TO PUT HIM IN.

A TRAINED  
PROFESSIONAL.

I FIGURE.









TWEETY.

RIGHT IN PLACE.  
RIGHT ON TIME.

RELAX. YOU'RE  
ONLY ABOUT A  
MILE UP.

IT'S EASY.

GULP

AW,  
HELL...

NGG







AT THE TOP OF THE NEWS--A DARING ASSAULT ON PALMER LABORATORIES!

ASSESSING THE SITUATION, THE PRESIDENT MINCED NO WORDS:

STOLEN WERE MATERIALS THAT COULD BE USED FOR BIOLOGICAL WARFARE.

WE MUST REMAIN CALM.

NATIONAL SECURITY ENFORCEMENT DIRECTOR BILL PRICK:

EVIDENCE SUGGESTS THAT THIS WAS THE WORK OF AGENTS FROM A ROGUE NATION.

...NO, OLSEN, I WILL NOT TELL YOU WHAT EVIDENCE. WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO, YOU LITTLE PUTZ?

IN LIGHT OF THIS CRISIS, THE PRESIDENT HAS EXTENDED THE STATE OF MARTIAL LAW INTO ITS NINETEENTH MONTH--

THAT'S THE STORY THEY WANT YOU TO HEAR,

BUT THE HAPPY HACKER'S GOT THE REAL DISH.

CHECK THIS OUT--STRAIGHT FROM THE LAB'S OWN SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM.

IF THAT LITTLE NUMBER'S A FOREIGN TERRORIST, THEN I'M A GUY.

AND YOU KNOW I'M NOT A GUY.

BRUCE, YOU MANIAC. YOU DAMN FOOL. WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

IT'S YOU. I KNOW IT'S YOU. NOBODY ELSE COULD BE SO GOOD AT BEING CRAZY.

YOU DAMN FOOL.

THIS WASN'T THE DEAL.

THIS WASN'T THE DEAL.



THAT'S RIGHT, ADVENTURE  
LOVERS! YOUR DIGITAL  
DARLING IS ONLINE! AND,  
HONEY, I'VE GOT THE GOODS!

JUST LOOK AT  
THAT CHICKLET  
GO!

DODGING  
BULLETS!



LEAPING  
FROM TALL  
BUILDINGS!

DEFYING  
DEATH!



AND BEST OF  
ALL, WEARING  
TIGHTS!

IT'S BEEN A  
WHILE SINCE  
WE'VE SEEN  
THIS KIND OF  
ACTION!



KIND OF  
MAKES YOU  
WONDER IF  
SOMETHING'S  
IN THE AIR,  
DOESN'T  
IT?

YOU WERE SUPPOSED  
TO LIE LOW. YOU WERE  
SUPPOSED TO STAY  
QUIET.



BUT YOU LET HER  
WEAR THE TIGHTS.

YOU LET HER WEAR  
THE TIGHTS.



I'D BEEN NEGOTIATING  
PALMER'S RELEASE FOR  
MONTHS. WE'D ALMOST  
COME TO TERMS.

YOU DON'T KNOW THE STAKES. YOU  
DON'T KNOW HOW MANY MILLIONS  
OF LIVES HANG IN THE BALANCE.

NOW YOU'VE GONE AND MADE A CRIME  
OF IT--AND YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO  
MAKING A HORRID MESS OF THINGS.

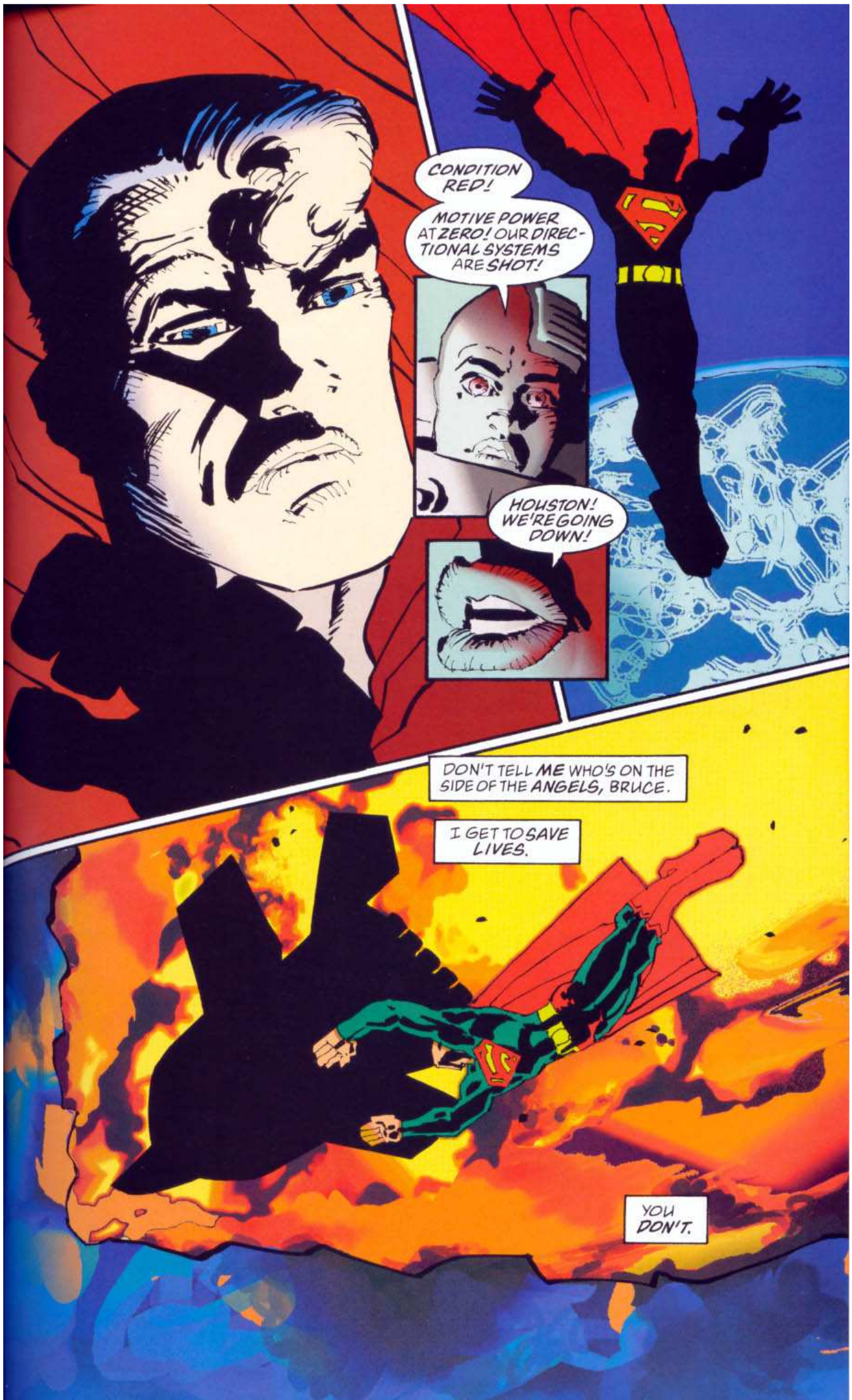
I TRIED TO TELL YOU.  
BUT YOU WOULDN'T  
LISTEN.



WE'LL ALL PAY FOR  
THIS. WE, AND TEN  
MILLION INNOCENTS.

YOUR ARROGANCE  
WILL BRING CALAMITY.  
ATROCITY. GENOCIDE.





CONDITION  
RED!

MOTIVE POWER  
AT ZERO! OUR DIREC-  
TIONAL SYSTEMS  
ARE SHOT!

HOUSTON!  
WE'RE GOING  
DOWN!

DON'T TELL ME WHO'S ON THE  
SIDE OF THE ANGELS, BRUCE.

I GET TO SAVE  
LIVES.

YOU  
DON'T.





WHAT THE  
HELL WAS  
THAT?

WE'VE HIT  
SOMETHING--  
SOMETHING  
BIG!

BUT  
THERE'S  
NOTHING TO  
HIT!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!  
WE'RE SLOWING  
DOWN!

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!  
THIS CAN'T BE  
HAPPENING!

GNAAAA



THIS USED  
TO BE...

...SO EASY...



DESPITE TOTAL TECHNICAL FAILURE--

-- A SPECTACULAR LANDING BY SPACE SHUTTLE RODHAM!

NO CASUALTIES ARE REPORTED...

**NEWS IN THE NUDE**

NOT EVEN A SCRATCH!

COMING UP: GIANT ASTEROID THREATENS ENTIRE HUMAN RACE!

MY CAVE.

MY ENDLESS, BOTTOMLESS CAVE.

AN OLD FRIEND.

RAY PALMER.

THE ATOM.

ARE YOU KIDDING?

I'VE HAD A HAIRCUT AND A SHAVE. I'VE HAD A HOT SHOWER. I'VE HAD MY FIRST COOKED MEAL AND MY FIRST DECENT NIGHT'S SLEEP IN TWO YEARS.

AND I'M NOT LIVING IN A PETRI DISH.

YOU BET I'M READY FOR ACTION.

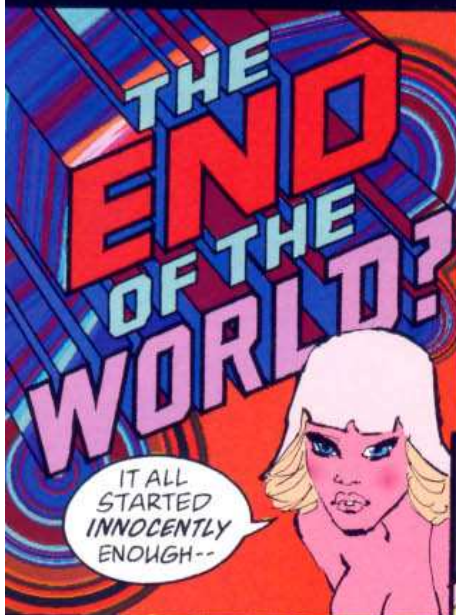
GOOD. I HAVE QUITE A TALE TO TELL-- AND WE HAVE A WORLD OF WORK TO DO.

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, HM?

NO. NOT LIKE OLD TIMES.

IT'S A WHOLE NEW BALLGAME.





IT ALL  
STARTED  
INNOCENTLY  
ENOUGH--



--A TEST OF THE  
CONTROVERSIAL, FIVE-  
TRILLION-DOLLAR  
PLANETARY DEFENSE  
SYSTEM.

A NUCLEAR  
WARHEAD WAS LAUNCHED  
TO INTERCEPT A MASSIVE  
ASTEROID THAT POSED NO  
CONCEIVABLE THREAT  
TO PLANET EARTH.

BUT SOMETHING  
WENT TERRIBLY  
WRONG.



THE WARHEAD, MISSING  
ITS TARGET BY MILES, NONE-  
THELESS DETONATED--KICKING  
THE ASTEROID FROM ITS  
NATURAL COURSE--

--SENDING IT  
HURTLING RIGHT  
AT US.

JOINING  
US IS PLANETOID  
SPECIALIST ALEX  
AXELROD.



DOCTOR--  
WHAT IF IT  
HITS?



THE  
CONSEQUENCES  
WILL BE BIBLICAL.  
THAT HONKER'S  
THE SIZE OF  
MANHATTAN.



IF IT HITS, WE CAN  
KISS THE DINOSAURS HELLO--  
AND KISS OUR OWN SORRY  
BUTTS GOODBYE!

WE'LL BE RIGHT  
BACK. WITH WIDER  
COVERAGE.



DON'T  
MISS AN  
INCH.

OHMYGOD!  
THERE HE IS!

DON'T  
WHEEZE,  
CARRIE!!!

SKIK



SIR--  
MAY I SPEAK  
WITH YOU FOR  
A MOMENT?





SURE, KID. WHAT'S UP?

I JUST WANTED TO SAY I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRERD YOU AS A SCIENTIST AND A CHAMPION OF JUSTICE AND I'M REALLY SORRY I PUKEED YOU UP LIKE I DID.

THAT WASN'T VERY PROFESSIONAL.



YOU DIDN'T DO SO BADLY, AND YOU ACCOMPLISHED YOUR MISSION, DIDN'T YOU? YOU GOT ME OUT OF THERE. YOU'VE GOT TALENT-- AND GUTS.

THANK YOU, SIR.

HE'S AT FULL SIZE, AND HE'S STILL NOT ALL THAT BIG.

SURE. LIKE ONLY A FOOT TALLER THAN ME.

I DON'T SAY A WORD ABOUT HIS HAIRCUT.



THINK YOU'RE READY FOR TONIGHT'S ACTION? IT'LL BE INTENSE.

I'D BETTER BE READY. I'M FIELD COMMANDER.

BATBOYS! HIT THE BATTLE STATIONS!

WE GO OPERATIONAL IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!



"BATBOYS"?

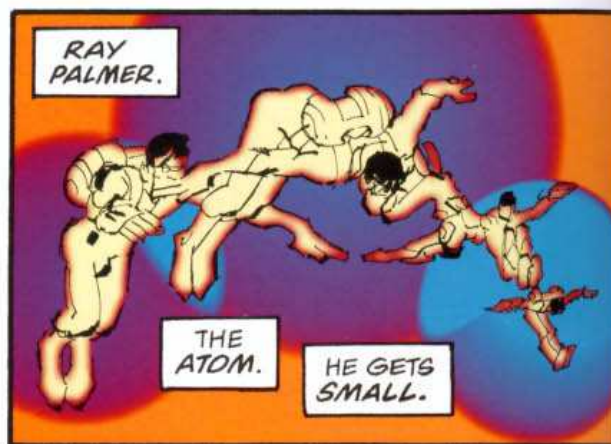


YEAH. THEY HATE IT WHEN I CALL THEM THAT.



YOU'VE GOT  
ATTITUDE, TOO. IT  
TAKES ATTITUDE.  
YOU'LL DO WELL.

I'VE GOT ONE  
REQUEST-- IF YOU  
WOULD, OUT OF RESPECT  
FOR YOUR ELDERS--







THERE'S NO  
CALL FOR PANIC.  
EVERYTHING'S UNDER  
CONTROL.

YOU MEDIA  
FOLKS HAVE BLOWN  
THIS ALL OUT OF  
PROPORTION.

...ALMOST  
LIKE HE KNEW  
SOMETHING WE  
DIDN'T...

THE PRESS  
CONFERENCE  
SUFFERED A  
BIZARRE INTER-  
RUPTION.

KEEP IN MIND  
THAT WHAT YOU'RE  
ABOUT TO SEE IS  
NOT A TRANSMISSION  
ERROR--AND THAT IT TOOK  
PLACE IN FRONT OF LIVE  
WITNESSES:

HERE IT  
COMES!

WE STILL  
HAVE SEVERAL  
DAYS TO TAKE  
OUT THAT HUNK  
OF ROCK--

BLINK  
AND YOU'LL  
MISS IT!

AND WE'VE  
GOT POWERFUL  
RESOURCES TO  
DEPLOY AND LU  
VE GOT POWER  
FUL RESOURC  
TO DEPLO

--AND WE'VE  
GOT **POWERFUL**  
RESOURCES TO  
DEPLOY.







WHAT WAS THAT? WHAT HAPPENED?



PANDEMONIUM BROKE OUT. SECRET SERVICE AGENTS PREVENTED WHAT APPEARED TO BE A PHYSICAL ASSAULT ON THE PRESIDENT-- BY MAVERICK JOURNALIST JAMES OLSEN.



--THIS IS BULLSHIT!

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED HE'S NEVER SHAKEN ANYBODY'S HAND OR KISSED A BABY? A SAWY OPERATOR LIKE RICK RICKARD? HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHY?



YOU'VE GOT YOUR ANSWER NOW!

HE DOESN'T EXIST!



THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IS A COMPUTER-GENERATED IMAGE!



STRONG WORDS.

IF OLSEN'S RIGHT--

--WHO'S HOLDING THE JOYSTICK?



IF THIS HAPPENS AGAIN-- I'LL BREAK YOUR SCRAWNY NECK MYSELF!

[KOFF]

I SWEAR IT WON'T, SIR. OUR TEAM WILL FIND THE GLITCH.





THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH. HE NEEDS A WHOLE NEW PROGRAM.

REFORMAT THE PRESIDENT--AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, SPIKE UP HIS COMPASSION LEVELS. HE'S COMING ACROSS A LITTLE COLD. NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT.

SIR-- WHAT ABOUT OLSEN?

WE'VE GOT HIM ON A FELONY.



RELEASE HIM.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH IS A WONDERFUL THING-- SO LONG AS NOBODY'S LISTENING.



--SO LONG AS NOBODY'S LISTENING.

The world spins MAD.

The PEOPLE are so INTOXICATED by LUXURY they have FORGOTTEN everything that makes us more than HOUSE PETS.

REASON.  
TRUTH.  
JUSTICE.

FREEDOM.



The HUMAN SPIRIT is a shattered pane of GLASS-- wrapped in soft VELVET and soaked in sugary POISON.

EVIL has SEDUCED mankind. And MANKIND has shown all the CHASTITY of a three-dollar WHORE.



Yet I will not YIELD. I will not BEND.

I will not ACCEPT the corrupt new WAY of things.


Nor will I be MARTYRED.

I will gather EVIDENCE-- DOCUMENT every foul LIE. I will FORGE my MANIFESTO. My CHALLENGE to any FREE MIND that may find it.

Like a NOTE in a BOTTLE. Cast into the OCEAN.

It will be TYPED.






It MUST be TYPED.  
COMPUTERS can't  
be TRUSTED.

They're all TIED IN now,  
connected to the POWERS.  
To the TYRANTS.

Once your THOUGHTS are  
committed to DISK, the  
tyrants have them.

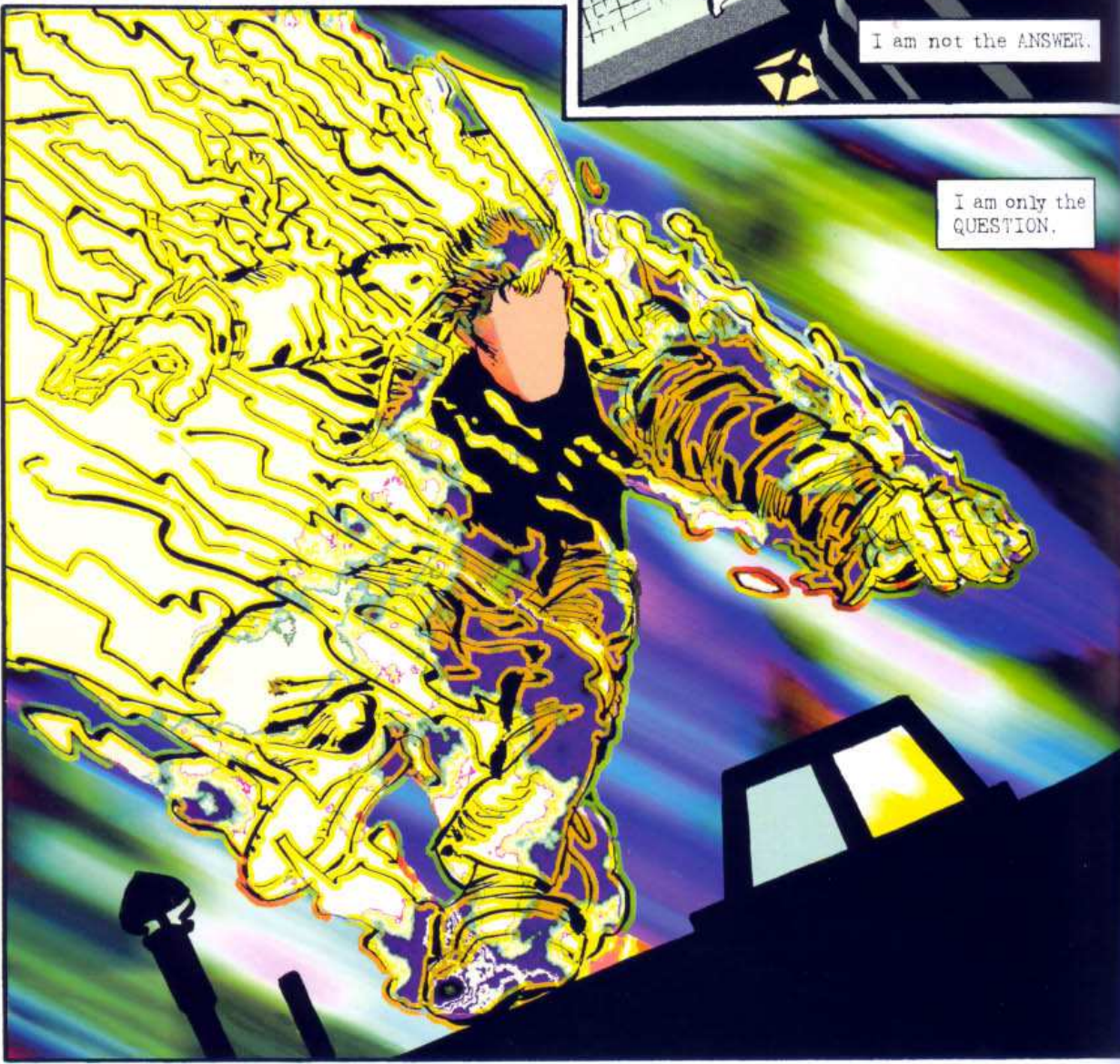
The Abyss stares back.

The mind of man must be  
RECLAIMED--if not by THIS  
generation or by the NEXT,  
then SOME day. Some DECADE.



It is not in MY power  
to EFFECT the change.  
I haven't the MIGHT.

I am not the ANSWER.



I am only the  
QUESTION.





Distant THUNDER.

No. Not thunder.

Those are BATTLE SOUNDS...

# SPECIAL REPORT

...MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS RIP-PING ACROSS THE KANEMITSH POWER COMPLEX--THREATENING ELECTRICAL SUPPLY FOR THE ENTIRE EASTERN SEABOARD.



THIS COULD BE THE SECOND TERRORIST ATTACK ON OUR NATIONAL SECURITY IN LESS THAN A WEEK.



AT THE SCENE IS LANA HARPER-LANE.

LANA-- HOW DO THINGS LOOK FROM THE GROUND?



OUTTA MY WAY!

IT'S UTTER CHAOS DOWN HERE, CHIP! SECURITY FORCES ARE SO OVERWHELMED THEY HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO CHASE US AWAY--

POOF!!



UP THERE-- WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS?

THIS IS IT, CLARK. NO MORE SKIRMISHES. NO MORE COMPROMISES. NO MORE DEALS.

NO MORE SECRECY. NO MORE SILENCE.

NO MORE PRETENDING THAT WE DON'T EXIST.

NOT ONE MORE LIE.

DAMN THE CONSEQUENCES.

THE WAR BEGINS.



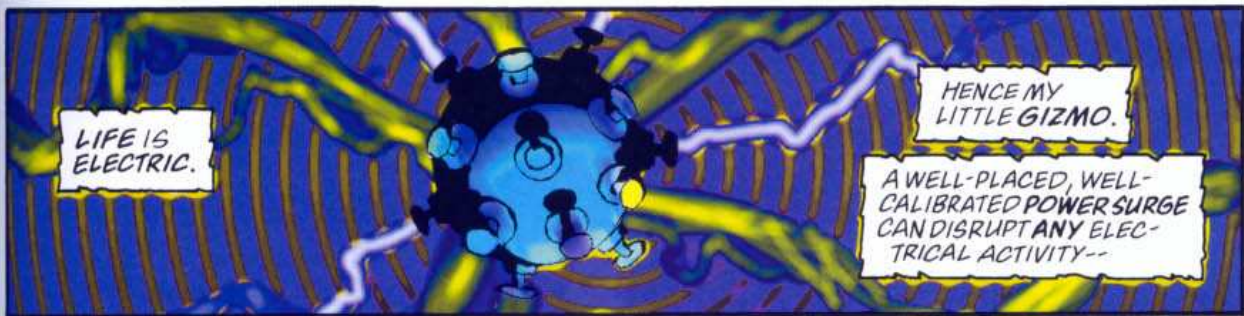
GET A CAMERA ON THEM, DAMN IT!











LIFE IS  
ELECTRIC.

HENCE MY  
LITTLE GIZMO.

A WELL-PLACED, WELL-  
CALIBRATED POWER SURGE  
CAN DISRUPT ANY ELEC-  
TRICAL ACTIVITY--



--EVEN THE  
HUMAN  
NERVOUS  
SYSTEM.

MY LITTLE GIZMO.  
IT WORKS BETTER  
THAN NERVE GAS.

TOO BAD IT DOESN'T  
WORK ON KRYPT-  
ONIANS. BUT I'VE  
GOT SOME OTHER  
SWEET TRICKS  
PLANNED FOR YOU,  
CLARK...

TAK TAK



THAT WAS THE EASY PART,  
BATBOYS! NOW BEAT FEET!  
WE'RE GOING IN!

HERB--  
THAT  
CANNON  
UP AHEAD--  
CHANGE ITS  
MIND.

SURE THING,  
COMMANDER!  
CONFIDENCE IS  
HIGH!



INTRUDER. TARGETING  
PROTON BLAST.



SENDING  
COMMAND  
SIGNAL.

VOOP



COMMAND  
SIGNAL  
RECEIVED.

ENJOY  
YOUR  
STAY.





LOOK SHARP!  
YOU KNOW THE  
ORDERS!

PLAY IT LOUD AND  
HARD! STEALTH BE  
DAMNED! IT'S SHOW-  
TIME!

EMERGENCY.  
ALL PERSONNEL,  
SANCTUM PENETRAT-  
ED. POTENTIAL  
DANGER TO  
CORE.

LETHAL  
FORCE REQUIRED.  
SHOOT TO KILL.



THIS ISN'T  
A SOLO MISSION,  
BOYS!

GIVE ME SOME  
COVER!

PROPERTY  
DAMAGE  
ACCEPTABLE.



LETHAL  
FORCE  
REQUIRED.



CHINK  
CHINK  
CHINK

SHOOT  
TO KILL.



SHOOT  
TO KILL.

WHANGG

KILL THIS,  
DICKWADS!









HERE GOES  
EVERYTHING.

NO EXCUSES,  
NO TURNING  
BACK.

FEAR IS FOR  
LOSERS.

YOU JUST  
SWALLOW  
IT.



I CAN DO  
THIS.

JUST LIKE IN THE  
SIMULATIONS.

IT'S EASY.

A PIECE  
OF CAKE.



I REALLY  
DON'T WANT  
TO DIE.

SHE'S HEADING RIGHT STRAIGHT  
FOR THE CORE! RODRIGUEZ--  
ACTIVATE ALL DEFENSE SYSTEMS!  
HIT HER WITH EVERYTHING  
WE'VE GOT!

RODRIGUEZ...?



...OH, JESUS.  
WHAT IN HELL IS  
GOING ON?

SON--YOU REALLY  
DON'T WANT TO  
KNOW.

AW, NO--IT  
CAN'T BE--YOU'RE  
DEAD...







I STEAL A FEW SECONDS--

--TO CHECK IN ON THE TROOPS.



MY BOYS.

THEY USED TO BE A WORTHLESS, DOOMED GANG OF STREET THUGS. CRIMINALS.

THE KIND I USED TO HUNT.

JUST LOOK AT THEM NOW.



AND DEAR CARRIE. CATGIRL.

SHE MEMORIZED EVERY LAST VECTOR OF THEIR LASER DEFENSE SEQUENCE-- IN A SINGLE AFTERNOON.

SHE'S A NATURAL.

STAY SHARP, MY LITTLE DARLING.

NO FALSE MOVES.



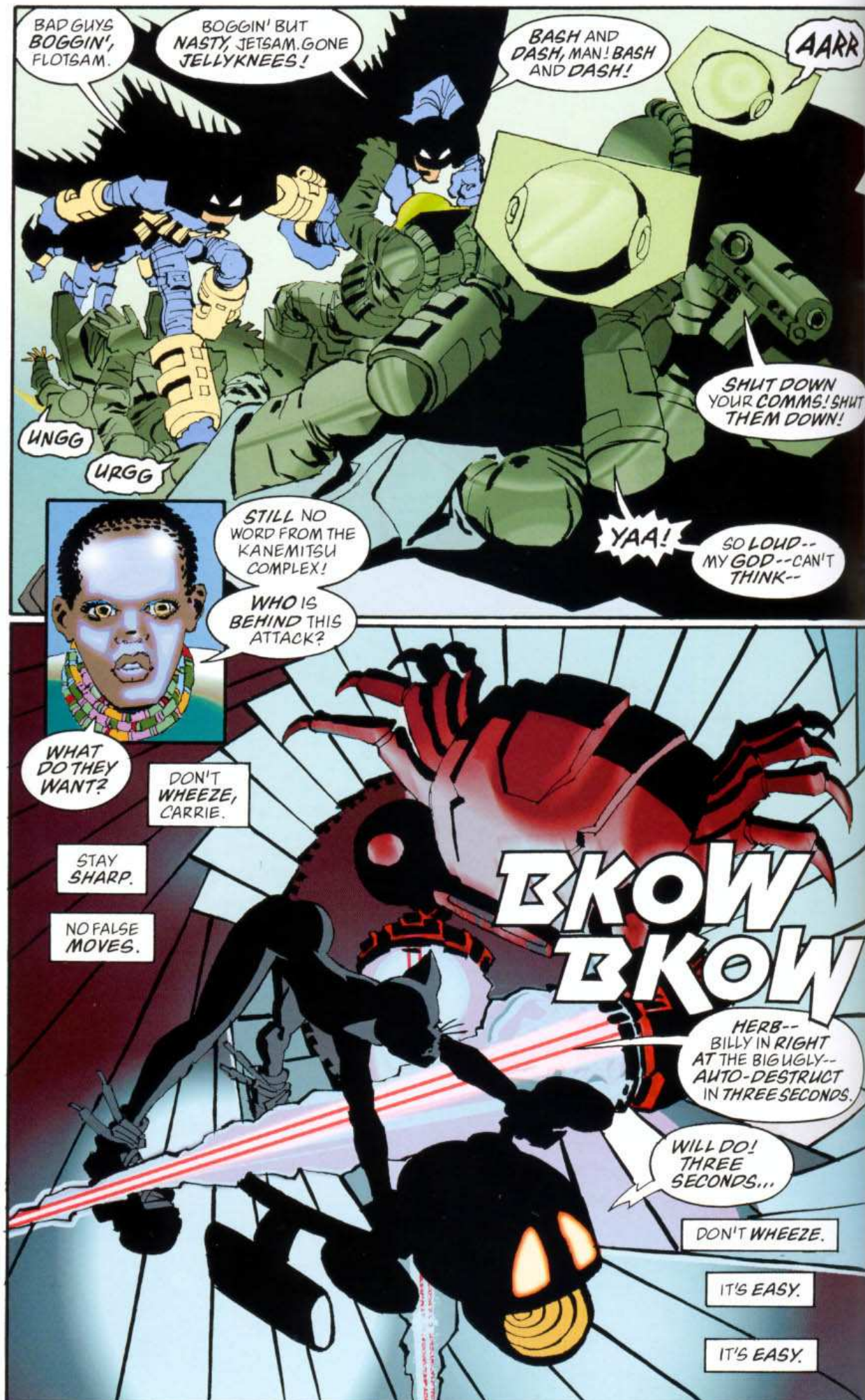
FRANTIC COMMANDS BARK ACROSS THE COMM SYSTEM LIKE PACKS OF WILD DOGS.

I DON'T SHUT THEM DOWN. QUITE THE OPPOSITE.

I BRING THE VOLUME UP.

WAY UP.

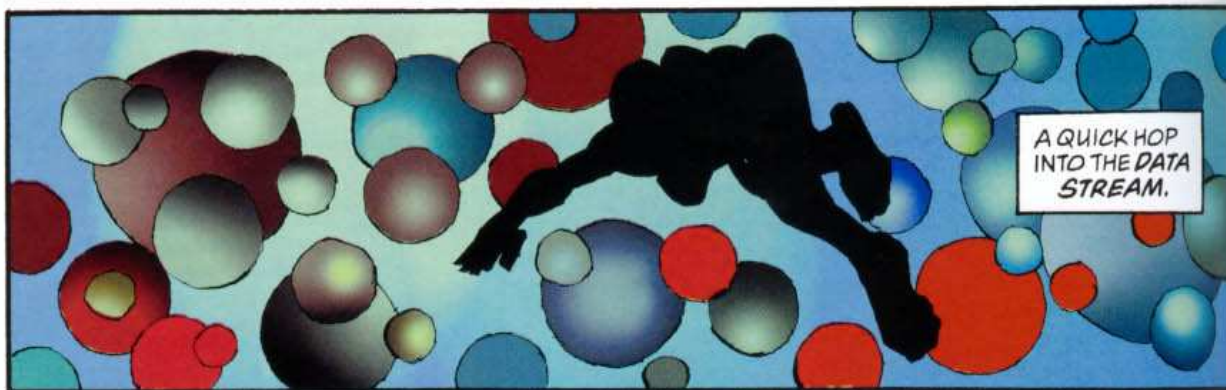












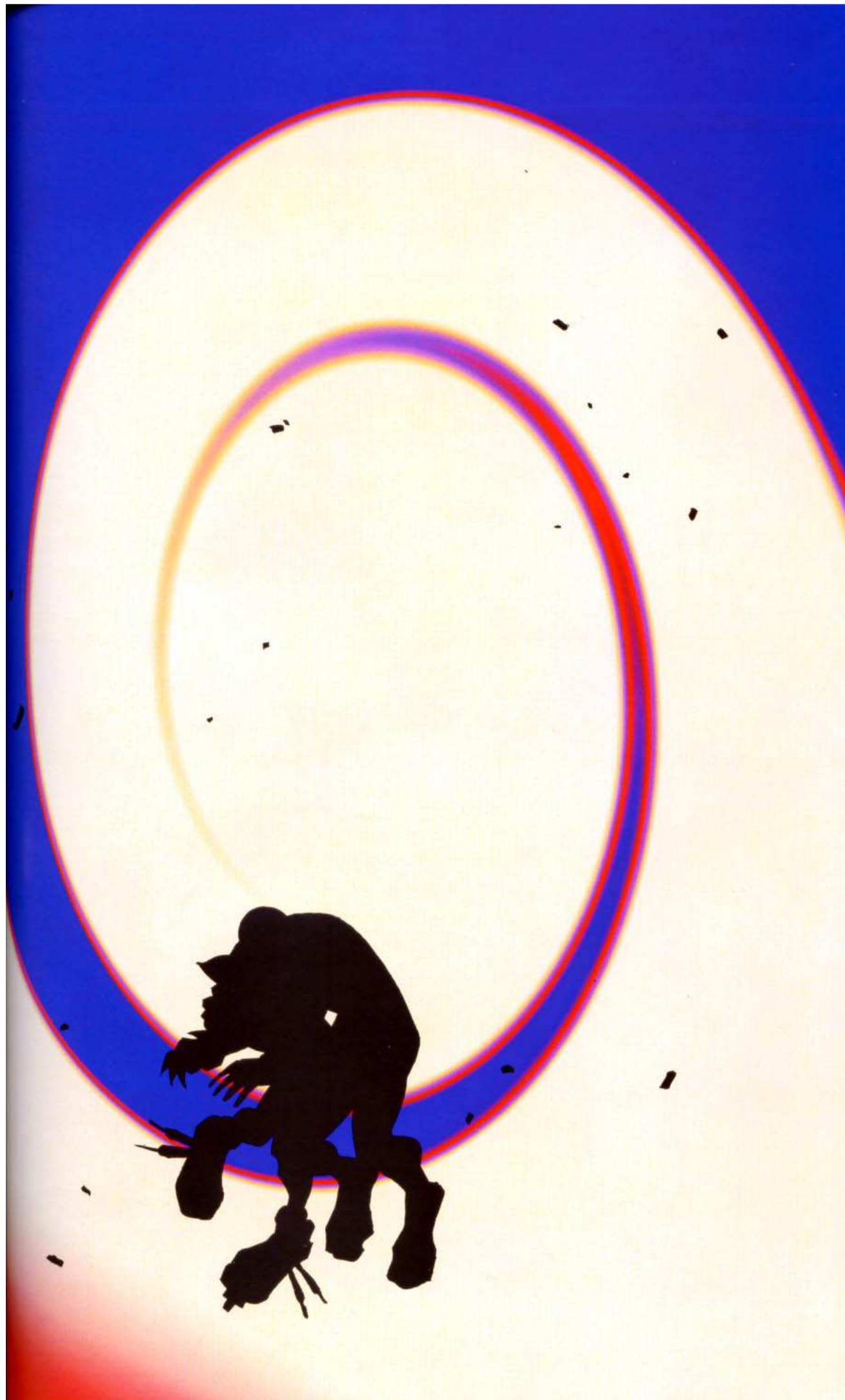




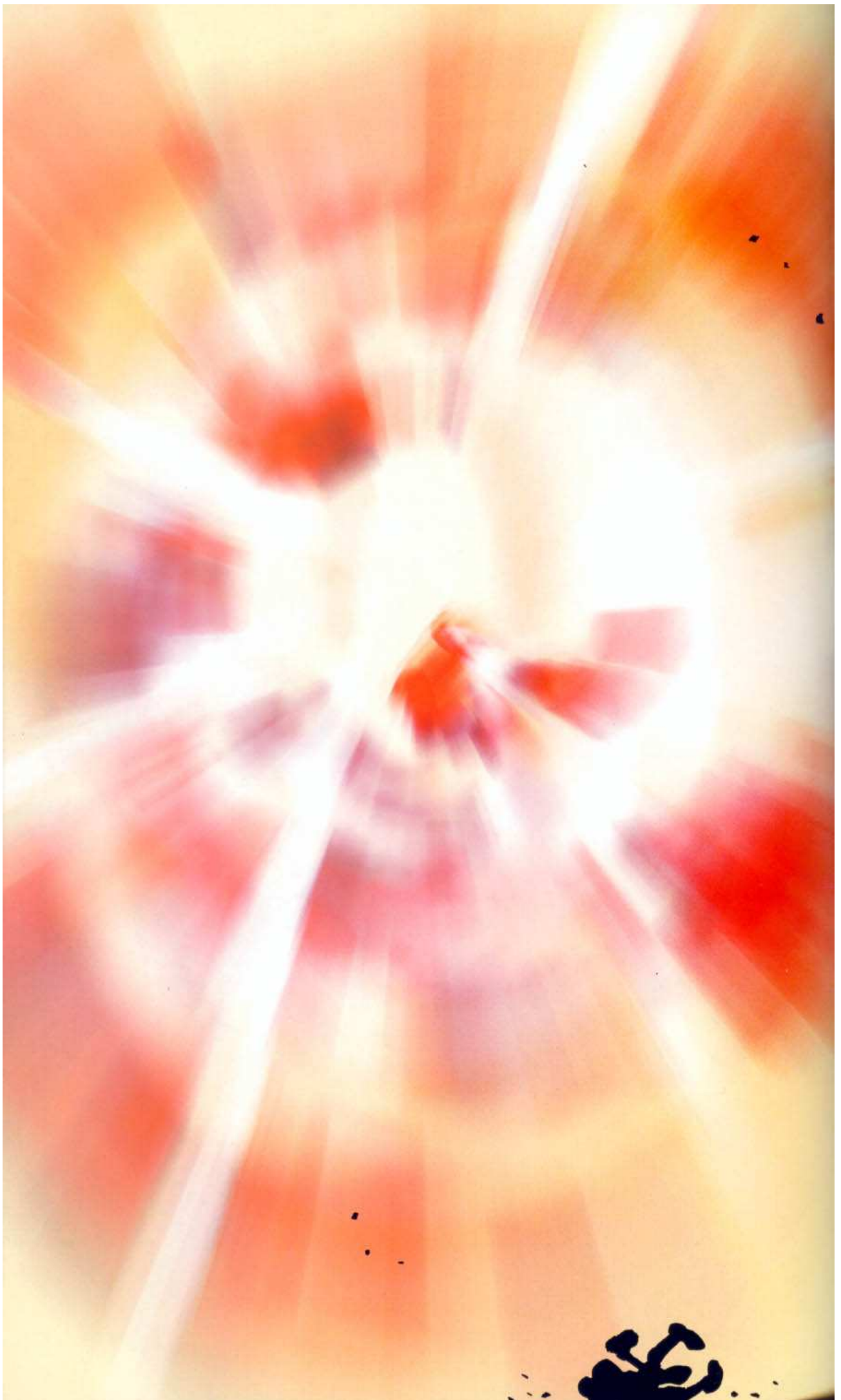
















WHAT

IT'S ALL  
RIGHT, KITTEN.  
YOU CAN LOOK  
NOW.

WHO...  
DID  
THIS?...

WHO...IS  
RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THIS?

EVER SINCE THE UNITED  
STATES CONGRESS PASSED  
THE FREEDOM FROM  
INFORMATION ACT--

--JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING  
WORTH KNOWING HAS BEEN  
DECLARED A NATIONAL  
SECURITY SECRET.

LIKE HOW THEY MANAGE TO  
PROVIDE **ELECTRICITY** FOR A  
THIRD OF THE **COUNTRY**  
WITHOUT IT COSTING ANYBODY  
MUCH OF **ANYTHING**.

IT ALL GETS DOWN TO  
**ONE MAN**--A MAN THEY'VE  
KEPT **RUNNING IN CIRCLES**  
LIKE SOMEBODY'S PET  
**HAMSTER**.

THIS BEING **SUMMER**  
WITH EVERYBODY  
USING THEIR **AIR  
CONDITIONERS**, THEY  
MUST'VE BEEN WORKING  
HIM PRETTY  
**HARD**.

WE'RE HERE  
TO SET YOU **FREE**,  
SIR. **BRUCE** SENT  
US.

NO, SIR. IRIS  
IS SAFE. WE HAVE HER.  
SHE MISSES YOU.

SHE ASKED  
ME TO GIVE YOU  
THIS.

DAMN HIM.  
THEY'LL KILL IRIS  
FOR THIS.  
**BRUCE**.

THE RING'S ON HIS  
FINGER BEFORE I  
EVEN **KNOW** IT.

I NEVER EVEN SEE HIM **MOVE**.





HIS COSTUME  
EXPANDS ON  
CONTACT WITH  
AIR. DON'T ASK  
ME HOW.

ASK HIM.

BARRY ALLEN.

THE FLASH.



YOU  
CHANGED MY  
OUTFIT.

HUH?

...UH, YEAH.  
THE OLD DESIGN  
WAS REALLY...  
OLD.



KIDS, THESE DAYS.  
CAN'T TELL THE  
DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN JUST  
PLAIN OLD AND  
CLASSIC.

I ASSUME BRUCE  
GAVE YOU AN EXIT  
STRATEGY?

HUH? ...RIGHT.  
EXIT STRATEGY.  
YEAH. YOH.

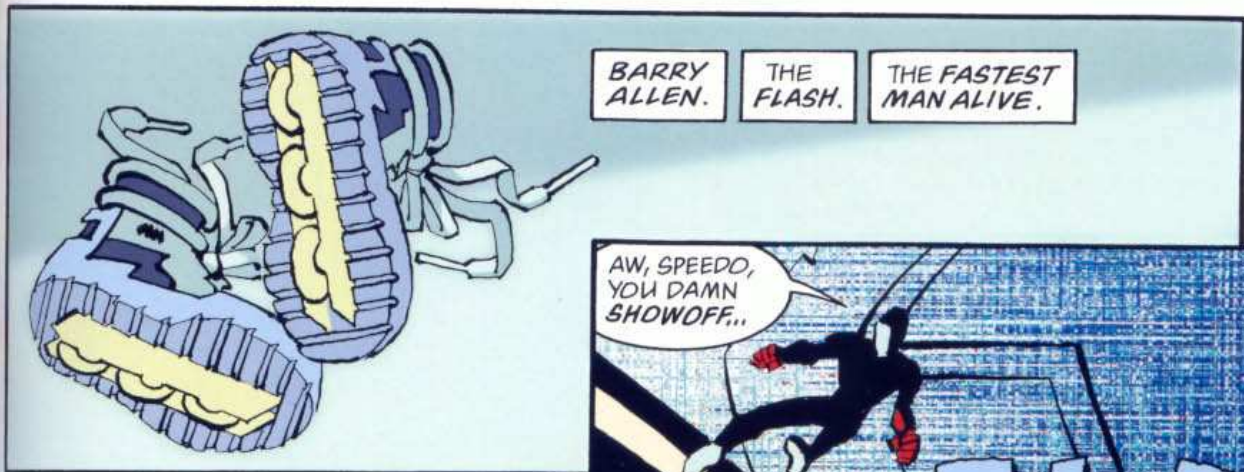
FAIR  
ENOUGH. HOLD  
YOUR BREATH.

PALMER--  
YOU COMING  
ALONG FOR THE  
RIDE?

I'LL FIND  
MY OWN WAY,  
THANKS.

I'M GETTING  
WHIPLASH JUST  
WATCHING  
YOU.



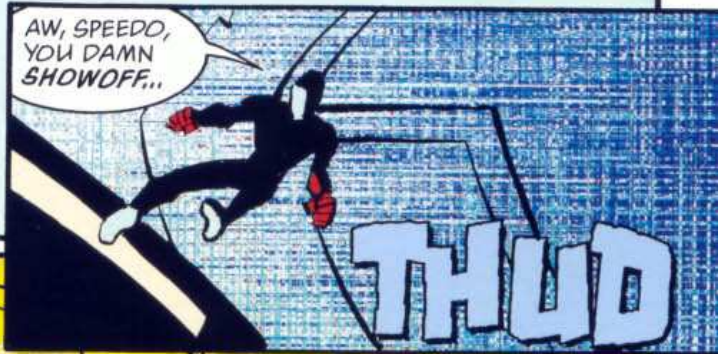


BARRY  
ALLEN.

THE  
FLASH.

THE FASTEST  
MAN ALIVE.

AW, SPEEDO,  
YOU DAMN  
SHOWOFF...



THUD



NOT QUITE ONE  
SECOND LATER.

SKAK



NICE  
VIEW,  
HUH?

SO WHERE  
ARE WE? MARS OR  
SOMETHING?

WE'RE IN  
UTAH. I'VE  
ALWAYS LOVED  
LITAH.

THIS  
IS SO  
COOL.





RIGHT ABOUT THEN.

LOSS OF MOTIVE POWER CATASTROPHIC. DEPLOYING EMERGENCY RESERVES.

ALL UNITS PROCEED TO CORE. SHOOT TO KILL. REPEAT: SHOOT TO KILL. PROPERTY DAMAGE ACCEPTABLE.

AT LEAST THE MODEMS STILL WORK.

PALMER'S OWN "EXIT STRATEGY."

EVEN BEFORE THOSE ROTTEN BUMS TOSSED HIM INTO A PETRIDISH--



--HE'D LEARNED HOW TO SKATE A COMM SIGNAL--



--AND TRAVEL WIRELESS,

HAD TO PICK THE PHONE NUMBER AT RANDOM.



WHO KNOWS WHERE HE'LL END UP...



I'M THE GO-TO GUY!

YOU NEED ME AT THIS MEETING! IT'S YOUR ASS IF YOU SCREW THIS UP! YOU NEED ME!



HOLD ON. I GOT ANOTHER CALL.

THIS BETTER BE GOOD. I'M NOT MADE OUT OF TIME.



BOOP

WHAT THE HELL?!

PARDON ME, JUST PASSING THROUGH.



SAN FRANCISCO. GETTING BACK EAST WILL BE A HIKE.

BEST BET IS TO FIND SOMEBODY WITH A LAPTOP--AND HITCH A RIDE ON THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY.

DO THEY STILL CALL IT THAT...?





JUST TRY TO IGNORE THIS, CLARK.

JUST TRY TO SWEEP THIS ONE UNDER THE RUG.

YOUR MASTERS CONTROL ALMOST EVERY ASPECT OF HUMAN LIFE -- BUT THEY CAN'T CONTROL INFORMATION. THAT TIME HAS PASSED.

IT'S THE INFORMATION AGE, OLD PAL. YOU CAN'T SILENCE ME--AND YOU CAN'T STOP ME.

AND I'M PLAYING FOR KEEPS.

AND I'M GOING TO WIN.

YOU HEARD IT HERE FIRST, ADVENTURE LOVERS! THE GENIE IS OUT OF THE BOTTLE! THE BOYS ARE BACK IN TOWN!

GUYS DECKED OUT LIKE BATS! NEED I SAY MORE?

AND HERE'S A BLAST FROM THE PAST! IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHO THIS HUNK IS--ASK YOUR DAD!

KIDS, THESE DAYS, CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN JUST PLAIN OLD AND CLASSIC.

LOVE THOSE TIGHTS! AND HE'S GOT BUNS OF STEEL! OOH, DADDY--DO ME QUICK!

THESE SPANDEX-SPORTERS KICKED UP QUITE THE RUCKUS!

WHILE EVERYTHING'S UP AND RUNNING HERE IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA--

--IT'S STILL LIGHTS OUT FROM METROPOLIS TO MIAMI!

NOW BACK TO THAT KILLER ASTEROID!





BRUCE, YOU  
SOCIOPATH.

YOU MONOMANIAC

YOU MEGALOMANIAC.

OUR WORLD IS A  
GLASS MENAGERIE,  
EASILY SHATTERED--  
A POORLY BALANCED  
HOUSE OF CARDS,  
SET TO TOPPLE--AND  
YOU'RE JUST THE  
MAN TO BRING THE  
WHOLE WORKS DOWN.

YOU DON'T KNOW  
HOW BAD IT COULD  
GET.

AND YOU COULDN'T  
CARE LESS.



NO. IT'S NOTHING  
TO YOU. THERE'S NO  
ROOM IN YOUR STEEL-  
TRAP HEART TO FEEL  
FOR THE SUFFERING  
YOU'LL SO GLEEFULLY  
CAUSE. IT WORRIES  
YOU NOT FOR ONE  
SECOND THAT YOUR  
MAD ARROGANCE  
WILL BRING DEATH--  
AND BLOODY GENO-  
CIDE--DOWN UPON  
OUR HEADS.

AND UPON OUR  
CONSCIENCES.

YOU MONSTER.

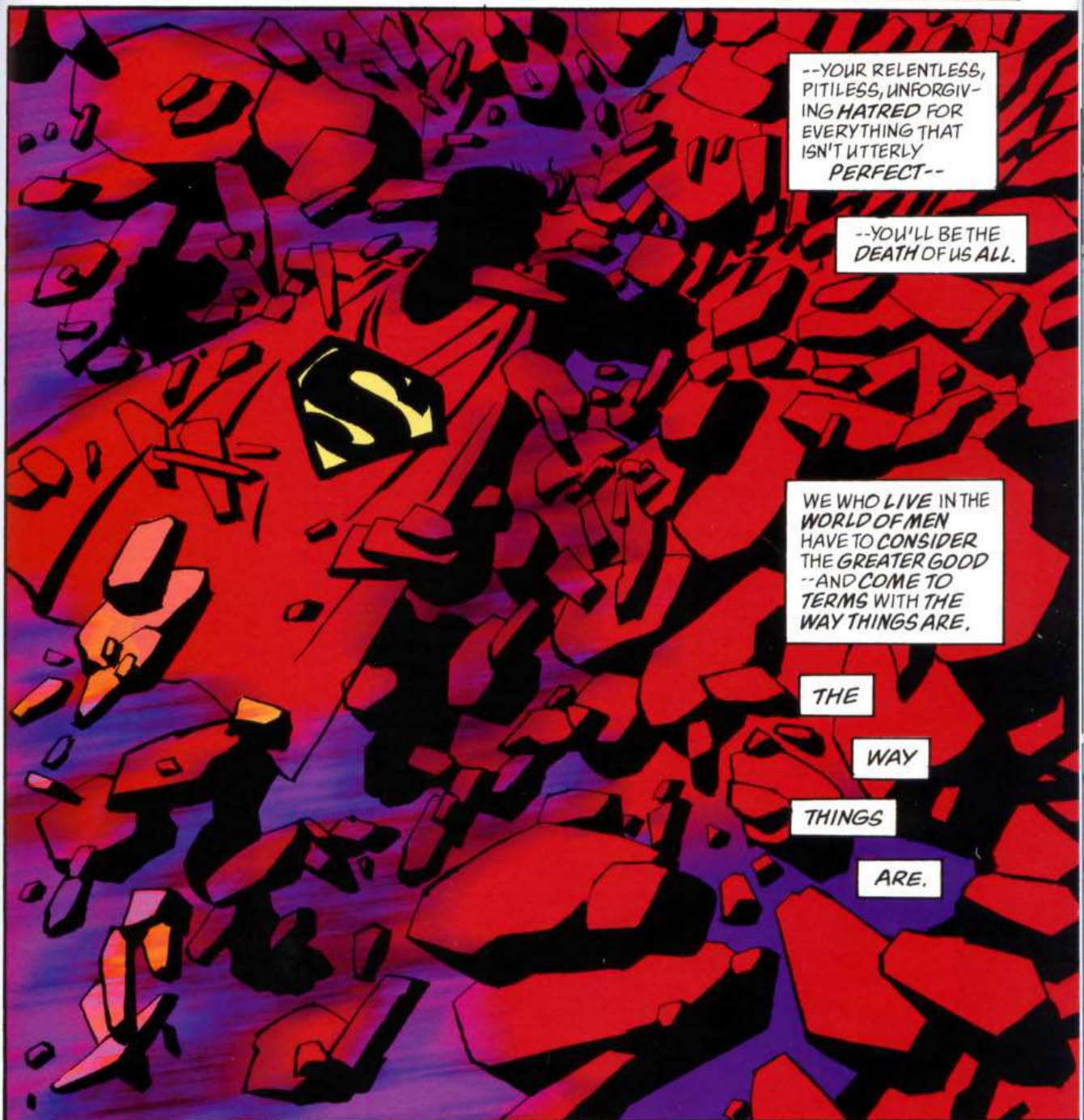
YOU BASTARD.





NO--NEVER AN INCH  
OF COMPROMISE  
FOR BRUCE WAYNE.

YOU-- WITH NO  
POWERS EXCEPT YOUR  
PALTRY HUMAN SKILLS  
AND YOUR BOTTOM-  
LESS EGOTISM--



--YOUR RELENTLESS,  
PITILESS, UNFORGIV-  
ING HATRED FOR  
EVERYTHING THAT  
ISN'T UTTERLY  
PERFECT--

--YOU'LL BE THE  
DEATH OF US ALL.

WE WHO LIVE IN THE  
WORLD OF MEN  
HAVE TO CONSIDER  
THE GREATER GOOD  
--AND COME TO  
TERMS WITH THE  
WAY THINGS ARE.

THE

WAY

THINGS

ARE.







MEANWHILE.

CHARLES PAPPAS,  
TWENTY-YEAR VETERAN,  
METROPOLIS POLICE  
FORCE.

SHATTERED  
SPINE.  
PARALYZED.

RALPH  
JOHNSON, FATHER  
OF TWO.

DECAPITATED,  
MURDERED.

I DIDN'T  
HAVE ANY  
CHOICE!

WRONG. YOU HAD  
SEVEN OTHER OPTIONS--  
AND YOU'VE BEEN TRAINED  
IN EACH OF THEM. THERE  
WAS NO EXCUSE.

THIS IS  
A WAR!

IN THE  
CAVE.

MY FIELD  
COMMANDER  
HANDLES A  
DISCIPLINE  
PROBLEM.

FIGURE  
SPIKE AIN'T A  
TOTAL HOLE,  
DON.

MAXIMUM  
SPANK, ROB. YOU  
SEE.

RIGHT. THIS IS A WAR.  
AND OUR COMMANDER-  
IN-CHIEF LAID DOWN  
PRECISE RULES OF  
ENGAGEMENT.  
AND YOU BROKE  
THEM.

THEY WERE THE  
ENEMY!

WRONG. THEY  
WERE THE  
ENEMY'S  
SLAVES.  
WE DON'T  
KILL  
SLAVES.

I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE  
THIS SHIT FROM YOU!  
JUST LOOK AT YOU!

WRONG  
AGAIN.

I COULD BREAK  
YOU IN HALF!



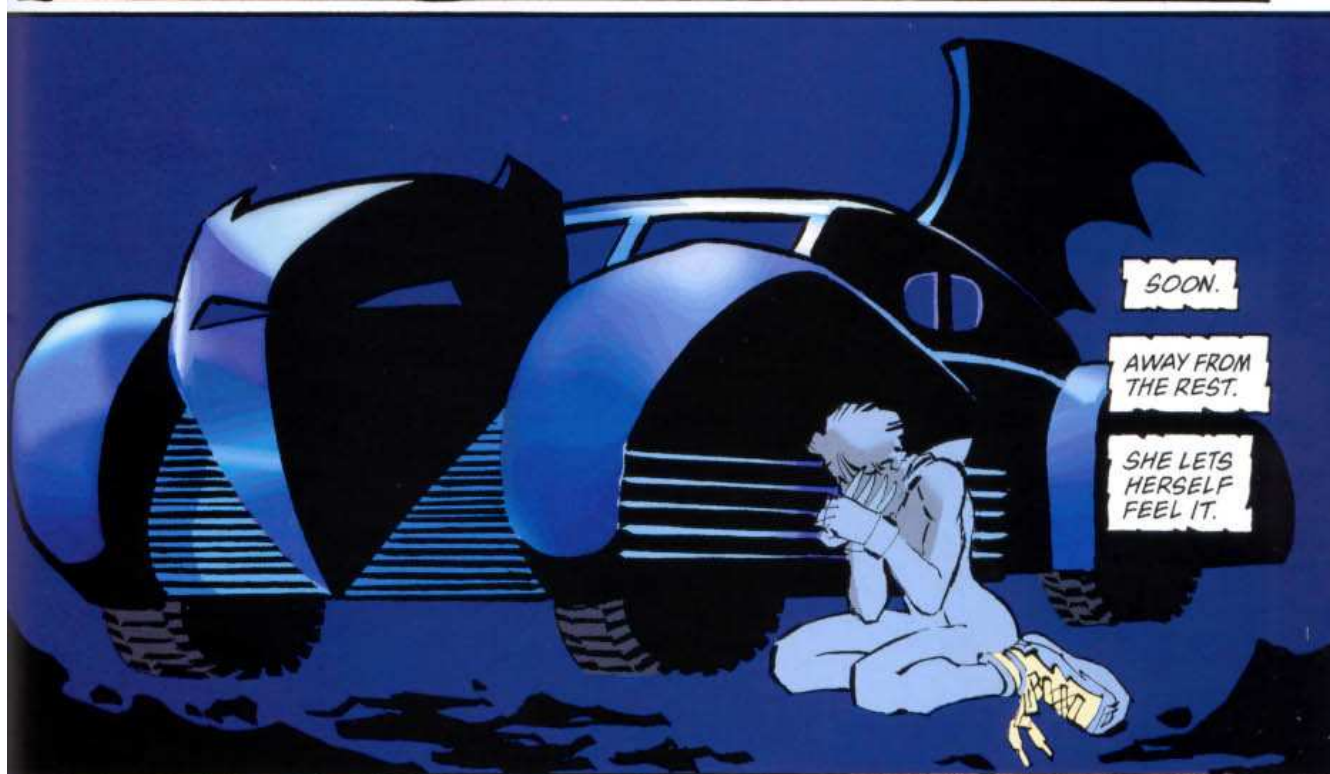






LATRINE  
DUTY FOR A  
MONTH.

PATCH HIM  
UP. SPARE THE  
ANESTHETIC.



SOON.

AWAY FROM  
THE REST.

SHE LETS  
HERSELF  
FEEL IT.



GOOD  
GIRL. GOOD  
SOLDIER.



LET THOSE WHO WORSHIP EVIL'S MIGHT--

THE SHORT, SAD CAREER OF WILFREDD MENDOZA-- SELF-PROCLAIMED NEW GREEN LANTERN OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM--

--CAME TO A SWIFT AND IGNOMINIOUS END AS HE ATTEMPTED TO DISRUPT A DATA PURGE AT THE CENTRAL CITY INFOPLEX--

-- WHEN AUTHORITIES ASCERTAINED THAT MENDOZA'S "POWER RING" PRODUCED NOTHING MORE THAN A HARMLESS LASER SHOW.

IN CUSTODY, MENDOZA REMAINED DEFIANT...

HAL JORDAN WAS THE SHIT!

I MEAN THAT IN A GOOD WAY!

...WHILE ATTORNEY GENERAL SNARK FOUND THE WHOLE EPISODE AMUSING.

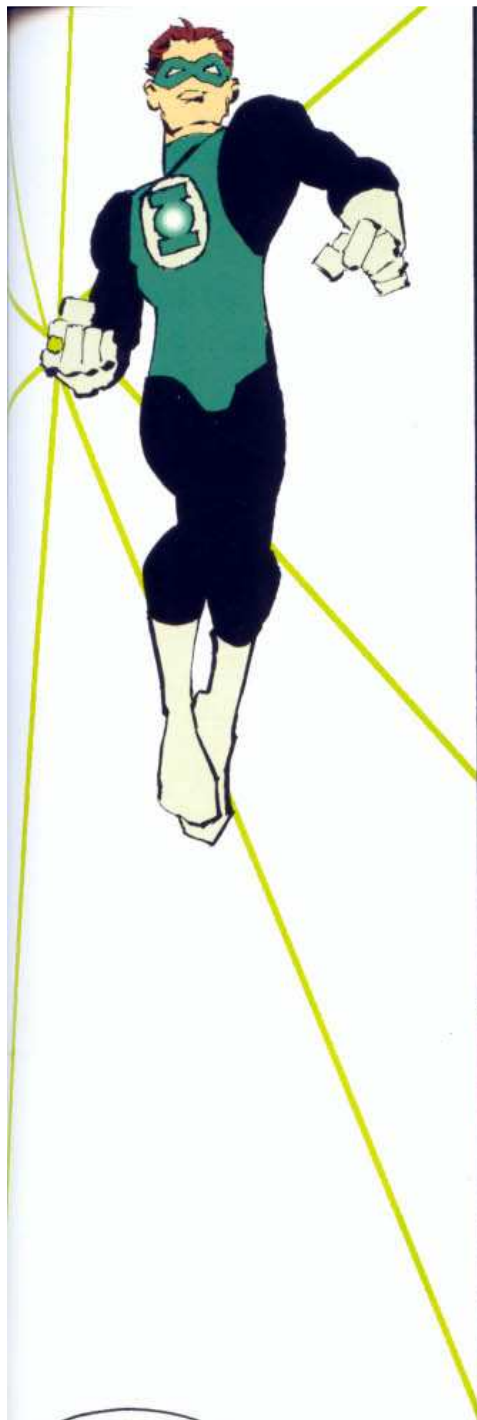
THERE'S BEEN QUITE ENOUGH TALK ABOUT THESE SO-CALLED SUPERHEROES. ISN'T IT TIME WE ALL GREW UP?

BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS, YOU OLD BAG!

MENDOZA WAS RIGHT. HAL JORDAN WAS A GODSEND TO HUMANITY.

BUT WHEN WE TURNED ON HIM AND ALL HIS KIND--





--JORDAN  
TOOK US AT OUR  
WORD--

--AND  
VANISHED FROM  
THE FACE OF THE  
EARTH.



AW, SPEEDO,  
YOU DAMN SHOW-  
OFF,,

INCREDIBLE  
POWERS! IM-  
POSSIBLE  
DEEDS!

WITH US  
NOW-- JAMES  
GORDON, AUTHOR OF  
"TRIUMPH OF THE PYGMIES:  
WHY WE KILLED BRUCE  
WAYNE."

SIR--  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON?

I'LL TELL YOU  
WHAT'S GOING ON!  
THE CHICKENS  
ARE COMING TO  
ROOST!

NO--  
NOT THE  
CHICKENS.

IT'S THE EAGLES  
THAT ARE COMING,  
YOU BASTARDS!



OUTER  
SPACE.

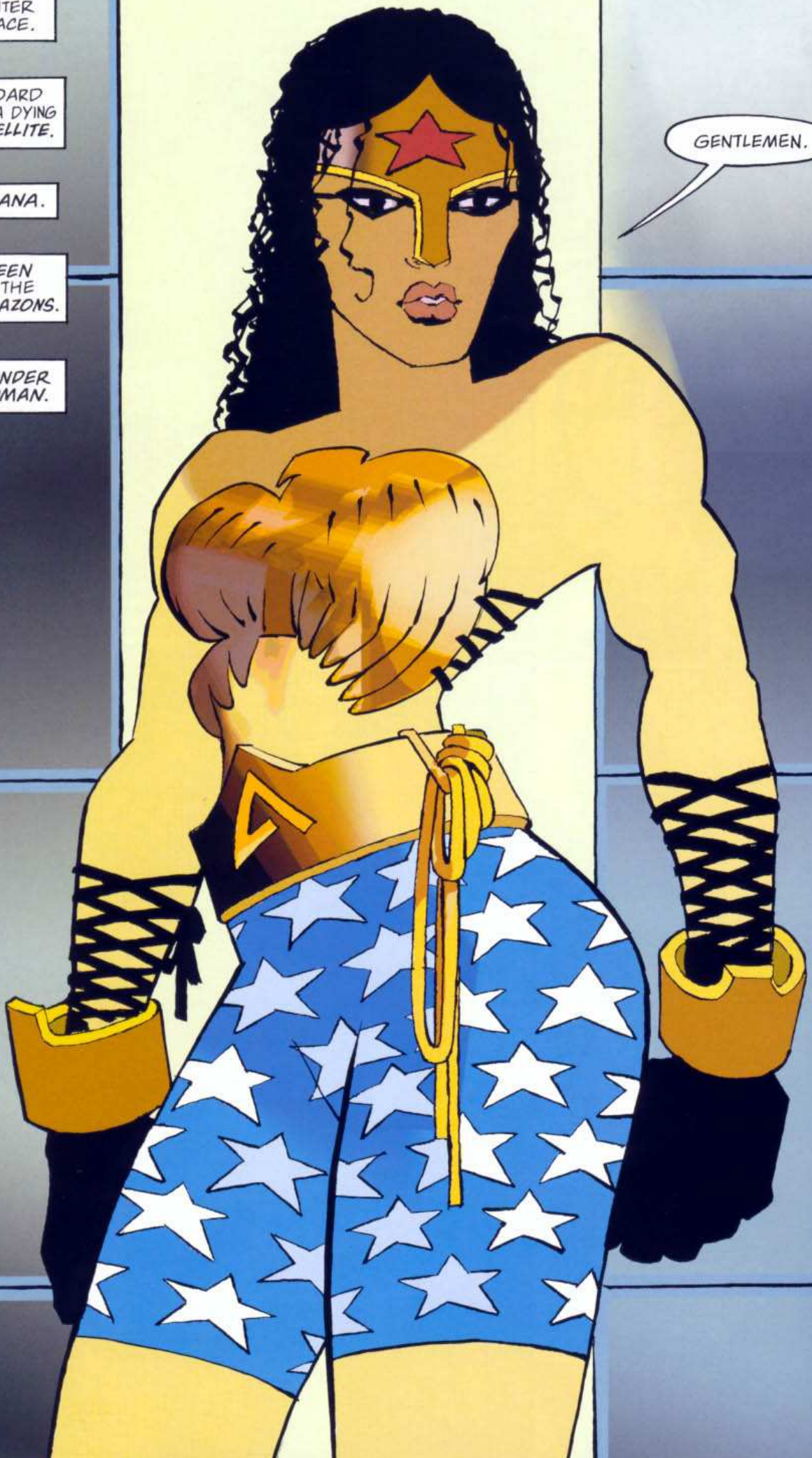
ABOARD  
ON A DYING  
SATELLITE.

DIANA.

QUEEN  
OF THE  
AMAZONS.

WONDER  
WOMAN.

GENTLEMEN.





A CREATURE  
OF MAGIC.

CAPTAIN  
MARVEL.

MA'AM.

GOODNESS.  
YOU HAVEN'T AGED  
A DAY.

HOW ARE  
YOU HOLDING  
UP, BATSON?

CLARK?

SPEAK  
TO ME.

BETTER  
THAN KENT. IS  
HE IN A MOOD.  
CAN'T GET A  
WORD OUT  
OF HIM.

I DIDN'T COME ALL  
THIS WAY TO WATCH  
YOU MOPE, MISTER.

SPEAK  
TO ME.

QUIT POUTING,  
FARM BOY.

SPEAK.





WE CAN'T  
GO ON LIKE  
THIS.



LOOK AT US-- HIDING ON THE  
DARK SIDE OF THE MOON LIKE A PACK  
OF COWARDS-- SKULKING ABOUT  
THE SAME ROOMS WHERE WE USED TO  
STRUT AS THE GLORY-BORN JUSTICE  
LEAGUE OF AMERICA--

-- ALL THE WHILE  
LETTING MONSTERS RULE  
THE WORLD.

WHAT  
HAVE WE  
BECOME?

YOU'VE BECOME  
EXACTLY WHAT I ALWAYS  
DREAMED YOU'D BE, KENT.  
PLIANT. OBEDIENT. SERVANTS,  
EACH OF YOU, TO THE WILL  
OF YOUR BETTERS.

BUT NOW  
YOU'VE SCREWED  
UP.



YOU THOUGHT THE  
BOARD WOULD  
TOLERATE THIS  
VIOLATION OF OUR  
TERMS? YOU THOUGHT  
YOU COULD CONSPIRE  
AGAINST YOUR  
MASTERS?

YOU THOUGHT  
YOU COULD KEEP  
THIS MEETING A  
SECRET--FROM  
ME?

MY AGENTS ARE  
EVERYWHERE.

LEX  
LUTHOR.

EVIL  
GENIUS.

ARCH-  
FIEND.



EVERYWHERE.  
EVEN ON YOUR  
LOVELY ISLAND,  
DEAR DIANA.

IT WOULD BE  
A PITY TO  
INCINERATE IT.  
YOUR WOMEN  
MAY YET BE  
OF SOME  
USE.



AND IT WOULD BE  
JUST PLAIN CRUEL  
TO TORTURE YOUR  
SWEET LITTLE  
MARY TO DEATH,  
BATSON...

YOU  
BUM.



...STILL, SOME SMALL  
GESTURE IS MERITED.  
SOME GENTLE SLAP  
ON THE WRIST. JUST  
SO WE ALL UNDER-  
STAND EACH  
OTHER.

WHICH  
BRINGS  
US BACK  
TO YOU,  
KENT.



ALLOW ME TO TURN  
THE STAGE OVER TO MY OLD,  
PLANET-CONQUERING  
PARTNER...

NOT A  
CONQUEROR,  
LEX.

MERELY  
A HUMBLE  
COLLECTOR.

BRAINIAC.

THE PLAGUE  
OF WORLDS.

AND KANDOR.

THE BOTTLE CITY  
OF KANDOR.

I WAS NEVER PROPERLY  
THANKED FOR RESCUING  
THIS PROUD CITY FROM YOUR  
DOOMED PLANET, KENT. TRUE,  
I STRIPPED YOUR FELLOW  
KRYPTONIANS OF THEIR POWERS  
--I MADE THEM VERY, VERY  
SMALL--BUT THEY  
LIVE.

AT MY  
WHIM, THEY  
LIVE.

MY WHIM... I KNOW  
YOU'VE GOT GOOD EYES,  
BOY. WATCH CLOSELY.

DON'T...  
DO THIS.

I BEG  
YOU.

DON'T.



WATCH--  
AND LISTEN  
TO THE PLAINTIVE  
CRY OF MY  
CAPTIVE REBEL  
LEADER--

--YOUR  
FAIR COUSIN  
KARA... SHE'S  
CALLING YOUR  
NAME...

KAL!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?

WHY HAVE  
YOU FORSAKEN  
US?

DON'T MISS  
A DETAIL. AFTER  
ALL, MY BOTTLE  
HOLDS YOUR KIN.

YOUR  
ONLY  
KIN.

YOUR  
ONLY  
KIN.

AH. A  
FAMILY IS  
SELECTED.

AN  
ENTIRE  
FAMILY.

ANOTHER  
KRYPTONIAN  
BLOODLINE--

--LOST FOR  
ALL TIME.





WE KNOW YOU'RE UPSET. BUT COME ON, BUCK UP. THERE'S A BRIGHT SIDE TO EVERYTHING. YOU HEROES HAVE SAVED US *TIME*, GETTING TOGETHER LIKE THIS. WE CAN GIVE YOU THREE YOUR *MARCHING ORDERS* ALL AT *ONCE*.

YOU WILL FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO RAY PALMER AND BARRY ALLEN--AND WHO IS BEHIND THESE RECENT *DISTURBANCES*--AND YOU WILL DELIVER THE LOT TO US.

DIANA SAYS SOMETHING.

I CAN'T HEAR IT.



MY FRIENDS GO TO THEIR SHIPS.

THEY FALL TO EARTH.



BRUCE.

YOU AND ME, WE'RE GONNA HAVE US A TALK.





WE KNOW YOU'RE UPSET. BUT COME ON. BUCK UP. THERE'S A BRIGHT SIDE TO EVERYTHING. YOU HEROES HAVE SAVED US *TIME*, GETTING TOGETHER LIKE THIS. WE CAN GIVE YOU THREE YOUR *MARCHING ORDERS* ALL AT *ONCE*.

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I CAN'T HEAR IT.



MY FRIENDS GO TO THEIR SHIPS.

THEY FALL TO EARTH.



BRUCE.

YOU AND ME, WE'RE GONNA HAVE US A TALK.



LOOK UP IN  
THE SKY.

GOSH, WE'RE ALL  
IMPRESSED,  
DOWN HERE.



WE'VE GOT  
INCOMING!

BIG  
TIME!

GOODNESS, CLARK.  
YOUR BLOOD IS UP.

THAT SONIC BOOM OF  
YOURS MUST'VE TAKEN  
OUT HALF THE WINDOWS  
IN GOTHAM.

IT'S NOT LIKE YOU TO  
WASTE SO MANY TAX-  
PAYER DOLLARS.

**BOOM**

CHILDREN, TO  
YOUR *QUARTERS*.  
LEAVE THIS LITTLE  
CHALLENGE TO THE  
OLD FARTS.

TUNE IN.  
WATCH--AND  
LEARN.

≡WHOOF≡

THIS  
IS GONNA BE  
LARGE!

YOU'RE AS  
SUBTLE AS EVER,  
BIG GUY.

NOBODY'D  
EVER KNOW YOU  
WERE COMING.





BUT ME, I NEVER HAD  
A *DOUBT* YOU'D BE ON YOUR  
WAY--THE MOMENT I *INCON-*  
*VENIENCED* THE DIRTBAGS  
WHO PULL YOUR *STRINGS*.

AND I'VE HAD  
YEARS TO PREPARE  
MY *WELCOME*.

BRUCE--IT DOESN'T  
HAVE TO *BE* LIKE THIS  
BETWEEN US.



SURE IT DOES.  
I'VE GOT A *WORLD*  
TO SET *FREE*--AND  
YOU'RE IN MY WAY.

MEET  
*FIDO*.

YOU'VE  
GOT TO BE  
*KIDDING*.





"KIDDING"?

YOU WANT A  
JOKE? YOU WANT  
A BIG, FAT BELLY  
LAUGH?

HERE'S  
ONE.

HI!  
ME AM YOUR  
BIGGEST  
FAN!

BIZARRO  
NO. 12

FUDD

ME LOVE YOU  
SO MUCH ME WANT  
TO MAKE YOU DIE  
VERY PAINFUL  
DEATH!



YOU'VE  
HIT A NEW LOW,  
BRUCE.

BIZARRO  
NO. 12

SPONK


WHEE!  
YOU KNOCK  
MY BLOCK OFF!  
ME AM SO  
HAPPY!

DO IT  
AGAIN!









THAT'S THE *PROBLEM*  
WITH ALL THOSE HIGH AND  
MIGHTY *POWERS*. THEY MADE  
YOU *COCKY, OVER-*  
*CONFIDENT.*

YOU NEVER  
LEARNED TO THINK  
*STRATEGICALLY.*

*I DID.*

PARDON ME  
WHILE I DROP *NINETY*  
*TONS OF PLANET EARTH*  
ON YOU.







# RMMBLL

RISE  
AND SHINE, BOY  
SCOUT.

AIN'T NONE  
OF US GETTING ANY  
YOUNGER.



...GOT THE  
WORLD ON A  
STRING...

OLIVER  
QUEEN.

BILLIONAIRE  
TURNED  
COMMUNIST.

AS FINE AN ARCHER  
AS THE WORLD HAS  
EVER SEEN.

GREEN  
ARROW.



...GOT THE  
STRING AROUND  
MY FINGER...

...THERE  
YOU ARE.

IT'S ABOUT  
GODDAMN  
TIME.









IT'S  
NOTHING  
PERSONAL,  
CLARK.

SURE, I'M  
ENJOYING EVERY  
SECOND OF  
THIS--

--BUT IT'S  
NOTHING  
PERSONAL.



HAVING A  
VERY LITTLE MAN  
BOUNDING ABOUT  
YOUR INNER  
EAR--

--WORKS HELL  
ON YOUR EQUILIBRIUM,  
DOESN'T IT?

I'D FEEL  
SORRY FOR  
YOU--

--BUT I  
DON'T.



THAT'S  
ENOUGH,  
RAY.



HE'S  
READY.

BRUCE--  
I JUST WANT  
TO TALK...









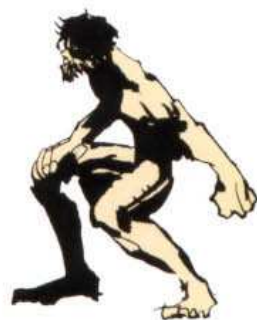




I'M DONE  
TALKING.

GET  
OUT OF MY  
CAVE.











# THE DARK KNIGHT STRIKES AGAIN

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