



I PROMISE

KILL THEM ALL, KATE

I PROMISE

HAVE TO KILL THEM ALL

I PROMISE

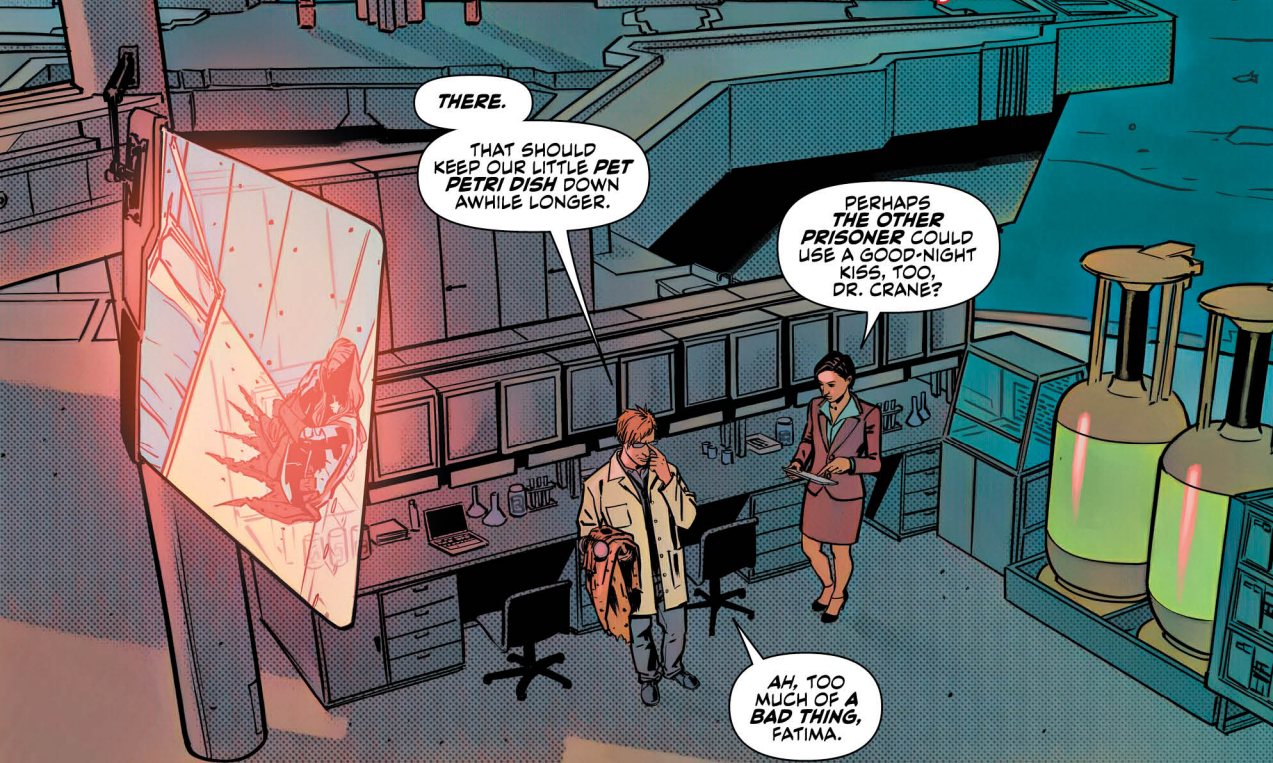
HAVE TO

HAVE TO FIND A WAY...



SWEET DREAMS, BATWOMAN.

A HUNDRED FEET BENEATH THE SAHARA. THE PRIVATE LAB OF DR. JONATHAN CRANE.



THERE.

THAT SHOULD KEEP OUR LITTLE PET PETRI DISH DOWN AWHILE LONGER.

PERHAPS THE OTHER PRISONER COULD USE A GOOD-NIGHT KISS, TOO, DR. CRANE?

AH, TOO MUCH OF A BAD THING, FATIMA.



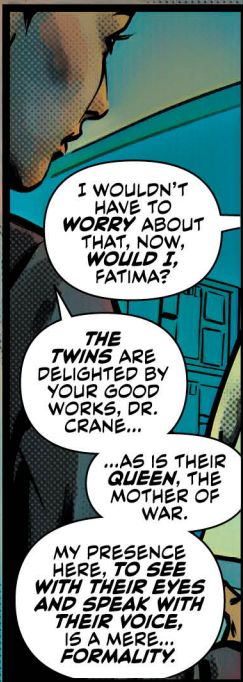
LIKE THIS LITTLE FAIL-SAFE.

A FAIL-SAFE, DR. CRANE?



ONLY IN THE EVENT THAT THE MANY ARMS OF DEATH GROW WEARY OF "THE NEEDLE," AND FUNDING MY RESEARCH, AND WISH TO USE THIS LITTLE BOTTLE ON, SAY...

...THOSE OF US IN THIS ROOM.



I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT, NOW, WOULD I, FATIMA?

THE TWINS ARE DELIGHTED BY YOUR GOOD WORKS, DR. CRANE...

...AS IS THEIR QUEEN, THE MOTHER OF WAR.

MY PRESENCE HERE, TO SEE WITH THEIR EYES AND SPEAK WITH THEIR VOICE, IS A MERE... FORMALITY.



GOOD. I HAVE NO INTENTION OF ENDING LIKE PERILLOS.



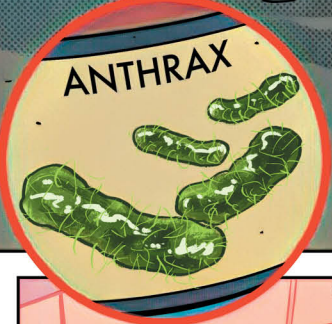
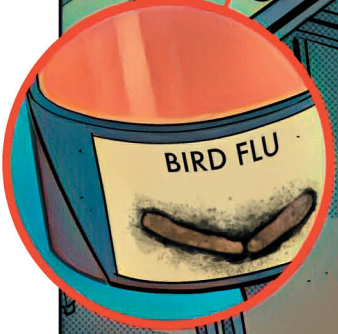
PÉRILLOS?

PHALARIS, THE TYRANT KING OF SICILY, COMMISSIONED THE INVENTOR **PÉRILLOS OF ATHENS** TO DEVISE A NEW FORM OF EXECUTION FOR THE ISLAND'S CRIMINALS.

PÉRILLOS CREATED A MASTERPIECE--"A **BRAZEN BULL**"--HOLLOW, WITH A DOOR ON THE SIDE, INTO WHICH PRISONERS COULD BE PLACED.

THE BRONZE BULL WAS SET OVER A BLAZING FIRE, AND THE INTRICATE PIPES WITHIN THE BULL MADE THE DYING SCREAMS OF THE VICTIMS INTO A BULL'S BELLOWING ROAR.

WHEN PHALARIS SAW THIS MIRACULOUS CREATION, HE DECLARED THAT THE FIRST FIEND TO BE COMMITTED TO ITS ENTRAILS...



...WOULD BE PÉRILLOS HIMSELF.

CHILDREN TURN ON THEIR PARENTS.

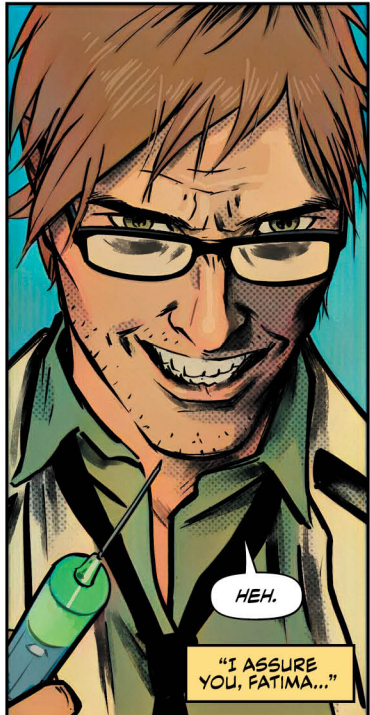
CREATIONS TURN ON THEIR CREATORS.

AND MY CHILDREN ARE MANY AND GROWING...



...AND ALREADY TURNING SCREAMS INTO MASTERPIECES.

WHAT DO YOU THINK THE BATWOMAN IS DREAMING OF, DR. CRANE?

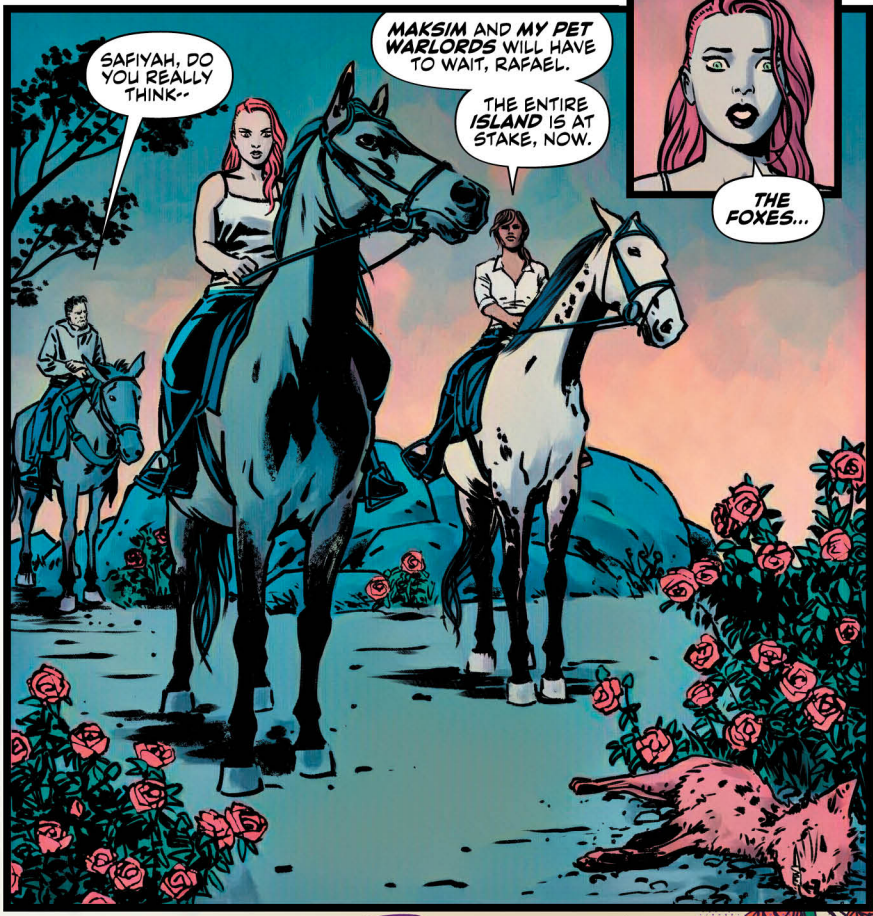


HEH.

"I ASSURE YOU, FATIMA..."

"...IT IS NOTHING GOOD."

**THE ISLAND OF CORYANA.
THE LAST YEAR.**



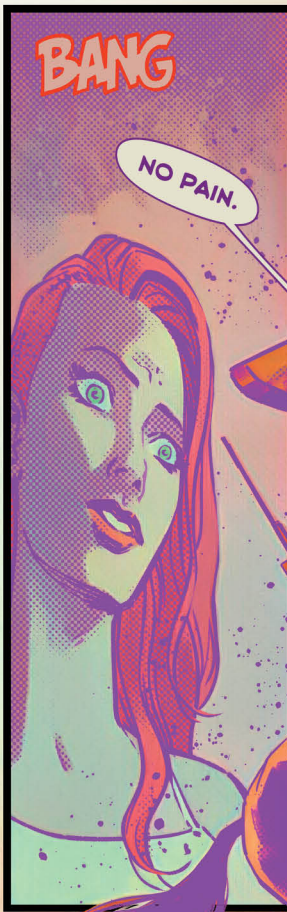
SAFIYAH, DO YOU REALLY THINK--

MAKSIM AND MY PET WARLORDS WILL HAVE TO WAIT, RAFAEL.

THE ENTIRE ISLAND IS AT STAKE, NOW.



THE FOXES...



BANG

NO PAIN.



KILL THEM ALL.

SAFIYAH--



WHAT'S AFFECTING THEM? RABIES?

THE FOXES ALL GO MAD, BITE THEMSELVES, BITE OTHERS AND DIE HEMORRHAGING.

BUT NO, NOT RABIES.

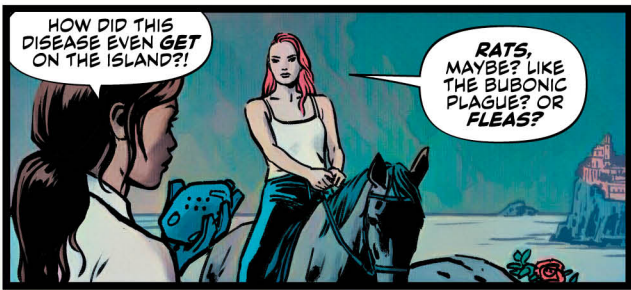


OH, SAFIYAH, DON'T TOUCH THAT--
SIGH RABIES PREVENTS THE BODY FROM CONSUMING WATER UNTIL THE HOST DIES OF DEHYDRATION AND ASPHYXIATION, WHILE THESE CREATURES DO NOT.

LIKE RABIES, THOUGH...

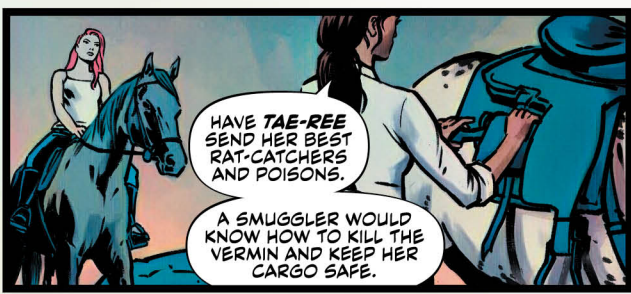
WE DON'T HAVE A CURE FOR--

WHATEVER THIS IS.



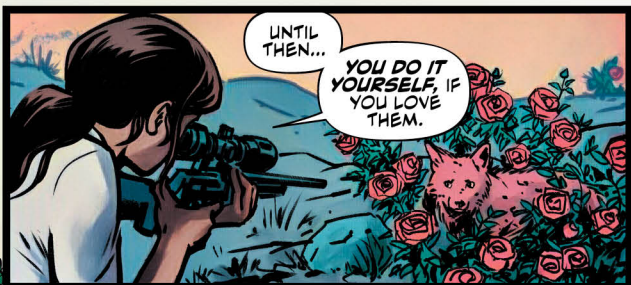
HOW DID THIS DISEASE EVEN GET ON THE ISLAND?!

RATS, MAYBE? LIKE THE BUBONIC PLAGUE? OR FLEAS?



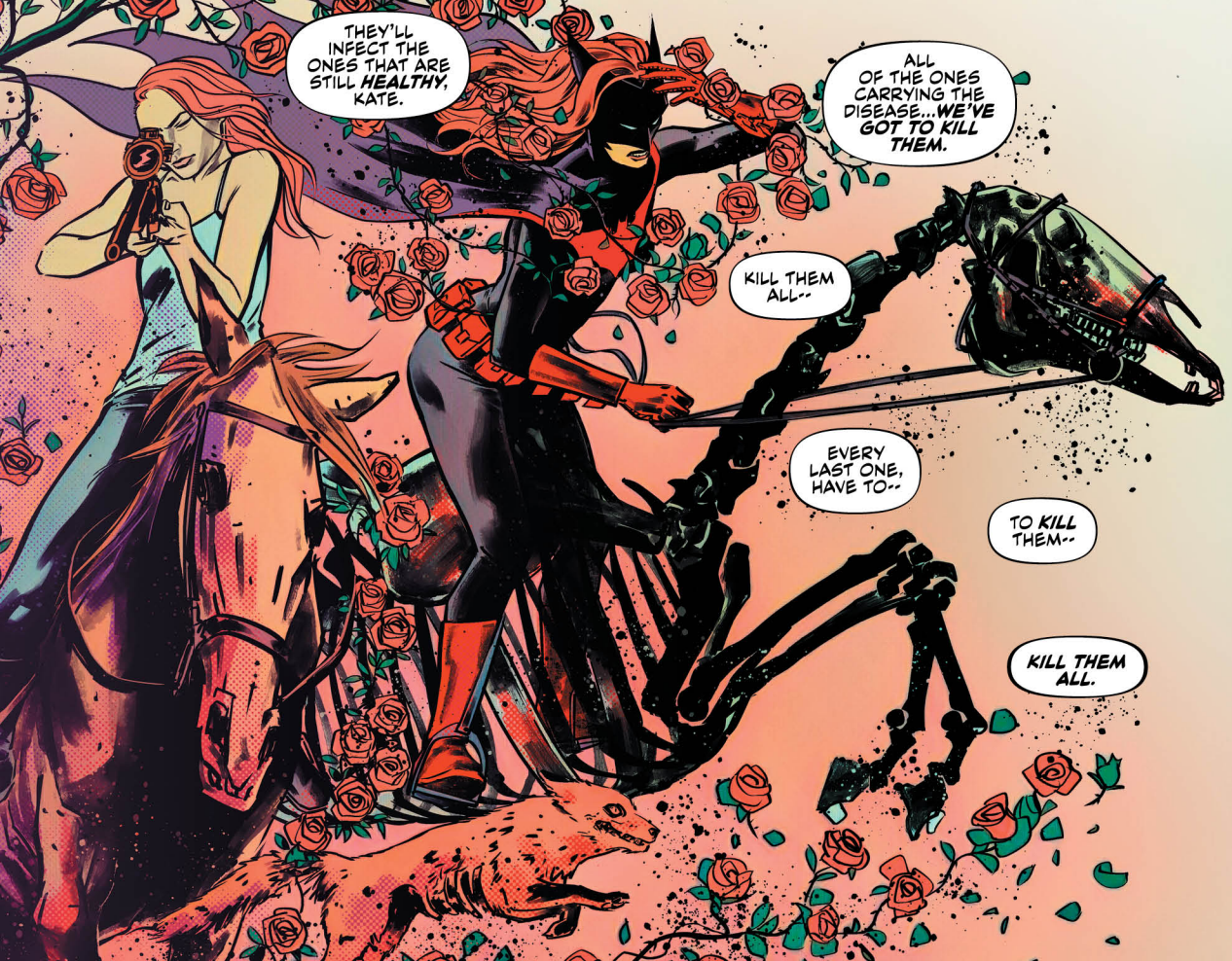
HAVE TAE-REE SEND HER BEST RAT-CATCHERS AND POISONS.

A SMUGGLER WOULD KNOW HOW TO KILL THE VERMIN AND KEEP HER CARGO SAFE.



UNTIL THEN...

YOU DO IT YOURSELF, IF YOU LOVE THEM.



THEY'LL INFECT THE ONES THAT ARE STILL HEALTHY, KATE.

ALL OF THE ONES CARRYING THE DISEASE...WE'VE GOT TO KILL THEM.

KILL THEM ALL--

EVERY LAST ONE, HAVE TO--

TO KILL THEM--

KILL THEM ALL.