



HAVE THE HEROES GOTTEN THE HIDDEN MESSAGE YET?

THEY WILL, SUGAR. MY HENCHPLANTS ARE DESIGNED TO BURN OUT ANY SECOND.



MEIN SATELLITE... GONE!

AND ALL YOUR GROUNDBREAKING WORK NOW IN THE HANDS OF T.H.R.U.S.H., READY TO REVERSE-ENGINEER.

MY WORD.



NOT TO WORRY, GENTLEMEN.

MR. WAYNE CONFIDED IN ME WHEN I ASKED ABOUT THE SECURITY AT THIS EVENT.

HE DID...?



WHAT EGGHEAD AND IVY STOLE WAS AN EMPTY OUTER SHELL FOR THE SATELLITE, ONE THAT DIDN'T TEST WELL ENOUGH FOR RADIATION.

THERE WAS NO NEED TO RISK THE VALUABLE TECHNOLOGY IN PUBLIC, SO IT NEVER LEFT WAYNE SPACELAB.



AND, FOR GOOD MEASURE, I ASKED HIM TO PUT A BAT-TRANSPONDER INSIDE SO I COULD TRACK IT, JUST IN CASE.

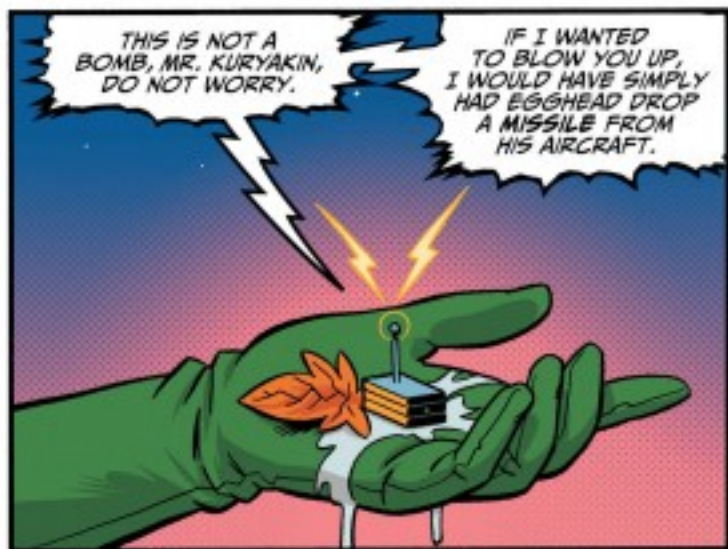
GOOD SHOW!





THERE'S SOMETHING REMAINING...

DO NOT TOUCH--IT COULD BE A BOMB!



THIS IS NOT A BOMB, MR. KURYAKIN, DO NOT WORRY.

IF I WANTED TO BLOW YOU UP, I WOULD HAVE SIMPLY HAD EGGHEAD DROP A MISSILE FROM HIS AIRCRAFT.



WELL DONE ON YOUR SATELLITE SWAP, BATMAN. IT HARDLY MATTERS.

THE MAIN GOAL OF THIS WAS TO TEST HOW T.H.R.U.S.H.'S NEW RECRUITS COULD FOLLOW MY PLANS.

VOICE DISTORTION.

SWIMMINGLY, AS MR. WAVERLY MIGHT SAY.



THE ARKHAM INSTITUTE WAS A PERFECT RECRUITING GROUND TO GATHER THE WORLD'S MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED OPERATIVES.

WHAT THEY LACKED WAS THE ORGANIZATION AND PLANNING THAT I PROVIDE.

IF YOU HAVEN'T SURMISED, I AM THE NEWEST MEMBER OF T.H.R.U.S.H. COUNCIL.



WHAT'S YOUR NAME-- COCKATIEL? BARN OWL?

YOU MAY QUESTION OUR AVIAN NOMENCLATURE, MR. SOLO, BUT OUR PLANNING IS SOUND.

THIS IS BUT A MINOR SETBACK.

"OTHER OPERATIONS
ABROAD ARE GOING
VERY WELL."

DID YOU
SPOT THE VESSEL
APPROACHING?

WELL,
THEN WHERE
IS IT?!

**Atlantic Ocean,
Northern Hemisphere.**

WHAT--?
THE TOWER
SAID SKIES WERE
CLEAR FOR
MILES!

IT'S KINDA...
CREEPY, DON'TCHA
THINK?

SUMMON THE
COMMANDER,
I...

...I FEEL
SOMETHING'S
WRONG...
DREAD...

WE'RE
BEING
BOARDED--BY
SOMETHING
UNHOLY!

A TERROR TO
STARBOARD!

AAAAHHH!!!



IT'S HORRIBLE, THE CLAWS WILL CRUSH US!

WHAT CLAWS?!

GLOORG...

GLARGHH LARRGHH...

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING SHARP, THEY LOOK LIKE--

--LIKE THEY'D OOZE OVER AND SUFFOCATE US!



WHAT'RE OUR ORDERS? WHAT DO WE DO!

YOU HAVE BUT ONE CHOICE, SEAMAN.

ABANDON SHIP.