

Fear is primal.

Raw.

Blood pressure increases.

Veins in your skin contract.

Your immune system shuts down.

Even if you attempt to steel yourself against fear...

It is undeniable.

Fear makes us human.

That was the conclusion of Charles Darwin.

Who am I to argue?

I'm a man of science, too. A psychologist.

NO NO NO!

But few know my academic achievements. If you know me at all, you know me as...



MUST BE **MORE**  
FRIGHTENING!

...THE SCARECROW.

I'm a scientist,  
but I crave fear.

Studying it,  
experiencing  
it...using it  
as a weapon.







It is my drink.  
My romance.  
My gambling.

But then  
I overdosed.  
Burned out.

I couldn't feel  
it anymore.

I became a  
shell. A shadow  
of a human.

No relief from the  
pain of being fearless.

Until the ring  
came for me.



Can you imagine  
what that was like?  
A weapon powered  
by terror!

I wasn't just  
feeling fear...  
I was  
wielding it.

So I stole a moment  
to study it. To learn  
as much as possible.

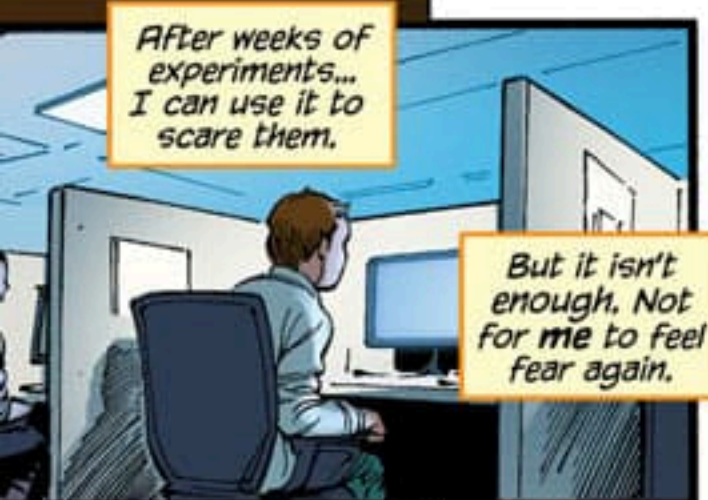


It was endlessly  
complex. A combination  
of emotion and light.



Its full potential was  
beyond me. But I learned  
enough. And when the ring  
left me a second time...

I was prepared.  
I was like the  
caveman who  
found the  
burning branch.  
It ignited the  
fire within me.



After weeks of  
experiments...  
I can use it to  
scare them.

But it isn't  
enough. Not  
for me to feel  
fear again.



I must try again...  
I must keep trying.



YAAAAAGH!

AAAAUGH!



Until I  
perfect it.

Until I am  
whole again.

Until I am  
consumed by  
**FEAR.**



IF I SEE SO MUCH AS AN EMERALD GLIMMER FROM EITHER RING...

I WILL PULL THE TRIGGER.

I HAVE TO KILL THE BAT!

I KNOW THE RULES.

MY GUN, MY RESPONSIBILITY.

EVEN WHEN IT'S POINTED AT MY OWN HEAD.

# DARKEST PART KNIGHTS 2

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BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE WITH BILL FINGER

LOOK AT HIM--IT'S THE VIDEO SIGNAL!

IT'S HYPNOTIZED HIM!

ALFRED...

GET BACK NOW! OR I'LL--





NO! THE BAT-MONSTER!

BBAM

LISTEN TO ME!

"BE THINE OWN PALACE, OR THE WORLD'S THY JAIL."



UH... BE THINE WHAT?

NO, NO, NO, NO...

JOHN DONNE POEM, JESSICA. PRECAUTIONARY POST-HYPNOTIC TRIGGER PHRASE TO BREAK HIM FREE OF THE MIND CONTROL. I DIDN'T KNOW IF IT WOULD WORK THIS TIME...



IT'S THE WORST WHEN HE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING.