

DC

THRILLING MYSTERY TALES

20c

DETECTIVE  
COMICS

# Detective COMIC

*I'd like to say Bruce  
was a creature of moods.*

*But that's not right.  
Moods change more  
swiftly than that.*

*Bruce was more a creature  
of tides. And this latest  
tide was a dark one, and  
lasted far too long.*

ATCS  
CODE  
A2  
AUTHORITY



The SECRET  
SHOCKER  
of  
**BATMAN'S**  
DOPPELGANGER  
and his  
MURDEROUS  
WAR ON  
**CRIME!**



THE MASTER  
CRIME FILE  
OF  
**Jason Bard**



"WHO  
ASKS to  
KNOW?"



Y-YOU'RE NOT  
**BRUCE WAYNE!**

BUT--  
**WHO ARE  
YOU?!**

*And I didn't know  
what to do about it.*





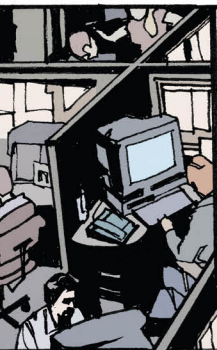
He hadn't been spending much time in the office.

Not that business had suffered. He wasn't making the kind of intuitive leaps he used to, these past few years—



—but Wainwright Investments had been showing steady, dependable growth. Still, something was bothering him.

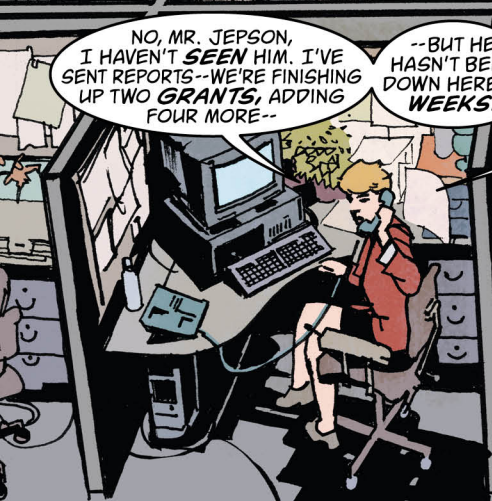
Some young woman? His ongoing Batman mania? There had been that dark, gloomy movie—



MARGARET?

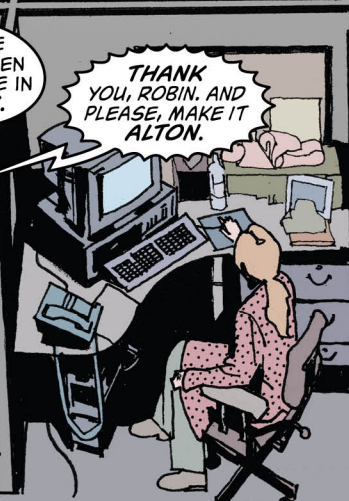
COULD YOU CONNECT ME TO MISS HELGELAND?

Perhaps something to do with his charity program, helping victims of crime like himself?



NO, MR. JEPSON, I HAVEN'T **SEEN** HIM. I'VE SENT REPORTS--WE'RE FINISHING UP TWO **GRANTS**, ADDING FOUR MORE--

--BUT HE HASN'T BEEN DOWN HERE IN **WEEKS**.



THANK YOU, ROBIN. AND PLEASE, MAKE IT **ALTON**.



OF COURSE, SIR.

HM.





HUH.

I didn't know Bruce Wainwright like Mr. Jepson did. But if there was a problem—I owed him so much.

Where could he be?  
What was he doing?

HA RAR RRR



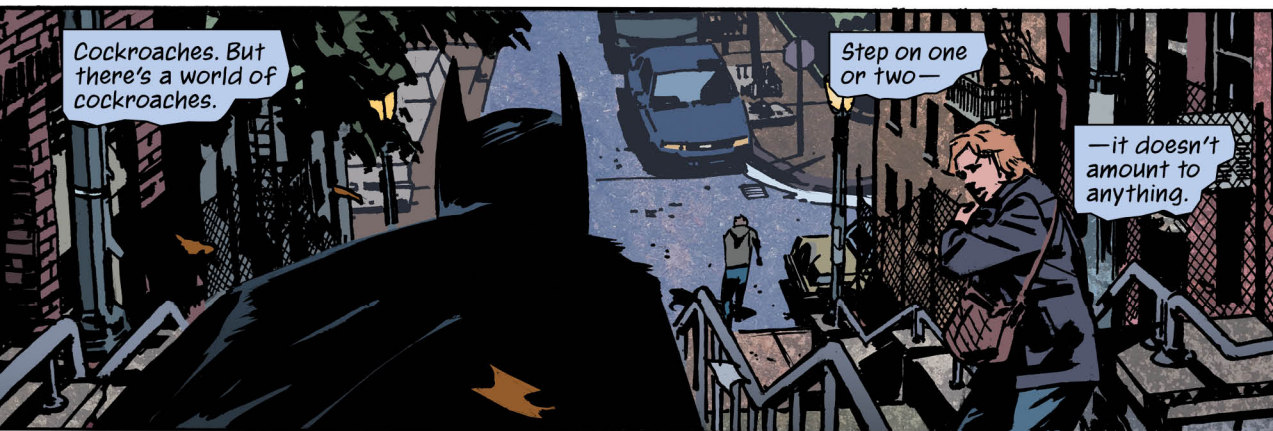
SHHH!!





NOT  
YOUR  
CITY!

NOT YOUR  
SHADOWS!



Cockroaches. But  
there's a world of  
cockroaches.

Step on one  
or two—

—it doesn't  
amount to  
anything.



SAFE  
NOW.

UH--  
UH--



She'd tell stories—  
there were stories of  
him spreading now.

But not many, and  
they weren't much  
believed, thanks to  
our lower profile  
of late.





Lower profile.  
Right.

Like it was  
a plan.

**FREEZE!**



I'M WARNING  
YOU--DON'T  
MOVE A--



HRH.

You'd think  
they'd get  
tired of this.

They'd been hunting him—  
ever since I was dumb  
enough to talk to  
Gordon—



**BLAM**

**AHH!**



WHAT  
IN--?





I like to stay in the open now, let them see me.

See that I don't contact him, don't give orders. That I'm not anywhere near wherever he turns up.



Not that it matters. I see it all through his eyes, hear it all, too.

Every snarl and crunch.



They haven't given up, though. Still following me.



I just wish—  
I wish—