

*My Father wanted to be a neurosurgeon.*

*Eventually he chose a different path, but he kept up a lifelong interest in neuro-medicine.*

*He remained fascinated by the question of where happiness--true happiness--lived in the mind.*

*He found it funny that the same part of the brain that controlled visual planning was also responsible for contentedness... the "precuneus."*

*It was his belief that planning, envisioning good things coming played a big part in making those things real.*

*I can still remember the day I fell in...calling out to him from the dark.*

*"See it in your head, Bruce," he called back. "See the rope, see yourself climbing out, see yourself being brave."*

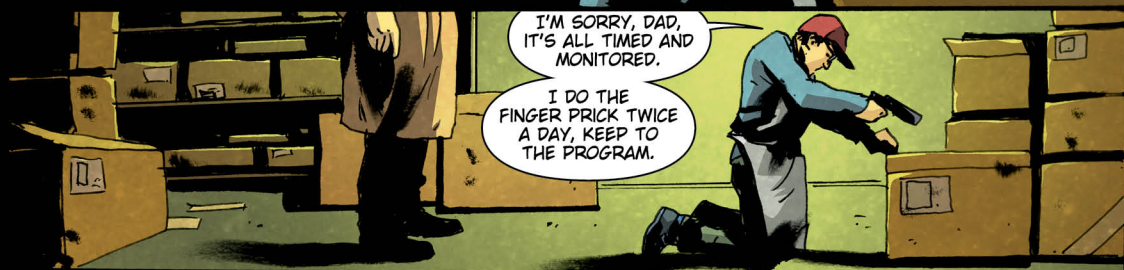
*And I did.*

*Sometimes I think that Batman was born at that moment, even more than in the alley or at the window.*

*Now, I have become a man of plans, almost only plans. Every new one an extension of the first.*

*I make them real...one, then the next. So often I've forgotten what it's like to reach for one and grasp nothing... or worse...*

...reach and find something else there entirely.







...JUST...  
STOP AND  
TALK TO  
ME.

I CALLED YOUR  
SUPERVISORS. WE  
HAVE SOME TIME  
OFF THE GRID HERE.  
I NEED YOU TO  
LISTEN TO ME.



I SAW THE  
SCANS. I KNOW  
WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO YOU. THE...  
PARTS THAT'VE  
**WOKEN UP**. AND AS  
MUCH AS I WAS  
AGAINST THIS,  
I'M... I'M GLAD  
YOU'RE DOING  
**WELL**.

I DON'T KNOW  
HOW "WELL" I'M  
DOING, BUT THANK YOU.  
TO BE HONEST, THE PARTS  
THAT ARE ALERT NOW...  
THEY'RE SORT OF...  
AWFUL. I'VE NEVER  
FELT THIS WAY.  
THIS... SHAME...  
GUILT...



...REMORSE.

SO YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO FEEL  
BAD ABOUT IT. I'M  
READY TO GO BACK,  
DAD. TAKE ME BACK.  
I DON'T KNOW IF  
I EVEN--



JAMES,  
I'M NOT  
HERE TO SHUT  
DOWN YOUR  
PROGRAM.



I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND. IF  
THIS ISN'T ABOUT  
**THAT**, WHAT'S IT  
ABOUT?

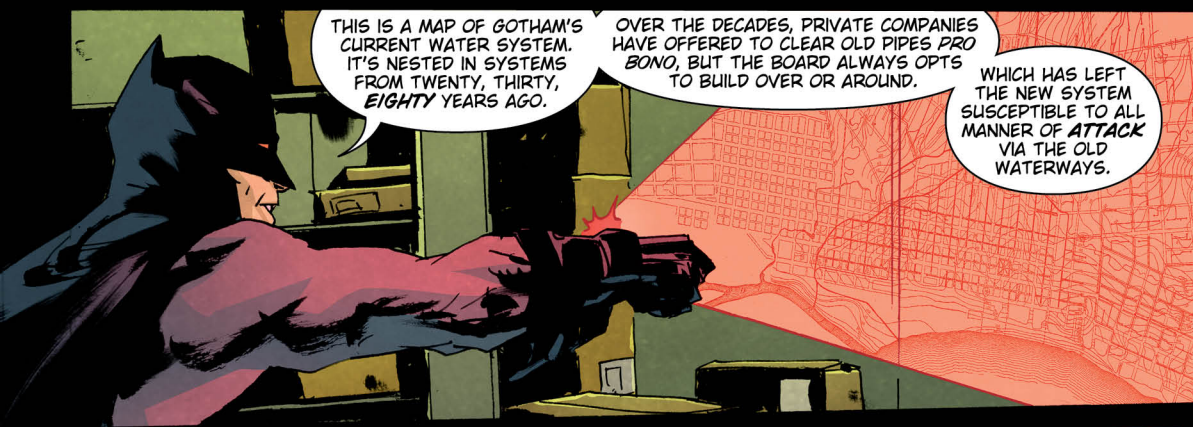
IT'S ABOUT  
**PLANS...**



...PLANS TO  
KILL THIS CITY  
A HUNDRED  
DIFFERENT  
WAYS.



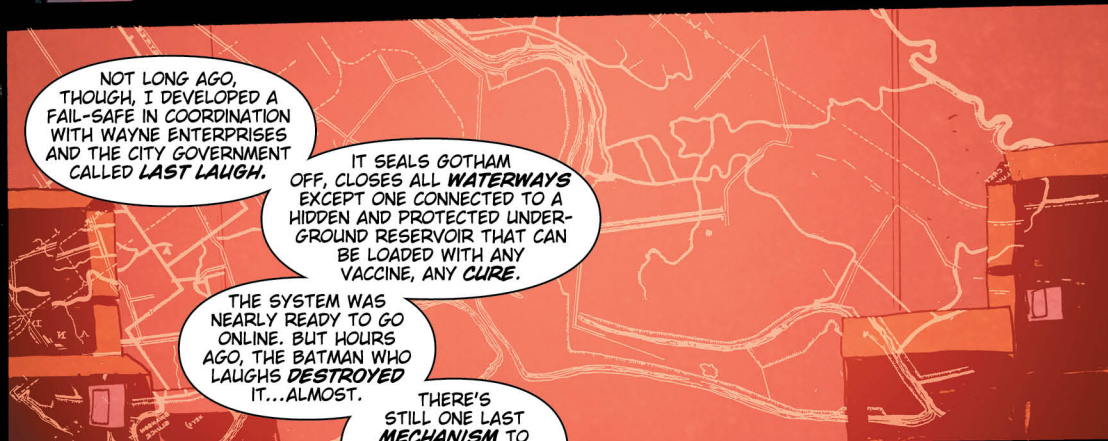




THIS IS A MAP OF GOTHAM'S CURRENT WATER SYSTEM. IT'S NESTED IN SYSTEMS FROM TWENTY, THIRTY, **EIGHTY YEARS AGO.**

OVER THE DECADES, PRIVATE COMPANIES HAVE OFFERED TO CLEAR OLD PIPES *PRO BONO*, BUT THE BOARD ALWAYS OPTS TO BUILD OVER OR AROUND.

WHICH HAS LEFT THE NEW SYSTEM SUSCEPTIBLE TO ALL MANNER OF **ATTACK** VIA THE OLD WATERWAYS.



NOT LONG AGO, THOUGH, I DEVELOPED A FAIL-SAFE IN COORDINATION WITH WAYNE ENTERPRISES AND THE CITY GOVERNMENT CALLED **LAST LAUGH.**

IT SEALS GOTHAM OFF, CLOSES ALL **WATERWAYS** EXCEPT ONE CONNECTED TO A HIDDEN AND PROTECTED UNDERGROUND RESERVOIR THAT CAN BE LOADED WITH ANY VACCINE, ANY **CURE.**

THE SYSTEM WAS NEARLY READY TO GO ONLINE. BUT HOURS AGO, THE BATMAN WHO LAUGHS **DESTROYED** IT...ALMOST.

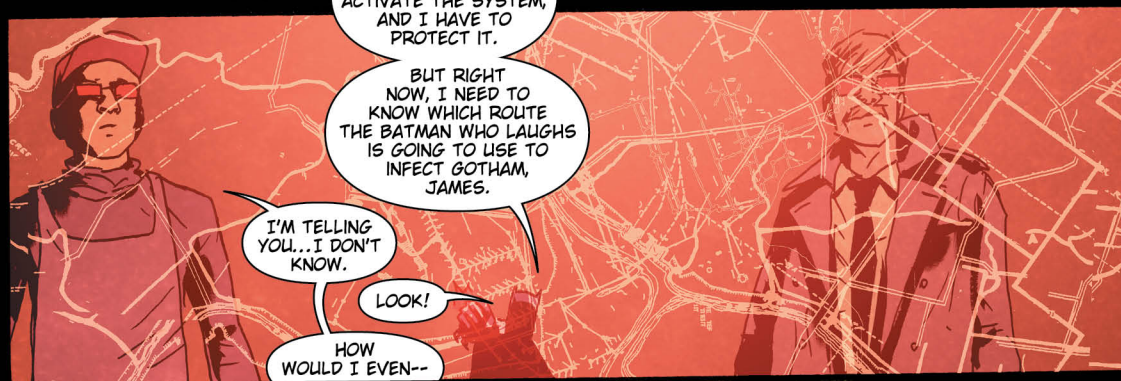
THERE'S STILL ONE LAST **MECHANISM** TO ACTIVATE THE SYSTEM, AND I HAVE TO PROTECT IT.

BUT RIGHT NOW, I NEED TO KNOW WHICH ROUTE THE BATMAN WHO LAUGHS IS GOING TO USE TO INFECT GOTHAM, JAMES.

I'M TELLING YOU...I DON'T KNOW.

LOOK!

HOW WOULD I EVEN--



HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?! BECAUSE IT USED BE **ALL** YOU KNEW! HELL, AS A CHILD, ALL YOU DID WAS **THINK** ABOUT IT!

AT THIRTEEN YEARS OLD YOU WERE A **LEGEND!** YOU HAD BOOKS, JOURNALS FILLED WITH ROUTES, **GENIUS** COMBINATIONS!

