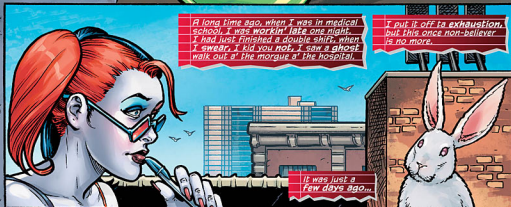


HARLEY QUINN IN DISPIRITED SPIRITS

Another beautiful summer day, with some well-deserved rest and relaxation with my new magical bestie, ZaLanna.

After the crazy few days we just had, we damn well deserve it.

How crazy, you ask? Lemme explain.



A long time ago, when I was in medical school, I was workin' late one night. I had just finished a double shift, when I swear, I kid you not, I saw a ghost walk out o' the morgue o' the hospital.

I put it off to exhaustion, but this once non-believer is no more.

It was just a few days ago...

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On a recent trip to England, I made some new super-friends. They're called the London Legion a' Superheroes. They spent all their money comin' to visit me an' were crashin' in the spare room of my apartment building, which was perfect, until...

SO, NO OPEN HOTEL ROOMS AT ALL!

IT'S TOURIST TOWN OUT THERE, PEACHES. I GOT THE NEW ACT ARRIVIN' TODAY! AN' I PROMISED THE SPARE ROOM TA HER.

THEY CAN SLEEP WITH THE MILLION ANIMALS DOWNSTAIRS, OR YOU COULD SQUEEZE 'EM ALL IN HERE WITH YOU.

OOOH, A SLUMBER PARTY! TONY, GRAB THE SLEEPIN' BAGS FROM DOWNSTAIRS.

HEY GUYS, Y'WANNA HAVE A SLUMBER PARTY?

Before I get ahead of myself, lemme make some introductions.

Here we have Tiffany Lloyd, a.k.a. Tiffany Terror. Her powers are the fightin' skills of a rabid weasel, an' the nasty attitude of one. She fits in New York perfectly.

Nigel Niven, a.k.a. the Pub Crawler, is kinda unique in the world of superheroes, an' then, kinda not.

The big one cavortin' with Mike an' Bernit is Benjamin Flanders, a.k.a. Big Bad Ben. Not the sharpest knife in the crayon box, but sweet as can be. He has the usual powers that come with someone his size, but he also has a sixth sense about things...though he can never seem to figure 'em out.

Boundless booziness makes him pore sticky goo outta his pores. Kinda like the stuff on the bathroom floor of a divey bar. He uses it to climb walls an' stick to ceilings an' stuff.

'OW MANY TOILETS Y'GOT IN 'ERE? KNOWIN' OUR FRIEND NIGEL, WE'RE GONNA NEED TA MOP UP AFTER 'IM.

OI, LOOK 'OO'S TALKIN'! THIS ONE'S ARSE STINKS LIKE A FOOD FEST OUTHOUSE.

Oh, an' his vomit can melt metal.

I gotta say, I'm a little jealous of that power.

I LIKE YOUR BIG BIRDIE.
DOES HE EVER ATTACK YOUR BEAVER?

I NOTICED THE HOLE. DID HE PECK IT?

Last, we have Sasha Cooper, a.k.a. Double Decker. Y'know, I have no idea what her powers are...maybe somethin' to do with gettin' hit by a bus?

Anyway, she's big, an' she looks like she could snap you in half like a twiglet.

LOOK HERE! WE CAN DO A DAY TRIP AND SEE THE STATUE OF LIBERTY!

HEH!
DOES THAT MEAN WE CAN TAKE LIBERTIES WITH ER?

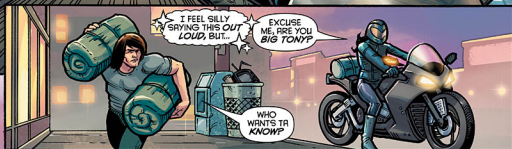
OH, HUSH, OR I'LL SNAP YOU IN HALF LIKE A TWIGLET!

TRICK AND TREAT

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY.

THAT LAST BATTLE ALONGSIDE CONSTANTINE PUT CONSIDERABLE STRAIN ON MY POWERS. I NEED TO REST AND RELAX...REGAIN MY STRENGTH.

WHAT COULD BE BETTER THAN GOING ON TOUR AND PERFORMING MAGIC JUST FOR ENTERTAINMENT?



I FEEL SILLY SAYING THIS OUT LOUD, BUT...

EXCUSE ME, ARE YOU BIG TONY?

WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

ME!

I'M **ZATANNA ZATARA!**
YOU BOOKED ME FOR A THREE-NIGHT ENGAGEMENT.

HOLY MAGIC-MKIN MAMA!



OH, YEAH. RIGHT. FOLLOW ME UPSTAIRS.

WE GOT A NICE ROOM FER YA, AN' YOU CAN TOUR THE STAGE WHENEVER YA LIKE. Y'GOT ACCESS TO IT FROM THE BACK STAIRS.

IS MY BIKE SAFE OUT HERE?

NO, NOT A BIT. I'LL HAVE GOATBOY BRING IT AROUND BACK FOR YOU.

GOATBOY? SURE. WHY NOT.

IT AIN'T THE RITZ, BUT IT'S GOT ATMOSPHERE, HISTORY, AN' ONLY A FEW PEOPLE HAVE DIED HERE.

YOU SINGLE, BY ANY CHANCE?

I DON'T MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE, BUT I'M FLATTERED NONETHELESS.

YEAH, I'M PROBABLY BETTER OFF ANYWAYS... MY GIRLFRIEND WOULD CHEW ME UP LIKE A FRIED CLAM.

WELL, WE WOULDN'T WANT THAT NOW.

I'D LIKE TO GET SOME SHUT-EYE. I'VE BEEN ON THE ROAD FOR ALMOST A DAY, DRIVING IN FROM MY LAST ENGAGEMENT.

MOTORCYCLE?

ROOM?

YA NEED ANYTHING, JUST HOLLER. I'M AVAILABLE 24/7.

YOU GET LONELY, HIT THE THIRD FLOOR. WE GOT AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF KITTIES AN' DOBBIES THAT LOVE ATTENTION.

TOP FLOOR.

HMM.

WONDER WHAT THAT'S ALL ABOUT?

JUST DON'T BOTHER WITH THE TOP FLOOR. THAT'S THE LANDLADY, AND... WELL, THE LESS SAID THE BETTER.

SWEET DREAMS, SWEET-HEART.

BE AFRAID OF THE DARK



FIRST THING TOMORROW, YOU AND YOUR GUYS **LEVEL** THIS PLACE. CLEAR EVERYTHING OUT OF HERE **ASAP**.

YOU KNOW, IT'S KINDA **SAD**.

NO WORRIES. I GOT A **BIG CREW**, WITH THAT MUCH **MANPOWER**, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET IT DONE **PRETTY QUICKLY**.



THIS IS THE **OLDEST RIDE** IN CONEY ISLAND. IT SURVIVED THE PLACE BURNING TO THE GROUND IN 1911. USED TO BE CALLED **HELLGATE**. THEY RENAMED IT **HELLGATE TWO** WHEN THE REST OF THE PARK WAS REBUILT.

SOME SAY THE PARK CAUGHT FIRE AFTER SOME **LIGHT BULBS** POPPED FROM THE HEAT OF THE HOT TAR USED FOR REPAIRS.

BUT A **DIFFERENT STORY** SAYS A WORKER KICKED OVER A BUCKET OF FUEL AND A FIRE FOLLOWED. THEY THINK **HE** SET THE BLAZE...**JEALOUS LOVER** OR SOMETHING.



AFTER THE **FIRE** WAS PUT OUT, THERE WAS A BUNCH OF FOLK'S MISSING, **NEVER TO BE FOUND**.

IT'S **INCREDIBLE** TO THINK HOW LONG THIS PLACE HAS **BEEN** HERE. EVERYTHING **AROUND** IT'S BEEN BUILT AND REBUILT DOZENS OF TIMES SINCE, BUT THIS PLACE HAS **STAYED** THE SAME.



NOW WE GET TO BUILD A **NEW BURGER JOINT** IN ITS PLACE WITH **NO RED TAPE** TO DEAL WITH. THIS CITY DOESN'T GIVE A **RAT'S ASS** ABOUT LANDMARKS THAT CAN'T MAKE THEM **MONEY**.

IT'S A **SHAME** IF YOU ASK ME.

"THE PLACE HAS SOMETHING TO IT...A WEIRD KIND OF **HAUNTED MAGNETISM**. Y'KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'?"

"CAN YOU FEEL IT?"