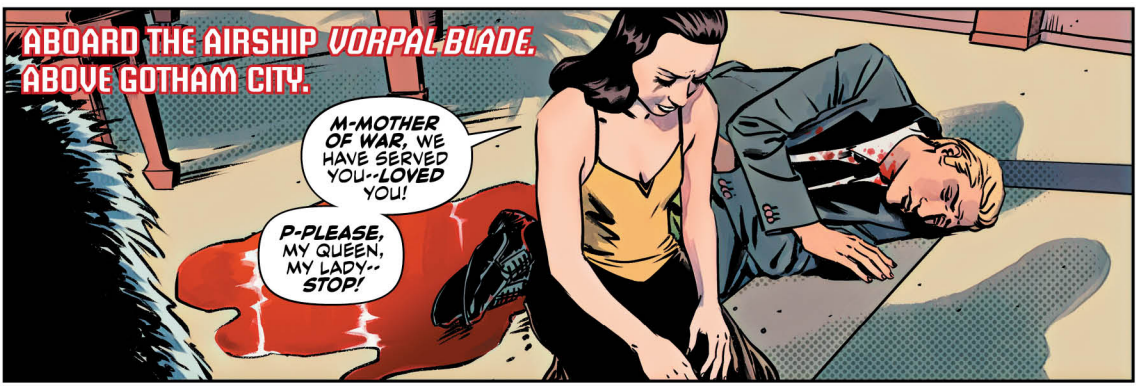


**ABOARD THE AIRSHIP *VORPAL BLADE*.
ABOVE GOTHAM CITY.**



M-MOTHER OF WAR, WE HAVE SERVED YOU--LOVED YOU!

P-PLEASE, MY QUEEN, MY LADY--STOP!



Such pretty, lofty names you give yourselves, and everything around you...

...O Elder, O Younger, O Twin Eyes of the Many Arms of Death...

...To name me as you did, did you think I was a pet, a plaything--a toy?



Once I was meant to be a weapon in your hands...

...just like the Knife, the Rifle, the Chain, the Torch--

--just a thing, to be used and locked up and forgotten.



But I have devised a far finer weapon...

...one to empty the hands of the Many Arms of Death for all time.

It's already reproducing inside the creature in the lab--would you like to see what it can do?

You must say "please," hehe!



PLEASE. NO.

Drink!

Drink, or I shall rend open a hole and pour it down your brother's throat.



Enjoy this final weapon. I brewed it up, just for you.

And do try to remember, if it pleases your Majesty... my name is not Twin, not Mother of War...

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF KANE

PART TWO

MARGUERITE BENNETT - Writer
FERNANDO BLANCO - Artist
JOHN RAUCH - Colorist
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DAN PANOSIAN - Cover Artist
MICHAEL CHO - Variant Cover Artist
BRITTANY HOLZHERR - Editor
JAMIE S. RICH - Group Editor

...is
ALICE.

My name...

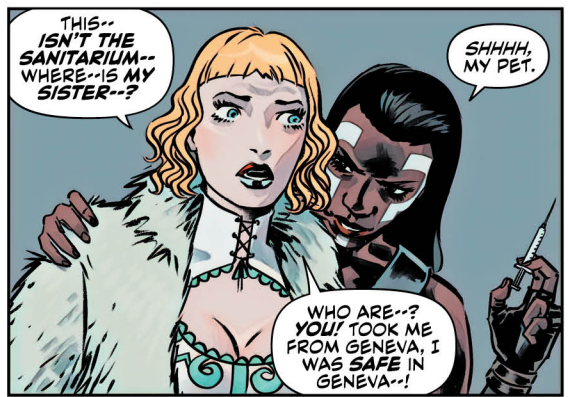




W--wait...

What's-- what's going on? Their eyes--

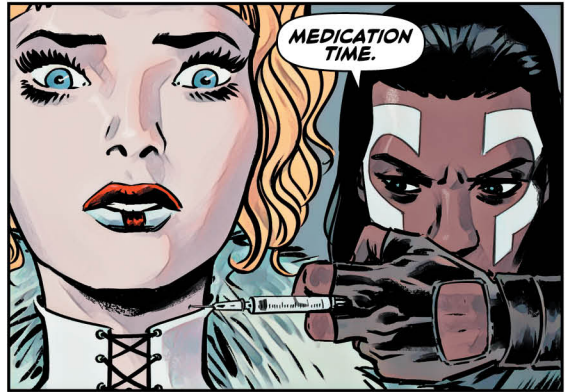
WHAT'S-- OH, WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THOSE PEOPLE?!



THIS-- ISN'T THE SANITARILUM-- WHERE--IS MY SISTER--?

SHHHH, MY PET.

WHO ARE--? YOU! TOOK ME FROM GENEVA, I WAS SAFE IN GENEVA--!



MEDICATION TIME.



I FREED YOU, LITTLE DOLL...AS ONCE A WOMAN FREED ME.

MADE ME THE THING I AM.

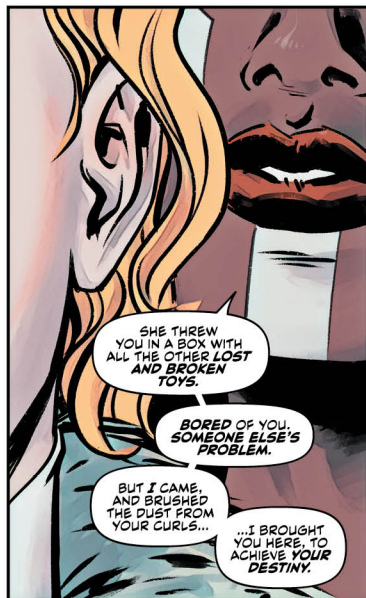
AS I WILL HELP YOU REMEMBER THE THING YOU ARE MEANT TO BE.



MY SISTER... MY SISTER SAVED ME ONCE BEFORE, WHEN I WAS ALICE...

NO, CHILD.

YOUR SISTER ABANDONED YOU.

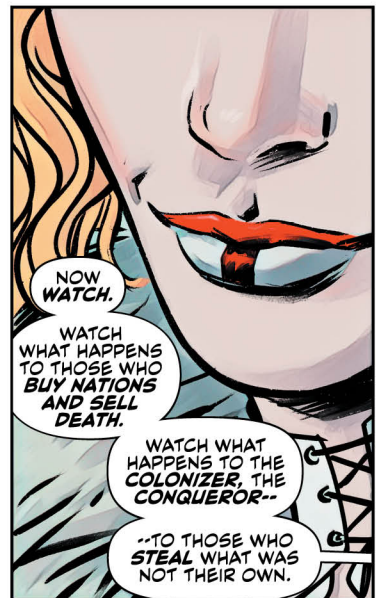


SHE THREW YOU IN A BOX WITH ALL THE OTHER LOST AND BROKEN TOYS.

BORED OF YOU, SOMEONE ELSE'S PROBLEM.

BUT I CAME, AND BRUSHED THE DUST FROM YOUR CURLS...

...I BROUGHT YOU HERE, TO ACHIEVE YOUR DESTINY.



NOW WATCH.

WATCH WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE WHO BUY NATIONS AND SELL DEATH.

WATCH WHAT HAPPENS TO THE COLONIZER, THE CONQUEROR--

--TO THOSE WHO STEAL WHAT WAS NOT THEIR OWN.



SPLOOSH

TO THOSE WHO STEAL...
...FROM ME.

Oh my.



What a mess, gracious me--



I must go change at once!

One cannot attend a tea party in such attire, and we have ever so many mouths to feed!