

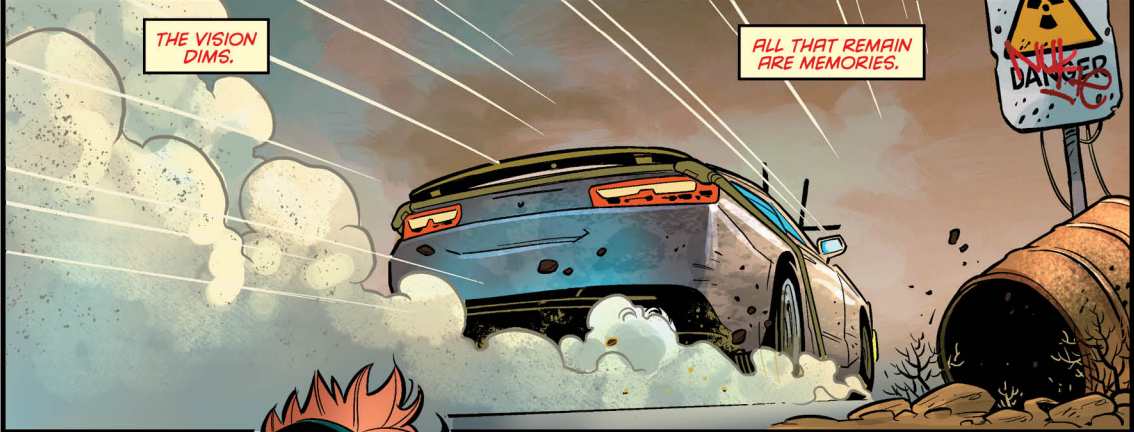
THE JERSEY WASTELANDS.

MY LIFE FADES.



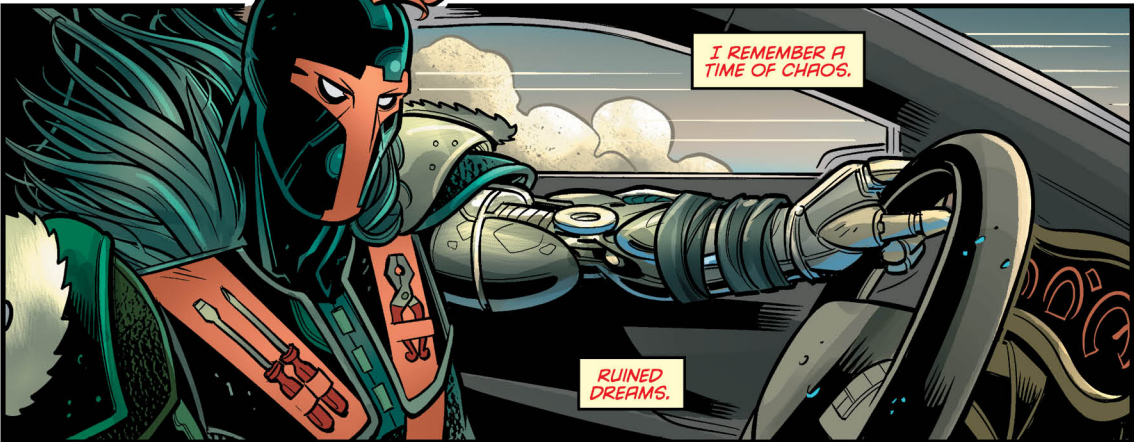
THE VISION DIMS.

ALL THAT REMAIN ARE MEMORIES.



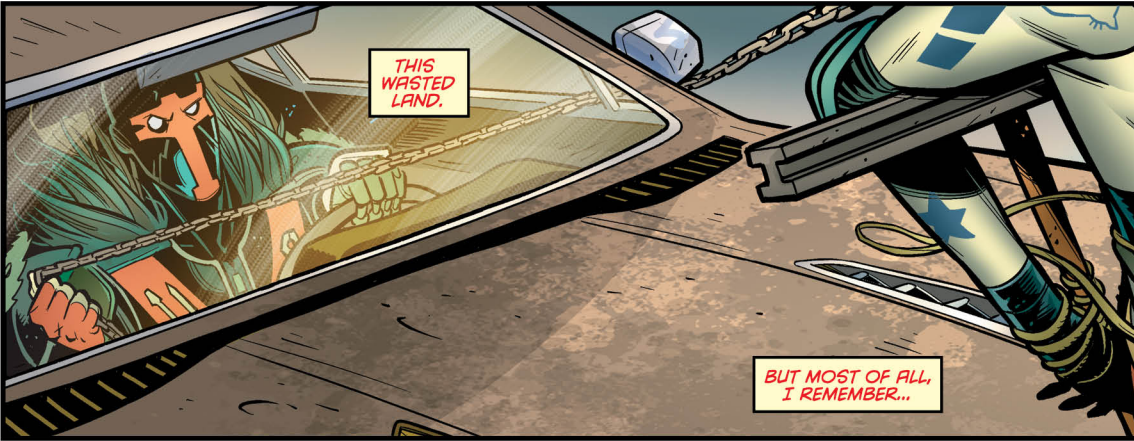
I REMEMBER A TIME OF CHAOS.

RUINED DREAMS.



THIS WASTED LAND.

BUT MOST OF ALL, I REMEMBER...



...THE QUINN.

THE WOMAN WE
CALLED HARLEY.

OLD LADY HARLEY

FRANK

TIERI WRITER

MAURICET ARTIST

PAUL MOUNTS COLORS

DAVE SHARPE LETTERS

AMANDA CONNER &

PAUL MOUNTS COVER

FRANK CHO & SABINE RICH

VARIANT COVER

DAVE WIELGOSZ ASST. EDITOR

CHRIS CONROY EDITOR

JAMIE S. RICH

SENIOR EDITOR

HARLEY QUINN CREATED

BY PAUL DINI &

BRUCE TIMM

I CAN
HEAR YA OUT
HERE, YA
KNOW!

YER LIFE
FADES? YOU'VE
GOT **NO**
IDEA,

**MAD
MAXIPAD!**

MY, HOW UTTERLY FOUL...

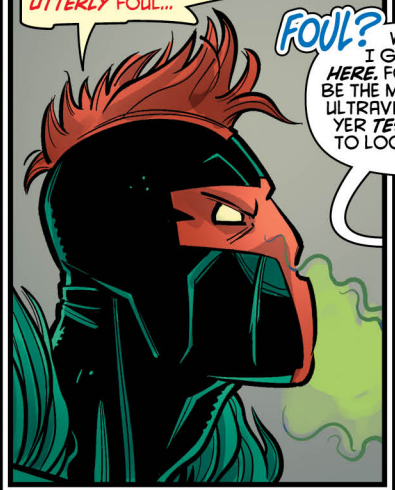
FOUL?

WAIT 'TIL I GET OUTTA HERE. FOUL'S GONNA BE THE MANY DIFFERENT ULTRAVIOLET THINGS YER TESTICLES HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO...

NO, NOT YOU.

(THOUGH THAT WAS PRETTY FOUL.)

I'M SPEAKING ABOUT THE DISGUST THAT IS THE ISLAND OF STATEN.



HEY, YOU REMEMBER WHEN STATEN ISLAND WASN'T A GIANT, FESTERING GARBAGE CRAPHOLE?

YEAH...ME NEITHER.

UH-OH. GOAT PEOPLE.

WAIT, DID YOU SAY... **GOAT PEOPLE?**

YEAH. GOAT PEOPLE. GOAT BOY'S HORRID, INBRED OFF-SPRING.

WELL, HOW'S 'BOUT OLD MacHARLEY GETS UNTIED?

E-E-E-I-#501N-O!

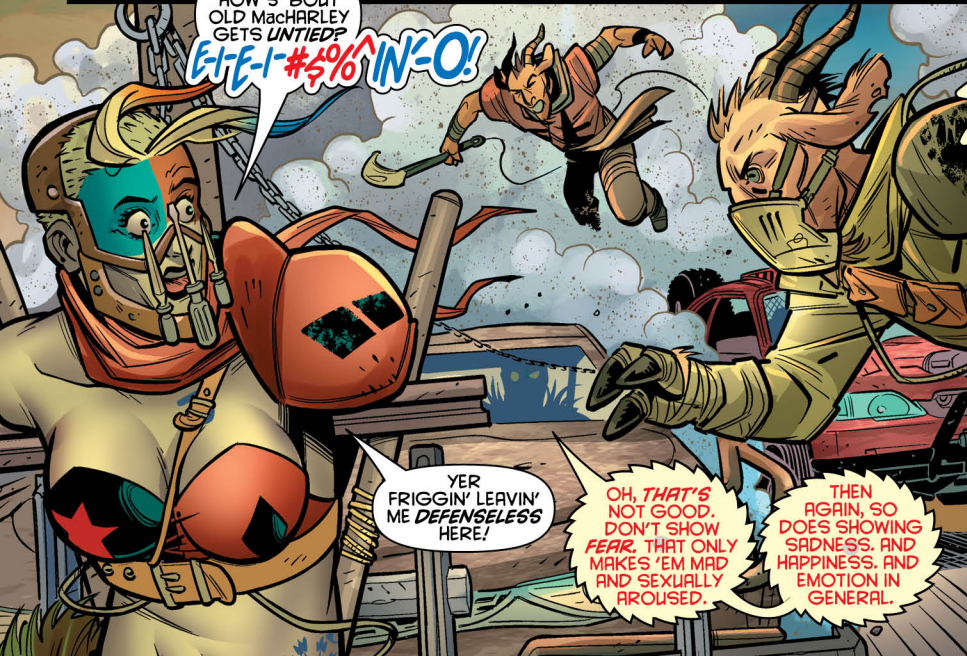
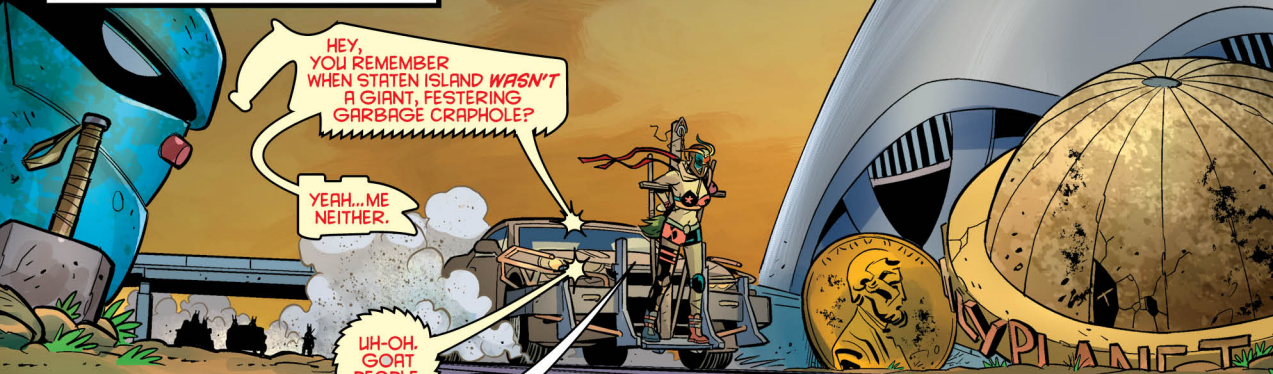
Hmm. COME TO THINK OF IT, PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING MAKES 'EM MAD AND SEXUALLY AROUSED.

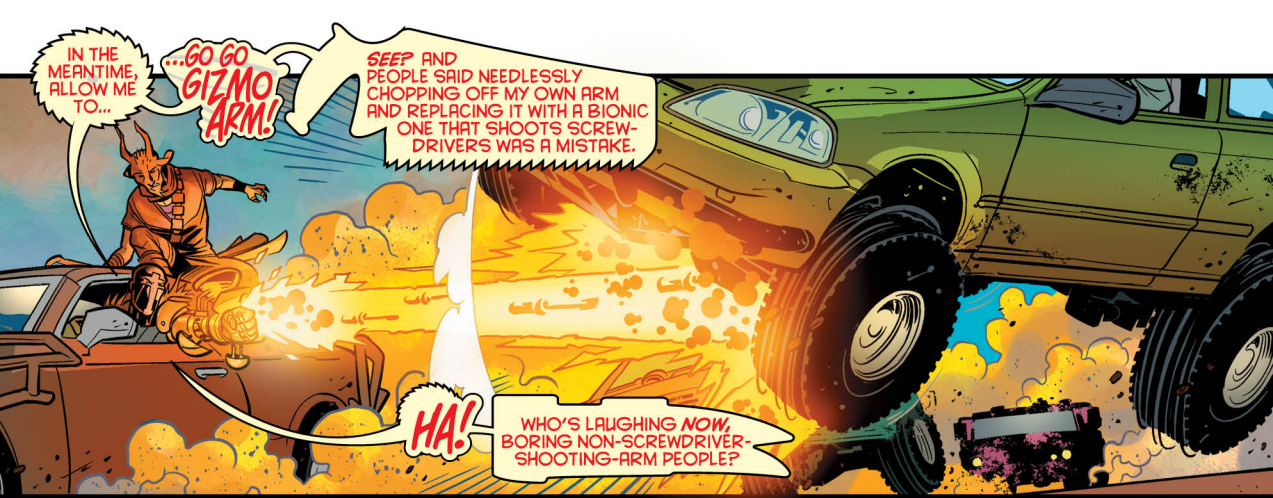
YER FRIGGIN' LEAVIN' ME DEFENSELESS HERE!

OH, THAT'S NOT GOOD. DON'T SHOW FEAR. THAT ONLY MAKES 'EM MAD AND SEXUALLY AROUSED.

THEN AGAIN, SO DOES SHOWING SADNESS. AND HAPPINESS. AND EMOTION IN GENERAL.

AS YOU WERE, THEN.





IN THE MEANTIME, ALLOW ME TO...

...GO GO GIZMO ARM!

SLEEP AND PEOPLE SAID NEEDLESSLY CHOPPING OFF MY OWN ARM AND REPLACING IT WITH A BIONIC ONE THAT SHOOTS SCREW-DRIVERS WAS A MISTAKE.

HA!

WHO'S LAUGHING NOW, BORING NON-SCREWDRIVER-SHOOTING-ARM PEOPLE?



YEAH, THAT'S GREAT. CAN YA AIM IT OVER *HERE* NOW? THIS ONE'S LICKIN' MY EYEBALL AN' LOOKS LIKE HE WANTS TA MAKE SWEET GOAT LOVE TO MY EAR.

HE DOES! IT'S ALL PART OF THEIR RITUAL! BUT BEFORE HE EATS YOUR EYEBROWS--THAT'S NEXT, BY THE WAY--



--HMM. WHAT TO PICK, WHAT TO PICK.

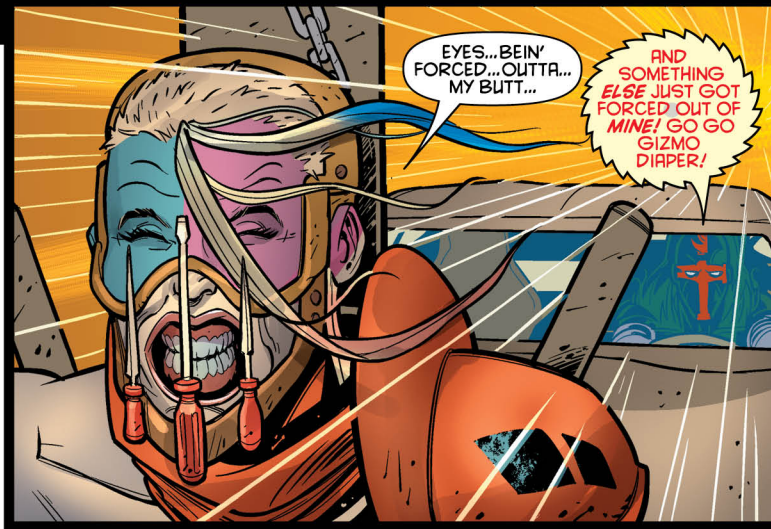
WELL... I AM COINCIDENTALLY ENOUGH ALREADY WEARING A DIAPER, SO...

FAST
TURBO
OOOPS I POOPED MY PANTS



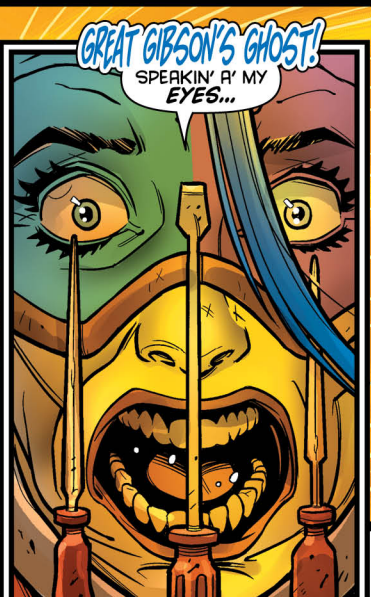
SHOOOOOOOM!

LET 'ER RIP!
IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

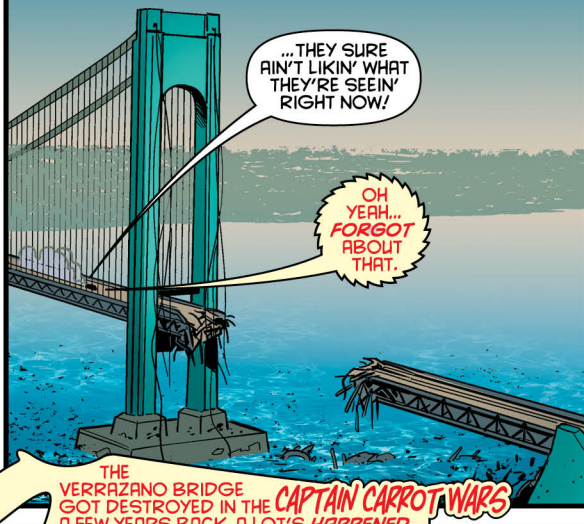


EYES... BEIN' FORCED... OUTTA... MY BUTT...

AND SOMETHING ELSE JUST GOT FORCED OUT OF MINE! GO GO GIZMO DIAPER!



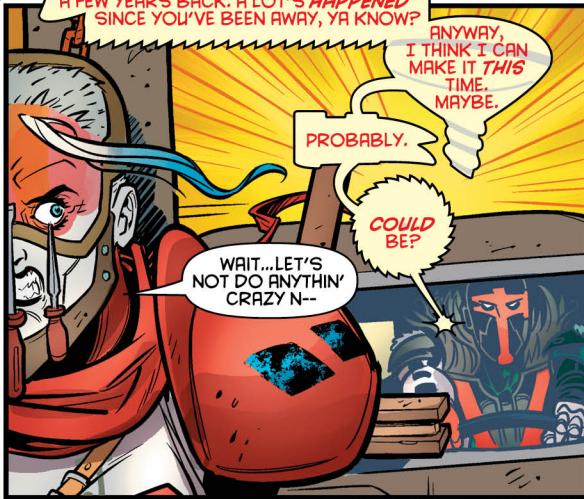
GREAT GIBSON'S GHOST!
SPEAKIN' A' MY EYES...



...THEY SURE AIN'T LIKIN' WHAT THEY'RE SEEN' RIGHT NOW!

OH YEAH... FORGOT ABOUT THAT.

THE VERRAZANO BRIDGE GOT DESTROYED IN THE CAPTAIN CARROT WARS A FEW YEARS BACK. A LOT'S HAPPENED SINCE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY, YA KNOW?



ANYWAY, I THINK I CAN MAKE IT THIS TIME, MAYBE.

PROBABLY.

COULD BE?

WAIT... LET'S NOT DO ANYTHIN' CRAZY N--



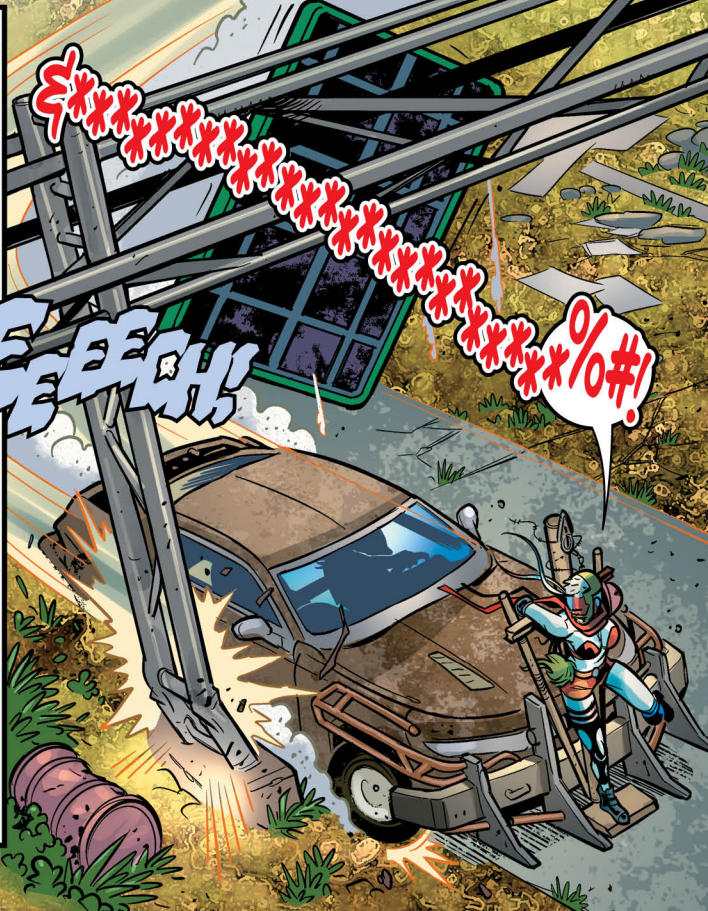
YEAH, NO... WE AIN'T MAKING IT.

ε*%/# ε*%/# ε*%/# ε*%/# ε*%/#



ε*%/# ε*%/# ε*%/# ε*%/# ε*%/#

SHREEEECH!



ε*%/# ε*%/#

ε*%/#