

*This  
moment.*

*How many times  
have you come  
back to it?*

*The searing heat.  
The vat, with its  
strangely sweet  
scent, a green  
apple smell...*



*The funhouse  
mirror curve  
of that helmet.  
Blood red.*



*And him. Him, right there,  
inches from your fingers.  
So close you could feel  
the heat from him. There,  
but already falling...*



*No. Letting himself  
fall...like he knew. Like  
he was laughing at you  
from the start. At your  
mission. At your life.  
At all of it.*

*Like none of it  
matters. Like  
none of it means  
anything.*

*Sometimes, in  
your mind, you  
get there. You're  
fast enough.  
You grab him.*

*But he laughs  
even harder.*

*Like whatever  
you do, it was  
all, always...*

# BATMAN: ENDGAME PART SIX

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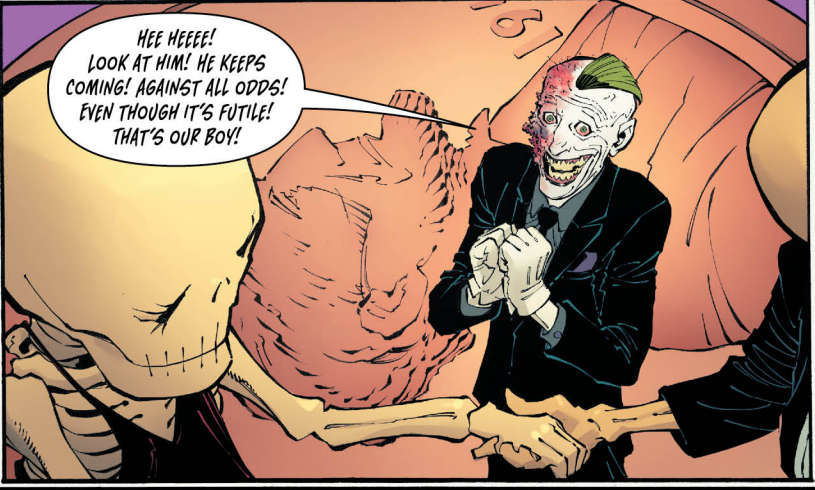
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...going to  
come to this.



KEEP  
PUSHING!  
HE'S  
RIGHT  
THERE!



HEE HEEEE!  
LOOK AT HIM! HE KEEPS  
COMING! AGAINST ALL ODDS!  
EVEN THOUGH IT'S FUTILE!  
THAT'S OUR BOY!



HERE, TAKE  
A LOOK, MY DEAR.  
YOU MUST BE SO  
PROUD!

I told them all the masks have a knockout gas that'll be released should any of them use lethal force.



It isn't true, but it'll do. They're desperate.

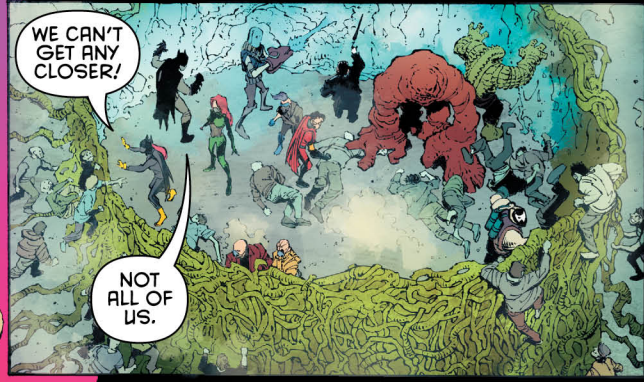


DAMMIT. THERE ARE TOO MANY! IVY!

ON IT.



MY, YOU ARE LIGHT ON YOUR FEET! WILL YOU MARRY ME? I KNOW IT'S A SHOT IN THE DARK. WHAT... TOO SOON?



WE CAN'T GET ANY CLOSER!

NOT ALL OF US.



BANE!

I HEAR YOU!

