



THE ONLY WORLD I'VE
EVER KNOWN SINKS
INTO THE DARKNESS
BELOW ME FOREVER.

AS DOES THE ONLY
LOVE I'VE EVER KNOWN.
BUT SYLVESTER DIED A
LONG TIME BEFORE MY
WORLD DID.

I FOUGHT HARD TO CLING
ON AND KEEP IT AFLOAT
AFTER SYLVESTER'S DEATH,
BUT IT COULDN'T BE SAVED.

IT'S TIME TO LET
GO. TO ACCEPT.



AND GO
UP...

...TOWARD
THE LIGHT.



THE MOCKING LIGHT,
THE DAMNED LIGHT.

THE
SURFACE.

PROTECTING MY WORLD
WAS AN OBSESSION
THAT CONSUMED ME.

BY THE END, IT WAS LIKE
TRYING TO TREAD WATER IN
THE NUMBING COLD WHEN
YOU'RE EXHAUSTED.

SPPSSSHHHH



BETTER JUST
TO DROWN.

DROWN
IT ALL.

CRASH



AAA

THE LIGHT HURTS MY EYES. I'M NOT USED TO IT.

I HATE THE LIGHT. IT'S TO BLAME FOR EVERYTHING.

I USED TO THINK THAT SYLVESTER HAD GONE UP INTO THE LIGHT.

STUPID.

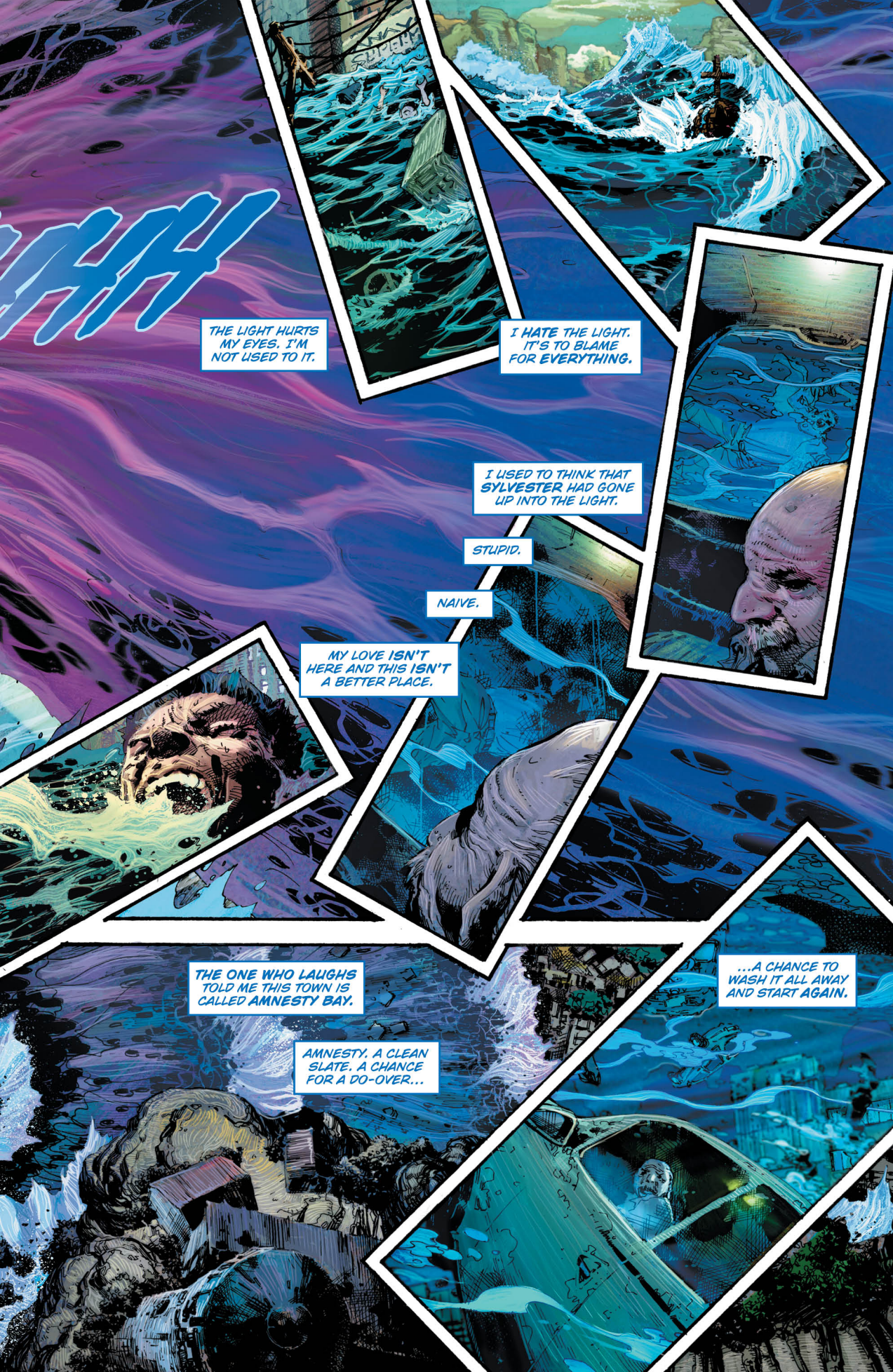
NAIVE.

MY LOVE ISN'T HERE AND THIS ISN'T A BETTER PLACE.

THE ONE WHO LAUGHS TOLD ME THIS TOWN IS CALLED AMNESTY BAY.

AMNESTY. A CLEAN SLATE. A CHANCE FOR A DO-OVER...

...A CHANCE TO WASH IT ALL AWAY AND START AGAIN.





MY WORLD WAS NEVER
A GOOD PLACE. IT WAS
BRUTAL AND CORRUPT.

MY WHOLE LIFE, I FOUGHT TO MAKE
IT BETTER--EVEN AFTER THE ROGUE
METAS TOOK SYLVESTER KYLE FROM ME.

I THOUGHT IT WAS
AN ACHIEVABLE GOAL.

BUT I WAS WASTING MY
TIME, BECAUSE MY WORLD
COULD NEVER BE REDEEMED.

I KNOW NOW MY EARTH
WAS A LOWER-TIER WORLD,
MALFORMED AND BROKEN.

ONE OF MANY
CURSED TO ROT
AND SINK.



BECAUSE OF
THE LIGHT, THE
LIGHT UP HERE.

NO WONDER I
COULDN'T SAVE IT
DESPITE ALL MY
SACRIFICES.

THE LIGHT IS WHERE
THINGS ARE GOOD
AND WHOLE. HERE,
LIFE PROSPERS.

AND IT PROSPERS AT THE
EXPENSE OF WORLDS IN
THE LOWER TIER--LIKE MINE.

WE DECAY
AND FALL SO
IT CAN LIVE.

WE SUFFER SO
IT CAN THRIVE.



NOT ANY MORE.

CALL THIS AN ACT OF PIRACY. THE "HAVE-NOTS" TAKING WHAT THEY NEED FROM THE "HAVES."

THE DISENFRANCHISED SEEKING REDRESS. A SEIZURE OF GOODS. A RESTORATION OF BALANCE.

CALL IT WHAT YOU DAMN WELL LIKE.



THIS PLACE, THIS LIGHT, THIS AMNESTY BAY, THIS WORLD...

...IT'S WHAT I'M OWED.

MY NAME IS BRYCE WAYNE, AND I'M HERE TO TAKE IT.

PAYMENT IN FULL.



OF COURSE, THERE WILL BE RESISTANCE...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU ARE--



I EXPECTED THAT.

--BUT
THIS STOPS
NOW.

MERA--

These are the stories from
the Dark Multiverse that
should NEVER be...

...Witness the rise of
the Dark Knights...

RIGHT
BESIDE YOU,
ARTHUR.

TAKE THIS
MONSTER
DOWN!

BATMAN THE DROWNED

in *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*

DAN ABNETT WRITER PHILIP TAN & TYLER KIRKHAM ARTISTS DEAN WHITE & ARIF PRIANTO COLORS
TOM NAPOLITANO LETTERS JASON FABOK AND BRAD ANDERSON COVER
JESSICA CHEN ASSOCIATE EDITOR PAUL HAMINSKI EDITOR EDDIE BERGANZA GROUP EDITOR
SPECIAL THANKS TO SCOTT SNYDER, GREG CAPULLO AND JAMES TYNION IV
BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE WITH BILL FINGER