

# ARKHAM ASYLUM. YESTERDAY.

HA HA HA HA

OH GOD. NOT THAT SOUND AGAIN.

YOU'RE SERIOUS? WHO THE HECK WAS IN CHARGE OF CLEANING UP THAT MESS?

OH, I MADE MYSELF SCARCE. US VICTIM SYNDICATE MEMBERS AREN'T VERY WELL LIKED.

ESPECIALLY NOT "MUDFACE." IT PAYS TO BE NOT BE LIKED AT ARKHAM.

SO, UH, I HOPE YOU LIKE THE TEA. HAD TO LOOK EVERYWHERE FOR IT.

VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, BASIL. NOT SURE I NEEDED SO MUCH, THOUGH.

SKREEEE

YEAH, WELL, FIGURED AS LONG AS I WAS SNEAKING IT THROUGH IN MY CHEST, I'D JUST STOCK YA UP.

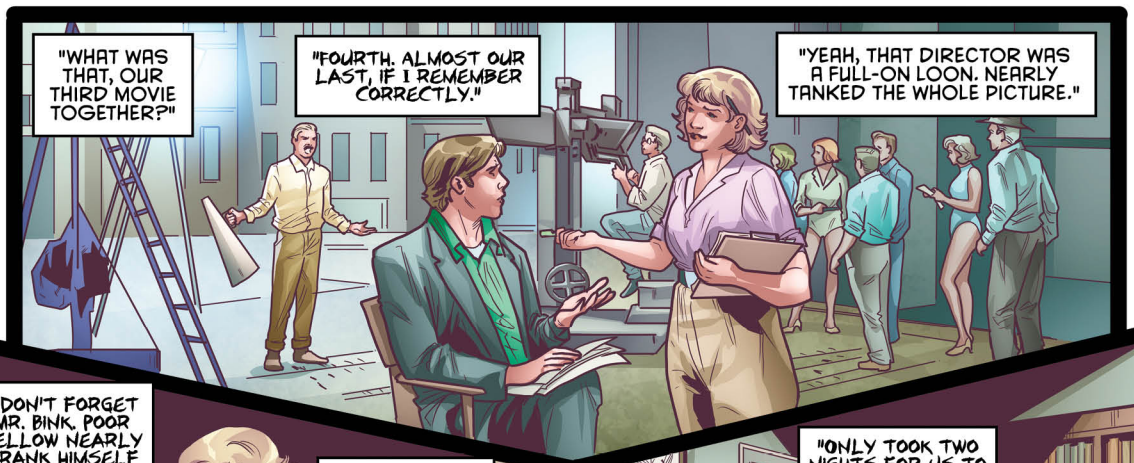
I TOLD YOU, BASIL, I'M ALLOWED TO HAVE TEA.

YEAH, BUT MY WAY IS SNEAKY. IT'S MORE FUN.

SPEAKIN' OF, REMEMBER "BARE RUINED CHOIR"?

OH LORD, YES. OUR GREATEST ADVENTURE? HOW COULD I FORGET.

TINK



"WHAT WAS THAT, OUR THIRD MOVIE TOGETHER?"

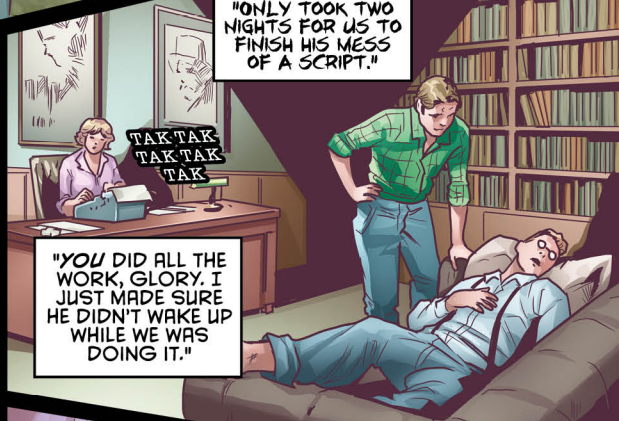
"FOURTH. ALMOST OUR LAST, IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY."

"YEAH, THAT DIRECTOR WAS A FULL-ON LOON. NEARLY TANKED THE WHOLE PICTURE."

"DON'T FORGET MR. BINK. POOR FELLOW NEARLY DRANK HIMSELF TO DEATH FROM THE PRESSURE OF IT ALL."

"YEAH, I FELT SO BAD FOR THE WRITER PHONIN' IT IN AND COLLECTIN' HUGE CHECKS FOR IT."

"ONLY TOOK TWO NIGHTS FOR US TO FINISH HIS MESS OF A SCRIPT."



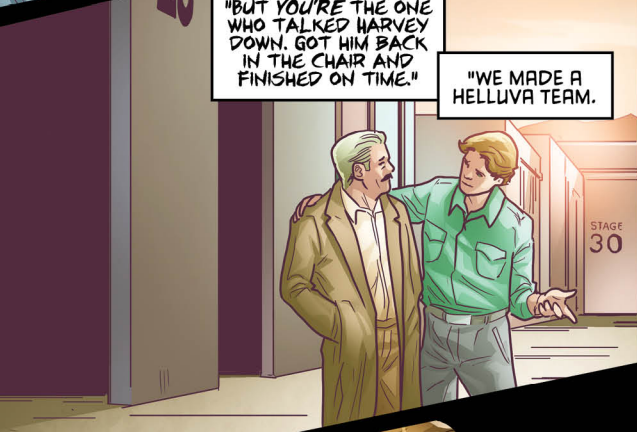
"YOU DID ALL THE WORK, GLORY. I JUST MADE SURE HE DIDN'T WAKE UP WHILE WE WAS DOING IT."

"BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TALKED HARVEY DOWN. GOT HIM BACK IN THE CHAIR AND FINISHED ON TIME."

"WE MADE A HELLUVA TEAM."

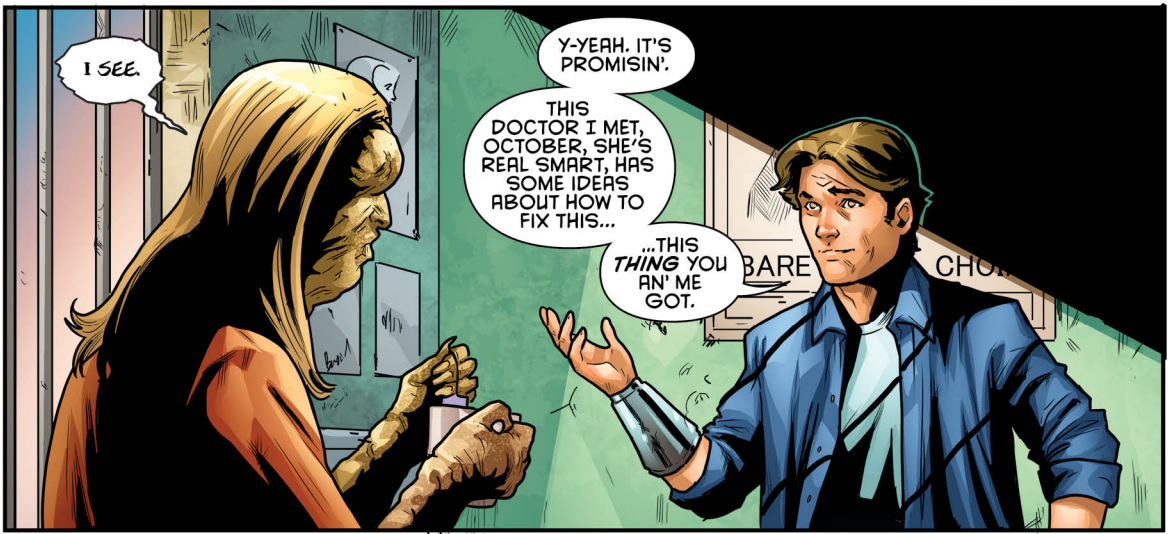
"TOO BAD WE DIDN'T MAKE A GOOD MOVIE."

"I'D KILL TO WORK ON A MOVIE THAT BAD AGAIN."



"YEAH, UH, SPEAKIN' OF THAT...I THINK I GOT SOME GOOD NEWS. FOR BOTH OF US."

"THERE MIGHT BE A CURE."



I SEE.

Y-YEAH. IT'S PROMISIN'.

THIS DOCTOR I MET, OCTOBER, SHE'S REAL SMART, HAS SOME IDEAS ABOUT HOW TO FIX THIS...

...THIS THING YOU AN' ME GOT.



NOW, IT'S NOT A HUNDRED PERCENT, BUT SHE THINKS SHE FOUND A WAY. I'M GONNA MEET WITH HER LATER TO START THE TESTS.

AND A'COURSE, YOU WERE THE FIRST ONE I THOUGHT OF.



WE CAN BE FREE.

FINALLY PUT ALL OF THIS BEHIND US.



... BEHIND US?

DID YOU REALLY JUST SAY YOU THINK WE CAN PUT THIS BEHIND US?



WELL, YEAH... I WANT TO PUT THINGS RIGHT. MAKE IT UP TO YOU. GET BACK TO HOW THINGS WERE.

BASIL... THERE'S NO GOING BACK.

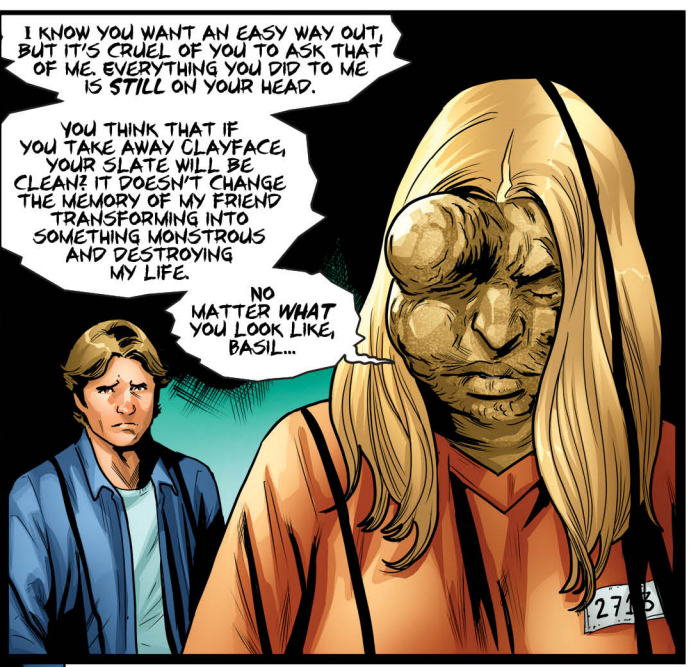


YOU HELD ME UNDER TOXIC CHEMICALS UNTIL I COULDN'T BREATHE. THE SKIN WAS DRIPPING OFF MY BODY. YOU, MY FRIEND, DID THAT TO ME.

THESE VISITS OF YOURS... IT'S NICE TO REMINISCE. IT'S NICE TO TALK TO SOMEONE WHO KNOWS ME. BUT IT DOESN'T MAKE UP FOR WHAT YOU DID TO ME.

A CURE, THAT'S GREAT. I'LL TAKE IT GLADLY. BUT EVEN THEN, IT WON'T CHANGE WHAT YOU PUT ME THROUGH.

IT WON'T ABSOLVE YOU OF ANYTHING.



I KNOW YOU WANT AN EASY WAY OUT, BUT IT'S CRUEL OF YOU TO ASK THAT OF ME. EVERYTHING YOU DID TO ME IS STILL ON YOUR HEAD.

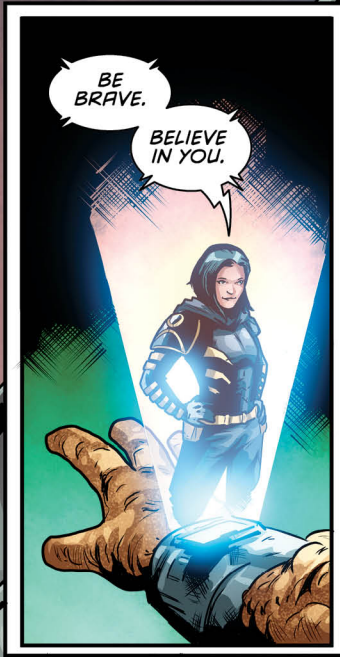
YOU THINK THAT IF YOU TAKE AWAY CLAYFACE, YOUR SLATE WILL BE CLEAN? IT DOESN'T CHANGE THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND TRANSFORMING INTO SOMETHING MONSTROUS AND DESTROYING MY LIFE.

NO MATTER WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE, BASIL...

2713

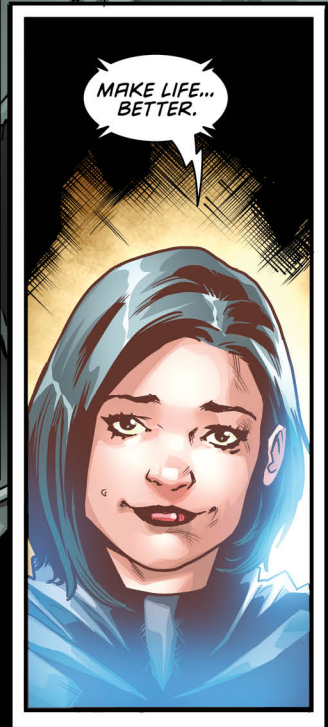
"...YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A MONSTER."

# MONSTERTOWN. NOW.



BE  
BRAVE.

BELIEVE  
IN YOU.



MAKE LIFE...  
BETTER.

I CAN  
DO THIS.

A LITTLE  
LONGER...

# DYSTOPIA

STORY: JAMES TYNION IV  
AND CHRISTOPHER SEBELA  
WORDS: SEBELA  
ART: CARMEN CARNERO  
COLORS: ULISES ARREDLA  
LETTERS: SAL CIPRIANO  
COVER: YASMINE PUTRI  
VARIANT COVER: RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE  
ASSISTANT EDITOR: ANDREW MARINO  
SENIOR EDITOR: CHRIS CONROY  
BATMAN CREATED BY  
BOB KANE WITH BILL FINGER



I CAN'T. CAN'T DO THIS NO MORE.



...BASIL?

VICTORIA, I'M DONE WITH THIS STUPID GAME. I DON'T NEED SOME PLACEBO. I NEED THE REAL BRACELET. NOW.



BASIL, COME ON. YOU HAVE TO REMAIN IN YOUR CLAYFACE FORM A LITTLE LONGER. WE'RE ALMOST--

YOUR FREAKING CURE IS A MYTH. AND EVEN IF IT WERE REAL, IT'S STILL USELESS.

IT'S NOT GOING TO FIX WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME.



I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GIVE UP. YOU'D HATE ME IF I DID.

AND I'MMA HATE YOU A LOT MORE IF YOU DON'T GIMME THE BRACELET AND LET ME GO BACK TO BEIN' BASIL.

I KNOW IT'S HARD, BUT YOU HAVE TO THINK OF WHAT WE'RE WORKING TOWARD. CHANGING YOU BACK TO WHO YOU WERE. BEFORE CLAYFACE.



YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME!