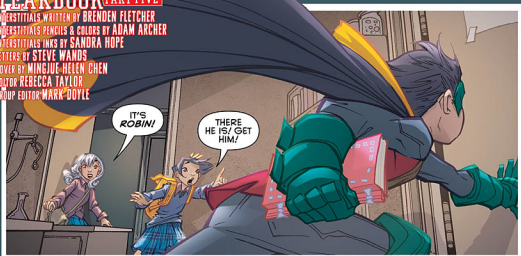


YEARBOOK PART FIVE

INTERSTITIALS WRITTEN BY BRENDEN FLETCHER
INTERSTITIALS PENCILS & COLORS BY ADAM ARCHER
INTERSTITIALS INKS BY SANDRA HOPE
LETTERS BY STEVE WANDS
COVER BY MINGJUE HELEN CHEN
EDITOR REBECCA TAYLOR
GROUP EDITOR MARK DOYLE



Whatever Happened to Professor Milo...?

Written by Brenden Fletcher

Illustrated by Moritat

Colors by Serge LaPointe

JUNE.

With classes now at an end for the school year, I find myself drawn yet again to the Asylum. Perhaps working there is my true calling.

But alas, Arkham will have to wait. Something intriguing has happened at the Academy.

While wrapping my reports last night, I spotted a curious shape on the roof adjacent to the lab.



If this young man was of interest to those gentlemen, he would, of course, be of interest to me!



Once the trio retired to the Headmaster's office, I felt a closer look was in order.



Huh?



JUST NEVER FIGURED YOU FOR A PEEPING TOM, MILO.

HEADMASTER HAMMER WILL BE VERY INTERESTED TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE SPYING ON HIM.

OH, COACH HUMPHREYS! IT WAS AN HONEST MISTAKE, I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN!



ALL RIGHT, WEIRDO. I'LL LET THIS ONE SLIDE. BUT YOU OWE ME BIG TIME!

YES, YES, OF COURSE! BIG TIME!



JULY.

Patience is a virtue, it's true. And mine has apparently paid off.

Headmaster Hammer has finally placed his trust in me and introduced me to the boy.

His name is Tristan Grey and he suffers an intriguing condition.

WE THINK IT COULD BE A VIRUS, MILO.

DO YOUR BEST TO ISOLATE AND REMOVE IT FROM TRISTAN'S BLOODSTREAM.

The young man was given based at the Academy and left in my charge.

IS SHE A STUDENT, PROFESSOR?

SHE IS. AND THEY DO.

LIKE YOU, THERE ARE SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING MISS SILVERLOCK'S STAY AT THE ACADEMY.

THE GIRL WITH WHITE HAIR I THOUGHT ALL THE KIDS WENT HOME FOR THE SUMMER.

AUGUST.

The clan of Arkham hunts me, but so does this boy's blood. The virus Tristan carries in his veins can do so much more than turn man into bat.

Did Batman infect him? Or was it someone else? Something else?

I must continue my experiments with the serum I synthesized. But where? And how?

KNOCK KNOCK

I'M BUSY!

YOU OWE ME ONE, REMEMBER? GOT ANYTHING FOR A KILLER HEADACHE?

IN FACT, I HAVE JUST THE THING.



His blood. Her symbols. My book. Arkham. They are connected. I can barely focus on these students now when I'm so close to uncovering the truth.



MILO, I NEED MORE OF THE SERUM. I CAN FEEL THE BEAST TAKING HOLD OF ME AGAIN.

Um, YES, OF COURSE, HUMPHREYS. COME TO MY LAB IN HALF AN HOUR. I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SEE TO FIRST.

The children are connecting the dots. They've found another symbol. They are beginning to suspect there is more to the Academy than they know.



Hawkes provided me the key to a genetic puzzle in Tristan's virus. But I've always suspected he held another key of great import behind his locked doors.



OH MYYYYY.

AWOOOOO

...One these children might just help me get my hands on!



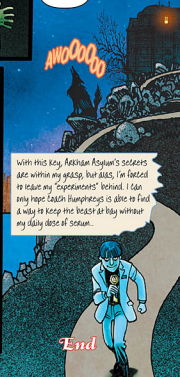
But the acquisition of knowledge and opportunity often comes at a price.

BREAKING INTO MY PRIVATE CHAMBERS, MILO?

I DON'T BELIEVE THE ACADEMY WILL BE REQUIRING YOUR SERVICES ANY LONGER.



With this key, Arkham Asylum's secrets are within my grasp, but alas, I'm forced to leave my "experiments" behind. I can only hope Coach Humphreys is able to find a way to keep the beast at bay without my daily dose of serum.



End



I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FOUND THIS VENT BEHIND THE VOLE.

THAT'S NOT ALL I FOUND BEHIND THE VOLE.

I'M NOT EVEN GONNA ASK.



ONE GUESS: THEY COME IN A BAG, THEY'RE DELICIOUS AND THEY GIVE ME GAS.



OK. I'M JUST GONNA BACK UP AND LEAVE NOW.



FEAR NOT, FRIEND OLIVE, WE HEROES HAVE REACHED OUR DESTINATION!

SHOP CLASS!



ANY SIGN OF THE THIEF?

NO, BUT WE SHOULD LOOK AROUND FOR CLUES. THE SHOP TEACHER RUNS A TIGHT SHIP AROUND HERE, SO IF THERE'S ANYTHING OUT OF PLACE IT'LL BE OBVIOUS...



DO THESE SHINY, SILVER FOOTPRINTS COUNT?