

RED HOOK, BROOKLYN.

SHE'S ALREADY TIED UP, WHY NOT HAVE SOME FUN?

I SEE YOUR POINT, BUT I DON'T THINK THE BOSS WOULD APPROVE.

HEY, I DON'T GIVE A CRAP WHAT THE BOSS APPROVES. WE GOT THIS LITTLE PLAY TOY ALL TO OURSELVES, WHY NOT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

I JUST WANNA WORK HER OVER A BIT. BREAK SOME RIBS, KNOCK OUT SOME TEETH.



WHY DON'T YOU BOTH BITCH SLAP EACH OTHER AND LEAVE HER ALONE.

WHY? YOU JEALOUS, EDNA?

JEALOUS YOU HAVE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A TIED UP WOMAN TO GET THRILLS? HARDLY.

SANDY'S RIGHT BY THE WAY. THE BOSS WILL NOT APPROVE.



I COULD CARE LESS. THE BOSS IS AS WACKO AS THIS CHICK IN THE CHAIR.

NOW... YOU ALL CAN EITHER WATCH OR TAKE A HIKE. YOUR CALL. BUT EITHER WAY IT'S HAPPENING.



I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO, SCUZZBAG, BUT **REMEMBER** WHAT I SAID.

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, I AIN'T DEAF. I'M ALSO NOT AFRAID OF THE BOSS LIKE THE REST OF YOU. SO LEAVE, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE DOING... BECAUSE IT'S ABOUT TO BE SHOWTIME.



DO ME A FAVOR AND TAKE HER GAG OFF THOUGH, I WANNA HEAR HER **LAUGH** AT YOUR PITIFUL PERFORMANCE.



OF COURSE. ITS NO FUN IF YOU CAN'T HEAR THEM YELL FOR MOMMY.

ISN'T THAT RIGHT, HARLEY QUINN?



AW, THIS OUGHTA BE FUN.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT GIRL.



THE **ONLY ONE** THAT'S GONNA BE **SCREAMIN'** IS YOU.

OH YEAH? WANNA BET?

YUP.



AGGHHH!

I'VE GOT A BET FOR YOU, RAMIRO...

WHAT ARE THE ODDS OF YOU NOT BECOMING WORMFOOD?

NOW...CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG BUT MY DIRECT ORDERS WERE TO NOT TOUCH A *HAIR* ON HER PRETTY LITTLE *HEAD*, WERE THEY NOT?

AND SO, IN THE INTEREST OF NO FURTHER COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWNS...I WILL THEREFORE BE MAKING AN EXAMPLE OF *RAMIRO*.

I... AM ... GOING TO...

SHUSH. I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF EXPLAINING YOUR *IMPENDING DEATH*.

HIT 'EM WHERE IT HURTS!

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I DO SO HATE WASTING A GOOD BULLET ON YOU, BUT HEY, RULES ARE RULES.



ANY LAST WORDS?

ARE YOU *SERIOUS?* YOU'RE GONNA BE ONE KILLER SHORT TONIGHT...

TERRIBLE LAST WORDS.



BANG!



HMM, HE DOES HAVE A POINT ABOUT BEING A MAN SHORT TONIGHT. MAYBE I SHOULD START RETHINKING THIS WHOLE MURDERING UNDERLINGS HABIT OF MINE, AFTER ALL...

DAMMIT! I'M GONNA KILL YOU FOR THIS!



REALLY? WHY? WHAT WAS HE TO YOU?

HIM? NOTHIN'.

I'M GONNA KILL YOU FOR GETTING BLOOD ON MY SUIT! AN' I DIDN'T EVEN GET TA PUT IT THERE MYSELF.



HA! OH HARLEY, I DO SO ADORE YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR.

WHATTA YOU KNOW ABOUT MY SENSE A' HUMOR? I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO THE HELL YOU ARE.

ALTHOUGH I'M ABSOTIVELY, POSILUTELY SURE I KNOW YA FROM SOMEPLACE...



MY DEAR HARLEY, ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT ME RIGHT NOW IS JUST THIS:

I'M THE PERSON THAT'S GOING TO BE KILLING EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOUR LITTLE USELESS GANG.



WHEN I GET OUTTA HERE, I'M GONNA MAKE COLD CUTS OUTTA YOU WITH A BAND SAW...

...AN' THEN I'M GONNA FEED YER SCRAWNY SLICES TA MY FUZZY BABIES...

...AN' I'M GONNA ENJOY EVERY TASTY DAMN MINUTE OF IT.



YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU? I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR. YOU'VE MADE SOME BAD CHOICES AND WE'RE IN THE PROCESS OF FIXING THEM, THAT'S ALL.

IN FACT, I DARE SAY BY THE TIME I'M DONE, YOU'LL BE THANKING ME.

YOU'LL BE BEGGING ME TO BE BESTIES.

THE ONLY THING I'M BEGGIN' FOR IS FER YOU TA USE SOME MOUTHWASH.

YOU OUGHTA SEE A SPECIALIST. I THINK SOMETHIN' DIED BACK THERE A FEW YEARS BACK.



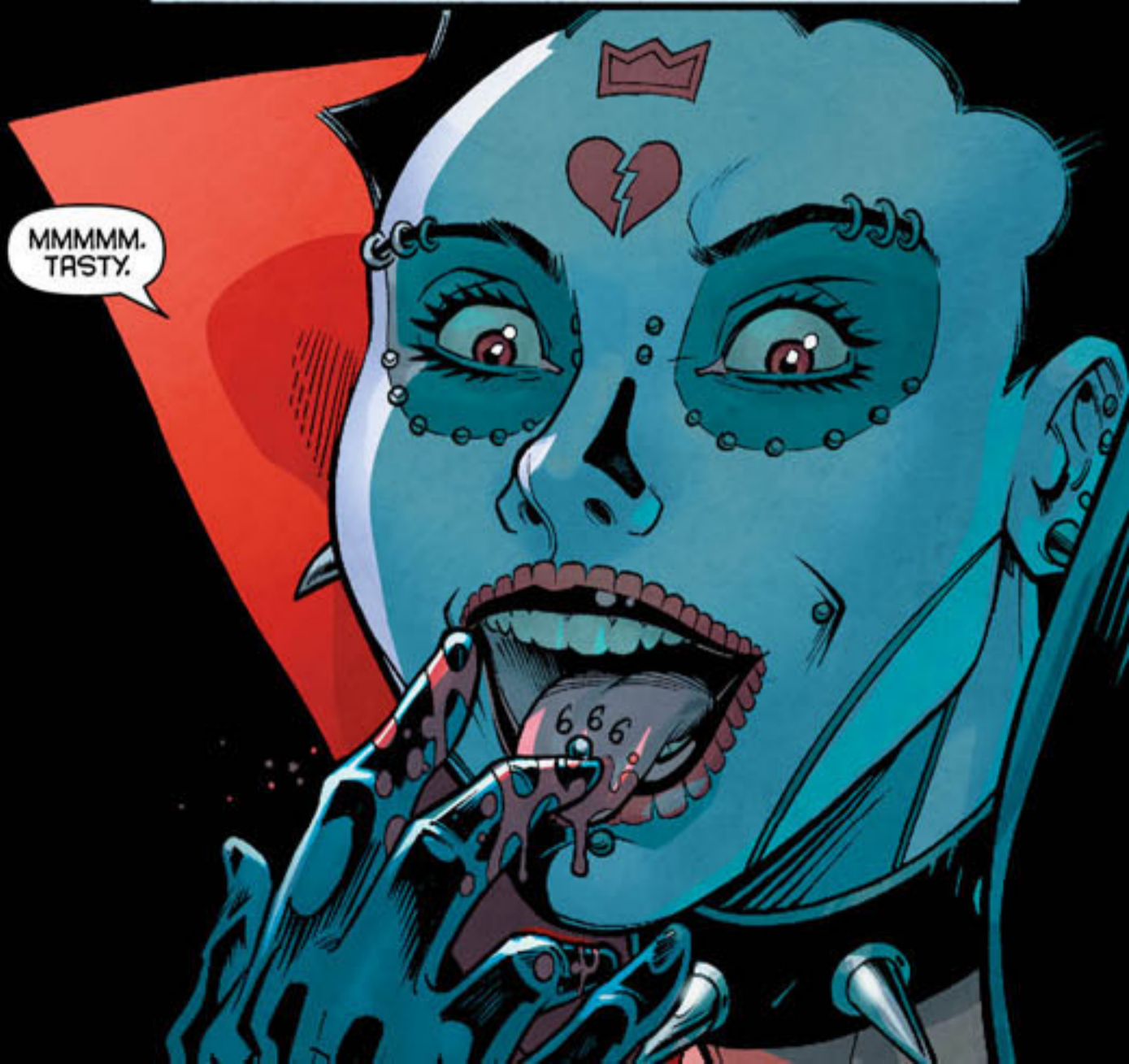
SLAPP!

STICKS AND STONES AND ALL THAT, MY DEAR.



AND NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID. YOU GOT YOURS AND RAMIRO'S BLOOD ALL OVER THE PALM OF MY HAND.

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIX THAT...



MMMMM. TASTY.