

A couple a' days ago I got a visit from New York Chief of Police Harry Spoonsdale. Spoonsie tells me homeless people are disappearin' all over the city an' the outer boroughs, so he asks fer my help.

Which I can corobbify, beir' that one a' my homeless buddies, Skipper, went missin' about a week ago.

I grab two a' my best guys, Eggy an' Red Tool, ta watch my backside. We head on over ta Prospect Park, with me beir' the bait... goin' undercover as a homeless person. Come an' get me, ya stinkin' pauper-nappers!

Well, as luck would have it, the one moment in twenny-four friggin' issues where Red Tool isn't watchin' my backside, I get jumped an' chloroformed--

--but not without a fight, mind you.

Here's the bad news...the next thing I know I'm wakin' up in this room fulla bones in God-knows-where.

Here's the good news...I think I mighta found Skipper!

HOLEE BONE ABODES,
THIS SUCKS.

WHAT'RE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT?
AT LEAST YOU STILL HAVE YOUR SKIN!

RED MEAT
PART THREE

SUCKING THE MARROW OUT OF THE PARTY!

AMANDA CONNER & JIMMY PALMIOTTI writers JOHN TIMMS artist JEREMIAH SKIPPER colors
DAVE SHARPE letters AMANDA CONNER & ALEX SINCLAIR Cover FRANK CHO & LAURA MARTIN Variant Cover
DAVE WIELGOSZ asst. editor CHRIS CONROY editor MARK DOYLE group editor HARLEY QUINN created by PAUL DINI & BRUCE TIMM



HEY, SKIPPER... CAN YA GIVE A GIRL A HAND, HERE?

HONESTLY, HARLEY, I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE MY HANDS ARE IN THIS MESS.



BUT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO CHEW THROUGH THOSE ROPES FOR YOU.

SAY, THAT'S A GREAT IDEA!

ALL THESE BONES... Y'THINK THEY BELONG TA ALL THOSE MISSIN' PEOPLE?

WIFFOUT A DOUBT!



DONE! HA!
Y'KNOW, THOSE GUYS THAT DID THIS... I'M GONNA SEND 'EM TO THE BOTTOM A' THE TOILET IN HELL'S DIRTY OUTHOUSE...



WELL, YOU HAVE FUN WITH THAT, KIDDO.

AS FOR ME, I'M GONNA GET BACK TO MY LOVELY WIFE.



AWWW, YER TOGETHER WITH 'ER AGAIN! I'M SO HAPPY FER YOU!

NOW, YOU WATCH YOURSELF, KID. THESE GUYS ARE NASTY.

WILL DO.



I JUST GOTSTA FIND ME A HANDY WEAP--



HOLEE HAMBURGER HELPERS!



OH, YAAAAAAYYY!

KNOCK, KNOCK, LITTLE PIGGIES! OPEN UP OR I BLOW THIS DOOR DOWN!

WHO THE HELL IS THAT?!

OH GOD, YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

IT'S RED TOOL! HE'S ONE OF HARLEY QUINN'S COHORTS, AND HE'S AN EXTREMELY DANGEROUS IDIOT!

UGH. THE WORST KIND OF EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

I HEARD THAT!



WHUUULLP!?





OH CRAP!

I THINK THAT THING NEEDED SOME CALIBRATION.



WRENCH... SCREWDRIVER...

OOH! C-CLAMP, MAYBE?

NO...

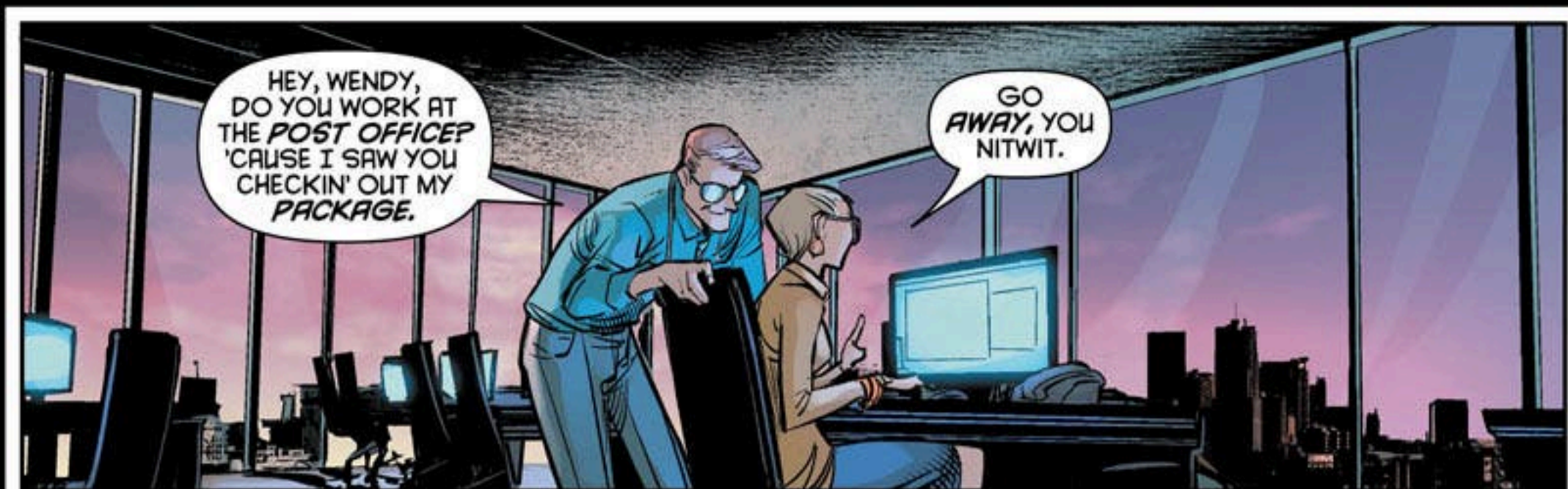
AH!



GRAPPLING HOOK!



PAFFF



HEY, WENDY,
DO YOU WORK AT
THE *POST OFFICE*?
'CAUSE I SAW YOU
CHECKIN' OUT MY
PACKAGE.

GO
AWAY, YOU
NITWIT.



LOOK, YOU AND
I ARE *GONNA* BUMP
FUZZIES TONIGHT, SO
YOU *MIGHT* AS WELL BE
THERE TO ENJOY IT.
IS THAT *COOL*?

PLEASE,
JUST *KILL*
YOURSELF.
NOW.



KA-RAGGH

GHAARRK!

Ugh. YOU AND
YOUR *DISGUSTING*
NOISES. I'M CALLING
SECURITY.



GHAARRK!

WHOA!
OH MY!

OKAY, NOW
THAT WAS
COOL.



GHAARRK!

WHOOOPS!
SORRY 'BOUT
THAT!

Heh.



A FLAG-
POLE! WHO
KNEW THEY
STILL MADE
THOSE
THINGS.

WHAT LUCK!