



REMEMBER, HARLEY, THERE'S NO JUDGMENT HERE. JUST **BREATHE**, AND LET THE WORDS COME.

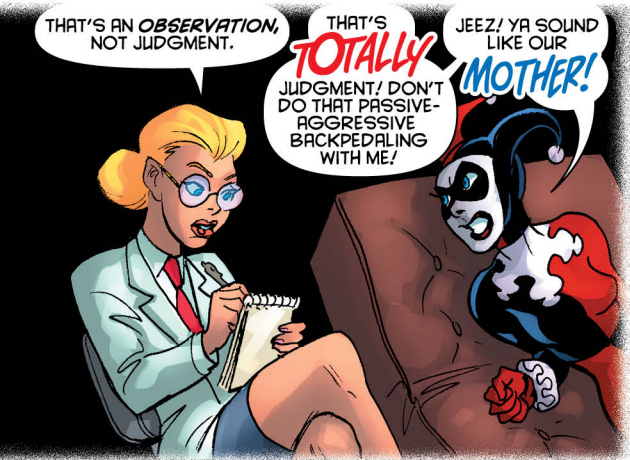
WHERE TA START, WHERE TA **START...**

...WELL, AS YA KNOW, MY RELATIONSHIP WITH THE **JOKER** CONTINUES TO BE UP AN' DOWN **AT BEST.**



WHICH IS **PURELY** BY YOUR OWN CHOICE.

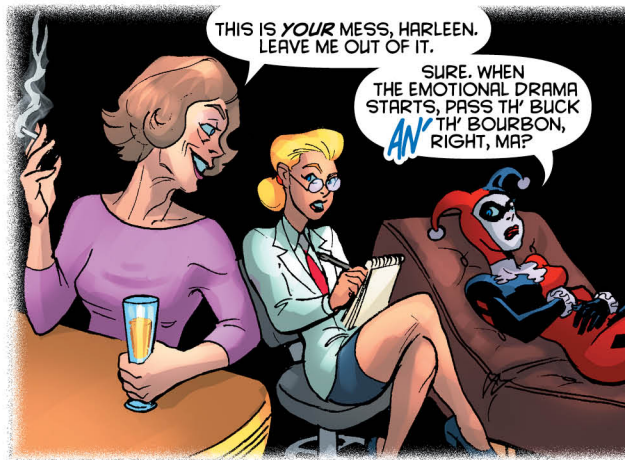
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THERE WAS **NO JUDGMENT.**



THAT'S AN **OBSERVATION**, NOT JUDGMENT.

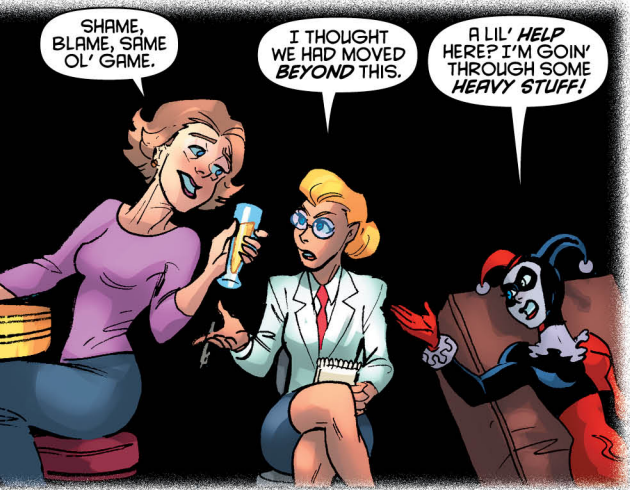
THAT'S **TOTALLY** JUDGMENT! DON'T DO THAT PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE BACKPEDALING WITH ME!

JEEZ! YA SOUND LIKE OUR **MOTHER!**



THIS IS **YOUR** MESS, HARLEEN. LEAVE ME OUT OF IT.

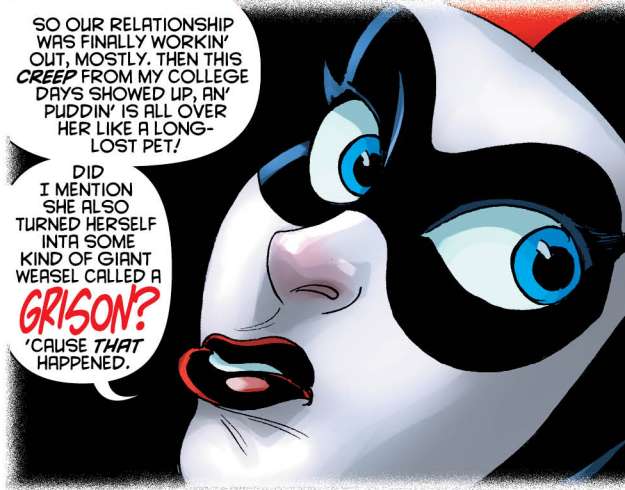
SURE. WHEN THE EMOTIONAL DRAMA STARTS, PASS TH' BUCK AN' TH' BOURBON, RIGHT, MA?



SHAME, BLAME, SAME OL' GAME.

I THOUGHT WE HAD MOVED **BEYOND** THIS.

A LIL' **HELP** HERE? I'M GOIN' THROUGH SOME **HEAVY** STUFF!



SO OUR RELATIONSHIP WAS FINALLY WORKIN' OUT, MOSTLY. THEN THIS **CREEP** FROM MY COLLEGE DAYS SHOWED UP, AN' PUDDIN' IS ALL OVER HER LIKE A LONG-LOST PET!

DID I MENTION SHE ALSO TURNED HERSELF INTA SOME KIND OF GIANT WERSEL CALLED A **GRISON?** 'CAUSE **THAT** HAPPENED.



IF I HAD BRAIN ONE, I'D **LEAVE!**



THANK YOU! ENOUGH WITH THE "NO JUDGMENT" CRAP!



MY BABY IS FINALLY STARTING TO **WAKE UP!**



THE YACHT ROBBERY, REMEMBER?!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DRIVING THE GETAWAY BOAT!

AH! AYE-AYE, PUDDIN'!

MOVA-SE, PATETA!*

*"MOVE IT, FOOL!"
IN PORTUGUESE!
--CHRIS

HARLEY LOVES JOKER

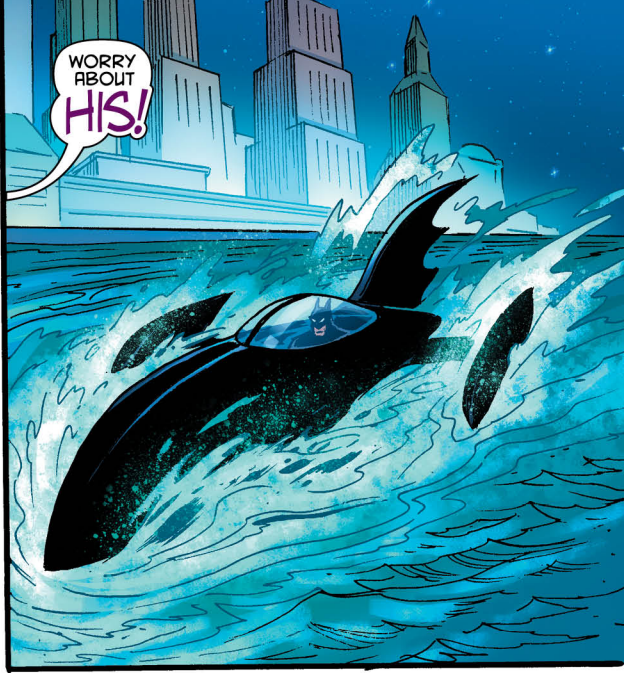
FINALE

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I CAN OUTRUN THAT POLICE TUB!

FORGET THEIR BOAT!

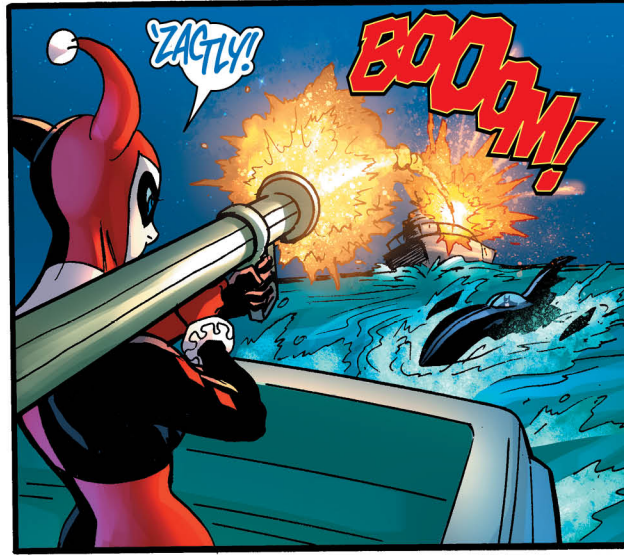


WORRY ABOUT HIS!



DON'T GET YER TAIL IN AN UPROAR, GREASY!

ARE YOU *CRAZY*?! THAT WON'T MAKE A DENT IN BATSY'S ARMOR-PLATED SARDINE!



ZAGLY!

BOOM!



NO WAY BAT-BRAIN WILL CHASE US WHEN THERE'S DROWNIN' COPS T' FISH OUTTA TH' DRINK!

SMART!



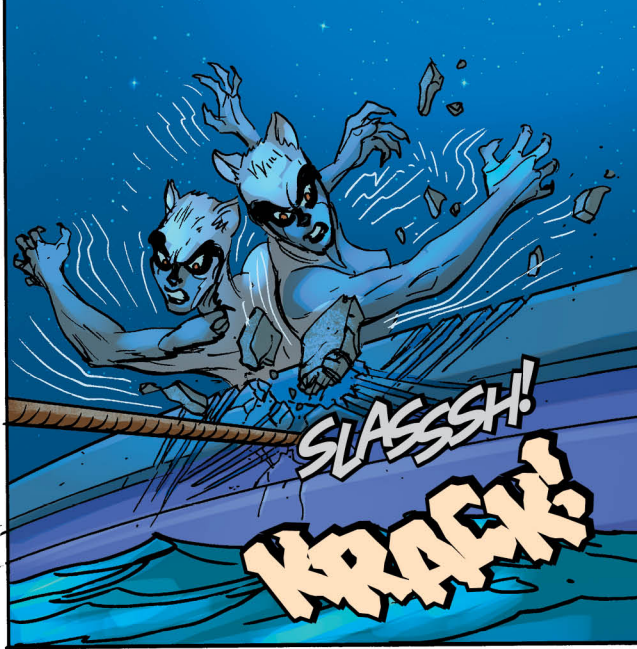
WOOO!



EEE!

KRUNK!

I TAKE THAT BACK!





ALL GOOD, BOSS.

I TRUST YOU'RE SATISFIED WITH THE SPLIT?

GREAT.



THE MONEY IS FINE. HOWEVER...



...I'M UNCOMFORTABLE AROUND THOSE BEASTS. I DIDN'T LIKE THEM WHEN THEY WERE CUBS, I CAN'T STAND THEM NOW THAT THEY'RE GROWN!

YOU SHOULD'VE THOUGHT A' THAT BEFORE YA TURNED YERSELF INTO A CRITTER THEY'D EAT!



WE WANT OUR STAR MEMBER TO FEEL AT EASE. LOCK THEM UP, HARLEY.

BUT, PUDDIN'...!



DO AS I SAY!



'SCUSE US!



ALL RIGHT, CHUCKLES! WHAT'S THY DEAL? THREE DAYS AGO WE WAS TRYIN' T' BLOW THAT WEASEL'S HEAD OFF! NOW YER FAWNIN' ALL OVER HER LIKE...LIKE...



YOU OVER MEE?

OH! DON'T EVEN...!