

AGE NINE.
FAMILY.

WHERE
ARE YOU,
BETH?

AGE TWENTY.
THE CULT OF CRIME.

WHO ARE
YOU?

WHY
ARE YOU?

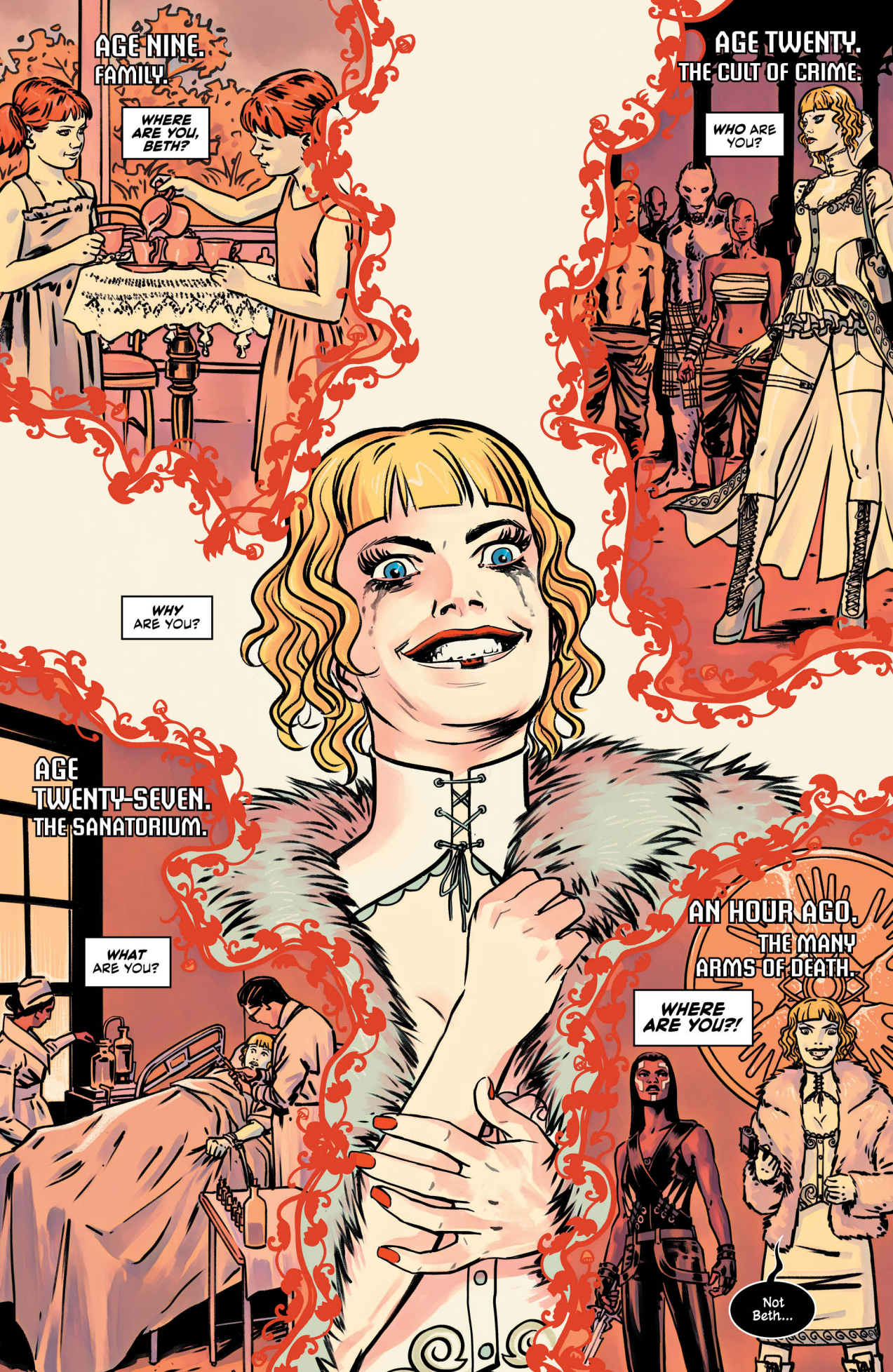
AGE
TWENTY-SEVEN.
THE SANATORIUM.

WHAT
ARE YOU?

AN HOUR AGO.
THE MANY
ARMS OF DEATH.

WHERE
ARE YOU?!

Not
Beth...



This is the Story of Little Alice.

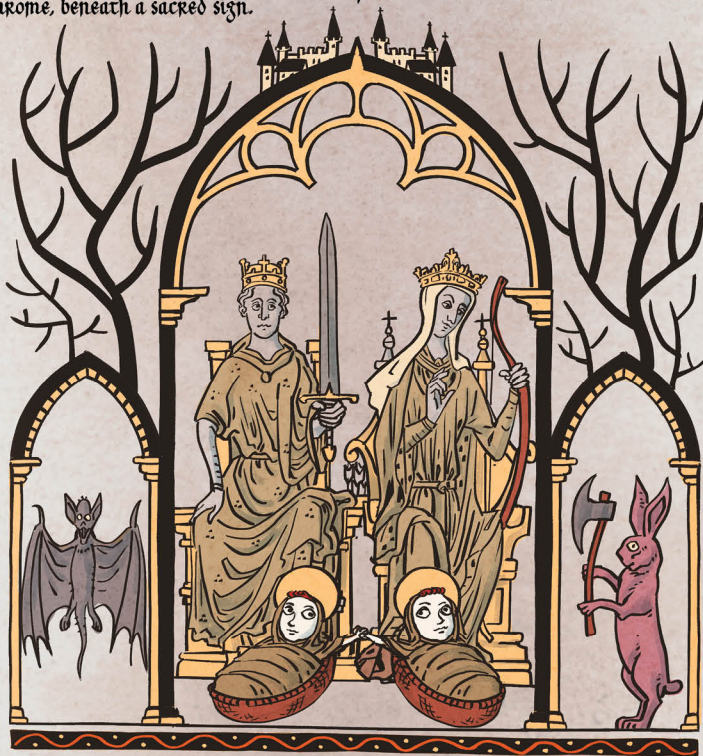
Once upon a time, in a great and distant country, two little princesses were born deep in a forest of silver and chrome, beneath a sacred sign.

The stars had aligned in the heavens. A thunderstorm came at midnight and the princesses were born together, holding hands. Their father the king was a mighty warrior. Their mother the queen was skilled in combat.

One day, a great monster with a thousand hands reached out to claim the girl-children, to have them for its servants.

But their mother the queen drove the many hands back.

And so the monster sought others who despised the king and queen. And those the monster called rose up and did as they were invited to do.



The queen was slain.

All thought the younger princess lost...
...but they were wrong.

Another pair of twins was chosen to serve the monster instead.

Too weak, too fragile for her birthright, the lost princess was reared in the monster's court and sent to rule a lesser land, where a cult of strange creatures did her bidding.



And in her twenty-fifth year, the princess' sister returned, and saved her.

The little princess was taken to wise healers, who worked their arts to give her back to herself.

But her sister was off fighting wars against shadows and demons and dread automatons, and could not be found.

Abandoned, isolated, alone, the little princess longed for the world her sister shared in. Until one day...

A knight called The Knife appeared.

The noble knight carried the little princess back, back to the Twins who had been anointed in her stead.



The Twins read the signs of her birth, purer and brighter than their own...and they knelt.

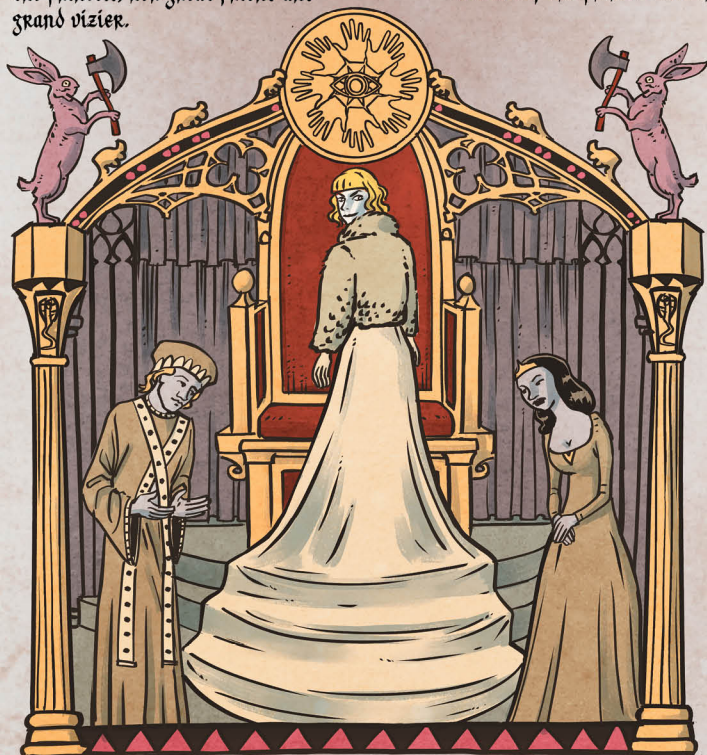
The Knight, the Knife, was the advisor of the princess, her great friend and grand vizier.

She, too, had been cast aside by the one she loved.

She, too, had been abandoned because of the princess' sister.

And the knight called Knife guided the princess' hand...

...and all the many hands of the monster...





**Gotham City.
The Roof of Kane Industries.
Now.**

*...and together,
they reached forth
to embrace the
world.*

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF KANE

PART
THREE

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PAK
PAK

What shall you do, Batwoman?

What can you do, my sister?

You can hurt me no more than you can hurt a plague--

Cannot vivisect viruses, pulverize prions, beat bacteria to a bloody pulp!

I could never survive an encounter face to face with the notorious butcher, Batwoman--

Shall you kill me as you killed your friend, Clayface?*

*SEE DETECTIVE COMICS: FALL OF THE BATMEN --BRITTANY

LRRRAKY

Gentle Tahani told me of your exploits...

Tell me, sister--

Did he trust you as I trusted you? Love you as I loved you?

Did you fold him in your arms before you shot him--tell him all would be well?

Did you do to him as you did to me--and throw him away?!

LRRRAKY

