

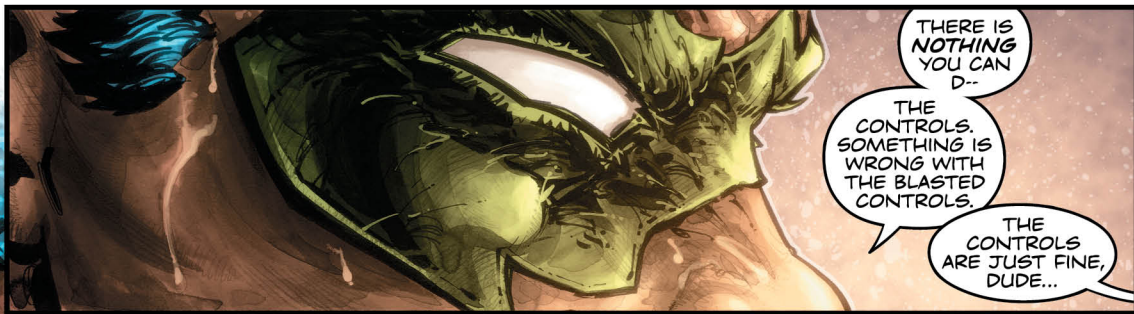
YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT ME. YOU WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST.

JUST LIKE THE OTHERS...YOU'RE WRONG. DEAD WRONG.



YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF. WHAT I'VE DONE.

DEATH CULT ASSASSINS. GIANT ROBOTS. I WAS TRAINED TO DEFEAT THEM BEFORE I COULD EVEN WALK.



THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN D--

THE CONTROLS. SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE BLASTED CONTROLS.

THE CONTROLS ARE JUST FINE, DUDE...



BOOM!

HNING!



OH!! MIKEY FOR THE WIN!

DEATH CULT ASSASSINS GOT NOTHIN' ON A PIZZA-FUELED, SUGAR-HIGH AMPHIBIAN.

THANK YOU, THANK YOU. YES, THE LEGENDS ARE TRUE.

A KNIGHT IN NEW YORK

PART 3

PLOT: JAMES TYNION IV DIALOGUE: RYAN FERRIER
ART: FREDDIE WILLIAMS II COLORS: JEREMY COLWELL
LETTERS: TOM NAPOLITANO COVER: WILLIAMS II AND COLWELL
VARIANT COVER: KEVIN EASTMAN AND TOMI VARGA
ASSISTANT EDITOR: LIZ ERICHSOHN EDITOR: JIM CHADWICK
BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE WITH BILL FINGER
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES CREATED BY KEVIN EASTMAN AND PETER LAIRD

DON'T SWEAT IT, ROBIN. THERE'S NO SHAME IN LOSING TO A SIXTH-DEGREE BLACK BELT IN LASER PONY RACERS: DESTRUCTION GROTTO.



ALL'S FAIR IN WAR AND VIDEO GAMES, KID. PUT 'ER THERE.

--TT-- I DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT HAND HAS BEEN. IF IT'S EVEN CONSIDERED A HAND.



IF ANYONE SHOULD BE LAUDED, IT SHOULD BE ME FOR BABYSITTING YOU VULGAR MONSTROSITIES.



ALL WHILE MY FATHER PLAYS CLEANUP...



...MOPPING UP THE MESS YOUR IDIOTIC BROTHER MADE.



BABYSITTING US? YOU'RE LIKE EIGHT, SHORT STACK.

BUT...IF YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO TALK TO ME LIKE THAT IN MY OWN HOME, THEN YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO GO HEAD TO HEAD.



RAPH, PLEASE. LET'S ALL JUST BE COOL. HE'S RIGHT. I DID SCREW UP...

FIGHTING'S NOT GOING TO HELP.

I'D FIGHT ALL OF YOU TURTLES IN MY SLEEP, BUT I DON'T GET NIGHTMARES.



NOT TOO YOUNG TO START, CHICKEN LITTLE.

I AM CERTAIN, BATMAN, THE CHILDREN ARE COMPLETELY SAFE TOGETHER...



...WE MUSTN'T WORRY. IT WILL ONLY CLOUD THE MIND.

OKAY, STOCKMAN'S LAB SHOULD JUST BE ONE MORE ROOF OVER.



THE MIND IS A TRICKY THING. SO FRAGILE, AND YET SO POWERFUL.

"MUCH LIKE YOUR ADVERSARY BELOW, BANE."

AAAAHHH!!!



"NO. AT THIS POINT HE'S STILL TOO RABID. IN JUST A FEW HOURS, THE WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS WILL HIT THEIR PEAK. HE'LL FEEL INCAPABLE OF MOVING A MUSCLE.

"AND EVEN THEN, WE'LL NEED EVERYONE TO STRIKE TOGETHER.

IRRAARRRGH!



VENOM...IS MONSTROUS, LEONARDO.

I ONCE TURNED TO IT IN A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS, WHEN I FELT LIKE I WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO SAVE THE PEOPLE OF MY CITY.

"THIS CONFIRMS IT. THE VENOM IS EXITING HIS SYSTEM, AND HE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO REPLENISH IT. AND THANK GOD FOR THAT...TO IMAGINE THAT POISON UNLEASHED ON ANOTHER WORLD..."

"WHY ARE YOU SO AFRAID OF THIS VENOM STUFF? HOW BAD IS IT?"

"THE VENOM'S STRENGTH MADE ME FEEL LIKE A GOD, LIKE NOTHING COULD EVER BE MY EQUAL. NOT JUST IN BODY, BUT IN MIND. IMAGINE HAVING NO DOUBTS."

"IT FELT LIKE LIQUID POWER, FLOWING THROUGH MY VEINS."

"SHOULD WE STRIKE NOW, THEN? TAKE HIM WHEN HE'S FEELING A LITTLE LESS THAN GODLY?"



"...THEN WE'LL BRING HIM BACK TO OUR WORLD."

RRRR...