



BATTER UP **PART ONE**



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THE WINNER, AND STILL UNDISPUTED CHAMPION, OF "YOU IDIOTS GETTING DRUNK AND DECIDING TO HEAD-BUTT EACH OTHER" IS...

TONY!

YOU WIN A DRINK! WHICH ALMOST MAKES THE INEVITABLE BRAIN DAMAGE WORTH IT.

ALMOST.

OH...MY HEAD.

DUDE, WHAT IS YOUR FRIGGIN' SKULL MADE OUT OF, ANYWAY? THE STREET?

IT'S MADE OUT OF YOUR MOTHER.



HMN. THEY'LL NEVER LEARN. BUT *SPEAKING OF HURTING...*

...HOW'S HARLEY? WE DON'T SEE HER AROUND MUCH THESE DAYS.

HURTING, LIKE YA SAID.



SHE SEEMS TO THINK SHE'S SOME KIND OF MAGNET FOR BAD STUFF.

THAT PEOPLE AROUND HERE ARE IN DANGER JUST FOR BEIN' WITH HER.

WANTS US ALL TO GIVE HER SOME SPACE... SO WE ARE.



FOR NOW.

SORT OF.



ANYWAY...
LATER, YA
HUMPS!

I LEFT SOME
MONEY ON THE BAR
FOR A ROUND TO HELP
WITH YOUR HEADACHES.
OR MAKE 'EM WORSE.
HEH.

AND I'LL
PASS ON YOUR
REGARDS TO
HARLEY!



WHEN
I SEE
HER.

IF
I SEE
HER.

MAN,
I HOPE SHE
SNAPS OUT
OF THIS...

HEY,
BUDDY...



...HELP
A BROTHER
OUT?

A BROTHER
WITH 200-DOLLAR
AIR JORDANS ON?
MAYBE I SHOULD
BE ASKING YOU
FOR MONEY
INSTEAD...

YEAH? WELL,
MAYBE YOU
SHOULD GO--



I'D WATCH
MY NEXT WORDS
VERY CAREFULLY
IF I WAS
YOU, PAL!

ACK!



SSCREEEECH!

OKAY, SO
THEN MY NEXT
WORDS ARE...



GET ME THE
#99% OUTTA
HERE!

YEAH...NOW
THEM'S WORDS
I CAN'T ARGUE
WITH!



I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* THE HELL YA ARE, OR WHERE YA CAME FROM...

...BUT MAYBE A GARBAGE CAN TO THE *FACE* WILL MAKE YA THINK TWICE ABOUT CHASIN' ME!



...OR NOT...

TINK!



SCREEECH!



AND THAT AIN'T *ALL* THAT'S DEAD...



DAMN IT.
FRIGGIN' DEAD END.