

HOLLOW-POINT  
ARMOR-PIERCING  
SHELLS.

SHOULD BE  
ABLE TO STOP  
A TANK.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR  
ME--THIS ISN'T A TANK.

IT'S A  
SUPERMAN  
CLONE.

WORSE,  
IT'S A--

**BIZARRO!**

**BLAM**

**BLAM**

**BLAM**

**BLAM**

KIND OF LIKE THE  
MOST POWERFUL MAN  
ON THE PLANET...

...WITH THE WORST  
TOOTHACHE IN THE  
WORLD.

A former Robin risen from the grave. A would-be Wonder Woman fallen from grace. A fractured replica of the Man of Steel. Together they are

**RED HOOD AND  
THE OUTLAWS!**

**DARK TRINITY**  
PART FIVE

**BEHIND  
THE MASK!**

SCOTT LOBDELL

WORDS

DEXTER SOY

ART

VERONICA GANDINI

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SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER.  
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.

NOT THAT IT'S HIS FAULT!

HE'S BEEN INFECTED WITH A TECHNO-ORGANIC VIRUS.



DUDE, SERIOUSLY.

DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO HURT YOU.

BLAM  
BLAM

BLAM  
BLAM

MURRY?

THAT MEANS SOMEONE HAS HACKED DIRECTLY INTO HIS BRAIN.

(WHICH, HONESTLY, IS ONLY ABOUT A WEEK OLD, SO THERE IS THAT.)



KLITCH

NO WAY AM I LETTING YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT!

LIKE GOTHAM DOESN'T HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS.



IF YOU'RE FLYING YOU'RE HEADING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!

KRASH

THANK GOD THAT MEANS HE'S NOT TOO COORDINATED... YET.

IN A FAIR FIGHT AGAINST HIM I'D LAST ABOUT THREE SECONDS.



BIZZARR

SPLASH



THIS IS EXACTLY WHY MY MOM TOLD ME NOT TO TAKE A JOB IN THIS CITY!

OUT  
COLD FROM  
A FACE-  
PLANT?

GUESS  
THEY DON'T MAKE  
SUPERMAN KNOCK-  
OFFS AS WELL AS  
THEY USED TO,  
*eh--*



--BLACK  
MASK?

COMMANDEERING THE  
MIND AND MUSCLES OF  
ANOTHER PERSON IS NOT  
NEARLY AS EASY AS  
I MAKE IT LOOK,  
RED HOOD.



WHEN  
THE MAYOR  
WAS IN MY  
THRALL IT WAS  
A RELATIVELY  
SIMPLE  
MATTER.

BUT  
GIVE ME A FEW  
MOMENTS AND  
BIZARRO'S EVERY  
THOUGHT AND  
EVERY ACTION WILL  
BE IN SERVICE OF  
MY GREATER  
GOAL--

--RIDDING  
GOTHAM OF  
ITS CRIMINAL  
ELEMENTS.

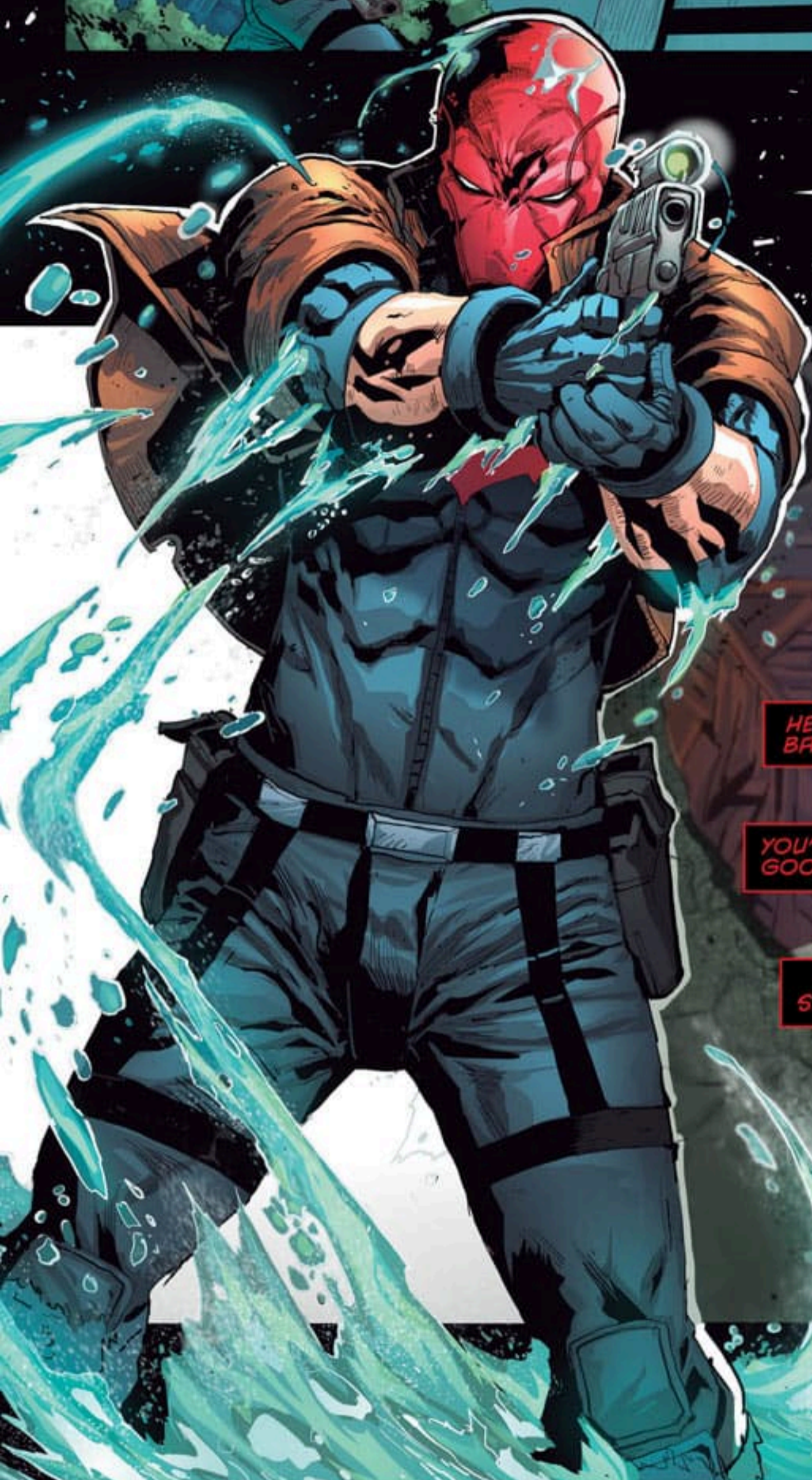


YOU KNOW YOU'RE A CRIME BOSS, RIGHT?

THAT IS CERTAINLY ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.

BUT NOT UNLIKE YOU I'M ONLY TRYING TO MAKE MY BELOVED CITY A BETTER, SAFER PLACE.

AND NOW THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME.



I CAN THINK OF .45 THINGS.

COME ON, JASON.

FINISH THIS!

HE'S THE BAD GUY.

YOU'RE THE GOOD GUY.

IT'S SIMPLE.



MY CITY. MY RULES.

THEY BOTH STINK.

TAKE IT FROM SOMEONE WHO WAS BEATEN TO DEATH WITH A CROWBAR--

--SOME CRIMES REQUIRE A PERMANENT SOLUTION.