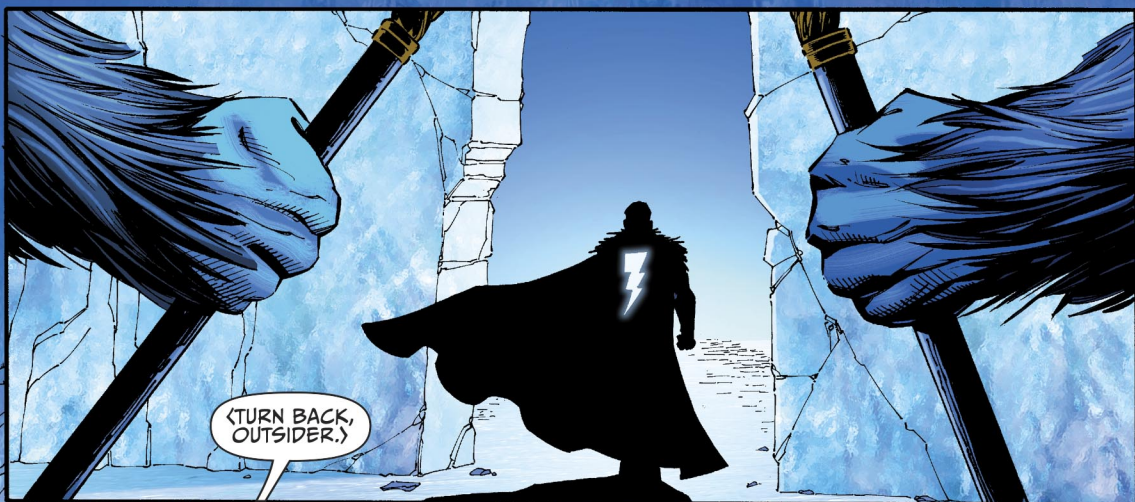


**KAFFEKLUBBEN ISLAND,
THE NORTH POLE.**





⟨TURN BACK,
OUTSIDER.⟩



⟨YOU
ARE NOT
WELCOME
IN THIS
PLACE.⟩*

*SPOKEN IN
BYZANTINE TONGUES.



⟨A CIRCUMSTANCE THAT
IS NOT UNFAMILIAR
TO ME.⟩

⟨BUT BLACK
ADAM DOES
NOT TURN
BACK. NOW
COME.⟩



**KAHNDQ,
THEN.**

->SNF-<

ANTALYA--
CHILD, WHY
DO YOU
SHOW THIS
WORLD YOUR
TEARS?

THE STRONG
DO NOT CRY, AND
THE WORLD HAS
NO SYMPATHY FOR
THE WEAK.

->SIGH-<
WHAT IS
WRONG,
LITTLE
ONE?

IT'S THE
SNOW. JUST
REMINDED
ME OF THE
HOLIDAYS.

BEFORE I CAME HERE,
I LIVED AT AN ORPHANAGE
IN NEW YORK.

THERE, THE NIGHT BEFORE
CHRISTMAS, WE'D ALL HANG
UP OUR STOCKINGS ON THE
MANTEL. AND I'D LEAVE MILK AND
COOKIES BY THE WINDOW, FOR
SANTA CLAUS.

AND WHY
MUST YOU
GIVE THIS
MAN YOUR
FOOD?

BECAUSE HE
GETS HUNGRY,
SILLY! HE WORKS
REALLY HARD
BRINGING GIFTS
FOR ALL THE
CHILDREN IN ALL
THE WORLD.

BUT...BUT HE
DOESN'T COME
TO KAHNDQ,
I SUPPOSE.



HONEY, I'M HOME.



Come to the roof.



YO ONE



I NEED A BETTER SECURITY SYSTEM, OR TO MOVE IMMEDIATELY...

DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT STAYING.

YOU MAY AS WELL SIT.

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, QUINN? REALLY.

I OWE YA FOR KEEPING ME OUTTA THE CLINK ON A BOGUS CHARGE.

IT'S MY JOB, QUINN.

OH **PUN-LEASE!** YOU SAID IT YOURSELF-- THEY AREN'T PAYING YOU FOR STAYING THREE HOURS OVERTIME TO MAKE SURE I GOT OUT TONIGHT. ANYONE ELSE WOULD LET ME ROT TILL MONDAY, BUT NOT YOU.

YOU MAKE IT A POINT THAT **CRIMINALS** UNDER YOUR WATCH AREN'T MISTREATED OR ABUSED.

YOU HELP PEOPLE EVERY DAY, BUT YOU NEVER LET ANYONE GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO HELP **YOU.**

NOT ANYMORE, ANYWAY--NOT SINCE THE PRETTY REDHEAD IN THE PICTURES IN YOUR ENTRYWAY.

EVERYONE DESERVES SOMEONE TO MAKE THE EFFORT FOR THEM, AND YOU DON'T HAVE THAT RIGHT NOW.

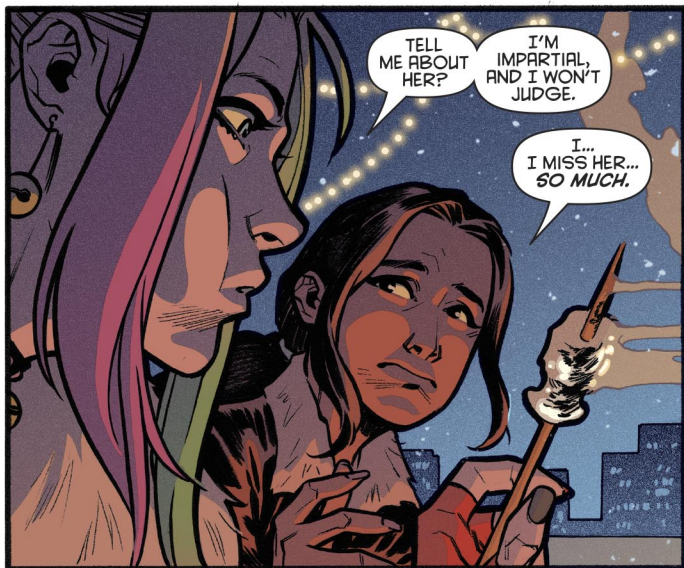
...ARE YOU STALKING ME? BECAUSE YOU ARE KIND OF READING ME FOR FILTH RIGHT NOW, AND IT IS FREAKING ME OUT.

HARDLY.

PEOPLE FORGET THAT I AM A MENTAL HEALTH PROFESSIONAL.



IT'S...BEEN
A WHILE SINCE SOMEONE PUT
THIS MUCH EFFORT INTO MAKING
ME SMILE. I KNOW I WAS SHORT
WITH YOU, BUT I DO
APPRECIATE IT...



TELL
ME ABOUT
HER?

I'M
IMPARTIAL,
AND I WON'T
JUDGE.

I...
I MISS HER...
SO MUCH.



BUT WE CAN'T
GO BACK TO THE
WAY THINGS WERE.
TRAPPED IN THIS
CYCLE THAT HURT
US BOTH.

ONLY...
THERE'S THIS
HOLLOW PIT IN
MY STOMACH,
AND IT WON'T
GO AWAY.



I KNOW
THE FEELING.
I KNOW THE
CYCLE.

I KNOW...HOW MUCH
STRENGTH IT TAKES TO GET
FREE AND DO WHAT'S BEST
FOR YOURSELF, EVEN WHEN
YOUR WHOLE CHEST IS
SCREAMING FOR YOU
TO JUST GIVE IN.

YEAH.
YEAH YOU
DO.



I WANTED TO HELP
YOU, BECAUSE I
SEE YOU,
DETECTIVE.

I CAN'T FIX THAT FOR YOU
FOREVER, BUT I

DO KNOW
SOMETHING
THAT'LL HELP...

GOT
YOU ONE MORE
GIFT. ONE YOU
CAN'T

SQUASH!

IT'LL REALLY **LIGHT UP YOUR NIGHT.**

...PLEASE
TELL ME THERE
AREN'T ANY
EXPLOSIONS?

...WHOA...
OKAY,
THAT'S...

PLEASE DON'T TELL
ME HOW YOU DID IT,
SO I CAN CONTINUE
TO ENJOY IT...

MUM'S
THE WORD.

...AND TAKE
IT DOWN BY
MORNING.

YES,
MR/AM!

OH,
I, UH, DON'T
PARTAKE.

DON'T WORRY, NO
APPLES WERE FERMENTED IN
THE MAKING OF THIS FIZZY,
FAMILY-SAFE DRINK.

TO BREAKING
THE CYCLE,
DETECTIVE.

YOU CAN
CALL ME RENEE AS
LONG AS YOU'RE NOT
ACTIVELY ENGAGING
IN CRIMINAL
BEHAVIOR.

HAPPY
HOLIDAYS,
RENEE.

HAPPY
HOLIDAYS,
HARLEY.



HARLEY QUINN IN "LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE"

VITA AYALA writer ELENA CASAGRANDE artist
JORDIE BELLAIRE colors
DAVE SHARPE letters