

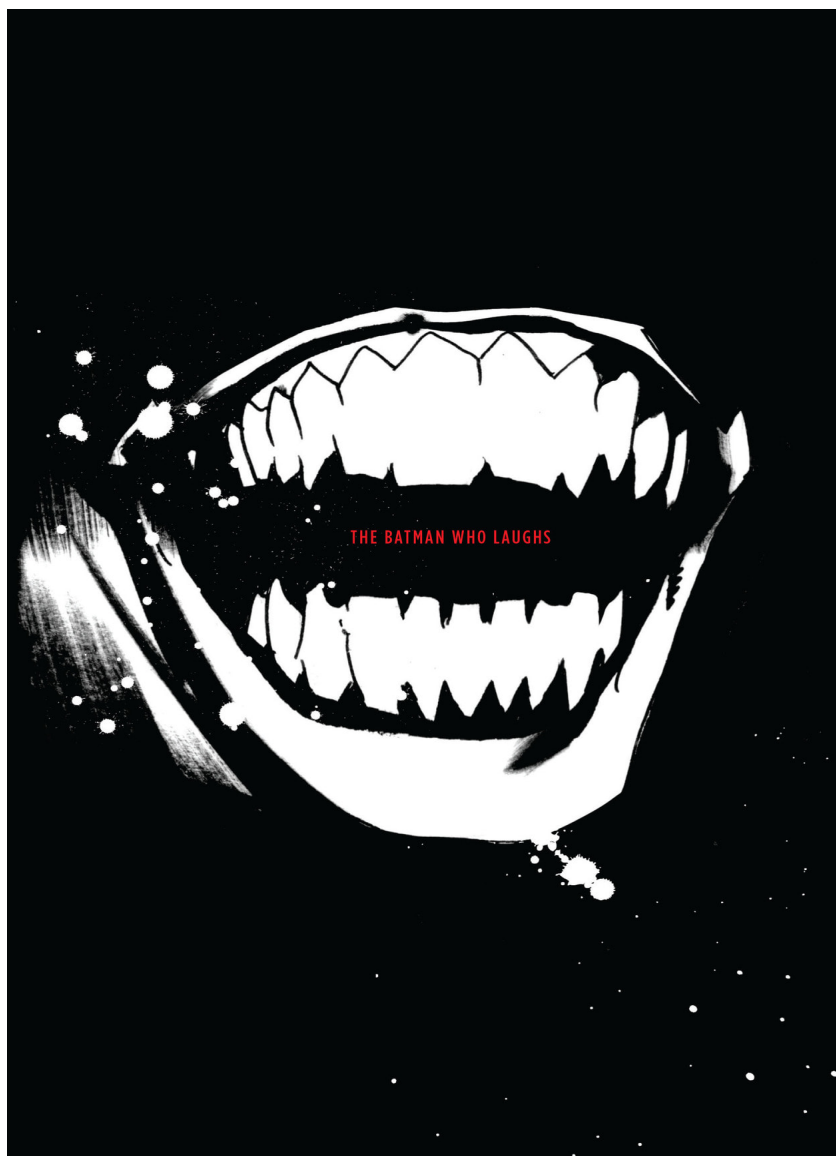


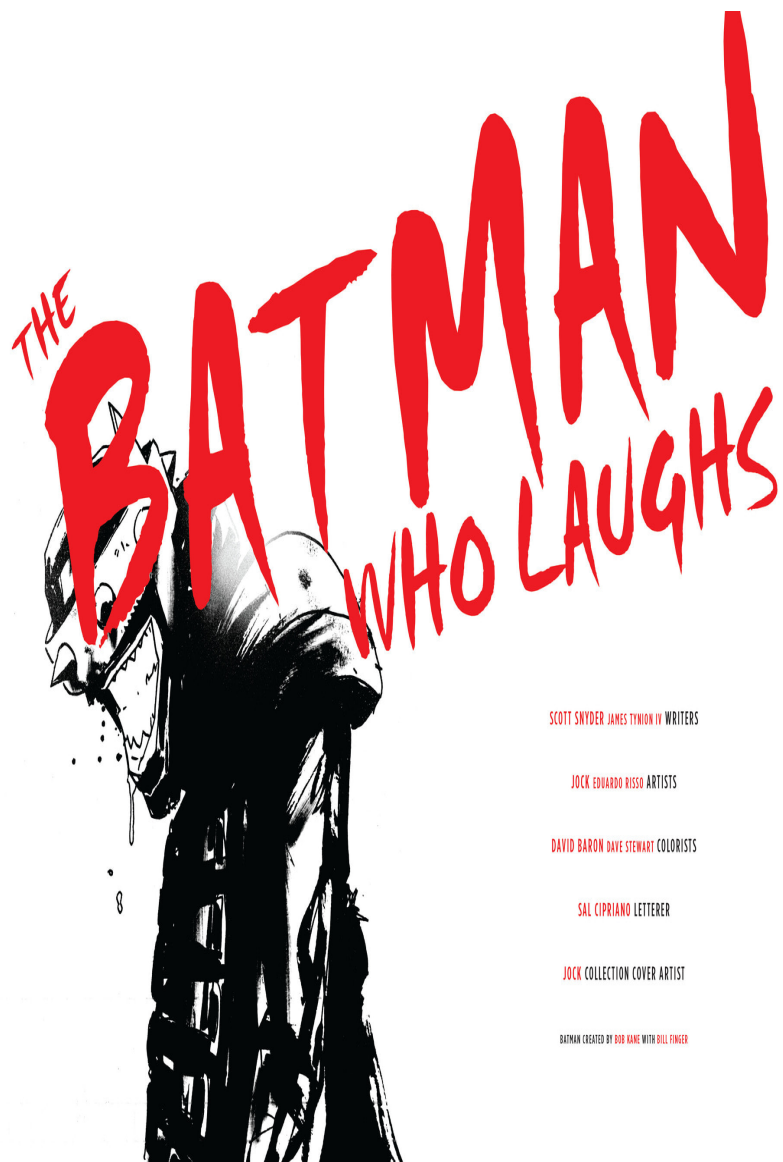
FROM THE PAGES OF DARK NIGHTS: METAL

A large, close-up illustration of The Joker's face. He is wearing a metallic, yellow-gold mask with a wide, jagged, toothy grin. The background is a dark, fiery red and orange, suggesting a molten or metallic environment. The Joker's eyes are visible through the mask's eye holes, and his hair is dark and messy.

THE
BATMAN
WHO LAUGHS

SCOTT SNYDER JOCK





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THE BATMAN WHO LAUGHS

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THE BATMAN WHO LAUGHS #1



What is your
happiest
memory?

Mine is
my first.

I am four years old and
running toward the manor.
It's a warm summer evening
and past my bedtime.

My parents and Alfred
stand between me and
the house with their
hands clasped. We're
playing a game.

The object is for
me to try to break
through their arms
and make it inside.

So I run and
I throw myself
against their
arms as hard
as I can...but
every time they
stop me.

They keep me
there with them,
so we can all play
a little longer.

So I won't
find myself
in a dark,
empty house,
all alone.

I still
remember
the smell
of the cut
grass. The
pale yellow
sun, like a
jaundiced
eye peeking
through the
bars of the
trees.

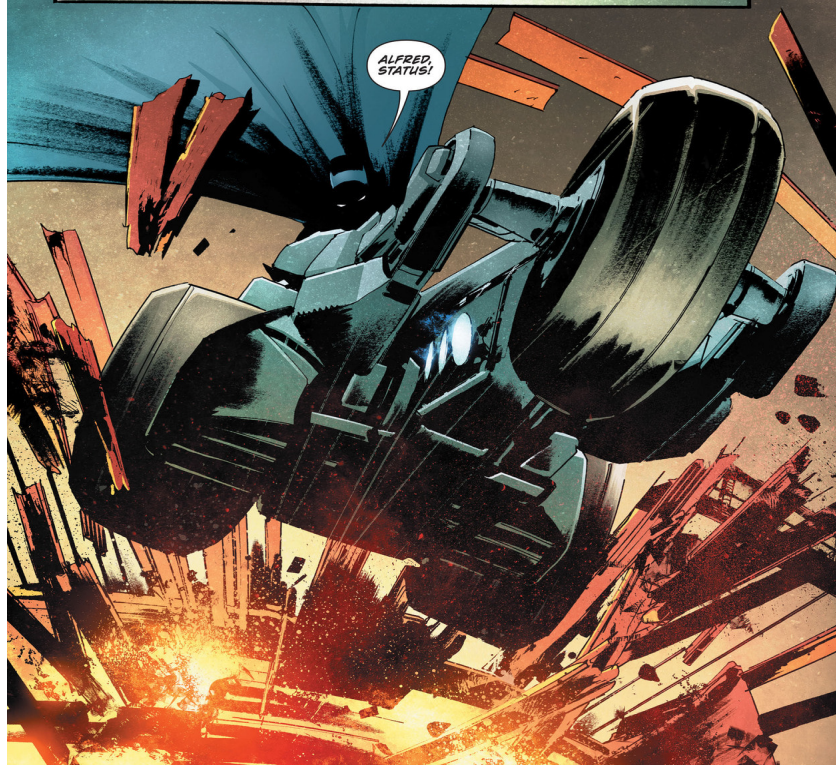
What I
remember most
is the strength
of their arms
holding me
back...

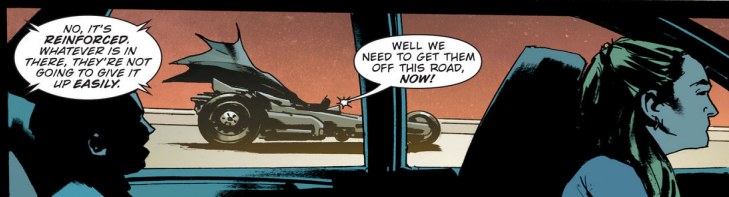
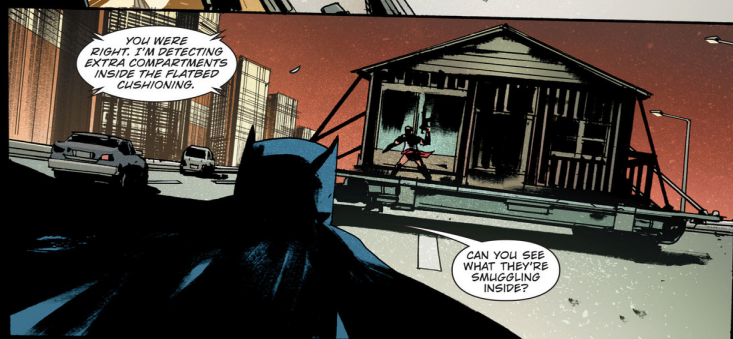
...and above all,
the laughter.
All of us laughing
like lunatics as
the sky darkened
behind the house.

GOTHAM NOW.

RUUUMMBLE

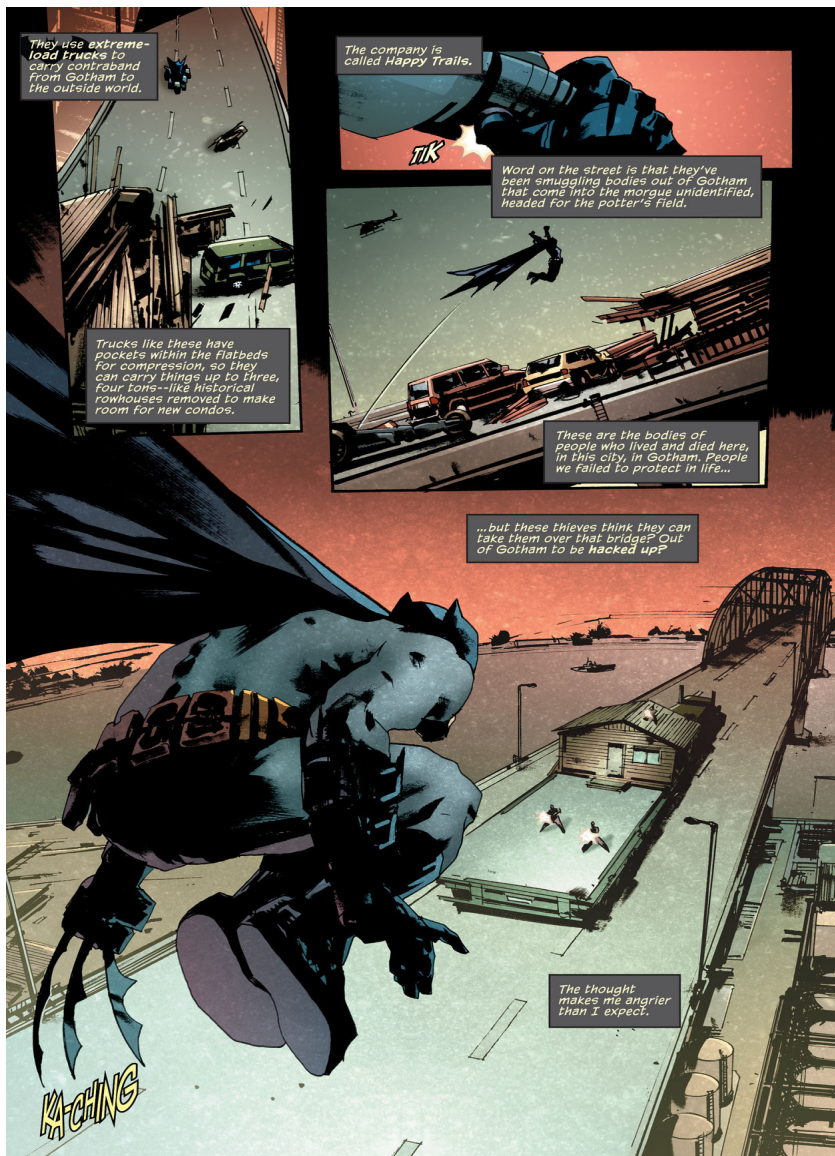
ALFRED,
STATUS!











They use extreme-load trucks to carry contraband from Gotham to the outside world.

Trucks like these have pockets within the flatbeds for compression, so they can carry things up to three, four tons—like historical rowhouses removed to make room for new condos.

The company is called Happy Trails.

TK

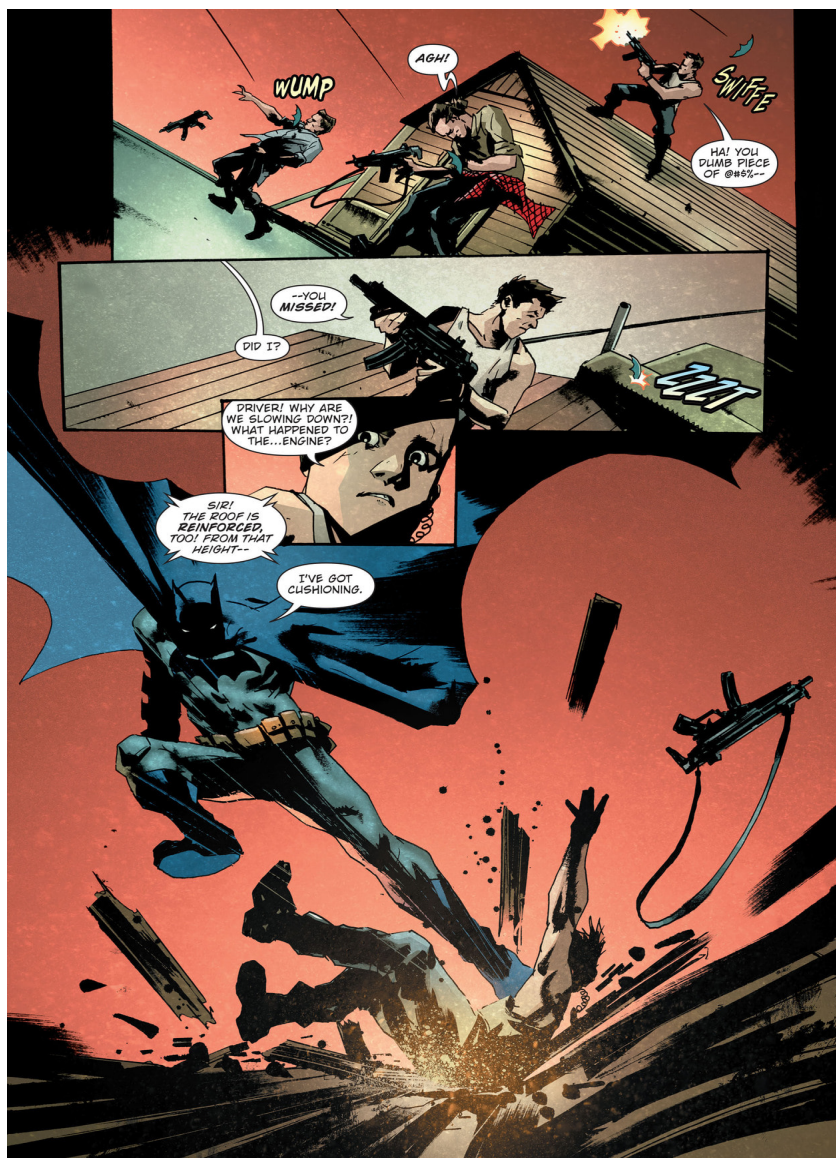
Word on the street is that they've been smuggling bodies out of Gotham that come into the morgue unidentified, headed for the Potter's Field.

These are the bodies of people who lived and died here, in this city, in Gotham. People we failed to protect in life...

...but these thieves think they can take them over that bridge? Out of Gotham to be hacked up?

The thought makes me angrier than I expect.

KACHING







There was confusion over why the city should put a gravesite for anonymous citizens on such a prime piece of land, but the thinking was...

...whatever troubles someone faced in life here in this city...

...let them at least rest in peace on our shores.

For all its faults, this city was founded on that kind of thinking. It matters.

ALL RIGHT. LET'S SEE WHO YOU...WHAT IN--

MY GOD...SIR, IS THAT...

...YOU?