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BATMAN

VERSUS

PREDATOR™

DARK HORSE
COMICS

1
OF 3



DAVE GIBBONS
W R I T E R
ANDY KUBERT
P E N C I L L E R
ADAM KUBERT
I N K E R & L E T T E R E R
SHERILYN VAN
VALKENBURGH
C O L O R A R T I S T
ARTHUR SUYDAM
C O V E R A R T I S T
DIANA SCHUTZ
DENNY O'NEIL
E D I T O R S

BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

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...SOME CONTEST HERE TONIGHT. THESE TWO JUST WON'T QUIT!



AND BULL'S REALLY BELLOWING NOW, AS KING DANCES BACK, MOCKING HIM--



OH! A PILE-DRIVING RIGHT TO THE BODY!

THAT HURT!

AND HE'S DOWN! BERSAGLIO IS DOWN AGAIN!



THE REFEREE IS COUNTING BUT--

DING DINGGG

SAVED BY THE BELL -- WITH JUST ONE ROUND TO GO! QUITE A FIGHT, eh, GEORGE?

YOU BET, STEVE! THE RICH AND POWERFUL OF GOTHAM ARE SURE GETTING THEIR MONEY'S WORTH TONIGHT...

EVEN LOOKS LIKE FIGHT PATRONS ALEX YEAGER AND LEO BRODIN PLAN TO STAGE AN UNSCHEDULED SIDE BOUT...

GOT TO STOP YOU THERE, GEORGE.

IT'S SECONDS OUT FOR ROUND FIFTEEN OF THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF GOTHAM CITY!





...BERSAGLIO CHARGES AGAIN AS KING SKIPS OUT OF THE WAY--

-- AND LANDS A CROSS TO THE HEAD!



BUT BULL JUST KEEPS ON COMING!

QUIET, SATAN!



YOU'RE MIGHTY JUMPY TONIGHT, BOY...

SOMETHIN' GOT YA SPOOKED, huh?

RRROOOWW



... A LEFT JAB! BERSAGLIO'S DOWN AGAIN!

WELL, WHY DON'T YA GO FIND IT AND LEAVE ME WATCH THE FIGHT IN PEACE, DAMMIT!

ERRRRRR



G'WAN, GIT!

KING HAS HARDLY A SCRATCH ON HIM, AND AS BULL GETS UP, HE'S WALTZING IN, FRESH AS A--

aawrrroow?



CAT PIRSEL

Bud



WHAT A PUNCH!

hrruuuff HRRUHFHR



MARCUS! MARCUS,
CONGRATULATIONS,
CHAMP!

THANKS,
UH, GEORGE.
THANKS.

HOW DOES
IT FEEL TO
BE... WELL...
THE NEW
KING OF
GOTHAM?

GREAT,
GEORGE.
GREAT.

SO, I GUESS
YOU'LL BE CELE-
BRATING
TONIGHT, eh,
CHAMP?

KIND OF,
GEORGE, KIND
OF. ME AN' MY
LADY GOT THE
PENTHOUSE
AT THE PLAZA
HOTEL...

HA, HA. THANKS,
MARCUS. ER, CON-
GRATULATIONS,
ONCE AGAIN.

AND
NOW,
STEVE...
A WORD
FROM OUR
SPONSORS.

WE'LL BE
HAVIN' A LITTLE
PARTY OF
OUR OWN,
Y'KNOW, GEORGE?

THE LUXURIOUS
PLAZA HOTEL
IN BUSTLING
DOWNTOWN
GOTHAM
IS THE IDEAL--

CREEEK

KLIK

VOLUME
ON-OFF

11.11 > GRATULATIONS
CHAMP < 11.11



WELL DONE, YEAGER!
YOUR BOY PUT UP A
FINE FIGHT!

BRODIN'S
BRUISER
JUST
WASN'T IN
THE SAME
CLASS,
ALEX!

THANKS, MR.
MAYOR, RAY.
HOPE YOU'RE
BOTH COMING
ON TO MY
LITTLE
BASH...



THANKS,
YES--OH,
BRUCE...
BRUCE
WAYNE!

DO YOU
KNOW ALEX
YEAGER...?



ONLY BY
REPUTATION,
RAYMOND.

HE'S A NEW
INVESTOR IN
MY CORPORA-
TION!

DIVERSIFYING, eh,
YEAGER? NOT EARNING
ENOUGH FROM CRIME?



GORDON! I'VE
WARNED YOU BEFORE
ABOUT THESE OUT-
BURSTS!

THE SQUIRE
CORPORATION DOES
NOT CONSORT WITH
CRIMINALS,
COMMISSIONER
GORDON!



I'D LOVE TO
CHAT, GENTLE-
MEN, BUT DUTY
CALLS.

GORDON--!



I'LL SEE HE APOLOGIZES
PERSONALLY FOR THAT
REMARK, YEAGER!

AH,
FORGET
IT, MR.
MAYOR.
STICKS
AND
STONES!

I SHOULD
THINK SO!

VERY
TOLERANT
OF YOU,
YEAGER...



PAYS TO
BE, THESE
DAYS...

SAY, BRUCIE, I
HEAR YOU'RE
BIG ON CHAR-
ITY, TOO.

COME ON
OVER TO MY
PARTY--WE CAN
COMPARE TAX
SHELTERS.

OUTTA MR. BRODIN'S
WAY, PUNK!

WHY,
YOU--

THAT'S
ENOUGH, BOYS.
FIGHT'S OVER...

...AND WE
WON. KINDA
SYMBOLIC,
huh?

CLEANER
THAN WHEN WE
USED TO SHOOT
IT OUT, TOO.
MORE BUSINESS-
LIKE.

SO
WHAT'LL YOU
DO, LEO?
SELL BULL
TO THE
SLAUGHTER-
HOUSE
FOR DOG
MEAT?



YOU ALWAYS
WERE A BAD
LOSER, LEO...



I'LL SLAUGHTER
YOU-- AND THAT
PANTYWAIST
BALLET DANCER
YOU BROUGHT IN!
YOU WAIT!



HOME,
MASTER
BRUCE?

NO, THE
GREAT
PHILANTHRO-
PIST ALEX
YEAGER HAS
INVITED ME TO
HIS VICTORY
CELEBRATION.

PHILANTHROPIST,
SIR? I UNDERSTOOD
HE WAS SOME SORT
OF GANGSTER.

HE IS,
ALFRED.
GOTHAM'S
BIGGEST.

THE VIEW FROM THE
TOP OF THE PILE
SHOULD BE QUITE
ILLUMINATING.





IT'S SO GOOD TO BE ALONE, MARCUS. I MISSED YOU, WITH THE TRAINING AND ALL...

WE ARE ALONE, AREN'T WE?



SURE, LITA, SURE. I'VEPT FOR MR. YEAGER'S GUYS OVER AT THE ELEVATOR.

HE SAYS NOW I'M A PUBLIC FIGURE, I GOTTA BE CAREFUL...

MARCUS! EVERYBODY LOVES YOU...

BESIDES, THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMP'S THE LAST GUY ANY-ONE'D WANT TO PICK A FIGHT WITH, EVEN IN GOTHAM!



WHY, I BET YOU'RE EVEN TOUGHER THAN BATMAN--

CHONK

CHONK



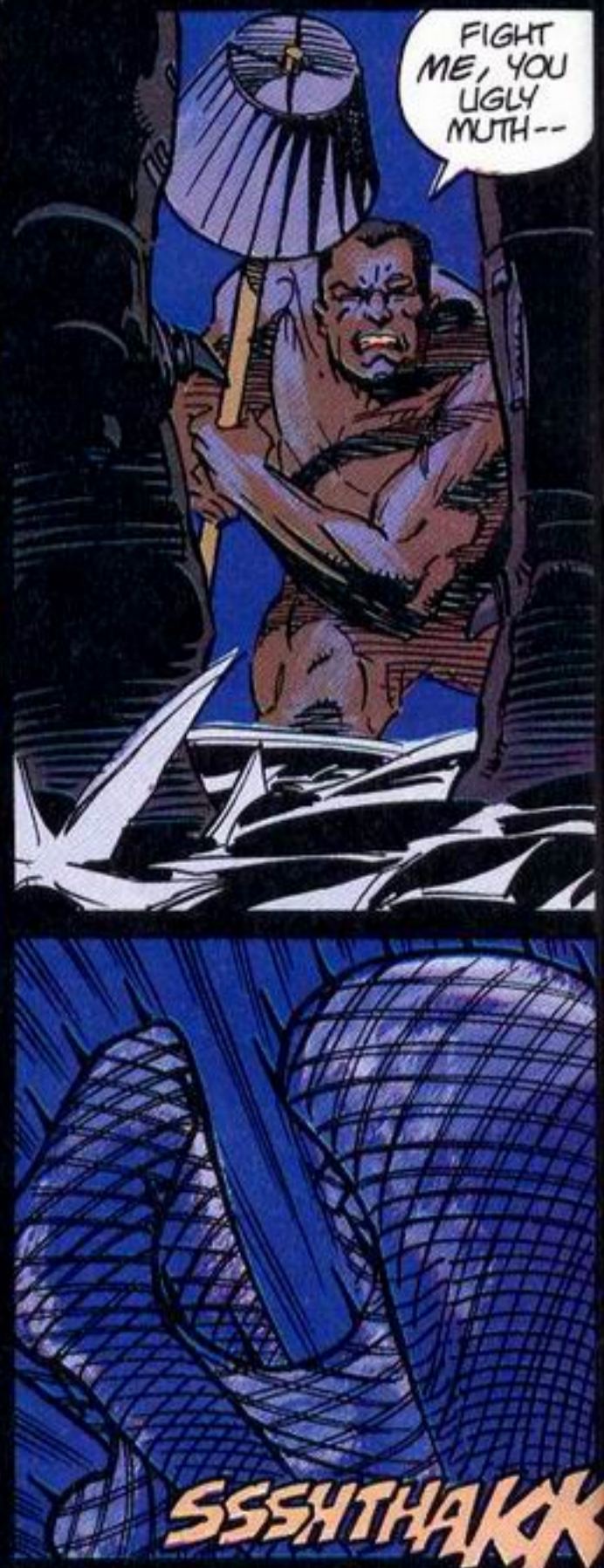
THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE ALONE, LOVER.

WE ARE, WOMAN, WE ARE...!

MARCUS! ISN'T THAT--?

skritch

BLUP BLOP





JUST BETWEEN US, BRUCE, I FIND IT ALL RATHER VULGAR...

...BUT YEAGER'S HAD TO CLAW HIS WAY UP FROM THE DEPTHS, Y'KNOW...

NOT WITHOUT SPILLING SOME BLOOD, I HEAR.

REALLY, BRUCE, YOU'RE STARTING TO SOUND LIKE THAT SELF-RIGHTEOUS POLICE COMMISSIONER OF OURS!

them:

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR. THAT PRIOR COMMITMENT?

OF COURSE, ALFRED.

EXCUSE ME, RAYMOND...



...AN INCIDENT AT THE PLAZA HOTEL, ACCORDING TO THE POLICE RADIO.



I GATHER OUR CITY'S LEADING PUGILIST WAS INVOLVED.



THOUGH THE COMMISSIONER IS HARDLY IN THE HABIT OF LIGHTING THE SIGNAL FOR MERE FISTI-CUFFS...



GOOD HUNTING, MASTER BRUCE.



WHY WHY
OH WHY
MARCUS
WHY

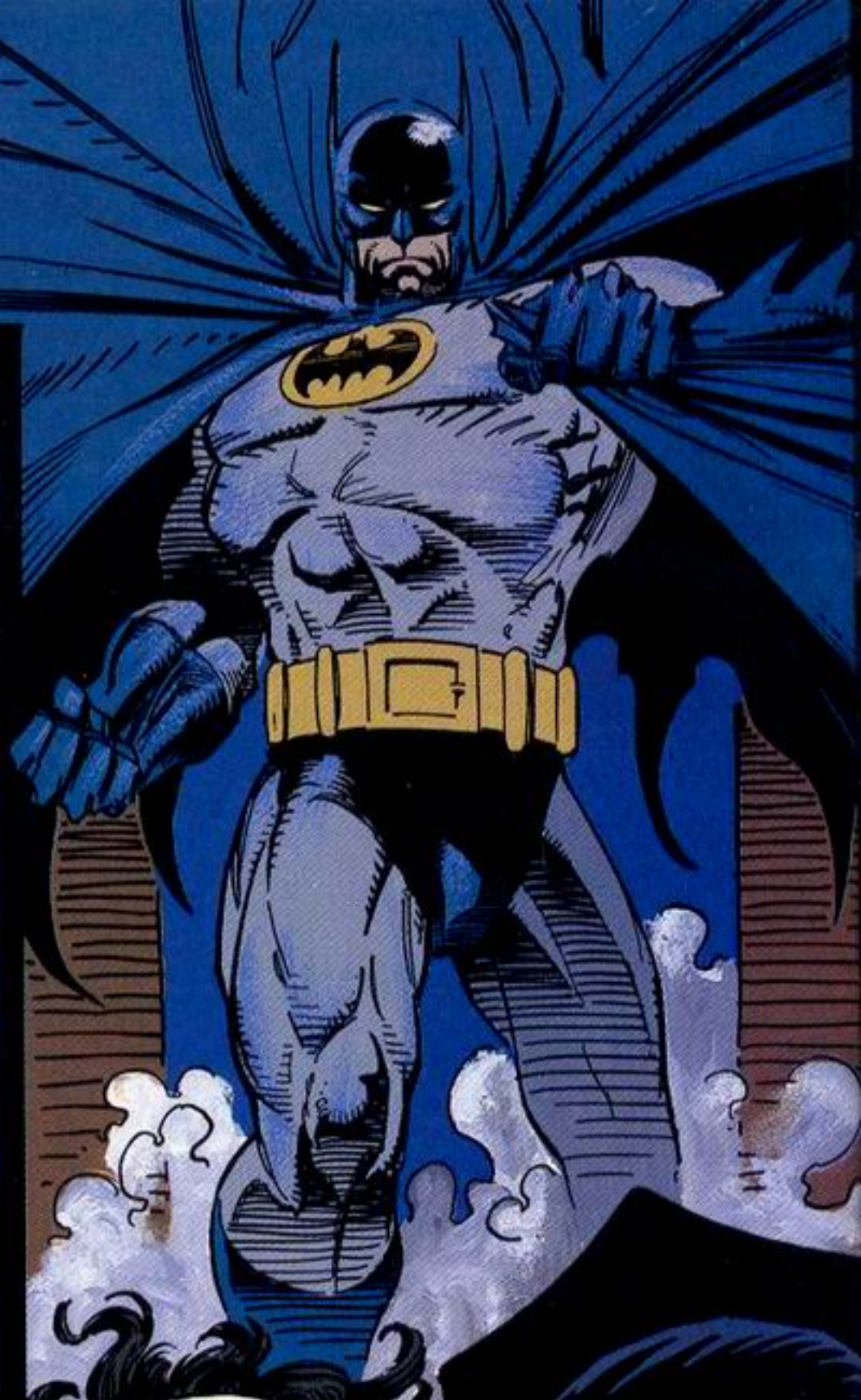
COME
ON,
HONEY...
ALL
OVER
NOW.

...TWO
GUARDS.
BLEW THEIR
CHESTS WIDE
OPEN. NEVER
KNEW WHAT
HIT THEM...

NO!
NO! NOT
NOT
AGAIN!
NOOOOOOOO

...HUNG
THEIR BODIES
UP THERE--

WHY
EVERYBODY
LOVED HIM
WHY



IT'S
OKAY, IT'S
OKAY--

--HE'S ON
OUR SIDE...

...THANK GOD.

GO ON,
DETECT-
TIVE.

RIGHT...THE
KILLER
CAME IN THE
SKYLIGHT
AND FORCED
KING UPSIDE
THAT WALL.

MARKS ON HIS BODY
LOOK LIKE A NET
WAS USED.

A NET...?

CUT
HIM TO
THE
BONE.
THEN HIS...
HIS HEAD
AND SPINAL
COLUMN
WERE RE-
MOVED.

HE DIED HURTING.
HURTING A LOT.





WE CAN'T FIND HIS TROPHY BELT EITHER. OH, AND THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE, SIR--

HIS HANDS ARE MISSING.



AND...AND THE GIRL?

WASN'T TOUCHED. BUT SHE WON'T BE MAKING SENSE FOR A WHILE.

IF EVER...



SO-- SUSPECTS? MOTIVE?

DID LOSING THE CHAMPIONSHIP FINALLY PUSH BRODIN OVER THE EDGE?

HE HATES YEAGER ENOUGH... THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING OVER GOTHAM'S RACKETEERS FOR A QUARTER CENTURY.



BRODIN'S LOST TWO BROTHERS, YEAGER'S LOST HIS SON AND HIS RIGHT EYE...

THEIR TRUCE COULDN'T LAST. THIS WAS NEVER JUST ANOTHER BOXING MATCH.

THEN WHO'D BRODIN CONTACT FOR THE HIT? JACK THE RIPPER AND DELTA FORCE...?!

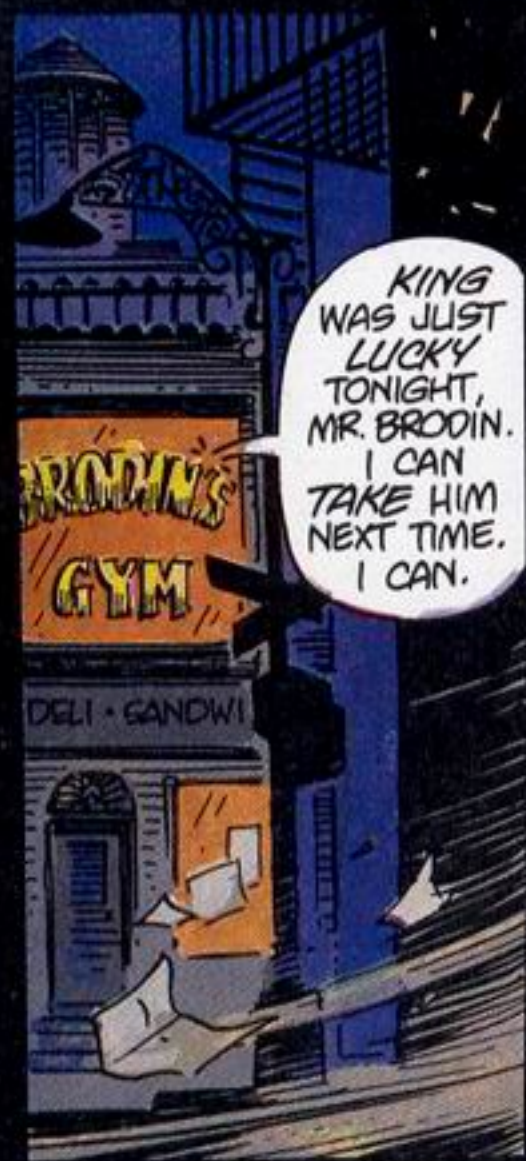


I'D BETTER PAY BRODIN A VISIT, BEFORE YEAGER DECLARES OPEN SEASON.

THAT'S ALL I NEED...!

GORDON! WHAT THE--?





KING WAS JUST LUCKY TONIGHT, MR. BRODIN. I CAN TAKE HIM NEXT TIME. I CAN.



LUCK'S PART O' THE GAME, SURE 'NUFF, BULL...

THIS AIN'T NO GAME, YA BLIND OLD GIMP-- IT'S LIFE AN' DEATH!

BUYIN' IN AN OUT-OF-STATE FIGHTER TO TAKE THE TITLE IS YEAGER'S WAY OF DECLARIN' WAR AGAIN...!

HE'S SHOWIN' HIS MUSCLE, TRYIN' TO MAKE ME LOOK SMALL.

IF YOU CAN'T CUT IT ANYMORE, BERSAGLIO, THERE'S PLENTY OF OTHERS HUNGRY TO--

DING! DING!



WHA--?

EASY, BULL...



YOU'RE A LOSER, BRODIN.

HOW DOES IT FEEL...? WANT REVENGE?

WANT ALEX YEAGER'S HEAD IN YOUR TROPHY CASE, PERHAPS? OR MAYBE MARCUS KING'S?



GET HIM OUTTA HERE...



KING'S DEAD, BRODIN. SOMEONE TOOK HIM APART AFTER THE FIGHT...

THE BETTING'S ON YOU!

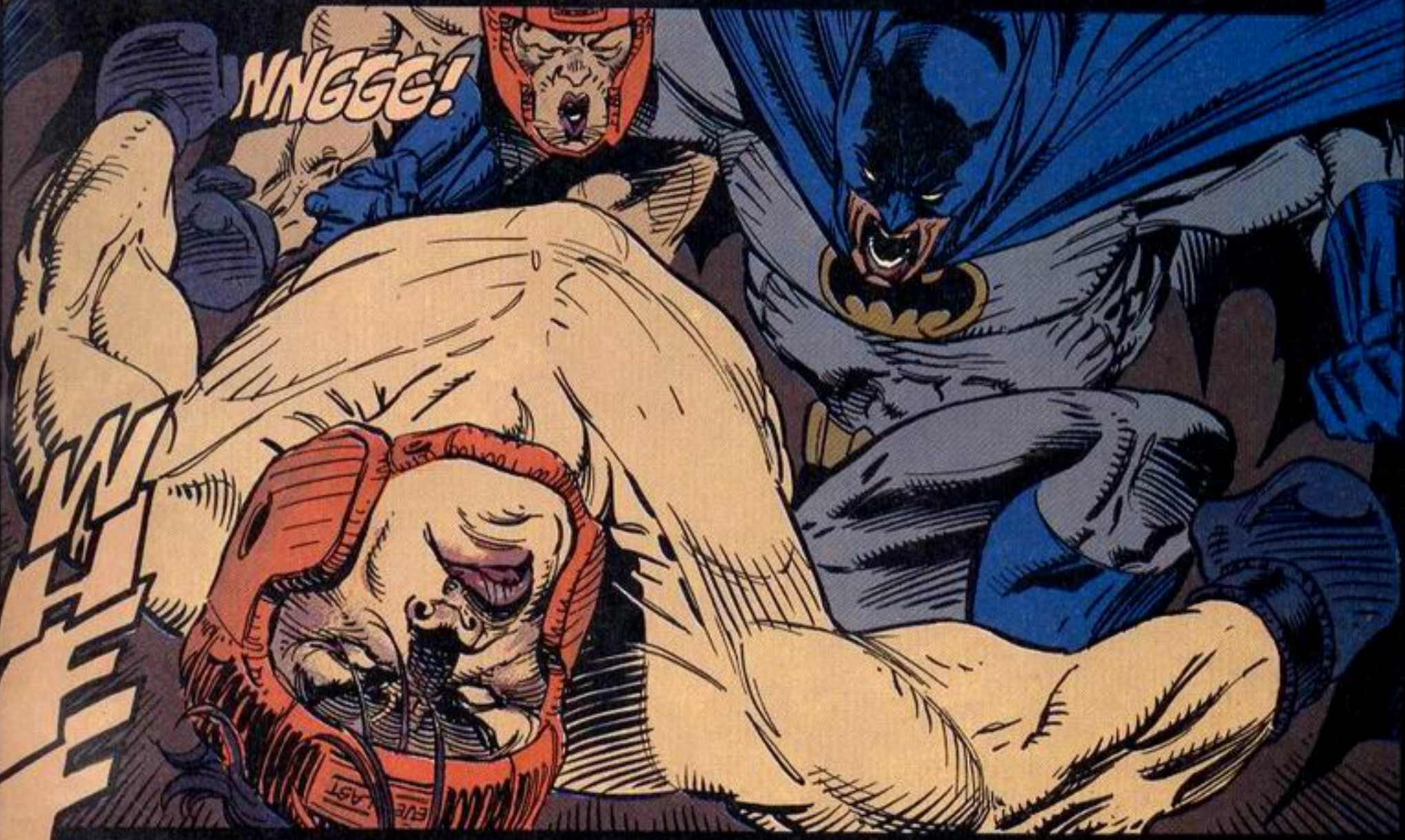


YOU'RE BETTING ON THE WRONG GUY, BUDDY ...BUT THANKS FOR THE SPORTSCAST!

NOW GET OUT, WE'RE BUSY...



YOU HEARD WHAT MR. BRODIN SA--



NNGGGG!



MR. BRODIN, YOU WANT I SHOULD...?

YOU'RE IN NO SHAPE, BULL. GUY'S A PRO.



YEAGER WON'T THROW IN THE TOWEL SO EASILY. HE'S DOWN ONE BOXING CHAMP.

AND IF IT WASN'T YOU, THEN IT MEANS SOMEBODY OUT THERE JUST DOESN'T LIKE FIGHTERS.



EITHER WAY, YOU SHOULD WATCH YOUR BACK, BRODIN.

YOU MIGHT LOSE THE NEXT ROUND, TOO.



...MUTILATED CORPSE LAST NIGHT. PROMOTER AND FRIEND, ALEX YEAGER, IS REPORTED "TOO UPSET TO COMMENT."

MEANWHILE, HIS LONG-TIME RIVAL, LEO BRODIN, IS CLAIMING THAT HIS FIGHTER, BULL BERSAGLIO, IS THE NEW CHAMPION OF GOTHAM, BY DEFAULT...

AT CITY HALL, MAYOR LIEBERMAN HAS DISMISSED POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON'S WARNING OF AN INCREASE IN GANG-RELATED--

AAACHOO!!

GESUNDHEIT, ALFRED...

DANNGK YOU, SIR.

SIR, IF I MAY SAY SO...THESE THINGS OF YOUR GRAND-FATHER'S...

...CAN ONE REALLY BE PROUD OF SUCH MEMENTOS THESE DAYS?

PARTIAL FOOTPRINTS SUGGESTING LARGE BODY MASS, INDICATIONS OF SOPHISTICATED WEAPONRY...

SOME FLAKES OF CORRODED METAL. COMMON RUST, NOTHING EXCEPTIONAL. UNLIKE OUR KILLER...

EXCUSE ME, SIR...

THE SKILLS OF A SURGEON AND THE FEROCITY OF A--

VITAL EVIDENCE, AS I RECALL...

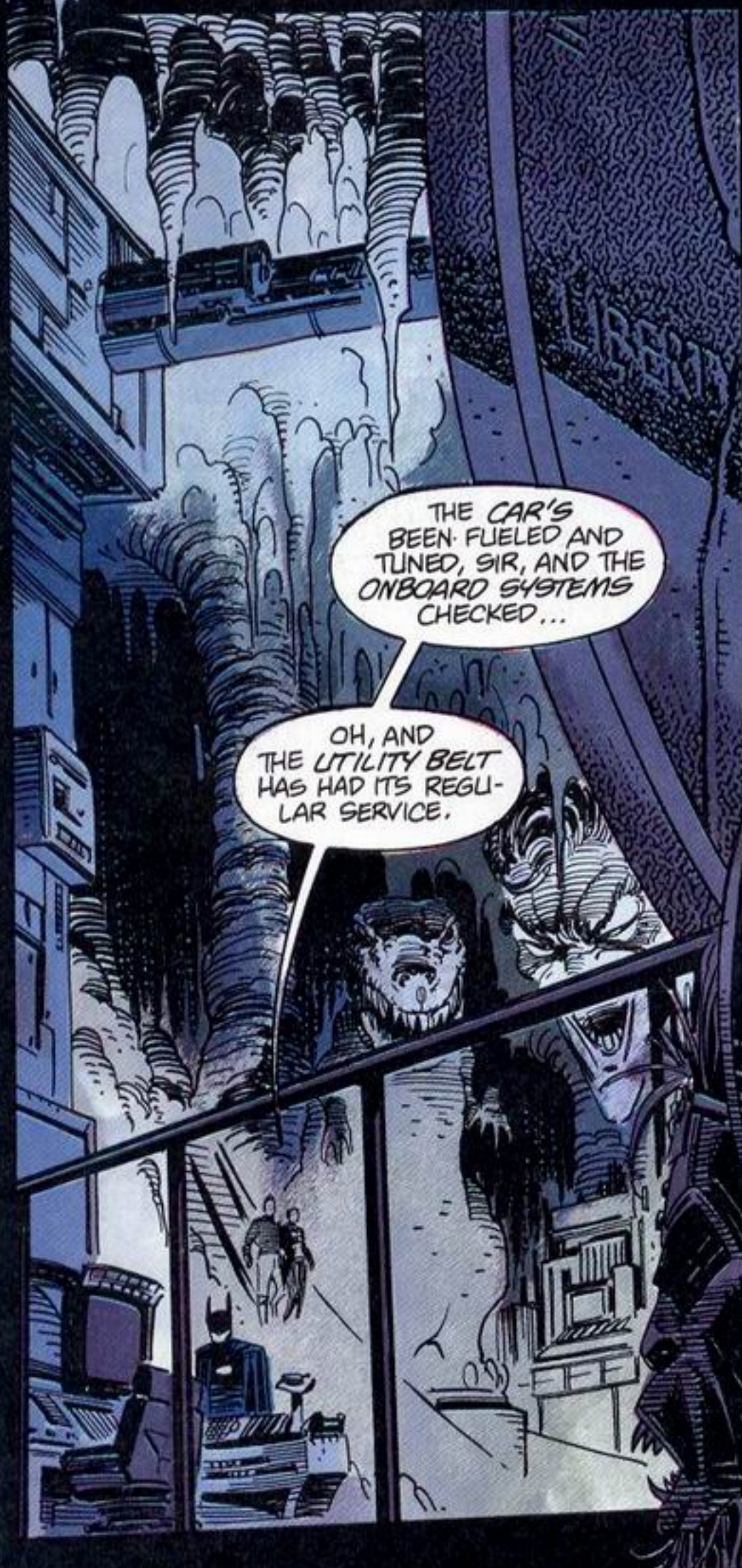
AND, ah, WHAT OF THIS LATEST UNPLEASANTNESS, MASTER BRUCE? ANY CLUES?

Hmm... YOU'RE RIGHT, ALFRED. CLEAR THEM OUT--APART FROM THE GUN, THAT IS.

WHAT WAS IT OSCAR WILDE SAID ABOUT HUNTING...? Ah, YES--"THE UNSPEAKABLE IN PURSUIT OF THE UNEATABLE!"



...BUT I SUSPECT
THE GAME IS AFOOT
ONCE MORE.



THE CAR'S
BEEN FUELED AND
TUNED, SIR, AND THE
ONBOARD SYSTEMS
CHECKED...

OH, AND
THE UTILITY BELT
HAS HAD ITS REGU-
LAR SERVICE.



YOU'VE BEEN
BUSH, ALFRED.

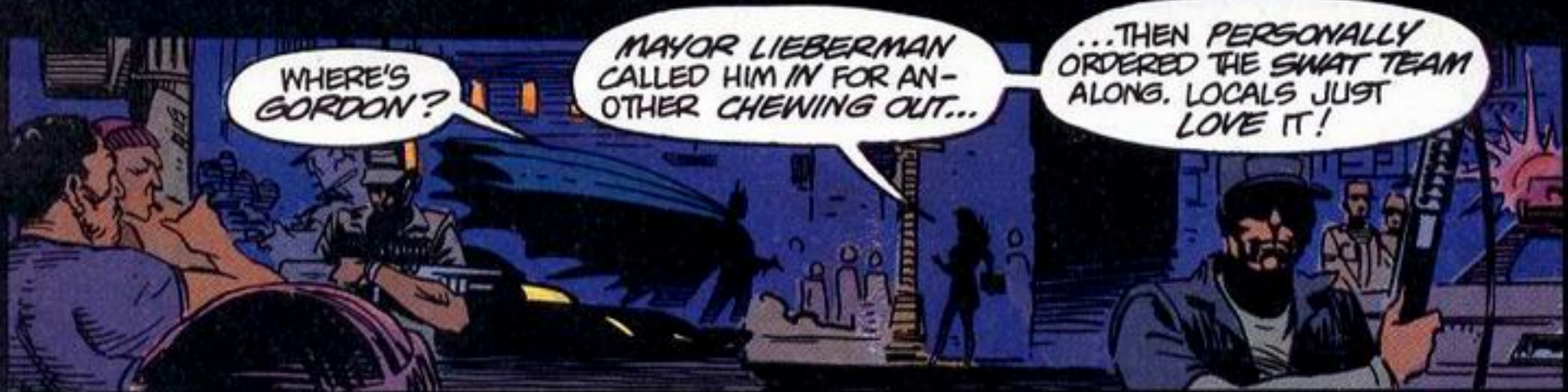
ONE TRIES
TO KEEP THINGS IN
ORDER, MASTER
BRUCE...



...I ONLY WISH
GOTHAM WERE AS
RESPONSIVE TO
YOUR EFFORTS.



SPECIAL BACK-
UP CONFIRMING
ATTENDANCE...
REQUEST
LOCATION...



WHERE'S GORDON?

MAYOR LIEBERMAN CALLED HIM IN FOR ANOTHER CHEWING OUT...

...THEN PERSONALLY ORDERED THE SWAT TEAM ALONG. LOCALS JUST LOVE IT!



BUT WE GOT A WITNESS-- AND THIS ONE CAN TALK!

AN EYE-WITNESS?

NO... NOT EXACTLY.



YOU'RE SOON BACK, SON. HAD 'NOTHER VISITOR IN THE MEAN-TIME...

BUT YOU CAN PROB'LY TELL THAT!



ANYONE MENTION A NAME?

FUNNY... DON'T RECKON ANY O'THEM SAW MUCH MORE'N ME.

'BOUT ALL I HEARD WAS SCREAMIN'... GROWED MEN-- TRAINED FIGHTERS-- PLEADIN' FOR GOD'S MERCY.

THAT, AN' A SOUND LIKE M'DADDY SCYTHIN' CORN.



BULL TOOK THE LONGEST TO DIE...

SAME AS KING-- HEAD AND HANDS.





YOU GET YOUR MEN
THE HELL OUT OF
HERE, CAPTAIN!
THAT'S AN ORDER!

BUT,
SIR...



CAN IT!
I'M IN CHARGE
HERE, MISTER!



...WAS A
FIGHTER MY-
SELF. BUT THERE'S
NUTHIN' FOR ME
NOW, I'M--

GET
DOWN!



UP THERE!
SOME-
THING
ON THE
ROOF!

SCHUUNNK



NO!

OPEN
FIRE!

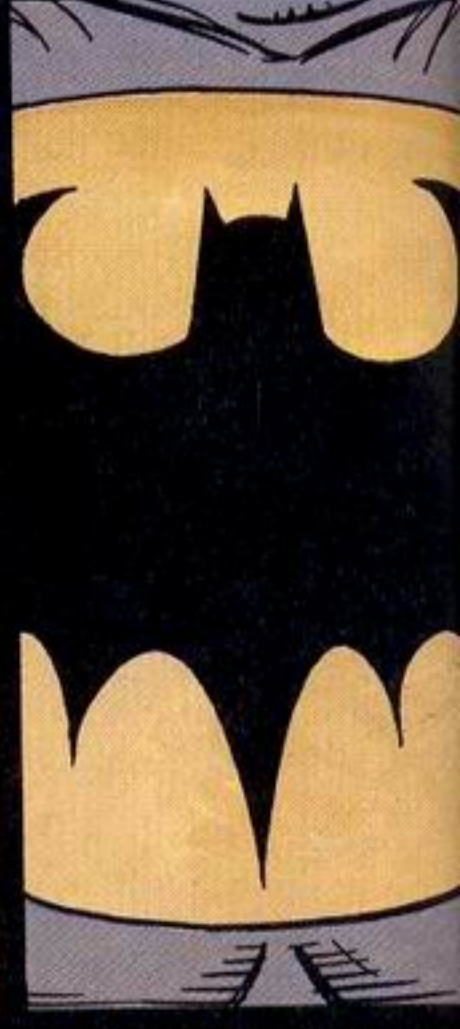


NO!
HOLD YOUR
FIRE!

BRAKKABRAKKABRAKKABRAKKA



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU PLAYING AT? TAKE COVER!



I SAID, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU PLAYING AT?



I'M NOT SURE...

...BUT I THINK I'M STARTING TO UNDERSTAND THE RULES.

... MULTIPLE SLAYING. THE MYSTERIOUS BATMAN WAS REPORTED UNINJURED, AFTER SEEMINGLY OFFERING HIMSELF AS A TARGET TO THE FLEEING KILLER.

SPECULATION RUNS WILD AS TO THE IDENTITY AND MOTIVES OF THE MASS MURDERER--

NOON UPDATE

2



A CALCULATED RISK, ALFRED. AFTER ALL, THE KILLER COULD HAVE SHOT ME THE PREVIOUS NIGHT-- HE WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO HEAR MY VOICE.

BUT NOW I'M CERTAIN THERE'S A MACABRE LOGIC TO ALL THIS...



PARDON ME SAYING SO, SIR, BUT WASN'T THAT A LITTLE, ah, FOOLHARDY?

AUTOMOBILE SPECS.
PAINT AND TRIM

KING, THE BOXING CHAMPION, IS KILLED FACE TO FACE...

SAME WITH BERSAGLIO AND A ROOM FULL OF OTHER FIGHTERS-- ALL DEFEATED IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT.



YET TWO ARMED GUARDS ARE SIMPLY SHOT AND A TERRIFIED GIRL SPARED.

A BLIND OLD EX-FIGHTER IS PASSED OVER, THEN CASUALLY PICKED OFF...



OUR MURDERER IS CHOOSING HIS PREY, ACTING WITHIN SOME SAVAGE CODE OF HONOR...

--YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, YEAGER! THAT'S A PROMISE!

FOLLOWING LAST YEAR'S SENSATIONAL ACQUITTAL ON CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY CHARGES, MANY CONSIDER ALEX YEAGER THE TRUE POWER IN GOTHAM CITY...

THROUGH AN ASSOCIATE, PROPERTY TYCOON RAYMOND SQUIRE, YEAGER MADE THIS REPLY TO BRODIN'S ACCUSATIONS--

...DISCUSS THIS LIKE CIVILIZED MEN. I PROPOSE AN IMMEDIATE MEETING, ON NEUTRAL GROUND--THE SQUIRE CENTER-- AT SIX THIS EVENING.

AND NEWS JUST IN-- BRODIN HAS INDEED AGREED TO MEET YEAGER. AND NOW, ER, SPORTS...

ALFRED, I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU...

Hmm. OF COURSE...

SIR?

I WANT YOU TO SNIFF AROUND THE JUNKYARDS IN THE EAST END...

A LEAD ON OUR KILLER, SIR?

YES. I FOUND MORE RUST FLAKES AT THE GYM-- BUT THESE CARRIED AUTO-MOBILE PAINT...

I SEE, MASTER BRUCE. BUT WHY JUNKYARDS?

THE RUST'S MAGNETIZED. A LARGE ELECTROMAGNET WOULD DO THAT...THE TYPE SCRAP METAL IS MOVED AROUND WITH.

VERY WELL, SIR. AND YOU...?

I'M GOING TO THE BIG MEETING. THE SCENT OF VIOLENT POWER MIGHT JUST PROVE IRRESISTIBLE TO WHATEVER'S STALKING THIS CITY.

...AND MUD. MUD OF A TYPE FOUND ONLY IN ALLUVIAL DEPOSITS EAST OF THE RIVER.



...REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT YOUR CHARITY WORK IS, BRUCE.

BUT I'M AWFULLY BUSY. MAYOR LIEBERMAN'S RELYING ON ME TO RESOLVE THIS UNSAVORY "GANG MURDER" AFFAIR--



OH, THE YEAGER-BRODIN FEUD.

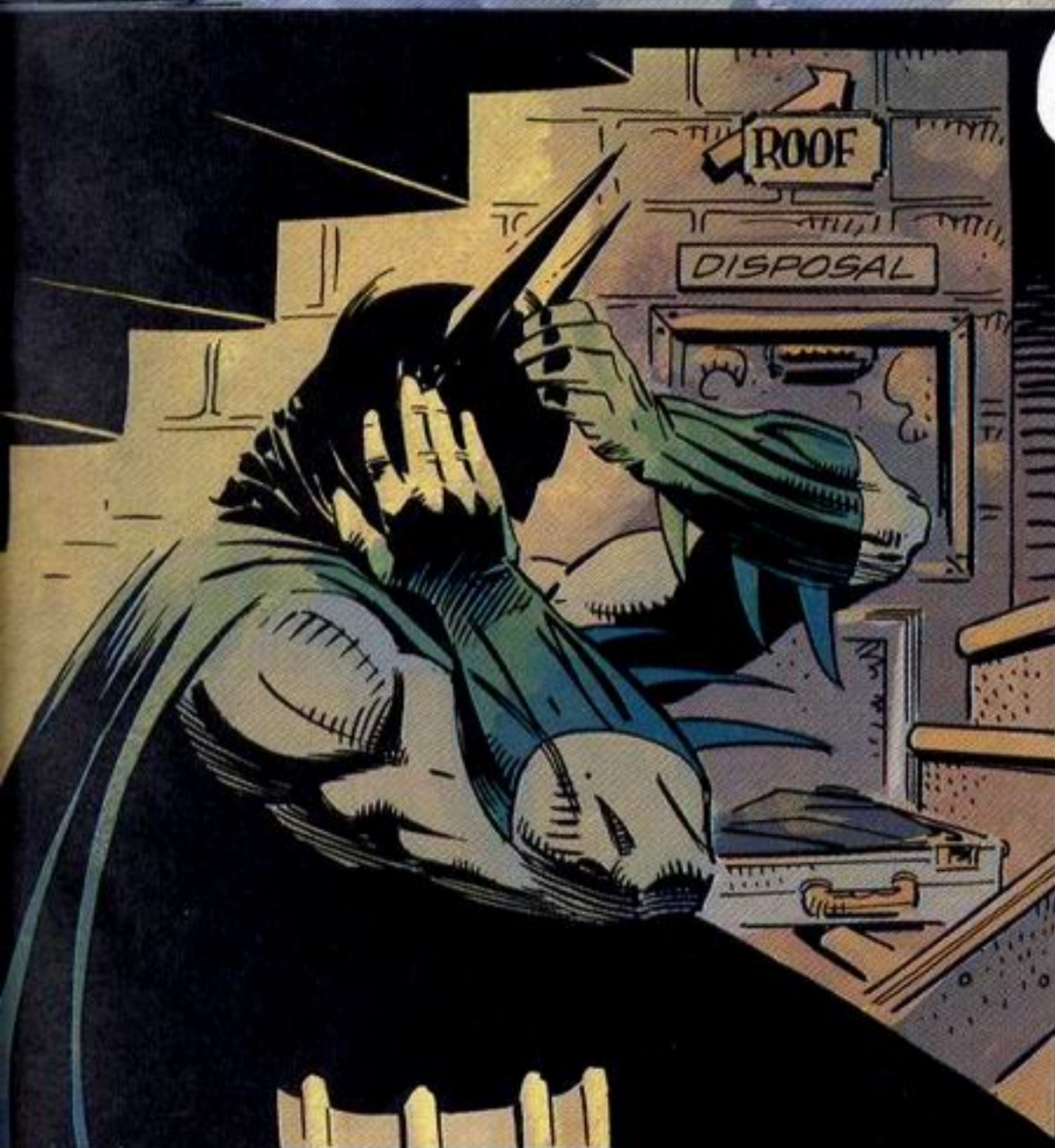
YES, TERRIBLE PEOPLE, REALLY, BUT ONE MEETS ALL SORTS, Y'KNOW...



AH, HERE THEY ARE NOW. 'BYE, BRUCE. YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM ME.

LOOK FORWARD TO IT, RAYMOND.

GENTLEMEN...



IS THIS ROOM CLEAN, RAY?

IT WAS SWEEPED ONLY FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO, ALEX. WE CAN TALK FREELY.



I ASSURE YOU, GENTLEMEN. THE AREA IS SECURE. NOW, TO BUSINESS...

MR. BRODIN. ALEX AND I, NOT TO MENTION OUR GOOD FRIEND, THE MAYOR, ARE VERY DISTURBED AT THESE STUPID ACCUSA--

AN' NO INTERRUPTIONS, I HOPE.



ONE NIGHT AL'S
FIGHTER GETS WASTED,
NEXT NIGHT IT'S MY
TURN. IT'S CALLED
REVENGE, BUDDY--
'CEPT I DIDN'T DO
AL'S BOY...



LEO, LISTEN, I BELIEVE YOU! WE'VE
KNOWN EACH OTHER ALL OUR LIVES.
KILLING KING WASN'T YOUR STYLE...

AND YOU DON'T REALLY
THINK I'M STUPID
ENOUGH TO WANT A
WAR, DO YOU? NOT
NOW THAT I'M
LEGIT?

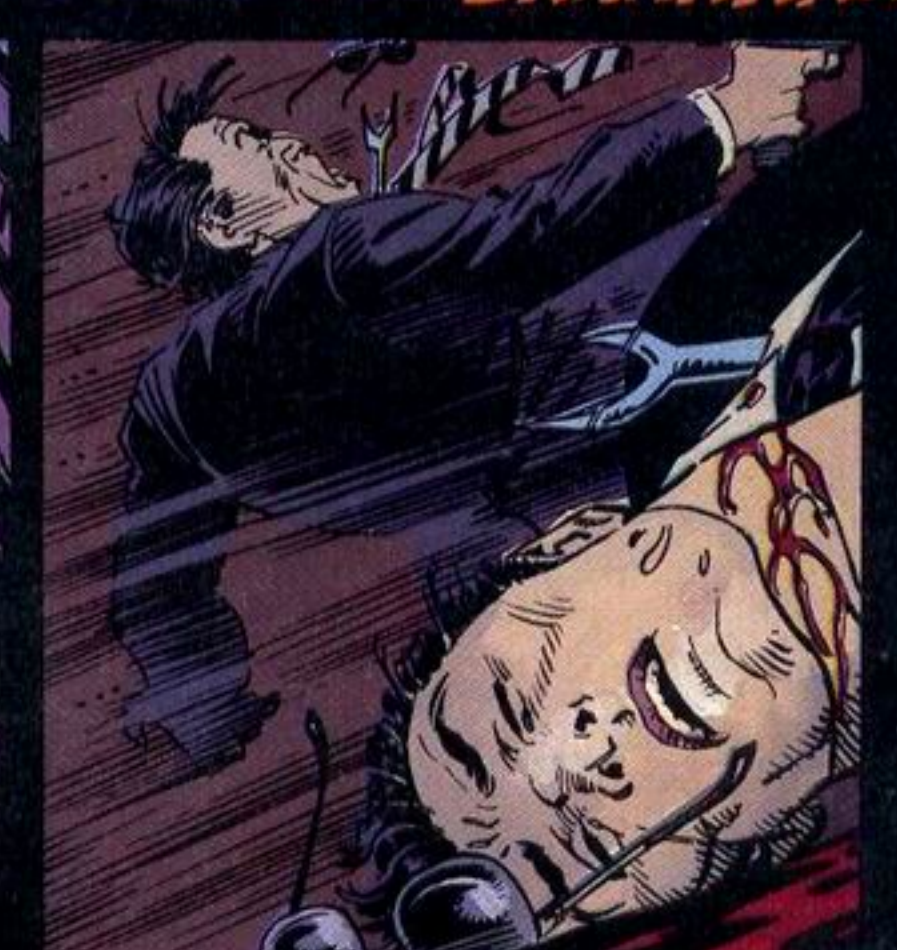
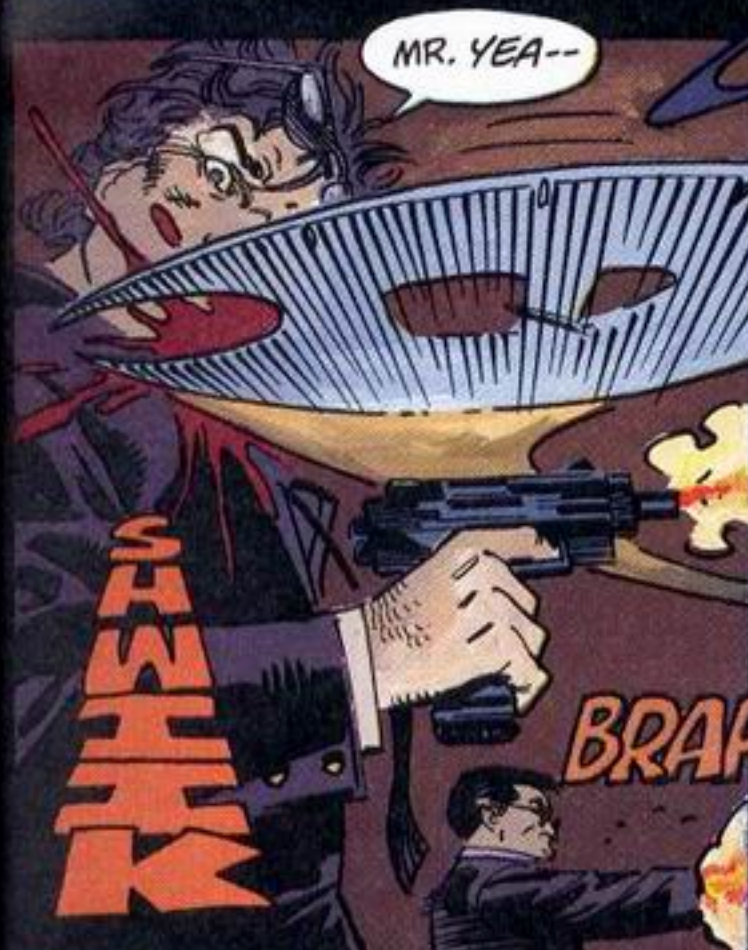
NO, THERE'S A
THIRD PLAYER
HERE, LEO. LET'S
GET TOGETHER
...KEEP GOTHAM
OURS...

THE MAYOR
IS KEEN TO
MAINTAIN THE,
ah, STATUS
QUO, TOO. NO
UPSETS, NO--

STUPID? LISTEN,
BUDDY, I AIN'T
A COLLEGE BOY,
BUT I CAN
FIGURE THIS
OUT--



OH, OH,
P-PLEASE!
N-NO
VIOLENCE...





I SEE
YOU, YOU
SON OF
A--

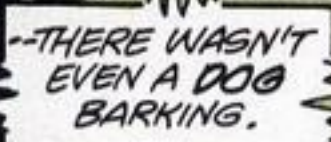


... ALL
BEEN
SHOT!

THE
WINDOW!
SOMEONE
FELL OUT
THE WIN-
DOW--!

I
SAW
HIM!
WHERE'D
HE
GO...?

BATMAN'S
UP THERE--
LOOK!





SNIK



...YOU DID WHAT
WITH THE POT
ROAST?



WHAT AM I GOING
TO GIVE YOUR
FATHER FOR DINNER
NOW?



AHA HA HA
HA HA



SKCHT

OH, NO, THAT'S
HIM NOW!



H-HELLO,
DEAR...



CHKKI
PFFTT

...er, GOOD
DAY AT THE
OFFICE?



SURE -- COMPARED
TO UNDERGOING
MAJOR SURGERY!



HA HA HA
HA



BUT,
SAY--



MMMMMM



AHA HA
HA HA
HA HA



KKPPFWUFFFF



NNG





PITCHANK





BATMAN



PREDATOR

BATMAN



PREDATOR

BATMAN



PREDATOR

BATMAN



PREDATOR

4

Tim Sale loves ice cream and lives with his lovely girlfriend Katy in Seattle, Washington. He is currently working on a *Legends of the Dark Knight*.

Color by Gregory Wright



BATMAN

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2

This year **Matt Wagner** discovered the joys of fatherhood, including poopy diapers and the 4 a.m. wake-up call. He is currently working on a *Legends of the Dark Knight*.



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Chris Warner and his lovely wife Melodie share their living room with Pendarvis, a Madagascar hissing cockroach who inhabits a fishbowl.

Color by Gregory Wright



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1

John Byrne claims to be the most boring man in comics, having no poopy diapers or hissing cockroaches to his name.

Color by Gregory Wright



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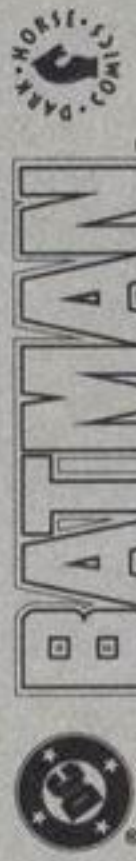


PREDATOR

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Jackson Guice has been surviving fatherhood for three years and is currently waiting for a plot on *Legends of the Dark Knight*.

Color by Gregory Wright



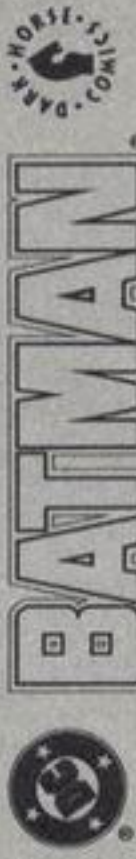
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6

Sam Kieth lives in sunny California and wants everyone to know that his last name is *not* spelled with a typo.

Color by Chris Chalenor



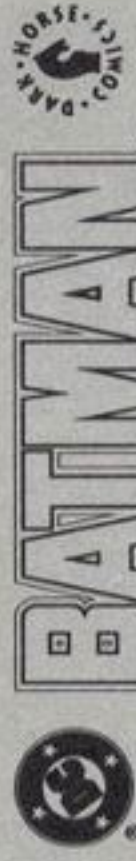
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The dashing **Steve "Dude" Rude** has a soft spot in his heart for all women, but especially those without cats.

Color by Lovern Kindzierski



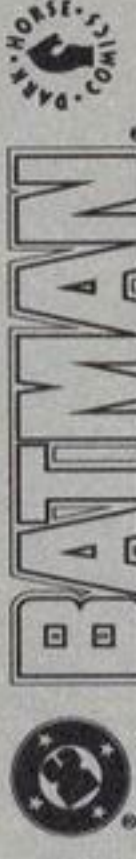
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Mike Mignola still can't believe he recently got married. He is not currently working on a *Legends of the Dark Knight*, but soon plans to.

Color by Gregory Wright



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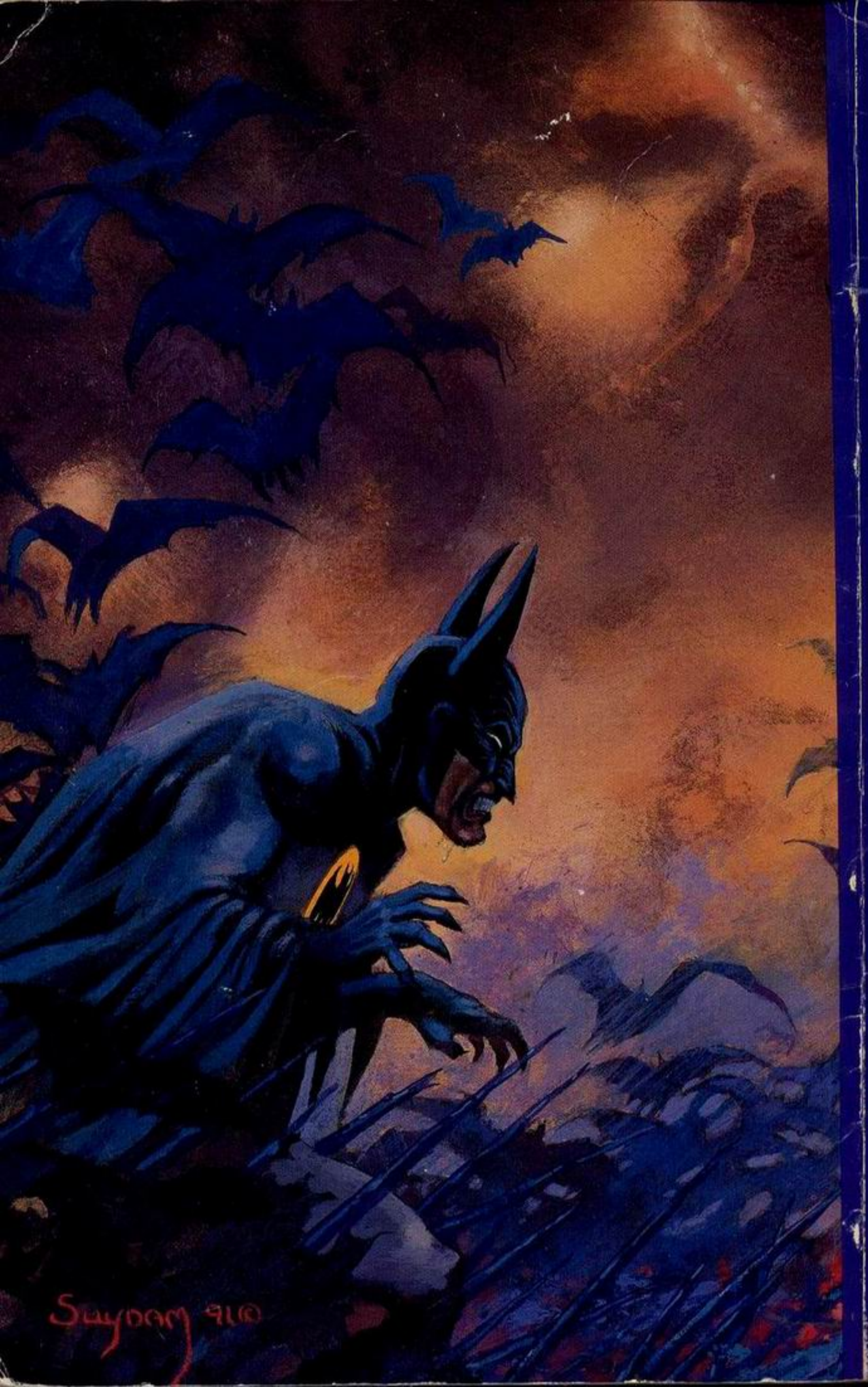
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