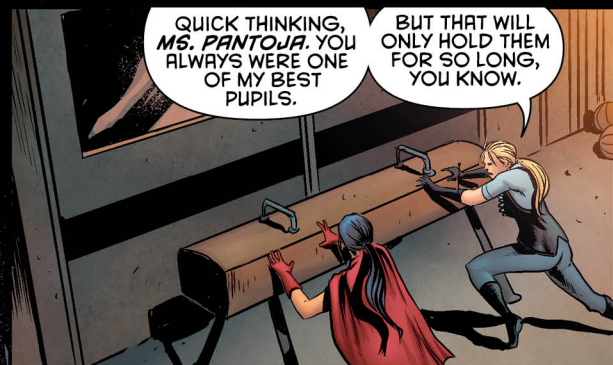


**ST. HADRIAN'S  
SUFFOLK, ENGLAND.  
SECRET HEADQUARTERS FOR SPYRAL.  
NOT SO SECRET ANYMORE.**



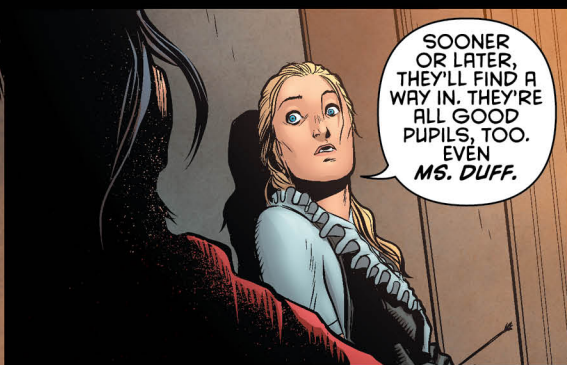
THERE! MISS GOLD! HEAD TO THE WINDSOR!

YES. THERE ARE NO GYM CLASSES ON FRIDAY MORNING.



QUICK THINKING, MS. PANTOJA. YOU ALWAYS WERE ONE OF MY BEST PUPILS.

BUT THAT WILL ONLY HOLD THEM FOR SO LONG, YOU KNOW.



SOONER OR LATER, THEY'LL FIND A WAY IN. THEY'RE ALL GOOD PUPILS, TOO. EVEN MS. DUFF.



AND THEN YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO IT, PARIS.

IT'S FITTING, I SUPPOSE...



MOTHER.

MOTHER.

MOTHER.

...IF ST. HADRIAN'S HAS EVER DEvised A MORE FITTING FINAL EXAM, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS.



"YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO *KILL* YOUR CLASSMATES TO PROTECT ME..."

"...BEFORE THEY AND THE REST OF THIS TOWN KILL US *BOTH*."



**JAMES TYNION IV & SCOTT SNYDER** Story  
**TIM SEELEY** Script  
**ROGE ANTONIO & GERALDO BORGES** Artists

# BATMAN & ROBIN ETERNAL

# DEATH SOYRA

**ALLEN PASSALAUQA** Colors **MARILYN PATRIZIO** Letters  
**PAUL PELLETIER, TONY KORDOS & TOMEU MOREY** Cover  
**DAVE WIELGOSZ** Asst. Editor **CHRIS CONROY** Editor  
**MARK DOYLE** Group Editor  
**BATMAN** created by **BOB KANE** with **BILL FINGER**



**NEARBY.**  
JUST A LITTLE FARTHER, MR. ROBIN. THE GENERATORS ARE BELOW *LEGNER* CLOCK TOWER.  
IF WE DISABLE THEM, THIS MIND-CONTROL SIGNAL WILL--

DOC... DOCTOR NETZ.



WATCH OUT FOR THAT VELOCIRAPTOR WITH A CLOWN HEAD FOR A MOUTH.  
MOTHER.



LET'S PUT A STOP TO THIS MADNESS QUICKLY.

KRAK K



RED ROBIN'S FEAR GAS HALLUCINATIONS MAY BE FRIGHTENING, BUT THEY'RE NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT HORRORS I'M GOING TO INFLECT...



...ON THE WOMAN WHO STEALS MY STUDENTS.





I'M GUESSING THIS ISN'T WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND WHEN YOU BROUGHT CASSANDRA, DICK?

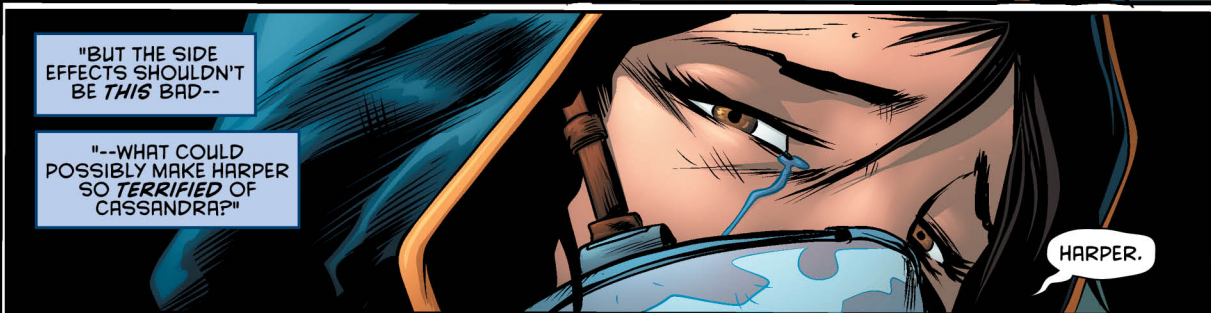
HARPER!



YOU... TOOK IT ALL AWAY.

"TIM FIGURED IT OUT-- WE COULD BLOCK MOTHER'S SIGNAL WITH CRANE'S FEAR GAS."

PLEASE.



"BUT THE SIDE EFFECTS SHOULDN'T BE *THIS* BAD--"

"--WHAT COULD POSSIBLY MAKE HARPER SO TERRIFIED OF CASSANDRA?"

HARPER.



SHE'S THE ONE! SHE *KILLED* MY MOTHER!

AND--AND-- SHE'S GONNA KILL ME, I KNOW IT--

I HAVE TO KILL HER FIRST--



NO.

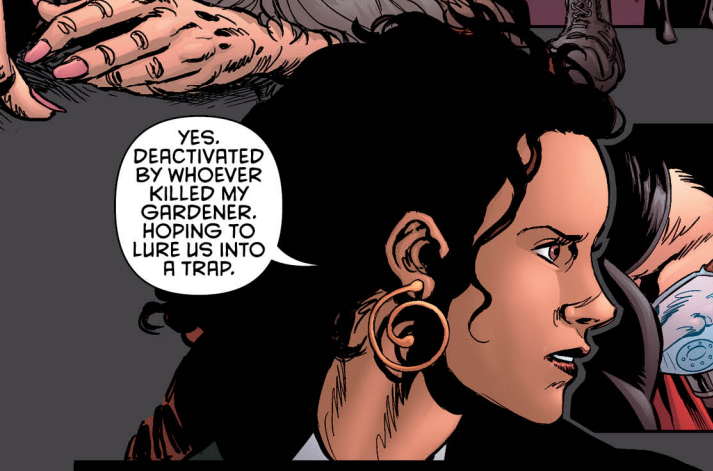
KRAK





POOR  
GROUNDSKEEPER  
WEMBY. MAY SHE  
SMOKE SMELLY  
CIGARS IN  
HEAVEN.

THE  
ELEVATOR IS  
OUT, MATRON.  
ALL OUT OF  
ORDER. OH  
MY.



YES.  
DEACTIVATED  
BY WHOEVER  
KILLED MY  
GARDENER.  
HOPING TO  
LURE US INTO  
A TRAP.

THIS WAS  
NOT ONE OF  
MY GIRLS...

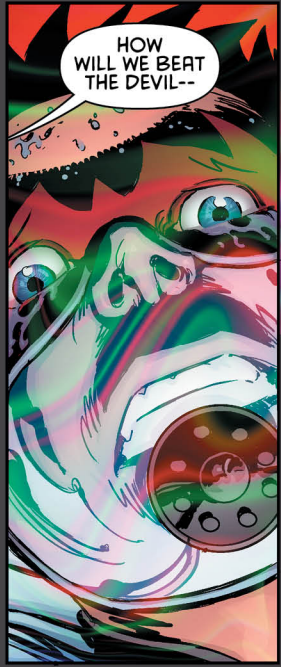
THE  
ORPHAN.



WELL.

YOU WANT  
US TO *CLIMB  
DOWN* TO THE  
GENERATORS?

OF  
COURSE.



HOW  
WILL WE BEAT  
THE DEVIL--



--IF  
WE DON'T  
MEET HIM IN  
*HELL?*