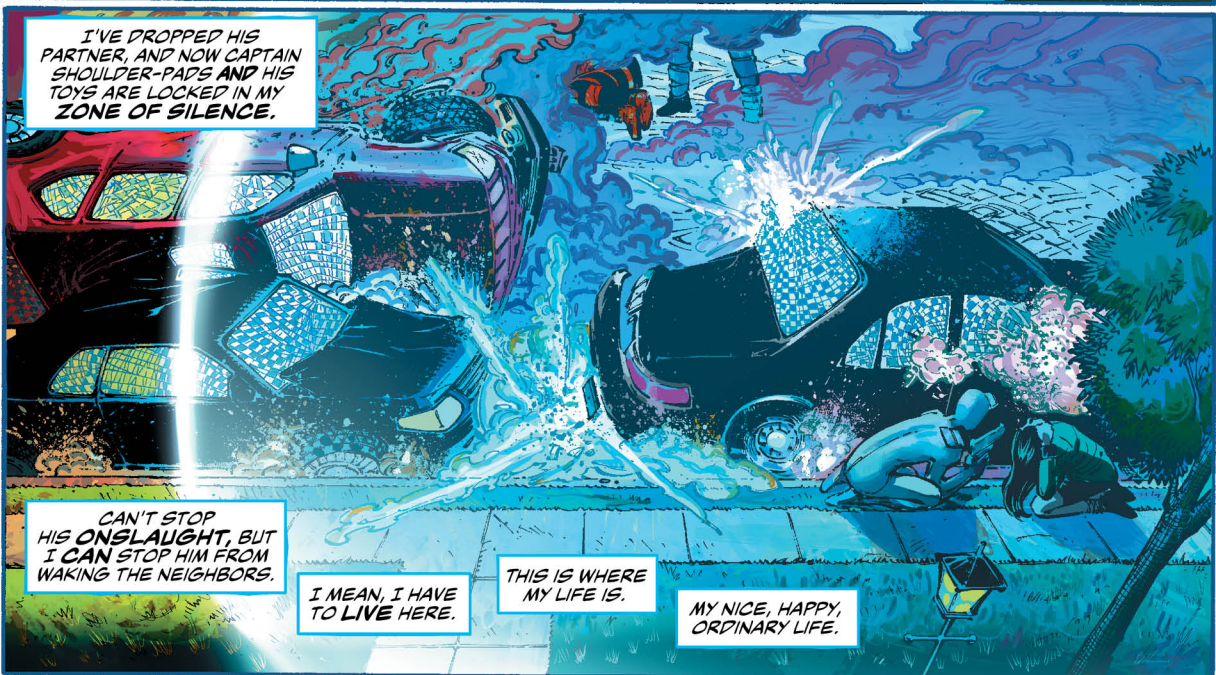


BREACHER  
HERE ISN'T  
EXACTLY A  
SUBTLE GUY.

HE MAKES BIG  
HOLES WITH  
NOISY TOYS.



I'VE DROPPED HIS  
PARTNER, AND NOW CAPTAIN  
SHOULDER-PADS AND HIS  
TOYS ARE LOCKED IN MY  
ZONE OF SILENCE.

CAN'T STOP  
HIS ONSLAUGHT, BUT  
I CAN STOP HIM FROM  
WAKING THE NEIGHBORS.

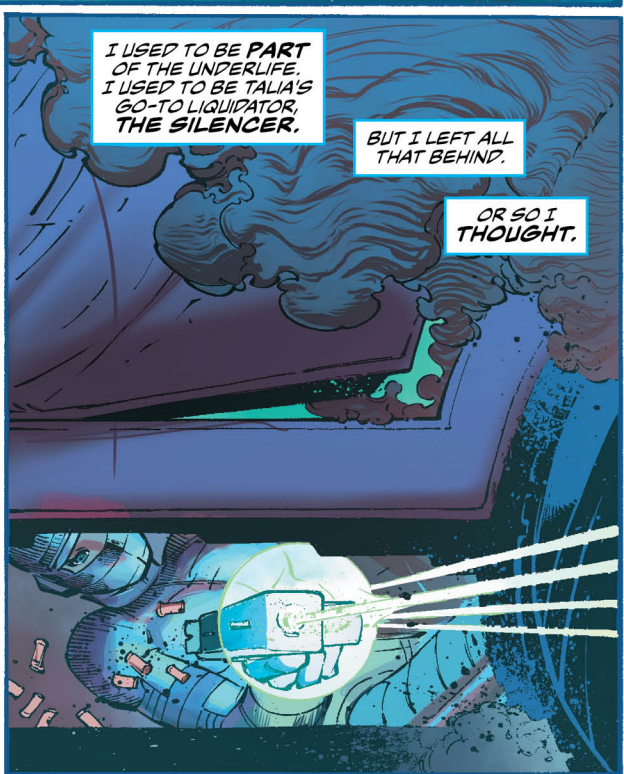
I MEAN, I HAVE  
TO LIVE HERE.

THIS IS WHERE  
MY LIFE IS.

MY NICE, HAPPY,  
ORDINARY LIFE.



PRIORITY ONE: KEEP THESE  
UNDERLIFE ASSASSINS FROM  
KILLING TALIA AL GHUL.  
SHE'S MY BEST CHANCE  
OF FINDING OUT WHY THIS  
IS HAPPENING.

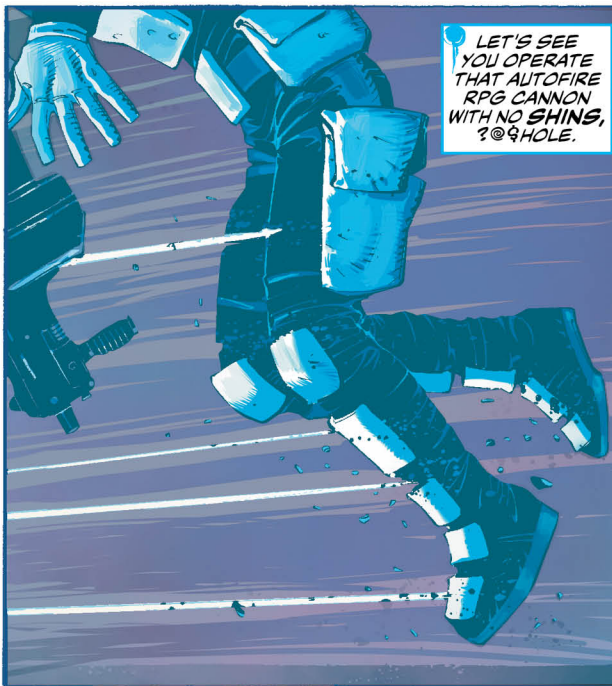


I USED TO BE PART  
OF THE UNDERLIFE.  
I USED TO BE TALIA'S  
GO-TO LIQUIDATOR,  
THE SILENCER.

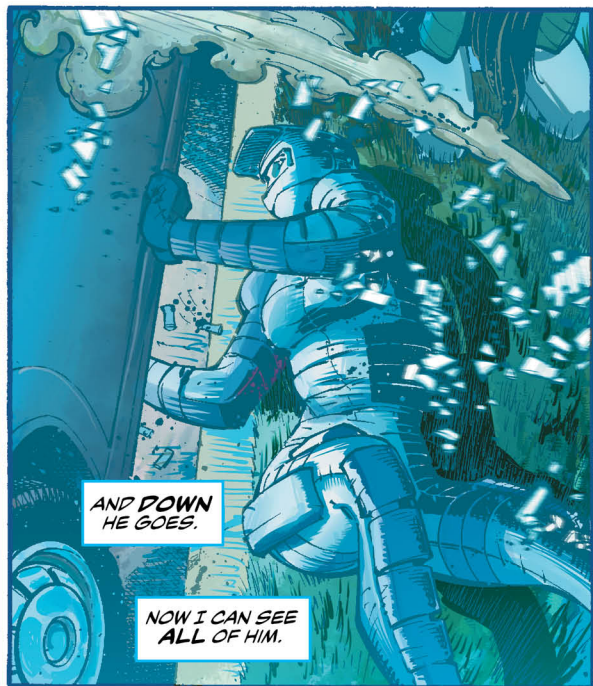
BUT I LEFT ALL  
THAT BEHIND.

OR SO I  
THOUGHT.





LET'S SEE  
YOU OPERATE  
THAT AUTOFIRE  
RPG CANNON  
WITH NO SHINS,  
?@9HOLE.



AND DOWN  
HE GOES.

NOW I CAN SEE  
ALL OF HIM.



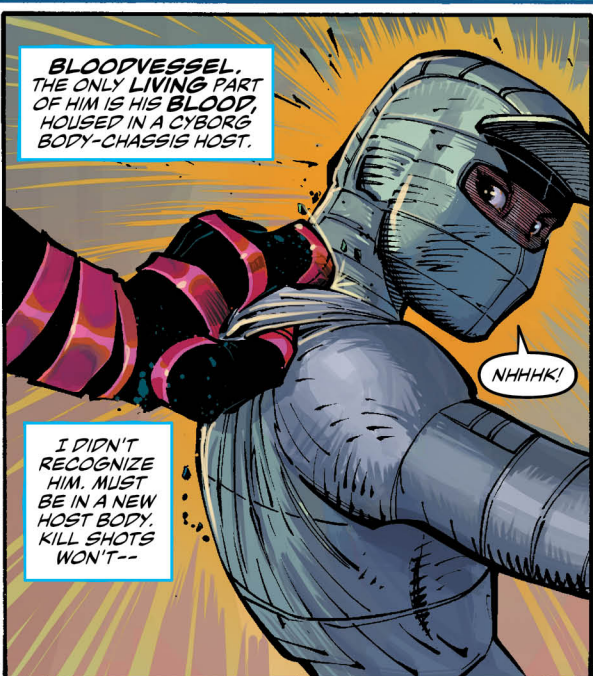
LIKE, FOR  
INSTANCE, HIS  
MORE VITAL  
AREAS.



ZONE OF  
SILENCE  
OFF...

THEY'RE  
DONE, NOW  
TALK--

NO, THE  
OTHER ONE WAS  
BLOODVESSEL!  
HE'LL--

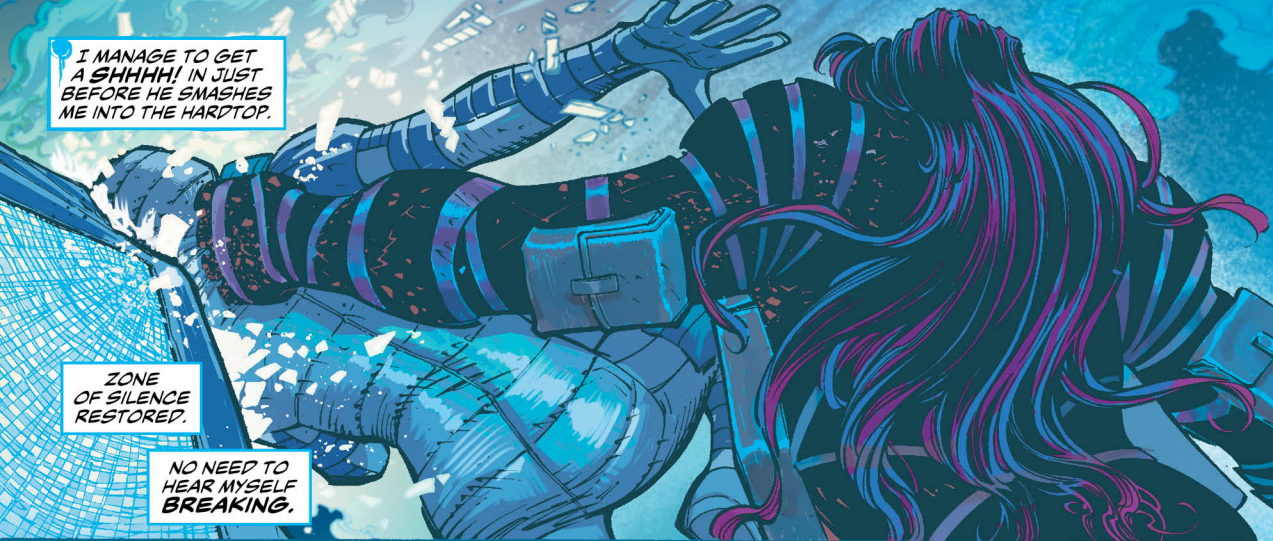


BLOODVESSEL.  
THE ONLY LIVING PART  
OF HIM IS HIS BLOOD,  
HOUSED IN A CYBORG  
BODY-CHASSIS HOST.

NHHHK!

I DIDN'T  
RECOGNIZE  
HIM. MUST  
BE IN A NEW  
HOST BODY.  
KILL SHOTS  
WON'T--





I MANAGE TO GET  
A SHHHH! IN JUST  
BEFORE HE SMASHES  
ME INTO THE HARDTOP.

ZONE  
OF SILENCE  
RESTORED.

NO NEED TO  
HEAR MYSELF  
BREAKING.



NO NEED TO ENDURE  
HIS OBSCENITIES.

NO NEED TO WAKE  
THE NEIGHBOR--



OW.

OWWWW...  
DAMN IT.

DON'T  
BLACK OUT.



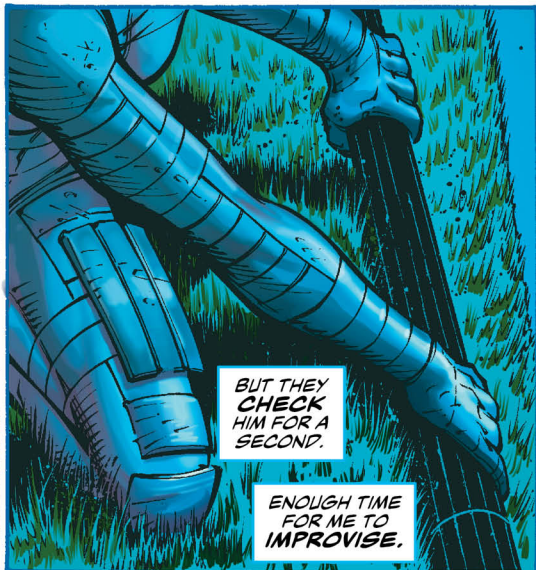
HERE HE  
COMES--





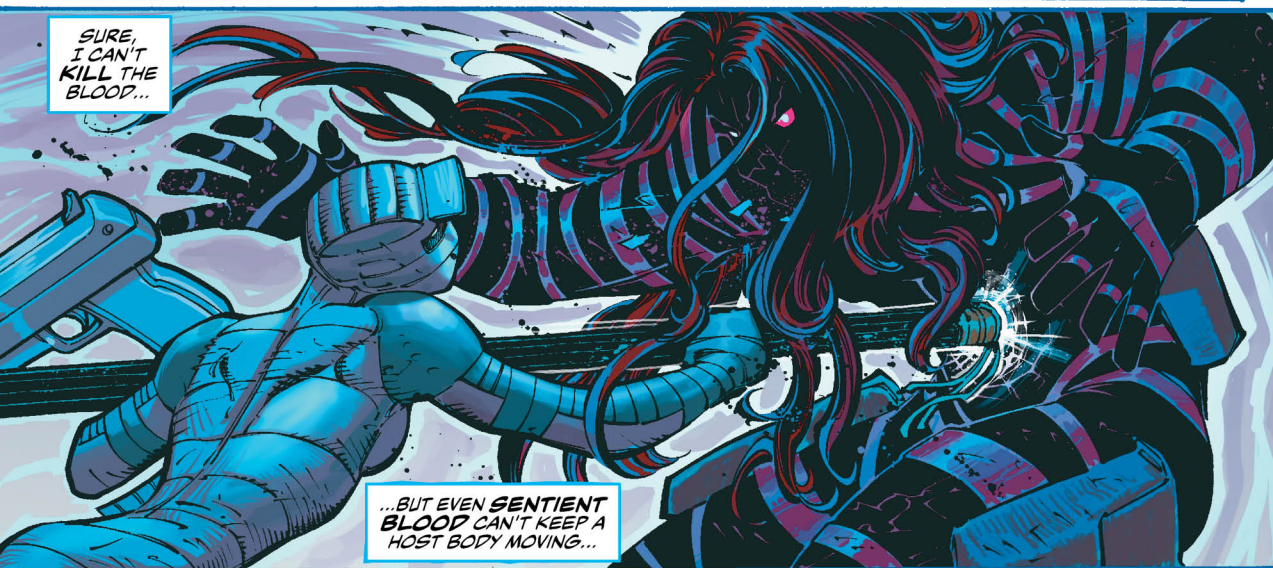
I'M **NOT** AN IDIOT. I KNOW HYPER-SHARP WOVEN PLASTIC BLADES WON'T STOP HIM **EITHER**.

YOU CAN'T KILL SENTIENT BLOOD.



BUT THEY CHECK HIM FOR A SECOND.

ENOUGH TIME FOR ME TO IMPROVISE.



SURE, I CAN'T KILL THE BLOOD...

...BUT EVEN SENTIENT BLOOD CAN'T KEEP A HOST BODY MOVING...



...WHEN ITS BASIC MECHANICAL FUNCTION IS GONE.





BROKEN.

SNAPPED.

DISARTICULATED.

