



**THE  
GOOD...**



**...THE  
BAD...**



**...AND THE  
HUNGRY!**

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**RED HOOK, BROOKLYN.**

MADISON, YOU REALLY THINK THIS'LL WORK? I MEAN, I KNOW YOU GOT THE MAYOR ON BOARD, BUT IF THIS GOES BAD...

LEO, RELAX... I HAVE THIS ALL FIGURED OUT, AND THE MAYOR ONLY KNOWS WHAT HE NEEDS TO KNOW.

AND LEO, NOW THAT I'M THE MAYOR'S NEW ASSISTANT, PLEASE ADDRESS ME AS MS. BERKOWITZ WHEN WE'RE IN PUBLIC.

I DO NOT WANT PEOPLE AROUND US TO KNOW HOW FAMILIAR WE ARE WITH EACH OTHER.

CAPTAIN, EVERYTHING GO SMOOTHLY?

YEAH, THAT'S YER CARGO, RIGHT THERE ABOVE US.

EXCELLENT.

SO THEY'RE ALL UP TO SPEED ON WHAT THEY HAVE TO DO?

AS LONG AS THEY'RE LOOKED AFTER LIKE YE PROMISED, AND YE KEEP YER END O' THE DEAL, YE SHOULD BE GOOD TO GO.

COME ON OUT, AND WELCOME TA YER NEW HOME.

UGH! GOOD HEAVENS, THAT SMELL!



UHL--KOFF--  
HELLO! WELCOME  
TO NEW YORK!

I'M MADISON  
BERKOWITZ. I'LL BE  
YOUR ARRANGEMENTS  
WHILE YOU VISIT OUR FINE  
CITY. ER...DO ANY OF YOU  
SPEAK ENGLISH?

YES. IN FACT, WE  
ALL SPEAK MANY  
LANGUAGES.

MY NAME  
IS BUCHARIO  
CARRASCO, BUT  
YOU CAN CALL ME  
BUTCH.



TERRIFIC, BUTCH. SO,  
ACROSS THE RIVER IS OUR  
BEAUTIFUL BOROUGH, WHERE  
YOU'LL BE LIVING UNTIL ALL OF  
YOU FINISH YOUR ASSIGNED  
JOB.

WELL,  
WHAT DO YOU  
THINK?

DEE-LICIOUS!





Meanwhile, twenty minutes south (or an hour with New York traffic), we find ourselves in Coney Island, a place that is many things to many people.

Some look at it as an *escape* from the real world.

Others, a place where a special kind of magic happens on warm summer evenings.



But for one, it is considered a safe place called home.

*ZZZZZZ*

...VURRY IMPORTVTV...

*ZZZZZZ*



*SNORE*

...APPOINTM... *ZZZZZZ*



It turns out our heroine, Honey Queen, does have a "vurry important" appoint'mint'...

...with her former flame, now nemesis, the Joker.

GOT A HOUR ON A HRF.

AVSZZZOME...



But truth be told, she doesn't have an hour and a half.

They should be meeting on the boardwalk. By the aquarium, AT NOON.

10:30

But they won't.

Because her unrequited admirer, Red Tool, purposely set her clock back.

She now steadfastly slumbers through her "appoint'mint'."

As for Red Tool, well...



...He is right on time and things are about to get a bit...

...Toolfish.

SO SPILL, JOKER. WHAT IS IT YOU WANT FROM HARLEY? FROM WHAT I HEAR, THE LAST TIME YOU GUYS MET, THINGS DIDN'T GO SO WELL FOR YOU.

FIRST, I DON'T HAVE TO TALK TO YOU.

SECOND, NONE OF THIS IS YOUR BUSINESS, WHOEVER YOU ARE.

IT'S RED TOOL TO YOU, AND ACTUALLY, THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG. ALL OF THIS IS MY BUSINESS.

NOW ANSWER ME, OR I'LL...

WHAT? YOU'RE GOING TO THREATEN ME NOW?

LOOK, I KNOW SHE'S YOUR FRIEND, BUT THIS IS PERSONAL BUSINESS BETWEEN TWO ADULTS.

OR... ARE YOU TELLING ME SHE GOT YOU IN HER PLACE?

I ASK THE QUESTIONS AROUND HERE, YOU PSYCHO.

**HAHAHA!**

OH THAT'S A KNEE-SLAPPER.

WHAT, DO THEY MAKE THE MIRRORS THERE YOU COME FROM?

LOOK AT YOU. YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING THAT CRAWLED OUT OF THE WE-BE-TOOL'S ARSE AT THE LOCK HARDWARE CHAIN, CALLING ME A PSYCHO...

...WHAT A MINUTE SHE DIDN'T SEND YOU, DID SHE?