



NOW.

"THE UNEXAMINED LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING..."

HURRY!



I used to know who wrote that--

FASTER, MAN! FASTER!

Now I'm trying to remember--



THEN.

Trying to make sense of why I had to remember in the first place--

And the yelling in the background. "Faster!" Always, faster!

There was a song--it was always a song--the chords that day went "d" and "c" and "d" and "c"...



What did that mean?

Just another pattern I couldn't see or read.

What does a poor chimp know about chords and notation?



RREEP

What's "d" and "c" and "d" and "c"?

I tried to memorize at least. To hurry!

How could I know what I couldn't understand?

I thought every day would be my last.

The cruellest lesson I learned? They wanted me to fail. My limitations...comforted them...made them gleeful.



There was only ever one out of all of them who was kind...



His name was Fred.

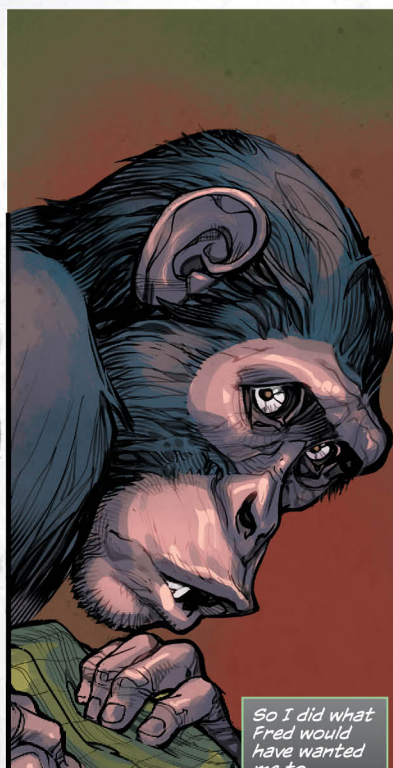
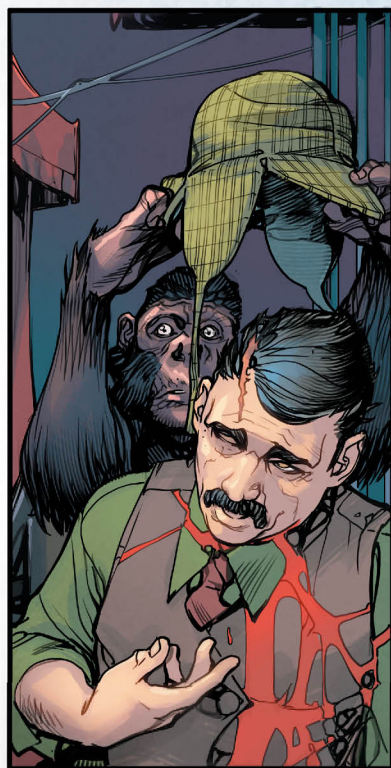
The rumor was he'd been injured as a young man in battle. His head wasn't right, exactly. They said he heard things.

He was kind to me, fed me after they left. Tried to help me learn my song.



They killed him.

But Fred's last decent act in this world was to leave unlocked the cage I'd lived in most of my life.

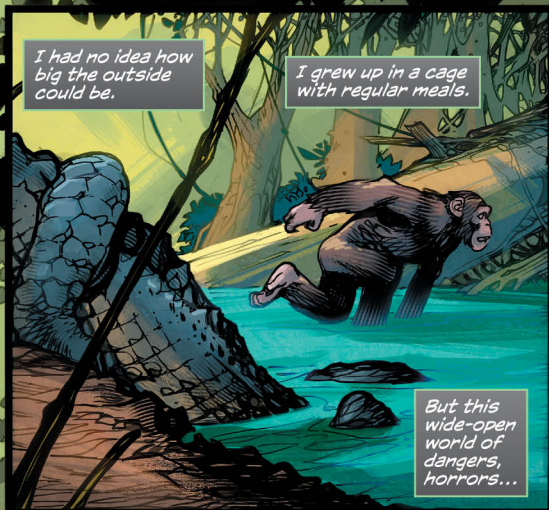


So I did what Fred would have wanted me to.



I ran from that awful place.

I ran into the night and the endless swamp during a hot tropical storm.



I had no idea how big the outside could be.

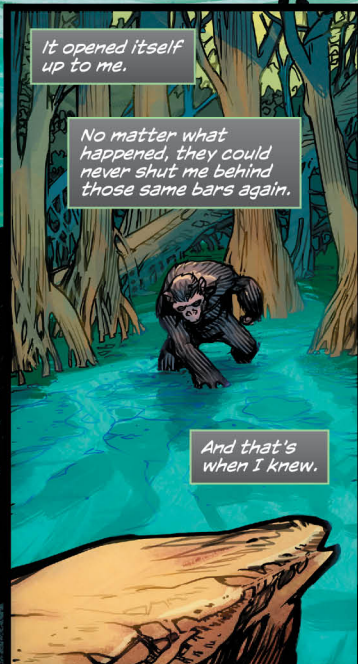
I grew up in a cage with regular meals.

But this wide-open world of dangers, horrors...



Wonders...

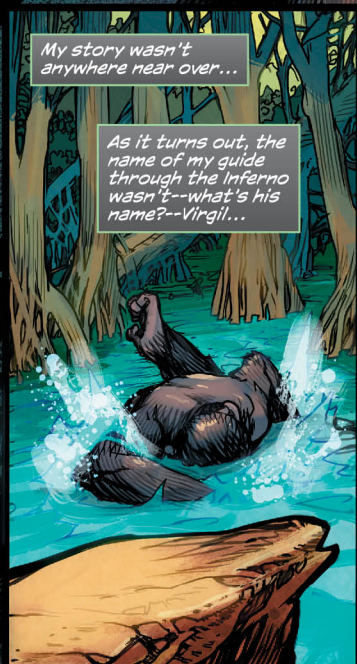
LET HIM PASS.



It opened itself up to me.

No matter what happened, they could never shut me behind those same bars again.

And that's when I knew.

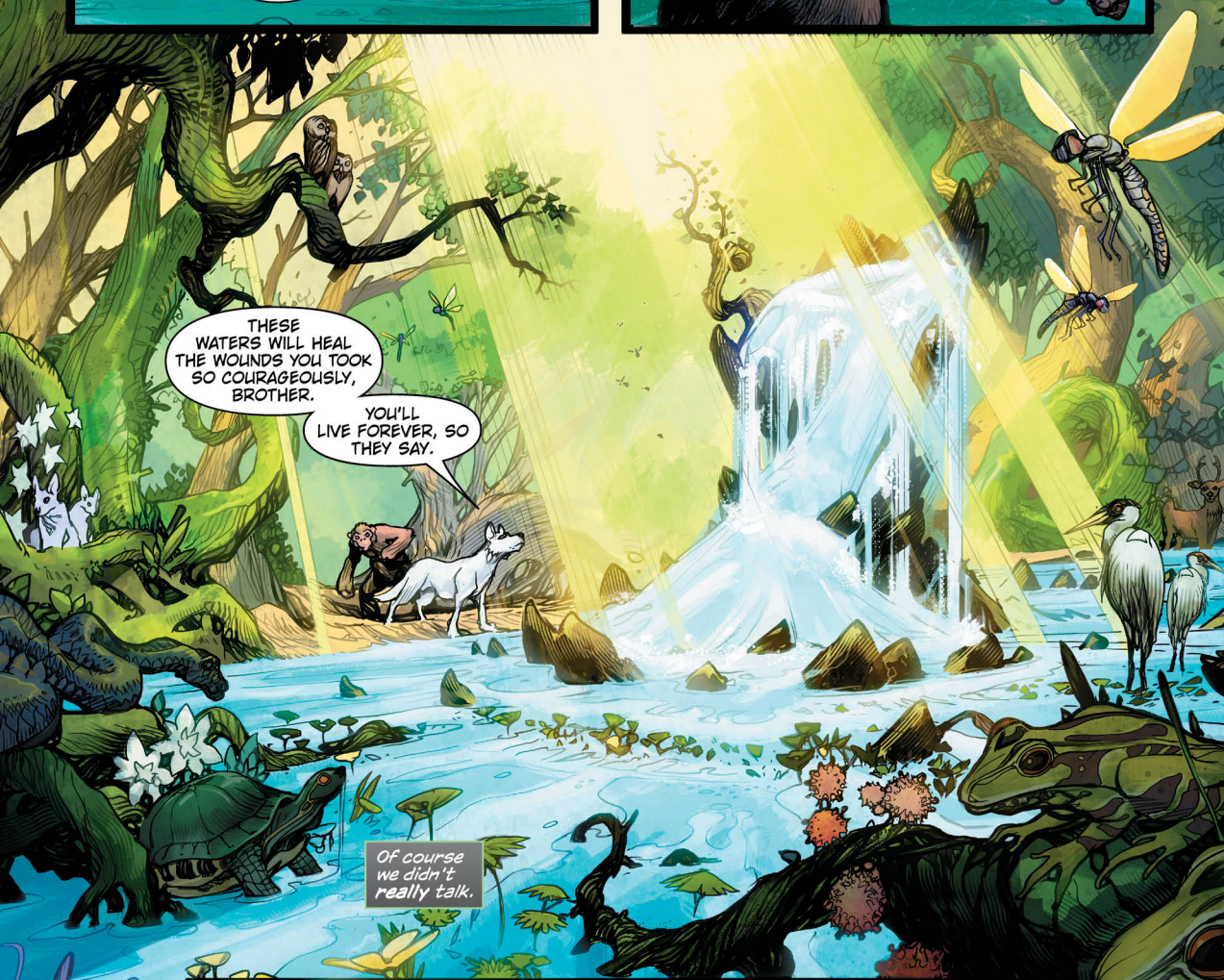


My story wasn't anywhere near over...

As it turns out, the name of my guide through the Inferno wasn't--what's his name?--Virgil...



...it was Rex.





My injuries disappeared.

Pain I'd ignored for years was gone.

And something else changed--



All at once, like lightning hitting a mirror, I was bright.

I saw for the first time how it all fit together.

And everywhere I looked there were clues, which led to evidence, which led to the simple meaning of it all!

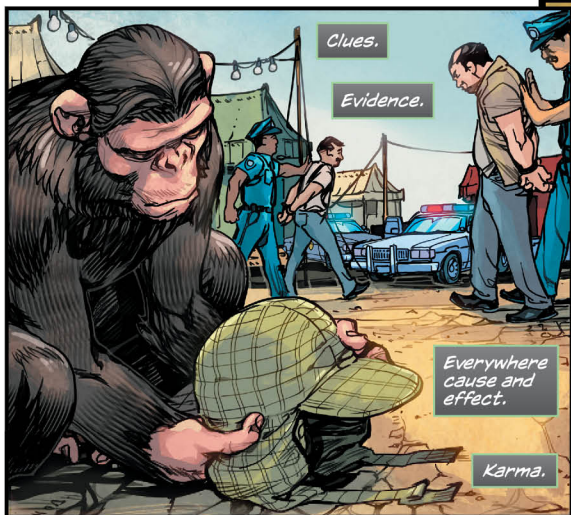


Everywhere--perfect unfolding solutions to insoluble mysteries that had haunted my blunt ape brain for so long.

All of it made sense.



It could be interrogated, made to give up its secrets and its mysteries like a person--like music, unfurling before me...



Clues.

Evidence.

Everywhere cause and effect.

Karma.



The dirt I dug up sent all three of Fred's killers to the pen.

Two of them were put to death by the state, the third man was gutted like a catfish in the showers.

Did I feel bad? Not at all. What you learn, in detection, is that all cruelty belies the same sin--a lack of imagination. In other words...

**...ANTI-
MUSIC!!!**

SCREE

**DARK KNIGHTS RISING: THE WILD HUNT:
RIDERS ON
THE RAZOR**

**SCOTT SNYDER, GRANT MORRISON,
JAMES TYNION IV & JOSHUA WILLIAMSON**
WRITERS

**HOWARD PORTER, JORGE JIMENEZ
& DOUG MAHNKE WITH JAMIE MENDOZA**
ARTISTS



EEEEEE!!!

HI-FI, ALEJANDRO SANCHEZ
& WIL QUINTANA
COLORS

DOUG MAHNKE
& WIL QUINTANA
COVER

REBECCA TAYLOR
& EDDIE BERGANZA
CO-EDITORS

DAVE
WIELGOSZ
ASST. EDITOR

BATMAN
CREATED BY BOB KANE
WITH BILL FINGER

SUPERMAN CREATED BY
JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER
BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT
WITH THE JERRY SIEGEL FAMILY.

CLAYTON
COWLES
LETTERS

AW, I
LIKE THIS
TUNE...



NOW!
BLACKHAWK
ISLAND.

**KRA-
WOOW**

HURRY,
BOBO! DARK
ENERGY...

I KNOW!
I'M GOING AS FAST
AS I CAN!

AND...

WE'RE
CONNECTED?

I THINK
SO, WILL, BUT...BUT
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
SOMETHING IS HAPPENING
TO ME... FINDING THIS
FREQUENCY...

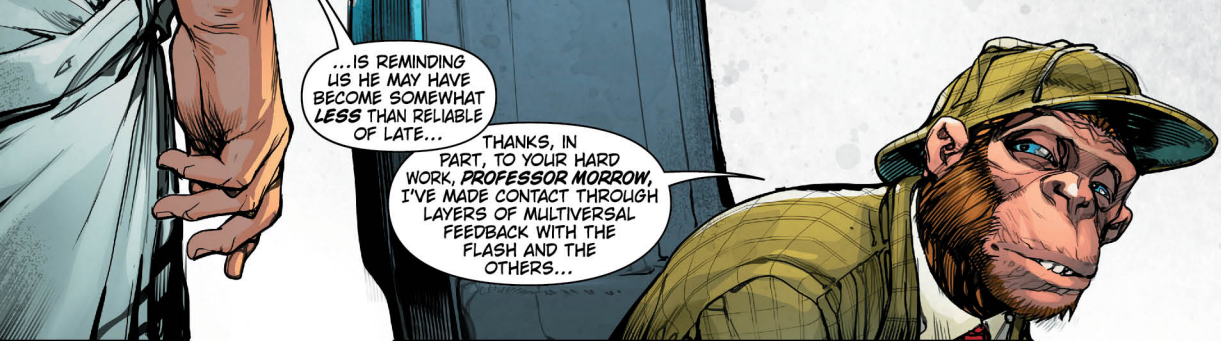
I FEEL LIKE A
DUMB APE AGAIN... LIKE
DEVOLVING...

AND I CAN'T REMEMBER
WHO SAID "THE UNEXAMINED
LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING."

...SOCRATES.

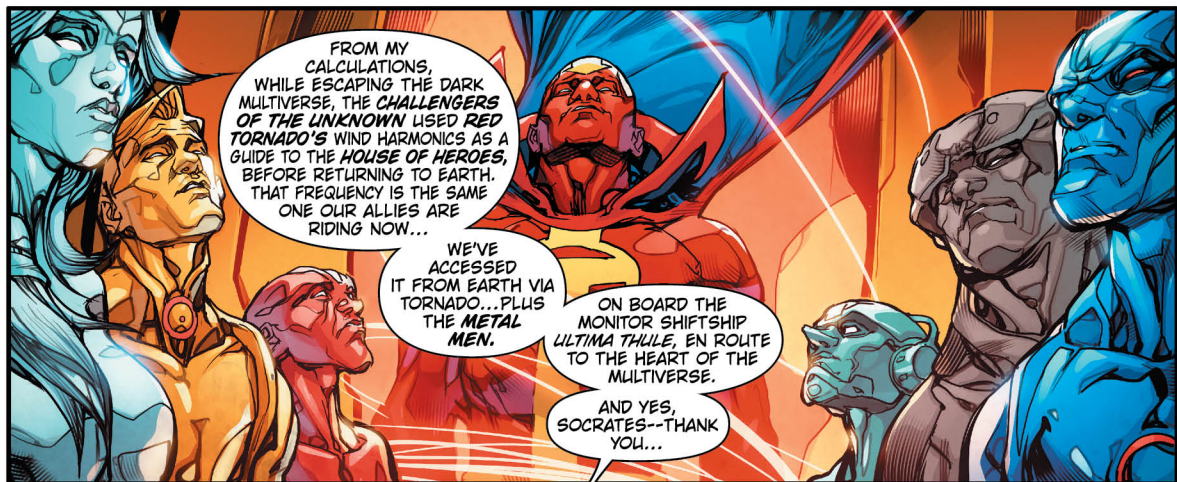
IN HIS OWN
GUILELESS WAY,
OUR SIMIAN COMPADRE,
THIS IMMORTAL, SUPER-
EVOLVED REPOSITORY OF
EVERY KNOWN FACT, EVERY
SCRAP OF RECORDED
DATA...

THIS
RESOURCE
WE'RE RELYING
ON--



...IS REMINDING US HE MAY HAVE BECOME SOMEWHAT **LESS** THAN RELIABLE OF LATE...

THANKS, IN PART, TO YOUR HARD WORK, **PROFESSOR MORROW**, I'VE MADE CONTACT THROUGH LAYERS OF MULTIVERSAL FEEDBACK WITH THE FLASH AND THE OTHERS...

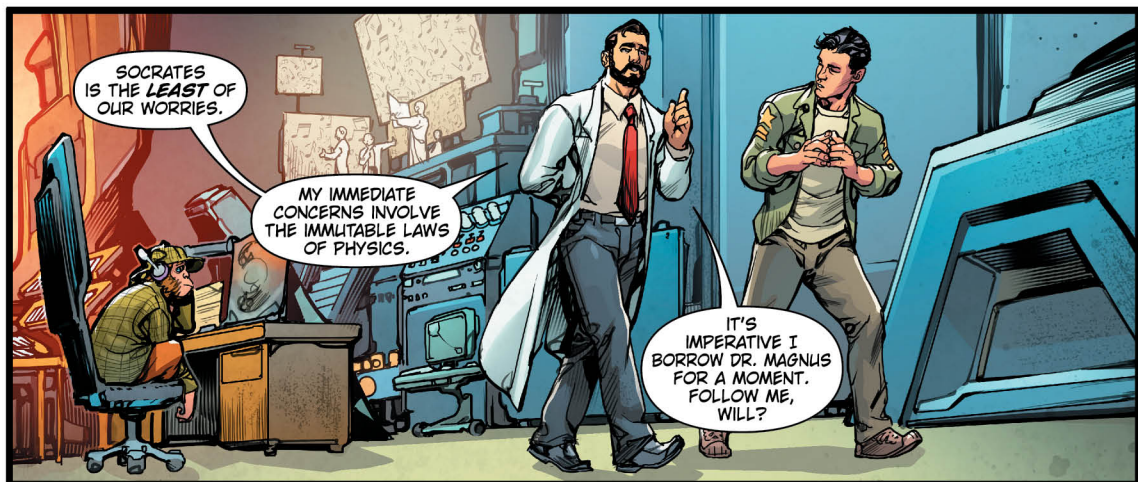


FROM MY CALCULATIONS, WHILE ESCAPING THE DARK MULTIVERSE, THE **CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN** USED **RED TORNADO'S** WIND HARMONICS AS A GUIDE TO THE **HOUSE OF HEROES**, BEFORE RETURNING TO EARTH. THAT FREQUENCY IS THE SAME ONE OUR ALLIES ARE RIDING NOW...

WE'VE ACCESSED IT FROM EARTH VIA TORNADO...PLUS THE **METAL MEN**.

ON BOARD THE MONITOR SHIP **ULTIMA THULE**, EN ROUTE TO THE HEART OF THE MULTIVERSE.

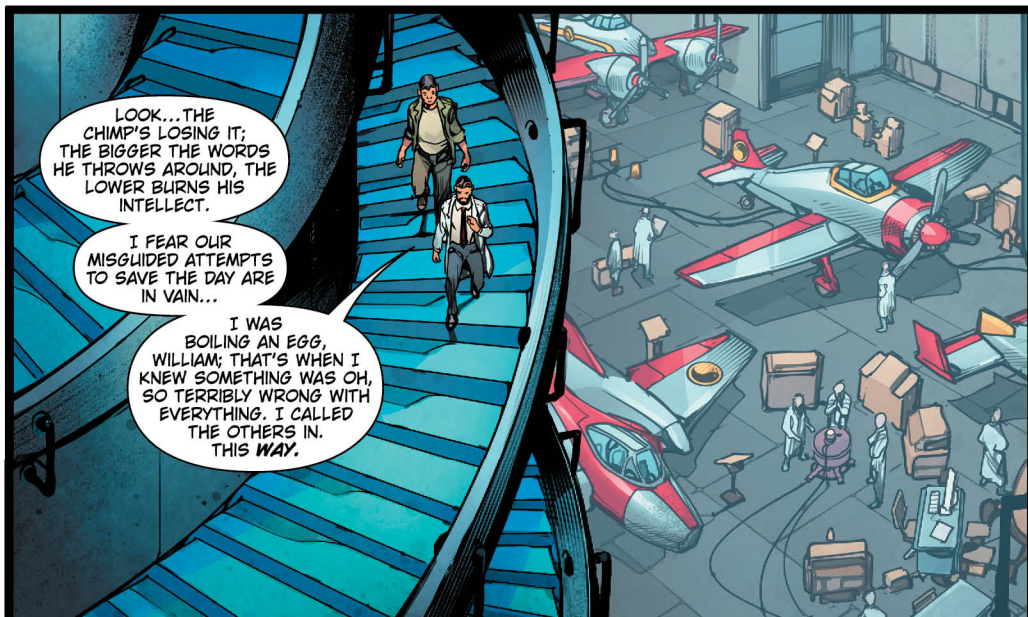
AND YES, **SOCRATES**--THANK YOU...



SOCRATES IS THE **LEAST** OF OUR WORRIES.

MY IMMEDIATE CONCERNS INVOLVE THE IMMUTABLE LAWS OF PHYSICS.

IT'S IMPERATIVE I BORROW DR. **MAGNUS** FOR A MOMENT. FOLLOW ME, WILL?



LOOK...THE CHIMP'S LOSING IT; THE BIGGER THE WORDS HE THROWS AROUND, THE LOWER BURNS HIS INTELLECT.

I FEAR OUR MISGUIDED ATTEMPTS TO SAVE THE DAY ARE IN VAIN...

I WAS BOILING AN EGG, **WILLIAM**; THAT'S WHEN I KNEW SOMETHING WAS OH, SO TERRIBLY WRONG WITH EVERYTHING. I CALLED THE OTHERS IN. **THIS WAY.**