

OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN-- COLONY AIRSHIP ALPHA.

RECORD MESSAGE. DRAFT 73-C. FROM ULYSSES HADRIAN ARMSTRONG TO COLONEL JACOB KANE.

SIR. WITH ALL DUE RESPECT AND DEFERENCE, I NEED TO REGISTER A **FORMAL COMPLAINT.**

I RECOGNIZE THAT YOU AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COLONY ORGANIZATION WERE **UPSET** BY MY ACTIONS IN GOTHAM A FEW MONTHS AGO.

IN THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT, UGLY WORDS WERE THROWN AROUND, LIKE "SADISTIC," "UNHINGED," AND "PSYCHOTIC."

THAT I HAD AN "UNHEALTHY OBSESSION" WITH "HURTING PEOPLE," AND THAT I WAS A "DERANGED TEENAGER" WHO WAS "INCAPABLE OF BASIC HUMAN EMPATHY."

MY **WORK** FOR OUR GREAT ORGANIZATION WAS PUT INTO QUESTION, AND I WAS **REMOVED** FROM WEAPONS DEVELOPMENT AND MANY OF MY OTHER DAY-TO-DAY TASKS.

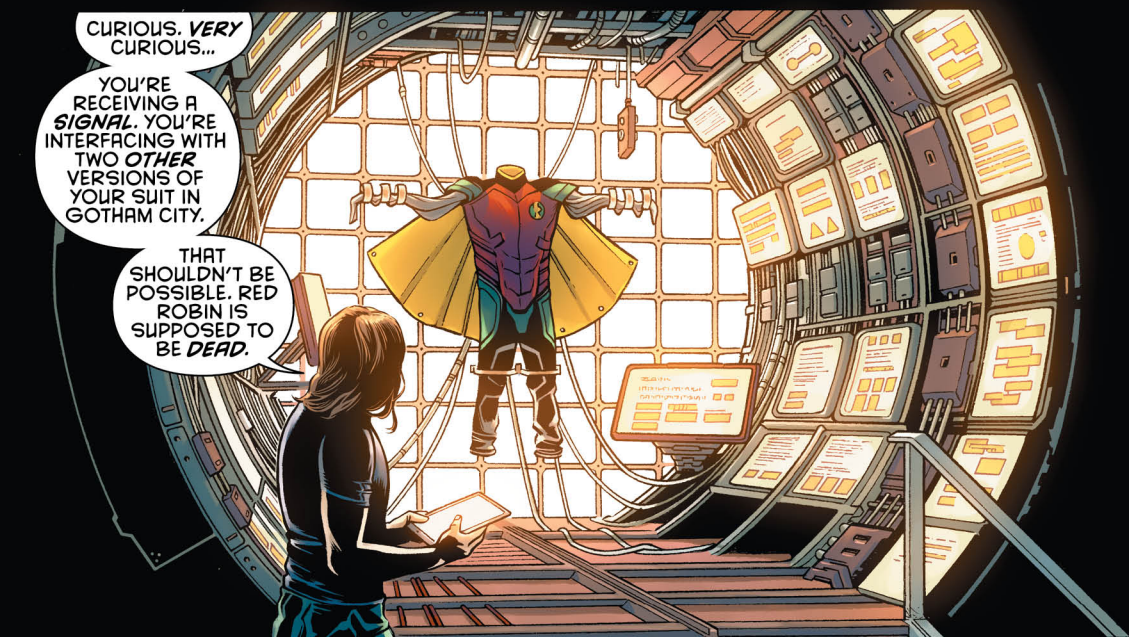
I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT I HAVE HACKED INTO YOUR PERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS **NOT** TO THREATEN YOU, BUT TO LET YOU KNOW PERSONALLY AND WITH GREAT SINCERITY THAT I **HEAR** YOU. THAT I HAVE **PROCESSED** THESE COMPLAINTS.

AND WHILE I FIND THEM BASELESS, IDIOTIC AND SHORT-SIGHTED, I **AM** WILLING TO PLAY BALL. I AM WILLING TO **TOE THE LINE.**

I AM WILLING TO DO JUST ABOUT **ANYTHING** TO GET OUT FROM THIS BASIC CODE-MONKEY WORK YOU COULD GET A HALF-WITTED ORANGUTAN TO--

BUH-BEEP.

HM. END RECORDING.



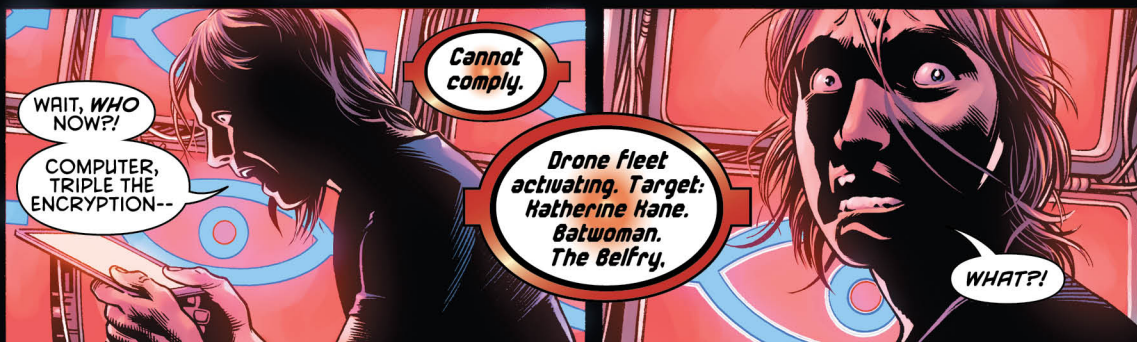
CURIOUS. *VERY*
CURIOUS...

YOU'RE
RECEIVING A
SIGNAL. YOU'RE
INTERFACING WITH
TWO *OTHER*
VERSIONS OF
YOUR SUIT IN
GOTHAM CITY.

THAT
SHOULDN'T BE
POSSIBLE. RED
ROBIN IS
SUPPOSED TO
BE *DEAD*.



Brother Eye
is online.



WAIT, *WHO*
NOW?!

COMPUTER,
TRIPLE THE
ENCRYPTION--

Cannot
comply.

Drone fleet
activating. Target:
Katherine Kane.
Batwoman.
The Belfry.

WHAT?!



OH GOD, THE
COLONEL IS GOING
TO *KILL* ME...I NEED
TO TELL HIM--



*OR...*I COULD
FINALLY SEE WHAT
ALL MY TOYS
CAN DO.

THE BATCAVE.

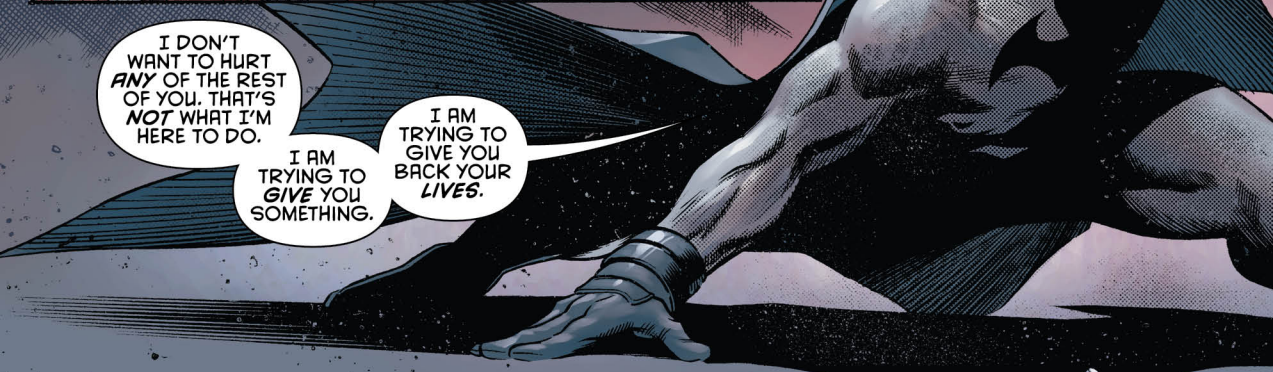




YOUR ACTIONS
HERE ARE
POINTLESS. ALL
OF YOU.

BROTHER EYE ALREADY HAS
THE WEAPONS HE NEEDS. YOU
WON'T GET TO THE BELFRY
IN TIME TO FIGHT
BACK.

BATWOMAN IS
DEAD ALREADY.



I DON'T
WANT TO HURT
ANY OF THE REST
OF YOU. THAT'S
NOT WHAT I'M
HERE TO DO.

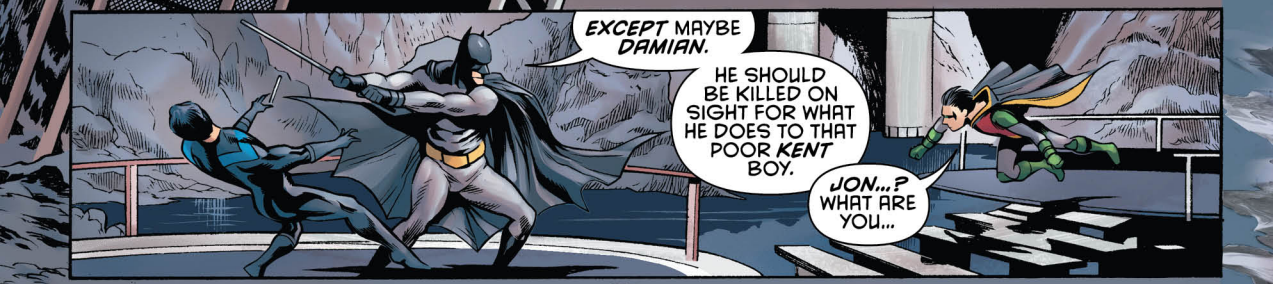
I AM
TRYING TO
GIVE YOU
SOMETHING.

I AM
TRYING TO
GIVE YOU
BACK YOUR
LIVES.



WHY ARE
YOU *DOING* THIS?
IF THINGS ARE GOING
SO BADLY IN THE
FUTURE, WHY NOT JUST
BRING US TOGETHER
AND *SHOW* US?
WORK *WITH* US TO
STOP IT?

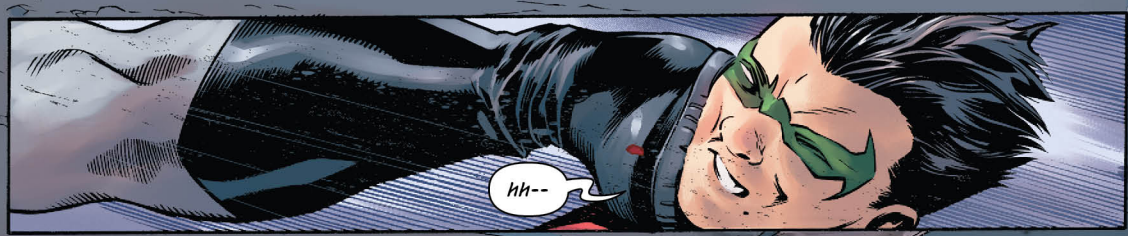
BECAUSE
THE PROBLEM
IS *BIGGER* THAN
THAT, DICK. THE
PROBLEM ISN'T
ANY OF *YOU*, IN
PARTICULAR.



EXCEPT MAYBE
DAMIAN.

HE SHOULD
BE KILLED ON
SIGHT FOR WHAT
HE DOES TO THAT
POOR KENT
BOY.

JON...P
WHAT ARE
YOU...



hh--



SORRY, TIMMY, I DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS.



JASON. IN A FEW YEARS, YOU WERE GOING TO LEARN THAT ONE OF YOUR BONES NEVER *SET RIGHT* AFTER JOKER KILLED YOU.

THERE'S A GROWING, DEBILITATING *BONE SPUR* IN YOUR HIP JOINT.

THERE, I FOUND IT FOR YOU. YOU'RE *WELCOME*.



WHAT YOU--

AAAAH!

WHAT'S... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM?

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.