The Batman Files
It's hard to be the Batman when you're dead. I recently learned this firsthand when the entire world believed I had died at the hands of an other-dimensional god named Darkseid. And while I thought I had prepared for any contingency, it seemed I hadn't planned for my own death as well as I should have.

Simply put, Batman and Robin can't be allowed to fade into obscurity. Gotham needs us too much for us to allow that to happen. It needs someone to keep its dark half in check, someone to fight for the impossible. When I "died," Dick Grayson, the original Robin, took up my mantle and cause. It was what I'd hoped, and maybe, a bit arrogantly, had assumed he would do. But despite all that, I left him unprepared. I left him without the proper tools needed to take my place.

This book is for. This is a chronicle of my life, from my parents' death to my recent mission of taking the idea of Batman to a global level. Collected within these covers are excerpts from my private journals and crime files, highlighting my most important cases—my greatest victories as well as my worst defeats. This book is my life's work, and should serve as equal parts instruction manual and cautionary tale.

Because Batman cannot die. We can't let him.

Bruce Wayne
From the Batcave below Wayne Manor
Bristol County, Gotham City
The first day of my life.

When I was a boy, I fell through a sinkhole in the yard and got my first glimpse of the caverns beneath Wayne Manor. I wasn't physically hurt, but what I saw down there stayed with me for life.

Early moments with my family.

After I fell in the cave, I was obviously traumatized. My mother decided it would be a good idea to sit me down and have me draw what I experienced. This was the result.
I'm careful when I open the window. My new roommate, Harvey, doesn't like the idea of me reading his mail, but I don't want to wake him. My roommate, Harvey, doesn't like the idea of me reading his mail, but I don't want to wake him. My roommate, Harvey, doesn't like the idea of me reading his mail, but I don't want to wake him. My roommate, Harvey, doesn't like the idea of me reading his mail, but I don't want to wake him.

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June 27

I’m leaving Gotham City today.

When I was a boy, I made a promise. I swore on the freshly dug graves of my parents that I would somehow avenge their deaths. I remember kneeling there in the rain, my knees sinking into the mud. I remember looking up at the sky and screaming. I was just a child, making the impossible promise of a child. Yet here I am, about to board an 8:15 to Okinawa, my first step of many on my way to keeping that vow.

There’s a part of me... and I’ll admit it’s a large part... there’s a part of me that thinks I’m crazy. That what I’m doing is completely irrational. I’m leaving my friends, Alfred, everyone and everything I knew behind, for the hope, however tenuous, of an impossible dream. No matter what I do, Gotham City will never change. No matter what I do, I can never return to my life at school, marry the girl of my dreams and settle down on my father’s money. I can’t just sit by and do nothing. Not while Gotham continues to rot from the inside out. Not while other children lose their families out there.

I’ve been pushing myself practically my entire life. Training with the finest local teachers money can buy. Today, working shadow cast from school to study with some of the most respected experts in the country. But until today, I haven’t committed myself fully to the goal. I haven’t gotten on a plane not to return until I’m ready to do what needs to be done. To do what I swear to them I would. Instead, I’ve been stalling. I’ve been putting it off.

I still miss them. I think about them every single day. I’m pretty sure that I always will.

I still miss them, and I made them an impossible promise. So I’m leaving Gotham City today.

Leaving Gotham City to continue my training.

Part of an extensive workout routine I picked up in my time in Washington, D.C. from a pair of trainers named Christian and Jessica Fox.

Security camera still of Dan Mallory, a private detective with a penchant for shadows that “Frank Dixon” trained with in Chicago.

Pictures from my time in the Tanggula Shan Mountains near the border of China and Tibet. My three months there studying Taoism from Shao-La was invaluable.

A photo shot by a villager of me paying a visit to the Xinjiang province in West China. This harrased town was called Waiguo. I brought its tormentor to justice.
My earliest designs for the Batman

My earliest designs for the Batman

Full body armor’s too impractical. It would limit mobility. Kevlar might be a good alternative.

I’ll need to reinforce the skullcap, yet keep it lightweight. Maybe high-impact polymer?

The cape’s the key. Should draw the enemy’s fire and help me blend into the shadows. But its most important function will be adding to the idea of the “creature of the night.” It should mask my form, make me seem like something other than human.
Alfred,

Sorry the material is proving difficult to work with, but I think we're on the right track. The Kevlar's straight from Wayne Enterprises' R&D lab. It's a state-of-the-art light weight weave that's actually harder to penetrate than the industry standard, which is why you're having difficulty making alterations to it. But I'm assuming you'd rather be stitching up the cape than my hide...

Of course on days like today, I might be wrong about that...

Otherwise, I think it's about ready. One minor detail: maybe make the "ears" longer? Could help with the intimidation factor, and later down the road, we can always add radio antenna and a satellite link in the extra interior space they create. I'd also like to get around to adding night-vision to the lenses, and maybe an infrared setting as well, but I think I'm several years away from developing anything man ageable right now. Might get the WayneTech team working on something like that, though. Tell them it's for a private security firm or something.

I'm sure you can think up a believable explanation.

- Bruce

My heart is simply agitated at the opportunity...

If all else fails in your campaign against crime, perhaps you might consider showing the nefariously well-dressed and resourceful Batman the recent expenditure report from your R&D branch. The figure alone would likely terrify even the most hardened of criminals.

- A
TRAINING SCHEDULE
For the week of 2/20-2/26

SUNDAY 2/20
MORNING
30 minute jog
30 minute meditation
EVENING
clean and jerk lifts – 3 reps/8 sets. 262 lbs.
5 sets metabolic conditioning:
½ mile run
21 kettlebell swings
12 pull-ups
30 minutes flexibility
30 minutes sparring

MONDAY 2/21
MORNING
30 minute jog
30 minutes traditional kata (focus on Japanese forms)
EVENING
5 sets 20 foot rope climb
30 minutes gymnastic rings (work on muscle ups in particular)
high box jumps—12 reps/8 sets
 crunchy—50 reps/5 sets
30 minutes heavy bag
30 minutes flexibility
30 minutes target practice

TUESDAY 2/22
MORNING
30 minute jog
30 minutes yoga
EVENING
½ mile swim
heavy dead lift—5 reps/7 sets. 620 lbs.
lighter dead lift—30 reps. 310 lbs.
30 minutes sparring

WEDNESDAY 2/23
OFF DAY
MORNING
20-mile run—last week’s time was 4:50 per mile.
Need to better that time by a half a minute.
EVENING
skill training only
30 minutes target practice
30 minutes flexibility
30 minutes upper body basics
30 minutes lower body basics
30 minutes observation
30 minutes meditation
30 minutes holds and pressure points

THURSDAY 2/24
MORNING
30 minute jog
30 minutes traditional kata (focus on Okinawan forms)
EVENING
squa — 5 reps/10 sets. 525 lbs.
1 hour bouldering
30 minutes flexibility
 crunchy—50 reps/5 sets

FRIDAY 2/25
MORNING
30 minute jog
30 minute meditation
EVENING
clean and jerk lifts— 3 reps/8 sets. 262 lbs.
5 sets metabolic conditioning:
½ mile run
21 kettlebell swings
12 pull-ups
30 minutes flexibility
30 minutes sparring

SATURDAY 2/26
MORNING
30 minute jog
30 minutes yoga
EVENING
squa — 5 reps/10 sets. 525 lbs.
30 minutes monkey bars
30 minute pommel horse
30 minutes heavy bag
¼ mile swim

Tu esday’s Menu
Breakfast
six poached eggs laid over artichoke bottoms with a sage pesto sauce
thinly sliced baked ham
mixed organic fresh fruit bowl
freshly squeezed orange juice
organic, grass-fed milk
4 grams branched-chain amino acid
2 grams fish oil

Lunch
local salmon with a ginger glaze
organic asparagus with lemon garlic dusting
Asian yam soup with diced onions
2 grams fish oil

Dinner
grass-fed local sirloin steak
bed of organic spinach and piquillo peppers
oven-baked golden herb potato
2 grams fish oil
The Batmobile is a constant work in progress. Just like the Batman, it needs to adapt with the times and keep one step ahead of the rest of the world.
Gotham City Police Department
INCIDENT SUPPLEMENT # WR 9005-1

STATEMENT FORM FOR WITNESS:

Name: Steve Flack
Address: 49 Kanoe Street
Date: 1/8

Reference To: ‘Mad Hatter’ Brief
Case Number: 00492

Narrative:

Earlier tonight I was on the phone at my station at the front desk of the Yestadt Club when three guys came in. They all looked old, I guess they’re also in their late 30’s. I didn’t check for IDs, anything. When I hung up with my worker-related call, I only saw the last guy walk through the door heading to the lounge. He was a little guy and he had on a red tape coat. He kind of looked like the Hatter guy from the ‘Alice in Wonderland’ movie.

Anyway, I don’t remember seeing him in the club, so I’m about to go find out which number he’s with. Now all of a sudden these, guards, come from the other room. I mean, it sounded like guards, at least. I didn’t see them.

So I call the cops and then I just kind of stood around a bit. I don’t want to go in there and get shot or anything. Finally, the lady photographer, and then sees there standing pictures of the club in some magazine. I don’t remember the name of the lady, she comes out saying that the dude in the hat stole the Lewin Cups, which is the.club’s trophy, and the thing is worth a ton of money, cause it is originally for display. Then the lady says the guy went out back and he stole one of the owner’s gadgets. I guess he escaped on it or whatever. That was a surprise, too. So from here, I just wanted with him until you guys got here. I never saw the guy in the hat again or anything like that. Guess he got away.

Witness Signature: Steve Flack
Officer’s Signature: McConno

FILE NAME NAME
NAME MAD HATTER JERVIS TETCH
HEIGHT 5’8” 149 lbs.
EYE COLOR BLUE RED
HAIR COLOR BLUE
KNOWN ALIASES NONE
BASE OF OPERATIONS GOTHAM CITY

GROUP AFFILIATIONS
THE SOCIETY, THE SECRET SIX, THE WONDERLAND GANG

RELATED CASE FILES
The Scoop of the Century, Madness, Knightfall, Unknowing, Unresolved, Six Degrees of Devastation

NOTES

When I really start to look at the madmen and women I’ve come into conflict with over the years, a disturbing pattern emerges. Most were victims of ridicule at an early age, and were shy, bookish types before the world pushed them over the edge. Jerivis Tetch’s situation isn’t much different.

Although there may have been earlier instances, Jervis’s first known crime occurred years ago, before he adopted the identity of the Mad Hatter. While living in a boarding house on the lower east side that was owned by a woman named Ella Littleton, Tetch befriended her young daughter Connie, who was a junior high student at the time. Often ridiculed by his peers for his appearance even into his adulthood, Tetch lived a quiet life of isolation, probably due to his self-image never fully developing. Identifying more with children than adults, Tetch became a regular acquaintance of Connie’s, often helping her with her school projects.

As Connie grew older, she began seeing a young man named Mark Rabin, despite her mother forbidding their relationship. When Connie accidentally became pregnant, she lied to her overbearing mother, telling her that she was assaulted by a member of her high school’s baseball team. Blindly taking her daughter’s word as truth, Ella Littleton conspired with Jervis, and convinced him to “defend Connie’s honor” by blowing up the boy’s locker room while the team was occupying it. Only two team members survived, and twelve young boys lost their lives.

Severely unbalanced, and yet a genius when it comes to the world of computer science, Tetch developed an extremely sophisticated method of mind control that he operates with the use of a hat straight out Sir John Tenniel’s illustrations of the Mad Hatter from Lewis Carroll’s “Alice in Wonderland” novels. By planting a card, tag, or headband somewhere on his intended victim’s head (usually in the form of some sort of hat), Tetch is able to sap each victim’s will, and control his or her actions and even speech, although his victim often appears to be in a trance-like state. Exactly why Tetch chose to pattern himself after the Mad Hatter of children’s literature, or why he seems obsessed with girls or women that fit the fictional Alice’s body type is still a mystery.

But whatever the cause, the Hatter has an unhealthy attachment to little girls, which is perhaps his most frightening quality.

When he first made his debut in his costumed persona, Tetch’s crimes were as erratic as his scattered mind. His exploits ranged from mundane robberies to elaborate kidnappings. But perhaps even more bizarre was the fact that when Tetch fell off the grid for a while, an impersonator took his place. Trading in Tetch’s sophisticated mind control in favor of hat-themed crimes revolving around gimmickry, this second Mad Hatter, or Hatman as he’s called today, quickly lost his title when the real Tetch was made aware of his activities. In fact, Jerivis was so (CONTINUED)
Unearthed from the depths of the Batcave by Matthew K. Manning, The Batman Files begins with Wayne’s childhood drawings and continues along a timeline of significant events in Batman’s life. Complete and authentic in every way possible, all of Batman’s friends and foes—from Poison Ivy, Catwoman, the Riddler, and Penguin, to the Joker, Batgirl, Mr. Freeze, and, of course, Robin—appear throughout the dossier to provide a framework of the Caped Crusader’s entire career.

• From childhood drawings and family photos to exercise regimens and weapons schematics, this book shares the private details that could only come from Batman himself.
• Batman prepared this journal to pass along to his heir; it was discovered by Matt Manning, who made it public.
• The dark, sleek, and enigmatic packaging offers top quality for gift buyers and authenticity for hard-core fans.
• The Batman Files was created in conjunction with DC Comics; accuracy and credibility are guaranteed.
• Elaborate details and never-before-seen information about Batman’s secret life from his childhood to the present make this a must-have for any Batman fan and a collector’s dream.

Matthew K. Manning is a comic book writer, historian, and fan. Over the course of his career, he’s written comics or books starring Batman, Superman, Iron Man, Wolverine, Spider-Man, the Incredible Hulk, the Legion of Super-Heroes, the Justice League, and even Bugs Bunny. Some of his more recent works include DK Publishing’s DC Comics Year by Year: A Visual Chronicle and Running Press’s The Batman Vault. He is currently writing a six-issue miniseries for DC Comics. He lives in Connecticut with his wife and daughter.

• National media
• Cross-promotion with DC Comics Web site
• Online and social media marketing campaign

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