MONSTERS IN THE CLOSET

BE CAREFUL, MARTHA.

HURRY, THESE BIG CITY STREETS AREN'T SAFE AFTER DARK.

"Friend, you don't know the half of it."
"You can't conceive the **abominations** that inhabit Gotham's secret places--"
"Worse than I'd imagined."

CHECKS IN THE MAIL.

"Worse fail me. But he knows what I'm thinking."

YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME.

I HAVE A GRANT.

"If this waste of life disappeared off the pier, would anyone know?"

LOOK. LOOK WHAT I GREW--!

IT'S A LITTLE BAT-MAN!
YOU'RE SICK!

YOU'VE CREATED THINGS THAT HAVE NO PLACE IN THIS WORLD.

BUT I'VE BROKEN NO LAW.

THEY'RE EVEN PAYING ME TO RELOCATE.

I THINK YOU'D BETTER LEAVE.

"Then I see it..."

GET OUT OF HERE!

LEAVE OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

"Water from someplace hidden. A secret place."

"Secret catch here somewhere..."

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT!

GET OUT!

GET OUT!
"Hideous hybrids... creations of a mad maker... swimming and slithering in an aquatic DANCE MACABRE!"

"Abominable assemblies of man, woman and beast!"

"Biological affronts to all that is holy, all that is sane. Monsters!"

"A silent plea..."
CLICK
CHICK... KA-BOOM

"Forgot the little man!"

...and the building crumbled to the ground.
"Screams all around. Madness-inducing cries... inhuman."

"Two screams. One from the creature. Another one behind me. The little man...!"

"Never reach him in time... even if I wanted to."

"NO!"

"MERCY!"
“No mercy.”

“Then there’s THESE things. Must be thousands of them!”

“Some fell in the harbor. They may live, even in THESE waters.”

“It’s going to be a long night.”

The End