

Cat Tales

#1

STHAM POS

08/09
5/25

A Girl's Gotta Protect Her Reputation

Chapter 1: Reputation



Riddler set this instant messenger system up for the "villain community" to keep in touch.

I thought it was silly then, and I think it's silly now.

But Harvey convinced me to go along.

Every few months one of those nutjobs comes up with an idea to do something social.

Usually it's Harley. Usually it's bowling.

I never go. Harvey bugs me about it.

Story: Chris Dee
Art: Dorothy T. Rose
Colors: Gene Yates
Batman created by
BOB KANE

Several months ago
he called me.

You going to this
Karaoke Happy Hour
or not?

You're getting a reputation, Selina.
They're calling you a real **prude**.

Oh yes

I long to hear
Eddie and Ivy singing
"You Don't Bring Me
Flowers Anymore."

Harvey,
have you ever
SEEN
my costume?

Come,
just for an hour.
It'll be fun.

I don't want to.
It's stupid.

You just want me to come
because you **know** it will be stupid
and you're going to have a **terrible**
time. So you want **me** there to have
a terrible time **with** you.

It'll be **fun**.
If we didn't think
so, why would we
be going?

Cause the coin
came up heads.

Shit, why did I
say that?

The line was eerily silent.



Harvey, I'm sorry. That was thoughtless and mean. You put me on the defensive.

Never a good idea.

And I lashed out. I'm really sorry.

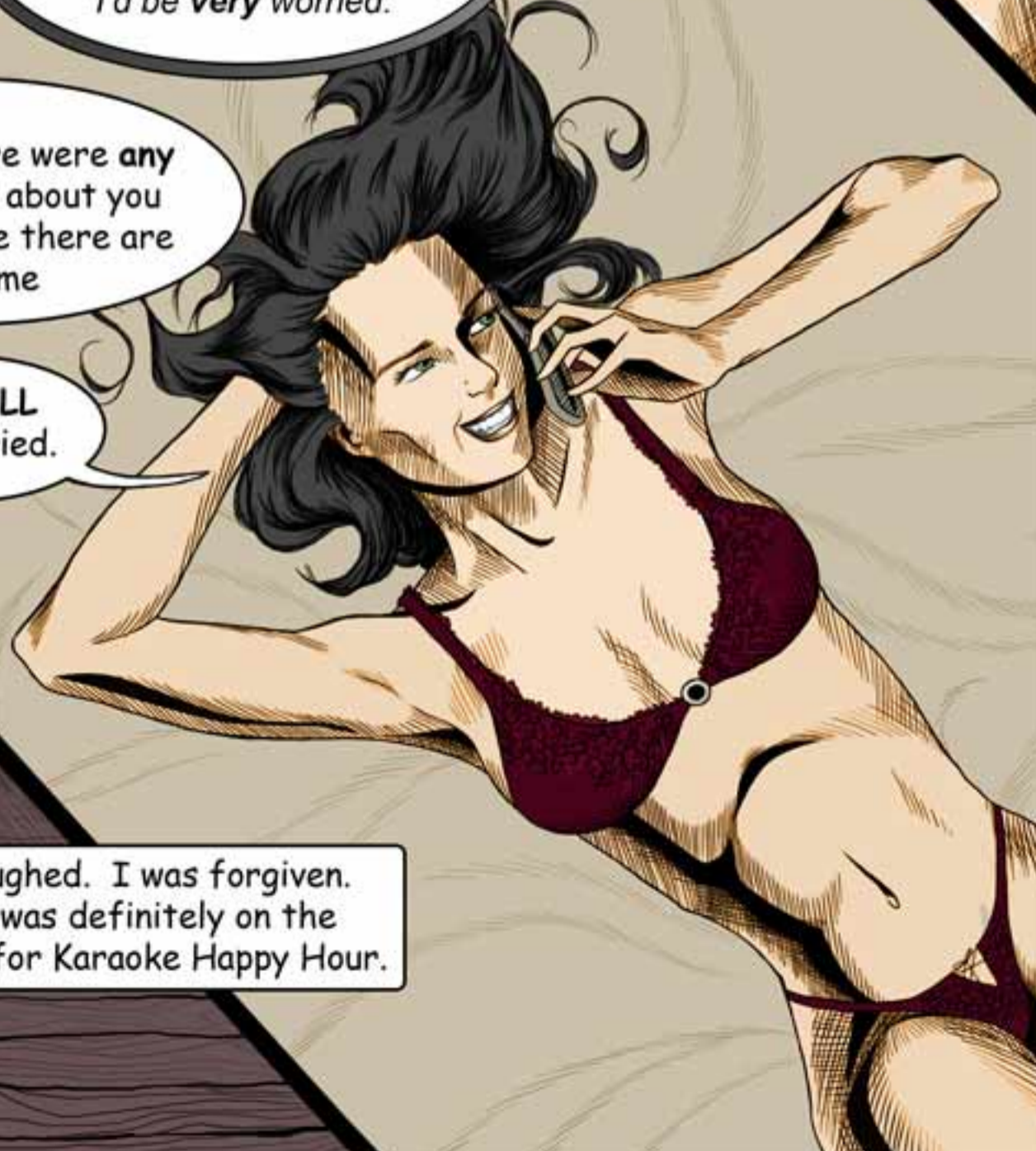


Y'know, Selina, you could make a bit of an effort to at least appear to be one of us.

If there were half the stories about me and Batman as there are about you, I'd be very worried.

Harvey, if there were any of the stories about you and Batman like there are about me

we'd ALL be worried.



He laughed. I was forgiven. But I was definitely on the hook for Karaoke Happy Hour.



I'll admit
it wasn't that bad.

Hugo Strange was truly creepy.

I figure he has a frequent-renter card at sleezo-video.

In trying to avoid him, I wound up talking most of the night to Ed Nigma.

Who is actually a fairly interesting guy in his lucid moments.

So, it wasn't absolute hell on earth--

--but it's nothing I'd want to make a habit of.

That's why Harvey suggested going along with this IM-idea.

If you agree to a few of the little things,

it's easier to say No when they come up with something really obnoxious.

There was talk of you hosting Thanksgiving dinner.

More obnoxious than karaoke?

Okay, okay...



So I had this Instant Messenger on my desktop now.



Catty? Babe? Who the hell did he think he was talking to?



Bronwyn Carlton, new reporter at the Gotham Post. The stories they print about Batman and the Rogues are **COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY FALSE** and everyone knows it--
--but they can make quite a distasteful show of pretending to believe it.



Pitied by the Joker. This was serious.



The last time Jack spoke to me, he threatened to paste one of those deathsmiles on every cat in the city.

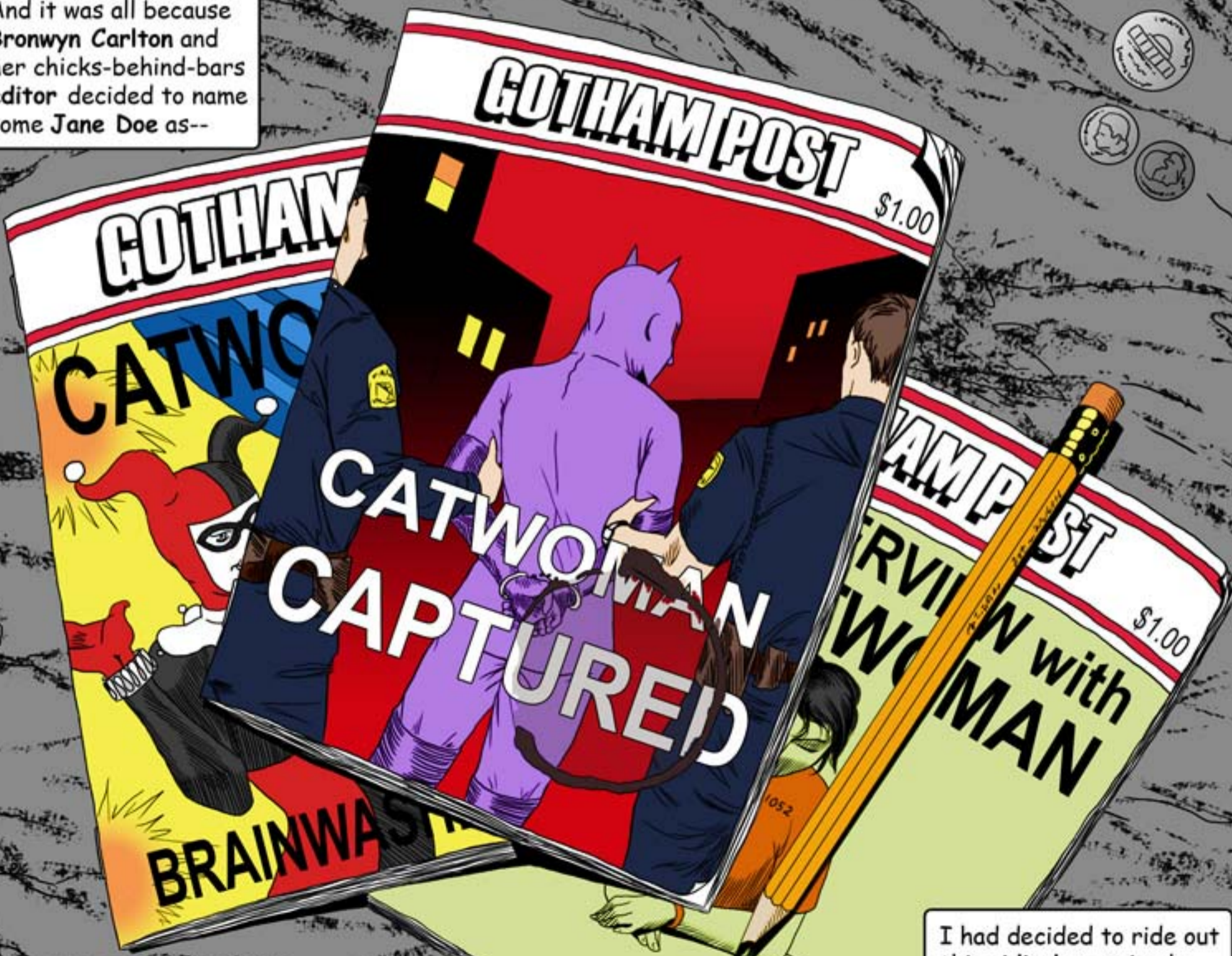
He had just found out I had not really killed Batman as I told him when I dropped him at Arkham last year.

What can I say, the clown has no sense of humor.



And now he pitied me.

And it was all because Bronwyn Carlton and her chicks-behind-bars editor decided to name some Jane Doe as--



I had decided to ride out this ridiculous episode like all the others. How bad could it be, right?

Well it wasn't that bad--

--until I ran into **Batman** on the roof of a brokerage house.



I thought you were in jail.

Oh Jesus, it's a **SMILE**.

He's **SMILING**.

He thinks this **IS FUNNY!**

I was so **stunned** I just let him **take** the bag....
Bearer bonds.
Didn't hiss.
Didn't scratch.



Apparently, according to tonight's edition, I'd gone and **shot** Commissioner Gordon.



I know what you're thinking and you're **right**:
I dropped the ball and I'm **damn lucky** he didn't slap the cuffs on me right then.



Problem was, after a stunt like **CATWOMAN CAPTURED** what do you do for a topper?

Jack was right, this Carlton woman did have to be stopped.

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I just needed to figure out how...
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