



BY  
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AND DAVID  
MAZZUCHELLI

YEAR ONE PART 1

# BATMAN

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**THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
DC  
UNIVERSE**  
*is must  
reading*

MAZZUCHELLI

January 4

Gotham City.

Maybe it's all I deserve, now.

Maybe it's just my time in Hell.

Twelve hours. My stomach's been trying to eat itself for the last five.

Barbara's flying in. I don't care how much it costs.

Train's no way to come to Gotham...

...in an airplane, from above, all you'd see are the streets and buildings.

Fool you into thinking it's civilized.

...BEGINNING OUR FINAL DESCENT TO GOTHAM CITY. PLEASE RETURN SEATS AND TRAYS TO THEIR UPRIGHT POSITIONS...

From here, it's clean shafts of concrete and snowy rooftops. The work of men who died generations ago.

From here, it looks like an achievement.

I should have taken the train, I should be closer.

I should see the enemy.



By now Barbara's gotten her tests back. I only hate myself a little for hoping they came out negative.

This is no place to raise a family.

NICE BOOK FOR A SMALL DONATION--

NO, PLEASE--

GORDON!

LIEUTENANT JAMES GORDON!



NICE BOOK-- LOOK AT THE PICTURES-- GAA--

WALK, SKINHEAD.

NAME'S FLASS, LIEUTENANT, DETECTIVE FLASS. COMMISSIONER LOEB SENT ME TO MAKE SURE YOU DIDN'T MISS YOUR APPOINTMENT WITH HIM.

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I CALL YOU JIMMY.



WELL, I--

NICE -- KOFF -- COLORS--

WELCOME TO GOTHAM, JIMMY. IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT LOOKS. ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE A COP.

COPS GOT IT MADE IN GOTHAM.



--WELCOME HOME, MR. WAYNE--

--HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE BACK--

--PRINCESS CAROLINE--

--ANY PLANS, MR. WAYNE--

--ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMORS--

THE TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD HEIR TO THE WAYNE MILLIONS DECLINED TO COMMENT ON RUMORS OF ROMANCE IN HIS LIFE...

...OR ON HIS PLANS ON HIS RETURN TO GOTHAM AFTER TWELVE YEARS ABROAD. WE'LL KEEP YOU POSTED ON GOTHAM'S RICHEST--AND BEST LOOKING--NATIVE SON. TOM?



THANK YOU, JACKIE. FOLLOWING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A KEY WITNESS, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY HARVEY DENT HAS WITHDRAWN CONSPIRACY CHARGES AGAINST POLICE COMMISSIONER LOEB...



YOU KNOW WE'RE ALL DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU ON THE TEAM, LIEUTENANT.

GILLIAN B. LOEB  
COMMISSIONER OF POLICE

YOU'LL GET MY BEST WORK, SIR. I PROMISE.

AND WE ARE A TEAM. A TEAM NEEDS TEAM SPIRIT, DON'T YOU THINK?

YES IT DOES. AND YOUR RECORD SHOWS YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES.

I KNOW I'VE MADE MY MISTAKES, SIR. I'M GRATEFUL FOR THIS CHANCE TO PROVE MYSELF...



IF THERE'S ONE THING I CAN'T STAND, IT'S SMOKING.

WHAT MISTAKES HAVE YOU MADE, LIEUTENANT? YOU KEPT THE MEDIA AWAY FROM IT. THAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE, ISN'T IT?

YES IT IS.

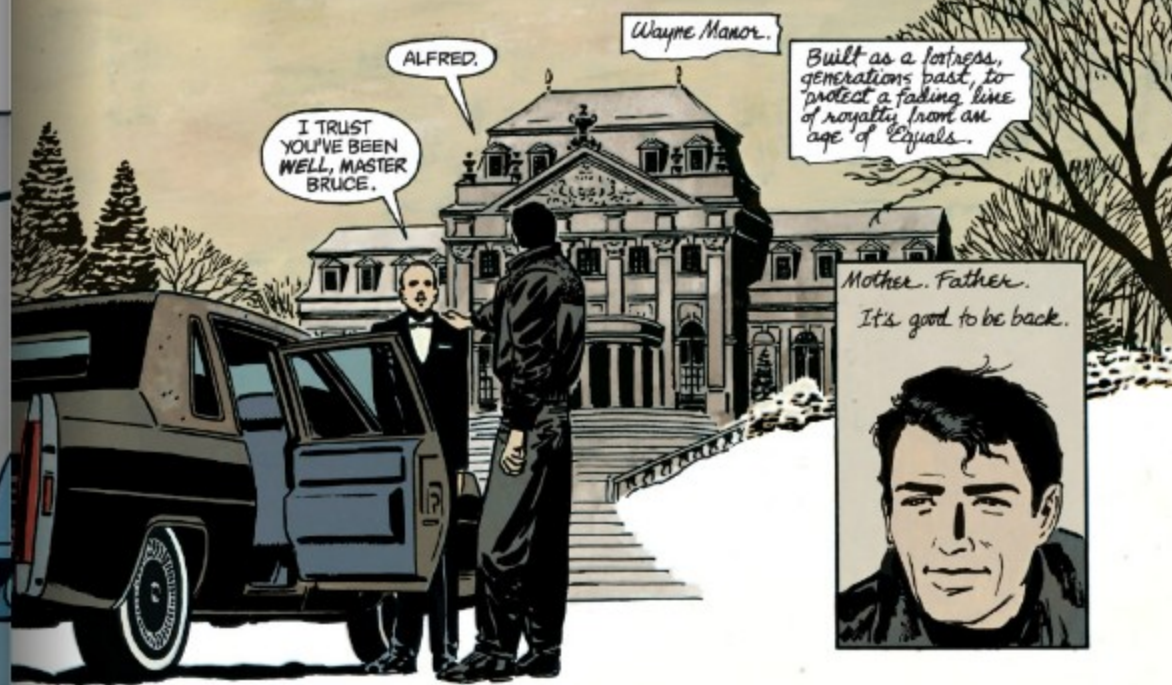
I'd feel better about toughing out the nicotine fit...



...if I didn't have to smell those Eucalyptus Cough Drops of his...

I SWEAR YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MY HONESTY, COMMISSIONER.

LAST THING ON MY MIND. LAST THING.



ALFRED.

I TRUST YOU'VE BEEN WELL, MASTER BRUCE.

Wayne Manor.

Built as a fortress, generations past, to protect a fading line of royalty from an age of Equals.

Mother. Father.  
It's good to be back.





KNEW YOU'D LIKE THE COMMISSIONER, JIMMY.

AND HE'LL BE JUST AS GOOD TO YOU AS YOU ARE TO HIM, YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT...

I keep telling myself it's either this or pumping gas...



...then I tell myself I'm doing it for Barbara...

SCREEECHH



FLASS-- WHAT'S--

NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE SOLO, JIMMY.

MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE HERE, STEVIE?

OH, MAN...



...NOT DOING ANYTH--

WHUUKK



I keep talking to myself. This time I say you'd better know your facts before you bring another cop down.

Especially in public.



Flass has had Green Beret training. I can tell. And he knows how to use his size.

I watch and I don't do a damn thing and I memorize every move.



For future reference.



WAS THAT NECESSARY?

HAD THIS LITTLE BEAUTY IN HIS POCKET.



IT'S A COMB, FLASS.

I'M ONLY HUMAN, JIMMY.

The tests.

I pray they're negative.



February 12

THE BOYS-- THEY'VE BEEN ASKING ME TO TALK TO YOU, JIMMY. THOUGHT MAYBE I COULD GET A WORD IN, KNOWING HOW TIGHT WE ARE.

THEY'RE WORRIED ABOUT YOU.

I'M TOUCHED, FLASS. BUT RIGHT NOW I'M WORRIED--ABOUT A HOMICIDE. TURN LEFT.



NEVER MAKE IT IN THIS BUSINESS IF YOU DON'T LEARN TO RELAX, JIMMY. I MEAN, WE'VE GOT OUR OWN WAY OF DOING THINGS, HERE IN GOTHAM.

I MEAN, YOU CAME DOWN PRETTY HARD ON MORGAN...

I MEAN, YOU WITH A BABY ON THE WAY...

CALL ME LIEUTENANT. MAKE YOUR NEXT RIGHT.

February 21

I'm not ready.



I have the means, the skill -- but not the method...



...no. That's not true. I have hundreds of methods.

But something's missing. Something isn't right.



I have to wait.

I have to wait.

February 26

...SO FATHER DONELLEY, HE SLIPS GORDON A FIFTY WITH THE HANDSHAKE...

GILLIAN B. L  
COMMISSIONER  
OF POLICE



...AND GORDON, HE LOOKS AT IT LIKE HIS HAND'S GOT A DISEASE. THEN HE THROWS THE FIFTY IN THE PADRE'S FACE.

GIVES THE SQUAD A TWO-HOUR LECTURE. PUTS SCHELL ON PROBATION.

HE'S JUST NOT FITTING IN, GILL.

I HAD SUCH HOPES FOR THAT BOY...



I COULD GET THE BOYS TOGETHER -- SOFTEN HIM UP?

NO. NOT WHILE I'M IN TOWN. THERE'S ENOUGH HEAT ON ME AS IT IS.

NO. YOU'LL ABSOLUTELY HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL I'M AT THE CONFERENCE IN WASHINGTON ...TWO WEEKS, FLOSS...

March 11

The engine hums, gently, not quite convinced it should stop.

Everything is in place. The attendant was even obliging enough to ask me for my autograph. My alibi is set.

Bruce Wayne has been sighted at the same hotel as a visiting Hollywood sex queen. That should generate sufficient rumors--

--to account for my whereabouts for the next few hours.



This is a reconnaissance mission. Until I know more, I must avoid combat. Until I'm ready...

All it requires is a change in clothing and complexion--

...my anonymity is an obvious priority. The murder of my parents is a matter of public record.

--and a single, memorable, distracting detail.



Requested off this night shift four times now-- damn it, Barbara needs me at night these days, Barbara, and little James...

...so I hope it's a boy. So what.

Four times and no reply, I'm not making friends in the department--

GOING TO WORK, LIEUTENANT?

GOING TO BE LATE.

MAY HAVE TO SKIP THE WHOLE NIGHT.



Old trick--talking to distract me--

--should've checked my military record--

--but then--

--it's been a while--

--guarantees an attack from behind--

--I was taught to handle worse than this--



Somewhere in the middle of it they tell me it's just a warning.

They remind me that I've got a pregnant wife.

Toward the end I hear a familiar chuckle.



Flass.



It's a twenty block walk to the enemy camp.

It's been educational, I was sized up like a piece of meat by the leather boys in Robinson Park, I waded through pleas and half hearted threats from junkies at the Finger Memorial. I stepped across a field of human rubble that lay sleeping in front of the overcrowded Sprang Mission.

Finally the worst of it.

The East End.



YOU STILL HERET TOLD YOU TO GO, HOLLY.

WE TALK THIS OVER LATER, SWEET CHUNKS.

... I THINK YOU'RE FINISHED WITH HER.

MAN, YOU PUSHIN. YOU ON THE EDGE.

YOU LOOKIN' FOR A NEW SCAR. THAS RIGHT. JUS TELL ME WHERE, MAN...

HE HADN'T SAID.

NO...

I'm provoking him.

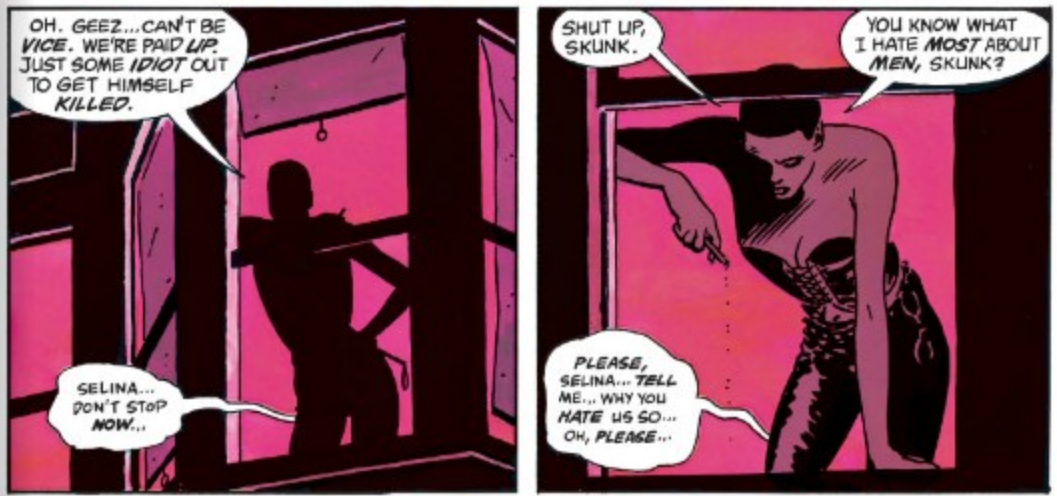
I really shouldn't.



Hard to believe it's gotten worse.

CHEER YOU UP.

BIG TRIPLE FEAT  
1 ALL NIGHT LO  
2 SENSUOUS S  
3 EROTIC WOND  
TOPLESS  
GIRLS  
MORE XXX



OH. GEEZ... CAN'T BE VICE. WE'RE PAID UP. JUST SOME IDIOT OUT TO GET HIMSELF KILLED.

SHUT UP, SKUNK.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE MOST ABOUT MEN, SKUNK?

PLEASE, SELINA... TELL ME... WHY YOU HATE US SO... OH, PLEASE...

SELINA... DON'T STOP NOW...



I DOUBT IT. HOW OLD ARE YOU?

YOUNG AS YOU WANT ME TO BE.

STUPID B-- THAS ALL WRONGS, HOLLY. YOU DOIN' IT WRONG.



DID WHAT YOU SAID. JUST LIKE--

THAS RIGHT, MONEY. BUT YOU GOT TO PICK YOU TYPES. GOT TO KNOW WHICH ONES WANT WHAT YOU GOT.

THIS ONE'S NOT--

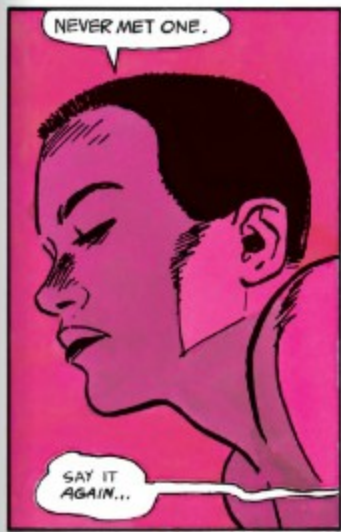
I HAVEN'T SAID HAVE I?



THAT VICE I SMELL?

THAT CRAZY VET BIT-- THAS OLD, MAN.

I'M NOT THE POLICE. BELIEVE ME.



NEVER MET ONE.

SAY IT AGAIN...



His eyes keep flicking away from the girls to me. He runs away for a second--

--a dead gurlaway--

--he's pretty fast--

--I won't say  
he has a  
chance--  
--but he's fast.

This is getting a little too  
good to me-- better wrap it up--

I did-- never  
should have  
done this--

--have to get  
out of here  
before I draw  
attention--

AAAA



COME ON  
YOU GUYS--  
I GOT HIM--



Very good,  
Bulce.

You've really put the  
fear of God into them.



DAMN IT--



NOBODY  
HURTS HOLLY--



HURTS.  
BET HE  
BROKE MY  
WRIST--

Mess-- made a  
mess of it--  
--no excuse--  
didn't control  
myself--



--another one-- hissing  
like a cat--

--looks like she knows  
what she's doing-- be  
careful--



--that's good-- she's had  
Karate training--  
--but only Karate--



--oh, no--



SELINA  
GET UP--  
SELINA--

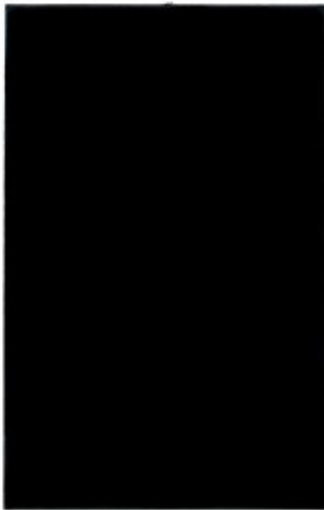
FREEZE--

--if I'm caught--  
it's over--





SMOKE FROM THE BLAZING POLICE CRUISER CAN BE SEEN FOR BLOCKS-- THE TWO OFFICERS WERE FOUND UNCONSCIOUS, THIRTY FEET AWAY...



MHNNGG

...made it... somehow... must've made it here... to the car...



...hope I didn't... do anything stupid... getting here...

...done enough... wrong tonight...



...turn... the key, Bruce... isn't difficult...

...just a little... slippery...



They did just enough to keep me out of the hospital...

...can't let Barbara see me like this...

DETECTIVE FLASS? HE'S OFF DUTY, LIEUTENANT. PROBABLY AT THE POKER PARTY OVER AT CHUTE'S.

WITH THE GUYS.



The guys.



Maniac-- almost hit me--

SKREEE



--should arrest the clown--no way to treat a Porsche--

...God... fear of God...

THAT'S BRUCE WAYNE'S CAR. WHAT'S HE ON?

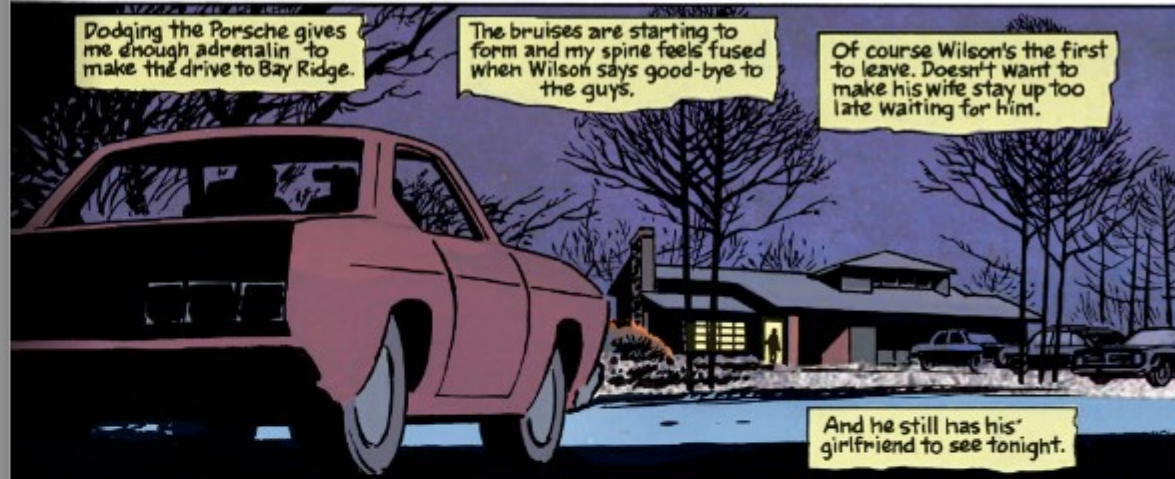
COCAINE. RICH PEOPLE TAKE COCAINE.

SAW A SPECIAL ON IT.



...fear...

...I have to make them afraid...



Dodging the Porsche gives me enough adrenalin to make the drive to Bay Ridge.

The bruises are starting to form and my spine feels fused when Wilson says good-bye to the guys.

Of course Wilson's the first to leave. Doesn't want to make his wife stay up too late waiting for him.

And he still has his girlfriend to see tonight.



Twenty minutes later Stanssen stumbles out, hunched over like he's lost his life savings.

Then Renny.

I let them both go home.



Finally.

Flass.



He staggers to his station wagon and gets in. It only takes him two tries.

I hear his engine start and watch him pull out. He almost flattens the mailbox before he remembers to turn his lights on.



I keep mine off and follow.

I haven't seen a house in three minutes when I pull up beside him and jerk the wheel.

He's ten miles over the speed limit.



Not fast enough to kill him when he hits the tree.

I show him my gun. He says my name and drops his.



He's big.

Green Beret training.

It's been fifteen years since I had to take out a Green Beret.

Even so--

--he deserves a handicap.



I don't crack his skull.



I don't crush his larynx.



I don't break his ribs or punch my hand through his chest.



I do just enough--

--to keep him out of the hospital.



I toss his gun into the woods. It should be rusty by morning.

I take his clothes off and leave him in his own cuffs by the side of the road.

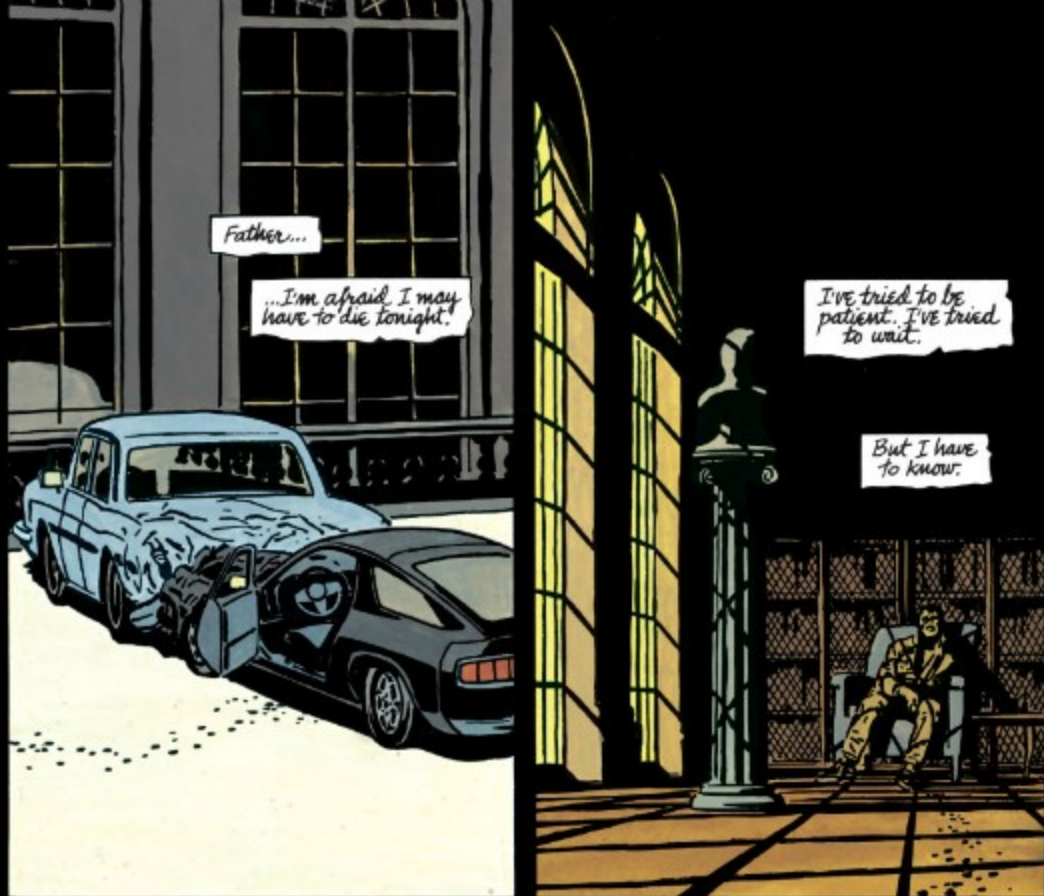
He'll never report it. Not Flass. He'll make up some story that involves at least ten attackers and never admit I did it.



But he'll know. And he'll stay away from Barbara.

Thanks, Flass.

You've shown me what it takes to be a cop in Gotham City.



Father...

...I'm afraid I may have to die tonight.

I've tried to be patient. I've tried to wait.

But I have to know.



...eighteen years... since...

...since Zorro:

The Mark of Zorro:



Since the walk. That night.

And the man with frightened, hollow eyes and a voice like glass being crushed...



How, father? How do I do it?

What do I use... to make them afraid?



If I ring this bell, Alfred will come.

He can stop the bleeding, in time.

Another of your gifts to me, father.



I have wealth. The family manor, rests above a huge cave that will be the perfect headquarters...

...even a butler with training in combat medicine...



...yes, father. I have everything but patience.

I'd rather die... than wait... another hour.

I have waited... eighteen years...



...since all sense left my life.



# BATMAN 101



## • BATMAN BEGINS! •

Detective Comics (1937-2011) #27-33

Batman (1940-2011) #1-4

Batman: Dark Victory #0-13

### BATMAN: YEAR ONE

Batman #404-407

Batman: The Long Halloween #1-13

## • DARK TIMES FOR THE DARK KNIGHT! •

Batman: The Cult #1

### BATMAN: DEATH IN THE FAMILY

Batman #426-429

### BATMAN: HUSH

Batman #608-619

### BATMAN: HEART OF HUSH

Detective Comics #846-850

### BATMAN: KNIGHTFALL V. 1

Batman #491-497

Detective Comics #659-663

### BATMAN: NO MAN'S LAND

Batman: No Man's Land #1

Batman: Shadow of the Bat #83-#84

Batman #563-#564

Detective Comics #730-#731

Legends of the Dark Knight #116

## • THE BATMAN FAMILY! •

All-Star Batman & Robin the Boy Wonder #1

Batman: Black and White #1

Batman/Catwoman: Trail of the Gun #1

Gotham Central #1

Batman and Robin (2009-2011) #1-6

Superman/Batman #1

## • THE NEVER-ENDING BATTLE! •

Dark Knight Returns #1

Batman Beyond (1999) #1

Batman Beyond (2011) #1

## • THE CITY HE PROTECTS! •

Batman: Arkham City #1

Batman: Gates of Gotham #1

Batman: Streets of Gotham #1

Planetary/Batman: Night on Earth #1



Without warning,  
it comes...



...crashing through the  
window of your study  
... and mine...



...I have seen it  
before... somewhere...

...it frightened me...  
as a boy...

...frightened me...

...yes,  
father.

I shall become  
a bat.

BATMAN CREATED  
BY  
BOB KANE