



BY  
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AND DAVID  
MAZZUCHELLI

YEAR ONE PART 3

# BATMAN

406

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

MAZZUCHELLI

--stairwells  
collapsing--  
fall with--

--get away from  
the fire--

--that old man  
doesn't have a  
chance-- can't  
help him--

--can't  
help  
him--

--screaming-- can't  
help him--

--oh no--

--thermite--  
in my belt--  
catching--

--get it  
off--

--still have  
weapons-- in  
capt-- and  
boots--

--need them--  
if I survive  
this--

--metal--

--trap door's  
metal--

--might be enough--  
to protect me--

--provided  
that warning--  
is a lie--

**DANGER**  
ELECTRICITY  
80,000 WATTS

--lucky-- keep the  
pick in my glove--

--lucky--





-- WE HAVE ENTERED THE LOBBY-- NO SIGN OF HIM YET--

UNIT ONE, REPORTING-- SECOND FLOOR'S A MESS-- NOTHING LIVING--

UNIT TWO, REPORTING-- FOUND A BODY UNDER THE WATER HEATER-- JUST AN OLD WINO--

KEEP IT TIGHT-- KEEP IT TIGHT--

OVER HERE-- GIVE ME SOME LIGHT--



JUST A CHIMNEY--

-- NO-- DOWN THERE-- OVER THERE-- THE FLOOR--



-- IF HE GOT DOWN THERE-- TRAPDOOR'S METAL-- HE MIGHT'VE SURVIVED--

-- SO PERFORATE IT, SOLDIER--



UNITS ONE AND TWO-- STAY WHERE YOU ARE-- THIS IS ONLY PRECAUTIONARY FIRE--

IF HE'S DOWN THERE-- HE TRAPPED HIMSELF--

**BRAKABRAKABA**



PRAEGER! FENTON! SUSSMAN! DOWNSIDE! MOVE IT!

ANOTHER WINO UP HERE-- HE'S COLD--

-- WAIT-- GOT SOMETHING--

-- CHECKING BASEMENT AREA-- NO TROUBLE YET--



-- NO-- IT'S JUST A DOG--

STEADY BURST IF YOU FIND HIM-- NO MATTER HOW DEAD HE LOOKS--

-- GO FOR THE CHEST-- WE'LL NEED HIS FACE FOR IDENTIFICATION--

-- NO TROUBLE YET--



-- JESUS-- ANOTHER WINO-- THEY SAID THE PLACE WAS DESERTED--

SUPER MUST'VE LIVED HERE--

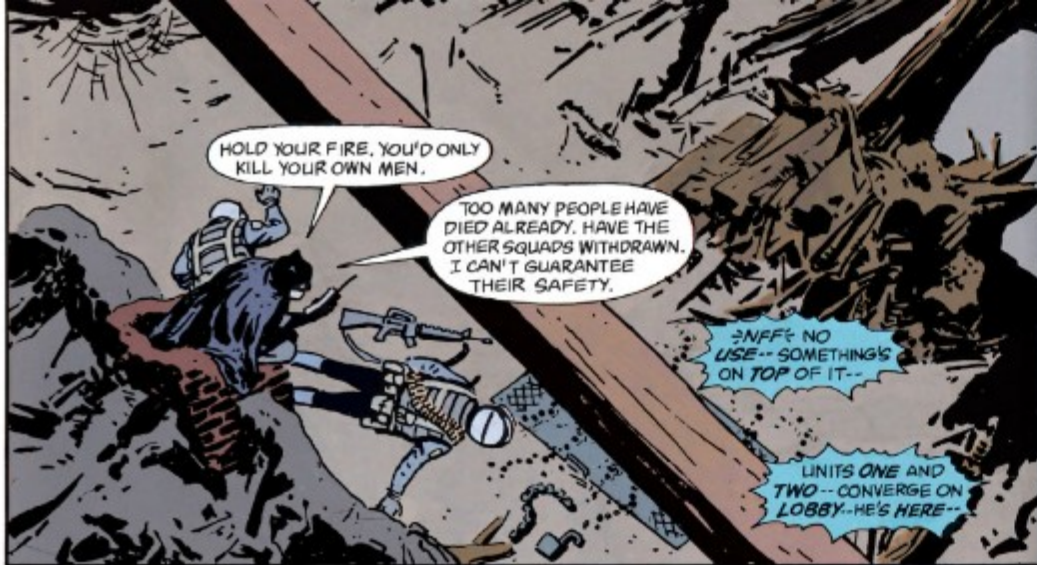
God is NOBODY HOME NOW--

HONK IF YOU JESUS



**THOOM**  
I LIKE YOU RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, BRANDEN.

NOTHING HERE, MEN. WE'RE COMING BACK UP.





With my belt, I lost my rope, my thermite, my tear gas-- even my batarangs.

I'm down to the blowgun in my boot--



STEP IT UP--

CAREFUL-- STAIRS ARE GIVING--



WHAT THE HELL--

JUST A CAT, MAN--

KEEP AN EYE OUT--

IT'S A BAT WE'RE AFTER--

RREEEOWWWW

Knew he wouldn't stay quiet.

SIAMESE.



Down to the blowgun and its three darts--

--and an unofficial invention of Wayne Electronics.

Haven't tested it for this great a distance. Or for use in daylight.



Too bad, I can't afford to patent it. I'd make a fortune.

But then, I already have a fortune...



...if I didn't, I couldn't have built the device.

If my family manor weren't placed over a huge cave...

...the bats, I call it.



SKEE SKEE

It's full of bats.

Extraordinary creatures, bats. Nearly blind--



--they are sensitive to a range of sound far beyond our hearing!

Took me weeks to find an ultrasonic tone that attracts them.



All of them.

SKEE SKEE SKEE



Wayne Manor is miles from Gotham. They'll take a few minutes to get here--

--should things go well.



Wait... wait...

...let them waste all the time they want...



RREEEOWWWW

STEADY, MAN-- JUST THAT CAT AGAIN--

--GETTING ON MY NERVES--



WHFFF WHOEVER BATMAN IS-- HE'S STRONGER THAN A...

QUIET--HE COULD BE ANYWHERE...

SAID HE WAS IN THE CHIMNEY--THERE--

HOLD IT, YOU IDIOT--



DROP THAT BEAM-- THEY WEREN'T QUICK ENOUGH--THEY'RE USELESS--

-- WE'RE LUCKY HE DIDN'T KILL THEM--



-- NOW FAN OUT-- YOU'RE LEAVING YOURSELVES WIDE OP

HKKK

The slightest dose of Anaconda on the darts-- enough to put a man to sleep--



BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA

-- for a day or so--

-- twelve men left-- two darts--

-- no good--



-- one bullet-- will make all the difference--

-- they've got thousands--

SPAKK



BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAK

-- THERE--

-- CAN'T SEE HIM-- WHERE--

-- MOVES SO FAST--

-- COULD BE ANYWHERE--

-- DARK--

REEOW

WHA--

-- DAMN THAT CAT--

BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA

-- THERE--

-- SO FAST--

WREEE

WREEE



NGG



-- TAGGED HIM-- CLOSE IN--

COMMISSIONER-- FOR GOD'S SAKE-- COME IN--



-- THOSE IDIOTS ARE FIRING OUT THE WINDOWS-- FOR GOD'S--

NGAAA

-- MERKEL!--





GOT HIM--

--GET IN CLOSE-- CUT THAT BASTARD IN HALF--

--GOT HIM, MAN, WE'VE GOT HIM--

Groggy-- losing-- too much blood--

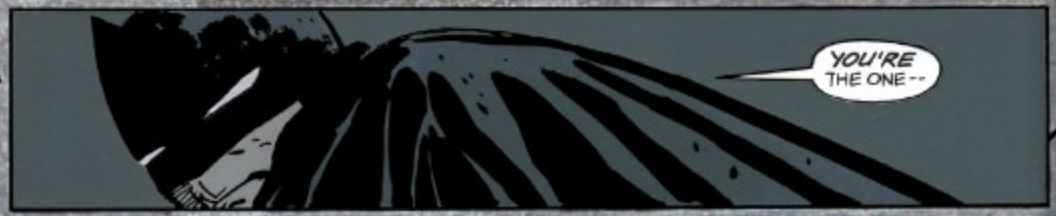
--had to-- put a bullet-- in my good leg-- didn't they--



--forget it-- ignore it--

--put what's left into it--

KKRAAAKKK



YOU'RE THE ONE--



--WHO TRIED TO SHOOT THE CAT--

PHWHFFF

KOFF

CAN'T SEE--

BRAKK

CAN'T MOVE--GET ME OUT--



The crowd is all screams and angry shouts. Then, I hear a wrecking ball take out the wall--



--and a hardware store clatter across the street.

A cheer goes up. They've made a hero out of him.



Then the cheering disintegrates...



...and the screaming starts again...



THWOKK

--ART-- GET OUT OF THE WAY--

--LOOK--

WHAT THE HELL--

--LIP THERE--

--MY GOD--

--MY GOD--





Commissioner Loeb chased a cloud of bats for twelve blocks. When the cloud broke up, he found out that was all he was chasing.

Somewhere along the way the Batman must've taken a turn--and told his pets to keep going.



Always eager to please the Commissioner, Detective Swanson pursued the bats to the bitter end...



...and, speaking of bitter ends...



...every member of Branden's team, every cop, and everybody in the crowd were vaccinated for their bat bites.

Never have so many had so much trouble sitting down.



The owner of a nearby men's store opened up his shop, four hours later, to find a three-piece suit missing--



--and payment for it sitting on his cash register.

Four of Branden's men were hospitalized with broken bones.



Pratt-- who Batman had punched through a brick wall-- suffered from five broken ribs and internal bleeding.



MY LORD, WHAT'S-- THERE-- DOWN THERE-- HE'S GOT A MOTORCYCLE-- GET AFTER HIM OR I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT--

GET AFTER HIM--

The dead winos had no relatives to complain about their firebombing.

Everyone who would've ordered Branden or Loeb up on charges remains unavailable to me by appointment or phone...



June 9

...as has my prime suspect in this case-- Bruce Wayne, the richest man in Gotham City.

Sgt. Essen informed me that Wayne's parents were murdered by a mugger when he was six years old. That's enough motive, I suppose, to make a man dress like Dracula and assault criminals...

...and save cats...

...Wayne's butler informed me that his boss has been skiing in Switzerland for six weeks.

I squeezed permission for an international call from Captain Pierce...

...I've had easier root canals--you'd think Pierce was paying for the call out of his own pocket...

...and I spoke to somebody in Switzerland who said he was Bruce Wayne--

--then told me he'd taken a nasty spill on the slopes--broken both legs and one arm--

--but assured me he'd be back in the country in a month. Said he'd be happy to talk with me. Laughed when I mentioned Batman.

Asked me for his autograph.

WAYNE COULD AFFORD AN IMPERSONATOR-- AND CASTS ON HIS ARM AND LEGS WOULD COVER BULLET WOUNDS--EXACTLY WHERE BATMAN RECEIVED THEM...

...I'M SORRY, ESSEN. DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?

WORLD'S GREATEST DAD

YES, SIR. IT'S QUITTING TIME.

SHARE A CAB?

Think of her as a cop.

Think of her as a cop.

June 15

I leave the casts and the sleeping alibis back at the lodge.

They were so eager to support my story with Lieutenant Gordon--all I had to say was that a woman was involved--

--one of them even pretended to be me, just for laughs, before I arrived...

...the air is cold and sharp and hard to breathe--it's good to be alive--

--I don't deserve to be alive.

This isn't a game. I can't afford mistakes.

--but that won't be enough.

I need an ally--an inside man.

I need Jim Gordon.

Too many people want me dead.

I can't do it alone.

On my side.





A cab comes. She takes it. We don't say good night.



August 7

I DON'T KNOW, SELINA-- I MEAN, YOU SPENT ALL OUR MONEY ON THAT COSTUME--

IT'S MONEY, HOLLY. BE A KICK. JUST WATCH.

I MEAN, IT'S PRETTY QUEER--  
I MEAN--



SELINA--



I hate this city.

I hate myself and the night and everything it brings.

Mostly, I hate it when she cries...



...another fight. We fight so much, Barbara and I. She tells me I'm away too much and just when I should apologize, I snap at her... I freeze up inside...

...tonight, she called the office and I wasn't there-- I was out having coffee with Sarah--



-- Sarah-- my God, I'm calling her Sarah now... it's all wrong...

...and Barbara's right, as always...

...and right now I should be talking to her-- begging her to forgive me for--

-- for the baby in her stomach and the way that I'm thinking about Essen-- that's right-- call her Essen-- forget how she felt-- how her body and her lips felt--

-- Barbara-- I should talk to her. I shouldn't be thinking-- not about Sgt. Essen--

-- and not about Batman.

He's a criminal. I'm a cop. It's that simple. But--



-- but I'm a cop in a city where the mayor and the commissioner of police use cops as hired killers...

...he saved that old woman.

He saved that cat.

He even paid for that suit.

The hunk of metal in my hands is heavier than ever...