



ANNUAL

BATMAN

BY MOORE
& FREEMAN

COLLINS &
BREYFOGLE

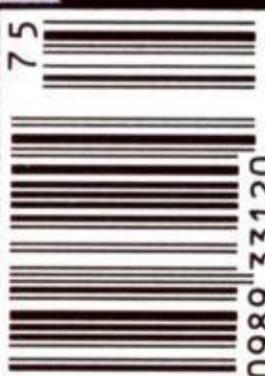
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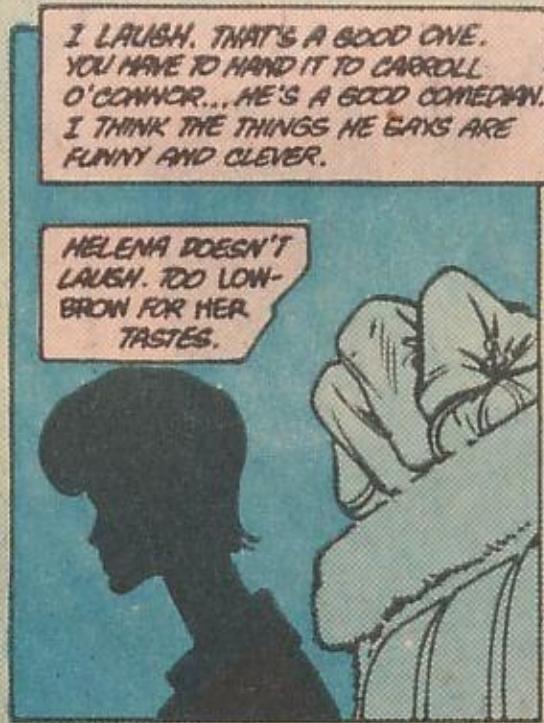
11

1987



VILLAINS
IN LOVE!





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I LOVED HER...AND YES, I KNOW THERE WERE OTHERS WHO LOVED HER TOO, BUT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH ALL THAT. THAT'S IN THE PAST NOW.

THOSE OTHERS...THEY NEVER LOVED HER LIKE I LOVED HER.

MY GOD, I WAS PREPARED TO DIE FOR HER! WHEN OUR FIRST HOUSE BURNED DOWN I RAN BACK INTO THE FLAMES TO RESCUE HER!

WOULD HER BABY-FACED SECURITY GUARD HAVE DONE THAT FOR HER?

INSIDE, I REMEMBER THE FLAMES AND THE MELTING FACES, EYES CRACKING, NOSE SLIDING DOWN OVER THE LIPS AND CHIN...

I TRIED TO FIND HER. I DID. BUT THE FLAMES... I COULDN'T STAY IN THERE...

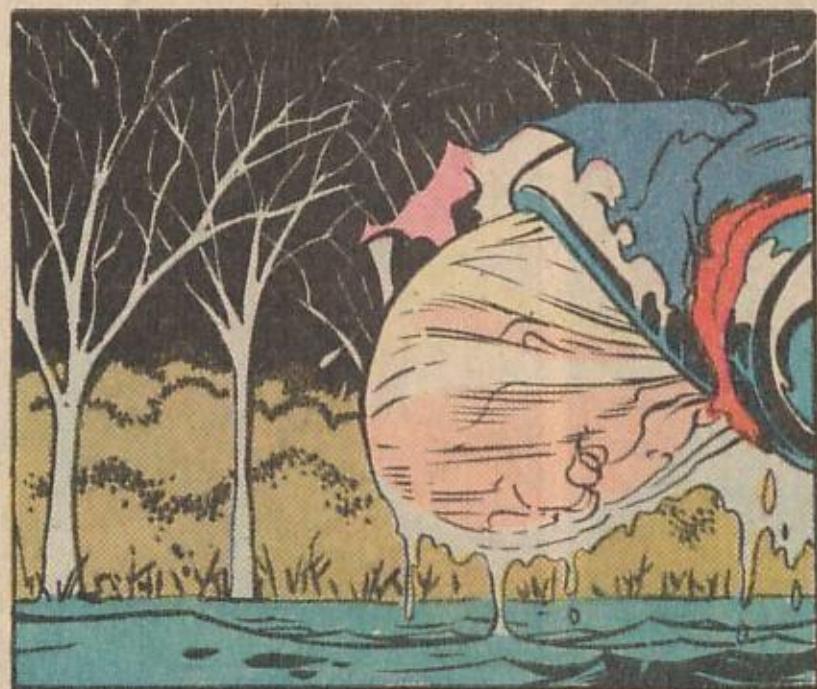
WHEN I CRASHED OUT OF THE REAR WINDOW, ALL ON FIRE, I WAS SCREAMING HER NAME.

DOES SHE THINK I DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO FIND HER? IS THAT WHAT SHE THINKS?

THE MUSEUM OVERLOOKED THE RIVER.

I WENT INTO THE WATER, AND I FORGOT ABOUT EVERYTHING...

...EXCEPT
HER.



BURNED, HALF-DROWNED,
DRESSED IN SCORCHED
CRIMSON TATTERS... I WAS
SOBMING AND DELIRIOUS
AS I LIMPED TOWARDS THE
LIGHTS OF GOTHAM.



PING
-6PM

HOW LONG DID I STAY THERE,
LOOKING FOR HER, HIDING IN
THE SUBWAYS BY DAY, SEARCH-
ING BY NIGHT?

WEEKS?

GOTHAM
TRANSIT

MONTHS?

AND ON SOME NIGHTS, I SAW HIS
SIGN IN THE SKY, BRANDED UPON
THE CLOUDS.

EVENTUALLY, I FOUND HER. SHE
WAS IN THE WINDOW AT ROSENDALES.

ROSENDALES OF
ALL PLACES! I
ASK YOU...

HE MUST HAVE KNOWN THAT
I'D SEE IT. HE WAS USING
IT TO MOCK ME.

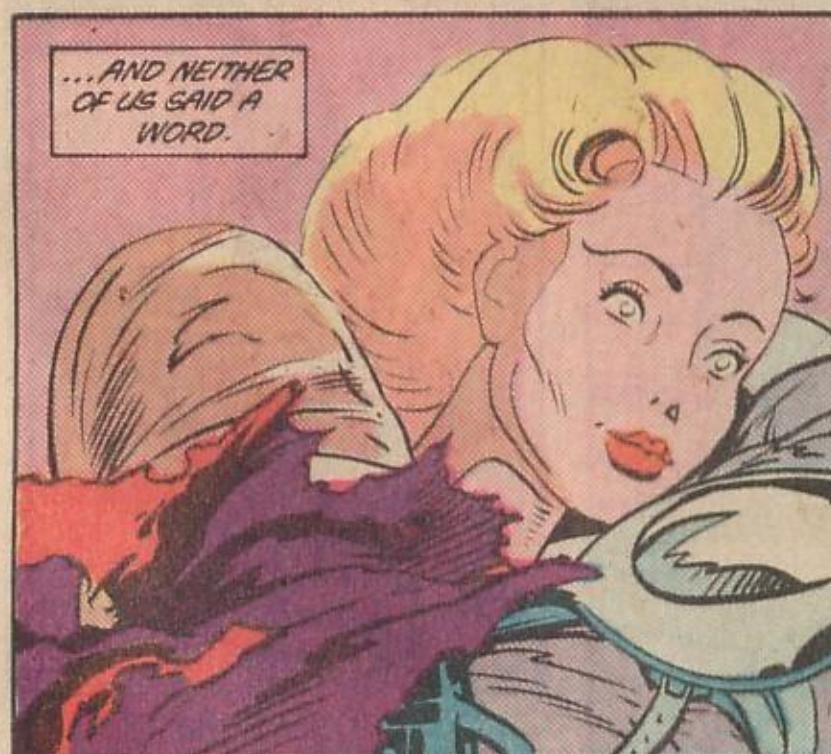
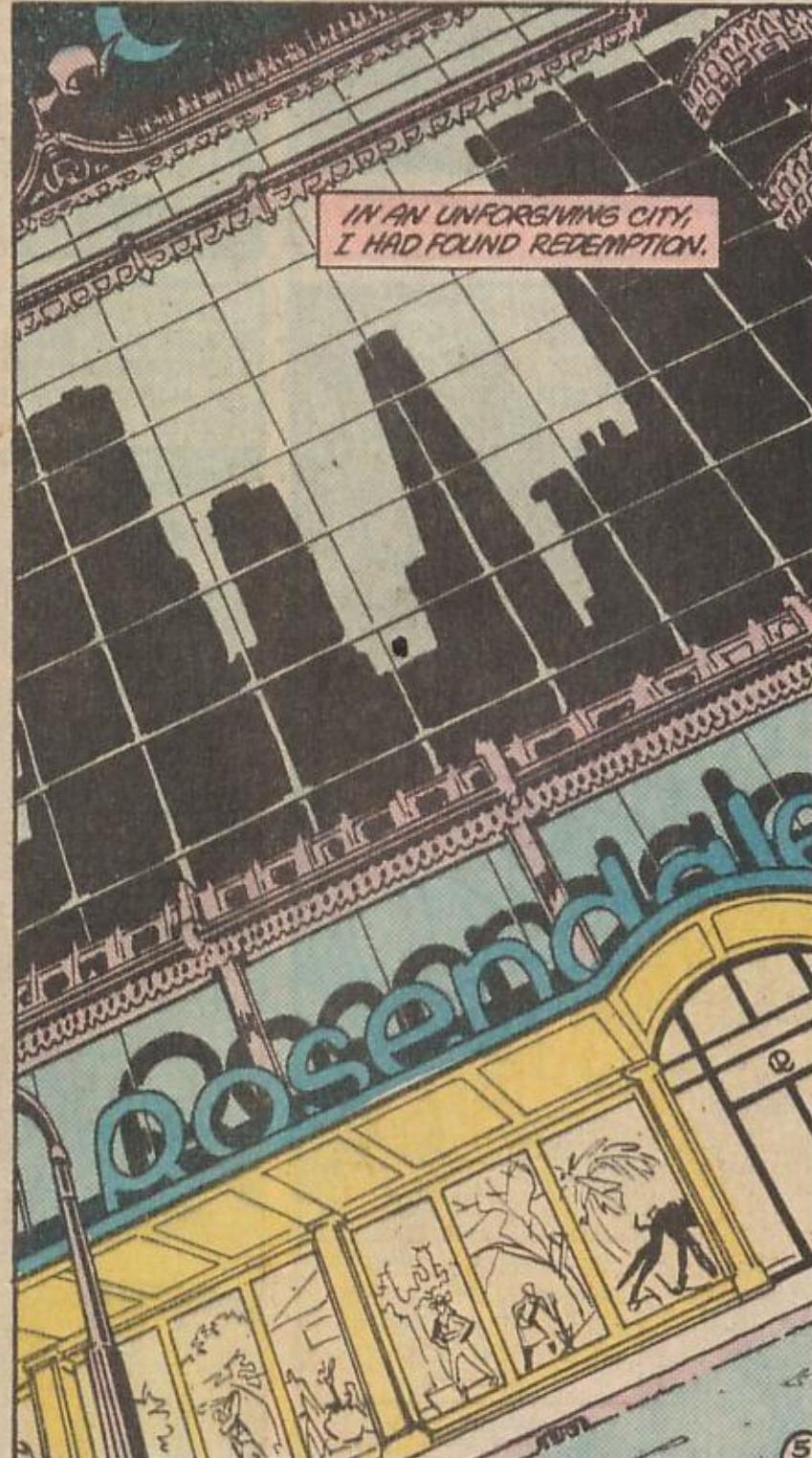
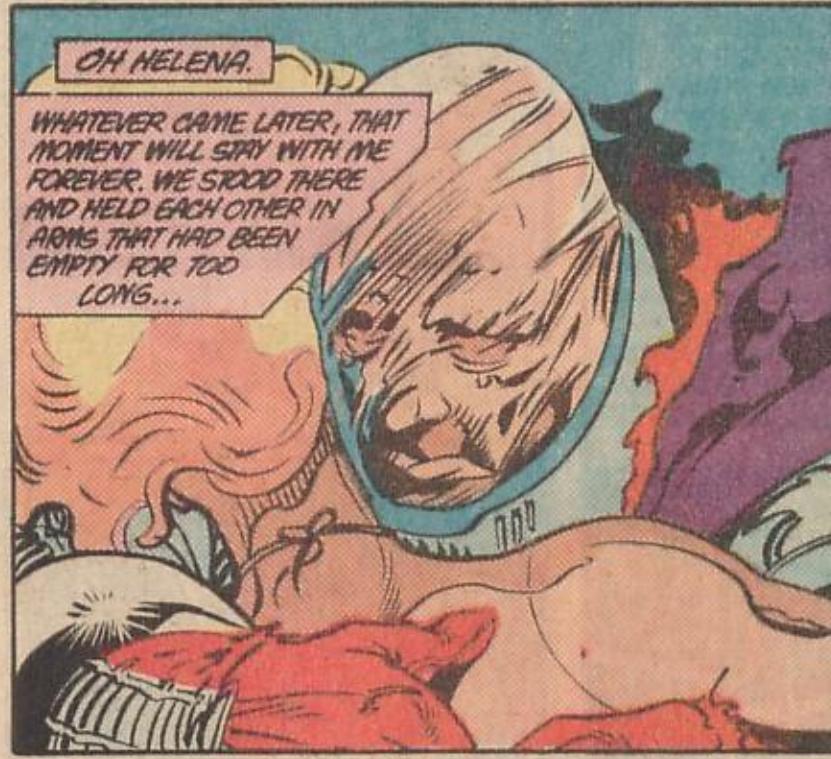
I NEVER GAVE UP.

I NEVER GAVE UP.

I HAUNTED GOTHAM
RELENTLESSLY, ELBOWING
THROUGH RIGID-FACED
CROWDS IN THE SMEARED NEON
WHIRLPOOL OF THE STREETS,
MUTTERING HER NAME...

ISN'T THAT JUST
LIKE A WOMAN?

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING



MORE THAN THAT, I
HAD FOUND A HOME.

HELENA WAS TRANSFERRED
TO LADIES' EVENINGWEAR ON
THE TWELTH FLOOR, WHILE I
TOOK UP RESIDENCE IN
BEDROOM FURNISHINGS ON
THE FLOOR BELOW.



SOMETIMES, SO AS NOT
TO BECOME FATIGUED
BY EACH OTHER'S
COMPANY, WE WOULD
VISIT FRIENDS.



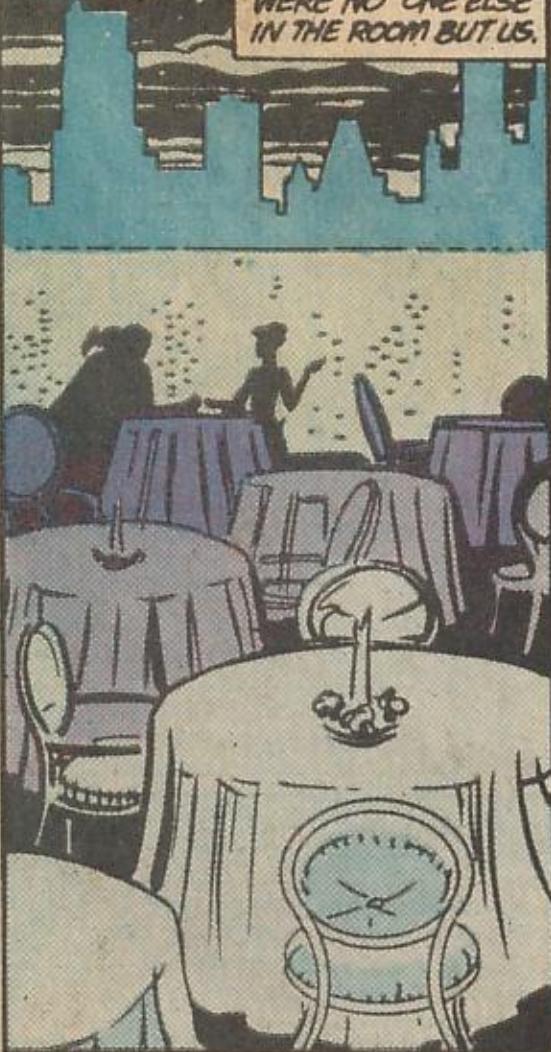
THEY WERE HELENA'S
FRIENDS, OF COURSE,
BUT I FOUND THEM
EASY ENOUGH TO
TALK TO.



IT WAS AN IDEAL EXISTENCE.
ONCE I HAD BEEN USED TO
SLEEPING IN CONCEALMENT BY
DAY AND AVOIDING THE FEW
SECURITY GUARDS BY NIGHT,
OUR RELATIONSHIP BLOSSOMED.

AT NIGHT WE WOULD EAT FOOD THAT
I HAD PREPARED IN THE FAMOUS
BAYVIEW RESTAURANT, OUR EYES ONLY
FOR EACH OTHER.

IT WAS AS IF THERE
WERE NO ONE ELSE
IN THE ROOM BUT US.



THAT'S ALL I EVER
WANTED, REALLY...



WE HAD A
NORMAL LIFE!



A NORMAL LIFE.



LING

...I
FOUND
HER...

RIGHT REAMS

Brunelleschi

LIKE A FOOL, I'D BEEN WORRIED FOR HER SAFETY. I THOUGHT SHE'D BEEN TAKEN... THAT THE MAN IN THE CLOAK HAD STOLEN HER! AND THEN I FIND HER...

...AND WISHED TO GOD THAT I HADN'T.

FAR FROM HOME.

IN HER UNDERWEAR.

HOW? HOW COULD SHE DO THIS TO ME?

I DIDN'T LET HER KNOW THAT I'D DISCOVERED HER TREACHERY. I STALKED BACK UP TO THE BEDROOM FURNISHINGS ALONE, THE BLOOD CHURNING IN MY HEART, IN MY HEAD...

MY MIGRAINE WAS RETURNING... I HADN'T SUFFERED ONCE SINCE THE SHOCK OF THE WAX MUSEUM FIRE. I HOPE IT WOULD FADE BEFORE I WAS FORCED TO RELIEVE IT.

WHO? WHO WAS SHE BETRAYING ME WITH?

THE NEXT NIGHT, SHE WAS BACK IN LADIES' EVENINGWEAR, PROPERLY DRESSED. SHE SAID NOTHING ABOUT HER ABSENCE. NEITHER DID I.

I HAD DECIDED JUST TO WATCH, AND TO WAIT...



I WAITED FOR HIM TO LEAVE, AND
THEN I SLIPPED OUT UNOBSERVED.
I DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE A SCENE.
IN FRONT OF HELENA.

ISN'T THAT RIDICULOUS?
I STILL LOVED HER...

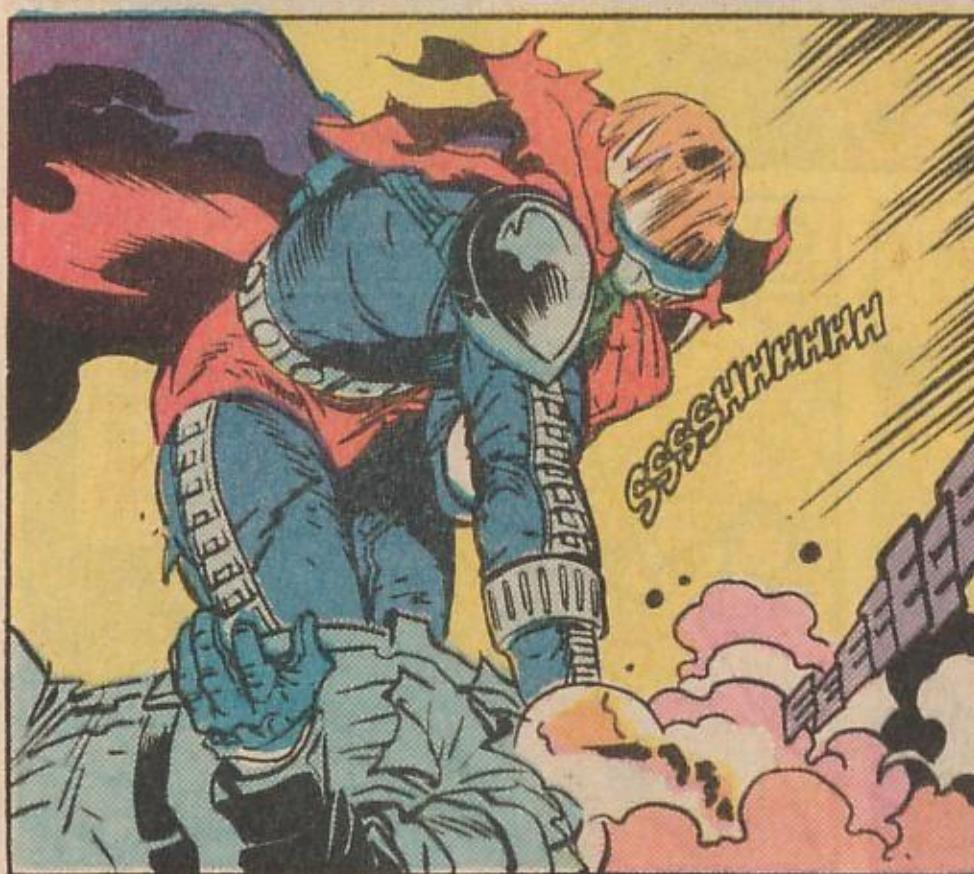
...AFTER ALL SHE'D DONE TO ME.

SCHOOLIE



...HANDS.





...AND TO
MY WIFE.

WOMEN'S
WEAR

NEITHER OF US EVER MENTIONED WHAT HAD HAPPENED.
PERUSING A NEWSPAPER ONE NIGHT IN MAGAZINES,
CIGARETTES AND CONFECTIONERY, I LEARNED THAT
THE BODY HAD BEEN FOUND.



I'D ASSUMED THAT ONCE MY RIVAL
STOPPED CALLING ON HER, SHE WOULD
RETURN HER FULL AFFECTIONS TO ME.
I WAS WRONG.

SHE SEEMED SUDDENLY
DISTANT, AND THERE WERE
LONG SILENCES AT MEALTIMES...

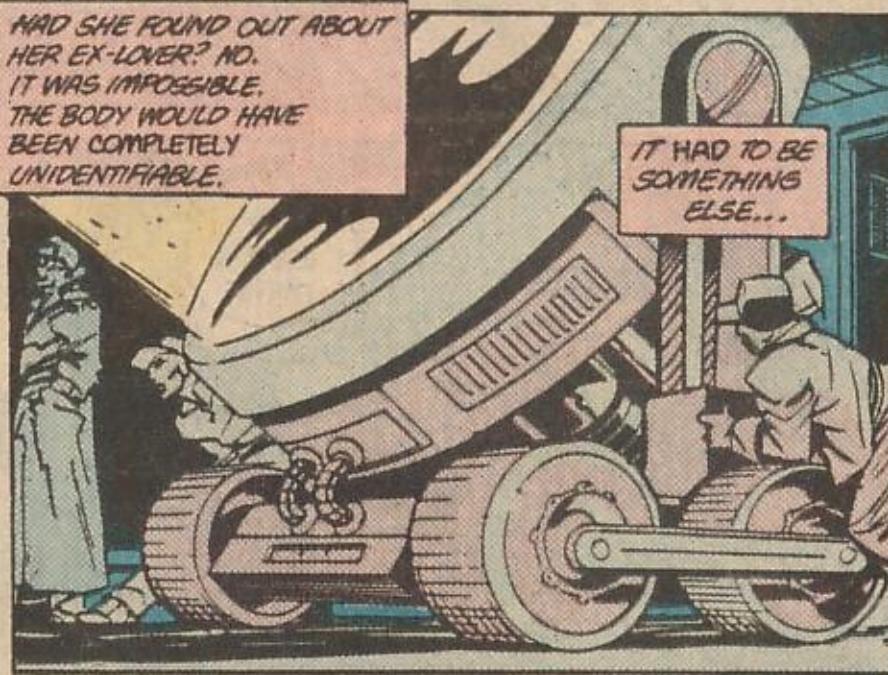


...OR PERHAPS SOMEBODY
ELSE? ANOTHER LOVER?
COULD IT BE? SHE'D
BETRAYED ME BEFORE...



I HID THE
PAPER FROM
HELENA.

HAD SHE FOUND OUT ABOUT
HER EX-LOVER? NO.
IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE.
THE BODY WOULD HAVE
BEEN COMPLETELY
UNIDENTIFIABLE.



IT HAD TO BE
SOMETHING
ELSE...

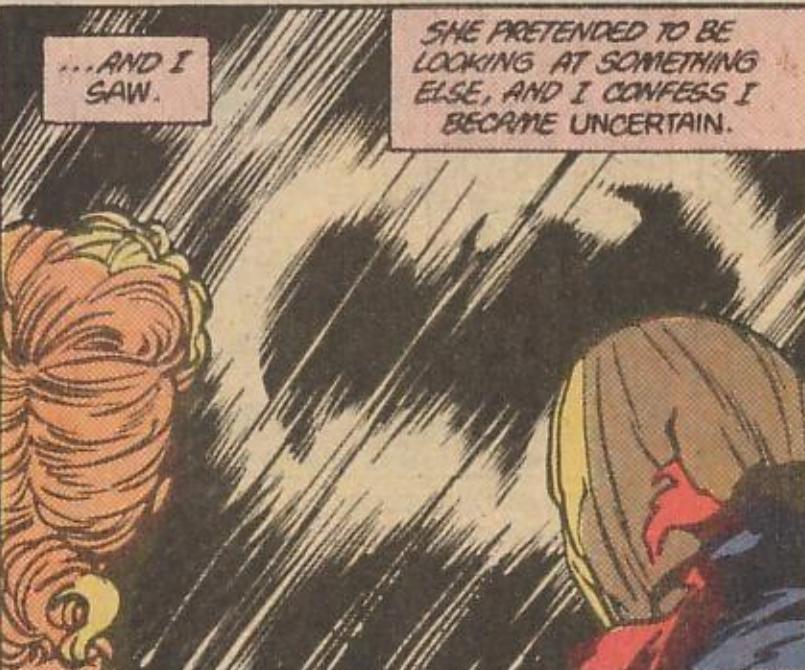


ONE NIGHT, AT DINNER,
I NOTICED THAT HER
GAZE WAS TRAINED UPON
SOMETHING BEHIND ME,
HER LOOK TENDER AND
LOVING. I TURNED...

...AND I
SAW.

SHE PRETENDED TO BE
LOOKING AT SOMETHING
ELSE, AND I CONFESS I
BECAME UNCERTAIN.

COULD IT BE THAT I WAS OVER-SUSPICIOUS OF HER?
COULD IT BE THAT I WAS IMAGINING THINGS?



YES. THAT
HAD TO BE
THE ANSWER.
I MUST BE
MISTAKEN.
IT COULDN'T
BE...



NOT HIM.

THERE GO THE LAST
OF THE SHOPPERS.
GIVE IT A MINUTE OR
TWO AND THEN YOU
CAN MOVE.

ARE YOU SURE
IT'S HIM?

POLICE

POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROSS

CLAYFACE?
OH YES.

HE HAS A DISTINCTIVE
EFFECT UPON HUMAN
TISSUE. ONCE SEEN,
YOU DON'T FORGET
IT EASILY.

SORRY TO INTERRUPT,
COMMISSIONER, BUT DIDN'T
I READ THAT CLAYFACE WAS
CURRENTLY IN JAIL?

I BELIEVE
HE'S
TRYING
TO GET
TRANSFERRED
TO ARKHAM
ON AN INSANITY
PLEA...

THE MAN IN ROSENDALES IS
THE THIRD TO TAKE THAT NAME
... A MR. PRESTON PAYNE.

OF THE THREE, HE'S
EASILY THE CRAZIEST
AND THE MOST DANGEROUS.
HE'S THE ONE WHO
BELONGS IN ARKHAM.

SINCE THE GUARD
HE KILLED WAS FROM
ROSENDALES, MY BET
IS HE'S HOLED UP IN
THERE SOMEWHERE.

YOU'RE
THINKING
OF CLAYFACE
II, MS.
VALE.

WE READY,
COMMISSIONER?

WHEN
YOU ARE, MY
FRIEND.

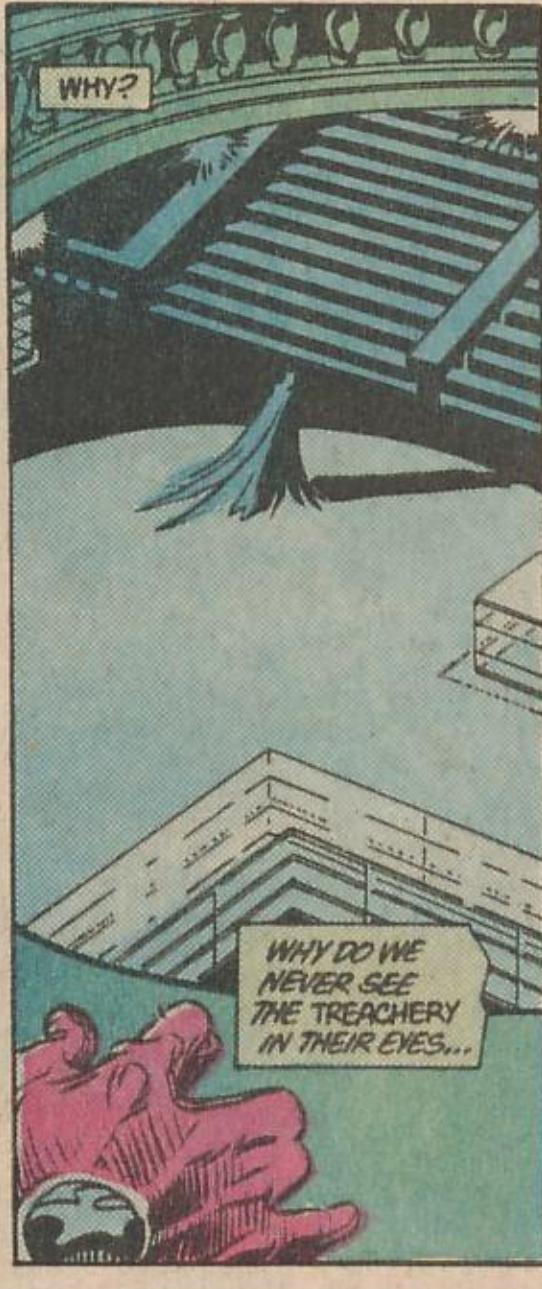
DO NOT CROSS



WHY DO MEN
DO THE THINGS
THEY DO?



THAT WE ARE NOT LOVED,
THAT THE OBJECT OF OUR
AFFECTION IS COLD AND
UNFAITHFUL...



I UNDERSTOOD
EVERYTHING.

THEY'D BEEN SEEING EACH OTHER
SINCE THE BEGINNING. THEY'D
PROBABLY PLANNED THE WAX
MUSEUM FIRE TO GET ME OUT OF
THE WAY.

HOW MANY
TIMES?

HOW MANY TIMES HAD HE
STEALTHILY CLIMBED THESE
STAIRS, FROM BOOKS
AND STATIONERY TO
GARDENING ACCESSORIES
AND ON TO LADIES'
EVENINGWEAR?

HOW MANY TIMES HAD SHE SUFFERED MY KISSES
WITH AMUSED CONTEMPT, ALL THE WHILE WAITING
FOR THE SIGN IN THE SKY THAT TOLD HER HE WOULD
BE COMING?

HOW
MANY
TIMES?

"NEVER AGAIN."

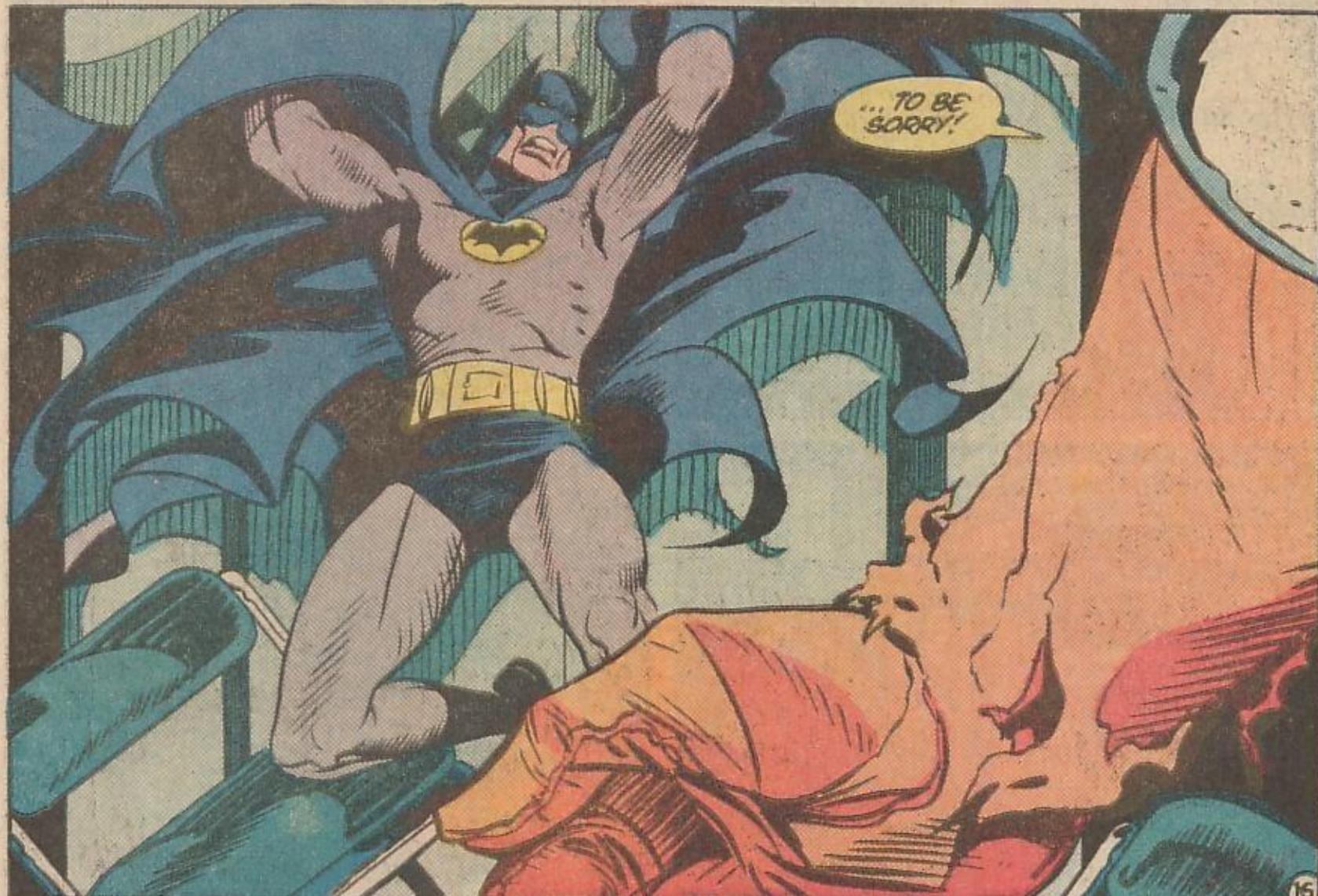
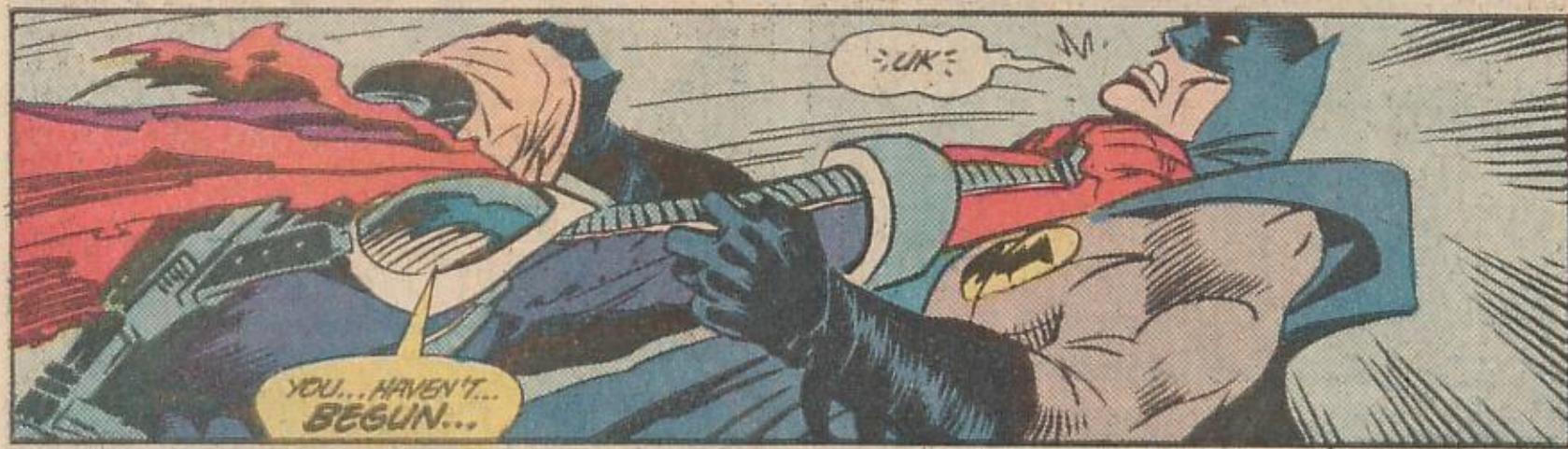
SMACK!

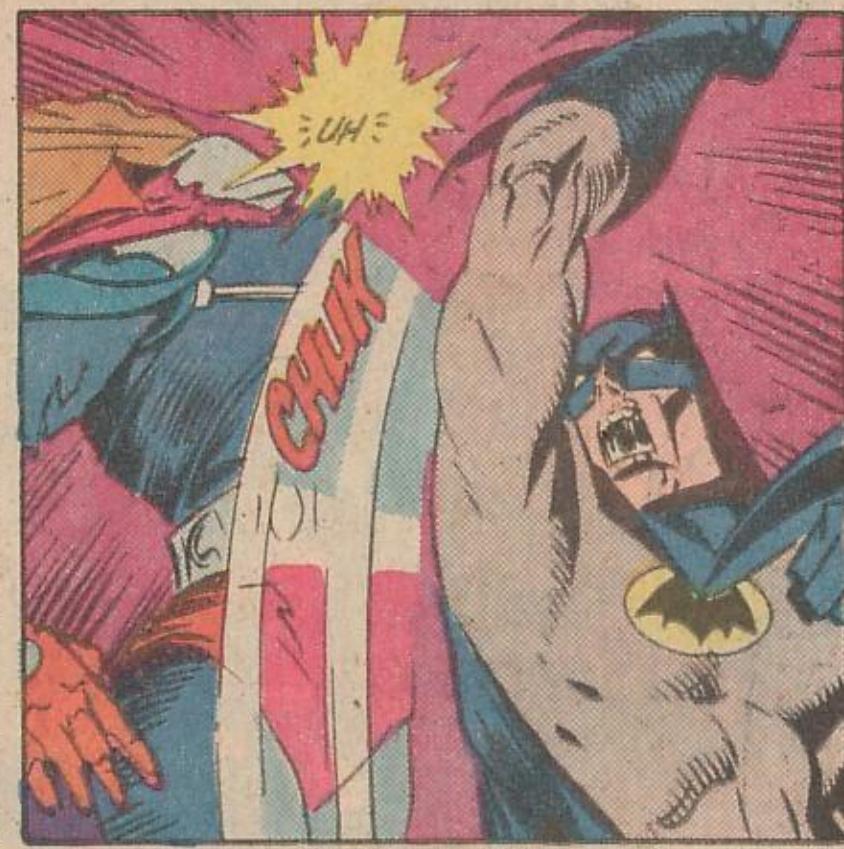
TO BE HONEST, I NO
LONGER CARED.

I NO LONGER CARED HOW
MUCH OR HOW MANY OR
HOW OFTEN...

I NO LONGER CARED
ABOUT NUMBERS.

THERE WAS ONLY
ONE THOUGHT IN
MY MIND, ONE
UNSHAKEABLE
RESOLUTION...





I LAUGHED. HE WAS SO STUPID.
HE WAS HEADING UP INTO THE
BUILDING WHEN HE SHOULD HAVE
BEEN TRYING TO GET OUT.

THE STORE WAS MY HOME. I
KNEW EVERY DEPARTMENT, EVERY
STAIRCASE, EVERY RESTROOM.

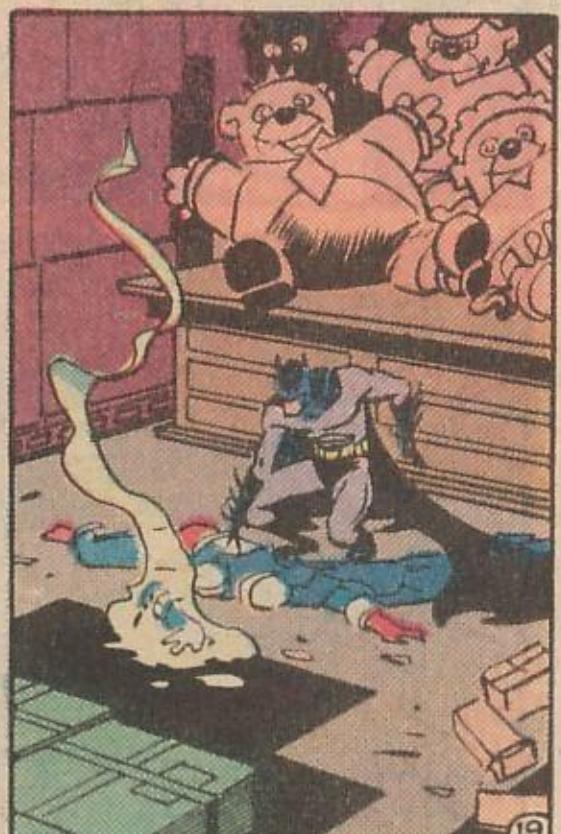
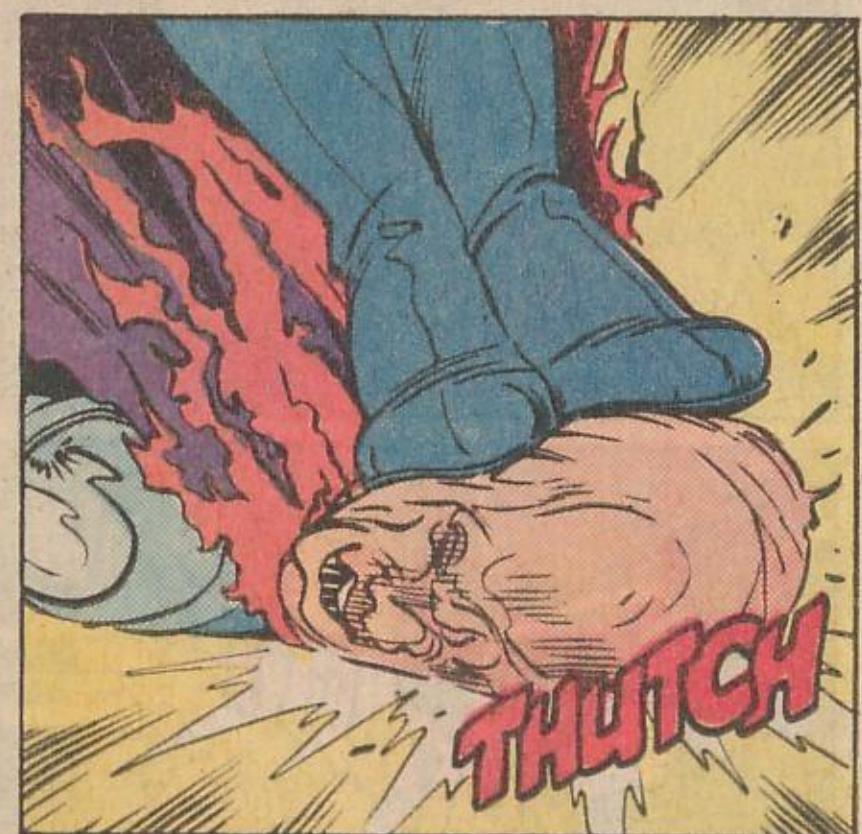
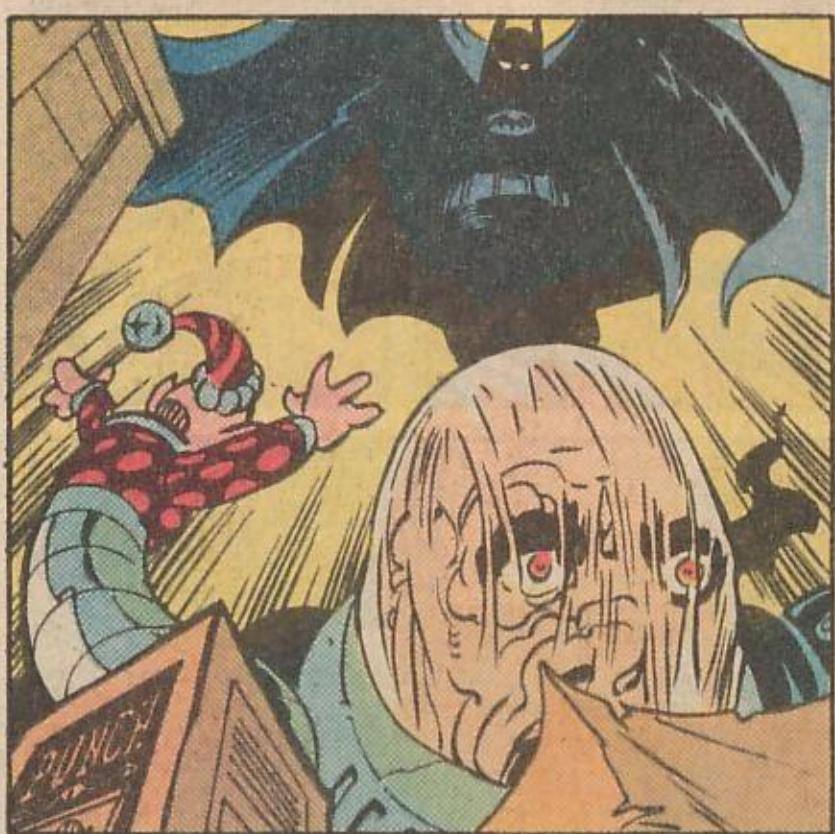
IT WAS MY CASTLE, MY NOCTURNAL
KINGDOM. I KNEW ALL OF ITS
SECRETS...

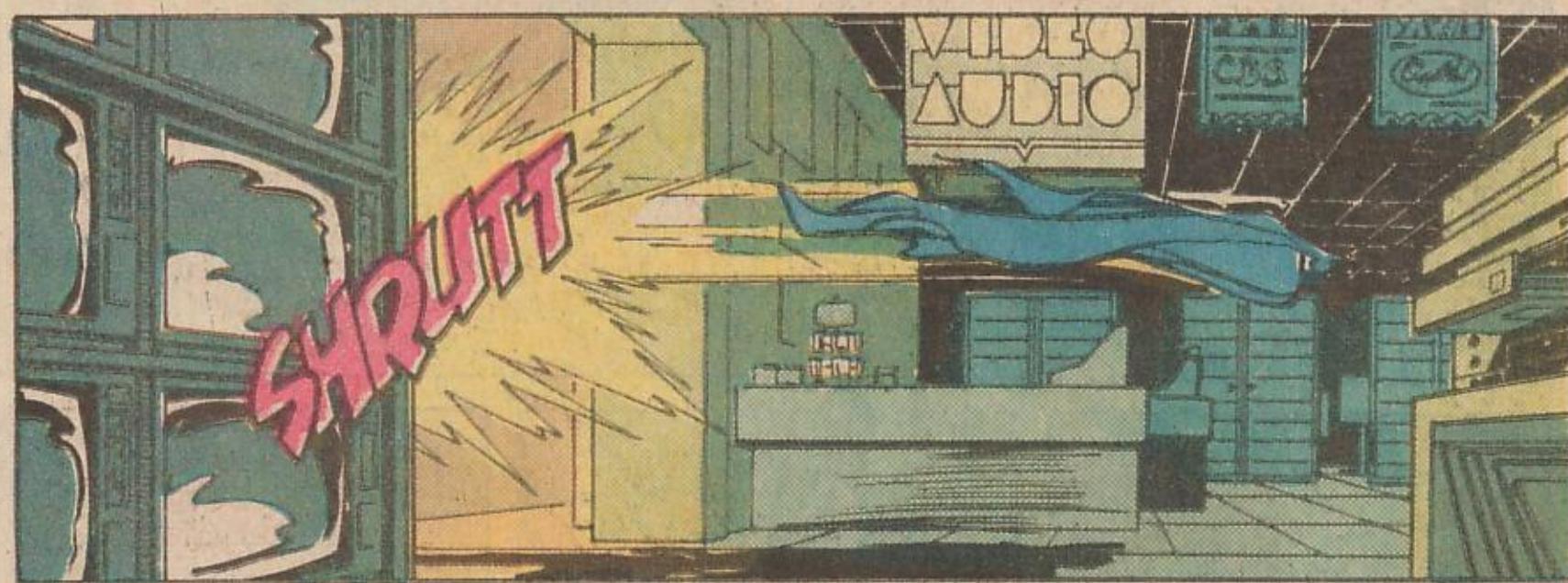
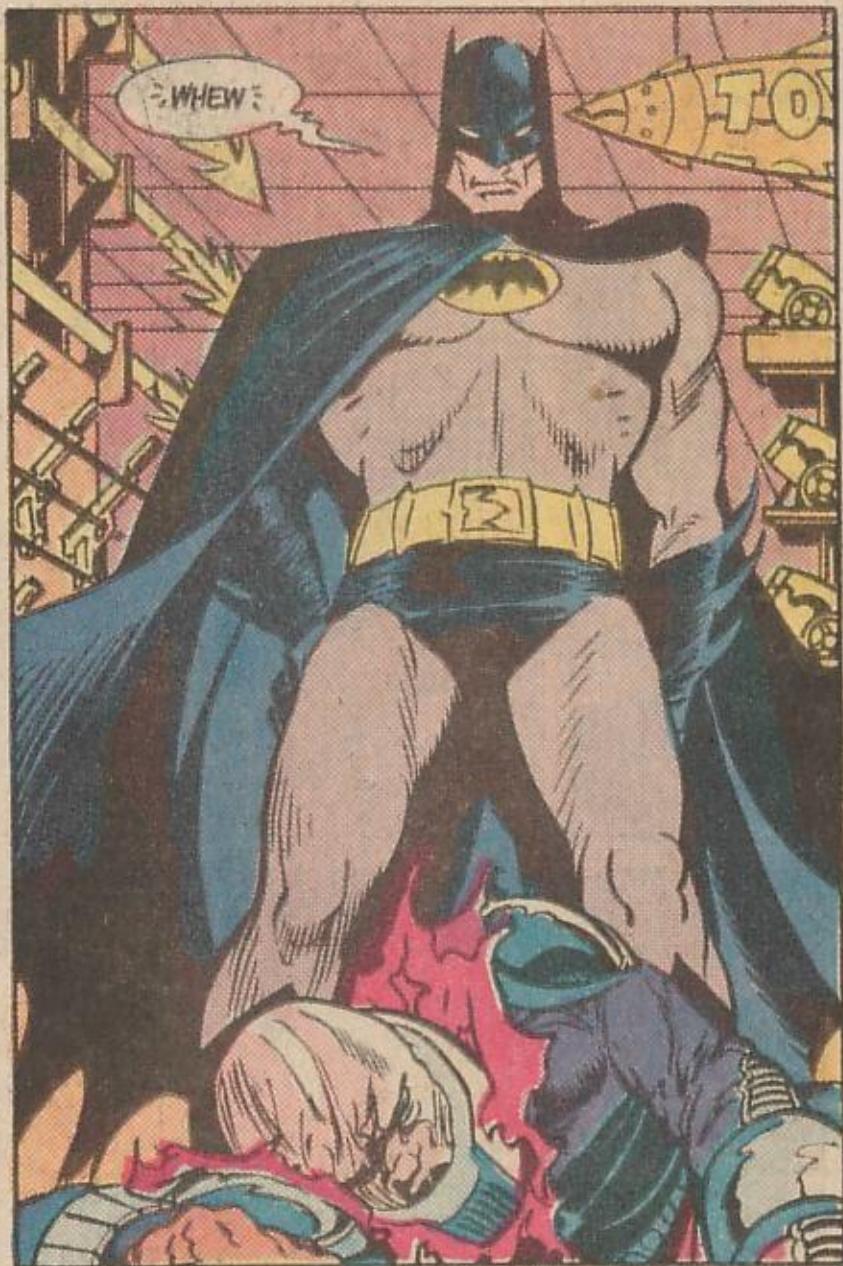
I KNEW ALL OF ITS
POSSIBILITIES.

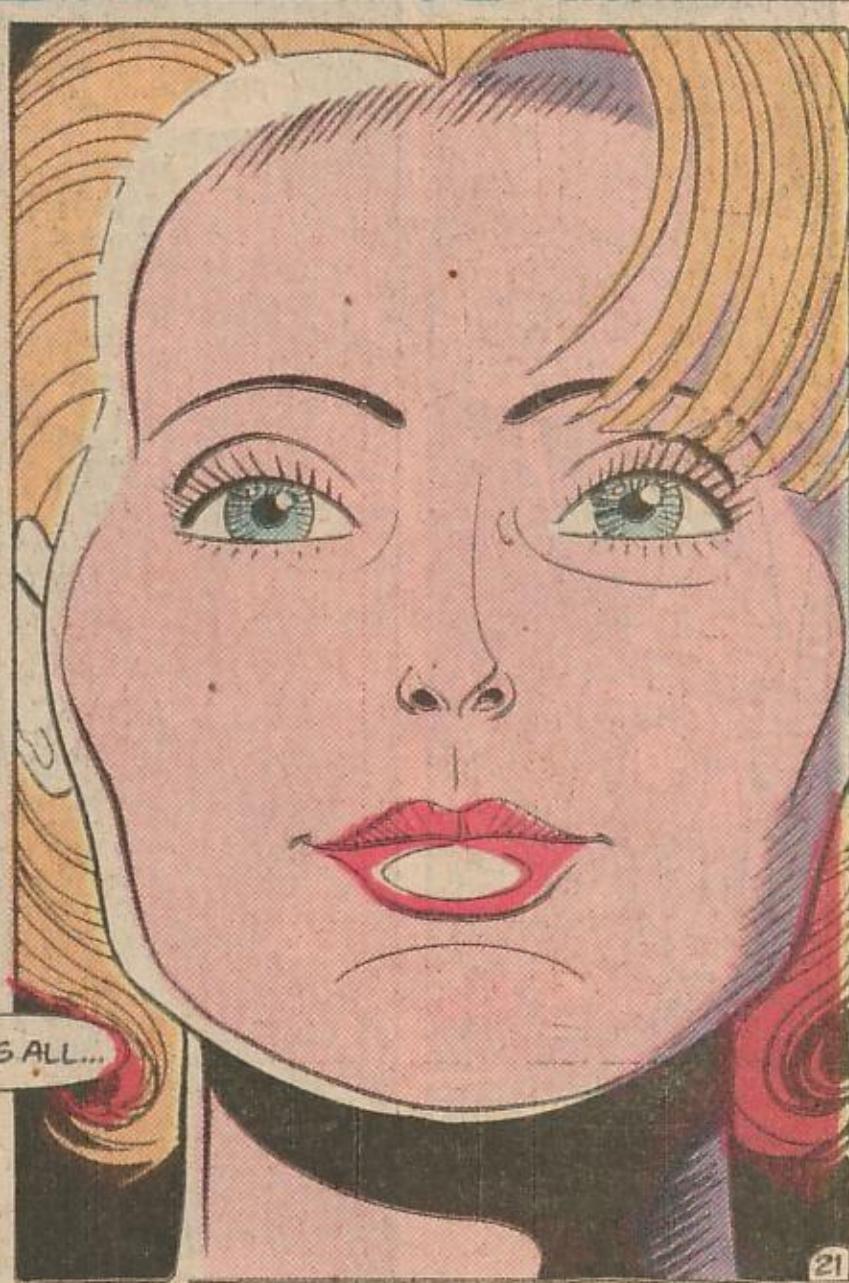
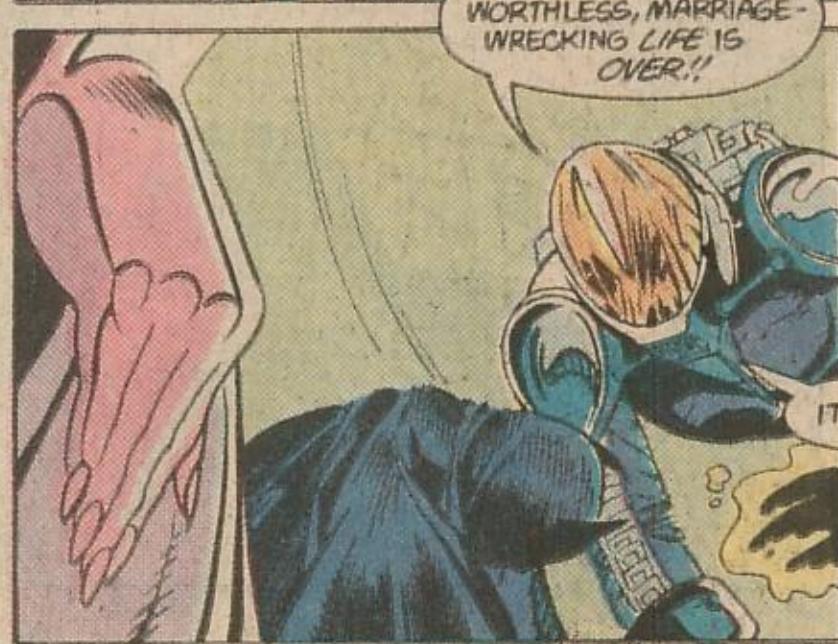
ON THE TWELFTH FLOOR, I
SAW THAT THE ELEVATOR
DOORS STOOD OPEN.

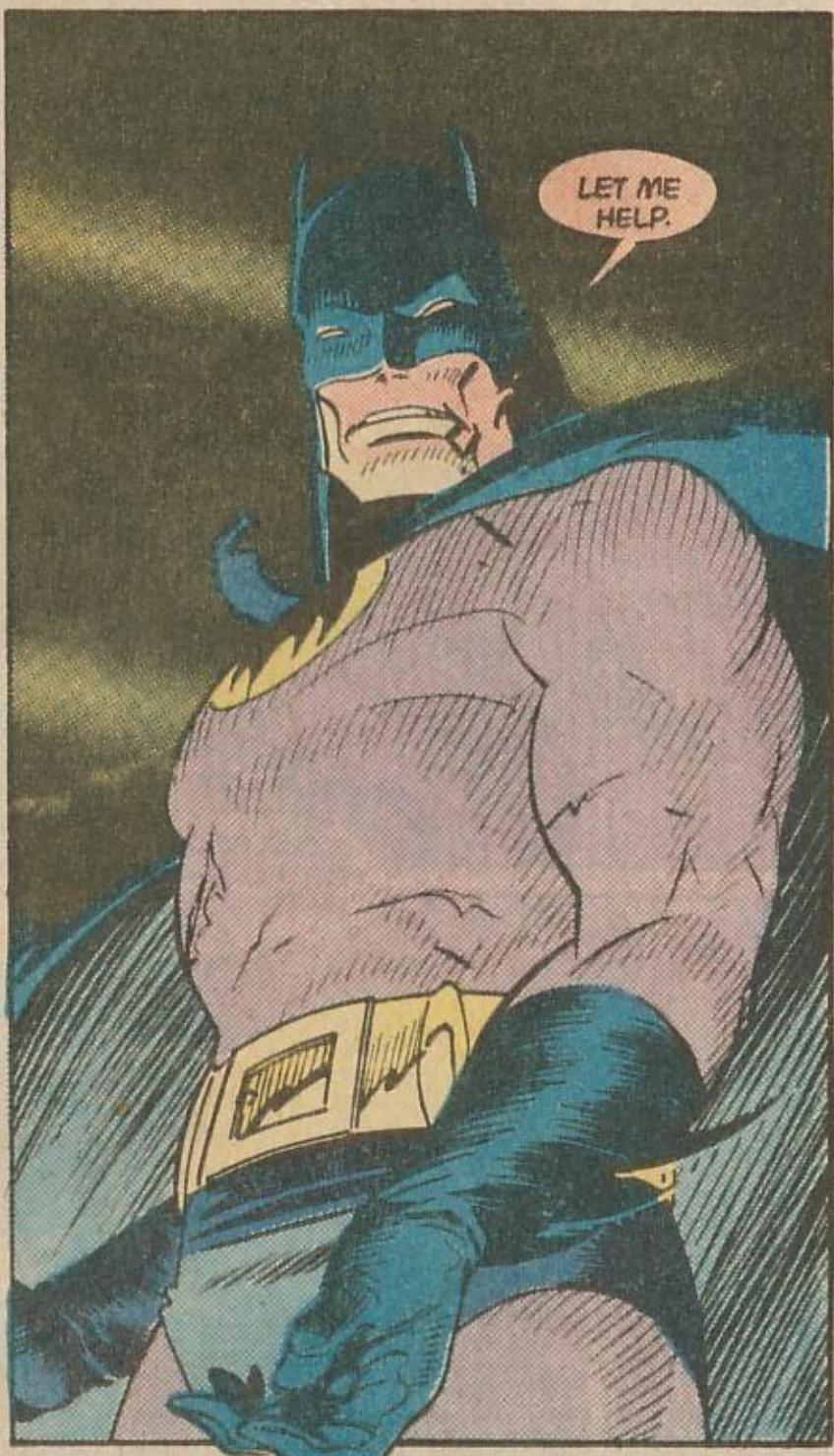
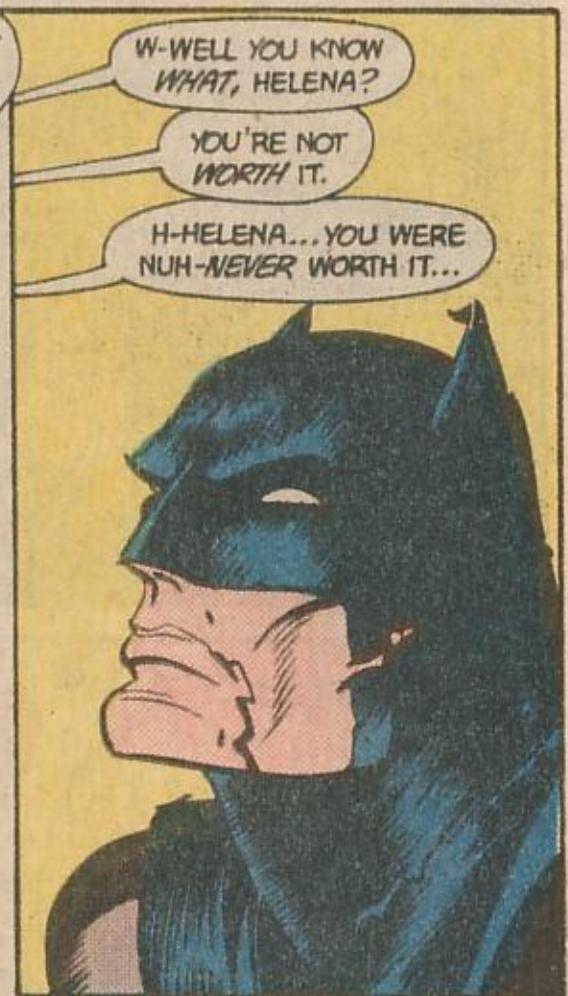
I KNOW
YOU'RE IN
HERE.

WHY DON'T YOU
COME OUT AND GET
IT OVER WITH?









AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT? HE TRIED. HE ACTUALLY TRIED TO HELP US GET BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

I SUPPOSE AFTER WHAT HE'D DONE, IT WAS THE LEAST HE COULD DO.

HE BROUGHT ME HERE, TO ARKHAM, AND MADE SURE I GOT MY OWN ROOM.

WHEN I SAID I WANTED HER TO LIVE HERE WITH ME, HE EXPLAINED THINGS TO THE DOCTORS AND THEY SAID OKAY.

SONY SURVEILLANCE

HE TRIED.

TOO BAD IT DIDN'T WORK OUT.

OH, I SUPPOSE WE CAN TOLERATE EACH OTHER ENOUGH TO LIVE TOGETHER, AND NEITHER OF US WANTS TO BE THE FIRST TO MENTION DIVORCE...

BUT THE LOVE... THE LOVE'S ALL DEAD.

HER HABITS AND SNOBBERIES GROW INCREASINGLY IRRITATING. I LONG TO BE RID OF HER, BUT CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO DO ANYTHING.

EACH DAY SHE BECOMES OLDER, DOWDIER... NEVER MIND. ONE DAY I SHALL BE FREE. AFTER ALL...

SHE CAN'T LIVE FOREVER...

END

"LOVE BIRD"

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--I
BESEECH YOU...
GIVE A REPENTANT
JAILBIRD THE
OPPORTUNITY TO
MAKE AMENDS!

NO LONGER WILL
I BE A BIRD OF PREY--
BUT A CONSTRUCTIVE
OCCUPANT OF THE
SOCIAL NEST--

SET FREE THIS
CAGELING SO THAT
HE MIGHT MAKE
RESTITUTION--

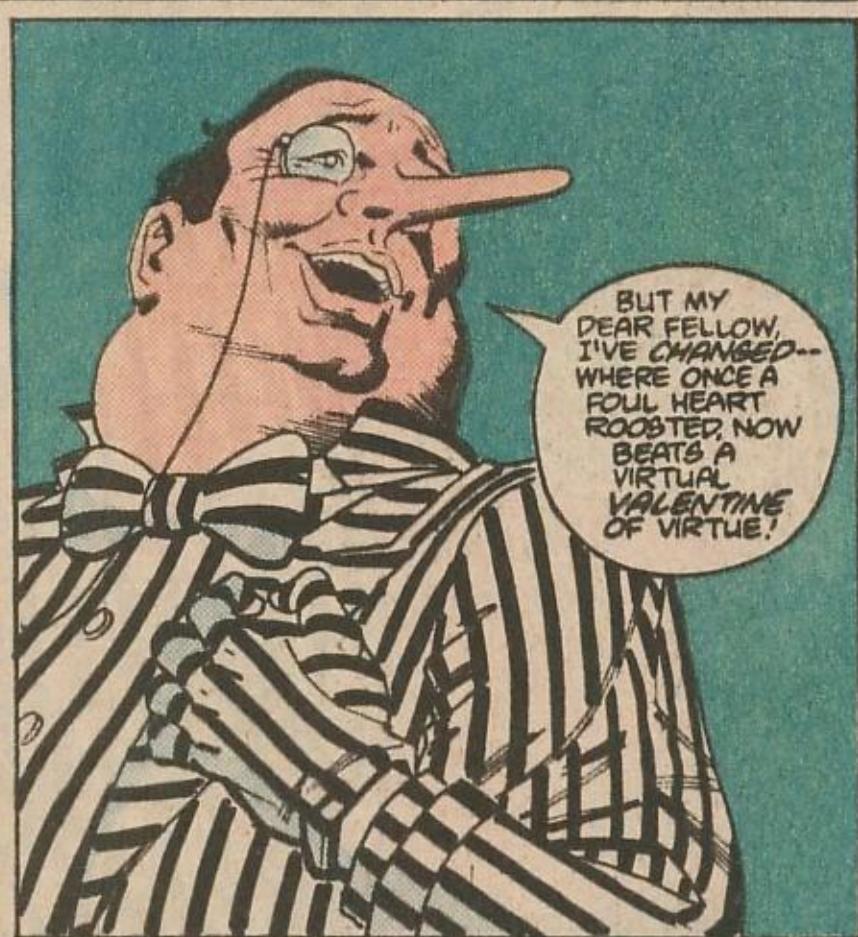
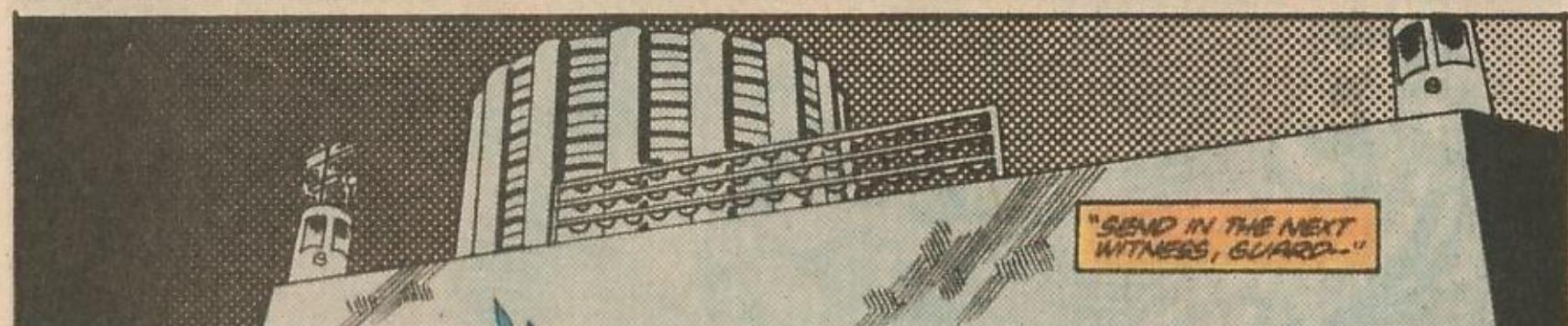
I AM A
CHANGED MAN,
FELLOW CITIZENS...
FOR I HAVE FOUND
THE LOVE OF A
GOOD WOMAN!

57601

MAX
ALLAN
COLLINS
STORY
NORM
BREYFOGLE
ARTIST
ALBERT
DEGLIZMAN
LETTERER
ADRIENNE
ROY
COLORIST
DENNY
O'NEIL
EDITOR

THE PAROLE BOARD THANKS YOU FOR YOUR IMPASSIONED PRESENTATION, MR. COBLEPOT-- YOU'LL BE INFORMED OF OUR DECISION SHORTLY.

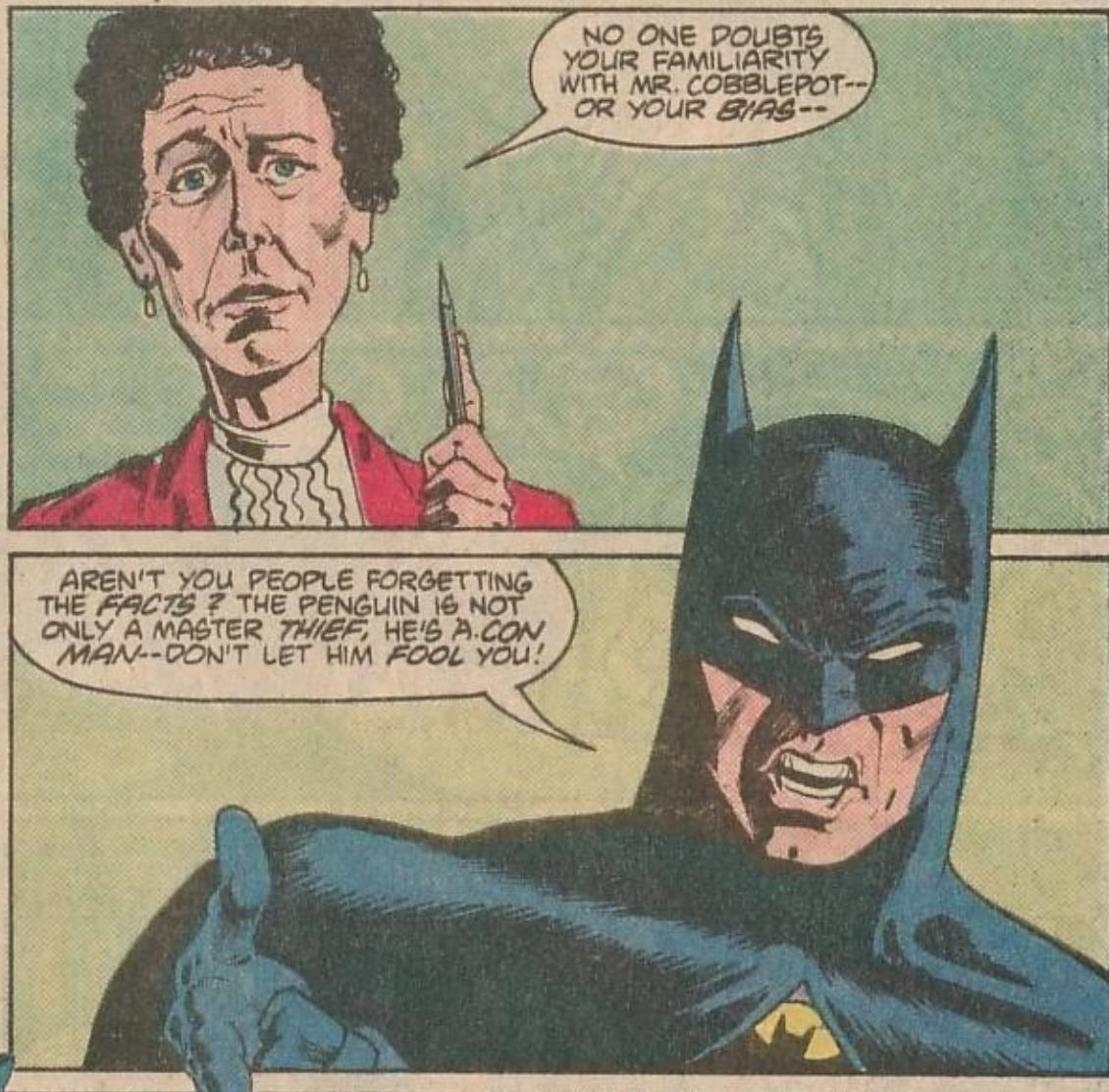
THANK YOU.
I SINCERELY
THANK YOU.



AT THE REQUEST OF COMMISSIONER GORDON,
WE'VE GRANTED YOUR REQUEST TO BE HEARD
IN THE CASE OF OSWALD C. COBBLEPOT--



"PROTESTS? WHY, WITH ALL DUE
RESPECT, NO ONE KNOWS THAT
SCHEMING LITTLE VULTURE BETTER
THAN..."



"WHY, HE'S BEEN IN AND
OUT OF GOTHAM PRISON
FOR TWENTY YEARS--
THAT CUSTOM PRISONER'S
UNIFORM HE'S ALLOWED
TO WEAR IS PRACTICALLY
AN ANTIQUE!"

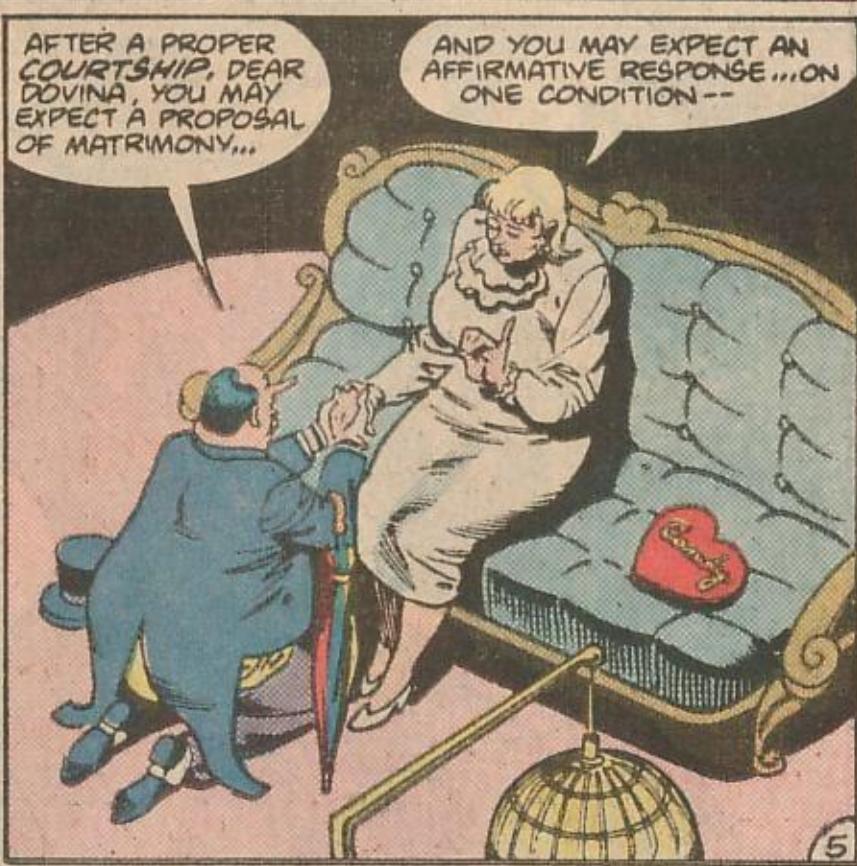


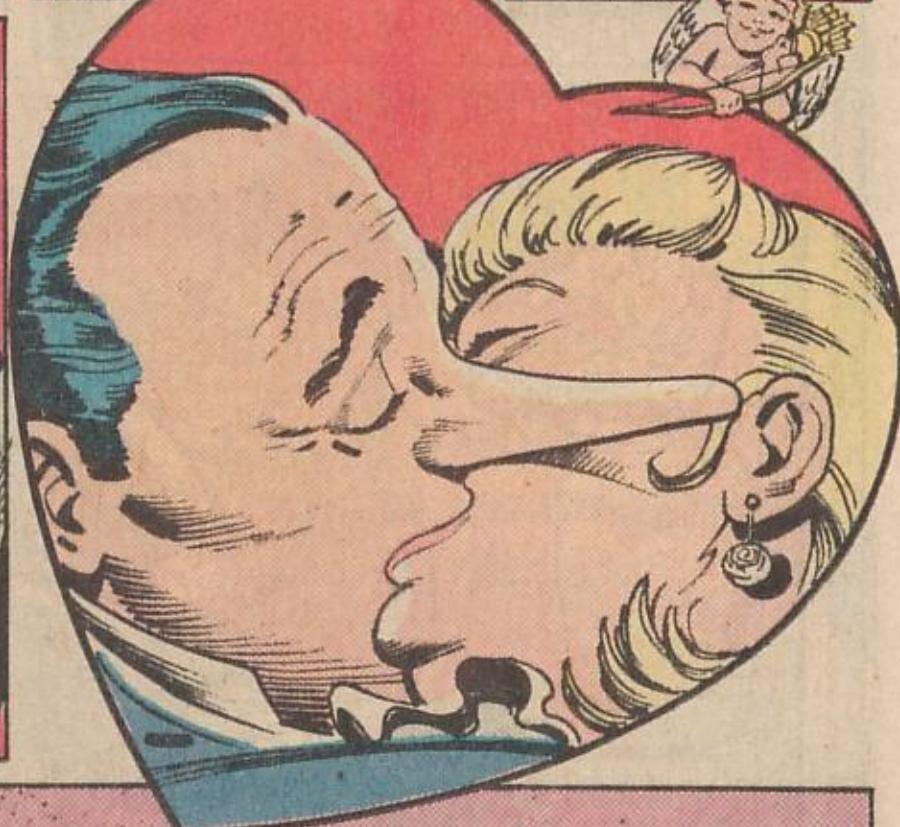


AND SOON A DAPPER PAROLEE IS
MAKING A SOCIAL CALL --



OSWALD! YOUR PAROLE
CAME THROUGH! WHY DIDN'T
YOU SEND WORD?!





BATMAN! YOU'RE
NOTHING IF NOT
PROMPT--

WE WERE
ON PATROL
NEARBY.
WHAT'S THE
PENGUIN
DONE?

WHY, NOTHING--THIS
IS JUST A ROUTINE
MATTER... RASH OF
LIQUOR STORE
ROBBERIES...

CRIME IS CRIME. BATMAN AND
ROBIN GO TO WORK...

SMALL-TIMERS.
EIGHT LIQUOR STORES
IN ONE NIGHT ISN'T SO
SMALL-TIME. ESPECIALLY
NOT TO THE EIGHT
LIQUOR STORE
OWNERS.

BATMAN, CUT ME A
DEAL AND I'LL CLUE
YA IN ON SOMETHING
BIG--

I'LL CUT
YOU A DEAL.
SPILL AND
YOU KEEP
YOUR
TEETH.

HEY, ISN'T IT A LITTLE
EARLY FOR YOU TO BE UP?
IT'S NINE O'CLOCK IN THE
MORNING!

I HAVEN'T
BEEN HOME
YET.



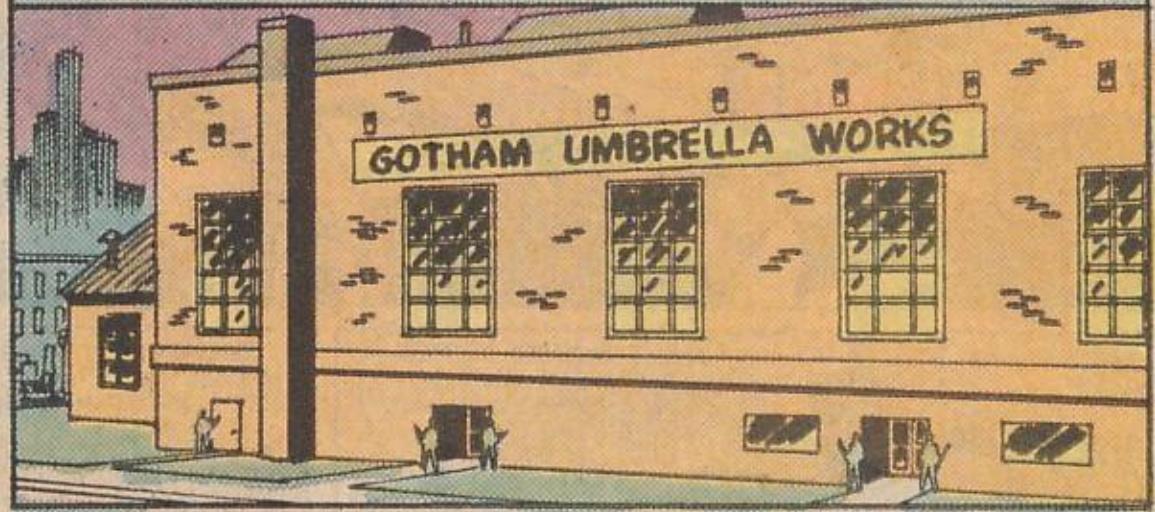
I HEARD
YOU NABBED
THOSE LIQUOR
STORE HEISTERS.
THANKS FOR
THE PROMPT
SERVICE.

FINE. NOW GIVE ME
SOME. WHAT'S THE PENGUIN
UP TO? I HEAR HE'S PUT
THE WORD OUT FOR HIS
OLD CRONIES TO HOOK
UP WITH HIM...



WE HAVEN'T HEARD THAT.
FAR AS WE KNOW, PENGUIN'S
GONE STRAIGHT—HE'S OPENED
AN UMBRELLA FACTORY.

"LOOK," GORDON SAYS, "WE'VE BEEN WATCHING MR. COBBLEBOTH LIKE A
HAWK—HE SHUTTLES FROM HIS LOVE NEST WITH MISS DOWNA
PARTRIDGE, TO THIS FACTORY HE'S OPENING, AND BACK AGAIN... THAT'S
THE WHOLE STORY!"



PECK

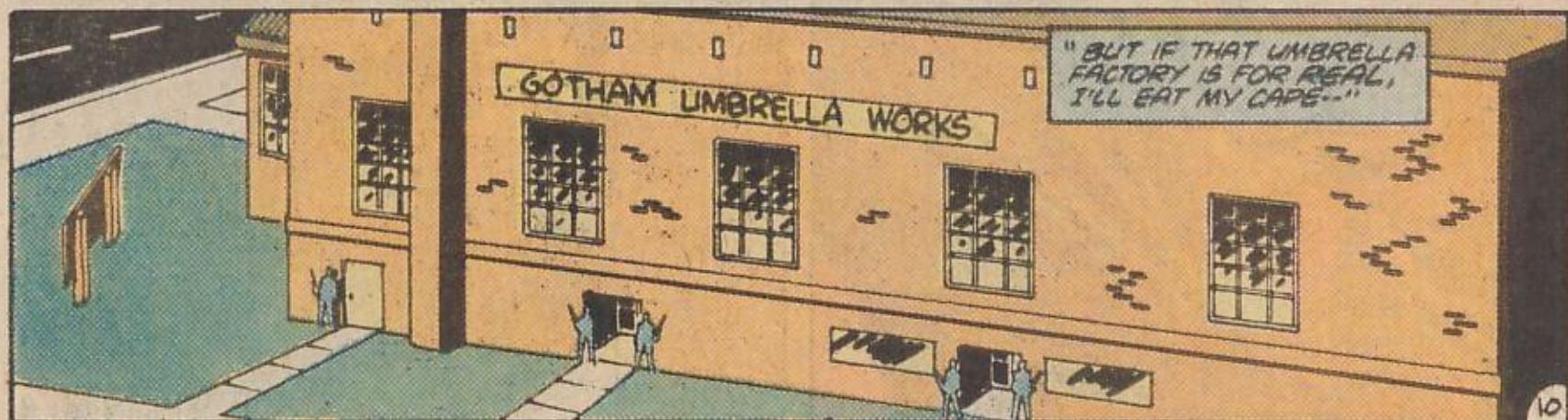
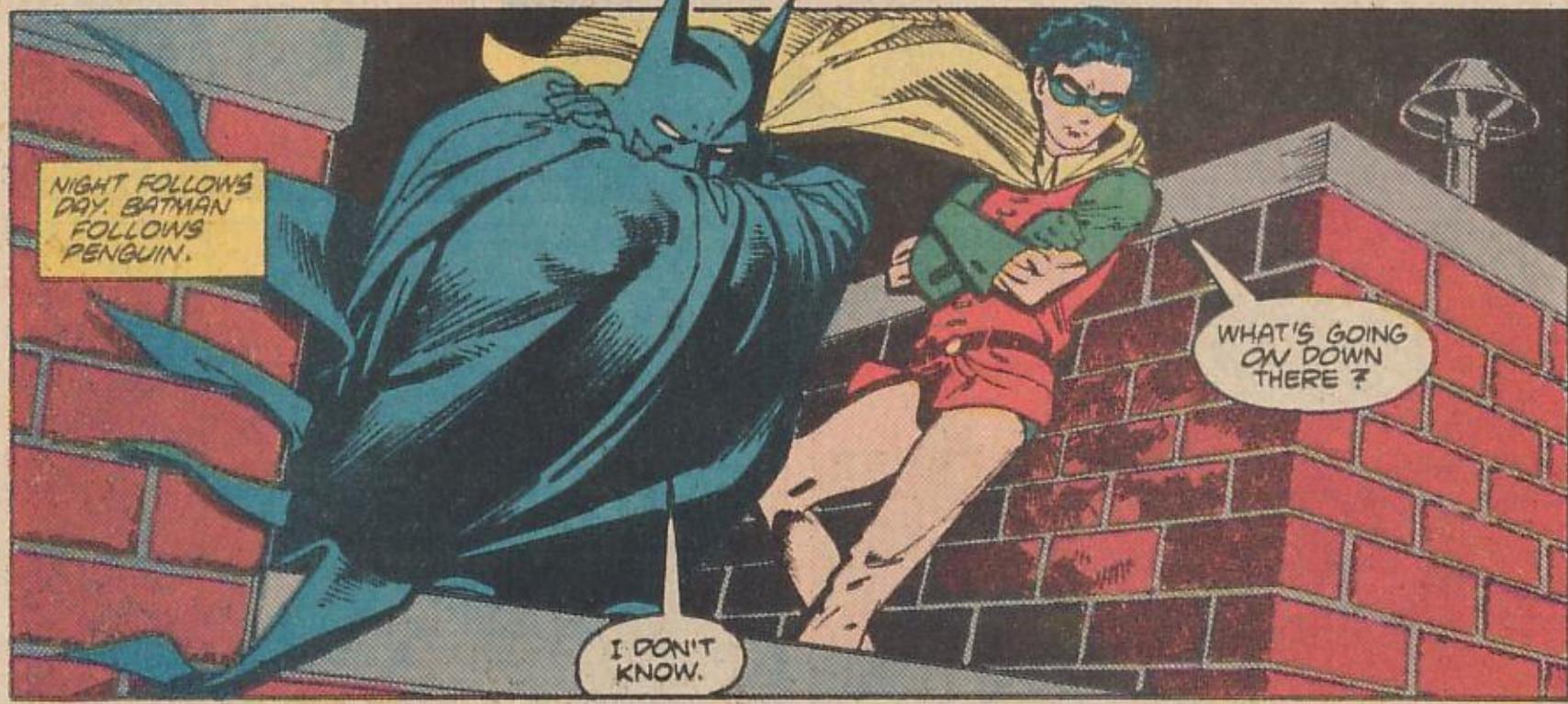
"WHAT'S THE STORY ON HIS GIRL-
FRIEND?" BATMAN ASKS. "GOOD
FAMILY BACKGROUND—VERY UPRIGHT
LADY," SAYS GORDON. "SHE AND PENGUIN
FELL IN LOVE BY MAIL--"





MISS PARTRIDGE--I PROMISE YOU I WILL NOT PERSECUTE "OSWALD." IF HE AND I TANGLE, REST ASSURED HE WILL HAVE DESERVED MY ATTENTION--

"WHAT YOU REFER TO AS 'COLLECTING,' I REFER TO AS 'STEALING.' AND IF HE BEGINS 'COLLECTING' AGAIN, I'LL CAGE HIM AGAIN."



I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT--THOSE SECURITY GUARDS LOOK LIKE THUGS--AND WHY WOULD AN UMBRELLA FACTORY NEED ARTILLERY LIKE THAT?

LET'S HAVE A LOOK--

"THOSE SECURITY GUARDS ARE THUGS, ROBIN--DON'T YOU REMEMBER? THEY WERE STOOGES OF PENGUIN'S WHO WALKED ON A TECHNICALITY..."

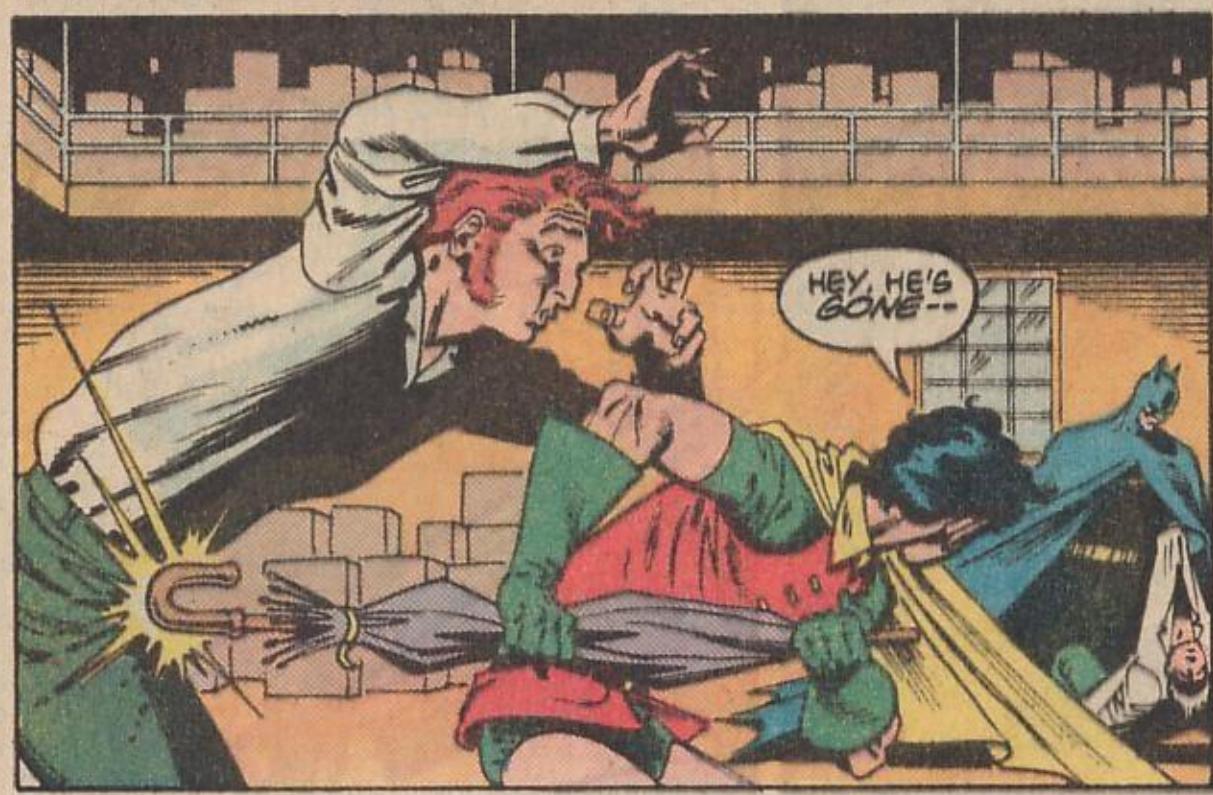
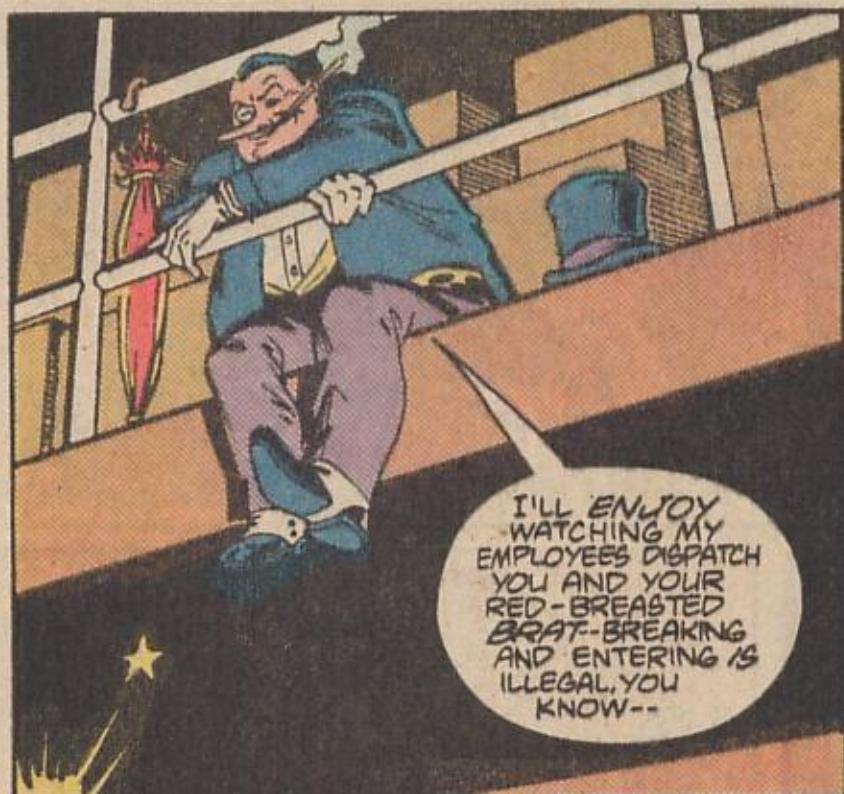
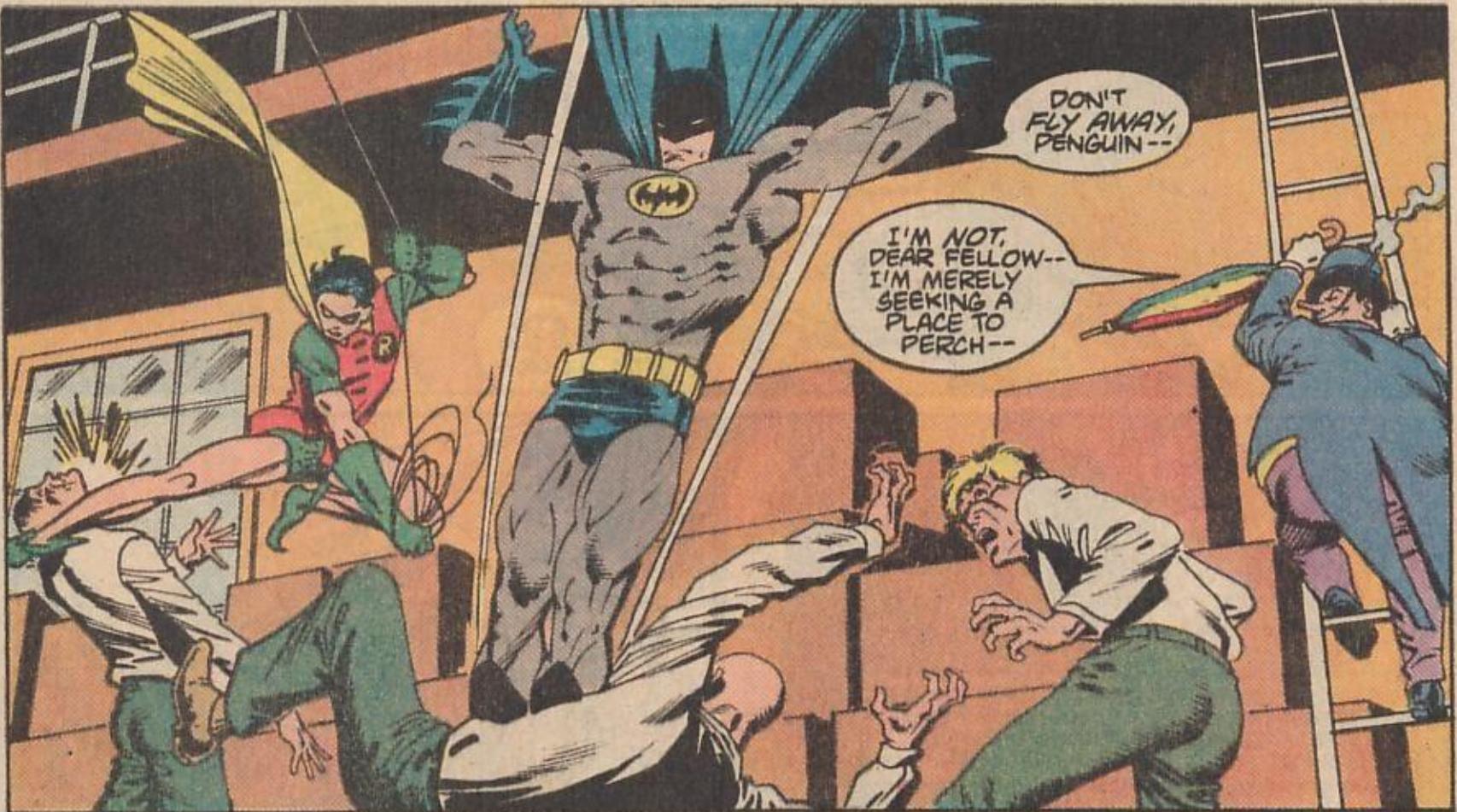
AND IN THE PENGUIN'S WAREHOUSE--

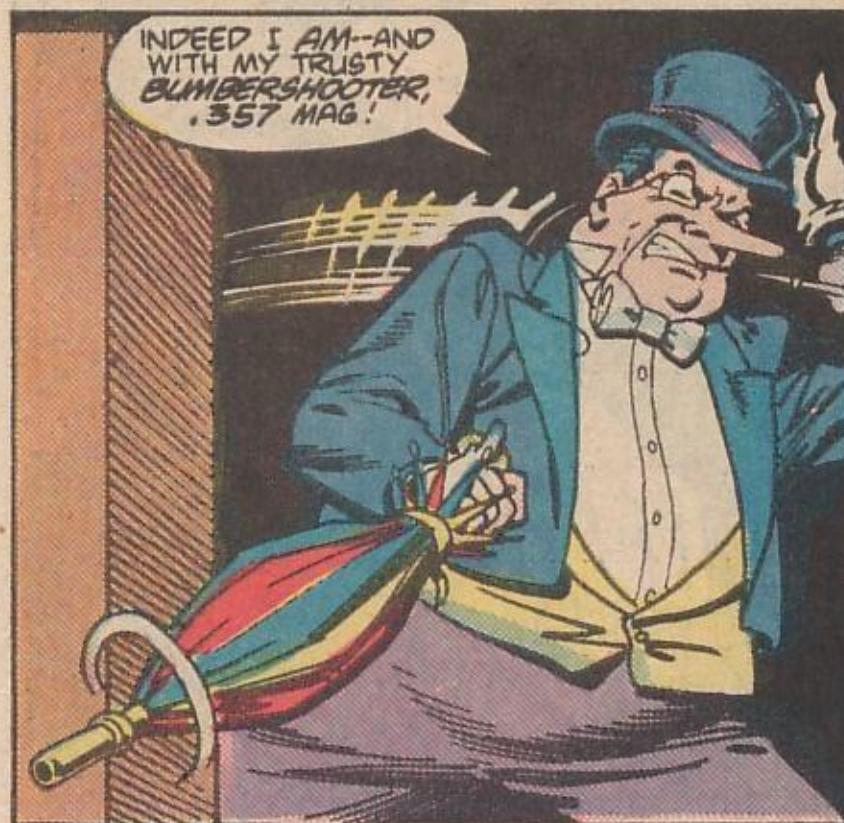
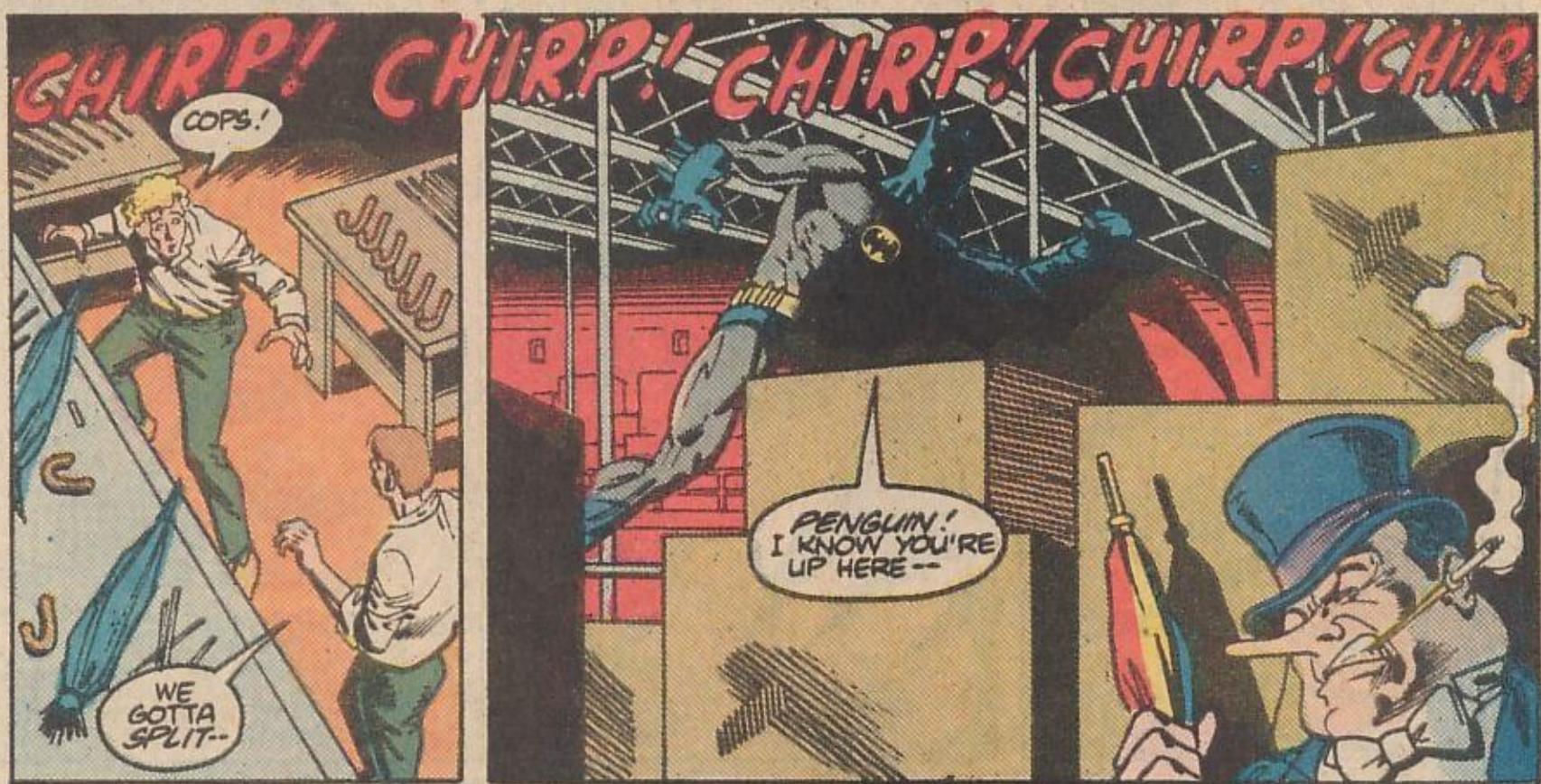
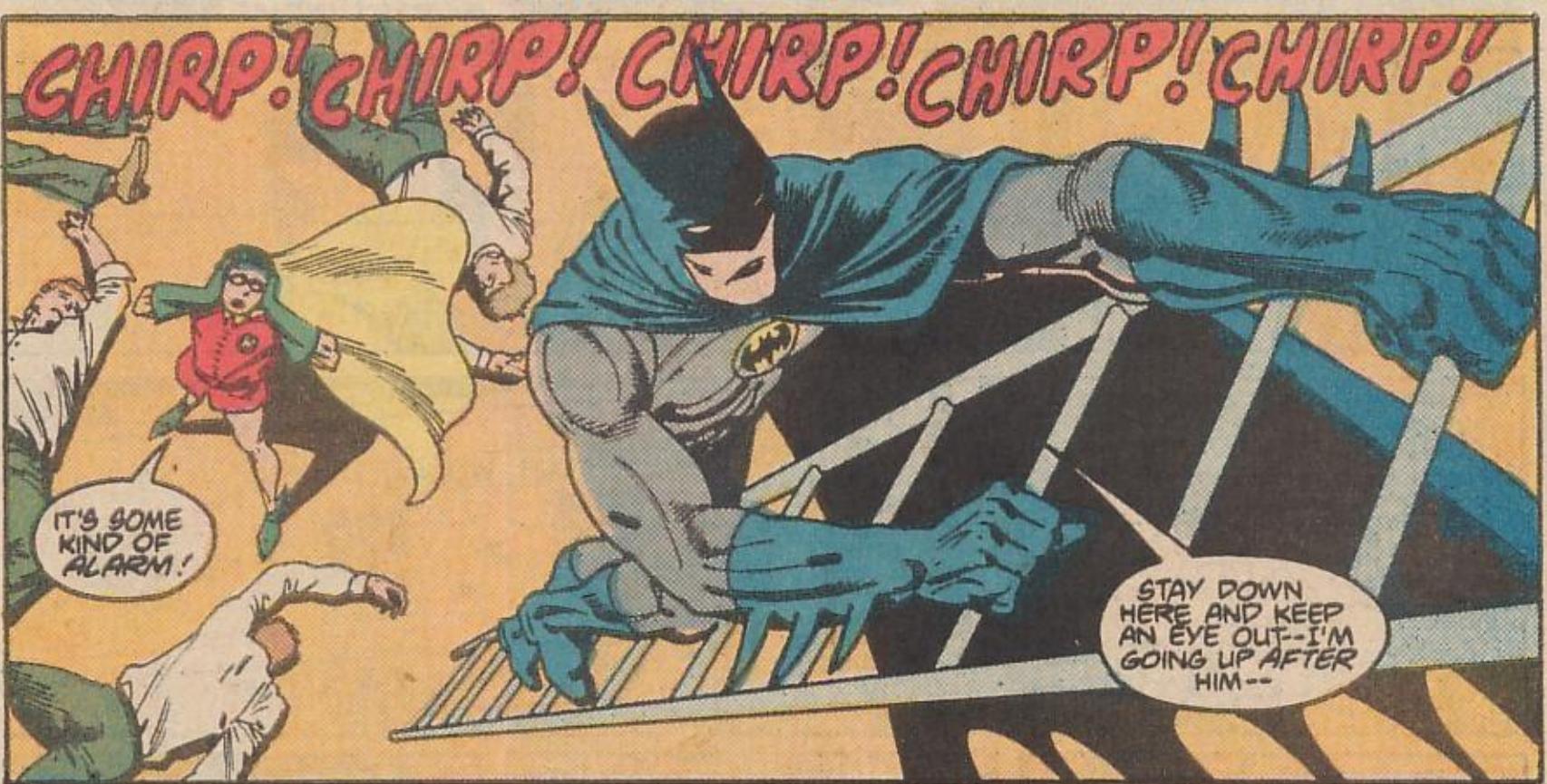
HOW'S THINGS GOIN', BOSS?

SPLendidly! By working 'round the clock, we double our take! Only a true genius could devise such a scheme!

YOU'RE NOT DOUBLING ANYTHING, PENGUIN, EXCEPT YOUR PRISON SENTENCE!

BATMAN! YOU JUST COULDN'T RESIST FOULING MY NEST, COULD YOU? GET HIM, BOYS--





AH, BUT I DIDN'T
DEAR FELLOW. THIS
BUSINESS IS QUITE
LEGITIMATE--

"I HAVE BROUGHT MY MASTERY OF
THE UMBRELLA-MAKER'S ART TO
ASSEMBLY-LINE PRODUCTION--"

GOTHAM UMBRELLA WORKS



THEN WHY THE
HEAVILY ARMED
GUARDS?

OF
COMPETITORS?

NO! WAK!
WAK! OF
YOURS...
AND THE
POLICE!



AH, I SEE THAT MY
BOYS HAVE FOR THE MOST
PART FLOWN. YOU MAY TAKE
ME IN NOW... AND THIS IS NOT
A GUN. MERELY AN UMBRELLA--
ALBEIT OF AN EXTREMELY
HIGH QUALITY.

IN VIOLATION
OF PAROLE.



AND THAT,
LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN, IS
MY STORY--

SYMPATHETIC AS WE MIGHT
BE TO MR. COBBLEPOD'S GOOD
INTENTIONS, HE IS STILL IN
VIOLATION OF HIS PAROLE.

NEXT
CASE.

THAT
BAD,
HUUH?

"POOR PENGUIN SITS IN HIS
CELL BROODING OVER HIS
LOST LOVE," SAYS THE
BATMAN, "AND IT'S MY
FAULT--"

SOON--
YOU GOT
A VISITOR,
PENGUIN--

SO THEN YOU WILL MARRY
ME? YOU RECOGNIZE THAT MY
HEART WAS IN THE RIGHT
PLACE? HOW...?

A LITTLE
BAT TOLD
ME.

BUT
MAYBE I
CAN DO
SOMETHING
TO MAKE UP
FOR LAYING
THIS
PARTICULAR
EGG--

THE END