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RISSO

620 D E C  
2003

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
A  
AUTHORITY

# BATMAN

BROKEN  
CITY

JOHNSON  
3

# BROKEN CITY

## PART ONE

ALL THE CHISELED GRANITE  
AND JUTTING SPOKES OF STEEL  
GIVE THE IMPRESSION THAT  
THIS CITY HAS AN IRON JAW...

...BUT IT ONLY FOOLS  
OUT-OF-TOWNSERS.

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ANYBODY WHO LIVES HERE  
KNOWS GOTHAM IS REALLY BUILT  
OF TINDERSTICKS AND GUNPOWDER,  
WITH OILY KEROSENE CRUDELY  
BURPING OUT OF ITS SEWERS.

THAT'S WHY  
WHEN IT RAINS,  
IT'S NOT SO  
MUCH WATER...

...AS IT IS A RELIEF.



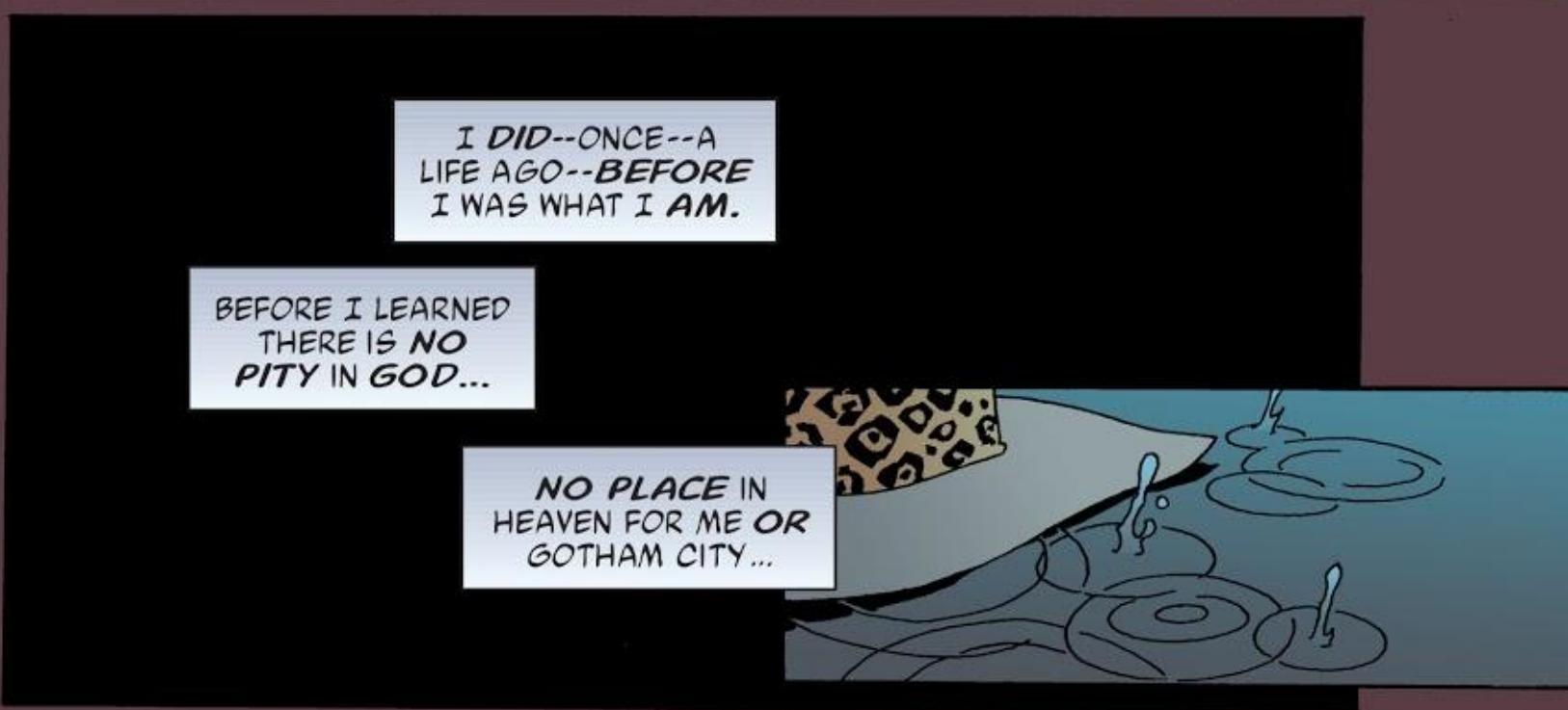
NOW, LONELY HEARTS AND SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS LIKE TO SAY THAT RAIN IS THE TEARS OF GOD.

BUT GOD DOESN'T BOTHER TO CRY ON GOTHAM.



THIS RAIN? IF IT COMES FROM HIM...







WAYLON "KILLER CROC" JONES. THE NICKNAME WAS MORE THAN REPUTATION. SURE, HE WAS A KILLER--STONE COLD HOMICIDE WAS HIS STOCK IN TRADE.

BUT IF HE GREW STRAWBERRIES, ODDS ARE THEY'D CALL HIM "FARMER CROC."

OR IF HE WERE PRO BOWLER, HE'D BE "ALLEY GATOR."

SEE, WAYLON HAD A SKIN CONDITION--ONE SO UGLY, THAT COMPARED TO HIS PROFESSION...

...WAS ON  
THE SAME  
SCALE.

HAH.

THIS  
A JOKE TO  
YOU?

YOU  
WOULDN'T  
GET IT.

PROB'LY  
NOT. SO  
WHAT ARE YOU  
GETTIN' AT?

ANGEL LUPO'S  
SISTER ELIZABETH  
WENT MISSING TWO  
WEEKS AGO.

SO  
GO FIND  
HER.

DON'T  
HAVE TO. SOME  
SEAGULLS  
FOUND HER  
FOR ME...

...IN THE  
LANDFILL.

YOU GOT  
NO PROOF I  
DID IT.

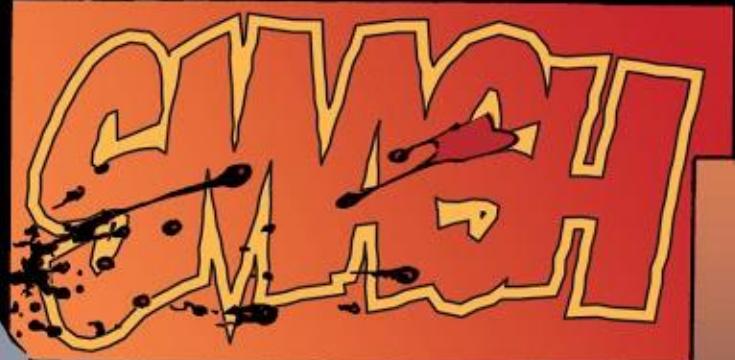
SHE WAS  
PARTIALLY  
EATEN.

THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE THE WORK OF  
SOME ANIMAL.

NO  
KIDDING.

SMILE.

HOW 'BOUT  
THAT, HUH? MY MOUTH  
WAS ROTTEN, JUST GOT  
THESE DONE BRAND NEW  
THE OTHER DAY.



TALK TO ME.

:COUGH COUGH...WHY SHOULD I?

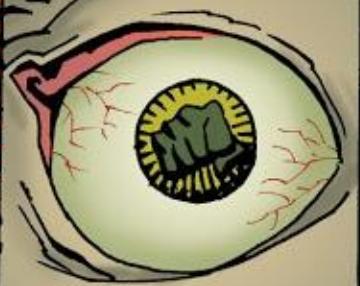
'CAUSE THE LOWER DENTURES ARE STILL INTACT.

THAT'S VERY OPTIMISTIC. YOU GETTING RELEASED EVER--NEVER MIND TOMORROW.

NAH, IT'S A FACT. 'CAUSE YOU GOT JACK ON ME...

...JACK.

KNOCK 'EM--AN' YERSELF--OUT. I'LL JUS' GO GET ME ANOTHER SET WHEN I'M RELEASED COME MORNING.

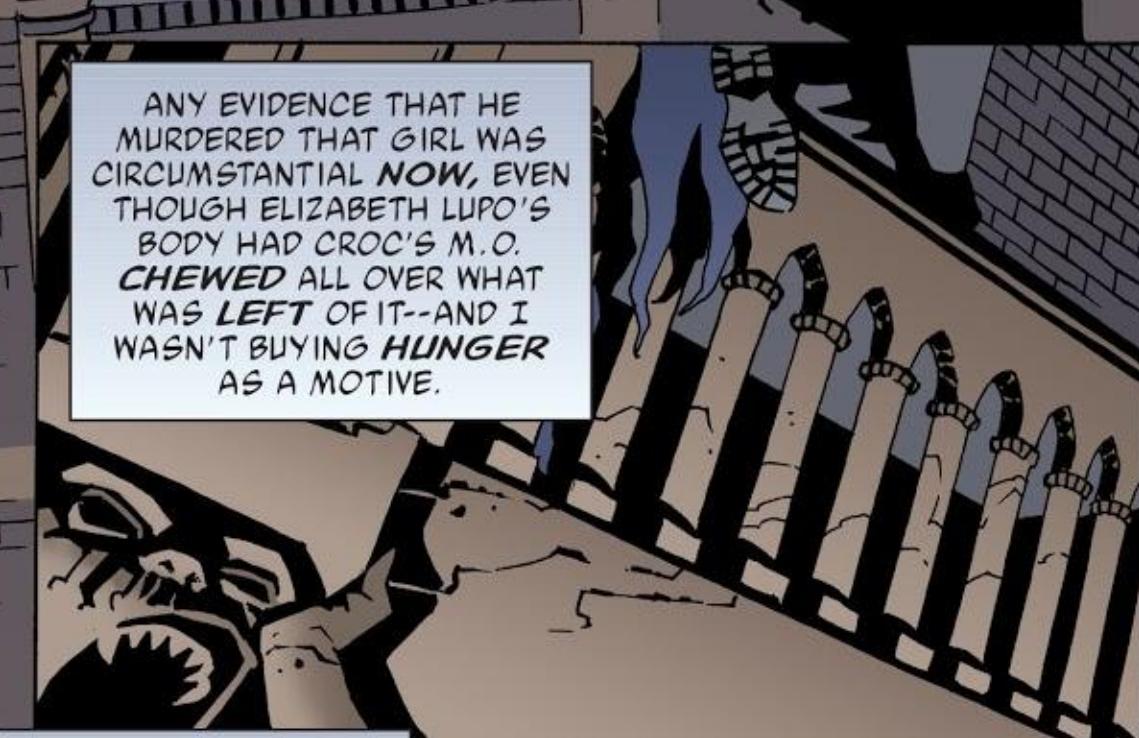




A HEAVYWEIGHT LIKE CROC  
TIPPED IN AT THREE-SIXTY--  
BEFORE I LEFT HIM SPITTING  
THREE QUARTERS OF A POUND  
OF PORCELAIN OUT ON THE  
PAVEMENT.



ANY EVIDENCE THAT HE  
MURDERED THAT GIRL WAS  
CIRCUMSTANTIAL NOW, EVEN  
THOUGH ELIZABETH LUPO'S  
BODY HAD CROC'S M.O.  
**CHEWED** ALL OVER WHAT  
WAS **LEFT** OF IT--AND I  
WASN'T BUYING HUNGER  
AS A MOTIVE.



BUT CROC, HE  
COULD AFFORD NOT  
JUST ONE--BUT TWO  
TRIPS TO THE DENTIST  
IN LESS THAN A WEEK.



HE WAS PAID  
TO KILL HER.



PROBABLY  
OVER-  
PAID.



THAT PUT HIM AT  
THREE FIFTY-NINE  
AND A QUARTER--  
THE MAJORITY OF  
IT **MUSCLE**, UGLY,  
AND JUST PLAIN  
WRONG.



BUT THE QUARTER  
POUND THAT TREADS  
WATER BEHIND HIS  
SUNKEN EYES WAS  
RIGHT FOR A CHANGE.

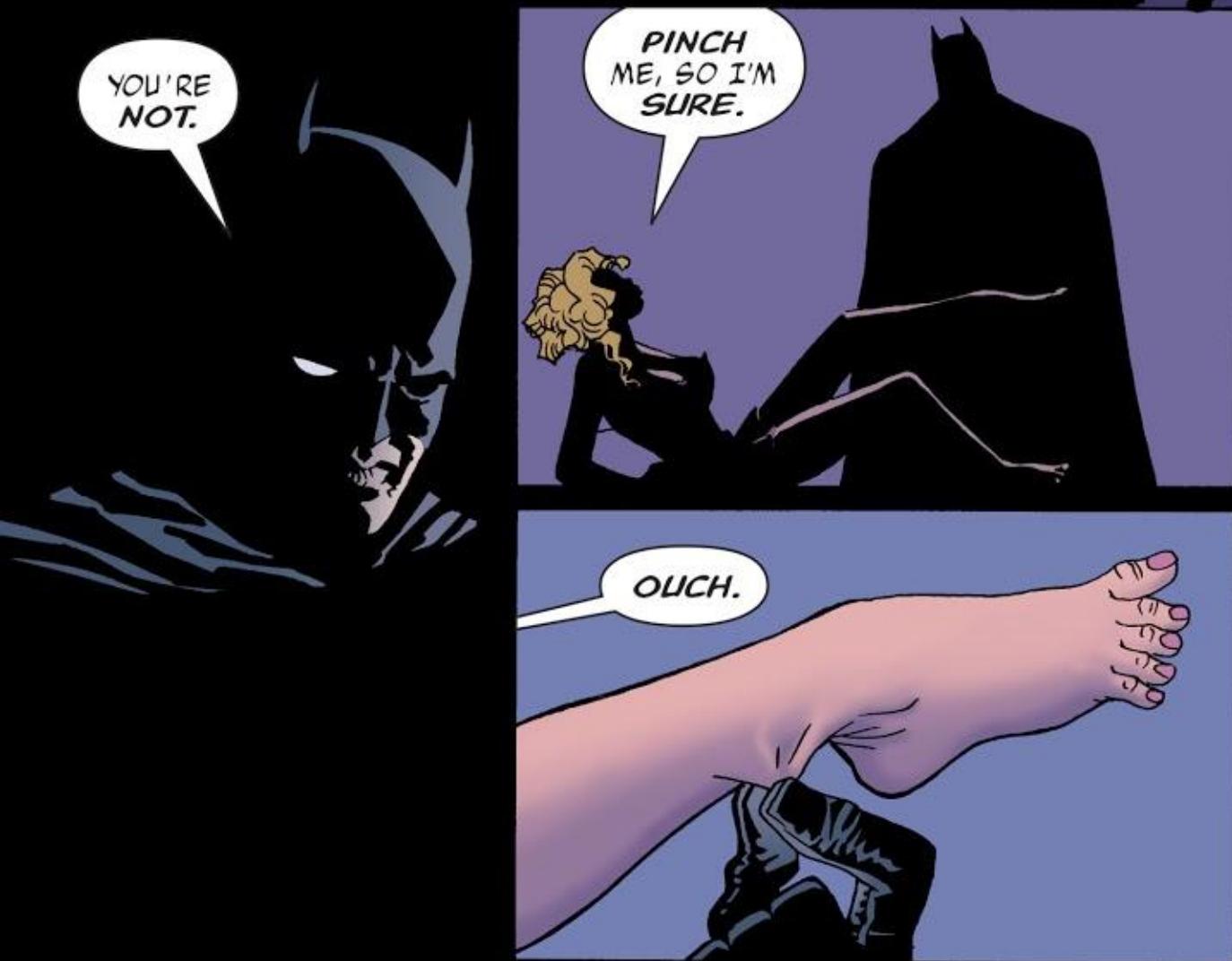
BY SOMEONE WHO DIDN'T  
JUST WANT HER **DEAD**, BUT  
HAD A NEED TO SEE IT DONE  
**EXTRAVAGANTLY BRUTAL**.

ANGEL LUPO OWNED A STRING OF CORNER LOT USED CAR DEALERSHIPS ACROSS THE CITY.

JAPANESE MAKES PRIMARILY CUT-RATE, PRICES TOO LOW TO BE TRUE--WHICH MEANT HE DEALT A GREAT DEAL WITH CHOP SHOPS AND CAR THIEVES.

LIKE MOST MEN OF HIS STATURE, ANGEL HAD A MOUTH. A REAL SALESMAN, COULD CONVINCE A BUYER INTO TRUSTING HIM WITH A WINK-WINK AND A NUDGE-NUDGE ABOUT HOW CONNECTED HE WAS.

I THOUGHT IT FUNNY, FINDING MYSELF IN THAT MARKET.



I'M  
LOOKING FOR  
ANGEL.

GUESS  
I'M NOT DOING  
MY JOB.

YOU  
ARE,  
TRUST  
ME.

IT'S  
HARD TO  
TELL.

SURE IS,  
BUT YOU DIDN'T  
HEAR THAT  
FROM ME.

OOOH,  
I LOVE  
SECRETS.

REALLY?  
I'VE GOT  
ONE.

I BET  
IT'S BIG.

BIG IS  
RELATIVE. AND I  
KNOW ANGEL PAID  
CROC TO KILL HIS  
SISTER.

THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN.  
ANGEL LOVED HER.

HOW DO  
YOU KNOW  
THAT?

'CAUSE  
I LOVE  
ANGEL.



THOUGH SHE'D BEEN IN FOR THE NIGHT, IT DIDN'T TAKE MARGO MUCH LONGER THAN MOST WOMEN TO COVER HER REAR AND HEAD OUT.

SHE WAS IN A HURRY--SAME AS ANGEL HAD BEEN, JUDGING FROM THE SHAPE OF HIS CLOSET.

HE'D OBVIOUSLY SPOOKED WHEN HE GOT WORD HIS SISTER'S BODY HAD BEEN FOUND--A NATURAL REACTION IF HE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH LOSING HER LIFE...

...OR HE FEARED FOR HIS OWN...

...OR IF HE JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE IT LOOKED THAT WAY.







NEITHER DID  
MARGO.







OUT THE  
WINDOW...



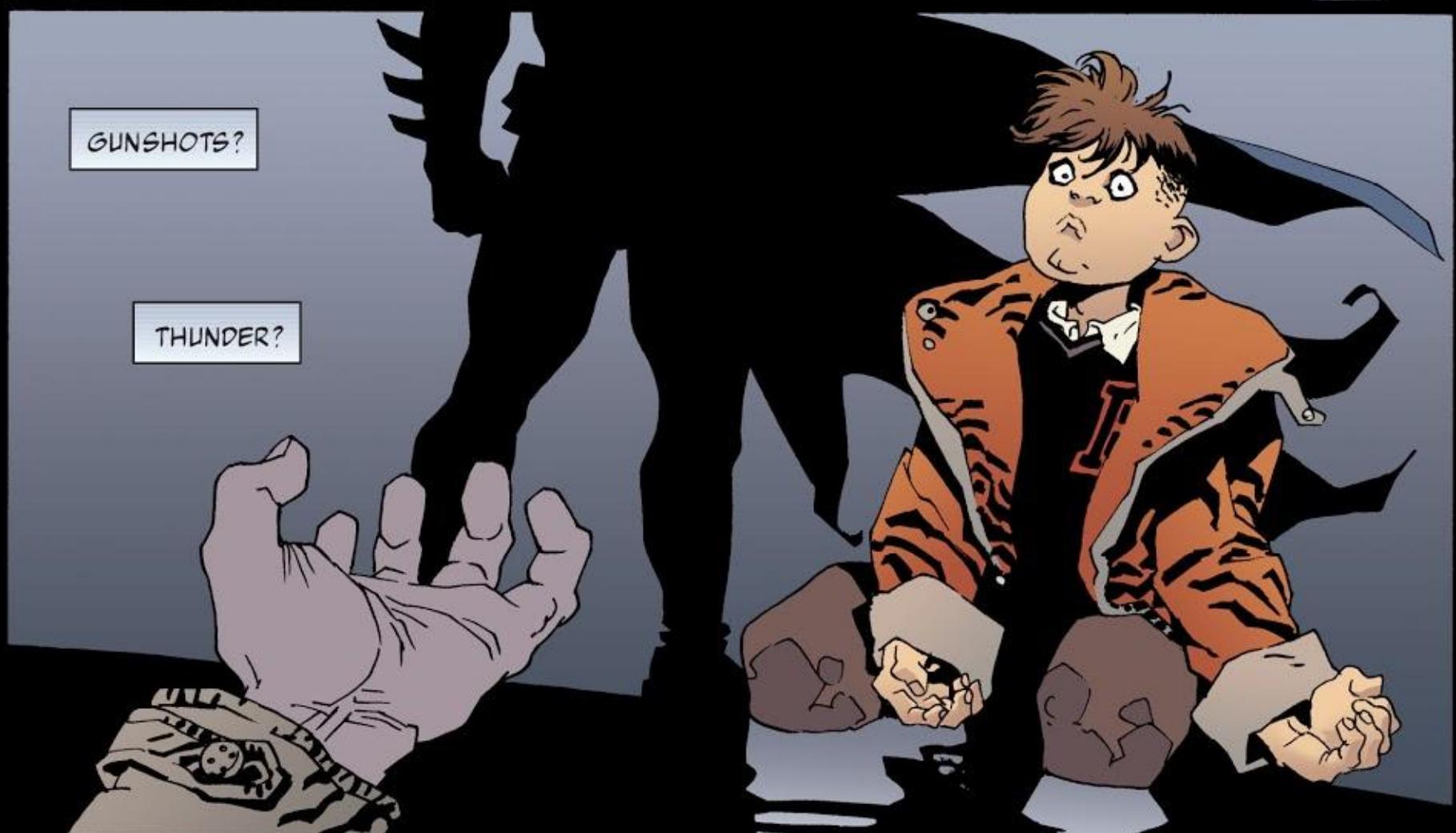
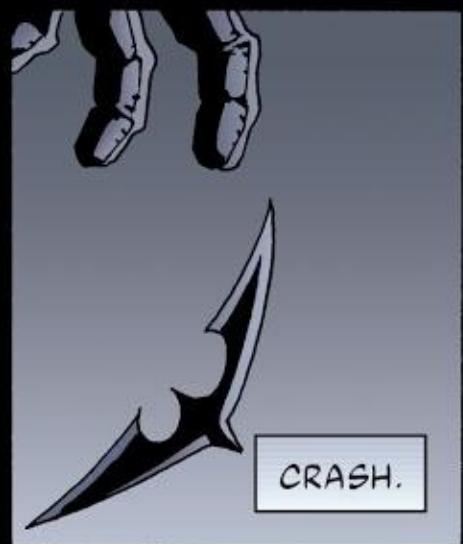
...ONTO THE  
STREET.



BANG BANG

THE  
STREET...





OR JUST GOD...

...LAUGHING  
AT ME AGAIN?

CONTINUED