



BY
FRANK MILLER
AND DAVID
MAZZUCHELLI

YEAR ONE PART 3

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BATMAN



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
DC
UNIVERSE
is must
reading

MAZZUCHELLI

--stairwell's
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
cape--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--

June 7

nffmgmm

GO WAY, OTTO.
YOU DON' EAT
FR 'N' HOUR.



MrOwW

mmfgg

SIAMESE.
TOO NOISY.
SHOULD'VE LEFT
YOU AT THE
MARKET.

WHOLE CREW
NOW. GANGLING UP.
IT'S MUTINY.

HOLLY.
WHAT THE HELL
TIME IS IT?

SELINA--
OUTSIDE--



--EXPLOSIONS--

ggnf

CHRIST. NOT
EVEN LIGHT
OUT.

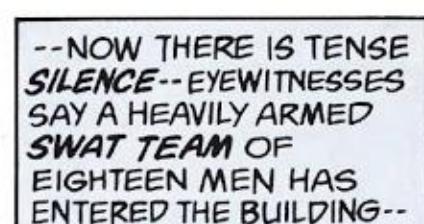
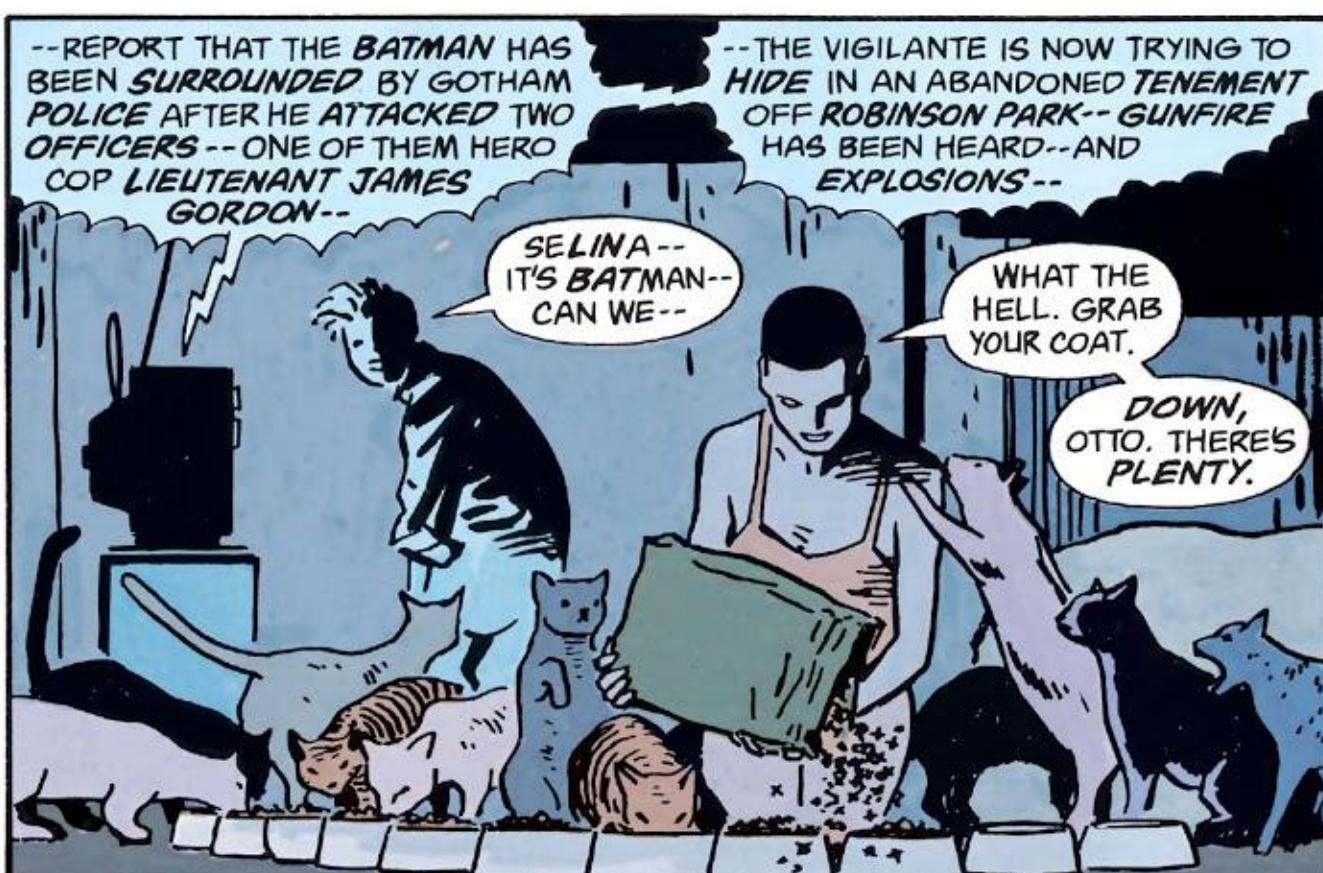
CHRIST.
FIVE IN THE
MORNING.

I'M BEING SERIOUS,
SELINA. THINGS ARE
BLOWING UP OVER BY
ROBINSON PARK.

MAYBE
BRANDEN'S CORNERED
A JAYWALKER.

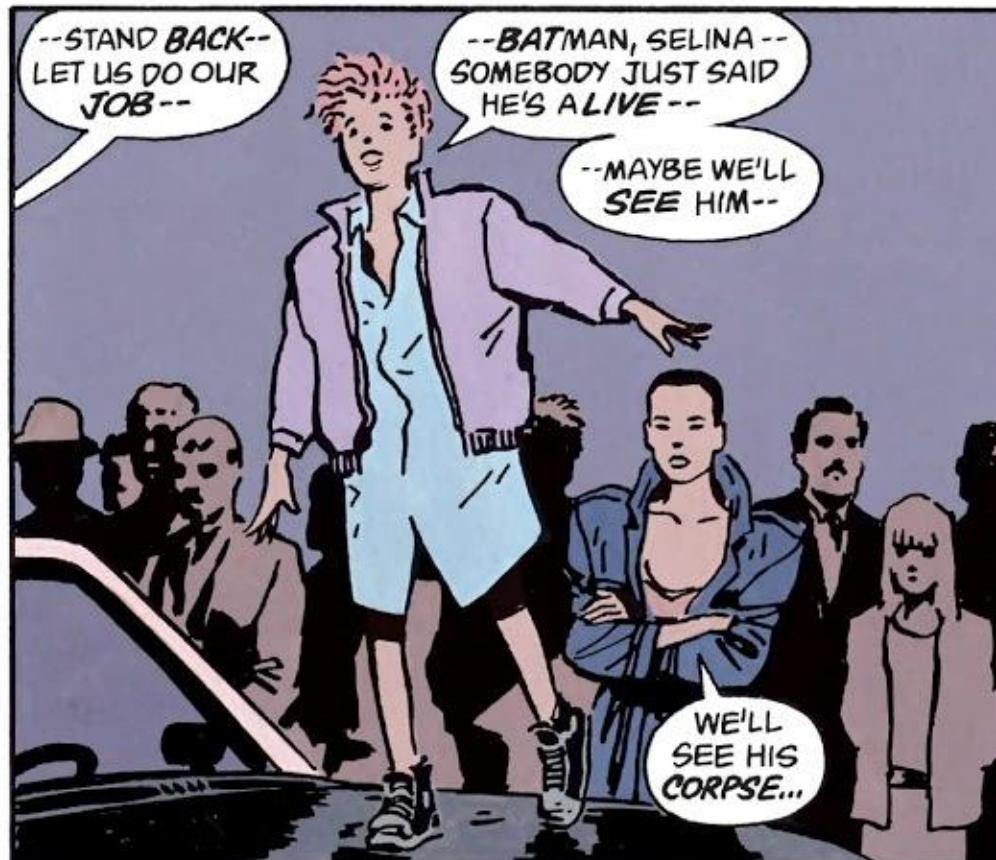
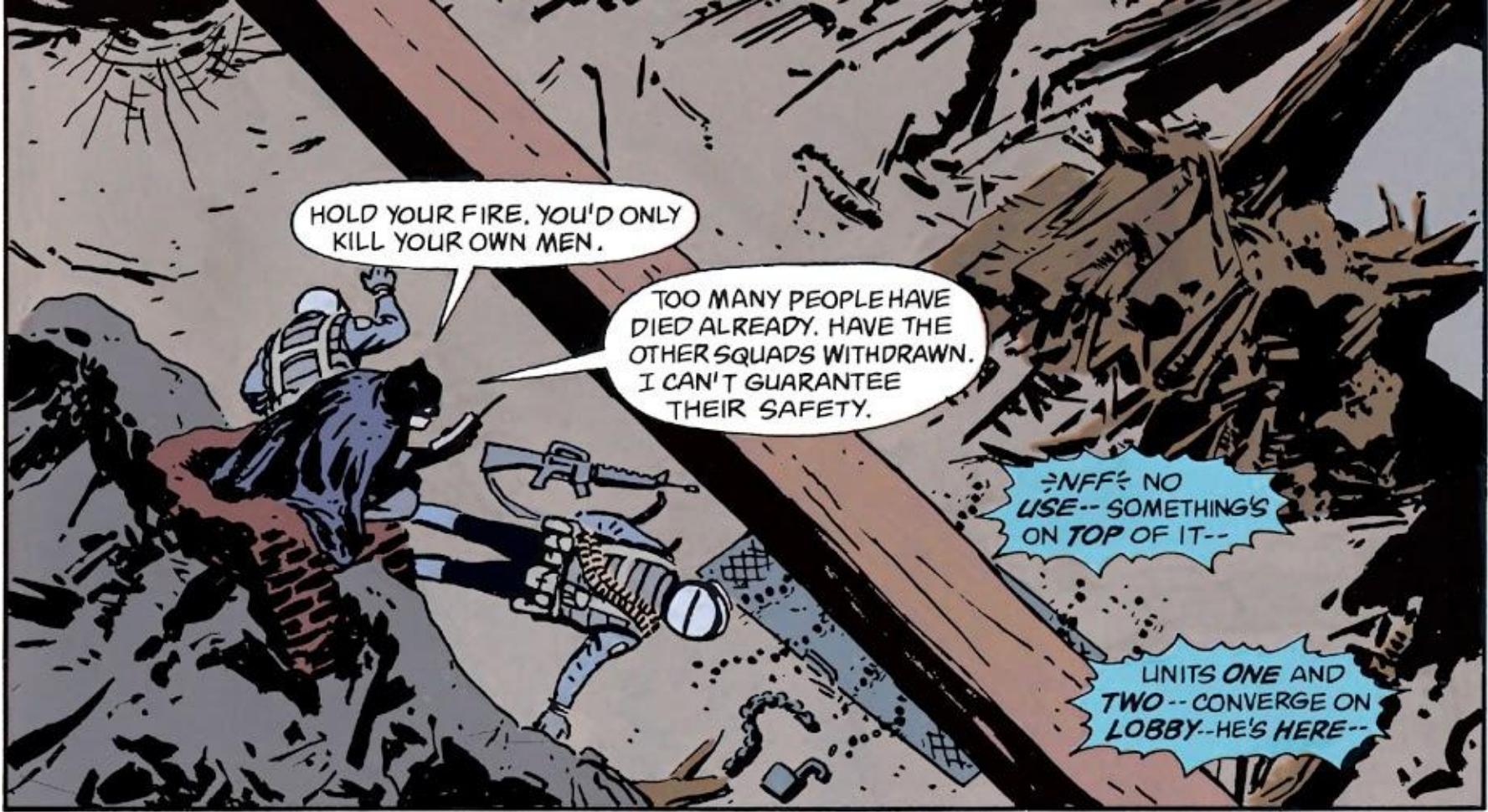
TURN THE TV ON,
HOLLY. GOT TO HAVE
SOMETHING ON
THIS...





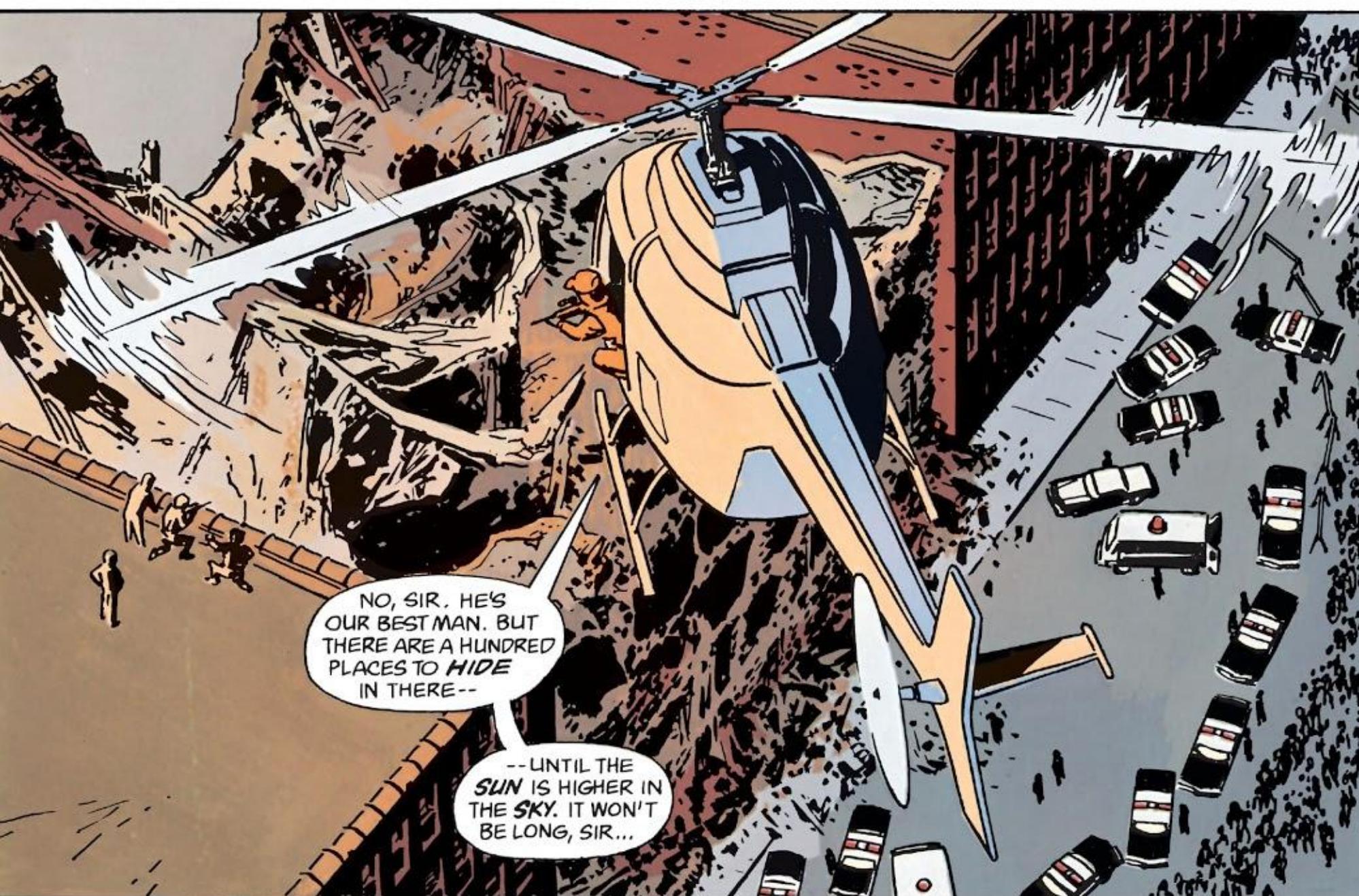


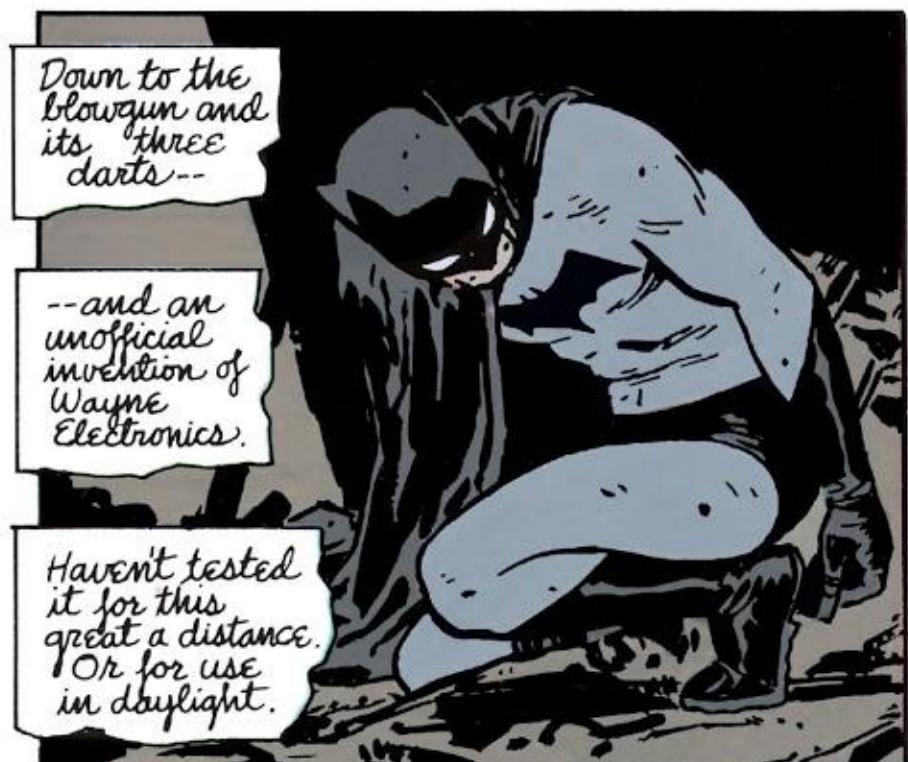


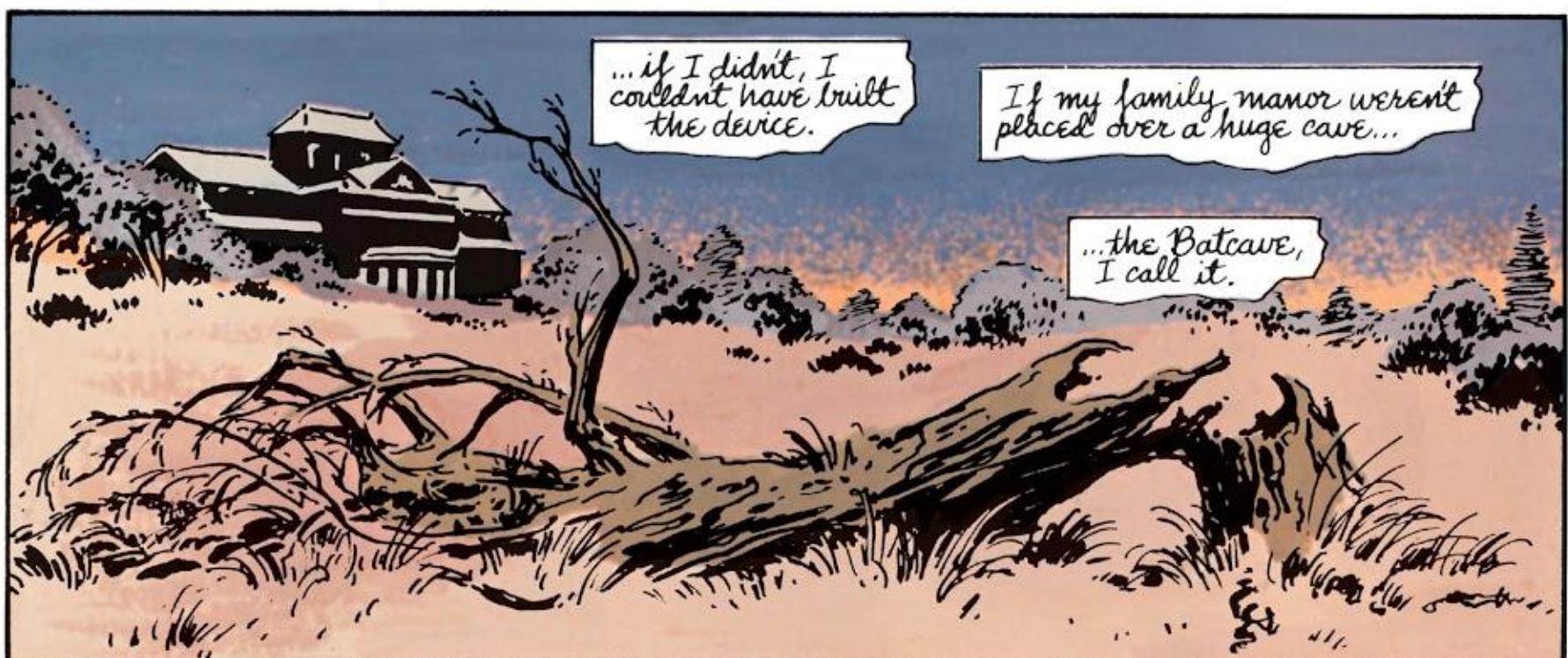




WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR MARKSMAN? I TRUST YOU DIDN'T GET ME A BLIND MARKSMAN, DID YOU?

















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.

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



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.

Too many people want me dead.

I can't do it alone.

I need an ally -- an inside man.

I need Jim Gordon.

On my side.

June 17



The rain's eased up and I'm an hour late and feeling terrible about having forgotten to call Barbara when we decide to risk it and look for a cab.

A group of bikers notice Essen's legs and make the usual remarks.

We ignore them and keep walking.

Turns out she's from Chicago, some years back. Small world.

Even went to the same place for ribs. I'm sure I would've noticed her...

...though, come to think of it, she was probably in high school then...

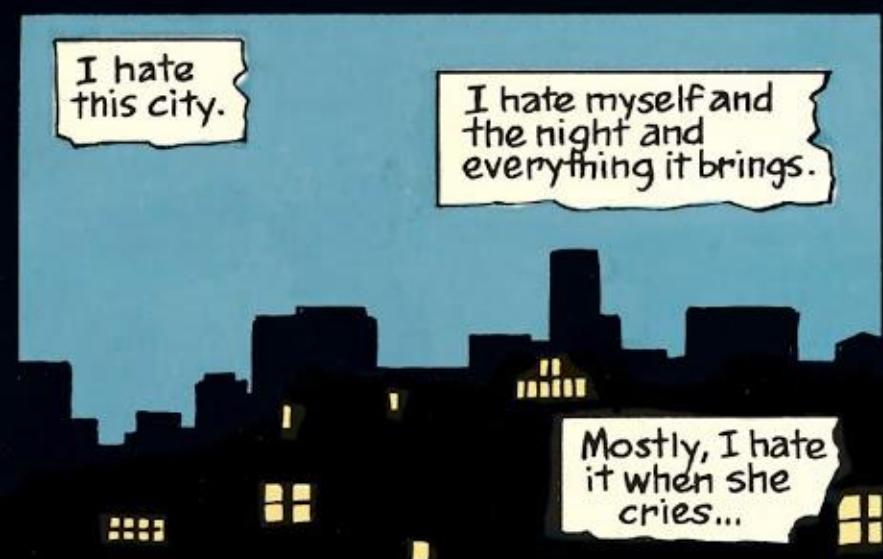
...Gotham weather. Just when the rain seems to be clearing up, lightning flashes--

--and we learn how Noah felt. Not having an ark, we settle for a doorway.





August 7



...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...