



AZZARELLO
RISSO

622 FEB 2004

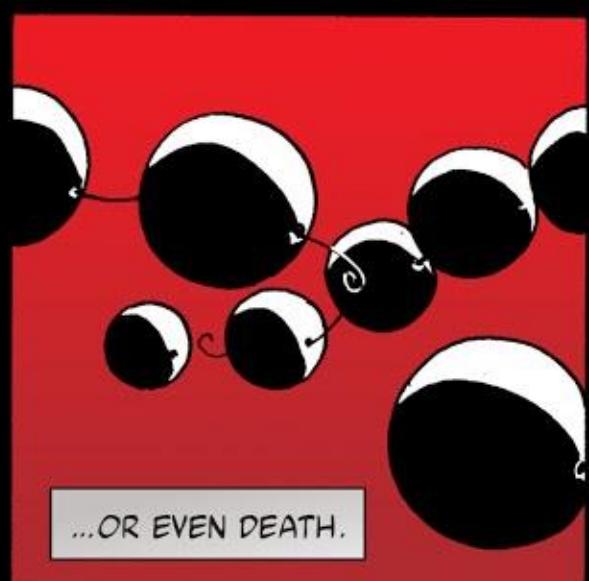
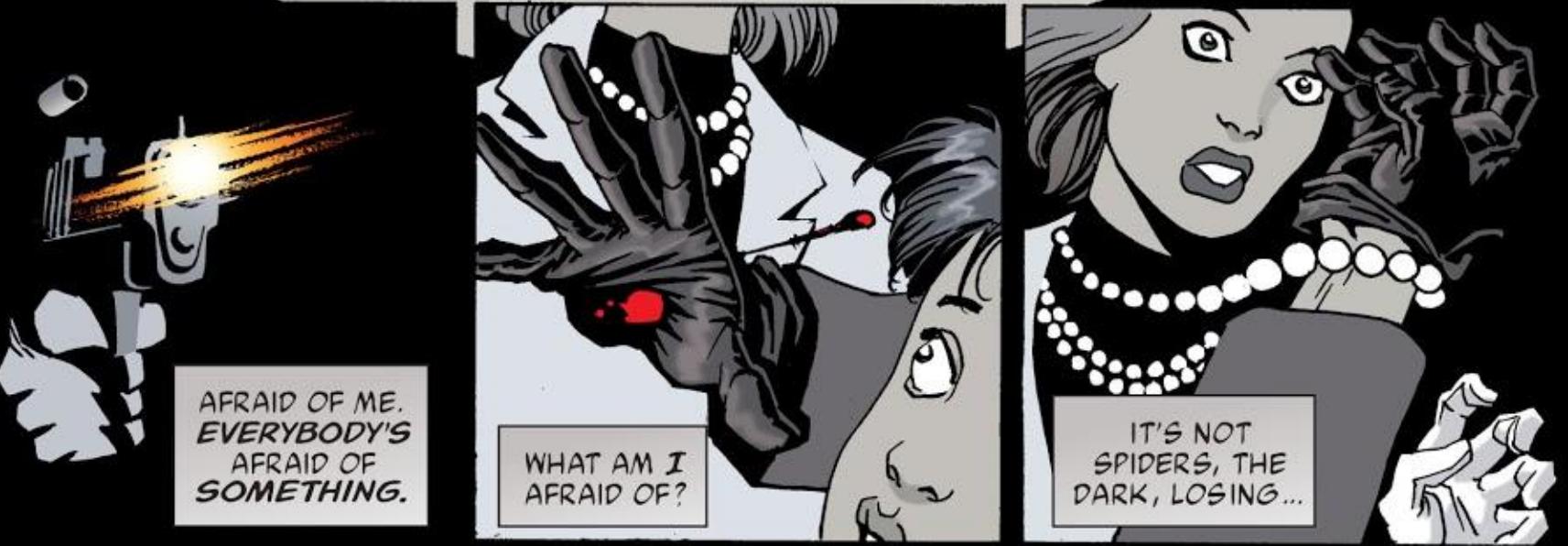
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
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A
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Broken
City 3

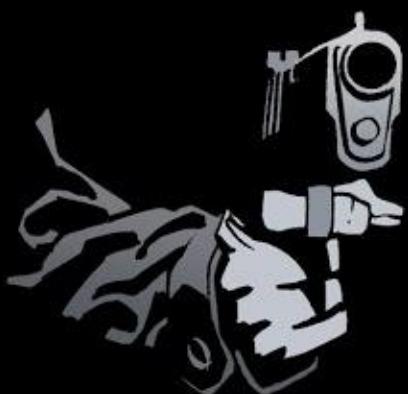
JOHNSON
3







AND SOMETIMES, IT'S NOT
JUST A "BANG BANG", BUT A...



BANG



BANG...



...BANG.



AND WE'RE
TOGETHER.



BUT IT'S
JUST A
LIE.



A DREAM...



...THAT
WON'T
COME
TRUE.



WHEN I CAME TO,
I MANAGED TO
STAGGER TO
ONE OF THE MANY
APARTMENTS I KEPT
FOR JUST SUCH AN
OCCASION, WHERE
I COLLAPSED
BEFORE SUNRISE.

JONNY BILLY HADN'T
BEEN SO LUCKY.
FROM THE TRAIL OF
BLOOD AND VOMIT
SMEARED ACROSS
THE GARAGE FLOOR,
IT LOOKED LIKE HE'D
MANAGED TO CRAWL
INTO A CORNER...



...WHERE
HE DIED.

BEATEN SO
SEVERELY AND
THOROUGHLY
HIS BODY WAS
THE COLOR OF AN OVER-
RIPE PLUM.



WHOEVER--
WHATEVER--IT WAS
THAT DID IT OBVIOUSLY
DIDN'T WANT ME
FINDING ANGEL LUPO.

WHICH MEANT
WE WOULD
DEFINITELY
MEET AGAIN.

BECAUSE I
WAS DEFINITELY
GOING TO FIND
ANGEL LUPO.

ANGEL WAS
NOTHING--LESS
THAN NOTHING.
WORTHLESS.

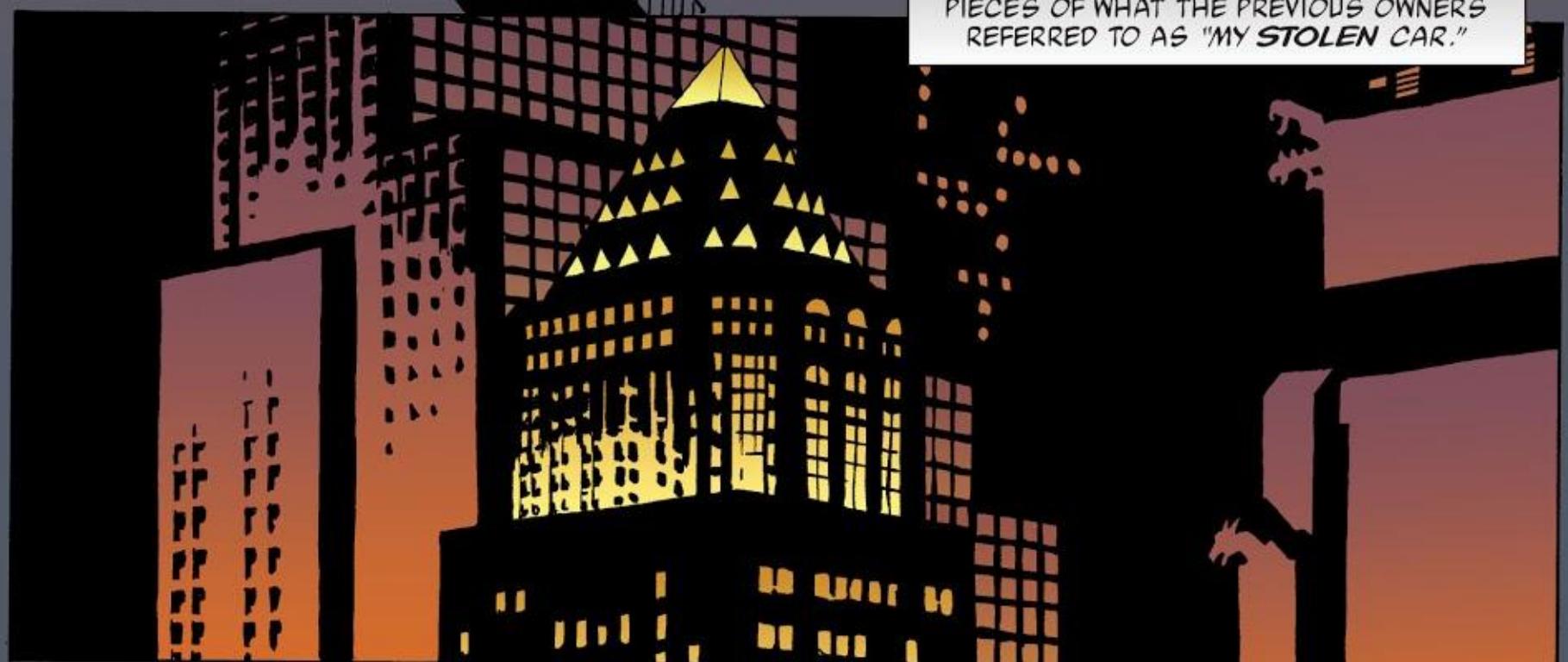
BUT TO A BOY LEFT ALONE IN THE WORLD,
HE WAS THE UNFORGIVABLE REASON WHY.

WHICH MADE BRINGING
HIM TO JUSTICE WORTH
EVERYTHING.

MORE THAN
EVERYTHING.



ANGEL GOT HIS LEG UP SELLING WHAT HE
CALLED "HIS USED CARS"... MADE OUT OF
PIECES OF WHAT THE PREVIOUS OWNERS
REFERRED TO AS "MY STOLEN CAR."



JUST ANOTHER THIEF,
MASQUERADEING
AS A LEGITIMATE
BUSINESSMAN.



THAT GAVE ME AN IDEA-- A CLICHÉ,
ACTUALLY. ONE THAT STARTS WITH
"BIRDS OF A FEATHER..."

ALL RIGHT,
YOU HAVE MY
ATTENTION...

OSWALD COBBLEPOT
WAS A STUDY IN
CONTRASTS.

HE HAD BEADY LITTLE
EYES--WET, MILKY WHITE--
AND A MOUTHFUL OF TEETH
AS YELLOW AND BROWN AS
AN EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD
NEWSPAPER.

HIS NOSE, LARGER THAN
LIFE, HIS CHIN STILL
WAITING TO BE BORN.



WHAT SWELLED OUT
AT THE END OF HIS
SHIRTSLEEVES LOOKED
MORE LIKE COW
UDDERS THAN HANDS
AND FINGERS...

WHILE HIS FEET WERE
ALMOST...DAINTY.

TO BALANCE THIS MESS
ALL OUT, HE HAD A
WAISTLINE THAT BELCHED
HE NEVER LET ANY-
THING GO TO WASTE.

BUT HE DRESSED NICE--
REALLY NICE.

OSWALD'S PHYSICAL
SHORTCOMINGS AND
SARTORIAL SPLENDOR
EARNED HIM THE
NICKNAME "PENGUIN"--
WHICH **HE HATED**--SO
OF COURSE I'D MADE
SURE THAT IT **STUCK**.

I SAID--

SING TO ME
ABOUT ANGEL
LUPO...

...AND MAKE
SURE IT'S A
TUNE I DON'T
ALREADY
KNOW.



TO OSWALD, THE MOST VALUABLE COMMODITY IN GOTHAM WAS INFORMATION. HE TRADED IT, LIKE A STOCK.

AND WHAT I'D GIVEN HIM WAS APPARENTLY BLUE CHIP.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

LEAVING.

WHY THAT WAY? YOU SHOULD LEAVE THE WAY YOU CAME IN...

GIVE ME A REASON TO.

DON'T!

PLEASE!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE AN ORDER.

NOW YOU'RE BEGGING...

ANGEL MADE A DEAL WITH SOME PEOPLE--NEW BLOOD. CALL THEMSELVES FAT MAN AND LITTLE BOY. THEY MEAN--NO-- WANT BUSINESS HERE IN GOTHAM.

OTHER PEOPLE'S
BUSINESS--ISN'T THAT
YOUR BUSINESS?

YES. BUT
BUSINESS IS ABOUT
RELATIONSHIPS, AND
THEY DIDN'T FEEL THE
NEED TO GET INTO
ONE WITH ME...

YET.

BUT
THEY
WILL.

IF YOU ACT
TOO NEEDY,
YOU'RE TAKEN
ADVANTAGE OF.
LIKE YOUR
FRIEND.

ANGEL.

HE HAS SOME-
THING OF THEIRS,
AND THEY WANT
IT MOVED.

WELL,
I WANT
HIM.

FEH. BETWEEN
YOU, THE NEW
BLOOD, AND...

AND I'D SAY
ANGEL'S GOTHAM'S
MOST WANTED
RIGHT NOW.

WAIT!

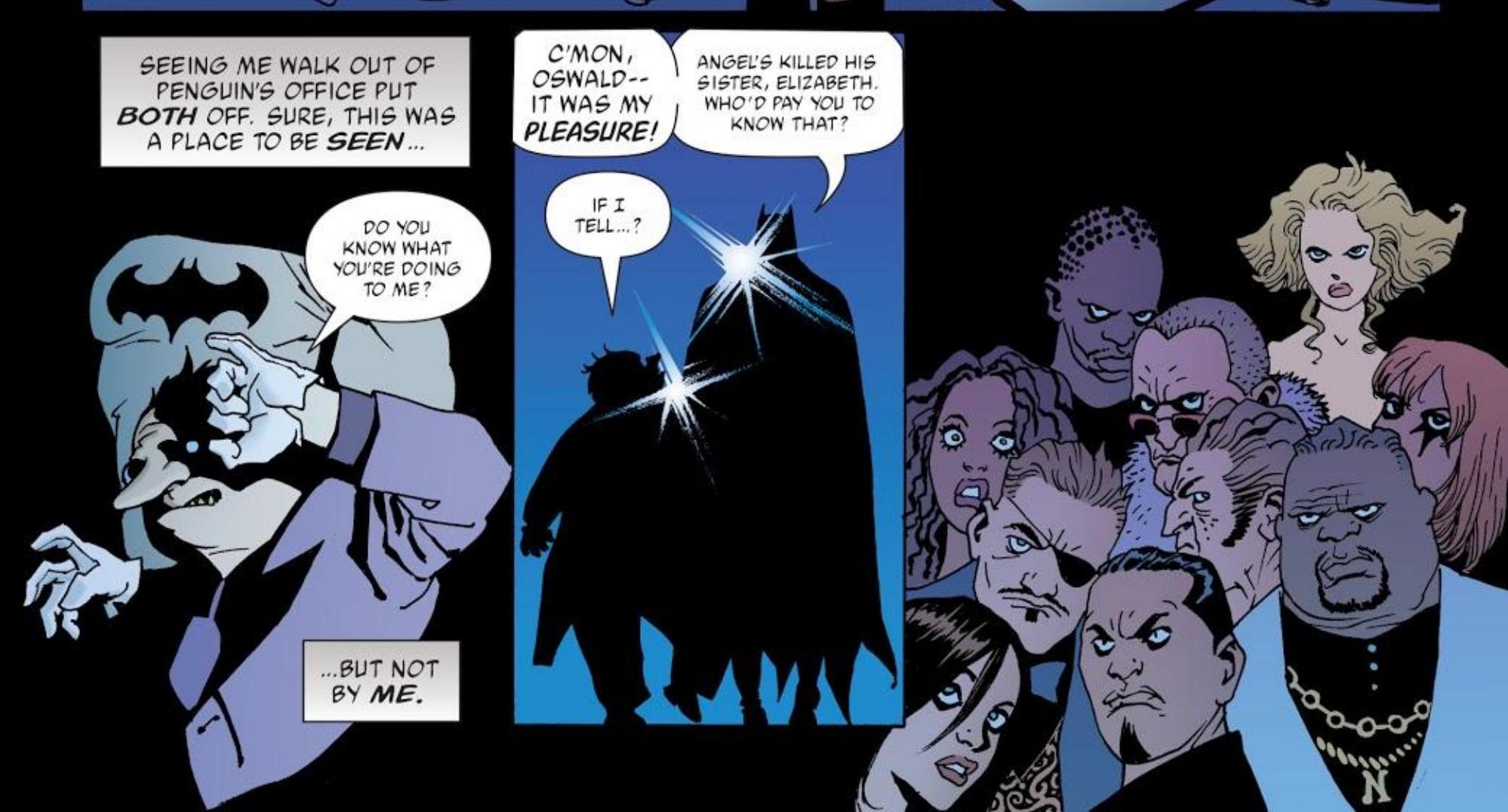


THE WAY THE PENGUIN RAN THE ICEBERG LOUNGE WAS GENUINELY *SEDUCTIVE*. HIS CLIENTELE WERE TWO SEPARATE CROWDS THAT WANTED TO BE IN EACH OTHER'S CIRCLE.

ONE WAS THE OLD MONEY, RICH AND BORED, LOOKING FOR THRILLS RUBBING ELBOWS WITH...



...THE FRESHLY MINTED, LIVE AND DIE ON THE EDGE, NEW MONEY GANGSTERS, WHO JUST WANTED THE LUXURY OF BEING OLD AND BORED SOMEDAY.



SEEING ME WALK OUT OF PENGUIN'S OFFICE PUT BOTH OFF. SURE, THIS WAS A PLACE TO BE SEEN...

C'MON, OSWALD-- IT WAS MY PLEASURE!

ANGEL'S KILLED HIS SISTER, ELIZABETH. WHO'D PAY YOU TO KNOW THAT?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO ME?

IF I TELL...?

...BUT NOT BY ME.







I DON'T
KNOW WHERE
ANGEL IS.

IT SEEMS
NO ONE
DOES.

GOTHAM'S
A BIG PLACE.
IT'S EASY TO
GET LOST.

YOU
SHOULD
TRY IT
SOME-
TIME.

THAT
BETTER
BE--

--UNFORTU-
NATELY...

...IT IS.

CLIK

:SIGH:

DING









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MR. SCARFACE,
I DON'T THINK--

NO KIDDIN', KID.

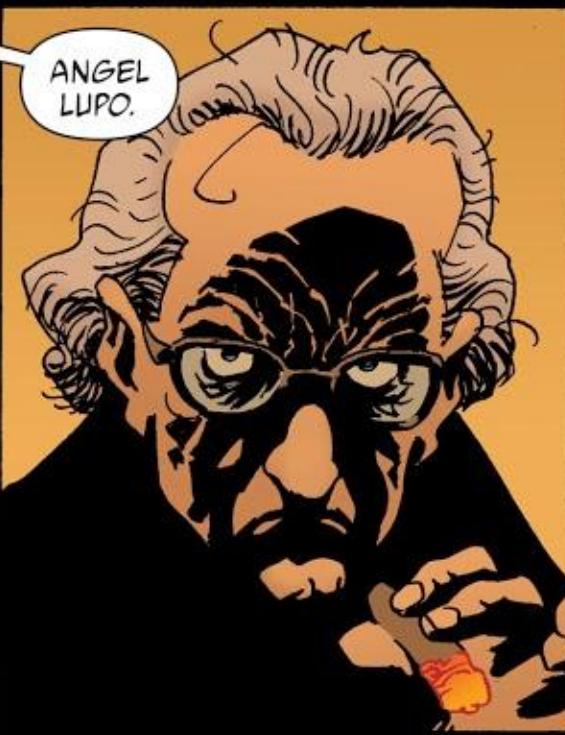
I'M THE ONE DOES THE
THINKIN', SO'S I SAY YOU
SHOULD--

--PUT THE
GUN DOWN,
ARNOLD.

WELL
WELL WELL.
JUS' THE
MAN I
WANNA
SEE...

'BOUT THAT RUN-IN
YOU HAD WITH MY BOYS
HERE EARLIER, WAS A
CASE A' **MISTAKEN
IDENTITY**.

NO HARD
FEELINGS?





ARNOLD WESKER WAS NO DUMMY. WHAT HE WAS WAS CRAZY.

WHAT HE WASN'T, WAS VIOLENT. THAT PART OF HIS PERSONALITY HE HAD TRANSFERRED TO SCARFACE, A NASTY PUPPET THAT PULLED HIS STRINGS...

...BUT NEVER HIS PUNCHES. SURE, IT WAS REALLY ARNOLD WHO CONTROLLED A SIZABLE PIECE OF GOTHAM'S UNDERWORLD...

SO ARNOLD LOSING HIS COOL AND SCARFACE KEEPING HIS WASN'T A NORMAL REACTION IN THEIR ABNORMAL RELATIONSHIP.

NOT THAT IT MATTERED TO ME. SURE, ARNOLD WAS SICK...

...BUT IT WAS SCARFACE WHO REALLY CONTROLLED ARNOLD.

...BUT SO WAS I.

SICK
OF BEING
SHOT AT.

SICK
OF
ASKING
QUESTIONS.

SICK OF
GETTING
NOWHERE.

I LET SCARFACE
KNOW THAT THE
ONLY CURE FOR
MY SICKNESS
WAS ANGEL LUPO.

...BUT NOT ONE
HUNDRED PERCENT.

THAT MADE
ME FEEL
BETTER...

I'D TURN THE
ENTIRE CITY
INTO MY
DOCTOR...

CONTINUED

BROKEN CITY • PART THREE

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