



AZZARELLO  
RISSO

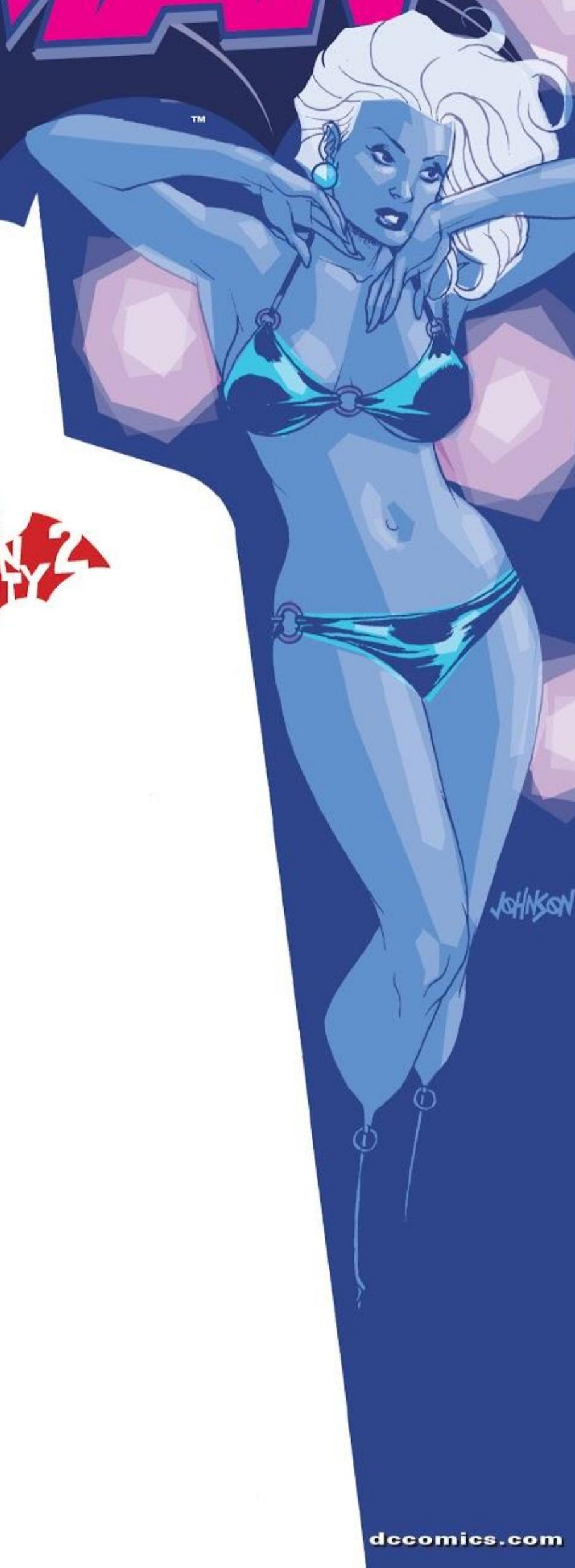
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2004

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
A  
UTHORITY

# BATMAN



BROKEN  
CITY



JOHNSON

DAWN. FOR AN  
OPTIMIST, IT'S  
THE START OF A  
NEW DAY. FOR A  
PESSIMIST?

SAME  
THING.

I'D SPENT THE NIGHT  
HUNTING FOR ANGEL  
LUPO, AND AS THE  
SUNLIGHT BEGAN TO  
**STAB** ITS WAY BETWEEN  
THE TOWERS OF  
GOTHAM, ALL IT DID  
FOR ME WAS CAST  
SHADOWS...

TWO PEOPLE  
HAD BEEN  
**MURDERED**.

A MOTHER  
AND A FATHER.

ROBINSON

WHEN THEIR SON  
WAS TAKEN AWAY BY  
POLICEMEN, THEY  
TOLD HIM HE WOULD  
BE FINE.

HE DIDN'T SAY  
A THING. HE KNEW  
THEY WERE LYING  
TO HIM...

...AND SO DID I.

I DIDN'T HAVE MANY FRIENDS AT GOTHAM CENTRAL. FOR THE MOST PART, THEY'RE GUYS WHO GET HANDED A PAYCHECK TO ENFORCE THE LAW--

--THE TYPES WHO'D LOVE TO QUIT THEIR JOBS, BUT ARE AFRAID OF LOSING THEM-- RESENT ANYONE IN MY LINE OF WORK, 'CAUSE WE GRAB THE HEADLINES.



BUT DETECTIVE CRISPIN ALLEN WAS DIFFERENT.

HE SHOULD HAVE HATED MY GUTS, AND MAYBE HE DID.

OR MAYBE HE WISHED HE WERE ME.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

LAST NIGHT, SOME PEOPLE WERE KILLED.

ACCORDING TO THE WIRE? WE SUFFERED SEVEN.

WHICH ONE IS IMPORTANT TO YOU?



ONES--AS  
IN TWO. YOUR  
CASE, DETECTIVE  
ALLEN.

THERE  
WAS A  
WITNESS: A  
CHILD.

HMM. YEAH,  
THAT. I'M NOT  
GONNA BE MUCH TO  
YOU, 'CAUSE THE BOY  
HASN'T BEEN MUCH  
TO ME.

HE'S  
CATATONIC.  
PSYCH SAYS HE'LL  
COME AROUND, BUT WITH  
THIS KIND OF TRAUMA,  
THEY'RE NOT SAYING  
WHEN.

MAYBE  
I COULD  
HELP.

YEAH? YOU  
GOOD WITH  
KIDS?

I GOT A  
NAME.

OTHER  
THAN THE ONE  
THE PAPERS  
CALL YOU?





IT HAD BEEN A LONG NIGHT. LIKE IT OR NOT, I NEEDED SLEEP.

BUT THE LAST THING I NEEDED WAS WHAT COMES ALONG WITH IT.

AND WHILE I COULD TAKE A BEATING NOW AND THEN, I COULDN'T TAKE BEING BEAT--EVER.

SO I SPENT THE DAY IN THE GYM, PUSHING MYSELF, DOING COUNTLESS REPS...

WHAT KIND OF CRUEL IS A MAN WHO WOULD KILL A BOY'S PARENTS...

...YET LEAVE HIM ALIVE?

WHAT KIND OF CRUEL IS A MAN WHO WOULD KILL A BOY'S PARENTS...

...YET LEAVE HIM ALIVE?

WHAT KIND OF CRUEL...



...TWELVE HOURS  
LATER I WAS NO  
CLOSER TO THE  
ANSWER THAN I  
WAS THE FIRST  
TIME I ASKED  
THE QUESTION.

FOR MY SAKE,  
I PRAYED  
ALLEN WAS.

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

GRILLING.



WHO?



NO, I  
GRILL.  
IT  
HELPS ME  
RELAX.





SO YOU ARE MESSED UP IN THIS.

I'VE BEEN IN BIGGER MESSES.

YOU HAVE, BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO BE IN **THIS ONE**. THAT'S WHY YOU DROPPED MARGO IN MY LAP--FOR ME TO CLEAN IT UP, RIGHT?

IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE IT--



LET'S NOT GO THAT ROUTE-- 'CAUSE TRUTH BE TOLD, **EVERYTHING** YOU DO--

**CLIC**

IT WAS **WRONG** TO CUT ALLEN OFF, BUT MY GRILL WAS FLARING.

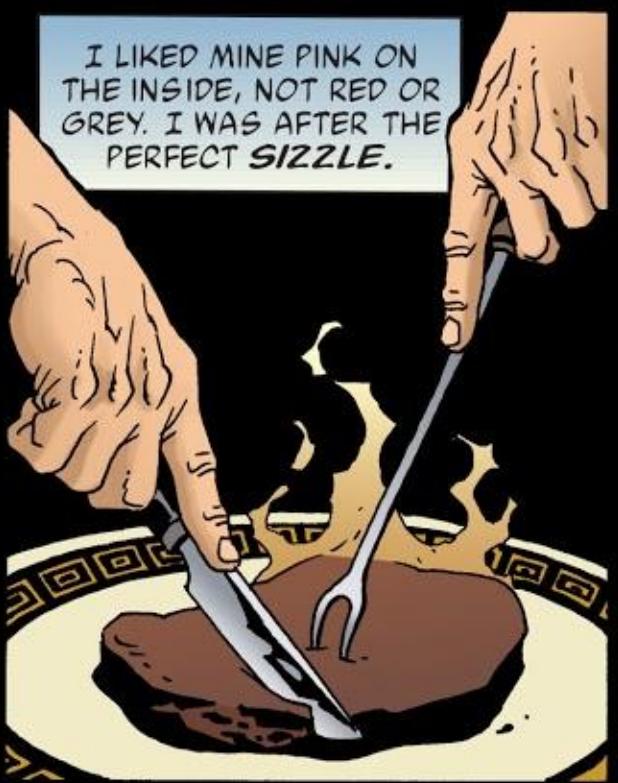


AND LIKE HE SAID, A STEAK IS **RUINED**, IF NOT DONE JUST RIGHT.

I LIKED MINE PINK ON THE INSIDE, NOT RED OR GREY. I WAS AFTER THE PERFECT SIZZLE.

BUT I'D MISJUDGED.

IT WAS RED. RAW. MY TASTES DIDN'T RUN THAT WAY...





...BUT I WASN'T THE ONLY  
MAN IN TOWN WITH AN  
APPETITE.

I LIKE THE WAY  
YOU LIE, BABY.

KEEP 'EM  
COMIN'.



YER  
CUTE.



THIS  
HERE'S A  
TWO-WAY  
STREET...



I THINK WE SHOULD  
GET US A PRIVATE  
ROOM.

WHY'S  
THAT?



'CAUSE I'M GETTIN'  
JEALOUS A ALL THESE  
OTHER GIRLS STARIN' AT  
THAT WAD A YERS,  
HANDSOME.





HMM. NOT WHAT I  
WAS EXPECTIN', BUT  
WHAT THE HELL...



...TAKE  
IT OFF.



:COUGH:







LITTLE TOKYO WAS MORE THAN JUST HOME TO NOODLE SHOPS AND ELECTRONICS STORES. FOR MOST JAPANESE IMMIGRANTS IT WAS THE FIRST STOP ON THE ROAD TO THE AMERICAN DREAM.

ALSO THE LAST. BECAUSE ONCE HERE, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES WORKING EIGHTEEN-HOUR JOBS, SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, WHICH LEFT VERY LITTLE TIME TO DREAM--FOR THEMSELVES.







ALL RIGHT  
ALL RIGHT ALL  
RIGHT! ANGEL  
WAS HERE!

BUT YOU  
SWORE...

I'M NOT LYIN'--  
HE CAME BY,  
LOOKIN' FOR  
SOME WHEELS--  
I TOL' HIM TO  
GET LOST!

THAT'S NO  
WAY TO TREAT  
A FRIEND...

HE SAID YOU  
WAS DOGGIN' 'IM,  
AN' HE'S CRAZY--LIKE IN  
HAPPY ABOUT THAT FACT.

PUTS HIM  
ON A MAP I  
DON' WANNA  
BE NEAR.

I MEAN LOOK,  
I STEAL CARS, I  
DON' HURT NOBODY  
LONG AS THEY GOT  
INSURANCE.

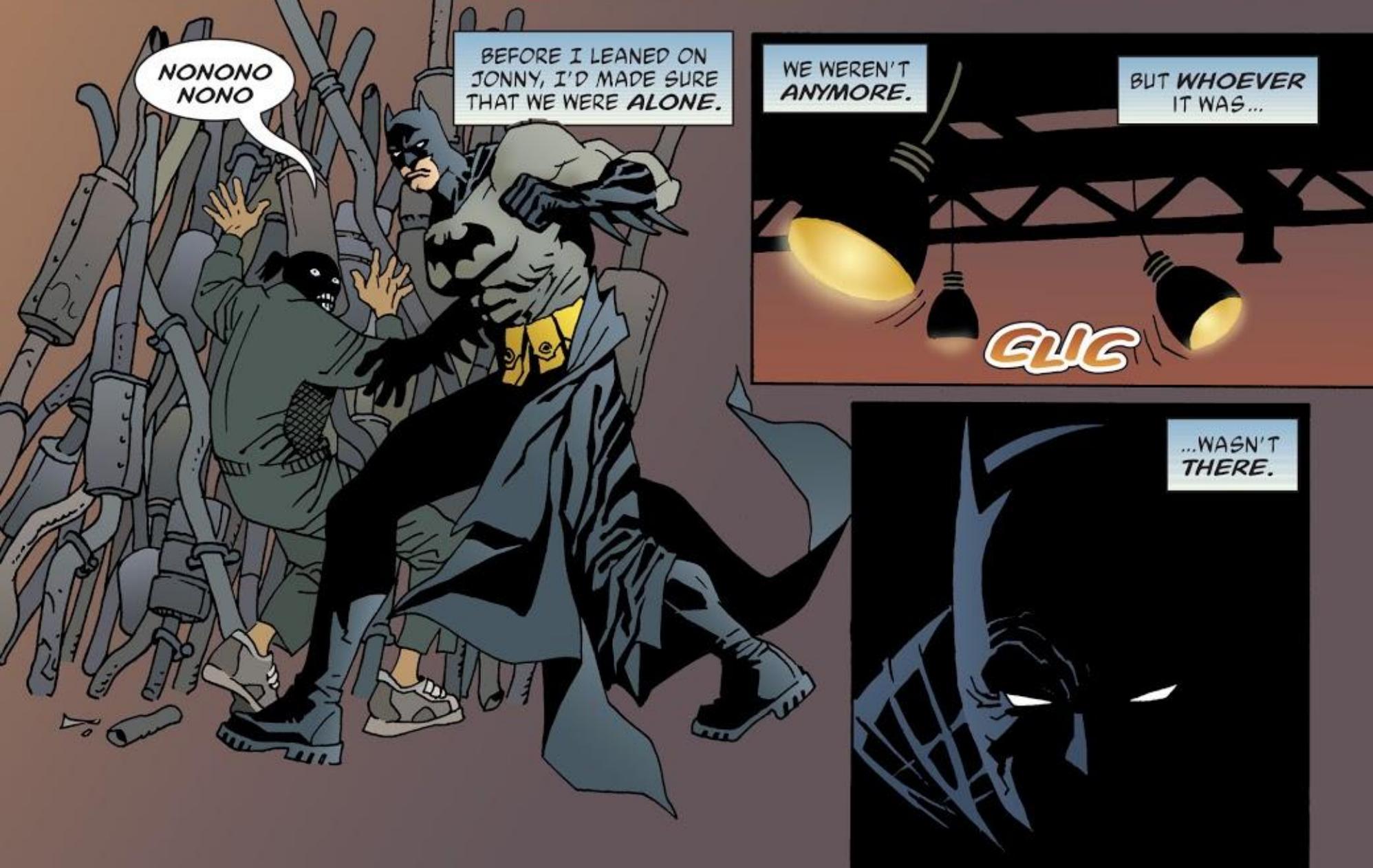
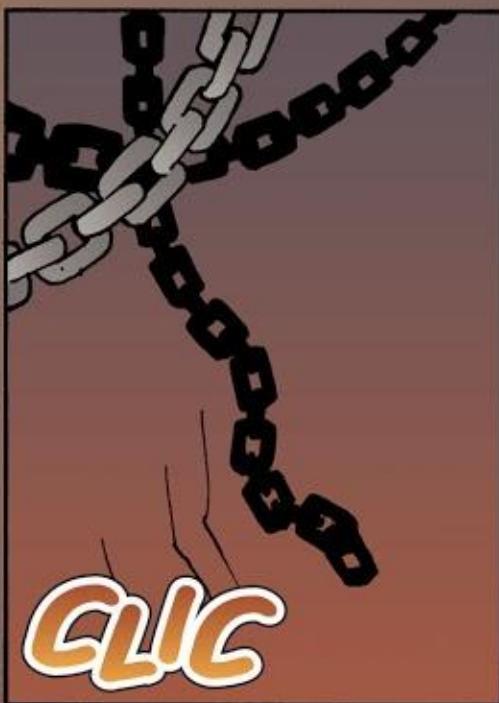
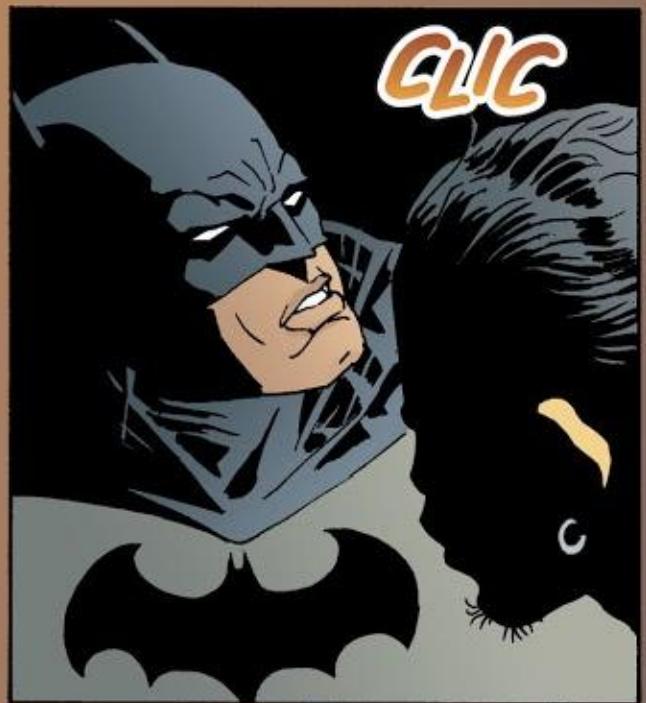
SO  
WHERE'D  
HE GO?

NO  
CLUE.

ARE YOU  
FORGETTING  
WHAT'S REALLY  
DANGEROUS?

NOT A  
CHAN--

CLIC



I DIDN'T  
TELL HIM ANYTHING--  
NOTHING!

丰

CLIC

YOU GOTTA  
BELIEVE ME! ON MY  
LIFE I DIDN'!

CLIC

I DIDN'!!

NOTHIN'--  
NOT A THING!





DUST





THOUGH MY FEET  
WERE PLANTED FIRMLY  
ON THE GROUND, IT  
FELT LIKE THEY WERE  
A MILLION MILES  
FROM MY HEAD.



AND SINCE NOTHING WAS  
REMOTELY FIRM BETWEEN THEM,  
I KNEW I WAS ABOUT TO FALL  
AT LEAST THAT DISTANCE.



ON THE WAY DOWN, I  
THOUGHT ABOUT KICKING  
MYSELF FOR BEING SO  
CARELESS--AND I  
WOULD HAVE, IF MY LEGS  
HADN'T TURNED TO JELLY.



SEE,  
CARELESSNESS  
WAS JUST ONE OF  
THE MANY THINGS  
I HAD A HARD TIME  
FORGIVING  
MYSELF FOR.



THE CONCRETE  
PROVED TO BE JUST  
AS UNFORGIVING.



AS THE LIGHTS WENT  
DIM, THE LAST THING  
I HEARD WAS JONNY,  
BEGGING FOR HIS  
LIFE BETWEEN SOBS.



THEN THE WORLD WENT  
DARK, AND SILENT...



THE DREAM.

THE DREAM I COULDN'T AVOID.



THE DREAM OF A CHILD NO ONE WAS LEFT TO DREAM FOR.

CONTINUED

# BROKEN CITY • PART TWO • Written by BRIAN AZZARELLO Illustrated by EDUARDO RISSO

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