



APPROVED BY THE  
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# BATMAN

GRANT  
MORRISON  
TONY  
DANIEL  
JONATHAN  
GLAPION





NO ONE  
CAN GET IN,  
RIGHT?

*The Thogal Ritual  
is one of the most highly  
advanced and dangerous  
forms of meditation.*



*During a seven-week  
retreat known as Yangti,  
the practitioner undergoes  
an experience designed to  
simulate death and  
after-death.*



*And rebirth, too.*



HE CAN'T  
GET TO ME,  
RIGHT?  
I'M SAFE  
HERE?  
HE CAN'T  
GET NEAR  
ME?

*1st day...*

*Where am I?*

*This is serious.*

*I'm having a heart attack.*

*Some kind of flash forward.*

*Déjà vu.*

*I have to get out.*

*How long have I been in this cave?*

*How long have I been in this darkness?*

**HE'S HAD A HEART ATTACK!**

BATMAN'S  
HAD A HEART  
ATTACK!

Illusions.

Don't listen to  
the voices.



13th day of Thögal.

Thirteen days of  
silent isolation.

In a cave.

In Nanda Parbat.

Hearing voices  
is normal.

Hallucinations from  
the past and the  
present are normal.

Flashing lights and  
intimations of mortality  
are normal.

All of this  
is normal.

# JOE CHILL in HELL

Grant Morrison **writer** (with thanks to Bill Finger) Tony Daniel **Penciller**  
Steve Wands **Letterer** Jeanine Schaefer **Assoc. Editor**

Jonathan Glapion & Sandu Florea **Inkers** Guy Major **Colorist**  
Mike Marts **Editor** Batman created by Bob Kane

This is my  
life now.

I'm  
Batman.

I go out every night and I look after people by getting into fights with other people on their behalf.

And every afternoon, I record the details in a black A4 spiral-bound notebook as if it's procedure and not just madness.

I practice that self-conscious, hard-boiled style Alfred loves to read.

No one's ever really done what I'm doing before.

Anything to keep it interesting.

Alfred insists I have to maintain a record of everything.

It might never happen again.

I'M SORRY.

I'M SO SORRY.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT MORE I CAN DO.

It's important to keep a record.

IT'S AS IF  
THERE'S NOTHING  
LEFT BUT A DEEP,  
BLACK WELL  
WHERE MY HEART  
SHOULD BE.

THESE LAST FEW  
YEARS I'VE SEEN  
TOO MANY DEATHS,  
MADE TOO MANY  
MISTAKES.

THEN WE  
WILL WOUND  
YOUR SOUL,  
FOREVER.

AND IF IT IS  
STRONG, IT WILL  
SURVIVE THE  
WOUND.

I was five hundred  
yards downwind and  
still the smell of his  
aftershave was enough  
to make me gag.

I'll never forget the  
first time I smelled it.

He stank of  
it. Everything  
stank of it.

Even the gun he  
dropped when  
he ran away.

Enough to  
make me gag.



LOOK AT  
ME, I GOT THE  
SHAKES.

WHAT DID I  
DO THAT WAS SO  
BAD, HE HAS TO  
COME HERE **EVERY**  
**NIGHT?**!

EVERY  
NIGHT FOR  
A WHOLE  
MONTH!

AND NONE OF YOU  
LOUSY OVERPAID JUVENILE  
DELINQUENTS, YOU NEVER  
SEE A **THING**!

LOOK  
AT MY HAND!  
THAT AIN'T  
NORMAL!

YOU THINK  
I'M MAKING  
ALL THIS  
UP?

BOSS.  
TAKE IT  
EASY.

IF THERE  
REALLY IS A  
BATMAN, WE'LL TAKE  
TURNS KICKING HIS BUTT  
ALL THE WAY BACK TO  
**TRANSYLVANIA**, DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT IT.

YOU DO THAT... 'CAUSE I  
DEFY ANYBODY TO LIVE  
THE WAY THIS FREAK'S  
MAKIN' ME LIVE.

I WORKED  
HARD TO BE  
WHERE I'M  
AT.

BUILT  
THE LAND, SEA,  
AIR TRANSPORT  
COMPANY UP FROM  
NOTHING!

AND THEN YOU LOOK AT  
ALL THESE PRIVILEGED JERKS,  
THESE DOCTORS AND LAWYERS  
AND MILLIONAIRES AND THEIR  
TROPHY WIVES...

...THEY GET  
HANDED A FREE  
PASS!

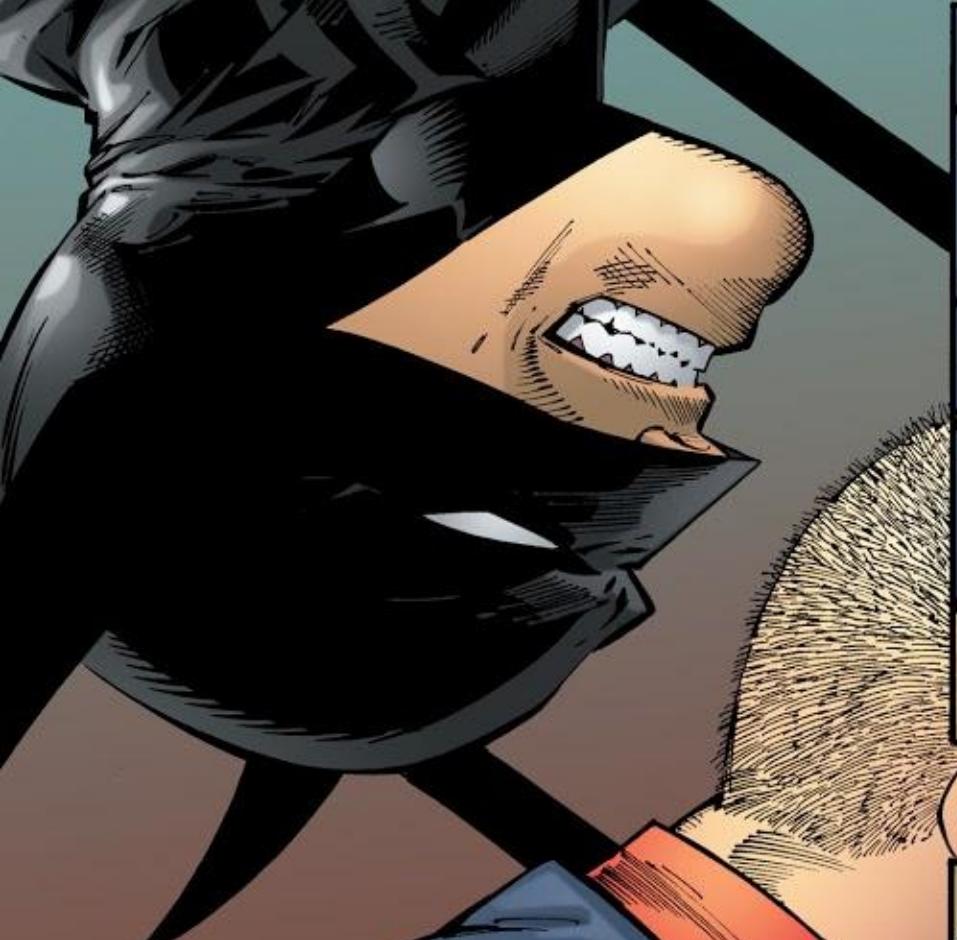
DO THEY  
NEED TALENT OR  
CHARISMA OR THE  
KINDA HARD HEART  
IT TAKES TO DRAG  
YERSELF UP OUTTA  
THE GARBAGE?

I  
TELL YA  
NOW.

I SHOULD  
SHOT THE KID  
RIGHT THERE--I  
SHOULD'A DONE  
HIM FIRST.

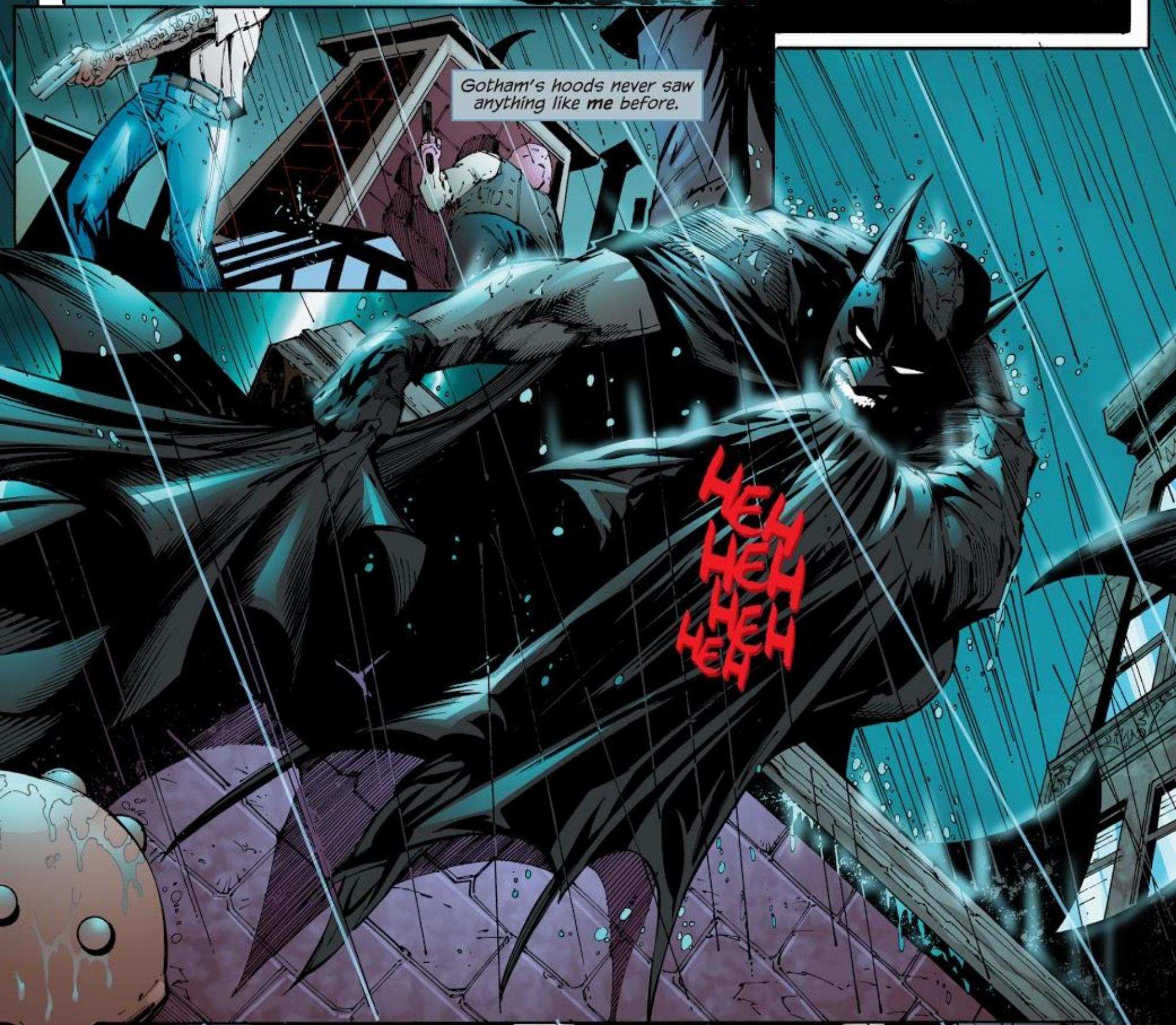
THREE  
FOR  
THREE.







Six months among the Ghost Tribes of the Ten-eyed Brotherhood in North Africa.



23rd day  
of Thögal.

Eyes.



I can feel eyes  
watching me.

Eyes with human  
intelligence watching.

Always  
watching.

I must be around  
five years old when  
I first sense the  
presence of a gaping,  
toppling void in the  
center of existence.

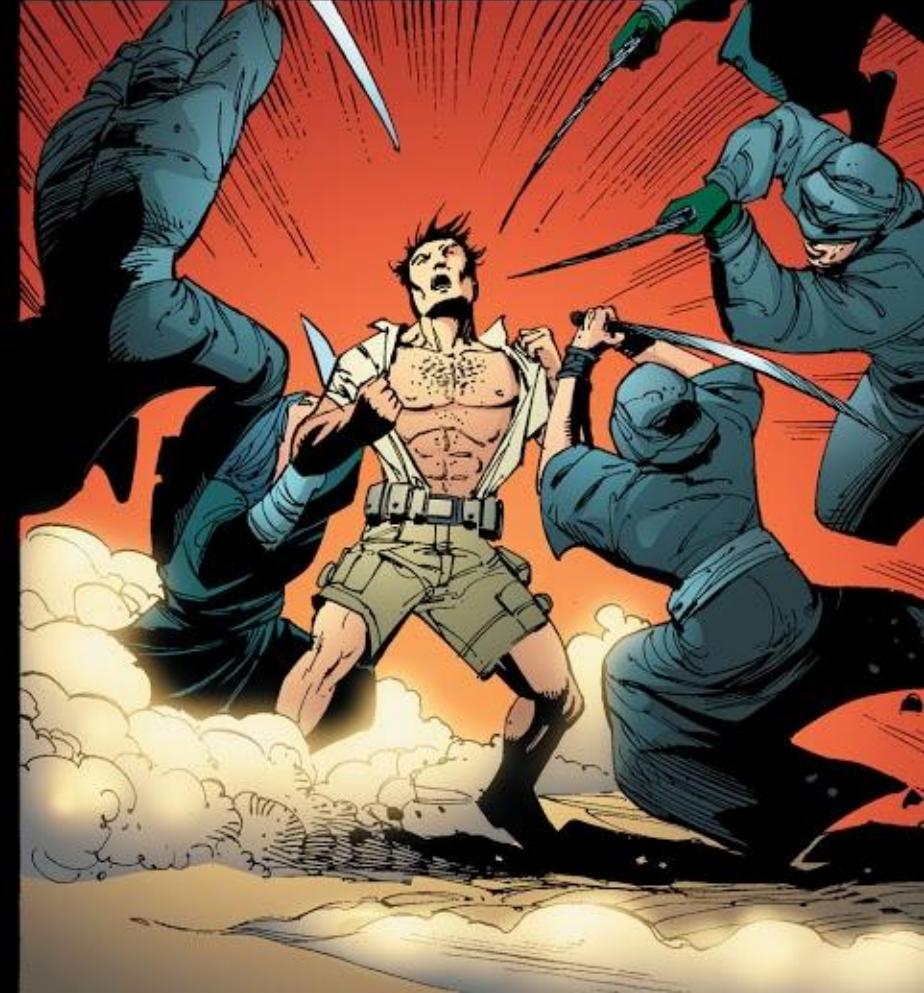
For the first time in  
my life, I suddenly  
grasp something.

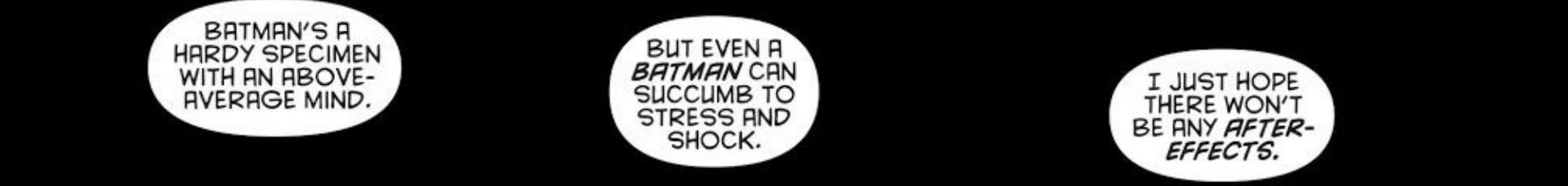
Mom and Dad are  
going to die.

We're all  
going to die.









Isolation  
chamber?

No, this is  
the 30th day  
of Thögol.

Or is it  
the 27th?

When did  
I die?

THOMAS  
WAYNE DIED WHEN  
THE FIRST BULLET  
STRUCK HIM POINT  
BLANK IN THE  
CHEST.

MARTHA'S  
WOUND MIGHT  
NOT HAVE BEEN  
**FATAL** IF THE  
AMBULANCE HAD GOT  
THERE IN TIME.

BUT HER  
**HEART** WAS  
WEAK AND SHE  
DIED OF BLOOD  
LOSS.

I BROUGHT  
YOUR GUN  
BACK, JOE.

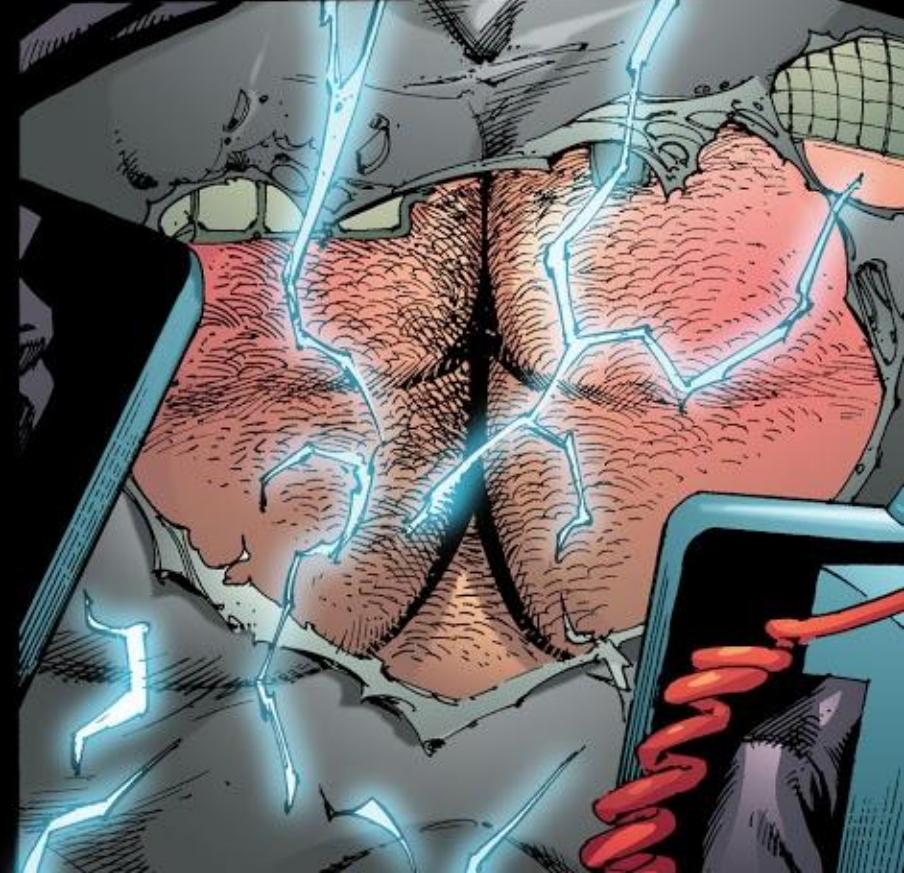
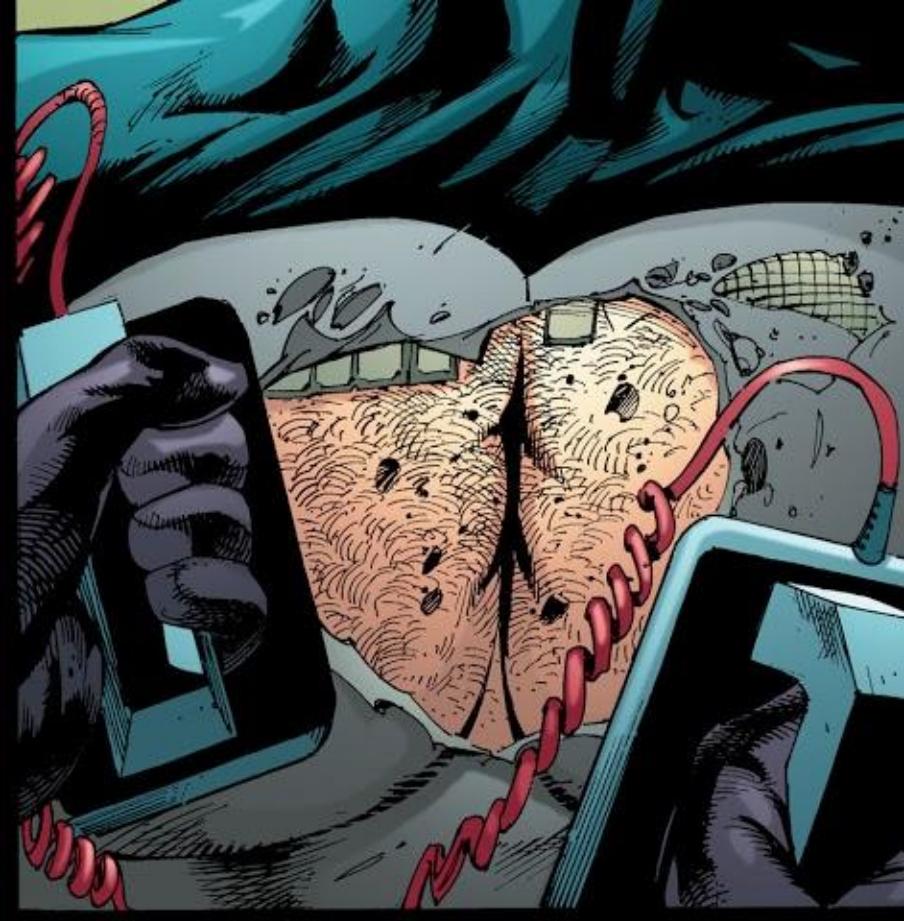
THE ONE  
YOU USED  
TO KILL THEM.  
YOU  
LEFT ONE  
BULLET IN THE  
MAGAZINE.

I'VE  
CARRIED  
IT WITH ME  
ALL THESE  
YEARS.

NOW  
IT'S YOURS  
AGAIN.

W-WHY  
ARE YOU  
DOING THIS  
TO ME?

OH MY  
GOD.  
YOU.





49th day...



Thögal  
ends.



**BLAM**

But Thögal ended... last year...

unnn

The isolation chamber experiments were years ago.

When did I die?

MY GOD.

...I HAD A HEART ATTACK...ON THE ROOF OF THE GCPD.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE...

I DID, DIDN'T I?





HOW  
LUCKY DO YOU  
FEEL RIGHT NOW,  
BATMAN?

TO BE  
CONTINUED!