

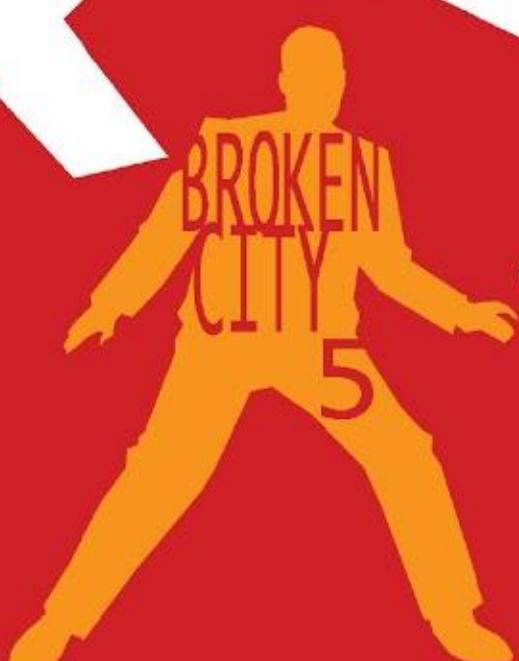


AZZARELLO  
RISSO

624 APR 2004

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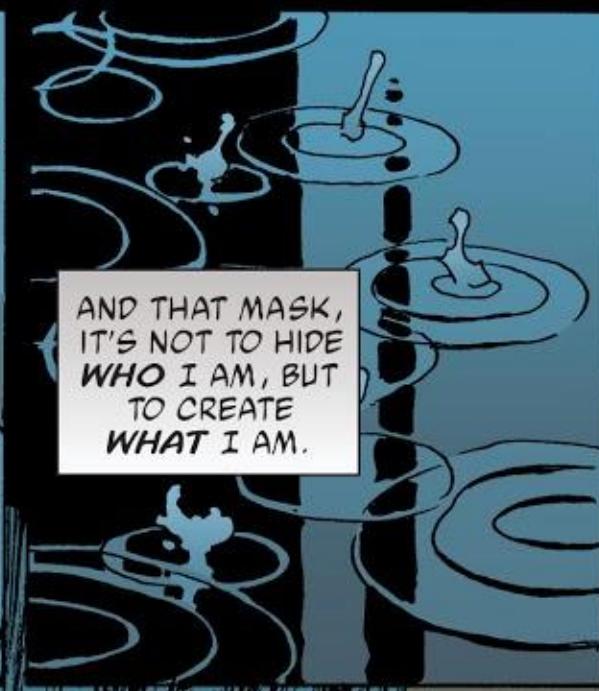
# BATMAN



JOHNSON  
THANKS  
SA



I WEAR A  
MASK.



AND THAT MASK,  
IT'S NOT TO HIDE  
WHO I AM, BUT  
TO CREATE  
WHAT I AM.



AND WHAT THAT IS, I'VE  
ALWAYS THOUGHT, IS A  
**NIGHTMARE** FOR THE  
KIND OF PEOPLE THAT  
SCARE OTHER PEOPLE.



BUT AS I WATCHED  
MARGO'S MASCARA RUN  
OFF IN THE RAIN, EXPOSING  
THE NIGHTMARE OF WHO  
**SHE WAS**, I HAD TO  
GLANCE IN A PUDDLE...



...JUST TO  
MAKE SURE  
WHAT I AM  
WAS STILL  
THERE.

WHY,  
MARGO?

GO TO  
HELL!

GO?  
LOOK AROUND...  
WE'RE ALREADY  
THERE.

AND AS BAD  
AS THIS IS, IT'S  
GOING TO GET EVEN  
WORSE FOR  
ANGEL, SEE...

...HE'S  
GOING TO  
TAKE THE  
FALL.

I TOLD  
YOU HE  
DIDN'T  
DO IT!

HE DIDN'T DO  
IT! HE DOTED  
ON LIZ--HE  
LOVED  
HER!

AND  
YOU LOVED  
HIM.

HAVING HIS  
SISTER MURDERED  
IS A FUNNY WAY OF  
SHOWING IT.

I DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU. AND  
NOW, THIS CITY IS GOING TO GET SQUEEZED  
FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE LAW UNTIL HE POPS.





BUT THAT WOULDN'T HAVE STOPPED ANGEL.  
NOT WITH HIS SISTER--  
UNMARRIED SISTER--WHO  
MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN  
THE BLESSED MOTHER--  
SOILED AND DIRTIED.

ANGEL WOULD A  
SEEN RED, AND HE'D  
GO AFTER THE MAN  
RESPONSIBLE.

AND THAT MAN, THAT RICH AND  
DANGEROUS MAN, WOULD HAVE  
KILLED MY MAN.

I COULDN'T  
LET THAT  
HAPPEN.

"LIZ HAD TO DIE,  
SO ANGEL WOULD  
NEVER FIND OUT  
SHE WAS...."

"I HAD  
HIS SISTER  
KILLED..."

...TO SAVE  
ANGEL.

FROM  
WHO?

I DIDN'T HAVE TO  
ASK MARGO WHAT I  
ALREADY KNEW, BUT I  
WAS HAVING TROUBLE  
BELIEVING IT.

HEARING HER  
SAY HIS NAME  
DIDN'T MAKE IT  
ANY EASIER.

AND GIVEN WHAT SHE'D  
ALSO SAID CONCERNING  
THE HIGH REGARD ANGEL  
HELD HIS SISTER IN,  
COUPLED WITH THE FACT  
THAT THE UNSAVORY  
DETAILS OF HER DEATH  
HAD BEEN IN THE PAPERS,  
MEANT ONE THING.

ANGEL WOULD  
BE CRAWLING  
OUT FROM  
UNDER, DRIVEN  
NOT BY HER  
DEATH...

...BUT HIS HONOR.  
AND HE'D BE LOOKING  
FOR REVENGE.

WHAT HE  
DIDN'T KNOW  
WAS...

...WHAT  
WAS LOOKING  
FOR HIM.

A CITY OF  
HURT.

I'D SICCED  
ALL OF  
GOTHAM'S  
UNDERWORLD  
ON ANGEL...

...AND RUBBED  
THE PD'S NOSE IN  
HIS SCENT, TOO.

WHY?

BECAUSE A  
MOTHER AND  
A FATHER WERE  
DEAD ON THE  
STREETS, CUT  
DOWN...

...BECAUSE  
OF ME.

AGAIN.

HELLO,  
OSWALD.  
WHAT BRINGS  
YOU OUT ON A  
RAINY NIGHT--  
FISH  
JUMPING?



THE LAST THING I  
NEEDED TO HEAR  
WAS PENGUIN  
POINTING OUT WHAT  
I NEEDED TO  
UNDERSTAND.

SLAPPY'S  
SECOND HAND

PAWNSHOP

BECAUSE WHAT I  
UNDERSTOOD WAS  
THAT ALL THE PIECES  
I'D BEEN TRYING  
TO FIT TOGETHER  
CONCERNING ANGEL  
LUPO WEREN'T EVEN  
PARTS OF THE SAME  
PUZZLE.

G  
O  
D  
S

BUT PENGUIN'S  
INSIGHT--WHICH IS  
WHAT IT WAS--WOULD  
TURN OUT TO BE JUST  
THE FIRST THAT  
NIGHT, IN A LONG LINE...

...OF LAST THINGS...

...I NEEDED  
TO HEAR.

WHAT THE  
HELL'RE  
YOU DOIN',  
SLAPPY?

D'YAAA!

JEEZ, CROC,  
GIMME A HEART  
ATTACK!

I'M... IT'S  
LIKE A  
SIGNAL.

FER WHO?

C'MON, YOU  
KNOW WHO'S  
OUT FOR THAT  
LUPO GUY.

WELL,  
I SEEN  
'IM.



ANGEL...

HAD...

NO...

...WHERE ELSE TO TURN. EXCEPT BACK ON THE ONES HE'D DOUBLE-CROSSED.

W 126 ST

FRONT ST

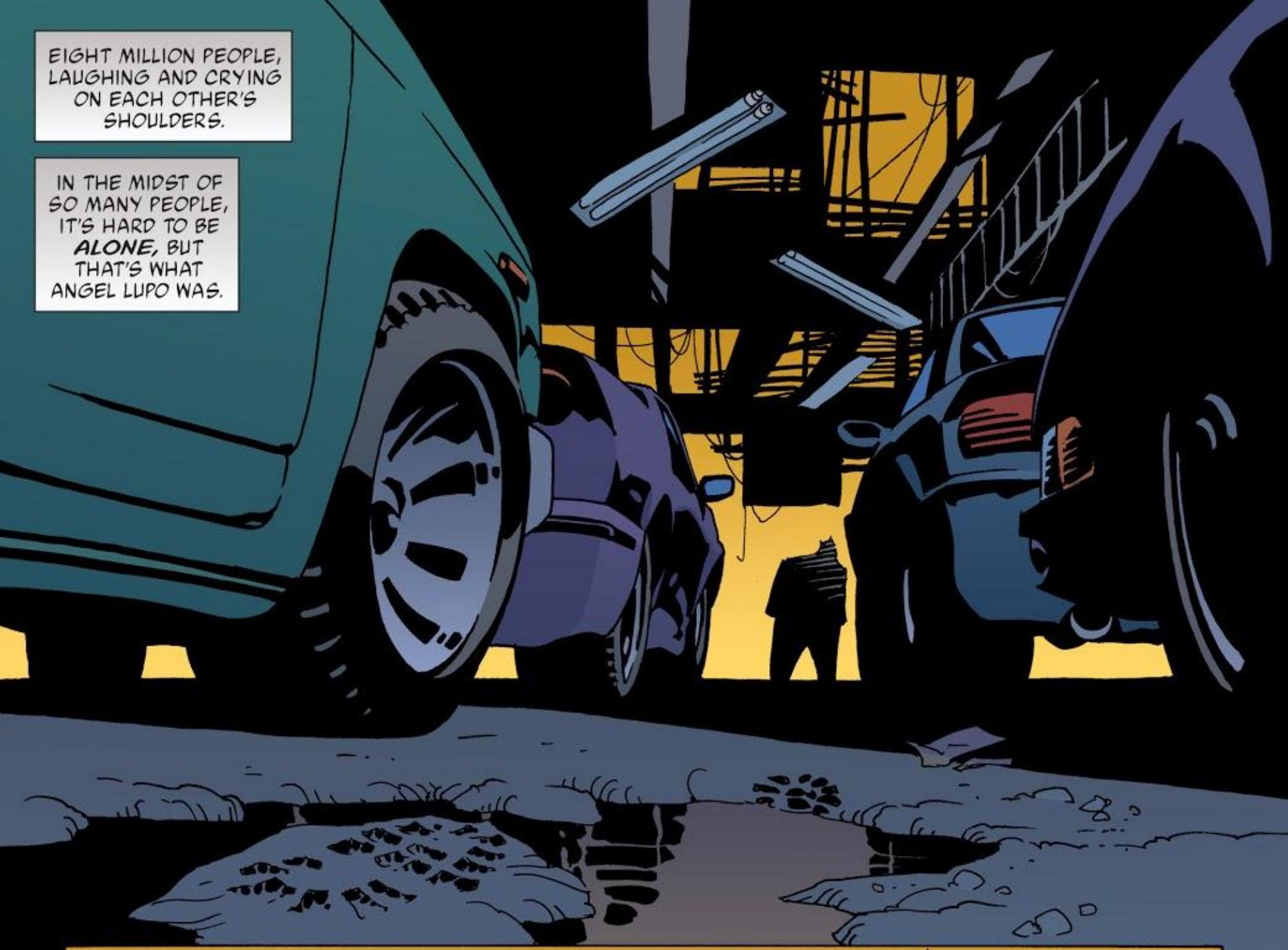


BUT IN HERE THERE ARE NO SECOND CHANCES. GOTHAM CITY'S STINGY THAT WAY, SINCE IT ONLY HAS SO MANY CHANCES TO GO AROUND AND EIGHT MILLION PEOPLE FIGHTING FOR JUST ONE.

EIGHT MILLION PEOPLE--  
GIVE OR TAKE WHO SURVIVES A NIGHT.

EIGHT MILLION PEOPLE, BUMPING INTO EACH OTHER, OPENING DOORS FOR EACH OTHER AND STABBING EACH OTHER IN THE BACK.

THEY GET UP WHEN THEY HAVE TO, GO OUT IF THEY NEED TO, COME HOME AND THROW THEIR DEADBOLTS, SO THEY CAN REMAIN ONE OF THE EIGHT MILLION PEOPLE.



EIGHT MILLION PEOPLE,  
LAUGHING AND CRYING  
ON EACH OTHER'S  
SHOULDERS.

IN THE MIDST OF  
SO MANY PEOPLE,  
IT'S HARD TO BE  
ALONE, BUT  
THAT'S WHAT  
ANGEL LUPO WAS.



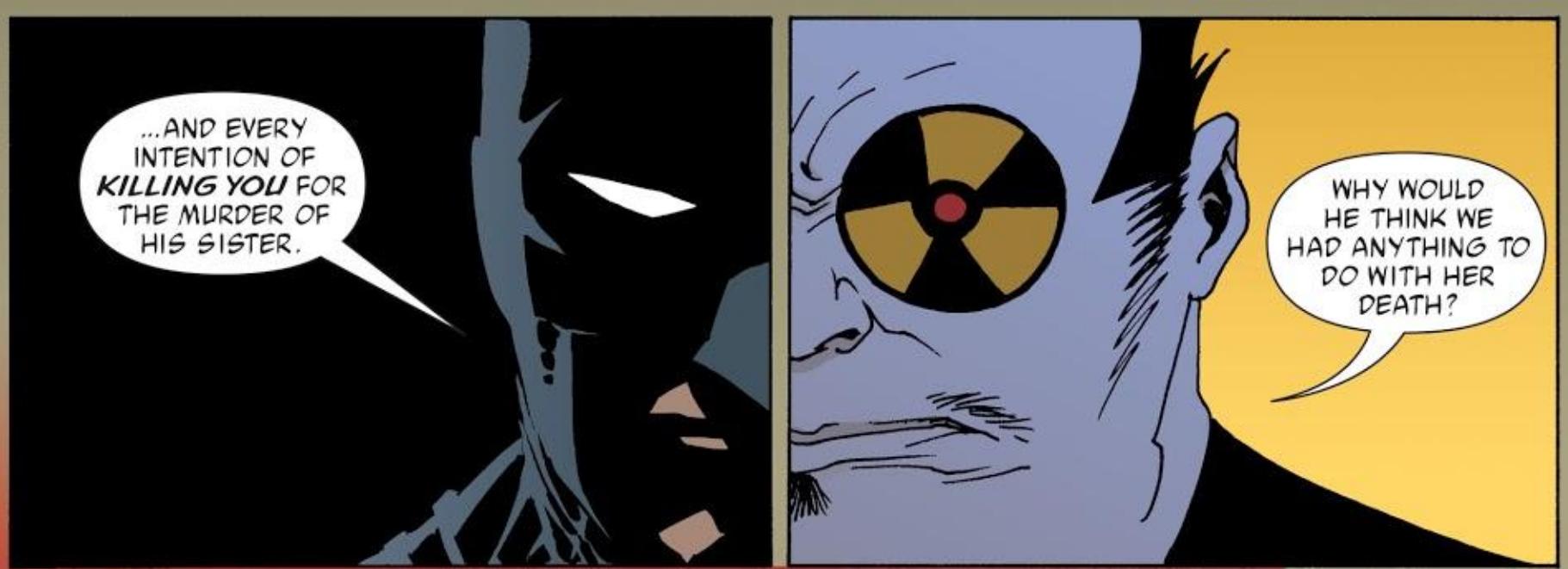
ALONE IN GOTHAM,  
SURROUNDED BY EIGHT  
MILLION PEOPLE.

I KNEW  
HOW HE FELT.

IS THAT  
YOU,  
ANGEL?

NO...

IT'S THE  
ONLY CHANCE  
HE'S GOT.





IT WAS LIKE  
BEING STUCK  
IN QUICKSAND...



INFESTED WITH  
PIRANHAS.



A LOSE/LOSE SITUATION,  
WHERE I HOPED THE  
**INEVITABLE** WOULD COME  
SOONER THAN LATER.

AND AS THE AIR RUSHED OUT OF  
MY LUNGS QUICKER THAN I COULD  
SUCK IT BACK IN, CAUSING MY  
VISION TO TUNNEL, I SAW A  
**LIGHT** AT THE END OF IT.







I COULD  
HAVE BEEN  
GENTLE.



I COULD  
HAVE.





BUT ONCE I WAS  
ON TOP, THE  
DOOR BEGAN TO  
SLOWLY OPEN...

...AND A  
BRILLIANT  
SLIVER OF  
WHITE  
CRACKED  
ACROSS  
THE FLOOR.

AND EVEN THOUGH I REALIZED HE WAS  
CAUGHT IN A TRAP HE MISTAKENLY  
THOUGHT HE SET HIMSELF...

...I WANTED  
HIM TO SEE THE  
NIGHTMARE.

ANGEL  
LUPO.

ANGRY...

FED  
UP...

...SCARED.

ANGEL LUPO.





AND IN HIS AMAZING, BLACK EYES,  
I SAW THAT HE COULDN'T DO  
WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO DO.



CONTROL  
THE SITUATION.

FORCE THINGS  
INTO BEING THE  
WAY HE WANTED  
THEM TO BE...



...SO HE  
RAN.



...INTO SOMEONE  
WHO KNEW WHAT  
TO DO WITH A GUN.

BAM BAM BAM

TO BE CONCLUDED

# BROKEN CITY • PART FIVE

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