



BY  
FRANK MILLER  
AND DAVID  
MAZZUCHELLI

YEAR ONE PART 2

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MAR 87

# BATMAN®



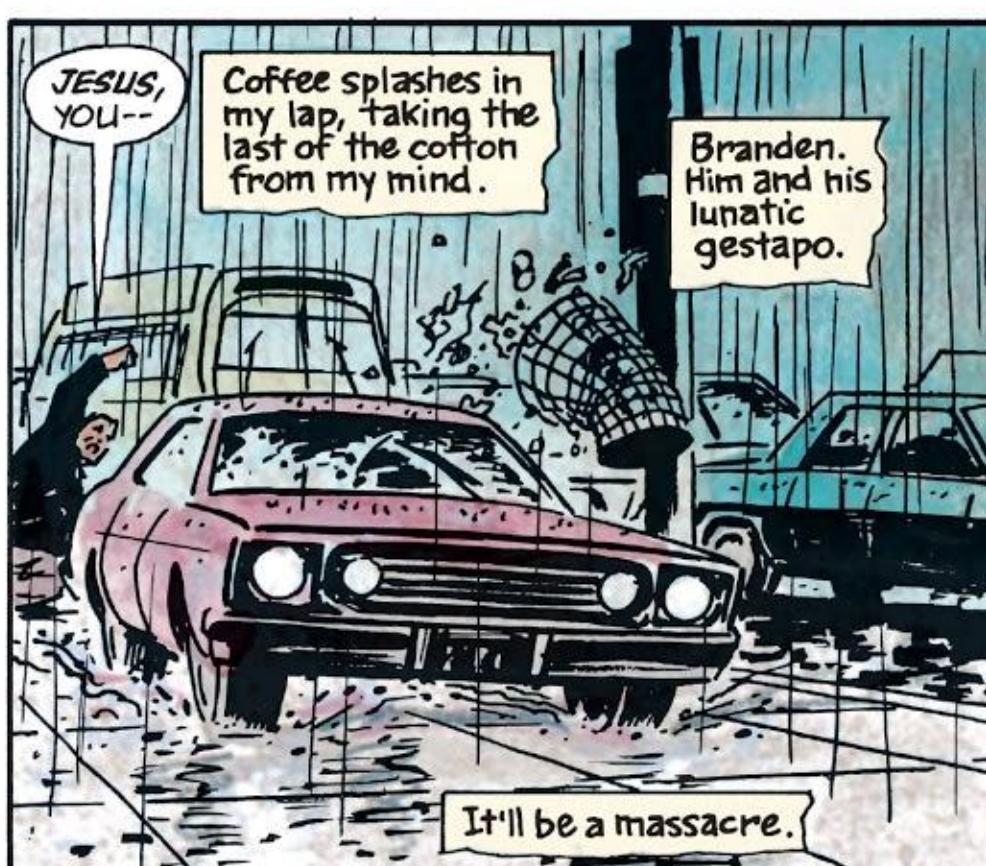
THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
DC  
UNIVERSE  
*is must*  
*reading*

MAZZUCHELLI

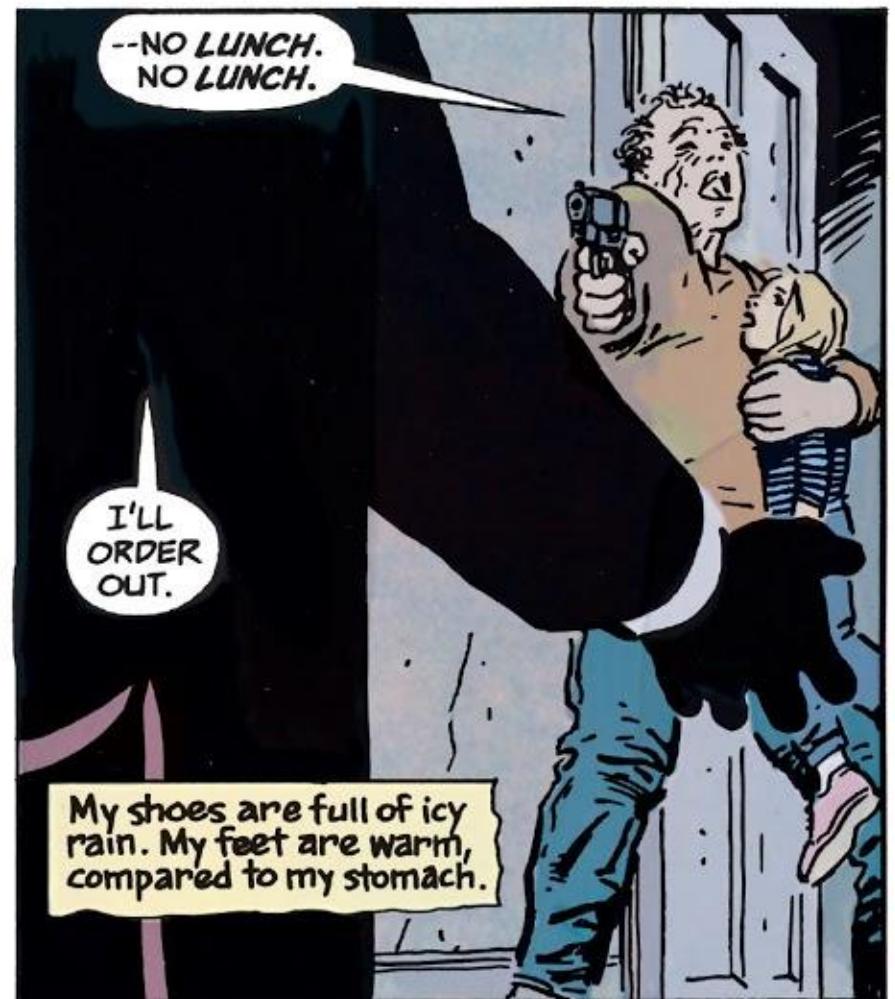
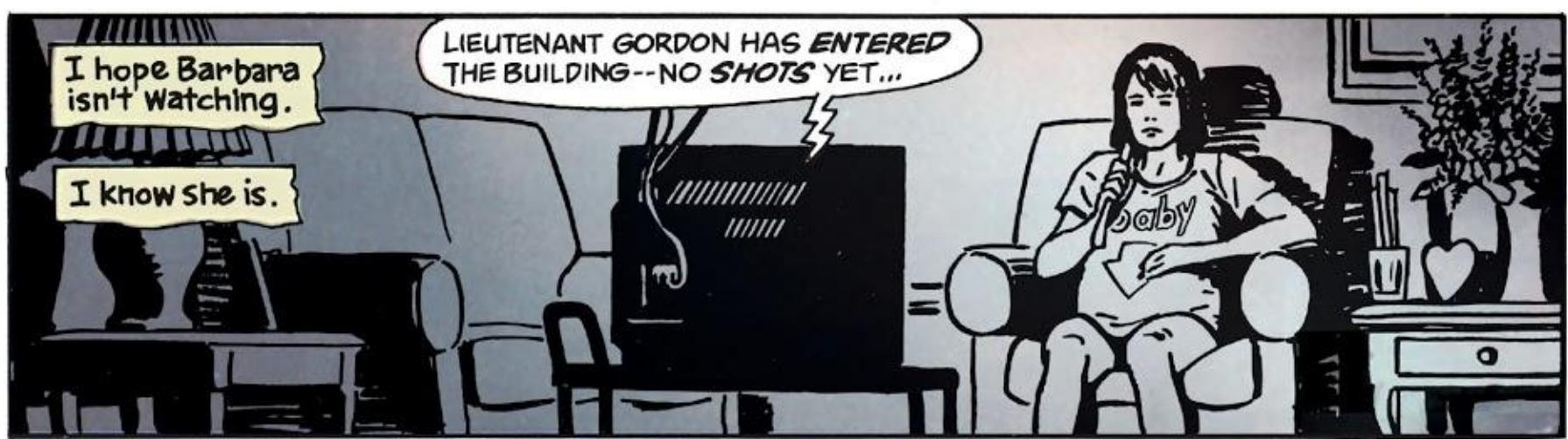
April 4

The day starts early with a call from Merkel about a hostage situation in Brigham Circle.

Barbara wakes up with me -- she always does, no matter how quiet I try to be -- and somehow has my coffee ready by the time I pull on my pants.







**April 5**

HUMILIATED ME.  
IN FRONT OF MY MEN.  
HUMILIATED ME.

**GILLIAN B.I.**  
COMMISSIONER  
OF POLICE

NOTHING  
BUT TROUBLE,  
THAT ONE.

YOU DO KNOW  
I SYMPATHIZE, DON'T  
YOU, BRANDEN?

YES YOU DO. AND YOU KNOW I'D LIKE  
NOTHING BETTER THAN TO REMOVE  
HIM FROM SERVICE. MY GOOD FRIEND  
DETECTIVE FLOSS HAS MADE SEVERAL  
SUGGESTIONS ALONG THESE LINES.

BUT WE MUST  
BE PATIENT.  
GORDON HAS THE  
PRESS ON HIS  
SIDE...

It kicks.

Gunpowder burns my  
eyes and fills my  
nostrils.

A wad of  
lead flies...

If that were a man--



--the wad would  
shatter his spine  
and he'd feel his  
legs go dead even  
as his heart explodes...

Another kick.



The wad would leave  
a neat, round hole and  
I'd see the horror in  
his eyes as it pushed  
half his brain through  
the back of his skull.

I hate the gun.

I hate my job.

I keep  
practicing.

**April 6**

Another kick.

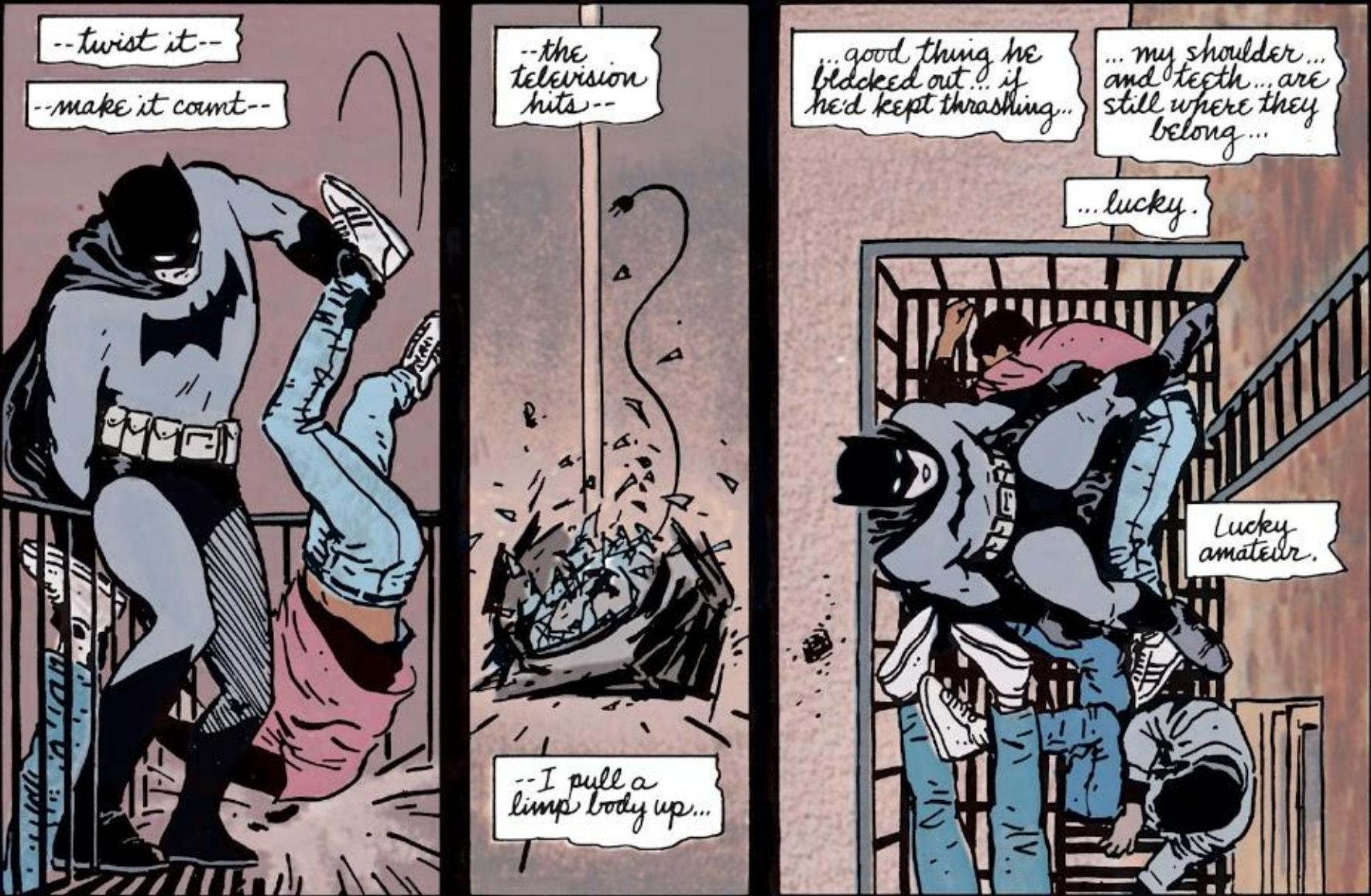
Strong boy,  
little James...







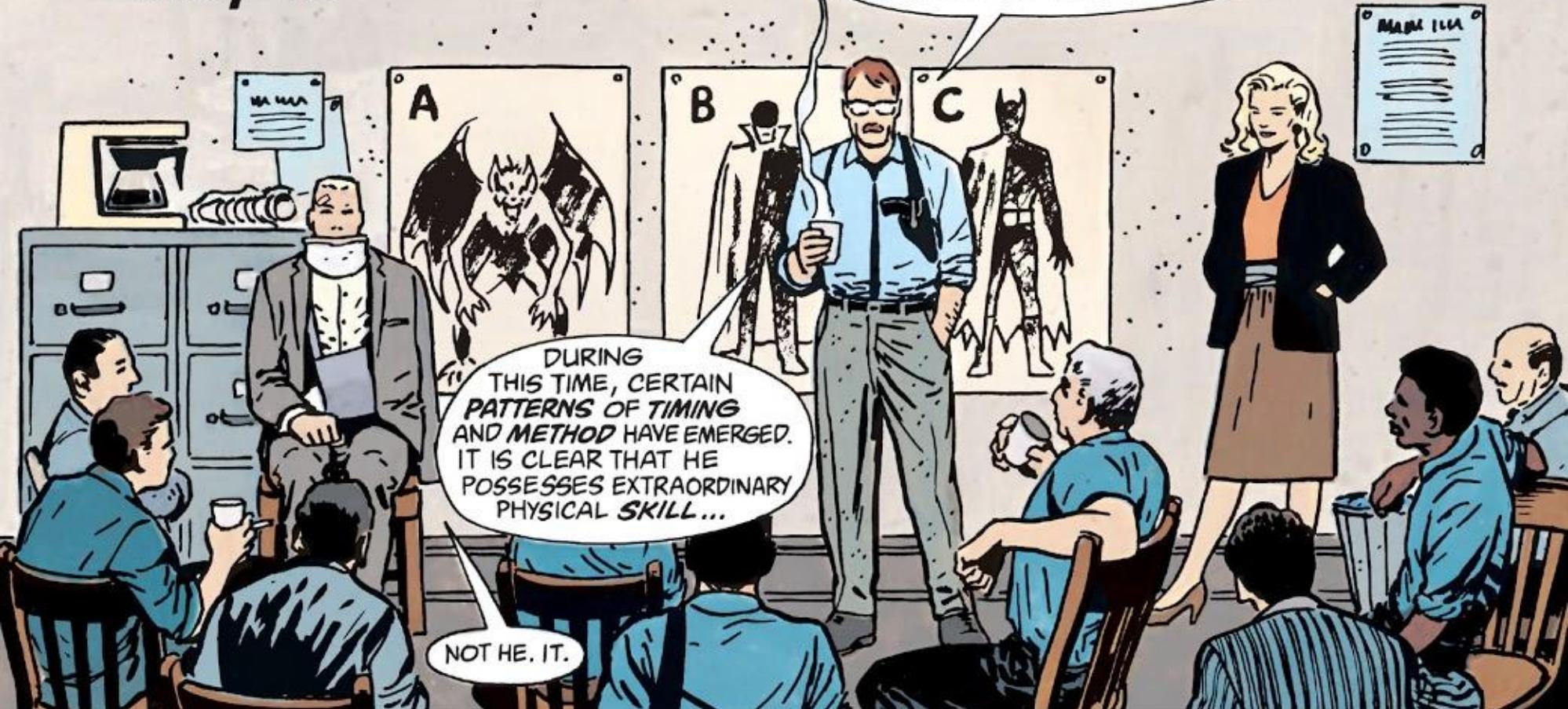


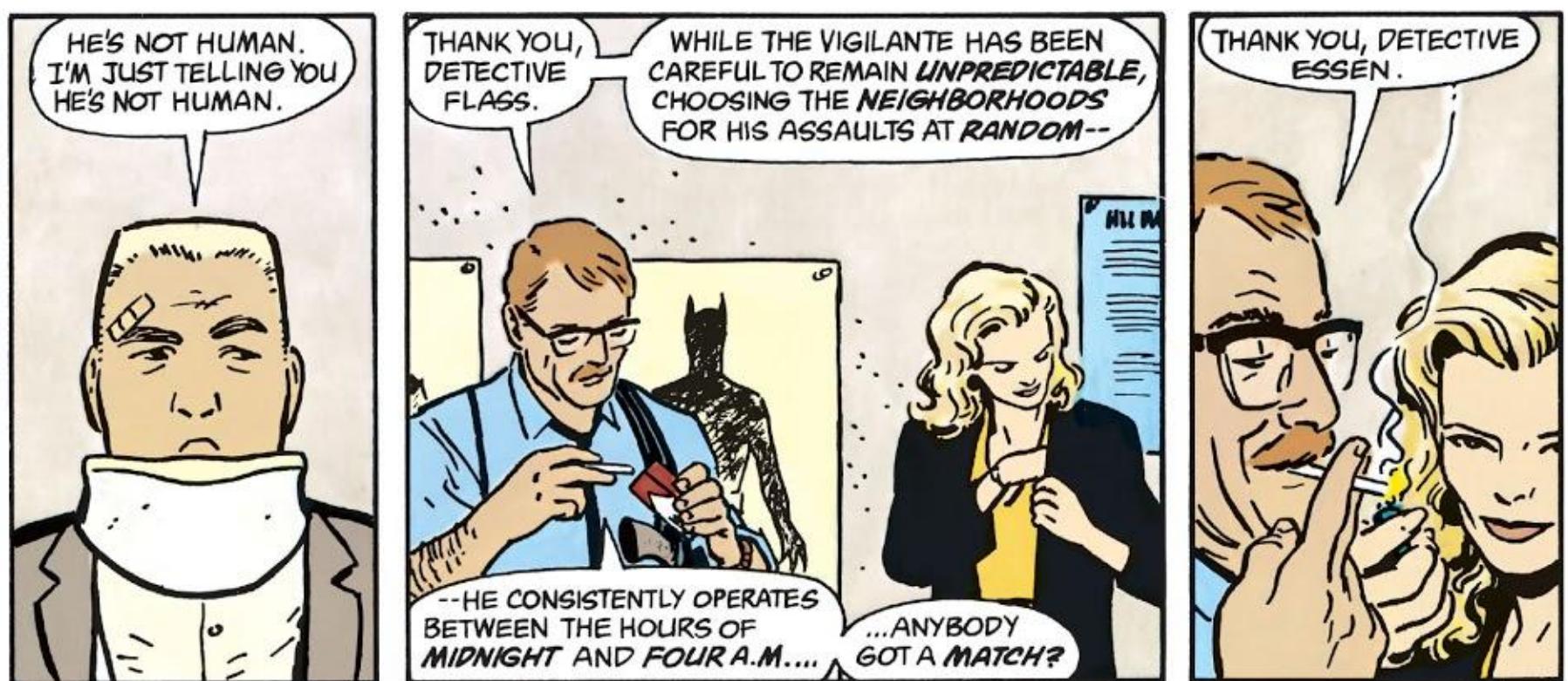


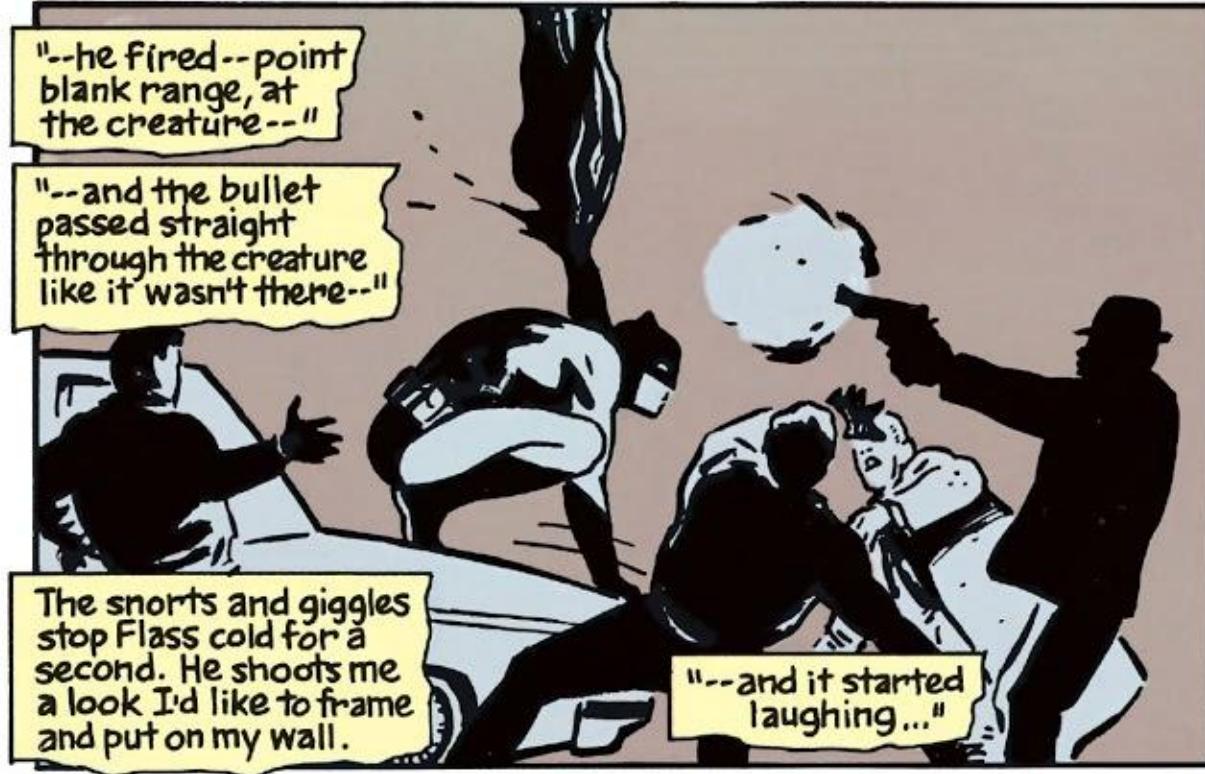
May 15

IF WE CAN STOP BEING HYSTERICAL FOR A MOMENT, GENTLEMEN.

OUR VIGILANTE --OR BATMAN, AS HE'S CALLED-- HAS APPARENTLY COMMITTED SEVENTY-EIGHT ACTS OF ASSAULT IN THE PAST FIVE WEEKS.

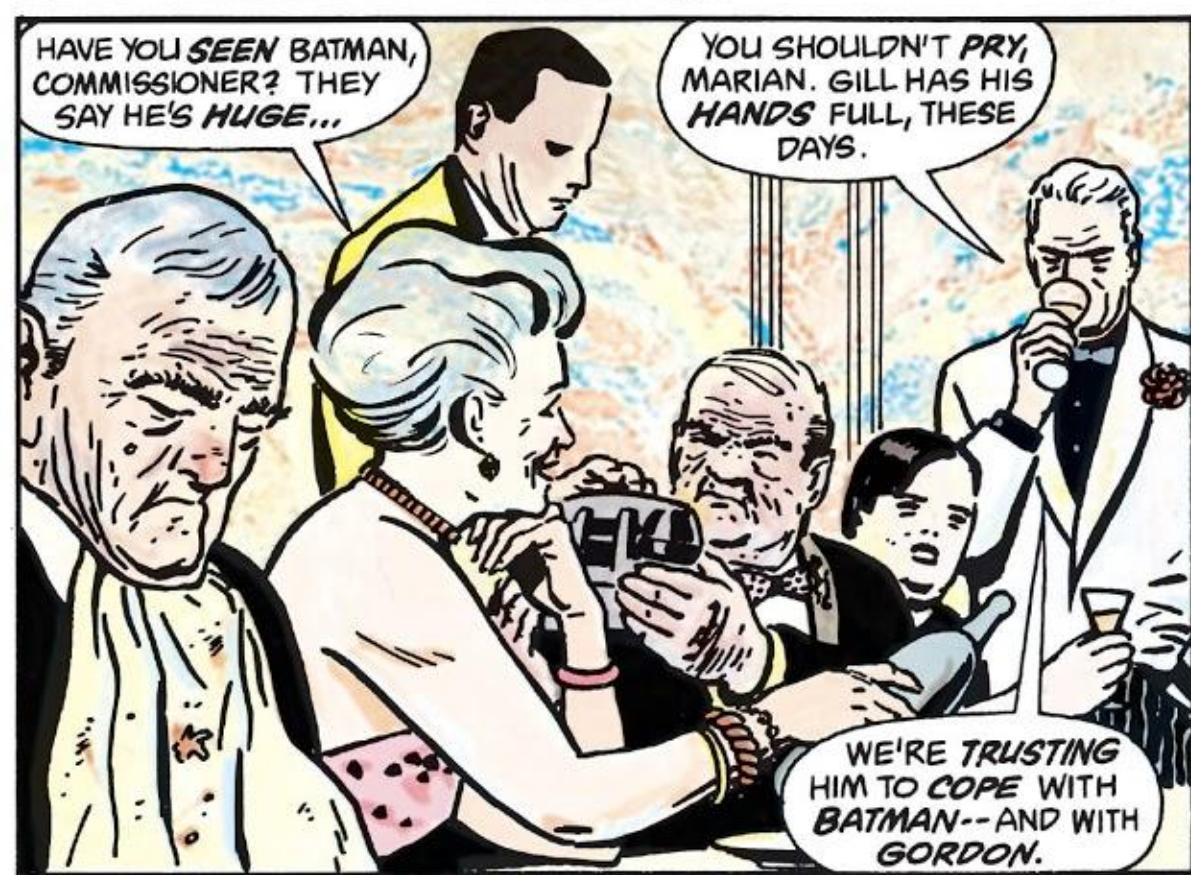
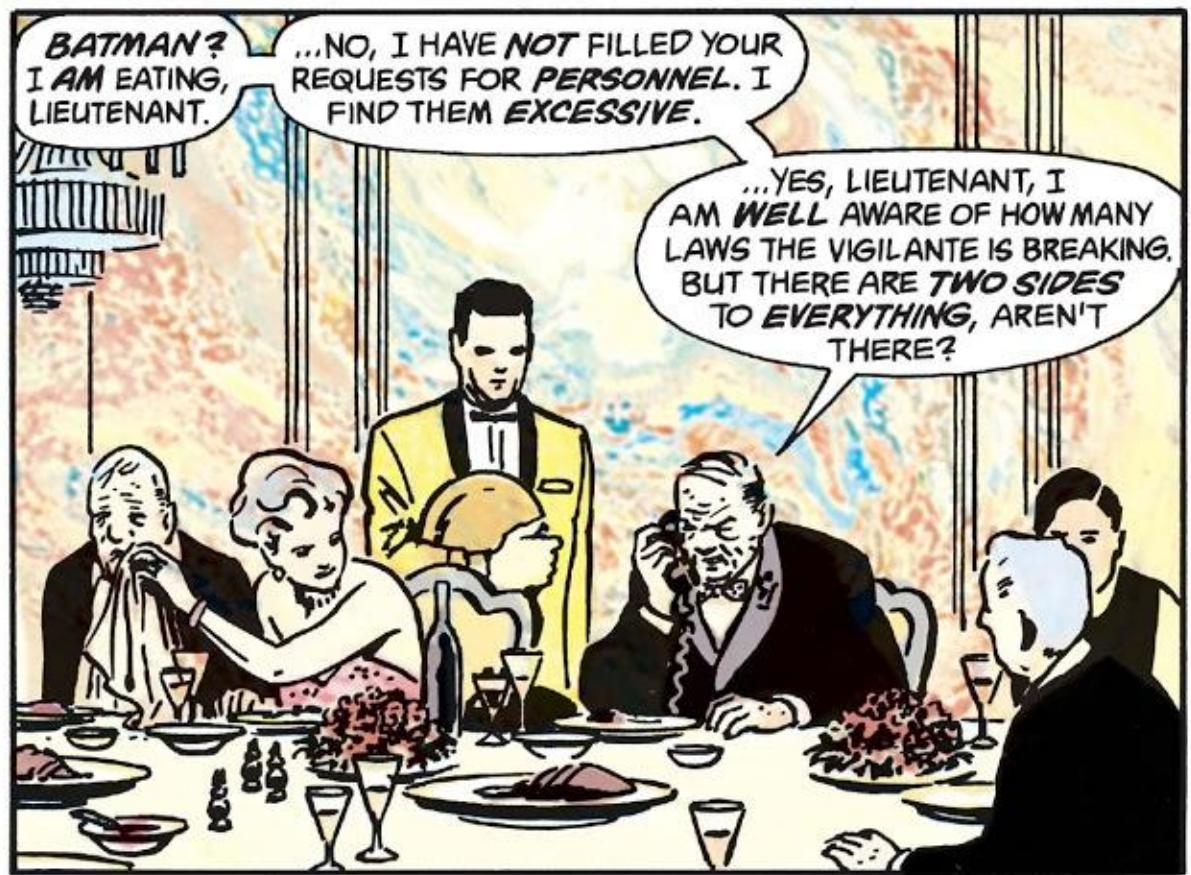


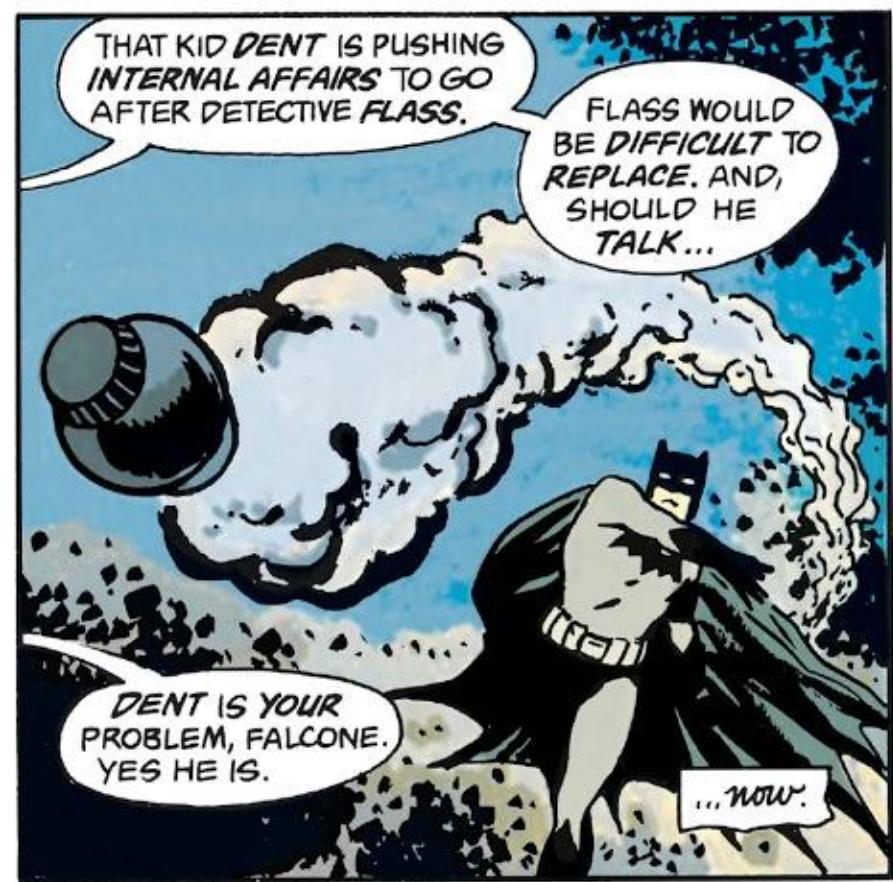
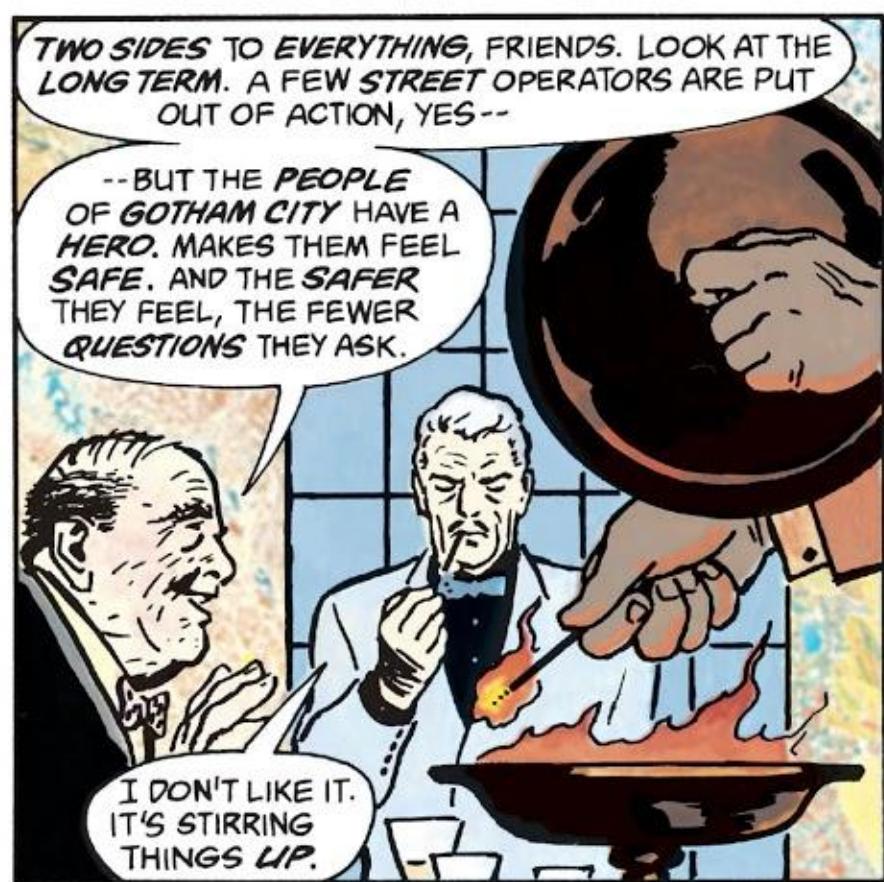
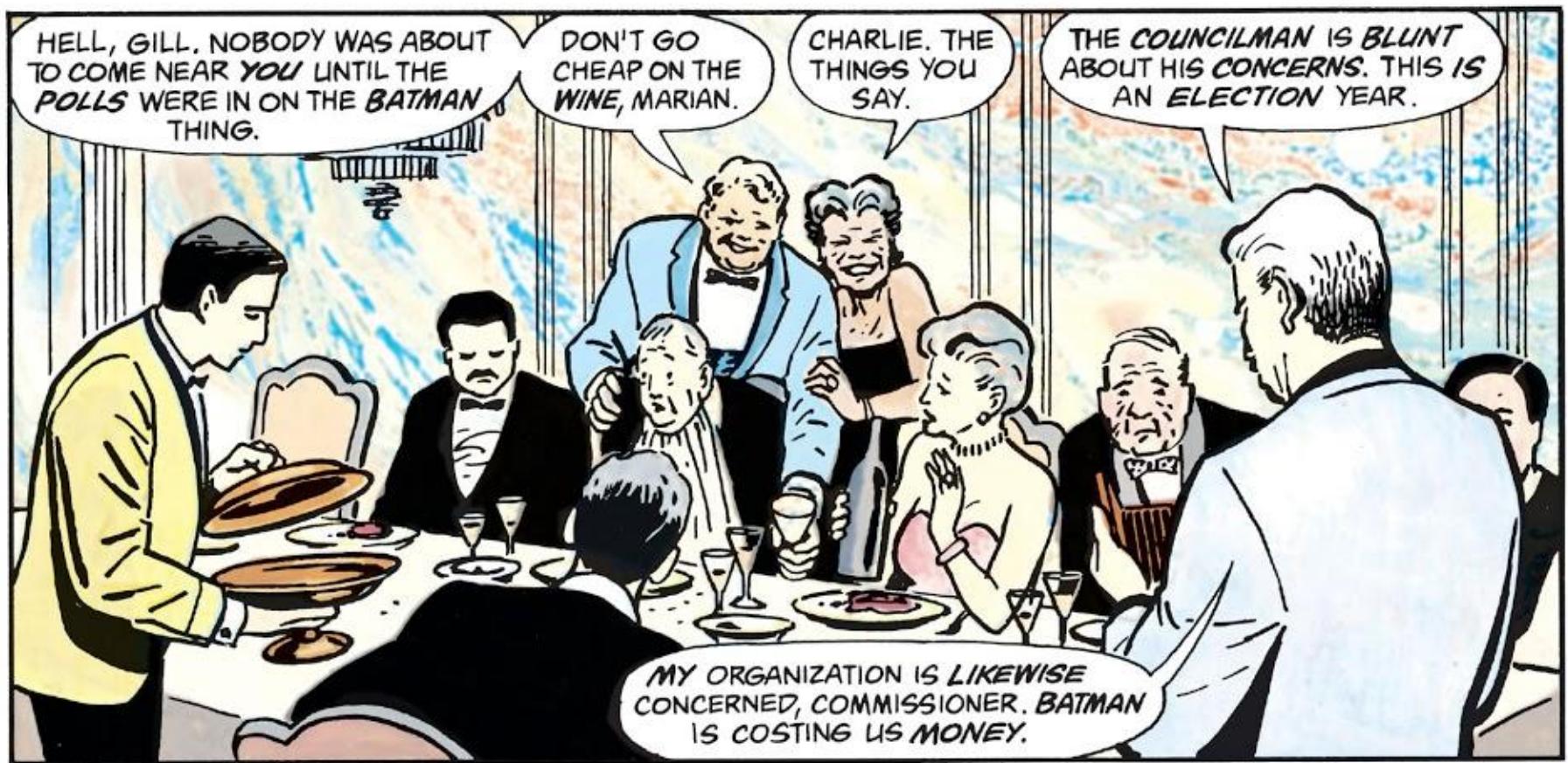




May 19









**May 20**

--NO EXCUSES, GORDON.  
THAT VIGILANTE GOES UNDER  
--INSTANTLY-- OR IT'S  
YOUR JOB!

...YES, SIR...

GILLIAN  
COMMISSIONER

**June 2**

She knows how to walk  
in heels.

So few women do these  
days. It's practically a  
lost art.

And she knows how to  
scream. You could hear it  
from the rooftops.

Normally, screaming wouldn't  
help. Not in this neighborhood.

Here on the East End, a  
midnight walk constitutes  
attempted suicide.

Lucky for her that there  
are so many cops around.

There's Sergeant Feck,  
playing who...

And hunched in that sedan—  
Detectives Shelly and Lerner.

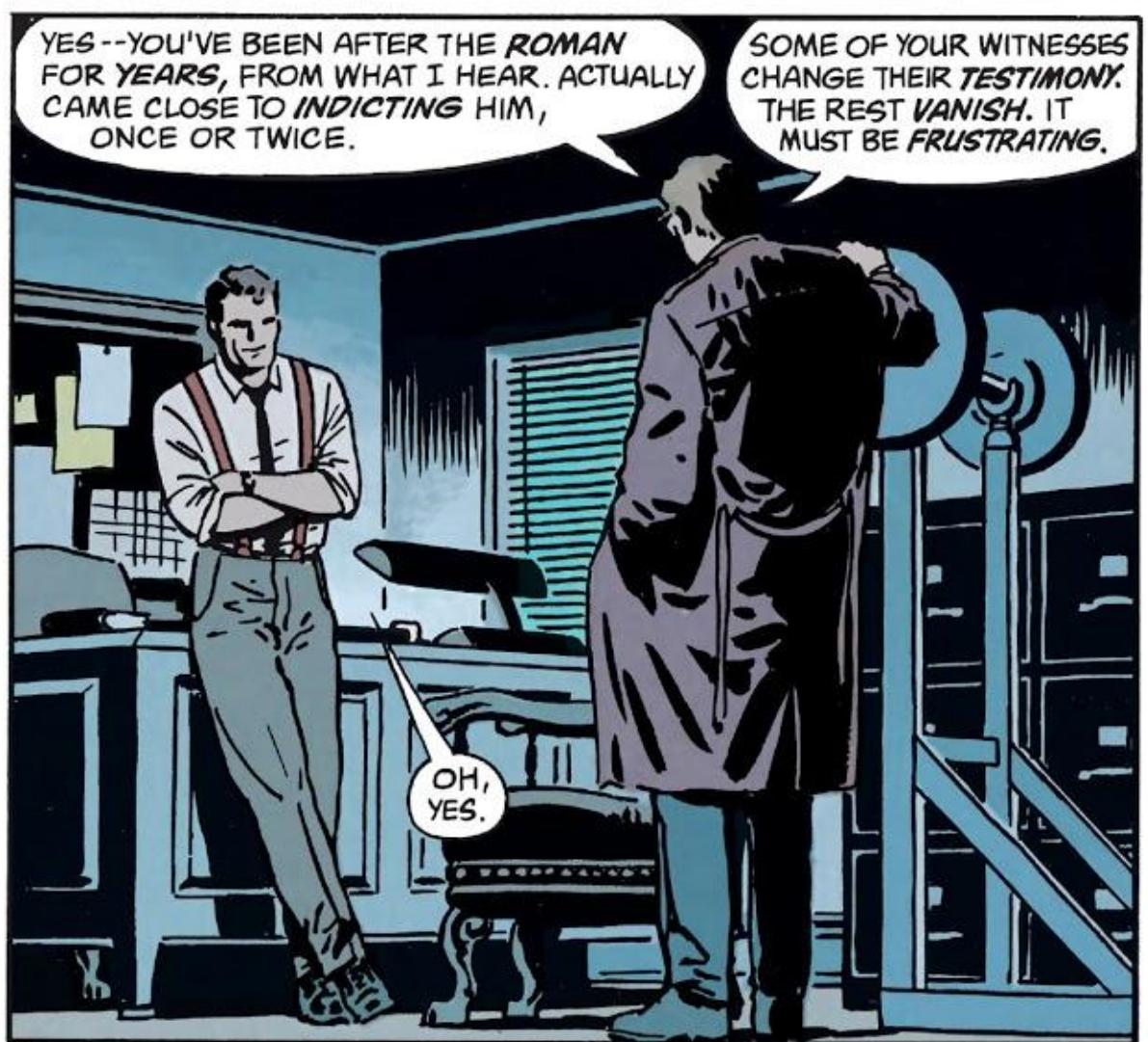
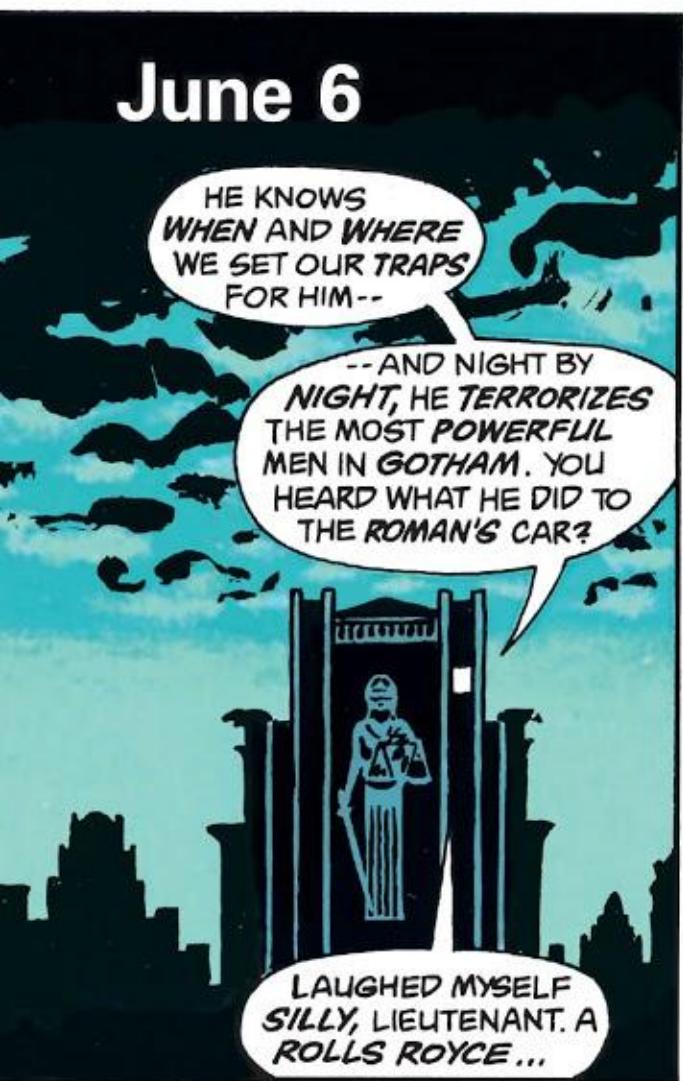
There are six more officers  
waiting, crouched in  
stoops and garbage  
dumpers, down the block.

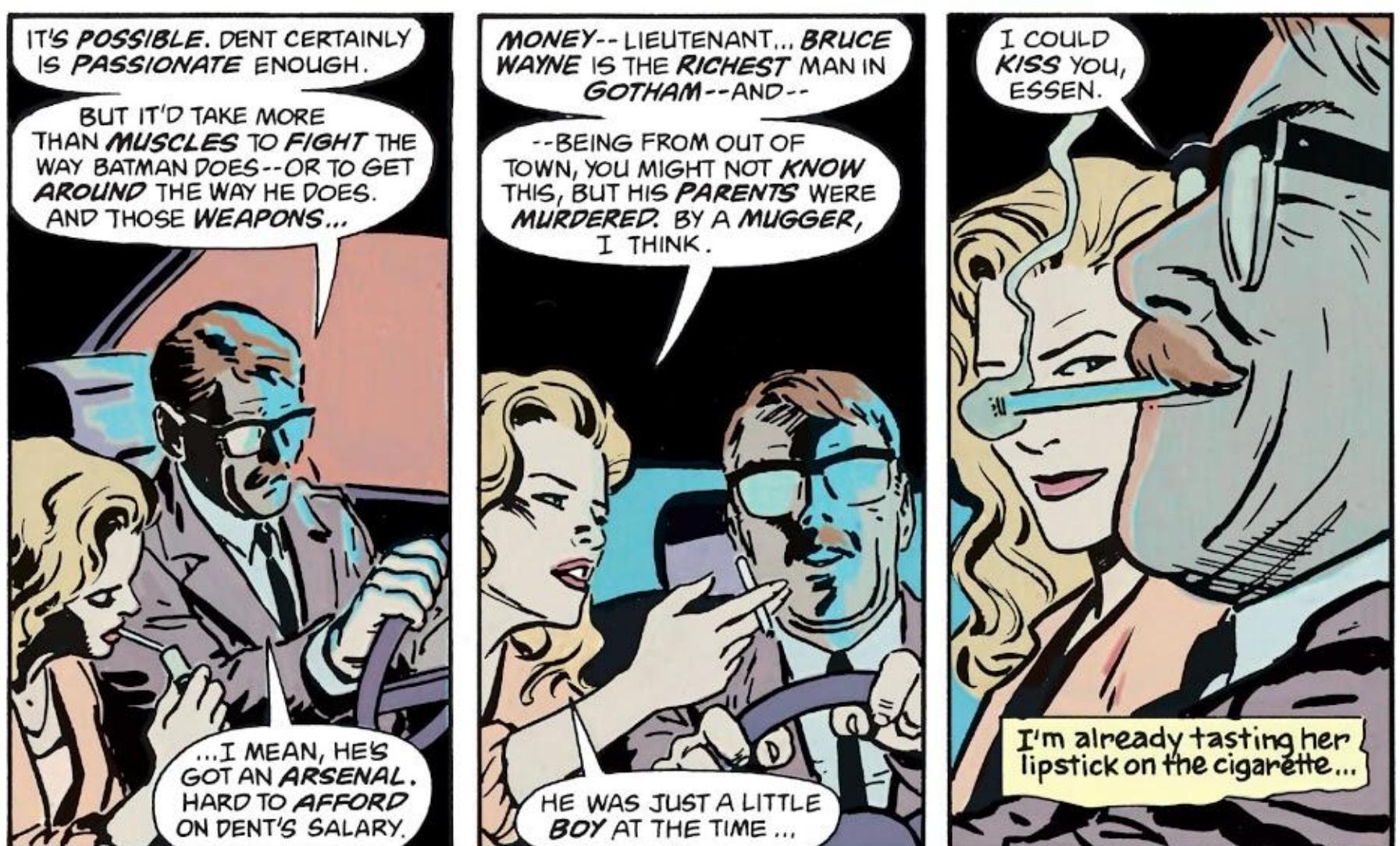
Gordon's wasting a lot  
of manpower on these  
traps.

**June 5**



**June 6**







--maybe it's a heart attack--

--he's out of control--  
his foot must be pressed to the accelerator --



