

SMILE

**BATMAN  
THE  
KILLING  
JOKER**  
ALAN MOORE  
BRIAN BOLLAND  
JOHN HIGGINS

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**BATMAN:  
THE KILLING JOKE**

Batman created by Bob Kane

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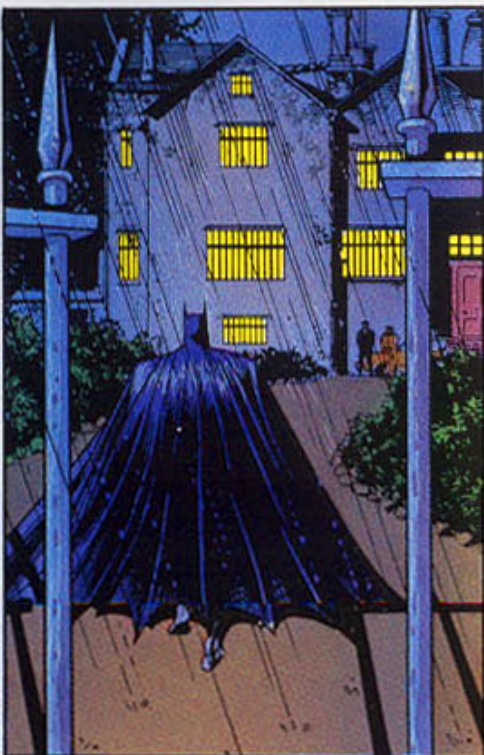
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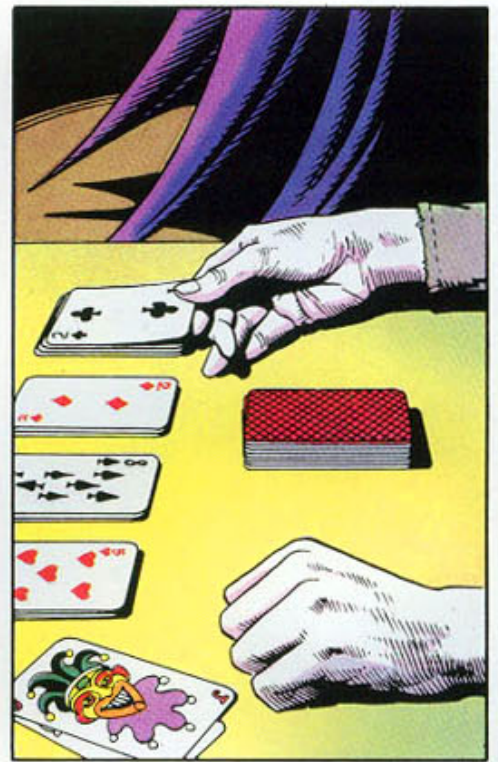
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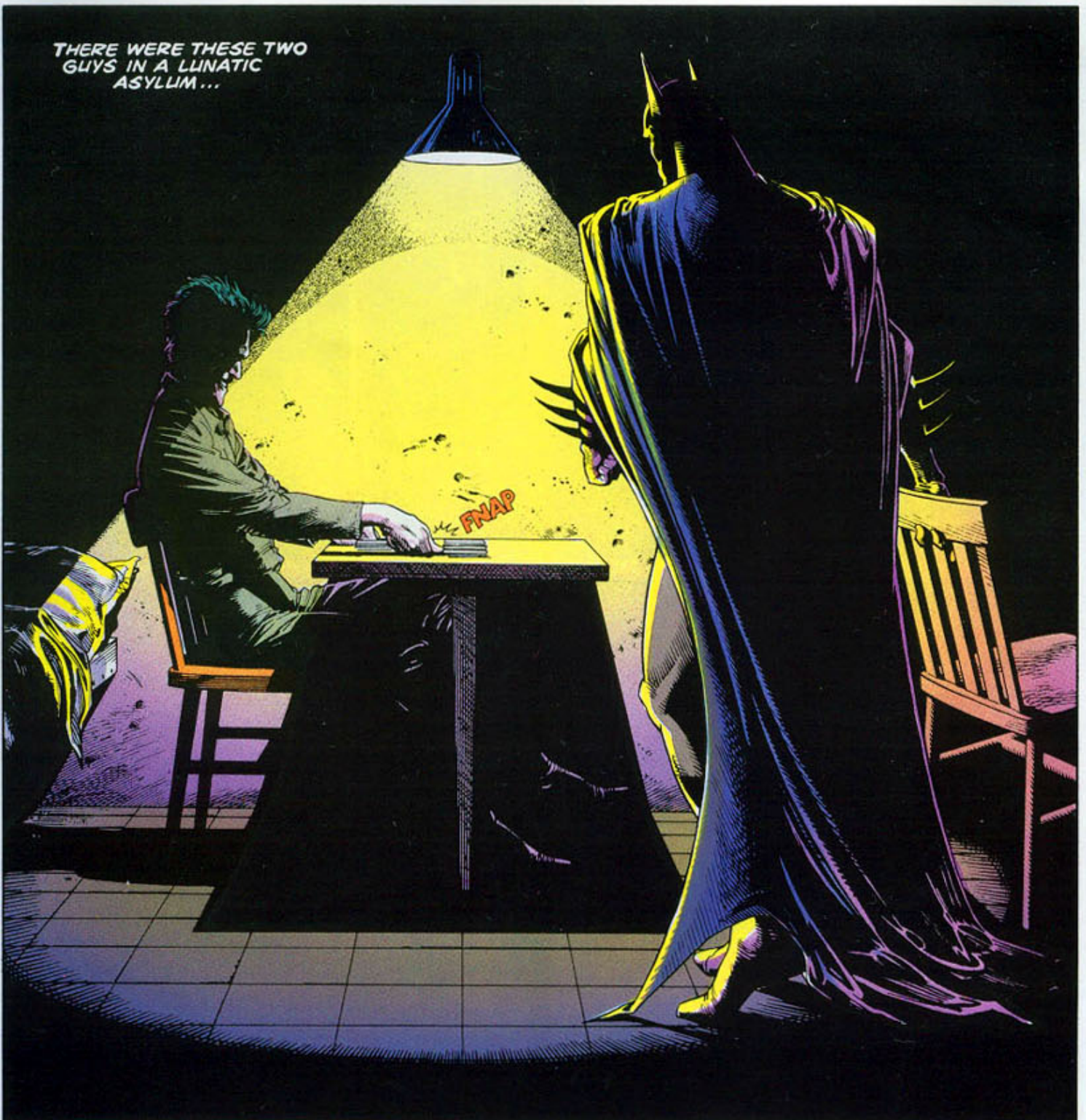








THERE WERE THESE TWO  
GUYS IN A LUNATIC  
ASYLUM ...











"WHERE IS HE?"

AH! THERE YOU ARE!

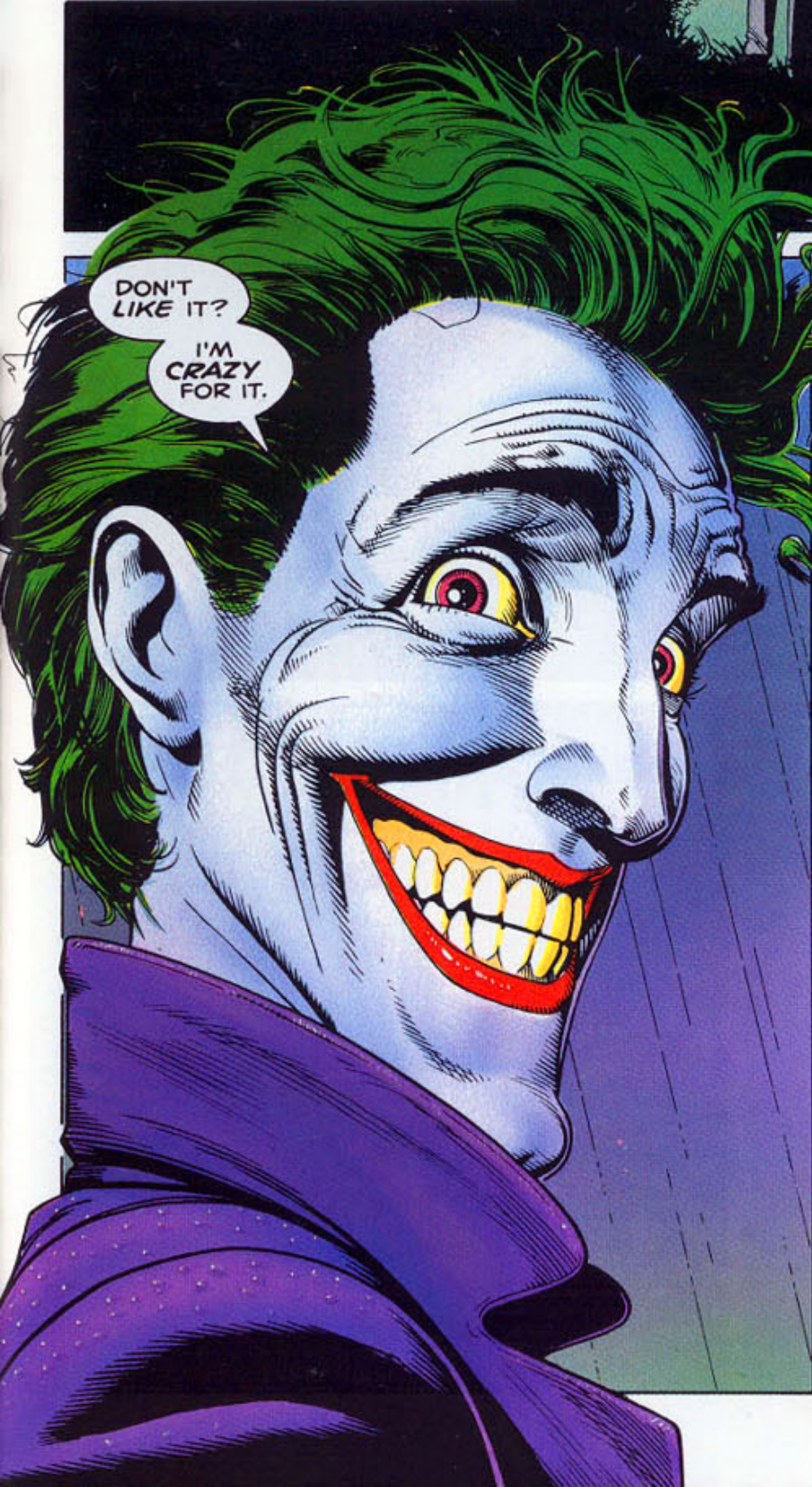
HAVE YOU HAD A CHANCE TO INSPECT THE PROPERTY AND DECIDE IF IT'S WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR?



WELL, IT'S GARISH, UGLY, AND DERELICTS HAVE USED IT FOR A TOILET.

THE RIDES ARE DILAPIDATED TO THE POINT OF BEING LETHAL, AND COULD EASILY MAIM OR KILL INNOCENT LITTLE CHILDREN.

Oh. SO YOU DON'T LIKE IT?



DON'T LIKE IT?

I'M CRAZY FOR IT.

YOU...? YOU REALLY WANT TO BUY IT? AND THE PRICE I MENTIONED, IT ISN'T TOO STEEP...?

TOO STEEP? MY DEAR SIR, AS I LOOK AT IT I'M MAKING A KILLING...



... AND ANYWAY, MONEY ISN'T REALLY A PROBLEM.



NOT THESE DAYS.





I DON'T MEAN TO TAKE IT OUT ON YOU. YOU'RE SUH-SUFFERING ENOUGH, BEING MARRIED TO A LOSER.

HONEY, THAT'S NOT...

IT'S TRUE. I CAN'T SUPPORT YOU. OH JEANNIE, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?



IT'LL BE OKAY.

JUNIOR WON'T BE HERE FOR ANOTHER THREE MONTHS, AND I THINK MRS. BURKISS WILL LET THE RENT GO A LITTLE LONGER. SHE FEELS SORRY FOR ME.

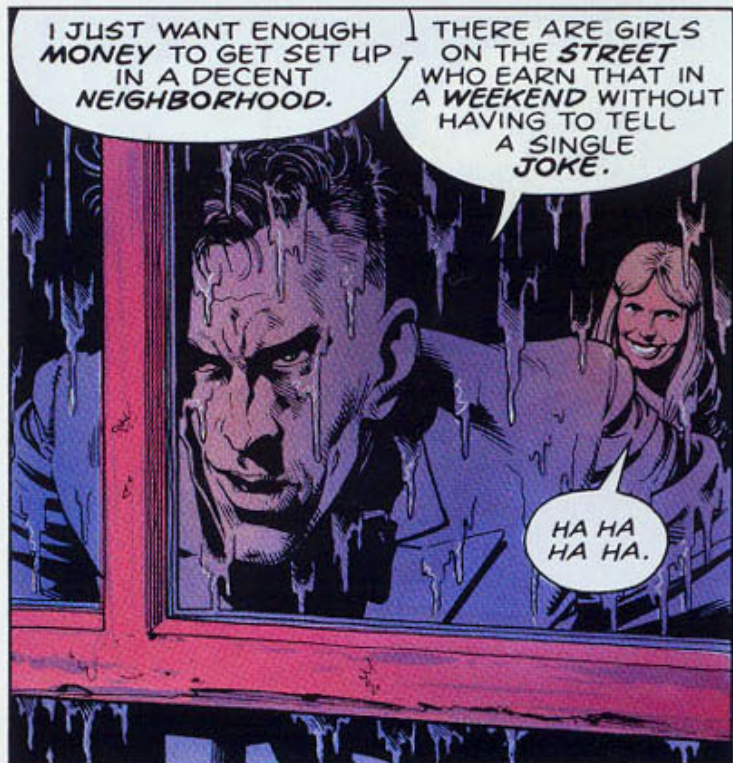
SHE HATES ME.



SHE COMES OUT INTO THE HALLWAY TO SCOWL AT ME EVERY TIME I GO UPSTAIRS.

THIS HOUSE STINKS OF CAT LITTER AND OLD PEOPLE.

I'VE GOT TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE BABY COMES...



I JUST WANT ENOUGH MONEY TO GET SET UP IN A DECENT NEIGHBORHOOD.

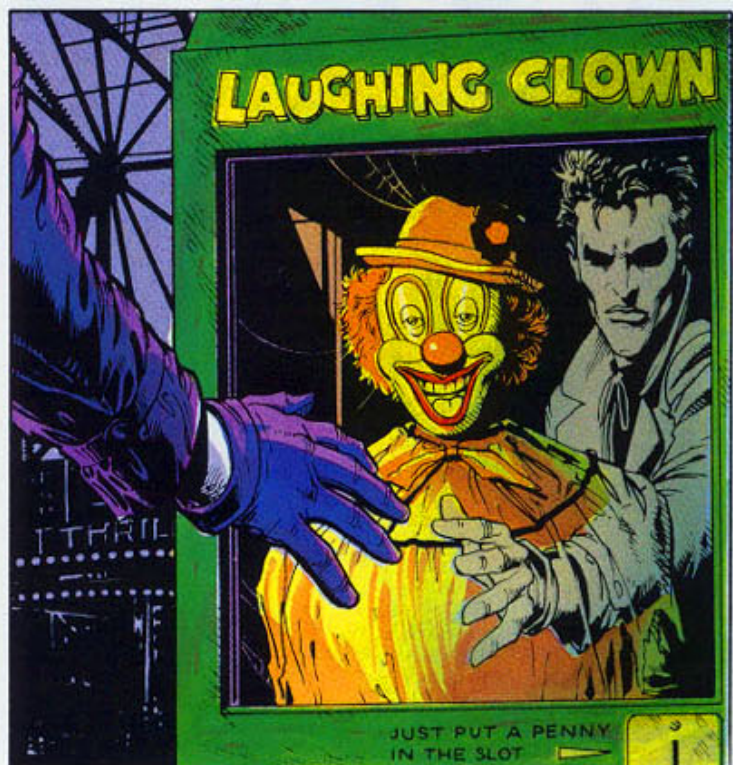
THERE ARE GIRLS ON THE STREET WHO EARN THAT IN A WEEKEND WITHOUT HAVING TO TELL A SINGLE JOKE.

HA HA HA HA.



HONEY, DON'T WORRY. NOT ABOUT ANY OF IT. I STILL LOVE YOU, Y'KNOW? JOB OR NO JOB, YOU'RE GOOD IN THE SACK...

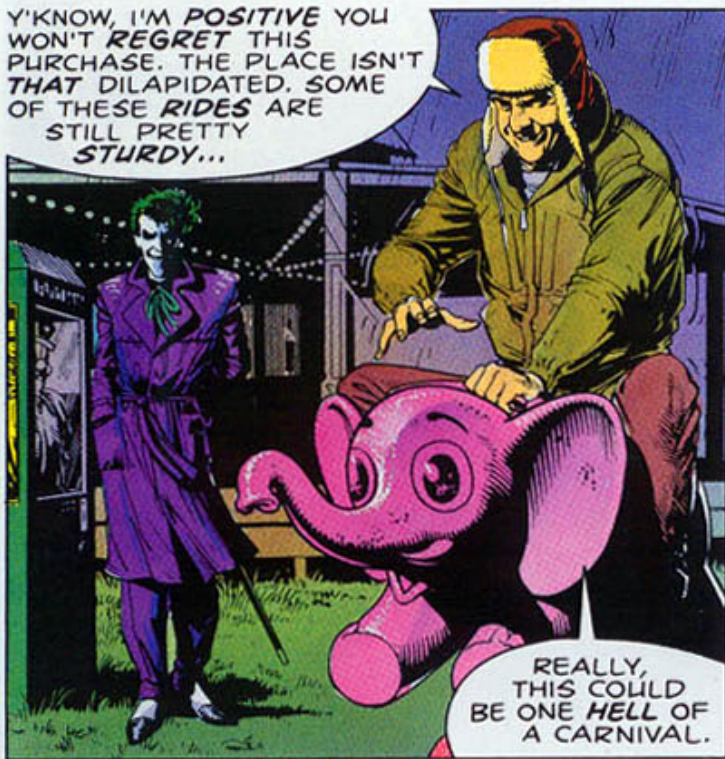
... AND YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE ME LAUGH.



LAUGHING CLOWN

JUST PUT A PENNY IN THE SLOT

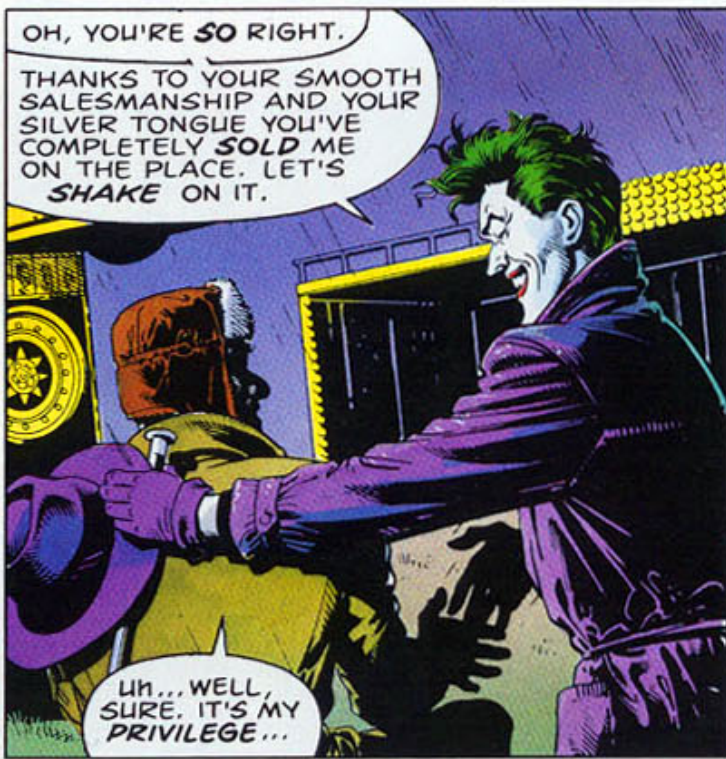
Y'KNOW, I'M **POSITIVE** YOU WON'T **REGRET** THIS PURCHASE. THE PLACE ISN'T **THAT** DILAPIDATED. SOME OF THESE **RIDES** ARE STILL **PRETTY STURDY...**



REALLY, THIS COULD BE ONE **HELL** OF A CARNIVAL.

OH, YOU'RE **SO** RIGHT.

THANKS TO YOUR **SMOOTH** SALESMANSHIP AND YOUR **SILVER TONGUE** YOU'VE COMPLETELY **SOLD** ME ON THE PLACE. LET'S **SHAKE** ON IT.



UH... WELL, SURE. IT'S MY **PRIVILEGE...**

INDEED IT IS.

NATURALLY, I WON'T BE **PAYING** YOU ANYTHING. MY **COLLEAGUES** PERSUADED YOUR **PARTNER** TO SIGN THE NECESSARY **DOCUMENTS** JUST OVER AN **HOUR** AGO.

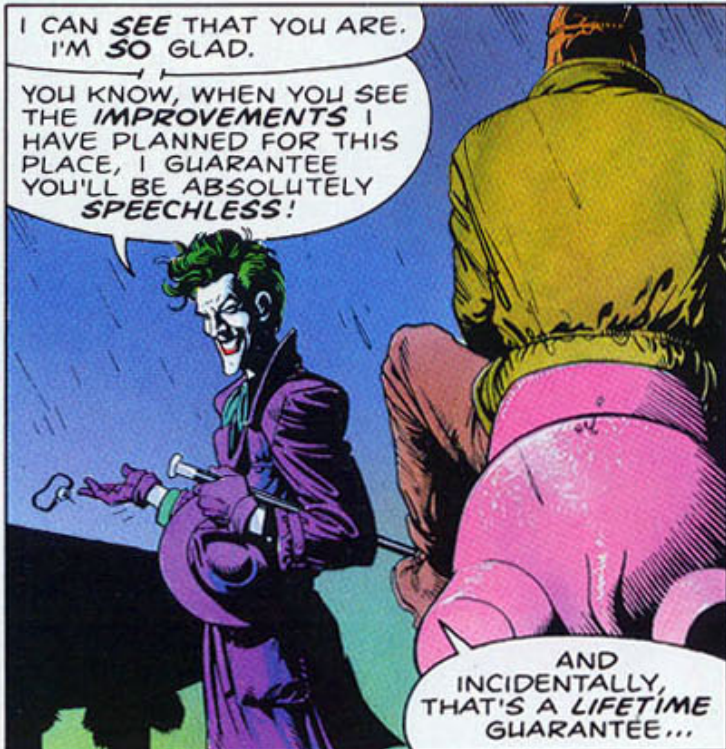
THE **PROPERTY'S** MINE **ALREADY.**



YOU'RE **HAPPY** WITH THAT, I TAKE IT?

I CAN **SEE** THAT YOU ARE. I'M **SO** GLAD.

YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU SEE THE **IMPROVEMENTS** I HAVE PLANNED FOR THIS PLACE, I **GUARANTEE** YOU'LL BE **ABSOLUTELY SPEECHLESS!**



AND **INCIDENTALLY,** THAT'S A **LIFETIME** **GUARANTEE...**

WELL, I MUST **DASH.** THERE'S **EQUIPMENT** TO HIRE, PLUS **WORKERS** WHO'LL SUIT THE **GENERAL TONE** OF THE **ESTABLISHMENT...**



... AND THEN, OF COURSE, I'VE YET TO **SECURE** MY **MAIN** **ATTRACTION.**

**DO** FEEL **FREE** TO **STICK** **AROUND.**







NO. THAT'S ALL. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO. IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE.

I DON'T KNOW HIM, ALFRED.

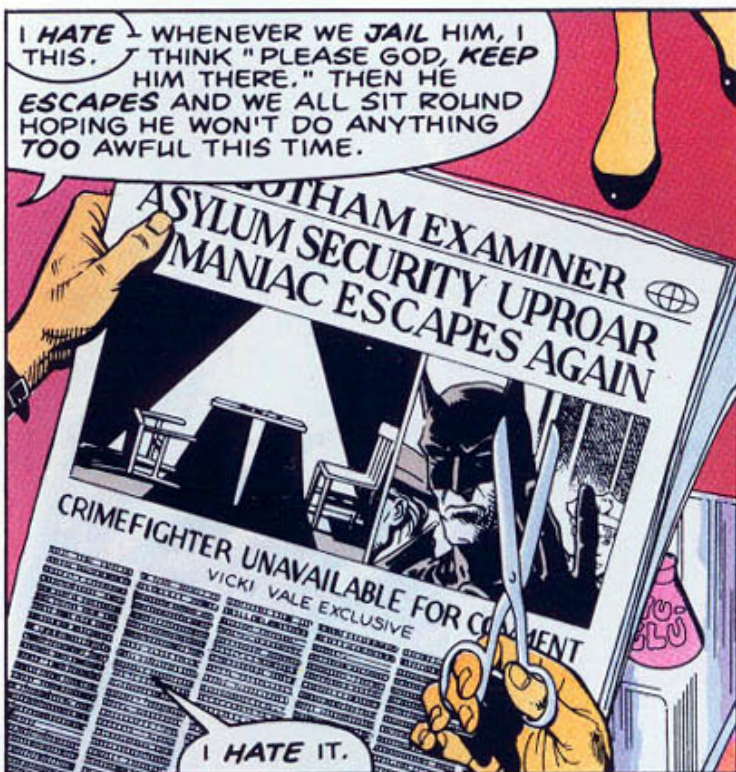
ALL THESE YEARS AND I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS ANY MORE THAN HE KNOWS WHO I AM.

HOW CAN TWO PEOPLE HATE SO MUCH WITHOUT KNOWING EACH OTHER?

YOUR REFRESHMENTS, SIR.

MASTER BRUCE?

IS THERE ANYTHING FURTHER I CAN ASSIST WITH, OR WILL THAT BE ALL?









BARB...?

PLEASE DON'T WORRY. IT'S A PSYCHOLOGICAL COMPLAINT, COMMON AMONGST EX-LIBRARIANS. YOU SEE, SHE THINKS SHE'S A COFFEE TABLE EDITION...



MIND YOU, I CAN'T SAY MUCH FOR THE VOLUME'S CONDITION.

I MEAN, THERE'S A HOLE IN THE JACKET AND THE SPINE APPEARS TO BE DAMAGED.

YOU, YOU SCUM, MY DAUGHTER, I'LL...



YUFF

FRANKLY, SHE WON'T BE WALKING OFF THE SHELVES IN THAT STATE OF REPAIR.

IN FACT, THE IDEA OF HER WALKING ANYWHERE SEEMS INCREASINGLY REMOTE. BUT THEN, THAT'S ALWAYS A PROBLEM WITH SOFTBACKS.



GOD, THESE LITERARY DISCUSSIONS ARE SO DRY. WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH THE OLD BOY, YOU KNOW WHERE TO TAKE HIM.

AND PLEASE... DO BE CAREFUL! AFTER ALL, HE IS TOPPING THE BILL.



YOU KNOW, IT'S SUCH A SHAME YOU'LL MISS YOUR FATHER'S DEBUT, MISS GORDON.

SADLY, OUR VENUE WASN'T BUILT WITH THE DISABLED IN MIND. BUT DON'T WORRY... I'LL TAKE SOME SNAPSHOTS TO REMIND HIM OF YOU.



WUH... WUH... WHY... ARE YOU...

DUH... DOING THIS..?



TO PROVE A POINT.

HERE'S TO CRIME.



Y'SEE...Y'SEE, I HAVE TO PROVE MYSELF. AS A HUSBAND, AND, AND AS A FATHER!

I MEAN, I, WELL, I WOULDN'T BE DOING THIS SORT OF THING IF, IF IT WASN'T SOMETHING IMPORTANT.



IT'S LIKE, I BEGAN AS A LAB ASSISTANT, RIGHT? WAS A GOOD JOB. REAL GOOD JOB.

SO, WHAT I DID, I QUIT TO BECOME A COMEDIAN. I WAS SO SURE. SO SURE I HAD TALENT.



BUT, HA, WELL, LOOK AT ME. I GUESS MY TALENTS DIDN'T LIE IN THAT DIRECTION.

SO, YOU SEE, LIKE, IF I JUST DO THIS ONE BIG CRIME...

HEY, JEEZ, MAN, BE COOL.



I'M SORRY. I'M SORRY, I DON'T USUALLY DRINK LUNCHTIMES...

IT'S JUST, IF YOU'RE SURE WE CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS THING AND THAT NOBODY WILL KNOW I WAS INVOLVED...

DON'T WORRY, FRIEND. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.



WE NEED YOUR HELP GETTING THROUGH THAT CHEMICAL PLANT WHERE YOU WORKED TO THE PLAYING CARD COMPANY NEXT DOOR.

WE REALLY APPRECIATE YOUR EXPERTISE.

SO, LIKE, TO ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE NOBODY CONNECTS YOU WITH THE ROBBERY...



... YOU'LL BE WEARING THIS.



WEARING...? B-BUT THERE ARE NO EYE-SLITS. I WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE.

THERE'S THESE LENSES O' RED TWO-WAY MIRROR GLASS SET INTO IT. PRETTY SMART STUFF, RIGHT?



I, I DUNNO, THAT MASK... ISN'T IT THE ONE THAT RED HOOD GUY WEARS WHO RAIDED THAT ICE COMPANY LAST MONTH?

SMARTEN UP. THERE AIN'T NO "RED HOOD". THERE'S JUST A BUNCHA GUYS, ANNA MASK.



RIGHT! IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO'S UNDER THE HOOD. WE JUST SORT OF LET THE MOST VALUED MEMBER OF THE MOB WEAR IT FOR, uh, ADDITIONAL ANONYMITY.

SURE! THE MOST VALUED MEMBER. THAT'S YOU, MAN.

hhech



Ahhh, LOOK, REALLY, I DON'T KNOW... THAT CHEMICAL PLANT'S SO GRIM AND UGLY. THAT'S PARTLY WHY I QUIT.

BUT YOU SAID THERE'S MINIMAL SECURITY, MAN.

LISTEN, DO YOU WANT TO RAISE YOUR KID IN POVERTY?



NO. NO, OF COURSE I MEAN, IT'S NOT. YOU'RE RIGHT. I CAN SWITCH NEIGHBORHOODS AND START A PROPER LIFE...

THAT'S THE ATTITUDE! SO... NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT, AT ELEVEN?



SURE. SURE, WHY NOT? HA HA! FRIDAY IT IS.

MORNING, I'LL BE RICH. I CAN'T IMAGINE IT. MY LIFE'S GOING TO BE COMPLETELY CHANGED!

NOTHING'S GOING TO BE THE SAME...

SNOP SNOP CHLOP



...NOT EVER GAIN.



THE BULLET WENT THROUGH HER *SPINE*.

I'M AFRAID HER LEGS ARE COMPLETELY *USELESS*.

PUTTING IT *BLUNTLY*, SHE MAY WELL BE IN A *CHAIR* FOR THE REMAINDER OF HER *LIFE*.



SOME WOMAN INNA SAME *YOGA CLASS* AS MISS GORDON FOUND HER, NAME OF *COLLEEN REECE*.

SHE FOUND THE, UH, VICTIM, IN A STATE OF UN-*DRESS*, BUT OTHERWISE THE PLACE WAS *EMPTY*. THE COMMISSIONER WAS...

UN*DRESS*?



THEY DIDN'T TELL YOU? HE'D REMOVED HER *CLOTHING* AFTER *SHOOTING* HER. WE, UH...

WELL, WE FOUND A *LENS-CAP* ON THE FLOOR THAT DIDN'T FIT ANY CAMERA IN THE PLACE. WE BELIEVE THAT, UHH...



WELL, THAT HE TOOK SOME *PICTURES*.

OF HER.

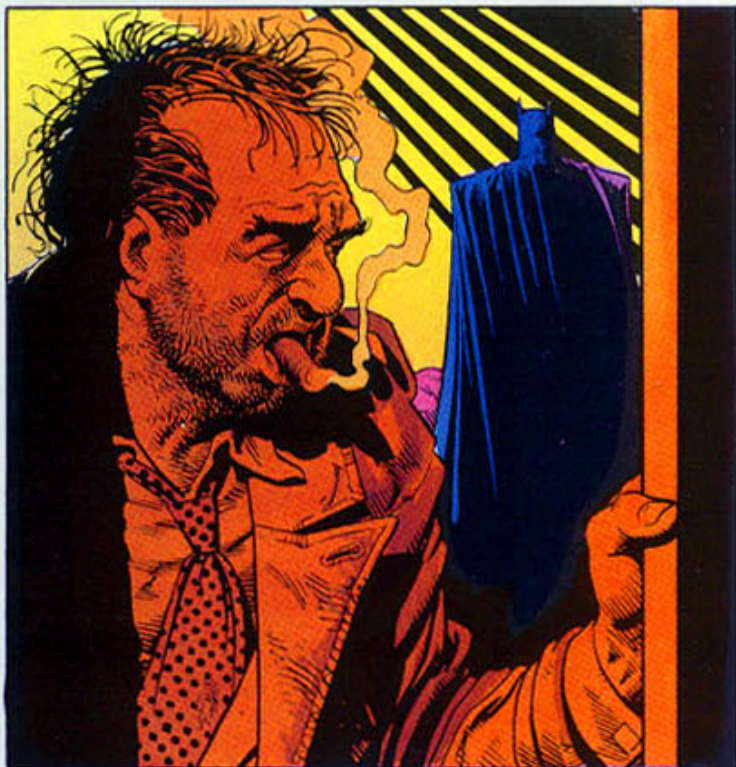
JEEZ, LOOK, REALLY, I'M *SORRY*. I THOUGHT YOU *KNEW*. IT'S PRETTY *SICK*, AIN'T IT?



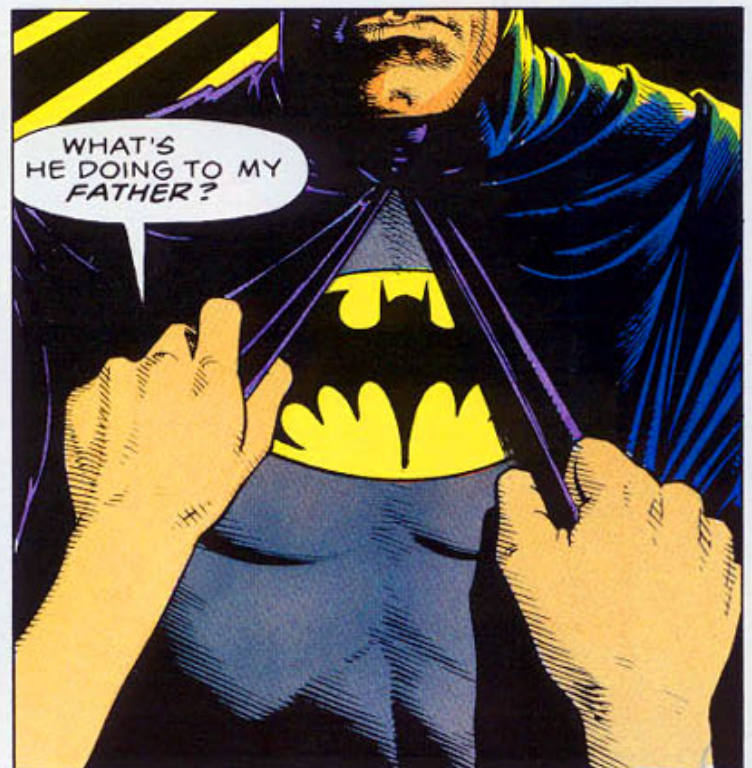
YES.

PRETTY *SICK*.

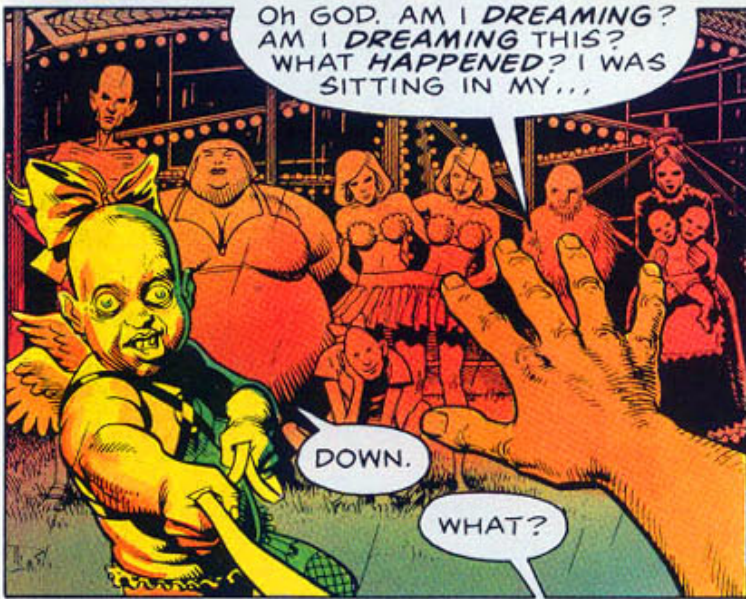
PLEASE LEAVE US ALONE FOR A *MOMENT*.



CLIC









YOU.

Oh NO.  
I...  
REMEMBER.



REMEMBER? OHH, I WOULDN'T DO THAT! REMEMBERING'S DANGEROUS. I FIND THE PAST SUCH A WORRYING, ANXIOUS PLACE.

"THE PAST TENSE" I SUPPOSE YOU'D CALL IT. HA HA HA.



MEMORY'S SO TREACHEROUS. ONE MOMENT YOU'RE LOST IN A CARNIVAL OF DELIGHTS, WITH POIGNANT CHILDHOOD AROMAS, THE FLASHING NEON OF PUBERTY, ALL THAT SENTIMENTAL CANDY-FLOSS...

THE NEXT, IT LEADS YOU SOMEWHERE YOU DON'T WANT TO GO...

HOORK



... SOMEWHERE DARK AND COLD, FILLED WITH THE DAMP, AMBIGUOUS SHAPES OF THINGS YOU'D HOPED WERE FORGOTTEN.

MEMORIES CAN BE VILE, REPULSIVE LITTLE BRUTES, LIKE CHILDREN, I SUPPOSE. HAHA.

BARBARA. OH NO. OH NO...



BUT CAN WE LIVE WITHOUT THEM? MEMORIES ARE WHAT OUR REASON IS BASED UPON. IF WE CAN'T FACE THEM, WE DENY REASON ITSELF!

ALTHOUGH, WHY NOT? WE AREN'T CONTRACTUALLY TIED DOWN TO RATIONALITY!

THERE IS NO SANITY CLAUSE!



SO WHEN YOU FIND YOURSELF LOCKED ONTO AN UNPLEASANT TRAIN OF THOUGHT, HEADING FOR THE PLACES IN YOUR PAST WHERE THE SCREAMING IS UNBEARABLE, REMEMBER THERE'S ALWAYS MADNESS.

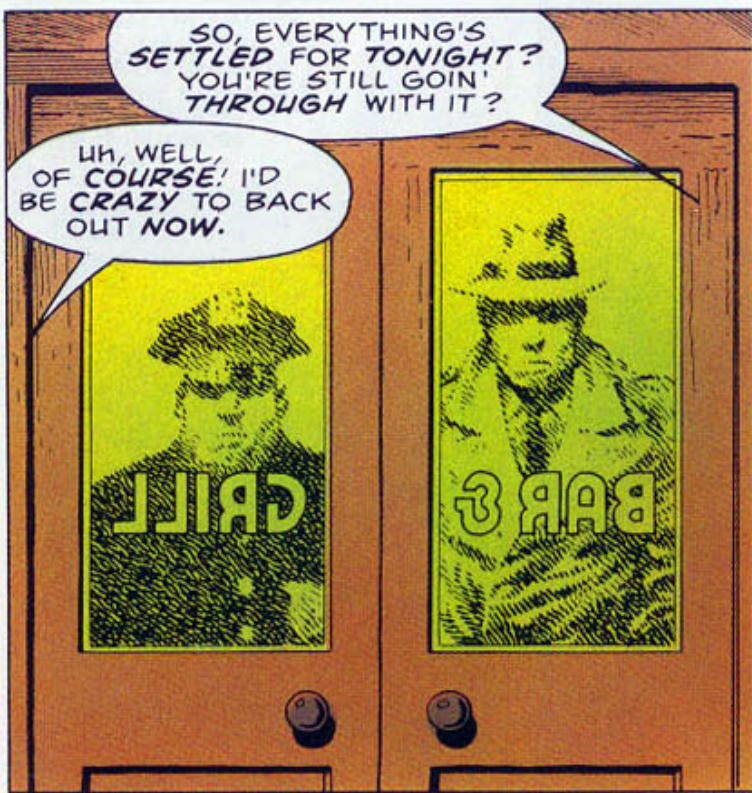
MADNESS IS THE EMERGENCY EXIT...

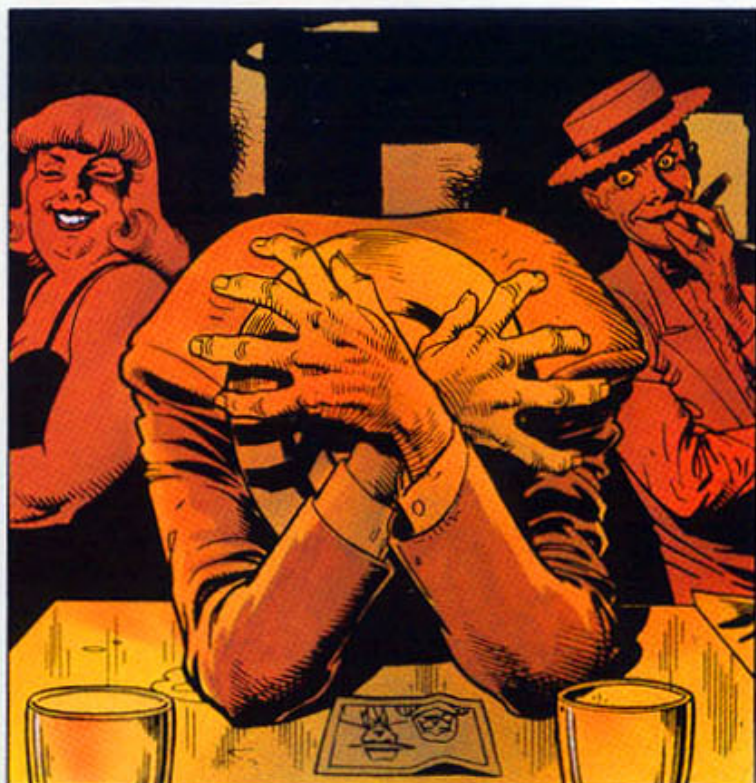


YOU CAN JUST STEP OUTSIDE, AND CLOSE THE DOOR ON ALL THOSE DREADFUL THINGS THAT HAPPENED. YOU CAN LOCK THEM AWAY...

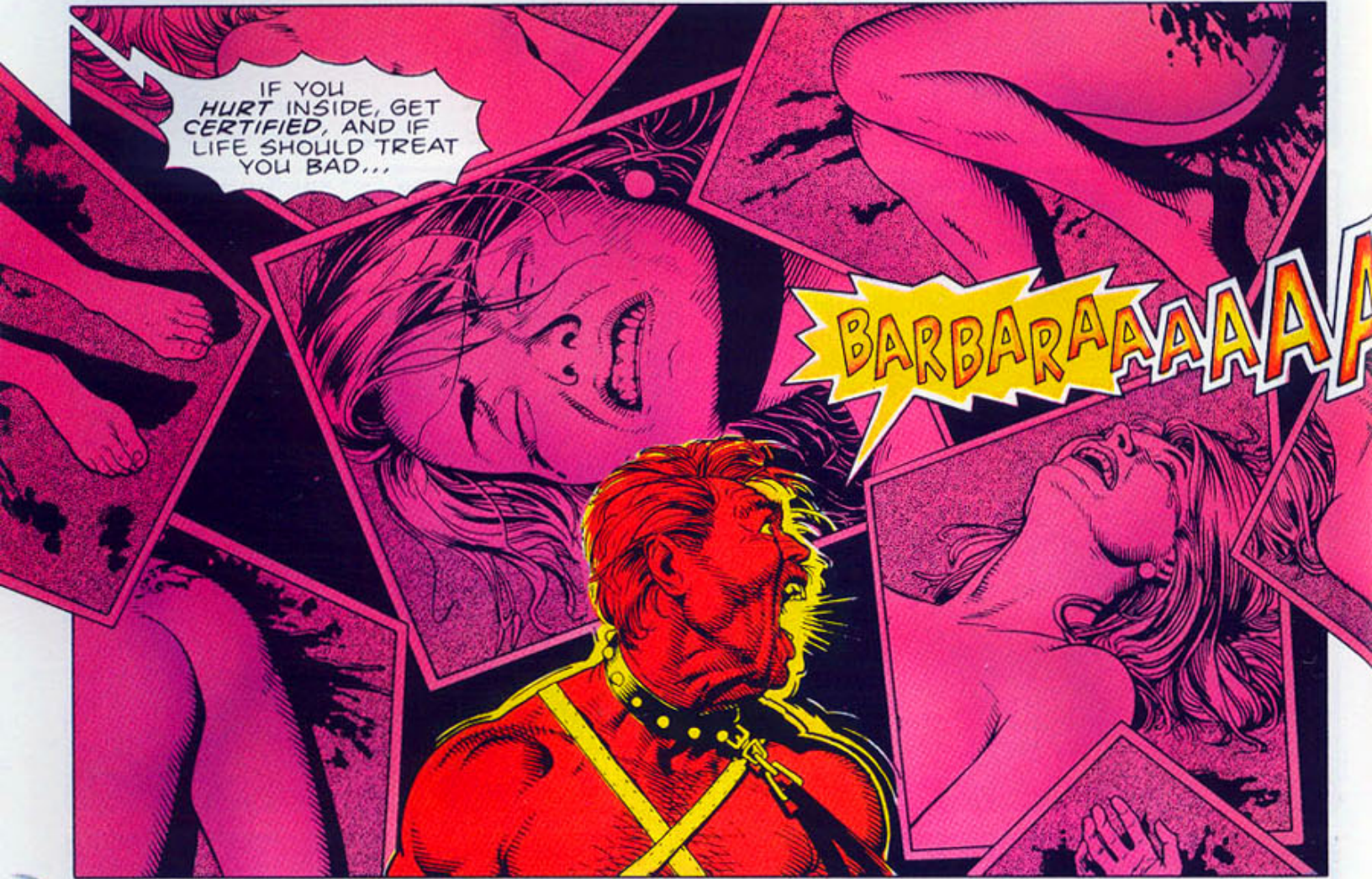
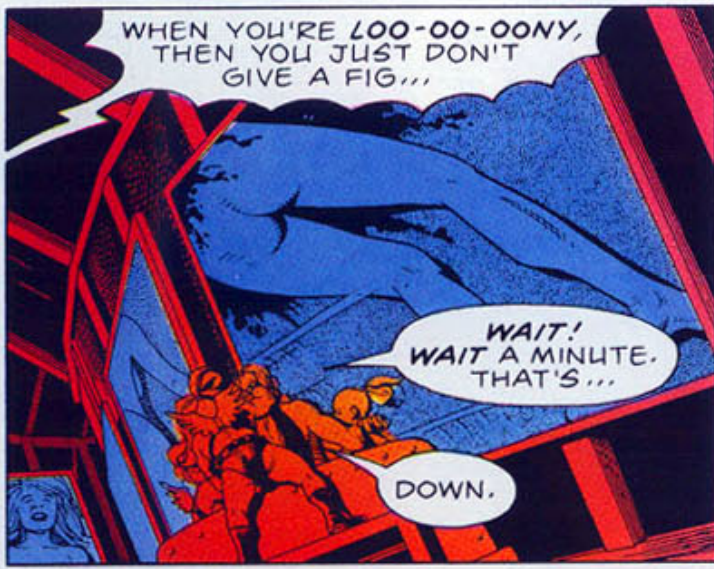
FOREVER.

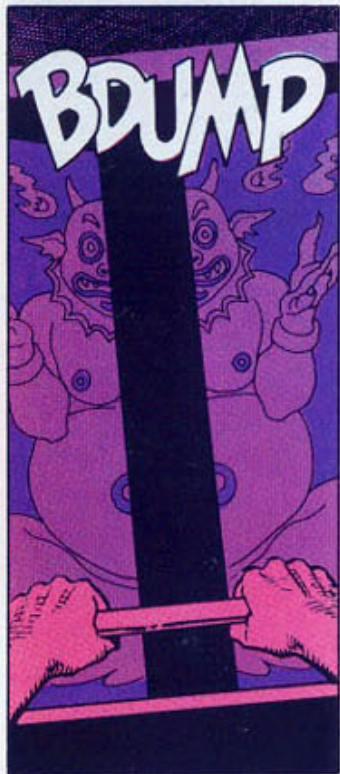


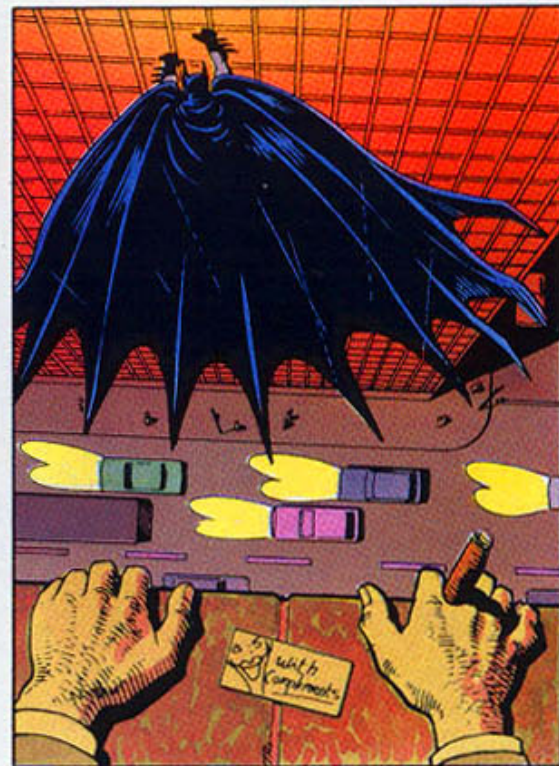




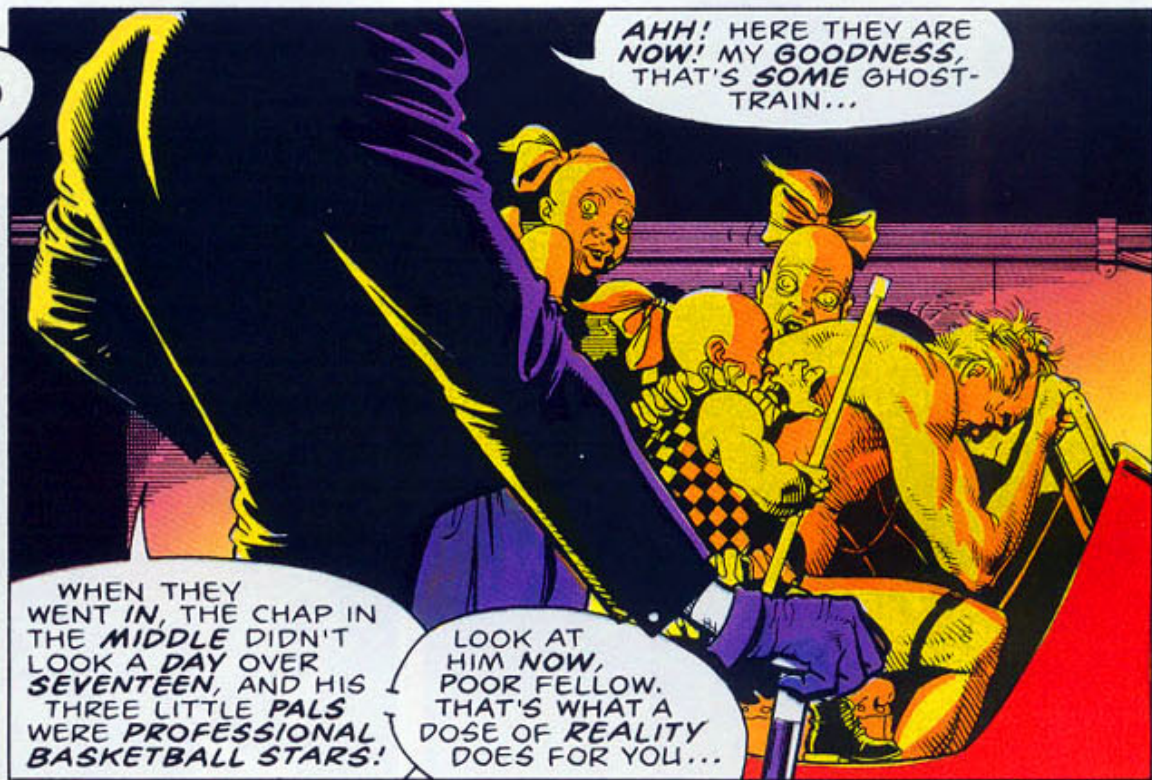








**BUMP**



AHH! HERE THEY ARE NOW! MY GOODNESS, THAT'S SOME GHOST-TRAIN...

WHEN THEY WENT IN, THE CHAP IN THE MIDDLE DIDN'T LOOK A DAY OVER SEVENTEEN, AND HIS THREE LITTLE PALS WERE PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL STARS!

LOOK AT HIM NOW, POOR FELLOW. THAT'S WHAT A DOSE OF REALITY DOES FOR YOU...



NEVER TOUCH THE STUFF MYSELF, YOU UNDERSTAND. FIND IT GETS IN THE WAY OF THE HALLUCINATIONS.

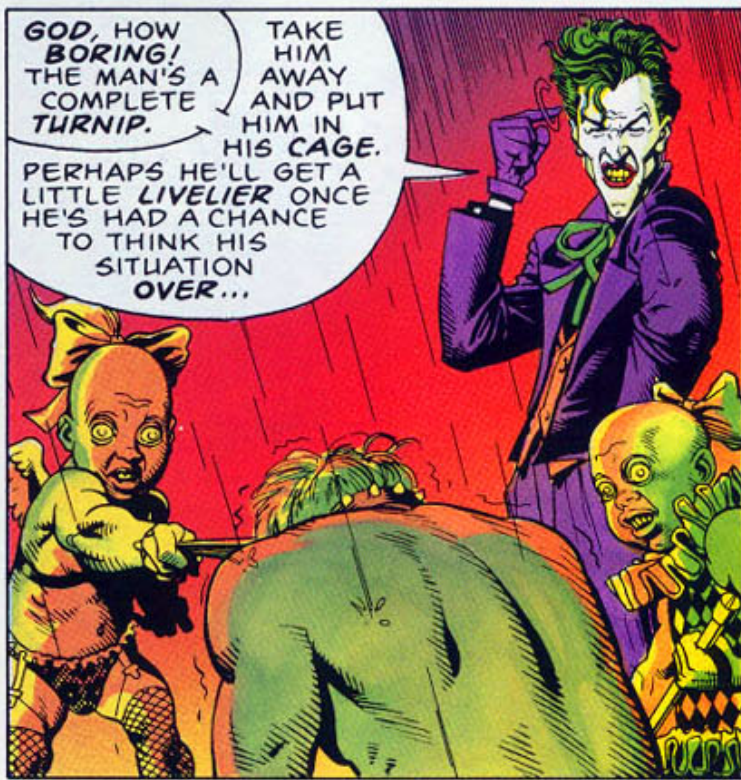


WHY, HELLO, COMMISSIONER! HOW'S THINGS?

COMMISSIONER?

HELLO?

ANYBODY HOME?



GOD, HOW BORING! THE MAN'S A COMPLETE TURNIP.

TAKE HIM AWAY AND PUT HIM IN HIS CAGE.

PERHAPS HE'LL GET A LITTLE LIVELIER ONCE HE'S HAD A CHANCE TO THINK HIS SITUATION OVER...



... TO REFLECT UPON LIFE, AND ALL ITS RANDOM INJUSTICE.



HEY, C'MON! QUIT DAYDREAMIN! ARE WE DOING THIS THING OR AIN'T WE?



UH, YES. YES, OF COURSE.

I WAS, I WAS JUST REMEMBERING... I USED TO WALK ALONG HERE ON THE WAY TO WORK EACH MORNING...

YEAH, YEAH. NOW PUT THIS SUCKER ON, MAN, AN' SHUT UP.



WHAT, RIGHT NOW? I MEAN... I MEAN, ARE YOU SURE IT'S OKAY?

WILL I BE ABLE TO BREATHE?

HEY, MAN, EVERYTHING'S COOL. JEEZ... Y'KNOW, YOU GOT A FUNNY-SHAPED HEAD...



THERE. YOU STILL SEE OKAY, MAN?

WUH, WELL, YEAH. I GUESS, EXCEPT EVERYTHING'S RED... IT'S KINDA STUFFY TOO, AND IT SMELLS FUNNY. DOES MY VOICE SOUND ECHOEY TO YOU?



YOU SOUND GREAT. NOW... HOW ABOUT GUIDIN' US THROUGH THIS STINKIN' FACTORY TO THE JOINT NEXT DOOR?

SURE. SURE THING. Y'KNOW... THIS FEELS KINDA WEIRD. LIKE A DREAM. I KEEP REMEMBERING JEANNIE...

WATCH OUT, MAN. STEPS.



OKAY... WE GO THROUGH HERE, PAST THE FILTER TANKS AND THEN MONARCH PLAYING CARDS IS JUST BEYOND A PARTITION.

Y'KNOW, THIS PLACE... IT LOOKS EVEN WORSE IN RED. IT LOOKS LIKE...

HEY, YOU! FREEEEZE!



C'MON, C'MON, GET 'EM UP!

YOU ASSHOLE! YOU SAID THERE WAS NO SECURITY!

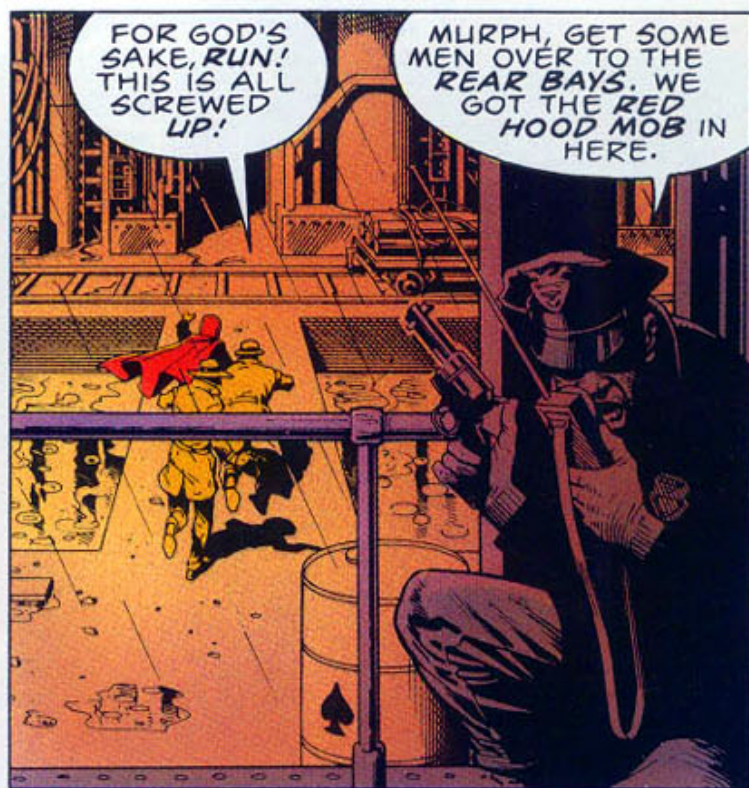
THEY... THEY MUST HAVE ALTERED THINGS SINCE I LEFT...





ALTERED THINGS?  
I'M GONNA ALTER YOUR STUPID HORSE FACE, MAN!

AAAA!  
THAT NOISE!  
IT'S SO LOUD  
IN HERE...



FOR GOD'S SAKE, RUN!  
THIS IS ALL SCREWED UP!

MURPH, GET SOME MEN OVER TO THE REAR BAYS. WE GOT THE RED HOOD MOB IN HERE.



Oh JESUS!  
WHICH WAY IS IT? HOW DO WE GET OUT?

I... I DON'T KNOW! THIS MASK... CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING...

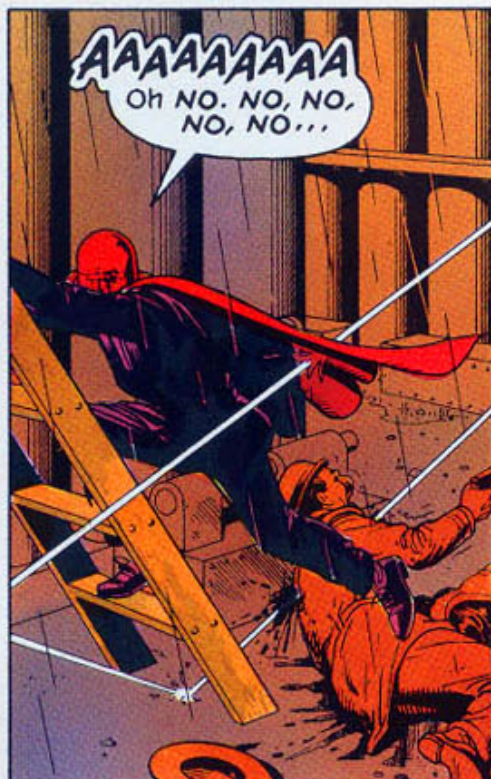
I'M GONNA KILL YOU, YOU USELESS SON OF A BITCH! WHEN WE GET OUTTA HERE, I'M GONNA...



Aw HELL. Aw HELL... YOU GUYS... YOU DON'T WANT ME. YOU WANT HIM. HE'S THE RING-LEADER. HE'S THE RED HOOD...

WHAT? WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT, IT'S ALL OVER ME...

WATCH OUT!  
HE'S PULLING A GUN!



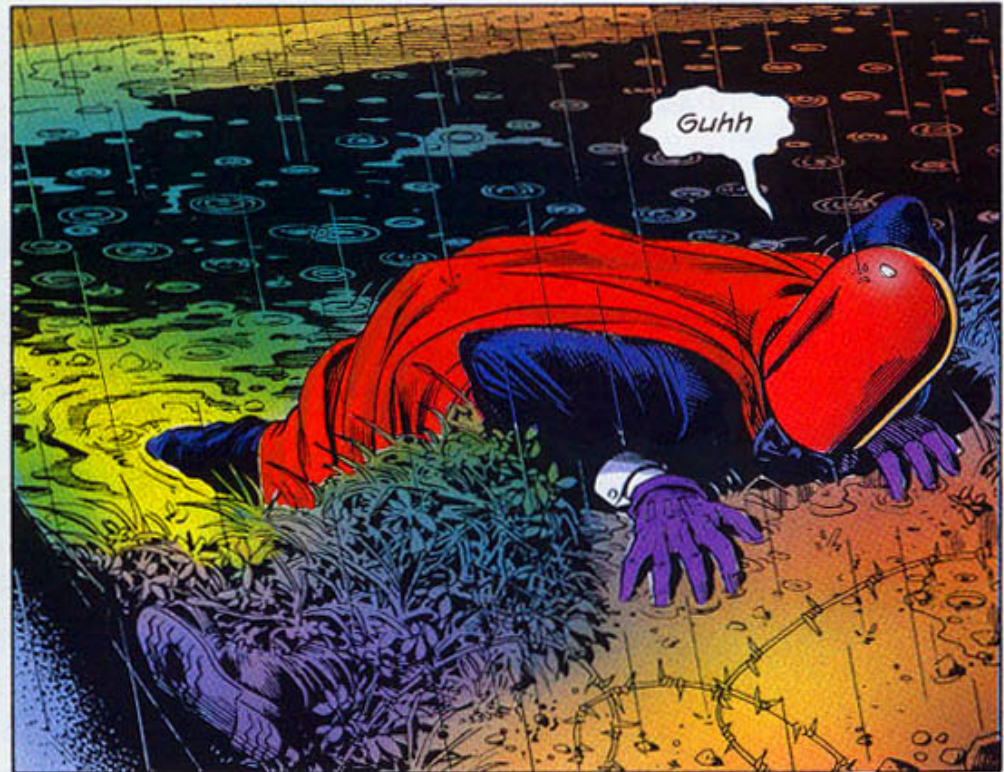
AAAAAAAAAAAA  
Oh NO. NO, NO, NO, NO...



THE RING-LEADER'S TAKING OFF ACROSS THE CAT-WALK...

HE'S STILL IN RANGE...

NO. NO MORE SHOOTING.







AHIIIIIIHIHI...  
AHIIIIIIHIHI.

THAT'S  
SO FUNNY.

THAT'S  
SO FUNNY.

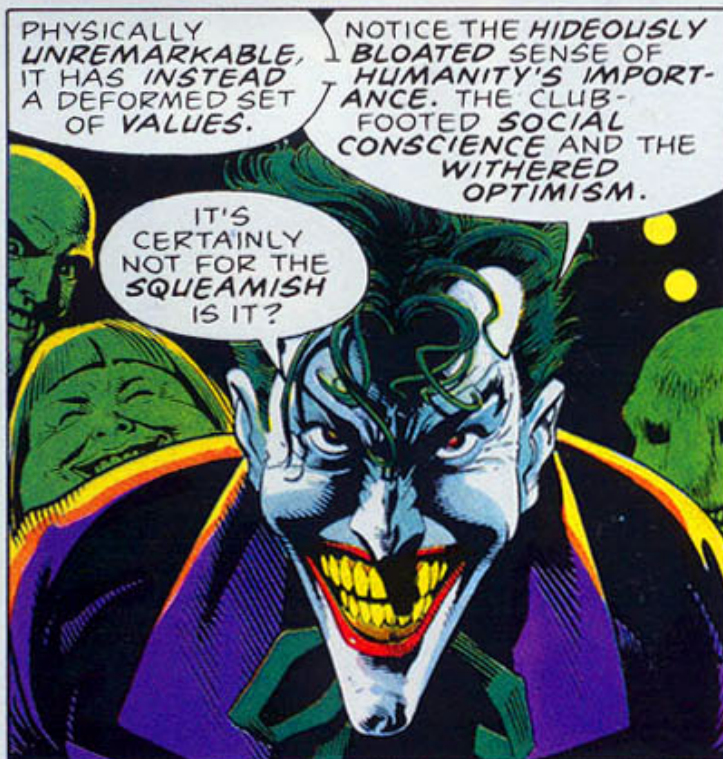
ALF!  
HA-AUFF!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!  
YOU'VE READ ABOUT IT IN THE  
NEWSPAPERS! NOW, SHUDDER  
AS YOU OBSERVE, BEFORE YOUR  
VERY EYES, THAT MOST RARE  
AND TRAGIC OF NATURE'S  
MISTAKES!

I GIVE  
YOU... THE  
AVERAGE  
MAN!

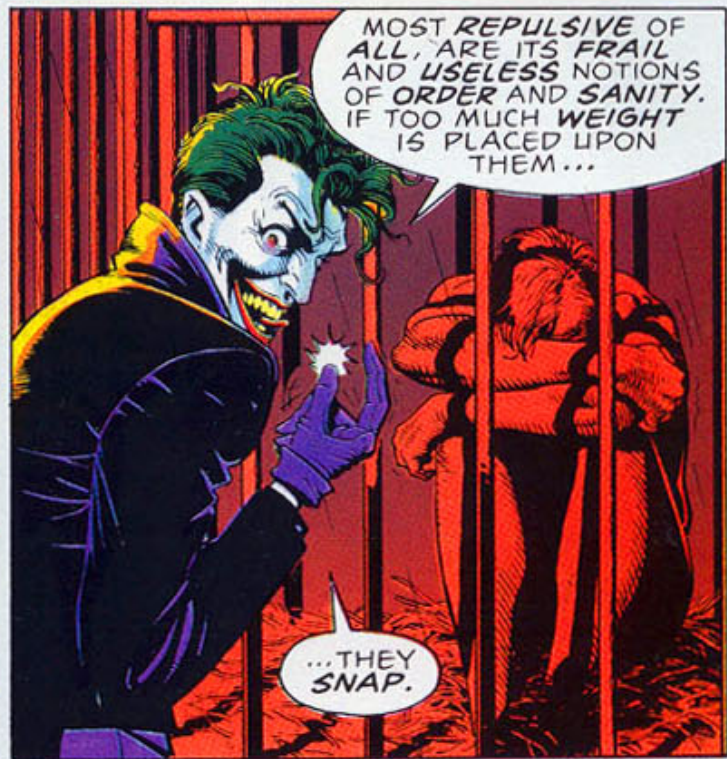
OOOHH...



PHYSICALLY  
UNREMARKABLE,  
IT HAS INSTEAD  
A DEFORMED SET  
OF VALUES.

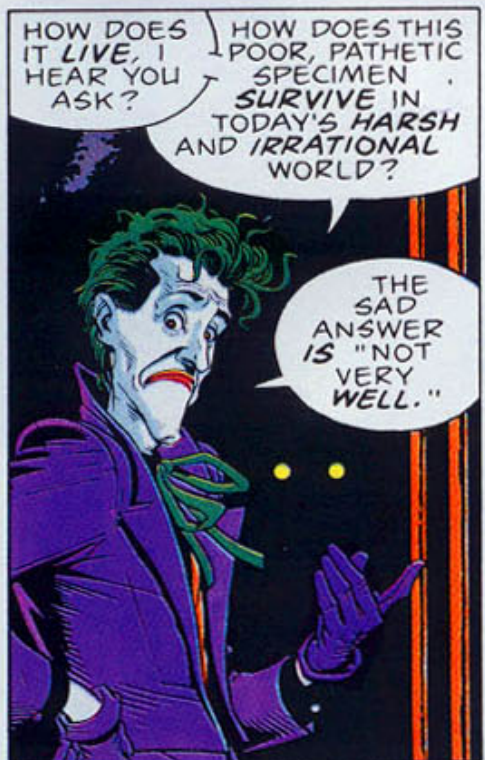
NOTICE THE HIDEOUSLY  
BLOATED SENSE OF  
HUMANITY'S IMPORT-  
ANCE. THE CLUB-  
FOOTED SOCIAL  
CONSCIENCE AND THE  
WITHERED  
OPTIMISM.

IT'S  
CERTAINLY  
NOT FOR THE  
SQUEAMISH  
IS IT?



MOST REPULSIVE OF  
ALL, ARE ITS FRAIL  
AND USELESS NOTIONS  
OF ORDER AND SANITY.  
IF TOO MUCH WEIGHT  
IS PLACED UPON  
THEM...

...THEY  
SNAP.



HOW DOES  
IT LIVE, I  
HEAR YOU  
ASK?

HOW DOES THIS  
POOR, PATHETIC  
SPECIMEN  
SURVIVE IN  
TODAY'S HARSH  
AND IRRATIONAL  
WORLD?

THE  
SAD  
ANSWER  
IS "NOT  
VERY  
WELL."



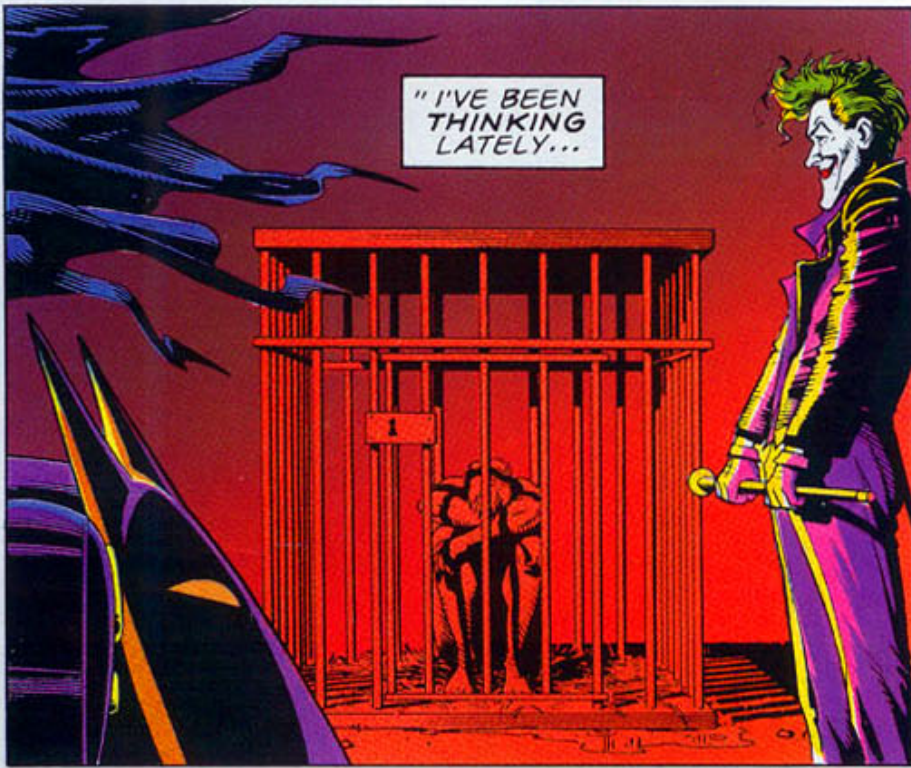
FACED WITH THE INESCAP-  
ABLE FACT THAT HUMAN  
EXISTENCE IS MAD, RAN-  
DOM AND POINTLESS, ONE  
IN EIGHT OF THEM CRACK  
UP AND GO STARK  
SLAVERING  
BUGGO!

WHO CAN  
BLAME THEM?  
IN A WORLD AS  
PSYCHOTIC AS THIS...



... ANY  
OTHER  
RESPONSE  
WOULD BE  
CRAZY!

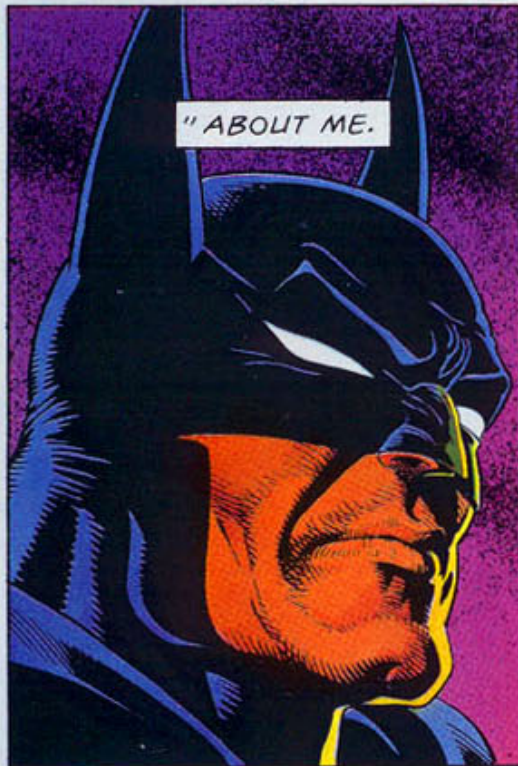




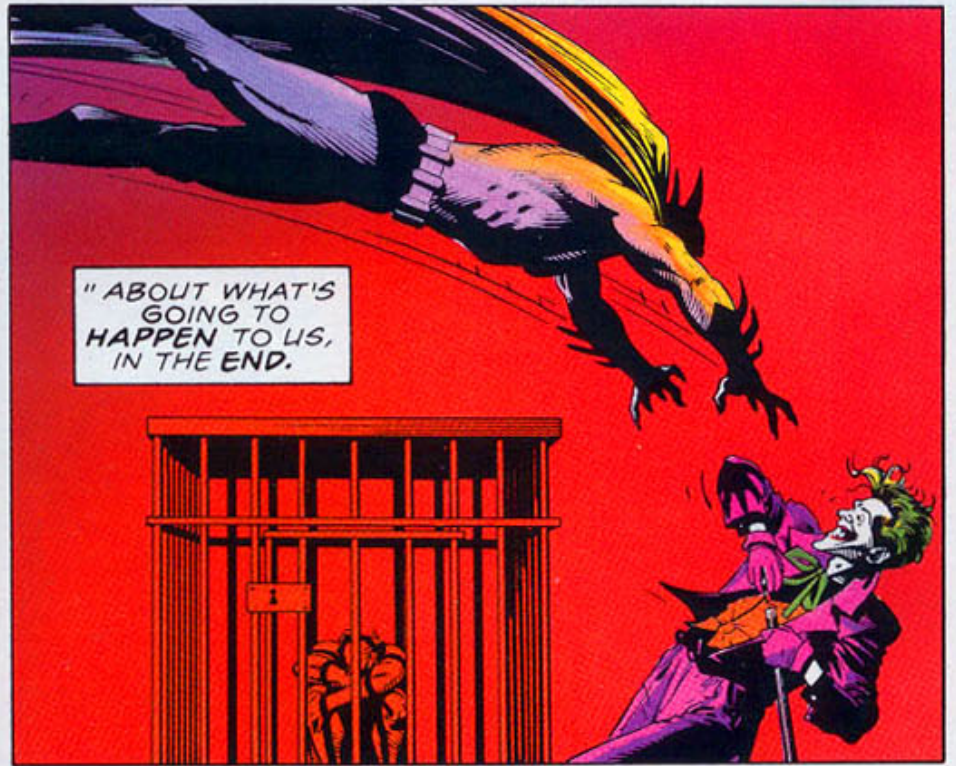
" I'VE BEEN THINKING LATELY...



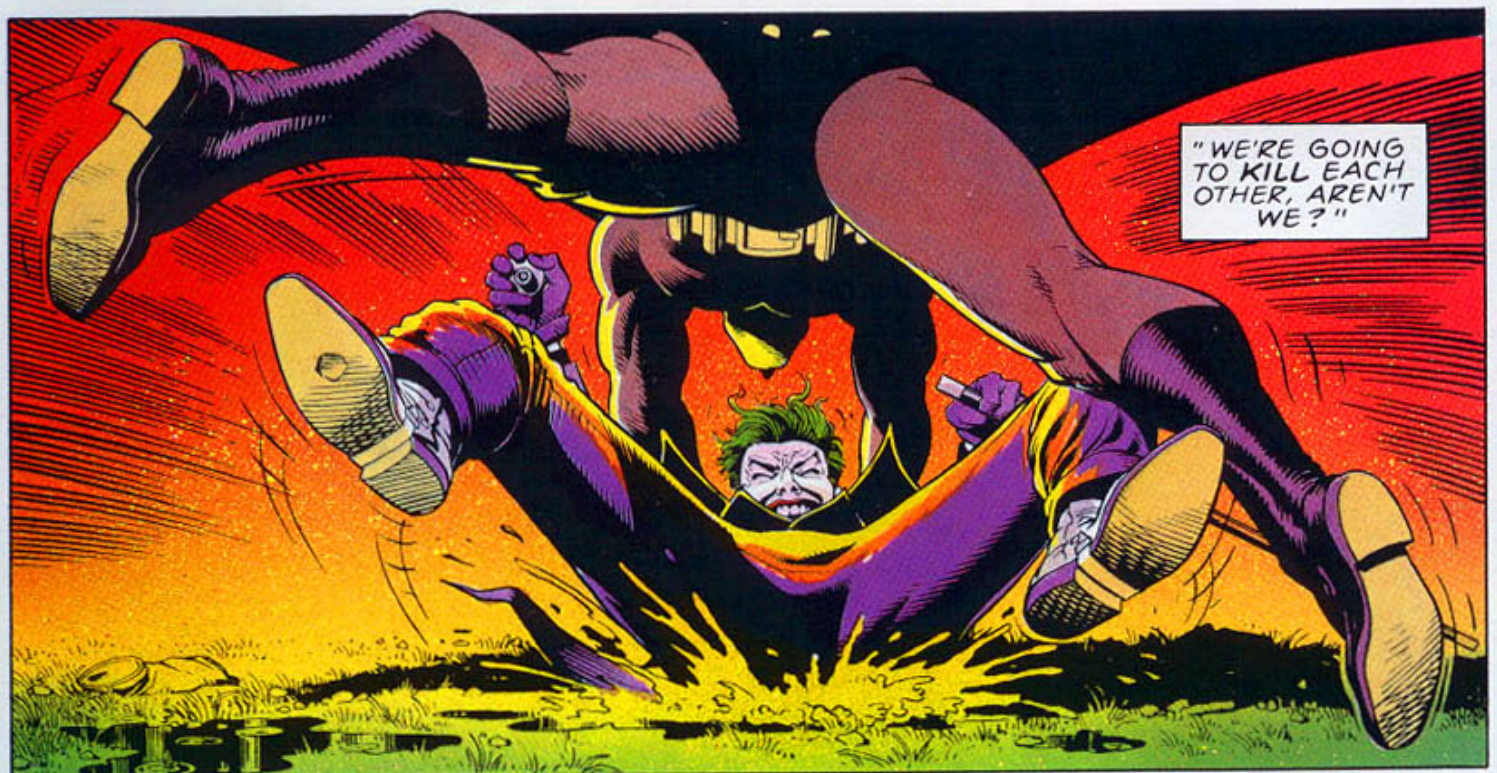
" ABOUT YOU...



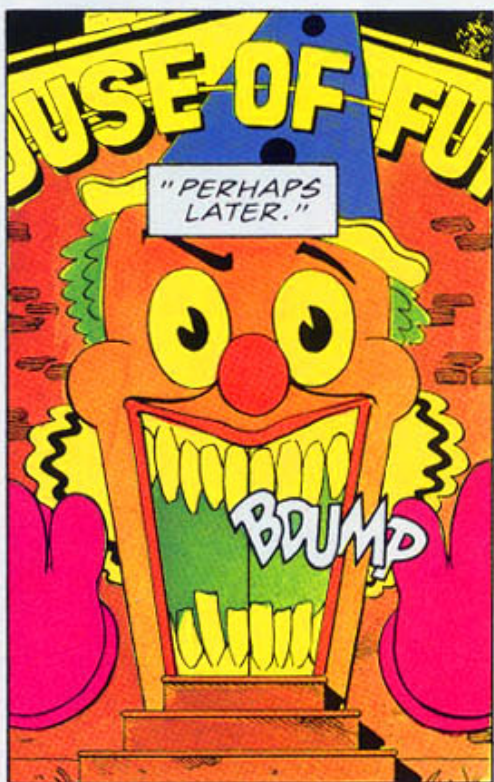
" ABOUT ME.

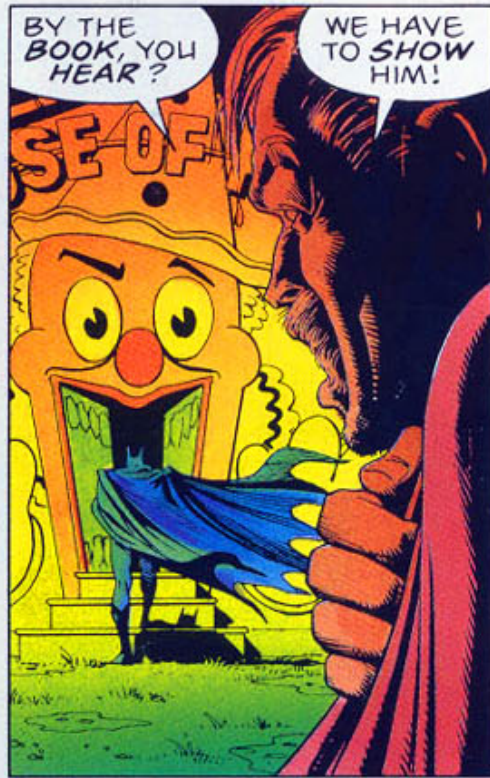


" ABOUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US, IN THE END.



" WE'RE GOING TO KILL EACH OTHER, AREN'T WE? "









SO... I SEE YOU RECEIVED THE FREE TICKET I SENT YOU.

I'M GLAD. I DID SO WANT YOU TO BE HERE.



YOU SEE, IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU CATCH ME AND SEND ME BACK TO THE ASYLUM...

GORDON'S BEEN DRIVEN MAD.

I'VE PROVED MY POINT.



I'VE DEMONSTRATED THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME AND EVERYONE ELSE!

ALL IT TAKES IS ONE BAD DAY TO REDUCE THE SANEST MAN ALIVE TO LUNACY.

THAT'S HOW FAR THE WORLD IS FROM WHERE I AM. JUST ONE BAD DAY.



YOU HAD A BAD DAY ONCE, AM I RIGHT?

I KNOW I AM. I CAN TELL. YOU HAD A BAD DAY AND EVERYTHING CHANGED.

WHY ELSE WOULD YOU DRESS UP LIKE A FLYING RAT?



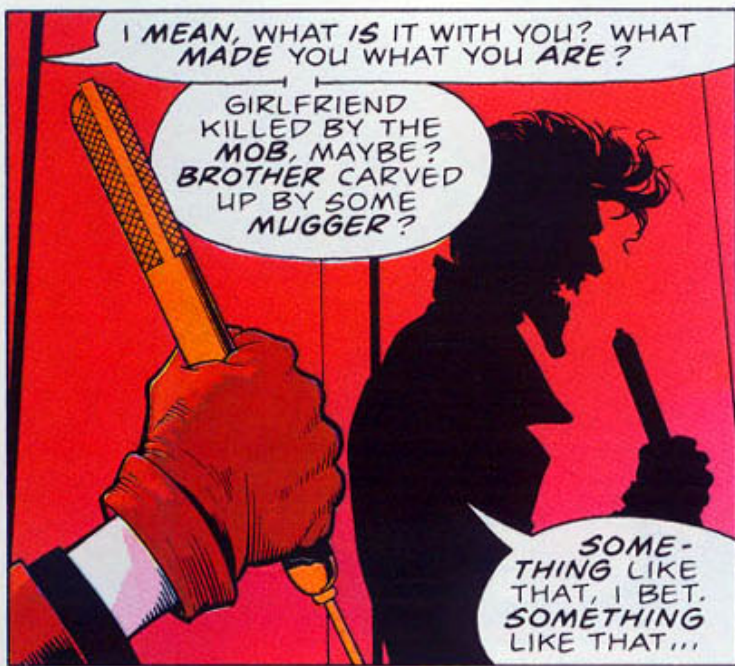
YOU HAD A BAD DAY, AND IT DROVE YOU AS CRAZY AS EVERYBODY ELSE...

ONLY YOU WON'T ADMIT IT!

YOU HAVE TO KEEP PRETENDING THAT LIFE MAKES SENSE, THAT THERE'S SOME POINT TO ALL THIS STRUGGLING!

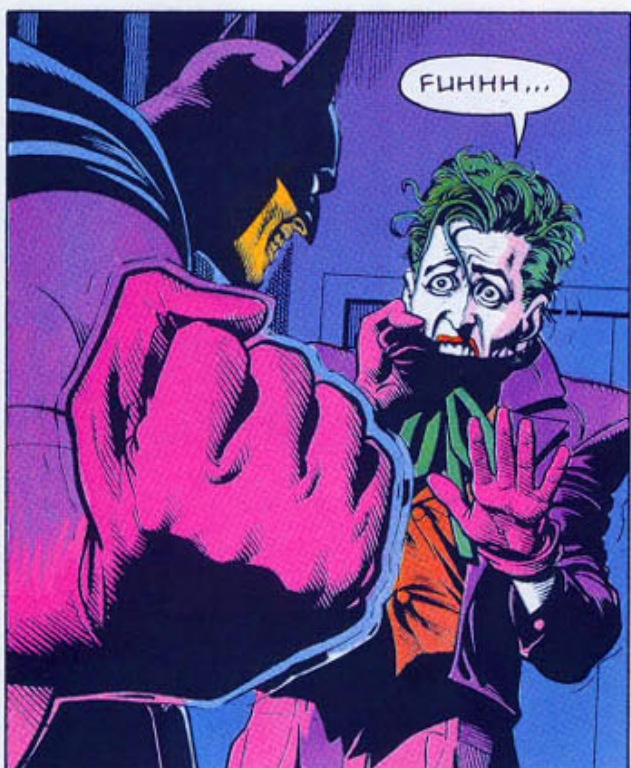


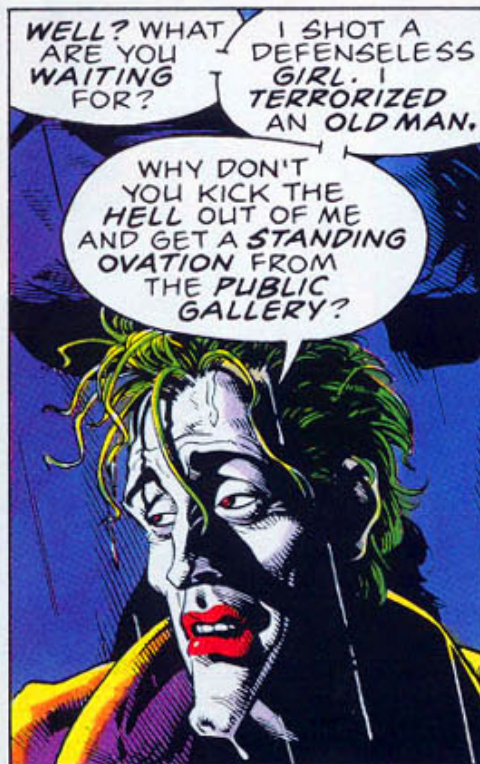
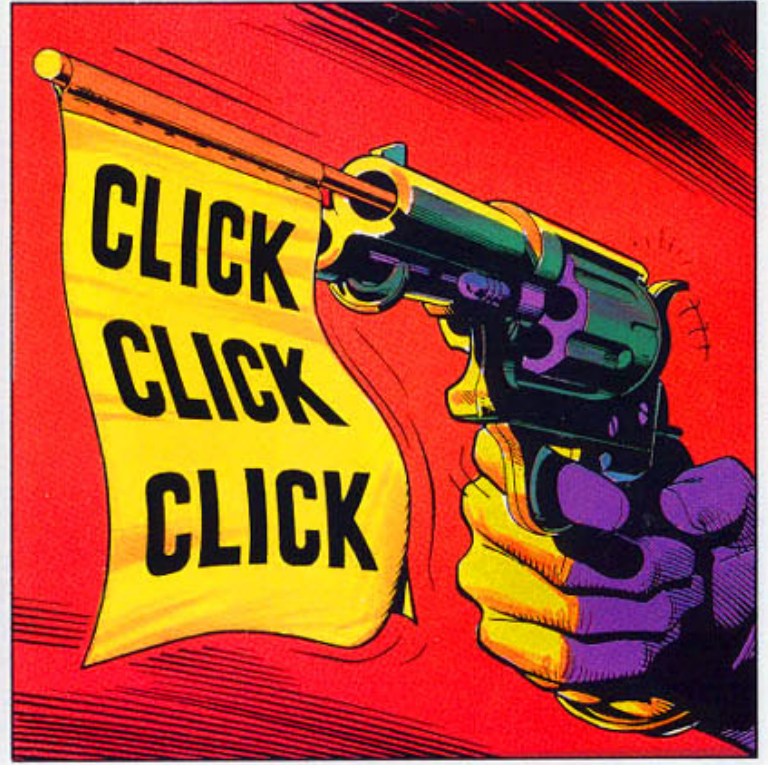
GOD, YOU MAKE ME WANT TO PUKE.











GOD DAMN IT...

IT'S EMPTY!

WELL? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

I SHOT A DEFENSELESS GIRL. I TERRORIZED AN OLD MAN.

WHY DON'T YOU KICK THE HELL OUT OF ME AND GET A *STANDING OVATION* FROM THE *PUBLIC GALLERY*?

BECAUSE I'M DOING THIS ONE BY THE *BOOK*...

...AND BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO.

