

BENEATH THE CRYPT OF
LOS HUESOS SAGRADOS.
SPAIN. 1943.

SO MUCH HAS
HAPPENED SINCE
I RAN AWAY...

I'M IN A WORLD I
DON'T RECOGNIZE
ANY LONGER.

NOT AS
BATWOMAN,
AND NOT AS
KATE KANE.

GALLAGHER'S PUB, GOTHAM CITY.

THIS ISN'T
MY SAFE
HAVEN.

MY SAFE
HAVEN IS IN
GOTHAM.

MY SAFE
HAVEN...

...IS
YOU.

MAGGIE
SAWYER.

FOR
MAYBE
THE LAST
TIME...

...IN A
LONG
DAMN
TIME...

Gotham City. August, 1938.



DEAR MAGG.

COMING OUT OF THE HELL OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, THE HORROR OF THE SAFARI IN ZAMBESI...

SEPTEMBER.
KANE INDUSTRIES.

...I KNEW I WAS JUST RUNNING HOME.

KANE INDUSTRIES WAS OUT OF MY CONTROL.

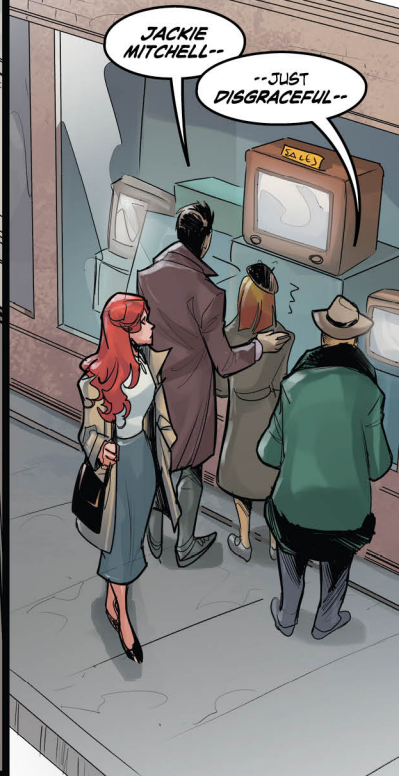
EVERYTHING WAS OUT OF MY CONTROL.



BUT I SAW THE STORY OF A GIRL...

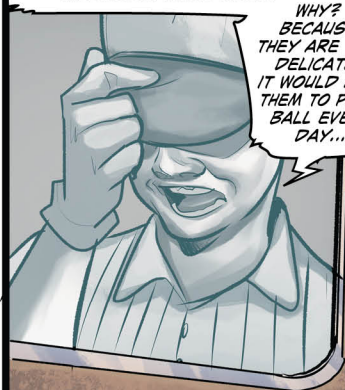
JACKIE MITCHELL--

--JUST DISGRACEFUL--



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN IF THEY BEGIN TO LET WOMEN IN BASEBALL. OF COURSE, THEY WILL NEVER MAKE GOOD.

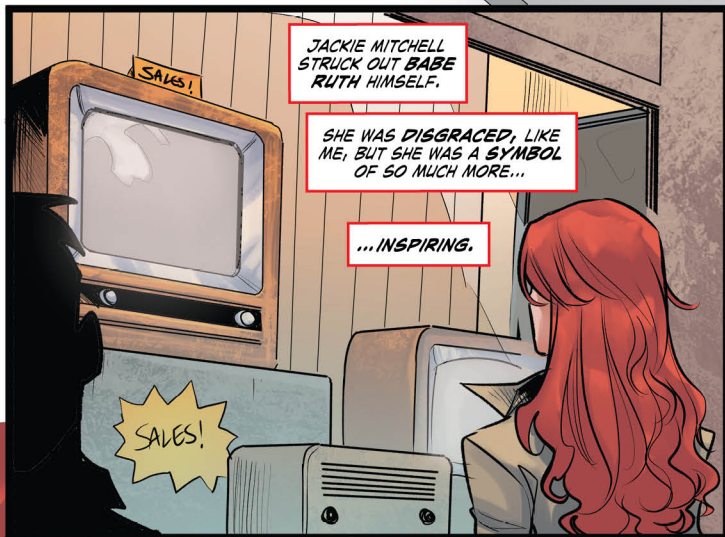
WHY? BECAUSE THEY ARE TOO DELICATE. IT WOULD KILL THEM TO PLAY BALL EVERY DAY...



JACKIE MITCHELL STRUCK OUT BABE RUTH HIMSELF.

SHE WAS DISGRACED, LIKE ME, BUT SHE WAS A SYMBOL OF SO MUCH MORE...

...INSPIRING.

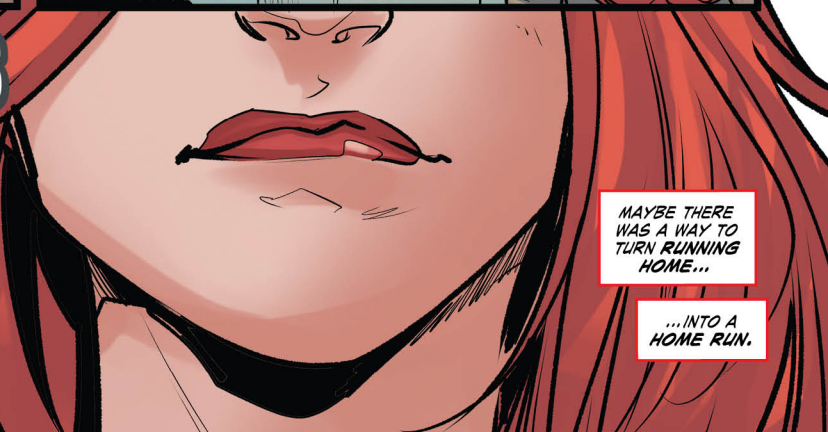


WAR BONDS

MARGUERITE BENNETT - WRITER
MIRKA ANDOLFO - ARTIST
J. NANJAN - COLORIST
WES ABBOTT - LETTERER
TERRY DODSON AND RACHEL DODSON - COVER
KRISTY QUINN - EDITOR

MAYBE THERE WAS A WAY TO TURN RUNNING HOME...

...INTO A HOME RUN.

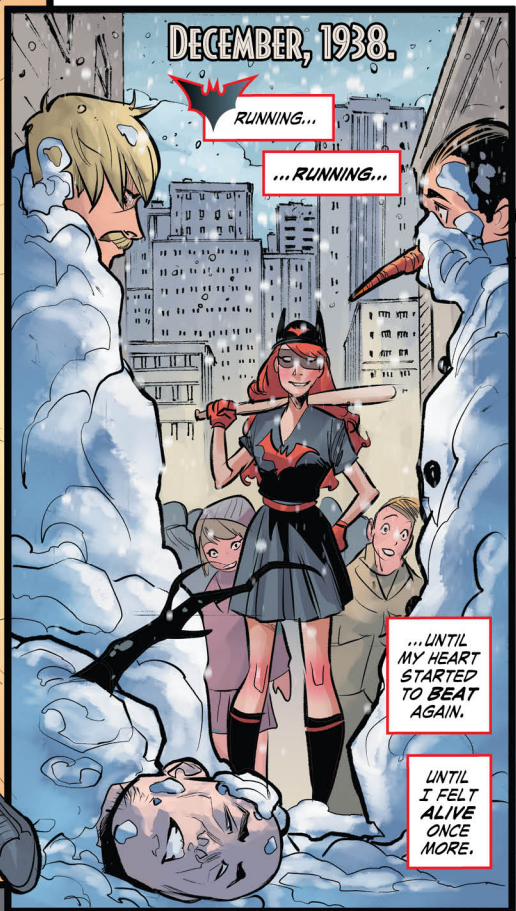




THE BAMBOOZLING
BLONDE--BRUNETTE--
AH, **REDHEAD!**--
WHO'S BEATING BETTER
BEHAVIOR INTO--

OH, AH, I'VE JUST
BEEN INFORMED OUR
SECRETARY REFUSES
TO WRITE ANY MORE OF
THIS--UNTIL WE, WHAT
WAS THAT--?

TREAT
OUR JOBS WITH
A LITTLE MORE
JOURNALISTIC
RESPECT!



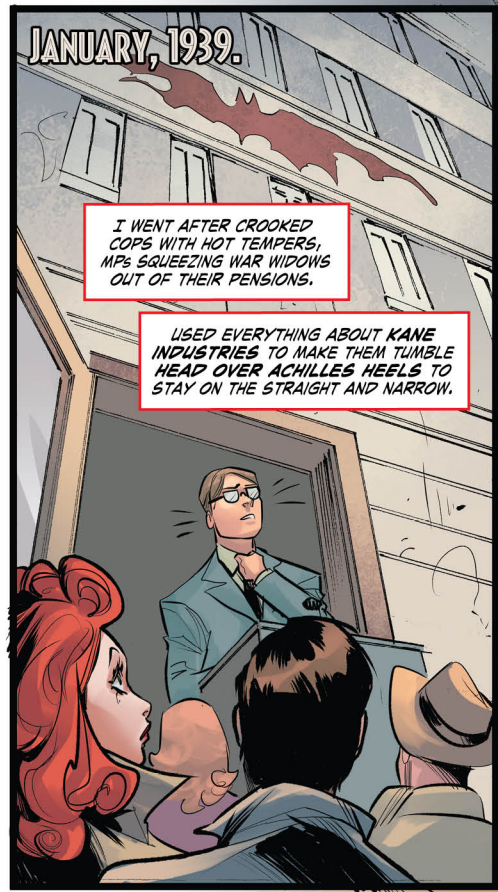
DECEMBER, 1938.

...RUNNING...

...RUNNING...

...UNTIL
MY HEART
STARTED
TO BEAT
AGAIN.

UNTIL
I FELT
ALIVE
ONCE
MORE.



JANUARY, 1939.

I WENT AFTER CROOKED
COPS WITH HOT TEMPERS,
MPs SQUEEZING WAR WIDOWS
OUT OF THEIR PENSIONS.

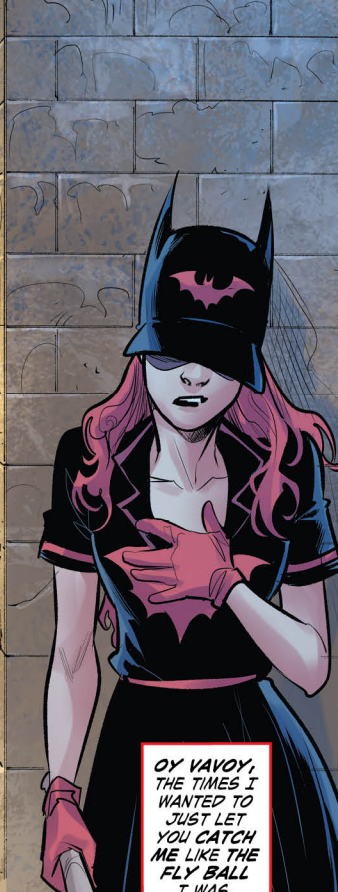
USED EVERYTHING ABOUT KANE
INDUSTRIES TO MAKE THEM TUMBLE
HEAD OVER ACHILLES HEELS TO
STAY ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW.



FEBRUARY, 1939.

AND YOU
CHASED ME,
DETECTIVE
MAGGIE
SAWYER.

SO CLEVER,
SO CANNY.



OY VAVOY,
THE TIMES I
WANTED TO
JUST LET
YOU CATCH
ME LIKE THE
FLY BALL
I WAS.

MAY, 1939.

MAYBE SOME PART OF ME KNEW I WAS STILL FIGHTING IN SPAIN.

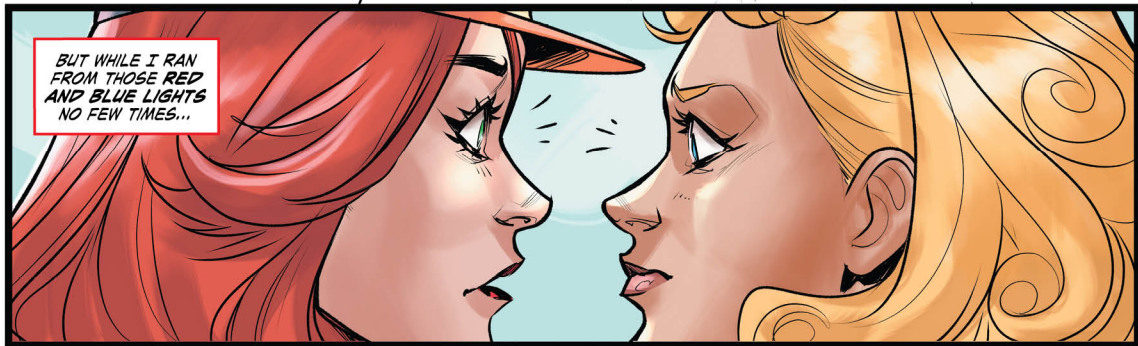


THAT THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER INNING.

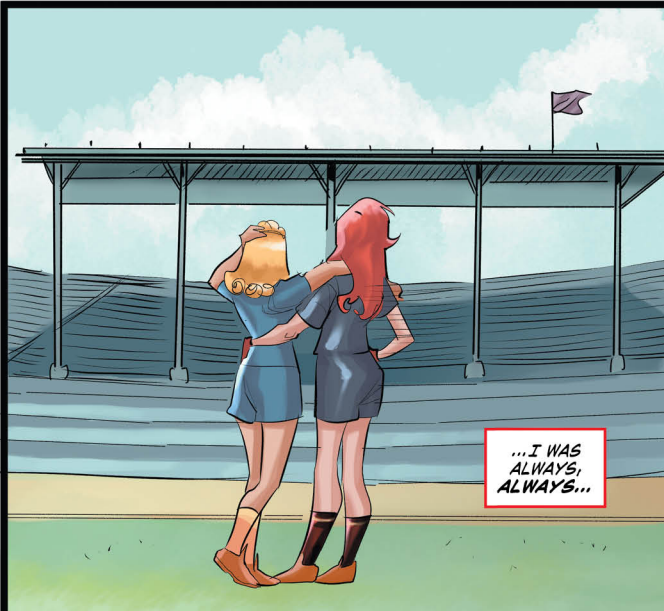


JUST ANOTHER GAME.

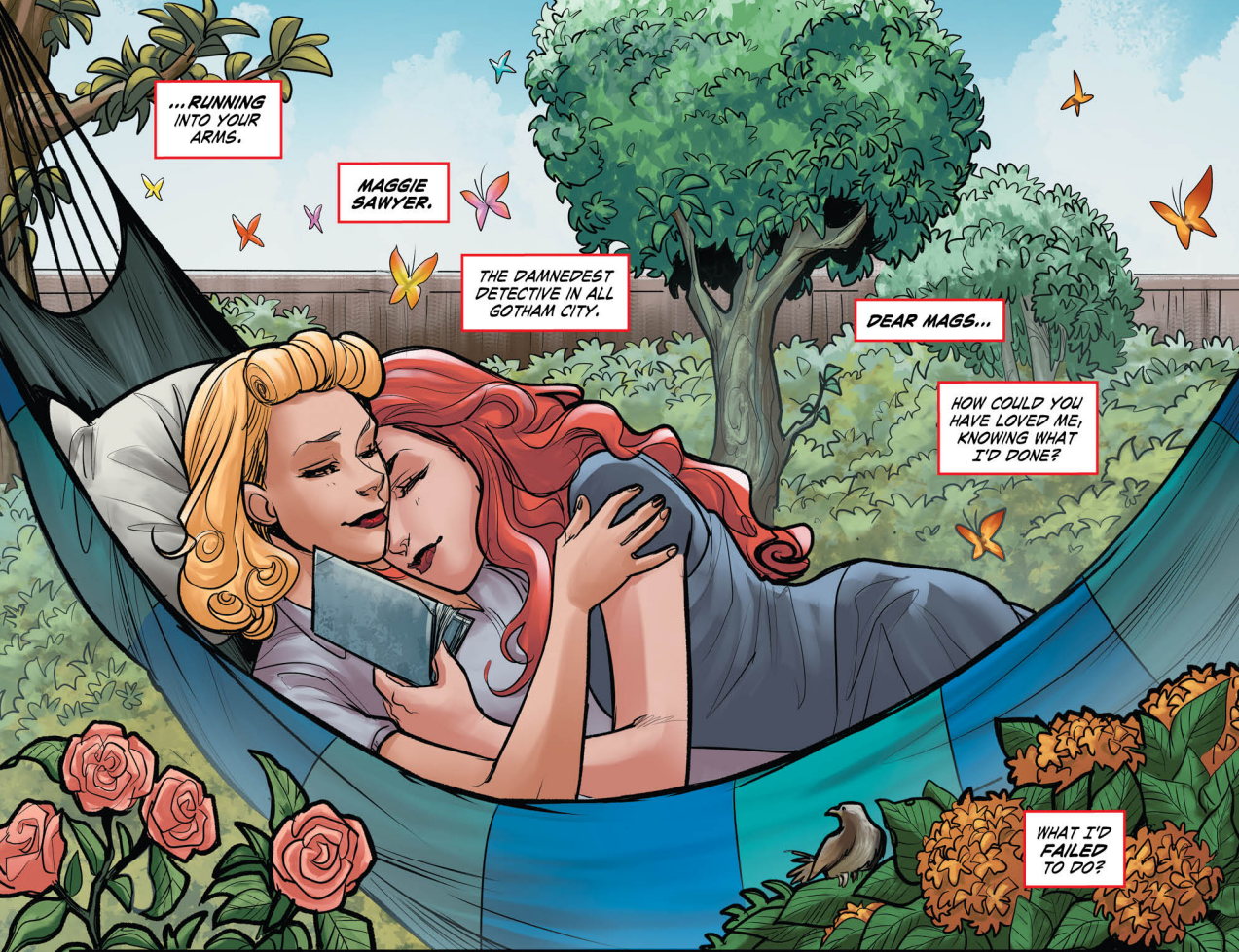
BUT WHILE I RAN FROM THOSE RED AND BLUE LIGHTS NO FEW TIMES...



AND THOUGH MAYBE I NEVER KNEW IT...



...I WAS ALWAYS, ALWAYS...



...RUNNING INTO YOUR ARMS.

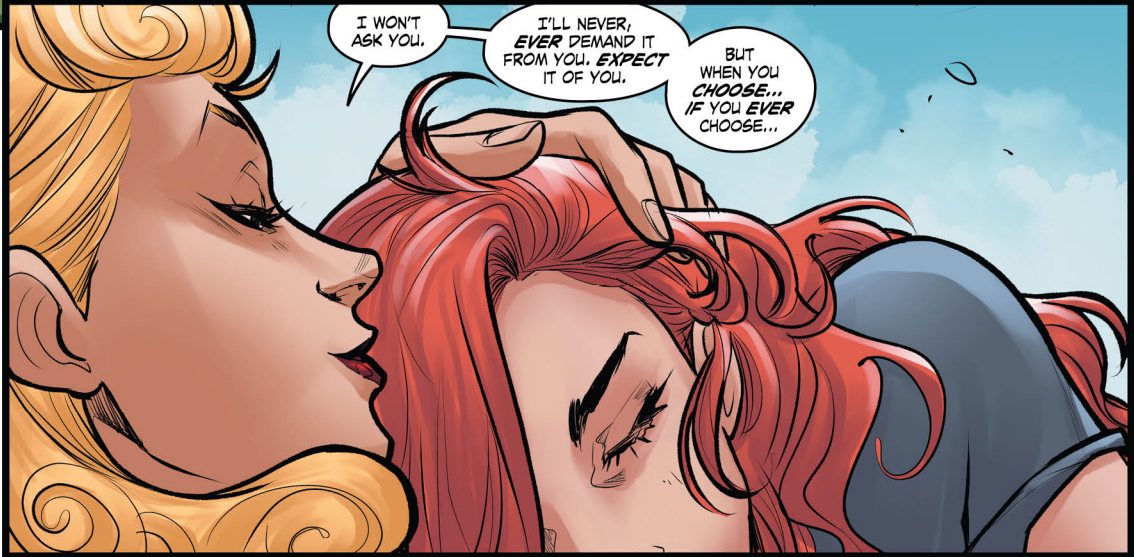
MAGGIE SAWYER.

THE DAMNEDEST DETECTIVE IN ALL GOTHAM CITY.

DEAR MAGG...

HOW COULD YOU HAVE LOVED ME, KNOWING WHAT I'D DONE?

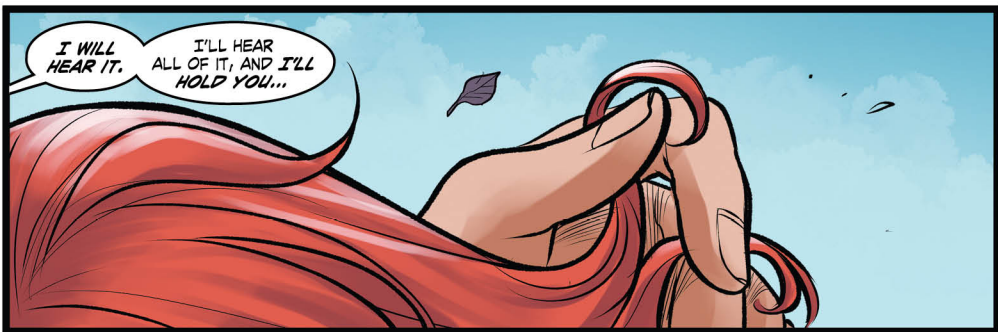
WHAT I'D FAILED TO DO?



I WON'T ASK YOU.

I'LL NEVER, EVER DEMAND IT FROM YOU. EXPECT IT OF YOU.

BUT WHEN YOU CHOOSE... IF YOU EVER CHOOSE...



I WILL HEAR IT.

I'LL HEAR ALL OF IT, AND I'LL HOLD YOU...