



ISSUE ONE COVER  
ART BY ALEX ROSS





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ART BY **ALEX ROSS**

ISSUE ONE COVER  
ART BY **ARDIAN SYAF**  
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AS A KID, IT WAS ALWAYS A TOSS UP BETWEEN FIREMAN AND POLICE OFFICER. I BECAME A COP, BUT IT DIDN'T STOP THERE.

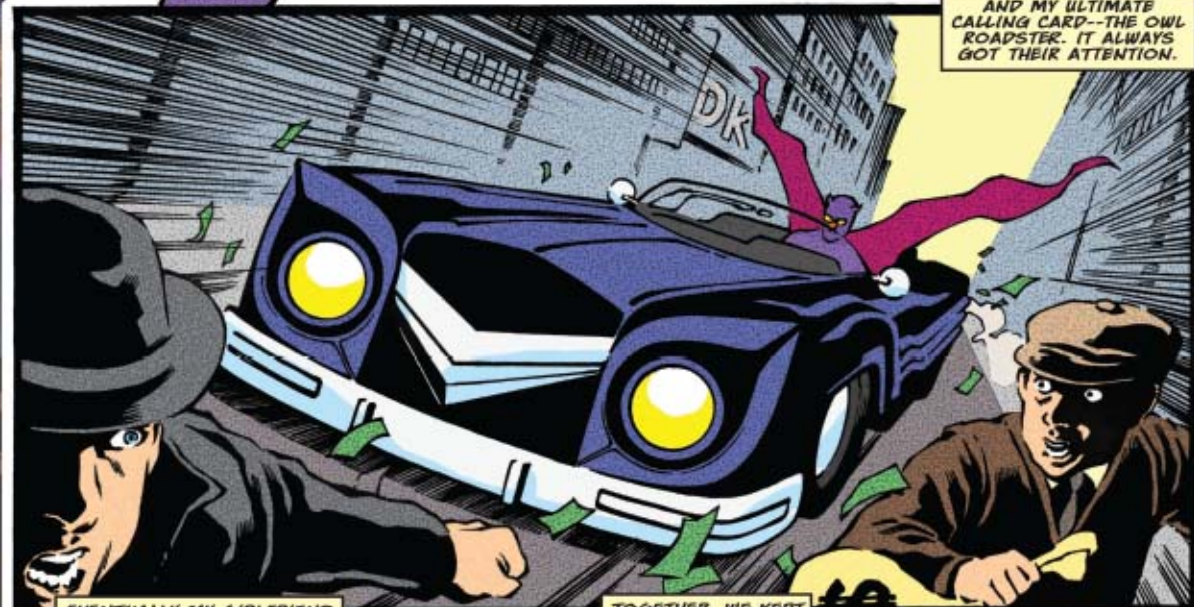
I FOUND A WAY TO DO EVEN MORE--AS THE OWL.



SPENDING MY NIGHTS DELIVERING JUSTICE IN A MORE DIRECT MANNER.



I DEVELOPED A HOST OF GADGETS TO TIP THE SCALE IN MY FAVOR--LIKE MY SIGNATURE OWL BOMBS.



AND MY ULTIMATE CALLING CARD--THE OWL ROADSTER. IT ALWAYS GOT THEIR ATTENTION.

EVENUALLY MY GIRLFRIEND BELLE GOT INTO THE ACT.

TOGETHER, WE KEPT THE CITY SAFE.



TOGETHER, THE OWL AND OWL GIRL WERE UNBEATABLE.





YORKTOWN.

HOW TIMES HAVE  
CHANGED.

bank

WITNESS  
1948







THE GUNS ARE  
LOUDER NOW. FASTER.  
MORE POWERFUL.

THE ECHO OF THE  
GUNFIRE POUNDS  
IN MY CHEST.



MY COSTUME  
USED TO GIVE  
ME AN EDGE,  
BUT THESE  
GUYS AREN'T  
INTIMIDATED.



THEY DON'T  
SEE ME AS  
A THREAT--



IF ANYTHING,  
THEY SEE ME AS  
A CHALLENGE.





YES, *TIMES* HAVE  
CHANGED.



BUT SO  
HAVE I.

AHHHH!







THE OFFICERS GRUMBLE. THEY AREN'T HAPPY ABOUT ME HELPING. THEY ARE ANNOYED--ANNOYED WITH THE PAPERWORK THEY'LL HAVE TO DO.

I'M NO HERO TO THEM. I'M A PAIN IN THE ASS.



FUNNY HOW THIS CITY CAN FEEL SO FAMILIAR AND YET SO STRANGE.

PROBABLY BECAUSE THIS ISN'T MY WORLD.

ISN'T MY TIME.



IT WAS MORE THAN SIXTY YEARS AGO WHEN BELLE AND I WERE PARTNERS--BOTH IN COSTUME AND OUT.

WE WERE BUILDING A FUTURE FOR OURSELVES. DREAMING OF RAISING A FAMILY IN YORKTOWN.

BUT ALL THAT CHANGED WITH THE URM. A MYSTICAL VESSEL DESIGNED TO TRAP ALL THE EVILS OF THE WORLD, BUT ONE THAT NEEDED TO TRAP ALL THE HOPE AS WELL--NAMESLY HEROES.

A NOBLE EFFORT I SUPPOSE. BUT IT WASN'T LIKE I WAS GIVEN A CHOICE. THE HERO KNOWN AS THE FIGHTING YANK--HE VOLUNTEERED THE LOT OF US. EXCLUDING HIMSELF--NATURALLY.







I CAN'T SAY MUCH ABOUT WHAT IT WAS LIKE INSIDE THE URN. THE TRUTH IS--I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH. NONE OF US DO.



IT WASN'T UNTIL THE FIGHTING YANK FREED US THAT WE REALIZED JUST HOW MUCH TIME WE LOST.

WE SAW IT ON HIS FACE--HIS OLD, WORN FACE.

ANY HOSTILITY TOWARD HIM--AND BELIEVE ME THERE WAS PLENTY--HAD TO WAIT. WE HAD TO SAVE THE WORLD BEFORE WE COULD FOCUS ON OUR OWN BIZARRE SITUATIONS. OUR OWN CHANGES.



WHAT CAN I SAY? COMES WITH THE JOB.







SINCE MY RETURN, I'VE  
TRIED TO GET BACK TO  
WHAT I KNOW.



BUT HOW CAN YOU LOSE  
OVER FIFTY YEARS OF  
YOUR LIFE--AND JUST  
PICK UP WHERE YOU  
LEFT OFF?



YOU CAN'T.



BECAUSE THAT LIFE  
IS GONE FOREVER.





I REMEMBER THE STREETS. I RECOGNIZE THE BUILDINGS, BUT WHAT I NOTICE MOST IS WHAT'S MISSING.



BELLE.

BLOOM  
flowers  
WE DELIVER  
FOR ALL  
OCCASIONS



EVEN BEFORE SHE BECAME OWL GIRL, SHE WAS A HELL OF A REPORTER. SUCH A STRONG SPIRIT. I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SURPRISED BY WHAT SHE WAS CAPABLE OF.



IN MANY WAYS, BELLE IS THE REASON I BECAME THE OWL IN THE FIRST PLACE. I DIDN'T KNOW HER AT THE TIME, BUT I KNEW SHE WAS OUT THERE.



A REASON TO TRY A LITTLE HARDER--TO FIGHT A LITTLE MORE. THE LIGHT THAT SHOWED ME THE WAY.



THAT LIGHT IS GONE NOW. BUT I HAVE TO FIND IT AGAIN. I CAN'T SIMPLY BE THE OWL. I NEED TO BE NICK TERRY, TOO.



