



Batman #21
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Batman

Issue #21: "Trauma" Part One (of five)

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He doesn't get to do this much anymore. Comes with the job. A police commissioner is more paper pusher than detective. More administrator than cop. Most are anyway. But this is Gotham. And in Gotham, Jim Gordon still gets called to the scene of the crime, even if he is driving a desk instead of a squad car.

It's the strange ones he gets called out to. What Bullock calls "the freak shows". Nut jobs in costumes. Killers with painted faces. Their crimes push the boundaries of human madness. Which is why Gordon puts the paper work aside and showed up at the crime scene. More often than not, and more often lately, he's there for one reason. To call in the city of crime's dark angel. To call in the Batman.

In his private moments, Gordon admits the whole situation makes him feel uneasy. Like the long tailed cat, he keeps waiting for that rocking chair to land on him. In his private moments, Gordon admits something has gone very wrong when Gotham's top cop needs an outlaw in a mask to solve his problems.

But Gotham is what Gotham is. And Jim Gordon long ago gave up expecting it would be anything else.

"We're here, sir," said Merkel, Gordon's right hand at police headquarters, as he brings the SUV to a stop in front of the Regent Apartments on Kane Avenue. The sergeant is the commissioner's driver, secretary, and sometimes cook. "7th floor. Apartment nine."

The constables standing guard outside the elevator looked positively green. Near apartment five, a seasoned homicide cop is throwing up in a potted plant. Another outside apartment six.

Leaning against the wall beside the vomiting cop, talking a long drag of a cigarette with a smirk that could only have been drawn by the devil himself, is Gordon's least favorite reporter. Micky Fynn of the Gazette. He blows smoke rings in the air as Gordon walks past.

"Heya, Jimmy," he said. "Fine night for it."

"Shut up, Fynn," Gordon mutters as he walks past.

Freak show indeed.

"Commissioner, t-thanks for coming," said detective Alan Boyle, a 20-year veteran of Gotham's homicide squad. "I never...this is j-just....well, go in an see f-for yourself, sir."

The apartment reeks of thick incense and bleach. Several CSIs are combing the place for evidence. Flakes of skin. A rogue hair. A fingerprint. Anything. But as soon as Gordon sees the body, a chill crawls up his back like a hungry tarantula. He knows the forensics boys won't find squat.

"Damn it," he said, pulling his cell from his pocket and turning on the two-way radio function. "Damn it to hell and back. Only in this town."

The radio chirps pleasantly when Gordon pushes the flat black button on the side of the phone with this thumb.

"Merkel, Gordon."

"Merkel, go."

"Where's Bullock?"

"On suspension. Conduct unbecoming."

"Right, right. Find whatever rock he's under and kick it over. Then call HQ and tell them to light the fire."

"You want the signal up already? That was quick..."

“Yeah. We’ve got a problem Merkel. One hell of a goddamn problem,” Gordon said. “A goddamn freak show.”

Most people don’t understand it. They can’t. It’s not their fault really. They just can’t see it for what it is. They think it’s a thing. You know, like water or wind. But it isn’t. It’s alive and it has a personality. It’s hungry. And it needs to be fed.

Fire. Even the sound of the word is enough to make Jonathon Lyon’s skin tingle. Nothing has even captured him more than fire. To create it, nurture it and feed it.

Fire. His god of gods.

When Lyons was nine he burned down his father’s shed using a match and some discarded gasoline. His therapist assured his parents it was a one-time event. A phase of sorts. Boys will be boys and all that.

When he was 11, he burned the house to the ground by blowing up the furnace. The blaze killed his parents, brother, sister and gerbil. When the fire fighters put the blaze out, Lyons wept.

From the ages of 12 to 24, Lyons committed 29 arsons, eight of which resulted in the deaths of 15 people. Another 12 survived with 3rd degree burns. Eventually, during a rampage that destroyed 10 downtown Gotham City buildings, Lyons drew the attention of the Batman. Before an 11th building could be burned, Lyons found himself in Arkham Asylum with a broken jaw and a fractured arm.

“Pathetic.” That’s what Batman said to him. “A pathetic match-bug. You’re barely worth my notice.”

Asylums are supposed to be a place where the mind can heal. As it turns out, placing someone whose mind is dancing on the edge of the abyss in the same room with the Joker has the opposite effect.

Lyons already had a couple of oars out of the water. The Joker sank the whole damn boat. But he did explain the facts of life to the poor little

firebug. He told Lyons all about this cousin, Garfield Lyons, the late villain known as Firefly. Then the Joker gave his cellmate some advice. To take on Batman, he said with a cackle, you need more than a match. Much, much more. You gotta fight fire with fire.

At least, that's how Lyons remembers it today. It was different yesterday and will be different tomorrow. It's hard for him to tell anymore on account of the voices in his head.

It doesn't matter though. Not anymore. He's more than an arsonist. More than a pathetic match-bug. That man, the one whose name he can almost remember, gave him the suit. Temperature controlled body armor. Jetpack with flight wings. And the weapons – experimental flame throwers and chemical sprays. No, he isn't a match-bug. He's not pathetic. Batman will have to notice him now.

But standing on the top of Gotham First National Bank, flamethrower in hand, drooling at the thought of torching a city, Lyons hasn't been noticed by Batman. He's been noticed by someone else.

“So he says, he says, YEAH BABY! The problem is you're too small time! HAHAAHAH! Too small baby! If ya wanna go big, ya gotta be big! And then I says, I goes, ok, man, whatta I gotta do? And the man said, he said, YEAH BABY, Gotham's gotta BURN!” Lyons said, firing small bursts of flame into the air over this head. One puff. Then another. And another. “So I says, I goes, I says, if that's wrong, baby, then I don't wanna be right! BURN BABY BURN!!!”

Lyons paces along the edge of the rooftop, looking down at the bright lights of Gotham's business district.

“The man says, he goes, BURN BABY BURN! HAHAAHAHA! Gotta do it! I says, where to start, man? Where do I start? What do I feed the beast first, man? He says, he goes, IT DON'T MATTER BABY! Light the fires, baby! Light the....”

“Evenin', Jonathon. Been a while, huh?”

Lyons spins around. That voice wasn't in his head. A damn near familiar voice. But not in his head.

“Whaaat? Who’s there? What what what?”

“Oh, you surely haven’t forgotten me, Jonathon. I know it’s been years, but we did dance the dance once, didn’t we?”

The voice is coming from the back the rooftop. Deep in the shadows. The night vision lenses in Lynn’s helmet barely make out a shape of a tall man, leaning against the wall.

“Dance? What dance? When when when?” Lyons said. “The man says to me, he says, HAHAHA! BURN BABY! You ain’t Jonathon Lyons no more! Now it’s Firefly!”

“Very catchy,” the voice said. A voice like ice, its tone mocking. “You weren’t planning to actually use that impressive looking tool there, were you, Jonathon?”

“Not Jonathon! FIREFLY!!” Lyons said, letting a blast of white-hot flame rip into the shadows. In seconds he can smell the paint on the building’s bricks cook and burn. “Firefly, baby! Burn, baby burn!”

“You never were that good a shot...Jonathon.”

“What what what?”

“Catch.”

Lyons watches as the glowing capsule tumbled from the shadows toward him. The glow captures him. So much like fire. Such a hungry glow. Beautiful.

He didn’t hear it explode. He just saw it. A blinding blast of clear, hot light stabbing into night vision lenses – lenses designed to amplify light.

“AGGH! No! No no no! BURNS!”

He can see nothing now. In a rage, Lyons fires his flamethrower, hoping to hit anything. But something sharp, and cold and steel bites into his hand. Cutting through the protective padding, and stabbing into his

flesh. He drops the weapon.

White spots. All Firefly sees are white spots. Even through the armor, he feels the boot connect to his groin. He feels the punch to his stomach. He feels the foot on his throat, slowly crushing his windpipe.

He just sees white spots. But he hears just fine. And he hears the telltale clack of a Glock 9mm being cocked.

"You see, Jonathon, here's the problem. You want to burn Gotham to the ground. I have a real problem with stuff like that. Call me old fashioned, I guess. But I just do," the voice said. "So I said to myself, 'Self, what kind of fire bug can't hurt people?' And the answer hits me, Jonathon. Like a ton a bricks. Do you know the answer? Come on Jonathon, guess."

"Ack, buuuuurrrn...."

"Oh so close! But not quite. Maybe you just need some motivation."

The sound of the gunshot nearly deafens Firefly. The bite of the bullet tearing through his armor, leg and bone nearly causes him to pass out.

"Guess again...."

"Heeelp...."

"Hmm. No," the voice said, laughing a cold laugh. "The answer is: A dead fire bug"

"Ack....gah...know...you..." Lyons said, the white spots now becoming black ones. "Who...?"

That laugh again, and the sound of a hammer being pulled back.

"Who? Oh Jonathon, you pathetic match-bug. Who do you think gave you that scar over your right eye?"

"Ack...you?... ."

The only answer, the would-be arson of Gotham heard was the crack of a

bullet leaving its muzzle before it smashed through his helmet and into his skull.

“Yes. Me.” said the voice. The killer deliberately pulls out a Bowie knife, and slowly draws the blade over his finger. He lets three drops of blood land on Firefly’s forehead. “And wait until they get load of me.”

There are days when Vicki Vale is sure she’s living a fantasy. A kind of saccharine, schoolgirls romantic dream complete with a white knight in shining armor to sweep her off her feet.

Well, her knight doesn’t wear white and his armor doesn’t shine. But what’s a girl to do?

“Ok, Bruce,” she said, standing on her toes to purr into her boyfriend’s ears. “This is your crowd, not mine. Give me the inside scoop.”

Bruce Wayne groaned, and guided Vicki to a bar stool. Tonight anyone who was anyone was at Morrison’s Dead End – the city’s most exclusive nightclub. So exclusive, Wayne had to buy 50 % of the business just to get in. And only those willing to lose their social standing weren’t there for tonight’s AIDS benefit.

“Always the reporter,” he said. “Surely you know most of these people?”

“I know most by name, sweetie. But I want the real juice.”

“Off the record?”

“Totally,” Vicki said, tickling the back of his neck with her fingernails.

Bruce grinned. It took three days for Alfred to convince him to even attend tonight’s event. Alfred even got Dick to pick up Batman’s usual patrols just so Bruce wouldn’t have an excuse to leave. Feeling Vicki on his arm, smelling her perfume, he was glad he listened to his old friend for a change.

“Ok, well, you know the mayor, but the man on his right is Carl Flass,”

Bruce said.

“Any relation to Gordon’s former partner?”

“Second cousin. He’s trying to elbow his way into some of the local mob action. He also has a replacement knee cap...”

“How’d he get that?”

“Well apparently, one night while Flass was trying to roust a couple of hookers, someone landed on him from four floors up. Poor fella collapsed on his knee.”

“You didn’t.”

“It was only four floors.”

A tall, red headed man with a neatly trimmed beard slipped into the bar, with a woman on each arm. Several local movers and shakers noticed him and rushed to shake his hand and otherwise fawn.

“Who is that?” Vicki said.

“That...” Bruce said, pausing to stroke his chin. “That is actually a surprise. Come on, I’ll introduce you.”

Taking her arm, Bruce led Vicki through the crowd until they were standing behind the redheaded new comer.

“Stick a needle, Tommy,” Bruce said in a voice trimmed with anger.

The redheaded man wheeled around, his eyes opening wide as dinner plates.

“Bruce? My god, it’s been...”

“Save it,” Bruce said, taking a step away from Vicki so he was nose to nose with the other man. “You have a lot guts coming back to Gotham, after what you pulled.”

“Me? Bruce....”

Bruce made a quick jerk of his shoulder, like he was going to throw a punch. Tommy tried to step back, but not before Bruce squeezed him in a crushing bear hug.

“Tommy Elliot! You always were too gullible.”

“Oh, haha, Wayne. Nice to see your gallows humor hasn’t changed,” Tommy said. “Stick a needle, Bruce.”

The two shook hands and laughed with a roar that many of the night’s guests would later complain was far too common for the Dead End.

“Vicki Vale, may I introduce Dr. Thomas Elliott, world renowned neurosurgeon, one time Olympian – silver in the biathlon – and one of my very dear childhood friends.”

“Childhood friend, huh?” Vale said, shaking Tommy’s hand. “Oh, you and I will have to talk.”

“Oh well, Miss Vale if you are looking for the dirt on Bruce, I’m your man....um, excuse me,” he said, pulling a chirping pager off his belt. “I’ll be right back. It’s my hospital, I have to call them. Stay right here, Bruce. We have years of catching up to do.”

As the doctor melted into the crowd, Vicki looked out the Dead End’s massive front window.

“Looks like you have your own call to answer, hon.,” she whispers to Bruce, pointing the hazy black bat-shaped shadow drifting over the clouds hanging over the city.

“Not a chance, love,” Bruce said, drawing Vicki close. “Dick’s got the night shift tonight!”

Gordon finished his third cigarette and read the file twice while waiting on the roof of police headquarters. If he wasn’t on duty, he’d surely

down a glass of scotch. Or a bottle.

"Goddamn freak show," he mutters, crushing another smoke under his foot.

"Well as it turns out, Commissioner, freak shows are my specialty."

It had been years since the young man preached atop the bat-signal went by the code-name Robin. But Gordon could still see the impulsive kid who was slightly too short for his age with a bad pun for every occasion just sitting on the tip of tongue.

"Nightwing? Where's Batman?"

"Sorry, sir," Nightwing said, flipping off the searchlight and landing noiselessly on the roof. "The boss is taking the night off. So what's the problem?"

Gordon pulled a smoke from his pocket and looked at Nightwing hard. He lit the smoke and took a long drag before saying anything. This night just couldn't get worse, could it?

"Sorry, kid," he said. "But this doesn't concern you. I need to talk to Batman and Batman only."

"Sir," Nightwing said, folding his arms across his chest. "I've worked with you and Batman for years, you know I can..."

"I sure as hell do know, kid. I know it. You're one of the best. Frankly, I wish you were carrying a badge. But this isn't about you. It's an old case. Something I promised Batman I would only take to him."

Nightwing shifted his feet, trying to keep his poker face. But Gordon could see the through it. The kid was upset.

"Look, just tell him I am sending a file to him electronically, ok?" Gordon said.

"Yes sir," Nightwing said through clenched teeth.

"Oh, but if you are looking for something to do, head over to the roof of Gotham First National," Gordon said, walking past Nightwing to shut the bat signal off. "I just got a call that some nut in a Firefly costume was executed there a few hours ago. I'd look into it, but this other case is going to keep me busy. Listen, I'm sorry it has to...."

Gordon turned around and Nightwing was gone.

"Touché, kid."

"Sir, terribly sorry to bother you on your night off, but I've just received a message from Master Richard." It was Alfred, breaking his vow not to call Bruce tonight. Which meant it was important.

"Is he ok?", Bruce said, turning his back to the crowd in the Dead End. Vicki hovered nearby, keeping an eye out for Tommy Elliot.

"Yes, sir. He is off to deal with an unusual homicide at Gotham First National. However, Mr. Gordon informed him he was sending you a file on the secure email server."

"About what?"

"Apparently, Mr. Gordon said it was for your eyes only, sir. Master Richard is rather put out."

"I would be too. Has the file arrived?"

"Yes, sir it is just coming across now. Subject heading...oh dear.."

Bruce pushed the cell phone harder against his ear, as if that would make him understand what Alfred was reading better.

"Alfred?"

"Sir, I think you should return home immediately..."

"What is it?"

“Sir...it’s well...perhaps it would be best...”

“ALFRED!”

There was a pause on the end of the phone. Alfred took a sharp breath and spoke two words. Bruce’s back went ridged, and his molars ground together. Bruce’s left hand instinctively flexed, crushing the champagne flute he was holding. Vicki gasped and quickly grabbed a waiter’s towel and wrapped it around the wound.

“Are you sure?”

“I am afraid so, sir.”

“Ok. I’m coming back. Get my eveningwear ready then come here and pick up Vicki and escort her home. Also, call Barbara and see if she can start surveillance on Vicki’s place.”

“Bruce, what the hell....” Vicki said. Bruce put up his hand to stop her from talking.

“At once, sir.”

Bruce put the phone in his pocket and pulled out the keys to his Cadillac.

“Alfred is coming to get you. When you get home, I want you to stay there. Call in sick tomorrow. I’ll fill in you later,” and he headed out the door.

“Bruce!” Vicki said, chasing him outside. “Don’t you dare leave me hanging like this!”

“Oh, and make some excuse to Tommy for me when he gets back.”

“Bruce!”

Wayne slipped in his car and started the motor. “Vicki, please. Go home and stay put. You’ll be safe....I never thought this would happen but it has. He’s back. The son of bitch is back.”

“Who? Who’s back?”

Bruce Wayne spoke two words and Vicki felt a hot, tight knot form in her stomach. It had to be some mistake. But one look at Bruce’s face and she knew it wasn’t. As his car roared away, Vicki stood trembling on the sidewalk. After a long moment she willed herself to speak those two words.

“The Wrath.”

Nightwing arrived at the Batcave, his mood only slightly improved. Batman was in full costume, sitting at his computer staring intently over a file on the screen.

“Ok, Bruce, you’re going to love this. Remember that guy Jonathon Lyons you busted years ago? Well he was found dead on the roof of the bank. He was wearing some high-tech Firefly costume. Looked like Star Labs job frankly,” Nightwing said. “I can only guess he wanted to go on another arson spree with that getup. Only someone shot him right in the head at close range.”

Nightwing placed a small pouch from his belt on a lab table. “There were three drops of blood left on the guy’s helmet. I don’t think they were Lyons’. I got some samples for you to test...Bruce? Hellloooo Bruce!”

“Hmm. Dick?” Batman lifted his head from the computer screen. “Blood samples. Right. I’ll get to it in a minute.”

“So, what was the deal with Gordon tonight? I’ve never seen him like that.”

Batman returned to the computer screen. “Don’t worry about it. Call it night, Dick.”

“Bruce, seriously, what’s going on?” Nightwing said, walking toward his mentor. Batman didn’t reply, lost in the file on the screen again. As he

got closer he could make out a name on the screen.

Redwing.

“What’s a Redwing?”

Batman leapt from his chair, blocking Nightwing from seeing what else might on the screen.

“I said call it night, Dick.”

“Bruce...”

For a long moment the partners just stood toe to toe, staring at each other. It was the first time Batman has ever given Dick his dark knight, boogey man stare. Though he’d know Bruce most of his life, it was unnerving.

“Enough, Bruce. Whatever is going on, let me help,” Nightwing said, trying to brush past Batman to reach the computer. Batman’s arm shot out and he seized Nightwing by the collar. His foot struck his protégé behind the knee. Nightwing collapsed backward onto the cold metal floor.

“What the hell...” he said, instinctively lashing out with both heels, catching Batman under the chin, knocking him backward. Nightwing leapt up and reached for the computer screen.

Shuck, shuck shuck

Three razor sharp batarangs stuck into the floor less than an inch from Nightwing’s feet, stopping in his tracks.

“Get out of my cave!”

“I don’t know what’s gotten into you, Bruce, but this ends right now!”

Nightwing leapt high into the air, ready to drive his foot into Batman’s chest. Unfortunately, the man he was trying to kick taught him the move. Batman grabbed the incoming leg, and using his whole body

weight, spun 180 degrees and flung Nightwing into a nearby wall. The younger man slumped to the ground unconscious.

“Sorry, son,” Batman said, picking Nightwing up and carrying him up the stairs to the manor. “But this is for your own good.”

Vicki was exhausted. Alfred had wanted to come up, but she insisted she’d be fine. Besides, Batgirl would arrive in a matter of hours.

She didn’t bother to turn the lights on when she got in. She just flopped down on her couch, closed her eyes and took a deep breath. The Wrath. Jesus H. Christ. She didn’t know who she was more scared for, herself or Bruce.

Opening her eyes she saw it for the first time. A small note stuck to her television screen.

“What the hell,” she said. “Maybe the cleaners left it?”

She pulled the black notepaper from the TV, and squinting the moonlight pouring from a window read the crimson print.

Good evening, Miss Vale. I told you I’d bee seeing you.
- W

A low hiss filled her ears and she could feel hot breath on the back of her neck. The last thing Vicki saw before everything went black was a grinning death’s head reflected in the dark screen of her TV.

To Be Continued...

If you enjoyed this story, you can find more tales of your favorite DC heroes at DC2 Universe.

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From the same author on Feedbacks

Lobo: Dirty Deeds - Done Dirt Cheap (2007)

Hey you! Get yer greasy paws offa my space hog! Naw, I don't care that ya didn't touch it yet. Ya might have later and ain't but nobody touches my ride!

Aw, yer a human ain't ya? No offense, but the Main Man thinks you ain't nothing but a pack of naked monkeys. Yes he does. Hell, 'bout the only thing ya ever done right was AC/DC. Righteous that is. Cranked up on my space hog whenever I'm on the road....what's that? Ya can't hear hard rock in space? Why not? Cause ya can't hear in space? Stupid monkey! Don't push yer luck! I'd probably kill ya right here, right now, but I got a business-type appointment. Can't figure why a soft skinned chimp like yerself would dare walk into a place like Vogon's Cantina. But I'm in a forgivin' mood, chimp. So ya can come along and watch the action. And there's always action at Vogon's. Just stay outta my way and keep yer head down.

My name? Ya better not forget it ya fraggin bastich. It might be the last name ya ever hear.

Lobo!

Batman: City of Crime #5 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 5 (of 5): Wrath

Batman: City of Crime #4 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 4 (of 5): Knight Fall

Batman: City of Crime #3 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 3 (of 5): Towering Heights.

Batman: City of Crime #1 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 1 (of 5): Shadows.

Gotham. The city with its soul on fire. A city of victims. A city of villains. A city of heroes.

For years Gotham Gazette reporter Marv "Mickey" Fynn has allowed the dark corners of Gotham to ruin him. Once a reporter who rivaled Lois Lane and Clark Kent, Fynn has become a lost in an alcoholic haze.

With his job hanging by a thread, the jaded Fynn takes on one last story. One last chance to see his name on front page. But when he investigates a murder that would turn even the Joker's stomach, Fynn enters a world he never thought he would.

The world of The Batman - a mysterious vigilante that has only just begun to appear in Gotham City.

Neither Fynn, nor Gotham will ever be the same again.

Set during the first years of Batman's career, Marv "Mickey" Fynn tries to keep his job by investigating a murder that is ghastly by even Gotham City's standards. Convinced he knows the dead woman, Fynn starts his investigation in the roughest part of Gotham, in it's roughest bar. The only person who might keep the jaded reporter alive is the mysterious underworld figure, Matches Malone!

Batman: City of Crime #2 (2007)

Batman: City of Crime, Part 2 (of 5): Into the Inferno.

Reporter Mickey Fynn's investigation into the ghastly murder of Nancy Hartigan takes him to the one place he knows he shouldn't go - the lair of the Penguin! Oswald Cobblepot might provide a critical lead on the case...if Fynn lives long enough to hear it.

Batman #20 (2007)

Batman: Partners.

The Justice League's world is coming down around them, so they desperately need their key strategist ready for action. Only Batman hasn't been seen in weeks! Superman is dispatched to find his long time partner - only to find he is in no mood to help the League!

Batman #22 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 2.

Batman frantically tries to hunt down the Wrath, who has kidnapped Vicki Vale! Meanwhile, when another Gotham villain turns up dead, Batman is forced to come face to face with his greatest failure as a crime fighter.

Batman #23 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 3.

Finally, the fate of Batman's first partner is revealed! What happened to Jason Todd, aka Redwing, after the events of City of Crime? Why doesn't Nightwing know who Redwing was?

Batman #24 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 4 (of 5).

In the second to last story in Batman: Trauma, Batman, Nightwing and Alfred go on the offensive against the Wrath. But in doing so they find themselves trapped in the cross fire of lethal agendas. The ultimate fate of Jason Todd is revealed and stakes for Batman and Gotham are raised.

Batman #25 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Finale.

The sequel to City of Crime ends here, shaking the foundation of Batman's world. 'Nuff said.

Batman #27 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly Part 1.

Gotham City is under assault. Crime has changed and the old rules of the game no longer apply. Before Batman can even adjust to his new status quo, a ghost from his past returns threatening everything the Dark Knight has ever built or cared for. Be prepared for the DC2 debut of Batman's most lethal enemy.

Batman #26 (2008)

Batman: Agoge.

Things in Gotham are changing. A strange new twist to the Joker's behavior leaves Batman puzzled, but he isn't the only one keeping tabs on the homicidal clown. As Batman past and present collide we learn for the first time how Jason Todd became the Dark Knight's first partner.

Batman #28 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly; Part 2.

The history of Ra's Al Ghul's connection to Bruce Wayne is revealed while Batman tries to protect Gotham from his former master. An unlikely alliance is formed under the city streets and the Joker comes face to face with...himself?

Batman #29 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly Part 3.

War! The battle between Batman and Ra's spills onto the streets of Gotham City, causing Jim Gordon to question the actions of his long time masked ally in the war on crime. As Ra's makes a hard final push to take control of the city, Batman's new allies led by Black Mask strike back. And as if that wasn't enough, the Joker has decided it's time to go wild.

Batman #30 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly Part 4.

It all ends here! The war between Ra's Al Ghul and Batman comes to a head as Gotham city burns! At stake is nothing less than the future of Batman and the fate of the city of crime! Nothing will ever be the same for DC2's Dark Knight after this!

Batman #31 (2008)

Batman: My Kingdom for a Horse.

During the climax of Ra's Al Ghul's attack on Gotham City, Batman's criminal allies led by Black Mask, Two Face and the Penguin were tasked with defending City Hall from the League of Shadows.

Batman #32 (2008)

Batman: The Grey Ghost.

Gotham's new Batman is determined to follow in his mentor's footsteps....if he survives. Dick Grayson is about to learn the cost of wearing the cape and cowl as he faces his most lethal enemy while being chased by the ghosts of Bruce Wayne's past. Meanwhile Black Mask and Harvey Bullock are forced to come face to face with their own demons....and each other.

Batman #33 (2009)

Batman: Sins of the Father.

As the Grey Ghost continues his assault on the criminal element of Gotham City, Dick Grayson learns about the price to be paid for wearing the cape and cowl. Meanwhile, on the run from Killer Croc, Black Mask and Bullock come face to face with a new player in Gotham!



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