



**Ultimate Gotham Girls #7**  
Samantha Chapman

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*Reunion*  
Written by Samantha Chapman  
Cover by Carlos

Harley ran.

The light wind rippled through her hair, sending strands flying across her face as she tore along the streets. She didn't hear the horns that shooed her off of the road, didn't see the people she ran into. All she knew was running away. It wasn't until she was lost and alone in the Gotham night that Harley realized that she didn't know where she was going.

She slowed to a stop and collapsed on a bus stop bench, still sniffing and wiping away stray tears. She had no home of her own—as soon as she had left school, she'd run to meet her Joker, without wasting the time to find a place to live. Her only home was with him, and she couldn't go back, not now. And there were no friends to go to. Only Doctor Crane...but Harley couldn't go to him, either. Her Joker had told her she couldn't. In Harley's mind, that was all that mattered.

She sat on the bench for a long time before the idea came to her. It was by a sheer stroke of luck that she was nearby, and Harley leapt up and ran again, this time to safety.

Poison Ivy did not expect visitors to her home even at the best of times. Nor did she consider midnight on a weekday to be the best time for company. So when she heard the knock on her door, Ivy was far too curious not to see who could possibly be calling.

Harley stood at the door, her hair disheveled, thick white make-up

streaked with tears, huddling into herself to keep warm in the chilly night. "Can I come in?"

"Harley? What are you doing here? What happened to you?" Ivy asked, stepping aside to let the girl in.

"I didn't know if you'd let me," Harley said, dodging the question and sinking into Ivy's couch. "After the whole flower bit, but I didn't have anyplace else I could go."

Ivy bit her lip to be reminded of the April Fool's incident, but she couldn't be too mad at the girl sitting in front of her. "You're forgiven, Harley," she said gently. "Joker isn't, but you are. What happened?"

Harley's eyes welled up with fresh tears, and she wiped off more of her make-up on her sleeve. "He *hit* me!" She wailed. "I messed up and I made him mad and then he hit me."

"Oh god, come on, let me get you a towel or something," Ivy offered, awkward in the presence of Harley's tears.

"Why would he do it, Ivy?" Harley asked, her eyes fixed on the older girl. "I was just tryin' to help him! I mean...I didn't do what he told me to, but I wasn't *trying* to give it away or anything, I was trying to be good, it was just a mistake! Why would he..." She trailed off, blowing her nose into the dishtowel that Ivy had handed her.

"Because he's a monster, Harley," Ivy said bluntly. "He doesn't care about anything but himself."

"He cares about me," Harley insisted, and Ivy sighed. "He does, he told me so. He promised he did." But Harley's eyes betrayed a trace of doubt.

Ivy didn't have the heart to shatter her delusions. She couldn't quite say why, but Harley's state was upsetting her, and she wanted to do something to help. "Stay here for a bit then, if you want. Clean yourself up and try to get some sleep, I've got some work to do if you're going to crash here."

"Really?" Ivy nodded, and Harley lunged forward, grabbing her in a

hug that took Ivy by surprise. "Oh, thanks Ivy, you're a real friend."

Ivy pried the other girl off of her, but smiled gently at her. "Go on then. I'll wake you up when I need to."

Harley tried to thank her again, but a wave of fatigue broke over her, and she flopped over on the couch without so much as undoing her pig-tails. She was asleep in minutes, and Ivy crept back to her little lab to work.

The Joker was thinking, and thinking hard. He was furious with himself, and had nothing to take the anger out on. He was forced to just pace the floor of his hideout, snarling with no one to hear him.

The Joker did not lose his temper the way that he had. It was not what he did. The Joker was calm in his planning, controlled, never letting his feelings get the better of him. But there was no way to undo what had happened. In a fit of anger, he had alienated a valuable asset, and left himself vulnerable. Now he had to figure out how to get her back.

The room was almost unnervingly quiet without her. Some strange, foreign little voice in Joker's head was nagging him to do something. "I know!" He yelled in response, sitting sulkily on the stolen bed he'd been sleeping on.

"This won't do," he muttered, stroking his pointed chin with a long finger. "She knows the plan, and doesn't know a lick about keeping a secret."

He didn't want to listen to the other reasons crowding around his mind. *She's so adoring, they whispered, I miss her.*

"I do not!" Joker shouted again, clenching his fists. "What's the use of arguing with myself if I'm going to be such a twit?"

Whatever reason he decided to use, he had to get her back. The only question now was finding her.

“Get up.”

“Ooww...mommy I’m sick, can’t go...”

“Harley, wake up.”

Her blue eyes snapped open, and Harley looked around groggily. “Ivy...I don’t feel so good,” she groaned, sitting up slowly.

“I figured as much. Hold tight,” Ivy instructed, sitting down next to her with a needle in her hand.

Harley squirmed and tried to get away, but found her arm tight in Ivy’s grip. “Noo, c’mon Ivy, I hate shots! Stop it, c’mon!”

“Stop wriggling like that.” With a modicum of patience, Ivy jabbed the needle into Harley’s arm and pulled it out quickly. “There, it’s done. Now you’ll feel better.”

Harley rubbed at her arm, but she could feel the clouds lifting from her mind, and she breathed more easily where she hadn’t even noticed a problem. “What was that for?”

“The poison,” Ivy answered. “I told you once, I built this place on an old dump. It used to be a laboratory, but never a safe one. The air around here was toxic for months after it shut down, and now my little friends are keeping it that way.” She smiled out the window at her lethal garden. “The shot will give you the immunity you need if you’re going to stay here. I’m already immune, so it doesn’t affect me, but you’d have been dead within a few hours if I didn’t get you an antidote.”

“Oh...thanks, then.” But Harley still glared at her arm where she’d been hit.

“Now let’s get a couple things straight.” Ivy stood and stretched out her arms. “I’ll let you stay, but you’re gonna have to help me out. I don’t

have a television, my phone is for my use only, and if any of my plants die on your watch you will be held personally responsible, you got that?"

"I got it," Harley promised, rolling back over on the couch.

Ivy grabbed her arm again and pulled her to her feet. "Come on now, you're up. Make yourself useful, the girls need breakfast."

"Girls?" A watering can was shoved into Harley's hand before she could complain, and Ivy led her over to the door.

"You can feed the trees," Ivy started, indicating a small grove to one side. "My flowers aren't likely to take to you very quickly."

"Uh...okay." While the older girl crooned over the bright and dangerous-looking blossoms, Harley stepped warily over near the trees. She poured the contents of Ivy's watering can over their roots and trunks, recoiling slightly from the acidic green color of the water. "You sure this is safe?"

"For you, yeah," Ivy called back. "Make sure you splash the leaves too, they like that."

With a shrug, Harley tossed the rest of the water up into the leaves, and she could almost swear that she heard contented noises coming from the trees.

"Oh, they like you." Ivy smiled as she walked up next to the girl, and patted one of the trunks. "Good work."

Harley smiled, and the two of them went around Ivy's poison garden together before heading back inside.

"How'd it happen, Ivy?" Harley asked her later, when there was no more work to be done for the afternoon.

"I told you, because he—"

"No, not to me, to you. The whole flora bit. Howcome you don't need a

shot like me? And do you like, talk to them, or what?"

Ivy seemed almost surprised at the question. "Why?"

"Cause I'm curious, is all. If you don't wanna tell just say so," said Harley, looking rather hurt.

"No, it's not that. It's just...well, no one's asked me that. Not for a long time."

"Well I'm askin'."

Ivy chuckled. "Okay then." And with a deep breath, she went into her story.

Pamela Isley had been working too late again. The air in the lab was hot and humid, and full of strong perfumes that made it hard to breathe. But all the same, Pamela loved what she did.

She had been younger, then. Her skin was more tan, hair less wild, and a pair of small, square glasses hid her green eyes. And her youth only added vigor to her cause. Pamela had always been an avid environmentalist, and the passion had driven her to study biology and botany when she attended Gotham U.

That study, however, had practically forced her into an internship with the lab, and Pamela hated the place where she had to work. Dedicated to studying, at times genetically altering, and most importantly making money off of rare plants of every kind, the owners of the lab didn't care how much pollution they pumped into the world as a result. Despite the rallying cries of several environmental groups, Pamela's voice among them, the lab was still going strong, and it was still the only place nearby hiring interns from the university.

She liked to be alone when she worked. Pamela would often stay late into the night, watching over the experiments when no one else cared to. So it wasn't strange for her to see yet another "do not touch" sign posted

on a pane of glass. One of the older and more pompous scientists always refused to let a lowly student handle his precious tests.

Pamela fought back a cough as she passed the thin glass, and she went to visit her Venus Flytraps—whom she had named individually and took special care to feed and attend to each night. Even tonight, with her cold, she lingered in the lab for quite a while before picking up her coat to head home.

But when the lights went out, a strange glow still shone from somewhere inside. Pamela narrowed her eyebrows and put down the jacket. The light was coming from behind the glass barrier, where a flowering plant stood softly glowing, drinking in some toxic-looking liquid at its base.

There was more outrage than curiosity on Pamela's face as she slipped into the testing room, ignoring the posted signs that wanted her to keep out. She could feel a heat emanating from the experiment, and she coughed again as the light started to pulse slightly, as if it had a heart of its own to beat.

"What in the world...?" She reached out a hesitant hand to touch the luminous flower...

...and with no warning, the entire lab was engulfed in a ball of light and heat and sound.

The explosion destroyed the entire building, and every bit of plant life inside. But somehow, a few moments after, Pamela woke up. She groaned and rubbed her temple, wishing she could drown out those awful screams...and then she remembered that she had been alone.

"Who's there?" she called, now seeing the pale, almost chalky tone that her skin had taken on, feeling stranger than she had ever felt.

The same wailing cries responded, growing fainter, weaker, and finally petering out into nothing.

Pamela Isley was the only thing left alive in the lab. She had heard the plants dying all around her, she realized. Somehow, she had been able to understand. And she wept for a long time before she was found.

“That experiment was trying to give the plant a kind of consciousness,” she explained in the present to a rapt Harley Quinn. “When I touched it, it malfunctioned and the test failed. But there was some weird gene in my blood that kept me from dying. Instead, it gave me the plant’s consciousness, turned me partly into it,” she finished with some measure of disbelief on her own part. “I know how it sounds.”

“Wow...so then it all makes sense, kinda. Maybe. I think.”

Ivy chuckled. “Well, maybe it does, maybe it doesn’t. But that’s how it is. My plants listen to me, because I’m the one who understands them. And since then, I’ve made my life out of protecting them, at any cost. I made my home here on the remains of the lab. No one wanted it, because I’m about the only thing that can live here, besides my girls. And now you,” she finished.

“Right. “ Harley jumped up from her seat. “Thanks, Ivy. Ya know, you tell a pretty good story!” The clown-girl beamed and skipped off, leaving Ivy with her plants and her memories.

The classic sound of a bank alarm bell rang out into the night, and Bat-girl jumped to action. The streets had been so quiet for the last few days. The alarm was almost a relief; as long as there were crooks out and about, they couldn’t *all* be sitting around plotting.

Renee rounded the corner on her line and landed perfectly on her feet, taking in the scene in a second. She was at the back of the bank, where a white van waited with open doors for whoever had tripped the alarm. Her first action was an obvious one: Renee walked to the driver’s seat and took the keys out of the purring ignition. Then she simply sighed and waited.

It wasn’t long before two masked figures came running out of the back

door, both weighted down with bags of cash. Renee put a gloved hand over her face and rubbed her temples. The pair were dressed in matching black-and-white striped shirts, the man wearing black pants and the woman a uselessly short skirt. His hair was spiked, hers held in a high ponytail. They were both grinning ear to ear. They had even hand-drawn dollar signs on their bags.

“Alright, who the hell are you supposed to be?”

The girl dropped her bags and put up her fists, standing in a cocky pose that she must have thought looked cool. “Hah! Batgirl! We were hoping you’d show up! You’re no match for...” She looked over at her partner, who had been trying to salvage the money, and elbowed him sharply in the chest.

“Oof! Oh, right. No match for Intolerable Robbers, Intolera-Bill—”

“And Bad Penny!”

The two of them stood back to back, the money forgotten as they waited for a reaction. Renee just stared at them, completely unconcerned, and let out another low sigh. “Look, just go home, will you?”

“Nuh-uh, not after all this work!” Penny shouted, pointing to her clothes.

“Alright, fine,” Renee shrugged, and went to work.

It was over a few minutes later. Renee laid Bill out on his side where he had passed out, and tried to ignore Penny’s annoyed shouts from where she sat tied up in the string of a grappling hook.

“This isn’t over, Batgirl! I mean it! A Bad Penny always comes ba—”

Renee’s kick to her face was perhaps more violent than she’d intended, but effective nevertheless. Soon, she was able to get back on her patrol, shaking her head and muttering under the sound of the wind, “What the hell is *wrong* with this town?”

As the days went by, Ivy started to notice Harley's enthusiasm dimming, and she could see the way that the younger girl kept sighing out the window. "What is it, Harl?" she asked on the fourth day, catching her in one of those moments.

Harley heaved another loud sigh. "I miss him."

"You what?!" Ivy nearly shouted.

Harley cringed a bit, but kept going. "I do, Ivy. I mean I know what happened and all, but it was just the one time...he was so good to me all the rest of the time. And I love him, Ivy," she added, looking up at her friend with wide, innocent eyes.

Now Ivy sighed, and sank down next to her on the couch. "Harley..."

"No, I do. I know I do. I oughta give him a second chance."

"And when he hurts you again, what are you going to do?" asked Ivy bluntly.

Harley had no answer. "He won't..." she said quietly. Then louder, "He won't. I won't let him if he tries, okay? How's that?"

*It isn't going to work*, Ivy thought. But to Harley she said, "Fine. But come back here if he does, do you hear? I might not be exactly used to this, but I don't want you hurt, okay?" She put her hand on the other girl's shoulder, almost comfortingly.

Harley's face broke into a wide smile. "You got it, Ivy. You're too good a friend for me." She grabbed Ivy up in a close hug, and the other girl couldn't help smiling.

"Go on, then," said the redhead, pushing Harley away. "Go back. See how much I care."

"You care a lot," shot back Harley, and with a final squeeze and a big grin, she skipped away from Ivy's home, and safety.

The night wind threatened to blow away the old fedora that covered the Joker's shock of green hair. He cursed the world and pulled it back on, longing for the day when he could afford to be seen. But right now, it was worthwhile to have mysteriously disappeared, and so he hid.

The only problem was finding her. He had rather hoped that Harley would have come to her senses on her own and come crawling back, but she hadn't. So the Joker could only wander some of the worse streets in Gotham.

"Now where the hell could she have gone..."

The Joker would not stand for his world being changed as abruptly as it had been by her absence. He didn't know why it bothered him so much not to have her around, and he didn't care to figure it out. He just wanted the problem solved, and quickly, so he could get back to his plans, and the things that really mattered.

Then finally, he spotted her walking down the street, on her way back to the blood bank. She hadn't seen him, and he took a momentary pleasure in shadowing her, grinning widely. He loved when life worked out the way he wanted.

Harley turned around before Joker could make his big entrance, and screamed. "Aahh! Stay back, I gotta mean punch and I'm not afraid to—Mister J?"

Joker smiled again and tipped his hat at her. "Now what's a girl like you doing in a place like this?" He asked her with a wink.

"Lookin' for you!" Harley stopped herself from leaping forward into his arms. "Are...are you still mad at me?"

His lips twisting into an indulgent smile, Joker reached out a hand to smooth back the blonde hair that had escaped from one of her pigtails. "Nonsense. I don't have any reason to be, do I?"

“Not at all, Mister J! I’m gonna be so good this time, you’ll see! It’ll be just like before,” she said excitedly, beaming up into the chalk-white face. “I’m so sorry I made you mad, Puddin’. I’ll never do it again, promise!”

“Good.” Joker let go of her and started to walk off, trusting that she would follow. “Let’s go, then. We’ve got a lot of work to do if your little plan is going to make a good joke.”

“You mean we’re using my idea?”

“Of course! Why wouldn’t we?”

Harley melted again, to think that she could be useful to her Joker. “Aw Puddin...”

“Keep up, now. Or I’ll leave you behind.” He kept on walking, hands in his pockets, listening to the footsteps that skipped along behind him with a wicked, satisfied grin on his face.

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If you enjoyed this story, you can find more alternate universe tales of your favorite DC heroes at [DC3 Multiverse](#).

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## From the same author on Feedbooks

Ultimate Gotham Girls #11 (2008)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Clown College, Part 2 (of 3).

With the Joker's 'school' well underway and the clock ticking closer to 3pm, will Batgirl and Zatanna be able to prevent even more carnage? What about with some unexpected help? And how will Harley hold up when forced to choose between her man, and her only friend?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #10 (2008)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Clown College, Part 1 (of 3).

The Joker's been lurking in the background, and it's never good when he rears his head again! Harley's ideas and Joker's plans are coming together at long last, but is Harley really on-board with the joke? Ivy sure hopes not! And either way, the Clown Prince of Crime is going to have his hands full when Batgirl and Zatanna catch up to him!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #2 (2008)

Don't Say a Word, Part 1 (of 2)

Ultimate Gotham Girls #1 (2008)

Girls' (K)night Out.

Meet Harley Quinn. She is bound and determined to meet her number one hero, the object of her affection, Gotham City's premiere costumed champion...The Joker! To do it, she's teaming up with the seductive and deadly Poison Ivy...whether or not Pamela Isley likes the idea! Just what a neophyte Batgirl needs for on-the-job training!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #3 (2008)

Don't Say a Word, Part 2 (of 2).

The all-new, all-daring Batgirl is put to the test, tracking down a ruthless killer of children! But there's more to the mind of Mockingbird than meets eye, and Renee must walk the abyss of madness to figure it out!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #4 (2008)

The Joker Rules April Fools!

It's April Fools Day in Gotham and that can only mean one thing! The Clown Prince of Crime is giving the city a hearty greeting, and Batgirl must struggle, not only with a diabolical mastermind that gives even Batman pause, but whether or not to accept help from a shocking source!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #5 (2008)

Harvey and Ivy.

Harvey Dent has a curse: he's the acid-scarred mobster Two-Face! And he has a past: having pursued prison for Poison Ivy! Is there a connection between the two events? How does one lead to the other, and how do the lives of these two villains intersect? It's all in this issue of Gotham Girls, as signs point to dangerous storms brewing for our heroes...and other protagonists!

Last Sun of Krypton #1 (2008)

Last Sun of Krypton, Part 1 (of 3).

Travel with us now, into the past, to a time when a great and advanced race of people lived, loved, fought and struggled with the day-to-day and with the higher aspirations of all people. Come and witness Kal-El, with his family around him, as he discovers that for his generation...there seems no future to aspire to! What do you do in the face of the ultimate end?

Last Sun of Krypton #2 (2008)

last Sun of Krypton, Part 2 (of 3).

Even with the heavy news hanging over their heads, life must go on for Kal-El and his loved ones. But how can they go on with life as usual when the world is about to collapse? Isn't there anything that Kal can do to help save Krypton and its people?

Last Sun of Krypton #3 (2008)

Last Sun of Krypton, Part 3 (of 3).

"If Lyla had still been there to talk him out of it, Kal knew that he would never have even suggested this solution, let alone volunteered for it. He stood alone in the middle of a large, barren field, staring up at the monolith that was an energy plant, and he could feel the heat of the world gathering beneath his feet.

Two days had already gone by, two more days of heartache and fear, of disbelief and thick, destructive denial. Despite the official

pleas from the Board, and despite the few ready rockets off-world that had already left for the colonies, most of the population refused to budge from their homes on only the word of Jor-El. Kal's breathing was quick and nervous in the heated air. All of those people were depending on his bravery, his intellect...  
...and on the nuclear bomb strapped to the hood of his small electric car. "

*Ultimate Gotham Girls #6 (2008)*

Reality Check.

Harley Quinn can't believe her good fortune! She's made friends with Ivy, won the love of her sweetheart, The Joker, and discovered her old mentor, Jonathan Crane is now in town. Could any woman's life be any better? She's on cloud nine, facing a future bright and exciting, despite The Joker's dislike of Crane's potential influence on the young woman. And then it happens...

*Ultimate Gotham Girls #12 (2008)*

*Ultimate Gotham Girls: Clown College, Part 3 (of 3).*

With time racing out, can our three heroines band together and stop the Joker's deadly finale? What's going to happen to Harley Quinn? You won't want to miss the stunning conclusion of *Gotham Girls Year One*-- with special appearance by the Batman himself!

*Ultimate Gotham Girls #8 (2008)*

*Your Worst Nightmare, Part 1 (of 2).*

Jonathan Crane is tired of waiting. He has stores of his prized possession, his finished 'fear gas', all over Gotham. With a push of a single button, he will trap everything that breathes in their own worst nightmare, and for once in his life, Crane will be the one unafraid.

What terrors lurk in the darkest parts of the minds of all our stars? And how will any of them break free? If they even can...

*Ultimate Gotham Girls #9 (2008)*

*Your Worst Nightmare, Part 2 (of 2).*

Jonathan Crane --now the full-fledged Scarecrow-- has all of Gotham City under his power, including Batgirl! Can anyone fight

their own most feared demons in time to stop Crane from completely taking over?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #13 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Overrun.

The One Man Army Corps have taken the Gotham streets, and they're doing their jobs on the villains-- but are they safe for our heroes? When Batgirl ticks one off on patrol, can she stop a super-strong robot all by herself, before it hurts anyone else in its attack on her?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #14 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades Part 1 (of 3).

After years of hiding, Harvey Dent has finally returned to Gotham City. But for his old friend Renee, is this a good thing, or bad? And when Poison Ivy is framed for murder, who's going to search out the truth, no matter how shocking it may be?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #15 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part 2 (of 3)

The investigation is underway-- Renee Montoya, AKA Batgirl, hot on the tail of Harvey Dent, AKA Two-Face! But can Renee truly believe that her old friend is a killer? And what would she do if she discovered the proof? Meanwhile, how long can Harvey hold his two selves together, under the stress and the guilt of what he's done?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #16 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part Three.

Batgirl's continued investigation of a double-murder frame job finally brings her to Harvey Dent, and forces her to confront what's happened to her old friend. How deep does Harvey's madness extend? How has it affected him, through his entire life? And what will Two-Face do when he finds Batgirl prying into his secrets?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #17 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Facades, Part 4 (of 4)

The disturbing origin of Two-Face revealed to her, Batgirl now has to finally face off against her friend-turned-enemy. How badly can Renee stand to hurt Harvey? How badly will she have to, if Two-

Face gets the upper hand? And what shocking revelation will finally end the battle? Find out in our stunning conclusion!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #18 (2009)

Gotham Girls: Jack of Hearts.

Jack Napier has had a crush on Harley Quinzel since they took Psychology together, and she has always ignored him. But when Harley robs Jack's magic shop, could fate be bringing them together? How can a man with such an eerily familiar face win the heart of the girl of his dreams, and is Harley's heart really free for her to give?

Ultimate Gotham Girls #19 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Now and Then.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #22 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Save Our Circus.

Haley's Circus is back in town, and ready to put on a killer show for Gotham City...at least, it was until a half-rate supervillain made a big-name mess by setting the animals loose! Join all our Gotham Girls, even including guest-stars, as they try to clean up in time for the show. And check back in with Harley Quinn, as she makes a couple new friends...

Ultimate Gotham Girls #24 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Face to Face, Part 2.

Two-Face is on the loose, with only Poison Ivy to keep an eye on him. Will Ivy slide back into her villainous ways, or will Two-Face force her to show her new colors? How will Harvey Dent be able to face up to his deepest fears, when he's just become free of them? And what on earth are Ivy and Batgirl doing working together? All this and more in the thrilling conclusion to Gotham Girls year two!

Ultimate Gotham Girls #23 (2009)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Face to Face, Part One.

Harvey Dent has had enough. After months of treatment and no progress, he is desperate to get rid of the voice in his head, the other half of his mind that has always been there. And with the help of a touch of magic, Harvey can get his wish...but at what price?

With Two-Face on the loose and no coin to contain him, how will Batgirl be able to keep Gotham City safe?

Ultimate Gotham Girls Annual #1 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls Annual: Resolution & Spoiler's Nutcracker Suite.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #25 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Beginning Again.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #26 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Scout's Honor.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #27 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: A Light in a Dark Wood.

Ultimate Gotham Girls #28 (2010)

Ultimate Gotham Girls: Rocket's Red Glare, Part 1.

Enter: Roxy Rocket!



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