



Danger Trail #8

Don Walsh

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"Argent St. Cloud" "King Faraday" Midnight

Previously...

... King Faraday and the man called Midnight shut down the grave-robbing operations and necrotic experiments of a scientist called Doctor Zero, but despite a clear trail of criminal conspiracy to steal military equipment by the madman, Faraday's unconvinced that all the answers are accounted for; in New York City, Argent St. Cloud has arrived to perform a favor for the mysterious Rose Psychic, and is met there by family friend Army Air Corps pilot Michael Gallant, himself in New York City helping the state attorney Thomas Dewey in his efforts to shut down organized crime.

The Danger Trail!

Issue #8: "The Nation of Murder Affair, Part One"

Written by Don Walsh

Cover by Claw

Edited by Mark Bowers

Newark, New Jersey

As July turns into August

The backroom of the bar was dingy and grungy, the air thick with dust and smoke, narrow streams of light from the early afternoon sun playing up slowly spiraling patterns that parted for the man that now crossed the nearly-empty room. The bartender ignored him, merely wiping endlessly at various thick glasses under the counter. The other two patrons peered warily at him, keeping careful notice of his movements while acting like they hadn't noticed him at all.

The man in the corner booth at the far end of the room didn't ignore him though. He stared straight at him from beady dark eyes set under a wide and mean brow. Weathered, angry face stared out at the approaching stranger as he puffed on a cigarette.

The newcomer was swathed in black. Dark monochromatic business suit splashed with blood-red brim on the trilby he wore, red rose pinned

onto his black trench coat, blood-red belt cinched tight around a surprisingly slim waist. He slipped into the booth across from the angry-looking gangster who'd called for him and stared at him from behind lenses stitched into the raven-black hood he wore.

"Well? You gonna take the hit?" The gangster dabbed his cigarette angrily into an ashtray as he let out a stream of smoke into the filthy air.

"Commission said no. Murder, Inc., they said no. Why the hell should I say yes, Schultz?" the masked man replied.

"Because getting the job is all people care about after things are done," Dutch Schultz shot back as he poured out two shot glasses of bourbon, then slid one to the masked man. "Who cares if they said no, if you get the job done and I turn out right? Don't you want the killers to be yours?"

"Of course I do! Why ask such a stupid question!" the strange man snapped back, knocking the glass to the side. Schultz could see a thin pale wrist between the end of the sleeve and the top of the gloves he wore. Too pale, but he ignored that and looked back up into the dark lenses.

"What's with all this crap? Have a drink, like guys do with each other! You take this 'Rue Morgue' shit too far."

"What do I get for doing this hit, other than a ton of grief from the bosses?"

"You get to show you're your own guy. That you're the guy tough enough to run the killers. You get me backing your play to take over Murder, Inc." Schultz tossed back the shot of bourbon and poured himself another glass. "Don't say that don't interest you."

"It does, but you're falling, old man," Rue Morgue shot back. "Lucky's got you by the short and curlies, and Dewey's got your number. That's not a lot of muscle for me to depend on, is it?"

"You whack Dewey and do what the bosses are afraid of, and I won't have to worry about any numbers, and I can put Luciano in his place,

and you... you get to be the top hitter." Dutch tried to stare into the glassy eyes, hands curling up on the table angrily. "Do it, you gutless freak!"

Rue Morgue tensed and quivered in anger at the insult from Schultz, but let it slide this time. The gangster was dangerously smart and got things done. "Fine. I'll do it. But if this goes south, I'm going to take you apart. Don't think I won't." Rue Morgue stood up and marched out of the bar, feeling the glare from Schultz bore into his back, but he didn't care. He never did. He had a blood hunt now, and he had to focus.

Schultz pulled out a cigarette and jammed it into his mouth, setting it alight and puffing angrily and nervously as he stared at the departing killer. "Freak."

*Newark International Airport,
the dog days of summer*

"I wouldn't have minded driving up, Speed," Harriet Cooper gently chided Cyril Saunders as he escorted the slim, well-dressed young woman through the bustling airport building. "You didn't have to spend so much money on such a short flight."

"Nonsense," Speed laughed off the suggestion. "It wasn't all that expensive, and it's not like I don't have plenty more money where that came from."

Harriet blushed and glanced demurely away from his pronouncement. As they exited the building, she couldn't help but notice a man to the side, lingering on the curb and trying to peddle second-hand newspapers for pennies. "Lucky man," she said as she watched him hail a cab for their use.

Speed followed her glance and turned red himself, just realizing how he must have sounded as he held the door open for her. He nodded, and replied, "Lesson taken. Now let's get you into town. Looking forward to seeing your family? Been a while?"

"I am, yeah. It's been too long, I think." She settled into the seat as Speed and the cabbie loaded their bags into the trunk. Then Speed settled down next to her and the car pulled out into traffic and sped into the rising cluster of the fastest-growing city on Earth. "And you'll be okay without me?"

"Sure thing," he assured her with an easy, breezy smile. "You'll reconnect with your roots, and I'll start trying to dig up a lead for your little project. I've got some friends over at Columbia University that I suspect can shed some light on this Symbol of Seven you're keen on."

"Sounds great," Harriet answered with a nod of her head. "Just getting my hands on that key..."

"I know, I know. You explained already. A few times," Speed laughed at her eagerness. "We'll see you translating the old family heirloom yet, don't you worry about it." He held her slim hand in his own rougher hand, a reassuring squeeze that made her blush and smile, eyes glittering with thoughts.

"I'll meet you at the hotel after my meeting then?" she confirmed as the cab reached its first stop. "We'll go out, have a nice dinner, and you'll catch me up on what you've found?"

"You bet, doll," Speed said as he let her hand go and watched her slip out the door. She turned and blew him a mischievous kiss before practically skipping off toward the office building. "Strange place to meet family," he mused before signaling the driver to head out to the next stop.

Harriet marched quickly into the building's lobby, quivering with excitement at the thought she would finally unlock the ancient brass box that sat back home, defying her family for decades, taunting her forebears. But not her, no. Not her. As she stepped on the elevator, the operator glanced at her with a quizzical look over her soft chuckling.

"Good joke, miss?" he asked with a polite smile.

She quickly nodded. "Sixth floor please."

"Lansky's offices?" he asked, looking surprised as she continued to nod.
"Okay, miss."

*Across town, in Greenwich Village,
that same day*

Michael Gallant had an amused look on his broad, handsome face as he stretched his long, strong legs out to keep up the pace set by the extraordinary, elegant English woman at his side. She moved so quickly, and yet there was never a lack of grace or dignity. Her bright eyes had a determined glare in them, under the bobbing platinum hair, and he watched her intently as she set about her search. From time to time, she'd pause at a street corner and glance around, as if searching for something unseen to others. Then she'd suddenly pivot on her heel and march off down a new street, and Michael would chuckle and start after her.

"You've been at this all morning," Michael said as she took another of her pauses. "Aren't you getting tired yet?"

"No," she replied in a courteous, but brief, reply, sparing him a coy grin before turning and heading back the way she came. This time though, she was slower, more thoughtfully looking over each building and staring down lanes and courtyards. "I'm so very close now," she further explained at last, that sweet proper reserved pronunciation thrilling Michael's ears, "that I'm much too ready to finish up this leg of my trip to be tired."

"Well, that makes sense," Gallant said with a friendly shrug. "Wish I could help more though. Just following like a lost puppy can't be very good for my look."

"But Michael, hasn't that always been how you've looked when I've been here in the colonies for a visit?" She teased him as she suddenly turned down one of the smaller side streets, slim fingers now running along the brick face of a building.

"I believe that's Lance, actually," he corrected her gently with a laugh in

his voice. "Poor Lance. He really had it for you in the day."

"He... did..." her voice was slow and trailed away as she looked into a grimy window, seeing a rundown interior littered with broken furniture and other assorted trash. "Didn't he?"

"See something interesting?" Michael asked as he looked at the worn, sad-looking storefront, long abandoned and left to sag and decay.

"This is it," Argent said with a firm nod of her head.

"This is it? This... dump?"

"This is what I was told to look for." Argent walked up to the door and pressed her fingers to the tarnished brass doorknob. "Yes. Indeed." She took out a pad of paper and made a quick note of the address. "Now to contact my solicitor and uncover the landlord, and get the paperwork underway."

"This is what you were sent to dig up for a storefront?" Michael was incredulous as he glanced around at the underpopulated street and lack of other bustling business. "Are you sure?"

"Aren't I always?" She winked at him as she slipped her notebook back into her bag. "I'm just doing what father told me, and following the instructions he was given, that he passed to me. Once I've gotten the place, it's not my concern anymore."

"Okay. I guess."

"Enough of this now," Argent stated. "Time to get to the fun portion of my trip. I believe, Michael, you had an adventure for me?"

"Well, I'm here doing a favor for Mr. Dewey, yeah. Looking into some underworld activity. But I'm not really sure this is the sort of thing I should be dragging you into." He ran his large, rough hand over the nape of his neck, a concerned look etched into his face now.

"Oh please," Argent dismissed the worrisome talk. "Blood, bullets and derring-do? What else would one of my family be interested in, seriously

now?"

"Right. Of course," Michael again replied with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "Okay well, let's pick up a cab, and head out. I've got a couple of leads I need to follow up on, and I'm betting you'll make a great distraction."

"Don't go getting distracted on the job," she chastised him in that teasing, clipped voice of hers. "Keep your mind on your work, and I'll distract you with some proper dinner and dancing later tonight instead."

"Not distracting me! You..." Michael sputtered as he waved down a cab and opened the door for her. "Get in the car, you troublemaker!" He laughed as he closed the door after her and hurried into the other side.

Washington, D.C.
as the first week of August slips away
"Enter!"

King Faraday pulled the door open and entered the cramped, makeshift office of Major Derek Trevor. The desk was littered with a wide variety of files, two cabinets looming ominously behind the army officer who looked up at the secret service agent who stormed in.

"What can I do for you, Agent Faraday?" Major Trevor asked as he rose and reached a hand out to shake.

Faraday's eyes narrowed as he watched the friendly gesture. He had come in all fire and brimstone and prepared to play hardball with the officer, determined to get some answers and lay out his declarations. But he paused and weighed the implied offer. He slowly reached out a hand as he exhaled slowly. "I need to talk about this Doctor Zero case, Major," Faraday replied as he sat down in the only other chair in the small room.

"Good, good. I read your report. I hope you passed our thanks back to your... colleague?" Trevor answered as he pulled out a cigarette and offered one to the agent, who took it and lit up.

"Yeah, I did. For all that means to him," Faraday gave a rueful chuckle. "What's this West Formula I heard Zero mention while we were shutting him down?"

"Right to the point, I see. Okay, I can appreciate that," Trevor replied as he lit up his own cigarette, then leaned back in his chair. "Can't tell you."

"Can't, or won't?"

"Maybe a little of both. Truth to tell, it's only a name in a file, but I've seen it a couple of times, in a couple of places. I can't say where. I can't," Trevor emphasized. He pulled the cigarette out and blew smoke as he tapped the unlit end against one of the files on his desk, near a 'top secret' stamp.

"This whole situation stinks," Faraday said, his voice direct, blunt, and controlled. "I think there is no Doctor Zero. I think that there's... some sort of... bushwa... going on."

"Heh. Yeah, I'm not surprised you think that," Trevor replied.

"That's not a denial, Trevor." A dangerousness edged Faraday's voice as he replied.

Trevor shrugged and took a long draw of his cigarette. "What can I tell you, Agent Faraday? You think there's more to this Zero and his operation... then keep digging. Don't let me stop you." Trevor tapped out his cigarette and smiled at the burly agent, touching his nose lightly a couple of times.

Faraday held back a laugh and nodded. "Fine. Be that way then, Major. You've been warned." Faraday stood up and turned around to leave, then paused. He turned back, reached out to shake the major's hand, and then stormed out of the small office.

Back in Manhattan,

after days of following leads

The scared-looking man was tall, gaunt and pale, watery blue eyes sunk deep into hollowed sockets, cheeks drawn and jaundiced hands continually played with a rusty-looking lighter. His ill-fitting clothes did nothing to hide his anxiety nor his obvious ill health as he watched the pair approach him at the far end of the bar. Jazz music scratched out of the worn jukebox in a corner of the seedy tavern, smoke flooded the air as ugly men battered at pool balls and others snapped cards angrily at each other. The pair were a startling contrast to the rundown nature of the place. Even with the blue-collar clothes that Michael Gallant wore, his handsome face and groomed blond hair set him apart, while his companion, Argent St. Cloud, didn't even do as little as Michael had done to blend in. She was decked out in a beautiful dress that drew every eye in the place to her rich curves as they walked to the frightened man.

"Good God, could you two be more conspicuous?" the man snapped at the pair as he drank his beer. "Every joe in this joint is going to run out and spill. And I'm s'posed to help you mugs?"

"Yes. You asked for this meeting, so you might as well just talk. Maybe all these people will go and talk to all the wrong people," Argent countered as she remained standing, unwilling to let the dirty barstools touch her silks. "All the more reason to tell us what you know, so we can keep you safe."

The man frowned, and took a deep swig of his beer. Michael stared into the weak, almost dead eyes, and settled down on the stool kitty-corner from him. "You heard the lady. You know she's right. What have you got for us?"

"Schultzie, he's gone bughouse since he come back to Jersey," the man said in a hushed whisper, leaning close to Michael. "He's angrier than ever, and guys, they're dying for nuttin' 'cause Schultzie's lost it. I can give you names, places... all sorts of info. But you gotta get me some protection. Please!"

Michael listened intently, nodding as the man spoke. It was Argent who found her more delicate sensibilities offended by the unpleasant odor drifting from the man. Like he'd wallowed in something dead before coming here. She wrinkled her button nose as the two others spoke, then

glanced around at her surroundings. Lots of people were around, and many were sparing glances at her, unsurprisingly. But no one seemed to really care about what was going on. *I guess I'm even better at distracting than we expected*, she mused silently.

It was hot in here, Argent noticed, hot and stale and she let out a soft cough as she saw Michael stand up and prepare to leave. The informant did the same and reached out to grab Michael's hand in a shake as he did. "Thanks. I mean it, thanks. Please, hurry, 'kay? I... I don't know how long it's gonna take Dutch to hear about this."

"Sure thing," Michael said as he pulled his hand back. "Ready to go?" he asked his companion, who only nodded. The informant, indeed, everyone in the bar, watched them leave the building.

The informant lifted his hand up to his face and sniffed at it. He grinned, a thin lipless grin that unnerved the many tough guys in the tavern, who quickly looked away from him. "Yeah. Got your scent, boy."

Out on the street, Michael wrapped an arm protectively around Argent's curvaceous hip and moved them both quickly along the sidewalk. "Do you believe him, Michael?"

"No. No, it's a trap, I'm sure. He wants a meeting with Mr. Dewey, and I'm sure that it's all a set-up to get some hitter close enough to make the kill," Michael explained as his alert eyes never stopped looking around for trouble. "He was right, we were much too noticeable. Anyone with a shred of survival instinct would have run screaming from us. He's got nothing to fear from Schultz, which means, he's got to be working for him."

"Makes sense. So what next? If it's a trap, I'm guessing you plan to turn it on him and his boss?" Argent spared the handsome face an admiring glance.

Michael nodded as he continued to lead them back to their hotel. "I call in the cavalry. Fortunately for me, they happen to be in town. At least some of them. Well, one of them, but that's a very good start. He told me he was coming up."

“Ooh, no names? All mysterious? How exciting,” she answered with a shiver, leaning into him.

“I’ll call him back at the hotel. You’ll like him; he’s a good guy, and he’s got an adventuring streak bigger than yours,” Michael teased Argent.

“Ooh. I like him already. Let’s hurry,” Argent teased back, taking Michael’s hand in hers as she started to move quicker.

*The skeleton of the Golden Gate Bridge,
with a hot mid-August moon shining down*

The woman easily slipped past the protective fences, and moved down to the ramparts and scaffolding of the massive bridge project. She reached a hand out to touch one of the positions for the cable stays and then pulled a small disc from her pocket. She flipped up the lid and lined the small object up with the position of the bridge.

“Finding anything interesting?”

The woman spun around with a leap, landing with her feet in an L-stance and one arm out protectively, the other holding the device behind her.

The man called Midnight took a close look at the intruder as he stood there before her, red tie fluttering in the hot stiff breeze, fedora tucked low over forehead, masked eyes staring even closer. She was Oriental, Chinese he guessed. Young, with short black hair that clung to her almond-shaped face. Smooth skin, hard eyes, and while she was short and slender, he had no doubt that she was in good shape beneath the blue jeans, white t-shirt and bomber jacket.

“You speak English?” he asked in a slow, loud voice.

“Yes. Do you?” she shot back.

“Occasionally. When I need to. I’m called Midnight, and I’ve heard about you. Showing up in various places around the city where you

don't belong, doing no harm, and then taking off."

"You're proud of yourself, guessing I would come here?" she snapped at him, her body as taut as the cables that would hold this bridge in place.

"I was, yeah," Midnight answered with a casual shrug and let his fingers brush up the brim of his hat. "Listen, I'm just wanting to know what's up with you. Like I said, nothing I've heard makes it sound like you're a bad guy... girl. So, something I can help with?"

She stared carefully back into what she could make of his eyes, and let her body ease back into a more normal position. "Perhaps. You are the same mystery man that battled the Blood Red Moon?"

"Yeah. The vampires right? Last spring? That's me, yeah. Why?"

"I'm here to pick up the trail of Andrew Bennett and Mary Seward." She spoke the names in a solemn voice, like intoning a reverent incantation.

"They died in the fire. Burned up into ash. Sorry, kid. Why do you want them anyway?" Midnight looked puzzled and stepped closer.

"They aren't dead. Believe me. They live. And it is my family obligation to find them." She gave a polite bow and added, "My name is Dee. Trin Dee."

Back in Manhattan,

three hours before the moon watches over the Golden Gate meeting

"Hey there, pal! How's it going?" Michael Gallant said over the handset of the phone. He sat at the desk, talking to his friend as Argent sat at the dresser mirror and touched up her makeup. "Good to hear. So listen, I was hoping to hear that you'd be sticking around for a little longer." There was a pause as Michael listened to the response, nodding his head. "Good, good. Great to hear. I could use some help on a case. You and anyone else you might be able to bring in."

Argent glanced up from sorting out the small containers on the dresser

top in time to witness the strange figure swathed in black, daubed in blood-red and with lensed eyes, swoop toward the hotel window. "Michael!" she cried out in alarm, and leaped to her feet, her chair crashing to one side as the pane of glass shattered into hundreds of razor-sharp pieces.

Michael heard all the noise and got to his feet, turning to face the sudden invader. "Who...?" Rue Morgue drew his revolver from the ebon depths of his trenchcoat and pulled the trigger in one smooth motion. The bullet creased Michael's temple, sending him spinning unconscious to the floor before Argent could process the scene.

"Michael!" she screamed again as Rue Morgue swept down on the prone figure. She wasted no more time though, lashing out with a wicked kick expertly aimed at the assassin's sternum. She could hear it crack and she felt her toe sink a little into the man's suit, but it seemed to slow him down not at all. He stood and swept the back of his bare hand across her face. She spun from the surprising force of the blow, but she didn't fail to notice the same execrable odor she caught from the informant at the bar.

"I don't want to break a doll face like that one, limey, so don't make me," Rue Morgue ordered as he grabbed the unconscious Gallant and made his way back out of the shattered window.

Argent pulled herself upright with the help of the bed, her eyes still spinning from the blow and the revelation that he was shaking off a broken breast-bone. She heard a noise, but couldn't place it at first. Then she looked over at the handset of the phone, dangling off the side of the desk. She plucked it up and heard the voice on the other side.

"What's happening? Mikey, you there? What's going on?"

"He's been taken, he's been taken by some... some... monster in black," Argent said, trying to control her voice, and keep her composure.

"Okay, okay, don't you worry, miss. You just sit tight, and I'll be there in two shakes of a lamb's tail, or my name's not Speed Saunders!"

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 Feedbooks

Danger Trail #1 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Blood & Dragon Affair, Part 1 (of 3)

Danger Trail #2 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Blood and Dragon Affair, Part 2 (of 3).

Ninjas and vampires and diabolical plots, oh my! King Faraday, Speed Saunders and the Enemy Ace are joined by a masked crime-fighter as they face two secret societies with a monstrous agenda! Pulp action at its finest as we seek out...the Danger Trail!

Danger Trail #3 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Blood and Dragon Affair, Part 3 (of 3).

Learn the mission of the Blood Red Moon! Uncover the mastermind behind the Black Dragon Society! Watch our heroes try and work together when some can't trust others, and one has no clue that there's cavalry coming to the rescue! Who would have thought marital strife could be so much danger for the heroes, or so entertaining for the readers! It's the conclusion to "The Blood and Dragon Affair!"

Danger Trail #4 (2007)

Danger Trail: The Verdant Darkness Affair, Part 1 (of 2)

Mightiest Mortals #1 (2007)

Mightiest Mortals: With a Stroke of Lightning!

Mightiest Mortals #2 (2007)

Mightiest Mortals: In a Crash of Thunder

Mightiest Mortals #3 (2007)

Captain Marvel: Under a Seal of Six Gods!

Justice League #8 (2007)

Justice League: Lucky Number 7.

What are the chances that a rash of good fortune across the globe could be the League's next case? Pretty good when this luck starts rewriting the laws of the universe and threatening the existence of

ages-old mystic defenses keeping ancient, primordial forces at bay!

Justice League #9 (2007)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow.

Why are there hawk soldiers of Thanagar on Earth? Who are the strange new superhumans appearing around the globe, testing and probing local governments? What exactly is the Justice League facing when a quartet of self-proclaimed heroes declares Earth "their last stand?" It's the beginning of an epic threat wrapped inside two strange mysteries that will leave the Justice League hoping that Earth survives "To See Tomorrow!"

Justice League #10 (2007)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow, Part Two (of Four).

"To See Tomorrow" continues as the stakes only get higher and secrets slowly start to unravel. Hawkman and the Martian Manhunter are caught between the Thanagarian invaders and their own satellite! The rest of the League is caught between Mon-El and Wandjina! And in the big picture, it's all symbolic of the Earth being caught between the enigmatic Overmaster and a still-hidden mastermind with dreadful intent!

Danger Trail #5 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Verdant Darkness Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

What connection lies between la Llorona's kidnapped children and Nyola's captured heroine Rima? What is drawing the natives of Central America and Mexico together? Speed Saunders, King Faraday and Midnight are joined by Doctor Occult to learn the truth before an Empire of Blood washes over the land!

Weird Western Quarterly #11 (2008)

Johnny Thunder: Steel Heart Iron Soul.

As Johnny Thunder, John Tane has evaded the deathbed oath to his mother never to do violence, and become Mesa City's great protector. Now he's about to be challenged on a whole new level when a powerful land baron makes a grab for greater wealth and glory, and the enigmatic renegade, Madame .44, has Johnny Thunder's heart in her sights! What might be his most dangerous

mission yet will also be the first chapter in a ballad of love and gunslinging like the Wild West has yet to see!

Danger Trail #6 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Man in Stitches Affair, Part 1 (of 2)

Danger Trail #7 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Man in Stitches Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

The Revenant Program proceeds apace as Saunders and Midnight must struggle with former ally King Faraday to find the evidence that can shut down Doctor Zero for good! Maybe, just maybe, newcomer Argent St. Cloud can help out!

Speeding Bullet #4 (2008)

Bulletman: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 4 (of 4): Man Made Gods. This is it! The mystery is revealed and the gloves come off as Bulletman dukes it out with the Murder Prophet and his god of murder, the Nihilist! Can he come through his baptism of fire and blood intact? And even if he wins, does the Prophet truly get the last laugh?

Danger Trail #9 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Nation of Murder Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

As Speed Saunders and King Faraday join Argent St. Cloud to search for Michael Gallant, a wave of murders leaves the city of New York reeling as the heat rises, tempers flare, and Rue Morgue revels in the bloodbath!

Danger Trail #10 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Stolen Myth Affair, Part 1 (of 3).

It begins here! Threads woven from the start of the series, put into play centuries beforehand, all start to come together in this issue, as familiar faces return to the scene, dark forces gather for the attack, and the secrets of the Trail yawn wide and threatening! All this and a special guest-star...the Queen of the Amazons!

Danger Trail #11 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Stolen Myth Affair, Part 2 (of 3).

Things heat up for our heroes as the Dragon Queen and the Queen of Blood unite to betray Vandal Savage; Savage raids Washington,

D.C. to acquire the Ineffable Libram; and King Faraday and Speed Saunders face off with Queen Hippolyta and Rima the Jungle Woman! Things couldn't get any worse than this, could they?

Danger Trail Annual #1 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Savage Sins Affair.

As the Stolen Myth Affair heats up, as a covert war rages on the Danger Trail, take a peek inside the history of the man who has set this all into motion...Vandal Savage! Balloon Buster Steven Savage is doing just that as he uncovers threads and connections surrounding the many figures of the age that all lead back to this diabolical mastermind, some stretching back centuries! If the truth about him can't be unraveled soon, those threads will choke the present day and continue into the future!

Danger Trail #12 (2008)

Danger Trail: The Stolen Myth Affair, Part 3 (of 3).

Vandal Savage begins his plan to bring the world into his control! King Faraday, Speed Saunders and Midnight, along with their assembled allies, make their bid to stop him, but there are three queens in this game, and each one has their own vision for how the endgame should play out! It's the end of the first year on the Danger Trail...is it also just the end?

Speeding Bullet #1 (2008)

Speeding Bullet, Part 1 (of 4): Modern Gods.

James Barr has developed a special device that allows him tremendous powers! Now he steps into a new world of masked men and heroic deeds, but is he really ready to take his place among the world's newest gods? Will the Murder Prophet usher in an age of blood first?

Speeding Bullet #2 (2008)

Speeding Bullet: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 2 (of 4): Deepest Secrets.

James Barr steps into costume for the first time, and Bulletman is on the case of the Obermyer murders. But so is another person...the actual killer, a mysterious being called the Murder Prophet, who is paving the way for his master, and the police and the rookie hero struggle to catch up and stop him!

Speeding Bullet #3 (2008)

Speeding Bullet: The Birth of Bulletman, Part 3 (of 4): Bleeding Truths.

The race is on to uncover the real killer as Detectives Farley and Doherty try to dig through the murder mystery, Martin Obermyer meets the killer and Bulletman stumbles in a critical way, leaving him to face the fury of his wife!

Mightiest Mortals #4 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Wielding Fists of Virtue.

Captain Marvel is caught between a throwdown with Ibac and Sivana launching an all-out assault on our hero and the Fawcett itself! As bad as that is, though, it gets worse for Kit Freeman...much worse! Meet Sabbac!

Mightiest Mortals #5 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Scenes of a Day

Mightiest Mortals #6 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: Between Opposing Forces.

Freddy finds himself having the most startlingly worst day of anyone's life! Can it be worse than losing a close relative? What about the dark secret within another relative? Or the secrets being held by his best friend? It all comes crashing down on him in a terrible avalanche of revelations! All this while the city moves on without him!

Mightiest Mortals #7 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: From the Shadows of Twisted Minds.

Get ready for action and excitement! Freddy buries his cousin, Christopher Freeman, and has another showdown with his stepbrother Tim Karnes. And we discover just how fiendish Sivana can be when he pushes Captain Marvel's every attribute in an issue in which the World's Wickedest Scientist...doesn't even appear! All this, and the fate of Beautia!

Mightiest Mortals #8 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: To the Truth of the Matter.

Billy and Freddy have their confrontations on secrets kept, power hoarded and relations hidden, all the while the forces of the law struggle to keep Lady Justice apart from her new champion and Miss Minerva asserts her innocence!

Mightiest Mortals #9 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Abyss of Blood Relations

Fawcett City goes on despite the gang war, despite the debut of new heroes, despite it all, Fawcett City goes on. Come and see how it does, as Chief Kitchens deals with the presence of Captain Marvel and what it means for his police force! And has Miss Minerva over-played her hand?

Mightiest Mortals #11 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Tide of Heroism.

The beginning of the stunning two-part finale to Captain Marvel's first year! Sabbac has gone on a rampage, and Ibac is taking advantage of the chaos! Bulletman struggles to intervene, but everyone wants to know where Captain Marvel is! All this and more (and boy, do I really mean it this time)!

Mightiest Mortals #10 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: The Punishment of Good Deeds.

Amazing origins issue as we discover the secret behind the magic words, and the history of Sabbac and Ibac! Freddy walks into a deathtrap, Victor Craize starts to feel the power of the people, and the police make a startling discovery about Miss Minerva!

Mightiest Mortals #12 (2008)

Mightiest Mortals: By an Act of Love.

This is it! Sabbac is on a rampage! Ibac sends his men out against the leaderless forces of his gangland opponent! Into the middle of this stands Captain Marvel and his allies! When the smoke clears, who will stand triumphant?

Nightwing #30 (2008)

Nightwing: The Riddle of the Sphinx.

Just when you'd think Dick's got enough trouble juggling Titans duties as Nightwing, solo duties as the Batman, and mentoring duties with Tim, things get harder. There's a new villain hitting

the streets, one with a dangerous delusion, and Dick's not happy to see that Nightwing is apparently on the case, without Dick's permission! Come and join us for "The Riddle of the Sphinx!"

Nightwing #31 (2008)

Nightwing: Riddle of the Sphinx, Part 2 (of 2)

Dick must try to get to the bottom of the crazed King Tut and foil his rampages, but he also needs to figure out how to deal with the new Nightwing! As he digs up more information on both, all three men spiral into a collision course of tragic proportions, and Professor McElroy might just be the ultimate victim in all of this!

Justice League #11 (2008)

Justice League: To See Tomorrow, Part Three (of Four).

Things are falling into place at a rapid pace now... for the villains! With the League stretched thin across the globe, friends come racing to the rescue and the action only heats up! Watch Hawkgirl lead the storming of the JL satellite; witness Superman confront Mon-El over his mysterious mission; and thrill to the throwdown between Wonder Woman and the Persuader, as the master villain behind it all draws closer to his goal! All this and more!

Danger Trail Vol. 1 (2009)

This volume collects Danger Trail #1-12 as well as Danger Trail Annual #1. This is the complete first story arc in which our pulp heroes confront the treachery of the Blood Queen, the Dragon Queen and their mysterious backer. Stay tuned for Danger Trail #13 coming soon!

Danger Trail #13 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Brown Lady Affair, Part 1.

In the wake of the battle with Vandal Savage, Speed Saunders has set his sights on finding the Sigil of Seven; that quest being his only remaining link to the missing (and treacherous) Harriet Cooper! His friends Argent St. Cloud and Michael Gallant, along with ally Doctor Occult, want to know what his intentions are, but first they must untangle a dark scheme involving the ghosts of Great Britain!

Mightiest Mortals #13 (2009)

Mightiest Mortals: Opening Passages.

As Fawcett City recovers from the fall of Ibac and Sabbac, our heroes find more things to be worried about. Susan Barr must prosecute the bloodthirsty Tim Karnes while reassessing her stance on costumed crime-fighters; Dudley must wrestle with what he should reveal to Billy, and Billy must deal with the fact that Freddy refuses to return to his crippled body!

Danger Trail #14 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Brown Lady Affair, Part 2 (of 2).

Speed Saunders must deal with the fact that the artifact Harriet had been searching for, the Sigil of Seven, is Doctor Occult's primary weapon against supernatural evil! In the wake of her treachery, what can that mean? And none of our heroes can take the time to figure it out now, as they struggle to save Michael Gallant from the Dagger of Koth!

Danger Trail #15 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Falkenstein Affair.

Once rivals of the air and enemies at war, now the Enemy Ace and the Balloon Buster must work together to penetrate the secrets of Castle Falkenstein and the strange mad scientist ready to bring two worlds together to fuel his rise to power!

Danger Trail #16 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Blood of Templars Affair.

Danger Trail #17 (2009)

Danger Trail: The Blood of Templars Affair, Part Two.

Things heat up for our heroes as they head into an ancient Knights Templar castle as one of three groups desperate to unlock its secrets and find a powerful relic that will decide the victor in the opening battles of a far greater war, one that has the attention of the enigmatic Sanguine Father! A far greater war that echoes across the decades!

Danger Trail #18 (2009)

Danger Trail: Affairs of Blood and Fate, Part Two: The Angel of Death!

The strangest crossover of all times continues here, as Rose Psychic, Eel O'Brien, Speed Saunders, Midnight, Trin Dee and Andrew Bennett find themselves caught in a holy war between the forces of the Order of St. Dumas and the Sanguine Father, who offers a glimpse into a terrifying future for the world!

Danger Trail #20 (2010)

Danger Trail: Affairs of Blood and State, Part 6 (of 6).

Danger Trail #19 (2010)

Danger Trail: Affairs of Blood and State, Part 4.

Weird Western Quarterly #18 (2010)

Weird Western Quarterly: Lust Faith Love Treachery.



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