



Ultimate Gotham Girls #13
Samantha Chapman

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Ultimate Gotham Girls #13

Overrun

Written by Samantha Chapman

Cover by Boris Mihajlovic

Editor's Note: This issue takes place after Ultimate OMAC #2, and during Ultimate Batman & Robin #13

The shot rang unremarkably through the air, bothering only Batgirl as she dodged the bullet, and none of the hundreds who heard it. The tin ring of the alarm had long since faded into the distance as she chased the crook through the streets. The man's hand was shaking too much to keep hold of the gun, and he dropped it onto the street, to be kicked roughly to the side a moment later as Batgirl raced behind him.

A typical night in Gotham City.

Renee sped down the streets, keeping herself to a steady pace and trusting her legs to keep pumping, falling occasionally behind as the crook found energy for a sprint but soon catching up again as he wore himself out. Her long cape flew out behind her to frame her in black, an impressive spectacle whenever the man glanced over his shoulder. She had to be impressed by his persistence, as they continued their chase through the dark streets, slick with ice and more dangerous than usual.

Many of the other heroes Renee had come to know in the past year would have wasted their breath with banter now, shouting orders to their quarry in hopes of catching them off-guard. She just kept running. And soon enough, her strategy paid off.

The man collapsed onto the frozen ground, having slipped on a patch of ice and without the energy to get up again. All he could do now was wait for Batgirl to step up to him, her breath still even and her eyes narrow. "Are we done with this then? No more games?"

The man nodded, thin steamy clouds in front of his face making him

look even smaller on the ground.

"You got anything to say for yourself?" Batgirl's hand reached for a length of rope stored in her belt, and the handy device that Oracle had built to contact the police with the press of a button. "Anything to justify breaking into an ammo shop at 2am?"

"I... well... .no," the man admitted, obviously terrified of the black shape before him, without the comfort of the gun he usually kept on his hip.

"Good. Cause I didn't want to waste my time listening to it," Batgirl said bluntly, and reached down to pull the man's arms behind his back. She tied them with the rope and hit the button, leaving the small device clipped around the crook's' bonds. It would make its way from the beat cops back to Jim Gordon, and back to Batman the next time they met. Renee was never without it for long.

Batgirl waited, giving withering looks to the criminal when he tried to beg forgiveness, make small talk, or comment on her looks. Only a few weeks ago, the police would be here already. But with the government's OMAC robots running around, the GCPD had cut back on hours, letting its overworked officers have time to themselves and their families but leaving the streets more vulnerable.

Not that they would admit it, Renee knew. Jim had fought against the changes, but there was no getting out of accepting the robots into the force. And even the commissioner couldn't stand up against the tidal wave of support for reduced hours.

All this ran through Batgirl's mind while she waited for the tell-tale sirens to come closer. When she finally knew they were near, all it took was a shot of a grappling hook and a half of a moment, and she was long-gone.

The city sparkled below her even in the dim streetlights, as Renee continued her rounds over the rooftops. It was one of the few things that she liked about winter; the city could actually look habitable and pleasant when it shone under a film of snow and ice. Gotham may have often been a rat-infested crime-filled dingy hellhole, but it was *her* dingy hellhole, and Renee liked to see it at its best.

Despite all the thoughts of winter and robots, Renee kept her mind clear enough to notice the rhythmic, plodding movement down below. She paused in her run, crouching behind the brick railing of one of the buildings to watch as it made its way mechanically down the street. An OMAC; six feet tall, gleaming metal and equipped with anything it could possibly need. She hid herself more behind the wall as she watched it, not wanting it to realize she was there.

Renee would have had to be living under a rock not to recognize it, and would have had to be a fool not to fear it. Luckily for her, the metal man marched down the sidewalk without stopping, though it paused every so often to scan the rooftops and skies. Batgirl slunk along the edges of the buildings, hunched over like a cat after its prey as she followed the OMAC. There may have been an infinite number of other crimes in Gotham that night, but Batgirl had found one. Her teeth were clenched in her mouth before she quite realized it, her whole body tensed and ready for a fight. There had been much public support for Lexcorp, but Renee had learned a long time ago that the public didn't always know right from wrong.

She appreciated the help to the force. She knew that Gotham needed every protector that it could get its hands on, and that cities around the country weren't even so lucky to have a hero of their own. But she couldn't trust a machine to do such a human job.

The OMAC looked up once more and its gaze locked on the top of the building. Batgirl's eyes narrowed behind the cowl, then widened again, and at the very last moment she jumped into the air, throwing a grappling hook to use to swing her away from the building. The stone and brick where she had just been sitting crumbled into powder with a crash and flash of dark blue light, a beam shot from the "eyes" of the machine. The wind kicked up by the blast shot Renee through the air, and she dropped down to the ground to have her balance. The machine looked her from head to toe, making nothing but soft whirring noises before aiming another shot.

Renee cursed loudly and rolled, making herself low and small and avoiding another shot of that blue beam. With a few turns she was behind the OMAC, her mind running through all of her varied gadgets for

something she could use.

The OMACs were equipped to handle whatever threats they could possibly come across, and they were designed to come across superhuman threats. Batgirl might have a lot of training, and quite a few devices, but that was about it.

Nevertheless, she acted quickly as she reached through her belt and pulled out a grappling line, a long piece of strong cord, tied to a small hook. Taking only enough time to find the machine's position again, Batgirl sent the hook flying to wrap around the OMAC's spindly legs. The hook caught itself when it met the line again, and Batgirl pulled the cord tight. With all her strength, she tried to send the robot to the ground, her mind's eye seeing the legs brought together tight and overbalancing.

Her actual eyes saw her line straining even to keep its hold on the machine, as it walked forward with its sights steady on Batgirl. She blanched and dropped the line, just in time again to duck out of the way, before another blast split the pavement.

"Will you stop that!" She shouted angrily, knowing it wouldn't do any good.

The OMAC almost tilted its head, more whirring and beeping coming out of the shining silver casing. "Do not move," came the tinny, recorded voice.

"Bite me," Renee muttered, and leapt for the machine.

With one quick movement she was at the robot's back again, throwing a precise kick to its "neck" with the bit of steel-toe in her shoe. She was still knocked back a few feet from the impact, and the OMAC stood as steady as ever, but its circuits whirred and beeped urgently. It turned its head the way a person would crack his neck, and set its sights back on Batgirl.

*Target: Unknown
Masked
Hostile
Attack.*

This time Batgirl could hear the high whine of the machinery as the blue eyes of the OMAC prepared their charge. She cursed again and looked quickly around her. The chances were slim, but they were there, and she moved as fast as she could, ducking into an alley and thanking God for small favors.

When the dark blue blast went off, it met the broken glass of an old TV set-not a perfect mirror, but reflective enough to toss some of the shot back toward the OMAC. The rest of the shot turned the set into shrapnel, but Renee wasn't fool enough to stay there. She rolled out of the cloud of smoke in time to see the machine hit with its own blast, lifted into the air and knocked into a street light.

She let herself smile as she dusted off her costume, but the grin quickly slipped off her lips. The OMAC untangled itself from the twisted metal, but she had expected that, for the most part. What she hadn't expected was to see it floating.

"Oh Goddammit, they fly!?" Renee shouted, getting back up to her feet in a fast, fluid motion.

The machine looked at her again, hovering a few feet off of the ground, propelled by a finely-controlled jet of blue flame, and slowly making its way toward her.

There was no more for it now. The laser in the OMAC's eye was whining to a charge, and Batgirl had to be out of there, and fast. With only one more angry look back, she shot a line up to the highest rooftop she could see, and swung away, silhouetted against the violent shot as it ballooned behind her. In another moment she was gone, swinging great distances in single shots and hopping from roof to roof, very soon no more than a speck on the rooftop.

The OMAC watched after her dark shape, and continued its mechanical march down the street, with more speed now, with more direction. The gold and black of the symbol on her chest had imprinted into its software.

Symbol... .identifying
Symbol: Batman
Target: Batgirl
Hostile
Attack

Renee caught her breath many blocks away, finally pausing her retreat to get a new sense of the situation. She had been caught mostly off-guard, but that was no excuse. In all the reports, all of the news coverage, everyone had somehow failed to mention that the OMACs were lethal. "Crime deterrents," "Military force," "Minimal property damage" had been the buzzwords that got them accepted. Renee couldn't help scoffing just at the memory.

"Minimal damage my ass..." She tapped the side of her cowl and found Barbara's communication channel. "Hey Babs, I got a problem."

The cool, calm voice came back through the speakers. "I got an answer."

"How bout an explosive?" Renee quickly ran through the details of her fight with the OMAC. "This thing's dangerous, Babs. And my punches aren't about to stop it."

"You sure about this? I mean, I love explosions as much as any other girl but these things are government. You sure you want to go there?"

"I'm sure." Renee stopped talking fast as she caught sight of a blue flash, only a few streets away. "Babs, it's following me. I'll be by in three minutes. Have something ready!" With nothing more than that, she tapped her cowl again to shut off any further protests. Renee sprang off the rooftop and toward Barbara's apartment, praying that the OMAC wouldn't catch up too soon.

Most of the people on the streets turned to look, or at least paused to

stare as the OMAC strode by. The open square in Gotham Central Park was crowded on the cold winter's night, though the machine paid no attention to the ordinary people all around it. It only marched, a perfect soldier, seeking out its target. The blue eye scanned the territory for signs of Batgirl, microphones for its ears tuning out the whispers and scared words of the normal humans standing by.

"Hey toaster!"

The OMAC turned its metal body, searching for the source of the voice. So did all of the spectators. All of the conversation stopped and all eyes turned to Batgirl, perched on the top of a streetlamp with her cape billowing out behind her, the cowl and the darkness covering her small wince at the attention.

The machine finally found her, and began to charge itself again. To a soundtrack of shouts and gasps, the OMAC floated several feet into the air, and the dark blue light gathered again behind its eye. "Target acquired."

"Oh, acquire this!" Renee wasted no time on wit, not tonight. Instead she pulled a batarang from her belt and threw it hard and true. It slid into the eye slot with a loud *shing*, sending sparks flying out and making the head of the robot begin to shake and sputter. Batgirl let herself smile and even sigh, and a moment later the charge hidden in the weapon went off, taking the head of the OMAC with it. The machine stood still, gently smoking and headless, and a cheer went up from the crowd.

Batgirl dropped to the ground and stepped over to check the robot out, wary of a small nag in the back of her head. Through the shouts and cheers and the people pressing in closer to get a look at her, Renee could barely make out a small whining sound, and the clicking of machinery.

"Stay back!" She shouted, very suddenly, ducking to the side as the OMAC struck its thick arm out for a punch. "It's still going!" Most of the people jumped back immediately, but a few were too enamored of their view of the fight.

The OMAC began its next assault, reduced to kicks and punches but hardly limited by them. The strong metal armor covering its circuitry

proved a hard surface, and Renee couldn't help a small cry of pain when a kick connected to her side. Her costume was designed to deal with impact; she didn't want to think about what a stray strike might do to a civilian.

With the smallest pang of sympathy, she drew a smoke pellet from her belt and threw it toward the remaining crowding people. There was still a wide circle of onlookers, but the few who had stayed too close were sent flying to the rest of the crowd, eyes watering and coughing uncontrollably. It wasn't the best-looking move, perhaps. But Batgirl would rather look a little brutal than let one of them get hurt.

The field cleared again, Batgirl set to her real work. The machine was unrelenting, never needing to pause for breath or catch its balance, able to throw punch after kick after punch, and keeping Renee dangerously on her toes. She dodged and ducked as best she could, and kept her face and focus steady despite the blows that landed all over her quickly-tiring body.

There was one last thing that she could do, one hope that Batgirl kept her eye on as she danced around the OMAC. All she needed to do was be ready.

A quick leap and a short jog brought her where she needed to be-out of the OMAC's reach. All it took was a moment for the machine to march back to her position, a spring-coiled punch prepared. But all it took was a moment for Batgirl to pull another small charge from her belt, and tap the tiny button that started it beeping. She had to work fast, and she did.

In the center of the OMAC's thick armor was a small chink-a place where the machine could be opened up to make repairs. The earlier blast had loosened the tight casing, widening the opening. It was still only as thick as a piece of yarn, but that was wide enough for Renee's fingernail to wrench its way inside. With all the strength she had and energy she stored for a final strike, Batgirl yanked open the OMAC's chest cavity and shoved her charge inside.

She turned her back and started to run, and a moment later she was knocked farther forward and off her feet by the explosion. Renee didn't risk looking back now, but covered her head with her thick cape, and

rolled into the impact when she hit the ground again. She didn't realize that she had closed her eyes until she opened them, and allowed herself another smile when she heard the new cheers.

When Batgirl pulled herself up and finally turned around, all that was left of the OMAC were bits of shrapnel and a softly smoking pair of spindly legs. The arms had fallen to either side, sprawled on the pavement, and the chest had been reduced to so much scrap metal.

Now she could finally feel the pain all through her body, and Renee looked quickly for her opening. The citizens were pressing in again (all but the few who had been gassed and wised up), and she was in no mood to field questions and look away from cameras. The battle was over, and it was time for her to be gone. Despite the pain that suddenly shot through her arm at the movement, Batgirl raised her grappling gun one last time, and swung up into the rooftops, to thundering applause.

"Oh god... .oh that feels better." Renee's eyes were closed, her arms stretched to her sides and aching body lying in a scalding hot bath. Barbara had insisted that she not wait, as soon as she saw the extent of the damage to Renee. The reinforcements in her costume had prevented too much serious damage, but she would be bruised and battered for a few days at least. The hot bath was the first step to recovery, and Renee savored it.

"Damage doesn't look too bad," Barbara called from the main room, where she sat as usual, typing away. "Apart from you, that is. One or two cell phone cameras caught you, but no face. Nobody else got hurt."

"Just me, then." Renee felt her lips curling into a small smile. "Well, guess that's what I'm here for."

"Too early to tell what they're going to do about the OMACs. A park full of people saw it attack you, but there's no way to prove you didn't provoke it... for that matter, no way to really prove it was a bad thing for it to do unprovoked. But there's one less one out there to bother us, at least."

"Good to know." Renee dunked her head behind her, letting her dark hair fan out in the water, and she sighed.

"Hold that thought, Renee," Barbara called, and she was all too happy to comply. Renee could hear some soft speech, and a few moments later Barbara spoke again. "Not just you after all. Bruce says they've been all over the city."

"Damn... is everyone else holding up?"

"Well, you know Bruce, I could only keep him for a minute. But he's better-stocked than you were, and he's not hurt. Yet. Not that it'd stop him." Renee could hear the clacking of keys. "You're in second place, though. Bruce already got more than you're in any shape to, but it took Robin and Spoiler together to take one down."

"I gotta get back out there." Renee wrung out her hair and pulled herself out of the bath, wincing and rolling her shoulders.

"No way, Renee. You're also the only one who actually got *hit* by it. You need the rest." Barbara looked away from her computer to see Renee making her way into the living room, a robe over her body and damp hair hanging down onto a towel. "And besides, I don't make a habit of keeping too many explosives lying around. You got my emergency stash."

"So I just have to sit here and wait to hear what happens out there?"

"Welcome to my world," Barbara said with a slight edge to her voice. Renee fell quiet, and stretched herself out on the couch. "You're hurt, and you're tired. Let the others handle this, and you make sure you're around to do what you need to when this fight's over."

"Alright Babs, you win. Just keep me in the loop, got it?" Renee stifled a yawn, and sank deeper into the couch.

"Got it. I'll send a subconscious signal into your dreams with all the news I get."

"Really?"

"Yeah, no. I'll wake you if anything happens," Babs finished with her small smile.

"Thanks." Renee yawned again and finally fell asleep, giving herself the rest she needed to recover.

The only sound now was the clacking of keys and the whirr of Barbara's computer, and the occasional deep sigh and worried murmur. "Just gotta wait and see what happens," Barbara muttered to herself, glancing out the window into the skyline. "Just gotta wait and see."

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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 #7 (2008)

Reunion.

Where does poor little Harley run with nowhere else to go? To Ivy's house, of course! How long can she hold up away from the Joker, and could he possibly be trying to get her back? Plus, the Ultimate secret origin of Poison Ivy!

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 #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.

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