



**Batman: City of Crime #5**  
Grant LaFleche

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**Batman: CITY OF CRIME**

Issue 5 of 5: "WRATH"

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I can barely see. My eyes sting. My lungs burn. My skin scorched. I feel nothing but the endless tide of heat crashing against me. I hear nothing but the snap and crack of the building being devoured by a hunger that can't be satisfied until it feeds on itself.

I try to stand, but the strength in my legs is being bled out by the heat. And I'm still wearing my damn coat. Then I hear it.

Laughter. A hot cackle rising above the roar of the blaze. Squinting through the smoke I can make him out. Black robes and the face of Death itself. The Wrath. Still holding that damn torch in his hands.

The Wrath. Dancing like jester of Hades. He's bringing the house down around us to bury us in a grave of cinder and ash.

"Mickey!"

I feel a pair of sinewy arms pull me back away from the heaviest flames and thickest smoke. It's the kid. Redwing. He drags me near a small open window. The trickle of fresh air is enough breathe to some life back into me.

"Mickey, you ok?" he says, kneeling in front of me. The kid looks like hell. His mask torn off, I can now see his crystal blue eyes, now blood-shot from the smoke. Like mine I bet. "Mickey! You ok?" he repeated.

"Yeah," I say, climbing to one knee. "I'm ok for now. Can you see the girls?"

“No. Too much smoke!”

“Damn it! You see a way out?”

“Yeah, but you want to leave the girls behind?”

“Damn it!”

He helps me to my feet and I can see it clearly. The tables going up like powder kegs. The center stage all but consumed in the fire. Flames devouring everything in their path.

“Mickey, I don’t know if we can stop this guy. I know only one other person with mad skills like that.”

“Who?”

The kid just grins a half grin and shrugs.

“Aw crap. We’re pretty much boned huh?”

“Yeah. We’re boned.”

### **Earlier...**

This is so not how I saw this going down. The Wrath had left us a riddle. Solve it, and we’d be able to save Tess Hartigan from a death nasty enough to make even the Joker cringe. It was a clue, scrawled in blood on the chest of a dead man that led me to my old gym, Dempsey 77. The old stomping grounds of former heavy weight champ Ted Grant.

I trained there for years when Ted ran the place. He hit his prime just before the days when Nazis were more than b-movie villains. But he was still strong as a raging bull. Naturally, he had a constant flow of visitors to the gym. Celebrities. Reporters. The Greatest even came by once. But in all that mob of glad handers were a group of odd balls. Strange ducks. All about Ted’s age. Well, most anyway. One guy, a creepy blonde, didn’t appear any older than me, but he stuck to the geriatric crowd like glue. They would go into Ted’s office for hours. Sometimes, Ted would

toss me the key and say, "Me and my buddies are going for a few brews. Keep an eye on the joint, kid."

And Ted would be gone for weeks.

Once, about, oh, 12 years ago, Ted and his pack of strange friends left for "brews," and never came back. Ever. Word has that Grant pops in and out of other gyms now and again but never returned to Dempsey.

The gym's had a slew of owners ever since. I left the gym about 5 years ago, shortly before it closed. The life sized poster of Jack Dempsey, Ted's favorite fighter, was still on the door and faded to a mere whisper of the days when boxing mattered. But the old girl still has charms. Every woman does. You just have to know where to look.

I had packed Vicki and the kid into my Charger and made to the gym in record time. Good thing Gotham cops are too busy to worry about traffic duty.

"You used to train in his dump?" Redwing said, climbing out of the car. "And I thought I had it bad."

"Where do you workout?" Vale said.

"In a cave."

"Get lost."

"Would I lie to you?"

I still had the old key and the door creaked open. The whole gym was covered in several inches of dust, lit up by moonlight pouring in through the grimy windows. The ring ropes sagged and several of the heavy bags were rotting from the inside. But you could still smell the sweat and blood in the air.

The place was empty. Only the ghost of old fighters moved through the shadows.

"Ollie-ollie-oxen free!" Redwing shouted, bouncing over the ring ropes

onto the canvas. "Any crazy serial killers here? Just askin'."

We spilt up and searched the place. Came up with nothing.

"What are looking for Marv?" Vale said, sliding up beside me and eyeing the bruise on my cheekbone, which was now turning a dark yellow.

"Stop fussing, Vic," I said, brushing her aside. "I dunno. Something. Anything. The Wrath didn't lead us here for no reason. Tess should be here somewhere."

"*Cough*. She ain't under here," Redwing said, crawling out from under the ring apron. "Maybe he just wanted us out of his way?"

"Crap!" I said, leaning my head back, closing my eyes and rubbing the bridge of my nose. Damn my headache was getting bad. If I didn't get drink soon I was going to explode. When I opened my eyes, I saw it. Barely there in the moonlight.

"Um," I said. "Vic, shine your flash light up there."

And there it was. On the ceiling. Written in what I prayed was red paint:

**NOW SEE THE SHARP TAILED BEAST THAT MOUNTS THE  
BRINK  
HE PASSES MOUNTAINS, BREAKS THROUGH WALLS AND  
WEAPONS.  
BEHOLD THE BEAST THAT MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD STINK.**

"So, that wasn't there before?" the kid asks, pulling a mini-camera from his belt and snapping a shot. "What's it mean? What beast?"

"Another stupid riddle," Vale said, taking her own pictures. "A beast that breaks through mountains and weapons? I don't get it. Maybe a reference to the local arms market? Didn't you do a story about an ex-KGB agent nicknamed the beast, Marv?"

The hot twist hit my gut and I couldn't help but wish there was a way to get a hold of Matches again.

"Get back in the car," I said. "We're leaving."

"What? Marv," Vicki says, chasing after me as I storm out of the gym and hop into Lucile to get her started. "We haven't finished! Do you know what the riddle means?"

"It's not a riddle! Get the damn car. We're going downtown!"

Vicki slipped into the back and the kid jumped into the passenger seat.

"Seriously, dude. We should figure that riddle out first. Maybe I can call the boss...."

"Save your quarter," I said, giving Lucile a blast of gas as we hit the freeway. "That wasn't a riddle. It's a canto."

"A whatso?"

"Doesn't Batman make you read?"

"He tries..."

"A canto is a verse. Like in poetry."

"Poetry? Aw man...So you know what the beast is in the poem."

"Yup."

"Ok, smart alec, stop playing mystery man," said Vale, leaning forward in her seat. "Who is the beast?"

"The Devil."

Lucile roared as I ran red light and peeled around a corner, splashing water in a street side puddle onto a passing hooker.

"The Devil?" Redwing said.

"Yeah you know, tried to over throw his boss, got tossed into hell, carries a pitch fork, looks really hot when played by Elizabeth Hurley...the Devil!"

"I thought this guy had some fixation on Kali?"

"He does, and she could be interpreted as a devil of sorts. But the clue isn't really what the canto says. It's who wrote it," I said.

"Ok so, who wrote it?" Redwing said.

"Oh I hate it when you get like this," Vale said, falling back into her seat. "Forget it, kid. Marv has figured out his little puzzle and he is enjoying all to hell the fact that we haven't. He's going to milk this."

"You're sexy when you get angry," I said. "It was written by 'il Sommo Poeta,' Italy's Master Poet in the early 14th century. The work is called 'The Divine Comedy'."

"So...we are going to some comedy club?" Redwing said, putting his feet up on the dashboard. "That stupid poem didn't seem too funny to me Mickey."

"The Divine Comedy isn't a joke," I said, pushing his feet down. "What, were you raised in a barn?"

"Marvin!" Vicki shouted from the back.

"Ok, ok. That canto comes from the first chapter of the book, about the author's descent into hell. It's titled 'Inferno.' "

"Oh crap," Vicki said from the back.

"Yup."

"What?" The kid says. "I don't get it."

"The name of the chapter and the author, kid," Vicki says leaning forward. "il Sommo Poeta is the poet Dante."

“Oooh,” Redwing says. “Yeah. Ok. That sucks.”

We could already see the flames when we rounded the corner of Miller and Englehart streets. Dante’s Inferno was on fire. The fire seemed only to be in the building’s top storey where the Penguin had his special VIP rooms. Trust me, I’ve been up there. It’s enough to make Larry Flynt blush.

Even so, the Gotham fire department must have been alerted by now, but no fire trucks in sight. You have to understand, this is Gotham. There’s more than one mobster, leg breaker, cop and con man with deep pockets that would be more than happy to see Cobblepot’s empire reduced to ashes. Bribes and pay-off are what makes the world go round in this town.

Gotta love Gotham.

Or not.

I didn’t see him until we pulled up. Sitting on curb, sobbing. His monocle cracked and his beak of a nose bloody. Playing an old, out of tune fiddle. Gotham’s Nero. Oswald Cobblepot. The Penguin.

We piled out of Lucile, and Redwing vanished into the building. “For a quick recon,” he said.

Vicki and I knelt down beside Cobblepot.

“Penguin,” I said. “What the hell is...”

“No!” Cobblepot shrieked, swinging the fiddle at my head. I rolled back on my ass to avoid eating the strings. “No! Do not call me that! Don’t! Ever!”

“I thought you told me he wanted to be called the Penguin,” Vale whispered in my ear.

"I did," I said. "Uh, Oswald what's going..."

"I thought I could use it Mr. Fynn. I really did," Penguin said, plucking at the strings of his fiddle like a forlorn child. "I could be a somebody. Feared and known, you see. Feared and known. So I used it. The name. I used it. Falcone is the one who called me that. The bastard thought it was funny. Penguin. A flightless bird. Can you imagine?"

"Oswald, this isn't the time..."

"They mocked me, Mr. Fynn. Mocked me. Called me Penguin. So I stole it from them. Yes I did. Stole it. Tried to use it," he said, breaking a string with one of his stubby fingers. But he kept on plucking. "But now it's all gone. It's all going to burn. The man in black said so. Burn. Burn. Burn...."

"Okay...Mr. Cobblepot has gone bye-bye," Vale said. "But the man in black..."

"The Wrath!" It was Redwing, standing at the side of the building. "The upper floors are cooked, so we don't have much time. But he's in there. And he has Hartigan."

"Ok," I reached into the car and opened the glove box. It was still there, where I left it. A 9mm glock. Fully loaded. I lit a cigarette and took a long drag. Tasted like heaven. "Let's go."

"Uh Mickey, I don't like guns," Redwing said.

"And I think your cape is stupid. Let's go!"

It looked easy enough at first. The joint was empty as a church on a hot Saturday night in July. Tess was unconscious, laid out on Cobblepot's head table with her arms over her head, her wrists tied together. And him. Stooped over her like an old man with bent spine, all cloaked in a long black robes. His back was to us. His head covered in a black hood.

The three of us only moved a few steps before the Wrath started move.

He rose up. Slowly. His twisted and bent spine straightens out. He shoulders drew back. Then his head. He turned just as slowly.

“Holy God,” Vale said, whispering under her breath.

The Wrath’s face was covered in a black cowl. Only his jaw jutted out from under it. But there was no skin. No lips. No meat. Just a row of teeth set into yellowing skull. His eyes, what could be seen of them, glowed a faint red. The teeth opened slightly, the Wrath let out a hiss.

“Nice outfit,” I said, raising my glock and trying to keep my hands from shaking. “Ok, pal. Step away from the girl. There’s no need for...”

ZING!

He had moved so fast I didn’t see it. From under his robes the bastard had thrown a knife at me, striking the top of my hand and sending my gun spinning through the air.

“Son of a...”

“Oooh, The reaper here has toys! So do I!” Redwing said, throwing three of those scalloped knives like Batman used on Mad Dog back in the alley. The Wrath spun, trapping the blades in his robes, hissing the whole time.

“Oh to hell with this,” Redwing said, leaping onto a table and then into the air, grabbing a water pipe overhead. He flipped through the air, launching himself right at the Wrath – who caught the kid by the throat, with one hand.

“Gak!” Redwing flailed his legs trying to kick free. He tried to pry the Wrath’s fingers loose. He might as well have tried to stop the rain from falling. The Wrath said nothing. Just kept hissing. With his free hand he grabbed the kid by the face, and tore his mask away before flinging the boy across the room like a rag doll. Redwing crashed into a jukebox in the corner of the dance floor. He hit the ground and didn’t move.

“Oh crap,” I said. “Vic, I’m going to try something here. As soon as you see an opening, grab the girl and get the hell out of dodge.”

“Don’t do anything stupid, Marvin.”

“You know me...”

I couldn’t find the gun, so I grabbed one of the bronze posts that hold up the red velvet ropes on busy nights.

“Ok, chump. Let’s dance.”

I ran at the Wrath and swung for his head. He slipped the blow, hissed, and drove a knee into my gut. I slumped to the ground, and heard the distinct sound of a sword being drawn from a scabbard. I rolled to my left just as the blade was thrust at me. It dug deep into the floor, but not before it took the corner of my ear.

I jumped to my feet and throw a four-punch combo at the bastard. Ted called it “the Wildcat” combo, and he knocked out more than a dozen men with it. I hit only air. The Wrath caught my last shot, pulled my arm back and drove a perfect kick into my gut, sending me backward over a table.

A flash of red and green slammed into the side of the ghoul’s head, knocking him back.

“You didn’t think I’d go down that quick did ya?” Redwing said. His hood pulled back over his head, and his cape torn mostly away, the kid stood between me and the Wrath. “Mickey, get up.”

The Wrath stood still as a damned redwood, staring at us under that hood. Smoke began to pour through the seams in the ceiling and flames were starting to lick at the walls. Another low hiss passed those dead teeth.

“Hiss all you want, bub,” I said, pointing to the table behind him. “Looks like you’re missing something.”

The Wrath turned to see the table where Tess once lay now empty. He wheeled around, and pulled a long silver tube from robes and pointed it at us.

“Aw crap! Mickey, scatter!” Redwing and I dove to the floor under the blast of flame fired at us as though it was from the mouth of a dragon. The wall behind us exploded as it went up, sending splinters of blazing wood in all directions.

*Which brings us to right here, right now. The inferno in the Inferno...*

“*Cough* Vicki must have got Tess out of here, kid,” I say. “I can’t see anything.”

“We should head for that back exit! Maybe we can find them outside”

We stagger along the walls, inching toward the door at the back of the Inferno. Through the smoke I can see the door. It’s only a few feet away. So close so easy. Then I hear that damned hiss.

The kid is knocked to the ground before I can turn around. Jesus, the Wrath is big up close. Maybe bigger than Batman. He backhands me, sending me sprawling along the floor. With a kick, the bastard pushes a burning cross beam down on me. I roll to avoid it, but it pins my legs.

“Ahg!” I squeal, trying to pull free. “Come on you pansy! Lets *cough* step outside and *cough* handle this like men...”

The Wrath says nothing. Unfazed by the hell fire around us, glides toward the fallen, unmoving Redwing. Silently pulls that flamethrower from his robes again. Points it right at the boy’s head.

“Hey! Hey you son of bitch! We’re not done yet! Come on back over here!” My chest burns from the smoke filling my lungs. My head pounds and my vision is starting to blur. It’s hard to hear anything but the roar of the fire. I’m almost free of the beam, but I’ve run out of time. Finally run out time. Redwing is going to die, and there is nothing I can do to stop it.

I hear a thunderclap. Sounds like the roof is finally starting to cave in. I’m going to get crushed by a burning roof a few feet from a door. What

a way to end the week. I didn't even get that last drink.

The Wrath doesn't move though. In fact, he's just standing there, still pointing that tube at the kid. Another thunderclap and he jerks back a bit. Another, and the Wrath falls back into the smoke and flame. There's a sound like the sky has just cracked in two and a pile of burning debris lands on the bastard.

"Get the hell up Marvin. The building's coming down." It's Vale. Holding my smoking glock.

"Marry me," I say dragging myself to my feet. I pull the kid up off the floor and follow Vicky out the back door. She's already got Lucile running, and Tess strapped into the front seat.

"Is she..."

"Drugged. But ok, I think. Get the kid in the back. I'm driving "

We pull out as the roof finally and completely collapses in a heap. The building shudders for a moment, as if to take one last hedonistic breath, and the walls cave in. I twist around to watch the rubble burn out of the rear window as Vale steps on the gas. Still playing his fiddle before the ashes of his empire, stands The Penguin.

I pull my last Camel out of my pocket and light up. Vale gives me her look, but says nothing.

"*Cough. Cough.* Hey...Mickey....did we get 'im?" the kid says, trying to sit up. "Jeez, man, you look like crap."

"Takes one to know one kiddo. Yeah we got him," I say.

"You drag me outta there?"

"Yeah."

"Thanks Mickey. *Cough.* Thanks."

"No worries kid. And call me Marv."

Redwing sits up straight, and pulls his hood up over his head. It covers most of his face. Only his bright blue eyes are easily seen.

“Jason,” he says. “You can call me Jason.”

## **Epilogue One:**

### ***Gotham-***

The city with its soul on fire.

Gotham is a dark, devil’s furnace. It’s a biting arctic desert. It’s a ravenous beast with a hunger that can’t be satisfied. It is a city of shadows and its stories are written in blood. Its soundtrack is a chorus of screams that no one hears, even when they do.

That might sound like the rantings of a bitter old drunk. That’s almost true. I’m bitter. I’m jaded as hell. But I’m not so much the drunk these days. Three weeks without. Vale is proud as hell. I still feel like walking through the streets and knocking people’s hats off just to stay sane. Being a drunk is easier.

Can’t give up my camels though. Still sneak up the roof of the Gazette on nights like tonight to feel the glorious burn in my throat and watch the moonlight. A smoke always tastes good when you’re a front-page reporter.

I hear the crunch of a boot on the rooftop behind me. The ghoul is letting me know he’s here. Maybe he’s learning some manners.

“How’s the kid?”

“Better. Thanks to you and Vale,” Batman says, inching out of the shadows.

“Caught the Joker the same night we ran into the Wrath, I see.”

Batman says nothing. If I didn't know better I'd say he was almost embarrassed he wasn't there at the Inferno.

"He's back in Arkham."

"Hmm," I say, taking a long drag. "Any word on Cobblepot? Last I saw him, he was having a melt down because he doesn't like being called the Penguin."

Batman takes a step into the moonlight, drawing those wings around his body.

"Really?"

"Apparently, the dons use the name to tease him. He hates it. Go figure."

"I'll keep that mind. How is Tess Hartigan?"

"In therapy. Bruce Wayne's footing the bill. She might be ok in time."

We stand for a few minutes, saying nothing. I take another drag, drop the butt and crush it under my boot.

"So, what's the deal Bats, you just came up here say thanks?" I turn around and see I am alone on the roof again. "Right."

Gotham City. The city with its soul on fire. Yeah, this is one hell of a town. It might just be the death of me.

But not yet.

## **Epilogue Two:**

NEW EMAIL

TO: mfynn@gothamgazette.net

FROM: WofK

RE: INFERNO

*Little Friend. You are no doubt surprised to hear I am alive and well. Perhaps you thought I died in those flames. Perhaps. But your thinking is so limited as you do not yet understand the true meaning of the Great Work.*

*But you have played your role well, Little Friend. Very well. Much better than I expected. Had you not proved yourself that night, you and Miss Hartigan would have been sent to see Her. But you passed the test and have told the world of the Great Work. Now I can truly begin, Little Friend. She will waken. The gate will one day be opened for Her.*

*I will return to Gotham. Soon I will return. Batman's young charge will have to be dealt with properly. He is Chosen and must be Sent.*

*Watch for the signs of my return, Little Friend. Watch for the signs.*

*The Wrath.*

*PS. Tell Ms. Vale I'll be seeing her soon.*

**THE END?**

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*From the Secret Files of Henri Ducard - Interpol.*

**Subject:** The Wrath

**Classification:** Serial Killer. Risk Level Assessed A1.

**Real name:** Unknown

**Age:** Unknown

**Base of operations:** Unknown, presumed mobile.

**Powers/Skills:** Unknown. Believed to expert hand to hand fighter, expert in computer technology and the occult.

**Weapons:** Small arms, bladed weapons, flame throwers.

**NOTES:**

*Very little is known about the serial killer known only as The Wrath.*

*Although at least a dozen occult murders are connected to this man, it was not until a recent incident in Gotham City that the existence of the Wrath was confirmed, and even so, several questions remain unanswered.*

*It appears, and this remains yet to be confirmed, that the Wrath is related somehow to an extinct cult in India that worshiped Kali, the goddess of death. His murders, almost always involving strangling a victim to death before cutting off their hands (we have no idea why this is so. Perhaps he keeps them as trophies?) seem to be done with a religious aim of appeasing this goddess.*

*He seems to divide people into three groups - the "chosen" and the "selected." Based on intercepted Internet traffic the "chosen" are his intended victims. We do not yet know how or why he chooses certain people. The "selected" are those he wishes to do particular tasks for him. Such as the late Gotham City police Capt. Max Maddox. Maddox appears to have aided the Wrath for several years, although we do not know why or how they met.*

*The "selected" may well be killed by the Wrath, although not in the above ritual manner.*

*The "forgotten" are merely those the Wrath has no interest in at all.*

*His methods remains utterly mysterious. In some ways they mirror the methods of the Batman of Gotham City, albeit with a more lethal end goal in mind.*

*Although we can track his victims going back to 1998, the Wrath has only been seen once, in Gotham, and no clear photos were taken. We were able to create the above composite image of The Wrath based on information from Marvin Fynn of*

*the Gotham Gazette and other sources. It is a best fit image, and should not be taken as 100 percent accurate.*

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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

Lobo: Dirty Deeds - Done Dirt Cheap (2007)

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

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

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

Lobo!

Batman: City of Crime #4 (2007)

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

Batman: City of Crime #3 (2007)

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

Batman: City of Crime #1 (2007)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Batman: City of Crime #2 (2007)

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

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

Batman #20 (2007)

Batman: Partners.

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

Batman #21 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 1.

Batman #22 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 2.

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

Batman #23 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 3.

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

Batman #24 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Part 4 (of 5).

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

Batman #25 (2007)

Batman: Trauma, Finale.

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

Batman #27 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly Part 1.

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

Batman #26 (2008)

Batman: Agoge.

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

Batman #28 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly; Part 2.

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

Batman #29 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly Part 3.

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

Batman #30 (2008)

Batman: A Mirror, Darkly Part 4.

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

Batman #31 (2008)

Batman: My Kingdom for a Horse.

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

Batman #32 (2008)

Batman: The Grey Ghost.

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

Batman #33 (2009)

Batman: Sins of the Father.

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



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